

Stan Lee  
PRESENTS:

# TIGRA THE WEREWOMAN!™

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## NIGHT of the HUNTRESS!

WINTER CAME EARLY TO  
CHICAGO THIS YEAR.



CAME EARLY AND CAME HARD, THE WIND SLICING  
OFF LAKE MICHIGAN LIKE A FINE SCALPEL,  
PILING SIX FOOT DRIFTS FROM EVANSTON TO SOUTH  
CHICAGO, FROM THE LOOP WEST TO O'HARE...

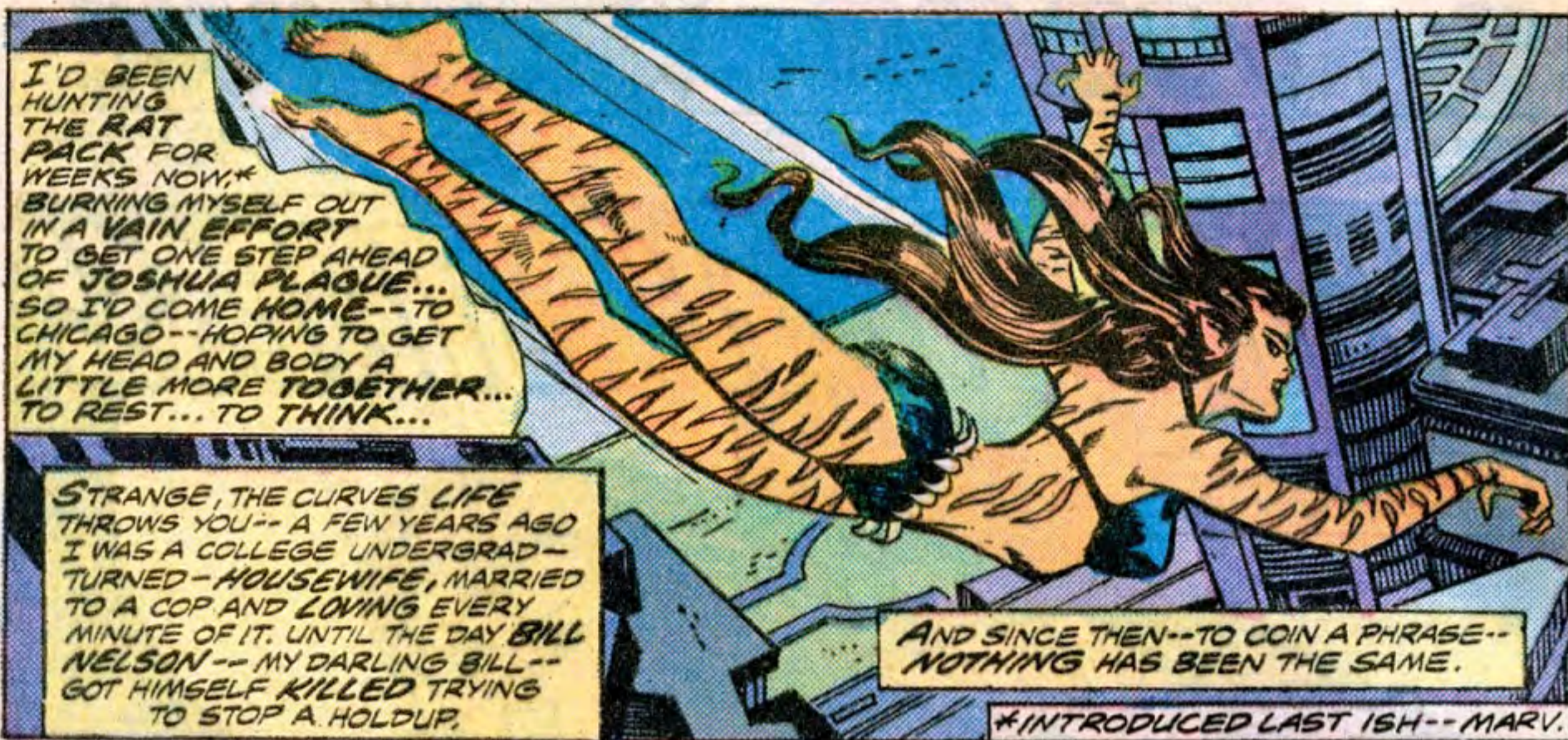
THIS JANUARY, IT WAS A  
RARE DAY THAT WARMED  
FAST FREEZING, AND A  
RARE NIGHT THAT STAYED  
ABOVE ZERO.

FUNNY, I NEVER USED TO LIKE THE  
COLD WHEN I WAS GREER NELSON--  
WHEN I WAS... HUMAN.

BUT I'M NOT JUST  
GREER GRANT  
NELSON ANY-  
MORE--AND I  
AM DEFINITELY  
NOT HUMAN.

I'M TIGRA,  
BABY-- AND  
TONIGHT I'M  
ON THE  
PROWL!

6 JV 194



I'D BEEN HUNTING THE RAT PACK FOR WEEKS NOW,\* BURNING MYSELF OUT IN A VAIN EFFORT TO GET ONE STEP AHEAD OF JOSHUA PLAGUE... SO I'D COME HOME-- TO CHICAGO-- HOPING TO GET MY HEAD AND BODY A LITTLE MORE TOGETHER... TO REST... TO THINK...

STRANGE, THE CURVES LIFE THROWS YOU-- A FEW YEARS AGO I WAS A COLLEGE UNDERGRAD-- TURNED-- HOUSEWIFE, MARRIED TO A COP AND LOVING EVERY MINUTE OF IT. UNTIL THE DAY BILL NELSON-- MY DARLING BILL-- GOT HIMSELF KILLED TRYING TO STOP A HOLDUP.

AND SINCE THEN-- TO COIN A PHRASE-- NOTHING HAS BEEN THE SAME.

\*INTRODUCED LAST ISH-- MARV.



NOTHING AT ALL.

I WAS A SUPER-PERSON FOR A TIME, A LADY DARE-DEVIL WHO CALLED HER-SELF THE CAT.

AND I WAS MURDERED.



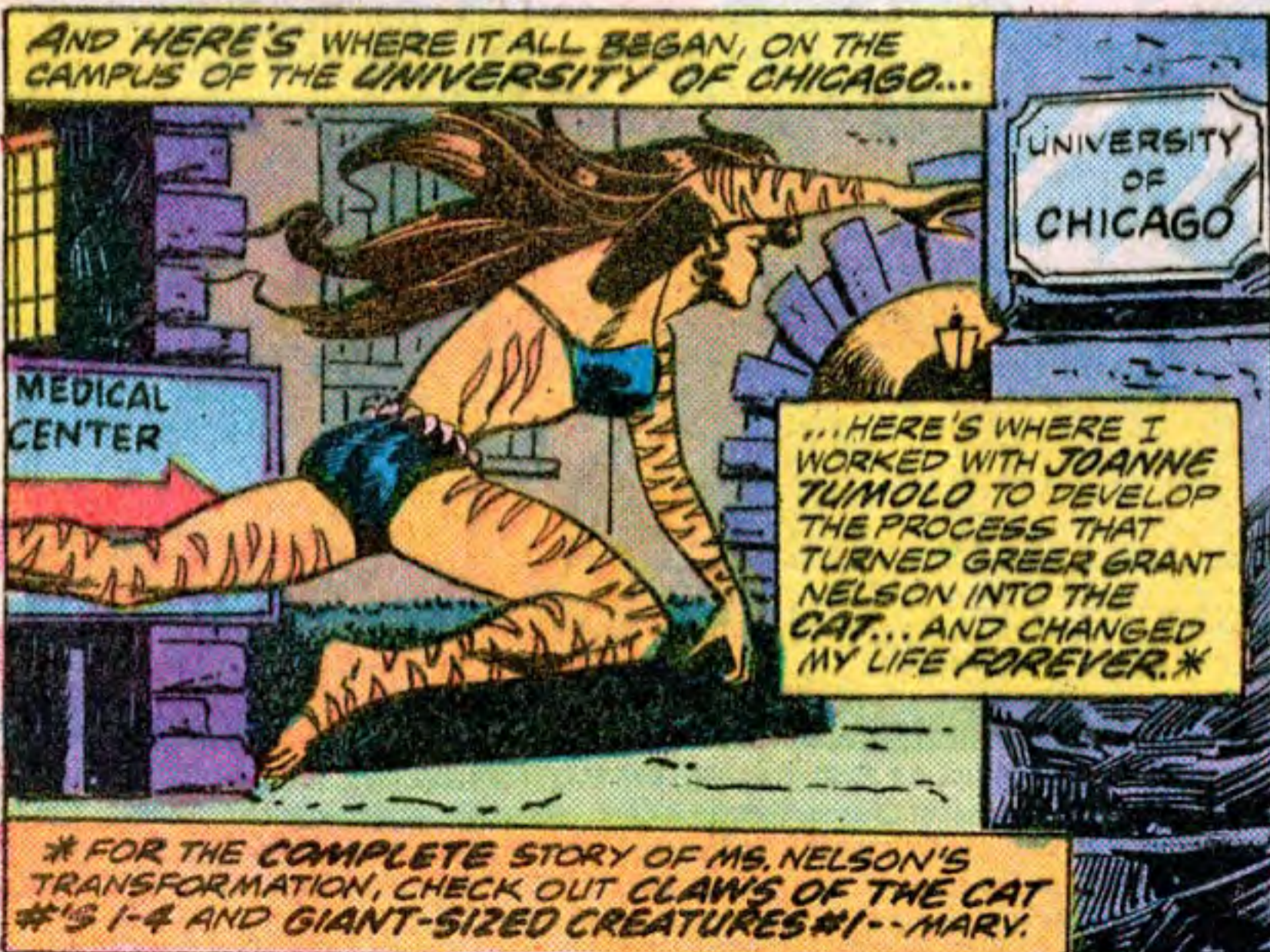
AND REBORN.

BROUGHT BACK TO LIFE ON A COLD MARBLE SLAB IN A BAJA CALIFORNIA CAVE, BY MEANS SCIENTIFIC AND ARCANE.



YEAH, I WAS REBORN ALL RIGHT. BUT AT A PRICE.

GREER NELSON'S HUMANITY ... AND, PERHAPS, HER SOUL.



AND HERE'S WHERE IT ALL BEGAN, ON THE CAMPUS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO...

