

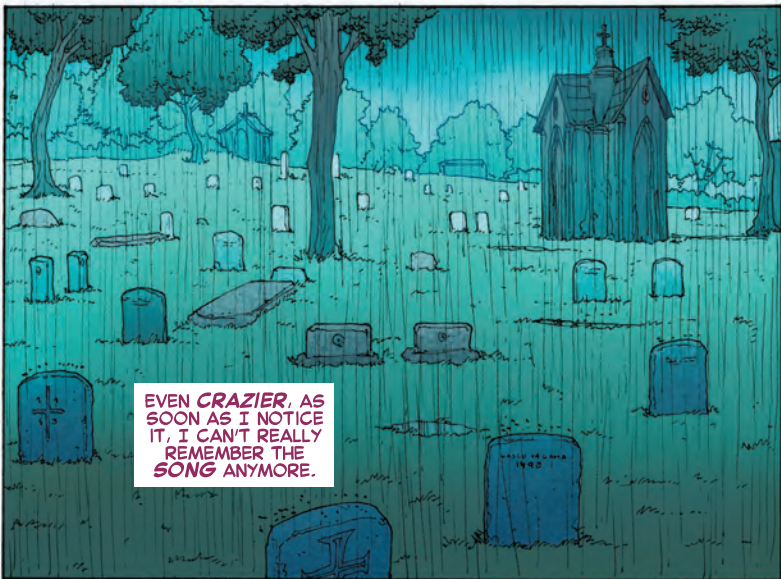
YOU EVER NOTICE, ALL OF A SUDDEN, THAT YOU'VE BEEN WALKING AROUND SINGING A SONG UNDER YOUR BREATH LIKE A CRAZY PERSON?



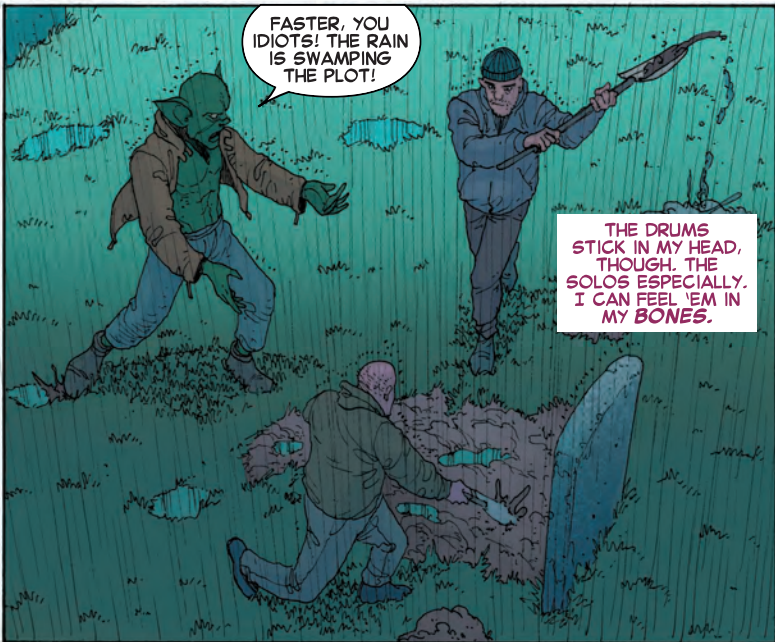
THAT HAPPENS TO ME ALL THE TIME.



EVEN CRAZIER. AS SOON AS I NOTICE IT, I CAN'T REALLY REMEMBER THE SONG ANYMORE.



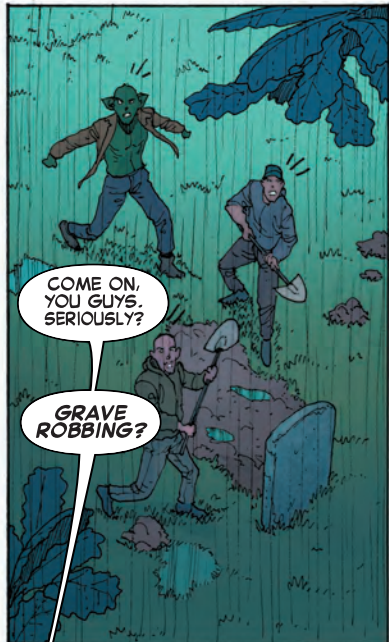
FASTER, YOU IDIOTS! THE RAIN IS SWAMPING THE PLOT!



