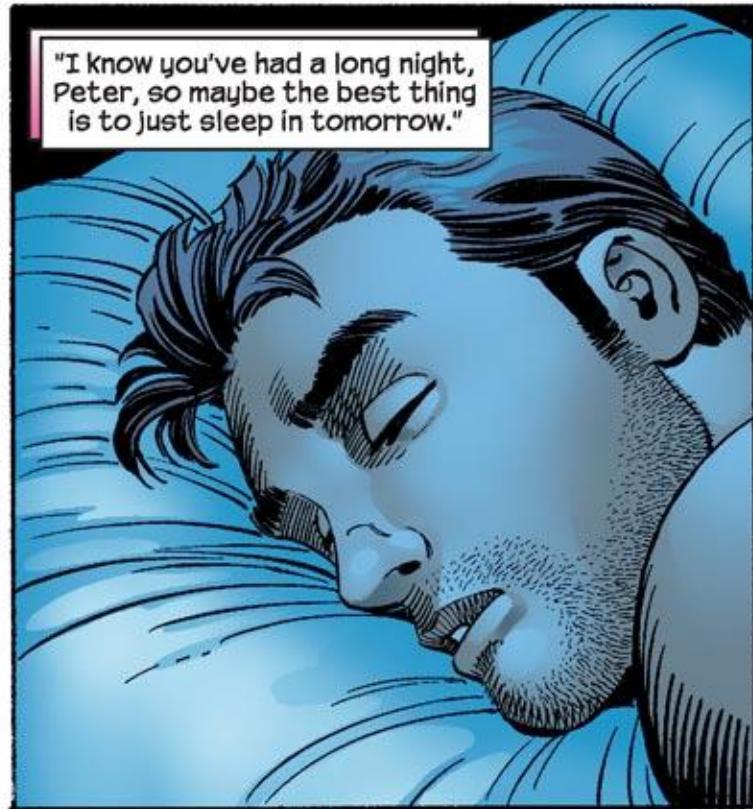


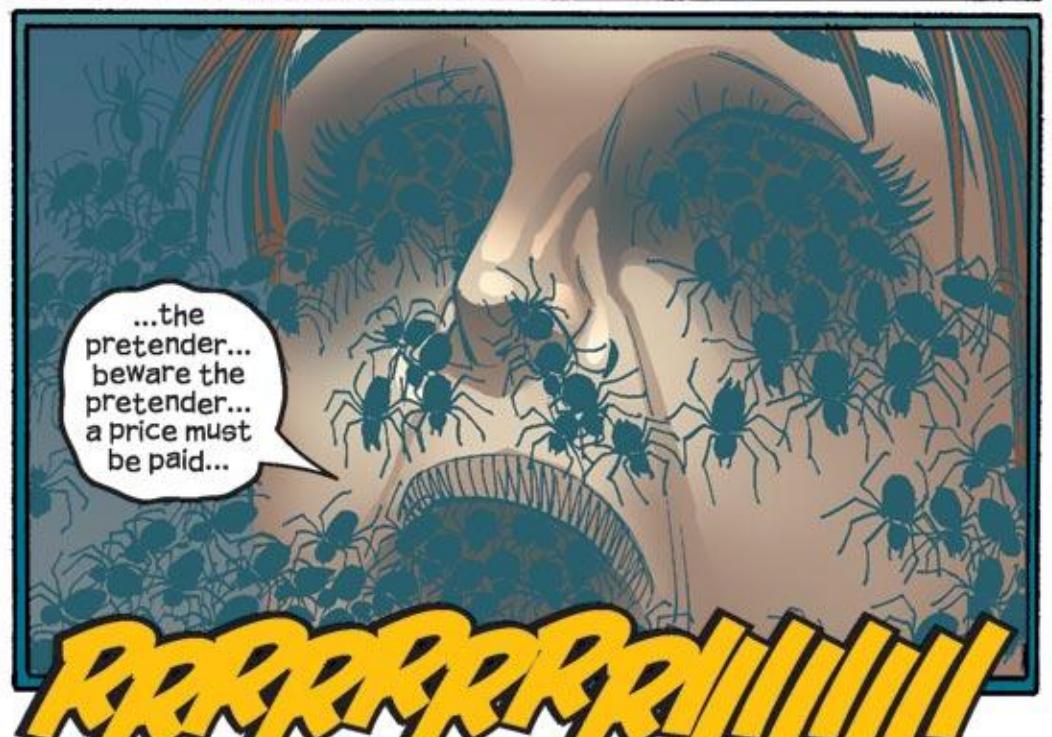
**MARVEL®**  
PSR 507

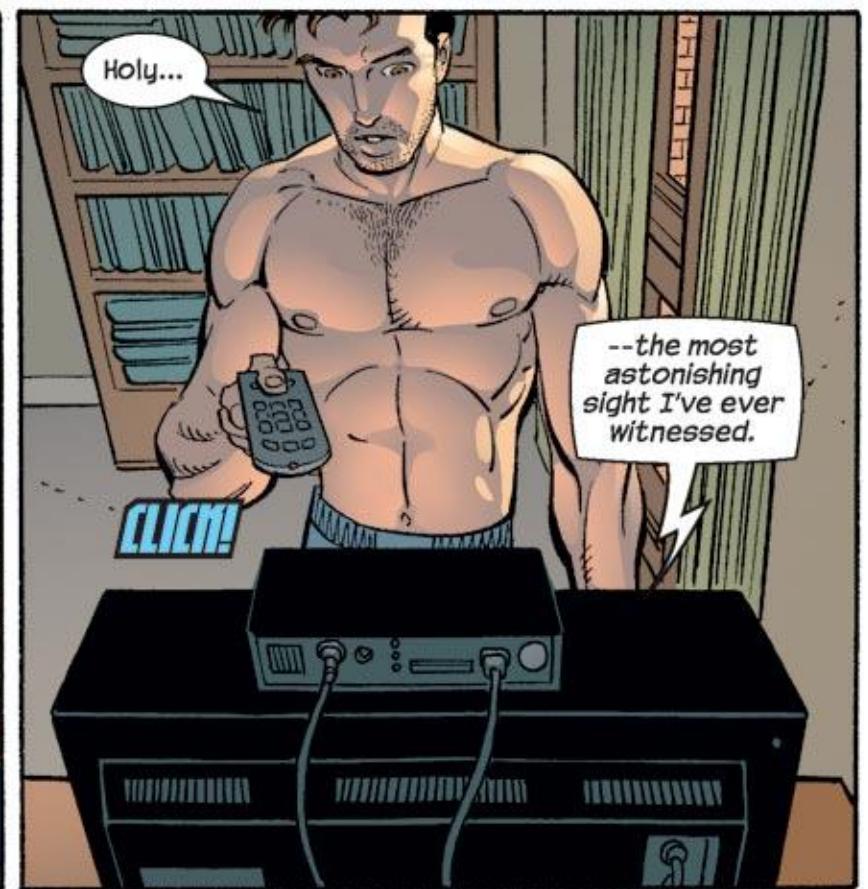
STRACZNSKI  
ROMITA JR  
HANNA

# the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN®









# THE BOOK OF EZEKIEL

CHAPTER TWO

J. MICHAEL  
STRACZYNSKI  
STORY

JOHN  
ROMITA JR.  
PICTURES

SCOTT  
HANNA  
INKS

MATT  
MILLA  
COLORS

VIRTUAL CALLIGRAPHY'S  
