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the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN®

SMYTHE!
WHAT HAVE
YOU DONE
TO US?!?

I'VE
LOCKED
YOU BOTH
TO THAT
BOMB,
FOOL..

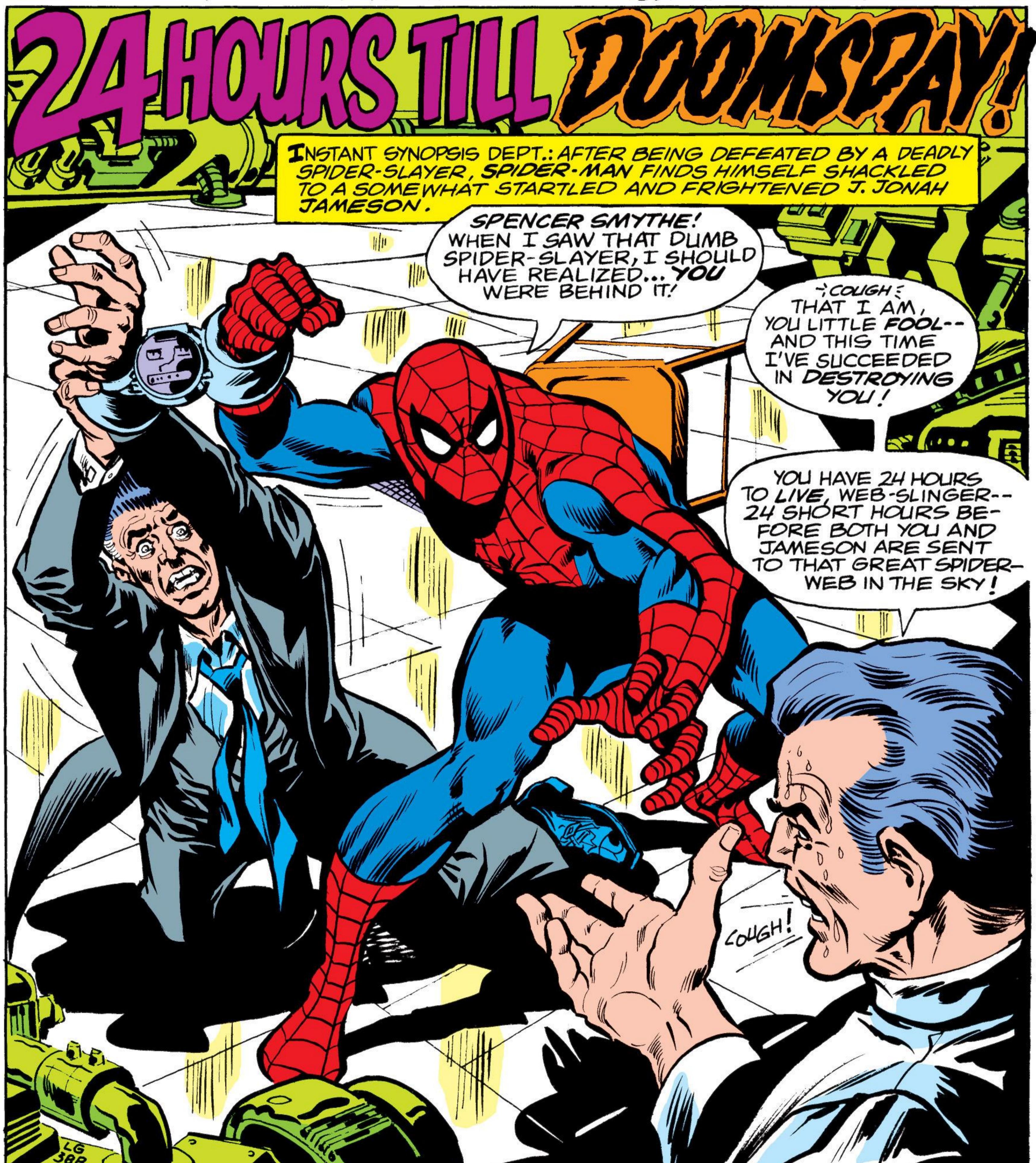
--AND IT'S
PRIMED TO
BLOW IN
24 HOURS!

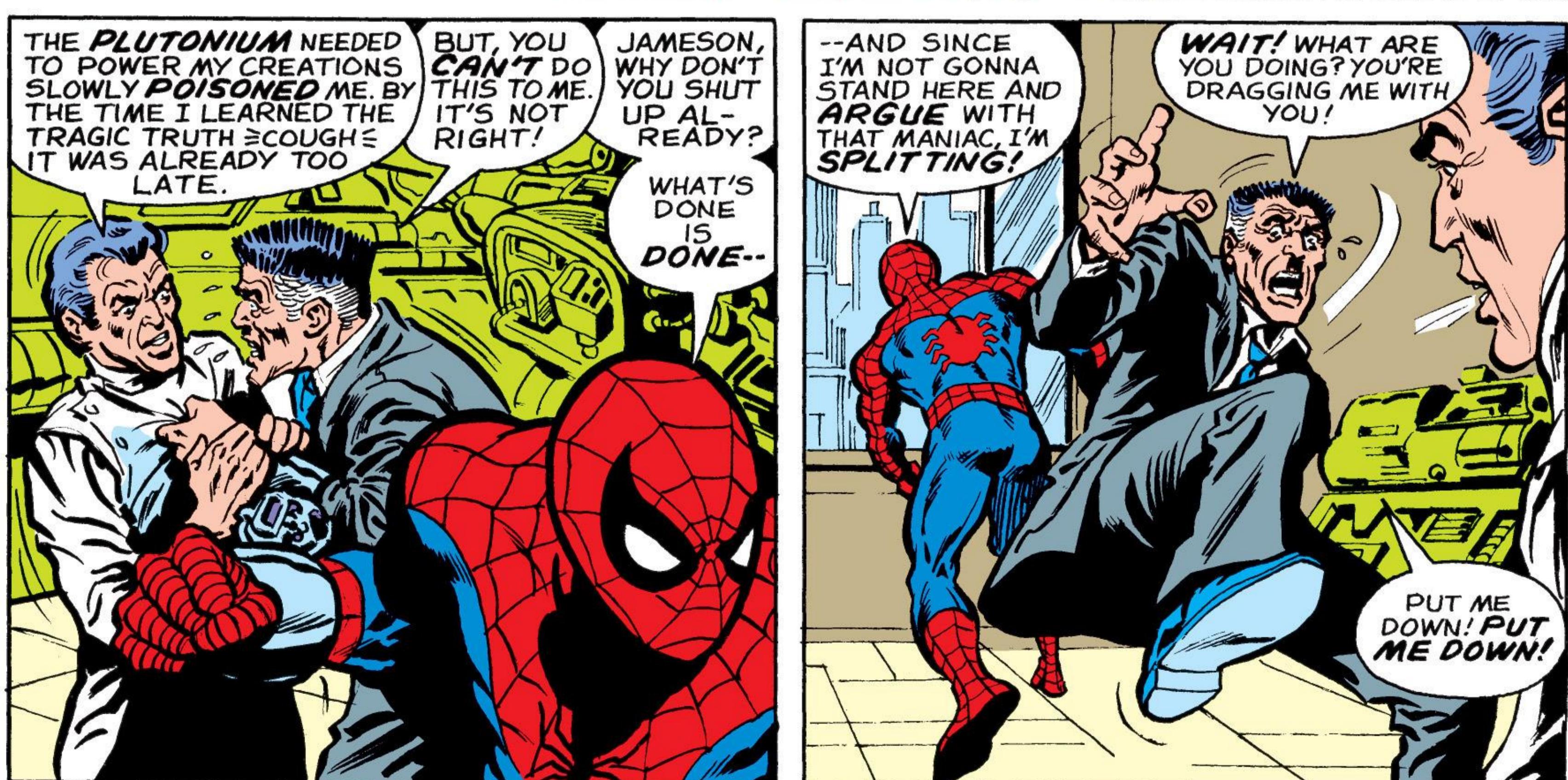
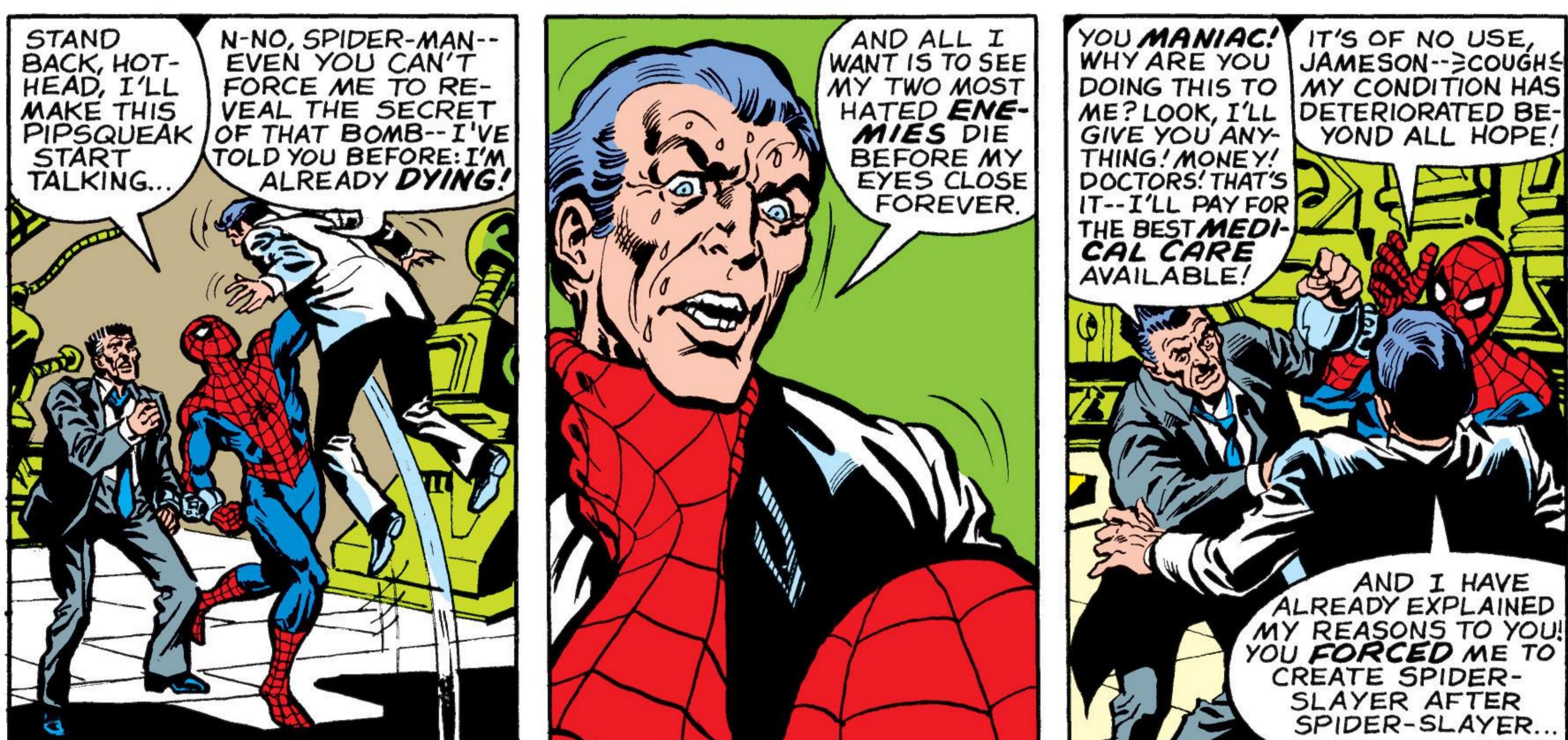
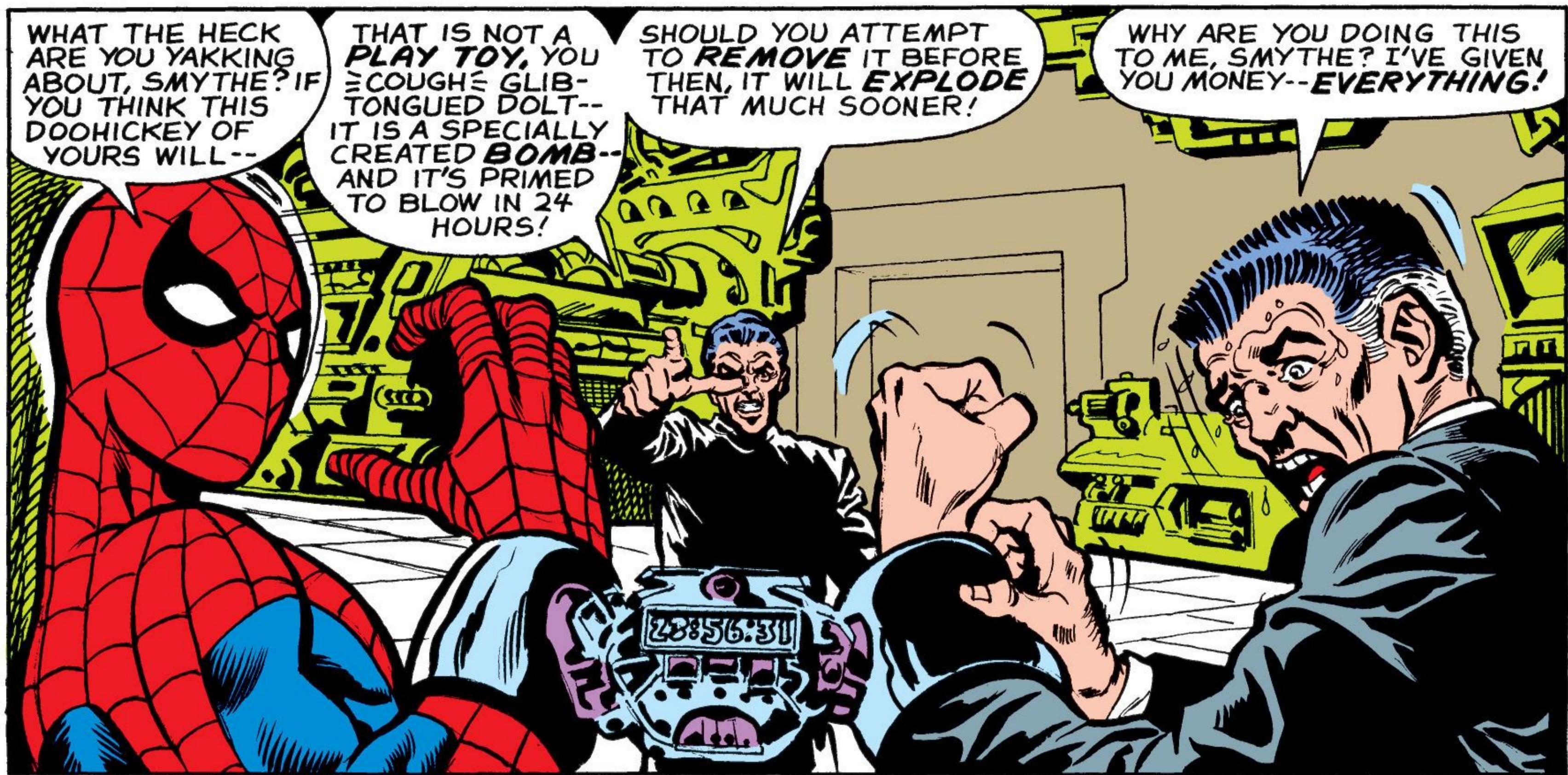
24 HOURS
TO DOOMSDAY!

