

← **DEVIATIONS** →

# ORPHAN BLACK

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# What Really Happened...



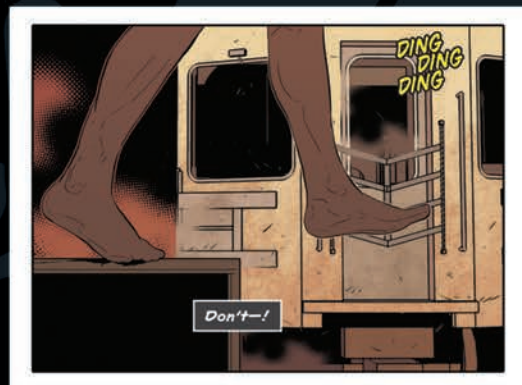
**Sarah Manning**, a streetwise hustler, returned to Toronto by train to reunite with her daughter, **Kira**, who's under the care of Sarah's foster mother, **Siobhan Sadler**.

At the same time, a distressed police detective, **Beth Childs**, paced the train platform.



When Sarah and Beth fatefully saw each other, they realized that they looked identical.

And Beth proceeded to step in front of an oncoming train...



Today, we will explore a world where things happened differently. In a world... where Sarah managed to prevent Beth from taking her own life!

Art by **Szymon Kudranski** / Colors by **Mat Lopes**





SCREAMING IS USELESS—WE ARE IN A REMOTE LOCATION.

PLEASE—I HAVE A DAUGHTER!

S-SHE'S EIGHT. KIRA.



LIES. LIES TO DISTRACT US. I HAVE FILES ON YOU, RACHEL DUNCAN. YOU DO NOT HAVE CHILDREN.

WAIT, YOU GAVE BIRTH TO HER?

YEAH...

FOR THE LAST TIME, I'M NOT THIS RACHEL. GET THE COP TO LOOK IT UP: KIRA MANNING, BORN TO SARAH MANNING, 2005, MOUNT SINAI HOSPITAL—



IMPOSSIBLE. IMPOSSIBLE.

WHY'S THAT IMPOSSIBLE?



BETH, THIS DAUGHTER BUSINESS—IT'S A TRAP. DON'T GO "LOOK IT UP."

CAN'T JUST LOOK IT UP—I'M SUSPENDED.

GOOD. GOOD. GOOD. WE WILL STICK TO MY PLAN, TO PROVE SHE'S RACHEL—





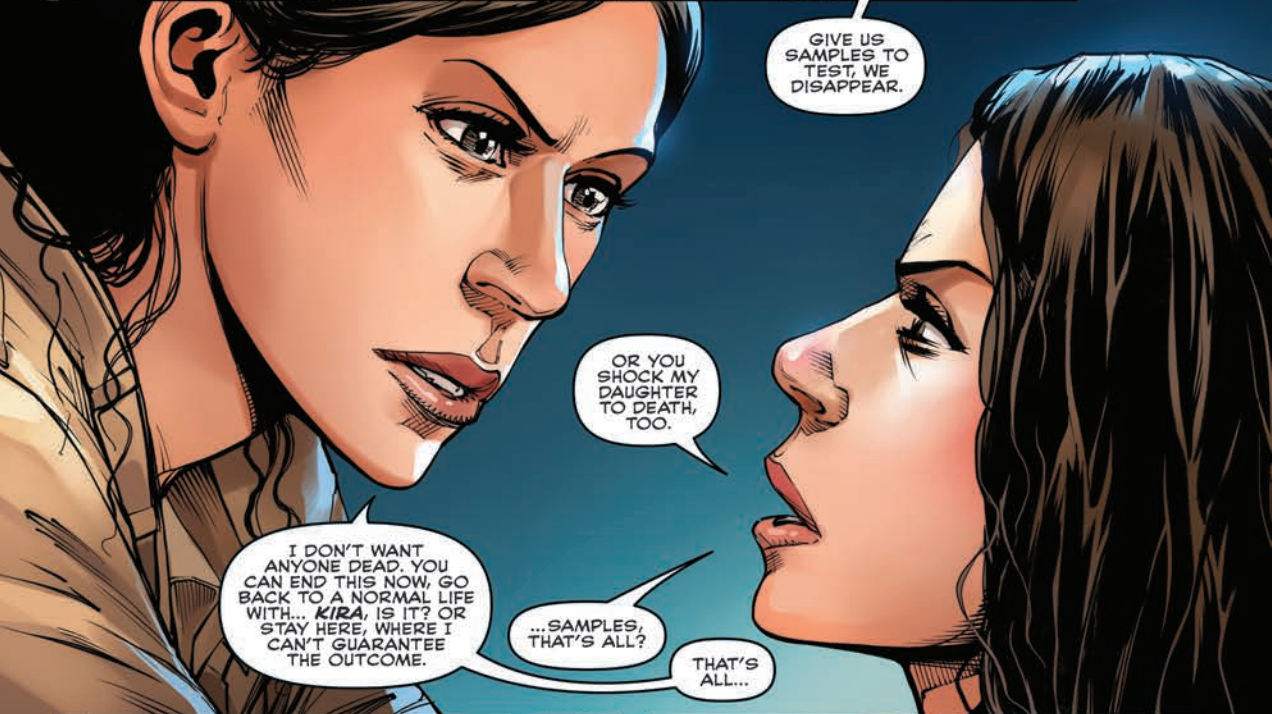
IF YOU'RE "SARAH MANNING," I NEED MORE THAN HOSPITAL RECORDS TO PROVE IT. I NEED GENETIC SAMPLES.