CORY PETIT  
LETTERS

WARREN  
SIMONS  
ASSISTANT EDITOR

AXEL  
ALONSO  
EDITOR

JOE  
QUESADA  
EDITOR IN CHIEF

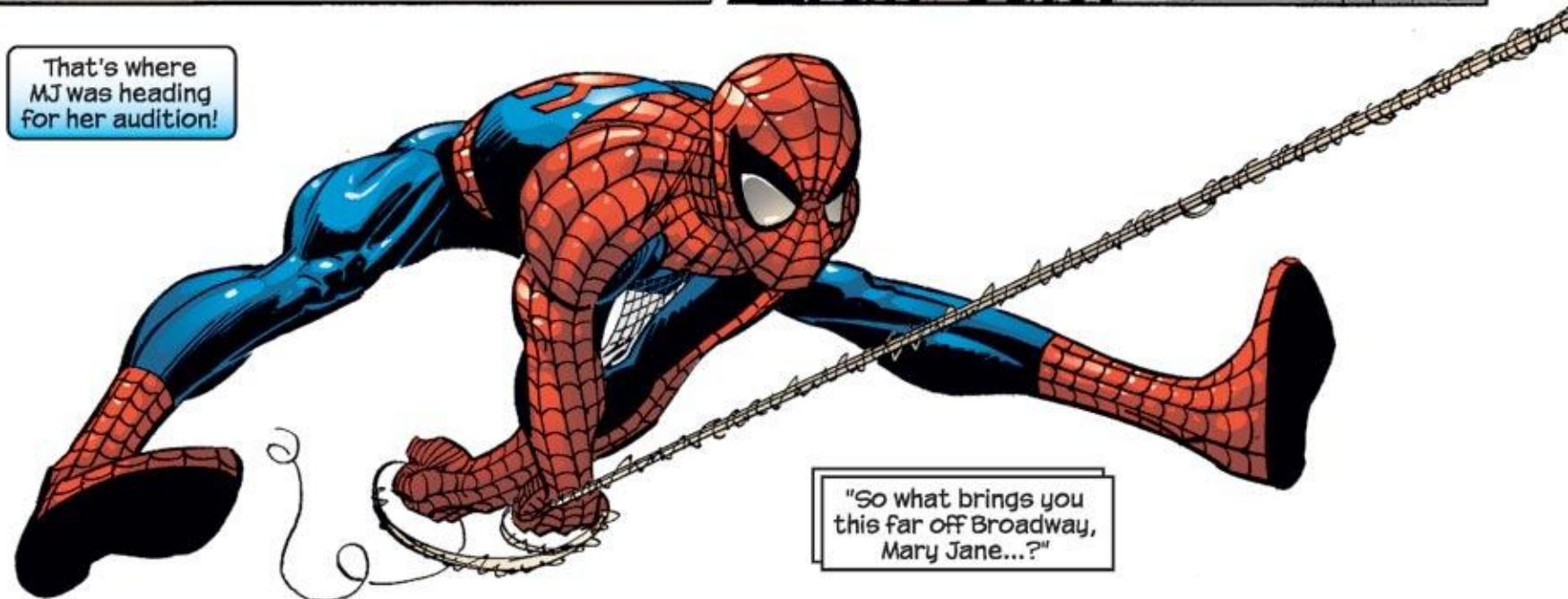
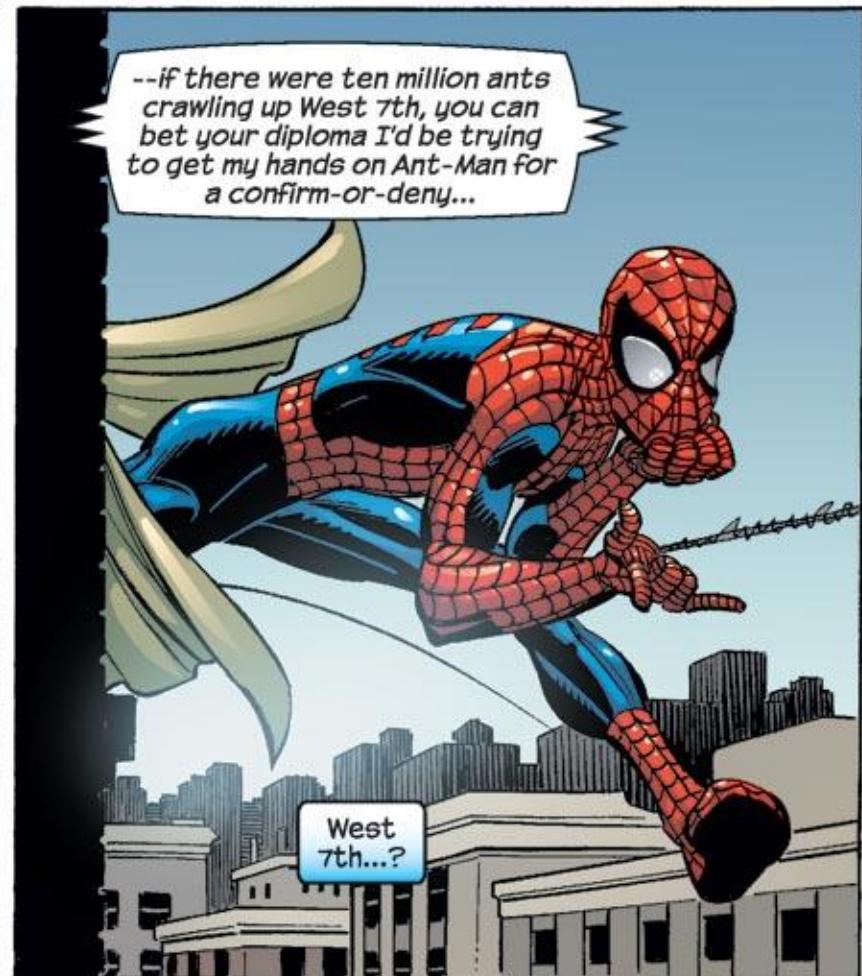
DAN  
BUCKLEY  
PUBLISHER

Literally millions of spiders have come out of every hiding place in the city, every nook and cranny, and have swarmed over nearly half a mile of prime Manhattan real