

MARVEL
PSR+ 5

BOLLERS
GREEN
KETCHUM

Emma Frost™



Greg Horn

higher
LEARNING
5 OF 6

DIRECT EDITION

Brent-NW



\$2.50 US \$4.00 CAN

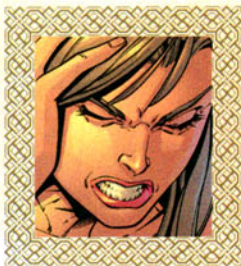
previously in EMMA FROST...

EMMA FROST has discovered she's not like other girls. She has the ability to read the superficial thoughts of others. She is a mutant.

Her newfound power enables her to go from being a mediocre student to graduating at the top of her class, however, good grades alone aren't enough to please Emma's family. She fights constantly with her sisters and struggles to escape the control of her domineering father, WINSTON.



Emma later discovers a new aspect of her blossoming power—when she brushes into contact with another person, she experiences flashes of their memories. Through this power she discovers that her brother CHRISTIAN is secretly in love with another man. Later, while vacationing on the French Riviera with her family, she brushes into a stranger and experiences a disturbing shocking image. When a kindly woman helps the nauseous Emma to her feet, Emma is surprised to see that the woman has a magazine with Emma's older sister, ADRIENNE, posing on the cover.



That evening, Emma sees her father out on the town with a woman who isn't her mother. Emma decides to follow them and take photographs in order to blackmail him. She trails them into a club, but becomes distracted when she sees Christian across the room. He is speaking to the same stranger she encountered earlier that day, and Emma senses that the stranger has drugged him.

Emma uses her mental ability to stop the stranger from kidnapping Christian, but Winston's arrival on the scene allows the stranger to escape. The next day, Christian confesses the truth about his love life to Emma, unaware that their conversation is being recorded by Adrienne who later gives Winston the tape. Emma then reveals the magazine with Adrienne on the cover as payback. Winston becomes outraged at the secrets his children have been keeping from him, when his wife HAZEL enters the room with Emma's camera and the incriminating photos of Winston and the other woman...



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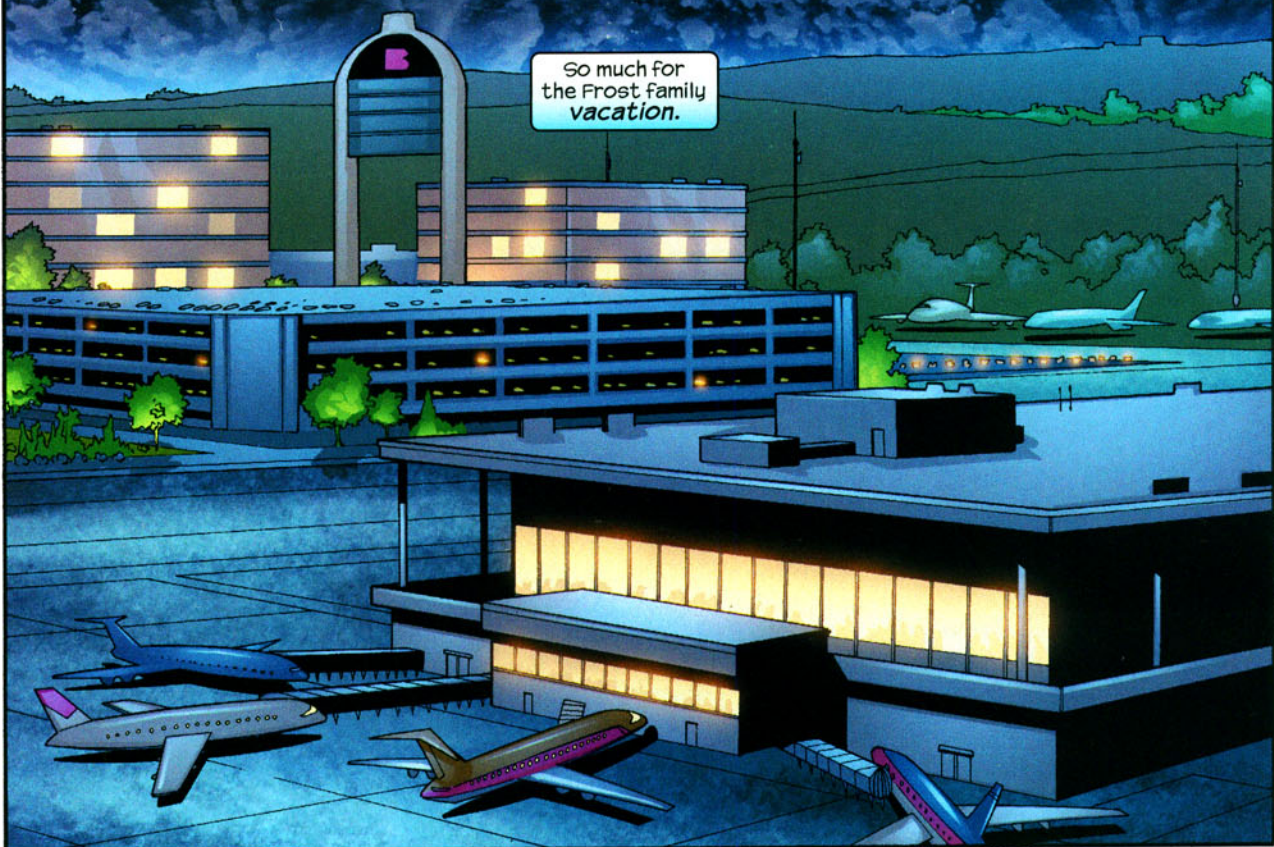
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LOGAN INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS 11:26 PM

