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THIS IS ME MEETING HIM FOR DINNER TWO DAYS LATER AND PRETENDING NOT TO KNOW ABOUT IT AS WE ENJOY SOME REALLY NICE KOREAN FOOD TOGETHER.

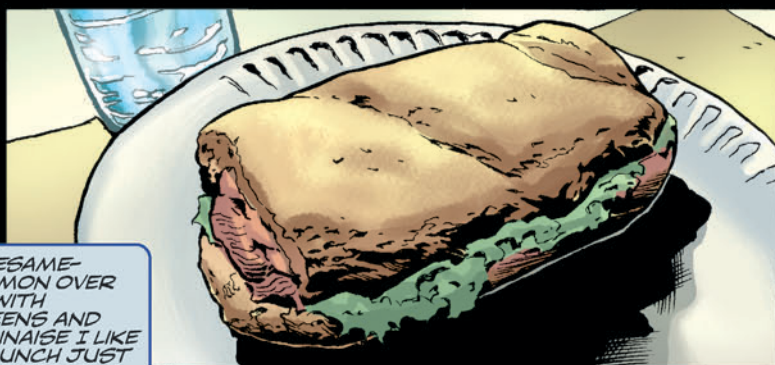


THIS IS THE OFFICE WHERE I WORK AS AN ASSISTANT TO THE ASSOCIATE EDITOR ON HYPOTHYROIDISM TODAY, THE THIRD-BIGGEST AUTO-IMMUNE PERIODICAL ON THE EASTERN SEABOARD.



THIS IS ME TAKING SHIT FROM MY AFRICAN-AMERICAN BOSS.

AS YOU CAN SEE, I'M SMILING AS SHE INSULTS ME, BUT IT'S ONLY BECAUSE I'M EMBARRASSED BY THE SITUATION AND MORE THAN A LITTLE AFRAID OF THE SCARY FUCKING BITCH.



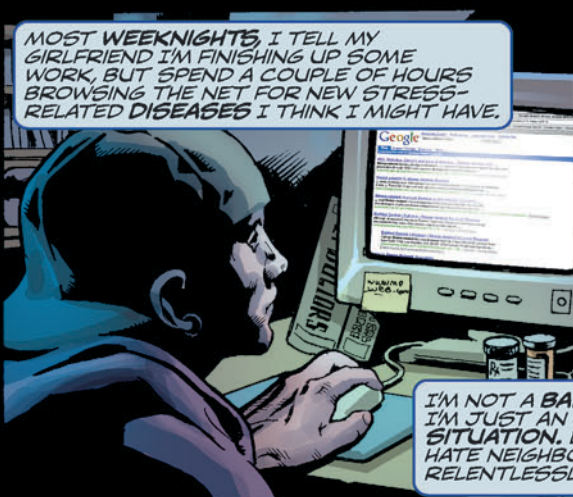
THIS IS THE SESAME-CRUSTED SALMON OVER SOURDOUGH WITH MUSTARD GREENS AND WASABI MAYONNAISE I LIKE TO HAVE FOR LUNCH JUST TO PROVE I'M DIFFERENT FROM THE HERD.



MOST WEEKDAYS, THESE SEMI-LITERATE, CHOLO FUCKS MEET ME OFF THE BUS AND WALK BEHIND ME HURLING INSULTS ABOUT MY BAGGIES OR MY OLD-SKOOL PUMAS.



MOST WEEKNIGHTS, I TELL MY GIRLFRIEND I'M FINISHING UP SOME WORK, BUT SPEND A COUPLE OF HOURS BROWSING THE NET FOR NEW STRESS-RELATED DISEASES I THINK I MIGHT HAVE.

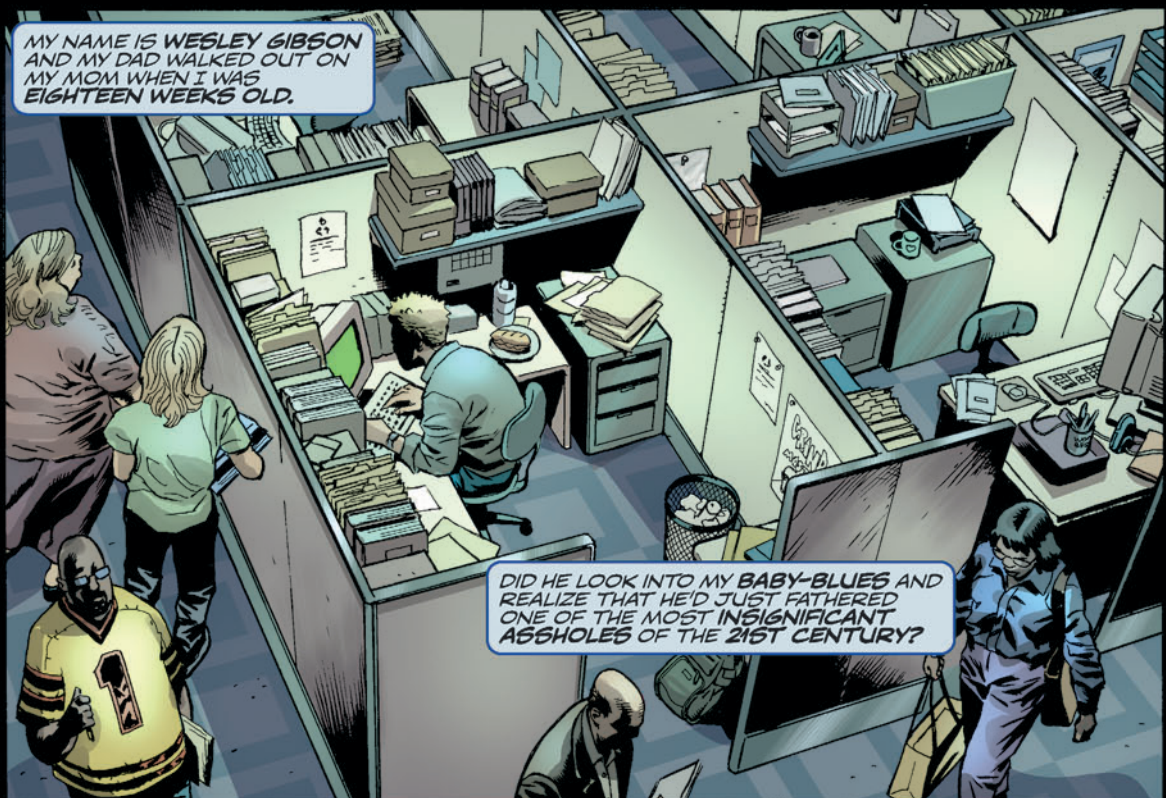


I'M NOT A BAD PERSON OR ANYTHING. I'M JUST AN ORDINARY GUY IN A BAD SITUATION. DOESN'T EVERYONE HATE NEIGHBORS WHO EXHIBIT A RELENTLESSLY CHEERY DISPOSITION?



CHEER UP, WESLEY. IT MIGHT NEVER HAPPEN, KIDDO.

