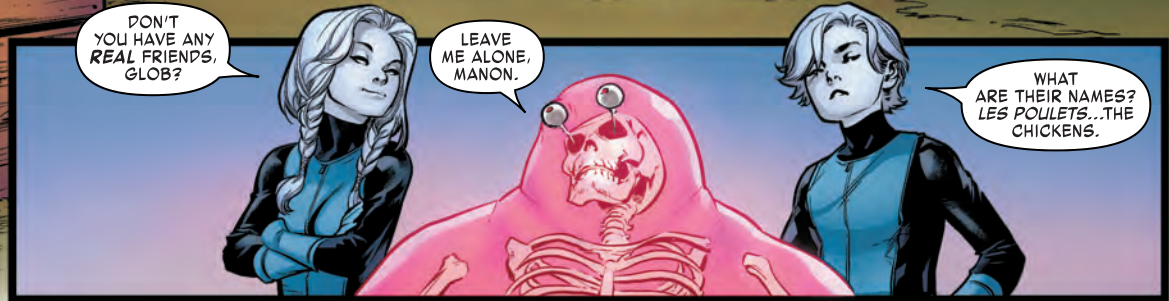


OKAY, OKAY. HOLD ON.

PLENTY OF FOOD TO GO AROUND.

OH, HOW SAD!



DON'T YOU HAVE ANY REAL FRIENDS, GLOB?

LEAVE ME ALONE, MANON.

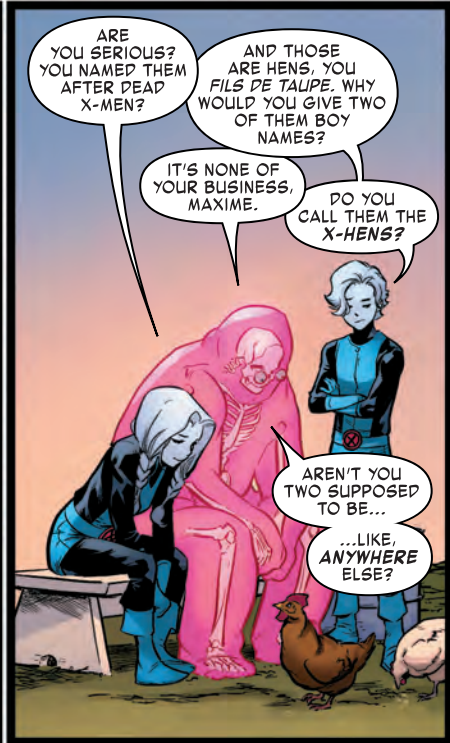
WHAT ARE THEIR NAMES? LES POULETS...THE CHICKENS.



THE BROWN ONE IS LOGAN.

THE WHITE ONE IS HOPE.

AND THE BARRED ONE IS SCOTT.



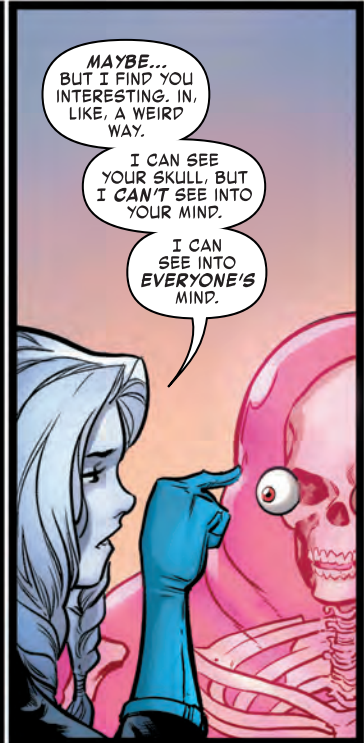
ARE YOU SERIOUS? YOU NAMED THEM AFTER DEAD X-MEN?

AND THOSE ARE HENS, YOU FILS DE TALUPE. WHY WOULD YOU GIVE TWO OF THEM BOY NAMES?

