SPIDER-MAN ®
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the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN ®
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ROCKET RACER, YOU MAY HAVE DEFEATED SPIDER-MAN--
--BUT NOT EVEN YOU CAN STOP THE BIG WHEEL!

While attending a demonstration in radiology, student PETER PARKER was bitten by a spider which had accidentally been exposed to RADIOACTIVE RAYS. Through a miracle of science, Peter soon found that he had GAINED the arachnid's powers...and had, in effect, become a human spider...

Stan Lee PRESENTS: THE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN™

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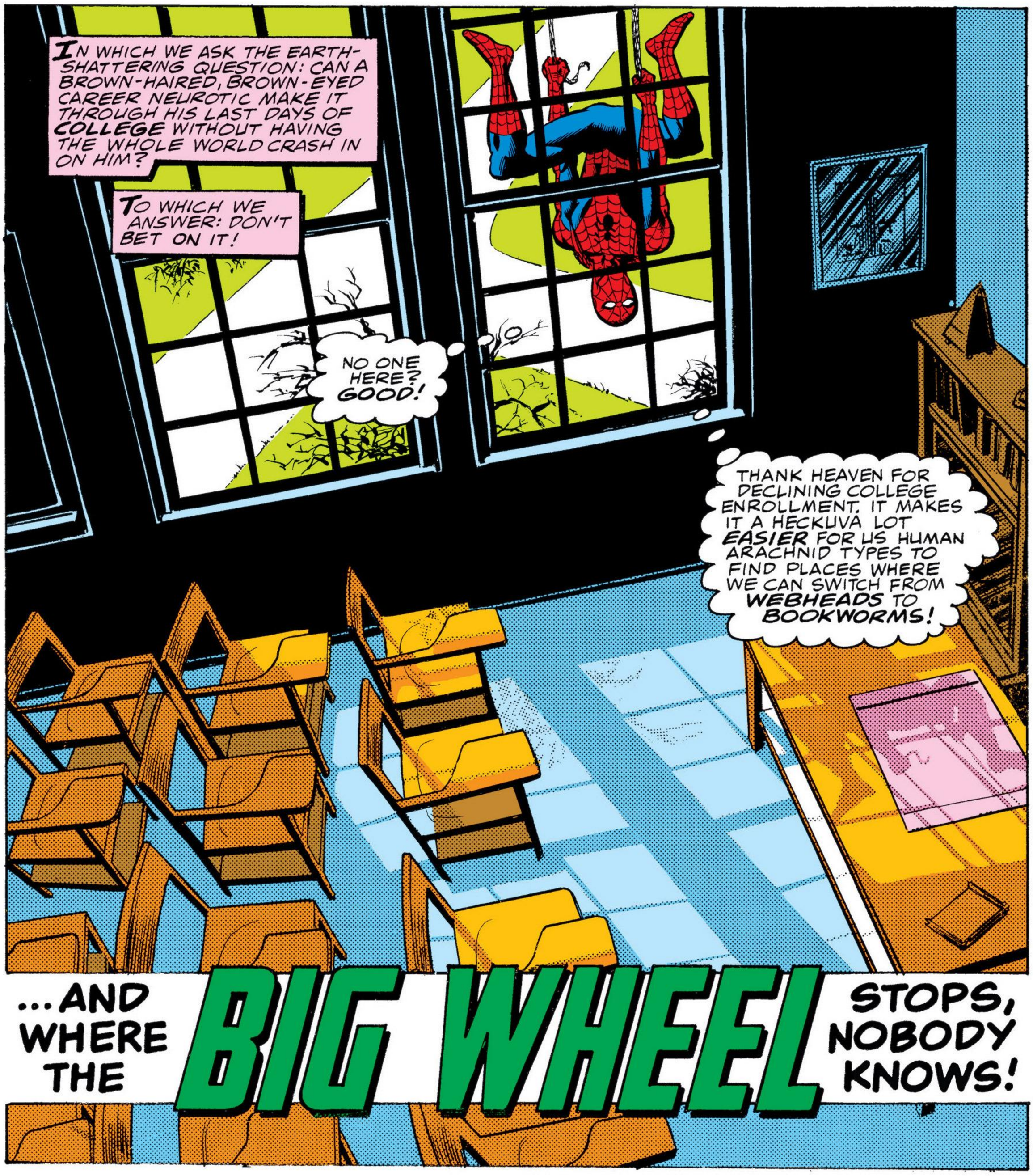

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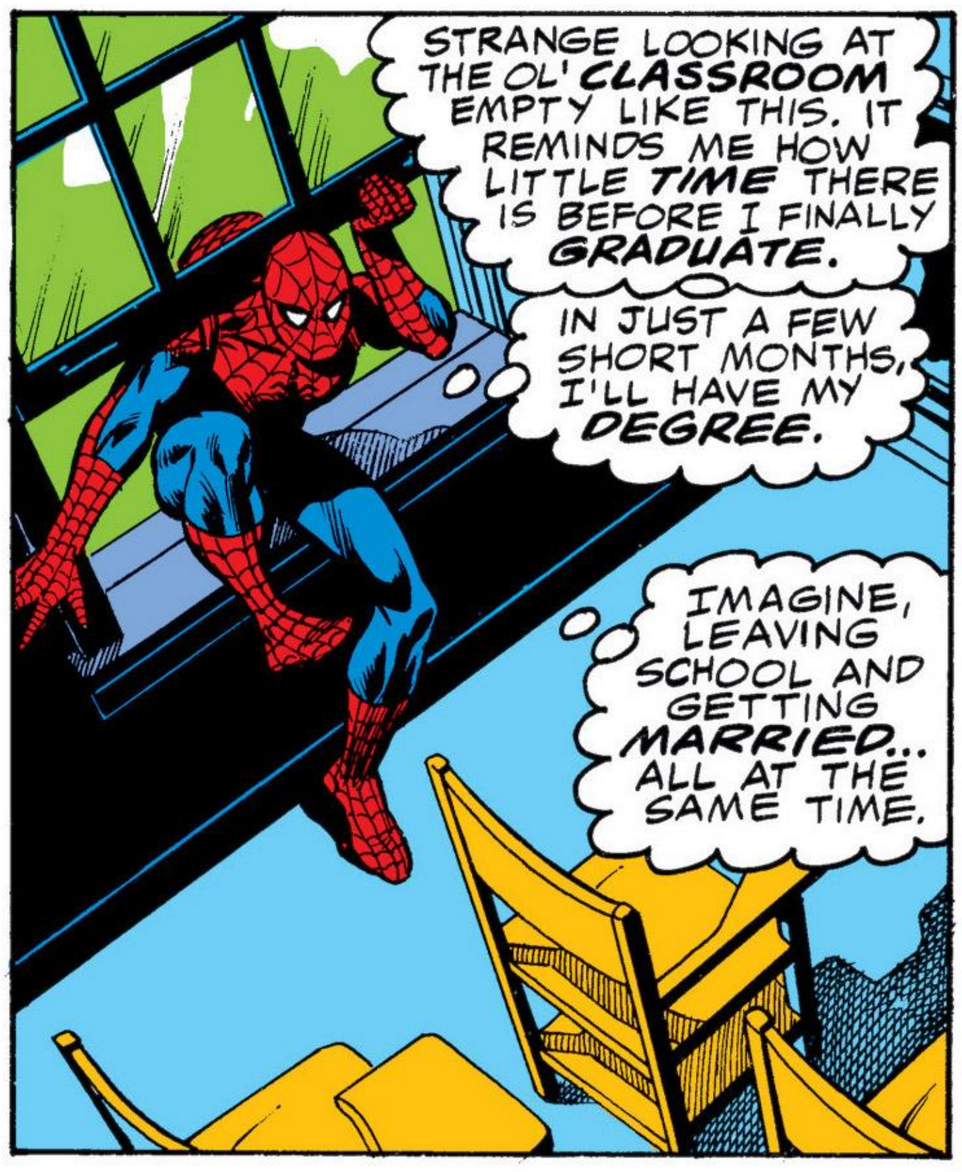
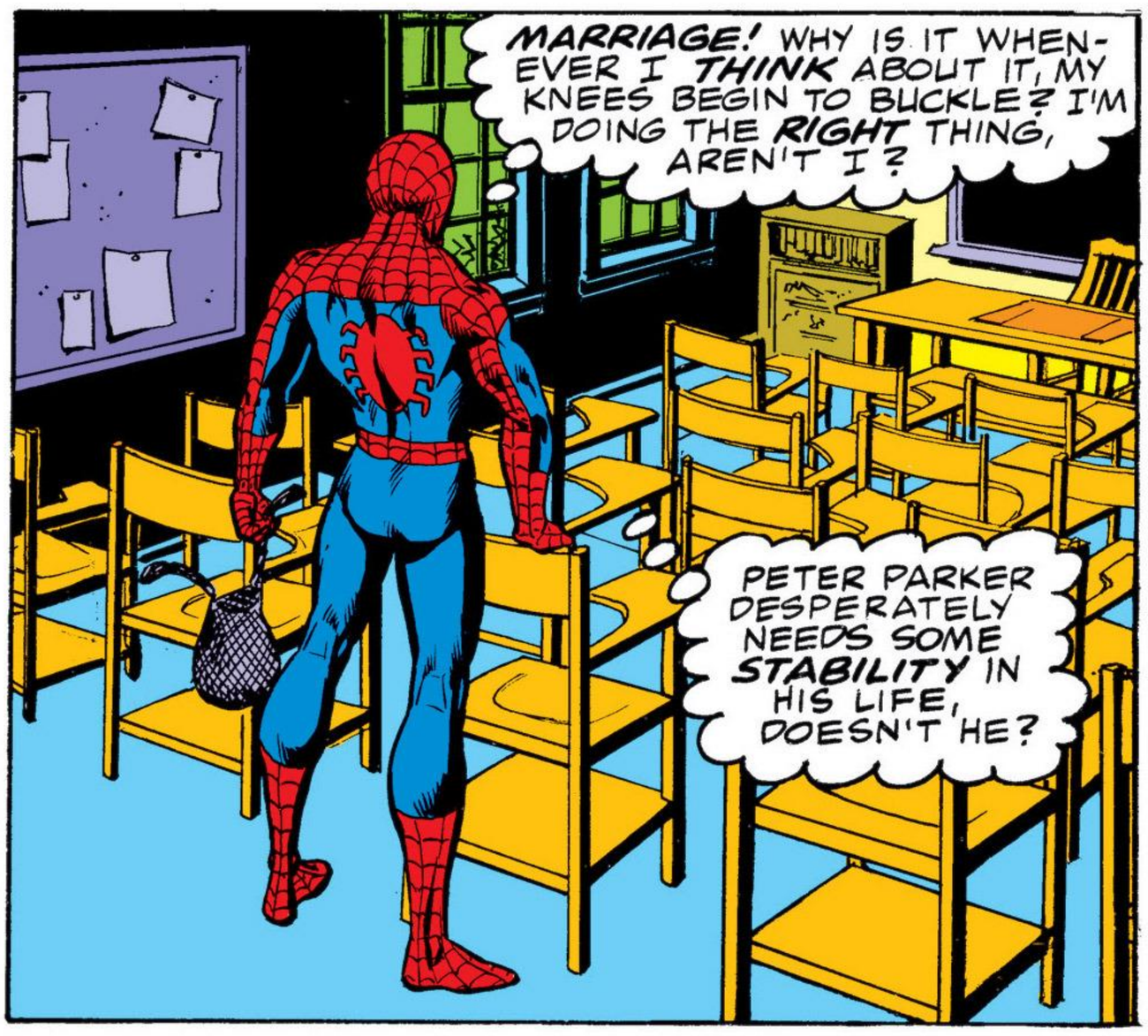
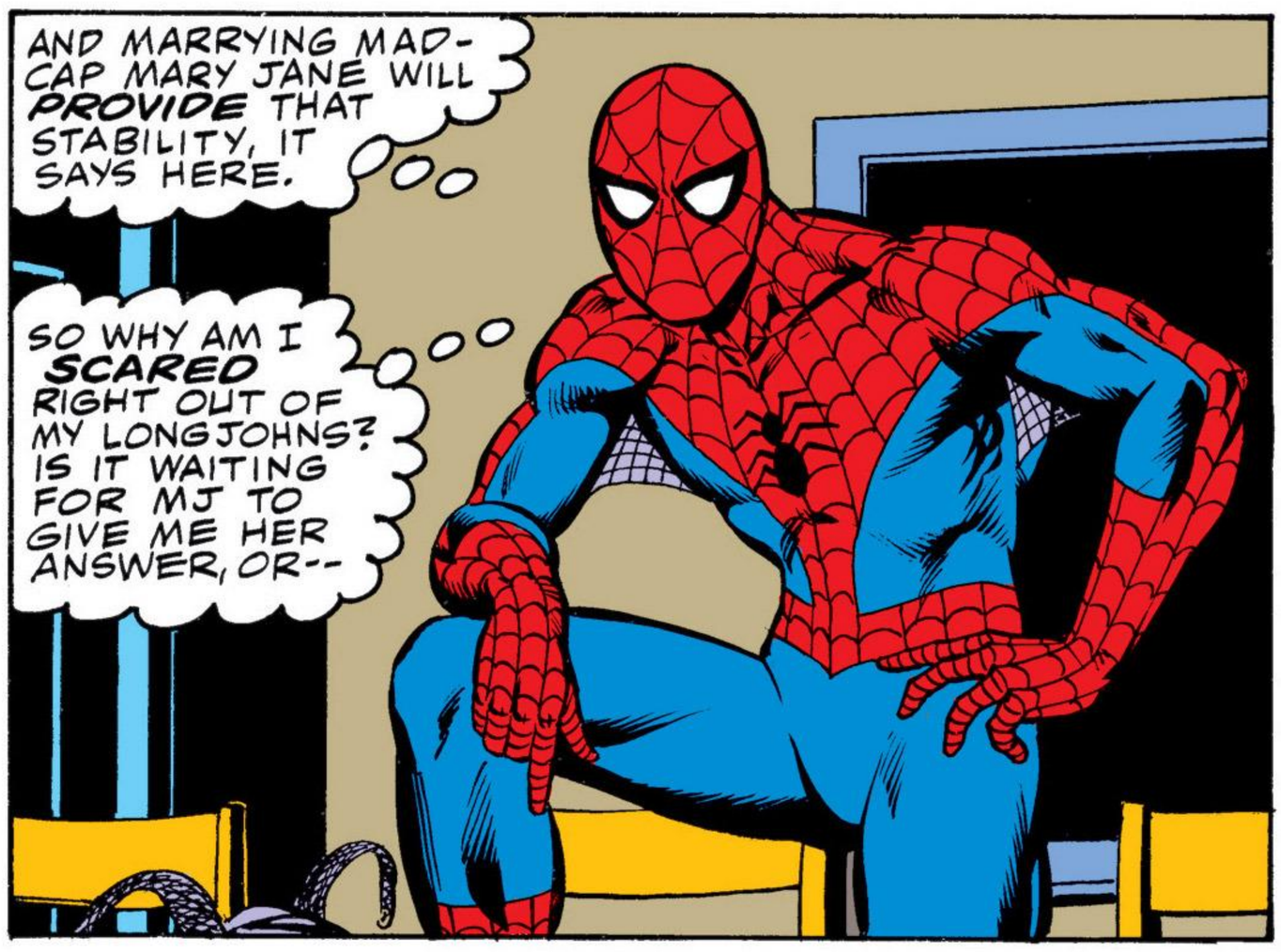
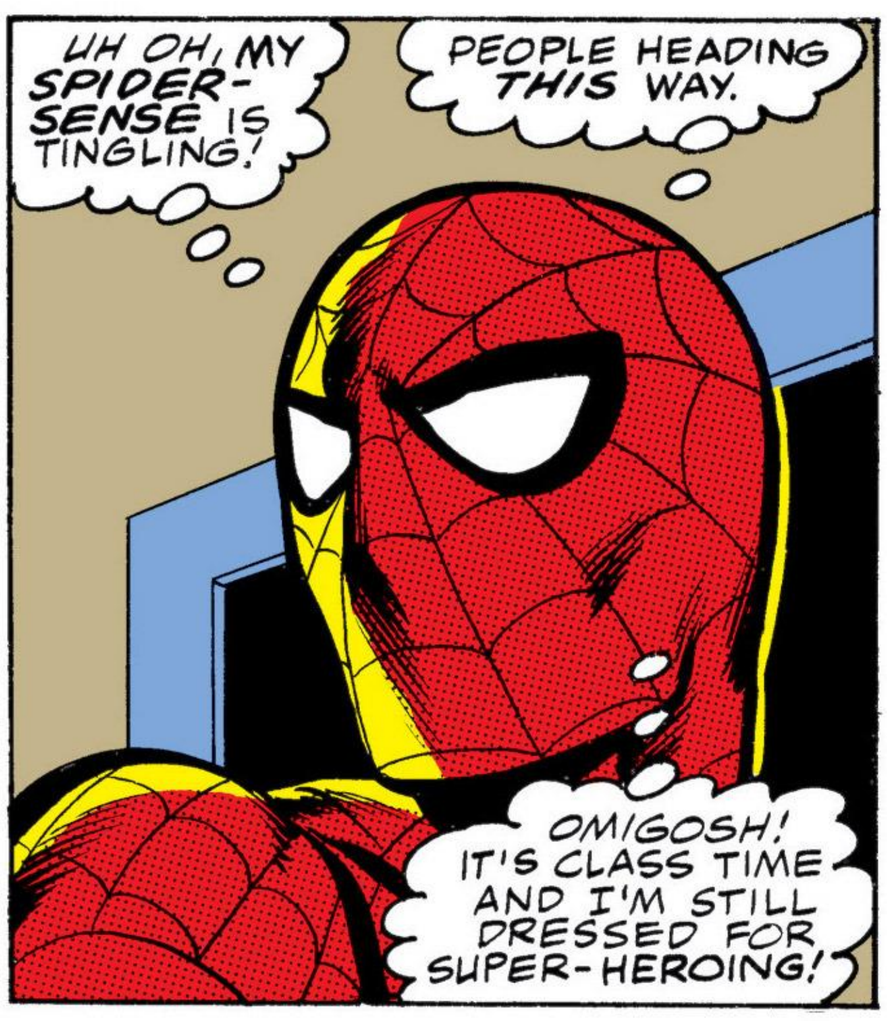

STRANGE LOOKING AT THE OL' CLASSROOM EMPTY LIKE THIS. IT REMINDS ME HOW LITTLE TIME THERE IS BEFORE I FINALLY GRADUATE.
IN JUST A FEW SHORT MONTHS, I'LL HAVE MY DEGREE.
IMAGINE, LEAVING SCHOOL AND GETTING MARRIED... ALL AT THE SAME TIME.


MARRIAGE! WHY IS IT WHENEVER I THINK ABOUT IT, MY KNEES BEGIN TO BUCKLE? I'M DOING THE RIGHT THING, AREN'T I?
PETER PARKER DESPERATELY NEEDS SOME STABILITY IN HIS LIFE, DOESN'T HE?

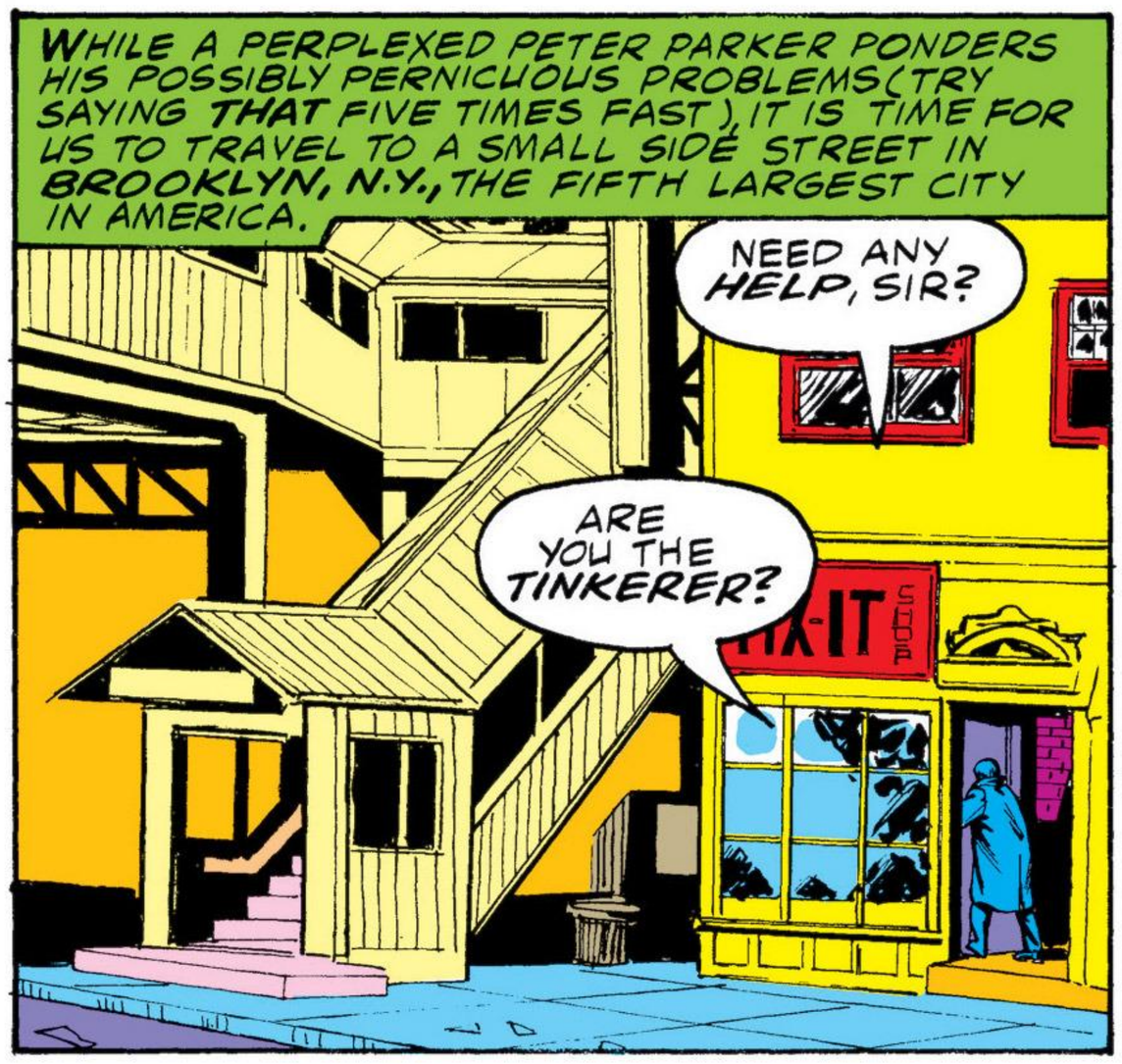

AND MARRYING MAD-CAP MARY JANE WILL PROVIDE THAT STABILITY, IT SAYS HERE.
SO WHY AM I SCARED RIGHT OUT OF MY LONGJOHNS? IS IT WAITING FOR MJ TO GIVE ME HER ANSWER, OR--


UH OH, MY SPIDER-SENSE IS TINGLING!
PEOPLE HEADING THIS WAY.
OMIGOSH! IT'S CLASS TIME AND I'M STILL DRESSED FOR SUPER-HEROING!

