

MARVEL

PSR 500

STRACZNSKI

ROMITA JR

ROMITA SR

HANNA

**DOUBLE SIZED
500TH ISSUE!**

the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN



CAMPBELL 2003
Townsend

I'm lost in time.

Caught between what was, what is, and what may be.

Caught between moments.

Caught between possibilities.

With the potential to change it all.

Behind me is New York, and the Mindless Ones, and Dormammu, and the death of every hero in the super-hero phone book unless I can get back there.

What do I do?

Where do I go?

And most important, what do I dare to do?

Stan Lee Presents

HAPPY BIRTHDAY, PART THREE

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I can--

I was wondering when you were going to get here.

You knew I was coming?

Yeah, I knew you were coming.

You...and someone else.

I don't see anybody.

No. You wouldn't. In the shadows and the dark, nobody could see me when I didn't want to be seen.

I was good back then, Lamont. I was damned good.

Yeah...yeah, you were. But what does that have to do with--

It doesn't matter. Nothing matters now. Say what you came to say.

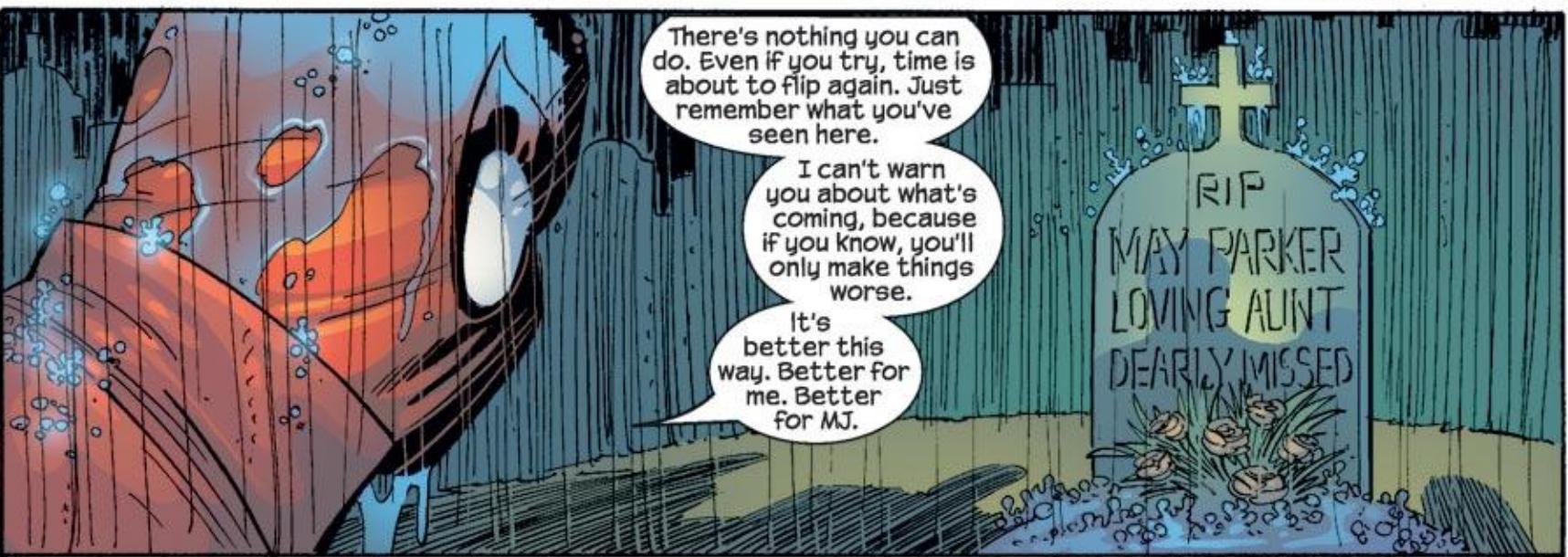
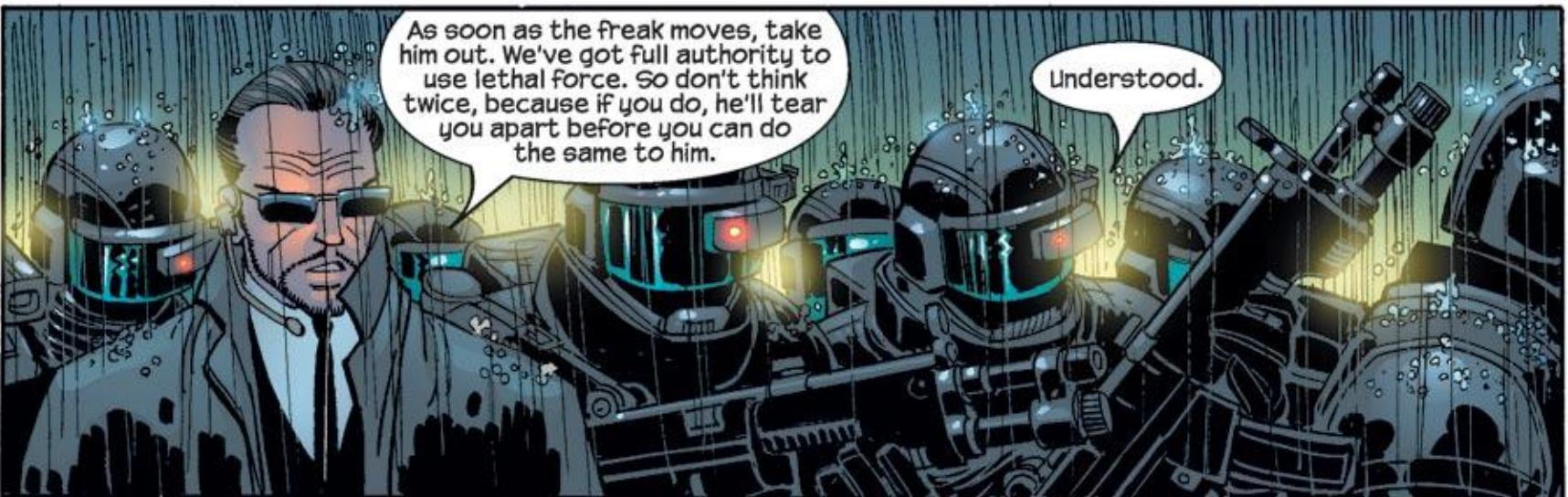
It doesn't have to be this way. You know that. If you surrender, take the manslaughter rap, I can help you.

