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COMICS
CODE
CARTOON
AUTHORITY

AT THE HAND OF THANOS!™
THE DEATH OF...

SPIDER-MAN®

YOU WILL
BELIEVE
A MAN CAN
DIE!



30TH
ANNIVERSARY





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HAND
MOMMA A
CLOTHESPIN,
BABY.

WOW!

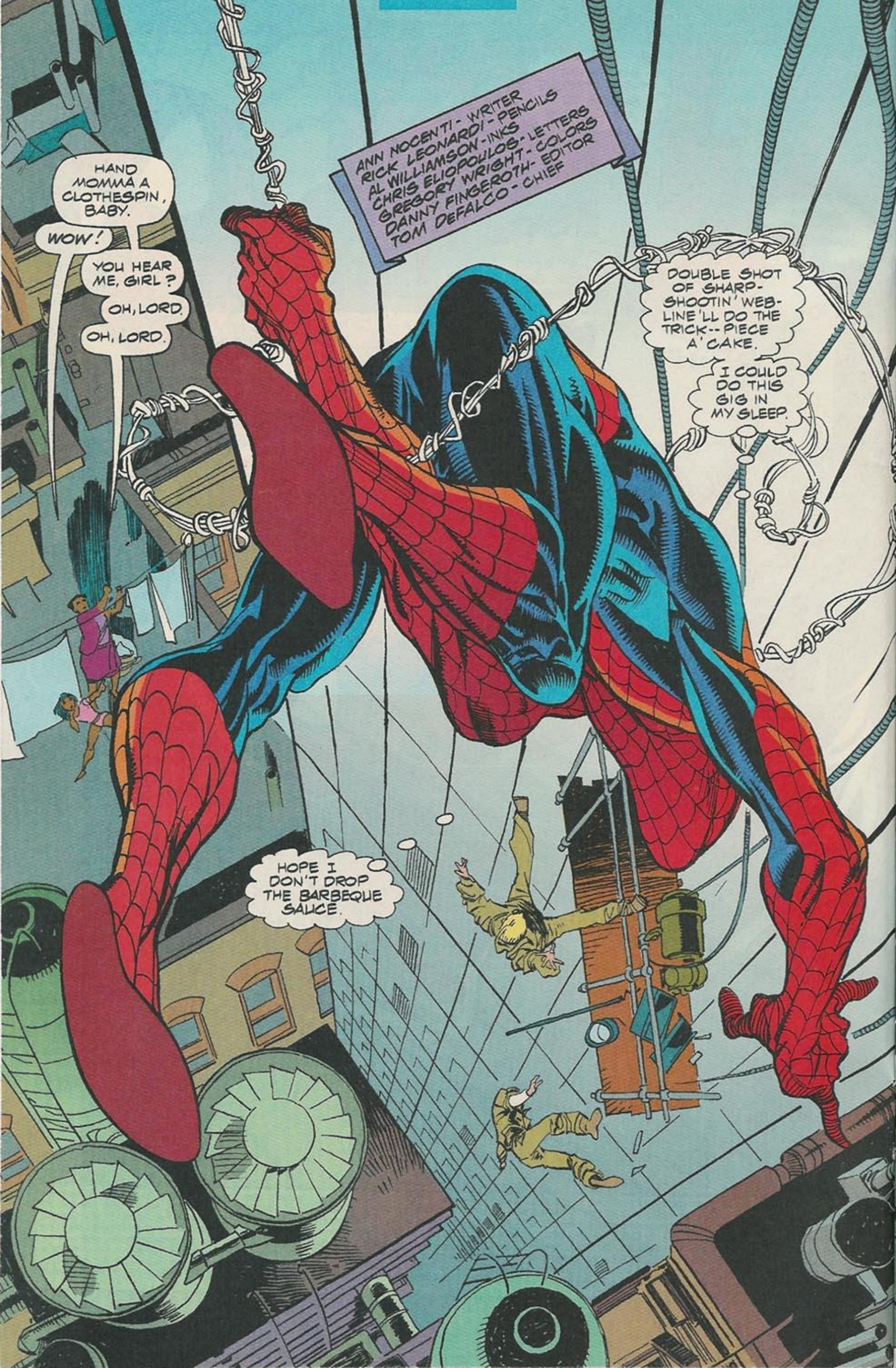
YOU HEAR
ME, GIRL?

