

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 insect's powers...and had, in effect, become a human spider...

Stan Lee PRESENTS: **THE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN™**

LEN WEIN * ROSS ANDRU * MIKE ESPOSITO * GLYNIS WEIN * JOHN COSTANZA
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LET THE PUNISHER FIT THE CRIME!

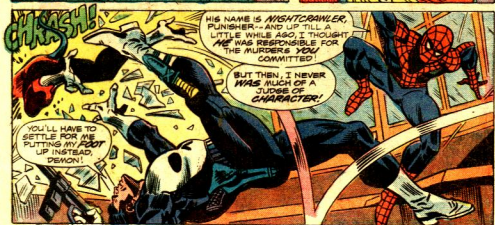
WAR JOURNAL ENTRY NUMBER 381,
UPDATE! FOUR PEOPLE WERE ALREADY
DEAD, MURDERED BY A SNIPER PRETEND-
ING TO BE THE PUNISHER--WHICH HADN'T
EXACTLY HELPED MY REPUTATION.

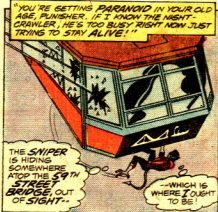
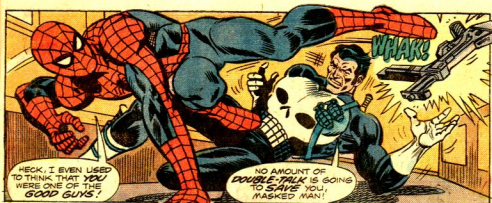
A TWO-BIT GAMBLER NAMED SNAKE-
EYES HAD TOLD ME THE KILLER
WOULD STRIKE NEXT AT THE ROOSEVELT
ISLAND TRAMWAY--BUT WHEN I
GOT HERE, I FOUND TWO POSSIBLE
SUSPECTS: THE WEB-SLINGING SPIDER-
MAN... AND A NIGHT-CRAWLING DEMON!

ONE OF THEM IS THE MAN I'VE
COME HERE TO KILL, AND UNLESS
I CAN FIGURE OUT WHICH ONE--

--I MAY HAVE TO
KILL THEM BOTH!

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I'D LIKE TO
THANK YOU
FOR NAILING
ME TO THE
BULLSEYE,
OL' BUDDY!

JUST KEEP YOUR
HEAD DOWN, WALL-
CRAWLER-- AND YOU
WON'T LOSE IT!



HEY--THE
SHOOTING'S
STOPPED!

AND I SEE
YOU'VE BOTH
COME THRU
THE BARRAGE
IN ONE PIECE!

YOU! GET
IN HERE, FORK-
TAIL! I HAVE A FEW
QUESTIONS TO ASK
YOU ABOUT...



WHAT--??? H-HE
DISAPPEARED!

UH-HUH,
SURE IS
DISCON-
CERTING,
AIN'T IT?



THE STRAIN OF
TELEPORTING
THIS DISTANCE
IS ALMOST
UNBEARABLE--

--BUT AFTER ALL
I'VE GONE THRU TO PROTECT
MY ANONYMITY TONIGHT, *
I JUST COULDN'T RISK BEING
CAPTURED BY THAT
PISTOL-PACKING PUNISHER!

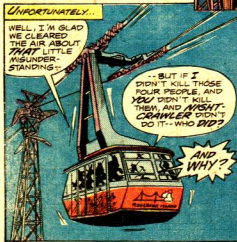
* DISPLAYED IN ALL
ITS DRAMATIC DETAIL
LAST ISH. -- LEN



I'LL REST HERE UNTIL I
REMAIN MY STRENGTH,
AND THEN...

LIEBER GOTT!
THERE IS THE ASSASSIN,
MAKING GOOD HIS ESCAPE--
AND I AM STILL FAR TOO
WEAK TO PURSUE HIM!

I CAN ONLY
HOPE THAT SPIDER-
MAN OR THE
PUNISHER HAVE
SPOTTED HIM AS
WELL!



UNFORTUNATELY...

