

**MARVEL**  
PSR 12

BOLLERS  
PAGULAYAN  
CRISOSTOMO

# Emma Frost



DIRECT EDITION



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\$2.99 US \$4.25 CAN

**MIND GAMES**

6 OF 6



MIND GAMES 6 OF 6

# GOING MENTAL

PREVIOUSLY IN EMMA FROST...

**EMMA FROST** HAS DISCOVERED SHE'S NOT LIKE OTHER GIRLS. SHE POSSESSES THE ABILITY TO HEAR THE THOUGHTS AND ACCESS THE MEMORIES OF OTHERS. SHE IS A **MUTANT**.

YOUNG EMMA TURNS HER BACK ON HER FATHER AND THE SECURITY OF HER WEALTHY MASSACHUSETTS HOME, CHOOSING INSTEAD TO SEEK HER OWN FORTUNE. ALONE IN BOSTON, THE JOBLESS EMMA MEETS AND BEFRIENDS A DISHWASHER NAMED **TROY** WHO IS HEAVILY INDEBTED TO **LUCIEN**, A LOAN SHARK. EMMA USES HER POWERS TO WIN THE MONEY FOR TROY AT A LOCAL CASINO AND PAY OFF TROY'S DEBT, BUT GETS CAUGHT WHEN SHE TRIES TO DO IT A SECOND TIME TO PAY OFF HIS INTEREST. BECAUSE EMMA AND TROY ARE UNABLE TO PAY HIM IN FULL, LUCIEN ORDERS HIS BRUISERS TO EXECUTE THEM.

TROY CONVINCES LUCIEN THAT THEY CAN SUCCESSFULLY BLACKMAIL EMMA'S FATHER, **WINSTON**, INTO PAYING THEM A QUARTER OF A MILLION DOLLARS BY PRETENDING TO RANSOM EMMA. AFTER RECEIVING A VIDEOTAPE OF THE KIDNAPPED EMMA, WINSTON REFUSES TO PAY THE AMOUNT SINCE HE HAS ALREADY DISOWNED HER. TROY TRIES TO BUY EMMA TIME TO ESCAPE, BUT IS MURDERED BY LUCIEN INSTEAD. EMMA, NOW A HOSTAGE FOR REAL, IS DEVASTATED. MEANWHILE, EMMA'S OLDER SISTER **ADRIENNE** SELLS THE VIDEOTAPE TO A BOSTON NEWS STATION THAT AIRS IT TO THE PUBLIC.

THE INVOLVEMENT OF BOTH LAW ENFORCEMENT AND THE MEDIA FORCES WINSTON TO RECONSIDER HIS EARLIER DECISION TO ABANDON HIS DAUGHTER IN ORDER TO SAVE FACE...

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...everything's going to turn out just fine.





I want your kidnappers to know that I was **not** responsible for the videocassette coming into the media's unfortunate possession, but I accept full responsibility...



...and assure my **willing** cooperation. I've forbidden **any** police involvement and will see to it they are **paid in full**.



I'm going to close this deal as **quickly** as I can, Emma, and get you home **safe**.

Inform the kidnappers how to contact me. Follow their **instructions**. And be **strong**, sweetheart.

frost house -- boston, massachusetts.



We love you **deeply**.





Mister Frost, what now--?  
No comment.



Huh. Looks like your old man had himself a big, old *change of heart*, Emma.  
Must've gotten Troy's ear. Good. Now I've got *his*.

