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CODE



AUTHORITY

the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN®

I'VE CONQUERED
MY FEAR OF YOU,
SPIDER-MAN!

TODAY
**DOCTOR
OCTOPUS
WINS!**

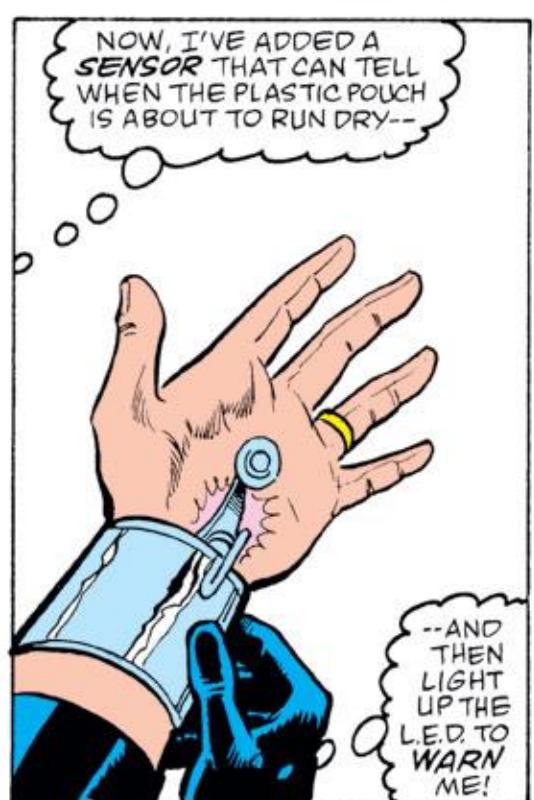


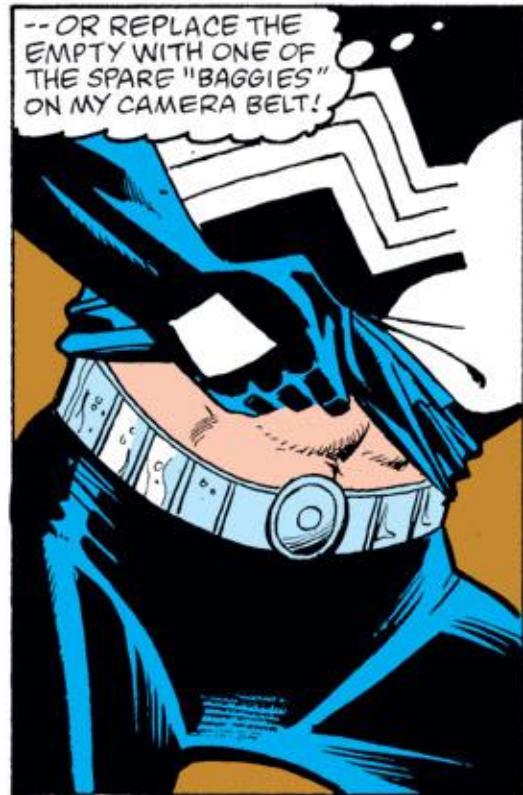
SAVUK - ABEL

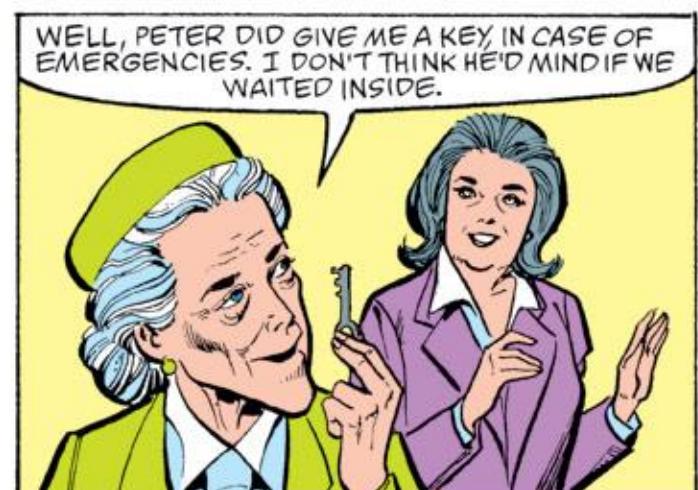
Stan Lee
PRESENTS: THE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN®

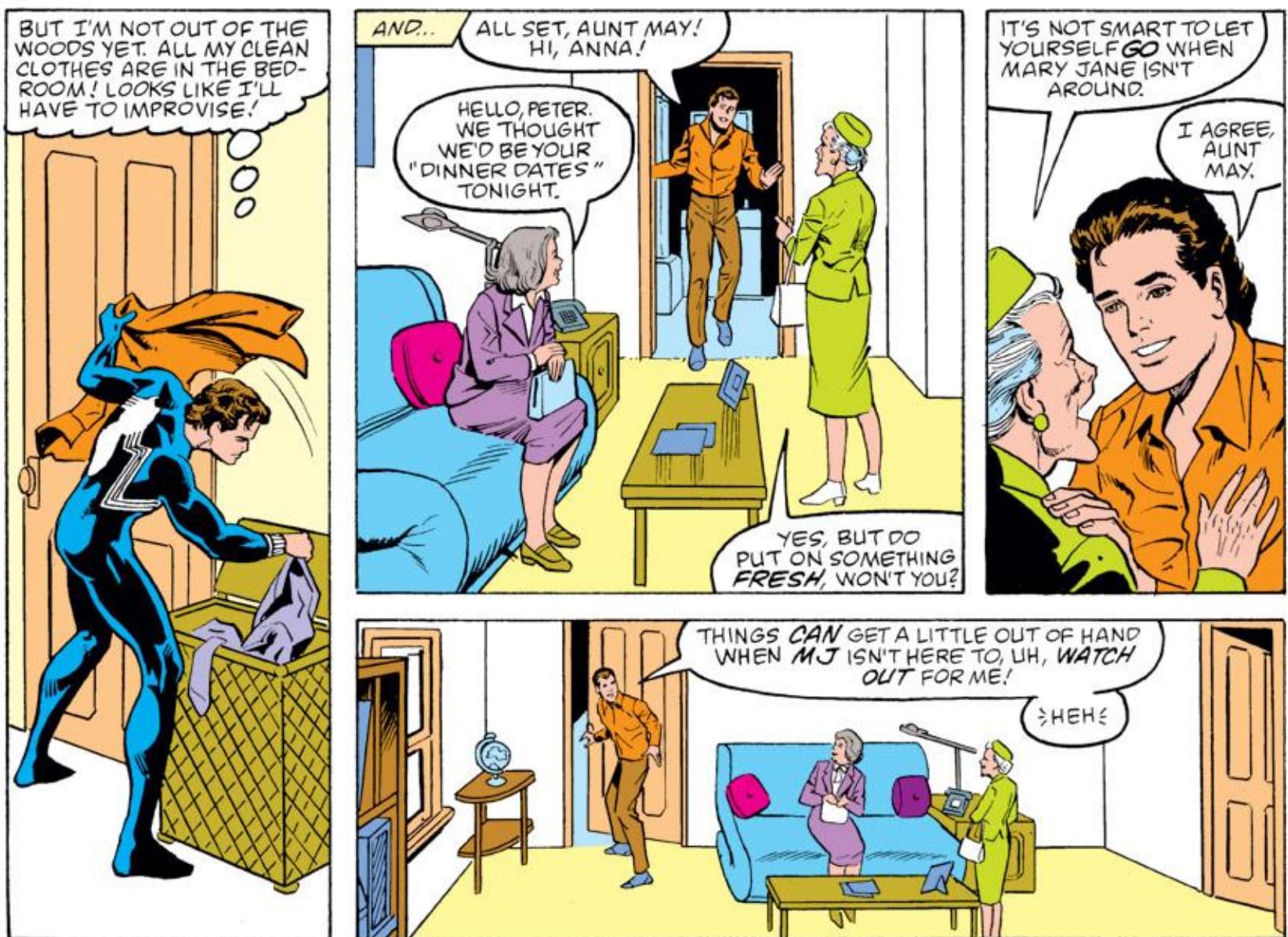
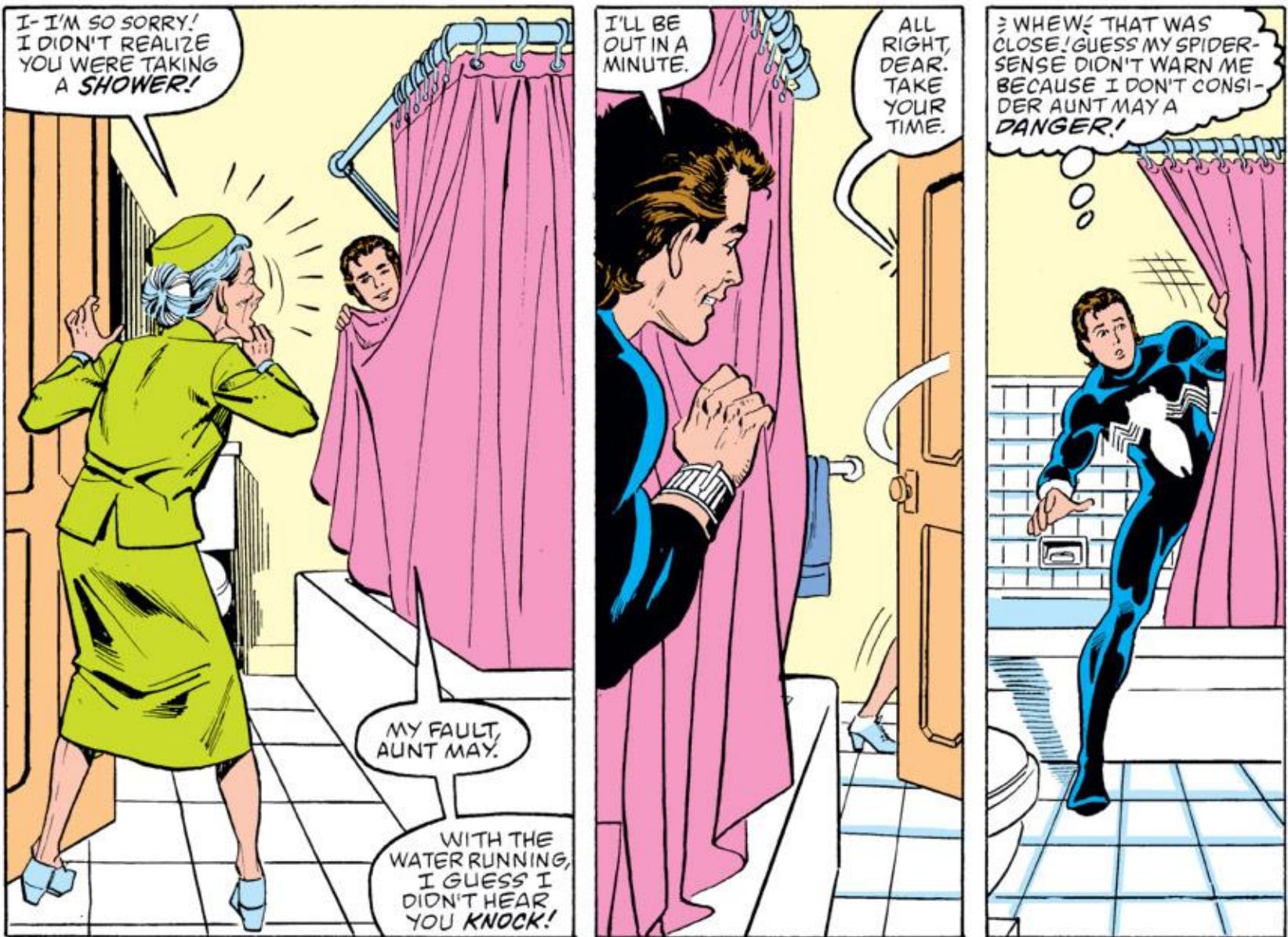