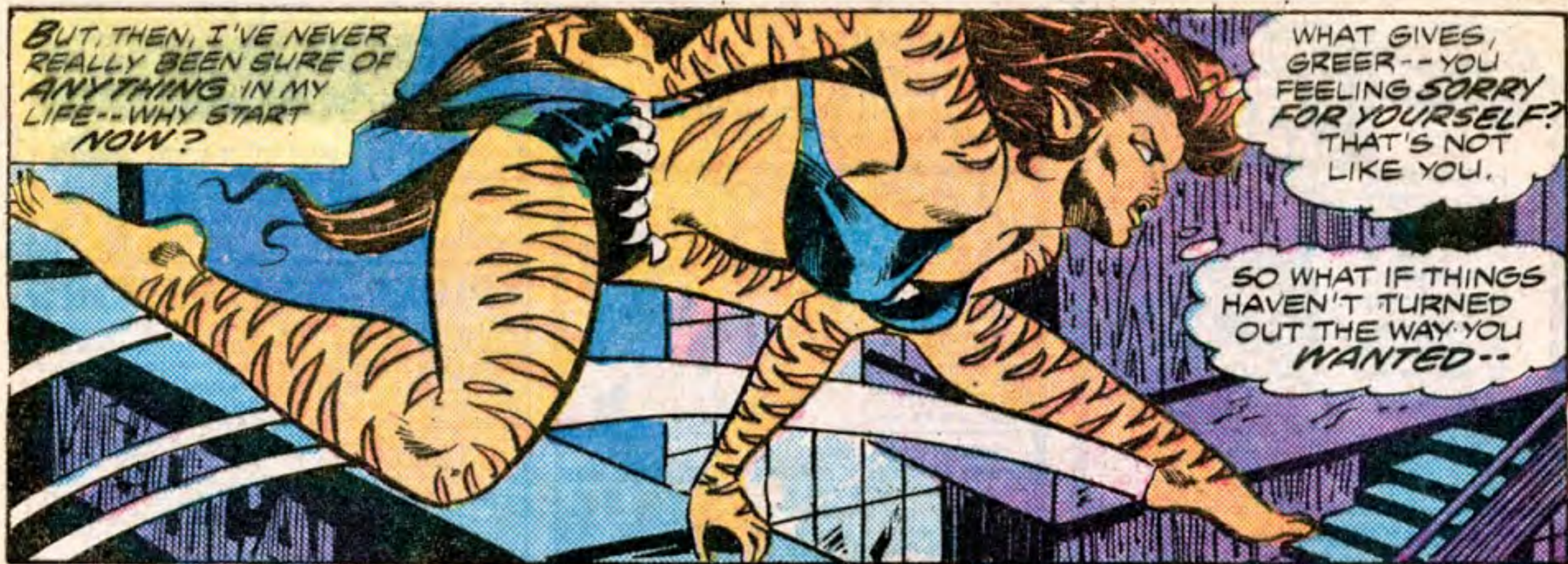
... HERE'S WHERE I WORKED WITH JOANNE TUMOLO TO DEVELOP THE PROCESS THAT TURNED GREER GRANT NELSON INTO THE CAT... AND CHANGED MY LIFE FOREVER.\*

\* FOR THE COMPLETE STORY OF MS. NELSON'S TRANSFORMATION, CHECK OUT CLAWS OF THE CAT #1'S 1-4 AND GIANT-SIZED CREATURES #1-- MARY.



YEAH, HERE'S THE CAMPUS, AND HERE AM I, TRYING TO GO HOME AGAIN...

... AND NOT TOTALLY SURE I WANT TO.



BUT, THEN, I'VE NEVER REALLY BEEN SURE OF ANYTHING IN MY LIFE--WHY START NOW?

WHAT GIVES, GREER-- YOU FEELING SORRY FOR YOURSELF? THAT'S NOT LIKE YOU.

SO WHAT IF THINGS HAVEN'T TURNED OUT THE WAY YOU WANTED--



-- WHO SAID EVERYTHING IN LIFE GETS SERVED ON A SILVER PLATTER?

AND YOU HAVE TO ADMIT THAT, WHATEVER ELSE YOUR LIFE HAS BEEN LATELY, IT SURE HASN'T BEEN DULL.

IT HASN'T BEEN DULL AT ALL.

I LAUGHED THEN, A LOW, THROATY CHUCKLE THAT WAS MORE FELINE THAN HUMAN...



...AND THEN, SUDDENLY, THE LAUGH WAS GONE, REPLACED BY A SNARL.

A SOUND, A SCENT, AN... INSTINCT-- I WASN'T SURE WHAT, BUT SOMETHING HAD RAISED THE HACKLES OF MY NECK. SOMETHING WAS WRONG.



VERY WRONG, INDEED!

**BLAAAM!**

THE BLAST CAUGHT ME FAIR-AND-SQUARE,  
BUT I WAS LUCKY--LUCKIER THAN I  
DESERVED--I WAS SHAKEN AND BANGED  
ABOUT, BUT I WAS STILL PRETTY MUCH IN  
ONE PIECE.

WHICH IS MORE THAN YOU CAN  
SAY FOR THE PEOPLE INSIDE THE  
HOSPITAL AS A TRIO OF GUN-  
TOTING LOVELIES CAME  
BACKING OUT OF THAT HOLE  
IN THE WALL LIKE A ROAD  
COMPANY OF THE  
UNTOUCHABLES.

WE'VE GOT THE DRUG  
SHIPMENT-- SO LET'S  
GET OUTTA HERE!

**BRRRP!**

ANYONE  
TRIES TO STOP  
US-- KILL  
'EM!!

NOT WHILE TIGRA'S  
AROUND, CHUM!

**CHAM!**

HEY--!  
WHAT THE--!?

I WASN'T VERY GENTLE WITH THEM...

**HAI--!!**

**STRICK**

... BUT, THEN AGAIN, THEY  
WEREN'T VERY GENTLE  
WITH ME.

GOT YOU!

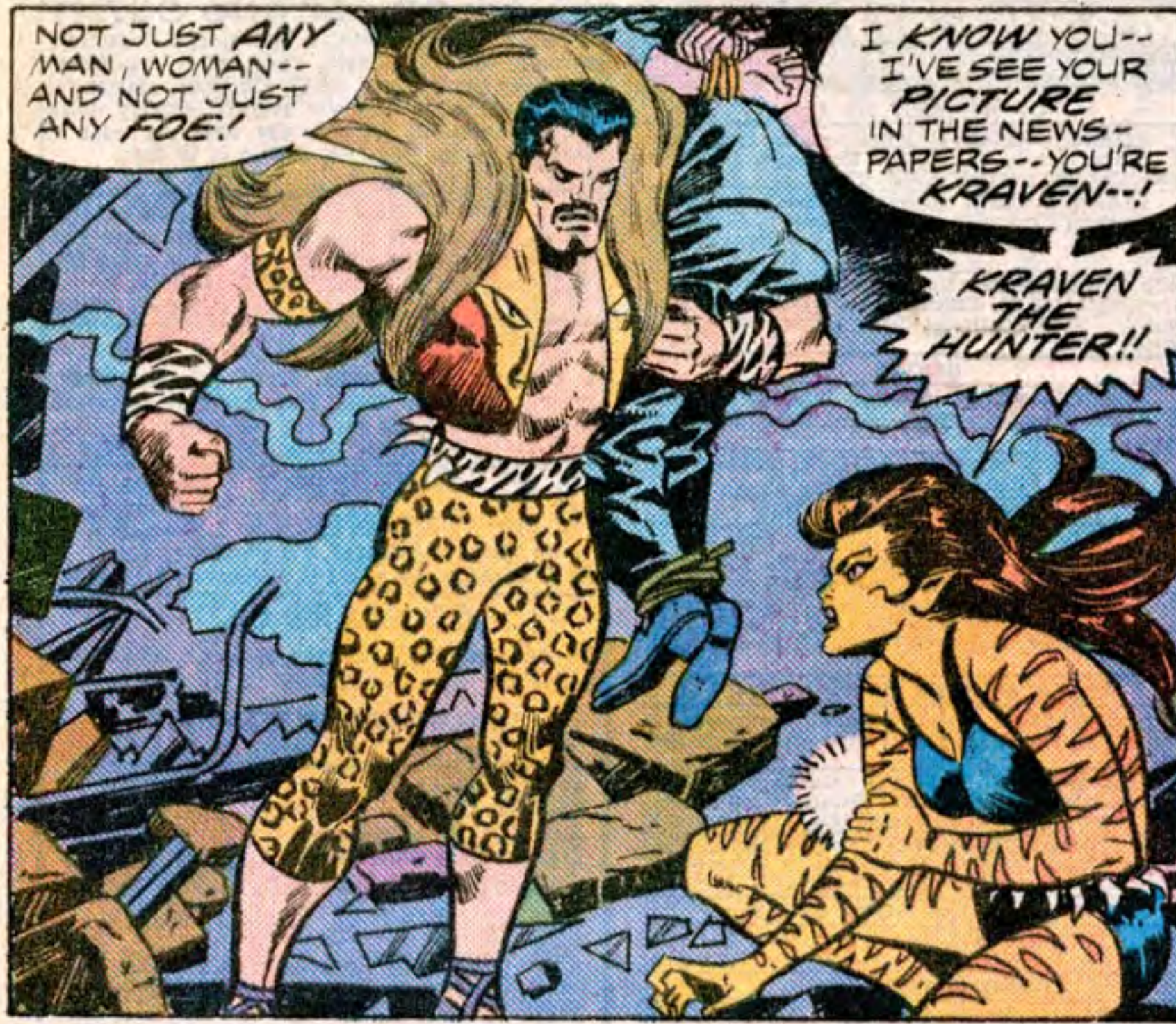
I DUNNO WHAT  
YOUR GAME IS,  
LADY, BUT AS OF  
RIGHT NOW IT'S  
ALL OVER--!

DON'T  
BET ON  
THAT,  
SWEETS!

I MOVED TO FINISH THE GUN-  
MAN--AND FROZE IN MID-  
STRIDE AS MY EMPATHIC  
SENSES SCREAMED A DESPERATE,  
FUTILE WARNING...

WAIT-- A FOURTH  
MAN-- BEHIND  
ME--!

MY  
ARM!!



NOT JUST ANY MAN, WOMAN-- AND NOT JUST ANY FOE!

I KNOW YOU-- I'VE SEEN YOUR PICTURE IN THE NEWS-PAPERS-- YOU'RE KRAVEN--!

KRAVEN THE HUNTER!!



KRAVEN ON ONE SIDE, THE GOONS ON THE OTHER, AND ME IN THE MIDDLE WITH A STUN-BLASTED ARM-- GREER-HON, YOU SURE KNOW HOW TO PICK 'EM...

FOOLS, YOU WERE PAID TO CREATE A DIVERSION--



--TO ENABLE ME TO ESCAPE UNSCATHED WITH MY CAPTIVE-- UNNNH!!

WOK!

MISTER, YOU AREN'T GOING ANYWHERE TONIGHT--

--UNLESS IT'S DOWNTOWN TO THE COOK COUNTY LOCK-UP!



