

MARVEL
COMICS



SPIDER-MAN

JUNE '96 69



SPIDER'S PREY

DIRECT EDITION



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JBK
ATO

GENTLEMEN,
YOU HAVE
DISAPPOINTED
ME.

TELL
ME THIS,
CELL-12...

...HOW
IS IT THAT
WE ARE ALL THE
RECIPIENTS OF
THE SAME GREAT
CYBERNETIC
TECHNOLOGY,
AND YET...

...YOU
ARE ALL SUCH
LOSERS?

His given name is Peter Parker. While in high school he was bitten by a radioactive spider and endowed with amazing powers, which he has since used to protect the innocent and battle evil. Now he calls himself Ben Reilly, and as a costumed crimefighter, he continues his crusade... for he understands that with great power comes great responsibility!

STAN LEE PRESENTS
SPIDER-MAN

IT BEGINS WITH A BANG! NOT A WHIMPER!

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WE'LL
LEARN TO
LIVE WITH YOUR
DISAPPOINTMENT,
HOBGOBLIN.

NOW WHAT
ABOUT OUR
PAYMENT?

PAYMENT?

YOU
SHOULD BE
GLAD I'M NOT
CHARGING YOU
FOR THE **MEDICAL**
ATTENTION
YOU ALL
REQUIRED.

DO
YOU THINK
UNDERWORLD-
CONNECTED DOCTORS
COME CHEAP? NO,
GENTLEMEN...
THEY DO
NOT.

AND WHO DID THIS TO
THE INFAMOUS CELL-12? WAS IT AN
ARMY OF HEAVILY ARMED
INDIVIDUALS?

NO.

IT
WAS ONE
MAN.

I
ASKED YOU TO
FEND OFF ONE MAN...
SPIDER-MAN... AND
YOU FAILED
ME.



AND AS FOR
YOU "LIVING WITH
MY DISAPPOINT-
MENT?"



I
DON'T THINK
SO.



EVEN AS THE BLAST
FROM HOBGOBLIN'S
PUMPKIN BOMB TEARS
THROUGH THE ABANDONED
FACTORY...

...WE CUT TO A SLIGHTLY
BETTER NEIGHBORHOOD
ON MANHATTAN'S UPPER
EAST SIDE.



I-I-
I D-DON'T
KNOW WHERE
HE IS... I
SWEAR!

TSK! TSK! DIDN'T YOUR MOMMY EVER WARN YOU ABOUT SWEARING, VINNIE?

THEN AGAIN, DIDN'T SHE WARN YOU ABOUT SQUANDERING THOSE YEARS OF MEDICAL SCHOOL TO GO TO WORK FOR THE UNDERWORLD, DOCP?

NOW AGAIN... WHERE CAN I FIND THE HOBGOBLIN?

THAT GUY'S DANGEROUS...! YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT HE'S CAPABLE OF!

Oh, BUT I DO!

YOU, SEE, HOBGOBLIN WAS MESSING IN THE LIVES OF A COUPLE OF FRIENDS OF MINE. TURNED THEIR LIVES UPSIDE DOWN...

...AND I'M PLANNING ON STRAIGHTENING THINGS OUT.

SEE LAST MONTH'S SPIDEY BOOKS FOR DETAILS — Ruffalo

I-I'M TELLING YOU... I CAN'T...

YOU'RE KILLING ME HERE/ I THINK MY NOSE IS BLEEDING!

DON'T WORRY, YOU'RE A DOCTOR... YOU'LL LIVE. NOW, I CAN STAY HERE ALL NIGHT.

I CAN'T!

Noooooo

THWIP

I'll...

I'll talk!
I'll talk!

...TALK.





THE DAILY GRIND WAS ONCE A NEIGHBORHOOD LANDMARK.

A FAMILY-OWNED BUSINESS... A PLACE TO HANG OUT AND SHARE A CUP OF COFFEE WITH A FRIEND.

