

MARVEL  
COMICS



\$1.75 US  
\$2.15 CAN  
27  
OCT  
UK £1.20

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# SPIDER-MAN

"SOMETHING  
ABOUT A  
GUN..."



30<sup>TH</sup>  
ANNIVERSARY  
1962 - 1992



ROGERS

THE AMAZING  
SPIDER-MAN



DESTINED TO BE  
THE MOST TALKED  
ABOUT SPIDER-  
SAGA OF THE YEAR!

### DEDICATION

This is for my son, Rob Roy McGregor — who keeps me alert and learning every day and seeking answers and who knows the importance of fighting for who and what you love.

— D.M.

A special thank you shake of Spidey webbing to DETECTIVE PAUL BISHOP, FIRE MARSHALL RON BROWN, and POLICE OFFICER GLENN SAINSBURY for their time and patience answering many technical questions concerning weaponry. However, if there are any bone-headed mistakes in this book, these kind and good men are absolved. It is the writer who managed to mess up, despite their efforts. Thanks, guys.

MAGNIFIED ON A MOVIE SCREEN...

...IT IS AN  
ISOLATED,  
POWERFUL  
IMAGE.

Stan Lee Presents:

DON MCGREGOR • Writer  
MARSHALL ROGERS • Artist  
KEITH WILLIAMS • Inker  
GESSLER • Letterer  
SARRA MOSS OFF • Colorist  
DANNY FINGEROTH • Editor  
TOM DE FALCO • Editor  
In Chief

FLASHY TWIRL, TAKES  
FOREVER TO MASTER.

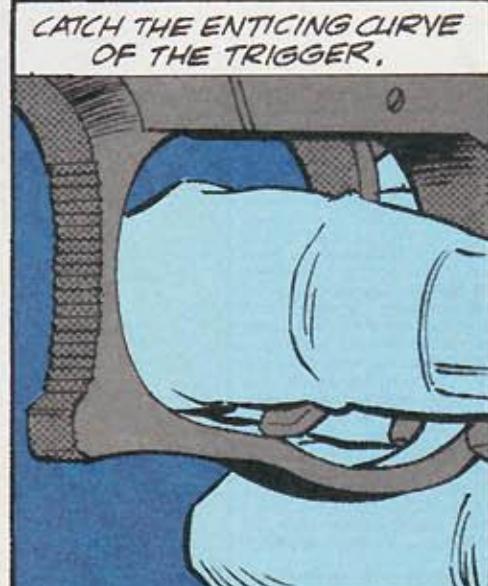
SEE THE  
FOURTEEN  
ROUND  
AMMO CLIP...

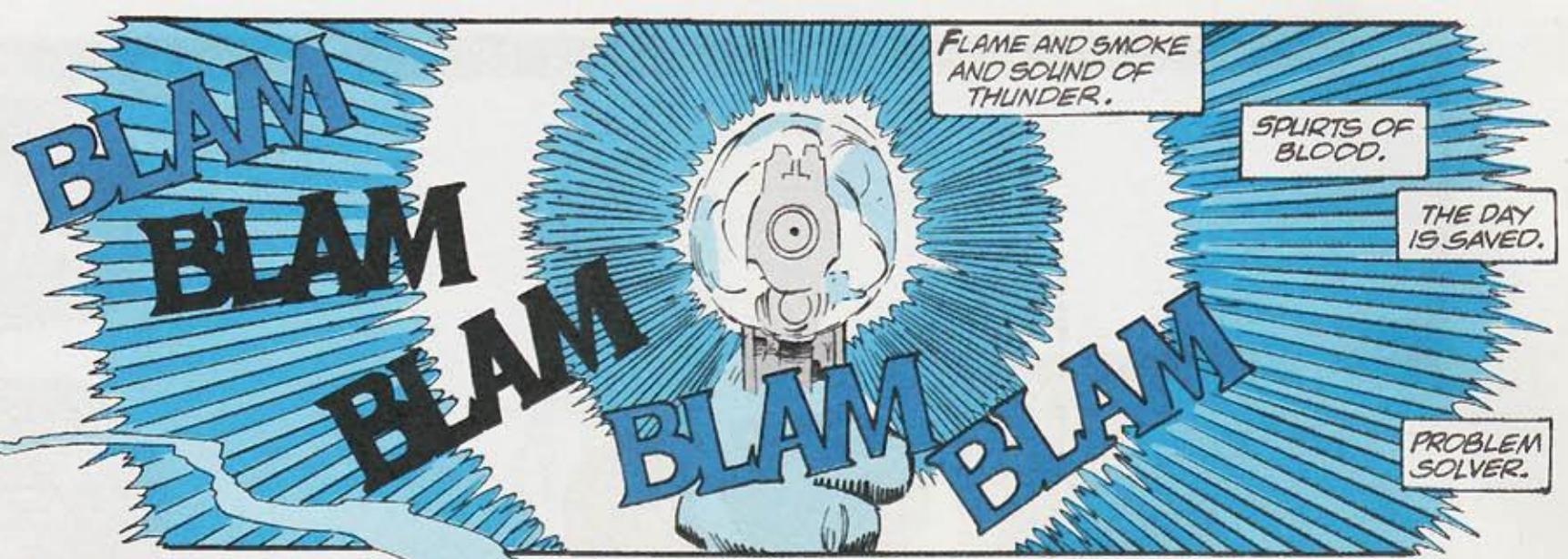
...INSERTED FLUSH INTO THE  
TOUGH PLASTIC FIBER GRIP.

PRIME A BULLET INTO THE  
CHAMBER.

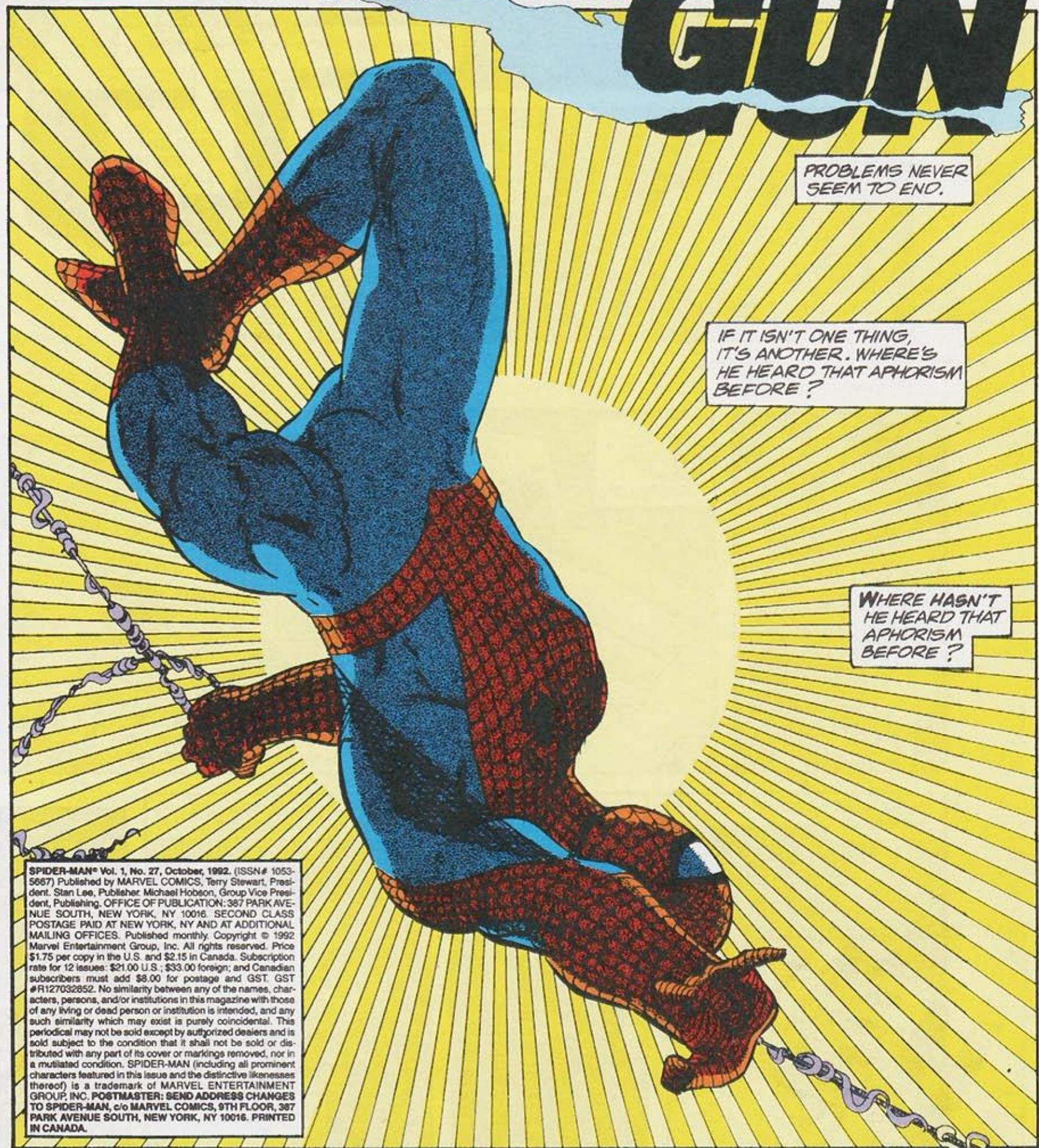
TARGET CAUGHT IN  
THE MATTE BLACK  
GUNSAIGHT.

CATCH THE ENTICING CURVE  
OF THE TRIGGER.





# THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT A GUN



SPIDER-MAN® Vol. 1, No. 27, October, 1992. (ISSN # 1053-5667) Published by MARVEL COMICS. Terry Stewart, President; Stan Lee, Publisher; Michael Hobson, Group Vice President, Publishing. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 387 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, NEW YORK, NY 10016. SECOND CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT NEW YORK, NY AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES. Published monthly. Copyright © 1992 Marvel Entertainment Group, Inc. All rights reserved. Price \$1.75 per copy in the U.S. and \$2.15 in Canada. Subscription rate for 12 issues: \$21.00 U.S.; \$33.00 foreign; and Canadian subscribers must add \$8.00 for postage and GST. GST #R12703285Z. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. This periodical may not be sold except by authorized dealers and is sold subject to the condition that it shall not be sold or distributed with any part of its cover or markings removed, nor in a mutilated condition. SPIDER-MAN (including all prominent characters featured in this issue and the distinctive likenesses thereof) is a trademark of MARVEL ENTERTAINMENT GROUP, INC. POSTMASTER: SEND ADDRESS CHANGES TO SPIDER-MAN, c/o MARVEL COMICS, 9TH FLOOR, 387 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, NEW YORK, NY 10016. PRINTED IN CANADA.

PETER PARKER CLINGS EFFORTLESSLY TO THE WATER TOWER PRESIDING OVER THE HIGH NOON, MID-TOWN, WEST SIDE CITY SCENE.

HE HAS AN AFFECTIONATE FEELING FOR THESE WEATHERED STRUCTURES, EVOKING IMAGINED IMAGES OF AN OLDER MANHATTAN WHILE SERVING IT IN THE PRESENT DAY.

AVERAGE NEW YORKER ONLY SEES THESE BEAUTIES OCCASIONALLY AND FROM A DISTANCE.

A FRIENDLY NEIGHBORHOOD SPIDER-MAN AND SHADY OLD WATER TOWERS GO TOGETHER LIKE KERMIT THE FROG AND LILY PADS.

WELL... MAYBE MORE LIKE BART SIMPSON AND BLACKBOARDS.

HANGING AROUND THESE TOWERS LIKE THIS, WHY IT'S ALMOST A HOME AWAY FROM HOME.

AND HOW ABOUT THAT? FOR A FEW SECONDS THERE, NOT A SINGLE NEVER-ENDING PROBLEM WAS IN MY HEAD. NOT BAD.

AND THE ADDED PLUS IS A UNIQUE VIEW OF THE CITY...

MANHATTAN'S MOVERS AND SHAKERS BETTER NOT GET IT IN THEIR NUMBSKULLS TO MODERNIZE THESE MAINSTAYS.

sheesh! THEY HAD THEIR WAY, THEY'D STRIP THIS CITY OF ALL ITS MOOD AND MYSTERY AND EXOTIC FLAVOR!

GUESS I BETTER ADMIT IT... I LOVE THESE HULKINS WATER TOWERS!

AND I DON'T EVEN KNOW HOW THEY WORK.

BUT THERE'S NO BETTER PLACE FOR A STAKE-OUT, ESPECIALLY A LONNNNG STAKE-OUT.

WHOOPS HERE COMES THE MAN OF THE HOUR!

THAT CAN'T BE ANYBODY BUT NUTCASE WALKER. GREG KRAMER DESCRIBED HIM TO A "T"...

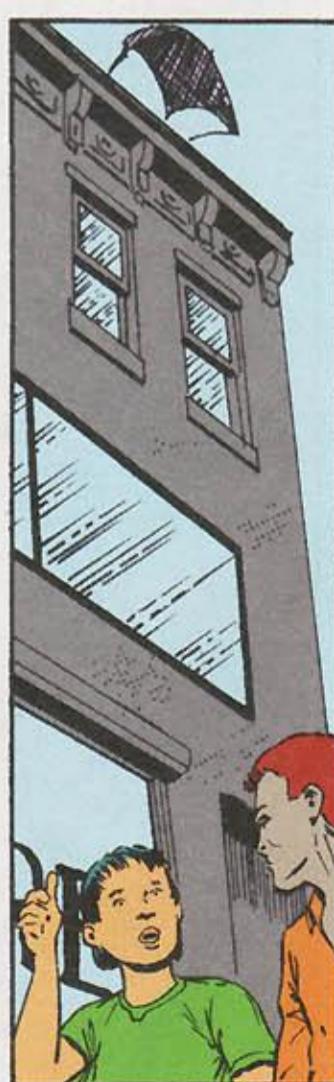
...A WALKING, TALKING INSANE ASYLUM.

AND PROUD OF IT.



LET'S SEE... WHERE'S NUTCASE'S LAY-OUT MEN?



