

SPIDER-MAN

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the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN

ONLY ONE
OF US IS
COMING DOWN
FROM HERE
ALIVE!



SPIDEY... NIGHTCRAWLER...
AND THE PUNISHER
MAKES THREE!

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**™

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WRITER/EDITOR ILLUSTRATOR EMBELLISHER COLORIST LETTERER

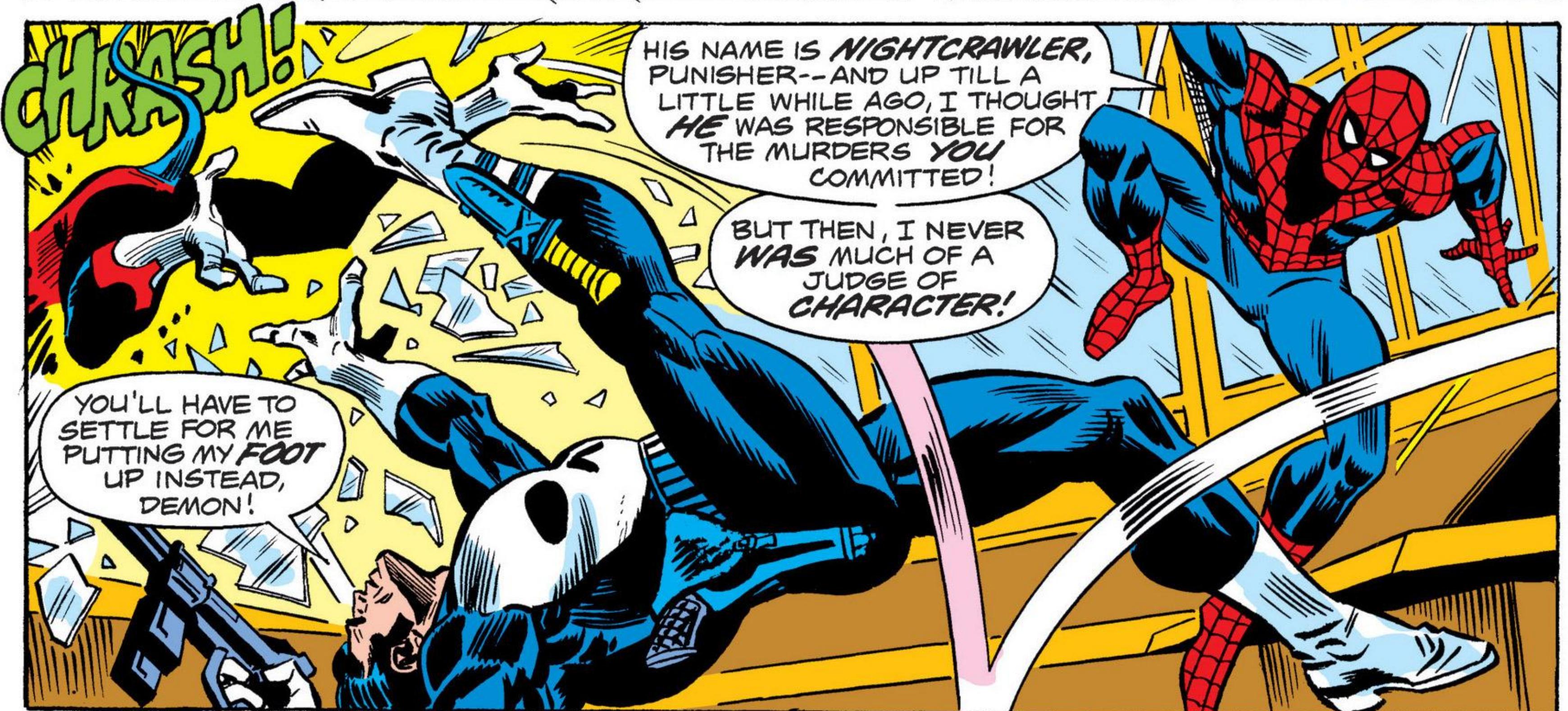
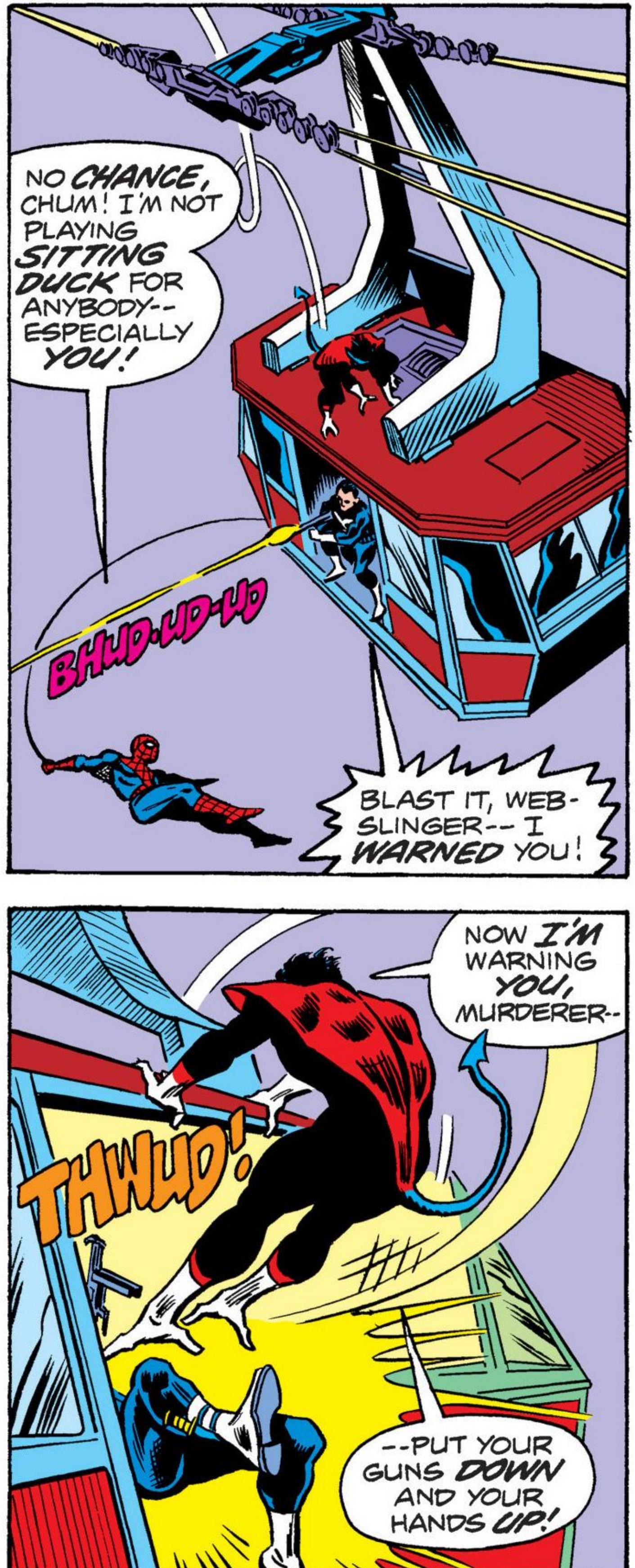
LET THE PUNISHER FIT THE CRIME!

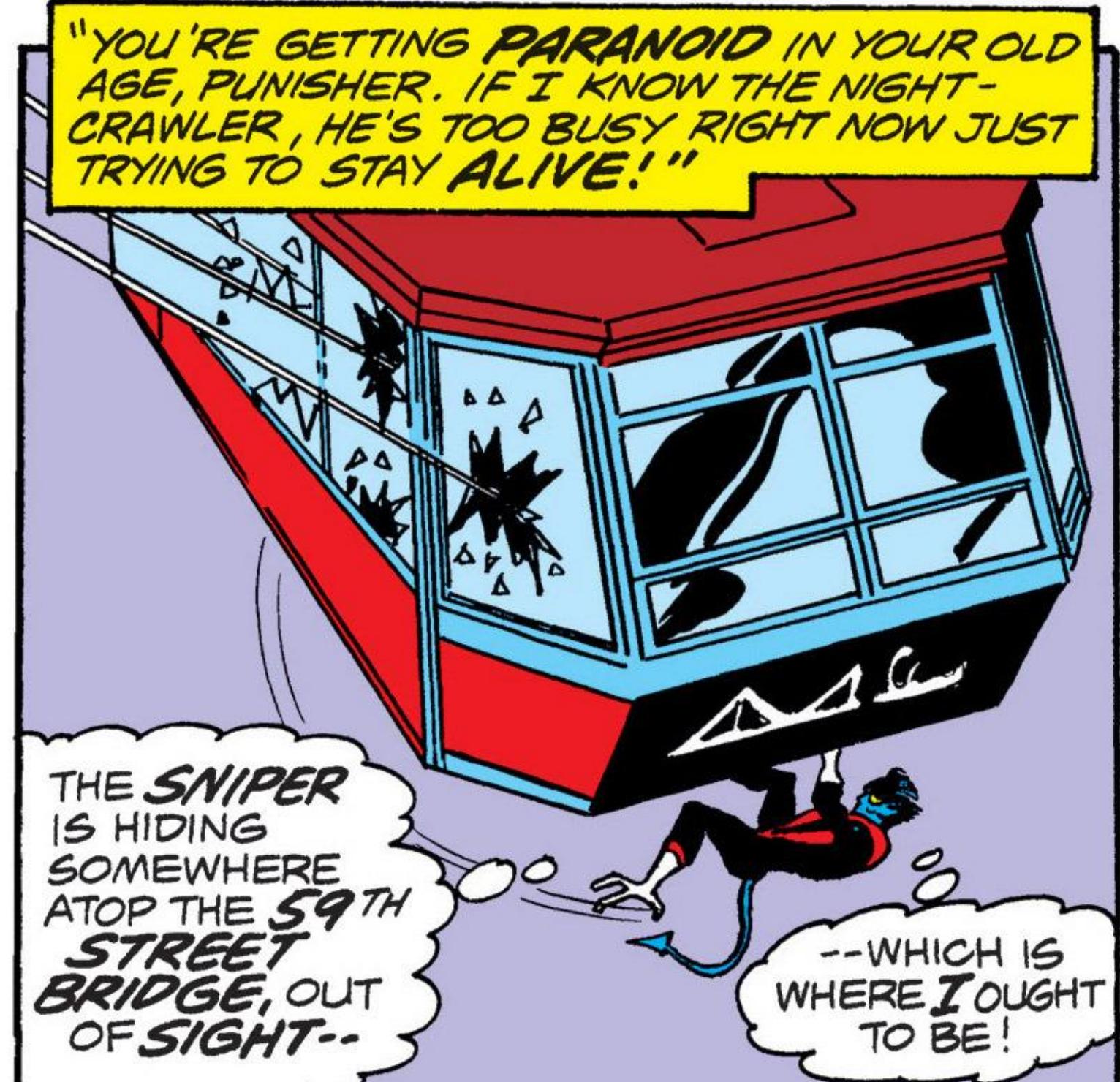
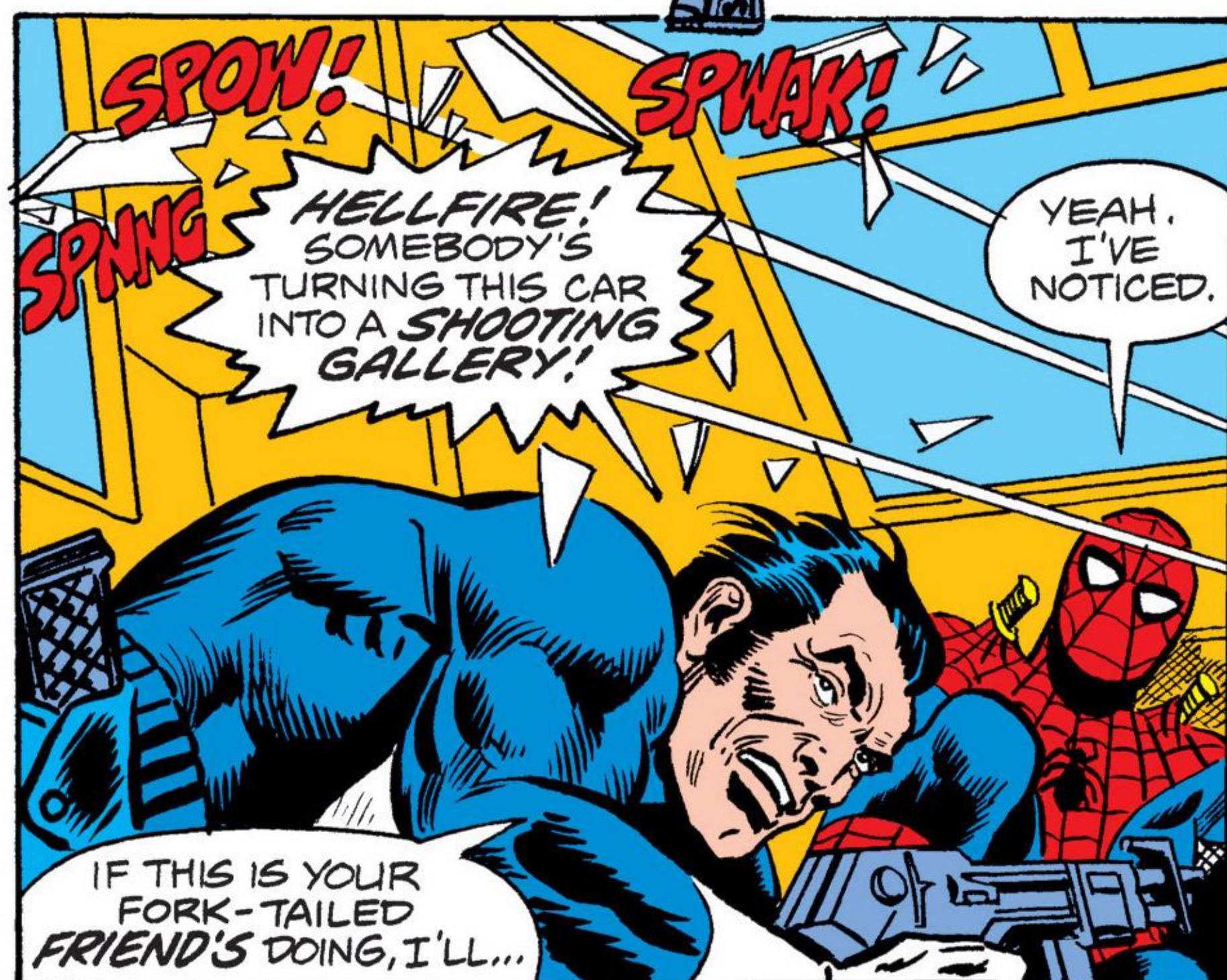
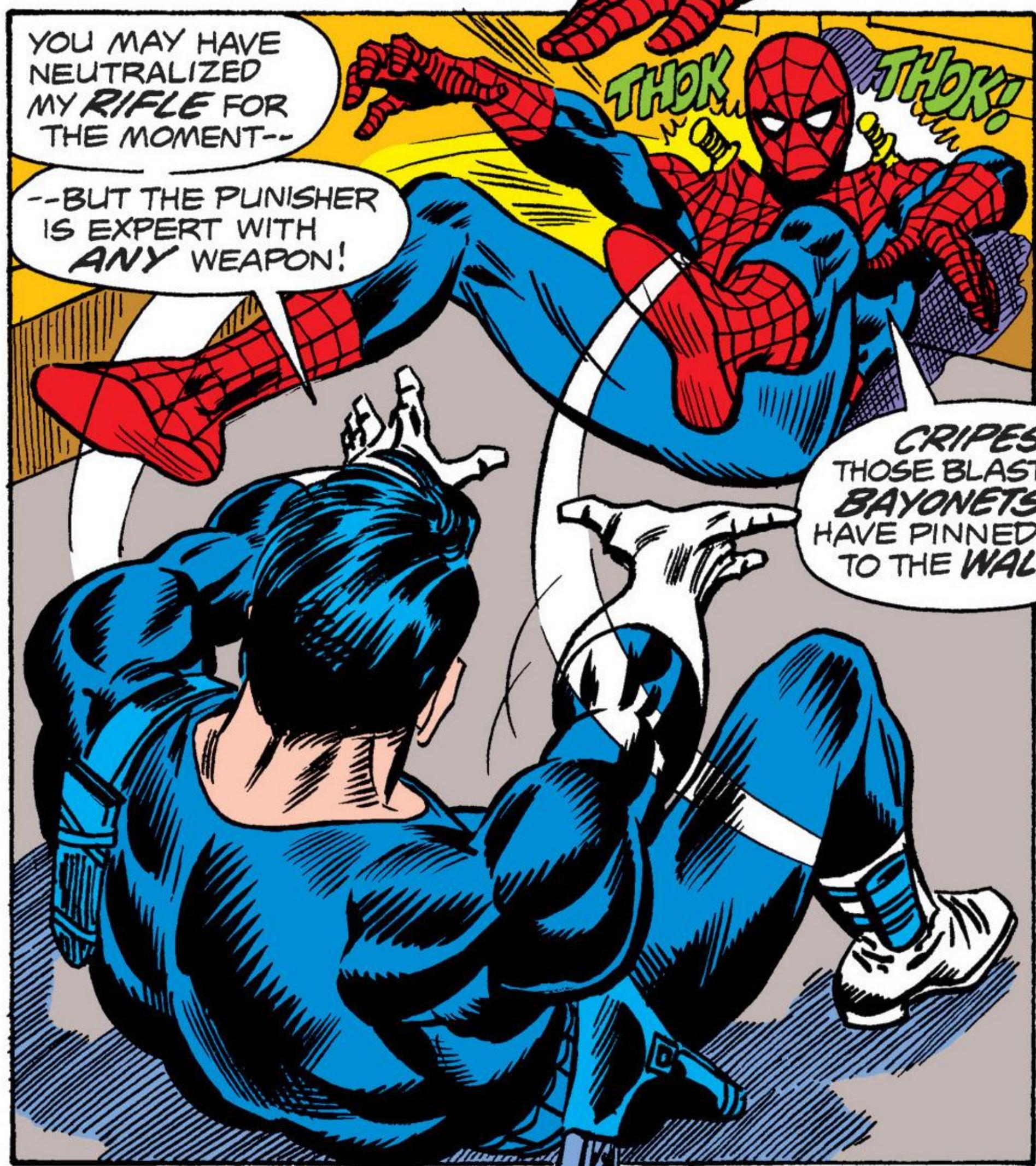
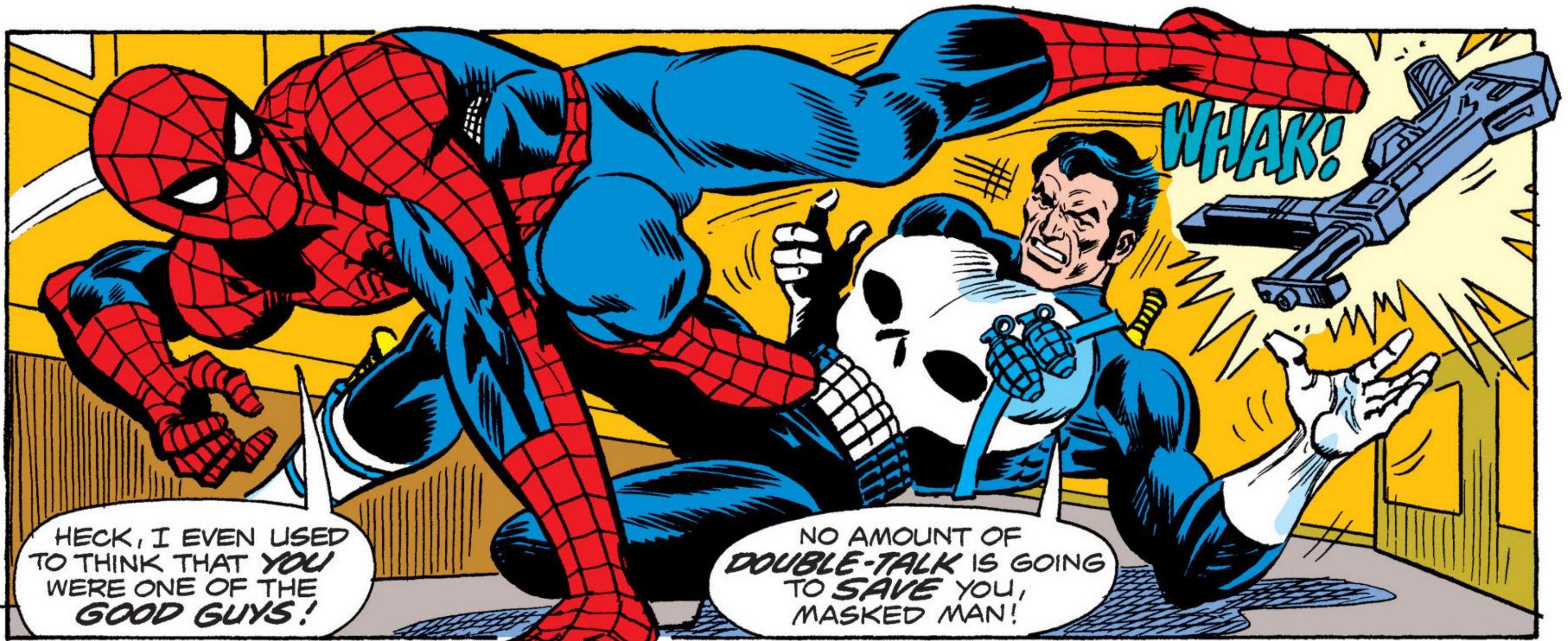
WAR JOURNAL ENTRY NUMBER 381,
UPDATE: FOUR PEOPLE WERE ALREADY
DEAD, MURDERED BY A SNIPER PRETEND-
ING TO BE THE PUNISHER--WHICH HADN'T
EXACTLY HELPED MY REPUTATION.

