

Hobie Brown was a brilliant inventor trapped in an unfulfilling job. Inspired to make something more of himself, he became...

THE PROWLER



RECENTLY, SPIDER-MAN ASKED HOBIE TO INVESTIGATE NEW U, A PHARMACEUTICAL COMPANY THAT DELIVERS MEDICAL "MIRACLES"—WHICH SET OFF PETER'S SPIDER-SENSE! AS SOON AS HOBIE DISCOVERED THAT THE JACKAL WAS RUNNING NEW U AND BRINGING VILLAINS BACK TO LIFE USING ADVANCED CLONING TECHNOLOGY, HE WAS KILLED BY A NEW, FEMALE ELECTRO. FORTUNATELY, THE JACKAL CLONED HOBIE AND BROUGHT HIM BACK TO LIFE...BUT HIS RESURRECTION CAME AT A PRICE.

THE CLONING PROCESS HAS NOT YET BEEN PERFECTED. IN EXCHANGE FOR THE PILLS HE MUST NOW TAKE DAILY TO PREVENT HIS BODY FROM BREAKING DOWN, HOBIE NOW REPORTS DIRECTLY TO THE JACKAL. ON HIS FIRST MISSION, HE DISCOVERED JULIA CARPENTER, A.K.A. MADAME WEB, TRYING TO HACK INTO NEW U FROM HER SECRET BASE IN ALCATRAZ. THEIR DISAGREEMENT ON NEW U'S POLICIES TURNED VIOLENT, BUT SOON HOBIE'S BODY BEGAN TO DETERIORATE, AS HE FORGOT TO TAKE HIS MEDICATION! TO MAKE MATTERS WORSE, THE MURDEROUS ELECTRO SHOWED UP AGAIN, WITH VENGEANCE IN MIND!

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FOR MY WHOLE LIFE, I'M ALL I'VE EVER HAD.

SO, WHAT'S THE DEAL? YOU HERE ALL ALONE OR SOMETHING?



ARE YOU EVEN LISTENING TO ME?

NEVER GOT A LUCKY BREAK.



I HAD TO WORK FOR EVERYTHING I'VE EVER GOTTEN.

WHAT'S WRONG, HOBIE? NOT FEELING UP TO SNUFF?



I DON'T HAVE ANY SUPER-POWERS.

YOU HAVEN'T TAKEN YOUR MEDICATION IN A WHILE, HAVE YOU?



WHY DO YOU HAVE TO MAKE KILLING YOU SO EASY?

I'M JUST ME.



MY BODY IS FAILING.
MY INSIDES ARE
CRUMBLING.

WOW! LOOK
AT THE SET-UP IN
HERE! THE TECHNOLOGY
IS ACTUALLY PRETTY
IMPRESSIVE.

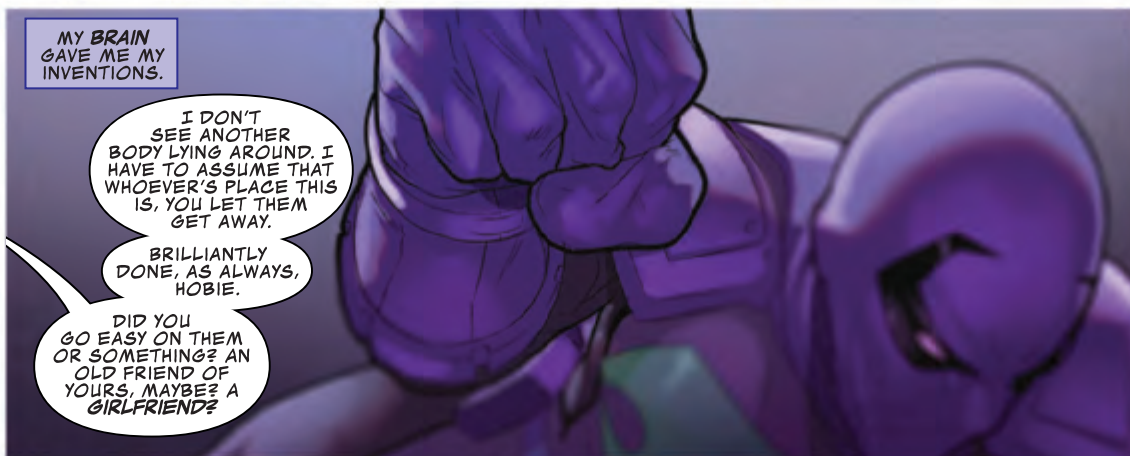
WHOSE
PLACE IS THIS?
DR. EVIL'S?



