

# BEWARE THE CLAWS OF... THE CAT!

THE FIRST FLARE OF LIGHTNING SLASHES ACROSS THE LONELY GRANITE CANYONS OF CHICAGO, ON THE SIDEWALKS FAR BELOW, MEN SCURRY FOR SHELTER...

BUT THERE IS NO SHELTER FOR YOU, GREER NELSON, AND THERE IS NO TIME TO HOWL--TO CRY OUT FOR WHAT IS PAST!

FOR, NOW-- YOU ARE THE CAT!

RAIN! MAKING THESE BUILDINGS SLIPPERY--HARD TO HOLD ON!

LOOKS LIKE MY FIRST TIME OUT IN THIS RIG--MIGHT ALSO BE MY LAST!

BUT I WON'T GIVE UP! I'VE GOT A MISSION TO ACCOMPLISH--A MISSION OF VENGEANCE--

--AND I'M CARRYING IT OUT--NO MATTER WHAT!

STAN LEE PRESENTS A NEW MARVEL LANDMARK BY \* LINDA FITE, WRITER \* MARIE SEVERIN, ARTISTS \* WALLY WOOD, ARTISTS \* JOHN COSTANZA, Letterer \* ROY THOMAS, EDITOR AND CO-PLOTTER

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THE STORM IS-- GETTING WORSE!

MY WORKOUTS WITH DR. TUMOLO DIDN'T INCLUDE FOOLING AROUND WITH MOTHER NATURE! \*

IF THOSE LIGHTNING-BOLTS GET ANY CLOSER--

\* NOPE, YOU HAVEN'T MISSED ANYTHING --NOT YET! KEEP READING, AND ALL WILL BE REVEALED TO YOU! -- ROY.



UNNH!! THEY DID!

WATCH!

THEN, THE MYSTERIOUS FELINE FIGURE IS PLUMMETING DOWNWARD--FLAILING WILDLY ABOUT-- AND CASTING A STRANGE, CLAWLIKE HOOK--



YOU'VE GOT ONE CHANCE, BABYCAKES-- AND ONLY ONE!

--JUST IN TIME TO SAVE HER LIFE--!

KRONK!



MADE IT! NOW MY FOOT-CLAWS CAN DIG IN, AS WELL!

THIS EQUIPMENT OF THE DOCTOR'S REALLY WORKS!

NOW I CAN RETRACT MY FRONT CLAWS!



BUT--THIS ON-THE-JOB-TRAINING HAS SOME DEFINITE --DRAWBACKS!

ZIP!



THAT'S IT, GIRL-- KEEP IT UP! KEEP TALKING TO YOURSELF--

--AND MAYBE YOU'LL FORGET THAT YOU'RE SCARED OUT OF YOUR WITS--

--THAT YOU'D GIVE ANYTHING JUST TO BE ABLE TO QUIT! BUT YOU CAN'T-- YOU CAN'T!



THIS SHOULD BE IT--  
THE **PENTHOUSE**  
FLOOR!

BUT, WHAT  
KIND OF  
**WINDOW**  
IS THIS?  
THERE'S  
**STEEL**  
**PLATING**  
BEHIND,  
THE  
**GLASS!**

BETTER  
KEEP AS  
**QUIET**  
AS MY  
NAMESAKE  
NOW...

I DON'T  
NEED A  
**WELCOMING**  
**COMMITTEE...**!



THEN SUDDENLY--  
WITHOUT WARNING--  
THE ENTIRE WINDOW-  
FRAME FALLS  
**INWARD--**

--AND HUGE,  
POWERFUL  
ARMS REACH  
FROM  
OUT OF  
NOWHERE--!

**WHOM!**



WELL, WELL--LOOK WHAT THE  
**WIND** BLEW IN! A SLIGHTLY  
SOGGY **PUSSYCAT!**

DON'T YOU KNOW  
CATS DON'T **DIG**  
WATER, LITTLE  
GIRL?

AND THE  
**BOSS** DON'T  
DIG VISITORS--  
ESPECIALLY  
**DAMES!**



**ARRRAH!!**

FRANKLY,  
I'M NOT  
TOO FOND  
OF YOUR  
**BOSS,**  
EITHER--

--OR OF  
YOU,  
FOR THAT  
MATTER!



UH-OH! THAT  
**RIPS** IT,  
WOMAN!

HAIL, HAIL--  
THE GANG'S  
ALL HERE!

SOMEBODY  
GET THAT  
BROAD--BUT  
WATCH HER!  
SHE PLAYS  
**ROUGH!**



ROUGH? NOT AS ROUGH AS YOU, GENTS!

AT LEAST I'VE NEVER KILLED ANYONE--

--NOT YET!

BLAM!

BRAM!



VIOLENCE BEGETS VIOLENCE! DIDN'T YOU EVER LEARN ANYTHING FROM HISTORY-- OR MAYBE FROM JOHN AND YOKO?

AND I DON'T USE GUNS-- THE INSANE WEAPON OF AN INSANE SPECIES.

WONK!



NEXT, WHILE HER STUNNED ATTACKERS REEL-- AND REGROUP--

TOO MANY OF THEM! THEY'LL GET ME SOONER OR LATER--

--UNLESS I CAN TEAR OUT THIS FUSE-BOX--LIKE SO!

THERE! BUT-- THAT'S HARDER THAN IT LOOKS!

KRAK!



THAT'S BETTER. NOW, THE CAT CAN SEE THEM!

BUT THEY CAN'T SEE-- THE CAT!



...YEAH, BOSS... THEY'VE GOT HER TRAPPED OVER IN CAB "C"!

NO, I DUNNO IF THEY'VE DRILLED HER YET--

THEY HAVEN'T, LITTLE MAN, AND IF I CAN HELP IT--

BOOM!



--THEY'RE NOT GOING TO!

SORRY TO INTERRUPT YOUR LITTLE CHIT-CHAT, FRIEND.

PLEASE DON'T HANG UP ON MY ACCOUNT!

AAAKK!! BOSS, SHE-- SHE'S HERE!

YOU GOTTA HELP ME, BOSS-- BOSS!?



LOOKS LIKE THE BIG MAN HUNG UP ON YOU.

SO NOW, YOU'RE GOING TO TELL ME EXACTLY WHERE HE IS-- AND IF YOU'VE GOT ANY BRIGHT IDEAS ABOUT STALLING--

NO, I--I CAN'T TELL YOU! HE'D KILL ME--

--JUST LIKE HE'S GONNA KILL YOU!



UH-OH! NOW WHAT?

SOME SORT OF GAS-- COMING FROM THAT CONSOLE--!

SSSSSSSS



EVERYTHING'S--SWIMMING AROUND! CAN'T THINK-- CAN'T-- BREATHE--!

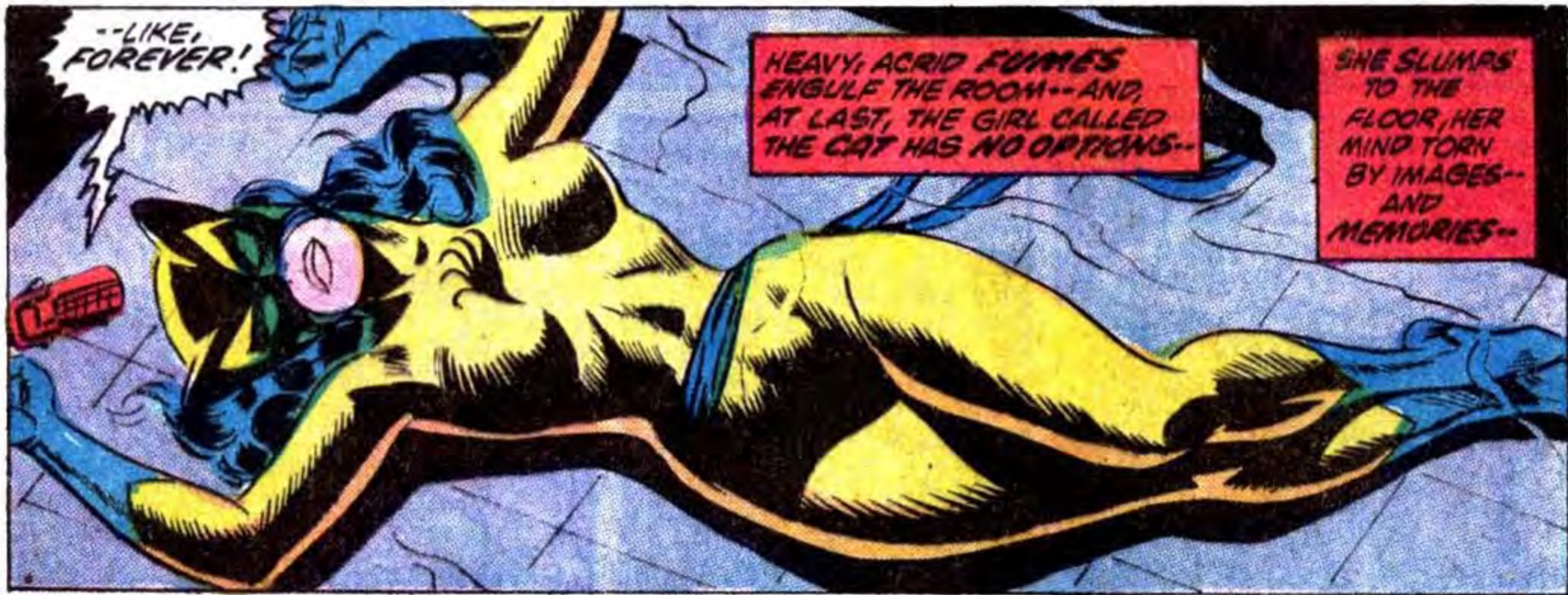
IT'S GOT TO BE-- HIM!



GUESS I WAS CRAZY--EVEN TO TRY TO FIGHT HIM!

GOING UNDER--! LOOKS LIKE-- I'M LICKED-- I--

IT'S CATNAP TIME, LITTLE GIRL-- SO SLEEP TIGHT--



--LIKE, FOREVER!

HEAVY, ACRID FUMES ENGLUF THE ROOM-- AND, AT LAST, THE GIRL CALLED THE CAT HAS NO OPTIONS--

SHE SLUMPS TO THE FLOOR, HER MIND TORN BY IMAGES-- AND MEMORIES--



--MEMORIES OF A SPRING DAY TWO YEARS AGO, WHEN FATE PLAYED ONE OF ITS CAPRICIOUS PRACTICAL JOKE, "WINDY CITY" STYLE...

