

**MARVEL**  
PSR 7

BOLLERS  
PAGULAYAN  
CRISOSTOMO

# Emma Frost

TM



*Greg Horn*

**MIND  
GAMES  
1 OF 6**

**DIRECT EDITION**  
Brent-NW  
7 59606 05432 9  
\$2.50 US \$3.50 CAN

WILL  
WORK  
FOR FOOD

# mind Games

1

of

6

previously in Emma frost...

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

ALTHOUGH EMMA'S WONDROUS GIFTS UNWITTINGLY EARN HER THE RESPECT OF HER ENORMOUSLY WEALTHY AND EQUALLY DOMINEERING FATHER, **WINSTON**, SHE IS UNABLE TO PREVENT HIM FROM EXILING HER BROTHER, **CHRISTIAN**, TO A MENTAL INSTITUTION. THIS IS THE FINAL STRAW FOR THE EMBITTERED EMMA, AND RATHER THAN ACCEPT WINSTON'S OFFER OF STEERING THE FROST FAMILY FORTUNE INTO THE FUTURE, SHE LEAVES HOME INSTEAD.

NOW, OUT ON HER OWN, WITHOUT THE BENEFIT OF HER PARENTS' WEALTH, EMMA FINDS SHE ISN'T PREPARED FOR SUCH A DRAMATIC CHANGE IN LIFESTYLE...

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Mrs.  
Throckmorton--

Brent-NW

Emma Frost No. 7, March, 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. \$2.5 per copy in the U.S. and \$3.5 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, Chief Information Officer; 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.

an upscale Boston clothing boutique  
nine years ago--5:15 pm

That's Ms. Throckmorton, dear...

But your dog--

Her name is "Nugget." As in "gold."

That's... charming, Ms. Throckmorton, but "Nugget" has answered *nature's call* right in the middle of our store!





Well, get a rag and mop it up, chippie. Why on Earth are you talking to me?

Because you ignored me when I told you our boutique had a strict "no pets" policy!

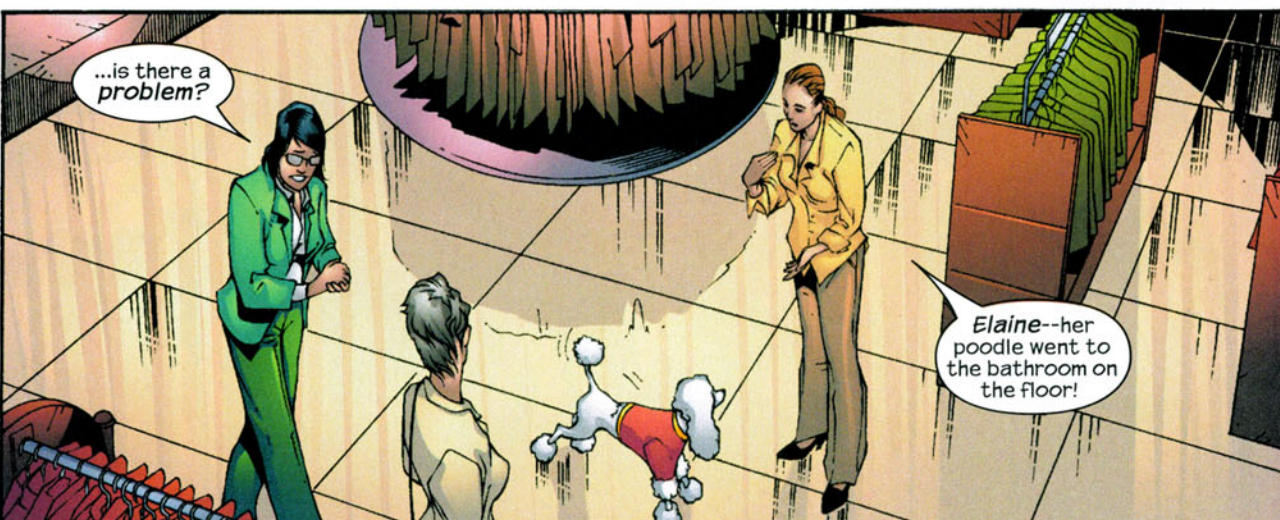


And I'm still ignoring you *right now*. Deal with it.

I use my credit card enough times in this establishment to not be *harassed* when I'm here.

First off, it's your *husband's* credit card, so--

Ms. Throckmorton...



...is there a problem?

Elaine--her poodle went to the bathroom on the floor!



So, take care of it, Emma.

