



MY NAME IS FELICIA HARDY, A.K.A. THE BLACK CAT.

AND YEAH, I KNOW--THIS IS NOT HOW I USUALLY DO THINGS.



I'M SUPPOSED TO BE THE WORLD'S GREATEST CAT BURGLAR, RIGHT?



SKULKING AROUND IN THE SHADOWS, COMING AND GOING WITHOUT A TRACE.

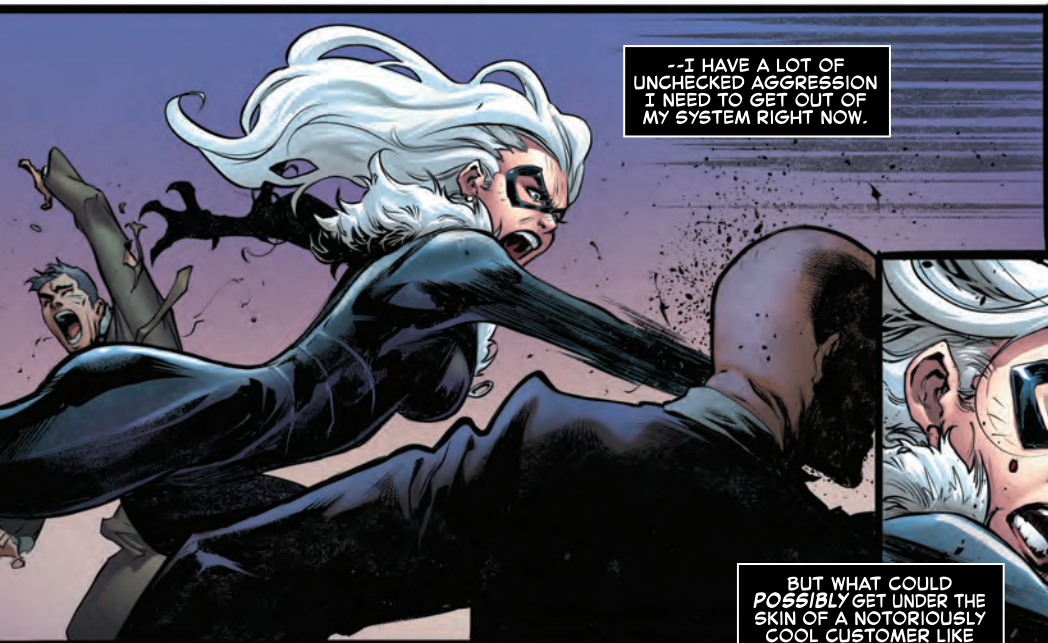


THAT'S MY WHOLE BRAND.

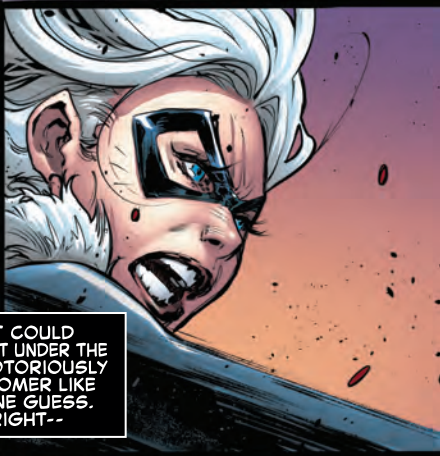


SO WHY DID I BUST INTO THIS PLACE FULL OF ARMED MAGGIA GOONS AND START THROWING PUNCHES?

WELL, TRUTH BE TOLD--



--I HAVE A LOT OF UNCHECKED AGGRESSION I NEED TO GET OUT OF MY SYSTEM RIGHT NOW.



BUT WHAT COULD POSSIBLY GET UNDER THE SKIN OF A NOTORIOUSLY COOL CUSTOMER LIKE MYSELF? ONE GUESS. THAT'S RIGHT--

--MY #@\$%&
EX-BOYFRIEND!

THE SPIDER. I USED TO BE IN A RELATIONSHIP WITH SPIDER-MAN. HAPLESS DO-GOODER SUPER HERO EXTRAORDINAIRE. AND IF THAT SOUNDS LIKE A REALLY TERRIBLE DECISION FROM THE OUTSIDE--

--JUST KNOW IT SEEMED THAT WAY TO ME AT FIRST TOO. I MEAN, WE DIDN'T EXACTLY GET ALONG AT THE START. ME BEING--WELL, ME, AND HIM BEING...

...WEIRDLY CHARMING? WHAT CAN I SAY. I CAVED.

SURE, WE WERE ON OPPOSITE SIDES OF THE LAW, BUT ONCE YOU GOT PAST THAT ONE LITTLE DIFFERENCE, WE ACTUALLY HAD A LOT IN COMMON.

SWINGING THROUGH THE CITY TOGETHER, DANCING IN THE MOONLIGHT. AND THOSE ROOFTOPS... IT WAS GOOD ENOUGH TO CONVINCE ME IT WASN'T--IT WASN'T--

--DOOMED. SOMETIMES ONE DIFFERENCE IS ALL IT TAKES.

HE MOVED ON, I MOVED ON. HOW IT GOES, RIGHT?

EXCEPT THAT'S NEVER MY LUCK.



