

ORIGIN™



PART I OF VI
THE HILL

JENKINS

KUBERT

ISANOVE

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2011
ISANOVE



"THAT THERE BUILDING
IS THE *HOWLETT*
ESTATE.

"THEY SAY IT
WAS BUILT ON
A FOUNDATION
OF TEARS."





AYE... A RIGHT **TERRIBLE** TRAGEDY IT WAS .. JUST AFTER THE PLACE WAS BUILT, THE ELDER BOY TOOK ILL ALL OF A SUDDEN AN' **DIED**.

THEY BURIED 'IM HERE ON THE GROUNDS. THAT WAS SUCH A **DESPERATE SAD DAY** FOR EVERYONE.



Oh, THAT MUST'VE BEEN SO **AWFUL**, MISTER KENNETH...

IT WAS AT THAT, YOUNG ROSE. 'COURSE, WE DON'T TALK ABOUT IT MUCH UP ON THE HILL.

POOR MRS. HOWLETT WAS SENT AWAY TO THE **MADHOUSE**, SO THEY SAY. AFTER SHE CAME BACK, THINGS WAS NEVER THE SAME.



AN' IS IT **TRUE** ABOUT THE OLD MAN? IS HE REALLY AS BAD AS THEY SAY DOWN IN THE VILLAGE?

Mm. YOU'LL NEVER HEAR **ME** SAY THIS, MIND... BUT IF Y'ASK ME, THE OLD MAN'S ONE TO BE **AVOIDED**. HE AIN'T LIKE HIS SON.

SELF-MADE MILLIONAIRE... MADE A FORTUNE IN COPPER ORE. BUT A MISERABLE BLIGHTER WHEN IT COMES TO ANYONE OF **OUR STATION**.



YOUNG MASTER JOHN'S A GOOD MAN, BUT HE AN' 'IS FATHER DON'T **ABIDE** EACH OTHER.

THERE'S A LOT OF **SADNESS** UP HERE .. THAT'S HOW IT'S BEEN EVER SINCE THE TRAGEDY.



IF Y'ASK ME, GIRL, THIS **BLOODY PLACE** IS **BAD LUCK**.



SO, WHAT BRINGS YOU UP FROM THE VILLAGE, YOUNG ROSE?

MY PARENTS, SIR... IT WAS THE *INFLUENZA* WHAT TOOK 'EM BOTH. I AIN'T GOT NOBODY NO MORE.



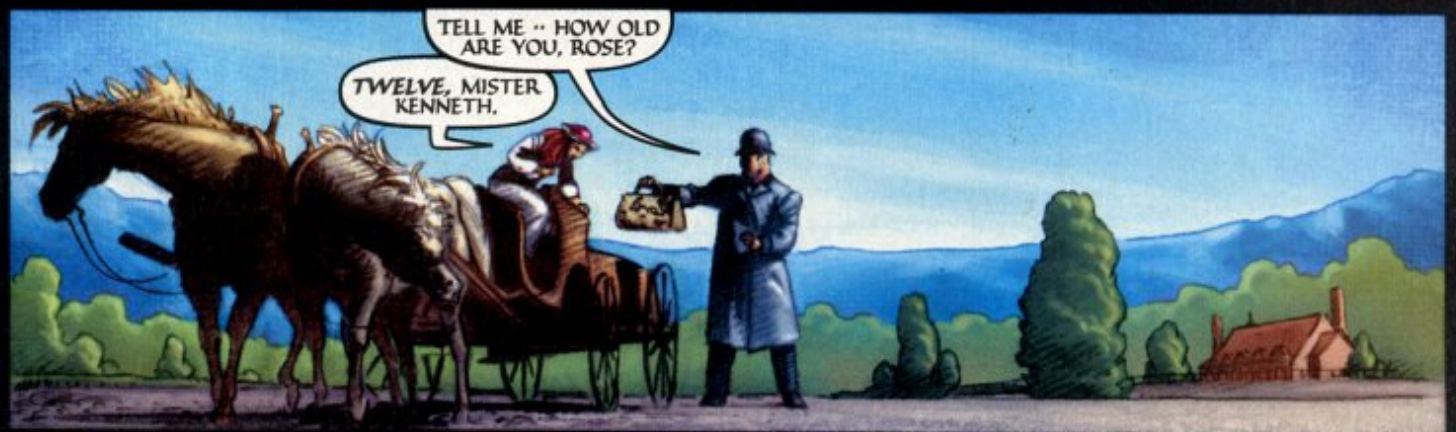
MRS. HOPKINS KNEW MY AUNTIE DOWN IN THE VILLAGE. SHE THOUGHT AS HOW I'D BE A GOOD COMPANION FOR YOUNG MASTER JAMES.

