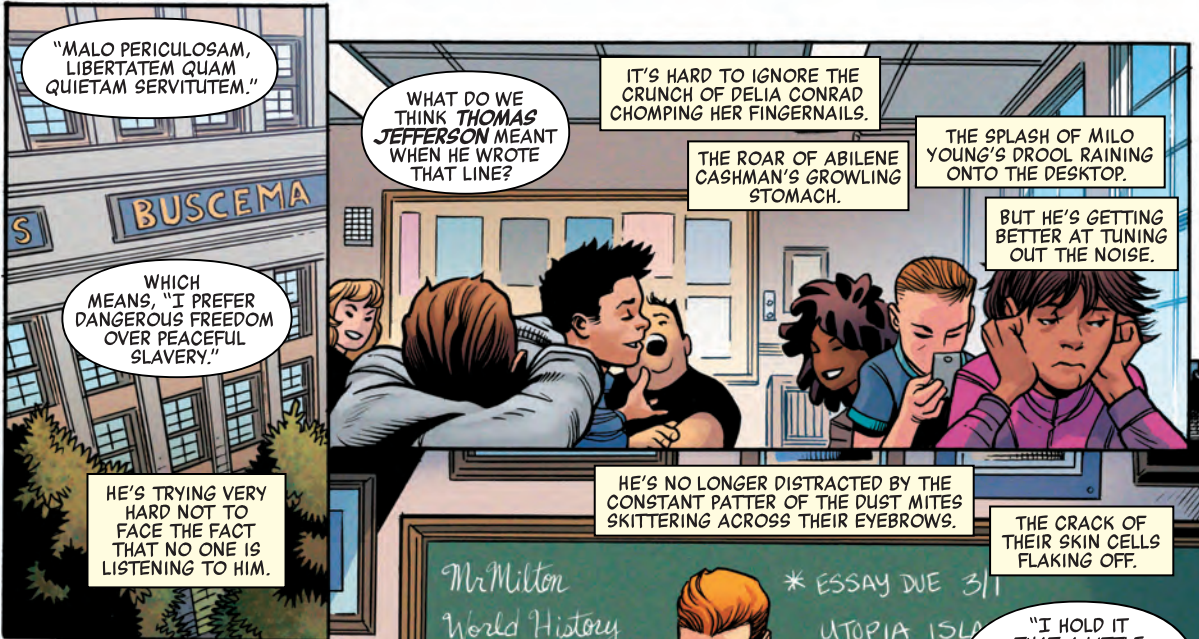


KENSINGTON, MARYLAND.



"MALO PERICULOSAM, LIBERTATEM QUAM QUIETAM SERVITUTEM."

WHAT DO WE THINK **THOMAS JEFFERSON** MEANT WHEN HE WROTE THAT LINE?

IT'S HARD TO IGNORE THE CRUNCH OF **DELIA CONRAD** CHOMPING HER FINGERNAILS.

THE ROAR OF **ABILENE CASHMAN**'S GROWLING STOMACH.

THE SPLASH OF **MILO YOUNG**'S DROOL RAINING ONTO THE DESKTOP.

BUT HE'S GETTING BETTER AT TUNING OUT THE NOISE.

WHICH MEANS, "I PREFER DANGEROUS FREEDOM OVER PEACEFUL SLAVERY."

HE'S TRYING VERY HARD NOT TO FACE THE FACT THAT NO ONE IS LISTENING TO HIM.

HE'S NO LONGER DISTRACTED BY THE CONSTANT PATTERN OF THE DUST MITES SKITTERING ACROSS THEIR EYEBROWS.

THE CRACK OF THEIR SKIN CELLS FLAKING OFF.

