

MARVEL

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LGY#166

DONNY CATES • RYAN STEGMAN • JP MAYER • FRANK MARTIN

VENOM



Stegman

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BONUS **DIGITAL EDITION** – DETAILS INSIDE!

YEARS AGO, THE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN ACCIDENTALLY BONDED WITH A UNIQUE ALIEN ORGANISM CALLED A SYMBIOTE.

AFTER REALIZING THE COSTUME WAS READING HIS MIND AND TRYING TO MAKE THEIR UNION PERMANENT, SPIDER-MAN REJECTED IT.

BETRAYED AND LEFT FOR DEAD, THE SYMBIOTE FOUND A WILLING HOST IN EDDIE BROCK, A REPORTER WHOSE LIFE SPIDER-MAN HAD ALSO RUINED.

BROCK WELCOMED THE SYMBIOTE AND THE TWO WERE JOINED, SWEARING VENGEANCE ON SPIDER-MAN AND BECOMING THE SINGULAR ENTITY CALLED...



VENOM

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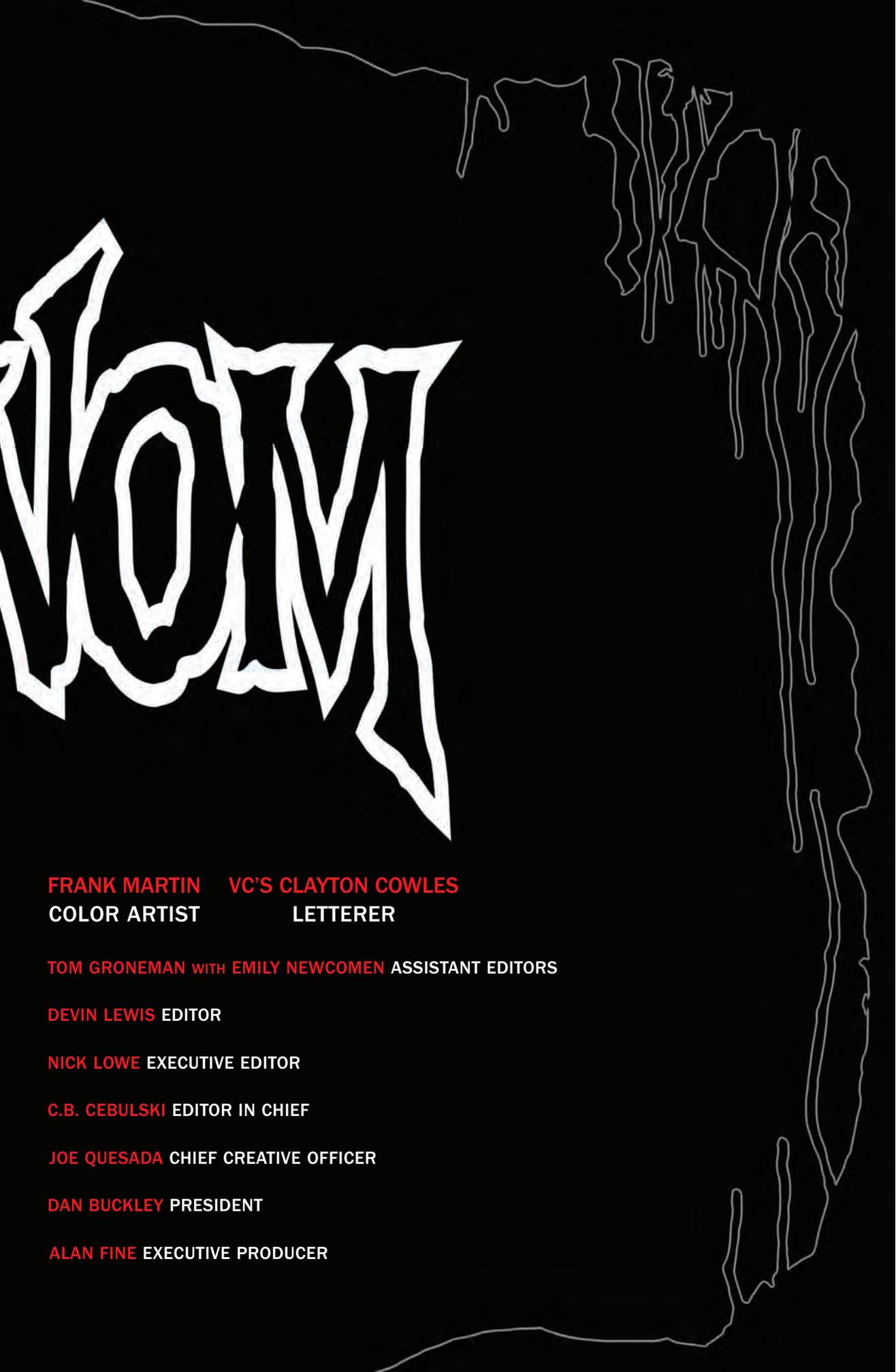
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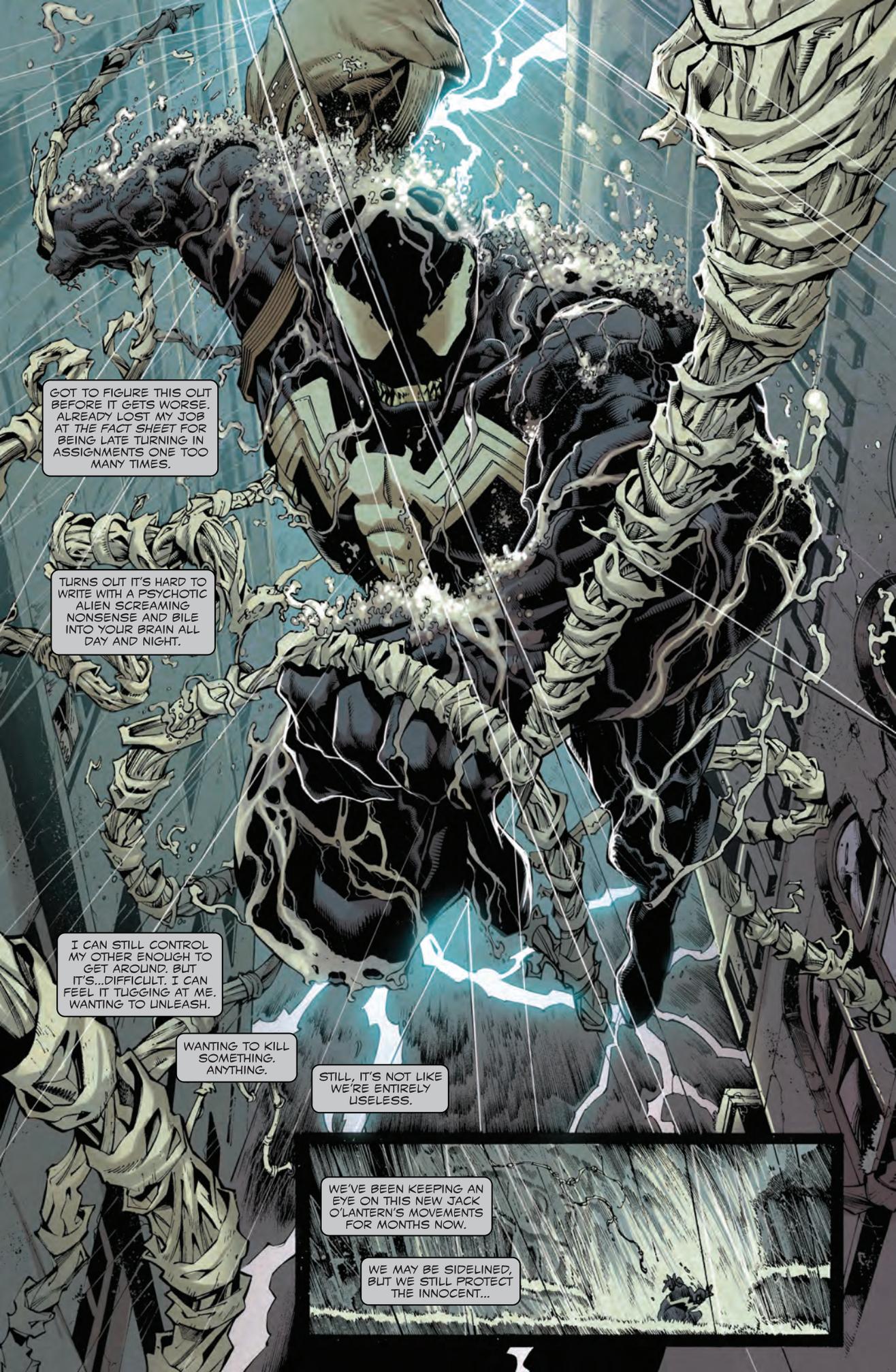
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GOT TO FIGURE THIS OUT BEFORE IT GETS WORSE. ALREADY LOST MY JOB AT THE FACT SHEET FOR BEING LATE TURNING IN ASSIGNMENTS ONE TOO MANY TIMES.

