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the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN®



SOMEONE CLOSE TO ME IS ABOUT TO **DIE!**



SOMEONE I CANNOT SAVE!



MY SPIDER SENSE IS NEVER WRONG!



BUT WHO? WHO?



NOT A TRICK! NOT AN IMAGINARY TALE-- BUT THE MOST STARTLINGLY UNEXPECTED

TURNING POINT

IN THIS WEB-SLINGER'S ENTIRE LIFE! HOW CAN SPIDER-MAN GO ON, AFTER BEING FACED WITH THIS ALMOST UNBELIEVABLE DEATH?

AND, DON'T DARE MISS THIS ISSUE'S SHOCKING **SURPRISE SUPER-VILLAIN!**

JOHN ROMITA

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

THERE ARE QUITE A FEW THINGS WE COULD SAY ABOUT THIS ISSUE--BUT WE WON'T.

AS FOR ITS TITLE: THAT'S SOMETHING WE'D LIKE TO CONCEAL FOR A WHILE, BUT WE PROMISE YOU THIS, PILGRIM--

IT'S NOT A TITLE YOU'LL SOON FORGET!

HARRY'S IN BAD SHAPE, ALL RIGHT.

LOOKS LIKE I'M BACK IN NEW YORK NOT AN HOUR TOO SOON.

*GERRY CONWAY, SCRIPTER * GIL KANE, ARTIST * JOHN ROMITA, TONY MORTELLARO, INKING *
*ARTIE SIMEK, LETTERER * DAVID HUNT, COLORIST * ROY THOMAS, EDITOR *

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I'VE DONE WHAT I CAN FOR THE LAD--THOUGH I'D RATHER HE WERE IN A HOSPITAL, INSTEAD OF HERE, AT HIS FATHER'S HOME.

STILL, NORMAN OSBORN AND I HAVE BEEN FRIENDS FOR MANY YEARS.

IF HE WANTS TO KEEP THIS QUIET --SO BE IT.



YOU STILL HAVEN'T SAID WHAT'S WRONG, DOCTOR.

HAS HE BEEN TAKING DRUGS AGAIN--?

IT... SEEMS SO, MISS STACY.



TO BE PRECISE, D-LYSERGIC ACID DIETHYLAMIDE... WHAT YOU AND MISS WATSON WOULD KNOW AS LSD.

I'VE GIVEN HIM A SHOT OF THORAZINE. IT'S A TRANQUILIZER WE USE TO OFFSET THE EFFECTS OF THE DRUG.

I KNEW HARRY WAS A LITTLE FLAKEY-- BUT SOMETHING LIKE THIS--!



PERHAPS IF HARRY HADN'T BEEN SO DEPRESSED WHEN HE TOOK THE DRUG, IT WOULDN'T HAVE HIT HIM SO HARD--

BUT THAT CAN HARDLY MATTER NOW.

YOU CAN SEE THE RESULT--



--TOTAL CLINICAL PSYCHOSIS.

WHAT A LAYMAN WOULD CALL SCHIZOPHRENIA.



TERRIFIC.

WHILE I'M OFF BATTLING THE HULK IN MONTREAL* --MY ROOMMATE DROPS ACID AND CRACKS UP

NO WONDER GWEN WANTED ME HOME--

*LAST ISSUE, --RT.



--HARRY'S GOING TO NEED EVERY FRIEND HE'S GOT.

IF ONLY I COULD UNDERSTAND WHAT MADE HIM DO IT, THOUGH--!



I MEAN, REALITY MAY HAVE ITS UNPLEASANT MOMENTS--

--BUT WHEN YOU COME RIGHT DOWN TO IT--

--IT'S A LOT BETTER THAN BURNING YOUR BRAIN OUT WITH MINDSOAP.



GUESS IT'S JUST A MATTER OF HOW STRONG YOU ARE.

SOMEHOW, I'D ALWAYS THOUGHT HARRY WAS A LITTLE MORE TOGETHER --MORE STABLE.



I THOUGHT HE'D WORKED THINGS OUT AFTER THE LAST TIME HE USED DRUGS.*

GUESS I WAS WRONG...

...ABOUT THAT...AND MAYBE ABOUT A LOT OF THINGS.

*IN THE ALREADY-IMMORTAL ISSUES 97-99 --ROY.



NOW, EASY, MR. PARKER.

YOU'RE NOT EXACTLY WELCOME AROUND HERE-- REMEMBER?



JUST A MINUTE, YOUNG MAN--



--I TOLD YOU NOT TO GO NEAR MY SON!
MR. OSBORN!



LOOK, MR. OSBORN--
I'M NOT OUT TO HURT
ANYONE.

I JUST CAME
HERE TO SEE IF
HARRY'S ALL
RIGHT. THAT'S
ALL.

IF YOU
WANT ME TO
GO, THAT'S
COOL--IT'S
YOUR HOUSE.