estate. And they show no sign of stopping. Thousands of people have been bitten by the spiders, and hundreds more have been frightened into heart attacks and seizures.

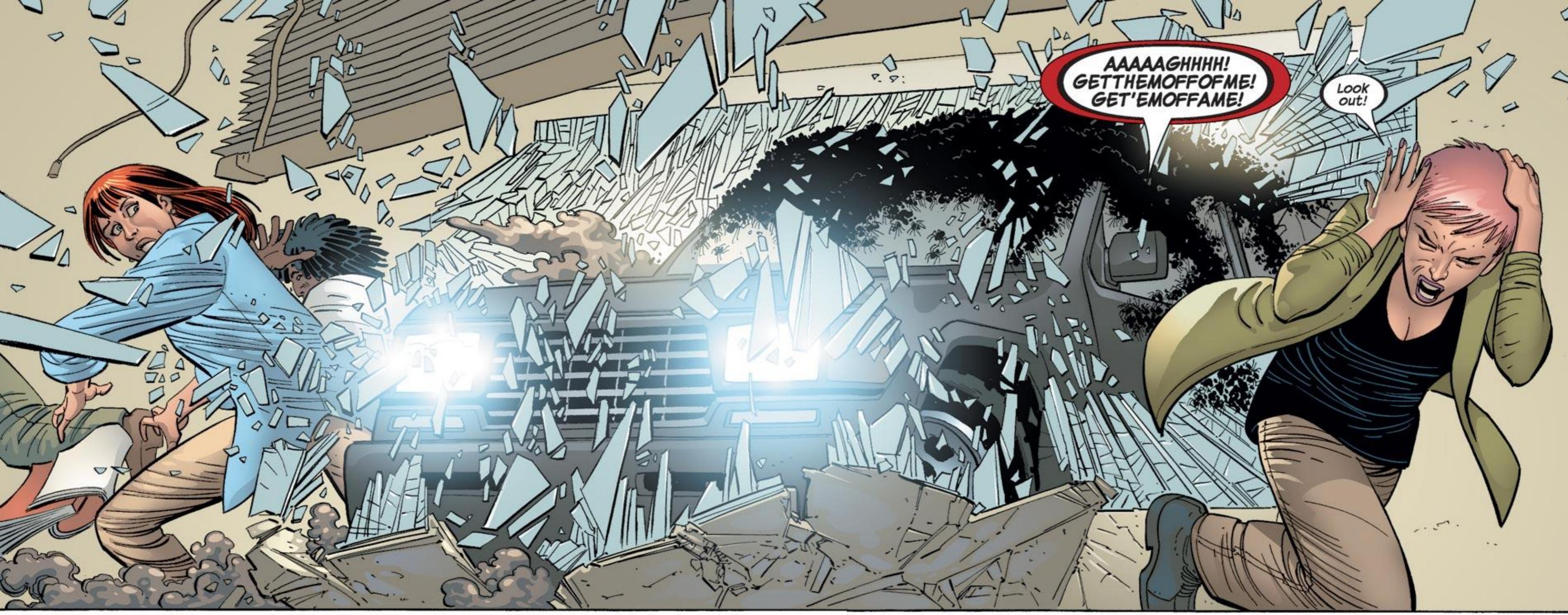
Entomologists contacted by WQED have no explanation for this swarming behavior but say they are concerned because the average home can have as many as two hundred spiders in, on and below the structure.

