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the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN®

...BATTLES THE MENACE
OF THE LAST
SPIDER-SLAYER!



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 insect's powers...and had, in effect, become a human spider...

**Stan Lee
PRESENTS: THE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN®**

MARY WOLFGANG / KEITH POLLARD & M. ESPOSITO / RICK PARKER / CARL GAFFORD / JIM SHOOTER
WRITER / EDITOR ILLUSTRATORS LETTERER COLORIST CON. EDITOR

WANTED FOR MURDER: SPIDER-MAN!

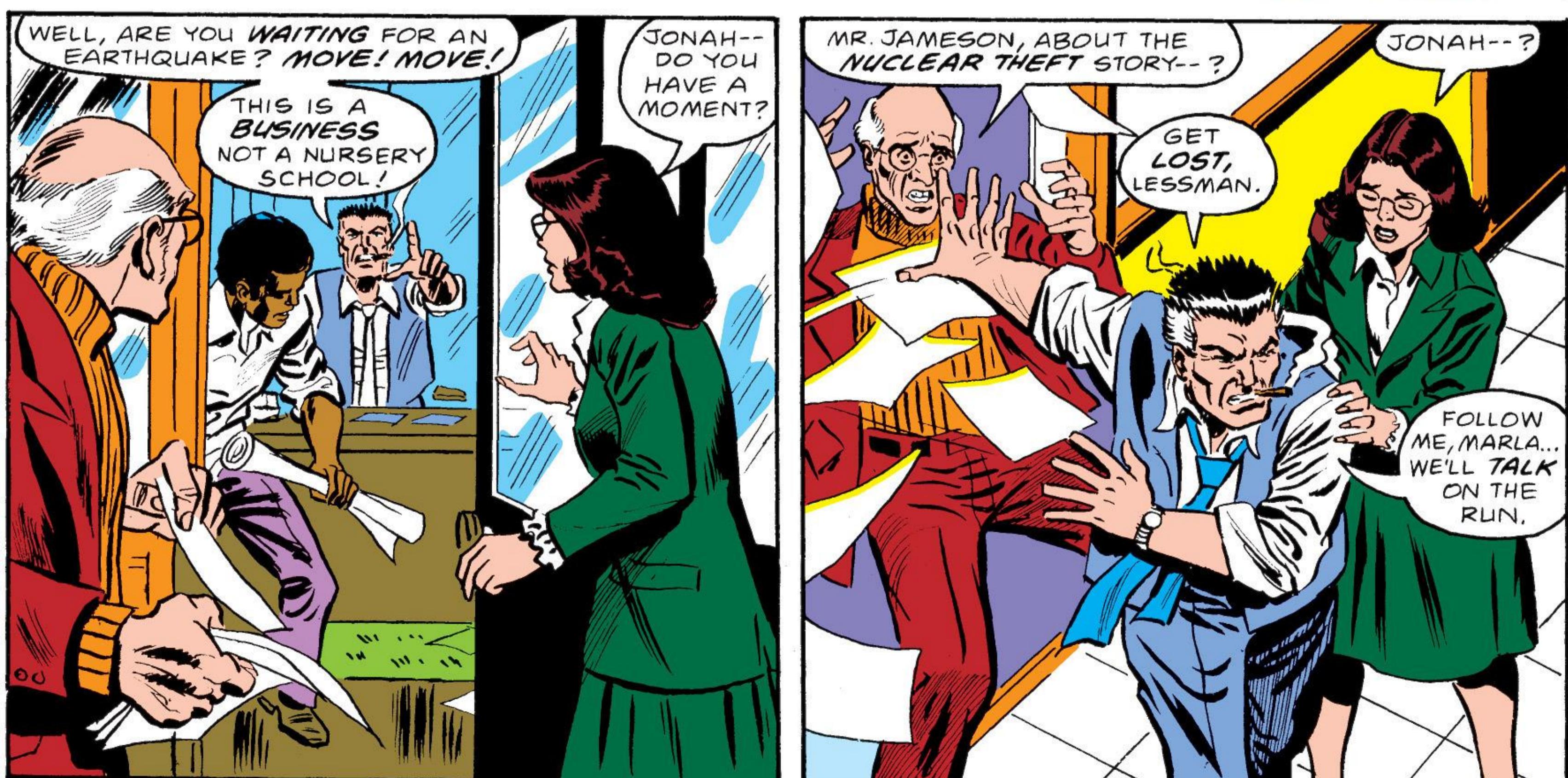
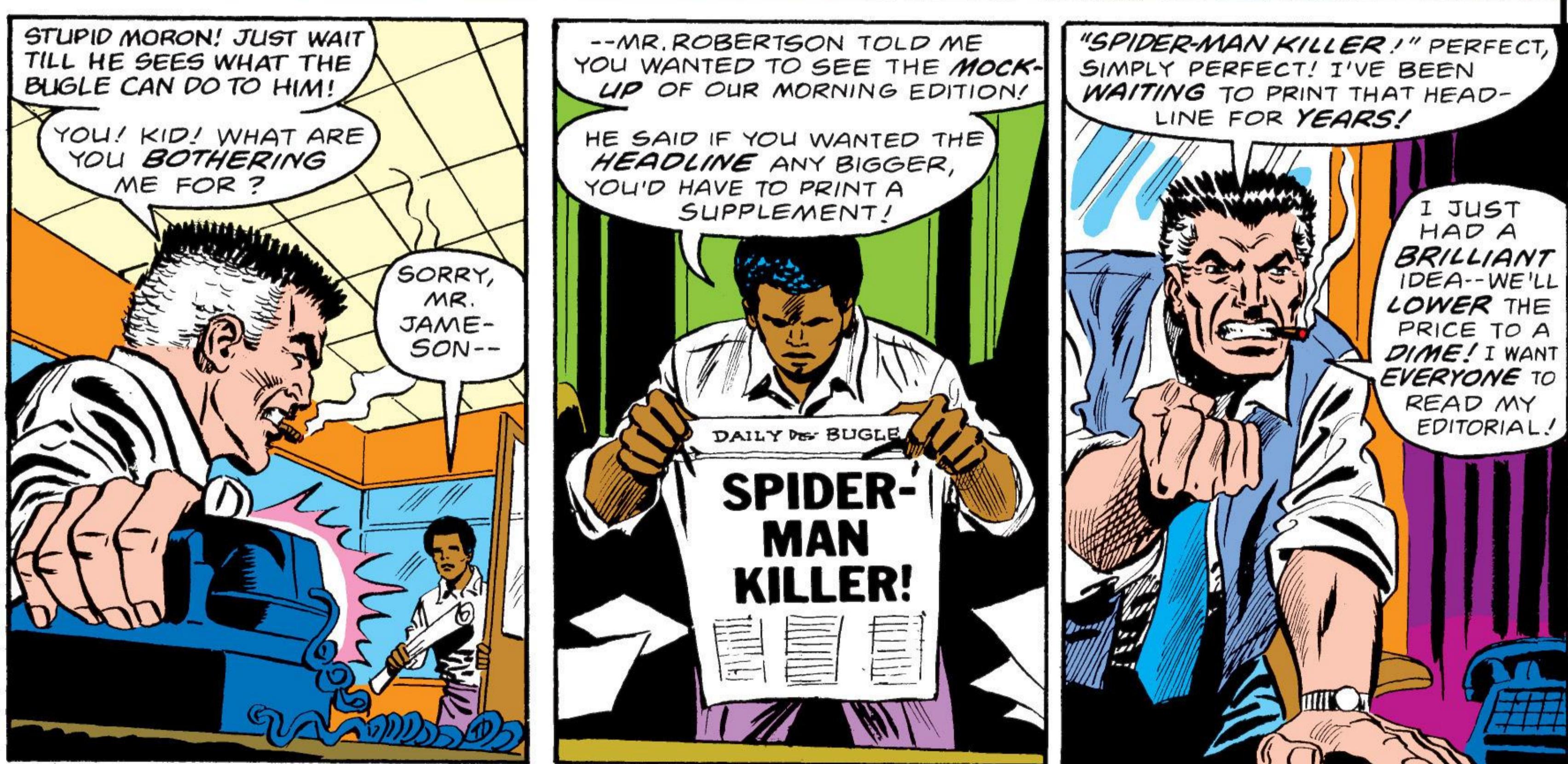
LET'S GET RIGHT TO THE POINT:
J. JONAH JAMESON,
PUBLISHER OF THE NEW YORK DAILY BUGLE, IS NOT A HAPPY MAN!

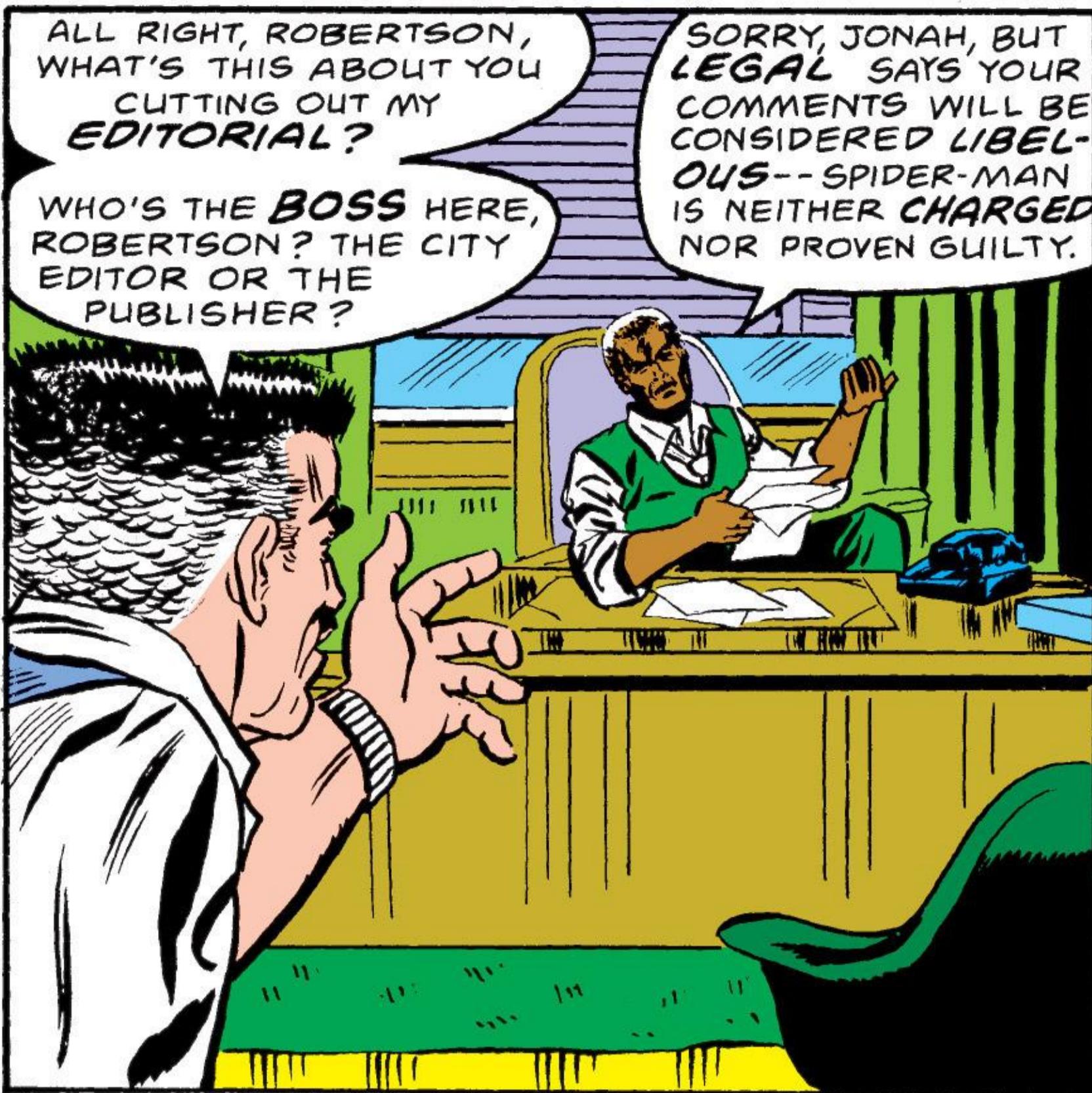
THE WHYS AND WHEREFORES WILL BECOME CLEAR AS YOU READ ALONG...

I DON'T CARE WHAT YOU SAY!
SPIDER-MAN KILLED MY SON!!

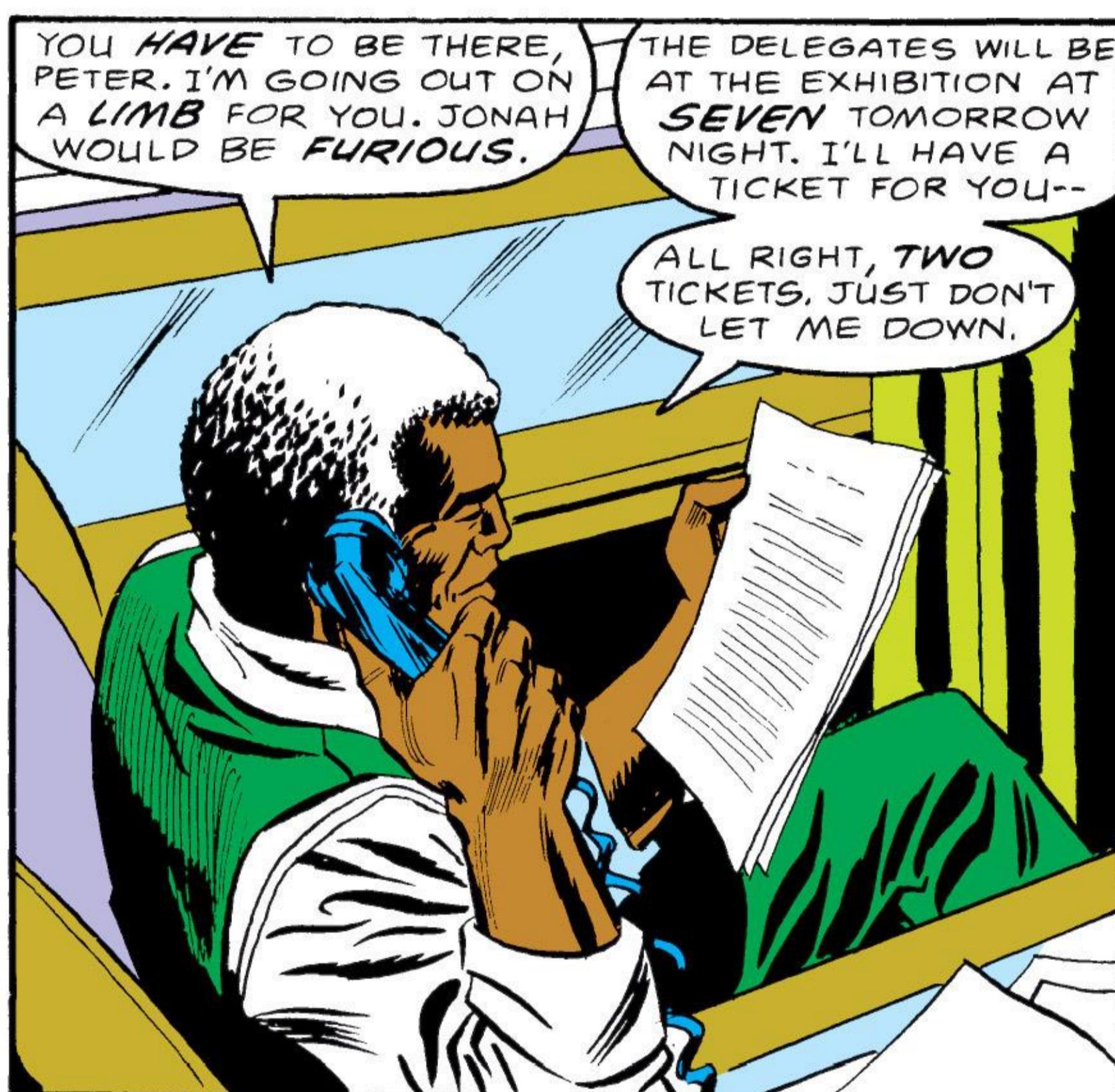
AND SO HELP ME, I'LL SEE HIM FRY!