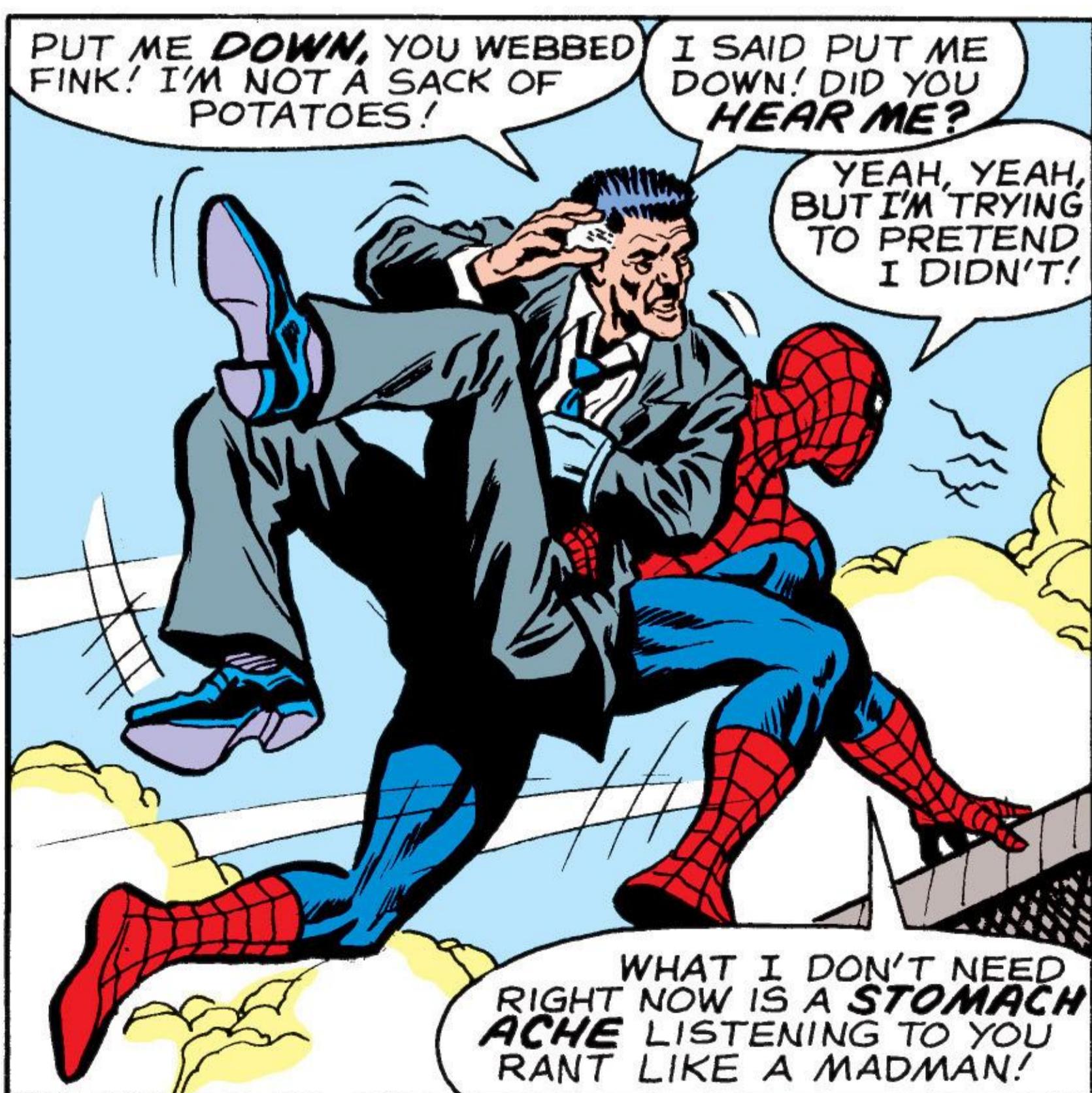
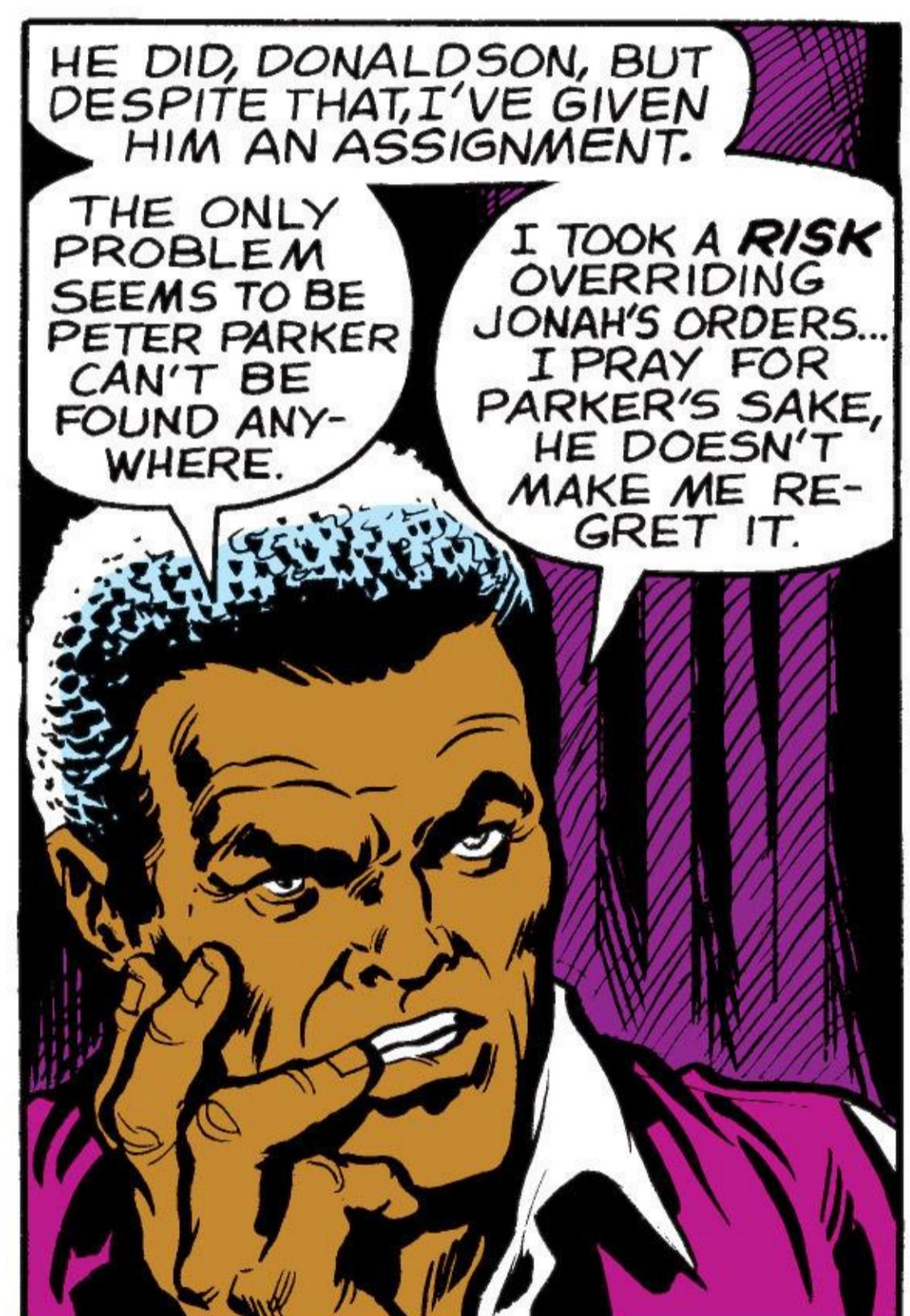
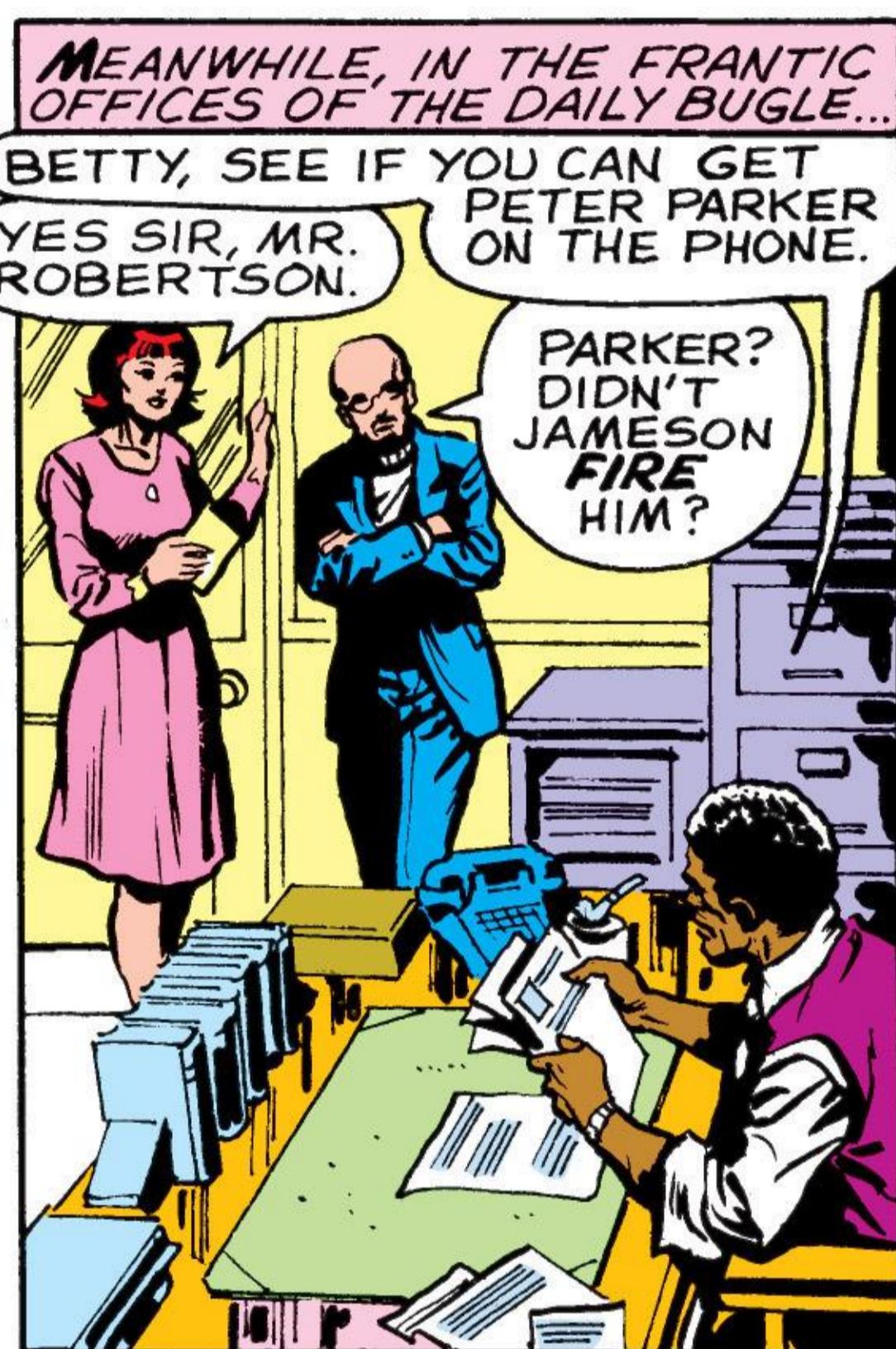
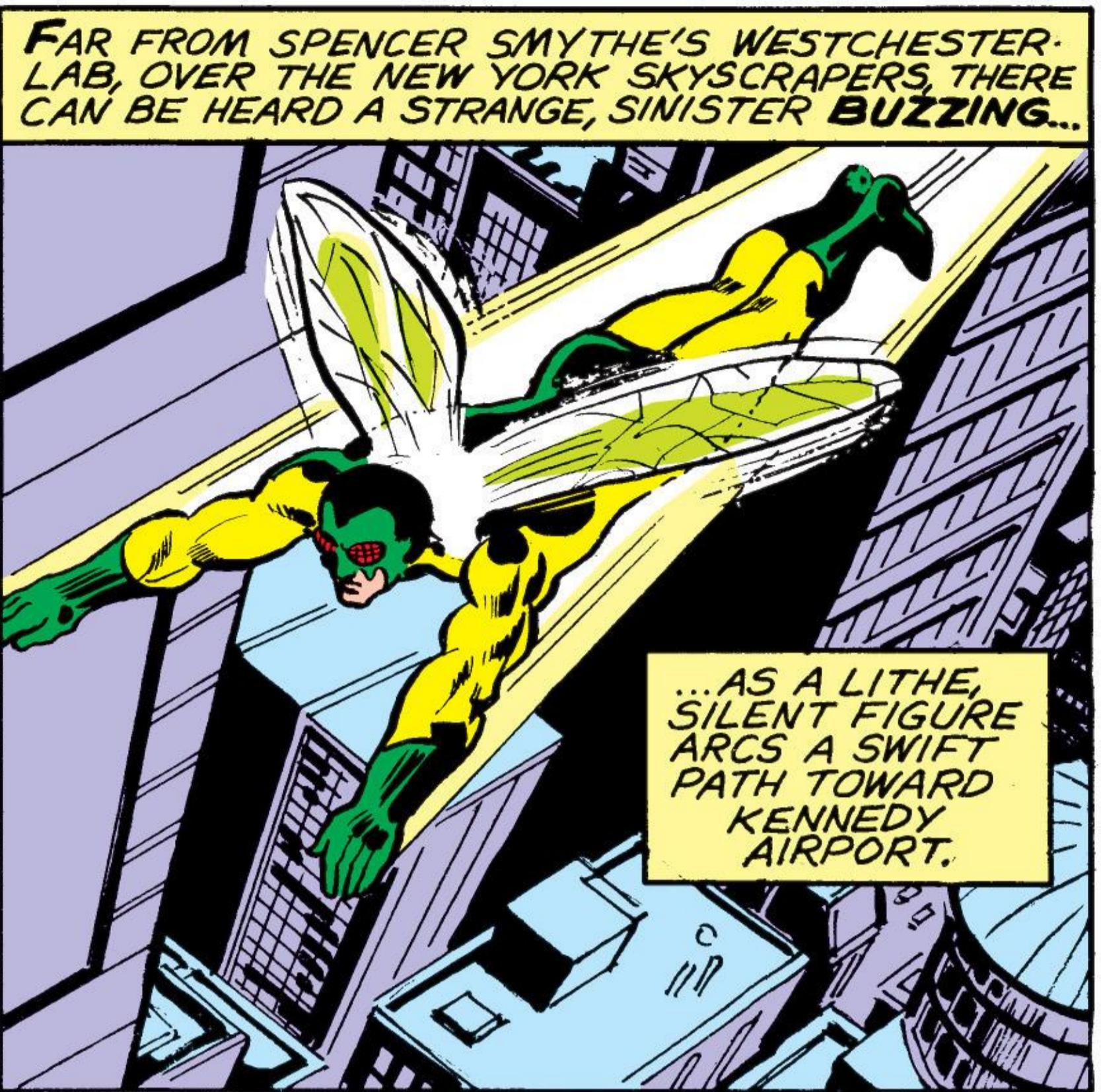
While attending a demonstration in radiology, student PETER PARKER was bitten by a spider which had accidentally been exposed to RADIOACTIVE RAYS. Through a miracle of science, Peter soon found that he had GAINED the arachnid's powers...and had, in effect, become a human spider...

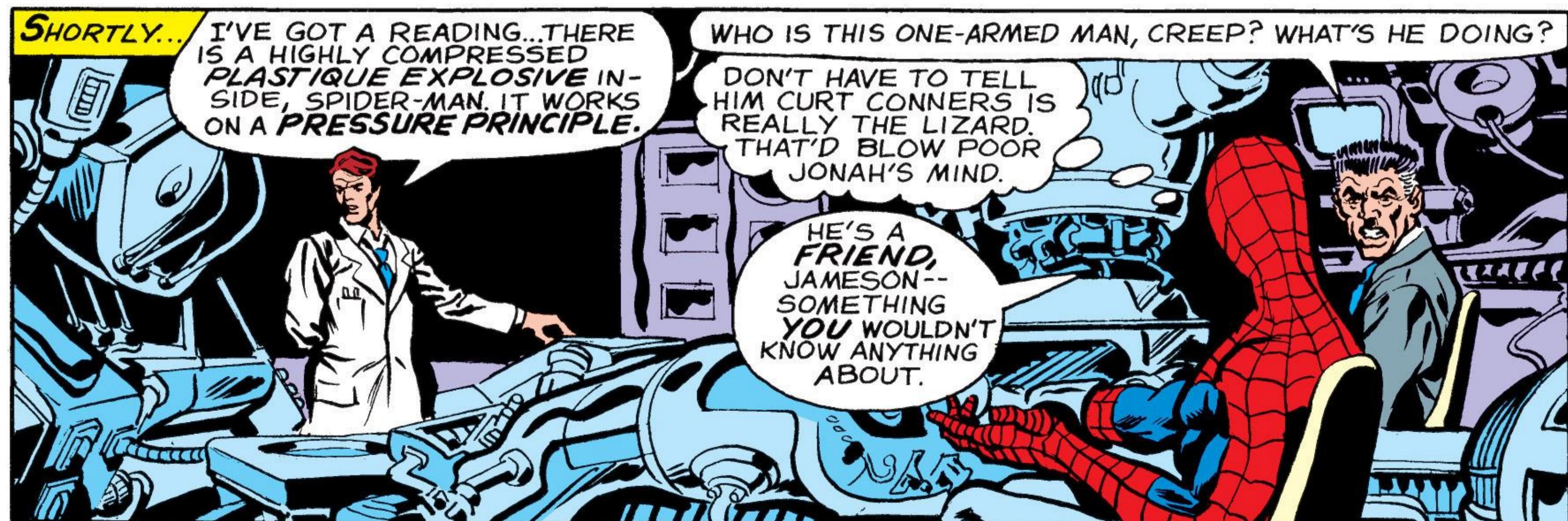
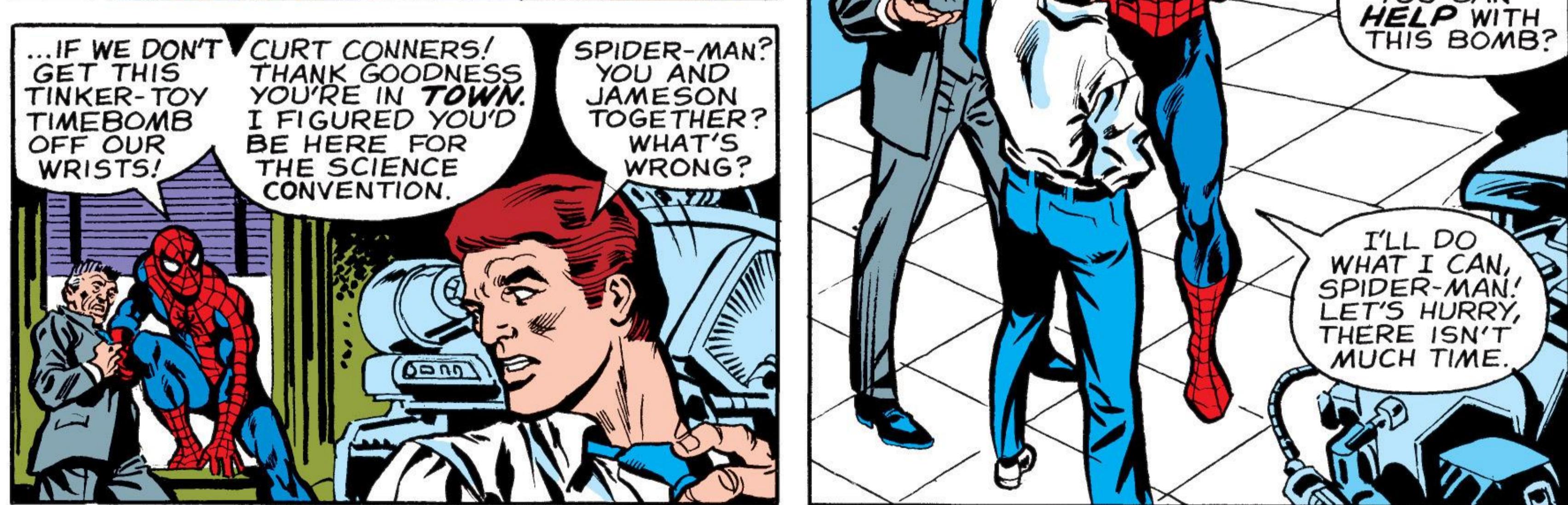
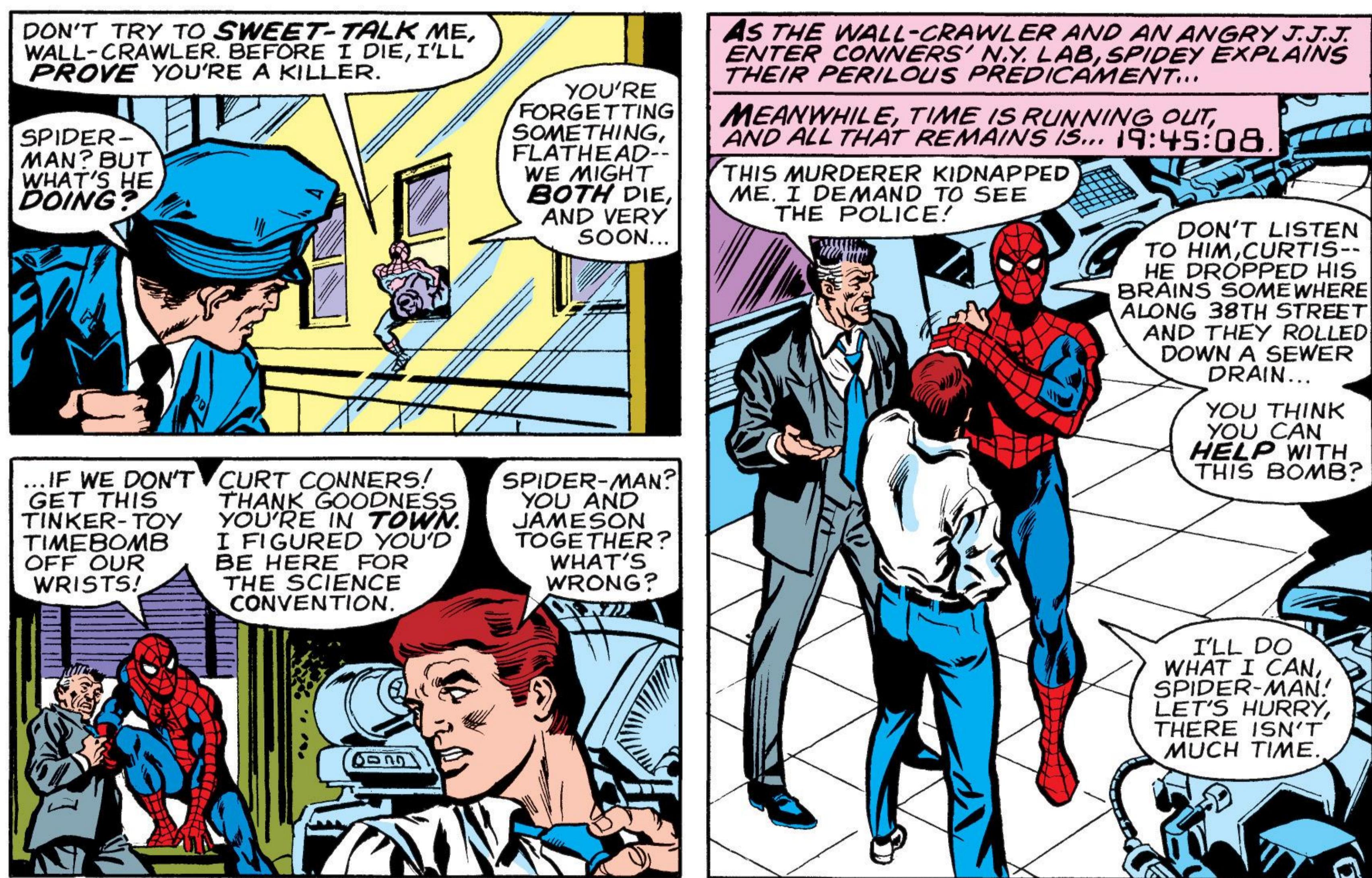
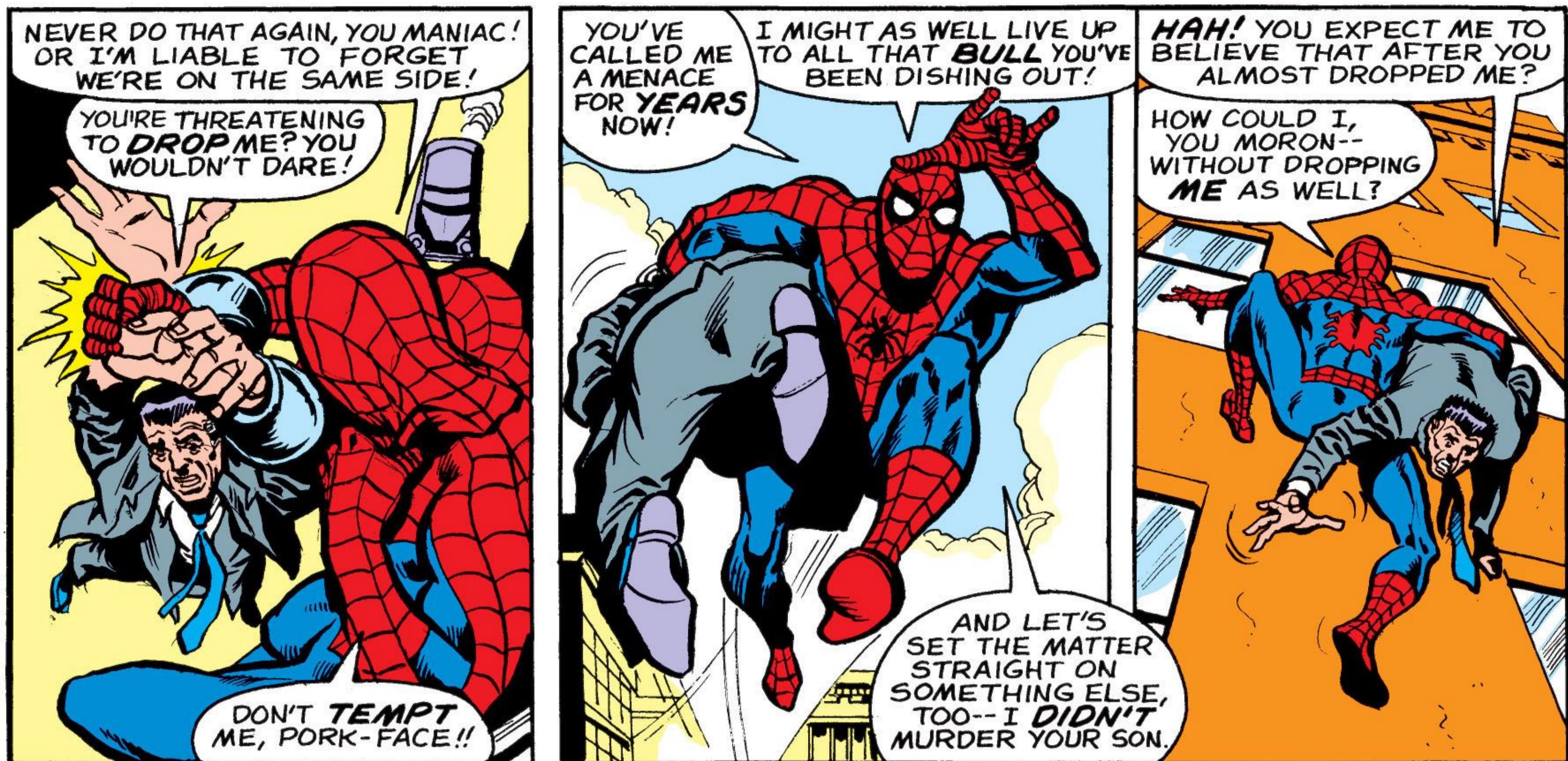
Stan Lee
PRESENTS: THE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN®

MARV WOLFMAN / KEITH POLLARD & JIM MOONEY / D. ALBERS • LETTERS / JIM SHOOTER
SCRIPT / EDITOR / ILLUSTRATORS / GLYNIS W. • COLORS / CON.EDITOR









FROM WHAT I CAN TELL, IF WE MAKE ANY ATTEMPT TO REMOVE THE SHACKLE, THE CHANGE IN PRESSURE WILL DETONATE THE BOMB.



