

Spider-Matt[®] and BatDan[®]

Special Edition

M.D. Haldane

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Prologue

It was a nice morning. Too nice for anything not to go wrong. Criminals cannot waste nice day days. They need to use the nice days whenever they can. Nice days can be rare in New York City, you see. Actually, between rain clouds, snow, and super villains destroying the city, it's nearly impossible for New York to have a nice, perfect day.

However, sometimes people with extraordinary powers (super heroes) do something to try to make a good day. Usually these super heroes end up destroying the city more than the villain ever would have and it just ends up being a total waste. Nonetheless, every now and then a hero might be lucky enough to stop a villain with no chaos at all. This is not one of those stories.

“Open it up, Joe,” a security guard said as he walked by another.

The other security guard picked up a bunch of keys and flung them around on his finger using the key ring. He turned and walked to the door. The guard grabbed the door handle, unlocked the door, and opened it. A man with a suit on rushed through.

“Hello,” the guard called out cheerily as he gave a gay smile.

Before the guard had even finished his one word sentence the suited man already had a gun out and was saying in a raised voice, “Please remain calm and no one gets it!”

“Gets what?” asked a man in the crowd who was apparently too slow for his own good. “The gun?”

“For Christ's sake! Just put your damn hands on your head and get on the ground like everyone else!”

The slow man did as his armed aggressor said and by now other men in suits had come in and were already taking money from the vault. It took a only few seconds for all the money to be put into the bags (mind you, these were professionals) and then the men made their way to the stairway exit.

The men now put on gas masks and shot a gas bomb behind them so they could make a quick exit without trouble. Usually the gas would have been used at the beginning of the heist, but these were professionals that didn't need the assist of gas to help them steal money.

Once on the top of the building, a helicopter lowered so that the men could clumsily climb in. Some tripped a couple of times. They *were* professionals, though they had some trouble climbing into helicopters quickly.

“Like candy from a baby,” one of the men commented.

“Dude, that's mean!” another remarked.

The helicopter was off! It flew between buildings with such perfection it would make any other great helicopter pilot gawk in disbelief. Suddenly the helicopter stopped. It flew from side to side, smashing up buildings in the progress, but it refused to accelerate.

Then the chopper was yanked back and was flying backwards for a while with its passengers screaming. Once the helicopter came to a complete stop the screaming died down.

The passengers looked from their left to their right and noticed a very tall building on each side. The helicopter, they also noticed, was stuck on a silly string type substance. It was in a design that resembled a spider web.

Spider-Matt swung away from the two large buildings saying to himself, “God bless my Super Silly String. I should patent this stuff!”

If Spider-Matt weren't so dumb and unobservant then perhaps he would have noticed a plane smash into one of those tall buildings. He would have also noticed another plane smash into the other building, and he might have seen both buildings eventually collapse, which killed the people inside the helicopter. Spider-Matt was not observant in slightest, however. It was luck that he even managed to see any sort of criminal activity going on in the first place.

It was a calm dark quiet New York night, which is a very contradictory sentence. For one thing, quiet doesn't belong in the same sentence as New York; for another thing, there is nothing calming about the dark. Nonetheless, this was the way things decided to be on this particular night.

Two men no older than twenty-one, and by a mere coincidence, no younger, sat on their fat asses atop a building counting their latest steal. Perhaps they were on top of a building because no one ever finds thieves seventy stories up. That was doubtful however. New York is a queer city and evidently, people sitting on building tops isn't as rare of a thing as most would expect.

As the two young adults sat they did what most American guys do when they are bored. They talked. This isn't something that just plagues American men, though. No! Conversations that begin out of boredom are a danger to everyone. It is as real as you or me. Don't do it, despite poor role models such as these.

"How much we got so far?" asked the short fat man. The runt wore a scaly cap in order to hide his bald head.

"Eleven hundred. We got some serious bank tonight, eh?" The man who answered held the cash between his grubby fingers. This one obviously had to be the leader. He was thin yet well built. He looked like he could give anyone looking for a fight a run for his money. If the opponent had any left, of course. There is a good chance this redheaded punk would have already picked the man's pocket.

"I hear there's this bat goin' around. It's a giant bat I here who sucks the blood of thieves or somethin'," the short fat man stated. He was trying to strike up conversation out of boredom, obviously. But the quiver in the man's voice made it evident that he was also afraid of the recent circulating myth.

"There aint no bat. Well, okay, there is a bat."

"Really?"

"Yeah. It's a small black flying rodent. Nothing out of the ordinary to be honest." The thin man laughed annoyingly and let his high pitch laughter echo into the dark night.

"That's not funny," muttered the chubby punk. "What if it's real? What if the bat stories are real?"

"If they're real," the lean kid said while he tilted forward as if he was about to reveal a great secret, "I'll cut off my left nut."

"I'll take care of that for you," said a voice undistinguished by the two punks. The young men turned and to see what their new conflict in life would be. It was a man dressed as a giant bat.

"Hi I'm BatDan. If you have any questions you will be unable to ask them as I'm about to transfer a deadly disease known as rabies into your body."

With a frightening foam dripping smile, BatDan lunged forward quickly and bit both of his prey. The mysterious bat impersonator picked up the wad of cash that lay on the ground.

“Teach you to steal my wallet you fucking pricks.” He vanished into the night. An accurate visual might be that the mysterious man just became night. That’s just what it would have appeared to be, had you been there to see.

1

“As you can see, class, the approximate proximity of the diluted soluble solution constructs optimistic reactions in the unwavering attempt to fabricate metaphysical remedies to the intricate quandaries situated before you.” The science teacher paced back and forth at the front of the classroom attempting to intimidate his students. It worked. Except on one.

“You’re so full of shit!”

“Who said that?” exclaimed the menacing professor. He didn’t like to be challenged, and this was most definitely a challenge.

“I said you’re full of shit,” the mystery voice at the back of the room repeated. The class turned to see the dirty-blond haired kid who had no glasses. It is important to note that he had no glasses because he is a nerd of types. Most nerds of any kind are viewed as people with thick ugly glasses, but that is not always the case. This nerd doesn’t have any glasses. Just thought it should be noted.

“First of all,” the nerd continued, “you don’t look nearly as professional as you should. Your tie isn’t tied correctly, your suit was obviously picked up last minute at a thrift store, and whatever the hell you just said is complete bull. I could make up something off the top of my head that sounded more authentic.”

A dumbfounded expression crossed the teacher’s face. It went from his left to right and was gone. He admitted defeat. “Okay, I’m not a teacher. But I walked in and saw you all sitting here without a teacher... So I wanted to try out my acting skills. I’m a new student. Hello. My name is Frank. Sorry.” Frank found an empty seat and placed himself in it.

A moment later the true professor walked in and apologized for his tardiness.

“Hello class. I’m sorry for being late. An important meeting went longer than expected. I’m Professor Schmidt and I shall be teaching you advanced chemistry for the next eight months. I’m sure you’ve all noticed the problem on the board that I had put up last night. Since I’m sure you’re all bright students, you probably saw that the approximate proximity of the diluted soluble solution constructs optimistic reactions in the unwavering attempt to fabricate metaphysical remedies to the intricate quandaries situated before you.”

The voice from the back of the class earlier had come from a student named Matt Hallark who was a great chemistry student and probably the smartest in the class. He now had a feeling of dread that he might not learn a lot this year. It was Matt’s first day of college and his life suddenly became a lot more interesting.

“So what is it exactly that we do?” Dan was asking his employee this question for the last sixty-three minutes and was still unable to get a straight answer. Dan Spruce was getting a tour of the company that he now owned. Spruce Industries! *But what the hell does it actually do?* Dan was wondering and will continue to wonder for a long time.

Dan was a slightly tall and very handsome person who was now very rich. His black hair gave him a certain sex appeal that not only made Dan the most wanted bachelor in America, but made men without black hair want it desperately and wonder why men with black hair are the only ones with this certain attractiveness.

“Here at Spruce Industries you will find a variety of intriguing operations,” the employee continued. “Over here,” the worker grabbed Dan by the arm and directed him to a room with a lot of noise due to the loud equipment being used. Dan had no idea what the equipment was or what it might be used for. “Over here is where we make doohickeys for and knickknacks for inhabitants of the planet. Isn’t it great?”

Dan groaned and finally let his staff member know what he really thought. “No, not really. Please excuse me. I might have to go hang myself.”

“Look, Mr. Spruce. You don’t have to be aggravated. Your staff will take care of everything! You have people organizing meetings for you, going to the meetings for you, and essentially running the company for you. All you have to do is collect over fifty percent of the profit each month. The rest of the money pays for the company and its workers. Sound like a deal?”

Dan’s mood lightened. “Yeah, I guess that’ll be fine.”

Dan was a young graduate from Harvard. Daddy paid for it all. Daddy paid for his son to get in to Harvard, to pass all his classes at Harvard, to graduate from Harvard, to be allowed back into the state of Massachusetts if he might ever want to, and to be allowed to keep his life. That last one was an important decision and greatly influenced how Dan would live the remainder of his existence. The sudden death of his parents (shot before his eyes by a renegade circus clown) quickly propelled Dan into his future career as the owner of Spruce Industries that manufactures, as you just witnessed, God knows what. Dan’s life suddenly became a lot more interesting.

2

Spider-Matt scoured the city (by way of Super Silly String) for something that might be wrong. Really wrong. He was sick and tired of cleaning up small messes. The bank heist was his first big “gig,” as he liked to consider it. He didn’t want to go for the small fries any more. He was weary of smalltime punks with guns who steal ten bucks from the local convenience store. He was through with that kind of crap.

“Help. He stole ten bucks from my convenience store! Somebody stop him!”

Spider-Matt sighed and let out a word that expressed an all too common feeling within him. “Shit!”

He swung down on his string and landed in front of the burglar. There was no fantastic flip through the air or any sort of amazing airborne acrobatics. It was just a landing that got his point across. His point was this: Give up before I slap you around mafia style. Nothing was verbal. The point was made and the thug just knelt down on the ground and allowed Spider-Matt to tie him up with Super Silly String.

With that Spider-Matt took off into the air. As he propelled through the air Spider-Matt heard a voice calling after him, but he paid no mind.

“Come back here with my ten bucks you lousy thief!”

BatDan was letting loose. His fist collided with criminal after criminal. The Bank, the name of Spruce Industries’ bank, was about to go missing a few million dollars. Luckily BatDan crashed in at the right time. And he literally crashed in. Right through the skylight.

BatDan was having fun beating up on these guys. He saw it as more effective than those stress balls that his psychiatrist tried to get Dan to use as a child. Everything was going perfect.

The villainous scum was on the run. It was great. Nothing made Dan feel better. Then an unexpected visitor showed up.

Spider-Matt had been looking for some decent action for over two and a half hours now. The ten bucks got him a somewhat decent meal at a fast food restaurant, he took a bathroom break, and now he was back out looking for trouble when he should be doing homework. Lord knew he had a lot of it. Then he saw a mass of people rush out of The Bank. This was something Spider-Matt had been looking for. Let the party begin!

Spider-Matt swung on over to The Bank and saw that someone had crashed through the skylight. "My favorite part of The Bank," Spider-Matt mourned. "Whoever did this will pay!"