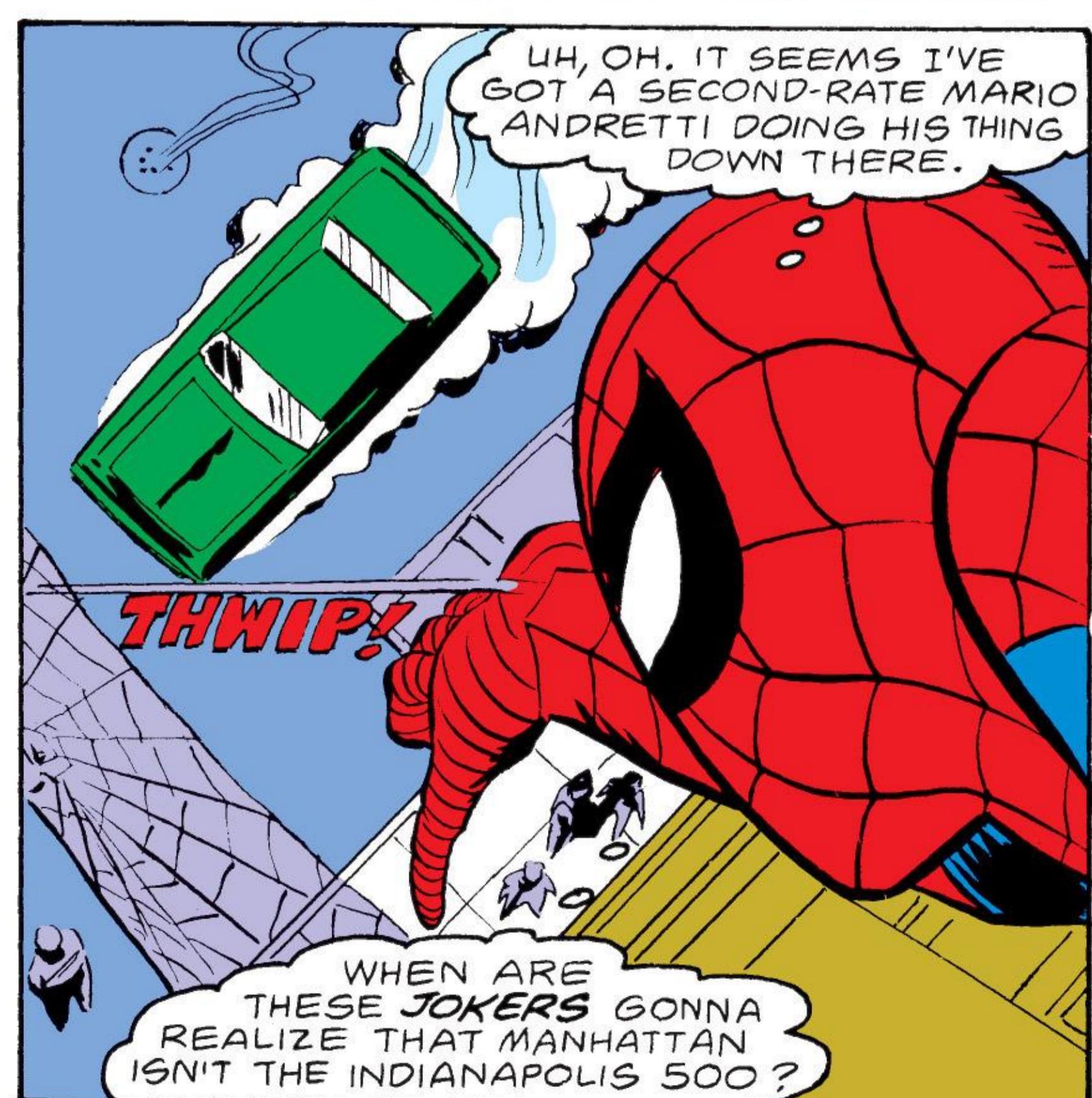
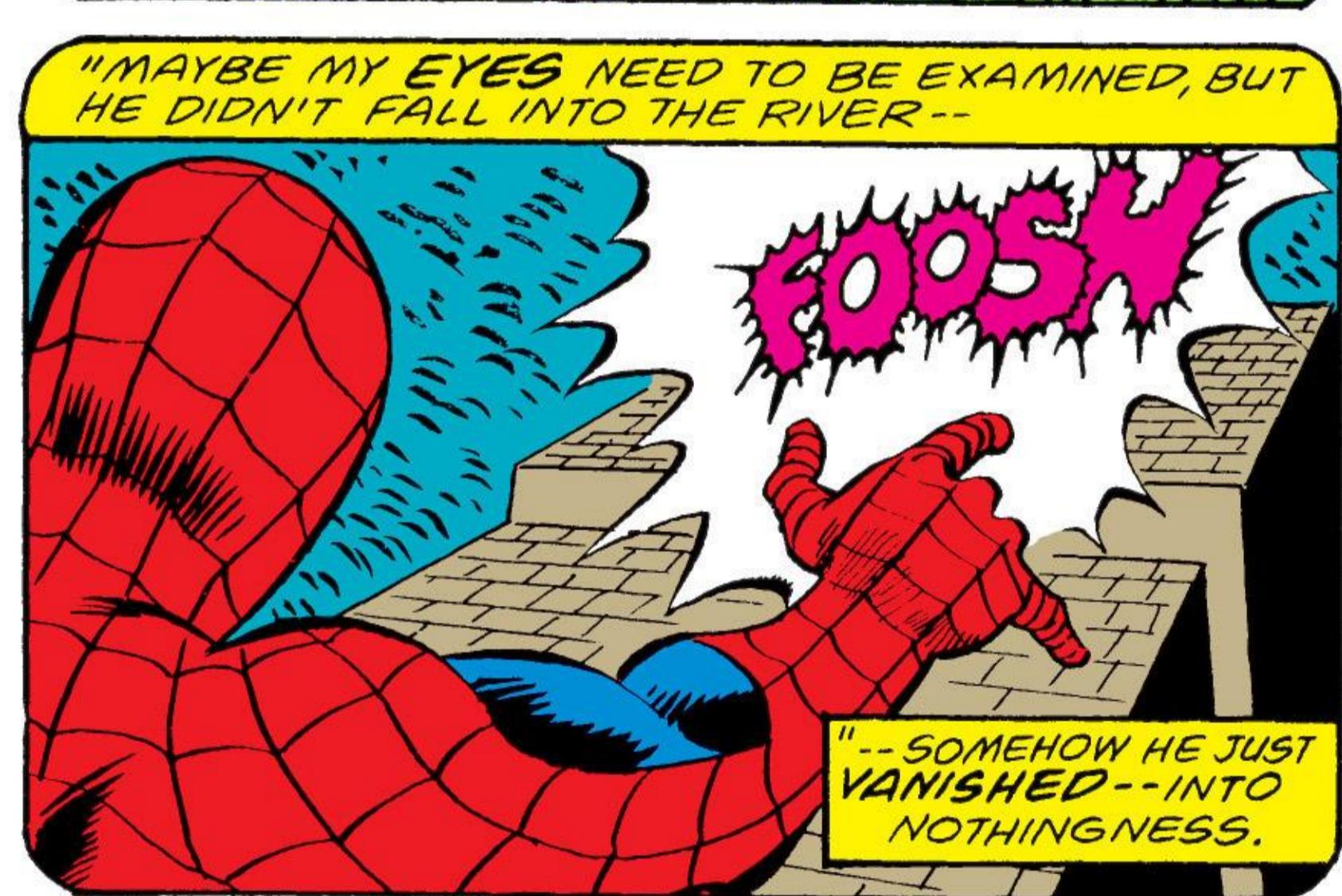
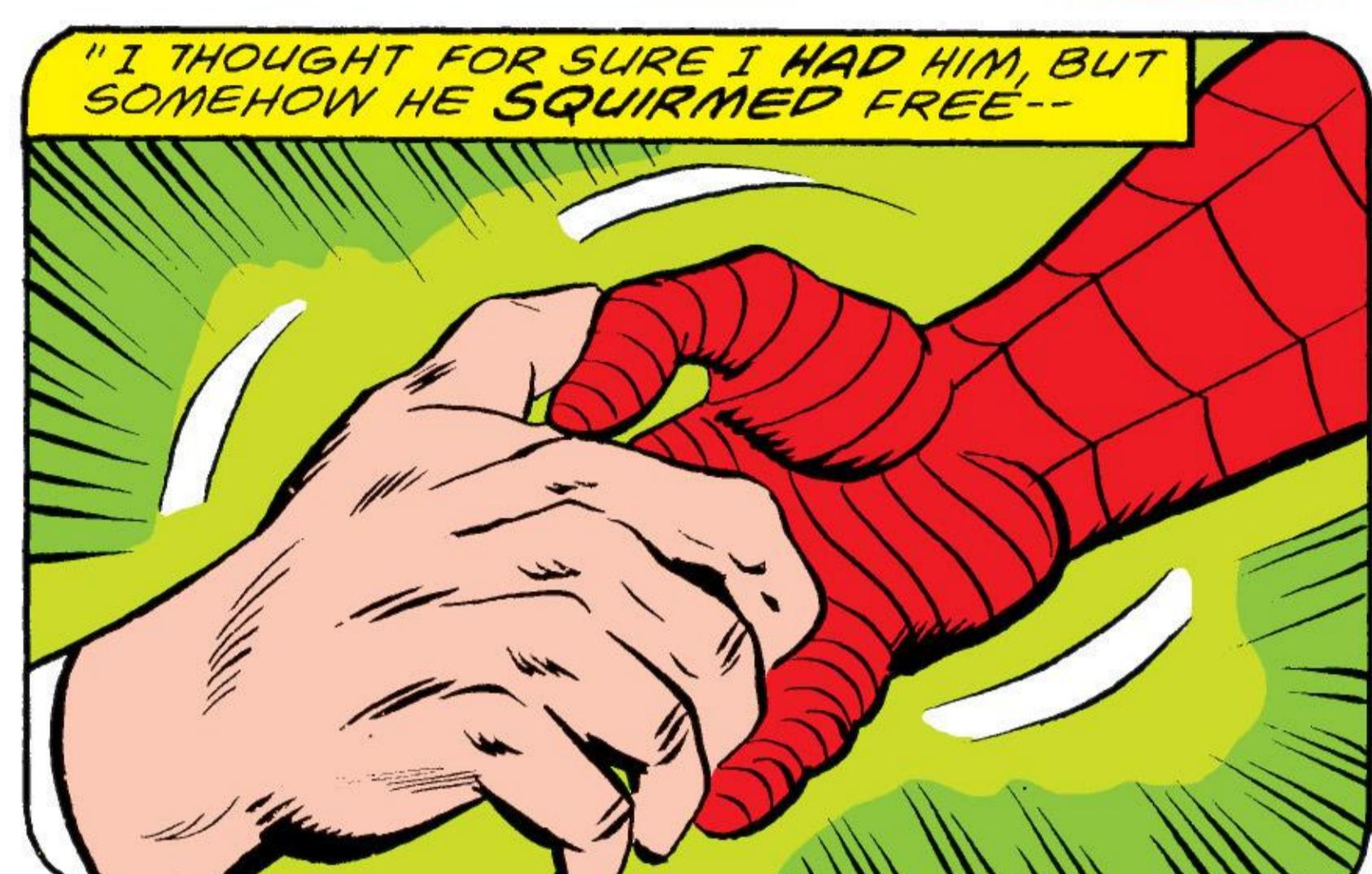
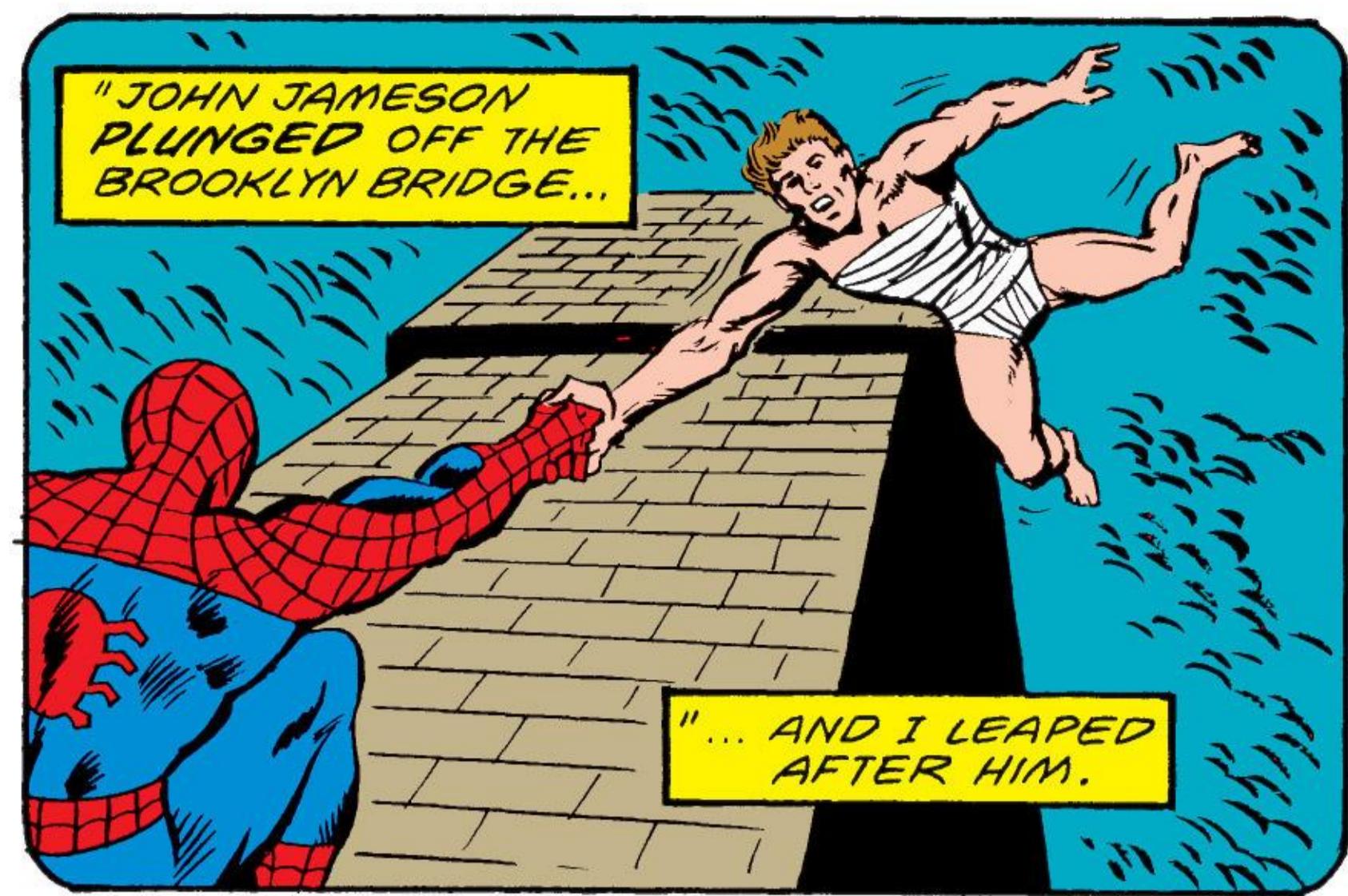