SUDDENLY, THE HALL OUTSIDE THE SMALL LAB COMES ALIVE WITH THE SOUND OF RUNNING FEET. THEN, A MOMENT LATER...



MEANWHILE...

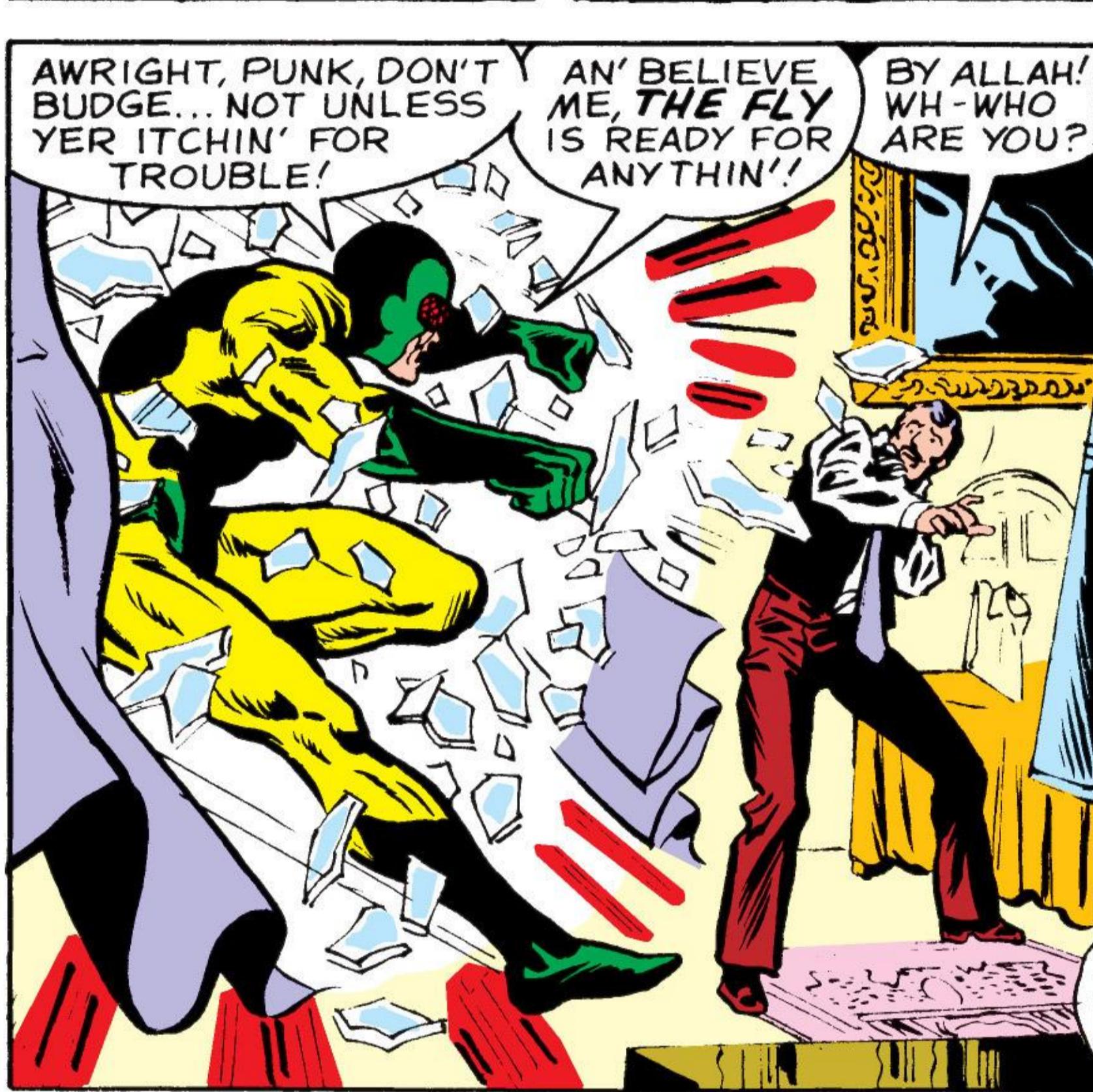
FOLLOWED THE CREEP HERE FROM THE AIRPORT--AN' NO ONE'S THE WISER!



AWRIGHT, PUNK, DON'T BUDGE... NOT UNLESS YER ITCHIN' FOR TROUBLE!

AN' BELIEVE ME, THE FLY IS READY FOR ANYTHIN'!

BY ALLAH! WH-WHO ARE YOU?



JUST A JOE WHO WANTS SOMETHING YOU GOT, BIG-SHOT.

AN' WHAT I WANT, I USUALLY TAKE! GOT THAT?



YEAH, HERE IT IS, THE INVITE TO THE KING TUT EXHIBIT!

WITH THIS, I'LL MAKE A MILLION!



LET'S GET THIS STRAIGHT, JAMESON. YOU SAY SPIDER-MAN KIDNAPPED YOU?

BETTER BELIEVE IT, TOWER. HE AND THAT CREEP SMYTHE PUT THIS BOMB ON MY WRIST!

SURE, JONAH, AND I ACCIDENTALLY CLAMPED IT ON MY WRIST AS WELL, RIGHT?

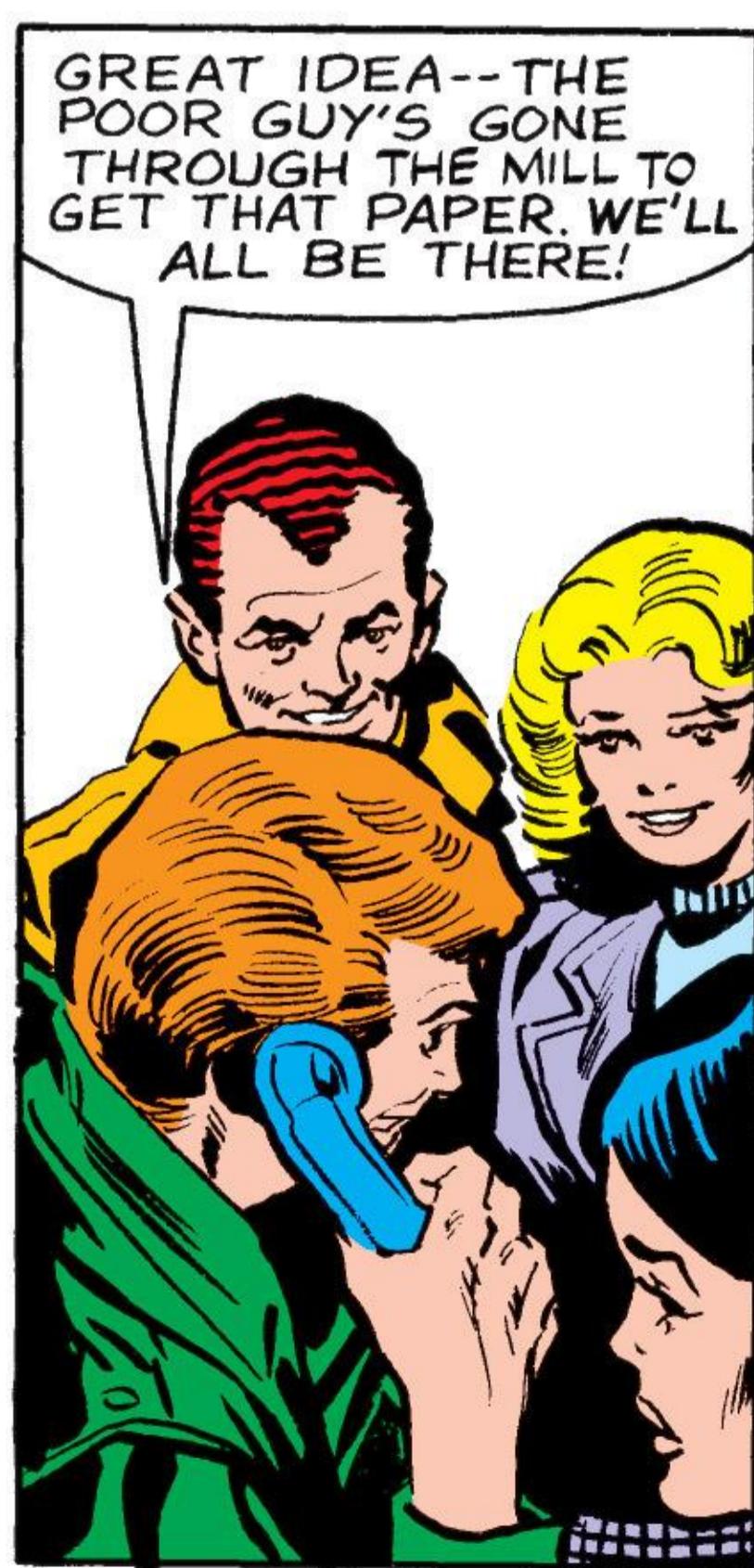
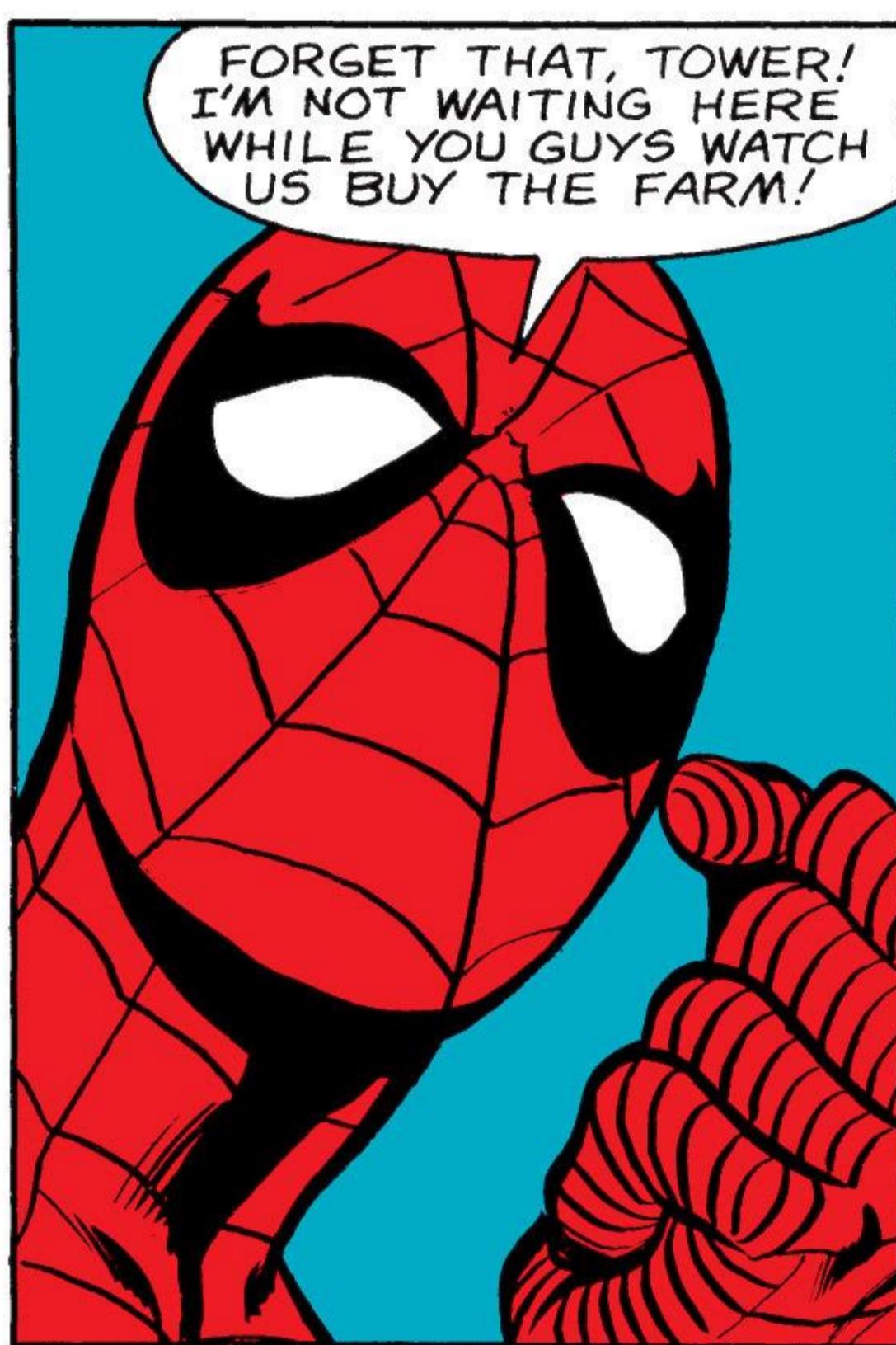
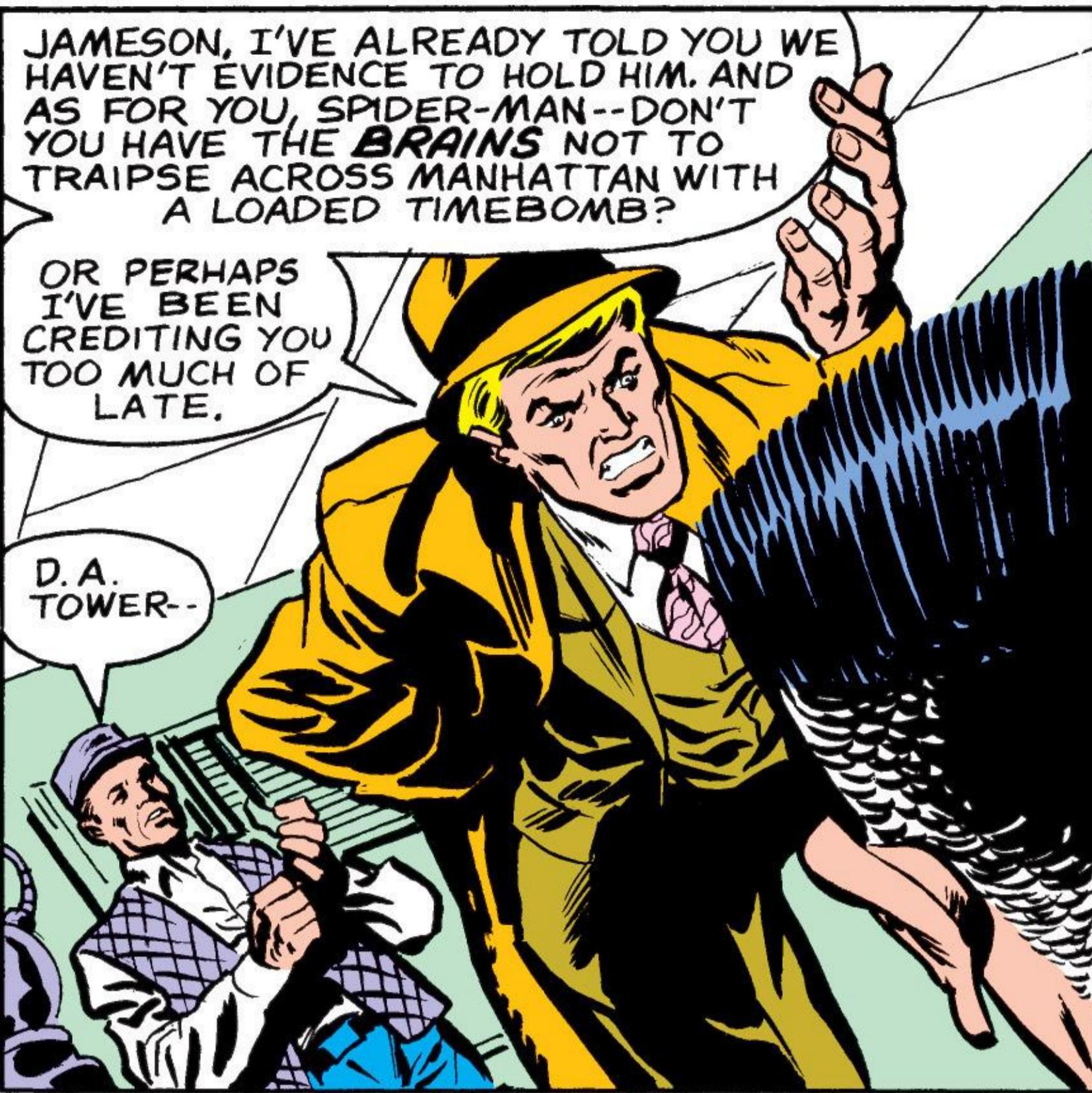


HE'S A KILLER, TOWER! I DEMAND YOU ARREST HIM FOR MY SON'S DEATH!

DO WE REALLY HAVE TO GO THROUGH THIS ROUTINE AGAIN?



MEANWHILE DOWNTOWN IN POLICE HEADQUARTERS...



BUT, IN THE APARTMENT OF MARY JANE WATSON A MOMENT BEFORE BETTY BRANT-LEEDS CAN DIAL HER PHONE...

WISH I KNEW WHY I'M SEEING PETE AGAIN... HEY, I JUST REALIZED SOMETHING-- I'M ACTUALLY SCARED! ABOUT DATING PETE? IF ONLY HE WEREN'T SO INSISTENT!

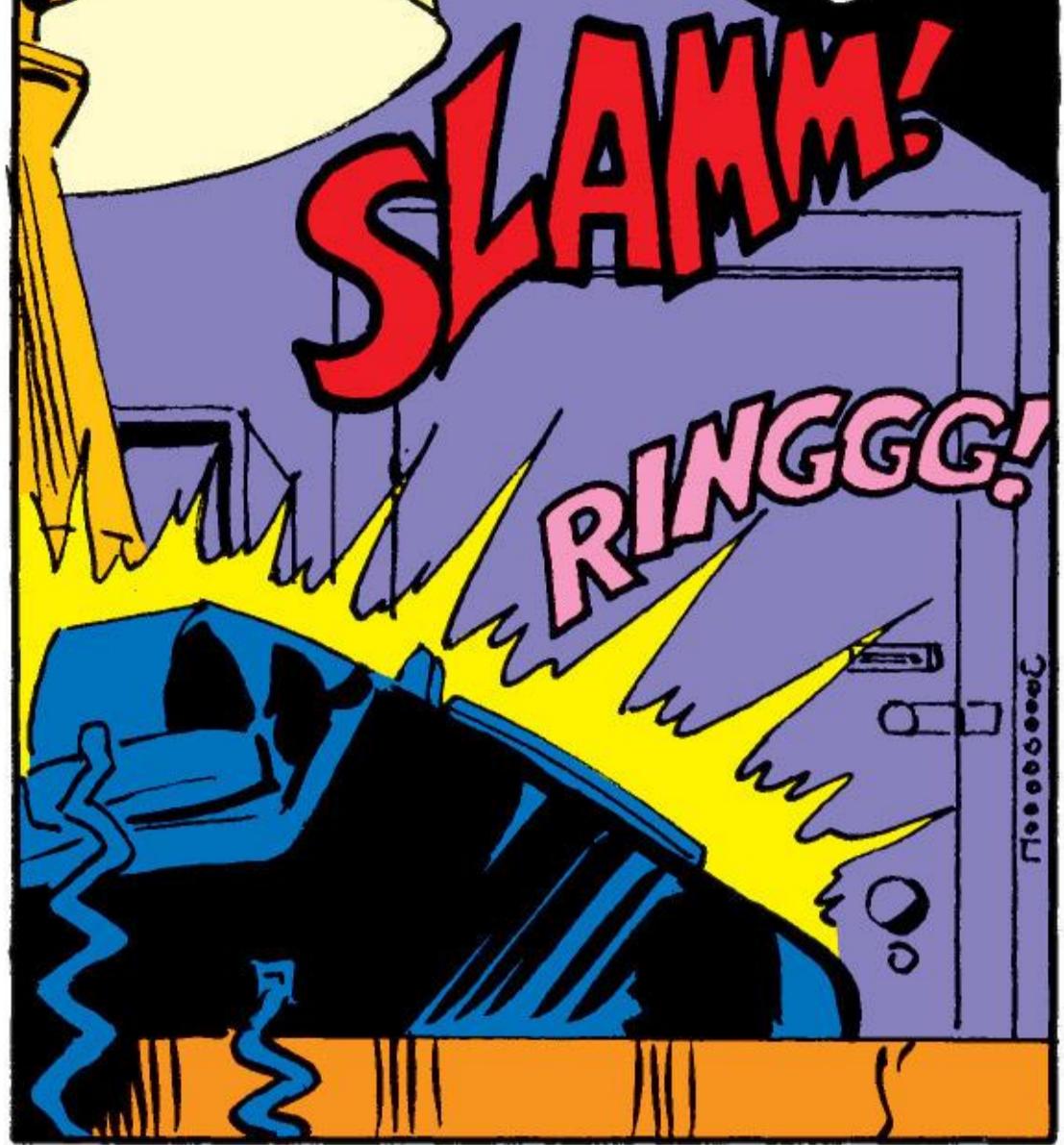


NO... I STILL DIG THAT BROWN-EYED HUNK, BUT WHAT IF HE PROPOSES AGAIN?