TURNS OUT IT'S HARD TO WRITE WITH A PSYCHOTIC ALIEN SCREAMING NONSENSE AND BILE INTO YOUR BRAIN ALL DAY AND NIGHT.

I CAN STILL CONTROL MY OTHER ENOUGH TO GET AROUND. BUT IT'S...DIFFICULT. I CAN FEEL IT TUGGING AT ME. WANTING TO UNLEASH.

WANTING TO KILL SOMETHING. ANYTHING.

STILL, IT'S NOT LIKE WE'RE ENTIRELY USELESS.

WE'VE BEEN KEEPING AN EYE ON THIS NEW JACK O'LANTERN'S MOVEMENTS FOR MONTHS NOW.

WE MAY BE SIDELINED, BUT WE STILL PROTECT THE INNOCENT...

IN OUR OWN WAY...

I'M TELLIN' YOU GUYS, WITH THESE PUPPIES, THE WEB-HEAD AIN'T NEVER GONNA SEE YOU COMIN'. THIS IS NORMAN OSBORN'S PRIVATE STOCK!

PRIMO STUFF! HIGH-TECH! SHORT-CIRCUITS WHATEVER WEIRDO SENSE HE'S GOT THAT LETS HIM KNOW WE'S COMIN'!

I DON'T REMEMBER OSBORN EVER USING MACHINE GUNS, JACK O'LANTERN...

WHAT? OF COURSE HE DID, ON HIS BIG...GLIDER THING. CHOCK-FULL OF MACHINE GUNS. I'M TELLIN' YOU.

YOU KNOW, YOU MIGHT JUST BE THE DUMBEST GUY TO EVER WEAR THAT STUPID HALLOWEEN COSTUME.

WHAT?! HEY, HEY, FELLAS, NOW, LET'S NOT ALL LOSE OUR HEADS HERE. I'M SURE WE CAN FIGURE THIS--

THE LIGHTS--?! THE HELL IS THIS, JACK?!

THIS AIN'T ME!

FREEZE!

AH, HELL...

SADLY, IT'S NOT US, EITHER.

A BIT ANTICLIMACTIC, I KNOW. USED TO BE WE'D BE IN THERE BREAKING JAWS AND METING OUT JUSTICE WITH A BIG TOOTHY GRIN ON OUR FACE.



SNAP



THESE DAYS, WE'RE JUST SPECTATORS.

UNTIL I CAN FIGURE OUT WHAT'S WRONG WITH MY OTHER, I WON'T RISK IT HURTING SOMEONE INNOCENT.

FEEL LIKE A COWARD, BUT I CAN SELL THESE PICTURES, AND WE STILL HAVE TO EAT.



I TELL MYSELF IF THIS HAD GOTTEN OUT OF HAND WE WOULD HAVE ACTED. LUCKILY, IT'S ALL UNDER--

HEY!
HEY, NO!
FREEZE!



DAMN.



GOT MY GUN! GET HI-- AGH!

AND JUST LIKE THAT, I'M A PASSENGER. MY BODY NO LONGER BELONGS TO ME.

IN REPLY, I HEAR ONLY SCREAMING. AND LAUGHTER.

HE BEGS. HE'S RIGHT TO.

AH-ALL RIGHT! ALL RIGHT, I GIVE! LOOK, I AIN'T EVEN THE REAL JACK O'LANTERN, MAN! I JUST FOUND THIS GEAR AND...AND I'M SORRY! JUS-JUST DON'T--

GAH!

I TRY PLEADING WITH MY OTHER, TRY CALMING IT DOWN.

KRAK

AH, GOD...IT'S YOU... IT'S...

BUT THIS ISN'T ME.

KRAKA BOOM

AND VENOM ISN'T LISTENING.