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The Real Story of Spiderman

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Andrews: The Real Story of Spiderman

THE REAL STORY OF SPIDERMAN

NIN
ANDREWS

You'll never believe me if I tell you the real story
of Spiderman. How he had the soul of Tinkerbelle.
But this was back in the days of the Baby Boomers,
when all the women on the planet drank the same Kool-Aid.
They ate food out of boxes and cans and plastic wrap
for the first time, and pretty soon, they started having babies
like popcorn. There weren't enough souls to go around.
There were rush shipments coming out of the sky day and night.
Too bad souls aren't something you can rush. Some were half-baked.
Some were half-animal, their arms like chicken wings,
their hands waving from their shoulder sockets.
Others were still talking to the gods about what sort of life
they should lead. Still others like Spiderman were men on the outside,
but girls and angels in their minds. Many of these looked feminine
with their delicate hands or mouths, so when people looked
at them, they thought woman or goddess instead of man.
But no such luck for Spiderman. He had the body of a Greek god,
the cock of a Celtic warrior. And the soul of a debutante.
Once his voice dropped, he started getting boners in class,
and Mary Jane would never leave him alone. Every day
after school she came knocking on his door, *Peter, are you home?*
He'd have to come down from his hammock on the ceiling
and slip out of his aunts pumps and pantyhose,

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stuff them in his pocket, before she waltzed right in.

One look at her, or one whiff, made him shrivel up fast.

I am not your man, he wanted to shout. *I'm Tinkerbell in disguise.*

Instead he tried to be nice. After all, she did serve a purpose.

As long as she hung around, his aunt stopped pestering him
about finding a nice gal and settling down.

But pretty soon Mary Jane was driving him nuts.

He started climbing the walls and diving out of windows
and into the night, slipping into alleys and bars.

That's how he discovered other angels in disguise,
magic men and ladies like him

who moved as shadows through their secret lives.