

"This may be the  
most important comic  
published in 2014."

— ComicsAlliance.com

# MS. MARVEL

NO NORMAL

WILSON

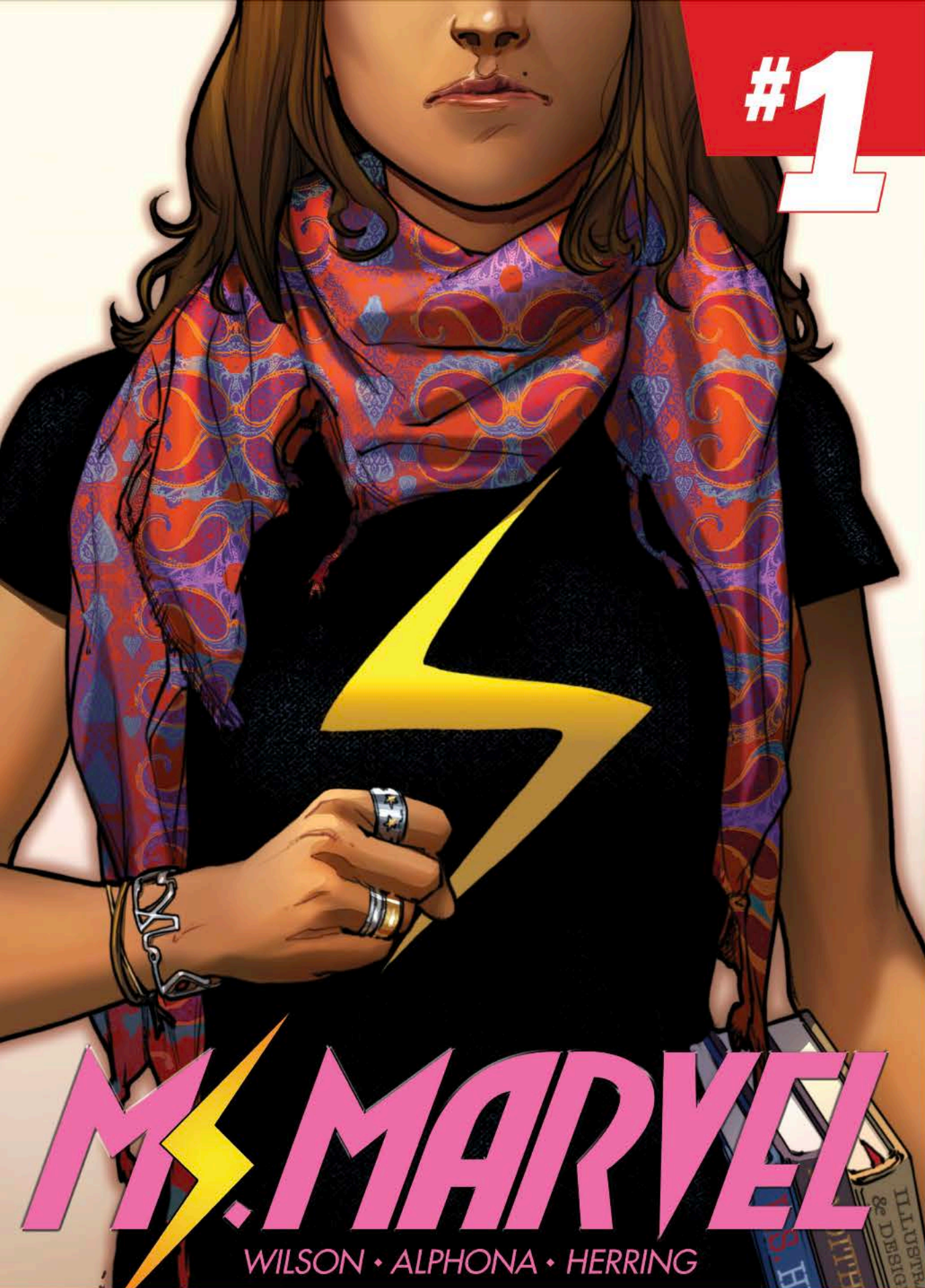
**MARVEL**  
**NOW!**

ALPHONA

Sansone  
5-18

ILLUSTRATION & DESIGN  
WITH 'TO LIVE'  
HISTORY





WILSON • ALPHONA • HERRING

ALL-NEW  
MARVEL  
NOW!

AR

001







Hiiii everybody!

Hi, Zoe.

I'm here for my usual, Bruno.



Zoe, every day you come in here, and every day I tell you this isn't Starbucks.

You have to get your coffee yourself.

God. I only buy stuff here to tip you, because I'm concerned about your economic situation. You should be nice.



Hey, dude. You coming to the party on the waterfront tonight?

Maybe. What's the meathead quotient gonna be?



You guys should come too. If, uh, you're allowed to do that kind of stuff.

Yeah, I'm not allowed.

I'm not going if there's going to be alcohol.



Umm... okay, then.

Your headscarf is so pretty, Kiki. I love that color.

Nakia.

But I mean... nobody pressured you to start wearing it, right? Your father or somebody?

Nobody's going to, like, honor kill you? I'm just concerned.



Actually, my dad wants me to take it off. He thinks it's a phase.

Really? Wow, cultures are so interesting.



Let's go, babe. Class starts in like ten minutes.

Coming, Josh!

See you in chemistry, Bruno! Bye, Kamala! Bye Nakia! Bye!!!!



I hate her.

But she's so nice.

You're such a baby, Kamala. She's only nice to be mean.



But she's so adorable and happy!

You are not allowed to defend Zoe Zimmer.

Even your sad nerd obsession with the Avengers is less irritating.

It's all yours, Chatty Bob. Don't wreck the place.

Have a good day at school, Bruno!

Okay, yeah, but let's face it...



"...my chances of becoming an intergalactic super hero are even slimmer than my chances of becoming blond and popular."



# SHRIEEEEK!

No!!!  
He killed Rainbow Toots!

Take that, evil space-creature!



Justiiiiice!



And if you ever threaten Planet Unicorn again, I will personally--

"Kamala! Dinner!"



One minute, Ammi...there is *epic stuff* happening on the internet.

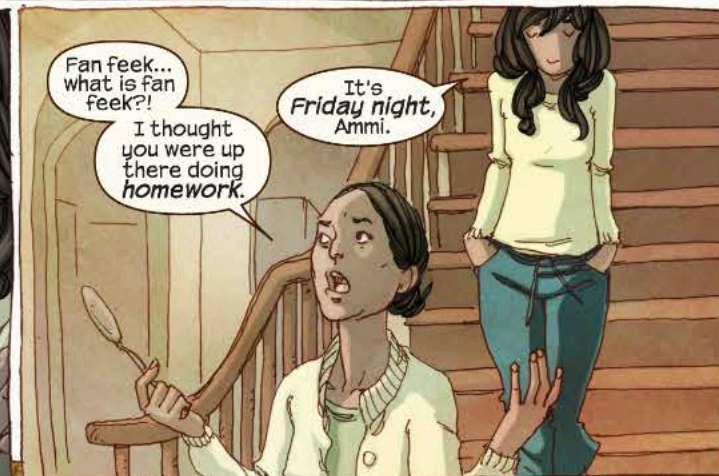
What?

My Avengers fanfic has almost 1,000 upvotes on *freakingcool.com*.



I didn't understand *one single word* of that sentence.

Okay. Okay. Never mind.



Fan feek... what is fan feek?!

I thought you were up there doing homework.

It's Friday night, Ammi.



Allahomma barik lana fima razaqtana waqina ath--

Aamir, if you don't stop praying long enough to put some food in your mouth, one day you will *starve* to death.

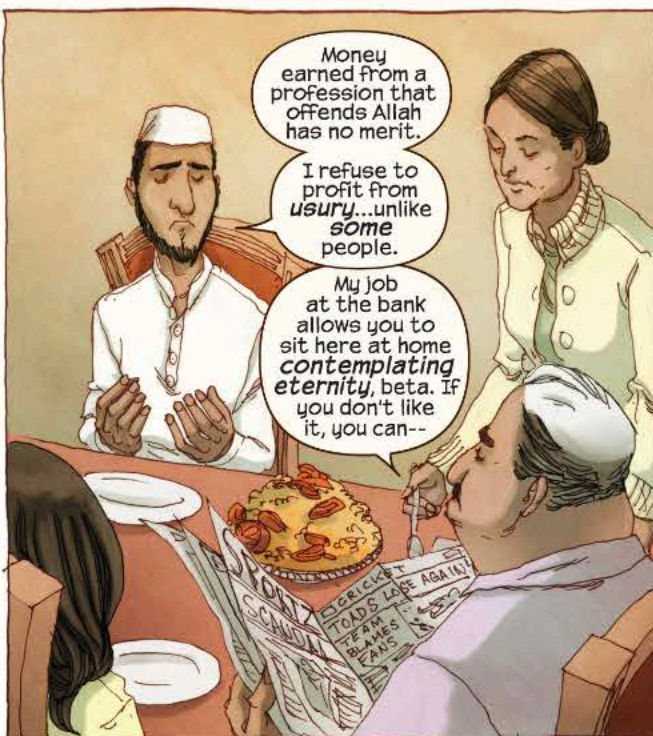


May Allah forgive you, Abu.

Prayer is noble, but when you spend *all day* praying, it starts to look like you're *avoiding* something.

Like finding a *job*, for example.

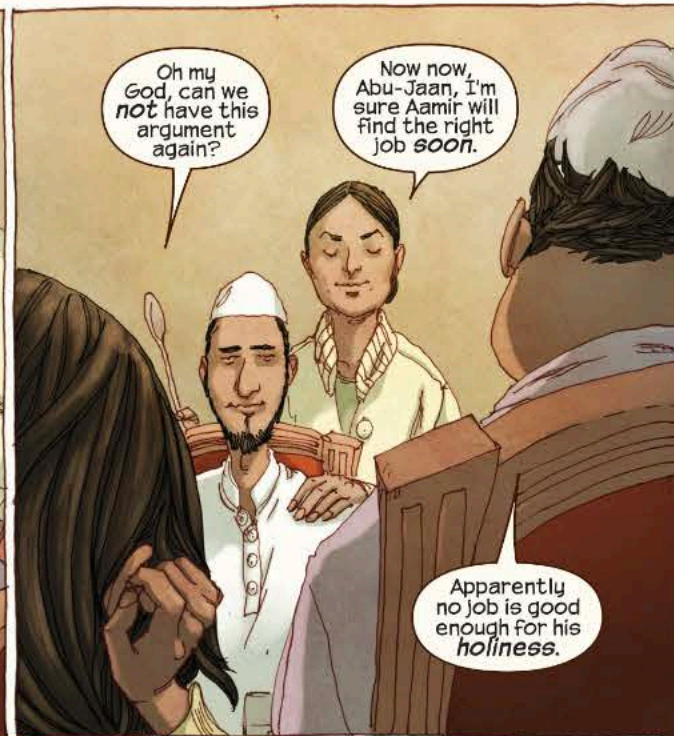




Money earned from a profession that offends Allah has no merit.

I refuse to profit from *usury*...unlike *some* people.

My job at the bank allows you to sit here at home *contemplating eternity*, beta. If you don't like it, you can--



Oh my God, can we *not* have this argument again?

Now now, Abu-Jaan, I'm sure Aamir will find the right job *soon*.

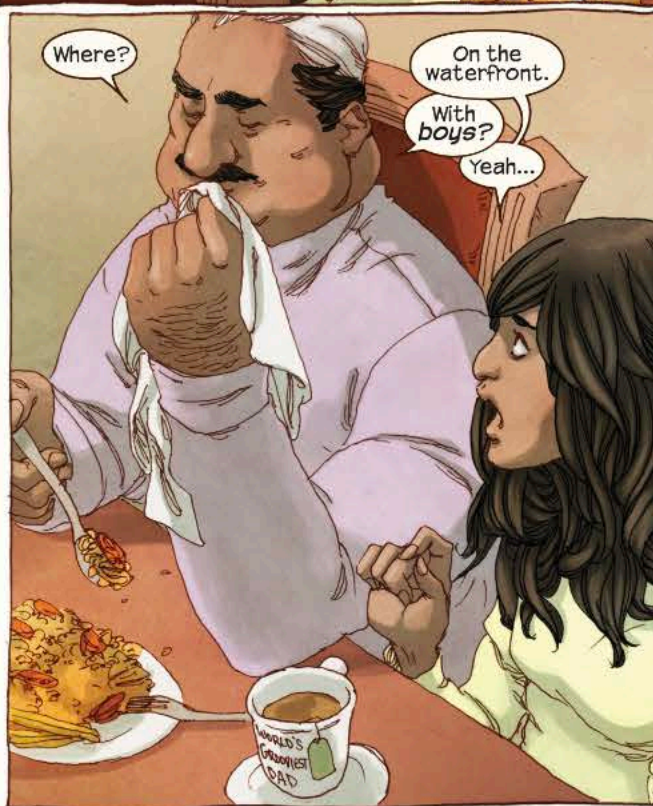
Apparently no job is good enough for his *holiness*.



Abu?

Hmm?

Can I go to a party tonight?



Where?

On the waterfront.

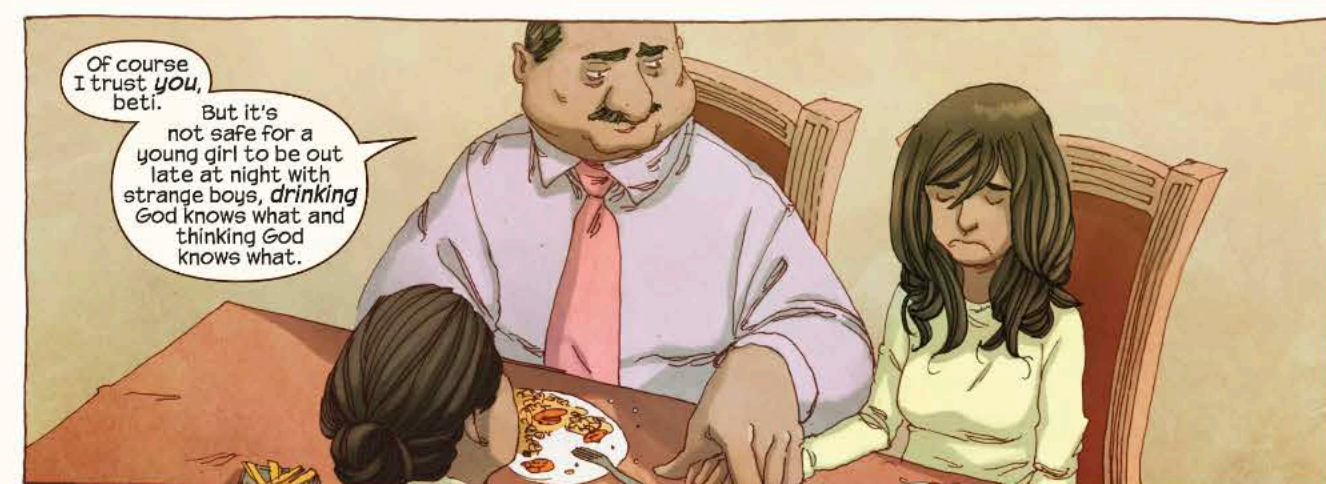
With boys?

Yeah...



Very funny.

Come on, Abu! I'm *sixteen*! I promise I won't do anything *stupid*! Don't you trust me?!



Of course I trust *you*, beti.

But it's not safe for a young girl to be out late at night with strange boys, *drinking* God knows what and thinking God knows what.



Why don't you invite *Nakia* over? You young ladies can get your homework out of the way and then watch movies.

I'm gonna die.



You will *not* die. Look at your friend *Bruno*-- working hard for his family and getting top grades...does *he* complain?

Bruno's a *boy*. If I was a boy, you'd let me go to the party.

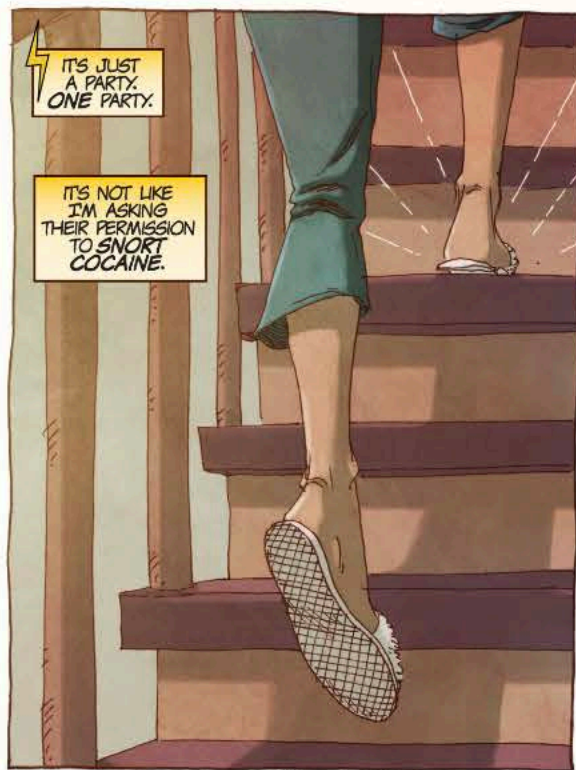
May I be excused?



You are excused straight to your room! And stay there until you find your manners!

Fine!





IT'S JUST  
A PARTY.  
ONE PARTY.

IT'S NOT LIKE  
I'M ASKING  
THEIR PERMISSION  
TO *SNORT*  
COCAINE.



I'VE ALWAYS DONE  
WHAT THEY ASK ME  
TO DO...AREN'T I  
ALLOWED TO DO  
ANYTHING MY WAY?  
JUST ONCE?



