

# EXHIBIT BBB

# THE INCREDIBLE

NATIONAL  
TV  
STAR

By  
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Exhibit: \_\_\_\_\_  
Witness: Lee  
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Reporter: A. Kate, CSR 11897

Well, it's finally happened! The world has caught up with us at last! The Day of the Hulk has arrived!

I still can remember when it all started—still remember talking to Jolly Jack Kirby in the bullpen, 10 those many years ago, and telling him that I thought the time was ripe to try a nutty new series based upon a heroic monster. (A heroic monster! Now there's a contradiction of terms for you semanticists to wrestle with!)

Luckily, Jack didn't recommend a padded cell for his starry-eyed collaborator, as some other less intrepid illustrators might have done. No, Kirby caught the idea, mulled it over, related to it, waxed enthusiastic, and within minutes was off and running, whipping out model sheets and helping me determine what the plot lines ought to be.

Well, I won't rehash all the excruciating events that comprised the act of creation in regards to ol' Greenskin, since the entire subject has been magnificently detailed in the very first volume of this star-studded series, "The Origins of Marvel Comics." However, this may be the perfect spot to discuss the growing "Hulk Cult," which seems to be spreading throughout the length and breadth of the civilized world—including Yancy Street. (A little inside joke there, just to make sure any old-time Fantastic Four fans are still awake!) Why all this sudden interest in the Hulk? Why is our rumpled rampager the newest darling of the media? Why the fast-growing flurry of Hulk toys, games, puzzles, clothes, and party surprises?

I wish I knew!

But, since neither I nor anyone else really has the answers, it might be fun to try to figure it out together.

One of my favorite explanations for the Hulk's popularity is the fact that people always cheer for the underdog. And, despite his strength and obvious lack of diffidence, our jolly green giant always seems to have the odds against him no matter what's happening. You've got to admit he's not the best-looking guy you ever saw, and his party manners aren't anything to write home about. He'll never win any "best-dressed" contests, and as a conversationalist he leaves much