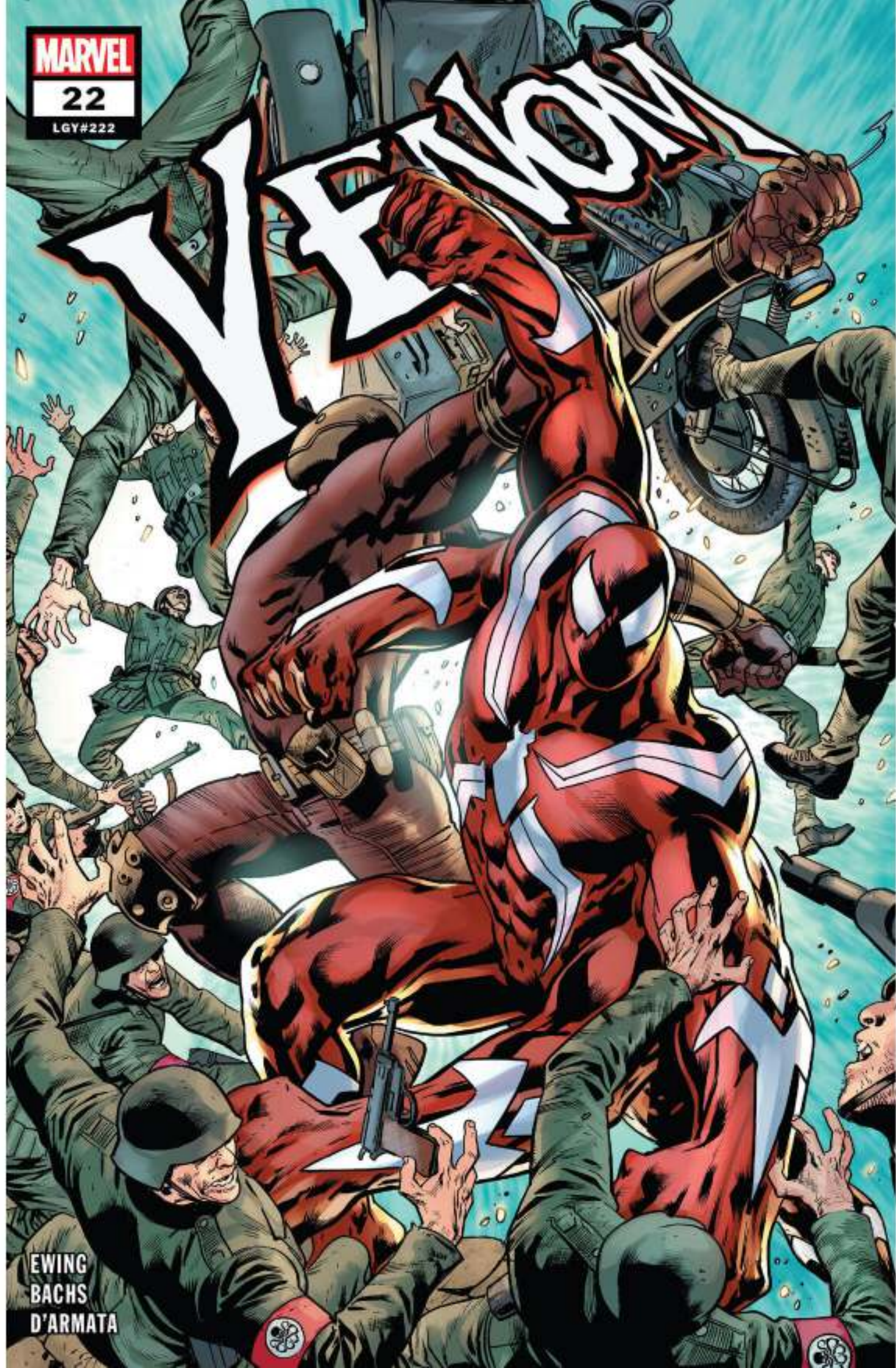


MARVEL

22

LGY#222



**EWING
BACHS
D'ARMATA**

YEARS AGO, EDDIE BROCK WAS A REPORTER WHOSE CAREER WAS RUINED, AND HE CONTEMPLATED
ENDING HIS OWN LIFE. BUT HE FOUND A *KINDRED SPIRIT*--AN EXTRATERRESTRIAL PARASITIC ALIEN
CALLED A *SYMBIOTE*. THE CREATURE BONDED TO HIM, AND THE TWO WERE JOINED.
TOGETHER, THEY ARE:

VENOM

**"LISTEN: FLEXO HAS COME
UNSTUCK IN TIME"**

UNTIL RECENTLY, EDDIE BROCK WAS THE SYMBIOTE-WEARING WEB-SLINGER KNOWN AS
VENOM. BUT WHEN EDDIE SEEMINGLY DIED, THE VENOM SYMBIOTE PASSED TO HIS SON,
DYLAN BROCK. EVEN AFTER IT TURNED OUT EDDIE WAS ALIVE, DYLAN KEPT THE SYMBIOTE.
NOW, DYLAN IS VENOM AND SEARCHING FOR HIS FATHER.

EDDIE'S ABSENCE HAS LEFT DYLAN WITH SOME PENT-UP AGGRESSION, WHICH HE RECENTLY
UNLEASHED ON NORMAN OSBORN. ON TOP OF THAT, A GHOST FROM VENOM'S PAST HAS
