

SPIDER-MAN

MARVEL COMICS GROUP™



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the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN®



ADMIT IT,
WEB-HEAD--YOU'RE
FINISHED!

EVEN YOU
CAN'T SURVIVE
AN ATTACK BY
ALL OF US!

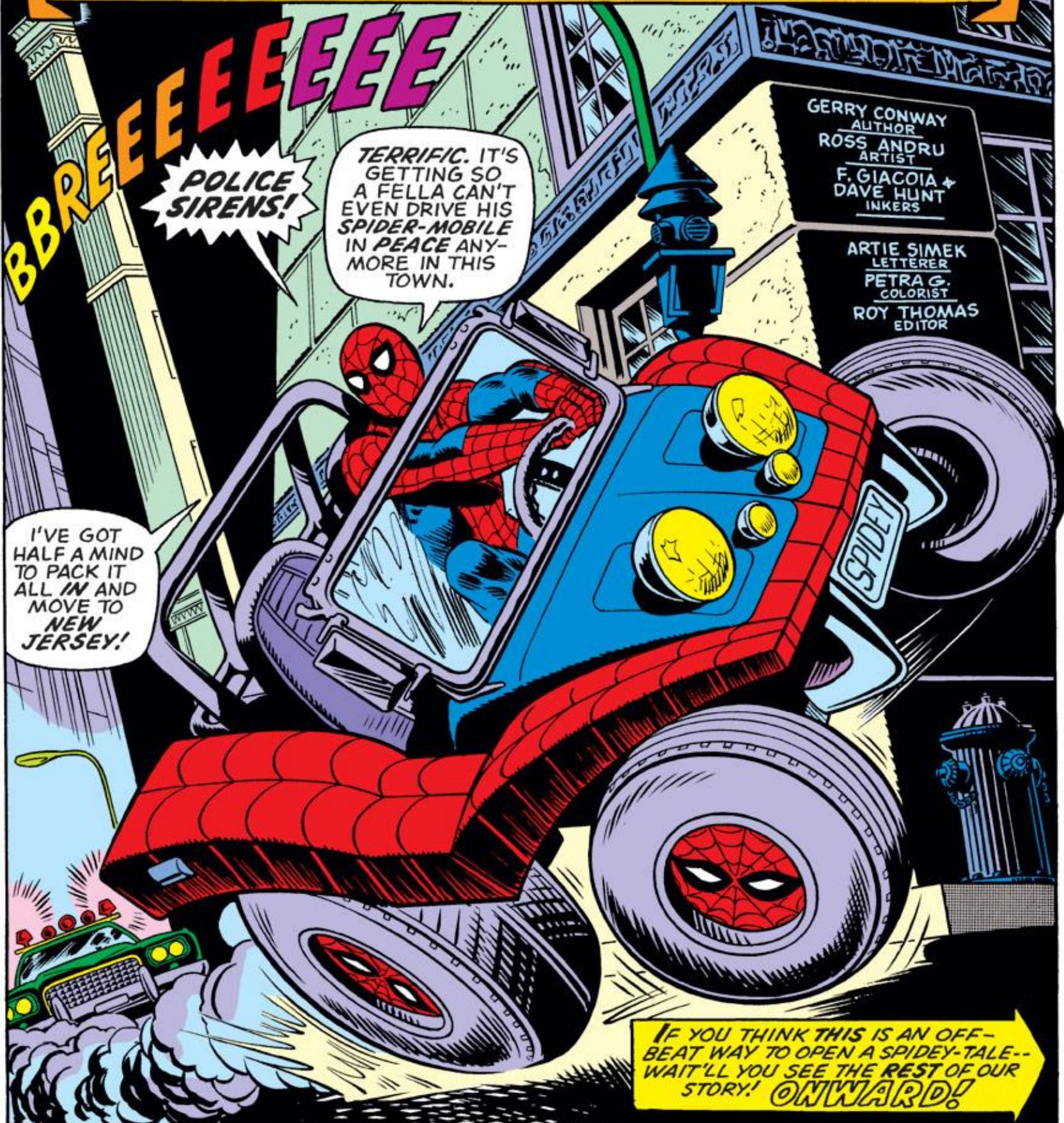
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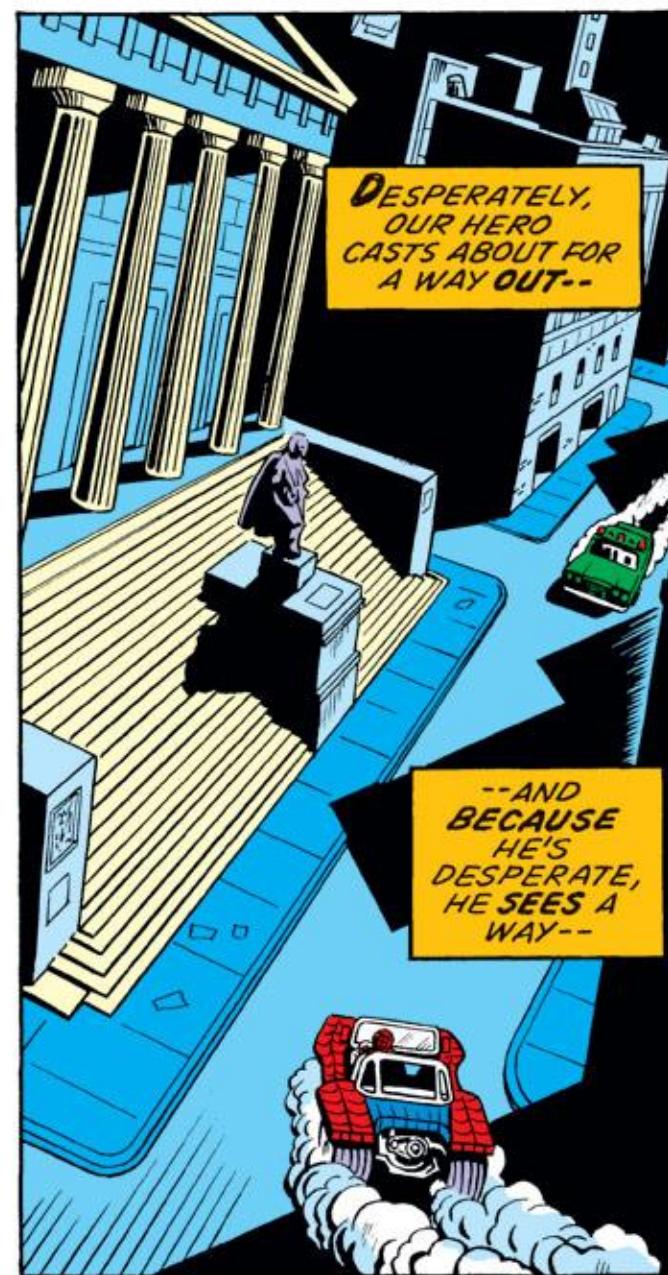
**MYSTERIO IS BACK...
AND THIS TIME HE'S
NOT ALONE!**

