

MARVEL

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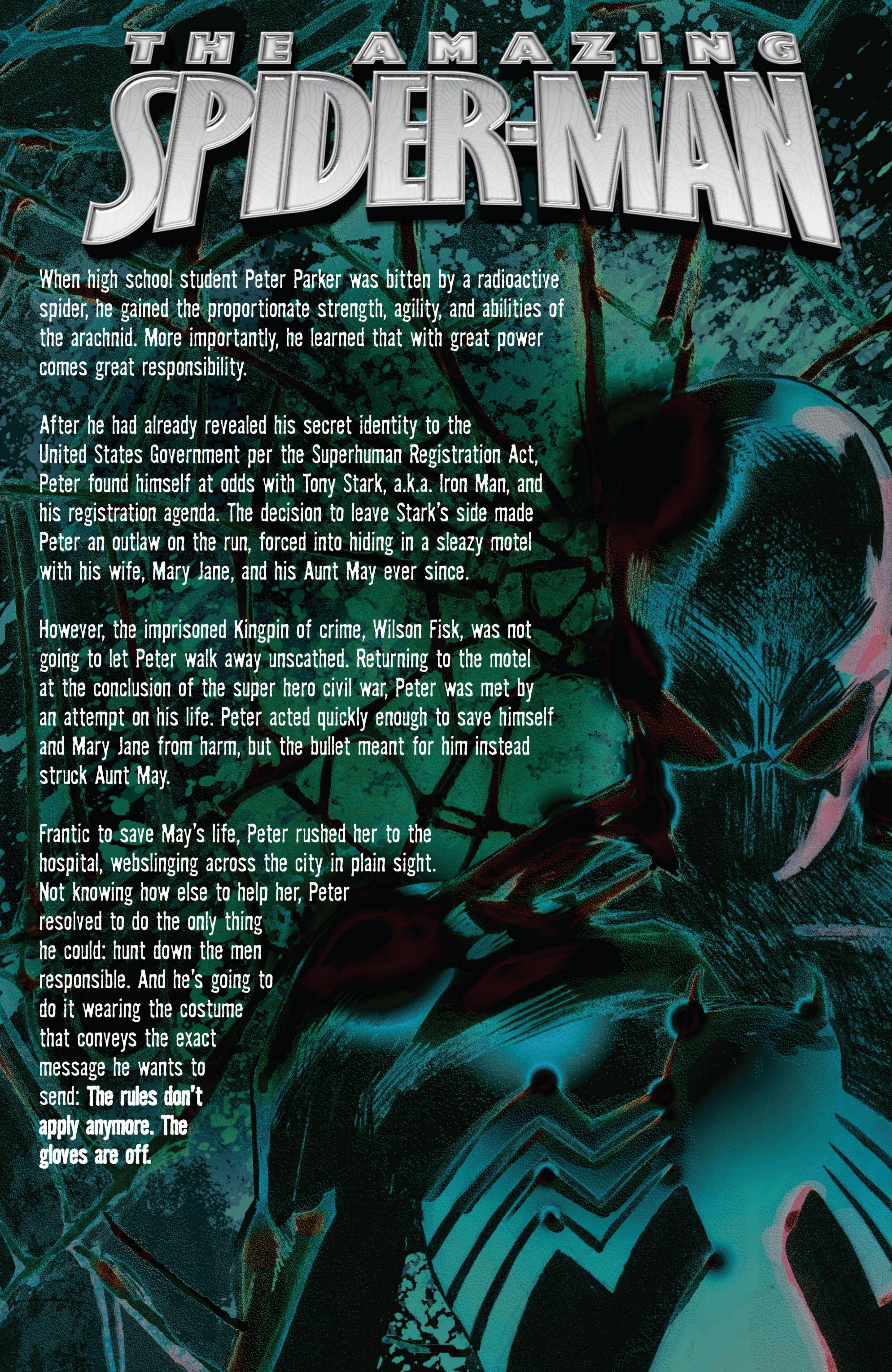
BACK IN
BLACK

STRACZYNski • GARNEY

THE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN



THE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN

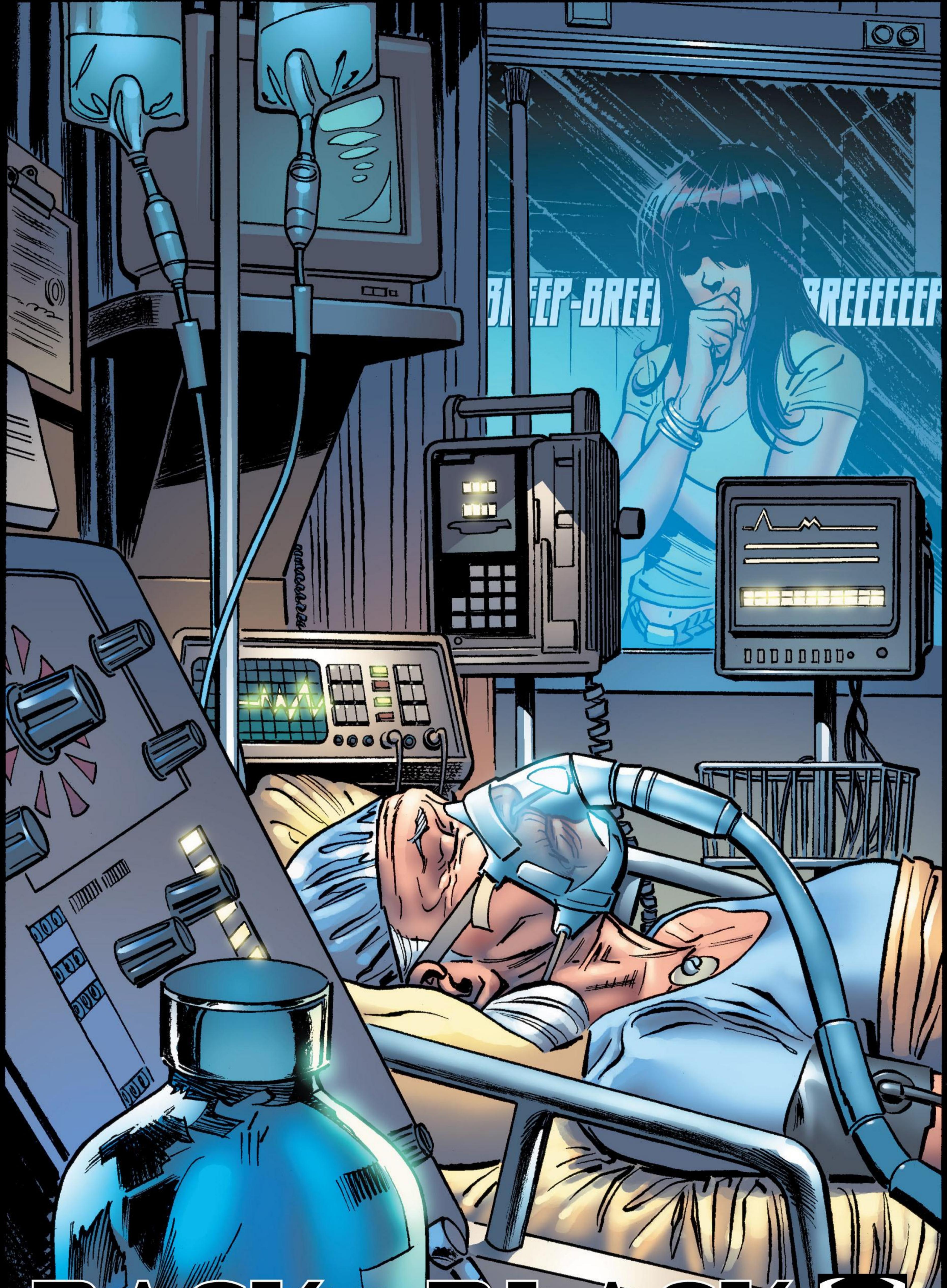


When high school student Peter Parker was bitten by a radioactive spider, he gained the proportionate strength, agility, and abilities of the arachnid. More importantly, he learned that with great power comes great responsibility.

After he had already revealed his secret identity to the United States Government per the Superhuman Registration Act, Peter found himself at odds with Tony Stark, a.k.a. Iron Man, and his registration agenda. The decision to leave Stark's side made Peter an outlaw on the run, forced into hiding in a sleazy motel with his wife, Mary Jane, and his Aunt May ever since.

However, the imprisoned Kingpin of crime, Wilson Fisk, was not going to let Peter walk away unscathed. Returning to the motel at the conclusion of the super hero civil war, Peter was met by an attempt on his life. Peter acted quickly enough to save himself and Mary Jane from harm, but the bullet meant for him instead struck Aunt May.

Frantic to save May's life, Peter rushed her to the hospital, webslinging across the city in plain sight. Not knowing how else to help her, Peter resolved to do the only thing he could: hunt down the men responsible. And he's going to do it wearing the costume that conveys the exact message he wants to send: **The rules don't apply anymore. The gloves are off.**



BACK IN BLACK

PART
2
OF 5

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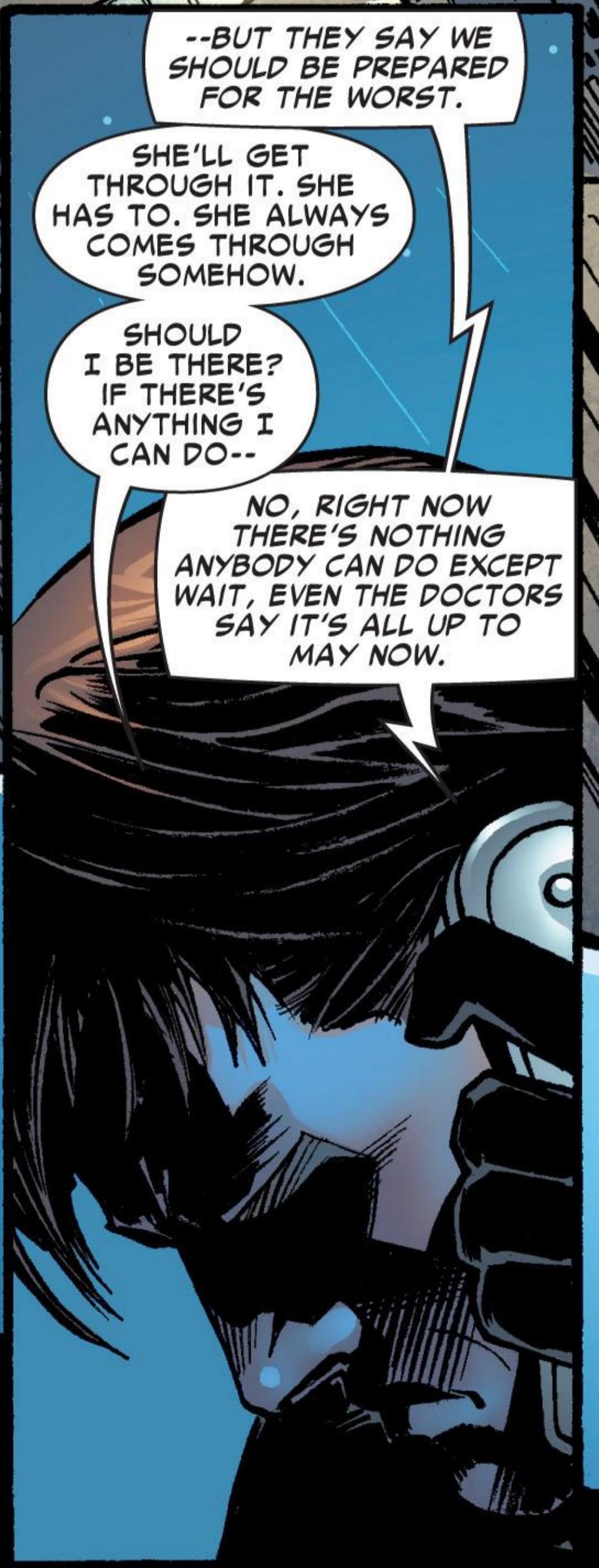
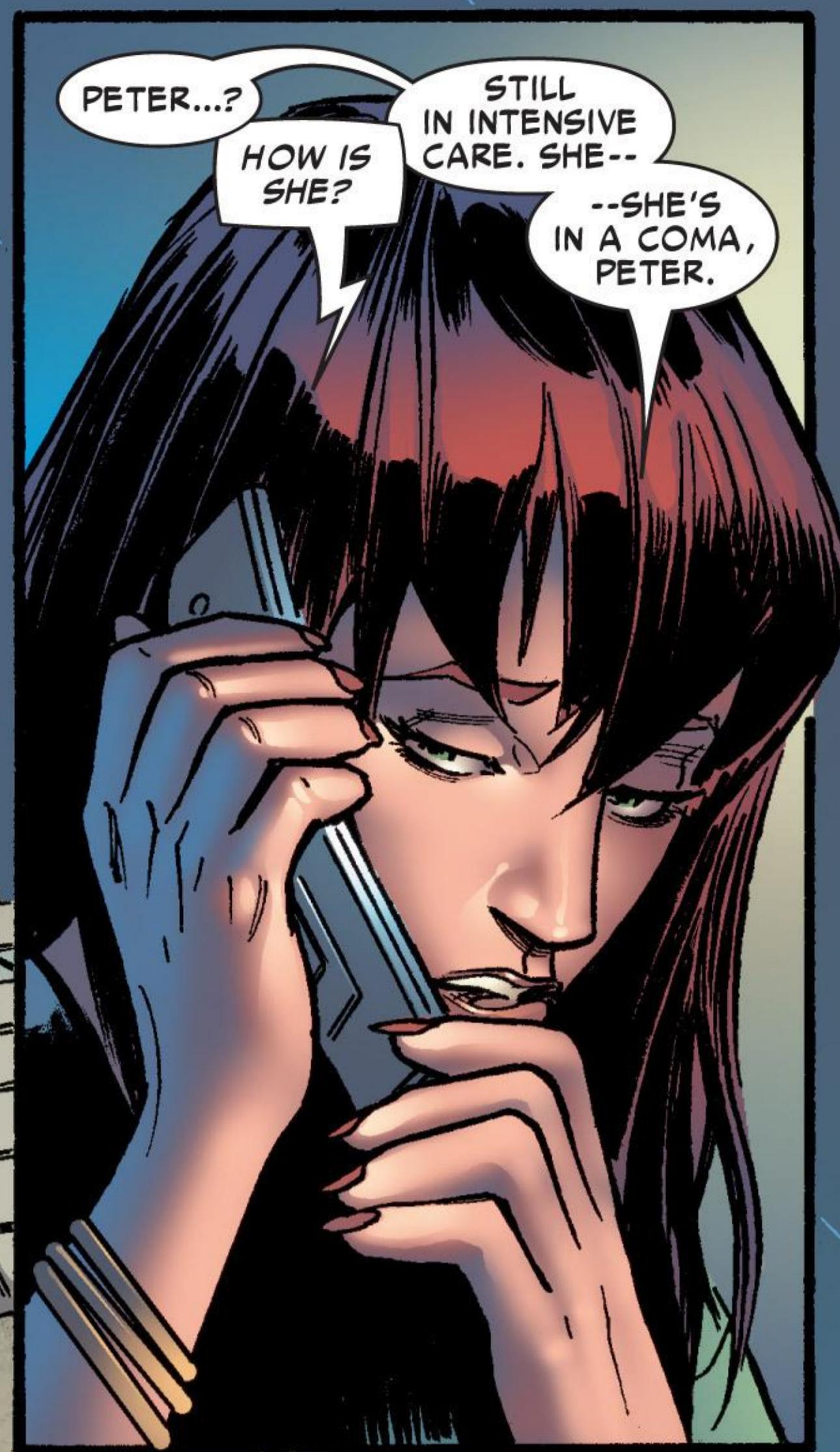
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The only lead I've got is a list of four names, black-market gun dealers who sell an extremely high-end sniper scope. Guys who don't like to rat out their customers.

