英文原版·漫威超级英雄故事

### MARVEL SPIDER-MAN

# OF THE HEROES



美国漫威公司 著

蜘蛛侠

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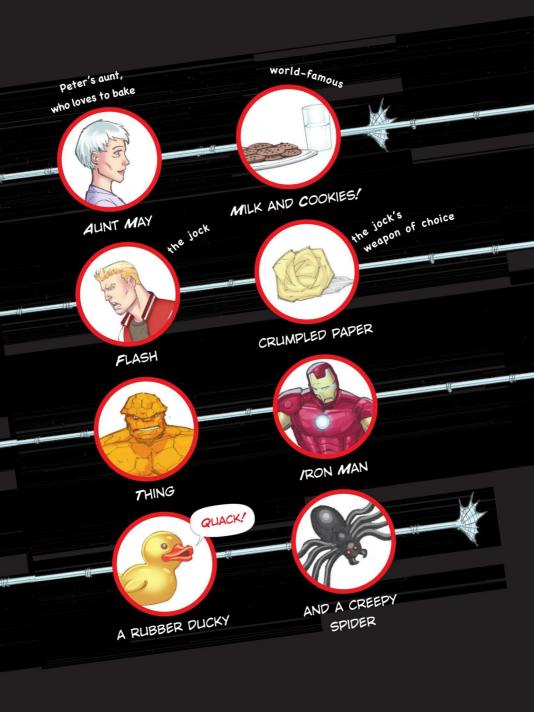
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## FERTURING YOUR FAVORITES! kid from Queens The Crush PETER PARKER SPIDER-MAN Gwen's dad GWEN STACY CAPTAIN STACY NOVA DAREDEVIL VIBRANIUM??? CAP'S SHIELD







Peter Parker was just an average kid who loved science. While attending a presentation about radiation<sup>①</sup>, he was bitten by a radioactive spider. This bite gave Peter amazing abilities. He could cling to walls, leap like a spider, and sense danger.



Peter used his scientific knowledge to create sticky fluid and web-shooters. With these he could spin webs and swing from skyscraper to skyscraper high above the streets of New York City. He created a costume and called himself



One night, Peter's beloved uncle Ben was killed by a burglar —a burglar Spider-Man could have stopped earlier that night but had decided not to. Peter was devastated. But he remembered something Uncle Ben had always told him: WITH GREAT POWER COMES GREAT RESPONSIBILITY.

He would never again pass up an opportunity to help. From that day on, Peter used his powers to fight for justice and defend the public. He stopped everything from petty<sup>2</sup> thieves to Super Villains.

Peter has had countless amazing adventures since becoming Spider-Man. This is just one of them....







On't look up, don't look up, don't look up,"
Peter Parker mumbled<sup>①</sup>. He squinted<sup>②</sup> and tried to will away what was coming toward him.

"Hey, bookworm!" Flash Thompson called out from the other end of the hall. Peter looked up from his locker. Flash was Midtown High's quarterback and was always followed by a group of other jocks and adoring cheerleaders.

THINK Flash said as he tossed a balled-up piece of loose-leaf paper at Peter.





It bounced off his forehead and into his locker.

"Real funny, Eugene," Peter said. He never called "Flash" by his nickname, because he knew the jock hated his *real* name. "Maybe if you used paper for something other than throwing, you'd actually graduate high school before you're a senior citizen," Peter quipped.

"And maybe if you spent less time studying



and more time **RELAXING**, you'd have better luck with the ladies," Flash said, motioning to the giggling cheerleaders several lockers away.

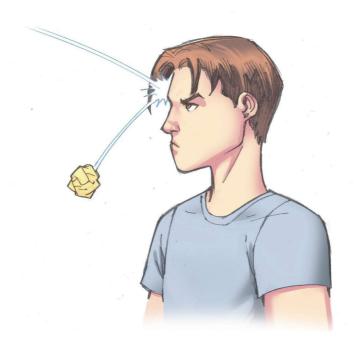
"Luck, huh? Glad that's something you think you have, because it's all you've got," Peter shot back.

Flash waved his hand in the air to dismiss Peter. But Peter could tell by the look in Flash's eye that his comment had stung<sup>①</sup>.

"Come on, crew. Let's not waste any more time with this loser," Flash said. Then he and his fan club headed down the hall.

Peter picked up the crumpled paper from





the floor of his locker. He opened it. Even though he wasn't surprised at what he saw there, he had to admit that it still bothered him.

He tossed the paper into the recycling bin. Flash shot a look back at Peter over his shoulder. By his smile, Peter could tell that Flash had seen him open the paper and throw it away. And the worst part was that Flash seemed to be enjoying every second of it. If Peter thought he'd stuck it to Flash before with

his comment about Flash's need for luck, it was Flash who had the last laugh—as usual.

Flash and Peter went their separate ways—Flash to the schoolyard and Peter to the school library. Maybe Flash was right. Maybe Peter did spend too much time studying and not enough having fun. After all, it was lunchtime, and the rest of his class was outside enjoying the beautiful late-fall weather.

He was holed up in the stuffy school library, preparing for the next

week's science test. And

he was the only

one in there.

Well, *almost* the only one.



### "HEY, PETE!"

Gwen Stacy said.

**"5HHH."** the school librarian scolded.

"I thought I was the only one who spent my lunchtime studying," she whispered.

"Even a girl as smart as you has to be wrong sometimes," Peter said, and he thought he saw Gwen blush<sup>①</sup> a little.

"Well, I couldn't ask for better company," she replied.

Then it was Peter's turn to squirm uncomfortably. He set his books down next to her and took a seat. If Flash could see him

now! For once Peter was happy to be a bit of an outsider. In this case it meant he got to spend time alone with Gwen Stacy. There was no way any other kid in

his class would be joining them. Who else would pass up the beautiful weather for a study session?

Then the library door creaked open, and Peter couldn't believe what he saw.

FLASH was on his way in. What could he be doing in a library? Smiling, he slowly walked over to where Peter and Gwen were sitting.

"Hey, bookworm, I noticed you dropped this," Flash said, and handed Peter the drawing he'd thrown out just a few minutes earlier. There it was in plain sight. And





Gwen was staring at it, too. What would she think? Would she find it funny? Would she laugh at him?

Peter **FIPPe** the paper off the table and grabbed his books.

"I've got to go," he said, and pushed the chair back, maybe a little too hard.

"SHHHHHH!!!"

the librarian said again.

"But I was just doing my good deed for the day!" Flash said sarcastically<sup>①</sup>.

① sarcastically adv. 讥讽地