Don't make me have to tell you twice.



Elaine, don't make *me* have to tell you to--

Well...*that* didn't have the desired effect.

This is the *third* job I've been fired from in the past *two* weeks.

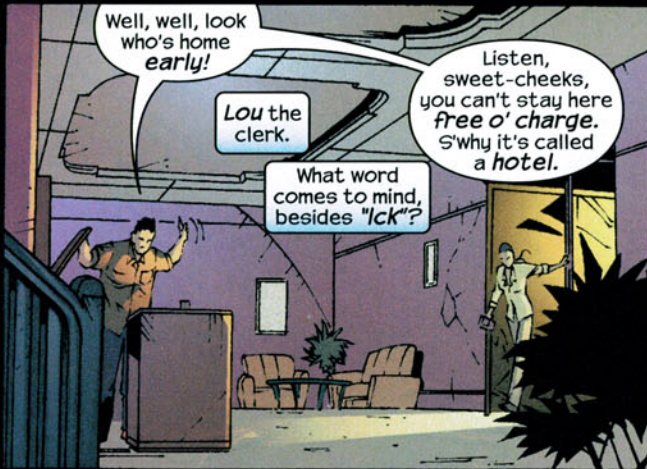


PHALAYAN  
CHRISTOPHER

later...



Now what am I supposed to do for cash?



Well, well, look who's home early!

Lou the clerk.

What word comes to mind, besides "lck"?

Listen, sweet-cheeks, you can't stay here free o' charge. S'why it's called a hotel.



So, either you cough up the bread for the past three nights, or--

Lou-- wait...



...I just got my first paycheck, but haven't had the chance to cash it yet.

S'all right, sweet-cheeks...



...you won't have to, not so long as you sign it over to yours truly.

But--that's all the money I've got!

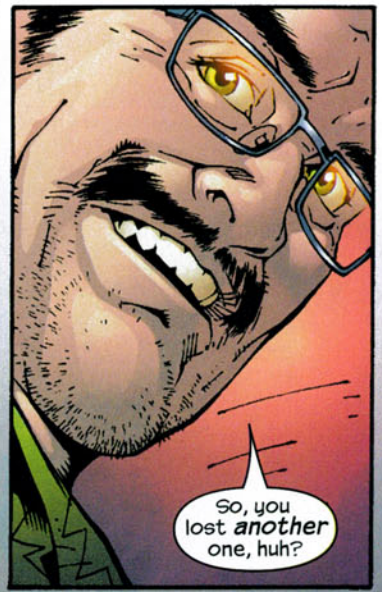


Yeah, and it'll cover what you owe, but it *ain't* enough to pay for another night. I'm *through* playin' Good Samaritan.

So, pack your bags.



Lou, *please*-- I won't be able to get a *new job* unless I'm able to provide a place of residence...



So, you lost *another* one, huh?



Well, I got a job for you, sweet-cheeks...

...one that'll *definitely* take care o' your housin' problem.



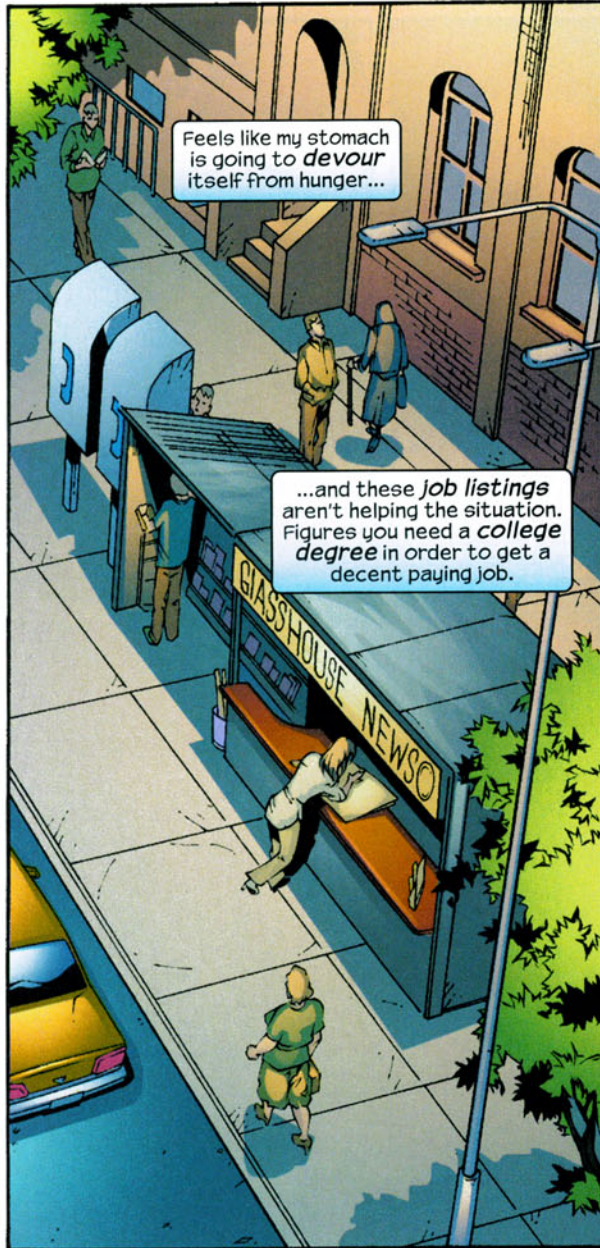
Back off, perv!