BUT, A FEW MINUTES LATER...
...AS THE STUDENT BODY FILES IN--
--THEY FIND...

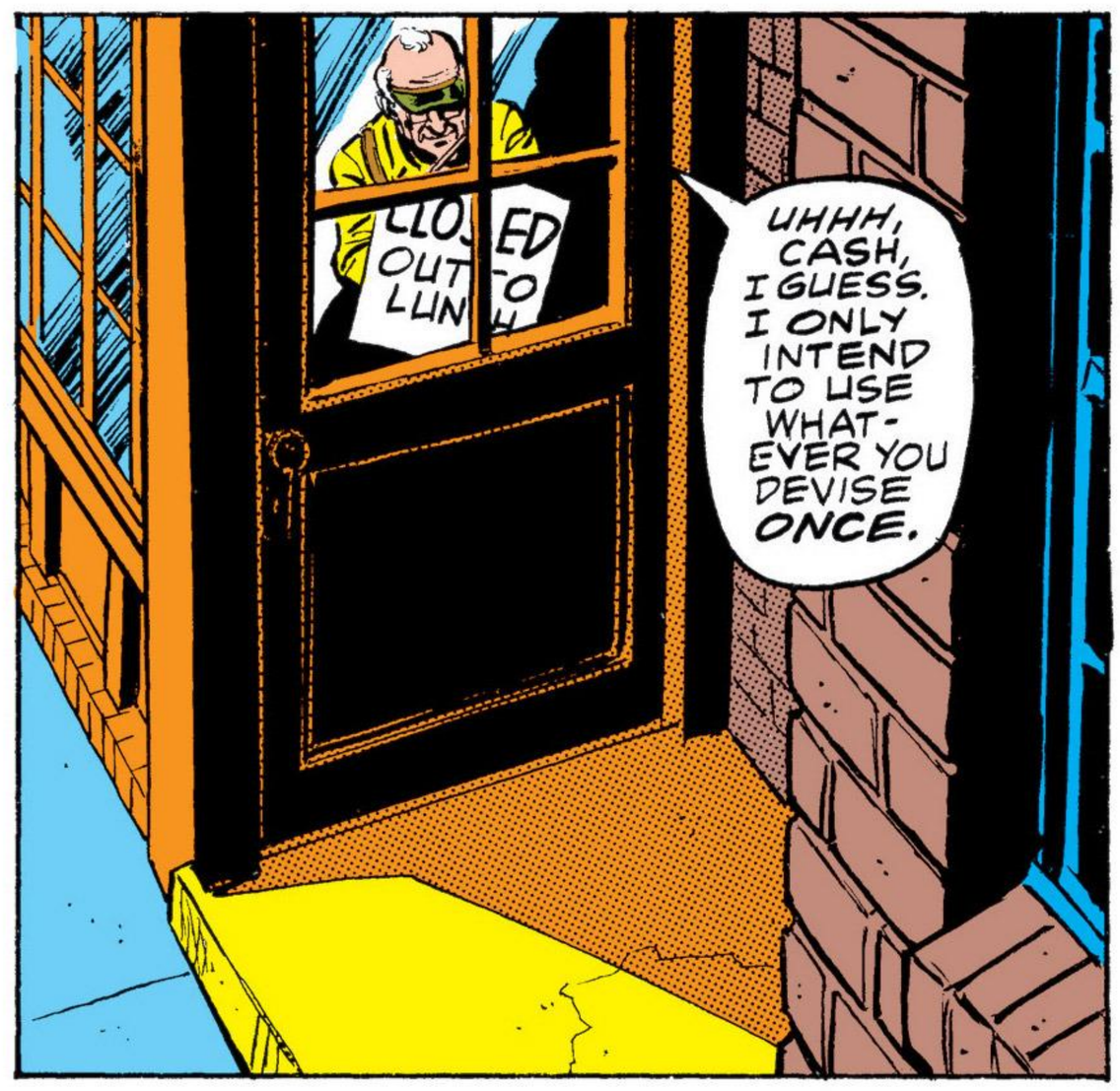
ALREADY AT YOUR DESK, PARKER? FIGURES! ALWAYS LATE TO PARTIES AND EARLY FOR CLASS!
MAKES SENSE COMING FROM A SQUARE LIKE YOU.
HUNH? WHAT DID YOU SAY, FLASH?

HEY, CHEER UP. I WAS JUST RIBBING YOU, PAL--AN OLD-TIME JOKE!
I MEAN, YOU LOOK LIKE YOU'VE GOT THE WHOLE WORLD'S TROUBLES PLASTERED ONTO YOUR SHOULDERS.
ANYTHING YOU CAN TALK ABOUT?
I ONLY WISH I COULD, FLASH. I ONLY WISH I COULD.


WHILE A PERPLEXED PETER PARKER PONDERS HIS POSSIBLY PERNICIOUS PROBLEMS (TRY SAYING THAT FIVE TIMES FAST), IT IS TIME FOR US TO TRAVEL TO A SMALL SIDE STREET IN BROOKLYN, N.Y., THE FIFTH LARGEST CITY IN AMERICA.
NEED ANY HELP, SIR?
ARE YOU THE TINKERER?

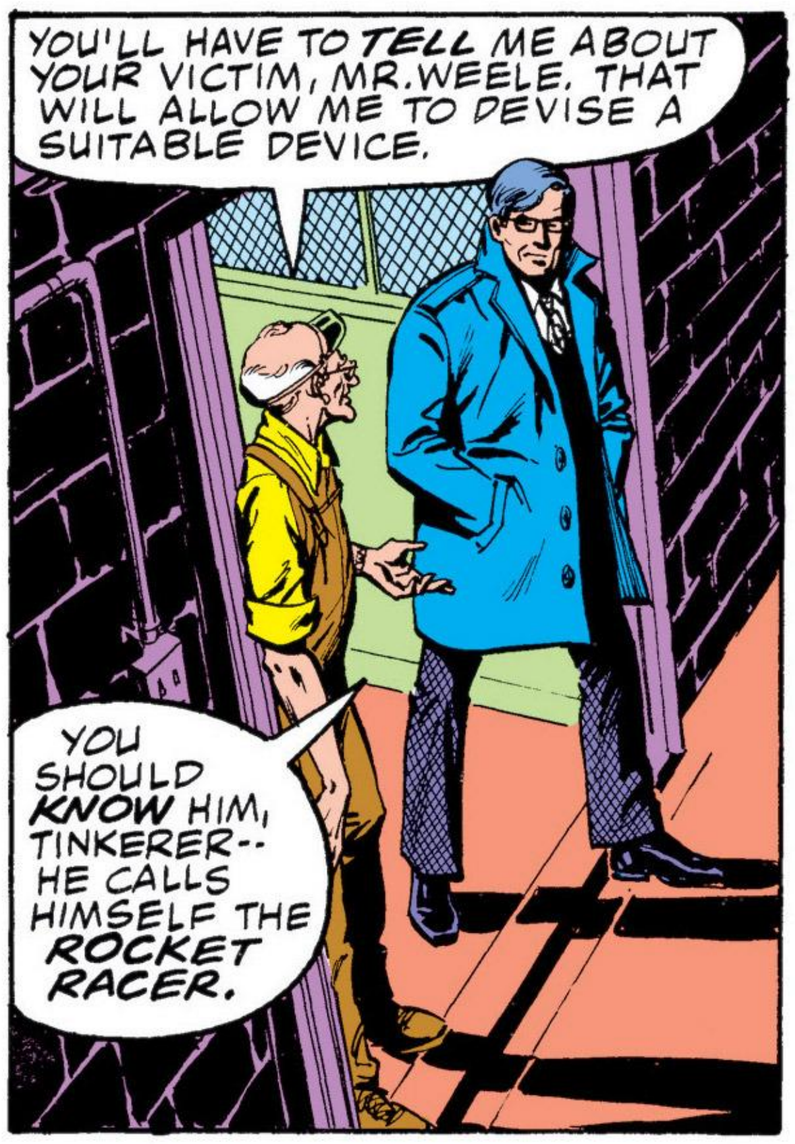
I TINKER HERE AND THERE, A FIX-IT, JACK-OF-ALL-TRADES.
WELL, "I'VE GOT A RADIO THAT JUST CAN'T CARRY A TUNE!"
OH, I SEE.

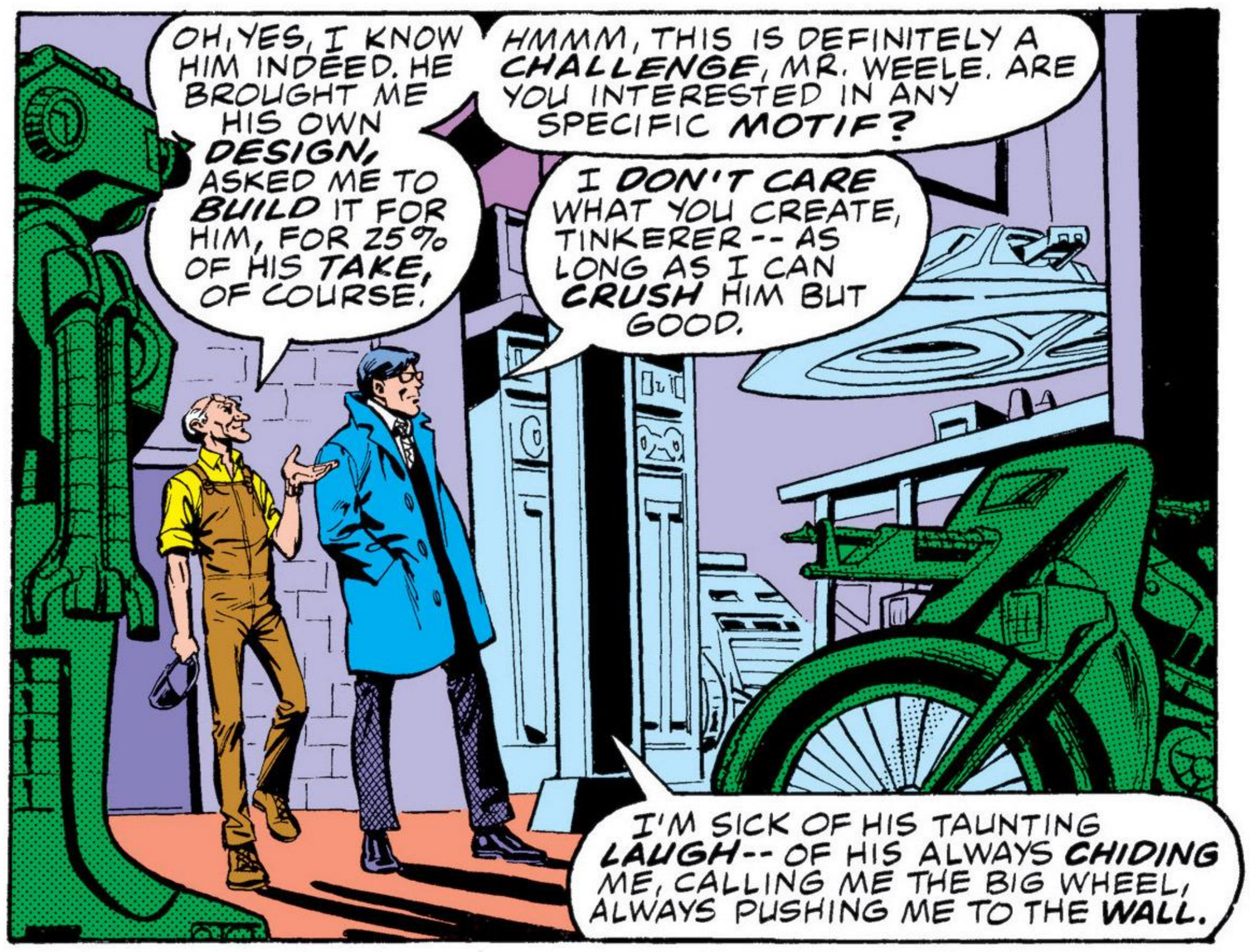
YOUR NAME, PLEASE, SIR?
JACKSON WEELE.
METHOD OF PAYMENT? CASH OR A PERCENTAGE OF PROFITS?

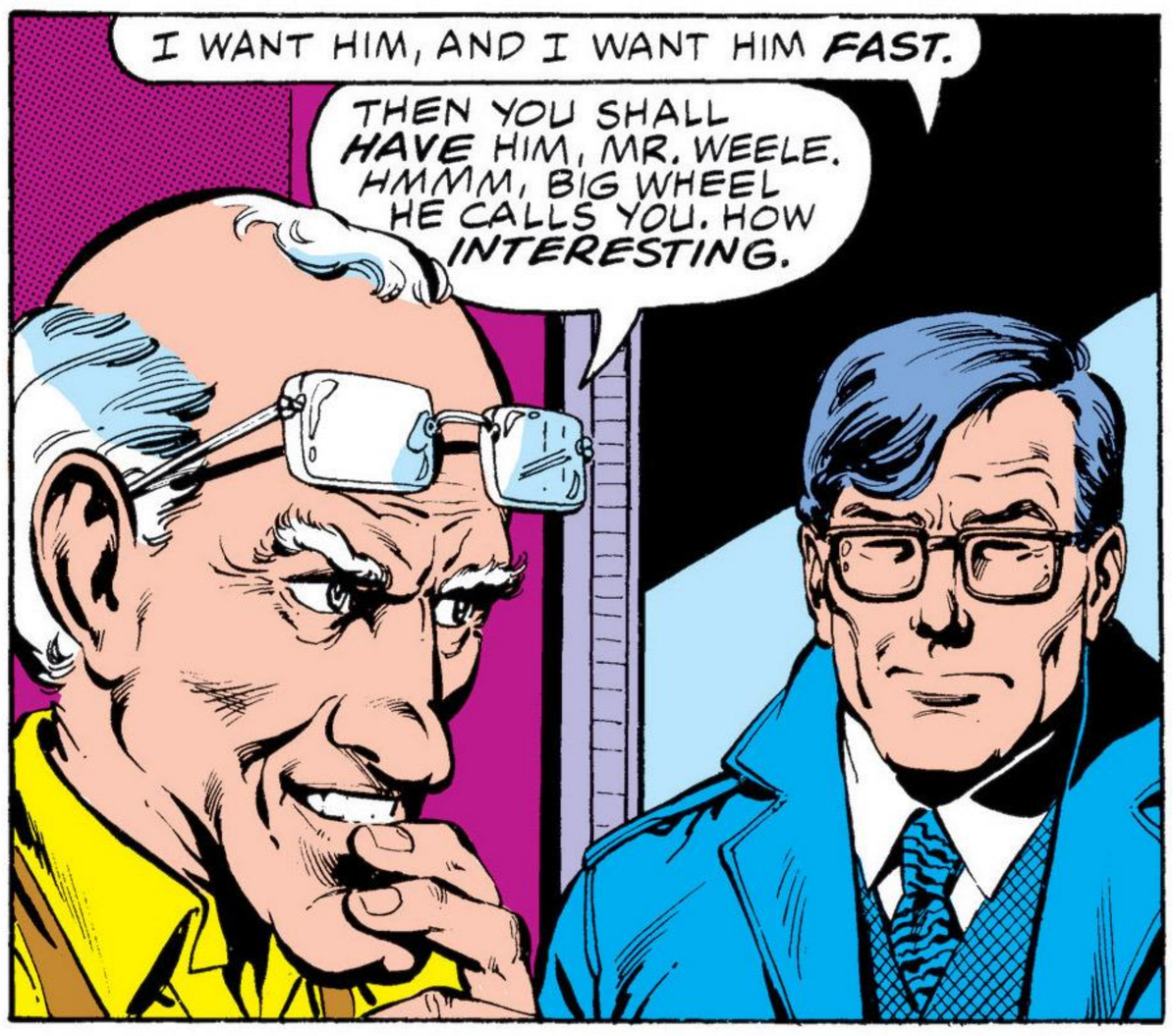

UHHH, CASH, I GUESS. I ONLY INTEND TO USE WHATEVER YOU DEVISE ONCE.

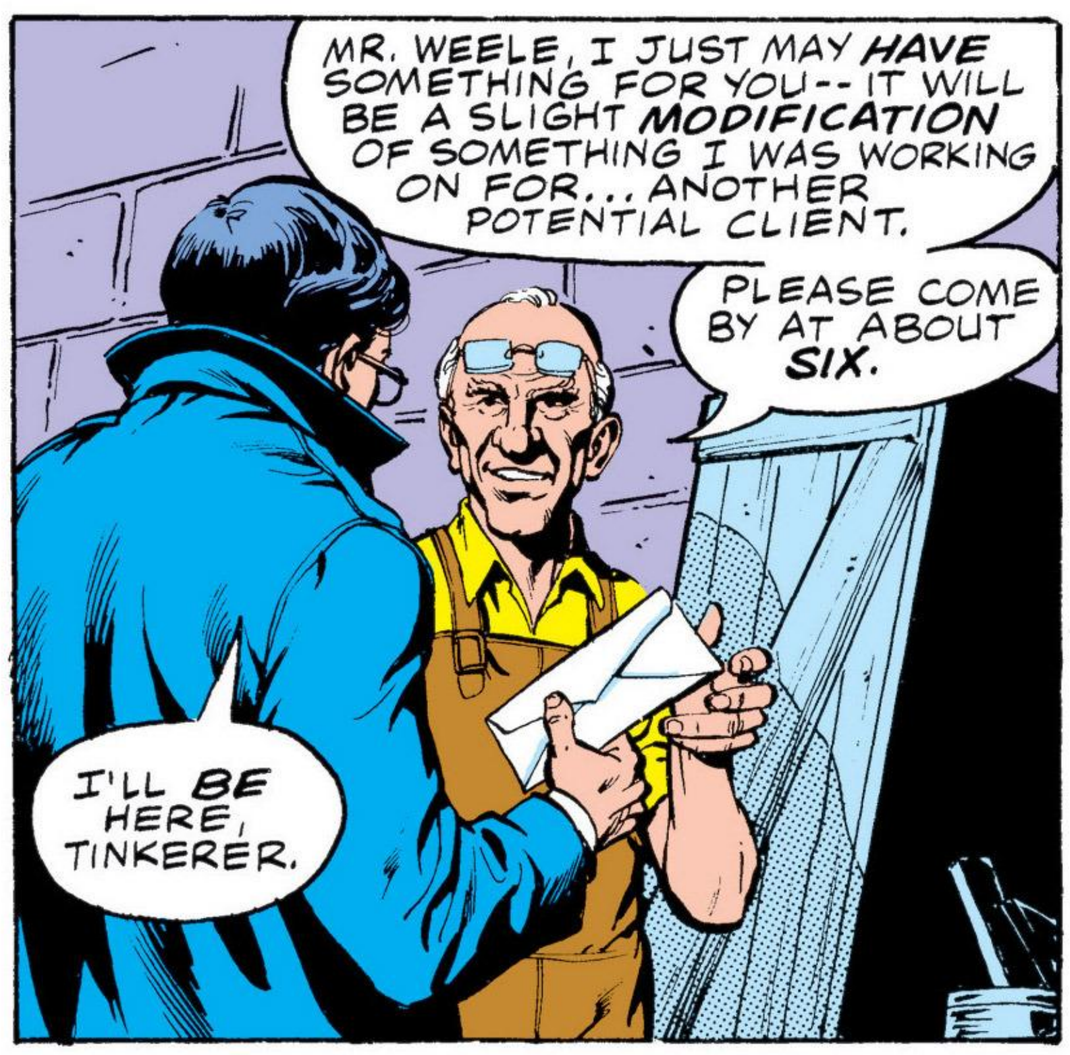
AH HA! "VENGEANCE IS MINE!" I SEE, I SEE. COME ON IN, YOUNG MAN--

--AND ENTER THE LAIR OF THE TERRIBLE TINKERER!