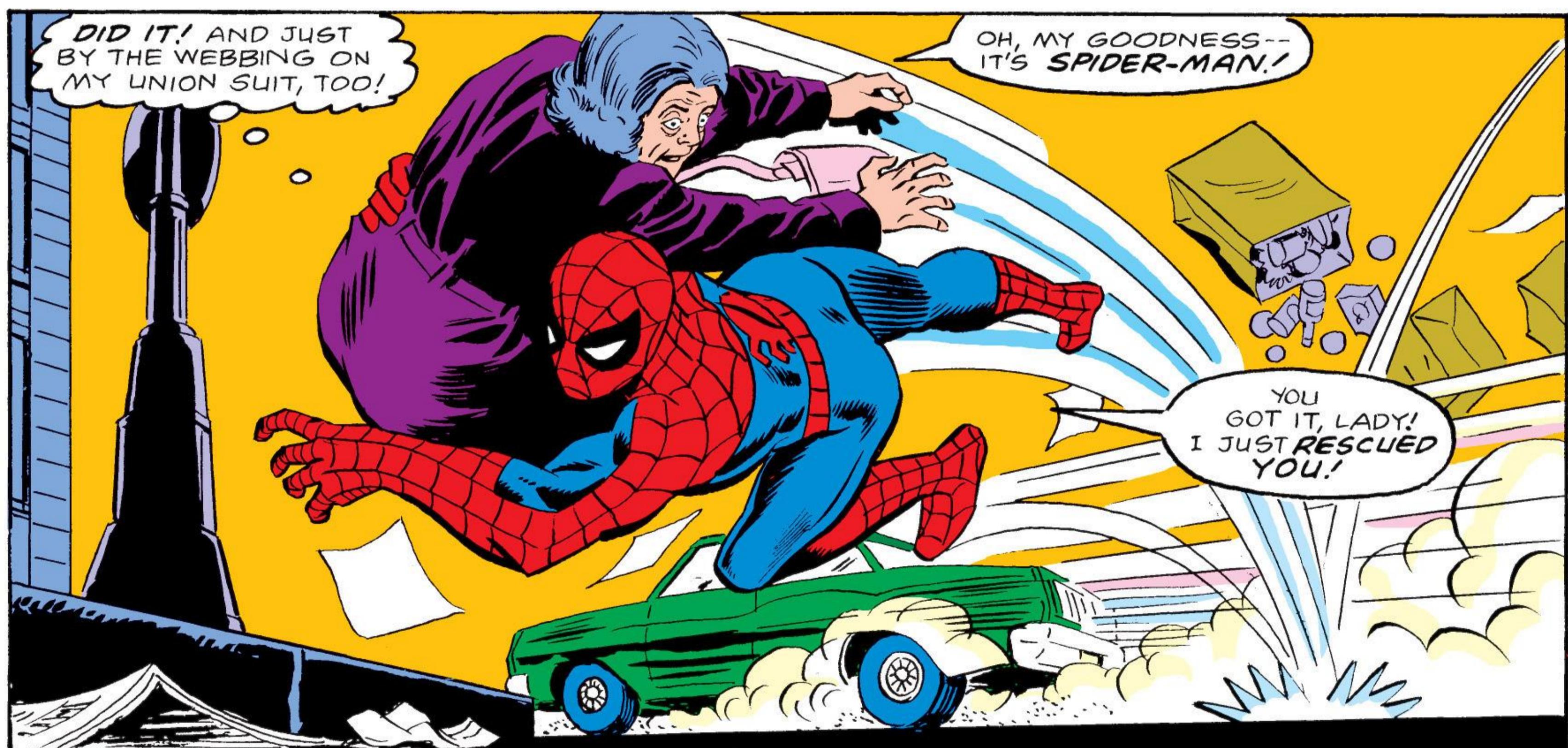
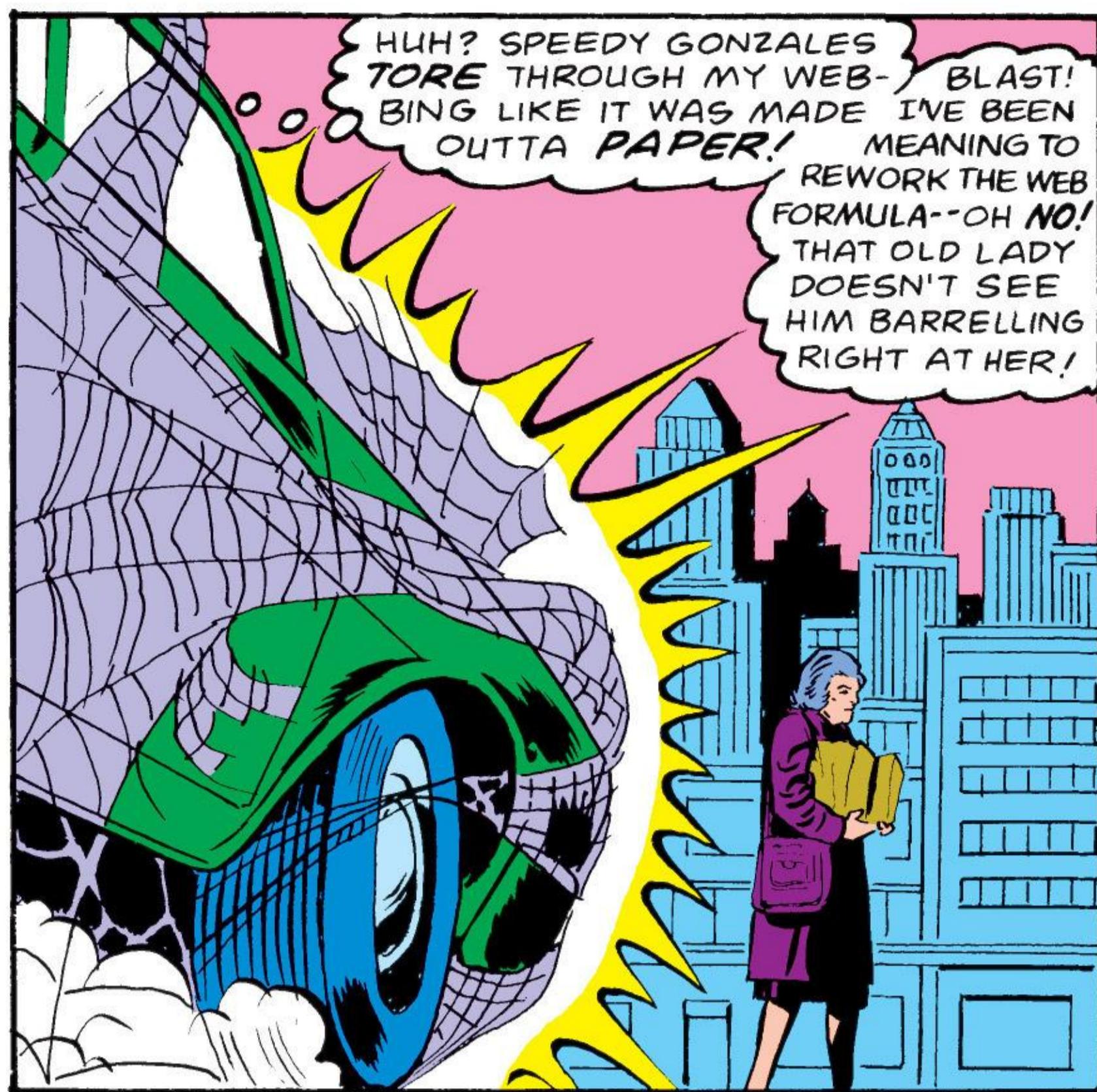


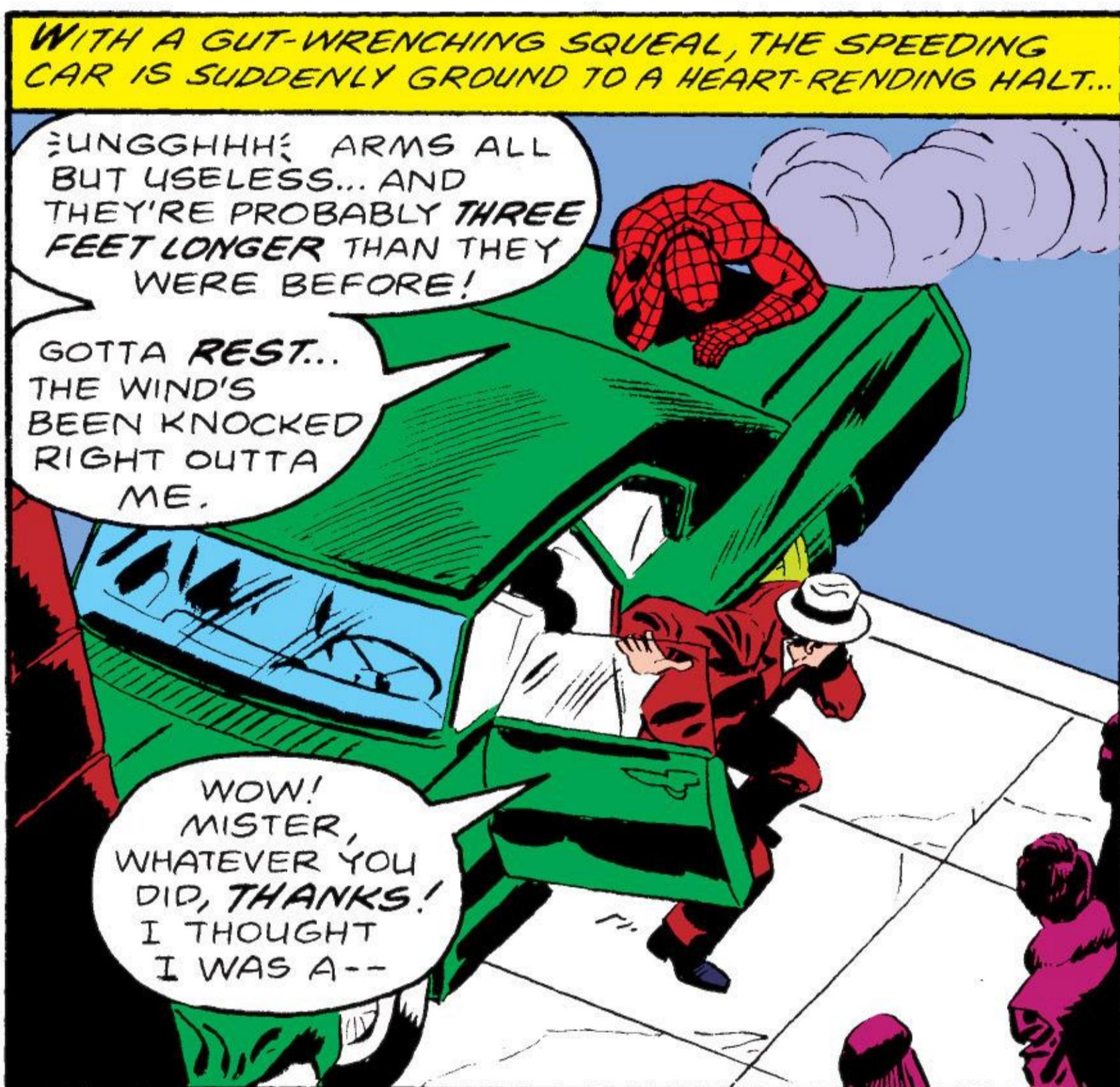
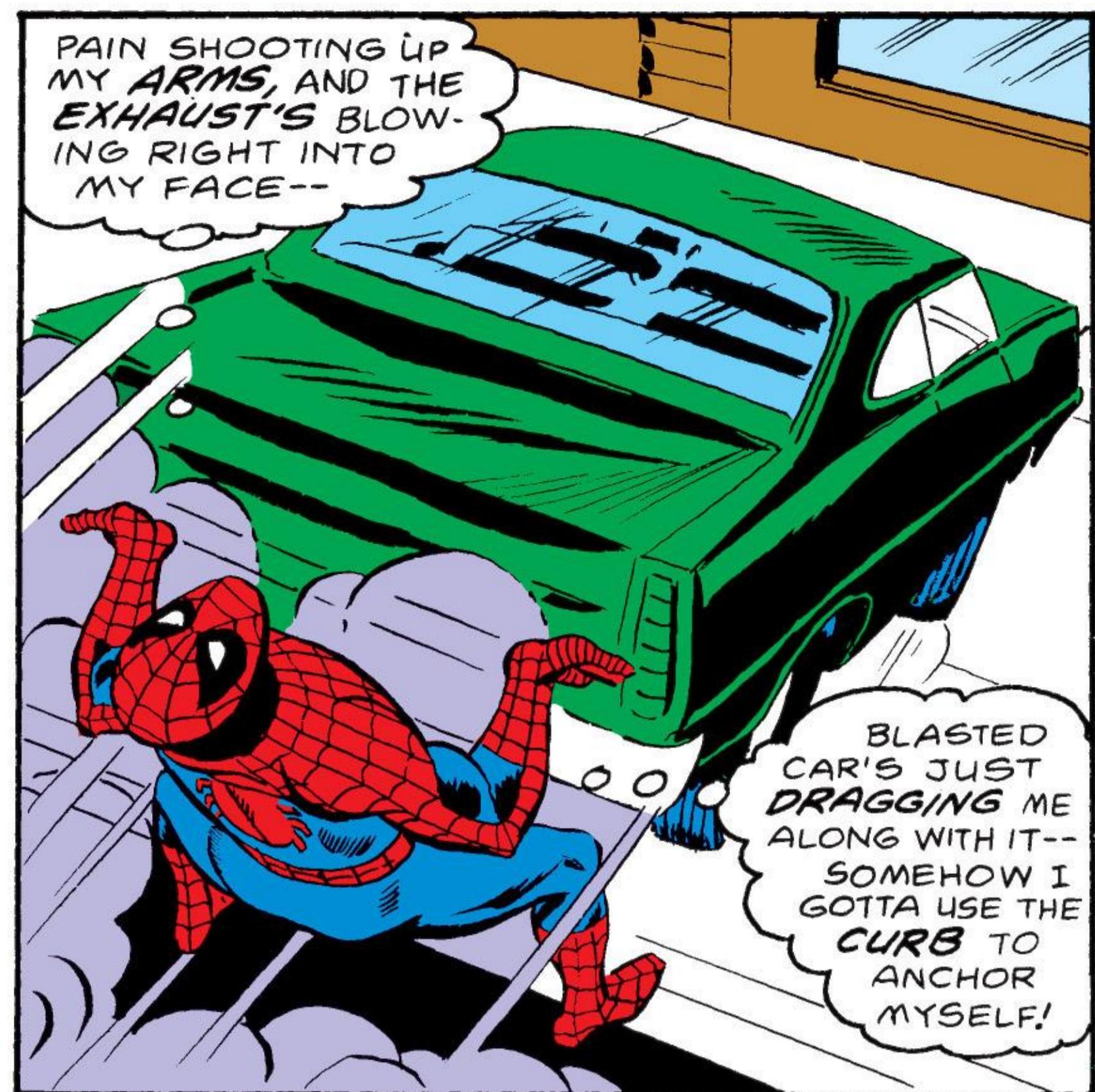
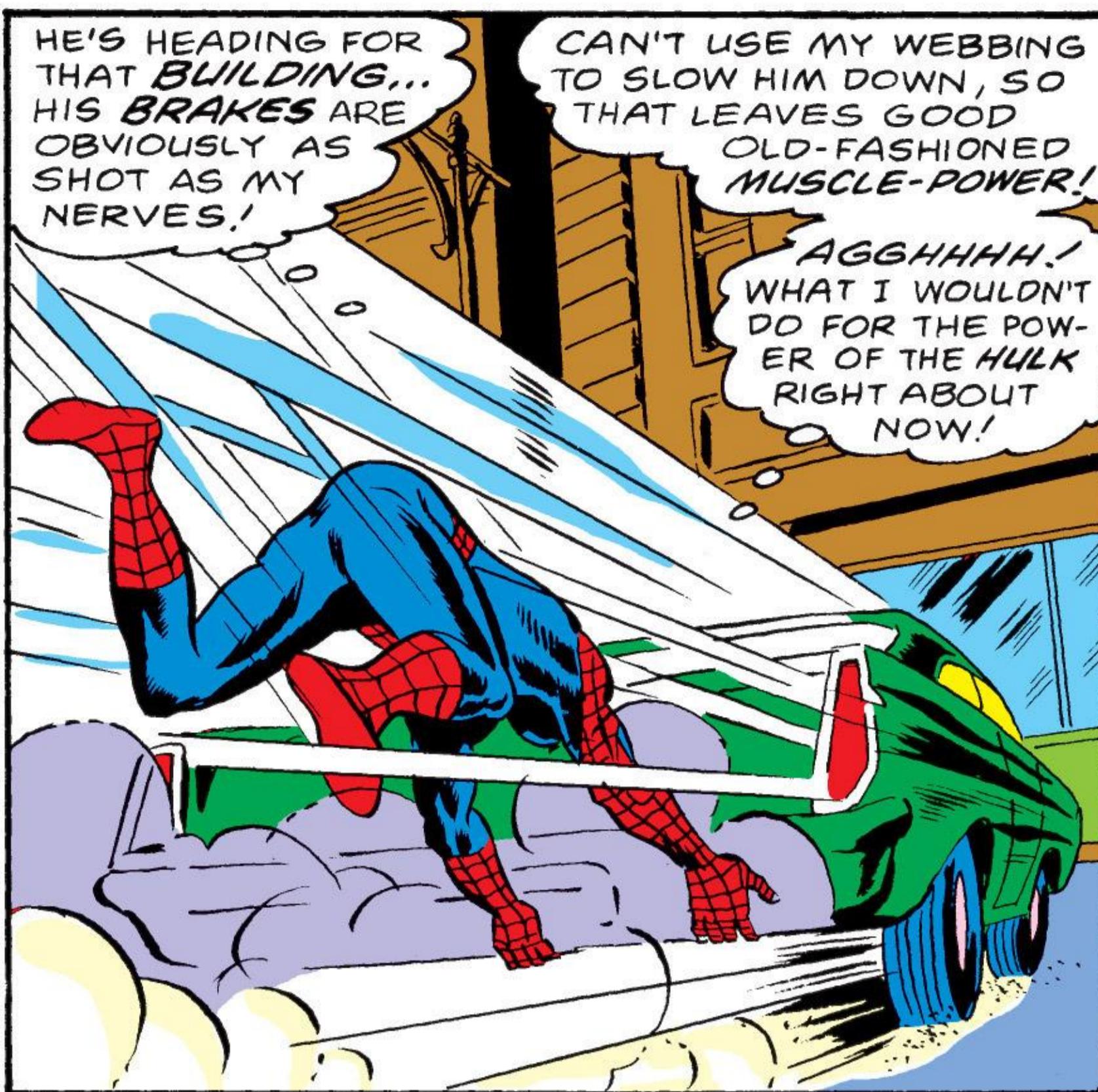