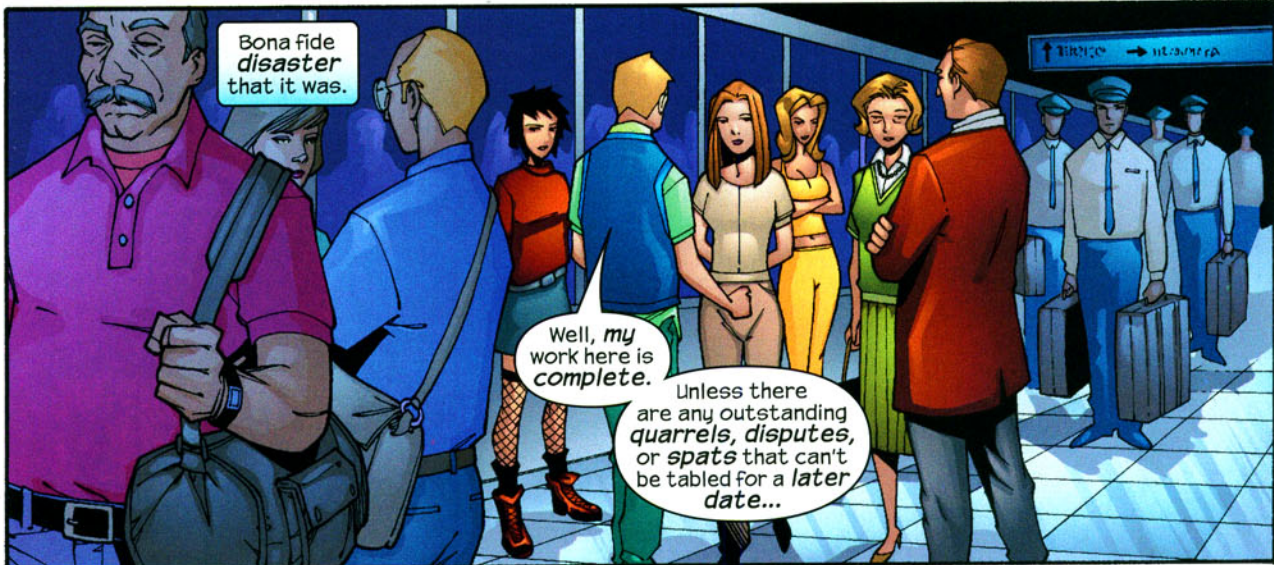
So much for
the Frost family
vacation.



Bona fide
disaster
that it was.

Well, my
work here is
complete.

Unless there
are any outstanding
quarrels, disputes,
or spats that can't
be tabled for a later
date...



...I'd really
prefer to
go now.

To continue living
"the lifestyle"? Oh
no, Christian. Not
on my watch.

I've allowed you *too*
long a leash. You're
coming home where
you belong, son.

With
us.



Sounds oh-so *appealing*, Father. Careful, or I *might* mistake you for a *concerned* parent.

However, my adult *sensibilities* are urging me to *decline* your request.

This is the life I've *chosen*, I've only got one to *live*, and no amount of *strong-arming* is going to change *either* of those facts.

Good night.



Wow, Christian.



That was cool on so *many* levels.

FROST HOUSE
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS
2:14 AM



Mother...?

Emma...

...what are you doing up so late?

I could ask *you* the same question...

Couldn't sleep.

Just looking over the old *family album*...





