

MARVEL
COMICS

THE WORLD'S GREATEST COMICS!

PETER PARKER

SPIDER-MAN

NOV
#85

APPROVED BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY



SHOCKING!

MACKIE SMITH THIBERT

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HELLO,
TRUE BELIEVERS.
STAN "THE MAN" LEE
ASKED ME, YOUR FRIENDLY
NEIGHBORHOOD SPIDER-MAN,
TO PRESENT WRITER **HOWAR**
MACKIE, PENCILER **ANDY SMITH**,
INKER **SCOTT HANNA**, COLORIST
MARK BERNARDO, LETTERER
COMICRAFT'S KIFF SCHOLL,
EDITOR **RALPH MACCHIO**
AND EDITOR IN CHIEF
BOB HARRAS...

...WHO
ARE BRINGING
YOU THIS MONTH'S
SAGACIOUS SAGA
WHICH WE
CALL...

LITTLE LIES

YOU
SEE, IT ALL
STARTED ONE
DAY WHEN I, IN MY
CIVILIAN GUISE AS
PETER PARKER,
DECIDED TO DO
A LOAD OF
LAUNDRY...



AUNT
ANNA...
NO!
DON'T
OPEN THE
DRYER!



I MEAN... Er... THANKS, BUT I PROMISED MARY JANE THAT I WOULD START DOING MY OWN LAUNDRY FROM NOW ON.

WE'VE REALLY BEEN RELYING ON YOU FOR FAR TOO MUCH.



Oh... COME NOW. YOU TWO HAVE MORE THAN ENOUGH TO KEEP YOU BUSY. WHAT WITH SCHOOL AND PITCHING IN FOR THE RENT AND ALL... LET ME DO WHAT I DO BEST, PETER.

AND DON'T YOU WORRY...



...I CAN KEEP YOUR LITTLE SECRET.



YOU... YOU... WHAT?

I WON'T TELL MARY JANE THAT YOU DIDN'T FINISH THE LAUNDRY.



YEAH... OF COURSE... WHAT OTHER SECRET WOULD I --

SECRET?



WHAT SECRET ARE WE KEEPING FROM MARY JANE?

I'LL LEAVE THIS TO YOU YOUNG PEOPLE.





THE ARTHUR STACY
FAMILY HOME...

...PAUL
STACY...

RRRINGG

...IS A
YOUNG
MAN...

RRRINGG

...WITH
MUCH ON
HIS MIND.

RRRINGG

HE KNOWS WHO IT
IS ON THE OTHER
END OF THE
TELEPHONE CALL.

RRRINGG

AND HE KNOWS THAT
HE DOESN'T WANT TO
SPEAK WITH THEM.

RRRINGG

RRRINGG

ANSWER IT,
PAUL.

YOU
KNOW IT'S
HIM, PAUL...
YOUR BUDDY
DONOVAN
ZANE.

FACE
HIM. BE A
MAN.

RRRINGG

CLIK



EXCUSE ME?
YOU,
OF ALL PEOPLE,
ARE TALKING ABOUT
MY OBSESSIONS,
FATHER?



GUESS
THE FRUIT
DOESN'T FALL TOO
FAR FROM THE
TREE.



EXACTLY
WHAT ARE YOU
SAYING?



HI,
DADDY!

HOPE
I'M NOT
INTERRUPTING
ANYTHING,
BUT...

PAUL
AND I ARE
LATE.



WE'RE WHAT?
JILL, WHAT ARE
YOU --

WE'RE
GOING OUT!
GOOD NIGHT,
DADDY!



RRRINGG

ELSEWHERE...

IT APPEARS THAT Mr. STACY HAS HAD SECOND THOUGHTS ABOUT JOINING OUR LITTLE ORGANIZATION.

IT IS A SHAME. HE SHOWED SUCH POTENTIAL.

MUCH MORE THAN THE USUAL COLLECTION OF CRETINS AN ORGANIZATION SUCH AS OURS ATTRACTS.

DO YOU WANT US TO SEND SOMEONE AFTER HIM, Mr. ZANE?

NO. I'LL HANDLE IT.