YOU BETTER
BELIEVE I
WANT YOU TO
GO, PARKER--

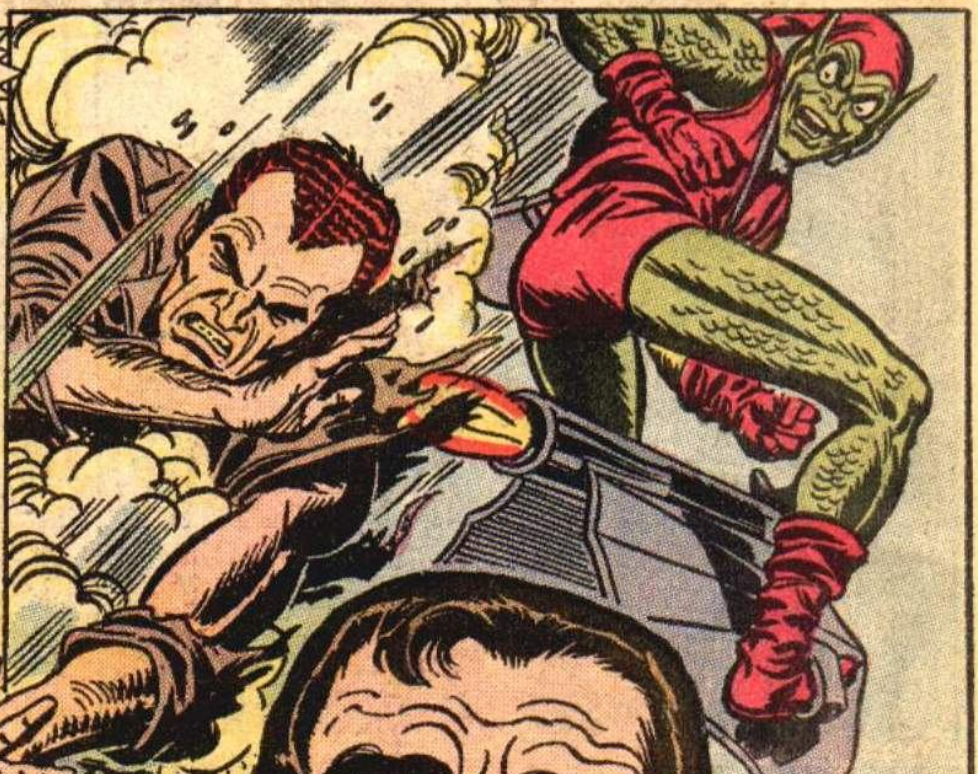


--I DON'T WANT TO SEE
YOUR FACE EVER AGAIN!

IT'S YOUR
FAULT HARRY'S
ILL-- YOUR FAULT
THESE TERRIBLE THINGS
HAVE HAPPENED TO MY
SON--



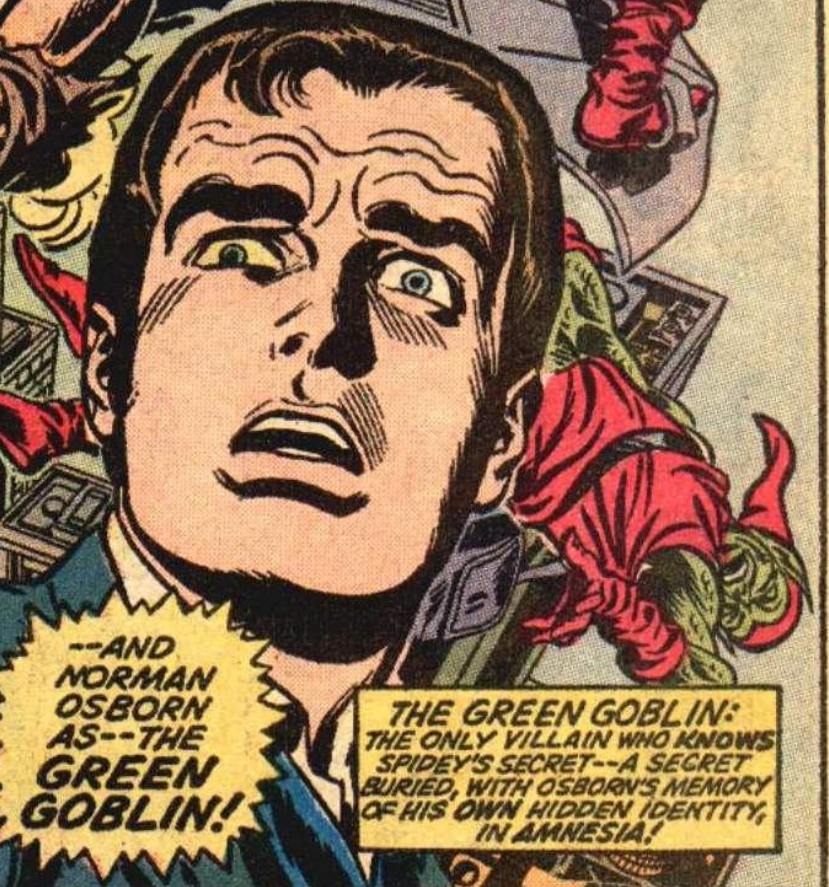
--YOUR
FAULT!
YOUR
FAULT!



AND AS HE STARES AT
NORMAN OSBORN'S FURY-RIDDEN
FEATURES, PETER FINDS HIS
MIND SWIRLING WITH
MEMORIES--



--MEMORIES OF ANOTHER DAY,
MONTHS AGO, WHEN HE AND
OSBORN FACED EACH OTHER
IN DIFFERENT GUISES--PETER
PARKER AS THE WEB-SPINNING
SPIDER-MAN--



--AND
NORMAN
OSBORN
AS--THE
GREEN
GOBLIN!

THE GREEN GOBLIN:
THE ONLY VILLAIN WHO KNOWS
SPIDEY'S SECRET--A SECRET
BURIED, WITH OSBORN'S MEMORY
OF HIS OWN HIDDEN IDENTITY,
IN AMNESIA!



BUT BURIED FOR HOW LONG?
IS SOME PART OF HIM
BEGINNING TO REMEMBER...

--AND IS THAT WHY
HE BLAMES ME FOR
HARRY'S COLLAPSE?

PETER!

HEY,
PRETTY
LADY.

I KIND OF
FIGURED
YOU'D BE HERE.



MISS STACY, YOU AND
YOUR "FRIENDS" ARE NO
LONGER WANTED IN
THIS HOUSE.

WE CAN DO
QUITE WELL
WITHOUT YOUR
SO-CALLED
HELP.

YOU
KNOW
THE WAY
OUT...



...PLEASE TAKE IT...
AT ONCE.

SLAM!

COME ON, GWEN...
YOU, TOO, MARY
JANE.

I'LL
BUY
YOU A
COKE.

THANKS
A LOT,
PETEY.



WHY WAS
MR. OSBORN
LIKE THAT,
PETER? WE WERE
ONLY TRYING TO...
TO MAKE THINGS
EASIER FOR HIM.

SOME PEOPLE
HATE DO-
GOODERS, GWEN.

WHAT
CAN I
TELL
YOU?



BUT--POOR HARRY!
I FEEL SO SORRY FOR
HIM, PETER.

ALL HIS LIFE
HE'S BEEN
PAMPERED--HE'S
ALWAYS HAD WHAT
HE WANTED,
WITHOUT EVER
HAVING TO WORK
FOR IT.