BETH, THIS IS NOT MY PLAN—

GENETIC... SAMPLES?

FROM YOU AND YOUR CHILD.

GIVE US SAMPLES TO TEST, WE DISAPPEAR.



OR YOU SHOCK MY DAUGHTER TO DEATH, TOO.

I DON'T WANT ANYONE DEAD. YOU CAN END THIS NOW, GO BACK TO A NORMAL LIFE WITH... KIRA, IS IT? OR STAY HERE, WHERE I CAN'T GUARANTEE THE OUTCOME.

...SAMPLES, THAT'S ALL?

THAT'S ALL...



BETH, WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!

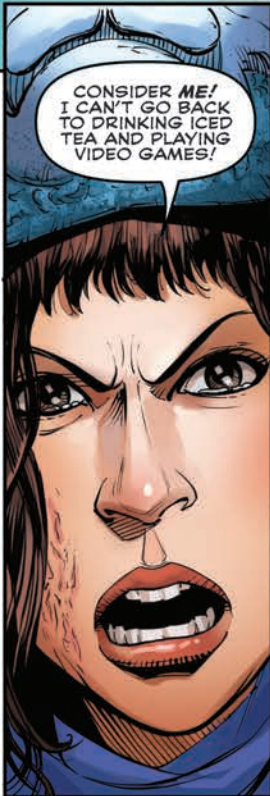
CALLING THE SHOTS.

SHOTS. SHOTS. YOU ALWAYS CALL THE SHOTS. ALWAYS BETH! THIS TIME, IT'S MIKA.



I KNOW THIS RACHEL DUNCAN AND FERDINAND WHAT'S-HIS-NAME ARE IMPORTANT TO YOU, BUT CONSIDER EVERYBODY ELSE, MK.

**SNAP**



CONSIDER ME! I CAN'T GO BACK TO DRINKING ICED TEA AND PLAYING VIDEO GAMES!



I KNOW. SORRY. MY HEAD'S BEEN UP MY OWN ASS.

YES, VERY FAR UP.

BUT MK... SAMPLES CAN TELL US A LOT— WHETHER SHE'S RACHEL, IF HER CHILD'S BIOLOGICAL. IF IT'S TRUE, **THEY** NEED TO KNOW. I WON'T LET HER GO 'TIL EVERYTHING'S VERIFIED.

...FINE. EVERYTHING. VERIFY EVERYTHING.





BAG HER, WILL YOU?

NO, WAIT—WHY'S MY DAUGHTER BEING BIOLOGICAL SO IMPORTANT?

FINE, DON'T TELL ME. BUT NO—NO BAG THIS TIME—



PLEASE—WE'RE FAMILY—

WE ARE NOT FAMILY. WE ARE CLONES.



GUH!



...HOW ABOUT YOU GATHER MORE INFO ON THE CHEEK CHOPPERS BOT AND "BASSPAIR86"? AND WHEN I'M BACK, WE CAN SINK OUR TEETH INTO IT.

IF YOU COME BACK.

I'LL BE BACK. LIKE AN UNWANTED HOUSE GUEST. SO MAKE UP A BED. WE'LL TALK. I WANT YOUR WHOLE STORY. HELSINKI, YOUR FRIENDS, RACHEL. ALL OF IT. BUT FOR NOW, RESEARCH.