C'MON, GREER! WE'RE GONNA MISS THE BUS!

AND IF WE'RE LATE FOR CHEM-LAB AGAIN--

I'M COMING, JENNIE! I JUST HAVE TO--



-- AND SENT A COLLEGE SOPHOMORE'S LOOSE CHANGE CLATTERING ACROSS THE PATH OF--

A COP! WATCH IT, GREER--

THEY DON'T CARE MUCH FOR US STUDENT TYPES!

CLINK! TINKLE! PLUNK!



--AND GREER GRANT LOOKED UP INTO THE MIRTHFUL BLUE EYES OF--

THE NAME IS BILL NELSON.

AND YOU CAN TELL YOUR CHUM THAT, MY FIRST DAY ON THE BEAT, I'D RATHER BE CALLED A POLICEMAN.

OKAY, YOU TWO-- KNOCK OFF THE SPARKS-- BETWEEN-- THE-- EYEBALLS BIT! TIME AND THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO WAIT FOR NO MAN--OR GIRL!



I'LL LET YOU GO-- FOR NOW. BUT I'LL BE SEEING YOU LATER, MISS.

AND HE KEPT HIS WORD. BILL CHERISHED AND PROTECTED HER-- AND SHE FELT MORE HELPLESS THAN EVER BEFORE, BECAUSE HE SEEMED TO LIKE THAT IN A WOMAN.



HOLD ON, HON!

OH, BILL-- LET'S REST! I JUST CAN'T KEEP UP WITH YOU!

ONLY NOW AND THEN WOULD GREER TRY TO ASSERT HERSELF-- BUT SHE ALWAYS SIGNED, SMILED, AND GAVE IN.



DON'T YOU THINK I COULD DRIVE THE NEW CAR DADDY GAVE ME, BILL?

I'D FEEL LIKE A FOOL, BABY! BESIDES-- I KNOW MORE ABOUT THESE THINGS!

AFTER HER SECOND YEAR OF COLLEGE, GREER AND BILL WERE MARRIED AND MOVED INTO THEIR NEW LITTLE HOUSE.



THIS IS HOW I DREAMED IT WOULD BE, EVER SINCE I WAS A LITTLE GIRL!

YOU'RE MY LITTLE GIRL, NOW-- AND THAT'S THE WAY IT'S GONNA BE FOREVER!

HOUSE WORK WAS NO REAL PROBLEM, BUT IT DID GET A BIT MONOTONOUS FOR A YOUNG WOMAN WITH NO CHILDREN AND FEW FRIENDS.



BILL-- I'VE BEEN THINKING-- MAYBE I SHOULD GO BACK TO COLLEGE-- LEARN TO BE SOMEONE...

LOOK, GREER-- I LOVE YOU, BUT I WANT A FULL-TIME WIFE, NOT A PHI BETA KAPPA!

BILL TOOK PRIDE IN BEING MR. FIX-IT AROUND THE HOUSE--



YOU DON'T HAVE TO DO THAT, HONEY! WHAT DO YOU THINK I'M HERE FOR?

THEY WERE VERY HAPPY PLAYING THE NEWLYWED GAME. THE YOUNG PATROLMAN WENT OFF TO WORK, AND THE YOUNG WIFE COULDN'T WAIT 'TIL HE GOT HOME.



OH, BILL! I MISSED YOU SO MUCH... EVERY MINUTE!

ONE MIDSUMMER NIGHT, THE STARRY-EYED COUPLE LEFT THE LOCAL CINEMA, UNAWARE OF WHAT LAY AHEAD...



HEY! SOUNDS LIKE GUNFIRE!

POW!

A HOLD-UP MAN DASHED FROM THE CORNER DRUGSTORE TOWARD HIS GETAWAY CAR--AND BILL NELSON REACTED AS HIS TRAINING HAD TAUGHT HIM--



I'M A POLICE OFFICER! UP AGAINST THE WALL!

BUT A SECOND MAN EMERGED FROM THE SHADOW OF THE DOORWAY, AND-- IN THE MADNESS BORN OF DESPERATION-- SHOT THE OFF-DUTY POLICEMAN.



IN THE HORRIBLE MOMENTS THAT FOLLOWED, BILL'S LIFE FADED AWAY, EVEN AS GREER HELD HIM IN HER ARMS...



MY DEAR, YOU MUST TRY TO BE STRONG.

STRONG? DADDY, I DON'T KNOW HOW TO BE STRONG! ALL MY LIFE THERE'S BEEN SOMEONE MORE THAN WILLING TO TAKE CARE OF ME!



WHEN THE SHOCK BEGAN TO WEAR OFF, THE LONELINESS BECAME UNBEARABLE--



GREER GOT AN APARTMENT AND STARTED LOOKING FOR A JOB--

I HAD TWO YEARS OF COLLEGE WITH A BIOLOGY MAJOR AND I WORKED PART-TIME AT A LAB.



IT'S OBVIOUS THAT YOU'RE INTELLIGENT AND CAPABLE, BUT I SEE HUNDREDS OF GIRLS LIKE YOU EVERY WEEK.

DO YOU TYPE, BY ANY CHANCE?

EVERY INTERVIEW WAS THE SAME, AND WOMEN'S LIB BEGAN TO HAVE NEW MEANING FOR GREER.

THERE'S NOTHING IN RESEARCH NOW, NON-- BUT WE DO NEED A RECEPTIONIST!

WHAT IF YOU REMARRIED MRS. NELSON?? AND WHAT ABOUT CHILDREN?



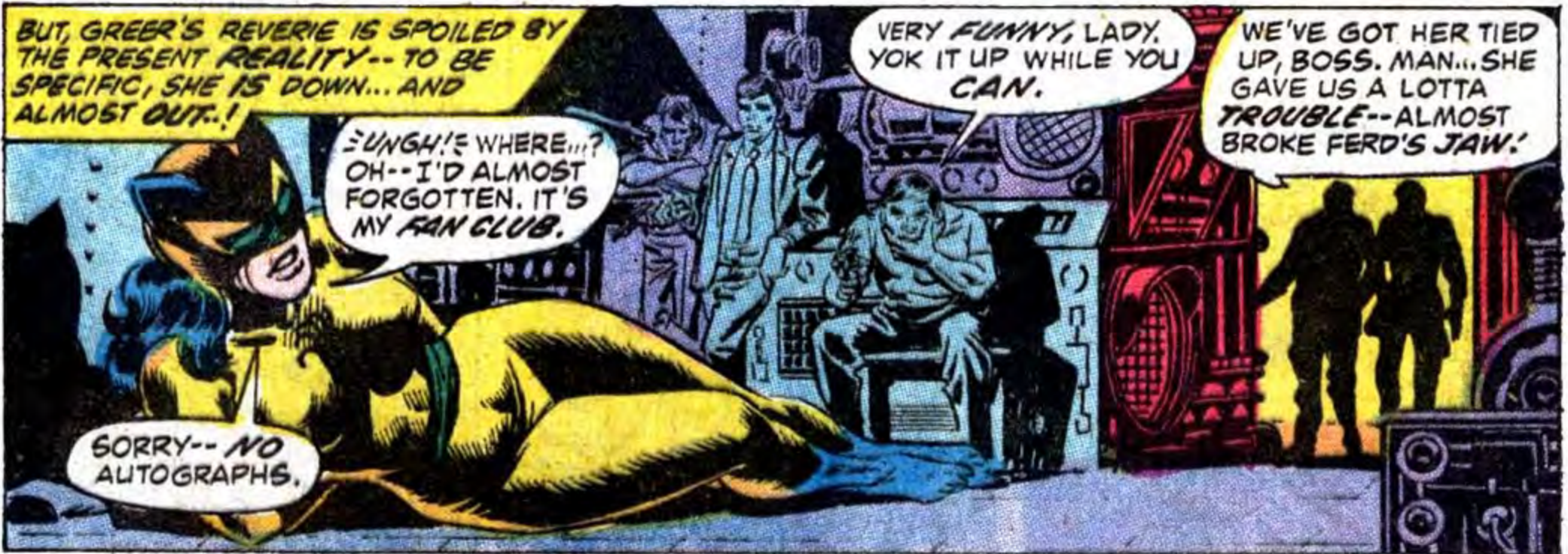
SHE HAD ALMOST LOST HOPE, WHEN--

EXCUSE ME, BUT COULD YOU PLEASE TELL ME IF THIS CONTAINS A CHEMICAL PRESERVATIVE? I SEEM TO HAVE MISPLACED MY GLASSES.

DR. TUMOLO! I WAS IN YOUR PHYSICS CLASS-- GREER GRANT!



AND YOUR GLASSES ARE ON YOUR HEAD-- JUST LIKE OLD TIMES!







SPECIALISTS WITH THE SAME POWERS YOU HAVE GAINED, THANKS TO DR. TUMOLO'S RASH INITIATIVE.

THIS EQUIPMENT WILL CREATE AN ARMY OF AMAZONS TO WORK IN MY HEALTH CLUBS AND CARRY OUT MY PLAN.

I SHALL BE THE SPIRITUAL AND PHYSICAL MASTER OF A GRATEFUL NATION OF PERFECT PHYSICAL SPECIMENS!-- NO WEAKLINGS, NO COWARDS, NO EXCEPTIONS!



I HAVE A GIFT FOR YOU, MY DEAR. THIS WILL-NULLIFIER WILL BE ATTACHED TO EACH NEW TRAINEE AND ALL MEMBERS OF MY CLUB.

IT RENDERS THE WEARER HELPLESS AGAINST THE SUPERIOR WISHES OF MY SUPERIOR MIND.



EVERY MANIAC WHO TRIES TO CONTROL THE LIVES OF OTHERS THINKS HIS MIND IS SUPERIOR--

AND IT NEVER IS, DONALBAIN. YOU'RE A SICK, TWISTED LITTLE MEGALOMANIAC!



AND I'M NOT STAYING FOR YOUR PARTY.

SO BACK OFF!

SURRRFF!



YOU IDIOT! YOU TOUCHED ME!

I'VE WARNED YOU A THOUSAND TIMES NEVER TO TOUCH ME-- NEVER!



I'LL TEACH YOU A LESSON YOU'LL NEVER FORGET!

ZABO! REPRIMAND THIS LOUT!

NO, BOSS! IT WAS AN ACCIDENT! SHE PUSHED ME!

