

MARVEL®

© 1989 MARVEL ENT. GROUP, INC.



THE NON-MUTANT MISADVENTURES OF...

The AMAZING SPIDER-MAN®

NOW ON SALE
TWICE A MONTH!

\$1.00 US
\$1.25 CAN
319
EARLY SEP
CC 02457

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY

YOU DOUBLE-CROSSED
JUSTIN HAMMER -- NOW
YOU MUST DIE!



★★★ THE ★★★
MAIN EVENT!
YOUR FRIENDLY
NEIGHBORHOOD
SPIDER-MAN
VS.
THE RHINO!™
BLACKLASH!™
and the
SCORPION!™

McFARLANE

Stan Lee
PRESENTS: THE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN®

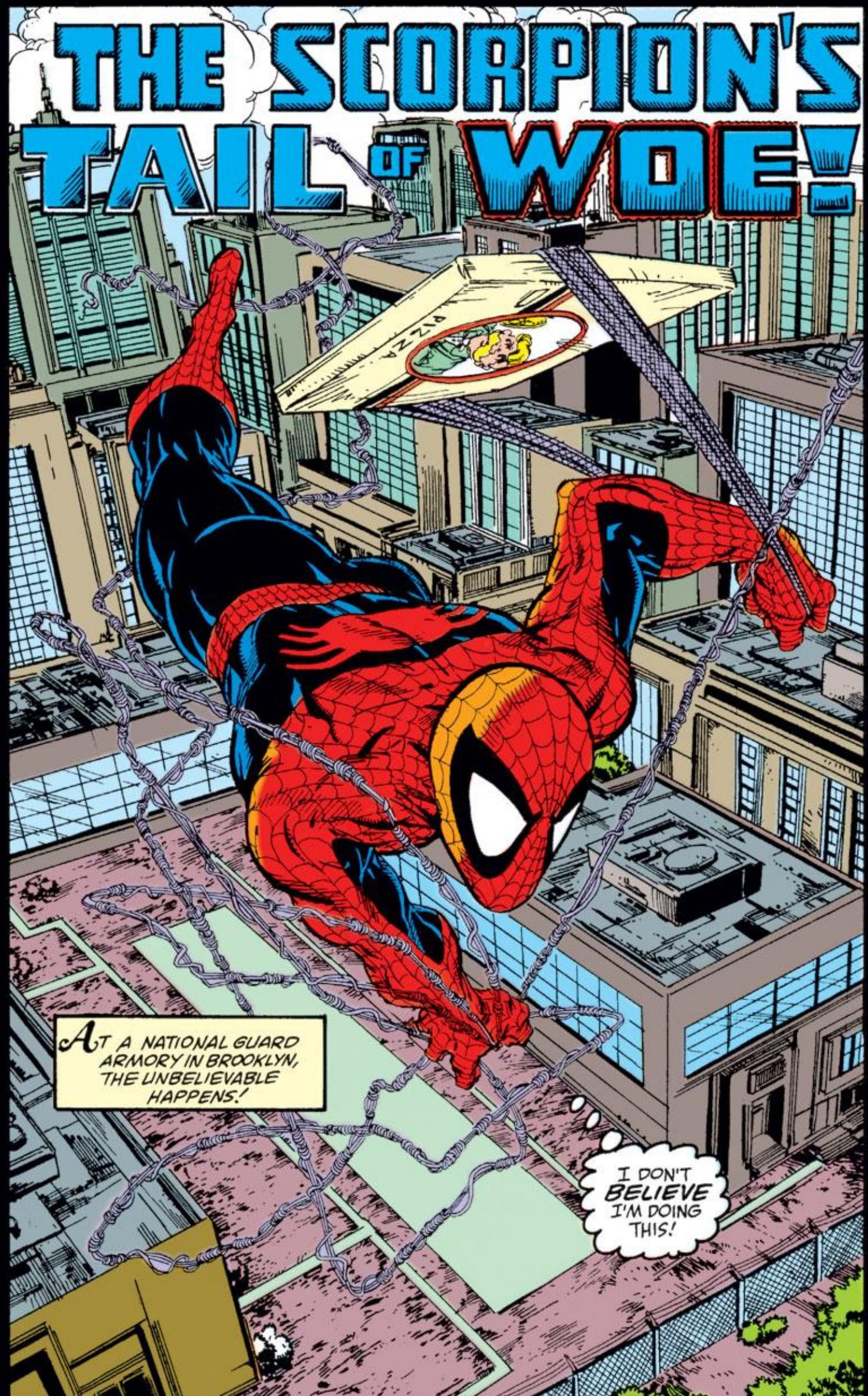
DAVID
MICHELINÉ
WRITER

TODD
MCFARLANE
ARTIST

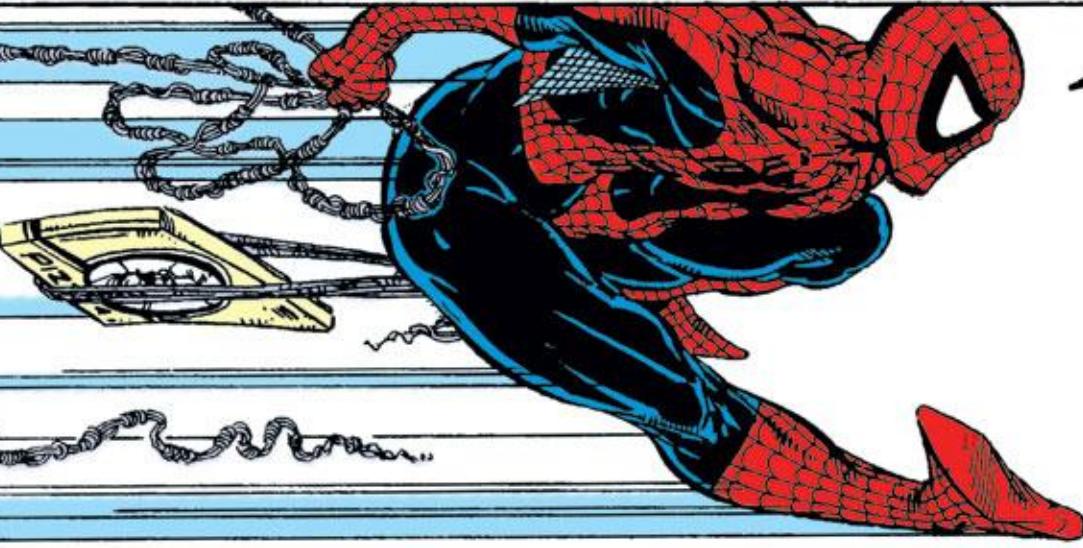
RICK
PARKER
LETTERER
GREGORY
WRIGHT
COLORIST

JIM
SALICRUP
EDITOR

TOM
DEFALCO
CHIEF



THAT'S THE LAST STRAW,
SCORPION!



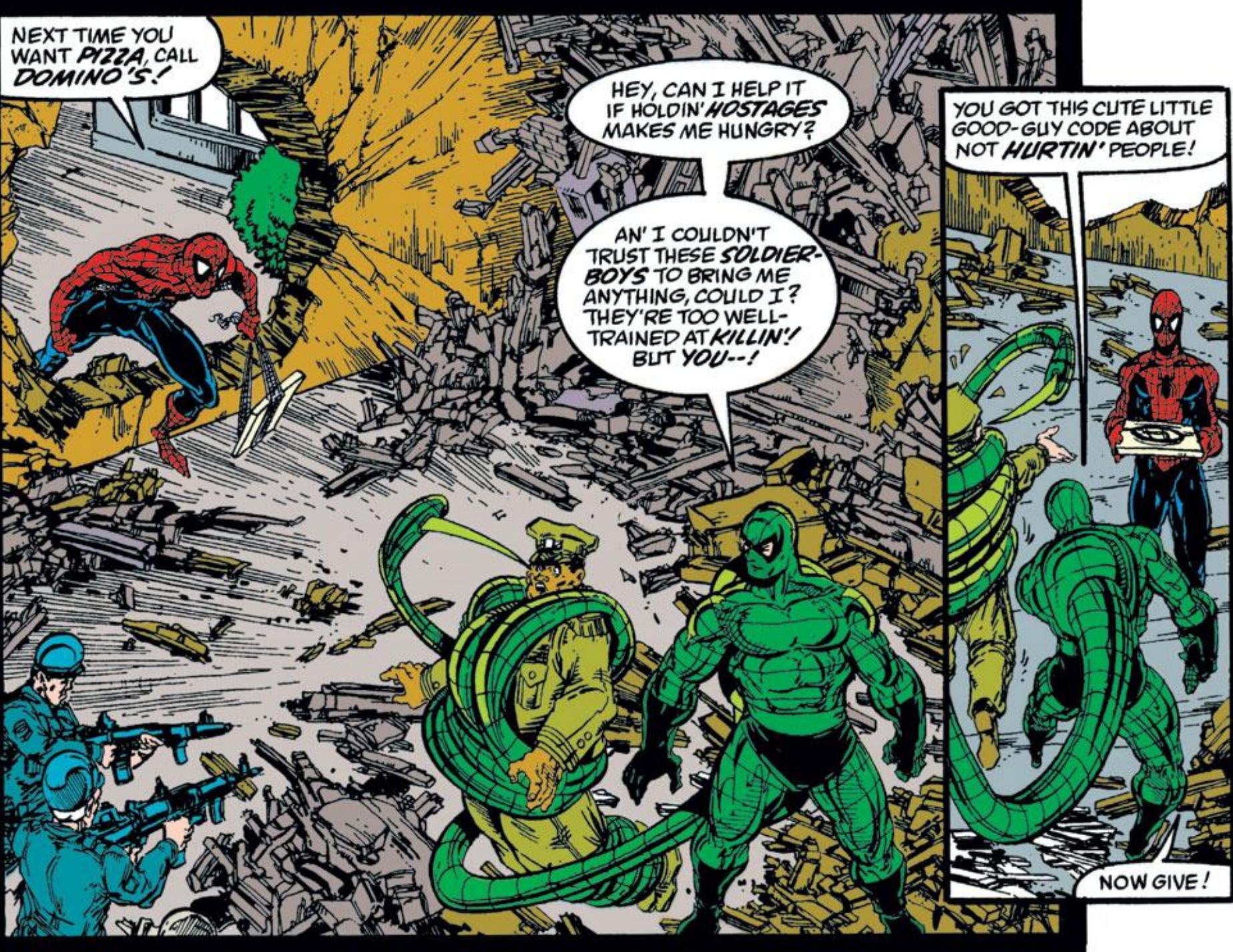
NEXT TIME YOU
WANT PIZZA, CALL
DOMINO'S!