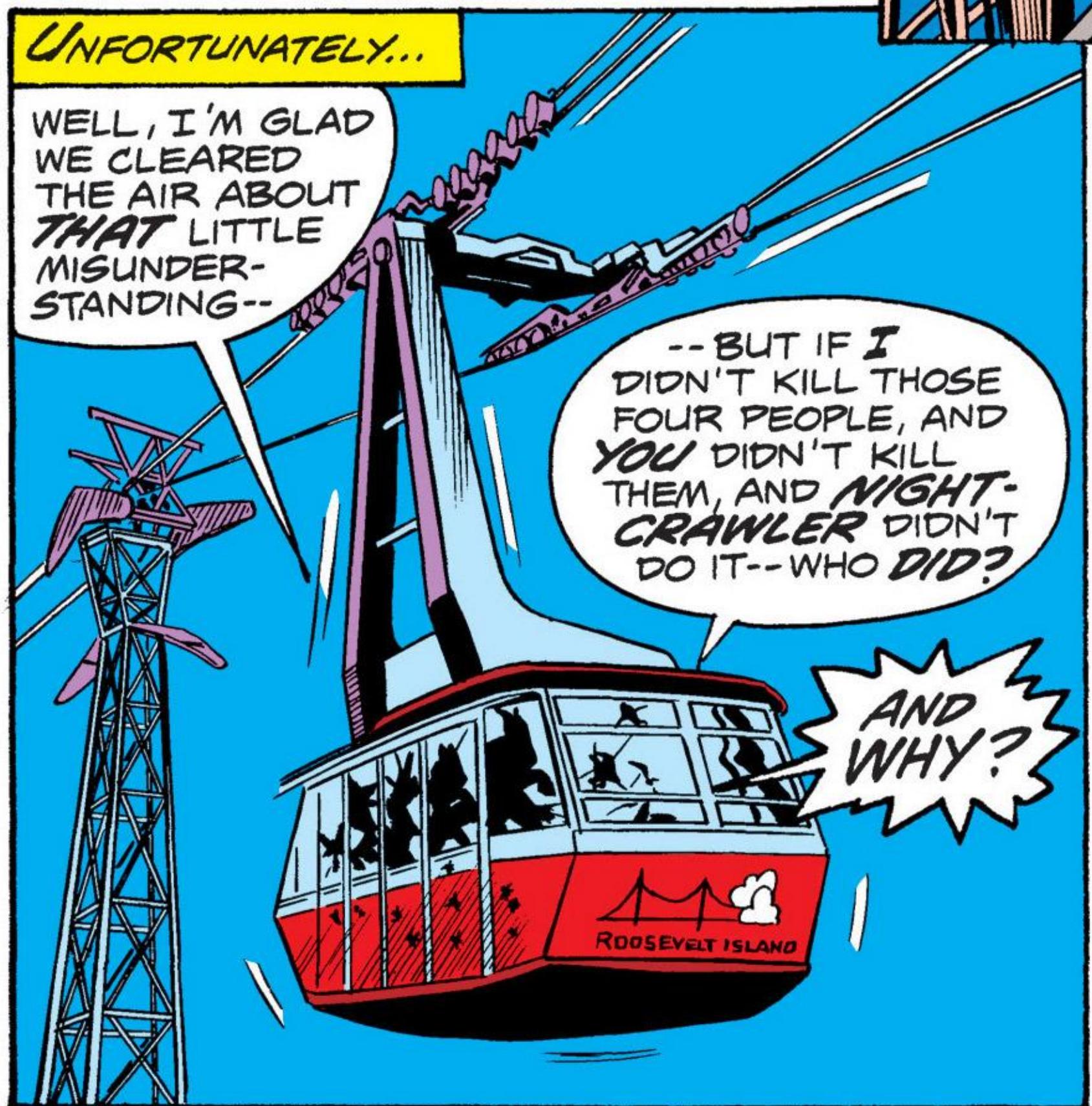
A TWO-BIT GAMBLER NAMED SNAKE-EYES HAD TOLD ME THE KILLER WOULD STRIKE NEXT AT THE ROOSEVELT ISLAND TRAMWAY--BUT WHEN I GOT HERE, I FOUND TWO POSSIBLE SUSPECTS: THE WEB-SLINGING SPIDER-MAN... AND A NIGHT-CRAWLING DEMON!

ONE OF THEM IS THE MAN I'VE COME HERE TO KILL, AND UNLESS I CAN FIGURE OUT WHICH ONE--

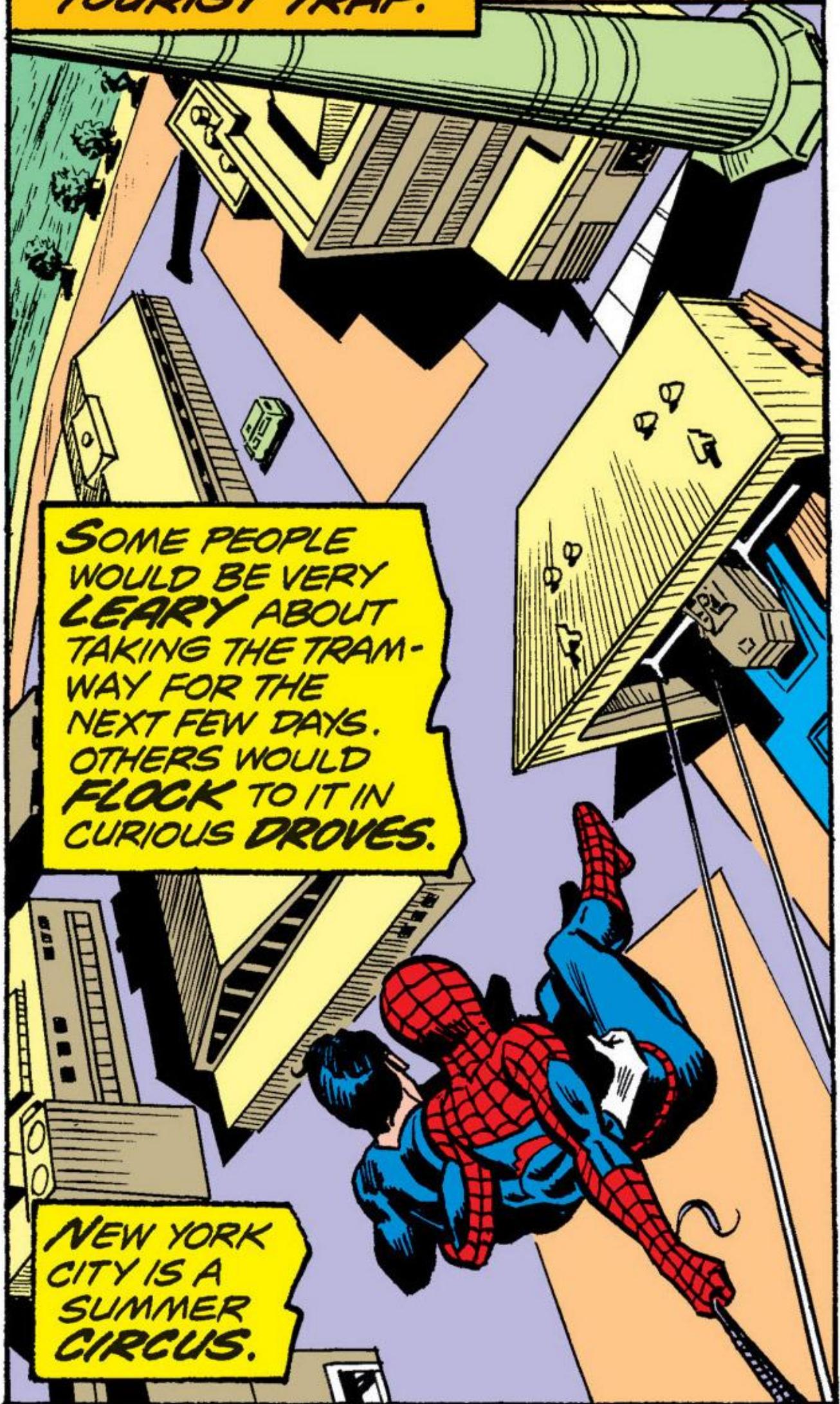
--I MAY HAVE TO KILL THEM BOTH!



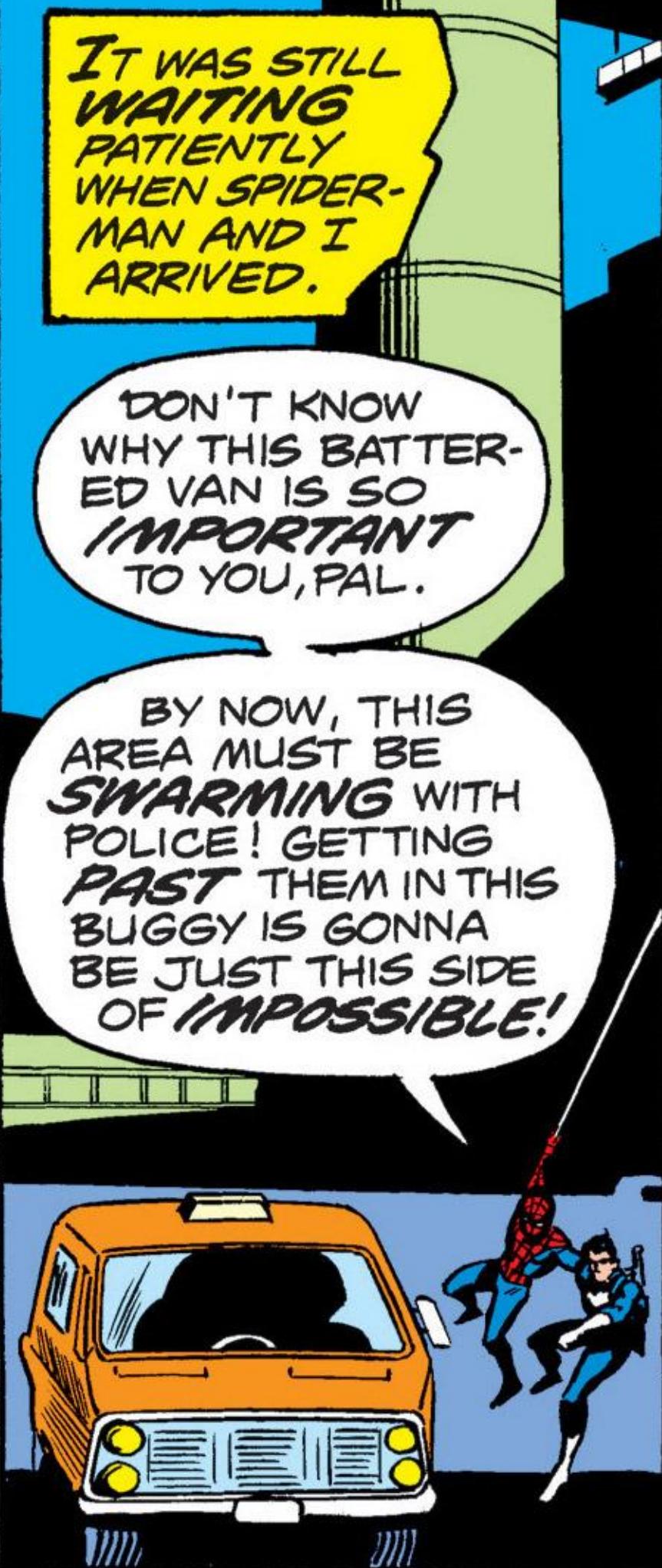




WAR JOURNAL ENTRY NUMBER 382: THE TRAMCAR WAS A TOTAL LOSS--A BULLET-RIDDLED RELIC THAT, MINUTES BEFORE, HAD BEEN THE BIG APPLE'S PROUDEST NEW TOURIST TRAP.

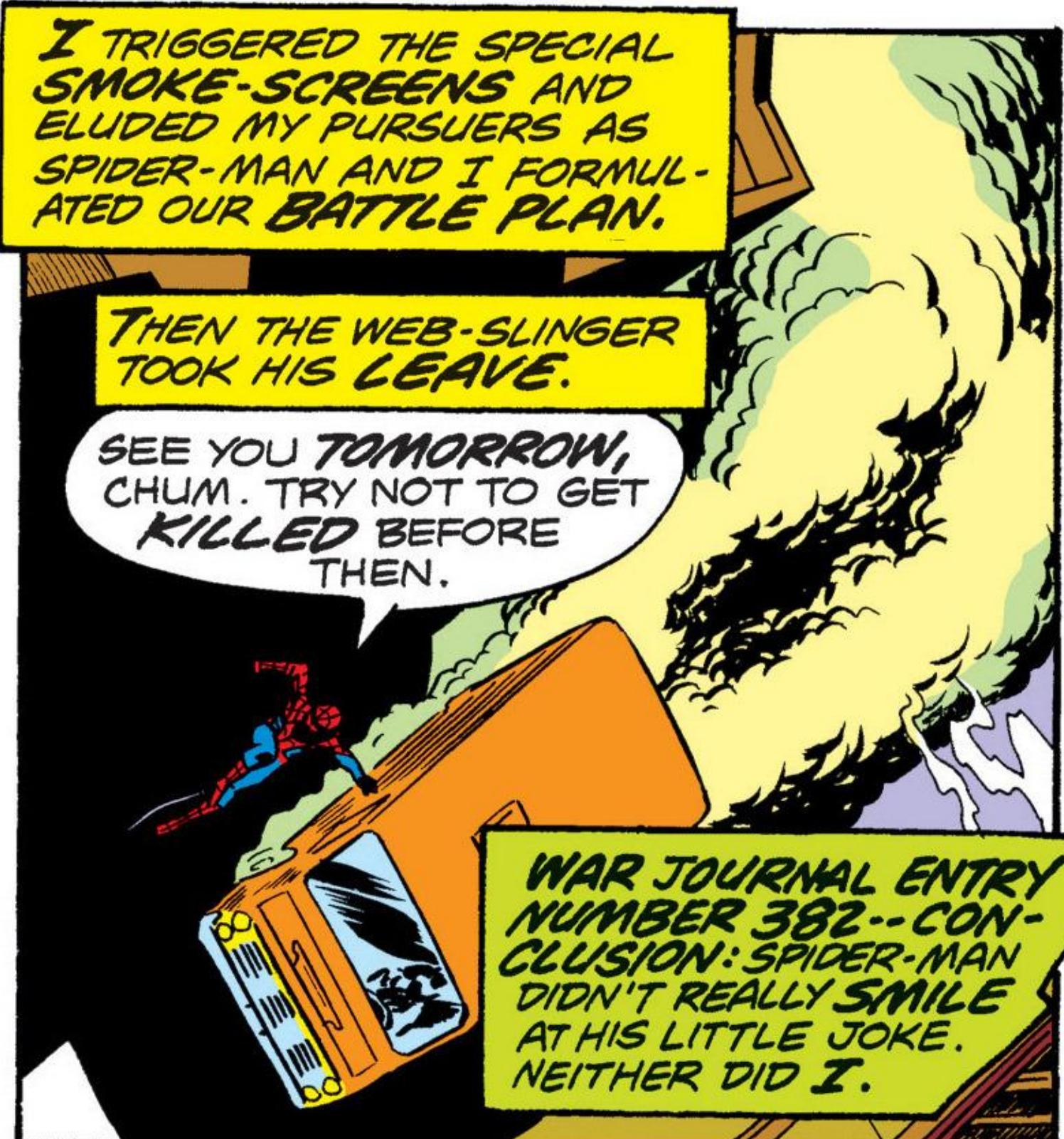
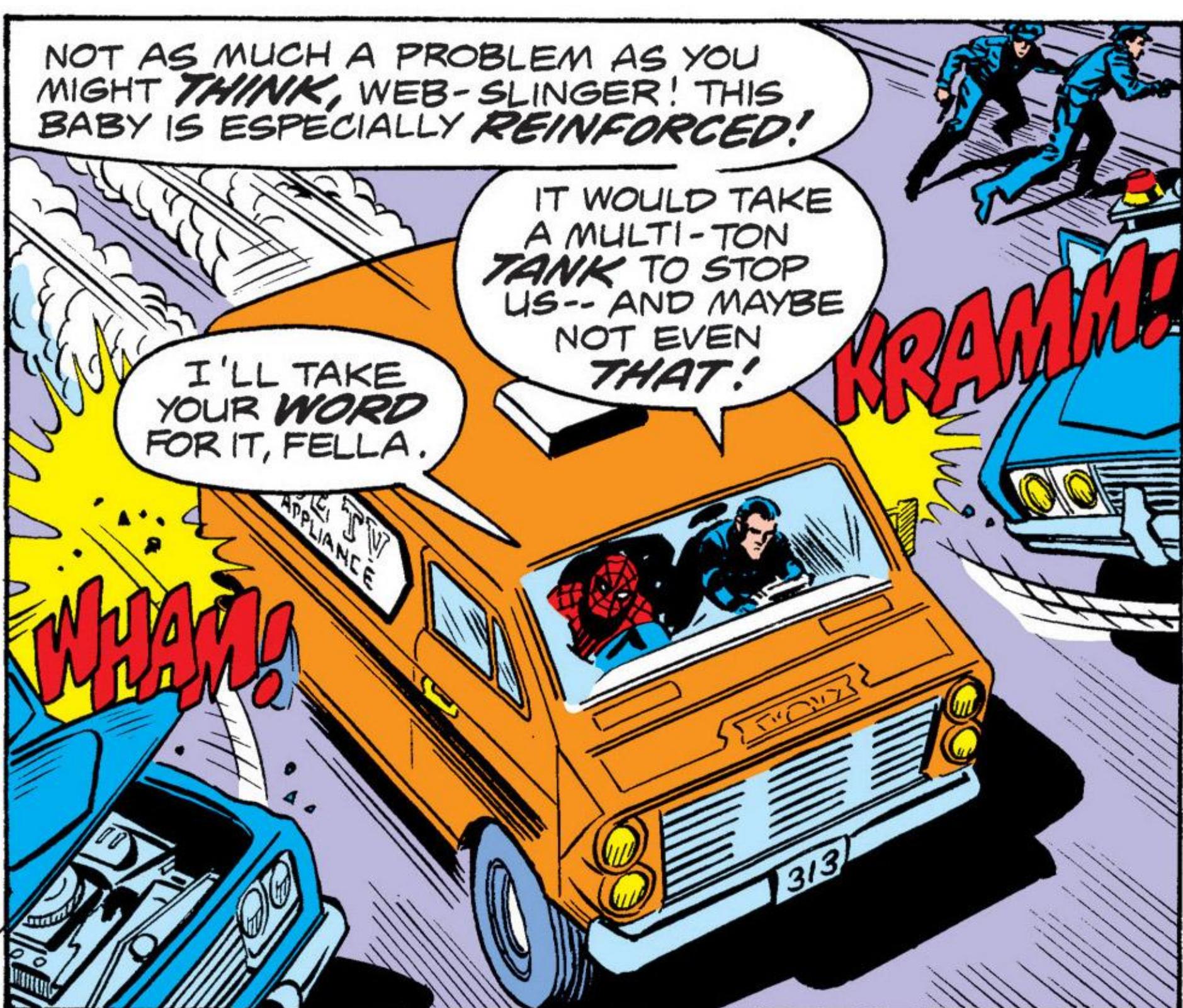
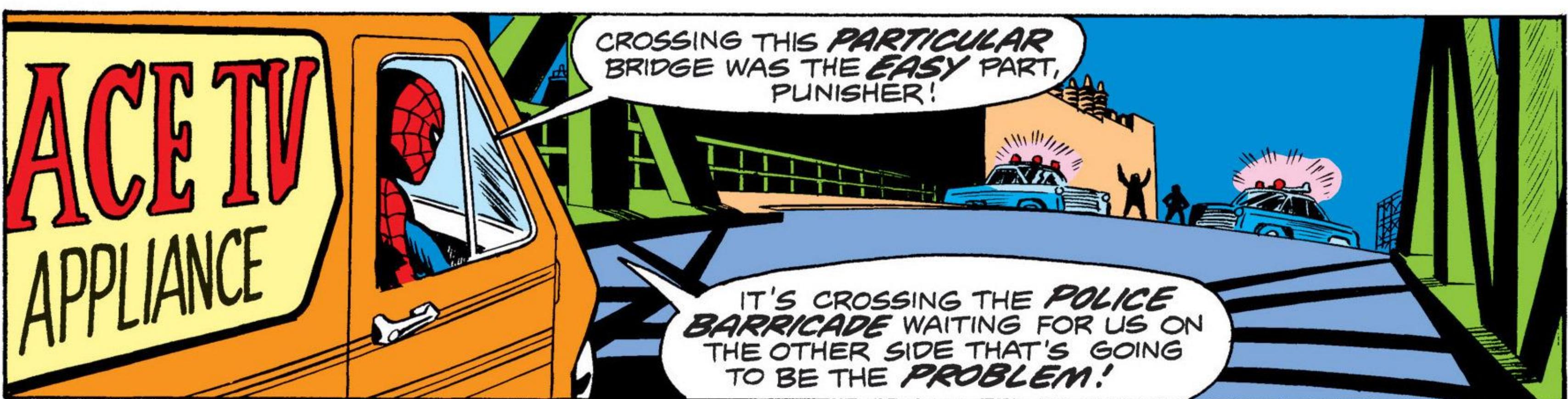


I'D LEFT THE WAR-WAGON SITTING IN THE VERY SHADOW OF THE TRAMWAY TERMINAL ON ROOSEVELT ISLAND PROPER.



