

How the 'Amazing Spider-woman' was created

By Nicola Prinsloo

Peter Parker's point of view from where Spiderman shoved his foot between the gears to keep the web, that's holding Gwen, from snapping, while Harry(The Green Goblin) is being strangled by Spiderman's web that Peter's also holding...

I shoved my foot between the gears... I looked down at Gwen hanging in the middle of the big clock, holding onto my webbing... 'O, *my Gwen.*' I shot a ray of webbing behind Harry, then wrapped it around Harry's throat. I could feel the gears squeezing my foot and I could hear Harry's heavy breathing next to me. My foot could not stop the gears from turning anymore. With a loud sound my foot popped out from in between the gears. I heard the snapping of my webbing, the gears jumping out of their places, breaking and I heard some of them falling on Harry, causing his unconsciousness. My eyes were only on Gwen as I was falling to avoid gears and just waiting for the right time to shoot my webbing so that it can stop Gwen from hitting... '*Don't think like that, Peter! You WILL save her!*' I saw her hair covering her face as she was falling and the expression on her face was one of love and worry. She knew she was gonna die and I saw her mouth: '*I love you*'. At that moment I saw my gap and shot my webbing toward her torso, grabbed the nearest metal pole and just before she hit the ground I saw her body stop. I attached my end of the webbing onto the pole and jumped to the bottom to see if Gwen was all right.

When my feet hit the ground I saw that Gwen's body was limp and I heard a faint heartbeat. "Gwen! Please, Gwen! Don't leave me, don't leave me!" I screamed as I put my hand under her head, detached my webbing and stroked her beautiful blonde hair. In that moment I saw her blood on my hands. I heard the paramedics outside so I quickly put my mask on and got

out of there. Straight to my aunt's house to get dressed to go to the hospital.

I saw a blonde head of hair standing in the white, endless corridors, outside Gwen's hospital room. "Oh, Peter! The doctor said she's in a coma, but she lost a lot of blood. She needs a donor and she needs it now! I'm not a match, but I need to save my baby." Gwen's mom said worriedly after I gave her a reassuring hug. "I came as soon as I could. Maybe I can help? I'd do anything for her..." I offered as I looked at Gwen's closed white hospital room door. "I could never ask that of you!" Her blue eyes staring into my soul when she said that. "Please, ma'am. I want to help her! I need to help her!" I pleaded holding onto her shoulders and looking into her eyes so she can see my desperation, "What's her blood type?". "O-Negative, but you don't have to, Peter...". "But I want to! I am a match and I may be her only hope." Shyly I looked down as I cut her off. "Thank you, Peter." She gave me a big hug. I could feel the gratefulness and worry radiating off of her.

After we told the doctor that I will be donating blood, some nurses put me in an isolated room, took some, because they needed to do some tests on it. Luckily for me the spider venom in my blood doesn't show on ordinary blood tests...

The blood transfusion was successful and no problems occurred! Gwen's body accepted my blood and she's slowly healing. The doctor said that within a few days, she will be as good as new! My beautiful Gwen will be mine again!

20 days later

Gwen's been home for 3 days and she really is as good as new. Her doctor said that it was a miracle she didn't have any head induced trauma. She told me she needed to talk to me about Spiderman...

Around 2 o'clock I went round to Gwen and her mom's apartment. I went through her window, as always, but I sensed something was different as I saw her, sitting on her bed. Barefoot and as beautiful as always in her pink sweater with jeans, her hair was hanging loosely. Her room was as purple as always, but I felt an unknown vibe. I remember the first time I saw her room I thought it looked exactly like her personality, warm, friendly, cute and adventurous. Usually she's sitting on one of her beanbag chairs near the window, but today she's as far away from the window as possible. I saw her flinch even before I moved towards her to hug her, so I kept my distance and sat on the red beanbag chair near the window.

"Hay, Gwen, my beautiful girlfriend. You wanted to talk to me?" I looked at her with love in my eyes, but she stared back at me like I was going to hurt her. She relaxed slightly. "Yeah, about you, or rather Spiderman." She sat up, let her legs hang off the side of the bed and her eyes lingered on my body, rather than my face, like she was observing me. "What ya' wanna know?" I sat up too, a little frightened at the way she was looking at my body. I felt so exposed. "Wh-What was the first thing you... experienced that made you f-feel... different, like you were... changing?" I looked at her questioningly, she looked down. *'Why would she want to know that? And why is she stuttering? She only does that when something's important...'* I thought. "Well, first was my super senses, like enhanced sight and hearing, then I began sticking to stuff, then later on I was so agile and flexible. I could bend over backwards, literally. Why do you ask?" She looked down. Her beautiful white blond locks covering her perfectly shaped face. I could tell she was hiding something. "Let me show you why." She threw me a ball and I stopped it just before it went out the window. "You saw and felt the ball, then reached for it in seconds. Now throw it to me." I looked at her worriedly, she can't catch a ball to save her life, but I threw it anyway. I threw it just above her head and she reached for it instantly, just before it went past her head and it landed in her hand perfectly.

