

the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN



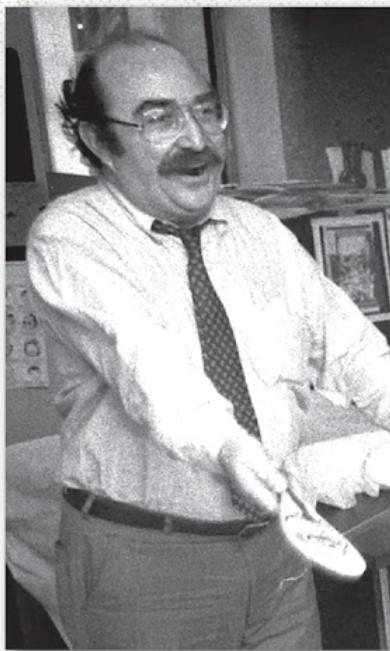
MARVEL

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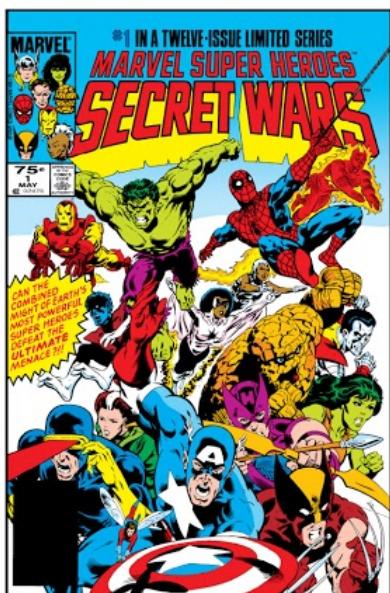
SPENCER
FERREIRA
FAUCHER
HOLLOWELL

IN MEMORIAM



PHOTOS COURTESY OF ELIOT R. BROWN

MIKE HOBSON 1936–2020



Last month, longtime Marvel Comics Publisher Mike Hobson passed away. In remembrance of his life and work, Mike's friend and colleague Tom DeFalco, former Marvel Editor in Chief, shared his memories of the Marvel luminary.

Many are the unsung heroes of the comic book industry. These people are the hidden giants who work behind the scenes — without credit, fanfare or fame — but are essential to the creation of your comics. They are people like Mike Hobson.

As a supervisor at Marvel, Mike was the greatest. He encouraged initiative, listened with an open mind and always supported his people. He rarely raised his voice and had a near-magical way of defusing tense situations. (Mixing creative people with those from marketing, sales or accounting is usually a recipe for disaster.)



Mike defined the word "gentleman." He was refined and soft-spoken, had an infectious laugh and was an intriguing conversationalist, well-versed in a variety of subjects. He knew the best restaurants, the tastiest dishes, the most flavorful wines and the finest hotels. An invitation to dine with Mike was always a treasured event. He was the adult we all wanted to be when we grew up.

Whenever I think of Mike, two occasions spring to mind. One is the very first time Marvel sent me on a business trip by myself. Mike asked to see me before I left. I went to his office with pen and pad, expecting some last-minute business instructions. Instead, he told me to make sure I made lunch and dinner reservations and gave me a list of restaurants.

I also recall sitting in my office one afternoon when a furious Mike burst in.

"Do you know what those two idiots are doing?" He asked.

"Which two idiots?" I responded.

Mike glared at me for a moment and then suddenly exploded in unrestrained laughter. He actually fell into my couch, and it took him several minutes to regain control. It seems two of my editors had stuck a fishing pole out our seventh-floor window with an old Milky Way for bait and were trolling for passersby. While Mike could appreciate the humor in the situation, he felt our editors needed to adhere to a higher standard of professionalism. That was Mike.

Mike Hobson was my boss and my friend. He will be missed.

Tom DeFalco
November 2020

PETER PARKER was bitten by a radioactive spider and gained the proportional speed, strength and agility of a SPIDER, adhesive fingertips and toes and the unique precognitive awareness of danger called "SPIDER-SENSE"! After the tragic death of his Uncle Ben, Peter understood that with great power there must also come great responsibility. He became the crimefighting super hero called...