WHAT COULD
HAVE HAPPENED
TO HIM, TO MAKE
HIM BECOME
SO--SO
DESPERATE?

THAT'S SOMETHING WE MAY
NEVER KNOW, GWEN.

WHAT DO YOU
THINK,
MARY JANE?

I DON'T
KNOW,
PETE.

I
JUST
DON'T.

BUT, IF MARY JANE WATSON
COULD DO WHAT WE CAN DO--
SHE'D LEARN VERY QUICKLY
THE REASON FOR THE
OSBORNS' DISTRESS--

ALL MY STOCKS--DOWN
ANOTHER 13%?

DO YOU REALIZE
WHAT THIS
MEANS? IF IT
CONTINUES--

--I'LL BE
WIPE
OUT!

NO...NOTHING. THANKS
FOR YOUR HELP,
CARRUTHERS...

...THANKS VERY MUCH...
FOR YOUR HELP



DAD... IS IT YOU?
ARE YOU... OKAY?

HARRY!
SON-- YOU
SHOULD BE
IN BED!

CAN'T--
LIE STILL--
HEARD
YOU
TALKING--

--THOUGHT I HEARD
YOU TALKING--!



IT WAS JUST--A
FINANCIAL
CONSULTATION,
SON.

NOTHING TO
CONCERN
YOURSELF
WITH.

NOW,
PLEASE--
WON'T
YOU REST?

DON'T WORRY
ABOUT ME, DAD--
I CAN TAKE CARE--
OF MYSELF.



IT'S YOU I'M WORRIED
ABOUT--

EVERY-
THING--YOU
WANTED--IS
FALLING
APART--



EVERYTHING--YOU
WORKED FOR--

--ALL THESE
YEARS--

--MY
EYES--

--CAN'T--
UNDERSTAND--



AND, WHILE NORMAN
OSBORN FRANTICALLY
PHONES FOR HIS
DOCTOR--

HARRY!



--LET'S SWITCH OUR ATTENTION TO A FRIENDLY NEIGHBORHOOD SPIDER-MAN SOME TWO HOURS LATER, HEADING UPTOWN TO THE OFFICES OF A CERTAIN METROPOLITAN NEWSPAPER--

--WHERE PETER PARKER, STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER, HAS A LATE-DAY APPOINTMENT.



WHEW!-- NEVER HAD A SWING ACROSS TOWN WEAR ME OUT SO MUCH!

MUST'VE CAUGHT A VIRUS WHEN I WAS UP IN CANADA-- NOT USED TO THAT KIND OF ZERO-DEGREE WEATHER!



WELL... CAN'T LET IT STOP ME.

I'VE GOT TO DELIVER THESE PICTURES--

--AND GET MYSELF SOME PAY!



...YOU DON'T LOOK TOO WELL, PETER. BIT OF THAT LONDON FLU GOING AROUND?

I GUESS SO, MR. ROBERTSON. I'M JUST NOT YOUR PICTURE OF HEALTH.

DON'T LET JAMESON SEE YOU...

OUR LOVABLE PUBLISHER IS LIKELY TO HAVE YOU LOCKED UP FOR CONTAMINATING THE OFFICE!

THANKS, ROBBIE.



DO I DETECT A NOTE OF IMPATIENCE, PETE?

HAVEN'T YOU LEARNED TO BEAR WITH EDITORS WHEN THEY'RE FEELING FRISKY?



SORRY, ROBBIE--GUESS IT'S JUST THE WAY I FEEL.

RIGHT NOW, ALL I WANT IS TO FIND A WARM BED AND CRAWL UNDER THE--

PARKER!

DON'T SAY I DIDN'T WARN YOU, PETE.



GET THIS DISEASE-RIDDEN MENACE OUT OF MY BUILDING, ROBERTSON.

I'M NOT GOING TO HAVE MY EMPLOYEES CLAIMING DAYS OFF FOR SICK LEAVE!

YOU HEARD THE MAN, PETER. I'M SORRY, BUT--



NO PROBLEM, ROBBIE. LIKE I SAID, I WANT THAT WARM BED.

JUST HAVE OLD SKIN-FLINT MAIL ME MY BONUS CHECK--SAY FOR ABOUT TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS?

CHECK? WHAT CHECK, ROBERTSON?

REMEMBER YOU SENT PARKER TO MONTREAL FOR SOME PICTURES OF THE HULK?

WELL, HANG ONTO YOUR HAT, J. J.--

HERE THEY ARE!



JAMESON WILL FLIP WHEN HE SEES THOSE PHOTOS ARE OF THE HULK AND SPIDEY.

HE MAY HATE MY WEB-SPINNING ALTER EGO, BUT HE KNOWS AS WELL AS I DO--

--SPIDER-MAN SELLS PAPERS!



UMMMM...

...THE WAY I FEEL RIGHT NOW, SELLING PAPERS IS ABOUT MY SPEED.



THE ONLY THING FOR ME TO DO IS GET HOME--

--FAST AS I CAN--



--WHICH MEANS IT'S TIME--



--FOR SPIDER-MAN!



IT'LL BE NICE TO GET BACK-- HAVE A LONG TALK WITH GWENDY.

IT'S BEEN DAYS SINCE I SPOKE TO HER-- AND WHAT WITH HARRY'S PROBLEMS THIS MORNING--!

WELL... IT'LL BE NICE TO HAVE A TALK.



NOTHING FURTHER I CAN DO, NORMAN.

HE SHOULD BE IN A HOSPITAL, BUT AT THIS POINT--IT'S STILL YOUR DECISION.

I UNDERSTAND PERFECTLY, RAY.

THANK YOU FOR COMING.



I JUST WISH I COULD DO MORE...

...BUT FROM NOW ON, ONLY HARRY CAN HELP HIMSELF.

GOOD NIGHT, NORMAN.

GOODBYE, RAY.



HARRY, I'M SORRY. I FAILED YOU, IN EVERY WAY A FATHER CAN.

I SHOULD HAVE REALIZED THOSE-- THOSE FRIENDS OF YOURS--

--WHAT THEY WERE DOING TO YOU!



BUT HOW COULD I HAVE KNOWN?

OUR ENEMIES ARE EVERYWHERE... MEN TRYING TO RUIN ME... CORRUPT YOU, MY ONLY SON...