THAT SHADOW! IT'S MONSTROUS!



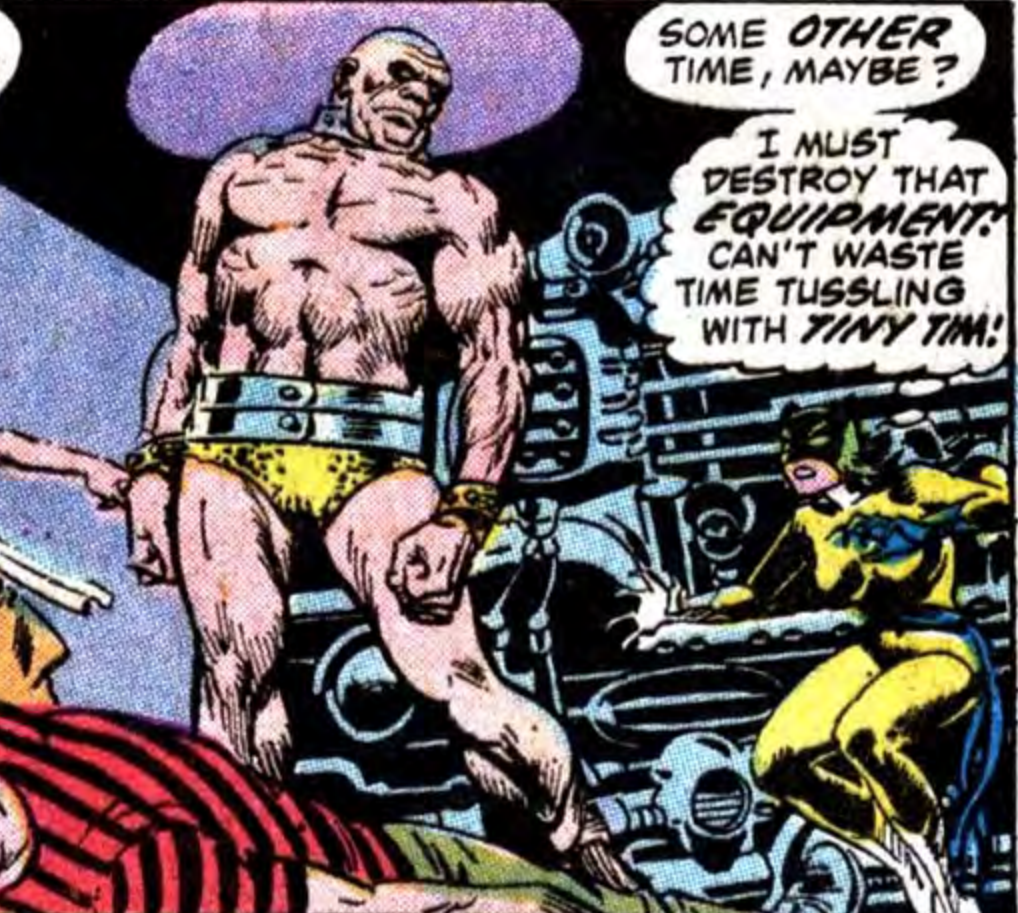
THIS ZABO'S A GIANT! BUT HE'S GOT MAL'S ATTENTION, SO IF I'M GOING TO MAKE MY MOVE-- NOW'S THE TIME.



USING THE DIN OF BATTLE AS A COVER-UP, CAT BREAKS THE CABLES BINDING HER WRISTS WITH RELATIVE EASE--

THANKS, PAL. THAT'S THE BEST DEED OF YOUR SORRY LIFE!

ZABO! BEHIND YOU! THE WOMAN IS FREE!  
GET HER! DON'T LET HER NEAR ME!

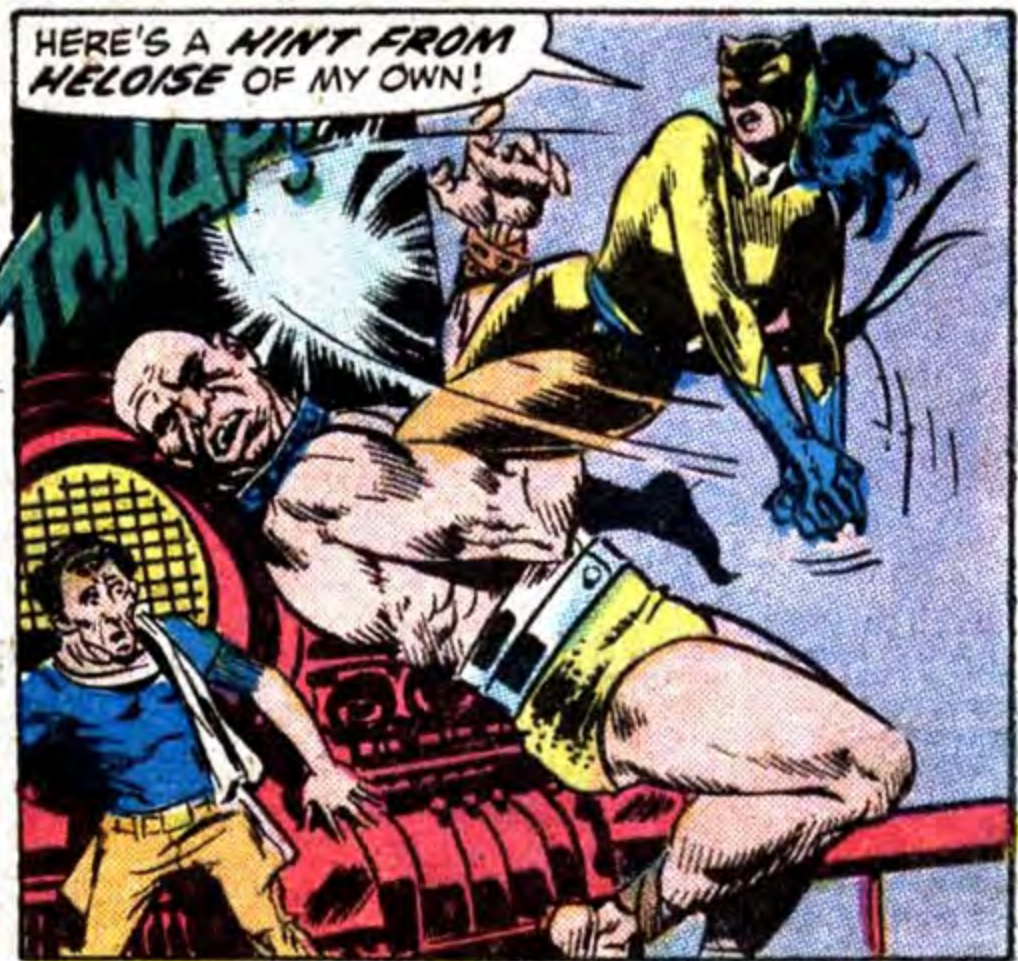


SOME OTHER TIME, MAYBE?

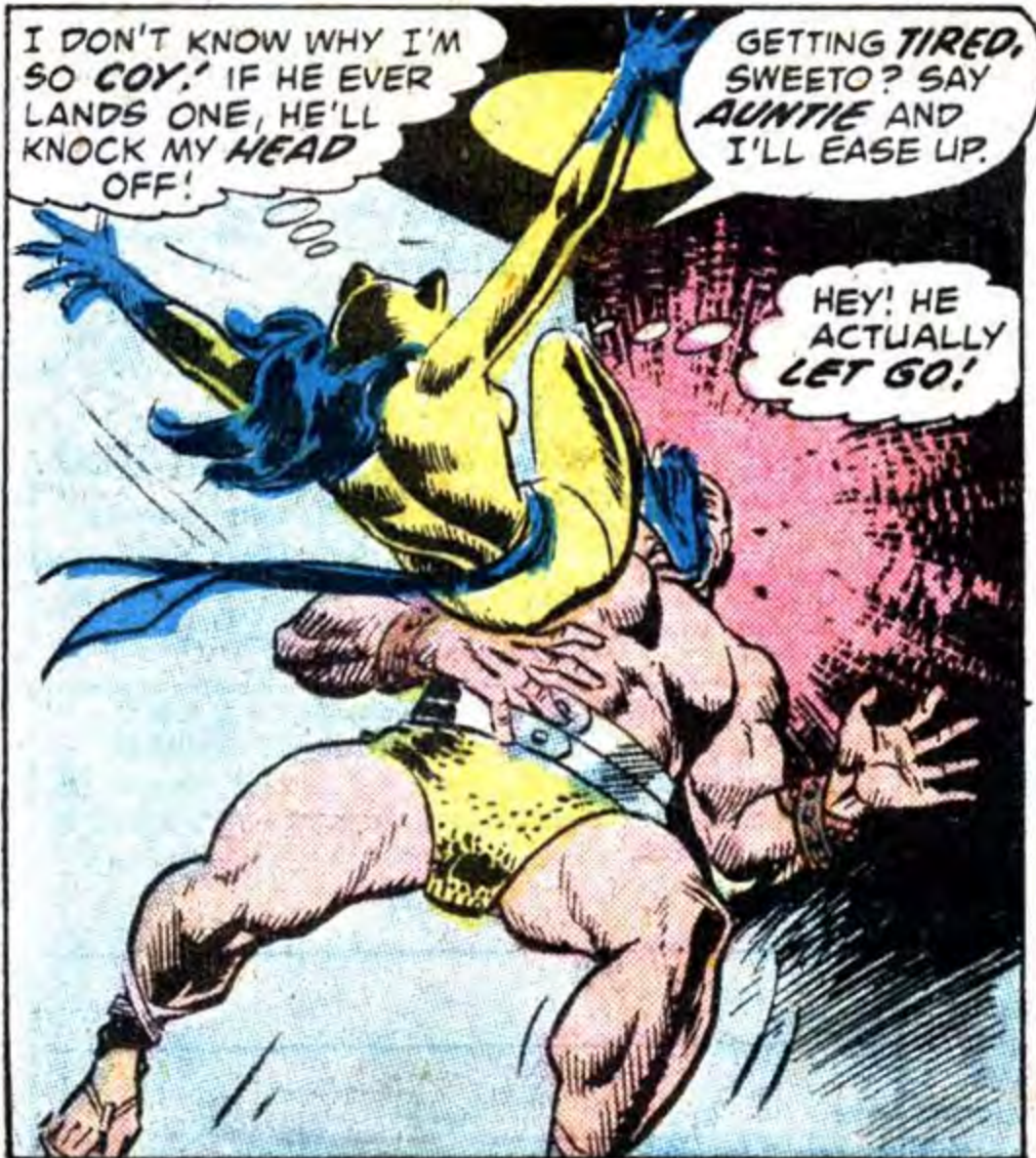
I MUST DESTROY THAT EQUIPMENT! CAN'T WASTE TIME TUSSLING WITH TINY TIM!