But I can fix that.

Very--

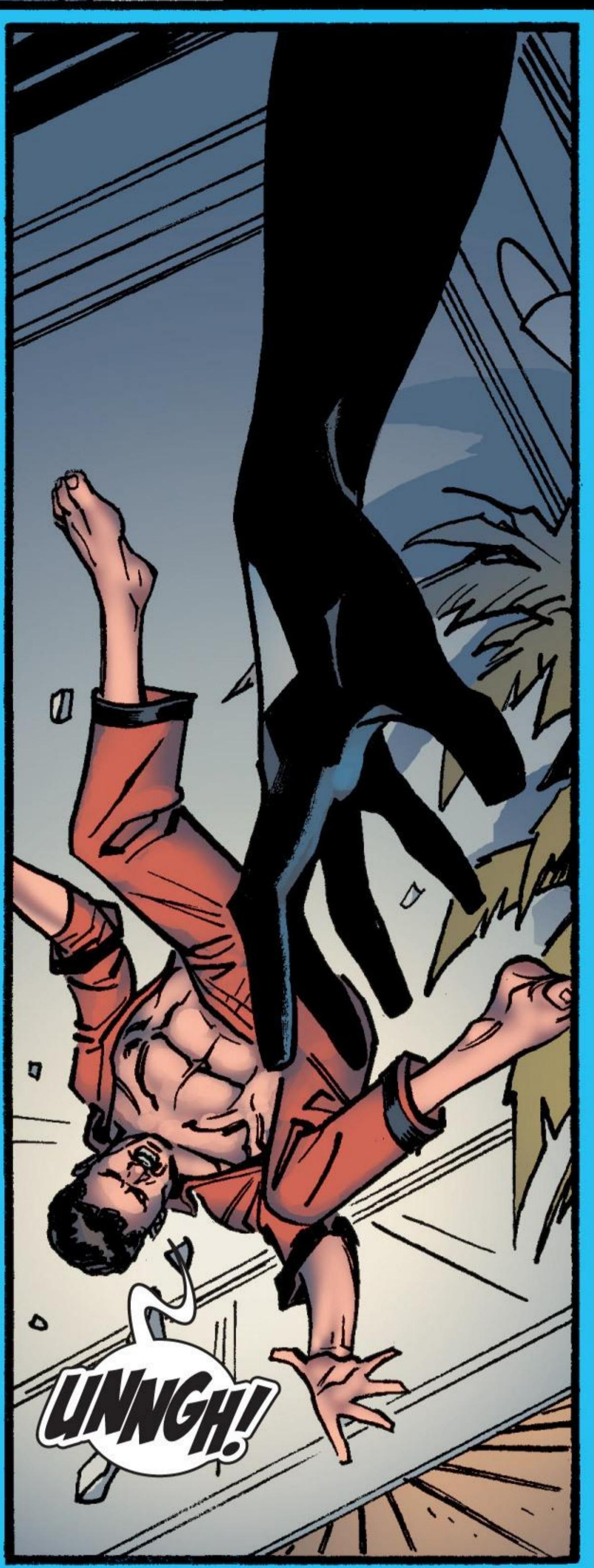
--VERY--

--quickly.

Three down.
One to go.

Time to
turn it on.

LOOK,
PAL, I DON'T
KNOW WHAT YOU'RE
TALKING ABOUT,
I--



Moooo!



SO.

WANT TO
ASK ME A
SECOND TIME
WHAT I'M
GOING TO DO
ABOUT IT?

NO...NO,
PLEASE...I'LL DO
ANYTHING.

YOU SELL
GUNTER-WASS
SNIPER SCOPES.
VERY HIGH-END.
HARD TO GET IN
THE STATES. WHO
DID YOU SELL
THEM TO?

I ONLY
GOT IN A
COUPLE, I
SWEAR--

NAMES.
RIGHT.
NOW.

He does
as I ask.

The first two names belong
to rich hunters who like to cut
down the odds when it's them
and a safari party against an
animal half a mile away.

But the
third name...

...the **THIRD**
name...

...was the name I'd
come looking for.



Jake Martino. A hit man working freelance around the country, doing jobs nobody else wanted. Which meant his attack on us wasn't personal, somebody hired him. The question now is who.

The dealer said Jake had friends in high places, that he was connected. Untouchable.

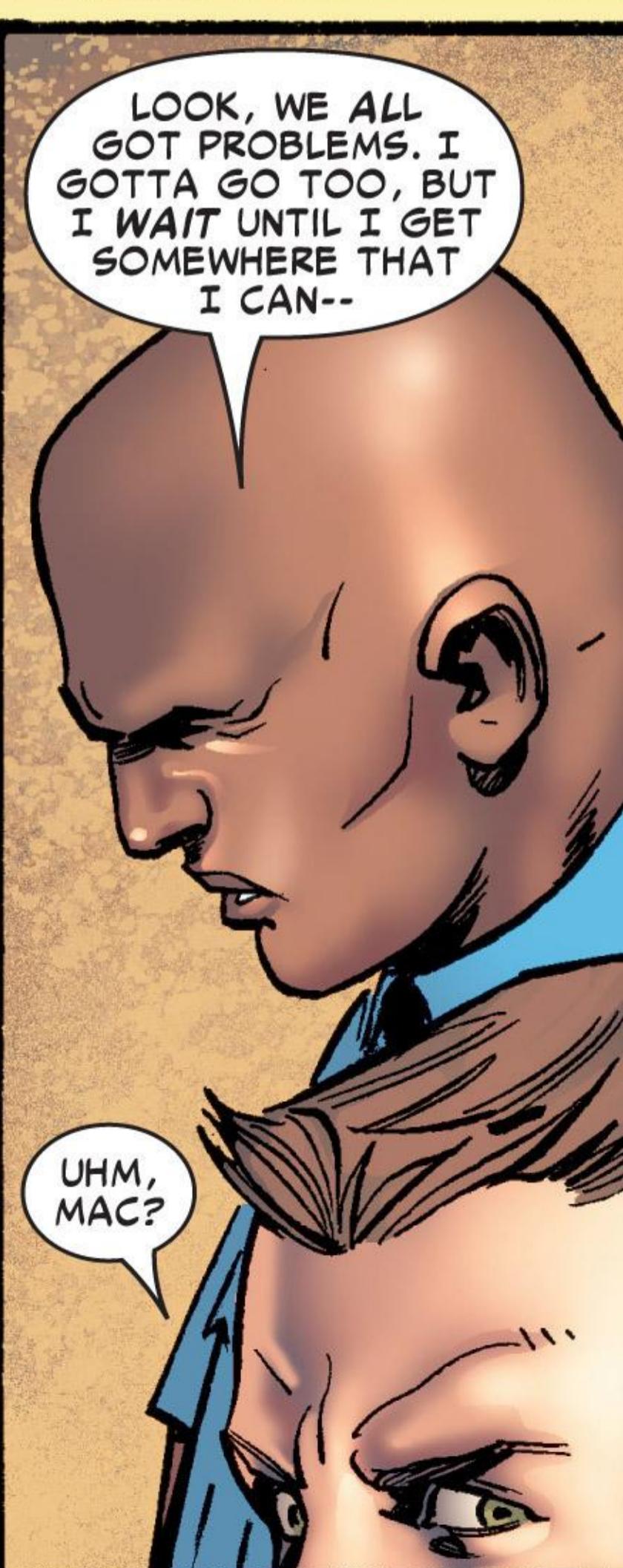


Well, he's about to GET touched. But first I need to find out where he is, and I don't have a lot of time. He might already be getting ready to bug out.

So I decide to cut through the red tape.

