

MARVEL
COMICS



JAN
#87



PETER PARKER SPIDER-MAN

**...YOU'RE
GONNA
CARRY
THAT
WEIGHT
A LONG
TIME!**

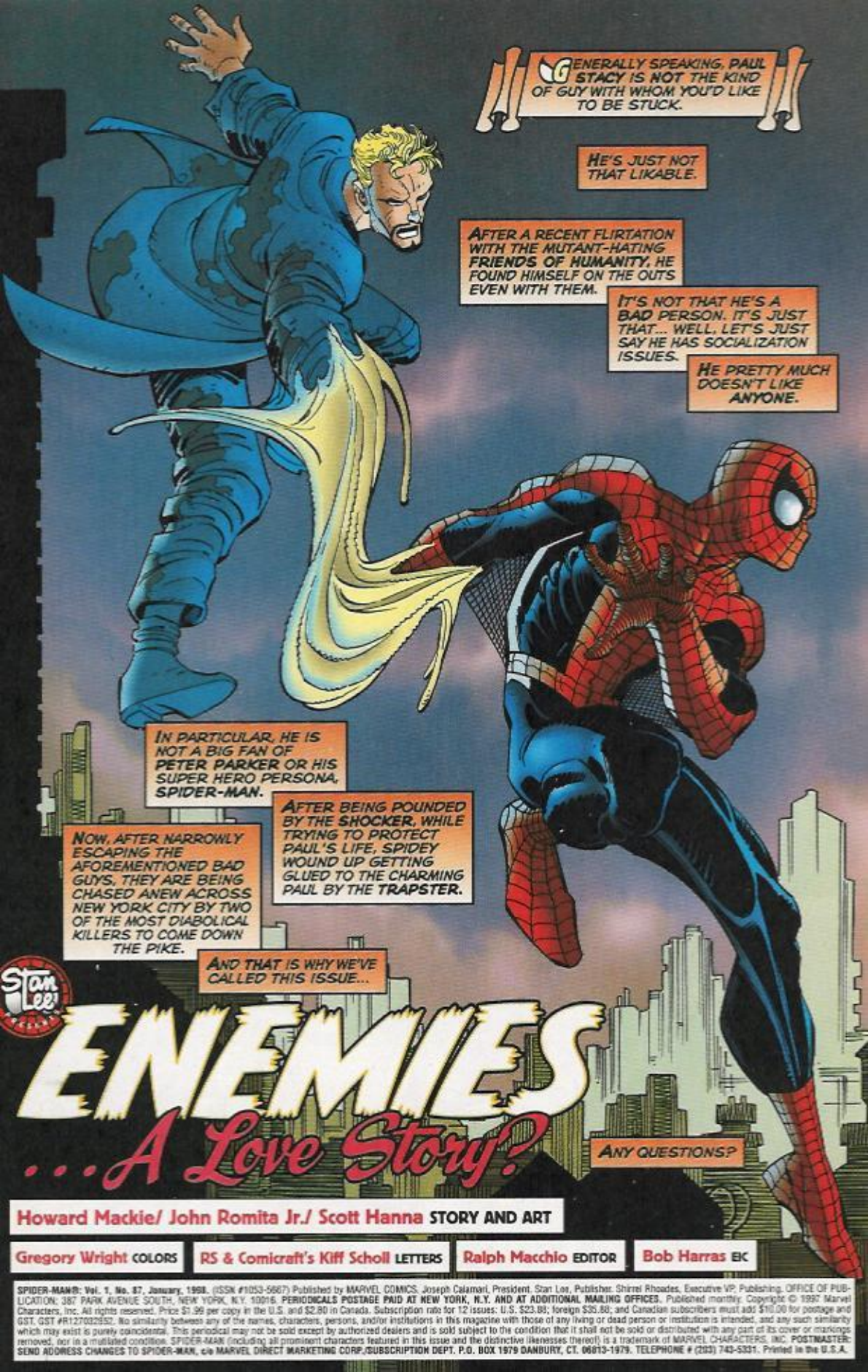
DIRECT EDITION



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\$1.99 US \$2.80 CAN



JRJR



GENERALLY SPEAKING, PAUL STACY IS NOT THE KIND OF GUY WITH WHOM YOU'D LIKE TO BE STUCK.