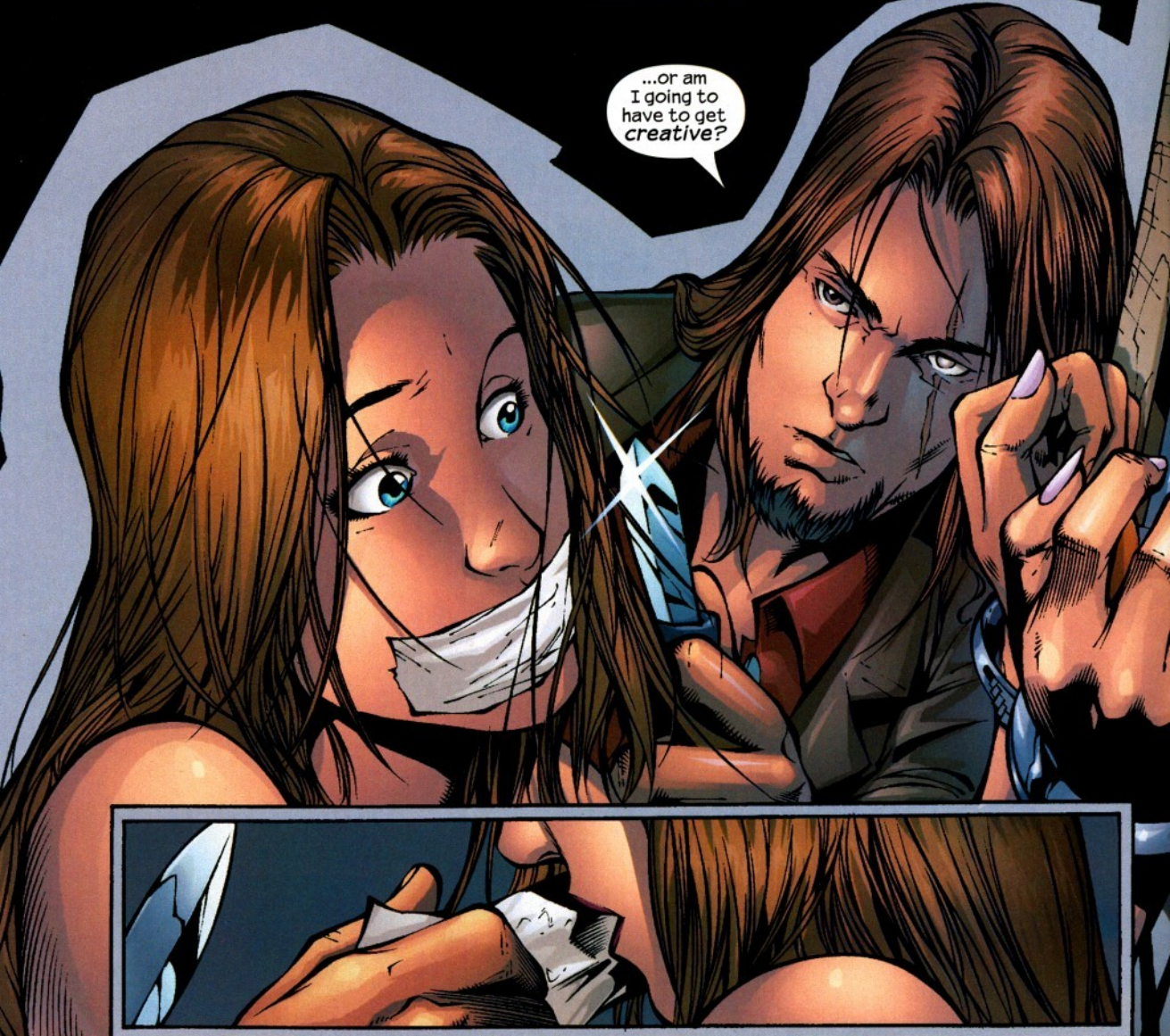


Don't *flatter* yourself, Lucien.



My father doesn't *respond* to threats. He must have some *other* motive.

Now, when I remove this piece of tape from your mouth are you going to tell me how to get *in touch* with him...



...or am I going to have to get *creative*?







Winwinwin...



What's *that* supposed to--?

Winwinwine@frost.net--it's his *email* address.



*Petal*. The laptop. You know what to do...



I'm *on* it, Lucien.

