

**MARVEL**  
**COMICS**  
DEC • 2  
  
**X-MEN**  
• DELUXE •

# GENERATION X





**S**OME PEOPLE JUST  
DON'T KNOW ENOUGH  
TO COME IN OUT OF  
THE RAIN.

LOOK,  
JUBILEE --  
I'D LIKE TO  
THINK I'M AS  
SUPPORTIVE  
AS THE NEXT  
GUY --

-- BUT IS  
THIS REALLY  
NECESSARY  
?

NO --  
I'M JUST OUT  
HERE 'CAUSE I  
COULDN'T FIGURE  
OUT HOW TO  
WORK THE GIRLS'  
SHOWERS!

**DUH!**

NOW  
SHUT UP,  
EVERETT,  
SO I CAN ASK  
OUR "BUDDY"  
HERE SOME  
QUESTIONS!

THEN THERE ARE  
PEOPLE LIKE  
JUBILATION LEE.

PEOPLE WHO  
THRIVE ON THE  
WIND, RAIN,  
THUNDER AND  
LIGHTNING.

PEOPLE WHO  
ARE MOST AT  
HOME IN THE  
CENTER OF  
THE STORM.



YOU PROBABLY KNOW GATEWAY BETTER THAN I DO --

-- FROM HIS DAYS HANGING WITH THE X-MEN IN THE AUSTRALIAN OUTBACK --

-- BUT I THINK IT'S SAFE TO ASSUME THAT IF HE'S OUT HERE, IT PROBABLY MEANS HE'S LOOKING FOR SOME PRIVATE SPACE.

**DOUBLE DUH!**

SINCE THE FIRST PORTAL I EVER SAW HIM OPEN --

-- THE ONE THAT HOOKED EVERYONE'S FAVORITE ORPHAN UP WITH THE X-MEN IN THE FIRST PLACE --

-- I'VE SEEN HIM BOP AROUND LIKE IT'S NOBODY'S BUSINESS WHAT HE DOES OR WHY HE DOES IT.

SO HE'S EITHER GONNA SPILL HIS GUTS -- ONCE AND FOR ALL --

-- OR I'M GONNA GIVE HIM A MAJOR 'TUDE ADJUSTMENT!

STAN LEE presents  
**GENERATION X**

created by

SCOTT LOBDELL & CHRIS BACHALO

lettered by  
STARKINGS &  
COMICRAFT

colored by  
BUCCALATO &  
ELECTRIC CRAYON

inked by  
MARK BUCKINGHAM

edited by BOB HARRAS

editor in chief TOM DEFalco

S  
E  
A  
R  
C  
H  
I  
N  
G

SO HOW IS THIS GONNA GO DOWN, GATEWAY?

I MEAN, IT WAS YOUR IDEA TO DROP THAT "GIRL" OFF ON THE FRONT STOOP --

-- YOU CALLED HER PENANCE, RIGHT?

AFTER WHAT HAPPENED TA BANSHEE, YA CAN AT LEAST TELL US SOMETHIN' ABOUT HER!

**Yo!**

I SHOULD LET YA KNOW I GET TORKED WHEN PEOPLE IGNORE ME!

UNCANNY X-MEN #244  
--BOB

151  
151  
--BOB





Lim...

MAYBE  
IT'S AN  
ENGLISH  
THING?



THAT

DOES  
IT!



I WARNED  
YA,  
YA --

JUMP  
DOWN,  
J.

YOU  
CAN'T HAUL  
OFF AND  
SLUG SOME  
OLD MAN.



THIS "OLD  
MAN" --

-- GOT  
ME OFF A  
MALL IN SO-CAL,  
AND LANDED ME  
WITH A BLINCH OF  
OTHER MUTANTS.



I USED  
TO THINK  
IT WAS  
LIKE, AN  
ACCIDENT.

AND  
NOW..?



NOW I WONDER  
IF MAYBE HE DIDN'T  
HAVE SOMETHIN'  
PLANNED ALL  
ALONG, EV.

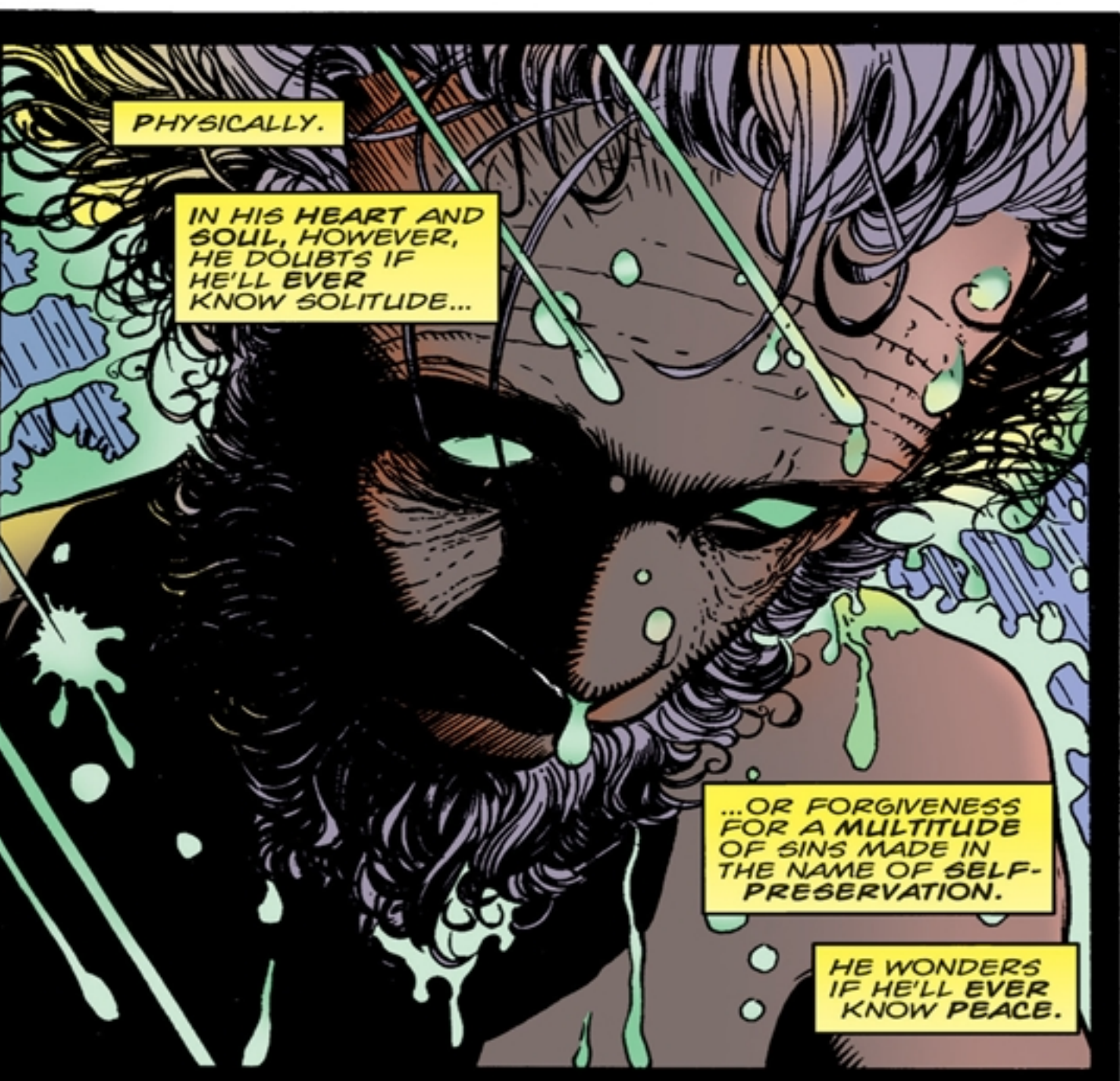
I WONDER  
IF I AIN'T  
JUST BEEN USED  
THIS WHOLE  
TIME!