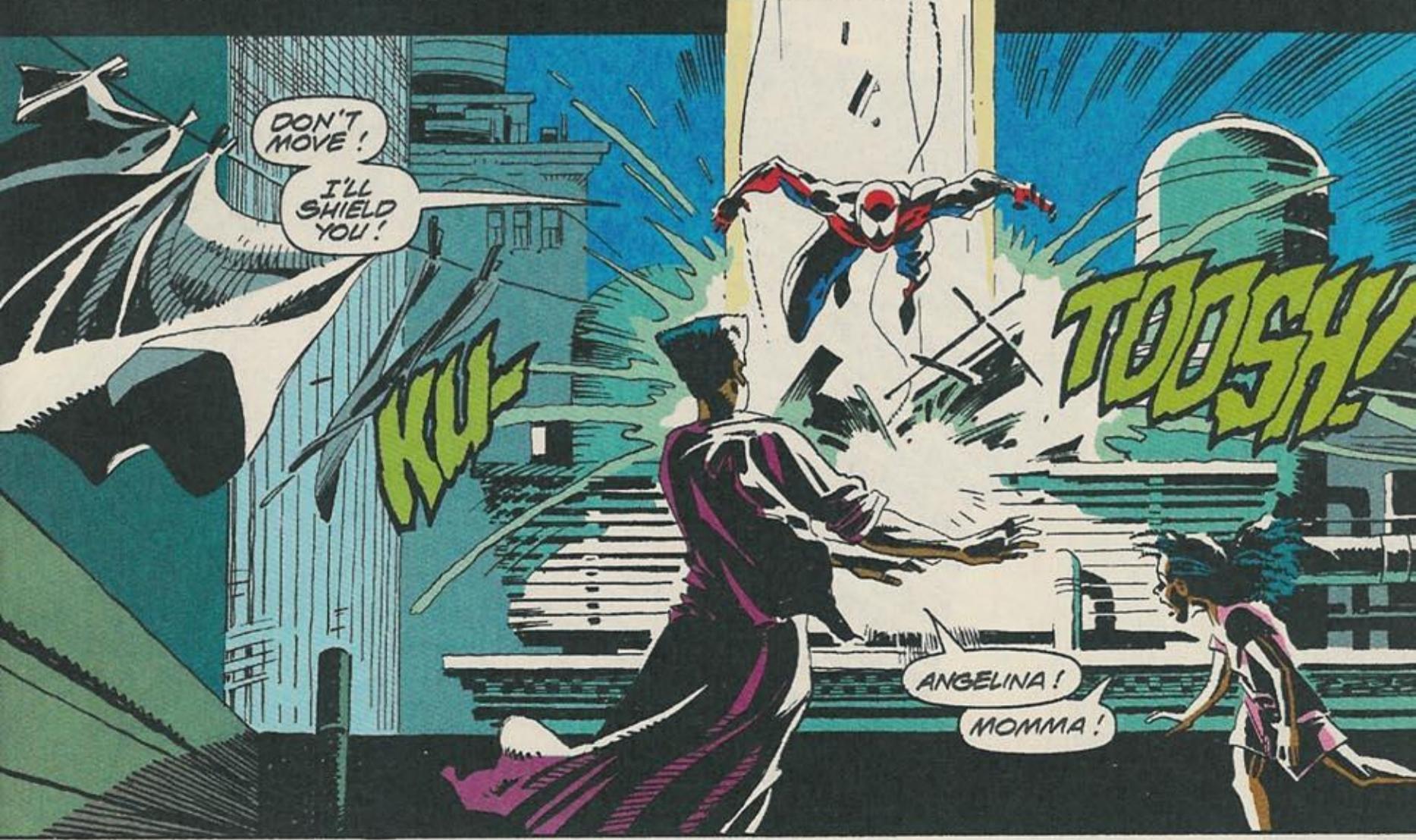
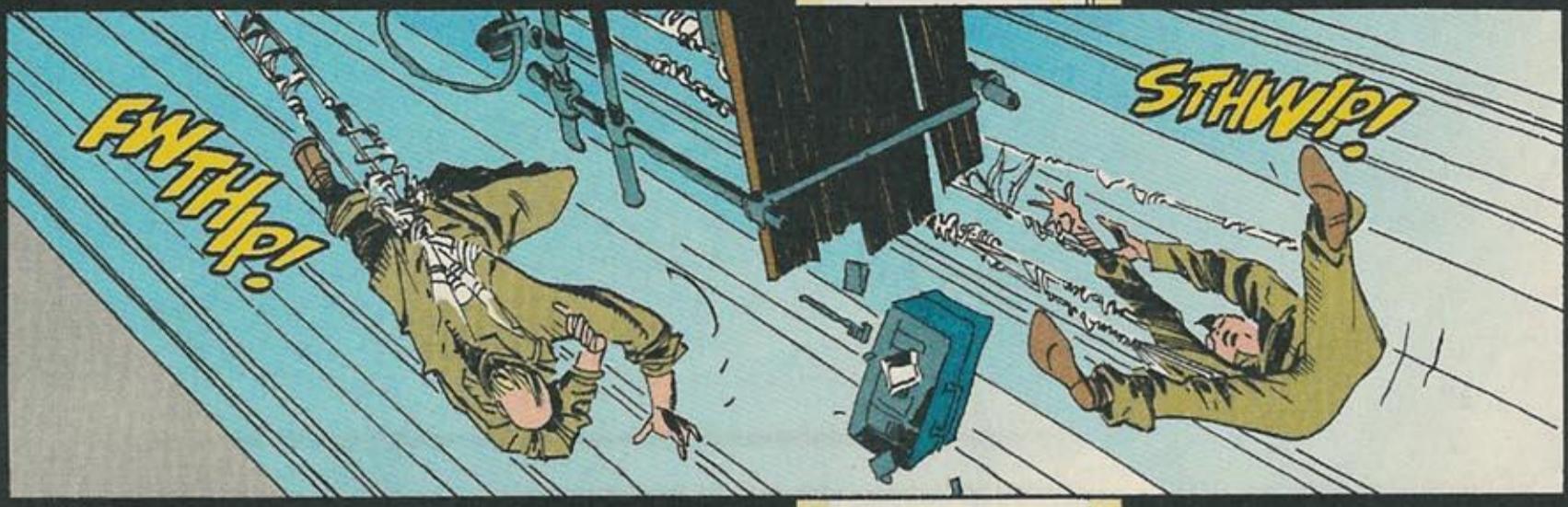
OH, LORD.
OH, LORD.