I'm going out!

Oww! Brain-freeze!

I'll have the *money* when I get back.



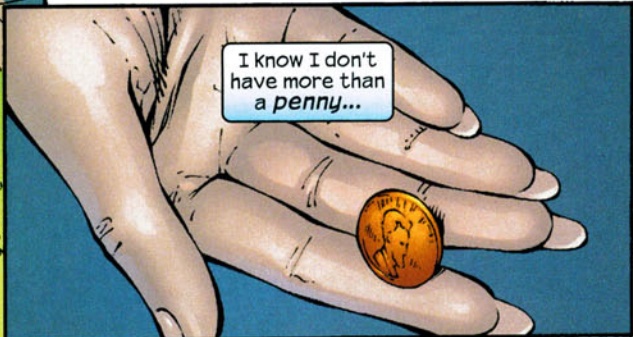
Feels like my stomach is going to devour itself from hunger...

...and these job listings aren't helping the situation. Figures you need a college degree in order to get a decent paying job.

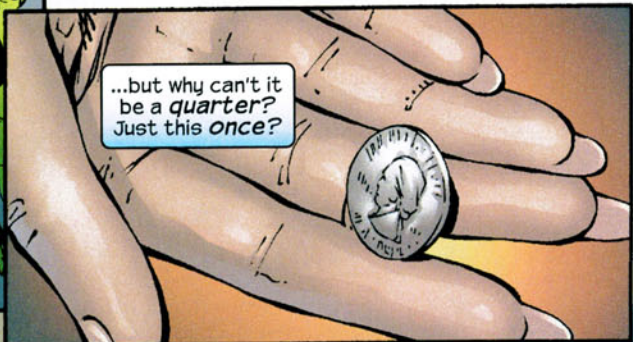


Miss, this ain't a library. Either buy the paper or skeddadle.

Umm, hold on just a sec while I find some change...



I know I don't have more than a penny...



...but why can't it be a quarter? Just this once?



Hunh. Now that's more like it.



What...? He thinks it's a quarter!

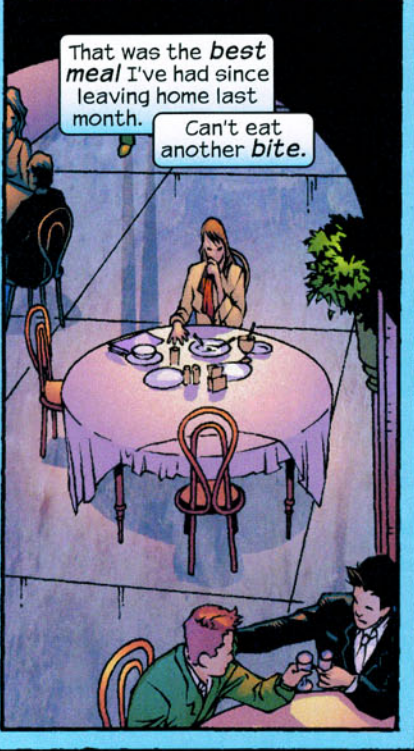
All because I wanted it to be...



...which definitely gives me an idea.