SO! THE HAND IS QUICKER THAN THE FOOT! THANKS FOR THE PUGILISTIC TIP!



HERE'S A HINT FROM HELOISE OF MY OWN!



I DON'T KNOW WHY I'M SO COY. IF HE EVER LANDS ONE, HE'LL KNOCK MY HEAD OFF!

GETTING TIRED, SWEETO? SAY AUNTIE AND I'LL EASE UP.

HEY! HE ACTUALLY LET GO!



GET HER, ZABO! SHE'LL SPOIL EVERYTHING!

I SURE HOPE SO, MALEVOLANT MAL!

THIS SHAFT SHOULD LEAD TO THE ROOF-- AND A VIABLE ALTERNATIVE TO GETTING SMASHED!

I SEE DAYLIGHT--  
THE ROOF MUST  
BE CLOSE.



000 THIS VENT--IT'S GETTING TOO NARROW FOR ZABO. HE'S STOPPING...GOING BACK.

THEY'LL BE UP HERE ANY MINUTE. I'LL LEAVE THIS GRATE OFF SO IT'LL LOOK LIKE I ESCAPED--



-- AND DUCK BACK INSIDE!

JUST IN TIME, TOO! DONAL BAIN AND HIS TOUCHLESS WONDERS HIT THE ROOF LIKE A PACK OF FOX-HOUNDS.



HEY, BOSS! LOOK OVER THERE!

I DON'T SEE NOTHIN'-- SHE MUST'VE HIGH-TAILED IT!



LET'S GO!

THE SOUND OF FOOTSTEPS HAS BARELY FADED, WHEN SUDDENLY-- GREER'S GRIP LOSES ITS STRENGTH--



-- AND SHE SLIDES AND CLAWS DOWN THE CONCRETE WALLS FOR MORE THAN FIFTEEN FEET!

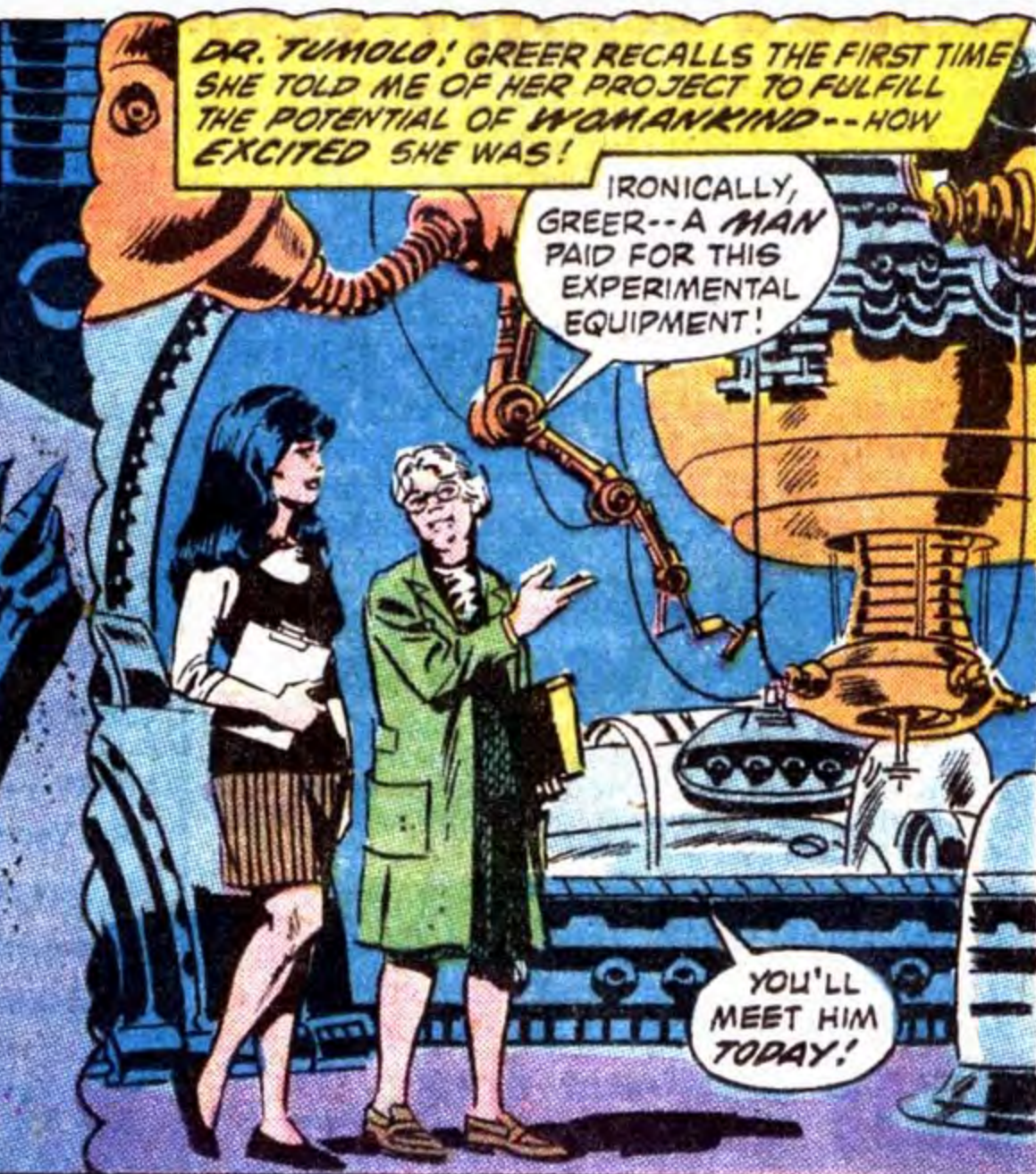
MUST REST...WAIT... 'TIL THEY GIVE UP-- MAYBE THEN I CAN GET BACK INSIDE.

I'VE GOT TO GET BACK-- GOT TO SEE THIS THING THRU-- FOR DR. TUMOLO--



DR. TUMOLO! GREER RECALLS THE FIRST TIME SHE TOLD ME OF HER PROJECT TO FULFILL THE POTENTIAL OF WOMANKIND-- HOW EXCITED SHE WAS!

IRONICALLY, GREER-- A MAN PAID FOR THIS EXPERIMENTAL EQUIPMENT!



YOU'LL MEET HIM TODAY!

BUT, WHATEVER YOU DO--DON'T SHAKE HANDS WITH HIM!

HE HAS A INTENSE PHOBIA ABOUT BEING TOUCHED! I FIRST MET HIM WHEN HE CAME TO ME FOR HELP--



HE HEARD ABOUT SOME WORK I DID ON THE NERVOUS SYSTEM AND MOTOR RESPONSES.

THERE WAS NOTHING I COULD DO FOR HIM, OF COURSE-- BUT HE BECAME FASCINATED WITH THIS PERSONAL EXPERIMENT I WAS CONDUCTING--

SO THAT I COULD SOME DAY MAKE IT POSSIBLE FOR ANY WOMAN TO TOTALLY FULFILL HER PHYSICAL AND MENTAL POTENTIAL--DESPITE THE HANDICAPS THAT SOCIETY PLACES UPON HER.



DONALBAIN IS SUCH A FANATIC ON PHYSICAL CONDITIONING THAT HE AGREED TO SUBSIDIZE FURTHER WORK.

THAT DOESN'T SOUND LOGICAL, DR. T.-- AND WHY WOULD YOU TAKE HIS MONEY?

I'D RUN OUT OF FUNDS, AND HE DIDN'T ASK FOR DETAILS. I GUESS I...



DR. TUMOLO!

AH, THERE YOU ARE! I GOT YOUR MESSAGE, SO--THE PROJECT IS READY FOR ITS FIRST LOVELY GUINEA PIG! GOOD!



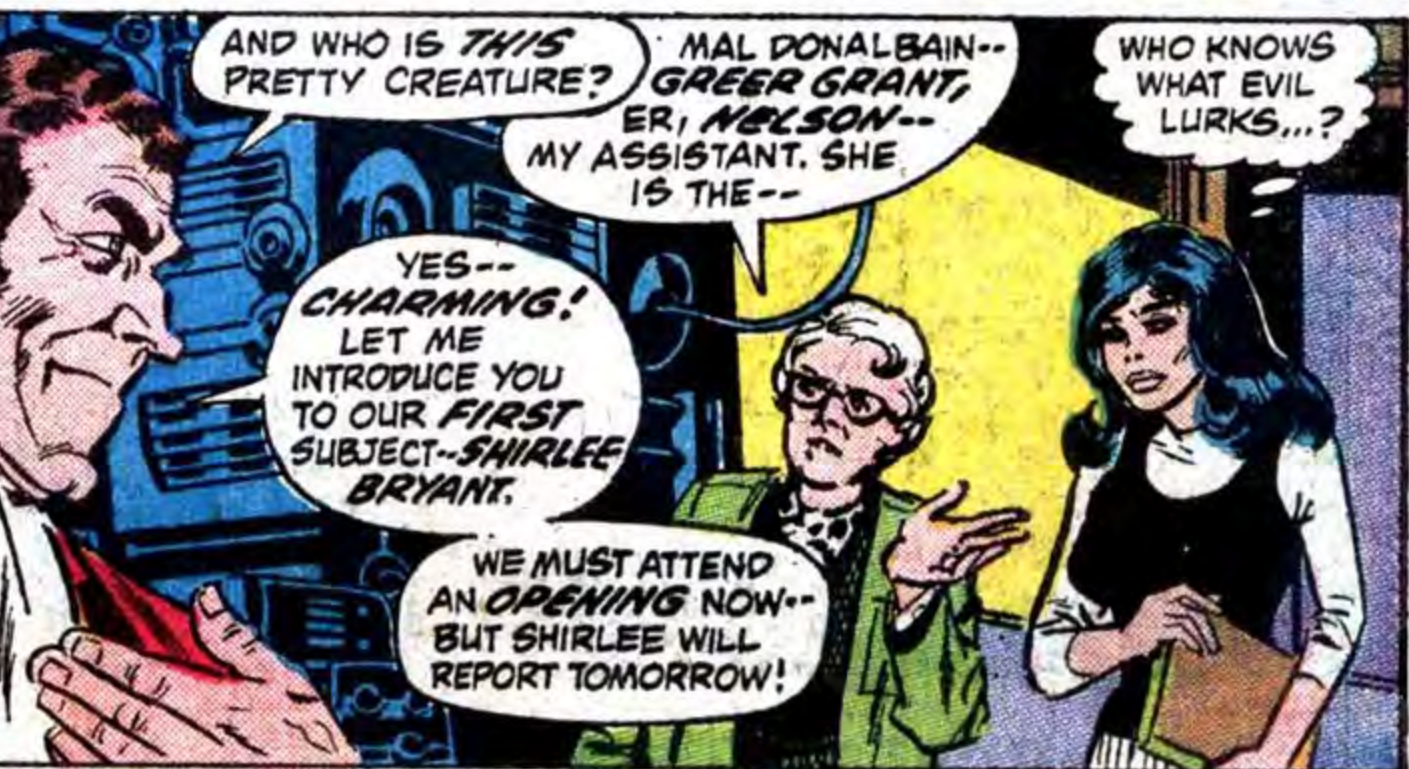
AND WHO IS THIS PRETTY CREATURE?