The Amazing

SPIDER-MAN

Previously...

Using the Sin-Eater, Kindred cleansed many villains of their sins, including Norman Osborn, the Green Goblin. The defeat of the Sin-Eater returned those sins to the villains, except the Goblin. With this new shot at life, Norman revealed a secret: Kindred is actually Norman's son, Harry Osborn.

Harry has been tormenting his old pal Peter Parker as punishment for Peter's "sins." The torment ended when Norman trapped Kindred in a Darkforce cage constructed by Kingpin. Norman asked Peter to help reform his son, but Peter refused.

While Spidey was dealing with all this, someone unexpected showed up at Aunt May's doorstep, pleading for help. It was Martin Li, the benevolent alter ego of the deadly crime boss **Mr. Negative!**

NICK SPENCER

writer

MARCELO FERREIRA

penciler



WAYNE FAUCHER | inker MARRY HOLLOWELL | colorist

VC's JOE CARAMAGNA | letterer

MARK BAGLEY, JOHN DELL and EDGAR DELGADO | cover artists

JUNGEUN YOON | variant cover artist

ANTHONY GAMBINO | designer LINDSEY COHICK | assistant editor
NICK LOWE | editor C.B. CEBULSKI | editor in chief

SPIDER-MAN created by STAN LEE and STEVE DITKO

NEGATIVE SPACE PART ONE

THERE'S
NO GETTING
AROUND IT.
THESE LAST
FEW DAYS?

I'VE
BEEN TO HELL
AND BACK.
SCRATCH
THAT--

--I'M NOT
BACK AT ALL.
NOW IT'S JUST
ALL AROUND ME.

I TAKE IT
WITH ME,
EVERYWHERE
I GO.

MY SINS ARE
ALL JUST
LINGERING--

--LIKE OLD
GHOSTS,
HAUNTING
ME.

NO, NOT
GHOSTS--



--DEMONS.

AND IT'S TIME
I FACED
THEM.

COME
ON,
THEN--



--IT'S ALL CONNECTED.

EARLIER.

MARTIN,
PLEASE--YOU
NEED TO EAT. GET
YOUR STRENGTH
BACK UP.

F.E.A.S.T. PROJECT

AFTER
EVERYTHING
I'VE DONE TO YOU--
I DON'T DESERVE
THIS KINDNESS,
MAY.

HELP ISN'T
SOMETHING THE
NEEDY EARN, MARTIN.
IT'S SOMETHING
THEY ARE
OWED.

I FIRST
HEARD
THAT FROM
YOU.

HH. I SAID
MANY THINGS.
MOST OF THEM
LIES.

I OPENED
THIS PLACE TO
HIDE THE OTHER
SIDE OF ME FROM
THE WORLD.
WHILE MARTIN LI
PLAYED SAVIOR--

"--MR.
NEGATIVE
GREW IN
POWER."

IT WASN'T ALL A RUSE, MARTIN.
THE F.E.A.S.T. CENTER DID A LOT
OF GOOD FOR THIS COMMUNITY.
THAT'S WHY I'VE WORKED SO
HARD TO GET IT BACK UP
AND RUNNING.

AND NOW
HERE I AM,
PUTTING ALL
THAT IN
JEOPARDY.

NONSENSE.

YOU
NEED FOOD AND
SHELTER. THIS
IS MY JOB.

BUT, MARTIN,
IT MIGHT DO SOME
GOOD IF YOU EXPLAINED A
BIT MORE CLEARLY WHAT'S
HAPPENED TO YOU. WHEN
YOU TRIED TO TELL ME
EARLIER, YOU WERE
A BIT--

DISORIENTED.
YES.

"I FEEL LIKE
I'VE EMERGED
FROM A YEARS-
LONG FOG."

"I HAD LONG
AGO GIVEN UP
TRYING TO FIGHT
THE NEGATIVE
SIDE OF ME."

"I TOLD
MYSELF I HAD
LEARNED TO
ACCEPT THE
BALANCE--"

--BUT THE RESULT
WAS MERELY
SUBSERVIENCE.