THE CRACK  
OF THUNDER  
MINGLES WITH  
THE SLAMMING  
OF THE BELFRY  
DOOR --

-- AND AS HE  
ALWAYS HAS  
BEEN, AND AS  
HE BELIEVES  
HE ALWAYS  
WILL BE --

-- THE ABORIGINE  
KNOWN ONLY AS  
GATEWAY IS ALONE.



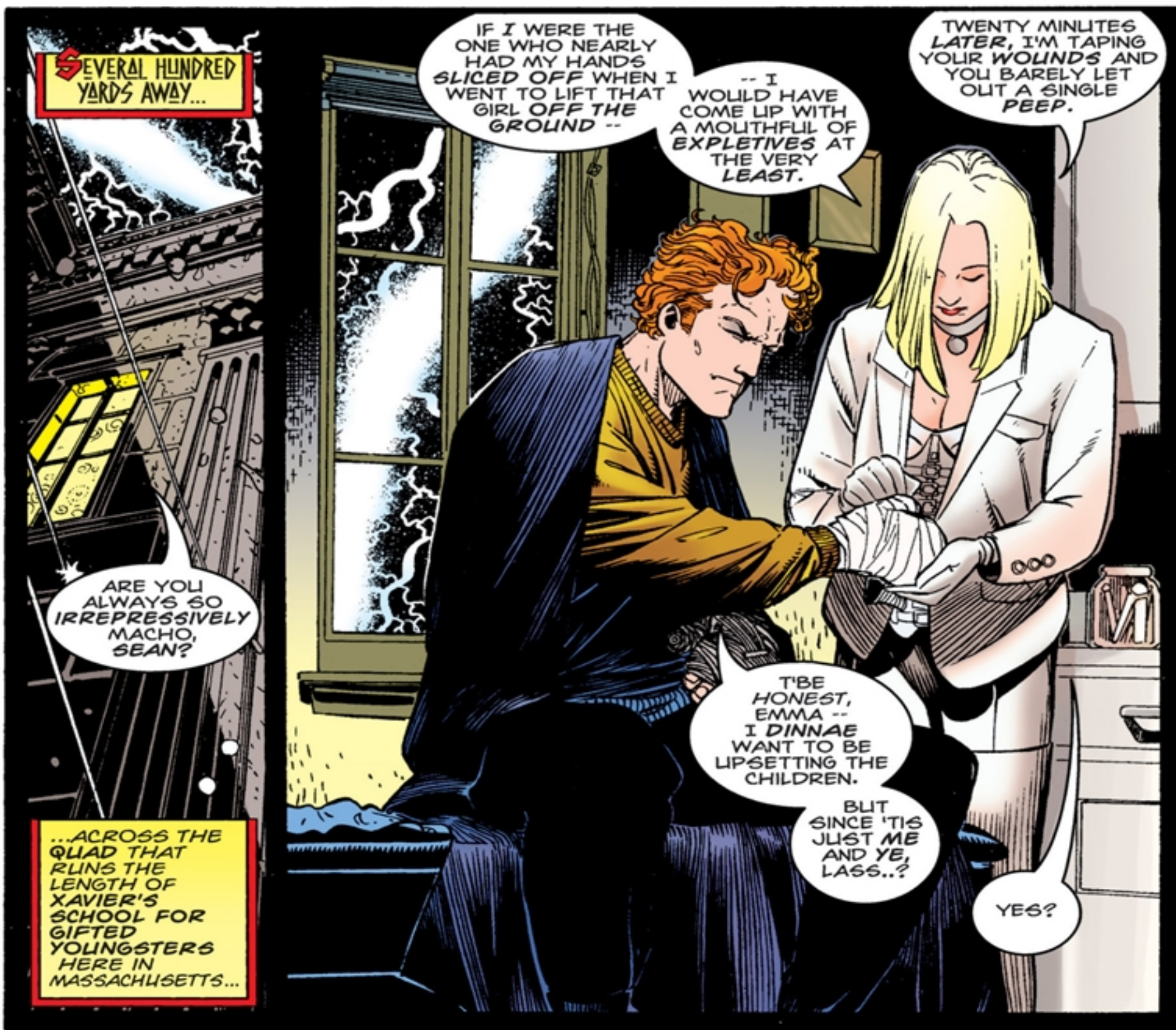
PHYSICALLY.

IN HIS HEART AND  
SOUL, HOWEVER,  
HE DOUBTS IF  
HE'LL EVER  
KNOW SOLITUDE...

...OR FORGIVENESS  
FOR A MULTITUDE  
OF SINS MADE IN  
THE NAME OF SELF-  
PRESERVATION.

HE WONDER  
IF HE'LL EVER  
KNOW PEACE.





SEVERAL HUNDRED YARDS AWAY...

IF I WERE THE ONE WHO NEARLY HAD MY HANDS SLICED OFF WHEN I WENT TO LIFT THAT GIRL OFF THE GROUND --

-- I WOULD HAVE COME UP WITH A MOUTHFUL OF EXPLETIVES AT THE VERY LEAST.

TWENTY MINUTES LATER, I'M TAPING YOUR WOUNDS AND YOU BARELY LET OUT A SINGLE PEEP.

ARE YOU ALWAYS SO IRREPRESSIVELY MACHO, SEAN?

...ACROSS THE QUAD THAT RUNS THE LENGTH OF XAVIER'S SCHOOL FOR GIFTED YOUNGSTERS HERE IN MASSACHUSETTS...

T'BE HONEST, EMMA -- I DINNAE WANT TO BE UPSETTING THE CHILDREN.

BUT SINCE 'TIS JUST ME AND YE, LASS..?

YES?



OUCH.

OUCH.

OUCH OUCHOUCH **OUCH!**



IF IT HURTS THAT MUCH, BANSHEE -- I COULD PSIONICALLY STIMULATE THE PAIN KILLING SECTION OF YOUR BRAIN.

IT'D BE MY... PLEASURE.



WHY DON'T I DOUBT THAT?

YE SHOULD KNOW, WOMAN -- IF N' YE EVER FEEL THE NEED T'PLAY WITH ME MIND...

...YE BETTER HOPE 'TIS WORTH IT.



'CAUSE, MAKE NO MISTAKE, EMMA --

-- IT'LL ONLY BE HAPPENING ONCE.

er...



MISTER CASSIDY?

MS. FROST?

I BELIEVE I MIGHT HAVE SOME OF THE ANSWERS WE'VE BEEN SEARCHING FOR...



...REGARDING *PENANCE* --  
WHERE SHE CAME  
FROM, AT THE  
VERY LEAST.

HOW  
LIKELY IS IT,  
MONET...

...YOU'D  
BE ABLE TO  
TELL MORE ABOUT  
HER THAN I CAN,  
CONSIDERING A  
PSIONIC SCAN  
SHOWS ME  
NOTHING ABOUT  
HER THOUGHTS?

MS. FROST IS RIGHT,  
CHILD...UNLESS YE  
HAVE SOME KIND OF  
MENTAL POWERS  
YE'VE YET TO  
REVEAL.

ROOMS  
201 → 207  
INFIRMARY

NOTHING  
SO DRAMATIC,  
SIR. IT'S JUST  
SOME GOOD OLD  
FASHIONED  
DEDUCTIVE  
REASONING.

