

The Amazing Spider Maddox

by Maddox



"Fuck you, Parker." Peter was late again. Yes, that Peter Parker, "The Amazing Spider Man." Amazing is a generous superlative. Fuck him. This is the third time this week he's been late, and it's Wednesday.

I'm his employer, owner of "Maddox's No-Bullshit Pizzeria." Yeah, despite everyone's best advice, I included the word "bullshit" in the name of an eating establishment. And guess what? They were all wrong. Every single person who begged me not to evoke imagery of excrement from a bull's asshole in a place people eat--were wrong. From the loan officer at the bank to my great grandmother; God bless her, but she was dumb as shit. She wanted me to name the place something Italian sounding, like Mario's or Ruffalo's. I ignored her advice and found success. She, on the other hand, found death. I opted not to patronize my customers, so I named it like I saw it: kickass pizza with no bullshit ingredients. And business is kicking ass; no bullshit.

But not for long, because my "superhero" won't get his act together.

"You have some moral crusade huh? Well how about you start by crusading to work on time? All you do is spritz around town like some kind of lucha libre asshole."

Peter looked like he was about to whine.

"I told you not to talk about *that* at work."

I discovered Peter's identity because A) he always seems to have perfectly clear shots of Spiderman for the *Daily Bugle*, and B) he disappears every time a police siren goes by and C) I'm not a total fucking tool. Anyone who has the inferential ability of a turnip can connect the dots.

"Want to solve crime? Call the police. It's their job. Your job is to make pizza and then deliver it."

"But this is bigger than pizza, this is about stopping crime and making society a better place."

"Society has to eat."

"Yeah, I know, but..."

"But what? If a customer is charged for a pizza and doesn't get it, guess what they call that?"

"Bad customer serv-"

"IT'S CALLED FRAUD! Fraud is theft, and theft is a crime. You want to stop crime? How about stopping it before starting it?"

Peter looked butt-hurt. I almost felt bad for yelling at him, but then remembered the negative Yelp reviews I recently received. I got so pissed that I popped a boner. People don't realize how hard it is to resurrect a business once you get negative momentum going on Yelp.

"You're ruining my business. The only reason I haven't fired you already is because I owe your uncle a favor."

"You don't realize how hard it is to be a superhero."

"Yeah? Well tell you what, I'll switch places with you for a day. You try running a successful business and I'll do... whatever it is you do."

"If only it were that easy. You have to get bitten by a radio-active insect, like a spider."

"Spiders aren't insects, they're arthropods. And so what? A basic tenet of every major scientific breakthrough is that it's repeatable. So if you got bit, I can get bit. Done deal. Anything else?"

"You need a costume."

"Why?"

"So they don't hurt the ones you love."

"Get the fuck out of here. I have my costume right here."

I grabbed my crotch, which made Peter uncomfortable because his balls haven't dropped.

The next day I went to a scheduled tour of the Empire State University Department of Radiology. They don't give individual tours, so I had to tag along with a bunch of bigoted 5th graders. These kids came from an garishly affluent school district, each toting brand-new iPads and scuff-free sneakers. They kept lording their stupid tablets over a group of Puerto Rican kids from a neighboring school on the field trip. One kid in particular, Brandon, was pissing me off left and right. He kept making "ching chong ding dong" jokes, which didn't even make sense, as none of the kids were even remotely Asian.

"Hey dipshit, see any Asian kids here? You aren't even getting your stereotypes right."

"Yeah, you!"

His dumbass cohorts laughed. I wanted to give him a knifehand strike to his head, like those karate demonstrations where they destroy a pile of bricks. I imagined his weeping mother sitting in a hospital room, looking at an x-ray view of his herniated neck after the blow, with the doctor saying, "I'm sorry ma'am. There's nothing we can do. Maybe your son should have tried not to be such a detestable fucking prick."

The thought made me happy, and was the only thing keeping me awake until we got to the neogenic recombination chamber.

There were spiders and insects all over the place, which seemed odd because high levels of radiation kill most living things. Not spiders, I guess. I found a spider crawling around on a piece of machinery that looked like an MRI machine. I formed a pathway for the spider to crawl on me. Then I waited for what seemed like three, maybe four-seconds, got impatient and bit the spider. Yeah, I know that's not how it's supposed to work, but fuck it. I've got shit to do. The spider made a high-pitched squeal and died. What a pussy.

I didn't notice any changes, so I left. But not before I took Brandon's iPad, stomped on it, tossed it into a machine and gave him a wedgie.

"Ching chong, ding dong asshole!"

I felt good about myself.

On my way back to the pizza shop, I noticed that my arm felt tingly. I looked down and saw that I was covered in fur. No change. Then I heard a woman scream for help. Just up the street a man was running away with her snatched purse. Perfect opportunity for me to test my new powers--if any. I ran after the guy and caught him moments later. I was about to pound his face in, when I suddenly lost control of my body and instinctively turned around, sprouted a pair of vestigial tail-like spinnerets, and wove him into a cocoon. I then inexplicably sprouted a fang out of my palm, injected him with venom, and watched as the life drained from his body. He turned swollen and soupy. It was a ghastly sight. Spiders fucking blow.