I MEAN, WHAT WITH THE MISTRESS TAKEN ILL AN' HIM BEIN' THE *ONLY CHILD* AN' ALL...



HONEST TO GOD, SIR, I'M RIGHT SCARED. THEY NEVER SAID WHAT ME *DUTIES* WAS SUPPOSED TO BE. I AIN'T NEVER BEEN AROUND SUCH FINERY BEFORE...

AN' YOU WON'T AGAIN, LASS -- NOT IN *YOUR* LIFETIME. THERE AIN'T NO OTHER PLACE LIKE THE HOWLETT ESTATE IN ALL OF THE COUNTRY.



TELL ME -- HOW OLD ARE YOU, ROSE?

TWELVE, MISTER KENNETH.



AYE, WELL... IF YOU WANT TO BE *THIRTEEN*, YOU'LL KEEP YERSELF TO YERSELF AND DO EXACTLY AS YOU'RE TOLD.



YOU'RE PRETTY.



WELL, AIN'T YOU THE CHARMING ONE. AN' WHAT WOULD YOUR NAME BE?

I LIKE YOUR HAIR.



WHY, THANK YOU, SIR! D'YOU LIVE UP HERE AT THE HOUSE ..?



HYAA!
HA HA!



COUGH
COUGH

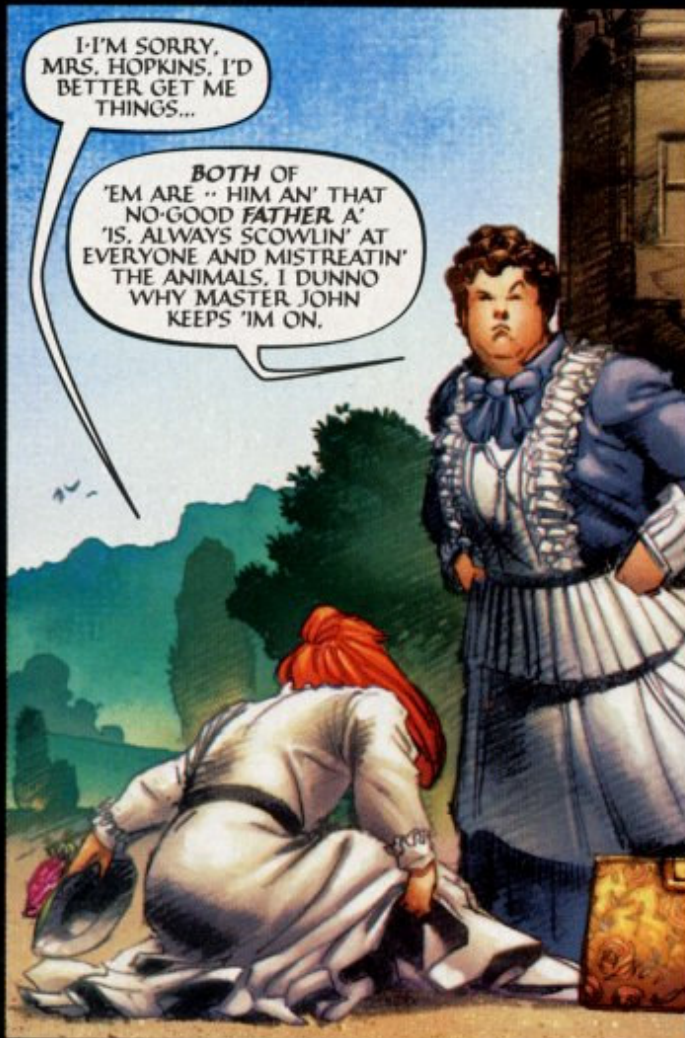
HAW!
HA HA
HA!



OOH... YOU LITTLE ..

THAT'S LOGAN'S BOY.

HE'S A BAD APPLE, THAT ONE, AN' MAKE NO MISTAKE.



I'M SORRY, MRS. HOPKINS, I'D BETTER GET ME THINGS...

BOTH OF 'EM ARE -- HIM AN' THAT NO-GOOD FATHER A' 'IS, ALWAYS SCOWLIN' AT EVERYONE AND MISTREATIN' THE ANIMALS. I DUNNO WHY MASTER JOHN KEEPS 'IM ON.