THE PLACE AT WHICH BEN REILLY CHOSE TO START REBUILDING HIS LIFE IN NEW YORK CITY AFTER A FIVE-YEAR EXILE.

BUT THAT WAS ALL BEFORE THE HOBGOBLIN SET UPON THE TASK OF TEARING THE LIVES OF PETER PARKER AND BEN REILLY APART ONE PIECE AT A TIME.

THE DAILY GRIND WAS SET ABLAZE...

...AND BEN REILLY WAS FRAMED FOR IT.

AND NOW, AS SHIRLEY WASHINGTON STARTS TRYING TO REBUILD THE BUSINESS SHE SPENT HER LIFE CREATING...

...SHE RECEIVES A MOST UNEXPECTED VISIT.

MOM?
IT'S...

...SPIDER-MAN!
WAY COOL!

DEVON! GET OVER HERE... NOW!

SORRY IF I FRIGHTENED YOU, MA'AM...

...BUT I JUST WANTED TO TELL YOU HOW SORRY I AM THAT THIS ALL HAPPENED...

I ALSO WANTED TO PROMISE THAT I'M GOING TO BRING THE PERSON RESPONSIBLE FOR WHAT HAPPENED HERE TO JUSTICE.

COOL!
YOU'RE GONNA GO AFTER BEN. ALL RIGHT!

...AND HOW GLAD I AM TO SEE YOU REBUILDING.

NO. THE MAN WHO WORKED HERE WASN'T RESPONSIBLE FOR THE FIRE.



BEN NEVER DID ANY OF THE THINGS THEY SAID HE DID.

IT WAS SOMEONE ELSE... AND I'M GOING TO PROVE IT.

I PRAY YOU CAN... FOR BEN'S SAKE.



SO DO I, MA'AM.



BELIEVE ME.

THE DAILY BUGLE.

ONE OF THE BIG THREE NEWSPAPERS IN NEW YORK CITY.

EVERY DAY HUNDREDS OF BUGLE STAFFERS WORK ROUND THE CLOCK TO STAY ON TOP OF THE LATEST BREAKING NEWS.

DAILY BUGLE

THE CITY ROOM.

THE HEART AND SOUL OF THE DAILY BUGLE.

IF IT'S HAPPENING OUT ON THE STREETS....

...SOMEONE KNOWS ABOUT IT IN HERE.





"THERE'S CHARLIE SNOW. HE'S FORGOTTEN MORE ABOUT REPORTING THAN MOST PEOPLE KNOW."



"ANN MACINTOSH... ALWAYS A FRIENDLY FACE, BUT WE NEVER REALLY CONNECTED."



PETE/ MJ/ LOVE TO TALK, BUT I'VE GOT A DEADLINE!



"BEN URICH... THE PULITZER PRIZE HE WON A FEW YEARS BACK HASN'T KEPT HIM OFF THE STREETS IN SEARCH OF THE NEXT BREAKING STORY."



"KEN ELLIS... STARTED A FEW YEARS BACK. HE'S AMBITIOUS... TOO MUCH FOR MY LIKING. I DON'T TRUST HIM."



"BUT ANGELA YIN SEEMS LIKE A GOOD KID... AND A FANTASTIC PHOTOGRAPHER!"



"AND GLORY GRANT... GUARDING THE ENTRANCE TO JONAH'S OFFICE."



COME ON... EVERYONE IS ALWAYS MISJUDGING J.J... HE'S JUST A BIG OLD TEDDY BEAR UNDERNEATH IT ALL.



IT'S BEEN GREAT HAVING YOU BACK WITH US THE PAST COUPLE OF WEEKS, KID.

TRUE ENOUGH.

GOT TO KEEP OUR EYES ON THE FUTURE.

WISH IT COULD HAVE BEEN LONGER.

ME TOO, ROBBIE, BUT...

...YOU KNOW HOW IT IS. CAN'T KEEP LOOKING BACK.

Oh, WELL... J. JONAH JAMESON, OUR ESTEEMED PUBLISHER, AWAITS.