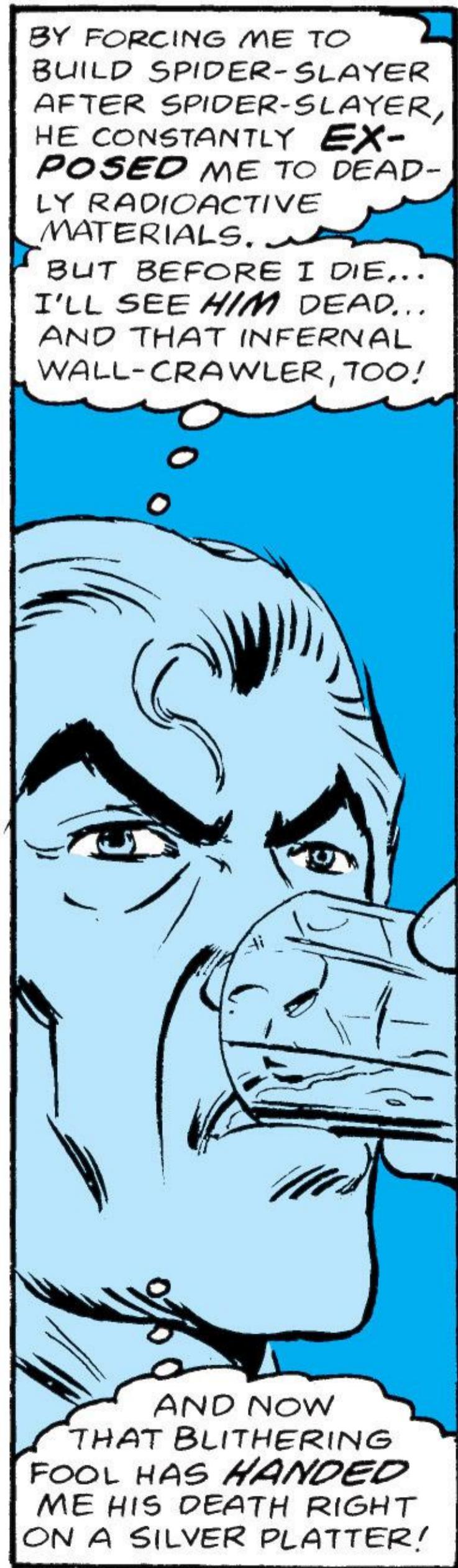


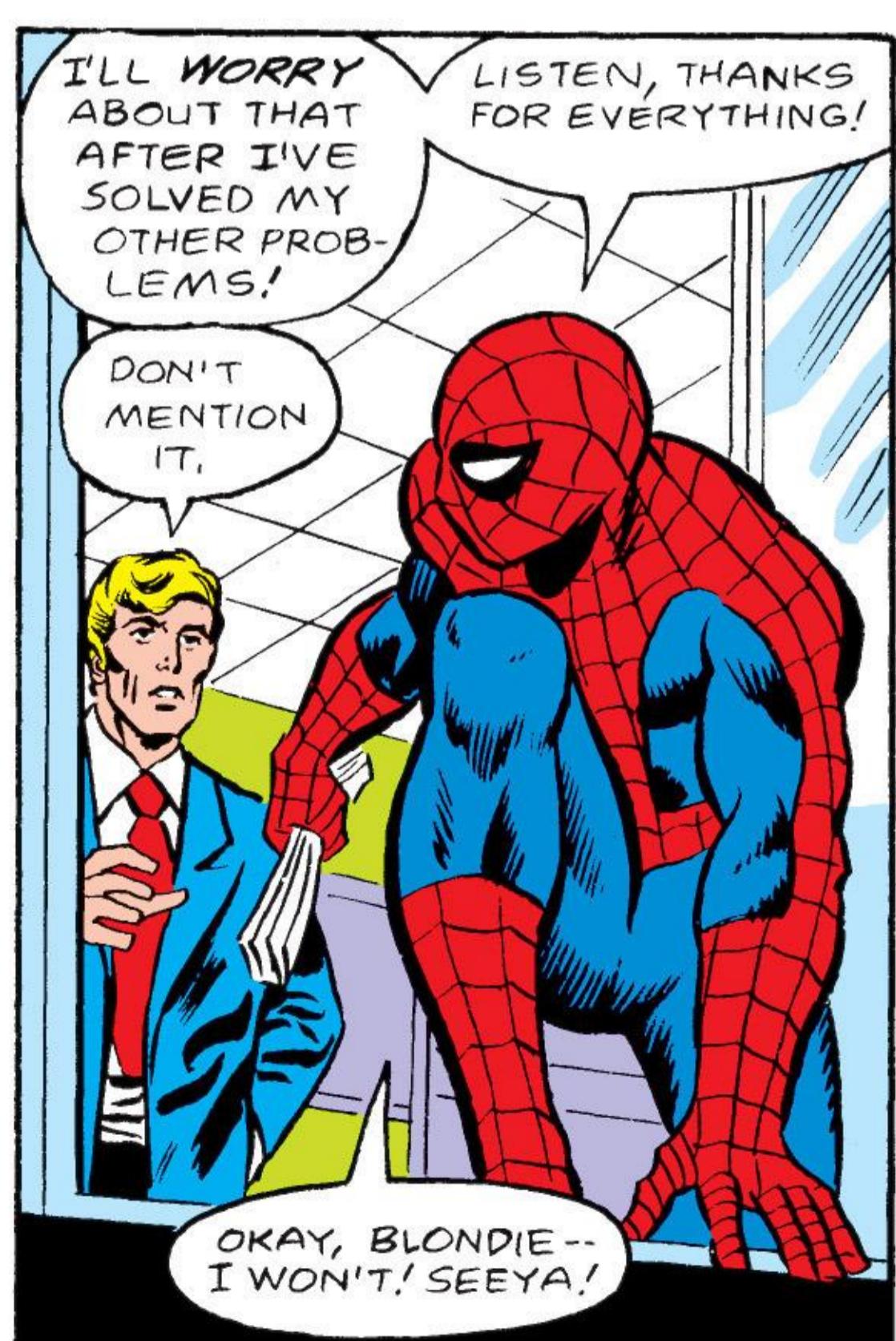


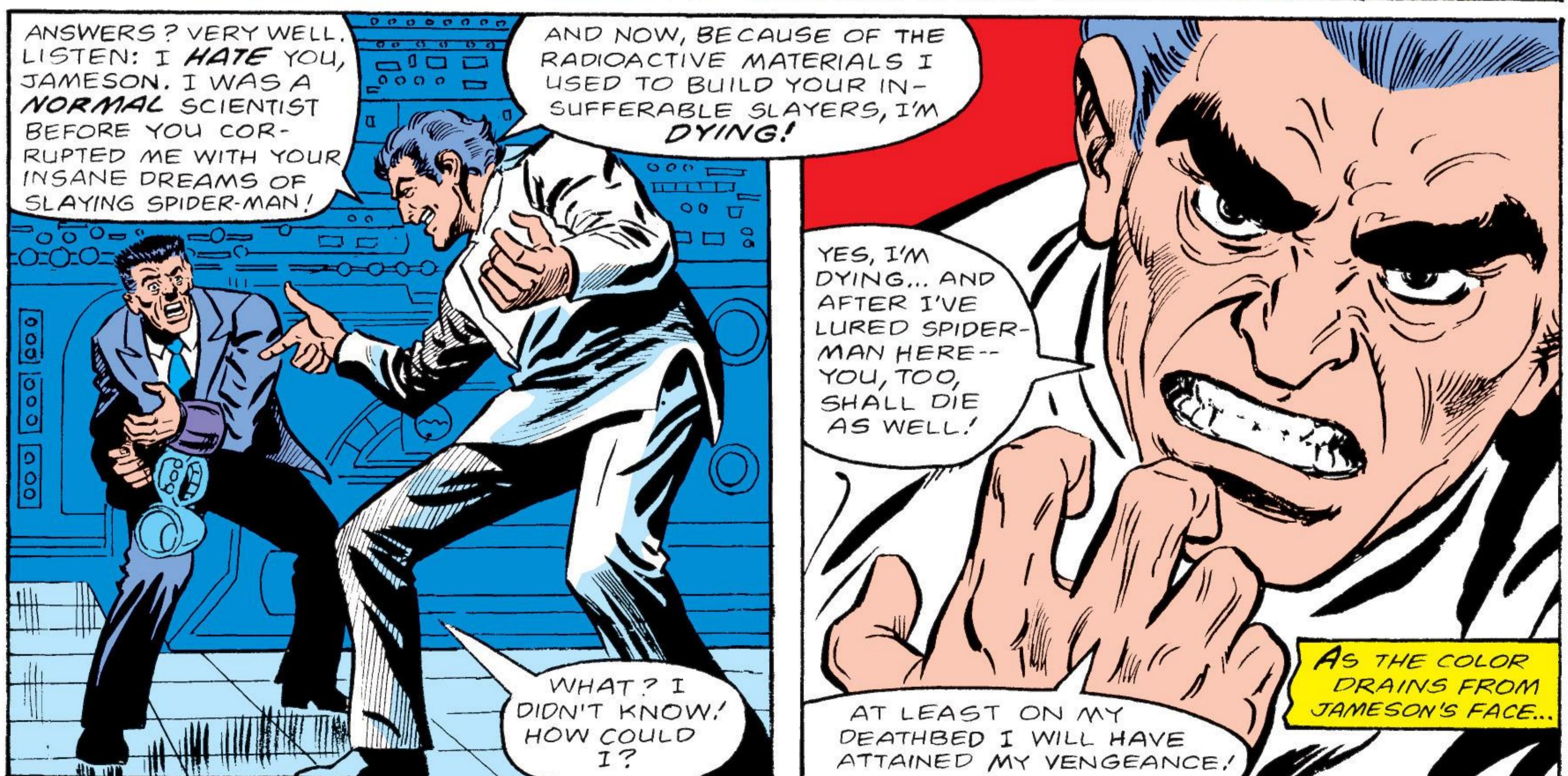
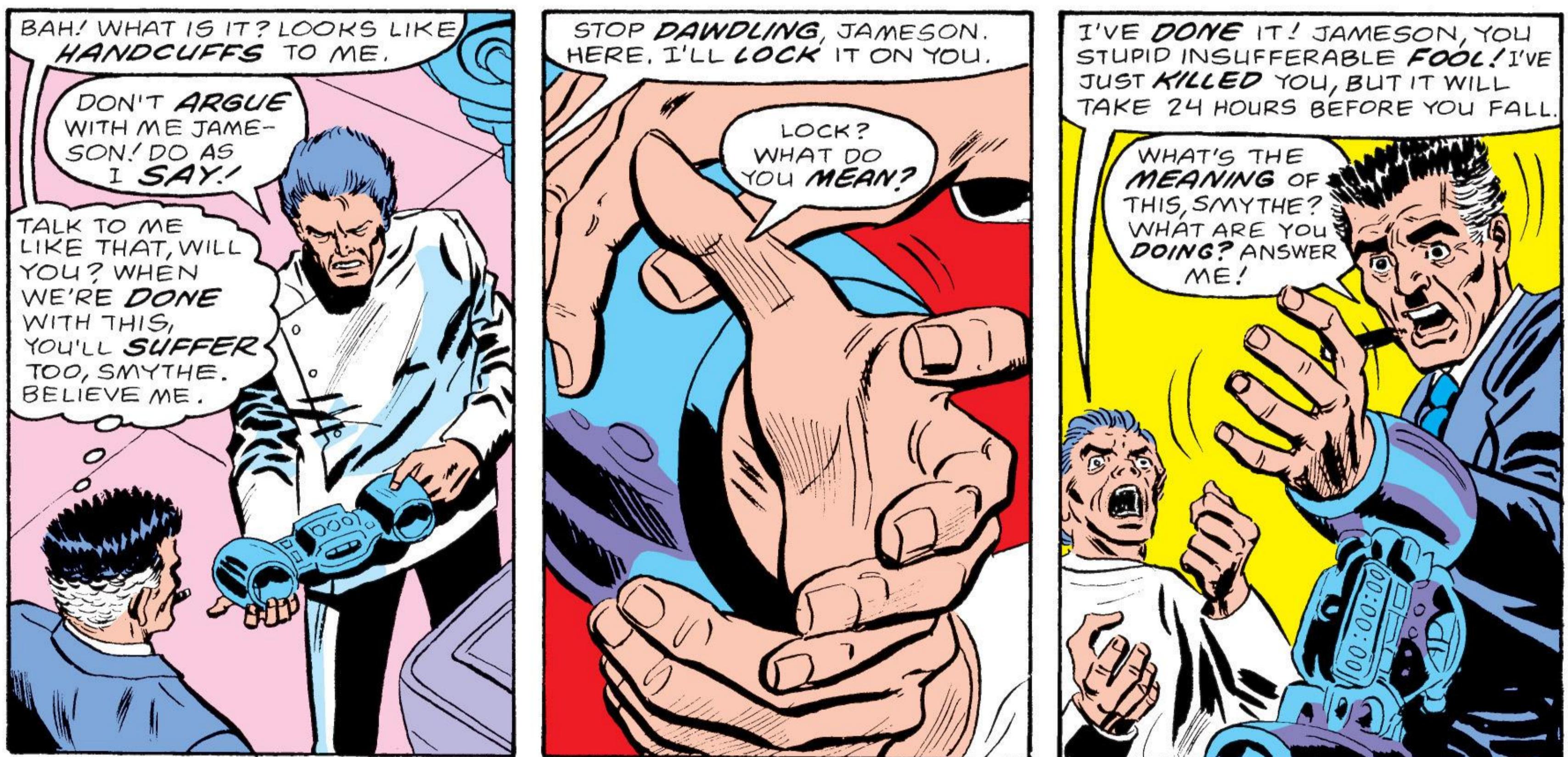
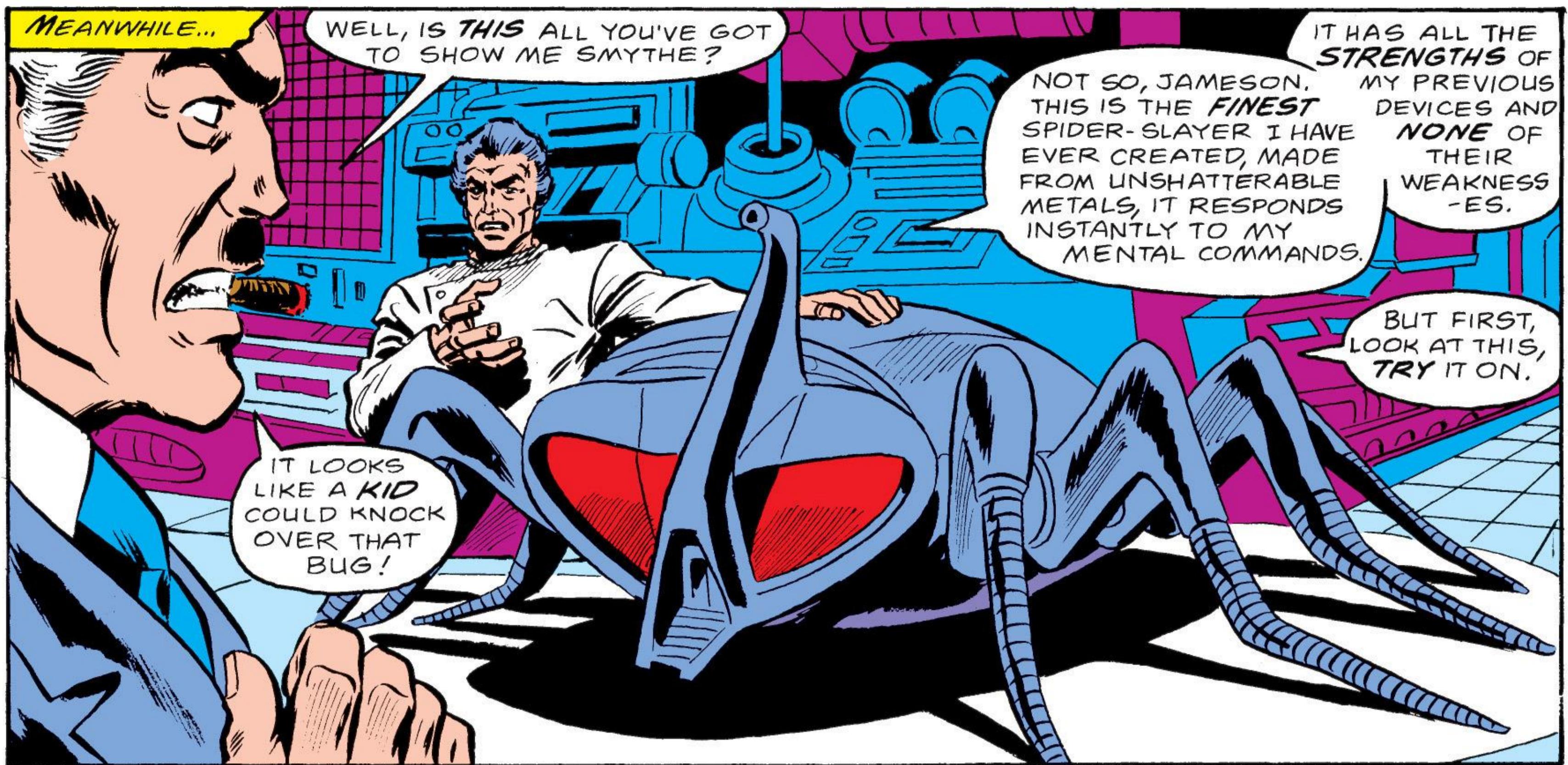












...LET'S LEAVE SPENCER SMYTHE AND RE-JOIN PETER PARKER IN HIS CHELSEA APARTMENT...

I'VE PUT OFF RE-WORKING MY WEB-FLUID FOR MONTHS...

...BUT SOMEONE COULD'VE DIED BECAUSE OF ME. I CAN'T WAIT ANY LONGER!

HMM... UNLESS I'M WRONG, I'D SAY THE CHEMICAL POLLUTANTS IN THE AIR HAVE SLOWLY ALTERED MY CHEMICAL WEB-FLUID.

THIS NEW BATCH SHOULD BE STRONG AS EVER, BUT IT'S OBVIOUS I'D BEST MIX SMALL AMOUNTS AND KEEP THEM FRESH FROM NOW ON.