YOU OVER-ESTIMATE YOURSELF, WOMAN--

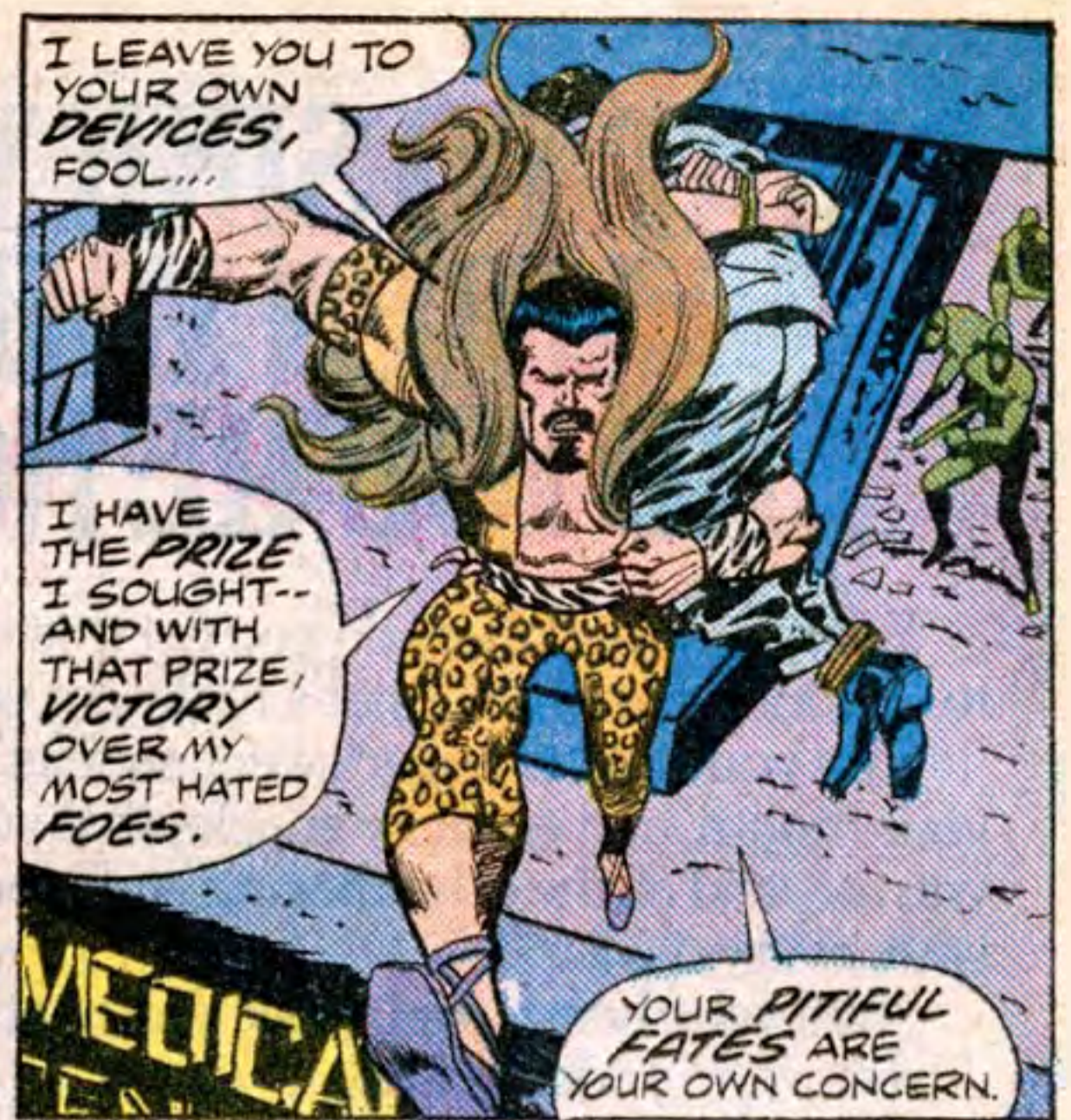
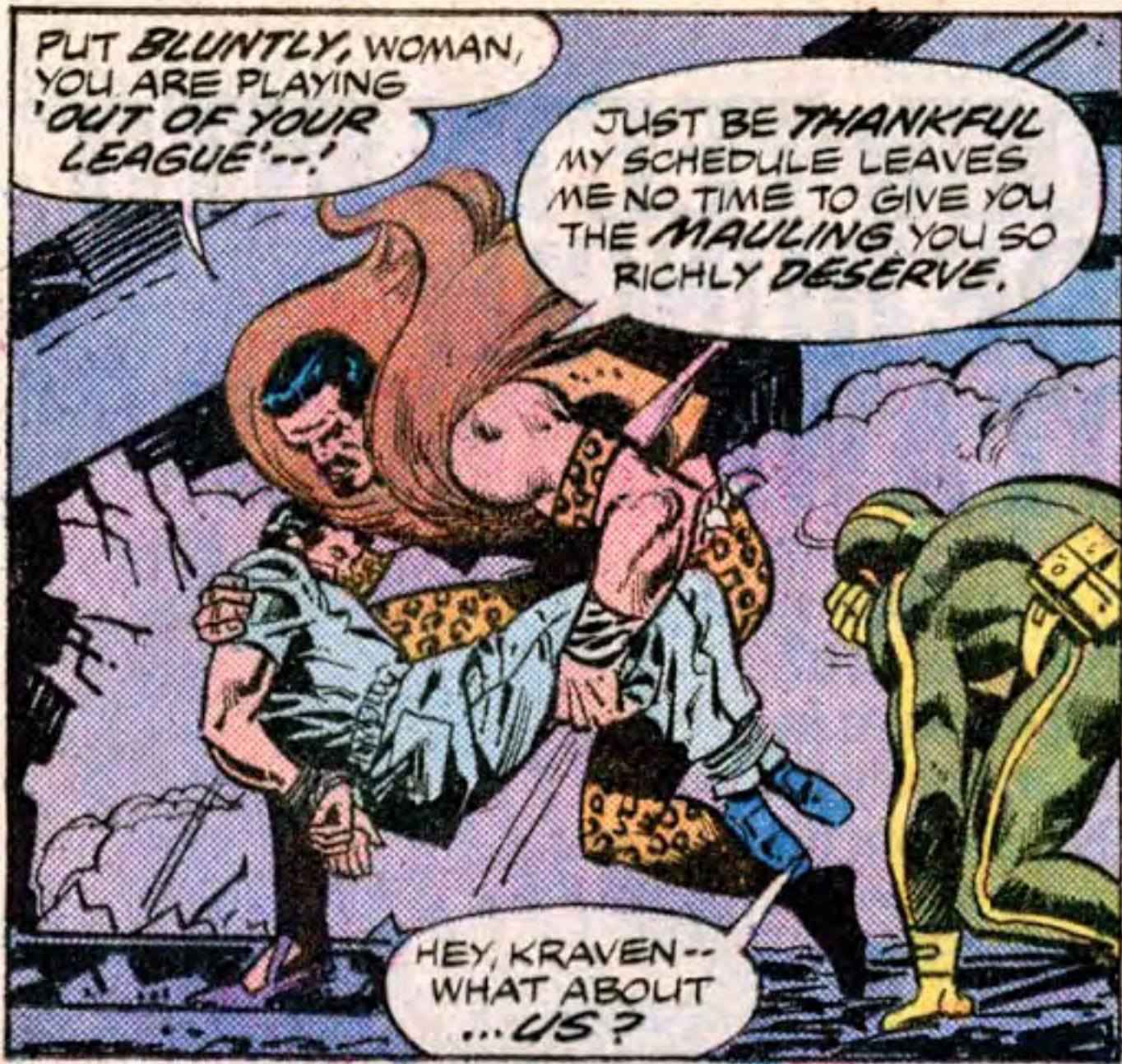
--FOR YOU FACE NO PETTY MERCENARIES NOW--

--YOU FACE ONE WHO HAS FOUGHT DAREDEVIL, KA-ZAR, SPIDER-MAN--!

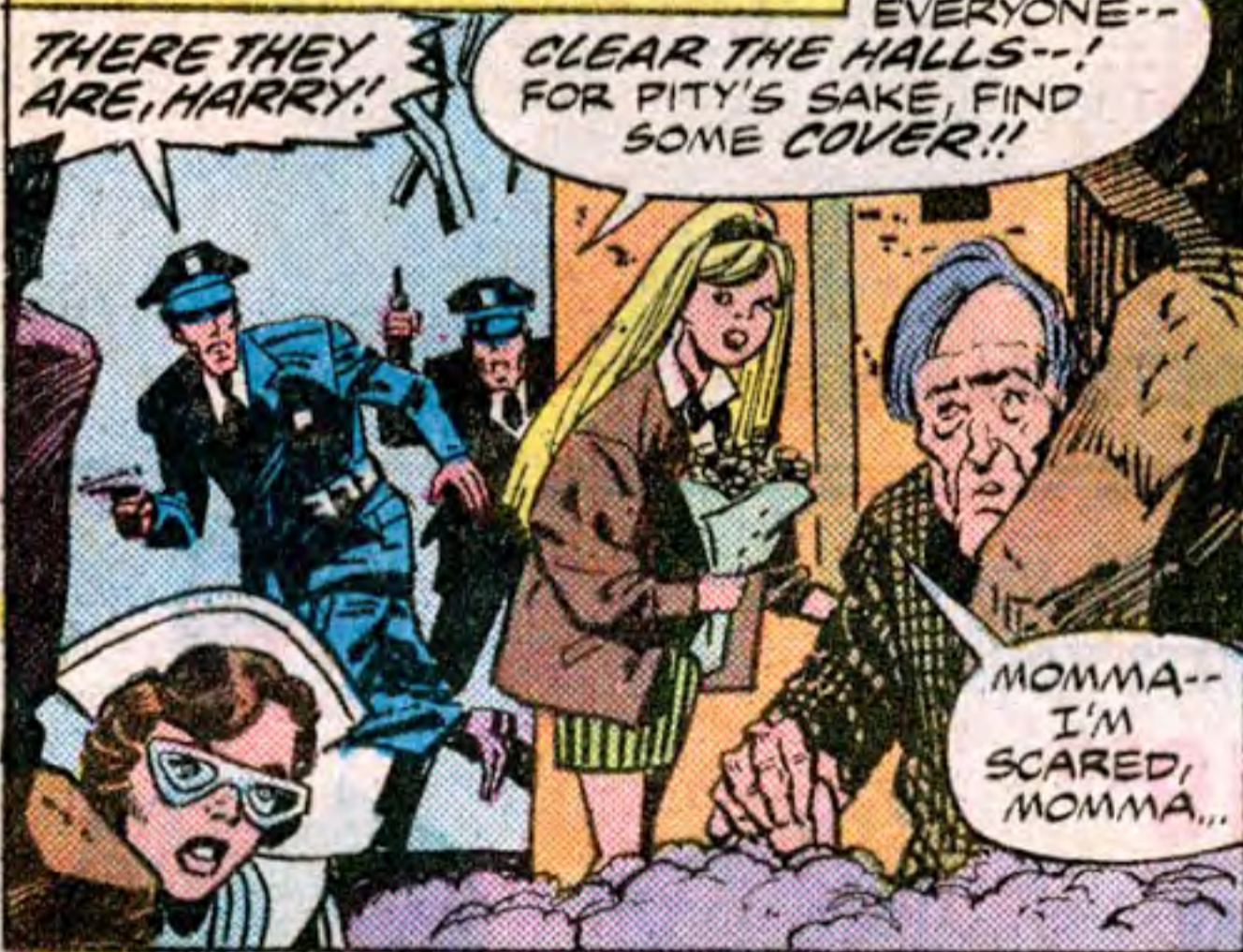


AND ALL YOUR SKILL--YOUR POWER--IS NOTHING COMPARED TO KRAVEN'S!

NOTHING!!



AND WITH THAT, KRAVEN WAS GONE-- JUST AS THE LOCAL COPS FINALLY GOT THEIR ACT TOGETHER AND ARRIVED ON THE SCENE. BETTER LATE THAN NEVER, I GUESS.





WAY TO GO, GREER--  
KRAVEN TOOK YOU  
LIKE A BABY FALLING  
OFF A LOG...

...LEAVING  
HIS HIRED  
GUNS TO  
SHOOT IT OUT  
WITH  
CHICAGO'S  
FINEST...

