

MARVEL
PSR 14

BOLLERS
PAGULAYAN
CRISOSTOMO

Emma Frost



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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.

Emma Frost

PREVIOUSLY



After turning her back on her father and the security of her wealthy Massachusetts lifestyle, Emma leaves Boston and travels to New York City where she enrolls as a full-time student at Empire State University. She majors in Education & Teaching with a minor in Business, and her telepathic abilities allow her to excel academically. Christie is Emma's extroverted roommate whose parents, unlike Emma's, fully support the career path she has chosen. Christie even has her own mentor.

When Christie learns that Emma has turned down an invite from Max, an ESU varsity basketball player, to attend that night's game, she helps to change her mind and they both go. But in the final seconds of the game, just as Max is about to score the winning point for the home team, Emma is suddenly overwhelmed by the thoughts of the fans all around her and has to exit immediately.

The incident traumatizes her so much that she is scared to leave her dorm room for several days and is absent from her classes. Christie tries to ask her what is wrong, but Emma is reluctant to tell her the truth. Just when Emma thinks things can't get any worse, Christie's mentor stops by the dorm...

...and it's Ian Kendall. Emma's high school teacher. And first crush.

Emma Frost No. 14, October, 2004. Published Monthly by MARVEL COMICS, a division of MARVEL ENTERTAINMENT GROUP, INC. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 10 East 40th Street, New York, NY 10016. © 2004 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved. All characters featured in this issue and the distinctive names and likenesses thereof, and all related indicia are trademarks of Marvel Characters, Inc. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. \$2.99 per copy in the U.S. and \$4.25 in Canada (GST #R127032852) in the direct market and \$2.99 per copy in the U.S. and \$4.25 in Canada (GST #R127032852) through the newsstand; Canadian Agreement #40668537. Printed in the USA. ALLEN LIPSON, Chief Executive Officer and General Counsel; AVI ARAD, Chief Creative Officer; GUI KARYO, President of Publishing and CIO; DAVID BOGART, Managing Editor; STAN LEE, Chairman Emeritus. For information regarding advertising in Marvel Comics or on Marvel.com, please contact Russell Brown, Executive Vice President, Consumer Products, Promotions and Media Sales at rbrown@marvel.com or 212-576-8561.



Emma?
Ian!

You're Christie's roommate? And...and blonde?

Uhh... bleached. And you're her mentor? And...and you look... different.

Contacts.

Hold up-- you guys *know* each other?!

Ooh, boy.

"MUTTIE" BLOOM

PART
2 of 6

BY KARL BOLLERS & CARLO PAGULAYAN

DENNIS CRISOSTOMO INKER	TRANSPARENCY DIGITAL COLORS	VC'S CORY PETIT LETTERS	GREG HORN COVER ARTIST	STEPHANIE MOORE & SEAN RYAN ASSISTANT EDITORS	MIKE MARTS EDITOR	JOE QUESADA EDITOR IN CHIEF	DAN BUCKLEY PUBLISHER
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It's a...long story.

I was Emma's high school art teacher.

Man! What are the odds of you two running into each other after all this time? Talk about *Kismet!*

Shoot me *now*.



It's *really* good to see you, Emma.

Really?

You too, Ian.



Well, I was *just* about to do the wash, and lord knows it won't do *itself*--

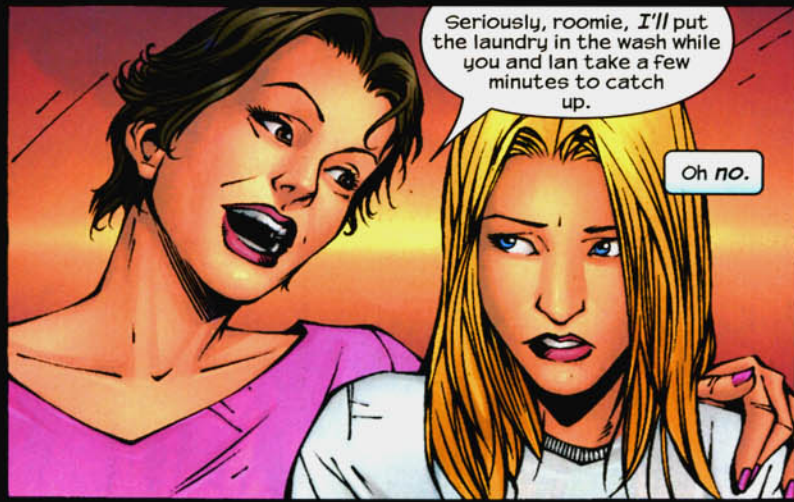
--so why don't I just leave you and Christie to whatever it is you're--

