

MARVEL
PSR 9

BOLLERS
PAGULAYAN
CRISOSTOMO

Emma Frost



DIRECT EDITION



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MIND GAMES 3 OF 6

MIND GAMES 3 of 6 OUTRAGEOUS FORTUNE

PREVIOUSLY IN EMMA FROST...

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

YOUNG EMMA LEAVES BEHIND HER DOMINEERING FATHER AND THE SECURITY OF HER WEALTHY BOSTON HOME, CHOOSING INSTEAD TO SEEK HER OWN FORTUNE. UNUSED TO TAKING ORDERS FROM OTHERS, SHE LOSES SEVERAL JOBS OVER A SHORT PERIOD OF WEEKS.

A DISHWASHER NAMED **TROY** BEFRIENDS THE HOMELESS EMMA, OFFERING TO LET HER STAY AT HIS PLACE UNTIL SHE CAN AFFORD AN APARTMENT OF HER OWN. HOWEVER, SHE SOON LEARNS THAT TROY OWES TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS TO A DANGEROUS LOAN SHARK. TROY TRIES TO RAISE THE MONEY BY PLAYING POKER AT A LOCAL CASINO, BUT LOSES MORE THAN HE WINS.

THE NEXT DAY, EMMA SHOWS OFF HER MIND-READING ABILITIES TO A STUNNED TROY IN ORDER TO CONVINCE HIM THAT SHE SHOULD BE THE ONE DOING THE GAMBLING INSTEAD OF HIM. THE LOAN SHARK'S BRUISERS INTERRUPT, BUT EMMA IS ABLE TO HOLD THEM OFF WITH HER TELEPATHIC ABILITIES LONG ENOUGH FOR HER AND TROY TO ESCAPE.

THAT NIGHT, SHE AND TROY RETURN TO THE CASINO AND EMMA USES HER TELEPATHIC ABILITIES TO READ THE THOUGHTS OF THE OTHER PLAYERS AT THE POKER TABLE. SHE NOT ONLY BEATS THEM AT THEIR GAME, SHE ALSO WINS THE ENTIRE AMOUNT THAT TROY OWES THE LOAN SHARK.