YEAH, PARKER, YOUR CHECK IS ON THE DESK. THANKS FOR THE HELP.

NOW IF YOU DON'T MIND... I'VE GOT A PAPER TO RUN.

JONAH?

WHATEVER YOU SAY, JONAH.

ROBBIE TELLS ME THERE'S AN OPENING ON STAFF FOR A PHOTOGRAPHER.

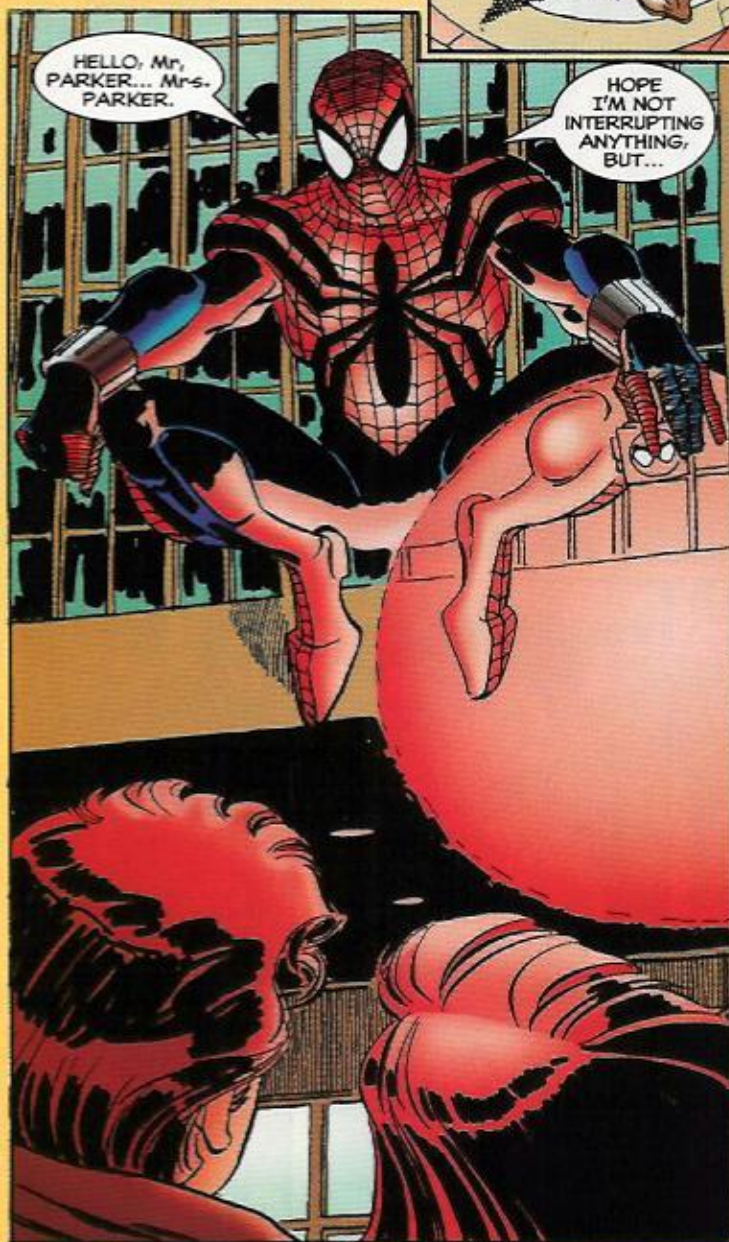
HE THOUGHT YOU MIGHT BE INTERESTED.

YOU WANT ME BACK ON STAFF?

I TOLD YOU IT WAS ROBBIE'S IDEA.

LET HIM KNOW WHAT YOU DECIDE... AND STOP BOTHERING ME.

SURE, JONAH... I WILL.



THE DARK AND
ABANDONED MACRAY
WAREHOUSE ON
THE LOWER EAST
SIDE OF MANHATTAN.

WHAT
AM I DOING
THIS ALL
FOR?