YOU MARK MY WORDS, GIRL, THEY'RE A DIRTY BUNCH OF SCOUNDRELS, THEM LOGANS, THE BOY JUST AS MUCH AS 'IS FATHER.

MISTER LOGAN'S THE GROUNDSKEEPER UP HERE. YOU DON'T GO WITHIN FIFTY YARDS OF THAT MAN, UNDERSTAND?



NOW THEN, LET'S TAKE A LOOK AT YOU. YOU'LL BE MEETING MASTER JOHN IN A FEW MINUTES.

TCH... LOOK AT THE STATE OF YOU! YOU LOOK LIKE YOU WAS DRAGGED THROUGH A HEDGE BACKWARDS.



THIS IS A BIG OPPORTUNITY FOR A YOUNG GIRL, ROSE, ESPECIALLY SEEN' AS HOW YOU CAN READ AN' WRITE AN' ALL.

I DONE YOU A GREAT FAVOR TO GET YOU AWAY FROM THE BOTTOM OF THE HILL, CHILD, SO DON'T YOU MESS IT UP...



... I'M TELLING YOU, JOHN, YOU SHOULD HAVE LISTENED TO ME INSTEAD OF THOSE BLAMED BANKERS OF YOURS! I DIDN'T HAND YOU HALF OF MY MONEY SO THAT YOU COULD SQUANDER IT.

I'M NOT YOU, FATHER! I HAVE A DIFFERENT WAY OF DOING THINGS --

DIFFERENT? PAH!



WELL, NOW... WHAT HAVE WE HERE? A NEW FACE, I SEE.



THIS IS YOUNG ROSE FROM THE VILLAGE, SIR. YOU INQUIRED ABOUT HER BEIN' YOUNG MASTER JAMES' NEW COMPANION --?



SO, YOU'RE ROSE, ARE YOU? TELL ME, ROSE: WHAT DO YOU THINK OF MY HOME? DO YOU LIKE IT?



SPEAK UP, CHILD.

IT'S VERY BIG, SIR.



HA HAI WELL PUT, ROSE! BUT DON'T WORRY, YOU'LL GET USED TO IT SOON ENOUGH.



MRS. HOPKINS WILL SHOW YOU TO YOUR ROOM UPSTAIRS.

I THINK MY SON, JAMES, IS GOING TO LIKE MEETING YOU VERY MUCH.



WOO!
A-HA HA!



Um, CAN
I HAVE MY
HOOP BACK,
PWEASE?



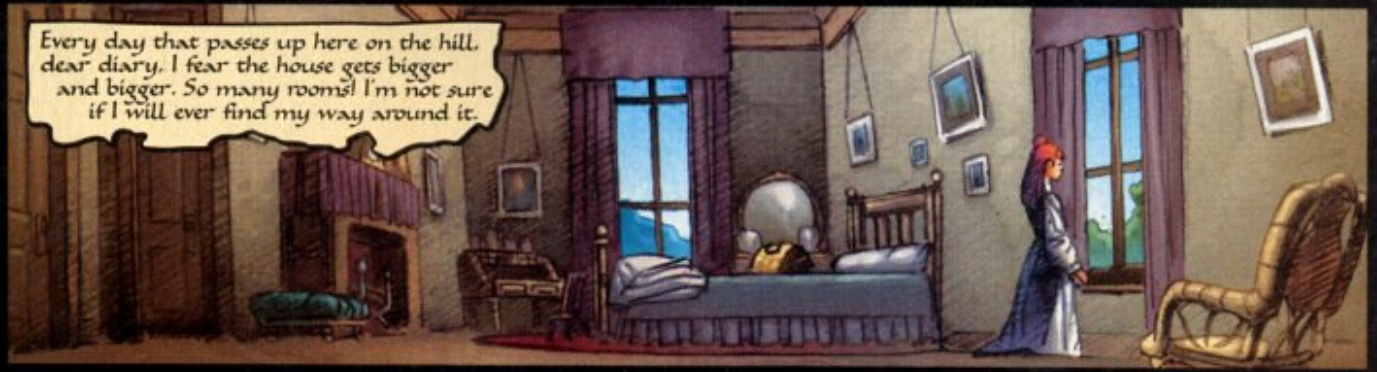
HERE-!



