

KILLHORN FALLS,
NORTHWEST TERRITORIES.

FEELS SO FAR AWAY FROM
EVERYTHING GOING ON WITH THE
X-MEN, FROM THE WASTELANDS...FROM
ALL THE NIGHTMARES I LEFT BEHIND.

I'VE SLEPT BETTER THE LAST
TWO WEEKS LIVING UP HERE
THAN I HAVE IN DECADES.

KNOCK KNOCK

SEE WHAT I DID
THERE? I JUST WENT
AND *JINXED* IT.

→SIGH← I
AM NOW.
HOLD ON.

MR. LOGAN?
YOU AWAKE?

HAVE
YOU SEEN
BURGER?

BURGER?

MY
DOG.

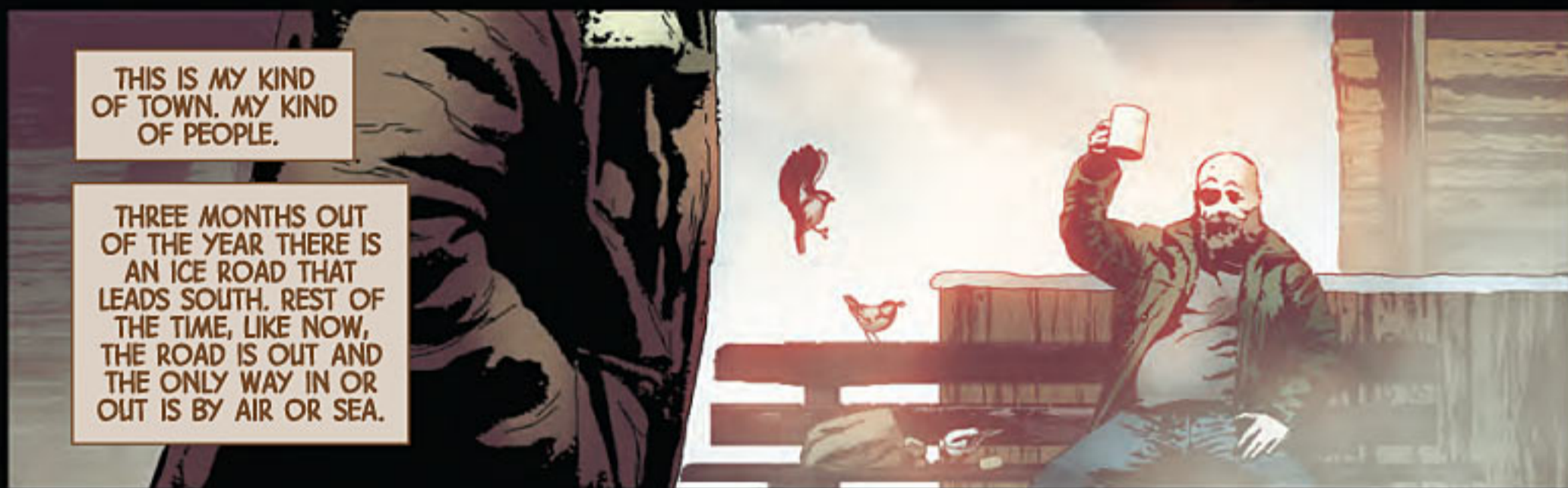
SORRY, I
TOLD HER NOT TO
WAKE YOU, BUT--WELL,
I HAVE TO GET HER TO
SCHOOL, AND WE CAN'T
FIND HIM ANYWHERE. HE
DIDN'T COME HOME
LAST NIGHT.

I AIN'T
SEEN THE DOG.
CAME HOME LATE
LAST NIGHT AND
IT WASN'T
AROUND.





TAKES ME ALL OF FIVE MINUTES TO GET THE DOG'S SCENT. AND ANOTHER FIVE TO WALK TO TOWN.



THIS IS MY KIND OF TOWN. MY KIND OF PEOPLE.