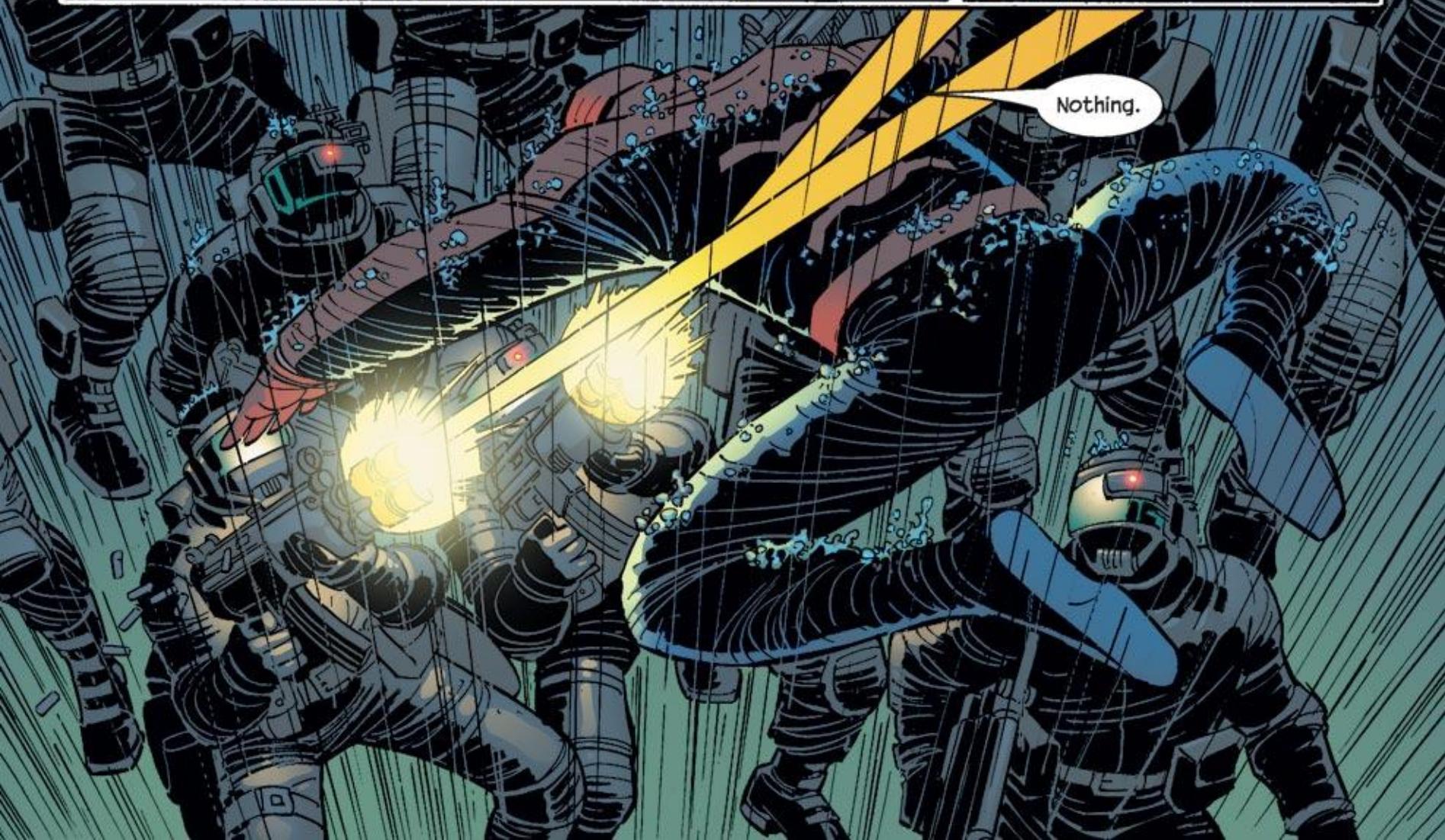
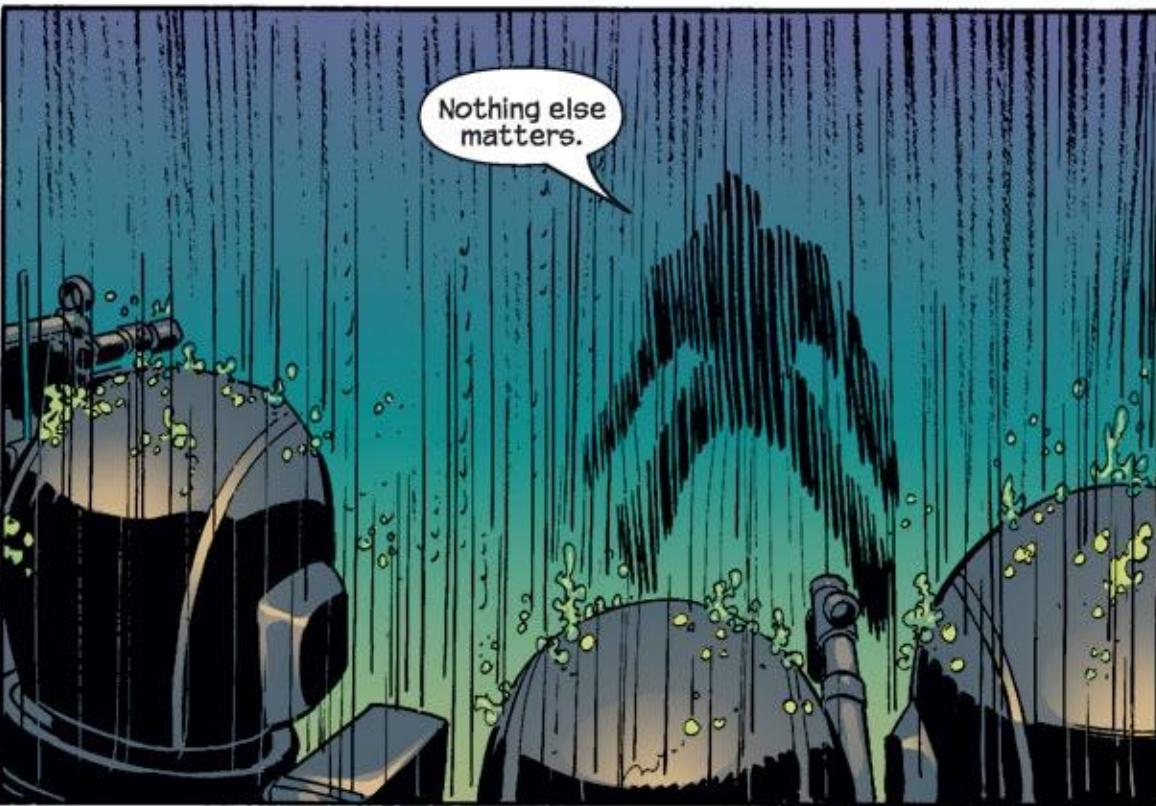
But I can't protect you if you keep going.