DOUBLE SHOT
OF SHARP-
SHOOTIN' WEB-
LINE'LL DO THE
TRICK--PIECE
A' CAKE.

I COULD
DO THIS
GIG IN
MY SLEEP.

HOPE I
DON'T DROP
THE BARBEQUE
SAUCE.







IT IMPACTS
LIKE A TRAIN
WREAK.

THE ICY FREON WRAPS
SPIDER-MAN'S MORTAL
FLESH IN A CRYOGENIC
CRYPT.

THE SHOCKBLAST PEELS
HIS COSTUME OFF HIS
FACE AND LIMBS, AND
ICICLE FINGERS REACH
TO CARESS HIS HEART.

TEN SECONDS BEFORE HIS
HEART STOPS, SPIDER-MAN
THINKS: "I CAN'T BE DYING,
MY LIFE ISN'T FLASHING
BEFORE MY EYES... BUT THAT
MIGHT BE BECAUSE MY
EYEBALLS FEEL LIKE PEELED
GRAPES."

FIVE SECONDS BEFORE HIS
HEART STOPS, HE THINKS: "THAT
WASN'T FUNNY. WHY MUST I
END MY LIFE WITH ANOTHER
JOKE? THERE ARE NO MORE
JOKES."

TWO SECONDS BEFORE
HIS HEART STOPS, HE
REMEMBERS A BUDDHIST
PARABLE ABOUT TIGERS
AND STRAWBERRIES;
"HOW DID THAT STORY
GO?"

HIS HEART, BY NOW A
SMALL FRIGHTENED
MOUSE CRINGING
INSIDE HIS RIB CAGE,
FEELS THE FIRST
FINGERTIP OF ICE.

HE HITS THE
ROOF.

HE LOOKS
BEAUTIFUL,
AND AT
PEACE.



OH, I REMEMBER.

A MAN IS CHASED BY TIGERS TO THE EDGE OF A CLIFF. HE FLINGS HIMSELF OFF, HANGING BY A STRAWBERRY VINE. HE SEES ANOTHER HUNGRY TIGER BELOW HIM.

HE HEARS A NIBBLING SOUND, AND SEES TWO MICE CHEWING THROUGH THE VINE.

HE PICKS A STRAWBERRY, PUTS IT IN HIS MOUTH, AND LETS GO OF THE VINE.

HOW SWEET IT TASTED!

EVEN NOW, I FEEL HIM WORRYING ABOUT SAVING SOMEONE.