Step *away* from the laundry basket, miss!



Christie...!

You have five seconds to comply.



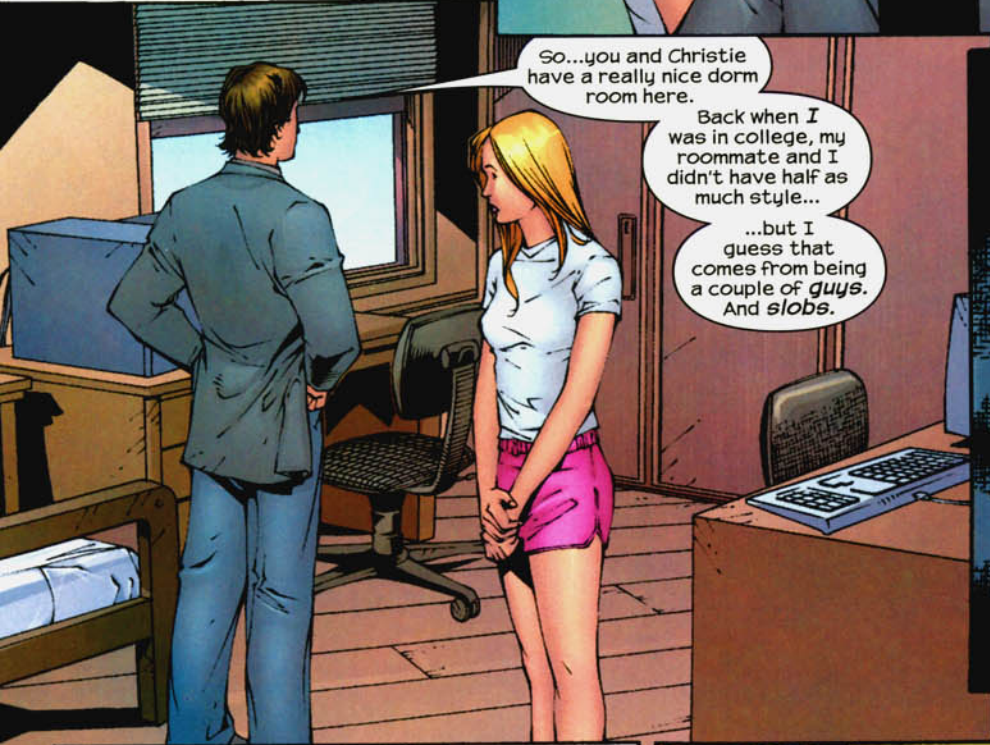
Seriously, roomie, I'll put the laundry in the wash while you and Ian take a few minutes to catch up.

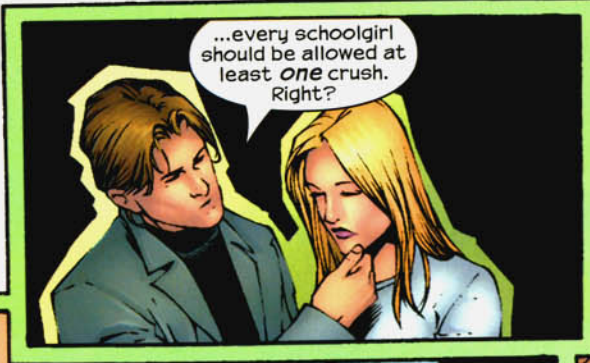
Oh *no*.



See ya in a few!

Please don't leave.