MY NAME IS WESLEY GIBSON AND MY DAD WALKED OUT ON MY MOM WHEN I WAS EIGHTEEN WEEKS OLD.



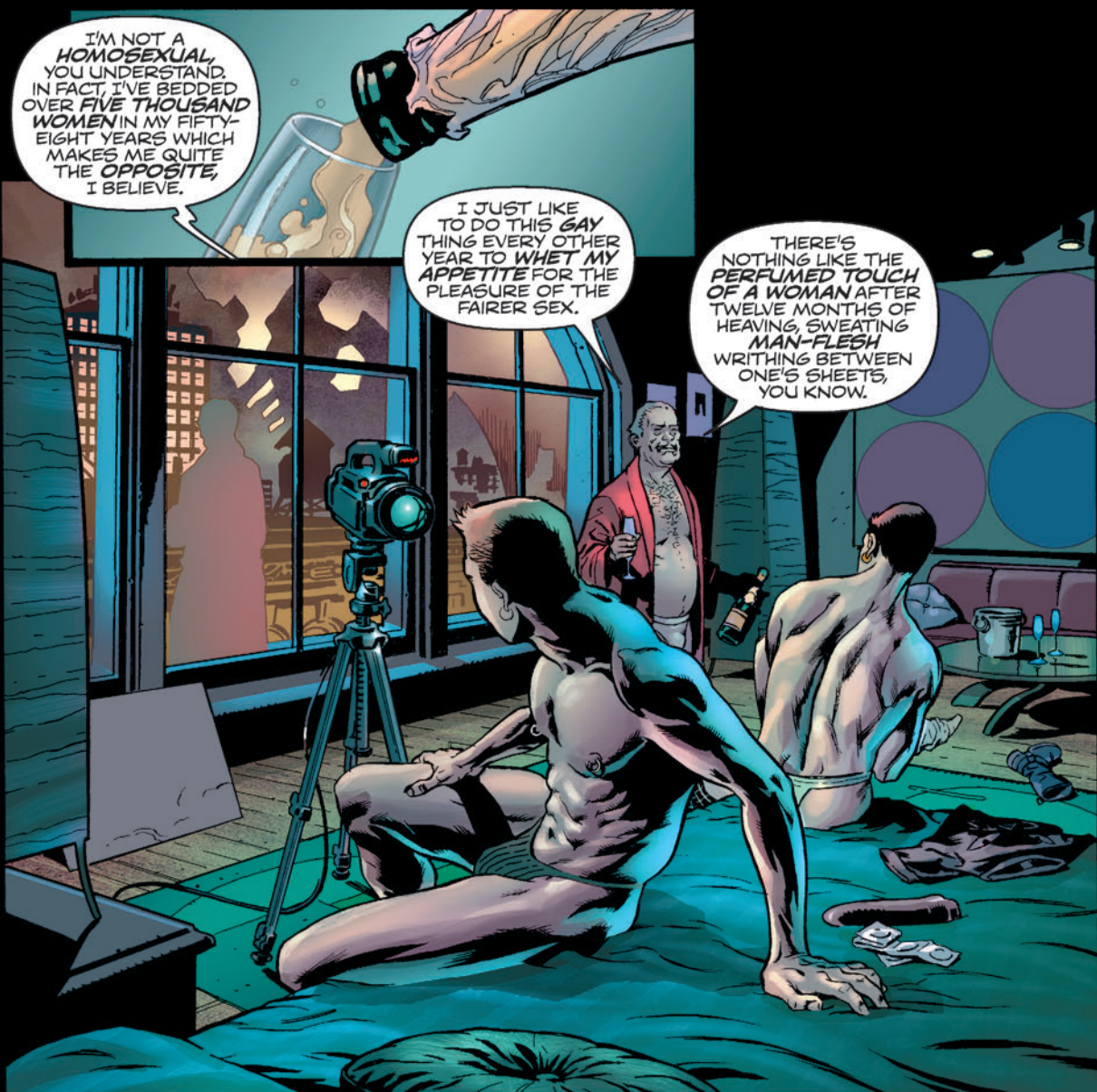
DID HE LOOK INTO MY BABY-BLUES AND REALIZE THAT HE'D JUST FATHERED ONE OF THE MOST INSIGNIFICANT ASSHOLES OF THE 21ST CENTURY?



I'M NOT A **HOMOSEXUAL**, YOU UNDERSTAND. IN FACT, I'VE BEDDED OVER **FIVE THOUSAND WOMEN** IN MY FIFTY-EIGHT YEARS WHICH MAKES ME QUITE THE **OPPOSITE**, I BELIEVE.

I JUST LIKE TO DO THIS **GAY** THING EVERY OTHER YEAR TO **WHET MY APPETITE** FOR THE PLEASURE OF THE FAIRER SEX.

THERE'S NOTHING LIKE THE **PERFUMED TOUCH** OF A WOMAN AFTER TWELVE MONTHS OF HEAVING, SWEATING **MAN-FLESH** WRITHING BETWEEN ONE'S SHEETS, YOU KNOW.



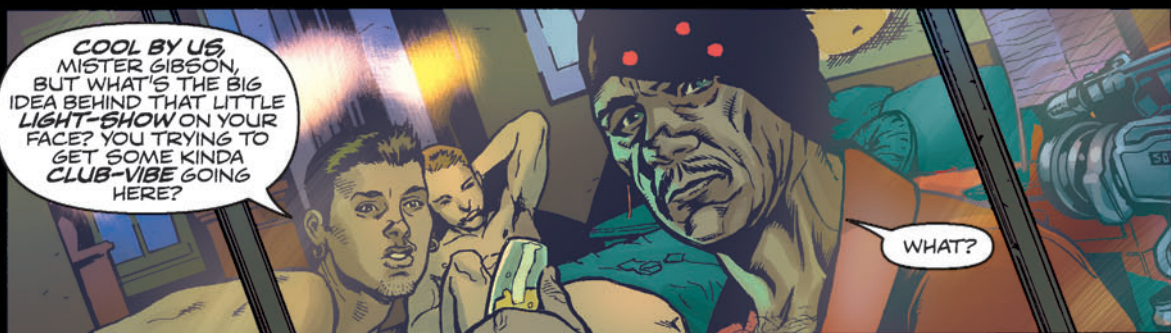
UH, **WHATEVER** YOU **SAY**, MISTER GIBSON, BUT YOU STILL GOTTA PAY US **EXTRA** IF YOU WANNA DO ANYTHING HEAVIER THAN **VIDEO-TAPE** THIS, SIR.

IT'S COOL IF YOU WANNA JUST **GET YOURSELF OFF**, BUT IF YOU CHANGE YOUR MIND AND WANNA **TOUCH US** AND STUFF, WE'RE GONNA NEED THE MONEY **UP FRONT**.

MY BOY, WHEN YOU'VE KILLED, CARESSED, OR FUCKED JUST ABOUT ANYTHING THAT EVER WALKED OR CRAWLED, SOMETIMES IT'S **ENOUGH** JUST TO SIT BACK AND WATCH FOR A CHANGE.