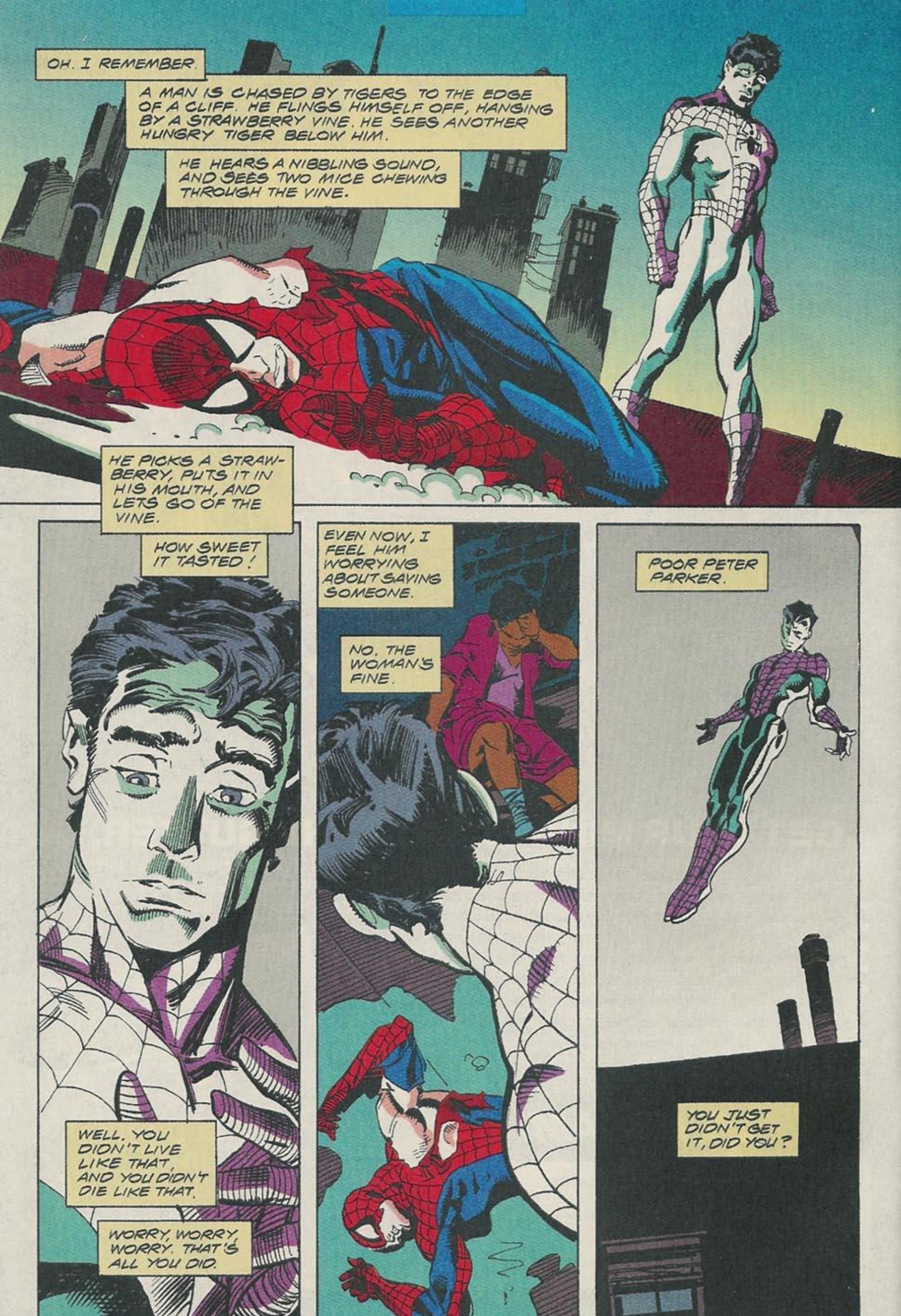
NO, THE WOMAN'S FINE.

WELL, YOU DIDN'T LIVE LIKE THAT, AND YOU DIDN'T DIE LIKE THAT.

WORRY, WORRY, WORRY. THAT'S ALL YOU DID.

POOR PETER PARKER.

YOU JUST DIDN'T GET IT, DID YOU?



STRANGE. DEATH IS SO... INDIFFERENT.

I FEEL SO PEACEFUL! AND SO HAPPY.

HUH. FUNNY. DEATH IS JUST NO BIG DEAL.

JUST A SIMPLE, GENTLE STEP.

I FEEL BAD ABOUT MY BODY, THOUGH. POOR GUY.

HE TRIED SO HARD, BUT HE REALLY DIDN'T GET IT, DID HE?

I COULD SHOW HIM, HOW EASY IT COULD BE...

EMOTIONS... THEY'RE ALL THE SAME JUICE.

YOU CAN SLIP FROM WORRY TO ANGER TO LOVE TO JOY SO EASILY!

BUT NO ONE DOES. THEY STAY STUCK IN THE BAD JUICE, LIKE SADNESS, OR LIKE PETER, STUCK IN WORRY AND GUILT.

LIKE HE'S GOT A BIG BURDEN ON HIS BACK, BUT IF HE COULD ONLY TURN AROUND AND SEE THE BURDEN IS ONLY WINGS!

WE'RE PRISONERS, WHO CAN'T SEE THEIR OWN WINGS.



HUH ?

A BABY'S SCREAM ! AND...

WHAT'S THAT ? MOM !

MOM ! ? IS THAT YOU ?

GONE.

:SIGH:

I STARTED LIFE WITH A SCREAM AND ENDED WITH A SIGH.

WOW-- I WONDER IF I'LL SEE HER UP HERE.

STRANGE. I THOUGHT I LOVED MARY JANE. BUT NOW... ALL I CAN THINK OF IS MY FIRST... MY ONLY... MY BEAUTIFUL GWEN STACY.

IT'S GETTING SO BRIGHT... WOW ! LOOK AT THAT !

A LIGHT SO WHITE !