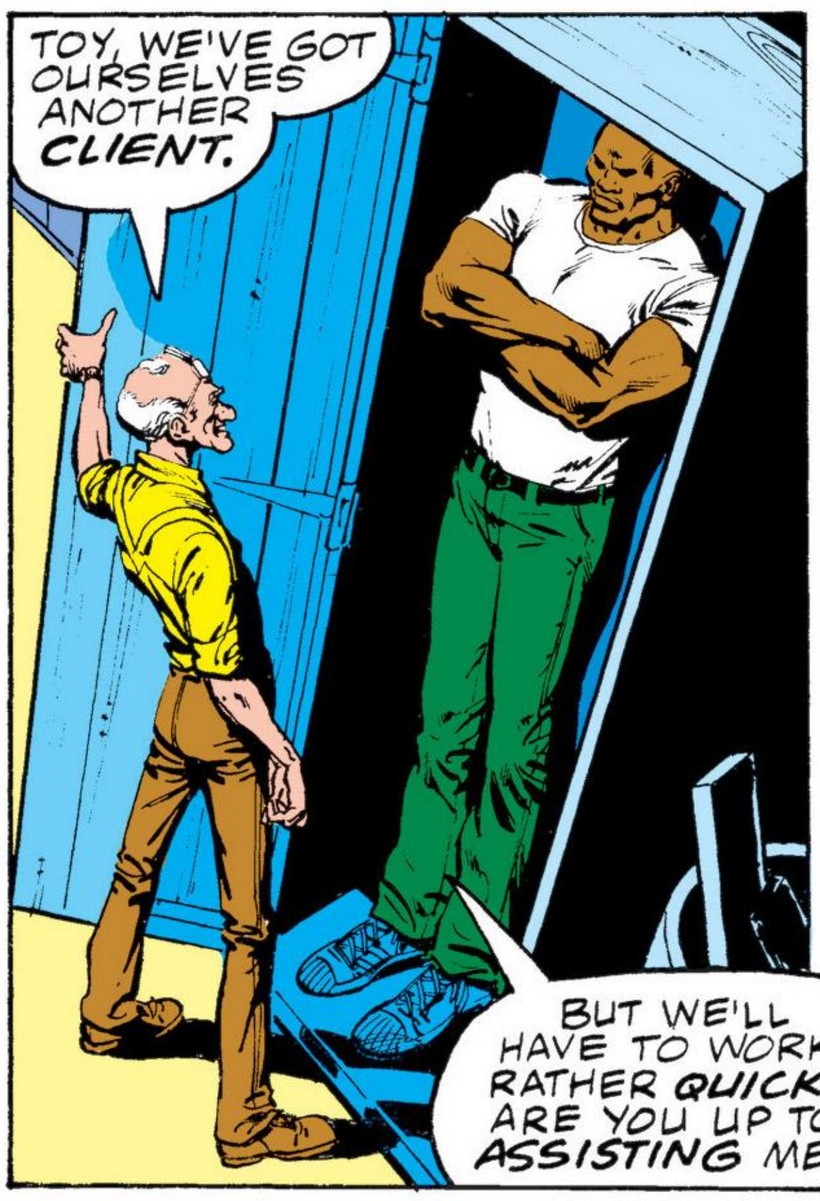

YOU'LL HAVE TO TELL ME ABOUT YOUR VICTIM, MR. WEELE. THAT WILL ALLOW ME TO DEVISE A SUITABLE DEVICE.
YOU SHOULD KNOW HIM, TINKERER-- HE CALLS HIMSELF THE ROCKET RACER.


OH, YES, I KNOW HIM INDEED. HE BROUGHT ME HIS OWN DESIGN, ASKED ME TO BUILD IT FOR HIM, FOR 25% OF HIS TAKE, OF COURSE.
HMMM, THIS IS DEFINITELY A CHALLENGE, MR. WEELE. ARE YOU INTERESTED IN ANY SPECIFIC MOTIF?
I DON'T CARE WHAT YOU CREATE, TINKERER -- AS LONG AS I CAN CRUSH HIM BUT GOOD.
I'M SICK OF HIS TAUNTING LAUGH-- OF HIS ALWAYS CHIDING ME, CALLING ME THE BIG WHEEL, ALWAYS PUSHING ME TO THE WALL.


I WANT HIM, AND I WANT HIM FAST.
THEN YOU SHALL HAVE HIM, MR. WEELE. HMMM, BIG WHEEL HE CALLS YOU. HOW INTERESTING.


MR. WEELE, I JUST MAY HAVE SOMETHING FOR YOU-- IT WILL BE A SLIGHT MODIFICATION OF SOMETHING I WAS WORKING ON FOR... ANOTHER POTENTIAL CLIENT.
PLEASE COME BY AT ABOUT SIX.
I'LL BE HERE, TINKERER.

JACKSON WEELE LEAVES AS THE TERRIBLE TINKERER RETURNS TO HIS DARK, OPPRESSIVE LAB...


TOY, WE'VE GOT OURSELVES ANOTHER CLIENT.
BUT WE'LL HAVE TO WORK RATHER QUICKLY. ARE YOU UP TO ASSISTING ME?

TOY IS ALWAYS READY TO HELP YOU, SIR.
SPLENDID, M'BOY, SIMPLY SPLENDID.

NOW THAT WE'VE PIQUED YOUR CURIOSITY, LET'S MOVE ON AHEAD TO THIS EVENING, WHERE WE LOOK IN ON A CERTAIN MAY PARKER, RECUPERATING NICELY AT NEWHOPE MEMORIAL HOSPITAL...

MRS. PARKER, YOUR PULSE IS FINE, AND YOUR BLOOD PRESSURE IS DOWN. YOU'RE DOING QUITE WELL, CONSIDERING.

CONSIDERING I'M SUCH AN OLD WOMAN, DOCTOR?

CONSIDERING YOU NEVER TAKE MY ADVICE AND JUST REST. YOU'RE A STUBBORN ONE, MRS. P.--

--BUT PERHAPS THAT'S WHY WE ALL LOVE YOU HERE!

DOCTOR, YOU'RE POSITIVELY FLATTERING.

SURE YOU'RE OKAY, MOM? YOU'RE FOLLOWING THE DOC'S ORDERS?

I'M TAKING CARE OF MYSELF, ROBERT-- IT'S YOU I WORRY ABOUT.

I DON'T LIKE WHAT YOU'RE INVOLVED IN, SON.

PLEASE, IF NOT FOR ME, THEN FOR YOUR SAKE-- GIVE IT UP!

SON, I--I DON'T WANT TO SEE YOU IN JAIL EVER AGAIN.

AW, COME OFF IT, MOM. I'M A BIG BOY NOW. I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING.

SOMEONE'S GOTTA PAY FOR YOUR STAY IN HERE, AND WE'VE GOT A DOZEN OVERDUE BILL NOTICES IN THE MAIL.

HECK, THERE'S NO WAY I'M GONNA SIT ON MY BUTT WHILE YOUR MEDICARE RUNS OUT--AN' YOU GET TOSSED OUTTA HERE HALF-TREATED.

WE NEED CASH, AN' I'M GONNA GET SOME --ANYWAY I HAVE TO.

MEANWHILE, IN THE HALL OUTSIDE MAY PARKER'S ROOM--

WELL, IF IT ISN'T MAY PARKER'S SEMI-ATTENTIVE NEPHEW.

HOW GOOD OF YOU TO COME HERE, PARKER--FIVE MINUTES BEFORE VISITING HOURS END.

OBOY... IS IT THAT TIME ALREADY?

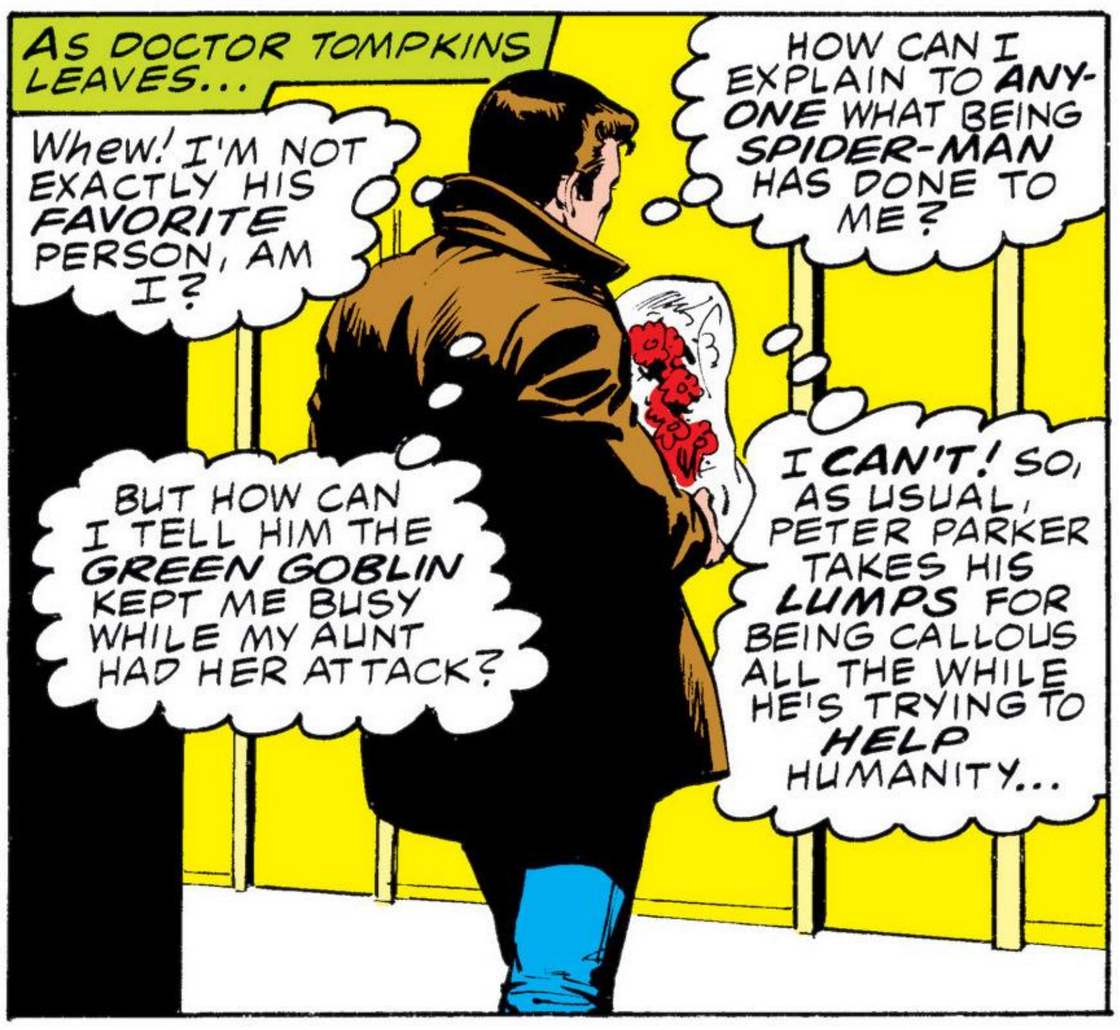
YOUR AUNT'S A VERY SICK WOMAN, PARKER, AND FOR SOME REASON I CAN'T FATHOM, SHE THINKS OF YOU AS HER KNIGHT IN SHINING ARMOR.

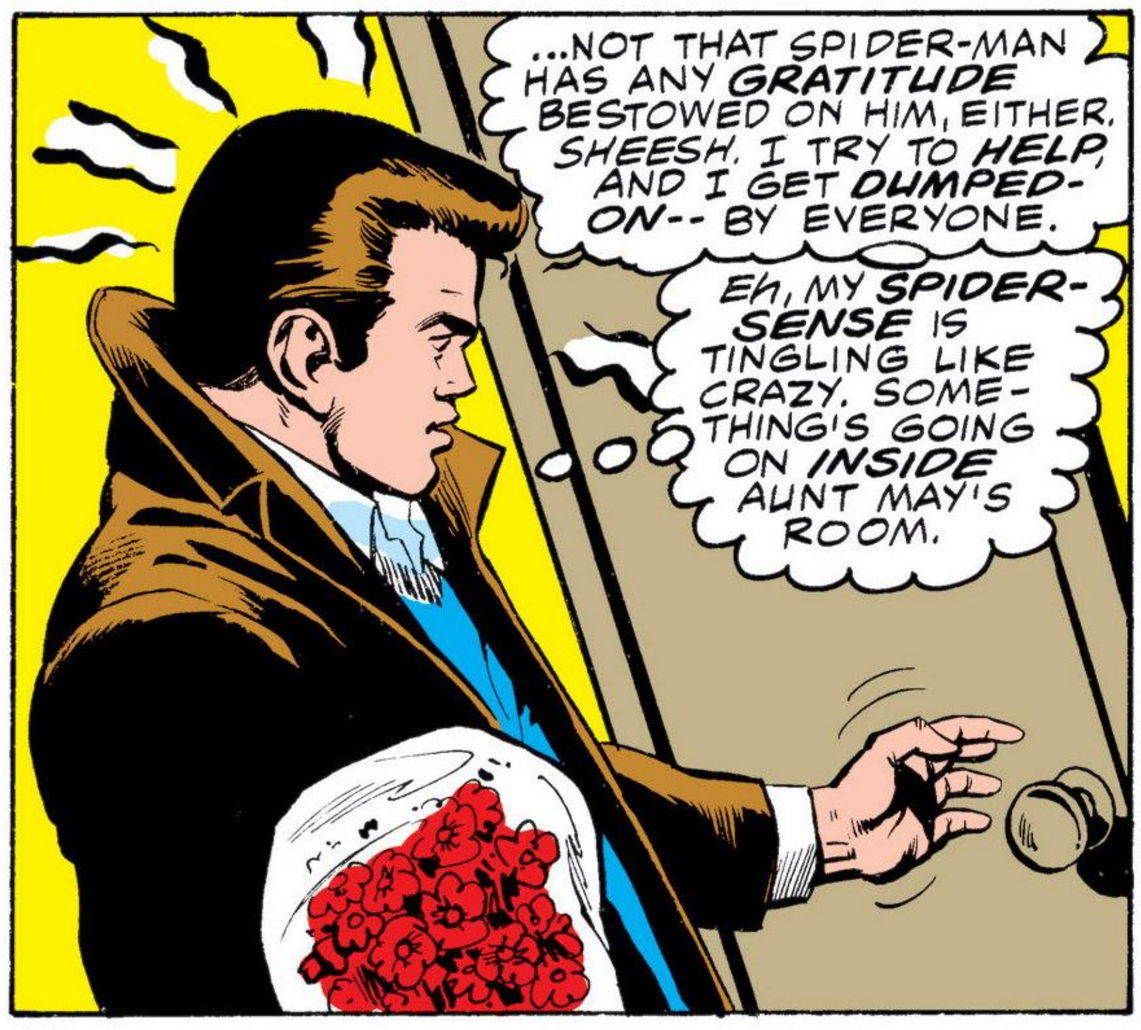
THE LEAST YOU CAN DO IS SHOW UP HERE EVERY SO OFTEN.

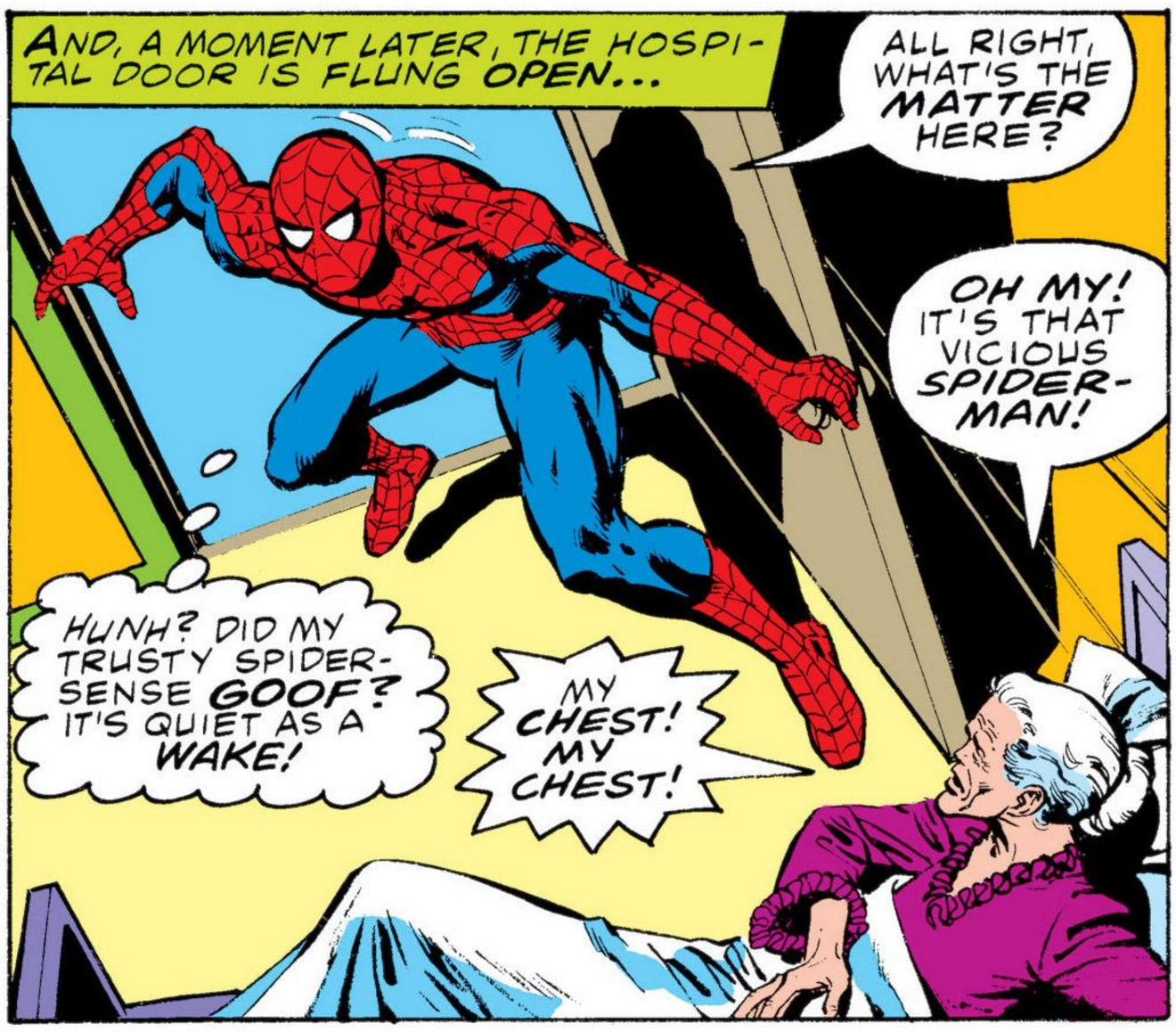
YOU DO CARE ABOUT YOUR AUNT, DON'T YOU?

SURE. OF COURSE.

THEN SHOW IT.


AS DOCTOR TOMPKINS LEAVES...
Whew! I'M NOT EXACTLY HIS FAVORITE PERSON, AM I?
HOW CAN I EXPLAIN TO ANYONE WHAT BEING SPIDER-MAN HAS DONE TO ME?
BUT HOW CAN I TELL HIM THE GREEN GOBLIN KEPT ME BUSY WHILE MY AUNT HAD HER ATTACK?
I CAN'T! SO, AS USUAL, PETER PARKER TAKES HIS LUMPS FOR BEING CALLOUS ALL THE WHILE HE'S TRYING TO HELP HUMANITY...

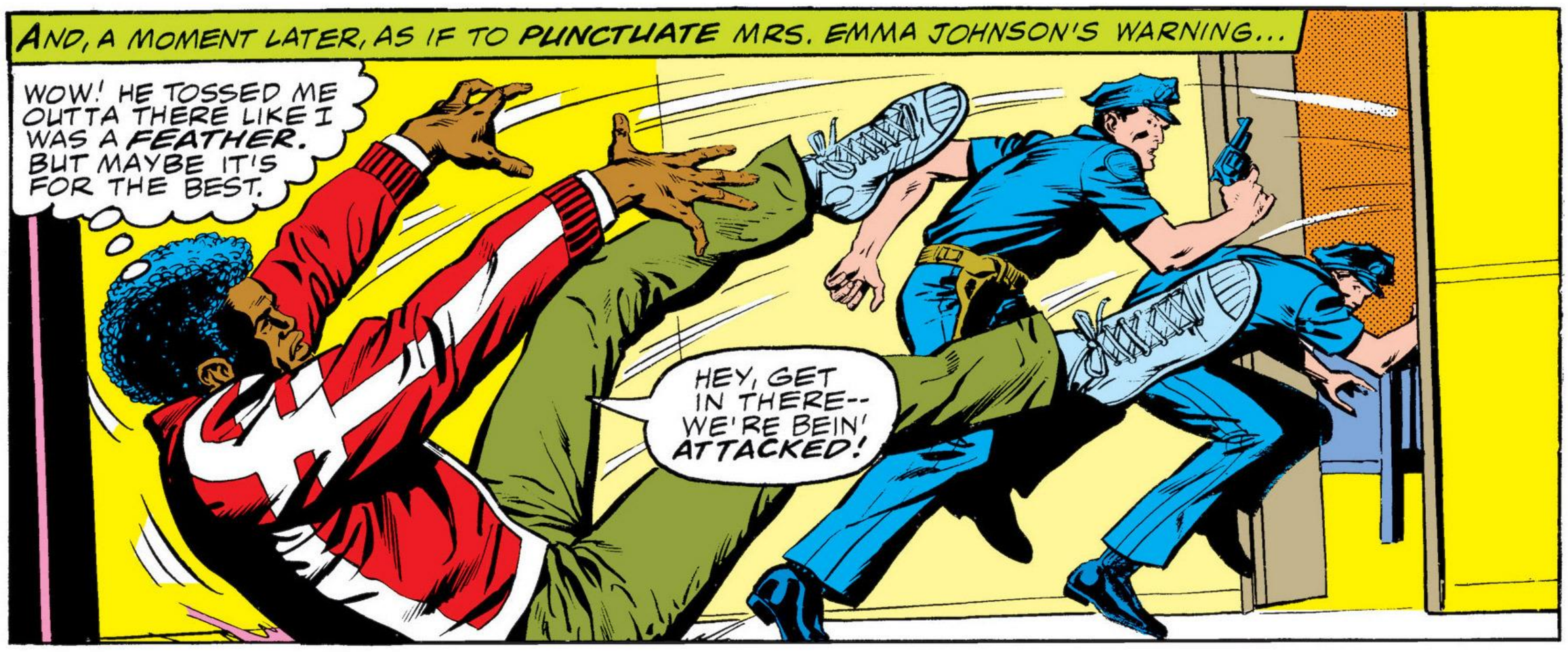

...NOT THAT SPIDER-MAN HAS ANY GRATITUDE BESTOWED ON HIM, EITHER. SHEESH. I TRY TO HELP, AND I GET DUMPED-ON-- BY EVERYONE.
EH, MY SPIDER-SENSE IS TINGLING LIKE CRAZY. SOMETHING'S GOING ON INSIDE AUNT MAY'S ROOM.