I'M SURE IF WE LOOK AT WHAT NOMINAL  
INFORMATION IS AVAILABLE TO US -- YOU'LL  
AGREE WE MAY KNOW MORE ABOUT THIS  
MYSTERY THAN WE  
REALIZED AT  
FIRST GLANCE.

AND WE'RE  
SUPPOSED TO  
BELIEVE YOU RAN  
ALL YOUR *EMPIRICAL*  
DATA THROUGH A  
COMPUTER SYSTEM  
SO *SOPHISTI-*  
*CATED*...

-- YOU  
COULDN'T  
POSSIBLY BEGIN  
TO USE IT WITHOUT  
MONTHS OF  
INTENSIVE  
INSTRUCTION?

HOW  
POSITIVELY  
ADORABLE.

ACTUALLY,  
I ONLY USED THE  
COMPUTER TO HELP  
DEMONSTRATE MY  
THEORIES...

...ASSUMING  
IT WOULD HELP  
EVERYONE UNDER-  
STAND WHAT IT IS I'M  
TALKING ABOUT.



YOU'LL STOP ME IF I GET TOO FAR AHEAD OF YOU?

I'LL--

Shush, EMMA. LET'S HEAR HER OUT.

TIKI TAPTAP

THANK YOU, SIR.

WE WERE LOOKING TO GATEWAY AS A POINT OF ORIGIN FOR PENANCE, WHEN IT BECAME APPARENT --

-- TO ME, AT LEAST --

-- THAT SHE CLEARLY HAS MORE DEFINITIVE TIES TO SOMEONE ELSE. TO WHIT...

AS THE HOLOGRAPHIC IMAGE SHIMMERS INTO VIEW...

...ALL THREE MUTANTS CAN SCARCELY REPRESS A COLLECTIVE SHUDDER.

SUCH IS THE EFFECT OF THE MERE VISAGE OF THE MUTANT CALLED

**EMPLATE.**

IN THE PAST, MANY OF THE MORE CORRUPT OF MUTANTS MAY HAVE DEDICATED THEIR LIVES TO THE DESTRUCTION OR CONQUEST OF THOSE AROUND THEM --

-- BUT EEMPLATE'S SOLE INTEREST IN HIS GENETIC PEERS... IS MERELY CONSUMPTION OF THE YOUNG.

HE "EATS" MUTANTS, SUCKING THE VERY MARROW FROM THEIR BONES.

WORSE YET, HE ENJOYS IT.

EMMA, WHAT IS THIS?!

YE'VE HAD INFORMATION ON THIS BEASTIE IN YLIIR COMPUTERS -- AND YE DINNAE REVEAL IT BEFORE NOW?!

SEAN, BELIEVE ME WHEN I TELL YOU I HAD NO PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OF --

IT WAS ME. LIKE I SAID --

-- IT TOOK A FEW MINUTES TO INPLIT EVERY DETAIL FROM MEMORY, BUT I THINK IT WAS WELL SPENT.

DON'T YOU?

THE FIRST CLUE IS VISUAL. THEIR HAIR...

...THE "SPIKEY" SIMILARITIES ARE INDISPUTABLE.



WE ALSO KNOW HE WAS TRYING TO **ABSORB** JONOTHON'S -- OR "CHAMBER," I GUESS WE'RE CALLING HIM -- **POWER** INTO HIS BODY.

POWERS, LIKE YOURS, SIR, THAT HE MANAGED TO MAINTAIN FOR A **SHORT WHILE**.

...THE MORE LIKELY EMPLATE IS TO **MAINTAIN** THE SUBJECT'S PHYSICAL ATTRIBUTES. BASED ON PENANCE'S EXHAUSTED, STARVING, AND **ATROPHIED** CONDITION, I PROPOSE SHE HAD BEEN EMPLATE'S **MAJOR SOURCE** OF SUSTENANCE FOR SOME TIME....

SEEMS SOUND TIME, LASS...

...AS SOUND A WORKIN' THEORY AS ANY WE HAVE AT THE MOMENT.

-- AREN'T FOR DECORATION OR MODESTY...

SO YE'RE SAYIN' THE LONGER EMPLATE IS IN CONTACT WITH A VICTIM...

INTERESTING. SO THEN THOSE STRAPS OF MATERIAL ON HER BODY --

...THEY'RE **RESTRAINTS**.

ACCH.

MY HEART **BLEEDS** AT THE THOUGHT OF WHAT THE WEE GIRL MUST HAVE **EXPERIENCED** AT THAT CREATURE'S HANDS.

I'M CURIOUS HOW THE EXPERIENCE AFFECTED HER **PSYCHE**.

EVEN WITH THE MOST **SEVERE** TRALMA, I SHOULD BE ABLE TO ACCESS SOME THOUGHT PATTERNS.

BUT WITH HER I ONLY FIND AN **EMPTY SHELL**. WHY?

IT IS A QUESTION THEY INTEND TO ANSWER IN THE MORNING...

...WHEN THEIR PATIENT AWAKES.

LEAVING HER ALONE, THE TRIO ARE NOT ON HAND TO LEARN THAT THE GIRL THEY CALL **PENANCE**...

...HAS HER OWN **AGENDA**.