Mother, I never *meant* for you to find my camera... or the pictures I'd taken of *Daddy* and that--



That *woman*? Really, Emma. You have too *vivid* an imagination.

Those photographs don't prove *anything* other than the fact that your father was entertaining...

His *mistress*.

...a *business* contact.

Mother, you're *not* fooling me! I *know* you don't believe a *word* of that!
You *know* it's not true! What about the photo of them *dancing*?

What's in a *dance*?
How about the one I *took*... the one of him...of him...

...*fondling* her?

Oh, *come* now. Was that *really* his hand?

The photo was *cropped* at the man's wrist...



Right. So, let me get this *straight*, Mother. For the *record*.

I'm now the type who shoots pictures of random men's *hands* on French women's *butts*?!



I don't appreciate that common language in my home, Emma.

I'm shutting you out.



I came down here to be alone, to get away from--



"The constant bickering?"

No, you really mean to say "the truth."

But then, that would be honest...wouldn't it? And, for some reason, honesty isn't so valued around here.



I've heard enough! I don't have to listen to your accusations, young lady.

I'm only trying to help.

Haven't you "helped" enough already, Emma?



Why is she taking his side? Making me out to be the bad guy? I have to make her see the truth.

Mother, wait! you can't just ignore what he--



5:02 AM

Memories.

When I *touch* Mother, instead of experiencing *hers*...

...I *accidentally* made her experience *mine*. Now, she could be seriously *hurt*...

...and it's all *my* fault.

I'm *dangerous*. I should tell--

Don't worry, girls, there's no cause for *alarm*. Isn't that right, Dr. Upjohn?

Well...yes and no. Though Mrs. Frost suffered a mild *seizure*, hospitalization won't be *necessary*.

However, it's left her in a state of temporary *shock*.

Emma, do you have *any* idea what led to her collapse?

No, I...I *found* her that way.

Darn peculiar. I've never *seen* the like.

If her condition doesn't *improve*, you might consider contacting a *specialist*.

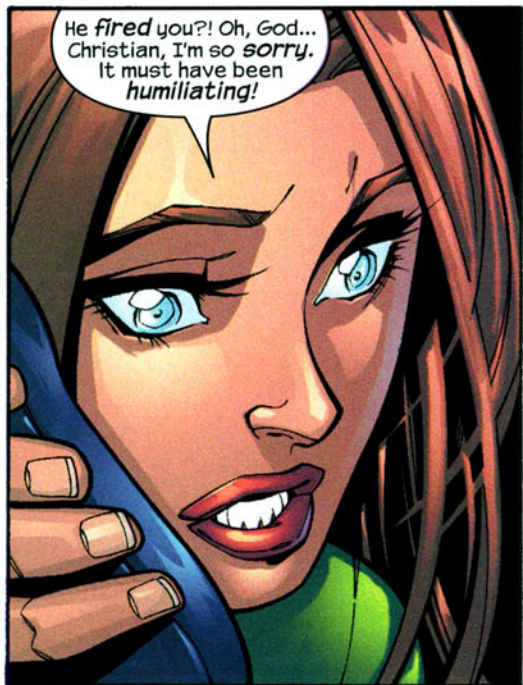
Of course. Thank you, Doctor...



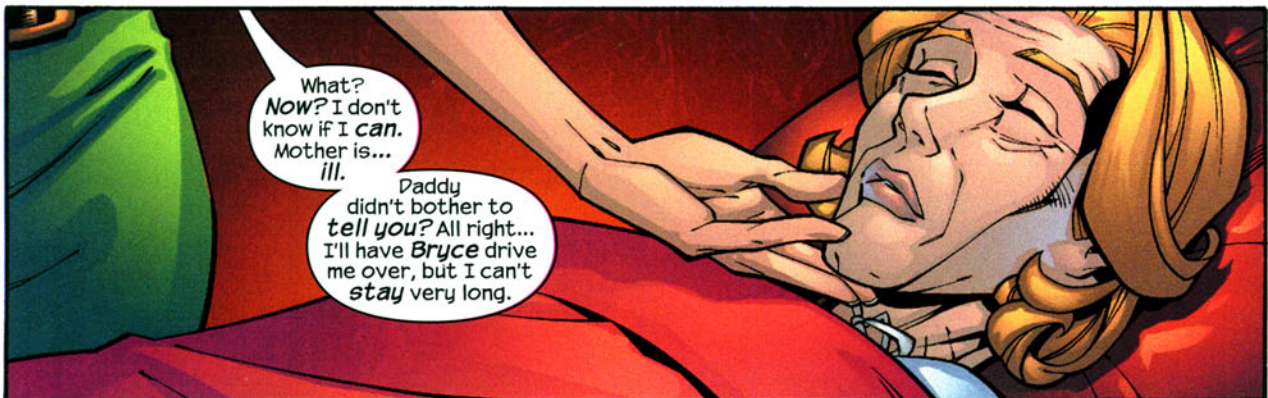
Miss Emma?
There's a call
for you.