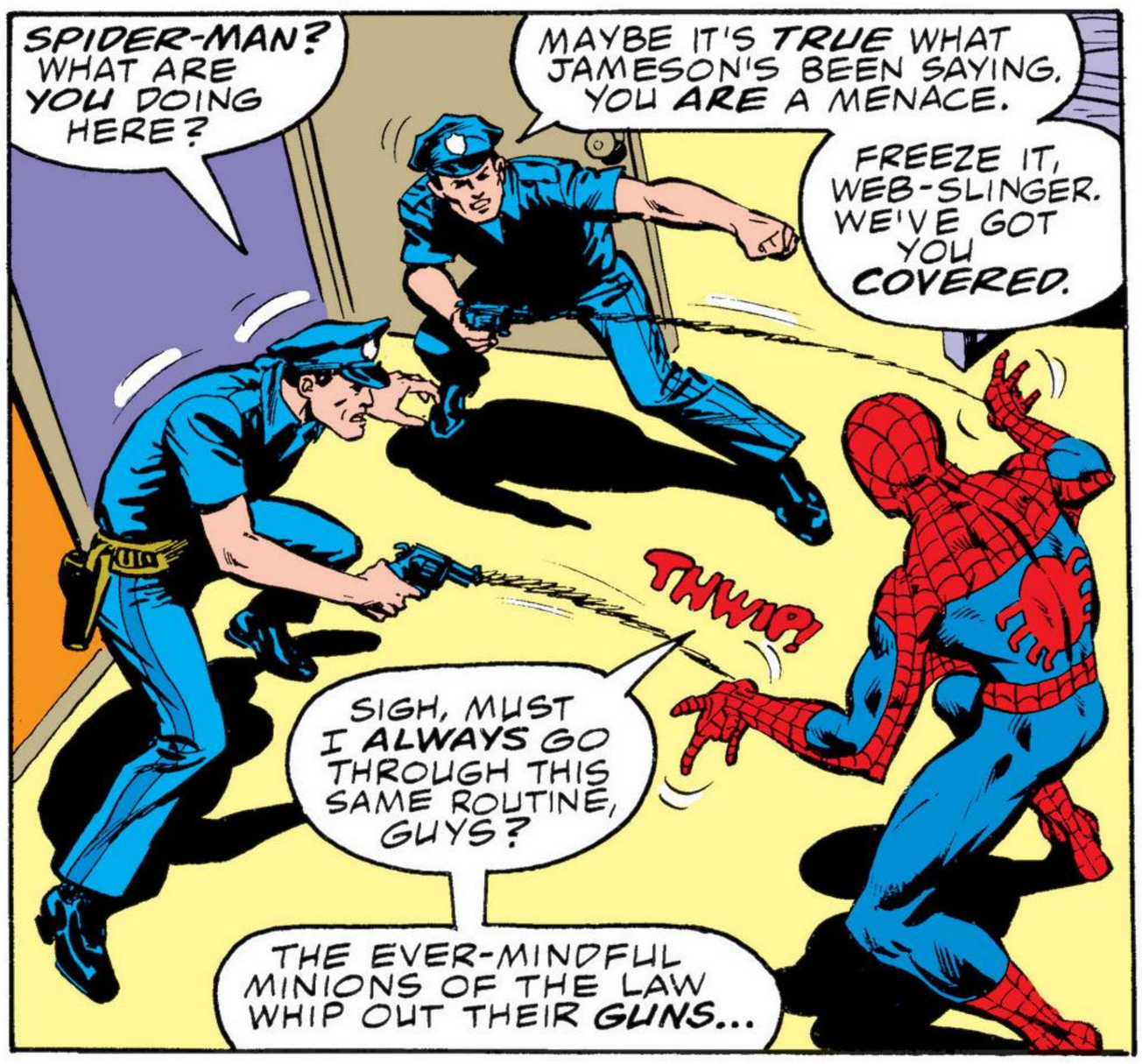

AND, A MOMENT LATER, THE HOSPITAL DOOR IS FLUNG OPEN...
ALL RIGHT, WHAT'S THE MATTER HERE?
OH MY! IT'S THAT VICIOUS SPIDER-MAN!
HUNH? DID MY TRUSTY SPIDER-SENSE GOOF? IT'S QUIET AS A WAKE!
MY CHEST! MY CHEST!

SPIDER-MAN! HOW DID HE KNOW I WAS HERE?
ROBERT? WHY IS HE HERE?

OBOY, BETTER EXPLAIN FAST, THEN GET OUTTA HERE-- AUNT MAY'S CLUTCHING HER CHEST IN PAIN.
SORRY, FOLKS, THIS IS JUST A MISTAKE.
I'LL BE GOING NOW... NOBODY WILL BE HURT, I PROMISE.

YOU DON'T HAVETA PROMISE, CREEP...
...YOU WON'T BE IN SHAPE TO HURT ANYONE.
SPAK!
NO, ROBERT-- HE'S SOME KIND OF MONSTER! STAY AWAY FROM HIM!

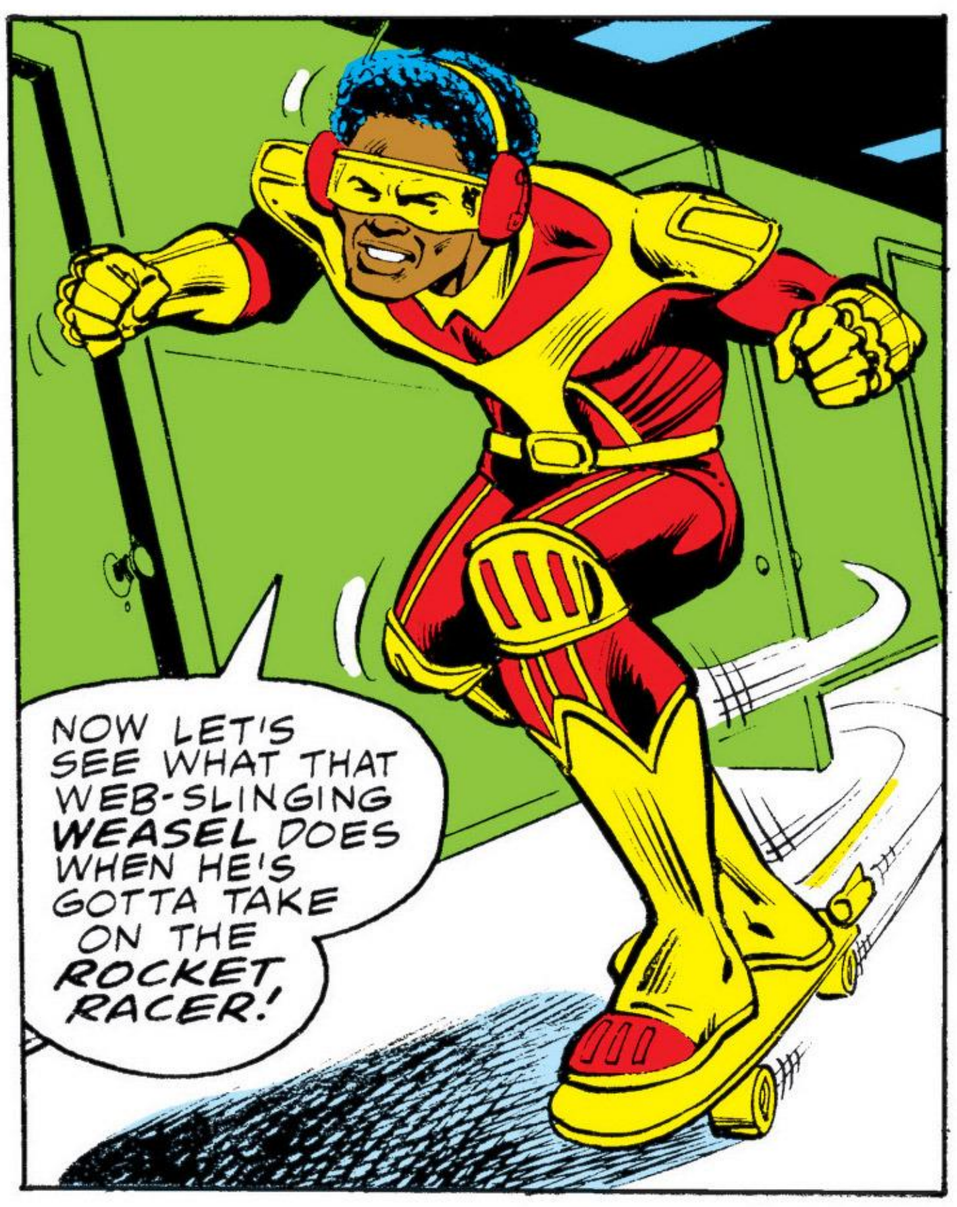

AND, A MOMENT LATER, AS IF TO PUNCTUATE MRS. EMMA JOHNSON'S WARNING...
WOW! HE TOSSED ME OUTTA THERE LIKE I WAS A FEATHER. BUT MAYBE IT'S FOR THE BEST.
HEY, GET IN THERE-- WE'RE BEIN' ATTACKED!

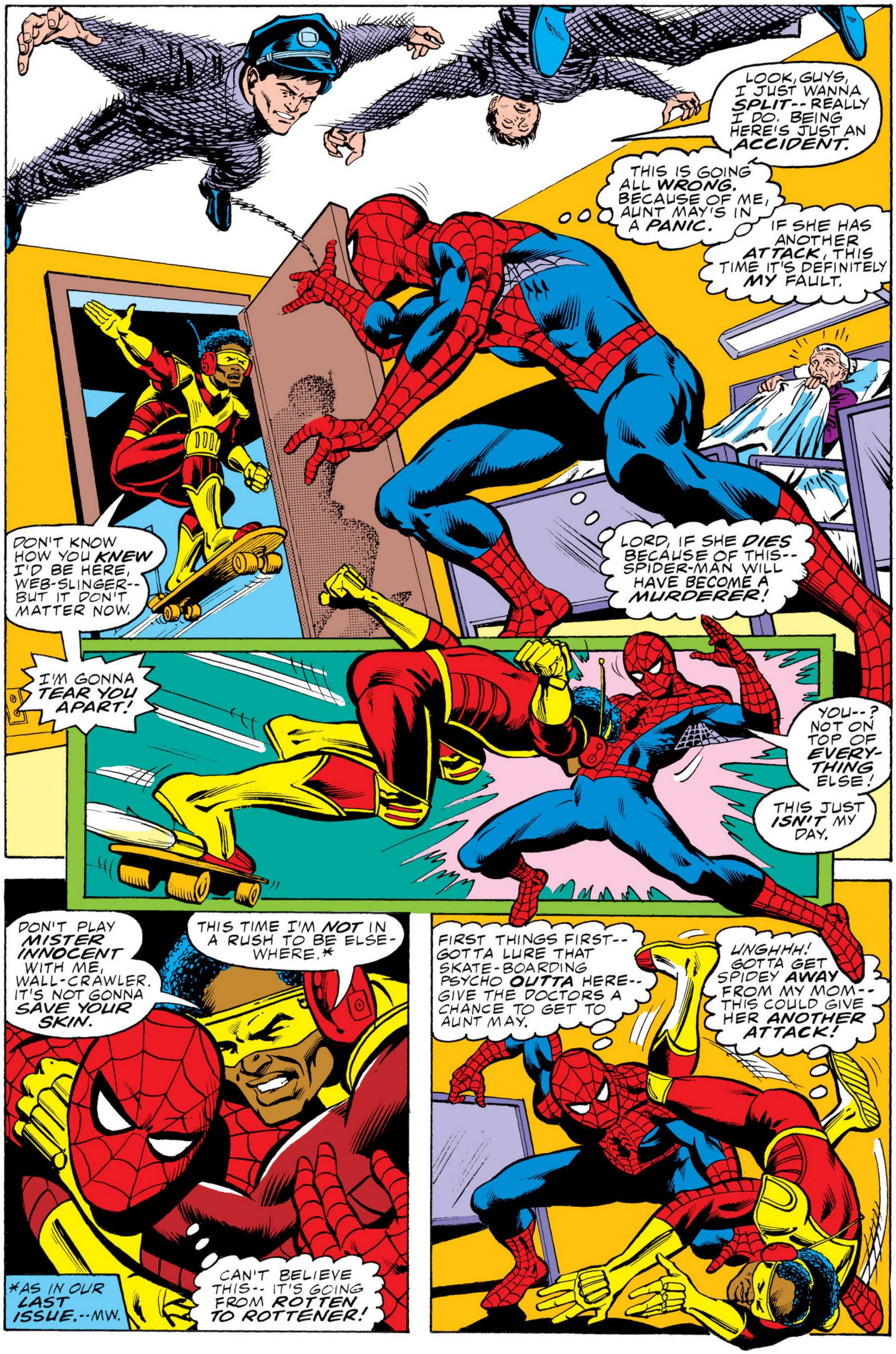

SPIDER-MAN? WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
MAYBE IT'S TRUE WHAT JAMESON'S BEEN SAYING. YOU ARE A MENACE.
FREEZE IT, WEB-SLINGER. WE'VE GOT YOU COVERED.
THWIP!
SIGH, MUST I ALWAYS GO THROUGH THIS SAME ROUTINE, GUYS?
THE EVER-MINDFUL MINIONS OF THE LAW WHIP OUT THEIR GUNS...

...WHICH I WEB UP WITH INCREDIBLE EASE. IT GETS BORING, GROUPIES.
SO YOU GOT OUR GUNS--YOU HAVEN'T GOT US!
CAREFUL NOW, WEBHEAD, I DON'T WANNA CRIPPLE THESE JOES. THEY'RE ONLY DOING THEIR JOBS... EVEN IF IT PROVES A BOTHER TO ME.

THE COPS AIN'T GONNA HOLD 'IM FOR LONG-- BUT THEY WON'T HAVE TO.

FORTUNATELY, I ALWAYS WEAR MY SUIT UNDER MY REGULAR DUDS.
UTILITY ROOM

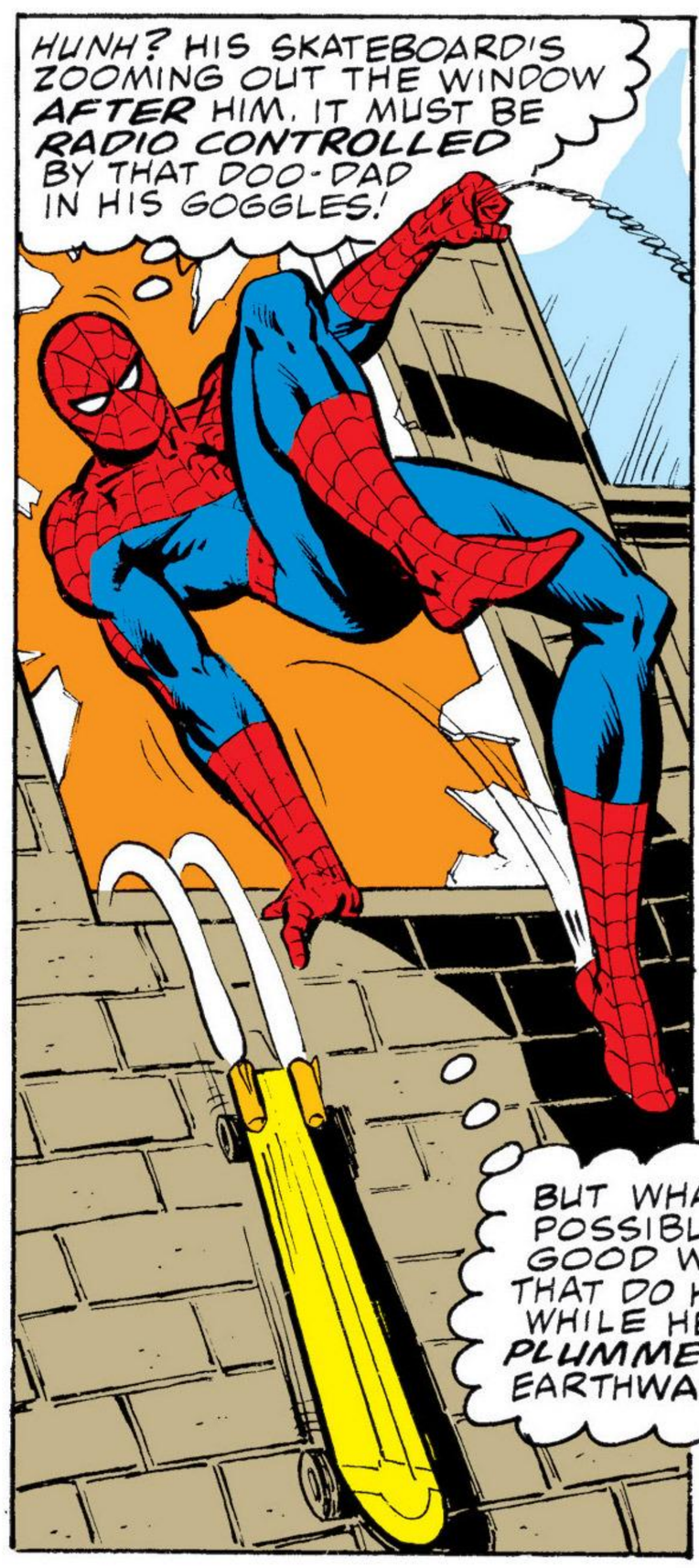

NOW LET'S SEE WHAT THAT WEB-SLINGING WEASEL DOES WHEN HE'S GOTTA TAKE ON THE ROCKET RACER!

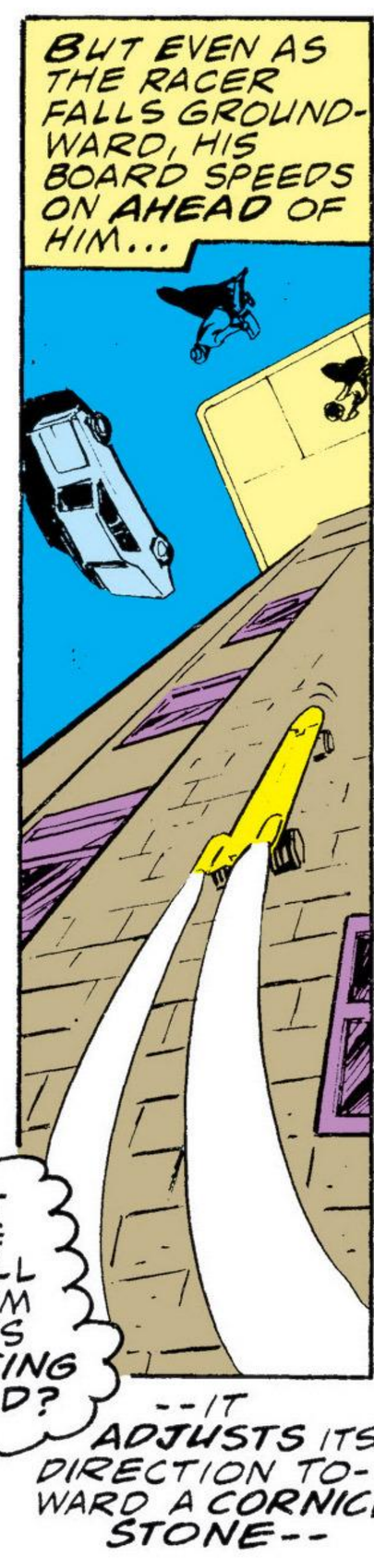

LOOK, GUYS, I JUST WANNA SPLIT-- REALLY I DO. BEING HERE'S JUST AN ACCIDENT.
THIS IS GOING ALL WRONG. BECAUSE OF ME, AUNT MAY'S IN A PANIC.
IF SHE HAS ANOTHER ATTACK, THIS TIME IT'S DEFINITELY MY FAULT.
DON'T KNOW HOW YOU KNEW I'D BE HERE, WEB-SLINGER-- BUT IT DON'T MATTER NOW.
LORD, IF SHE DIES BECAUSE OF THIS-- SPIDER-MAN WILL HAVE BECOME A MURDERER!
I'M GONNA TEAR YOU APART!
YOU--? NOT ON TOP OF EVERY-THING ELSE!
THIS JUST ISN'T MY DAY.
DON'T PLAY MISTER INNOCENT WITH ME, WALL-CRAWLER. IT'S NOT GONNA SAVE YOUR SKIN.
THIS TIME I'M NOT IN A RUSH TO BE ELSE-WHERE.*
*AS IN OUR LAST ISSUE.--MW.
CAN'T BELIEVE THIS-- IT'S GOING FROM ROTTEN TO ROTTENER!
FIRST THINGS FIRST-- GOTTA LURE THAT SKATE-BOARDING PSYCHO OUTTA HERE-- GIVE THE DOCTORS A CHANCE TO GET TO AUNT MAY.
UNGHHH! GOTTA GET SPIDEY AWAY FROM MY MOM-- THIS COULD GIVE HER ANOTHER ATTACK!

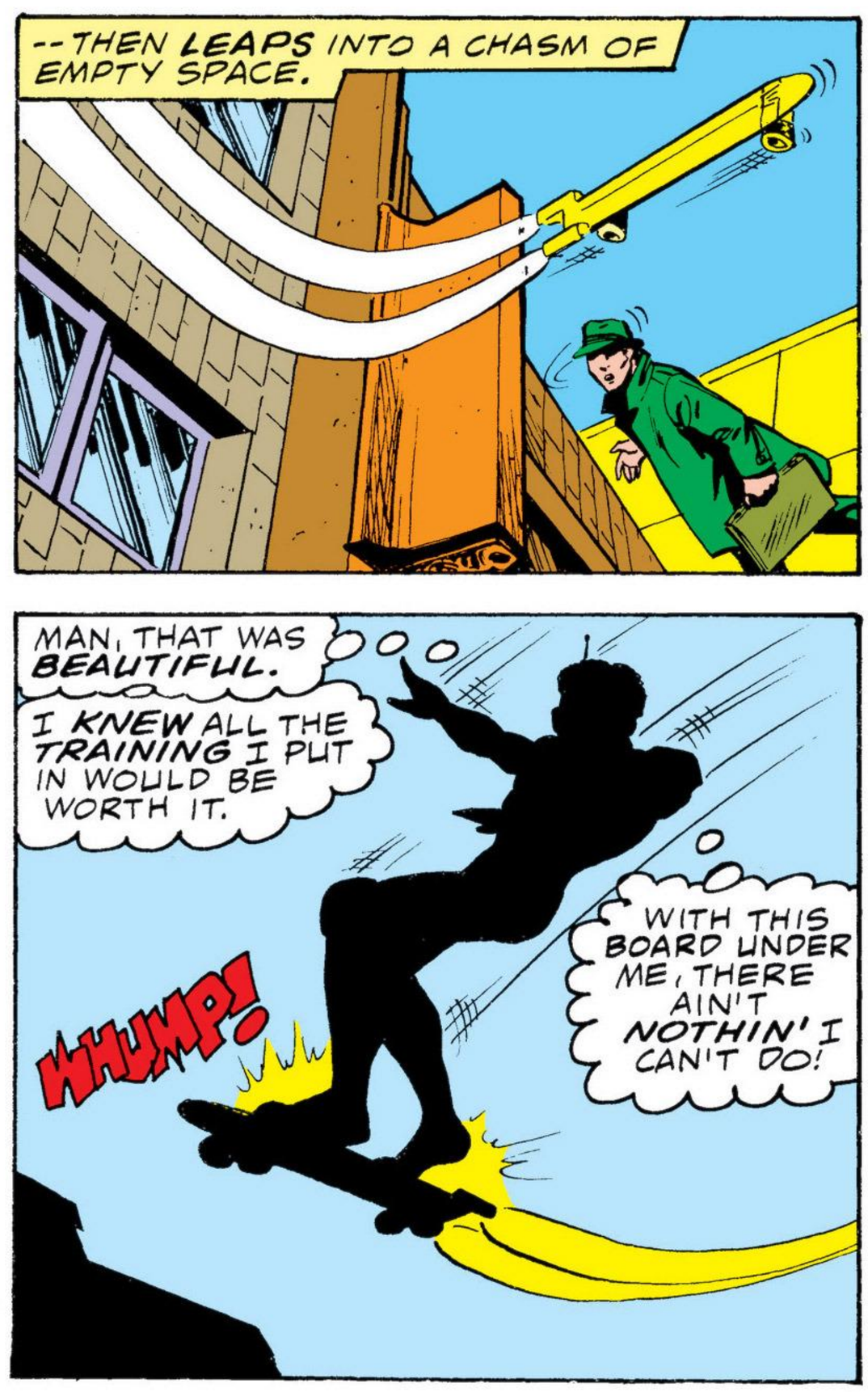
IF I CAN JUST WEB HIM UP, DRAG HIM AWAY FROM HERE...
MAYBE I CAN MAKE IT TO THE WINDOW...

