

# SECRET WARPS



JUBILEE



SANNA



PIXIE



AMADEUS CHO



DELPHYNE



SKAAR



MOLLY



CLOAK/TANDY



DAGGER/TY



BUCKY



VALERIA

THE VICTOR VON DOOM INSTITUTE FOR GIFTED YOUTHS SELECTS THE BEST AND BRIGHTEST OF EACH BATTLEWORLD DOMAIN AND HELPS MOLD THEM INTO TOMORROW'S LEADERS. AT THE END OF EACH YEAR, THE STUDENTS MUST PASS THE FINAL EXAM, A RIGOROUS TRAINING PROGRAM, IN ORDER TO CONTINUE ON AT THE INSTITUTE.

ON THE DAY OF THE TEAM SIGN-UPS FOR THE FINAL EXAM, A FIGHT BETWEEN TWO FRESHMAN - JUBILEE AND SANNA - RESULTS IN A WHOLE GROUP OF FRESHMEN GETTING SENT TO THE CORRECTIONS ROOM. IN ORDER TO MAKE IT TO THE SIGN-UPS IN TIME, THE KIDS REPROGRAM THEIR ROBOT SUPERVISOR AND BREAK FREE! BUT THEY ARRIVE TOO LATE TO JOIN ANY OF THE GOOD TEAMS, SO NOW THEY'RE GOING TO BE FORCED TO WORK TOGETHER ON THE LOWLY TEAM PUCE.

MEANWHILE, THE KIDS' "JAILBREAK" DID NOT GO UNNOTICED. VALERIA VON DOOM - THE INSTITUTE'S HEADMASTER AND DAUGHTER OF THE RULER OF BATTLEWORLD, DOOM HIMSELF - IS NOW DETERMINED TO MAKE SURE THE FINAL EXAM DOES NOT GO WELL FOR TEAM PUCE...

# RUNAWAYS

## ◆ DOOMED YOUTH: PART TWO ◆

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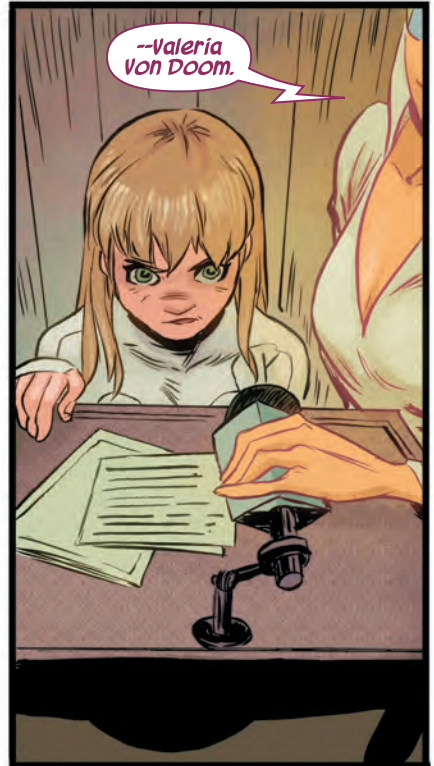
# THE DOOM INSTITUTE.

Welcome,  
Freshmen, to  
your First Final  
Exam.

You've all  
come very far  
to be here. But the  
journey isn't  
over.

This is  
perhaps the most  
important test you'll  
ever take in your  
life.

## GREAT HALL, OPENING CEREMONIES.







The day has come to prove your worth!

This is the day you have been preparing for since the moment you were first chosen.



In his great wisdom, Doom has raised you up for a chance at greatness. A chance to represent a perfect future.

It is time to demonstrate that his faith in you has not been misplaced.



There is no place here for lesser specimens. Only the strong will survive.



Now it is time for the oath.

In the presence of this banner, which represents our Lord Doom, I swear to devote all my strength to the savior of our world, Victor von Doom.



Before I was chosen, I was nothing. But I have been given purpose. I swear that I am ready and willing to obey to the end, and even give my life in service of our Lord Doom.



Live Faithfully, Fight bravely, die laughing. Only the strong will survive.





"Team Puce."  
What even is "puce,"  
Pixie?

More like  
"Team PUKE"—as in,  
I am going to.



I think you  
should apologize  
to Sanna.

Sure.  
Right after she  
apologizes to  
me.



Why do you two hate  
each other so  
much?

I don't  
hate her! She  
hates me.

Oh, right.  
If it weren't for  
her **completely**  
**unreasonable** hatred  
for you, you two would  
be snuggling right  
up together.



Hmmm,  
maybe. I mean,  
she is pretty  
hot...

Oh my god,  
Jubilee.

What? I  
like buff babes.  
Can you blame  
me?



Can you  
be serious  
for like five  
seconds?

Why?

Because  
it's Final Exam  
Day, in case you  
didn't notice. If we  
fail, that's *it*. And  
Sanna is our  
teammate.

So stop  
antagonizing her  
and start acting like  
a teammate, or *none*  
of us are moving on  
to next year.



Okay, okay,  
Fine. I will be best  
girlfriends with Sanna Strand.  
I will do this for you.  
Are you happy?

Ugh,  
you're the  
worst...





Your best bet is to lie low until the Exam ends. Frankly, you're a team of rejects--you don't have the firepower or the organization to get the top score, so your only objective should be to survive.

Don't get cocky, and *don't* try to show off.



This isn't a game. Your futures are at stake. Understand?

Yes, sir!

Good luck out there, soldiers.



Don't be afraid, Amadeus. You're going to be fine.

Heh. Yeah. Thanks, dude.



Hey, Strand--  
What do you want?



I just wanted to say good luck. And...to apologize. For the way I treated you. We're teammates now. You can count on me to have your back in there. Can I count on you?



If you screw this up for me, I'll kill you.



So stay out of my way.





Whoa. Neat.



Okay, our best bet is getting to one of those turrets.

They're the only defensible locations in the arena. We'll have a better chance of standing our ground.



No way, Tyrone. Those turrets are gonna be, like, the most targeted areas on the map. If our plan is to fly under the radar, that's not how we're gonna do it.

We're gonna be sitting ducks up there.



Well, do you have a better idea, Cho?

There's another way. But we're gonna have to move fast.

This whole thing is a simulation-- it's gonna try and game us. But it's all based on algorithms.

If we stay one step ahead, we can game it first.



You know none of us know what you're talking about, right?

Okay, let me demonstrate then. That wall over there is going to open in 3...2...



...1.

Ah, crap.