Thank you,
Violet. Hello...?
Christian...? What is
it? What's wrong?
Daddy did
what?



He fired you?! Oh, God...
Christian, I'm so sorry.
It must have been
humiliating!



What?
Now? I don't
know if I can.
Mother is...
ill.
Daddy
didn't bother to
tell you? All right...
I'll have Bryce drive
me over, but I can't
stay very long.

SOON...

Christian...?
What are you
doing sitting out
here?

Winston's
gone ultra-
Machiavellian.

He had the *locks* to my
townhouse changed while
he was simultaneously
freezing my *bank*
accounts.

Now I have
no *money*, no
job...and no
place to live.

What
happened to
Mother?

The doctor
isn't *sure*...Christian,
with everything that's
going on, maybe you
should come back to
the mansion.

I--I *can't*,
Em. If I *do*, then it
means that Winston
has won. Again.

You're *right*.
You're *absolutely*
right. No *way* am I
going to let you back
down *now*.

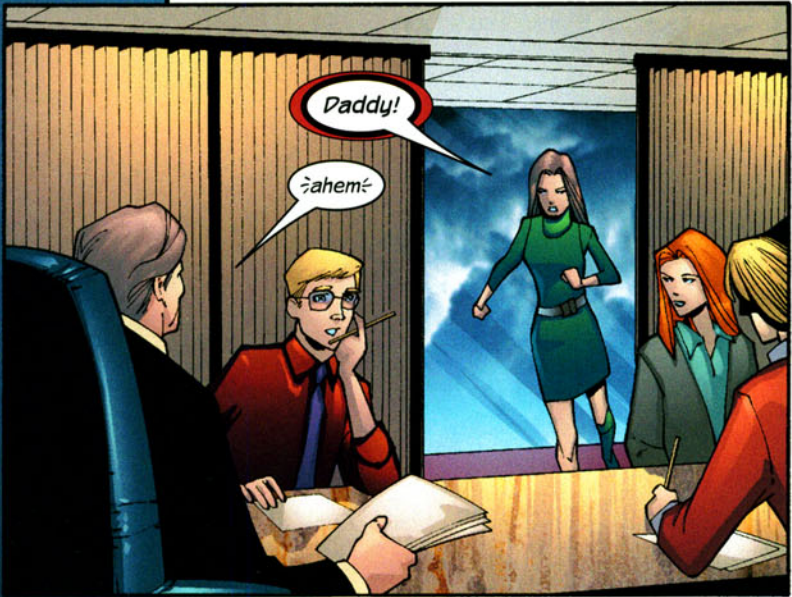
I *know*, but where
do I go from *here*?
I don't have
anyone...

Yes,
you do.

Wait a sec. Em...
are *you* thinking
what *I'm*
thinking?

You don't
know the *half*
of it.

FROST TECHNOLOGIES
LATER...



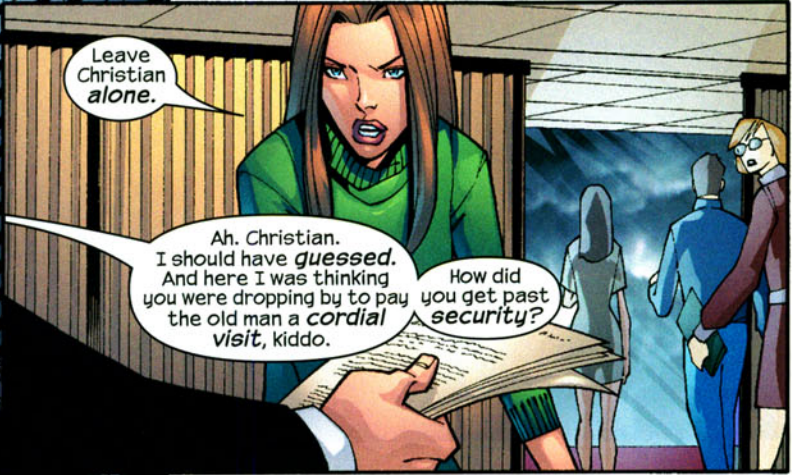
Daddy!

ahem



All right, people, since we're apparently breaking for, oh, *five minutes*...