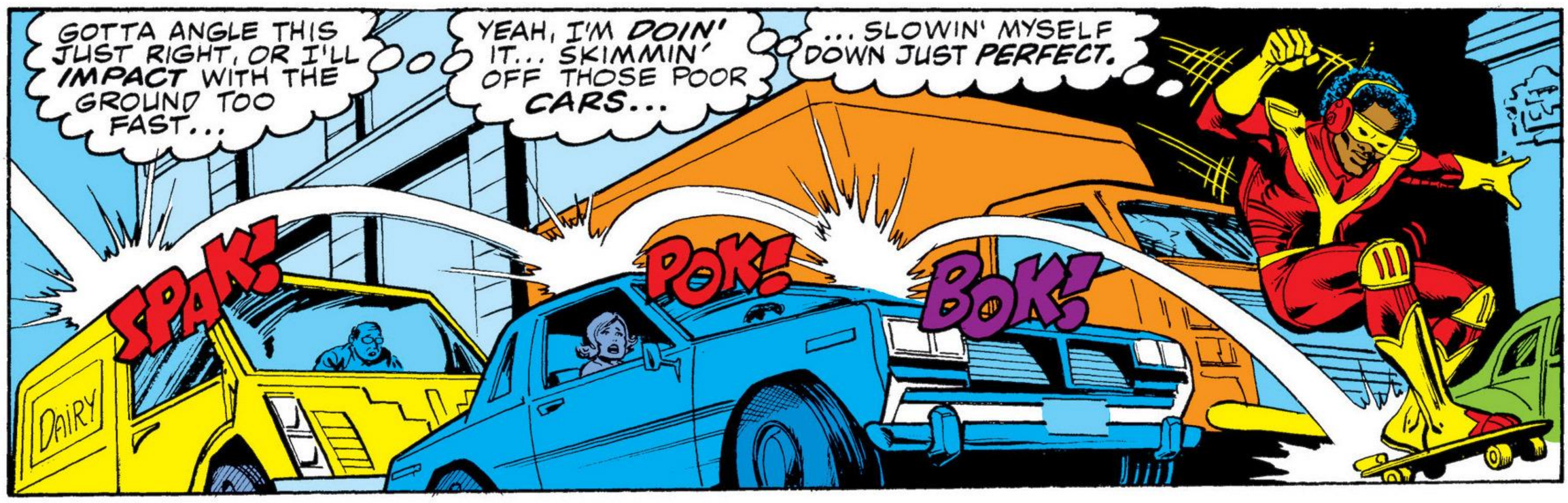
HEY!
HOLY COW! I DIDN'T THINK I YANKED HIM THAT HARD!
KRASH!
MADE IT! NOW IT'S SAFE CITY!

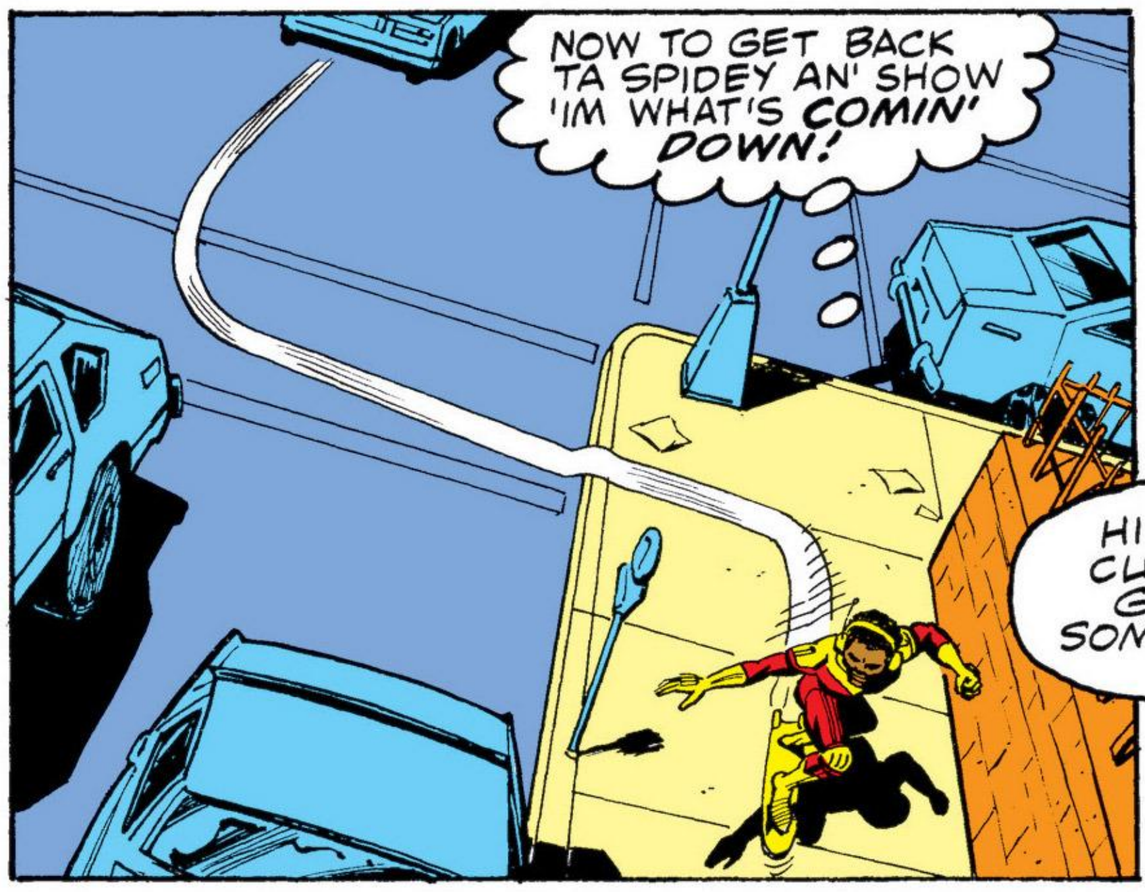
GREAT GOING, WEB-HEAD-- IN YOUR HASTE, YOU JUST MAY HAVE KILLED THAT LOONY!


HUNH? HIS SKATEBOARD'S ZOOMING OUT THE WINDOW AFTER HIM. IT MUST BE RADIO CONTROLLED BY THAT DOO-DAD IN HIS GOGGLES!
BUT WHAT POSSIBLE GOOD WILL THAT DO HIM WHILE HE'S PLUMMETING EARTHWARD?

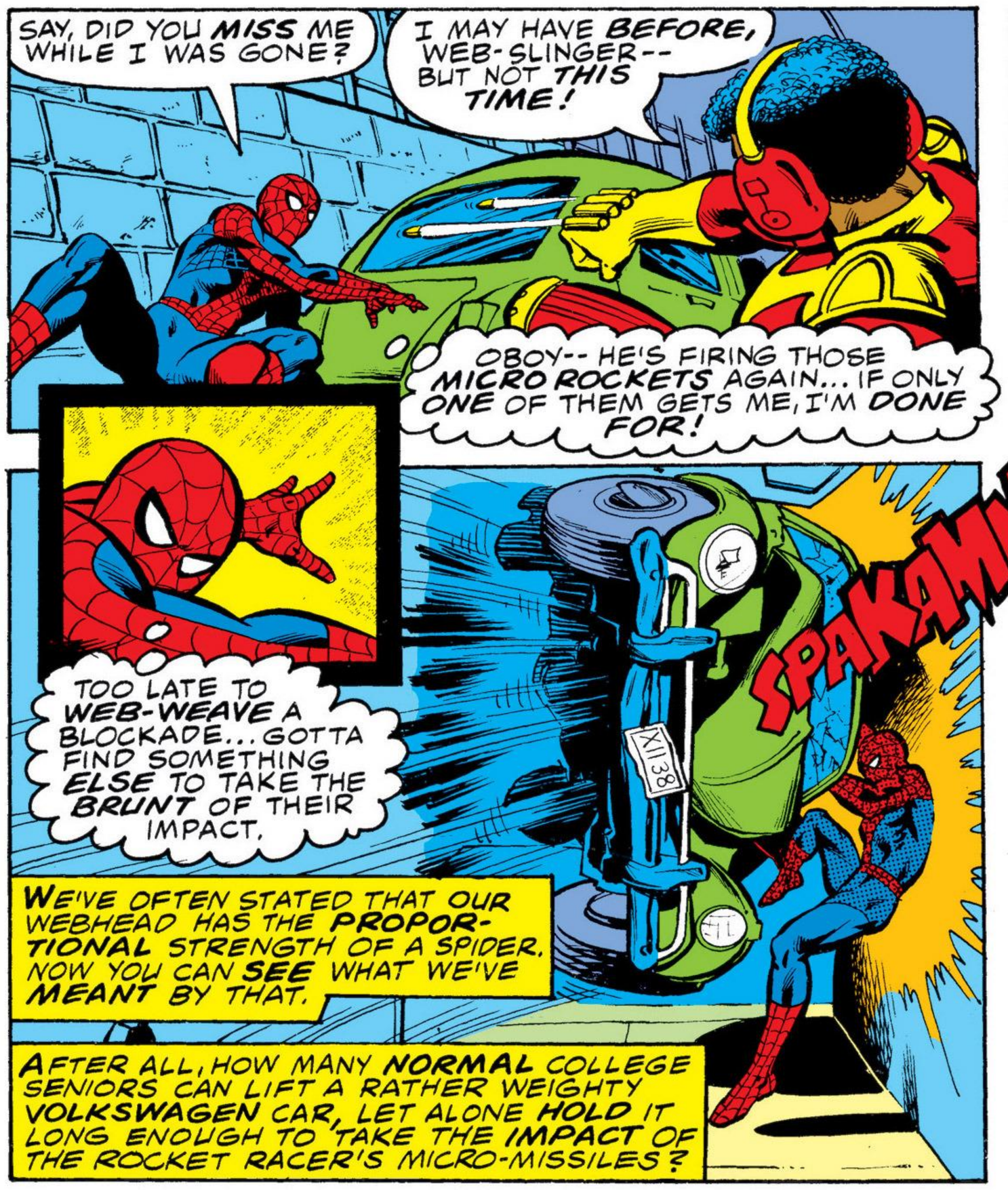

BUT EVEN AS THE RACER FALLS GROUND-WARD, HIS BOARD SPEEDS ON AHEAD OF HIM...
--IT ADJUSTS ITS DIRECTION TO-WARD A CORNICE STONE--


--THEN LEAPS INTO A CHASM OF EMPTY SPACE.
MAN, THAT WAS BEAUTIFUL.
I KNEW ALL THE TRAINING I PUT IN WOULD BE WORTH IT.
WHUMP!
WITH THIS BOARD UNDER ME, THERE AIN'T NOTHIN' I CAN'T DO!


GOTTA ANGLE THIS JUST RIGHT, OR I'LL IMPACT WITH THE GROUND TOO FAST...
YEAH, I'M DOIN' IT... SKIMMIN' OFF THOSE POOR CARS...
... SLOWIN' MYSELF DOWN JUST PERFECT.
SPAK!
POK!
BOK!
DAIRY

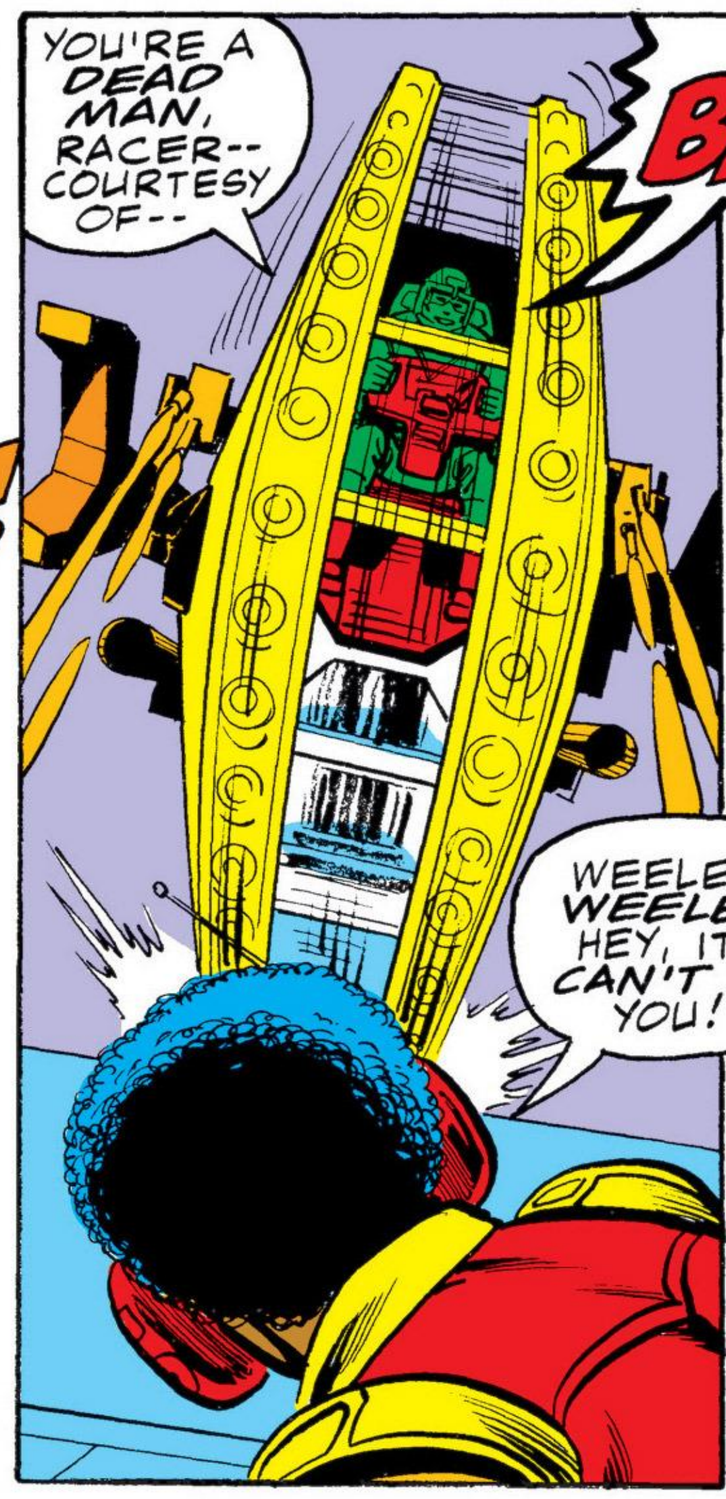

NOW TO GET BACK TA SPIDEY AN' SHOW 'IM WHAT'S COMIN' DOWN!

HI, THERE, CUDDLES-- GOING SOMEPLACE?
HOPE YOU DON'T MIND ME JOINING YOU, 'CAUSE HERE I AM!

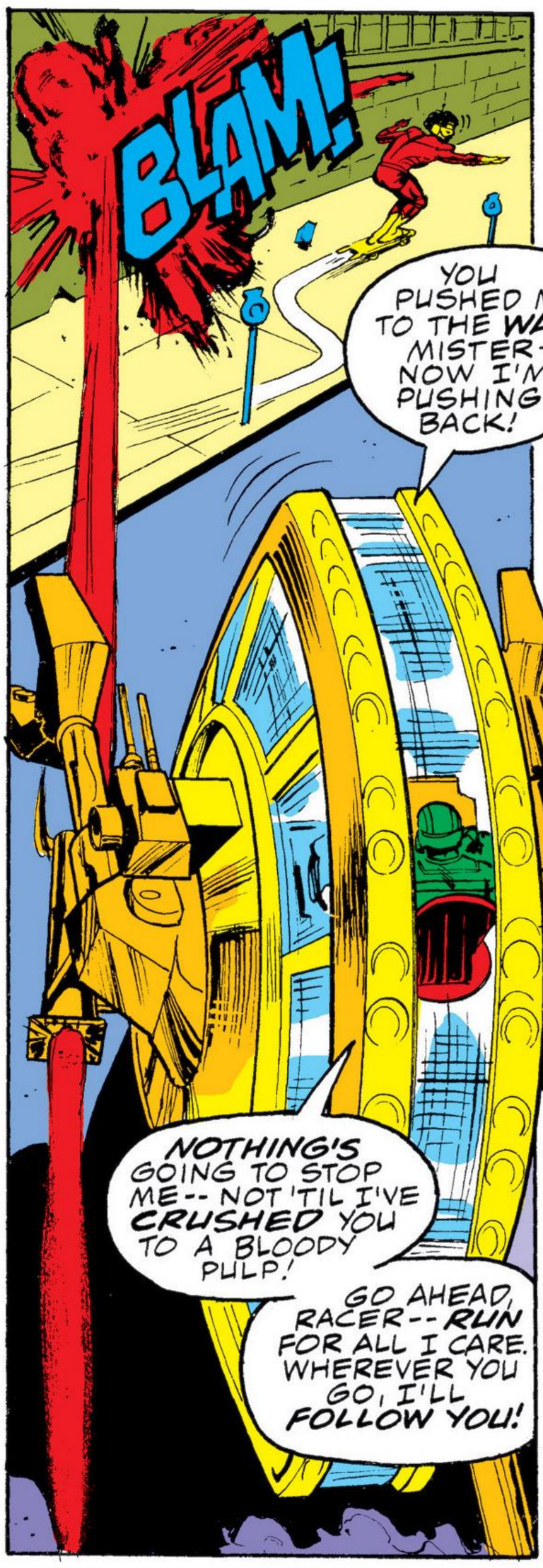

SAY, DID YOU MISS ME WHILE I WAS GONE?
I MAY HAVE BEFORE, WEB-SLINGER-- BUT NOT THIS TIME!
OBOY-- HE'S FIRING THOSE MICRO ROCKETS AGAIN... IF ONLY ONE OF THEM GETS ME, I'M DONE FOR!
TOO LATE TO WEB-WEAVE A BLOCKADE... GOTTA FIND SOMETHING ELSE TO TAKE THE BRUNT OF THEIR IMPACT.
SPAKAMM!
WE'VE OFTEN STATED THAT OUR WEBHEAD HAS THE PROPORTIONAL STRENGTH OF A SPIDER. NOW YOU CAN SEE WHAT WE'VE MEANT BY THAT.
AFTER ALL, HOW MANY NORMAL COLLEGE SENIORS CAN LIFT A RATHER WEIGHTY VOLKSWAGEN CAR, LET ALONE HOLD IT LONG ENOUGH TO TAKE THE IMPACT OF THE ROCKET RACER'S MICRO-MISSILES?

UNNGHHH! ROCKET'S CRUSHED ME TO THE WALL...
...THE PRESSURE IS OVERWHELMING!
NOT BAD, CREEP. COURSE, YOU ONLY SURVIVED LONG ENOUGH FOR ME TO PERSONALLY DO YOU IN.
HUNH?
DON'T BET ON IT, PUNK!
YOU WON'T BE IN SHAPE TO DO ANYTHING BUT DIE!

YOU'VE TAUNTED ME... MOCKED ME, TORTURED ME-- BUT THAT ALL ENDS RIGHT NOW!
POW! POK! BAM! BAM!
GOTTA MOVE-- HIS BULLETS ARE SPRAYIN' ALL OVER!