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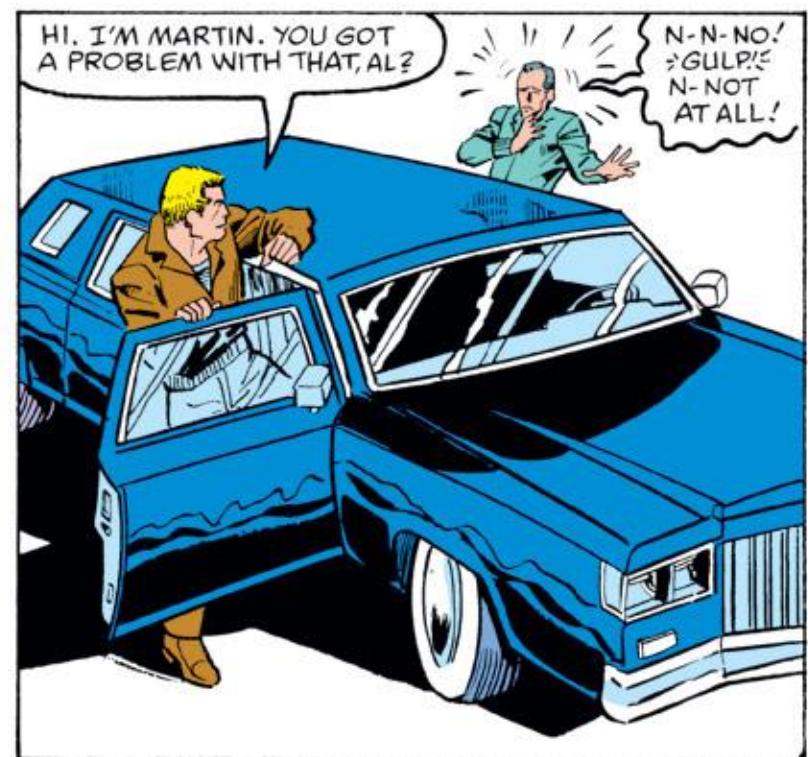
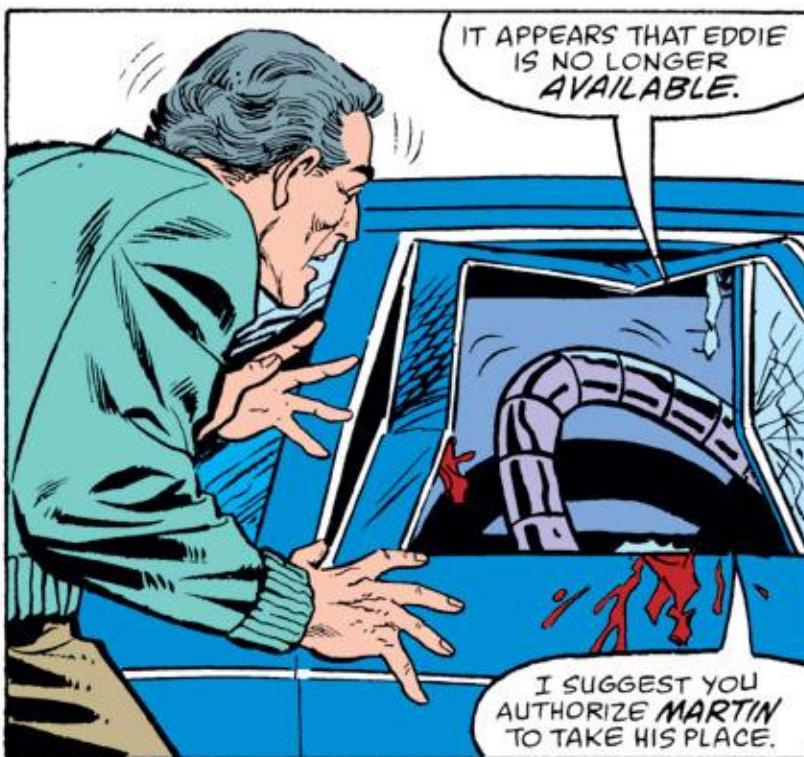
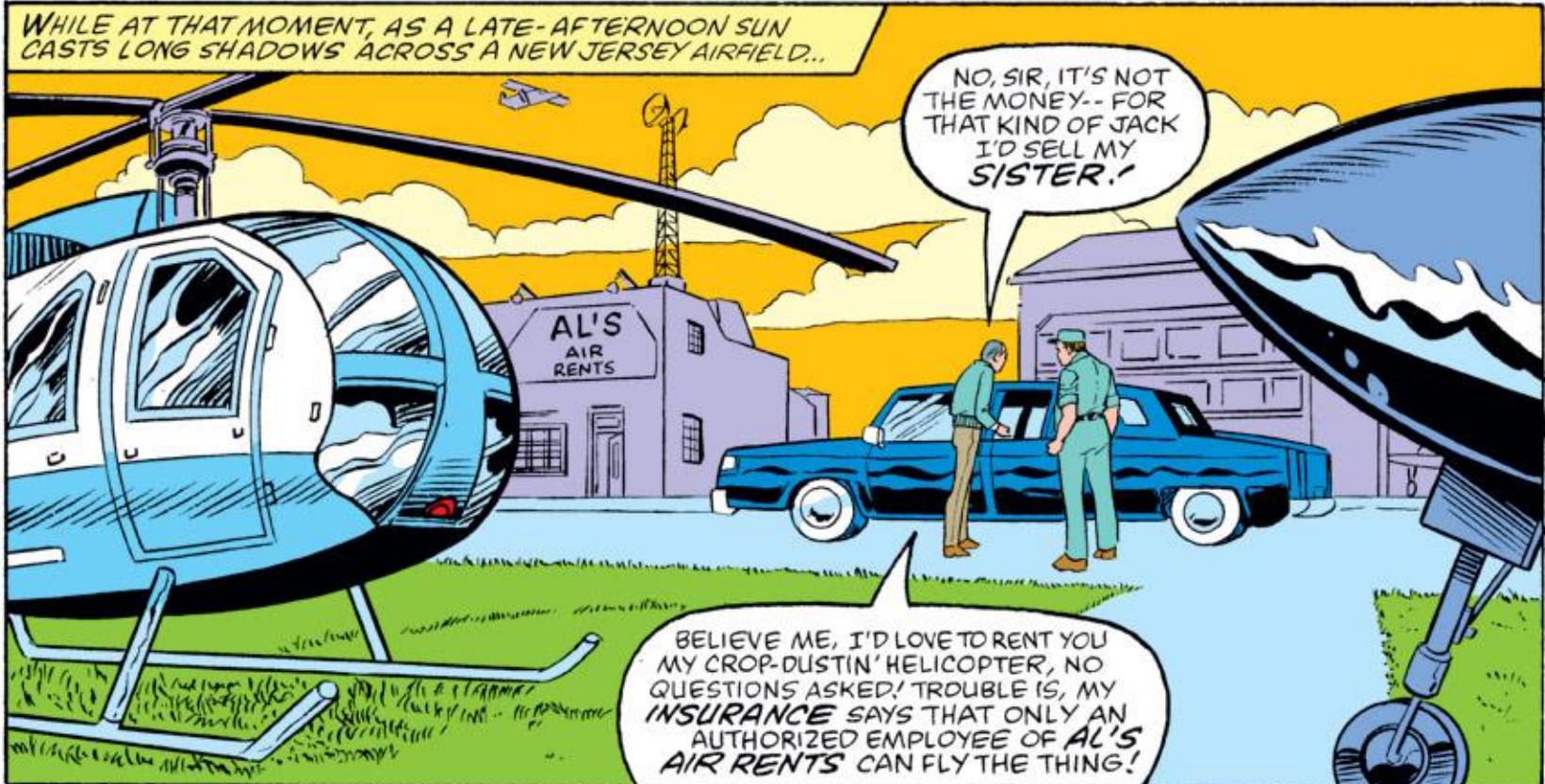




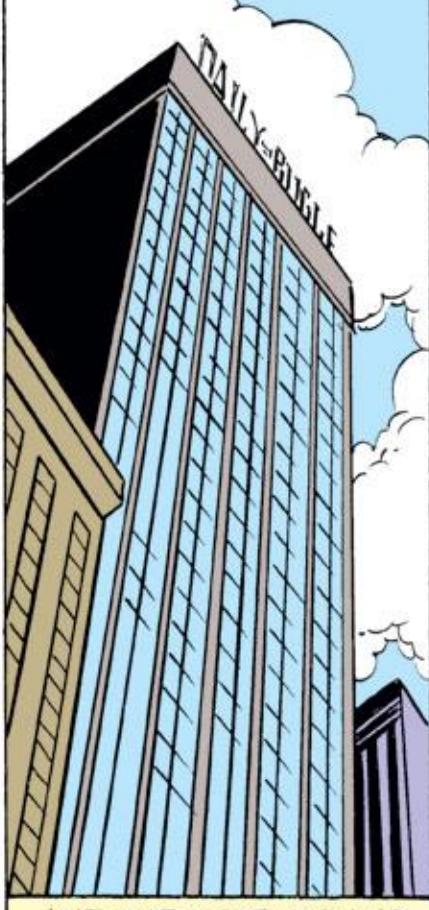




WHILE AT THAT MOMENT, AS A LATE-AFTERNOON SUN CASTS LONG SHADOWS ACROSS A NEW JERSEY AIRFIELD...