I KNOW EXACTLY HOW DIFFICULT IT'S LIKELY TO BE, WALL-CRAWLER--

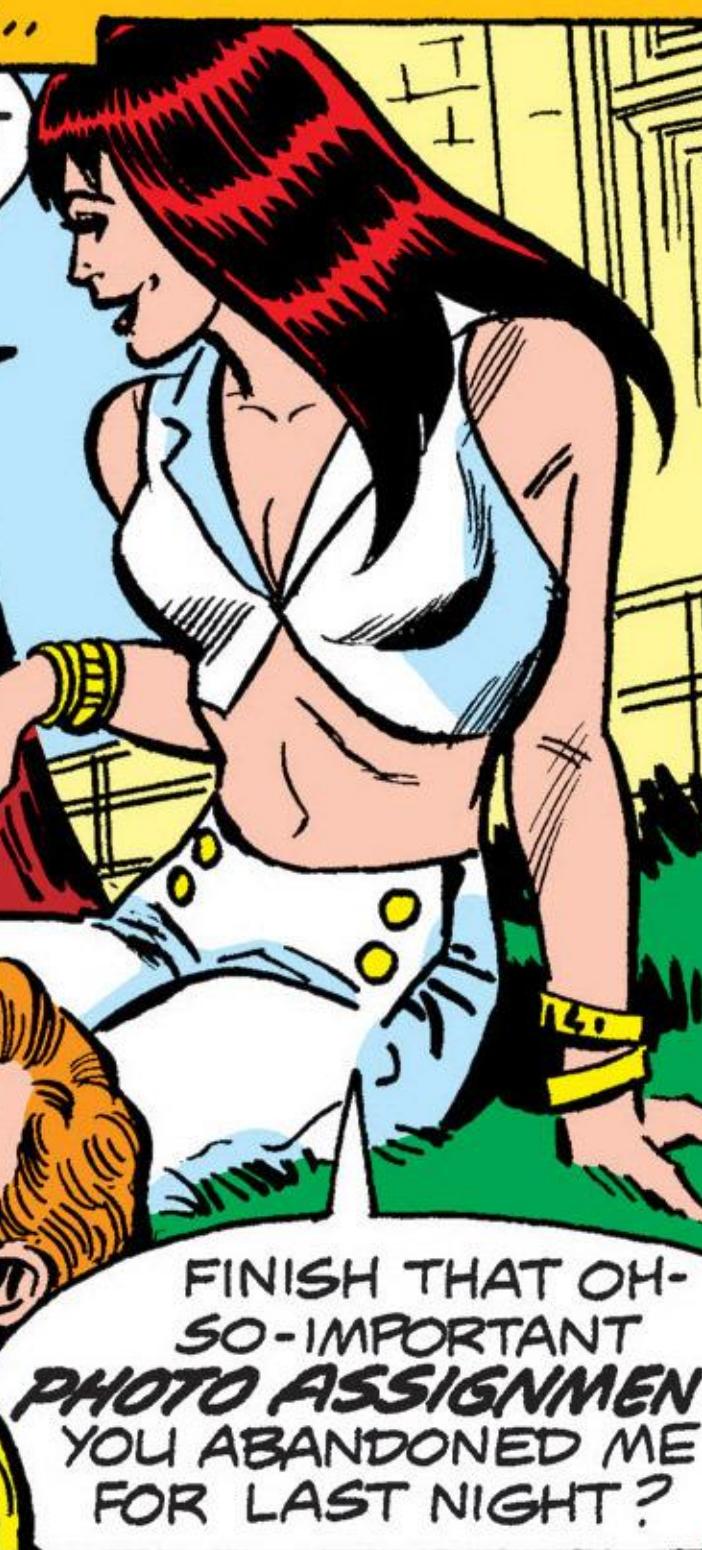
--BUT I'VE LEARNED TO SURVIVE ON THE BATTLEFIELD BY ONLY CROSSING ONE BRIDGE AT A TIME!



THE CAMPUS OF EMPIRE STATE UNIVERSITY,
EARLY THE FOLLOWING DAY...

HARRY, BIOLOGY CLASS JUST
ISN'T THE SAME WITHOUT
PROFESSOR WARREN
THERE TO...

MORNING,
MR. PARKER.



HI, MARY JANE...
FLASH. WHAT ARE
YOU TWO DOING,
BESIDES GETTING
GRASS STAINS
ON YOUR
CLOTHES?

WE'RE COMMUNING
WITH NATURE,
PETE -- YOU KNOW,
SOAKING UP THE
RAYS OF THE GLORIOUS
SUN AND SUCH.



LOOK,
MARY JANE,
ABOUT LAST
NIGHT...

WHAT ABOUT IT, PETER?
I PROMISED YOU I WASN'T
GOING TO PLAY THE
POSSESSIVE SHE-CAT
ANYMORE,
REMEMBER?

AND
MARY
JANE
WATSON
ALWAYS
KEEPERS HER
WORD!

CRIPES! LOOK
AT THE TIME!

WE'D
BETTER GET
GOIN', MJ.



THE MORE I THINK ABOUT IT, THE MORE I WONDER WHETHER... HUH?

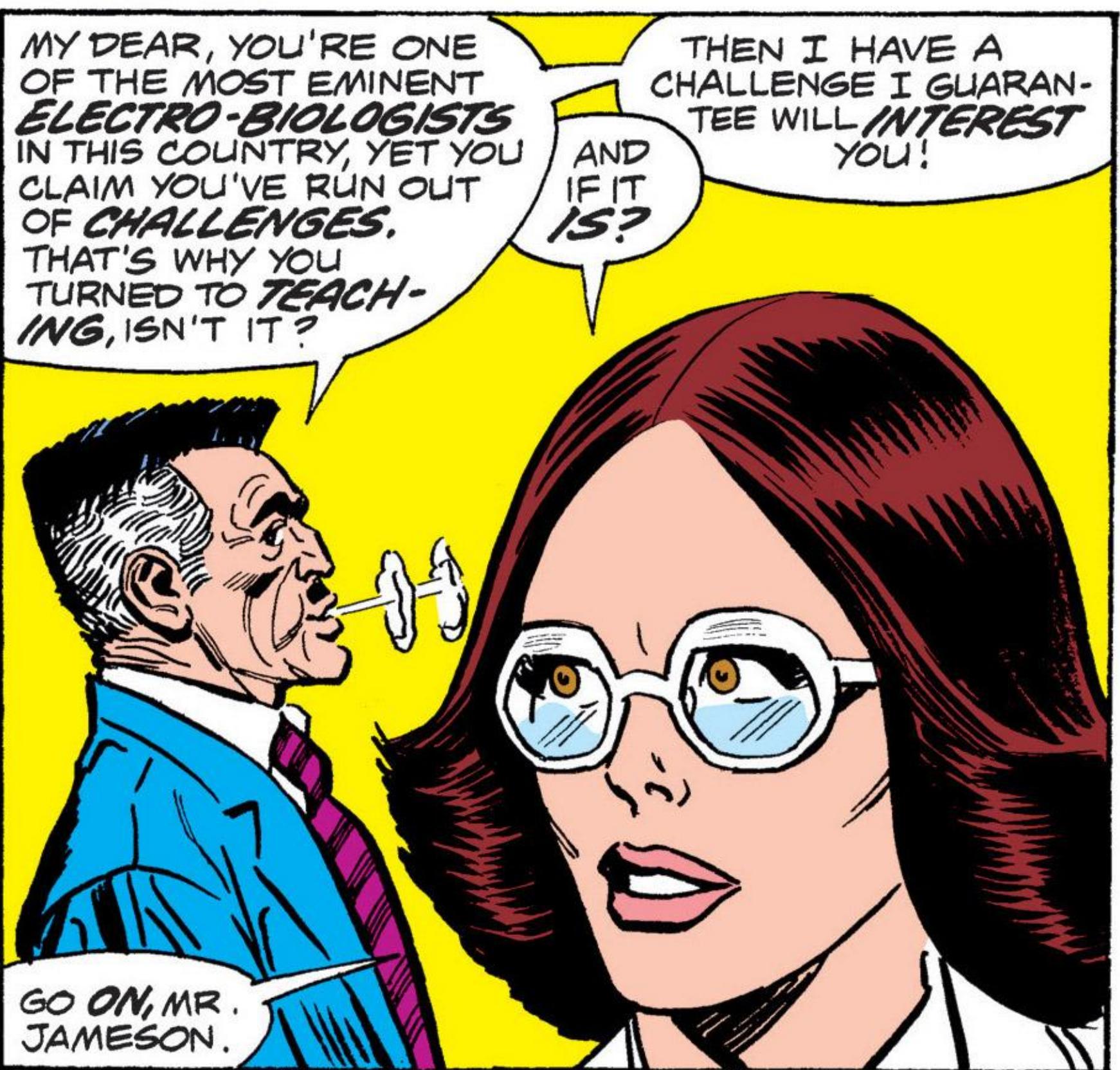
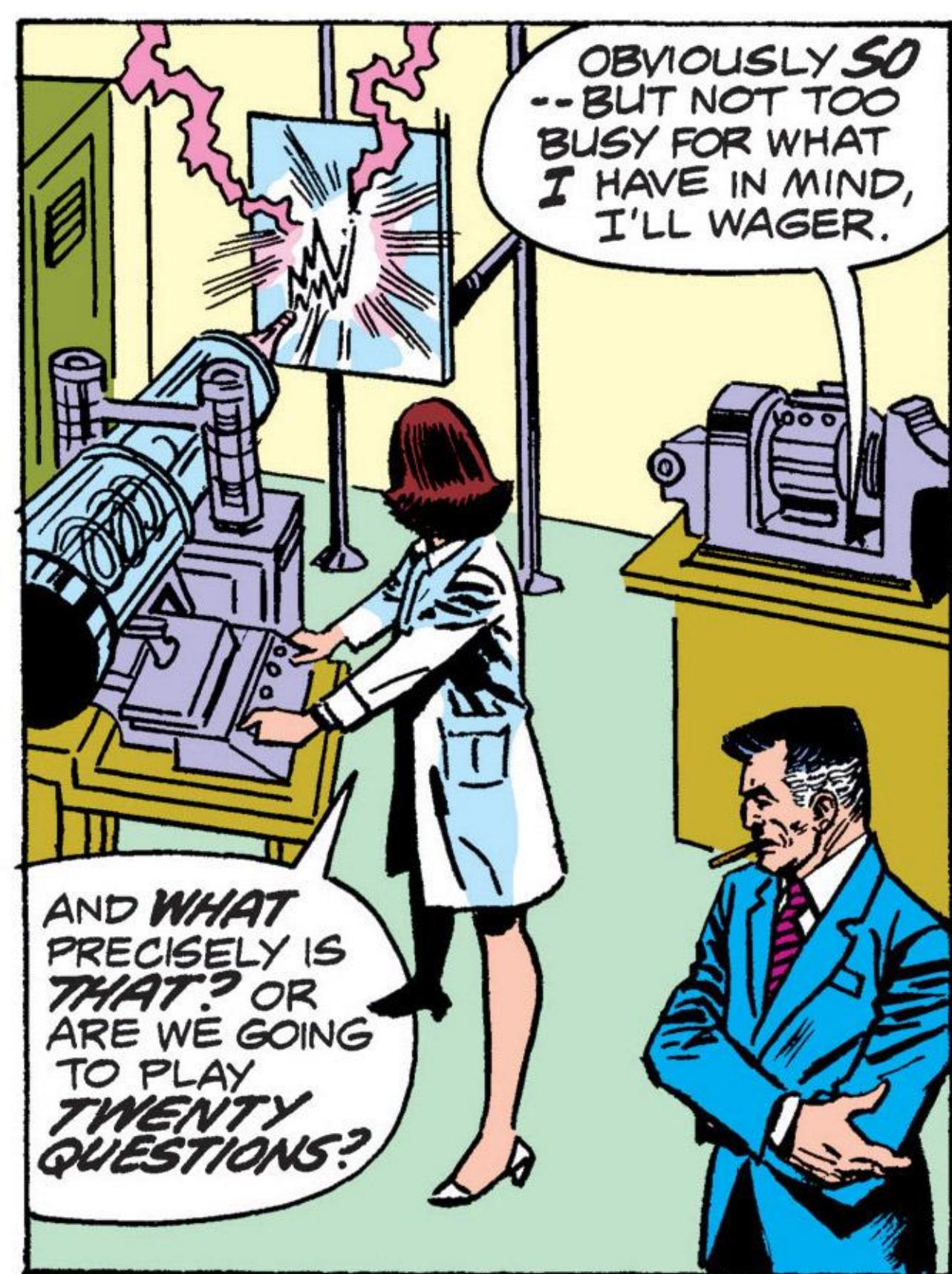
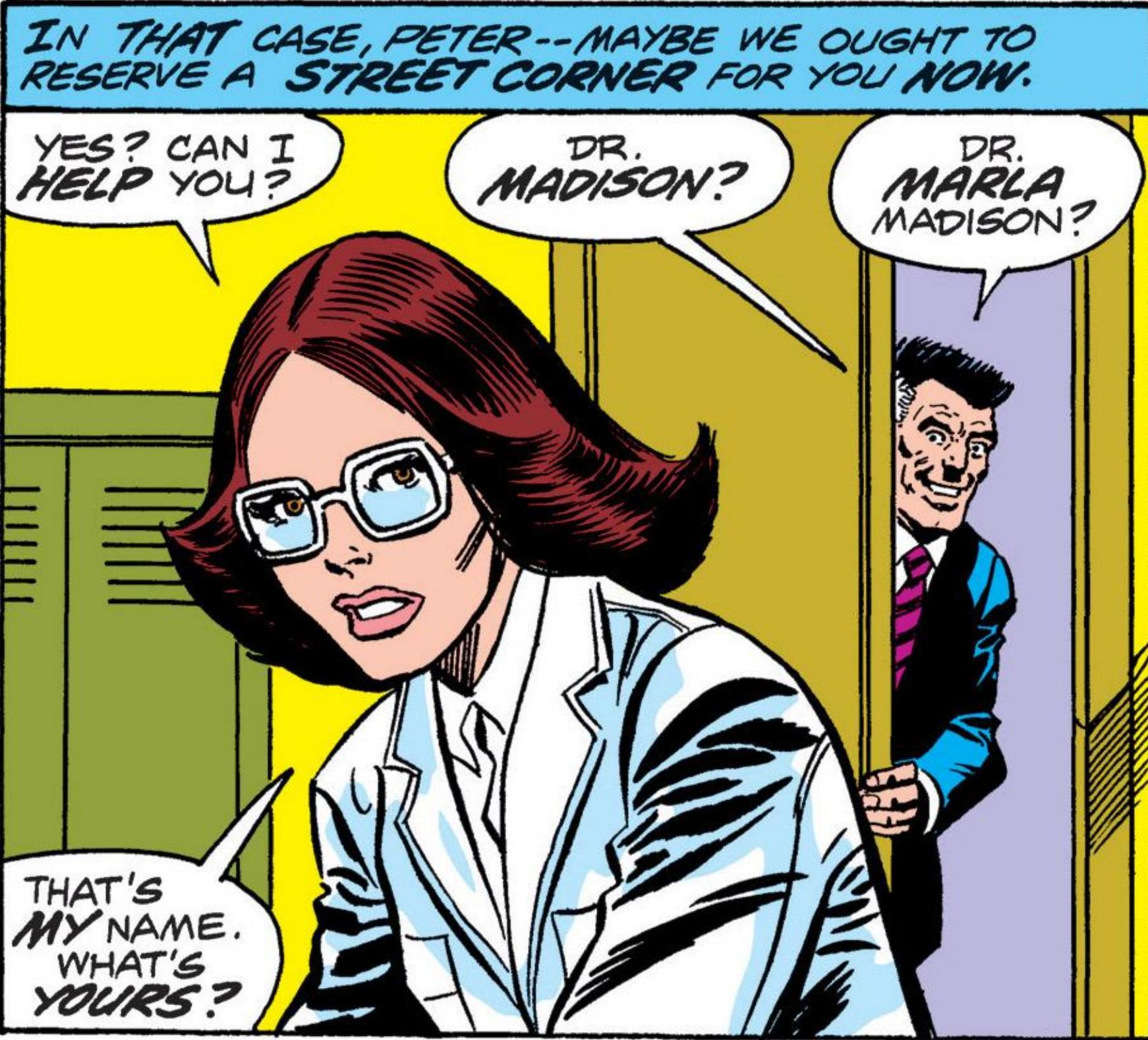
THAT'S J. JONAH JAMESON!

WHAT'S HE DOING HERE?

I TELL YA, I'VE GOT JUST
ABOUT ALL THE GRIEF
I CAN HANDLE RIGHT NOW!

ANY MORE--
AND I MAY
JUST GO
LIE DOWN IN
TRAFFIC!





