ANNUAL

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FABELA

The Wedding Swinger!

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Prologue: Several Years Ago.
Portland, Oregon.
GNF--
CHOK
NGF--
GRRN--
LAURA!
WHUMP
OGF--

UNGH--LAU--LAURA...
LAURA! GET THE KIDS OUT! GET OUT OF THE HOUSE!
GET--
THWAK
PLEASE... JUST--
JUST LET MY FAMILY GO...

PLEASE...

THE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN IN:

PETER PARKER MUST DIE!

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GALE, GUGGENHEIM, KELLY, SLOTT & WAID WEB-HEADS

Today.

MY NAME IS PETER PARKER.

YOU WOULDN'T RECOGNIZE MY FACE, BUT YOU WOULD KNOW MY SECRET IDENTITY AS THE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN.

I'VE FOUGHT WOLVERINE AND THE HULK. I'VE GONE TOE-TO-TOE WITH DOCTOR DOOM AND THE JUGGERNAUT.

I EVEN FOUGHT A SENTINEL ONCE.

BUT WHAT I'M DOING TONIGHT MIGHT JUST BE THE THING THAT KILLS ME.

IT'S CALLED "DINNER WITH MY BROTHER-IN-LAW-TO-BE."

The Top Of The Hub Restaurant. Boston, Massachusetts.

OTHERWISE KNOWN AS AN "ENGAGEMENT PARTY."

DON'T ASK ME WHY THE HECK WE HAD TO THROW IT IN BOSTON.

ASK THE GROOM.

SO WHAT'RE WE DOING THROWING THIS THING IN BOSTON ANYWAY, DAD?

PETER--

WHAT? IT'S TOO SOON TO CALL HIM "DAD"?

DON'T BE RUDE. JAY WAS NICE ENOUGH TO FLY US ALL UP HERE--

AND, IN ANY CASE, HE'S NOT GOING TO BECOME YOUR *FATHER.*

YOU WISH, JONAH. BECAUSE THAT WOULD MAKE YOU--

DON'T SAY IT.

--IT WOULD MAKE YOU MY *BROTHER.*

SHUT. UP.

YOU GOT IT... BRO.

ONE, HELL HASN'T FROZEN OVER YET.
TWO, IT WOULD BE STEP-BROTHERS AND THAT'S ONLY IF:
THREE, MY FATHER WAS MARRYING YOUR MOTHER NOT YOUR AUNT.

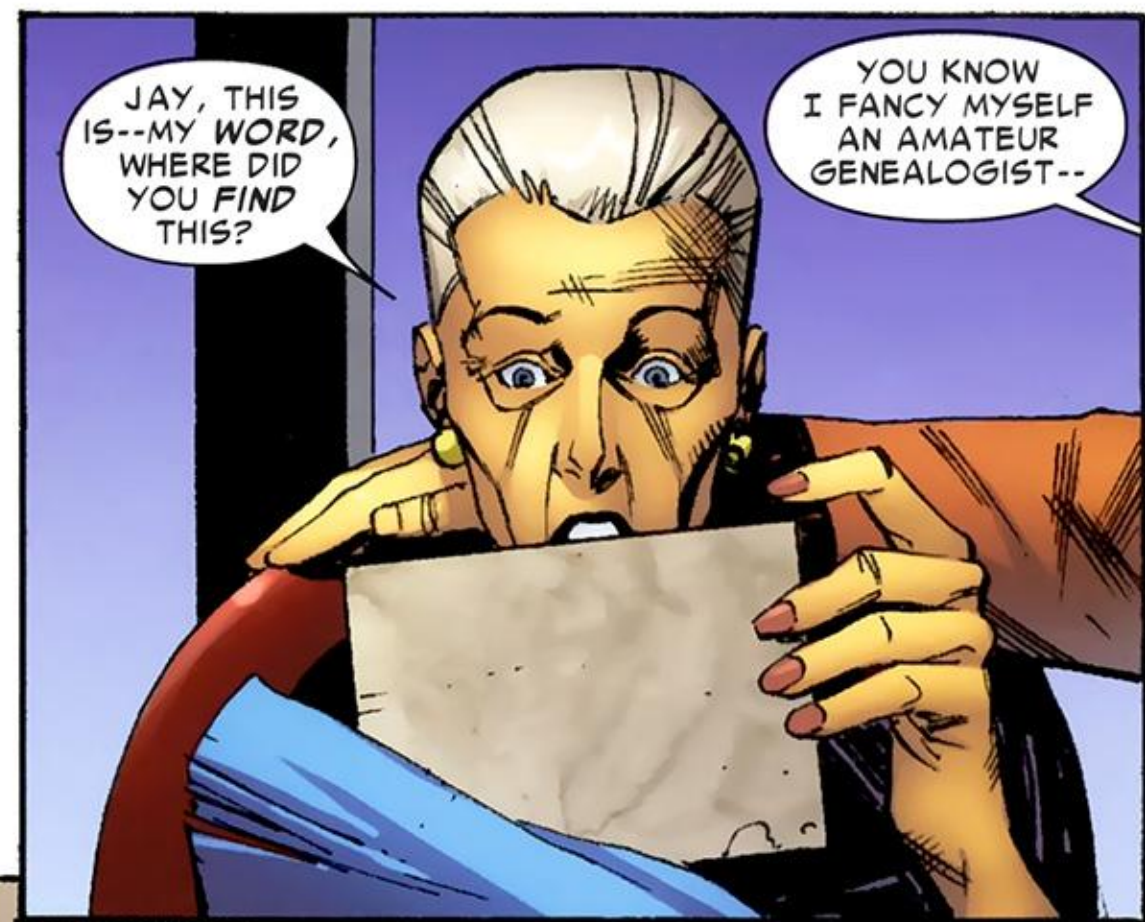
WELL, SHE'S LIKE A MOTHER TO ME, BRO.
CALL ME "BRO" ONE MORE TIME, PARKER, AND I'LL LIGHT A CIGAR JUST TO PUT IT OUT IN YOUR EYE.
SEE, WE'RE FIGHTING LIKE SIBLINGS ALREADY.