...ENEMIES... SURROUNDING US...

EH?



SPIDER-MAN!

SO--YOU'VE COME TO GLOAT, HAVE YOU? TO SEE WHAT WRECKAGE YOU'VE MADE OF MY LIFE--MY HOPES--

MY DREAMS!



I'LL KILL YOU FOR THIS--

--I'LL KILL YOU!

NO! YOU'RE VANISHING! YOU CAN'T DO THAT TO ME!

I WON'T LET YOU ESCAPE ME AGAIN-- I WON'T!

AND THEN, ALL AT ONCE, THE DELICATE TISSUES OF NORMAN OSBORN'S MEMORY COLLAPSE--AND A FLOOD OF IMAGES, PAST AND PRESENT, RUSH THROUGH HIS PRESSURED BRAIN--

--REMINDING HIM--

--TORMENTING HIM--



--UNTIL HE CAN STAND IT NO LONGER!

LIKE A MAN RIDDEN BY SOME DEMON HAG, HE RACES FROM HIS SON'S ROOM--RUNS OUT INTO A NIGHT MOIST WITH THE HINT OF TOMORROW'S RAIN.



HIS FOOTSTEPS MAKE A DRUM-BEAT ON THE CRACKED PAVEMENT OF MANHATTAN'S LOWER EAST SIDE-- BUT HE SEEMS LITERALLY UNAWARE OF THE SOUND--

--AWARE ONLY OF AN INNER SOUND, A LONG TRAILING MOAN--

--THE FIRST BEGINNINGS OF HIS ULTIMATE NIGHTMARE!



HERE! THIS IS THE PLACE-- THE PLACE I'D ALMOST FORGOTTEN!

WHAT A FOOL I'VE BEEN NOT TO REMEMBER IT BEFORE!

SPIDER-MAN IS MY ENEMY-- MY MORTAL FOE!

OF ALL THE MEN ON EARTH, HE IS THE ONE I MUST MOST DESPISE--

--FOR HE IS THE MAN WHO KEEPS ME FROM MYSELF--

--HE IS THE ONE WHO MADE MY MIND FORGET--

--THAT I AM THE GOBLIN--



--THE GREEN GOBLIN!



AND BECAUSE OF WHAT HE'S DONE TO ME--AND TO MY SON--SPIDER-MAN, THE CURSED PETER PARKER--

--MUST DIE! DIE! DIE!



MINUTES LATER, IN THE APARTMENT PETER SHARES WITH HARRY OSBORN, WE FIND--

POOR HARRY... I WISH THERE WERE SOMETHING I COULD DO TO HELP HIM.

IF ONLY PETER WOULD COME BACK... WE COULD TALK ABOUT IT...



...AND MAYBE UNDERSTAND WHAT WENT WRONG IN HARRY'S LIFE... TO MAKE HIM WHAT HE IS.

FOR GWEN STACY, PETER'S BELOVED, THE ANSWER TO THAT QUESTION IS ABOUT TO BECOME ABRUPTLY CLEAR--



--BUT FOR OUR WEB-SLINGING HERO, STILL SEVERAL BLOCKS SOUTH OF HIS UPPER-EAST-SIDE PAD, THAT'S ONE DRAMATIC REVELATION MOMENTARILY DELAYED, AS--



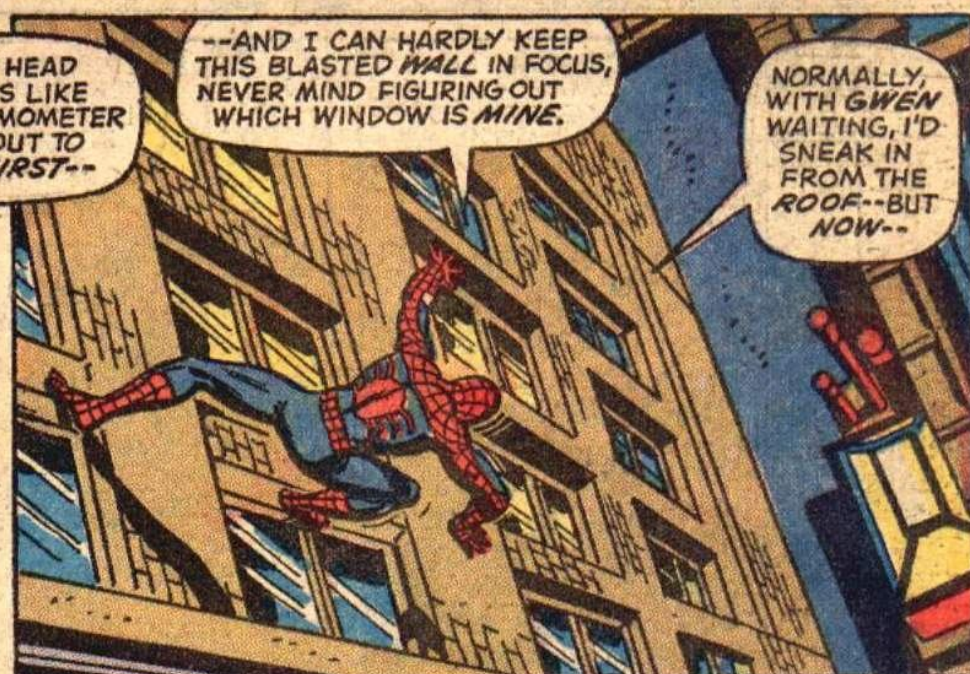
OBOY.
ALMOST LOST MY BALANCE THAT TIME-- AND MY HEAD!

BEING A DASHING COSTUMED CRIMEFIGHTER ISN'T ALL ITS CRACKED UP TO BE--



--ESPECIALLY WHEN IT COMES TO TIME OFF FOR MEDICAL BENEFITS.

MY HEAD FEELS LIKE A THERMOMETER ABOUT TO BURST--



--AND I CAN HARDLY KEEP THIS BLASTED WALL IN FOCUS, NEVER MIND FIGURING OUT WHICH WINDOW IS MINE.