I DON'T THINK I CAN GO THROUGH THE TRAGEDY OF MARRYING, ONLY TO BREAK UP-- LIKE BETTY AND NED...



...OR LIKE MOM AND DAD SO MANY YEARS AGO...



MEANWHILE...

I'M GETTING SICK, YOU MANIAC! PUT ME DOWN! AND I'M HUNGRY! I WANT TO EAT!

SURE YOU DON'T HAVE ANY MORE DEMANDS, FAT-HEAD?

HOW ABOUT A LIMOUSINE TO TAKE YOU TO THE CEMETERY WHEN THE BOMB GOES BOOM?



C'MON, YOU CAN THINK OF SOMETHING ELSE YOU WANT, CAN'TCHA?

DROP DEAD, FINK!

AH HA! SEE HOW EASY IT IS IF YOU TRY?

I HAVE TO THINK A WAY OUTTA THIS MESS, FLAT-HEAD. WE'VE ONLY GOT A FEW MORE HOURS.

AN' I'LL BE HANGED IF I'M GONNA WASTE 'EM WATCHING YOU GOUGE YOURSELF!

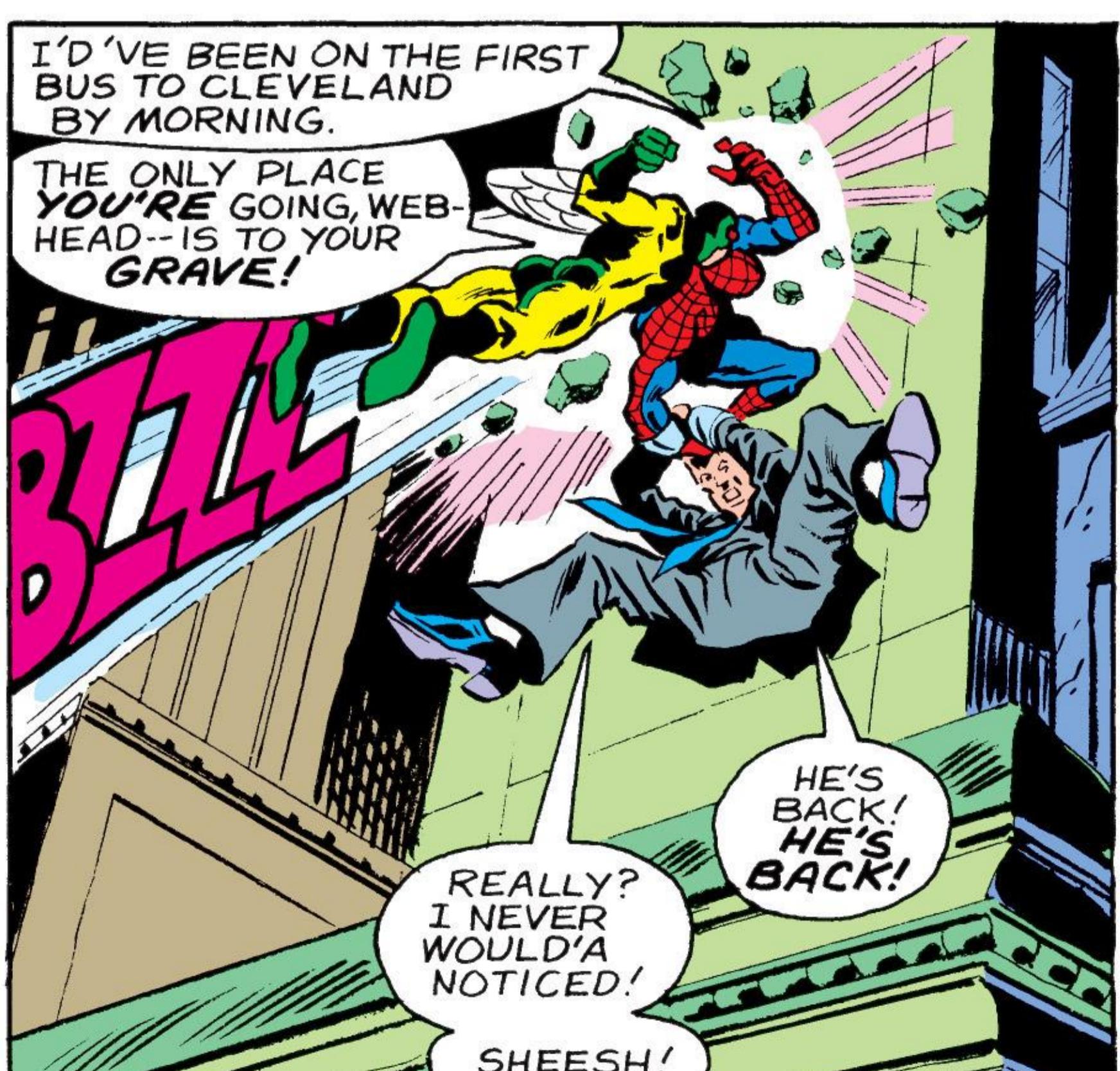
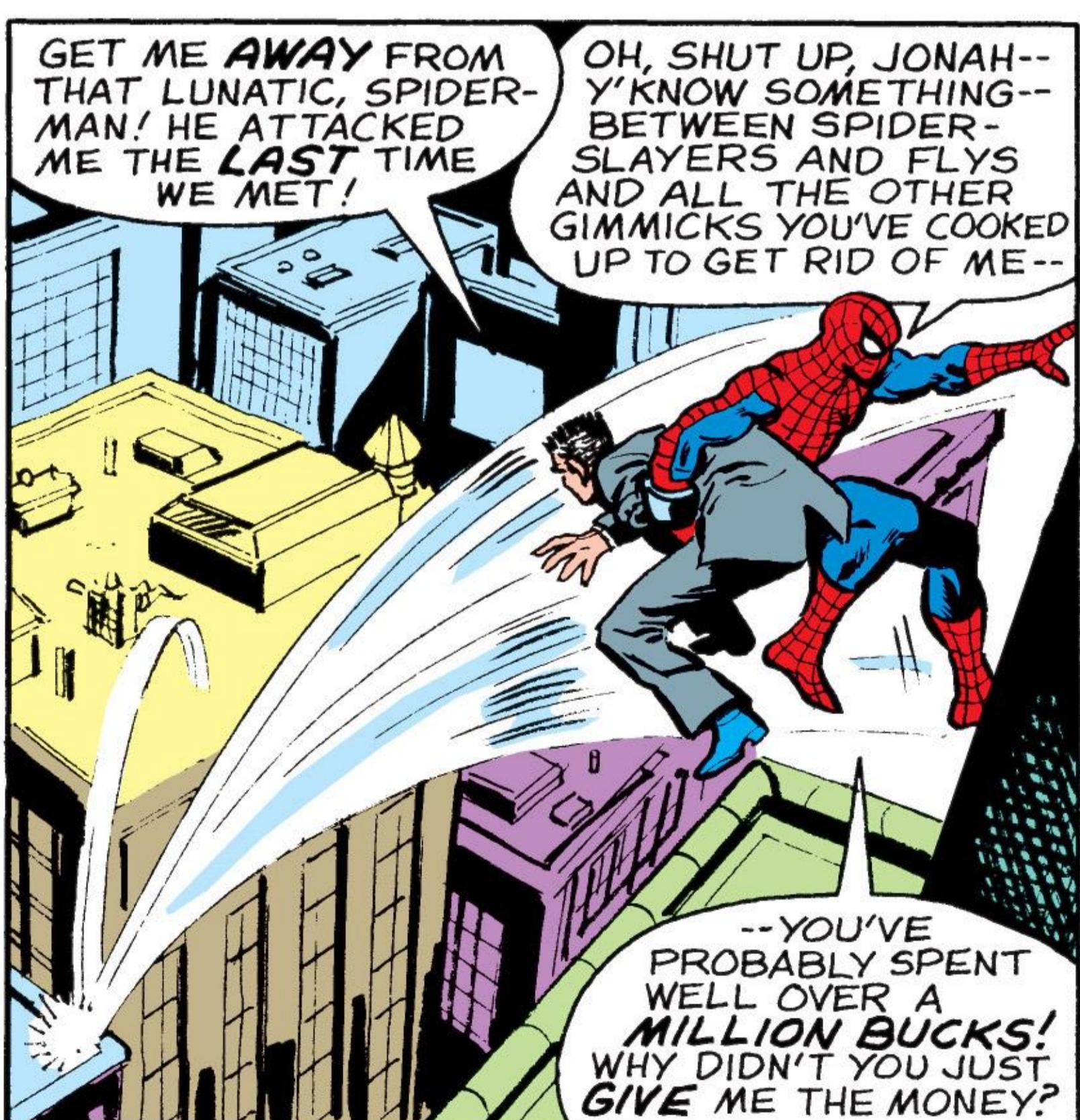
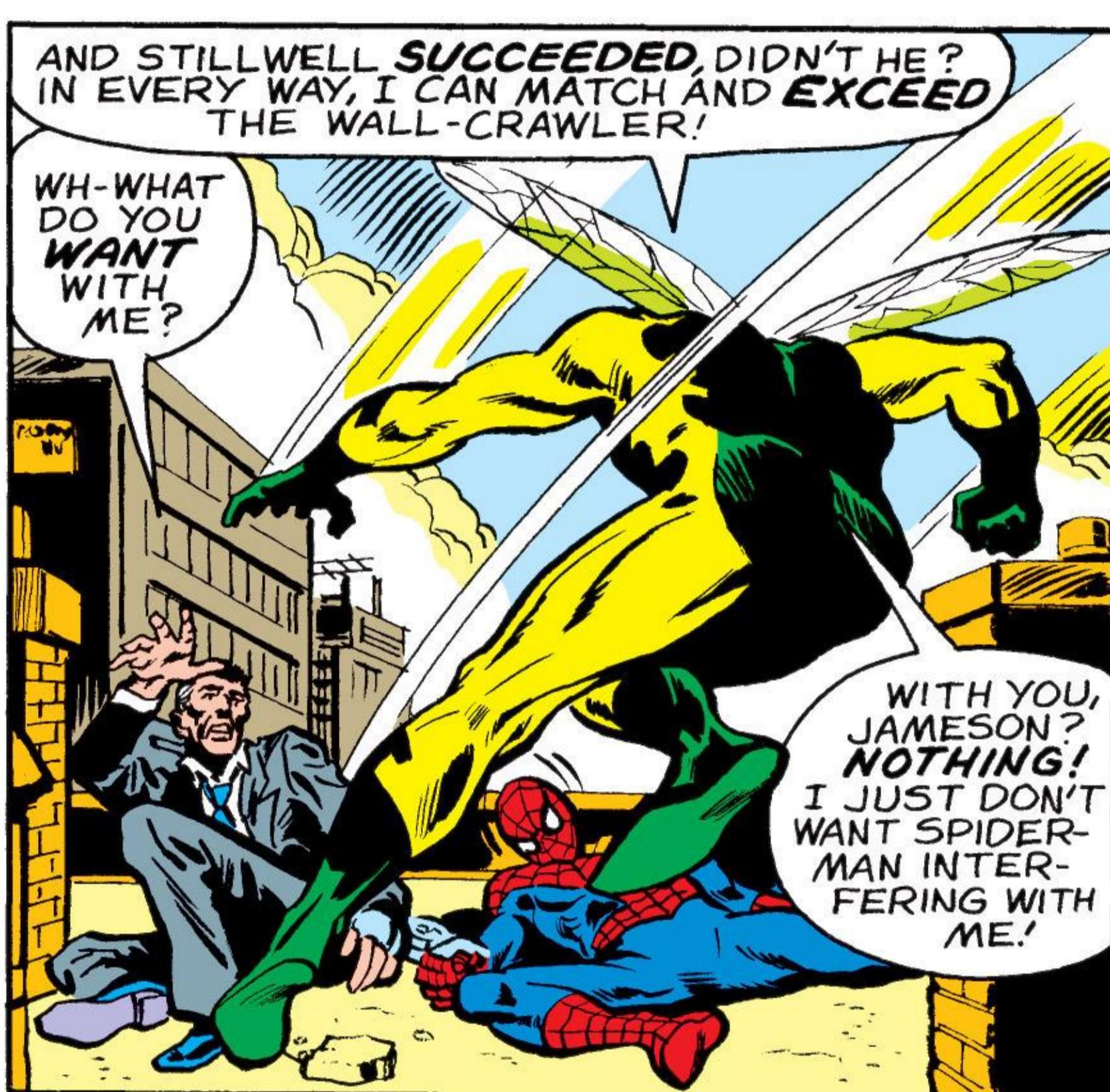
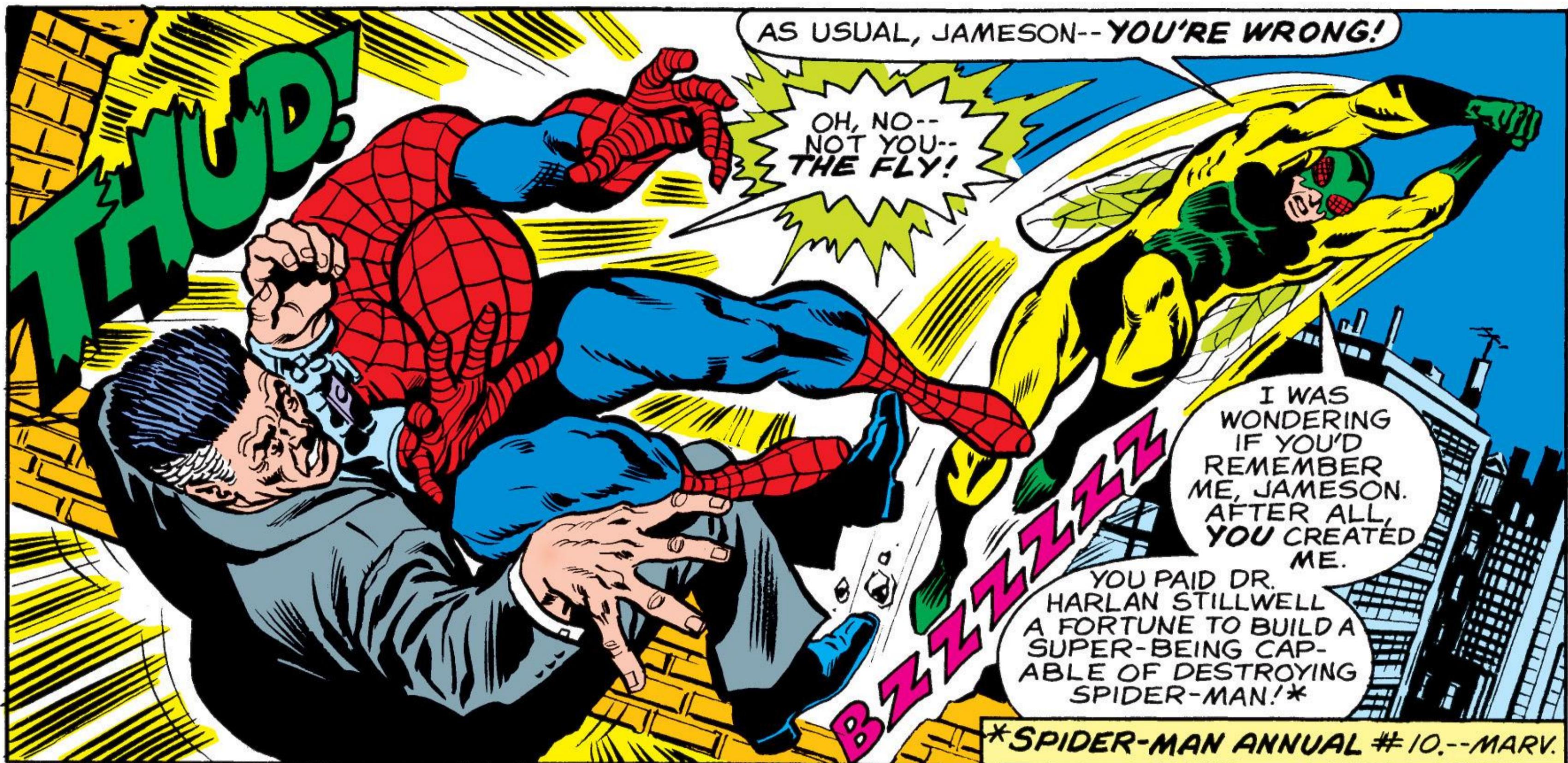