HEY, CAN I HELP IT
IF HOLDIN' HOSTAGES
MAKES ME HUNGRY?

YOU GOT THIS CUTE LITTLE
GOOD-GUY CODE ABOUT
NOT HURTIN' PEOPLE!

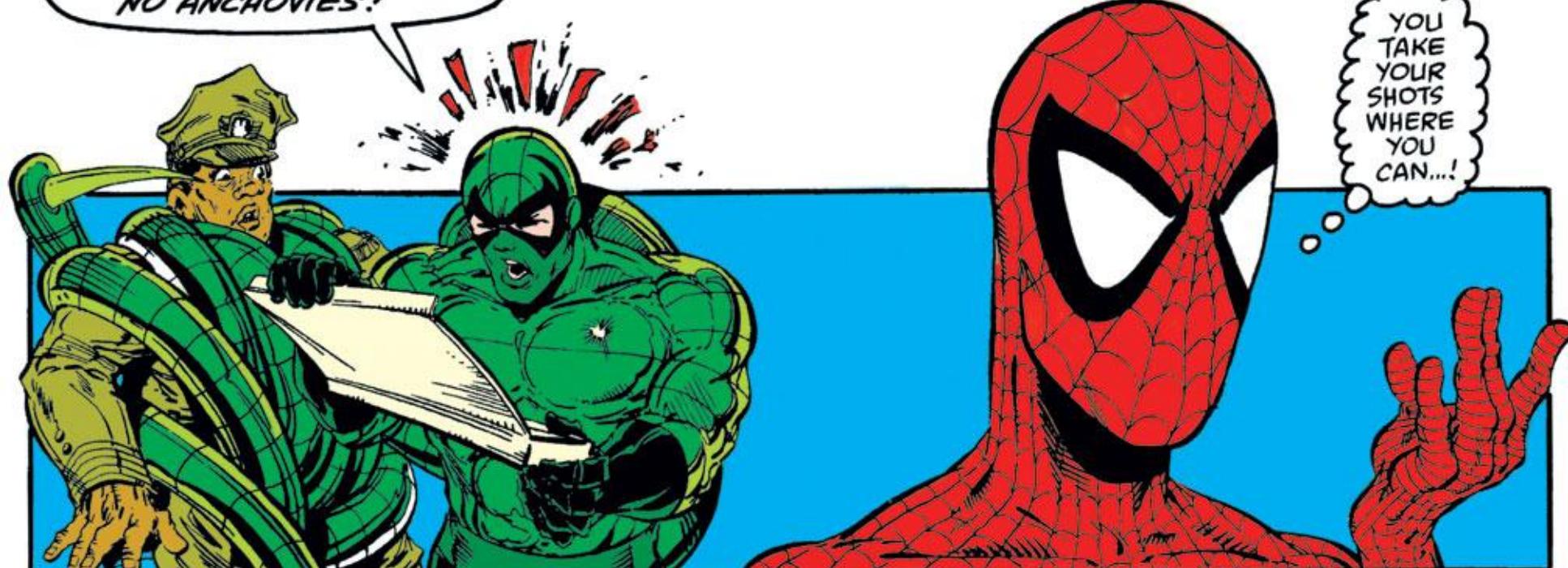
AN' I COULDN'T
TRUST THESE SOLDIER-
BOYS TO BRING ME
ANYTHING, COULD I?
THEY'RE TOO WELL-
TRAINED AT KILLIN'
BUT YOU--!

NOW GIVE!

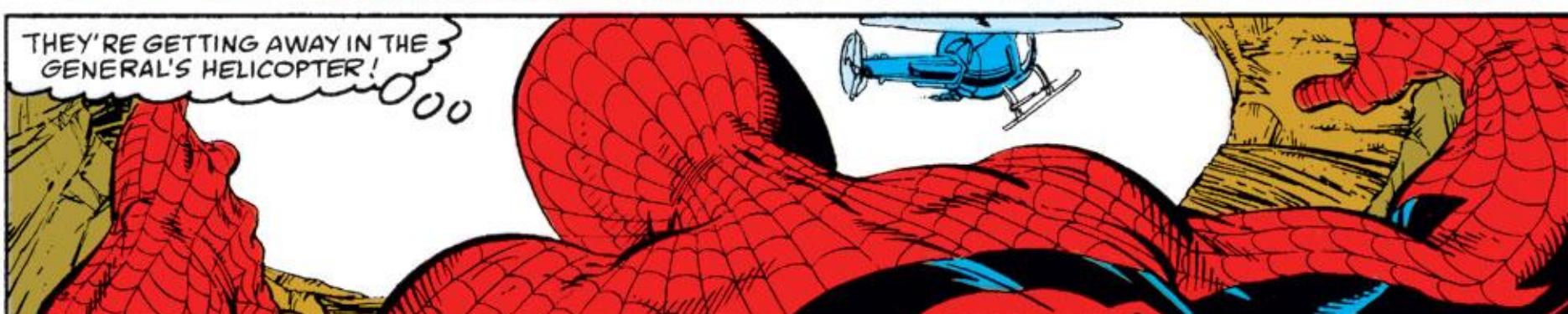
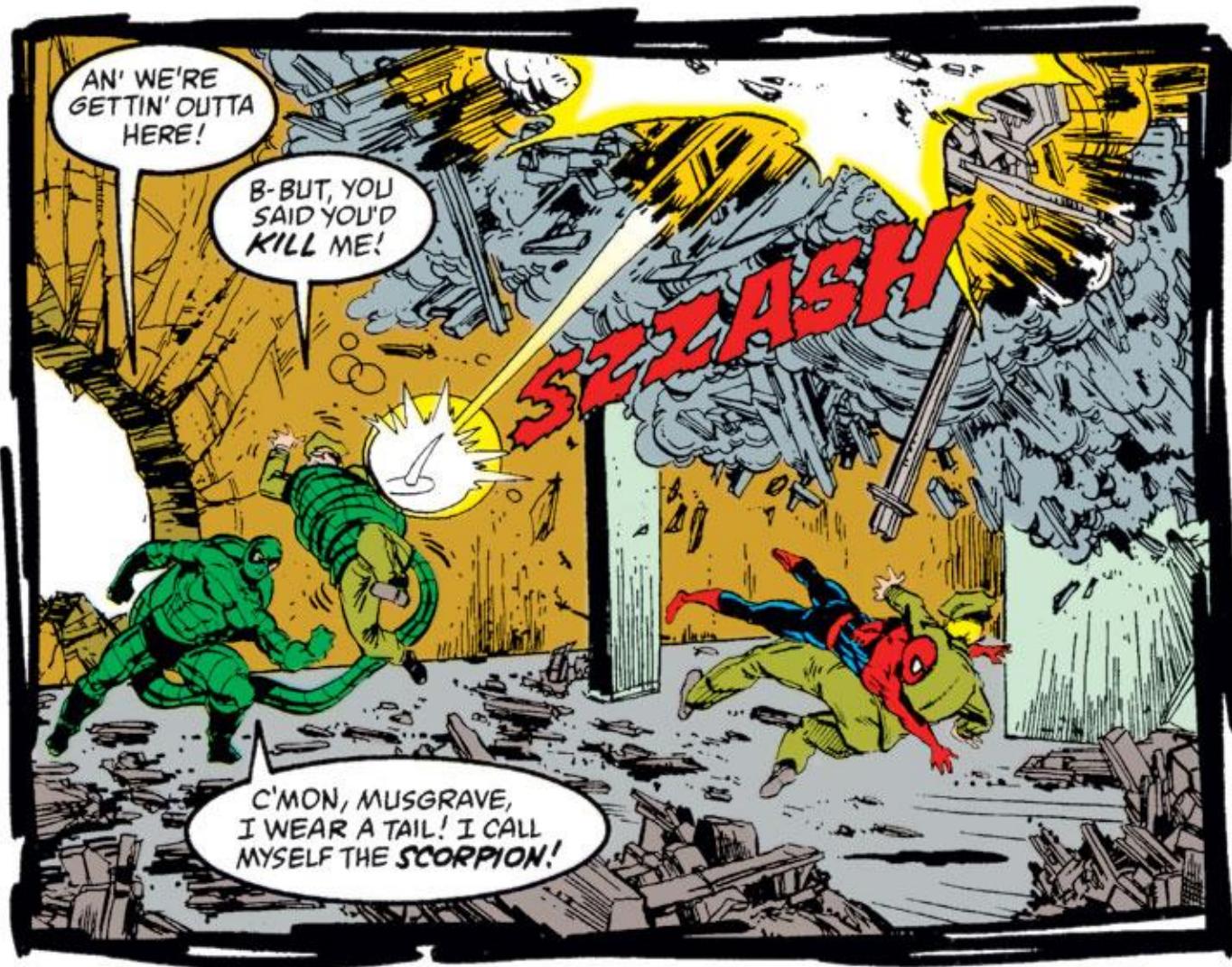