I
HAVE NO
HOME.

JUST
ONE WAREHOUSE
AFTER ANOTHER WHICH I
USE THE MONEY FROM MY
MERCENARY ACTIVITIES
TO DECORATE WITH
THE FANCIEST
TRAPPINGS.

I
HAVE NO
FRIENDS.

MY
EX-WIFE
WOULD JUST AS
SOON SEE ME
DEAD...

...MY
SON HATES
AND FEARS
ME.

I
HAVE NO
LOYALTIES
TO ANY
CAUSE.

I'VE
GOT POWER,
MONEY... AND NOW
THESE FANCY
CYBERNETICS,
BUT...

...WHEN
IT COMES
RIGHT DOWN
TO IT...


FOR DETAILS, SEE
SPIDER-MAN #49
-Shuff. Ruff

...I'VE...
...GOT...

...NOTHING!

AND
TO TOP IT
ALL OFF...


...NOW I'M
TALKING TO
MYSELF.



MAYBE I
DON'T NEED THIS
ANYMORE?



PERHAPS
NOT, Mr.
MACENDALE,
BUT...



...WHAT
REAL CHOICE
DO YOU
HAVE?


I WAS
WONDERING
WHEN YOU WERE
GOING TO SHOW.
WHERE ARE WE
HEADING... WHAT
ARE WE DOING
NEXT?



WE
ARE DOING
NOTHING,
HOBGOBLIN.

YOUR ROLE IN THIS LITTLE
PLAY IS OVER. YOU ARE FREE
TO GO ABOUT YOUR DULL
AND DREARY EXISTENCE
AS YOU SEE
FIT.

FINAL
FUNDS HAVE
BEEN TRANSFERRED
TO YOUR MOSCOW
ACCOUNT. MAKE NO
FURTHER ATTEMPT
TO CONTACT OR
FIND ME.



EXCUSE
ME? WAIT A
MINUTE!

IT
WASN'T EVER
ABOUT *JUST* THE
MONEY! I CAN PICK UP
MONEY ANYWHERE!



I WAS LOOKING TO
GET IN ON SOMETHING
BIGGER.

WHY DO
YOU THINK I
VOLUNTEERED TO
UNDERGO THIS
CYBERNETIC
GARBAGE? I GAVE
UP PART OF
MY LIFE FOR
YOU!

YOU
PROMISED
ME! YOU OWE
ME --



HUGH!

I
OWE YOU
NOTHING!

I NEVER
PROMISED
ANYTHING.

YEAH... I GET IT. YOU'RE
CUTTING ME OFF. JUST
LIKE THAT? JUST LIKE
I DID CELL-12.

NO... I'M
ALLOWING
YOU TO LIVE...
FOR NOW.

BUT I
AM "CUTTING
YOU OFF."

AS I WILL SOME DAY UNDOUBTEDLY BE
CUT OFF BY THE ONE FOR WHOM I AM
WORKING.

Oh, AND
MACENDALE,
YOU'RE
ABOUT TO HAVE
COMPANY.

SPIDER-MAN
IS COMING FOR YOU.
DO NOT, UNDER *ANY*
CIRCUMSTANCE,
KILL HIM.

HURT HIM
ALL YOU WISH,
BUT KILL HIM, AND...

LOOK FOR
ME... AND YOU
DIE. RAISE YOUR
HAND AGAINST
ME... AND YOU
DIE. BETRAY
ME AND --

AND I
DIE.



