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at the beach
on 10/10/10

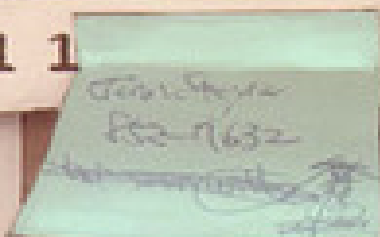
THE GOOD DIE YOUNG

MARVEL

← RUNAWAYS → MISSING



If seen, call 1 3746



THE GOOD DIE YOUNG

MARVEL



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MARVEL
PSR 13

RUNAWAYS™

VAUGHAN
ALPHONA
YEUNG

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THE PRIDE

MR. AND MRS.
WILDER



ALEX

MR. AND MRS.
YORKES



GERTRUDE
AKA ARSENIC

MR. AND MRS.
DEAN



KAROLINA
AKA LUCY IN THE SKY

MR. AND MRS.
STEIN



CHASE
AKA TALKBACK

DR. AND DR.
HAYES



MOLLY
AKA BRUISER

MR. AND MRS.
MINORU



NICO
AKA SISTER GRIMM

THE RUNAWAYS

At some point in their lives, all young people think that their parents are evil... but what if they really are?

PREVIOUSLY IN RUNAWAYS:

Teenager Alex Wilder and five other only children always thought that their parents were boring Los Angeles socialites, until the kids witness the adults murder a young girl in some kind of dark sacrificial ritual. The teens soon learn that their parents are part of a secret organization called The Pride, a collection of crime bosses, time-traveling despots, alien overlords, mad scientists, evil mutants, and dark wizards.

After stealing weapons and resources from these villainous adults (including an encrypted book about The Pride, a mystical decoder ring, and a psychic velociraptor named Old Lace), the kids run away from home and vow to bring their parents to justice. But with the help of operatives in the LAPD, The Pride frames their children for the murder they committed, and the fugitive Runaways are forced to retreat to a subterranean hideout. Using the diverse powers and skills they inherited, the kids now hope to atone for their parents' crimes by helping those in need.

But The Pride has other plans for their children...

THE GOOD DIE YOUNG

CHAPTER ONE

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MacKenzie Cadenhead
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Jo Chen
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Dan Buckley
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RUNAWAYS created by Vaughan & Alphona

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The "Hostel"
Bronson Canyon,
California

LAME!

It's been like a *week*, and there hasn't been *one* report of super heroes in L.A., much less anything about our psycho *parents* getting taken down!

Yeah, my clothes are starting to smell like *hideout*. I thought the *Revengers* were gonna *rescue* us!

Maybe Captain America and those guys are dealing with some kind of *space crisis* or whatever.

Or maybe those Cloak and Dagger tools we trusted *lied* to us. I bet they were working for our parents' goons in the LAPD all along.

We're just lucky "the man" is too stupid to find our--

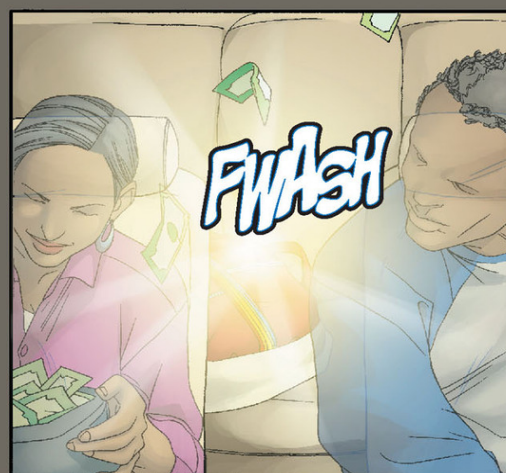
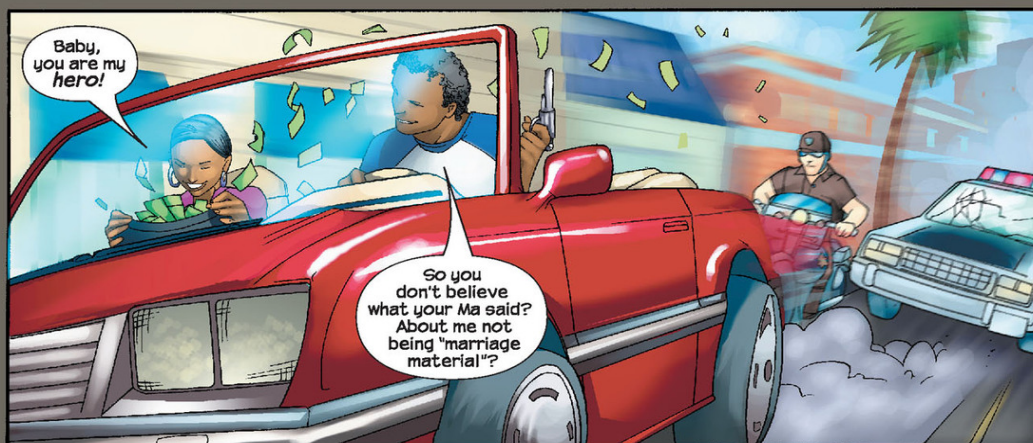
I did it!