For another opinion, we contacted J. Jonah Jameson, of the Daily Bugle.







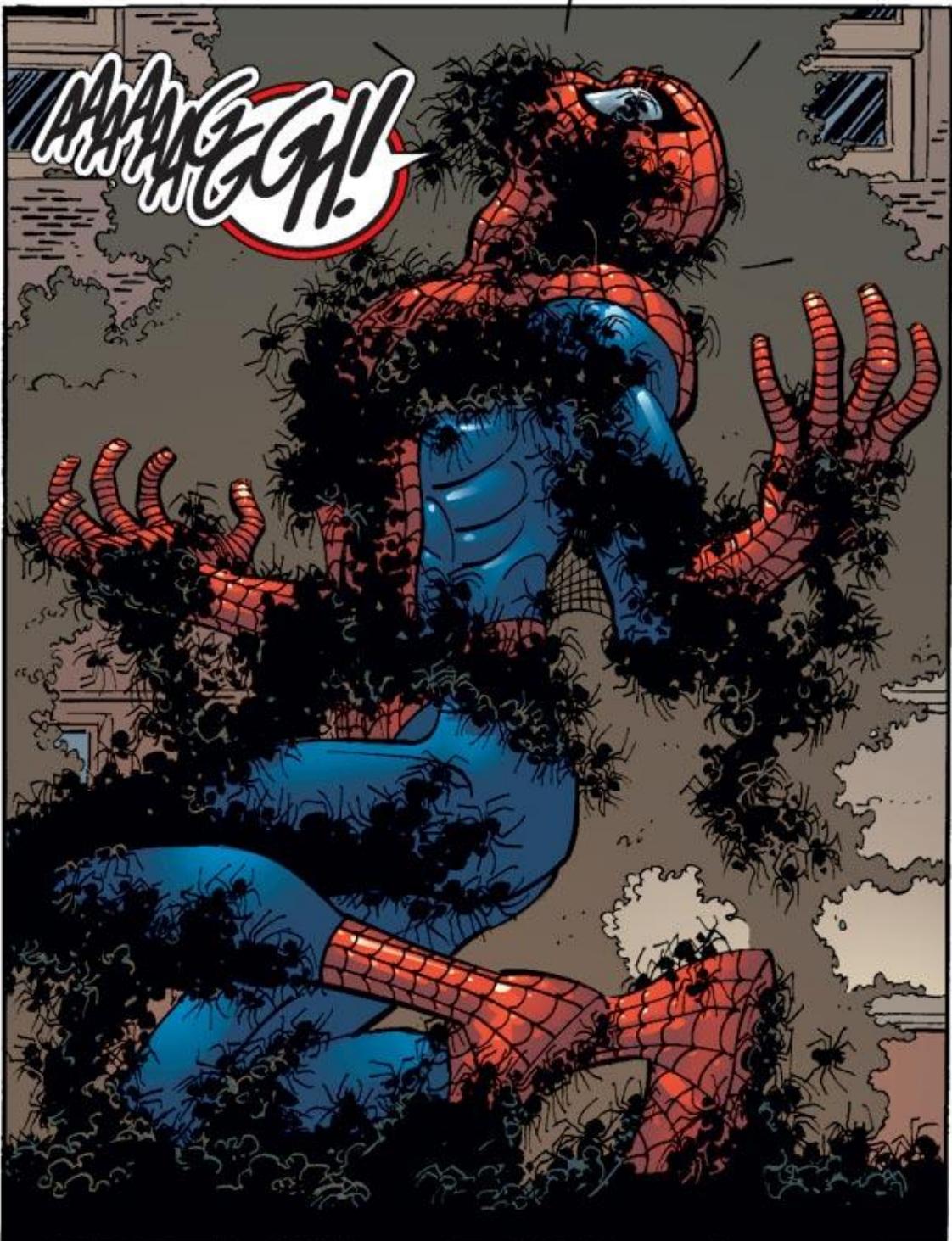












You believe  
you stand upon solid  
ground, that the earth  
is firm beneath  
your feet.

You are  
wrong.