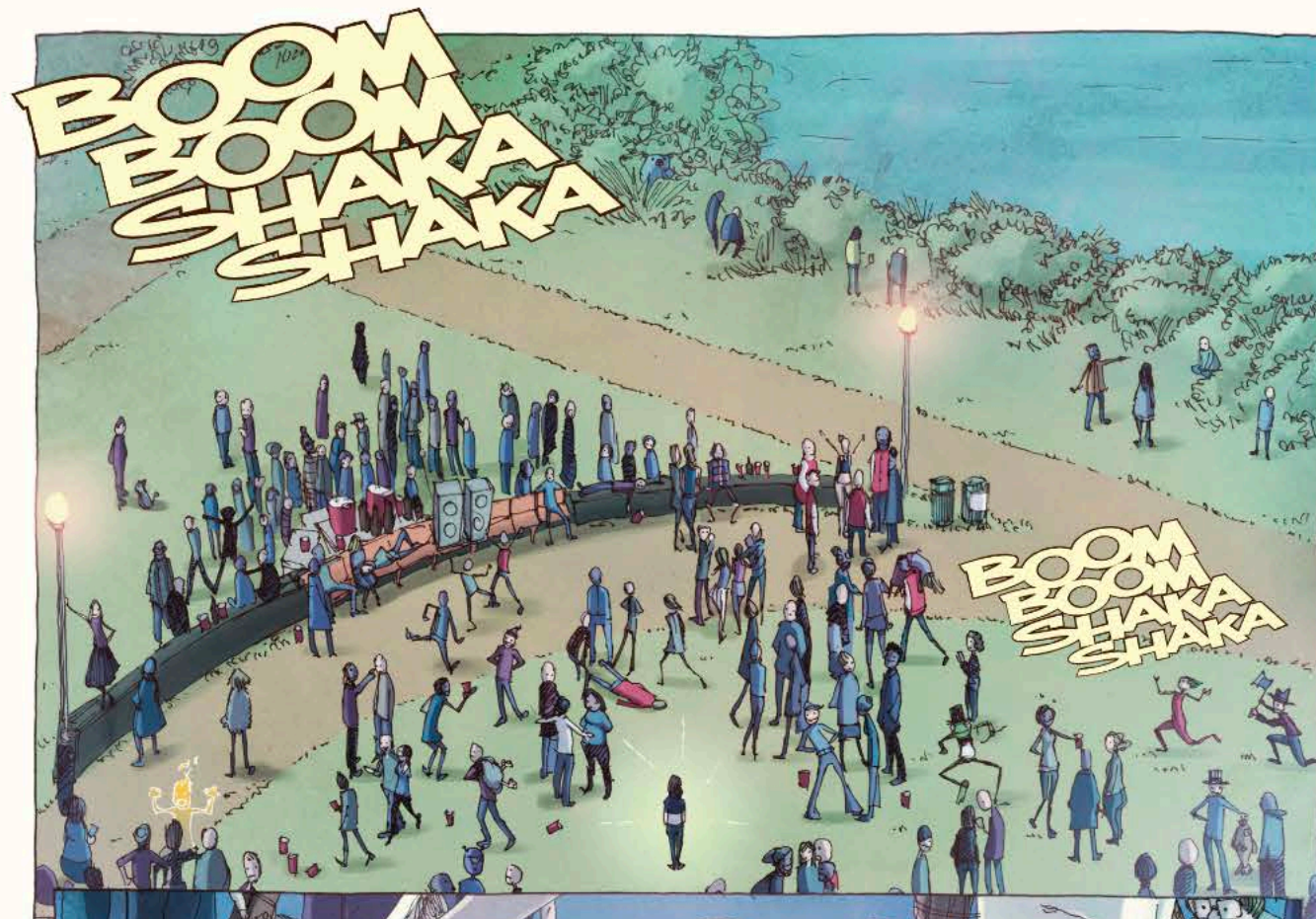
WHY AM I THE ONLY  
ONE WHO GETS *SIGNED*  
OUT OF HEALTH  
CLASS? WHY DO I HAVE  
TO BRING *PAKORAS* TO  
SCHOOL FOR LUNCH?

WHY AM I STUCK  
WITH THE *WEIRD*  
HOLIDAYS?

EVERYBODY  
ELSE GETS TO  
BE *NORMAL*.

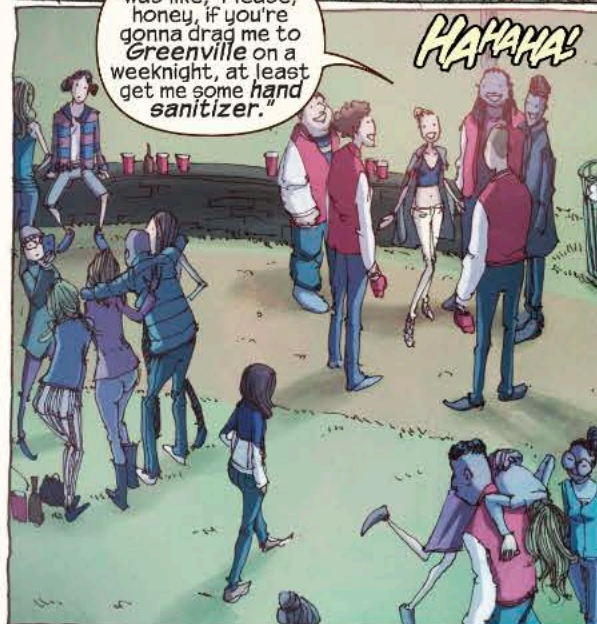


WHY  
CAN'T I?



--so then I  
was like, "Please,  
honey, if you're  
gonna drag me to  
*Greenville* on a  
weeknight, at least  
get me some *hand*  
*sanitizer*."

*Hahaha*



I thought  
you weren't  
allowed to hang  
out with us *heathens*  
on the weekends!  
I thought you  
were, like,  
*locked up!*





Here, have a drink.

Is there, umm, alcohol in it?

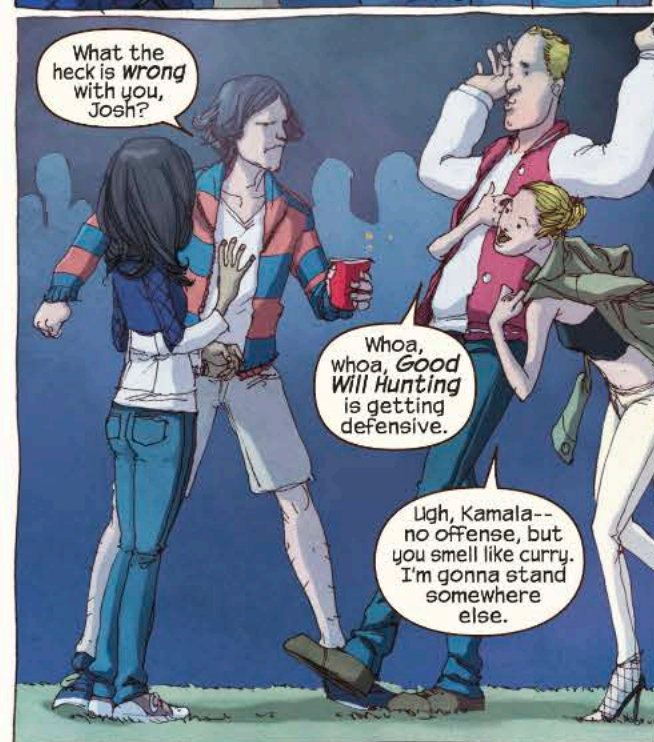


Nah, just orange juice.



Plus some vodka.

HAHAHA!



What the heck is wrong with you, Josh?

Whoa, whoa, Good Will Hunting is getting defensive.

Ugh, Kamala-- no offense, but you smell like curry. I'm gonna stand somewhere else.



Kamala, what are you doing here?

Going to a party, Bruno.

Do your parents know?

No.



Look, you need to get out of here. When the meatheads start drinking, they get stupid.

I just don't want you to end up in trouble.

You're embarrassing me. I don't need your help. I'm not some child.



God! You sound just like my parents.

Too bad you're not Pakistani. Otherwise they'd totally throw me at you.



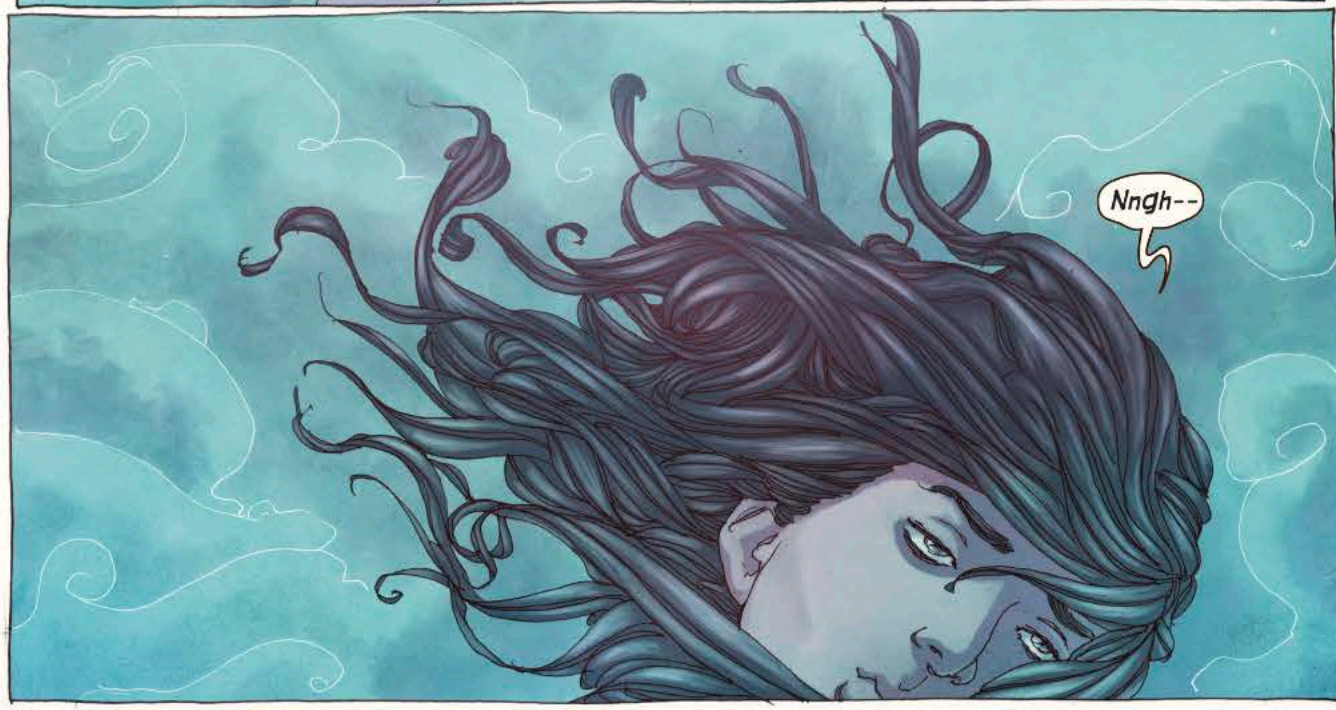
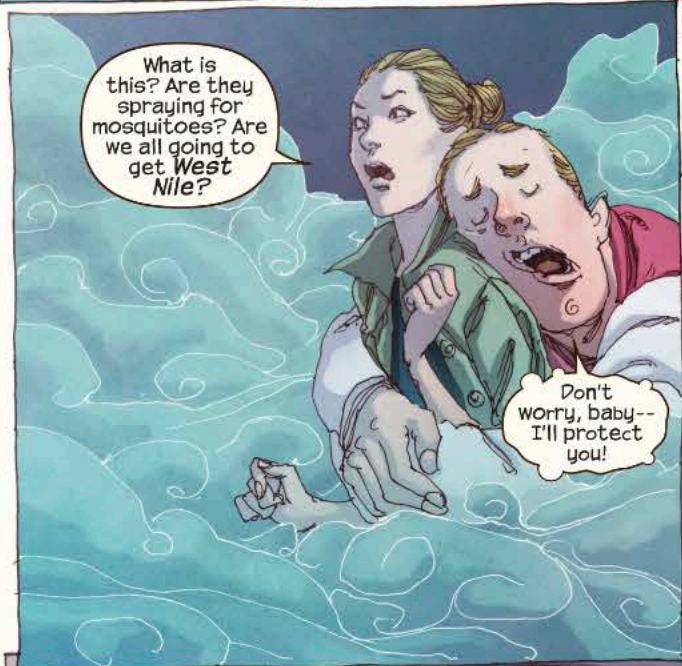
Yeah...



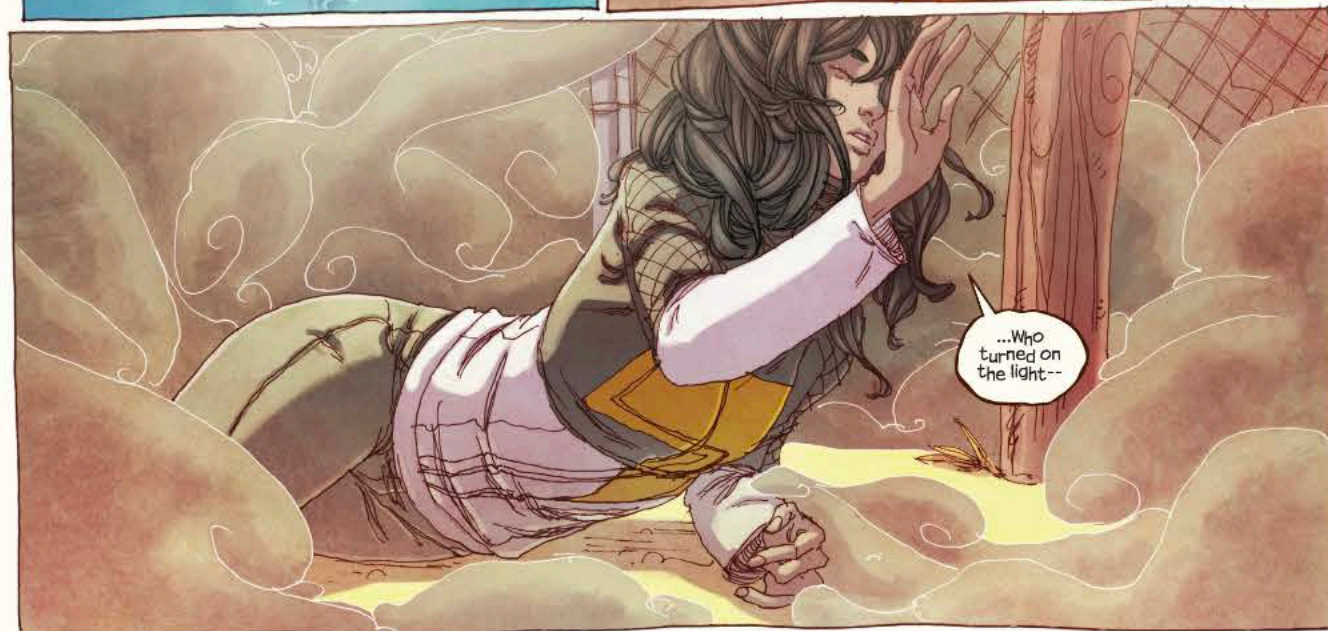
"...too bad."

What is that?

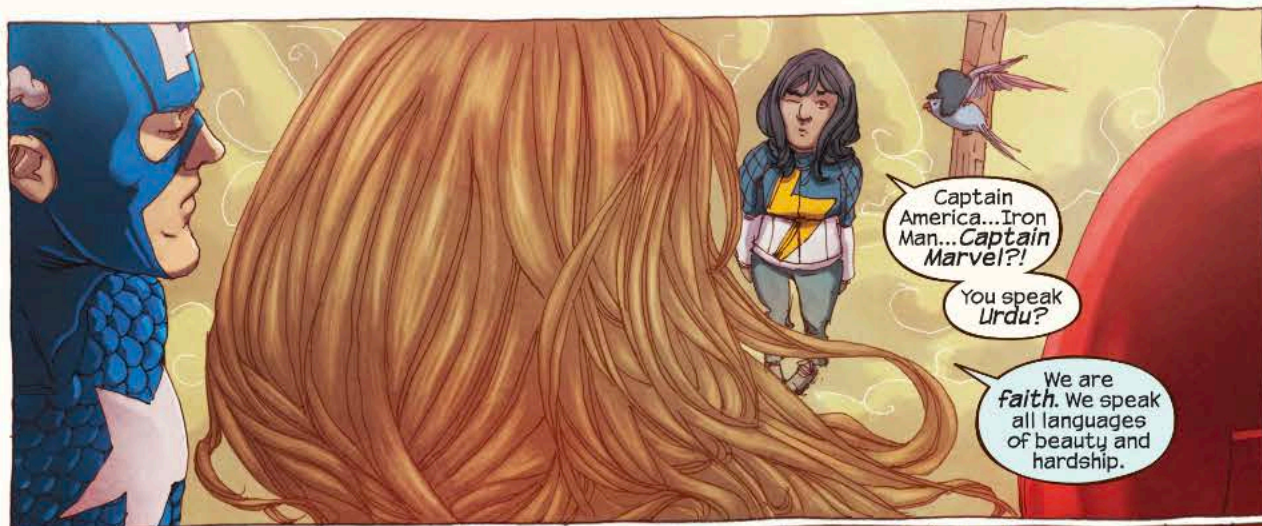












Captain America...Iron Man...**Captain Marvel**?!  
You speak Urdu?

We are **faith**. We speak all languages of beauty and hardship.



Okay then. I am totes **hallucinating**. I must be **ultra drunk**.

You are seeing what you need to see. You stand at a crossroads.



You thought that if you disobeyed your parents--your culture, your religion--your classmates would **accept** you.

What happened instead?

They--they **laughed** at me.



Zoe thought that because I snuck out, it was **okay** for her to make fun of my family.

Like, Kamala's finally seen the light and kicked the dumb inferior **brown people** and their rules to the curb.



But that's not why I snuck out! It's not that I think Ammi and Abu are **dumb**, it's just--

I grew up **here**! I'm from Jersey City, not **Karachi**!



I don't know what I'm supposed to do. I don't know who I'm supposed to be.

Who do you **want** to be?