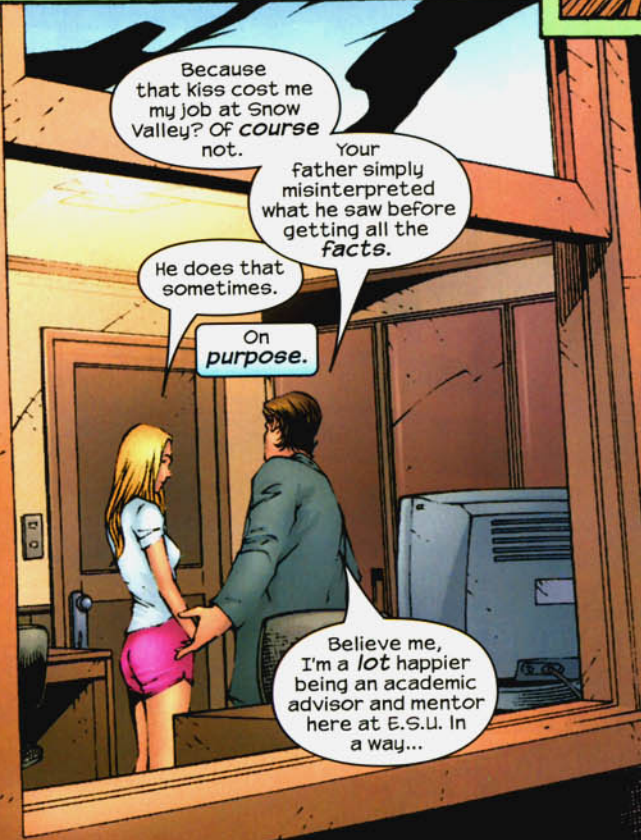




...every schoolgirl should be allowed at least *one* crush. Right?



So you don't blame me?



Because that kiss cost me my job at Snow Valley? Of course not.

Your father simply misinterpreted what he saw before getting all the facts.

He does that sometimes.

On purpose.

Believe me, I'm a lot happier being an academic advisor and mentor here at E.S.U. In a way...



...that kiss set me free.



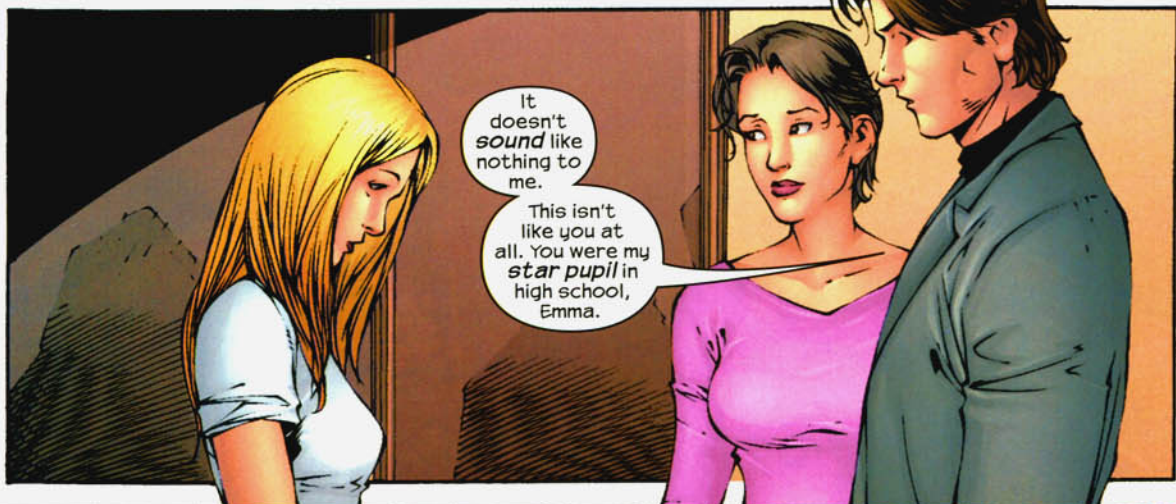
Hi, honey! I'm home!