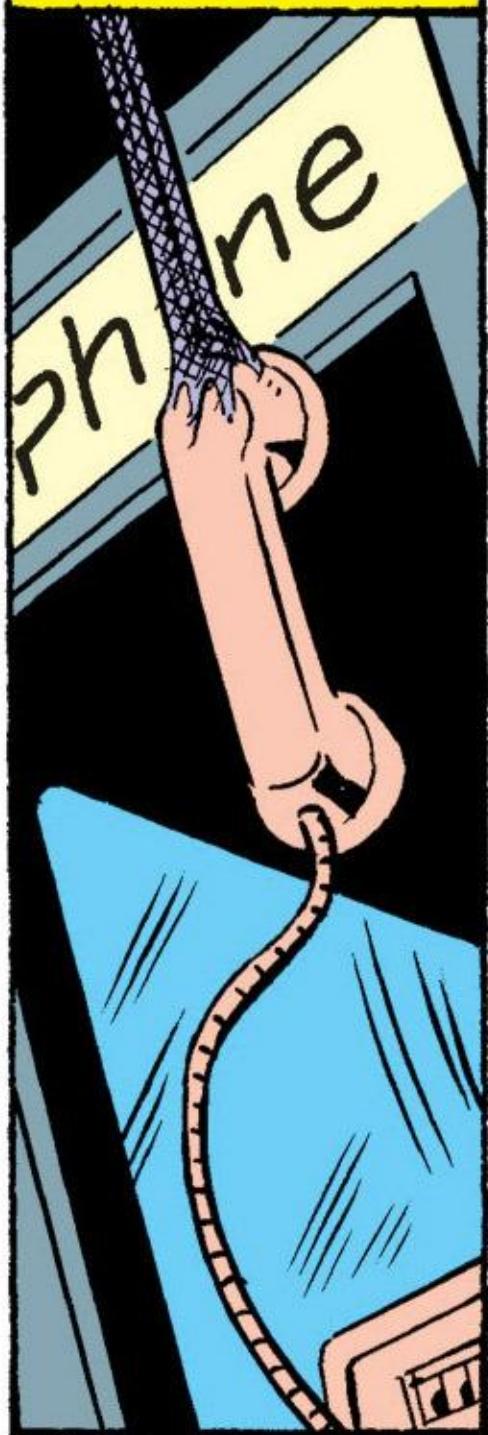
AND ON THAT ODDLY-OMINOUS NOTE, LET'S JUMP AHEAD TWELVE HOURS, AND FOCUS OUR ATTENTION ON A CERTAIN GARBAGE-STREWN CORNER ON MANHATTAN'S UPPER WEST SIDE--



--AS A SLIGHTLY-BATTERED TELEPHONE CHIMES FORTH ITS MELANCHOLY MATING CALL--



--AND OUR STARTLING SAGA PREPARES TO SHIFT INTO HIGH GEAR!



CAUTIOUS LITTLE DEVIL, THAT PUNISHER--BUT I GUESS I REALLY CAN'T BLAME HIM.

BATTLING CRIME AND INJUSTICE IS ONLY A PASTIME FOR ME.



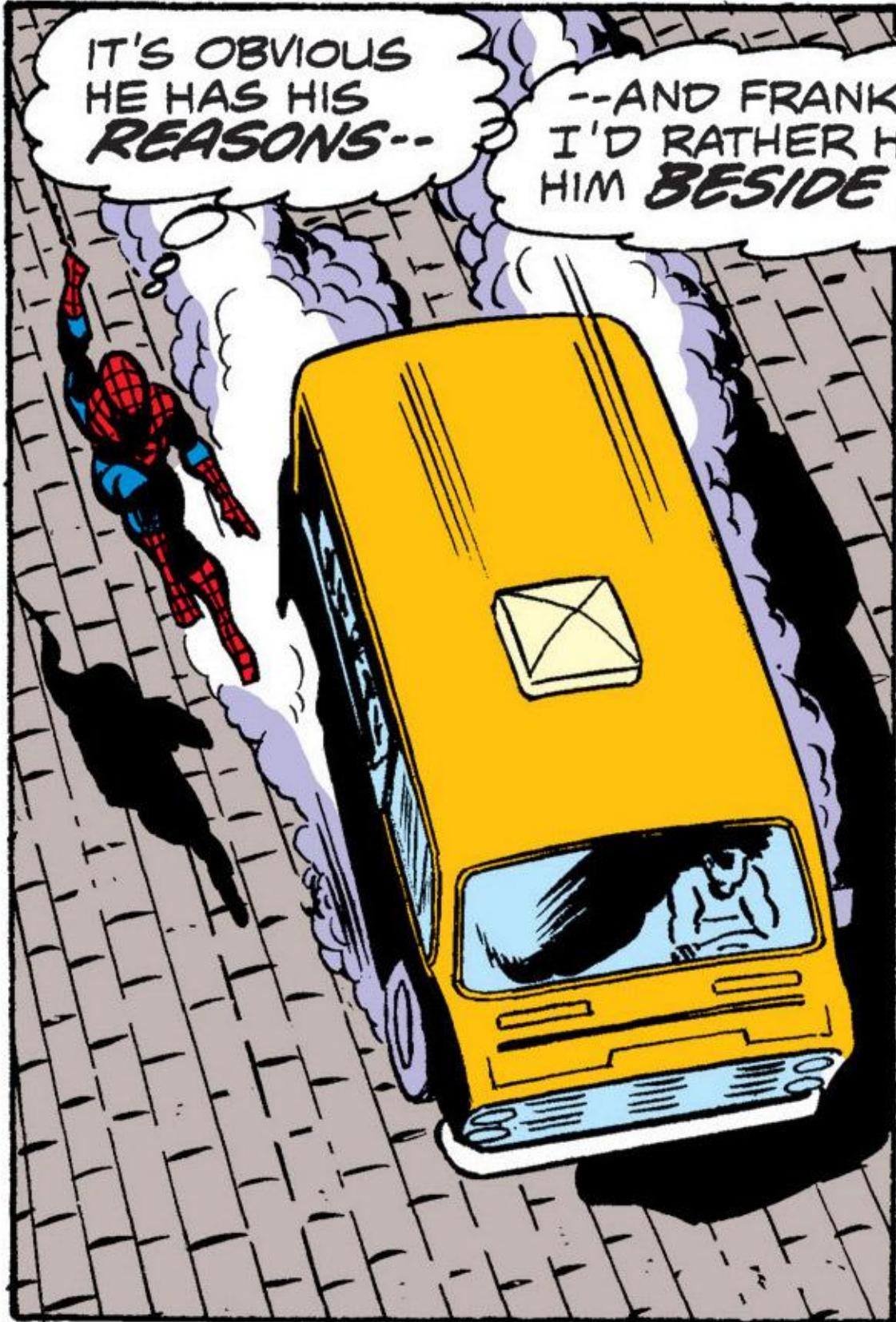
I DON'T EVEN PRETEND TO UNDERSTAND WHAT MAKES HIM TICK-- WHY HE FEELS THIS INSANE COMPULSION TO MAKE WAR ON THE UNDERWORLD--

--BUT THEN, WHO AM I TO THROW STONES?



IT'S OBVIOUS HE HAS HIS REASONS--

--AND FRANKLY, I'D RATHER HAVE HIM BESIDE ME--



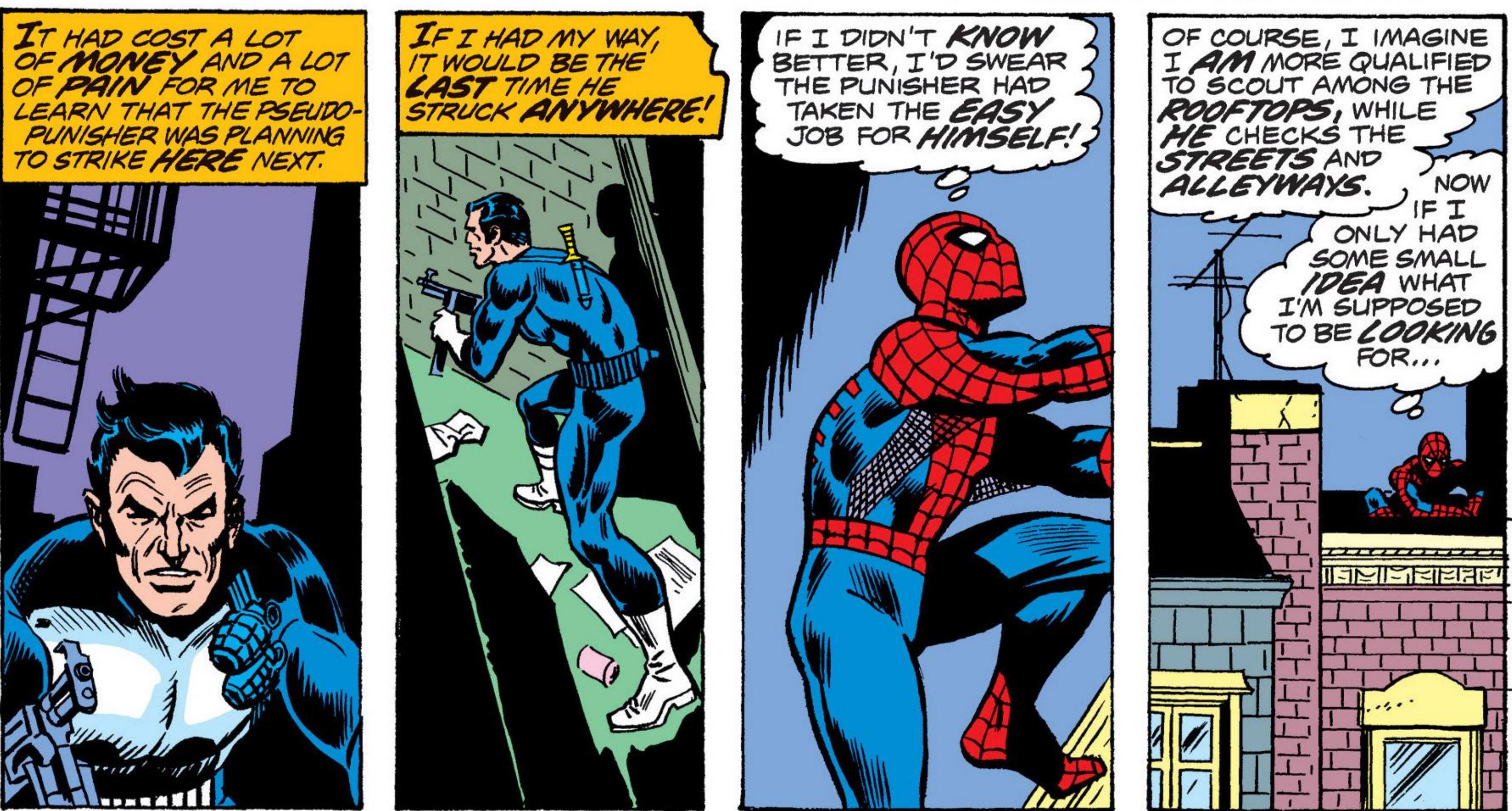
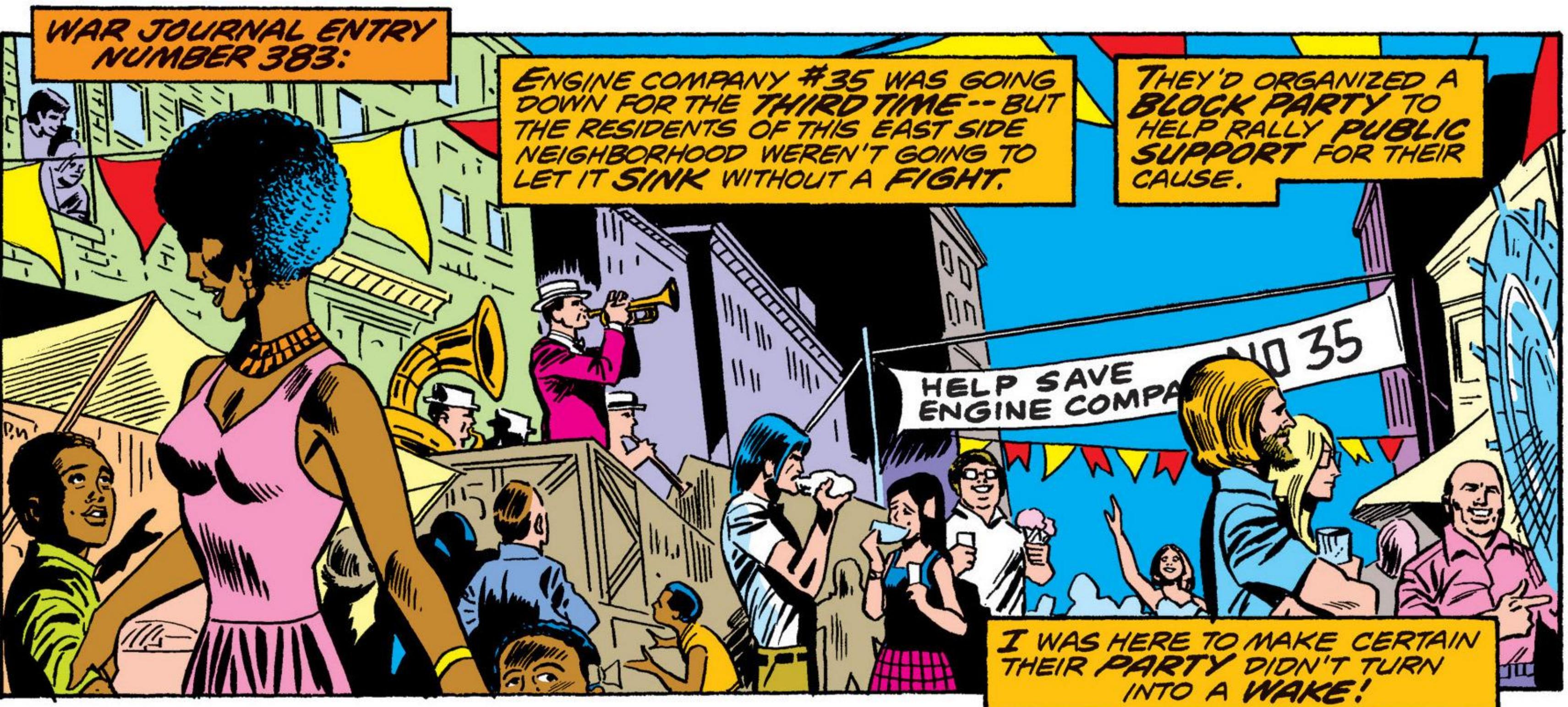
--THAN AGAINST ME!

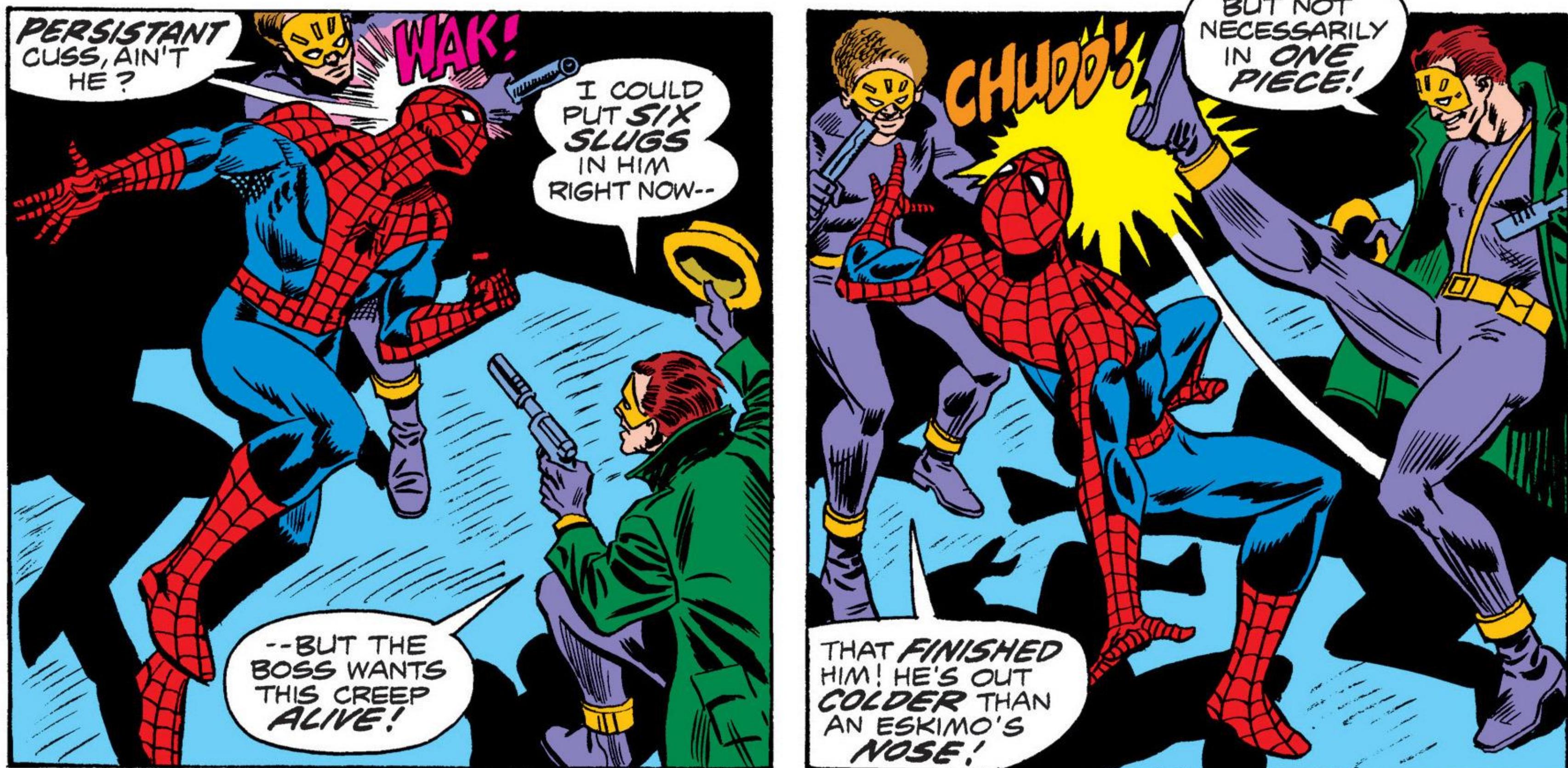
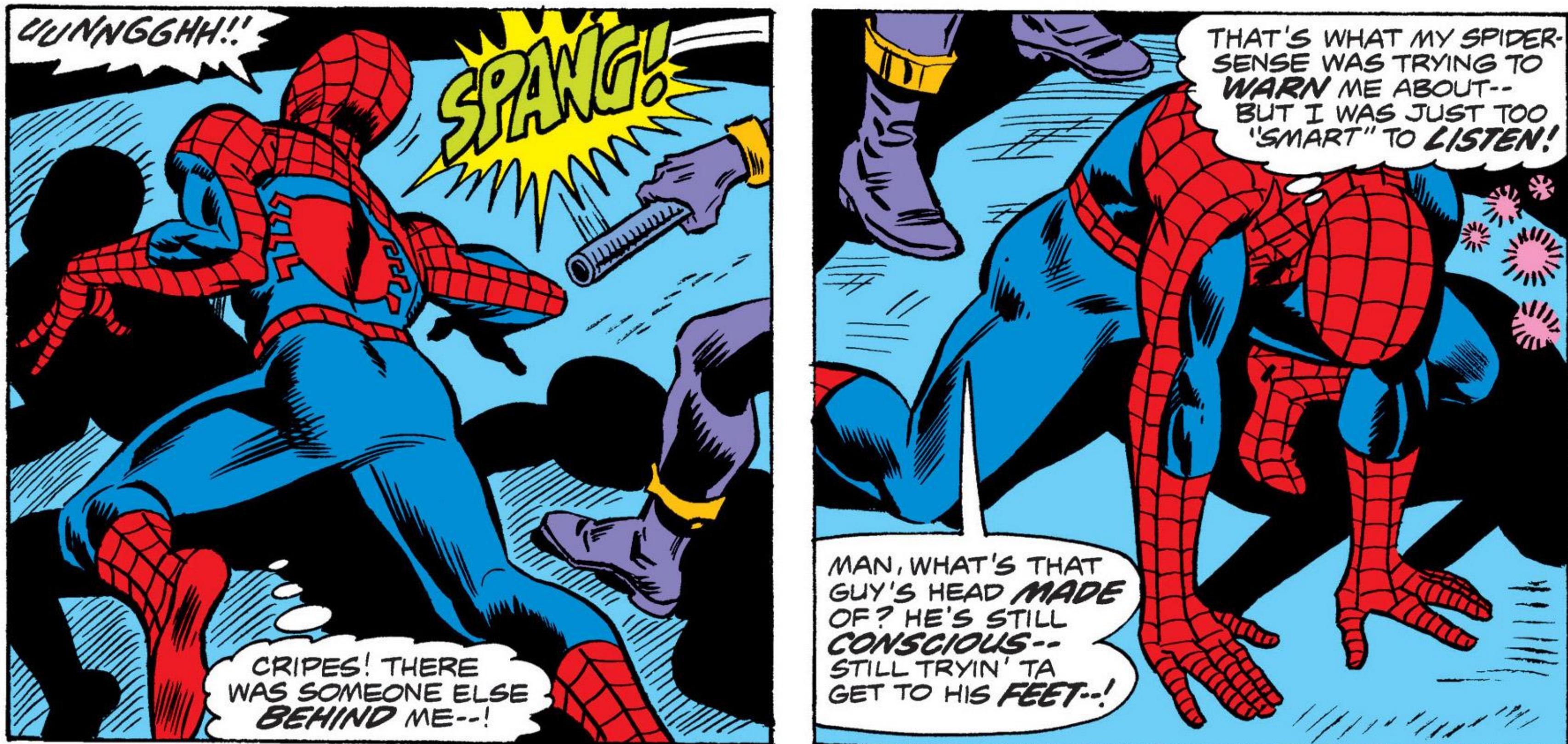
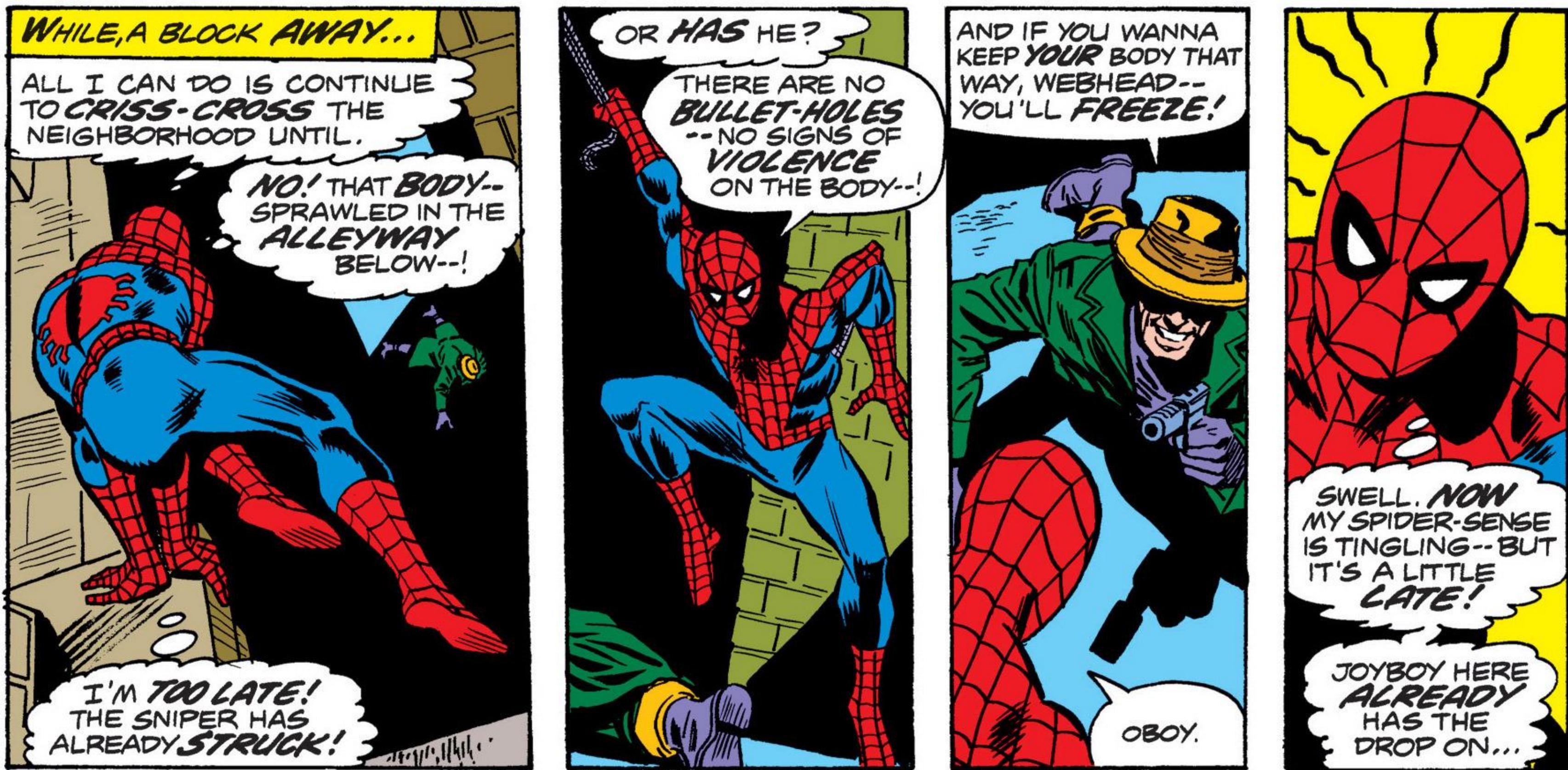


