



Listen, Melissa, I've sat here politely while you've both dunked on *and* sassed me for *quite a while*, so unless there's anything else--

There is.

KLICK



The one person in the world I *thought* could be a threat instead just confirmed herself to be *wholly incapable* of stopping me, so really, there's no reason to hold back on my plans anymore.

SMOOSH



So that's nice.

Shut up.

Your house has *secret passages*?
With *secret bears* inside??



Oh my gosh

They're as cute as they are deadly

Come, I want to show you something. And if you make any move against me, they'll fire.



Whatever you've got planned won't work, Melissa. The police will break through your little animal barricade, and then this is *over*.

Oh, I have no doubt they will, eventually.

I imagine Tomas and Ken are helping them by now. But we've got time.



Mrrrargh!

Hey! Hey! Watch it!

Who are you, "Commando Tiny Jerk"?



He's a *sun bear*. They don't get giant. And you don't want to see how jerky he can be.

Melissa, you get to what you wanna show me *real soon*, or I swear--

Rrrgrh.

--I'mma punch a bear no matter *how* adorable his beret is.



We're already here, Doreen.

Meet the Mark VI, a super-computer of my own design, and the only one of its kind in the world. It scans my thoughts and transmits them directly into the minds of my animals.

I'm really quite proud of it.





Wait, that's an arc reactor. Tony's technology.

Industrial espionage, Doreen. Reverse engineered.

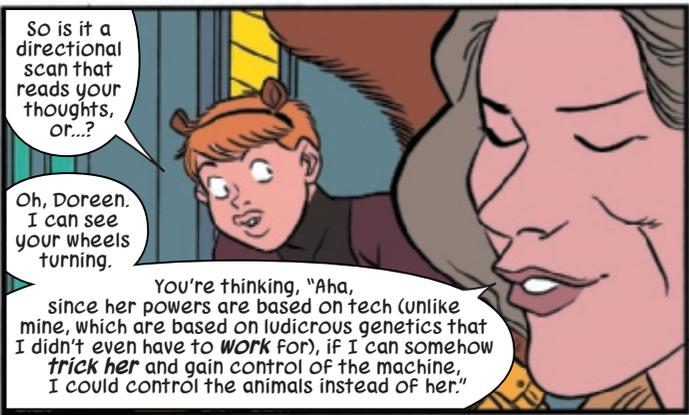
And are those... Doom-style rivets??

Victor's *such* a charmer when he thinks he has the advantage.



That dish reads my thoughts while I'm inside this house, so I can control my chipped animals with a thought. Or a word, if the mood strikes. Those chicken noises with Alfredo were just for show.

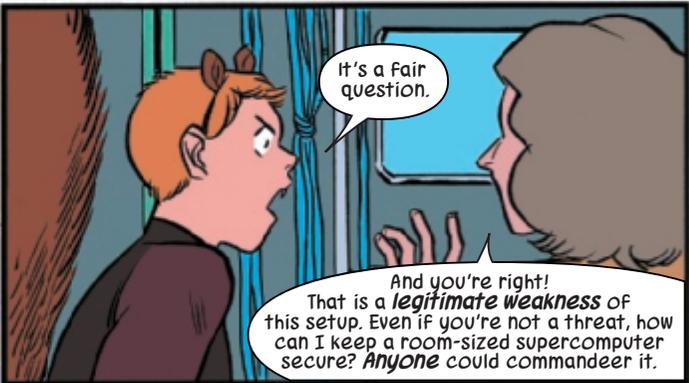
Which reminds me, Chef Bear never *did* show up with dinner...



So is it a directional scan that reads your thoughts, or...?