Spider-Matt looked down into the building and saw exactly what the problem was. A super-villain. *Now we're talkin'!*

The villain was dressed up as a bat and was beating the crap out of all the hardworking citizens who just wanted to get make a deposit. So Spider-Matt jumped in and had his foot land hard on BatDan's jaw. BatDan flew back into a wall. The "hostages" ran out the front door. Spider-Matt felt proud of himself.

"Are you proud of yourself?!" BatDan exclaimed in fury. "You just let those criminals escape!"

"Don't feed me your bull. I know a super-villain when I see one and you are most definitely... Wait a minute. You're that bat guy I've been hearing about. You're a good guy. Damn it!"

"That's right. And you're that spider guy I've heard absolutely nothing about!" BatDan snapped, still quite angry.

"Yeah, well... Oh... That's not cool."

"I'll show you cool!" BatDan lunged forward with arms outstretched.

He's attacking me! Spider-Matt realized as he jumped out of the way.

"Heheh. Look. This is just a big misunderstanding. I know that according to protocol this is the part where we fight, but that's a ridiculous waste of time. So how about we don't and say we did, eh?"

"You're not getting off that easy."

But he did. When BatDan turned around, now foaming at the mouth, Spider-Matt was already gone. And so was BatDan's wallet. "God damn it!"

Matt walked onto campus after a long night of no sleep. He actually just finished his homework ten minutes ago. All Matt wanted was a good night's sleep. Actually, Matt also wanted a long hot shower, a decent breakfast with some of that wonderful English tea he's been hearing so much about, the Spruce mansion in Manhattan, a beautiful girlfriend, his own T.V. show... Well, the point is that he wanted a good night's sleep more than any of that.

Since sleep wasn't an option at the moment, he'd at least try to get something else he'd been wanting. Sitting alone at a nearby table was the girl he'd had an eye on since the school year started. She was very beautiful. Gorgeous red hair and on top of the prettiest face he had ever seen. Her name was Samantha Wantsum and Matt had had a crush on her since high school. He was ecstatic when he learned that Sam would be attending the same college as him. Since the usual mockery that occurs during high school doesn't happen at a university, Matt thought he'd try out his luck.

Matt slowly made his way to the table with an exaggerated “cool” strut. He got to the table and sat down across from Samantha.

“Hey Samantha.” The redhead didn’t look up from her book to respond to the nerd. “War and Peace! I love that book.”

Samantha looked up now. “Really? Which part did you like the best?”

Matt knew how to handle this. He, along with everyone else in his or her right mind, had never read War and Peace and never planned to. But there is a rule to a great book. Every great book must have a character that dies.

“I love the part where the guy—I don’t remember any of the names really—but the part when the guy dies. It’s so sad. I think I actually started to cry.”

“Which guy?”

“You know. I can’t remember his name. Maybe... I just can’t remember. It looks like you’re a good ways through that book. You must know who I’m talking about.”

“Nope.”

“In that case I have a confession... I never actually read the book.” Matt gave a weak smile.

“Well, truth be told, I’m not actually reading the entire book. I’m just reading this chapter for reference. No one in his or her right mind would ever read the *entire damn thing*. Now, what do you want?” She was beginning to warming up, despite the harsh tone in which he stated her last question. She seemed to respect the fact that Matt could hold a phony intelligent conversation, if that seems sensible in any sort of way. He somewhat comical at least.

“A date,” Matt said with a sigh. “I don’t suppose you’d like to help me out?”

“Not really.”

“Come on Samantha. Just one date. Dinner on Friday. And then, a movie if you like. Please?”

It was now Samantha’s turn to sigh. “How do you know I don’t have a boyfriend?”

“What makes you think I assumed you didn’t have a boyfriend?” Matt didn’t give Sam a chance to reply. “I have classes now, so I’ll talk to you later.” Matt hastily departed to his first class of the day.

By the time chemistry rolled around, Samantha had thought hard about Matt’s offer. Despite her sexy, sexy appearance, she didn’t have a boyfriend. An interesting fact about New York that I’ve come to learn through movies is that sexy girls don’t have boyfriends; they just have lots of sex with countless sexy guys. It isn’t until these girls fall in love that they stop being sluts and calm down so they can try to hold a steady relationship. Sam had never tried the steady relationship thing before and it intrigued her.

At any rate, Samantha passed Matt a note during one on the droning chemistry lectures. The note read, “First of all, call me Sam. Second of all pick me up at eight P.M. on Friday.” Then her dorm room was listed.

The great thing about being BatDan was having the BatDan car. It was a smooth black convertible with a Jack-in-the-Box head on the antennae and it got Dan any woman he desired. Earlier that day BatDan had pulled up on the side of the road where three beautiful women stood. He picked out the one he thought to be the cuter of the two blondes (the other a brunette) and said to her, “Hey, want to go for a ride?” It was that simple. It all lay in the car.

Dan was currently in bed with the blonde and the ride had ended. Any sexy female who got into Dan Spruce’s mansion got into Dan Spruce’s bed. Who can blame Dan for being a

player, though? Being a superhero is a lonely business. So is being a rich playboy. Dan wasn't too concerned about his identity being in jeopardy. Most girls never remembered Dan's face anyway. Perhaps this was because he was wearing his BatDan mask the whole time.

The point is this: Dan was in bed with a woman and they were now conversing. And not unlike girls, the blonde was the first to open her big mouth.

"So who is the man behind the mask?" asked the blonde woman.

"I'm sorry Kate, you can't know. It could put my life in jeopardy."

"But I love you, BatDan. Why is it always about you?"

"It isn't. I'm a superhero. I save people every day! I just... You don't want to know who I am anyway," Dan informed.

"Yes I do," Kate said.

"No you don't."

"Yes, I really do."

"No, you're not listening to me. You don't. You really don't!"

"Yes I do, BatDan. I want to know who you are!"

"Damn it! I can't take this. Get the hell out of my house!" Dan commanded with a firm gesture to the door.

So Kate got dressed and began to depart. Before she left the room she turned back to BatDan and said, "This isn't over. I will find out who your are." She left.

When Dan heard his front door slam shut he yelled, "NO YOU WON'T!" Then to let off a little more steam he added, "YOU WON'T! YOU WON'T! YOU WON'T!"

Then something struck Dan as he pulled off his mask. Why doesn't she recognize the largest mansion in Manhattan?

A nefarious shadow plotted by himself in his evil secret lair. He did this on a regular basis. He was trying extremely hard to come up with an original plot to rid him of his number one rival. Whenever he tried to get something done, Spider-Matt foiled his plans. It was a long history that went back to when Matt was still in high school. This malevolent person didn't have a clue about his adversary ever being in high school, though. He just knew that something had to be done about his nemesis always interfering with his plans, which always consisted of "bumping off" Spider-Matt.

The malicious villain I speak of now is none other than the infamous Green Goon. He dresses in green tights and travels around on a rocket-powered skateboard. Ingenious, eh? Well this is because behind the Green Goon mask lies a scientist. But I can't give away too much. There must be some surprise about who the villain is, unlike so many superhero stories today.

A good physical visual is needed for the Green Goon, though. This is one villain that really must be visualized to really enjoy the story. The Green Goon is dressed entirely in green... Okay, maybe that was obvious by the name, but you never can tell these days. The material is merely spandex. The mask is rubber, however. The mask is the good part. It appears to be a green elf. Pointy ears protrude from the side of the mask and, unlike many other villains to date, this one actually has a mouth on the mask that moves in accord with the bearer's mouth. Incredible! This feature isn't just for the mouth, though. Oh no! It works for all facial features. I told you the man was a science genius, and that he is. Now it is time to eavesdrop on the wicked man.

"I shall get you Spider-Matt! One day I will get you!"

Very deep.

The Green Goon picked up a copy of the Daily Doodle (the popular local tabloid) and flipped through until he located a picture of Spider-Matt. He stopped and stared at the picture and the caption below it. The caption stated, "This picture of Spider-Matt was taken by Matt Hallark, just incase any homicidal maniac wants to know." The caption was meant to be sarcastic.

The Green Goon cackled as an idea popped into his head.

"If Matt Hallark can get a picture of Spider-Matt then Matt *must* know where to find Spider-Matt."

Here we leave the masked man to conceive evil ideas, for there is yet another psycho we must visit.

Jack Napalm was enjoying his first day on parole. He was enjoying it thoroughly. To understand why Jack was enjoying himself, you must know that Jack was a convicted murderer who went by the name of the Laugher. He had killed twenty-seven people up to that point. Nineteen of which were killed while Jack was on parole. Another interesting fact about New York is that anyone can get parole as many times as they want. ANYONE. Don't tell me my facts are wrong. Movies and comic books don't lie!

Jack was sitting in his room contemplating what he had done in the past. All those horrible things that he had done to several innocent people. It wasn't fair, he told himself. It wasn't fair that he was always caught by BatDan! *Why can't BatDan just leave me the hell alone?!*

Jack needed a plan and he needed one quick. *I need a plan, and I need one quick*, Jack thought. Then, as if God himself were in favor of the villain, Jack saw a copy of the Daily Doodle on the floor. The paper was open to an article titled "I Slept With BatDan." *You and me both... No, that was that strange recurring dream I keep having. Damn I hate that dream!*

So Jack looked through the article to find out that BatDan was the biggest pimp in superhero history and Satan (a semi-hero you'll find out about soon enough) is close second. That wasn't what Jack was interested though. Jack wanted to know the name of the woman mentioned in the title of the article. Kate Felicity. What a beautiful name. She was going to regret ever sleeping with the super-pimp known as BatDan.

The soft calming stereotypical music played in the background of the small stereotypical New York café. Sitting at a small circular table for two were Sam and Matt. They had napkins on their laps and drool on their lips as a waiter set a beautiful meal before them. Sam and Matt thanked the waiter and began to eat. At the same time they tried to carry on a conversation that had started while waiting for their food.

"So you were about to tell me what it is you do. What's your job?" Sam asked with a mouth full of food.

"I take pictures of Spider-Matt for the Daily Doodle," Matt answered. He also had food in his mouth. "William Wallace, the owner of the newspaper, says Spider-Matt sells a lot of papers, and he'll keep giving me fifty dollars per picture if I keep taking them." Matt paused and swallowed his food. "I thought it was kind of funny, because I had always heard that Spider-Matt just saved people, and I've never seen him sell newspapers."

Matt lifted his fork to stuff more food into himself. Sam started laughing because she thought Matt was trying to be funny by his last comment. Matt was perfectly serious about it, however.

“You’re hilarious, Matt.”

Matt didn’t understand but he smiled nevertheless.

“So William Wallace the war hero is your boss, eh?” Sam asked jokingly.

“No... William Wallace the publisher,” Matt answered sincerely.

“Uhhh... right. Well, what career do you plan to get into?” Sam asked.

“Why are you asking all the questions? I want to know what you have for a job right now.”

“Oh, well... Right now I’m just a waitress. But someday I’m going to be a famous actress!” Her face brightened as she thought about herself “acting” dirty movies.

“What kind of movies do you want to do?” Matt wondered.

“Dirty movies.”

Matt frowned.

“I mean... Heheh... Did I say dirty, I meant artsy.”

“Oh. You like art?”

“Yeah, of course.”

