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GRIM HUNT

PART 2

The Amazing Spider-Man®

GRIM HUNT

PART 2

"Blood Demands Blood..."

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"DO YOU REMEMBER
THIS FEELING?"



THE
RUSH AS
YOU CLOSE
IN ON YOUR
PREY...

THE
ANTICIPATION?



WE'RE SO
VERY CLOSE, SO
CLOSE TO HOLDING
HIM AGAIN...

PAPA WILL
BE SO PROUD
OF YOU, VLADIMIR.
SO PROUD OF
US ALL.

ALYOSHA...?



MORE.

FIND ME
MORE SPIDERS.
THE HOUR DRAWS
NEAR.



BLOOD
DEMANDS
BLOOD...

I WOULD PRAY FOR
THE STRENGTH
TO RESIST...



...BUT AS I HEAR THE THING EAT
BEHIND ME, HIS HEART BEATING
BECAUSE OF MY DEAD FRIEND...



...I KNOW THAT NO ONE WOULD
LISTEN EVEN IF I TRIED.

The Amazing Spider-Man

"When a man wants to murder a tiger he calls it sport; when a tiger wants to murder him he calls it ferocity."
— George Bernard Shaw



When Sasha Kraven, widow of the famed hunter Sergei Kravinoff, sent her daughter, Ana, to kidnap the psychic known as Madame Web, it was the beginning of a hunt for any and all who wear the mark of the Spider. In subsequent weeks, they kidnapped Mattie Franklin, the former Spider-Woman, and targeted Kaine, Spider-Man's renegade clone.

Kaine went to Peter Parker for help, warning his clone that "they're hunting Spiders." Parker had taken ill, his body finally giving in to the stress caused by a seemingly months-long gauntlet of his worst foes returning to challenge him — foes pushed into action by the Kraven family.



Parker found Arachne (the former Avenger Julia Carpenter) defending herself from Sasha Kraven and her half brother, Alyosha. The two fought off their predators, and returned to Julia's apartment, only to be confronted by Ezekiel, a wall-crawling superhuman thought long dead, who spoke of a war between spiders and hunters.

The Hunters have already claimed first blood — in a ceremony designed to resurrect Kraven's other son, Vladimir, the Kravens sacrificed Mattie Franklin. While Franklin's life gave way for Vladimir, he came back not as a man but a twisted beast, confirming Sasha's theory:



In order to resurrect Kraven the Hunter, they need the life of the one true Spider-Man — blood demands blood!

GRIM HUNT

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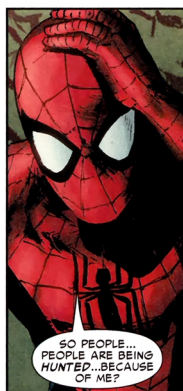
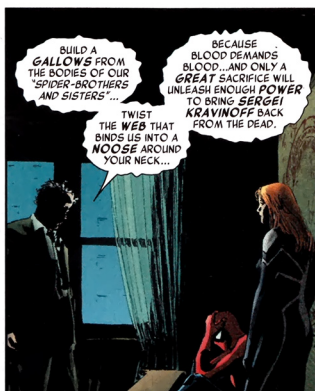
the GRIM HUNT

chapter 2

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dedicated to J.M. DEMATTEIS and MIKE ZECK











ANYA CORAZON IS SPECIAL. SHE DIDN'T FALL INTO THE WEB LIKE SO MANY OTHERS...NOT EVEN HIM...

SHE TRULY WAS CHOSEN, FOR A DESTINY I CANNOT FORESEE...

WHOEVER YOU ARE, I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOUR PROBLEM IS--

--BUT WHY DON'T YOU STOP ACTING LIKE A CHICKEN AND JUST FACE ME ALREADY?

...ONE SHE MAY NOT LIVE TO FULFILL.



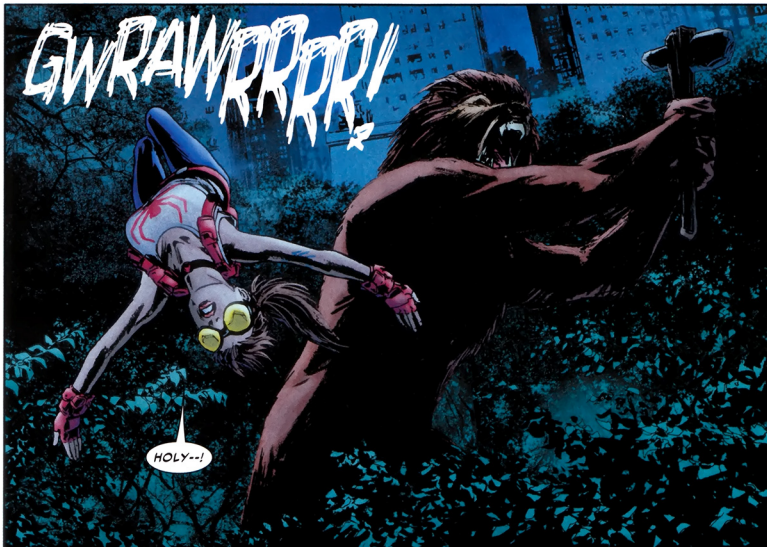
SHE IS RECKLESS. FEARLESS. BEAUTIFUL IN HER FLAWS. BUT SHE'S SO YOUNG...