HE'S JUST NOT THAT LIKABLE.

AFTER A RECENT FLIRTATION WITH THE MUTANT-HATING FRIENDS OF HUMANITY, HE FOUND HIMSELF ON THE OUTS EVEN WITH THEM.

IT'S NOT THAT HE'S A BAD PERSON. IT'S JUST THAT... WELL, LET'S JUST SAY HE HAS SOCIALIZATION ISSUES.

HE PRETTY MUCH DOESN'T LIKE ANYONE.

IN PARTICULAR, HE IS NOT A BIG FAN OF PETER PARKER OR HIS SUPER HERO PERSONA, SPIDER-MAN.

NOW, AFTER NARROWLY ESCAPING THE AFOREMENTIONED BAD GUYS, THEY ARE BEING CHASED ANEW ACROSS NEW YORK CITY BY TWO OF THE MOST DIABOLICAL KILLERS TO COME DOWN THE PIKE.

AFTER BEING POUNDED BY THE SHOCKER, WHILE TRYING TO PROTECT PAUL'S LIFE, SPIDEY WOUND UP GETTING GLUED TO THE CHARMING PAUL BY THE TRAPSTER.

AND THAT IS WHY WE'VE CALLED THIS ISSUE...

ENEMIES

...A Love Story?

ANY QUESTIONS?

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SPIDER-MAN®: Vol. 1, No. 87, January, 1998. (ISSN #1053-5667) Published by MARVEL COMICS, Joseph Calamari, President, Stan Lee, Publisher, Shirrel Rhoades, Executive VP, Publishing. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 387 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016. PERIODICALS POSTAGE PAID AT NEW YORK, N.Y. AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES. Published monthly. Copyright © 1997 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved. Price \$1.99 per copy in the U.S. and \$2.80 in Canada. Subscription rate for 12 issues: U.S. \$23.88; foreign \$35.88; and Canadian subscribers must add \$10.00 for postage and GST. GST #R127032952. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. This periodical may not be sold except by authorized dealers and is sold subject to the condition that it shall not be sold or distributed with any part of its cover or markings removed, nor in a mutilated condition. SPIDER-MAN (including all prominent characters featured in this issue and the distinctive likenesses thereof) is a trademark of MARVEL CHARACTERS, INC. POSTMASTER: SEND ADDRESS CHANGES TO SPIDER-MAN, c/o MARVEL DIRECT MARKETING CORP./SUBSCRIPTION DEPT., P.O. BOX 1979 DANBURY, CT. 06813-1979. TELEPHONE # (203) 742-5331. Printed in the U.S.A.

DO YOU MIND?

DO I MIND? WHAT?

DO I MIND THAT NORMAN OSBORN HAS RELEASED TO THE WORLD A VIDEOTAPE OF ME BEATING HIM, AN APPARENTLY DEFENSELESS AND UPSTANDING MEMBER OF THE COMMUNITY, TO A BLOODY PULP?

OR, THAT THERE IS NOW A REWARD ON MY HEAD WHICH HAS EVERY TOM, TODD AND MARC OUT TO MAKE A QUICK BUCK WITH MY CORPSE?

OR, MAYBE IT'S THAT I HAD TO TAKE A BEATING A COUPLE OF HOURS AGO FOR SOMEONE WHO WOULDN'T MIND SEEING SOMEONE COLLECT SAID REWARD?

OR, THAT I'M NOW **GLUED** TO THE SAME PERSON, WHICH GREATLY HAMPERS MY ABILITY TO SPIN A WEB ANY SIZE... NOT TO MENTION SWINGING AND CATCHING CROOKS **ANY** SIZE?

DO I MIND, PAUL?

YOU BETCHA!

OKAY, SO WHAT'S YOUR PLAN?

MY PLAN?

I'M THINKING OF MAYBE PUTTING AS MUCH SPACE BETWEEN US AND THE TRAPSTER AND SHOCKER AS HUMANLY POSSIBLE.

THEN, MAYBE SEEING IF YOU AND I CAN PART COMPANY WITHOUT LOSING A LIMB.