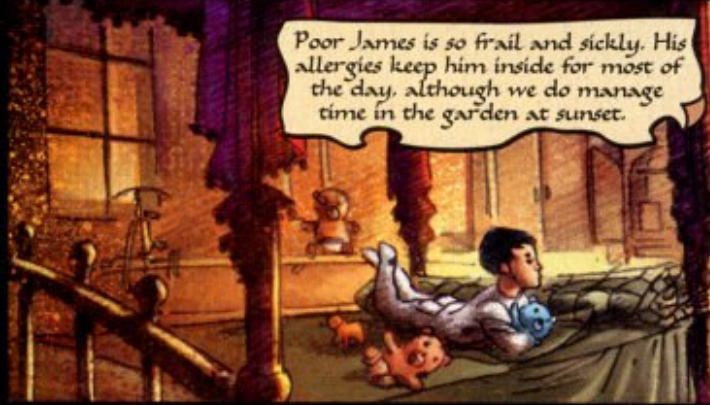
WOO-
WOO! WOO-
WOO!



Every day that passes up here on the hill, dear diary, I fear the house gets bigger and bigger. So many rooms! I'm not sure if I will ever find my way around it.



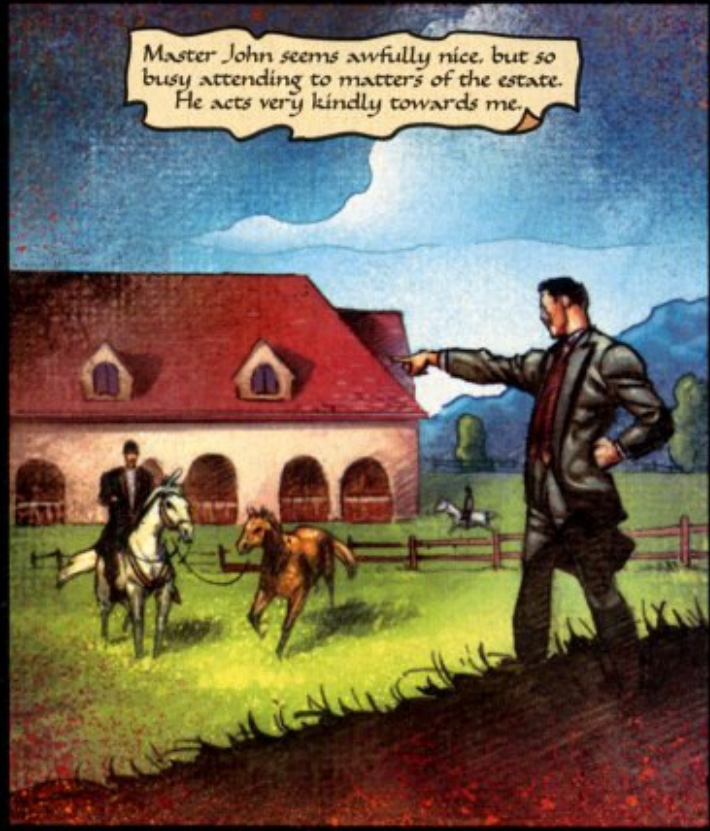
Poor James is so frail and sickly. His allergies keep him inside for most of the day, although we do manage time in the garden at sunset.



But he is a good boy, nonetheless. An attentive child, I think.



Master John seems awfully nice, but so busy attending to matters of the estate. He acts very kindly towards me.



I never see Mistress Elizabeth. No one does except Mrs. Hopkins, our housekeeper. It's very sad. James misses his mother terribly.



As for the Old Man, I think he's a cruel old buzzard. Always griping and complaining. He visits from the East every week.

