

# TWELVE HOURS EARLIER.



I CAN'T BELIEVE WE'RE GONNA MISS THIS.

MISS WHAT, JUDGE?



THIS MUSEUM THING. THEY GOT BIGGIE'S ORIGINAL NOTEBOOK PAGES AND EVERYTHING.

ARE YOU SERIOUS?! WE HAVE TO GO!



TOMORROW'S THE LAST DAY, AND IT'S CLOSED AFTER THREE PM FOR SOME PRIVATE PARTY.

SHOOT, AND WE GOT SCHOOL UNTIL THREE.

CAN YOU TWO QUIET DOWN? THIS EARACHE IS KILLING ME.



UNLESS...



I'M GOING TO BLOW YOUR WELL-BEHAVED MIND RIGHT NOW, MY BROTHER, BUT: WE COULD JUST NOT GO TO SCHOOL TOMORROW.

SKIP?! AND HOW ARE WE GONNA DO THAT, O GREAT WOKE POET?



YO, GANKE HERE IS SICK. AND HE GOT US SICK. WE CAN PLAY OFF THAT. WHAT IF WE ALL GOT SICK TOMORROW MORNING?

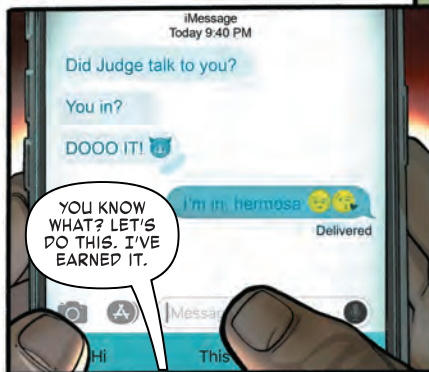
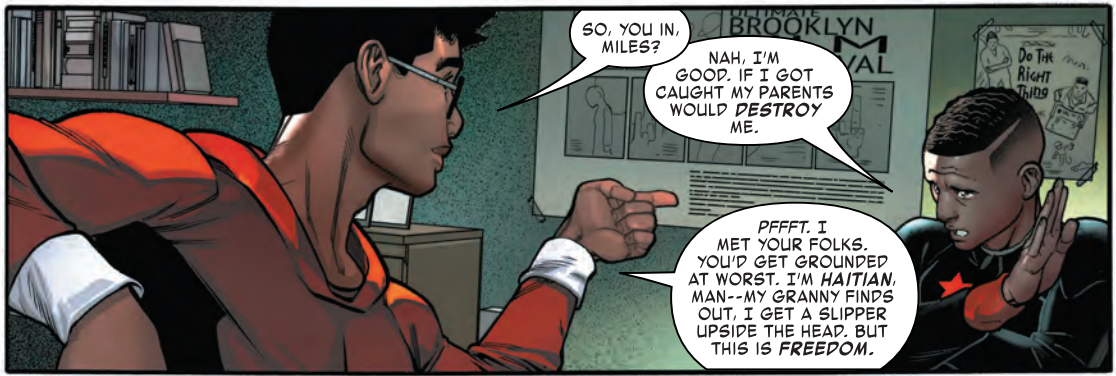
BUT I REALLY AM SICK! AND YOU WANT TO USE MY--OW--MY PAIN AS AN EXCUSE TO SKIP CLASS WHILE I'M STUCK HERE? THAT'S COLD, DUPE.