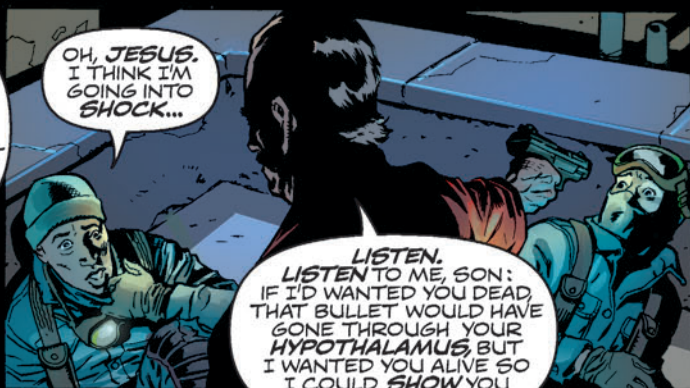








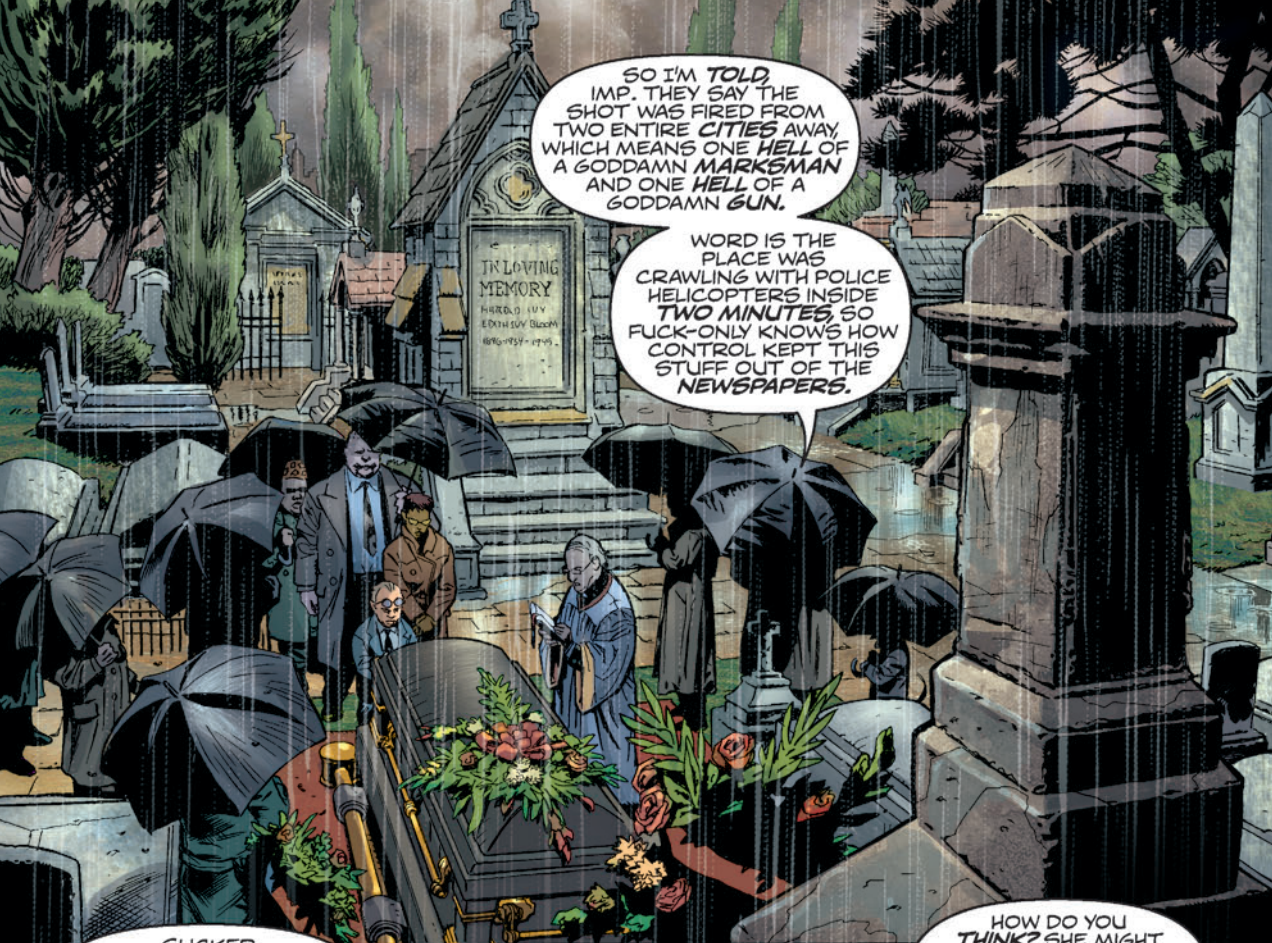












SO I'M TOLD, IMP. THEY SAY THE SHOT WAS FIRED FROM TWO ENTIRE CITIES AWAY, WHICH MEANS ONE HELL OF A GODDAMN MARKSMAN AND ONE HELL OF A GODDAMN GUN.

WORD IS THE PLACE WAS CRAWLING WITH POLICE HELICOPTERS INSIDE TWO MINUTES, SO FUCK-ONLY KNOWS HOW CONTROL KEPT THIS STUFF OUT OF THE NEWSPAPERS.

SUCKER, CONTROL COULD KEEP THE SECOND COMING OF JESUS CHRIST OUT OF THE NEWSPAPERS IF THEY WANTED TO. IN FACT, I THINK THEY DID A FEW YEARS BACK.

WHAT ABOUT THE FOX? HOW'S SHE TAKING THIS?

HOW DO YOU THINK? SHE MIGHT BE A CRAZY FUCKING PSYCHO BITCH, BUT GIBSON'S PROBABLY THE CLOSEST SHE EVER CAME TO ACTUALLY CARING ABOUT ANOTHER HUMAN BEING.

WORD IS THE PROFESSOR HAD TO KEEP HER HIGH ON HAPPY-JUICE THESE LAST FEW DAYS JUST TO STOP HER HEADING ACROSS TOWN AND GOING ON A KILLING-SPREE.



YOU THINK MISTER RICTUS WAS BEHIND ALL THIS?

OH, COME ON. JUST BECAUSE HE SENDS A FEW FLOWERS AND ASKS SHIT-HEAD TO REPRESENT HIM AT THE FUNERAL DOESN'T MEAN HE'S LOST HIS MEMORY ALL OF A SUDDEN.