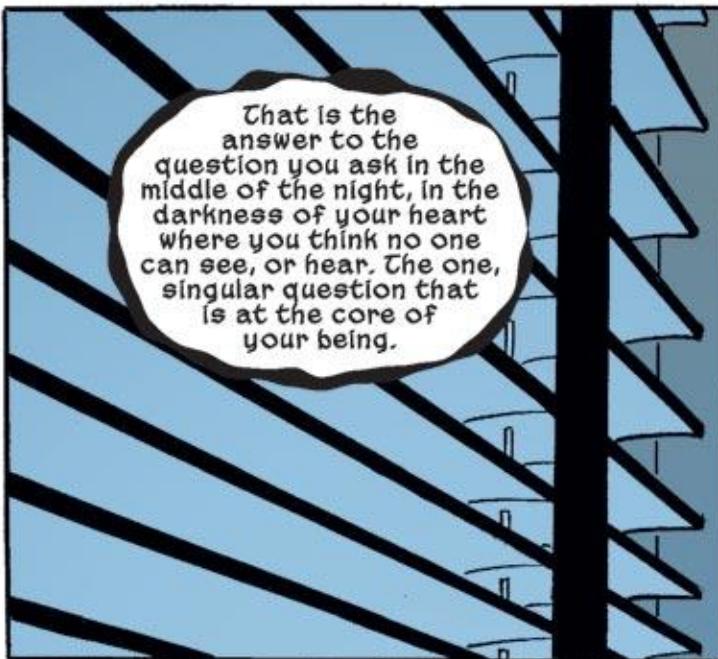
The ground  
moves beneath  
you, it swarms and  
flexes and flows, like  
water through sand,  
like muscle beneath  
tissue. In constant  
motion.

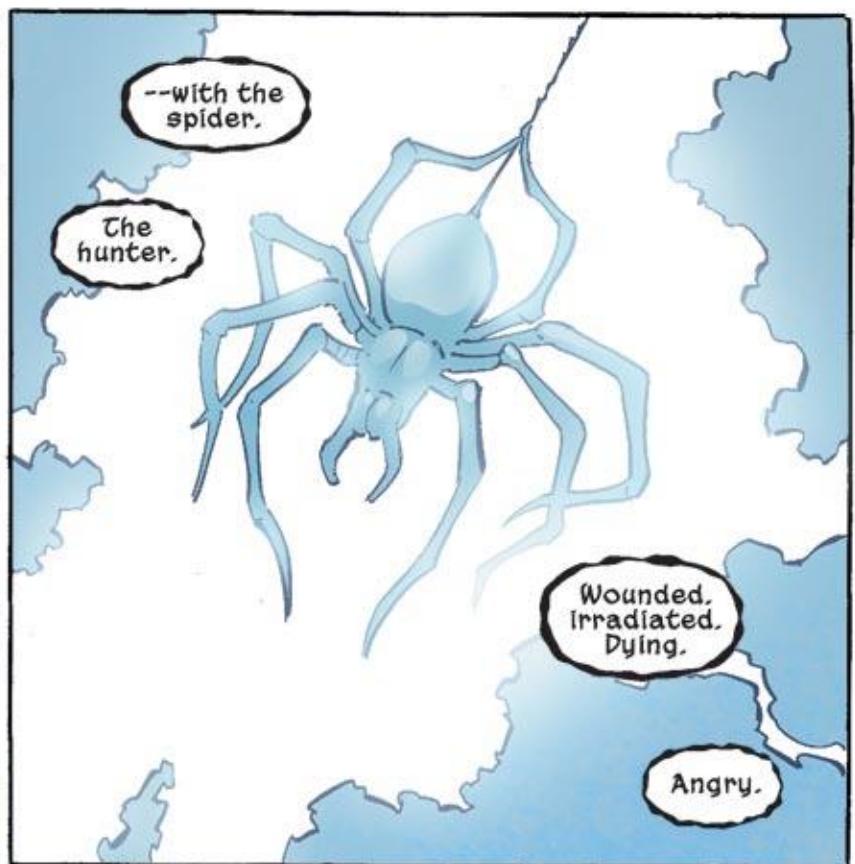
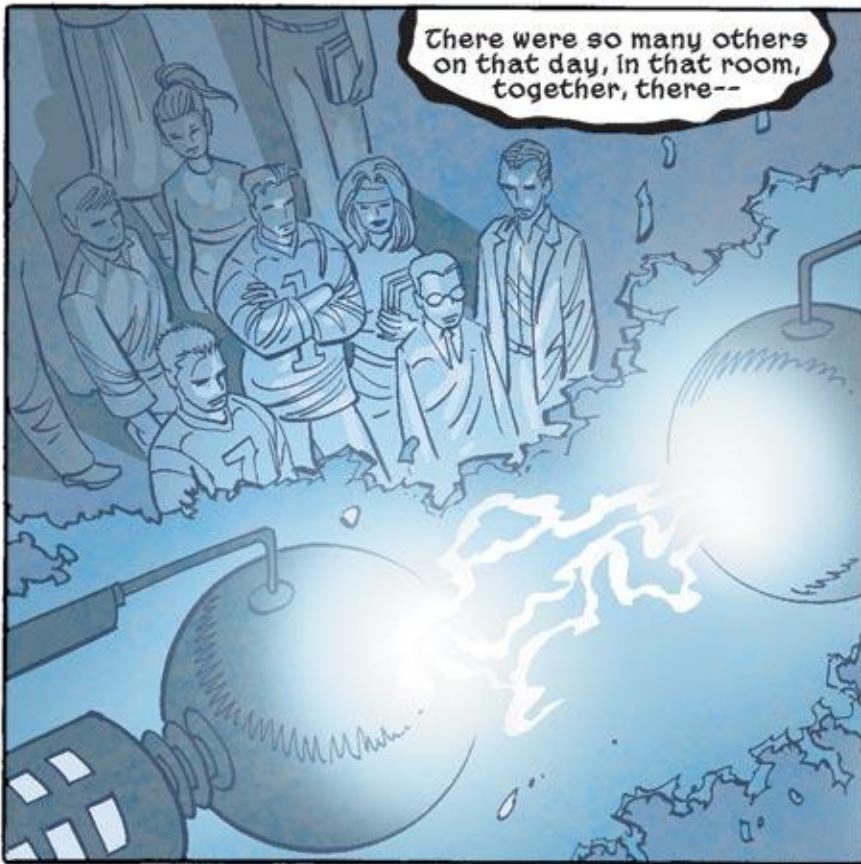
Put your  
hand to the  
ground, and feel  
the heartbeat of  
the earth.