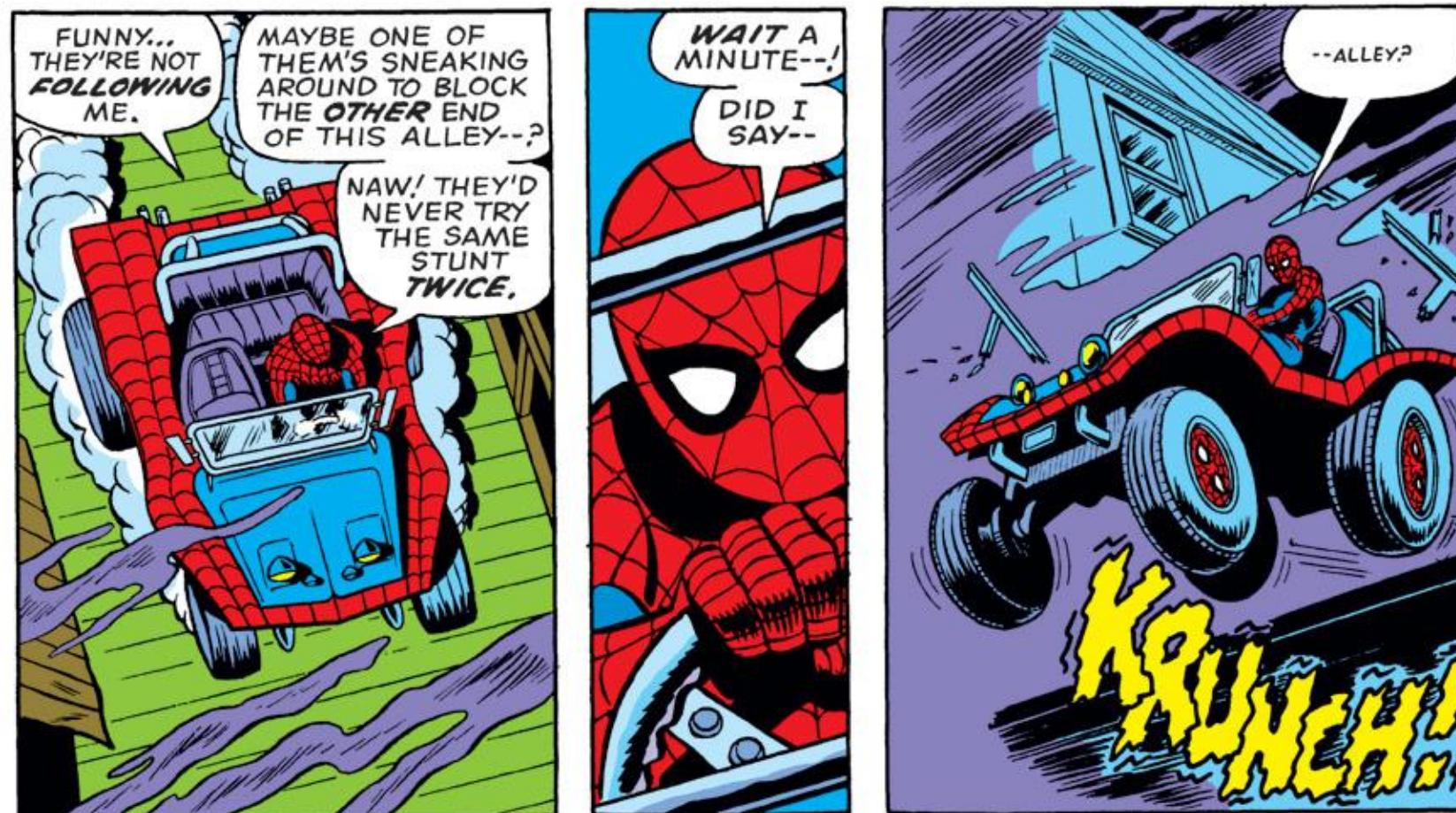
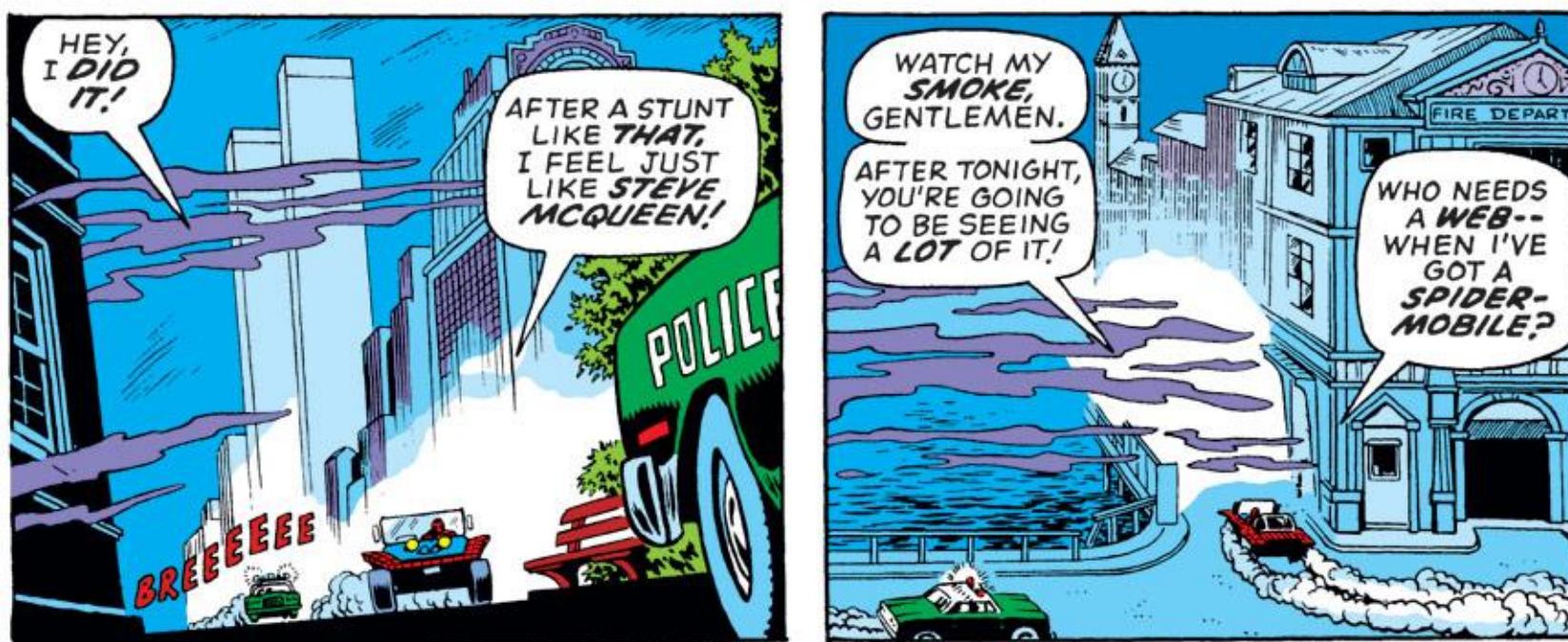
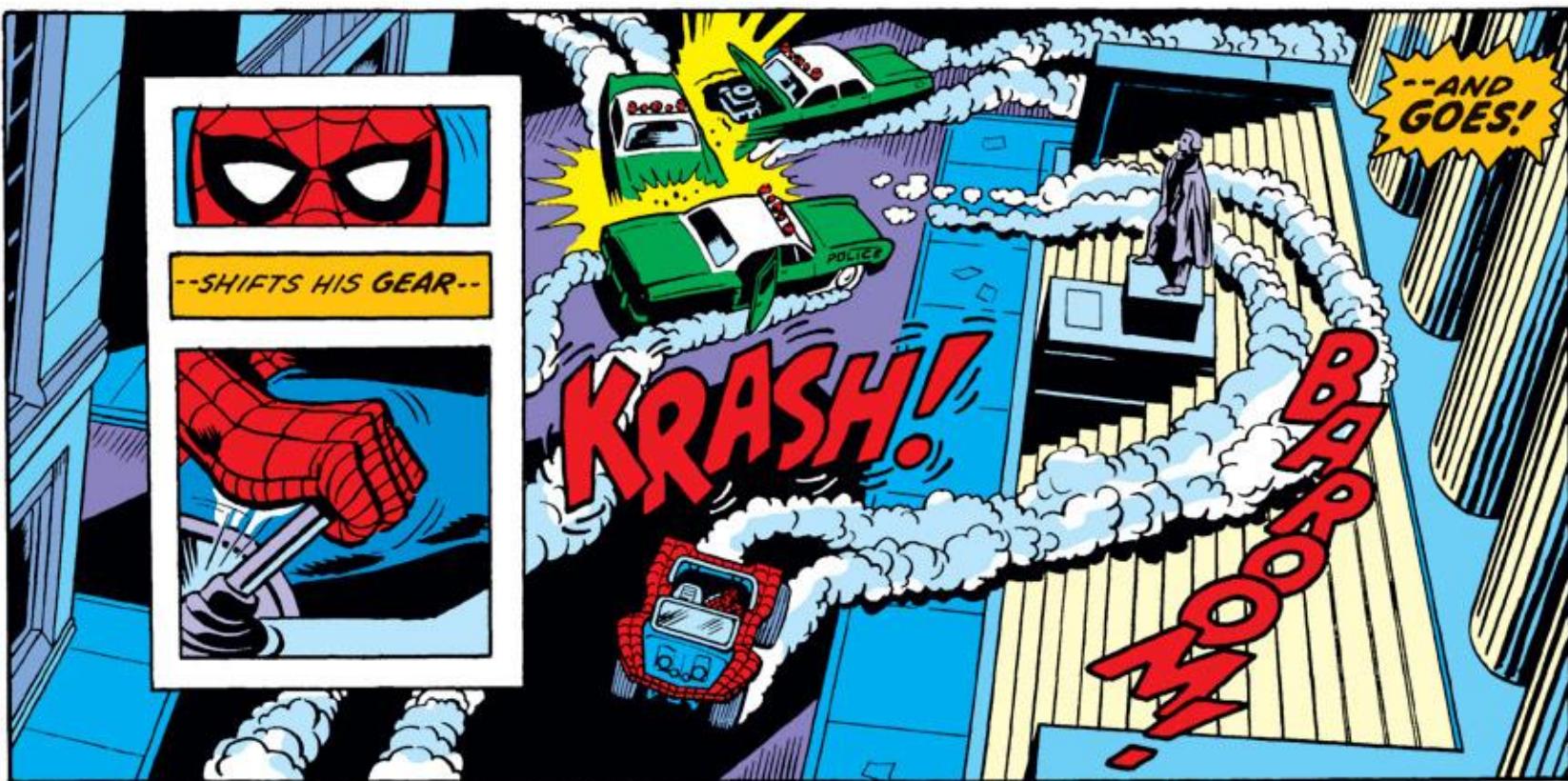
While attending a demonstration in radiology, high-school student PETER PARKER was bitten by a spider which had accidentally been exposed to RADIOACTIVE RAYS. Through a miracle of science, Peter soon found that he had GAINED the spider's powers...and had, in effect, become a human spider...