...IT'S A MIRACLE SHE SURVIVED THIS LONG.

GRRRRRRRR

I TAKE IT BACK.

IT WAS BETTER WHEN YOU WERE JUST THROWING THINGS AT ME.



GWRAWRRR!

HOLY--!



WHO ARE YOU?

WHAT DO YOU WANT?





THE DRUMS AGAIN. SMELL OF FRESH EARTH. FEVER...

IF I WASN'T IN SO MUCH PAIN I'D THINK I WAS GOING INSANE.



MAROOOOW

KRAKKT



S'OKAY... JULIA'S HERE. SHE'S GOT OUR BACKS--

UM, SPIDEY? YOU GOT YOUR GENDERS BENT.



AND JUST LIKE THAT... I KNOW I'M GOING INSANE.

BECAUSE I'M WATCHING MYSELF FIGHT THAT CRAZY SIDESHOW ESCAPEE.

LOOK WHO WANTS TO BE A REAL BOY!

KATANE... I...

MYSELF...MY CLONE...KATANE. THIS NIGHT GETS MORE SURREAL BY THE SECOND.



DON'T JUST STAND THERE, YOU IDIOT! MOVE!



SHRARRK!

WHAT HE SAID!!





PSYCHIC
WEBBING ISN'T
EXACTLY WORKING
HERE--ANY
SUGGESTIONS?!

GRAAAAR!

JULIA, NO...
TOLD YOU TO
HANG BACK...



I DON'T
KNOW WHAT THE
HELL IS GOING ON
HERE, CHAKA--

BUT I WANT
TO CONGRATULATE
YOU ON HANGING ON
TO THAT LOOK UNTIL
IT CAME BACK
INTO STYLE.

YOU'RE
NEW, AREN'T
YOU?



DON'T
MESS AROUND...
SERIOUS--



-KAFF!-

FFFFFT

I'M GOING
TO TEACH YOU
SOME RESPECT
BEFORE VLADIMIR
GETS YOU.



WE
HAVE WHAT WE
CAME FOR,
KRAVINOFFS!

LET HER
GO!



THWOK

NNNN!

SCREW THIS.



YOU'RE BURNING UP. WHAT THE HELL DID THEY DO TO YOU?

NO TIME... GETTING AWAY... NO...

NO MORE BLOOD... SPIDERS... THEY'RE KILLING SPIDERS... HAVE TO...



I TASTE YOUR FEAR FROM HERE, SPYDER!

KNOW THAT YOU DIE TONIGHT, BATHED IN THE BLOOD OF YOUR CLAN BEFORE YOUR SACRIFICE!

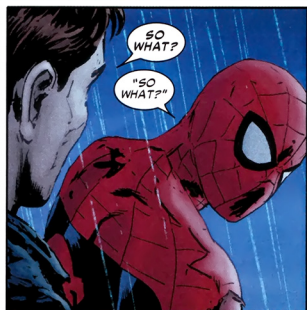
KNOW THIS!



COME BACK--!

STOP. YOU'RE IN NO CONDITION--

LET GO! IT'S BECAUSE OF ME! ALL OF THIS IS BECAUSE OF ME--



SO WHAT?

"SO WHAT?"



THEY'RE NOT YOUR REAL FAMILY, PETER. THEY'RE JUST BAIT. AND IF YOU TRY TO HELP THEM, YOU'LL WIND UP DEAD.

THE KRAVENS HAVE MADAME WEB. THAT MEANS THEY HAVE THE FUTURE. ALL THE ANGLES HAVE BEEN FIGURED.

PLAYED ME LIKE A DAMN VIOLIN... "THEY'RE HUNTING SPIDERS." IF I HADN'T COME TO YOU--



BUT YOU DID. YOU DID BECAUSE WE'RE CONNECTED.

BULL. I DID IT BECAUSE I WAS BLEEDING OUT AND THEY KNEW I WAS A COWARD.





Fifteen Miles North of New York City...