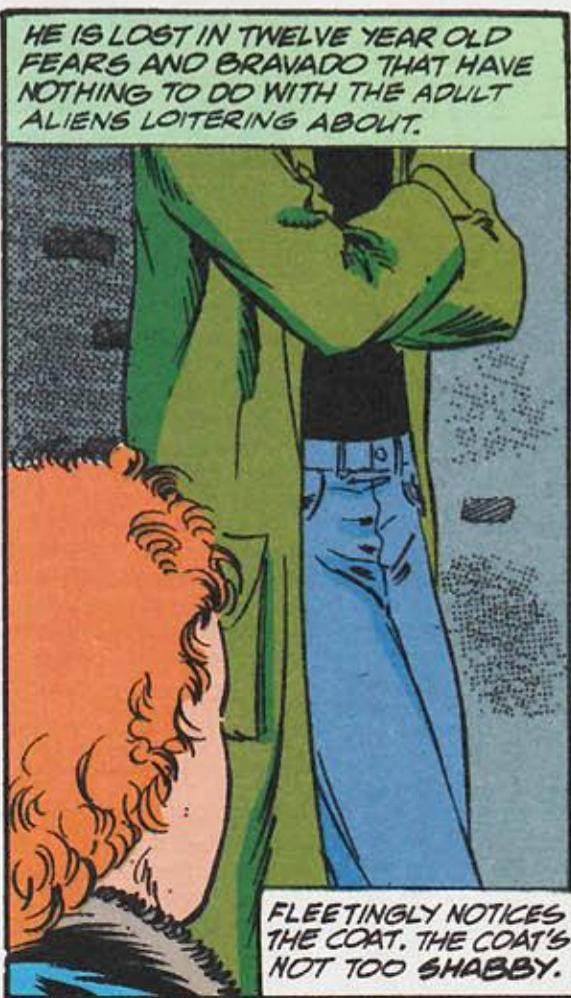




LEAST THEN, IF YOU STOP THEM FROM WHATEVER NUTSO PLAN THEY'VE GOT IN MIND... YOU CAN FEEL LIKE YOU'VE WON SOMETHING!



SITUATION LIKE THIS, IT JUST SEEMS LIKE IT'LL GO ON AND ON. BUT YOU'VE GOT TO TRY... OR IT'LL NEVER GET BETTER... ONLY WORSE!

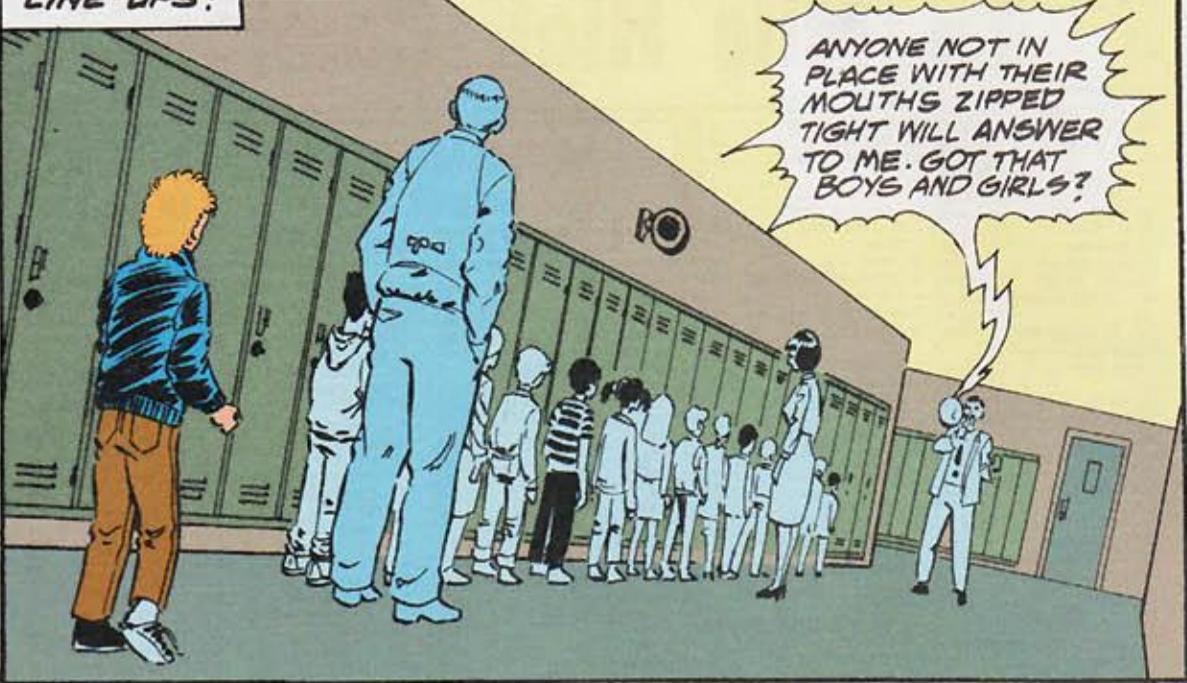


AND THEN ELMO IS INSIDE ONE OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS IN MANHATTAN.

SCHOOL OFFICIALS ON BULLHORNS, SUMMONING PRISONERS INTO LINE-UPS!



BETTER NOT PRETEND TO BE ROBO-COP IN THIS SAFE HAVEN. PRETEND CAN GET YOU IN DEEP TROUBLE REAL QUICK HERE.



ANYONE NOT IN PLACE WITH THEIR MOUTHS ZIPPED TIGHT WILL ANSWER TO ME. GOT THAT BOYS AND GIRLS?

A PLACE TO LEARN THE THREE R'S: READIN', WRITIN', RITHMETIC.

MANY LEARN OTHER THINGS QUICKER. WORDS NOT USED IN COMIC BOOKS! THE HARD SELL FROM FRIENDS TO TRY JUST A LITTLE SMIDGEN OF CRACK.



YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT YOU'RE SAYING "NO" TO.



BETTER SAY "NO" AGAIN AND AGAIN AND AGAIN, BECAUSE THEY DON'T ASK ONCE OR TWICE BUT COME AT YOU EVERY DAY.

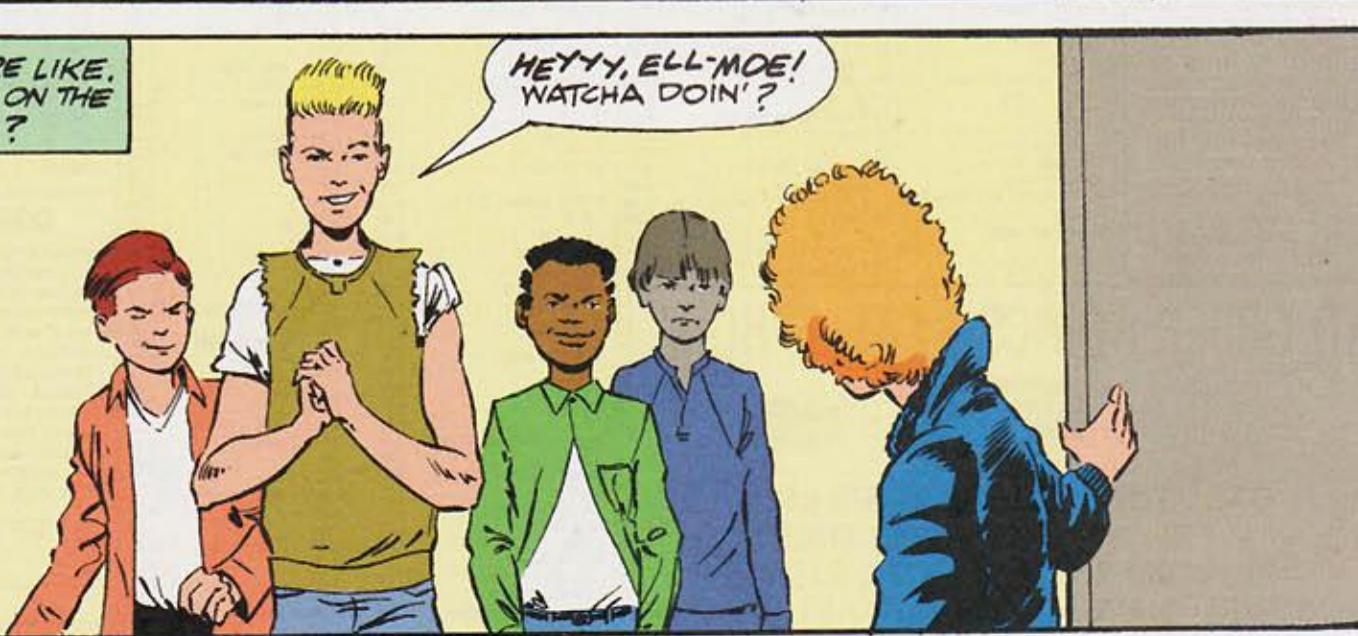


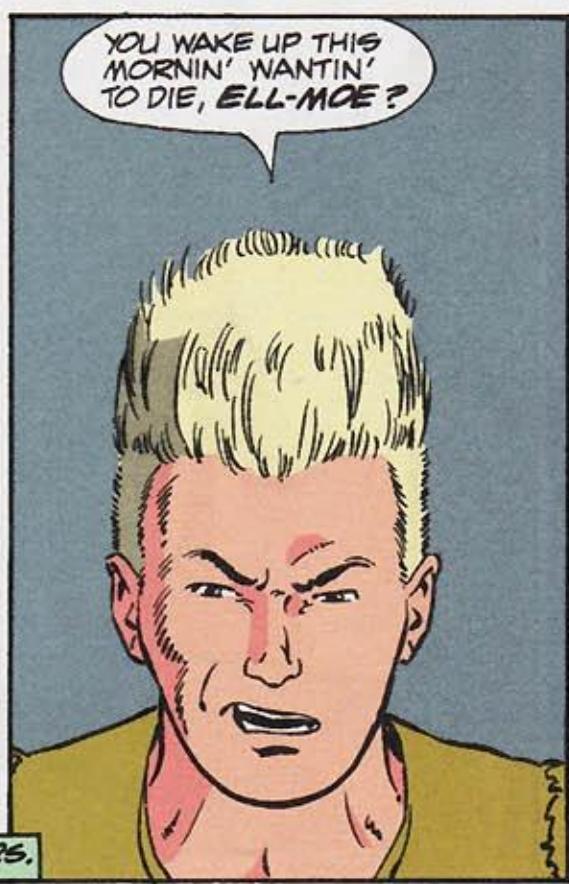
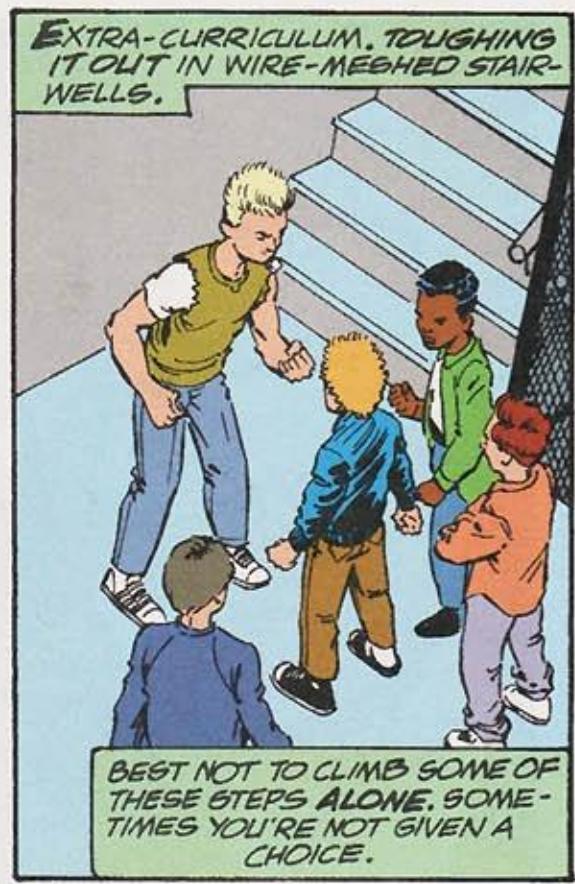
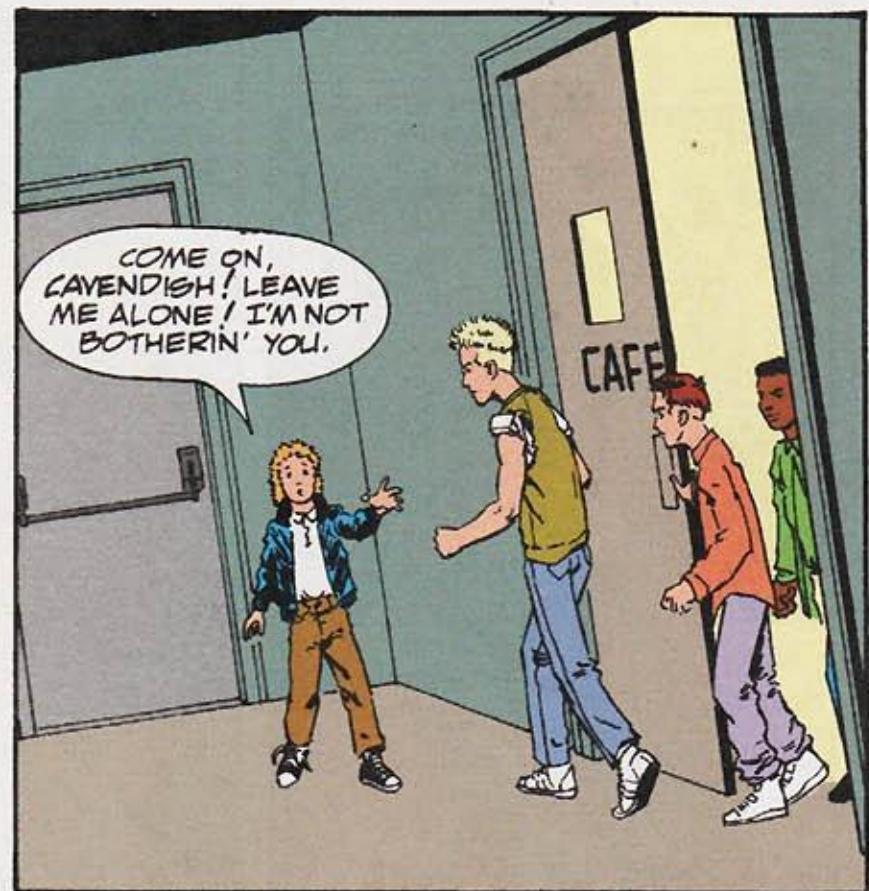
SCHOOL OFFICIALS?

