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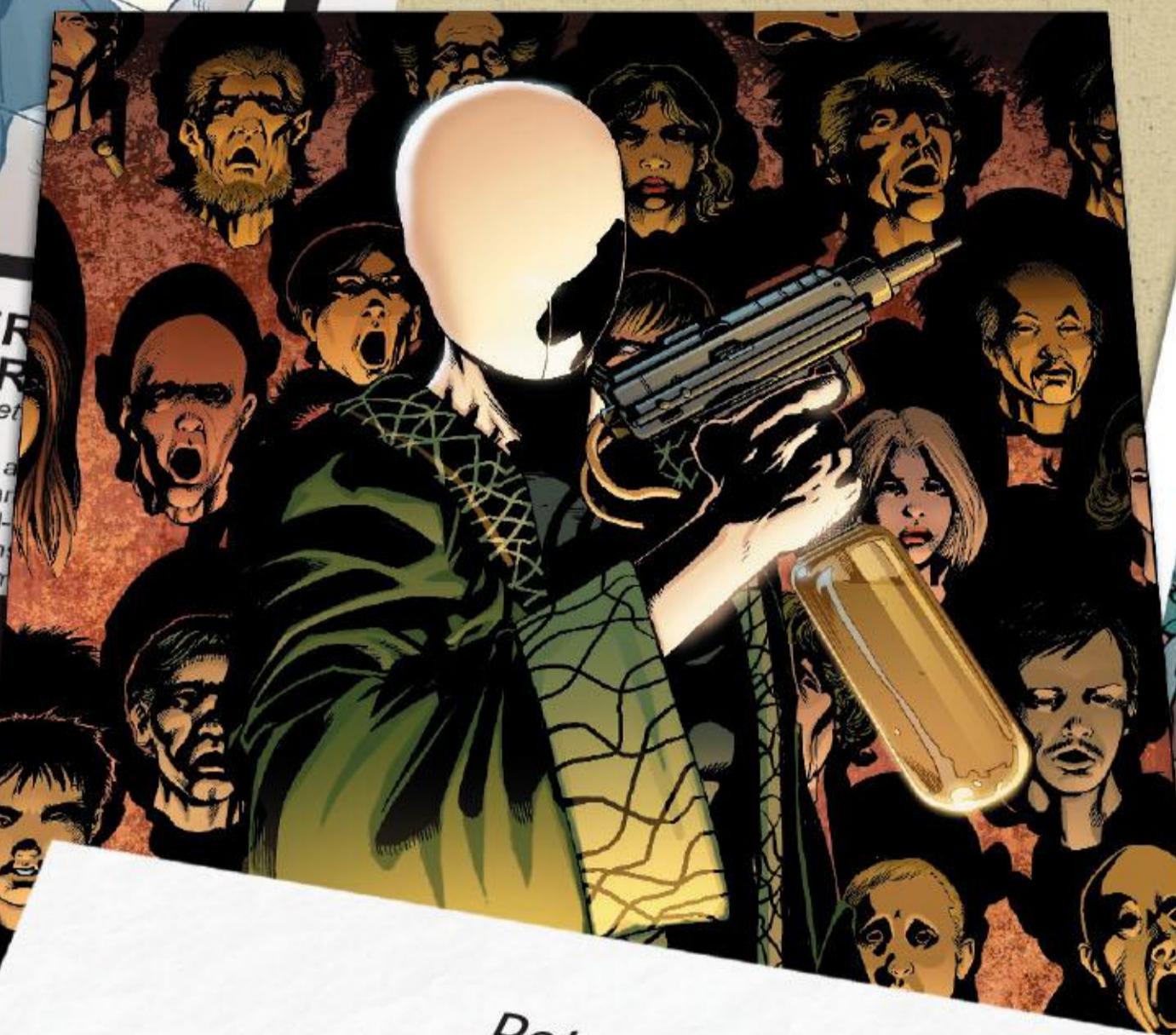
the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN



the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN

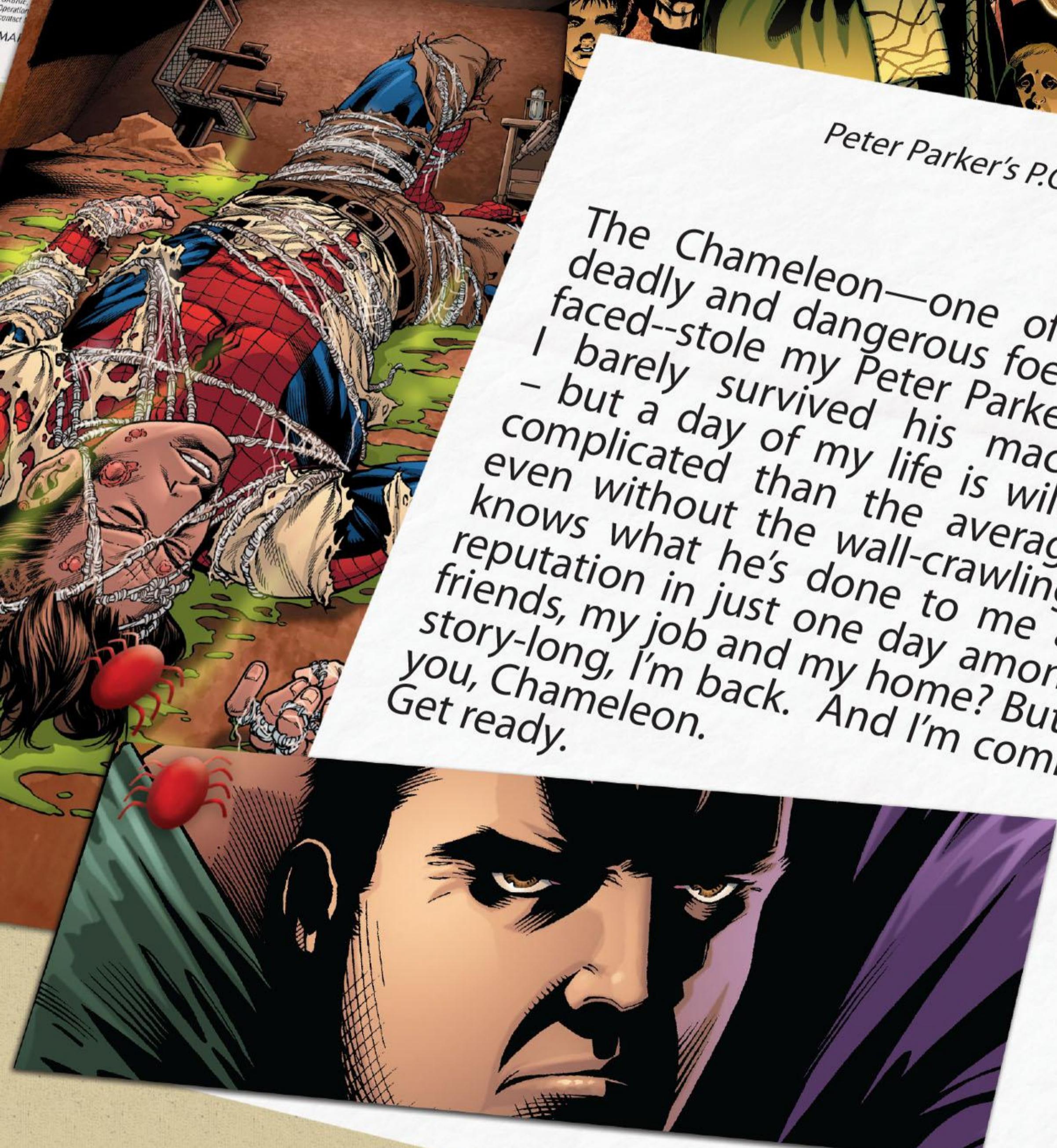


Mayor J. Jonah Jameson. Yes, THE J. Jonah Jameson is mayor of New York. How did it happen? When we last saw Jonah J., he was recovering from a heart attack and wondering what to do with his life now that his wife, Maria, sold the Daily Bugle out from under him to the king of slimeball journalism, Dexter Bennett. How did he turn it all around? Spidey couldn't tell you—he and the FF were busy quelling civil unrest in the Macroverse, a dimension who's time stream so differs from our own that a short mission cost them two months on Earth! And everyone knows two months in the life of Peter Parker, ANYTHING can change—when Peter begrudgingly unmasked to the Fantastic Four. But the big problem remains clear—J. Jonah Jameson, former Stalin-esque boss to Peter Parker.



Peter Parker's P.O.V.

The Chameleon—one of the most deadly and dangerous foes I've ever faced—stole my Peter Parker identity. I barely survived his machinations—but a day of my life is wildly more complicated than the average guy's, even without the wall-crawling. Who knows what he's done to me and my reputation in just one day amongst my friends, my job and my home? But shorter-story-long, I'm back. And I'm coming for you, Chameleon. Get ready.