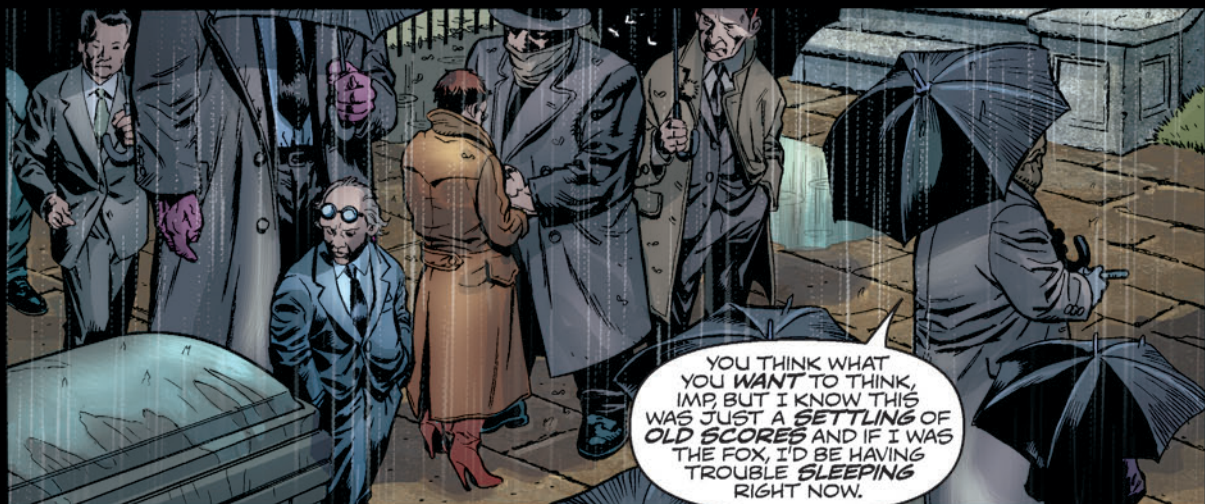
THOSE GUYS HAD MORE BAD BLOOD THAN A HEMOPHILIACS CONVENTION. WHO ELSE COULD HAVE ARRANGED A SET-UP LIKE THAT?





I **DUNNO**, SUCKER. I MEAN, HIT-MEN CAN CLOCK UP A **SHIT-LOAD** OF **ENEMIES**, MY FRIEND...

YEAH, BUT BEING THE **WORLD'S GREATEST** HIT-MAN MEANS NONE OF THEM ARE PACKING A PULSE BESIDES HIS **OLD BOSS**.



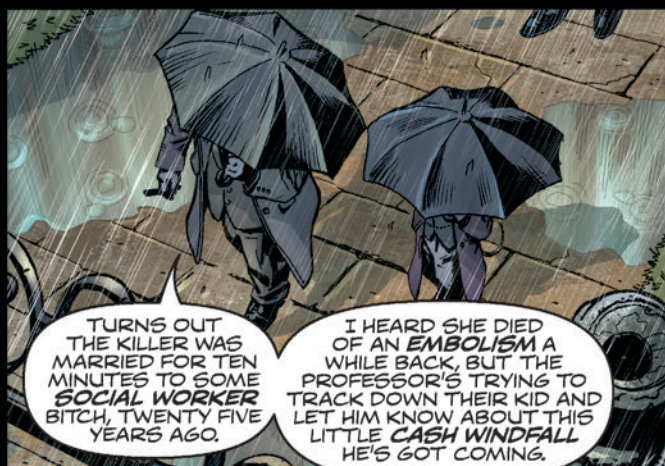
YOU THINK WHAT YOU WANT TO THINK, IMP, BUT I KNOW THIS WAS JUST A **SETTLING** OF **OLD SCORES** AND IF I WAS THE FOX, I'D BE HAVING TROUBLE **SLEEPING** RIGHT NOW.



SAME HERE, BUT ONLY BECAUSE I'D BE DREAMING ABOUT SPENDING MY OLD **BOYFRIEND'S** MULTI-MILLION DOLLAR **ESTATE**.

DOES THE FACT THEY WEREN'T TECHNICALLY **MARRIED** MEAN SHE HAS TO SPLIT THE LOOT WITH THE FIVE **SUPER-FAMILIES** TOO?

ACTUALLY, POOR **FOX** AIN'T IN LINE TO INHERIT A **DIME**, LITTLE MAN, DIDN'T YOU **HEAR**?



TURNS OUT THE KILLER WAS MARRIED FOR TEN MINUTES TO SOME **SOCIAL WORKER** BITCH, TWENTY FIVE YEARS AGO.

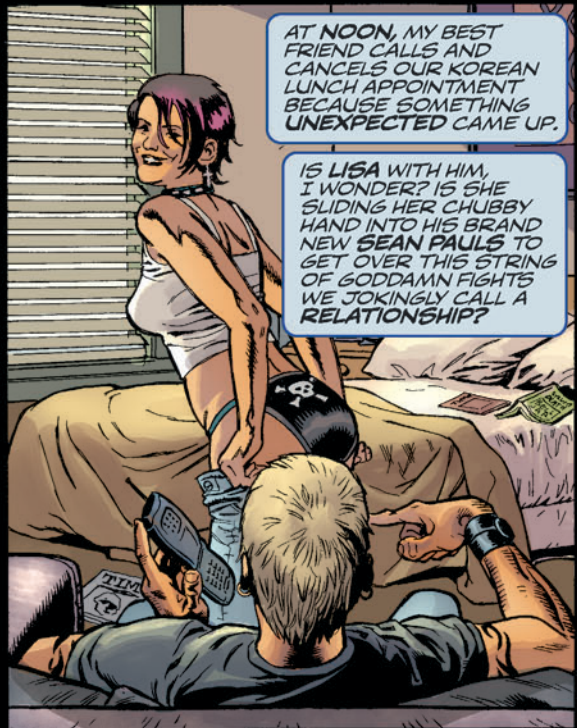
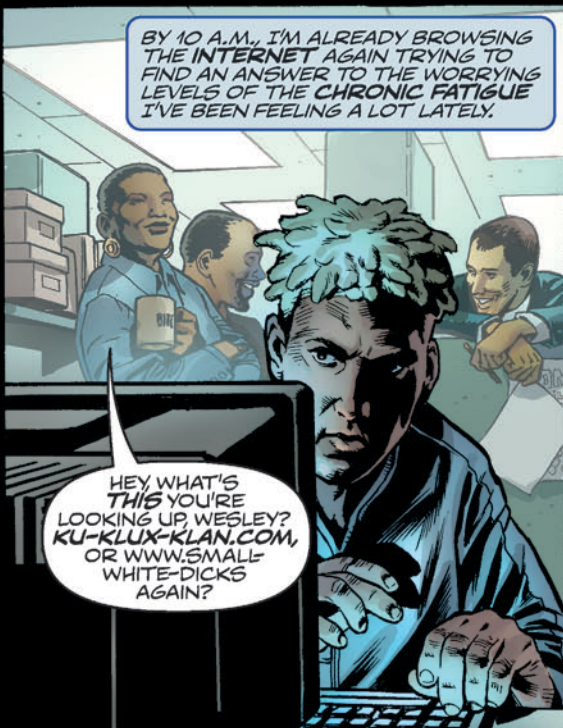
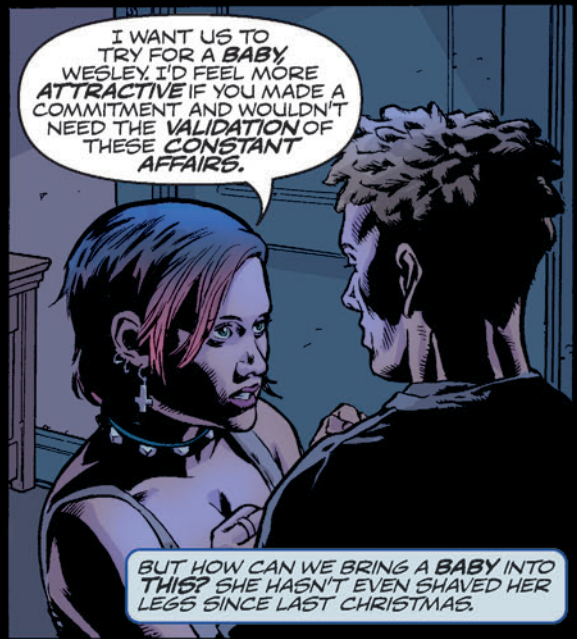
I HEARD SHE DIED OF AN **EMBOLISM** A WHILE BACK, BUT THE PROFESSOR'S TRYING TO TRACK DOWN THEIR KID AND LET HIM KNOW ABOUT THIS LITTLE **CASH WINDFALL** HE'S GOT COMING.