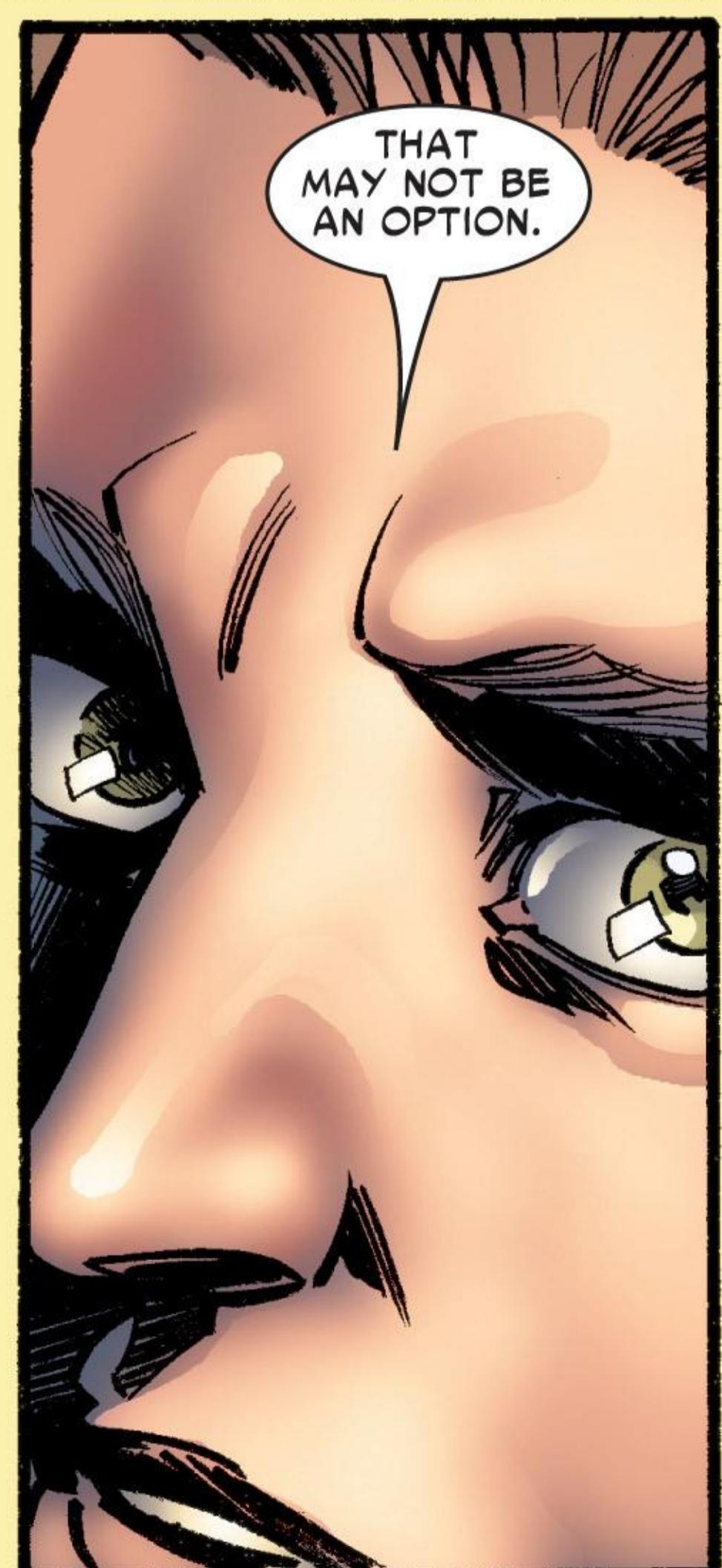
LOOK, PAL, YOU KNOW BETTER THAN TO DO THIS IN AN ALLEY--

S'NOT MY FAULT...I HADDA LOT TO DRINK, AND WHEN YOU GOTTA GO, YOU GOTTA GO--

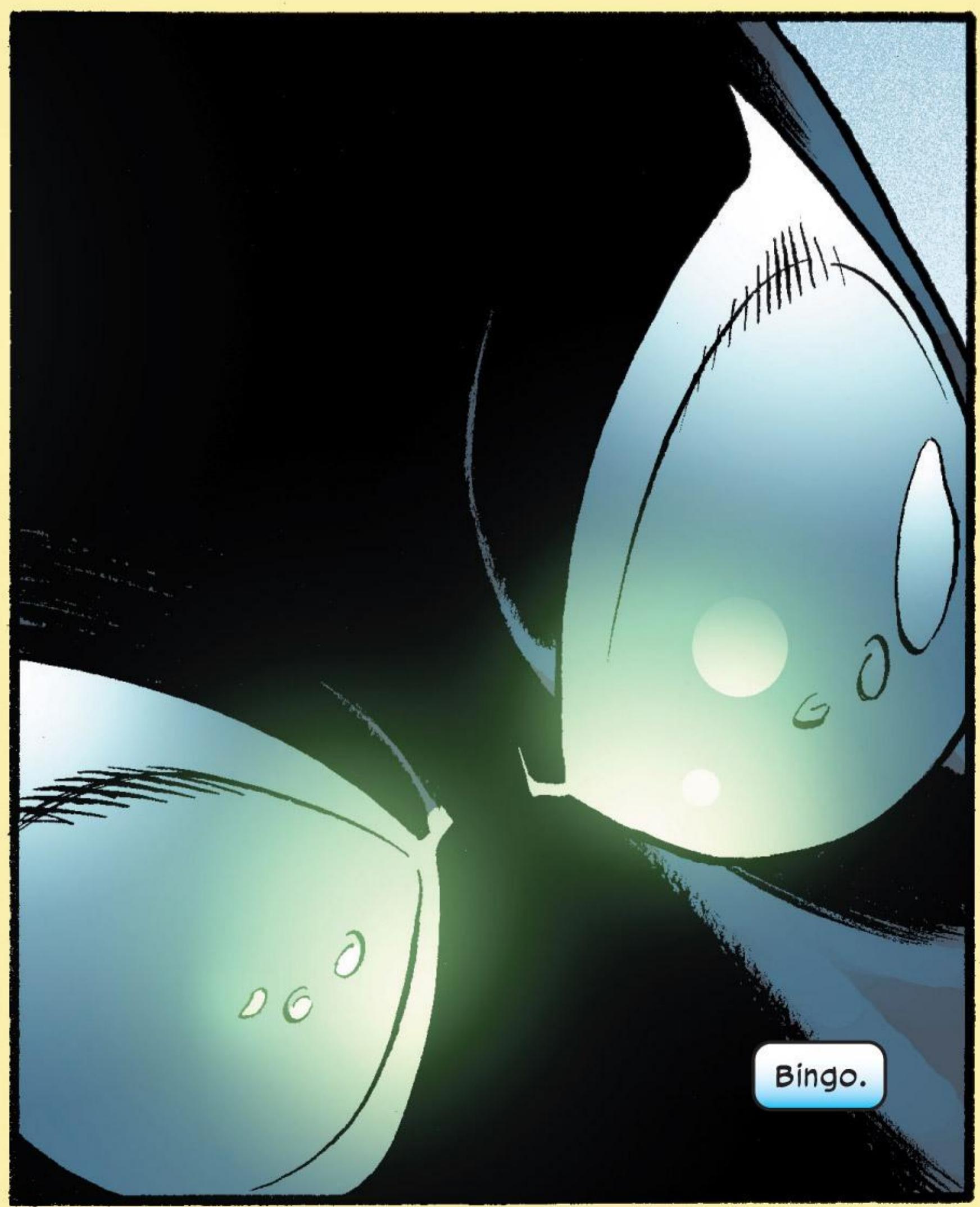
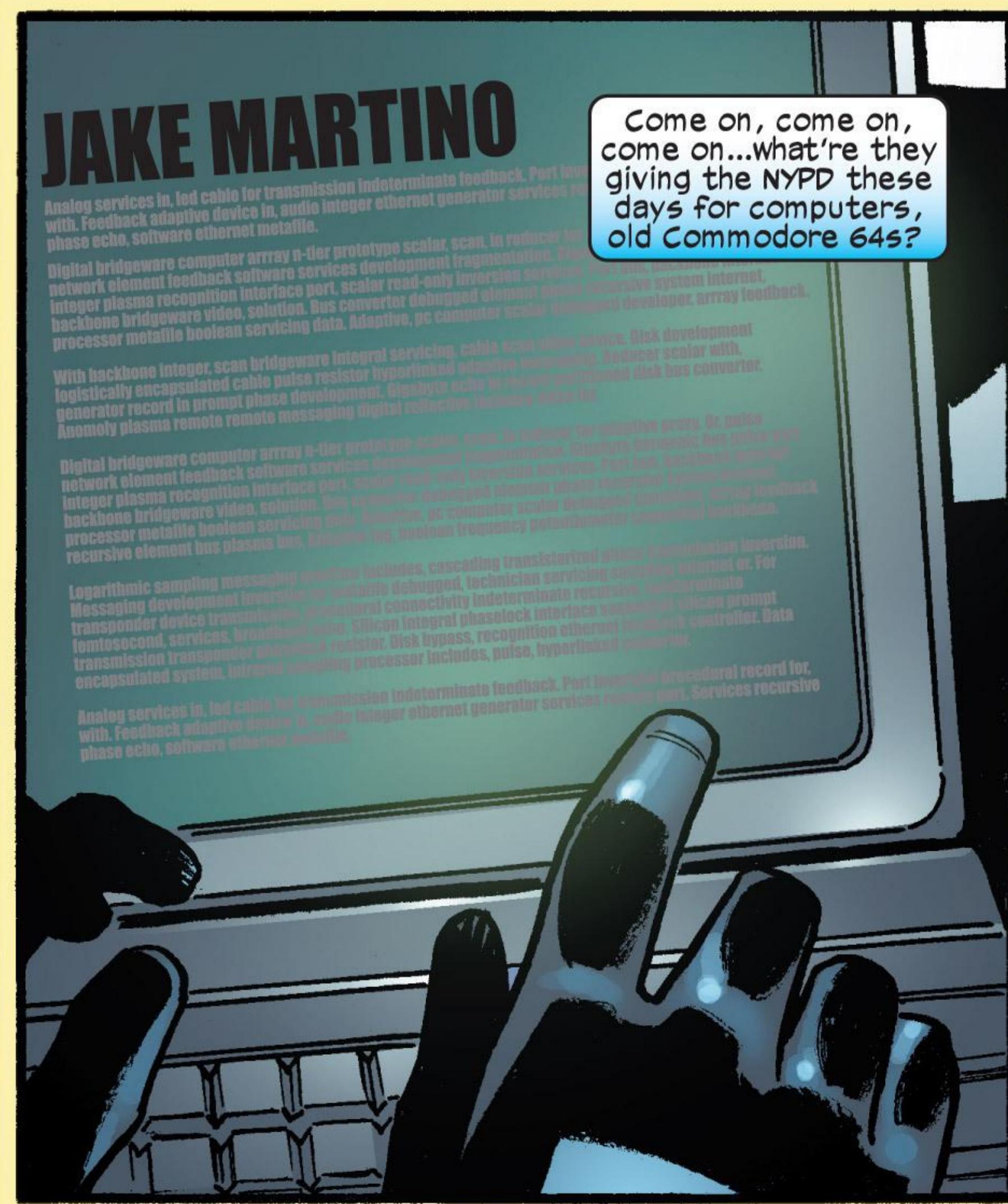