"...SO ALL OF IT, THIS WHOLE GAUNTLET I'VE BEEN RUNNING--"



INFLUENCED BY SASHA KRAVEN THANKS TO MADAME WEB'S HELP.

IF IT MAKES YOU FEEL BETTER, THE FORTUNE TELLER ENDURED INTENSE TORTURE BEFORE FINALLY SUCCUMBING...

IT DOESN'T.

SO THIS MAMA KRAVEN LADY'S GOT ALL OF THOSE GUYS IN HER POCKET?



NOT ALL. WITH A FEW SHE STRUCK DEALS, BUT REMEMBER, THIS IS ABOUT FAMILY.

SHE USED CASSANDRA'S FORESIGHT TO NUDGE THEM...OR YOU...TO TANGLE THE WEB, SO TO SPEAK.



SHE HATES TO SULLY HERSELF WITH THOSE BENEATH HER.



IT'S BAD FORM TO TALK LIKE THAT IN FRONT OF THE HELP, DIMITRI.

NO.













PRECIOUS.

BLAMM



NO!!



LEAVE ME!
PLEASE...YOU
CANNOT SAVE ME
AND YOURSELF.
YOU--

I DO NOT
DESERVE TO BE
SAVED.

MAKES
TWO OF
US.

HOW
CAN YOU
SAY THAT?
YOU...

YOU HOLD
THE WEB
TOGETHER.

WHEN
THE WEB IS
STRONG...



...THE
WORLD IS
STRONG.
DON'T YOU
HAVE ANY
IDEA HOW...

...SPECIAL
YOU ARE?



NO...
NOT UNTIL
TONIGHT...



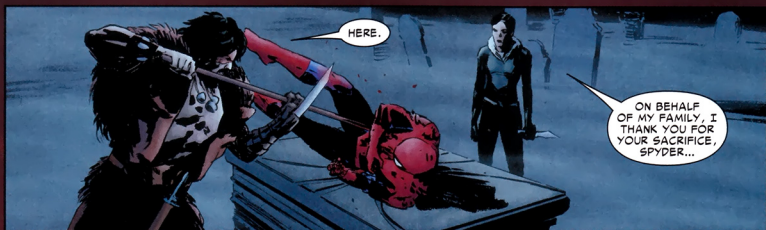


SKLTHH

YOU DO
TALK TOO
MUCH.

HHNNNG

LOSE
IT ALL...FALL
TO BLACK.



HERE.

ON BEHALF
OF MY FAMILY, I
THANK YOU FOR
YOUR SACRIFICE,
SPYDER...



...AND CONDEMN
YOUR SOUL TO
THE HELL RESERVED
FOR COWARDS AND
ANIMALS.

I HAVE HEARD MEN DIE
BEFORE...BUT NOT LIKE THIS.

LIFE DOES NOT LEAVE HIM IN
A BUBBLING DEATH RATTLE...A
BLOOD-CHOKED LAST GASP...

HE SCREAMS WITH EVERY
FIBER OF HIS BEING.







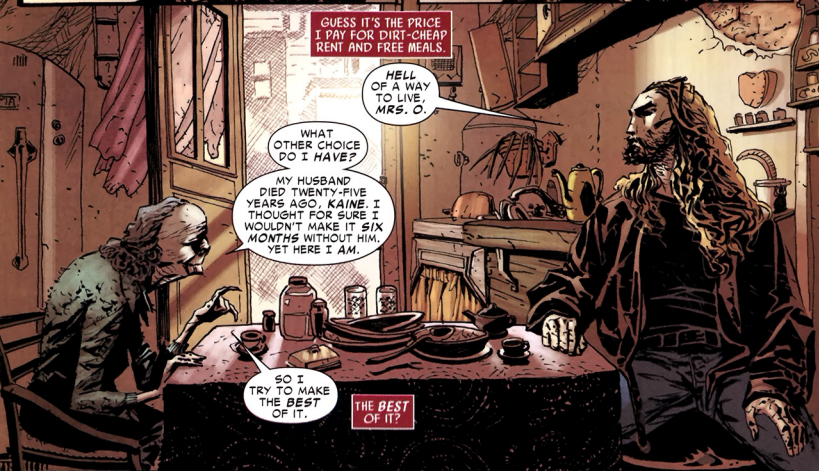
EVERY NIGHT
I GO TO BED
ASKING GOD TO
TAKE ME--



--AND EVERY
MORNING I WAKE
UP THANKING HIM
FOR THE CHANCE TO
SEE ANOTHER
DAY.



I LET THE OLD
LADY RAMBLE. I
DON'T KNOW WHY.