LUCKY LITTLE **BASTARD**.

TALK ABOUT THE RIGHT **WOMB** AT THE RIGHT **TIME**.





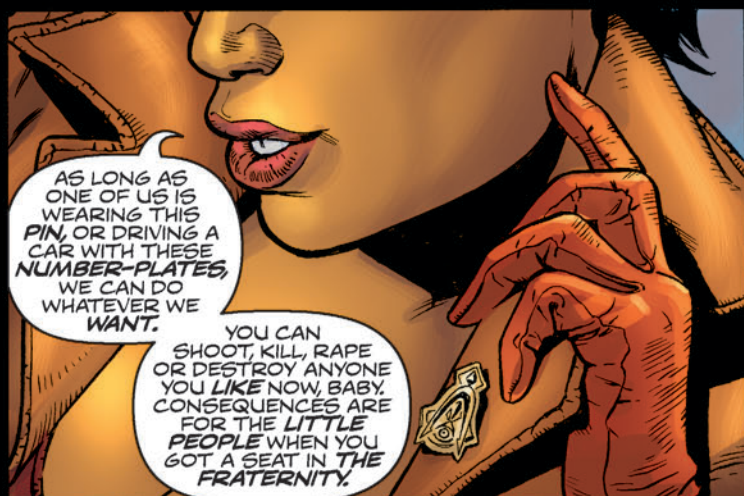
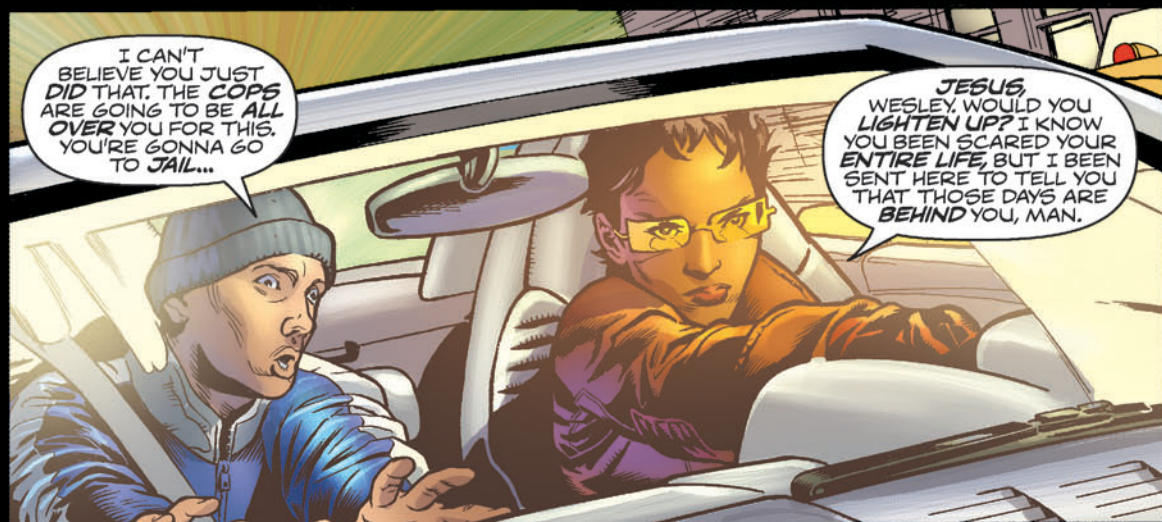
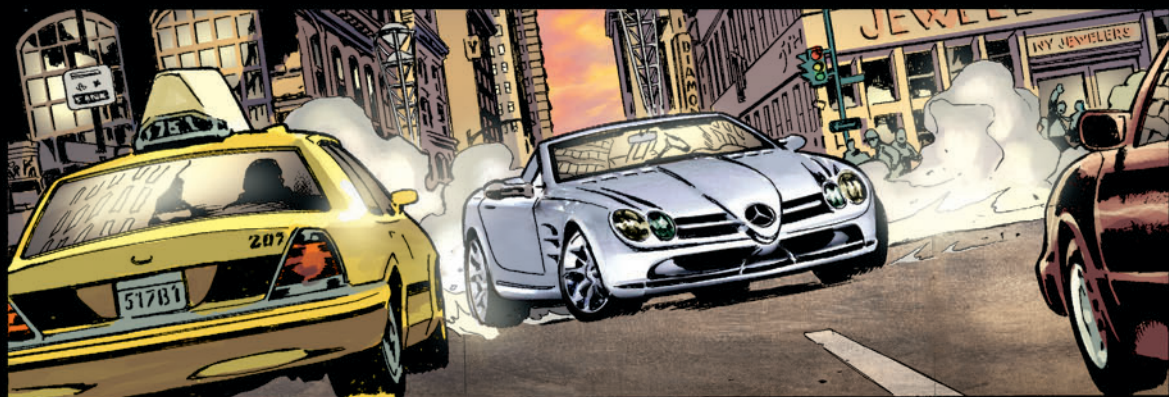