Right now?  
I want to be beautiful and awesome and butt-kicking and **less complicated**.



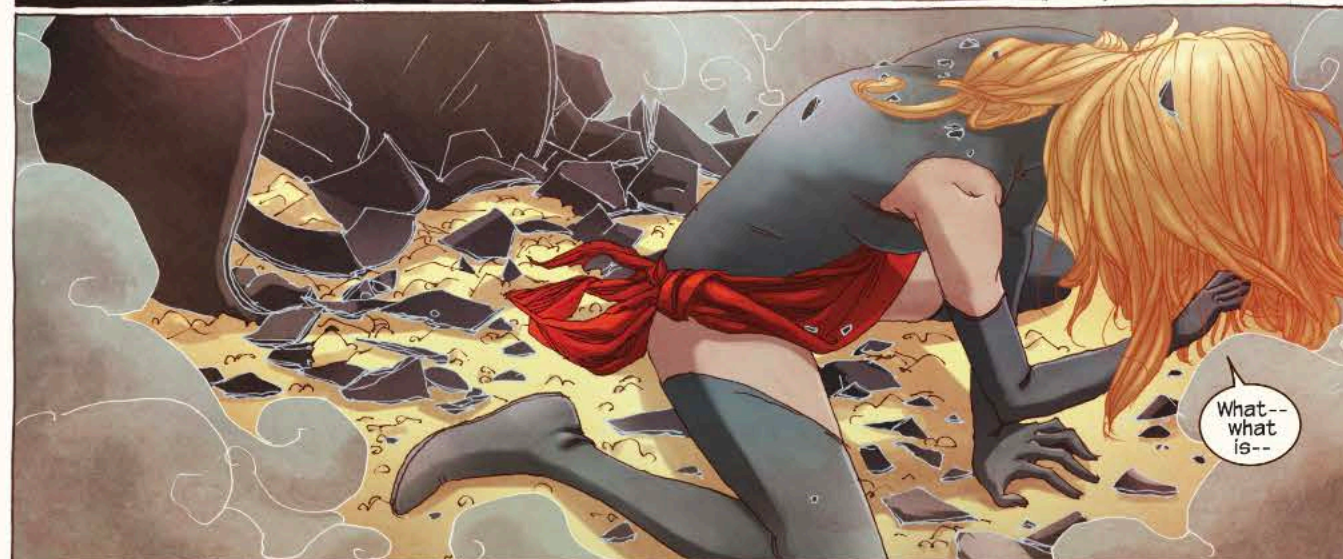
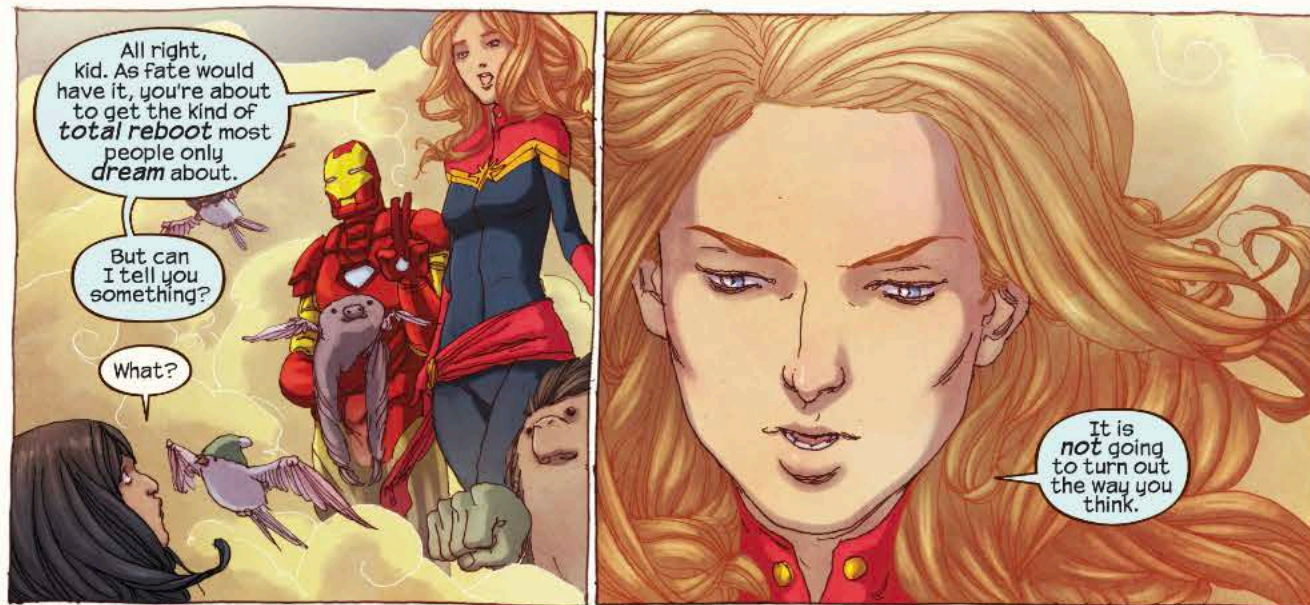
I want to be **you**.



Except I would wear the classic, politically incorrect costume and kick butt in **giant wedge heels**.

You must have some kind of weird **boot fetish**.







Ummm...  
...is it  
too late  
to change  
my mind?

TO BE CONTINUED!

MARVEL COMICS  
PROUDLY PRESENTS:

# META MORPHIOSIS

PART ONE OF FIVE

G. WILLOW WILSON - writer ADRIAN ALPHONA - art  
IAN HERRING - color art VC'S JOE CARAMAGNA - lettering

SARA PICHELLI AND JUSTIN PONSOR - cover art  
ARTHUR ADAMS, PETER STEIGERWALD AND JAMIE MCKELVIE  
- variant covers

DEVIN LEWIS - assistant editor

SANA AMANAT - editor

STEPHEN WACKER - senior editor

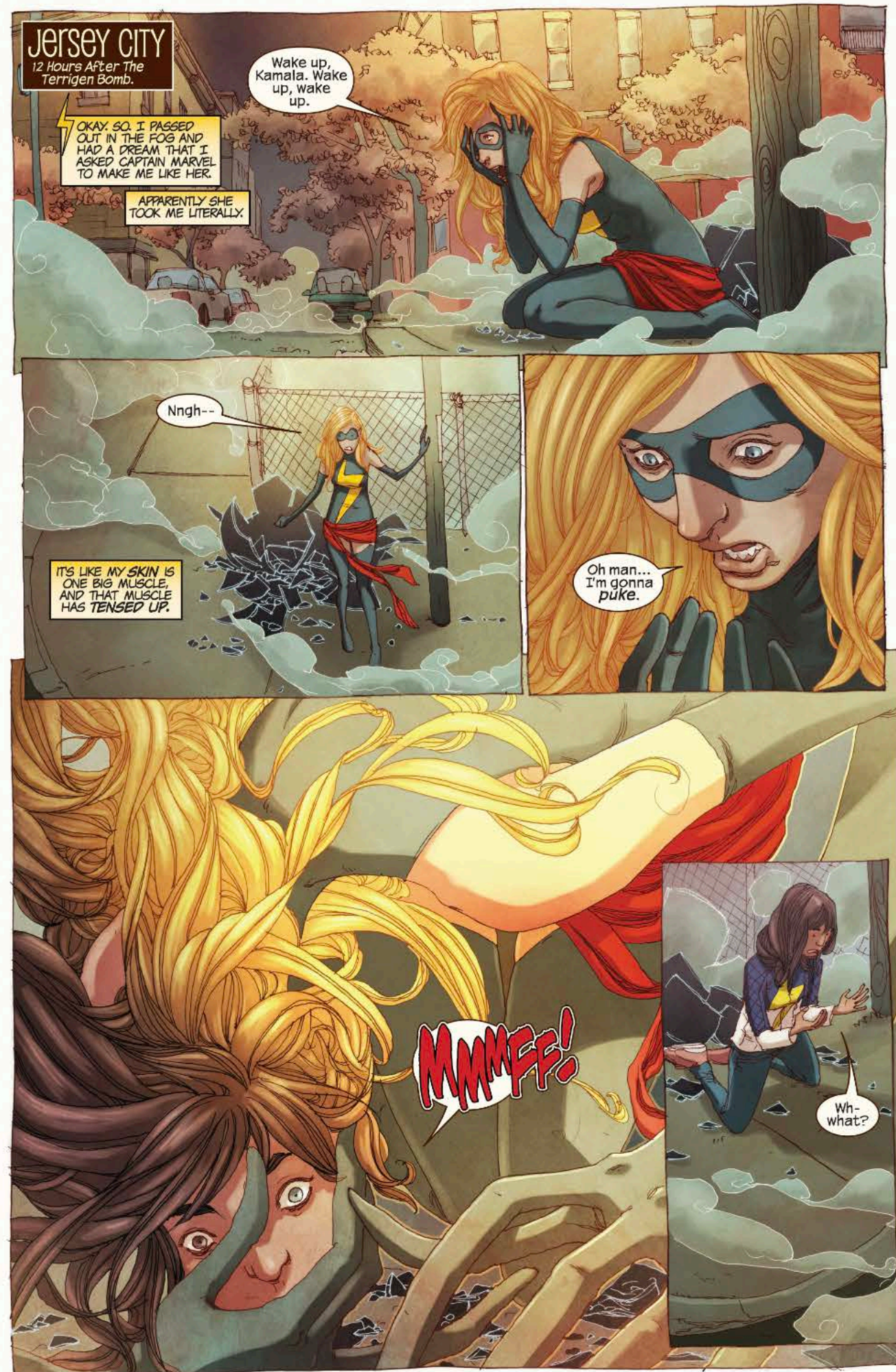
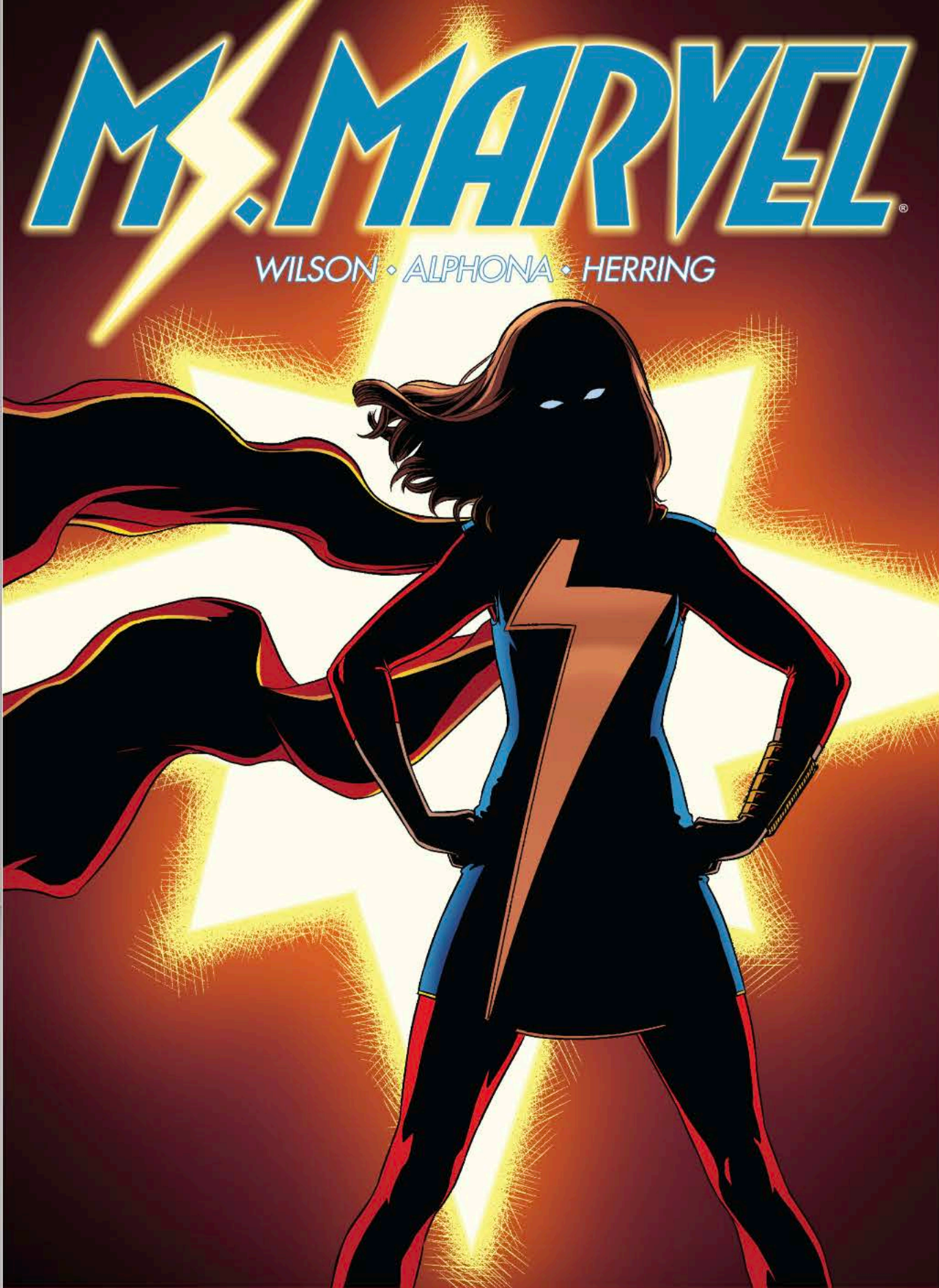
AXEL ALONSO - editor in chief

JOE QUESADA - chief creative officer

DAN BUCKLEY - publisher

ALAN FINE - executive producer









Okay.  
Okay.  
I'm okay.  
I'm--



Gggh!



This is not  
happening.

BUT IT IS HAPPENING.  
THIS IS WHAT I  
ASKED FOR, RIGHT?

SO WHY DON'T I FEEL  
STRONG AND CONFIDENT  
AND BEAUTIFUL?



WHY  
DO I JUST FEEL  
FREAKED OUT AND  
UNDERDRESSED?

I DON'T RECOGNIZE  
THIS STREET. I MUST  
HAVE WANDERED OFF  
AND FAINTED--

I'VE GOT TO GET  
BACK TO THE RIVER.  
SOMEHOW GET HOME.  
I CAN FIX THIS--



Ughh--

SOMETHING IS  
WRONG. IT'S  
NOT JUST ME.  
IT'S THE MIST.

IT DOESN'T SMELL  
LIKE AIR. IT DOESN'T  
EVEN HAVE A  
SMELL, REALLY, BUT  
IF IT DID, IT WOULD  
SMELL LIKE--



--SECRETS.



Marvel Comics  
Proudly Presents:

# ALL MANKIND

Part Two of Five

Meet Kamala Khan.

She's 16 years old. Into Avengers fan fiction.  
Good at school. Bad at fitting in.

So when a strange mist descends and morphs Kamala into a  
shape-shifting superhuman...  
fitting in is the least of her problems.

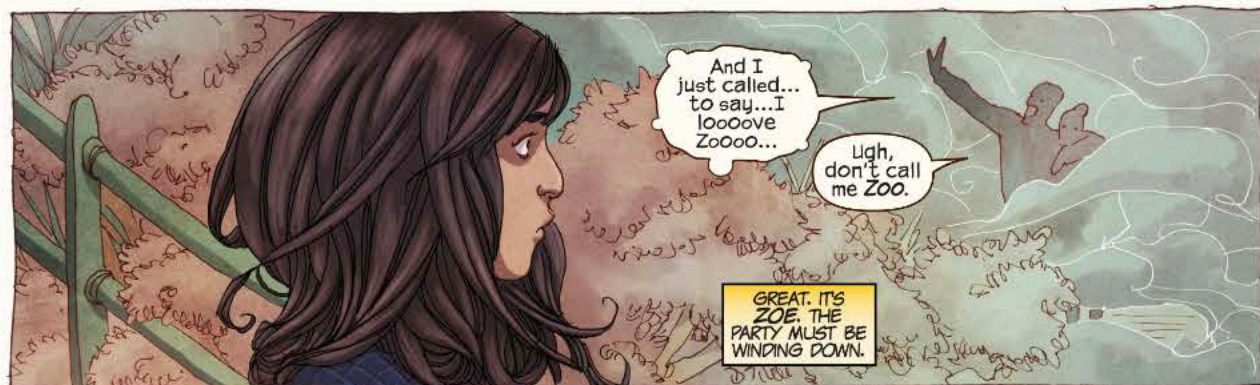
G. Willow Wilson - writer  
Adrian Alphona - art  
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Matt Wilson - cover art  
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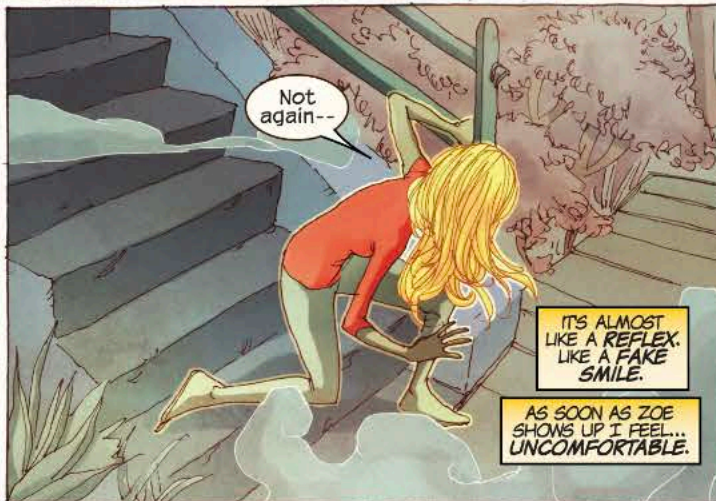
And I just called... to say...I loooove Zooodo...

Ugh, don't call me ZOO.

GREAT. IT'S ZOE. THE PARTY MUST BE WINDING DOWN.