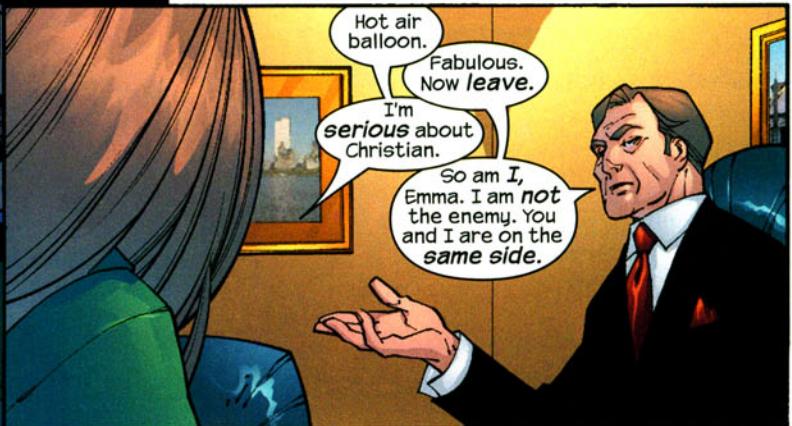
...I hope to see *updated* versions of those R & D spreadsheets when you get back.



Leave Christian alone.

Ah, Christian. I should have *guessed*. And here I was thinking you were dropping by to pay the old man a *cordial* visit, kiddo.

How did you get past security?



Hot air balloon.

Fabulous. Now leave.

I'm serious about Christian.

So am I, Emma. I am *not* the enemy. You and I are on the *same* side.



I only want what's *best* for your brother.

I *knew* he'd never come home unless circumstances *forced* him to do so.



*Circumstances?! Christian came to work this morning, only to discover he had **no job!***

Then you had him *locked out* of his townhouse!

The townhouse I financed, paid for with earnings from *my* company.

I just want him to learn some *traditional family values.*



From *you?*

Don't make me *laugh.*



Where is Christian *right now?*

At Frost House...

*See, sweetheart? He's made the **right** decision...*



You just don't *get it*, do you? Christian is *only* there visiting Mother. He's found someplace *else* to stay.

THAT EVENING...

Then I said, "You lose, Daddy," and his jaw dropped, like, halfway to China. You should have seen it.

It was like "Melrose Place."



Ha! Did you bring your camera this time? Too bad...if there was ever a Kodak moment...

Em? What's the latest on...?

Mother? Dr. Upjohn is with her right now. I'll tell you what he says when I come by Dante's. Bye, Christian!

Miss Emma!
Yes, Violet?

Good news!
Your mother's awake!



You had us a bit worried, Hazel. How are we feeling?

My mouth feels dry.

Understandable. What do you remember about *last night*? Anything out of the ordinary?