BEEN AWAKENED: A SYMBIOTE FROM WORLD WAR II MADE OF LIVING RUBBER--
THE INDOMITABLE FLEXO!

AL EWING

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1942.

...CAN FLEKO
HEAR US IN
THERE?

THE LABORATORY OF THE WILLIAMS BROTHERS.

LET'S HOPE
NOT. I WOULDN'T
WANT HIM TO GET
MAD AT US.

I DON'T
MEAN THAT. I
JUST DON'T WANT
HIM TO PANIC WHEN
Y'KNOW, WHEN IT
STARTS.

THIS STINKS,
JOEL. FLEKO SAVES
OUR LIVES AND THE
ARMY MAKES US DO
THIS TO HIM?

IT'S DOIN'
HIM DIRTY IS
WHAT IT IS--

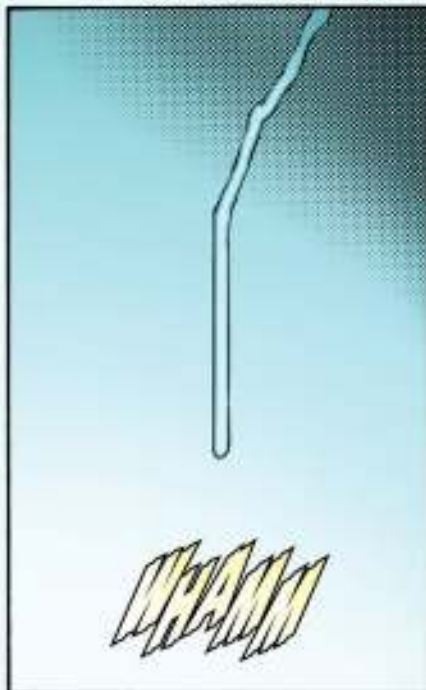
JOSH,
YOU READ THE
BATTLEFIELD REPORTS.
YOU SAW THE PHOTOS.
YOU SAW WHAT THOSE
COMMANDOS
FOUND.

YOU SAW
WHAT FLEKO
DID.





DECADES?





SAY IT, DYLAN.
BE HONEST WITH
YOURSELF. BE
HONEST WITH US
BOTH.

ADMIT
IT.



SHUT UP.

OSBORN
DESERVED TO
DIE--WE BOTH
KNEW IT. BUT
YOU SAID NO.



BECAUSE IT
WASN'T HIM YOU
WANTED TO KILL.