Hey, Emma-- Ian and I are going to a gallery opening in Soho tonight. Want to come with?

I...think I'll pass if that's okay.



Emma's a recluse, Ian. She doesn't go anywhere. Not even to class!





MUTANTS MENACE HUMANITY

PROTECT US HUMANS

PLAY BY THE RULES

MUTANT = CHEATERS

RADIOACTIVE LIARS

AGENTS of DESTRUCTION GENETIC TERRORISTS

THEY'RE AMONG US

TEST ATHLETE 4 MUTATION!

TEST ATHLETES FOR MUTATION!

NO MEAN MUTANTS

MUTANT =

I'M A MUTANT

MUTANTS ARE HAZARDS

But the signs they're carrying make absolutely no sense.

Good to see you again, Emma. Don't mind them... they've been at it all morning.

Hey, Max. So...I don't get it. What the heck are they supposed to be protesting?

Haven't you heard? Some star athlete in California was revealed to be a mutant.

A... mutant?

Yeah. Haven't you been reading the newspapers? Or watching the news?

No, not really.

These mutants... scientists are saying that they're supposed to be this *new breed* of human.

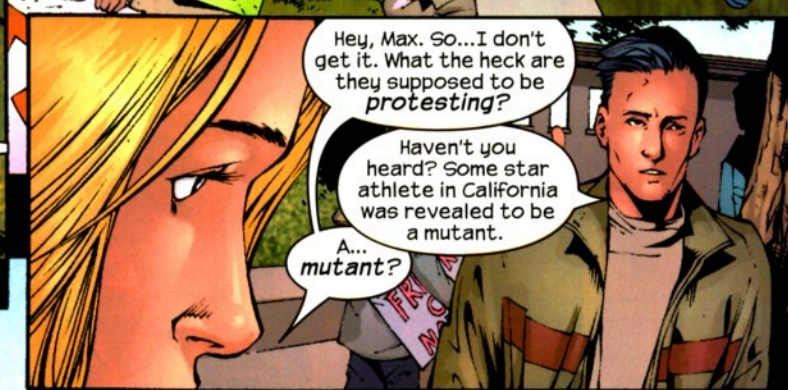
The next rung on the evolutionary ladder. They've been popping up for the last *year* or so.

But what makes them different from the rest of us?

They're born with these strange, for lack of a better word, "*super-powers*".

It makes 'em able to do things we *can't* like fly through the air without wires, walk straight through solid walls...

...and read people's minds.





Emma?
You okay?

Uhh...
sure, Max,
it's just that...
well, it all sounds
pretty scary,
y'know?

Totally.
Though you can't
blame me for dropping
your books this
time, huh?



I
guess
not...



I can't stand
those stinking
muties!

They're a
bunch of no-good
freaks. That's
what they are.

They think they're
superior to us, but
they're wrong!

Their
thoughts--
so filled with
hatred.

If it were legal,
I'd kill every last
one of 'em.

I wish they'd all
just die so the
world could go
back to normal.



What if I'm a
mutant, too?

Hey,
Emma--
where you
going?

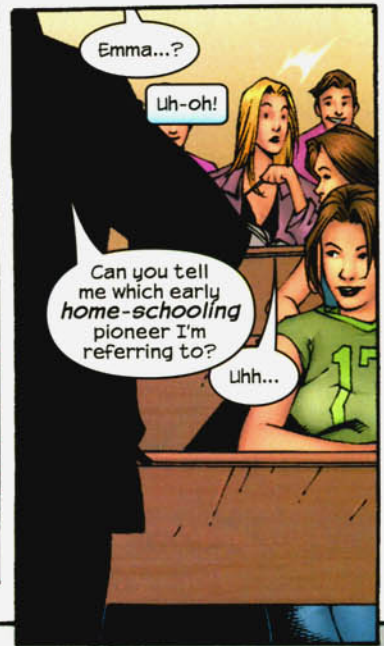
Sorry, Max,
but I've got to
run or I'll be late
for class!