WELL, I'M GLAD
WE CLEARED
THE AIR ABOUT
THAT LITTLE
MISUNDER-
STANDING--

--BUT IF I
DIDN'T KILL THOSE
FOUR PEOPLE, AND
YOU DIDN'T KILL
THEM, AND NIGHT-
CRAWLER DIDN'T
DO IT--WHO DID?

AND
WHY?



THOSE ARE QUESTIONS
WE'LL HAVE TO
ANSWER AS WE
GO ALONG, MY
FRIEND.

YOU'VE EARNED YOUR-
SELF A PLACE IN
THIS OPERATION
IF YOU WANT IT,
WEBHEAD.

"WE"?

TRY
KEEPING
ME AWAY.

WAR JOURNAL ENTRY NUMBER 362: THE TRAMCAR WAS A TOTAL LOSS-- A BULLET-RIDDLED RELIC THAT, MINUTES BEFORE, HAD BEEN THE BIG APPLE'S PROUDEST NEW TOURIST TRAP.

SOME PEOPLE WOULD BE VERY LEARY ABOUT TAKING THE TRAMWAY FOR THE NEXT FEW DAYS. OTHERS WOULD FLOCK TO IT IN CURIOUS DROVES.

NEW YORK CITY IS A SUMMER CIRCUS.

I'D LEFT THE WAR-WAGON SITTING IN THE VERY SHADOW OF THE TRAMWAY TERMINAL ON ROOSEVELT ISLAND PROPER.

IT WAS STILL WAITING PATIENTLY WHEN SPIDER-MAN AND I ARRIVED.

DON'T KNOW WHY THIS BATTERED VAN IS SO IMPORTANT TO YOU, PAL.

BY NOW, THIS AREA MUST BE SWARMING WITH POLICE! GETTING PAST THEM IN THIS BUGGY IS GONNA BE JUST THIS SIDE OF IMPOSSIBLE!

I KNOW EXACTLY HOW DIFFICULT IT'S LIKELY TO BE, WALL-CRAWLER--

--BUT I'VE LEARNED TO SURVIVE ON THE BATTLEFIELD BY ONLY CROSSING ONE BRIDGE AT A TIME!



CROSSING THIS PARTICULAR BRIDGE WAS THE EASY PART, PUNISHER!

IT'S CROSSING THE POLICE BARRICADE WAITING FOR US ON THE OTHER SIDE THAT'S GOING TO BE THE PROBLEM!

NOT AS MUCH A PROBLEM AS YOU MIGHT THINK, WEB-SLINGER! THIS BABY IS ESPECIALLY REINFORCED!

IT WOULD TAKE A MULTI-TON TANK TO STOP US-- AND MAYBE NOT EVEN THAT!

I'LL TAKE YOUR WORD FOR IT, FELLA.

KRAMM!

I TRIGGERED THE SPECIAL SMOKE-SCREENS AND ELUDED MY PURSUERS AS SPIDER-MAN AND I FORMULATED OUR BATTLE PLAN.

THEN THE WEB-SLINGER TOOK HIS LEAVE.

SEE YOU TOMORROW, CHUM. TRY NOT TO GET KILLED BEFORE THEN.

WAR JOURNAL ENTRY NUMBER 362--CONCLUSION: SPIDER-MAN DIDN'T REALLY SMILE AT HIS LITTLE JOKE. NEITHER DID I.

THE CAMPUS OF EMPIRE STATE UNIVERSITY,
EARLY THE FOLLOWING DAY...



HARRY, BIOLOGY CLASS JUST
ISN'T THE **SAME** WITHOUT
PROFESSOR WARREN
THERE TO...

MORNING,
MR. PARKER.

FINISH THAT OH-
SO-IMPORTANT
PHOTO ASSIGNMENT
YOU ABANDONED ME
FOR LAST NIGHT?



HI, MARY JANE...
FLASH, WHAT ARE
YOU TWO DOING,
BESIDES GETTING
GRASS STAINS
ON YOUR
CLOTHES?

WE'RE COMMUNING
WITH **NATURE**,
PETE--YOU KNOW,
SOAKING UP THE
RAYS OF THE GLORI-
OUS **SUN** AND
SUCH.

