

**MARVEL**  
PSR+ 2

BOLLERS  
GREEN  
KETCHUM

# Emma Frost

TM



higher  
LEARNING  
2 OF 6

Greg Horn

DIRECT EDITION



\$2.50 US \$4.00 CAN



## previously in EMMA FROST...

EMMA FROST is one of four children born into a wealthy Bostonian family.

She attends school at the Snow Valley School for Girls, a prestigious academy exclusive to heiresses of the New England elite. Despite the fact that she is among peers, the teenaged Emma remains a social



outcast who gets mediocre grades, much to the dismay of her domineering father, WINSTON FROST.

To make matters worse, Emma has been suffering from excruciating migraine headaches and has been hearing voices in her head for several weeks. MR. KENDALL, Emma's teacher, shows genuine concern and lets Emma know that he's there to help. When he offers to tutor her for the upcoming midterm exam, she eagerly accepts—and her developing crush on the teacher leads Emma to attend the school dance he is chaperoning that evening.

Aided and abetted by her brother CHRISTIAN, Emma defies Winston's wishes and sneaks out to the dance where she gets into a catfight with her fellow student and nemesis, snobby MATILDA BRANT. Emma's dress is ripped and tattered during their brief struggle, and completely humiliated, she races from the dancehall to the jeers and mockery of Matilda and the other students.

When Winston learns of his daughter's flagrant disobedience, his reaction is nothing short of furious. Things settle down, until one week later, right before she's about to take her midterm, Emma is suddenly overwhelmed by an onslaught of voices inside her head.



She falls unconscious into Mr. Kendall's arms.

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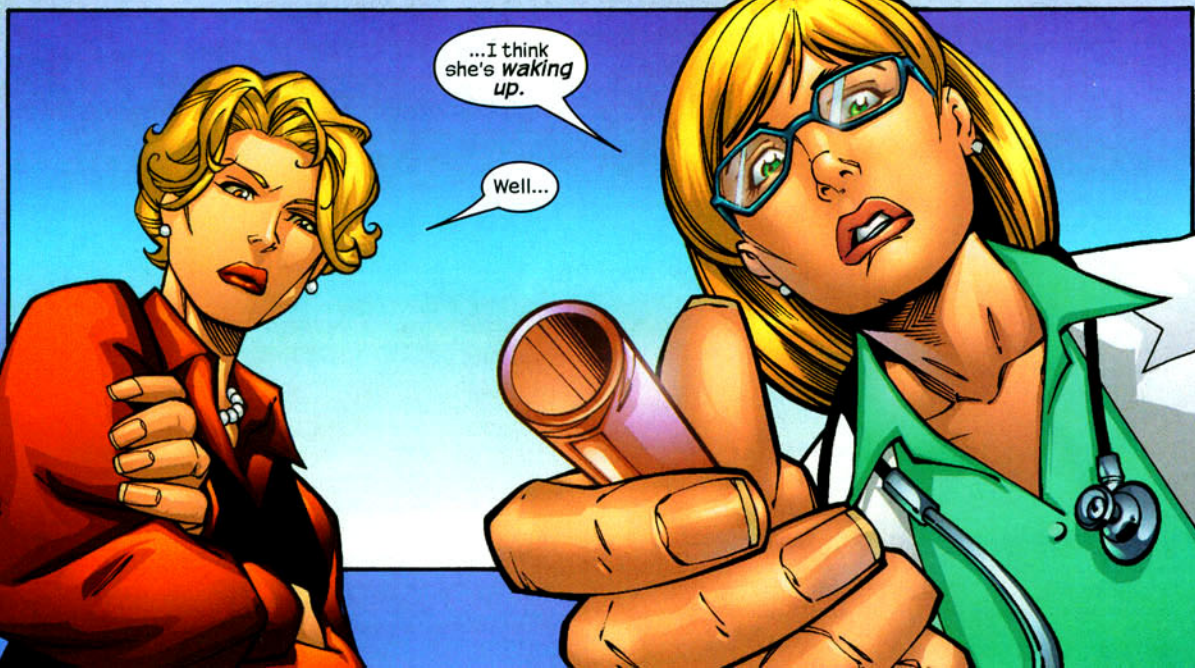
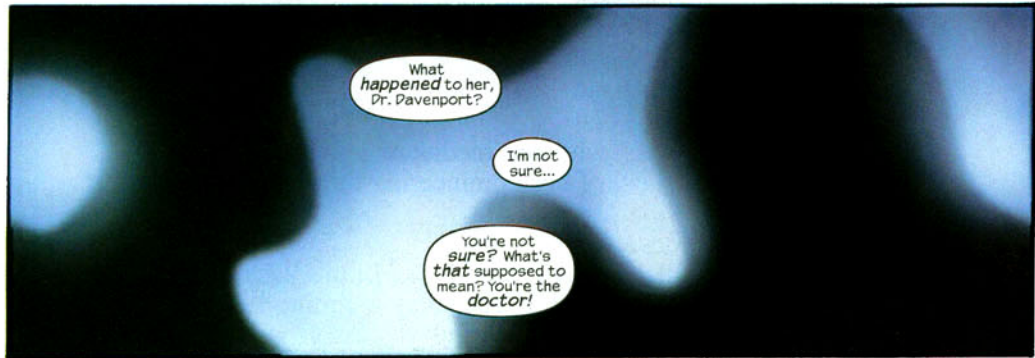
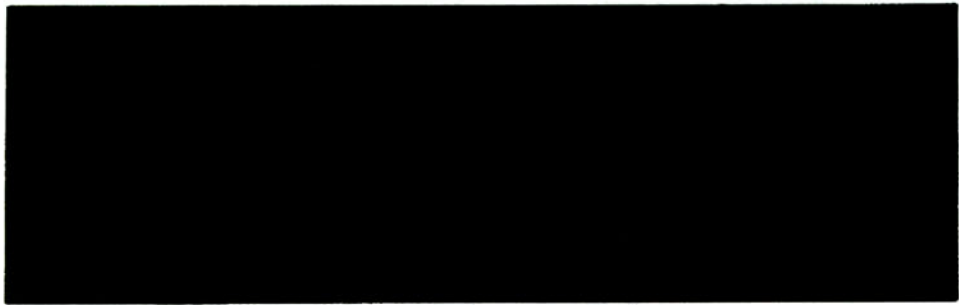
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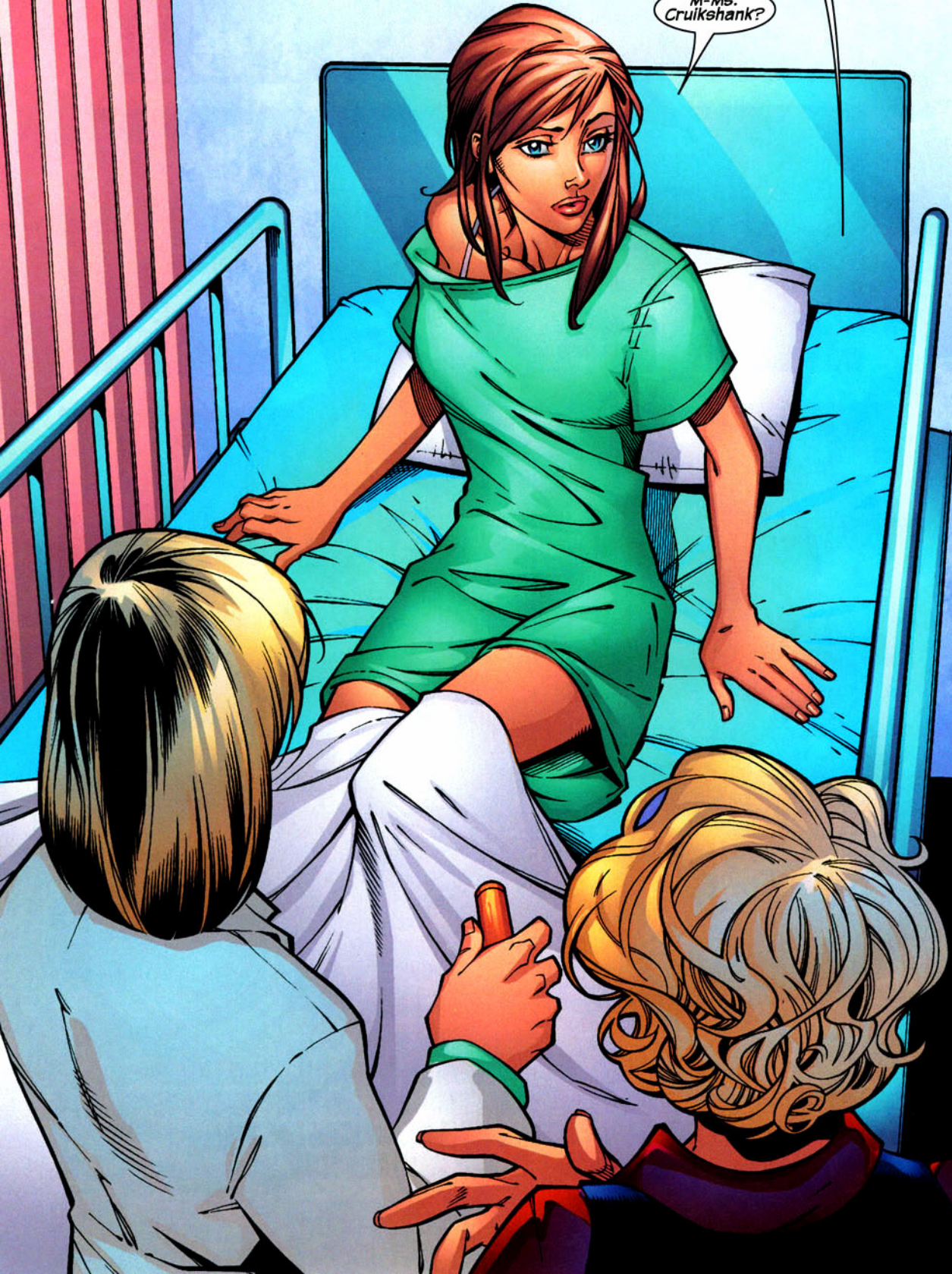