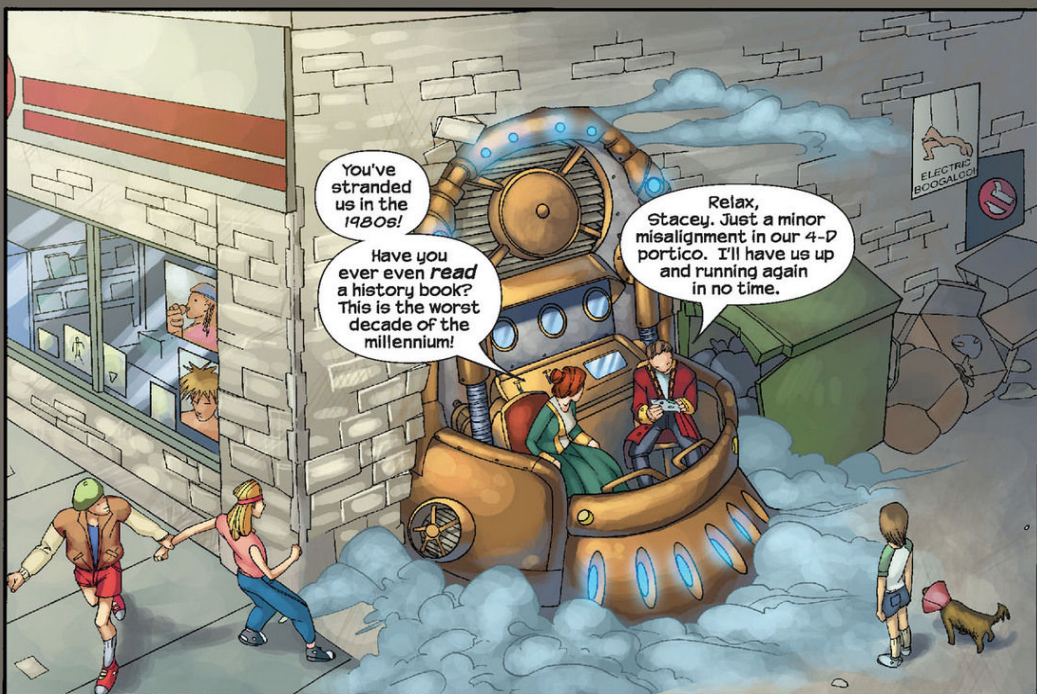
Did what, Alex? Finally got your 'fro under control?

Oh, wait, apparently not...

Listen, I finally deciphered the *Abstract*!