YEAH, I STILL HAVE MY CRAZY-GLUE FINGERS. I STICK TO THE WALLS WITH THE GREATEST OF EASE...

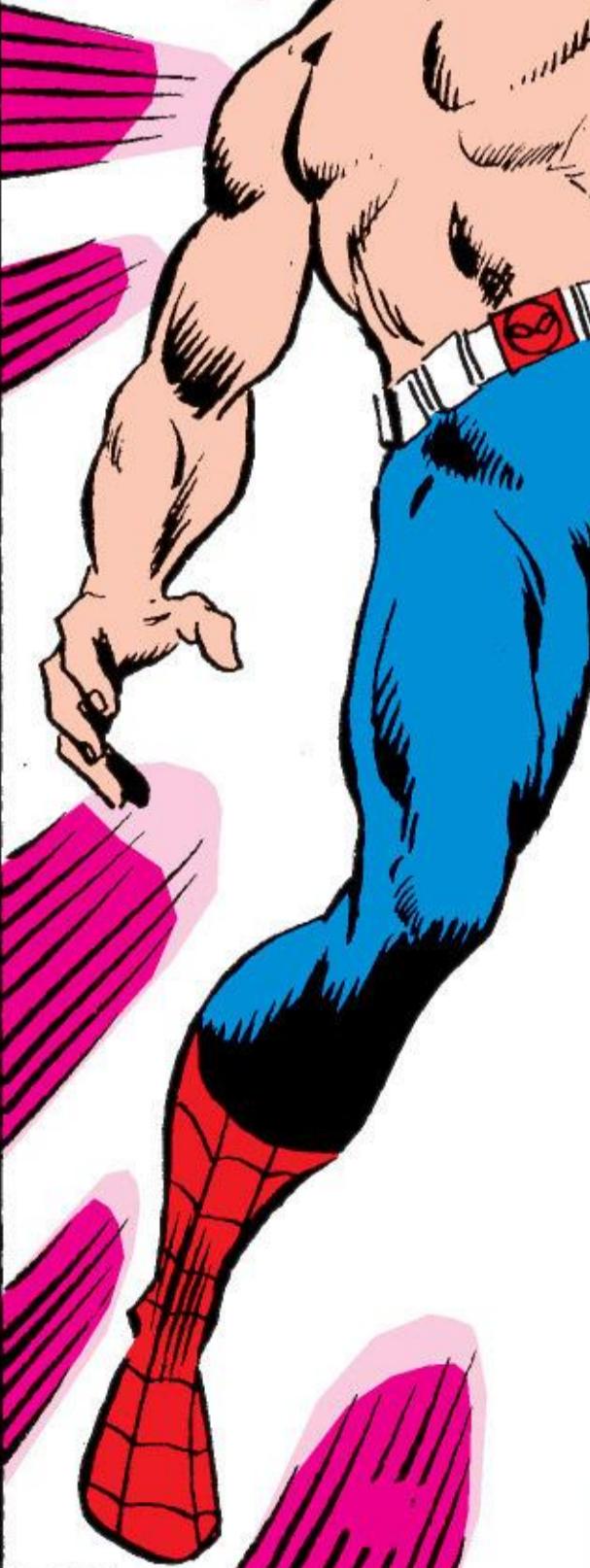
...WHICH COMES IN HANDY WHEN I HAVE TO SWAT A FLY ON THE CEILING.

GUESS I'M IN A-ONE CONDITION. I'M CERTAINLY STRONG AS EVER.

LIFTING THIS FRIDGE IS A SNAP.

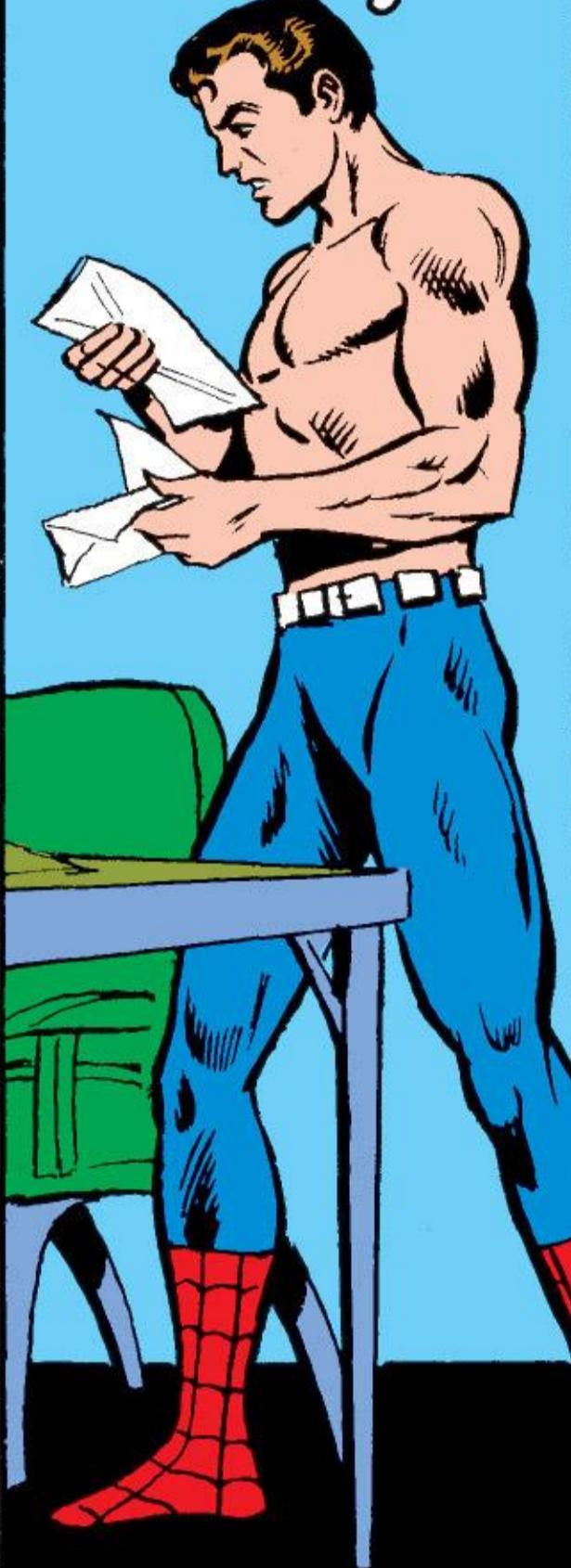
UNFORTUNATELY, NOW I CAN SEE THE DUST BUNNIES THAT COLLECTED UNDER IT.

SO WHAT? I'M A SCIENTIST-TO-BE... NOT A HOUSE-CLEANER!



MY MAIL? I WONDER WHO'D--OH, CLAREDGE ADVERTISING. THEY'RE THE ONES WHO'RE MERCHEANDISING LIFE-SIZE SPIDER-MAN PUNCHING BAGS.

FIGURES, EVEN MY TOYS GET PUNCHED IN THE FA--WHAT?