YOU OUGHT TO **TRY** IT
SOMETIME, TIGER--WHEN
YOU'RE NOT RUSHING
OFF TO WIN THE
PULITZER PRIZE.



LOOK,
MARY JANE,
ABOUT **LAST**
NIGHT...

WHAT **ABOUT** IT, PETER?
I PROMISED YOU I WASN'T
GOING TO PLAY THE
POSSESSIVE SHE-CAT
ANYMORE,
REMEMBER?

AND MARY
JANE
WATSON
ALWAYS
KEEPS HER
WORD!

CRIPES! LOOK
AT THE **TIME!**

WE'D
BETTER GET
GOIN'; M.J.



LISTEN, PETER--WHenever YOU
GET A NIGHT **FREE**, GIVE ME
A **CALL**, HUH?

MY NUMBER
IS IN THE
BOOK.

SEE YA
AROUND,
PARKER.

SWELL, JUST WHAT I
NEEDED--THE OLD "YOU'RE-
NOT-THE-ONLY-FISH-IN-
THE-SEA" ROUTINE



M.J.'S STILL
MAD AT ME
BECAUSE I LEFT
HER **STRANDED**
AT CONEY ISLAND
LAST NIGHT--
BUT I HAD NO
CHOICE.

SOMEONE HAD
JUST BEEN
MURDERED!
SPIDER-MAN
HAD TO GO INTO
ACTION...

...DIDN'T HE?



THE MORE I THINK ABOUT
IT, THE MORE I WONDER
WHETHER... **HUH?**

THAT'S J. JONAH
JAMESON!

WHAT'S
HE DOING
HERE?



I TELL YA, I'VE GOT JUST
ABOUT ALL THE **GRIEF**
I CAN HANDLE RIGHT NOW!

ANYMORE--
AND I MAY
JUST GO
LIE DOWN IN
TRAFFIC!

IN THAT CASE, PETER—MAYBE WE OUGHT TO RESERVE A STREET CORNER FOR YOU NOW.

YES? CAN I HELP YOU?

DR. MADISON?

DR. MARLA MADISON?

THAT'S MY NAME. WHAT'S YOURS?

I'M J. JONAH JAMESON, FIGHTING PUBLISHER OF THE DAILY BUGLE.

HE SPOKE OF YOU OFTEN, MR. JAMESON.

I WAS A GOOD FRIEND OF YOUR LATE FATHER.

WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?

I HAVE A LITTLE *BUSINESS PROPOSITION* I'D LIKE TO DISCUSS WITH YOU, MY DEAR.

ER--HAVE A CIGAR?

NO, THANK YOU. I NEVER TOUCH TOBACCO.

WELL--AH--I HOPE YOU DON'T MIND IF I SMOKE?

FRANKLY, MR. JAMESON--I DON'T CARE IF YOU BURN.

NOW, PLEASE--LET'S GET DOWN TO CASES. I'M A VERY BUSY WOMAN!

OBVIOUSLY SO--BUT NOT TOO BUSY FOR WHAT I HAVE IN MIND, I'LL WAGER.

AND WHAT PRECISELY IS THAT? OR ARE WE GOING TO PLAY TWENTY QUESTIONS?

MY DEAR, YOU'RE ONE OF THE MOST EMINENT *ELECTRO-BIOLOGISTS* IN THIS COUNTRY, YET YOU CLAIM YOU'VE RUN OUT OF CHALLENGES. THAT'S WHY YOU TURNED TO TEACHING, ISN'T IT?

THEN I HAVE A CHALLENGE I GUARANTEE WILL INTEREST YOU!

AND IF IT IS?

SO ON, MR. JAMESON.

MY DEAR, HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO HELP ME DESTROY THE WALL-CRAWLING MENACE CALLED *SPIDER-MAN*?

SPIDER-MAN, EH? TELL ME MORE, MR. JAMESON--TELL ME MORE!

PLEASE, MY DEAR...CALL ME JONAH.