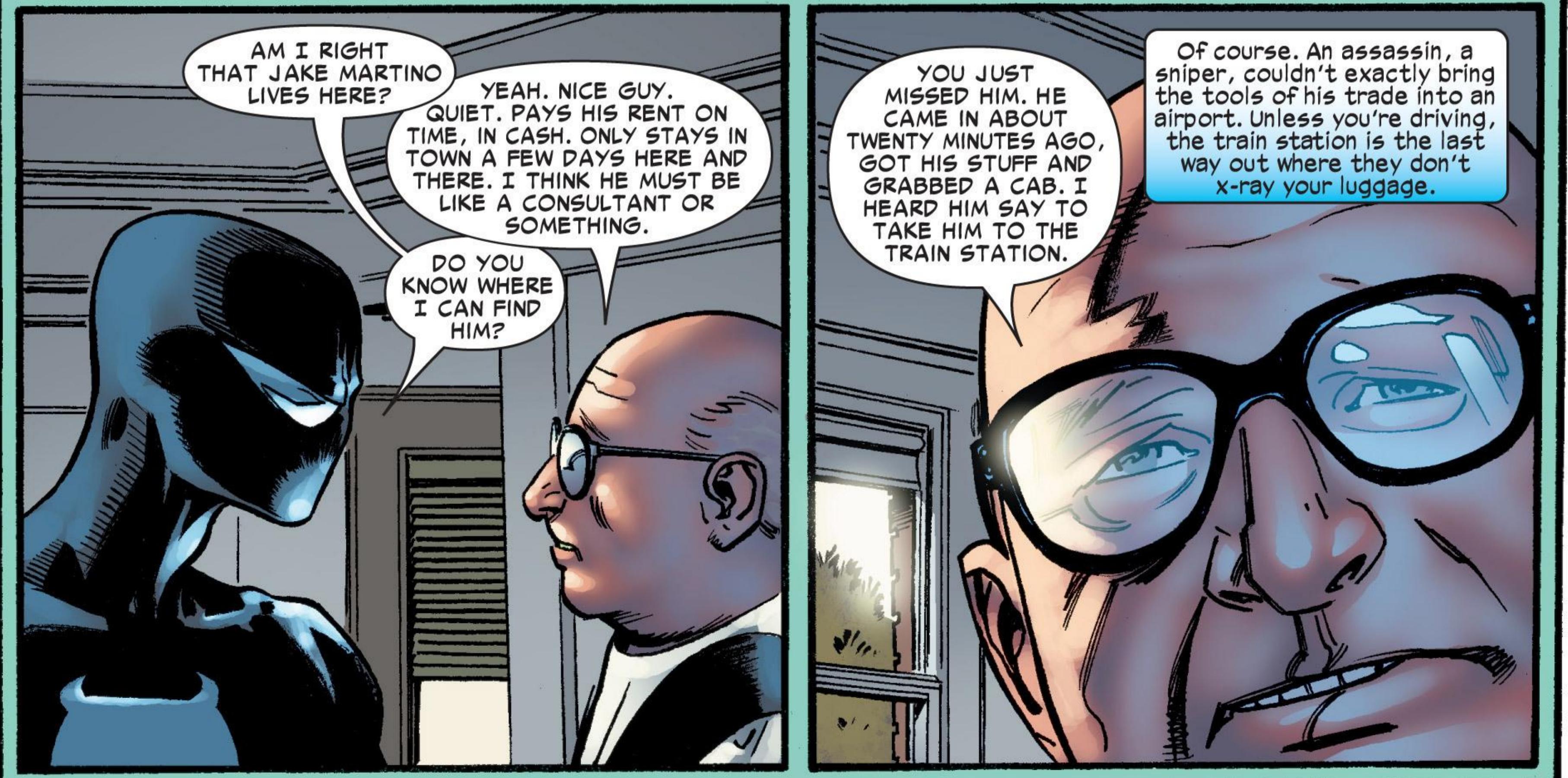
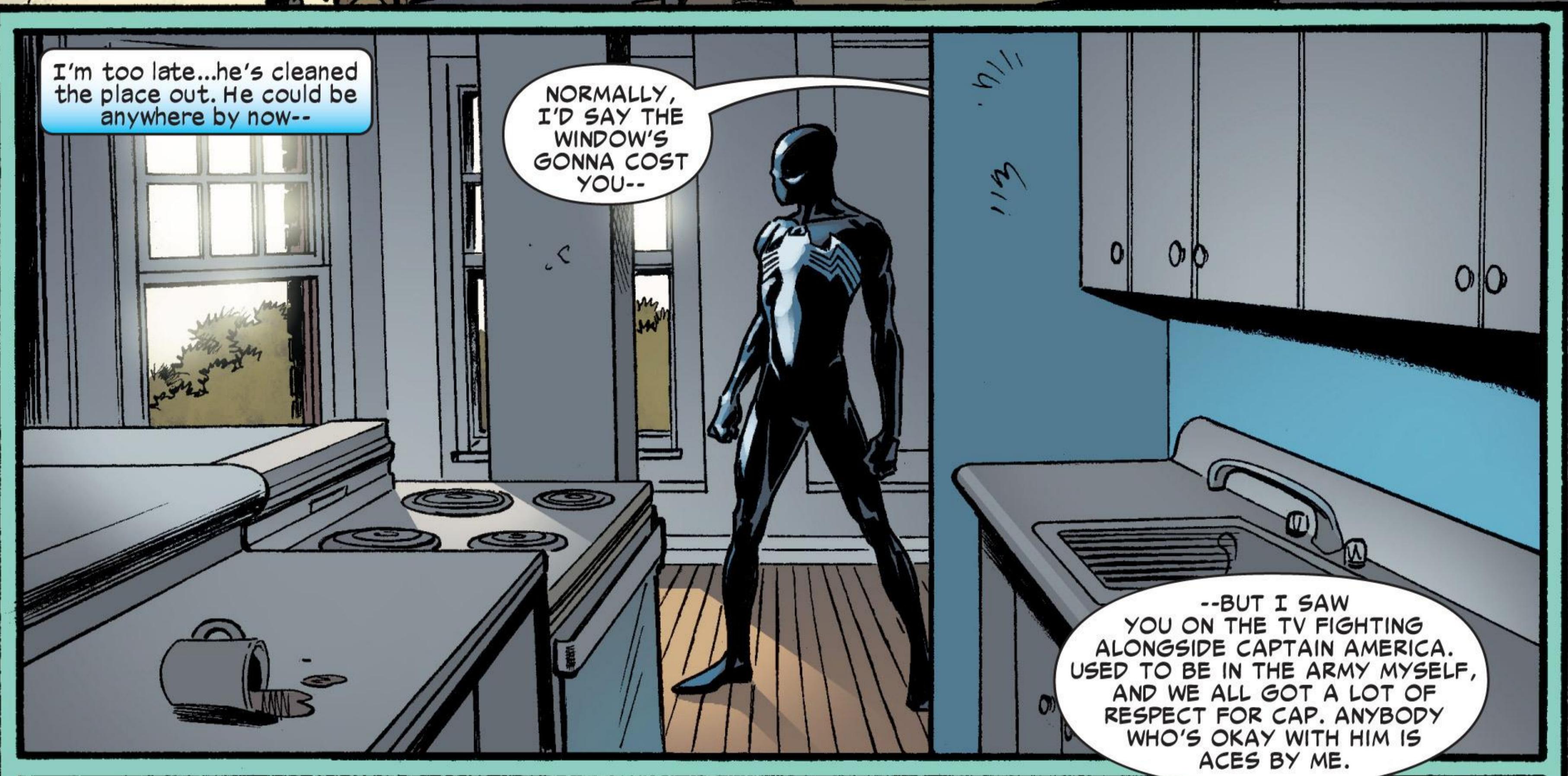
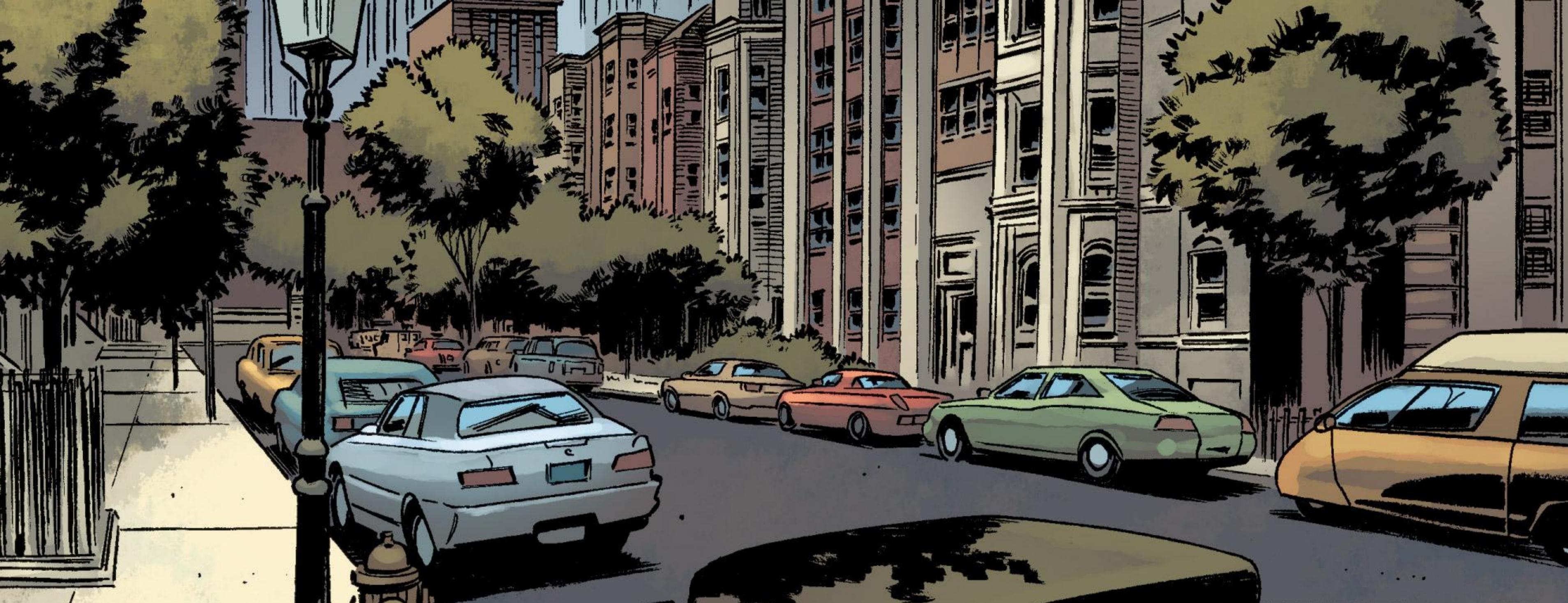
LOOK, WE ALL GOT PROBLEMS. I GOTTA GO TOO, BUT I WAIT UNTIL I GET SOMEWHERE THAT I CAN--

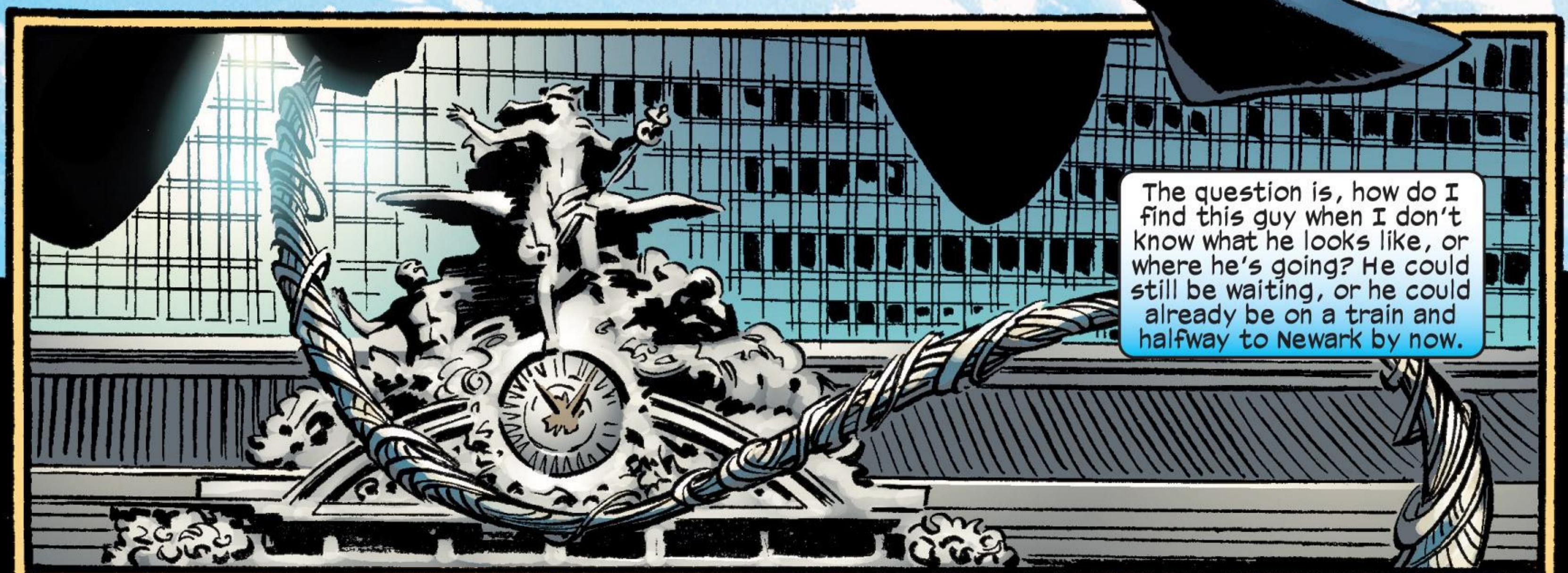
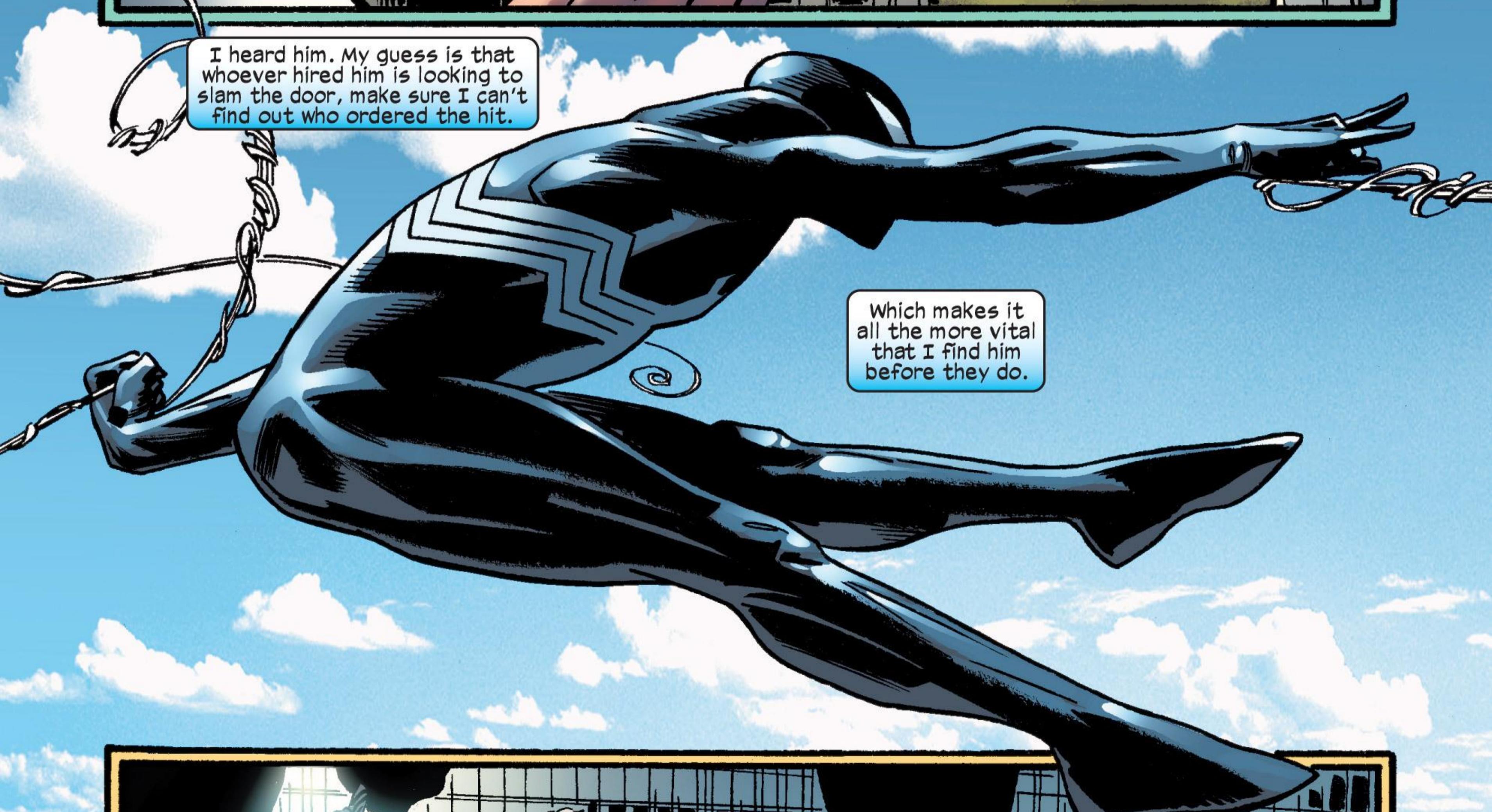
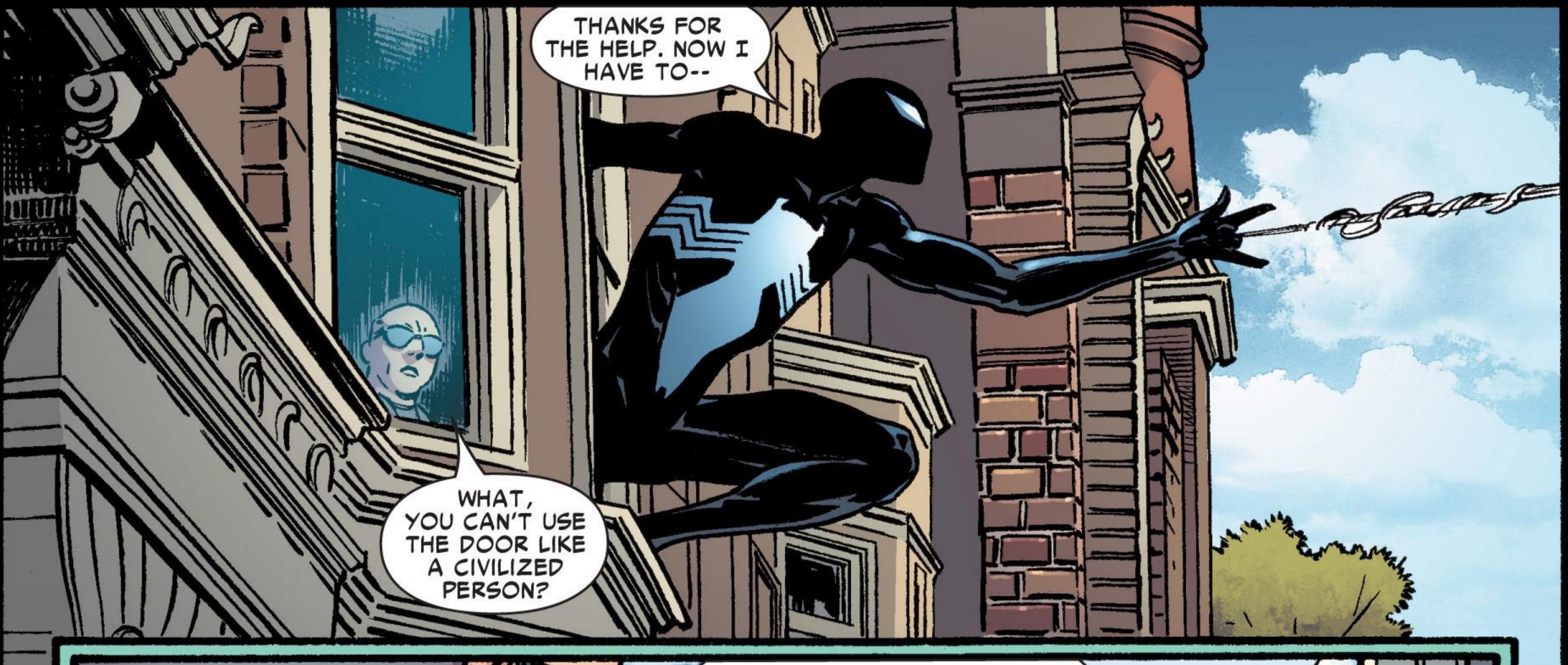
UHM, MAC?