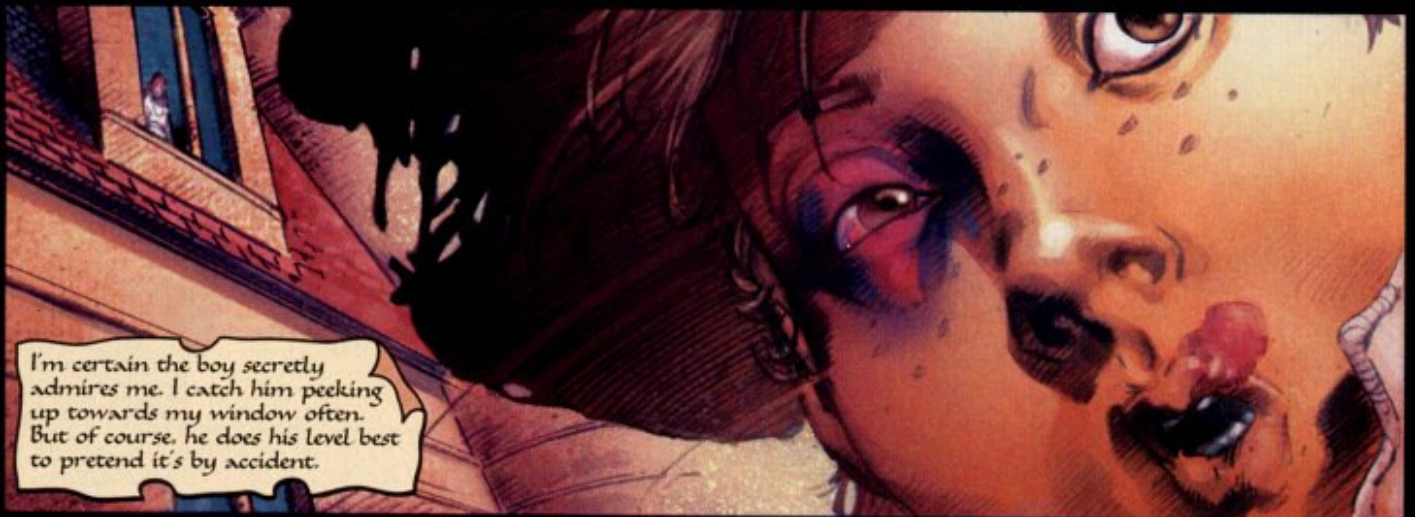


I'm sure Master John would sooner he stayed in the city.



There's one other child who comes by the house to work — the Logan boy. I'm sure I don't even know if he has a first name. Everyone calls him "Dog."

He's a gaggle of scrapes and bruises, that one.



I'm certain the boy secretly admires me. I catch him peeking up towards my window often. But of course, he does his level best to pretend it's by accident.



His father, Mister Logan, drinks at all hours of the day and curses at everyone he sees. I fancy he beats his son as often as look at him.



That boy's going to cause me trouble. I'm sure of it.



Since there are only three children up here at the house, I think it's only natural we should all be friends, dear diary. Don't you?

And what great friends we have become!



James is *very* fond of Dog! I'm certain it's doing him some good to be around a boy his age, despite his allergies.




Poor thing! James can't be too long away from the shade, and the water makes his skin all blotched, like a snapping turtle.

I sometimes wonder if he wants to swim with Dog and me, but he seems content to paddle on the shore.



I must confess, dear diary, we've been having a wonderful Summer! We're all the best of friends now, I think!

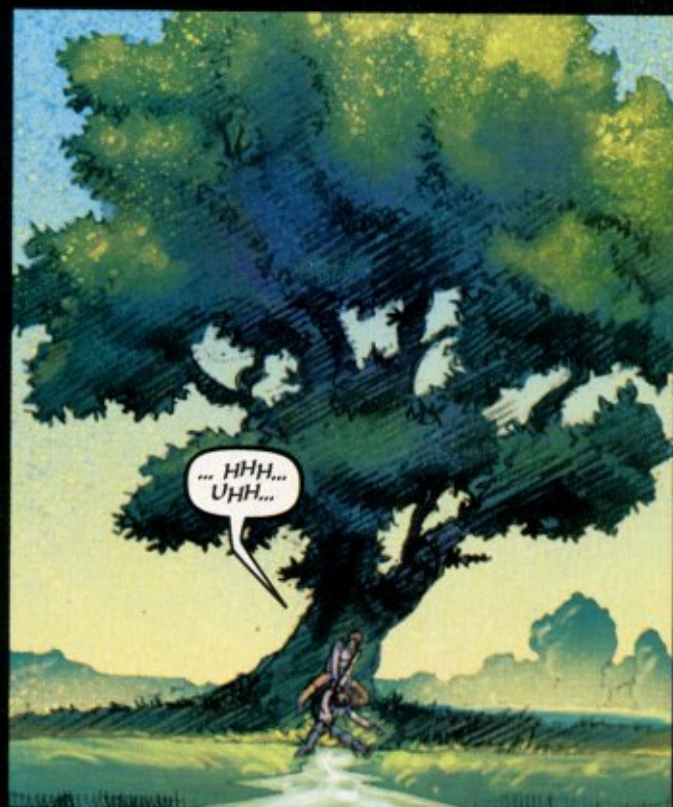
Yet some small measure of sadness remains about us, like a cloud...