THE SNOW VALLEY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS  
SNOW VALLEY, MASSACHUSETTS

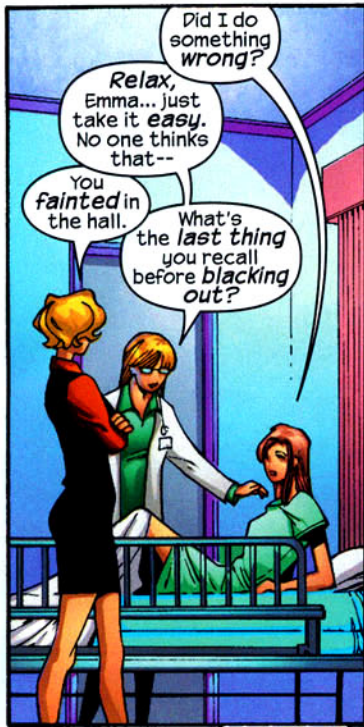
...thank God.

Doctor Pavenport?  
I'm back in the infirmary...

M-Ms. Cruikshank?





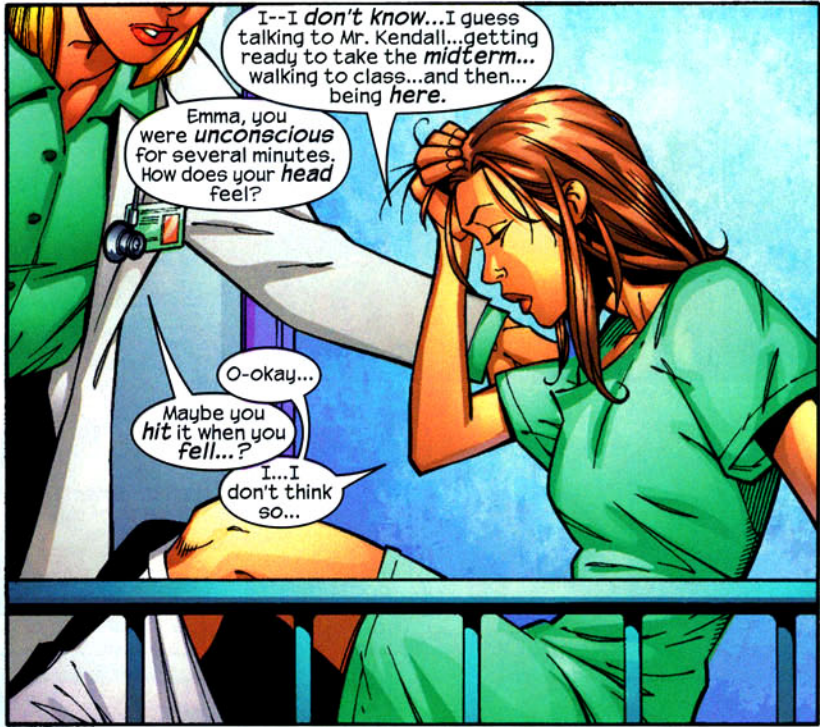


Did I do something wrong?