**BRRRRP**

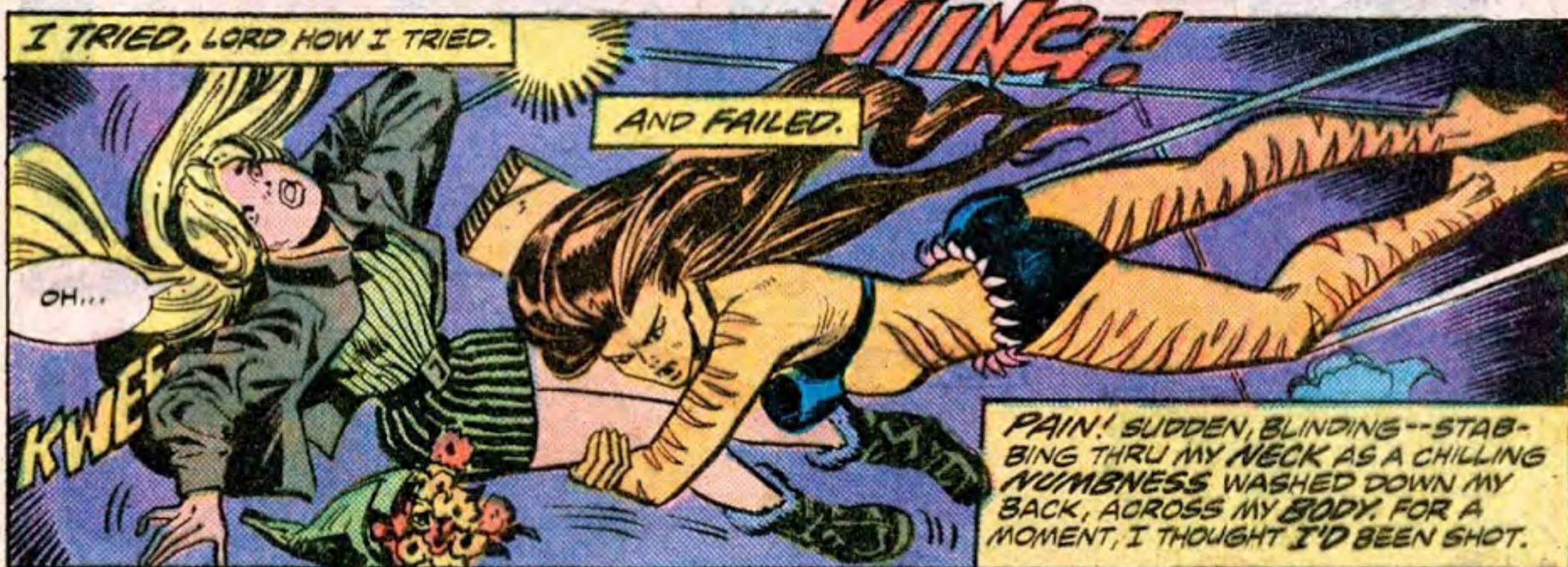
OH LORD,  
NO.



THAT GIRL--! SHE'S STANDING RIGHT  
IN THE MIDDLE OF THE FIREFIGHT,  
LIKE SHE DOESN'T REALIZE WHAT'S  
HAPPENING...

THE BULLETS HAVE MISSED  
HER SO FAR, BUT IT'S A  
CINCH HER LUCK CAN'T  
LAST FOREVER--!

IF ONLY I CAN  
GET TO HER  
IN TIME!



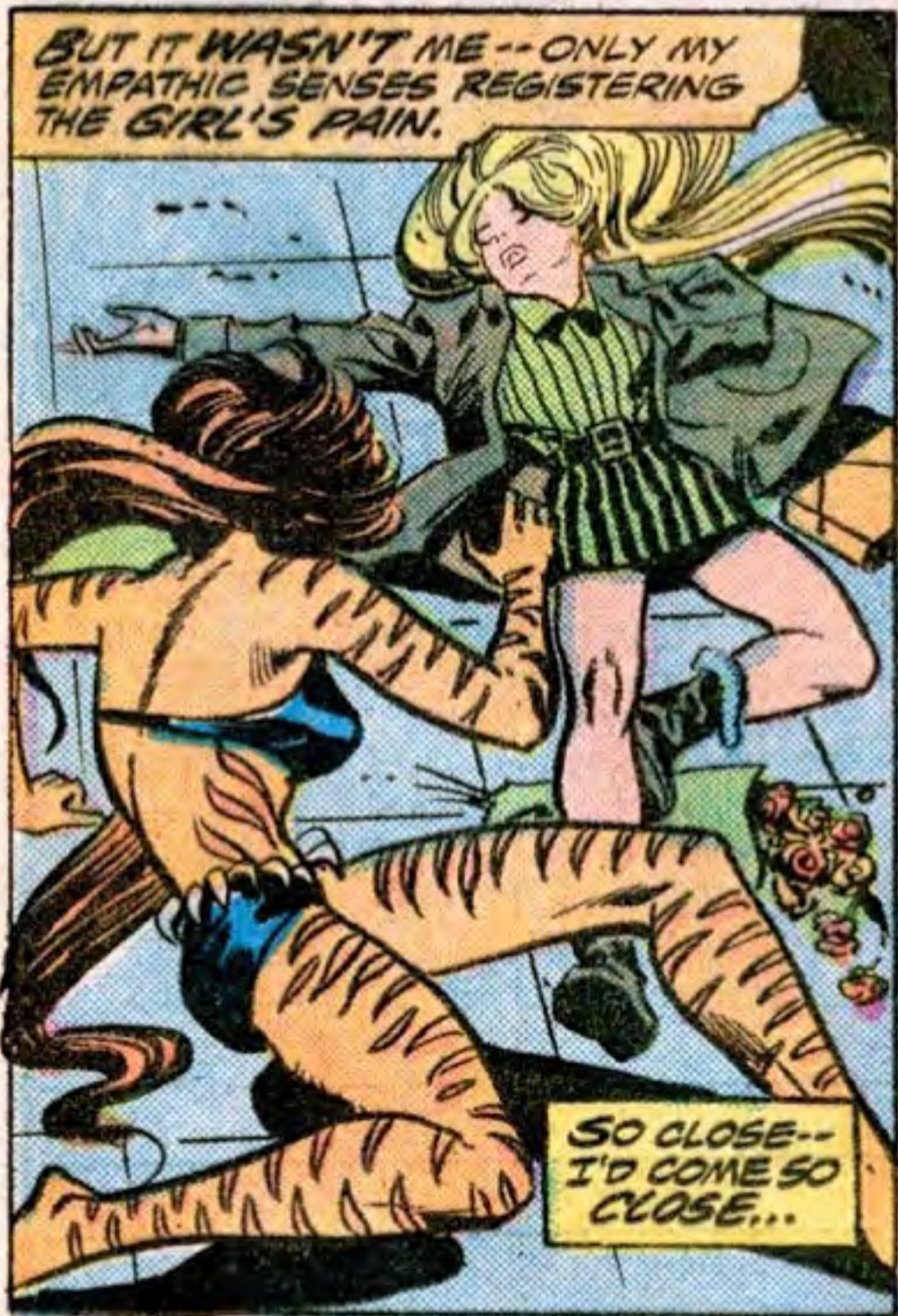
I TRIED, LORD HOW I TRIED.

AND FAILED.

OH...

**KWEW**

PAIN! SUDDEN, BLINDING--STAB-  
BING THRU MY NECK AS A CHILLING  
NUMBNESS WASHED DOWN MY  
BACK, ACROSS MY BODY. FOR A  
MOMENT, I THOUGHT I'D BEEN SHOT.



BUT IT WASN'T ME-- ONLY MY  
EMPATHIC SENSES REGISTERING  
THE GIRL'S PAIN.

SO CLOSE--  
I'D COME SO  
CLOSE...



HARRY--  
BEHIND  
US--  
OVER  
BY THAT  
GIRL--!

IT'S SOME  
KINDA  
MONSTER!

**BLAM!**

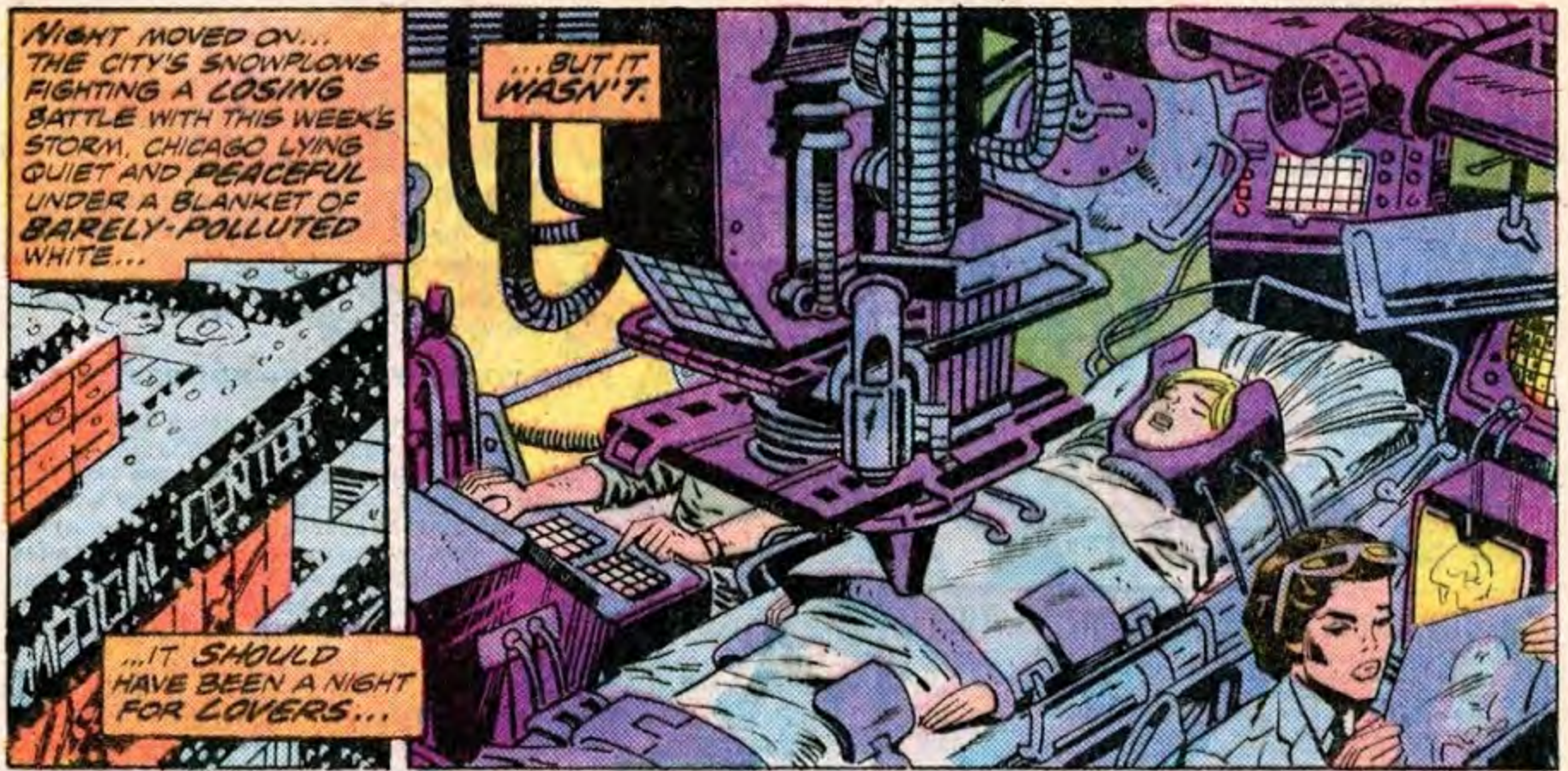
WHA--?!