BUT SERIOUSLY, MR. JAMESON, I DIDN'T KNOW YOU HAD ANY AFFECTION FOR BOSTON.
I DON'T, PETER. FOR ONE THING, I'M A YANKEES FAN.
BUT AS IT HAPPENS, BOSTON FIGURES RATHER PROMINENTLY INTO THE ENGAGEMENT GIFT I'M GIVING YOUR AUNT.

YOU'RE PRESENT ENOUGH, J.J.
PLEASE, MAY. ALLOW AN OLD MAN HIS WHIMS.
SO WHAT'S THIS GIFT? A POT OF BEANS? BAD WEATHER? FUNNY ACCENT?

YOU'LL SEE, PETER. BUT FIRST--
HERE IT COMES.
FIRST, I'D LIKE TO MAKE A TOAST.
TRY TO IMAGINE MY GALLOPING SHOCK.

TO MAY. MY BRIDE-TO-BE. MY SOUL AND SOULMATE.
WHAT I WOULDN'T GIVE FOR AN ATTACK BY THE SINISTER SIX RIGHT ABOUT NOW.
OR EVEN THE TICKLISH TWO.
THE WOMAN WHO PUTS A SONG IN MY HEART.
SERIOUSLY, WHERE'S THE HOBGOBLIN WHEN YOU NEED HIM?
AND A SPRING IN MY STEP.
DID HYPNO-HUSTLER RETIRE?
AND FIRE IN MY LOINS.
JAY!
URC--
YOU FEELING ALL RIGHT, PARKER?
JUST FEELING A LITTLE...
...NAUSEOUS.
MAKES TWO OF US.
MORE WINE!



THIS IS A PICTURE OF *ME* WITH MY... FAMILY--

THESE ARE THE *REILLYS*.

NO, NO, THEY'RE NOT.
I THINK I CAN RECOGNIZE MY OWN FAMILY, JAY. THESE ARE DEFINITELY THE REILLYS.
THAT'S MY UNCLE HORACE. THAT'S MY UNCLE BILL AND HIS WIFE CLAUDIA.
THAT'S THEIR SON SAM AND THEIR DAUGHTER JULIA.
THAT'S MY FATHER AND MY MOTHER. THAT'S MY YOUNGER SISTER, JAN.

HE GIVES HER A PHOTOGRAPH AS A GIFT.
AND PEOPLE THINK I'M CHEAP.
THEY DON'T THINK YOU'RE CHEAP, JONAH.
THANKS, ROBBIE.
THEY KNOW YOU'RE CHEAP. IT'S WELL-DOCUMENTED.

THAT'S NOT THE REILLYS, MAY.
THAT'S A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE REILLYS.

NOW THESE--
THESE ARE THE REILLYS.
HELLO, MAY!
JAN! HOW DID--?

YOU ASKED ME WHERE I FOUND THE PHOTOGRAPH?
I GOT IT FROM THEM.
OH MY...JAY YOU DEAR MAN.
THIS IS MY FAMILY!

GUESS THAT EXPLAINS BOSTON, DOESN'T IT?
WHAT THE HELL IS THIS, PARKER? I HAVE A CITY TO RUN!
I'M NOT SURE, BUT IT'S LOOKING A HECKUVA LOT LIKE MY FAMILY.

FEH!
I HATE FAMILY.
I PAID TOO MUCH FOR THIS WINE.

SAM, THIS IS MY NEPHEW, PETER.
IT'S UNBELIEVABLE TO MEET YOU.
WHAT'S SO UNBELIEVABLE ABOUT IT?
WELL, IT'S JUST--
YOU GUYS GOT FOOD HERE, RIGHT?

YOU HAVE TO WONDER.

SIX MONTHS OF SURVEILLANCE, AND IT'S A *FAMILY REUNION* THAT DRAWS HIM OUT.

LUCK OR FATE.

...IS IT THAT A CATCH LIKE YOU ISN'T MARRIED?

ARE YOU HITTING ON ME, AUNT JULIA?