Don't do this, Pete. Don't. You're not as fast as you used to be. They have the advantage, and the tech, to take you down. They'll kill you. You know that. You **have** to know that.

I know.

But I can't go back now. It's too late. What's done, what **had** to be done, is done.







Tell MJ you love her. Tell her every night, and every morning.



And as gently as you can, make her understand...

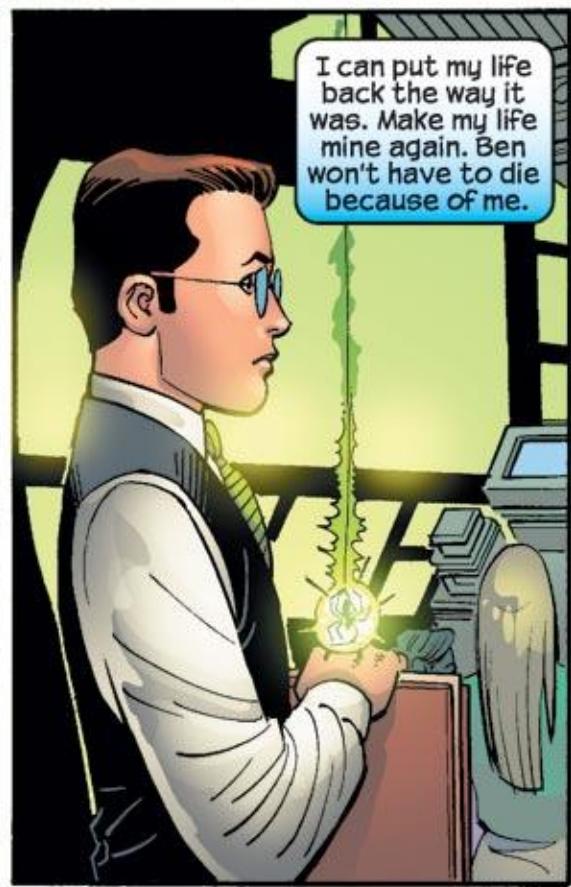
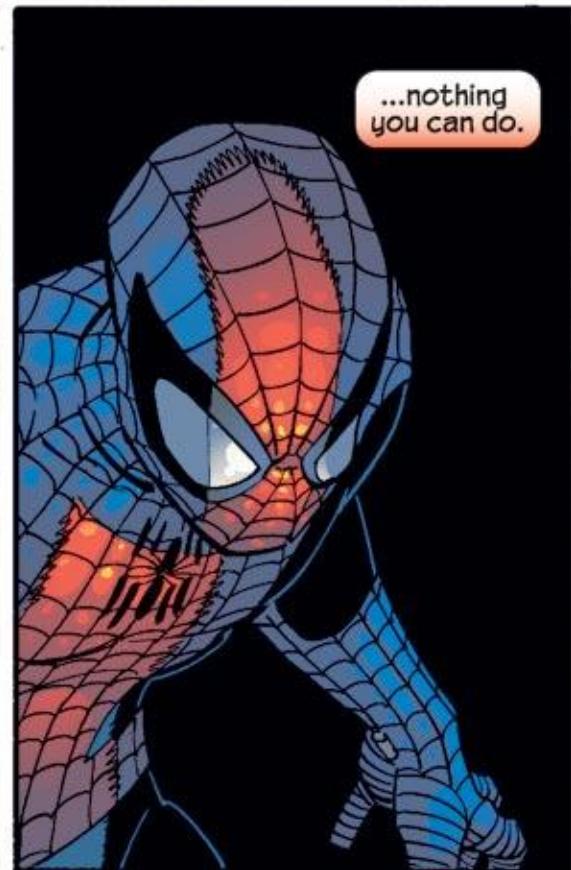


...that we all fall, sooner or later. Nobody lives forever. Nobody gets a free pass.