NIGHT PASSES QUIETLY--
THOUGH A CERTAIN NEW
JERSEY BUSINESSMAN
NAMED AL GETS LITTLE
SLEEP.



AND THE NEXT MORNING,
AT THE MIDTOWN
HEADQUARTERS OF NEW YORK'S
PREMIERE DAILY NEWSPAPER--

-- AS PETER PARKER LOOKS FOR
PHOTO ASSIGNMENTS...

DINNER WAS GREAT, AND EVEN
GREATER, ANNA AND AUNT MAY
PICKED UP THE TAB! BUYING
THE MATERIALS FOR MY NEW
WEB-SHOOTERS DROPPED MY
CHECKING ACCOUNT SO LOW--



GEE, PETER, YOU
CERTAINLY LOOK
CHIPPER TODAY.

WHO DIED?

SORRY
IF I'M NOT
ALL SMILES,
JOY.

GOT THE
"LONG
GREEN"
BLUES
AGAIN.



REALLY? BUT YOU'VE BEEN WORKING.
I SAW THE SHOTS YOU TOOK AT THE
SOUTH BROOKLYN PSYCHIATRIC FACILITY,
THE ONES OF SPIDER-MAN TRYING TO
STOP DOCTOR OCTOPUS FROM
GETTING AWAY. * THEY WERE TERRIFIC!
WISH I'D BEEN THERE TO FILE THE
STORY!

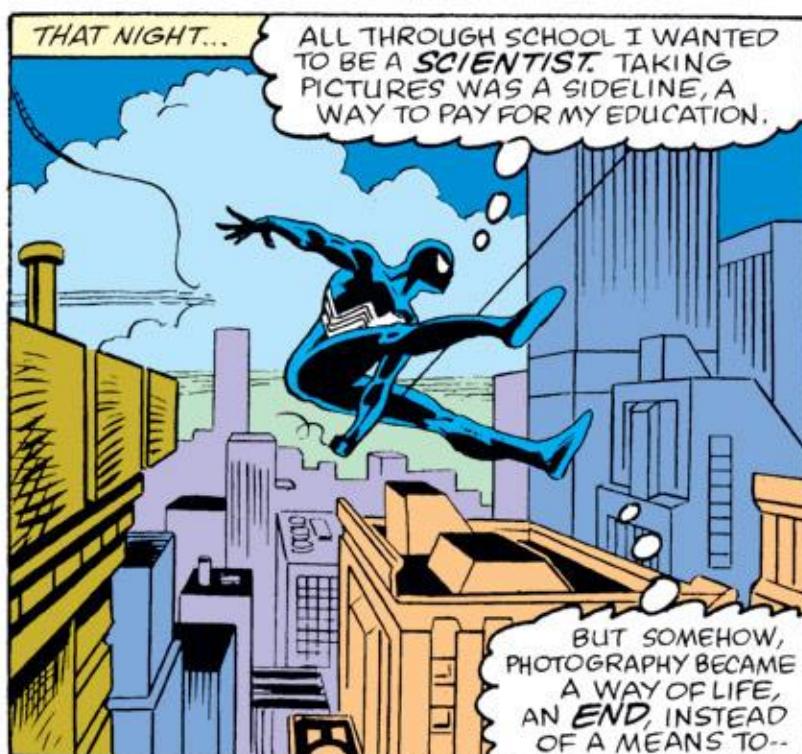


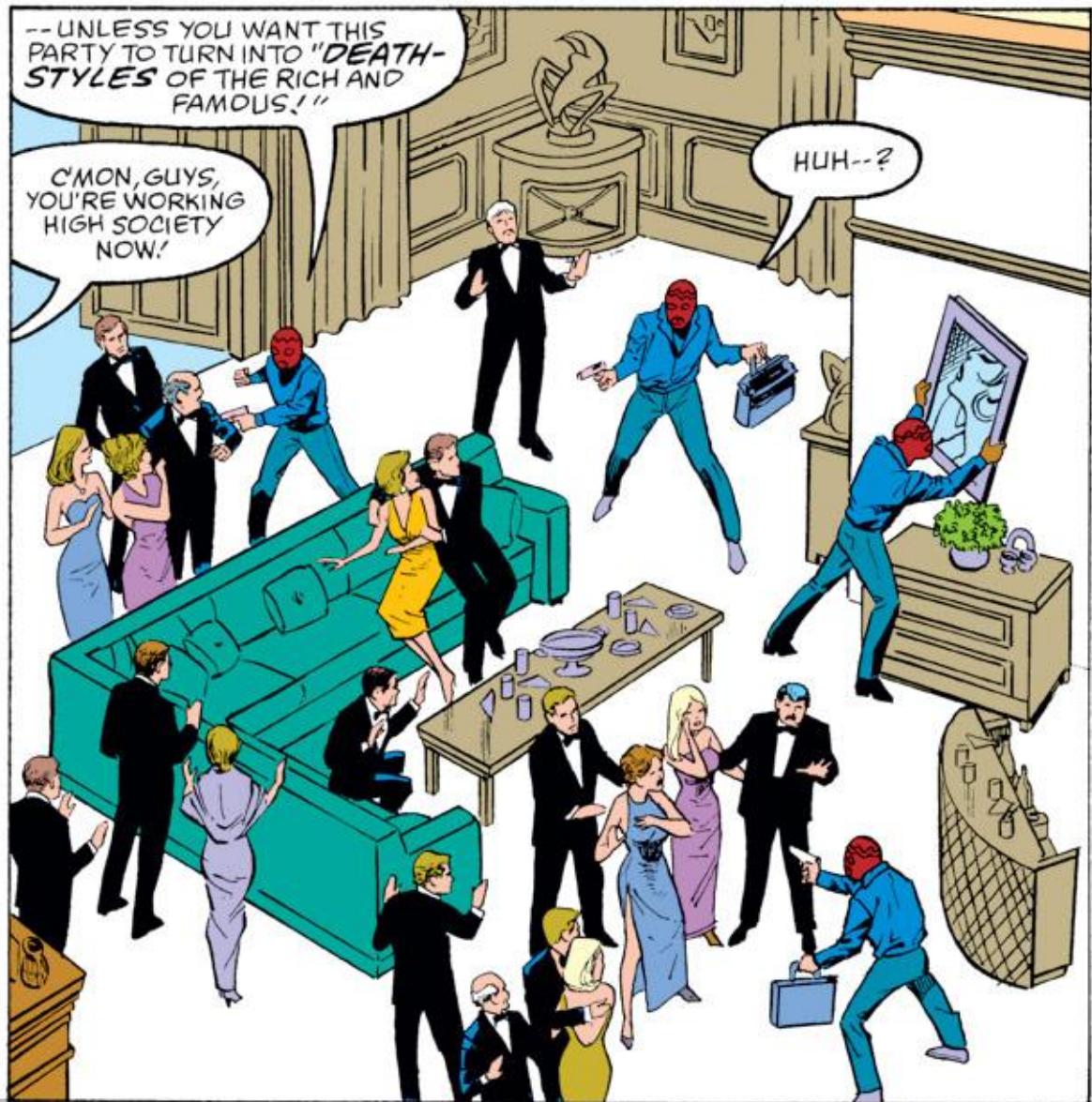
C'MON, HANDSOME,
I CHECKED WITH THE
BUGLE'S SOCIETY
EDITOR--YOUR BLUSHING
BRIDE BRINGS
HOME MORE BACON
THAN OSCAR MAYER!



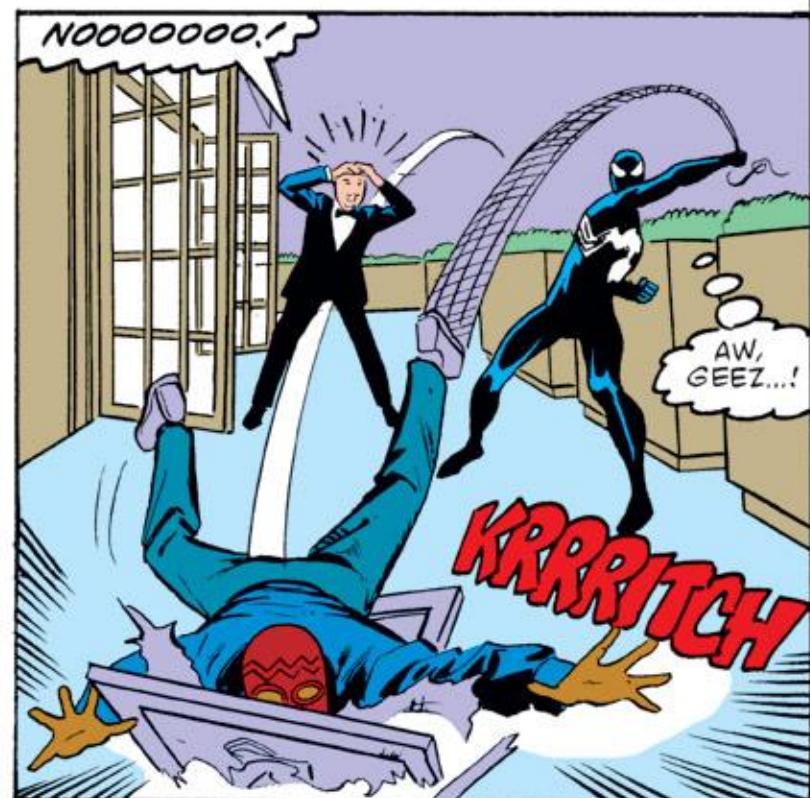
WHOOPS! GOTTA RUN! I HEARD THAT A
LABOR RIOT WAS ABOUT TO ERUPT DOWN
AT CITY HALL, AND I DON'T WANT TO
BE LATE!