GOOD DEFLECTION.

I'VE HAD PRACTICE.

SERIOUSLY. YOU DON'T WANT TO GET MARRIED? OR YOU'RE GAY, MAYBE?

I'M NOT GAY.

I DON'T JUDGE. I'M "DOWN WITH IT," AS THEY SAY.

DO "THEY" SAY THAT ANYMORE?

MY DAUGHTERS DO.

THOSE ARE YOUR DAUGHTERS?

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YOUR COUSINS.

I WISH I WAS GAY I WISH I WAS GAY I WISH I WAS GAY...

I'M... UM...

I WAS GONNA GO WITH PETER.

I'M ALEXA.

SPEECHLESS?

YOU DON'T SOUND TOO SURE.

I RARELY AM.

PETER--

THIS IS SO WRONG. SERIOUSLY, IT'S GROSSER THAN VENOM'S TOOTHBRUSH.

I WANT YOU TO MEET MY SISTER, JAN.

JAN? MAY? WHAT, YOU GUYS HAVE A MIDDLE SISTER NAMED *APRIL?* HEH.

THE BLACK SHEEP OF THE FAMILY. SHE STOPPED SPEAKING TO US YEARS AGO. WE DON'T LIKE TO TALK ABOUT HER.

...

SORRY.

AWWWWWWWK. WAAAAAARD.

SO, MAY TELLS ME YOU'RE IN JOURNALISM.

FREELANCE PHOTOGRAPHER, ACTUALLY.

YOU REMIND ME OF OUR UNCLE HORACE.

REALLY?

HE WAS DIRECTIONLESS, TOO. DIED BANKRUPT AND ALONE...

SO TO SUM UP...

I'M A TERMINAL BACHELOR IN A DEAD-END JOB WHO'S GOT THE HOTS FOR HIS COUSINS.
I FINALLY MEET THE FAMILY I ALWAYS WANTED AND NEVER KNEW I HAD AND I END UP FEELING LOUSY ABOUT MYSELF.
TYPICAL.
FACE IT, PETE, WISHING A FAMILY REUNION WOULD GET INTERRUPTED BY AN ATTACKING SUPER VILLAIN IS THE HEIGHT OF PATHETIC.
OR IS THAT THE DEPTH OF PATHETIC?
NADIR?
NO! I MEANT I WISHED THE FAMILY REUNION WOULD GET INTERRUPTED BY AN ATTACKING MEGAN FOX!
THEY'RE GONNA CHARGE YOU FOR THAT WINDOW, Y'KNOW.
I CAN'T TELL YOU HOW LONG I'VE WAITED FOR THIS MOMENT...
CHIK

UM...CAN I HELP YOU WITH SOMETHING?
YES, YOU CAN DIE IN AGONY.
WHO IS THIS GUY?
SORRY.
IS THERE ANYTHING ELSE I CAN HELP YOU WITH?
CHOK
SHOK
IS HE JUST SOME RANDOM NUTCASE?
OR IS HE AFTER PETER PARKER FOR A REASON?

WHY WOULD HE BE AFTER ME, THE PETER-ME?
I MEAN, THE WORST THING I'VE DONE LATELY IS PICTURE MY COUSINS NAKED.
C'MERE!
GNF--
ONLY THING I KNOW FOR SURE IS THERE'S ONLY SO MUCH FIGHTING BACK I CAN DO WITHOUT RUINING THE 'OL SECRET IDENTITY.
OH MY GOD! SOME MASKED MAN IS TRYING TO KILL ME!
I'M SO TERRIFIED!
OKAY, SO MAYBE NOT THE BEST IDEA EVER.

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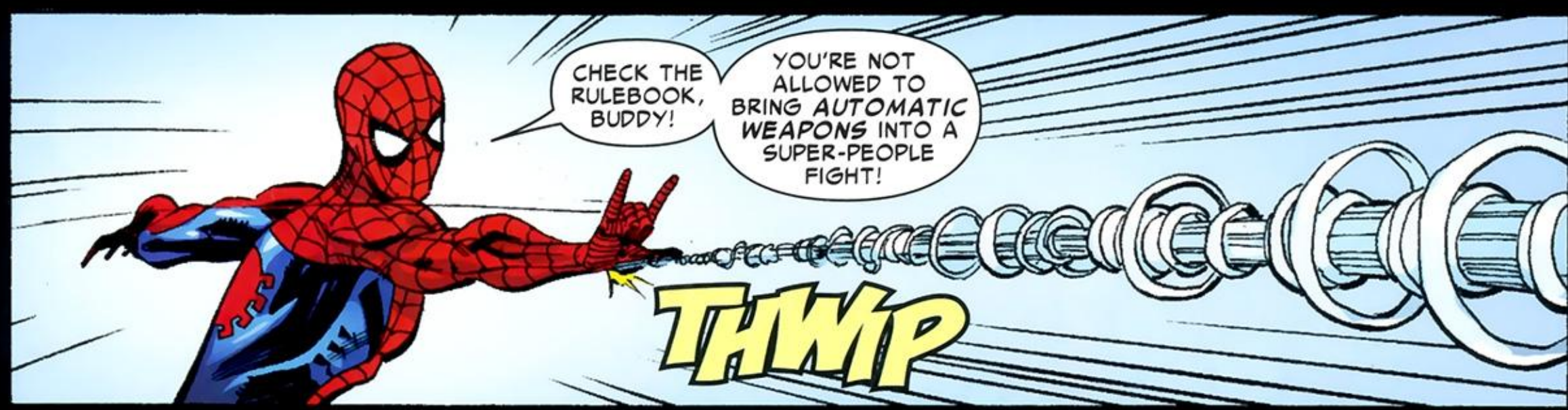
GRM... GNH...
THAT... HURT.
WHERE DID HE GO?
WHERE COULD HE HAVE GONE?
PAL, IF YOU WERE LOOKING FOR SOMEONE TO TRADE PUNCHES WITH...
...YOU COULD'VE CALLED ME. I'M MORE IN YOUR LEAGUE.
THAT WAS A COMPLIMENT, BY THE WAY.
SPIDER-MAN?! HERE?
WICKED AH-SOME
NO! DAMMIT, I DON'T HAVE TIME FOR THIS...