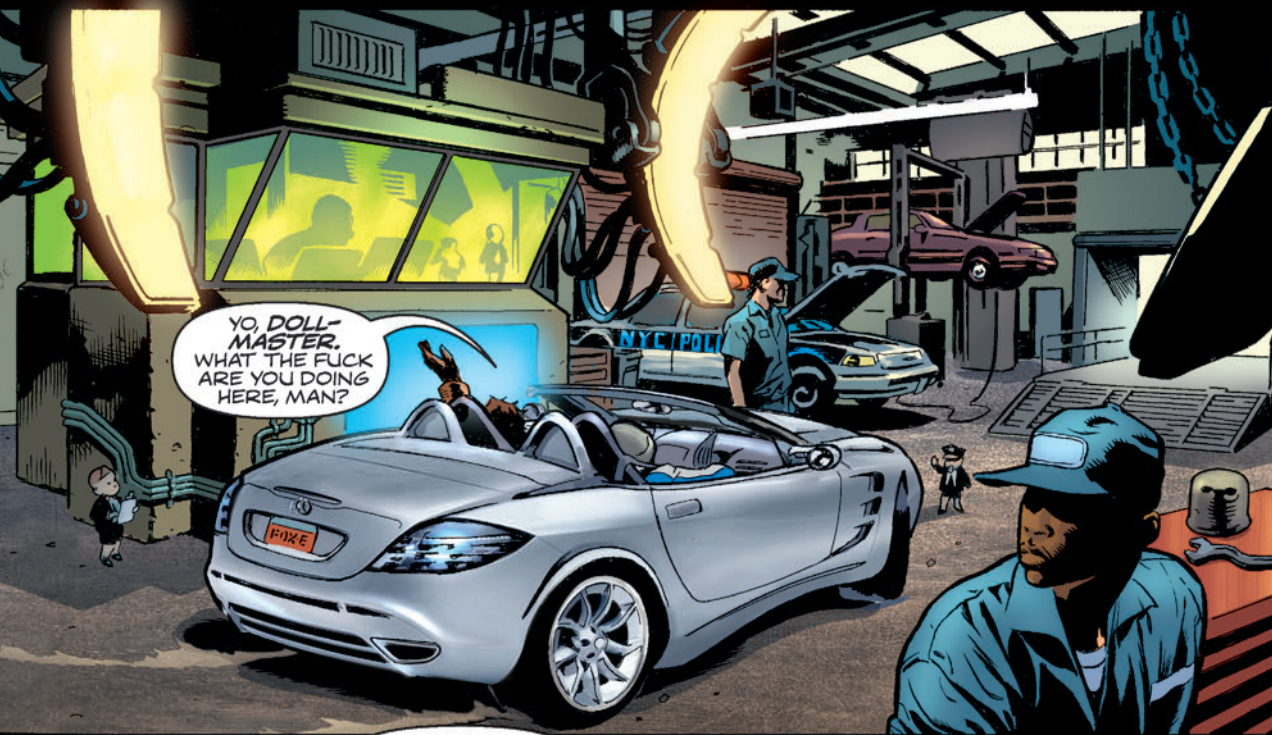












YO, DOLL-  
MASTER.  
WHAT THE FUCK  
ARE YOU DOING  
HERE, MAN?

REASSIGNED  
TO BASE SECURITY  
SINCE I PICKED UP  
HEPATITIS B DURING  
THAT SMASH-AND-  
GRAB ON EARTH-594,  
OLD GIRL.

THE PROFESSOR'S  
PROMISED ME A CURE  
ONCE HE GETS A WINDOW  
IN HIS DIARY, BUT UNTIL  
THEN I'M AFRAID IT'S JUST  
J.K. ROWLING AND A WARM  
EARL GREY FOR THE  
LITTLE CHAPS AND I.

EARTH-  
594?

PARALLEL  
REALITY ABOUT SIX  
DIMENSIONS *SIDWAYS*  
WHERE *SECURITY'S*  
REALLY SLACK AND WE LIKE  
TO GO ON *RAIDS* TWO OR  
THREE TIMES A YEAR.  
YOU GOT YOUR *SEAT*  
*BELT* ON?

WHAT?







HOLY SHIT!

PARDON ME WHILE I **SUIT UP**, BUT ONLY **COSTUMED** SUPER VILLAINS GOT AUTHORIZATION BEYOND THIS POINT, WESLEY.



THEY'LL MAKE AN EXCEPTION FOR YOU, OF COURSE, BUT ONLY 'COS YOUR **DADDY'S** OLD COSTUME'S BEING REDESIGNED TO FIT YOUR SKINNY LITTLE ASS, SWEETHEART.

YOU PEOPLE KNOW MY DAD?



DON'T GET TOO **EXCITED** HONEY. HE GOT FUCKED IN THE FACE LAST WEEK BY AN **UNKNOWN GUNMAN**, SO DON'T GO EXPECTING ANY OF THAT **TEARFUL REUNION** SHIT DOWN HERE.

WHAT ARE YOU SAYING? THAT MY DAD WAS INVOLVED IN WHATEVER IT IS YOU PEOPLE DO?



YOU MEAN WAS YOUR OLD MAN ONE OF THE **GREATEST** SUPERVILLAINS OF ALL TIME?

YES, WESLEY, THAT'S **EXACTLY** WHAT I'M SAYING.





SUPER  
VILLAINS? AS IN  
THE GUYS FROM THE  
BATMAN MOVIES  
AND THOSE LAME  
TV SHOWS?

NO, SUPER  
VILLAINS AS IN THE  
META-HUMAN CRIMINAL  
NETWORK WHO BEEN  
RUNNING ORGANIZED CRIME  
ON THIS PLANET SINCE  
NINETEEN EIGHTY-SIX,  
SHIT-FOR-BRAINS.



BUT THERE'S  
NO SUCH THING  
AS SUPER  
VILLAINS.

YEAH, WELL, HOW  
DO YOU EXPLAIN MY  
GOOD FRIEND FUCKWIT  
HERE AND HIS THREE  
HUNDRED POUNDS OF  
INDESTRUCTIBLE  
BODY MASS?

HOW'S IT  
GOING THERE,  
FUCKWIT?



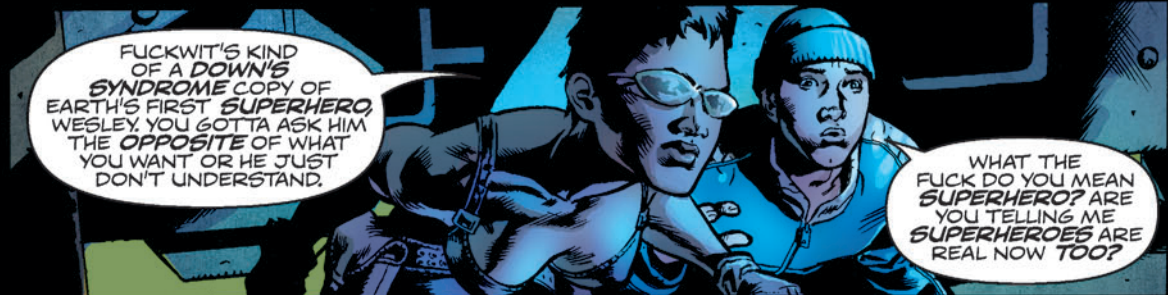
I HOPE YOU  
AIN'T GONNA LET US  
SEE THE PROFESSOR  
OR ANYTHING, BIG MAN,  
BECAUSE THAT'S  
ABSOLUTELY THE LAST  
THING I WANT RIGHT  
NOW.