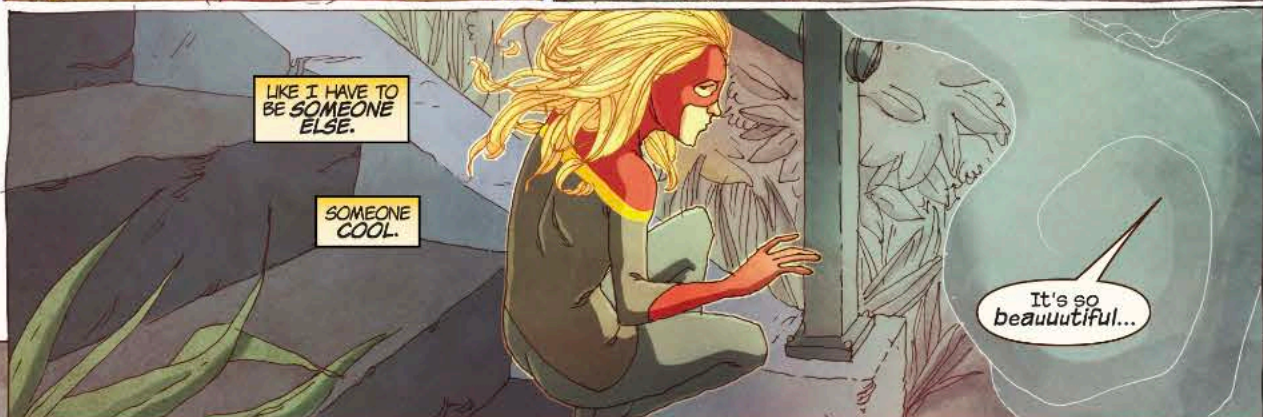
Nngh!



Not again--

IT'S ALMOST LIKE A REFLEX. LIKE A FAKE SMILE.

AS SOON AS ZOE SHOWS UP I FEEL... UNCOMFORTABLE.



LIKE I HAVE TO BE SOMEONE ELSE.

SOMEONE COOL.

It's so beautiful...



BUT INSTEAD I FEEL SMALL.

Yuuurrr bootyfulllll, Zooodo!

Whatever, Josh!

Whoa.



Okay. This is-- WOW.

That was a neat trick.



I'm tiny!



Oh my God a giant giant cockroach!

EEWWWW!



What was that? Did you hear something?

Hush that foos! Everybody move to the back of the foos!



Come on, babe. Dance with me.

Ugh, no way. You smell like cheap beer.





Dancin' in the moonlight--

Josh, stop, I'm gonna be seasick--

Josh, stop it!



Oooh, scared you're gonna fall?

Don't worry, I got you--



AAAAH!



ZOOO--! ZOE!



ohmygod ohmygodoh mygod!

HELP, SOMEONE, HELP!

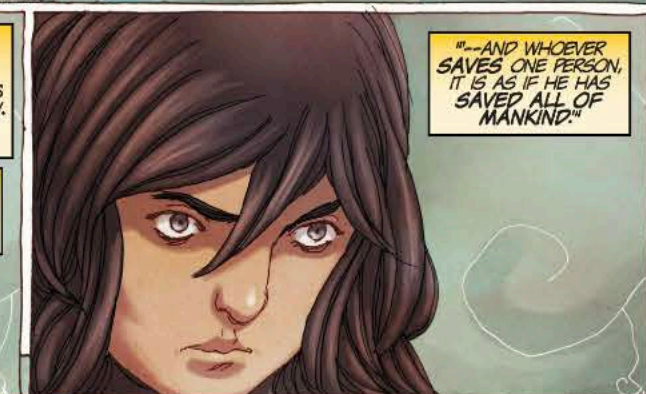
HE'S DRUNK AND SHE'S PANICKING.

IF HE JUMPS IN, THEY'LL BOTH DROWN.



THERE'S THIS AYAH FROM THE QURAN THAT MY DAD ALWAYS QUOTES WHEN HE SEES SOMETHING BAD ON TV. A FIRE OR A FLOOD OR A BOMBING.

'WHOEVER KILLS ONE PERSON, IT IS AS IF HE HAS KILLED ALL OF MANKIND--'

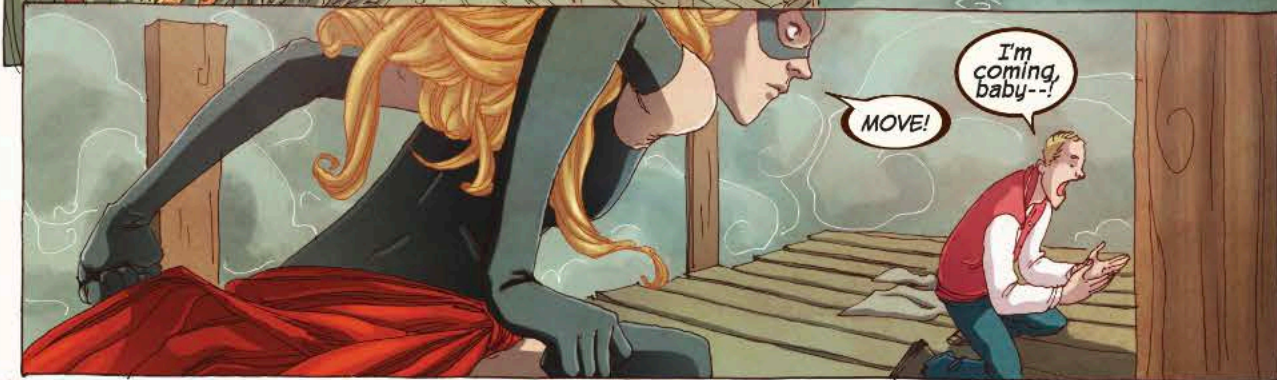


'--AND WHOEVER SAVES ONE PERSON, IT IS AS IF HE HAS SAVED ALL OF MANKIND.'"



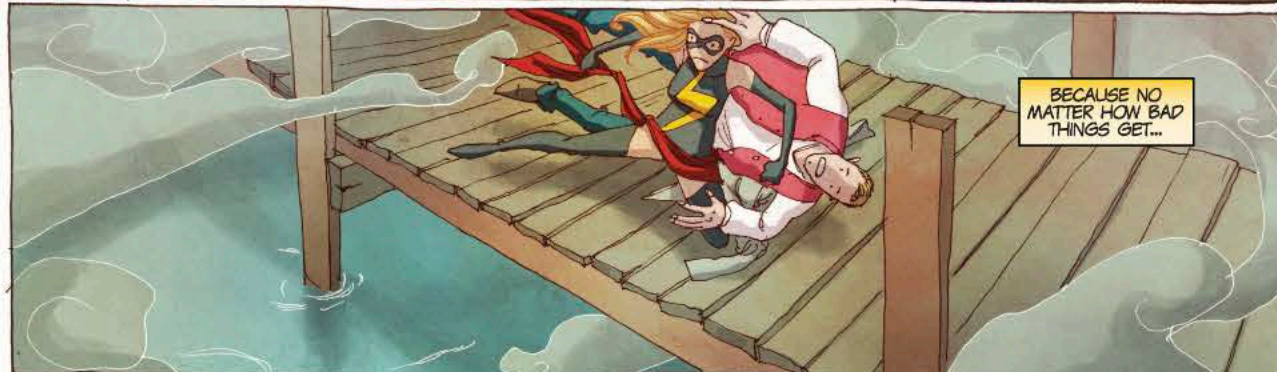
Embiggen!

WHEN I WAS A LITTLE KID, THAT ALWAYS MADE ME FEEL BETTER.



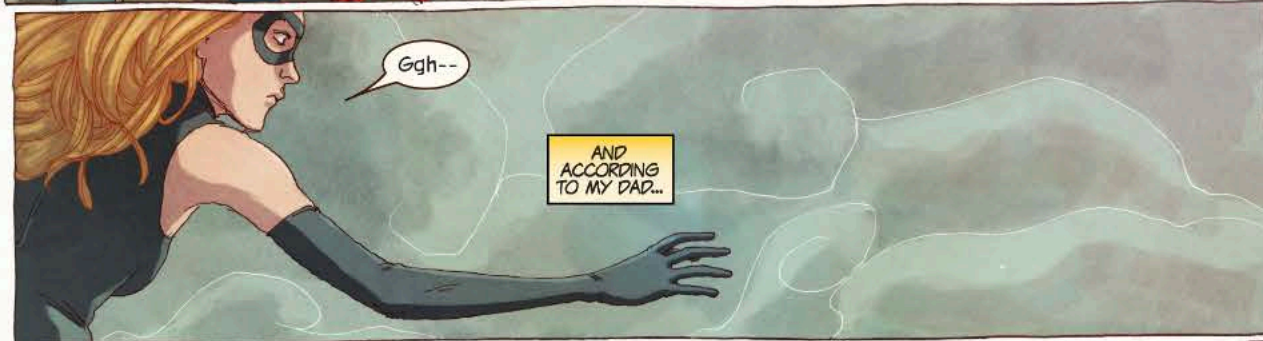
I'm coming, baby--!

MOVE!



BECAUSE NO MATTER HOW BAD THINGS GET...









I gotta go!

Wait! Stay!

This is so going on MeTube...



WHEN I DAYDREAM ABOUT THE AVENGERS...

...THIS IS NOT HOW I PICTURE IT.



This hand thing...is getting...out of hand...

Great, I make bad puns now...



Come on! Get normal-sized! Disembiggen!



Oh. Nice.

IT'S LIKE HAVING A COMPLETELY NEW SENSE. IT'S NOT SIGHT OR TASTE OR TOUCH-- IT'S SOMETHING MUCH WEIRDER.



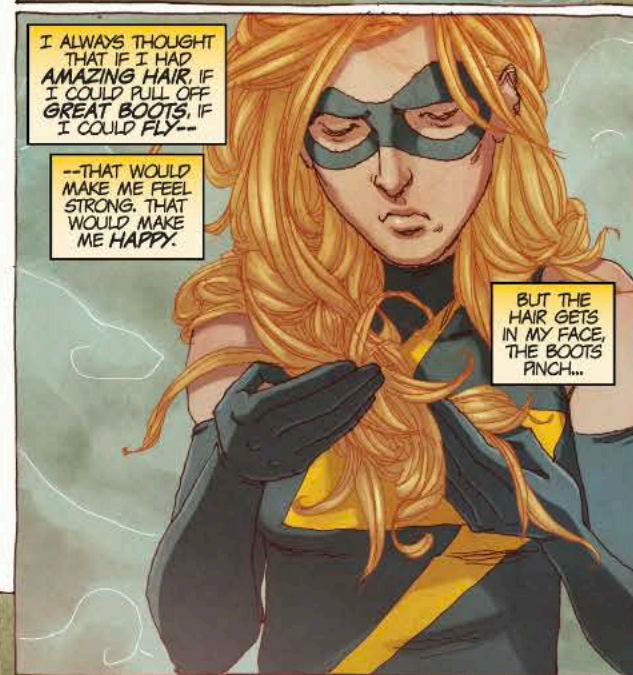
SOMETHING ALMOST--

--INHUMAN.



BUT BEING SOMEONE ELSE ISN'T LIBERATING.

IT'S EXHAUSTING.



I ALWAYS THOUGHT THAT IF I HAD AMAZING HAIR, IF I COULD PULL OFF GREAT BOOTS, IF I COULD FLY--

--THAT WOULD MAKE ME FEEL STRONG. THAT WOULD MAKE ME HAPPY.

BUT THE HAIR GETS IN MY FACE, THE BOOTS PINCH...



...AND THIS LEOTARD IS GIVING ME AN EPIC WEDGIE.



WHAT MADE ME HAPPY...

WHAT MADE ME HAPPY WAS SEEING ZOE TAKE A BREATH OF AIR. EVEN THOUGH SHE MAKES EVERYBODY FEEL LIKE CRAP...

...I'M GLAD I WAS THERE. I'M GLAD SHE LIVED.





MAYBE PUTTING ON A COSTUME DOESN'T MAKE YOU BRAVE.

MAYBE IT'S SOMETHING ELSE.



Hi, beautiful! Nice knees!

THIS IS RAPIDLY BECOMING NO FUN.

HAIRCUTS!! \$5! turnips \$1 keys \$1



Can I borrow this?

You bet!



Chilly out! Maybe you oughtta think about puttin' on some pants!

HOME.



I have to get home.



grove street  
Midnight, a.k.a.,  
Way After Curfew.



YIKES. ABU AND AMMI ARE STILL UP.



OKAY, THIS IS WHERE I ADMIT THAT I'VE ONLY EVER SNUCK OUT TWICE BEFORE IN MY LIFE.

ONCE WHEN I WAS TEN, JUST TO SEE IF I COULD ACTUALLY GET DOWN THE TREE IN ONE PIECE.

AND THEN ONCE FRESHMAN YEAR TO SEE THE MIDNIGHT SHOWING OF HARRY POTTER AND THE DEATHLY HALLOWS WITH NAKIA AND BRUNO.



AND WHAT I DISCOVERED WAS THIS



Oof!

Huh?

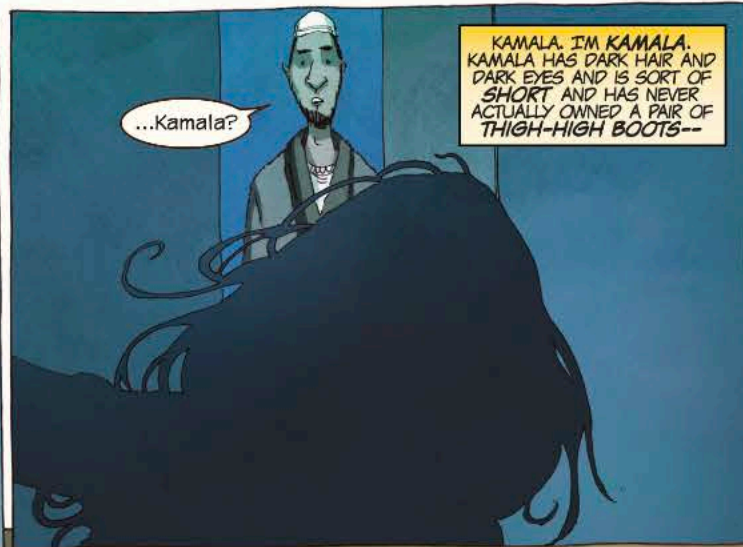
SNEAKING IN IS WAY HARDER THAN SNEAKING OUT.





Kamala?  
Is that  
you?

...CRAP.



...Kamala?

KAMALA. I'M KAMALA.  
KAMALA HAS DARK HAIR AND  
DARK EYES AND IS SORT OF  
SHORT AND HAS NEVER  
ACTUALLY OWNED A PAIR OF  
THIGH-HIGH BOOTS--



I can  
explain!



What are  
you wearing?  
What's going  
on?

It's **me!**  
Your sister! What  
you're seeing is  
some sort of weird  
subconscious  
projection thingie!  
I'm **not** actually  
blonde!



Blonde?  
What are you  
talking about?

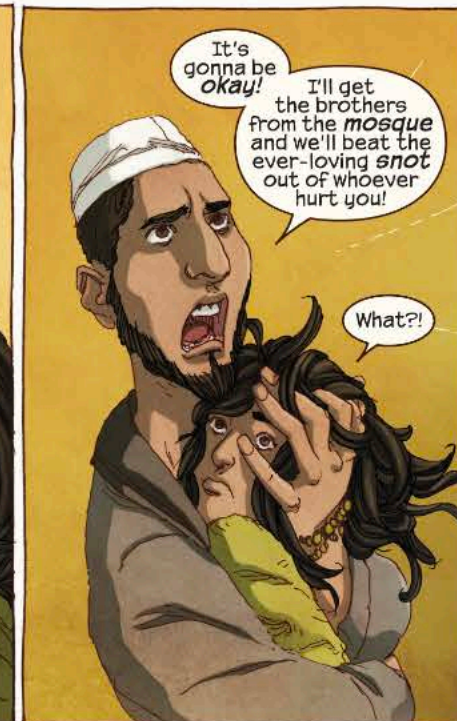
It worked.  
I can do the  
shape-shifty  
thing on  
purpose.

This is a  
legit thing.  
I have  
freaking  
powers.



Now I'm  
worried. Did  
something...  
happen  
tonight?

Yeah.  
Something  
happened.  
Something  
really, **really**  
weird.



It's  
gonna be  
**okay!**

I'll get  
the brothers  
from the **mosque**  
and we'll beat the  
ever-loving **shot**  
out of whoever  
hurt you!

What?!



No! It was  
nothing like  
**that!** I'm  
**fine!**



Oh.  
In that  
case, you're  
**screwed...**



...because  
Abu and Ammi  
know you snuck  
out.





What? How? How did you know?

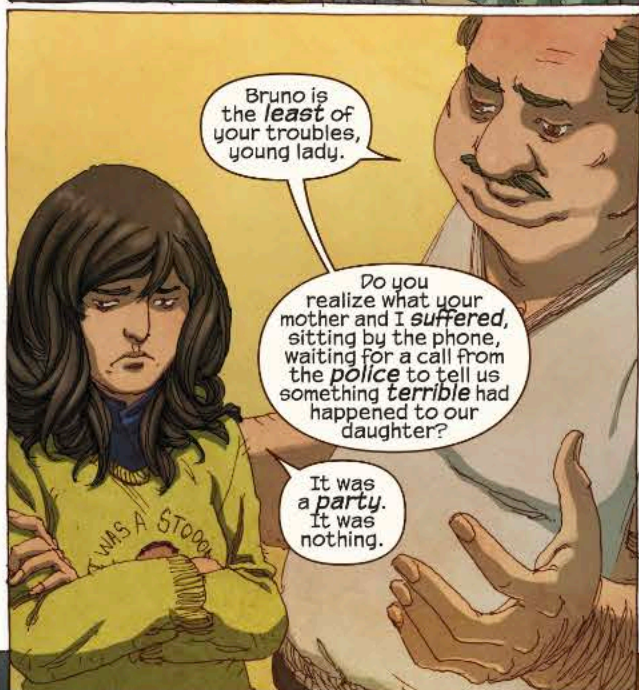
Bruno called us.