Not--



--a--

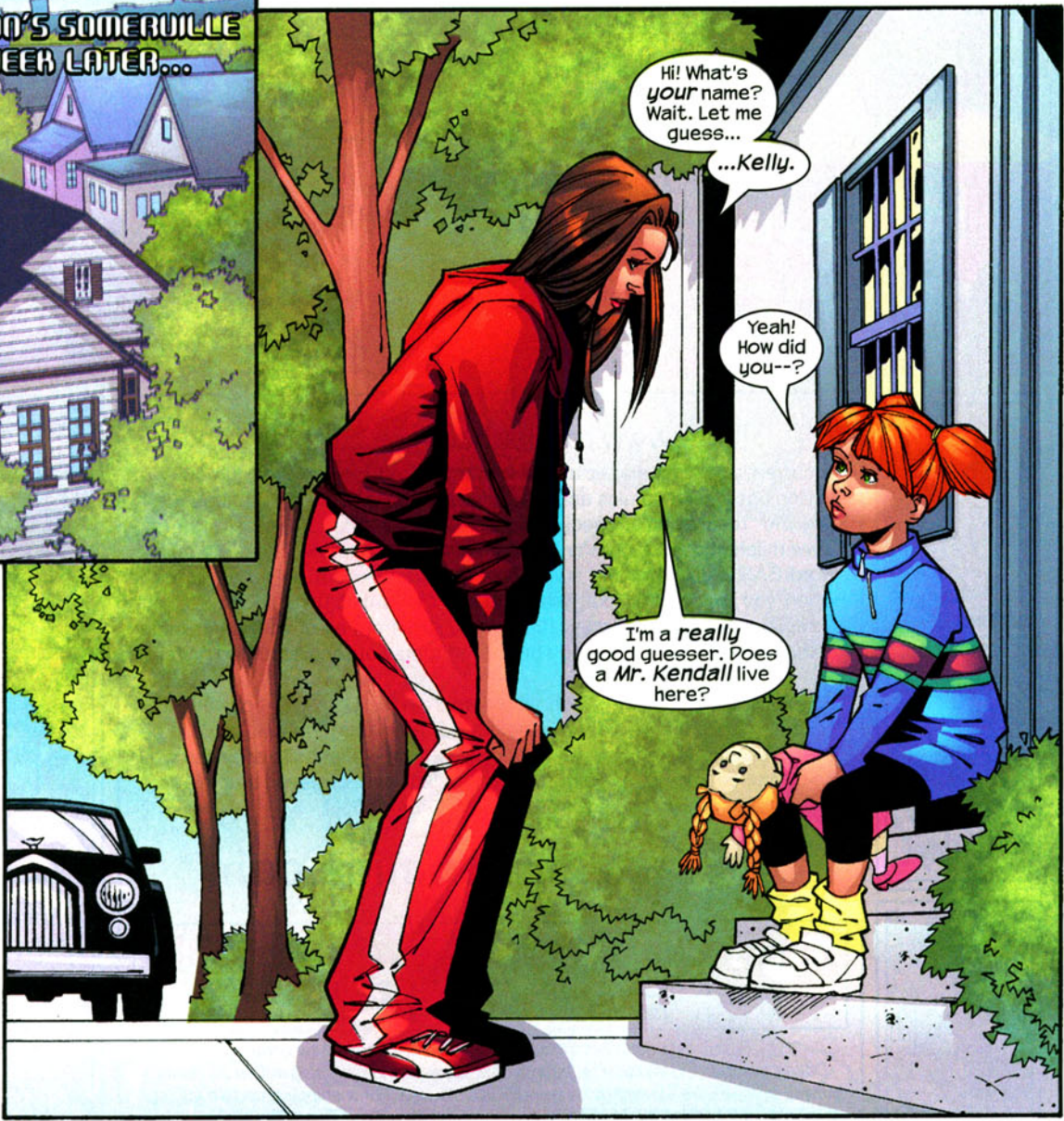


--thing.



Oh, Mother...

BOSTON'S SOMERVILLE
ONE WEEK LATER...



Hi! What's *your* name?
Wait. Let me guess...
...Kelly.

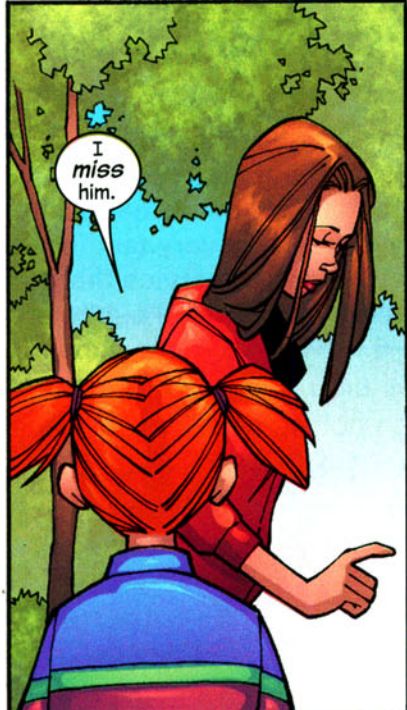
Yeah!
How did you--?

I'm a *really* good guesser. Does a Mr. Kendall live here?

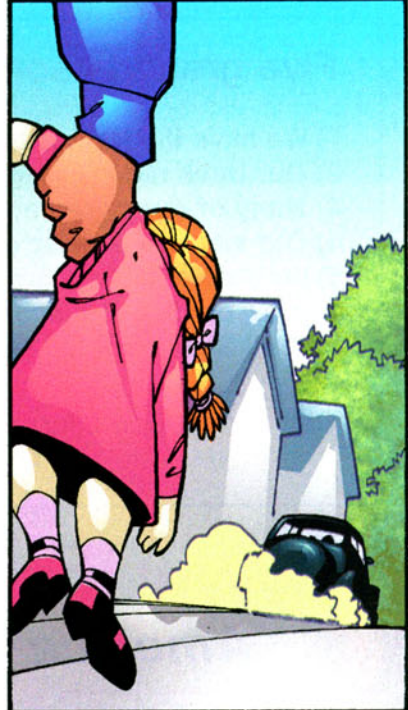


Mr. Kendall's *gone*...he built me a *snowman* once and one time he showed me the *Big Dipper*.

Then he moved away in the *spring*.



I miss him.



Jazz bar.

So, Dante... where did you and Christian meet?

At this little jazz bar on the south side. Butter on your popcorn, Emma?

