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**GHOST
RIDER!**

DEATHLOK!

SLEEPWALKER!

HULK!

SPIDER-MAN



**REVENGE
OF THE SINISTER SIX
PART FIVE**

STAN
LEE
PRE-
SENTS

THE SIXTH MEMBER

ERIK LARSEN · WORDS / PICTURES · CHRIS ELIOPOLLOS · LETTERS · GREGORY WRIGHT · COLORS · DANNY FINGEROTH · EDITS · TOM DEFALCO · CHIEFS

DOCTOR OCTOPUS' HIDEOUT, RIVER VALE, NEW JERSEY.

ALL
RIGHT.

LET'S SEE
WHAT YOU
BOYS CAN
DO.

SHOW ME
SOMETHING.

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THAT'S ENOUGH,
OCTOPUS, YOU
FAT MAGGOT!

WE'RE SUPPOSED TO
BE YOUR PARTNERS,
NOT YOUR LACKEYS.
I DON'T JUMP THROUGH
HOOPS FOR ANYBODY--
ESPECIALLY NOT FOR
YOU, YOU BLOATED PIG!

OH, BOY.

I'LL SEE
YOU DEAD
FIRST.

DON'T
BE AN
IDIOT.

COOL IT,
VULTURE,
OCK'S ON
OUR SIDE!

WE'VE STOLEN A
LOT OF NEW WEAPONS
SO WE CAN ACHIEVE
OUR GOALS -- WHAT'S
THE HARM IN TESTING
THEM OUT FIRST?

YOU'VE GOTTEN
PRETTY CHUMMY
WITH OCTOPUS,
ELECTRO. YOU
WANTED OCK DEAD
BEFORE--WHY THE
SUDDEN CHANGE?
I SMELL A RAT.

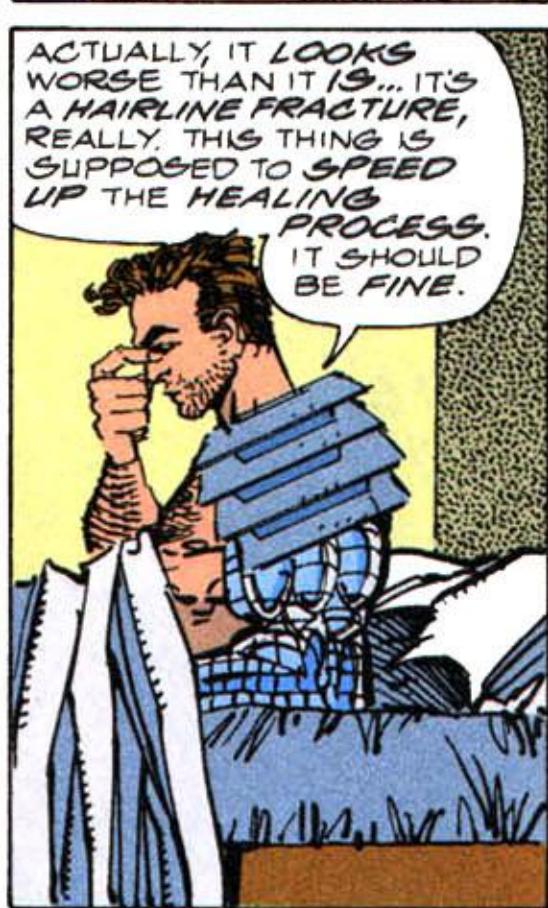
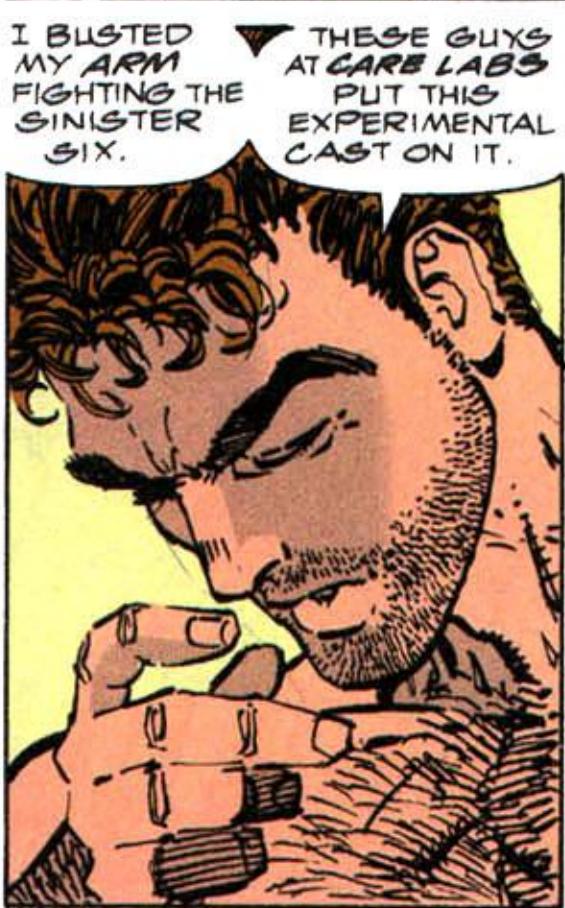
YOU'RE BEING
PARANOID.

HE'S ON
TO ME.

STOP IT,
YOU TWO.

WE GAIN
NOTHING FROM
THIS. YOU'RE DOING
OUR ENEMIES' WORK
FOR THEM, IF YOU
KILL EACH OTHER.

KRAK KRAK KRAK KRAK KRAK



*IT ALL WENT DOWN LAST ISH--D.

NEW JERSEY...