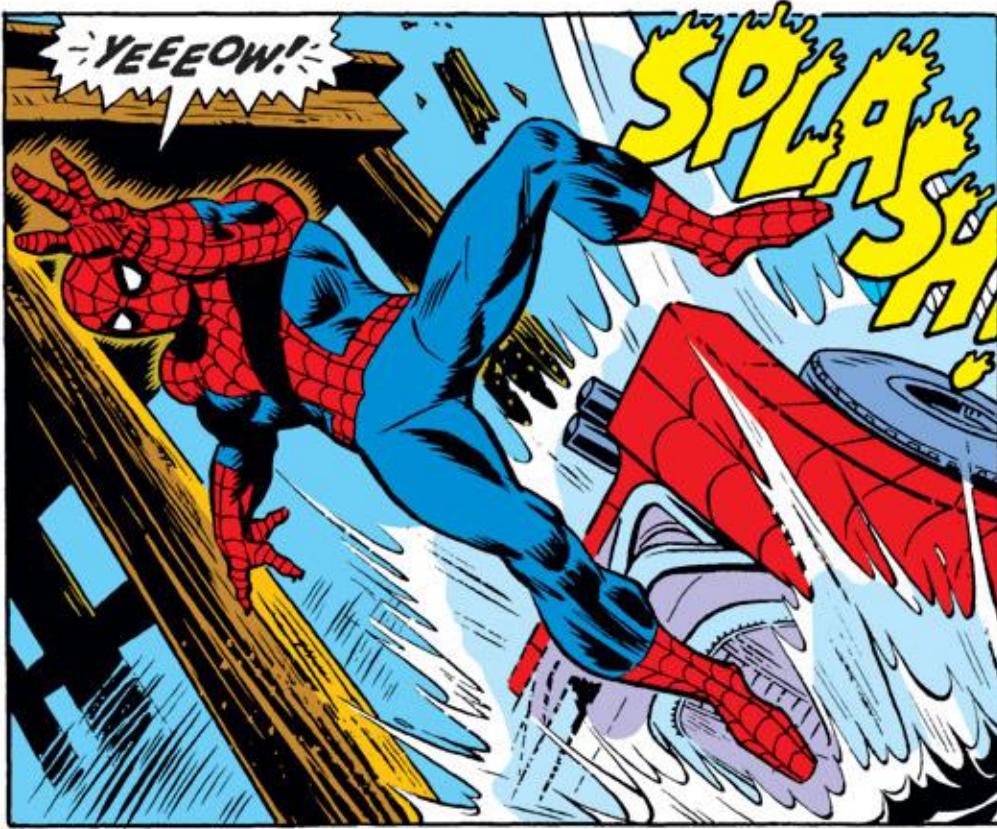
Stan Lee
PRESENTS: THE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN™