Relax, Emma... just take it *easy*. No one thinks that--

You fainted in the hall.

What's the *last thing* you recall before *blacking out*?



I--I don't know...I guess talking to Mr. Kendall...getting ready to take the *midterm*... walking to class...and then... being *here*.

Emma, you were *unconscious* for several minutes. How does your *head* feel?

O-okay...

Maybe you *hit it* when you *fell*...?

I...I don't think so...



What about the *migraines* you've been having...?

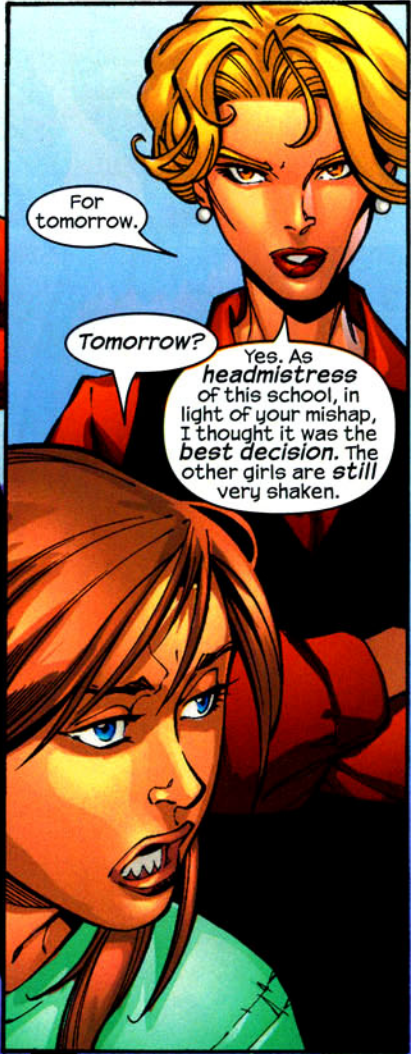
There's nothing to *worry* about. Really.

I...I just did something pretty stupid. *Moronic*, actually.

Like an idiot, I--I skipped *breakfast* this morning. I must have gotten *lightheaded*. Passed out.

But I'm fine now. *Honest*. So...can I go take the *midterm*?

It's been *rescheduled*.



For tomorrow.

Tomorrow?

Yes. As *headmistress* of this school, in light of your mishap, I thought it was the *best decision*. The other girls are *still* very shaken.



Right.

Absolutely traumatized.

Well, well... look who's come out of her self-induced coma.

Ligh...  
**Matilda Brant.**  
The bane of my existence.

So, you managed to *postpone* the midterm with your MTV Movie Award-level performance of "Teacher, I'm Not Feeling So Well."

A pitifully *desperate* stunt, Frost, even for *you*. Guess you must have really needed the extra day to *study*.

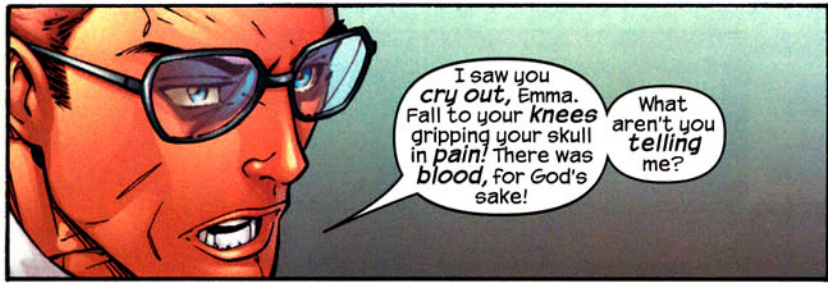
Some of us didn't, though...



MR. KENDALL'S CLASSROOM  
LATER

Skipped  
breakfast?!

You're  
joking,  
right?



Just about *everything*...  
but not because I don't  
*want to*.

It's because  
I *can't*.

The *voices* inside my head, the  
*nosebleeds*, the *headaches*...  
if I told you about *any* of it...

...you'd think I  
was a *total freak*.

My  
chauffeur's  
waiting. I have  
to go.

All  
right...

...but Emma?  
I want you to know  
I'm *more* than  
just a *teacher*. I'm  
also your *friend*.

You can  
trust me with  
*any* secret, no  
matter how big  
or small.

I'm  
on *your*  
side.

I  
know, Ian.  
'Bye.





FROST HOUSE -- HOME OF THE FROST FAMILY  
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

THAT EVENING

Well, Emma...?  
How did your test go today?

It's been postponed until tomorrow, Hazel.

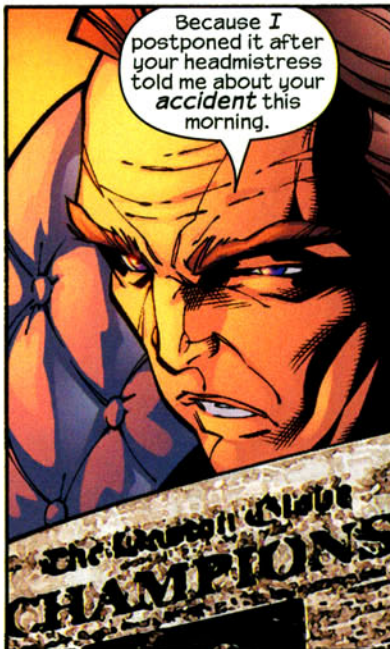
Daddy...?  
How did you know?

Because I postponed it after your headmistress told me about your accident this morning.

Accident? Emma, what accident?

It wasn't really a big deal, Mother, I just--

Skipped breakfast and collapsed in the hallway outside of class. In front of everyone.







What?!