KARL BOLLERS
WRITER

CARLO PAGULAYAN
PENCILER

DENNIS CRISOSTOMO
INKER

PETE PANTAZIS
COLORIST

VIRTUAL CALLIGRAPHY'S
CORY PETIT
LETTERER

GREG HORN
COVER ARTIST

CORY SEDLMEIER & STEPHANIE MOORE
ASSISTANT EDITORS

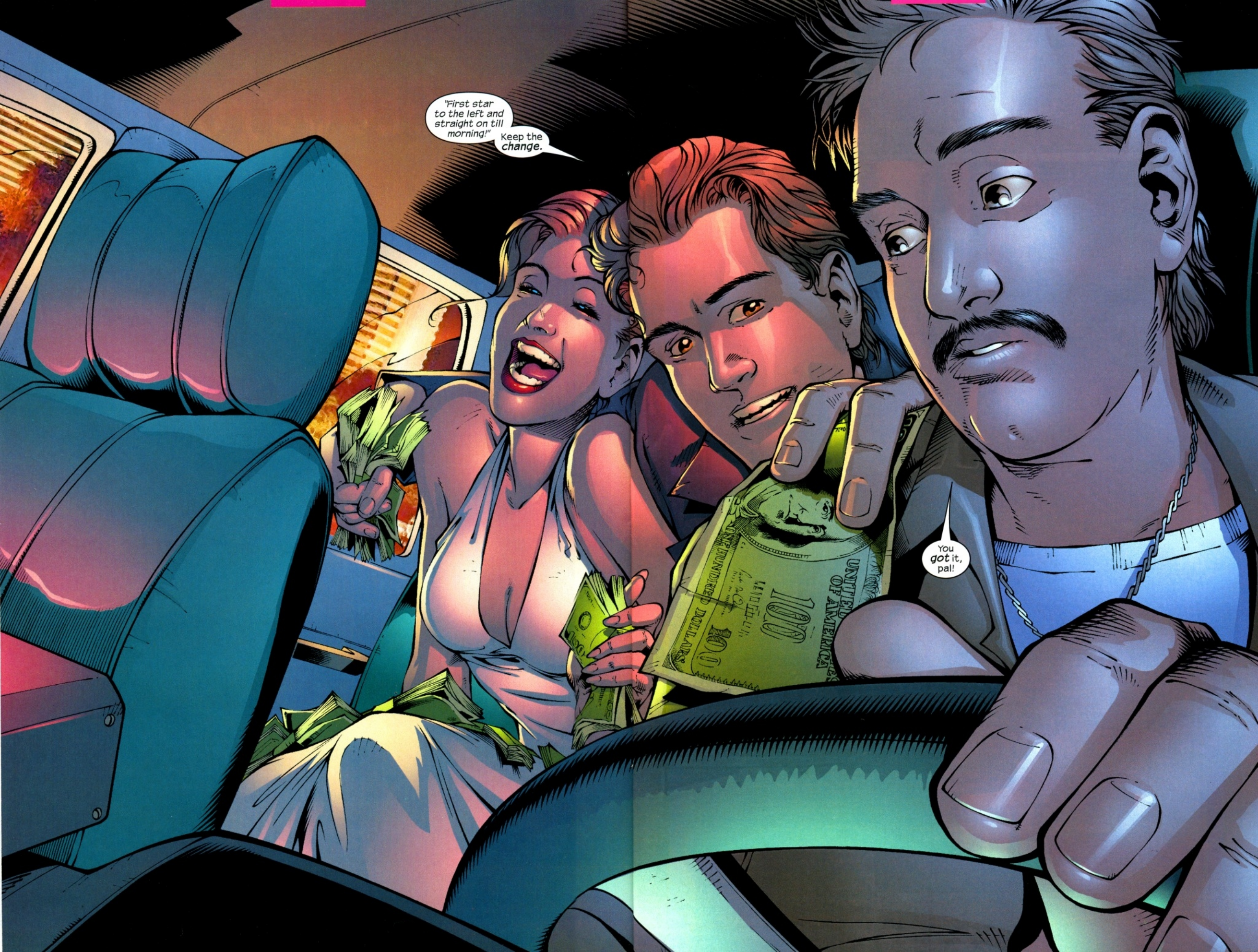
MIKE MARTS
EDITOR

JOE QUESADA
EDITOR IN CHIEF

DAN BUCKLEY
PUBLISHER



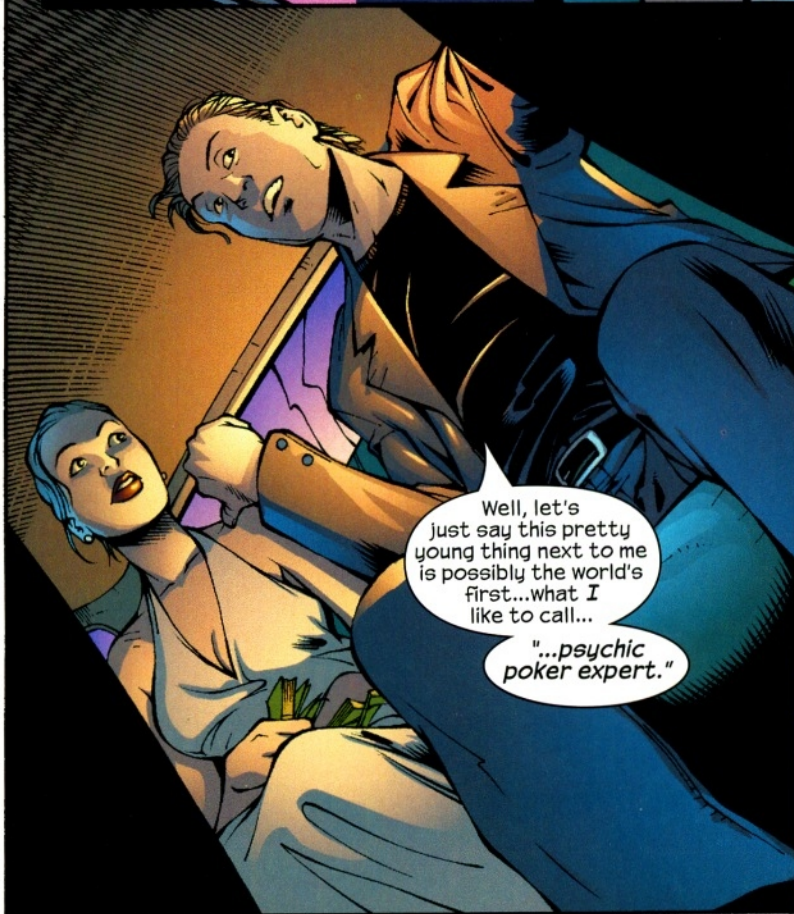
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"First star to the left and straight on till morning!"