The rest of the conversation was pretty much the same boring stuff. They talked in circles always ending up nowhere. The excitement didn’t begin until an explosion took away an entire wall of the restaurant and a greed garbed maniac skated in on a rocket-powered skateboard.

“Thank you, thank you,” The Green Goon applauded himself as he bowed to the crowd. Hello and good evening, ladies and gentlemen. I am the one they call the Green Goon. Everyone is free to go except for that couple sitting over in the corner. Matt and...Samantha is it? Okay, everyone out. OUT, OUT, OUT!”

Everyone except for Matt and Sam emptied out of the building. Green Goon skated over the young couple’s table.

“Matt, hey how ya doin’ buddy?” Green good said conversationally. “Look, I know you know Spider-Matt. How else would you get those fantastic photos?”

“Luck.”

“Shuddup, boy.” Green Goon sat down and put his arm around Matt. “Look kid. Don’t act like you don’t know what I’m talkin’ about. I just want you to help me find Spider-Matt, okay?”

“I can’t do that. I don’t know Spider-Matt.”

“Then why the hell are you wearing a pin that clear says in big bold letters ‘I know Spider-Matt.’”

“Damn it!”

“Look, you stupid fool, I’m not kidding around.” Green Goon took his arm away from Matt’s shoulder. “You get Spider-Matt to find me or I kill your redheaded gal. Okay? Okay.”

Green Goon stood up, grabbed Sam and flung her over his shoulder.

“It’s a trap, isn’t it?” Matt had to ask.

“No shit!”

“Damn it. It’s always a trap...”

Green Goon skated away on the rocket-powered skateboard while cackling. Matt watched with a frown as the skateboard took off down the street. *Where did he get that thing?* Matt marveled. *And why did Sam seem so willing to be taken hostage?*

Jack Napalm walked up to the door and placed his finger on the button that would ring the doorbell. He wore a black suit, a collared white shirt, and a tie. He was still unsure of the plan and didn't know if he wanted to carry it out without it being perfected. *I'll just have to improvise if anything goes wrong*, he decided at long last. He pressed the button.

Jack was surprised to hear that the doorbell was the tune of Beethoven's fifth. How appropriate for the occasion.

The door opened and there stood Kate Felicity, a beautiful twenty-year-old blonde girl with blue eyes. Jack smiled. "Would you like to hear about the word of Jesus H. Christ?"

"What's the H stand for?" Kate inquired.

"Let me in and I'll tell you all about it."

Kate welcomed the handsome missionary into her home and listened to an interesting anecdote about why Jesus' middle name was Herbert.

"So that's it. That is why Jesus' middle name was Herbert," Jack concluded. "Did you like it?"

"Oh, I thought it was intriguing. How do you know about all this stuff?"

"Well, my church has all the answers. Maybe you'd like to take a visit with me? Say... right now?"

"I couldn't now. I very busy at the moment. Maybe next week."

Jack pulled out a gun. "Damn it, woman. You need to visit the church now or your soul is damned forever. Come on!"

Then the one thing that Jack didn't expect to happen is exactly what happened. Kate kicked the gun out of Jack's hand.

"Nice moves. Nice legs." Jack commented before receiving a tremendously painful kick in the groin.

"Maybe we could talk about this," Jack gasped. He was curled up on the floor and rocking to and fro.

"What is there to talk about? You pulled a gun on me," Kate pouted. "It wasn't very nice."

"I just wanted to kidnap you so BatDan would come find you. You were merely going to be used as well treated bait then let free once BatDan arrived," Jack Napalm explained.

"Why didn't you just tell me that in the first place? I can help you with that. I'm somewhat angry after he told me to piss off after luxurious sex."

"Do tell."

"No time for details. This is a job for Pink Pussy! BatDan isn't the only one with a secret identity."

Kate went into her room to change. When she came out she was wearing a sexy tight pink leather costume (most would describe it as a lack of a costume, if you know what I mean, and most guys do, especially those who attend public schools) that included a cute pink leather mask that covered the top half of her head lacking kitty ears due to running out of material.

"Aw... How cute," Jack said. "Yet how HOT! If I had my way I'd..."

"Shut up," Pink Pussy commanded in a commanding voice. "I know what I'm going to do. Just give me the address to your secret lair and I'll bring BatDan there when I'm finished with him."

"Finished with him?"

"When I capture him. You know what I mean."

Kate was somewhat discouraged when she found out that Jack didn't have a secret lair, but just an apartment. That didn't matter though. She was going to get BatDan and find out who he was. Pink Pussy jumped out her window and swung away on a thin yet strong metal rope that was shot out of a gun. Kate acquired the grappling hook gun from off BatDan's utility vest. BatDan wasn't very observant. No one really knew how the hook managed to snag on to any building in the city.

3

BatDan stood atop a building and looked down into the lit up night. It was his city and he had to protect it the best he could. That was only possible if idiots like Spider-Matt didn't screw everything up, though. BatDan was still pissed off about the other day. He really liked that wallet. He liked the Benjamins inside the wallet even more, however. What else could possibly go wrong? Well, since he asked...

BatDan was surprised from behind when Pink Pussy grabbed the BatDan's cape and threw him across the rooftop. BatDan let out an "umph" as he landed on his back.

"Hello, BatDan. I'm the Pink Pussy and I have come to collect what is rightfully mine," Pink Pussy announced. "Your secret identity!"

"Rightfully yours? What the hell are you talking about?"

"It sounded cool, okay. I needed something significant to say. I mean, it is our 'first' meeting and all. Well, not our actual first, if you know what I mean. You just don't know the woman behind the mask and..."

"Kate? Is that you?" BatDan thought he recognized the voice.

"Kate? Who's Kate?" Pink Pussy strived to save herself. "What the hell are you talking about? Let's fight."

Pink Pussy lunged and BatDan struck out with his fist. The two costumed individuals wrestled around as they lay down on the rooftop. Pink Pussy released herself from BatDan's grasp and propelled herself upwards. She popped out claws from each finger on her gloves and started to descend upon BatDan. Dan rolled aside and the Pussy hit the roof.

The two continued to dodge each other's strikes. Finally, BatDan got a hold of Pussy's wrists and threw her off the side of the building. *That ought to teach her*, he thought. When Dan walked over and looked over the edge, he saw Pink Pussy swinging around on a light pole and then landing perfectly on the sidewalk. *She probably saw that in a movie or something. Damn movies give away all the best survival tricks.*

BatDan decided to let himself down in the same style that Pink Pussy managed. He jumped off the building and reached his arms out to catch the light pole. Except instead of catching the pole with his hands, the pole caught Dan right in the stomach. BatDan flipped over and accomplished a perfect landing...on his back.

Pink Pussy knelt down beside BatDan. Pussy smiled and started to remove BatDan's mask when Dan spoke. "Damn, you fine." Dan had just noticed this now that they were right below a streetlight.

Pink Pussy took offense and smacked BatDan across the face. Well, across the mask, at least.

"So that's the way you like to play it, huh?" BatDan was starting to get excited.

"You sick freak. I'm taking you back to my place," Pink Pussy told BatDan. Pussy tied up the bat and dragged him to Kate Felicity's house. Pink Pussy laid BatDan on her sofa and

then went to change out of her skimpy costume into and even skimpier outfit. This one was transparent.

BatDan struggled against the rope. He wasn't able to reach his utility vest that had absolutely everything needed to escape anything in it.

"Don't bother struggling," Kate told Dan. "It's no use. I think I'm going to find out just who is under that mask now."

Kate reached toward the mask and then pulled her hand away.

"I just realized that knowing who you are isn't going to make me feel any better. All I really want is sex."

"You sick perverted..."

"Like you have a choice!" Kate cut the rope around BatDan. BatDan got up and started to leave when Kate grabbed her lover's arm.

"Just one more time...before you leave my life forever."

"Fine!" BatDan sighed.

Spider-Matt swung through the night air with grace and beauty that Olympic skaters have been known to envy. Spider-Matt wasn't concentrating on his grace, though. He wanted to find his girlfriend. Green Goon had several hideouts, Matt knew. But where to start? Google, of course!

Spider-Matt made an airborne u-turn and headed back to his dorm. Once he arrived he quickly signed online and went to www.google.com where he searched for "Green Goon hideouts." There were 16,773 results. Matt clicked on the first result (www.greengoon.com/hideouts.htm). Matt went through the list and then printed out a copy. Twenty-seven pages later Spider-Matt headed out once more to look for his girlfriend.

Matt had no luck with the first twenty hideouts out of sixty-seven. So Matt called it quits and went to get some shuteye before going to look again in the morning.

Dan awoke and found himself once more tied up, but luckily he was in his own bed in his own house. Dan sighed then yelled out, "Go go BatDan rope cutter." From out of the ceiling came a giant pair of scissors that released Dan from his helpless state.

Kate wasn't in the room, but Dan had a pretty good idea where to find her. The kitchen! Dan left his room and went down to his now breakfast scented kitchen where Kate was making waffles.

"BatDan, how did you get free? You ruined everything! I was going to make you breakfast in bed."

Dan noticed that he still had his mask on. He was a bit relieved. "I have my ways, Pussy. Why did you tie me up?" BatDan demanded.

"I told you, I wanted to make you breakfast in bed."

"I don't buy it."

"You're gonna buy it if you don't shut up and stop being so suspicious."

"I can't help it. It's what I do, you know?" BatDan sat down at the kitchen table.

"Okay. Here's the truth. You know Jack Napalm?"

"Who?"

"Your greatest enemy. You claim he killed your parents. Ring a bell?"

"No. Oh... You mean the diabolical Laugher!"

"Yeah. He has a real name, you know? Jack Napalm."

“Yeah, whatever. What about him?”

“Jack wants me to bring you to him. Is that okay?”

“It depends on how good those waffles are. They better be delicious!” BatDan started to drool at the mouth and foaming followed. He pulled out a needle and stuck it into his arm. “Don’t mind me. Just give me some damn waffles.”

Jack Napalm wanted to be ready when his nemesis was delivered. So Jack started putting on green face paint and died his hair white. Actually, it was nearly complete white in the first palace so there wasn’t much to improve upon. With this slight change, and let’s not forget the orange pajamas, Jack Napalm was transformed into the Mask... I mean, the Laughter!

Laughter went about his house making preparations for his future guests. *They might as well have a little something to snack on when they arrive. And then some home movies. I could show old footage of all my earlier defeats. How those crack me up. Those were to good old days, back when the good guys won. Not this time though. This time the hero dies!*

The Laughter felt inspired to laugh a maniacal laugh, so he did. He laughed to his heart’s content and then he made cookies.

Over twenty-four hours without hearing a damn thing from that wretched arachnid hero. Any normal criminal would have been driven insane. Luckily for the Green Goon, he was already insane.

“Where could Spider-Matt be? He must know where I am. How could he not? Perhaps I should have given Matt directions to my secret lair... Ah, well... I suppose I should go out and look for the lacking hero.”

Green Goon hopped on his rocket skateboard and went into town. He was zipping down a busy one-way street (the wrong way, mind you) blowing up cars as they raced by. This was a fun game Green Goon enjoyed playing and he called this game Blowing Up Cars on a One-Way Street. Green Goon was never the most creative of men.

