



# AMAZING FANTASTIC INCREDIBLE

THE #1 NEW YORK TIMES BESTSELLER

A  
MARVELOUS  
MEMOIR

# STAN LEE

and PETER DAVID  
and COLLEEN DORAN



A full-page comic book illustration of Stan Lee. He is depicted from the chest up, wearing his signature blue jacket over a light-colored collared shirt. He has his characteristic white hair, mustache, and glasses. His expression is one of joyful surprise, with a wide smile showing his teeth. His hands are outstretched towards the viewer, palms facing forward. The background is a vibrant, explosive burst of red and yellow, resembling a powerful energy release or a dramatic reveal. The entire scene is framed by a thick black border, typical of comic book panels.

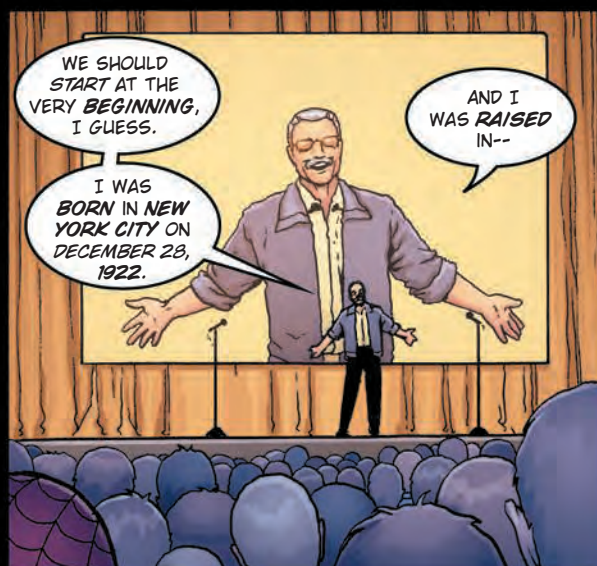
**HOW**  
DID IT  
HAPPEN!?

DURING THE *STRANGE*,  
STRUGGLING EARLY YEARS  
OF MY LIFE, I WALLOWED IN  
**EMBARRASSMENT**  
BECAUSE I WAS A MERE  
COMICBOOK  
WRITER.

AND *NOW*,  
BECAUSE OF THOSE  
SAME, *HUMBLE* COMICBOOKS,  
HERE I AM, THE FEATURED STAR  
OF A REAL, *GROWN-UP* BOOK,  
THE *HERO* OF MY OWN  
LIFE STORY!

There's  
probably  
a moral hidden  
there. Feel free  
to search for  
it as we roll  
along.







ANYWAY, I WAS **BORN** IN THE APARTMENT THAT I FIRST LIVED IN. MY FATHER WAS **JACK LIEBER**, MY MOTHER, **CELIA**. HE WAS A **ROMANIAN** IMMIGRANT WHO CAME TO THE **STATES** WHEN HE WAS YOUNG; MY MOM WAS BORN IN **NEW YORK**.



**NINE YEARS** LATER MY KID BROTHER, **LARRY**, WAS BORN. WE NEVER REALLY GOT A CHANCE TO **KNOW** EACH OTHER BECAUSE BY THE TIME HE WAS 5, I WAS 14 AND PLAYING WITH **OLDER** KIDS.

WE WERE LIVING IN **WASHINGTON HEIGHTS** BY THAT POINT, HAVING MOVED OUT OF THE APARTMENT ON **WEST 98TH STREET** AND **WEST END AVENUE**.