THAT MAY NOT BE AN OPTION.







There's just one chance, assuming he hasn't already left.

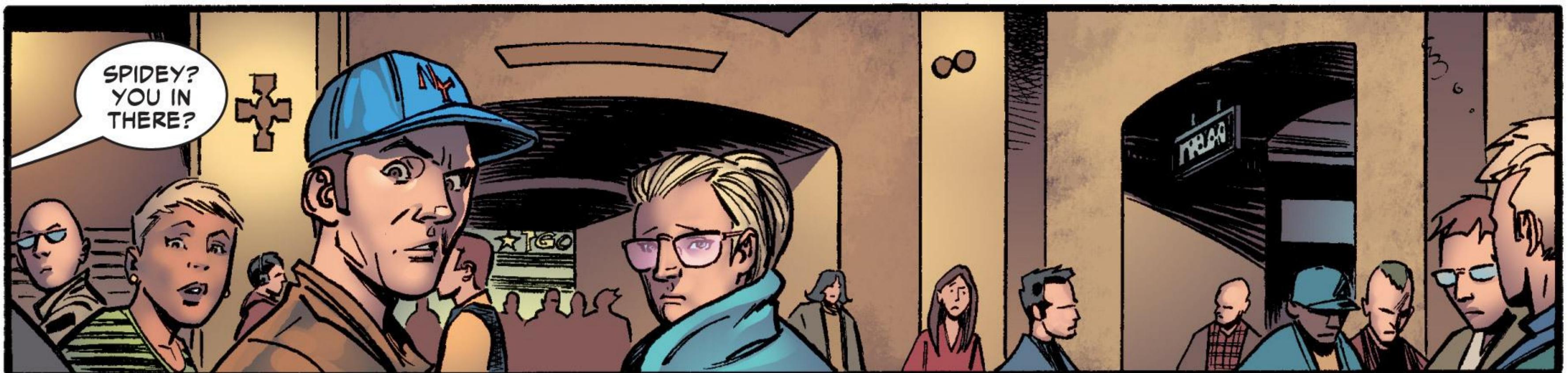


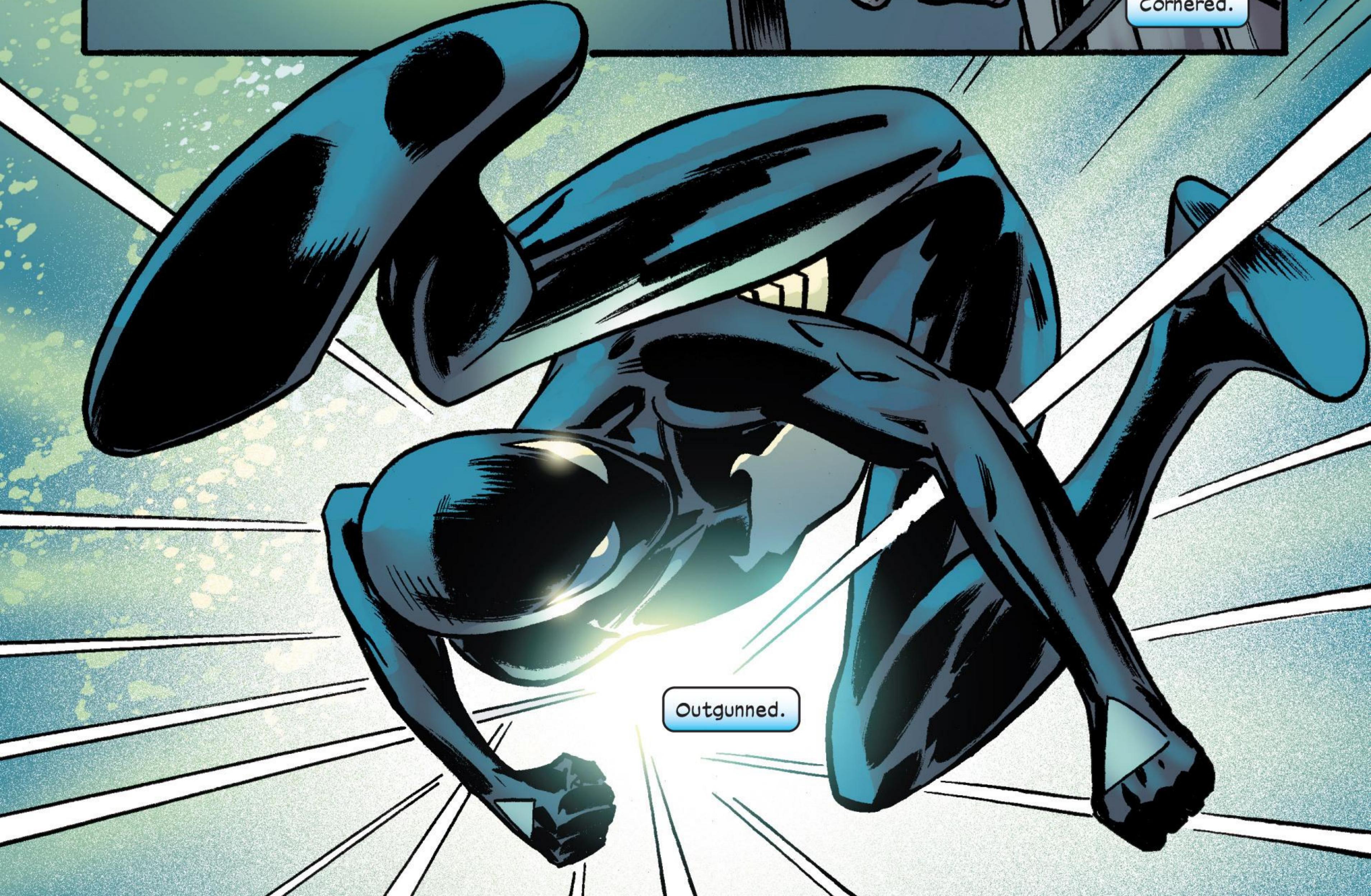
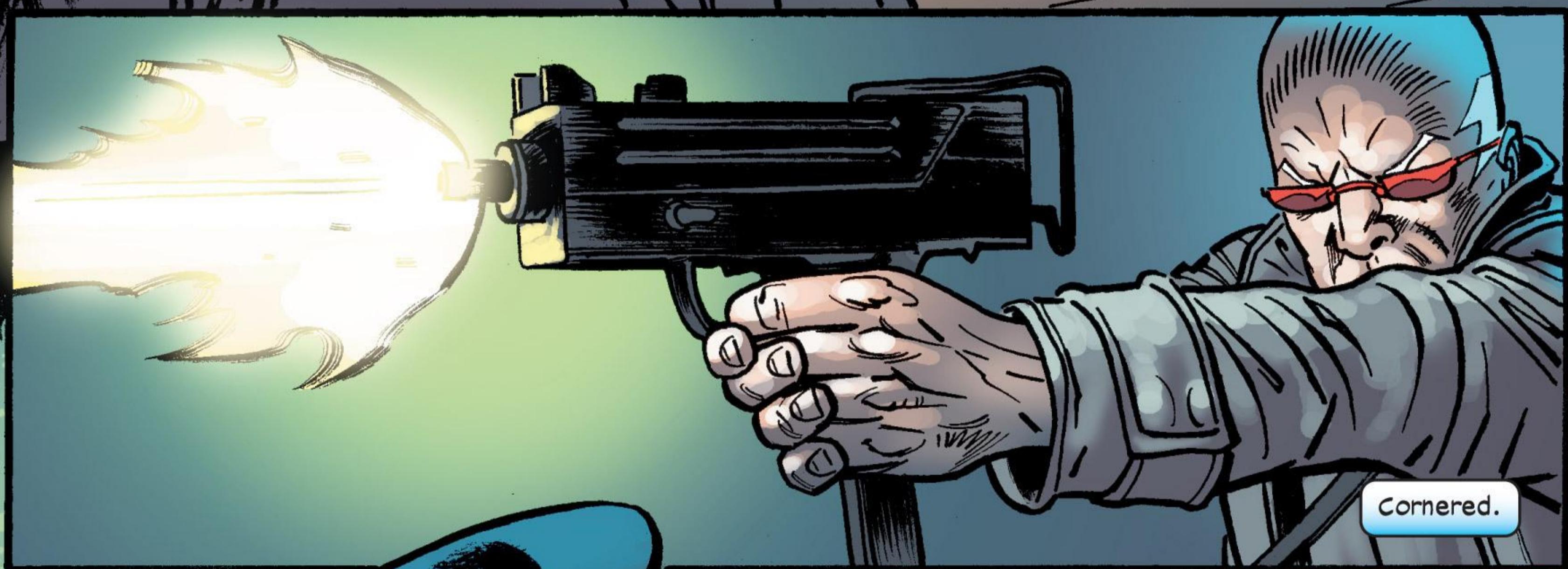
This guy tried to kill me and my family, so when he sees me, my guess is that he'll react big-time.

And with any luck, his reaction will be enough to trigger my spider sense.