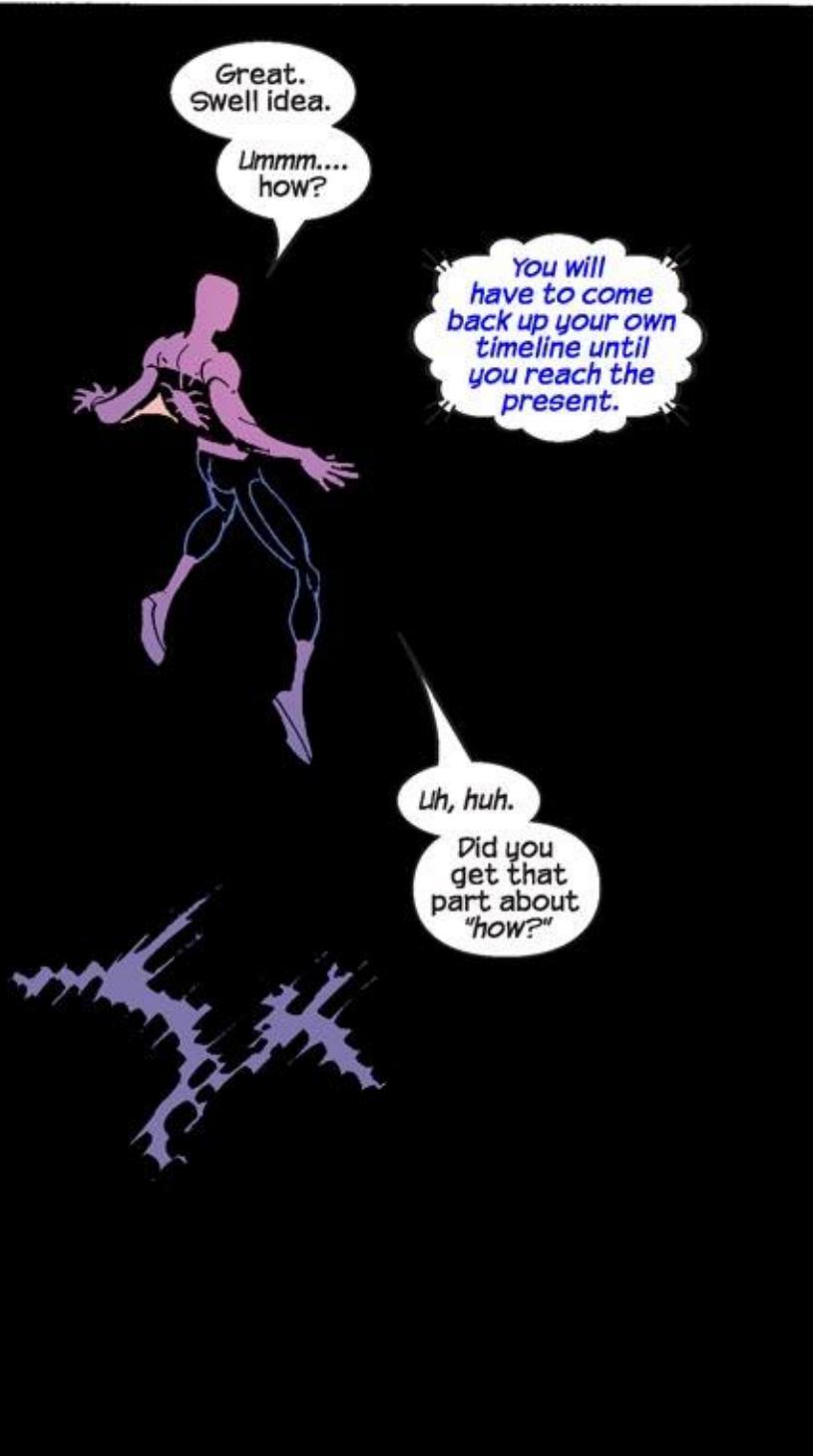


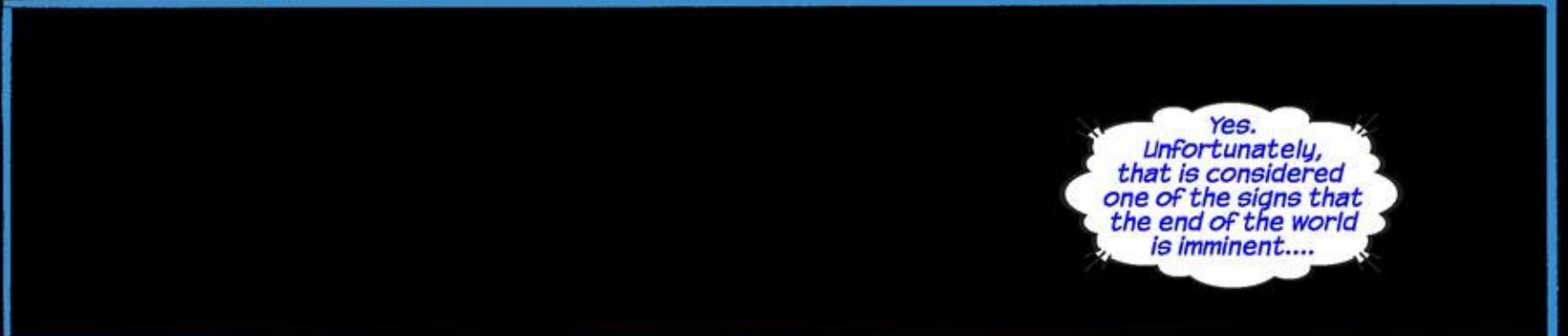