I WASN'T ABOUT TO  
ARGUE WITH A BULLET.  
AND THE COPS DIDN'T  
SEEM IN THE MOOD FOR  
A QUIET TETE-A-TETE...

**KARASSH!**

...SO I  
RAN...



NIGHT MOVED ON... THE CITY'S SNOWPLOWS FIGHTING A LOSING BATTLE WITH THIS WEEK'S STORM, CHICAGO LYING QUIET AND PEACEFUL UNDER A BLANKET OF BARELY-POLLUTED WHITE...

...BUT IT WASN'T.

...IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN A NIGHT FOR LOVERS...



EVENING, MAGGIE-- HOW'S THE LITTLE GIRL?

ALIVE. BARELY. BUT THIS IS ONE **PLUCKY** LITTLE LASS, A REAL **FIGHTER**. WITH ANY LUCK, SHE'LL LIVE.

IF YOU CAN CALL **TOTAL PARALYSIS...** LIVING.

IS IT AS **BAD** AS ALL THAT?!



THE BULLET'S LODGED RIGHT UP AGAINST THE **SPINAL CORD**. THE **SLIGHTEST** MOVEMENT WILL **SEVER** IT-- GOOD LORD, IT'S A **MIRACLE** THERE'S BEEN NO **NEURAL DAMAGE** BEFORE NOW...



WHAT ABOUT **SURGERY**?

**TOO RISKY**-- ONE **MISTAKE** AND THE GIRL'S A **CRIPPLE**. OR SHE'S **DEAD**.

WE'RE **DAMNED** IF WE DO, **DAMNED** IF WE **DON'T**-- AND EITHER WAY, THE **GIRL LOSES**.



WHAT **REALLY HURTS** IS THAT **DAVID MALRAUX'S** EXPERIMENTAL PROCEDURE MIGHT **SAVE** HER...

...EXCEPT THAT **MALRAUX** IS THE MAN THIS **KRAVEN** THE HUNTER **KIDNAPPED**.



THE POLICE HAVE TILL **MORNING** TO FIND HIM, **TOM**, OTHERWISE THE **LITTLE GIRL'S** AS GOOD AS **DEAD**...

WHAT'S THAT?!

**SKRIK**



SEE ANYTHING?

N-NO. I MUST BE GETTING **JUMPY** IN MY OLD AGE-- I MEAN, **WHAT'S** THERE TO **SEE**...

...WE'RE **TEN STORIES** UP.





CHICAGO'S NOT BAD AS CITIES GO, BUT IT'S GOT ITS SCUZZIER HALF-- THE HALF YOU DON'T READ ABOUT IN TOURIST GUIDES.

KRAVEN WAS JIVIN' US, MAN-- WE WAS CONTRACTED TO BUST A HOSPITAL ...

...NOT WASTE COPS AND TANGLE WIT' SOME FREAKIN' SUPER-FOX!

AND WHEN YOU'RE MARRIED TO A COP, YOU CAN'T HELP HEARING OF PLACES WHERE YOU CAN BUY CHEAP WOMEN AND CHEAP BEER, CHEAP DRUGS... AND CHEAP GUNS.

CASE IN POINT:

YEAH, MARTY-- WHAT'RE WE GONNA DO ABOUT IT, HUH?



WELL, I'LL TELL YA-- WE'RE GONNA HAVETA SPLIT TOWN TILL THE HEAT COOLS OFF...

...AN' THAT'S GONNA TAKE SOME HEAVY BREAD.



SEEMS ONLY FAIR WE TAKE WHAT WE NEED OUTTA KRAVEN'S HIDE.

HE'S JUST ONE MAN, RIGHT--? THE FOUR OF US CAN TAKE HIM EASY.

LET'S GET IT ON, YOU GUYS-- TIME'S A' WASTIN'!



THAT'S RIGHT, MARTY-- TIME IS "A' WASTIN'!"

THE NIGHT'S HALF-GONE ALREADY AND A LITTLE GIRL'S LIFE IS HANGING IN THE BALANCE.

SO YOU GO RIGHT AHEAD AND LEAD ME TO KRAVEN...



...JUST LIKE A NIGHT OF CHASING DOWN HALF-BAKED LEADS HAS LED ME TO YOU.



AND THEN, GENTLEMEN, THERE WILL BE SUCH A RECKONING--!

WE DIDN'T HAVE FAR TO GO, THE MEN HUSTLING DOWN **BLIZZARD-SWEPT STREETS**, WITH ME TRAILING THEM FROM THE **TENEMENT ROOF-TOPS...**



... OUR BRIEF TREK ENDING AT A SMALL, RECESSION-BUSTED **ARENA** OUT BY THE STOCKYARDS. THE PLACE HAD BEEN CLOSED -- **DESERTED** -- FOR MONTHS, BUT NO ONE HAD THE MONEY TO **TEAR IT DOWN.**

MARTY AND HIS PALS WENT IN WITH THE SUBTLETY OF A **MACK TRUCK...**



HAAAA--!

ME, I PREFERRED SOMETHING A LITTLE QUIETER AND **UNOBTRUSIVE...**



AND GREER HON, THIS SKYLIGHT IS JUST WHAT THE DOCTOR ORDERED.



OKAY, SO FAR, SO GOOD.

BUT YOU'RE ON **KRAVEN'S TURF** NOW, LADY-- YOU'LL ONLY HAVE **ONE SHOT** AT HIM, AND IF YOU BLOW IT, ... YOU'RE DEAD!

... YOU'RE DEAD!

HM, LOOKS LIKE A **CIRCUS** GOT CAUGHT WHEN THE ARENA WENT **BANKRUPT** -- TOO BAD...



... WONDER WHY NO ONE EVER PICKED UP THEIR GEAR?

AND I WONDER WHAT HAPPENED TO THOSE FOUR GOONS--?

MATTER OF FACT, THINGS AROUND HERE ARE JUST A **WEE BIT** TOO QUIET--



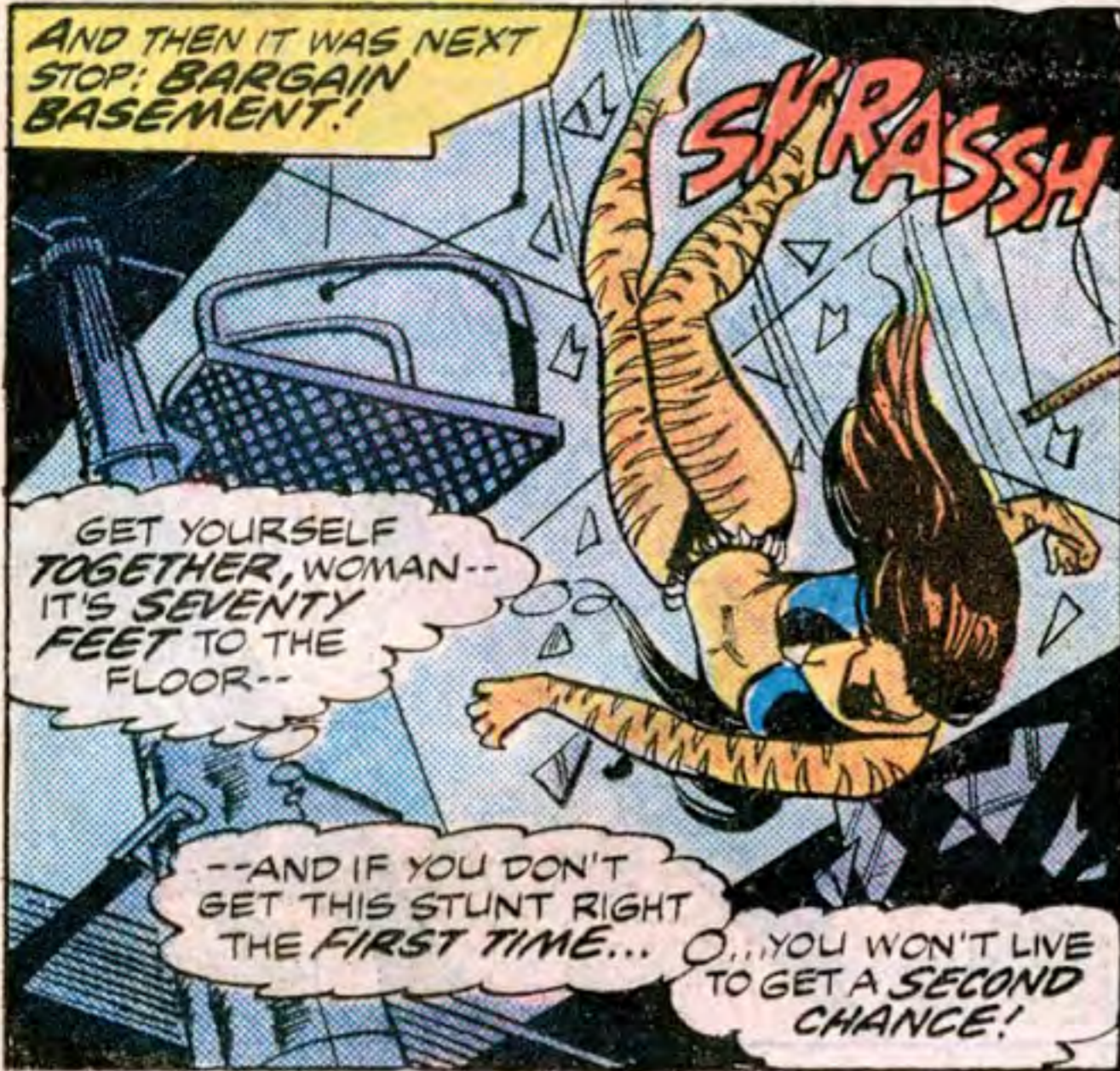
NO!!!

I TRIED TO DODGE...

... FOR ALL THE **GOOD** THAT DID ME.



WAAAP!



AND THEN IT WAS NEXT STOP: BARGAIN BASEMENT!

GET YOURSELF TOGETHER, WOMAN-- IT'S SEVENTY FEET TO THE FLOOR--

--AND IF YOU DON'T GET THIS STUNT RIGHT THE FIRST TIME...

O...YOU WON'T LIVE TO GET A SECOND CHANCE!



I TWISTED IN MID-AIR...

...LUNGING FOR A NEAR-BY BRACING WIRE.



AND THE RUSTED WIRE HELD!



ONE WIRE LEADING TO ANOTHER, AND THAT ONE TO A LOOSE TRAPEZE BAR.

LORD, IT WAS BEAUTIFUL UP THERE...



...WHILE IT LASTED.

KWANG



WHA--?!

THE TRAPEZE WIRE--IT'S BEEN CUT!!



NICE TRY, KRAVEN-- IF THAT'S YOU--

--BUT YOU FORGET, I'M AS MUCH CAT AS HUMAN.



AND CATS ALWAYS LAND ON THEIR FEET!



KRAVEN FORGETS NOTHING, WOMAN!

THAT LIGHT-- BLINDING--!