Hear  
the whisper of  
builders and  
shapers.

Eaters and  
destroyers.

And  
hunters.





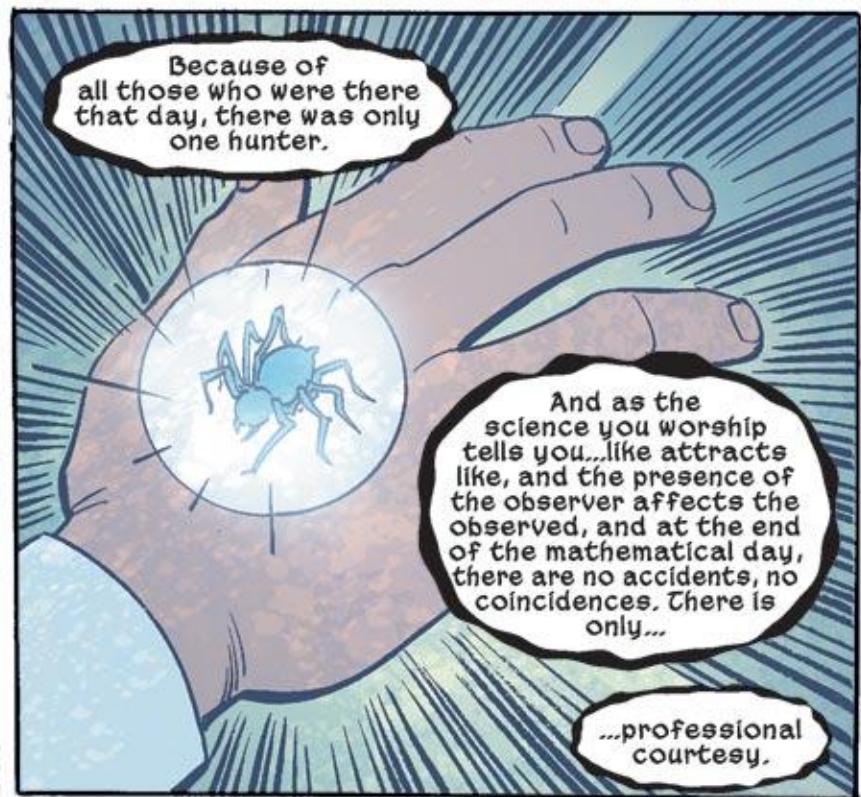
You were chosen because of every casual wound you suffered.

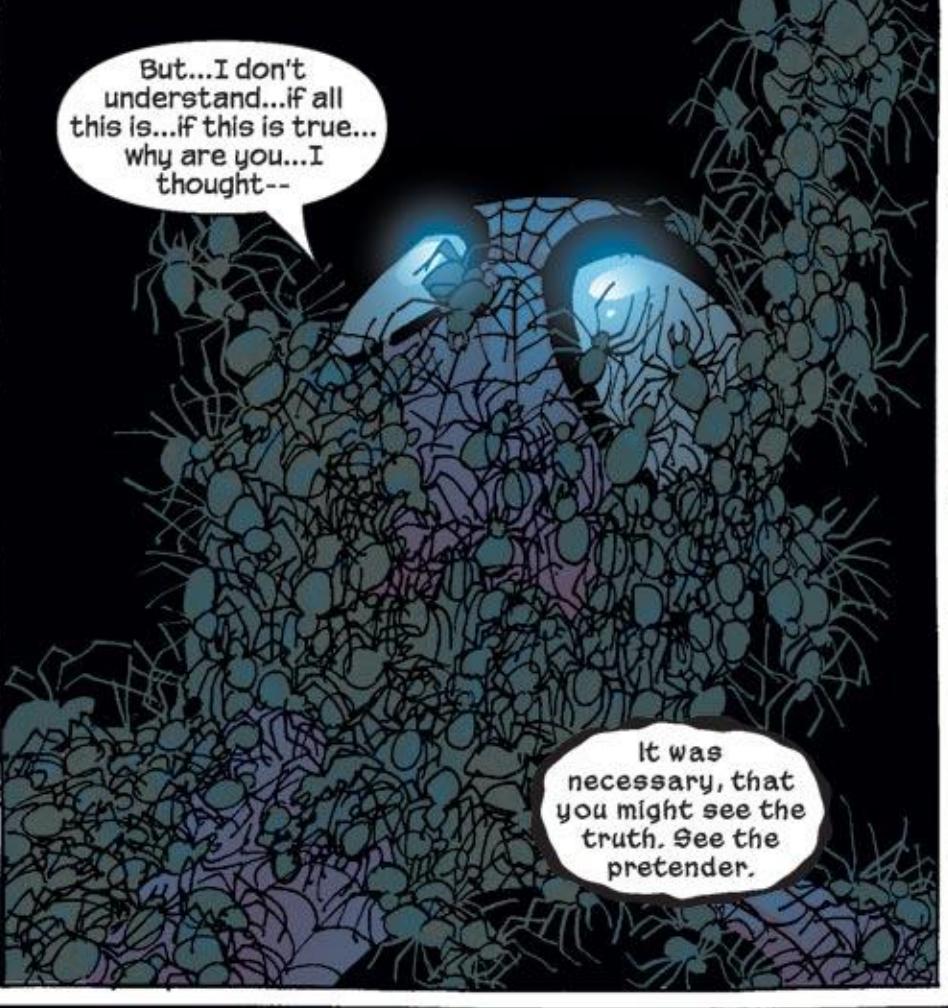
Chosen for every time you were tripped, trapped, struck, beaten and humiliated before others.