'She moved faster than me. How is that possible?!' I thought. I knew I looked completely shell shocked. "Gwen? What...?" She was quick to cut

me off, "No, don't. I'm not done yet." She walked towards the wall and put her hands, palms down, on them. She began pulling herself up, her bare feet helping her climb. She crawled on the ceiling 'till she was right above me and let go, falling into my lap. It didn't hurt, because I caught her and held her, gently placing her in my lap. She snuggled into my neck. I wrapped my arms around her and just held her. "What happened while I was recovering and who's blood is in me? My mom won't tell me... She says I'll freak out and never want to speak to that person again, if I found out." Her words came out a little slurred, because her cheek was pressed up against my chest. *'I need to tell her. If I don't, then she'll think I'm being dishonest and she'll hate me, but if I do tell her, she'll hate me even more. Well, here goes...'* "All that happened was that you got a blood transfusion, because you lost a lot of blood. And to answer your latter question, it's..." I looked down. I couldn't say it, so I mumbled "mine". Gwen jumped up, a look of outrage clear on her face.

"How? What?..." She was pacing saying those words over and over again, never once looking at me. While she was pacing, I kept tumbling what happened round in my mind. I thought of everything I read in my father's books and learned through his videos. Blood... his DNA... spiders... abilities... mixed... same. THAT'S WHEN IT HIT ME!!!!

Because of those doses of my blood, there was enough Spider venom in there to make her like me, with abilities. My dad wrote that if my (or rather his) blood get's mixed with the spider venom it is possible to have abilities (which we know is true). And what makes it worse is that the venom never dissolves, it's like bacteria, it changes itself to survive and it never dies.

'But I don't want Gwen to have my abilities! She'll be in too much danger! I'm not gonna let her be my side-kick! I made a promise, I broke it once, not again. But now Gwen can defend herself at least. Maybe this isn't a bad idea. I could build new web-shooters, from scratch... No, Peter! Not again!' I kept thinking about pros and cons to this, but Gwen was talking and I wasn't listening...

She was waving her hand in front of my face, and snapping her fingers. "Sorry, please say that again?" "I was saying, that I need you to teach me how to be a hero, because I want to use my abilities." She replied. " I can't. Just because I bent your dad's promise, doesn't mean I'll break it. Besides, I don't have extra web-shooters..." I said, looking away as I said that last part. " You're lying! I know your using your 2.0 web-shooters!" 'How did she know? It's like she's a telepath!' Suddenly I heard her voice, but nothing came out of her mouth! *'I can read your mind, doofus!'* " What!?!?! Since when?" I said really loudly. " Since you walked into the room. Why? Can't you read my mind?" She asked with a questioning look on her precious face. " Maybe... I don't know. I've learnt to switch off my abilities. But let me try..." I said uncertain, but when I opened myself up to my abilities, I heard her voice asking: 'So?' " Great! Now I'm a telepath as well! Is there not enough stuff to hide already?" I said sarcastically.

"Will you teach me or not?" I kept contemplating in my head until I finally made my decision. " I will, my Spider- woman."

1 year later

"So, now you know everything there is to be a Spider-person. Are you ready to start?" I've been teaching Gwen how to be me. She's been at every fight, studying me and today is the first time she will ever go out in her Spider-woman suit. Hopefully people will love her! We went to The United Kingdom for Gwen to go to Oxford University, while I went to a public university, just so I could get a job. I've spent the first 2 months here making a name for myself, but by now everyone knows who I am. Before we left New York, I made an announcement to the whole city that I will be moving on to other places, helping across the world and that I had trained the police my ways. We've been in The United Kingdom for 11 months now. Gwen's been practicing using the web-shooters every second she could spare and also getting comfortable with her suit. Our relationship's stronger

than ever and I've decided that I'm going to propose to her as soon as she's settled into her new job...

"I'm ready." She said while putting her mask on. And we were off. Together, like we're supposed to be.