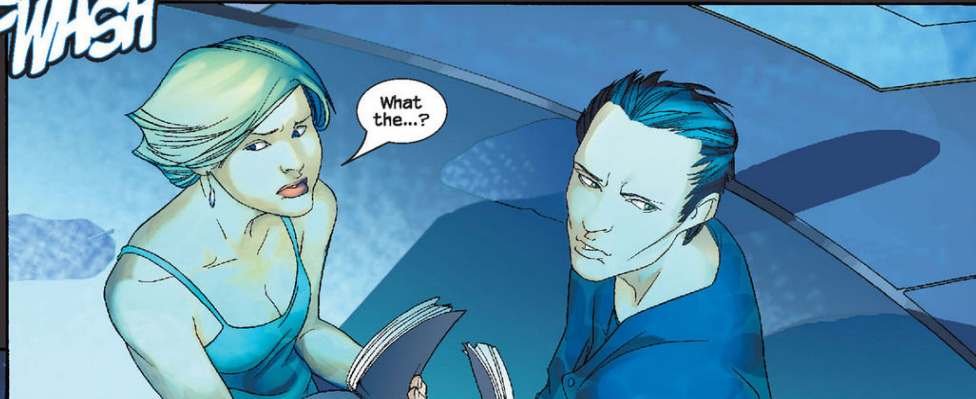




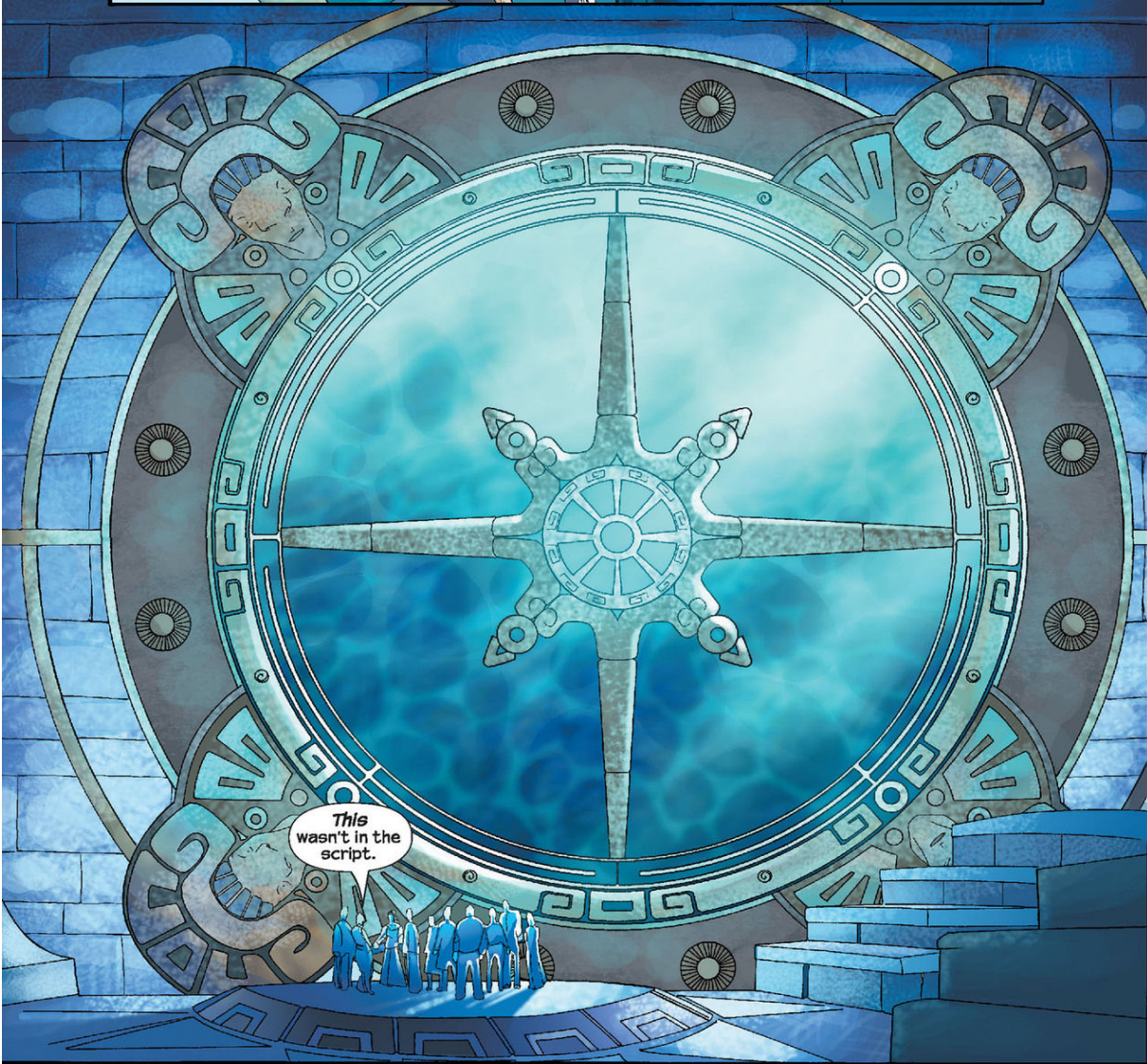