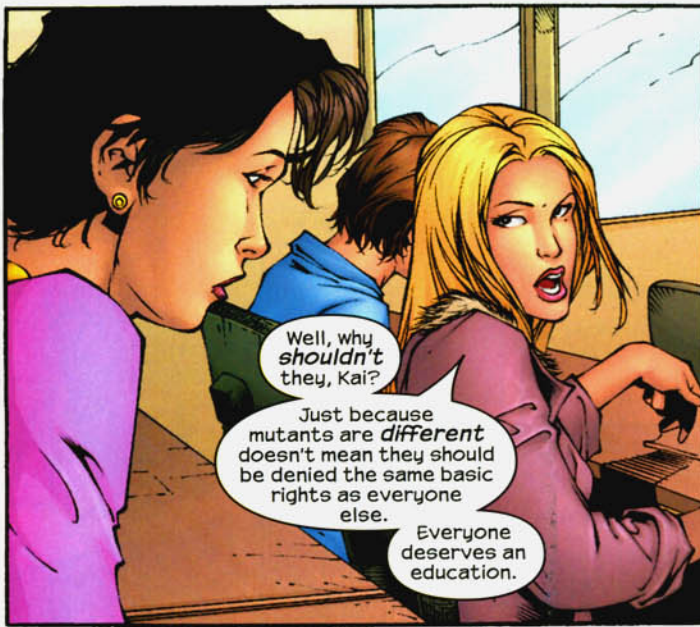


But wait!
I wanted to
ask you...

...something.



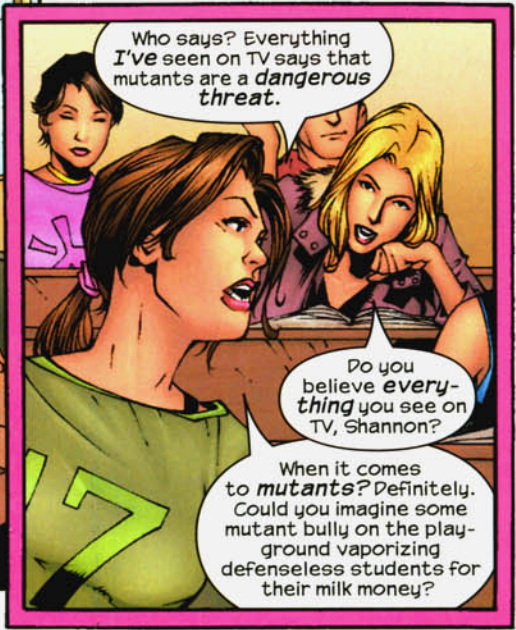




Well, why shouldn't they, Kai?

Just because mutants are *different* doesn't mean they should be denied the same basic rights as everyone else.

Everyone deserves an education.



Who says? Everything I've seen on TV says that mutants are a *dangerous threat*.

Do you believe *everything* you see on TV, Shannon?

When it comes to *mutants*? Definitely. Could you imagine some mutant bully on the playground vaporizing defenseless students for their milk money?