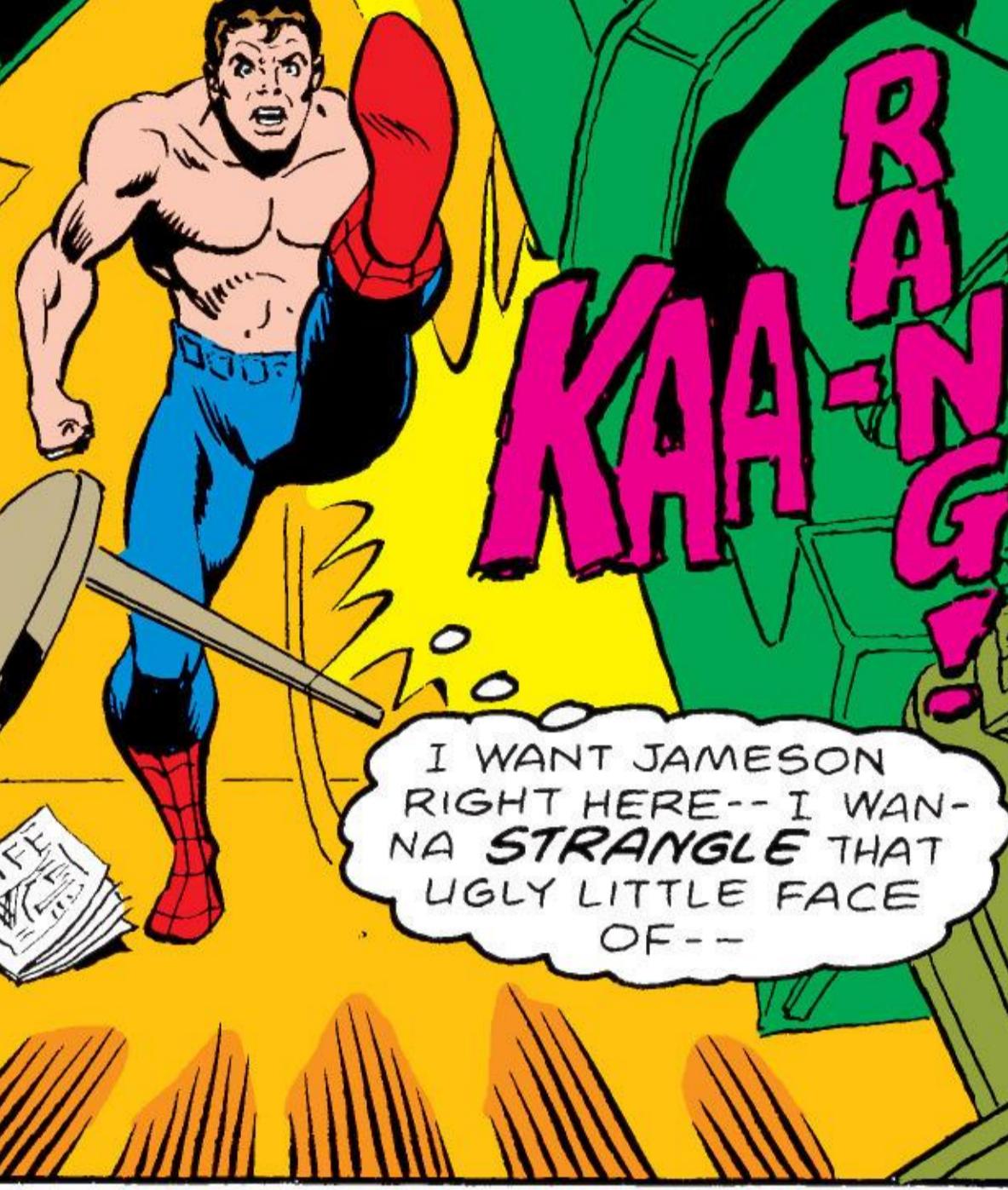
THEY'RE CANCELLING OUT!!



BLAST! I FINALLY HAVE THE CHANCE TO MAKE BIG BUCKS AND THAT FAT-HEADED LITTLE CREEP RUINS IT!

THAT WAS MY ONE HOPE TO GET AUNT MAY THE BEST MEDICAL CARE MONEY COULD BUY!

IT WOULD GIVE ME THE CHANCE TO CONCENTRATE ON MY STUDIES SO I WOULDN'T HAVE TO TEACH PART-TIME!



WHY? WHY DO I ALWAYS DO THIS TO MYSELF?



I'VE PUT UP WITH JAMESON'S GARBAGE LONG ENOUGH. IT'S TIME THE TWO OF US HAD A SHOWDOWN.

HE SITS BEHIND HIS DESK MAKING ACCUSATIONS WITHOUT CARING.

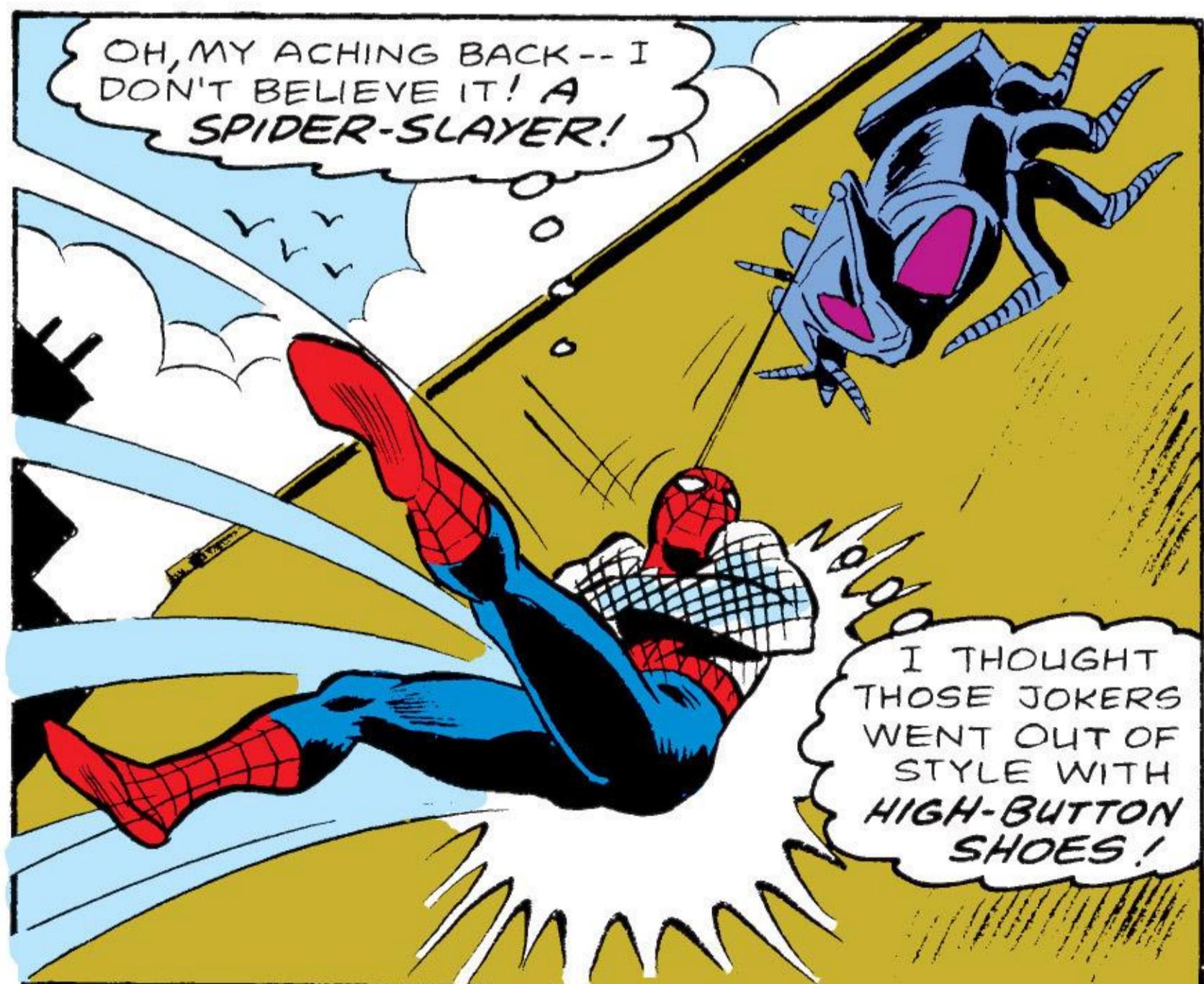
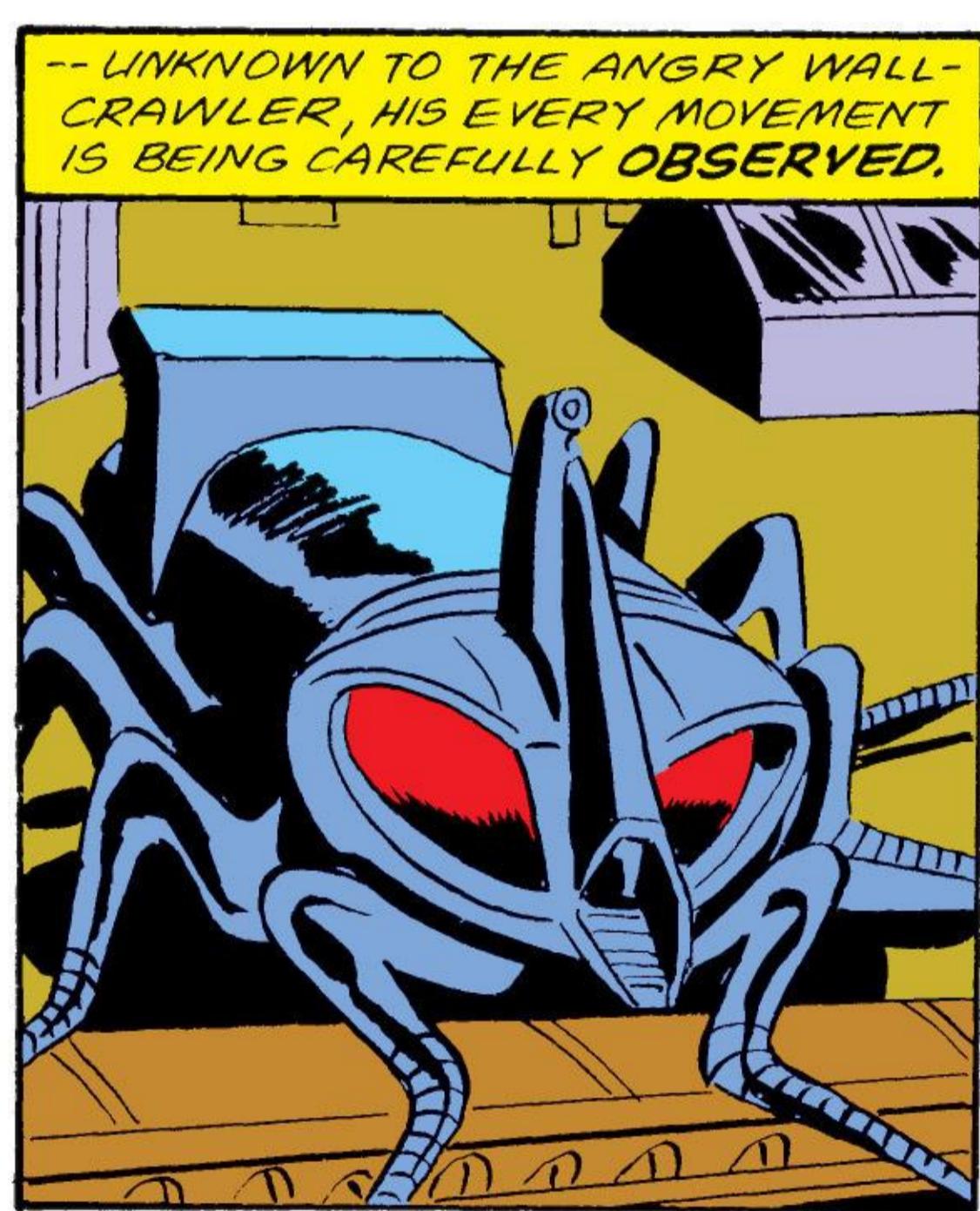
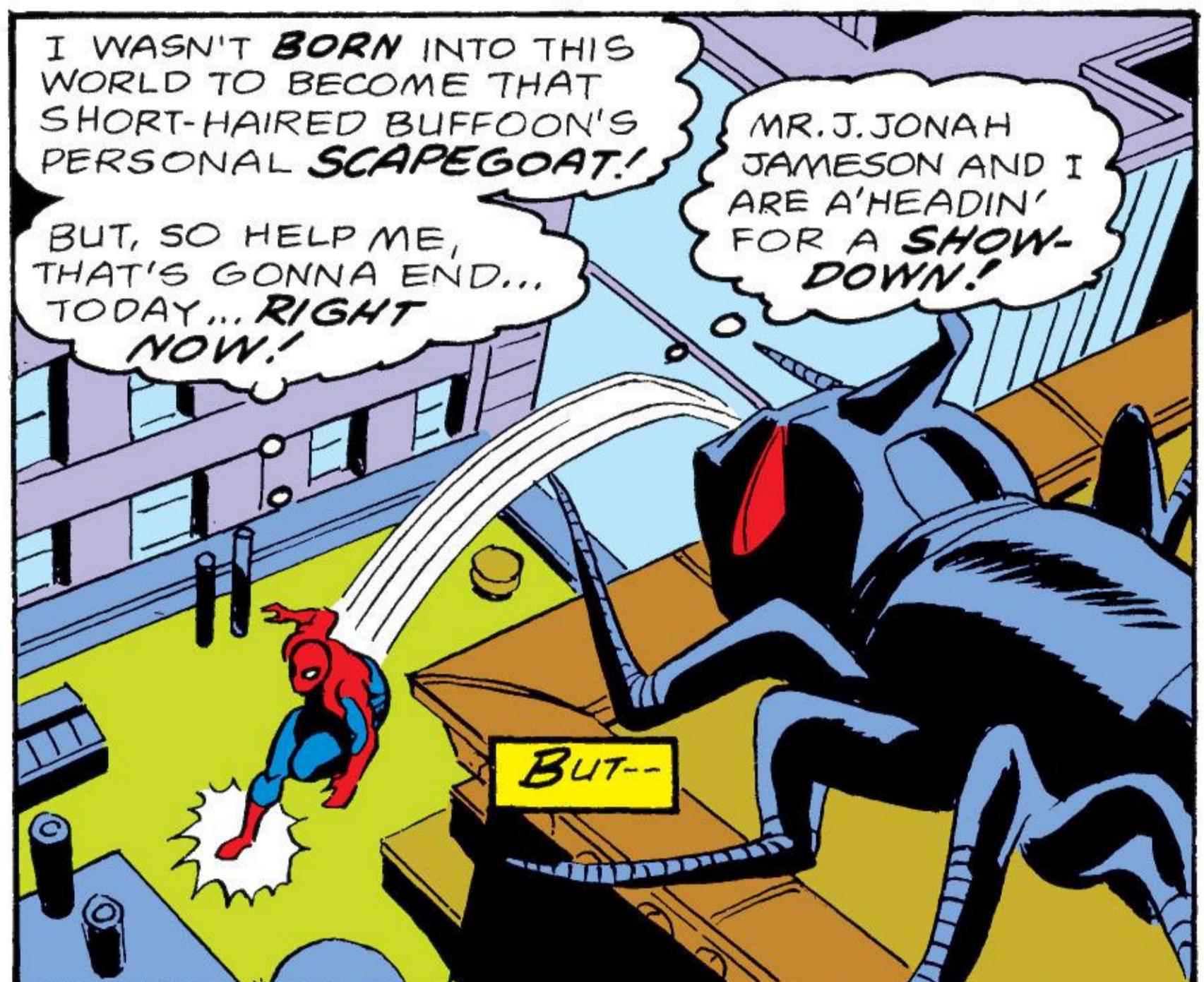
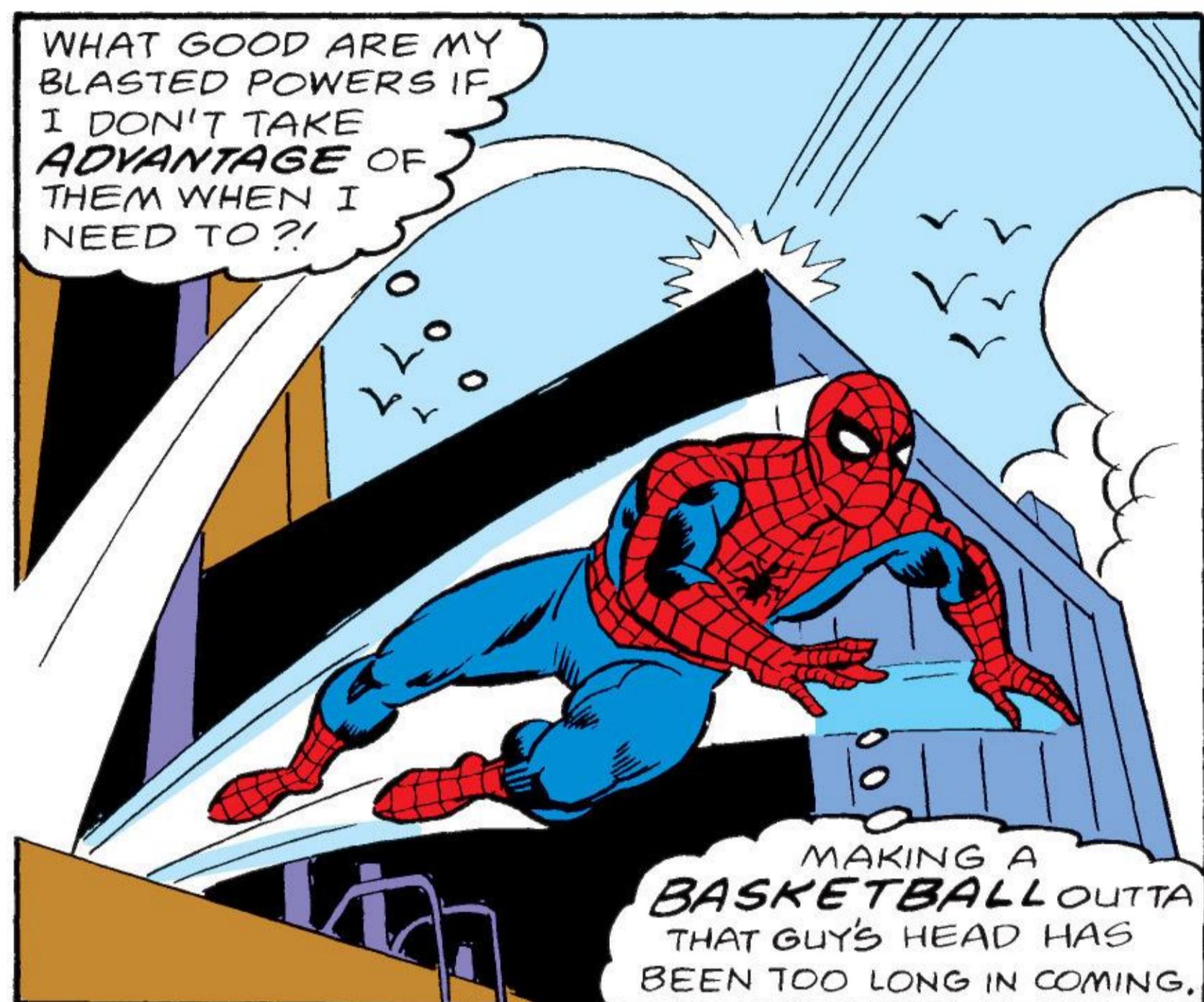