WHY SHOULD
I TRUST YOU--
ANY OF YOU?!

CALM YOURSELF,
VULTURE. WE'RE ALL
IN THIS THING TOGETHER.
WE ALL WIN OR NONE
OF US DO.

PERHAPS WHAT
YOU NEED IS
A PERSUADING
NUDGE IN THE
RIGHT DIRECTION.

OCTOPUS TURNED
SANDMAN INTO
GLASS -- HOW
CAN I BE SURE HE
DOESN'T HAVE A
SIMILAR FATE IN
STORE FOR ME?

HOW CAN I BE
SURE YOU WON'T
BETRAY ME, IF
NOT NOW, THEN
WHEN WE ACHIEVE
OUR GOAL OF
TAKING OVER
THE WORLD?

DON'T TRY ANY
OF YOUR CHEAP
PARLOR TRICKS
ON ME, MYSTERIO.
I'M WISE TO THEM.
I'LL GO ALONG WITH
THE MAJORITY
FOR NOW -- BUT
NO PROMISES
FOR THE FUTURE.
DO YOU HEAR?
NO PROM-
ISES!

HE'S RIGHT TO BE
SUSPICIOUS OF US.
OCK BETRAYED US
BEFORE AND HE MAY
VERY WELL DO SO
AGAIN. I PLAN TO.
THEY ALL UNDER-
ESTIMATE ME. AS
SOON AS WE ATTAIN
OUR GOAL, I'LL SHOW
THEM ALL JUST HOW
POWERFUL I AM.

CLATTER

MANHATTAN.

YEAH. I'M MAKING
YOU A NEW SPIDER-
MAN OUTFIT SO
YOU WON'T HAVE
TO WEAR THAT
AWFUL BLACK
COSTUME AGAIN.

REALLY?

IT'S THE ONLY
ONE YOU'VE GOT
LEFT THAT ISN'T
MUTILATED.

I GUESS I HAVE
BEEN GOING THROUGH
A LOT OF THEM LATELY.

OUCH. MAN--MY HEAD STILL
HURTS. I MUST HAVE
SMACKED IT PRETTY HARD
WHEN I CAME HOME LAST
NIGHT AND SLIPPED ON THAT
ROLLER SKATE.

WHY DON'T YOU GRAB
A SHOWER -- I'M
ALMOST FINISHED
WITH THIS.

HEY, DON'T
MAKE THE
EYES TOO
SMALL.

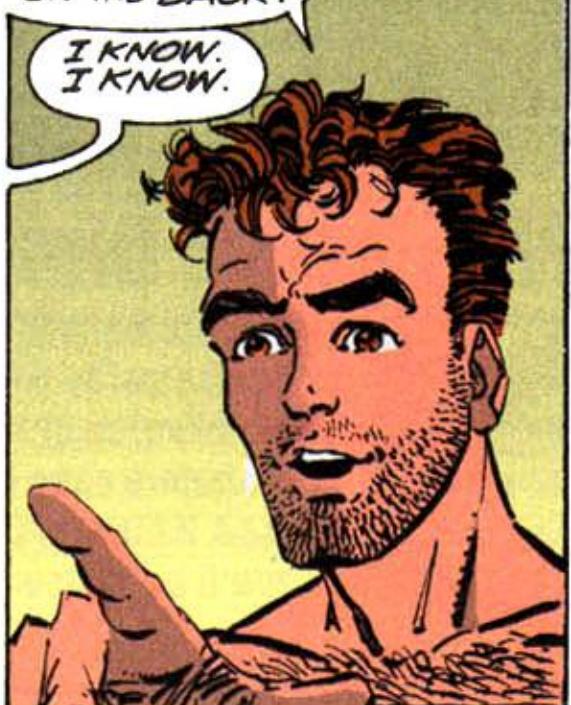
HOW DO YOU EXPECT
ANYBODY TO TAKE
YOU SERIOUSLY
WITH THESE BIG OL'
EYES -- YOU LOOK
LIKE FELIX THE CAT.

OKAY, SO I'M NOT A
TRENDY, MACHO, SHADOW-
DWELLING BUTT-KICKER FOR
THE '90'S. I'M TRYING TO
PROJECT A DIFFERENT
KIND OF IMAGE, YOU KNOW,
"YOUR FRIENDLY NEIGHBOR-
HOOD SPIDER MAN."

BESIDES, THE
BIGGER EYE HOLES
ARE EASIER TO
SEE OUT OF.

THE BIG RED
SPIDER GOES
ON THE BACK.

I KNOW.
I KNOW.



NEW JERSEY.

BRAKK!
FRAKK!



IT'S THE WILL OF THE LORD THAT GUIDES US! THE ALMIGHTY SPEAKS TO ME--HIS WILL IS COMMUNICATED TO ME AND HE COMMANDS ME TO USE MY POWERS TO HELP SPREAD HIS WORD. SOON, ALL THE WORLD WILL BE OURS AND WE CAN SAVE THE SINNERS FROM ETERNAL DAMNATION WITH THE HELP OF THE ONE UP ABOVE.



MANHATTAN.



NEW JERSEY.

OKAY, MEN, THIS SHOULD BE RELATIVELY SIMPLE, HYDRA, A WORLD-WIDE SUBVERSIVE ORGANIZATION, HAS SET UP A SATELLITE CONTROL CENTER IN MANHATTAN FROM WHICH THEY'RE CONTROLLING MOST OF THEIR SPACE TOYS.