WHAT, THEY DON'T HAVE SUPER HEROES HERE IN "BAHSTIN"?
IT'S A GOOD POINT. SPIDER-MAN'S MANHATTAN-BASED.
HE SHOULDN'T EVEN BE HERE.
CHAK
YOU GOTTA GO PICKING ON ORDINARY FOLKS?
HE'S NOT ORDINARY.
YOU DON'T KNOW THE FIRST THING ABOUT HIM.
THWIPT
TELL YOU THIS, IF IT'S A SUPER HERO/SUPER VILLAIN FIGHT YOU WANT...
I'M ONLY TOO HAPPY TO PROVIDE BEATDOWNS OF SUPER-VILLAINY TYPES--FOR A NOMINAL FEE.
TWANG
THE DETAILS ARE ON MY WEBSITE: WWW.IWANTTOGETMYBUTTKICKEDBYSPIDER-MAN.COM.
OH, AND WATCH FOR THE TRUCK.
FOOO

I'M NOT A SUPER VILLAIN.
ALL NATURAL
SORRY. I DIDN'T KNOW THERE WAS A POLITICALLY CORRECT TERM FOR IT NOW.
WHAT IS IT? "SUPER-POWERED, SOCIALLY CHALLENGED INDIVIDUAL"? "SUPER-POWERED AMERICAN"?
I'M JUST A GUY.
A GUY WITH MACHINE GUNS?
...A GUY WITH NOTHING LEFT TO LOSE.
BRAKABRAKA BRAKABRAKA BRAKABRAKA BRAKABRAKA BRAKABRAKA BRAKABRAKA
FOUL! FLAG ON THE PLAY!


CHECK THE RULEBOOK, BUDDY!
YOU'RE NOT ALLOWED TO BRING *AUTOMATIC WEAPONS* INTO A SUPER-PEOPLE FIGHT!
THWIP

UNLESS YOU'RE THE *PUNISHER* 'CAUSE, Y'KNOW, WHO'S GONNA TELL *HIM* IT'S AGAINST THE RULES?

I'M VERY SORRY, BUT THE REF HAS AWARDED ME A PENALTY KICK.

DAMN, THAT'S *FUNNY*. MY SIDES HURT, TRULY.
NOT AS MUCH AS YOUR *HEAD*, OF COURSE--
SHUNK

GGGK--

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I'VE GOT ENOUGH PROBLEMS IN THE *BIG APPLE* WITHOUT YOU MAKING A WHOLE OTHER *CITY* HATE ME!

WEBBING WILL PROTECT MY WOUNDS FOR AN HOUR, SO LET'S FINISH THIS QUICKLY.

KICK HIS *BAHDY-AHMAHED* BUTT, SPIDEY!

JETER SUCKS!

YOU HEAR THAT? EVEN A *RED SOX FAN* HAS THE GOOD SENSE TO KNOW YOU'RE A BADDIE.

HE SHOT MY FRIEND, GET HIM, *SPIDAH MAHN!*

YEAH, GIVE HIM A *WICKED* BEAT-DOWN!

SPIDAH-MAHN RAHCKS!

I GOTTA BE HONEST WITH YOU, THE "*BAHSTIN*" ACCENT HAS NEVER SOUNDED SO MELODIC.