Keep the change.

You got it, pal!



The idiot.

Oh,
yeah...she won 19
consecutive rounds
of poker!

Knew the
exact cards the
other players were
holding and--

Uhh...pay no
attention to my overly
talkative boyfriend--he's
way past his banana
daiquiri limit.

Emma,
what're you
ta--

Be

--UGH!

Quiet

Did you just
say I was your
boyfriend?

later...



I don't know why you got so *cheesed off*, Emma. I mean, is it really *that* big a deal?

Yes, Troy, it really is.



I won't make a very good "psychic" gambler if everyone on the *planet* knows I'm psychic.

Who's everyone on the planet? I only told the *cab driver*! I'd be majorly *psyched* if I could do the things you can--



--and I *sure* wouldn't keep it a *secret*.

Maybe... maybe he's *right*.



Secrets were a way of life *back home*.

Maybe it's time for me to play things *differently*.



Okay, here we go...



WHUD WHUD

Scope the monitor, boss. Look who's coming to breakfast.

Buzz him in.



Troy, are you *sure* coming here was such a good idea?

Believe me, Emma...

...now that I have *Lucien's* money, I just want to pay him and put this *whole mess* behind us once and for all.



Knock-knock...

WHUD

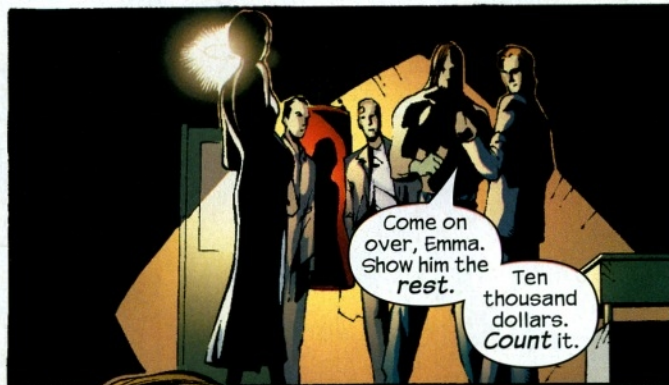


You shock and *amaze* me, Troy.

I so
wasn't expecting
you today.









troy's apartment
later...



Lovely.

Milo
and Stu?

This is the
closest those
two will ever come
to having actual
signatures.

Miss
Wexler...?

Troy, I'm
going to have to
ask you to find some-
place else to live.
Immediately.

You simply
can't stay here.
You're a *danger*
to the other
tenants.

And don't
bother *asking*
for your security
deposit back.



Uhh...
Troy?

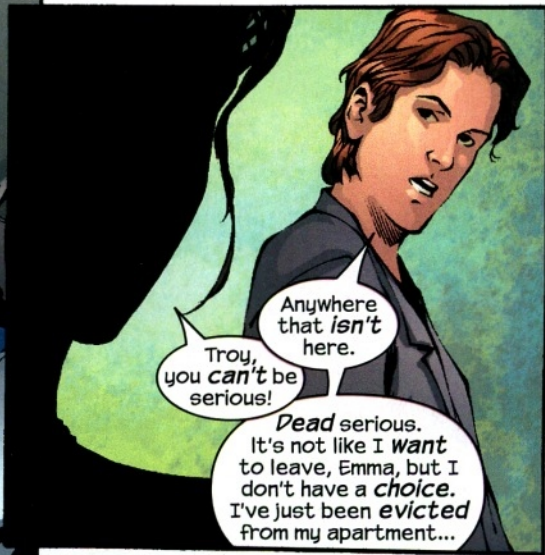


What
are you
doing?

What does
it *look* like I'm
doing, Emma? I'm
getting out of
Dodge. *Fast*.



W-what?!
But where will
you go?



Anywhere
that *isn't*
here.

Troy,
you *can't* be
serious!

Dead serious.
It's not like I *want*
to leave, Emma, but I
don't have a *choice*.
I've just been *evicted*
from my apartment...



...I can't go back
to work at the
restaurant...

...Lucien wants
five thousand dollars
by *sun up*, and there's
no two ways...uh...



...uh...
Emma? *What*
are you--?



the ROYALE RIVERBOAT CASINO
BOSTON HARBOR -- 12:06 A.M.

Just our luck, they're hosting
a *poker tournament* tonight,
but that's all right...