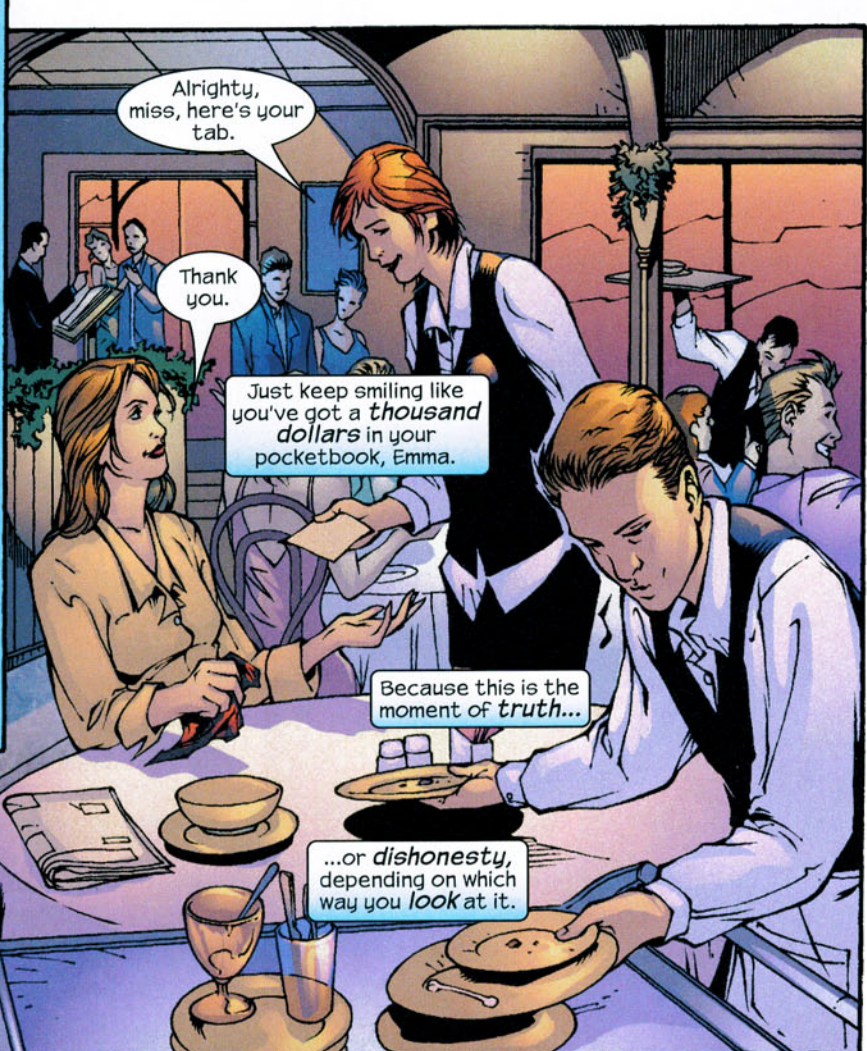
That was the *best meal* I've had since leaving home last month.  
Can't eat another *bite*.



Alrighty, miss, here's your tab.

Thank you.

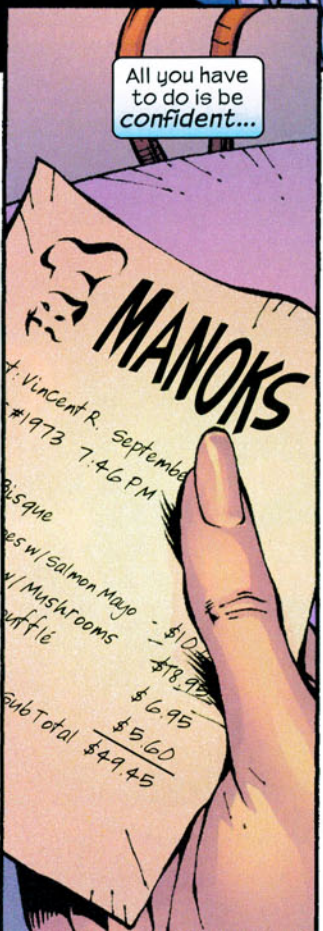
Just keep smiling like you've got a *thousand dollars* in your pocketbook, Emma.



Because this is the moment of *truth*...

...or *dishonesty*, depending on which way you *look* at it.

All you have to do is be *confident*...



...focus...



Okay, miss...



...and instead of seeing a strip of newspaper, my waitress Roxie sees...



Out of a hundred-dollar bill? Would you like *change*?

No, keep it.

...more.



Roxie!

Uh-oh.