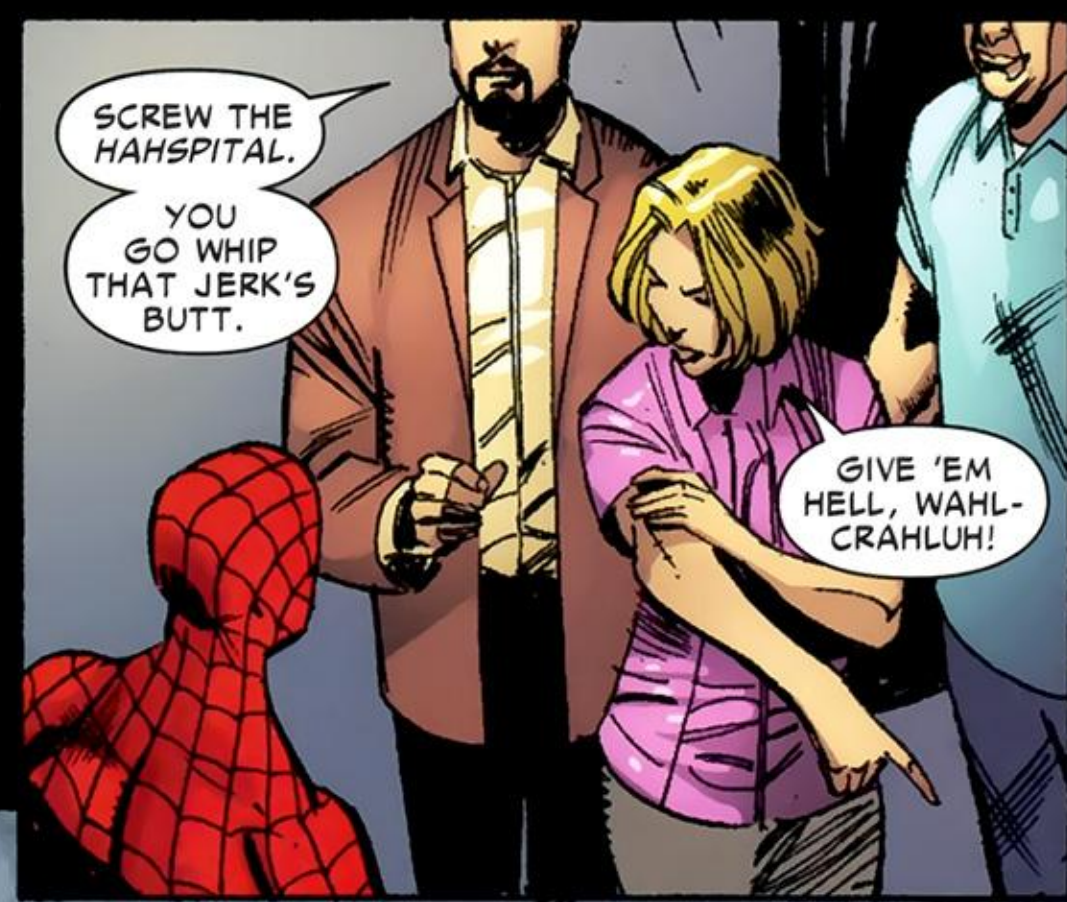
THEY LOVE ME LIKE A ROOM TEMPERATURE TED WILLIAMS!

THIS HAS GONE ALL WRONG.

THIS SPIDER RUINED *EVERYTHING.*

SHNKT

ENOUGH!



YEAH!

GO GET THAT GUMP, SPIDEY!

GO GET HIM!

BOOT THAT CHOWDA-HEAD!

JETER SUCKS!

WOW.

BUT I THINK I LOVE THIS TOWN.

INSIDES FEEL LIKE I DRANK GASOLINE WITH A LIT-MATCH CHASER.
AT LEAST THE WEBBING'S KEEPING MY INSIDES INSIDE.
A BUS-BOAT!
WOW! WHAT A GREAT IDEA!
0002250
I WANT TO SEE THE SIGHTS! I'M REALLY GETTING TO LIKE IT HERE.
YA MIND IF WE STOP TO SEE MAYDAY MALONE'S PLACE?
KEEP DRIVING.
BY THE WAY, HANDSOME, WE HAVEN'T BEEN PROPERLY INTRODUCED.
I'M SPIDER-MAN.

WHAT'S YOUR NOM DE SUPER VILLAIN?
RAPTOR.
WELL, "RAPTOR," I DON'T KNOW WHO YOUR COSTUME DESIGNER IS, BUT YOU DON'T EXACTLY HAVE A BIRD OF PREY LOOK.
HAVE YOU THOUGHT ABOUT SOME WINGS? SOME FEATHERS ON THE SHOULDERS, MAYBE?
NOT THE BIRD KIND OF RAPTOR.
VELOCIRAPTOR.
SHAAARK NNNNCH
HEY! NO NECKING ON THE FIRST DATE!

AT LEAST, NOT WITHOUT BUYING ME *DINNER* FIRST.

AND *I* DON'T COUNT AS DINNER!

HEY, DRIVER! THANKS FOR THE TOUR!
BUMMED I MISSED THE PART WHERE YOU TAKE THIS THING INTO THE WATER!

AH WELL, VACATIONS NEVER GO AS PLANNED!
ARE WE HAVING FUN YET, RAP-*TUH?*
GNF--
DAMMIT, WHY WON'T THIS MANIAC LEAVE ME *ALONE?*

Y'KNOW, POLITICALLY SPEAKING, BOSTON'S A PRETTY *LIBERAL* TOWN, SO...