At any rate, while whizzing down the street, Green Goon hit some unknown object that had been carelessly placed in the middle of the road. Goon lost his balance, the effect of which was violently having his body propelled through a windshield. This windshield, luckily and coincidentally enough belonged to Laughter.

4

Kate and Dan had spent another night together. Unfortunately for Kate, the effect of sex was starting to wear down. Sure, it was fun the first one thousand nine hundred sixty-two times, but she decided that sex actually does get old after a while. Being a high school slut might have seemed like a fun thing to do at the time, but the long-term effect really wasn’t worth it. *Well, maybe for the experience...* She thought. *No! I have to be a better roll model. Aw, fuck it!*

“One more round, Dan?” Kate asked in her usual sweet sexy bed voice.

“Why not?” Dan said, and he let out a yawn.

“SHIT!” Kate shouted when she looked at the clock.

“What! What’s wrong?” Dan said, suddenly startled.

“I’m late for classes.”

“Classes? How old are you?”

“I’m a college girl. Don’t worry.”

“College girl? How old are you?!”

“Hey! It could be worse. I could’ve been in high-school.”

“Not with breasts like that.”

“You’d be surprised.” Kate leaped out of bed and dressed herself as fast as womanly possible. She grabbed the few belongings she had brought over (which consisted of mostly weapons) and took off.

Kate ran as fast as she could across the campus. She was praying that she would make it to class in time to learn something of the current lesson being taught, and she wasn’t even the religious type. Then she saw Matt sobbing at a table. Kate didn’t know what was wrong and had no intention of finding out, but for some reason she stopped anyway. Kate had never felt sorry for anyone in her life, but Matt’s case struck her as very sad.

“Are you okay?” Kate asked and she sat down across from Matt.

“I’m sobbing alone at a table,” Matt snapped without looking up. “Does it look like I’m okay?”

Kate shrugged.

“I’m sorry,” Matt apologized. “I just lost someone very important to me and...”

“Oh, I’m sorry. Your girlfriend died?”

“No, not exactly.”

“I see. So she was kidnapped by a homicidal maniac in order to trap a certain superhero.” One side of Kate’s mouth formed a small smirk.

“Yeah! How did you know?” Kate’s incredible deductive skills astounded Matt.

“I know that look. I’ve seen it all too often. How about I help you find her?”

“I’ve been trying the most productive way I could think of. I turned up with nothing. You’d think that if a villain wanted to set a trap, then the trap would be easy to find. No way!”

“Well maybe you’ve just been going about it the wrong way. I know someone who can help.”

“Who’s that?”

“Her name is Pink Pussy...”

“I liker her already,” Matt stated with ecstasy in his voice and eyebrows raised. He followed his statement with a sexy growl.

“Shut up!”

“Sorry.” Matt’s facial expression reverted to gloomy.

“I’ll see what she can do for your girlfriend.” Kate got up and started to leave. “What’s the girl’s name?”

“Sam Wantsum. And thanks for your help. Um... I don’t have to pay you or anything, do I?”

“Well, no... Not exactly. Pink Pussy does have some lesbian tendencies, though,” Kate explained.

“NO!” Matt barked.

“Okay, okay. I’ll get my friend to do it out of the kindness of her heart.”

Matt pulled on his Spider-Matt mask in a nearby alley. Matt had decided that he wasn’t going to stand by waiting for someone else to find his date. Spider-Matt was still going to do what he could.

Spider-Matt swung out of an alley with an elderly woman yelling from a nearby window about something to do with objecting to naked men in alleyways.

After twenty minutes of arduous searching, Pink Pussy finally showed up. She was leaping from rooftop to rooftop and waved to Spider-Matt. She gestured Matt to come over. He did so.

Spider-Matt landed with an amazing quadruple flip. “Hey. What brings you out?”

“I’m Pink Pussy...”

“I know.”

“...and I’m looking for a friend’s girlfriend. You wouldn’t happen to have any leads would you?”

“Well actually I’m the one the trap has been set for. The villain involved is the infamous Green Goon,” Matt informed.

“Really? Well maybe we should team up,” Pussy offered.

“Hey, I think I recognize your voice from somewhere...”

“No you don’t! Let’s go!”

They left the rooftop and began to swing through the city once more. Pink Pussy was using the gun with the grappling hook and Spider-Matt was obviously using Super Silly String.

By now the accident was holding up quite a lot of people. The escalating noise of car horns didn’t stop. Green Goon and Laugher were having a discussion after a long, drawn-out, and quite pointless fight.

“So you’re BatDan’s biggest villain, are you?” Green Goon inquired for the tenth time.

“Yes, I already told you,” Laugher groaned.

“And I’m Spider-Matt’s biggest villain,” Goon stated what Laugher was already informed about. Ten times over, in fact.

“I *know*! Look can we please come to an agreement. We’ve been wasting too much time. Let’s just team-up and get on with it, shall we?”

“That’s a great idea! We could team-up and then neither of our enemies would stand a chance. Our traps would be twice as deadly. I could...”

“Get in the damn car,” Laugher shouted as he hopped into the drivers seat.

Just then BatDan dropped in front of Laugher’s now trashed vehicle.

“It’s time you pay for this traffic hold-up, you villainous scum!” BatDan said in his best heroic voice.

Laugher got back out of the car with a gun in hand. “Piss off BatDan. I have a master plan that will rid the world of you forever!”

“Oh yes? And what would that be?” BatDan asked.

“Well, it...er... Get him Green Goon!” Laugher instructed.

Green Goon, a little reluctant to do as he was told by a peer, asked, “Why? Let’s just leave and come up with a plan.”

“He’s here so we have to fight. It’s the rules. I didn’t make them, I just follow them.” Then Laugher started shooting like the mad man he was.

BatDan ducked behind cars as bullets ricocheted away and yet were way too close for comfort. BatDan whipped out his bat-fang from his trusty utility vest and chucked it at Laugher. The fang hit Laugher’s hand and Laugher screamed in agony. The white fang now protruded from his hand and looked like a bone sticking out.

Green Goon decided he would try to help out his new comrade. He moved towards BatDan, who now moved out into the open. Green Goon skated towards Dan then Goon took out a kiwi from the green bag he wore.

“Here’s to good health,” Green Goon bellowed and tossed the kiwi.

BatDan stood still, watching the fruit with slight curiosity. BatDan suspected nothing. Then the piece of produce hit a car that BatDan was standing by and a huge explosion followed.

The huge ball of fire forced BatDan into the air and through the wall of a nearby bank. Seconds later BatDan emerged from the smoking rubble and advanced on Green Goon, who was now shoving Laugher into the back seat of the car.

Just then a blur of blue and red dropped from the sky. It was Spider-Matt and he had a fierce look in his eyes that no one noticed because of the mask.

“A traffic jam, eh? Who’s responsible for this devastation?” Matt asked and looked at BatDan as he said it.

“Why the hell are you looking at me? They started it.” BatDan pointed at the car Green Goon was driving away in as quickly as possible.

“Yeah, yeah. I’ve heard it all before. Come on. I’m going to have to interrogate you now. I hope you don’t mind. It’s just part of the process, you know?”

“You fucking idiot! You’re letting the villains get away!” BatDan screamed.

“Don’t get irrational on me now, I just…”

“Damn it! MOVE!”

A black convertible pulled up next to BatDan. There was a Jack-in-the-Box head on the antenna. Spider-Matt stared at BatDan and while the mask covered any facial expression, BatDan could tell Spider-Matt had one eyebrow raised.

“What? I like good fast food as much as the next guy,” said BatDan.

The eyebrow was still raised.

“Just get in the damn car.”

The two heroes jumped into the convertible and sped off in the direction Green Goon drove off just minutes before.

By now, Green Goon was a few miles ahead of the two heroes. Goon had a grin on his ugly mask that could show facial expressions. Many fellow villains have inquired about this, but were never given a good reason as to how this works.

“Wipe that grin of your face,” growled Laugher from the back seat. “A mask shouldn’t be able to do that. It’s freakin’ me out.”

Green Goon laughed and retorted, “Hey, we just dodged a couple of the greatest heroes in this rundown city. You should be happy.”

WHOOMP!

“What the hell was that?” Laugher asked despite the fact he knew just as much as Green Goon.

“Something’s on the roof of this car.”

“Hit the breaks!”

Green Goon did as he was told and a pretty lady in (but mostly out of, as you public school kids know) tight pink leather flew off the top of the car. She landed on her feet.

“Pink Pussy always lands on her feet!”

“Does Pink Pussy have nine lives?” Green Goon stamped on the gas and sent Pink Pussy flailing through the air once more. “God I love this job!”

“We’ve been searching for hours. Their trail has gone cold. Maybe I should have tagged the car with one of my tracers,” Spider-Matt said.

BatDan looked over at, as they decided earlier, his partner. “Ya think?”
“Yeah.”

BatDan sighed. Spider-Matt fidgeted in his seat.

“I’m getting kind of hungry,” BatDan stated. “Let’s get some food.”

Minutes later they were in the drive through of Jack-in-the-Box.

“And vanilla shake. Yeah, that’s it. Twenty-three ninety-five! I bust my ass saving the people of this city from muggers, terrorists, psychos, mob leaders, mob cronies, mob wannabees, super-villains, mutants, evil clones, rabid animals... The point is that I bust my ass for you people and you want to make me pay for this food? You disgust me. Yeah, I understand you have a job to do, but... Fine, forget it. My money is in my civilian clothes.”

The heroes left the drive through with no food and growling stomachs.

“So how did you get into this business?” BatDan asked after a short while. “I mean, how did you get your powers and stuff?”

“Oh, well... That’s kind of a long story. It all started when...”

“Umm... If it’s that long you don’t have to tell it. I was just trying to strike up conversation.”

“I was just kidding. It’s not *that* long. It all started when I was in high school. I was at this restaurant and I wanted to try something new. So I ordered the... Well, I have no idea what they called it, but it ended up being spiders. Now, I don’t know about you, but I absolutely *love* spiders. Eat the damn things all the time. But there was definitely something wrong with these spiders. I couldn’t quite figure it out, know what I mean?”

“No.”

“I couldn’t put my finger on it, you see?”

“No.”

“I was unable to work out the problem with my food, you get me?”

“No.”

“I was incapable of solving...”

“I get the damn point, I’m just giving you a hard time,” BatDan aggregately growled.

“Right. So anyway, the point I was getting to was that I was just too damn hungry. So I gobbled down the plateful of spiders and gave a loud complimentary burp so as to not offend the chef.”

“That’s Italy.”

“And how! I then washed down my arachnid friends with a pint of Guinness!”

“In high school?!” BatDan exclaimed. He was now very irritated because when he was underage, he had tried countless times to get alcohol without avail.

“Yeah! Well, you’ll be surprised to find out that once I finally did get around to asking the waitress about my freaky spiders, it ended up that the ones I got were spawned from teenage mutant ninja spiders found fighting in the street. One of the females was dieing and a doctor near by cut out the babies. Then this restaurant purchased those spiders and cooked them for some unsuspecting customer.”

“What’s so surprising about that?” inquired BatDan.

“Well, you know...”

“No, I don’t!”

“It’s not every day a person comes across teenage mutant ninja spiders...”

“You’d be surprised.”

“...who are pregnant.”

“Oh... I guess... Hmm... I see your point.”

