

# Meanwhile, on Earth.

(a.k.a. "Midgard")  
(a.k.a. "Where The Party's At")



Take this!

And this!

And this!



Enough!  
Enough!

All right!  
Finally!



Geez, that took a while, but I'm glad that you finally saw the light, Ratatoskr. Okay! So now just undo all your mind control on the good citizens of New York and we'll be on our way!

...uh, can I *assume* your insurance is gonna pay for the damages?

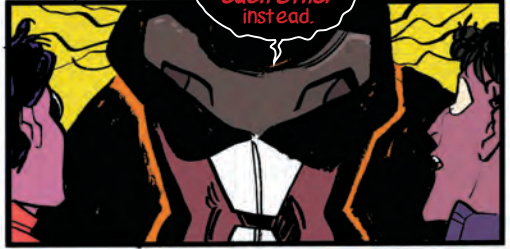
No, you misunderstand. I meant "enough of this." Enough of you three hitting me...



Hey!!

Gah!

...and more of you hitting each other instead.



Suddenly I feel like punching you, Squirrel Girl!

Suddenly I feel like punching her too!!

Theory: if instead of "Earth" we called our planet "Where The Party's At," maybe more aliens would be contacting us and inquiring vis-a-vis joining the Friggin' party??





I don't worry about when it's too soon to say "I love you." I worry about when it's too soon to say "I really, really like you and I'm glad we're Friends, do you want to come over and maybe we'll get a pizza?"





You know what? Fine. Fine. Let's Fight.

But I hope that when this is over you'll forgive me for beating you guys up, just like I hope Spider-Man will forgive me, who if you'll all recall I also already totally beat up.



And while I was beating him up, I liberated some of his doo-hickies, in case of just such an eventuality!

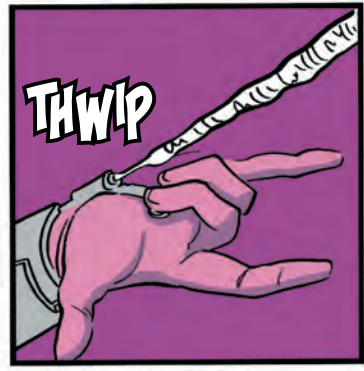
So y'all are on notice that you're in deep trouble now, because the unbeatable Squirrel Girl has gained access to--



...Hold on, there's a trick to getting them attached to your wrist...

...just a second...

...almost got it...



Like I was saying--

--SQUIRREL GIRL'S GOT WEB-SHOOTERS NOW, JERKS!!

Squirrel Girl's also got a liberal idea of personal property ownership, jerks!!