

A full-page comic book illustration. Spider-Man is the central figure, wearing his iconic red and blue suit but also a black tuxedo jacket and white shirt with a black bow tie. He is in a dynamic, slightly off-balance pose, with his right arm raised and a white web-like substance wrapped around it. He has a determined, slightly weary expression. Surrounding him are several enemies: a large, green, muscular alien with red eyes and a menacing grin is lunging towards him from the left; a smaller, grey, insect-like creature with large wings and red eyes is flying above; a green, scorpion-like alien with a mechanical suit is in the lower left; and a man in a black tuxedo with a white shirt and black bow tie is in the lower right, looking up at Spider-Man with a shocked and angry expression, his mouth open and fist clenched. The background is dark with swirling white lines, suggesting a chaotic or high-speed environment. Three text boxes are overlaid on the scene, containing dialogue from Spider-Man.

ME AND J. JONAH JAMESON HAVE BEEN THROUGH A LOT TOGETHER.

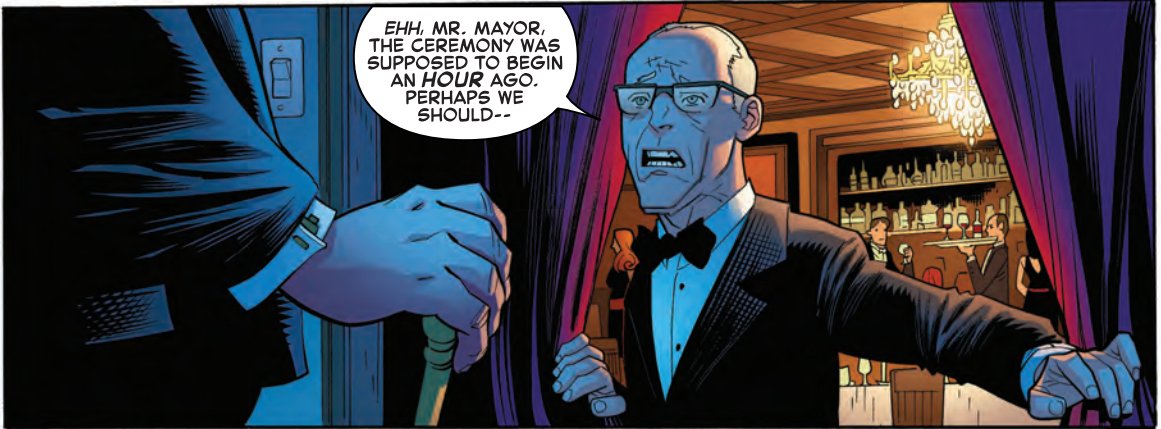
DESPITE BEING SWORN ENEMIES FOR THE LONGEST TIME, WE HAD AN ANNOYING KNACK FOR NEEDING TO BAIL EACH OTHER OUT OF THE DIREST SITUATIONS.

STILL, NONE OF THOSE CAN QUITE COMPARE TO *THIS*, I'D ARGUE.

AFTER ALL--



--WE'RE LATE FOR DINNER!



EHH, MR. MAYOR, THE CEREMONY WAS SUPPOSED TO BEGIN AN HOUR AGO. PERHAPS WE SHOULD--



WAIT!
WE WILL WAIT. I KNOW J. JONAH JAMESON. THERE'S NO WAY THAT FOOL AVOIDS A SPOTLIGHT LIKE THIS ONE. LIKE A MOTH TO A FLAME...



AND WHEN HE ARRIVES, HE'LL BRING SPIDER-MAN. THAT WEBBED CRETIN WON'T DARE RISK HIS NEWFOUND ALLIANCE WITH HIS GREATEST ENEMY.

IT WILL BE A WONDERFUL PHOTO OP. WON'T IT? JAMESON, SPIDER-MAN, AND ME--ARMS AROUND EACH OTHER FOR THE WHOLE WORLD TO SEE...



INCLUDING ALL THE WALL-CRAWLER'S VIGILANTE FRIENDS.

SO YES, THESE PEOPLE WILL WAIT.

YES, MR. MAYOR. BUT... CAN WE AT LEAST SERVE THE CHICKEN?



NO. THEY WILL MAKE DO WITH THE SALAD BAR.

WHEN KINGPIN GOES VEGAN, THE WHOLE CITY GOES VEGAN...

ON SECOND THOUGHT, MAYBE WE CAN SKIP DINNER.

TOUGH TO HAVE AN APPETITE WHEN YOU'RE IN TROUBLE THIS DEEP.



IT STARTED WHEN MY FORMER BOSS AND EVEN-MORE FORMER ARCHNEMESIS HERE GOT AN INVITATION.



