

MARVEL COMICS PROUDLY PRESENTS...



# MIRACLEMAN

BOOK THREE: OLYMPUS

STORY – **THE ORIGINAL WRITER** ART – **JOHN TOTLEBEN**

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STORY & ART BY <b>MICK ANGLIO</b>	

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"DANCING  
ON MY OWN:

"MY BODY SETS, NO  
LONGER FLUID, HARDENS  
TO A POSE, AND ALL  
MY LIFE IS WRIT  
BETWEEN ITS LINES.

"ACROSS THE YEARS,  
EACH BLOW AND EACH  
EMBRACE HAVE LEFT  
THEIR SUBTLE MARK...  
A TIGHTENING OF THE  
MUSCLES HERE,  
A CERTAIN LAXNESS  
THERE...

"MY HISTORY IS LOCKED  
WITHIN THE STILL LIFE  
OF MY COILED FLESH,  
AND IF I MOVE, IT ALL  
COMES SPILLING OUT.

"THEN, CAREFULLY, LIKE AN  
OLD NEWSPAPER CLIPPING,  
I UNFOLD MYSELF, AWARENESS  
SHARPENED BY THE KNOWLEDGE  
THAT I AM OBSERVED.

"THE DEITIES OF DEATH AND LOVE,  
OF QUICKSILVER AND FIRE, LOOK ON.  
WE VIEW EACH OTHER, THOUGH  
REMOTE, THROUGH WINDOWS WARPED  
INTO THE AIR. THEIR FACES HANG  
AGAINST THE DARK, THE SIZE  
DEPENDENT ON THEIR DISTANCE  
FROM THE IMAGE-APERTURE.

"A MUSCLE TREMBLES  
IN MY THIGH. MY  
BOOT SQUEAKS  
ON THE  
POLISHED FLOOR.  
SLOWLY, I RISE,  
BEGIN TO TURN...

"I'M DANCING,  
DANCING ON MY OWN.

"ONLY THE GODS  
ARE WATCHING.

**MIRACLEMAN**

BOOK III  
Chapter Four

**PANTHERON**



"MY PAST FLOWS FROM ME IN A TIDE OF MOVEMENTS, GESTURES, MIMED EVENTS, LONG YEARS COMPRESSED INTO A SINGLE INCLINATION OF MY CHIN.



"MY ARMS ENCIRCLE EMPTY SPACE, AS IF TO CRADLE SOMETHING GONE. I THINK OF 1982, A CHILD'S VOICE IN A SILENT ROOM:

"'FATHER? I THINK IT'S TIME WE DISCUSSED MOTHER. DON'T YOU?'

"MY CHILD'S VOICE."



WINTER?  
YOU CAN SPEAK?

FATHER, I COULD SPEAK THE DAY I WAS BORN, BUT REALISED IT WOULD UPSET MOTHER.

I'VE BEEN CALMING HER, MANIPULATING HER MOODS, BUT LATELY SHE'S REACTED BADLY. IT'S BECOMING A PROBLEM.



ALTER MOODS?  
HOW CAN YOU DO THAT?  
I CAN'T DO THAT.

YOU'VE NEVER TRIED REALLY, YOU'RE TOO UNADVENTUROUS. YOU SHOULD FOLLOW MIRACLEWOMAN'S EXAMPLE.

-hmmph-  
LEGS STILL TOO WEAK, I'D BEST TAKE THE WEIGHT OFF THEM...