IT'S NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS, MAXIME.

DO YOU CALL THEM THE X-HENS?

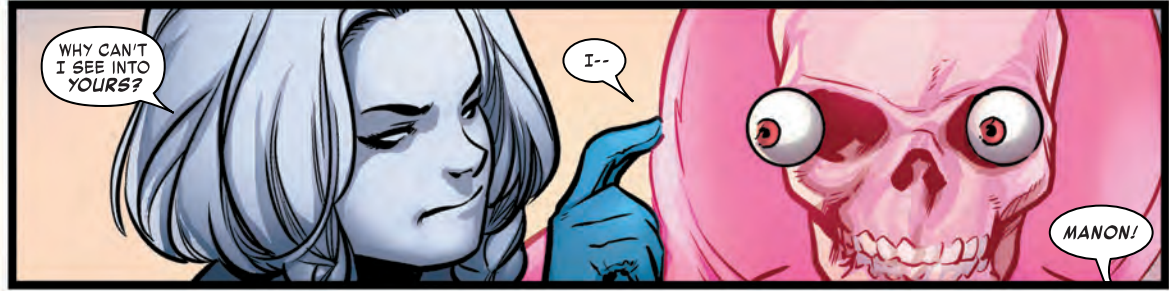
AREN'T YOU TWO SUPPOSED TO BE...  
...LIKE, ANYWHERE ELSE?



MAYBE... BUT I FIND YOU INTERESTING. IN, LIKE, A WEIRD WAY.

I CAN SEE YOUR SKULL, BUT I CAN'T SEE INTO YOUR MIND.

I CAN SEE INTO EVERYONE'S MIND.



WHY CAN'T I SEE INTO YOURS?

I--

MANON!



YOU AND MAXIME HAVE BETTER THINGS TO BE DOING WITH YOUR TIME.

NOW RUN OFF BEFORE I REPORT THE TWO OF YOU TO DEAN ANGEL.

<THIS SUCKS.>\*

<SHE'S SUCH A BUZZKILL.>

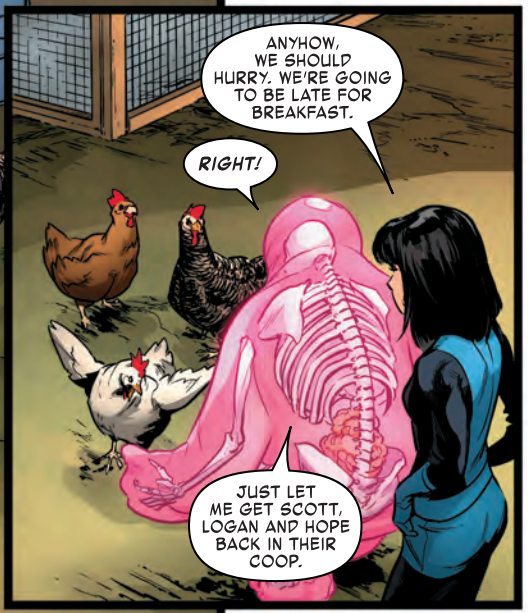
\*TRANSLATED FROM FRENCH.



THANKS, ARMOR.

NO PROBLEM. THOSE KIDS ARE ALWAYS ACTING LIKE SUCH PESTS.