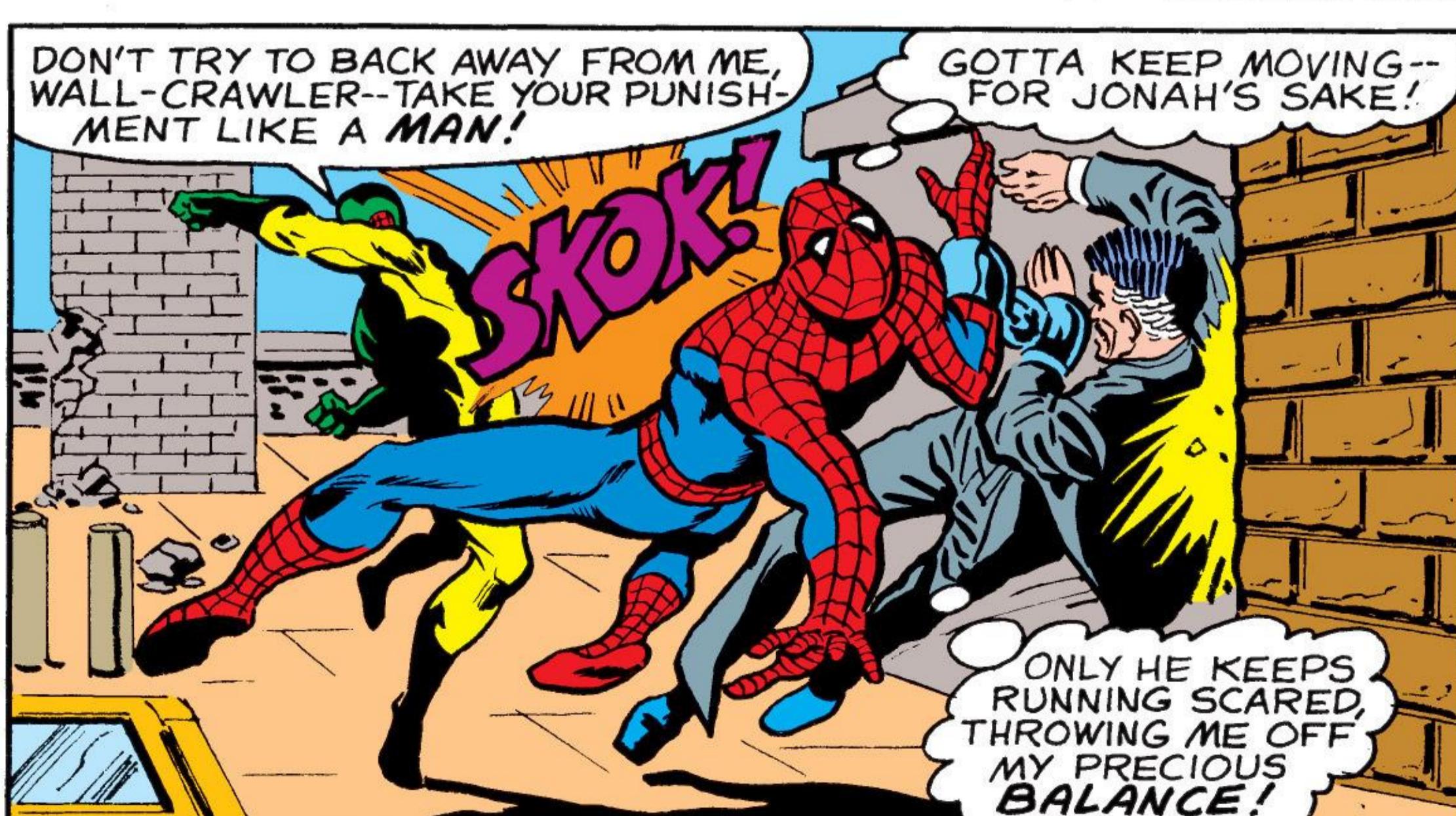
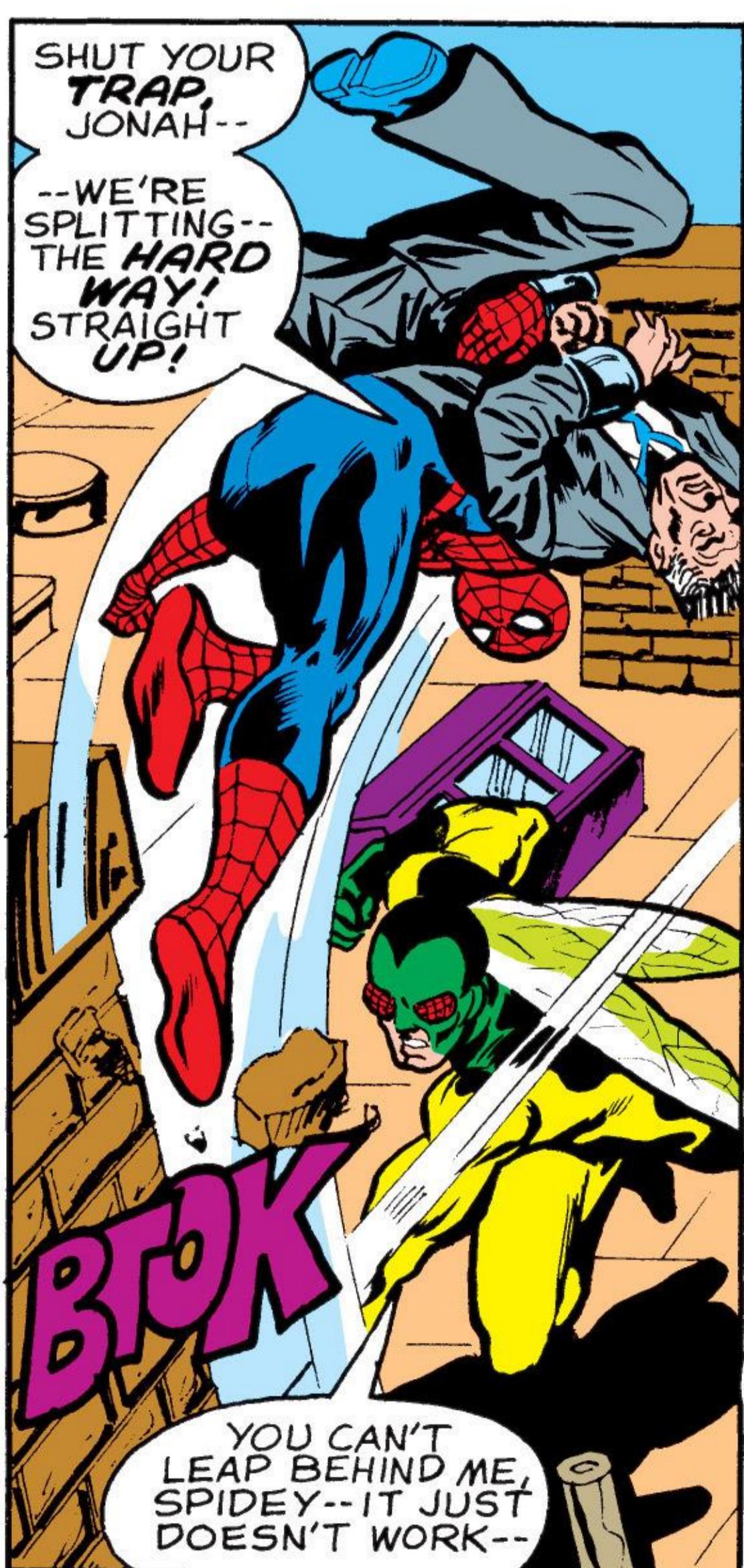
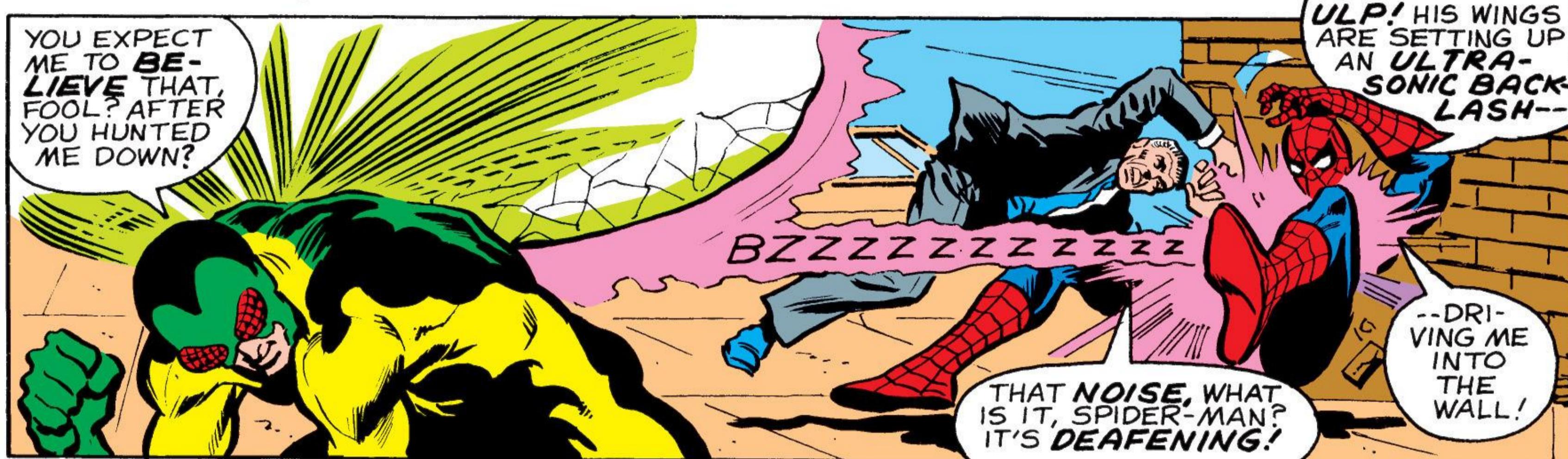
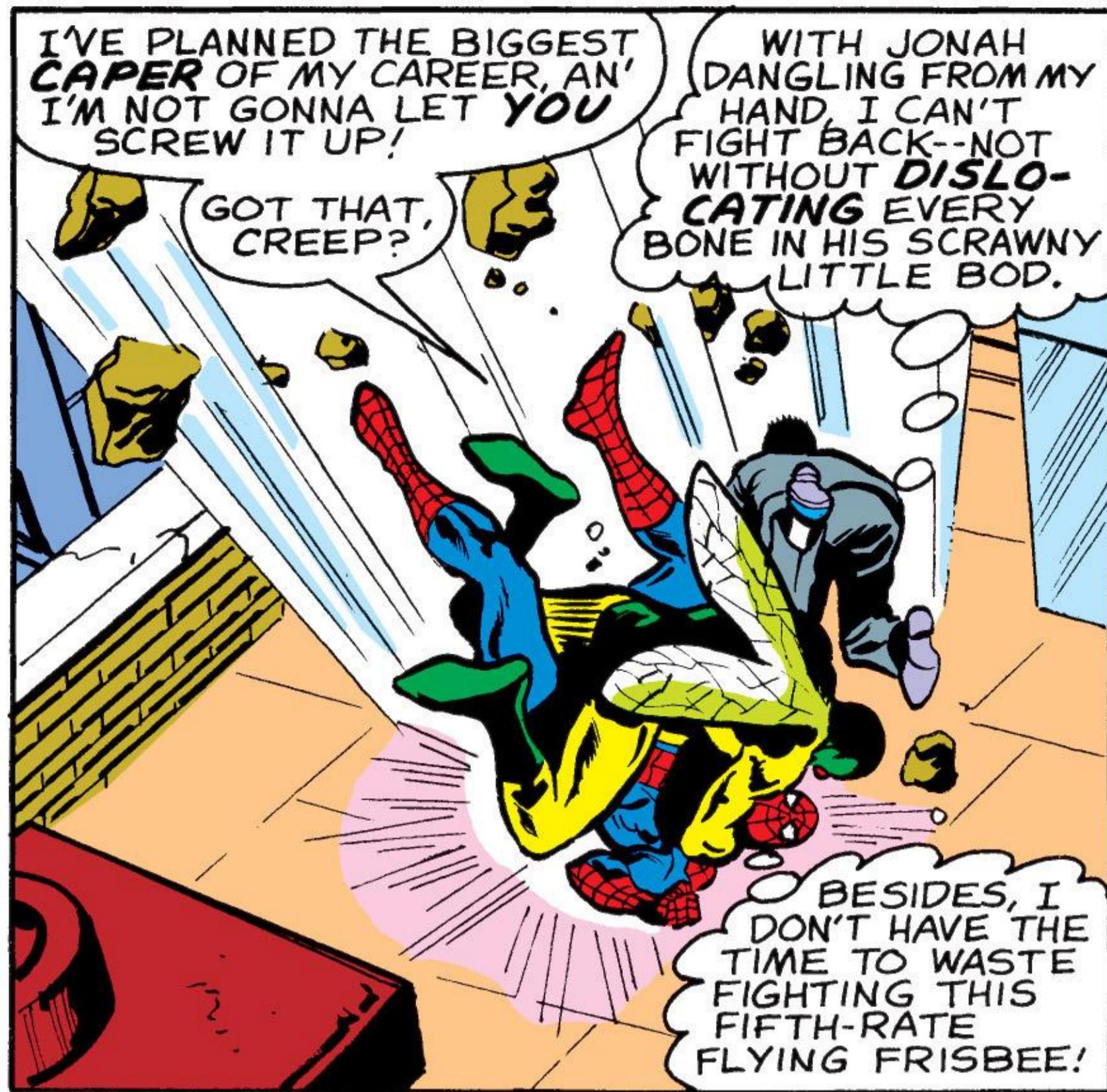
I'LL GIVE YOU A BREAK, JONAH... I'M NOT USED TO HOPPING AROUND THIS CITY LUGGING 180 POUNDS OF DEAD WEIGHT.

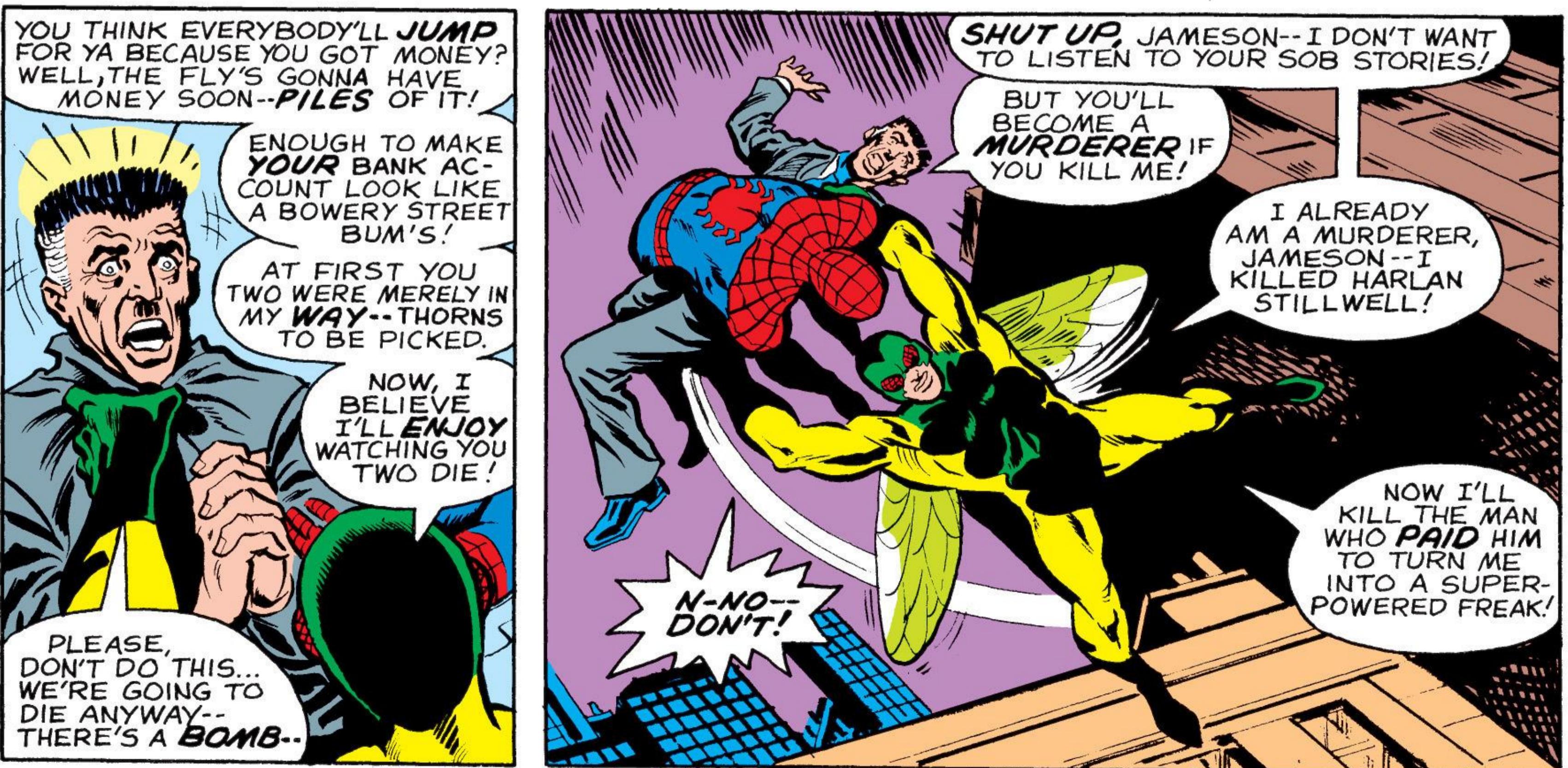
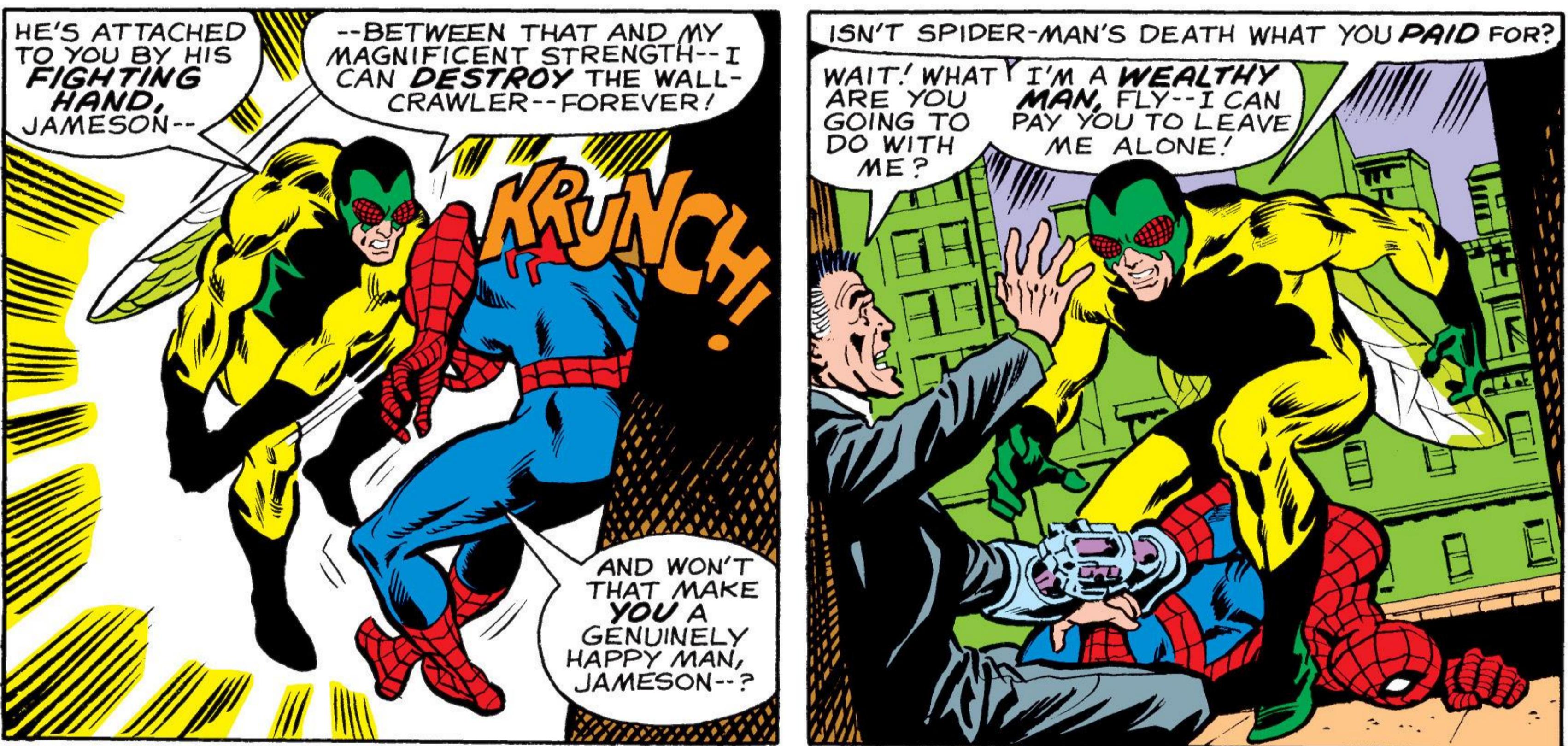
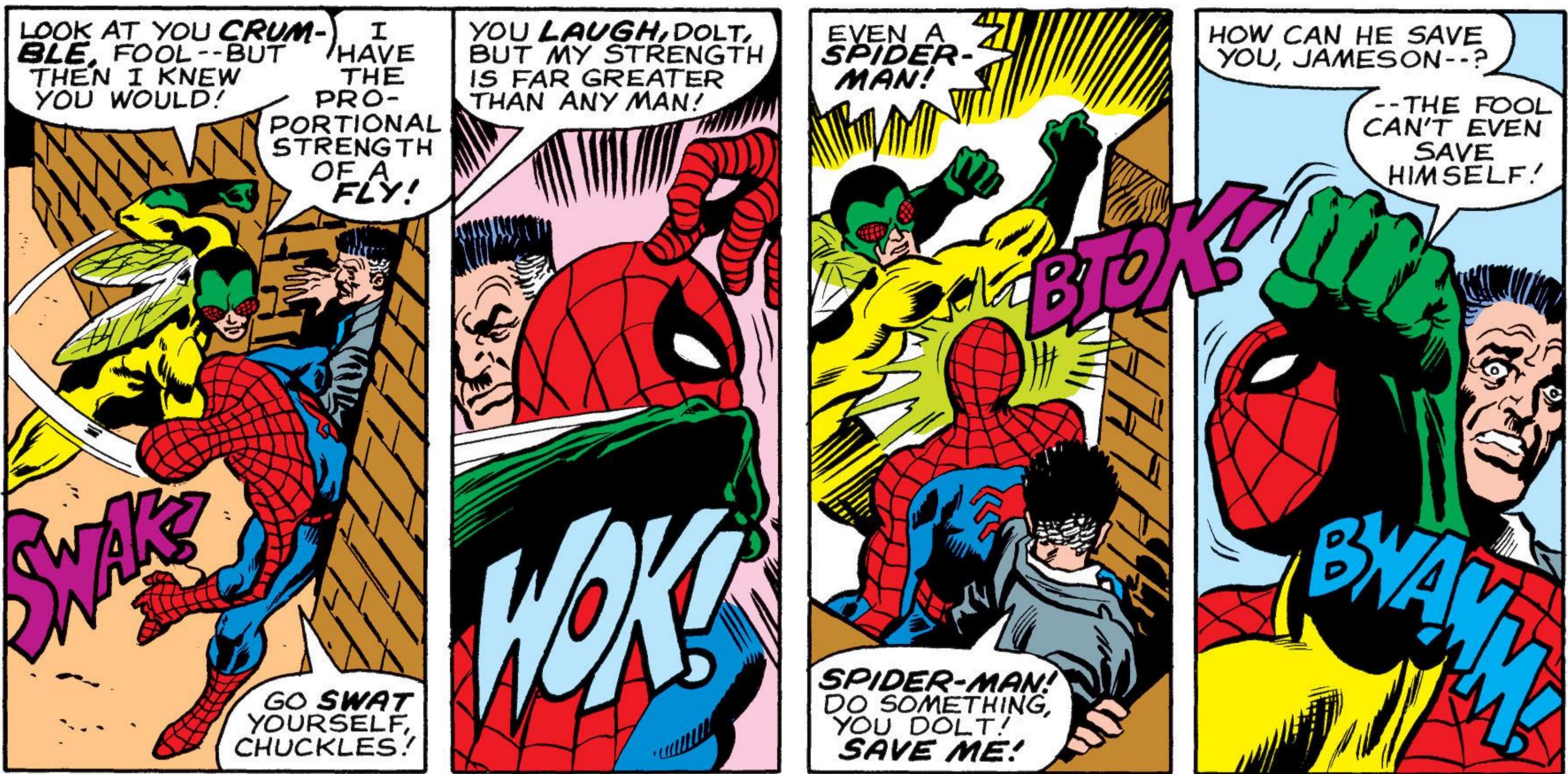
IF ONLY I HAD SOME WEB-BING... BUT I CAN'T DRAG JONAH BACK TO MY APARTMENT FOR THE NEW BATCH I MIXED UP AND FORGOT TO TAKE.