NOT ME,
THEN?

SO SAY
THE NAME.



FINE.
YOU WANT A
NAME?

THE NAME
IS EDDIE
BROCK.



I WANT
TO KILL EDDIE
BROCK!





IT CAME FROM THIS WAY--

AND IT'S NOT JUST ANY MONSTER THEY'RE SCREAMING ABOUT.

I SMELL A KLYNTAR...



...BUT NOT ONE I KNOW.

COULD BE A NEW RECRUIT?

I DON'T KNOW. IT LOOKS WEIRD-- LIKE A ROBOT, SORTA. COULD BE A LIFE FOUNDATION EXPERIMENT... OR EVEN DAD AGAIN.

PLUS, IF WE GO DOWN THERE, THOSE COPS ARE GOING TO START POINTING THEIR GUNS AT US TOO.

WHERE'D THIS NEW SENSE OF CAUTION COME FROM, BOY? I DON'T KNOW IF I LIKE IT.

ARE WE JUST GOING TO WATCH?



IF WE GO DOWN THERE, I SAID.

READ MY MIND, AND FOLLOW MY LEAD.





LET BROCK
BATTLE HIS FUTURE.
LET HIM BEAT HIS OWN
DESTINY INTO SUBMISSION.
LET HIM EVEN THINK HE
HAS WON.

HE WILL
LEARN...THAT
DESTINY DOES
NOT BATTLE
ME.

INSTEAD, IT
BOWS BEFORE
ME! LIKE THE SLAVE IT
IS, IT HUMBLER ITSELF--
BEFORE THE MASTER!
TIME AND DESTINY DO
MY WILL...

...AS
WILL YOU,
FLEXO.

AS WILL
YOU.



METAL
FACE!



BELGIAN
CHOCOLATE.





--BUT IF YOU WANT
MORE WEB-FLUID
AFTER THIS, WE
NEED TO EAT.

SOMETHING
MAN-SIZED.



NOT...
METAL...?

IT'S
SYMBIOTE
WASTE.



I STORE IT AND THEN SHOOT
STRANDS OF IT ALL OVER THE
CITY. DON'T BLAME ME--IT'S
HOW I WAS RAISED.

I NEVER THOUGHT TO USE
IT AS A WATER CANNON
BEFORE, THOUGH. THE
IMAGINATION OF YOUTH.

METAL
FACE...?



NO.
VENOM
FACE.

WHO DID
YOU THINK
I WAS?



8D-218...

"SIMPLY
THINK...AND
REMEMBER."











...
NOT
EDDIE...

LIKE
I SAID--IT'S
DYLAN. DYLAN
BROCK.

AND...I'M
SORRY I DIDN'T
THINK OF THAT
EARLIER.



I MEAN,
GEEZ, WHY ELSE
WOULD YOU BE MAD
AT MY DAD?

YOU WANTED
TO BE FREE OF
HIM. FREE OF
THE HIVE.

ALL YOU
EVER WANTED
WAS TO BE
FREE.



SPEAKING OF
FREEDOM.

IF WE GO BACK
OUT THERE,
THE COPS ARE
GOING TO SHIP
HIM--AND
PROBABLY
US--RIGHT TO
ALCHEMAX.


IF
WE GO OUT
THERE.



I CAN
SUSTAIN ALL-BLACK
A LITTLE LONGER--AND
IT DOESN'T JUST BREAK
CHAINS. WHAT'S UNDER
ALL THIS CONCRETE,
YOU THINK?

SUBWAY
OR
SEWER?





...AND HIS
OWN SON
WILL BE YOUR
WEAPON.

TO BE CONTINUED...

NEXT: ISSUE #23

THE WICKED WEB-SLINGER WANTS YOUR
BRAINS--I MEAN, YOUR LETTERS!
SEND YOUR NOTES TO
SPIDEYOFFICE@MARVEL.COM. BE SURE
TO MARK THEM "OKAY TO PRINT!"