YOU KNOW WHAT THEY'RE LIKE. DIDN'T YOU SEE THEM ON THE SIX O'CLOCK NEWS?

HEY YY, ELL-MOE! WATCHA DOIN'?

THEY DID THIS CORRUPT THING, THAT CORRUPT THING. THEY'RE GONNA GET SENT AWAY.





YOU GOTTA BE A MORON OR SOMETHIN', YOU THINK YOU CAN TAKE ALL OF US ON.

WHAT'CHA GOT FOR MONEY, ELL-MOE?

LEMMIE GO!

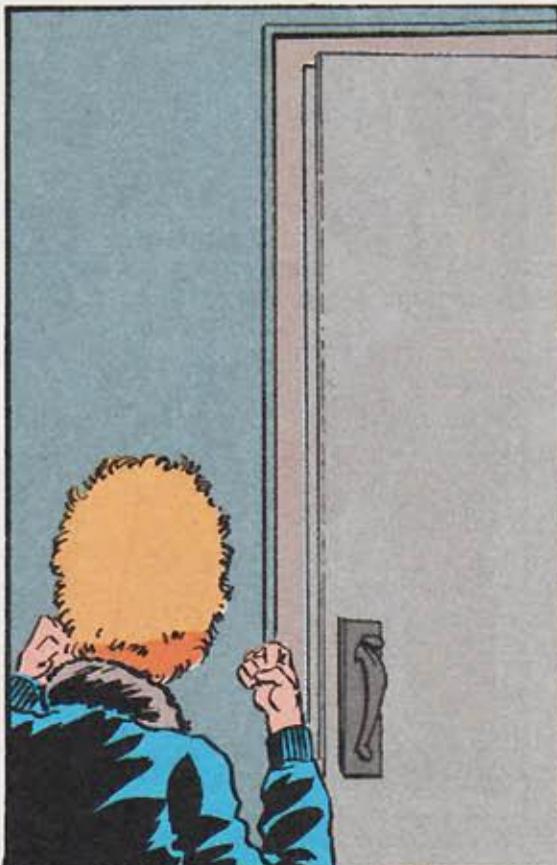
HEY, CAVENDISH! ELMO'S GOT A BIG STASH TODAY...

...TWO WHOLE DOLLARS!

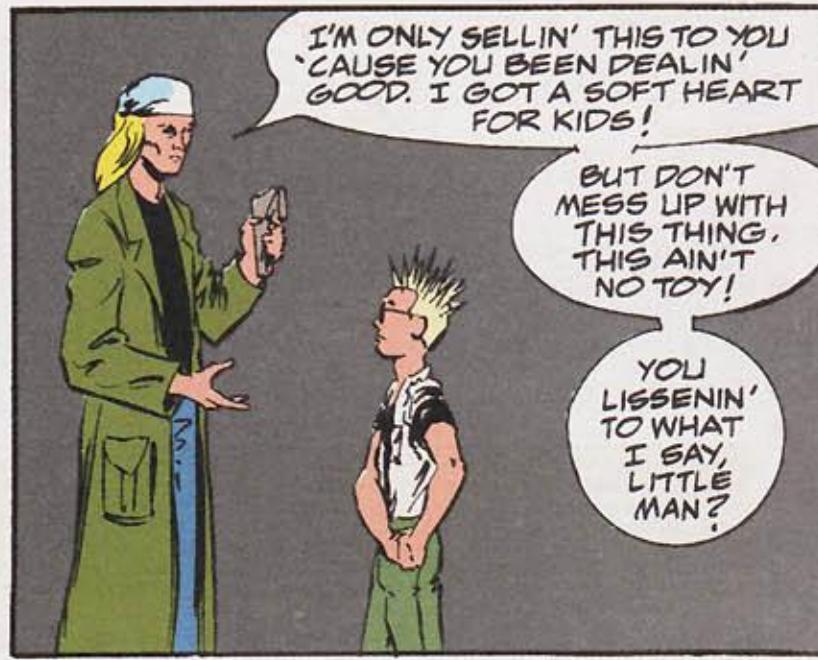
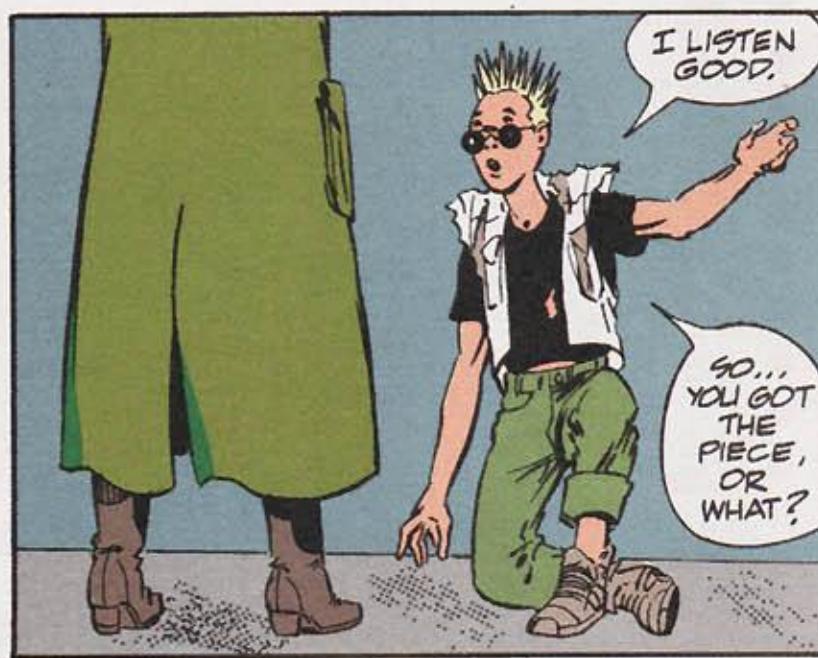
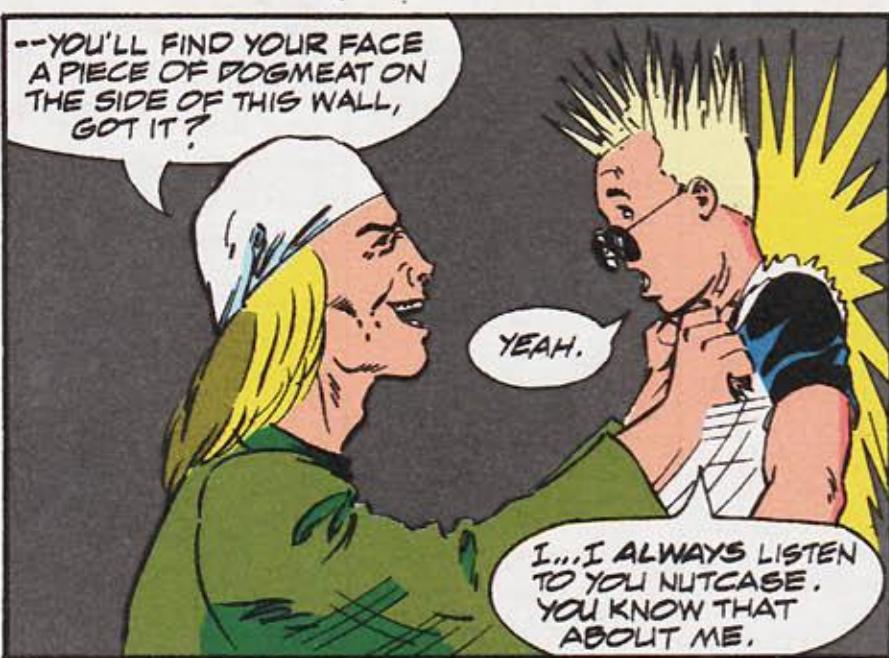
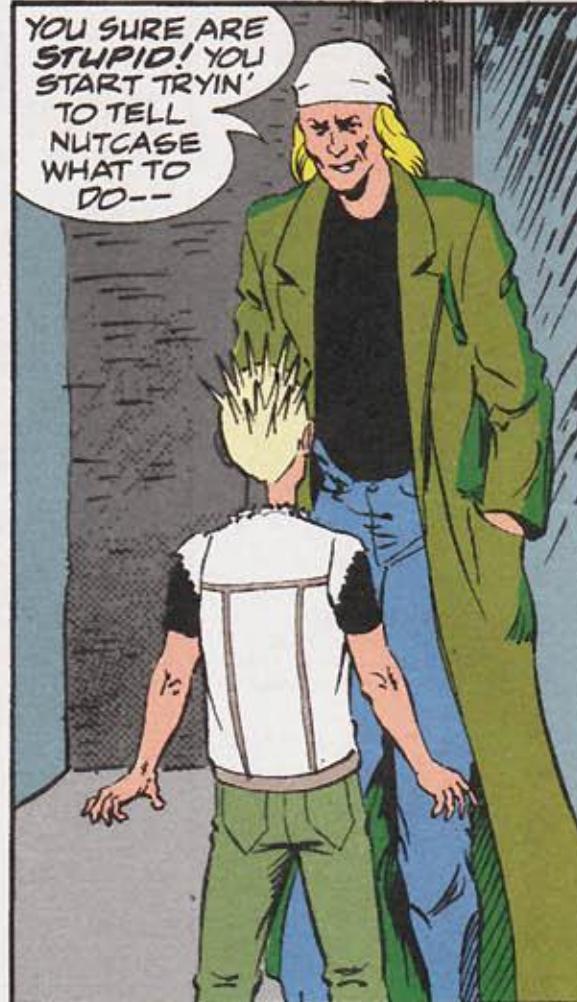
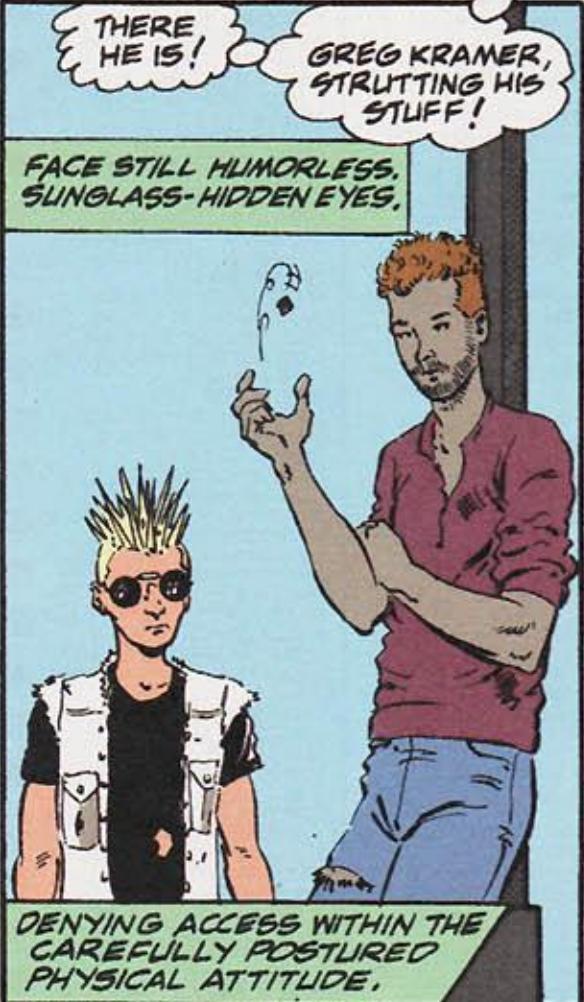
IT'S OUR LUCKY DAY.

LIKE WE HIT THE LOTTO, HUH?

SEE YA LATER, BARF-BREATH!



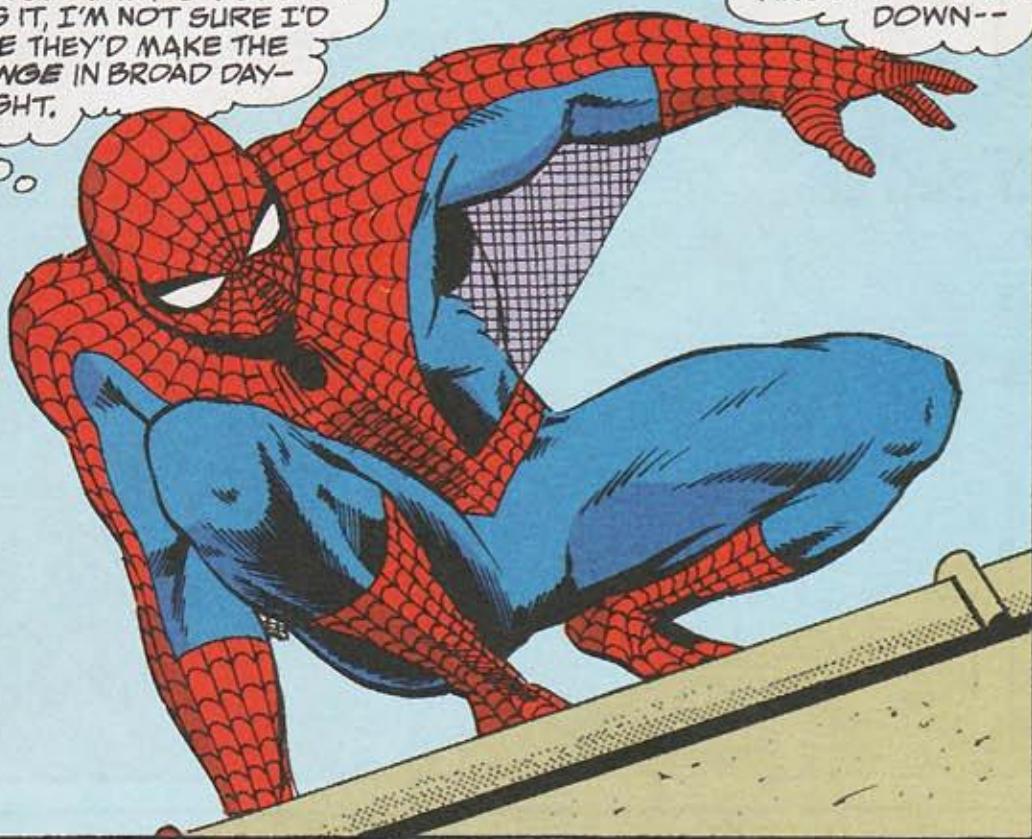
THE LUNCH HOUR IS DRAWING TO A CLOSE. FROM ALL DIRECTIONS STUDENTS CONVERGE AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE SCHOOL. FROM ABOVE, THEY LOOK LIKE BANTERING LEMMINGS DRAWN TO THE DARK PORTAL INTO THE BUILDING.