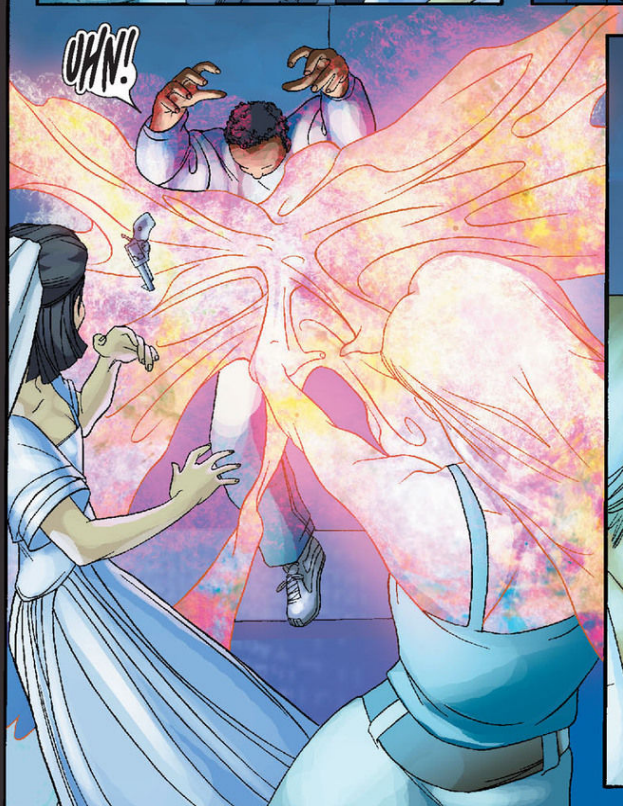
FWASH

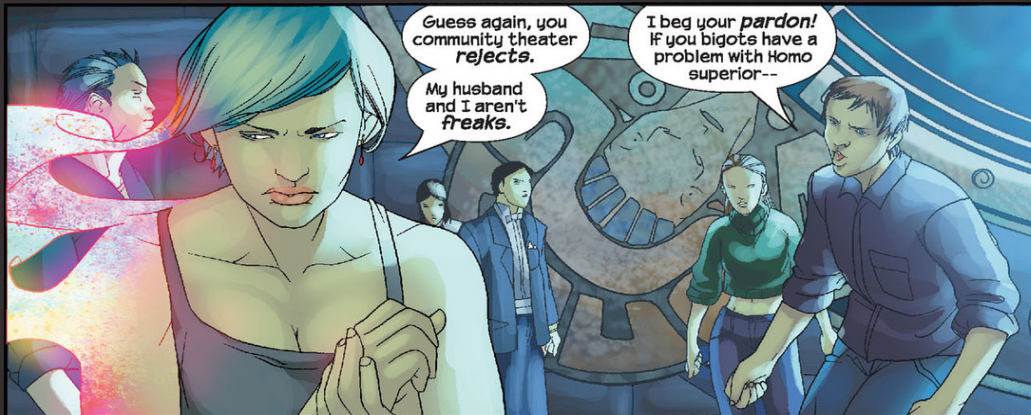


What the...?