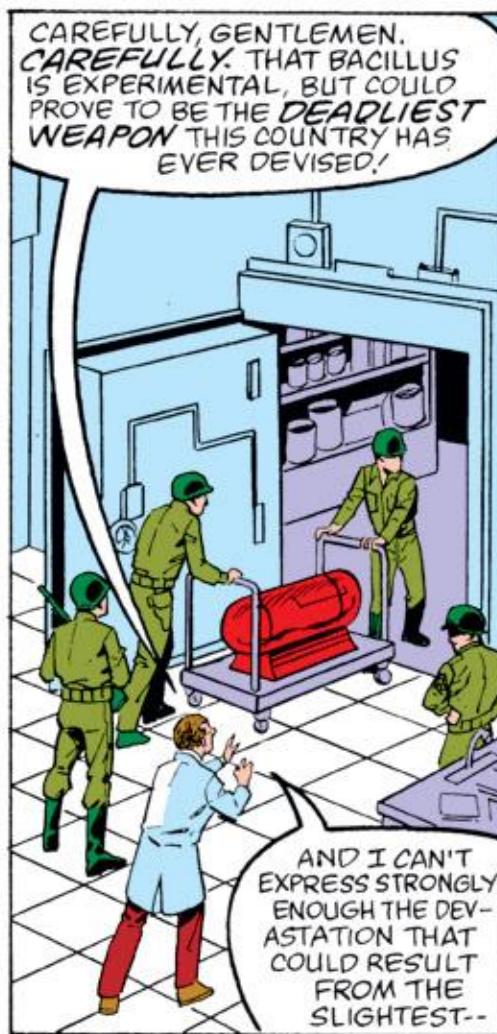
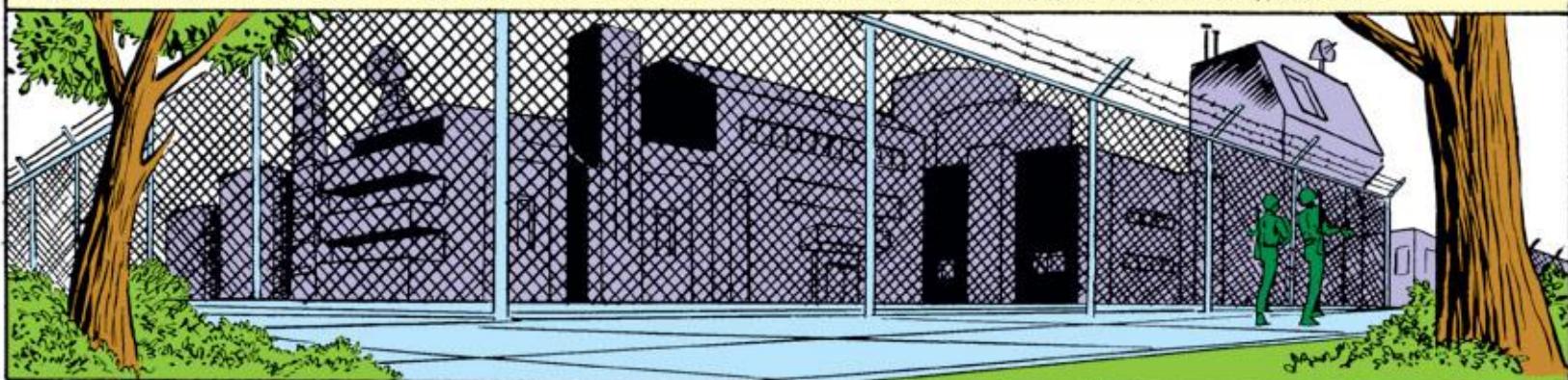


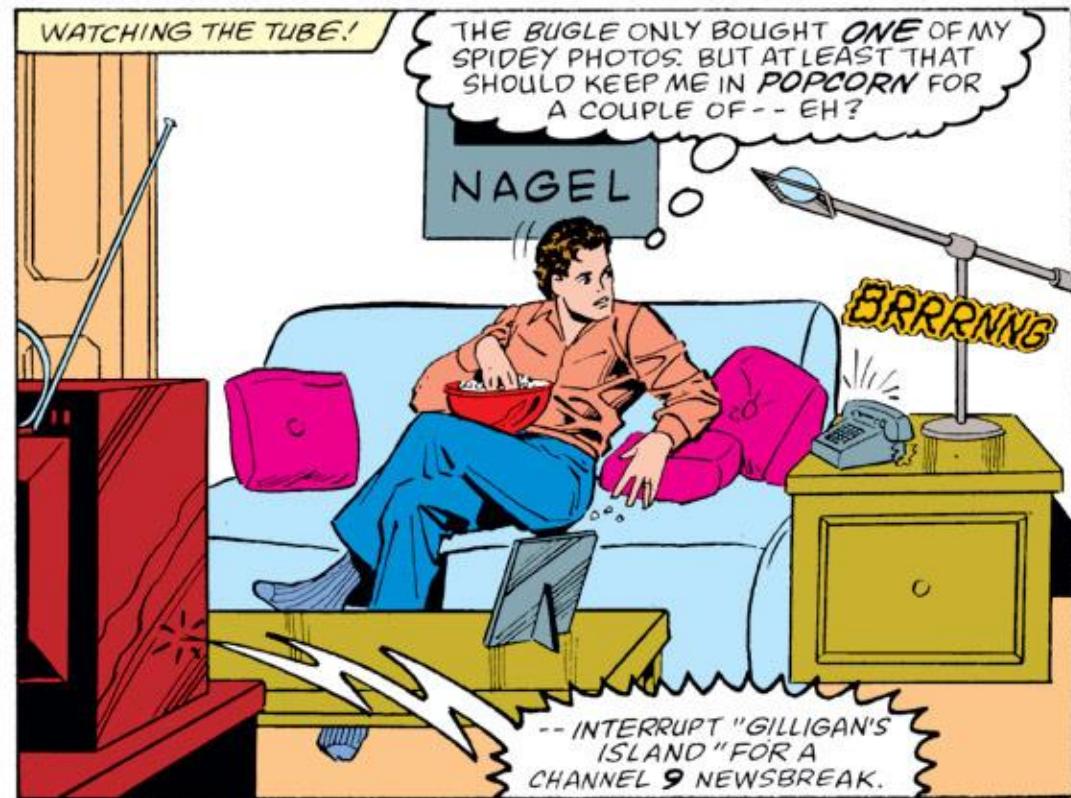
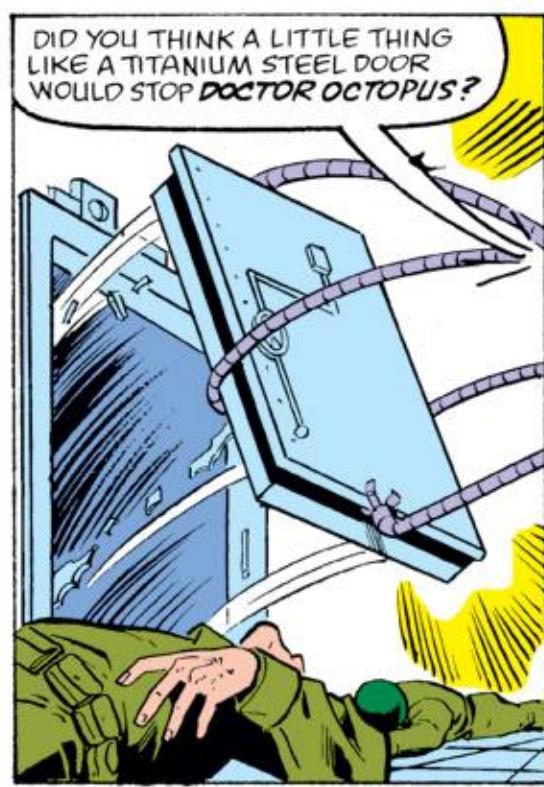
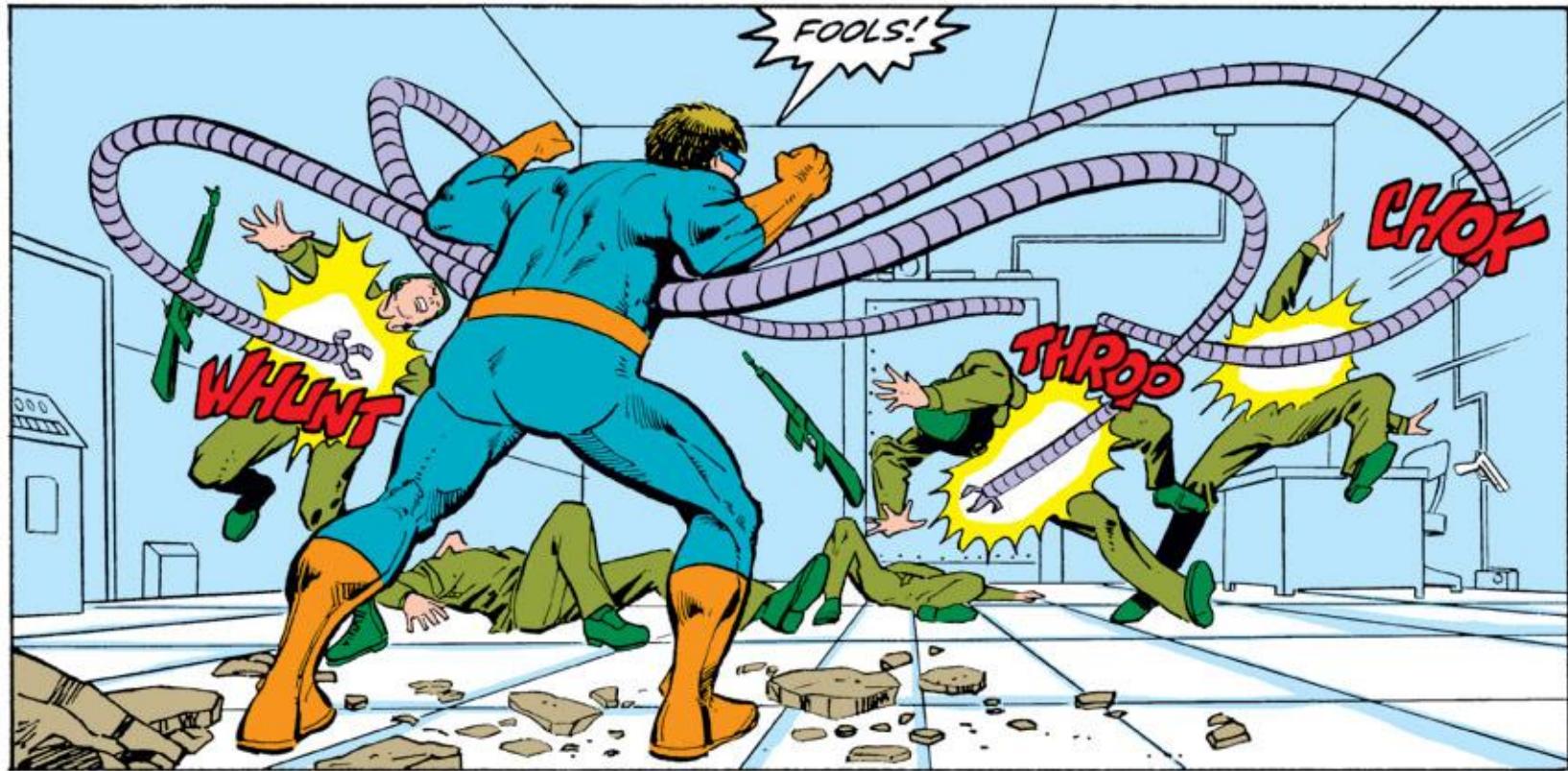