MAL DONALBAIN-- GREER GRANT, ER, NELSON-- MY ASSISTANT. SHE IS THE--

WHO KNOWS WHAT EVIL LURKS...?

YES-- CHARMING! LET ME INTRODUCE YOU TO OUR FIRST SUBJECT--SHIRLEE BRYANT.

WE MUST ATTEND AN OPENING NOW-- BUT SHIRLEE WILL REPORT TOMORROW!



BUT THIS IS CONTRARY TO THE TERMS OF OUR AGREEMENT!

ALL POSSIBLE SUBJECTS WERE TO BE PRETESTED AND MUTUALLY ACCEPTABLE! I WANTED GREER TO...

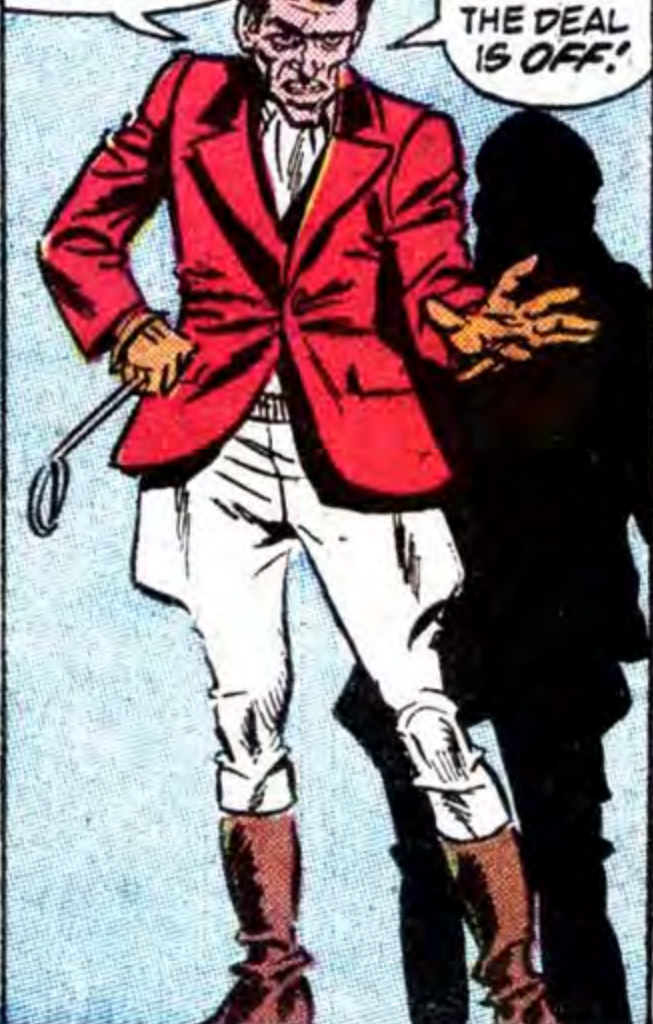


DON'T CROWD ME, DR. TUMOLO!

THIS ENTIRE EXPERIMENT IS MINE!

MY MONEY PAID FOR THIS EQUIPMENT AND YOUR TIME!

YOU DO IT MY WAY OR THE DEAL IS OFF!



THE NEXT MOMENT THE UNTOUCHABLE DONALBAIN TURNED ON HIS WELL-SHOD HEEL AND CHARGED OUT, LIVID WITH RAGE. THEN--

INCREDIBLE! TOTALLY IRRATIONAL! WHAT HAVE I GOTTEN MYSELF INTO?

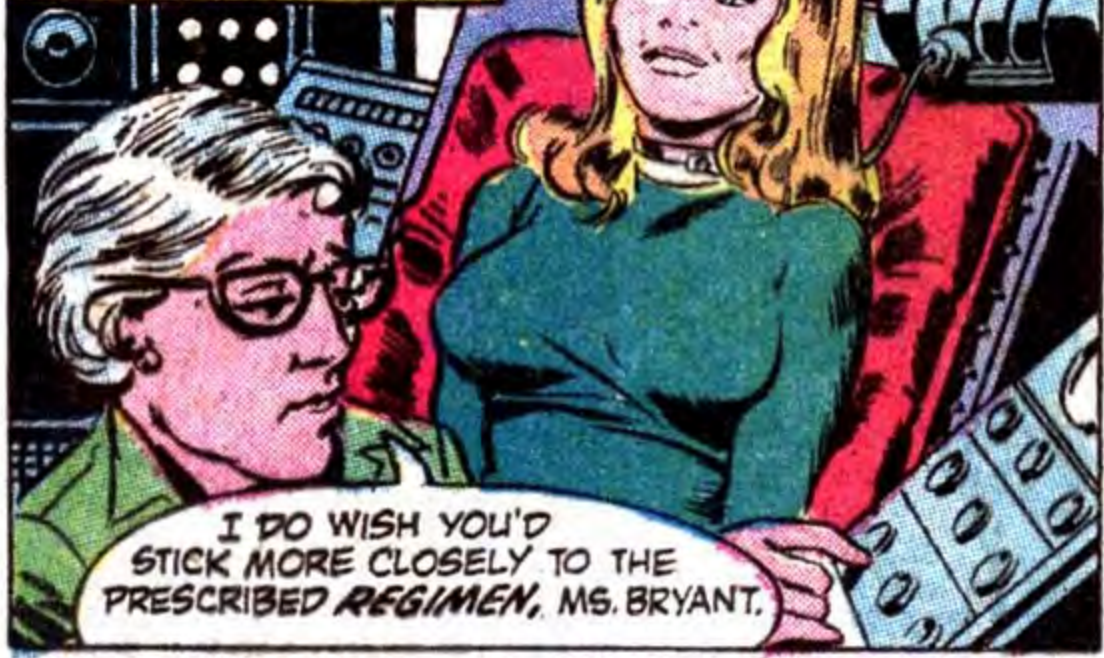
I CAN'T CONTINUE UNDER THESE CONDITIONS --COMPLETELY UNSCIENTIFIC--AND THREATS! IT'S ALL WRONG!



YOU CAN'T GIVE UP! YOU'VE WORKED HARD AND TOO LONG--TEST ME! LET ME BE YOUR SUBJECT, TOO-- WE CAN CONTINUE ON OUR OWN!

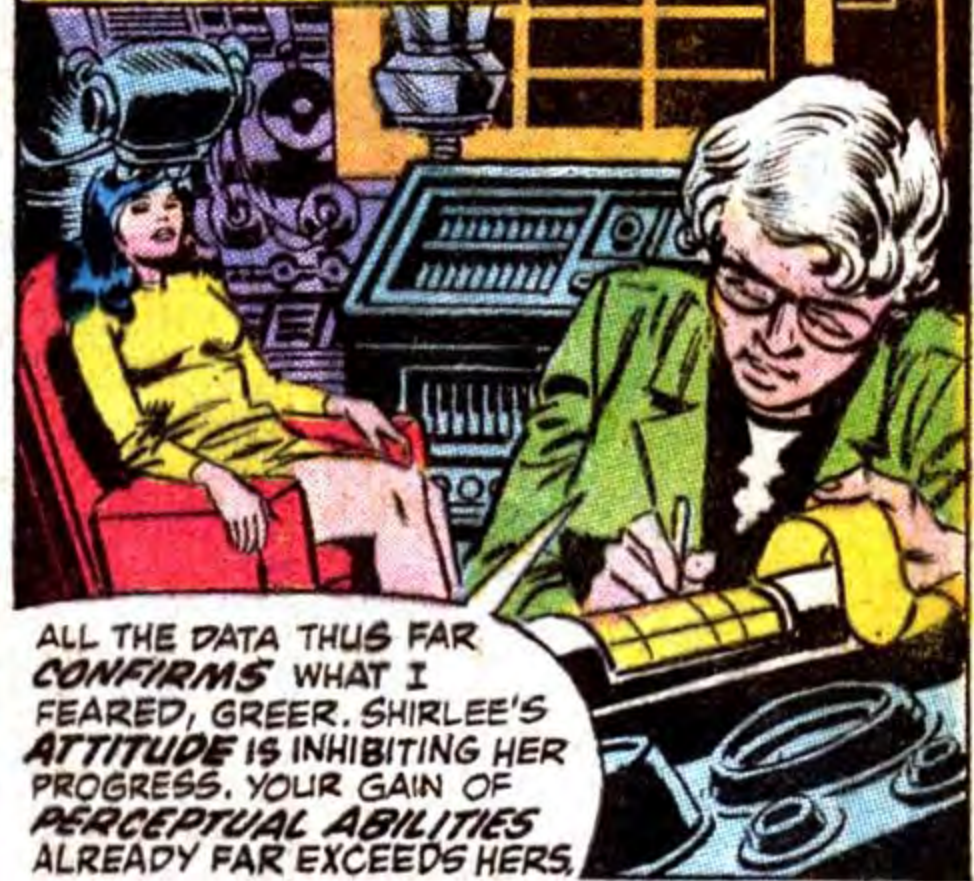
AFTER AN ANGUISHED DISCUSSION OF ALL THE PROS AND CONS, GREER AND DR. TUMOLO AGREED-- AT LAST! CONCURRENT EXPERIMENTS WERE CONDUCTED ON SHIRLEE--

THIS IS REALLY FAR OUT! I BET YOU'RE SURPRISED I'M DOING SO WELL.



