



PETER IS ALWAYS TELLING ME I DO TOO MUCH.

RUNNING A BUSINESS, RAISING A KID, WRITING A BLOG, PLANNING A PARTY, BEING A WIFE--

**WHEE-OOO
WHEE-OOO**



--IT'S EASY TO GET DISTRACTED.

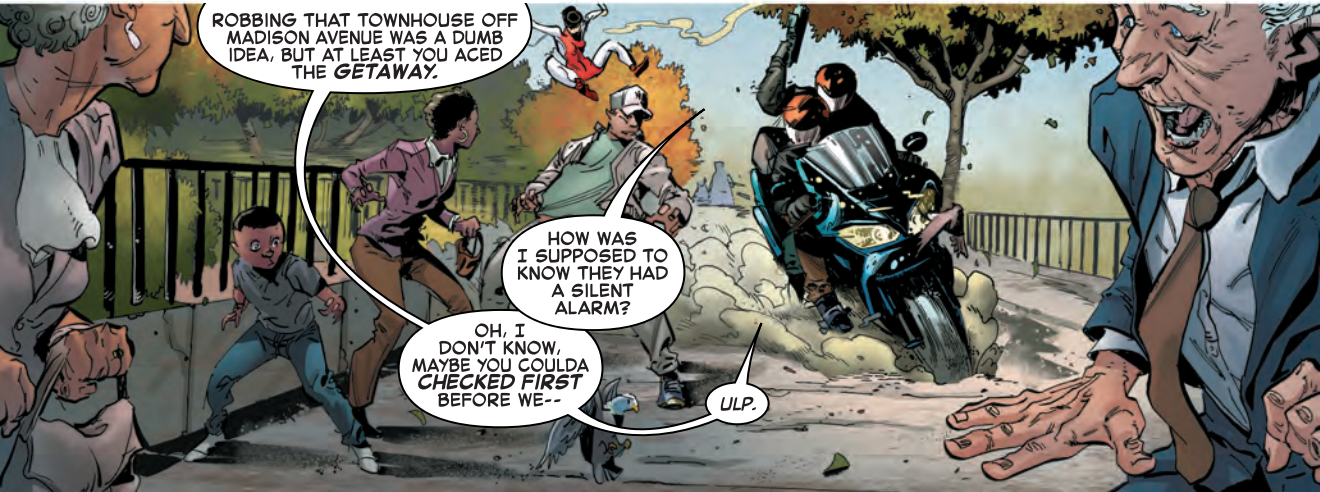
WHEE-OOO



I NEED TO PRIORITIZE.

HA!
TOLDYA ONCE WE HIT THE PARK WE'D BE HOME FREE!

YEAH, YEAH, YOU'RE A GENIUS.



ROBbing THAT TOWNHOUSE OFF MADISON AVENUE WAS A DUMB IDEA, BUT AT LEAST YOU ACED THE GETAWAY.

HOW WAS I SUPPOSED TO KNOW THEY HAD A SILENT ALARM?

OH, I DON'T KNOW, MAYBE YOU COULDA CHECKED FIRST BEFORE WE--

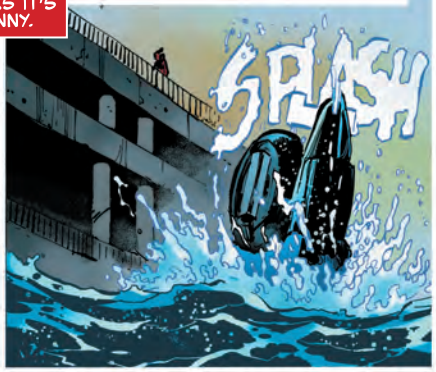
ULP.

MY PROBLEM IS,
WHEN I SEE
SOMETHING THAT
NEEDS DOING, I
JUMP ON IT.

KTAKATAKA



PETER
THINKS IT'S
FUNNY.



"WHATEVER HAPPENED TO FLIGHTY MARY JANE WATSON?" HE ASKS.

UH-UH, SORRY, FOLKS.



I WAS DISTRACTED.

THUMP



THAT'S WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU MULTITASK.