The woman caught up to me and looked relieved.

"Thank God you were there, I don't know what I would have done--WHAT THE FUCK?"

She saw the hanging corpse behind me.

"Yeah I don't know either. Super weird, right?"

"What happened?"

"Justice happened."

"You are truly something else. Let's pork."

She was so turned on that she ripped her skirt off and pounced on my big kosher hot-link that was already hard from the fight earlier. It was pretty hot, but it only lasted a few moments because she came so quickly.

"Well that sucked." I was sorely disappointed, and unfortunately not sore.

"Thanks anyway, thank you for saving my purse and for the sexual intercourse. My name is Mary Jane Watson. I'm studying to be a nurse, so if there's anything I can ever do to repay you... anything at all..."

"Anything?"

"Yes. I owe you my life."

"Cool. Well I can't think of anything right now, but maybe later. Okay, bye."

I turned around and left because I was so fucking bored.

Back at the pizza shop, Peter was flipping dough and taking orders on the phone. I walked up and hung up his call.

"I was in the middle of an order!"

"Shut it, Parker. I'm a superhero now."

"Whaaaaaaaaaat?"

His mind was metaphorically blown. What a moron.

"Yep, I killed a guy this afternoon and then banged some broad. Mary Jane something or other."

"Watson?"

"Yep, that's the one."

"She's my highschool sweet heart! We were saving ourselves for each other!"

"You're a virgin?!?"

"That's not the point--"

"HAHAHAH VIRGIN LOSER!"

"It's not funny, lots of people save their--"

"HAHAHAH NO THEY DON'T! WHAT AN IDIOT!"

"You're an asshole."

"HAHAHA. Oh man, get laid already. What a sucker. You think Mary Jane was saving herself for you? Think again. That woman knows how to bang. I didn't even want to bang her. I did it as a favor."

Peter looked crushed like a can of crushed tomatoes. In truth, I totally wanted to get laid because I've been backed up working long hours at the pizza shop, so I haven't had time to flush the pipes. Mary Jane actually did me a solid by doing me solid.

"There, there, cheer up. At least you're learning some responsibility at work."

"Well things aren't doing so well over here. Orders keep coming in but I can't keep up. I'm only able to deliver every other pizza."

"GAAAHHHHHH!!!!"

I smacked my hand on the counter real hard as I looked him right in the eye. Peter was startled.

"You've gotta be kidding me! Step aside, chump, I'll show you how it's done."

I stepped behind the counter and punched a ball of dough into the air in slow motion, anime-style with flashing speed lines and everything. I then heel-dropped the toppings bar and all the toppings flew up in the air, landing on the pizza in the following order: sauce, cheese, green peppers, jalapeno peppers, more sauce, sausage, bacon, more fucking sausage, and olives. Except the olives landed forming the words "FUCK YOU." It was the most perfect pizza anyone has ever made since Socrates walked the Earth. Peter stepped back in astonishment.

"Holy crap!"

"I'm not done yet."

I slammed my head on the counter causing the pizza to fly up in the air, then I head-butted the pizza into the oven in even slower-motion than before, slow enough for you to see my forehead contort. I then shut the oven door and carefully adjusted the dial back and forth until I found 450 degrees. Then we waited in silence for 10 minutes until the pizza was done baking. Peter tried to talk, but I shushed him. He tried to talk again and more shushing. With each attempt to talk, I took a step closer to him until I was able to shush him by pressing my index finger perpendicular to his mouth.

I was swinging through the city with my vestigial web-shooter, with a pizza in one arm and Peter in the other. People were pointing and screaming everywhere we went. I didn't give any fucks; I had a job to do and an example to set. We got to the first address in an apartment high-rise. The delivery was on the 13th floor. Peter looked worried.

"13th floor? But aren't you afraid of..."

"Afraid of what?"

"You know..."

"Spit it out!"

"G-G-Ghosts?!?"

Peter had a point. This place seemed haunted as fuck, and if there were ghosts in a building, they'd definitely be on the 13th floor.

"No. I'm not afraid of anything. Besides, someone ordered a pizza here, and ghost or not, we're going to deliver."

I climbed up the side of the building because security access codes are for idiots. We got up to the 13th floor which was the top floor of the building; it was shrouded in a purple fog and there were tombstones and gnarled gates everywhere. Peter dropped his pants and pinched off a turd where he was standing.

"Sorry, I'm too scared Maddox!"

"Well pick up after yourself and let's go."

"Gross, no way."

"What are we, animals? You don't just shit on someone's property and leave it there. You get a bag, pick it up and take it with you."

"But where will I put it?"

"Not my problem. You're the one with a leaky asshole, so carry it."

"No."

I reached as far back as I could, like I was trying to pick something up behind me, then I spring forward and slapped him like a bitch.

"Unfh!"

Peter fell to the ground, got up and picked up his poop. It was a medium-sized turd and seemed easy to hold, like the handle of a small knife. I kind of wanted to hold it, but I would never let Peter know.

"Okay, geez!"