...WHAT SAY WE VIOLATE THE SECOND AMENDMENT A LITTLE BIT HERE, AND TAKE AWAY YOUR RIGHT TO BEAR ARMS!

THE MOST IMPORTANT DAY OF MY LIFE--

--A DAY HE'S *RUINED*--

--AND HE'S MAKING *JOKES*.

HAVE TO GET AWAY FROM THIS *LUNATIC*...

HEY, WHERE YOU GOING?

NO! THE FOOL IS KNOCKING ME OFF BALANCE!

GNF--
HNG--
THWANG
FINALLY. SAFE FROM--
'SCUSE ME, SIR?
CAN YOU HELP ME SPELL "YAZTRZEMSKI"?
YOU'RE INSANE...
THAT'S NICE TO HEAR.
BY THE WAY, THE POT LEFT A MESSAGE FOR YOU, KETTLE...
STOP!

YOU HAD NO BUSINESS GETTING INVOLVED IN THIS! *NONE!* YOU HEAR ME, YOU SICK FREAK?!?!

I TOTALLY HEAR YOU, BUT HERE'S THE THING: WHEN BAD GUYS--

--THAT WOULD BE YOU--

--ATTACK INNOCENT CIVILIANS--

--THAT WOULD BE THE GUY IN THE BATHROOM--

--SUPER HEROES--A/K/A GUYS LIKE ME--TEND TO GET INVOLVED.

IT'S PRACTICALLY A UNION REQUIREMENT. IF I DON'T COME TO AT LEAST THREE RESCUES A MONTH, I LOSE MY HEALTH AND PENSION.

NO!

YOU'VE GOT IT ALL WRONG--

TRUE, I DON'T GET HEALTH AND THE PENSION HAS BEEN SUCKED DRY--

YOU'VE NO IDEA--

WAIT. FIRST THINGS FIRST.

LET'S GET A LOOK AT THAT PRETTY BABY FACE...

ONE LOOK AT THIS GUY TELLS ME--

YOU HAVE NO IDEA WHAT'S REALLY GOING ON HERE!!!

--APART FROM THE FACT HE'S CUCKOO FOR COCOA PUFFS--

--THAT I'VE NEVER LAID EYES ON HIM BEFORE IN MY *LIFE.*

OKAY, SO HELP ME OUT WITH THAT. WHAT'S "REALLY GOING ON"?
WHAT DO YOU HAVE AGAINST PETER PARKER ANYWAY?

WHO?
YOU'RE TELLING ME YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW THE NAME OF THE GUY YOU'RE TRYING TO KILL?

OF COURSE I DO.
THAT NAME IS TATTOOED ON MY SOUL.
THAT NAME IS POISON IN MY MOUTH.
HE KILLED MY FAMILY!

FELLAH, YOU'RE A FEW STOPS PAST LOONEYVILLE ON THE INSANITY TRAIN 'CAUSE PETER PARKER WOULD NEVER HURT A--
HIS NAME'S NOT PETER PARKER!

HIS NAME IS BEN REILLY!

TIME FREEZES.

THE CARS PASS BELOW US LIKE FALLING RAIN.

SOMEWHERE, A CHILD LAUGHS.

A CAR HONKS.

AND MY WORLD GROWS COLD.

BEN REILLY.

A NAME I HAVEN'T HEARD IN *YEARS.*

A NAME I THOUGHT I'D NEVER HEAR AGAIN.

BEN REILLY...

BEN REILLY IS *ME*.

A *CLONE* OF ME ANYWAY.

A *DUPLICATE* CREATED BY A *LUNATIC*.

JUST ANOTHER PLOT TO DESTROY SPIDER-MAN.

ANOTHER ATTEMPT TO *KILL* ME.

BEN TOOK MY UNCLE'S FIRST NAME AND MY AUNT'S LAST NAME AND HE HAD ALL MY MEMORIES.

HE WAS EVERYTHING THAT MAKES ME...ME.

SO MUCH SO THAT, FOR A TIME, I THOUGHT *I* WAS THE CLONE, THE DOPPELGANGER, AND *HE* WAS THE "*REAL*" PETER PARKER.

FOR *YEARS* HE WANDERED--

--LITERALLY LIVED THE "*ROAD NOT TAKEN*" IN MY OWN LIFE--

--BEFORE RETURNING TO NEW YORK. AND COMPLETELY UPENDING MY LIFE WITH MARY JANE.

BEFORE CONFRONTING ME.

BEFORE TURNING MY LIFE INSIDE OUT.

SECONDS PASS.
AN ETERNITY.
UNTIL I CAN UTTER THE WORDS...
BEN...

BEN REILLY'S DEAD.

YOU MORON!
YOU'VE GOT THE WRONG GUY.

HIS MOUTH FALLS OPEN LIKE HE'S BEEN GUT-PUNCHED.
I KNOW THE FEELING.

AND I'M DISTRACTED, THINKING, TRYING TO FIGURE OUT WHAT TO DO WITH THIS GUY, NOT THINKING ABOUT WHAT *HE* MIGHT DO, WHEN--

LIAR!

SHRUNK

NO!