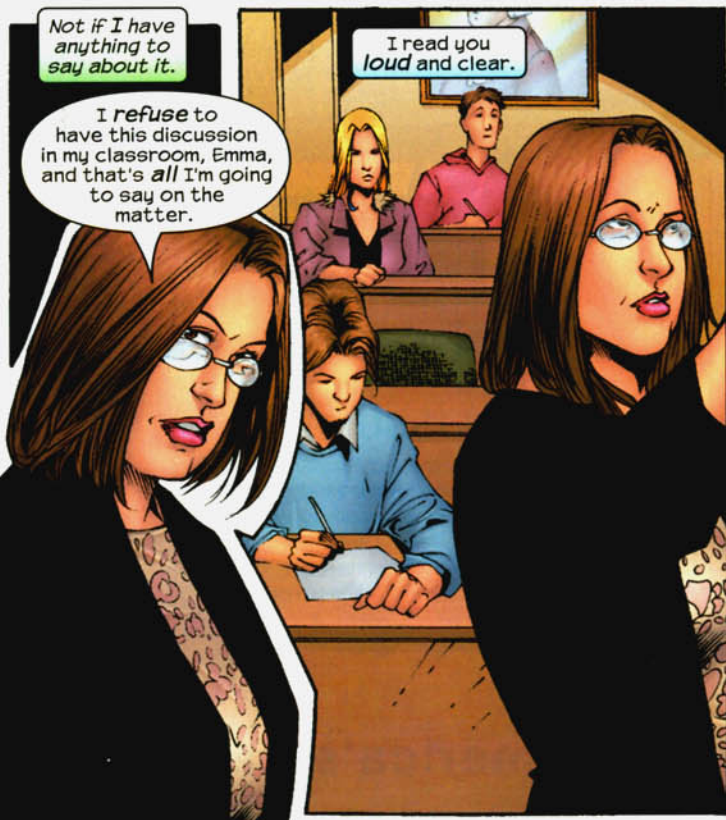


Not really, Shannon. No.

And if that situation were to ever happen, the kid's problem would be that he's a *sociopath*, not a mutant.



What do *you* think, Professor Mason? Should mutants be allowed to attend school with "normal" children?



Not if I have anything to say about it.

I *refuse* to have this discussion in my classroom, Emma, and that's *all* I'm going to say on the matter.

I read you loud and clear.

SOON...



Emma!
Em-maaa!



Hey, Christie. Why so excited?

Well...I just spoke with Max Devreaux in Spanish 100.

My condolences.



Seriously, Emma. What has that poor guy ever done to you?

Nothing, really...besides annoy me.

Yeah, but it's only because he likes you and wants to get to know you better.

Don't tell me you're one of those *Weirdos*...



W-what kind of weirdo?!

The kind that *hates* somebody just for *liking* them. That'd be more twisted than a pretzel at the chiropractor's!



So prove to me you're not a prezzie with back pains and come with me to the *party* Max and his teammates are throwing tonight.



He invited us *both*.

Okay, Christie. You're on.



So what do you think?

Emma, you look fabulous!



Which color should I wear?

I'd go with white.

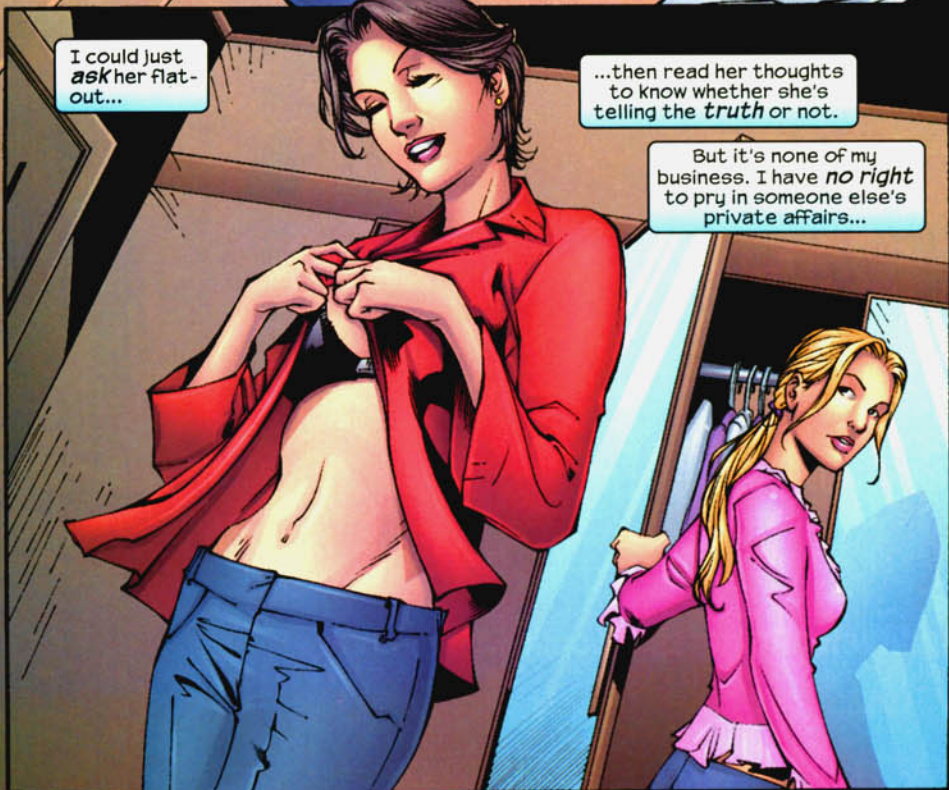


Yes, ma'am!