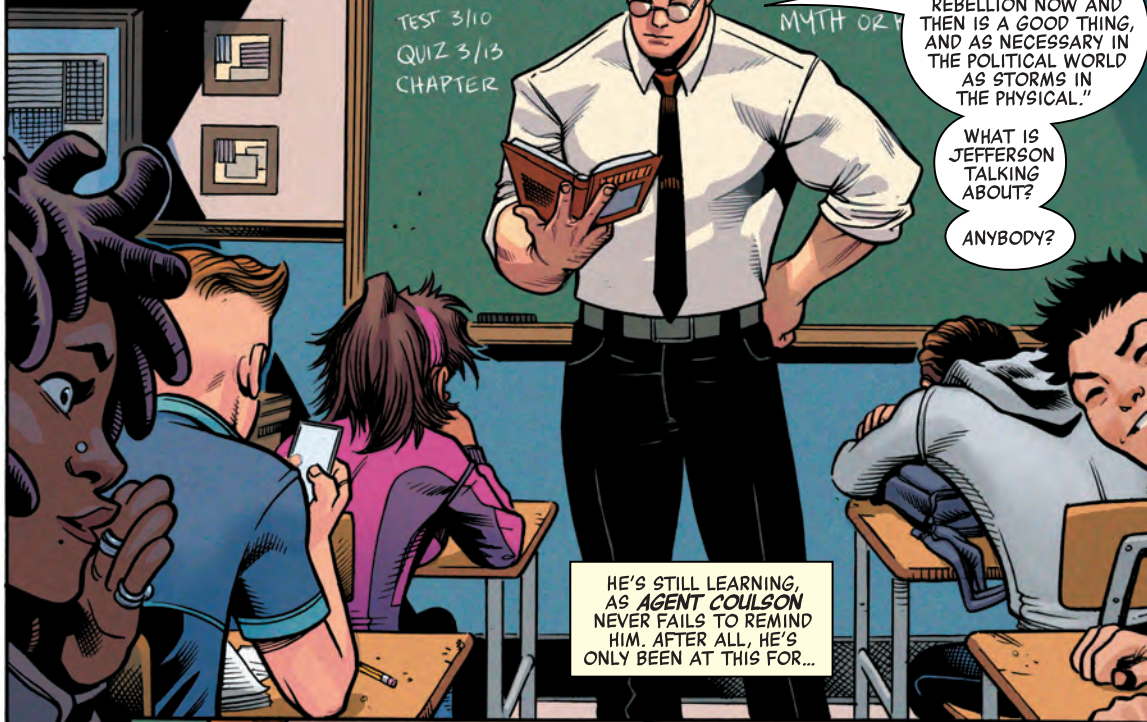
Mr. Milton
World History
TEST 3/10
QUIZ 3/13
CHAPTER

* ESSAY DUE 3/1
UTOPIA ISLAND
MYTH OR?

"I HOLD IT THAT A LITTLE REBELLION NOW AND THEN IS A GOOD THING, AND AS NECESSARY IN THE POLITICAL WORLD AS STORMS IN THE PHYSICAL."

WHAT IS **JEFFERSON** TALKING ABOUT?

ANYBODY?