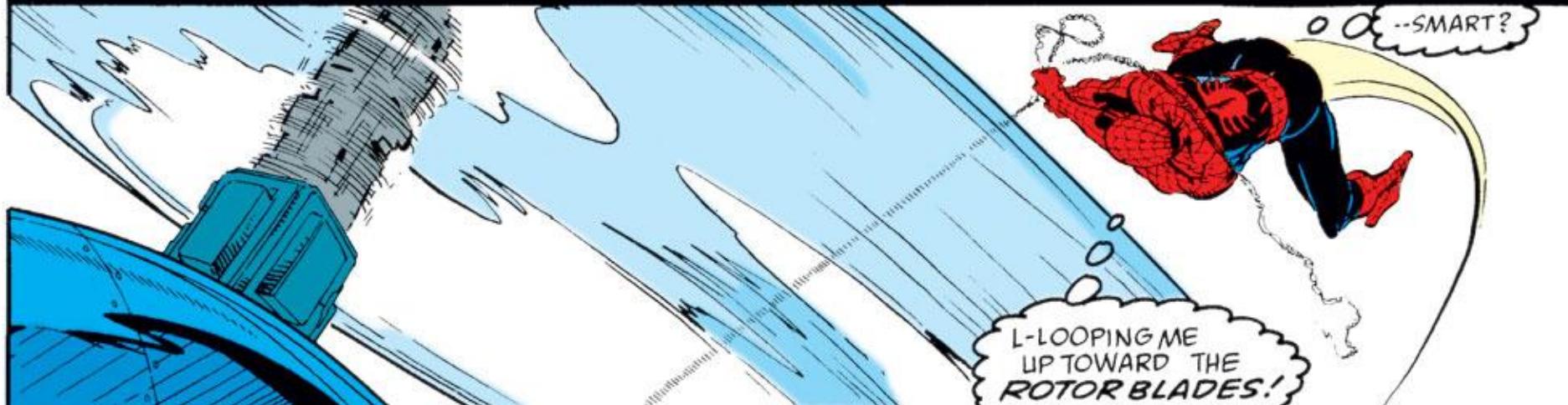
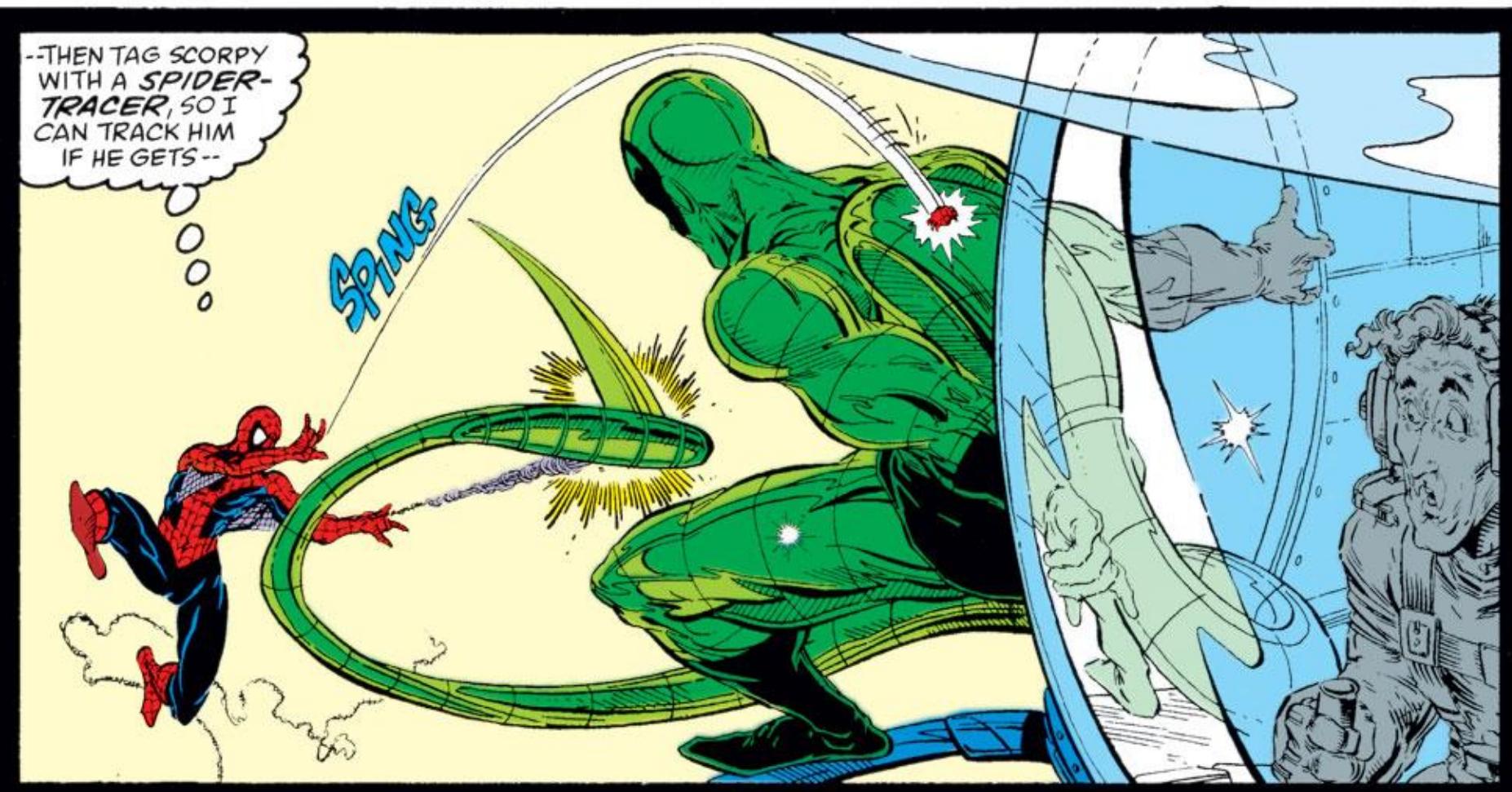
AW, YUCK! I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU
NO ANCHOVIES!

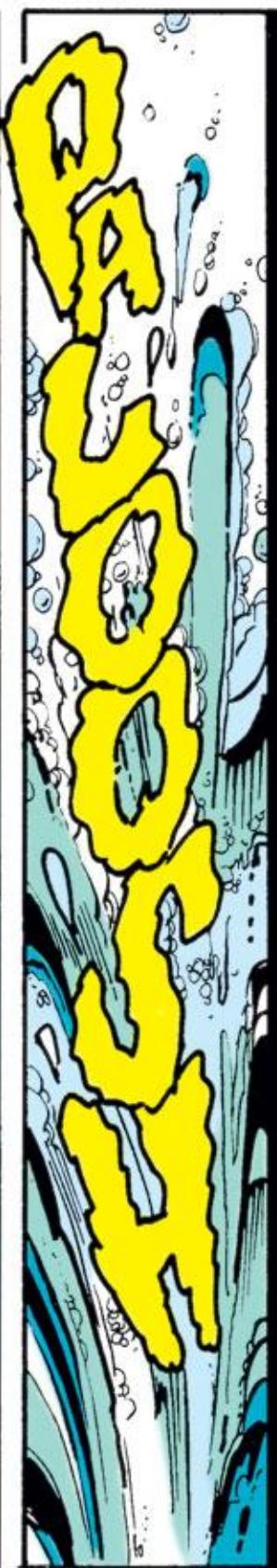
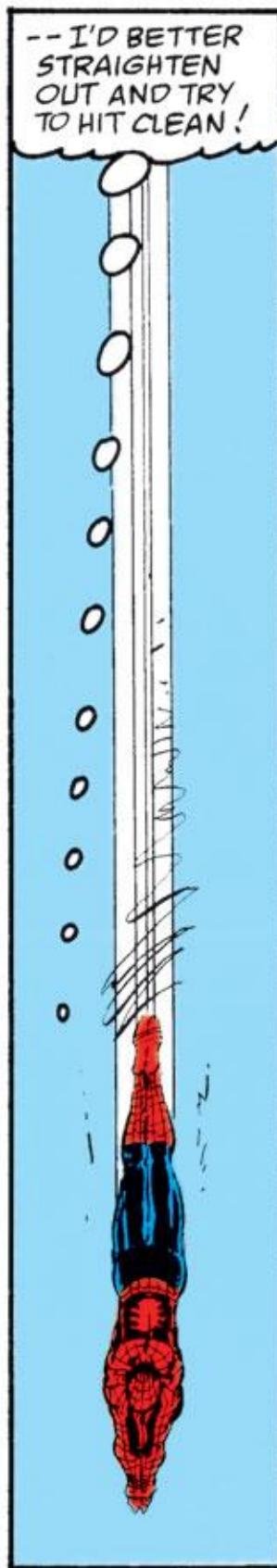
YOU
TAKE
YOUR
SHOTS
WHERE
YOU
CAN...!