I'VE HEARD ABOUT THIS ! PEOPLE WHO HAVE NEAR-DEATH EXPERIENCES TALK OF SEEING A BRILLIANT WHITE LIGHT !

OH, IT'S BEAUTIFUL ! I'VE GOT TO GO TOWARDS IT !

WAIT-- I HEAR SOMEONE CALLING ME !

OVER HERE ?

GOD?

CROSSES,
JEWISH STARS,
BONES... WHAT
IS THIS PLACE ?

LIKE A RELIGIOUS
JUNKYARD, GRAVEYARD...

OH LOOK ! KING ARTHUR'S SWORD !
EGYPTIAN SCROLLS... VOODOO
MASKS... BUDDHAS... IT'S EVERY-
BODY'S AFTERLIFE !

ALL THE MOST POTENT SPIRITUAL TALISMANS...
BUT IN JUNK HEAPS-- THEY MIGHT AS WELL
BE BUSTED TOASTERS AND CRACKED
BATHTUBS FOR ALL THE POWER THEY HAVE
NOW.

SO THIS IS IT. THIS IS WHAT
YOGIS WALK HOT COALS FOR
AND PRIESTS GIVE UP... UM...
FUN FOR, AND WHAT HIPPIES
TAKE DRUGS FOR, AND WHAT
MUSLIMS SELF-FLAGELLATE
FOR ...

THEY ALL DO IT TO FIND ENLIGHTENMENT, TO FIND GOD, AND TO
ANSWER THE BIG QUESTION. ABOUT AFTERLIFE.

OR... IS THIS
ONLY WHAT
I WANT TO
SEE ?

HUMBLING,
ISN'T IT,
PETER PARKER.

COME TAKE
YOUR LAST
LOOK BACK.

EVERYONE
GETS ONE
LAST LOOK.