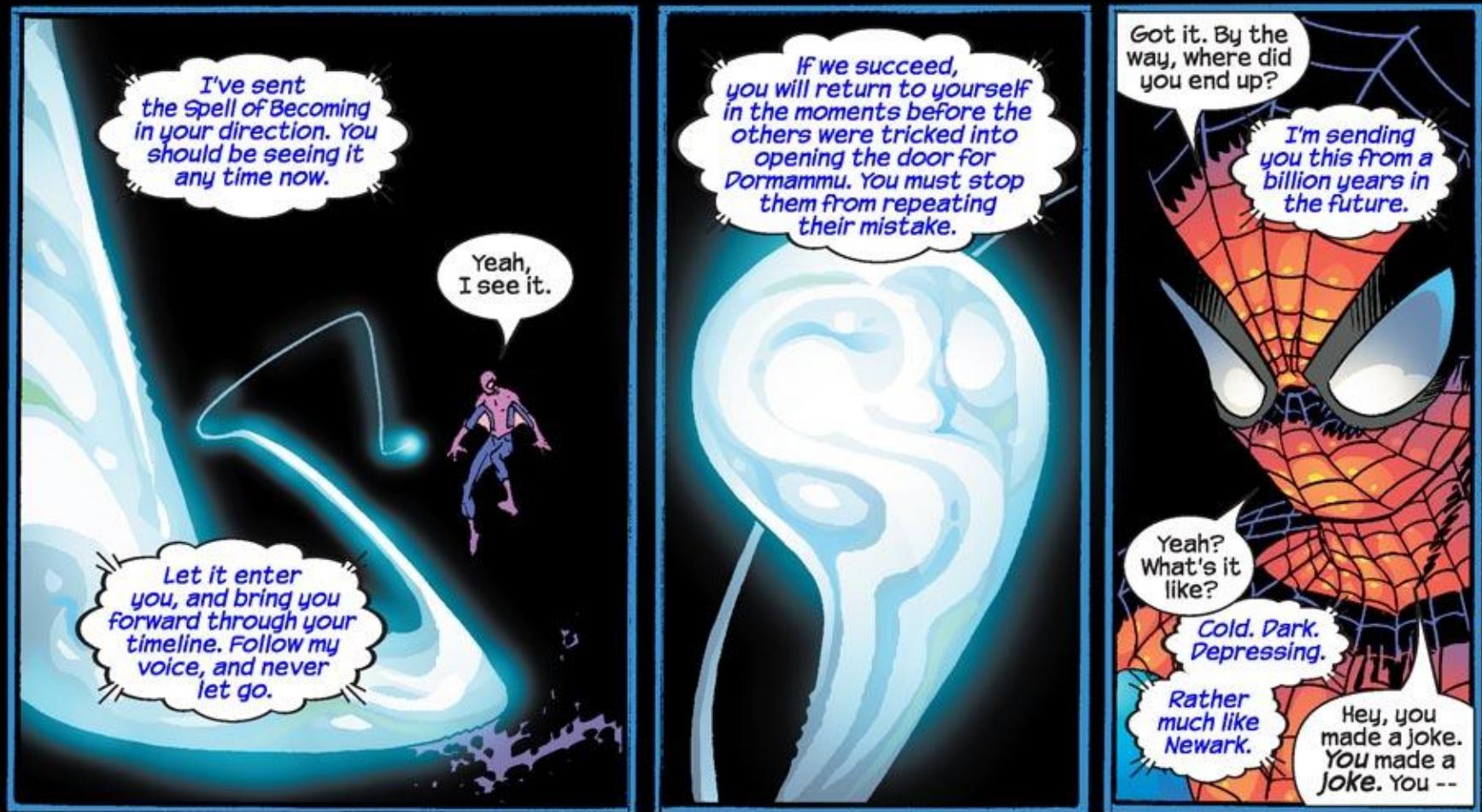
What matters is that you go down fighting...