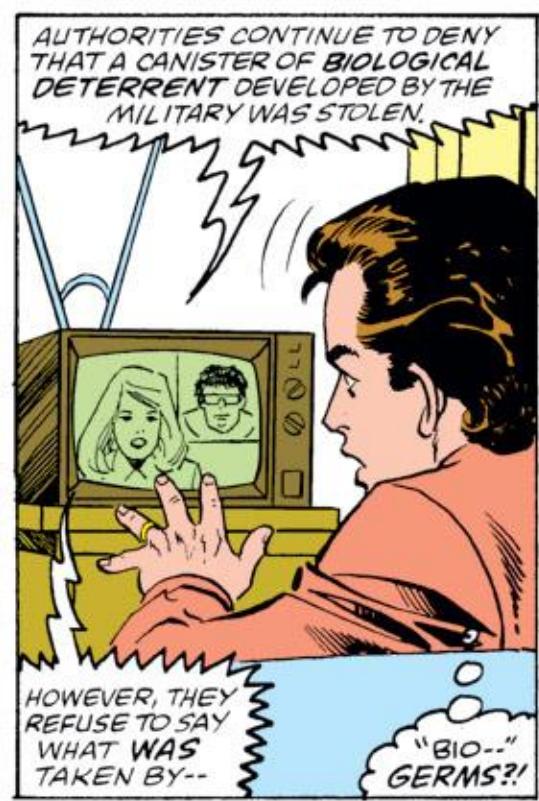




HOWEVER, HAD SPIDER-MAN BEEN WORKING AT A CERTAIN HIGHLY-SECURED MILITARY LAB ON LONG ISLAND, HE WOULDN'T HAVE NEEDED TO LOOK FOR DOCTOR OCTOPUS. FOR THAT METAL-ARMED MADMAN--







EASY TO SAY--
DIFFICULT TO
DO!

FOR THE NEXT 20 HOURS, IN THE SHADOW OF A HUMAN
CATASTROPHE THAT COULD ECLIPSE WAR ITSELF, SPIDER-
MAN SEARCHES, HIS DESPERATION STEADILY GROWING.

HE ASKS
QUESTIONS.
OFTEN, HIS
SUBJECTS
ARE
RELUCTANT
TO ANSWER.



UNTIL AT LAST HE HAS ENOUGH
THREADS TO WEAVE A PATTERN,
A TAPESTRY OF CLUES THAT
FORMS A SINGLE WORD:

"OCTOPUS!"

I KNOW
WHERE YOU
ARE, YOU
MANIAC!

AND I'M
COMING TO
GET YOU!



THE WORLD TRADE CENTER:
NOT NORMALLY A LOCATION ONE
WOULD THINK OF WHEN SEEKING
A GANG-LAND HIDEOUT.



BUT THEN, FEW WOULD CONSIDER
THE CURRENT SITUATION--

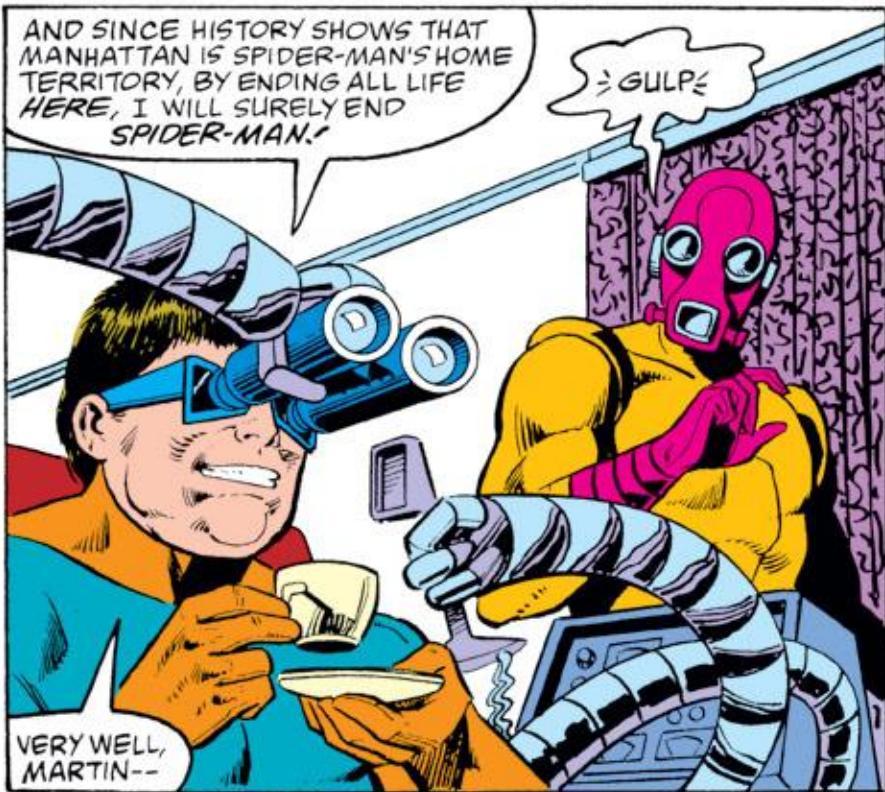
--NORMAL!
WORRY NOT, GENTLEMEN!
EVEN IF YOUR ENVIRONMENT
SUITS WERE TO FAIL, THIS
SUITE IS SPECIALLY SEALED.
THE BACILLUS WON'T
HARM US.



THE CATATONIA THAT SPIDER-MAN
INDUCES IN ME BY HIS MERE PRESENCE
IS IMPEDED MY BRILLIANT CRIMINAL
CAREER! THEREFORE, I MUST SEE
THAT SUCH INTERFERENCE STOPS!



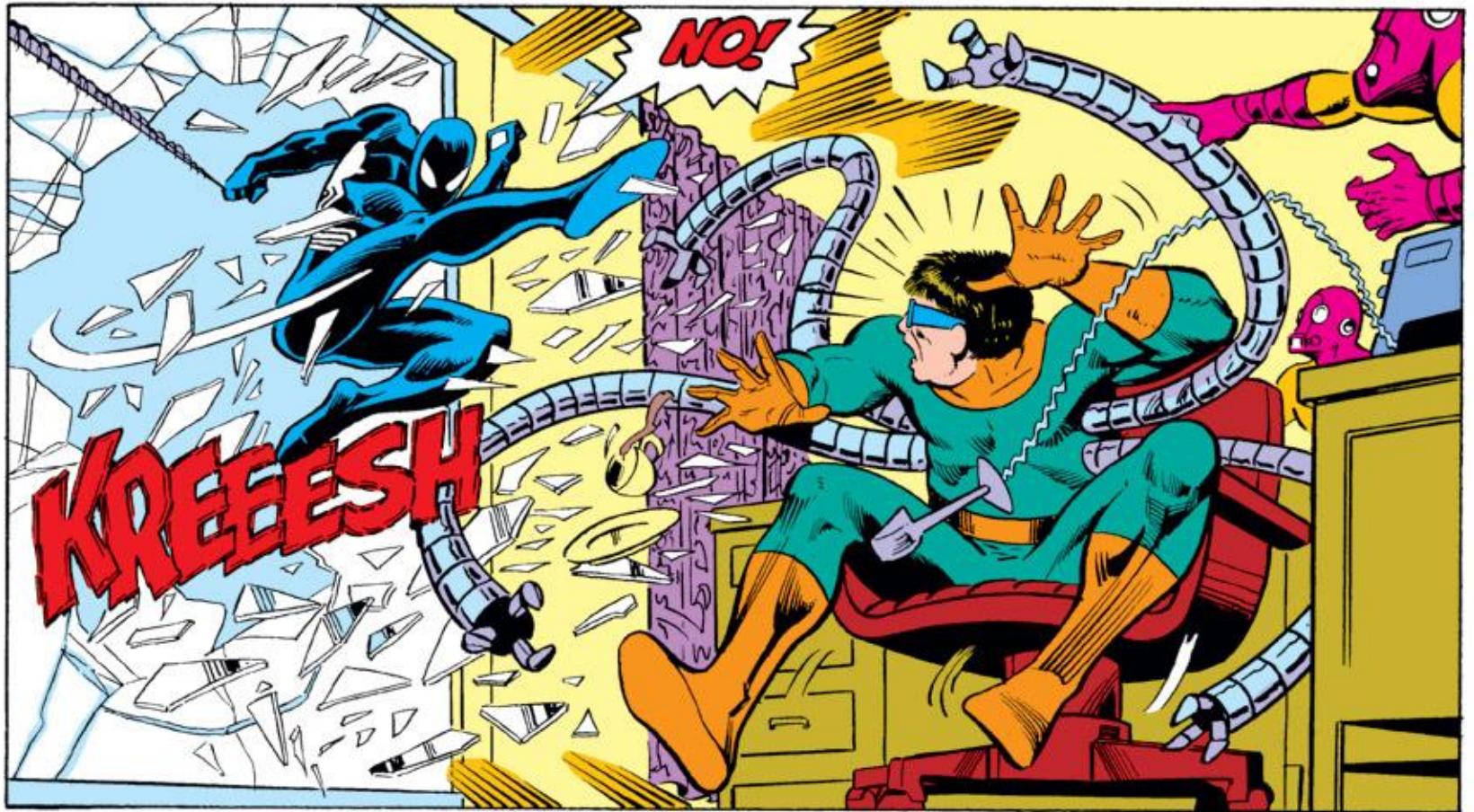
AND SINCE HISTORY SHOWS THAT
MANHATTAN IS SPIDER-MAN'S HOME
TERRITORY, BY ENDING ALL LIFE
HERE, I WILL SURELY END
SPIDER-MAN.

