Okay, top five questions people ask me since I became Spider-Man...

Number one: How does it feel to swing through the air, and also, aren’t you afraid to fail?

Which—c’mon, people—technically that’s two questions, but whatever...

TBH, at first I was super afraid. I mean, to go from walking down the street to swinging down the street is a massive upgrade, sure, buuuut...
...not gonna lie, speeding through a busy city chasing bad guys while trying not to fly into a wall—yay, I’ve been Spider-Man for nearly a year, and I’m still getting used to it.

But, okay, I admit it—mainly, it’s freaking awesome!

Number two: Are you somehow related to that other Spider-Man in Queens?

Spider-Man

Threat or Menace?
The Daily Bugle
We don’t give a pass just because they have a mask
Printing the truth since 1898

Number two: Are you somehow related to that other Spider-Man in Queens?

...we are friends, and Peter’s super cool about supporting me.

No. We’re not cousins or long-lost bros reunited. Peter Parker and I aren’t family. But...

And, IPK, it’s sorta nice to have someone nearby who just gets it, you know?
Also, and I swear I’m not humblebragging, I have a couple of cool super-powers that Peter admits make him drool.

Yo, Spider-Man, say something for the ‘Gram, bro!

I’m not your gram, bro!

For example, I can...

Have a good day, Spider-Man.

...make myself invisible!

OMG!

Yo, did you see that?! He disappeared!

OMG! Oh man, I wasn’t recording!

Which, c’mon, will camouflage ever get old?

And I can stun bad guys with my VENOM BLAST! Which is awesome, for sure, but I mainly use it as a last resort.

Something tells me those guys aren’t museum employees.
Number three—and trust me, I get this all the time and I kinda hate it: How old are you, kid?

Or, when people really wanna get on my nerves, they ask...

Are you even old enough to be out this late?

Which, ugh. What’s age got to do with anything?!

Dude, it’s not even 6:00PM. Besides, the real question is: How do you even open this thing?!
Number Four: How did you become Spider-Man?

Can I help you find something, Spider-Man?

The short answer is I was bitten by a genetically engineered spider.

Please tell me you have more of these easels in the back?

And the long answer is...

I was bitten by a genetically engineered spider.

We donated those easels for a fundraiser. But we'll get a new shipment soon.

Here's the model number, if you want to call us first.

You're awesome! Thanks!

And last, but certainly not least, the fifth thing people love to ask me is...
What does a superhero do when they're not saving the world?

Wait, so is it whoa, then mop, and then—

No, no, Miles, it's mop first, then you hit the whoa...

Uh, how are you doing this so easily, Ganke?

While you're busy fighting bad guys, I'm busy getting my dance on, obviously.

Okay, so I'm not doing it. Welp.

Okay, I think I got it this time... I'm doing it, I'm doing—

Cheer up, bro. You may have a twenty-three rating in dancing ability, but you're, like, a ninety-nine in kick butt.

Oh snap, that's your it's about to get real face. Be safe, bro! Later!

Uhh, Ganke, I gotta go, man!
So this spidey-sense thing? Definitely underrated. Guess this is one of those learn on the job gigs.

Looks like we lost the security guards a few floors down, Trinity...

Yeah, except of all the rooftops in Brooklyn to escape off, what are the odds we run right into Kid Spider?!

Asking for a friend—do either of you know how to do the Renegade?
Peter Parker claims my aim will improve with more experience, but so far it still kinda...sucks, TBH.

Looks like you two are already tied up.

The Rene-what?

It's a dance. Kinda goes like... You know what? Forget it.

See, this is why I never leave home without bug spray!

Trinity, less witty banter and more escape plan, yeah?

Sorry, man, but you heard Vex—we've gotta fly.

Enjoy your solo dance party!

Keep up, Vex!

You serious right now? You know I hate heights!

Hang gliders in backpacks? That's fun.
I suggest you hang on tight.

Oh, I already know how you drive, trust.

First hang gliders, now a souped-up bike? Who *are* you two?

Dang. Maybe Peter was wrong. Maybe the more experience, the worse my aim...

Let's hope I'm better at leapfrog.

Not gonna lie, you're kinda good at this.

No, but we *are* out of sight!

Tell me something I don't know.

Easy, Vex. We're not out of the woods yet.

What the—wait, no they didn't!

Did they really just INTO THIN AIRme?!
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MILES MORALES
SHOCK WAVES
SWINGS ONTO SHELVES JUNE 1ST!