NORMALLY, WITH GWEN WAITING, I'D SNEAK IN FROM THE ROOF--BUT NOW--



--IT'S ALL I CAN DO TO GET INSIDE, EVEN IF--



OH MY LORD.



GWEN'S HANDBAG... THE ONE I GAVE HER FOR CHRISTMAS.

AND A GOBLIN'S LANTERN! OSBORN MUST HAVE SNAPPED... COME HERE TO FIND ME...

...AND FOUND GWENDY INSTEAD!



THE STATE OSBORN'S PROBABLY IN, HE COULD DO ANYTHING.

I BETTER FIND HIM, FAST--

--AND HOPE HE HASN'T HAD A CHANCE TO HURT THE LADY I LOVE!



NOW IT BEGINS: WHAT WILL SOON BECOME THE MOST TORMENTED QUEST OF THIS YOUNG MAN'S ADVENTUROUS LIFE...

--AND A TURNING POINT IN A CERTAIN COSTUMED HERO'S TEMPESTUOUS CAREER!



IT'S JUST MY LUCK.

I DISAPPEAR FOR A WEEKEND IN CANADA-- FLIT AROUND PLAYING INTERNATIONAL DETECTIVE--

--AND AS SOON AS I GET HOME, HOPING FOR AN EVENING ALONE WITH MY GIRL--



--SHE GETS SNATCHED BY A CRAZY BUSINESS-MAN IN SEAGREEN LONG-JOHN'S!

THE QUESTION NOW IS WHERE--?

ALL I'VE GOT TO GO ON IS MY SPIDER SENSE-- AND IT'S LEADING ME TOWARD--



--THE GEORGE WASHINGTON BRIDGE!

IT FIGURES OSBORN WOULD PICK SOMETHING NAMED AFTER HIS FAVORITE PRESIDENT.

HE'S GOT THE SAME SORT OF HANGUP FOR DOLLAR BILLS.



SPIDER-MAN!
OR SHOULD I
SAY--MISTER
PARKER?

I HAVE YOUR
WOMAN UP
HERE, MY FRIEND--

I TRUST YOU
UNDERSTAND
WHAT THAT
MEANS?

YOU
TELL ME,
GOBLIN.



IT'S QUITE SIMPLE,
WEB-SPINNER...

YOUR
PRESENCE IN
THIS WORLD
HAS BEEN A
SOURCE OF
CONSTANT
AGONY
TO ME.

I WISH YOU
TO LEAVE IT--
PERMANENTLY.

OR
ELSE...
GWEN
STACY
DIES!



THAT
CUTS IT,
PUMPKIN
BOY.

UP TO NOW, I'VE
BEEN REAL FRIENDLY--
CONSIDERING YOUR
PROBLEMS, AND ALL
THAT.

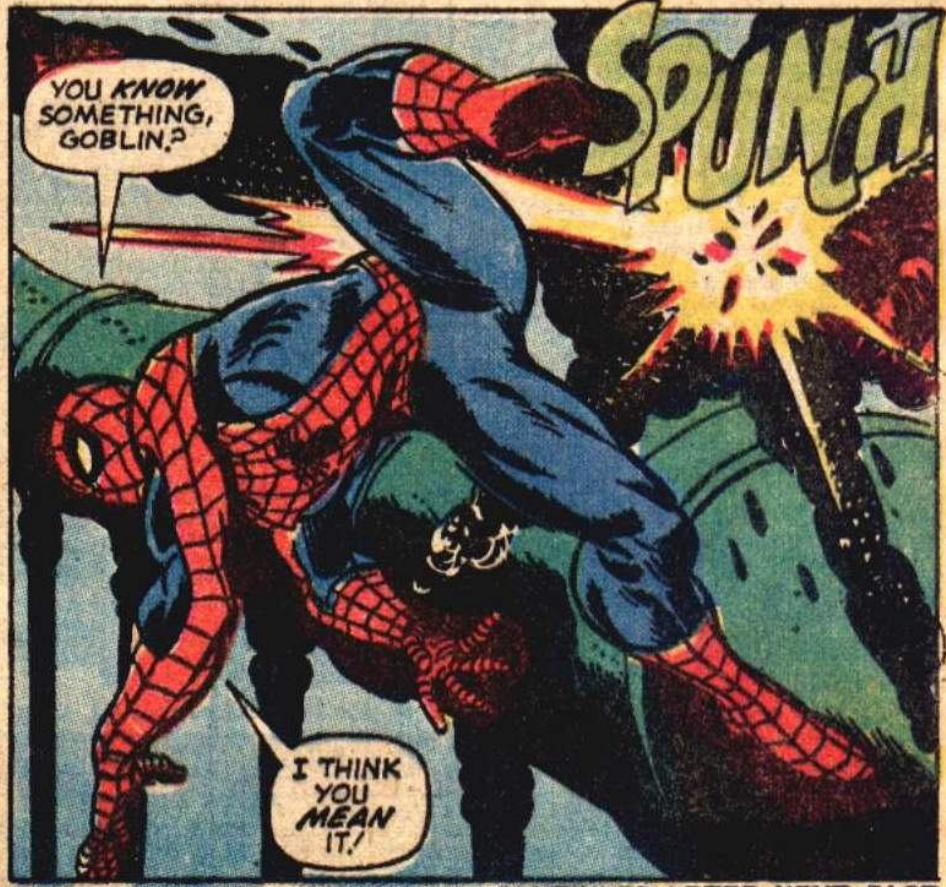
BUT, BUSTER--
WHEN YOU START
THREATENING
MY GIRL--



--THE KID
GLOVES
ARE
OFF!

A MOST
CHIVALROUS
ATTITUDE.

PITY YOU
WON'T
LIVE TO
ENACT
IT!



YOU KNOW
SOMETHING,
GOBLIN?

I THINK
YOU
MEAN
IT!



CLOSE...
VERY
CLOSE.

MY COLDS MAKING ME SO
DIZZY I CAN HARDLY KEEP
MY BALANCE--DON'T DARE
TRY ANYTHING TRICKY.