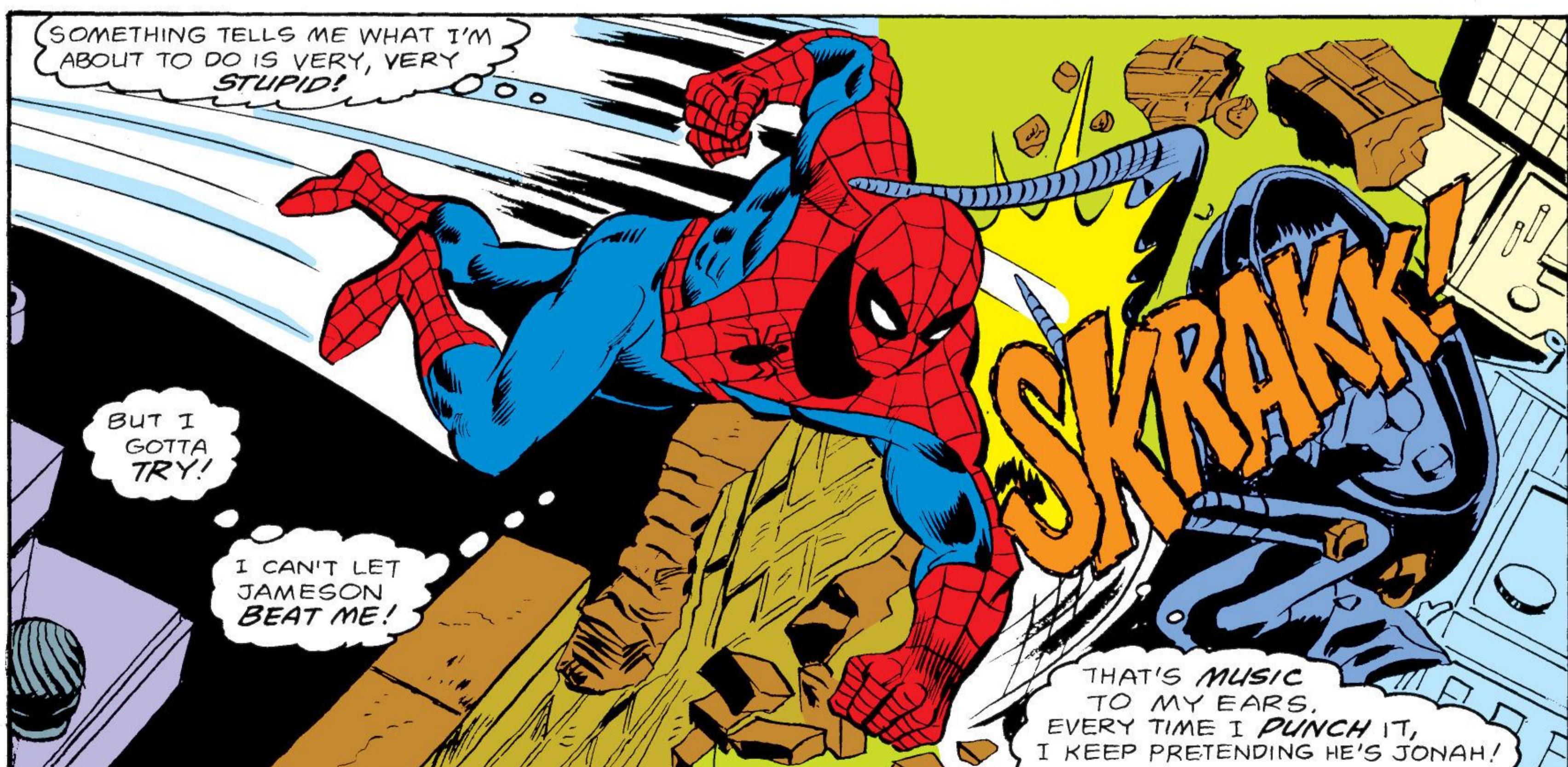
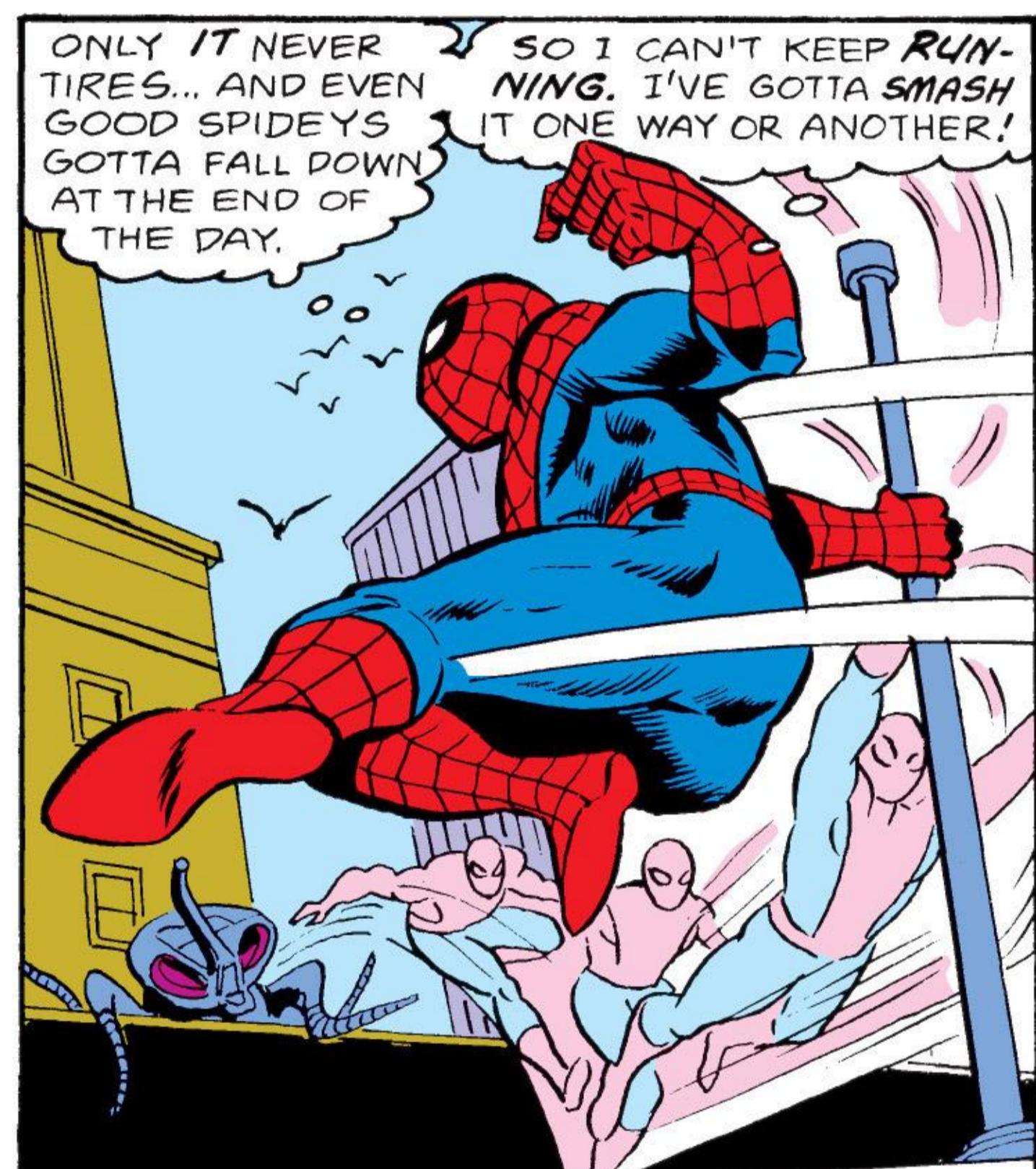
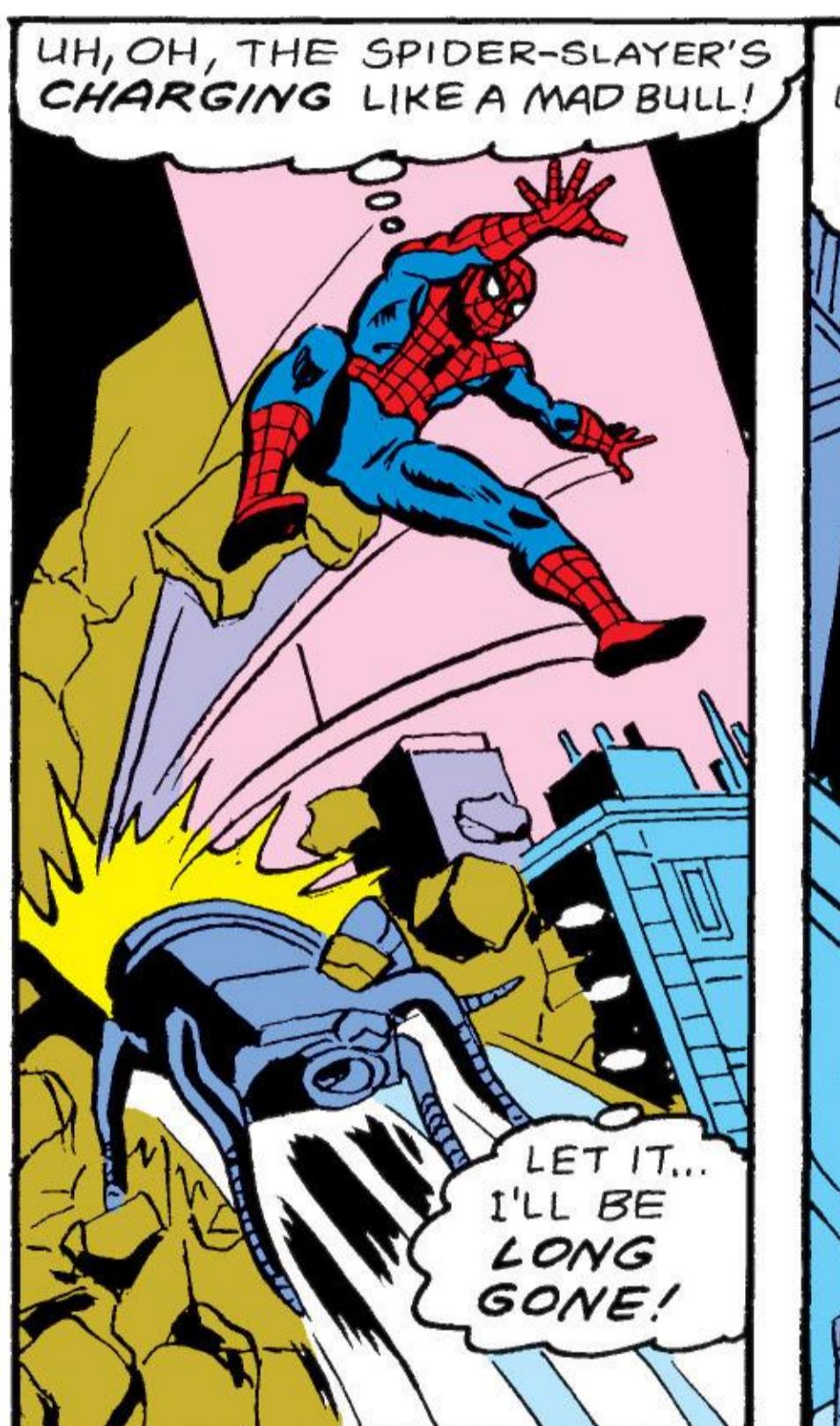
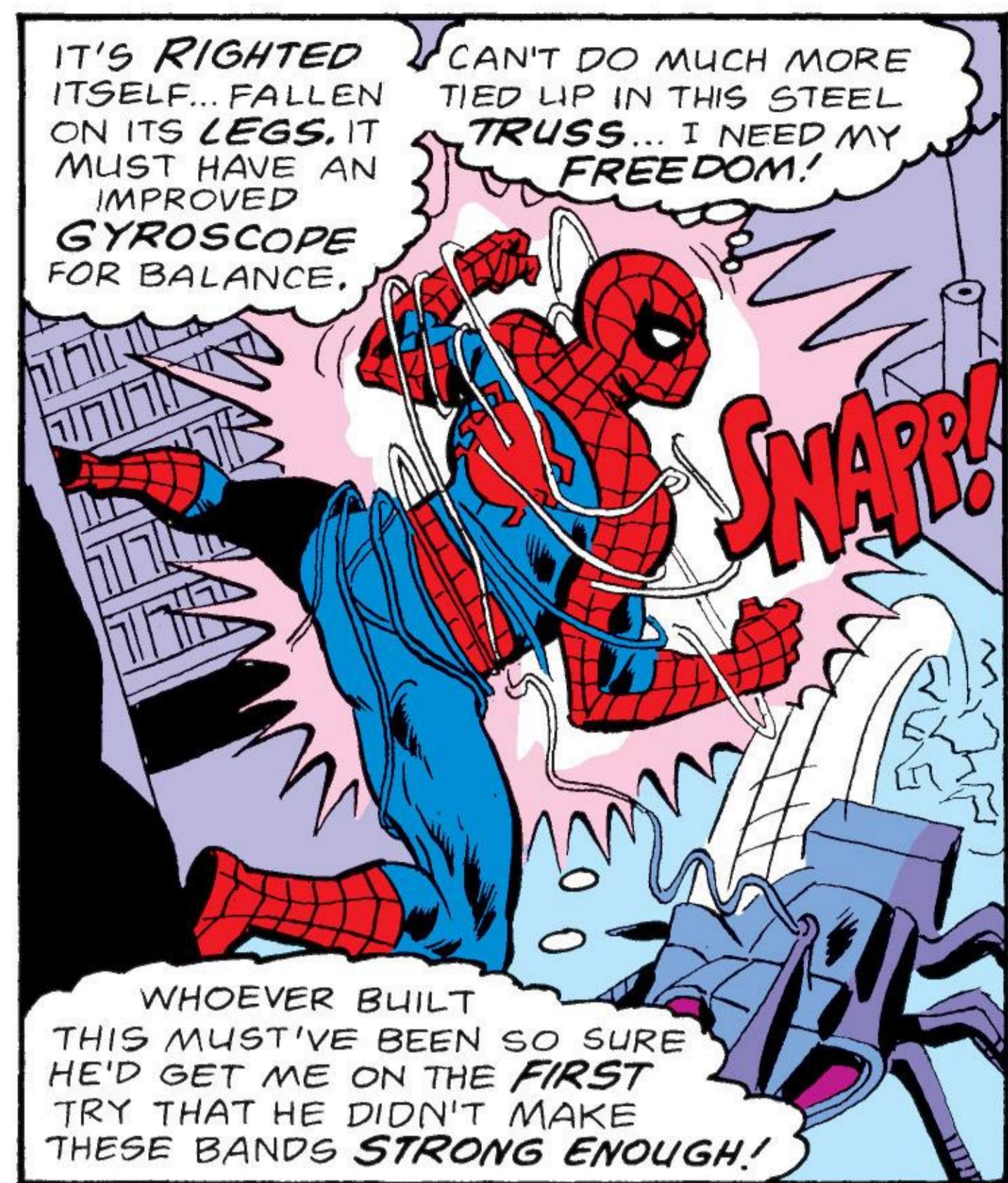
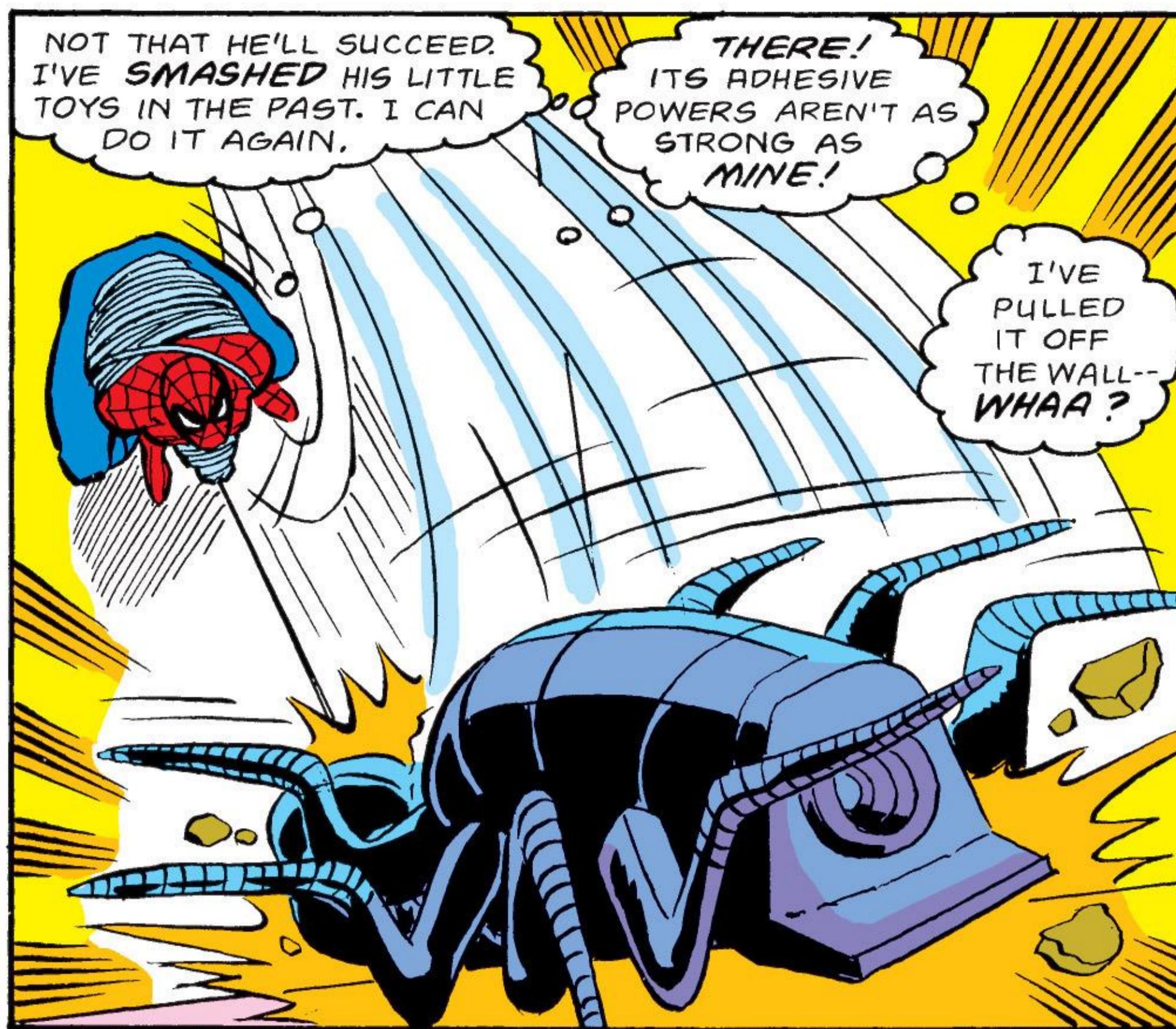
WELL, IT'S ABOUT TIME FLAT-HEAD HAD A CARE ABOUT SOMETHING!