HOME: TO GLOBAL
ENTREPRENEUR
JUSTIN HAMMER--

-- THAT CURRENTLY MEANS A MULTI-MILLION-DOLLAR "LODGE" BUILT DIRECTLY INTO AN UPSTATE NEW YORK MOUNTAINSIDE--

-- WHERE THE MAN HIMSELF ATTEMPTS TO RELAX IN A CUSTOM-DESIGNED HOT TUB.

AND FAILS.

BRING MY ROBE, WILL YOU, PHILLIP? I'M AFRAID THE LATEST REPORTS ARE MOST DISTRESSING.

YES, MR. HAMMER.

MAC GARGAN AND I HAD AN AGREEMENT.

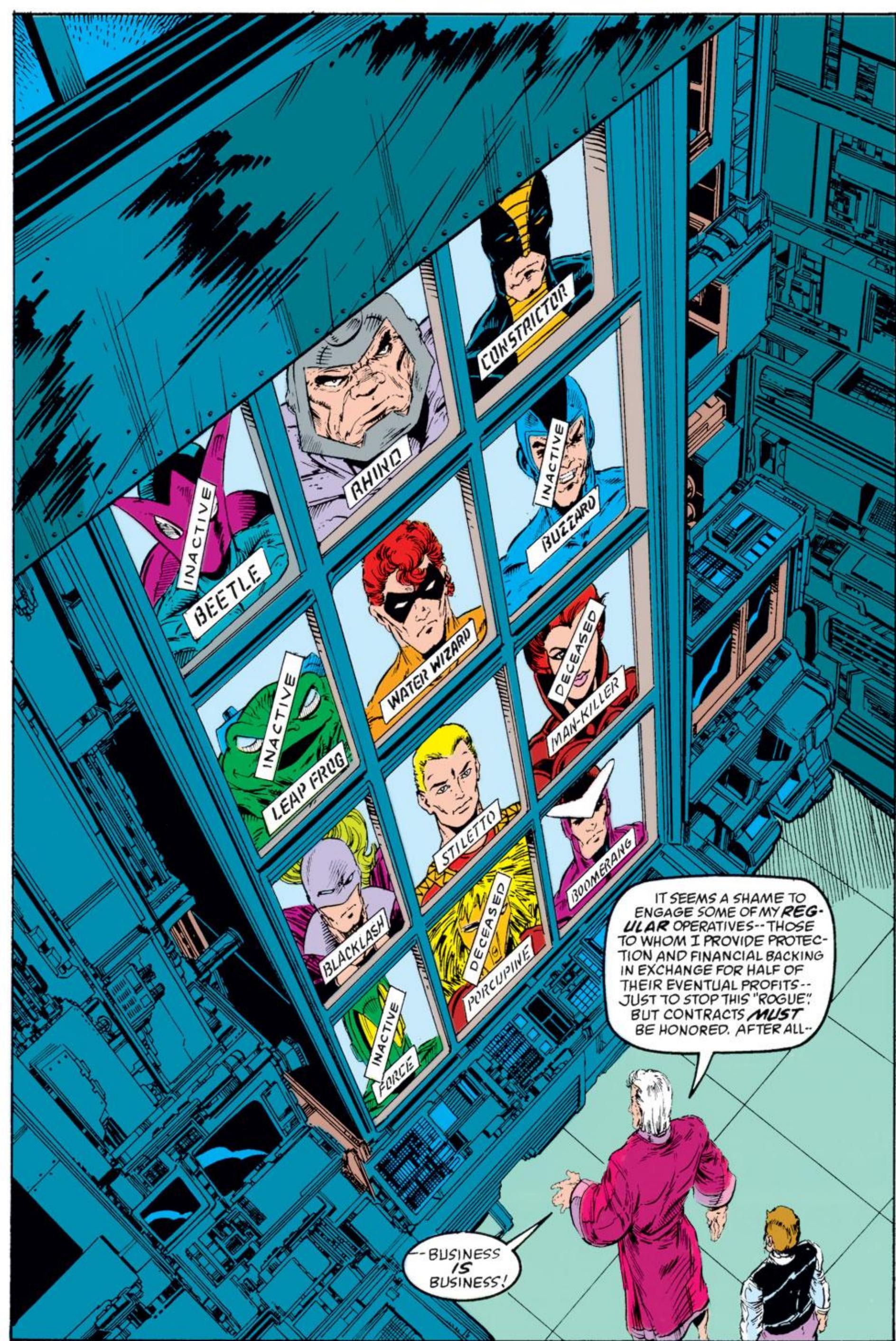
I FINANCED IMPROVEMENTS IN HIS SCORPION WEAPONRY, IN RETURN FOR WHICH HE WAS TO KIDNAP GENERAL MUSGRAVE.

I WOULD THEN TURN MUSGRAVE OVER TO CERTAIN PARTIES IN EUROPE IN EXCHANGE FOR FAVORABLE TRADE CONSIDERATIONS.

BUT BY OFFERING TO BARTER MUSGRAVE FOR THAT JAMESON PERSON, IT APPEARS MR. GARGAN IS RENEGING ON HIS COMMITMENT.

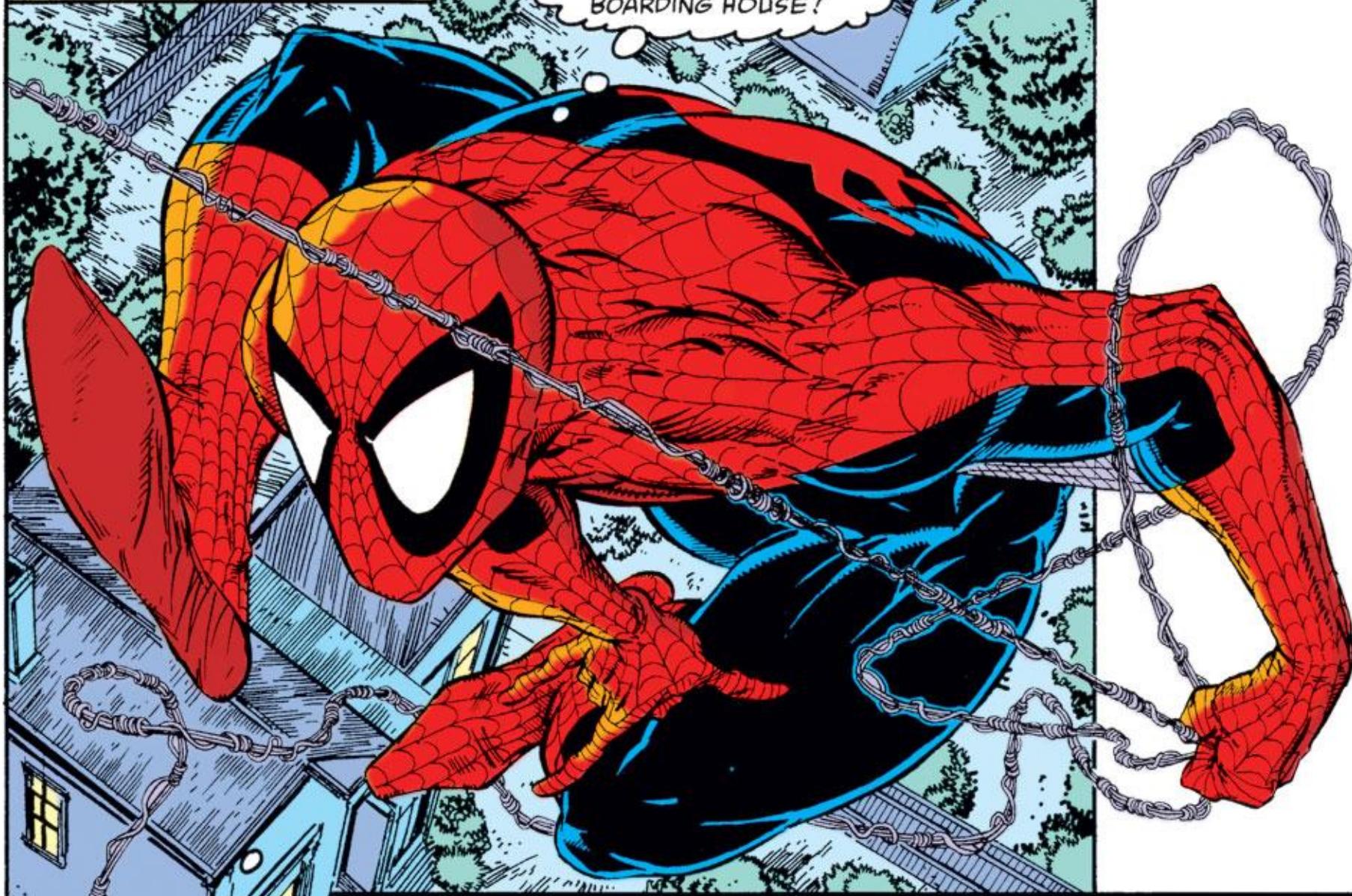
AND THAT WILL NEVER DO!