AND ON THAT ODLY-QMIN-ODS NOTE, LET'S JUMP AHEAD TWELVE HOURS, AND FOCUS OUR ATTENTION ON A CERTAIN GARBAGE-STREWN CORNER ON MANHATTAN'S UPPER WEST SIDE--



--AS A SLIGHTLY-BATTERED TELEPHONE CHIMES FORTH ITS MELANCHOLY MATING CALL--

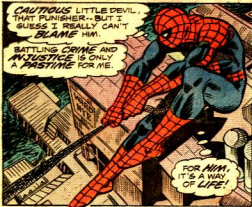


--AND OUR STARTLING SAGA PREPARES TO SHIFT INTO HIGH GEAR!



CAUTIOUS LITTLE DEVIL, THAT PUNISHER-- BUT I GUESS I REALLY CAN'T BLAME HIM.

BATTLING CRIME AND INJUSTICE IS ONLY A PASTIME FOR ME.



I DON'T EVEN PRETEND TO UNDERSTAND WHAT MAKES HIM TICK-- WHY HE FEELS THIS INSANE COMPULSION TO MAKE WAR ON THE UNDERWORLD--

--BUT THEN, WHO AM I TO THROW STONES?



IT'S OBVIOUS HE HAS HIS REASONS--

--AND FRANKLY, I'D RATHER HAVE HIM BESIDE ME--



--THAN AGAINST ME!



EVENING, ACE. HOPE YOU DON'T MIND MY DROPPING IN THIS WAY.

YOU'RE THIRTY SECONDS LATE, WALL-CRAWLER. NOW LET'S MOVE!



ENGINE COMPANY #35 WAS GOING DOWN FOR THE THIRD TIME -- BUT THE RESIDENTS OF THIS EAST SIDE NEIGHBORHOOD WEREN'T GOING TO LET IT SINK WITHOUT A FIGHT.

THEY'D ORGANIZED A BLOCK PARTY TO HELP RALLY PUBLIC SUPPORT FOR THEIR CAUSE.



IT HAD COST A LOT OF MONEY AND A LOT OF PAIN FOR ME TO LEARN THAT THE PSEUDO-PUNISHER WAS PLANNING TO STRIKE HERE NEXT.



IF I HAD MY WAY, IT WOULD BE THE LAST TIME HE STRUCK ANYWHERE!



IF I DIDN'T KNOW BETTER, I'D SWEAR THE PUNISHER HAD TAKEN THE EASY JOB FOR HIMSELF!



OF COURSE, I IMAGINE I AM MORE QUALIFIED TO SCOUT AMONG THE ROOFTOPS, WHILE HE CHECKS THE STREETS AND ALLEYWAYS.

NOW IF I ONLY HAD SOME SMALL IDEA WHAT I'M SUPPOSED TO BE LOOKING FOR...



YEAH, YOU'D BETTER TELL THE BOSS, TONY...

I DON'T KNOW IF THE PUNISHER IS HERE OR NOT, BUT THAT SPIDER-MAN FREAK IS ALL OVER THE PLACE!



MAYBE YOU'D BETTER SEND A FEW OF THE BOYS OVER HERE TO HELP...

GUURKK!!



BENNY, WHAT'S WRONG?

HEY-- BENNY?

BENNY?



WHILE A BLOCK AWAY...

ALL I CAN DO IS CONTINUE
TO CRISS-CROSS THE
NEIGHBORHOOD UNTIL.

NO! THAT BODY-
SPRAWLED IN THE
ALLEYWAY
BELOW--!

I'M TOO LATE!
THE SNIPER HAS
ALREADY STRUCK!

OR HAS HE?

THERE ARE NO
BULLET-HOLES
--NO SIGNS OF
VIOLENCE
ON THE BODY--!

AND IF YOU WANNA
KEEP YOUR BODY THAT
WAY, WEBHEAD--
YOU'LL FREEZE!

OBOY.

SWELL... NOW
MY SPIDER-SENSE
IS TINGLING-- BUT
IT'S A LITTLE
LATE!

JOYBOY HERE
ALREADY
HAS THE
DROP ON...

UUNNGGHH!!

SPANG!