I WILL. I WILL RESEARCH. I HOPE YOU COME BACK, BETH...



HELLO, DIZZY. BOT IMPLANT RESEARCH IS GOING TOO SLOW. AND I NEED HELP FINDING A COUPLE NEW "SUBJECTS" BURIED DEEP IN A COMPANY.



WELL, HULLO, MK. HOW ABOUT STARTIN' WITH "HOW ARE YOU?" OR "WHAT'S NEW?"

I AM FINE. AND I HAVE NEW RESEARCH TO DO.

I MEANT... NEVER MIND. THINKIN' SPEAR OR CLONE PHISHING FOR THE NEW SUBJECTS?

...CLONE.





DO YOU HAVE TO EAT EVERYTHING, TOO, VIC? WASN'T IT ENOUGH TRASHING ME OUT OF HOUSE AND HOME?

I WORKED UP AN APPETITE.



LIKE AN ANTIBIOTIC-RESISTANT VENEREAL DISEASE—YOU'RE IMPOSSIBLE TO GET RID OF.

YOUR SISTER'S A FUCKIN' DISEASE.

EXACTLY, VICTOR. BUT SHE *KNOWS* SHE'S A DISEASE. YOU REALLY THINK SHE'D SHOW HER FACE AFTER ABANDONING HER DAUGHTER FOR A YEAR?!

YUP.



YOU IDIOT. THERE'S BEEN FAR TOO MUCH DAMAGE TO SIMPLY MARCH BACK INTO OUR LIVES WITH AN APOLOGY AND SOME SOUVENIR COKE FROM A BENDER.

IF SARAH'S IN TOWN, SHE'S IN A HOTEL OR SOME RAT HOLE, HIDING FROM YOU *AND* US. SO GO SEEK.



...HUH, HIDING...



THANK GOD, THE APE IS CAPABLE OF REASON.

I'M TAKING YOUR WORD FOR NOW... AND THIS BOURBON.

CONSIDER IT A FAREWELL GIFT.

I'LL BE BACK, FRUITCAKE.





5 MINUTES LATER.

THAT BASTARD—

WHAM  
WHAM  
WHAM

VIC, I HAVE A KNIFE AND I WILL STAB YOU IN THE FACE—

FELIX, IT'S ME. IT'S AN EMERGENCY.



SARAH, PREPARE TO BE SMACKED FOR STANDING ME UP AT BOBBY'S—



JESUS!

DON'T TAKE THE LORD'S NAME IN VAIN.

I KNOW, IT'S WEIRD. BUT JUST DO AS THEY SAY.

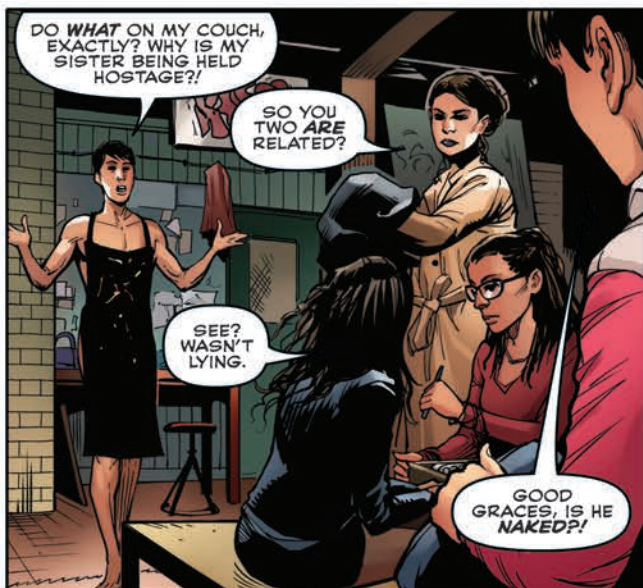


EXCUSE ME! WHAT ON EARTH—

LET'S DO THIS ON THE COUCH.

SWEET PAD.

WHAT A SLOPPY SAM...



DO WHAT ON MY COUCH, EXACTLY? WHY IS MY SISTER BEING HELD HOSTAGE?!

SO YOU TWO ARE RELATED?

SEE? WASN'T LYING.

GOOD GRACES, IS HE NAKED?!



O! DREADLOCKS, GET THAT OUT OF HER—

STOP RIGHT THERE, NUDIE!