...there are *other*
ways to make money
in a casino.

Uhh...should
I even bother
asking?

Just testing the
water to see if my so-
called "*abilities*" can
affect *machines*.

Zip it, Troy...
or I *won't* be able
to concentrate.



Concentrate?

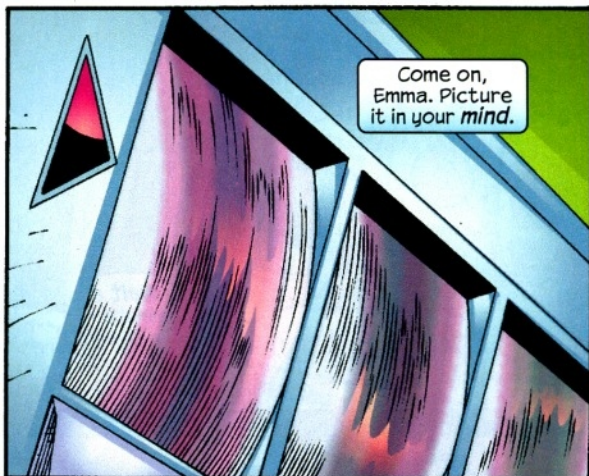
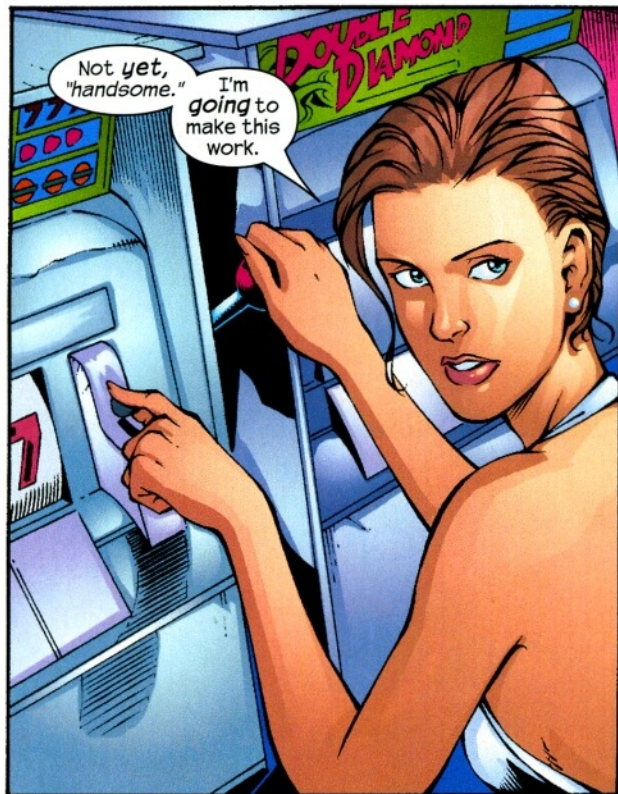
Shhh...