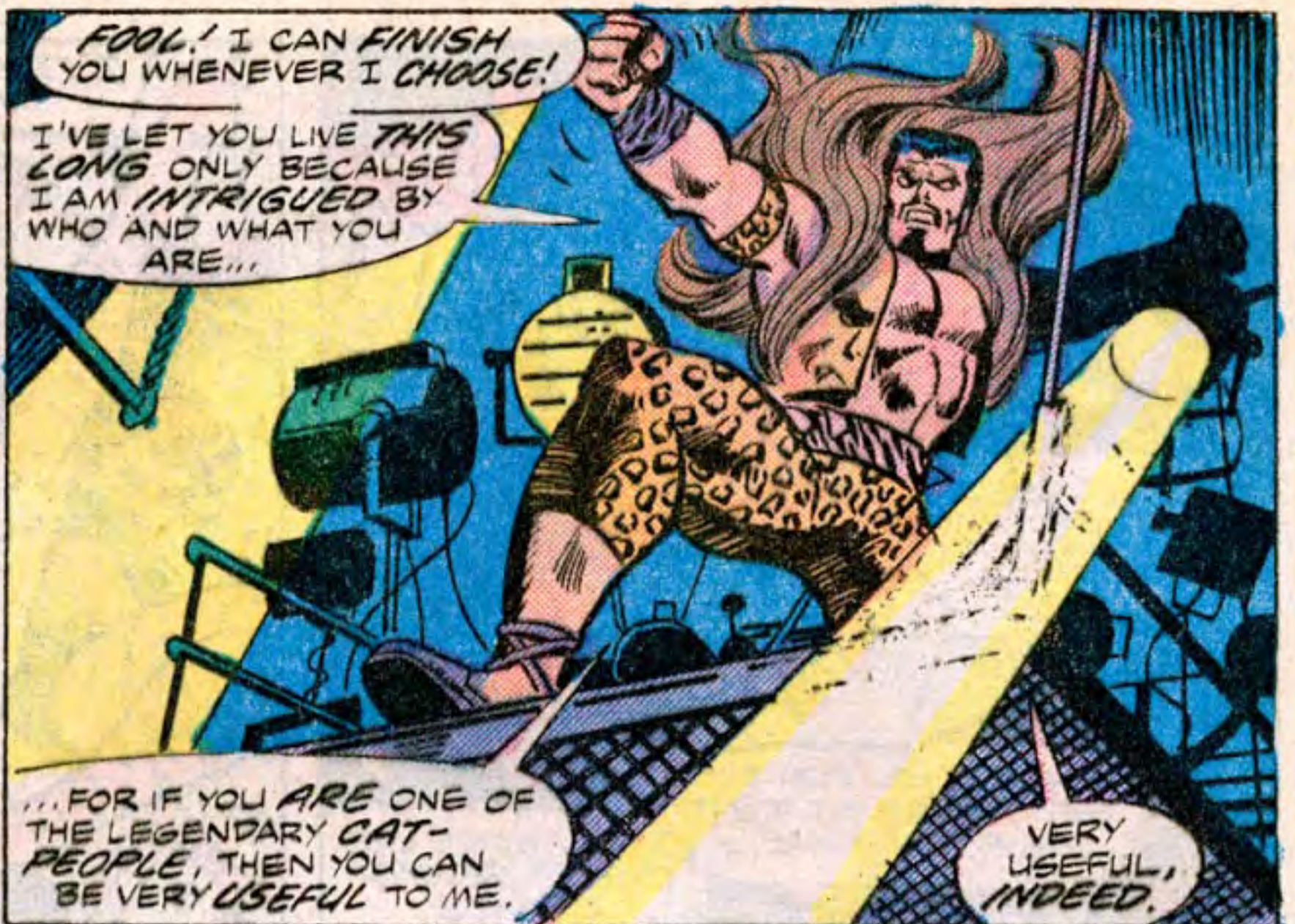
I CAN'T SEE!!



WHERE IS YOUR BRAVADO NOW, WOMAN--NOW THAT YOU CROUCH HELPLESS BEFORE ME--?

BIG TALK, KRAVEN--

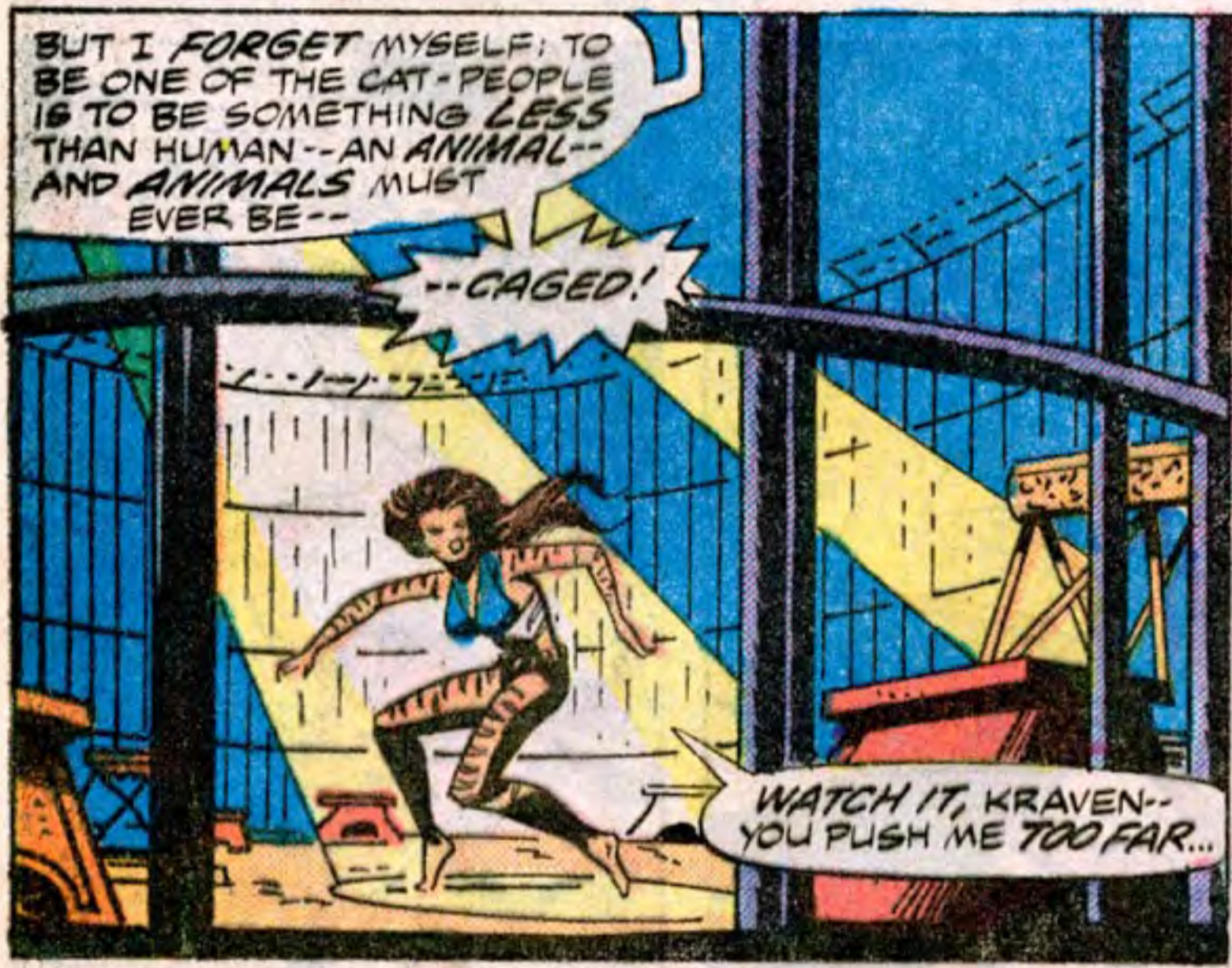
--AND TALK DOESN'T IMPRESS ME ONE BIT.



FOOL! I CAN FINISH YOU WHENEVER I CHOOSE!  
I'VE LET YOU LIVE THIS LONG ONLY BECAUSE I AM INTRIGUED BY WHO AND WHAT YOU ARE...

...FOR IF YOU ARE ONE OF THE LEGENDARY CAT-PEOPLE, THEN YOU CAN BE VERY USEFUL TO ME.

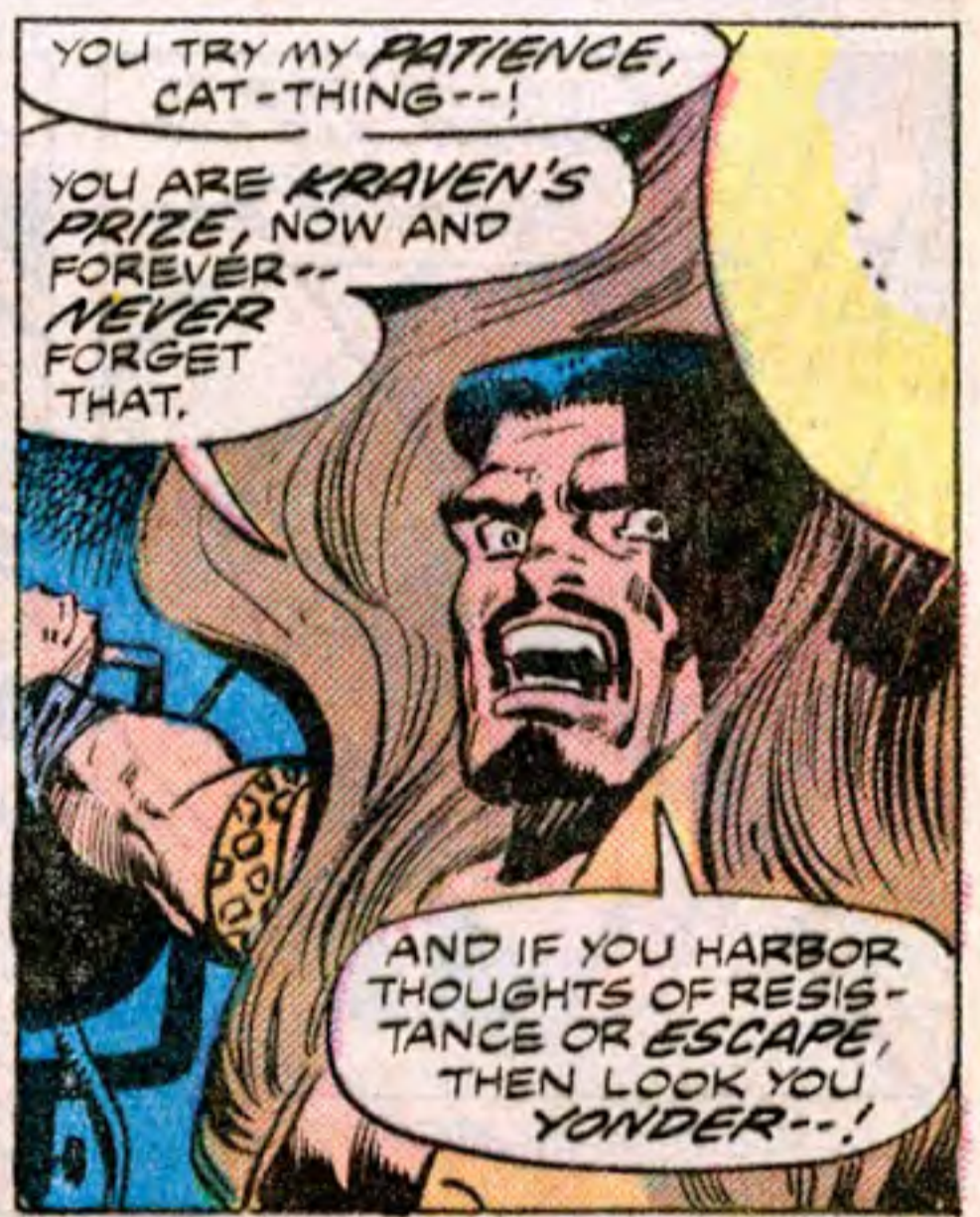
VERY USEFUL, INDEED.