I DO WISH YOU'D STICK MORE CLOSELY TO THE PRESCRIBED REGIMEN, MS. BRYANT.

-- AND, SECRETLY, ON GREER AS WELL.



ALL THE DATA THIS FAR CONFIRMS WHAT I FEARED, GREER. SHIRLEE'S ATTITUDE IS INHIBITING HER PROGRESS. YOUR GAIN OF PERCEPTUAL ABILITIES ALREADY FAR EXCEEDS HERS.

THE TWO WOMEN WERE CONDITIONED TO RECEIVE THE MAXIMUM AMOUNT OF STIMULI-- TO PERCEIVE MENTAL AND PHYSICAL IMPULSES WITH AN ALMOST PSYCHIC ABILITY.



GREER HUNGERED TO EXPLORE THE INFINITE FRONTIER OF HER MIND--THE ABILITY TO DISCOVER AND INCORPORATE NEW KNOWLEDGE-- AN ABILITY WE ALL HAVE BUT WHICH ONLY A FEW RECOGNIZE...

IT ALMOST SCARES ME THAT I'LL WHIZ THROUGH THIS TOME ON ESP IN 50 MINUTES--



-- AND MY BRAIN WILL DIGEST, CLARIFY, AND ORGANIZE EVERY PIECE OF INFORMATION!

HER INTENSIFIED PERCEPTIONS WERE LIKE AN EMBODIMENT OF THAT MYTHICAL QUALITY KNOWN AS WOMAN'S INTUITION--



THAT SQUIRREL HAS AN INJURED FOREPAW--! I CAN FEEL IT-- AS STRONGLY AS IF IT WERE MY OWN HAND!

I CAN DETECT THE MOVEMENT OF EVERY PART IN THIS MACHINE-- AND, IF SOMETHING GOES COCKEYED, I CAN LOCATE THE PROBLEM IMMEDIATELY.

GREER! THE POSSIBLE USES-- THE MEDICAL APPLICATIONS ALONE ARE LIMITLESS-- WONDERFUL!



THE EFFECTS OF THE EXPERIMENT ALSO GAVE GREER INCREDIBLE CONTROL OF PHYSICAL POWER AND COORDINATION...

WHEEE! ANOTHER FEW MONTHS IN THE TREES AND I CAN TAKE ON **JOHNNY WEISS-MUELLER!**

I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO DO THAT! I FEEL LIKE AN OL' **STAGE MOTHER** TO A PROTEGEE!



AFTER SEVERAL WEEKS, ALL THE RESULTS WERE ANALYZED--

I'M SORRY TO SAY IT, BUT SHIRLEE IS A POOR EXAMPLE. SHE'S TOTALLY **UNCOOPERATIVE**, AND HER PROGRESS IS SPOILED BY HER LACK OF GENUINE INTEREST AND DEDICATION

DON'T APOLOGIZE, GREER-- YOU'RE **RIGHT**. DONALBAIN'S INVOLVEMENT HAS ONLY SERVED TO **JEOPARDIZE** THE IMPETUS AND ORIGINAL INTENTION OF THE PROJECT.

I'M GOING TO CALL IT OFF **TONIGHT**-- BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!



BUT-- WHEN SHE ARRIVED AT DONALBAIN'S **PENTHOUSE**--

NO ONE HERE. I HAVE ALL THE DATA WITH ME, AND I DON'T WANT TO WAIT **ANOTHER DAY**. I'LL LOOK AROUND FOR HIM...



DR. TUMOLO WALKED DOWN A CORRIDOR AND THRU A **DOOR**, WHERE SHE FOUND--

AN EXACT **DUPLICATE** OF MY EQUIPMENT! HOW DID HE DO THIS?



SHIRLEE MUST HAVE **MEMORIZED** IT ALL-- AND HE BUILT IT TO HER **SPECIFICATIONS**.

DONALBAIN HAS **DECEIVED** ME-- AND I'M GOING TO GET AN **EXPLANATION!**

SHE SLIPPED **UNNOTICED** ONTO THE BALCONY OF AN ENORMOUS CHAMBER...

SHIRLEE-- DRESSED LIKE A **CAT**? WHAT'S **THIS** ALL ABOUT?

OKAY, OKAY-- I'LL WEAR THE MASK, TOO-- BUT I STILL THINK IT LOOKS LIKE A **NALLOWE'EN** COSTUME!

YOUR OPINION BECOMES LESS AND LESS **RELEVANT**, MY DEAR.

ADORN YOUR LOVELY NECK WITH THIS **ACCESSORY**-- AND I'M SURE WE WILL SEE **EYE-TO-EYE**-- ABOUT **EVERYTHING!**





THAT COLLAR ISN'T PART OF MY EQUIPMENT--AND, JUDGING BY SHIRLEE'S REACTION, WEARING IT TURNS YOU INTO SOME SORT OF ZOMBIE!

SHE SOUNDS WEAK, INEFFECTUAL-- LIKE A SLEEPY CHILD WILLING TO BE STEERED IN ANY DIRECTION.



...YES, MR. DONALBAIN... I AM QUITE READY TO DO AS YOU WISH...

YOU SEE? AT LAST--THE PERFECT WOMAN! TOTALLY OBEIDENT--AND STRONG ENOUGH TO DO ANYTHING I COMMAND!



I WILL HAVE HUNDREDS OF SUCH SPECIMENS--! ALL MINE--ALL CONTROLLED BY ME!

SHIRLEE! ATTACK AND DISABLE THOSE THREE MEN!



HEY, BOSS WADDA WE DO?

THAK!



SILENCE, CLOD! I PAY YOU WELL FOR YOUR DISCOMFORT.

NOW, WOMAN--I WANT YOU TO CLIMB--UP THERE--TO THE TOP LEVEL.

DR. TUMOLO GAZED WITH HORROR AT THE SCENE, UNDECIDED. SHOULD SHE ATTEMPT TO STOP THIS MADNESS--OR ESCAPE WHILE SHE COULD AND GET HELP?



UP CLIMBED THE FELINE FIGURE, USING STRANGE CLAWLIKE DEVICES TO DIG INTO THE STEELY SURFACE OF THE BEAMS--

DR. TUMOLO NOTICED THAT SHIRLEE LACKED THE GRACE AND POWER OF GREER--AND SHE FEARED FOR THIS GIRL.



WHY DO YOU HESITATE?

DO AS I SAY! THROW YOUR CLAW-HOOK AND SWING OVER TO THE OTHER SIDE--NOW!

OBEDIENTLY-- WITH THE BLIND COURAGE OF AN AUTOMATON-- SHE LEAPED!



IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE TO TELL EXACTLY WHAT WENT WRONG, PERHAPS THE EQUIPMENT FAILED--



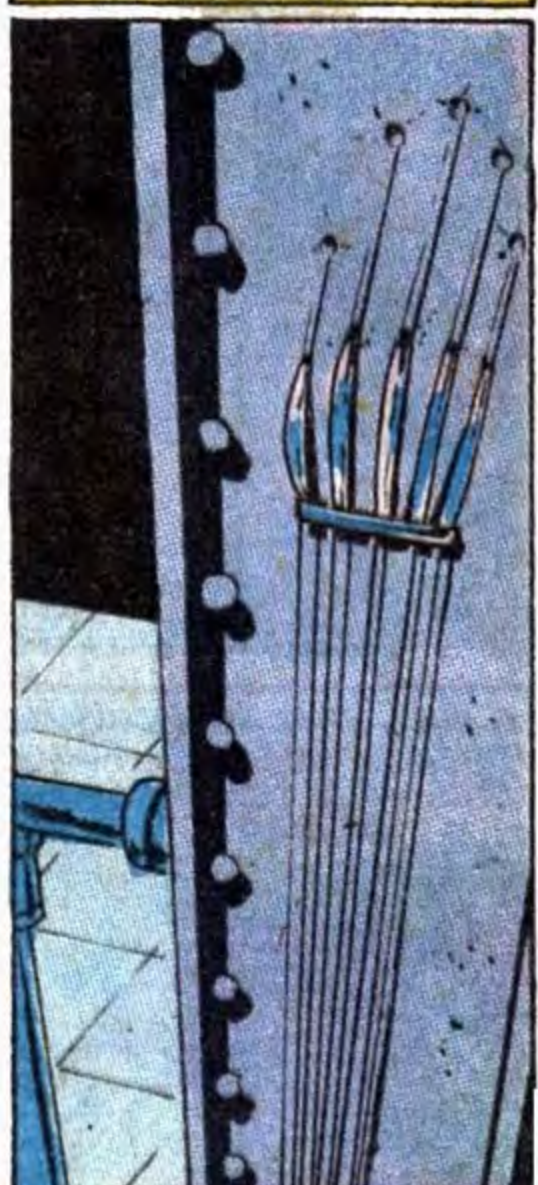
PERHAPS SHE PANICKED--

HELP!!



PERHAPS SHIRLEE'S IRREGULAR TRAINING NEVER GAVE HER THE EXTRA MEASURE OF STRENGTH NEEDED FOR THE TASK --

BUT REASONS AND RATIONALIZATIONS PROVIDE NO COMFORT FOR THE VICTIMS OF FAILURE-- AND NO HELP FOR THE DEAD, EITHER.



THE INCOMPETENT FOOL! APPARENTLY THIS CAT DIDN'T HAVE NINE LIVES!

SHE WAS UNWORTHY-- BUT NO MATTER. I CAN PRODUCE AS MANY MORE AS I NEED. I MUST FIND THE IDEAL SUBJECT FOR MY PROTOTYPE!



THERE WAS ONLY ONE MOURNER FOR THE DEAD WOMAN--



HE'S INHUMAN! AND I'M TO BLAME-- FOR ACQUIESCING TO HIS IRRATIONAL DEMANDS.

I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE-- TELL THE POLICE! THIS DOOR SHOULD--

WHA--? MORE OF THOSE PECULIAR COSTUMES-- DOZENS OF THEM! I'LL TAKE ONE-- FOR EVIDENCE OF THIS SCHEME.





DR. TUMOLO WAS RELIEVED TO FIND GREER BACK AT THE LAB WHEN SHE RETURNED...

BUT HOW WERE YOU TO KNOW--? I'M AS MUCH AT FAULT--I CONVINCED YOU TO COMPLY WITH DONALBAIN'S ORDERS.