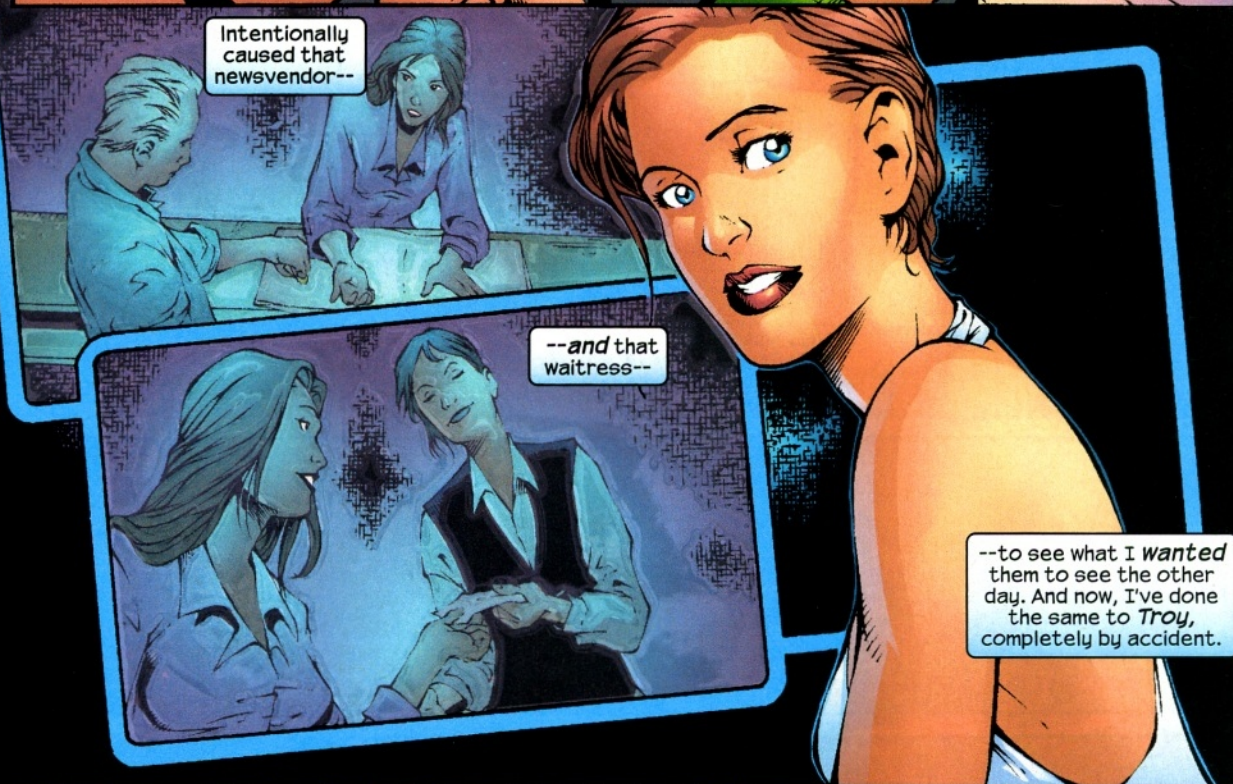
In this case--
slot machines.

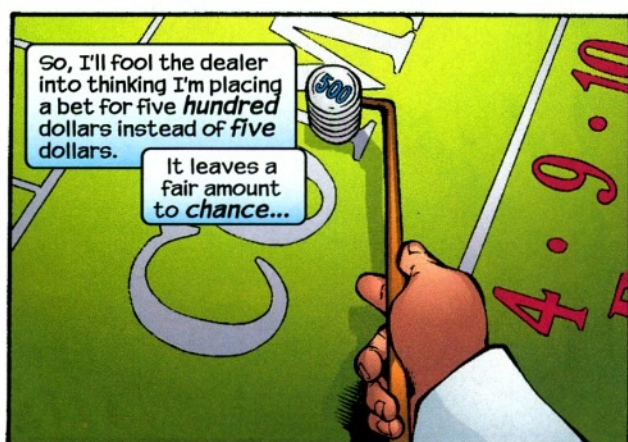
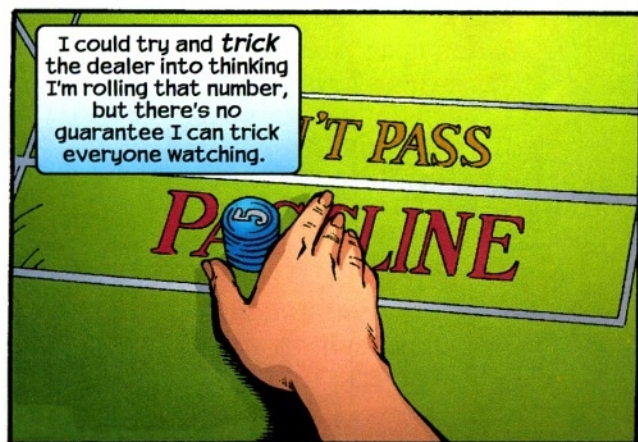