GUESS IT'S THE PRICE
I PAY FOR DIRT-CHEAP
RENT AND FREE MEALS.

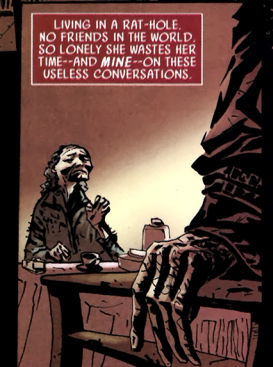
HELL
OF A WAY
TO LIVE,
MRS. O.

WHAT
OTHER CHOICE
DO I HAVE?

MY HUSBAND
DIED TWENTY-FIVE
YEARS AGO, KATIE. I
THOUGHT FOR SURE I
WOULDN'T MAKE IT SIX
MONTHS WITHOUT HIM.
YET HERE I AM.

SO I
TRY TO MAKE
THE BEST
OF IT.

THE BEST
OF IT?



LIVING IN A RAT-HOLE.
NO FRIENDS IN THE WORLD.
SO LONELY SHE WASTES HER
TIME--AND *MINE*--ON THESE
USELESS CONVERSATIONS.



IF THIS IS "THE BEST
OF IT," I'D HATE TO
SEE THE WORST.

GOTTA
GO,
MRS. O.

SO
SOON?

GOT AN
APPOINTMENT.

A JOB?

MAYBE.

WILL YOU
STOP IN AND
SEE ME WHEN
YOU GET
HOME?



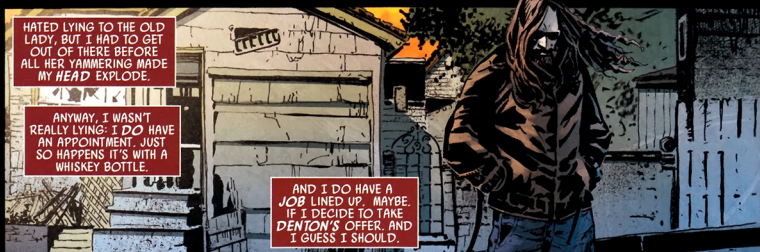
MIGHT
BE PRETTY
LATE.

THAT'S
OKAY.



I HARDLY
SLEEP AT
ALL THESE
DAYS.

NEITHER
DO I.



HATED LYING TO THE OLD LADY, BUT I HAD TO GET OUT OF THERE BEFORE ALL HER YAMMERING MADE MY HEAD EXPLODE.

ANYWAY, I WASN'T REALLY LYING: I **DO** HAVE AN APPOINTMENT. JUST SO HAPPENS IT'S WITH A WHISKEY BOTTLE.

AND I DO HAVE A **JOB** LINED UP, MAYBE. IF I DECIDE TO TAKE DENTON'S OFFER. AND I GUESS I SHOULD.



BEEN HERE IN CHICAGO FOR ALMOST THREE MONTHS NOW. THAT'S A LIFETIME FOR ME.

THE **ROAD'S** WHERE I BELONG--BUT I'M RUNNING OUT OF MONEY. AND MONEY'S ONE THING DENTON HAS. IN SPADES.



BUT TO GET MY HANDS ON THAT CASH, I'VE GOT TO GO AFTER **KRAVINOFF**.

"**KRAVEN, THE HUNTER**" HE CALLS HIMSELF. MORONIC NAME.

BUT I GUESS HE'S NO DIFFERENT FROM ALL THE REST OF THOSE RIDICULOUS, COSTUMED EGOTISTS: **FANTASTIC FOUR, DOCTOR OCTOPUS, DAREDEVIL, MAGNETO--**



SPIDER-MAN.

DO I REALLY NEED TO GET INVOLVED WITH ONE OF **HIS** OLD ENEMIES? **PARKER** MAY LIKE MIXING IT UP WITH A MENTAL CASE WHO HAS A TARZAN FIXATION, BUT ME...

...I LIVE IN THE **REAL WORLD**.



WELL, AS REAL AS IT CAN BE FOR A GUY WHO WAS BORN IN A TEST TUBE. AN **IMPERFECT CLONE...**

HEY...HEY, BEAUTIFUL...

...CREATED FROM **PARKER'S DNA**.



SO I THINK I'LL PASS ON DENTON'S OFFER. PLENTY OF OTHER WAYS FOR A MAN LIKE ME TO MAKE MONEY...

MIND IF I SHOW YOU HOW IT'S DONE?

FEEL FREE.



...IN A TOWN
LIKE THIS.

GET YOUR
HANDS OFF THE
MERCHANDISE.

LIKE
HELL HE
DOES!