“As you can imagine...”

“Stop assuming I have an imagination, damn it,” BatDan snapped irritably.

“...I became horribly, dreadfully, incomprehensibly, death defyingly ill! But it was all okay because I woke up the next morning with these cool powers. The end!” Matt finished reminiscing.

There was a strange silence in the car. It grew for a few seconds before Spider-Matt felt compelled to open his mouth again.

“So... how did you get *your* powers?”

“My powers?” BatDan said. “What the hell do you mean *my* powers? I don’t have any powers! I was bitten by a rabid bat!”

“I see.”

Matt could see this because foam was oozing down BatDan’s chin.

“Damn it,” BatDan said and hit the brakes of the car. There was loud honking from behind. BatDan whipped out a needle from his vest and thrust it into his arm. “Have to take these rabies shots three times a day.”

BatDan extracted the needle and replaced it in its compartment on his vest. The heroes drove on and continued their search.

The fiendish pair of villains reached their secret hideaway. It was a place with monstrous amounts of space most of which was taken by all sorts of metal doohickeys. Pink Pussy was unmasked and tied up next to Sam who was tied to a pole in a large glass container with an abundance of air holes.

“Now what?” Laughter asked. “We kidnapped Katie, but we need to let BatDan know of this somehow.”

Green Goon pondered the situation by repeating the words “yes, somehow” over and over. “I’ve got it!” Green Good snapped his fingers signifying an idea. “I think I’m on to something. Follow me.”

5

The heroes had been accomplished nearly nothing since their grueling scour began. The two had already become tired and were on the verge of becoming extremely tired.

“Forget this, we’re getting nowhere,” Spider-Matt stated the obvious. “Let’s head to the rooftops.”

“How is that going to help us out?” BatDan snapped.

The team up was starting to show its weak points. Both heroes were exasperated and were itching to go back to solo efforts. Before Spider-Matt leaped out of the car in irritation, BatDan decided to accede this once due to a lack of a better plan. Within a few moments Spider-Matt and BatDan were leaping from rooftop to rooftop.

“Isn’t this so much more fun than a convertible ride?” Matt yelled out in excitement.

“Yeah, I’m ecstatic,” BatDan said in a voice that was clearly not ecstatic. “Where are we going? We should find a place that seems like a likely hideout for those rogues.” BatDan landed with a grunt.

“I know,” Spider-Matt said, taking flight again. “Don’t worry, I know where I’m going.”

The duo soon found themselves overlooking Central Park.

“Why the hell are we here?” BatDan snarled.

“It’s Central Park.” Spider-Matt enlightened.

“I know where we are! But why the hell are we here?”

“Everything happens in Central Park. I say if we stay here long enough, something will turn up.” The smile could be seen through Spider-Matt’s mask.

“You are an idiot. Let’s get out of he...”

Loud static interrupted BatDan’s sentence. This sound came from the Jumbotron and they looked up to see one of the two men they were searching for since noon. Spider-Matt looked at his watch and saw that it was now six.

“Told you so,” Spider-Matt hissed in BatDan’s direction.

“Hello, ladies and gentlemen,” Laugher said theatrically. “Welcome to uh... What’s it called again... Villain Show... or...”

“Damn it, Laugher!” Green Goon walked on screen. “Just let me. Go! Hello, Green Goon here. It just so happens that my partner, Laugher, and I came across a rare specimen earlier this afternoon. Laugher would you please show the fine folks what I speak of.”

The camera shifted and the image of Pink Pussy without her mask tied back-to-back with Samantha Wantsum.

“Here you can see Pink Pussy. She is an amazing woman, I’m sure some would agree. Her real name is Kate... umm... Well, we haven’t gotten a last name out of her yet, but the point is that I know somebody out there cares about these two girls and that somebody must come to ...”

The static returned and the screen went blank with gray fuzziness. A Snickers ad came up a moment later.

“Damn it!” BatDan cursed. “They have Kate and I don’t know where to find them.”

“And more importantly, they have Sam, too.” BatDan grimaced at Spider-Matt. “We have to find out where they are. Think. How could those guys get a signal to the Jumbotron?”

The duo stood in silent contemplation for a few moments before being disturbed by chaos along with pleas for help down below. The two looked over the edge of the building.

“Dr. Multiarms!” exclaimed Spider-Matt.

“You know this guy?”

“He’s one of my deadliest enemies. He’s an evil doctor who did experiments to himself and gained four extra arms. You have to be careful, though. Those four extra arms can extend up to five feet, and they pack quite a wallop.”

“Wait a minute. *I* have to be careful?” BatDan inquired inquisitively.

“Yeah. I’ll be right back. I need to use the bathroom.”

They jumped down to the ground and Spider-Matt made for the double door entrance to the building.

“Wait!” BatDan called. “What’s his weakness?”

“What?!” Spider-Matt yelled hopping from foot to foot making it clear how much he needed to go.

“His weakness. You know, Achilles’ Heel? Every villain has to have a weakness.”

“Oh, umm... Just kick him in the groin or something.” And with that, Spider-Matt darted into the building.

BatDan sauntered over to the menacing monster and asked it if it had the time.

“What?” Dr. Multiarms asked when he turned his head to stare at his company.

Multiarms snapped the neck of the person he currently had in his grip then flung the corpse aside.

“The time. You know, the thing to tell by looking at a watch?”

“I don’t have a watch.” Dr. Multiarms said now giving BatDan his full attention.

“You have six arms and you’re telling me you don’t have one watch?” BatDan raised an eyebrow, which, unlike Spider-Matt’s, could be seen.

“That’s exactly what I’m telling you. Why?”

“I need to know the time, of course. Why would I ask if I didn’t need to know?”

“How should I know? Go bother someone else!” snapped Multiarms as he turned to depart.

“Hold on. I’m not through with you, you ugly bastard.”

Spider-Matt finished his business at the urinal, pulled up his tights, flushed, and moved away. He walked over to the sink where he, as sinks have been noted to be used for, washed his hands. While pulling off his gloves, a blind man appeared in a puff of smoke. This wasn’t any ordinary blind man, though. This one wore a red business suit, red sunglasses, held a red walking stick, and had, and here’s the thing that really put him apart from other blind men, a flame on top of his head as a replacement for hair.

“Hey,” the mysterious “handicapped” man said in a cool Jack Nickolson type voice. “My name’s Sparky.”

Spider-Matt turned to have a look at his visitor. “No it’s not,” Spider-Matt told the man with the burning head.

“You’re right, it’s Satan. But Sparky is my business name.”

“What’s your business?”

“I’m a lawyer.”

“Figures. Satan is a lawyer. Who’d a thunk it? Hey, I didn’t know the devil was blind.”

“I’m not the Devil. I’m Satan.”

“So what you’re saying is that you’re the ruler of Hell. You torture souls for all of eternity and all that jazz?” Spider-Matt asked.

“It’s just an image I like to maintain. I like to save people every now and again. On my off time.”

“Why are you blind?”

“God hit me with a truck.”

“What?” Spider-Matt asked startled yet curiously.

“It’s a long story, don’t ask,” Satan said in a melancholy tone. He appeared to be thinking about the past. “That’s not what I’ve come to talk about, though.” Satan snapped out of any trace he might have been in. “You are to go on a great quest.”

“I know. I’m on a quest to get my girlfriend back.”

Satan sighed in annoyance. “I refer to nothing so worldly, I’m afraid. You’re going to have to forget about worldly desires and concentrate on...”

Spider-Matt’s stomach chose to growl loud enough to cut off Satan in mid sentence.

“Sorry, I’m hungry,” Spider-Matt stated, a bit embarrassed.

“Why wait?” Satan asked.

“Good point.”

Spider-Matt quickly washed his hands and the two left the restroom to travel down the hall. Their destination was a vending machine. Spider-Matt shuffled through his pockets for some change with no luck.

“I’ll spot you for this one,” Satan offered. “What do you want?”

“Thanks. I’ll have a Snickers.”

Satan inserted a dollar, selected the corresponding number for the Snickers bar, and waited. The chocolate bar was pushed forward and on the brink of falling when... it didn’t. It just stopped. The candy was stuck. Spider-Matt groaned in impatience.

BatDan’s insult had obviously struck some sort of chord deep within his opponent, because he was now face down in the mud. Two arms held BatDan’s neck in place, while four fists pounded into his back. Finally BatDan was released but not for his convenience. He was lifted into the air and hurled into the trunk of a tree. BatDan squinted his eyes at the impact.

BatDan recovered quickly enough to see his adversary charge. BatDan leaped to his feet and threw his fist into Dr. Multiarms’ jaw. The impact stunned the menace long enough for BatDan to deliver a few more blows before finding himself once again on his stomach with his face in the mud.

“Okay, vending machine. You’ve just declared war!” Spider-Matt gave the machine a few more kicks.

Satan had already inserted ten dollars and was able to get nothing. Everything the heroes chose was stuck. That was all the good stuff. The two were trying to shake their food loose by hitting and kicking it. Their attempts had been futile.

“I’ve faced hundreds of super baddies and now my end will be at the hands of a fiendish vending machine!” Spider-Matt fell to his knees and started to weep.

“Don’t worry, Spider-Matt,” Satan tried to cheer Matt up. “These things don’t have hands. And besides...” Satan lifted his walking stick off the ground and drove it through the glass containing the sweets. “If at first you don’t succeed...”

Spider-Matt rejoiced by constructing a bag out of Super Silly String and stuffing the bag full of as many items he could fit.

BatDan continued his struggle. *Where the hell is Spider-Matt*, he wondered anxiously.

SMACK!

THWACK!

WHACK!

TAP!

JACK!

SHAZAM!

HAWAZA!

MESHUGGE!

The multiple arms of Dr. Multiarms slammed into BatDan again and again with astounding force.

“I’ll teach you how to respect your nemesis!” Multiarms ranted. “All I ever wanted was respect. And power. But respect also. Actually, I mostly wanted power, but respect would really be nice.”

“Shut up!” barked BatDan. He was beginning to get agitated. And when he got agitated his mouth started to foam. And when his mouth started to foam it meant his rabies were working up again.

Spider-Matt and Satan were sitting in very comfortable chairs in a nicely decorated lobby room. People stared at the two men snacking on loads of treats, particularly Spider-Matt, who was wearing tights. The man at the counter had a butler appearance to him and had been watching the strange men sitting in the lobby for quite a few minutes now.

“Yeah, that’s how I became Spider-Matt,” Spider-Matt concluded his short narrative as he shoved half of a chocolate bar into his mouth.

“That’s amazing. You really need more publicity. If only people could understand where you’re coming from...” Satan was trying to help Spider-Matt out, but it didn’t work.

“No. People will always hate me. I can’t risk telling people stuff because then they’ll figure out who I am and that would be bad.” Spider-Matt picked up a copy of the Daily Doodle on the table beside him and he started to thumb through the issue. There were loads of stories about Spider-Matt and none of them praising. Spider-Matt started reading the headlines out loud.

“Gay Superhero Bad Role Model? Spider-Matt the Baby Killer. Spider-Matt: Villain or Menace? Yeah. Not good publicity. And agents are expensive.”

“Forget it, then. As long as you’re a good person at heart,” Satan said.

“You’re supposed to be the devil...”