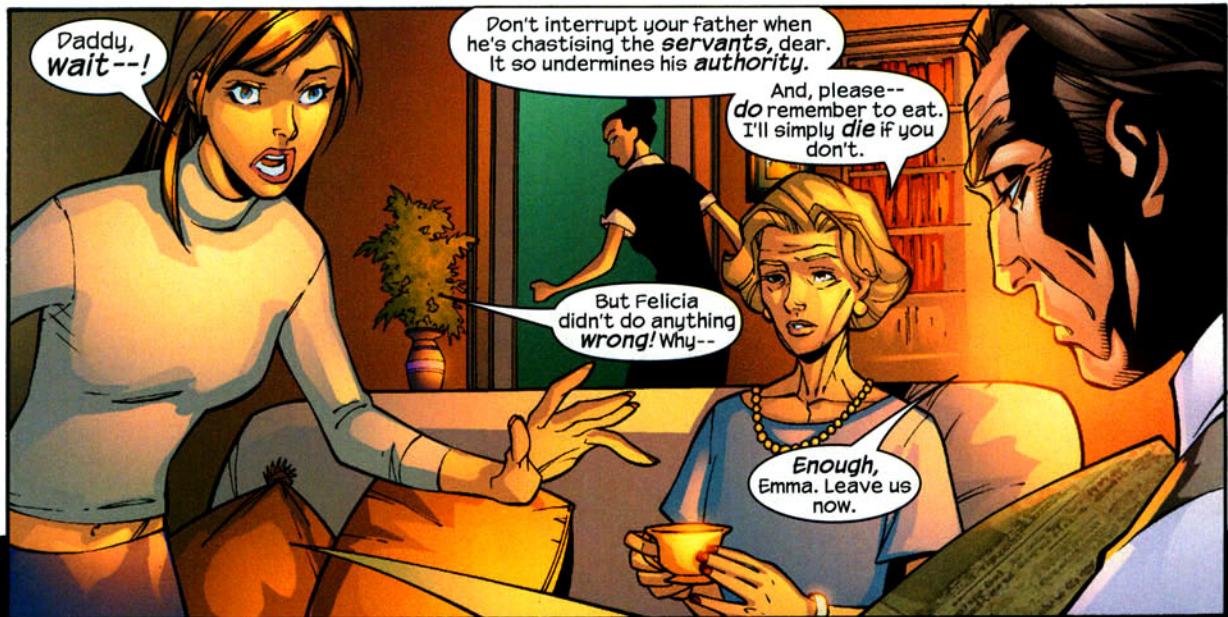


Felicia. You're fired, effective immediately.

But, Mr. Frost, I--

I don't intend to keep anyone on my staff who can't make sure my children are fed before school. It's not radial keratotomy, you know.

Now get out. Don't dally.



Daddy, wait--!

Don't interrupt your father when he's chastising the *servants*, dear. It so undermines his *authority*.

And, please--do remember to eat. I'll simply die if you don't.

But Felicia didn't do anything wrong! Why--

Enough, Emma. Leave us now.



Em, why didn't you tell them?

Tell them *what*, Christian?

Oh, I don't know...about the headaches?

The voices?



I'm okay.

No, you're *not*, Em. I'm actually glad that Cruikshank told the old man what happened.

Something's not right with you.

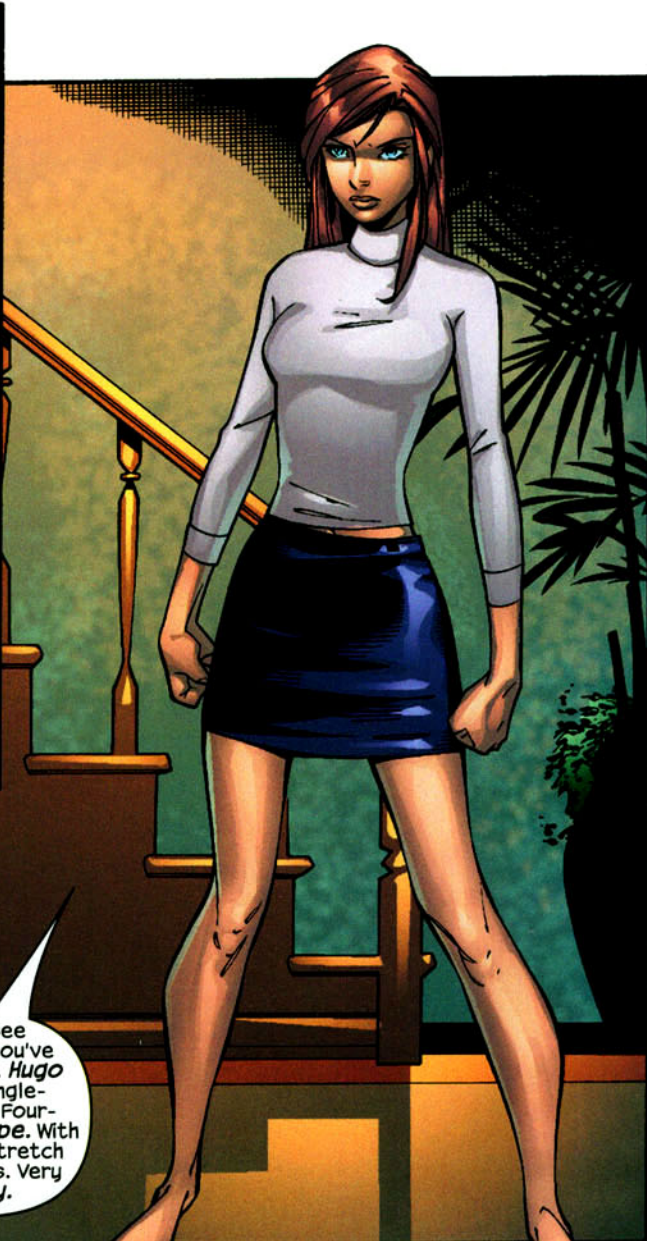




These symptoms may be the result of something *more serious*--something we can't ignore.



I'm telling them. Before it's *too late*.



But, Christian...aren't you supposed to be somewhere this evening? Dinner at Spago's? *Eight-ish*, if I'm not mistaken?

That's why you had the *car waxed*, right?

I can see the *suit* you've picked out. *Hugo Boss*. Single-breasted. Four-button. *Taupe*. With matching stretch wool slacks. Very *natty*.



And *yes*, go with the *Acqua Di Gio*. It's more *understated* a fragrance than *Escada*. Seems you're trying *awfully* hard to *impress* somebody. The question is--*who*?

How the hell...?

We *all* have secrets we don't want *anyone* finding out, big brother.



All right, Em. You've *made* your point.

But, if I so much as see you *SWOON*...