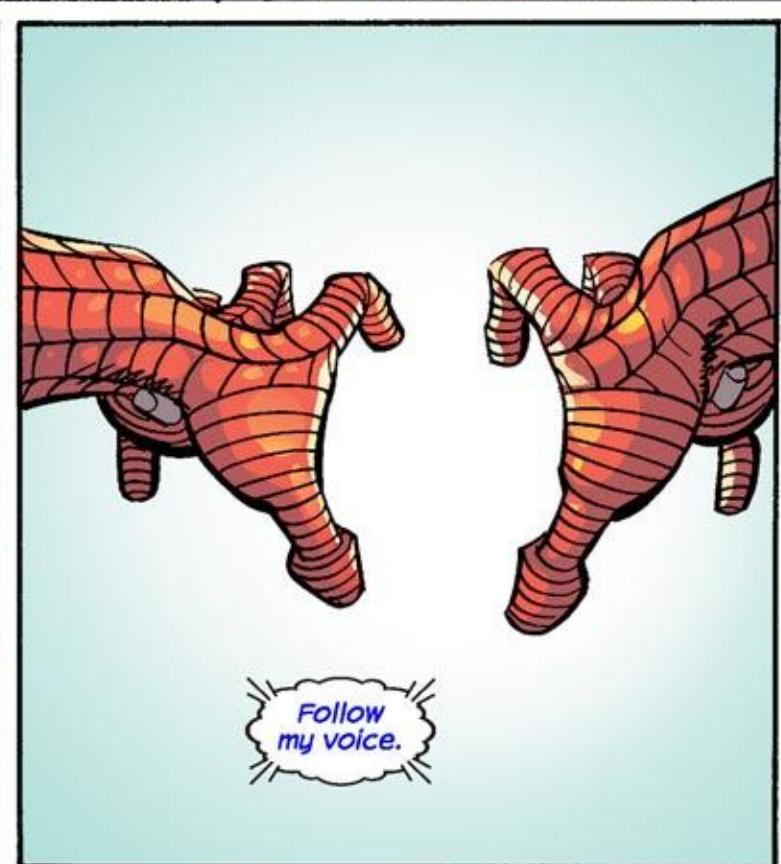
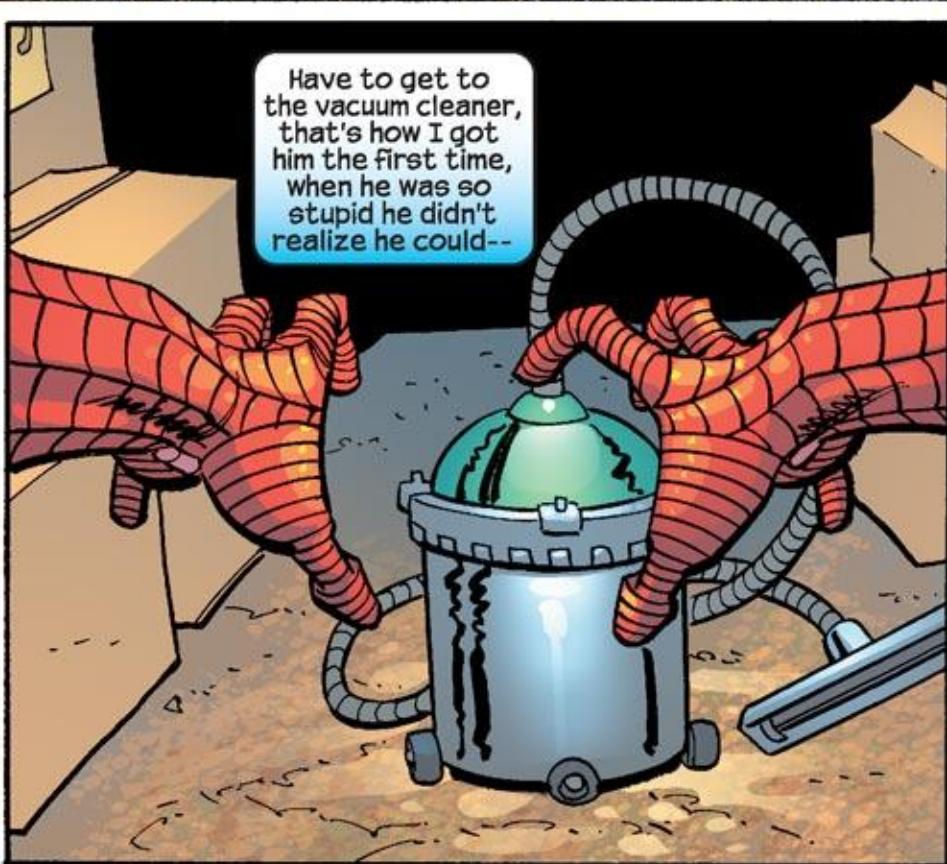
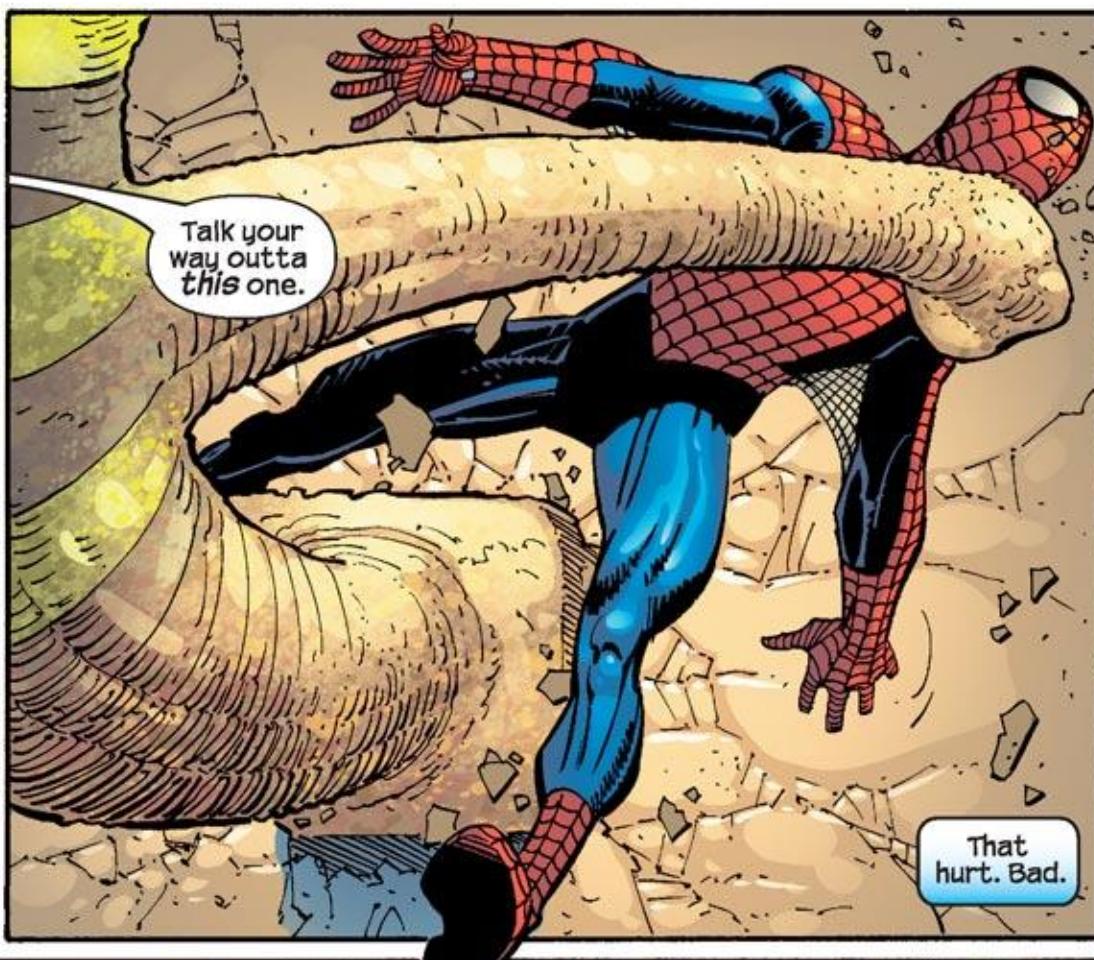