THEY'VE GOT ENOUGH FIRE-POWER ORBITING THIS PLANET THAT THEY CAN BLOW IT UP TWENTY TIMES. ONCE WE OVERPOWER THEIR BASE, OUR BATTLE IS AS GOOD AS WON.

THAT BASE, IS TO BE OUR NEW HEADQUARTERS.

WE'RE MOVING...?

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH OUR OLD PARTNER: SANDMAN, THE LIVING STATUE?

THE LIVING GLASS STATUE.

THAT.

LET'S GO.

SHAAA
SHAAA
SHAAA
SHAAA

MANHATTAN.

YOU...
YOU GOT
THE PART?

DID
YOU TAKE
IT?

YES.

UH-HUH.

I CAN'T
BELIEVE
YOU TOOK THE
PART!

WHY
NOT?

PETER -- IT'S A
MOVIE--! IT'S
NOT THE END
OF THE WORLD!

WHAT WILL YOUR COUSIN,
CHRISTIE, THINK--? OR THAT
INCARCERATED MANIAC FAN
OF YOURS, "OFFICER" GOLD-
MAN, WHO WAS FOLLOWING
YOU AROUND KILLING WHAT-
EVER PEOPLE HE THOUGHT
ANNNOYED YOU? WHAT ABOUT
FLASH, HARRY AND J.
JONAH JAMESON??!

I DON'T WANT
THEM TO SEE
YOU NAKED!

YOU'LL BE IN
NUDE SCENES--!

HECK, MJ, YOU KNOW
I'LL SUPPORT WHATEVER
DECISION YOU MAKE--
BUT, PLEASE, YOU'RE A
GOOD ACTRESS AND
OTHER... BETTER ROLES
WILL COME ALONG.

IF THIS IS YOUR IDEA
OF "SUPPORT," IT'S
A DARN GOOD THING
THAT YOU'RE A NEWS
PHOTOGRAPHER AND
NOT A BRASSIERE
MANUFACTURER!

PETER...!

THE SECRET HIDEOUT
OF THE TERRORIST
HUNTER, SOLO.

I WAS
TRICKED.

SOMEHOW, I
WAS MADE TO
BELIEVE THAT I'D
SUCCESSFULLY
TERMINATED
THE SINISTER
SIX.

THEY'RE
ALIVE.

WHOEVER SHOT
AT ME AND
RESCUED DOCTOR
OCTOPUS IS STILL
AT LARGE.*

* HE'S GOT IT ALL MIXED
UP. BET HE'S REFERRING
TO LAST ISSUE.--DANNY

MYSTERIO
MUST HAVE
CAST THE
ILLUSION
THAT I WAS
TRIUMPHANT.*

* CLOSE ENOUGH.
SEE SPIDER-MAN
#20.--DANNY²

WHATEVER THE CASE,
THEY'RE ALIVE, SO MY
JOB ISN'T DONE.

THIS SPECIAL BATH
WILL HELP HEAL
THE WOUNDS SO
RECENTLY INFILCTED.

STILL, EVERY
MOVE... IS IN-
TENSE AGONY.

PLITS ME IN
JUST THE
RIGHT
MOOD...

...TO DEAL WITH
THOSE CREEPS...
PERMANENTLY.



MANHATTAN.



THANKS.



... IDENTIFIED AS THE SUPER VILLAIN TEAM THE SINISTER SIX, CAME OUT OF THE MAMMOTH HOVER-CRAFT AND ENTERED THE BUILDING BEHIND ME, HERE ON 64TH STREET.



THEY'RE BACK!
I'VE GOT TO GO...!

THAT'S
OKAY, I'LL
DO THE
DISHES...



THE AVENGERS AREN'T AROUND EITHER. I GUESS IT'S JUST UP TO ME.

I'LL BRING THIS GUN WITH ME. IT CAN CHANGE THE SANDMAN BACK TO NORMAL. MAYBE I'LL LUCK OUT AND THEY'LL HAVE BROUGHT HIM ALONG.



THE REMAINS
AT CARE LABS
MANHATTAN

OVER
HERE,
DUGAN...!*

I'M COMING,
ALREADY.
KEEP YOUR
SHIRT ON--
I'M NOT AS
YOUNG AS
I USED TO
BE.

*THIS STORY
TAKES PLACE
BEFORE CUR-
RENT S.H.I.E.L.D.
ISSUES.--D.

IT'S
DEATHLOK,
SIR.

DIGGING FOR
SURVIVORS
OF THE SINISTER
SIX'S ATTACK,
WE CAN ACROSS
HIM.

PROBABLY--
I MISSED
THE WHOLE
FIGHT. I
WENT TO GRAB
A BURGER.

HE LOOKS LIKE
HE'S IN PRETTY
BAD SHAPE. WE
FOUND HIM AT THE
BOTTOM OF AN
ELEVATOR SHAFT.

PLUS, I'LL
BET HE TOOK
A LOT OF
PUNISHMENT
IN THE BATTLE.

OH... I ACHE ALL
OVER. COMPUTER,
ARE YOU THERE?

Affirmative

HOW COME
WE CAN'T
MOVE?

SYSTEMS UPDATE:
Brain/body Interface
successfully disrupted
by Maxwell Dillon a.k.a.
"Electro."

Self-repair routines in
progress. Approximately
50 minutes until motor
functions are restored.

HYDRA'S HIDDEN
SATELLITE CONTROL
CENTER. MANHATTAN.

BRAK!

BRAK!

BRAK!

BRAK!



FUWUP
FUWUP
FUWUP





CHOOOM!
CHOOOM!