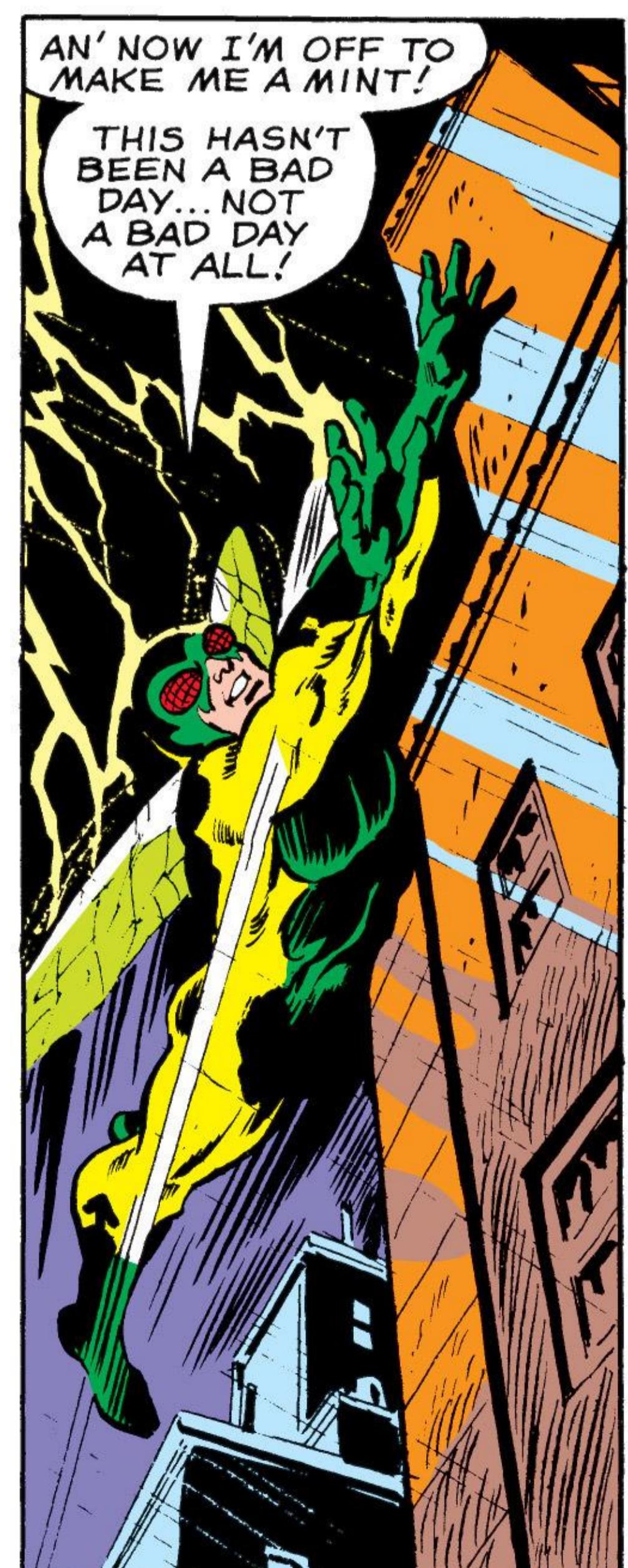
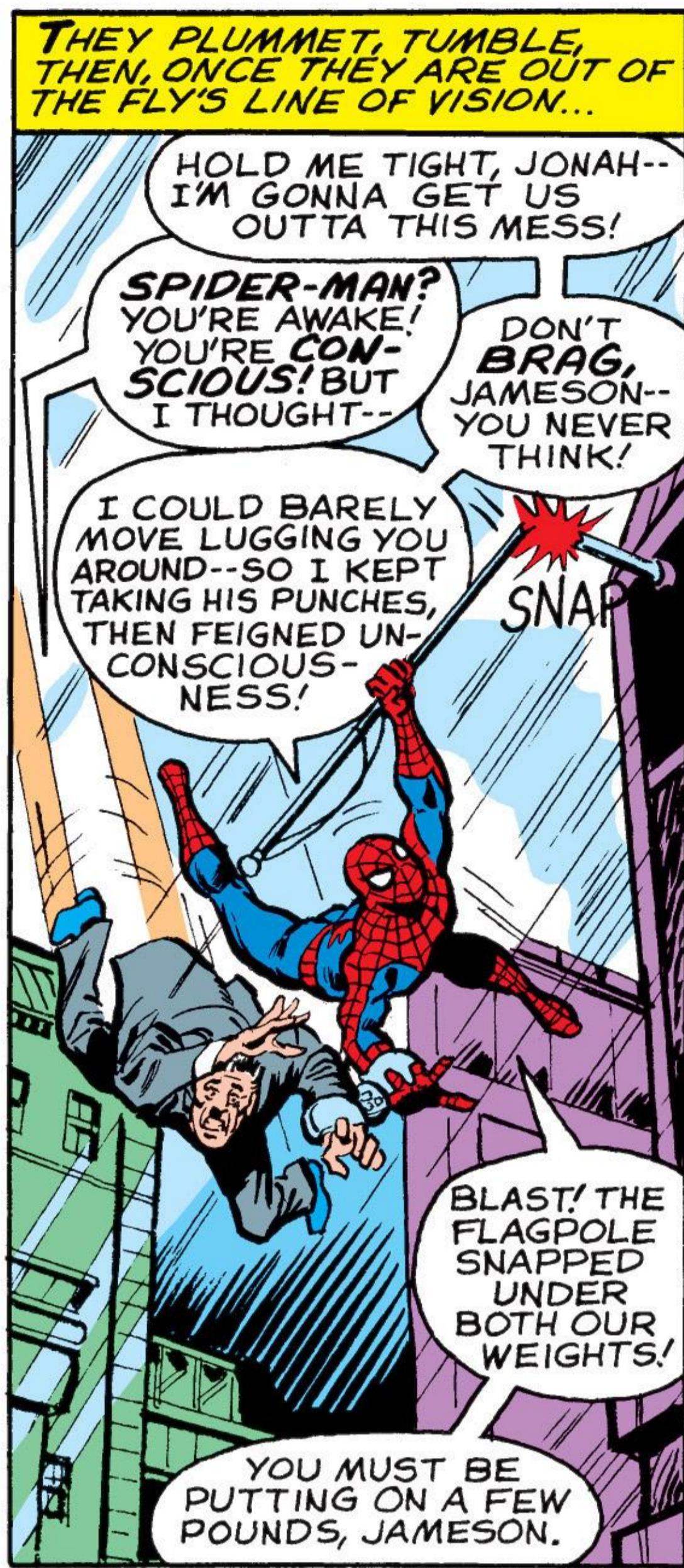
HE'S LIABLE TO RECOGNIZE IT AS PETER PARKER'S!



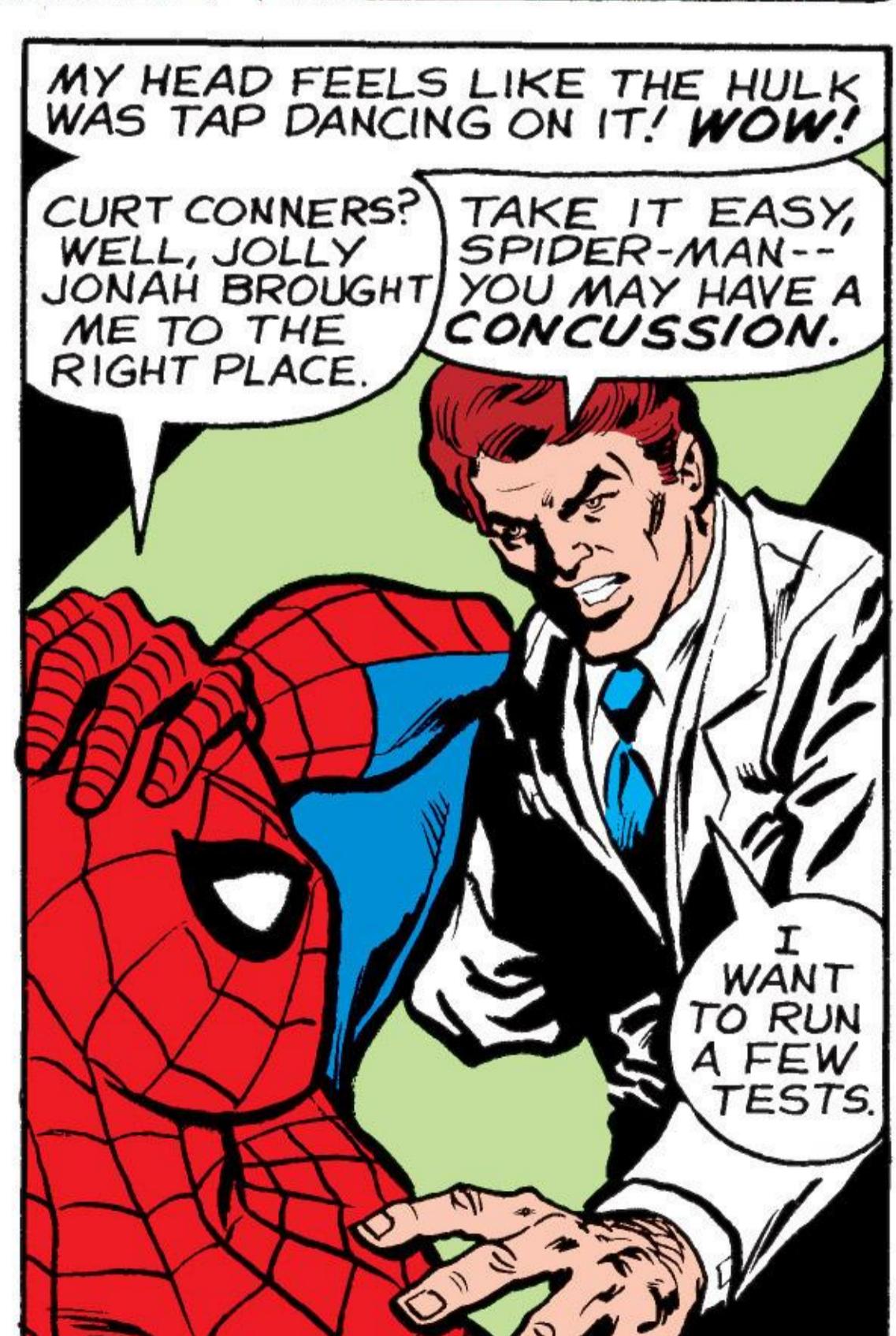
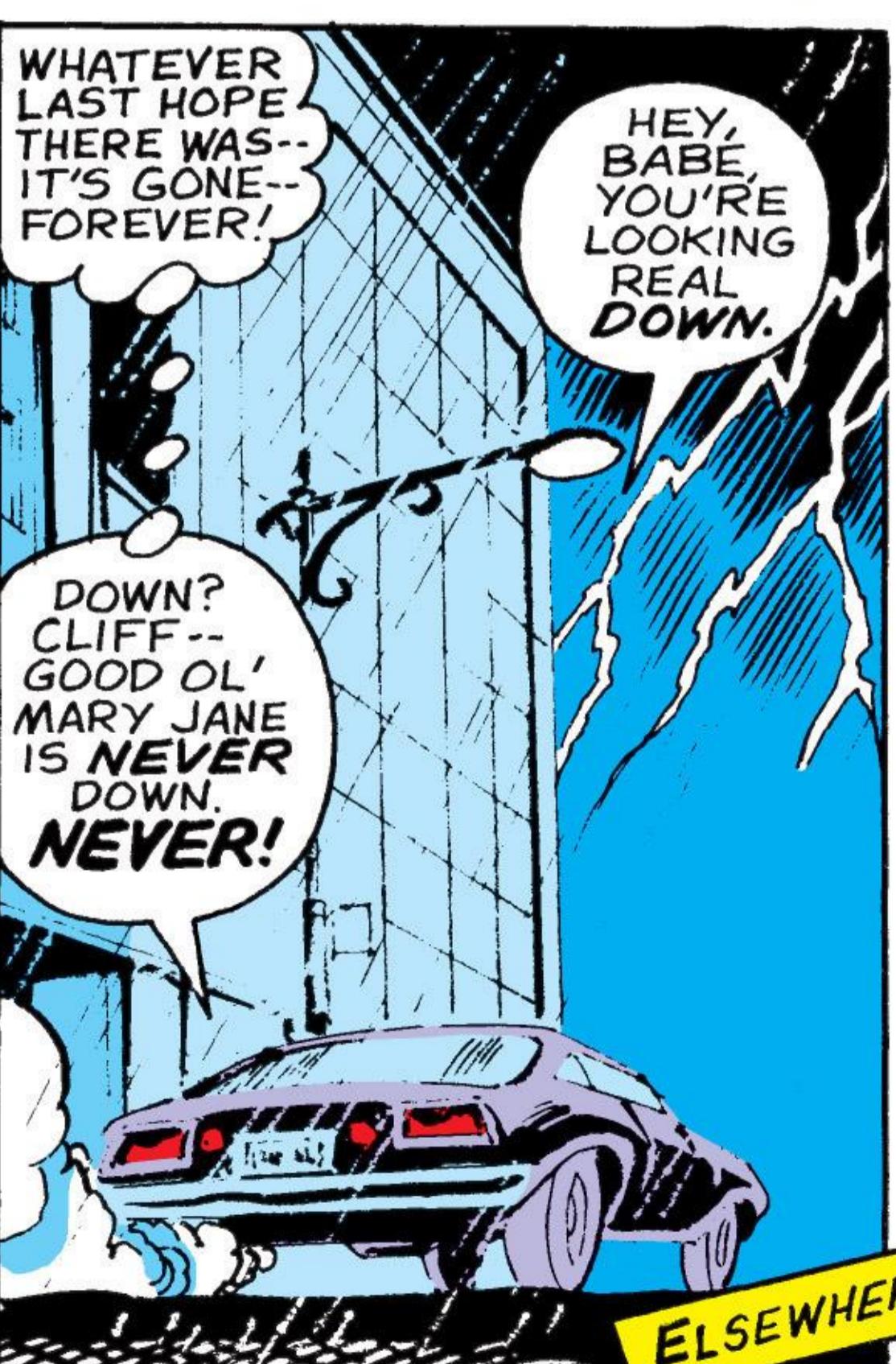
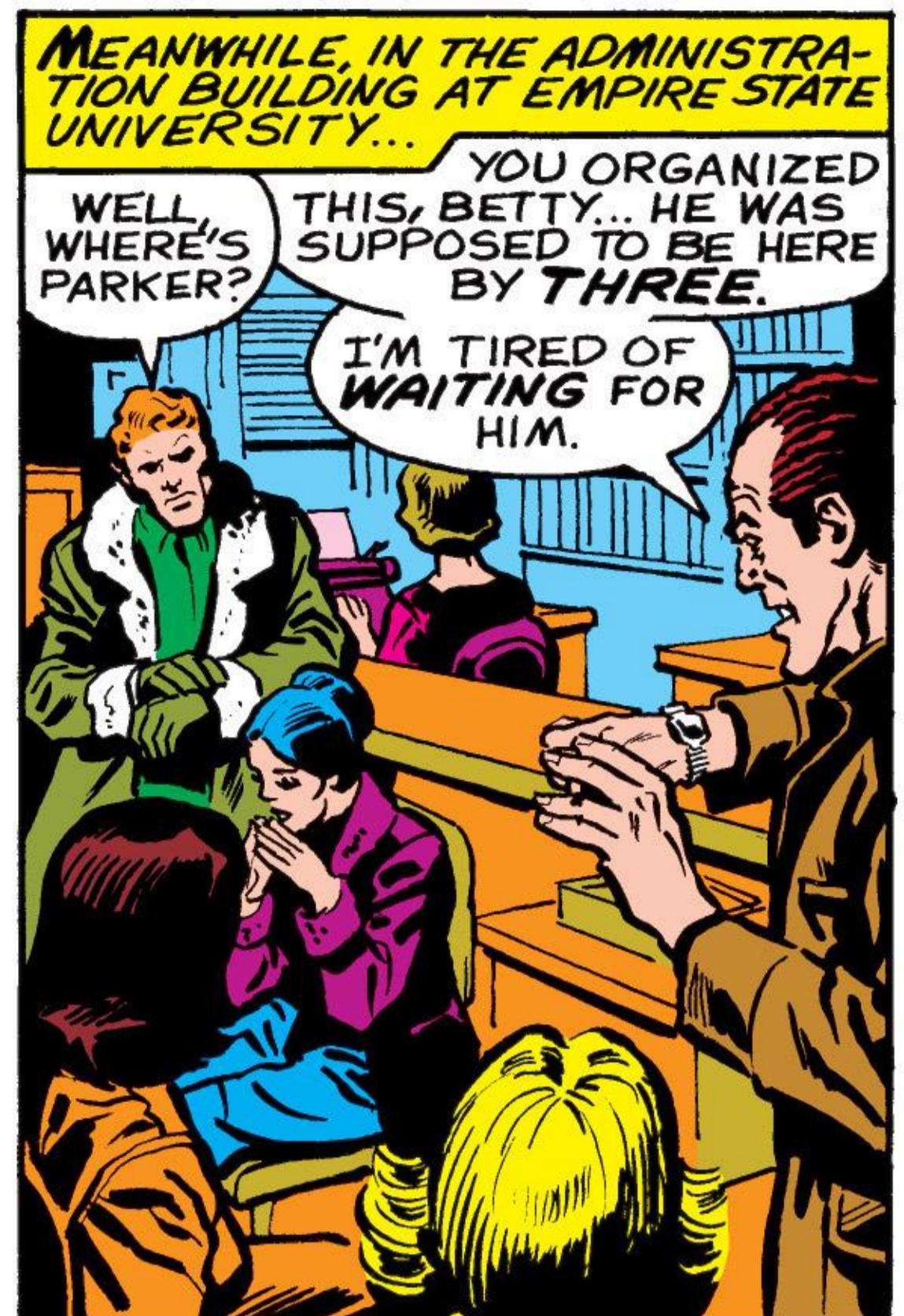








FOR A LONG TIME, THERE IS NO MOVEMENT IN THIS DARK ALLEY WAY. THEN, JONAH STIRS, HE SHAKES THE COBWEBS FROM HIS MUSTY HEAD, AND...



COMING HERE HAD BETTER BE WORTH IT, CONNERS. I HAD TO CARRY THE BLASTED WALL-CRAWLER FOUR BLOCKS IN THE POURING RAIN!

B-BUT I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT ELSE TO DO.

NOT NOW, BLAST IT... NOT WHILE THERE'S SO LITTLE TIME REMAINING.

I'M SORRY, BUT I STILL CAN'T FIGURE HOW TO REMOVE THE SHACKLE OR THE BOMB.

FIGURES! ONLY SMYTHE KNOWS, AND HE'S NOT TALKI--

HOLD IT, I'M A GRADE-A-DUNCE!

I'VE SAID THAT FOR YEARS!

JAMESON, WHY DON'T YOU--AWWW, FORGET IT! IT'S HARDLY WORTH THE EFFORT.

C'MON, WE'VE GOT A LITTLE TRIP TO TAKE.

WHERE? WHERE ARE YOU DRAGGING ME OFF TO NOW?

WESTCHESTER! AND WE BETTER MOVE!

ONE HOUR?
WE'LL NEVER MAKE IT!

THEN YOU'D BETTER START PRAYING, JONAH.

IT TAKES ALMOST HALF AN HOUR FOR A TIRED, WEAK-LIMBED SPIDER-MAN TO CARRY AN EQUALY-TIRED J. JONAH JAMESON TO THE WESTCHESTER LAB OF SPENCER SMYTHE...

WE'RE BACK, SMYTHE! AND WE'RE AFTER YOU!

YOU HEAR ME, MISTER?

KRASH!

HE'S NOT SPEAKING. HE'S SO SMUG IN HIS BLASTED VICTORY!

I'M SICK OF THIS GARBAGE, SMYTHE! I WANNA KNOW HOW TO--

00:29:59

OH MY ACHING BACK! JAMESON--LOOK!

DON'T TELL ME...DON'T DARE TELL ME. SMYTHE WANTED TO SEE US DIE, JAMESON. I GUESS HE'S FAILED AGAIN.

HE'S DEAD!

THERE IS A HEARTBEAT'S SILENCE, A NUMBING OF THE SENSES. THEN, A FRUSTRATED RAGE WASHES OVER THE TROUBLED WALL-CRAWLER...