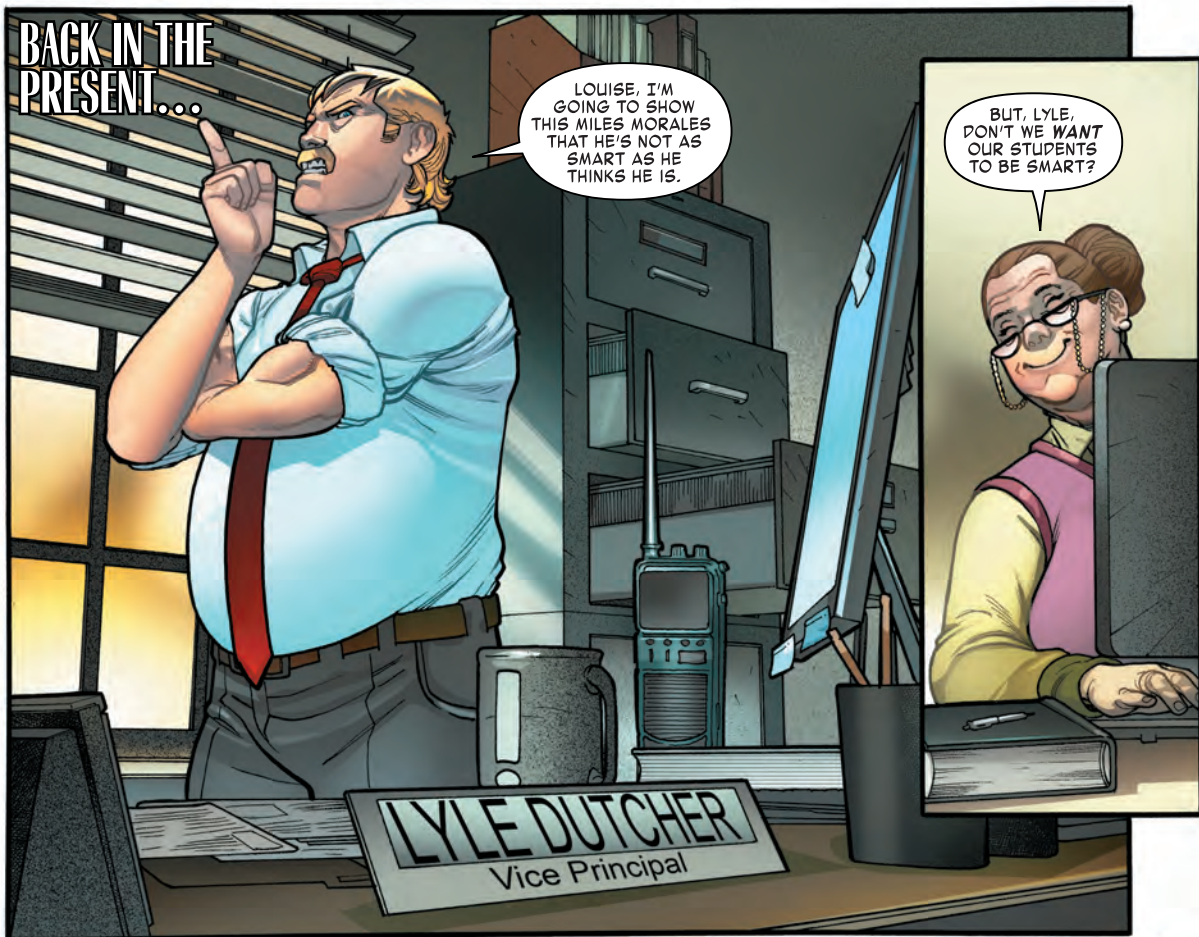


IT'S AN EAR INFECTION. IT'S NOT EVEN CONTAGIOUS.

SOMETIMES YOU GOT TO TAKE ONE FOR THE TEAM, MAN. YOU KNOW I'D DO THE SAME FOR YOU. AM I LYING?

THIS IS A BAD IDEA.





BACK IN THE PRESENT...

LOUISE, I'M GOING TO SHOW THIS MILES MORALES THAT HE'S NOT AS SMART AS HE THINKS HE IS.

BUT, LYLE, DON'T WE WANT OUR STUDENTS TO BE SMART?



JUST TELL ME WHOSE CLASS HE'S IN NOW.



LOOKS LIKE HE'S IN DAN SUMIDA'S CREATIVE WRITING CLASS.

HIPPIE TIME. GREAT.



DO YOU WANT ME TO HAVE DAN SEND HIM DOWN?

NO, I THINK I'LL GO SEE PERSONALLY HOW FIRST PERIOD IS GOING FOR MR. MORALES.