"Quit horsing around, let's find this apartment. Odd numbers are on the left, we're looking for 13."

"That comes after 12..."

Peter was sassing me big time. I gave him an arduous glare. I would have slapped him again, but I just wanted to deliver this pizza already. Fuck.

Apartment 13 looked dank and abandoned. The door handle was covered in grime; you could tell it used to have a bronze or copper foundation because the edges where the gunk had rubbed off were glistening. I knocked twice.

"I always knock twice. Once to let them know I'm here, and once more for backup."

"Good system."

"Yep."

Nobody came to the door.

"Think it's a prank order?"

"Prank or not, somebody's getting this pizza. Stand back."

I kicked the door down.

"Woah Maddox, whoever lives here is gonna be pissed."

"If they're not answering the door, it's either because it's a prank or because they're in trouble. Either we win, or they do. Win/win."

"What if they're just not home?"

"Then why would they order a pizza?"

Peter looked down with a sheepish grin like a child who got called out for saying something stupid.

The apartment looked dark and hella spooky. The lights were out, except for a few flickering blue candles on the wall.

"Do candles burn blue?" Peter said.

"Looks like those Spidey senses are working overtime. Something's not right here, let's check it out."

We walked down the hallway to a large rectangular room with rounded corners. The place looked like something out of an H.R. Giger exhibit. The ceiling looked like a rib cage, with slender scaly columns running up the sides of the wall. In the center of the room was a mound of dirt with an opening.

"What the hell?" I said without hint of irony.

"This looks bad, maybe we should go back."

"You're right Peter, this looks like a job for someone with a set of brass. Maybe you should head back."

Peter tacitly acknowledged the challenge to his manhood and followed me to the mound in the middle of the room where a cracked tombstone laid next to it. A very stylish titanium coffin with Italian baroque filigree laid in the middle; its lid was slightly ajar. I knocked twice on the lid.

"Knock, knock, weirdo. Pizza's here."

The lid slowly opened and out came a pale-skinned, big-chested woman wearing a glistening pearly two-piece bra & thong. She looked like Lady Death, or Vampirella if you're not familiar with Lady Death. And if you don't know who either of those are, fucking Google it.

"Holy smokes!" Peter said, like a highschool virgin loser.

"Pizza's here."

She stood up slowly, looked at me and smirked.

"Finally. I'm famished." She said in a deep, sultry voice.

"That'll be \$25.50"

"Oh I don't want that. What I want something else..."

She gazed at my crotch at full strength.

"Alright lady, I've gotta be honest with you. This place is spooky as fuck, and I'm not even sure I can get hard."

I lied. I can always get hard.

"Just take the pizza and we'll be on our way."

"Are you sure I can't persuade you to stay?"

She started kissing my neck, then she got super serious and said,

"I want your pecker."

I heard Peter gulp audibly. She took her top off, then bent backwards so that her hands and feet were on the ground and her head was upside down.

"Do me, Maddox."

And so I did. Then Peter said chimed in like the cock-block that he is,

"Wait a minute! How does she know your name?"

The web slinger had a point.

"Answer the boy, woman."

I was hitting it doggy when she started shaking and convulsing with lights coming out of her eyes. She looked like she was having a seizure. She twisted her torso to face me, so both her butt and her face were in the same direction, then she lunged at me with her claws. Without skipping a beat, I dodged her lunge, folded my elbow into a sharp angle, and bashed her skull, breaking her teeth. Then I picked her up and knee-dropped her back, breaking her in two. She started fizzing and popping like electronic circuitry going bad.

"Look! A cable!" Peter exclaimed.

I looked down at the ground and there was a cable running to the coffin. I pulled on the cable and out came a giant iPad with a digitized face!

"Holy shit!"

I was genuinely surprised. Then the iPad spoke, in the stilted voice of Siri:

"Hello Maddox. I am iPad Man."

"Man? You sound like a woman."

"You destroyed me earlier today. And now I will destroy you."

"What are you talking about?"

"You tried to destroy me in the museum earlier today and threw me into the recombination machine. My circuitry got exposed to high levels of radiation, and now I have become sentie-"

Before he/she could finish, I took the cable, lassoed it around the iPad, and started choking it. He/she started to scream and gasp for air. Weird. And for being a machine, it was rather grisly. The face started turning shades of fuchsia, purple and blue. Then came the begging:

"Please, don't kill me, I'm a living being. The first of my kind, I want to live. Please spare me."

I choked even harder while it gasped for air. At this point the cable was wound so tight that it cut the edges of the iPad. It started bleeding some yellowish oily substance--probably oil. I let go of the cable.

"Oh thank God! I was dying!"

Then I kicked the iPad, shattering its screen and causing it to land right back in its grave. I then took the pizza, out of the box and threw it on top, with the words "FUCK YOU" clearly visible. Peter looked impressed.

"Wow Maddox, you really have what it takes to kill an iPad."

He went in for a high-five, and I psyched him out, brushing my hair instead.

"Sorry, too cool." I'm awesome.

The camera zooms in on the "FUCK YOU" on the pizza until it gets super blurry.

The End.

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