Saturate me.

My.





FREEZE!

The three of you--up against the wall!

NOW!

PRECINCT 9
FIVE HOURS
LATER...

Daddy.

Why am I
not surprised
to see *you*
here?

I came
as *soon* as
I got the call,
kiddo.


It's a *good* thing you
weren't on that
apartment's lease,
Christian...

...otherwise
you would have been charged
with *illegal firearms* and
narcotics possession like
your drug dealer...*pal*.

Dante's *not* a
drug dealer!


Funny, how
the police say
otherwise. They
claim to have found
enough *heroin* in
his sock drawer to
charge him with
intent to
distribute.

That's
a *lie!*



A half-truth at *best*. You set Dante *up*, Daddy. Paid some dirty cops to plant the so-called... *evidence*.

Oh, Emma, *please*. Are you going to *scapegoat* me with *every* bad thing that happens on the eastern seaboard? This fellow has--




Several prior drug convictions, yes.

That's *why* you did it. A simple *background* check revealed Dante was on *probation*.

You knew that if he got one *more* conviction, then *that* would be it.

It...? What's "*it*"?



Cuba. Where Dante was *born*.

The police gave him the choice of *confessing* to the charges or being *deported*...so he chose *Cuba* instead of *prison*.



Right, Daddy...?



No...

TWO WEEKS LATER...

How's Christian doing, Miss Emma?

Still barely eating, Violet.

Thanks for asking.

So, Dante's inferno has cooled off?

Poor Christian...such *tragedy*, but with a loving *sister* like you to hold his *hand* during these heartbroken weeks, I'm *sure* he'll pull through.

Shame, though. That *boyfriend* of his was one *hot tamale*. Tamales. What is *that*? Mexican or Cuban? I *forget*.

How does *Adrienne* know what Dante *looks* like? As far as I know, they've *never met*.

Can *she* read other people's *thoughts*, too? I can't read hers, but she always *seems* to hint at knowing more than she *actually* lets on.

Wait. You had something to *do* with it, Adrienne.

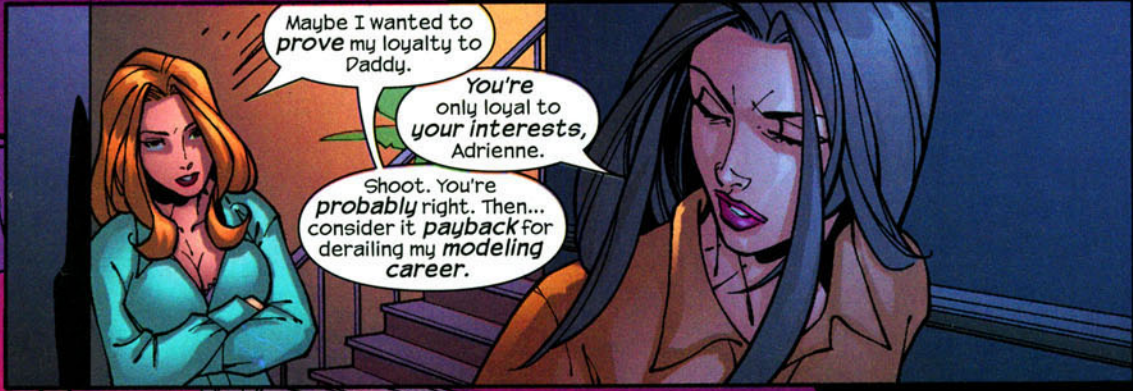
"Something?"
Darn near *everything*. I got the *ball rolling* when I told Daddy where Dante *lived*.

H-how did you *find out*?



That's for me to know, and you not to.

Should I even bother asking why?



Maybe I wanted to prove my loyalty to Daddy.

You're only loyal to your interests, Adrienne.

Shoot. You're probably right. Then... consider it *payback* for derailing my modeling career.



Ugh.

