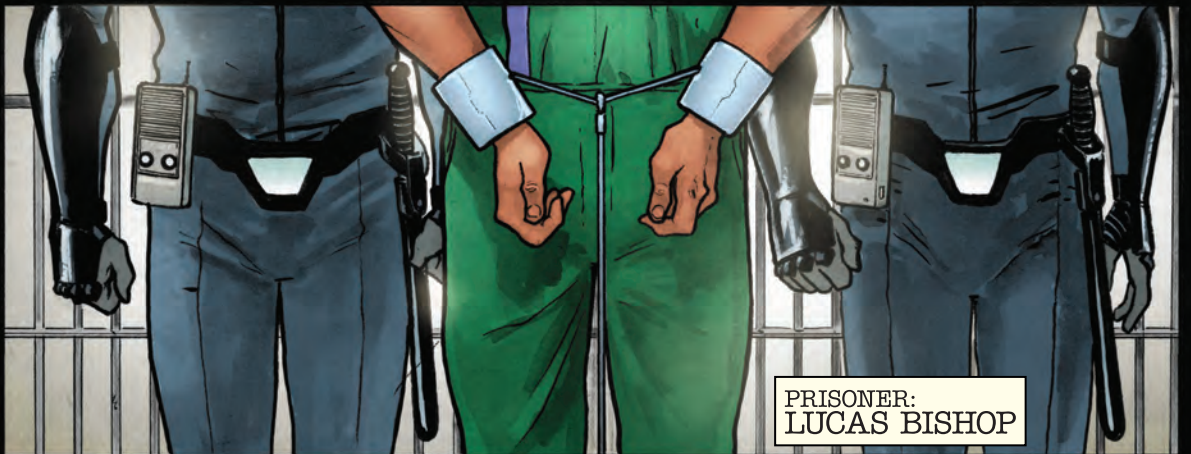


**THE DANGER ROOM
PRISON COMPLEX.**

LOCATION: UNKNOWN.



CRIMES:
*Possession of illegal weapons (firearms);
conspiracy to disseminate anti-autonomy
misinformation; initiating (romantic)
relationship with another person.*





MR. BISHOP, WE'VE BEEN EXPECTING YOU.



MY NAME IS FORGE, AND I AM THE WARDEN OF THIS PLACE.

ALLOW ME TO GIVE YOU A TOUR OF YOUR NEW HOME.

WHILE YOU ARE HERE, YOU WILL BE OUTFITTED WITH A COLLAR THAT INHIBITS YOUR MUTANT ABILITIES.

ONCE YOU HAVE PROVEN THAT YOU CAN CONTROL YOURSELF, AND YOU HAVE DONE YOUR MANDATED TIME, YOU WILL BE RELEASED AND THE COLLAR REMOVED.



YOUR INABILITY TO CONFORM HAS LOST YOU THE FREEDOM TO BE OUT THERE.



OUR JOB HERE IS TO REHABILITATE YOU, AND WITH THAT IN MIND, WE HAVE EXPECTATIONS OF YOU.



WE EXPECT YOU TO BE COOPERATIVE. TO HELP US HELP YOU TO LEARN TO BE A PRODUCTIVE MEMBER OF SOCIETY.



HAHAHAHAHAHA!

YOU WILL COME TO LEARN YOUR PLACE IN THINGS.

A muscular man with a goatee, wearing a green short-sleeved jumpsuit with purple trim and white shoes, stands in a prison cell. He has his arms crossed and a serious expression. To his left is a metal bed frame with a blue blanket. To his right is a barred door. The cell walls are grey and have some graffiti. A speech bubble is positioned above him.

WELCOME,
MR. BISHOP.

I HOPE
YOUR STAY WILL
BE *SHORT* AND
PRODUCTIVE.



GRUNT



HALT, MUTANT.

GET IT TOGETHER.