PLIK



WHILE IN FOREST HILLS...

BOARDING HOUSE, SWEET
BOARDING HOUSE!



MARY JANE
AND I HOPE TO HAVE
A PLACE OF OUR OWN
AGAIN SOON, BUT
RIGHT NOW AUNT
MAY'S LOOKS
LIKE HEAVEN!

I'LL JUST SLIP
INTO THE
BASEMENT
DARKROOM,
CHANGE TO
MY PETER
PARKER
DUOS, AND...

AUNT MAY! DOING
LAUNDRY THIS
LATE?

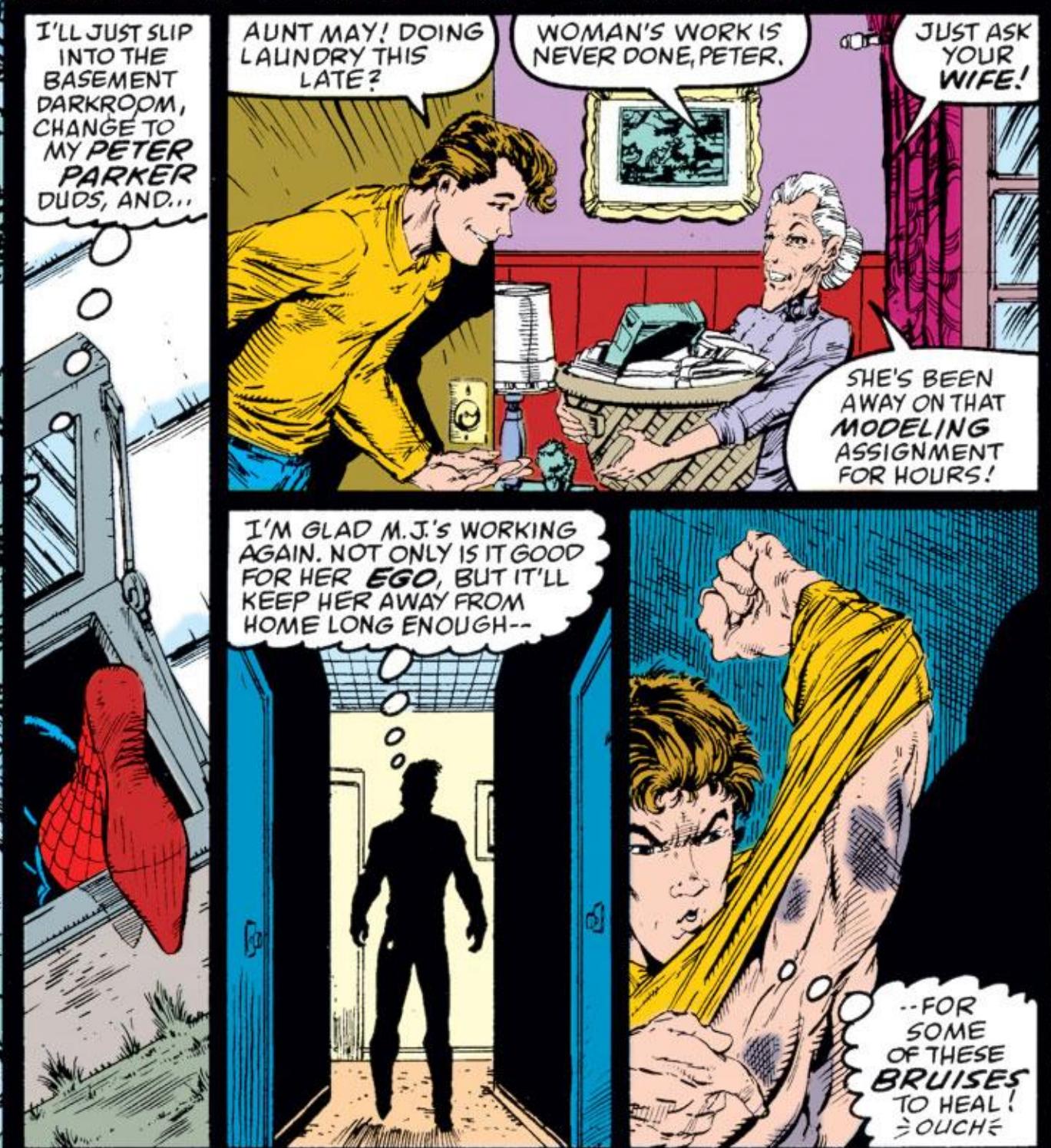
WOMAN'S WORK IS
NEVER DONE, PETER.

JUST ASK
YOUR
WIFE!

SHE'S BEEN
AWAY ON THAT
MODELING
ASSIGNMENT
FOR HOURS!

I'M GLAD M.J.'S WORKING
AGAIN. NOT ONLY IS IT GOOD
FOR HER EGO, BUT IT'LL
KEEP HER AWAY FROM
HOME LONG ENOUGH--

--FOR
SOME
OF THESE
BRUISES
TO HEAL!
SOUCHÉ



BUT THE LADY IN
QUESTION IS FEELING
NO PAIN--



SANDY!
JOIN THE
PARTY!

I'M GLAD I FOUND YOU, MARY JANE! I NEED TO TALK TO YOU!