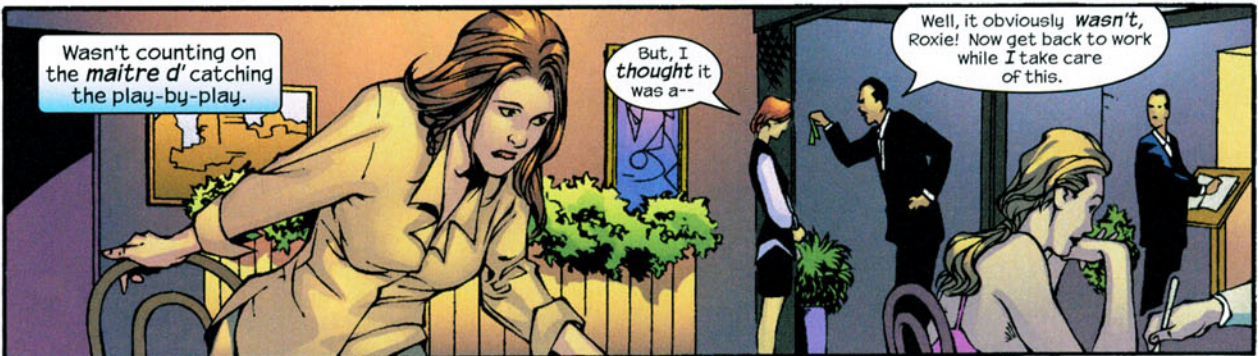
Yes, Vincent...?



Wasn't counting on the *maitre d'* catching the play-by-play.

But, I *thought* it was a--

Well, it obviously *wasn't*, Roxie! Now get back to work while I take care of this.



Can this day get *any* worse?





I had to ask.

Well, at least they didn't call the police.

But, still--forcing me to do dishes to pay my tab?

I've never washed a plate in my life!

SMASH!

And, boy, does it show.



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

W-who the heck are you...?



The dishwasher.



Oh. Well, don't *thank* me for giving you the night off.

The *night off*? Really? *Awesome!*

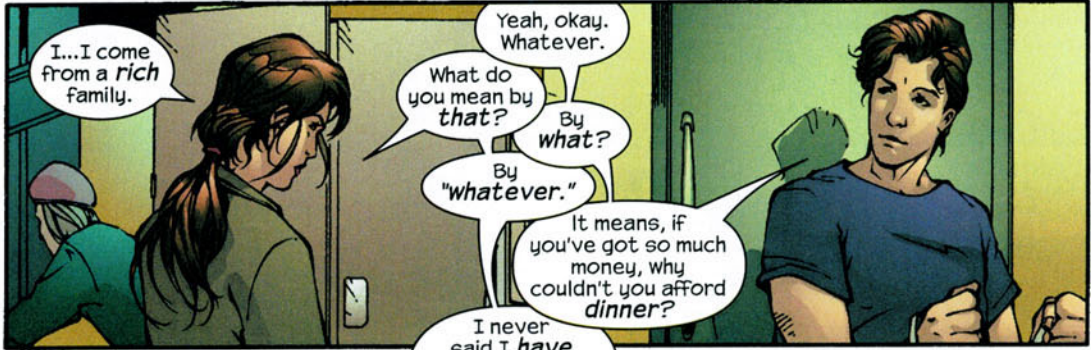


Wait--please. I--I *can't* do them alone.

The dishes? Why *not*?

Because I...I don't know *how*. The...the servants always did them.

*Servants?*



I...I come from a *rich* family.

Yeah, okay. Whatever.

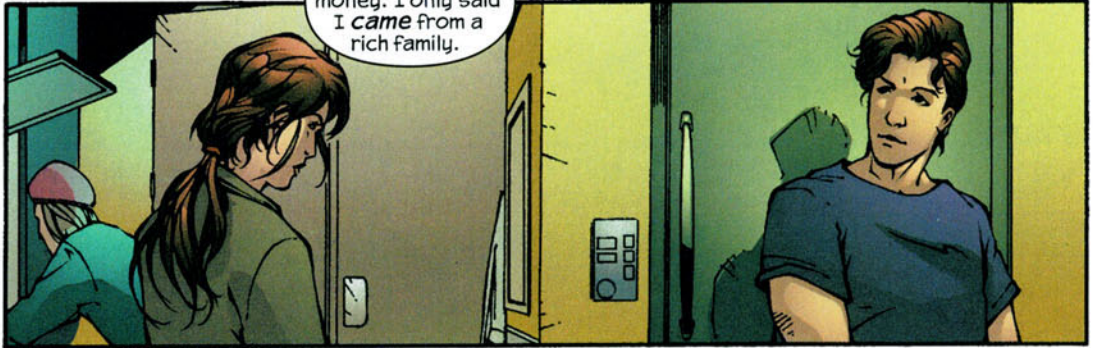
What do you mean by *that*?