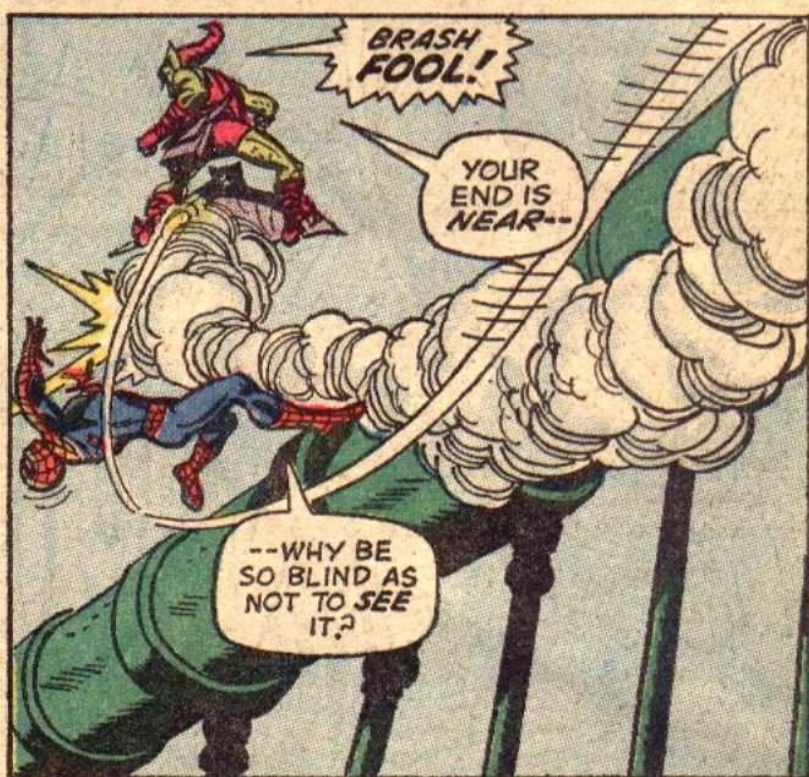
ONCE THE
GOBLIN CATCHES
ON TO HOW
SICK I AM--
I'VE HAD IT!



SOOOO... I'M
GOING TO
HAVE TO
CUT
THIS SHORT...

...GET MY LADY
LOVE OUT OF
HERE...

...AND FINISH
THINGS WITH
GOBBIE
LATER!



BRASH
FOOL!

YOUR
END IS
NEAR--

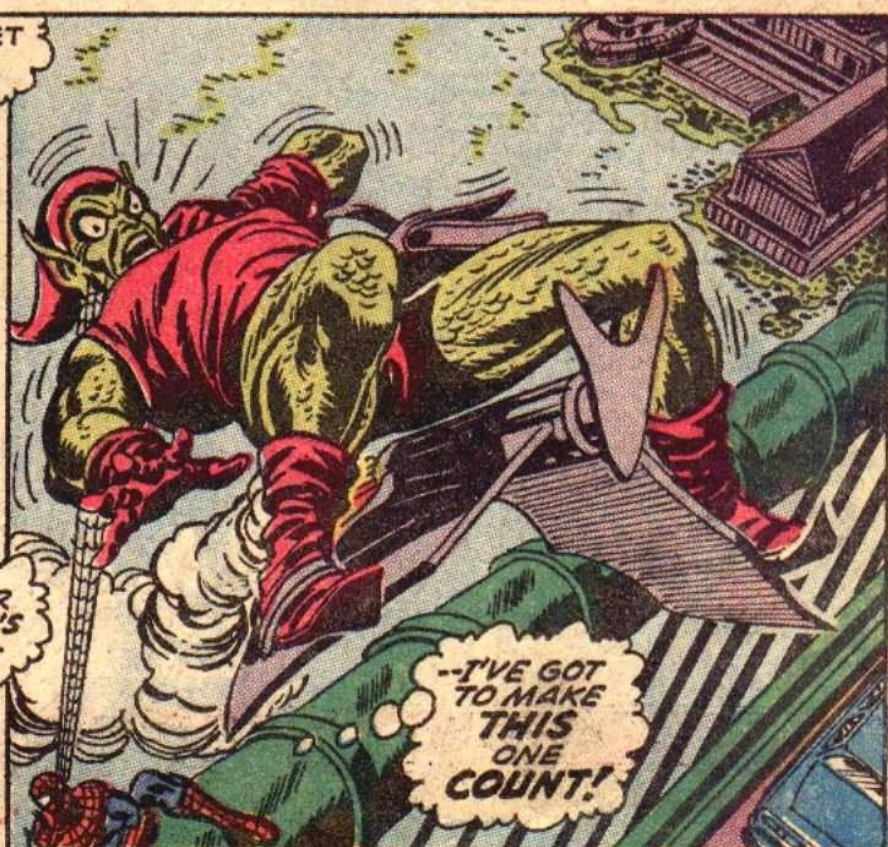
--WHY BE
SO BLIND AS
NOT TO SEE
IT?



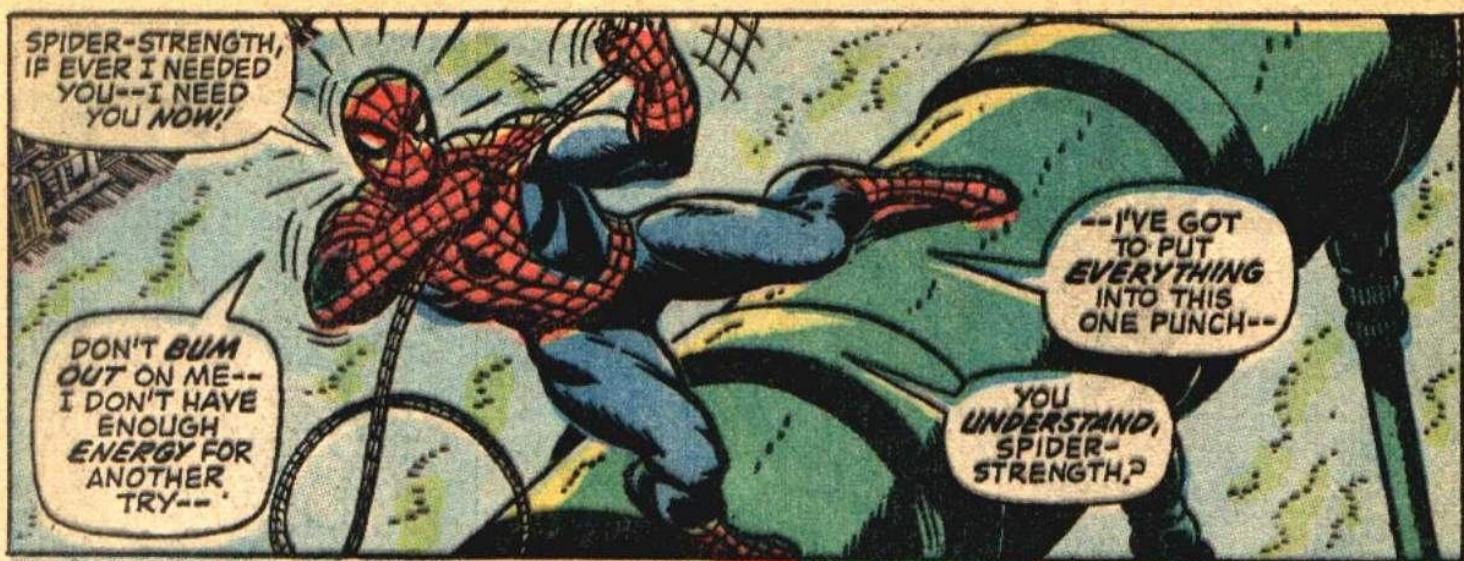
NOW! I'VE GOT
TO MOVE NOW!