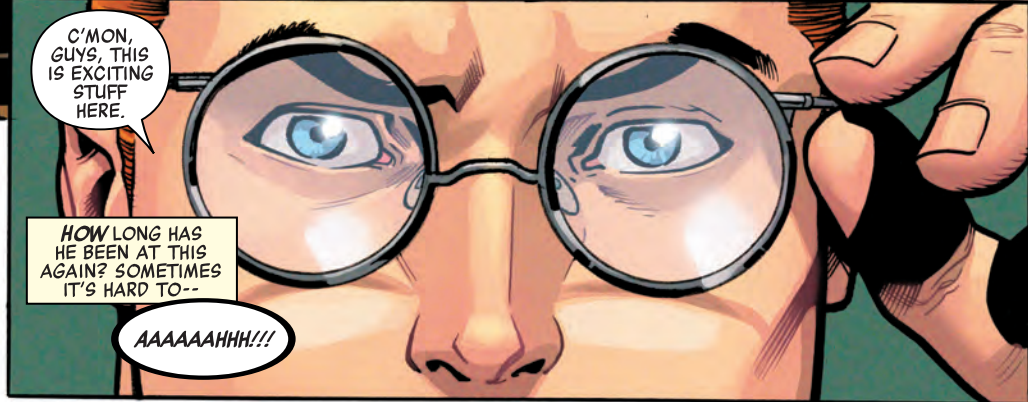


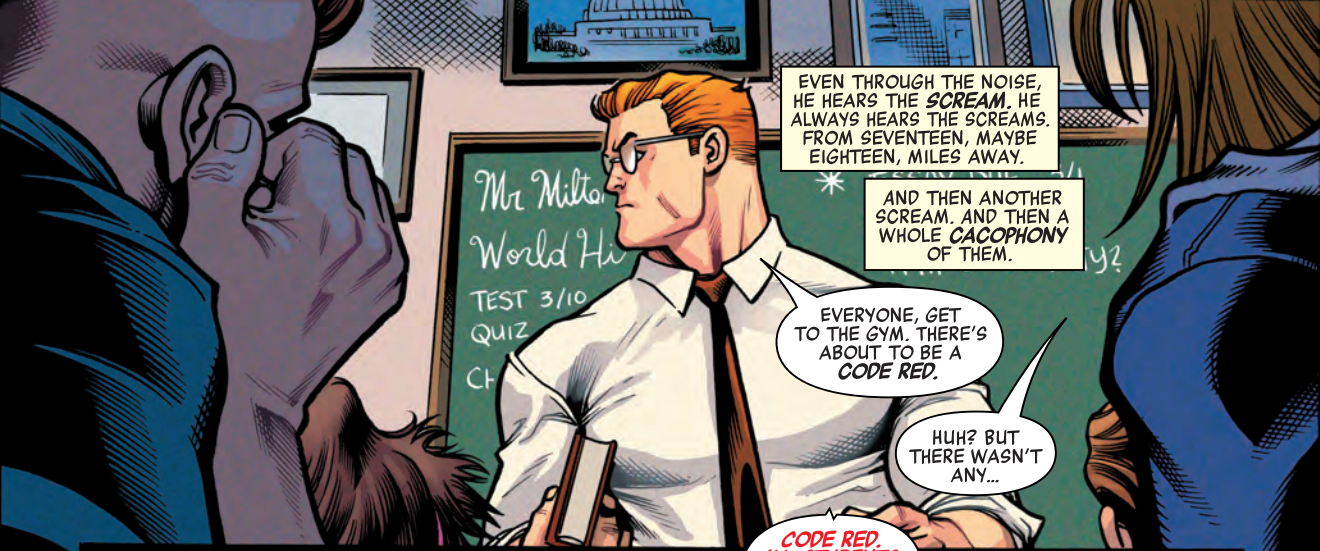
HE'S STILL LEARNING, AS **AGENT COULSON** NEVER FAILS TO REMIND HIM. AFTER ALL, HE'S ONLY BEEN AT THIS FOR...

C'MON, GUYS, THIS IS EXCITING STUFF HERE.

HOW LONG HAS HE BEEN AT THIS AGAIN? SOMETIMES IT'S HARD TO--

AAAAAAHHH!!!





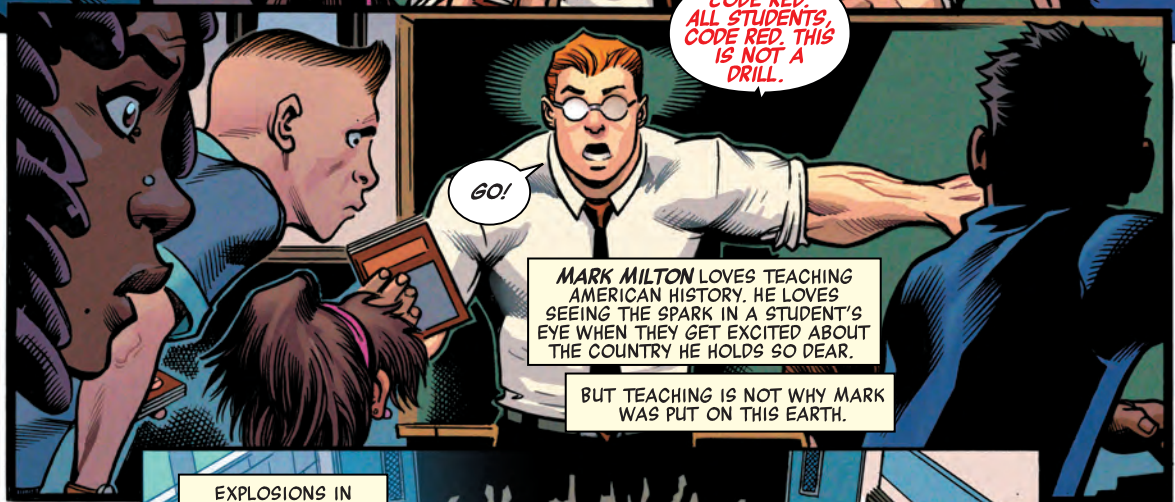
EVEN THROUGH THE NOISE, HE HEARS THE SCREAM. HE ALWAYS HEARS THE SCREAMS. FROM SEVENTEEN, MAYBE EIGHTEEN, MILES AWAY.