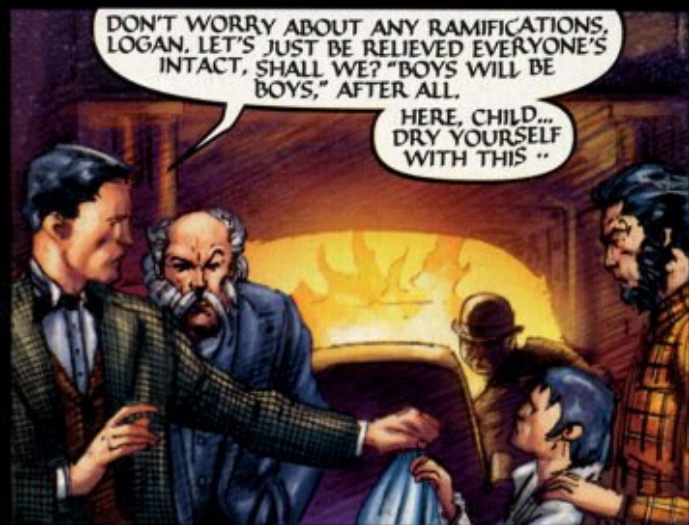


...at the end of our day, James and I return to that sparkling, wonderful house on the hill...

...but poor Dog must always go back to his life down below.









... AH-HEHH...
...SNFFE
...I'M SO SORRY,
PAPA.

I DINT'
MEAN ANYTHIN'
BY IT.



LET THAT BE
A LESSON TO YOU,
BOY. IF I TOLD YOU
ONCE, I TOLD YOU A
THOUSAND TIMES --
OUR KIND AN' THEIR
KIND DON'T MIX.

THEM PEOPLE, THEY
DON'T UNDERSTAND
'OW IT IS DOWN BELOW.
THEY LIVE IN THEIR BIG,
FANCY HOUSES, AND WE
LIVE IN THE DIRT.



YOU'LL
REMEMBER
THIS ONE DAY, BOY.
YOU'LL THANK
ME FOR IT.



YOU
UNDERSTAND
ME?

YES,
SIR.



GOOD
BOY.
HERE...
THIS'LL SET
YOU TO
RIGHTS.



How I feel for poor James.
The child is so terribly ill all
the time. I think his melancholy
makes him worse.

He misses his mother, who is so
distant yet so close by! It's enough
to catch a glimpse of her as she takes
air on occasion up on her balcony...



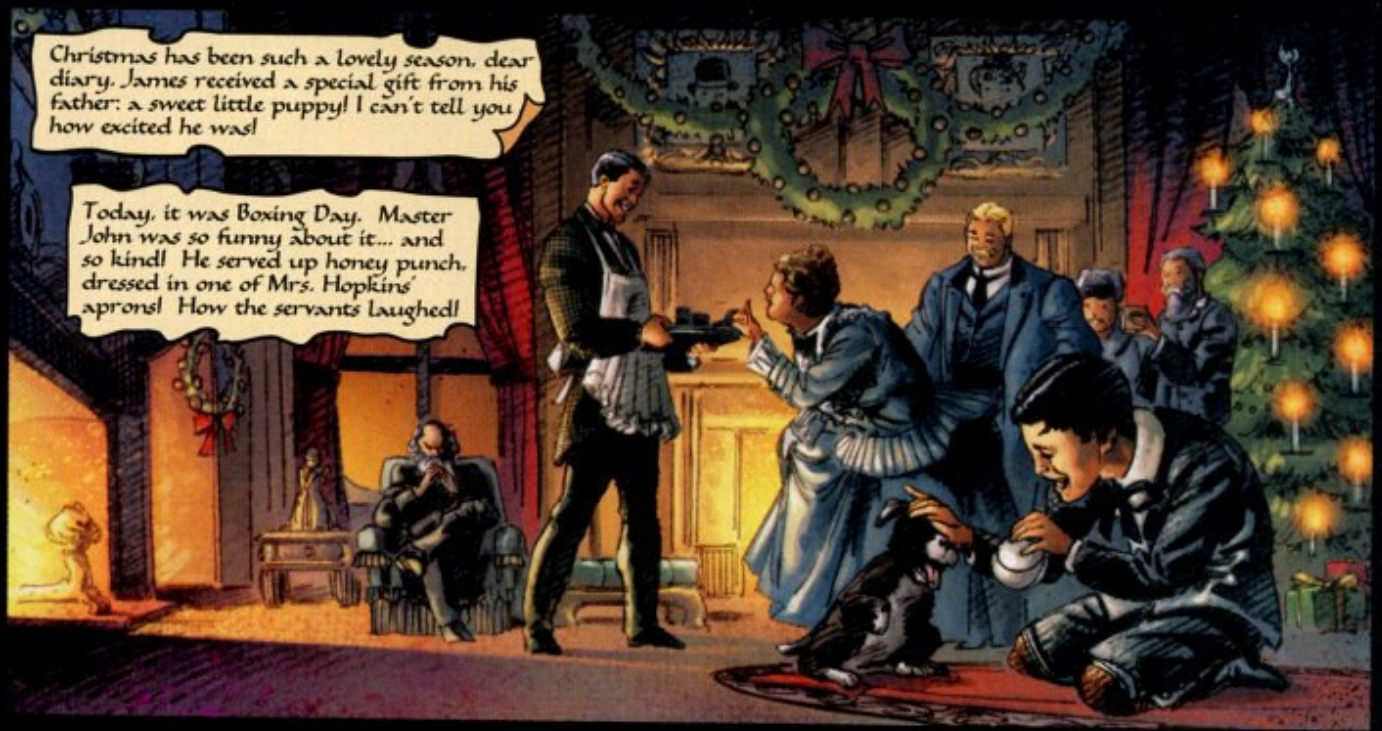
JAMES,
WHAT IS IT...?
JAMES?





