

Patsy Walker, A.K.A.

HELLCAT!

That's me!

It's been a little while since Patsy Walker lost her job as a super-powered private investigator for her BFF, She-Hulk. No worries, though...

Their effects weren't anything Patsy and her friends couldn't handle—costume changes, the stuffed tiger little Patsy told her troubles to brought to life—but then...

Patsy landed on her feet and started a temp agency for super-folks! She's been busy with work, but has had some tough stuff in her personal life...

She put on a brave face to put on an office holiday(s) party, until the sniffles she caught in Bailey's bag became reality-altering sneezes!

...like frenemy Hedy Wolfe's machinations, or Patsy's time trapped in her friend Bailey's magic bag of infinite size! But hardest by far was when She-Hulk almost died—Patsy's been reeling ever since.

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68 JAY STREET.
WELL, AT LEAST,
IT USED TO BE.

I can't.
I'm not. This isn't
happening.

Where did it...
go? How does a
building just
vanish?

I'm not
sure why I thought a
giant hornet would be the
weirdest thing to happen
at one of your parties,
Hellcat.

My
blood's in
there.



No biting,
Jubilee.

Chill out,
whiskers. I've
got a Flask. I've
not making *that*
mistake
twice.

I told you
messing with space-
time was best left to
the experts. It could
be *anywhere*.

This is.
NO. NO. NOPE.
Nuh-uh.



Sharon, it's
okay. If we lost
it, we can get it
back.

This
isn't a *CHILD'S
DOLL, PATSY*. It's my
building. It's my
home!

Also
like, tons of things
that get lost don't
get found.

Not
helping, America!
I just--



Oh, no...
Ah--
AH--

**HEDY WOLFE'S APARTMENT,
UPPER MANHATTAN.**

"--CHOO!"

There you go, precious! Just a few more brushes and you'll be the belle of the--

**BARK!
ARF!
ARRR!**

Betty!
What--?

I HAVE RETURNED FROM THE DEPTHS TO EXACT MY FURY! I AM TORMENT AND DESPAIR!

Hedy?
What is that?
I'm in the shower!
Are you okay?

**HELP!
THERE'S A GIANT
TIGER IN HERE
AND...**

Wait.

I know you.

