

EXHIBIT XX

THE FANTASTIC FOUR



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THE FANTASTIC FOUR

by

STAN LEE

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THE GALACTUS TRILOGY

This is it—the big one!

As you may or may not know, I spend a lot of time visiting various colleges and universities and speaking to the faithful about the wonder and the glory that is Marvel. It also gives me a chance to get out of the office and away from Irving Forbush for a while! Anyway, whilst bringing a touch of contemporary culture to those hallowed halls of higher education, I'm inevitably bombarded with questions from the bright-eyed and bushy-tailed believers who comprise the highest levels of the rascally ranks of Marveldom.

And what is the request most asked of me? Hah, I thought you'd never get around to it! It is, of course, "Hey, Stan, tell us about the Galactus Trilogy!"

The Galactus Trilogy! Notice how rhythmically it doth roll trippingly off the tongue. The Galactus Trilogy! It sounds like it oughta be required reading, right up there with *The Harvard Classics* and *War and Peace*! And, for all I know, it is!

When Kirby and I first set about planning our titanic little trio of tales, we little suspected that the Galactus episodes would become such a major milestone in Marvel magnificence. Actually, all we were trying to do was come up with a villain strong enough to challenge our fearless foursome after they had already defeated some of the most powerful baddies of the year.

And then it happened!

After hours of head scratching, gazing at the ceiling, stretching, yawning, bending paper clips, staring into space, then staring out of space, we finally got it. It suddenly all came together. "Galactus!" we shouted. I didn't know what it meant, but the name sounded real zingy to me. Jack, as usual, puffed his cigar and managed to look as if he definitely did know what it meant, and that was good enough for me. Galactus it was. Galactus it would be. We had our villain. Now all we needed was a story!

Well, having written so many of them, I can tell you in confidence that stories aren't so difficult to create. All you have to do is lose weight, worry yourself sick, develop ulcers, become a nervous wreck, torture yourself unmercifully, and go slightly out of your mind—all this, of course, while watching the clock, and realizing that if you don't come up with an angle in the next few minutes, you'll never be able to put the whole furslugger thing together in time to make the printer's deadline!

But I know how sensitive you are. I don't want to worry you any more than is