NO! IT ISN'T FAIR! HE CAN'T BE DEAD!

HE CAN'T DO THIS TO ME!

MY LIFE HAS BEEN ONE LONG SHAMBLES! MUST I DIE A LOSER AS WELL?

WHAT DO YOU THINK I'M TRYIN' TO DO, JAMESON? READ "WAR AND PEACE" IN THE NEXT HALF HOUR?

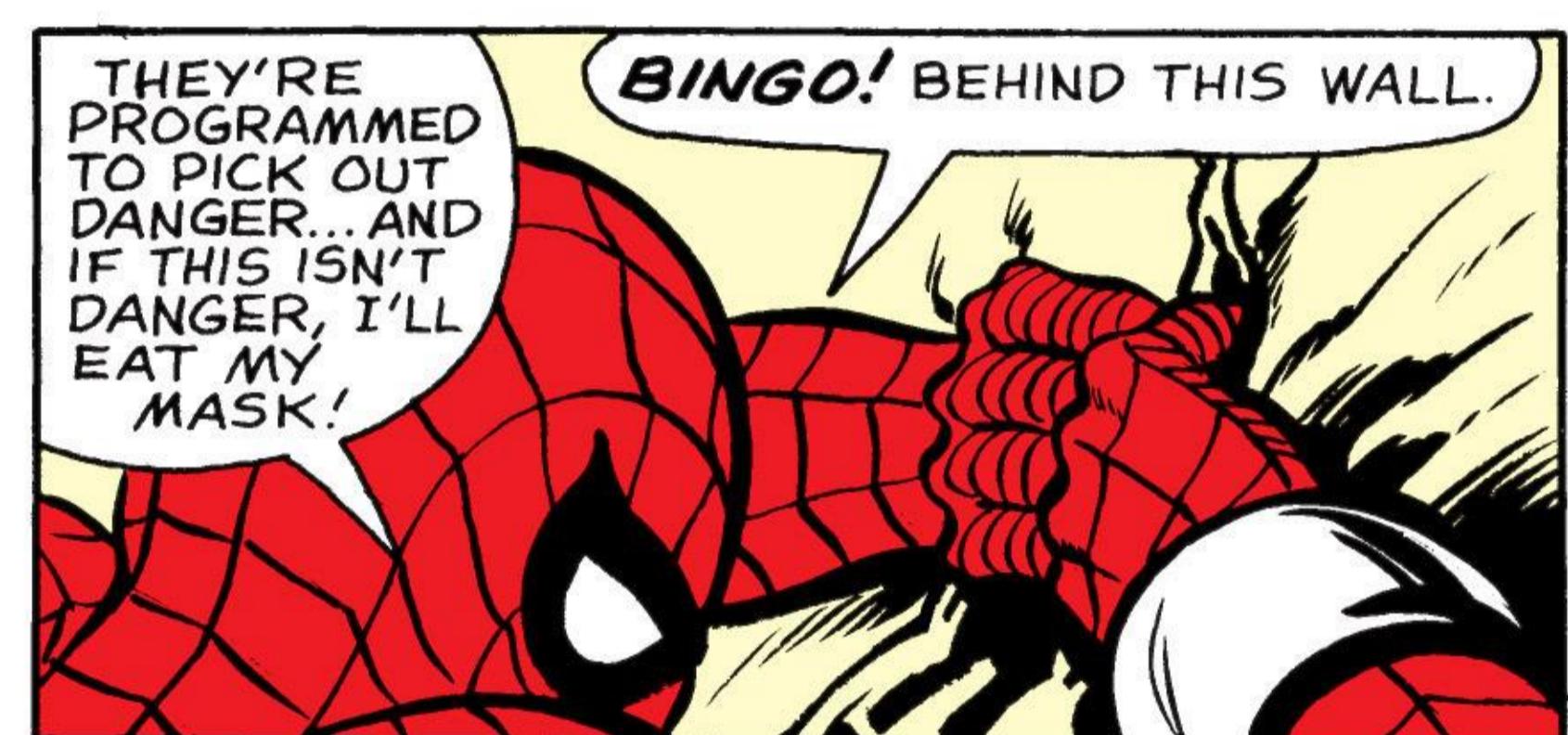
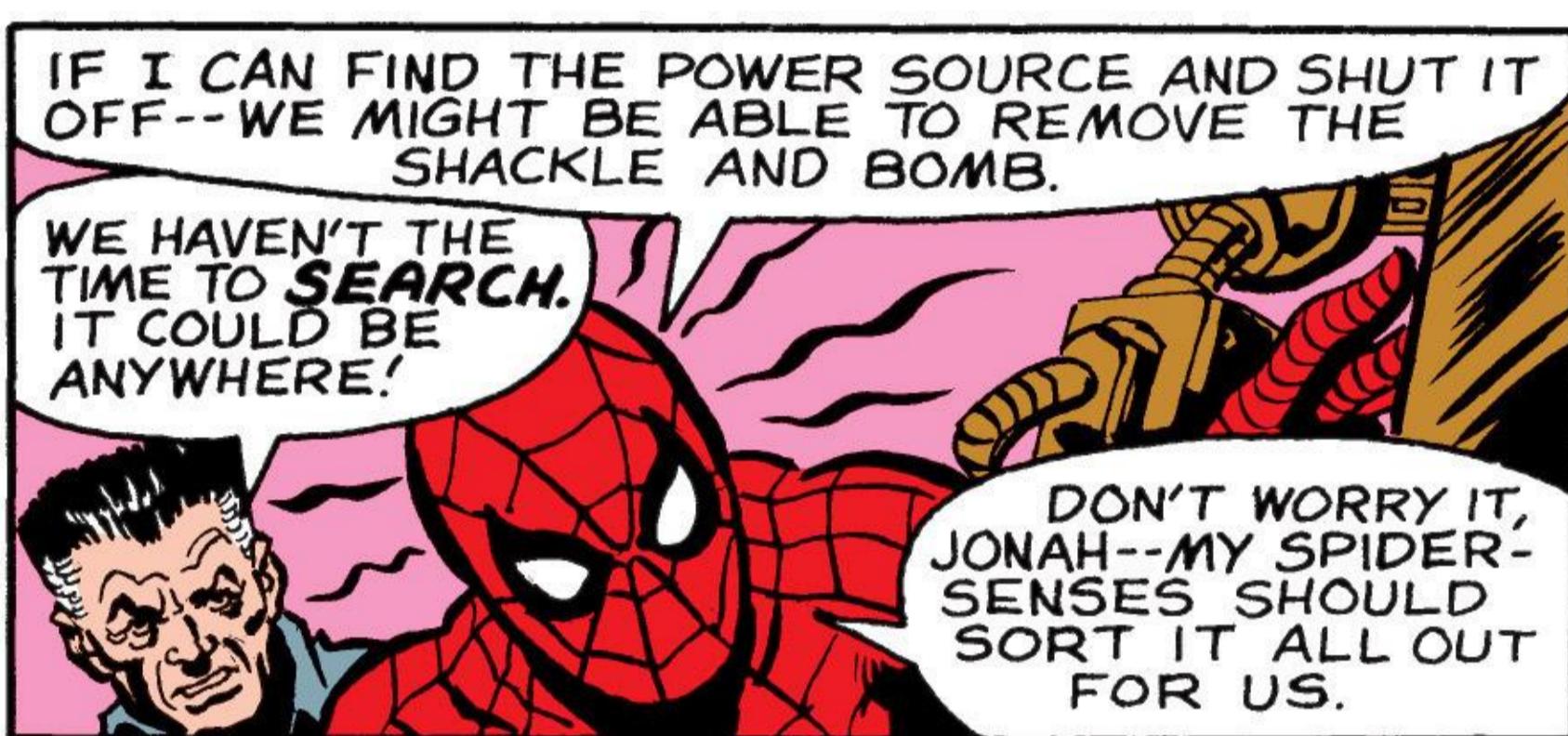
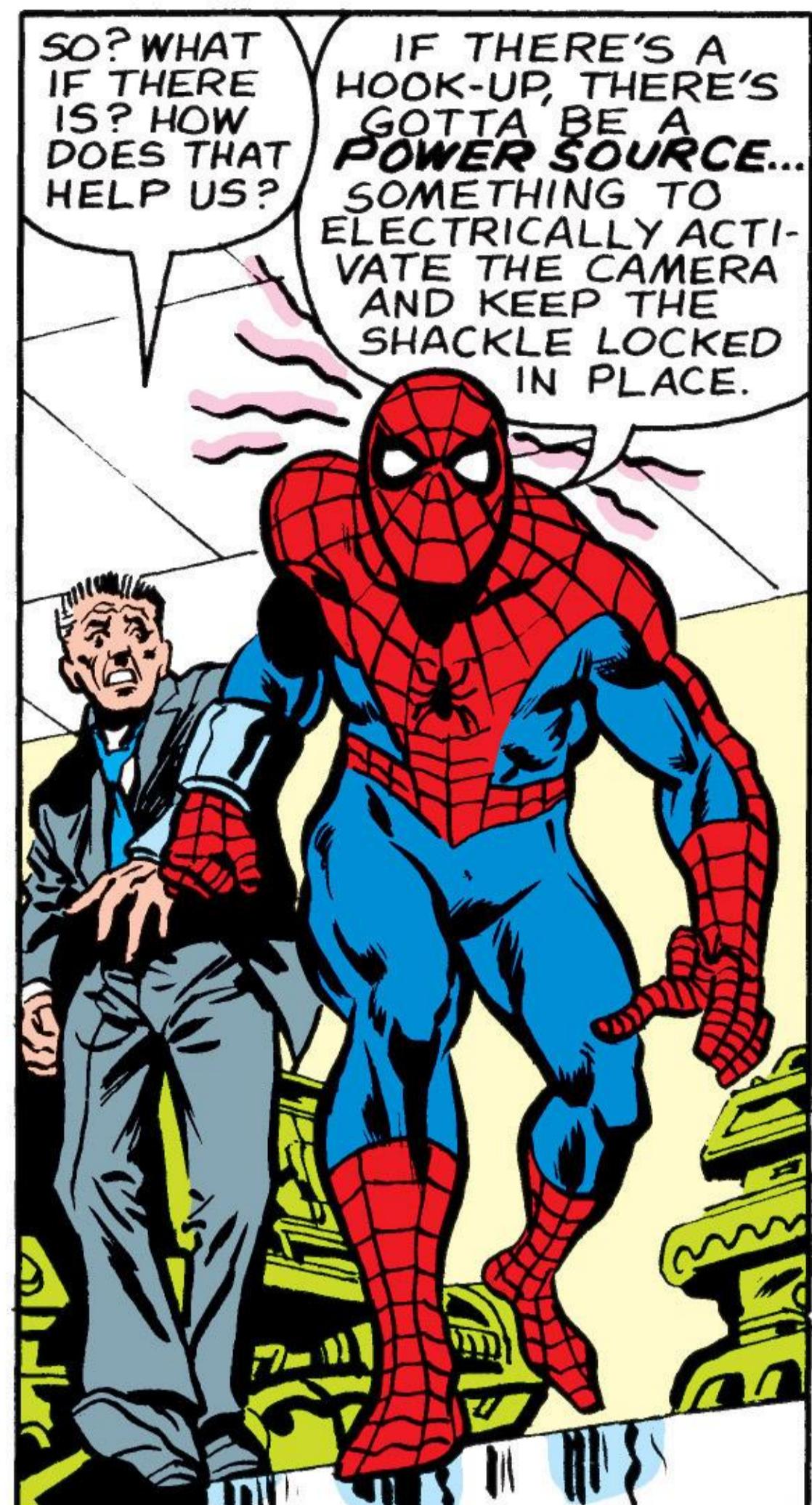
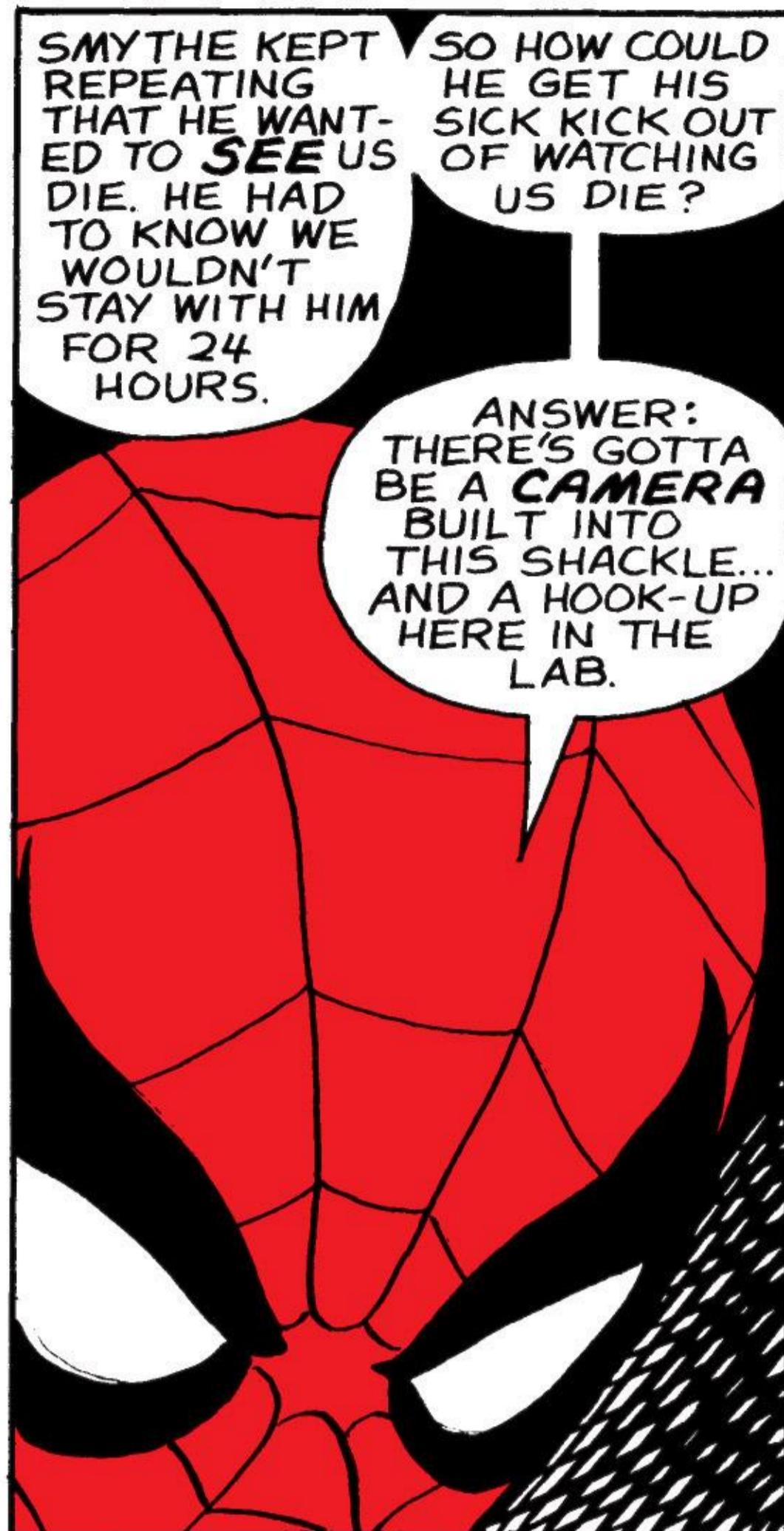
GREETINGS! BY THE TIME YOU HEAR THIS, I =CHOKE= WILL BE DEAD. I CANNOT HOPE TO LAST OUT THE FEW REMAINING HOURS SO I MAY SEE YOU DIE.