THE DRUMS STICK IN MY HEAD, THOUGH. THE SOLOS ESPECIALLY. I CAN FEEL 'EM IN MY BONES.

COME ON, YOU GUYS. SERIOUSLY?

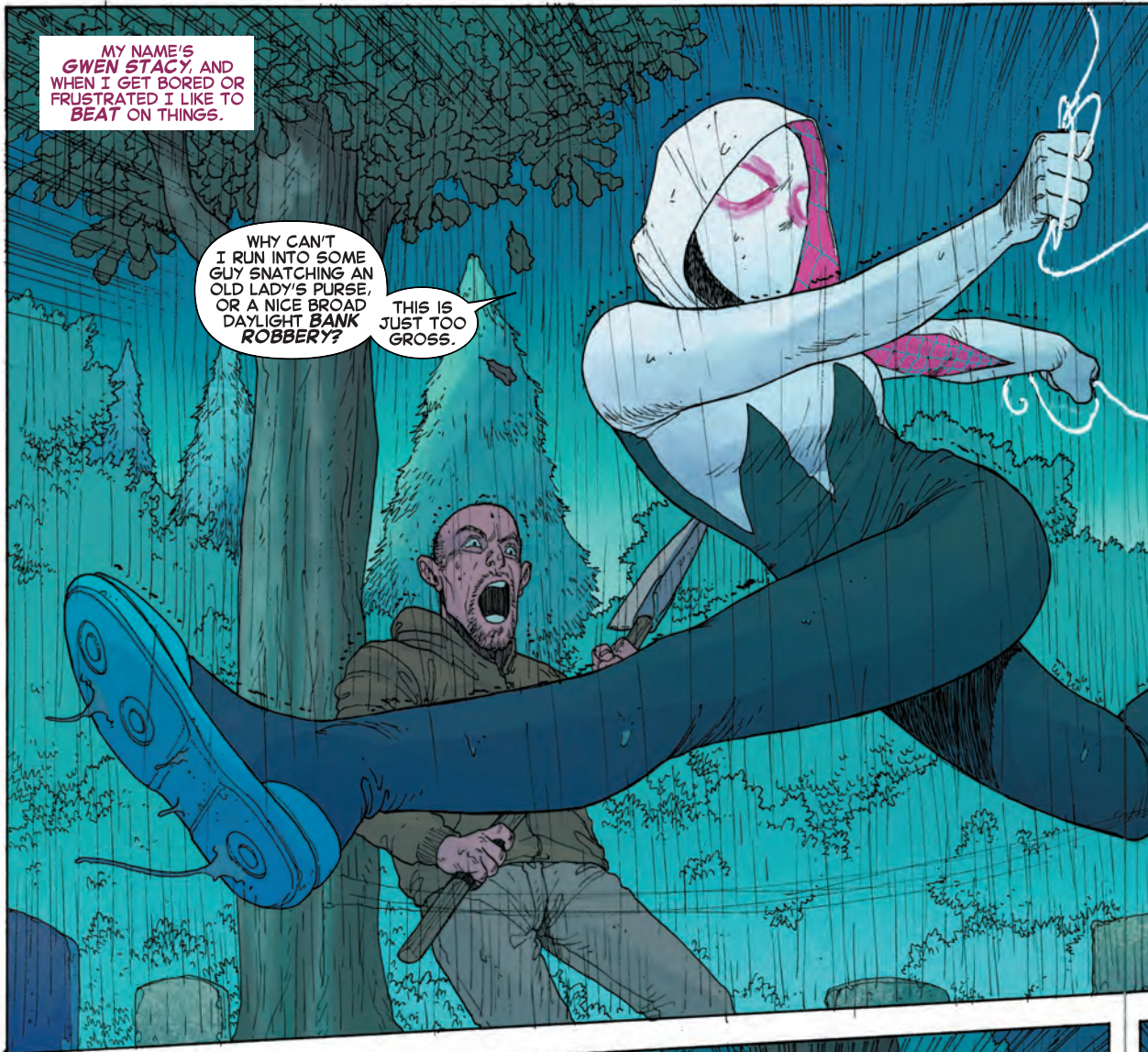
GRAVE ROBBING?