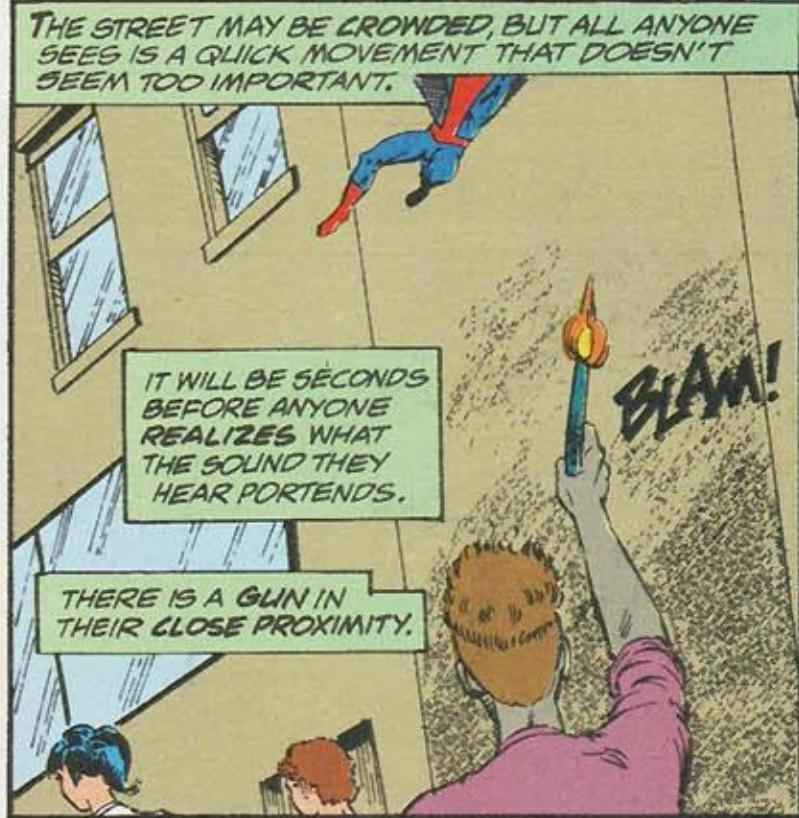
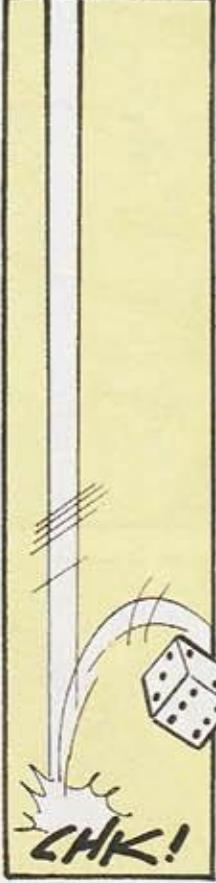
LOOKS LIKE NUTCASE REALLY HAS THE GUN ON HIM. IF I WEREN'T SEEING IT, I'M NOT SURE I'D BELIEVE THEY'D MAKE THE EXCHANGE IN BROAD DAY-LIGHT.

FACT IS, IF I DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS GOING DOWN--

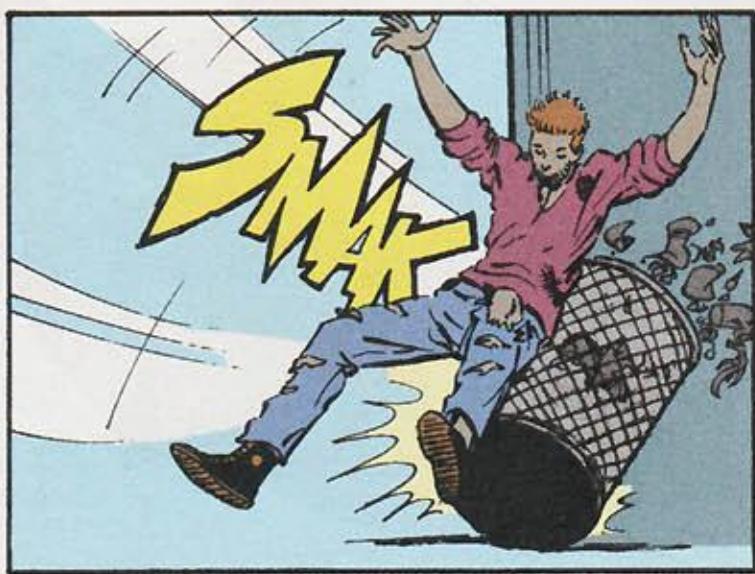
--THE WHOLE TRANSACTION WOULD BE REAL EASY TO MISS.



STILL AND ALL, NUTCASE IS PRETTY BRAZEN--



**BLAM!**  
**BLAM!**



HIS SPIDER SENSE SCREAMS IN EVERY NERVE ENDING.

SCREAMS WITH A WARNING OF DEATH, QUICK--

--AND FUNCTIONAL.

WHAT'S A "SHANE", WALL-CRAWLER?

sheesh! THAT'S THE PROBLEM WITH YOU GUYS. YOU HAVE NO SENSE OF FILM HISTORY.

PATROLMAN ENRICO RAMIREZ BECAME A COP BECAUSE HE REALLY BELIEVED THERE WERE BAD GUYS.

BAD GUYS COULD COME IN ANY NATIONALITY OR RELIGIOUS PERSUASION--

COMING THROUGH. OUTTA MY WAY!

--THEY COULD LOOK LIKE GRIM-LIPPED PUNKS OR FRANTIC-EYED DOPERS OR BLANDLY SMILING NEXT DOOR NEIGHBORS--

OUTTA MY WAY!

WATCH OUT!

HEY!

BUT BAD GUYS EXISTED JUST AS SURE AS GREED--

--AND HE DID NOT DISCRIMINATE AMONGST BAD-GUYS WHETHER IN T-SHIRTS OR TUXES OR POLICE UNIFORMS. HOWEVER DRESSED, HE RECOGNIZED THEM WHATEVER GLUISE THEY CAME IN.

PATROLMAN ENRICO RAMIREZ HAD SEEN BAD GUYS ALL HIS LIFE.

--AND THAT THE GOOD GUYS WERE LOSING GROUND, SOME FORCED BACK OR OTHERS GIVING UP.

HE HOPED HE WAS WRONG ABOUT THAT--

--BUT HE DIDN'T THINK HE WAS.

GET DOWN!  
GET DOWN  
OUT OF MY LINE OF FIRE!

THE SHOOTER IS A LAY-OFF MAN--

IT JUST SEEMED THERE WERE MORE OF THEM THESE DAYS, AND THEIR ACTS MORE CALLOUS--

--A SPOTTER FOR SOME DEAL THAT'S GONE BAD.

OLIVER! DIDN'T YOU HEAR THE LAST RECESS BELL?

DON'T YOU IGNORE ME, ELMO OLIVER!

SNAKE-TONGUE COMING IN AT YOU, ELMO. ZAPPING IN OFF YOUR RIGHT WING.

GIVE 'IM YOUR TOP GUN MANEUVER!

KIDS THESE DAYS... ZOMBIES DURING CLASS... GO BANANAS OUT, TUNE YOU RIGHT OUT.

NEVER CATCH A HOT DOG LIKE YOU, TOP GUN.

NO ONE MESSES WITH NUTCASE! KNOW I'M NOT IN MY RIGHT MIND!

SOMEBODY TICKS ME OFF, I GO MENTAL!

YOU CHOSE THE RIGHT NAME!

YOU CERTAINLY WON'T FIND ME ARGUING THAT YOU FIT THE REQUIREMENTS FOR ANY ASYLUM AS CERTIFIABLE.

GUYS LIKE YOU GIVE THE NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION COLLECTIVE HEARTBURN--

--AND I'LL BET YOU DON'T EVEN CARE.

BRRP!  
BRRP!  
BRRP!  
BRRP!

HURTS THEIR CASE AGAINST SELLING AUTOMATIC WEAPONS TO OUT-IN-THE-OZONE WOULD-BE RAMBOS--

--WHEN SOMEONE SHOWS A PICTURE OF A WHACKO LIKE YOU PETTING HIS PET UZI.

BRRP!  
BRRP!  
BRRP!  
BRRP!

I WOULDN'T DOUBT IT  
EVEN MAKES MR. UZI  
A LITTLE GREEN AT  
THE GILLS.

WHAT  
DO YOU  
THINK?

OR DO YOU  
THINK AT  
ALL, I  
MEAN?

SPRRP!



GONNA GET THAT  
CAVENDISH!

YEAH,  
SURE YOU  
ARE.

I'M REALLY  
GONNA!



WITH ALL THOSE  
ZIT-FACES  
AROUND HIM?

EVEN IF HE HAS  
HUNDREDS - A  
ZIT-FACES WITH  
HIM!



THE PEDESTRIANS HAVE PANICKY EYES THAT DART FROM PERSON TO PERSON TO PARKED CARS TO BUILDINGS--

--BUT SEE ONLY  
DANGER!

THERE IS DEATH  
FACING THEM,  
HERE AND NOW--

GET IN  
BETWEEN THE  
PARKED CARS  
OR LIE FLAT!

--AND THEY HAVE READ  
ABOUT DEATH IN THIS CITY  
IN THE DAILY NEWSPAPERS.  
BUT FOR MOST OF THEM,  
THEY HAVE SELDOM WIT-  
NESSSED OR EXPERIENCED  
ANY VIOLENCE.