"I REMAINED
BURIED IN HIS PSYCHE
NEARLY ALL THE TIME,
GROWING WEAKER
BY THE DAY--

--UNTIL I SAW HIM.
THE SIN-EATER,
'CLEANSING'
VARIOUS CRIMINALS
AROUND THE CITY.

"IT TOOK EVERYTHING
I HAD, BUT I MANAGED
TO REGAIN CONTROL AND
APPROACH HIM. I DIDN'T
SUCCEED THE FIRST
TIME, BUT EVENTUALLY--

"I REALIZED
THIS WAS MY
CHANCE."

--IT
WORKED.



"WHEN I AWOKE, I FINALLY KNEW THE PEACE I'D SOUGHT FOR SO LONG."



"I HAD NOTHING AND I LOVED IT."



"AS SOON AS HE RETURNED, I FELT HIM FIGHTING TO TAKE CONTROL AGAIN."



"I BLACKED OUT MORE THAN ONCE, BUT SOMEHOW, I WAS ABLE TO CAST HIM BACK OUT. I HAVE NO IDEA HOW--PERHAPS DUE TO THE UNIQUE NATURE OF OUR EXISTENCE."



"AT ANY RATE, I WAS FREE ONCE MORE."



"AT LEAST LONG ENOUGH TO MAKE IT HERE."



S.I. PROJE

BUT I NEVER SHOULD HAVE COME.
MARTIN--

YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND--I'VE PUT YOU, AND THIS PLACE, IN DANGER. I HAVE NO IDEA HOW LONG I CAN HOLD HIM OFF. AND EVEN MORE THAN THAT--