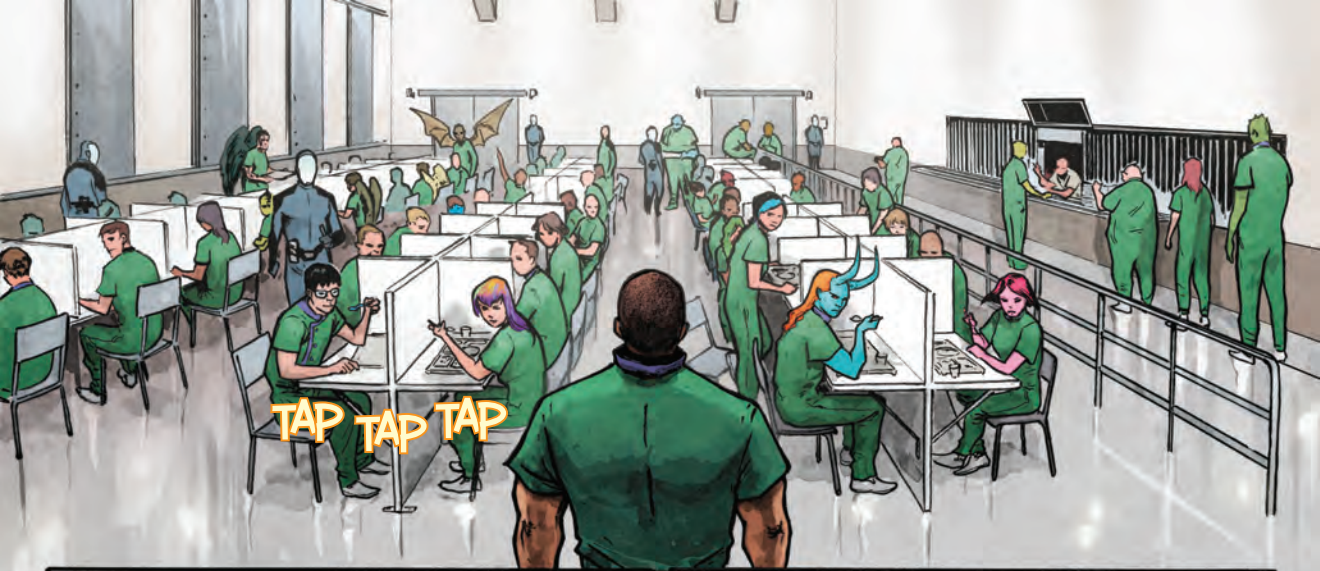
YOU WILL BE ELIMINATED.



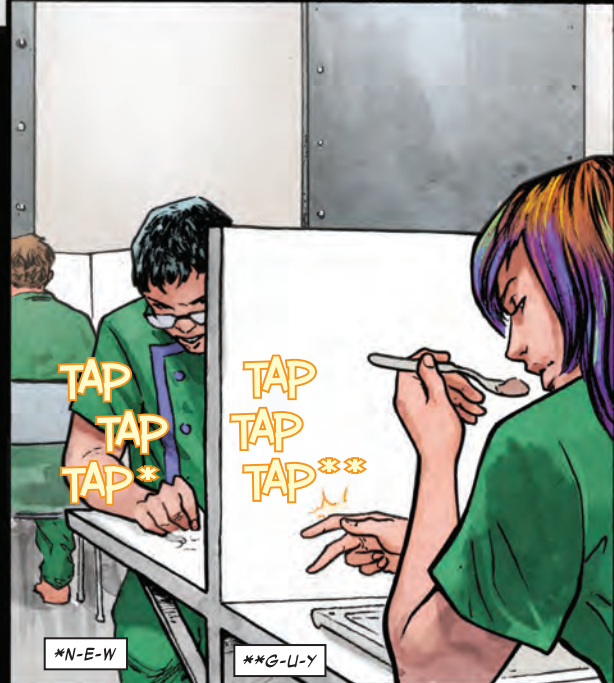
NO!



GRUNT



TAP TAP TAP



TAP
TAP
TAP*

TAP
TAP
TAP**

*N-E-W

**G-U-Y



IS THAT HIM?



WHAT'RE YOU LOOKIN' AT, CHUMP?



?SNORT?

YO, GABBY.

LOOKS LIKE THE X-MEN ARE SENDING THEIR OWN HERE NOW?