...and so do *you*, Bazz.

O-okay, Lucien...



Sorry, kid.



Sure you are, Bazz. *Sure* you are.



Huh?



the frost house

I just received word from the kidnapers, Detectives...which means Emma is definitely still alive.

Otherwise they couldn't have gotten my *personal* email address.

Why are all those people gathered on our lawn?

Er, as I was saying...

...they've told me *where* to bring the ransom money--a locker in Boston's *South Station*. They'll release her within 12 hours of the *drop*.

I've got an *idea*, Mr. Frost...

Hey, Lucien-- Frost just *replied* to our email.

He says he'll play along, but with *one exception*--half now, the rest when she's *released*.

Tell him *two-thirds* now and he's got himself a *deal*.

They've basically *agreed* to your plan, Lieutenant.

Good. Means we'll be able to *tail* them once they've made the *pickup*...

I'll arrange a *stakeout*...





H-he *heard* my thoughts. Bazz just heard my *thoughts*.

The way he reacted--

--I'm *positive*.



Which means, although I *can't* speak--

--I can *get* through to him.



Bazz?

What are you *doing*?

Bazz?

You *know* this is insane.

Bazz?

What's gotten into your *head*?

Shut-  
Up!



What'd you say, Bazz?

Uhh...can I go outside to get some *fresh* air, boss?



What's *wrong* with the air you're *breathing*?





N-nothing, Lucien...

Gee...who stole his milk money?

Milo. Stu. Did you get rid of Troy?



Yeah.

Bought him a pair of cement sneakers.



"Then tried to see if he could walk on water."

"You guys serious about the sneakers?"



Nah. Just wanted to see what you'd say...

Funny.



I-I saw it in their minds.

They'll pay for that.



Well, while you two were taking out the *trash*, the rich girl's dad decided to pay us the ransom... but he needed *peace of mind* that she'd be okay.

So I agreed to accept two-thirds of the cash now and the balance once she's *released*, which means...



...we *settle* for a little over \$160,000.



What? You're joking, Lucien, right?

Why not collect the rest of it?

Don't you losers *get it*?! That's *exactly* what they want us to do! They're *praying* that we get *greedy*!