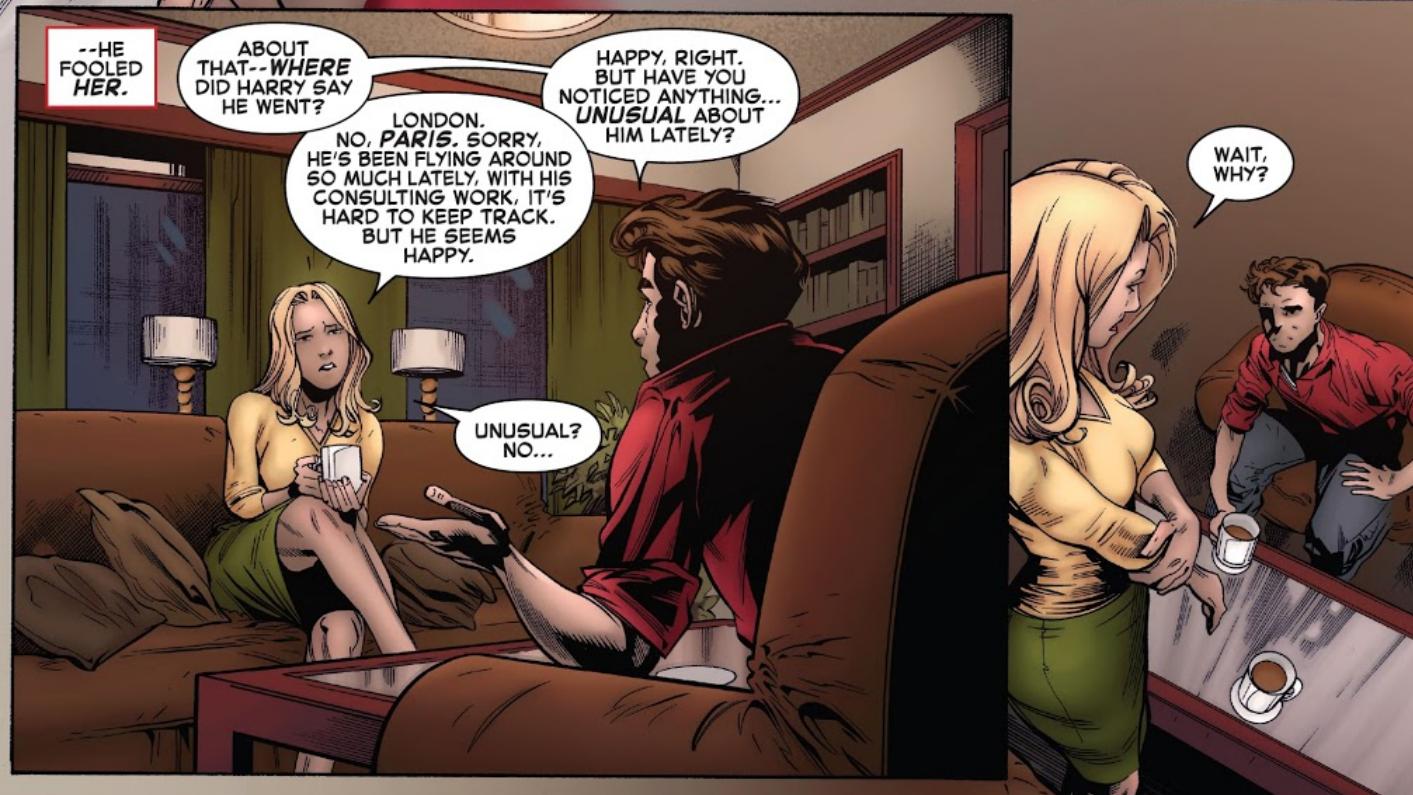
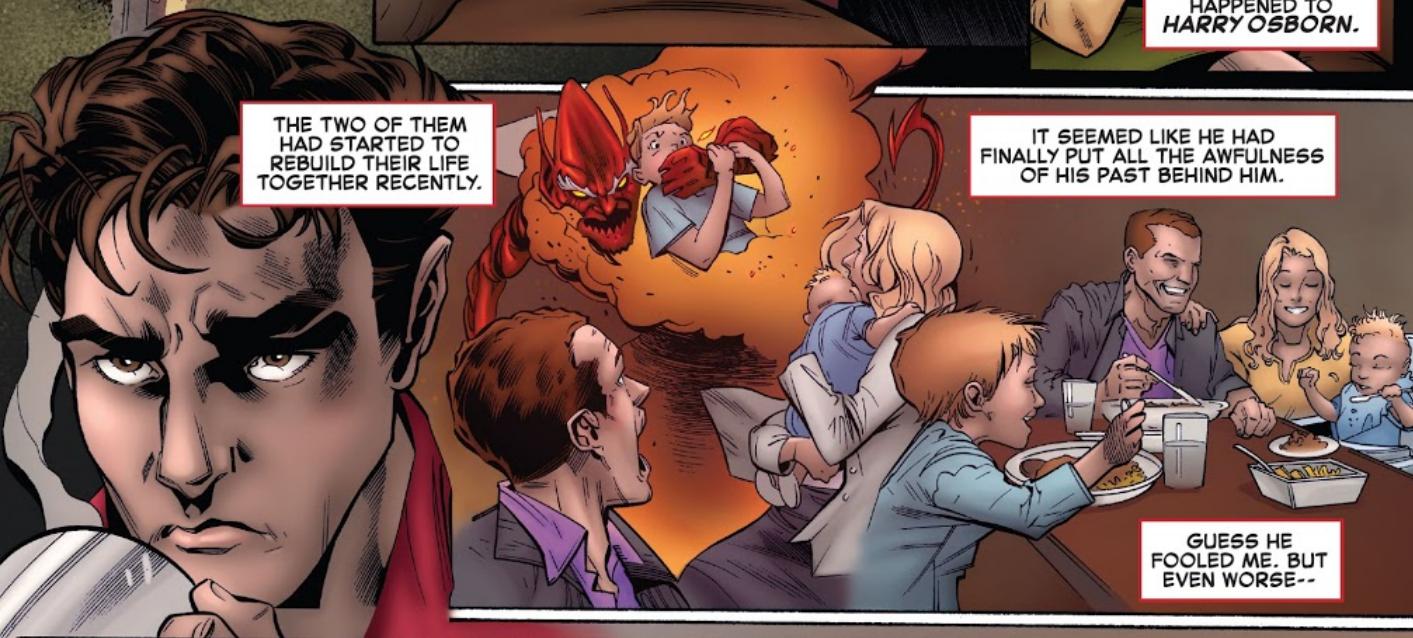
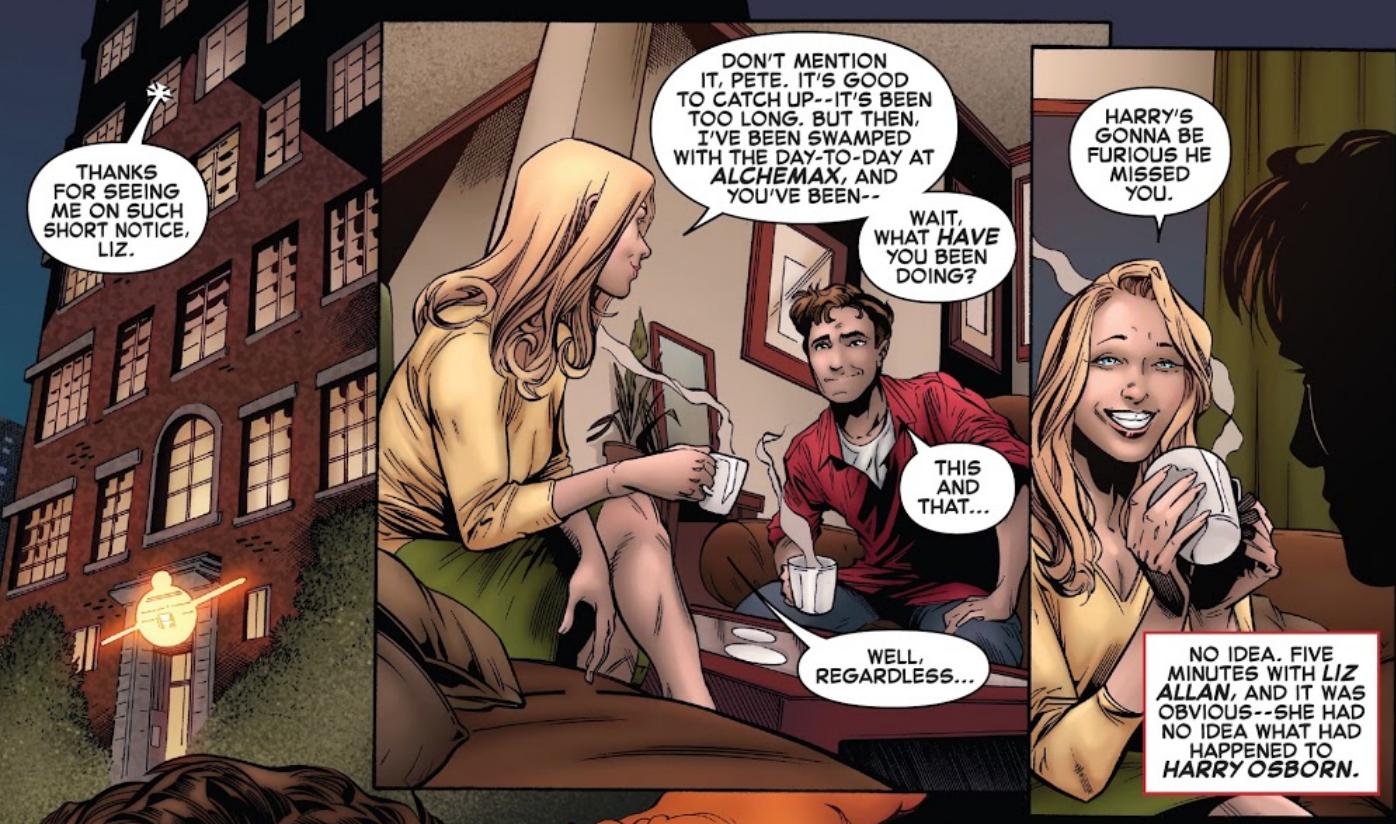
--I TOLD YOU I BLACKED OUT BEFORE. WHICH MEANS HE WAS, EVEN JUST MOMENTARILY, IN CONTROL.