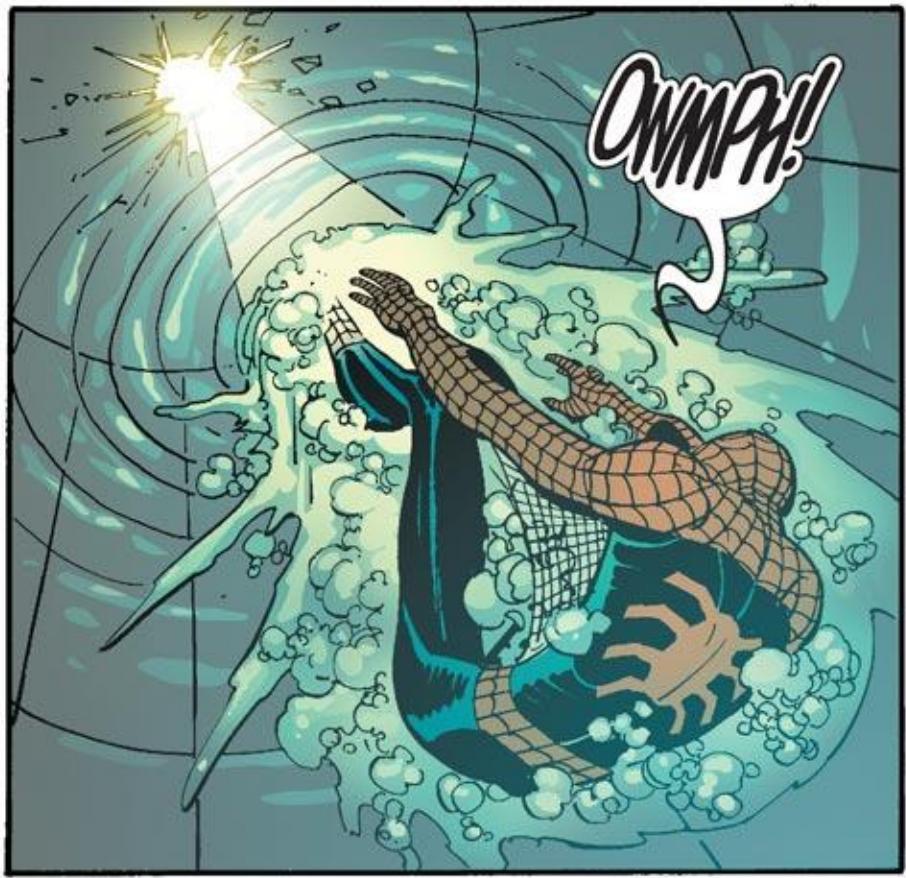








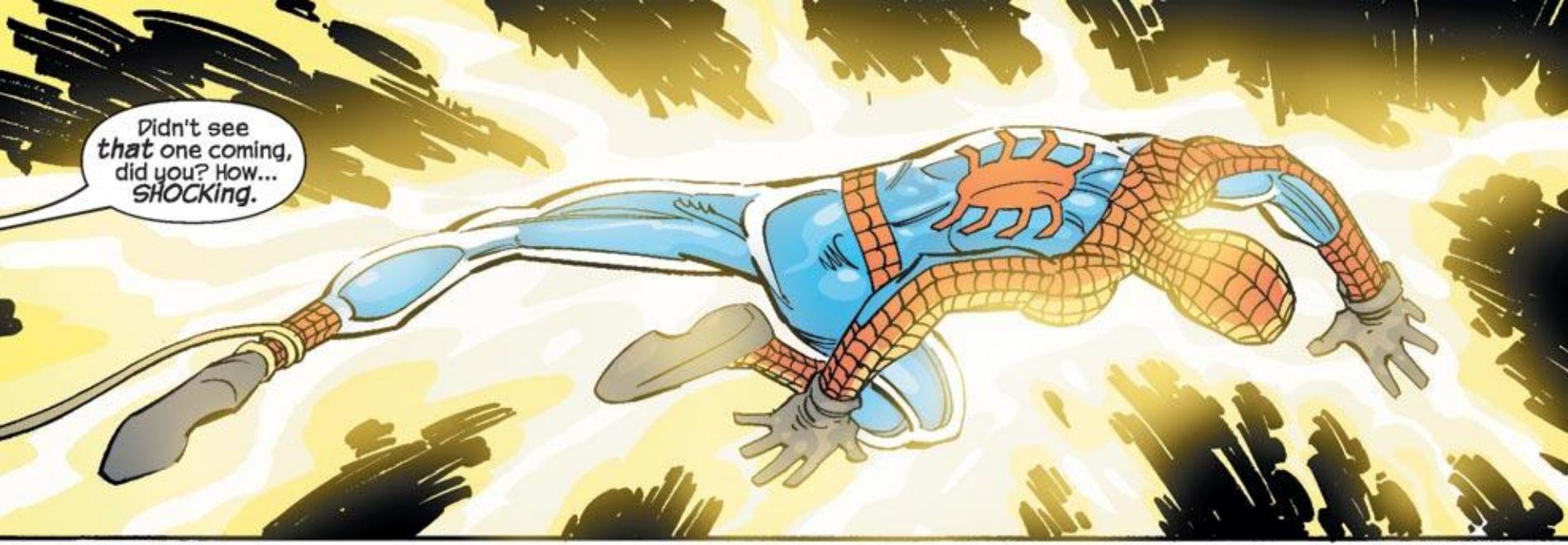








Didn't see
that one coming,
did you? How...
SHOCKing.