EVENING, ACE. HOPE YOU DON'T MIND MY DROPPING IN THIS WAY.

YOU'RE THIRTY SECONDS LATE, WALL-CRAWLER. NOW LET'S MOVE!







**WAR JOURNAL ENTRY
NUMBER 384: THE MOOD ON
THE STREET TURNED FROM ONE
OF GAIETY AND MERRIMENT
TO ONE OF STUNNED CONFU-
SION WITH UNSETTLING SUDDEN-
NESS.**



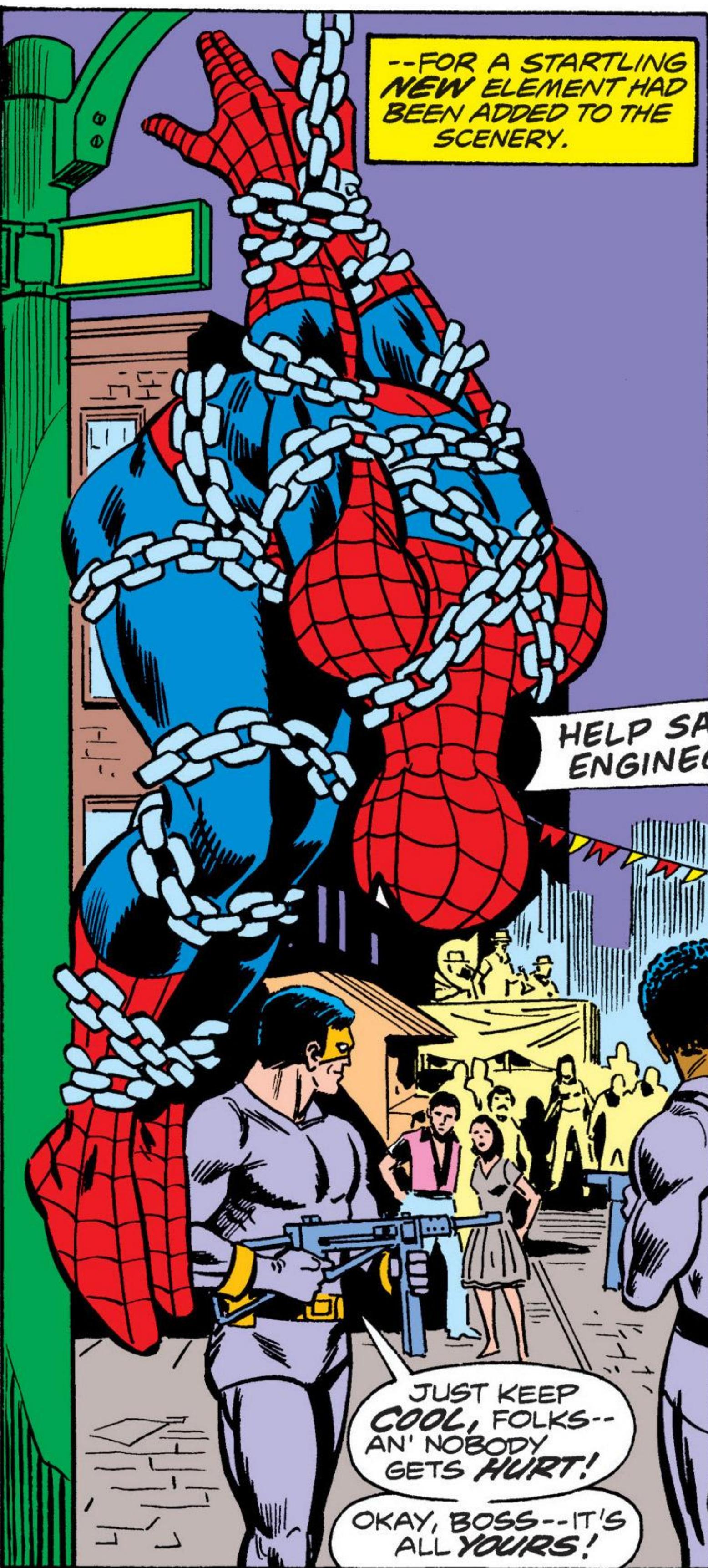
**THE BRIGHT BRASS BAND
WHICH, MOMENTS BEFORE, HAD
BEEN LOST IN MUSICAL
RAPTURE, STOPPED PLAYING
IN MID-NOTE--**



**--AND THE MULLING CROWD
FROZE IN PLACE, LIKE CHAR-
ACTERS PAINTED ON CANVAS--**



**--FOR A STARTLING
NEW ELEMENT HAD
BEEN ADDED TO THE
SCENERY.**



**PUNISHER? HEY--
PUNISHER!!**

**ARE YOU
OUT THERE,
MISTER?**

**I GOT YER PARTNER,
PUNISHER-- BUT KNOWIN'
YOU, I'M SURE YA CAN
ALREADY SEE THAT!**

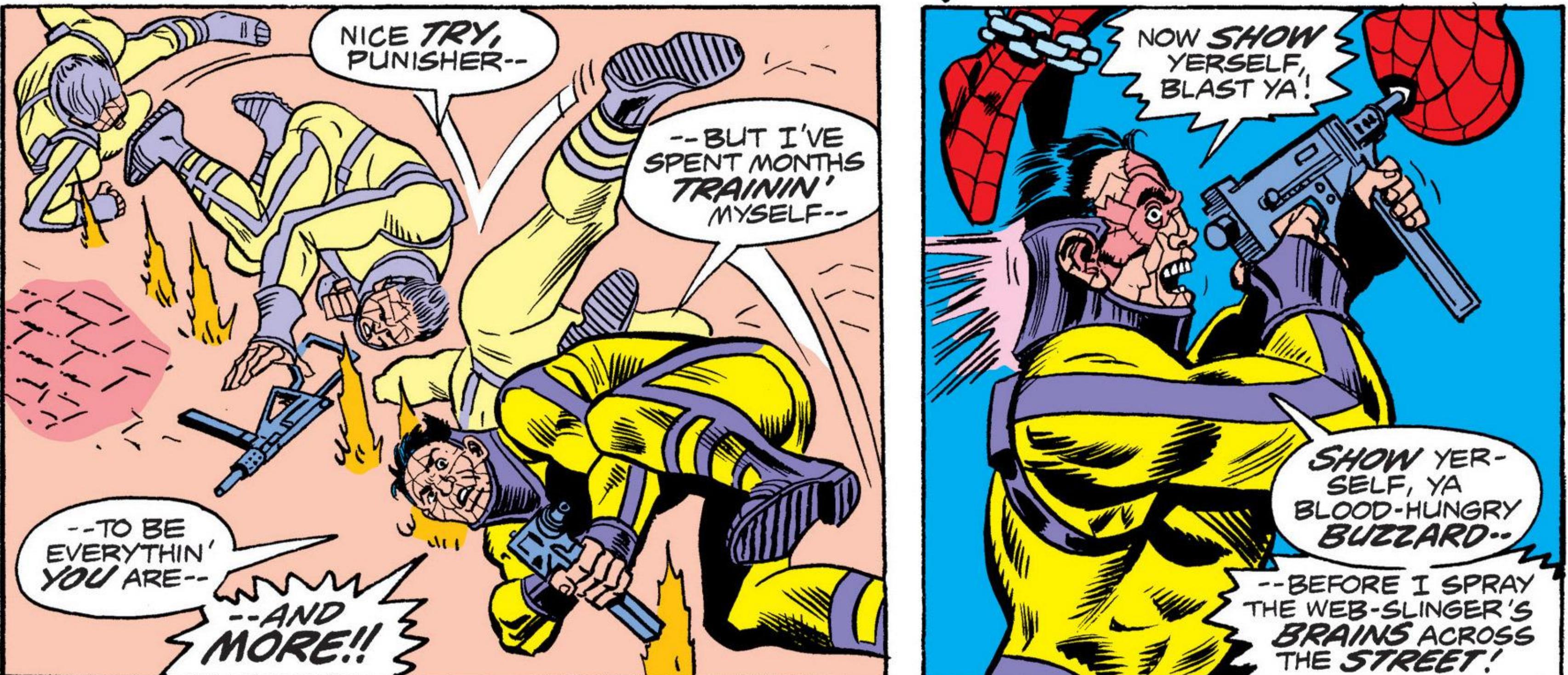
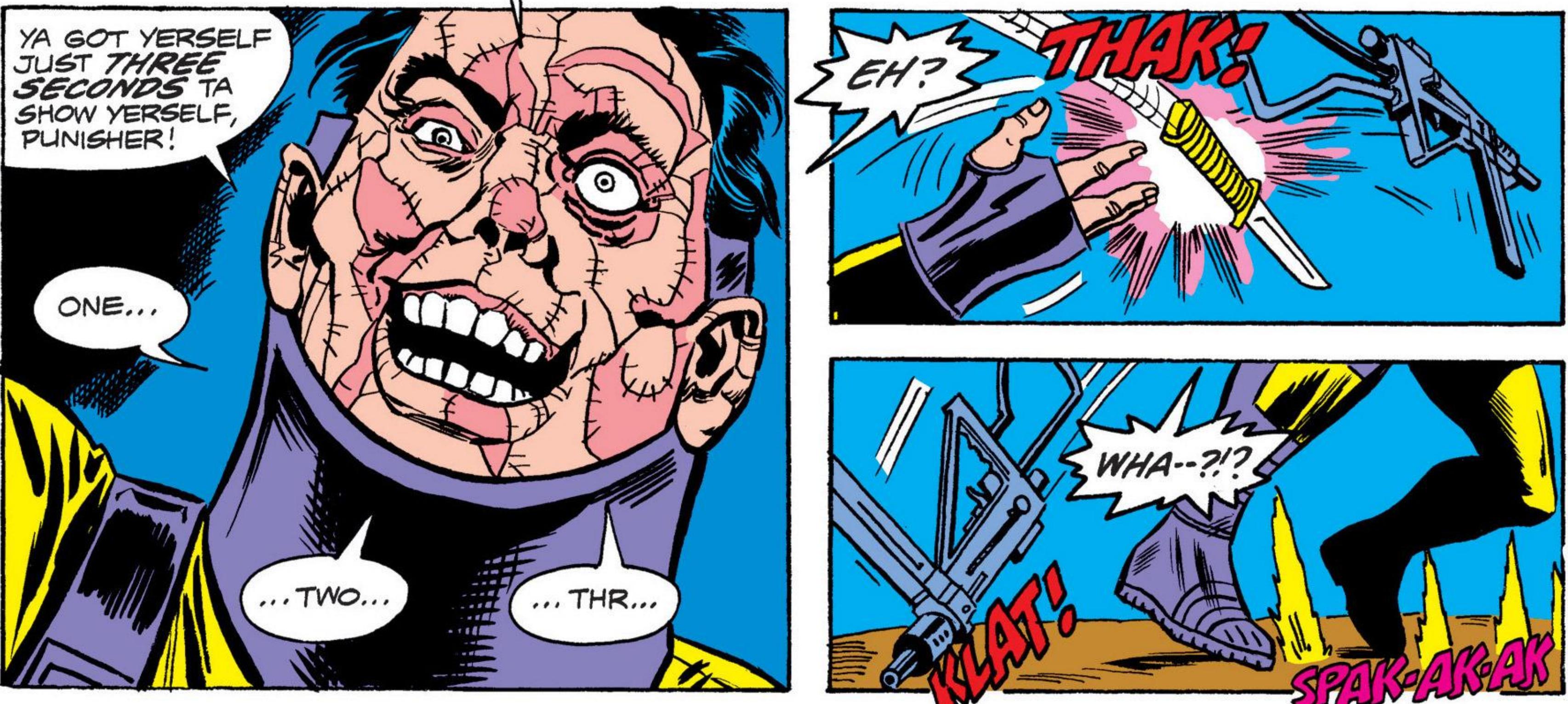
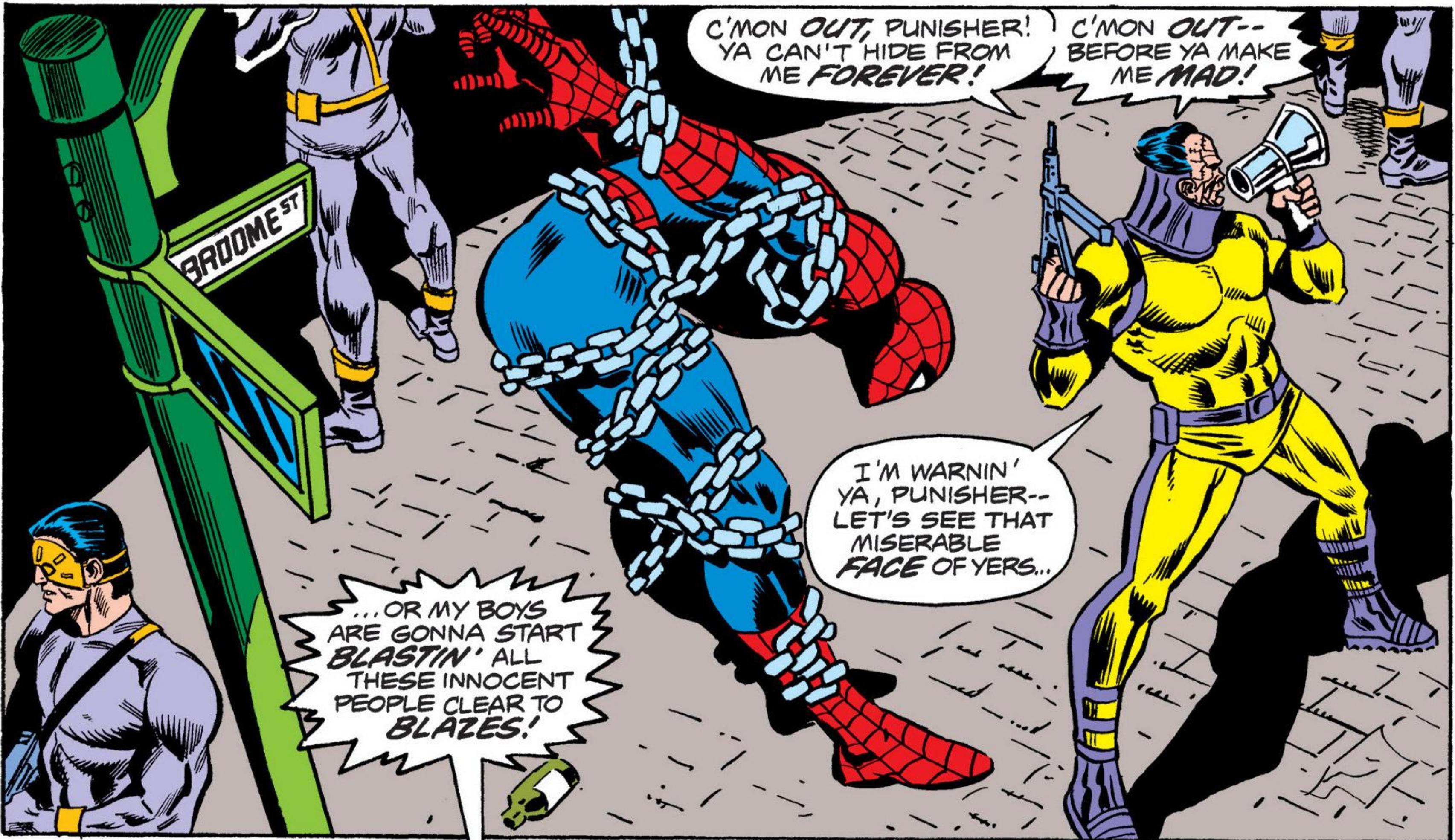
**YOU PROB'LY DON'T
REMEMBER ME,
PUNISHER-- BUT I
REMEMBER YOU!**