Chosen for the fury you were forced to hold in check, for the words you could not speak.

Chosen for the blind rage that gripped your heart like a vise at every fist and foot and rock that hit and kicked and cut you.

And for the greatest rage of all, the one you reserved for yourself, for being unable to fight back, because there were always more of them, and they were always bigger, and they were always stronger.





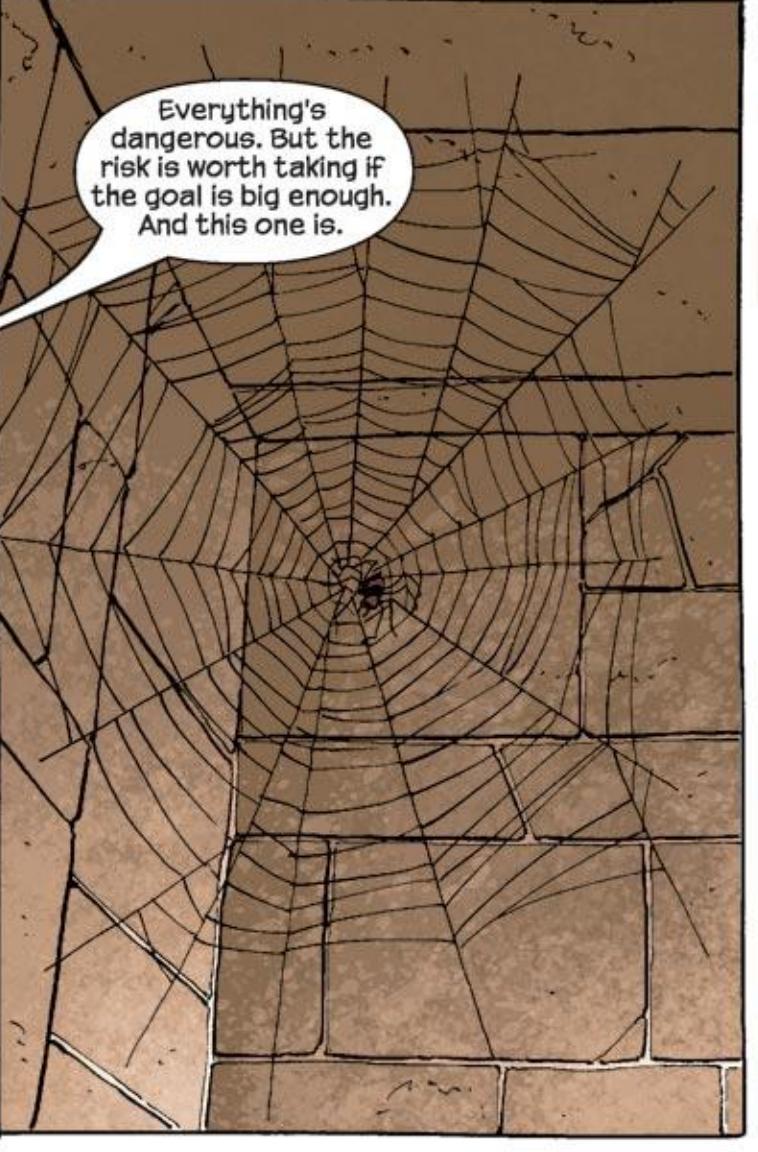
But...I don't understand...if all this is...if this is true... why are you...I thought--

It was necessary, that you might see the truth. See the pretender.



See... with the eyes of a spider.

"What you are doing is dangerous. I ask you again to reconsider."



Everything's dangerous. But the risk is worth taking if the goal is big enough. And this one is.



If you take from the spider that which is not yours to take, one day a price will be asked in return.

To this generation, there is one chosen. You are not that one.

But I can make myself that one.