“No, I’m Satan.”

“Yeah, whatever. You’re supposed to be a bad person. Why are you trying to help me?”

“Okay. I’ll cut the crap. Here’s the real reason I help people out. You know that I live in Hell, right?”

“Yeah, of course,” said Spider-Matt. Although he really wanted to say, “Duh!”

“Well, who created Hell?”

“Umm... God?”

“Yeah! So I have to pay rent. Doesn’t that only make sense?”

“No.”

“That’s what I told him!” shouted Satan.

“How can he make you pay rent if he’s forcing you to live there?”

“It’s a crazy world. Don’t ask. But I have to pay the rent through good deeds, and this time I’ve been instructed to help you out. You’re going to be going on a mission. It will require...”

Just then BatDan landed at Spider-Matt’s feet and there was a trail of glass leading to a now broken window.

“How’s it going pal. I’m just having a break for snacks.”

BatDan got up and brushed himself off and then punched Spider-Matt in the face.

“How about a little help!” Then BatDan went back out through the window after Dr. Multiarms.

Spider-Matt and Satan watched in awe as BatDan, who was now very pissed off, dodged arm after arm and eventually bit the doctor in the neck. Once Multiarms fell to the ground because of the rabies now passing through his body, BatDan kicked in opponent in the groin a few times just to make sure the guy wasn’t getting up.

“See,” Spider-Matt said while approaching his partner, “you didn’t need my help.”

BatDan collapsed out of exhaustion.

Spider-Matt sat down by across from his newly found friend, Satan, once more and asked, “Are you really blind? You seem very able.”

“Actually, it’s a scam. I often times pick people’s wallets as I help them across the street and such. But since I’m a metaphysical being, I can turn my eyesight on and off at will, not that having it off matters much to me. I can still find my way around just fine!”

“How so?”

“I’m Satan.”

“One more thing,” Spider-Matt began, “I once heard an Englishman describe hell as bloody. Is it?”

“Yes. Well that’s all for now. Your partner seems to be awakening and it is time I depart in a puff of smoke.”

“Weren’t you going to tell me about some sort of quest I needed to go on?”

“Yes... Come to think of it, I was.”

And with that the devil... er, excuse me, Satan disappeared in a puff of smoke.

“That Satan is one fine fellow,” Spider-Matt remarked while helping BatDan to his feet.

Still a bit pissed off, BatDan punched Spider-Matt in the face once more. BatDan found this very therapeutic.

6

On a Central Park rooftop, the heroes struck a heroic pose with their fists pressed against their hips while looking off into the horizon. This wasn’t for any specific reason; they just thought it might make them like better thinkers as they pondered where to go from where they currently stood. The superheroes were right back at where they started before they had made their way to Central Park because the pair of them still had no idea where to find Sam Wantsum and Kate... ummm... and Kate, a.k.a. Pink Pussy. After a few moments of thinking with style, Spider-Matt stated his thoughts.

“I don’t think this is getting us anywhere.”

“I think you are correct,” BatDan agreed.

The heroes decided to take one more look around some spots in the city they hadn’t inspected yet before calling it a night. The much-coveted sleep they sought had to wait a little longer than they expected, however, because they had come across some ruckus on their last inspection.

“Quick, look below!” Spider-Matt yelled out. “It’s ruckus!”

“I know,” BatDan snidely barked. “I’m not *blind*, you know.”

“Satan is.”

“No kidding?” BatDan said sincerely.

“Yeah. I was talkin’ with him a little bit ago. You see...”

While Spider-Matt explains about Satan, I shall explain to you about the so-called “ruckus.” This specific “ruckus” was coming from two heroes who apparently had some sort of miscommunication or something. The skirmish was between Hotstuff and Captain Communist, and neither looked very happy to be involved in this fight.

Now it’s time for my favorite part of writing. History time! Let’s start with Hotstuff shall we? We shall.

Before Hotstuff became a superhero, he was a handsome young man who went by the name of Jack Smith. Actually, he was still a handsome young man who went by the name of Jack Smith, but once he was a superhero he got even more dates than he did before.

Okay, Jack’s origin starts like this. Jack’s big brother was a crazy scientist as well as an astronaut. Now this is not a good mix, mind you. As a matter of fact, it’s a horrible mix. Jack’s

crazy brother's name was Richard Sexton. Richard had this whole trip to space planned out a year in advance. Richard, similar to Martin Luther King, Jr., had a dream. Except Richard's dream was concerned with him becoming the first person to walk on the sun. So Richard gathered up his fiancé, his fiancé's brother, his fiancé's mother, his fiancé's dog, and his best friend to go to the cosmos and become famous for walking on the Sun. The stunt ended up nearly killing all six of them when the ship was sent spiraling back towards earth and eventually into it. As it ended up, the crazy stunt only killed five of them; the remaining of whom miraculously gained extraordinary powers. This survivor was Richard's fiancé's brother, but in his superhero guise he was known as Hotstuff. He gained the extraordinary ability to light himself on fire and not die of it. But wait, there's more. As long as he was on fire, Hotstuff thought he could fly! Incredible, you say? No, incredible is what happened when he was under this delusion. He often scampered in a loop chanting, "I'm much too high up to be caught. Muahahahaha." It's quite a spectacle.

Now on to Captain Communist. His history is not as intriguing as some, but more interesting than others'.

Captain Communist began his life as a Russian boy by the name of Jeremy Shlovek. Jeremy was raised during the 1890s and early 1900s, a time period nobody cares for much. By the time World War one hit, Russia was on the verge of a revolution and help was needed for this. So the communist party leaders started recruiting. It paid well, much better than being a soldier for "the war to end all wars" at any rate. So Jeremy signed up and was then chosen to be a part of an experiment. Jeremy was injected with a special drug that had hitherto never been tested. Once the drug was traveling through his bloodstream, Jeremy mutated from a puny kid in his twenties to a muscular, take-no-crap-from-no-one kid in his twenties. He was given a red uniform, which bore the communist symbol in yellow on the chest. Jeremy Shlovek was denied his requested indestructible shield because the communists were cheap bastards who cared nothing for their cockamamie experiments. After helping Lenin get to power, Jeremy was captured and frozen in case he was needed in prime condition in the future. Subsequently, the inevitable cold war started and ended before anyone could blink an eye. When communism in Russia fell, no one knew what to do with a frozen cockamamie experiment, so he was mailed to the President of the United States. The President didn't want anything to do with him, so the frozen man was defrosted and sent on his way after promising not to cause any trouble. With a lack of anything better to do, Jeremy Shlovek decided to use his guise of Captain Communist to help others.

Fascinating tales, aren't they? Yeah, well what do you know?

Spider-Matt and BatDan reached the alley where the other two heroes fought. Hotstuff was engulfed in flames and running around Captain Communist who was firing an automatic all over the place in hope of wounding his adversary. BatDan dragged Captain Communist away while Spider-Matt tied Hotstuff up in Super Silly String.

"Stho you like to play it rough, huh?" Hotstuff asked flirtatiously.

Spider-Matt let out a disgusted "gya" and quickly stepped back.

"Gggrrrrrrrrr," Hotstuff growled at Spider-Matt.

"You do that again and I'll cut off your balls and ram 'em down your throat," Spider-Matt threatened, yet got an unexpected response.

"I love it when guysth handle my ballsth..."

"All right, that's it!" Spider-Matt turned to look at BatDan who was struggling with Captain Communist. "Do you carry a gun in that extraordinarily flat vest of yours?"

“Yes,” BatDan said, still struggling.

“Could you hand it to me?”

BatDan produced an aggravated growl as he forced the commie against a wall in order to take out his handgun, which he now tossed to Spider-Matt. Spider-Matt turned towards Hotstuff, but the fiery hero was no longer tied up. Instead, he was trying to light a match because he was no longer on fire.

“Damn matchesth!” Jack Smith cursed. Finally the match sparked and he lit his hair on fire then the fire continued down his body until he was once more entirely engulfed in flames.

Spider-Matt aimed the gun he now held and Hotstuff began skipping in a circle yelling, “I too high up for you to get me! Muahahahaha.”

Spider-Matt shot the gun and hit Hotstuff between the eyes.

“Take that, ya annoying bastard!”

Then Captain Communist stopped struggling and BatDan let him go.

“Finally! I owe you, Spider-Matt,” Captain Communist said in a thick Russian accent as he shook Spider-Matt’s hand. “I’ve been trying to do zat all night.”

“What did the guy do?” Spider-Matt inquired.

“He made a pass at me,” the commie snarled while grimacing.

“Ah. I know how you feel,” Spider-Matt assured his newfound friend. “The only favor you could for me at the moment is help BatDan and me find Greed Goon and Laugher. You see, they...”

“Zose two nutcases? Dey’re inzide zis building ‘ere.” Captain Communist pointed over his shoulder with his thumb. “Zey are nuts. Zey ‘ave two women wiz zem. Do zose girls belong to you two?”

“Yeah,” BatDan said, just to get a word in.

“Well, zear you ‘ave it, we are even...”

“Actually, could you do me one more favor?”

“Anyzing, comrade.”

“Do you know any Russian lesbians that I might...”

“For Christ’s sake!” a very impatient BatDan cried out. “I know *countless* Russian lesbians. Can we just go save Kate and Sam?”

“Oh, yeah... Sorry,” Spider-Matt apologized to his friend. “Another time... uh... comrade, was it?”

“Yes. I will see you, comrade Spider-Matt.”

“He knows my name!” Spider-Matt gasped as he was dragged into the dark dilapidated building.

7

Very little could be seen inside because the only light came from the moonlight leaking through what was left of the windows. The windows were more like holes in the building now. As the duo crept around in the shadows, everything suddenly lit up. Bright lights from above were shining down upon the unlikely pair.

“Look, it’s heaven,” Spider-Matt called out.

“No!” BatDan snapped instantly, certain that there was something wrong. “It’s a trap!”

Once BatDan’s and Spider-Matt’s eyes adjusted to the now seemingly illuminated building, they saw a horror beyond their muddled misguided beliefs.

“NO!” Spider-Matt cried in terror.

Sam Wantsum and Kate, a.k.a. Pink Pussy, were chained up back-to-back as well as dangling over a gargantuan tub of green... something-or-other. Then Green Goon entered the room and disrupted the heroes' thoughts of anguish.

"Welcome Spider-Matt and BatDan!" Green Goon called out theatrically as he skated around the tub holding what seemed to be the death of the two girls above it. "As you can see, you're two friends are hanging over a large container of extremely acidic acid. An acid that can burn through any solid, whether it is organic or... what's the opposite of organic?"

"Inorganic," Spider-Matt informed his greatest enemy.

"Yes, that's the word. Inor... something-or-other."

Just then Laugher walked around the side of the tank to reveal himself.

"Not only can this acid burn through *anything*, killing anything it comes in contact with," Laugher added to the already horrifying horrors, "I've also made a point of adding piranhas and electric eels to the container. Ahahahahahahaha!"

Green Goon rolled his eyes before smacking Laugher hard on the back of the head.

"What the hell..." Laugher began, but was cut off.

"You know," Spider-Matt began, clearly conscious of the fact that he interrupted his foe, "for someone who calls himself Laugher, I find it somewhat odd that just a second ago was the first time I ever heard you laugh."