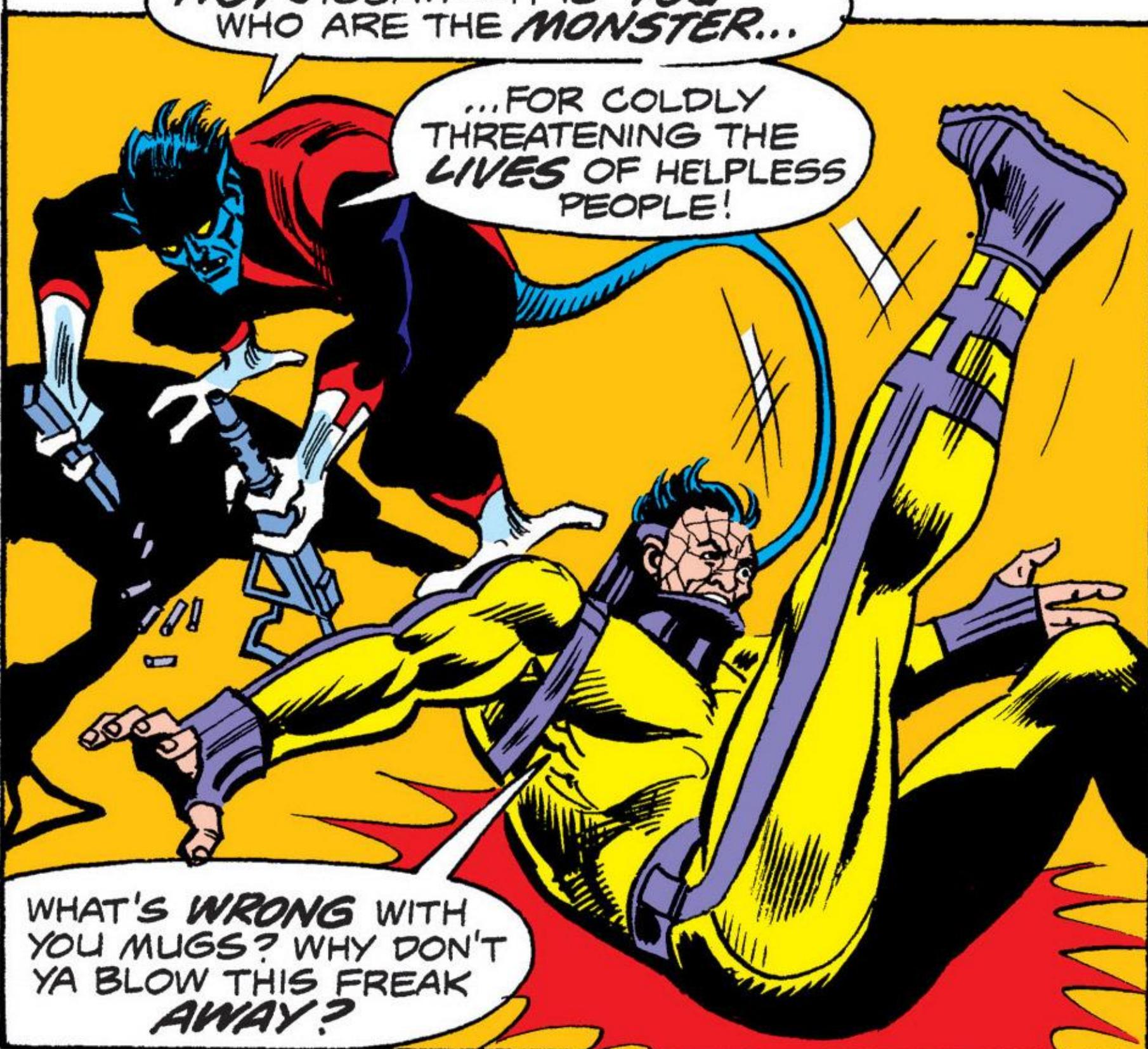
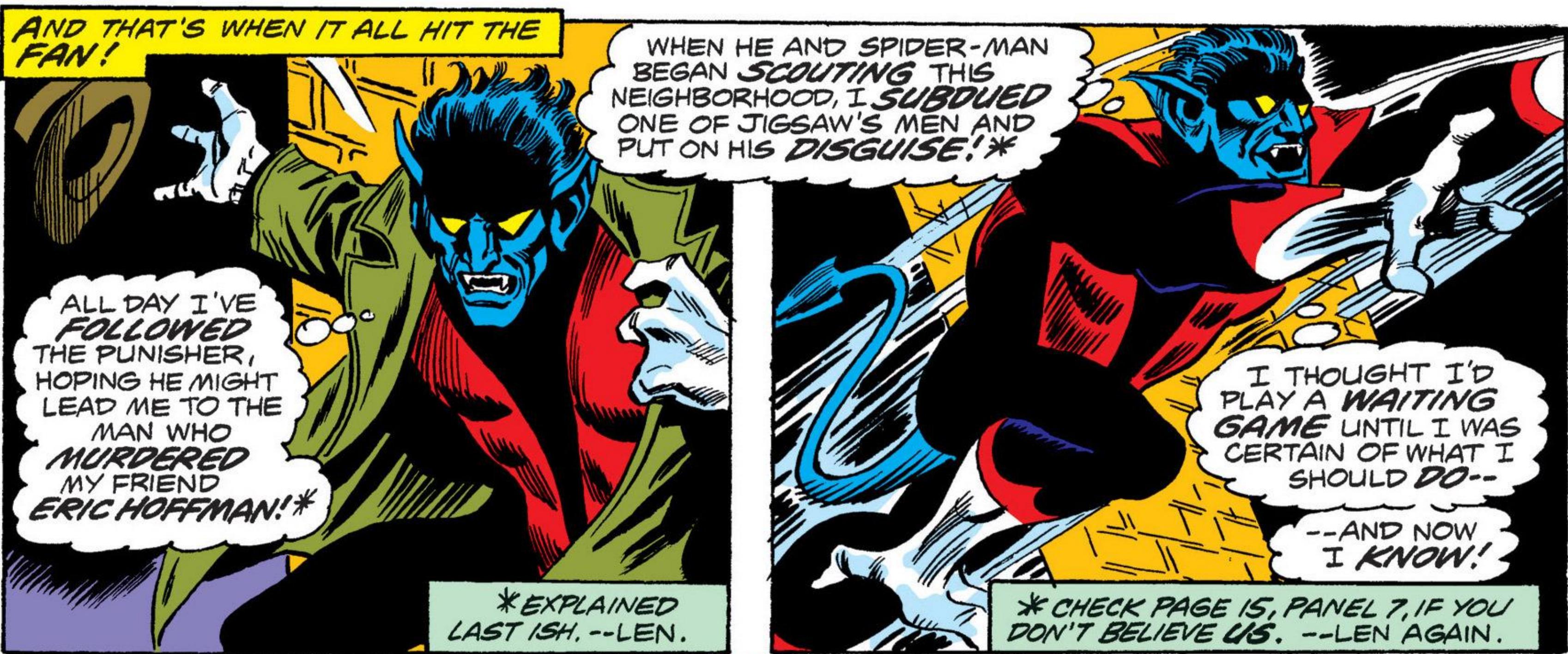
**BUT I'M NOT A PUNK
NO MORE, PUNISHER!
THESE DAYS THEY
CALL ME--**

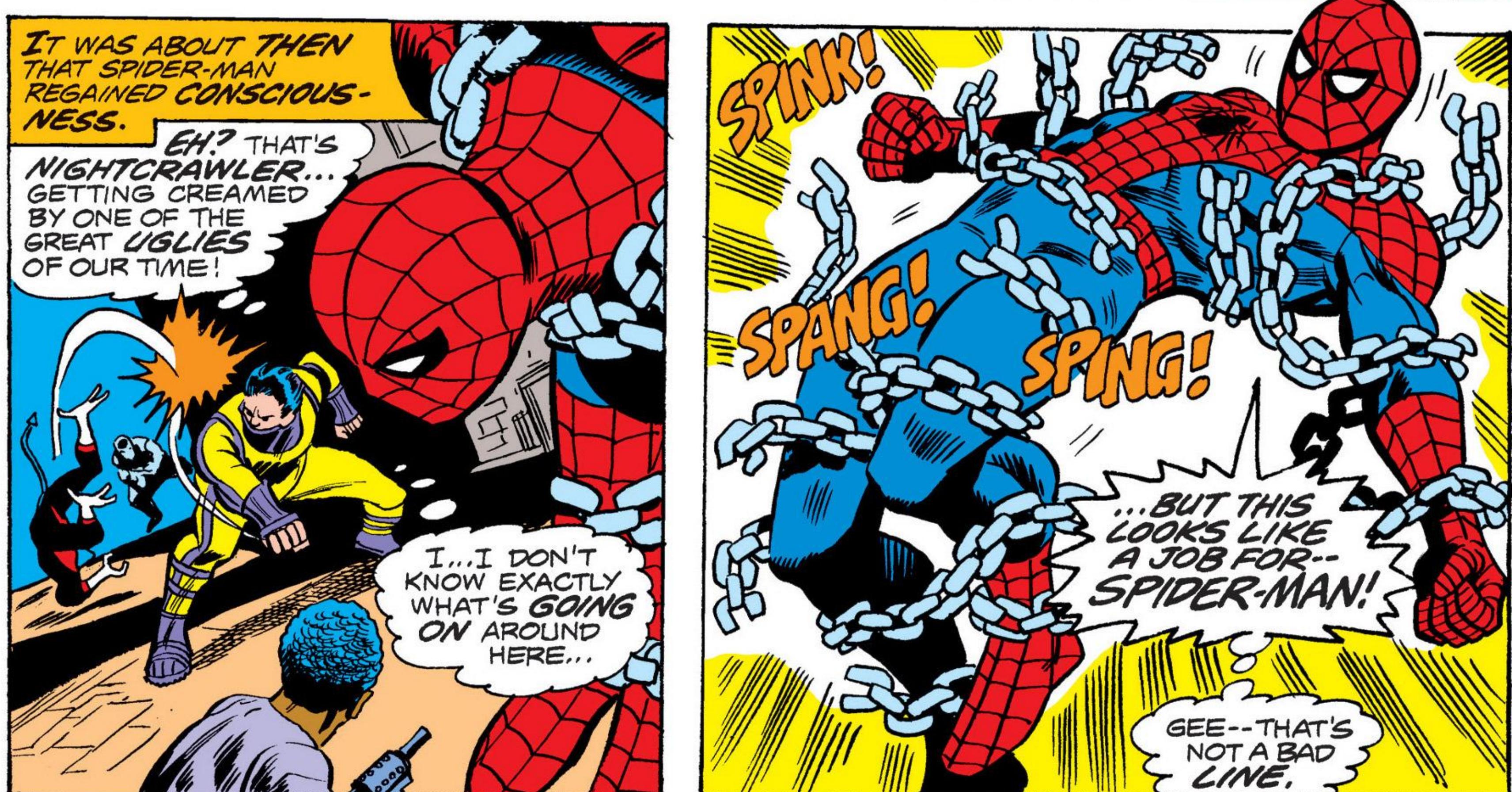
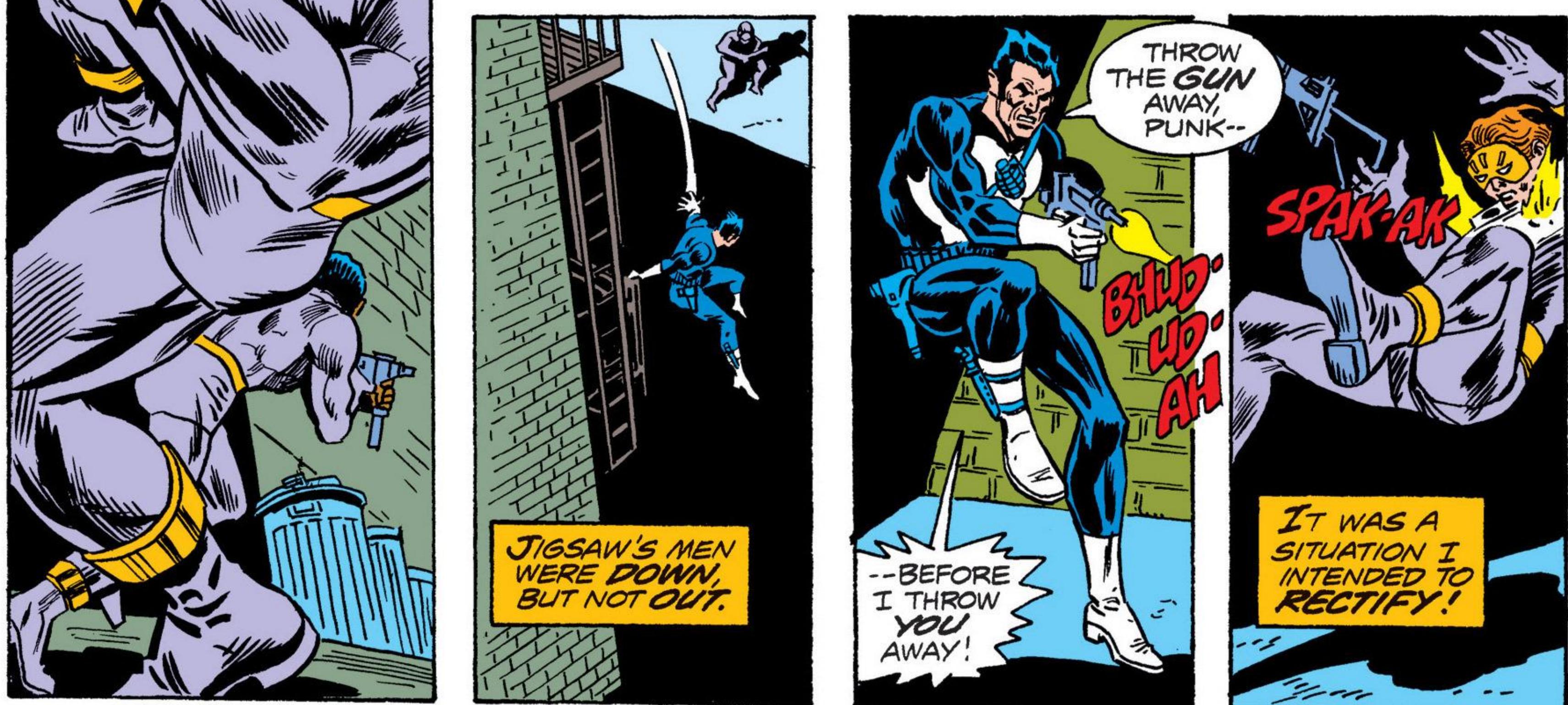
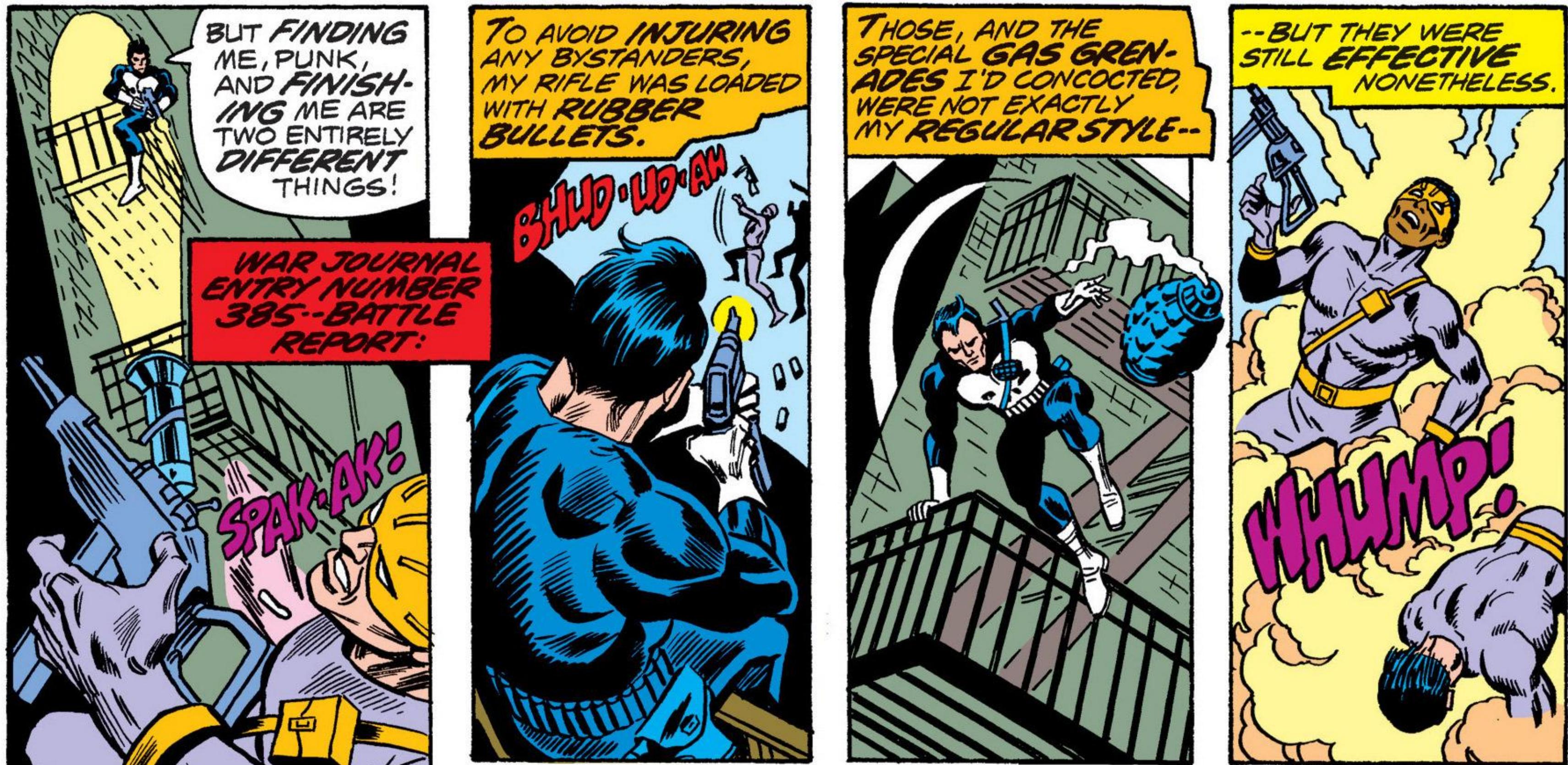
JIGSAW!