"MERCHANDISE"?
THIS GUY OWN YOU,
BEAUTIFUL?

THEN,
WITH ALL
DUE RESPECT,
JACK--GO
SCREW
YOURSELF.

YOU DON'T
LIKE LIVING
VERY MUCH,
DO YOU?



ACTUALLY...
I HATE IT.

IN FACT,
IF YOU KILLED
ME...YOU'D BE DOING
ME A FAVOR. BUT
LET ME BE CLEAR
ABOUT ONE
THING:

I'M NOT
GOING DOWN
WITHOUT A
FIGHT.

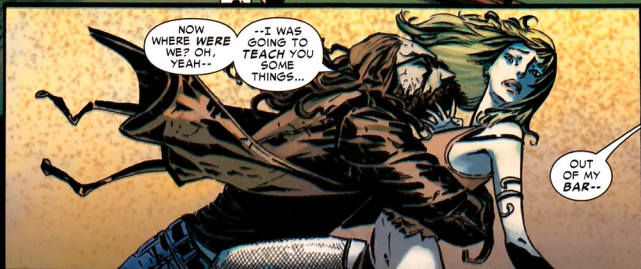
THE
MAN WHO
TAKES ME
OUT--



--HAS
GOT TO
EARN IT.

HOLY
CRAP.

AYYEEEEE--!



NOW
WHERE WERE
WE? OH,
YEAH--

--I WAS
GOING TO
TEACH YOU
SOME
THINGS...

OUT
OF MY
BAR--

--NOW!

HEY,
LISTEN--I
DIDN'T COME IN
HERE FOR
TROUBLE. I JUST
CAME TO
DRINK.

SO HOW
ABOUT I GO
BACK TO MY TABLE.
FINISH OFF THE
LAST BOTTLE
AND--

I
SAID GET
THE HELL
OUT.

SORRY TO
DISAPPOINT
YOU...BUT I'M
NOT GOING--

--ANYWHERE...

NO. NOT
NOW.

NOT...

ARRRRRR--!!

...NOW!

MIND SPLITS
OPEN. A DOOR
OPENS WITH IT...

...AND I SEE.

AN UNTOLD TALE OF
KRAVEN THE HUNTER

HUNTING THE HUNTER

PART TWO: A PROPHECY

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I

SEE.



WHAT I HAVE
TO DO, WHERE
I HAVE TO GO.

HELLUVA THING, THESE
PRE-COG VISIONS.
NEVER REALLY SURE IF
WHAT THEY SHOW ME
IS ACCURATE.

THANKS FER
THE SHOW,
PAL!

BUT THIS
ONE...

...DIDN'T LEAVE A
LOT OF ROOM
FOR AMBIGUITY.

MRS. O...?

SO I CALL DENTON, TELL
HIM I'M IN--THEN HEAD
BACK TO THE HOUSE TO
GRAB WHAT FEW
POSSESSIONS I HAVE...

...AND LET MRS.
O'BRIEN KNOW
I'M LEAVING.

MRS. O...
ARE YOU--?

NOT SURE WHY I EVEN
BOTHER. SHE'S AN
ANNOYING, HALF-CRAZY
OLD BAT. BUT SHE'S
SHOWN ME KINDNESS.

AND THAT'S A
DAMN PRECIOUS
COMMODITY...

...IN THIS
WRETCHED
WORLD.



WELL,
MRS. O...



AND
MAYBE...






...HE'LL DO THE
SAME FOR ME.


OR AT LEAST--
KRAVINOFF
WILL.

IS THE PROPHECY **TRUE**,
HUNTER? ARE YOU THE
ONE WHO'LL FINALLY PUT
ME OUT OF MY MISERY?




HE'S AN INTERESTING CASE.
I'LL GIVE HIM THAT. CLAIMS
TO BE THE DESCENDANT OF
RUSSIAN **ROYALTY**...AND
HE LIVES LIKE IT, TOO.

HOUSES ALL OVER THE
WORLD. WOMEN IN EVERY
CITY. A FORTUNE THAT
NEVER SEEMS TO RUN OUT.



BUT UNDER THE SKIN...
THERE'S **PAIN**. AND IT RUNS
DEEP. HE TRIES TO HIDE IT
BENEATH FANCY SUITS AND
PROUD TALK. BUT HE'S AN
ANIMAL, OUR SERGEI IS:

WOUNDED
AND ANGRY.



GUESS THAT'S WHY HE MADE A NAME
FOR HIMSELF AS A BIG GAME HUNTER.
HE NEEDED SOMELPLACE TO FOCUS
HIS RAGE. NOTHING LIKE SLAUGHTERING
INNOCENT CREATURES TO MAKE A
MAN FEEL **BETTER** ABOUT HIMSELF.