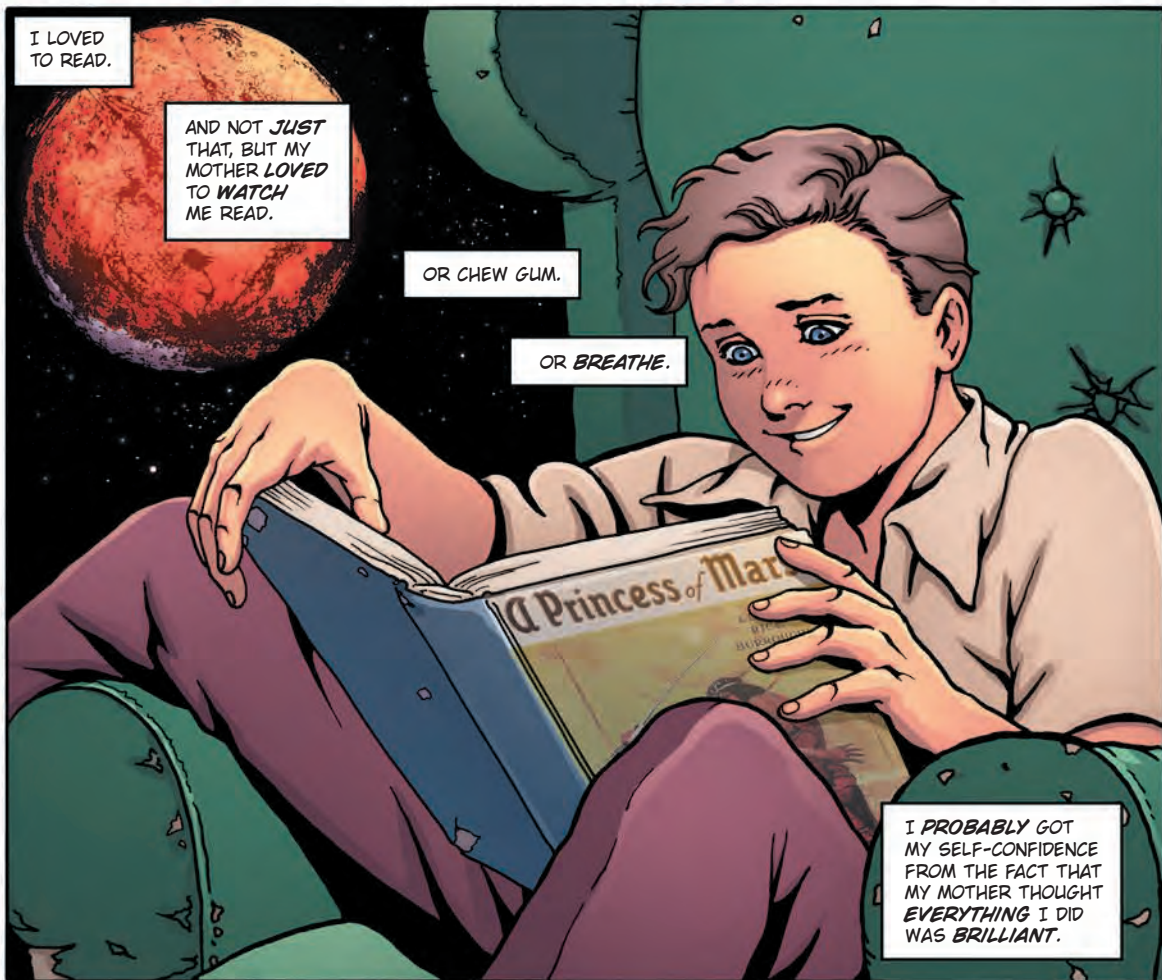
I'D SPEND MOST OF MY TIME **READING**.

I LOVED TO READ.

AND NOT **JUST** THAT, BUT MY MOTHER LOVED TO **WATCH** ME READ.

OR CHEW GUM.

OR **BREATHE**.



I **PROBABLY** GOT MY SELF-CONFIDENCE FROM THE FACT THAT MY MOTHER THOUGHT **EVERYTHING** I DID WAS **BRILLIANT**.



AS FOR WHAT I READ, IT  
WOULD BE EASIER TO SAY:  
WHAT *DIDN'T* I READ?