THERE WAS NO SIGN OF HIM.

A TRUCKER WOULD REPORT LATER THAT THE BACK OF HIS RIG HAD BEEN BROKEN INTO.

BUT THERE WAS NO SIGN OF HIM.

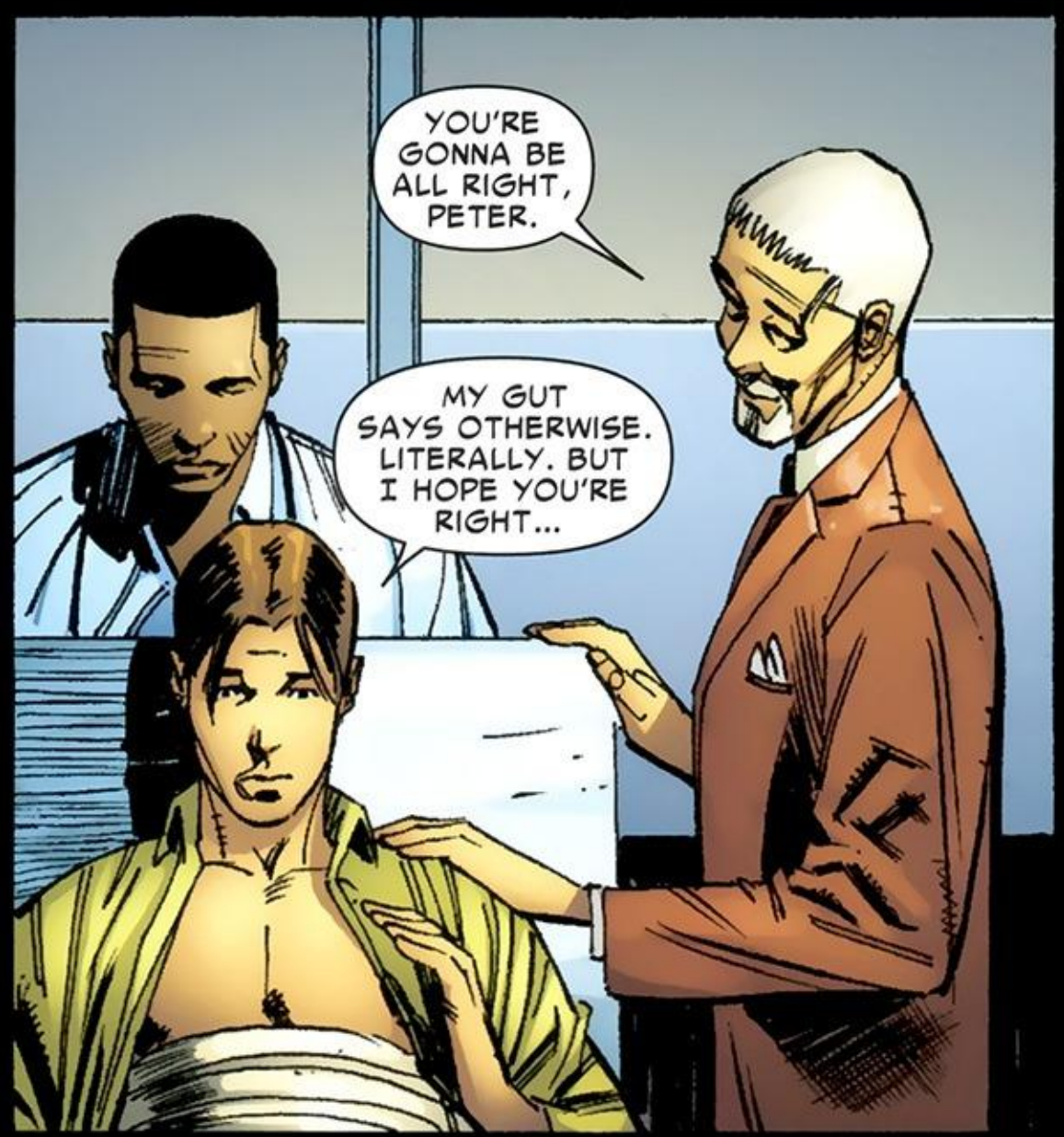
THE COPS DUSTED FOR FINGERPRINTS AND CAME UP WITH A SET.