THE MAN'S
NAME
APPEARS
TO BE... MYSTERIO!











WHEN WE NEXT PICK UP OUR
HARRIED HERO, IT'S SEVERAL
HOURS AFTER THE ABORTIVE
SPIDER-MOBILE CAPER--



--AS AN EXHAUSTED PETER
PARKER TRIES TO STAY
AWAKE DURING A CLASS
IN BIO-CHEMISTRY--



MISTER PARKER--
THIS IS A LECTURE
HALL, NOT A REST
CAMP.

MAY I SUGGEST
THAT IN THE
FUTURE--YOU
DO YOUR SLEEP-
ING AT HOME?



WHA--?
HUH? OH!
SORRY,
PRO-
FESSOR....!

THE CLASS ENDS. IN GROUPS OR SINGLY, THE
STUDENTS LEAVE... ALL BUT ONE, A CERTAIN
SOMNOLEN SCHOLAR WHO IS ASKED TO RE-
MAIN AFTER THE OTHERS ARE GONE, FOR A
FRIENDLY "CHAT"...

PETER, I MUST ADMIT--
I'M APPALLED.

BECAUSE OF YOUR
MARKS LAST YEAR,
YOU'VE HAD TO TAKE
BIO CHEM 106 OVER
THIS SEMESTER--

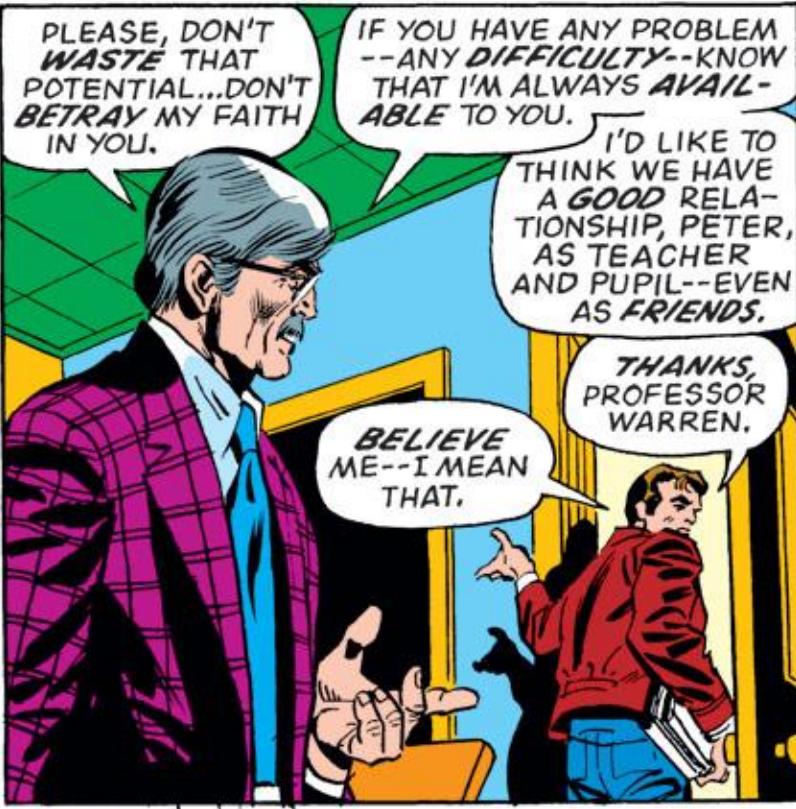
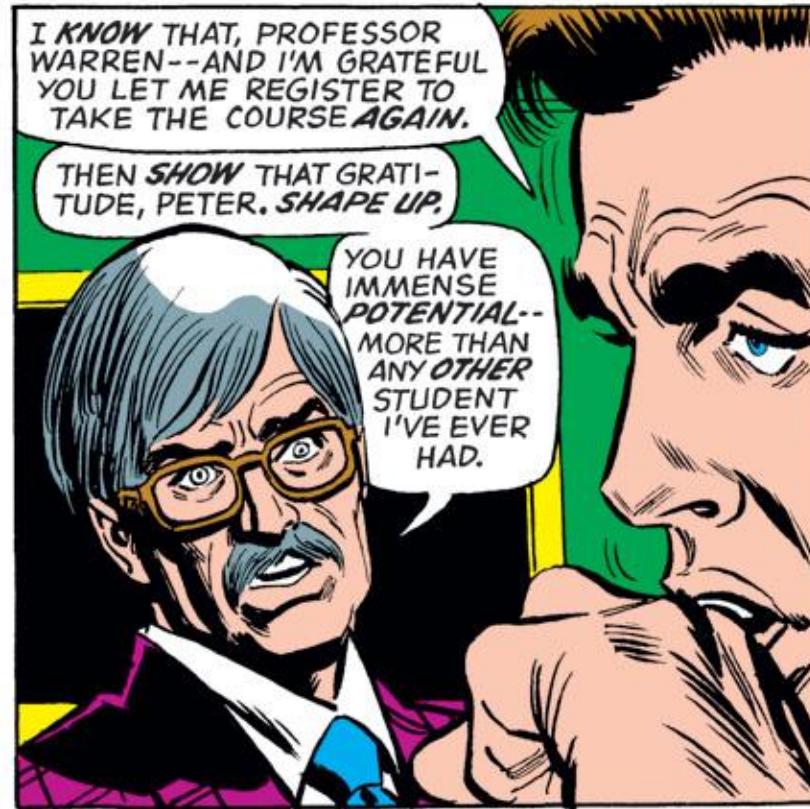
AND PETER--
YOUR SECOND
CHANCE IS YOUR
LAST CHANCE.



I KNOW THAT, PROFESSOR
WARREN--AND I'M GRATEFUL
YOU LET ME REGISTER TO
TAKE THE COURSE AGAIN.

THEN SHOW THAT GRATI-
TITUDE, PETER. SHAPE UP.

YOU HAVE
IMMENSE
POTENTIAL--
MORE THAN
ANY OTHER
STUDENT
I'VE EVER
HAD.