FRAK

FRAK
FRAK

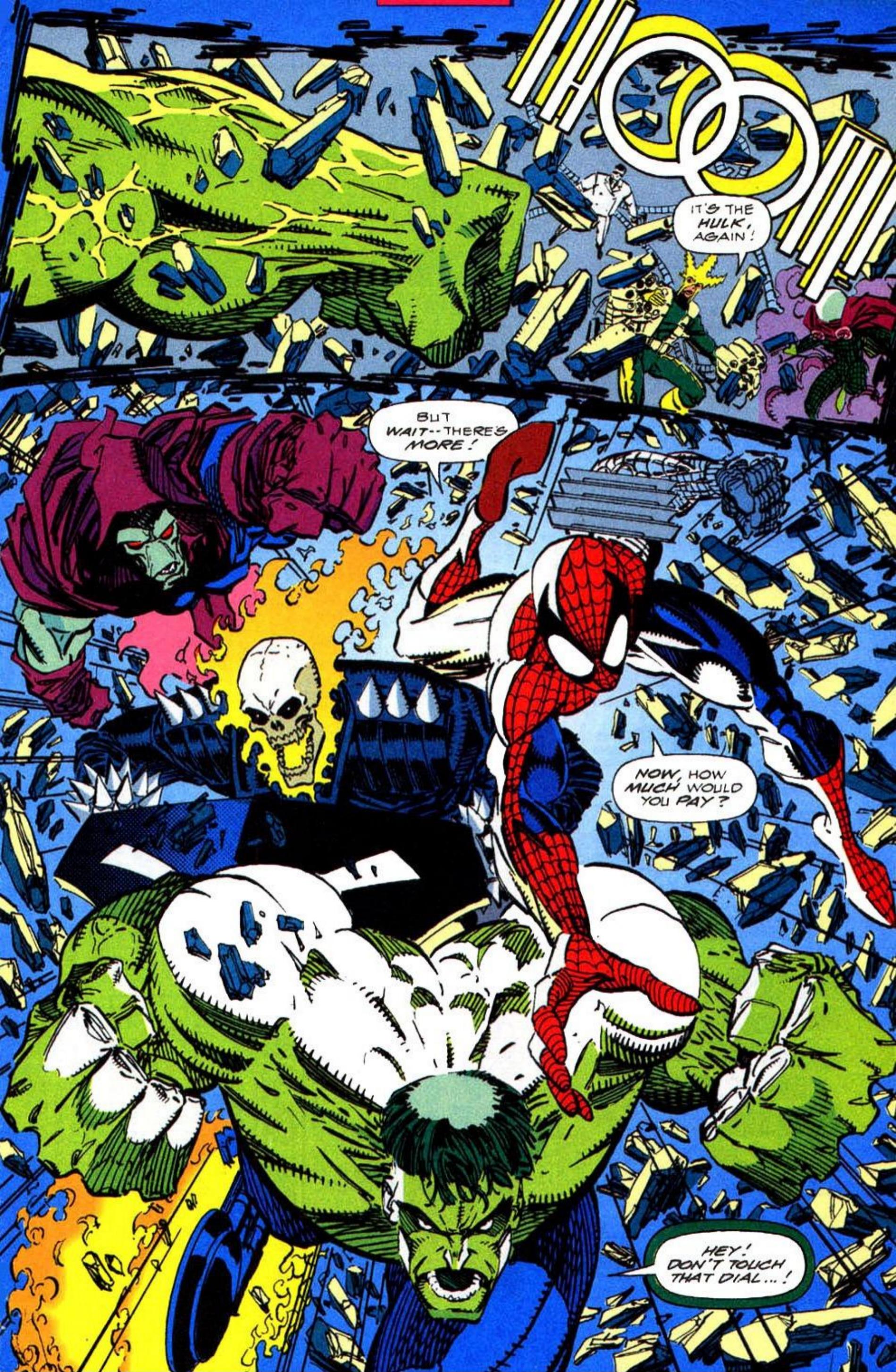
FRAK

FZAPPI