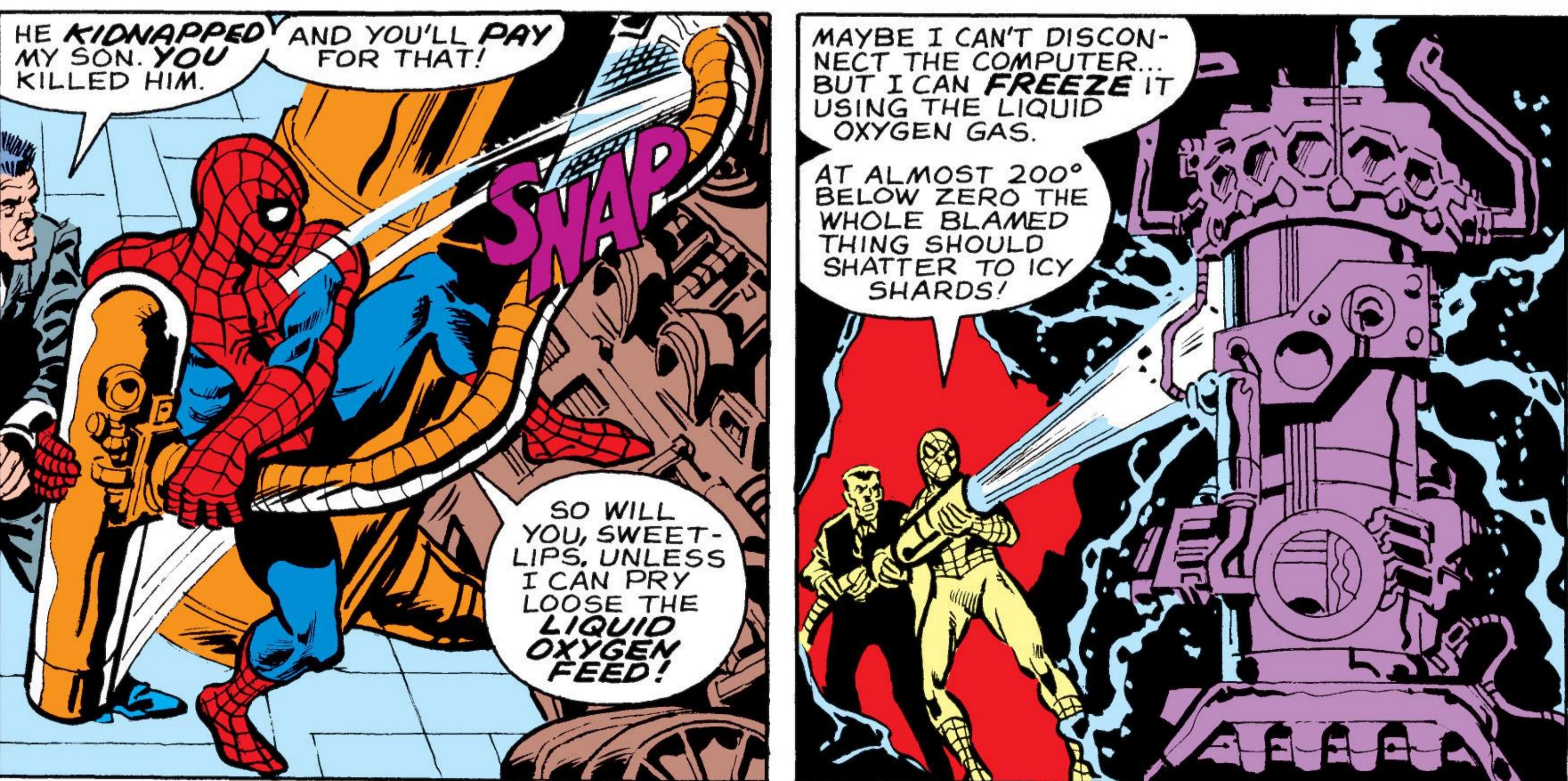
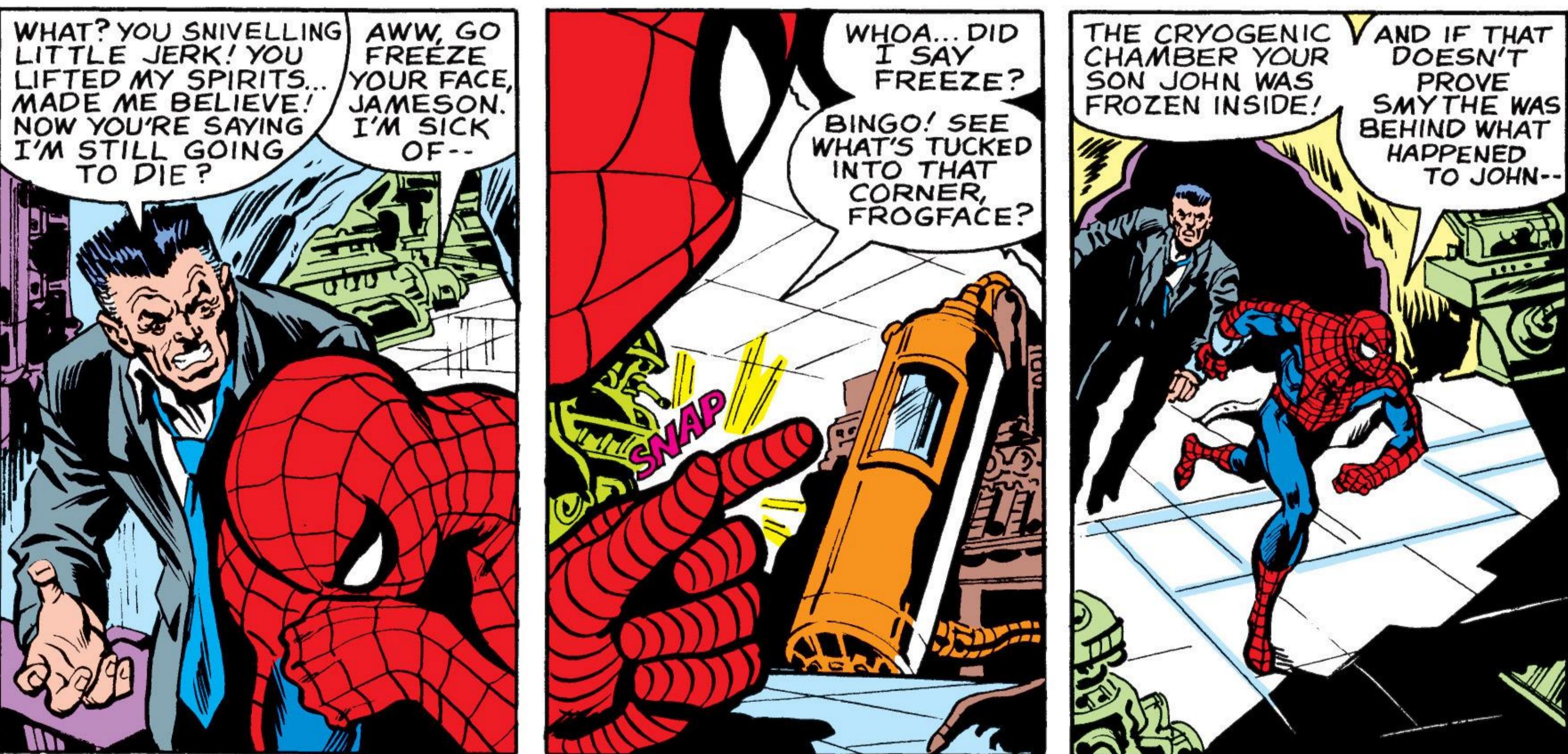
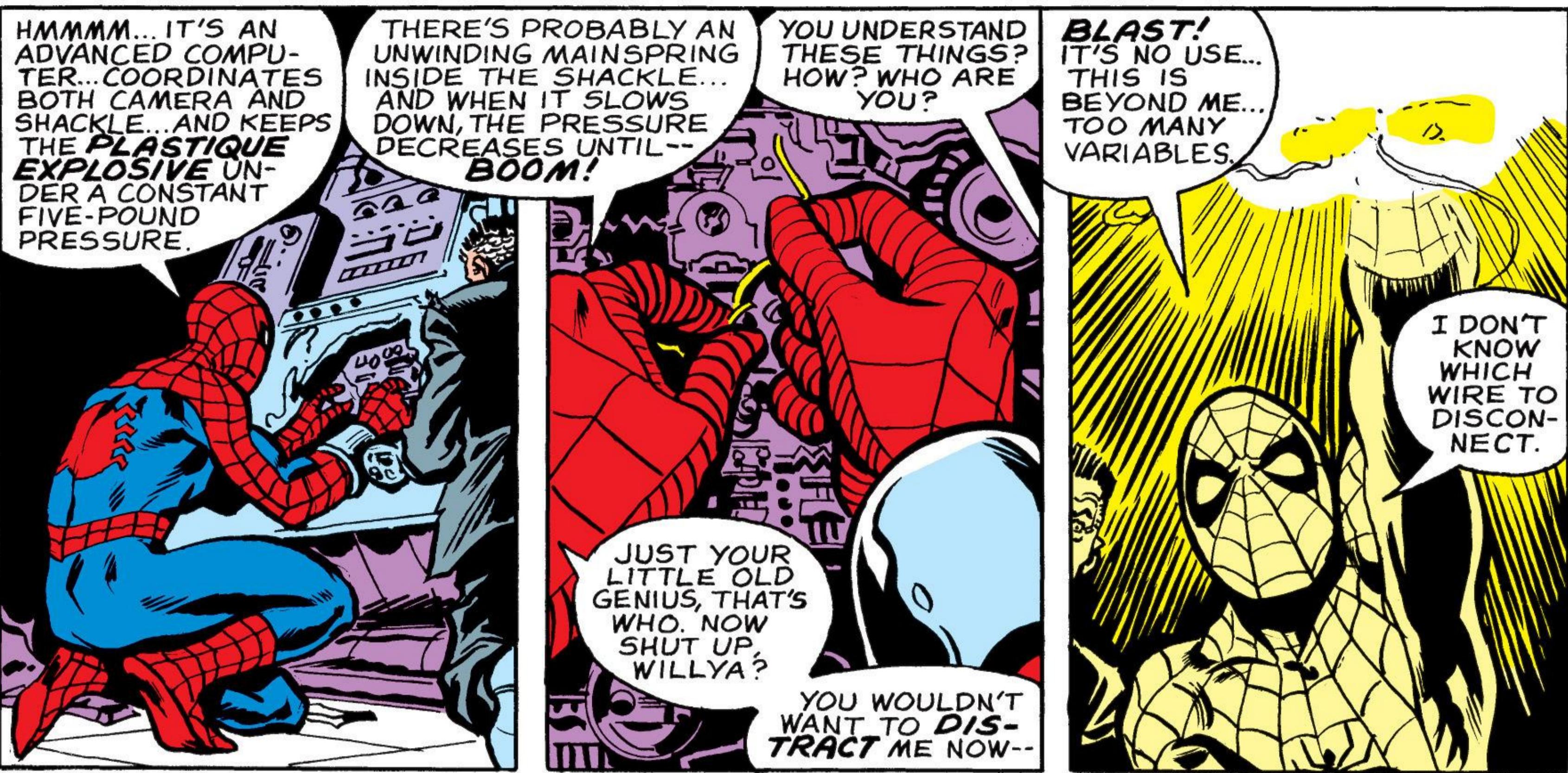
WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS, SMYTHE?

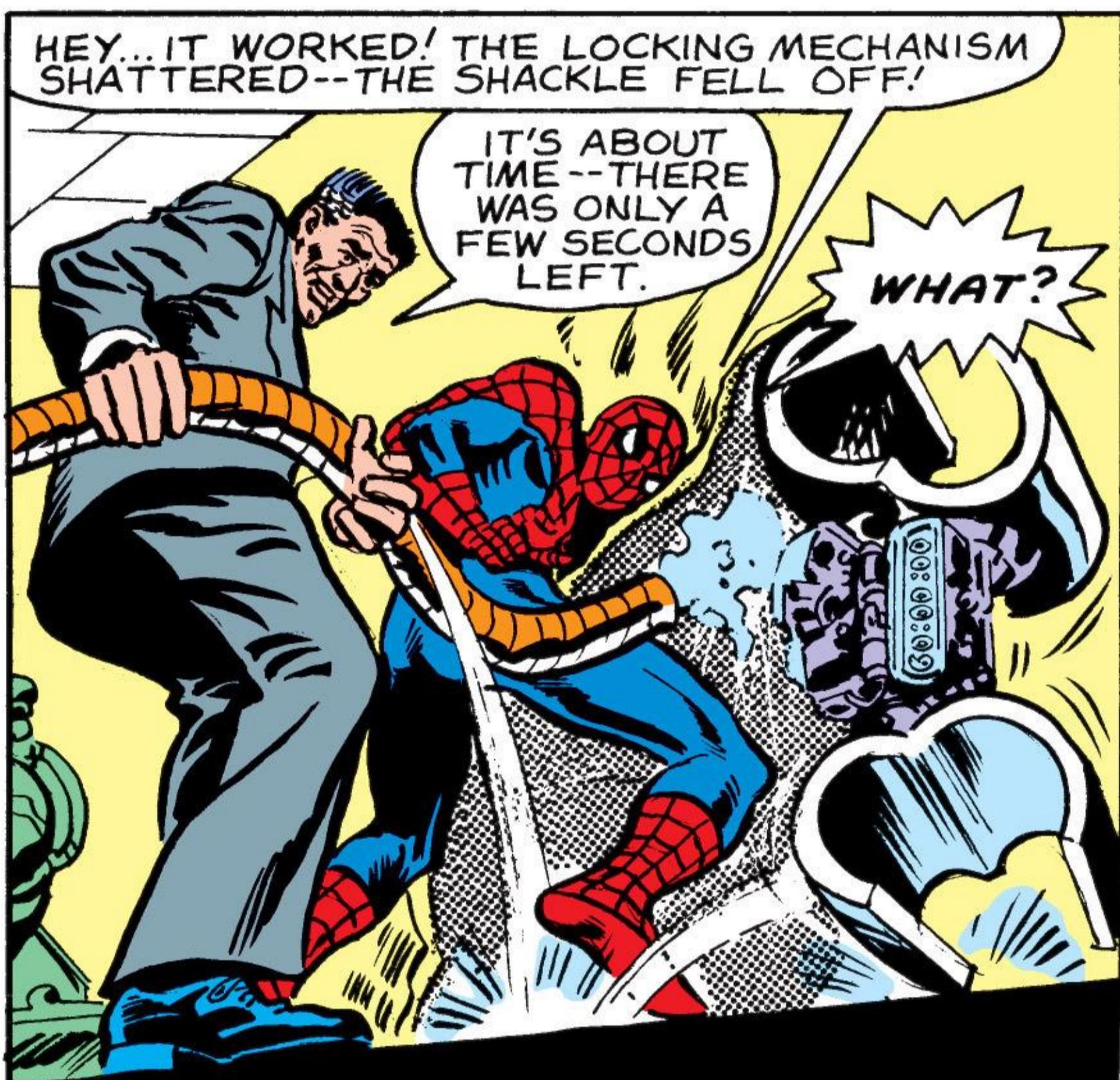
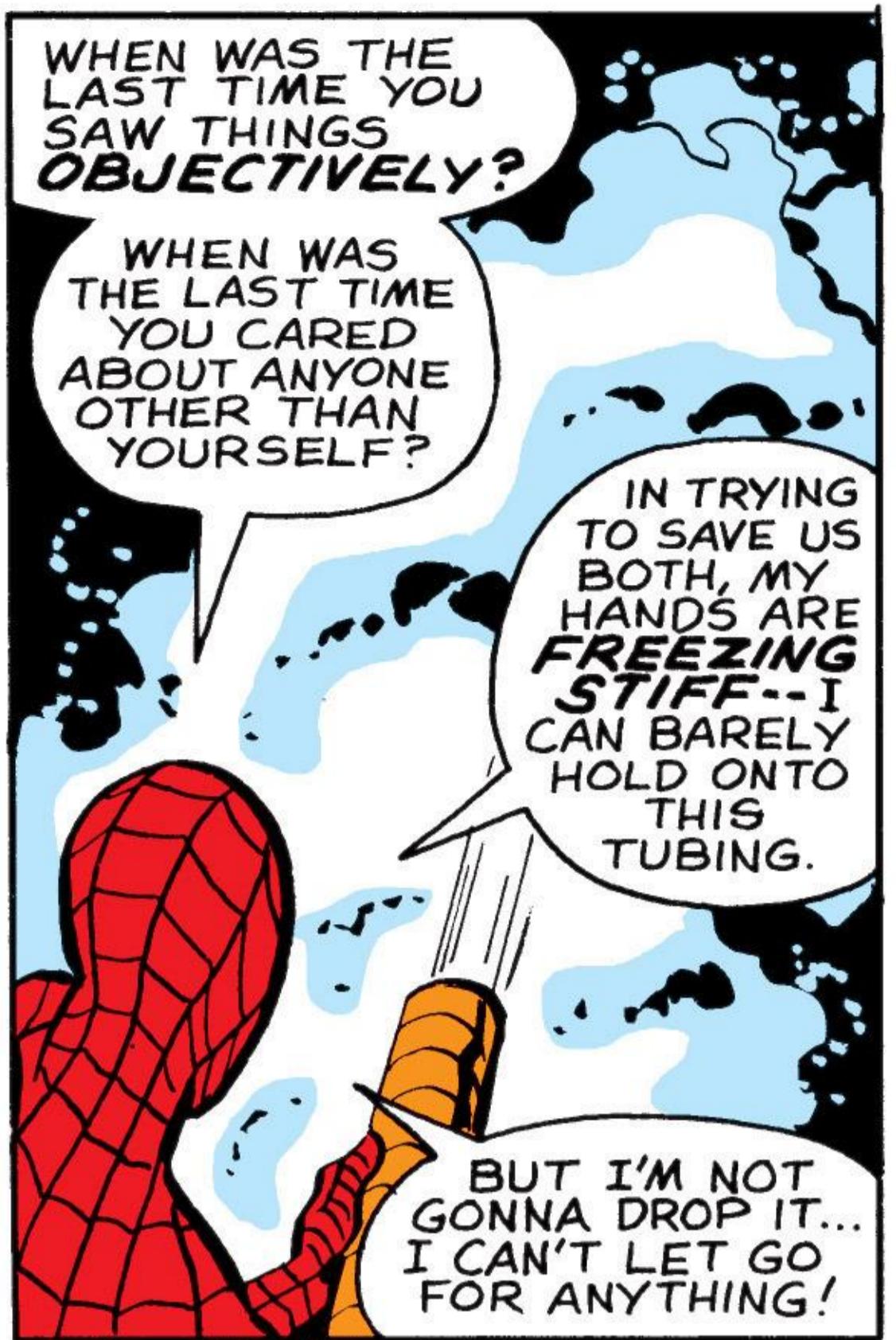
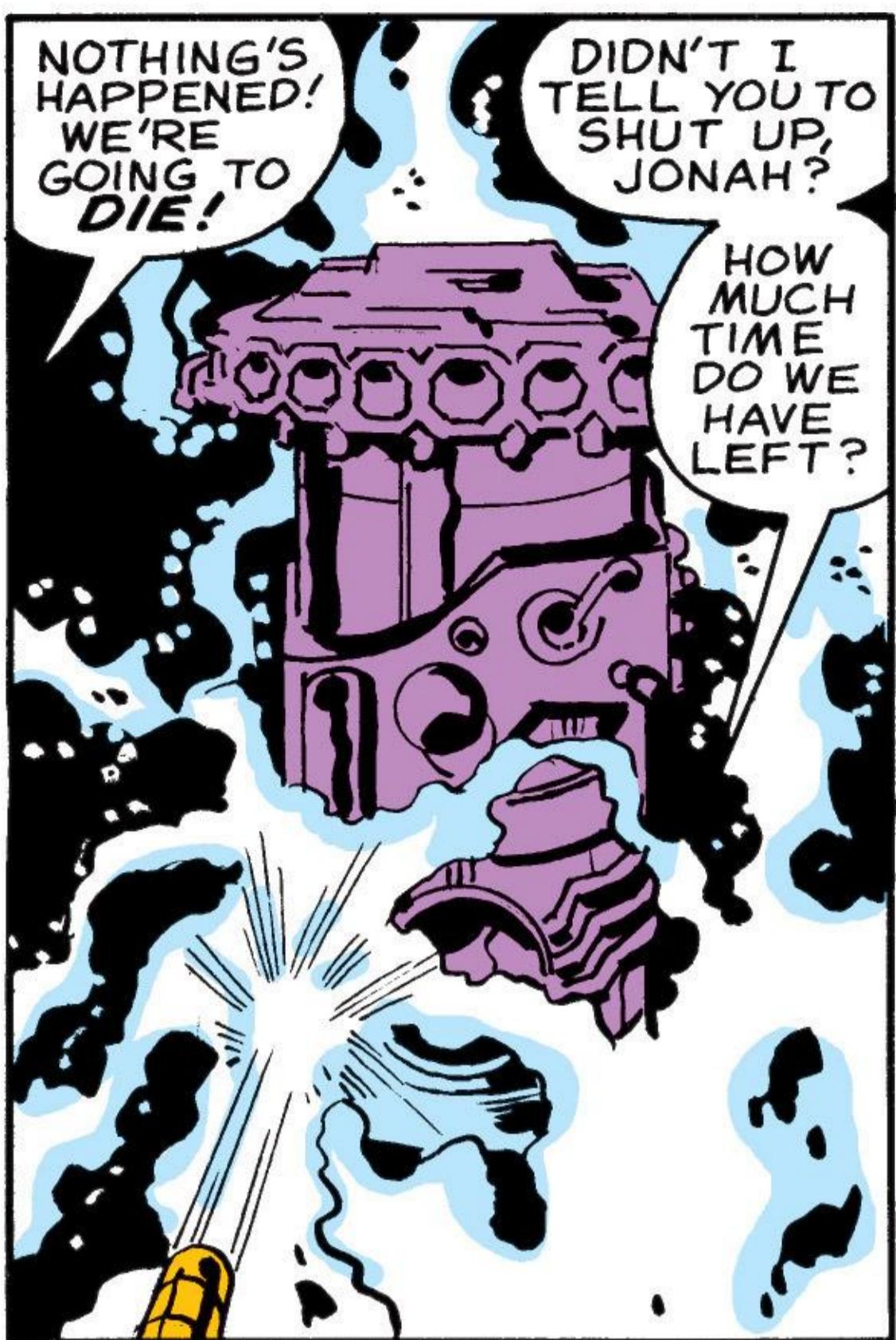
SHUT UP, JONAH-- THAT'S A PRE-RECORDED MESSAGE.

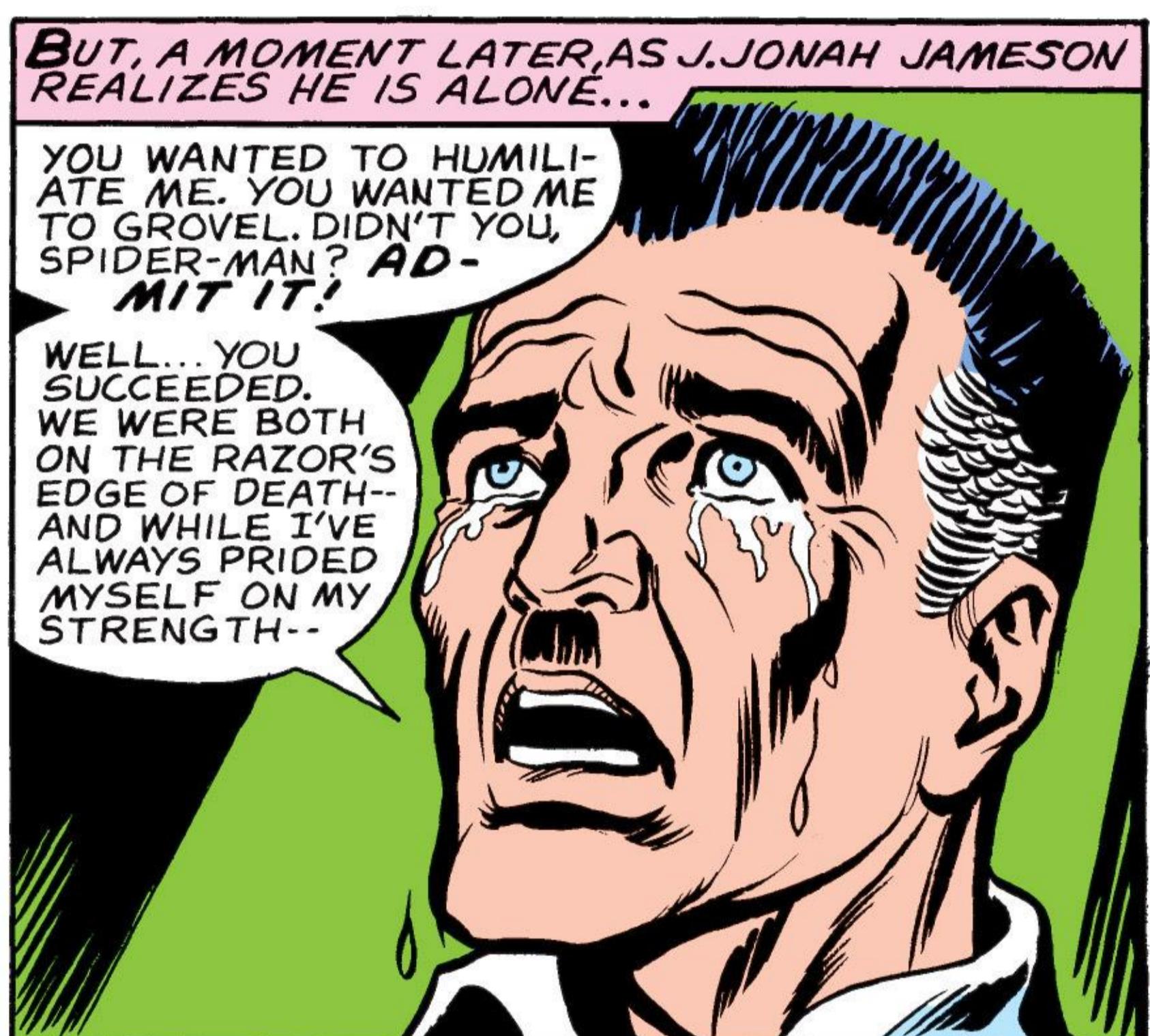


YOUR VERY EXISTENCE HAS SERVED TO HUMILIATE ME... TO MAKE ME LESS THAN THE GREAT MAN I COULD HAVE BEEN!









NEXT ISSUE:

ON THE WINGS OF THE **FEARSOME FLY!**