BUT NOW THEY ARE  
CAUGHT IN A WORLD  
OF GUNS FIRING--

--OF GUNS  
WOUNDING--

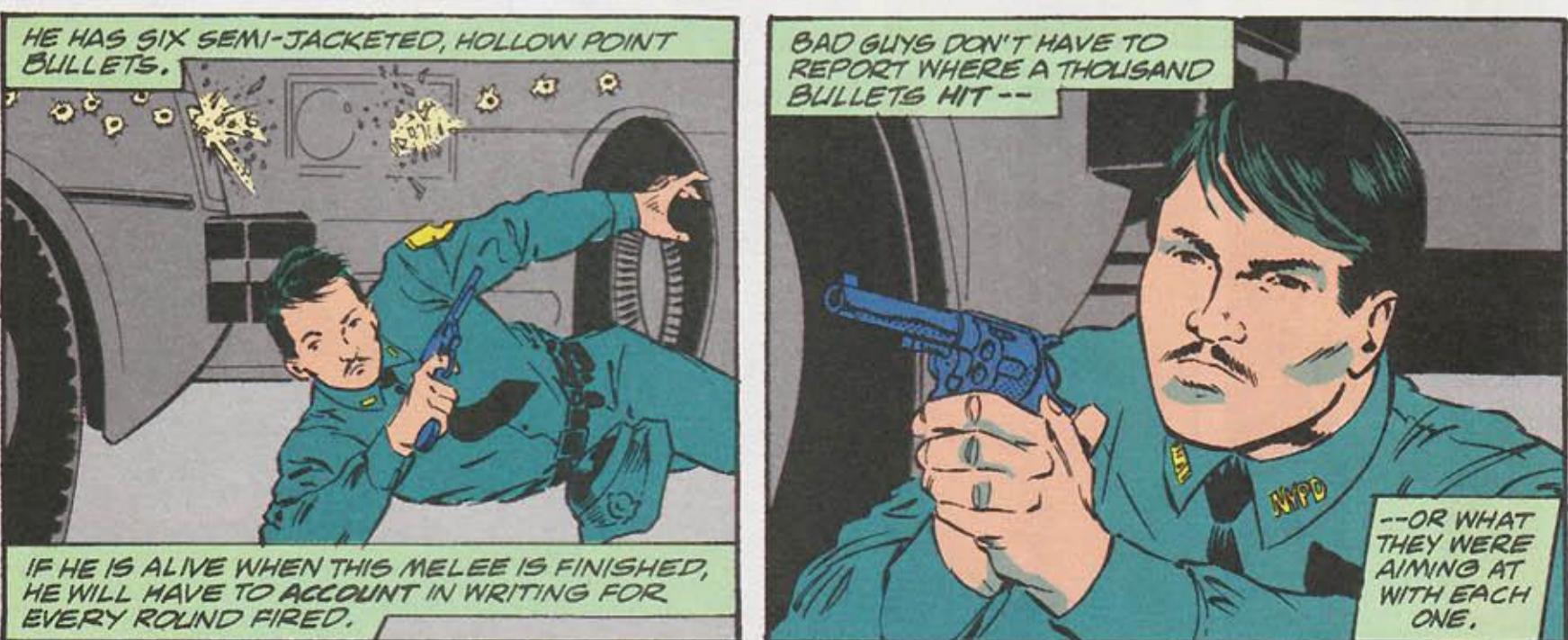
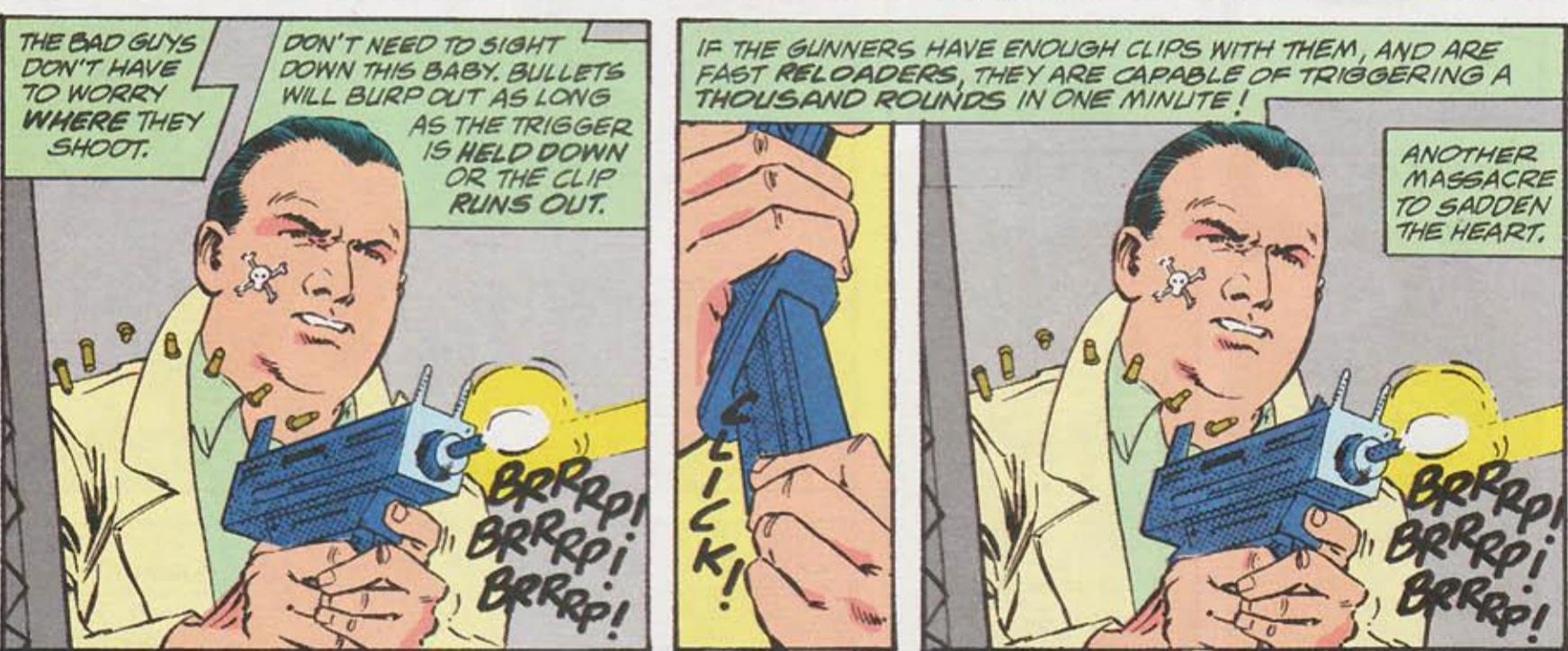
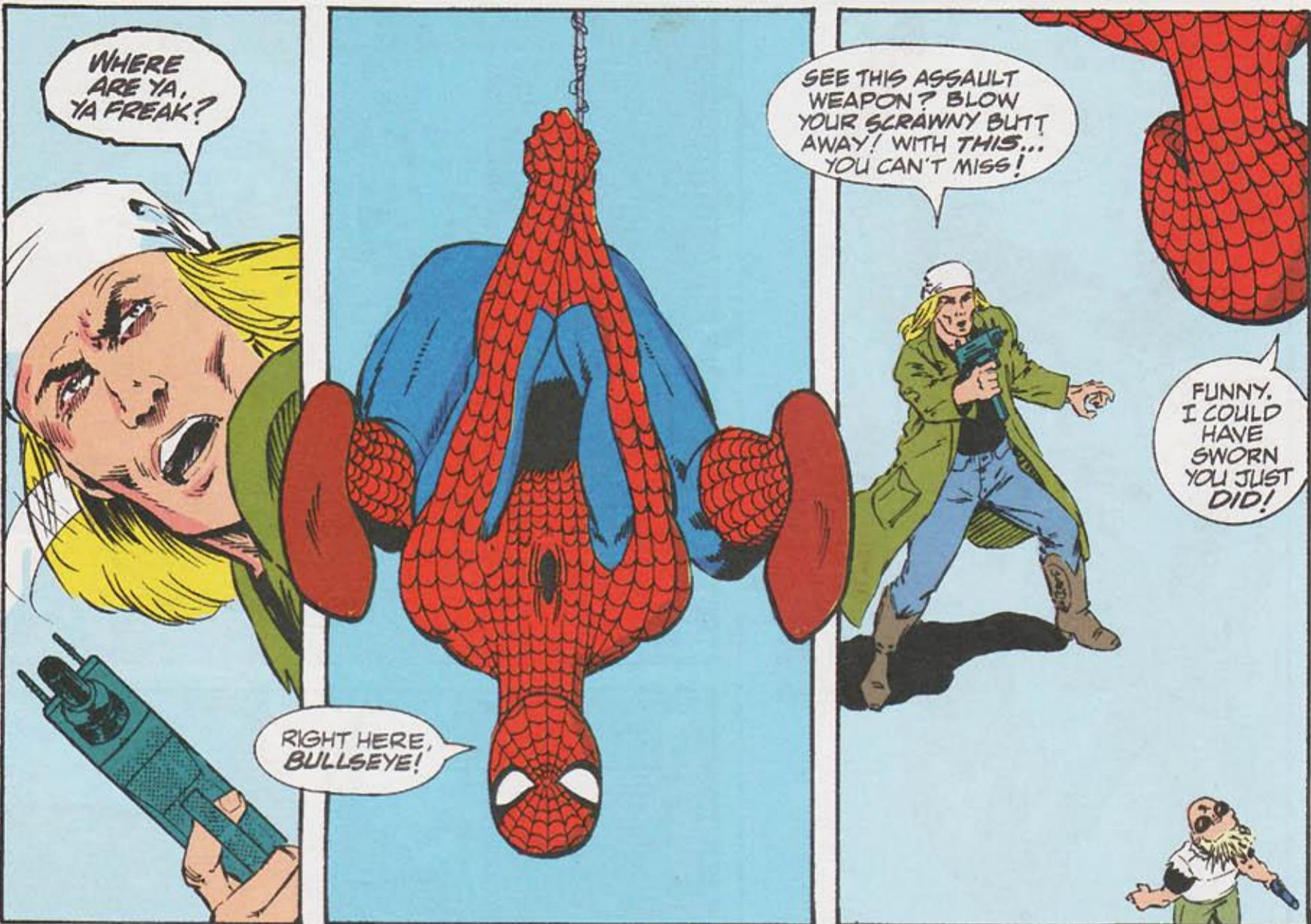
--CRIPPLING--

--MAYBE KILLING.

AND MAYBE THEY WON'T  
READ ANY MORE SHOCK-  
TO-SELL HEADLINES.

MAYBE THEIR DEATHS WILL BE SUMMED UP IN TWO TO  
FOUR PITHY WORDS OF BLOODY COMMERCIALITY.

AND OTHERS WILL READ, AND SHAKE  
THEIR HEADS, AND WILL STILL BE ALIVE  
TO WONDER WHAT THE WORLD'S COMING TO.



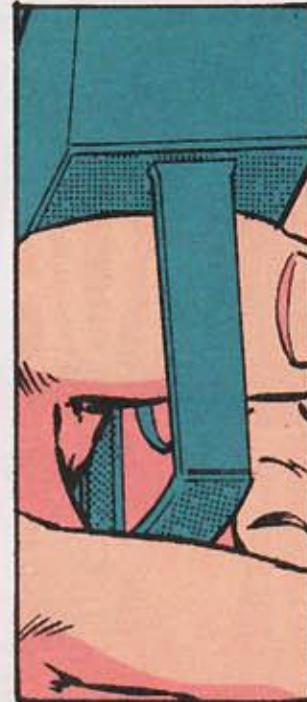
I DON'T THINK YOU  
COULD HIT ROSEANNE  
ARNOLD AT FOUR  
PACES.



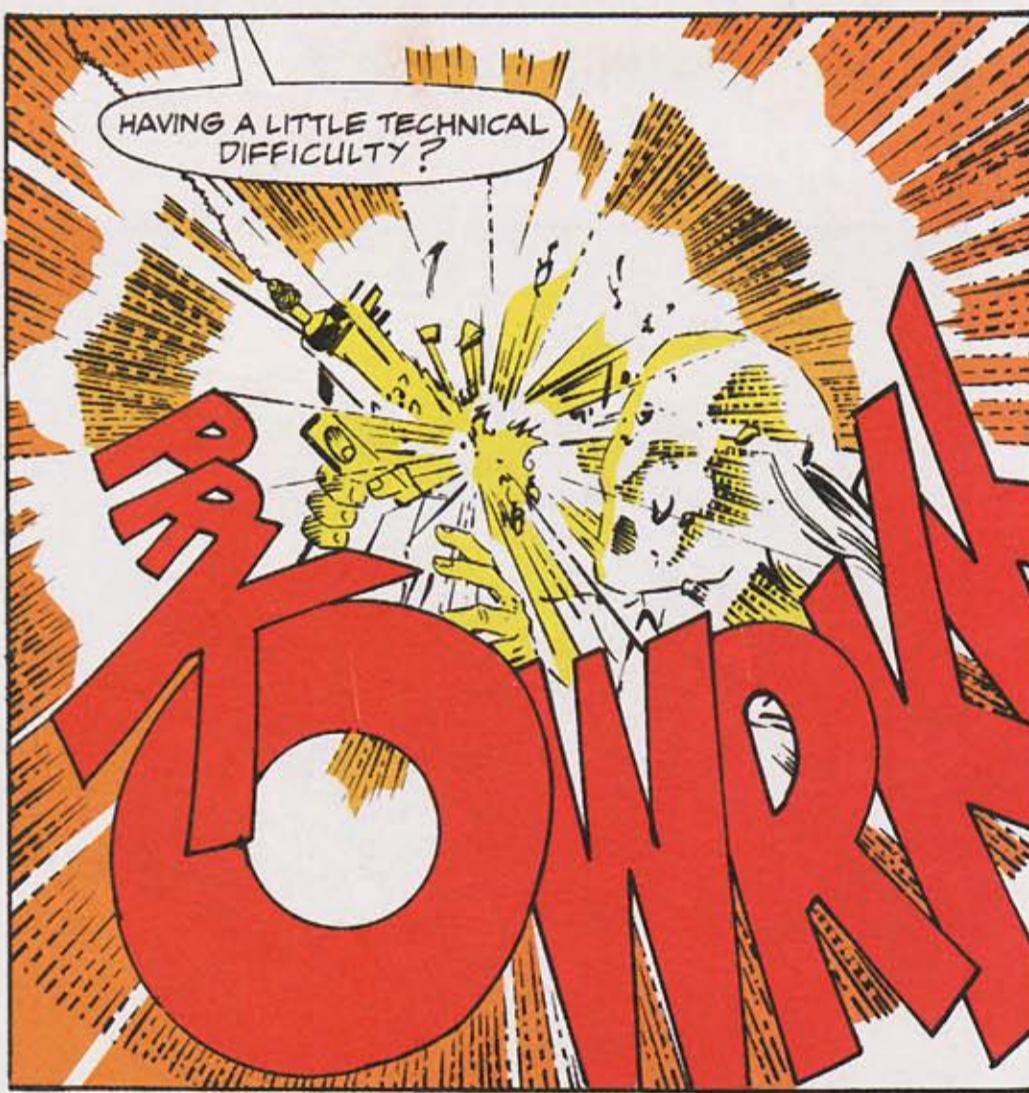
THIS AIN'T NO  
GAME. YOU STICK  
YOUR NOSE IN MY  
BIZ'NESS, YOU'RE  
DEAD, SLICKER!



I WOULDN'T  
PLAY GAMES  
WITH YOU.  
DON'T KNOW  
WHAT I'D  
CATCH.



HAVING A LITTLE TECHNICAL  
DIFFICULTY?



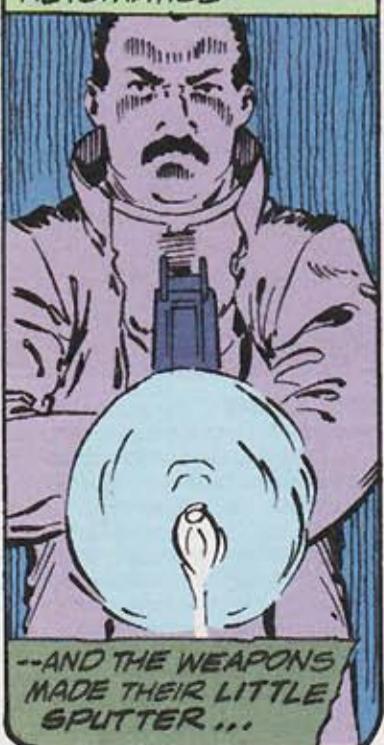
HE HOPES HE DOESN'T  
RUN OUT OF BULLETS.

EVERY COP IN MANHATTAN  
KNOWS THE STORY OF THE  
POLICEMAN WHO WAS  
RELOADING HIS SIX-SHOT,  
SERVICE PISTOL --

--AND THE BAD GUYS COUNTED  
SIX, CAME UP--



--AND SQUEEZED  
THE TRIGGERS OF THEIR  
AUTOMATICS--

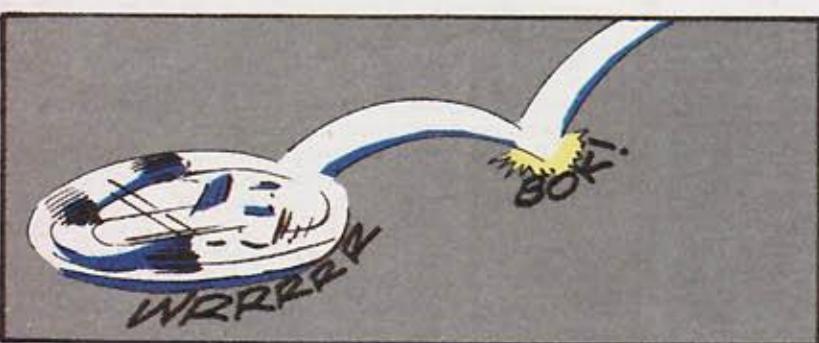
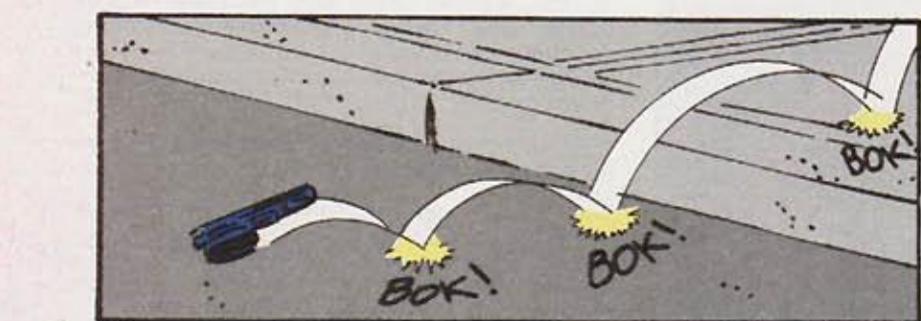


--AND THE WEAPONS  
MADE THEIR LITTLE  
SPUTTER...