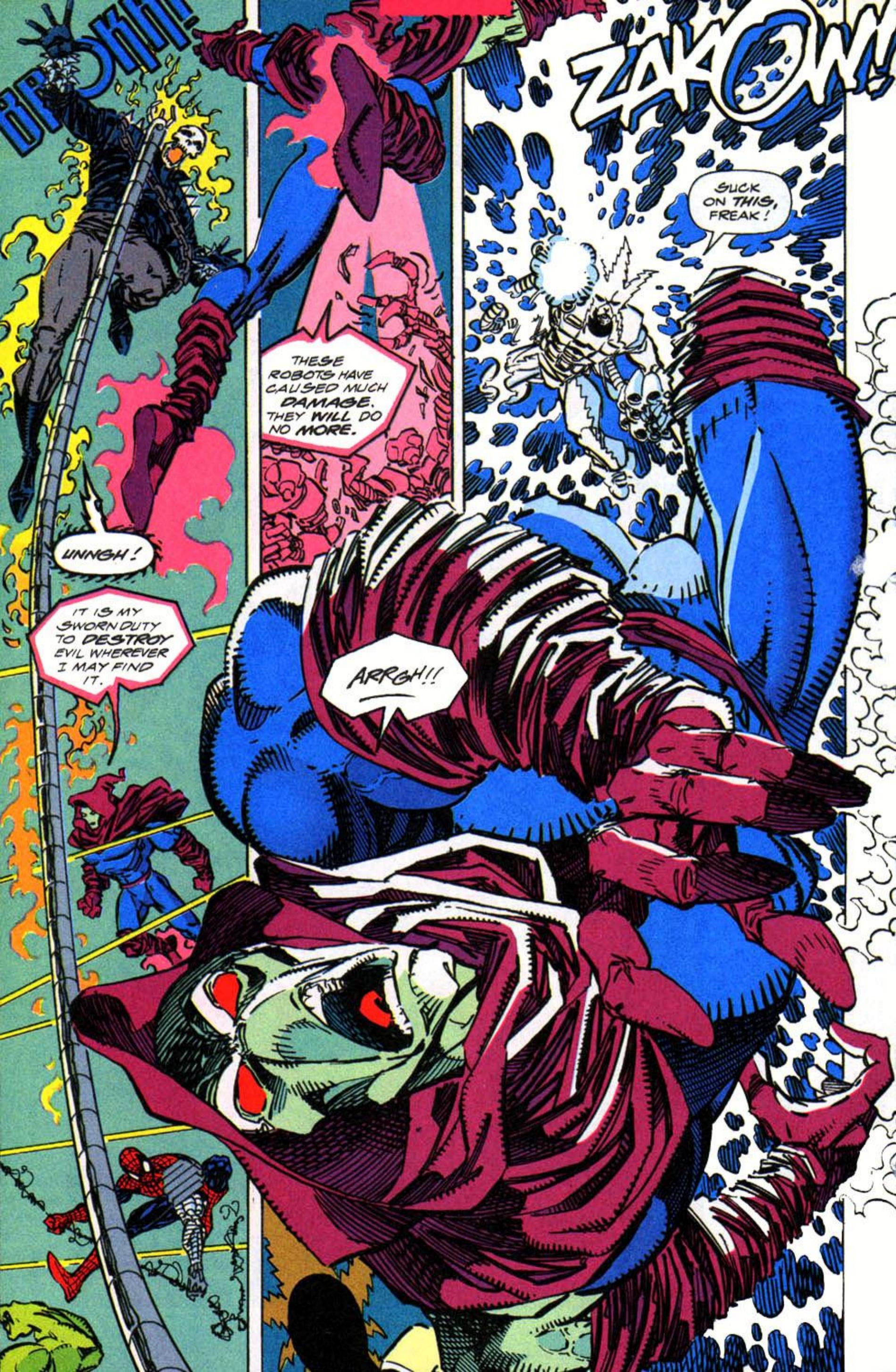
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