I'M GOING TO PACK A BAG AND COME BACK TO STAY WITH YOU. IN THE MEAN-TIME, PUT THAT CAT COSTUME IN THE SAFE!

RIGHT-- THEN I'LL REPORT THE HEINOUS CRIME I WITNESSED TO THE AUTHORITIES. AND, GREER... THANKS.

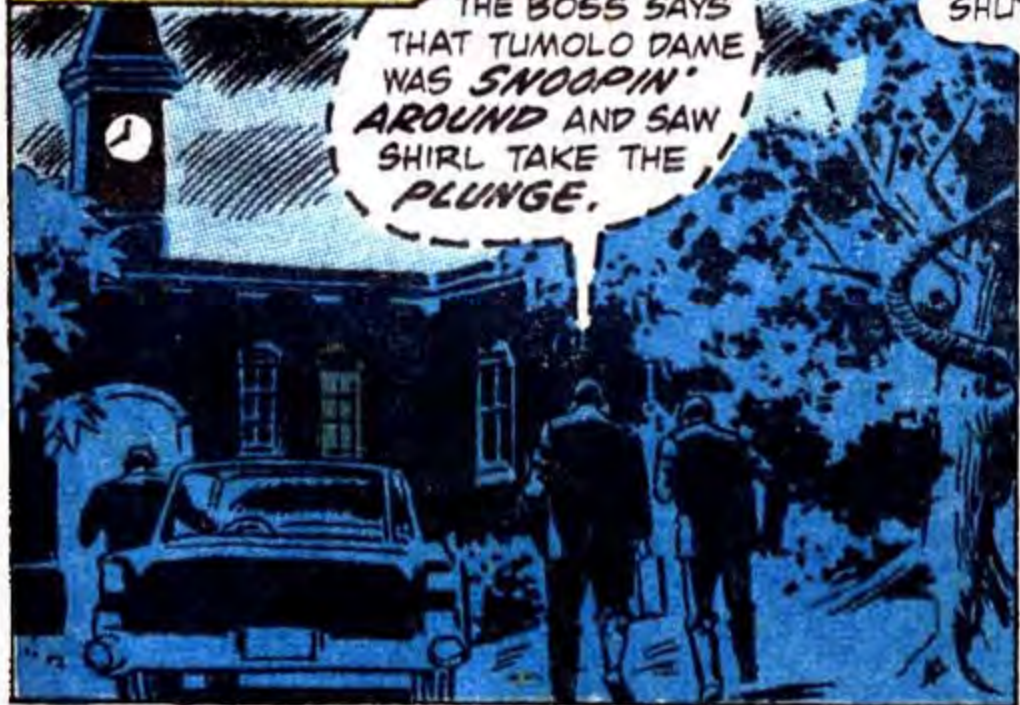
HE WILLFULLY USED THAT GIRL-- AND HE USED ME, TOO! I'LL NEVER FORGIVE MYSELF--



WE'LL CALL THE POLICE AND BLOW THE WHISTLE ON DONALBAIN--THEY'LL PUT HIM AWAY FOR GOOD.



SHORTLY THEREAFTER, THREE STEALTHY FIGURES SLID THROUGH THE NIGHT TOWARD THE LABORATORY WHERE A SINGLE LIGHT BURNED ON THE DARKENED CAMPUS.



THE BOSS SAYS THAT TUMOLO DAME WAS SNOOPIN' AROUND AND SAW SHIRL TAKE THE PLUNGE.

WE GOTTA SHUT HER UP--



YEH, BUT WE WANT IT TO LOOK LIKE AN ACCIDENT...

HELLO, IS THIS HOMICIDE? I WANT TO REPORT A MUR-

GIMME THAT STICK OF DYNAMITE!

JUST AS GREER RETURNS--



SEARING PAIN TORE THROUGH GREER-- AND SHE RECOGNIZED IT AS THE AGONY OF DR. TUMOLO! HER INCREASED PERCEPTIONS CAUSED UNBEARABLE ANGUISH--



HOLD ON-- I'M COMING! MUST LIFT THIS BEAM!

DR. TUMOLO!



GREER... DONALBAIN'S HENCHMEN... THEY TOOK MY NOTES... THEY'LL KNOW ABOUT YOU...

YOU MUST GET AWAY... THEY STOP AT NOTHING. I TRIED... I TRIED TO...

MY GOD-- SHE'S GONE. I WON'T WAIT FOR THE POLICE. I'M GOING AFTER THE MURDERER MYSELF--NOW!

DESPITE THE SHOCK OF DR. TUMOLO'S DEATH, GREER REMAINS GRIMLY COOL-HEADED...

THE SAFE WAS THE ONE THING THAT WASN'T DESTROYED-- LUCKY I KNEW THE COMBINATION. THIS OUTFIT IS THE ONLY PROOF I HAVE OF DONALBAIN'S PLOT



MAYBE I SHOULD GET HELP-- BUT IT WOULD TAKE TOO LONG TO EXPLAIN ALL THIS TO THE POLICE. DONALBAIN COULD COVER UP EVERYTHING BY THEN.



IF ONLY BILL WERE ALIVE-- HE'D KNOW WHAT TO-- NO! IT'S UP TO ME TO STOP THAT MADMAN!

THIS COSTUME GIVES ME AN IDEA...

USING THE NEAREST ROOFTOP, GREER PUT ON THE CAT COSTUME AND CAUTIOUSLY BEGAN TO MAKE HER WAY ACROSS TOWN TO DONALBAIN'S HEAD-QUARTERS. SHE ADAPTED QUICKLY TO THE STRANGE PARAPHERNALIA--



--FORTUNATELY--SINCE WE LEFT HER HANGING BY HER CLAWS SEVEN PAGES AGO TO BRING UP THIS FLASHBACK!

THEY'VE HAD ENOUGH TIME TO COOL OFF-- I'M GOING AFTER THAT EQUIPMENT!



I MUST BE SILENT, SO I'LL TRY A SPOCK-MANEUVER ON THIS CHARACTER--



JUST APPLY A LITTLE PRESSURE ON THE PROPER NERVE, AND--



ONE DOWN! I'LL TUCK HIM IN WHERE NO ONE WILL DISTURB HIM.



I'D TELL HIM A BED-TIME STORY, BUT I HAVE WORK TO DO--

IT'S THE STRAY CAT YOU WERE LOOKING FOR, BOYS.

--EXCEPT I FOUND YOU FIRST!



HEY, JOEY! WHAT'S THAT WEIRD NOI--? UNNN!

WHACK!

WHACK!

SKRUNCH SKRUNCH SKRUNCH SKRUNCH



LOOK WHO'S *HERE!* MY OLD PAL FERD! AND *SLEEPING ON THE JOB,* TOO--



I MADE SURE HE WON'T WAKE UP--

FERD-- COME IN, FERD!



UH-OH-- *ROLL CALL!* THEY'LL BE ONTO ME ANY *MINUTE* NOW--!

WHY HAVEN'T YOU REPORTED ON *SCHEDULE?* ACKNOWLEDGE!



I DON'T HAVE MUCH *TIME*-- WITH LUCK, I CAN SABOTAGE THE *WIRING* BEFORE THEY *CATCH UP* WITH ME.