I MAY NOT GET
ANOTHER
CHANCE--

--AND FOR
GWENDY'S
SAKE--



--I'VE GOT
TO MAKE
THIS
ONE
COUNT!



SPIDER-STRENGTH,
IF EVER I NEEDED
YOU--I NEED
YOU NOW!

DON'T BUM
OUT ON ME--
I DON'T HAVE
ENOUGH
ENERGY FOR
ANOTHER
TRY--

--I'VE GOT
TO PUT
EVERYTHING
INTO THIS
ONE PUNCH--

YOU
UNDERSTAND,
SPIDER-
STRENGTH?



EVERYTHING I
HAVE!

WHA

KOW!



HE'S DOWN--FOR A WHILE, AT LEAST.

EVEN GETTING TOGETHER WHAT STRENGTH I HAVE LEFT--

--I COULDN'T PACK MUCH OF A WALLOP.



MY BEST BET IS TO PICK UP GWEN AND RUN.

AND THERE'S THE LADY NOW--OUT LIKE A LIGHT.

GOOD THING, TOO--IF SPIDEY'S TO SAVE HIS SECRET I.D.!



BUT, AS SPIDEY HURRIES TOWARD A JUBILANT REUNION--

--THE GREEN GOBLIN PERFORMS A REUNION OF HIS OWN, AIDED BY THE REMOTE-CONTROLLED FLYER OF HIS OWN DESIGN!



GWEN!

LOOKS LIKE SHE'S IN A STATE OF SHOCK!

I'D BETTER GET HER TO A HOSPITAL-- HAVE THEM GIVE HER A SEDATIVE OF SOME KIND--



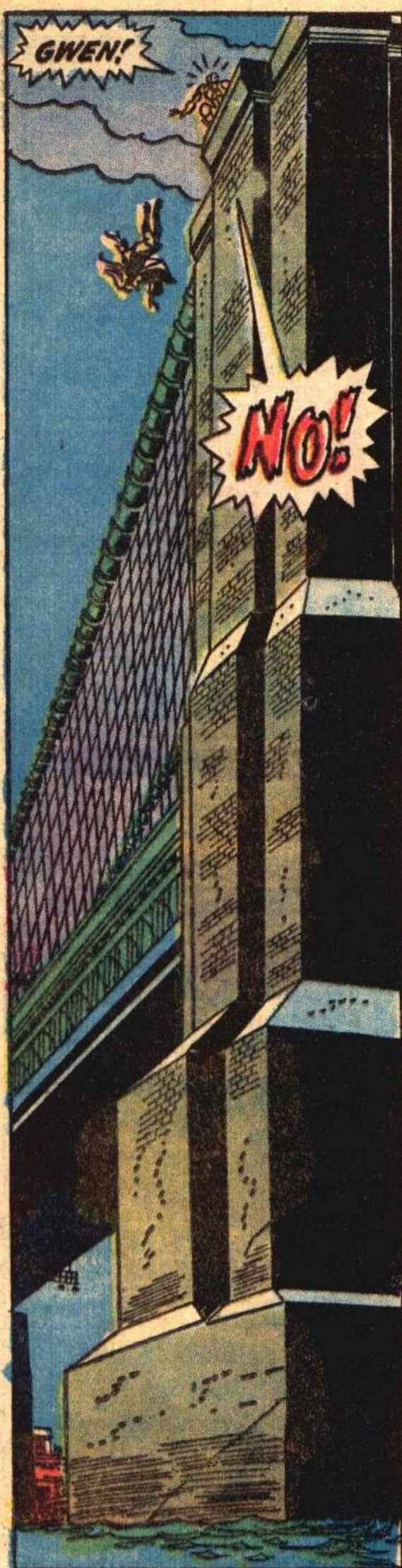
YOU CURSED INTER-LOPER!