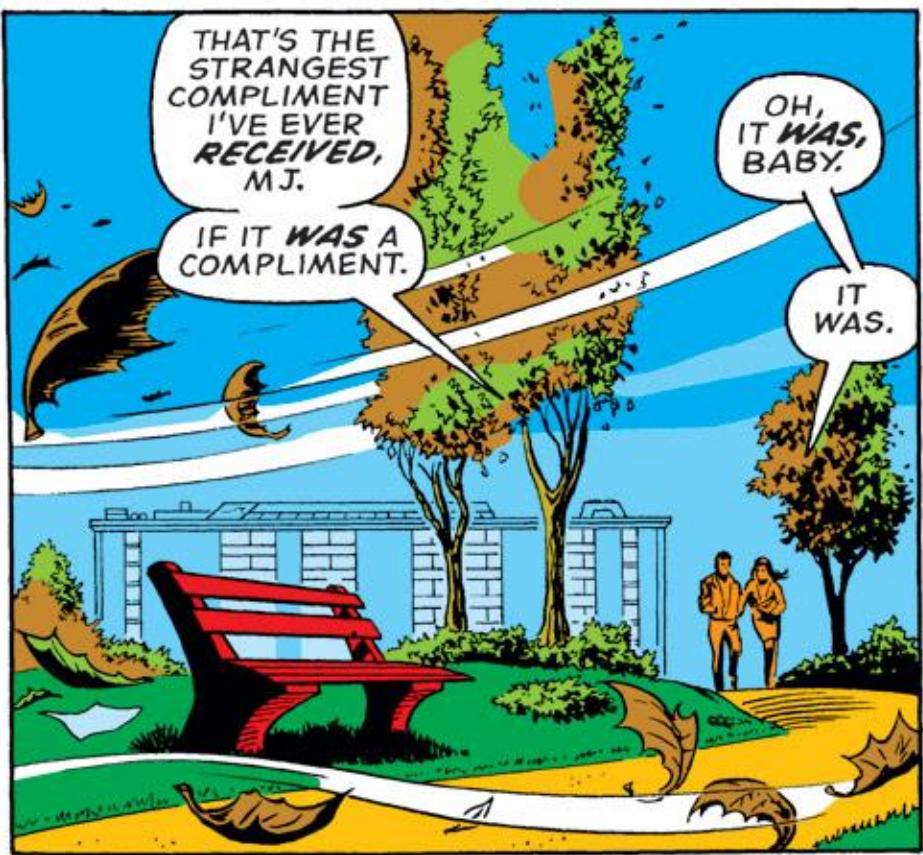
PLEASE, DON'T
WASTE THAT
POTENTIAL...DON'T
BETRAY MY FAITH
IN YOU.

IF YOU HAVE ANY PROBLEM
--ANY DIFFICULTY--KNOW
THAT I'M ALWAYS AVAIL-
ABLE TO YOU.

I'D LIKE TO
THINK WE HAVE
A GOOD RELA-
TIONSHIP, PETER,
AS TEACHER
AND PUPIL--EVEN
AS FRIENDS.

BELIEVE
ME--I MEAN
THAT.

THANKS,
PROFESSOR
WARREN.



PETER'S ANSWERING SMILE IS A WISTFUL ONE. AND AS HE SMILES, HIS MIND GOES BACK TO ANOTHER GIRL--ANOTHER WOMAN --HE'S KNOWN.

THAT GIRL IS DEAD.

AND HE WONDERS...

CAN ANYONE REPLACE GWEN STACY, THE WOMAN HE LOVED?

PETER DOESN'T KNOW.

HE JUST...

DOESN'T KNOW.

THE AUTUMN WIND LIFTS LEAVES ACROSS THE CITY, GUSTING THEM FROM ONE PART OF TOWN TO ANOTHER.

IF WE FOLLOW THEM ACROSS TOWN, THEY TAKE US HERE--TO A CERTAIN PRIVATE CLUB--

--WHERE ONE OF THE MEMBERS IS EXTREMELY FAMILIAR!

GOOD AFTERNOON, MR. JAMESON.

A SNIFFER OF BRANDY FOR BOTH MR. ROBERTSON AND MYSELF, NORTON.

AND, NORTON--I'M EXPECTING AN IMPORTANT PHONE CALL. WHEN IT COMES, PLEASE NOTIFY ME AT ONCE--I'LL BE IN THE MAIN SALON.

LIFE CAN BE QUITE ELEGANT, REALLY--IF YOU'RE A WELL-KNOWN PUBLISHER OF A MAJOR DAILY NEWSPAPER, AND IF YOU'RE RICH ENOUGH TO PAY \$5,000.00 A YEAR FOR CLUB DUES, AND IF YOU REALLY CARE ABOUT SUCH THINGS--