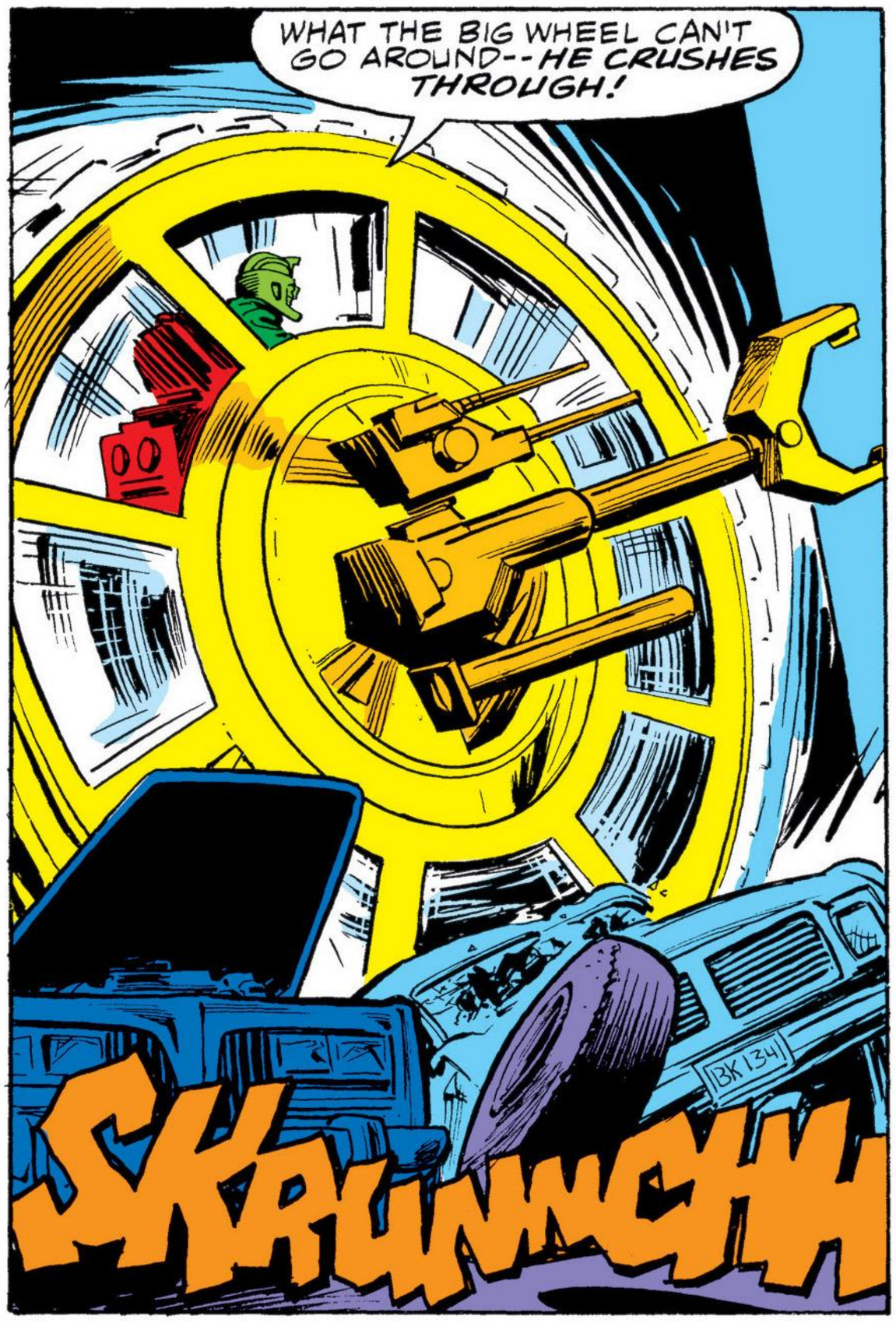

YOU'RE A DEAD MAN, RACER-- COURTESY OF--
WEELE? WEELE? HEY, IT CAN'T BE YOU!

THE BIG WHEEL!
BUT IT IS, YOU SNIVELLING LITTLE SNIT. JACKSON WEELE -- NOW THE BIG WHEEL!


BLAM!
YOU PUSHED ME TO THE WALL, MISTER-- NOW I'M PUSHING BACK!
NOTHING'S GOING TO STOP ME-- NOT 'TIL I'VE CRUSHED YOU TO A BLOODY PULP!
GO AHEAD, RACER-- RUN FOR ALL I CARE. WHEREVER YOU GO, I'LL FOLLOW YOU!

CRIPES! THE FOOL MEANS IT!
PARKING
WELL, I AIN'T ABOUT TO LET THAT BOZO GET ME. MEBBE HE'S GOT POWER ON HIS SIDE... BUT I GOT EXPERIENCE.
NO MAN CATCHES THE ROCKET RACER --'LESS I WANT 'IM TO!

HE CAN'T TWIST THROUGH THESE CARS LIKE ME. I'LL GET AWAY SCOT-FREE!
OH, SWEET HEAVEN! I-- I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!
I SAID YOU CAN'T ESCAPE ME, PUNK! I MEANT IT!

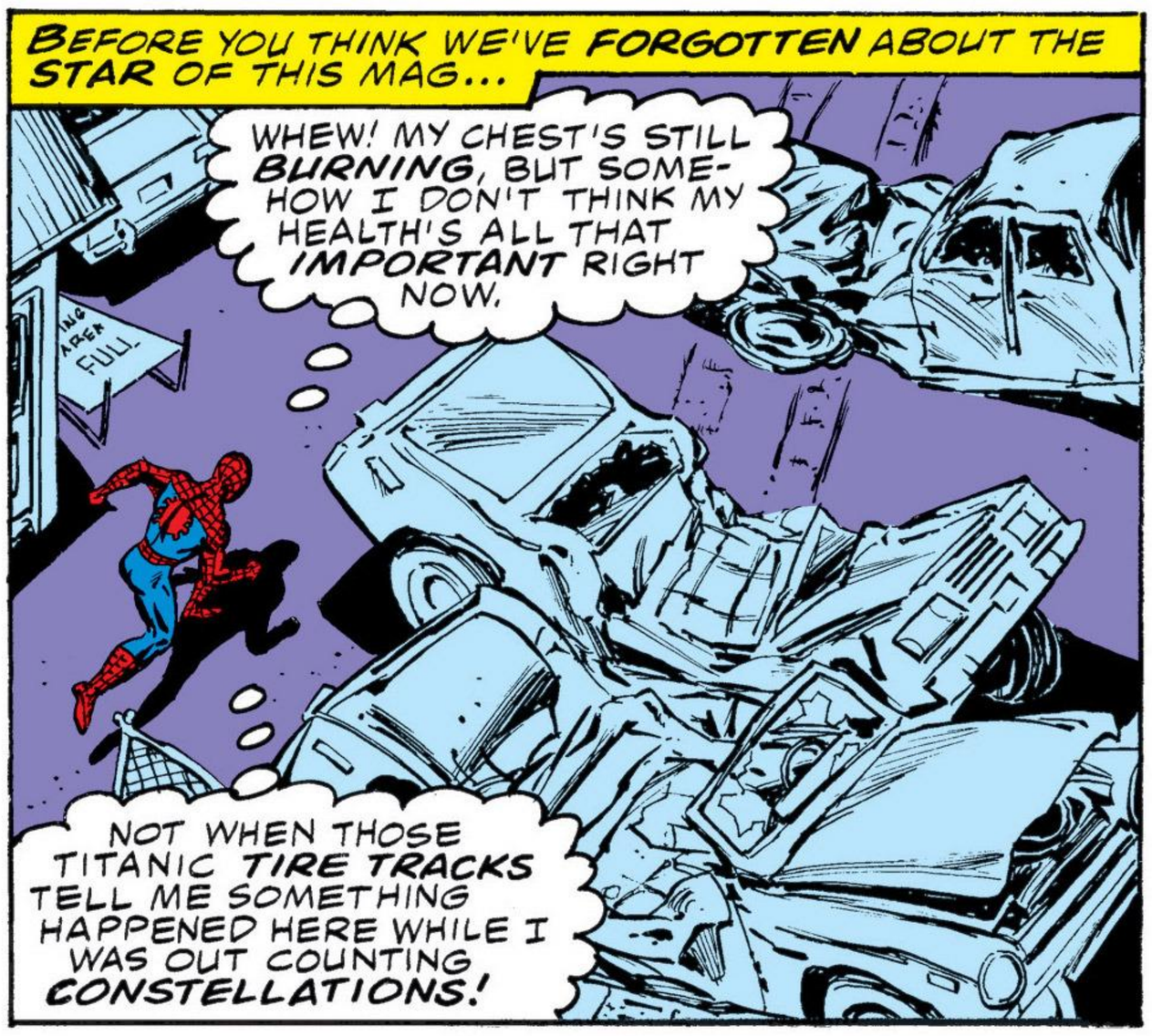

WHAT THE BIG WHEEL CAN'T GO AROUND--HE CRUSHES THROUGH!
SKRUNNCHH
BK 134

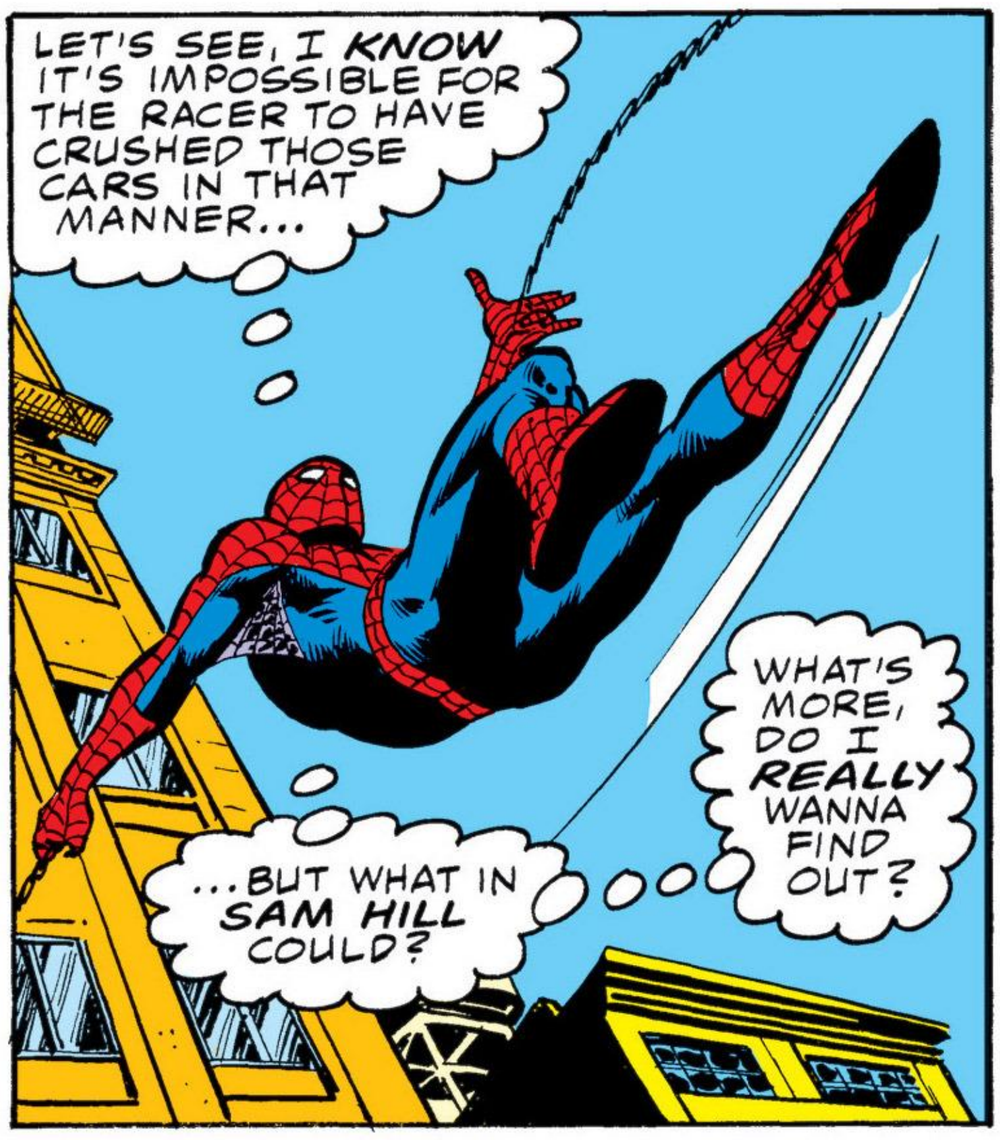
WHERE ARE YOU, RACER? YOU CAN'T HIDE FROM ME FOREVER.
I'LL FIND YOU, PUNK--THEN YOUR BONES WILL BE GROUND TO DUST BETWEEN MY MOLYBDENUM STEEL TREADS!
POK!
I DON'T HAFTA HIDE, TURKEY--NOT IF I CAN GET A CLEAR SHOT AT YA!
POK!

SO THERE YOU ARE, CRETIN! DID YOU ACTUALLY BELIEVE YOUR INEFFECTUAL LITTLE MISSILES COULD DAMAGE ME?
MY OUTER SHELL REVOLVES SO SWIFTLY IT EXPLODES YOUR ROCKETS LONG BEFORE THEY CAN GET NEAR ME.
NUTS!
SPAK
BTAP
BRAKKK

DO I SEE YOUR FEARLESS FACADE VANISH NOW, FOOL? WILL YOU CRY AND BEG FOR ME TO HALT MY UNRELENTING BARRAGE?
BEG, RACER--BEG, AND PERHAPS I WILL BE MERCIFUL!

YOU GOTTA BE JOKIN', TURKEY! YOU CAN'T BAG ME IF YA CAN'T CATCH ME!
EAT MY DUST, SWEETUMS--CAUSE THAT'S ALL YOU'RE GONNA GET OFF THE ROCKET RACER!



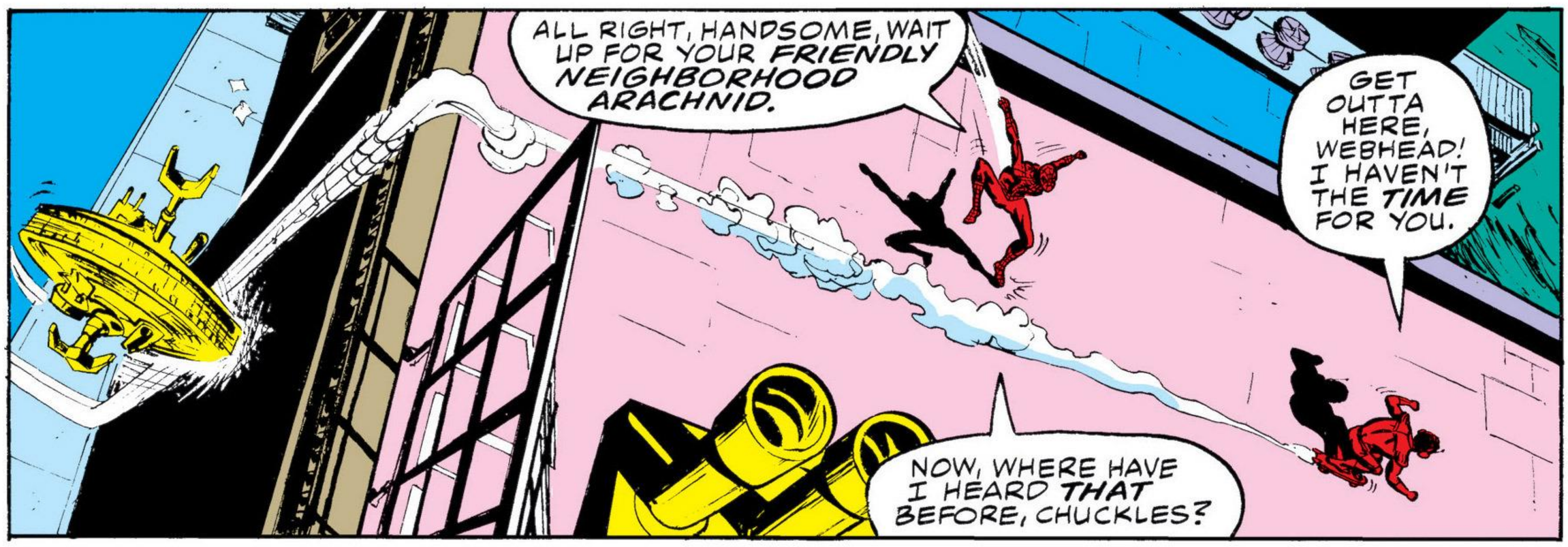


SPIDEY, ANYONE TELL YOU YOU'VE GOT A LOUSY WAY OF GETTING INVOLVED IN THINGS THAT ARE WAY OVER YOUR HEAD?

HOO-BOY! UNLESS THEY'RE FILMING CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE FOURTH KIND DOWN THERE, I'D SAY THAT'S THE CAR-CRUNCHING CONTRAPTION I'M LOOKING FOR.

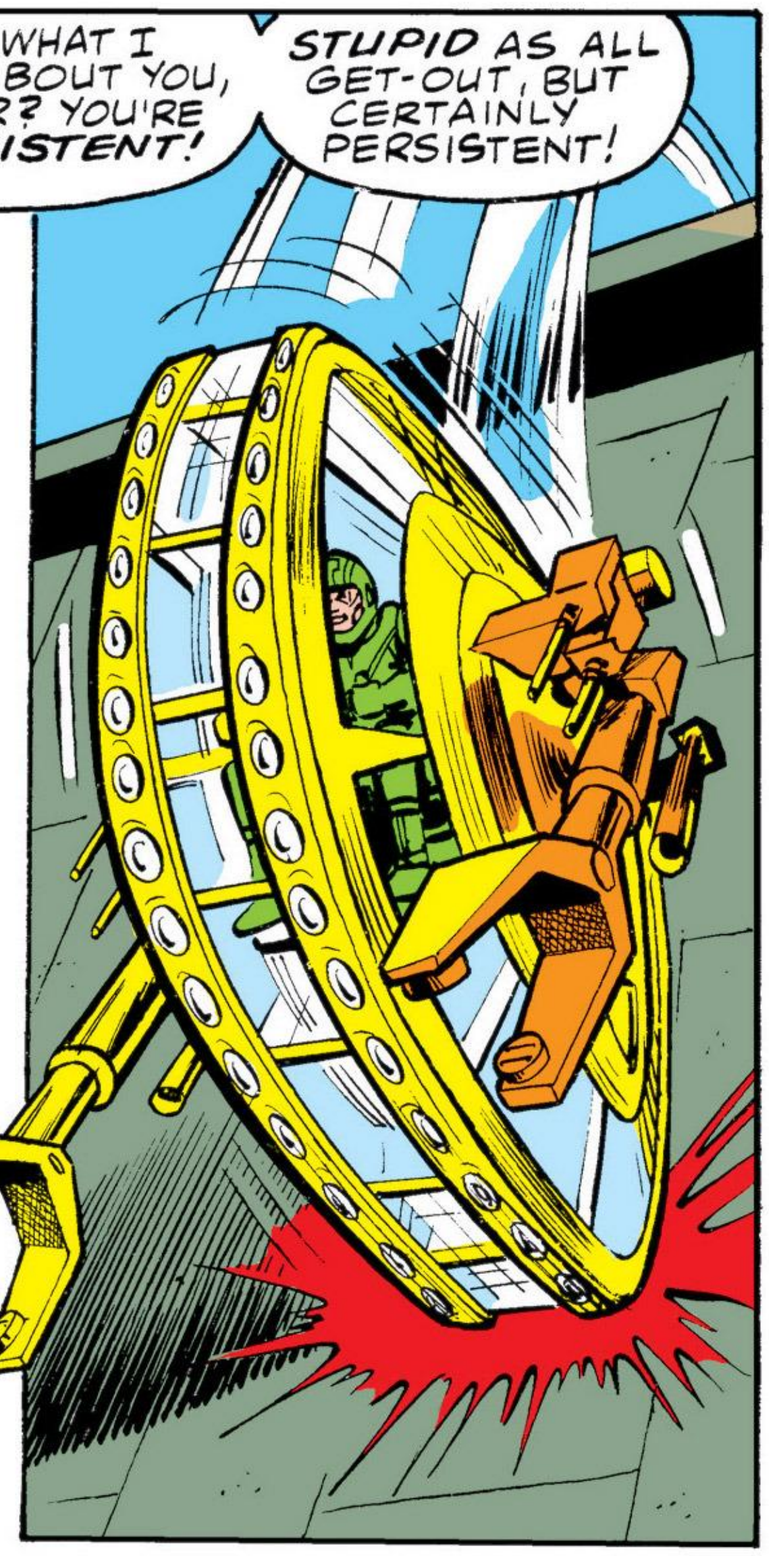
BUT WHY'S IT CHASING AFTER THE RACER? MAYBE ROCKY TICKED OFF SOMEONE BESIDES ME?

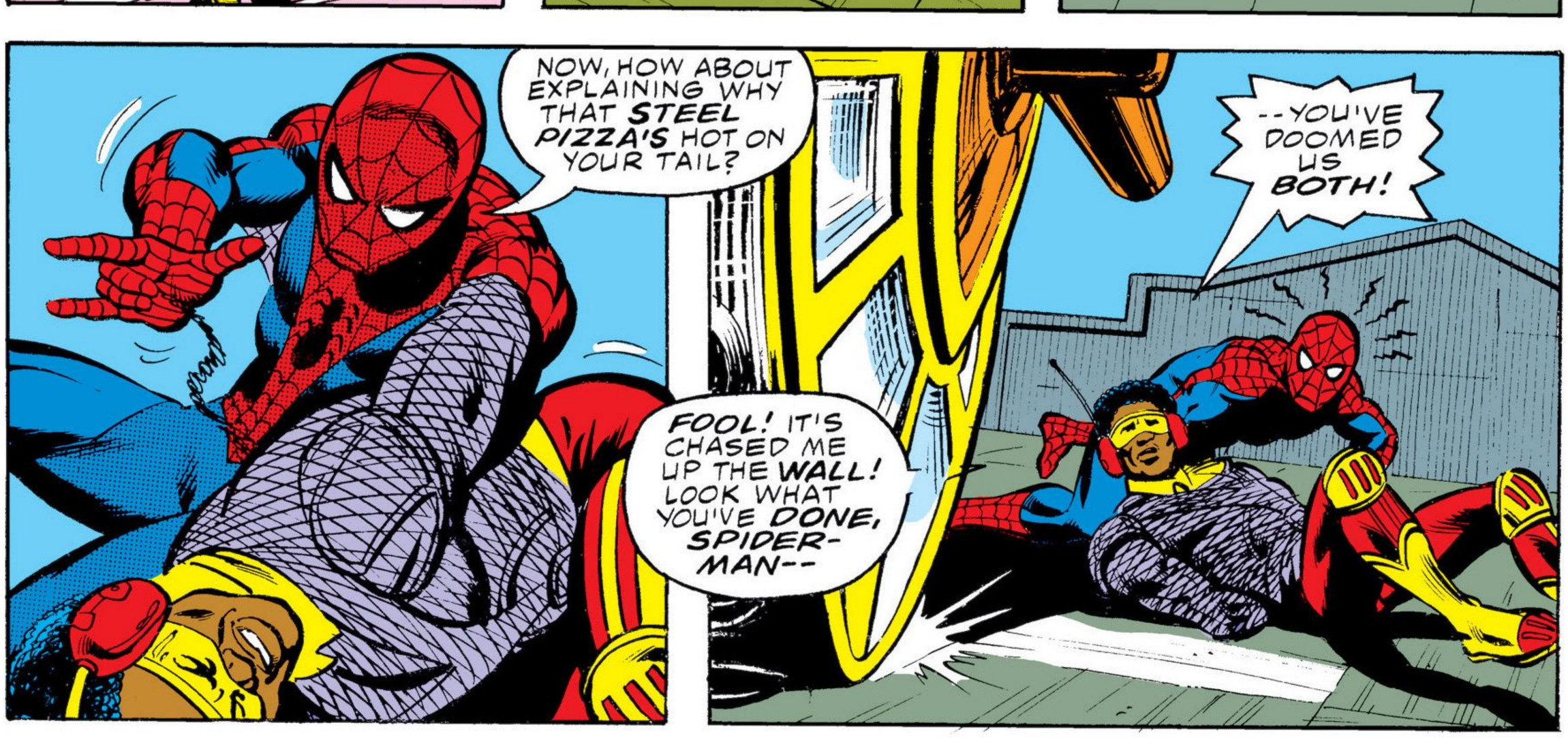
WELL, I'LL WORRY ABOUT THAT FREE-WHEELING FRISBEE ANOTHER TIME-- FIRST I WANNA SET THE RECORD STRAIGHT WITH MY ROLLER DERBY REJECT.