I DON'T KNOW WHAT HE DID WITH THOSE SLIVERS OF TIME--



--OR WHAT TRAP HE HAS SET FOR ME.

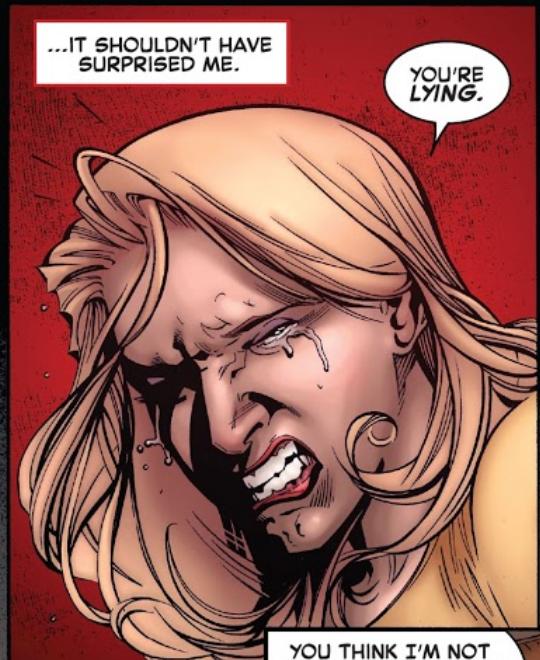






AND SO I
TELL HER.

OR AT LEAST,
I TRY TO TELL HER
AS MUCH AS I CAN,
CONSIDERING WHAT
SHE CAN'T KNOW
ABOUT ME. HER
RESPONSE--WELL...