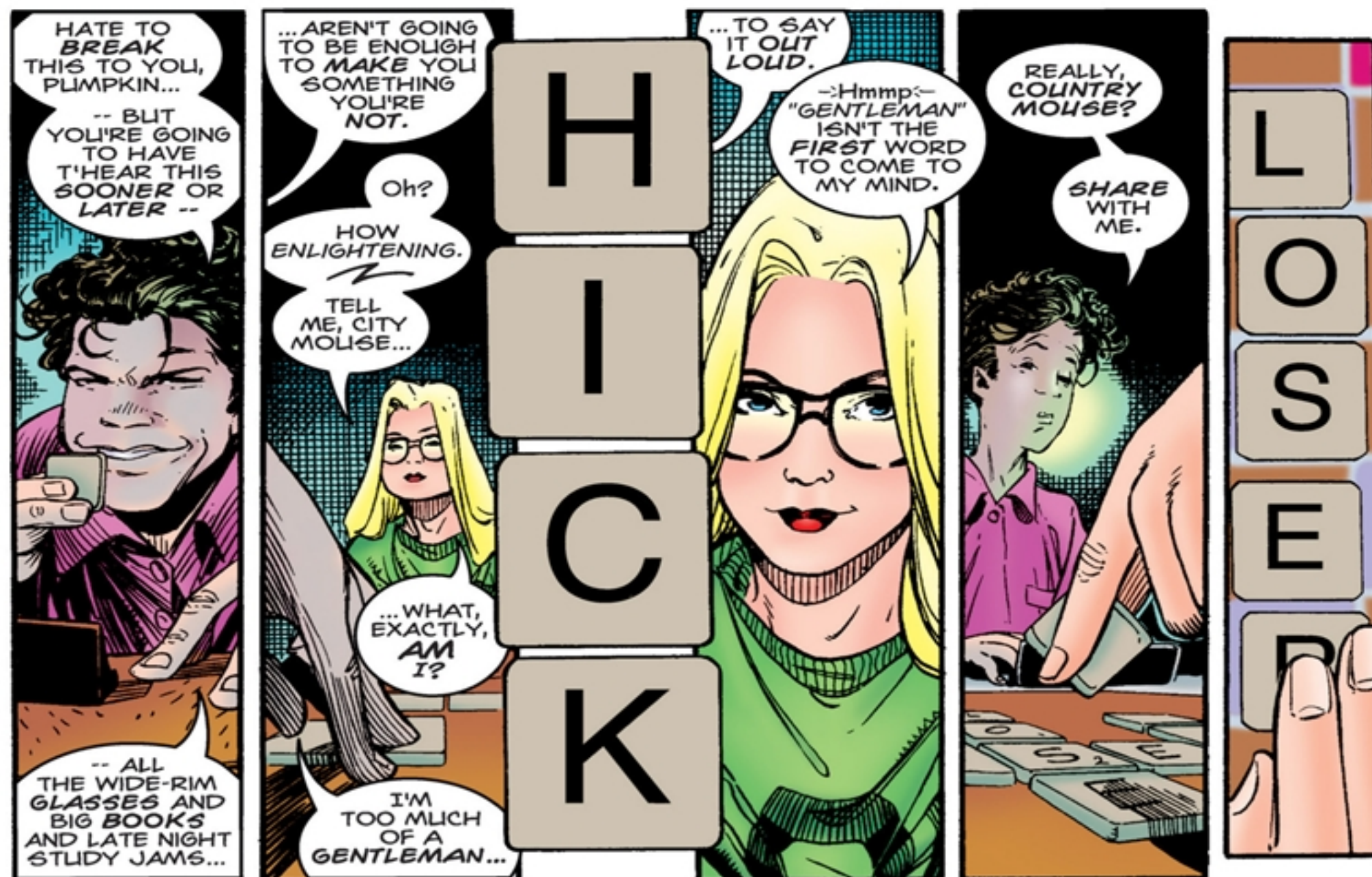
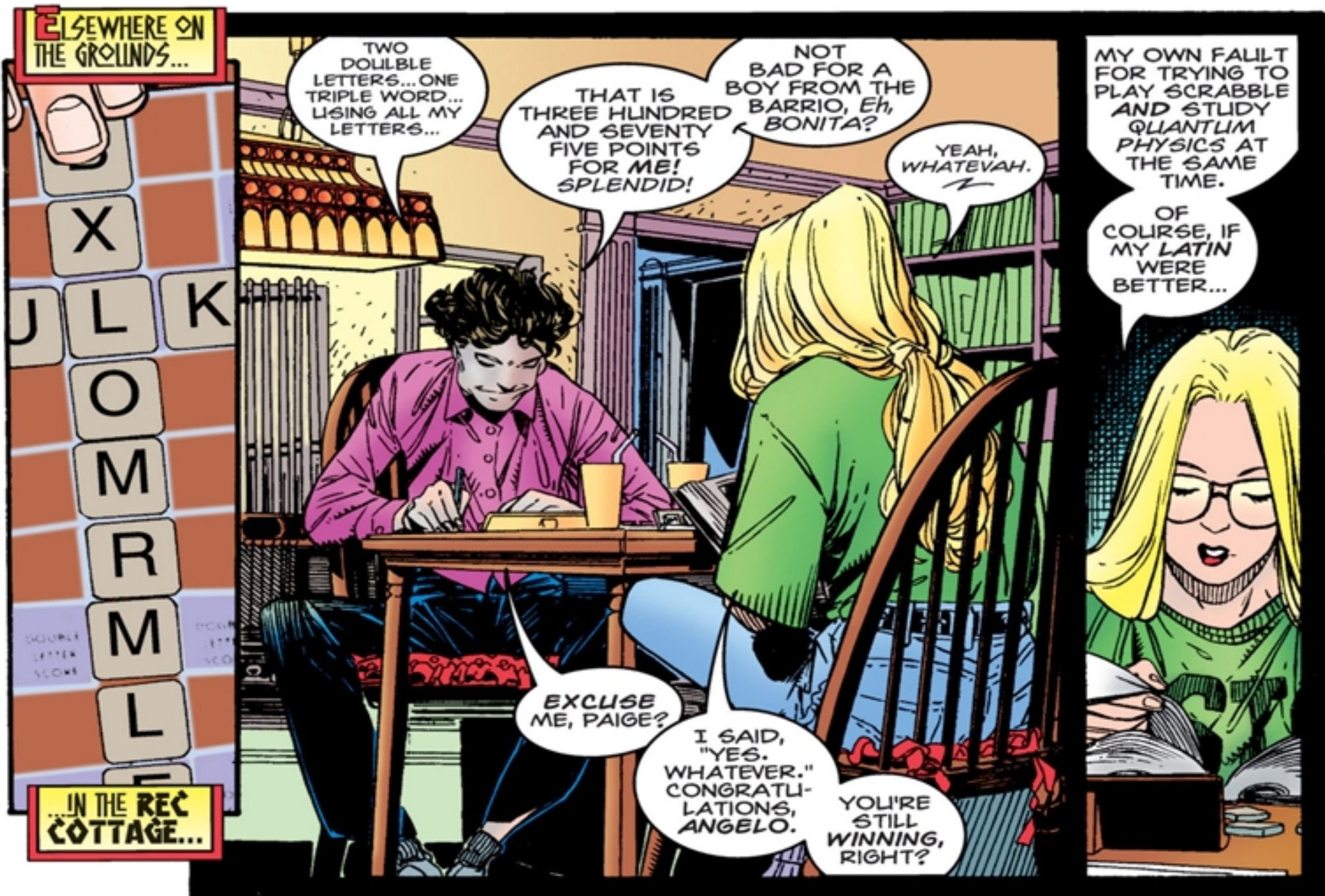
A SIMPLE ONE:

**SURVIVAL.**

IT BEGINS...

...NOW.





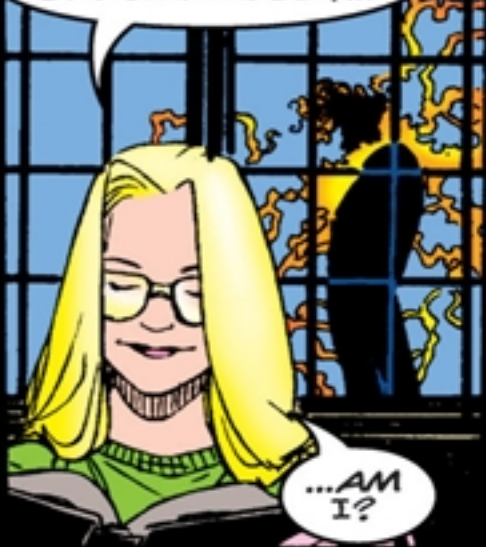


SPELLING IT OUT DOESN'T  
MAKE YOUR HOLLOW  
ASSESSMENT  
REAL, GIRL --

-- ANY  
MORE THAN  
YOUR *PRETENDING* TO BE  
SOME KIND OF CULTURED  
*INTELLECT* MAKES YOU  
ANY LESS THAN THE BACK-  
WATER FARM GRINGA  
THAT YOU ARE.



I'M NOT THE  
ONE WHO SPELLED  
"BXLOMRMLEZQ..."



...AM  
I?



"CHILDREN,"  
PLEASE...

THE  
AMOUNT OF  
IMMATURITY  
POURING...

... OUT  
OF THIS  
ROOM IS  
POSITIVELY...

... OVER-  
WHELMING.

NICE  
FLAIR FOR  
THE DRAMATIC  
ENTRANCE,  
CHAMBER.