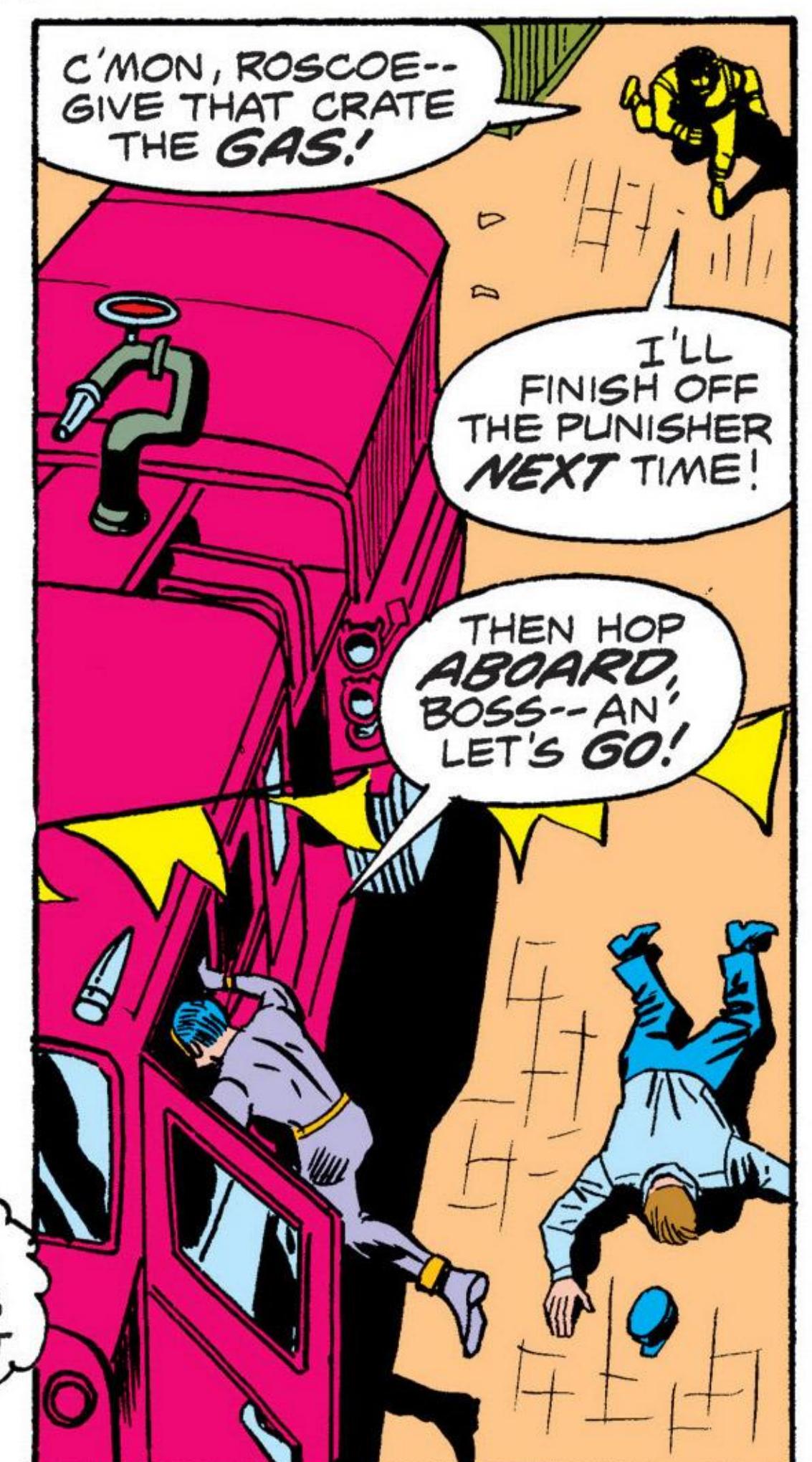
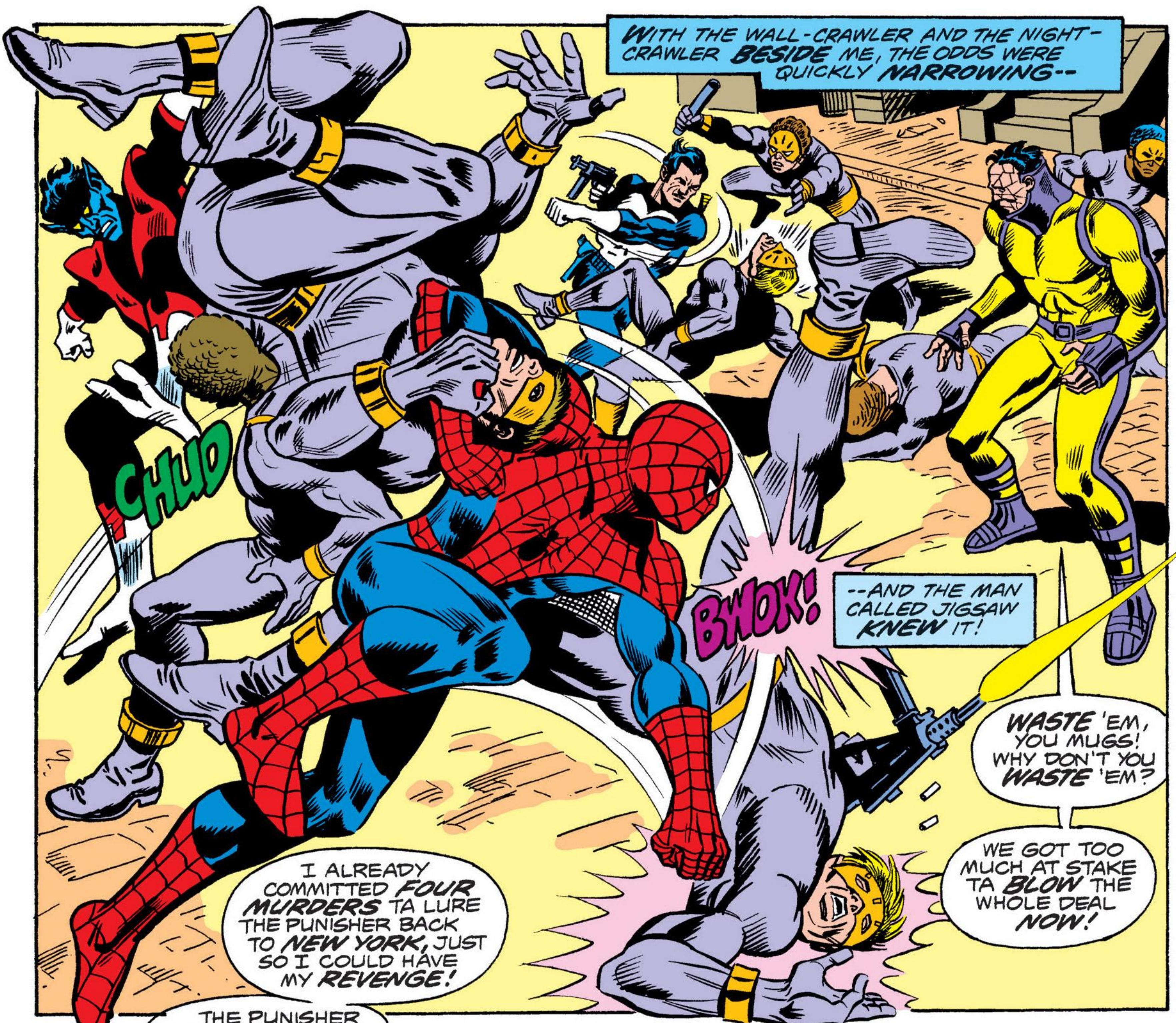
**I WAS JUST A
TWO-BIT PUNK WHEN
YA WIPE OUT THE GANG
I WAS WORKIN' WITH-- AN'
KNOCKED ME HEAD-FIRST THRU
A PLATE GLASS WINDOW!**

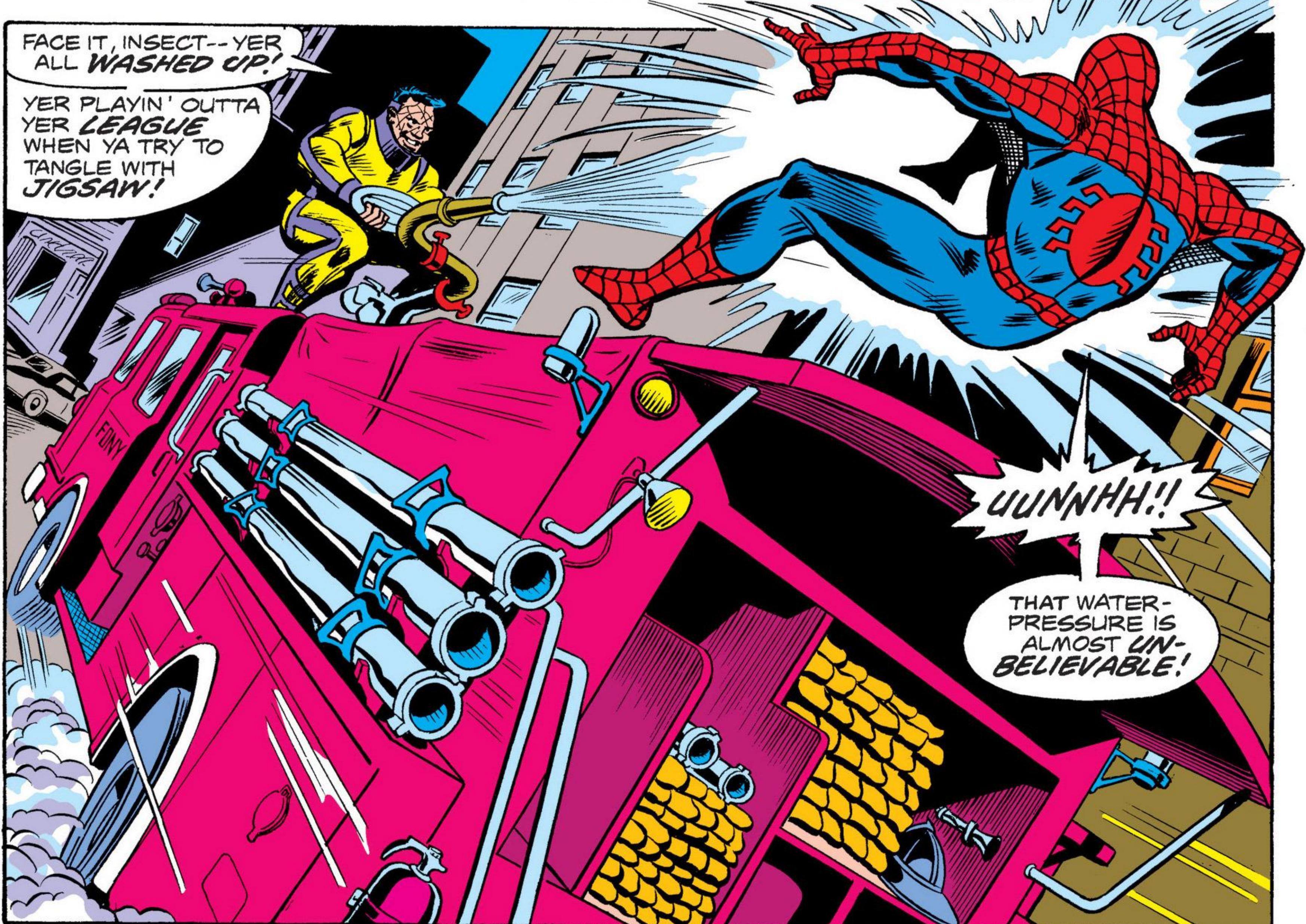
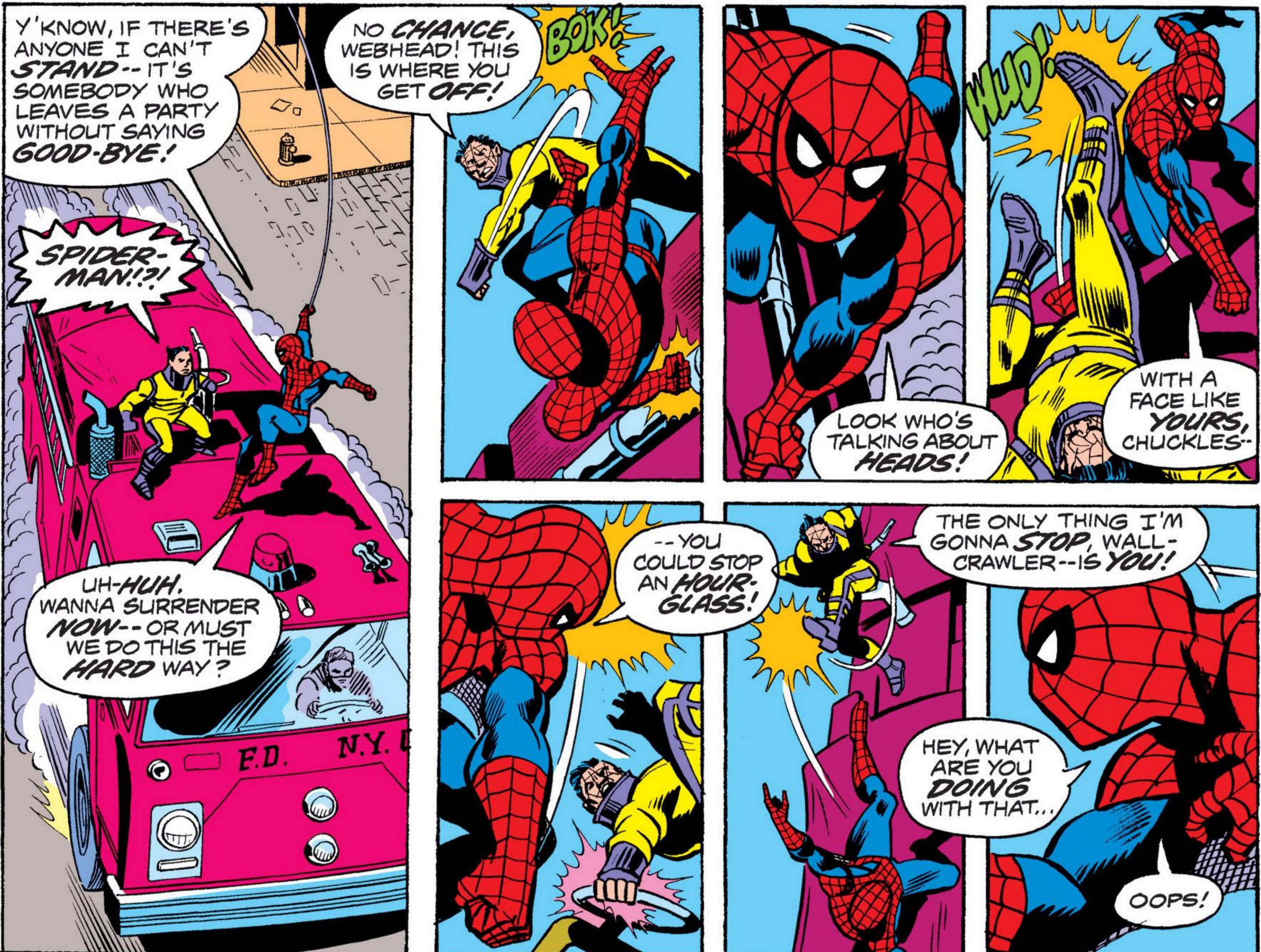
**I'M THE
GUY THAT'S
GOING TO
KILL YOU!!**

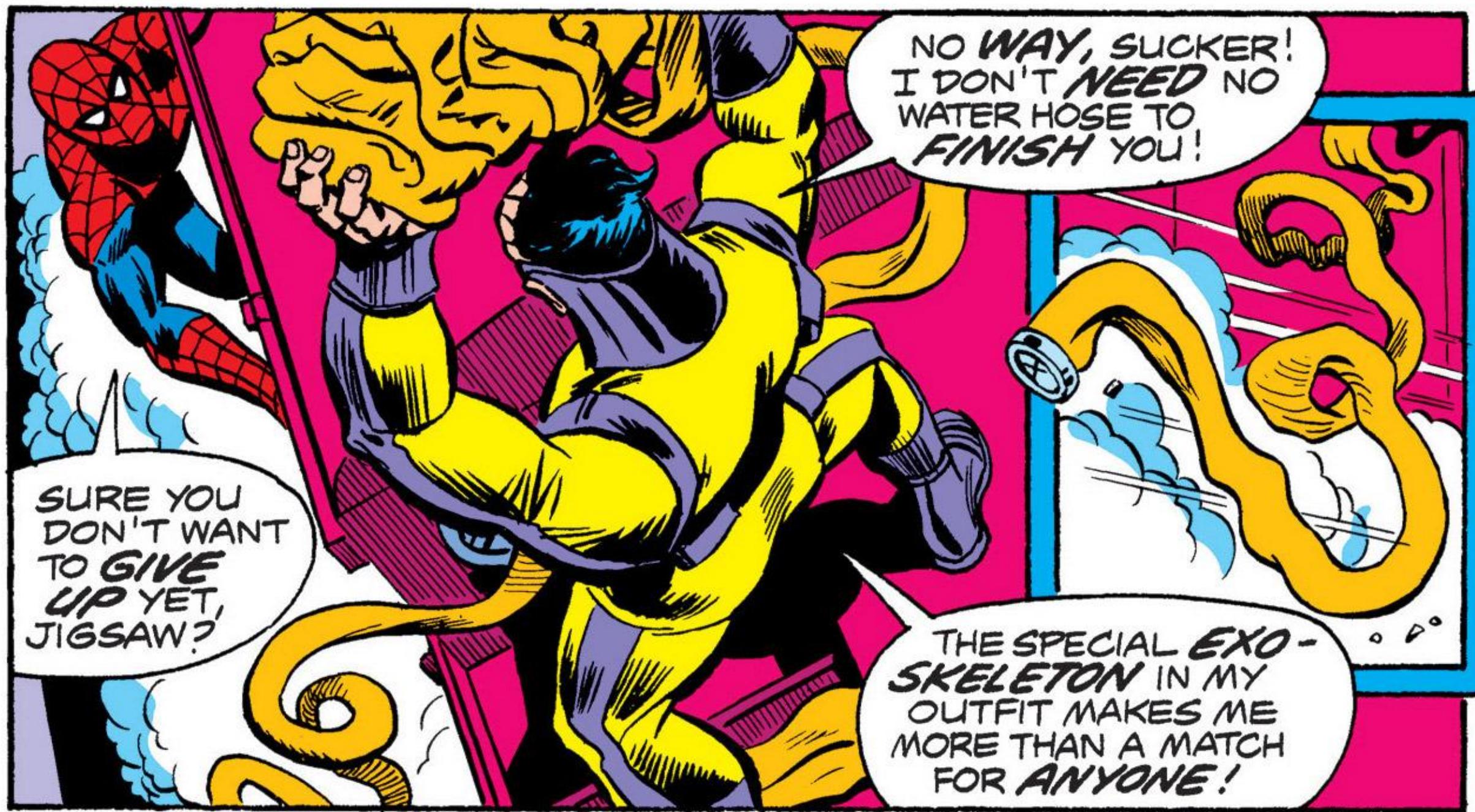
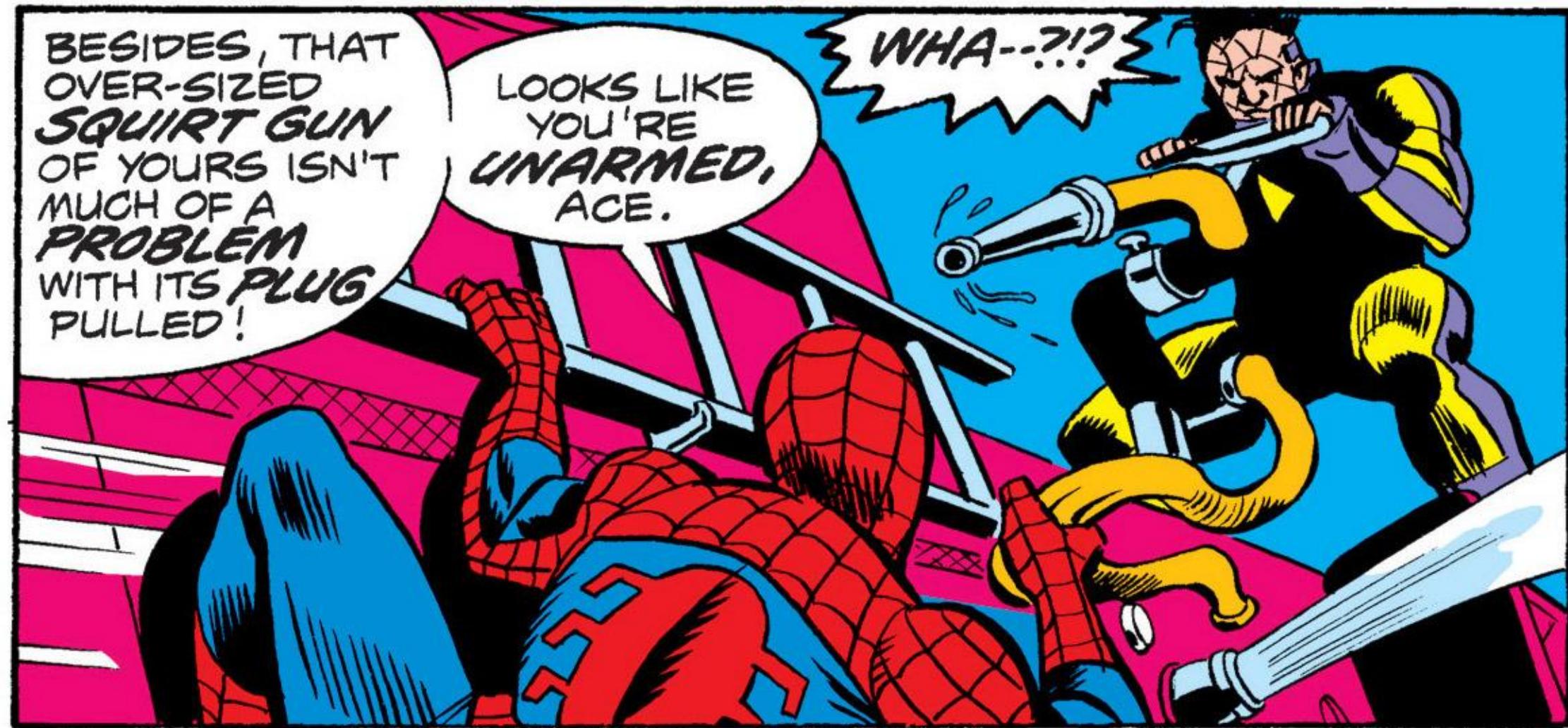
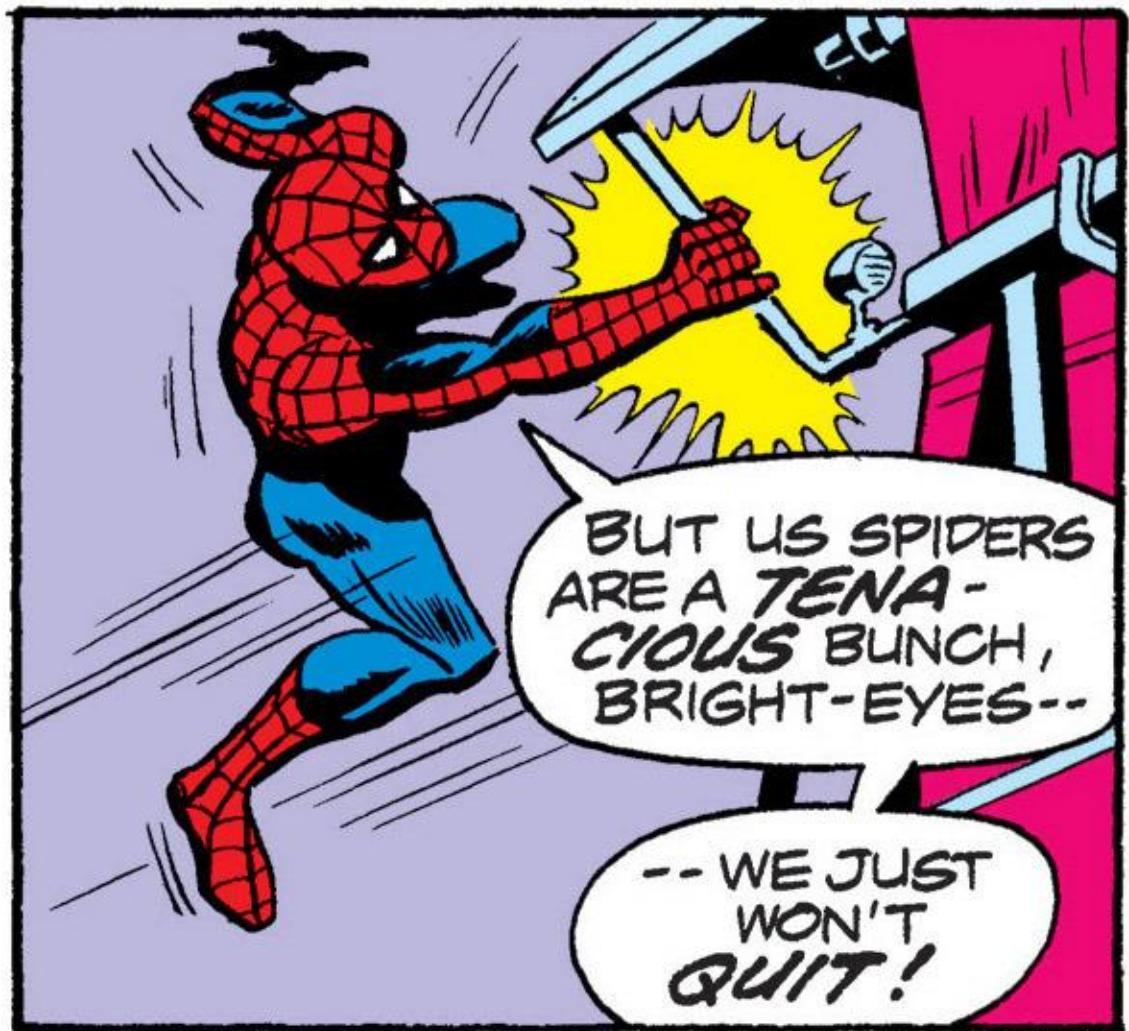