MY NAME'S **GWEN STACY**, AND WHEN I GET BORED OR FRUSTRATED I LIKE TO **BEAT ON THINGS**.

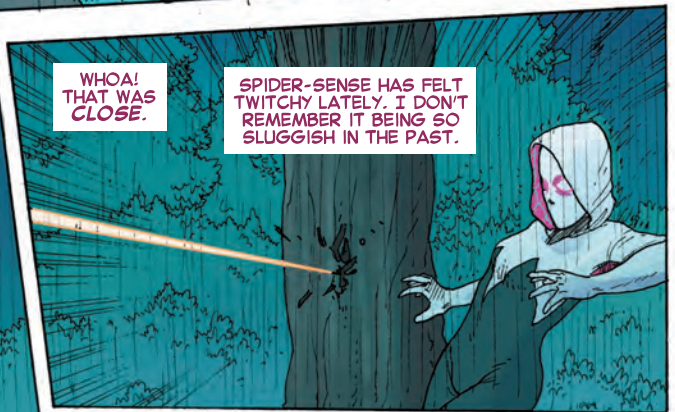
WHY CAN'T I RUN INTO SOME GUY SNATCHING AN OLD LADY'S PURSE, OR A NICE BROAD DAYLIGHT BANK ROBBERY?

THIS IS JUST TOO GROSS.



TAKE HER OUT!

BIAM



WHOA! THAT WAS CLOSE.

SPIDER-SENSE HAS FELT TWITCHY LATELY. I DON'T REMEMBER IT BEING SO SLUGGISH IN THE PAST.



YOU'RE OUT HERE IN THE RAIN AND GREEN GUY CAN'T EVEN BUTTON HIS SHIRT LIKE ITS AN AD FOR AXE BODY SPRAY.

THWIP



THEN AGAIN,
MY MEMORY'S
BEEN TWITCHY,
TOO.

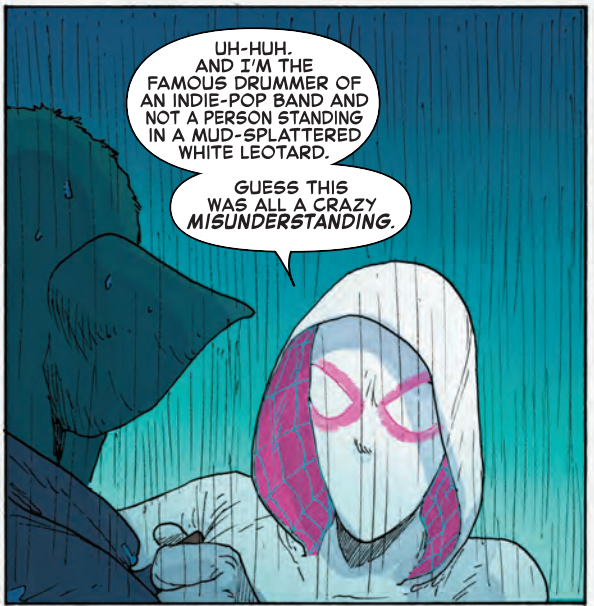


CRIMINALS
IN THIS CITY
USED TO HAVE
CLASS.