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GALE GUGGENHEIM,
KELLY, SLOTT,
VAN LENTE, WAID
& WELLS
Web-heads

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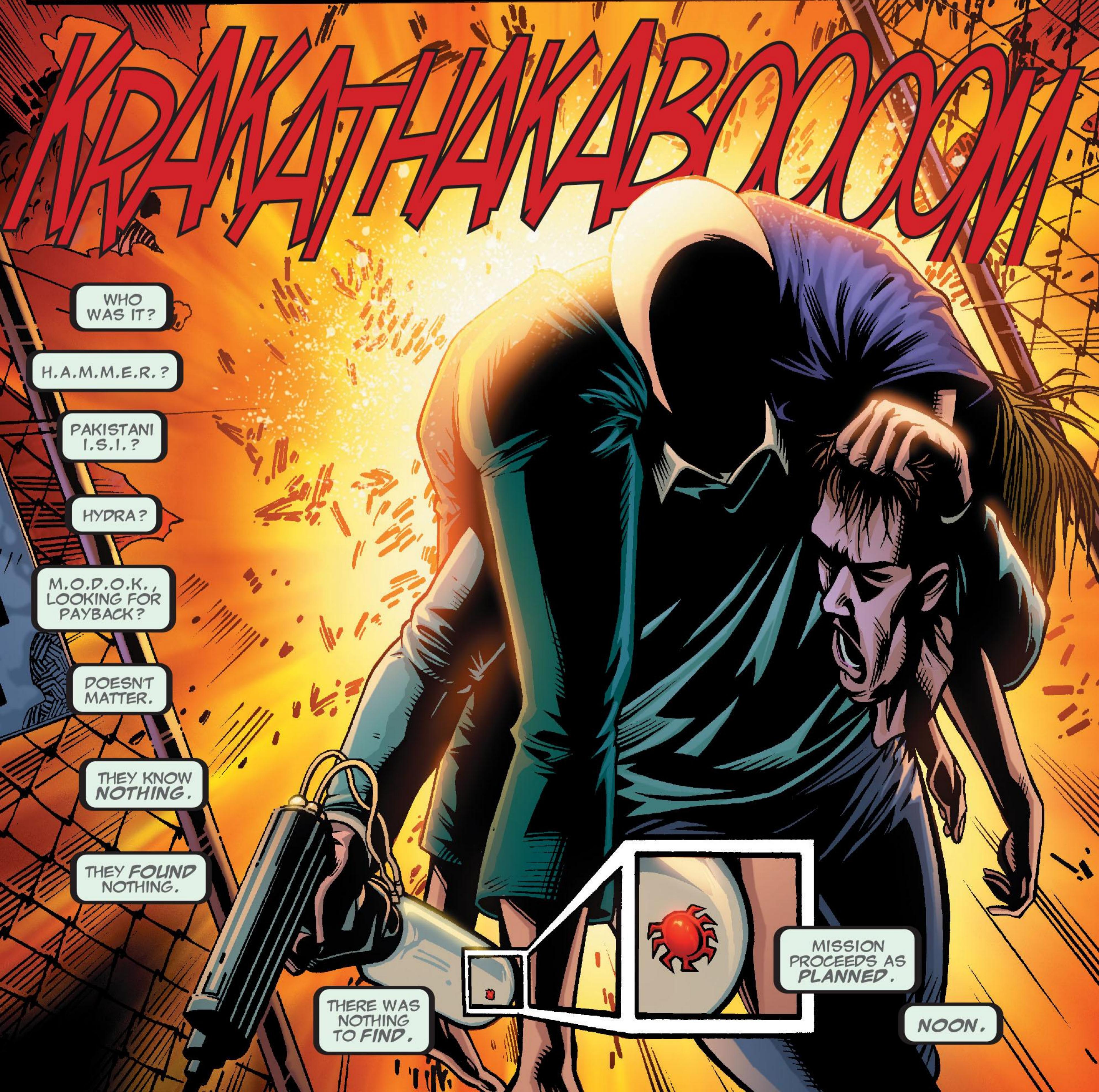


LAIR IS COMPROMISED.

PROCEDURE IS CLEAR.

CUT LOSSES.

BLEEP

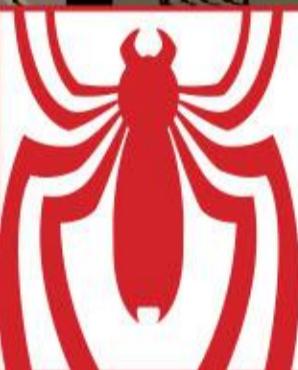


11:10 A.M.

THWCK

HELLO THERE,
HANDSOME.



 ...SO THAT JUST NARROWS IT DOWN TO EIGHT MILLION, TWO HUNDRED AND FORTY-SEVEN THOUSAND, FIVE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-SIX NEW YORKERS HE COULD BE.

NO, THAT WASN'T REALLY AN OPTION. I HAD TO GET TREATMENT FOR MY ACID BURNS IMMEDIATELY.

I SEE NIGHT NURSE SO OFTEN I THINK I GET FREE VICODIN WITH MY NEXT VISIT.



YEAH,
THAT'S IT, KEEP
YUCKING IT UP,
PARKER.

MAYBE IT'LL DISTRACT
YOU FROM REALIZING HOW
YOU WERE JUST A HAIR'S
BREADTH AWAY FROM
BITING THE **BIG ONE**.

STILL LIKE
TO KNOW HOW
CHAMMY GOT THE
DROP ON ME.

NEXT THING I KNEW
HE WAS TRYING TO
SUFFOCATE ME, AND
DROPPED ME DOWN
INTO SOME KIND OF **PIT**.

I WAS DIMLY AWARE OF
THE SOUND OF RUSHING
LIQUID--WHAT I
THOUGHT WAS WATER...

...BUT TURNED
OUT TO BE
ACID!

EVEN THOUGH I WAS
DRUGGED OUT OF MY SKULL,
MY SPIDER-SENSE WAS
STILL OPERATING ON A
SUBCONSCIOUS LEVEL.

INSTINCT KICKED
IN, DRIVEN BY THE
WARNING FROM MY
SPIDER-SENSE.

MY SPIDER-STRENGTH
LETS ME HOLD MY **BREATH**
LONGER THAN THE
AVERAGE HAPLESS VICTIM--
THAT'S WHY I WAS **ALIVE**
IN THE FIRST PLACE.

AND HOWEVER LONG
I WAS SUBMERGED, IT
WASN'T ENOUGH TO
COMPLETELY EAT
THROUGH MY WEBBING...

...JUST
BARELY.

I PASSED OUT AT SOME POINT. WHEN I WOKE UP, I FOUND MYSELF ON THE FLOOR OF THE PIT.

I HAD NO IDEA WHERE I WAS.

BUT I DIDN'T NEED THE OFFICIAL HANDBOOK TO THE SPIDEY-VERSE TO KNOW WHOSE ADDRESS IT WAS.

PETER PARKER BECOMES OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHER TO THE **MAYOR OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK** AND IS IMMEDIATELY TARGETED BY THE **CHAMELEON?**

YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE **JACK BAUER** TO FIGURE OUT WHAT CHAMMY IS AFTER--

-**SHADOW COMMAND**, THE CITY'S COUNTER-TERRORISM **NERVE CENTER**! I WAS SUPPOSED TO DO A **SHOOT** THERE RIGHT BEFORE HE NABBED ME!

IT'D HELP IF I KNEW WHERE ITS TOP-SECRET LOCATION ACTUALLY **WAS**.

11:51 A.M.

FORTUNATELY, I WAS ABLE TO PLACE A SPIDER-TRACER ON CHAMMY'S "MASK GUN" THING...THOUGH IT MUST HAVE GOTTEN DAMAGED BY THE ACID, BECAUSE I CAN'T TRACK IT WITH MY SPIDER-SENSE.

MY MANUAL TRACKER HAS NARROWED THE TRACER DOWN TO THIS FOUR-BLOCK RADIUS... VERY SLOWLY ON THE MOVE...

BUT HE COULD BE ANYONE.



WOULD THE CHAMELEON ACTUALLY USE--

SPIDER-MAN! POLICE!

YOU ARE UNDER ARREST!

UHHNNHH!

WHA-BAM

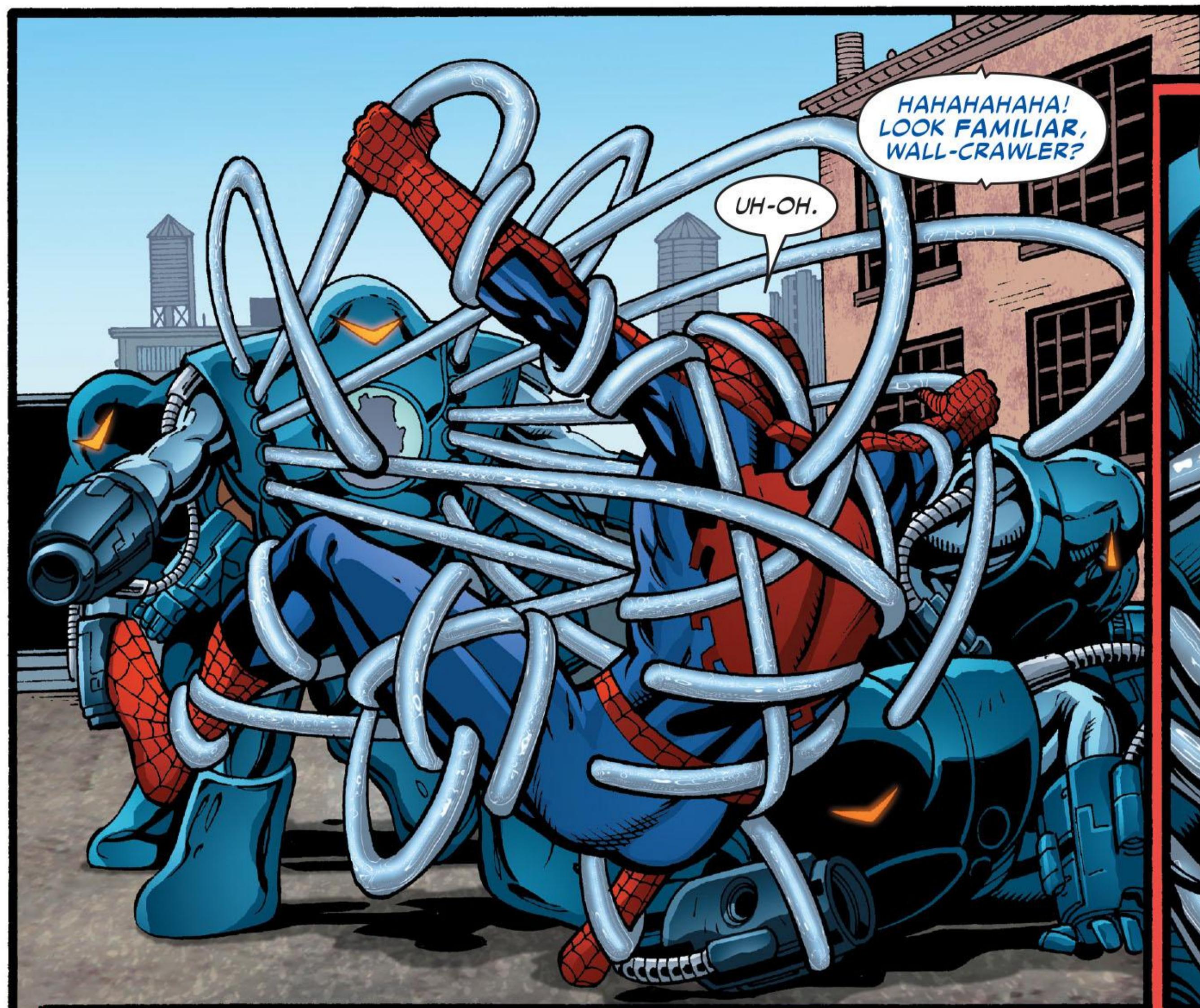
NO!!