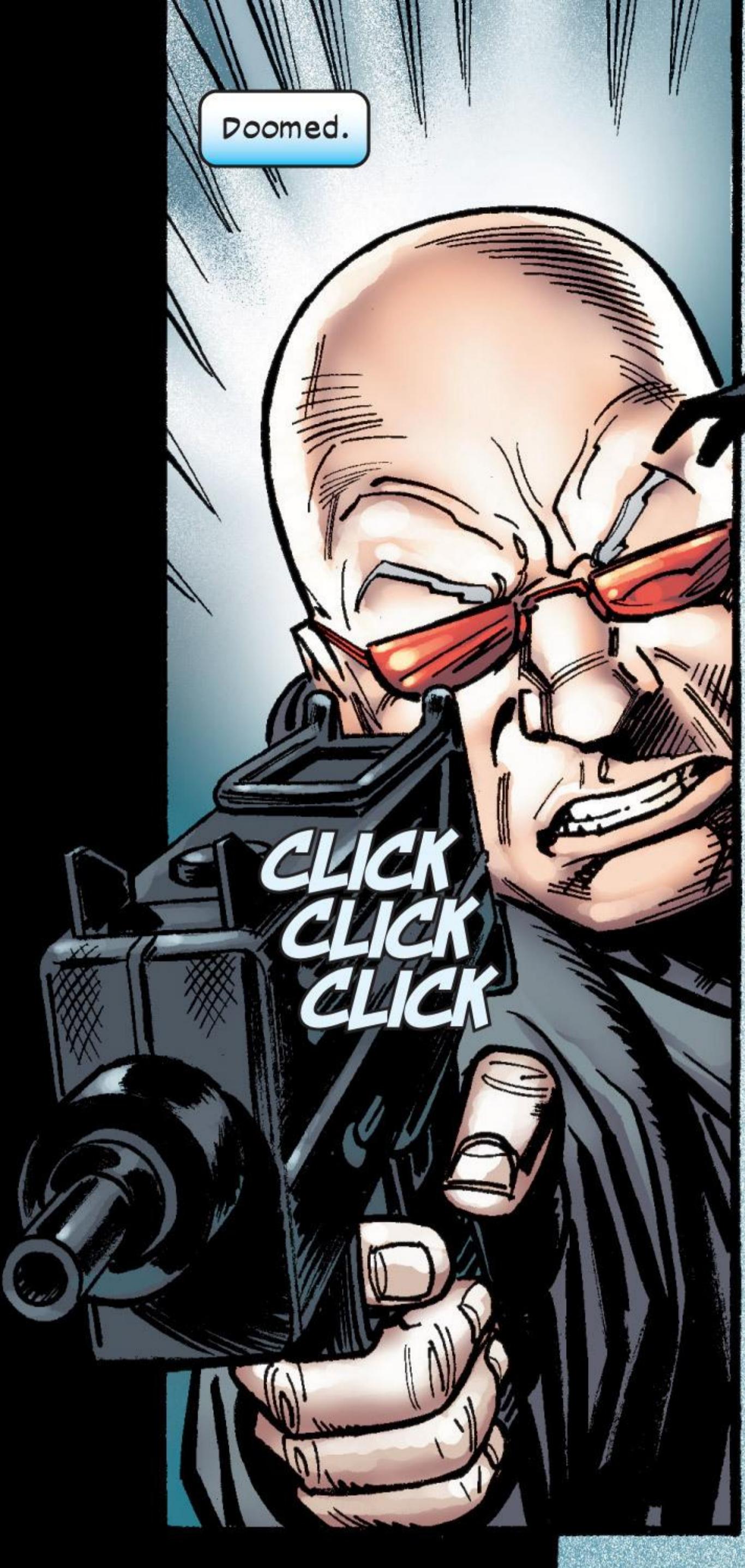
HEY,
WHATCHO
DOIN' HERE, SPIDEY?
YOU NEED A LIFT
SOMEWHERE?



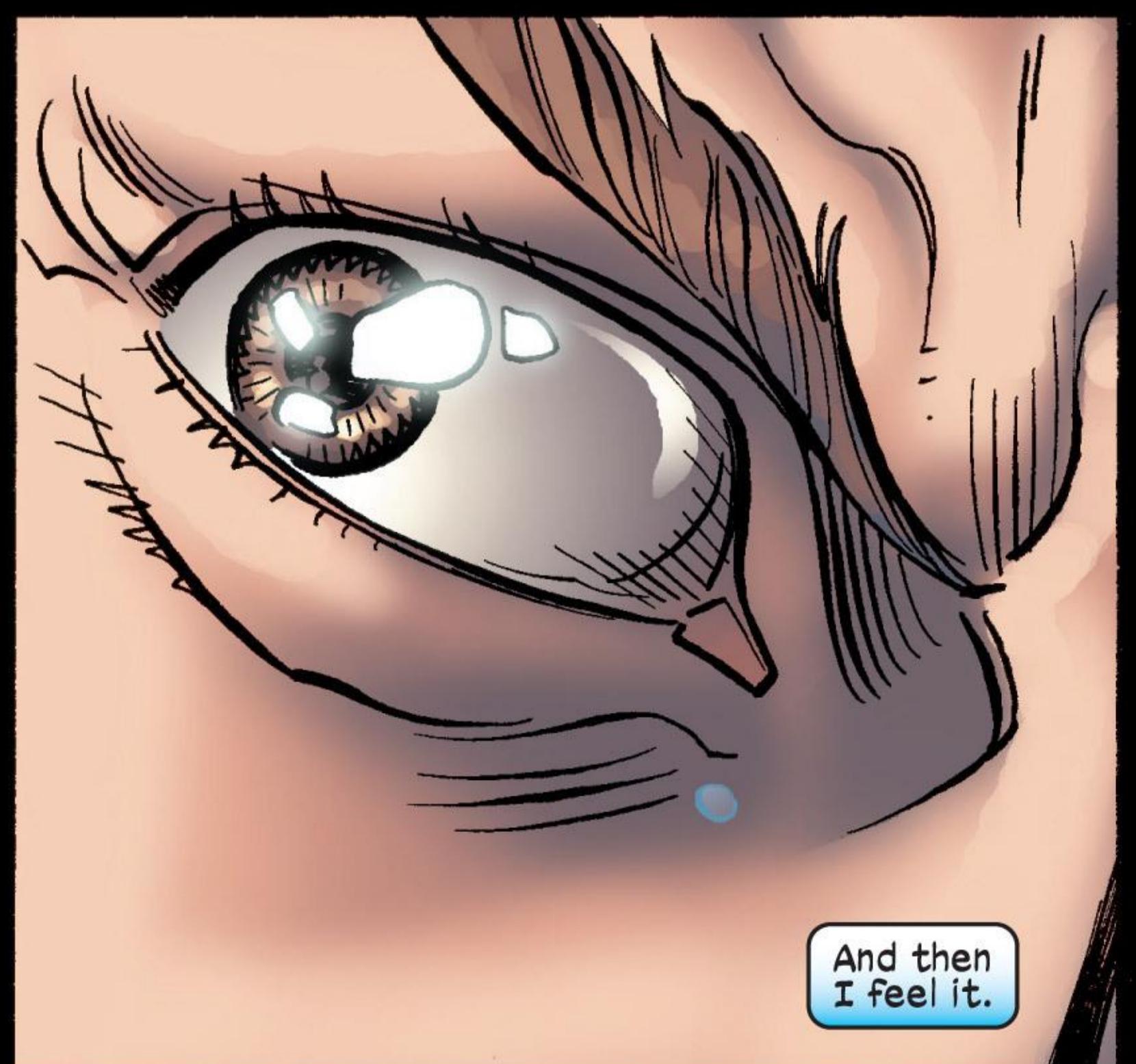
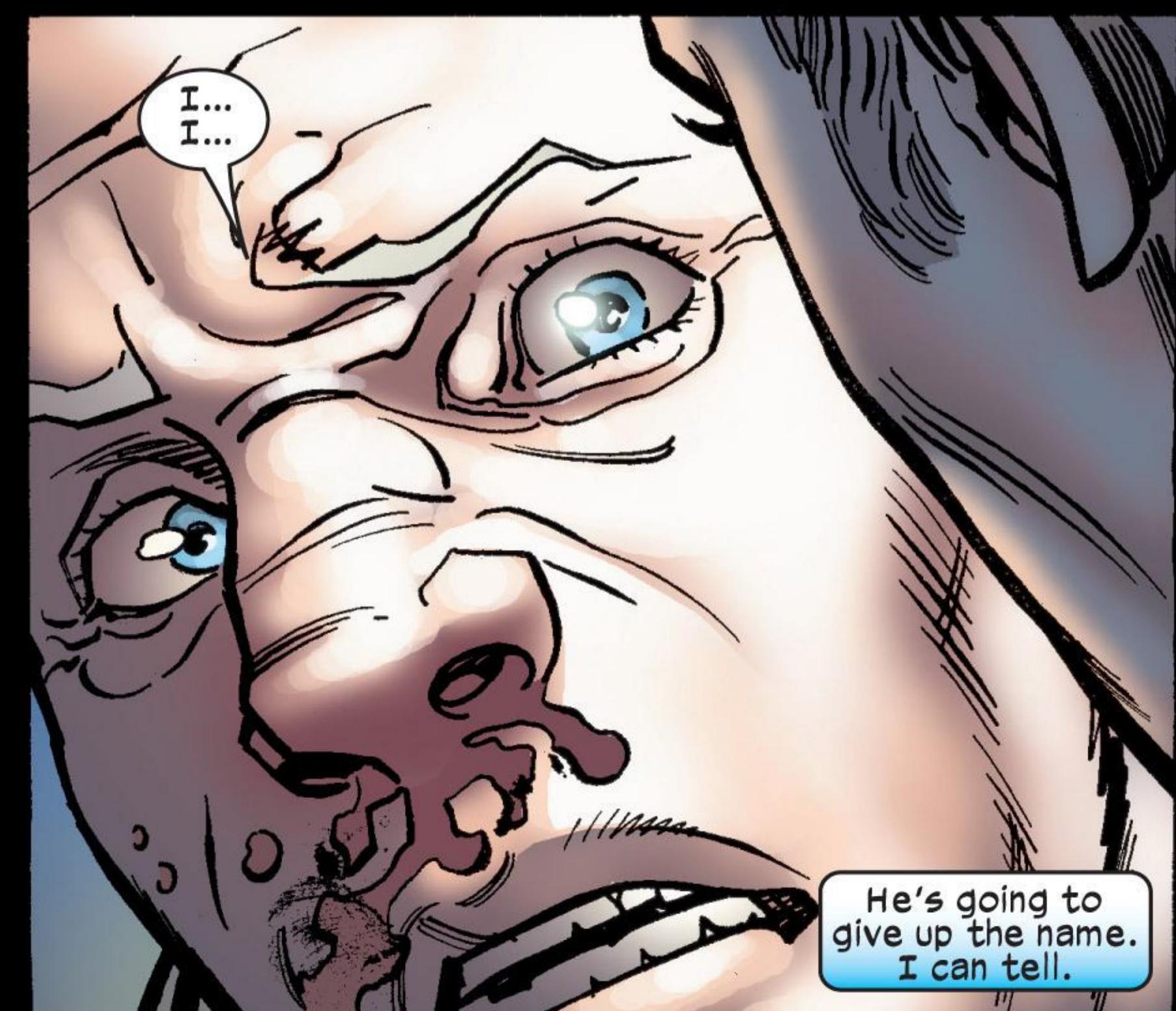
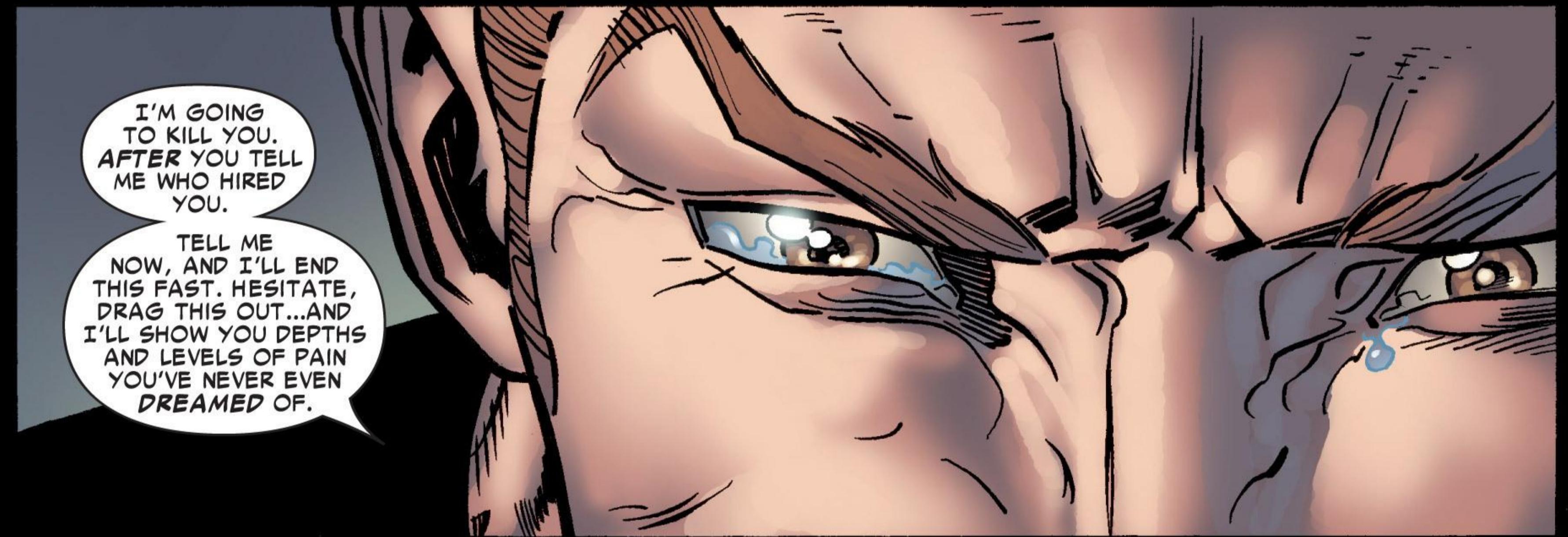