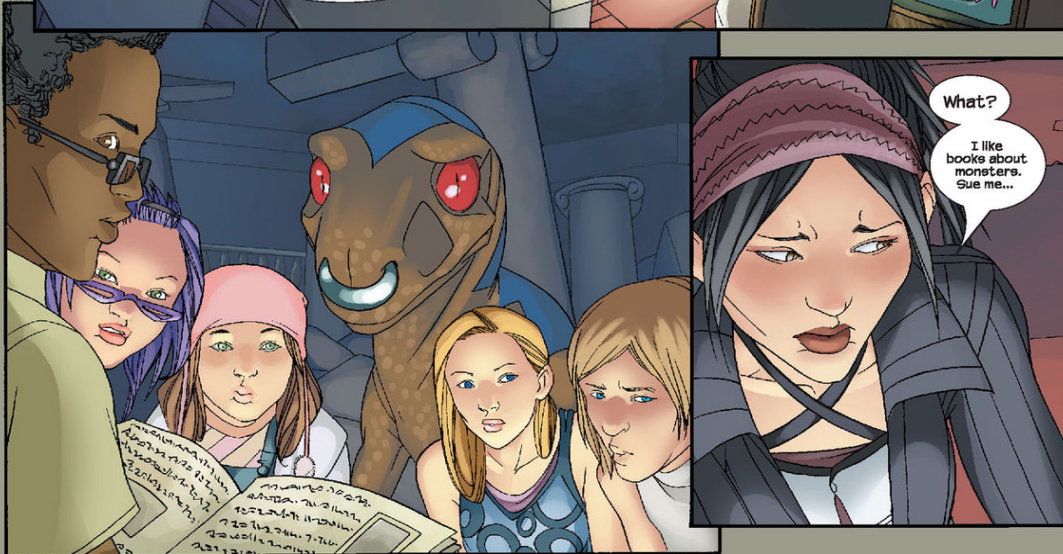
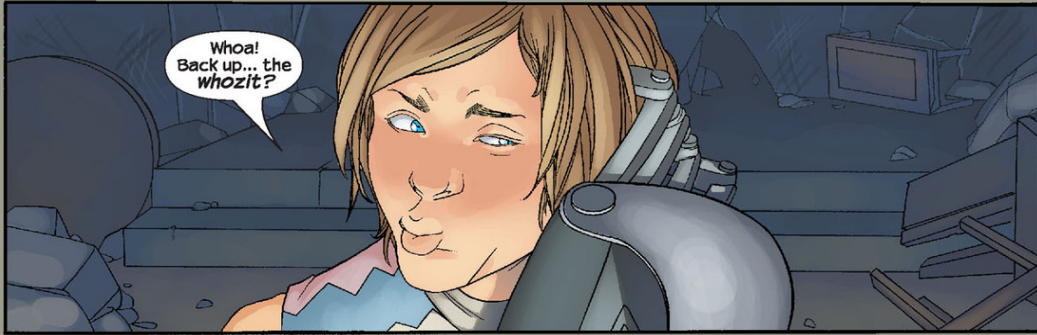


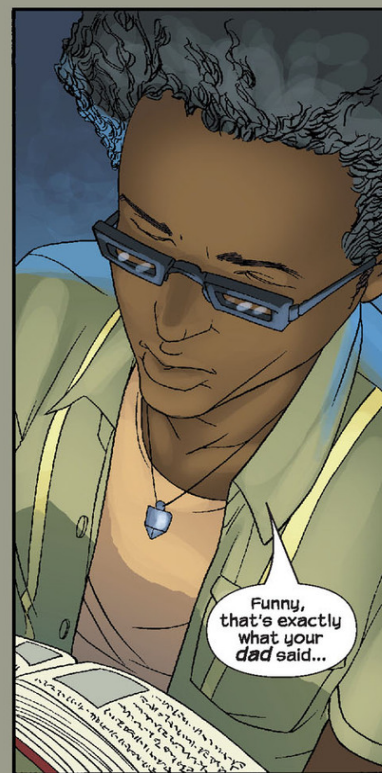
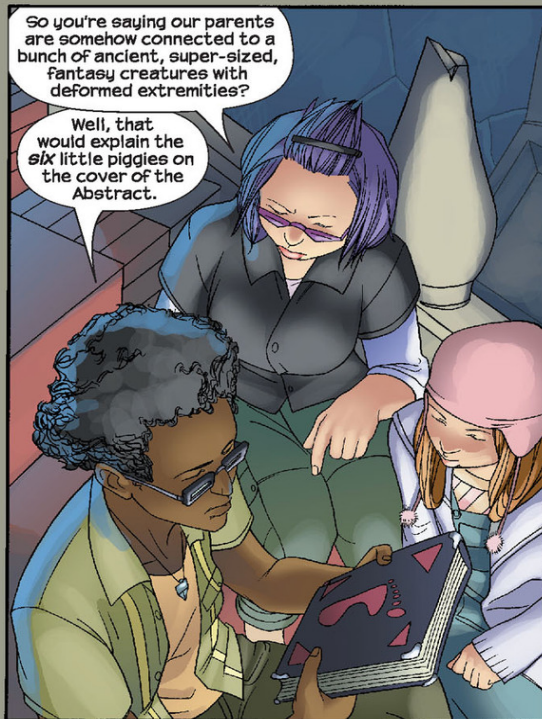
This wasn't in the script.