BUT MOSTLY...



...I WAS THINKING OF SAVING YOUR LIFE!

WHAT ARE YOU INSANE?! I'M GOING TO --



DON'T BE A BABY!

I KNOW EXACTLY WHAT I'M DOING!



UGPH!



ER... PAUL...



...YOU WANT TO GIVE ME A HAND?



YOU'RE SAVING MY LIFE? RIGHT?

YEAH, YEAH, YEAH!

EVERY-ONE'S A CRITIC.






THE
DAYS OF
PASTE POT PETE
ARE LONG
GONE.

PASTE
POT PETE/
WHAT WAS I
THINKING?

PART
OF WHAT I DO
INVOLVES CREATING
TRAPS FOR MY
PREY.
AND
SOMETIMES
IT'S JUST AS EASY
TO TAKE SOMETHING
APART AS IT IS TO
GLUE SOMETHING
TOGETHER.




THANKS FOR
THE UPDATE,
BUT...


...I
DON'T
CARE!

I NEED
A **BODY** IN
ORDER TO
COLLECT
MY FEE!

AND YOU
HAD BETTER GET
YOUR BUTT DOWN
THERE WITH ME AND
HELP ME FIND
HIM... NOW!



HOW
WOULD YOU LIKE TO GO
THROUGH LIFE WITH YOUR EYES
PERMANENTLY SEALED SHUT?




HOW WOULD YOU
LIKE TO TRY STANDING
AFTER I'VE VIBRATED
EVERY BONE IN YOUR
BODY TO
JELLY?

TOUCHÉ!

WHILE OUR VILLAINS HASH
THINGS OUT, LET'S CHECK
IN ON THE PARKER
HOUSEHOLD IN QUEENS.

YOU MAY RECALL THAT
MARY JANE PARKER
HAD JUST ARRIVED
HOME WITH JILL STACY
WHEN THEY FOUND
AUNT ANNA --

OH! YOU REMEMBER
LAST ISSUE'S STORY,
DON'T YOU?



Mr.
FORTUNATO,
YOU NEED A
DOCTOR.





AH! DON'T LOOK AT ME LIKE THAT.

THIS? THE GUN? IT'S A HABIT.



DON'T WORRY, I REALLY WON'T HURT YOU.

I JUST CAN'T HAVE YOU CALLING NO ONE. I'M REALLY NOT THAT BAD OFF.

ASIDE FROM THE FACT THAT HALF OF THE WISE GUYS IN THIS TOWN WANT ME DEAD.

LOOK, I JUST NEED A PLACE TO LIE LOW, NURSE MY WOUNDS AND TO THINK.

I'M NOT GOING TO HURT YOU, YOUR FRIEND OR YOUR AUNT.



I GOT HIT NEARBY AND THIS WAS THE ONLY SAFE PLACE I COULD THINK OF TO CRASH.

YOU KNOW YOUR HUSBAND'S COUSIN BEN WAS ONE OF THE ONLY FRIENDS I HAD IN THIS --

-- Ahh... ENOUGH YAMMERING!

NO PHONE CALLS.

CRUNCH

SORRY.



WHATEVER YOU SAY.



MEANWHILE...

I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU DID THIS!

I CAN TELL YOU AGAIN HOW MUCH EASIER IT WOULD HAVE BEEN TO JUST STICK THEM TO THE ROOF, KILL THEM AND COLLECT OUR FEE.

BUT NO... YOU HAD TO GO PROVE HOW CLEVER YOU ARE, HOW MUCH MORE POWERFUL YOU ARE.

YOU BETTER GO EASY THERE, TRAPSTER...

...I WOULDN'T WANT YOU TO BREAK INTO A SWEAT OR ANYTHING.



AND IT LOOKS LIKE I'M THE ONLY CANDIDATE.

WHY I OUGHTA...

SAVE IT. I THINK THERE IS A VERY GOOD CHANCE OUR PREY SURVIVED.

WHAT ARE YOU, NUTSP HOW?



PLEASE! EVEN THOUGH I KICKED HIS BUTT THE LAST TIME WE MET, DON'T YOU THINK WE'VE SPENT FAR TOO MANY YEARS UNDERESTIMATING THE WEB-SLINGER?