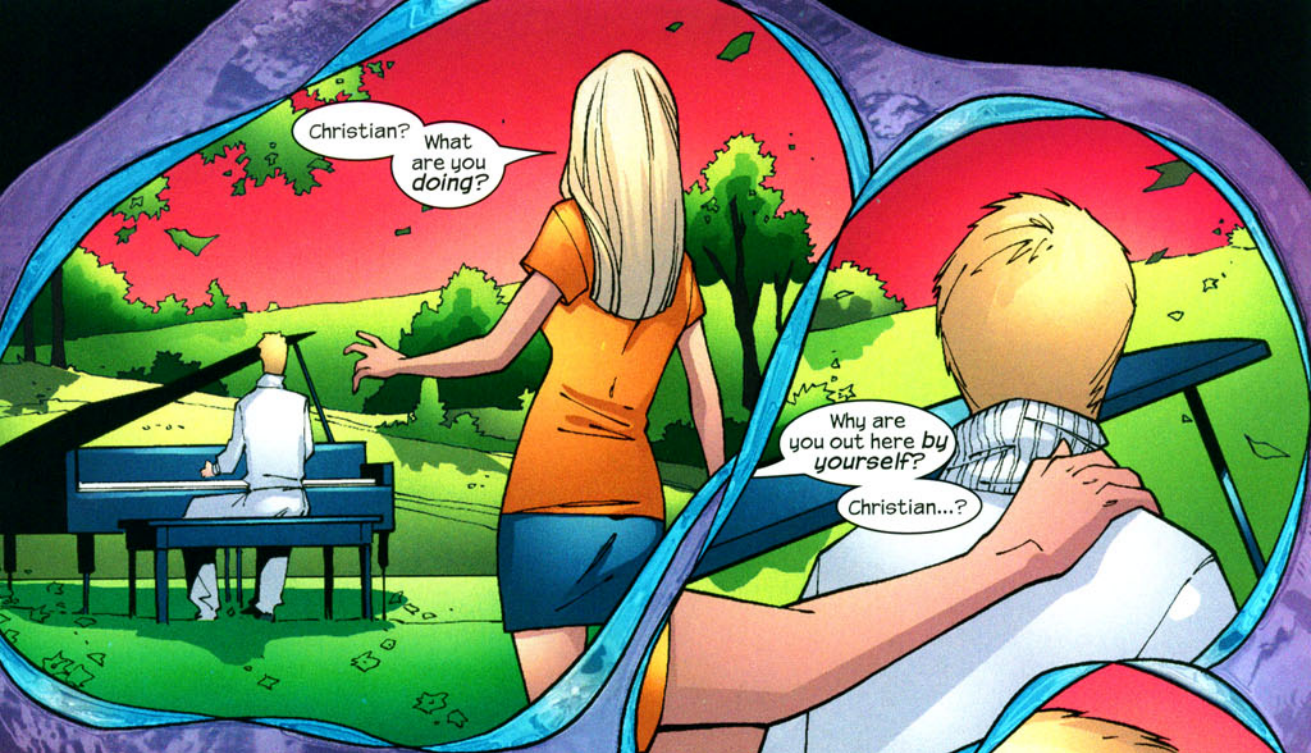
I don't think I can take much more of this.



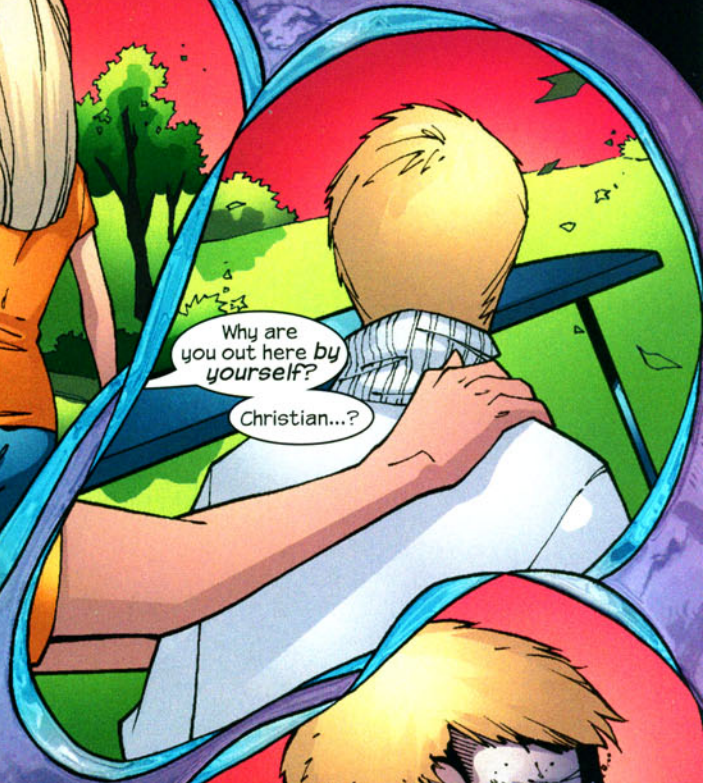
Feel so alone...



...tired...



Christian? What are you doing?



Why are you out here by yourself?

Christian...?



Why won't you answer--



--ME?!

No!



It was just a dream.

Just a dream.

Just a--



TO BE CONTINUED