IT IS HIGH TIME THAT THE FRIENDS OF HUMANITY BEGAN CONTRACTING PROFESSIONALS TO HANDLE SUCH MATTERS.



LATER...

COME ON, PAUL, TALK TO ME.

WHAT'S WRONG?

NO... YOU WOULDN'T... I CAN'T.

WHAT IS IT, LITTLE BROTHER, YOU CAN'T TALK TO ME THE WAY YOU COULD COUSIN GWEN?

WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT, JILL? GWEN'S DEAD.

YEAH... AND EVER SINCE SHE DIED YOU'VE FROZEN ME OUT.



I ALWAYS FELT LIKE YOU COMPARED ME TO GWEN. AND I JUST DIDN'T CUT IT.



WHAT? YOU'RE RIGHT. I DID.



I'M SORRY, BUT SHE'S THE ONLY ONE WHO EVER UNDERSTOOD ME.

CAN WE TALK ABOUT THIS LATER?

SURE WE CAN, BUT WE WON'T.

LET'S GO INSIDE. MY FRIENDS ARE WAITING FOR US.

FRIENDS?







WHAT IS WITH YOU, PAUL? WHAT DO YOU HAVE AGAINST ME?

PARKER, I BARELY NOTICE YOU'RE ALIVE.

RIGHT.

LOOK... OUR FAMILIES GO BACK A LONG WAY. THE LEAST WE CAN DO IS *TRY* TO BE CIVIL TO ONE ANOTHER.



IT'S PAUL AND MY DAD. THEY HAVEN'T GOTTEN ALONG SINCE MY COUSIN GWEN DIED.

PAUL WAS SO CLOSE TO GWEN AND MY UNCLE GEORGE. WHEN THEY DIED, IT WAS LIKE PART OF HIM DIED WITH THEM.



DON'T *YOU* TALK TO ME ABOUT MY FAMILY, PARKER!

YOU GOT TO SPEND TIME WITH THEM! GOT TO *KNOW* THEM!

TIME THEY SHOULD HAVE SPENT WITH *ME*!



HE BECAME A LONER, AN INTROVERT, AND THE ANTAGONISM BETWEEN HIM AND MY FATHER SEEMED TO GROW ON A DAILY BASIS.

IT WAS LIKE HE BLAMED MY FATHER FOR KEEPING HIM AWAY FROM GWEN AND UNCLE GEORGE.



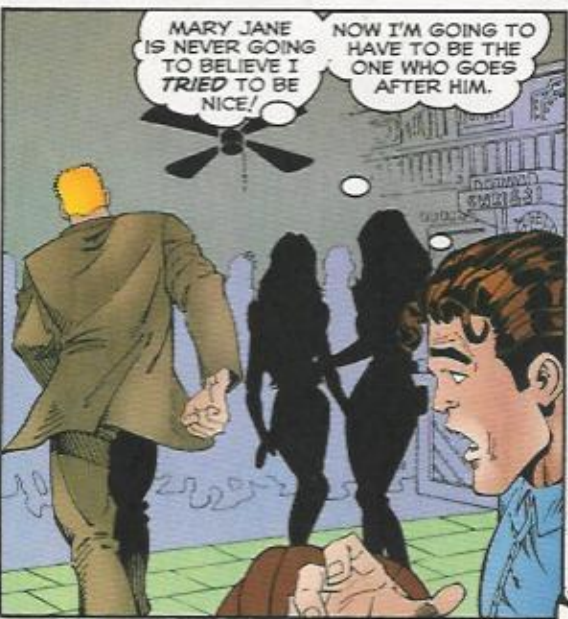
IF THAT'S WHAT IT IS, PAUL, MAYBE WE CAN TALK ABOUT --

I DON'T WANT TO TALK TO YOU.



BUT THERE IS SOMETHING MORE. SOMETHING HE'S NOT TELLING ME.

I KNOW HE'S SILLY, BUT HE'S MY BROTHER, M.J.



A FEW MINUTES
LATER...

PAUL.

COME
ON/ WAIT
UP!

I JUST
WANT TO
TALK.

DO
YOURSELF
A FAVOR,
PARKER...

...STAY
OUT OF MY
LIFE. YOU HAVE
NO IDEA WHO I AM
OR WHAT I AM
CAPABLE OF
DOING.