WELL... I DON'T KNOW... MAYBE...

TRUST ME...

"...WE'RE PROBABLY
STANDING RIGHT
ON TOP OF THEM."

HANG ON,
PAUL.

WE'RE...
ALMOST...

...THERE!



I'LL
JUST SHORE
THIS BEAM UP AND
WE'LL HAVE SOME
MANEUVERING
SPACE.


AND
I'LL HAVE
US OUT OF
HERE IN NO
TIME --

-- PAUL?




PAUL!

HE'S NOT
BREATHING!




DON'T YOU DIE
ON ME!



OKAY... THIS IS GOING
TO HURT ME A LOT
MORE THAN IT WILL
YOU.

PREW!
WHAT WERE
YOU EATING?
SARDINES AND
ONIONS?

HERE GOES
NOTHIN' --



DON'T
EVEN THINK
ABOUT IT!



THANKS. THAT
COULD HAVE GOTTEN
EMBARRASSING.


TELL ME ABOUT IT.
NOW HOW ARE YOU
GOING TO GET US OUT
OF HERE?

I'M
THINKING.

THIS
SHOULD BE A
FIRST!







COME ON! WE'VE GOT TO MOVE QUICKLY!

IT'S NOT GOING TO TAKE THOSE TWO LONG TO FIGURE OUT WE'RE STILL ALIVE DOWN HERE.

WE GET OUT AND THEN WHAT?

WE HEAD FOR E.S.U. CAMPUS SO THAT I CAN COME UP WITH A FORMULA TO DISSOLVE THE TRAPSTER'S GLUE.

YOU?

YES... ME!

YOU'D BETTER LEAVE THAT TO ME.

FINE, MISTER BRAINS, YOU'VE BEEN SUCH A GREAT HELP SO FAR.

BINGO!

THIS IS WHAT I WAS LOOKING FOR.

THESE OLD BUILDINGS ALL HAD DRAINS THAT FED INTO THE SEWERS.

WHOA! WHAT'S THAT?

THE SHOCKER? YOU REMEMBER HIM. QUILTED LOOKING GUY THAT MAKES EVERYTHING ALL SHAKY?

COME ON. YOU FIRST.



AFTER
YOU, MON
FRÈRE.

WHY
ARE YOU
DOING
THIS?

YEAH,
I KNOW IT
STINKS, BUT IT'S
THE ONLY WAY
OUT.

NO. I
MEAN WHY
ARE YOU TRYING
TO HELP ME? AFTER
WHAT YOU DID TO
MY FAMILY, GWEN
AND UNCLE
ARTHUR...



WE'LL
TALK ABOUT
THIS LATER.



THE
SHOCKER IS
ALMOST...



...HERE.



MEANWHILE...



K
R
A
K



YOU
AND ME
ARE GOIN'
TO HAVE A
TALK.

ACTUALLY
YOU ARE GOING
TO DO ALL THE
TALKING.

YOU'RE
GOING TO START
BY TELLING ME WHO
SENT YOU AND HOW
YOU FOUND
ME.



YOU'RE GOING TO
TALK NOW, OR I'M
GOING TO POP
YOUR HEAD LIKE
A ZIT!



IS THAT NECESSARY?

YEAH... IT IS. IF YOU DON'T LIKE IT... GO IN THE OTHER ROOM.

GO!



GASP! MARY JANE! COME QUICKLY! IT'S JILL!



MARY JANE...

...HELP ME!



YOU'RE GOING TO BE FINE, JILL.

AUNT ANNA, CALL AN AMBULANCE NOW.



SNAP

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

WHAT'S THAT IN YOUR MOUTH?



POISON?

THIS FROM A STREET GUY?



AND WHAT'S WITH THIS TATTOO?



THE POLICE
ARE ON THE
WAY.

I
ASSUMED.

WHO
WAS THAT
MAN?

I
DON'T KNOW,
BUT...



...HE WASN'T
THERE FOR
ME.

WHAT?
WHO WAS
HE HERE
FOR?