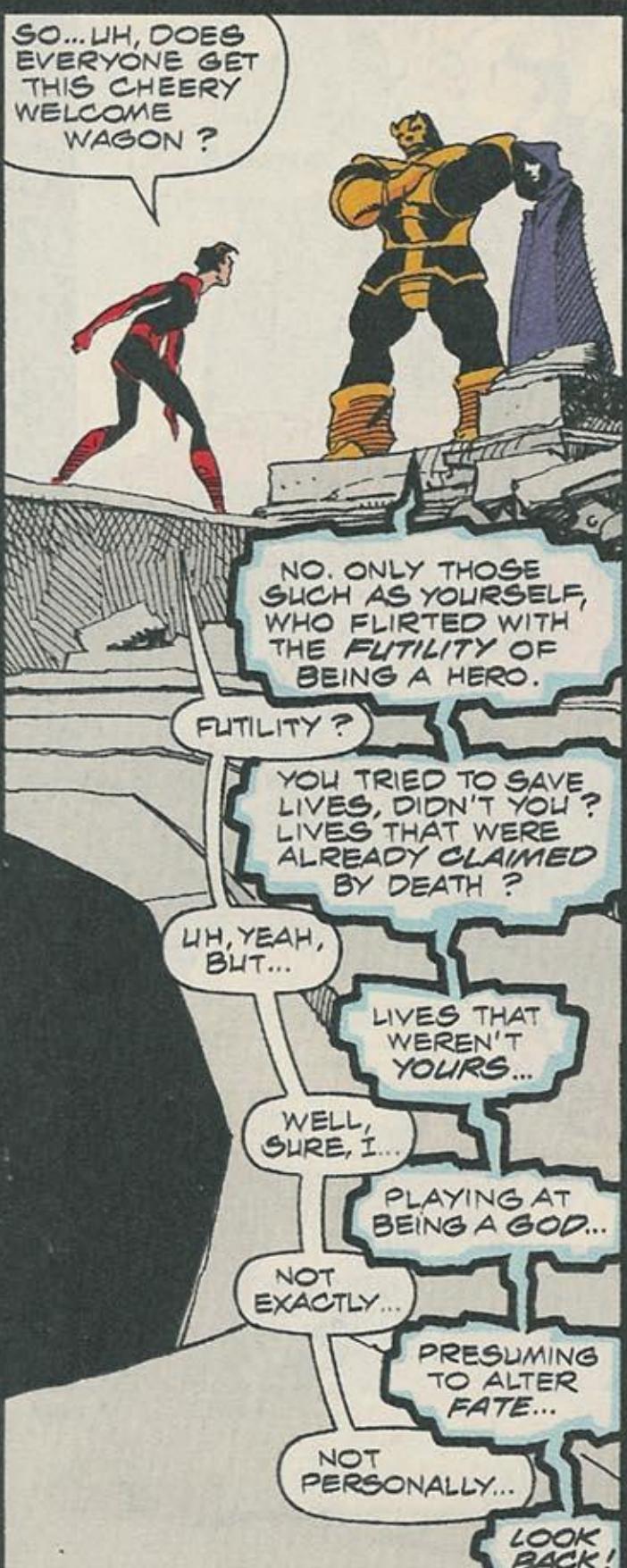
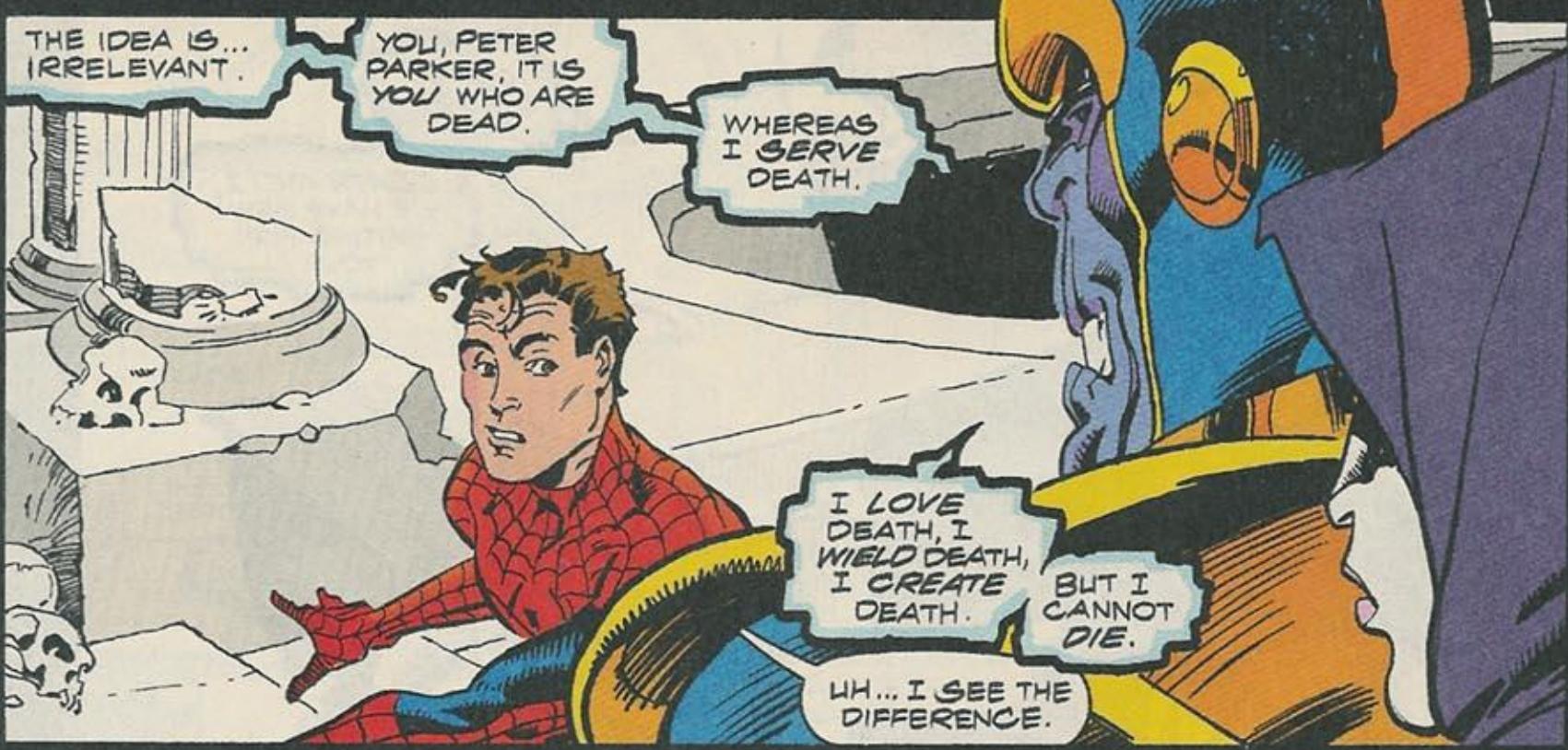
COME,
SPIDER-
MAN.