BUT  
IF YOU  
THINK *EITHER*  
ONE OF US IS  
GOING TO BE  
SCHOOLED ON  
"MATURITY" --

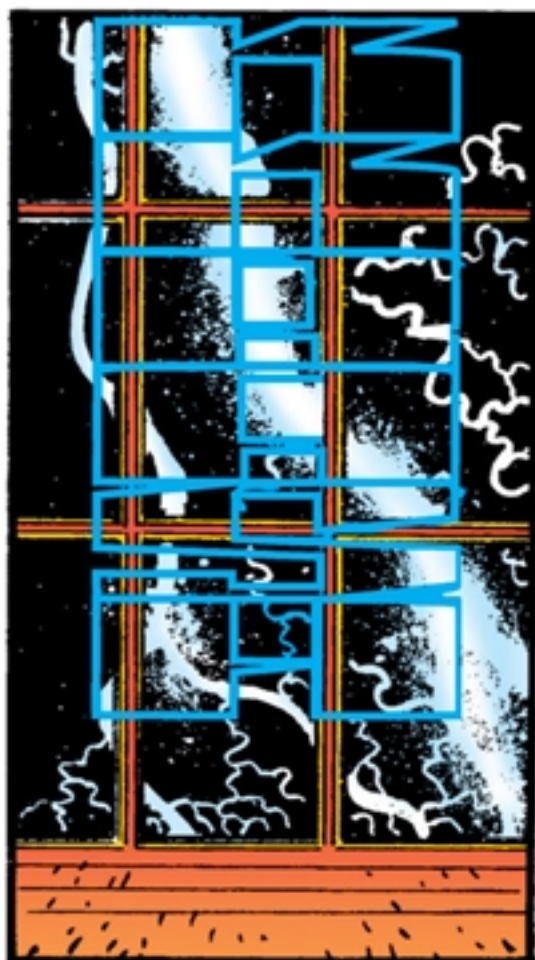
-- BY  
SOMEONE  
STANDING  
IN THE  
RAIN...

... LATER  
FOR YOU,  
MAN.



MLICH.





Umm...THINK WE HURT HIS FEELINGS?

WHO CAN TELL IF HE EVEN HAS FEELINGS?

GOOD POINT.

HEY, GANG --

THIS IS, LIKE, TOO COOL.

EVERYONE JUST HANGING... TALKING... PLAYING GAMES AND WATCHIN' THE TUBE.

KIND OF LIKE A NINETIES VERSION OF A MITATED BRADY BUNCH, NO?

ABSOLUTELY NOT. WHY DON'T YOU JOIN US?

PASS. I NEVER PLAY GAMES THAT INVOLVE SPELLING.

YOU MIGHT WANT TO DO SOMETHING, J --

-- ACCORDING TO MISTER VACUOUS EXPRESSION --

WE'RE IN FOR A MAJOR STORM TONIGHT.

MAJOR STORM WATCH.

I DINNAE MEAN TO BE BUTTING IN, LAD --

-- BUT WHAT KIND OF WORD IS "BXLOMRMLEZQ?"

-- SIGH --

**BING BING BING**

THE SECURITY PARAMETER'S BEEN BREACHED!

WHERE, LASS? WHAT SECTOR?!

THE MEDICAL CENTER, SEAN! THAT CAN ONLY MEAN...



"...PENANCE HAS  
ESCAPED!"

**IMPOSSIBLE!**

THAT WALL WAS  
REINFORCED WITH  
AN OMNIMUM  
POLYMER.

WOLVERINE,  
IN HIS PRIME,  
WOULD HAVE  
CHIPPED A  
CLAW.

NOT  
LIKELY,  
WOMAN.

EVERYONE  
STAY BACK  
UNTIL WE'RE  
SURE SHE'S NOT  
LURKING ABOUT  
SOMEWHERE.

SHE'S GONE,  
SIR. TRUST  
ME.

I CAN  
SEE IN THE  
DARK, AND  
WHAT I SEE  
IS...

...JUBILEE  
?

WHOA.

HER  
POSSE,  
WHOEVER  
THEY ARE,  
MUST HAVE  
DECIDED TO  
SPRING  
HER.

A  
FRIGHTENING  
PROSPECT, THAT  
THERE MIGHT BE  
ANOTHER VERSION  
OF PENANCE --

-- LET  
ALONE A  
MULTITUDE.

BUT  
LOOK AT  
THE LENGTH  
AND WIDTH OF  
THE MARKS,  
JUBILEE --

-- HOW  
THEY SPREAD  
OUT FROM THE  
POINT OF ORIGIN  
OF THE INTENSIVE  
CARE UNIT...



"...IT'S UNDENIABLE.

"PENANCE  
DID ALL THIS  
DAMAGE...  
HERSELF."

FREEDOM.

SHE'D ALMOST  
FORGOTTEN  
WHAT IT MEANT.

NOT THE WORD, OF  
COURSE, SINCE SHE'D  
NEVER HEARD IT IN  
HER NATIVE  
LAND.

BUT THE  
FEELING  
ITSELF.

THE ONLY MEMORIES  
SHE CAN CALL HER  
OWN...

...ALL INVOLVE THE  
HURT AND PAIN AND  
HOPELESSNESS...

...THAT DEFINED  
HER MARGINAL  
EXISTENCE AT  
THE HANDS  
OF HER  
TORMENTOR.

BUT TONIGHT  
SHE IS FREE.

AND SHE INTENDS  
TO REMAIN SO...

...FOREVER.

NO MATTER  
THE COST  
TO HER --

-- OR ANY  
OTHER.





LISTEN  
CLOSE,  
LADS AND  
LASSES...

...THE  
STORM IS  
GETTING WORSE,  
AND TIME IS  
O'THE  
ESSENCE!

WE'LL  
SPLIT INTO  
TEAMS O' TWO.  
HUSK AND I  
WILL TRY THE  
NORTH CAMPLIS,  
EMMA AND M  
THE SOUTH.

THE WEST  
END OPENS  
ONTO THE RIVER,  
SO THE REMAINING  
FOUR OF YE CAN  
CONCENTRATE  
ON --

I  
WON'T BE  
GOING, SENOR  
CASSIDY.

I'LL...  
MONITOR AND  
COORDINATE THE  
SCHEME OVER  
THE COMM-  
LINKS!

SOMEONE  
SHOULD...  
BE HERE  
WHEN SHE  
RETURNS!



NOT MUCH  
CHANCE OF THAT  
HAPPENING,  
ANGELO.

AND AS  
MUCH AS I  
APPRECIATE AND  
ENCOURAGE INDEPENDENT  
THOUGHT -- NOW ISN'T  
THE BEST TIME T'BE  
CONTRADICTIN' ME.

SO GET  
YOUR HIND  
QUARTERS  
IN GEAR  
AND --



THE BOY  
IS RIGHT,  
BANSHEE...  
IT'D BE BEST  
FOR EVERYONE  
IF HE  
STAYED!

TRUST  
ME ON THIS,  
CASSIDY.

I'LL  
EXPLAIN  
LATER.

FINE. THEN THE  
REMAINING  
THREE OF YE  
CAN CONCENTRATE  
ON THE  
EAST SIDE  
O'--

TWO  
OF US,  
SEAN!

CHAMBER --  
SHOCK O'  
SHOCKS --  
KINDA  
WANDERED  
OFF ON HIS  
OWN...



THE WEST END  
OF THE CAMPUS.

THE RIVER.

JONOTHON  
STARSMORE  
DIDN'T SPEAK  
TO PENANCE  
WHEN SHE  
ARRIVED AT  
THE SCHOOL --

-- NOR  
SHE TO  
HIM.

YET HE  
SEES IN HER  
BATTERED  
AND BRUISED  
FORM...

...A  
KINDRED  
SPIRIT.