THREE MONTHS OUT OF THE YEAR THERE IS AN ICE ROAD THAT LEADS SOUTH. REST OF THE TIME, LIKE NOW, THE ROAD IS OUT AND THE ONLY WAY IN OR OUT IS BY AIR OR SEA.



THESE PEOPLE STAY HERE NOT BECAUSE THEY HAVE TO, BUT BECAUSE THIS IS *THEIR HOME*. THEY LIVE HARD, BUT THEY MAKE DO WITH WHAT THEY HAVE.

YOU ASK ME, THE REST OF THE WORLD COULD LEARN A LOT FROM THIS PLACE.



BUT THAT AIN'T WHY I'M HERE. I CAME HERE TO LOOK AFTER MAUREEN.

I'M GONNA MAKE SURE NOTHING BAD EVER HAPPENS TO HER.



THEN THE DOG'S SCENT GIVES WAY TO ANOTHER SMELL...

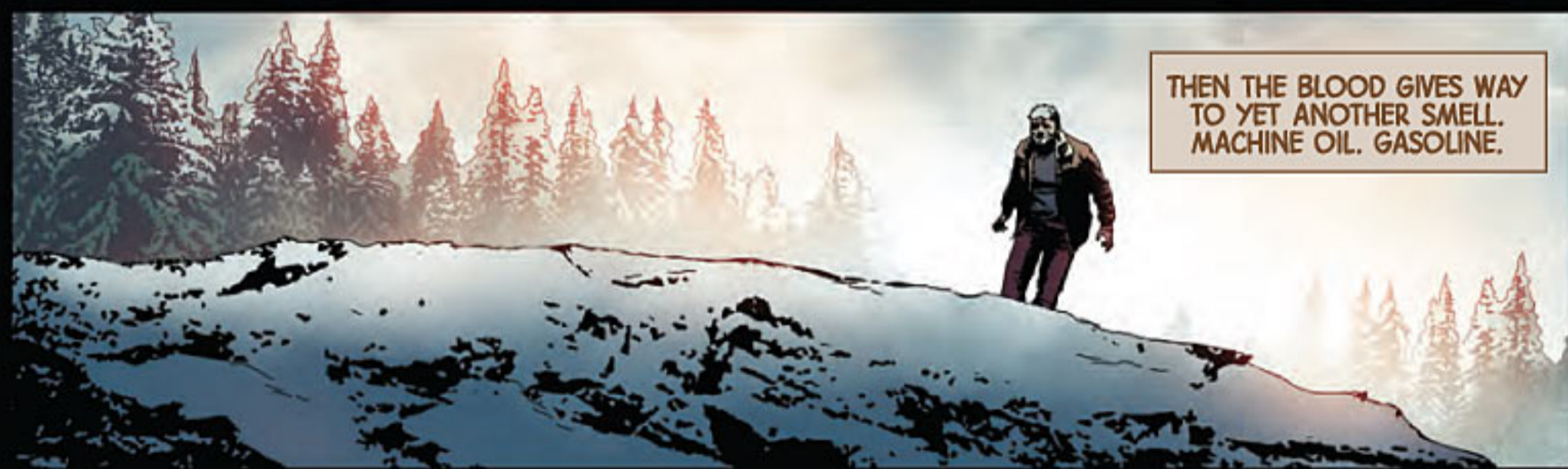
...A SMELL I KNOW
ALL TOO WELL.

THIS IS GONNA BREAK THE KID'S
HEART. I CONTEMPLATE LYING...
TELLING HER THE DOG RAN AWAY.
BUT THAT AIN'T GONNA MAKE
IT ANY EASIER ON HER.



BESIDES, THIS DOG WAS
MURDERED. CLEAN
CUT. SHARP BLADE.

WHICH MEANS
SOMEONE'S
GOTTA PAY.



THEN THE BLOOD GIVES WAY
TO YET ANOTHER SMELL.
MACHINE OIL. GASOLINE.



THAT'S WHEN I KNOW...
I **JUST KNOW**, I
MADE A TERRIBLE
MISTAKE COMING HERE...