YOU HAVE THE RIGHT TO REMAIN SILENT!

IF YOU GIVE UP THAT RIGHT, ANYTHING YOU SAY CAN AND WILL BE USED AGAINST YOU IN A COURT OF LAW!

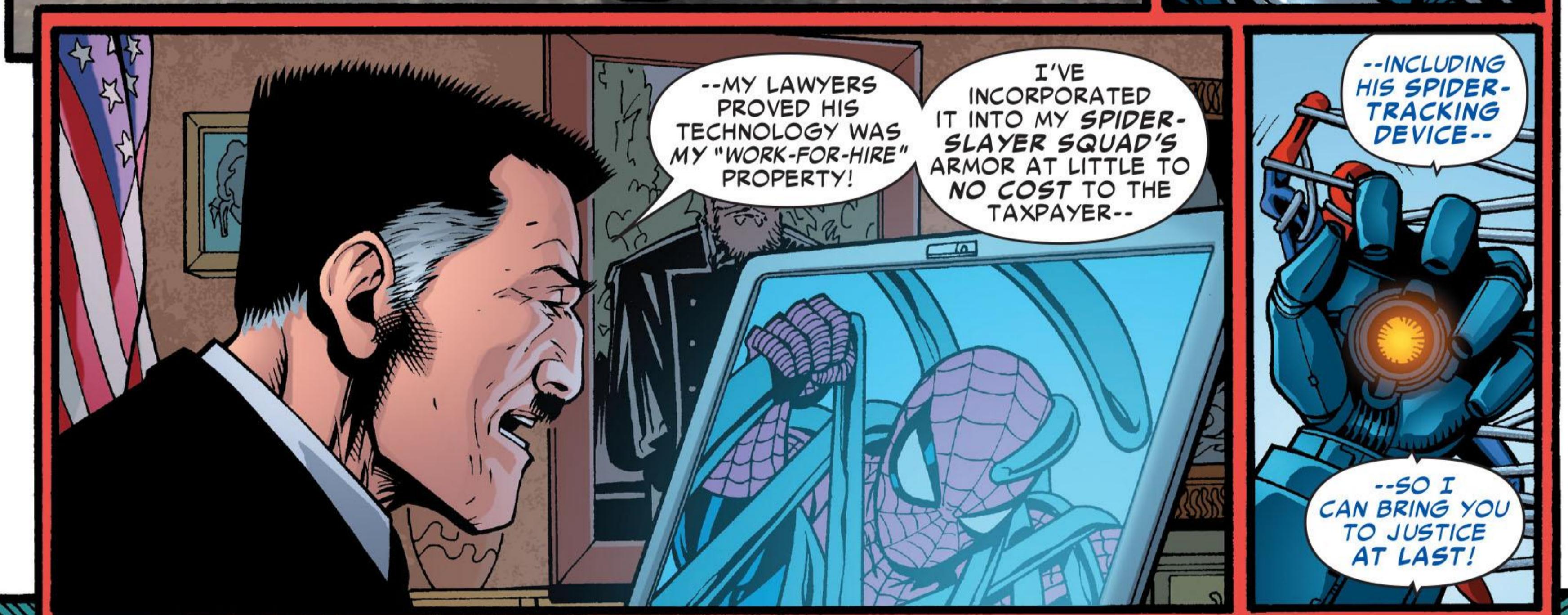
NOT NOW, YOU TESTOSTERONE-FUELED IDIOTS!!
I'M TRYING TO SAVE Y--

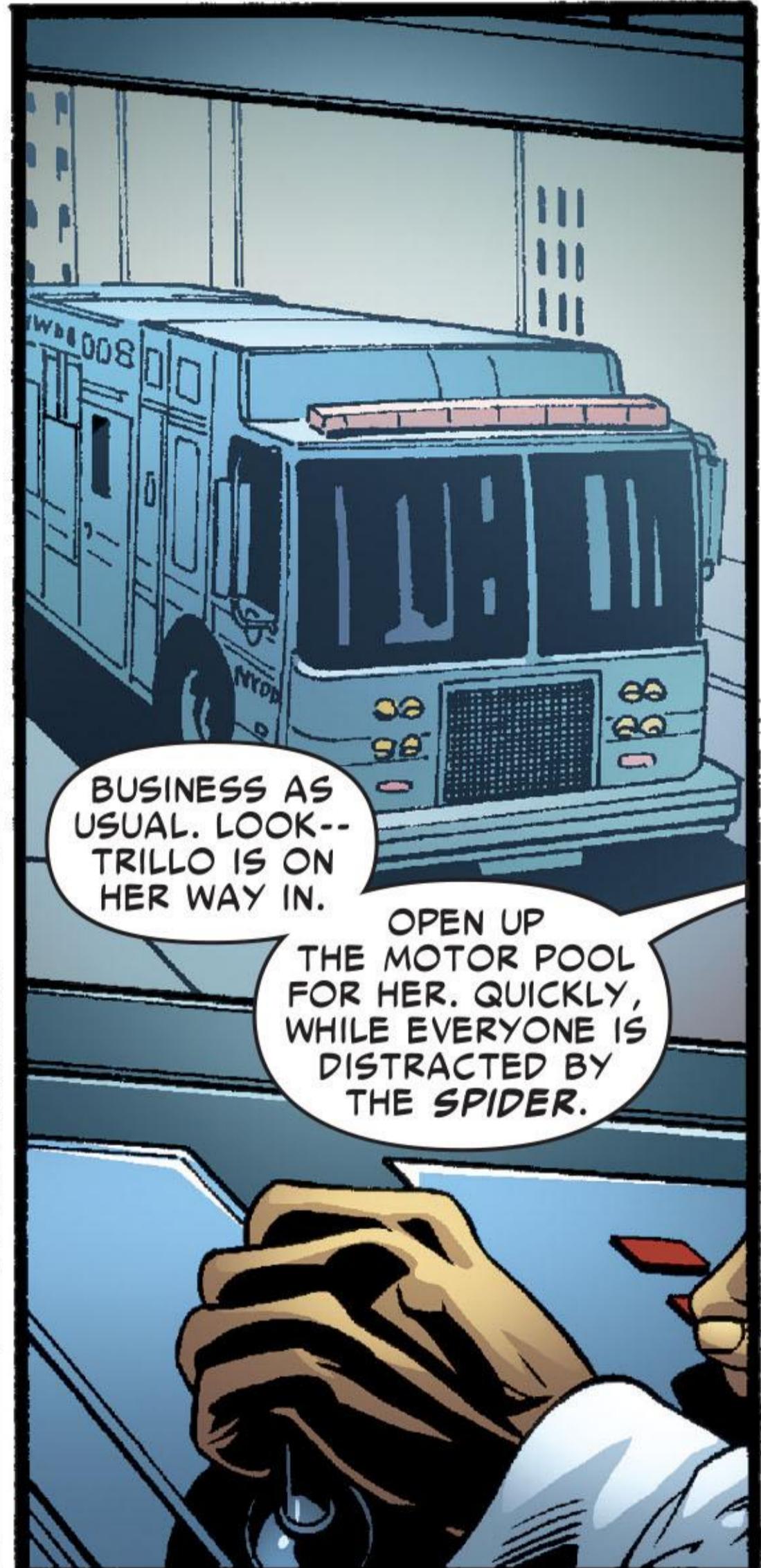
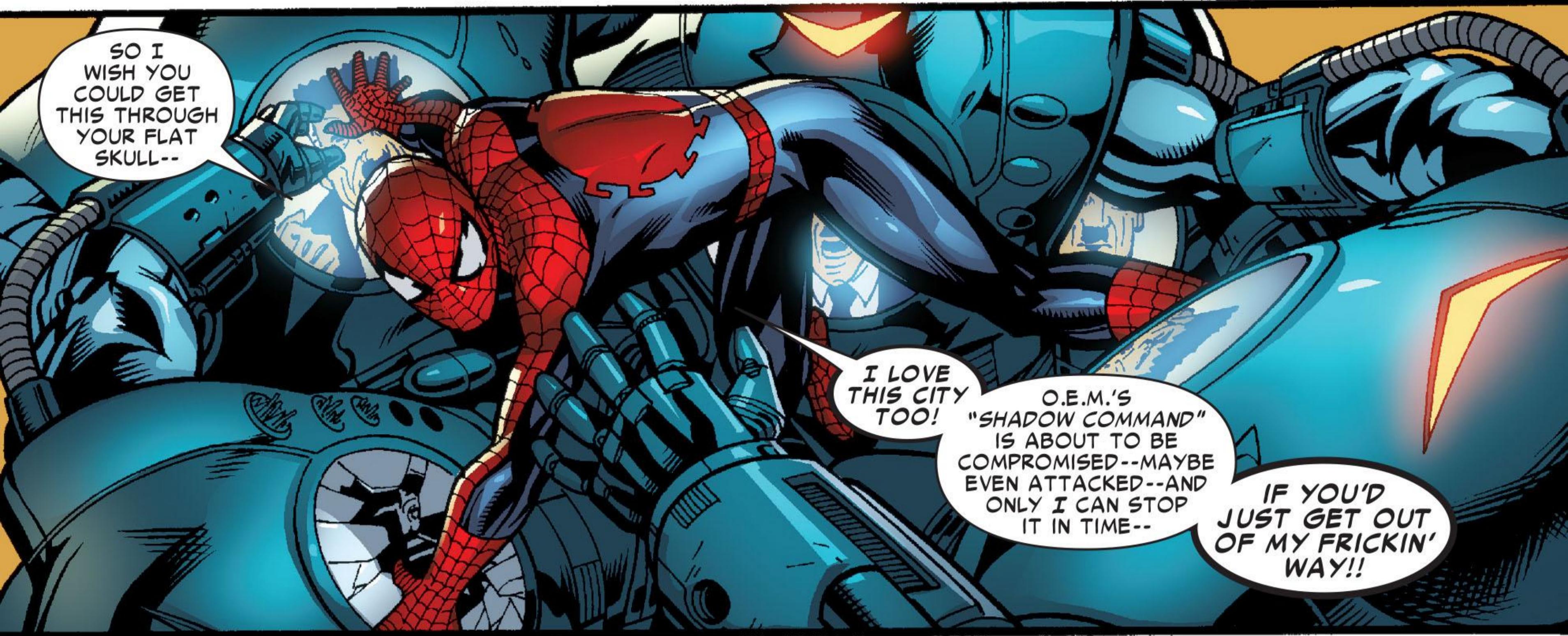
YOU HAVE THE RIGHT TO AN ATTORNEY AND TO HAVE AN ATTORNEY PRESENT DURING QUESTIONING!