By *what*?

By "*whatever*."

It means, if you've got so much money, why couldn't you afford *dinner*?

I never said I *have* money. I only said I *came* from a rich family.



Emma Frost.

Troy Killkelly.



So. How *rich* are they?

4:03 am

Mom *ran off* with one of his buddies when I was nine...

...and my dad became a *hopeless drunk* after that. Every time he got hammered, the sight of me would make him *depressed*.

Said I reminded him of my *mom* too much. Pretty soon, he started to hammer on me.

So, I *ran away* at fourteen. Been on my own ever since.

I'm sorry, Troy. People can be so *cruel*. Especially parents.


Ah, it's no biggie. My dad sounds like the *Pope* compared to *yours*, Emma. I mean, after what he did to your brother, I'm not *surprised* you left home.

Better to be *penniless*.


Well, I am penniless. *Very* penniless. I bet Lou's thrown my clothes out on the *street* by now.

Lou?

The *jerk* at the hotel I can't afford to stay at anymore.

A man in a dark jacket is looking into a room. The room contains a bed with a white sheet and a wooden headboard. A nightstand is visible next to the bed. The lighting is dim, suggesting it's nighttime.

Y'know, Emma...  
this place is no great  
shakes, but I'm willing to  
*put you up* for as long  
as you need a roof.

A man with short brown hair, wearing a blue shirt, is shown from the chest up. He is looking towards the right. The background is dark and indistinct.

And *don't*  
worry--there're  
no strings attached.  
I've got a sleeping  
bag in the  
closet.

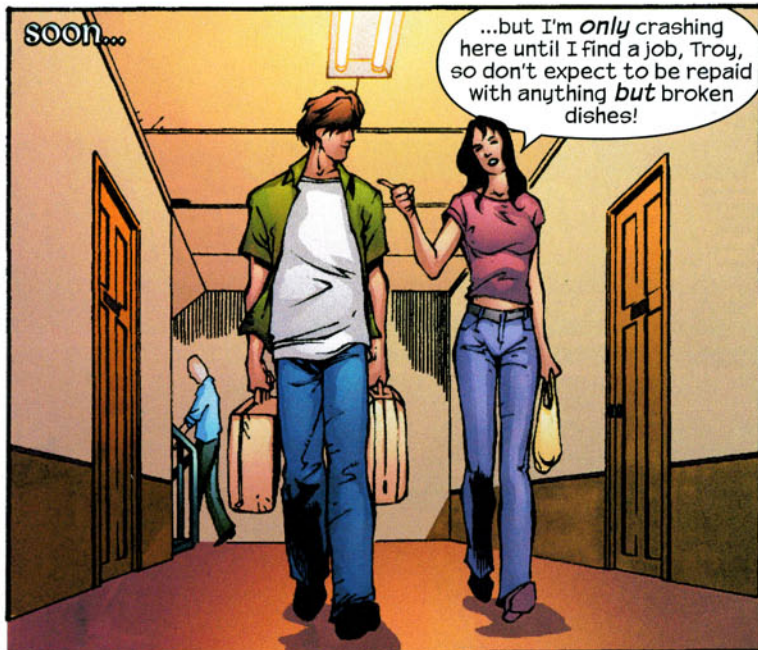
I'll use  
it.



later that morning...



soon...



...but I'm *only* crashing here until I find a job, Troy, so don't expect to be repaid with anything *but* broken dishes!



Emma, I'm *nothing* if not a near-perfect gentleman.

He's telling the *truth*.



Can't have you doing all this heavy lifting on an *empty stomach*. Here's breakfast.

Yum!

Wait.



I can sense nearby *thoughts*...



...but they're *hostile*, definitely not--

--friendly!



Hiya,  
Troy.

H-hey...  
Milo.

How'd  
you get  
in?

Fire  
escape.  
Stu?



On it.