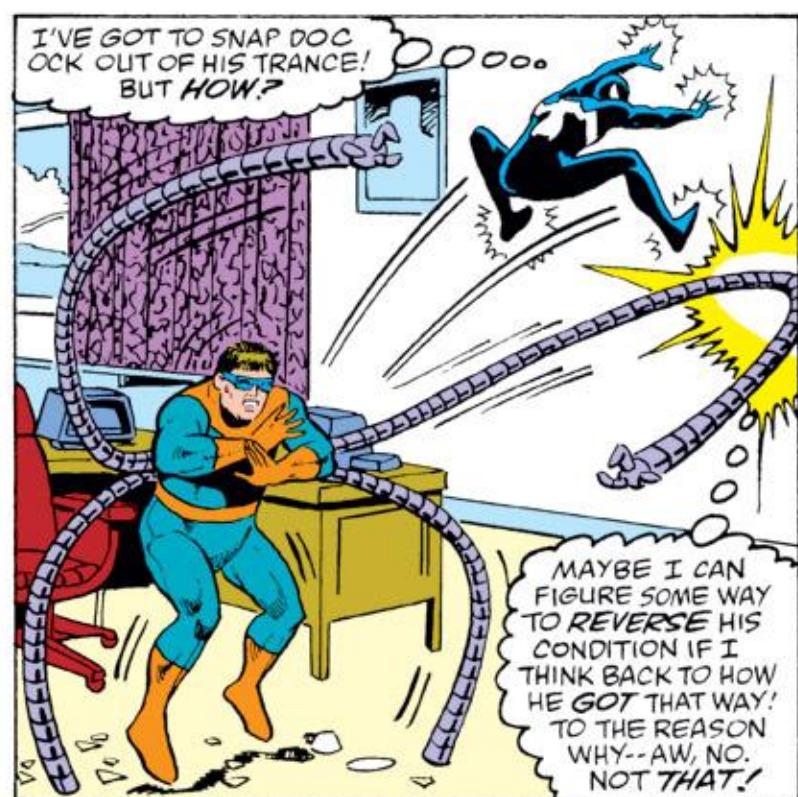
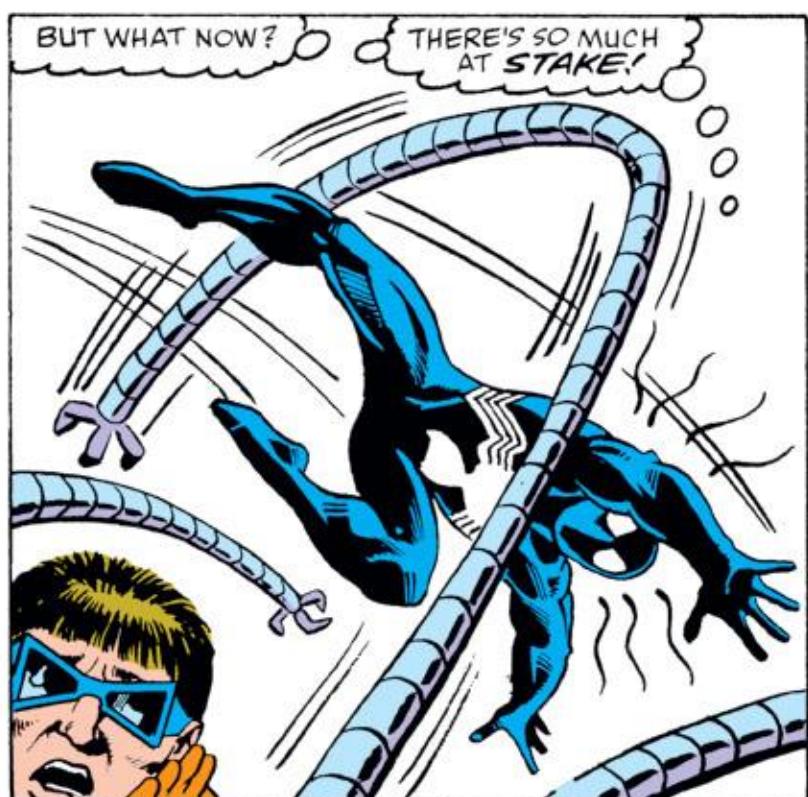
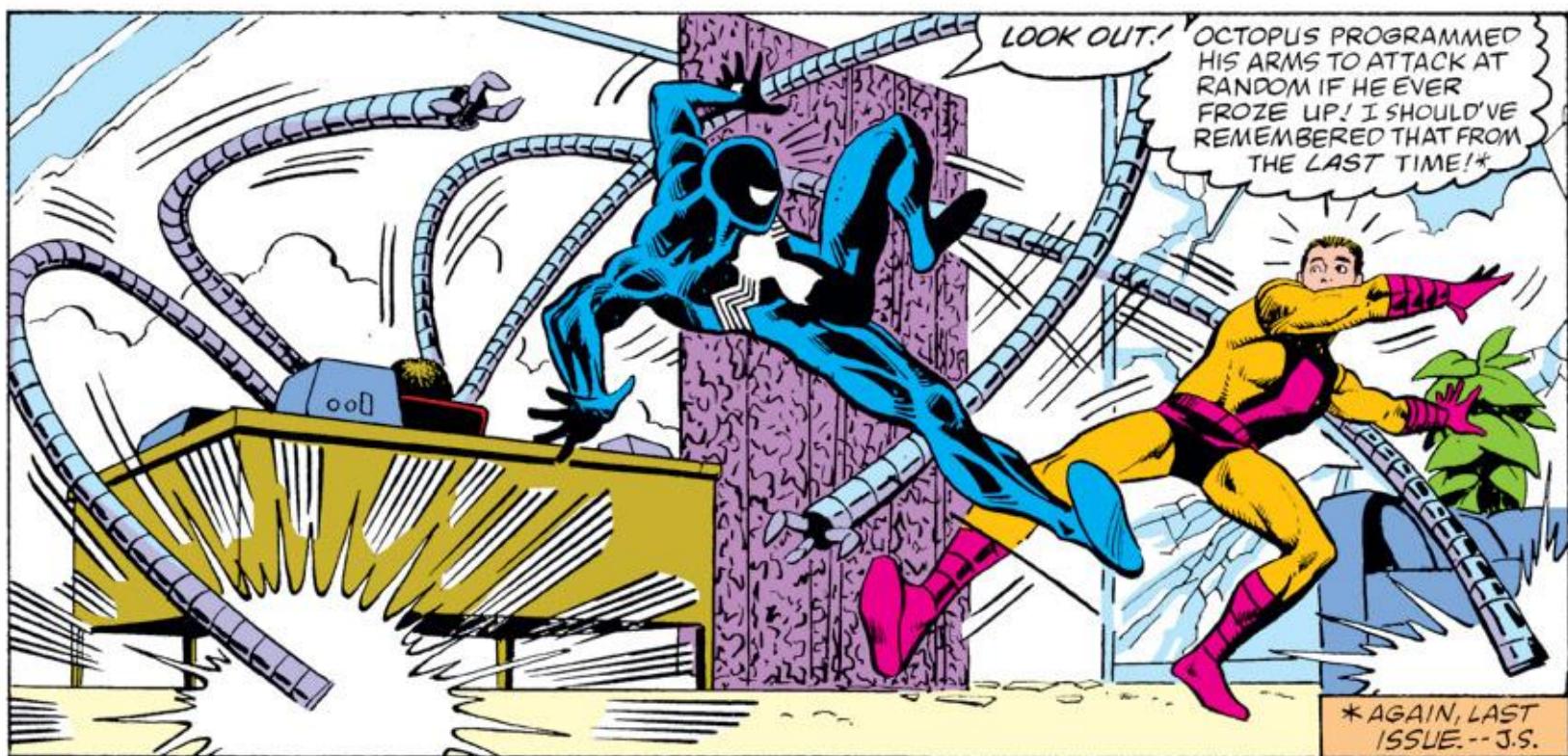