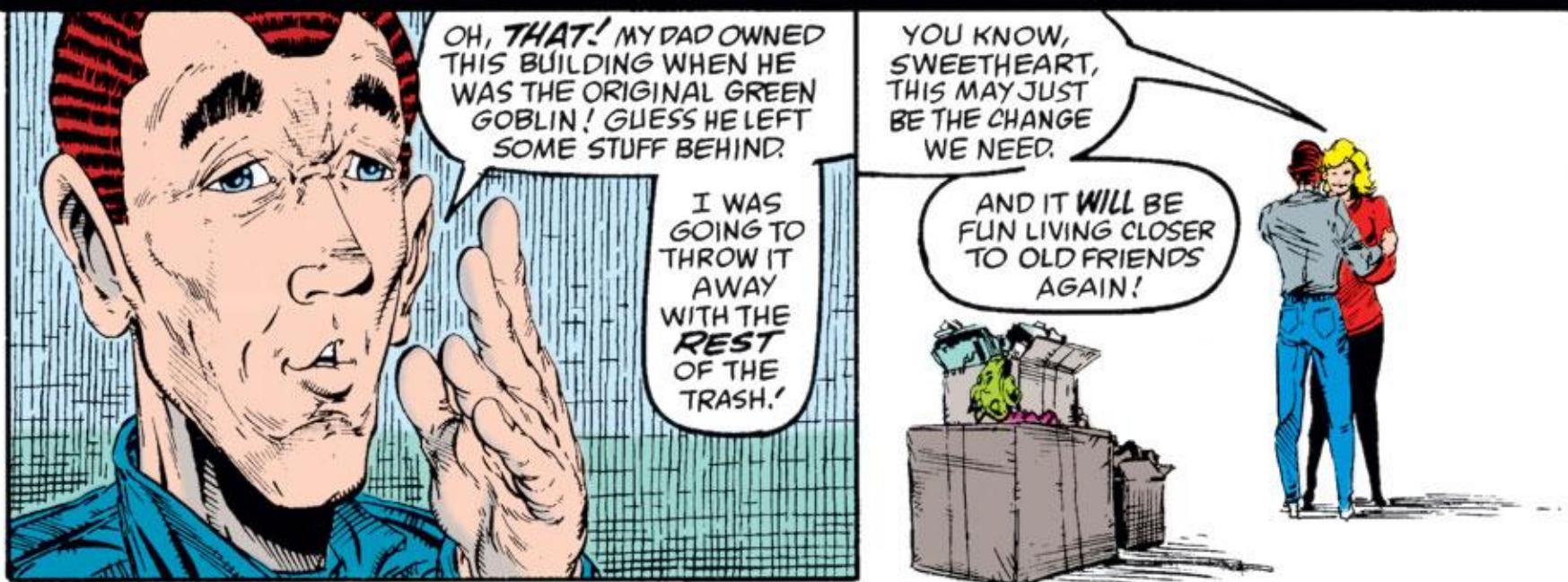
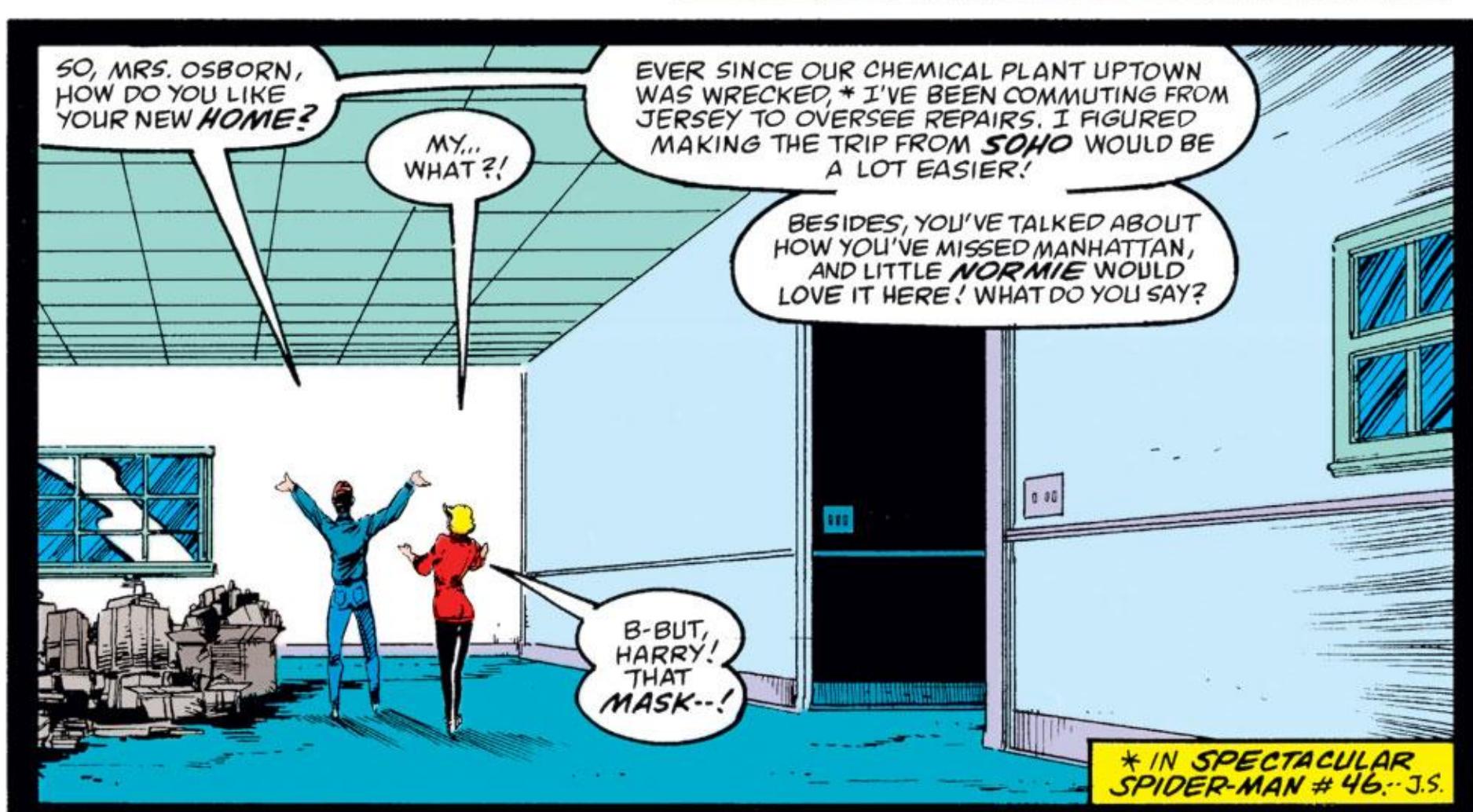
HEY, SO I LOST THAT
GIG TODAY BECAUSE OF
SOME FICKLE CLIENT
CHANGING HIS MIND!
I'LL GET ANOTHER
JOB TOMORROW!

NO, MARY JANE. YOU
WON'T
GET
ANOTHER
JOB.



EVER!





AND SPEAKING OF OLD FRIENDS,
AS NIGHT CRAWLS INTO THE WEE
HOURS OF MORNING...

PETER?
YOU LOOK
BEAT!

BEATEN
IS MORE
LIKE IT!

SPENT MOST OF THE
NIGHT LOOKING FOR
SOMEONE, HON. LONG
STORY. > EYAWME

HOW'D THE
SHOOT GO?

IT DIDN'T-- BUT AT
LEAST NOW I KNOW
WHY!

YOU REMEMBER SANDY
KINTZLER? DOES MY MAKE-
UP? SHE HEARD SOME
RUMORS AND ASKED
AROUND.

SEEMS THERE'S A
REASON WHY I'VE
HAD TROUBLE GETTING
WORK LATELY.

A REASON
NAMED
**JONATHON
CAESAR!**

CAESAR? THE LUNATIC WHO HAD US KICKED OUT OF OUR CONDO JUST BECAUSE YOU WOULDN'T LEAVE ME AND BE HIS PRIVATE PLAYTHING?

MM-HM.

HE MAY BE IN PRISON, BUT HE'S STILL GOT A LOT OF INFLUENCE -- BOTH POLITICAL AND CRIMINAL! HE'S USED THREATS AND INTIMIDATION, AND WHEN THEY DIDN'T WORK, HE'S BOUGHT COMPANIES AND FIRED PEOPLE WHO TRIED TO HIRE ME!

HE WANTS TO PUNISH ME FOR REJECTING HIM, BY DESTROYING MY CAREER! AND IT LOOKS LIKE HE'S DOING A PRETTY GOOD JOB OF IT!

DO YOU WANT ME TO...?

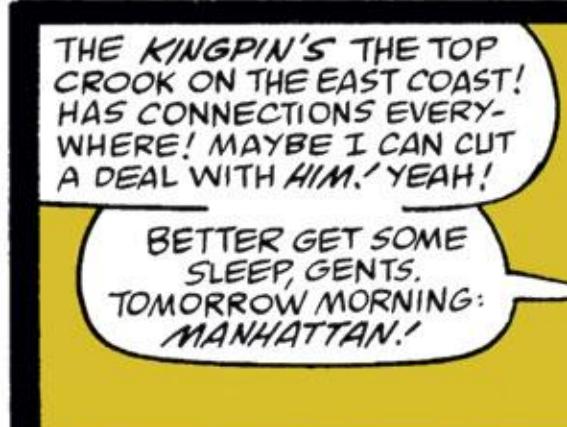
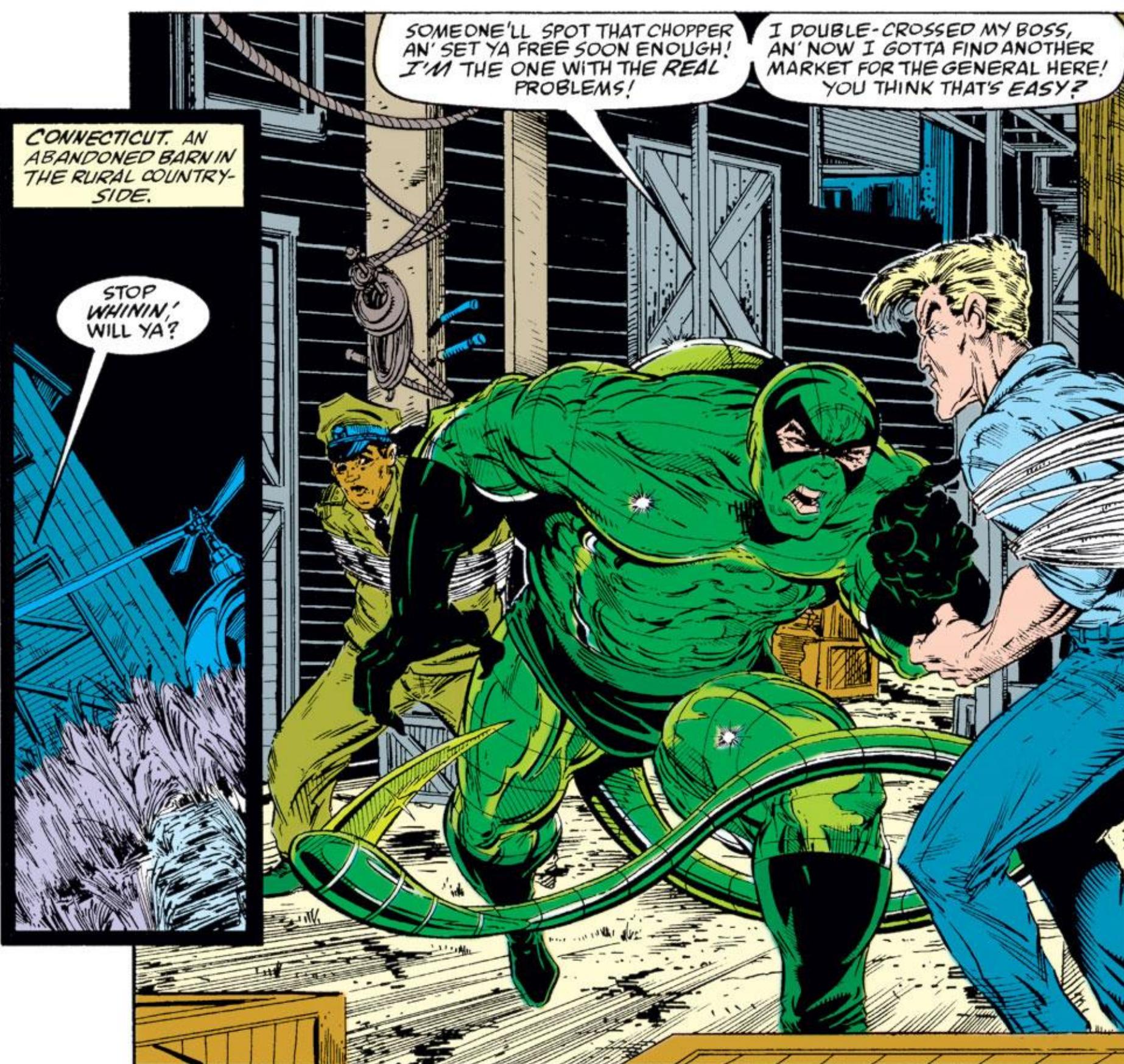
NO, PETER. I HAVE TO FIGHT THIS BATTLE MYSELF. JUST BE ON MY SIDE. THAT'LL BE ENOUGH.