AND THEN ANOTHER SCREAM. AND THEN A WHOLE CACOPHONY OF THEM.

EVERYONE, GET TO THE GYM. THERE'S ABOUT TO BE A CODE RED.

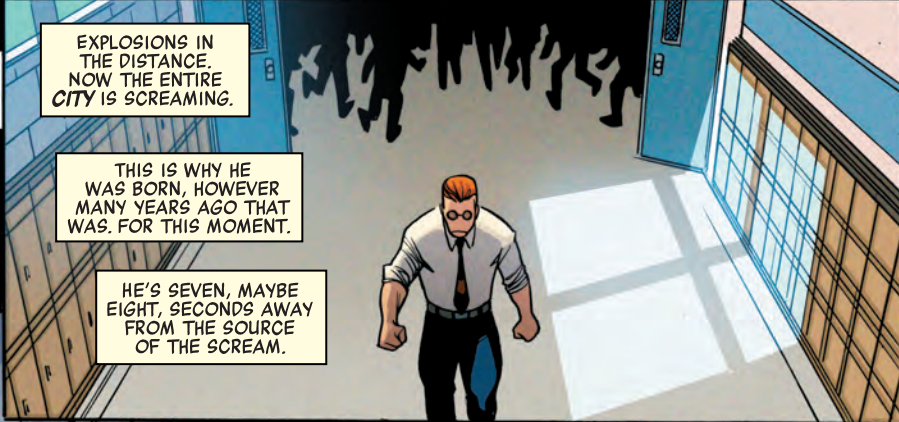
HUH? BUT THERE WASN'T ANY...

CODE RED. ALL STUDENTS. CODE RED. THIS IS NOT A DRILL.



MARK MILTON LOVES TEACHING AMERICAN HISTORY. HE LOVES SEEING THE SPARK IN A STUDENT'S EYE WHEN THEY GET EXCITED ABOUT THE COUNTRY HE HOLDS SO DEAR.

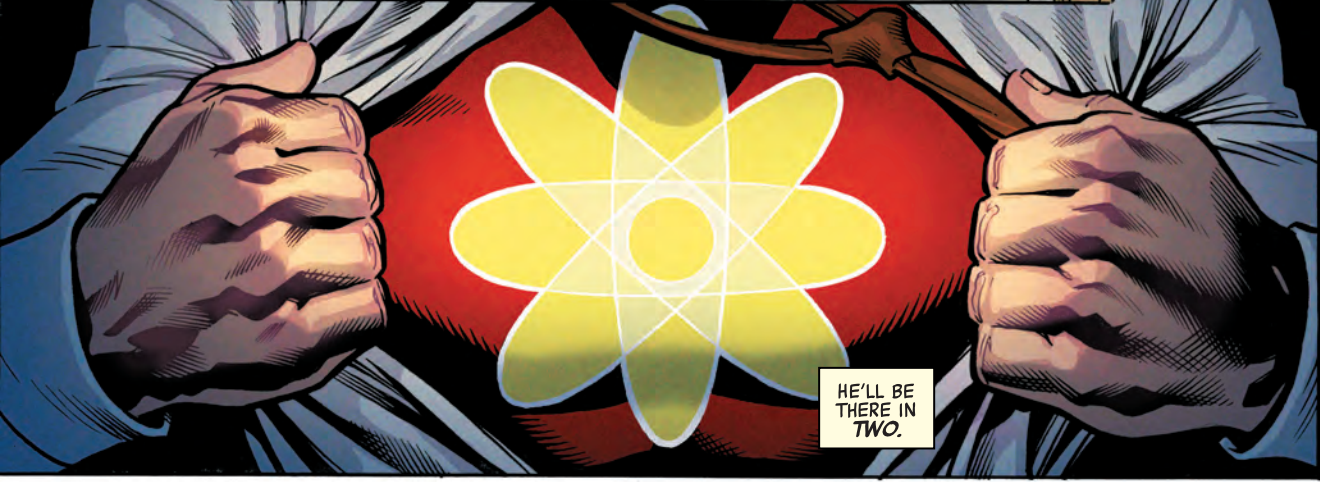
BUT TEACHING IS NOT WHY MARK WAS PUT ON THIS EARTH.