He was worried *sick* about you. He said you disappeared from this *shaytani*\* party *alone*, and wouldn't answer him--

Bruno told on me?! What is this, *sixth grade*?

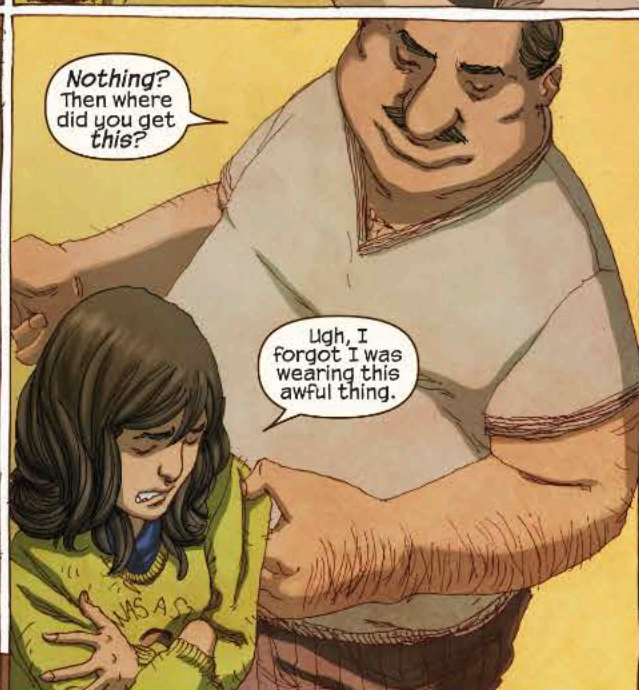
\*SHE MEANS "DEVILISH."



Bruno is the *least* of your troubles, young lady.

Do you realize what your mother and I *suffered*, sitting by the phone, waiting for a call from the *police* to tell us something *terrible* had happened to our daughter?

It was a *party*. It was nothing.



Nothing? Then where did you get *this*?

Ugh, I forgot I was wearing this awful thing.



I'm disappointed in you, *beta*. *Very* disappointed.

You disobeyed me, and worse, you put yourself at risk.

You have *no idea* what I've been through tonight!



Then *tell* me, *jaanu*. Tell me why my precious Kamala has suddenly become a reckless, disobedient girl I *barely* recognize.

WHAT DO I SAY? I FELL INTO A COMA AND WOKE UP AS *MS. MARVEL*! I SAVED *ZOE ZIMMER*'S FLAKY, HAIR-FLIPPING LIFE?

HE WON'T UNDERSTAND. HE CAN'T UNDERSTAND. HE'LL FREAK.



I'm *sorry* I disobeyed you, Abu. There's just--

There's just a lot of stuff going on in my life right now, and I can't talk about it.

Not yet. Not until I've figured it out on my own.



That's what you have to say? You are "*figuring it out*." Have I raised my daughter to hide things from her parents?

Calm down, Ammi.



This is *your* fault. You're the one who brought us to this country.

See how the children have turned out? See? One sneaks out to parties with *boys* and the other dresses like a penniless mullah.

Here we go again.





It's *too late* for this discussion. I'm going to *bed*. I suggest the rest of you do the same.



As for *you*, young lady--

From now on, your life is *school* and *home*. No mall, no movies, no parties. Not until you prove we can *trust* you on your own.

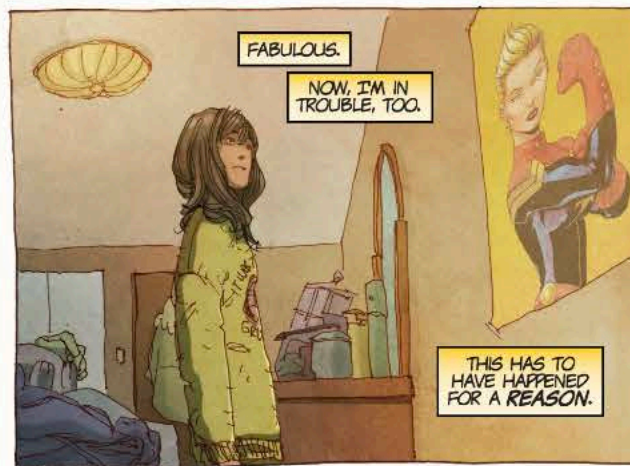


Am I making myself *clear*?

Yes, Abu.



Night, sis. I'll pray for you.



FABULOUS.

NOW, I'M IN TROUBLE, TOO.

THIS HAS TO HAVE HAPPENED FOR A REASON.



I SAVED ONE LIFE.

DOES IT STOP THERE? OR DO I GO ON?



MAYBE THIS IS WHAT I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR.

MAYBE I'M FINALLY PART OF SOMETHING...

...BIGGER.

TO BE CONTINUED!



# Holla @ Kamala

Send letters to:  
mheroes@marvel.com • 135 W 50TH ST, 7TH FLOOR, NEW YORK, NY 10020 (PLEASE MARK OKAY TO PRINT)

SANA AMANAT  
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JOE QUESADA  
CHIEF CREATIVE  
OFFICER  
DAN BUCKLEY  
PUBLISHER  
ALAN FINE  
EXECUTIVE PRODUCER

I'm impressed.

Not only did you all show us support from the get-go, but when Ms. Marvel #1 went on sale, you stayed true to your word, rushing to comic shops and digital apps, grabbing your very first copy of a book that has made history. Thanks to you, we sold out of issue #1 and got a second printing, while Ms. Marvel #1 is currently one of Marvel's highest selling comics digitally. On top of that, we couldn't keep up with all the tweets, emails, tumblr posts, reblogs, rave reviews and just pure love you've been sending our way. For all of this, we thank you.

But more than that—it was clear that you guys got it. By now you should have realized that this book isn't a marketing ploy, nor does it come with any political agendas. It's just a story about a young girl maneuvering her way to adulthood, who also happens to reflect the changing face of America. It's empowering sure, but it's actually quite simple. It also helps that our main character is delightfully awkward and loveable. And I assure you her story is only going to get more captivating.

Because this book is as much about you guys as it is about Kamala, I'm keeping it brief this month. Cuz you guys been hollerin' loud!

Ms. Marvel #1 exceeded my expectations. It's been on my mind since I heard a radio special discuss the creation of the story. The Yoda paraphrase is nerdy awesome. I see this story taking off with a lot of followers. Thanks for giving comics a new spin. Looking forward to the next issue!

Jennifer

Last time I made sure that the first person who wrote in fanmail after the announcement got printed first. Same goes this time. Jennifer, you are the first fan to give your official "review" of issue #1 and we thank you for that and for your kind words! I think we still have the VP of our fan-club available. Although Oliver really didn't do much with building the club yet. You guys should connect.

Dear Ms. Marvel Team,

سہ باتک دیح ازم میطاع کدا ہی

The Urdu sentence above (in honor of Kamala's heritage) translates to English as "This is a great comic!" because that is what I think about MS. MARVEL. G. Willow Wilson and Adrian Alphona have crafted an exciting comic that showcases the adventures of a compelling protagonist, and I can't wait to read future issues. نیوٹھ (that is, "Excelsior!" in Urdu; however, I haven't used Urdu since that time I foiled those Hydra agents in Islamabad, so I may be a little rusty!)

Reed Beebe

Reed, I'm actually not sure if that Urdu translation is totally correct because my Urdu IS actually very rusty, but just because I am so happy you tried, I am including your letter. It looks about partially correct at least, and that's something. We reward people for the effort rather than precision here at Marvel. (Otherwise, I would still not be employed here!)

Hi,

I just finished Ms. Marvel #1. I LOVED it. The art is utterly beautiful and the writing is just spot-on. Also, I desperately want Kamala's blue & white lightning bolt jacket!

I'm not a young Muslim girl living in America, but I am a (brown!) daughter of South Asian immigrants who grew up in Singapore. My life was and is a constant battle between the culture of my heritage, and the "western ideals" that seem to be everywhere that isn't home. So despite our differences, I relate so much to Kamala. Her desire to fit in, to just be "normal" like everyone else... to write fanfiction :P... I'm a little bit older and wiser now, but Kamala's struggles in issue #1 struck me deep. Feeling such a kinship to a fictional character is so rare for me in any kind of media (as much as I enjoy a lot of it) -- that finding it in a Big Two comic is just amazing!

THANK YOU to the Ms. Marvel team, and to Marvel for allowing this comic to happen (with such a great group of creators, too). Can't wait to continue Kamala's journey with all of you & the Kamala Korps.

Regards,  
Yamini Marley

Yamini, I feel you! This first issue struck a chord with me too because it hit on so many moments I had growing up. I wonder what it would have been like if there was a comic like this growing up! Maybe I'd be a lot less awkward! ("Yeah right!" says Devin.)

I'm SUPER impressed by the first Ms. Marvel issue!!! It's not just good, I also honestly think that it is one of the best comics I ever read. It's fun, has promise of great advantage, it has meaning, and features GREAT art.

I like the way MARVEL not just uses a minority character as the hero, but also makes the whole book about BEING part of a minority. Have to say it again: SUPER impressed!!! Loving the book!!! Can't wait for more!!!!

Stefan, Richmond, VA

Dear Kamala,

Hi, my name is Leela. I am half Gujarati and half Filipino. Half-Hindu and half-Catholic. Half super-heroine, half-nerd.

All American.

I bring chicken tikka masala and roti, or longganisa and tocino for lunch. I celebrate Diwali and Christmas. I am different and special in my own way, yet like everyone else I desperately want to fit in and make a difference.

And I will.

Years from now, I will re-read this and will remind myself of what you taught: the importance of cherishing and being true to yourself, of courageously embracing a bigger world, and of seeing the good in others no matter how they look or smell, what they do or say.

And yes, of occasionally kicking super villains' bums with giant wedge heels.

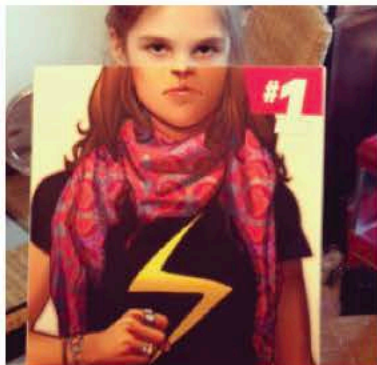
Justiiice,

Leela A. V., 13 yrs. old  
Charlottesville, VA

Leela: Guess what? You're already a hero in my book. And probably a whole lot more once people read this letter. Now let's find you some awesome giant wedge heels to kick butt in!



On that note, I'm so excited about the #MSMARVEL and #IAMMSMARVEL images people have been sending in. What started out as a casual photo with my brother after I had given him his first issue of Ms. Marvel, has turned into one viral sensation. Let's keep it going! Just make sure you mark them okay to print, because I've got something planned for 'em!



So to sign off here's one of my favorites, our fan of the month, McKinzie Rode. McKinzie is Ms. Marvel. What about you?

Next!  
Sana A.



# MS. MARVEL

WILSON • ALPHONA • HERRING



MARVEL COMICS  
PROUDLY PRESENTS:

# SIDE ENTRANCE

PART THREE OF FIVE

KAMALA KHAN HAS ALWAYS FELT DIFFERENT.  
STRICT PARENTS, NERDY INTERESTS AND NOW....  
STRANGE SHAPE-SHIFTING POWERS?

AFTER ACCIDENTALLY MORPHING INTO HER CHILDHOOD HERO, MS. MARVEL,  
KAMALA SAVED HER FRENEMY ZOE ZIMMER FROM DROWNING.  
IT WAS EXHILARATING! UNTIL, THAT IS, HER PARENTS GROUNDED HER.

G. WILLOW WILSON - WRITER  
ADRIAN ALPHONA - ART  
IAN HERRING - COLOR ART  
VC'S JOE CARAMAGNA - LETTERING  
JAMIE MCKELVIE & MATT WILSON - COVER ART  
ANNIE WU - VARIANT COVER

DEVIN LEWIS - ASST EDITOR SANA AMANAT - EDITOR  
NICK LOWE - SENIOR EDITOR AXEL ALONSO - EDITOR IN CHIEF  
JOE QUESADA - CHIEF CREATIVE OFFICER  
DAN BUCKLEY - PUBLISHER  
ALAN FINE - EXECUTIVE PRODUCER

SPECIAL THANKS TO STEPHEN WACKER

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Today in  
Spotlight on Jersey  
City, tragedy was averted  
at a dockside party on Friday  
when a woman dressed as Ms.  
Marvel rescued a teenager who  
had fallen into the river during  
the bizarre outbreak of ground  
fog that covered Manhattan,  
Newark and  
Jersey City.

Our crew  
is standing by at the  
home of Zoe Zimmer,  
whose life was saved  
by the costumed  
heroine.

IF Ms.  
Marvel hadn't  
been there, I would  
be totally dead  
right now.

I feel like  
I've learned SO  
much from her about  
being responsible and  
helping people  
and stuff.

Carol Danvers,  
a.k.a. Captain Marvel,  
has not used her Ms. Marvel  
alias or costume for the past  
several years. Could this be a  
copycat? Is a new costumed  
superhero patrolling  
Jersey City?

The  
Avengers could  
not be reached  
for comment.

Oh, no.  
Nonono...





...I AM SO DEAD.

Where were you last night, Vick? Mom and Pop freaked out when that mist was everywhere and you weren't answering your phone.

They thought it was, like, terrorists or something.

Terrorists can't hurt me. If I get in trouble, I'll just send that new Ms. Marvel a text.

THIS IS GOING TO BE THE BEST WEEK EVER.



EVERYBODY IN JERSEY CITY KNOWS MY SECRET. YET I STILL DON'T KNOW HOW OR WHY THIS IS HAPPENING.

"Super-powers." "Shape-shifting powers." "Woke up as a polymorph." "Embiggening."

Come on, interwebs, don't fail me now--I can't be the first person this has happened to--

Kamala? Ready to go?

Yes! Ready! Ready for life!

Are you... okay?

I mean... aside from being in the worst trouble of your life with Ammi and Abu?

I'm fine. Let's go. We're gonna be late for Sheikh Abdullah's Saturday youth lecture.

Yeah. I know how much you look forward to those.

"So remember, dear young brothers and sisters, as the Prophet tells us, when an unmarried man and a woman are alone together, the third is *Shaytan*."





Guard your chastity, my young friends! Look what happens when boys and girls mix with **alcohol**!

That young lady on the **news** this morning nearly **drowned**!

Wow, he's really on fire today.

Yeah. Hey, Nakia?



Hmm?

Do you think it's possible for a person to just...wake up **different**? Like all of a sudden, the normal rules of physics don't apply?



What? What are you talking about? Did you take **drugs** or something?

What? No! It's just a **metaphor**!



Sisters! No talking during the lecture, please.



S-sorry, Sheikh Abdullah, but it's really hard to **concentrate** when we can't even **see** you.



Sister **Kamala**! How glad I am that you've joined us today.

The **partition** and the **side entrance** for women are there to preserve your **modesty** and **dignity**.



But--didn't you tell us there was no partition at the **Prophet's** mosque in Medina? That men and women went through the **same door** and sat in the **same room**?

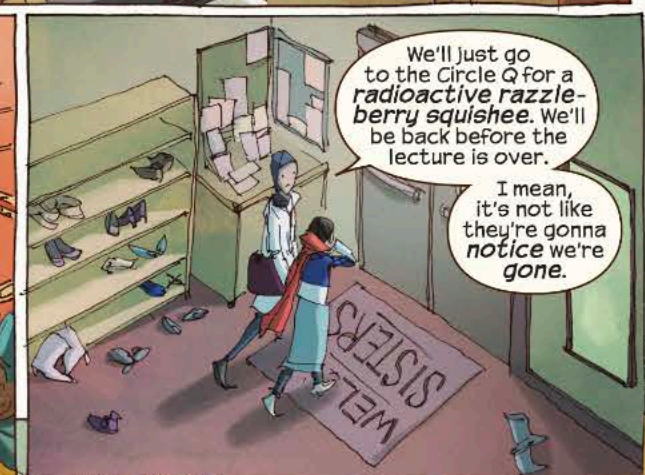
Don't bother, Kamala.

Yes, but those were **blessed** times, free from today's **scandal** and **temptation**--



Come on, let's get out of here.

I can't! I'm supposed to go straight home with my **brother**! My parents are totally on the **warpath**--



We'll just go to the Circle Q for a **radioactive razzleberry squishee**. We'll be back before the lecture is over.

I mean, it's not like they're gonna **notice** we're gone.