BUT I FORGET MYSELF; TO BE ONE OF THE CAT-PEOPLE IS TO BE SOMETHING LESS THAN HUMAN--AN ANIMAL--AND ANIMALS MUST EVER BE--

--CAGED!

WATCH IT, KRAVEN-- YOU PUSH ME TOO FAR...



YOU TRY MY PATIENCE, CAT-THING--!

YOU ARE KRAVEN'S PRIZE, NOW AND FOREVER-- NEVER FORGET THAT.

AND IF YOU HARBOR THOUGHTS OF RESISTANCE OR ESCAPE, THEN LOOK YOU YONDER--!



BEHOLD THE FATE OF THOSE WHO WOULD DARE DEFY KRAVEN!

OH MY GOD.





FOR, TO ESCAPE, YOU MUST DEFEAT KRAVEN--

--AND THAT, YOU CAN NOT DO!!

**THAMM!**



**WAP!**

DON'T BET ON THAT, CHUM!



**POK**

DON'T BET ON THAT AT ALL!



YOU FIGHT WELL, CAT-THING...

...BETTER THAN I'D EXPECTED!

MY EYES--!



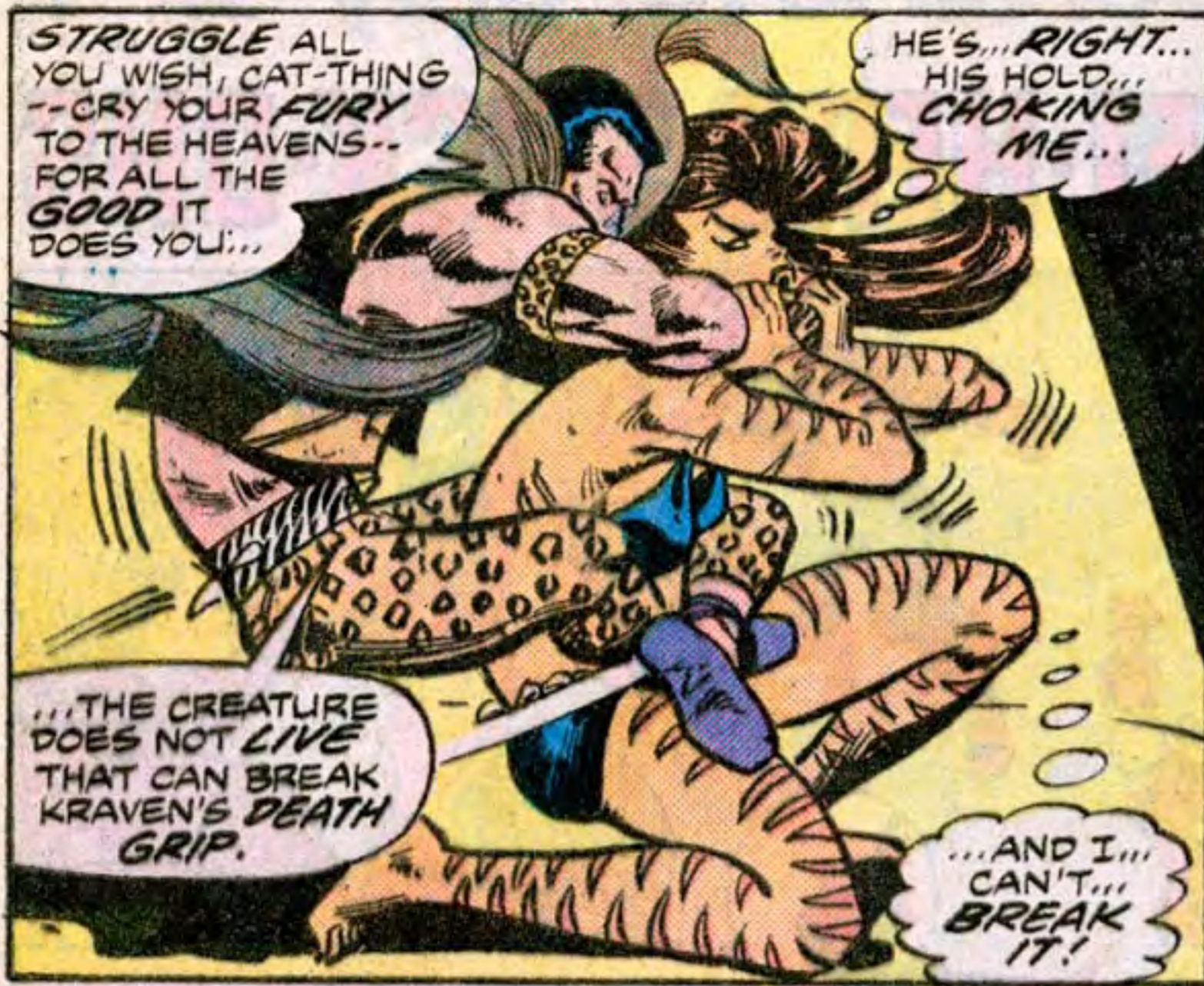
AND THAT WILL MAKE KRAVEN'S VICTORY ALL THE SWEETER!

**BOK!**



INDEED, I THANK YOU FOR YOUR DEFIANCE...

...IT HAS TURNED A BORING EXERCISE INTO A MOST INTERESTING HUNT.



STRUGGLE ALL YOU WISH, CAT-THING --CRY YOUR FURY TO THE HEAVENS-- FOR ALL THE GOOD IT DOES YOU!...

HE'S...RIGHT... HIS HOLD... CHOKING ME...

...THE CREATURE DOES NOT LIVE THAT CAN BREAK KRAVEN'S DEATH GRIP.

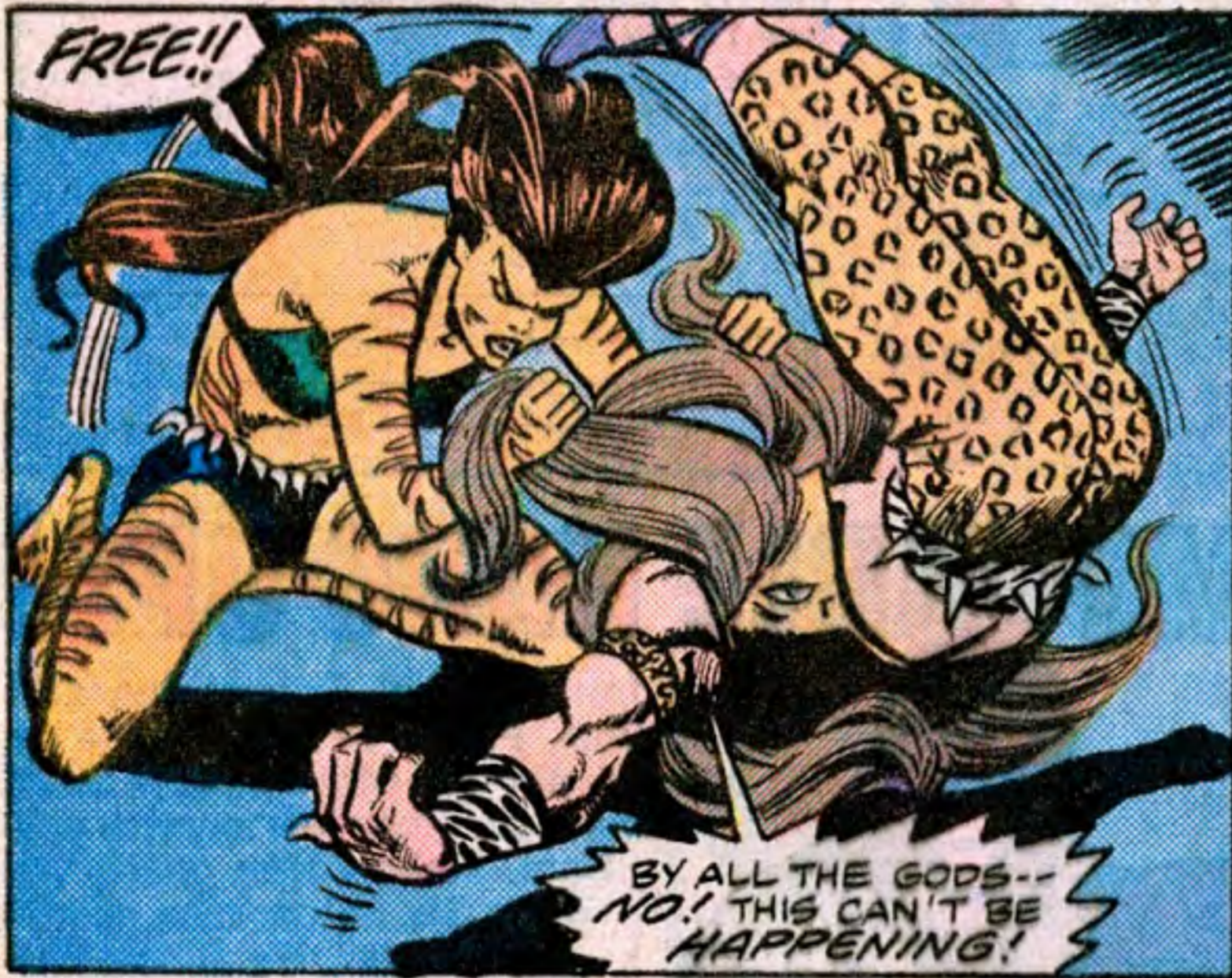
...AND I... CAN'T... BREAK IT!



EVERYTHING SPINNING... BLACKING OUT... BUT I CAN'T GIVE UP NOW...

... THAT LITTLE GIRL'S DEPENDING ON ME.

WHATEVER IT TAKES, I'VE GOT... TO... BREAK...