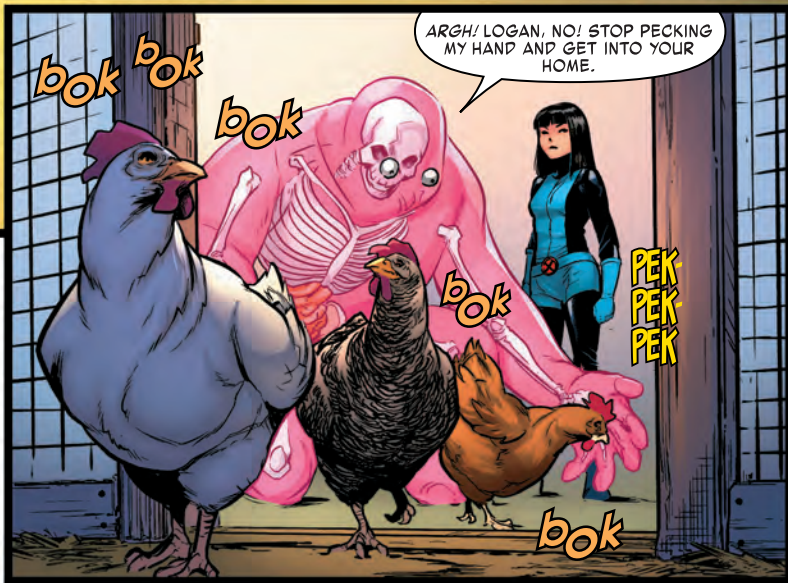
THEY'RE GOING TO HAVE A LOT OF PROBLEMS IF THEY DON'T STRAIGHTEN THEMSELVES OUT BY FIFTH YEAR.



ANYHOW, WE SHOULD HURRY. WE'RE GOING TO BE LATE FOR BREAKFAST.

RIGHT!

JUST LET ME GET SCOTT, LOGAN AND HOPE BACK IN THEIR COOP.



ARGH! LOGAN, NO! STOP PECKING MY HAND AND GET INTO YOUR HOME.