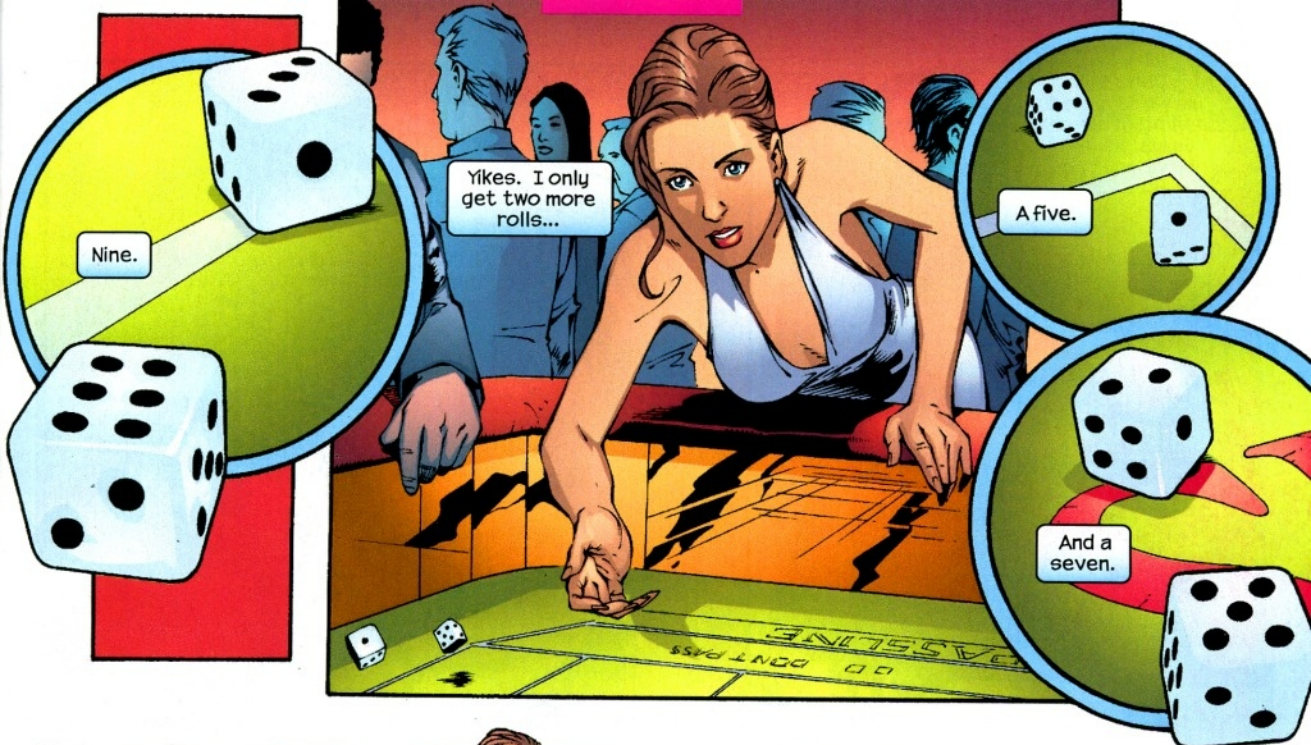
Doesn't seem
promising.

Say,
gorgeous,
can we *go*
now?











soon...

Literally and figuratively speaking, I try to run a pretty *tight* ship--but I can't be *everywhere* at once.

That's why I pay to have spotters *positioned* throughout the casino in order to detect *illegal activity* such as yours.

Unfortunately, despite such *precautions*, I've found that the human eye can be *tricked*.

But the camera?



The camera sees *all*, boys and girls.

Sylvie--you're *fired*.



But, Mrs. Faulkner-- I never saw these two before *tonight*! I swear on the lives of my *kids*!

Then my heart *goes out* to the brats. To me, it looks like you were a *willing accomplice* to a feeble attempt at robbing this establishment blind.



No, she wasn't! She's telling the *truth*!

Oh, really? And just *how* did you two manage to convince her that an *empty cup* had five thousand dollars worth of chips inside?



Uhh...we're *magicians*...you know, sleight of hand...?



If you don't get off my boat *now*, I'm going to show you some sleight of *foot*!

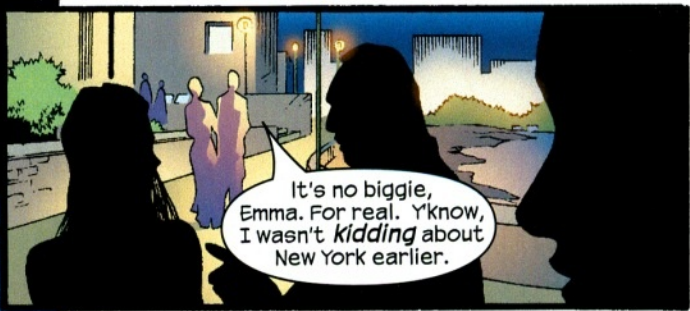


the south Boston piers -- 3:10 a.m.

Maybe we could try our luck at *another* casino?

Too late-- the rest'll be closed at this hour.

I'm *sorry*, Troy. I blew it.



It's no biggie, Emma. For real. Y'know, I wasn't *kidding* about New York earlier.



You *up* for a road trip?

I--I--



Okay,
you two. Your
luck just *ran*
out.

Just?



to be continued...