

• THEN.

Dear Diary, today...
everything changed.

PROPERTY
OF
KATE BISHOP
PRIVATE!

KEEP OUT!

MR. BISHOP,
YES, I KNOW I'M
NOT SUPPOSED TO CALL
THIS NUMBER, BUT I'M
AFRAID IT'S AN
EMERGENCY.

YOU
SEE...IT'S YOUR
DAUGHTER, LITTLE
KATE.

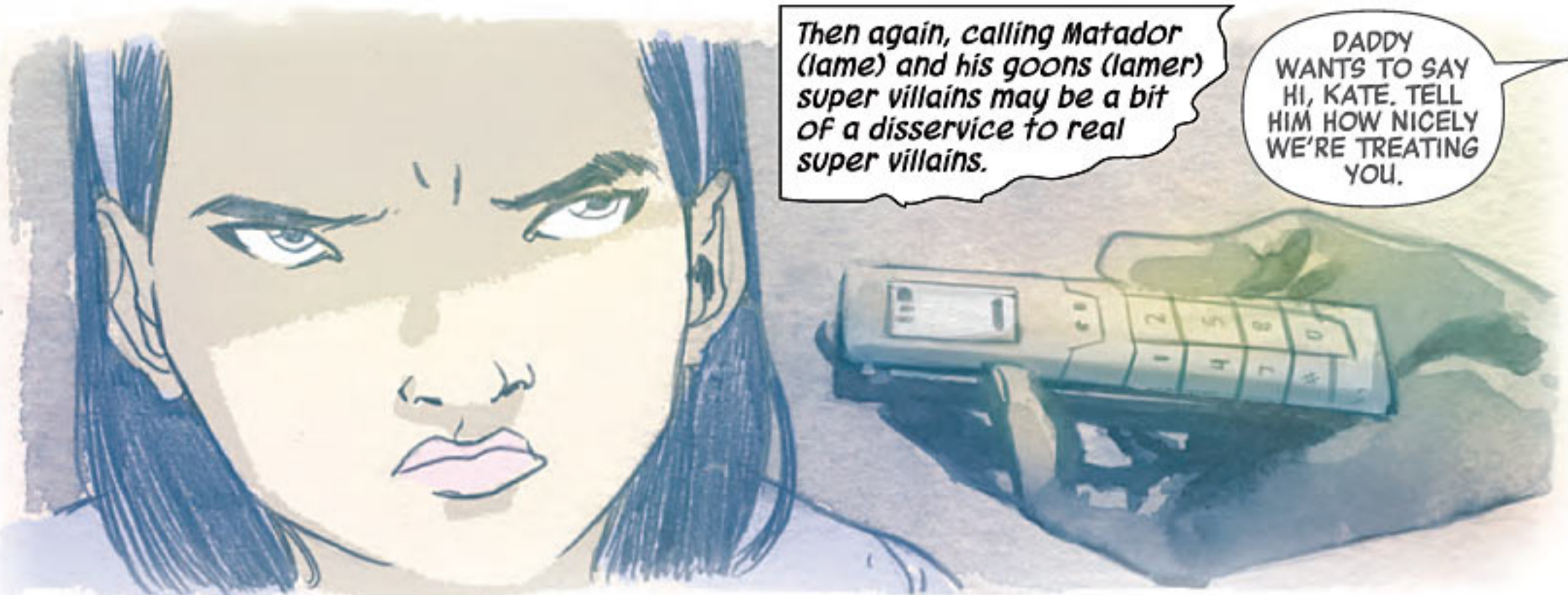
I'M AFRAID WE
HAVE HER, GOOD
SIR, AND IF YOU EVER
WANT TO SEE HER SURLY
LITTLE FACE AGAIN,
YOU WILL HAVE TO
PAY. AND I DO
MEAN PAY.

I don't even know where to
begin. My head is still rushing
a mile a minute trying to
remember every detail
of what happened.

NOW, NOW, MR.
BISHOP, THERE'S NO
NEED FOR THAT KIND
OF LANGUAGE. KATE IS
UNHARMED, AND I'M
SURE WE'D **BOTH** LIKE
TO KEEP HER
THAT WAY.

I guess I should start with
the fact that my dad is
officially a super villain.

Okay...that may be a bit
dramatic. But my dad is
at least working with a
two-bit super villain.



Then again, calling Matador (lame) and his goons (lamer) super villains may be a bit of a disservice to real super villains.

DADDY WANTS TO SAY HI, KATE. TELL HIM HOW NICELY WE'RE TREATING YOU.



KATIE?!

I'M FINE, DAD. DON'T FREAK OUT.

KATE, HOW DID THIS--

JUST RELAX, DAD. I GOT THIS.



HERE.

WHA--?!



YOUR HIDEOUT SUCKS--

OW!!!



--AND YOUR COSTUME SUCKS MORE.

THAP

KATE!
KATE, WHAT'S HAPPENING?!



YOU SHOULD NEVER READ A GIRL'S DIARY, JERKWAD.



SERIOUSLY, MY DAD SHOULD HAVE HIRED THE SHOCKER.

UNGH!!!



Like I said, totally lame. But this is where things really get good...