Christmas has been such a lovely season, dear diary. James received a special gift from his father: a sweet little puppy! I can't tell you how excited he was!

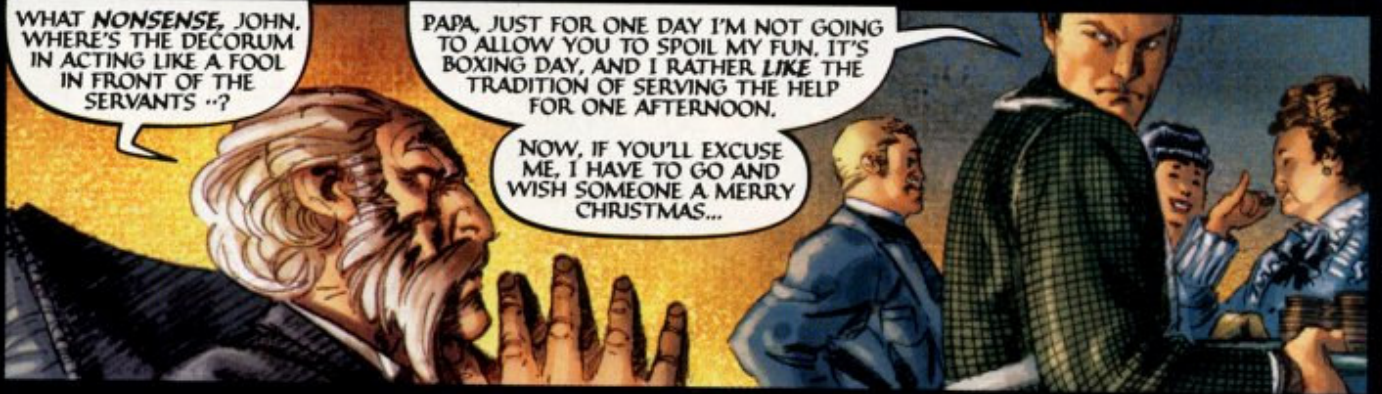
Today, it was Boxing Day. Master John was so funny about it... and so kind! He served up honey punch, dressed in one of Mrs. Hopkins' aprons! How the servants laughed!



WHAT NONSENSE, JOHN. WHERE'S THE DECORUM IN ACTING LIKE A FOOL IN FRONT OF THE SERVANTS...?

PAPA, JUST FOR ONE DAY I'M NOT GOING TO ALLOW YOU TO SPOIL MY FUN. IT'S BOXING DAY, AND I RATHER LIKE THE TRADITION OF SERVING THE HELP FOR ONE AFTERNOON.

NOW, IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, I HAVE TO GO AND WISH SOMEONE A MERRY CHRISTMAS...



HELLO, ROSE. WHY SO GLUM?

OH, SIR... *SNIFF* I'M AWFUL SORRY. IT'S JUST...

... I MISS ME MAM AN' DAD SO MUCH. MAM'D ALWAYS MAKE ME A PRETTY NEW DRESS AT CHRISTMAS...



YES, WELL... THAT'S A SHAME. NOW, I REALLY MUST GET BACK TO THE PARTY...

WELL, LOOK WHAT WE HAVE HERE! DOES THIS BELONG TO YOU, YOUNG LADY?



HERE... "A ROSE FOR A ROSE..."

Oh, SIR!



Oh, MASTER JOHN, I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY...

HUSH, CHILD, GO AND THANK MRS. HOPKINS -- SHE'S THE ONE WHO TOLD ME ABOUT YOUR CHRISTMAS DRESS.