THE SNOW VALLEY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS  
THE NEXT DAY



...twenty true or false, twenty multiple choice, three short essays, and five extra credit questions.

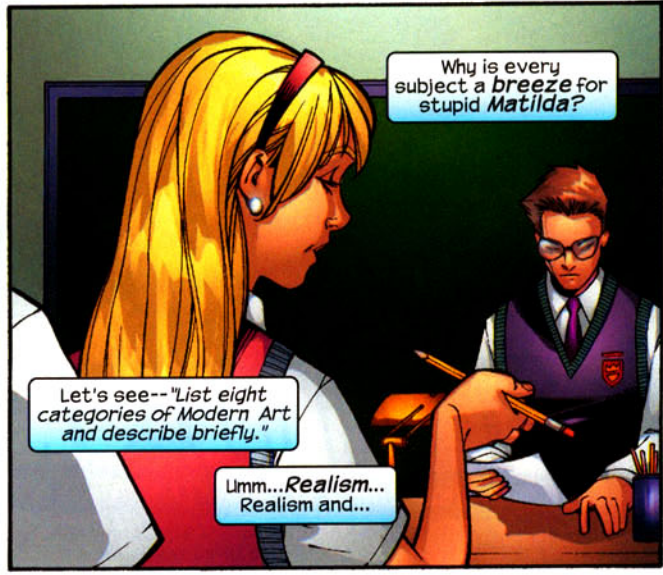
Good luck!

I'm going to *need* it. I *swear* I knew all the answers *yesterday*.



Now, I'm drawing a *complete blank*.

I am *so dead* if I don't pass this.



Why is every subject a *breeze* for stupid *Matilda*?

Let's see-- "List eight categories of Modern Art and describe briefly."

Umm... *Realism*... Realism and...



*Impressionism*... *Post-Impressionism*...



A voice.

With the answers.

Who said that?

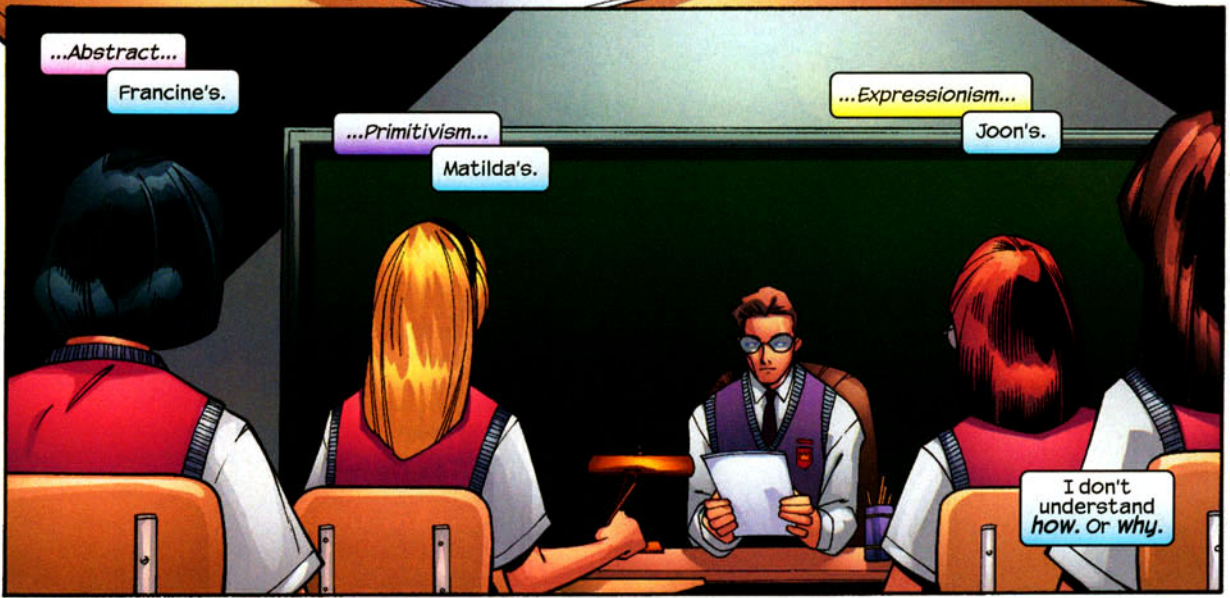


...Symbolism...

...Art Nouveau...

...Estheticism...

Ian? Ian's voice?



...Abstract...

Francine's.

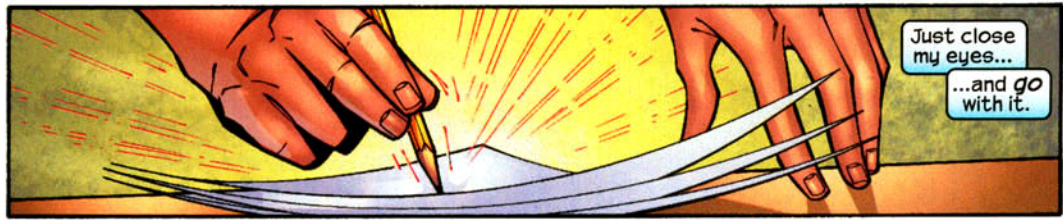
...Primitivism...

Matilda's.

...Expressionism...

Joon's.

I don't understand how. Or why.



Just close my eyes...

...and go with it.



...Expressionism...

...Symbolism...

Uhn...

...Abstract...

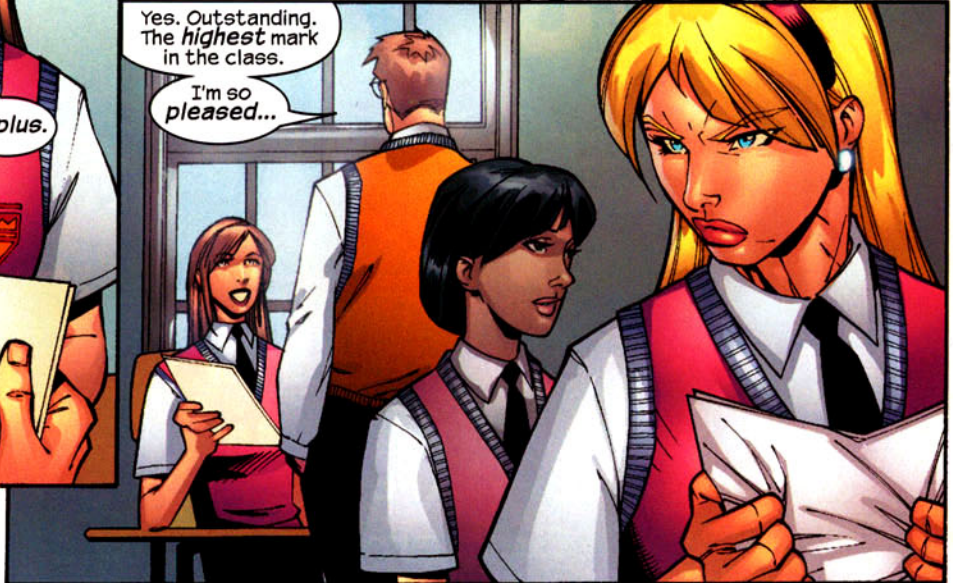
...Art Nouveau...