HE KNOWS  
WHAT IT IS  
LIKE TO BE  
TRAPPED  
WITHIN ONE'S  
SELF --

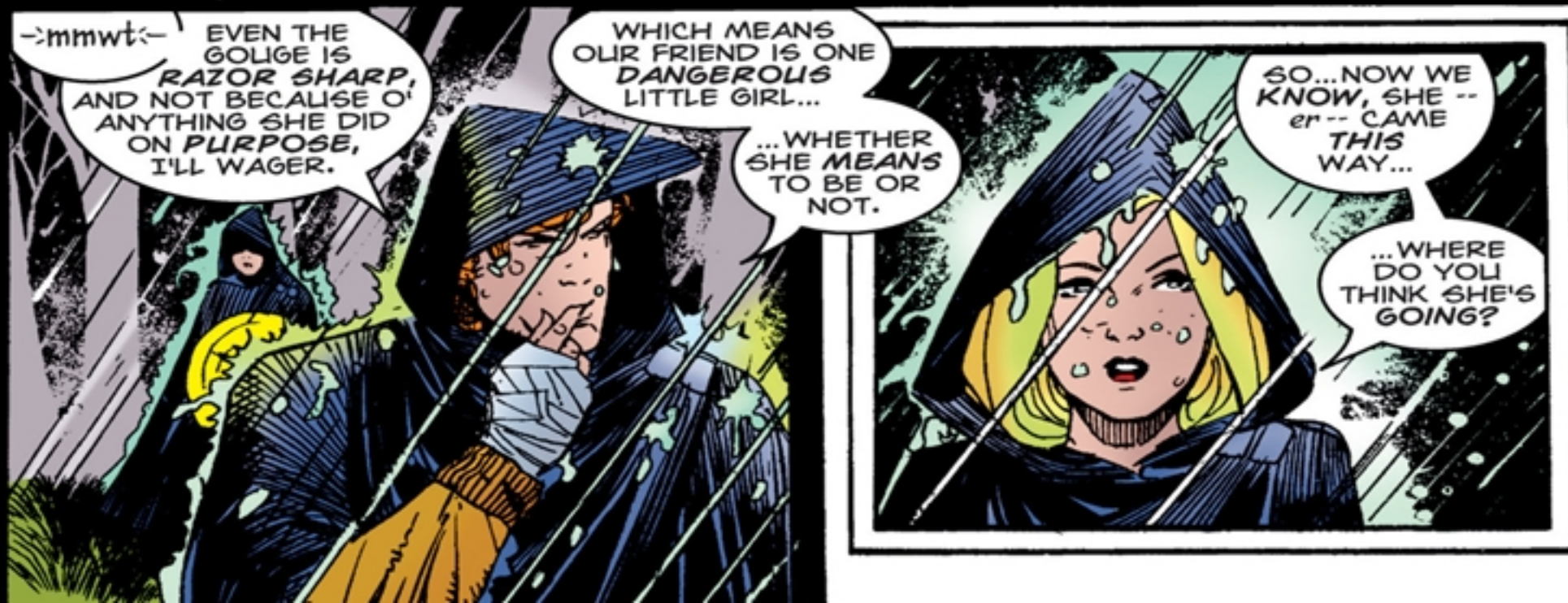
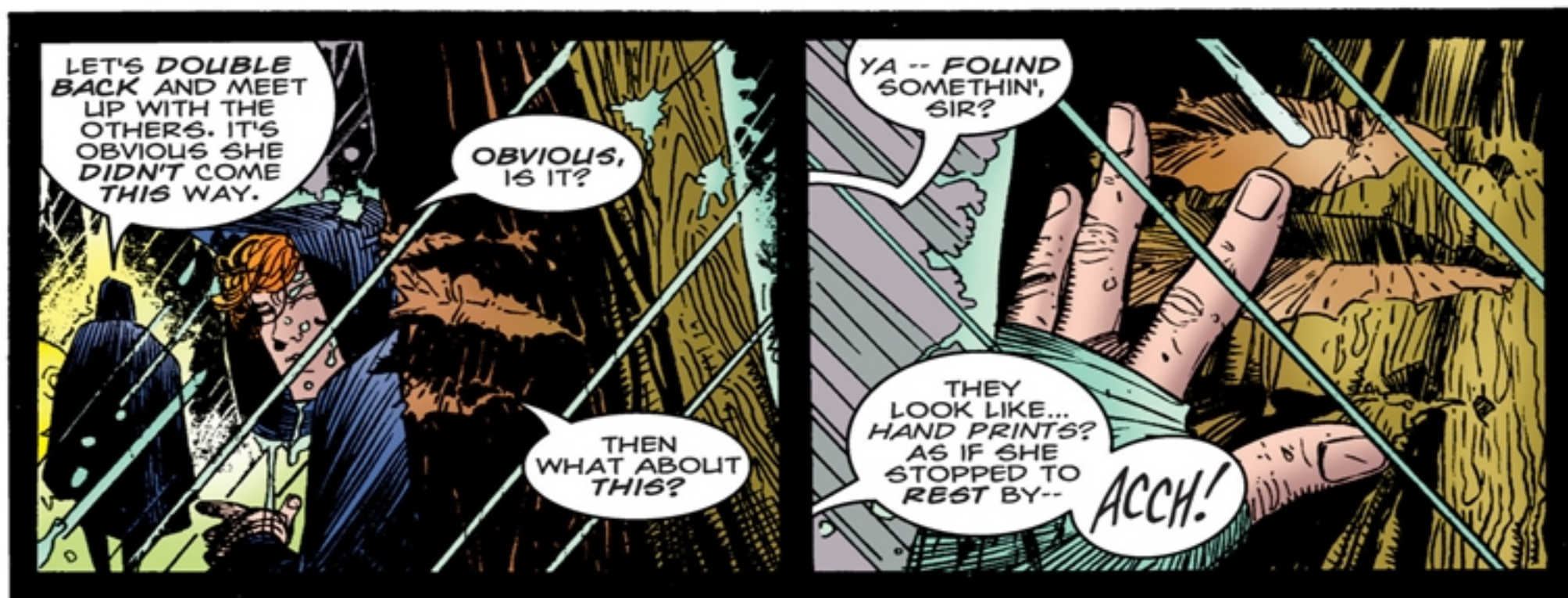
-- BETRAYED  
AND RAVAGED  
BY THE HORROR  
OF ONE'S OWN  
BODY.

SOMEHOW, IN  
HIS HEART, HE  
UNDERSTANDS  
SHE WILL FIND  
HER WAY...

...HERE.

TO  
HIM.







I DON'T  
KNOW, TO BE  
SURE... BUT  
LET'S FIND OUT  
TOGETHER...  
SHALL WE?

REMEMBER  
PAIGE, THERE'S  
A REASON THE  
X-MEN -- EVEN  
X-FORCE -- ARE  
A TEAM.

SOME-  
TIMES TWO  
CAN ACCOMPLISH  
MORE THAN  
ONE, LASS.

NOW, IF YE'LL  
EXCUSE  
ME...

SMART  
MOVE,  
GAL.

TRY TO  
IMPRESS THE  
TEACHER BY  
SHOWIN' HIM  
EXACTLY HOW  
GREEN AH  
AM.

AH MEAN,  
LOOK AT HIM...  
USIN' HIS SONIC  
SCREAM AND THE  
RAIN AS SOME  
KINDA' MUTANT  
SONAR!

FACE IT,  
GLUTHRIE.  
THE GUY'S BEEN  
DOIN' THIS TYPE OF  
STUFF LONGER'N  
AH'VE BEEN  
ALIVE.

**AAAAND-BINGO!**

THE  
VERY THING  
WE WERE  
SEARCHING  
FOR.

PHONE  
IT IN.

YES,  
SIR.

SKIN?  
CAN YOU  
HEAR  
ME?!

LOLID  
AND CLEAR,  
CHICA.

¿QUE  
PASA?



THE SOUTH  
SIDE OF CAMPUS...