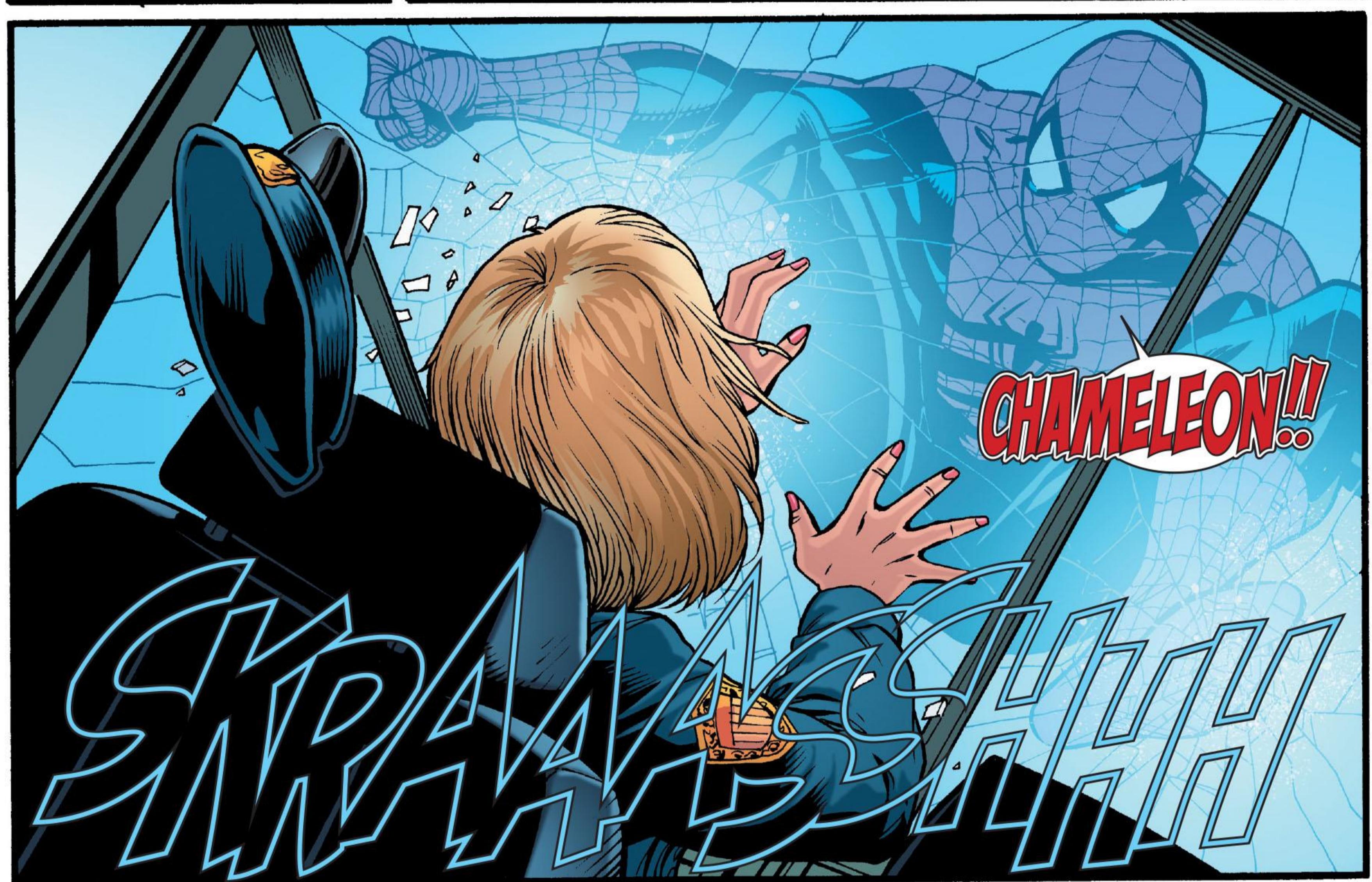


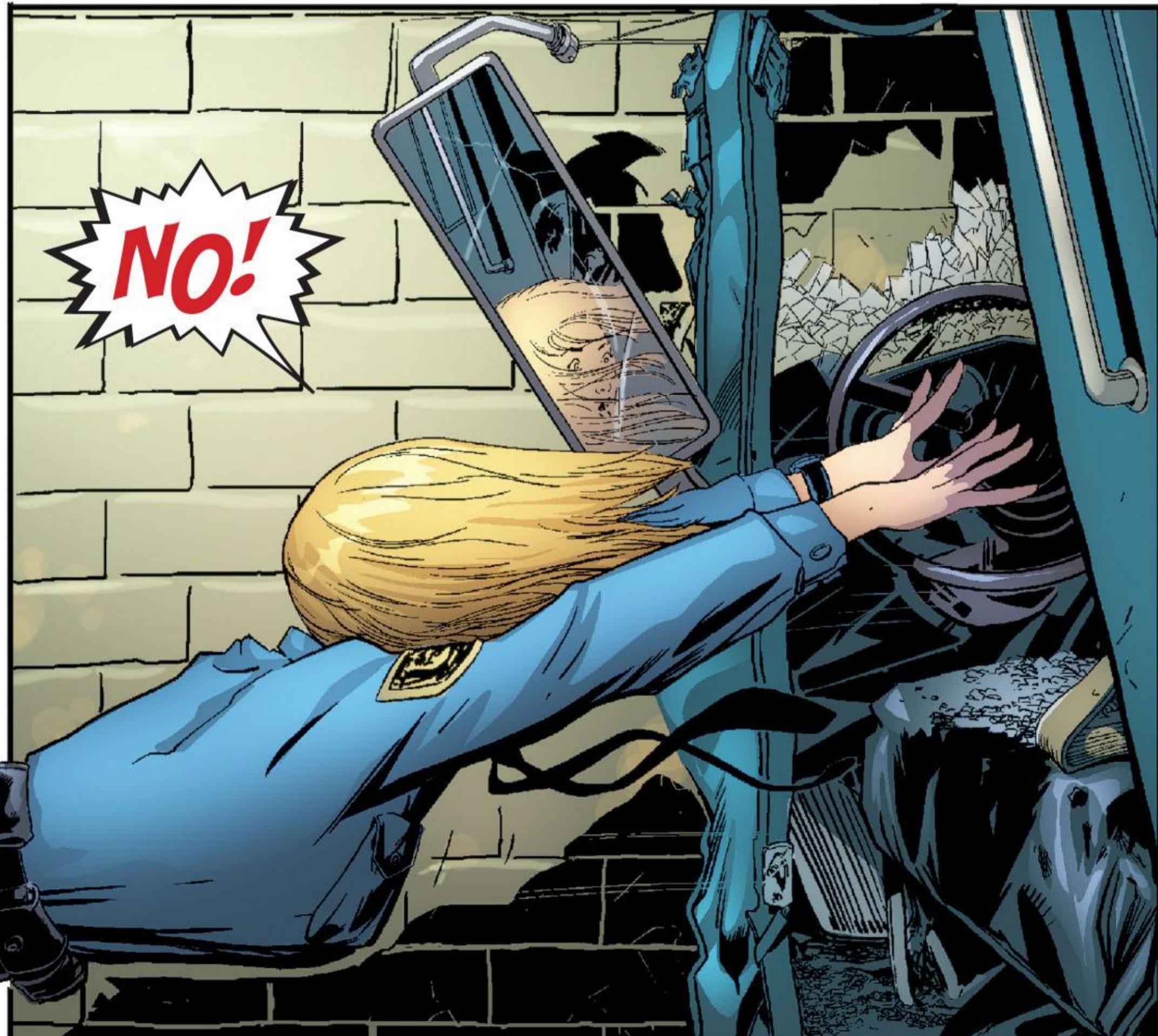
AFTER SMYTHE'S UNTIMELY PASSING--WELL, I WON'T BORE YOU WITH THE LEGAL DETAILS--