APPARENTLY THE KINGPIN--STILL MAYOR OF NEW YORK SOMEHOW--WANTED TO GIVE HIM A BIG HONOR ON ONE CONDITION--



--I HAD TO BE THE ONE TO PRESENT IT TO HIM! WHICH OF COURSE I WOULD NEVER DO...

...BECAUSE I AM TERRIFIED OF PUBLIC SPEAKING!



THANKFULLY THE ENFORCERS SHOWED UP, SO I GOT TO PUNCH PEOPLE INSTEAD.

BUT THAT WENT SOUTH, SADLY--



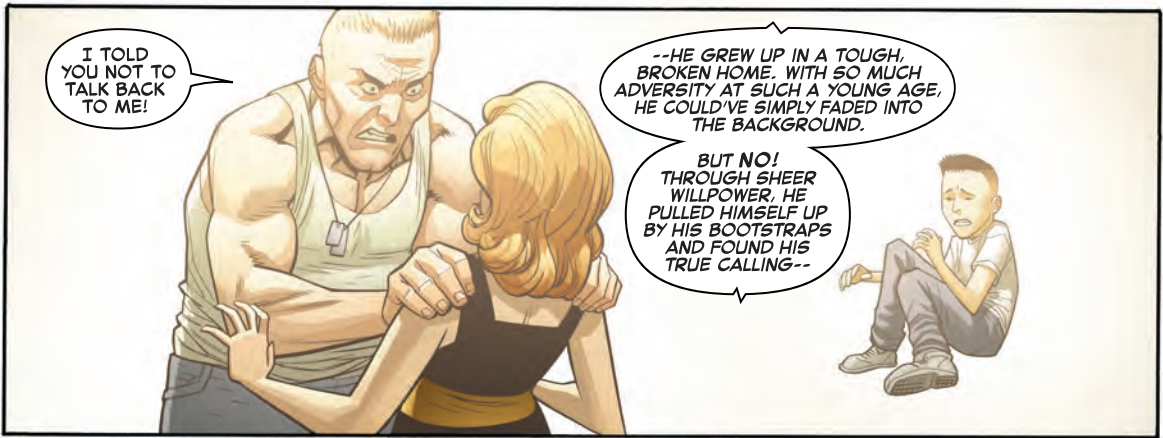
--LEADING US...WHEREVER HERE IS.

HOW DO YOU KEEP GETTING ME IN THESE MESSSES?!

ME?! DID YOU NOT HEAR THAT MYSTERY VOICE? IT DISTINCTLY SAID 'J. JONAH JAMESON, THIS IS YOUR STORY!'

YEAH! EXACTLY! MY STORY IS YOU'RE ALWAYS GETTING ME INTO MESSSES!

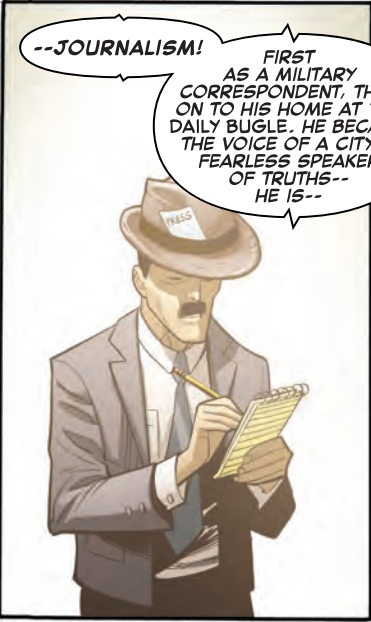




I TOLD YOU NOT TO TALK BACK TO ME!

--HE GREW UP IN A TOUGH, BROKEN HOME. WITH SO MUCH ADVERSITY AT SUCH A YOUNG AGE, HE COULD'VE SIMPLY FADED INTO THE BACKGROUND.

BUT NO! THROUGH SHEER WILLPOWER, HE PULLED HIMSELF UP BY HIS BOOTSTRAPS AND FOUND HIS TRUE CALLING--



--JOURNALISM!
FIRST AS A MILITARY CORRESPONDENT, THEN ON TO HIS HOME AT THE DAILY BUGLE. HE BECAME THE VOICE OF A CITY, A FEARLESS SPEAKER OF TRUTHS-- HE IS--



J.! JONAH! JAMESON! JUNIOR!

WHAT-- WHAT IS THIS?

I DON'T KNOW...



...BUT I LIKE IT!

OH GOD.



IT'S A MUSEUM OF JONAH.

THIS IS MY WORST NIGHTMARE.

"OH, YOU HAVE NO IDEA, SPIDER-MAN..."