

**BROOKLYN!**

I'M GLAD YOU CAME OUT, JEAN.

YEAH, ME TOO. SCHOOL'S BEEN HARD TO ADJUST TO. BUT I FINALLY FEEL LIKE I'M--I DON'T KNOW, FITTING IN MORE.



FITTING IN? YOU MAKE IT SOUND LIKE YOU CAME FROM ANOTHER PLANET OR SOMETHING.

SOMETIMES IT FEELS LIKE IT.



AND THERE WAS...NO ONE ELSE ON THIS OTHER PLANET?

NO...NOT REALLY. THERE WAS ONE BOY-- HANK. WE TRIED TO MAKE IT WORK FOR A WHILE, BUT I'VE KNOWN HIM SINCE I WAS A KID. IT KIND OF FELT LIKE KISSING MY BROTHER.

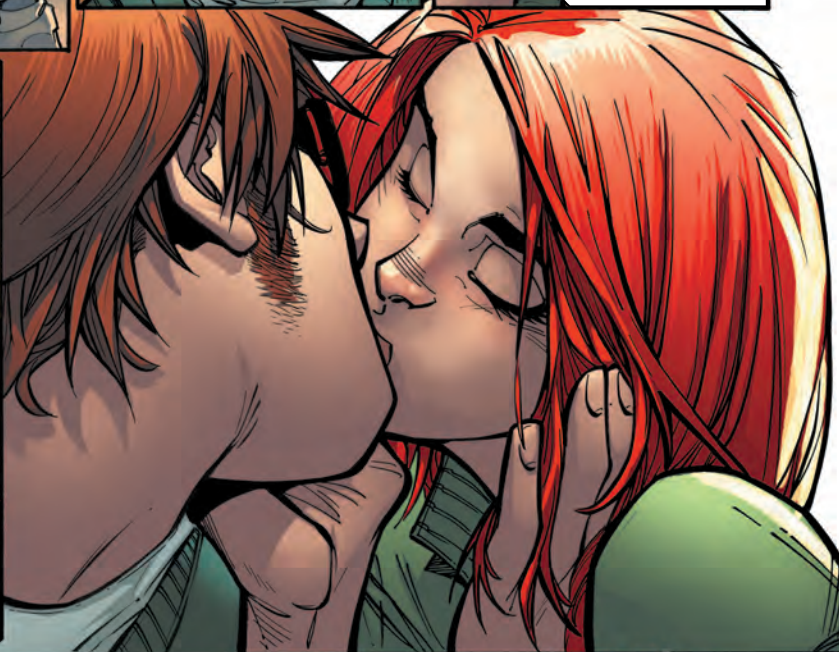


AND I GUESS THERE WAS SCOTT, TOO. BUT THAT WAS DOOMED FROM THE START. LITERALLY.



HANK AND SCOTT?

THAT WAS ALL BACK ON THAT ALIEN PLANET, CHRIS. I'M HERE NOW.



AND THAT...THAT WAS NOT LIKE KISSING MY BROTHER.

I HOPE NOT.

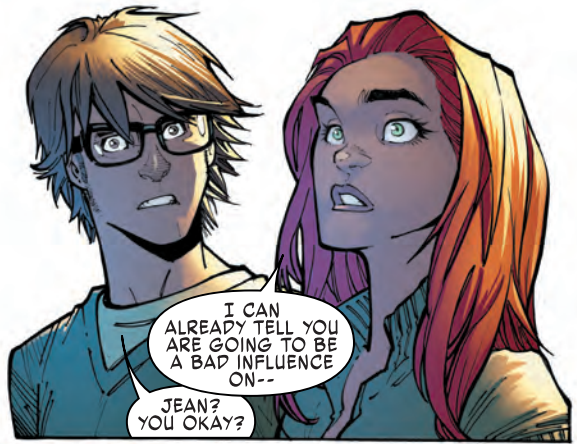






I SHOULD GET HOME. I HAVE AN EARLY CLASS TOMORROW.

ME TOO. IT ISN'T STOPPING ME.



I CAN ALREADY TELL YOU ARE GOING TO BE A BAD INFLUENCE ON--

JEAN? YOU OKAY?



JEAN?!

SOMETHING'S-- SOMEONE...



--IT'S ONE OF THEM, MAN! LOOK AT HIM!

PLEASE-- DON'T. I JUST WANT TO BE ALONE.

YOU SURE? JUST LOOKS LIKE A BUM TO ME.



OH GOD! LOOK AT IT!

I TOLD YOU! HE'S A MUTIE, MAN! DON'T TOUCH HIM.

PLEASE...





WE DON'T WANT YOU SLEEPING OUT HERE! YOU MIGHT HAVE M-POX!

--LUGH!

CAREFUL! DON'T GET HIS SPIT ON YOU OR NOTHING!



GET AWAY FROM HIM.

MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS, KID.

THIS IS MY BUSINESS.



NO, IT AIN'T! IT'S MINE.