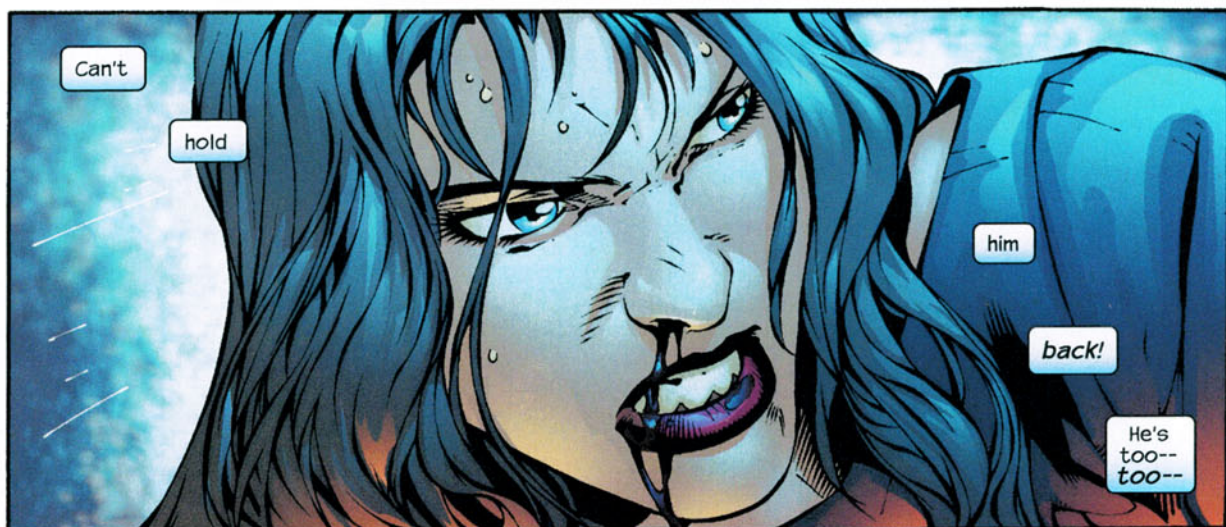
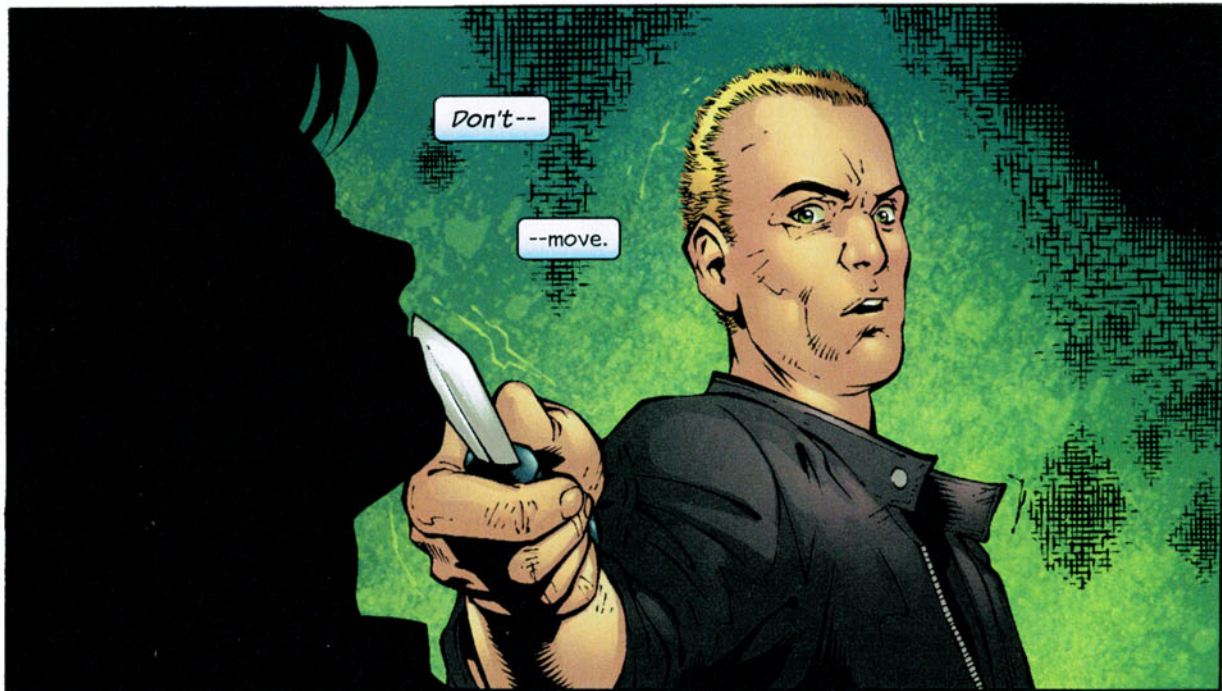
Hey!  
Let go of  
me!

Well...?

I said,  
"Well...?"







THUMP!

Boston medical center - 10:32 pm

Stupid *mental powers*. They're *useless* unless I stay calm.

Which really *didn't* help--

TROY!