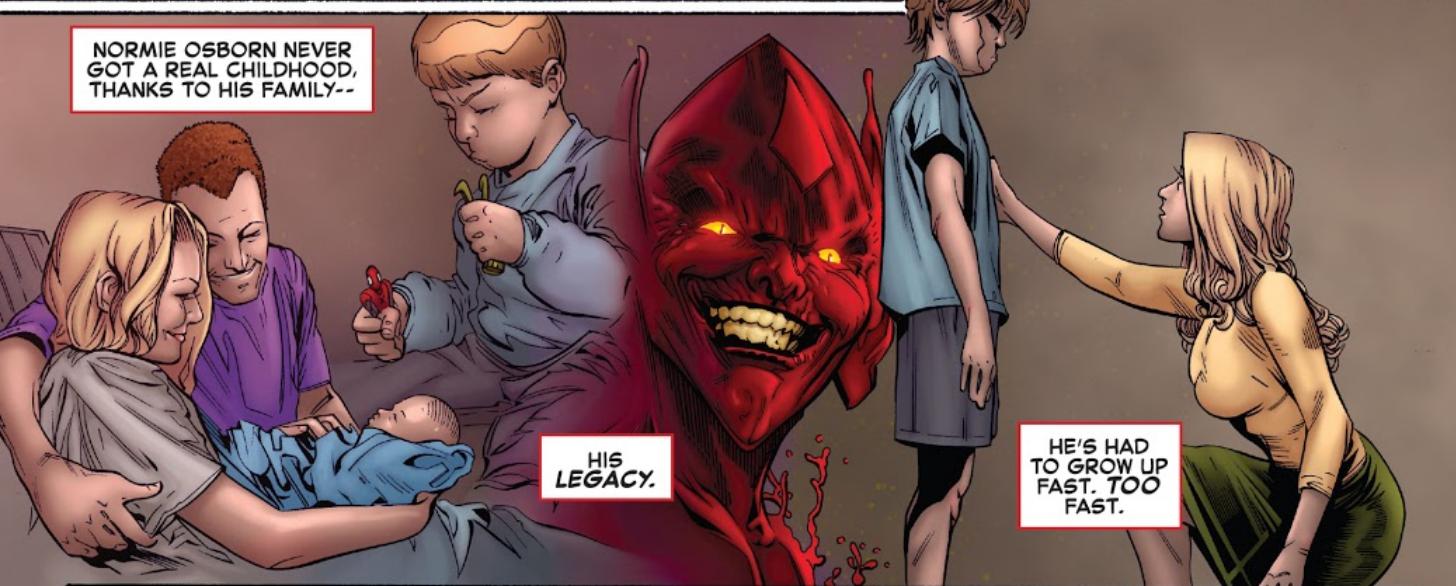
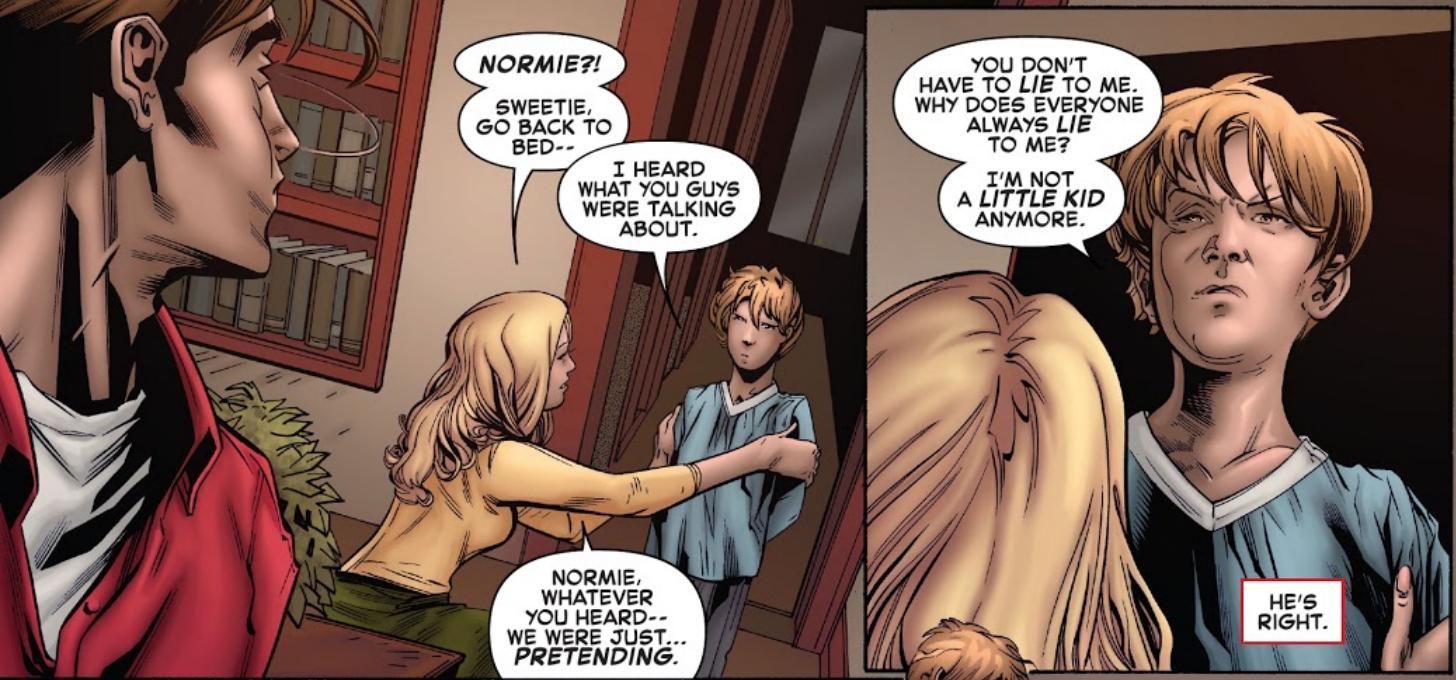
YOU THINK I'M NOT
CONSTANTLY ON THE
LOOKOUT FOR SOME
WARNING SIGN
OF THIS EXACT
THING?

I HAVE
TO BE. ALL THE
TIME. IF ONLY
FOR THE KIDS'
SAKE.



THAT'S
NOT TRUE,
MOM.