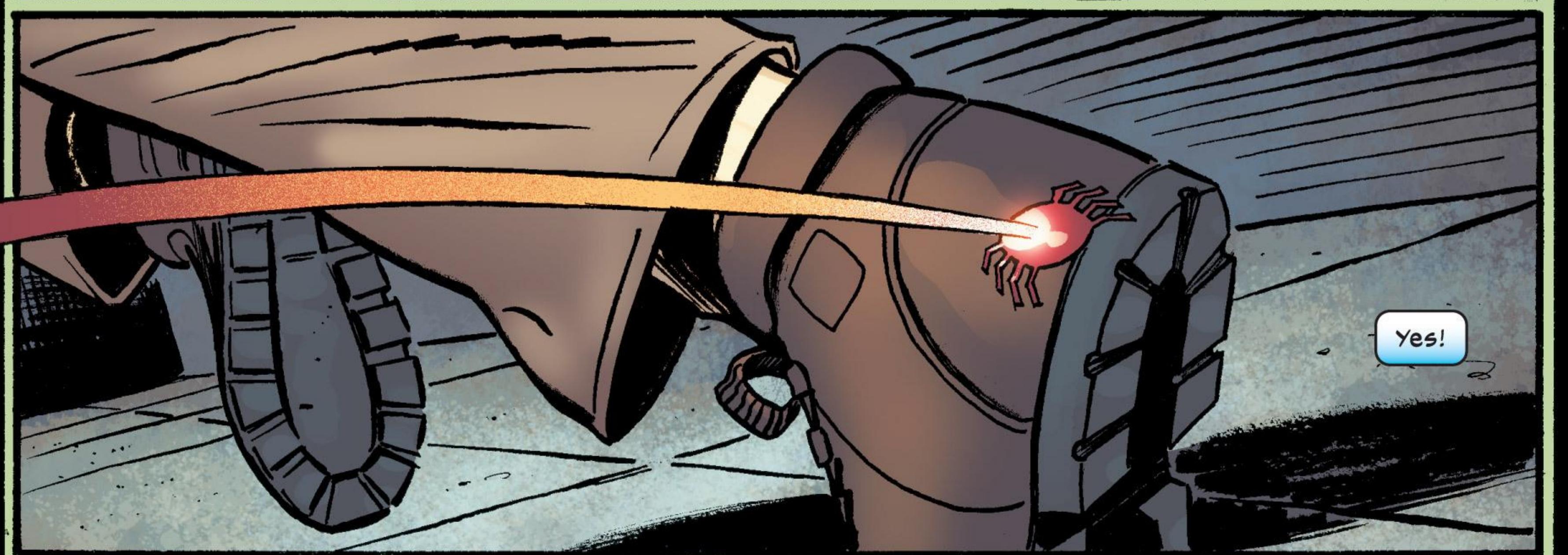
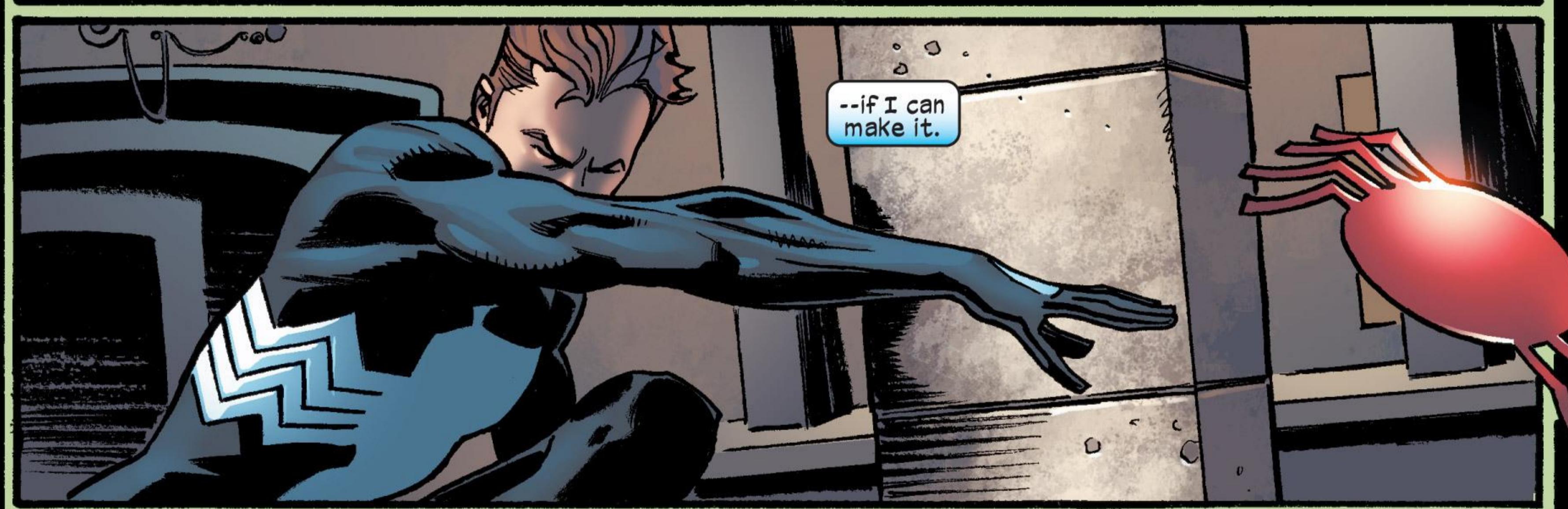


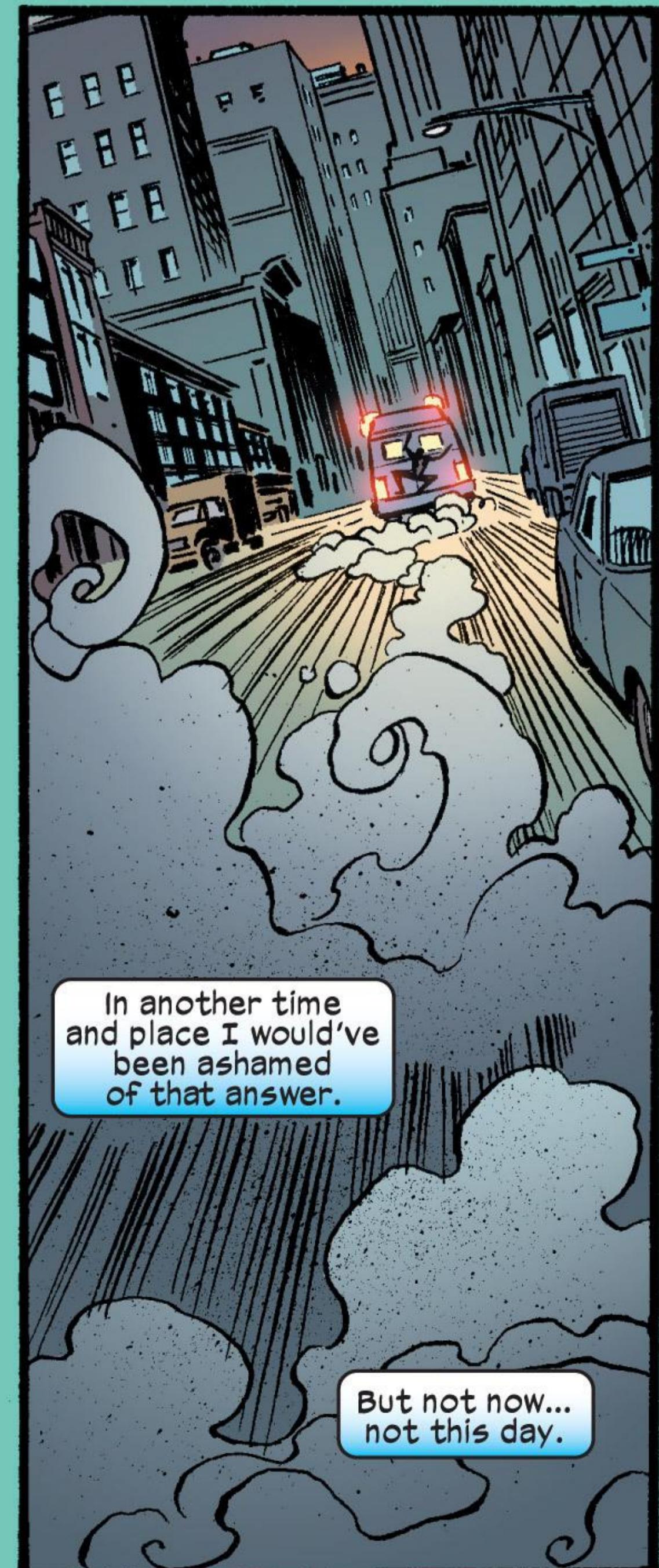
Doomed.