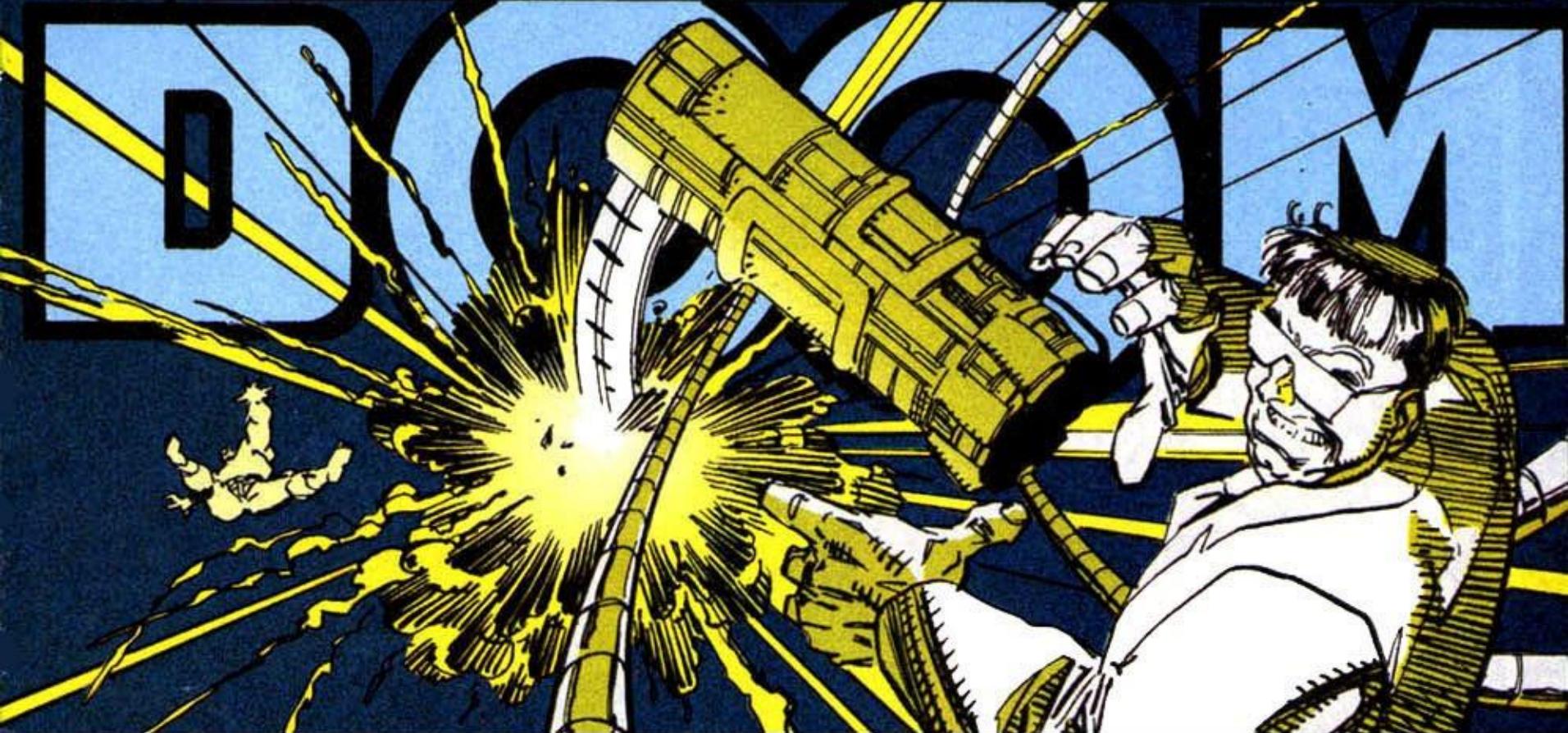
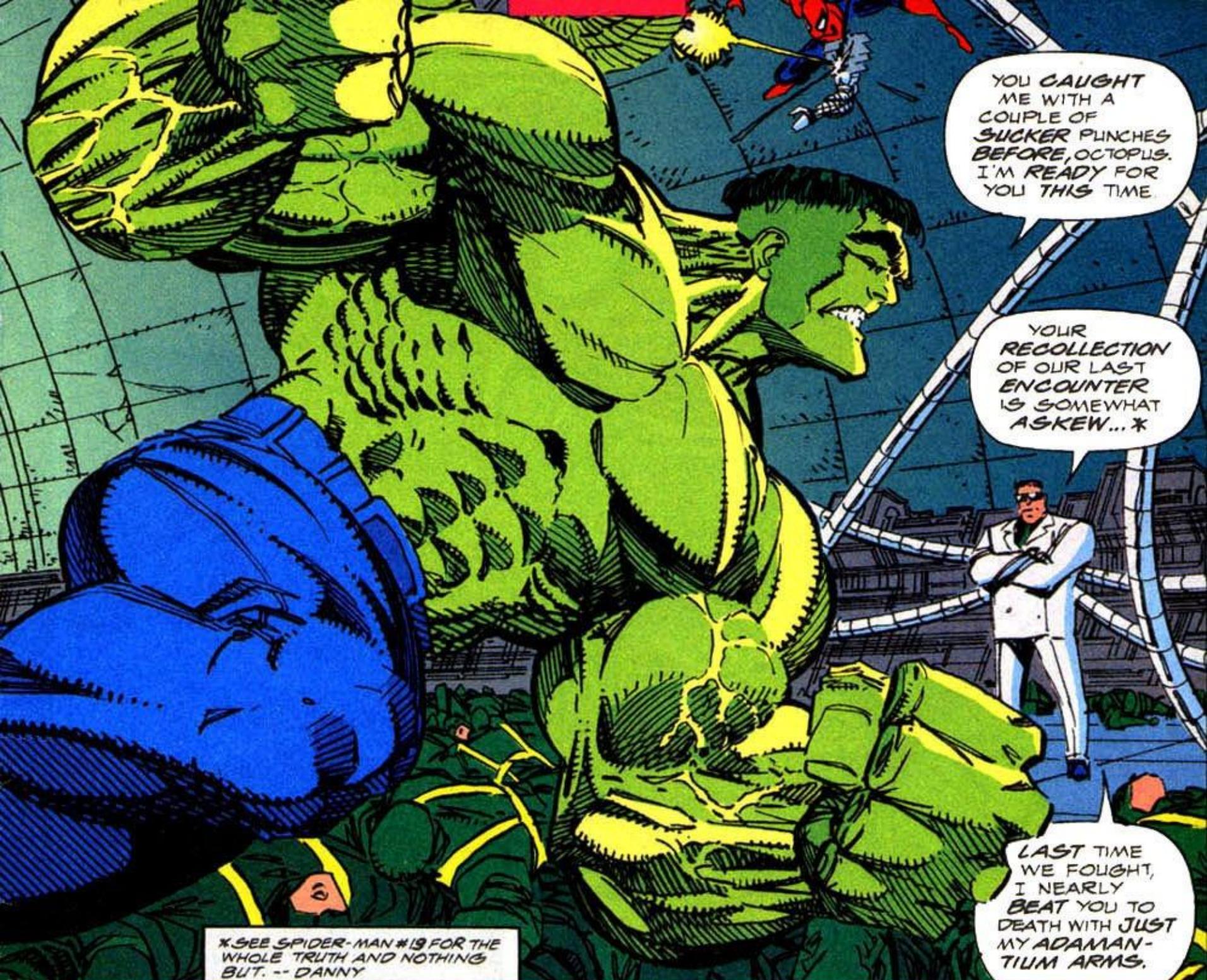
EEAAAUGH!