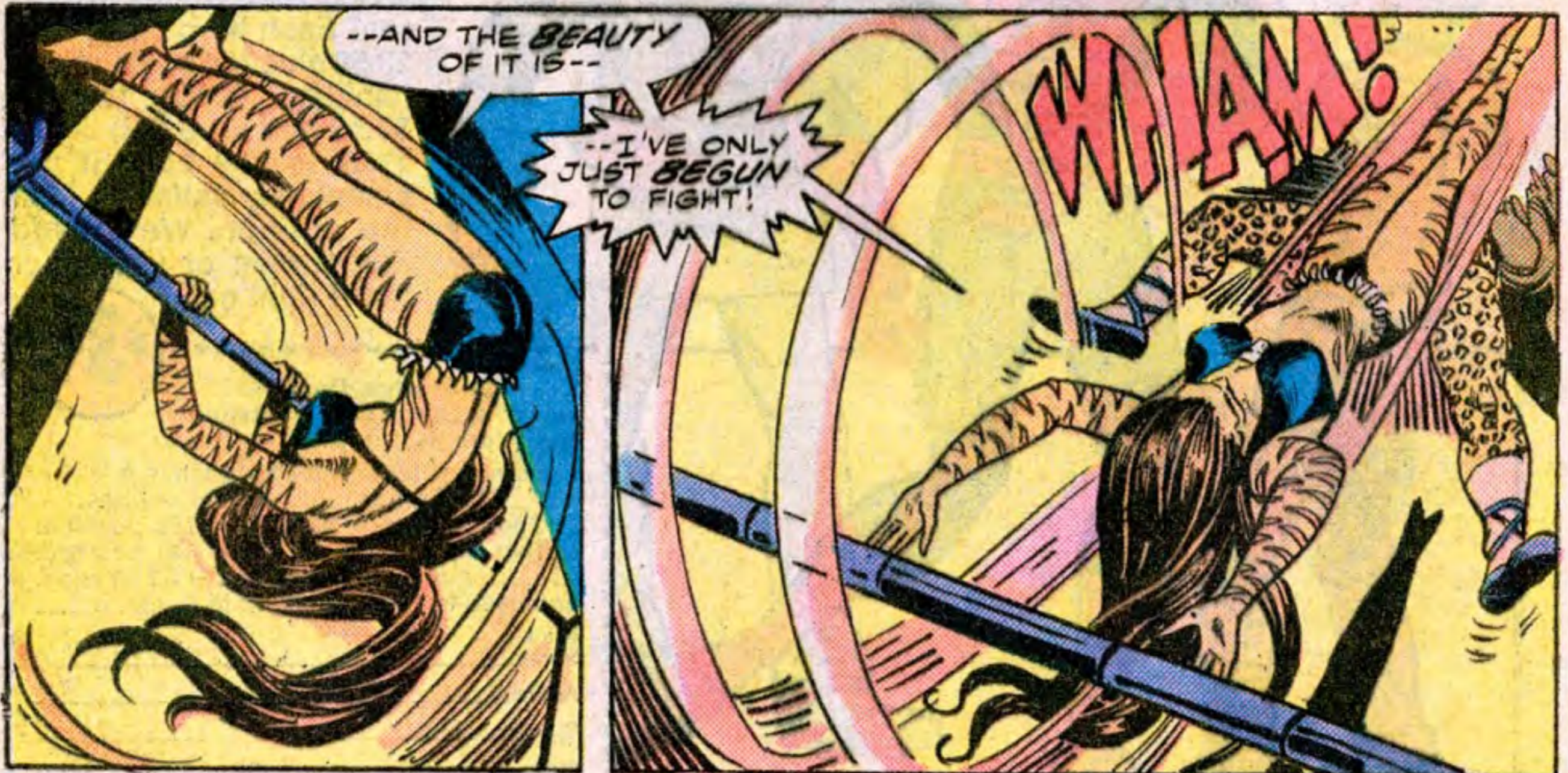


FREE!!

BY ALL THE GODS-- NO! THIS CAN'T BE HAPPENING!



OH, IT'S HAPPENING ALL RIGHT, KRAVEN--



--AND THE BEAUTY OF IT IS--

--I'VE ONLY JUST BEGUN TO FIGHT!

WIIIIAM!



NO MORE PLAYING AROUND, MISTER-- NO MORE GAMES!

AS OF RIGHT NOW, THIS CHARADE IS ENDED!

**KANG!**



AYE, CAT-THING, THE HUNT IS ENDED...

... BUT NOT THE WAY YOU THINK!

FALL, WOMAN-- BENEATH THE POWER OF KRAVEN'S ULTRA-SONIC BLASTERS!



LORD IN HEAVEN, THAT NOISE-- IT'S BURNING RIGHT THRU MY HEAD--

--AND THE PAIN! DEAR GOD, THE PAIN--!!



DO YOU FEEL THE SONIC SCREAM, CAT-THING--?

THESE BEAMS ARE KEYED TO DRIVE A NORMAL HUMAN INSANE.



... BUT FOR YOU, WITH YOUR HYPER-SENSITIVE FELINE HEARING, THE AGONY MUST BE IN-DESCRIBABLE.



YOU ARE BEATEN, WOMAN-- WHY DON'T YOU ADMIT IT?!

KRAVEN HAS BEATEN YOU! DO YOU HEAR--?

BEATEN YOU!



**NO!**

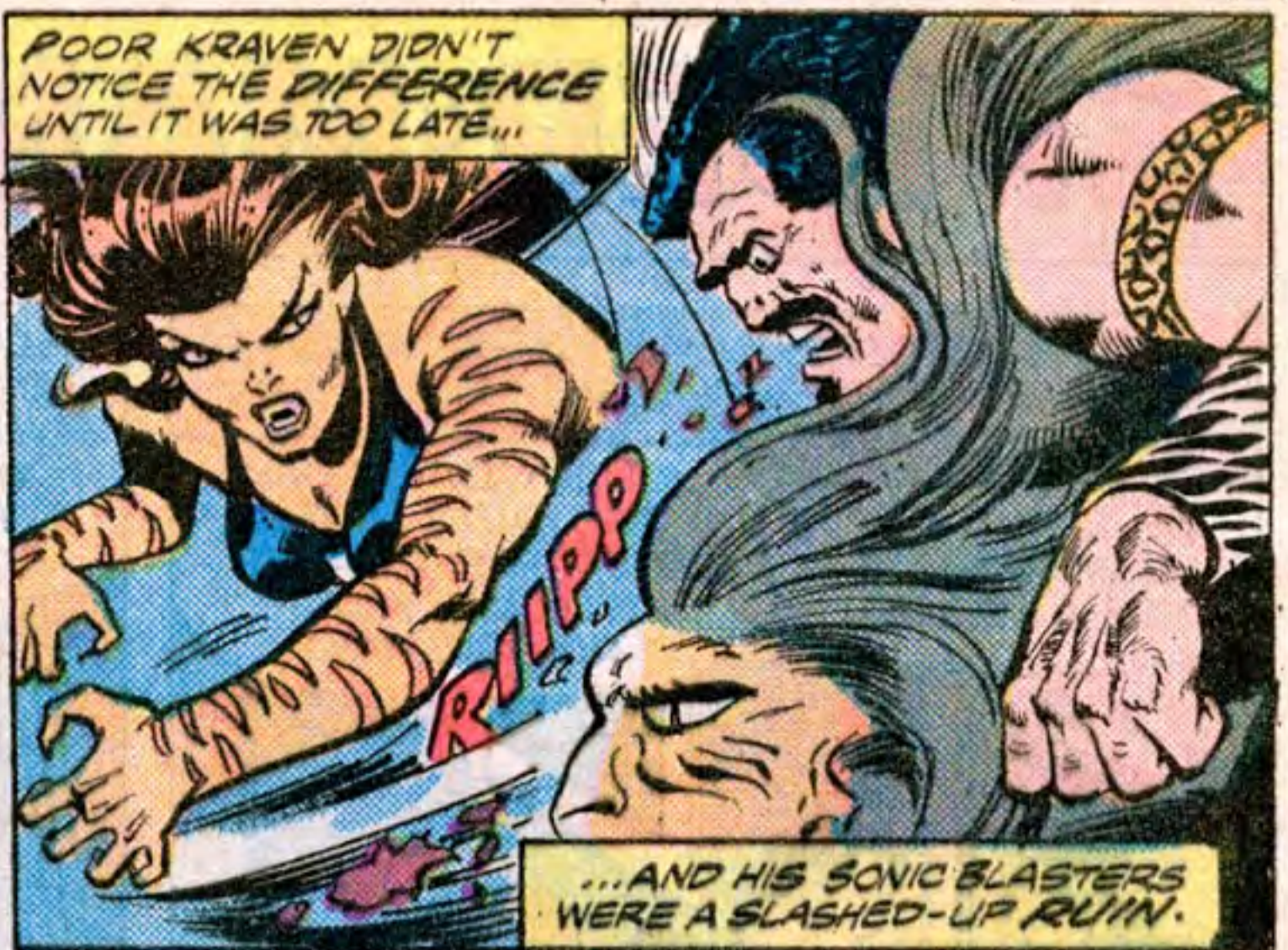
**POW!**





I WENT MAD, THEN...

... AND WHATEVER THERE WAS OF GREER NELSON WITHIN ME FLED SCREAMING INTO THE DARK, LEAVING ONLY... TIGRA.



POOR KRAVEN DIDN'T NOTICE THE DIFFERENCE UNTIL IT WAS TOO LATE...

... AND HIS SONIC BLASTERS WERE A SLASHED-UP RUIN.



WITH MY SECOND STRIKE, I DREW BLOOD...



... AND KRAVEN WAS AS GOOD AS DEAD.

OH, HE TRIED TO FIGHT...

... AND EACH TIME, I SMASHED HIM DOWN.



UNTIL HE STOPPED TRYING TO GET UP.

AND BOTH OF US KNEW MY NEXT STRIKE WOULD TEAR OPEN HIS THROAT.



LORD FORGIVE ME, I DID SO WANT TO KILL HIM.

BUT I DIDN'T.



INSTEAD, I THREW HIM AWAY.



A PARTING THOUGHT, KRAVEN, WHILE YOU'RE WAITING FOR THE POLICE--IF I WERE THE ANIMAL, THE CAT-THING, YOU CALLED ME...

... YOU'D BE DEAD NOW.

REMEMBER THAT.

ONCE UPON A TIME, THERE WAS A WOMAN NAMED GREER GRANT, WHO BECAME A WIDOW NAMED GREER NELSON, WHO BECAME THE CAT, WHO BECAME TIGRA...

... A HUMAN WOMAN WHO ALMOST LOST HER SOUL TONIGHT.

WHO WOULD HAVE LOST IT IF I'D KILLED KRAVEN.

AND I COULD HAVE KILLED HIM SO EASILY--

--I WANTED TO SO MUCH.

AND THAT HAS ME NOT A LITTLE SCARED--

DR. MALRAUX--!

THE LITTLE GIRL-- THE OPERATION-- IS SHE ALL RIGHT!?

SHE'LL BE FINE-- IT'LL TAKE OVER A YEAR OF THERAPY BUT, IN THE END, SHE'LL BE AS GOOD A NEW.

I'M GLAD.

GIVE HER MY BEST WHEN SHE WAKES UP, WILL YOU, DOC?

BUT TIGRA-- WAIT A MINUTE--!

THE POLICE ARE DOWNSTAIRS-- THEY THINK YOU WERE WORKING WITH KRAVEN-- IF YOU RUN NOW, THEY'LL BELIEVE THAT...

HOW WILL YOU EVER EXPLAIN...?

SIMPLE, DOC-- I WON'T EVEN TRY.

GUILTY OR INNOCENT, I'M STILL A FREAK TO THEM-- A "THING" FIT ONLY FOR A CAGE.

AND I WON'T BE CAGED, DOC-- NOT NOW, NOT EVER. I'LL DIE FIRST.

YOU SEE, THE HUMAN HALF OF ME TRIED TO GO HOME AGAIN TONIGHT-- TRIED TO FIND HER ROOTS--

--AND ALL SHE DID WAS DISCOVER...

... THAT YOU CAN'T.

DAWN. AND IN THAT DAWN, THE SOUL OF GREER NELSON... WEPT.

NEXT: TIGRA AND JOSHUA PLAGUE PLAY THE DEADLIEST GAME OF ALL:

# CAT AND MOUSE!