NO
JUDGMENT,
KRAVEN:

SSKAAASHH



LET'S FIND
OUT.

I'VE BEEN
THERE MYSELF.

SO THE WEEKS
PASS AND I TRACK
HIM HERE. UPSTATE
NEW YORK. A TWO-
HUNDRED-ACRE ESTATE.

A MANSION THAT'S
MORE LIKE A
CZAR'S FORTRESS.
BUT WHERE...



...ARE THE
GUARDS?

CLICK

GOOD
EVENING,
KAINE.


MY NAME IS
MR. MWANGA. I AM
SERGEI KRAVINOFF'S
PERSONAL
ASSISTANT.

"PERSONAL
ASSISTANT"?
IS THAT WHAT
THEY'RE CALLING
IT NOW?

I REGRET
YOUR TONE...
AND YOUR
INFERENCE.


LOOK, YOU
WANT TO CARRY
JUNGLE JIM'S WATER.
THAT'S YOUR BUSINESS.
BUT I THOUGHT
THOSE DAYS WERE
LONG GONE.

MR. MWANGA
IS MY DEAREST
FRIEND...AND
CLOSEST
CONFIDANT.



I'VE KNOWN HIM SINCE HE WAS AN ORPHAN...FOUR YEARS OLD...BEGGING ON THE STREETS OF NAIROBI. WITH MY ASSISTANCE, MWANGA WENT ON TO STUDY LITERATURE AT OXFORD.

HE'S WRITTEN THREE BOOKS ON WILLIAM BLAKE--



--INCLUDING A BIOGRAPHY THAT MOST SCHOLARS CONSIDER DEFINITIVE.

AN EDUCATED SLAVE--IS STILL A SLAVE.

YOU MISUNDERSTAND ME, KAINE. JUST AS YOU CLEARLY UNDERESTIMATE ME.

DID YOU REALLY THINK I WOULDN'T KNOW YOU WERE STALKING ME? DID YOU REALLY THINK--



--YOU COULD HUNT THE HUNTER?

I FIGURED YOU WERE ON TO ME.

BUT STILL YOU CAME. MR. DENTON MUST BE PAYING YOU QUITE WELL.

YOU SHOULD KNOW. AFTER ALL-- HE HIRED YOU FIRST. AND IS HE EVER PISSED OFF.

HAVE A DRINK, KAINE--



--AND LET'S TALK.

I'M HERE TO KILL YOU. WHAT ELSE IS THERE TO SAY?

AND WHAT IF I GAVE YOU DOUBLE WHAT DENTON IS PAYING YOU? WOULD YOU HAVE SOMETHING TO SAY ABOUT THAT?

I'D ASK WHY--


BECAUSE SERGEI KRAVINOFF DOESN'T EMBRACE VIOLENCE AS AN END IN ITSELF--



--AND I SUSPECT YOU DON'T, EITHER.

SO WHY DANCE LIKE A PUPPET...ON STRINGS CONTROLLED BY LESSER MEN? TAKE THE MONEY AND GO.

AND IF I DON'T...?



I WILL MOST CERTAINLY KILL YOU. AN OUTCOME I'M HOPING TO AVOID.

I'VE STUDIED YOU, KAINE--AS YOU HAVE CLEARLY STUDIED ME. YOUR ORIGINS ARE SHROUDED IN MYSTERY. BUT YOUR SOUL... YOUR SOUL MIRRORS MY OWN.

ONE COULD ALMOST SAY THAT WE'RE--



--BROTHERS...!

ONE SECOND--AND THE CONFIDENCE BLEEDS FROM HIS VOICE. THE COLOR DRAINS FROM HIS CHEEKS. IT'S AS IF HE'S SEEING SOMETHING IN ME...

...THAT HE
DIDN'T SEE
BEFORE.

YOU THINK
WE'RE BROTHERS,
KRAVEN? SORRY, I
ALREADY HAVE TWO--
AND I'M PRETTY
SURE YOU'D HATE
BOTH OF THEM.

GOD
KNOWS
I DO.

BUT--
WHAT?

AS
FOR MY
SOUL--

I DON'T
HAVE
ONE.

DOESN'T
MATTER.
HE'S RATTLED
NOW. AFRAID.

I'M JUST
A RANDOM MASS
OF CELLS AND
ORGANS, BLOOD AND
MUSCLES. SPITE
AND LOATHING.

AND I'M GOING TO USE
THAT FEAR AGAINST HIM.
TAKE THE GREAT
HUNTER DOWN...