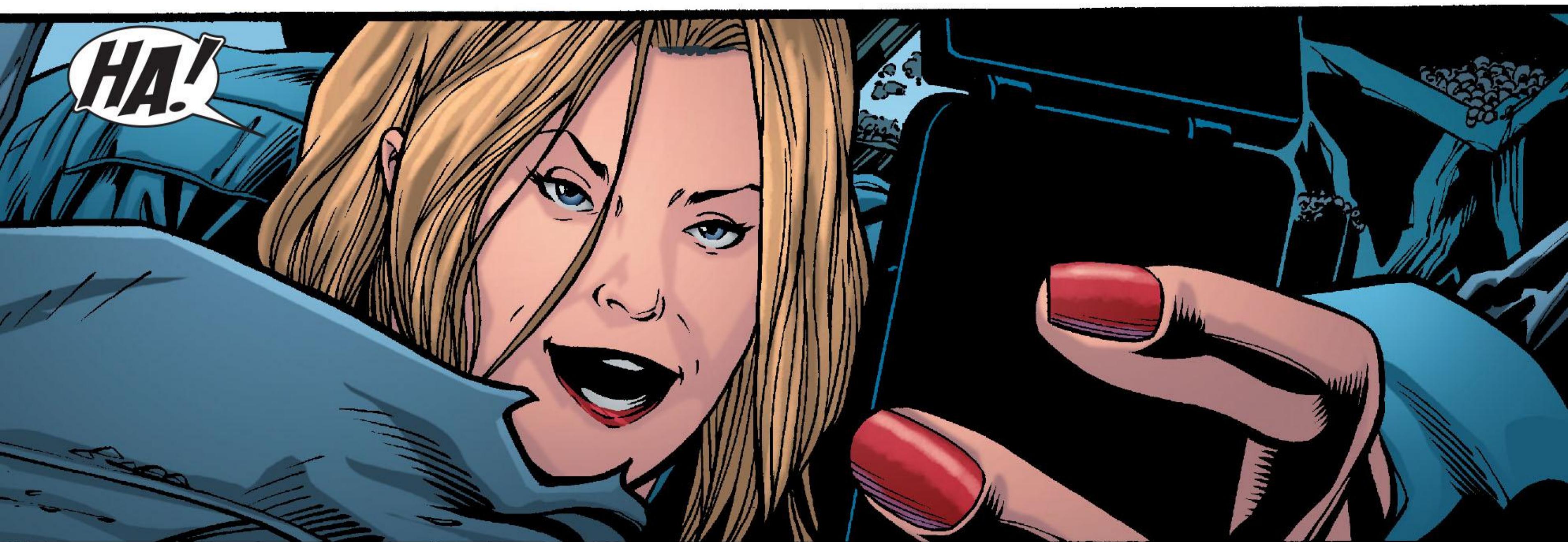
AMAZING SPIDER-MAN #25
--SLAYER STEVE

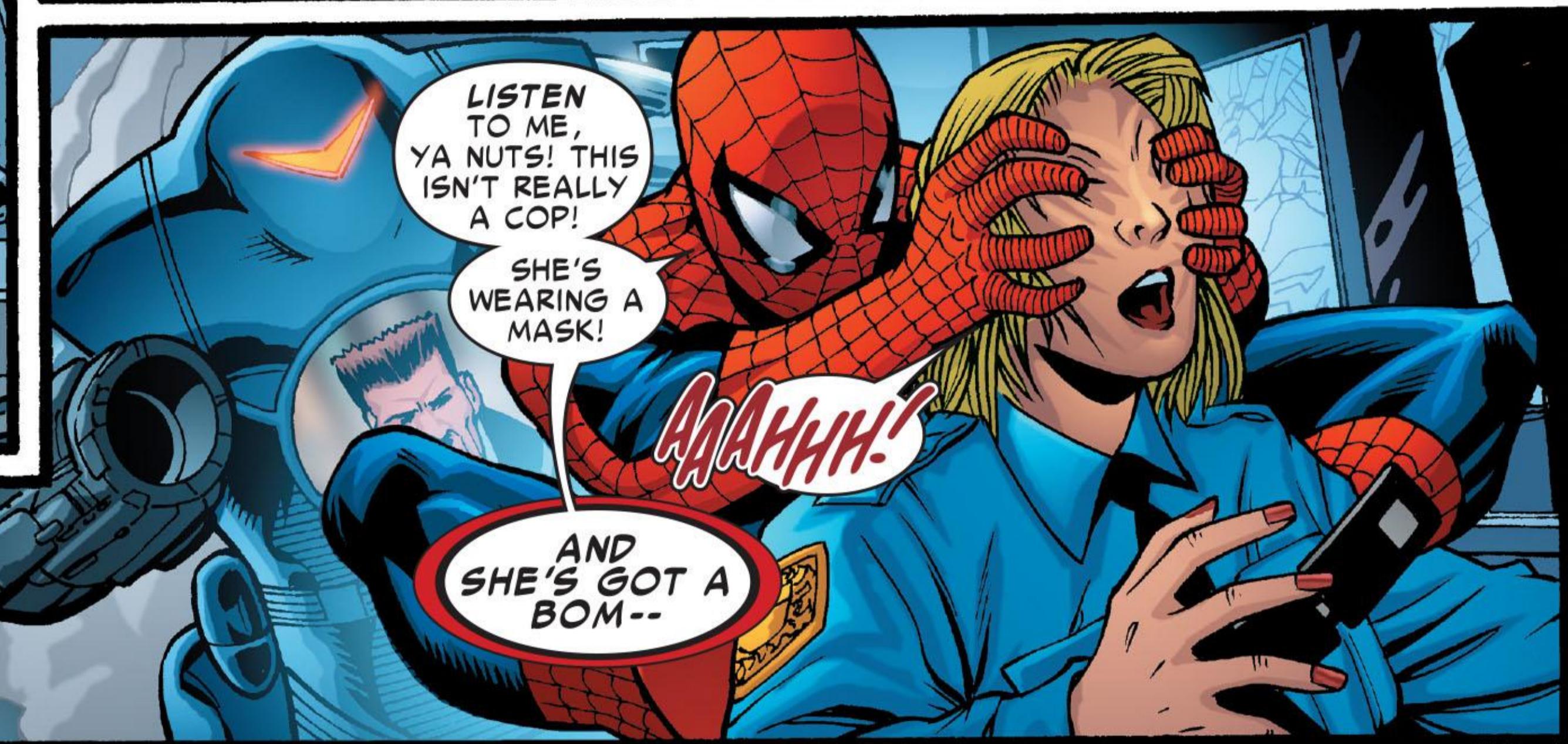


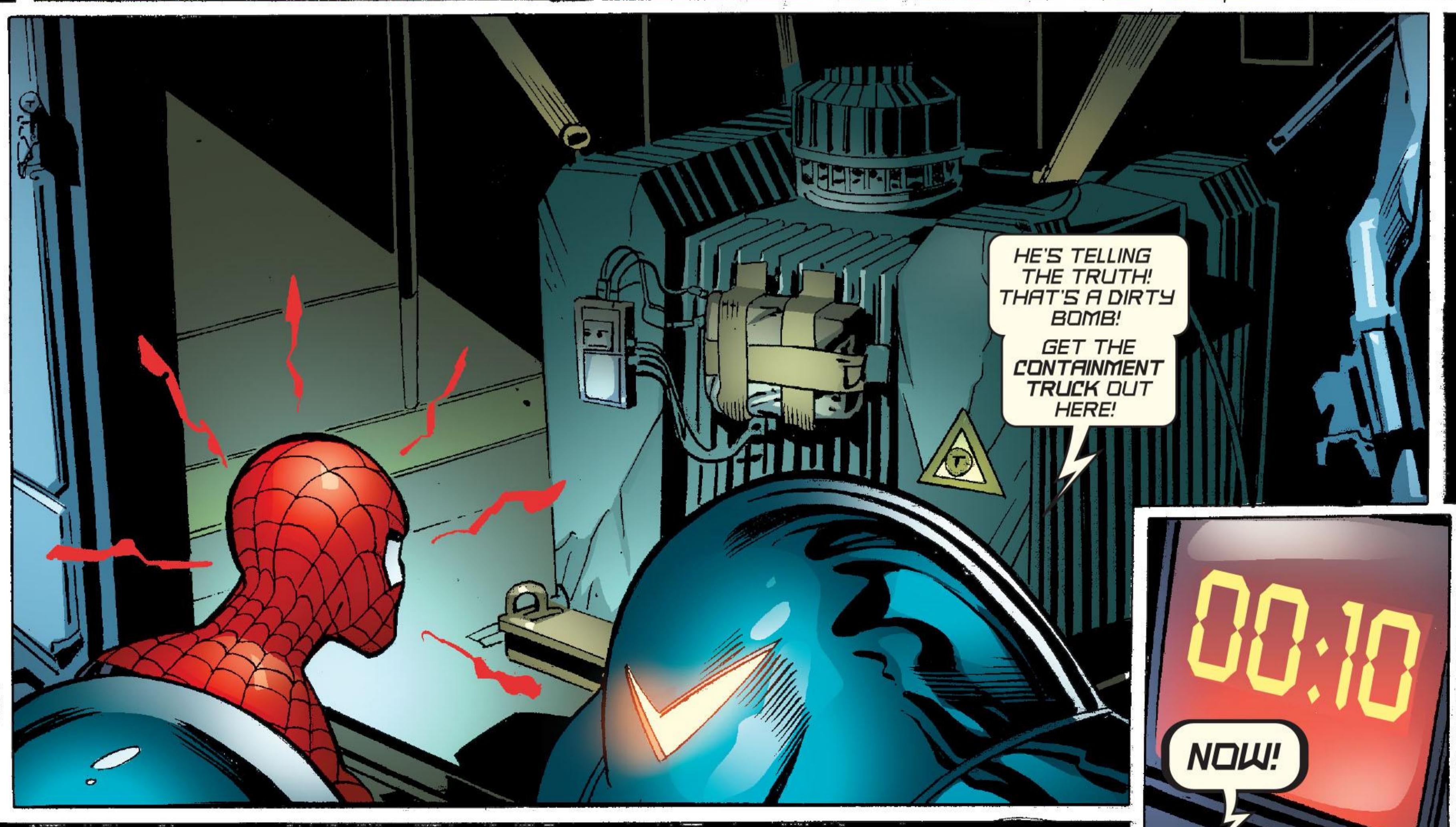
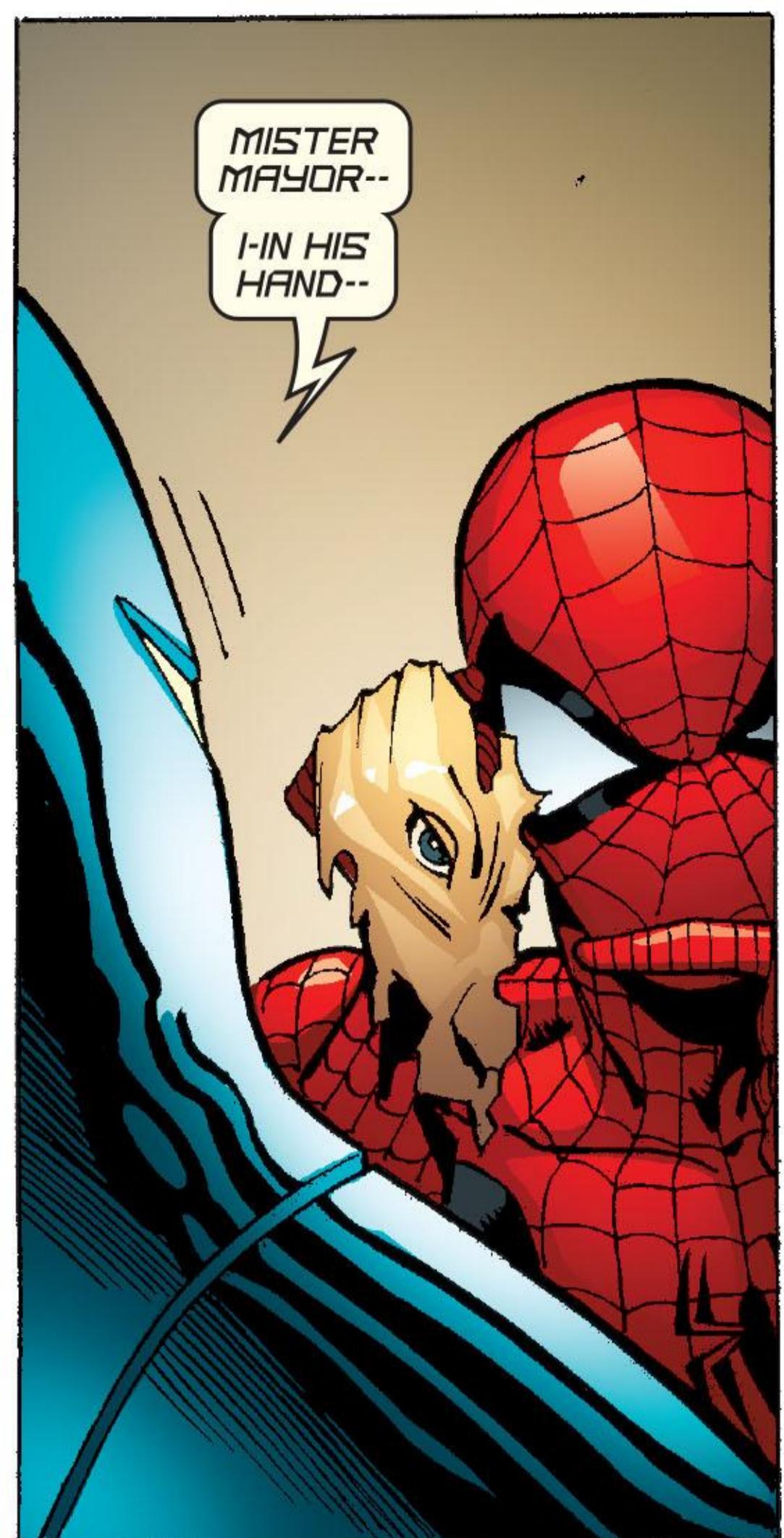