AND THERE IT WAS. IF I HAD LINGERING DOUBTS ABOUT HARRY'S STATE, THE REALITY WAS STARING RIGHT BACK AT ME.



EVEN STILL, IT DIDN'T MAKE SENSE.
HARRY WASN'T BECOMING THE GOBLIN AGAIN.

SO WHY WOULD HE HAVE THE GOBLIN'S ARSENAL AT THE READY?



KNOCK
KNOCK
KNOCK

--SAFE.



THIS PRIVATE
ENOUGH FOR YOU,
OSBORN?! HOW DID
YOU EVEN KNOW
I WAS HERE?

I HAVE THE
RESIDENCE UNDER
PROTECTIVE
SURVEILLANCE.

PROTECTIVE.
I BET.

I COULD
SWEAR I TOLD YOU
TO STAY AWAY FROM ME
AND EVERYONE I CARE
ABOUT! THAT INCLUDES
THOSE PEOPLE IN THERE--
WHOSE LIVES YOU HAVE
ALREADY DAMAGED
ENOUGH.

I-I
UNDERSTAND,
PETER. AND PLEASE
KNOW--I AM DOING
MY BEST TO HONOR
YOUR WISHES. BUT
THIS COULDN'T
WAIT.

IT INVOLVES
SOMEONE
YOU LOVE.

I ALREADY
TOLD YOU, NORMAN--
I AM DONE TRYING
TO HELP HARRY.

PETER,
IF THAT WERE
TRUE--

THINK ABOUT THAT
LATER--THAT'S NOT
WHO I'M REFERRING
TO.

AS YOU KNOW,
I WORK FOR
WILSON FISK
NOW.

YEAH. IT'S
THE LINKEDIN
OF MY WORST
NIGHTMARES.

WELL, JUST
NOW HE WAS AT
RAVCROFT
CHECKING IN
ON HARRY--



--WHERE I MANAGED TO OVERHEAR HIM DISCUSSING AN IMPENDING ATTACK.

"SOMETHING AN ORGANIZED CRIME FAMILY WAS BEING PERMITTED TO CARRY OUT THIS VERY EVENING."

AN ATTACK? WHERE?

THAT'S JUST IT-- IT'S A SHELTER DOWNTOWN. THE F.E.A.S.T. CENTER.

ISN'T THAT RUN BY MAY PARKER?

OH GOD-- AUNT MAY!!!

LIZ!!
LIZ, I'LL--
I'LL BE BACK
AS SOON AS
I CAN!



THOOM!



YOU DON'T
UNDERSTAND, MAY.
NEGATIVE MAY NOT
BE ABLE TO--







AND SURE, YOU'D THINK
FACING OFF AGAINST DOZENS
OF NEARLY INDESTRUCTIBLE
CRIMINALS WOULD BE MY
WORST NIGHTMARE RIGHT
NOW. THEN AGAIN--

SNATCH

--YOU MIGHT BE
SURPRISED.

SLUTCH

YOU KNOW,
I ALMOST
FORGOT HOW HARD
YOU GUYS ARE
TO HURT.

NORMALLY,
THAT WOULD BE
A PROBLEM. BUT
RIGHT NOW? THE
WEEK I'M HAVING?!
FELLAS--

--THAT'S
JUST WHAT
I NEED!!!

HEY--

--WE ALL NEED
SOMETHING,
RIGHT?

DO YOU
REMEMBER
THAT DAY,
"KINDRED"?

BECAUSE
I DO.
I THINK OF IT
OFTEN.

"THE GUIDES
TOOK ME DEEP INTO
THE CATACOMBS
OF PARIS.

"THEY WARNED ME OF
THE DANGERS, BUT I
PAID HANDSOMELY
ENOUGH FOR THEM TO
STILL ESCORT ME..."

"THEN
THEY PAID,
AS WELL."

"I WAS BROKEN, IN
EXILE, AND I FELL
TO MY KNEES,
BEGGING YOU--

"AND THEN YOU
SMILED UPON
ME. YOU SMILED
AND SAID--"

NO.



TO BE
CONTINUED!

NEXT:



Issue #59

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Be sure to mark it "Okay to print"!