Not the first time
you've been blindsided,
I'd imagine.

But it
will be the
last, courtesy
of Electro.

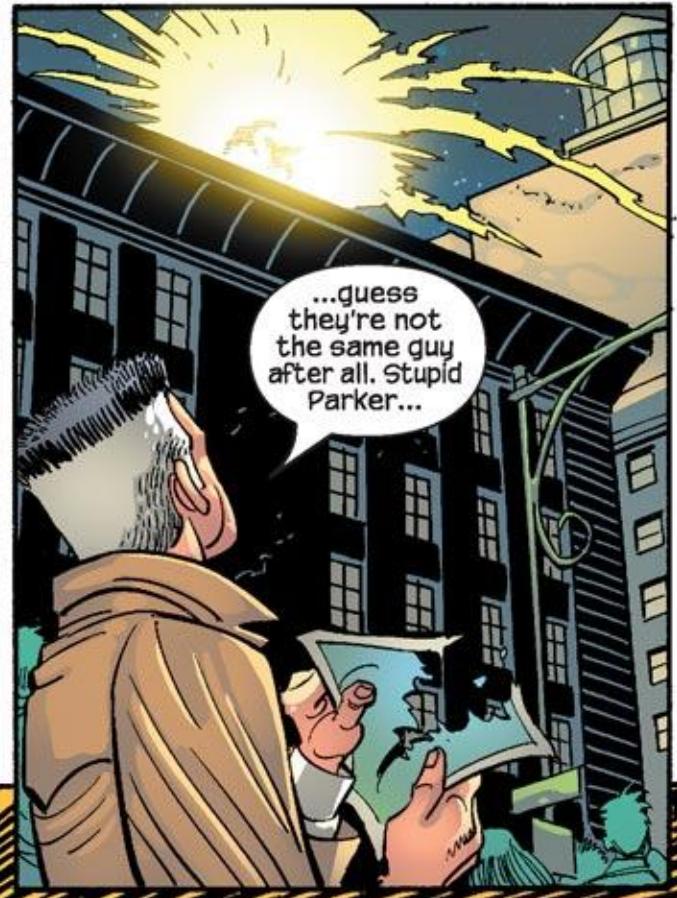
As he comes toward
me, and the air fills
with the smell of ozone,
two things occur to me.

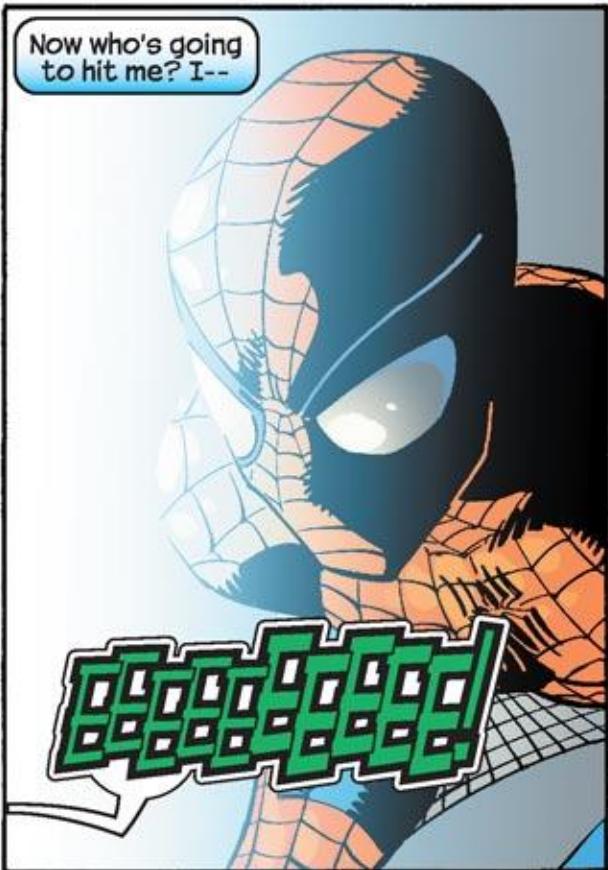
First, why do these
guys always refer
to themselves in
the third person?



Second, I remember
that when I came here
to face Electro the
first time, I'd picked
up rubber gloves on
the way here.













It's ISO-36, the serum Aunt May needs right now or she'll die. I was barely able to move this before, but in this condition...



No. I can't let it happen. This isn't a dream, or a memory. I'm **here**, in the moment, and if I fail, she dies. I won't allow it.

I won't.



Come on, Peter...come on...you can do this...you did it before...move, damn you...move....



...this is when it counts...when there's no chance... you can't give up...that's all...



Can't... give...







If you stop now, then all the times you made a difference before now were for nothing. And all those you care about now, today, will most certainly die.

But you already know this.

I know, it's just...I'm tired, Doc. I'm so tired all of a sudden. I try not to look back, because some days it feels like I'll just drown under the weight of everything I've done, everything I've **had** to do, and I wonder if it was worth it--

Bring it on.

Follow my voice.

Spider-Man...

Yeah?

You are asking the wrong question.

That so? Then what's the right question?