...SO  
INCONSEQUENTIAL--  
--AND THE POLICE-  
MAN'S BLOOD WAS  
LIKE A RORSCHACH  
SMEAR ON DIRTY  
CONCRETE.

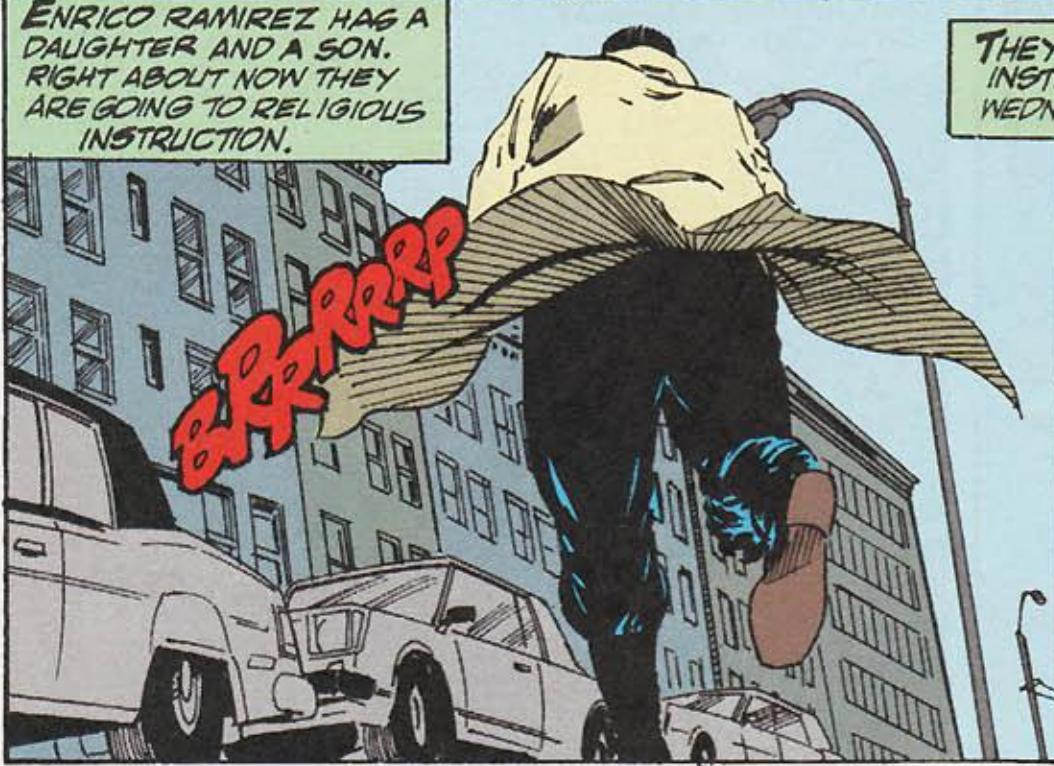




ENRICO RAMIREZ HAS A DAUGHTER AND A SON. RIGHT ABOUT NOW THEY ARE GOING TO RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION.

THEY HAVE RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION EVERY WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON.

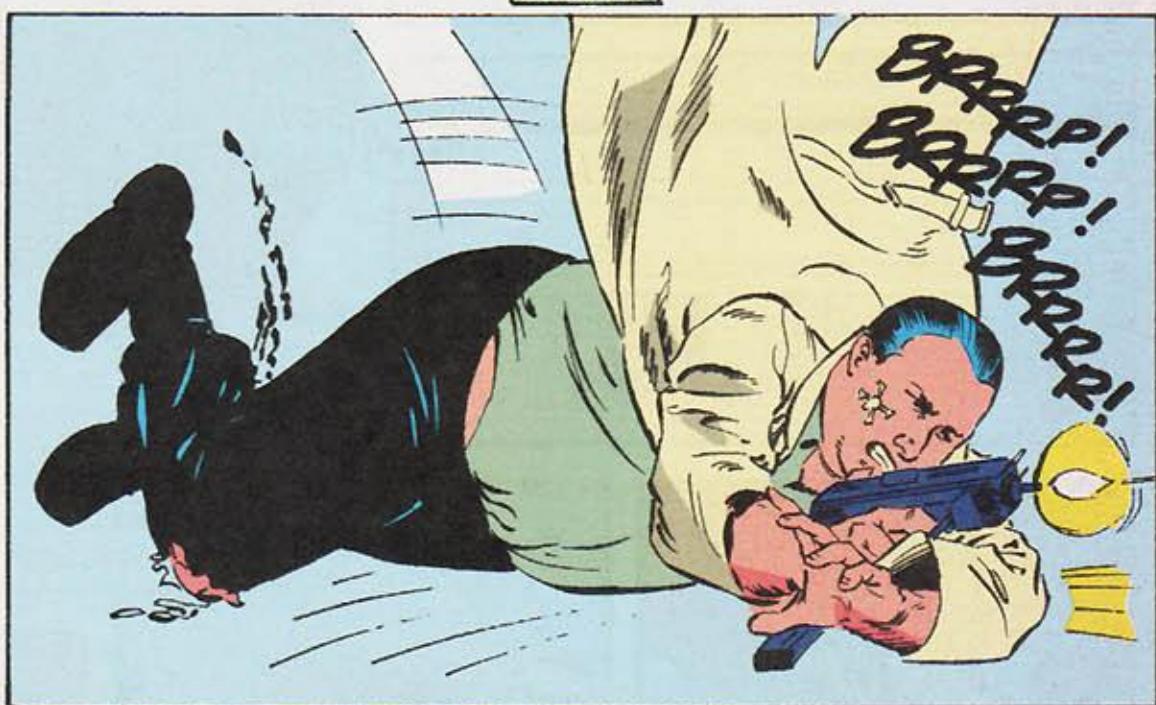
BRRRRRRRP!



POW

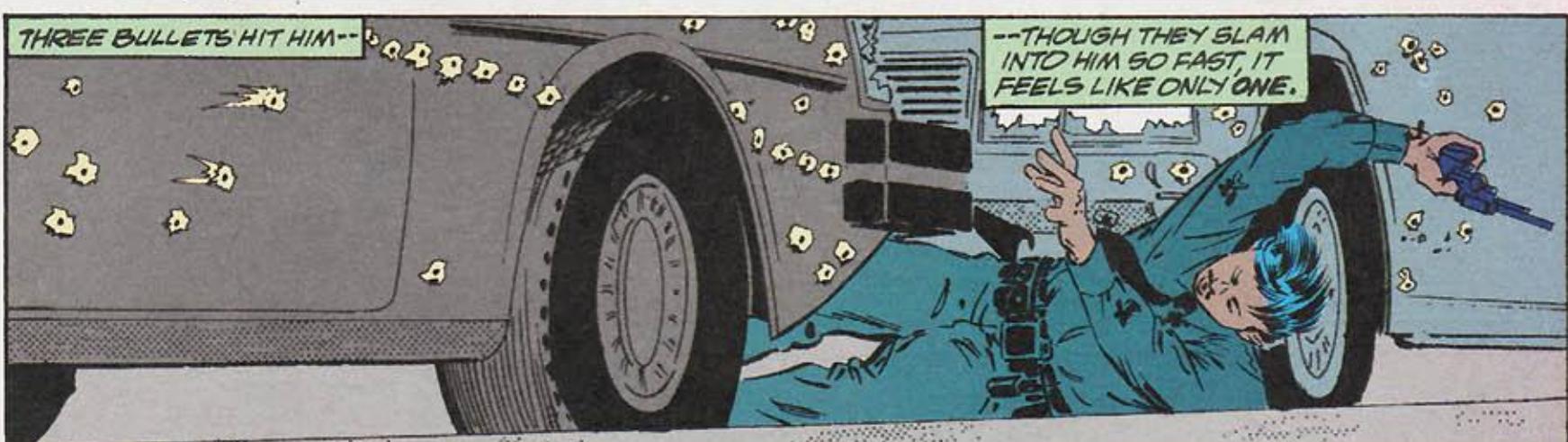
HE WONDERS IF HE WILL EVER SEE THEM AGAIN.

BRRRRRRRRRP!



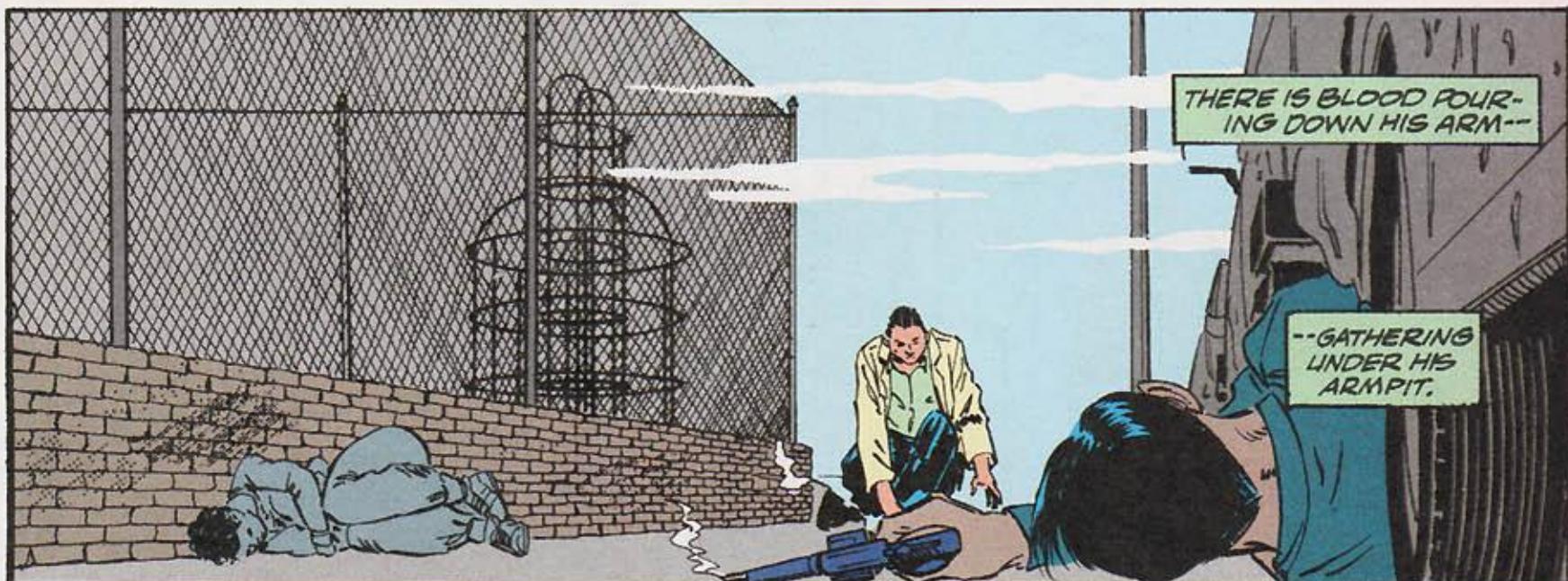
THREE BULLETS HIT HIM--

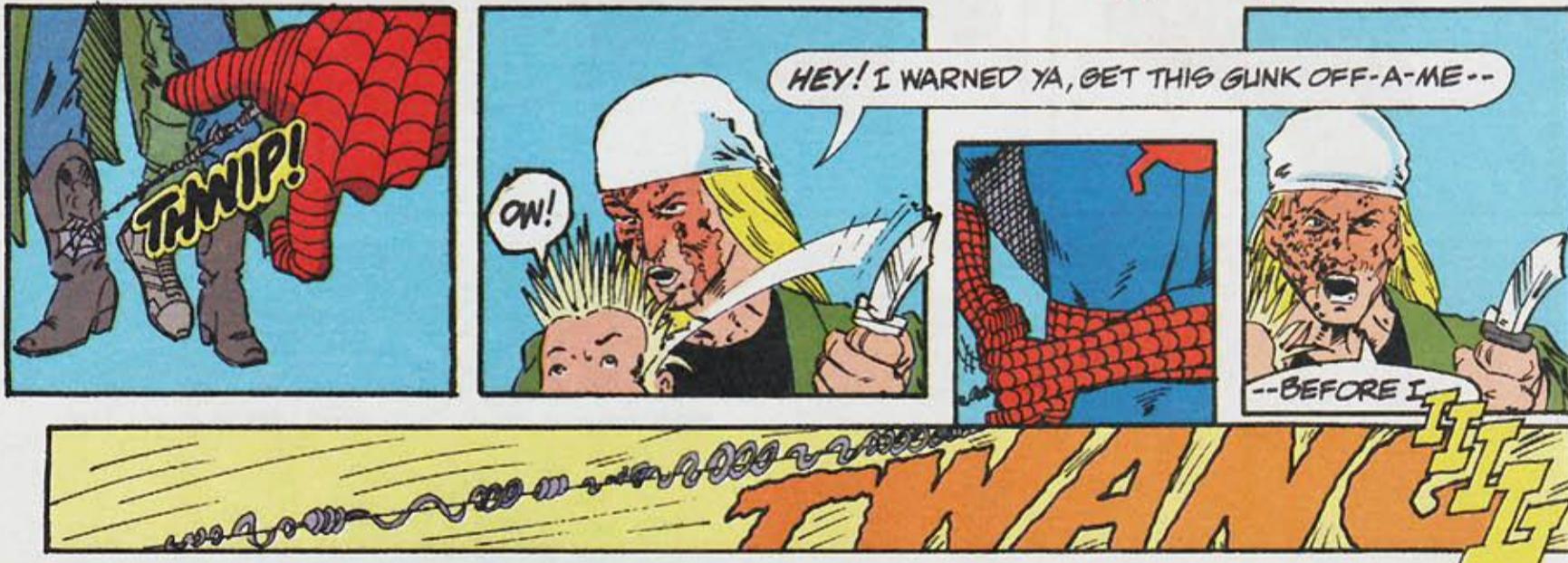
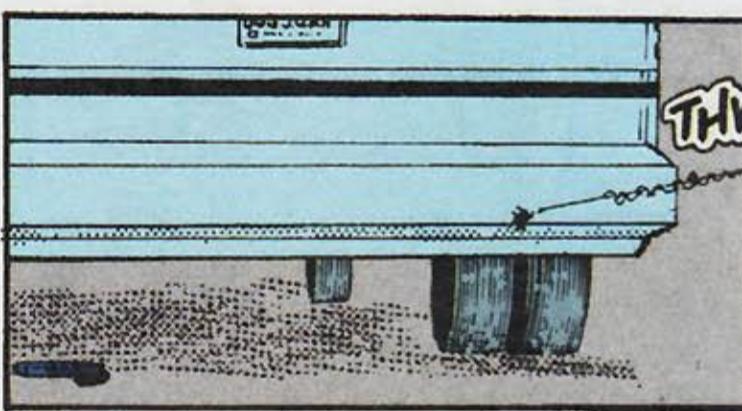
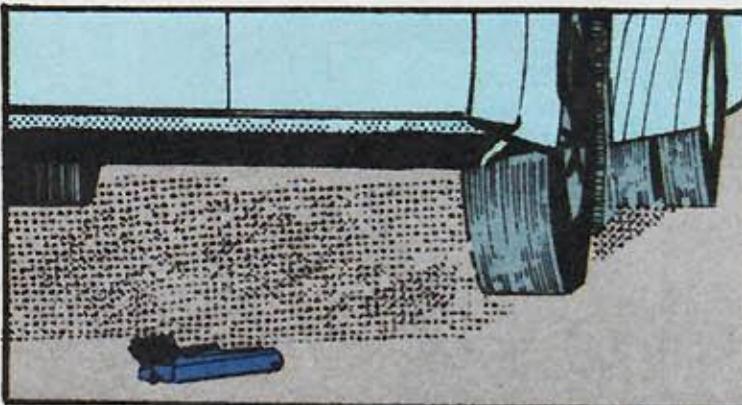
--THOUGH THEY SLAM INTO HIM SO FAST, IT FEELS LIKE ONLY ONE.