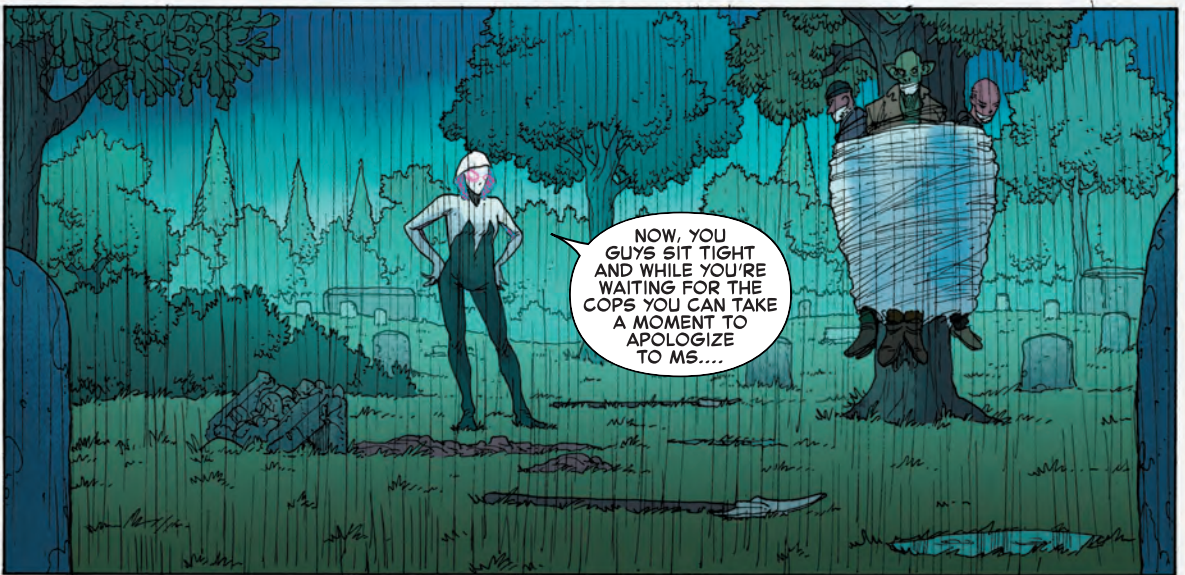


HOW DARE YOU INTERRUPT MY WORK! I'M THE FINEST GENETICIST OF MY GENERATION, NOT SOME COMMON CRIMINAL!

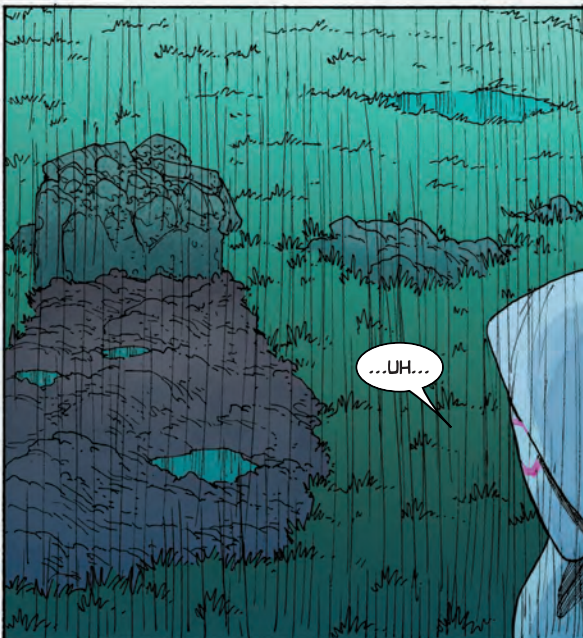


UH-HUH. AND I'M THE FAMOUS DRUMMER OF AN INDIE-POP BAND AND NOT A PERSON STANDING IN A MUD-SPLATTERED WHITE LEOTARD.

GUESS THIS WAS ALL A CRAZY MISUNDERSTANDING.



NOW, YOU GUYS SIT TIGHT AND WHILE YOU'RE WAITING FOR THE COPS YOU CAN TAKE A MOMENT TO APOLOGIZE TO MS....



...UH...



JUST APOLOGIZE TO HUMANITY IN GENERAL, I GUESS.