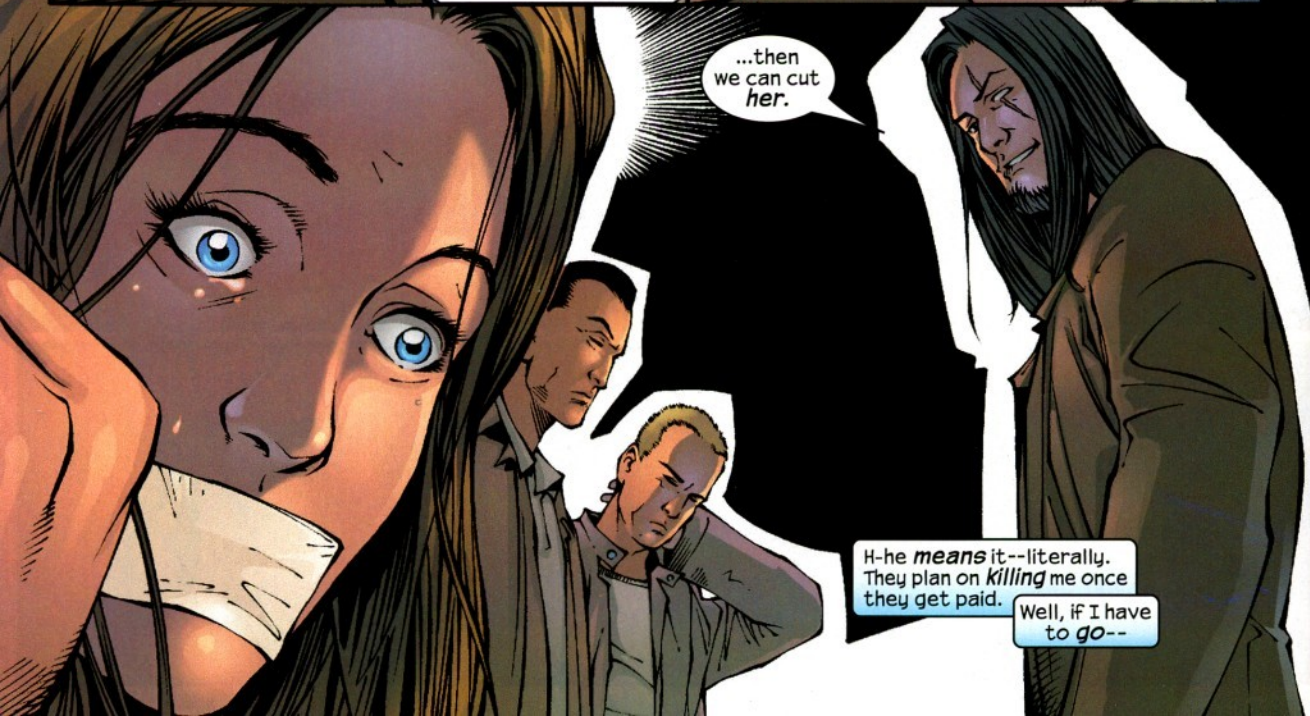


We do that, and I *guarantee* you the cops'll be waiting. Why else would that geezer offer us *more* money after his daughter was *already* freed?

As long as we've got *Daddy's girl* they won't try anything *stupid*. We'll have to cut our *losses*...




...then we can cut *her*.



H-he *means* it--literally. They plan on *killing* me once they get paid.

Well, if I have to go--






--it *won't* be without a *fight!*




Milo?



Stu?




Do you want to know what 160,000 divided by five equals?




It equals *not worth* the risk.

Unless...




...unless Lucien doesn't intend to share it *equally* at all.



Ever think about *that*?



Well...?




Hey... how're we going to *split* the money, Lucien?

What do you *mean*, "How are we going to *split* the money?" What kind of *stupid* question is that?






We're going to split it *equally!*




You don't *really* buy a word of that-- *do* you, Bazz? You *know* Lucien will collect on the *debt* you owe him from your portion of the money...

...and whatever you have *left over* he'll claim as *interest*. You'll *never* be free of him, Bazz...



...unless you call the *police*.




Bazz! What are you *doing?!*

J-just seeing what *time* it is...



Lucien? *Tell* me.

Where do *they* get off questioning *you* on how the money should be split?



You should get *all* of it just for *masterminding* this entire scheme.





I mean, just *look* at her. An honest to goodness *heir*ess.

Easy money, if you ask me...



Petal?

Why is Lucien always *staring* at the rich girl like that?

And what was that comment about *kissing* and *making up*?

Is he *attracted* to her?



Lucien, could I have a *word* with you?

Yeah, baby, sure...



What are they *whispering* about, Stu?

A way to *keep* the money for *themselves*? You should *definitely* talk to Milo about this...



Lucien, how can you *trust* Milo and Stu to make the *pickup*?

What if they take the money and *run*?



Lucien-- are you *paying attention* to me?



Hey, how many things am I supposed to *focus* on?!



Sowing seeds of *distrust* is all fine and dandy, Emma...



...but *now* it's time...

...to get...





...drastic.