THAT OKAY,  
MISS FOX. NOT  
ONLY YOU NOT  
WANT TO GO IN  
PROFESSOR'S LAB,  
BUT FUCKWIT NOT  
LET YOU IN  
PROFESSOR'S  
LAB.



C'MON.  
WE BETTER  
HURRY...

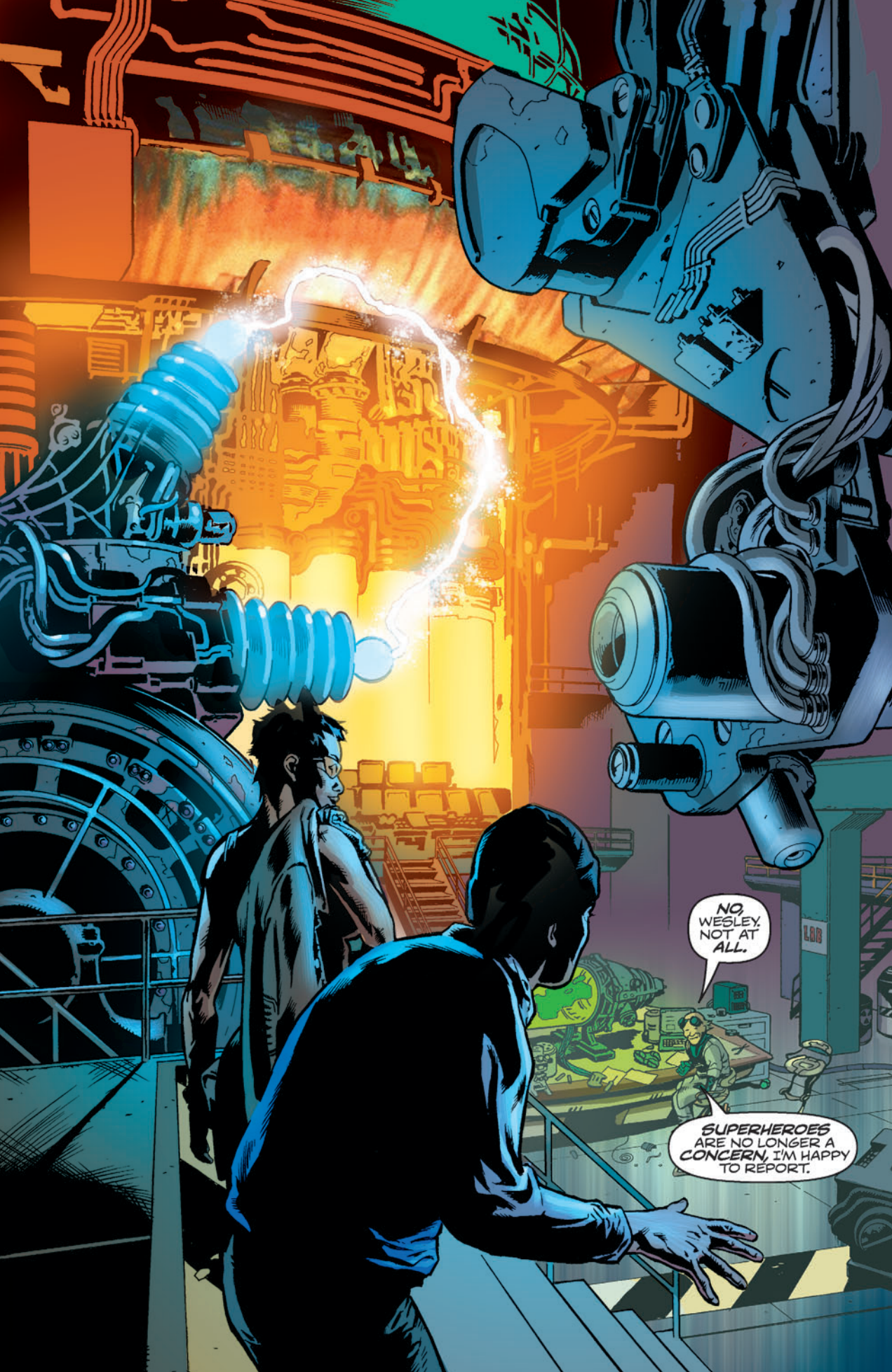
WHAT'S  
GOING ON?  
HOW THE HELL  
DID YOU DO  
THAT?



FUCKWIT'S KIND  
OF A DOWN'S  
SYNDROME COPY OF  
EARTH'S FIRST SUPERHERO,  
WESLEY. YOU GOTTA ASK HIM  
THE OPPOSITE OF WHAT  
YOU WANT OR HE JUST  
DON'T UNDERSTAND.

WHAT THE  
FUCK DO YOU MEAN  
SUPERHERO? ARE  
YOU TELLING ME  
SUPERHEROES ARE  
REAL NOW TOO?

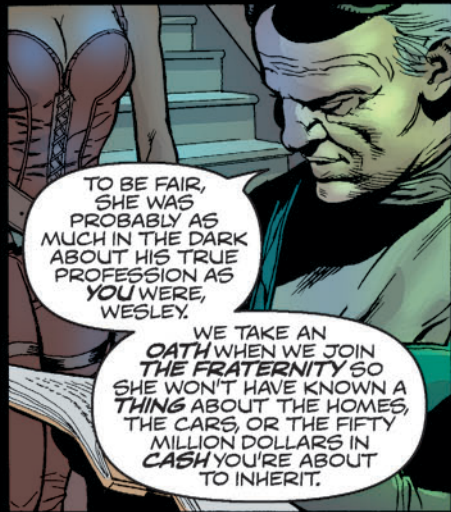




NO, WESLEY. NOT AT ALL.

SUPERHEROES ARE NO LONGER A CONCERN, I'M HAPPY TO REPORT.



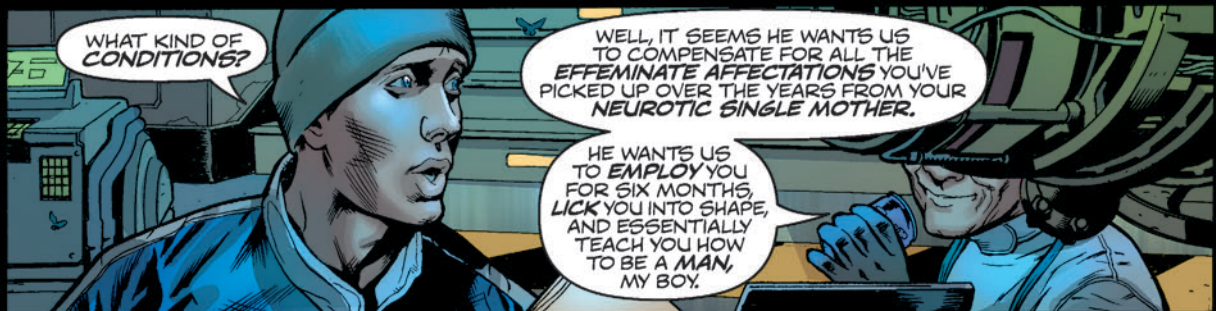






YOU MEAN I'M A  
MULTI-MILLIONAIRE?  
JUST LIKE THAT?