She's in an awfully good mood.

I can tell she has a crush on Ian, even if she won't admit it. And they did attend that gallery opening last night.

Is she...is she involved with him?



I could just ask her flat-out...

...then read her thoughts to know whether she's telling the truth or not.

But it's none of my business. I have no right to pry in someone else's private affairs...



...or do I?

If I'm really one of these mutants Max was describing...





LATER...

Hi, Max!

Whu--?
I don't believe it!



Emma Frost and Christie McDermott? This is just *too* crazy for words! I might *die* from shock!



I'm *dying*. Can't you tell?

That's real, uhh... great, Max.



Here--why don't I take your jackets so you two can get comfortable?

Thanks!

I thought I'd *hate* being here, but it's actually kind of nice...



...and my powers seem to be *under control* again.

See, Emma? I *told* you this wouldn't hurt!

What can I say, Christie? You were right!

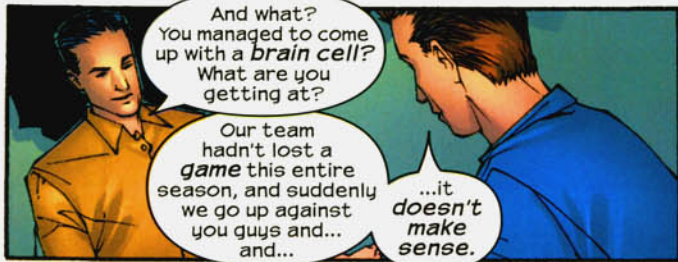






Not quite. You see, after we watched that TV report about that *mutie* who secretly used his *powers* to win at sports...

...me and the guys got to thinking.



And what? You managed to come up with a *brain cell*? What are you getting at?

Our team hadn't lost a *game* this entire season, and suddenly we go up against you guys and... and...

...it *doesn't* make sense.



Maybe *he's* the mutant. With the ability to *ignore reality!*



What'd you say, wise guy?



Breath mint. Would it *kill* you?



I *knew* I should have stayed in tonight.





Christie, we've got to get help!

How are we supposed to do *that*, Emma? The door's blocked!



I've got to do *something* before someone gets *seriously* hurt.

But *what*?

I can barely use my powers to control *one* of them, much less *all*.



Well, if I can't stop the fighting *that* way, I'll have to find *another*.

Maybe if I try to reach out with my *mind*...



...I can...



...call for...



MINUTES LATER...

They're taking in anyone who was *fighting*.

Including *Max*. I hope he's not in trouble.

Isn't it *weird* the way the campus police just *showed up* like that, Emma?

Maybe they got an *anonymous tip*.

Can you *believe* those losers? Crashing the party just to accuse Max and the basketball team of being *mutants*?

It's *insane!*

Everybody knows that mutants are *disgusting* freaks of nature who shoot laser-beams from their *butts!*

Max is *way* too cute for that, wouldn't you agree?

Oh... *absolutely.*

THE NEXT DAY...

I don't understand.
Do everyday people
generally *hate*
mutants?

Even *regular* people,
like Christie, who are
otherwise nice?

The entire situation
disturbs me...
especially since I'm
not sure which
category I fit into.

I wish there was
someone I could talk
to...*confide* in...

Wait a minute.

There *is* someone.

EMPIRE STATE UNIVERSITY
VISUAL ARTS BUILDING

Ian...

...but...he's
not *alone*...

...he's with
Christie!

I should
have *KNOWN*.

Men.

They're not
worth it.

Wha--?



Trust me.

W-Who are you?

Bloom, darling. Name's Astrid Bloom.

TO BE CONTINUED!