THERE IS BLOOD POURING DOWN HIS ARM--

--GATHERING UNDER HIS ARMPIT.





HE CAN SEE THE PERP RUNNING TOWARD HIM.

WANTS TO MAKE SURE OF THE KILL. PLACE THE GUN UP AGAINST HIS TEMPLE...

--AND HE WILL NOT SEE HIS SON OR DAUGHTER, OR WIFE, SUZETTE, SMILE EVER AGAIN.

TOO BAD I HAD TO STOP AND GRAB NUTCASE. COULDN'T LET THAT BUS REALLY MESS HIM UP.

LIFT THE GUN. DON'T LET THE BAD GUYS WIN.

WE CAN'T LET THE BAD GUYS WIN.

WE HAVE TO KEEP IT CLEAR WHO THE BAD GUYS ARE--

--AND WE CANNOT BECOME CONFUSED, BECAUSE THE BAD GUYS COUNT ON THAT--

--AND THEN THE SMILES ARE LOST IN BLOOD AND AGONY.

THERE WERE LOTS OF GUNSHOTS DOWN AT THE CORNER AND A WHOLE LOT MORE SCREAMING.

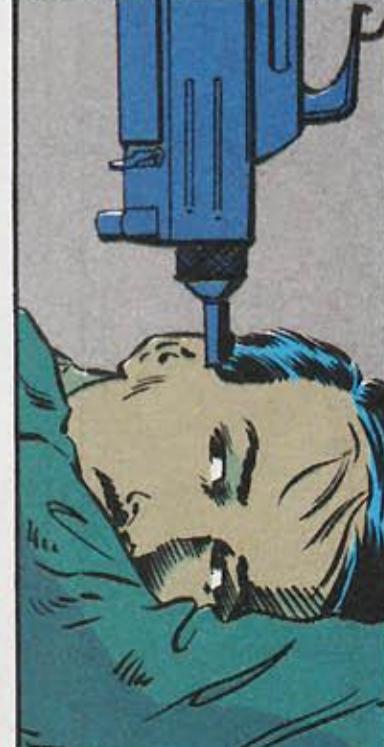
BETTER HIGH-TAIL IT OVER THERE FAST AND SEE WHAT SKULL 'N BONES HAS BEEN UP TO.

I'M ALMOST AFRAID TO SEE!

I'M GONNA--  
I--I--  
--WHOA--!

CRAZY KID!  
YOU COULD'A BEEN KILLED!

LEAVE THAT GUN ALONE!  
IT'S NOT A TOY!



DID YOU HEAR SOMEBODY SAY SOMETHING?

MY EARS CAN SELECT ANY SOUND AND SEPARATE IT FROM OTHER NOISE. I HEARD NOTHING.

ME EITHER...

GOT TO GET BACK TO THE GUN.

THAT'S NOTHING TO BE LEFT LYING AROUND.

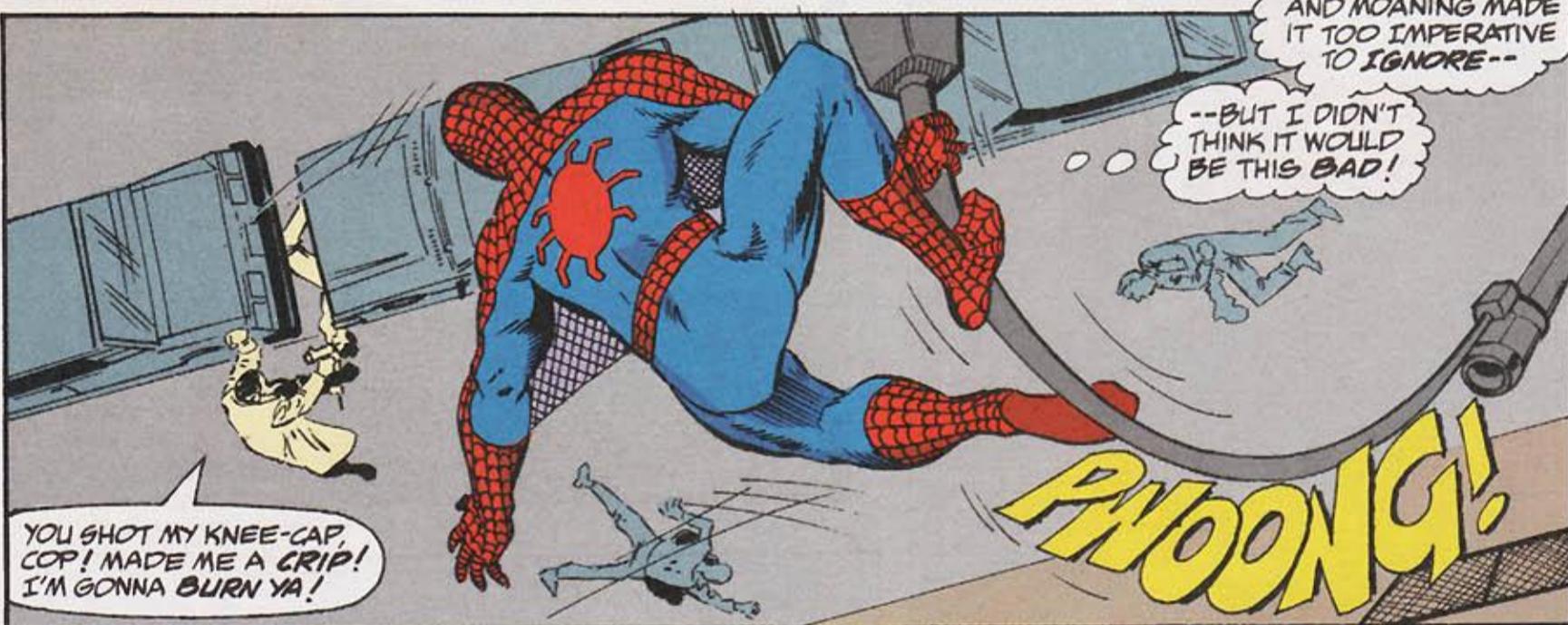
HOPE THAT KID LET GO OF THE GUN LIKE IT WAS A SNAKE ABOUT TO BITE!

I KNEW THERE WASN'T TIME TO STOP!



THE SCREAMS AND MOANING MADE IT TOO IMPERATIVE TO IGNORE--

--BUT I DIDN'T THINK IT WOULD BE THIS BAD!

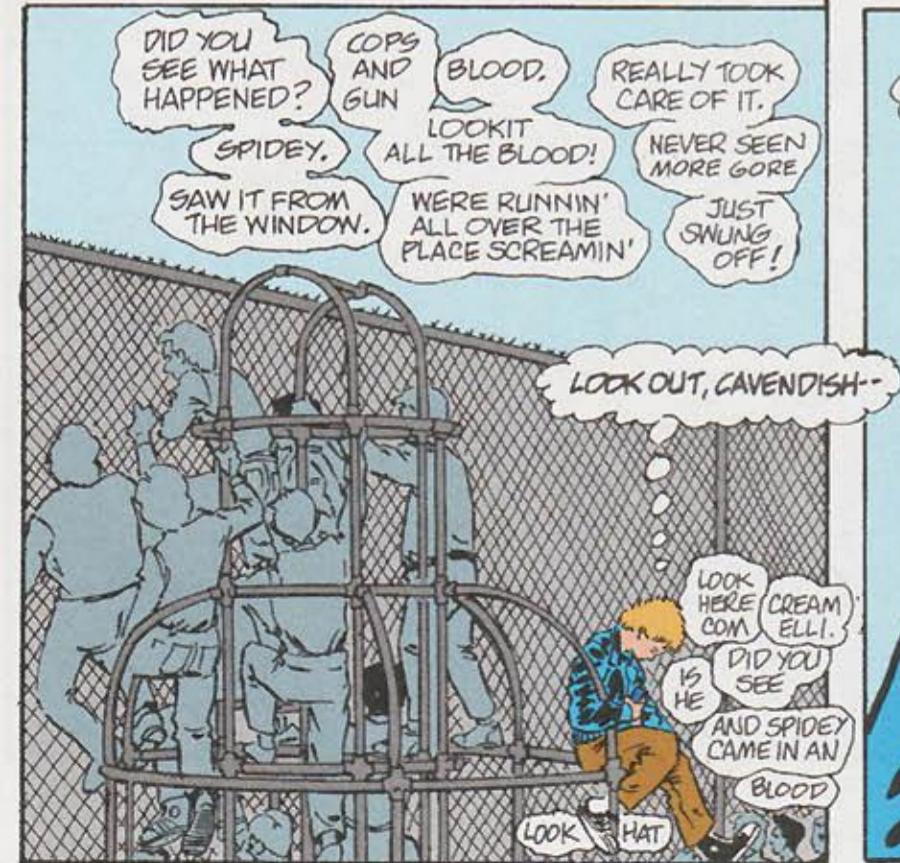
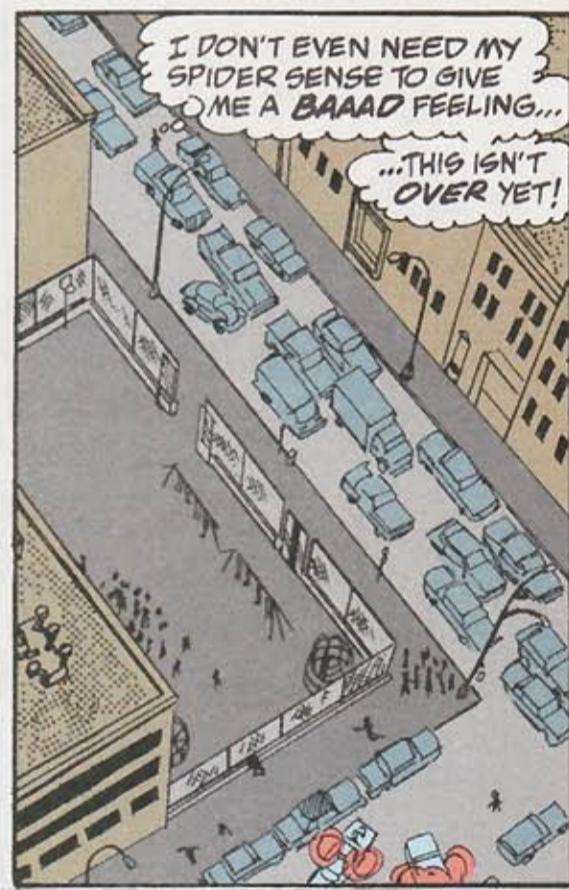
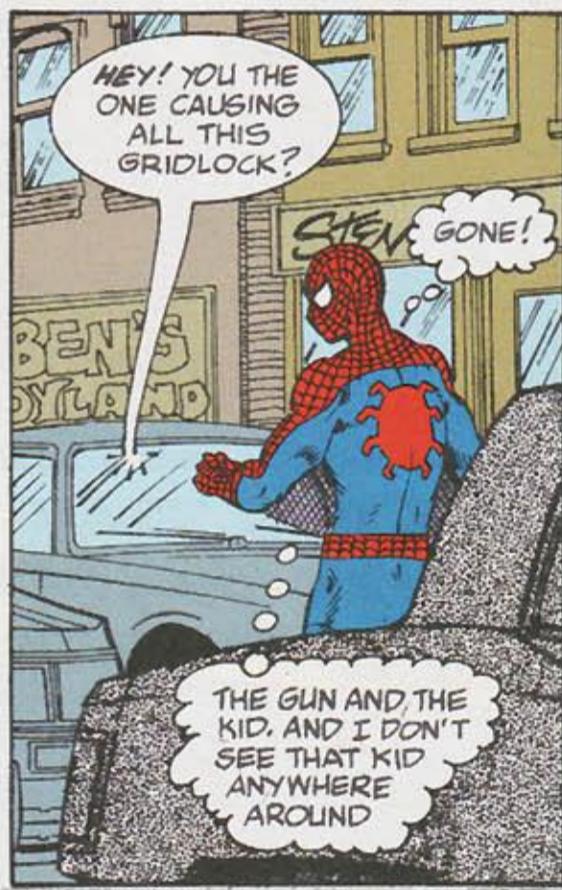
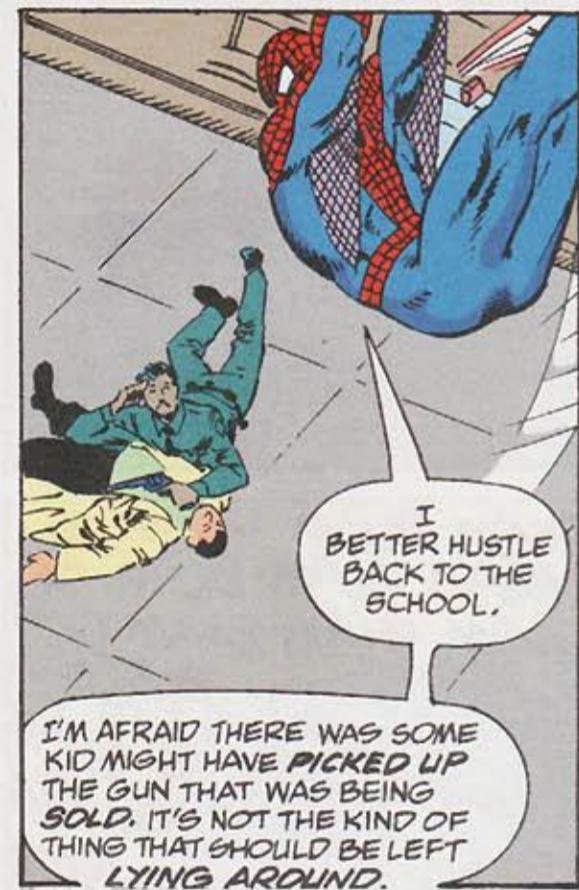


YOU SHOT MY KNEE-CAP, COP! MADE ME A CRIP! I'M GONNA BURN YA!