I'M NOT LOOKING
FOR ANY FRIENDS
TO CONFESS MY
SECRETS
TO.

THE ONLY
FRIENDS I EVER
HAD WERE MY UNCLE
AND MY COUSIN. **THEY**
DIED WHILE YOUR PHOTO-
BUDDY SPIDER-MAN
WAS HANGING
AROUND.

SPIDER-
SENSE IS GOING
CRAZY! SOME-
THING BAD IS
GOING TO HAPPEN.

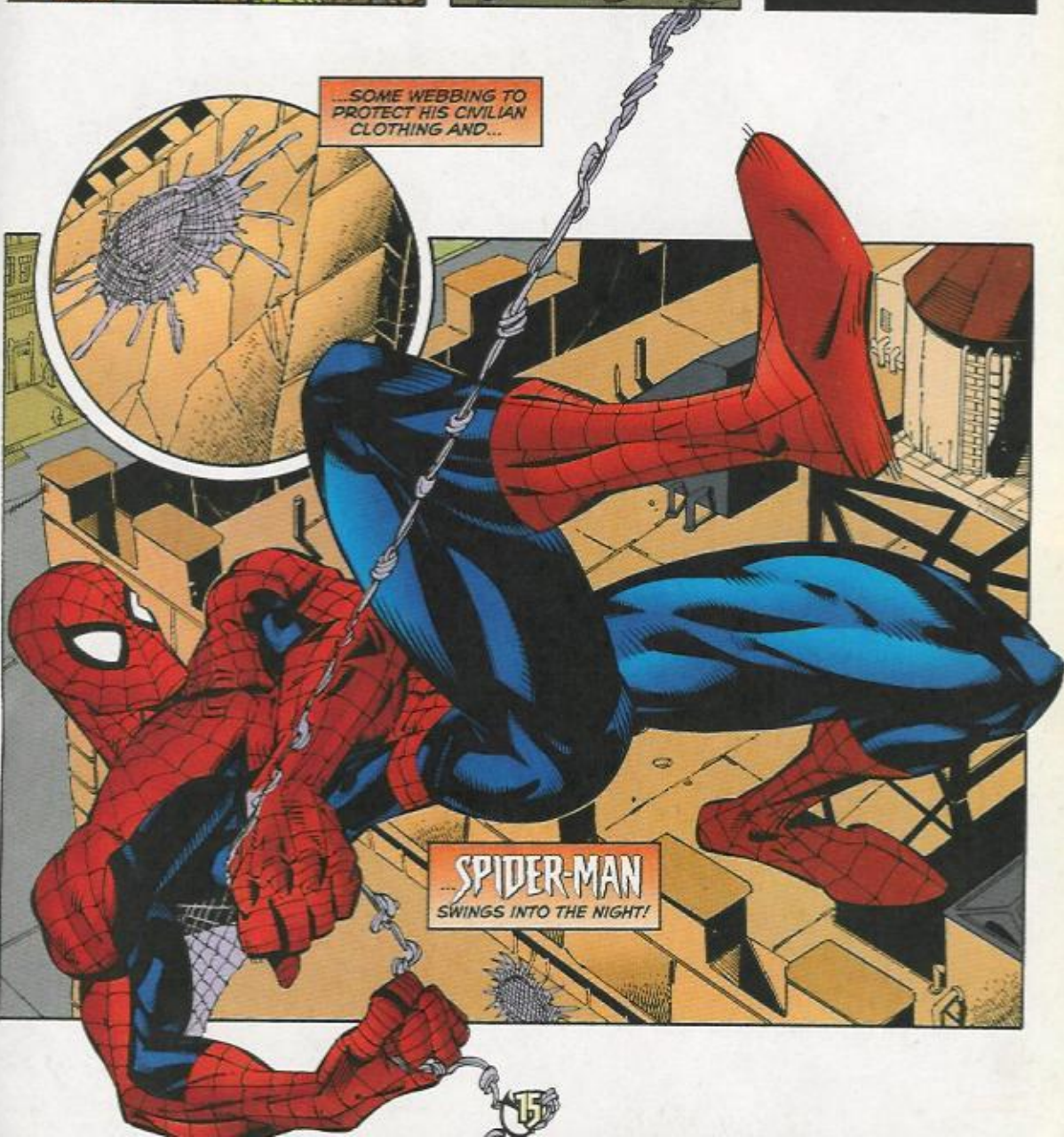
IF
IT'S ABOUT
THE FRIENDS OF
HUMANITY STUFF
AND ROBIN
VEGA...