HE GOT HIMSELF IN SOME BIG TROUBLE AND ENDED UP GETTING DOCTOR STRANGE TO CAST A SPELL ON HIS BEHALF--

ONE THAT MADE THE ENTIRE WORLD FORGET WHO HE WAS UNDER THE MASK. THE ENTIRE WORLD--

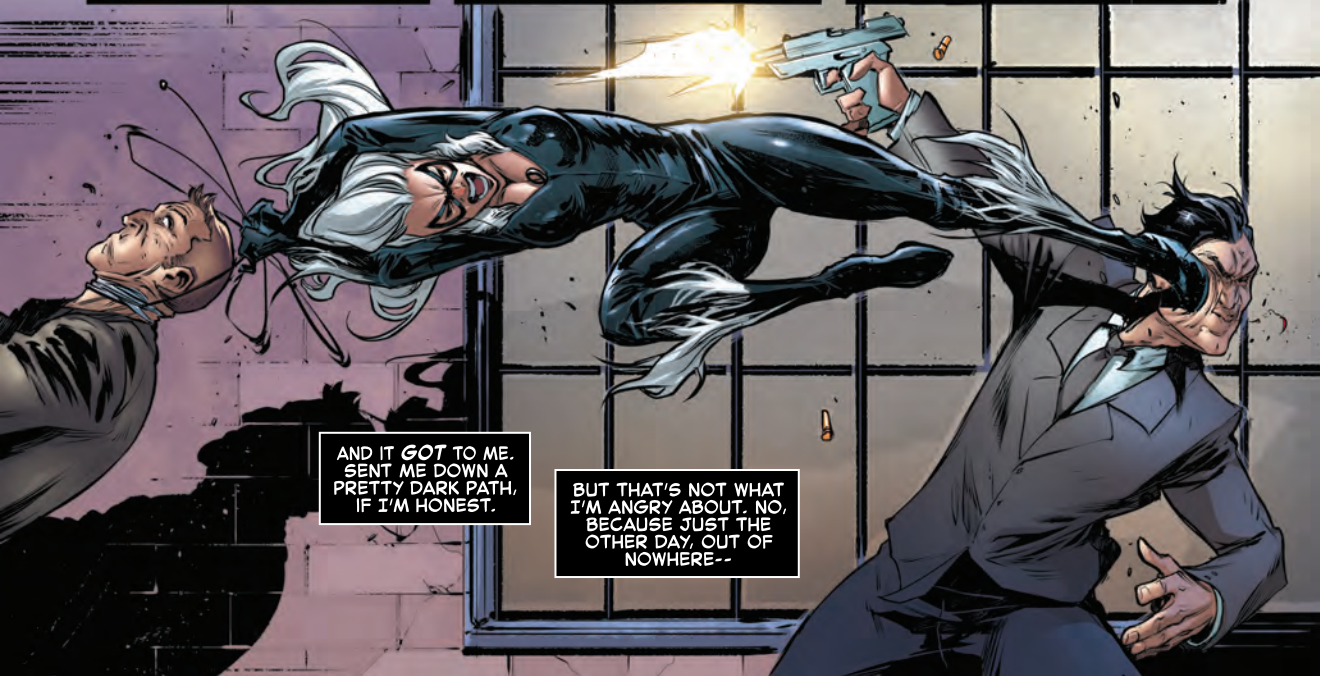
--INCLUDING ME.

SUDDENLY I COULDN'T REMEMBER THE FACE OF A MAN I'D--OKAY, I'LL SAY IT--

--A MAN I LOVED.

TIMES WE'D SPENT TOGETHER, MOMENTS WE'D SHARED WERE NOW FOGGY, OR EVEN WORSE--

--GONE ENTIRELY. IN FACT, AT FIRST I COULDN'T EVEN TELL I WAS *MISSING* THINGS. BUT AFTER A WHILE, IT WAS CLEAR SOMETHING WAS WRONG.



AND IT GOT TO ME. SENT ME DOWN A PRETTY DARK PATH, IF I'M HONEST.

BUT THAT'S NOT WHAT I'M ANGRY ABOUT. NO. BECAUSE JUST THE OTHER DAY, OUT OF NOWHERE--




--HE MADE THINGS RIGHT.

TOLD ME WHO HE WAS, AND JUST LIKE THAT, THE SPELL WAS LIFTED.



GOOD NEWS, YOU'D THINK, EXCEPT, AGAIN, THIS IS ME--



--AND THAT'S NOT HOW MY LUCK WORKS. EVER SINCE HE TOOK OFF THAT MASK, EVERY MEMORY I LOST, EVERY MOMENT I FORGOT--

--THEY WON'T STOP RUSHING BACK AT ME.

EVER HAVE A BREAKUP, AND THEN YEARS DOWN THE ROAD YOU FIND YOURSELF REMEMBERING THINGS ABOUT THAT PERSON AND THE TIME YOU'D HAD TOGETHER?



YEAH, THAT'S ME, ON A CONSTANT LOOP RIGHT NOW. AND NO MATTER HOW MUCH I TRY--

--NO MATTER HOW HARD I FIGHT, I CAN'T STOP IT. EVERY TIME I CLOSE MY EYES, I CAN'T STOP SEEING IT--

--SEEING US.

I'M JUST SAYING, HE'S MY ARCHENEMY. WELL, ONE OF THEM, I GUESS.

AND HOW MANY TIMES DO I HAVE TO FIGHT HIM WITH YOU BEFORE HE BECOMES MY ARCHENEMY TOO?

WAIT, YOU MEAN LIKE SHARING HIM? LIKE A CO-ARCHENEMY? I DON'T LIKE THE SOUND OF THAT. NO WAY.

OOH, SOMEBODY SOUNDS JEALOUS.

GUESS YOU KNOW WHAT A THING I HAVE FOR THE BAD BOYS.

DON'T JOKE!

HEY, UM-- DON'T LET ME FORGET--I NEED TO GIVE YOU SOMETHING LATER--

I'M RIGHT HERE, SPIDER...

WHY WAIT?

YEAH--