I'M PROUD OF YOU, HON. AND I'M WITH YOU ALL THE WAY.

NOW, THE LATEST FROM--

CNN



TOMORROW MORNING:
MANHATTAN!

I REALLY SHOULD
BE IN CLASS! I'LL
NEVER GET MY
MASTER'S DEGREE
AT THIS RATE!

BUT I WANT TO MAKE
ONE LAST SWEEP OF THE
CITY, TRY TO PICK UP A
SIGNAL FROM THAT
SPIDER-TRACER.
I'M SURE PROFESSOR
COLLINS WILL LET ME
TAKE HIS ORGANIC
CHEMISTRY EXAM
OVER.

AT LEAST,
I HOPE
I'M SURE...!

AHA! I'M FINALLY
PICKING UP A TRACE
SIGNAL! COMING FROM
THAT VAN ON THE TRI-
BORO BRIDGE!
BUT--

--WHY THE HECK
IS THE SCORPION
GOING TO QUEENS?!

STING 1

WHY THE HECK
AM I GOING TO
QUEENS?!

HOW DID I GET ON
THE GRAND CENTRAL
PARKWAY?

WHY DIDN'T I EVER
LEARN TO READ A
ROAD MAP?

WHY DON'T YOU FIND A
NICE POLICEMAN AND
ASK DIRECTIONS?

GEEZ, GENERAL,
YOU REALLY WANNA
DIE, DON'TCHA?

HUH?!



C-CAN'T SEE!
WINDSHIELD
COVERED WITH
GOOP!

L-LOOKS LIKE...
WEBBING?

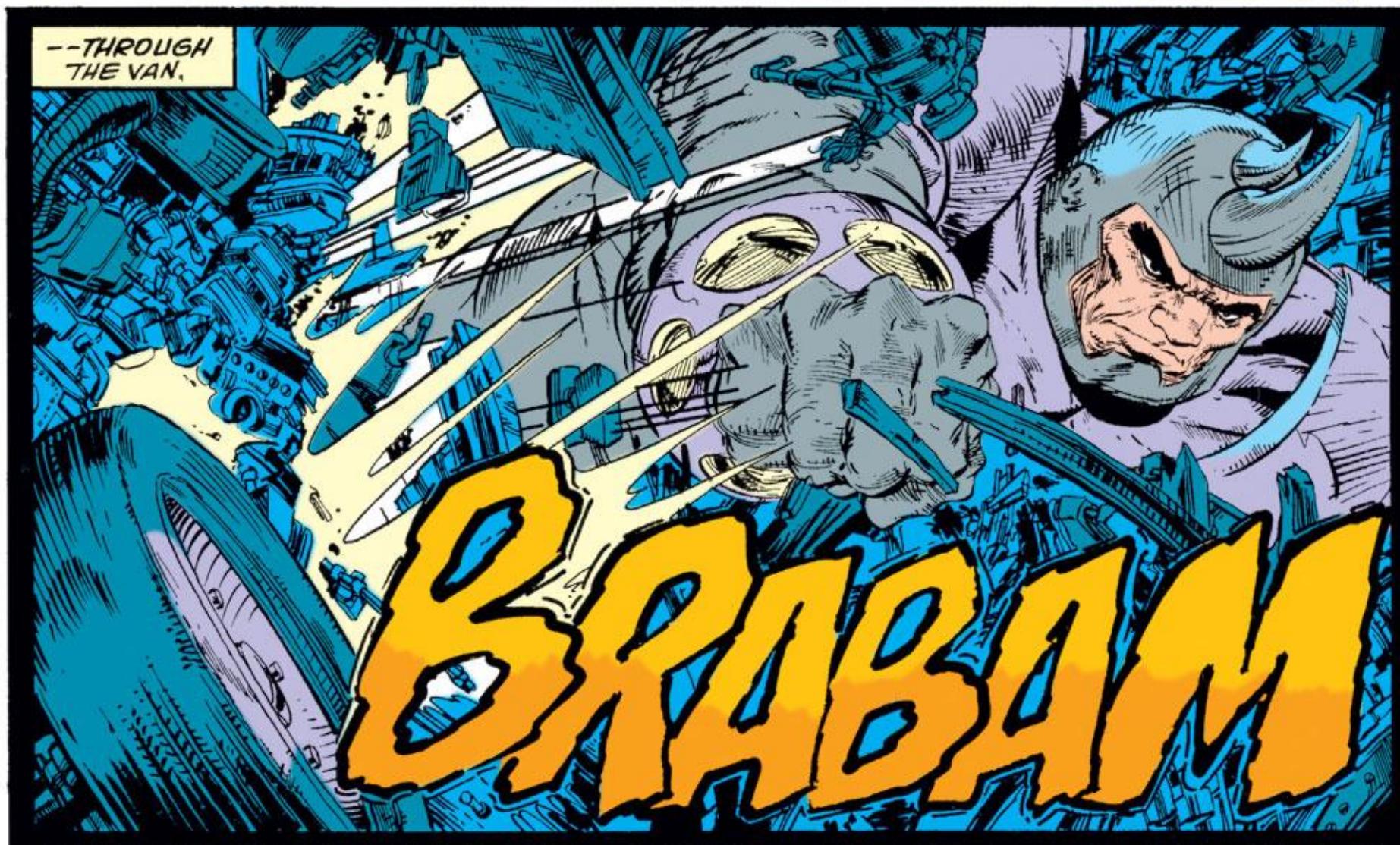
SKREEEEEKCH

VAN WAS
GOING SLOW,
PROBABLY
LOOKING
FOR A
TURNOFF!
STOPPING
THEM
OTHERWISE
MIGHT'VE BEEN
DANGEROUS!

CRANK



YOU OKAY?





THERE'S WEB-HEAD,
ON TOP O' THAT PAVILION!
BUT--

--WHERE'S
MUSGRAVE?

