

MARVEL

#12

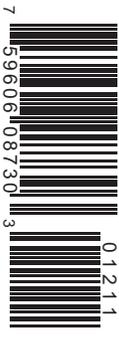
RAINBOW ROWELL • KRIS ANKA • MATTHEW WILSON

RUNAWAYS



BONUS
DIGITAL
CONTENT
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01211

Rumaways

TWO YEARS AGO.

Time After Time



Sometimes you don't get a second chance.

Sometimes a door opens...

I'm so sorry. Am... am I moving too fast?



And you slam it shut so hard, it's stuck forever.

Yes! No. I mean, you shouldn't be moving in my direction at all...

Wait, you're into girls?

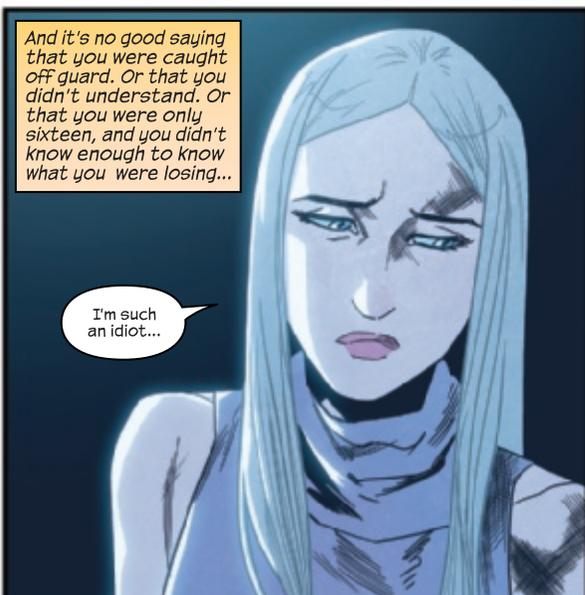
Yes. Not all of them. But yes... Aren't you?

No!



And it's no good saying that you were caught off guard. Or that you didn't understand. Or that you were only sixteen, and you didn't know enough to know what you were losing...

I'm such an idiot...



Life doesn't keep opening doors for idiots who slam them shut without thinking.

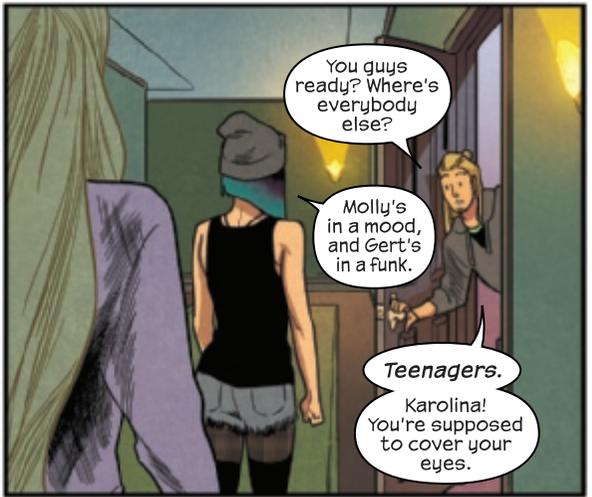


TODAY.

Do we have to do this now? I'm not really in the mood for surprises.



If we don't do it now, I think Chase might actually cry. He's been *dying* for you to get here.



You guys ready? Where's everybody else?

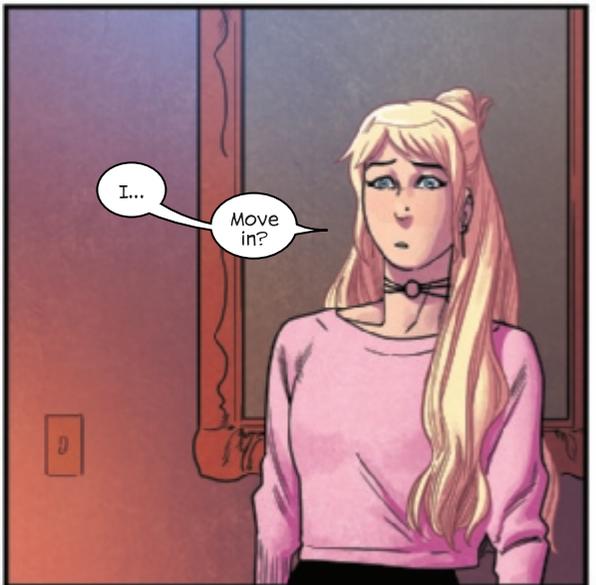
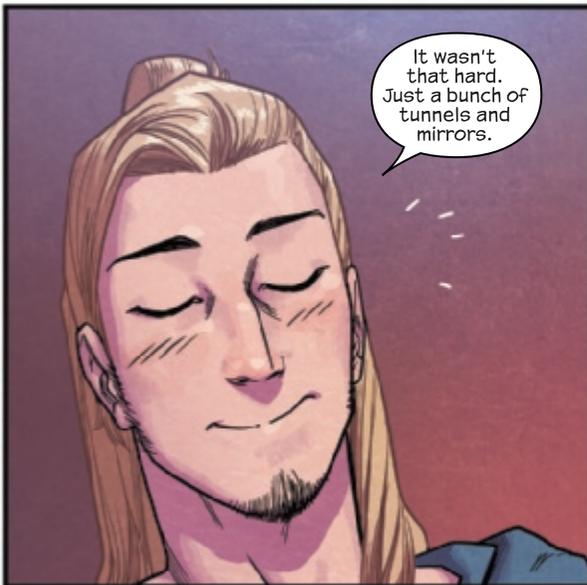
Molly's in a mood, and Gert's in a funk.