I DON'T
KNOW. HE KILLED
HIMSELF BEFORE
I COULD FIND
OUT.



THEN
HOW COULD
YOU --

I JUST
KNOW.

YOU BE CAREFUL,
Mrs. PARKER.

I'M SORRY
ABOUT YOUR
FRIEND.

BYE.



BYE.



THE EMPIRE STATE UNIVERSITY
CAMPUS SCIENCE BUILDING.

OKAY,
THIS LOOKS
GOOD. I SHOULD
BE ABLE TO WHIP
UP A BENZENE BASED
SOLVENT THAT'LL
EAT THROUGH
THIS MESS.

YEAH...
AND MAYBE
OUR FLESH AT
THE SAME
TIME.

YOU'VE
IMPRESSED
ME WITH YOUR
RUDIMENTARY
KNOWLEDGE OF
CHEMISTRY,
BUT...

...MOVE
ASIDE AND
LET SOMEONE
WHO KNOWS WHAT
HE'S DOING
HANDLE
THIS.



I WOULDN'T WANT TO HAVE
THE BLOOD OF YET ONE
MORE OF MY FAMILY
LINE ON YOUR
HANDS.



THAT'S
IT!

I WAS NOT
RESPONSIBLE FOR
EITHER GWEN OR
CAPTAIN STACY'S
DEATHS.

I KNEW,
RESPECTED
AND LOVED THEM
MORE THAN YOU
CAN EVER
KNOW.





ALL THESE YEARS I
THOUGHT YOU WERE
SOMETHING
SPECIAL.

AND HERE YOU
ARE, RESORTING
TO THE SAME OLD
WEBBING ON THE
GLUE GUNS
TRICK.

THWAP
THWAP

GUESS
IT WASN'T A
FLUKE I TOOK YOU
DOWN LAST
TIME.

YOU
DON'T THINK
I'D BE PREPARED
FOR SOMETHING LIKE
THIS? YOU DON'T THINK
I'D HAVE WORKED UP A
FEW SOLVENTS BY NOW?



WELL...
I... ER...

I GUESS HE
THINKS WE'RE A
COUPLE OF HAS-
BEENS, TRAPS.
NOT TOO
BRIGHT.

BUT
FROM WHERE I'M
STANDING, IT'S NOT
US LOOKING STUPID.



TRY AND MOVE
YOUR FEET, WALL
CRAWLER.

WHAT --?



GREAT.
LOOKS
LIKE YOU
STEPPED IN
AT THIS
TIME.

YOU KNOW, KILLING YOU IS GOING TO DO WONDERS FOR MY EGO.

I'LL PROBABLY BE ABLE TO CUT BACK ON THERAPY.

BREEEP

TRAPSTER, IS THAT YOU OR ME?

IT'S ME. MY PAGER. HOLD ON A SECOND.

YEAH.

WHAT? ARE YOU KIDDING?

REALLY? WELL, I'D OFF SPIDER-MAN FOR NOTHING -- WHAT? YOU'LL DOUBLE OUR FEES IF WE LET THEM LIVE?

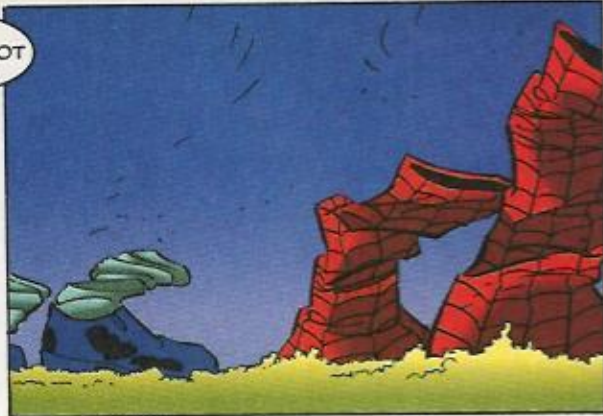
DEAL.

ARE YOU KIDDING ME?

I'M NOT TOO CRAZY ABOUT IT, BUT...

...BUSINESS IS BUSINESS.

ANOTHER TIME. AND YOU *KNOW* THERE'LL BE ONE.



ELSEWHERE...



 THE END...