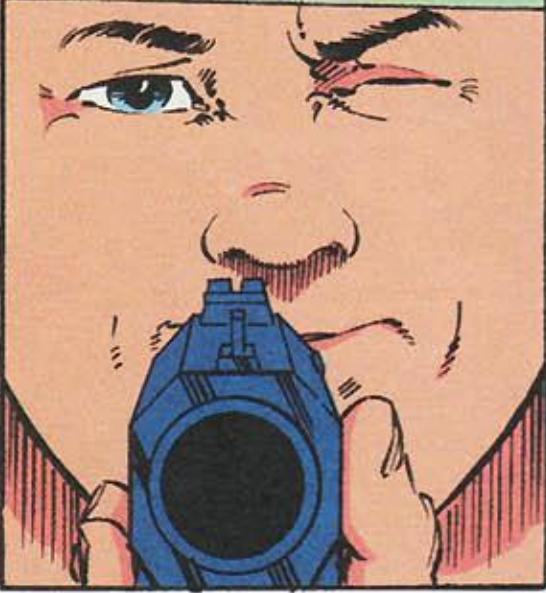


IF THAT'S A BURP, YOU SHOULD SAY "EXCUSE ME!"

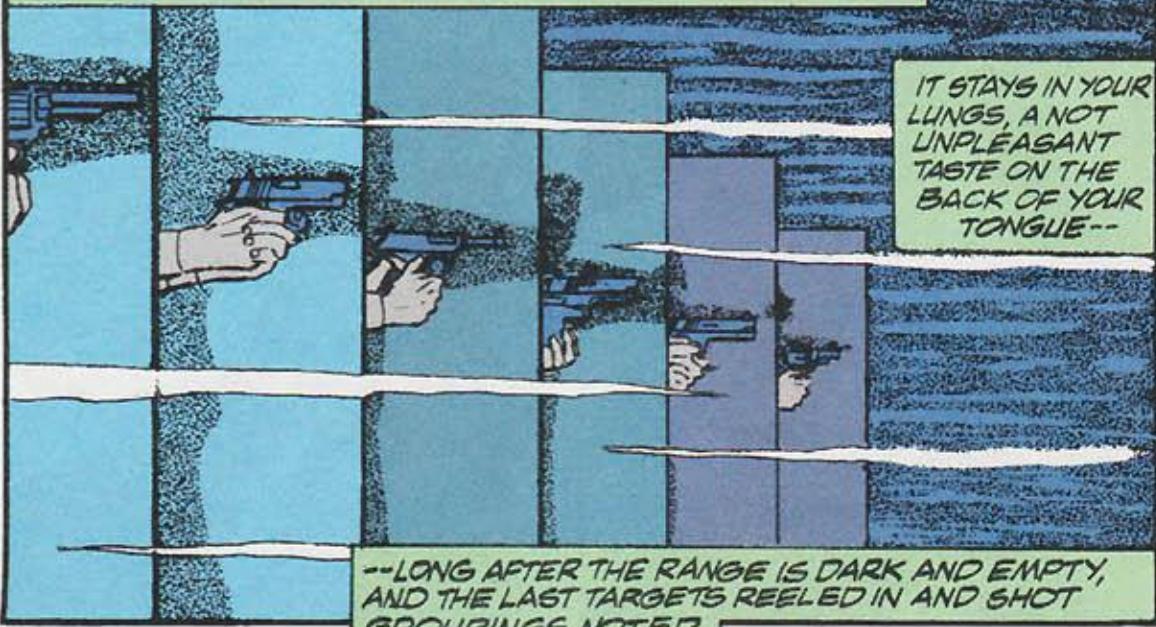




STEP UP INTO THE SHOOTING GALLERY.



THE SMOKE FROM SPENT ROUNDS A HAZE IN THE AIR,



IT STAYS IN YOUR LUNGS, A NOT UNPLEASANT TASTE ON THE BACK OF YOUR TONGUE--

--LONG AFTER THE RANGE IS DARK AND EMPTY, AND THE LAST TARGETS REELED IN AND SHOT GROUPINGS NOTED.

WON'T HEAR ANY WEAK-KNEED WRITERS WHINING ABOUT TOO MANY GUNS IN THIS SANCTUARY.



SHOOT THOSE SLICKERS ON SIGHT! HA!

AIM AT THE TARGET.

BLAM

BLAM

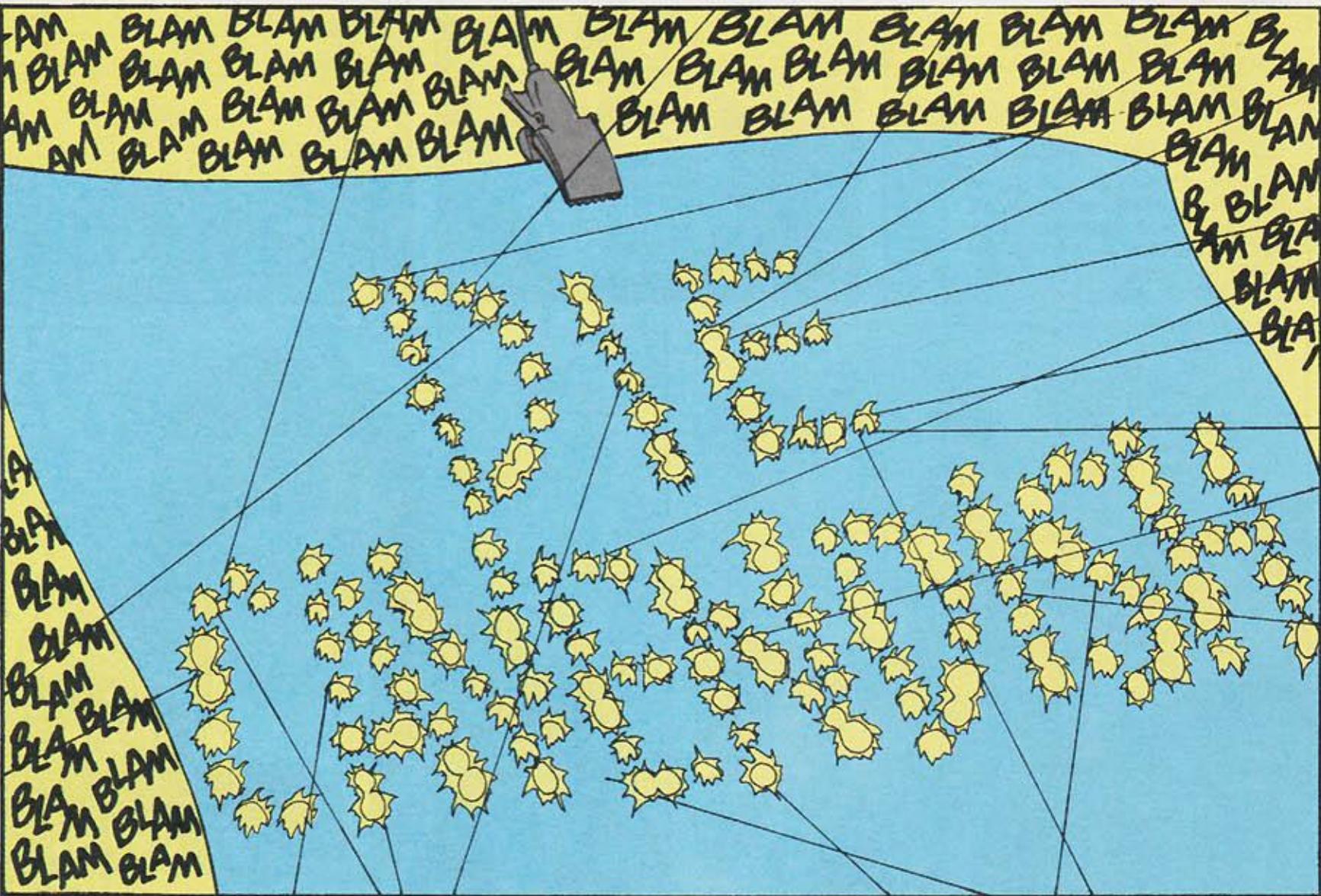
OR TARGETS.

BLAM

BLAM

ROUGH-EDGED GUN BUTT SNUG IN THE PALM OF THE HAND --

--HELD LIKE JOINED LOVERS SWEARING ETERNAL ALLEGIANCE.



THE GUN SWAYS,  
LEADING THE  
TARGET--

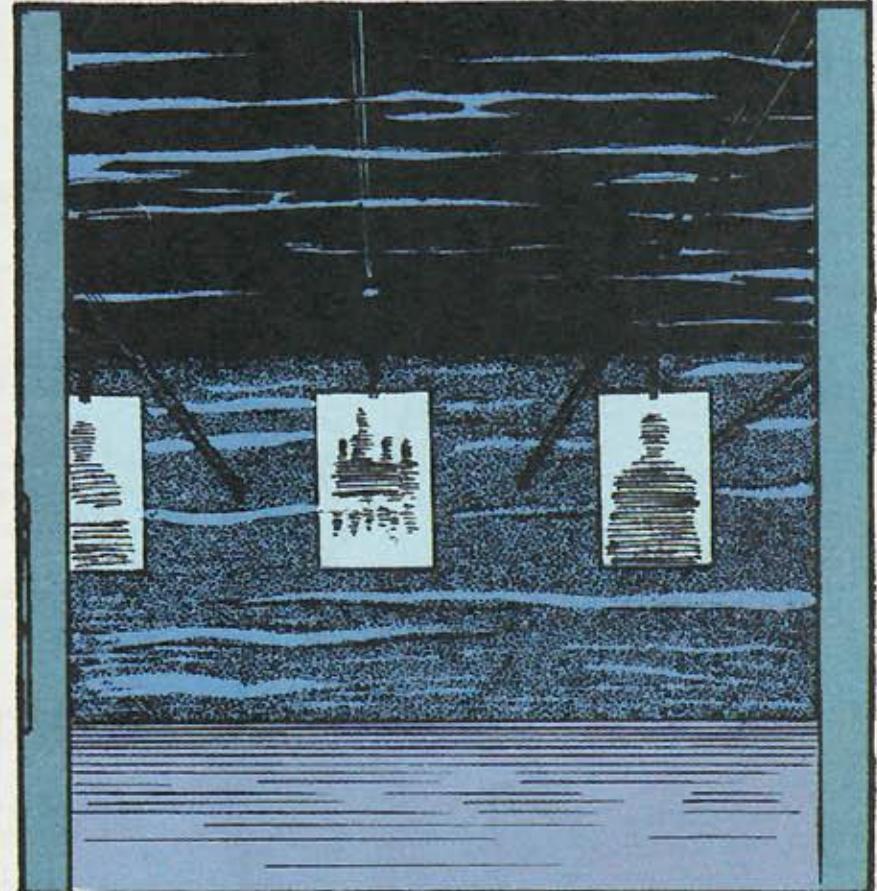
--AS MESMERIZING AS A COBRA.



MAYBE  
IT WILL  
STRIKE.

MAYBE  
IT WON'T.

IT'S MY  
TURN!  
NO, IT  
AIN'T!  
HEY YOU,  
C'MERE!  
I'M  
TELLIN'.



MAYBE THE  
GUN WILL  
DISCHARGE...

MAYBE IT WILL BE  
LOWERED UNFIRED.

NO ONE CAN  
KNOW FOR  
SURE...



--THE ONLY THING  
CERTAIN IS THE  
FASCINATION--

--AND  
FEAR--

--AND RESPECT  
THE WEAPON  
COMMANDS.

ONE  
POTATO  
TWO  
POTATO.  
WAS  
FOOL!



PI-  
CHEW!  
PI-  
CHEW!  
PI-  
CHEW!

THE TARGET'S  
EYES NEVER  
LEAVE THE  
WEAPON.

SHELL CASINGS  
BOUNCE OFF  
YOUR FACE.  
SLIGHT  
DISTRACTION.

YOU GET USED TO IT.

OKAY. I'LL  
TAKE  
CHUBBY.  
YOU TAKE  
THE RUNT!

TAG  
YOU'RE  
IT.

THREE-  
POTATO-  
FOUR-



ELMO OLIVER SEES  
CAVENDISH AND HIS  
GANG WITH BULLET  
TORN PAPER HOLES.

THE MOCKING FACES  
HAVE LOST THEIR  
SMIRKS.

THEIR VOICES PLEAD  
RATHER THAN THREATEN.

THE PLEAS DON'T DISSUADE HIM JUST  
AS HIS PLEAS HAVE NEVER STOPPED  
THEM FROM ADMINISTERING A BLOODY  
NOSE OR A KICK IN THE RIBS.

THIS IS IT,  
CAVENDISH!  
I'M GUNNING  
FOR YOU NOW!!