



MAYBE I'M BEING PARANOID.

MAYBE I JUST SPENT FORTY HOURS TRYING TO GET BACK FROM GWEN'S RIDICULOUS ALTERNATE EARTH--

--AND MY HEAD'S STILL SCREWED ON CROOKED.

BUT, NO, I COULD FEEL IT THE SECOND I STEPPED OFF THAT ELEVATOR.

SOMETHING'S UP.

SOMETHING'S NOT RIGHT.



I'M AFRAID TO OPEN THIS DOOR.

I WANT TO TEAR IT OFF THE @#%\$% HINGES.



ROGER?!
JESS, MAN, YOU'RE HOME!
WE'RE ON THE COUCH.

OH, THANK GOD.



ROGER, I AM SO, SO, SO SORRY.

Turns out the Cindy Moon of Earth-65 is a whacked out Madame Hydra level pain in my ass--

--who thought it would be fun to snake Gwen's interdimensional transporter watch--

--and trap me in fever-dream Manhattan for the better part of two days.

Fun, fun for me, that plot is still ongoing. I won't bore you with the dirty details.

Needless to say, I did not mean to leave you hanging like this. Just let me pop this breast milk off in the fridge--



--and I will gladly take that little nugget off your...



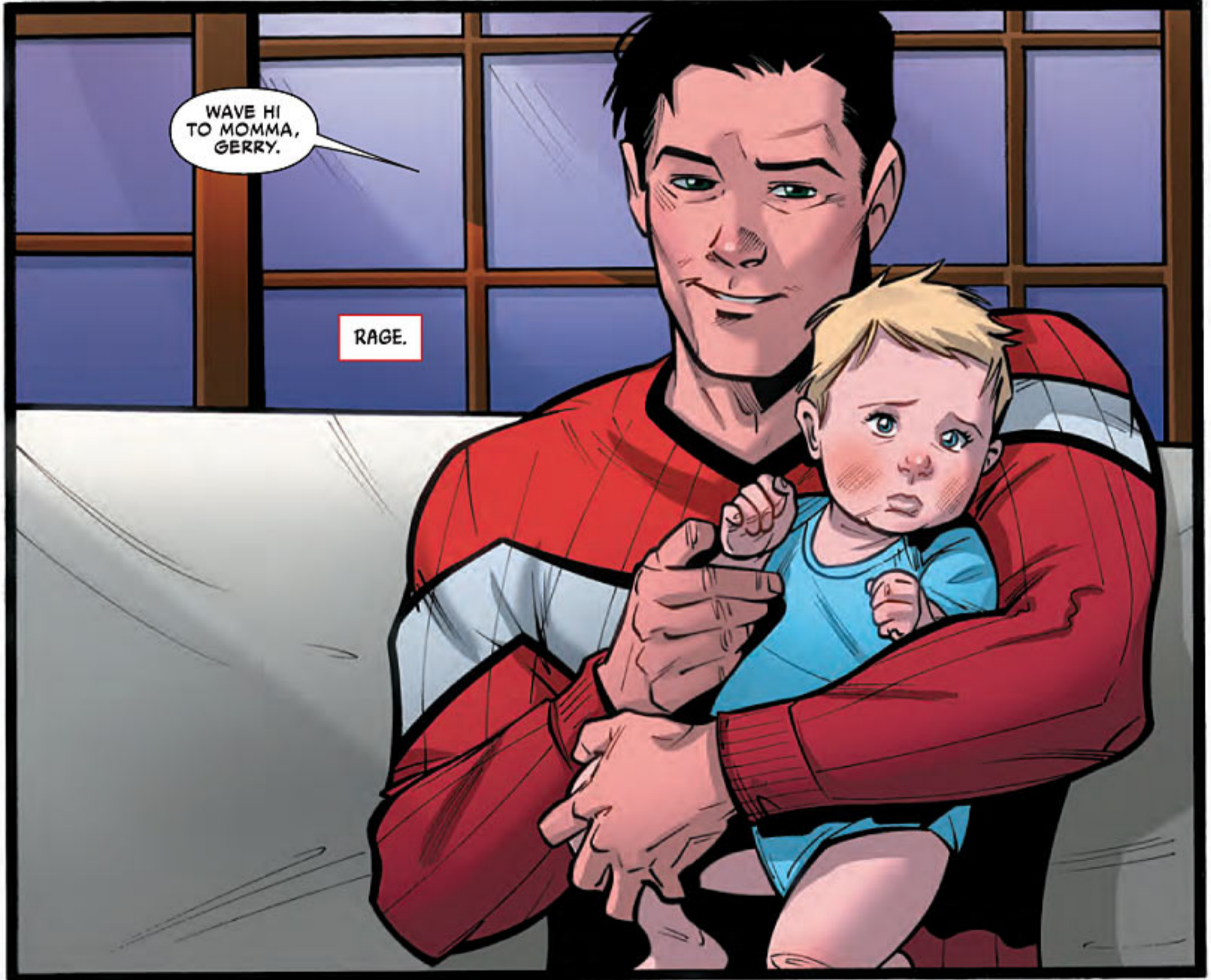
...HANDS.

HEY, NO WORRIES AT ALL.

YOUR BROTHER EXPLAINED EVERYTHING, MAN.

HE'S BEEN HELPING OUT WITH THE LITTLE GUY.

'SUP, SIS?



WAVE HI TO MOMMA, GERRY.

RAGE.