...Primitivism...

...Estheticism...



THE FOLLOWING WEEK

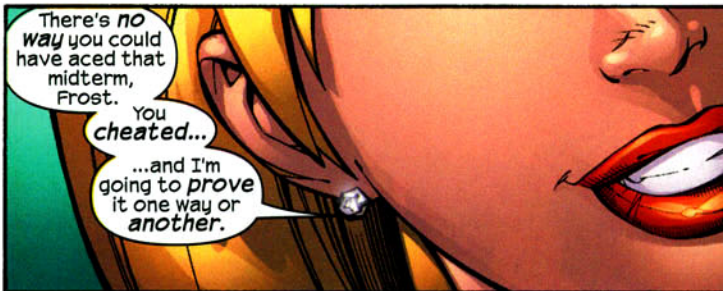




MS. GRIZETTE'S FENCING CLASS



Now be attentive, my young ladies...



There's *no way* you could have aced that midterm, Frost.

You *cheated*...

...and I'm going to *prove* it one way or another.



You're just bent out of shape because I got a better score than *you*, Matilda.

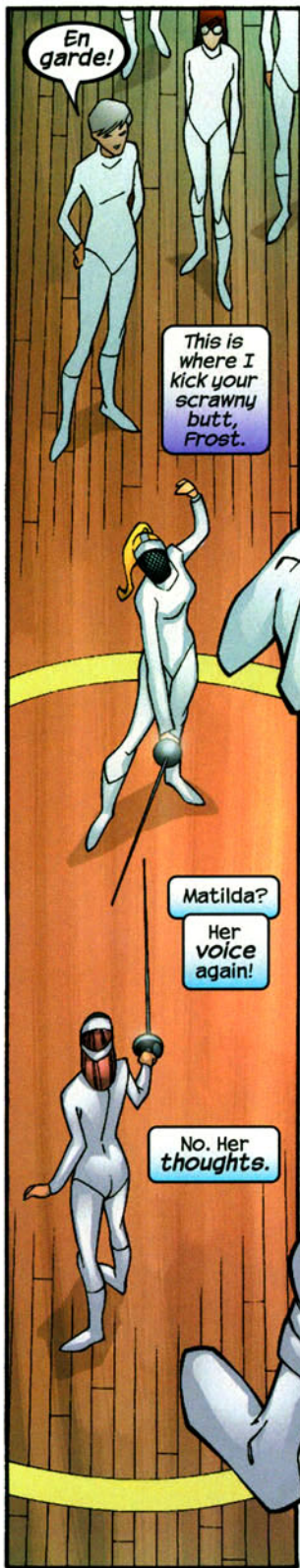
Maybe *you* were the one who needed a few extra days to *study*.



All right you two, since your *hearing* seems to be quite impaired...

...I'll have to test your *fencing skills* instead!





En garde!

This is where I kick your scrawny butt, Frost.

Matilda?  
Her voice again!

No. Her thoughts.

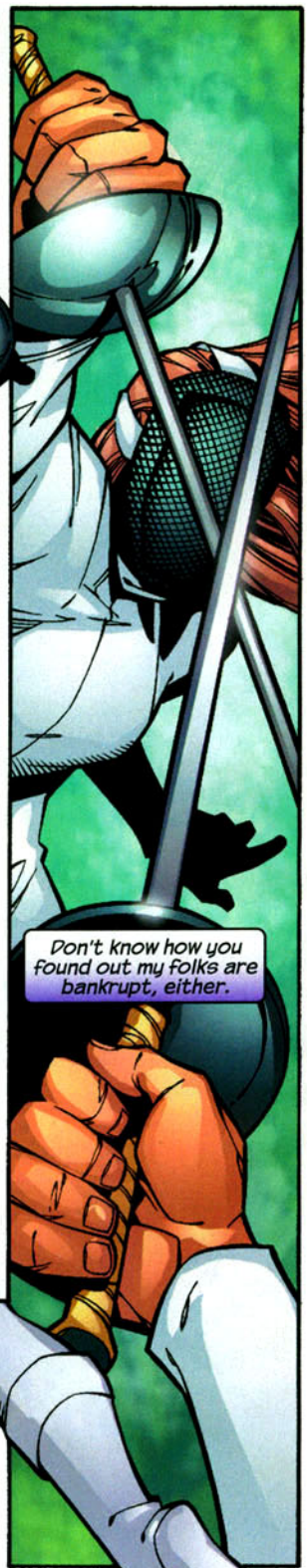


I should've gotten the highest grade.

Can't let you win this, too.

That's impossible! What's happening to me?

I can hear what she's thinking!



Don't know how you found out my folks are bankrupt, either.






So, I was right about her!


I told the other students you were a liar, but when I eventually have to leave school, they'll know you were telling the truth.

Maybe we could have been friends or whatever.


If I'd given you a chance in spite of our differences.




Friends!



But the thing of it is...I really don't like you.