OH...AND
ONE OTHER
THING: YOU
MAY NOT EMBRACE
VIOLENCE AS
AN END IN
ITSELF--

--BUT I
DO. SO YOU
CAN KEEP YOUR
MONEY...AND PUT
IT TOWARD A
NICE FUNER--

SHRIIPPP

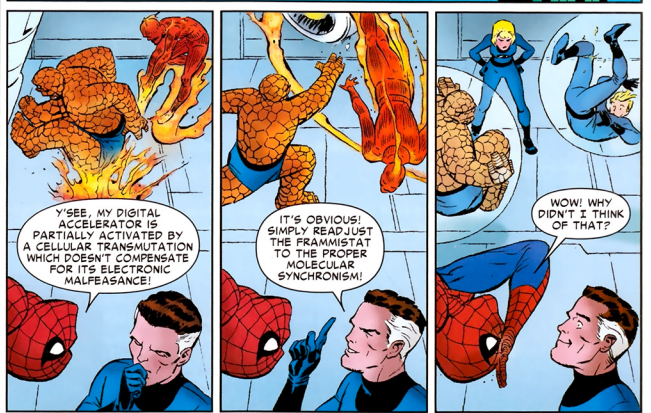
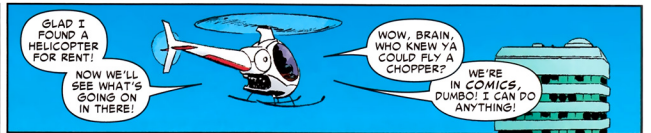
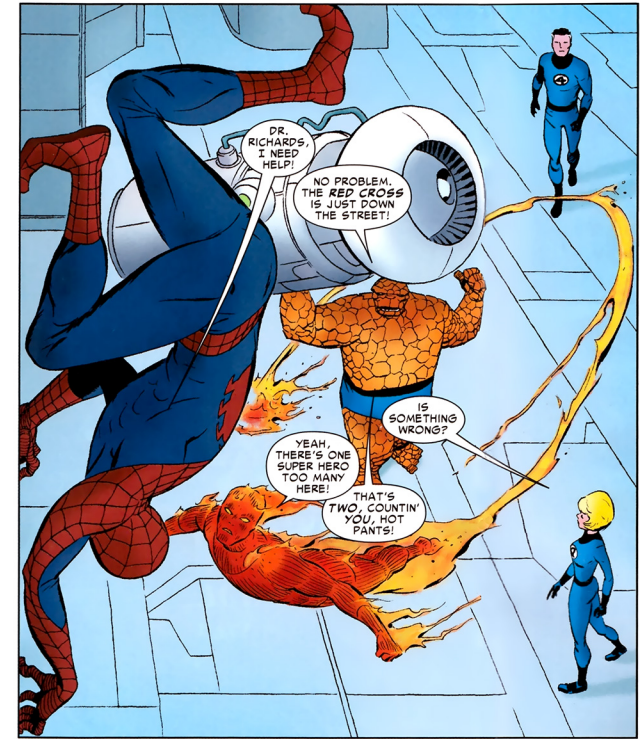
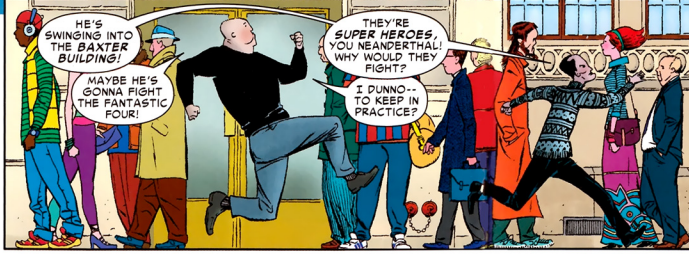
...BEFORE HE EVEN
REALIZES IT.

Next:
WAR!

LAST ISSUE, THE FIEND KNOWN AS BRAIN USED HIS NANO-COLLIDER (PATENT PENDING) TO TAKE HIM TO THE DIMENSION OF COMICS WITH HIS MORONIC HENCHMAN BULL! NOW, AS THE FIRST TWO HUMANS EVER TO ENTER THE COMIC BOOK WORLD, THE FIRST PERSON THEY SEE IS---



COLORS BY VICENTE/LETTERS BY VC'S JOE C.



the AMAZING SPIDER-MAIL



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This was a big one, folks ...the return of Kraven the Hunter. As mentioned previously in this space, we're walking in some pretty big shoes with every issue of *Amazing Spider-Man*, but few of those shoes are harder to fill than the work of J.M. DeMatteis, Mike Zeck and Bob McLeod (have I pushed the shoe metaphor enough yet? No? Hold your tongue, Buster Brown!).