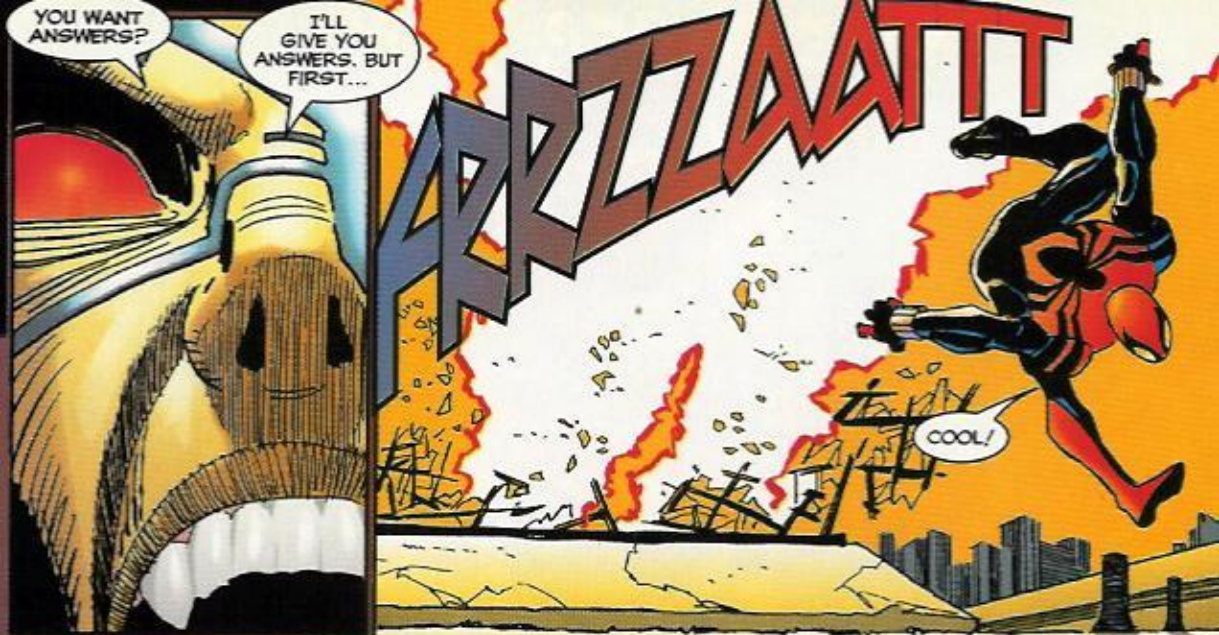
HEY,
HOBBY! WHAT'S
HAPPENING?

BEEN
LOOKING ALL
OVER FOR
YOU!

YOU AND
I HAVE SOME
MAJOR UNFINISHED
BUSINESS TO
TAKE
CARE OF!

LIKE...
I WANT TO
KNOW WHO PUT
YOU UP TO
BURNING DOWN
THE DAILY
GRIND!

AND
THAT'S
JUST THE FIRST
ANSWER I
WANT!



YOU WANT ANSWERS?

I'LL GIVE YOU ANSWERS. BUT FIRST...

COOL!



WHERE ARE YOU, SPIDER-MAN?

DID YOU SUDDENLY REMEMBER THE BEATING I PUT YOU THROUGH LAST WEEK*...

* SEE LAST ISSUE, *Half The Answer Man*.



...AND DECIDE THAT ANSWERS WEREN'T WORTH THE PAIN?



FWAP



NOW... ANYTIME YOU WANT TO TELL ME WHY YOU GOT INTERESTED IN PETER PARKER AND BEN REILLY... I'M ALL EARS.

YOU REALLY COULD HELP US EXPEDITE THIS WHOLE THING.

OTHERWISE IT'S FIGHT, FIGHT, FIGHT, FIGHT... WEB, WEB, WEB... PUMPKIN BOMB, PUMPKIN BOMB...

...AND THEN YOU TELL ME EVERYTHING ANYWAY.



Oh,
I'LL TELL YOU
EVERYTHING ALL
RIGHT!
AFTER I'M
STANDING OVER
YOUR BLEEDING
CORPSE!

YOU KNOW, YOU
CAUGHT ME ON A
REAL BAD DAY,
SPIDER-MAN.

NORMALLY, I'D BE WILLING
TO CUT YOU SOME SLACK
AND SIMPLY MAKE
YOU BLEED.

BUT SOMEONE TOLD
ME THAT HE DOESN'T
WANT YOU
DEAD.