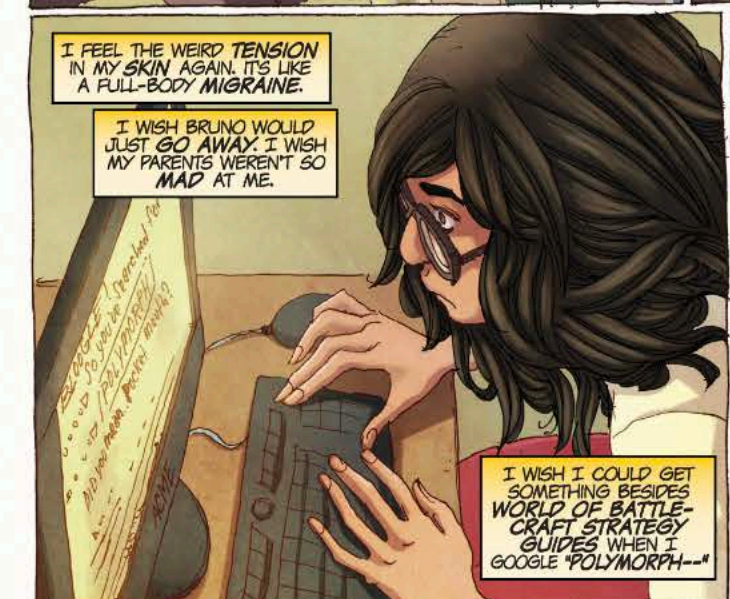
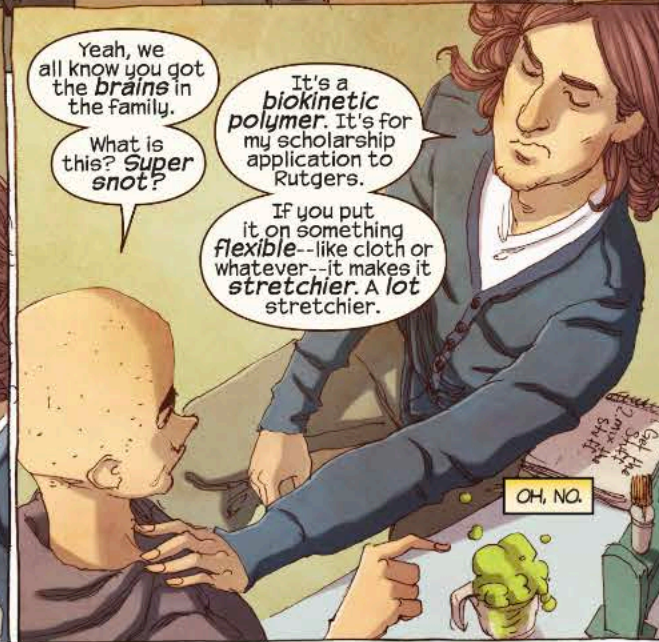
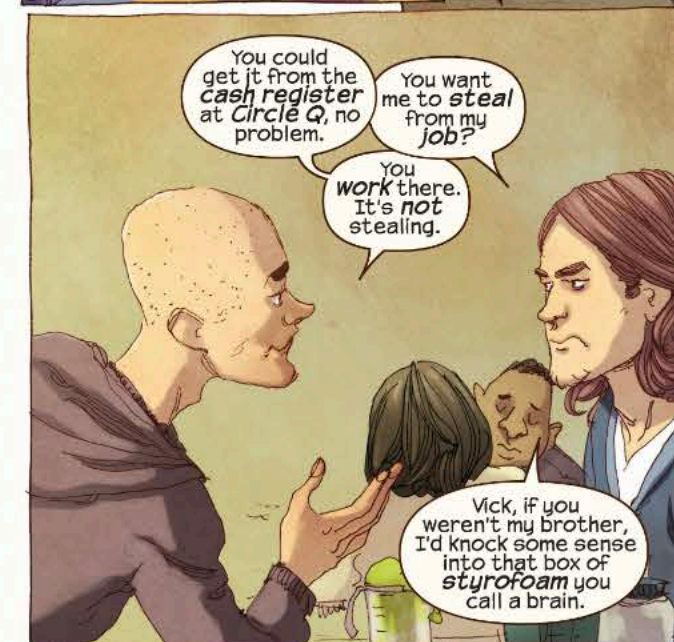
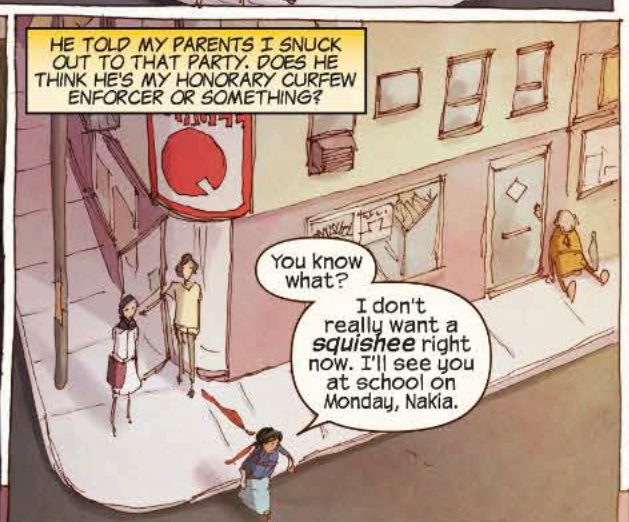


So what were you saying about **physics** or whatever?

And where were you last night? I sent you like **five texts** and you never wrote back.

The **answer** to both of those questions is the **same**.





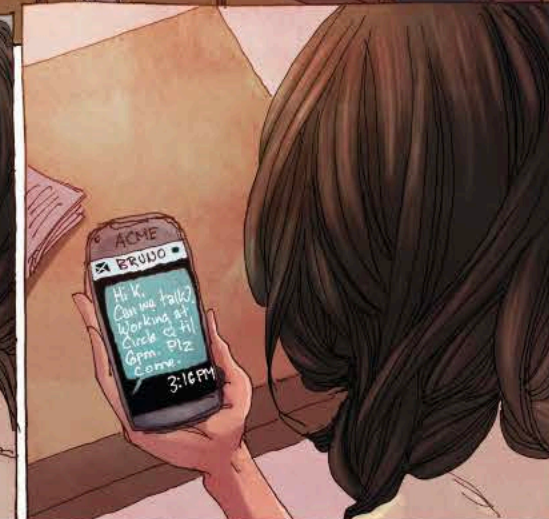
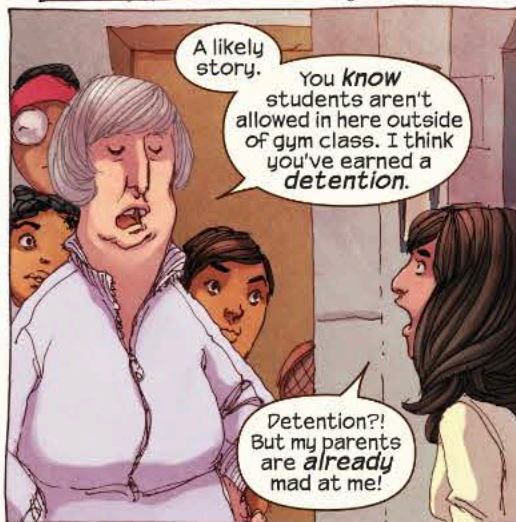








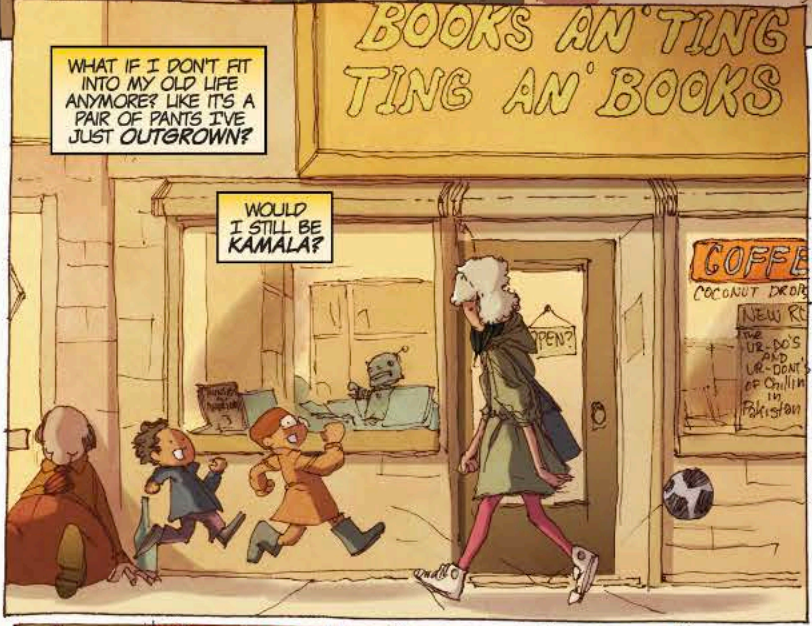








WHAT DOES IT MEAN TO HAVE POWERS? TO BE ABLE TO LOOK LIKE SOMEONE I'M NOT?



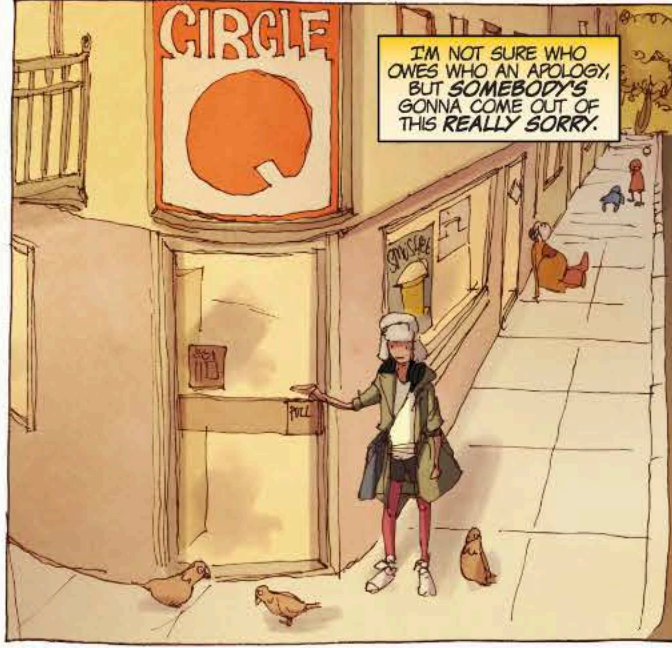
WHAT IF I DON'T FIT INTO MY OLD LIFE ANYMORE? LIKE IT'S A PAIR OF PANTS I'VE JUST OUTGROWN?

WOULD I STILL BE KAMALA?



I WISH I COULD TALK TO SOMEBODY ABOUT ALL THIS. TELL SOMEBODY THAT I AM EQUAL PARTS AMAZED AND TERRIFIED.

BRUNO WOULD UNDERSTAND. OR TRY TO, ANYWAY. I WISH I WASN'T STILL SO ANGRY AT HIM.



I'M NOT SURE WHO OWES WHO AN APOLOGY, BUT SOMEBODY'S GONNA COME OUT OF THIS REALLY SORRY.



Bruno, I was really pissed at you all weekend, but I've thought about it, and--

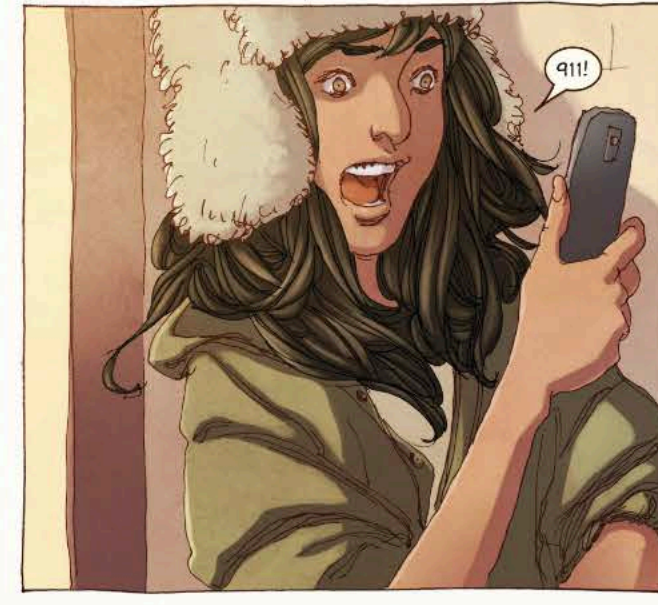


OH MY GOD, SOMEBODY'S TRYING TO STICK UP THE CIRCLE Q!

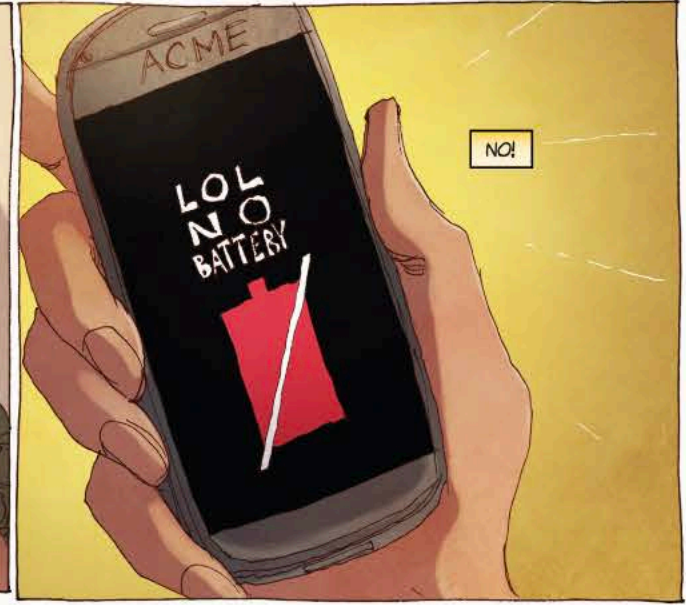


What do I do what do I do?

Stop, drop and roll? No, that's fire--

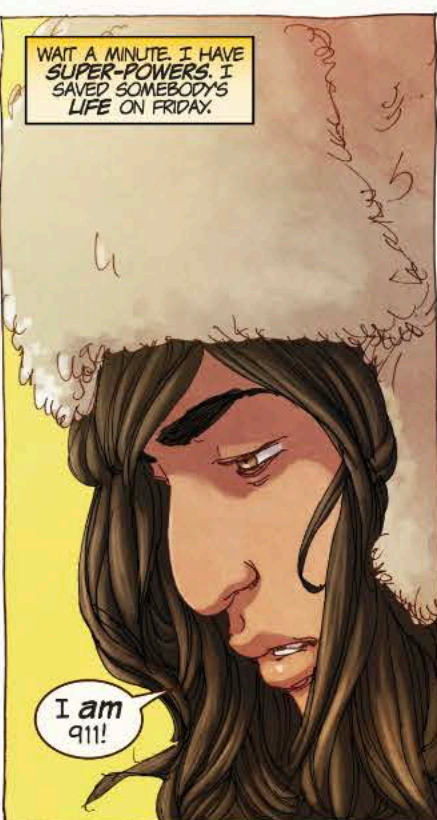


911!



NO!





WAIT A MINUTE. I HAVE SUPER-POWERS. I SAVED SOMEBODY'S LIFE ON FRIDAY.

I am 911!



BUT--EVERYBODY'S EXPECTING MS. MARVEL. MS. MARVEL FROM THE NEWS. WITH THE HAIR AND THE SPANDEX AND THE AVENGERS SWAG.

NOT A SIXTEEN-YEAR-OLD BROWN GIRL WITH A 9 PM CURFEW.



TOO LATE FOR SECOND THOUGHTS. DON'T WORRY, BRUNO...



HELP IS ON THE WAY.

You weren't supposed to be here, man! I thought Chatty Bob had this shift!

I switched with him.

This is the dumbest thing you've ever done, dude. You're lucky I don't call the cops. It'd serve you right.



Where did you get that thing, anyway?  
You don't even know how to use a gun.

You're right. It's not even loaded.



This is *your* fault. If you'd helped me like I asked you to, it wouldn't have come to this. But you just made me feel like *crap*, as always.

When the *Inventor* comes, things are gonna *change*. You'll have to start treating me with *respect*.

Inventor? What "Inventor"?

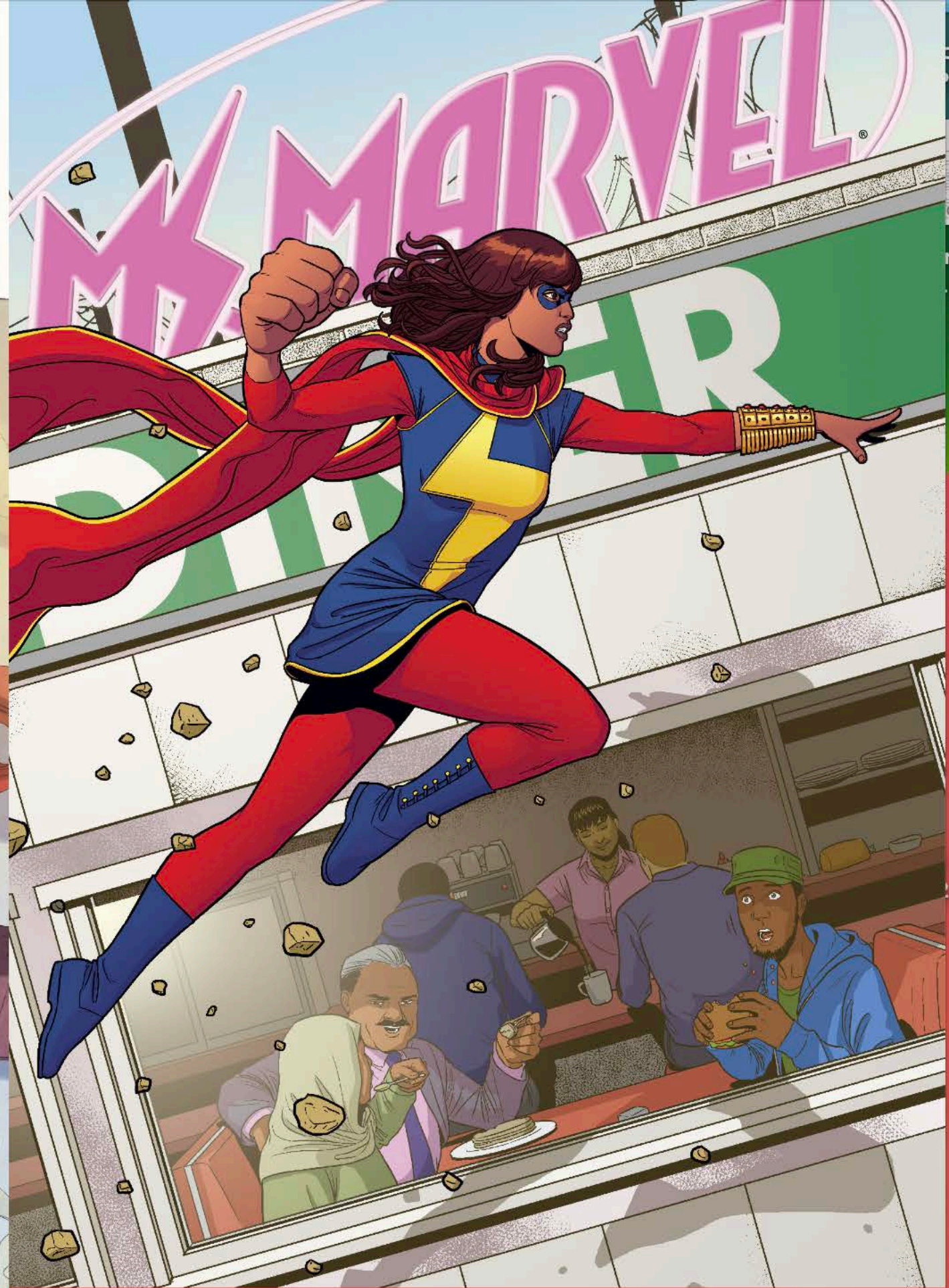


Put the gun down and step away from the cashier, you wannabe hipster punk.