CRIPES! THERE
WAS SOMEONE ELSE
BEHIND ME--!

THAT'S WHAT MY SPIDER-
SENSE WAS TRYING TO
WARN ME ABOUT--
BUT I WAS JUST TOO
'SMART' TO LISTEN!

MAN, WHAT'S THAT
GUY'S HEAD MADE
OF? HE'S STILL
CONSCIOUS
STILL TRYIN' TA
GET TO HIS FEET--!

PERSISTANT
CUSS, AIN'T
HE?

WAK!

I COULD
PUT SIX
SLUGS
IN HIM
RIGHT NOW--

--BUT THE
BOSS WANTS
THIS CREEP
ALIVE!

BUT NOT
NECESSARILY
IN ONE
PIECE!

CHUDD!

THAT FINISHED
HIM! HE'S OUT
COLDER THAN
AN ESKIMO'S
NOSE!

**WAR JOURNAL ENTRY
NUMBER 384:** THE MOOD ON
THE STREET TURNED FROM ONE
OF **SAFETY AND MERRIMENT**
TO ONE OF **STUNNED CONFU-
SION** WITH UNSETTLING SUDDE-
NESS.



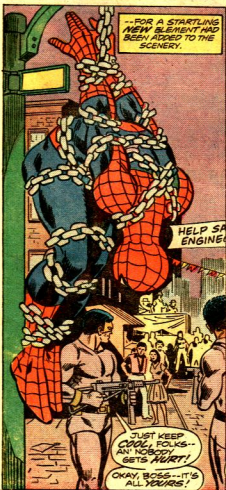
THE BRIGHT BRASS BAND
WHICH, MOMENTS BEFORE, HAD
BEEN **LOST** IN MUSICAL
RAPTURE, STOPPED PLAYING
IN **MID-NOTE**--



--AND THE MULLING CROWD
FROZE IN PLACE, LIKE CHAR-
ACTERS **PAINTED ON CANVAS**--



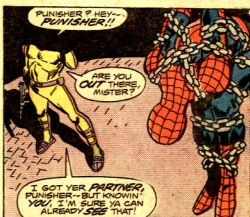
--FOR A STARTLING
NEW ELEMENT HAD
BEEN ADDED TO THE
SCENERY.



PUNISHER? HEY--
PUNISHER!!

ARE YOU
OUT THERE,
MISTER?

I GOT YER, **PARTNER,**
PUNISHER--BUT KNOWIN'
YOU, I'M SURE YA CAN
ALREADY **SEE** THAT!



YOU PROB'LY DON'T
REMEMBER ME,
PUNISHER--BUT I
REMEMBER YOU!



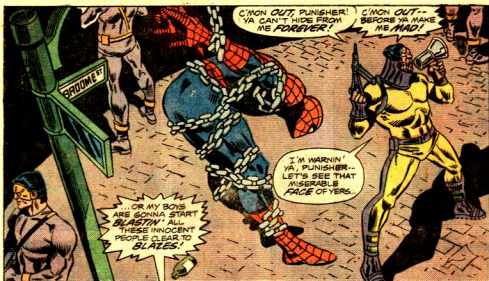
BUT I'M NOT A PUNK
NO MORE, PUNISHER!
THESE DAYS THEY
CALL ME--

JIGSAW!



I WAS JUST A
TWO-BIT **PUNK** WHEN
YA WIPED OUT THE **GANG**
I WAS WORKIN' WITH--AN'
KNOCKED ME HEAD--FIRST THRU
A **PLATE GLASS WINDOW!**

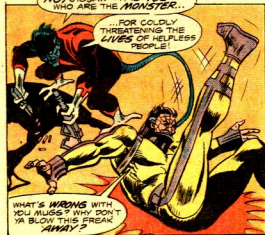
I'M THE
GUY THAT'S
GOING TO
KILL YOU!!



AND THAT'S WHEN IT ALL HIT THE FAN!



WHEN HE AND SPIDER-MAN BEGAN SCOUTING THIS NEIGHBORHOOD, I SUBDUED ONE OF JIGSAW'S MEN AND PUT ON HIS DISGUISE!*



BUT FINDING ME, PUNK, AND FINISHING ME ARE TWO ENTIRELY DIFFERENT THINGS!