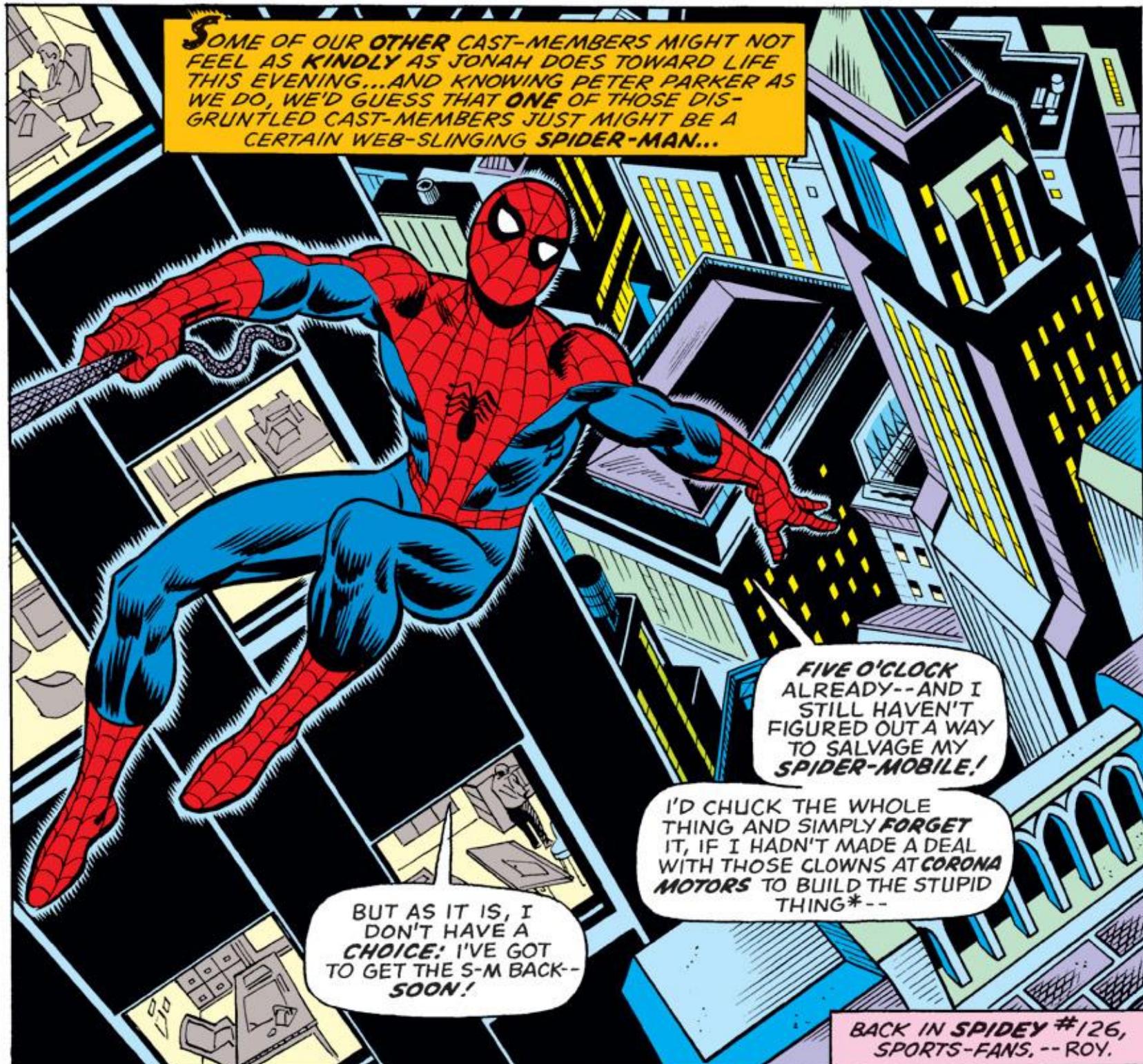
LIFE CAN BE QUITE ELEGANT, INDEED.

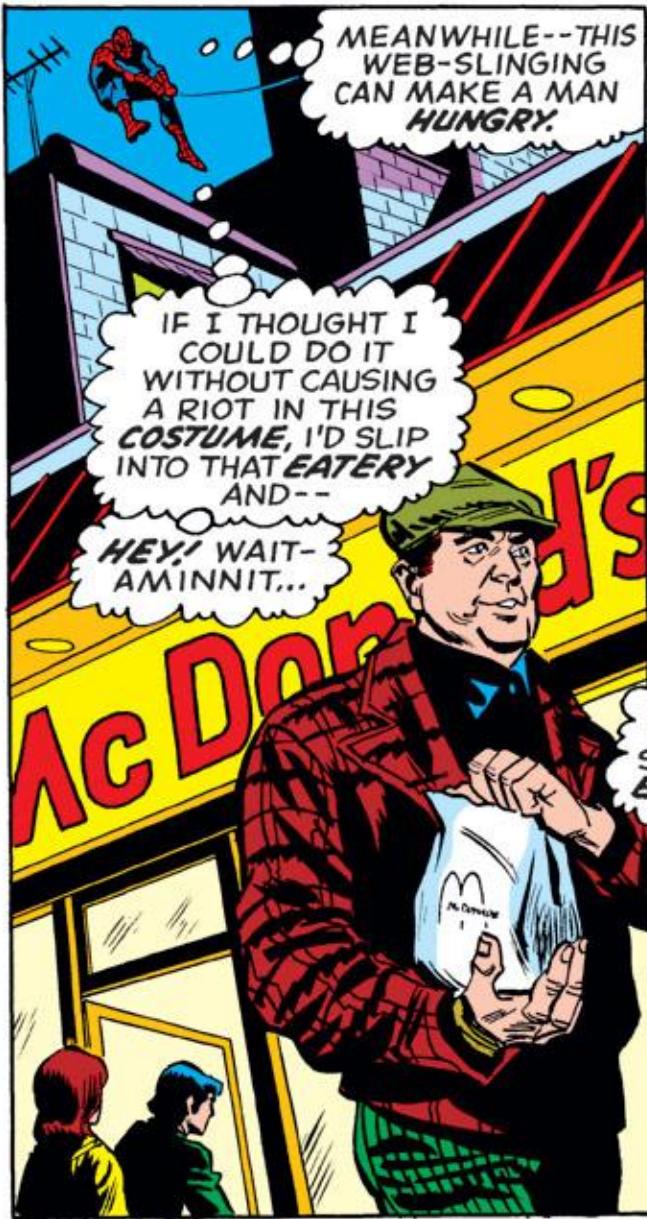
MR. JAMESON...YOUR PHONE CALL, SIR.