NO, I'M  
AFRAID IT'S NOT  
THAT **SIMPLE**.  
WESLEY, YOUR FATHER  
LEFT SOME VERY  
SPECIFIC **CONDITIONS**  
WITH THIS INHERITANCE  
AND I CAN'T PART WITH  
A **CENT** UNLESS  
YOU AGREE TO  
**COMPLY**.



WHAT KIND OF  
**CONDITIONS**?

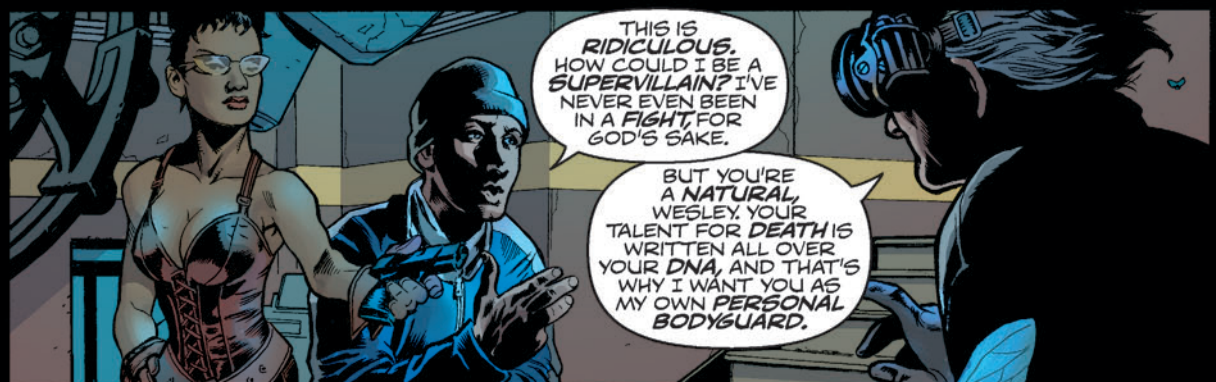
WELL, IT SEEMS HE WANTS US  
TO COMPENSATE FOR ALL THE  
**EFFEMINATE AFFECTATIONS** YOU'VE  
PICKED UP OVER THE YEARS FROM YOUR  
**NEUROTIC SINGLE MOTHER**.

HE WANTS US  
TO **EMPLOY** YOU  
FOR SIX MONTHS,  
**LICK** YOU INTO SHAPE,  
AND ESSENTIALLY  
TEACH YOU HOW  
TO BE A **MAN**,  
MY BOY.



HIS DYING WISH  
WAS THAT, AT THE END  
OF OUR **TIME** TOGETHER,  
YOU'LL BE IN RATHER MORE  
**CONTROL** OF  
YOUR LIFE.

EITHER THAT,  
OF COURSE, OR  
YOU COULD GO BACK  
TO BEING BITCHED AT  
BY YOUR **AFRICAN-  
AMERICAN  
BOSS**.



THIS IS  
**RIDICULOUS**.  
HOW COULD I BE A  
**SUPERVILLAIN**? I'VE  
NEVER EVEN BEEN  
IN A **FIGHT**, FOR  
GOD'S SAKE.

BUT YOU'RE  
A **NATURAL**.  
WESLEY, YOUR  
TALENT FOR **DEATH** IS  
WRITTEN ALL OVER  
YOUR **DNA**, AND THAT'S  
WHY I WANT YOU AS  
MY OWN **PERSONAL  
BODYGUARD**.



BUT I'VE  
NEVER EVEN  
**FIRE**D A  
GUN.

IT **DOESN'T  
MATTER**. IT'S IN  
THE **BLOOD** AND  
YOU'RE GOING TO **PROVE**  
IT TO YOURSELF NOW BY  
TAKING DOWN THESE SIX  
FLIES WHO'VE BEEN  
**DISTRACTING** ME  
ALL MORNING.











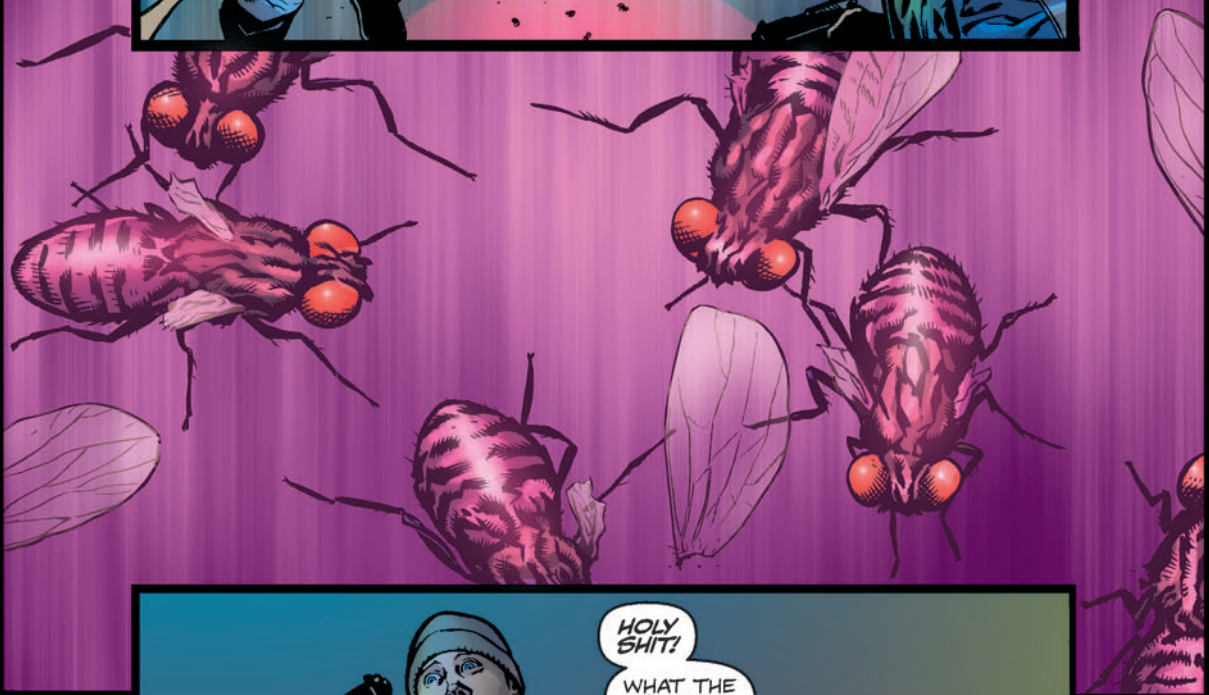


THERE.



THAT WASN'T SO DIFFICULT NOW, WAS IT?

WHAT?



HOLY SHIT!

WHAT THE FUCK IS THIS?

ISN'T IT OBVIOUS?





THE ANSWER  
TO ALL YOUR  
PROBLEMS,  
WESLEY.