Besides, I paid that price when I saved your village from the government, when I kept the bulldozers away from this shrine. Now *your* bill has come due, as we agreed.

Do it. Or I will undo everything I have done.

Very well. But the pain will be great.

I spent years and more money than you can imagine to find this place, I'm not backing off because of a little pain.

A little pain? Until tonight, Ezekiel, you have never known the meaning of that word.

AAAAAAAGHHH!

--huh...  
huh--  
Is that...  
is that the  
worst you  
can do?

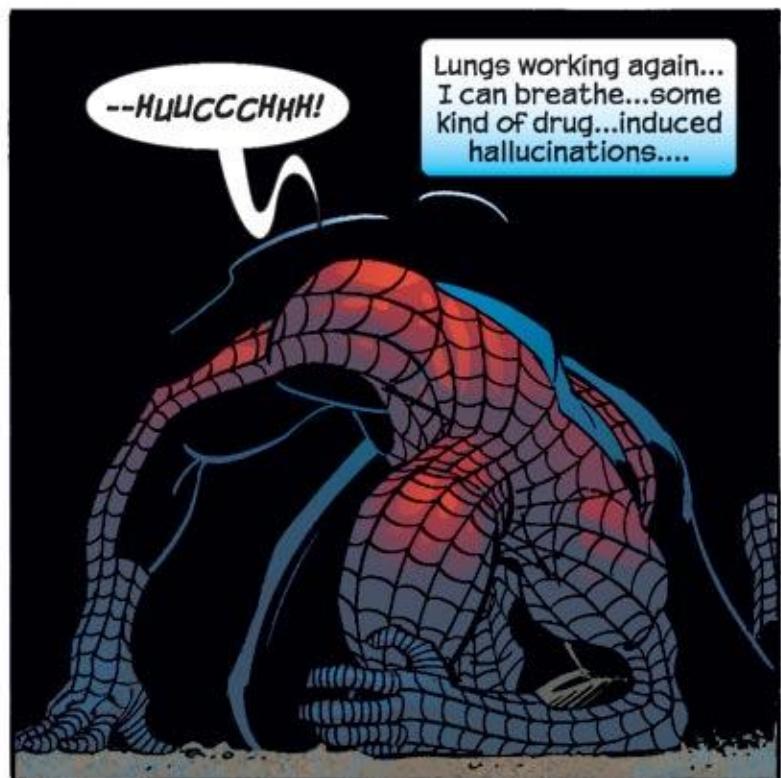
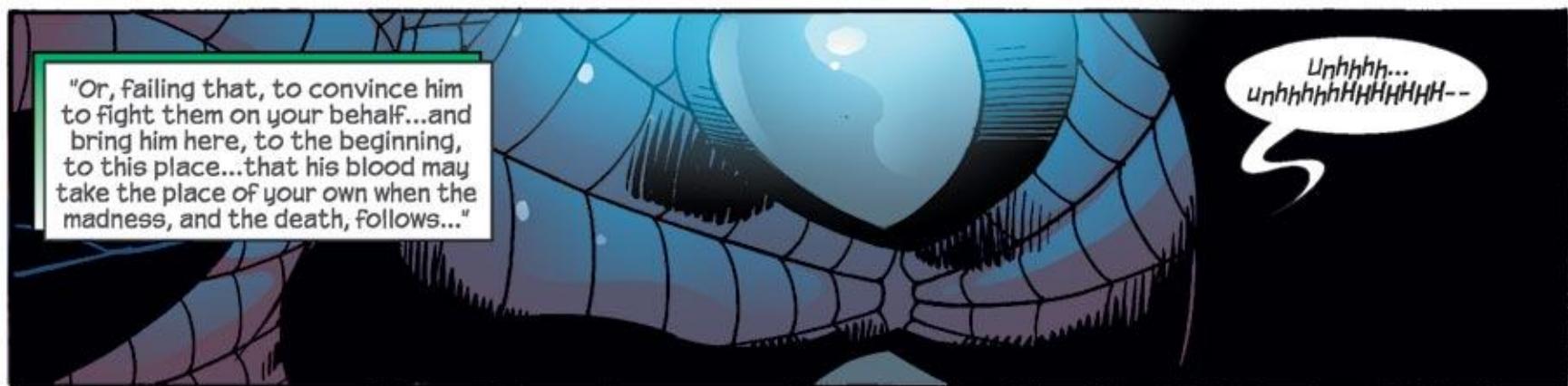
Oh, no.  
Not at all. The  
blood is merely  
the signal.

The blood calls to the magic. The magic that will sustain you, until the true one, the chosen one, appears in the world. Then it will come and it will find you, and it will finish the meal it begins tonight.

Because  
blood is the  
milk of the  
world.



"When that time comes, Ezekiel, your only hope is to divert the powers you have bargained with, to bring them to attack the chosen, and in so doing eliminate your competition."



Surprised?  
Don't be. There are  
spiders everywhere, you  
know. Once you enter the  
magic, once you enter the  
story, there's no telling  
where you'll come  
out.

The only thing  
I do know, P, and I'm real  
sorry about this...is that  
having gotten here, you  
won't be allowed to leave.  
Not alive.

Because  
now it's my life  
or yours. And I  
intend to live.

But for  
what's coming,  
and how you'll go,  
I am sorry, P.

Honest  
and true.

To Be Continued...