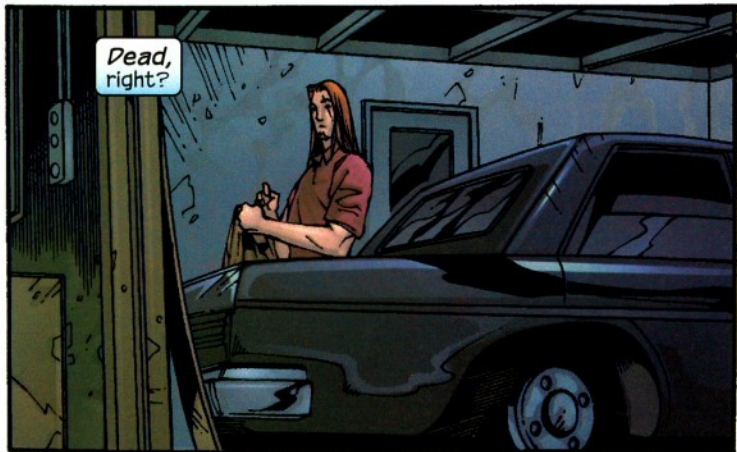
Hey, Lucien--



--you'll *never* work off your debt if you keep breaking dishes like that...

What the--?

Troy--? But you're--



Dead, right?



Guess your *mind* must be *playing* tricks on you...

...because the others didn't see a *thing*.



And who could **blame** you?

You haven't *slept* in over twenty-four hours...

*What?* You think the **rich kid** had something to do with it?

Come *on*, Lucien...

...how is that **possible**?

First **hallucinations**...

...now **paranoia**.

What *next*? Speaking in **tongues**?

This is the crime of your **life**, right?

No...

...instead they question your **authority**.

No wonder the pressure's starting to **get** to you, Lucien.

You're in **way** over your--

Yo!  
Wake up and smell the greenbacks, Lucien!

And it's being **broadcast** to the entire planet. Does anybody **acknowledge** that?

Show a lack of **faith**.





Got another email from Paddy Dearest.



He just made the drop. The money's waiting at South Station.



Then we should go pick it up, right...?

No.



"No"? Why not?!

Yeah, Lucien. You've never had a problem sending us to collect before, so explain...




...why not?!




Because I don't trust you.





Here's my explanation.



Lucien, what are you doing?!



No, Lucien--  
--stop it!




We're ready to talk.



Shutup shutup shutup!




All right there, loony tunes...



Whoa. Whoa. Whoa, guys! We seriously need to chill before this gets out of hand!



Out of the way, Petal. You heard your boyfriend, Petal.



Put the gun down *now*, Lucien--or I might do something you'll regret!



Whu--?



Out of the way.





Oh no--

--he's going to--



Blow him away, baby!



She's baggage.

**BLAM**







W-whu--?!

Ack!



**BLAM**



**PHUT**

Whu--?



Stu? You just tried to shoot me!

You killed Petal!

So, big fat what? I'm going to kill you, too--



**BLAM**

--Stu.



HA! HA! HA! HA!

BLAM



Bye... baby...







T-they're-- they're--

Ohno ohnoohno ohno.

All of them.



M-Miss Frost...?

Except one.

A-are you okay? L-look--I got the key.



KLAK



See? I'm one of the good guys. One of the goo--

KLAK



Huh? No! I-I don't understand! What are you doing? This isn't funny!

No, Bazz-- it's not in the least bit.



Don't worry. I'll place an anonymous call to the police--tell them where to find you.

Emma-- wait! Don't leave me like this! I-it wasn't my fault! I wanted to help you, Emma!

Emmma!



South station

I *had* to play mind games-- to turn Lucien's gang *against* one another.

I made them all *think* they were killing each other.

And now they're all in *custody*, with no memories of me whatsoever.

The world *isn't* black and white. I'm beginning to *see* that.

That's why I've come *here*-- to the terminal. My father has *police* staked out *all over*...

They can't see me *approach* the locker...


...but I'm using my *abilities* to mask my *presence* from them.

...or *empty* it.

I learned the *combination* when I experienced Lucien's *memories*.

Makes it almost *worth* it.





Almost.

A hundred and sixty *grand* isn't a lot of money compared to Daddy's *millions*, but it'll be enough to start a *new life* somewhere else.

So, so long,  
*Beantown...*

...*Big Apple*,  
here I come!

the end