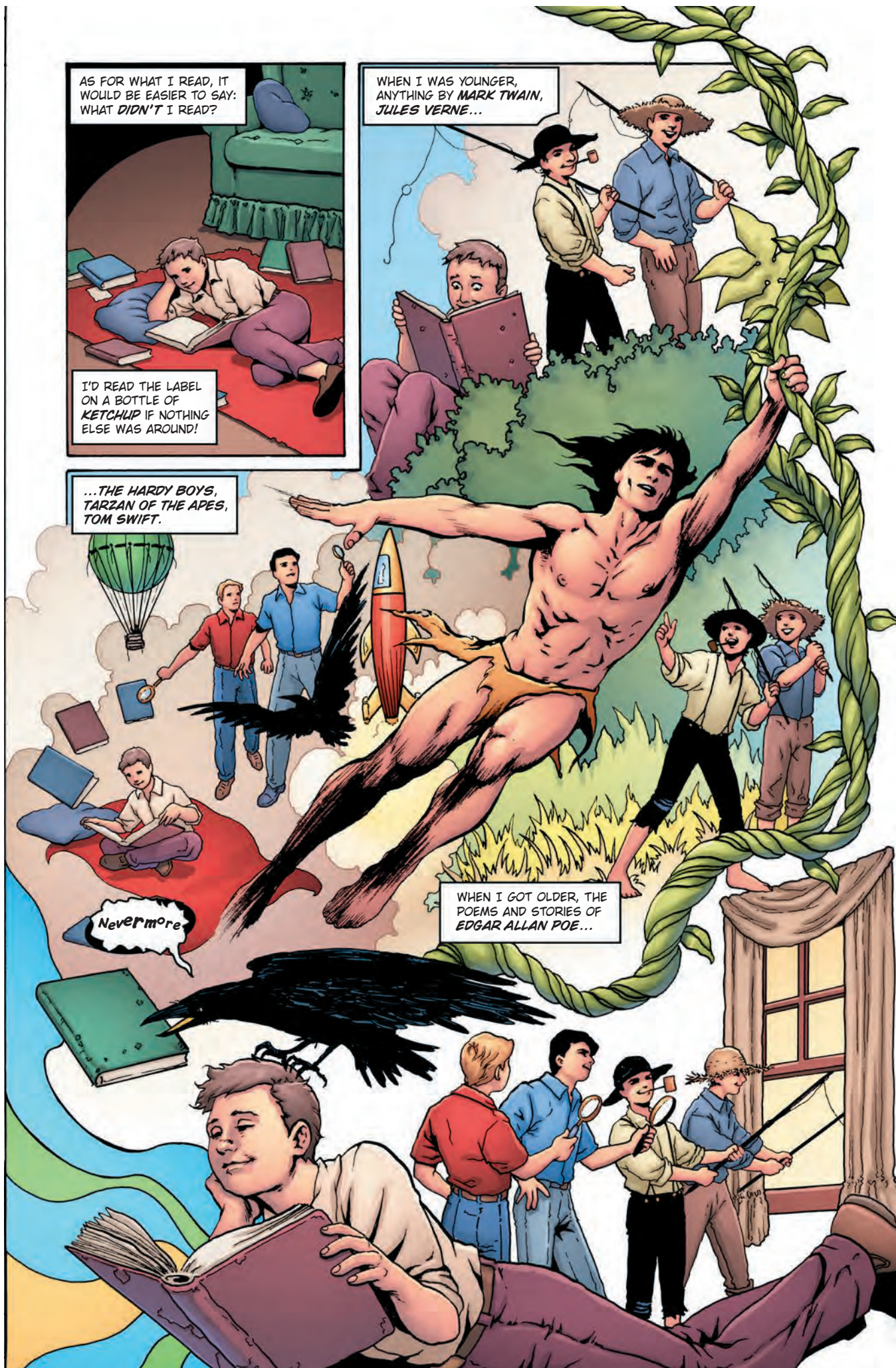
I'D READ THE LABEL  
ON A BOTTLE OF  
*KETCHUP* IF NOTHING  
ELSE WAS AROUND!

WHEN I WAS YOUNGER,  
ANYTHING BY *MARK TWAIN*,  
*JULES VERNE*...

...*THE HARDY BOYS*,  
*TARZAN OF THE APES*,  
*TOM SWIFT*.

WHEN I GOT OLDER, THE  
POEMS AND STORIES OF  
*EDGAR ALLAN POE*...

Nevermore





...GEORGE BERNARD SHAW,  
ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE...

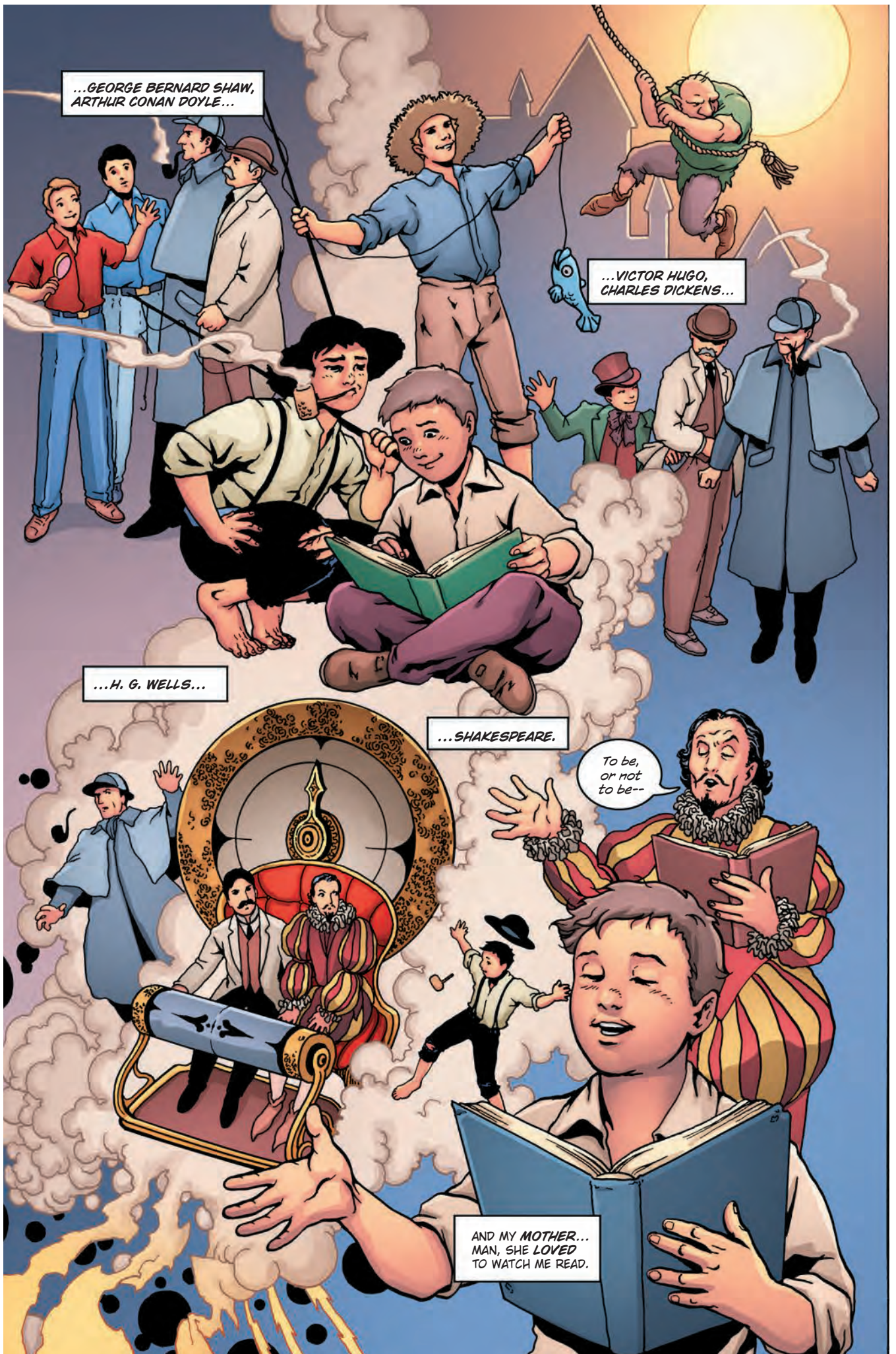
...VICTOR HUGO,  
CHARLES DICKENS...