bok bok

bok

bok

PEK PEK PEK

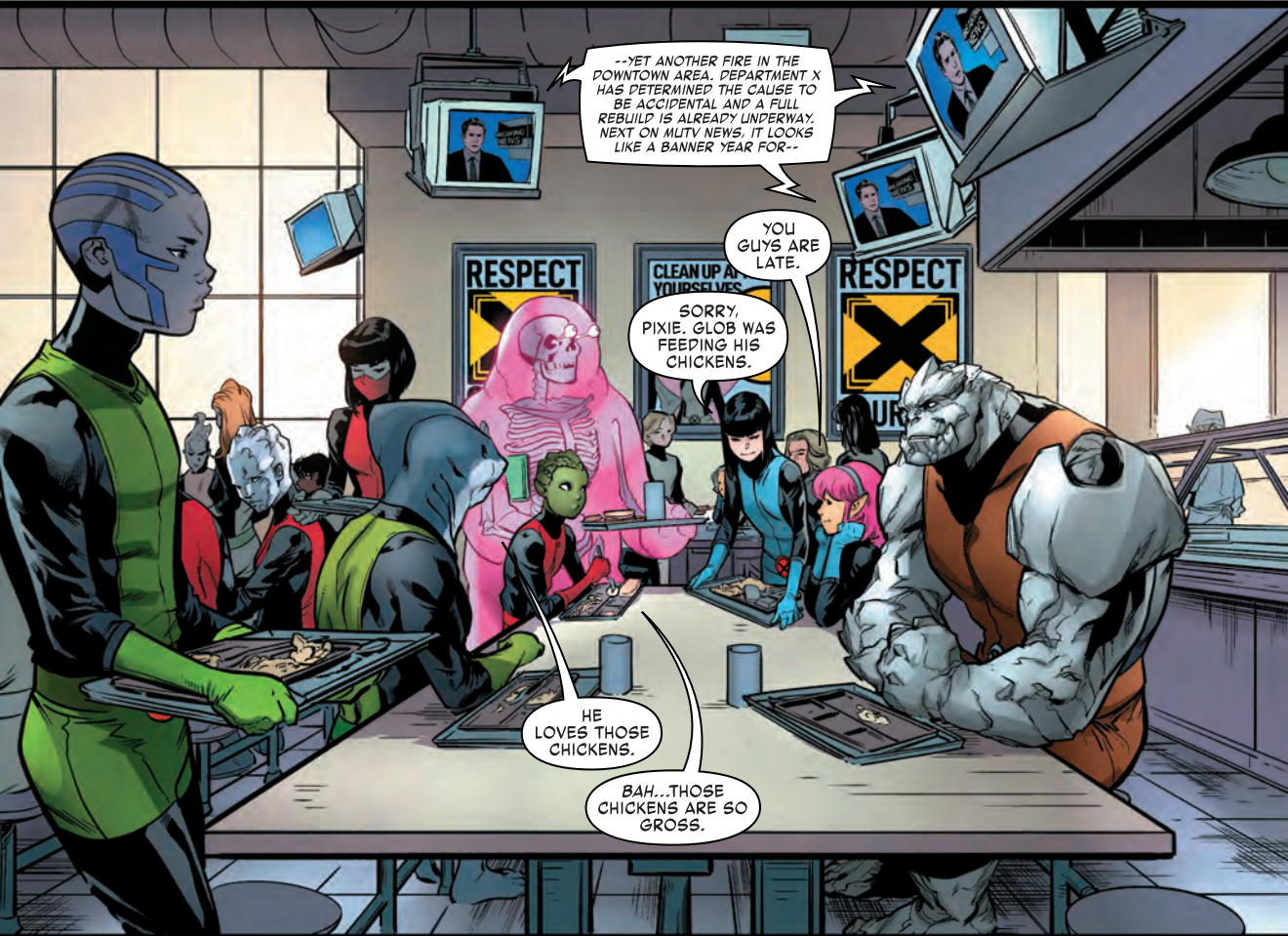
bok



THERE.

bok bok bok bok

SUMMERS INSTITUTE FOR  
HIGHER LEARNING.  
WESTCHESTER, NY.



--YET ANOTHER FIRE IN THE DOWNTOWN AREA. DEPARTMENT X HAS DETERMINED THE CAUSE TO BE ACCIDENTAL AND A FULL REBUILD IS ALREADY UNDERWAY. NEXT ON MUTV NEWS, IT LOOKS LIKE A BANNER YEAR FOR--

YOU GUYS ARE LATE.

SORRY, PIXIE. GLOB WAS FEEDING HIS CHICKENS.

HE LOVES THOSE CHICKENS.

BAH...THOSE CHICKENS ARE SO GROSS.



WERE YOU WORKING ON YOUR FAN FICTION?

WHAT? SHARK-GIRL...

I DON'T WANT PEOPLE TO READ--

FAN FICTION?



YEAH!

IT'S, LIKE... THE RESOLUTION. THE X-MEN'S LAST BATTLE, BUT NOT REALLY?

LIKE, WE'RE ALL THERE. ALL OF US.

WE'RE X-MEN IN HIS STORIES.



OH YEAH? SO WE'RE ALL BIG HEROES? ARE WE FAMOUS?

NO... I MEAN, THE WAY HE WROTE IT, WE WEREN'T REALLY IMPORTANT X-MEN, ANGLE.

AND, LIKE, YOU GOT HURT IN BATTLE AND WERE JUST IN A HOSPITAL BED FOR MOST OF THE STORY I READ.

ARE YOU KIDDING ME?

WHY DON'T I GET TO BE A HERO?



BAHAHAHA!

HEY, AT LEAST YOU WERE IN THE STORY. I WAS BARELY IN IT.

BAHAHAHA!

WHAT ABOUT ME?

YOU GOT BEAT UP BY SOMEONE NAMED FOREARM, ROCKSLIDE. HE'S A DUDE WITH FOUR ARMS.



SOUNDS TOO CORNY! I GOTTA READ THIS.

HEY, NO, PIXIE, DON'T! GIVE IT BACK.

IARA SHOULDN'T HAVE TOLD YOU GUYS. THAT WAS PRIVATE.



PROPERTY OF GLOB HERMAN.  
DO NOT LEND.

ENOUGH...