EXPLOSIONS IN THE DISTANCE. NOW THE ENTIRE CITY IS SCREAMING.

THIS IS WHY HE WAS BORN, HOWEVER MANY YEARS AGO THAT WAS. FOR THIS MOMENT.

HE'S SEVEN, MAYBE EIGHT, SECONDS AWAY FROM THE SOURCE OF THE SCREAM.



HE'LL BE THERE IN TWO.



CODE RED. ALL REPRESENTATIVES TO THE TUNNELS. THIS IS NOT A DRILL.



GOOD LORD, THOSE EXPLOSIONS SOUND LIKE THEY'RE COMING FROM THE MALL. DOES ANYBODY KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENING?

IF IT'S ATLANTEANS INVADING, WE'LL LET THE PRESIDENT BOMB EVERY DAMN OCEAN STRAIGHT TO HELL.

THOSE AREN'T EXPLOSIONS, THINKS KYLE RICHMOND, THE NEWLY ELECTED REPRESENTATIVE FROM THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.



THEY SOUND MORE LIKE FOOTSTEPS.

CONGRESSMAN RICHMOND. THE TUNNELS ARE THIS WAY, SIR.

I'M NOT GOING TO THE TUNNELS.



YES, SIR.

OF COURSE, SIR.

YOUR CAR WILL BE WAITING, SIR.

SINCE WASHINGTON, D.C. IS A SPECIAL FEDERAL DISTRICT, ITS REPRESENTATIVE HAS NO REAL VOTING POWER IN CONGRESS.

THE SITUATION APPEARS TO BE CONCENTRATED AT THE OTHER END OF THE NATIONAL MALL, SIR, BUT IT'S EXPANDING RAPIDLY.

KYLE RICHMOND IS A DELEGATE WITHOUT THE FULL POWERS OF A CONGRESSMAN.

WILL YOU BE REQUIRING ANYTHING ELSE FROM US, SIR?

NO, THAT'LL BE ALL FOR NOW.

YES, SIR. LMD'S POWERING DOWN.

THE *WEAKEST* MEMBER OF THE HOUSE, SOME WOULD SAY.

THEY WOULD BE *WRONG*.

"I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO MAKE OF YOU, ZARDA SHELTON," HER COACH ALWAYS SAYS. "THE WAY YOU FIGHT, THE WAY YOU WALK RIGHT INTO STRIKES..."

"...IT'S ALMOST LIKE YOU ENJOY GETTING PUNCHED IN THE FACE."

KEEP YOUR GUARD UP, ZARDA!

ZARDA ONLY SMILES WHEN HE SAYS THAT. HOW COULD SHE EXPLAIN THAT THE PAIN MAKES HER FEEL ALIVE?

THAT WITHOUT THE SPECIAL NECKLACE FROM UTOPIA ISLE THAT DAMPENS HER POWERS, ZARDA WOULDN'T FEEL ANYTHING AT ALL?

AND THE BONES OF THIS WOMAN'S HAND WOULD'VE BEEN SHATTERED INTO A THOUSAND PIECES...

GUUGH!

IT'S HARD TO SAY WHICH SHE HEARS FIRST. THE SCREAMS OR THE CRACK OF HYPERION BREAKING THE SOUND BARRIER OVERHEAD.

EITHER WAY, ONE THING IS FOR SURE.

PRINCESS ZARDA WON'T BE NEEDING HER NECKLACE ANYMORE TODAY.