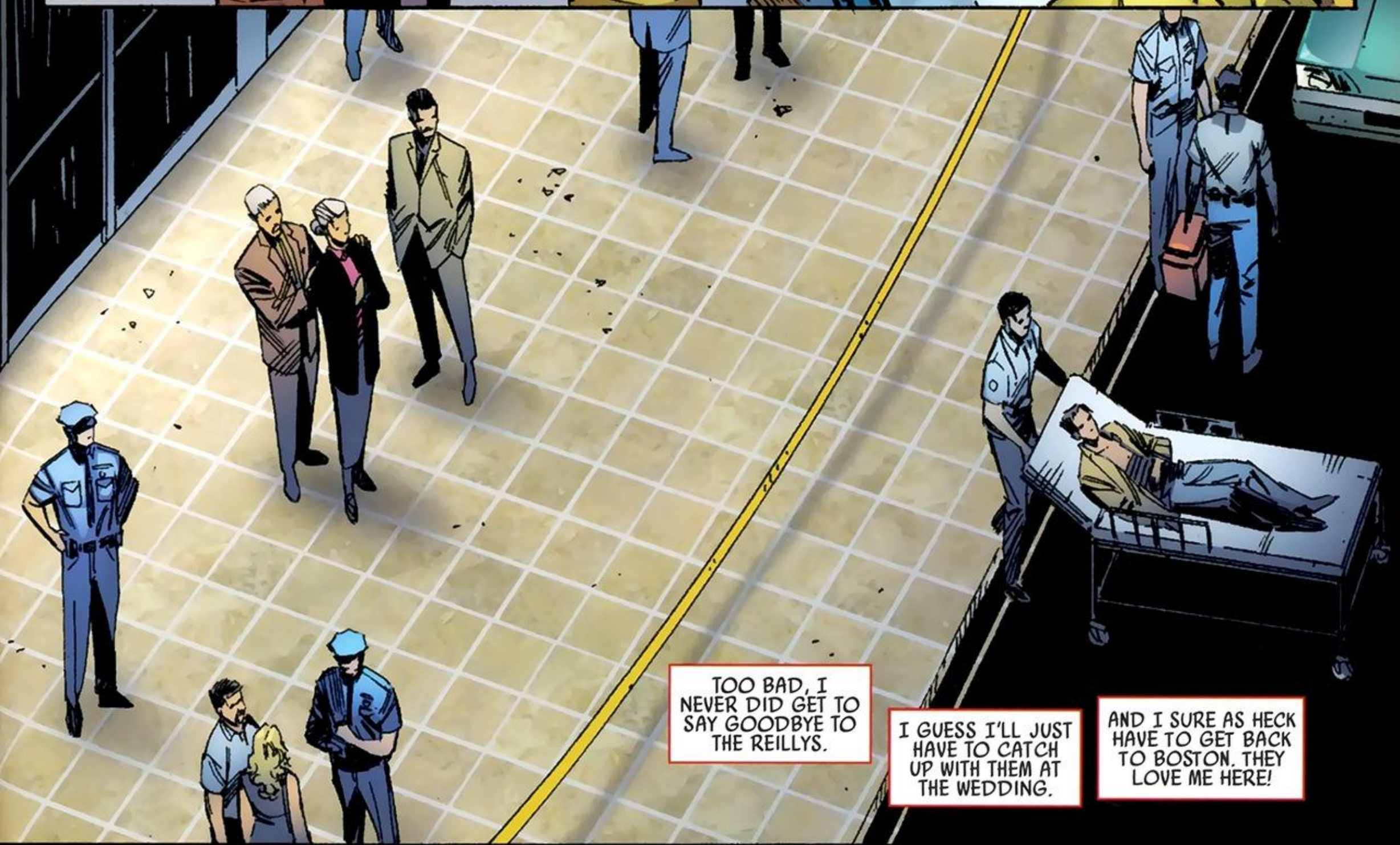
WHICH PRODUCED A *NAME.*

DAMON RYDER.

I'VE NEVER HEARD OF HIM.

NO ONE WAS KILLED, THANK GOD, BUT EIGHT PEOPLE IN THE PRUDENTIAL CENTER WERE SHOT OR OTHERWISE INJURED IN RAPTOR'S RAMPAGE.
I SCURRIED BACK TO THE SCENE OF THE CRIME AND DITCHED MY COSTUME IN THE GARAGE TO BE PICKED UP LATER.
MAKE THAT NINE.
...AND THAT'S WHEN THE GUY STABBED ME AND JUMPED OUT THE WINDOW.
PETER!!!
PETER BENJAMIN PARKER, WHAT ON EARTH WERE YOU THINKING?
THAT I'D SNAP SOME PICS, MAYBE MAKE SOME QUICK MONEY.
AND SELL 'EM TO WHO, PARKER? PAPERS IN THIS TOWN ARE DYING!
HADN'T THOUGHT THAT FAR AHEAD, I GUESS.
OF COURSE YOU DIDN'T!





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The Offices Of Front Line.

I GET RELEASED FROM THE HOSPITAL THREE DAYS LATER.

FIRST THING I DO WHEN I GET IN FRONT OF A *COMPUTER* IS GOOGLE *DAMON RYDER*.

I SEE IT WITH THE FIRST HIT.

NEWSPAPER STORY. *THE PORTLAND POST*.

Portland Po

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FAMILY DIES IN ARSON FI

HUSBAND AND FATHER ONLY SURVI

ARSON.

THE ARTICLE COMES COMPLETE WITH A POLICE SKETCH--DRAWN FROM RYDER'S ACCOUNT--OF THE SUSPECTED ARSONIST.

AND FOR THE SECOND TIME THIS WEEK, MY BLOOD GOES COLD.

POLICE SKETCH

BEN...

WHAT DID YOU DO?

Continued in Amazing Spider-Man!