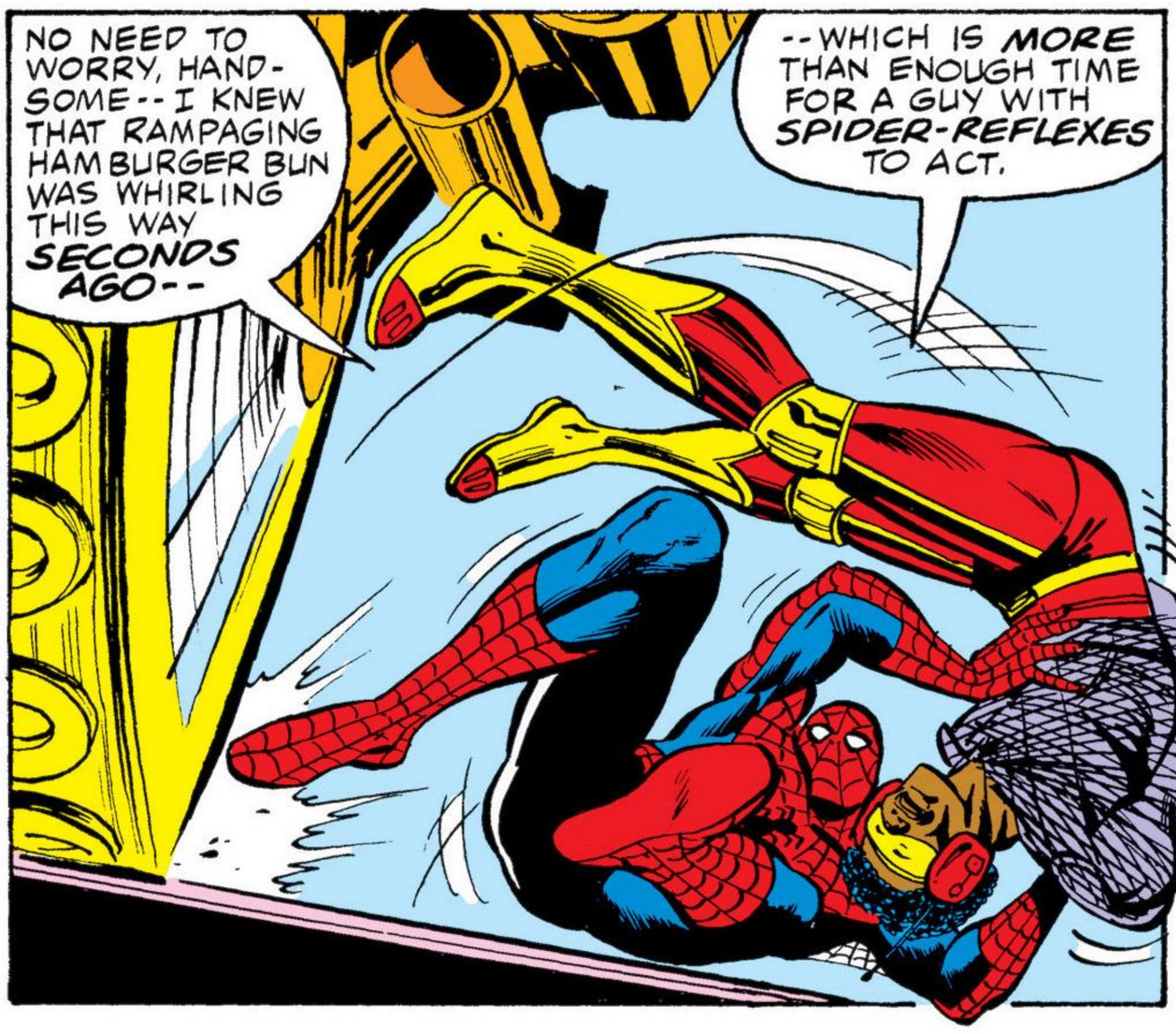

ALL RIGHT, HANDSOME, WAIT UP FOR YOUR FRIENDLY NEIGHBORHOOD ARACHNID.
GET OUTTA HERE, WEBHEAD! I HAVEN'T THE TIME FOR YOU.
NOW, WHERE HAVE I HEARD THAT BEFORE, CHUCKLES?

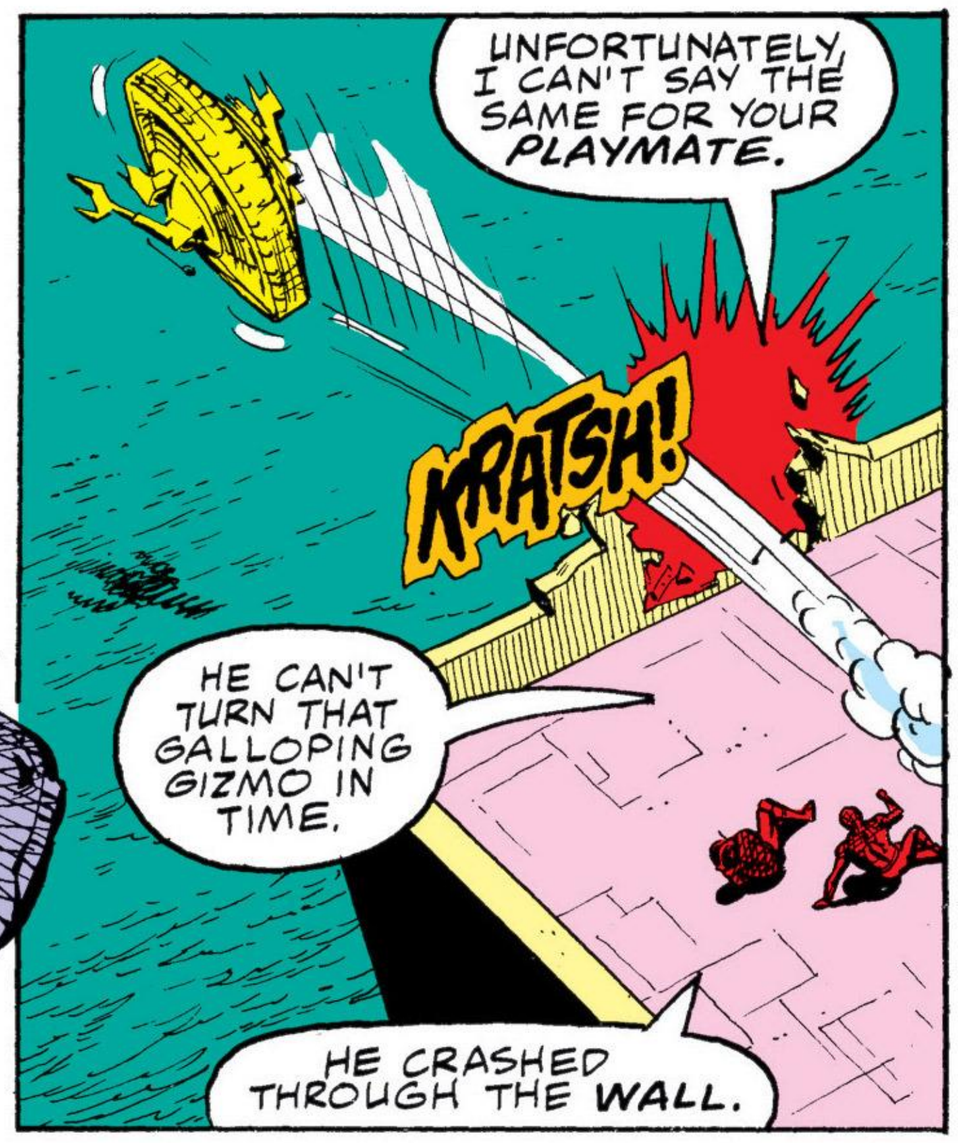
BY THE WAY, SON, DIDN'T YOU HEAR ME SAY STOP?
NO! YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME!

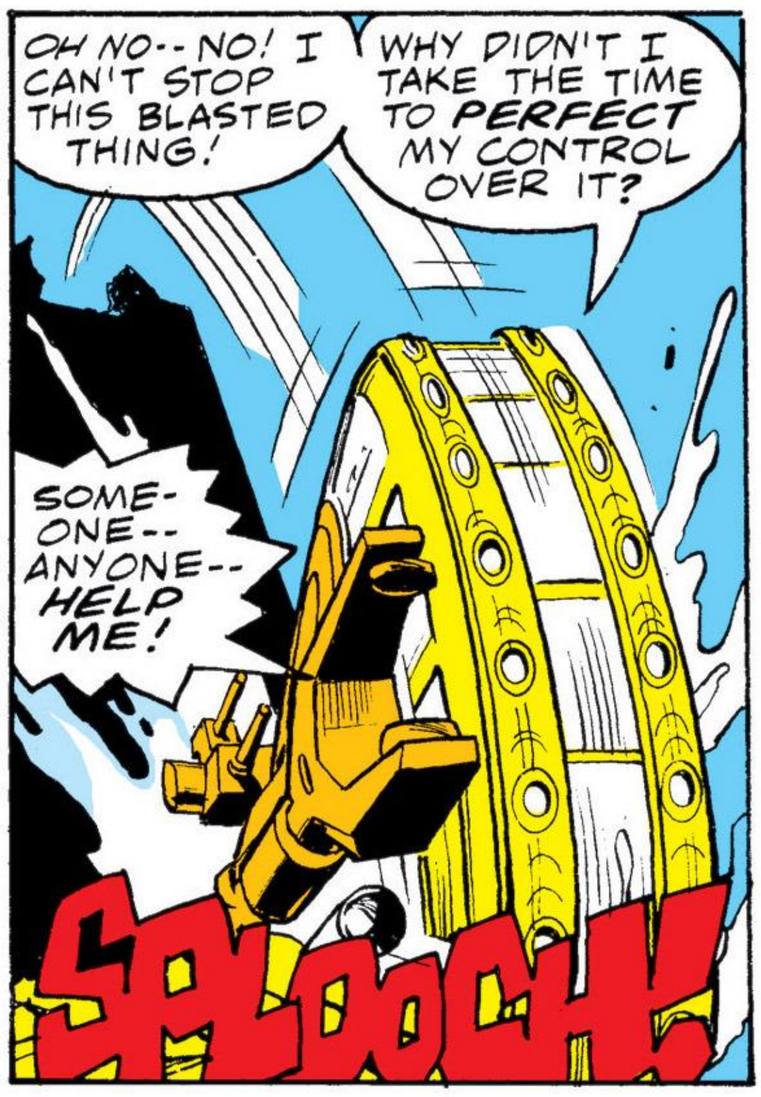
KNOW WHAT I LIKE ABOUT YOU, RACER? YOU'RE PERSISTENT!


STUPID AS ALL GET-OUT, BUT CERTAINLY PERSISTENT!

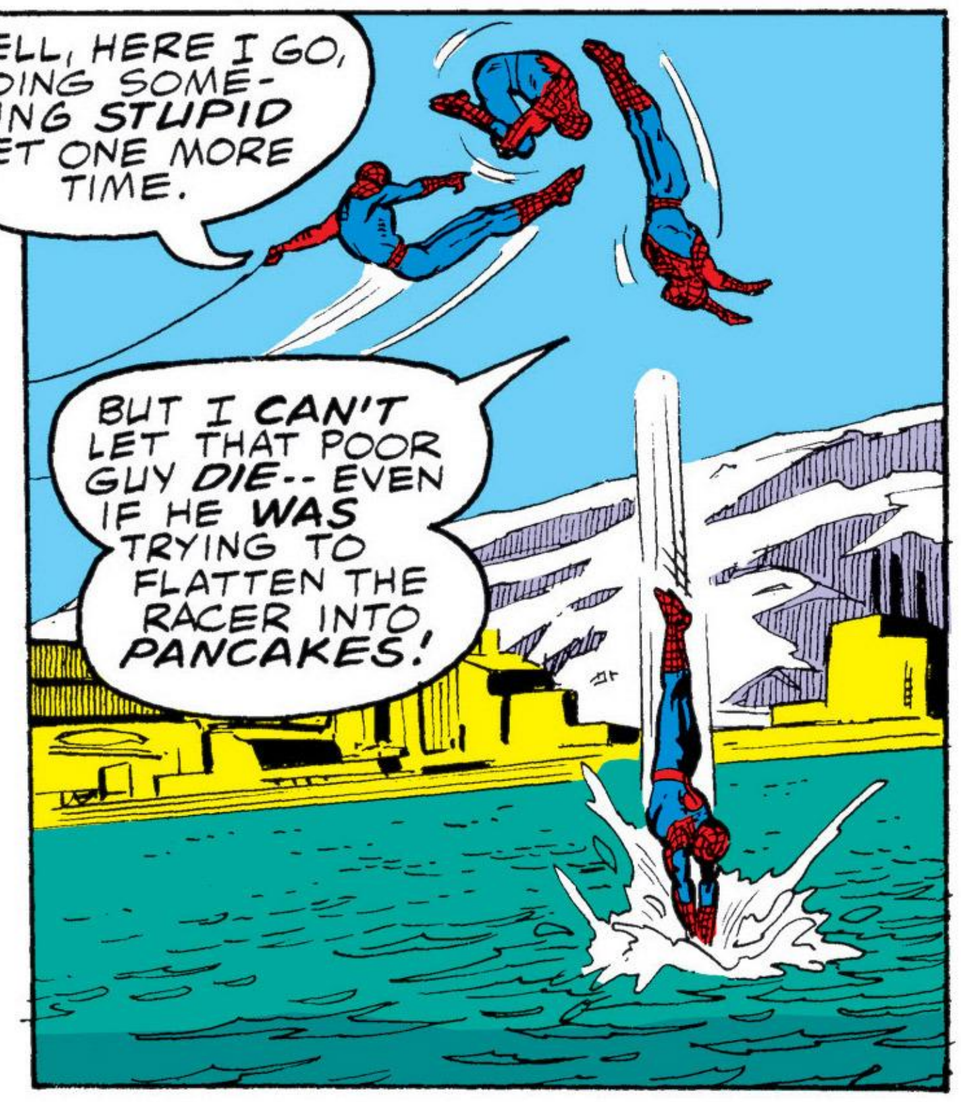

NOW, HOW ABOUT EXPLAINING WHY THAT STEEL PIZZA'S HOT ON YOUR TAIL?
FOOL! IT'S CHASED ME UP THE WALL! LOOK WHAT YOU'VE DONE, SPIDER-MAN--
--YOU'VE DOOMED US BOTH!

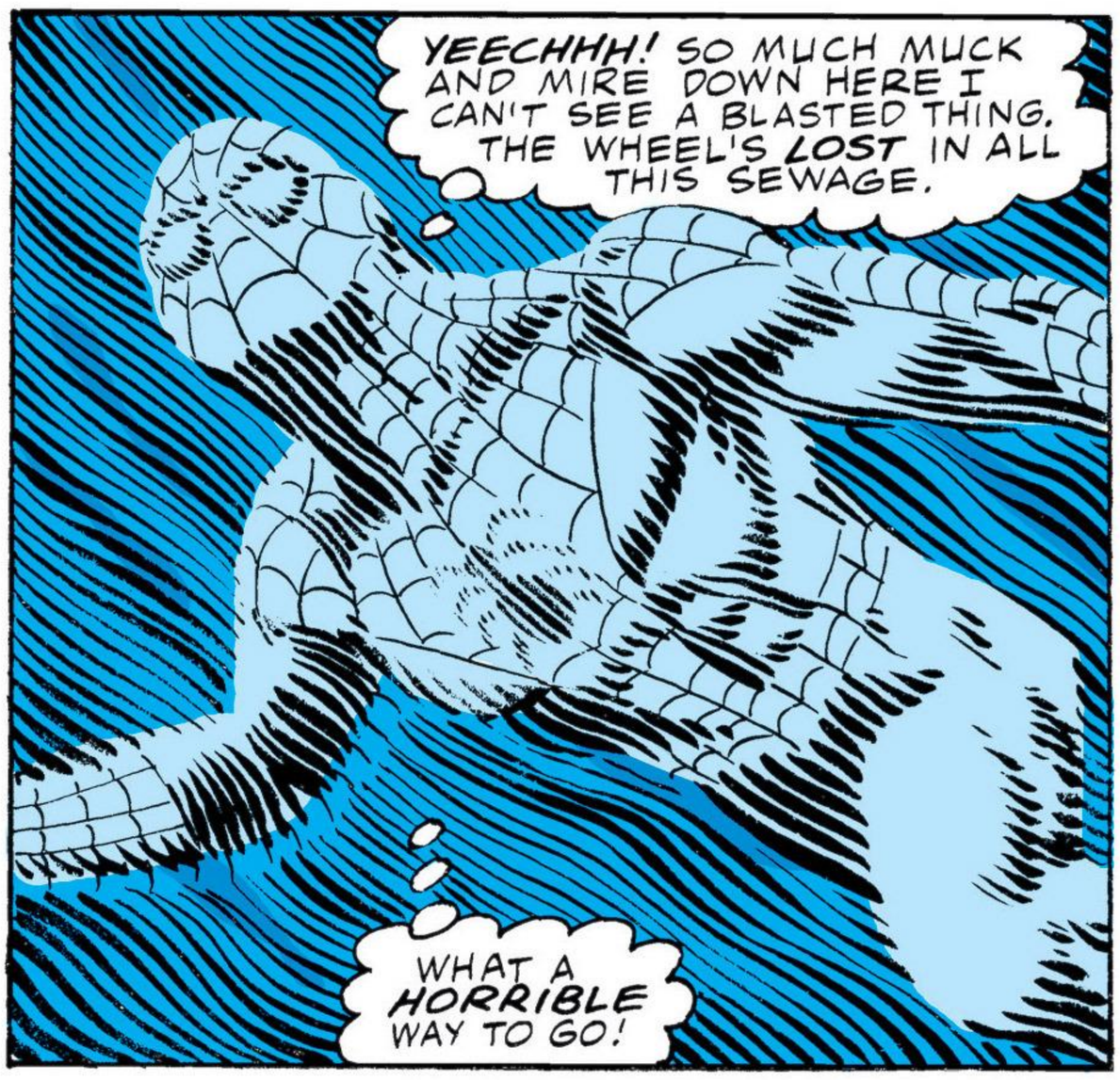

NO NEED TO WORRY, HANDSOME-- I KNEW THAT RAMPAGING HAMBURGER BUN WAS WHIRLING THIS WAY SECONDS AGO--
--WHICH IS MORE THAN ENOUGH TIME FOR A GUY WITH SPIDER-REFLEXES TO ACT.

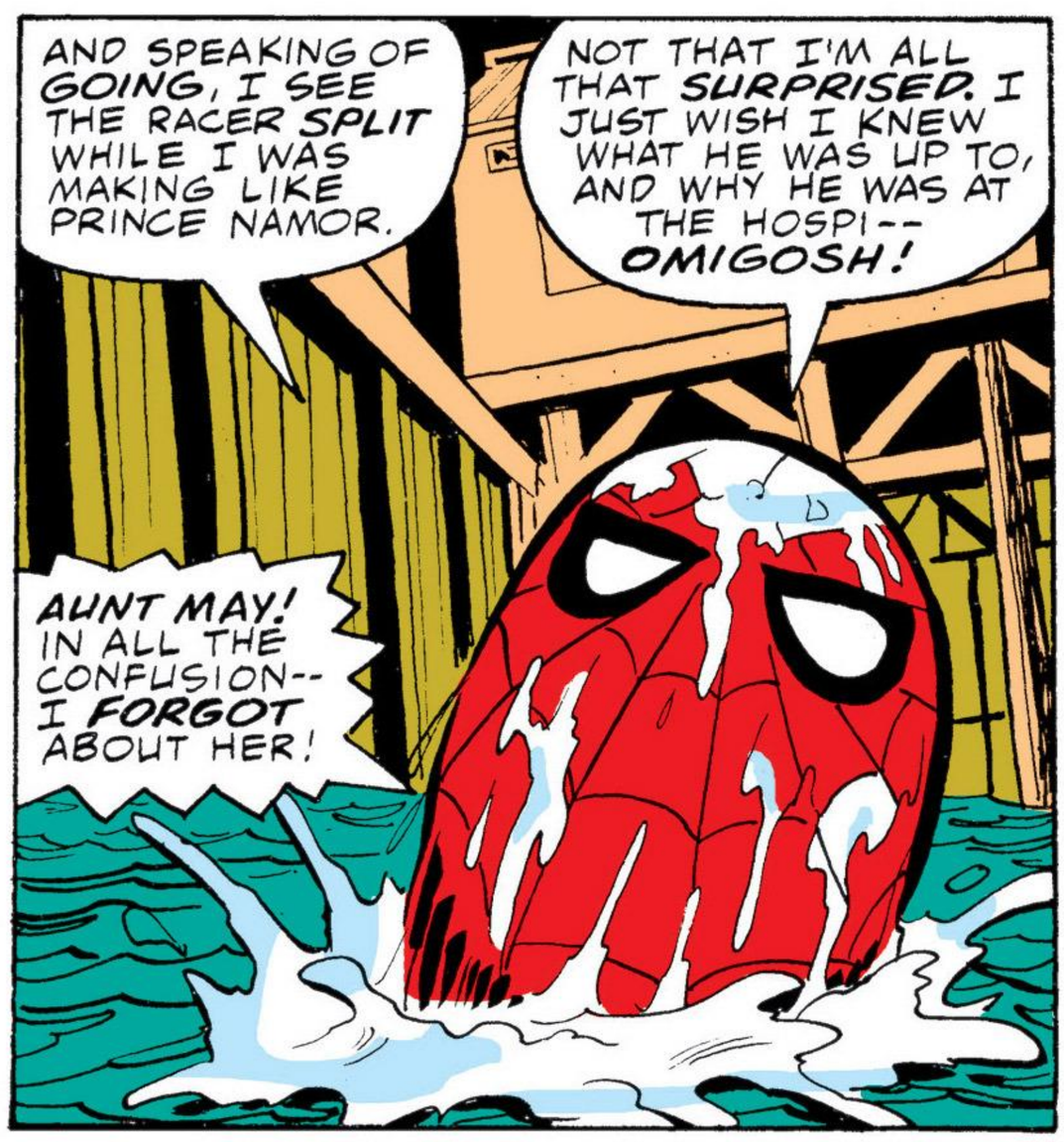

UNFORTUNATELY, I CAN'T SAY THE SAME FOR YOUR PLAYMATE.
KRATSH!
HE CAN'T TURN THAT GALLOPING GIZMO IN TIME.
HE CRASHED THROUGH THE WALL.