BUT...WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

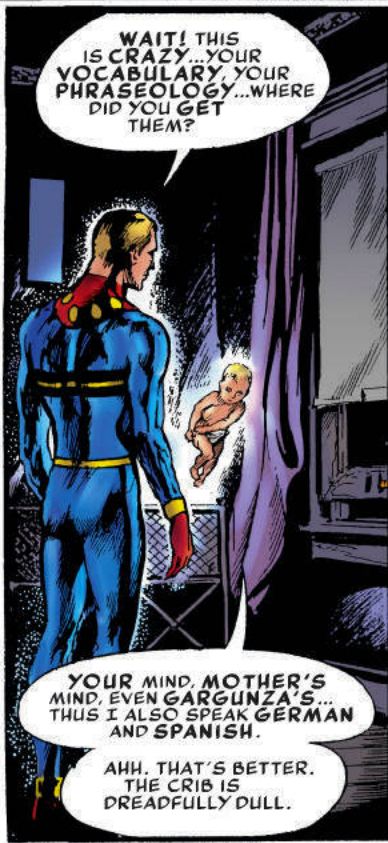
JUST TO TAKE THE BREEZE. I'LL RETURN TO MY CRIB LONG BEFORE MOTHER'S BACK FROM YARMOUTH.

WE'LL JUST SEE HOW SHE DEVELOPS. MORE INTERFERENCE WITH HER MIND COULD DAMAGE IT.



BUT...I DON'T SEE HOW SHE'LL EVER ACCEPT THE REALITY OF THE SITUATION. YOU'RE BARELY SIX WEEKS OLD AND YOU'RE ALREADY MORE ADVANCED THAN SHE...

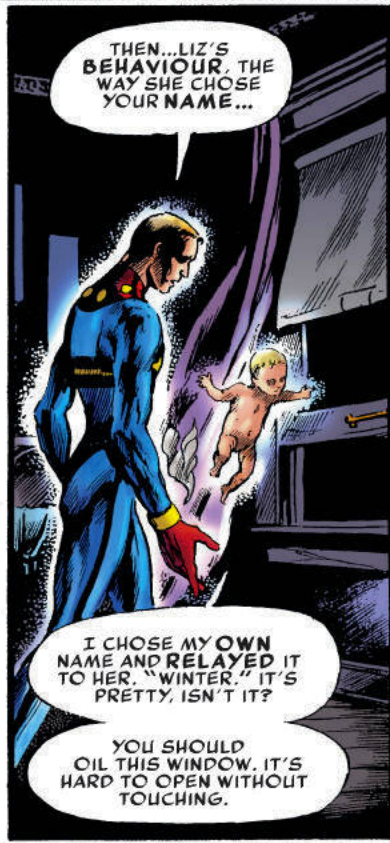




WAIT! THIS IS CRAZY...YOUR VOCABULARY, YOUR PHRASEOLOGY...WHERE DID YOU GET THEM?

YOUR MIND, MOTHER'S MIND, EVEN GARGUNZA'S... THUS I ALSO SPEAK GERMAN AND SPANISH.

AHH. THAT'S BETTER. THE CRIB IS DREADFULLY DULL.



THEN...LIZ'S BEHAVIOUR, THE WAY SHE CHOSE YOUR NAME...

I CHOSE MY OWN NAME AND RELAYED IT TO HER. "WINTER." IT'S PRETTY, ISN'T IT?

YOU SHOULD OIL THIS WINDOW. IT'S HARD TO OPEN WITHOUT TOUCHING.



WHAT? WAIT! YOU CAN'T GO OUT THERE! WHAT IF SOMEBODY SEES?

NOBODY WILL SEE ANYTHING I DON'T WANT THEM TO SEE.

HONESTLY, FATHER, YOU SHOULDN'T WORRY ABOUT THEM SO MUCH. THEY'RE ONLY PEOPLE.



FATHER, I'M ALREADY MORE ADVANCED THAN YOU. THAT MIGHT CAUSE PROBLEMS LATER. I MIGHT HAVE TO GO AWAY SOMEWHERE.

AWAY?

OH, LET'S NOT WORRY ABOUT THAT NOW. I WANT TO LOOK AT LONDON FOR A WHILE.



WINTER, THIS...THIS IS ALL SO FAST.

I MEAN, I'M TALKING TO MY OWN CHILD, AND I'M JUST BABBLING. I'M NOT SAYING ANYTHING IMPORTANT TO YOU, I...

...I LOVE YOU, WINTER.



I KNOW.

"I KNOW." NOT "DO YOU REALLY?" OR "I LOVE YOU, TOO!"...

"I KNOW."