Marvel Comics  
Proudly Presents:

# PAST CURFEW

Part Four of Five

Kamala Khan has always felt different.  
Strict parents, nerdy hobbies and now...  
strange shape-shifting powers?

But maybe this is good! Maybe Kamala can do great things like saving  
Bruno from a robbery at the Circle Q posing as the original Ms. Marvel!  
except... getting **SHOT** isn't so great.

# BLAM!

G. Willow Wilson - writer

Adrian Alphona - art

Ian Herring - color art

VC's Joe Caramagna - lettering

Jamie McKelvie - cover art

Devin Lewis - asst editor Sana Amanat - editor

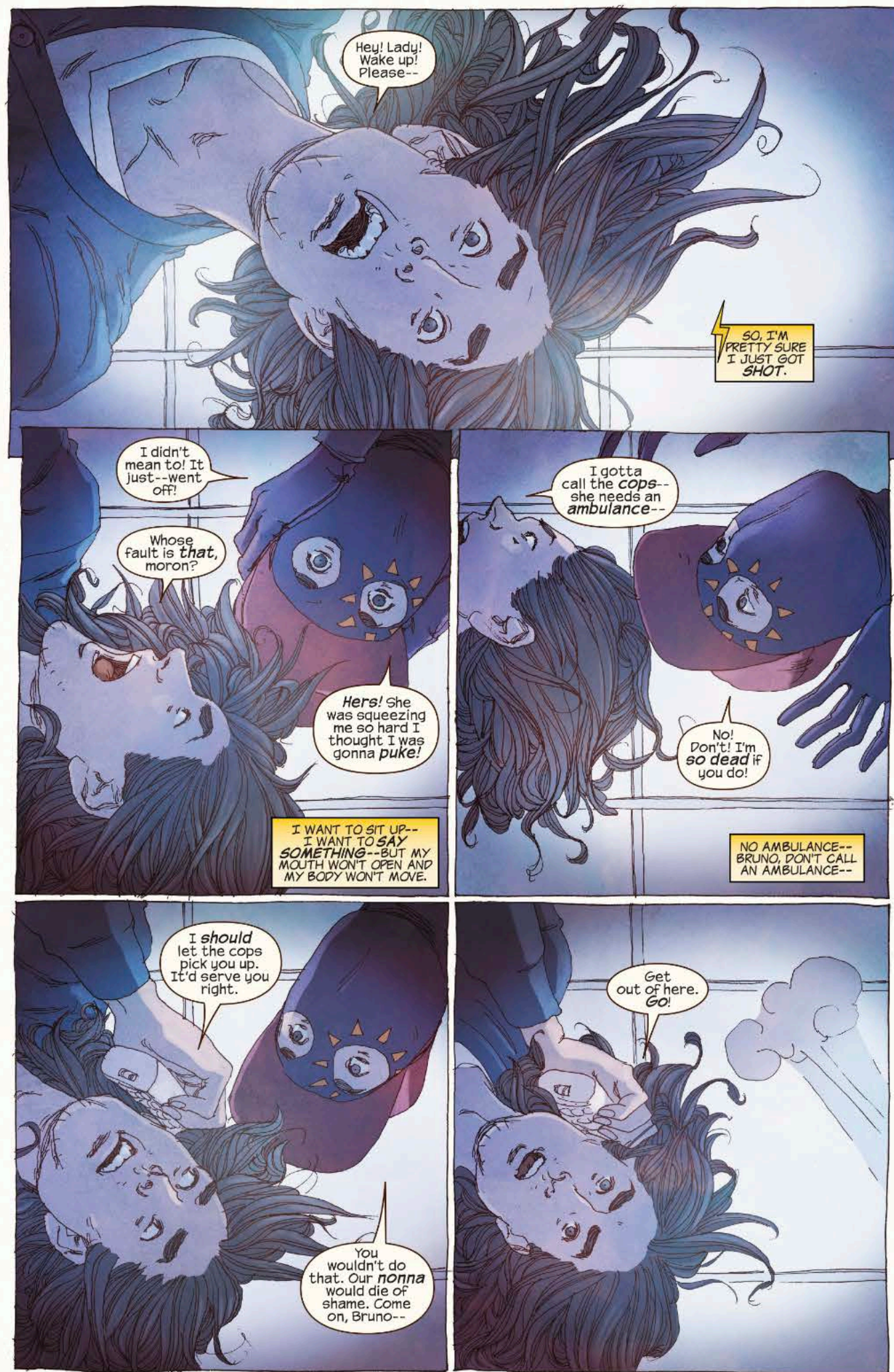
Nick Lowe - senior editor Axel Alonso - editor in chief

Joe Quesada - chief creative officer

Dan Buckley - publisher

Alan Fine - executive producer

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I can't believe you didn't tell me about any of this!

I'm sorry, Bruno. I wanted to, but--

I was so mad at you for ratting me out to my parents, and this whole powers thing hasn't exactly been easy.

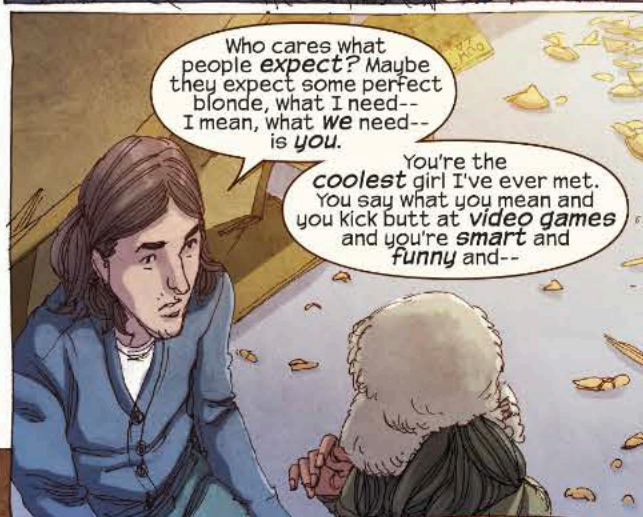


But why hide? You saved Zoe, you just saved the Circle Q-- why do it all behind someone else's face?



At first, I couldn't control the shape-shifting. And then--it just made sense to keep going.

After that thing on the news, everybody's expecting Ms. Marvel. A real super hero. With perfect hair and big boots. Not Kamala Khan from Jersey City.



Who cares what people expect? Maybe they expect some perfect blonde, what I need-- I mean, what we need-- is you.

You're the coolest girl I've ever met. You say what you mean and you kick butt at video games and you're smart and funny and--



... You can keep saying stuff.

Nah, I think I'm done.



They can't see me like this!



Ggh--

What's going on? Are you okay?



Not done healing, apparently.

I'm not clear on the rules, but I guess I can't heal when I'm shape-shifting or something.

Dramatic irony, bruh!



Here! Put this on!



Am I hiding my identity or taking a nap?

Poke eye-holes in it!





Jersey City police!

Where's Ms. Marvel?



Here. I'm Ms. Marvel.



This supposed to be a *prank* or something, kid? Cause you don't look like Ms. Marvel to me.

What's Ms. Marvel supposed to look like?



You know. Tall, blonde, with the big... powers.

Oh. Okay. Well--



CRUNCH!

I've got big powers.



Great. Another one.

All right. All right. I believe you.

But we're responding to an **armed robbery** and possible **gunshot fatality**. So you'd better start **explaining**, or I'm hauling you kids in for making a **false report**.



There *was* a robbery. Or there would have been, except I *squeezed* the guy pretty good. That's when he *shot* me.

He didn't mean to.



"Didn't mean to." You *knew* this guy, then?

No. He was wearing a *mask*. He ran out after the gun went off.



Interesting. Expect a *subpoena* for today's security tapes. I'll be keeping an eye on this place.

Costumed kids these days, I tell ya. My buddy in *Brooklyn* took a call once cause a guy was *shooting arrows* off his roof. Know who he was?

Hawkeye.



The guy who shot me...

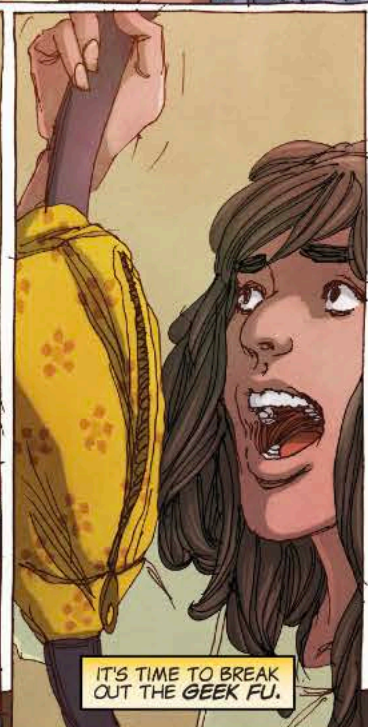
It was *Vick*. Wasn't it? I recognized his voice.

Yeah. It was Vick.











"Vick's been hanging around an **abandoned house** out in **Greenville**. He doesn't know I know. I pulled the **GPS data** off his cell."

"You mean you opened up the **Maps app** and looked at the last place he'd been."

"Oh come on, dude. Let me feel like a **secret agent** for a minute."

"No **drama**, right, Kamala? You **promised**. Surveillance **only**."

"Right. Just peeking around."

I don't understand why we gotta **keep watch**. Everybody else is **asleep**.

Doyle's orders.

I think we're not supposed to be keeping **other people out** as much as keeping **Vick in**.  
Doyle was really **pissed** about him messing up that **robbery**. Apparently Vick **said** something. About the **Inventor**.

Know what I think?

What?

Dude, he's **screwed**.

Yup.

HEY!

WHAAAA!

LINGH!

Wh-who are you?!





WHO AM I? IT SEEMS LIKE AN EASY QUESTION. AND THEN I REALIZE...

MAYBE WHAT I SAID TO THOSE COPS WASN'T A JOKE. MAYBE THE NAME BELONGS TO WHOEVER HAS THE COURAGE TO FIGHT.

AND SO I TELL THEM.

You can call me Ms. Marvel.

And if you cooperate, I won't throw you again.

I TELL THEM WHO I AM.



Sit back to back with your hands together. Pretend we're on a cop show.

Where are you keeping Vick?

H-he's in the basement.



You don't want to go in there, trust me.

Why not?



There's stuff down there.

Yeah, and other kids who are less stupid than we are. Like Doyle.



You're making a big mistake!



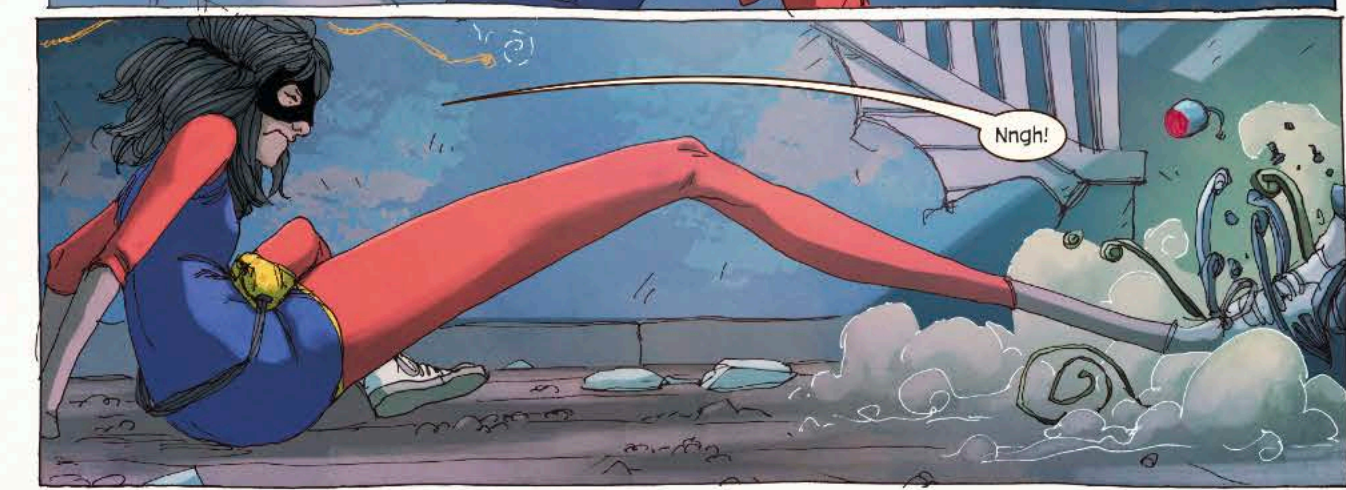
Creepy.

Huhh?!!



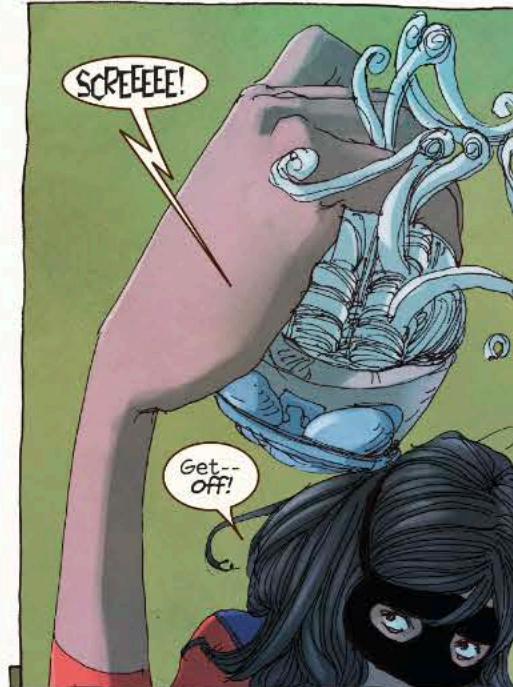
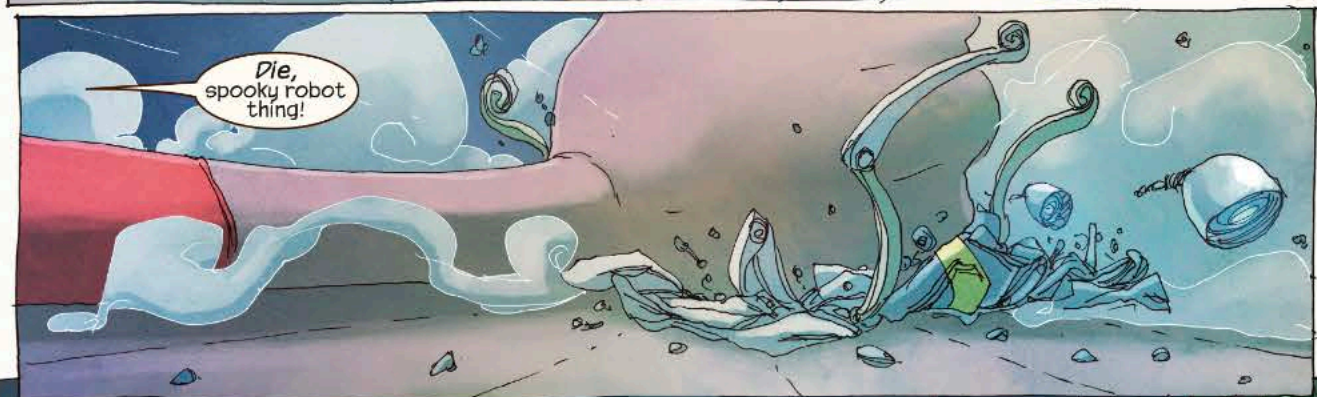
Umph!

Just like a boss fight in World of Warcraft... just like a boss fight in World of Warcraft...



Nngh!









ALL-NEW  
**MARVEL  
NOW!**

WILSON  
ALPHONA  
HERRING

005



# MARVEL COMICS PROUDLY PRESENTS: *URBAN*

## PART FOUR OF FIVE *LEGEND*

KAMALA KHAN HAS ALWAYS FELT DIFFERENT. NERDY INTERESTS, STRICT PARENTS, AND NOW... STRANGE SHAPE-SHIFTING POWERS. AFTER STOPPING A ROBBERY AT THE LOCAL CONVENIENCE STORE (LONG STORY), KAMALA LEARNED THAT HER BEST FRIEND BRUNO'S KID BROTHER, VICK, IS INTO SOME SERIOUSLY BAD BUSINESS. NOW, IT'S UP TO KAMALA TO DO SOMETHING AND SAVE HIM.

THIS ISSUE IS DEDICATED TO ALL OUR DADS, BABAS AND ABUS.

G. WILLOW WILSON - writer

ADRIAN ALPHONA - art

IAN HERRING - color art

VC'S JOE CARAMAGNA - lettering

JAMIE MCKELVIE & MATT WILSON - cover art

DEVIN LEWIS - asst editor    SANA AMANAT - editor  
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I don't have to trash anything if you let me and Vick out of here peacefully.

You have no right to keep him locked up in a basement like some weird indie horror flick.



Look, bendy girl, Vick messed up. Until the Inventor comes to deal with him, he stays right here.



Afraid that's not gonna work for me, Doyle.

That's too bad. Guess we're gonna have to fight to the death or something.

LIKE I SAID, THIS IS TOTALLY HAPPENING.



AARGH!

JUST NOT QUITE THE WAY I'D HOPED.



Here kitty kitties! ATTACK!