...H. G. WELLS...

...SHAKESPEARE.

To be,  
or not  
to be--

AND MY MOTHER...  
MAN, SHE LOVED  
TO WATCH ME READ.



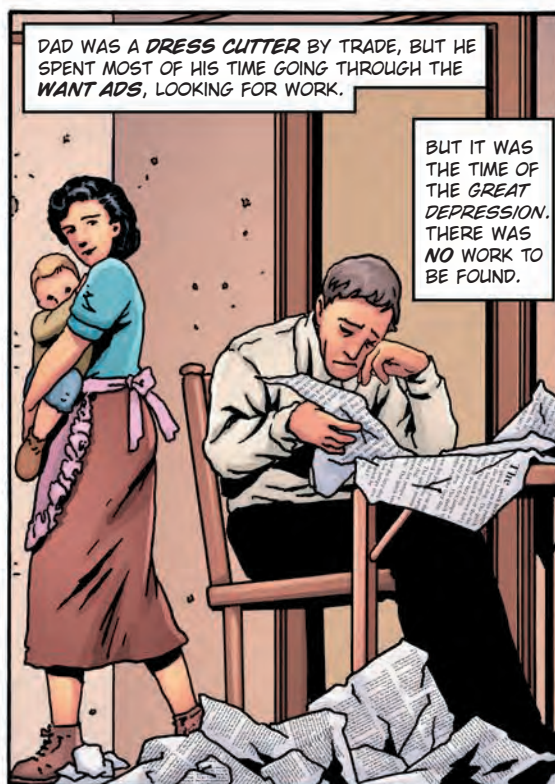




I WAS *NEVER* HAPPY WITH OUR PLACE.

OUR ONLY VIEW WAS THE *BRICK WALL* OF THE REAR OF THE BUILDING NEXT TO US.

MY *DREAM* WAS TO ONE DAY BE *RICH* ENOUGH TO HAVE AN APARTMENT THAT FACED THE STREET.



DAD WAS A *DRESS CUTTER* BY TRADE, BUT HE SPENT MOST OF HIS TIME GOING THROUGH THE *WANT ADS*, LOOKING FOR WORK.

BUT IT WAS THE TIME OF THE *GREAT DEPRESSION*. THERE WAS *NO WORK* TO BE FOUND.



ANYTHING?

OF COURSE *NOT*. THERE'S *NEVER* ANYTHING.



I HAVE *ABSOLUTELY NO IDEA* HOW I'M GOING TO PAY THE *RENT* THIS MONTH.



I'D LIE THERE AT NIGHT, WISHING I WAS *OLDER* SO I COULD GET A JOB. BUT WHAT KIND OF JOB COULD I GET?

I FIGURED THAT IF I THOUGHT ABOUT IT HARD ENOUGH, I'D COME UP WITH SOMETHING.