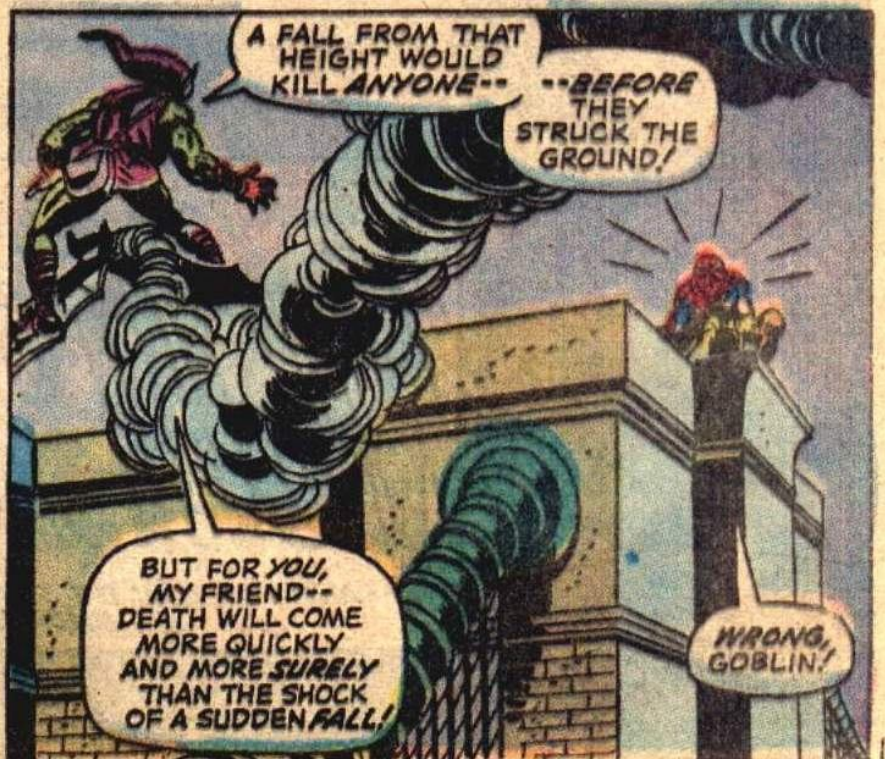
YOU'LL NEVER TAKE THAT GIRL ANYWHERE!

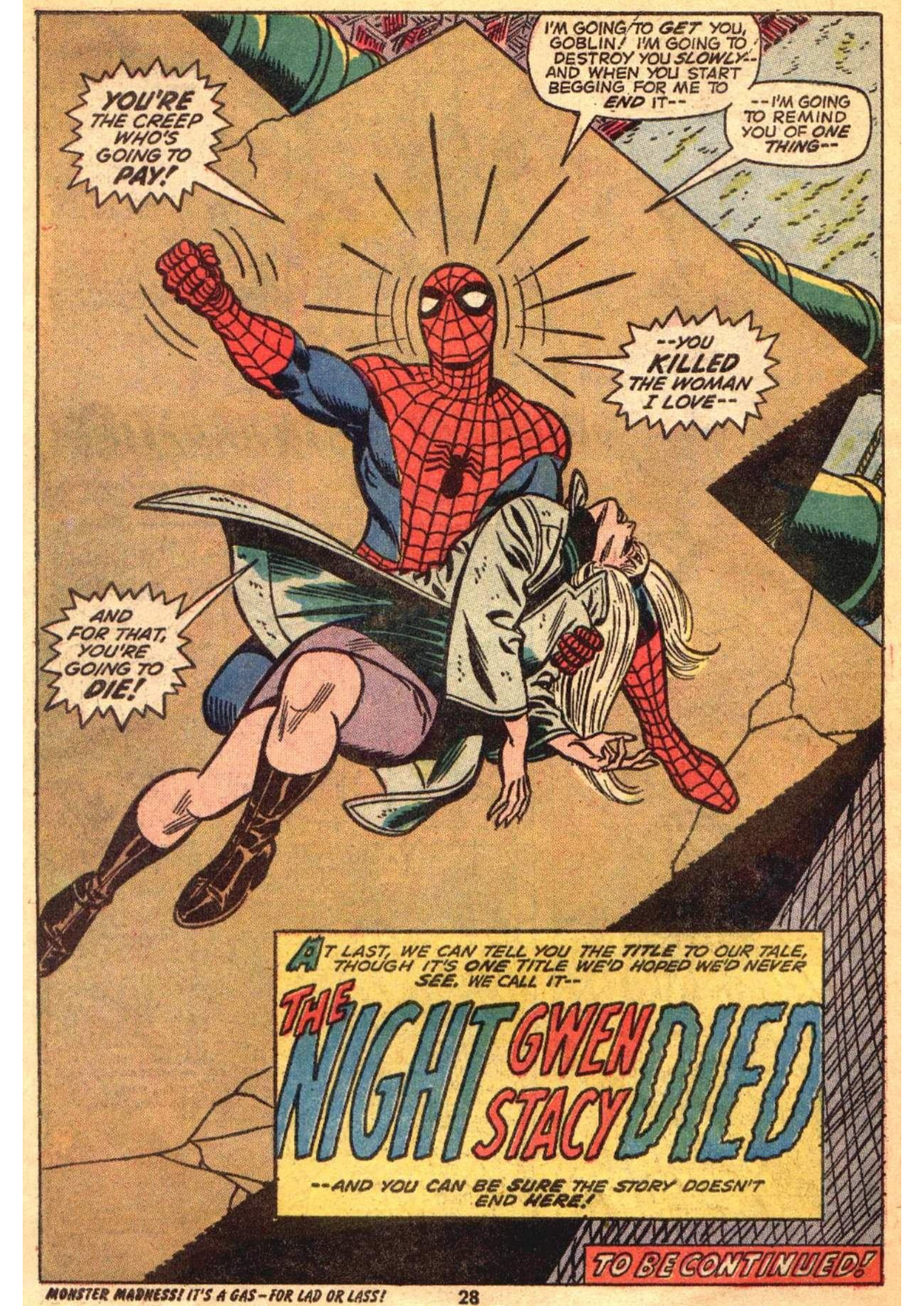


SHE'S DOOMED, DO YOU HEAR ME?

DOOMED-- AND SO ARE YOU!







**YOU'RE
THE CREEP
WHO'S
GOING TO
PAY!**

**I'M GOING TO GET YOU,
GOBLIN! I'M GOING TO
DESTROY YOU SLOWLY--
AND WHEN YOU START
BEGGING FOR ME TO
END IT--**

**-- I'M GOING
TO REMIND
YOU OF ONE
THING--**

**-- YOU
KILLED
THE WOMAN
I LOVE--**

**AND
FOR THAT,
YOU'RE
GOING TO
DIE!**

**AT LAST, WE CAN TELL YOU THE TITLE TO OUR TALE,
THOUGH IT'S ONE TITLE WE'D HOPED WE'D NEVER
SEE. WE CALL IT--**

THE NIGHT GWEN STACY DIED

**-- AND YOU CAN BE SURE THE STORY DOESN'T
END HERE!**

TO BE CONTINUED!