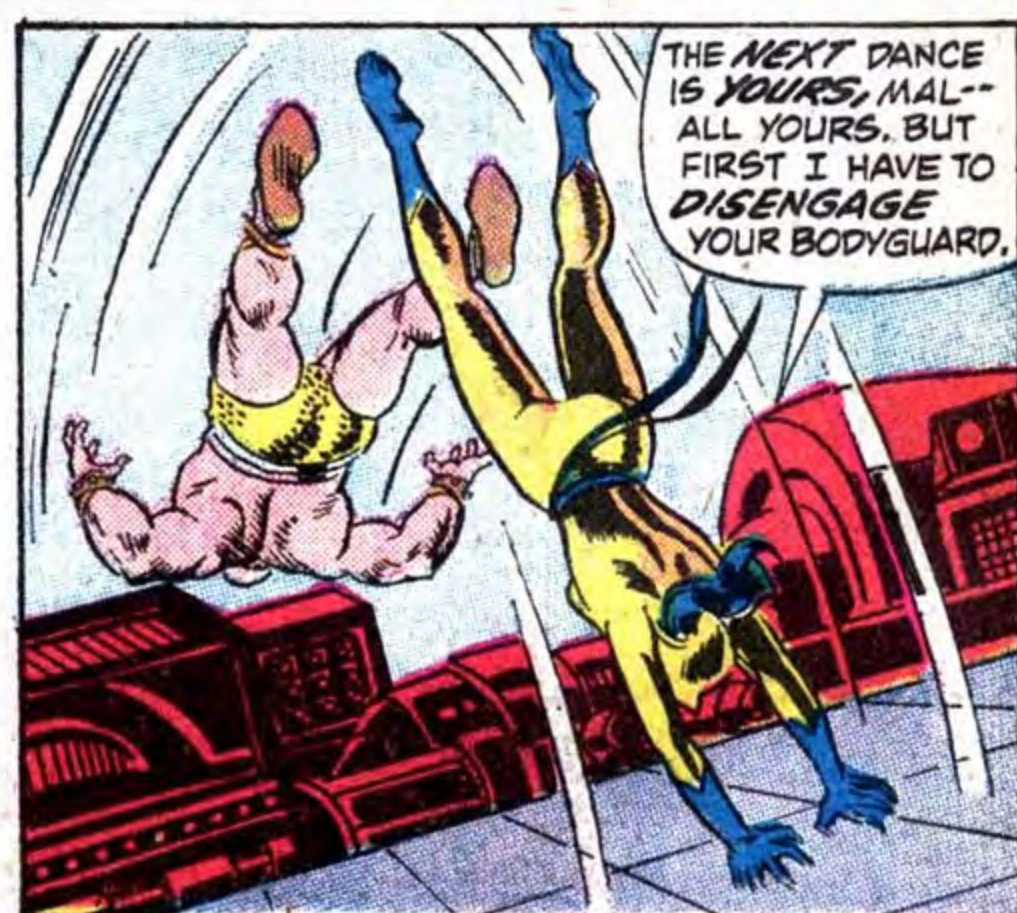
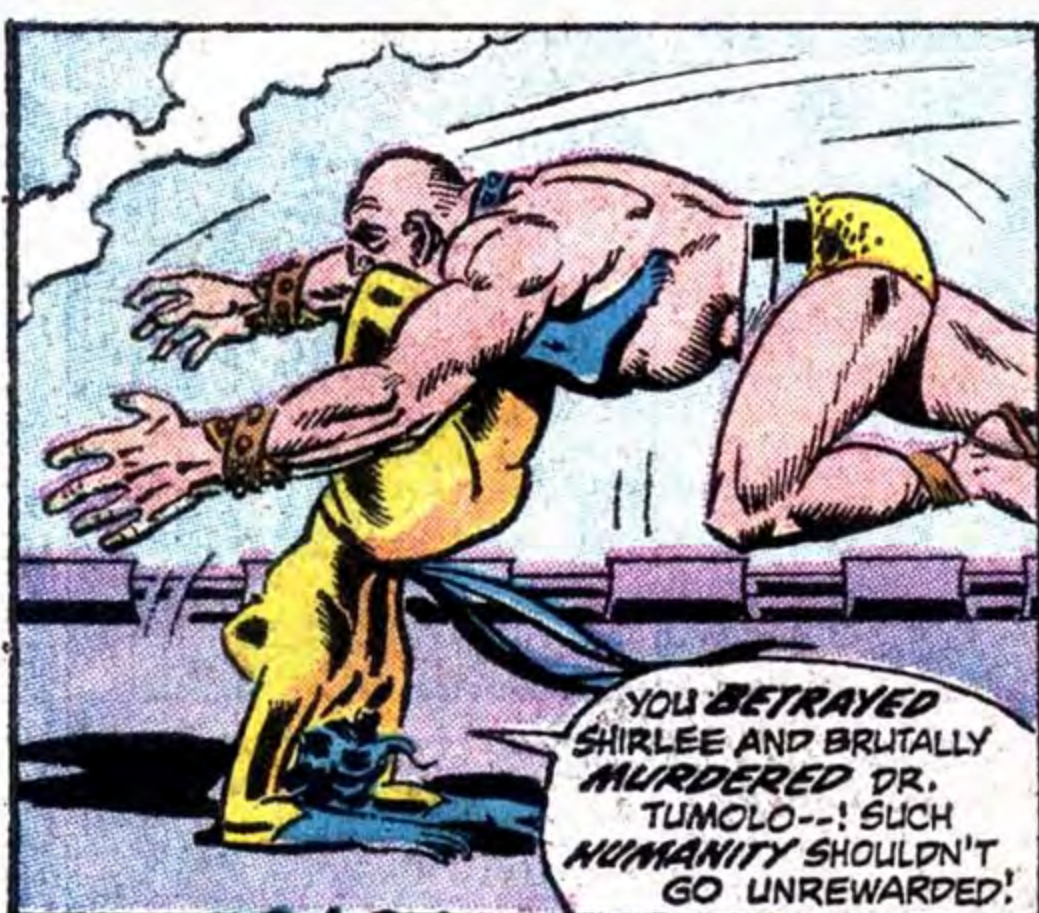
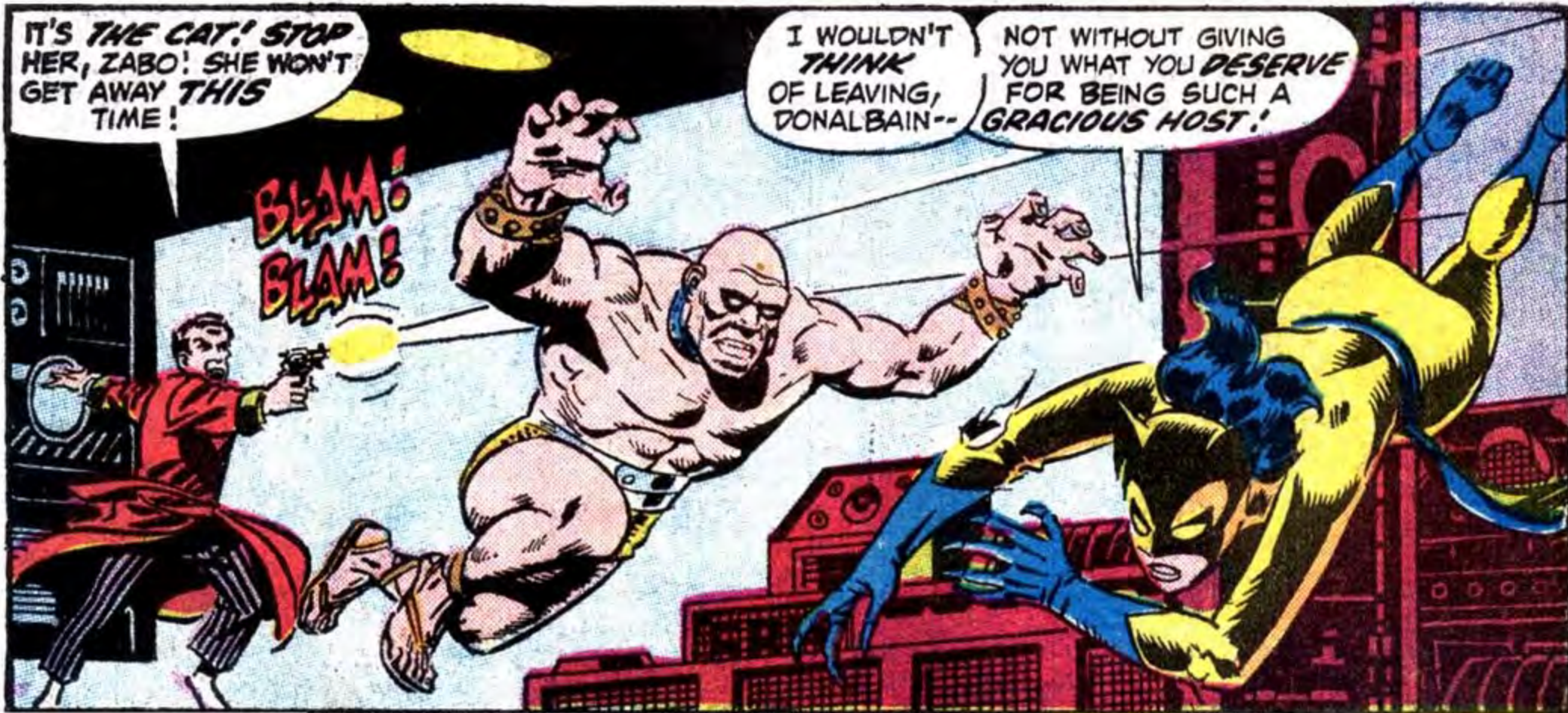
MEANWHILE, DONALBAIN IS *ROUSED* AND *WRATHFUL*--

WHAT THE HECK DO I *PAY* THOSE GUYS FOR? YOU'RE THE *ONLY* ONE I CAN *COUNT* ON, ZABO. C'MON--LET'S FIND OUT WHAT'S *GOING ON* DOWN THERE!



WORKING WITH *TOTAL PRECISION* AND AMAZING *SPEED!* GREER RIPS AND TEARS AT THE DELICATELY *ENGINEERED* *ELECTRICAL SYSTEM*--

I HEAR THEM COMING! I'M NOT *FINISHED*--BUT I'VE DONE ENOUGH DAMAGE TO *TOTAL* THIS PILE OF *MACHINERY*-- *ANY* *MINUTE!*





FRED! JOEY! WHERE ARE YOU? GET IN HERE!

THEY CAN'T HEAR YOU, DONALBAIN--I GAVE THEM ALL THE NIGHT OFF!

I WANTED TO BE ALONE WITH YOU--



YOU HAVE PROVEN YOURSELF A WORTHY OPPONENT-- YOU COULD HAVE BEEN MY PROTOTYPE--

BUT NOW YOU MUST DIE!

BLAM!  
BLAM!

AT THAT MOMENT, THE MALFUNCTIONING ELECTRICAL SYSTEM SHORTS OUT--



THE LIGHTS! I CAN'T SEE--



I CAN SEE YOU PERFECTLY, MAL. ARE YOU AS AFRAID OF THE DARK AS YOU ARE OF BEING... TOUCHED?



WHAT ARE YOU GETTING AT? BETTER NOT COME ANY CLOSER-- I'LL SHOOT!



GO AHEAD, MAL. YOU ONLY HAVE ONE BULLET LEFT-- AND, IF IT DOESN'T KILL ME, I'LL... GET YOU.



WHAT DO YOU MEAN? WHAT ARE YOU PLANNING TO--?



GREER'S ONLY REPLY IS THE SINISTER SOUND OF METAL CLAWS SPRINGING FROM THEIR STEELY SHEATHS...



STOP! NO ONE CAN TOUCH ME! NO ONE--!



**NO ONE--!**

**BLAM!**

THE LOUD PISTOL-SHOT FILLS THE BLACK VOID.  
FOR A MOMENT --TWO-- THERE IS SILENCE IN THE PITCH DARK CHAMBER.



THEN...

HE REALLY DID IT!

HE WAS SO AFRAID OF MY RAKING CLAWS --THAT HE TURNED HIS GUN BACK ON HIMSELF!

DESPERATELY AFRAID THAT I WOULD TOUCH HIM-- HE TOOK THE COWARD'S WAY OUT!

I ALMOST FEEL SORRY FOR THE MADMAN--

ALMOST.



THE PLACE IS IN FLAMES! I HAD TO GET OUT FAST--!

GOOD THING THE PENTHOUSE IS ON TOP OF AN OFFICE BUILDING. AT THIS HOUR THERE WON'T BE ANY INNOCENT PEOPLE AROUND TO GET HURT.



I DON'T KNOW IF I DID THE RIGHT THING--!

MAYBE I SHOULD HAVE GONE TO THE POLICE-- MAYBE I DIDN'T HAVE THE RIGHT TO AVENGE THE DEATHS OF SHIRLEE AND DR. TUMOLO IN THIS WAY.

APPROACHING SIRENS WAIL ON THE STREETS BELOW, AS FIRE ENGINES AND POLICE CARS PULL UP TO THE SMOKING BUILDING--



ALL OUR PLANS FOR THE BETTERMENT OF WOMANKIND-- I DID WHAT I SET OUT TO DO, AND I DID IT WELL--

BUT HAVE I MISUSED MY POWERS? HAVE I BECOME A STRONGER WOMAN--

--ONLY TO BECOME A POORER HUMAN BEING?

BUT ANSWERS, IF ANY, ARE FOR TOMORROW.

TONIGHT-- THE CAT RESTS.

NEXT: THE OWL AND THE PUSSYCAT!