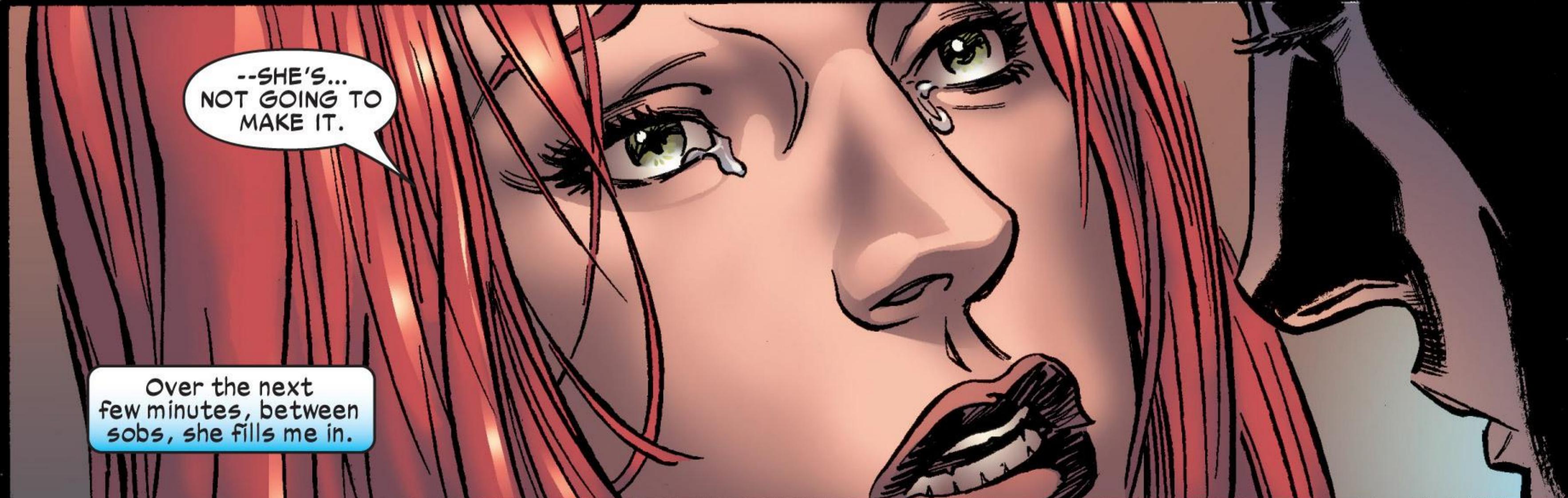


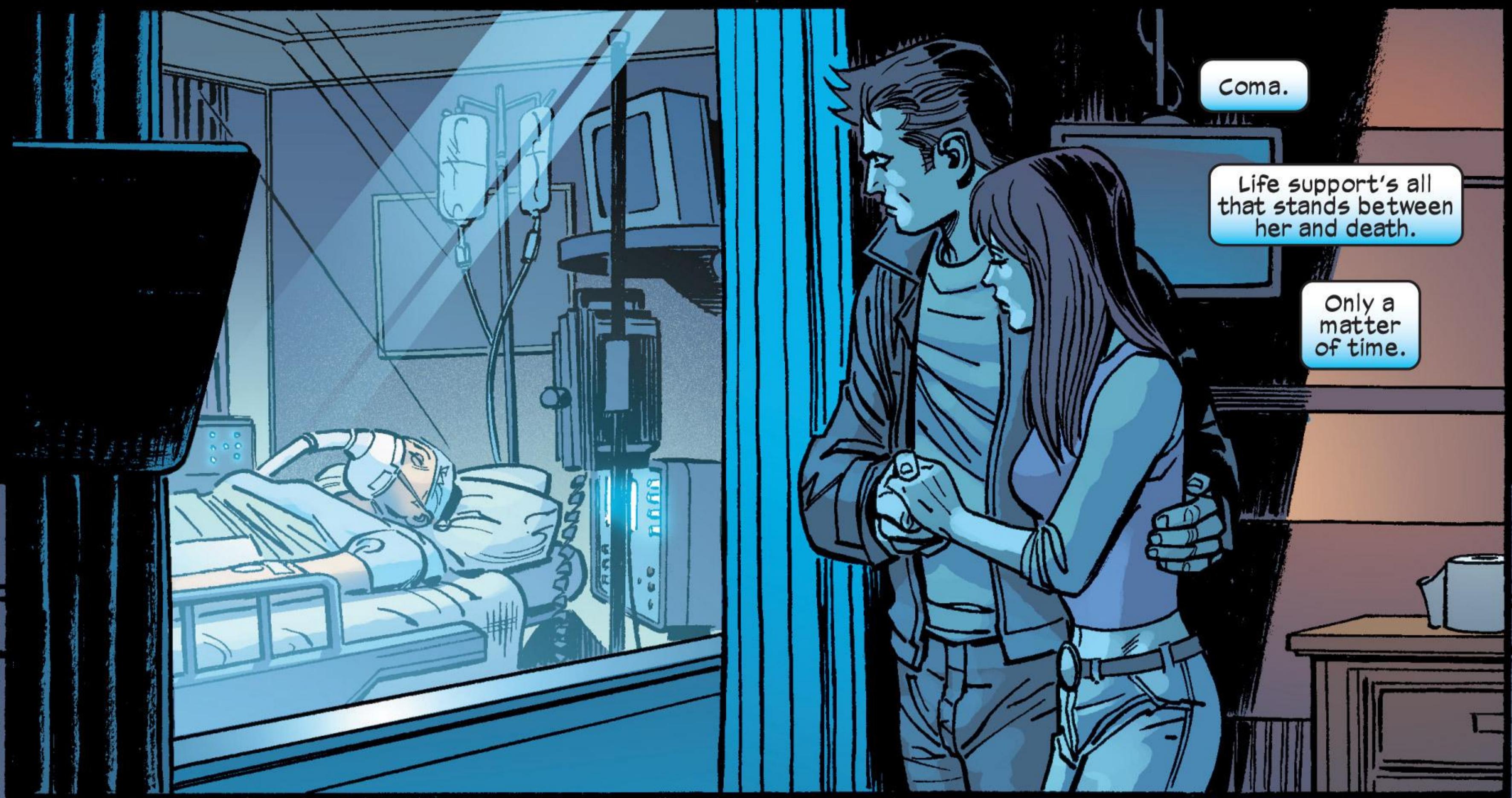






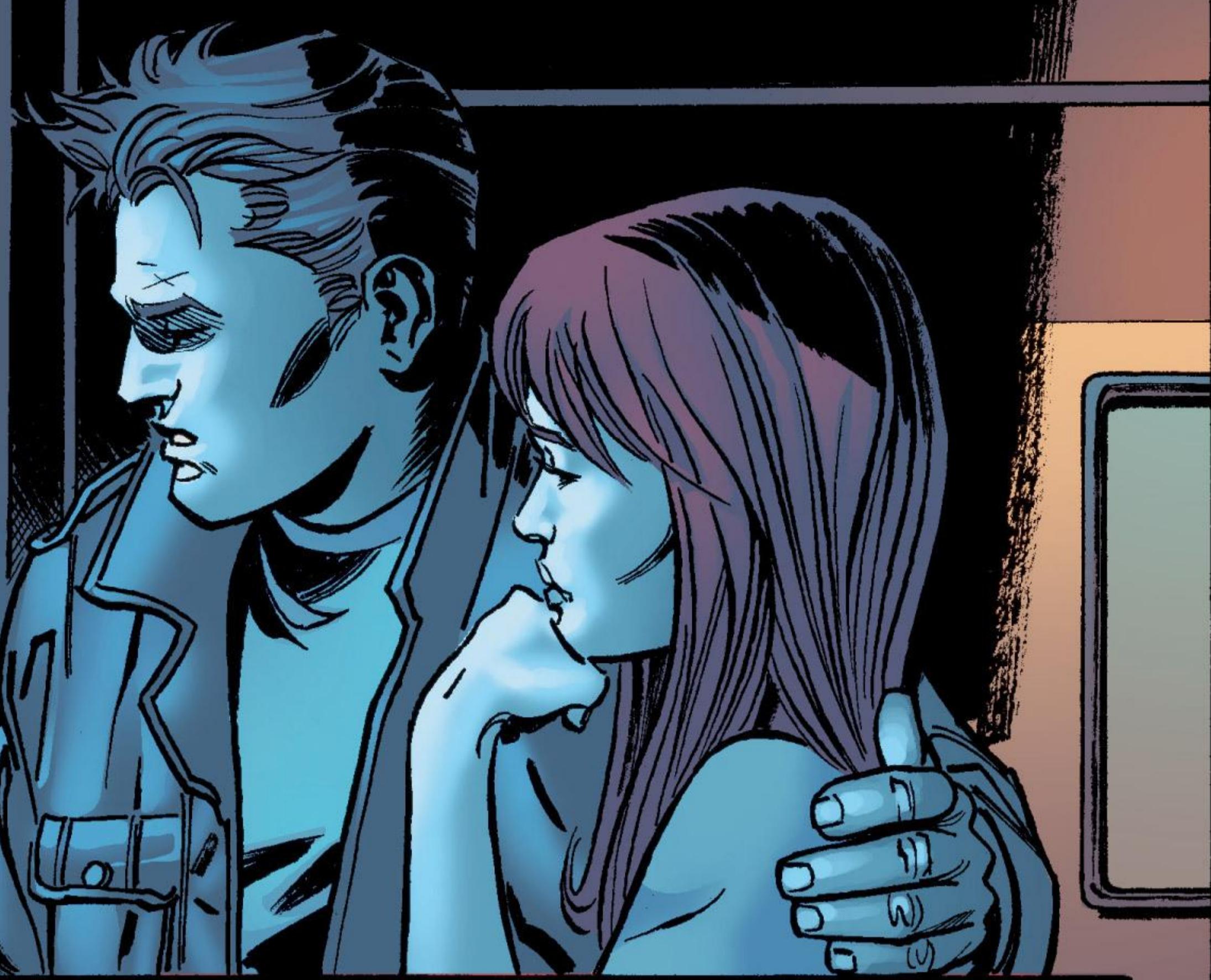
But I discover the universe
is still capable of dramatic irony
as we pull into the same hospital
where May is being treated.



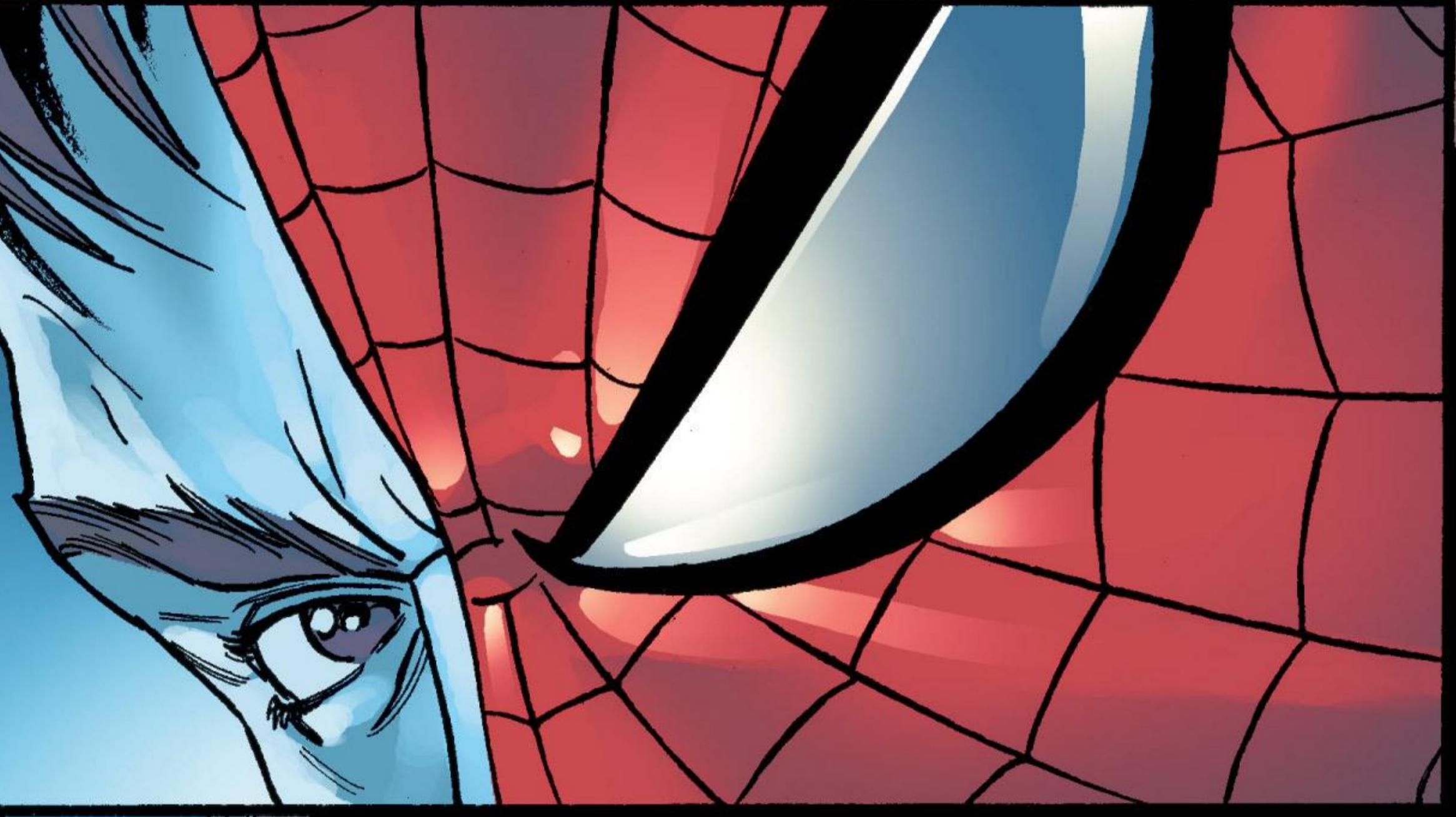


IT'S OKAY, MJ,
WE'LL GET THROUGH
THIS, WE'LL SAVE HER
SOMEHOW. AS LONG AS
SHE'S ALIVE WE CAN'T
STOP FIGHTING. IT'S
NOT OVER.

WE'LL
SAVE HER. WE
WILL.
SOMEHOW.



Then I feel the proximity of the spider tracer...feel someone touching the web that has become my life.



And I know it's time.

YEAH, HE'S GONE. NO, AS FAR AS I KNOW, HE DIDN'T TALK. DIDN'T HAVE TIME. WE TOOK CARE OF IT.

YOU GOT ANY OTHER INSTRUCTIONS?

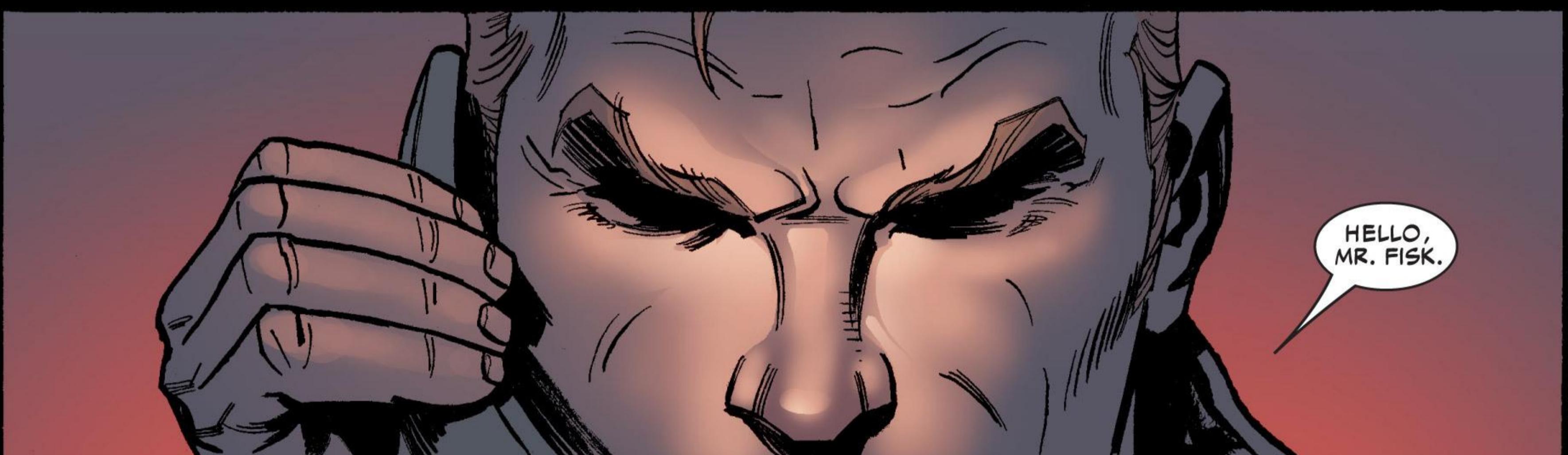
PSST...
HEY,
MISTER...
HEY--

SORRY,
I DIDN'T HEAR YOU, I--

SHHHHHH....

MMPTHHH!





NEXT ISSUE:



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