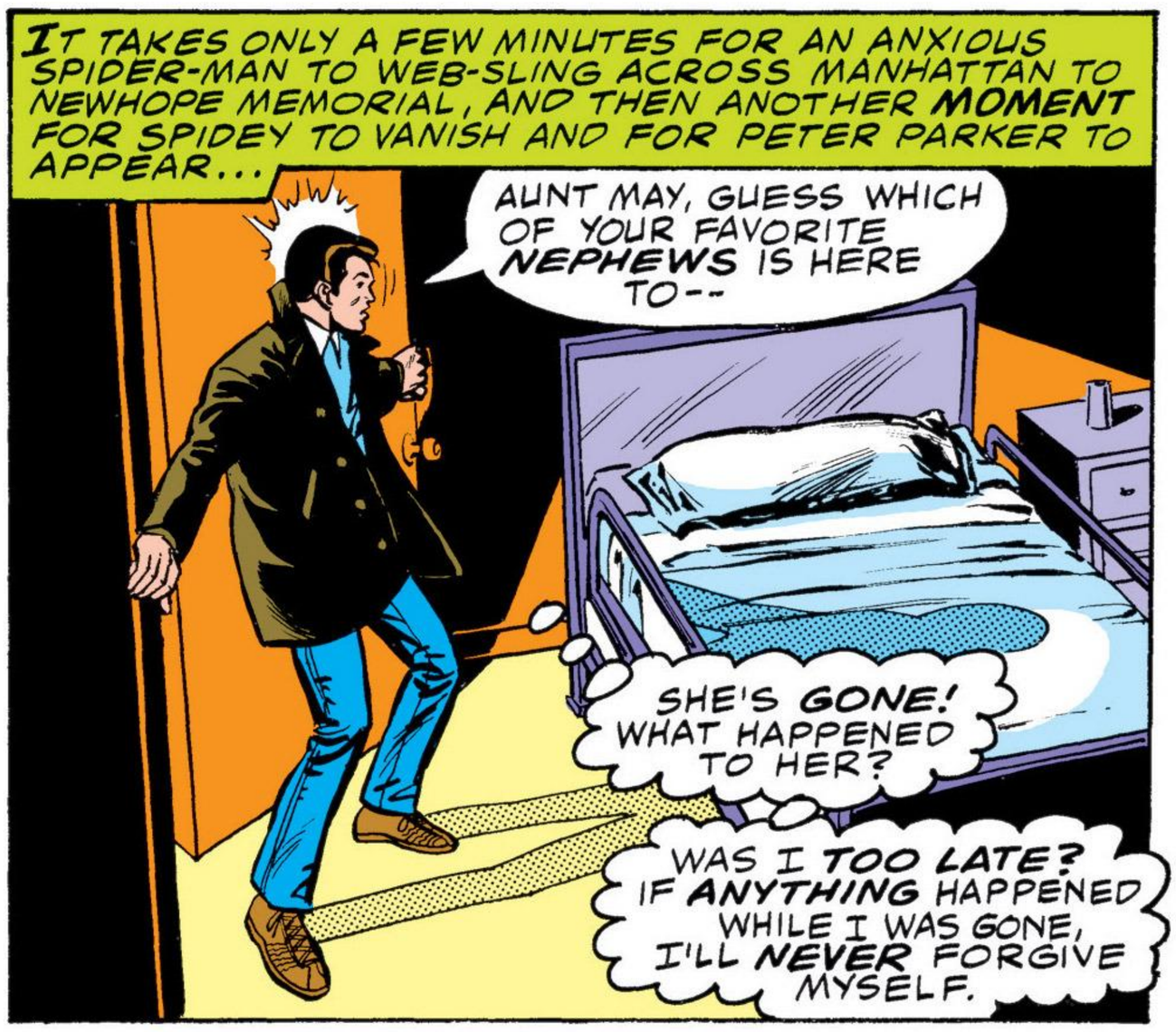

OH NO-- NO! I CAN'T STOP THIS BLASTED THING!
WHY DIDN'T I TAKE THE TIME TO PERFECT MY CONTROL OVER IT?
SOMEONE-- ANYONE-- HELP ME!
SPLOOCH!

NO SIGN OF THE DRIVER.

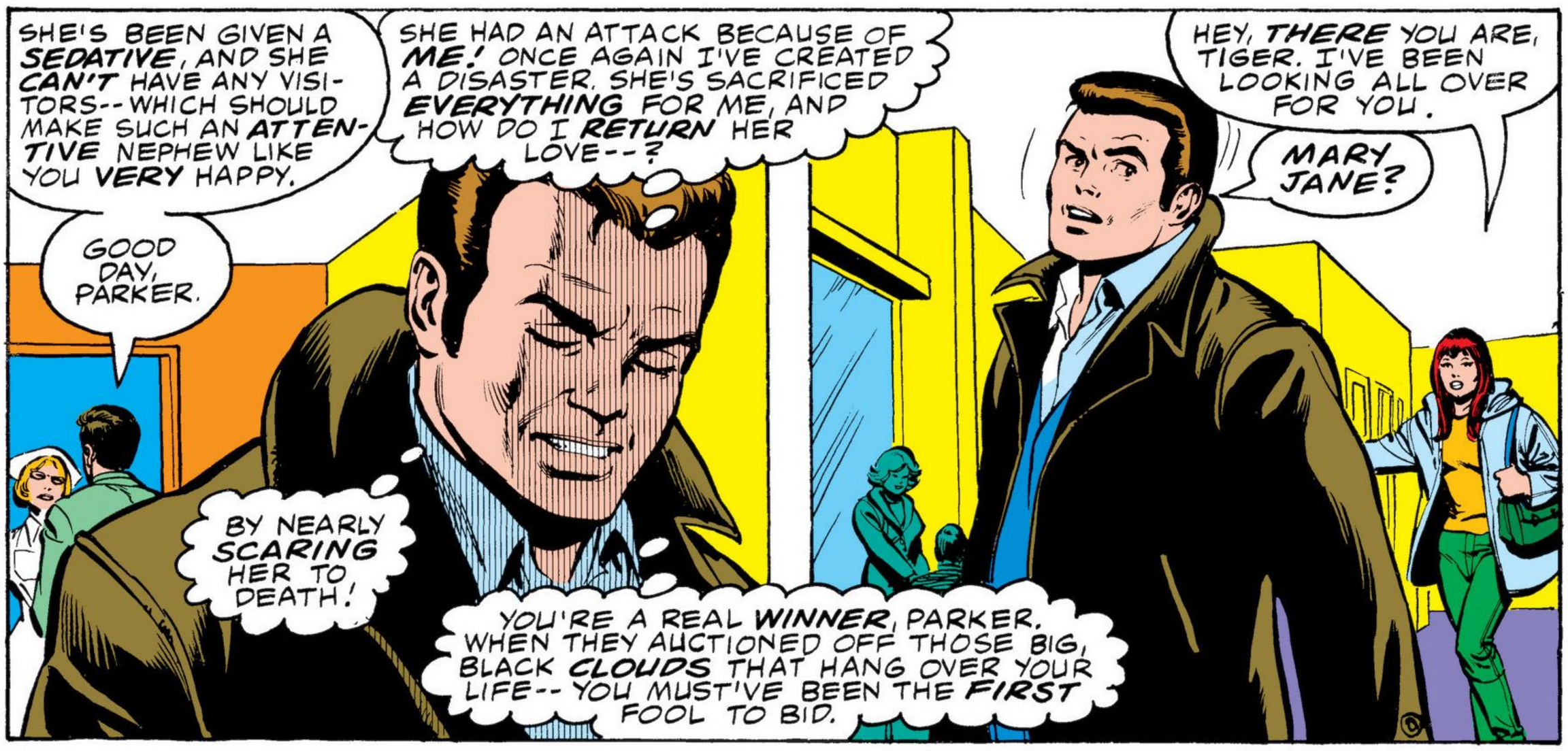

WELL, HERE I GO, DOING SOMETHING STUPID YET ONE MORE TIME.
BUT I CAN'T LET THAT POOR GUY DIE-- EVEN IF HE WAS TRYING TO FLATTEN THE RACER INTO PANCAKES!


YEECHHH! SO MUCH MUCK AND MIRE DOWN HERE I CAN'T SEE A BLASTED THING. THE WHEEL'S LOST IN ALL THIS SEWAGE.
WHAT A HORRIBLE WAY TO GO!


AND SPEAKING OF GOING, I SEE THE RACER SPLIT WHILE I WAS MAKING LIKE PRINCE NAMOR.
NOT THAT I'M ALL THAT SURPRISED. I JUST WISH I KNEW WHAT HE WAS UP TO, AND WHY HE WAS AT THE HOSPI-- OMIGOSH!
AUNT MAY! IN ALL THE CONFUSION-- I FORGOT ABOUT HER!

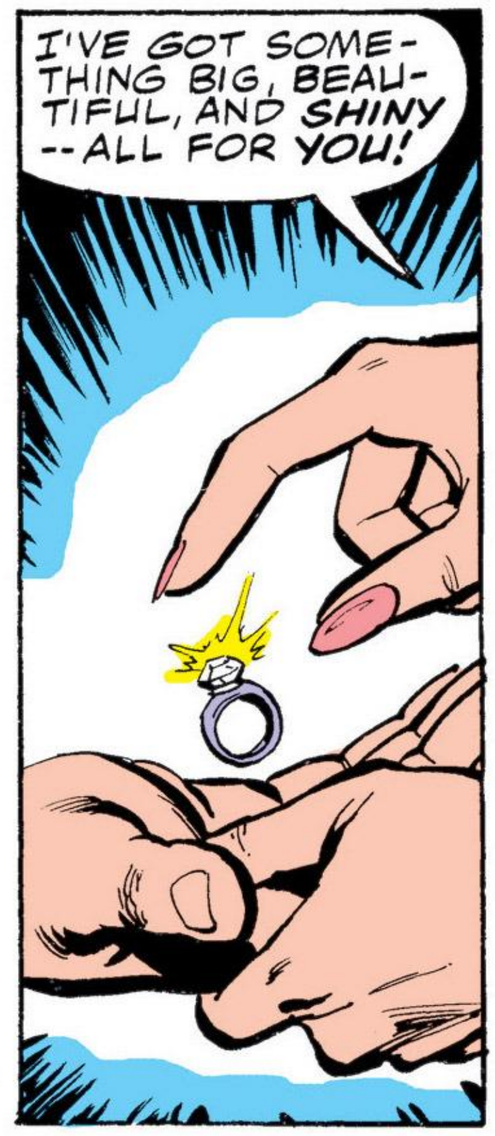

IT TAKES ONLY A FEW MINUTES FOR AN ANXIOUS SPIDER-MAN TO WEB-SLING ACROSS MANHATTAN TO NEWHOPE MEMORIAL, AND THEN ANOTHER MOMENT FOR SPIDEY TO VANISH AND FOR PETER PARKER TO APPEAR...
AUNT MAY, GUESS WHICH OF YOUR FAVORITE NEPHEWS IS HERE TO--
SHE'S GONE! WHAT HAPPENED TO HER?
WAS I TOO LATE? IF ANYTHING HAPPENED WHILE I WAS GONE, I'LL NEVER FORGIVE MYSELF.

WORRIED, PETER RACES DOWN THE CORRIDORS IN SEARCH OF DOCTOR TOMPKINS...
PARKER. HOW NICE OF YOU TO SPARE THE TIME!
SO YOU'RE BACK,
WHERE'S MY AUNT? HOW IS SHE?
WE'VE MOVED HER INTO THE CRITICAL WARD, PARKER. SHE HAD ANOTHER SEIZURE WHILE SPIDER-MAN WAS HERE.

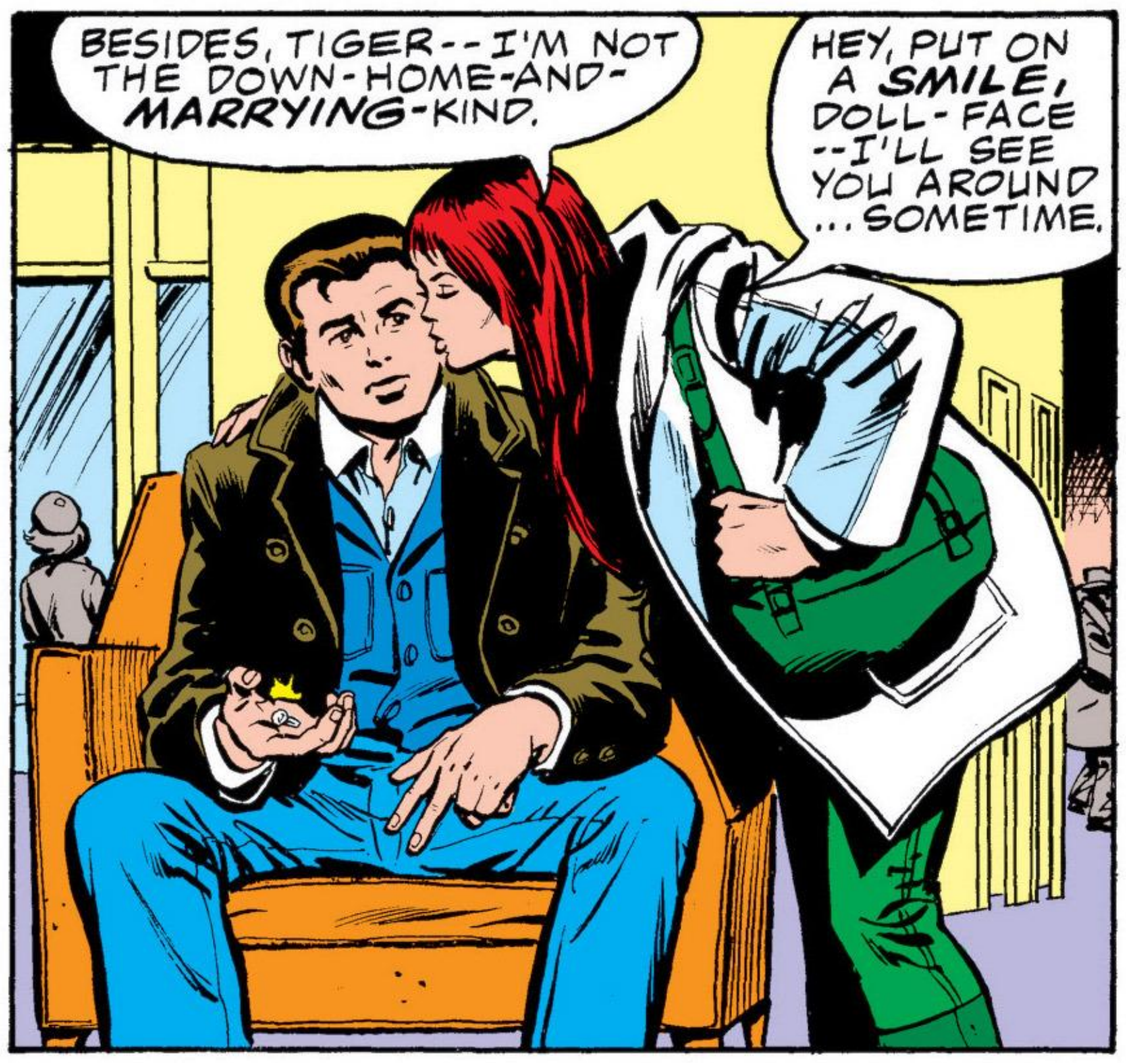

SHE'S BEEN GIVEN A SEDATIVE, AND SHE CAN'T HAVE ANY VISITORS--WHICH SHOULD MAKE SUCH AN ATTENTIVE NEPHEW LIKE YOU VERY HAPPY.
SHE HAD AN ATTACK BECAUSE OF ME! ONCE AGAIN I'VE CREATED A DISASTER. SHE'S SACRIFICED EVERYTHING FOR ME, AND HOW DO I RETURN HER LOVE--?
GOOD DAY, PARKER.
BY NEARLY SCARING HER TO DEATH!
HEY, THERE YOU ARE, TIGER. I'VE BEEN LOOKING ALL OVER FOR YOU.
MARY JANE?
YOU'RE A REAL WINNER, PARKER. WHEN THEY AUCTIONED OFF THOSE BIG, BLACK CLOUDS THAT HANG OVER YOUR LIFE-- YOU MUST'VE BEEN THE FIRST FOOL TO BID.

PLEASE, TELL ME SOMETHING TO CHEER ABOUT. I NEED A DOSE OF SMILES RIGHT NOW.
HAVE YOU THOUGHT ABOUT MY-- PROPOSAL?

PROPOSAL? OH, THAT. THAT'S WHAT THIS DIMPLED DARLING IS HERE FOR, TIGER.


I'VE GOT SOMETHING BIG, BEAUTIFUL, AND SHINY --ALL FOR YOU!

WHAT GIVES? THIS IS THE ENGAGEMENT RING I GAVE TO YOU.
WHY ARE YOU RETURNING IT?



TENSIONS MOUNT AS GRADUATION CREEPS EVER CLOSER. BE WITH US FOR THE THRILLER WE CAN ONLY CALL:

THE SPIDER'S WEB

c/o MARVEL COMICS GROUP, 575 MADISON AVE., N.Y.C. 10022
MARV WOLFMAN, EDITOR, MARK GRUENWALD, ASST. ED.

Wow! The past few weeks have seen a scintilla of rhapsodic responses from Marveldom Assembled on the subject of the mysterious identity of the all-new Green Goblin! By now, all regular Spidophiles know there was more to the storyline than might at first have seemed to meet the eye.

Here's a representative sampling of the endless epistles...

Dear Marvel,

Dr. Barton Hamilton is the Green Goblin! But how could the Doctor have become the Green Goblin? I believe that the Green Goblin is a disembodied evil entity from another dimension who takes over individuals when their mental defenses have been lowered. Norman Osborn received head injuries which rendered him unconscious. Therefore, he was affected the most which resulted in him developing the costume and weapons that the entity needed to achieve his evil desires.

There is a second condition that must be fulfilled before the entity can take over a victim. The victim must have an intimate knowledge of the Goblin's weapons and motives. Harry and the Doctor both fit this category. Harry with his emotional breakdown (the first one) and his discovery of his father's weapons, and the doctor through his discussions with Harry.

Annie Gould
74 Carsbrooke Road
Etobicoke, Ontario, Canada M9C 3C6

A very interesting theory, indeed, Annie! At least, it's certainly deserving of a good deal of conjecture, even if it is somewhat removed from our current conception of the character. What interests us even more, however, is your peerless perception that *both* Harry and the good doc had the proper potentialities to be, quite probably, the Green Goblin.

Dear Marvel,

You really think you're slick. You know as well as I do that the Green Goblin isn't Harry Osborn, but Dr. Barton Hamilton.

Robin Christopher Stone
339 East Hyde Park Blvd.
Inglewood, CA 90302

Dear Marvel,

I have just finished reading SPIDER-MAN #178 and I know what you are doing. You see, I have figured out that the Green Goblin is not Harry Osborn, as you are trying to make everyone think, but actually, Dr. Hamilton.

Doug Purviance
13 St. James Dr.
Belleville, IL 62221

Dear Whoever,

This issue, (#178) smacked more of vintage Spidey than any recent issue that I can remember. Pete's mad chase across town to visit the possibly dying Aunt May, with the Green Goblin constantly harrassing and finally capturing him, reminded me of many Stan Lee episodes from the past which I still love. Whenever there's a turning point or crisis in Pete's personal life, the specter of the Green Goblin (be he Norman Osborn, Harry Osborn, or Bart Hamilton) always seems to loom large. He is the arch-foe of Spider-Man, such as Doc Doom is to the FF. When he pops up, you *know* something big's in the works. Does this mean that Aunt May possibly won't recover from her 86th and 87th heart attacks?

Probably my favorite sequence this issue was the telephone scene on page 22. How many times have we been driven insane by just-missed telephone calls? I'm only grateful that Len decided to have mercy this time and let our hero get the news, bad though it may have been. Nothing is more frustrating than knowing something the hero doesn't, especially when it's of life-and-death importance. Another nice, realistic touch was evidenced when Spidey, being hassled by the Goblin on pg. 27, feels no need to bandy threats with him, and just out-and-out tells him that he's got a sick aunt and would he please stop getting in his way. Spider-Man is decidedly at his best when he becomes emotionally involved, and even better when his crime fighting and personal life intersect. And, while this doesn't do much for his peace of mind, it sure makes for emotionally involving stories. SPIDER-MAN #178 was one of these.

Anyway, all the Lost Marvel Madmen and myself wish Marv good luck on SPIDER-MAN, and at the same time don't envy his position as having to follow an act like Len's. But, knowing Marv's capabilities, we know he'll rise to the occasion and boggle our collective minds.

Commander Quotey
(and His Lost Marvel Madmen)
1500 LaSalle Ave., Minneapolis, MN 55403

Well, that's all for this month, merry Marvelites! We'll see you soon in a mere thirty days right here in these web-splashed pages.

'Til then, take care and stay aware!

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