The story of the Hunter's return is just beginning and it's going to be a wild ride.

Now on to your mail:

Dear Steve,

Quick question. In #627, are Peter and Carrie eating at the restaurant from *Seinfeld*? If so, I love it!

Until Mary Jane starts dating ... Newman...Make mine Marvel!

Brent Alexander
Carbondale, IL

Indeed it is, Brent. Though that restaurant is a real place in New York called Tom's Restaurant and it's right in the Morningside Heights section of Manhattan. Come on up for a big salad sometime and tell them, "Steve sent me!"

(Of course they won't know what you're talking about and are probably sick of the "big salad" gag, so you'll probably get yelled out of the place and thrown out into the street like a bum.

Come to think of it, I can't think of a better way to get a real New York experience.)

My dearest Steve Wacker and Marcos Martin,

I, too, have been reading your letter columns, and I can't resist the chance to pipe up and beg to join your burgeoning club. Because I want to throw in my lot as one who remembers and absolutely lov-v-v-v-v-v-v-v-v-ves *CONDORMAN*. How could anybody erase from their mind the gleaming, glistening whiteness of Michael Crawford's gigantic and oft-exposed teeth? And I suffer through every day livid with frustration that the movie doesn't hold pride of place in the otherwise ample library of Netflix.

I say we throw ourselves a viewing party. I'll bring the popcorn and candy; Steve, you can bring soda and the movie; and Marcos will supply his Barcelona home for the location. Two weeks from this Friday? It's a date!

Yours in Woody Wilkins,

Alejandro Arbona
Assistant Editor
Marvel Comics

Alejandro, as assistant editor of *Invisible Iron Man*, you have shown plenty of futurist thinking that will inevitably lead to *Condorman Crossroads*...where one road leads to *Condorman* and the other to the

Unidentified Flying Oddball...which road will you take?

The good news is that now that you are free of the malevolent mindgames of Ralph Macchio's office and joining the Wacker-verse (along with Iron Man), we are one step closer to walking this road together. (I'd like to leave Marcos behind if you don't mind... he walks too fast for me)

Hey guys,

Just started reading comics again for the first time since my early teens; being in my late 20's, I didn't really know where to start as I had missed quite a bit but decided to start off reading my favorite web-slinger back at issue #612 and haven't missed one since. Great job guys you've got me hooked once again!!!

Also picked up Peter Parker #1 a few days ago, which I think I will be reading regularly as well; just one question though: was Michelle getting their apartment painted "perky periwinkle" as Peter refers to it or "perky peach" as Michelle refers to it? Does this qualify me for one of these no prize things I keep reading about?

Jay Taylor
N.B. Canada

Jay, you are absolutely right. We blew the "periwinkle" reference—much to the constant consternation of writer Bob Gale, who let us have it! A reminder to everyone though, to earn a coveted "No-Prize," you need to also supply an answer as to why the mistake wasn't really a mistake. It's all about making sure your editor doesn't look like a dope (which is pretty much Brennan's job description).

Hey guys,

Spidey is as good as it has ever been for me right now, but there is one nagging question I have: how come you guys always refer to organized crime as "the Maggia"?

Allister Cave
Vancouver, BC

This is the place where questions are answered, Allister, so to that end I went to the oldest man in comics, former *Invisible Iron Man* editor Ralph Macchio for the answer. Ralph crawled out from behind his New York Post long enough to tell his assistant to type up and answer:

We call it the Maggia because if we really called it the Mafia (my family) Mr. Wacker would get whacked. Luckily, I've been able to keep my relatives at bay, but I can't promise anything if you cross the line.

And when you run this question in the letter column, Steverino, you must make lots of Italian jokes at my expense or things will get tough at that no-show job down in Jersey City.

Good one, Ralph. You always were a funny guy (as in Ha-Ha).

Hey, thanks for that invite to the party down in the 10th floor meeting room. I can't believe I'm getting promoted!

Hey, wait a sec...there's no party here---

Sorry, folks, Steve Wacker had to disappear for a bit. Read Thor!

Viva Me!
Ralph Macchio
6/2/10

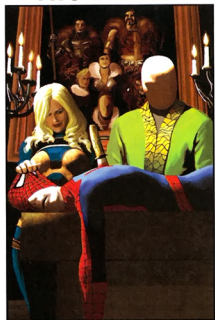
This week's covers by Gabrielle Dell'Otto and Mike Fyles.

Hey, did I mention I used to write *Marvel Two-In-One*?

NEXT!



OH--AND IN TWO WEEKS...



Send e-mail to
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(please mark as OKAY TO PRINT)

Special thanks to ScanDog for the variant cover!