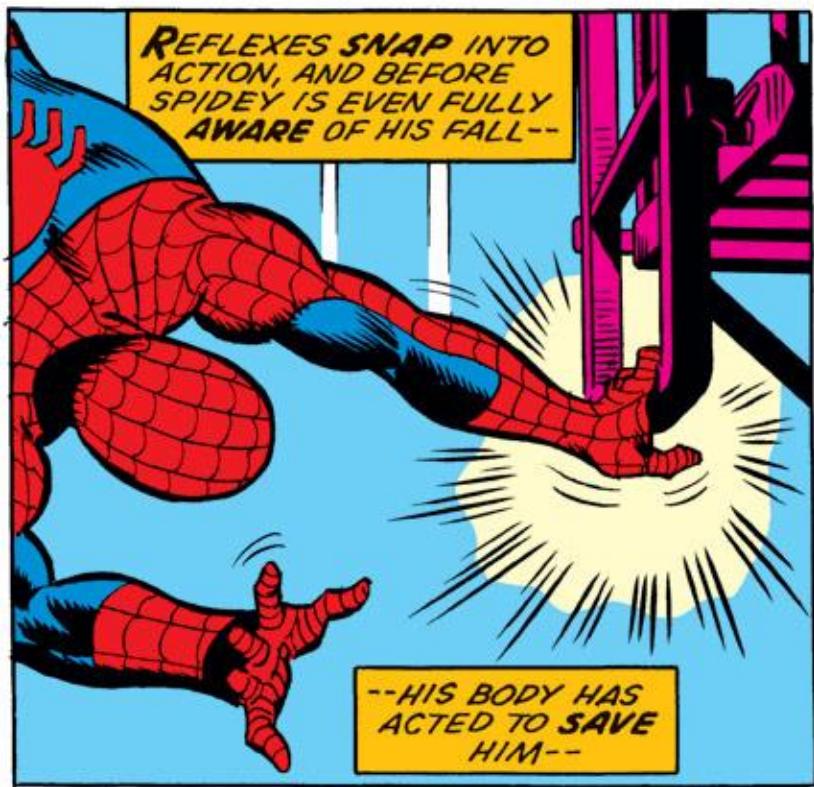
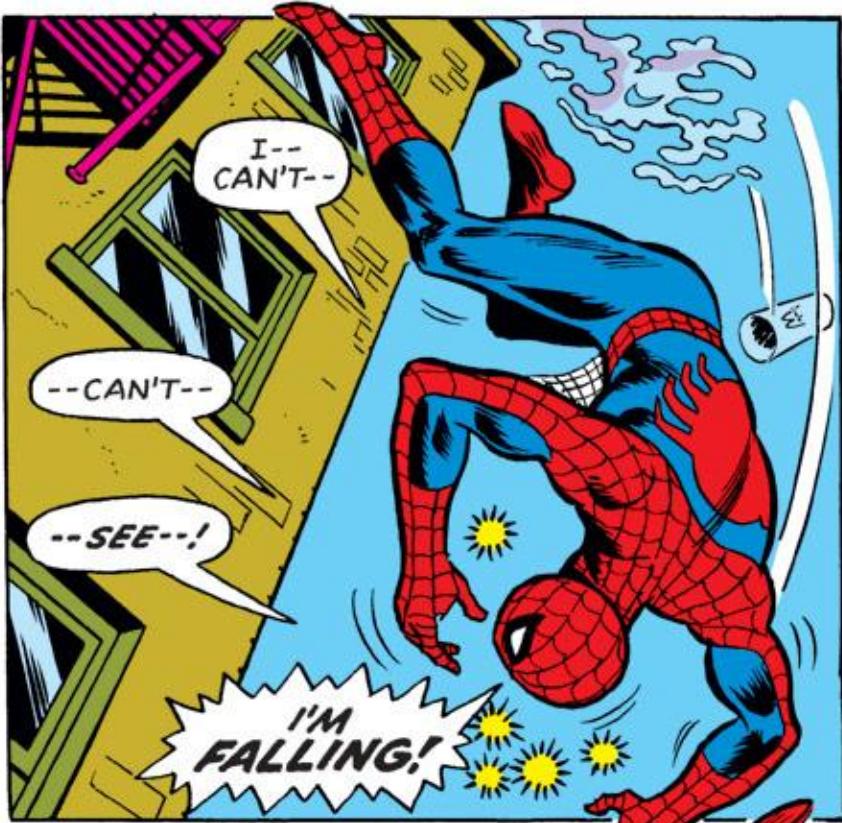
WOULD YOU LIKE YOUR USUAL?

VERY GOOD, SIR.

PHONE CALL, JONAH?











*'WAY BACK IN SPIDEY #67, FOOTNOTE-FANS.-- ROY.