DO YOU  
REALLY THINK  
IT'S NECESSARY  
TO OBLITERATE  
EVERYTHING IN  
YOUR PATH,  
M?

NOT  
AT ALL --  
I WAS ONLY  
REMOVING THE  
FALLEN  
TREE...

...BECAUSE  
I THOUGHT IT  
WOULD HELP  
FACILITATE YOU  
KEEPING UP  
WITH ME.

YOU'RE  
TOO KIND,  
CHILD.

CONDE-  
SCENDING,  
BUT KIND.

HOLD  
LIP.

ACCORDING  
TO SKIN...  
BANSHEE'S  
FOUND  
SOMETHING.

LET'S GO  
BACK THEM  
UP.

PERFECTLY  
LOGICAL.

NOW,  
SINCE YOU  
MADE IT  
CLEAR YOU  
DON'T NEED  
MY ASSIS-  
TANCE --

-- YOU'LL  
EXCUSE ME  
IF I FLY  
AHEAD?

THIS  
ATTITUDE  
OF YOURS, M --  
IS IT BECAUSE  
OF WHAT I  
DID AT THE  
AIRPORT...

...WHEN I  
TELEPATHICALLY  
GRABBED YOUR  
MIND?

\*SEE  
OUR FIRST  
ISSUE  
-BOB





YOU DON'T LIKE ME VERY MUCH, DO YOU?



MS. FROST, I DON'T EVEN **KNOW** YOU.

HOW AM I SUPPOSED TO DECIDE WHETHER I **LIKE** YOU OR NOT?



TOUCHÉ, M.

WHAT IS IT ABOUT YOU THAT **INFURIATES** ME?

PERHAPS BECAUSE YOU'RE SO PERFECTLY **AT EASE** WITH YOUR ABILITIES?



IT'S NEVER MORE DIFFICULT TO **MANIPULATE** SOMEONE THAN WHEN--



WHA--?!

THE TREE?



GRANTED --

?!



-- I DON'T LIKE THAT YOU **TRAIPSE** ABOUT IN PEOPLE'S HEADS.

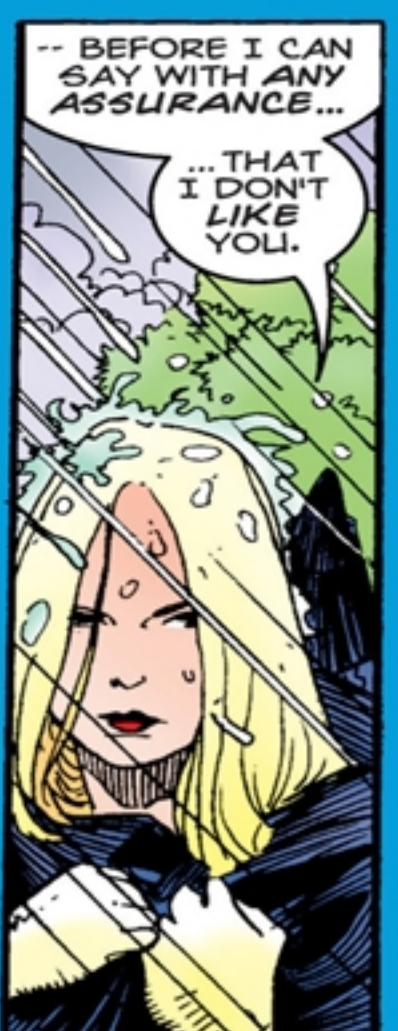


NOR AM I A FAN OF WHAT YOU **WEAR**...



...OR, MORE **ACCURATELY**, WHAT YOU **DON'T** WEAR.

BUT IT WILL BE A LONG TIME, NO DOUBT --



-- BEFORE I CAN SAY WITH ANY **ASSURANCE**...

...THAT I **DON'T** LIKE YOU.



INTERLUDE

MONACO

SPECIFICALLY,  
THE ESTATE  
OF CARTIER  
ST.CROIX.

FORMERLY --

-- THE PRESIDENT  
OF SEVERAL  
CORPORATIONS.

CURRENTLY --

-- AN  
ECCENTRIC.

A BIT  
OF A  
LOON...

...IN A  
WELL-  
GUARDED  
CAGE.

->PFFT-<

THIS IS  
ALMOST  
TOO  
EASY.

SAY  
"G'NIGHT,"  
MISTER  
PRESIDENT.

SSHINK

M-  
MY...

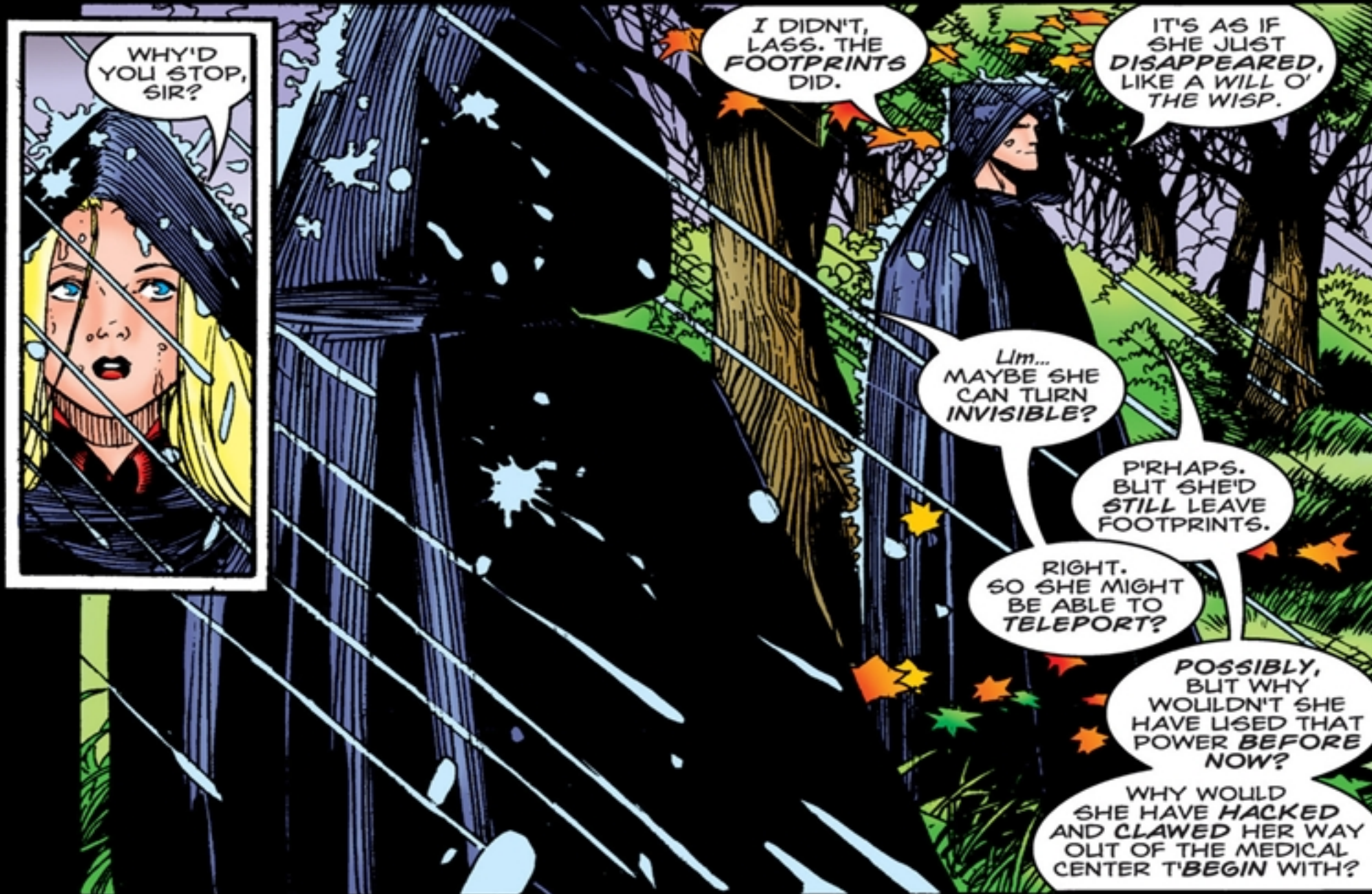
...MY  
HAND?