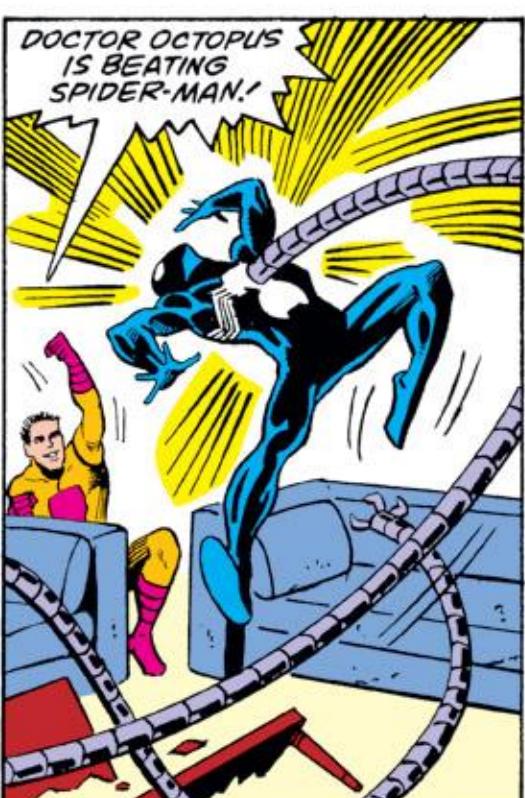
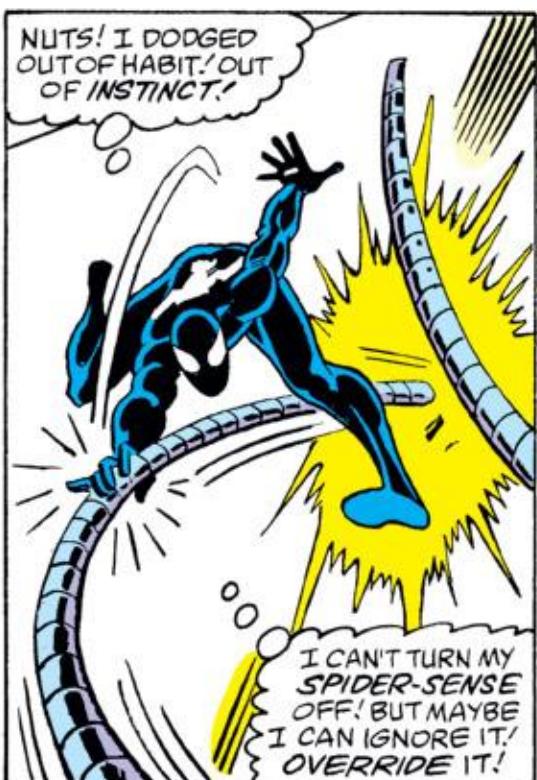
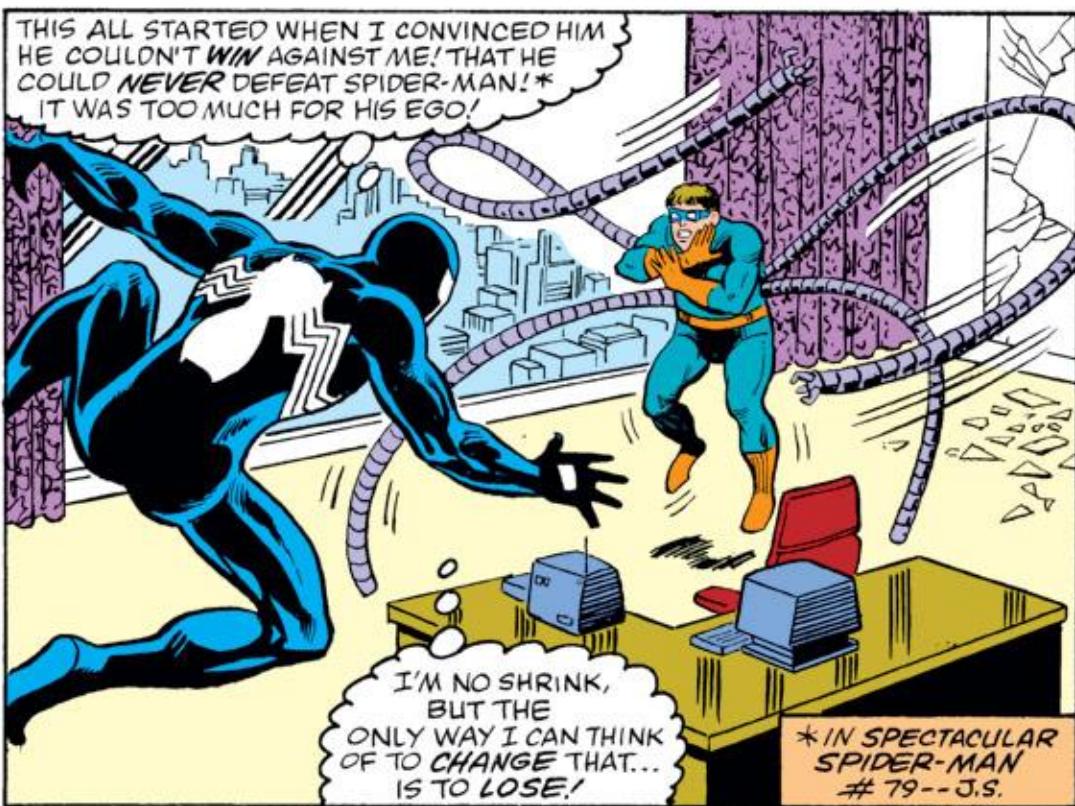
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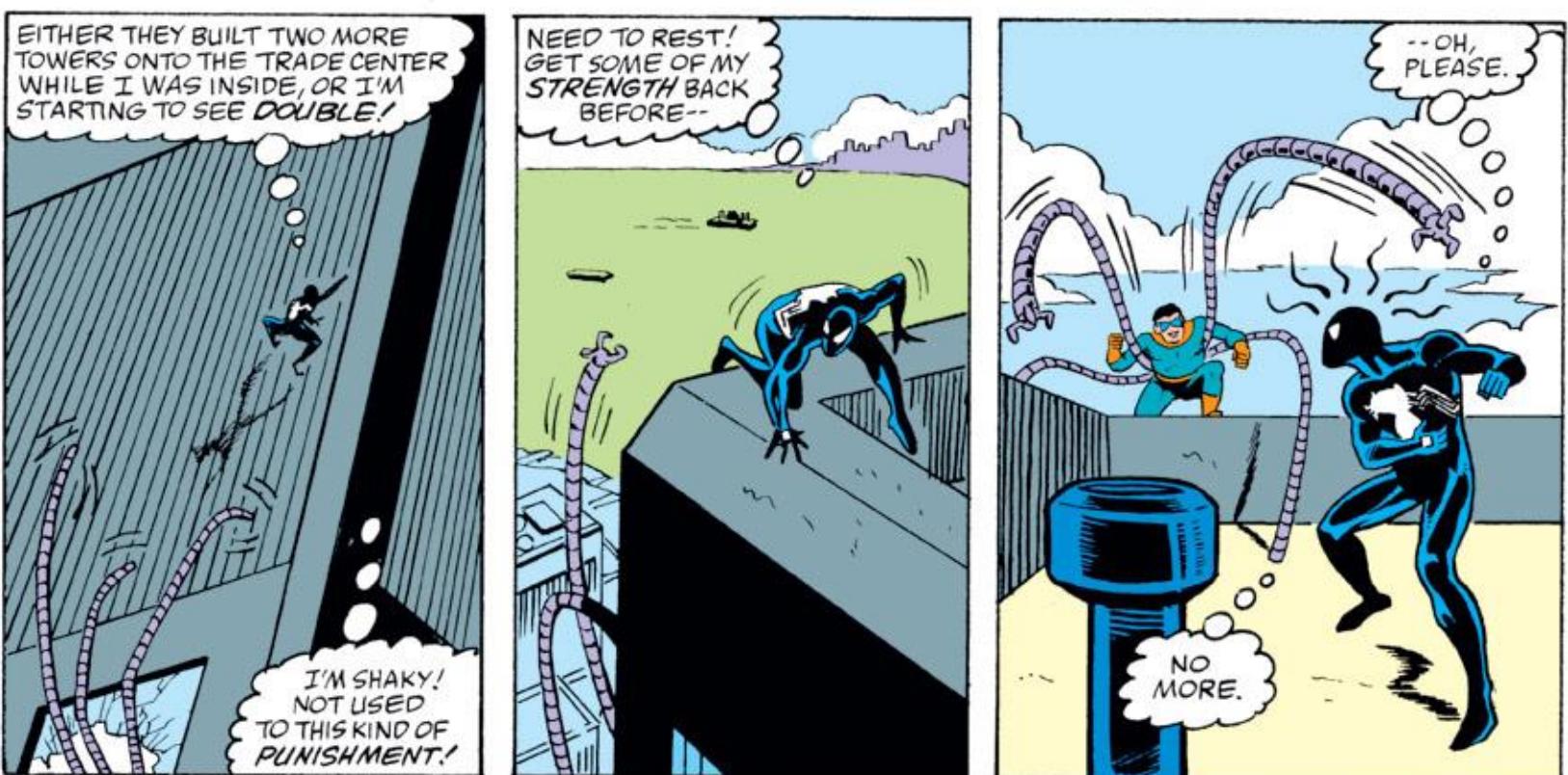
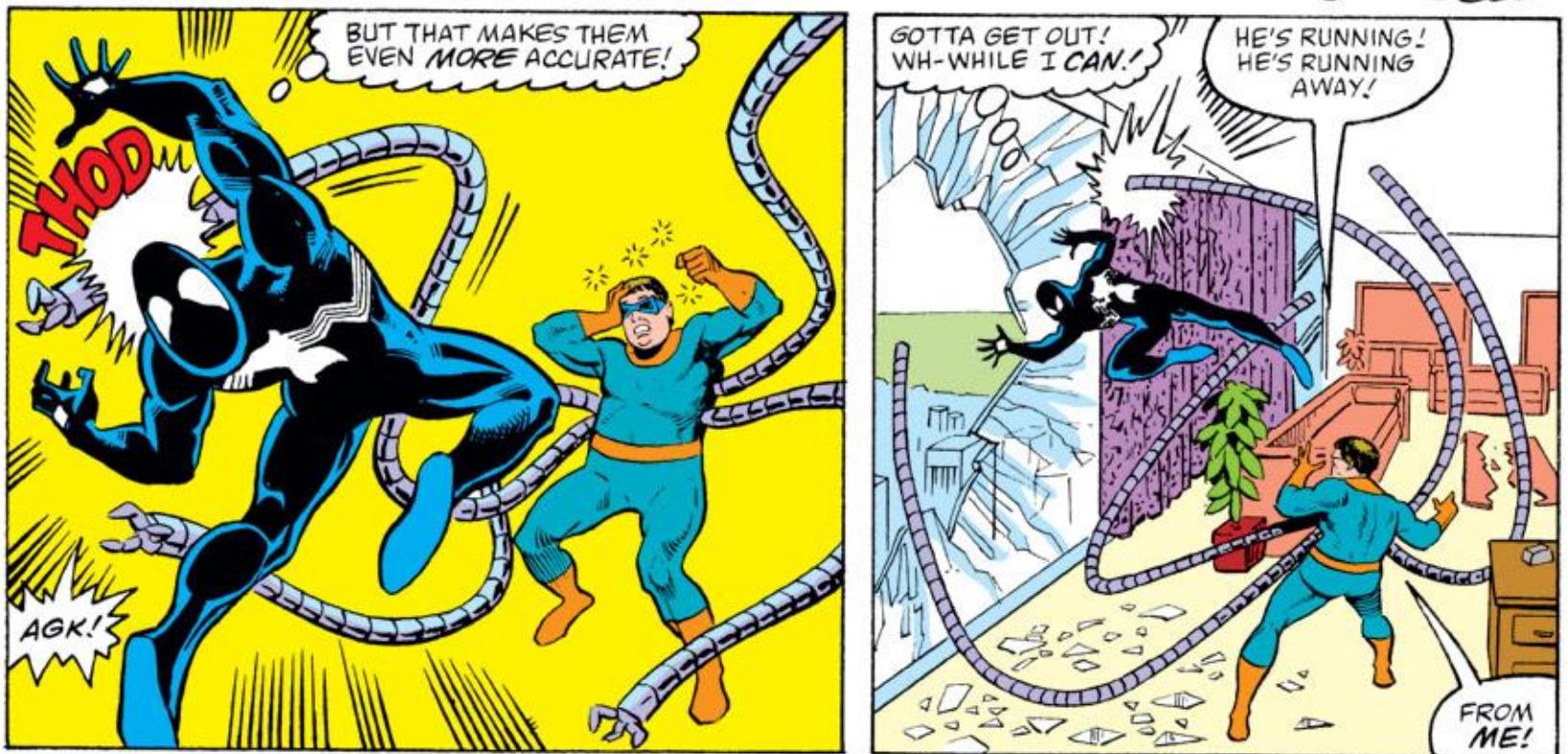
--YOU MAY BRING THE HELICOPTER.
WHEN YOU REACH THE TIP OF
MANHATTAN, BEGIN SPRAYING
THE BACILLUS! ACTIVATION
CODE--