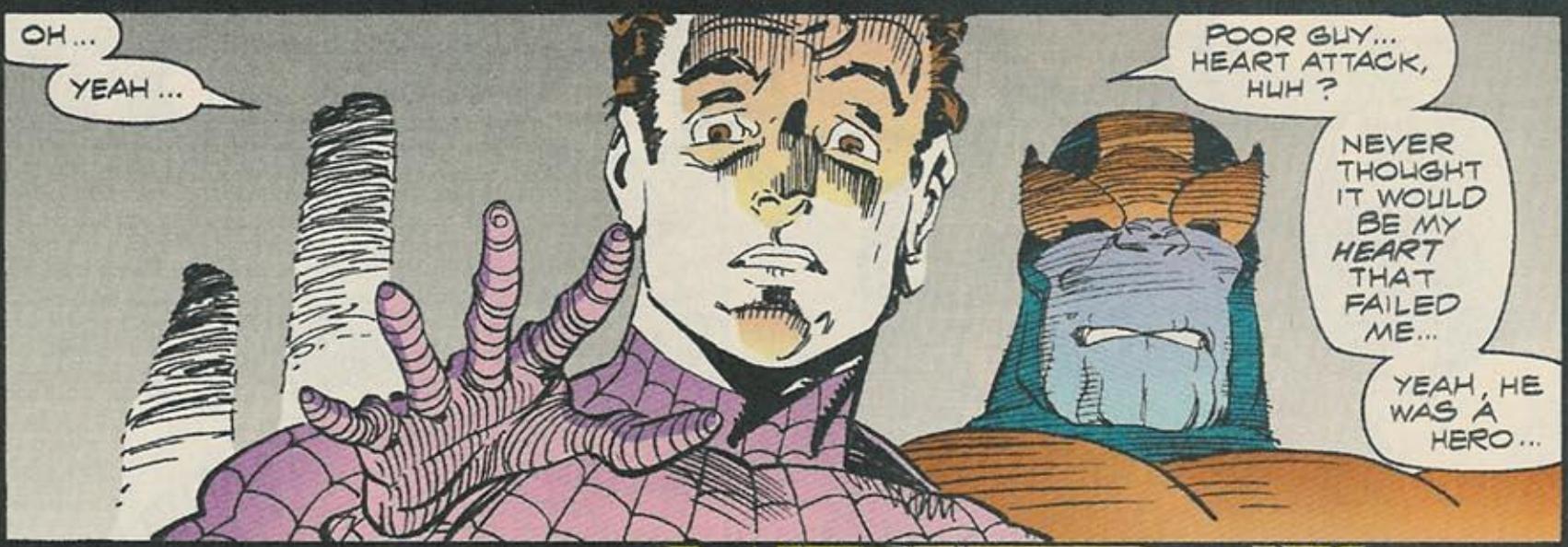
DEATH AND I,
WE HAVE BEEN
WAITING FOR
YOU.

THANOS...?

YES
THANOS!

I THOUGHT
YOU WERE...
DEAD.







I KNOW
WHAT YOU'RE
THINKING OF DOING...

...AND
YOU'D BE
A FOOL...

SO
WHAT?!

MR KNOW



HAHAHA
HAHAHA!

SO YOU KEEP
PUNCHING, YOU
POOR SOUL!

NOTHING
IS SOLVED
PHYSICALLY
IN THIS
REALM!

YOUR HEROICS
ARE POINT-
LESS.

YOU'RE DEAD.
YOU SHOULD
BE ENLIGHTENED
TO ALL THIS.

BEYOND
DEATH, THERE
IS NO WILL,
NO DESIRE...

... IT'S TOO
LATE.

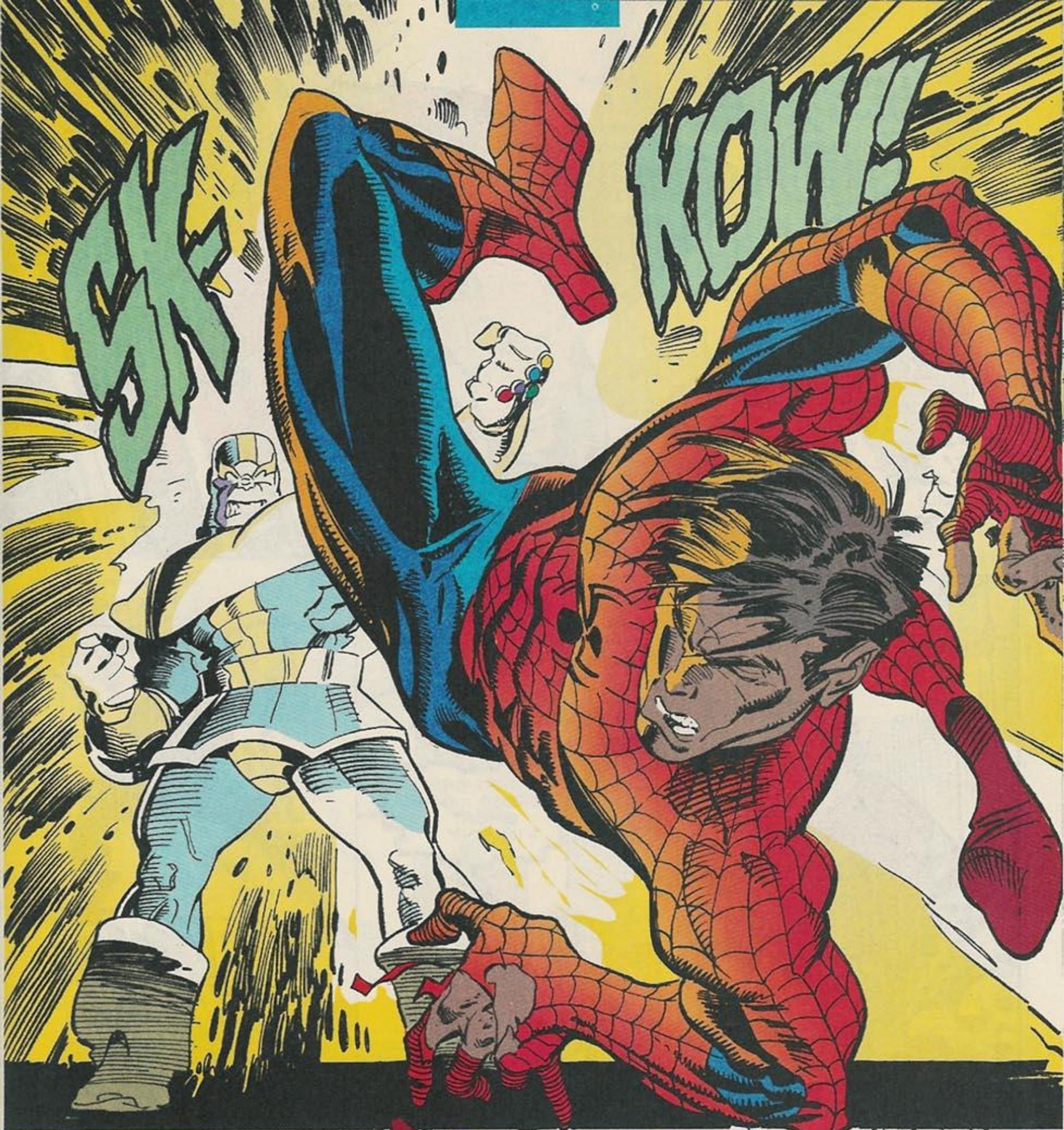
YOU CAN'T
SAVE
ANYONE
ANMORE.