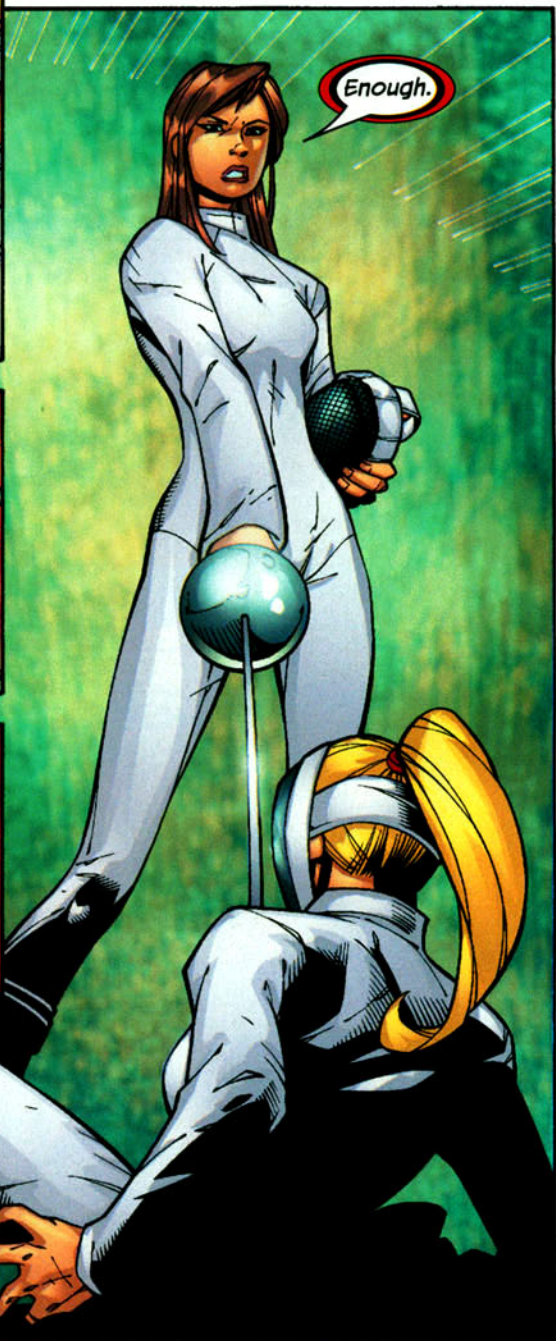
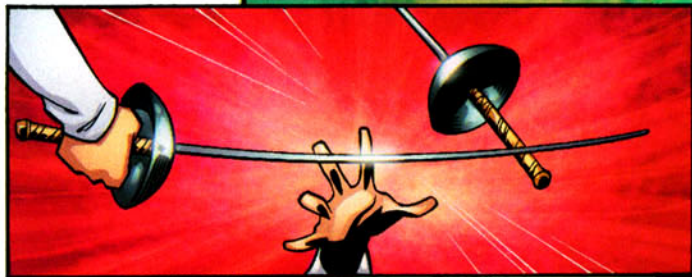
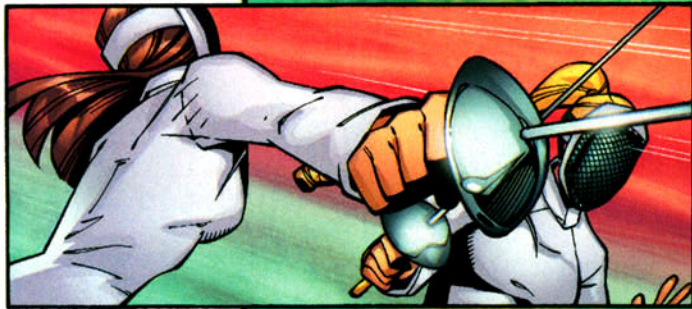
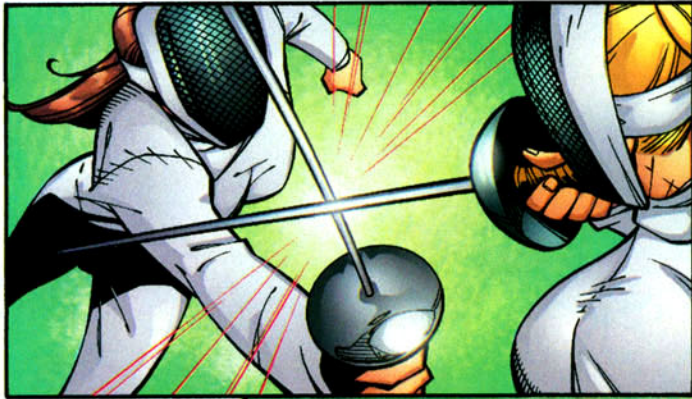


You scare the hell out of me, Frost.



Not that you'll ever find out.







# FROST HOUSE

So it *wasn't* my imagination...

...I *knew* what Matilda was *thinking*. Exactly what she was feeling.

Sensed her *vulnerability*.

I wouldn't have *won the match* otherwise.

What's *happening* to me?



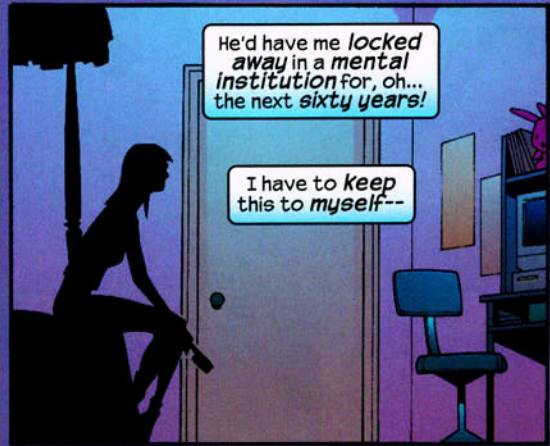
Whatever it is, I can't tell *anyone*-- especially *Daddy*.

It's *too much* to believe.

He'd have me *locked away* in a *mental institution* for, oh... the next *sixty years!*

I have to *keep this to myself*--

--no *matter what*.





"I hate to be the bearer of *bad news*, Miss Frost..."

...but I'm afraid you'll have to take the midterm *all over* again.

But I...I don't *understand*, Ms. Cruikshank-- I got the *highest grade*!

I'm well *aware* of that, but given your *prior academic standing*, some parents are questioning the *validity* of the score.



I took it *fair and square*!

It's *okay*, Emma. I can *attest* to the amount of *studying* you did in preparation for the exam.