REALLY?

WELL,
IT'S NICE TO
HAVE FRIENDS,
Huh?

I
WOULDN'T
KNOW.

GEE...
NOW YOU'RE
MAKING ME
FEEL BAD,
HOBBS.

HOWS
ABOUT YOU AND
I GRAB A
CHIMNEY, SIT DOWN,
AND TALK ABOUT
MY MYSTERIOUS
PROTECTOR?

YEAH...
NICE TRY!

WELL, I
THOUGHT IT
WAS WORTH
A SHOT!

THWAP!

MY
EYES!

A full-page comic book illustration showing Spider-Man in his red and blue suit, crouched on a rooftop. He is looking down at Doctor Octopus, who is lying on his back with his mechanical tentacles visible. Doctor Octopus has a pained or shouting expression on his face. A large, bright yellow and orange energy blast is erupting from the ground near Doctor Octopus's head. The background shows a city skyline with various buildings under a clear blue sky.

I KNOW...
DON'T YOU JUST
HATE WHEN THIS
HAPPENS?

SO... WHAT
DO YOU SAY...
YOU READY TO
TALK YET?



IF YOU DON'T WANT TO DO THE CHIMNEY THING, WE COULD ALWAYS GO BACK INTO YOUR LUSHLY DECORATED ABANDONED WAREHOUSE.



BY THE WAY... PRETTY ORIGINAL CHOICE OF LOCATIONS.



YOU WANT THE TRUTH, SPIDER-MAN!?!/

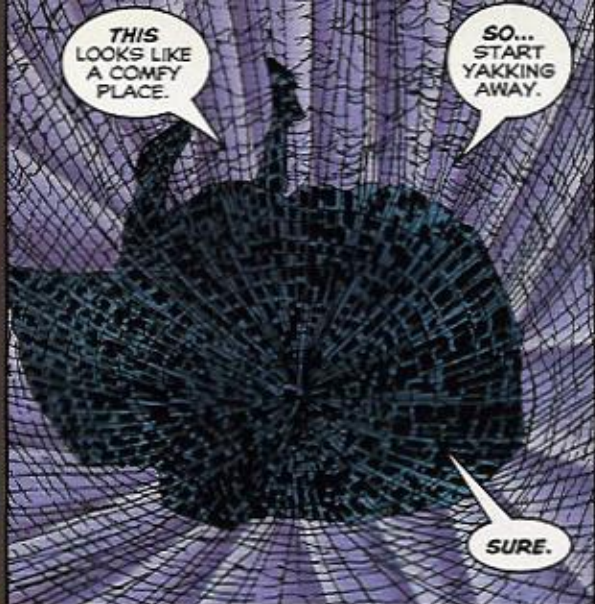
I'LL GIVE YOU THE TRUTH!

RIGHT HERE... RIGHT NOW... AND THEN YOU DIE!



OKAY... SURE... BUT REALLY...

...I'D RATHER TALK...



THE NEXT DAY...

DAILY BUGLE
NEW YORK'S FINEST DAILY NEWSPAPER

HOBGOBLIN CAPTURED

BY BEN URICH

I ALWAYS KNEW YOU WERE INNOCENT, BEN.

THANKS, SHIRLEY. I'M JUST GLAD WE COULD GET IT ALL STRAIGHTENED OUT IN TIME FOR THE GRAND REOPENING.

THE PLACE LOOKS BETTER THAN EVER.

HEY, REILLY, TWO PEOPLE JUST CAME IN LOOKIN' FOR YOU.



PETER/
MARY JANE!



SHIRLEY, I'D LIKE YOU TO MEET SOMEONE VERY IMPORTANT TO ME.

MY COUSIN,
PETER PARKER
AND HIS WIFE,
MARY JANE.

GOOD TO MEET YOU, MA'AM.



WILL YOU LOOK AT THAT?

BEN, IF IT WASN'T FOR THE HAIR, YOU BOYS COULD PASS FOR TWINS.

I DON'T SEE IT.