"Yes, well, you'll be surprised to learn that my name is somewhat misleading..."

"No, I realized that," Spider-Matt informed.

"Shut up, damn it! My name is somewhat misleading in order to distract my enemies into being careless thus giving me the upper edge I need to win in a fight."

"Has that technique ever worked?" Spider-Matt inquired. The question was directed at Laugher, but once it was asked, Spider-Matt immediately turned to look at BatDan hoping to see some sort of confirmation or negation to what was about to be said.

"Well... uh... no, not really. But I've been practicing and I'm hoping that I'll soon be able to train myself to never laugh... ever. In fact, I hope to turn myself into a depressed man spreading chaos wherever he travels. Then my name will *really* be misleading."

"You know, your vision of what you're going to *become* isn't much different from what you are *now*," Spider-Matt mentioned.

"Enough chitchat!" Green Goon yelled irritably.

"Thank god for that!" BatDan voiced his approval of Green Goon's command.

"Spider-Matt and BatDan, you two are going to join your friends up there in the chain suspended over the tub of acid, or your girlfriends are going to **DIE!**" the green garbed goon threatened.

"Hmm... We better get up there," Spider-Matt told his partner.

"Wait one damn second here!" BatDan cried out. "I've been in this crime-fighting business for quite some time. Much longer than my *esteemed colleague* here."

"Was that just a hint of sarcasm...?" Spider-Matt began.

"**YES!** I want to know why Spider-Matt's name always comes *before* mine! I'm older, I've been in the business longer, and hell, it's not even in alphabetical order!"

"The world may never know, BatDan. The world may never know. I'm sorry. My condolences." And upon saying that Spider-Matt lowered in head as if to say a prayer for his "colleague." BatDan was hoping to use this moment to strangle Spider-Matt but before the man dressed like a rabid bat could act upon these hostile feelings, Spider-Matt snapped his head up, grabbed BatDan, and the two started off in the direction of a ladder.

“You know they’re going to kill all four of us, right?” BatDan asked quietly enough so villains didn’t hear.

“But if we do nothing, then only those two will die. Wouldn’t want the women we love to die alone, would you?”

“Love Kate? I don’t love Kate! What are you talking about?! Who the hell said I love Kate? Don’t accuse me of treacherous actions such as love! Stop it! STOP IT!” BatDan was talking fast with his voice rising with every word.

“Uhh... right... I don’t love... Sam either... Yeah... I don’t know *anyone* who might love her, either... So... yeah. It was just a... uhh... an expression.”

“Oh... okay.” With that, BatDan quieted down and the two climbed the ladder and allowed themselves to be tied up beside the women they loved... Which is just an expression!

“Now that you two are tied up and,” Green Goon pulled down a lever as he talked, “now on your decent towards your assured death, I see no reason to stick around and watch your demise.”

“Incase they escape,” Laugher offered.

Green Goon heaved a heavy sigh while he shook his head. Then he asked, “Did you miss the part where I said ‘assured death?’”

“No, I caught that,” Laugher told his friend. “But suppose they do escape.”

“They *can’t* escape!” Green Good cried out.

“Why the hell not?” Laugher inquired in a raised voice.

“Because it’s an ‘assured death,’ god damn it!”

“How do you know? They might escape!”

“They mightn’t.”

“But they are tricky. They can fool you into a false sense of security then **BAM**, they escape and beat the shit out of us before leaving us for dead. Then vultures come down and eat our carcasses, and to be sincerely honest...”

“Opposed to insincere honesty?”

“...I always wanted to be cremated.”

“Bloody hell...”

Spider-Matt and BatDan were listening in on the villains’ discourse and Spider-Matt had something to say to the last comment commented by Green Goon.

“See,” Spider-Matt hissed to BatDan, “I told you Hell was bloody. I was talking to Satan...”

“Shut the hell up. I’m trying to escape here,” BatDan barked.

“You bark like dog,” Spider-Matt enlightened. “Have you ever thought about calling yourself DogDan?”

“Looking, you idiot! Was I bitten by a rabid dog?!”

“How the hell should I know? I don’t follow you around and...”

“No! I WAS NOT BITTEN BY A RABID DOG! I WAS BITTEN BY A RABID BAT!” BatDan shrieked.

“Actually, good grammar says you should have said, ‘A Rabid Dog didn’t bite me.’” Spider-Matt nodded as he said this.

“Do I look like a fucking English teacher to you?”

“Well now... That takes me back. My tenth-grade English teacher did have a very similar appearance to a bat. We called her an ‘old bat,’” Spider-Matt chuckled at this memory.

“Yes, those were the days. Carefree and English teachers who looked like bats. I tell ya, I just have no clue why the world is going to shit...”

“And by the way, I said ‘I was not bitten by a rabid dog’ ...”

“It was in all caps.”

“Yeah, whatever. I said it that particular way to put emphasis on *me*. I don’t give a shit about the dog...”

“You heartless bastard...”

“I care about *me*!”

“You self-centered, egotistical... megalomaniac.”

“Yeah, well... What can I say?”

“So you *are* an English teacher?”

“What?! No, I... Forget it. You above all people except for me should know that with great power there must come extraordinary grammar skills.”

“I hear that!” Spider-Matt voiced his agreement. “It’s a good thing this chain is descending at an astronomically slow rate, otherwise we’d probably be dead.”

“Probably, my friend. Probably.”

Indeed, they *were* descending at an astronomically slow rate, for they were still two hundred feet away their untimely doom.

“And the girls haven’t said a word the whole time,” Spider-Matt said contemplating the reasoning behind this.

“Oh, so *now* you remember we’re here,” Sam snapped.

“That’s ridiculous. With us being tied so close together, how could I forget?” inquired the arachnid-clad man.

“Okay, I’m going to attempt an escape attempt now,” BatDan notified the other three people he was tied to. “Spider-Matt, can you shoot a strand of Super Silly String onto the ceiling?”

“Sure, old chap. But whatever for?” Spider-Matt was talking in an appallingly fake English accent just to be a jackass, but the reader knows, of course, that he is much more like a spider.

“Well, I’m going to cut this chain, then I want you to swing the lot of us over to the side,” BatDan explained. “Now, Spider-Matt will hold onto me, while I’ll grab Kate, who will in turn have a grip of Sam. Understood?”

“Got it!” Spider-Matt said.

“Go go BatDan chain cutter,” BatDan chanted.

Once said, an exceedingly sharp rapidly spinning circular blade on the end of a very flexible metal pole made its way out of BatDan’s suspiciously thin vest with the purpose of cutting through the chain that bonded the four together. It succeeded in its mission and within a split second afterward, Spider-Matt, BatDan, Kate, and Sam (in the order in the human chain) all went swinging off to the side where they safely plummeted to the floor.

“Where do you get all that shit?” Spider-Matt asked.

“Careful. That *‘shit’* just saved your life,” BatDan informed his partner.

“I didn’t mean to call it a piece of shit. I was just trying to talk cool like the youngsters of today. I *am* in college, you know.” Spider-Matt saw Sam’s eyebrows raise to this last statement, so he quickly added, “I mean... I wish I were in college... Yeah... wish...”

“...So I told my dad to piss off and I’ve wanted to be cremated ever since,” Laughter finished his completely irrelevant story.

“Well now, that was *completely irrelevant*,” Green Goon growled, aggravated.

“But thanks for keeping occupied while we escaped,” added a voice from behind.

Green Goon and Laugher turned 180° and found themselves face-to-face with their arch nemeses Spider-Matt and BatDan. The two villains were unsure which nemesis had added his obnoxious thought on the subject, but neither rogue cared.

“Told you so,” Laugher his best I-told-you-so voice.

“Shut up and kill them!” Green Goon commanded.

Spider-Matt and BatDan looked at each other, a bit confused. They had expected to things transpire a bit differently so the two took things into their own hands.

“Yes, that’s right,” Spider-Matt began, “Sam and Kate are safely out of the building by now and calling the police. You two are going down!”

“*What the hell?!*” BatDan cried out.

“What? Did I say it wrong?” Spider-Matt panicked.

“You stole my line! I was supposed to say all that and then you were supposed to add, ‘And how!’”

“Then say my line. It’s an easily fixable problem.”

“But your line is stupid. I want my line, damn it. Take it back! TAKE IT BACK!”

Just then, Laugher and Green Goon began their attack on the befuddled Spider-Matt and the quite irate BatDan. While Green Goon was skating around on his rocket powered skateboard and throwing explosive kiwi at BatDan, Laugher was trying to inject Spider-Matt with a long needle.

“Come on, Spider-Matt, it won’t hurt. It’s just like having a shot at the doctor’s office,” Laugher tried to persuade.

“My doctor frightens me. He turned into a giant human lizard and tried to eat my brains.”

“I know how you feel, buddy.”

“Really?”

“Uhhhhmmmm.... No... not really... But I’m good at pretending.”

“Oh.”

Laugher was jabbing this way and that but he was unable to hit the swift and sprightly Spider-Matt.

“You’ll never get me,” Spider-Matt said in a bored voice.

“You’ll mess up sooner or later.” Laugher said.

“No, I won’t. You see, I have a know-it-all spider-wit, which tells me what’s going to happen to me.”

“Oh yeah?”

“Yeah.”

“When do you die then?” Laugher asked, more out of curiosity than to prove his foe wrong.

The two had now paused their hostile skirmish to have a friendly chat.

“When I’m forty-two,” Spider-Matt honestly answered.

“How old are you now?”

“I can’t tell you that!” Spider-Matt gasped.

“So, you’re telling me that you aren’t going to die until you’re forty-two.”

“Correct,” Spider-Matt confirmed.

“And that’s not for...”

“Twenty-three years.”

“So you’re nineteen.”

“Yeah.”

“So I’m going to loose today.”

“Probably. At any rate, I’m not going to die.”

“Damn!” Laugher cursed.

“So what is that drug you have in that needle supposed to do.” Spider-Matt figured it was his turn to be curious.

“Once injected into a person’s blood stream, the chemical makes its way to the person’s brain and once there a chemical reaction takes place where a chemical in the brain is released to make the person laugh. As more of this chemical from the brain is released, the person begins to laugh more and more uncontrollably. The chemical keeps spewing out and the person eventually dies of laughing to hard because internal organs are crushed from the constant hysterics, or something. I’m no scientist, but I believe it works something like that. You’ll have to ask Green Goon for more details.”

Meanwhile, BatDan was trying his best to keep from become a cooked bat... HA! You get it! The explosives and his name is BatDan... and... and... Yeah, that was pretty terrible... I’m sorry.

BatDan was holding a bat-fang in each hand. He was now ready for anything! Then a kiwi hit the floor beside him and exploded. BatDan soared backwards and for a minute, he felt like a real bat, flying through the air. Then the impact of the metal wall behind him knocked him unconscious and he no longer felt like anything at all.

Spider-Matt turned to see his friend lying motionless on the floor and started to panic.

Oh dear god! I hope he’s not dead, Spider-Matt though frantically. I can’t go on without him. He has all the cool gadgets and stuff! Wait, my know-it-all spider-wit is trying to tell me something. Someone sneaking up behind me with negative intentions! Gotta move...

WHACK!!!

Spider-Matt was out cold.