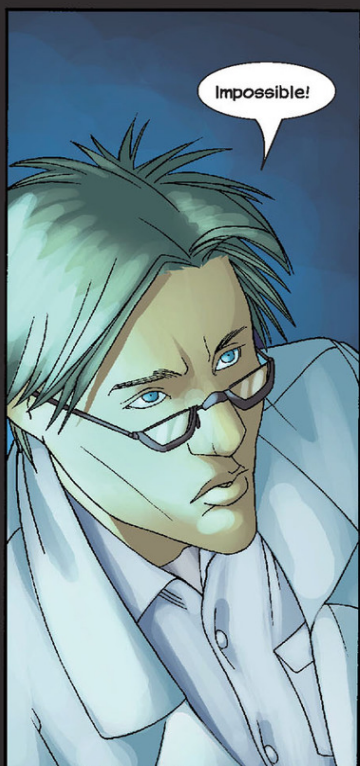


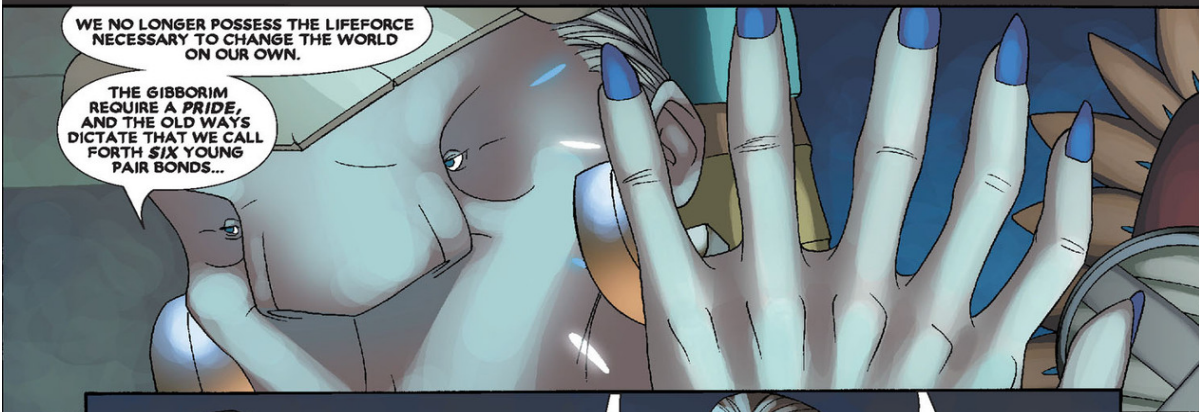


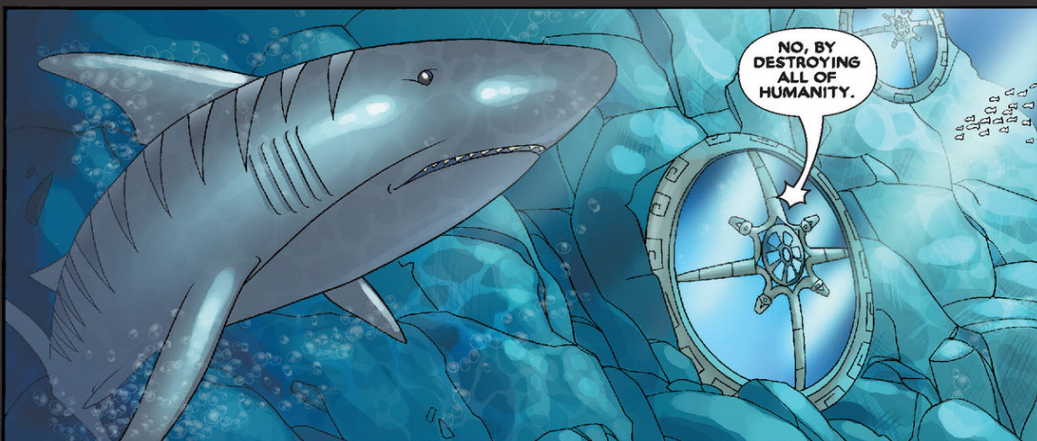














What?

Intriguing.

But what's in it for us... other than the *usual* entertainment value of wasting Earthlings, of course?

THE GIBBORIM WILL AUGMENT EACH OF YOUR ABILITIES, GIVE YOU ENOUGH POWER TO CLAIM DOMINION OVER THE ENTIRE CITY OF ANGELS... AND BEYOND.