BUT IT'S NEVER
BEEN ABOUT
MY BODY.

LOOKS LIKE
YOU TOOK A PRETTY
DECENT SWIPE AT IT,
THOUGH. NICE WORK.
JACKAL WILL BE
PROUD OF YOU.

IT'LL BUM
HIM OUT WHEN
HE HEARS YOU WERE
KILLED IN THE LINE
OF DUTY, THOUGH.



MY BRAIN
GAVE ME MY
INVENTIONS.

I DON'T
SEE ANOTHER
BODY LYING AROUND. I
HAVE TO ASSUME THAT
WHOEVER'S PLACE THIS
IS, YOU LET THEM
GET AWAY.

BRILLIANTLY
DONE, AS ALWAYS,
HOBIE.

DID YOU
GO EASY ON THEM
OR SOMETHING? AN
OLD FRIEND OF
YOURS, MAYBE? A
GIRLFRIEND?



AND MY INVENTIONS
ARE WHAT MAKE ME
THE PROWLER.

SO,
WHO WAS
IT?

I CAN THINK
MY WAY OUT OF
ANYTHING.

HEY!

AND I DO
WHAT I
ALWAYS DO.

SHUNK

GET
BACK
HERE!!!

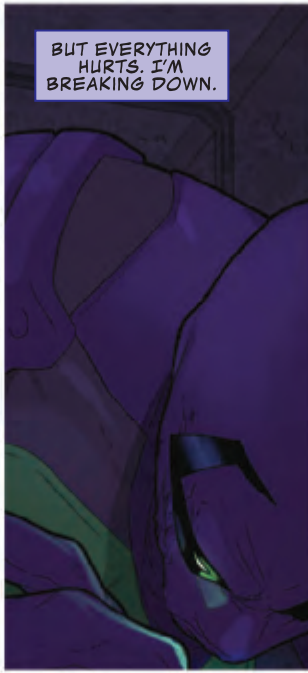
WHZZZ

I SAVE
MYSELF.

I HAVE TO KEEP MOVING. I HAVE TO KEEP MOVING.



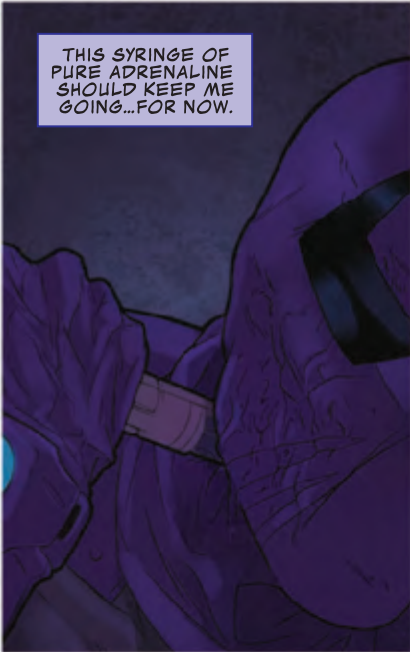
BUT EVERYTHING HURTS. I'M BREAKING DOWN.



BUT I HAVE TO KEEP MOVING.



THIS SYRINGE OF PURE ADRENALINE SHOULD KEEP ME GOING... FOR NOW.



I HAVE TO KEEP MOVING.



I JUST WISH I KNEW WHERE THIS WAS LEADING ME.



BUT I HAVE TO KEEP MOVING.