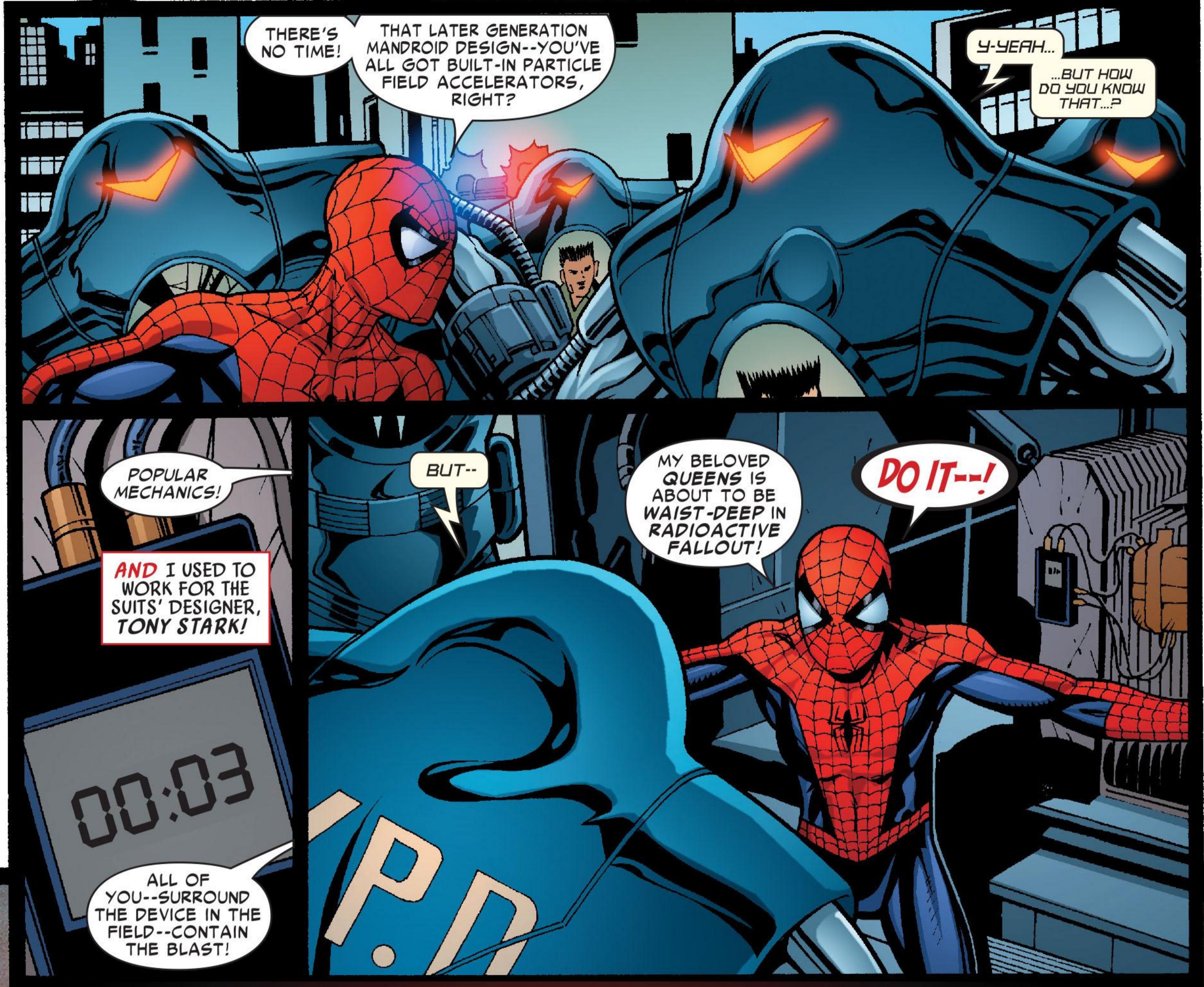






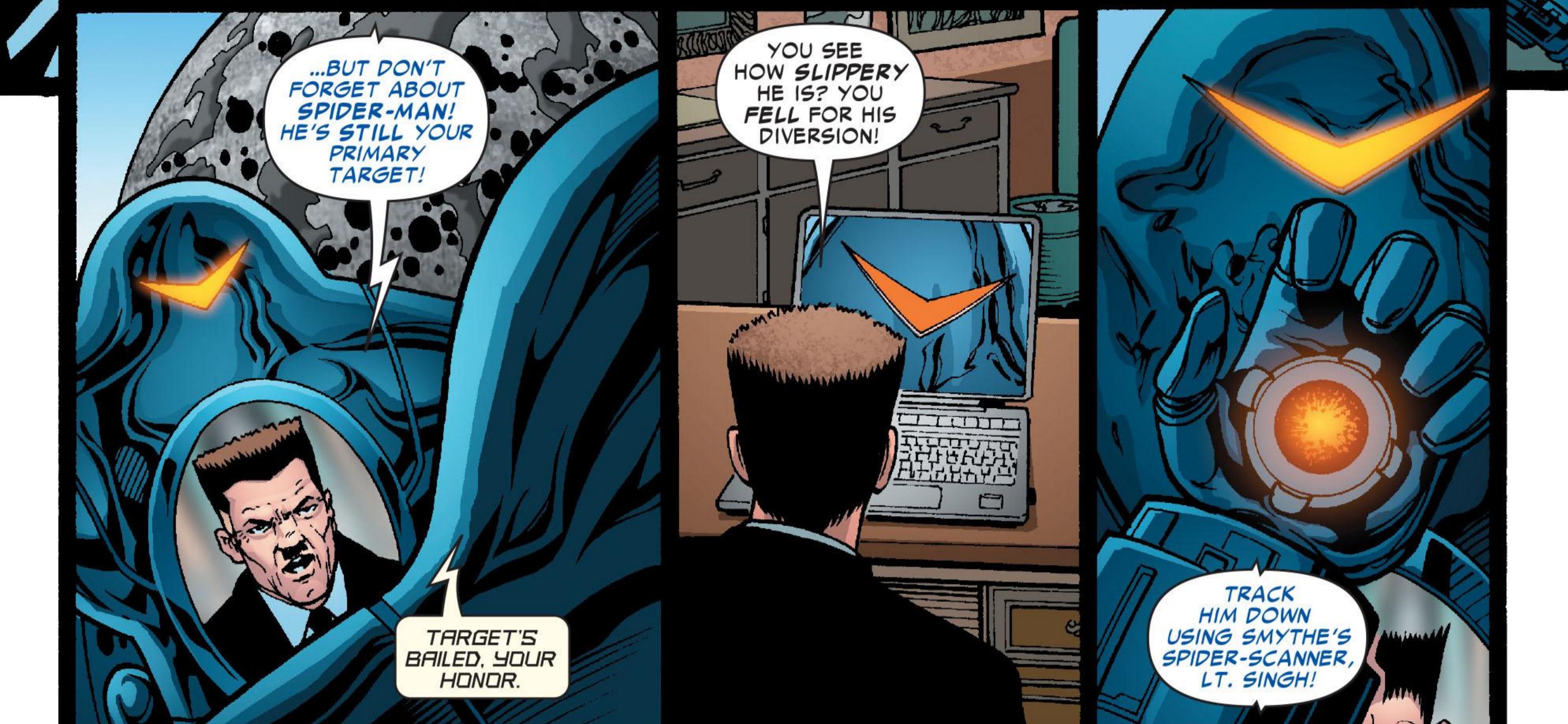








YES, YES,
PROTECT INNOCENT
BYSTANDERS FROM
RADIOACTIVE
FALLOUT, BLAH,
BLAH, BLAH...