What good is world dominance if there's not a *world* left to dominate?

IT WILL TAKE A QUARTER-CENTURY FOR YOU TO SUPPLY THE GIBBORIM WITH ALL THAT WE NEED TO RESHAPE THIS ONCE-PRISTINE ORB.

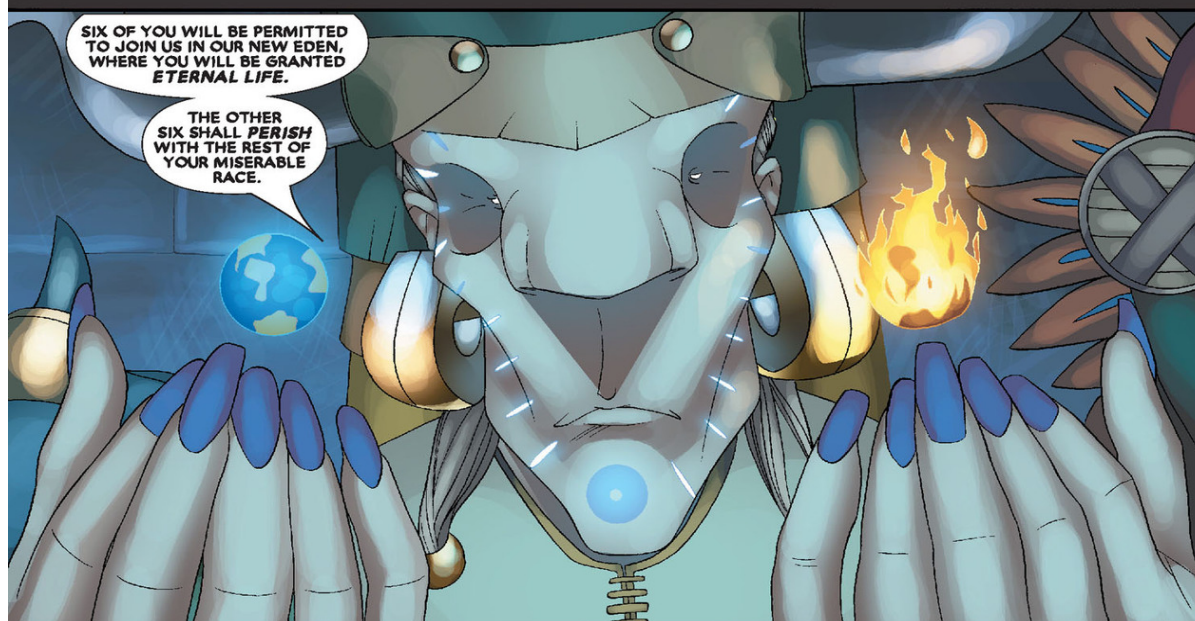


UNTIL THEN, IT SHALL BE YOUR KINGDOM TO DO WITH AS YOU PLEASE.