**BUMP
CRASSH**

Uh-oh... SOUNDS LIKE THE HELP IS GETTING INTO THE PUNCH AGAIN.

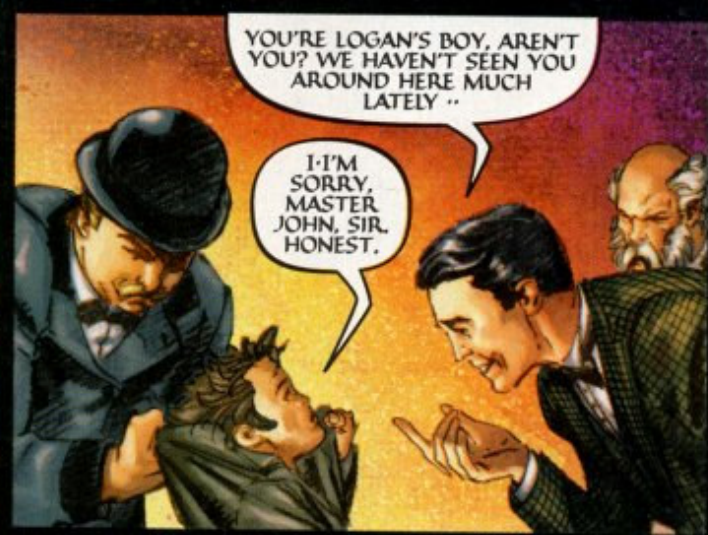
MERRY CHRISTMAS, ROSE.





MASTER JOHN, SIR! THE BOY WAS SPYING IN THE WINDOW!

Oh, FOR GOODNESS SAKE, KENNETH, LET THE BOY GO, HE'S DONE NO HARM.



YOU'RE LOGAN'S BOY, AREN'T YOU? WE HAVEN'T SEEN YOU AROUND HERE MUCH LATELY ..

I-I'M SORRY, MASTER JOHN, SIR, HONEST.



HERE...JAMES IS BUSY WITH HIS NEW PUPPY .. I DOUBT HE'LL MISS ONE MORE TOY, WHAT DO YOU SAY?



Oh, THANK YOU, SIR! MERRY CHRISTMAS, SIR!

GOOD BOY. NOW BE OFF WITH YOU ..



THIS IS THE FINAL STRAW, JOHN! ARE YOU GOING TO HAND THEM THE KEYS TO THE SAFE NEXT? I WON'T STAND FOR IT!



WHAT DO YOU MEAN, YOU WON'T STAND FOR IT? THIS IS MY HOUSE, FATHER ..

YES, AND BUILT ON THE STRENGTH OF MY MONEY!



YOUR MONEY? Ah, SO IT RETURNS TO YOU EACH AND EVERY TIME YOU FIND DISPLEASURE WITH ME, DOES IT?

HOW DARE YOU TALK TO YOUR FATHER, THAT WAY!



LOOK AT 'EM UP THERE.
LIVIN' LIKE KINGS IN
A BLOODY CASTLE.
THINK THEY'RE GOD
ALMIGHTY, THEY DO.
BETTER'N US.



I HATE 'EM... ALL OF TH'
BASTARDS! 'SPECIALLY "SOFT
JOHN." THINKS HE'S TOO
GOOD FER SOMEONE LIKE
ME, BUT HE AIN'T!

AT LEAST THE OLD
MAN KNOWS HIS PLACE...
HE KNOWS 'OW T' TREAT
A SERVANT, SO 'E DOES.
SOFT JOHN DON'T EVEN
KNOW 'OW TO TREAT
'IS WIFE "



STEADY,
LOGAN ..

GET YOUR
BLEEDIN' HANDS
OFFA ME!



THEY AIN'T
LIKE WE ARE...
TOO BLEEDIN'
GOOD FER
US...





WHAT DID I TELL YOU, BOY?

WHAT DID I TELL YOU?!!

NO, POPPA... I'M SORRY, I DIDN'T MEAN IT, I SWEAR!



"I'LL MAKE YOU SORRY! YOU HEAR ME --?"

"NO, POPPA .. AAOW!"

WH
A
CK



"POPPAI"

"POPPA, NO...!"

SMASH



For years, we have followed **LOGAN** in the desperate search for his past, picking up bits and pieces everywhere — from the wilds of the Canadian wilderness to the teeming cities of Japan.

To many, **WOLVERINE** is Marvel's finest hero — the best there is at what he does. But to all, he is our most mysterious. Genetics, environment, divine intervention: what incredible forces created this man — the world's greatest killing machine with a heart as big as the great outdoors?

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