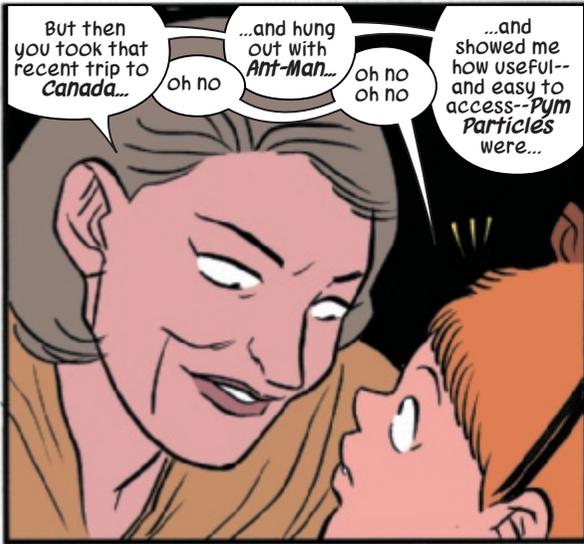
Oh, Doreen. I can see your wheels turning.

You're thinking, "Aha, since her powers are based on tech (unlike mine, which are based on ludicrous genetics that I didn't even have to *WORK* for), if I can somehow *trick her* and gain control of the machine, I could control the animals instead of her."



It's a fair question.

And you're right! That is a *legitimate weakness* of this setup. Even if you're not a threat, how can I keep a room-sized supercomputer secure? *Anyone* could commandeer it.



But then you took that recent trip to *Canada*...

oh no

...and hung out with *Ant-Man*...

oh no oh no

...and showed me how useful-- and easy to access--*Pym Particles* were...



Dang you, *Ant-Man Security Solutions* and your *ironically lax security!*

PSSHHHHT

I would 100% read a comic called *Dang You, Ant-Man Security Solutions And Your Ironically Lax Security*. Imagine what sorts of hilarious misadventures Ant-Man would get up to in that comic! Someone would steal his stuff, he'd shrink down to ant size so he can scream and kick things without causing a scene, then he'd come back up to normal size and try to continue his very important board meeting like nothing happened.



Doctor Bear, the Mark VI should be small enough for implantation in a few moments. If you wouldn't mind releasing the cockroaches?



Okay, *seriously*, nothing good has ever happened after someone said "release the cockroaches," so maybe now's a great time for us all to act like *reasonable adults* and--



Mmrrah!

--stop acting crazy!!



Mmrrah!!

KRETS



Mmrrah! Mmrrah!!

**POW
POW
POW**

Hey! Hey!! Commando Tiny Jerk!



**POW
POW**

What kind of idiot fires a gun in an enclosed room?!



Rrarrgh!

What's that? What's that?

Because I can barely hear you over the incredibly loud noise of an idiot firing a gun in an enclosed room!!



Listen to me, Melissa. This is *Over*. We--

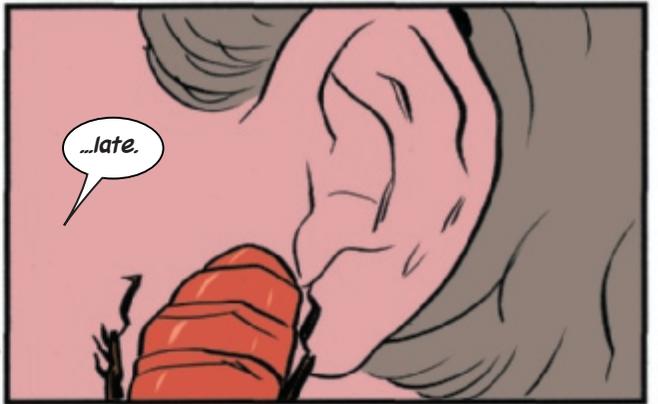
Cute, Doreen-- but I just wanted an audience. You were already too late when I called you in here today.



Far...



...too...



...late.



Bears: pin her. Butler bears, I'm including you in this too.

Two things. *First*: oh my gosh Melissa that was *nasty*, that was *so gross-nasty*, what the actual heck.

I can only think of like a *billion* better ways to get a shrunken supercomputer in my ear??



And *second*: bears, I've waited my whole life for an appropriate situation to say this, so heads up:



I'm about to take you down...



...with my *bear* hands.

KRRK

I want you to know I used a less-gross animal in the First draft of this comic, but Erica *insisted* that they be cockroaches. Then she sent me pictures of all the different types of cockroaches she wanted to draw!! Erica, why? *Why, Erica??*