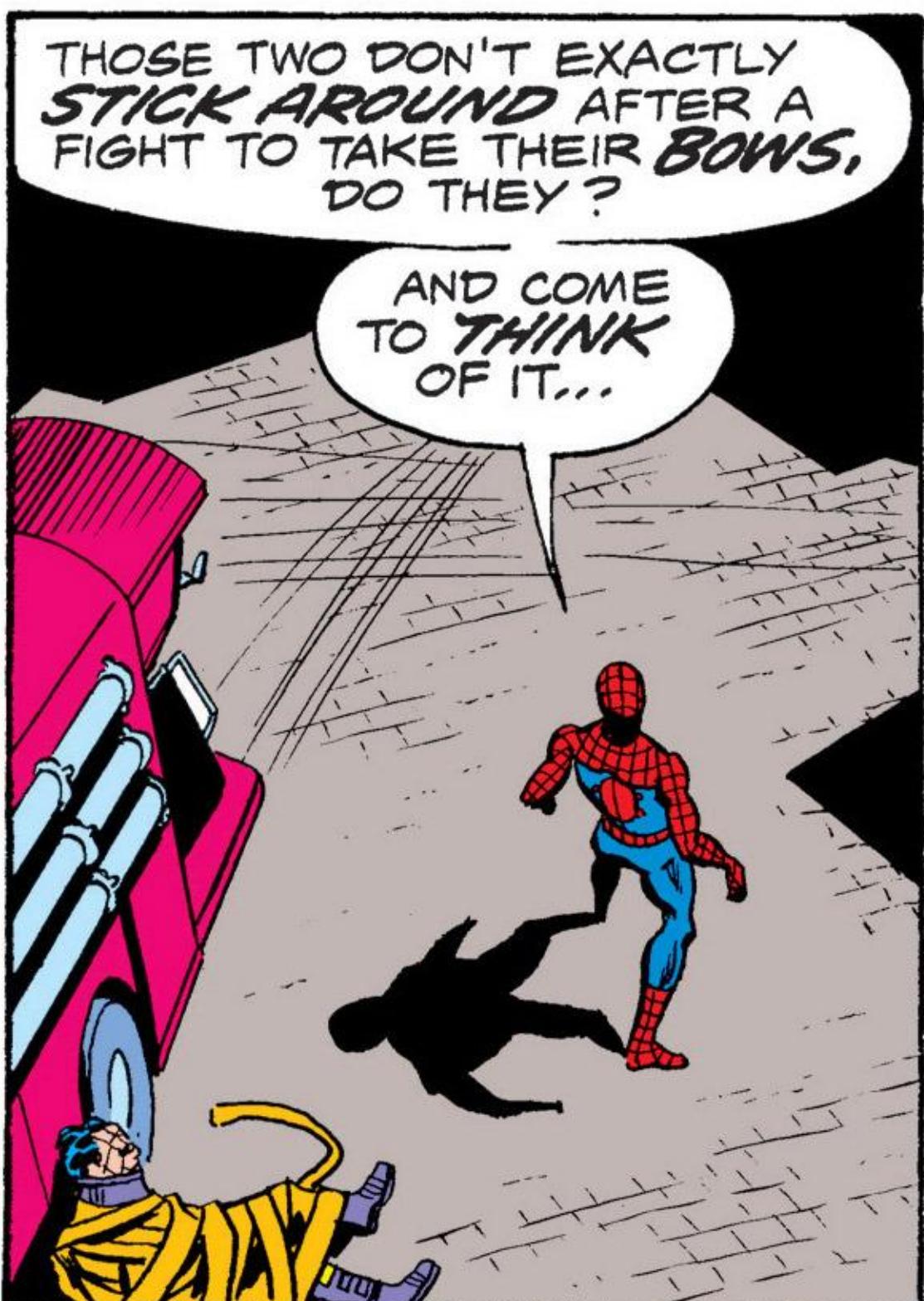
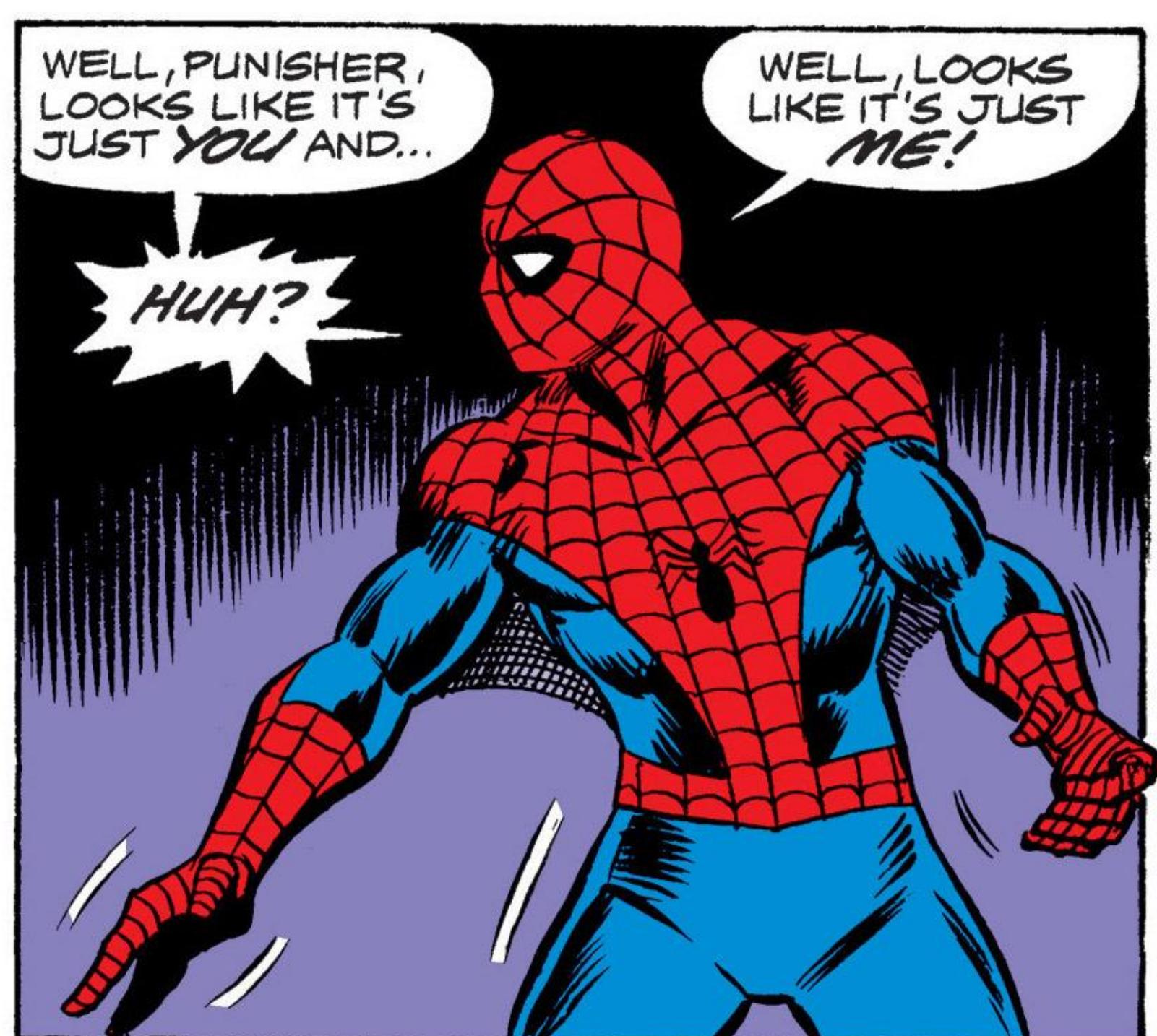
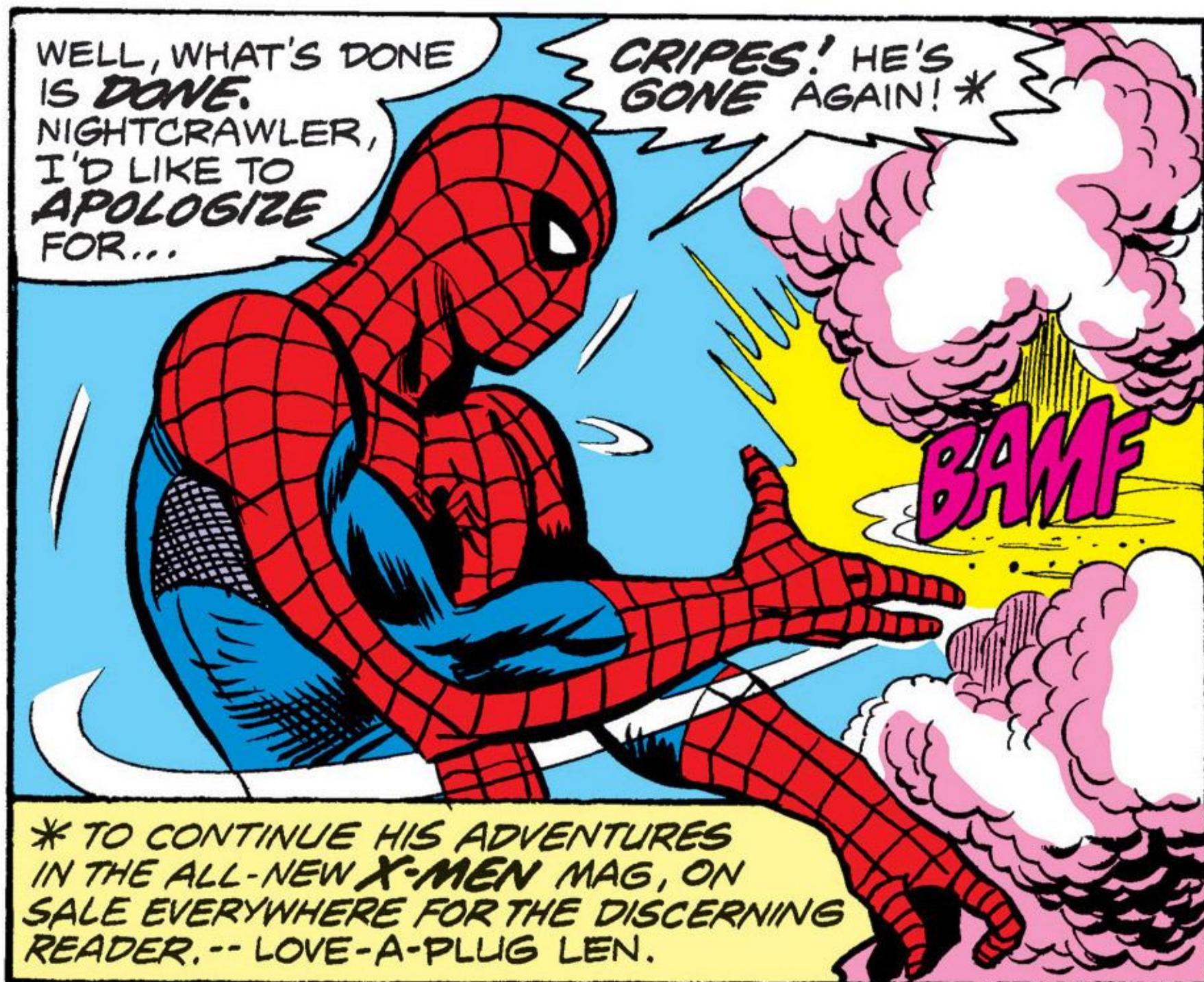
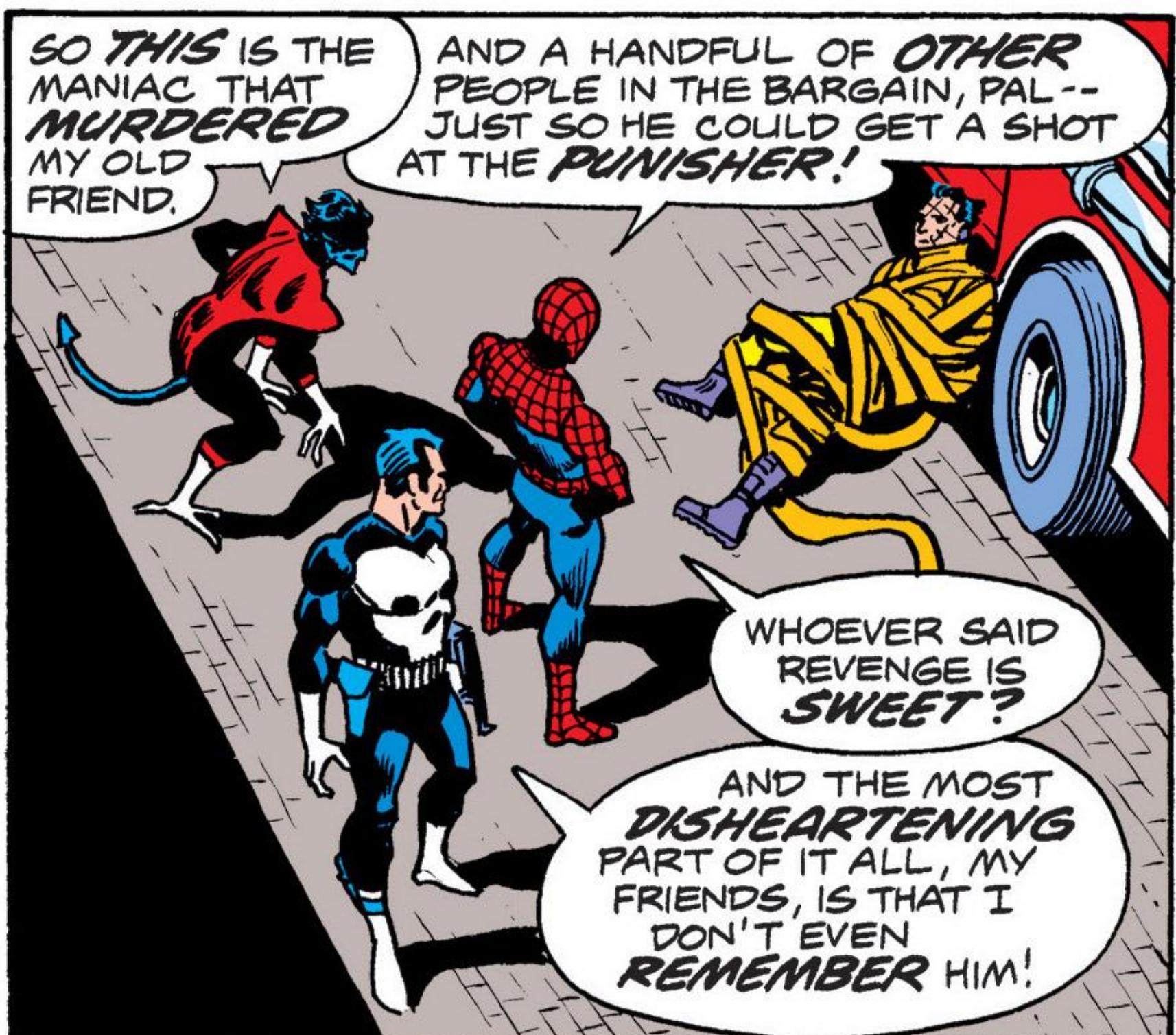












NEXT ISSUE:

IF YOU THOUGHT OUR HAPLESS HERO'S LIFE WAS GOING DOWNHILL BEFORE, WAIT 'TLL YOU SEE WHAT HAPPENS NEXT! THERE'S ACTION A'PLENTY IN THE LITTLE SAGA WE CALL...

ALL THE

KINGPIN'S MEN!

BE HERE!