5:07 P.M.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN,
THEY ALL RESIGNED?!

MY ENTIRE
SPIDER-SLAYER
SQUAD?!

THEY ALL SIMULTANEOUSLY
PUT IN FOR TRANSFERS,
YES.

YOU'RE
MY DEPUTY
MAYOR FOR
OPERATIONS,
HASKELL! YOU
DENY THEM!

P.B.A. WON'T
STAND FOR THAT.
SPIDER-MAN JUST AVERTED
A MAJOR TERRORIST INCIDENT--
ON THE HEELS OF SAVING THE
CITY FROM DR. OCTOPUS--

PLEASE! THE WALL-CRAWLER
WAS WORKING WITH THE
TERRORISTS AND FRAMED
THAT COP! A CHILD COULD
SEE THAT!

GET
GLORY IN
HERE, WE'LL SEND
OUT A PRESS
RELEASE--

MR.
MAYOR, IF
I MAY.

THIS
IS NOT
THE DAILY
BUGLE.

YOU CAN'T
SIMPLY PRINT
WHATEVER YOU
WANT TO BE TRUE AND
EXPECT PEOPLE TO BELIEVE
IT. YOU NO LONGER
HAVE THAT LUXURY.

DON'T YOU
LECTURE
ME--

I'VE BEEN
IN GOVERNMENT
FOR 40 YEARS. ALL
ANY POLITICIAN
EVER HAS GOING
FOR HIM IS HIS
CREDIBILITY.

SQUANDER
YOURS, AND
YOU WON'T GET
IT BACK.

THIS IS
MY LETTER OF
RESIGNATION.

IF YOU WANT
TO CONTINUE
PUTTING PERSONAL
VENDETTAS OVER
THE GOOD OF THIS
ADMINISTRATION...
OVER NEW
YORK CITY...

...I ASK YOU
TO ACCEPT
IT.

HRRM.

...I ASK YOU
TO ACCEPT
IT.

6:30 P.M.

MAY PARKER'S HOUSE,
FOREST HILLS, QUEENS

I SCOURED THE AREA
AROUND SHADOW
COMMAND AND DIDN'T
FIND A **TRACE** OF HIM.

SO HE'S FADED
BACK INTO THE
BACKGROUND--**AGAIN!**
WAY TO GO, SPIDEY.

GREETINGS AND SALUTATIONS,
VARIOUS AND SUNDRY
REILLYS!

WOULD
YOU GIVE A
COUSIN A HOME-
COOKED MEAL IN
EXCHANGE FOR A
STEADY STREAM
OF SNAPPY
PATTER?

 CHAMELEON LEFT BEHIND
THE "MASK GUN" WITH
THE SPIDER-TRACER
ON IT WHEN HE FLED.

I SO **DON'T** WANT
TO RETURN TO
GENERALISSIMO
MICHELLE, ROOMMATE
FROM HELL, RIGHT NOW.

HARRY!
WHAT ARE YOU
DOING HERE?

MAKING MYSELF
AT HOME, JUST
LIKE YOU SAID LAST
NIGHT! THANKS AGAIN
FOR THE KEYS,
BUDDY--YOU'RE A
LIFESAVER.

WHA-HUNH?

I SWEAR:
DAD CUTTING ME
OFF AND BOOTING ME
OUT OF MY PLACE IS
JUST A MOMENTARY
SETBACK!

AS SOON
AS I'M BACK
ON MY FEET, I'M
GONNA PAY YOU
BACK RENT ON
YOUR OLD ROOM!
I PROMISE!

WE TOLD
HARRY HE CAN
STAY AS LONG
AS HE WANTS,
PETAH...

GO ON
UP, BUDDY--
A FRIEND'S
HELPING ME
UNPACK!

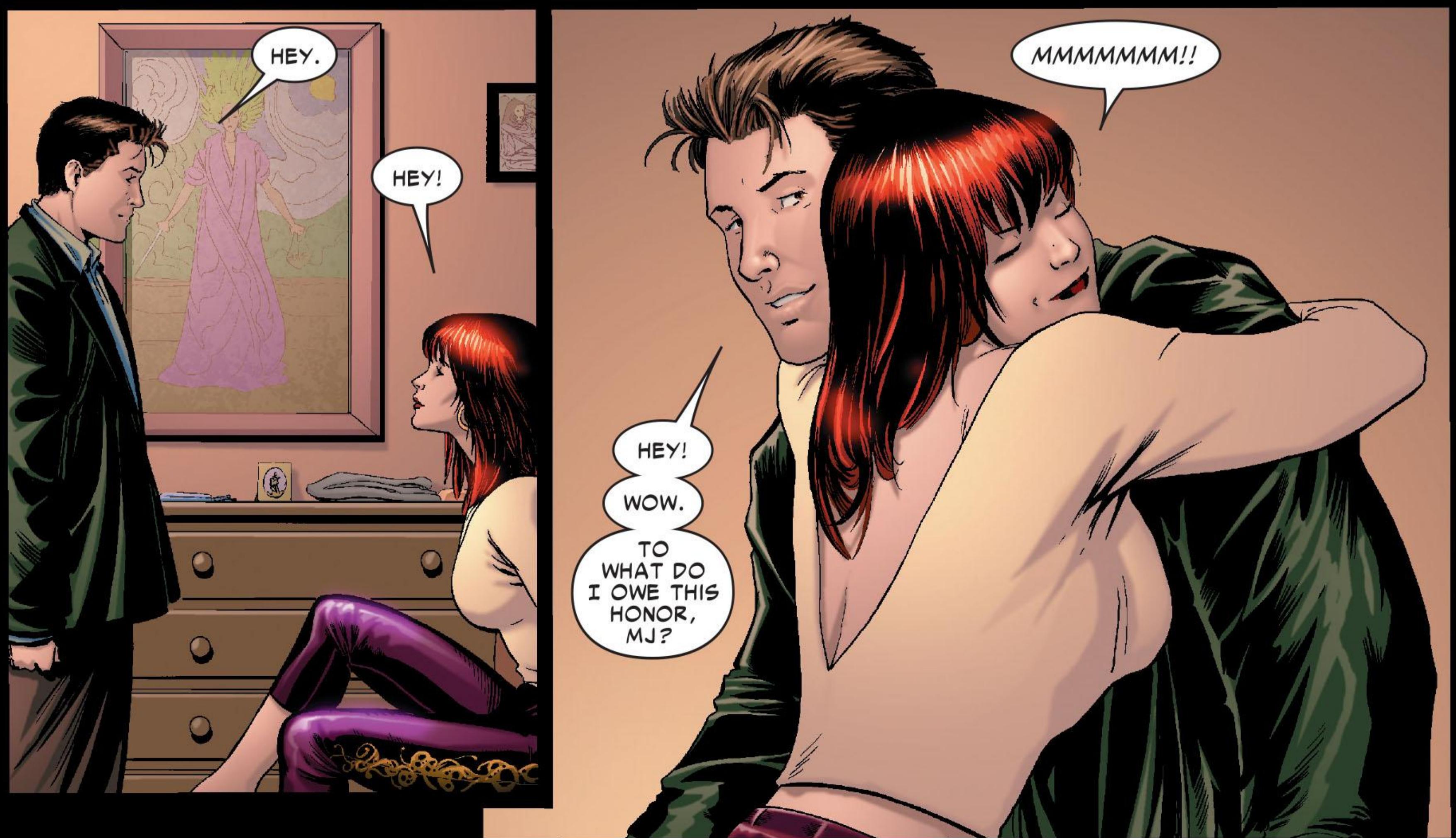
OKAY...

I DID NOT
TELL HIM TO DO
THIS--IT MUST
HAVE BEEN THE
CHAMELEON...

...FOR...**SOME**
REASON...

WHAT KIND OF
HAVOC HAS
HE WRECKED ON
MY LIFE...?

HEY, HARRY,
LOOK WHAT I
UNEARTHED!





10:05 P.M.

OKAY. NEW PLAN!

WHEN I DO FIND THE CHAMELEON, I WILL HIRE HIM TO BE ME ALL THE TIME.

HARRY HAS A NEW LEASE ON LIFE, MARY JANE AND I ARE ACTUALLY SPEAKING TO EACH OTHER AGAIN...

NOW I KNOW HOW THE SHOEMAKER WITH THE ELVES FELT WHEN HE WOKE UP EVERY MORNING.

OH, MICHELLLLE!! I'M HOME! HIT ME WITH YOUR BEST SHOT!

WHAT WILL IT BE? PAINT BOMBS IN MY SOCK DRAWER? CRAZY GLUE ON THE TOILET SEA--

HEY, SEXY! WHAT TOOK YOU SO LONG?

WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO WORK ON THAT--YOUR PUNCTUALITY. GUYS I DATE HAVE TO KNOW HOW TO READ A WATCH.

THAT'S MY T-SHIRT.

WHEN I COME HOME FROM A LONG DAY AT THE OFFICE, I EXPECT MINIMUM TWO HOURS QUALITY TIME. OTHERWISE, WHAT'S THE POINT OF A RELATIONSHIP?

AND MY UNDERPANTS.

?!?

YOUR CLOSET LOOKED LIKE A SHRINE TO 1988. DON'T WORRY, I GAVE IT ALL AWAY TO GOODWILL.

TOMORROW WE'LL GET YOU A BRAND NEW LOOK...

...SINCE YOU'RE MEETING MY PARENTS! DINNER AT BOBBY FLAY'S NEW PLACE. YOU'RE PAYING.

I LET MY BROTHER VIN KNOW WE'RE AN ITEM NOW. HE'S FURIOUS! HE ACTUALLY SAID HE WANTS TO KILL YOU...

...BUT I WOULDN'T WORRY TOO MUCH. HE'S ONLY IN PRISON FOR IMPERSONATING A MURDERER!

C'MON--IT'S SNUGGLE TIME! CHOP-CHOP!