WAR JOURNAL ENTRY NUMBER 305--BATTLE REPORT:

TO AVOID INJURING ANY BYSTANDERS, MY RIFLE WAS LOADED WITH RUBBER BULLETS.

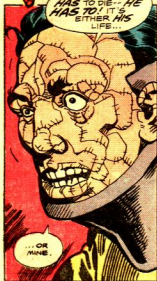
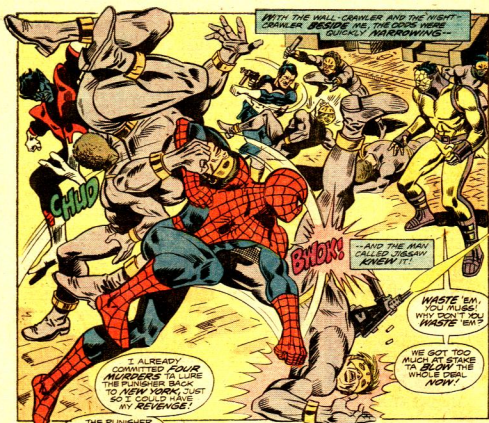
THOSE, AND THE SPECIAL GAS GRENADES I'D CONCOCTED, WERE NOT EXACTLY MY REGULAR STYLE--

--BUT THEY WERE STILL EFFECTIVE NONETHELESS.



...BUT THIS LOOKS LIKE A JOB FOR-- SPIDER-MAN!

SEE-- THAT'S NOT A BAD LINE.



Y'KNOW, IF THERE'S ANYONE I CAN'T STAND--IT'S SOMEBODY WHO LEAVES A PARTY WITHOUT SAYING GOOD-BYE!

NO CHANCE, WEBHEAD! THIS IS WHERE YOU GET OFF!

BOOM!



LOOK WHO'S TALKING ABOUT HEADS!



WITH A FACE LIKE YOURS, CHUCKLES--



SPIDER-MAN!!

UH-HUH, WANNA SURRENDER NOW--OR MUST WE DO THIS THE HARD WAY?



--YOU COULD STOP AN HOUR, GLASS!



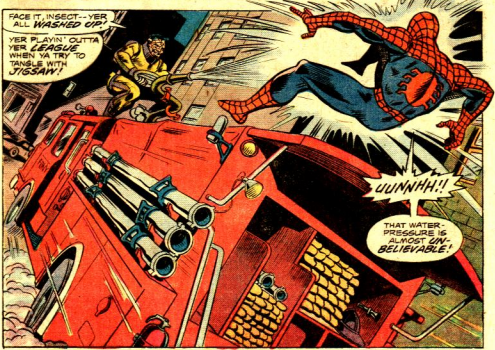
THE ONLY THING I'M GONNA STOP, WALL-CRAWLER--IS YOU!

HEY, WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH THAT...

OOOPS!

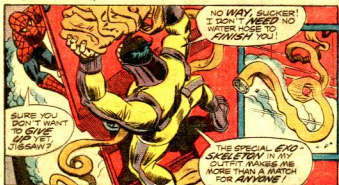
FACE IT, INSECT--YER ALL WASHED UP!

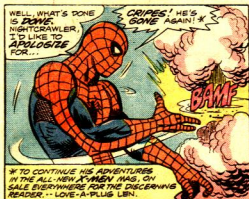
YER PLAYIN' OUTTA YER LEAGUE WHEN YA TRY TO TANGLE WITH JIGSAW!



UUNNNH!!

THAT WATER-PRESSURE IS ALMOST UN-BELIEVABLE!





NEXT ISSUE!

IF YOU THOUGHT OUR HAP- LESS HERO'S LIFE WAS GOING DOWNHILL BEFORE, WAIT'LL YOU SEE WHAT HAPPENS NEXT! THERE'S ACTION A'PLENTY IN THE LITTLE SAGA WE CALL...

ALL THE

KINGPIN'S MEN!

BE HERE!