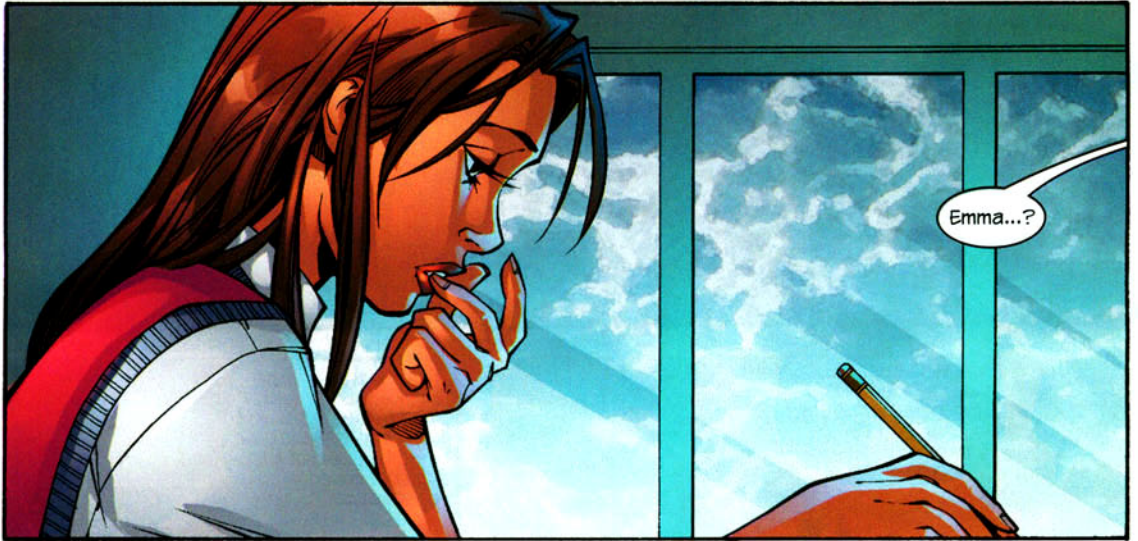
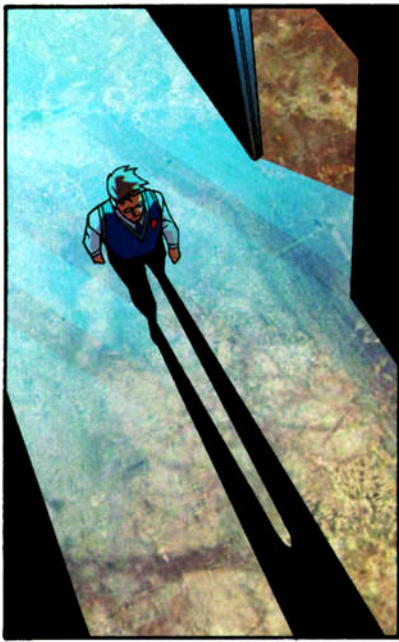
Be that as it *may*, Mr. Kendall, a fellow student claims Emma knew the *results* of her test before it was returned. Highly suspect, if you ask *me*.




Let's not waste any *time*. Mr. Kendall, an *empty room* for Emma, if you will...?












Ms. Cruikshank will be in with the **results** in a few minutes.

I'm **sure** you don't have anything to worry about.

I just can't **believe** that Matilda would go so far as to have her **parents** fight her battles for her.



I figure she's upset, angry, and probably more than a little **surprised** by your grade than anything else.

I get the feeling she's not the **only** one. Aren't you wondering how I pulled it off? Don't you think I'm a cheater, too?

Nothing could be **further** from the truth.

I'm just **baffled** by the **ease** with which you answered those extra credit questions--**all** of them. Material we hadn't even reviewed in **class**.

So am I, Ian... there's a part of me that feels like I didn't **deserve** that first score.

What are you **talking** about?

You're **not** going to believe this, but when you handed out the midterm, I didn't remember **any** of the answers. I completely **froze** and forgot them.

Then... I heard a **voice**--

**Trust him. Tell him.**



Congratulations...



Another perfect score.

You hear that, Emma?

I--  
I--

You did it!

But, Ian, there's *no way*--I purposely left some of the questions *blank* this time.

What?!

I'm sorry.





Where is it?!

Where's *what*, Mr. Kendall?



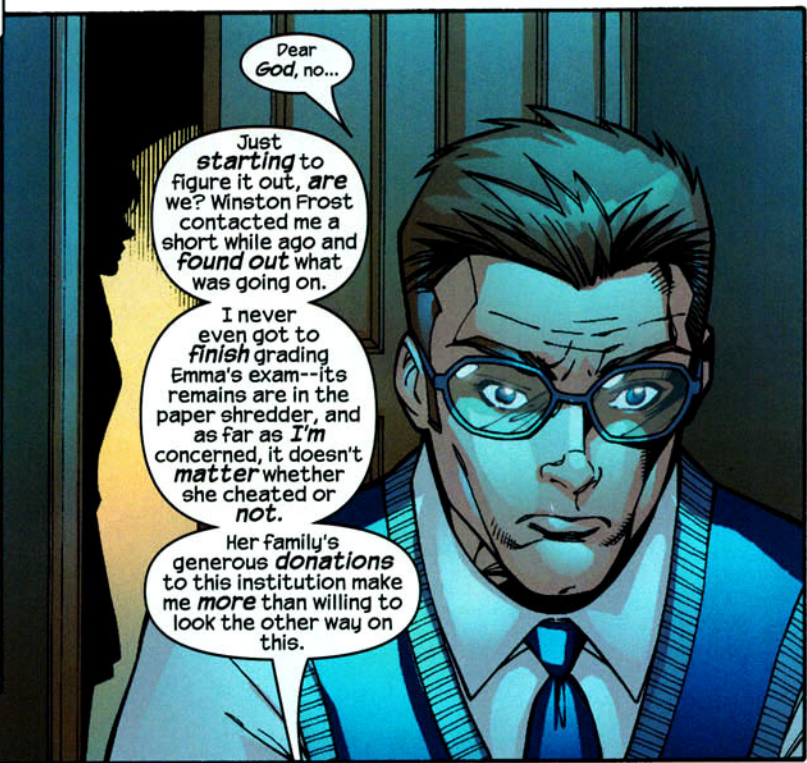
Emma's exam--I want to see it.

Why?

There's *no way* that girl could've gotten the *same* grade as before and you *know* it--not when she purposely *omitted* answers!



What *difference* does it make as long as her *father* is happy?



Pear God, no...

Just *starting* to figure it out, *are* we? Winston Frost contacted me a short while ago and *found out* what was going on.


I never even got to *finish* grading Emma's exam--its remains are in the paper shredder, and as far as *I'm* concerned, it doesn't *matter* whether she cheated or *not*.

Her family's generous *donations* to this institution make me *more* than willing to look the other way on this.



I suggest *you* do the same, Mr. Kendall...





...otherwise,  
you're only asking  
for trouble.

TO BE CONTINUED