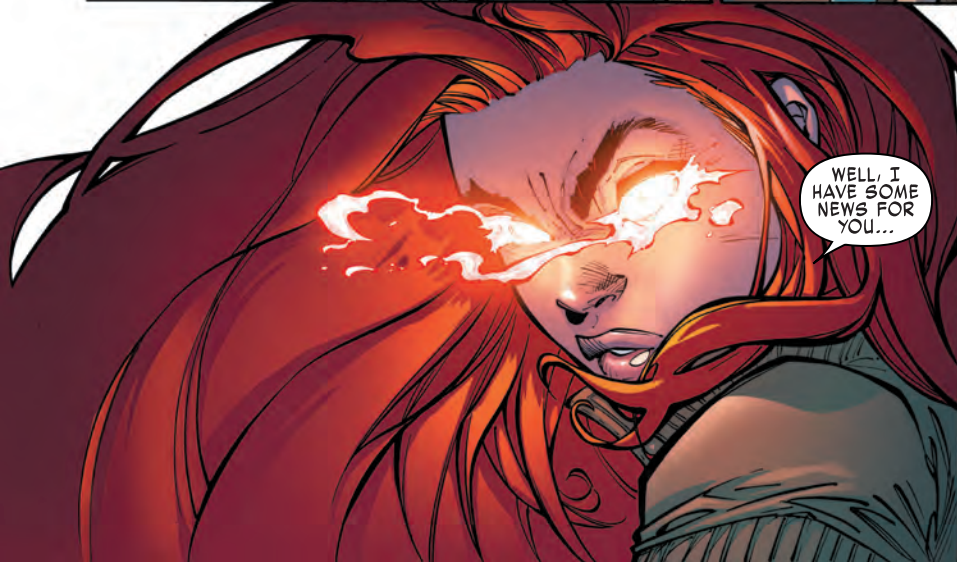
I GOT TWO LITTLE GIRLS. THEY LIVE IN THAT APARTMENT BUILDING, AND THIS FREAK IS ALWAYS CREEPING AROUND HERE, SLEEPING IN THIS LOT RIGHT BESIDE US!

NO WAY AM I LETTING MY LITTLE GIRLS GET SICK FROM THIS GENE JOKE!



JEAN... COME ON, DON'T GET TOO CLOSE. THEY'RE RIGHT, IT'S A MUTIE.

A MUTIE? REALLY, CHRIS?

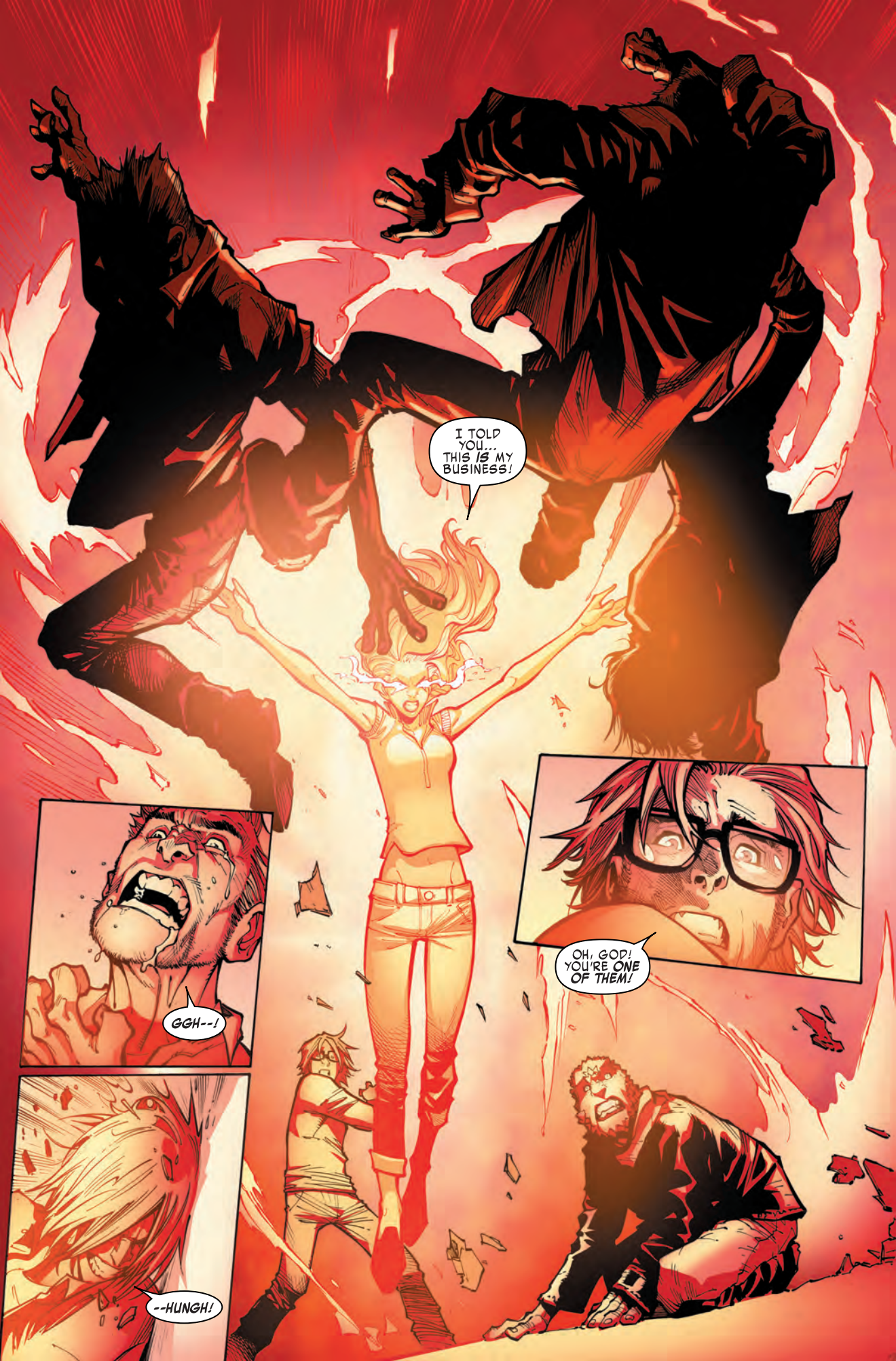


WELL, I HAVE SOME NEWS FOR YOU...



J-JEAN?!





I TOLD YOU... THIS IS MY BUSINESS!

GGH--!

OH, GOD! YOU'RE ONE OF THEM!

--HUNGH!

[Character in pain]