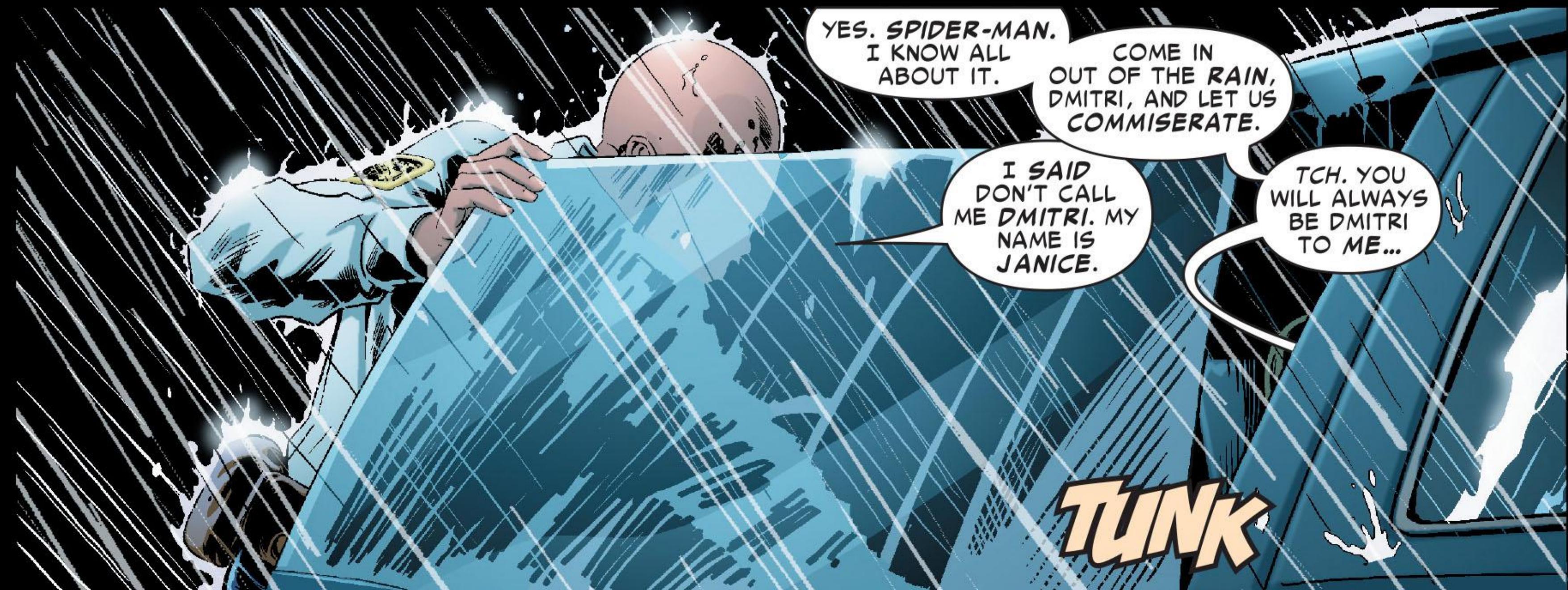
TEN IS LIGHTS OUT AROUND HERE FROM NOW ON!

CHAMELEON.

WHEN I FIND YOU,

I WILL KILL YOU.

11:59 P.M.



...FOR
THAT IS HOW
MY HUSBAND
INTRODUCED
US.

YOU
REMEMBER
MY HUSBAND,
DON'T YOU,
DMITRI?

KRAVEN
THE
HUNTER.

SPIDER-MAN
KILLED HIM.
NOW MY DAUGHTER
AND I NEED
YOUR HELP...

...TO
RETURN THE
FAVOR.

RED-HEADED STRANGER: THE ANCIENT GALLERY

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ALAN
FINE
EXEC. PRODUCER

GALE, GUGGENHEIM, KELLY, SLOTT, VAN LENTE, WAID & WELLS WEB-HEADS

the AMAZING SPIDER-MAIL



Once more into the mailbag!

Dear Wacker,

As the editor I'm sure you have at least a small amount of authority. Perhaps enough to give fans something they truly desire. The last few issues of Spider-Man were quite enjoyable but as a fan of both Marvel and DC Comics (I know, I know) it would be extraordinary to see some sort of crossover. I fail to see why a story involving both Batman and Spider-Man is completely unrealistic, especially considering that if reasonable talent was assigned to the comic it undoubtedly would be a massive hit among fans. As a dedicated reader and fan I find myself in a constant state of ambivalence and frankly a nice collaboration could easily solve this problem.

If Spider-Man has taught me one thing it is that with great power comes great responsibility, so please Mr. Wacker use some of that power to give the fans what they truly want, a legitimate Spidey-Bats team-up.

Owen Smith
Anchorage, Alaska

First of all, who's Batman?
Sorry, Owen, no plans right now for any crossovers. We wouldn't even make jokes about it in our books.

Besides isn't Batman dead?
Oh, and I have no power.



Back in #594's column, I laid down a challenge to you reader's to finish a joke. It went like this:

Joe Quesada, Tom Brevoort and Mark Waid are walking the desert. Joe's carrying an assistant editor, Brevoort has a box filled with Spidey #1-400 and three cupcakes, and Mark Waid has a typewriter and a scowl...

We had several dozen responses from the brave souls with enough free time to rise to the challenge and here are a couple of the best!

Here's the punchline to the joke at the beginning of the column:

Joe Quesada, Tom Brevoort and Mark Waid are walking the desert. Joe's carrying an assistant editor, Brevoort has a box filled with Spidey #1-400 and three cupcakes, and Mark Waid has a typewriter and a scowl.

Quesada looks at Waid and says, "What are YOU scowling about? We're the ones who have to carry Wacker, his meals, and his only friends!"

Yeah, it's like that,

Marc Williams
Schenectady, NY



Hi guys! I'll throw my hat in the ring...
Joe Quesada, Tom Brevoort and Mark Waid are walking the desert. Joe's carrying an assistant editor, Brevoort has a box filled with Spidey #1-400 and three cupcakes, and Mark Waid has a typewriter and a scowl...

...Brevoort finally breaks their long silence:

TOM (to Mark): "So how did YOU get here?"

MARK: "I don't know, Tom. One minute

I'm in my office and then suddenly this genie appears and tells me he's sending me into the wilderness with only the one thing I love most in the world to keep me company. Next thing I know, here I am with my typewriter. I guess that means the thing I love most is my ability to write..."

Waid ponders this for a moment.

MARK: "Oh, God. If my wife ever found out that I love this MORE than her, she'd NEVER forgive me. Tom, you gotta promise me you'll never tell her!"

TOM: "No problem, man. I mean, look at ME. That same genie came to my office and now here I am with the Spidey collection I've spent my LIFE putting together and a few cupcakes. If MY wife ever found out that this is what I love more than her, she'd never forgive ME either! So I tell ya what; I promise if YOU promise."

MARK: "Whew. Well, THAT'S a relief..."

Waid and Brevoort slowly turn their gaze to Quesada...who pulls out a gun and shoots both of them.

Alan Beebe
Montreal, Canada

This one is not only funny because of the ending joke, but the thing that I really love about it is the idea that Waid is married! BWAH HA HAH!!!! A woman loving Waid! Oh, man, I gotta wipe my eyes....

Dear Spider-Mail,
Re: ASM 593

About a year ago, I wrote in with praise for the Brand New Day arc, and also mentioned numerous continuity concerns I had despite my praise for the arc. Over the last year, you guys have given me the answers for pretty much everything I asked about, from whatever happened to Liz and Little Normie to whether or not the retcon cancelled out the events of the Clone Saga (an event which confused my earliest experiences with Spidey because my first issue at age 8 was Amazing #402, "The Battle for Aunt May's Soul.") This begs the question of whose soul was being battled over, considering that the Aunt May who died back then wasn't the real Aunt May, but I digress...).

Since that original letter (my first ever), you've impressed me even more with a number of other things such as the plausible explanation for Harry's return from death. (When do we get more Mysterio!?) Although I did find Menace being revealed as Lily Hollister to be a bit of a stretch (I have to admit I wasn't a big fan of her "transforming" into Menace and vice-versa), "Character Assassination" was a fantastic story that left me waiting anxiously for the next issue, and I can say the same about last summer/fall's "New Ways to Die" and "Kraven's First Hunt" stories. Who am I kidding!? I anxiously await EVERY new issue of ASM. These stories in particular just added an additional level of excitement each week. The current "24/7" storyline has me on the edge of my seat with Spidey being blinded by the new Vulture, and I can't wait to see how that goes in next week's conclusion, and if it carries over into "American Son" (which also seems like it will be, well...AMAZING) or if the blindness is somehow healed (maybe by Anti-Venom? Reed Richards? Curt Connors?).

All that said, I am wondering one

TOM BRENNAN ASST. EDITOR STEVE WACKER EDITOR

TOM BREVOORT EXECUTIVE EDITOR JOE QUESADA EDITOR IN CHIEF

DAN BUCKLEY PUBLISHER ALAN FINE EXEC. PRODUCER

thing...what does one have to do to work in the Spidey Office? I am graduating college in December with a communications degree, with a focus on magazine writing/production and newswriting, and being a life-long Spidey fan, it would certainly be among things that I could consider "dream jobs." I have noticed in the past few months that the grammar and correct usage of words does tend to be off on occasion, and I do have a good eye for these things. Think about it, guys! Someone's gotta get Wacker's coffee when Brevoort gets distracted by the shiny, green glow of Hulk Office or lost in the maze of X-Offices!

As always, until the Carnage symbiote makes Aunt May its new host, make mine Marvel! (Seriously, don't ever...EVER...do that.)

Roger Riddell
Louisville, KY

Brennan can attest that the one thing that would help anyone get a job here in the Spidey-office is to not point out my mistakes, so you've already failed the first test, Roger. I do like the alliteration of your name though, so here's the deal...if you get a signed handwritten poem (of at least 4 lines) from 6 different editors at either Marvel, DC, or Dark Horse Comics, you may send me your resume for consideration.

This offer is only open to you and is not approved by anyone here. (In fact if this response actually makes it into print, I will be shocked.)

Good Luck!



We'll see ya next week for a double-sized issue featuring 3 stories that bring you the answers to just what MJ has been up to the last few months and many other surprises.

Viva Templar!
Simperin' Steve!

NEXT ISSUE:



SEPTEMBER VALENTINE!