Teenagers.

Karolina! You're supposed to cover your eyes.

SURPRISE!



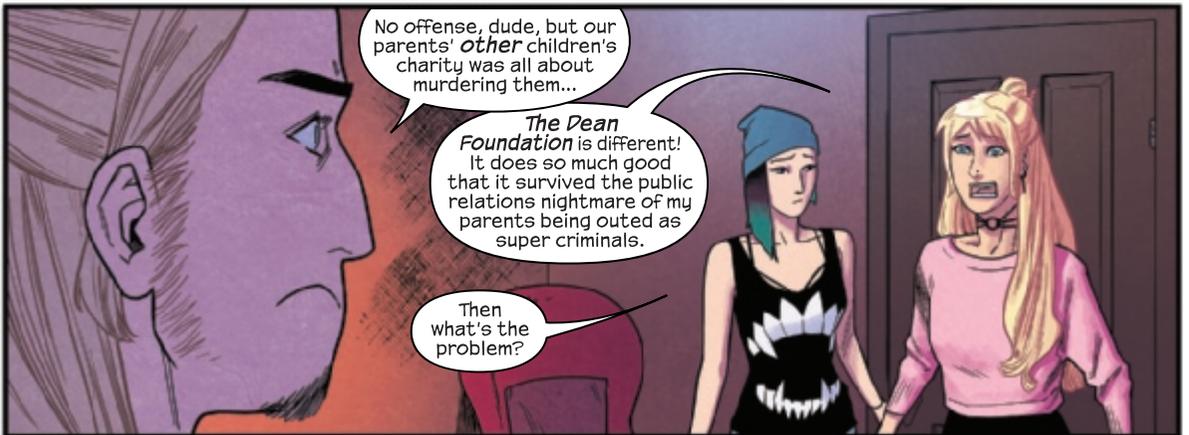




Karrie, what's wrong?

Nothing's wrong. Not really. Just--

You know my parents had that children's charity? Now that I'm eighteen, I have to sit on the board.



No offense, dude, but our parents' *other* children's charity was all about murdering them...

The Dean Foundation is different! It does so much good that it survived the public relations nightmare of my parents being outed as super criminals.

Then what's the problem?



The problem is, tonight is the annual charity ball--and everyone expects me to be there.

Julie was supposed to go with me, but now I have to go alone.

You don't *have* to go alone...

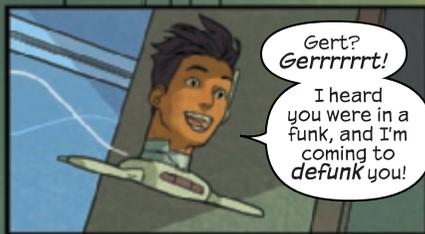


Nico, *would* you?

I mean, no-- I couldn't let you. It's awful. There's dancing and speeches. The press will be there. Plus, it's fancier than the Oscars.



I'm sure I could find *something* to wear...



Gert?
Gerrrrrrt!

I heard
you were in a
funk, and I'm
coming to
defunk you!



*Oye,
cariño,
where you
headed?*



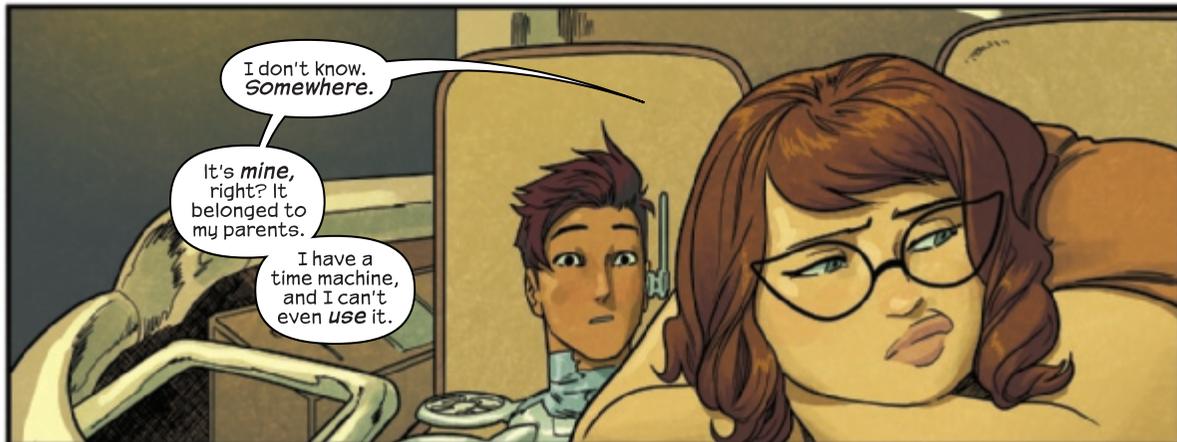
Nowhere
fast.

Can I ride
shotgun?



I wish
this thing
worked.

Where
would you
go in it?



I don't know.
Somewhere.

It's *mine*,
right? It
belonged to
my parents.

I have a
time machine,
and I can't
even *use* it.