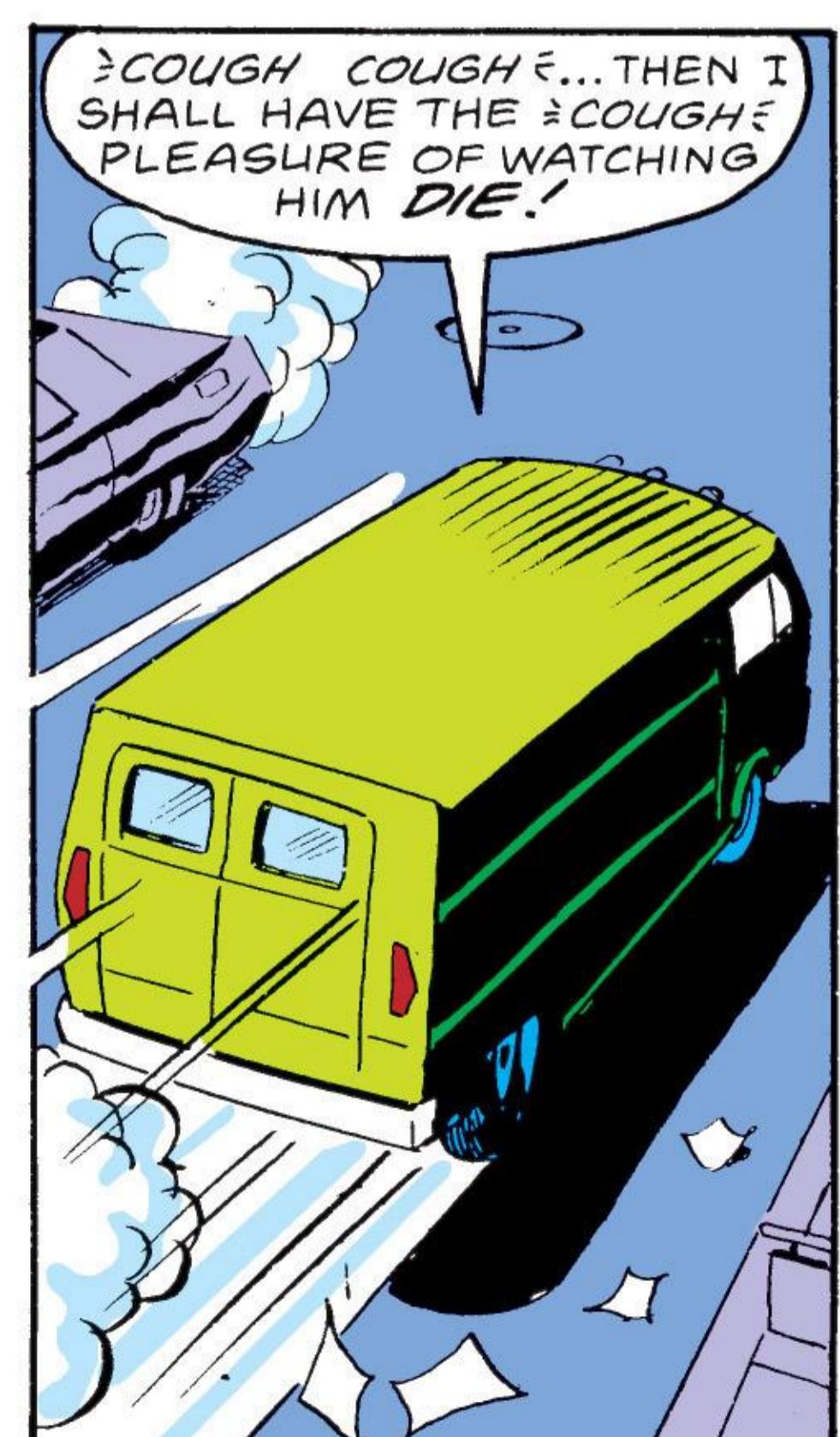
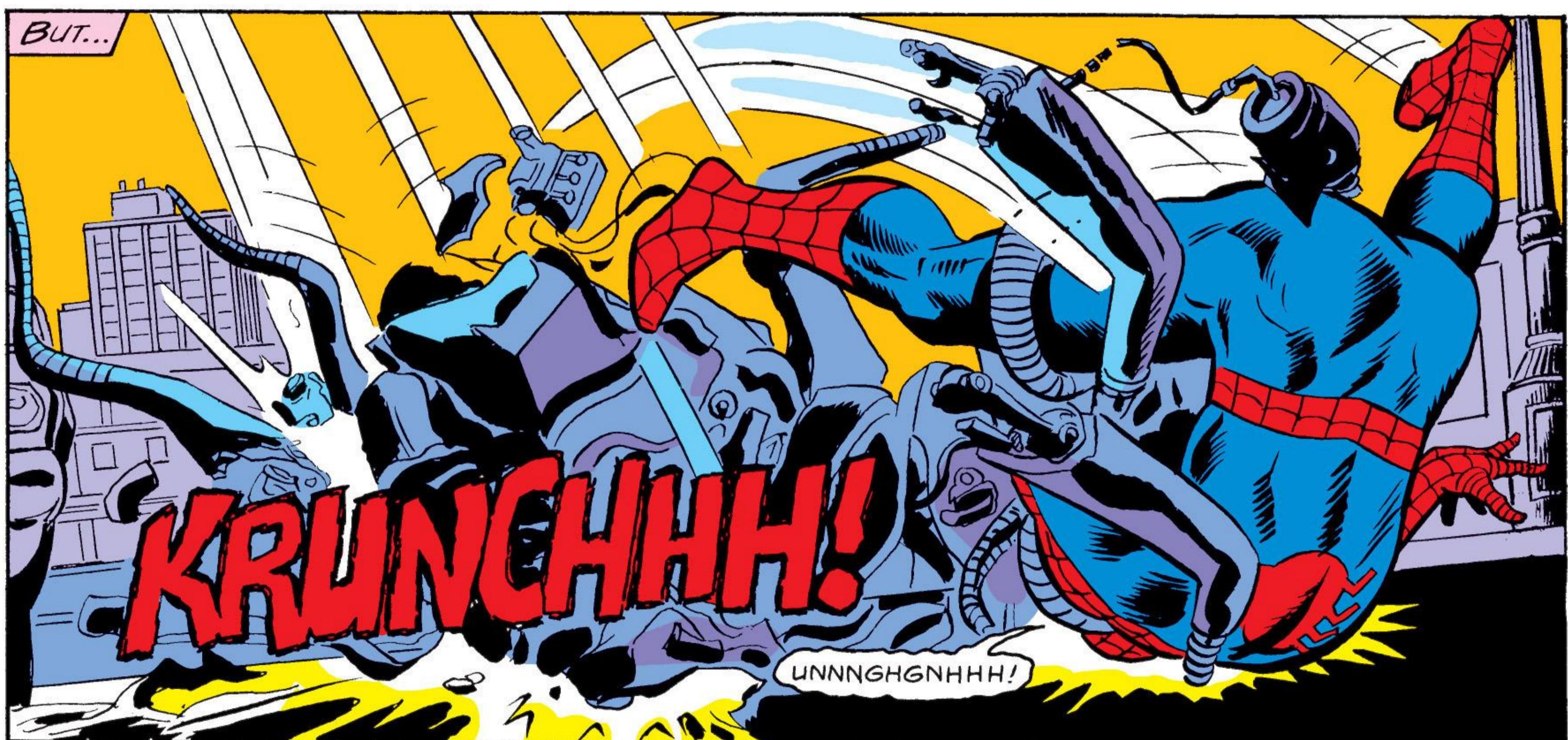


AND THAT SOMEONE IS ME!











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24 HOURS till DOOMSDAY!