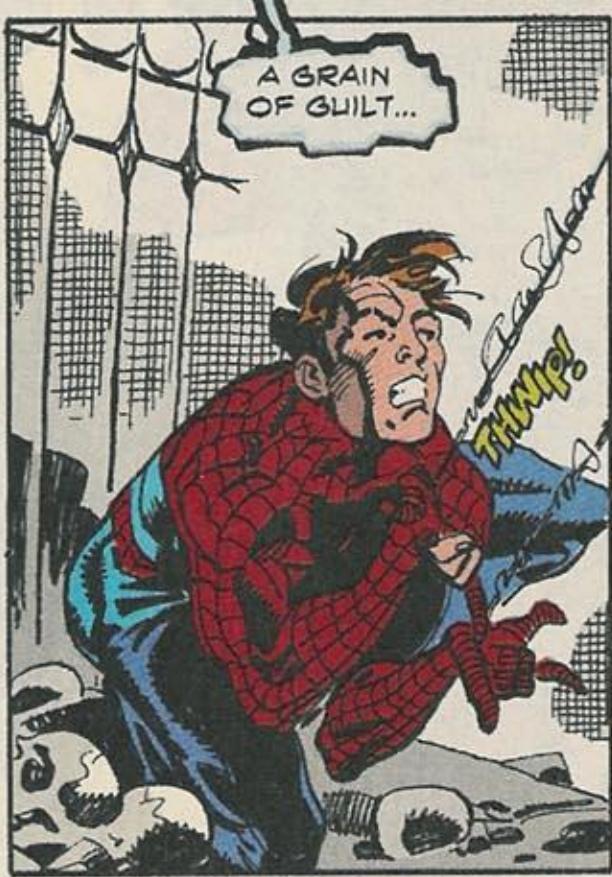
YOU'RE TRYING
TO DO THE
IMPOSSIBLE.

YEAH?

SO WHAT.

SO WHAT?







YOU WILL ALWAYS
WONDER, SPIDER-
MAN, ABOUT WHAT
I SAY.

ABOUT THE
FUTILITY OF
HEROICS. BUT...

YOUR MIND, YOUR
THOUGHTS ARE NEVER-
THELESS SO SMALL.

LET ME SHOW YOU
HOW INSIGNIFICANT
YOU ARE.

WHAT
ARE YOU
SQUEAKING
ABOUT?

OH, YEAH, THANOS?
YOU HAVE TO
GROW HUGE TO
MAKE ME FEEL
SMALL?

SUCH A PHYSICAL
SHOW, FOR A REALM
WHERE SUCH THINGS
AS PUNCHES DON'T
MATTER.

SEEMS TO ME,
THANOS, THAT YOU'VE
JUST FALTERED
IN THE GAME.

EH ?

DEATH
MY LOVE.

YOU ARE
EVERSO
SILENT.

WHY DO YOU
STARE AT
ME SO?

AS IF... AS IF
I HAVE MISSED
SOMETHING...

HEY!



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