

HI, I'M
LYLA, MIGUEL'S
LYRATE LIFE-FORM
APPROXIMATION
HOLOGRAPHIC
ASSISTANT.

HERE'S THE
DOWNLOAD ON
**SPIDER-MAN
2099's**
BACKSTORY.

MIGUEL O'HARA
WAS A YOUNG GENETICS
GENIUS EMPLOYED AT
MEGACORPORATION ALCHEMAX
IN THE FUTURE CITY OF NUEVA
YORK. ONE OF HIS EXPERIMENTS
TO REPLICATE THE POWERS OF YOUR
CURRENT SPIDER-MAN REWROTE HIS
DNA TO MAKE IT 50% SPIDER! HE
GAINED AMAZING POWERS AND
BECAME THE SPIDER-MAN
OF THE YEAR 2099.

RECENTLY, MIGUEL
RETURNED FROM TRAVELING
THE MULTIVERSE AND FOUND THAT
THE WORLD HE KNEW WAS GONE,
REPLACED WITH A 2099 RULED BY
MAESTRO, A 200-YEAR-OLD HULK.
HE WAS IMPRISONED, BUT USED
DOCTOR DOOM'S TIME PLATFORM
TO ESCAPE BACK TO
THE PRESENT.

NOW, IT'S UP
TO SPIDER-MAN TO STOP
WHATEVER LED TO MAESTRO
GAINING CONTROL OF THE FUTURE,
AS WELL AS FACE PROBLEMS IN HIS
PERSONAL LIFE--NOT LEAST OF
WHICH IS HIS NEIGHBOR AND FRIEND,
TEMPEST'S ONGOING BATTLE
WITH CANCER.



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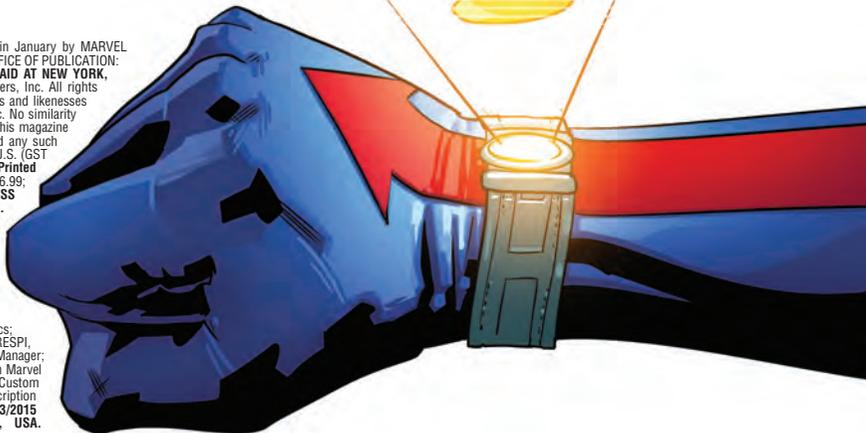
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Miguel O'Hara's Apartment Building.

THE PRESENT.



FINE, MOM, FINE. I'LL GO IN FOR THE CHECK-UP TOMORROW. OKAY?



BUT WE BOTH KNOW NOTHING IS GOING TO BE DIFFERENT. SO LET'S NOT KID EACH OTHER, OKAY?

MIRACLES DO HAPPEN, TEMPEST.

NOT TO ME.

I'M GOING TO BED. GOODNIGHT.



JEEZ, WHY CAN'T SHE JUST WRAP HER HEAD AROUND THE FACT THAT I'M DYING?

WHAT THE HELL IS HER PROBLEM?

NOT LIKE SHE EVER GAVE A DAMN ABOUT ME GROWING UP. WHAT'S SHE TRYING TO DO NOW? MAKE UP FOR IT?



MAYBE.

MAYBE SHE IS TRYING TO MAKE UP FOR IT.



PEOPLE DO THAT SOMETIMES, TEMPEST. TAKE ME, FOR EXAMPLE.

I'VE SPENT THE PAST FEW YEARS TRYING TO MAKE UP FOR WHAT A SHOCKING UNCARING JERK I WAS FOR MOST OF MY LIFE.

TRYING TO HELP PEOPLE I PREVIOUSLY WOULDN'T HAVE GIVEN A DAMN ABOUT.

RUNNING AROUND IN A COSTUME, TRYING TO LEND A HAND AND SOMETIMES GETTING IT SLAPPED DOWN FOR MY TROUBLE.

AND YET I KEEP COMING BACK FOR MORE.

OCCASIONALLY I WONDER IF IT'S WORTH IT...

OCCASIONALLY? HELL, **CONSTANTLY**.

BUT I KEEP COMING BACK ANYWAY. GO FIGURE.

I WISH I COULD JUST APPROACH HER. TELL HER I'VE GOT A **CURE** FOR HER CANCER.

BUT SHE WOULDN'T BELIEVE ME, I'M **SURE** OF IT. SHE DOESN'T LIKE ME ALREADY. SHE'D ASSUME THE WORST.

THIS IS THE ONLY WAY.



OKAY, SHE'S BEEN ASLEEP FOR ABOUT AN HOUR.

THAT SHOULD BE ENOUGH TIME.



JUST STAY ASLEEP, TEMPEST. ATTA GIRL.



BECAUSE I'M BRINGING YOU A CURE FOR YOUR CANCER, CONCOCTED BY THE BEST MINDS THAT 2099 HAS TO OFFER.



MAN, IT SOUNDS UNBELIEVABLE EVEN TO ME. THIS IS DEFINITELY THE BEST WAY TO HANDLE THIS.



THERE.

CONTENTS OF ONE SPRAY-HYPO DELIVERED.

THAT WAS EAS--



AAA
AAA
AAA
HHHH
HHHH