When Spider-Matt and BatDan awoke they found themselves in a very vulnerable position.

“I see you two are awake,” Green Goon said theatrically. “Good! Laugher and I have been waiting some time to show you the predicament you two have now gotten yourselves into. HAHAHA! As you can see, you are chained up now more than a few hundred feet above a tub of all-consuming acid! This acid is able to burn through anything!”

“As well as kill any living thing,” Laugher added, appearing seemingly from nowhere. “Plus, to make your situation more perilous, I have added three sharks and a baby whale!” Laugher went into hysterics directly following his last line.

It took all of Green Goon’s will power not to smack Laugher to Siberia before asking the question gnawing at his mind. “A whale?!”

“Yeah,” Laugher replied, as if it made perfect sense. “It killed that Jonah guy in the Bible.”

“Have you ever actually *read* the Bible?!” Green Goon persisted.

“Well... no, not *actually*.”

“God saved Jonah, you stupid bastard!”

“You don’t have to bring my parents into this. And are you saying that *you’ve* read the Bible?”

“Yeah. Just because I’m a Christian doesn’t mean I believe I’m going to heaven.”

“Case in point. But Christians are seen as kind people. You’re not a very nice person, if you don’t mind me saying so.”

“I do.”

“Sorry.” And with that, the awkward conversation was finished.

After a few moments of silent stares being passed between the four, BatDan inquired, “Shouldn’t you guys be leaving about now?”

“Oh no! A good villain doesn’t fall for the same trick twice,” Laugher said. “We’re going to stay right here until we are sure you are all dead.”

“But I don’t want to see them die,” Green Goon protested. “That’s just sick. It’s one thing to kill a person, but it’s quite another to wait around and watch it when you really don’t have to.”

Laugher’s jaw dropped and eyebrows rose. Laugher wanted to say something but couldn’t.

“Let’s leave for a little bit and just come back when it’s all over.”

“But... last time...”

“We’ll go out, get a beer, watch a little baseball... It’ll be fun.”

“...they escaped...”

“*Fine!* I’ll buy the damn drinks. Let’s go already!”

Laugher sighed but would never give up free beer. So the villains left and the heroes escaped in the exact fashion they had before. It is utterly ridiculous to repeat how that little event was executed due to complete laziness on my part.

At about that moment Laugher walked back in the door, saying something to the effect of, “I forgot my wallet.” Then Laugher saw the heroes standing before him and he let out a whimper. “GREEN GOON!” Laugher shouted back out the door.

Green Goon walked up and asked irritably, “What? What is it? Just get your damn wallet and...” Then Green Goon noticed the heroes.

Spider-Matt and BatDan stood with their fists on their hips, striking the stereotypical hero pose.

“*Damn it!*” Green Goon said, then set his rocket powered skateboard on the ground, preparing for a fight.

“Go go BatDan machine guns,” Spider-Matt yelled out.

Automatics popped out of BatDan’s belt and started spewing bullets this way and that. The villains took cover while BatDan screamed, “Stop Stop BatDan machine guns. Stop, damn it. STOP!”

When the chaos was finished, BatDan turned to Spider-Matt and asked, “Why the hell did it react to your voice.”

“I reprogrammed your belt, of course,” Spider-Matt answered in a cheery voice.

“You do that again and I’ll castrate you,” BatDan said in a matter-of-fact voice.

Spider-Matt chuckled. “Yeah, I get that a lot.”

“Go go BatDan castrator!” BatDan yelled.

With a yelp of fear, Spider-Matt leaped away before he could see what would happen to him. Nothing would have happened, of course. BatDan doesn’t actually have a castrator, not that he couldn’t afford one or fit one in his unbelievable spacious belt.

I know you were all hoping this would go out with a bang, well that’s not really how it happened. But just for the sake of the reader and for somewhat dramatic effect, I shall include a

large explosion at the end of the fight. The finale showdown between Spider-Matt and BatDan and Green Goon and Laughter is a doozy, with or without the explosion, anyway. So hold onto your seat and try not to wet your pants.

The unwitting villains advanced on the cocky heroes and before conflict broke out Spider-Matt said to his partner, "I don't think I want to take Laughter this time. I mean, he is fairly easy and all, but it's because you failed to defeat my villain that we got ourselves into that last predicament."

"I failed?" BatDan exclaimed. "You're the one who was attacked from behind! Don't you have a-a-whatdyacallit-a know-it-all-spider-wit?"

"Ah... that..." Spider-Matt looked around the room for a moment, then looked ahead. Laughter and Green Goon were standing no more than five feet in front of the bickering duo, looking somewhat dumbfounded, ignorant as to what to do with bickering duos. "What d'ya know, the villains are ready to kick ass," Spider-Matt said, eager to change the topic. Then he leaped at Green Goon.

BatDan heaved a sigh and looked at Laughter.

"Don't look at me," Laughter said, "he's *your* partner."

"God damn it," BatDan said, before throwing a punch Laughter's way.

Then all hell broke loose.

"What the hell is that giant black hole that appeared in the middle of the room?" Spider-Matt cried out.

"You know," BatDan began, "if you had just asked, 'What the hell is that?' we all would have understood exactly what you meant."

"Oh... See, I wasn't sure."

Just then Satan stepped out of the black hole, which now had several pairs of eyes peeking out, that had just appeared in the middle of the room. Wait, Spider-Matt already described the hole, didn't he? Damn it! Screwed my whole narration!

"What're you doing here?" Asked Spider-Matt.

"This is our fight," BatDan harshly explained.

"Who are you?" Green Goon and Laughter asked in unison.

"I'm Satan, and I'm here because all hell is breaking loose. The narrator said so himself," Satan explained himself.

"God damn it!" yelled Spider-Matt. "He's screwing up our entire fight scene. Get the hell out of here. HA! You get it? It's a pun because..."

"Shut up," BatDan snapped. "And you," he pointed at Satan, "piss off! Why aren't you gone yet?"

The eyes disappeared and Satan stepped back into the hole, closing it behind him. The fight could now continue.

Spider-Matt found Green Goon aiming a rock gun at him when he turned around to start the beating he had just prepared himself to give his old foe.

"I don't suppose you want to be adults about this?" Spider-Matt hoped.

"No, not really," Green Goon replied, starting his rocket powered skate board. "Now, let's rock and roll! HA! You get it? It's a pun because..."

"Shut up," Spider-Matt demanded while dodging rocks that were coming from this way and that as Green Goon skated around the room at a ridiculous speed.

In the meantime, BatDan was chasing Laughter around the room.

"You run like a girl," BatDan yelled out to Laughter.

“My mother taught me how to run. I can’t help it.”

BatDan pushed himself off the ground and managed to snag Laughter’s shirt. The two fell down to the ground, rolling over each other, trading several blows, and generally acting like you and your siblings do. This is not foreshadowing of any kind, mind you. BatDan and Laughter are not related... in any way.

Laughter was able to pull himself up after catching BatDan off guard and kneeing him between the legs (yeah, you know what I mean). After a brief moment BatDan staggered to his feet like a bloody boxer fighting for the heavy weight championship. Well, like a man fighting for his life, at any rate.

Just then Laughter pulled a large (and I mean absolutely huge) pair of scissors out of nowhere.

“Hey, where’d those some from...” BatDan began. By then Laughter had cut off BatDan’s ears, however. BatDan frantically felt the top of this head, looking for the large floppy, brown ears that had once been attached to his mask. Then he saw the pair at his feet.

“Noooooooooooooooooooo!!!” BatDan cried in anguish. Anger rose in him, foam oozed from his mouth. “GAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!”

BatDan threw himself at Laughter, who was no screaming like a school-girl who had just seen an insect. Fangs sunk into Laughter transferring the deadly disease of rabies into the murderous clown. Laughter fainted, more out of fear than of pain.

Spider-Matt was still struggling to get a hold of his airborne adversary using his every trustworthy Super Silly String. He wasn’t having as much luck as Green Goon was having with inflicting caustic flesh wounds with his exploding kiwi. Spider-Matt dodged again and again, eluding death with more grace than Rincewind and prancing around the floor with a style Baryshnikov would envy. At long last, with a stroke of luck, Spider-Matt’s Super Silly String connects to Green Goon’s back, and with a rapid jerk, the fiend fell with his rocket powered skateboard.”

Spider-Matt rushed over to his fallen foe and yanked him up from the ground. Green Goon was heaving after having the wind knocked out of him.

“You really should quit smoking,” Spider-Matt suggested. “Especially in your line of work.”

“It’s all second hand, really,” Green Goon explained, hacking behind his mask. “It’s that damn rocket powered skateboard. How I desire alternative fuel.”

“Uh, yeah... whatever.”

With that, Spider-Matt rendered the reckless, raving rogue unconscious. Then Spider noticed his comrade in a sobbing heap on the ground. He walked over and kneeled down beside BatDan.

“Hey,” Matt said, “what happened to your ears.”

This provoked more tears and whining from the crumpled man.

“Uh... look, we can always get you new ears.”

“I DON’T WANT NEW EARS! I WANT MY EARS!” BatDan wailed.

“Fine, look, I’ll grab the ears and we can sew them back on later,” Spider-Matt offered.

“You know how to sew?” BatDan looked hopeful, tears clearing up.

“Well, no, not really. But Sam does.”

“Too bad none of you will live to enjoy your girlish tea party.” Green Goon cackled. He was awake once more.

“Damn it, you’re supposed to be dead or something.”

“I have started the countdown on the bomb in the building. There’s only thirty seconds left until we all die! Muahahahaha...”

Spider-Matt and BatDan scrambled to their feet, grabbed their beautiful girlfriends, and carrying the girls over their shoulders, the heroes propelled themselves to the exit as fast as they could.

“Hey!” Green Goon shouted after them. “You’re supposed to die. You have to stay here.”

Spider-Matt kicked the front door down and the heroes exited.

“Hey, stop that.” Green Goon demanded.

It was too late. The heroes heroically leaped away from the building barely escaping the exploding building.

Sam, Spider-Matt, Katie, and BatDan looked back at the burning building.

“Do you think we’ll ever see them again?” Sam asked, worried that the villains weren’t actually burning corpses, but had actually managed to escape with all body parts in tact.

“No,” Spider-Matt said.

“Yes,” BatDan assured.

“Look,” Matt explained, “this is a story about the good guys defeating the bad guys. When the bad guy dies, he’s gone forever.”

“Where the hell are you getting this from,” Dan sounded out. “It’s a rule that when the heroes don’t see the villains die, the villains aren’t dead.”

Shouting back and forth ensued until it was put to a stop by Sam and Katie.

“GUYS!” the girls screamed.

The ragged, battle-worn men looked over.

“Please,” Sam pleaded, “can we just go have sex.”

“Yes,” Spider-Matt said.

“No,” BatDan assured.

Spider-Matt raised an eyebrow. BatDan could tell despite it being hidden behind his mask.

“Hey,” Dan explained. “I have a date.” With that, the super pimp hopped in his car, which had just pulled up due to a remote control Dan kept in his unbelievably spacious belt. The car roared and sped off.

“Well... I’m up for a threesome if...”

“Uck,” the girls voiced their disgust together.

“Okay, just Sam, then.” Spider-Matt grabbed Sam and swung off, calling behind him, “Sorry, Pink Pussy!”