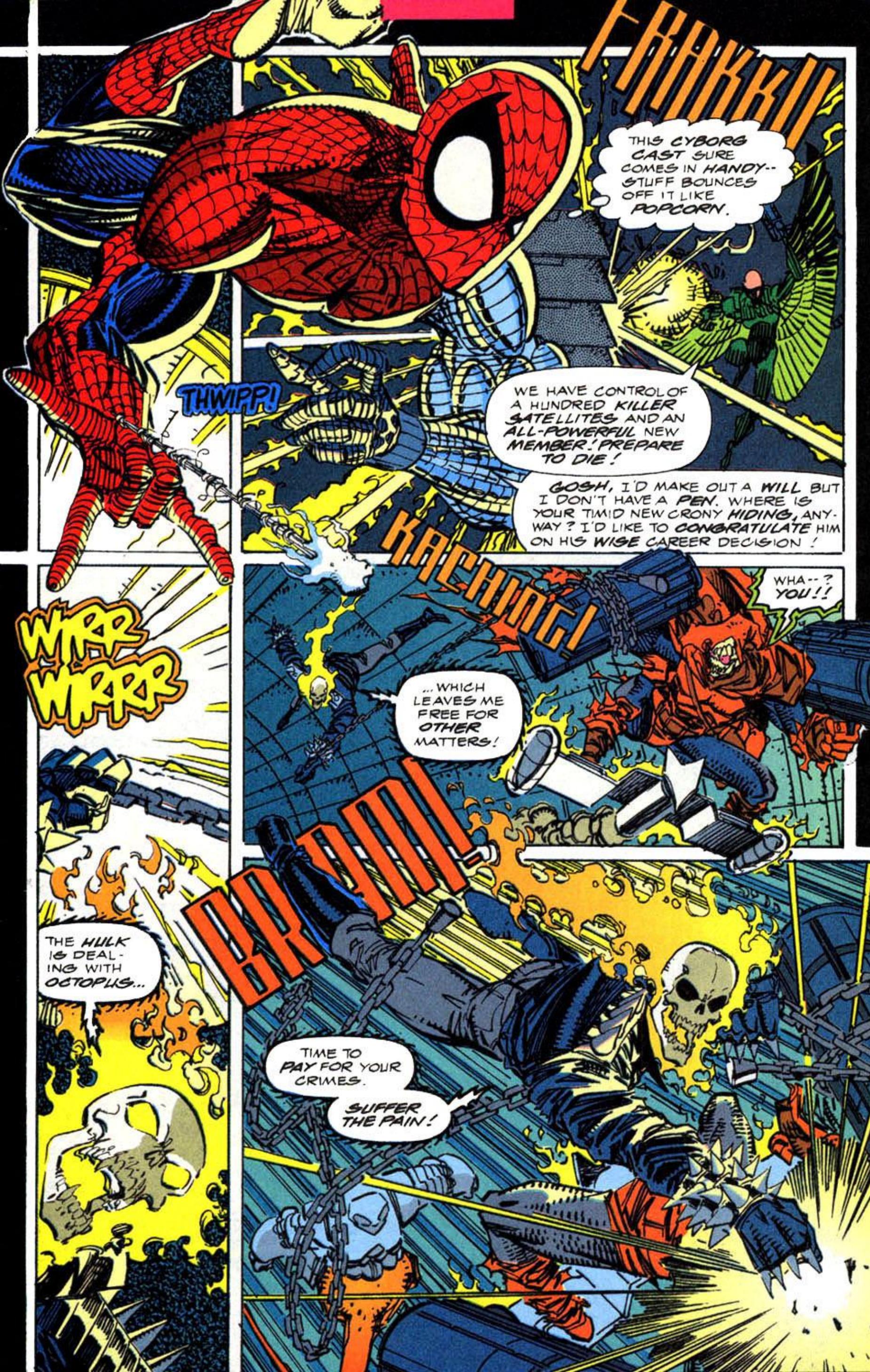


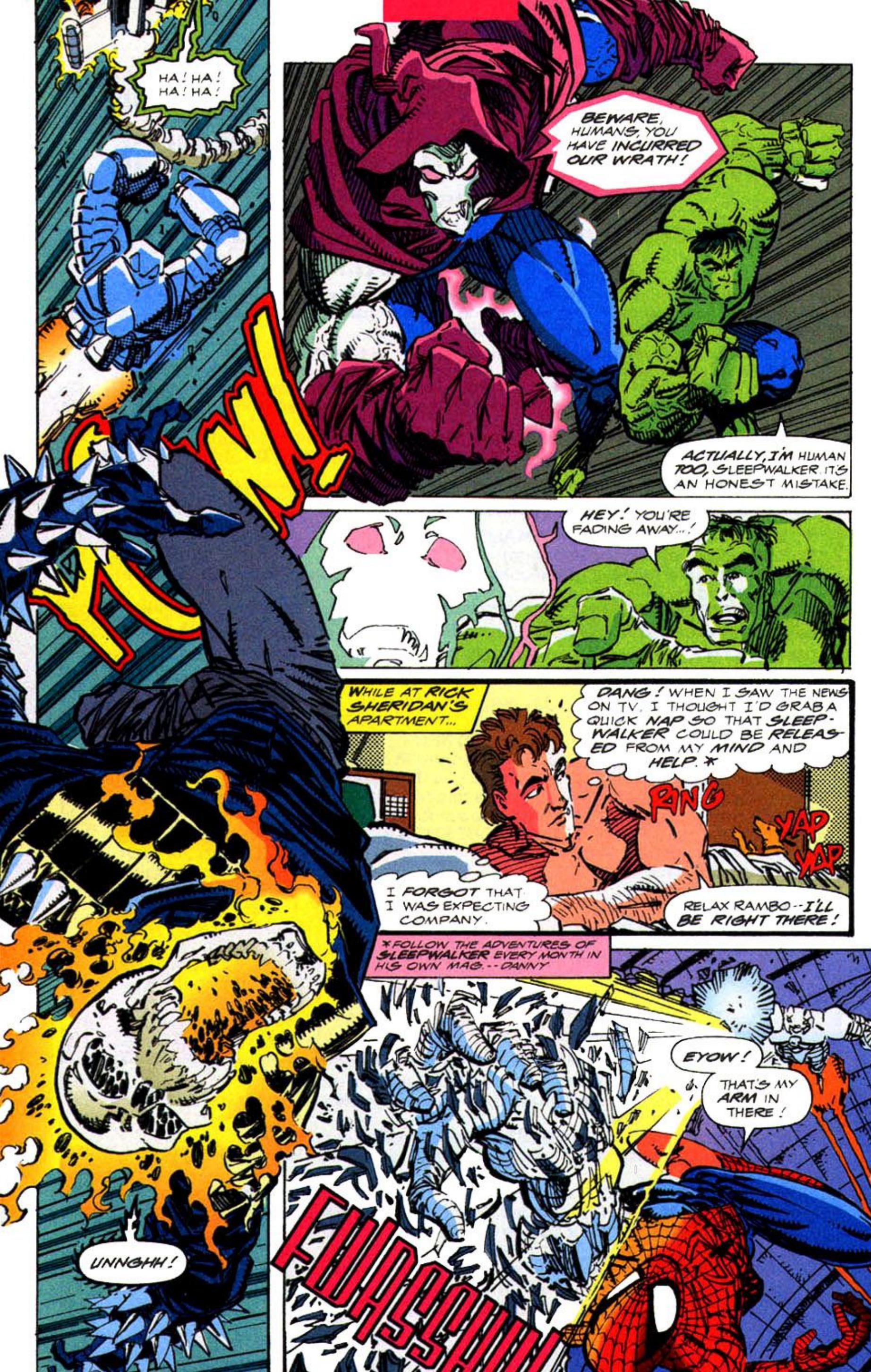
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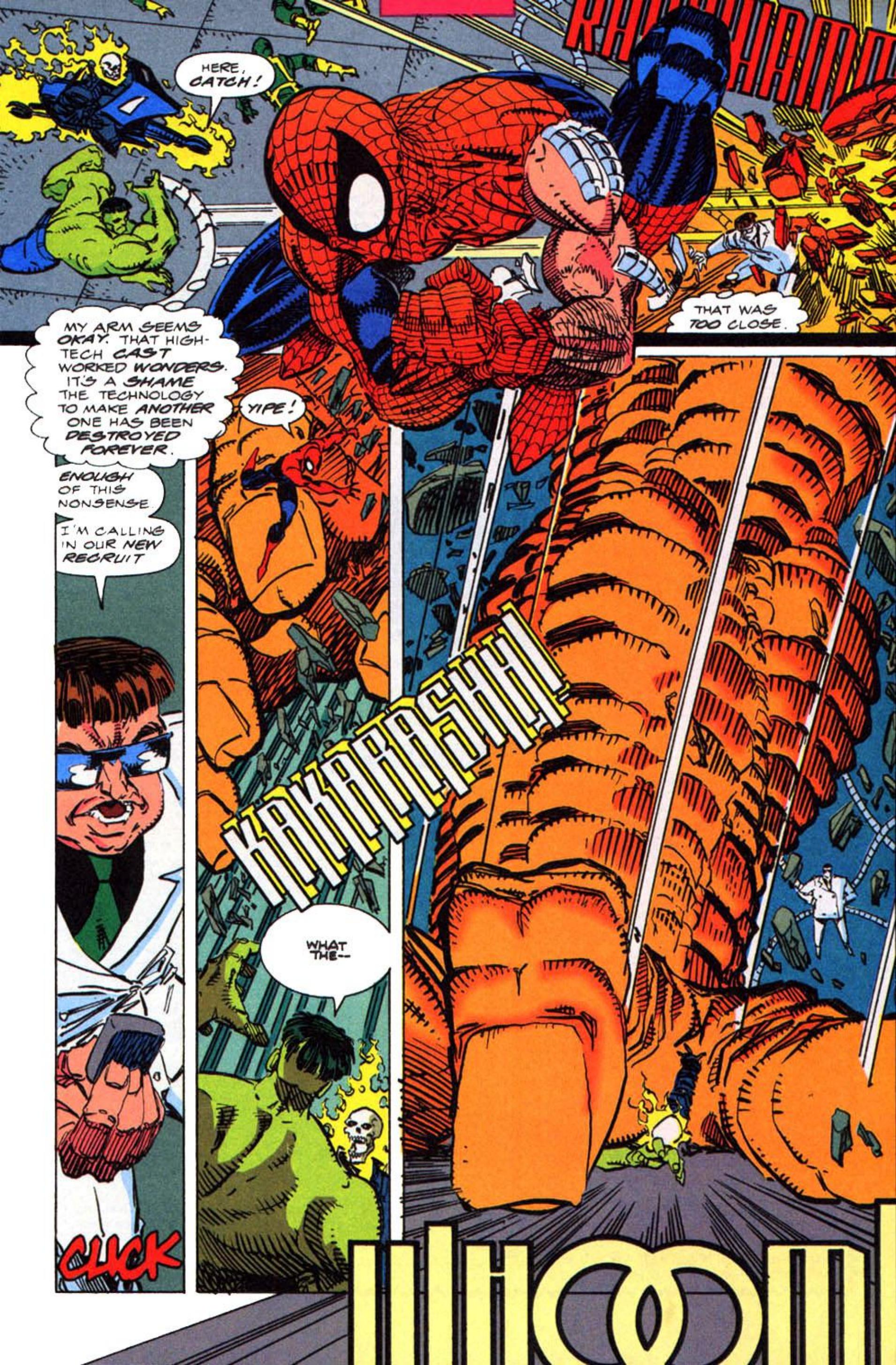




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ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE YOU
TO OUR SIXTH
MEMBER, AN OLD
FRIEND OF OUR
DEAR, DEPARTED
PARTNER, KRAVEN
THE HUNTER.
I GIVE YOU...

GOG!

I'LL TELL
YOU WHAT...

...LET'S
CALL IT A
DRAW.

NEXT: THE STUNNING CONCLU-
SION! ACTION A' PLENTY!
GUEST-STARS GALORE!
A GATEFOLD COVER!
NEED WE SAY
MORE?! BE HERE!