THAT
KIND OF
THING CAN
HAPPEN TO
ANYBODY.

THE KEY IS YOU DIDN'T
HURT ANYBODY AND YOU
WERE SMART ENOUGH TO
PULL AWAY FROM THEM.
IF YOU WANT WE CAN
GET SOME COFFEE
AND --

SHUT UP!

WE
SHARE
A CLASS OR
TWO TOGETHER
AND YOU THINK
YOU KNOW
ME?









NOW
THAT'S NOT
TRUE.

AND
I'VE GOT MORE
THAN ENOUGH
CARING TO GO
AROUND!

SPIDER-MAN!



SURPRISED
TO SEE ME,
Huh?

CONSIDERING THE LAST
TIME WE RAN INTO EACH
OTHER I WAS HANGING
FROM A TWENTY STORY
BUILDING WITH A BAD
CASE OF VERTIGO AND
YOU DID **NOTHING**
TO HELP ME.

I DIDN'T
KILL YOU. BE
THANKFUL.

YOU'RE
ALL HEART,
SHOCKER!



PAUL
IS TAKING
OFF!

GOT TO
SNAG AND
TAG HIM WITH
A SPIDER-
TRACER.

HE'S
IN A WEIRD
STATE OF MIND
EVEN FOR HIM.
I'VE GOT A BAD
FEELING ABOUT
IT.



I WASN'T COUNTING
ON YOU TONIGHT,
WEB-HEAD, AND
I'VE GOT TO
SAY...

I'M
SURPRISED
YOU'RE BOTHERING
WITH THE LIKES
OF HIM.





A SHORT
TIME LATER...

I'VE
GOT TO
THINK.

USE
THIS VAST
INTELLECT
FOR A
CHANGE!

WHAT AM
I GOING TO
DO NOW?



THIS
ISN'T THE
ANSWER,
SIR.

Huh?



WHAT
ARE YOU DOING
HERE?

I'M
HERE TO
HELP.



NO... I THINK YOU'VE FINALLY
GOTTEN AROUND TO FINISHING
OFF THE STACY FAMILY
LINE.

AND I'M
NEXT.



I'M NOT GOING
TO HAVE THIS
ARGUMENT
WITH YOU.

NOT
HERE.

AND I'M
NOT GOING TO
LET YOU KILL
YOURSELF.

THAT'S
WHAT YOU
THINK I'M
DOING HERE?


YOU THINK
I'M GOING TO
JUMP FROM THE
SAME BRIDGE FROM
WHICH YOU PUSHED
MY COUSIN
GWEN?

THERE
WOULD BE A
CERTAIN SENSE
OF SYMMETRY
TO IT ALL.



HMMM/
HADN'T THOUGHT
OF IT, BUT...



A full-page comic book illustration. Spider-Man, in his iconic red and blue suit, is shown in a dynamic pose, lunging forward with his right arm extended towards J.R.R. He has a speech bubble above him saying "NO! DON'T!". J.R.R. is a large, muscular man with blonde hair, wearing a tan suit over a green shirt. He stands firmly on a rooftop, looking down at Spider-Man with a determined expression. He has a speech bubble above him saying "...LET'S SEE WHAT YOU'RE MADE OF, SPIDER-MAN!". The background features a large, bright orange sun or moon with radiating lines, and a dark purple sky with white streaks suggesting motion or rain. A small, dark, jagged object is flying through the air between them. The overall tone is dramatic and action-packed.

...LET'S SEE
WHAT YOU'RE MADE OF,
SPIDER-MAN!

NO!
DON'T!

NEXT ISSUE:

J.R.R. RETURNS WITH THE CONCLUSION TO THIS SHOCKING TALE AND...

...THE RETURN OF JIMMY-6!

BE THERE!