Emma?

I'm so glad you're okay!

Won't be *snorkeling* anytime soon...but yeah, I'm still breathing.

Barely.

Troy...

...you *owe* this money to a guy named... *Lucien*?

Yeah, *Lucien Goff*. Local loan shark. Lowlife. But how did you know?

Why did you *need* a loan?

Not everybody's born with a *silver spoon* in their mouth, Emma.



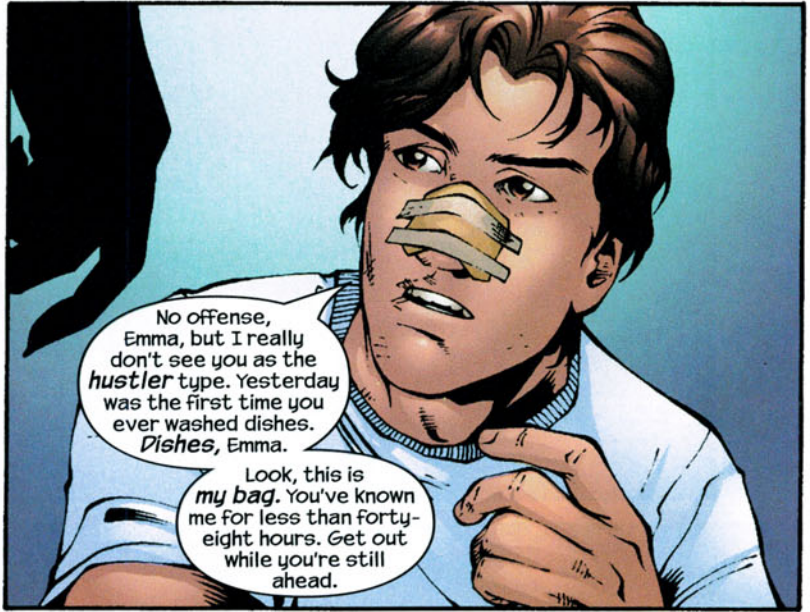
Well, how are we supposed to come up with *ten grand*?

I *can't* come up with it. Not in the *time* they've given me, and definitely not on *my* salary.

I'm toast.

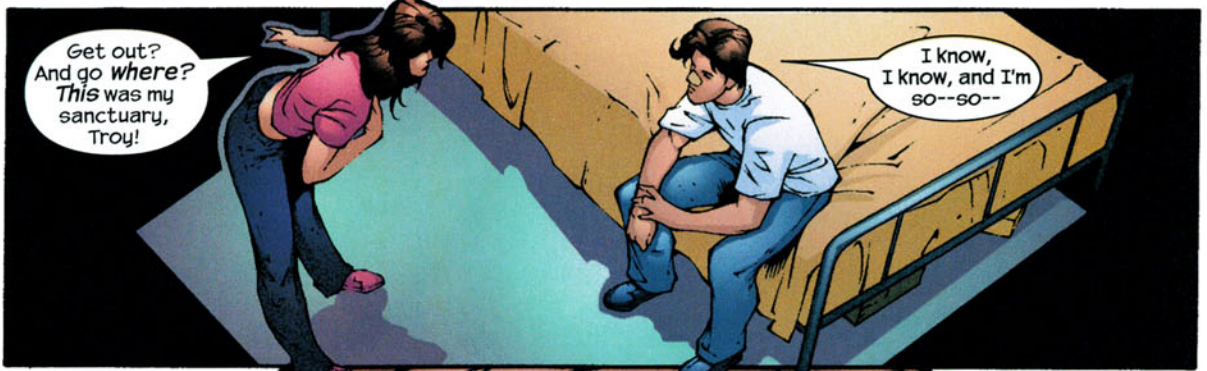


Don't say that! There has to be *something* we can do!



No offense, Emma, but I really don't see you as the *hustler* type. Yesterday was the first time you ever washed dishes. *Dishes*, Emma.

Look, this is *my bag*. You've known me for less than forty-eight hours. Get out while you're still ahead.



Get out? And go *where*? This was my sanctuary, Troy!

I know, I know, and I'm so--so--



Wait a second!

Wait a second!

Oh, no.

I've got it.

Troy. You *can't* be thinking what I hear you thinking.



But you  
are.



Well, it's not like  
we have many *other*  
alternatives...



...and, sure,  
there's a *risk*  
involved...

...but so's playing the  
stock market.

Right?

Ready,  
Emma?

Let me get  
back to you on  
that Troy...

next:  
luck **be a lady**