Dude, get up! We're getting our butts kicked!

Nngh-- you are not helping, Vick.



Out of the way, lug nuts!

Scree!



GET UP, KAMALA. GET UP. GET UP.



RRRAAH!





I CAN'T KEEP UP.  
I CAN'T HEAL THIS  
MUCH DAMAGE AND  
STAY EMBIGGENED  
AND FIGHT AND--

IT'S TOO  
MUCH.

Sqreee...



To me,  
kitties!  
To me!



SO THIS IS WHEN  
I FIGURE OUT  
SOMETHING KIND  
OF CRUCIAL:

disembiggen--  
disembiggen--  
disembiggen--



I AM LOSING  
THIS FIGHT.

What the--  
where did  
she go?

No idea,  
bruh.



I THOUGHT I COULD  
JUST CHARGE IN--  
ISN'T THAT WHAT  
HEROES DO?

I CAN FEEL THE  
FAILURE COMING ON--  
THAT AWFUL SYRUPY  
FEELING YOU GET IN  
YOUR STOMACH WHEN  
YOU'RE REALLY  
SCREWED UP.



grove st.  
1:05 A.M.

...BUT I'M GOING  
TO RESIST IT.

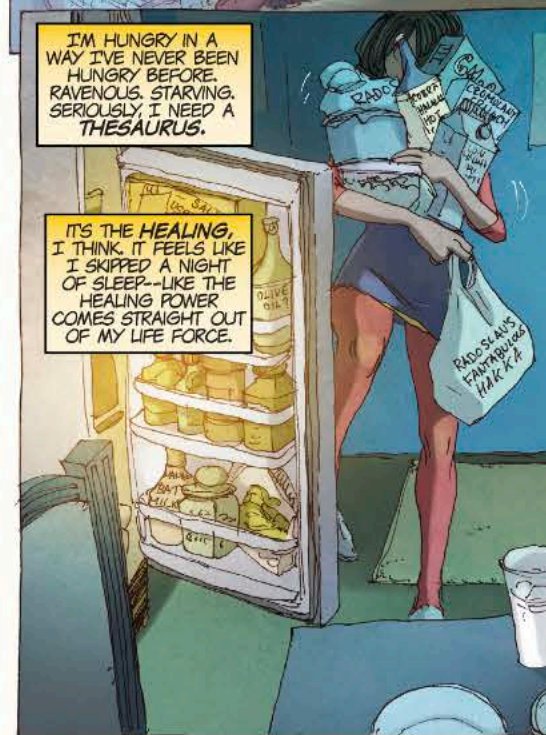
BECAUSE I  
HAVE TO GO BACK.  
I AM NOT GONNA  
FAIL TWICE.



NO LIGHTS.  
NO NOISE.



MAYBE AMMI  
DIDN'T SET AN  
ALARM AFTER  
ALL?



I'M HUNGRY IN A  
WAY I'VE NEVER BEEN  
HUNGRY BEFORE.  
RAVENOUS. STARVING.  
SERIOUSLY, I NEED A  
THESAURUS.

IT'S THE HEALING,  
I THINK. IT FEELS LIKE  
I SKIPPED A NIGHT  
OF SLEEP--LIKE THE  
HEALING POWER  
COMES STRAIGHT OUT  
OF MY LIFE FORCE.



AND AS GOOD AS THIS  
POST-FIGHT SNACK  
TASTES, I CAN'T HELP  
THINKING...

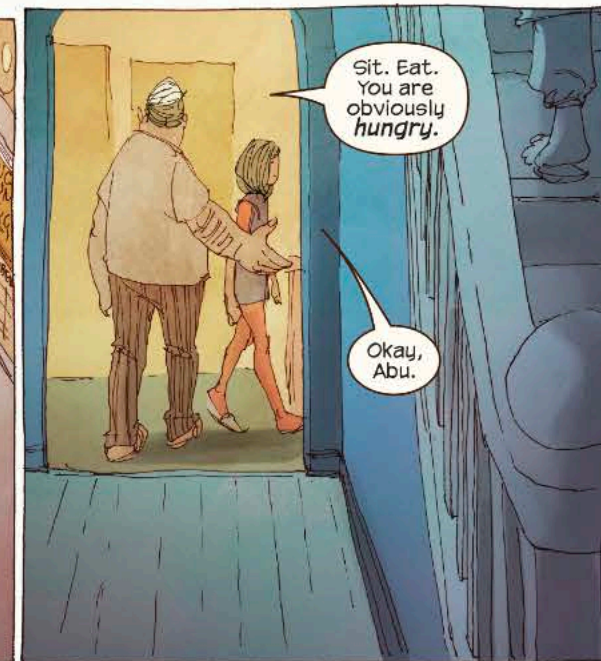
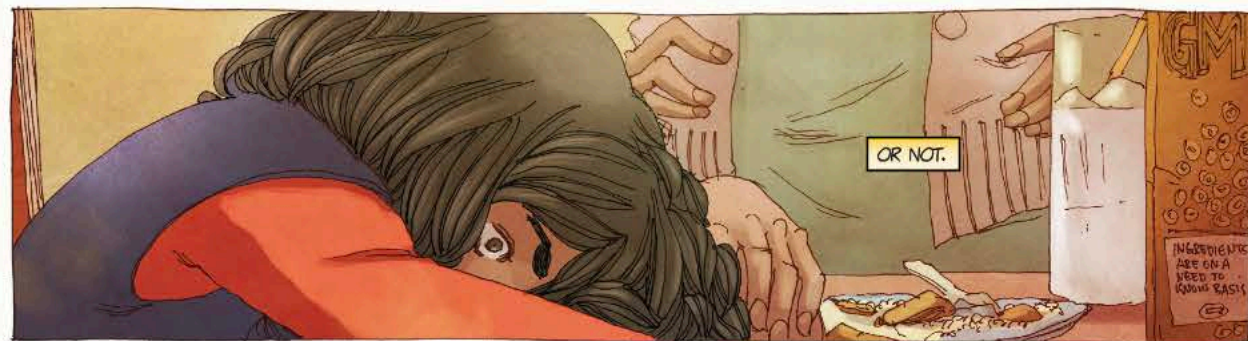
WOULDN'T IT BE EVEN  
BETTER IF AMMI WAS  
WARMING THE FOOD  
FOR ME, MAKING ME A  
CUP OF CHAI, FLUSSING  
OVER MY TORN CLOTHES,  
PETTING MY HAIR?



AS GREAT AS IT  
FEELS TO BE  
POWERFUL...

...I KIND OF  
WANT MY  
MOM.









Do you know why we named you Kamala?

No. It's a weird name. Everybody else gets to be Yasmine and Layla and stuff.

It's a special name. Kamal means "perfection" in Arabic.

Your mother had a very difficult time when she was pregnant with Aamir. After he was born, the doctors told us we couldn't have any more children. We were devastated.



Then, five years later, you came along. Our little miracle.

I held you in my hands at the hospital--a tiny, screaming, pinkish-brown baby--and thought you were the most perfect thing I had ever seen.



That's why we gave you your name.

You don't have to be someone else to impress anybody. You are perfect just the way you are.



We're not trying to make your life miserable, Kamala. We just want you to be safe.

I know.

We want you to tell us when you're in trouble.

I will.



Good. Because you're still grounded.

And I want you to have a chat with Sheikh Abdullah.

Maybe spending more time at the mosque will give you some perspective.

WAY TO RUIN THE MOMENT, ABU.



PERFECT JUST THE WAY I AM.

I HOPE SO.

BECAUSE I'VE GOTTEN VICK INTO EVEN MORE TROUBLE, AND I'VE GOT TO GET HIM OUT.



ABU IS RIGHT. BRUNO WAS RIGHT.

Bruno? Sorry to wake you up.

What happened?! I called fifteen times! What--

I'll explain everything, but the short version is I lost. I'm gonna need to borrow your science nerd brain.

I'M NOT HERE TO BE A WATERED-DOWN VERSION OF SOME OTHER HERO...

...I'M HERE TO BE THE BEST VERSION OF KAMALA.



# THE CIRCLE Q.

Next Morning.

AND IT STARTS NOW.

So I can take my clothes with me when I embiggen and stuff, but it's *distracting*. I was *slow* at that house in Greenville. I need a costume I can forget about.

Which means it has to be really, really stretchy.

What about that polymer you were working on for the scholarship? The *super snot*?

No way, you cannot have my super snot. I am not helping risk your neck again.

Whether you help me or not, my neck is *risked*. I saw what was in that house. This is not just a bunch of *skate punks* we're talking about.

C'mon, Bruno. Remember when we used to play *Avengers vs. Aliens* in elementary school?

This is just like that, only with *actual* laser guns. I need you. For real.

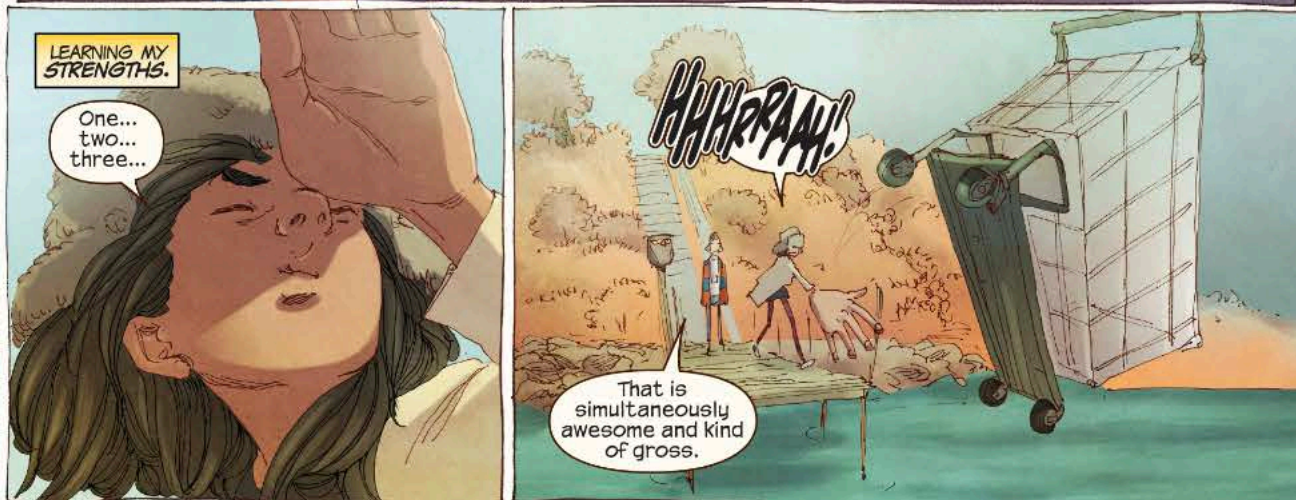
How am I supposed to say *NO* to that?

You're not.

Okay. I'll help. But *only* so we can rescue Vick. After that, no more neck-risking.

Thanks, Bruno.

TIME TO LEVEL UP.







LEARNING MY LIMITATIONS.

Okay, you got me. I have no idea what or where you are.



Hi.

AUGH!

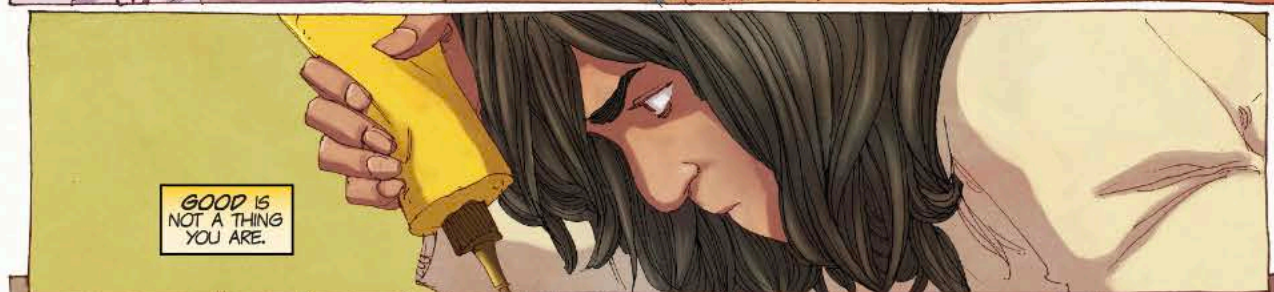


LEARNING HOW TO WORK WITH THIS NEW BODY, INSTEAD OF AGAINST IT.

I'm gonna have nightmares about this.

You're not the one staring at super-sized gerbil poop.

When was the last time you cleaned poor Chunky's cage?



GOOD IS NOT A THING YOU ARE.



IT'S A THING YOU DO.



I'll NEVER BE "READY."

You have your cell?

In my boot.

You'll try not to get the costume too wet? Super snot doesn't like getting wet.

I know. Stop worrying.

BUT I CAN BE READY ENOUGH.



Remember the panic code. If something goes wrong, call and let it ring twice and then hang up. I'll call the cops.

Okay, grandma.



MY HEART IS POUNDING. MY PALMS ARE SWEATING.

WHICH PROBABLY ISN'T GOOD FOR THE SUPER SNOT.



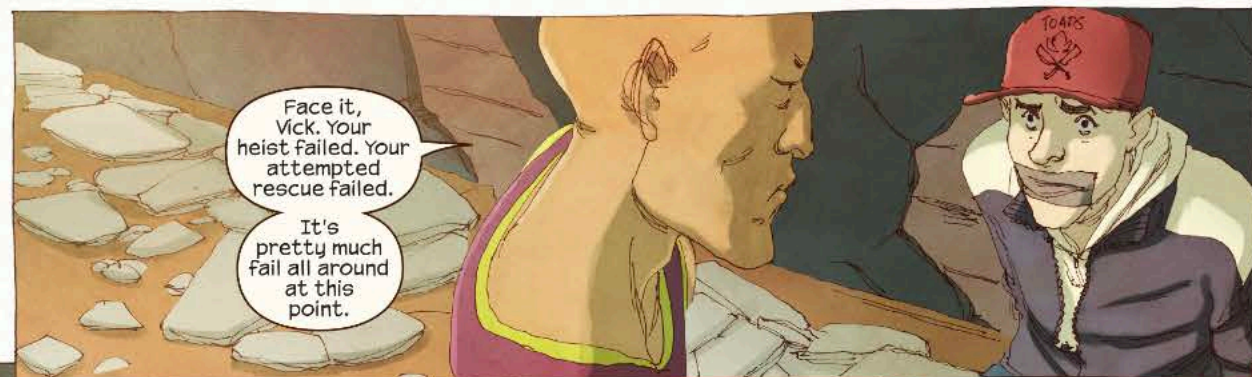
I TELL MYSELF I CAN DO THIS. I TELL MYSELF I'M EXACTLY WHERE I WAS MEANT TO BE. IT'S LIKE THAT PERSIAN GUY RUMI SAID.



"WHEREVER YOU ARE..."

"WAS CIRCLED ON A MAP FOR YOU."









You think this is over? You think you're **safe** now? You have **no idea** what you just started!



"He will find you!"



nngh!



Vick! You idiot! You're **alive**!

Mmmph!

Can't stop now. Take him home. We've all gotta keep moving...



"...I have a feeling this **Inventor** doesn't make empty threats."

This is a big day, dude. New checkout counter, new door, all the workmen finally gone...

We should have super heroes trash the Circle Q more often, just for an excuse to get new stuff.

Mmm!



I actually went in last night and, like, swept everything, and straightened the stuff on the displays with a ruler, just because I was that excited.

We should have had a grand re-opening or something, to--



--celebrate.





# SOUTHBANK COAL PLANT (DECOMMISSIONED).

Somewhere in Hudson County.

"If the Inventor wants a fight, he can have one."







NEXT: HEALING FACTOR



ALL-NEW **MARVEL NOW!** **POINT ONE**

**#1**

ALL-NEW **MARVEL NOW!**

001.  
NOW





HERE'S THE THING ABOUT TRASH.

WE SAY WE "THROW IT OUT!" BUT IT NEVER ACTUALLY GOES AWAY.

IT JUST BUILDS UP AND BUILDS UP, USUALLY IN PLACES **NOBODY** WANTS TO GO.

LIKE RIGHT HERE, FOR EXAMPLE.

IN **NEW JERSEY**.

THIS IS A WASTE OF QUALITY USED APPLIANCES.



HERE'S THE OTHER THING ABOUT TRASH. ABOUT **ANYTHING** GNARLY AND HIDDEN, IF YOU THINK ABOUT IT.

NO MATTER HOW DEEP YOU BURY IT, NO MATTER HOW MANY TIMES YOU **FEBREZE** IT, IT STARTS TO **STINK**. AND THEN YOU GOTTA **DEAL** WITH IT.

MY NAME IS **KAMALA KHAN**.

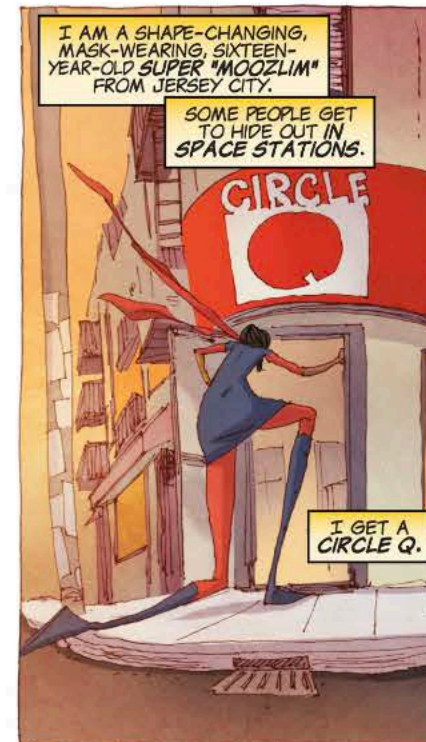
AND I'M HERE TO TAKE OUT THE TRASH.

I'D SAY "COME AT ME BRO," BUT I HAVE A FEELING YOU'RE GONNA DO THAT ANYWAY.











NEWARK AVENUE.





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