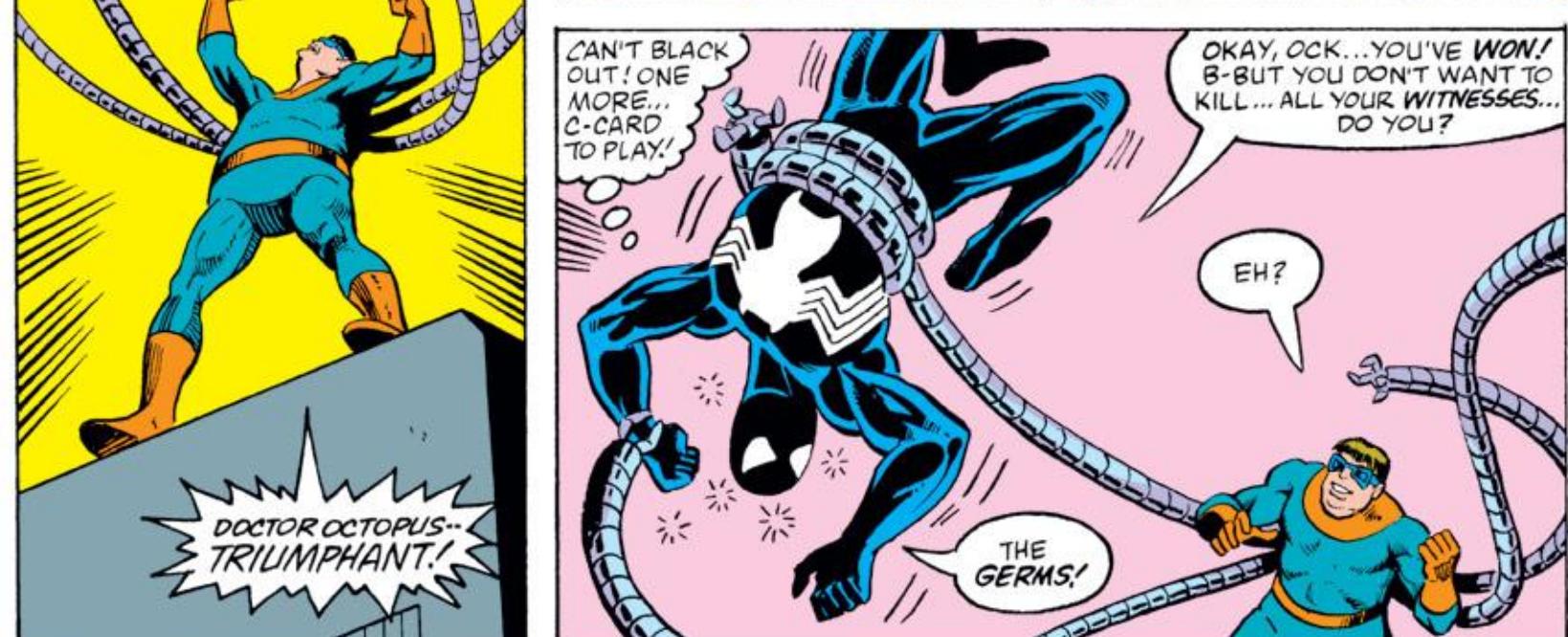
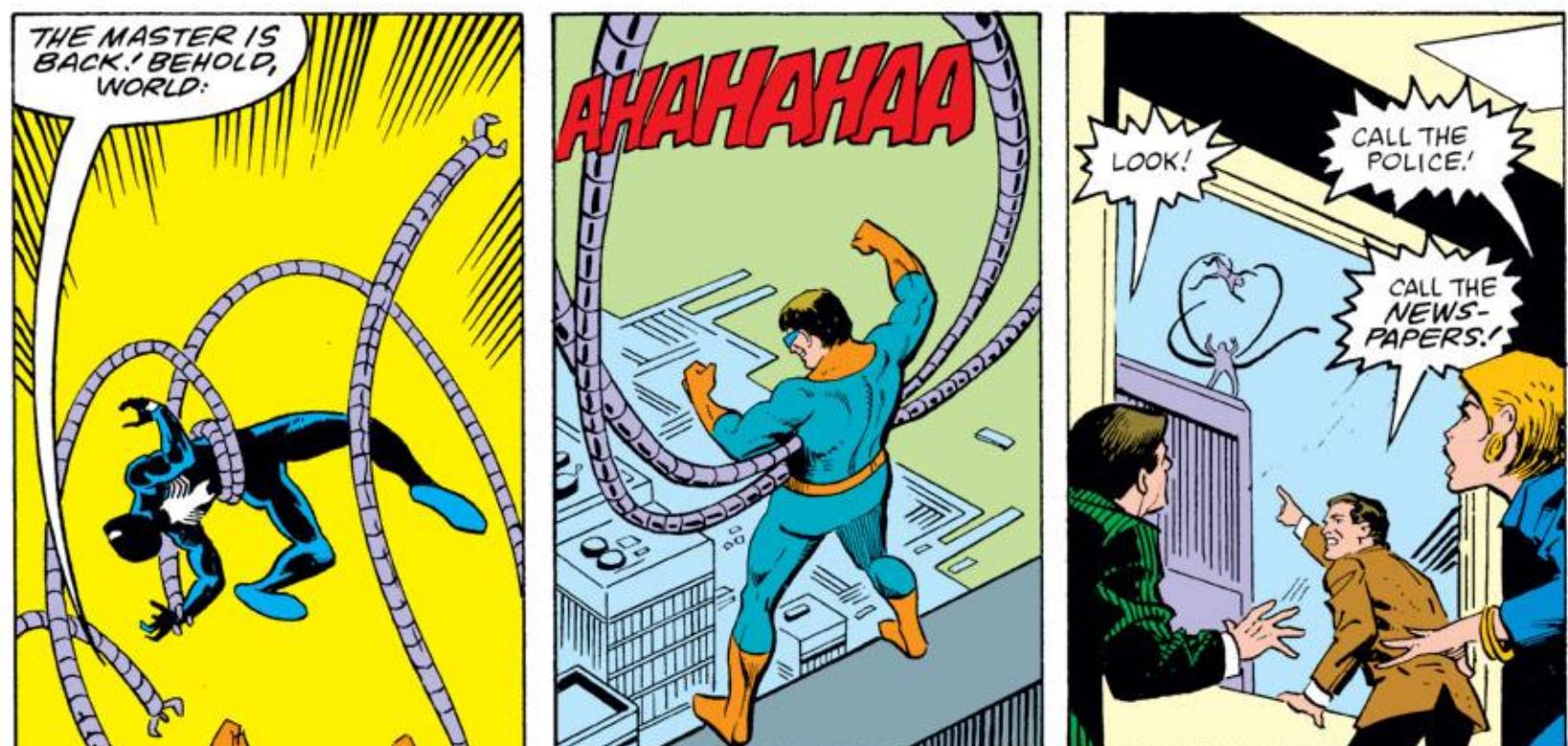
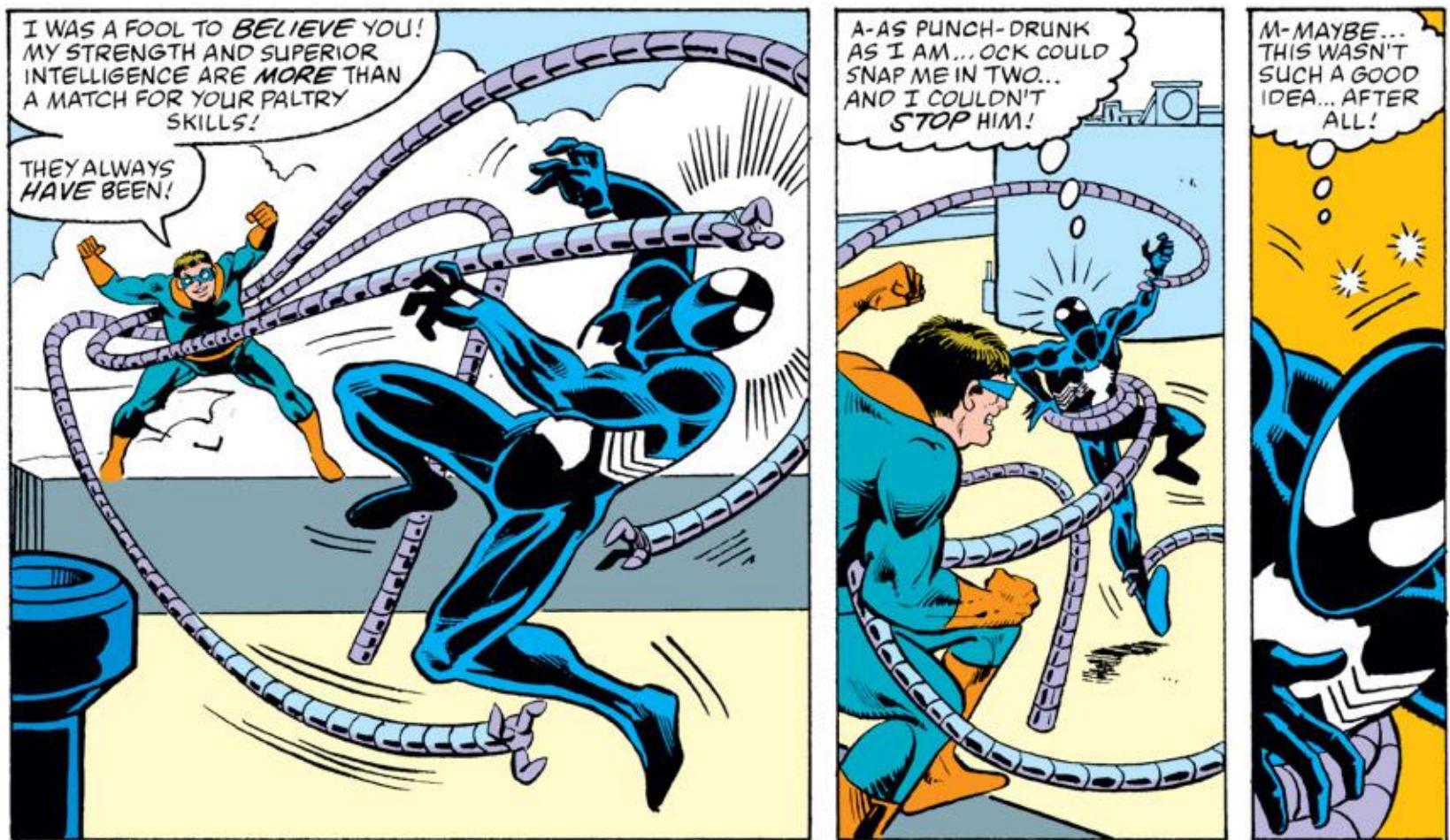














AND SO, MOMENTS LATER AT 410 CHELSEA STREET...