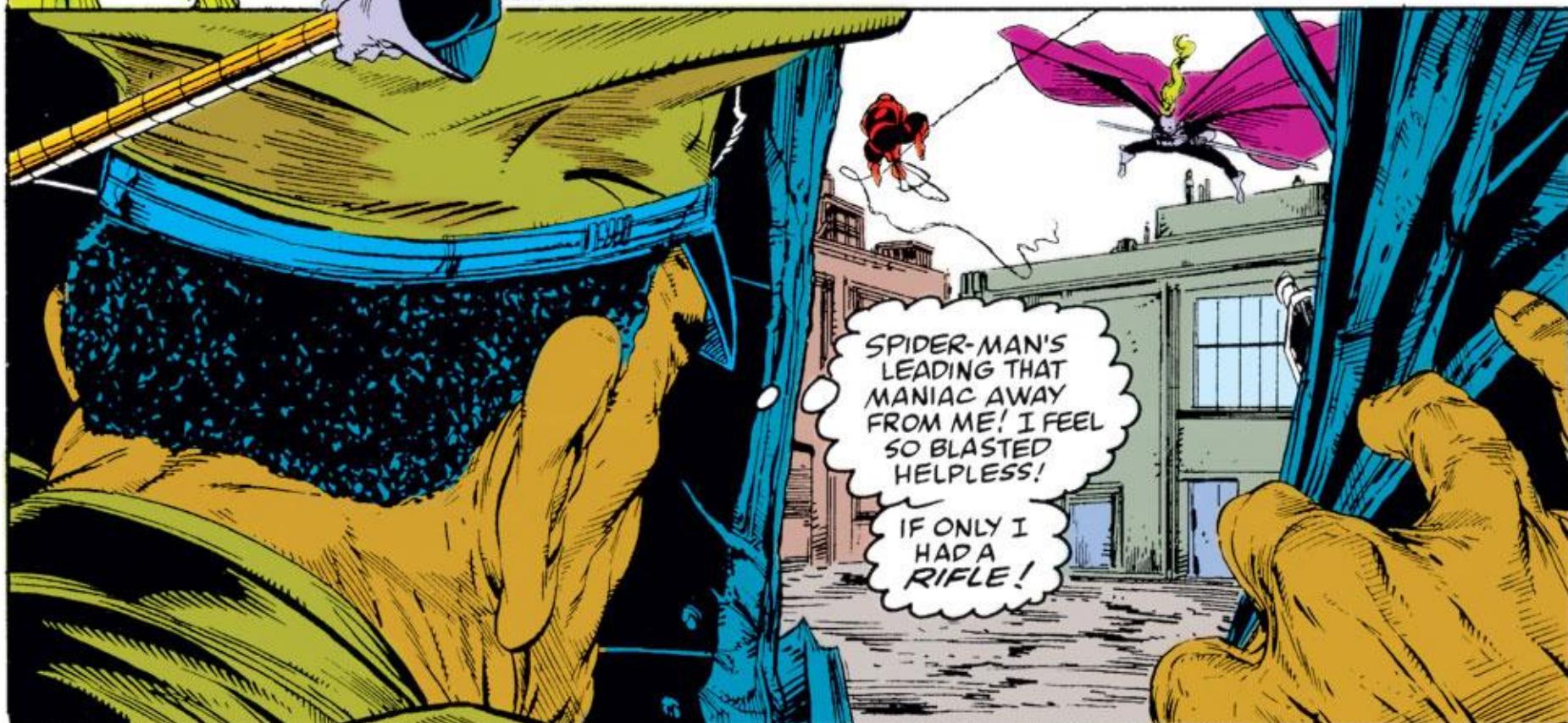
WHY DON'T YOU
COME UP AND
FIND OUT?

THINK I CAN'T? I DON'T
NEED WIMPY WEBLINES
TO GET AROUND!

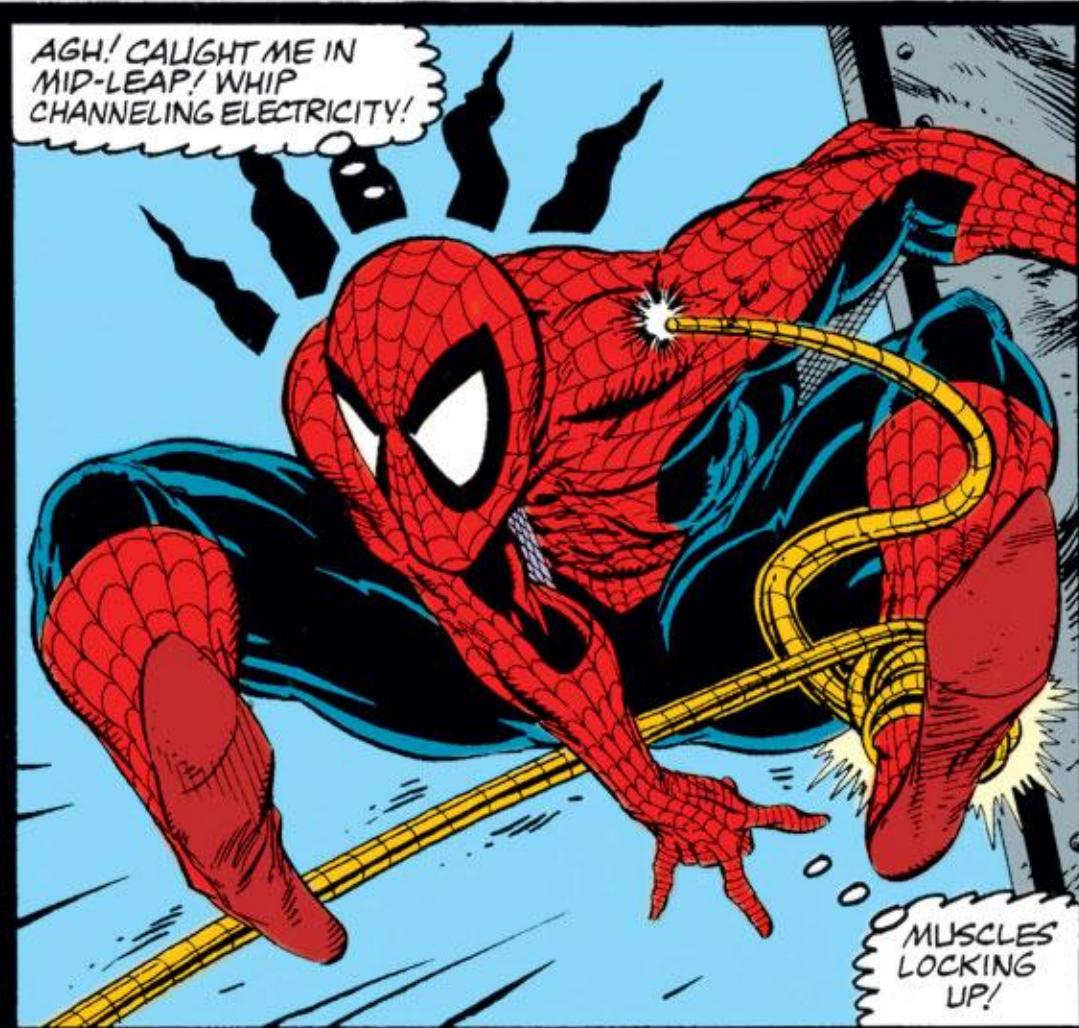
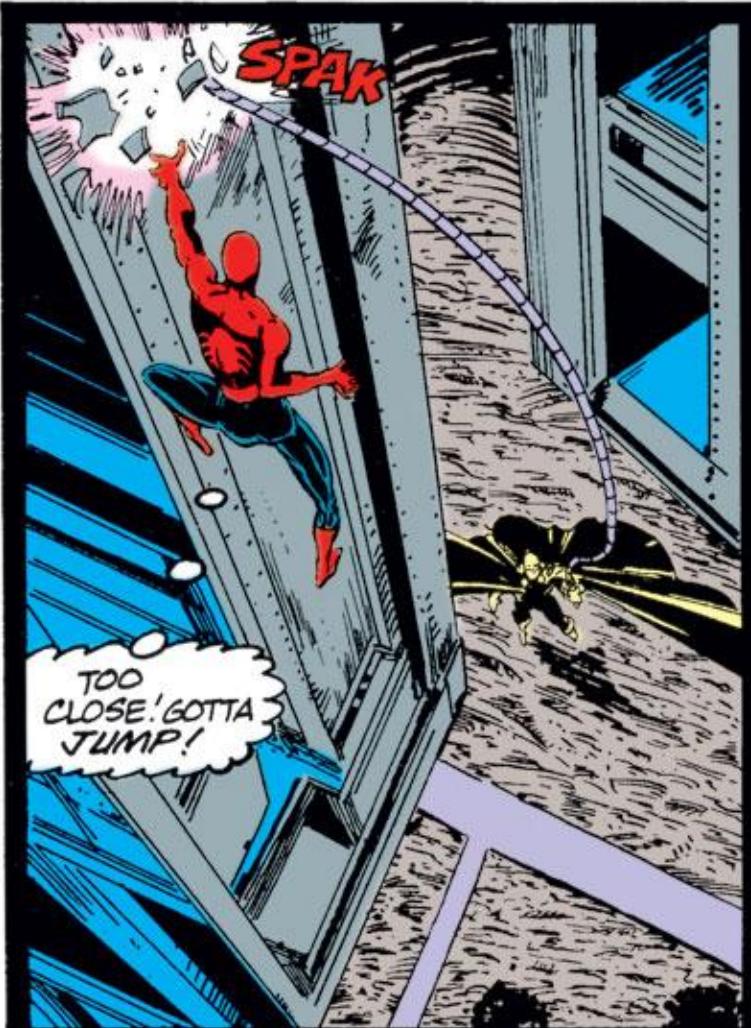
BY
ALTERING
MY
ELECTRO-
LASH,
TURNING
IT INTO
A RIGID
STAFF--

--I CAN FOLLOW
YOU ANYWHERE!

SPIDER-MAN'S
LEADING THAT
MANIAC AWAY
FROM ME! I FEEL
SO BLASTED
HELPLESS!
IF ONLY I
HAD A
RIFLE!



WHILE IN THE MEADOW BETWEEN THE NEW YORK PAVILION AND
THE U.S. STEEL UNISPHERE...



BUT, EVEN AS SPIDER-MAN BEGINS TO PLUMMET...