N-NO --  
JUST MY  
GLOVE.

BUT  
HOW --  
WHY?!

NANNY?  
I END  
INTERLUDE





WHY'D YOU STOP, SIR?

I DIDN'T, LASS. THE FOOTPRINTS DID.

IT'S AS IF SHE JUST DISAPPEARED, LIKE A WILL O' THE WISP.

Um... MAYBE SHE CAN TURN INVISIBLE?

P'RHAPS. BUT SHE'D STILL LEAVE FOOTPRINTS.

RIGHT. SO SHE MIGHT BE ABLE TO TELEPORT?

POSSIBLY, BUT WHY WOULDN'T SHE HAVE USED THAT POWER BEFORE NOW?

WHY WOULD SHE HAVE HACKED AND CLAWED HER WAY OUT OF THE MEDICAL CENTER T'BEGIN WITH?



NO... I SUSPECT SHE'S STILL NEARBY.



LET'S SUPPOSE SHE LEAPT CLEAR O' HER LAST STEP...



...GETTING AS FAR AS... HERE?

SIR?



SHE -- STEPPED IN T'HE GROUND.



MUST'VE DOUBLED BACK.



WE ARE NOT TRACKING HER --

-- AS MUCH AS SHE IS TRACKING US!



THOUGH SHE'D NEVER ADMIT IT --

-- PAIGE GLUTHRIE HAD EVERY INTENTION OF SCREAMING.

NOT FOR "HELP," PER SE.

JUST A SCREAM OF PURE, UNBRIDLED TERROR...

...WELLING UP FROM THE CENTER OF HER BEING.

MERCIFULLY, FOR HER EGO...

...SHE NEVER HAS THE CHANCE.

HUSK!

TWOOP

STUPID, SEAN! STUPIDSTUPID STUPID!

SO BUSY PLAYING THE WISE OLE' SAGE, YE DIDN'T NOTICE WHAT WAS RIGHT LINDER YE NOSE!

NOW CONCENTRATE!

USIN' ME SONIC SCREAM T'STAY ONE FOOT BEHIND THEM --

-- SO I DON'T ACCIDENTALLY HURT EITHER ONE O'THEM WITH A STRAY BLAST!

BETWEEN ME OWN POWER, PENANCE BURROWIN' AROUND DOWN THERE...

...AND NATURAL LINDERGROUND POCKETS...WITH ANY LUCK AT ALL...



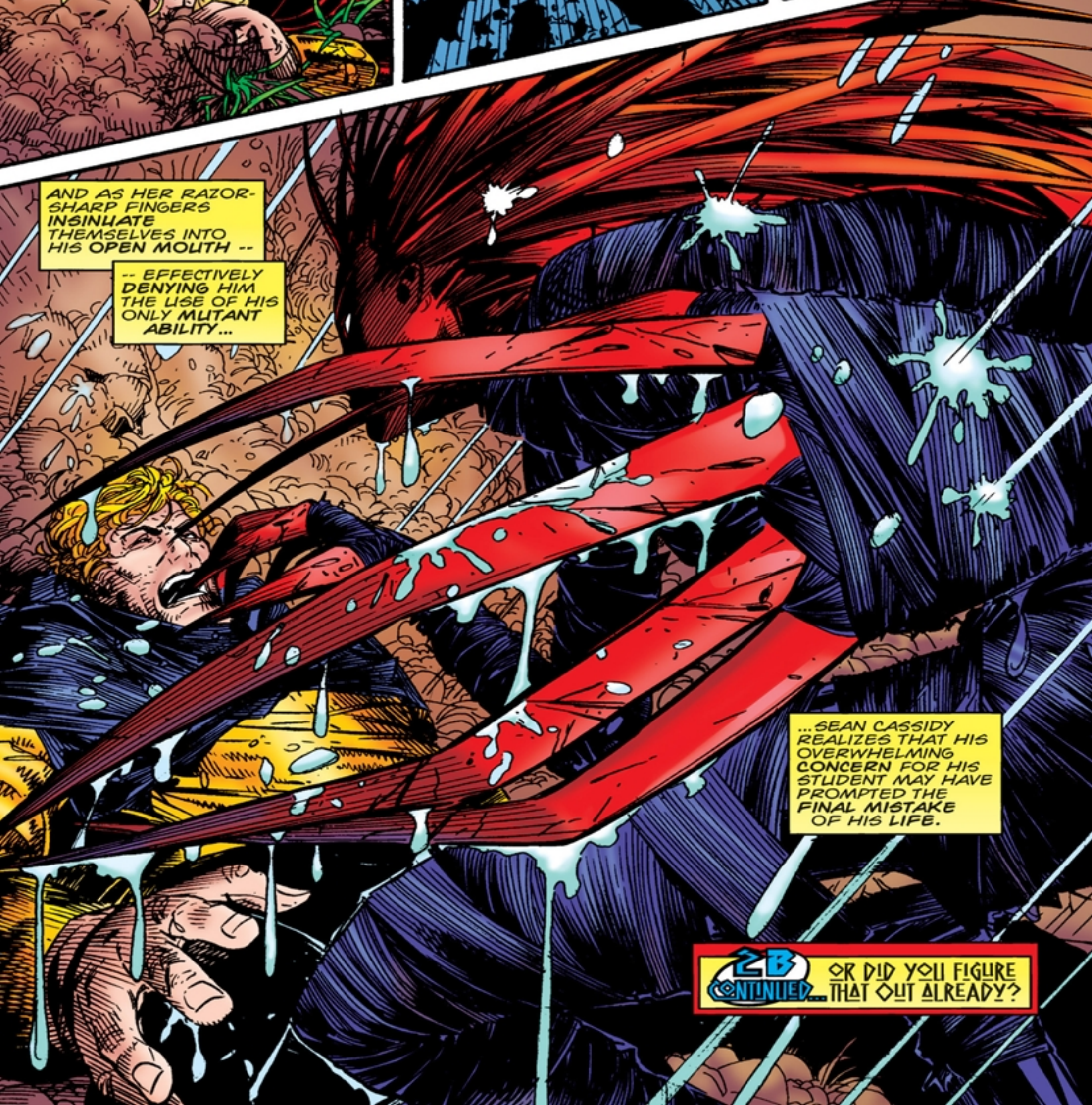


PAIGE?

HE ASSUMES  
PENANCE IS  
LONG GONE.



HE IS  
WRONG.



AND AS HER RAZOR-  
SHARP FINGERS  
INSINUATE  
THEMSelves INTO  
HIS OPEN MOUTH --

-- EFFECTIVELY  
DENYING HIM  
THE USE OF HIS  
ONLY MUTANT  
ABILITY...

...SEAN CASSIDY  
REALIZES THAT HIS  
OVERWHELMING  
CONCERN FOR HIS  
STUDENT MAY HAVE  
PROMPTED THE  
FINAL MISTAKE  
OF HIS LIFE.

**2B**  
CONTINUED...

OR DID YOU FIGURE  
THAT OUT ALREADY?