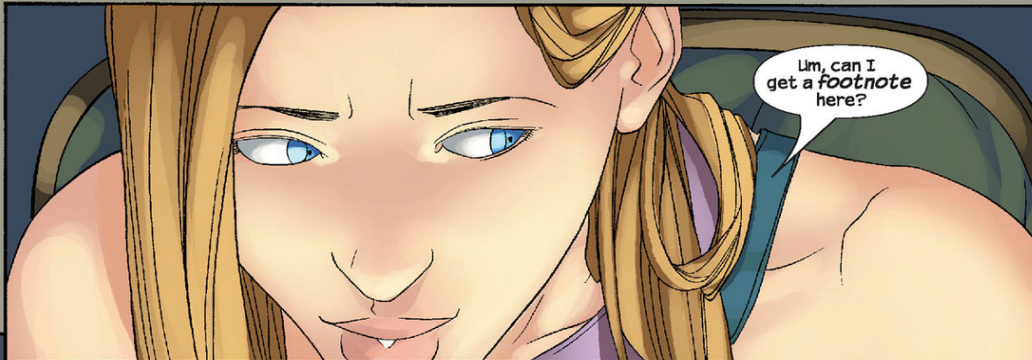
And when our twenty-five years are up?

SIX OF YOU WILL BE PERMITTED TO JOIN US IN OUR NEW EDEN, WHERE YOU WILL BE GRANTED *ETERNAL LIFE*.

THE OTHER SIX SHALL *PERISH* WITH THE REST OF YOUR MISERABLE RACE.







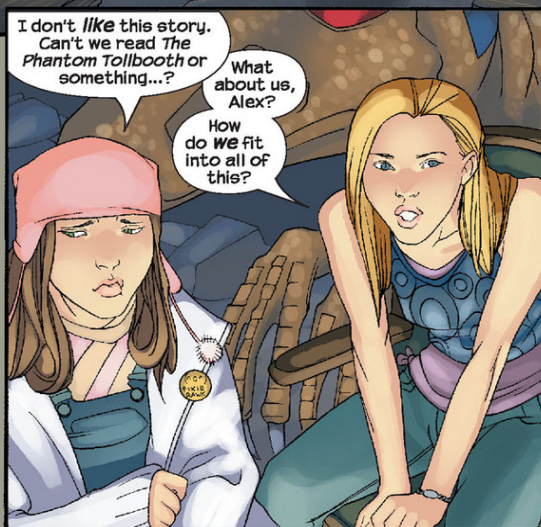
Um, can I get a footnote here?



Let's see, The Rite of Blood is an annual ceremony... apparently involves an adolescent female being *sacrificed* to the Gibborim.

Sounds like that satanic hootenanny we saw at your house right before we hit the road.

You mean, some girl was getting murdered in the basement *every year* our families had their get-together?

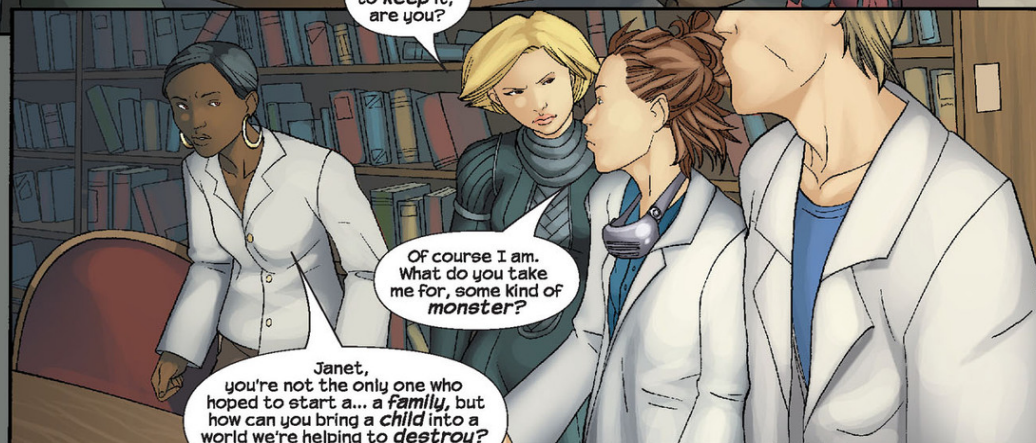
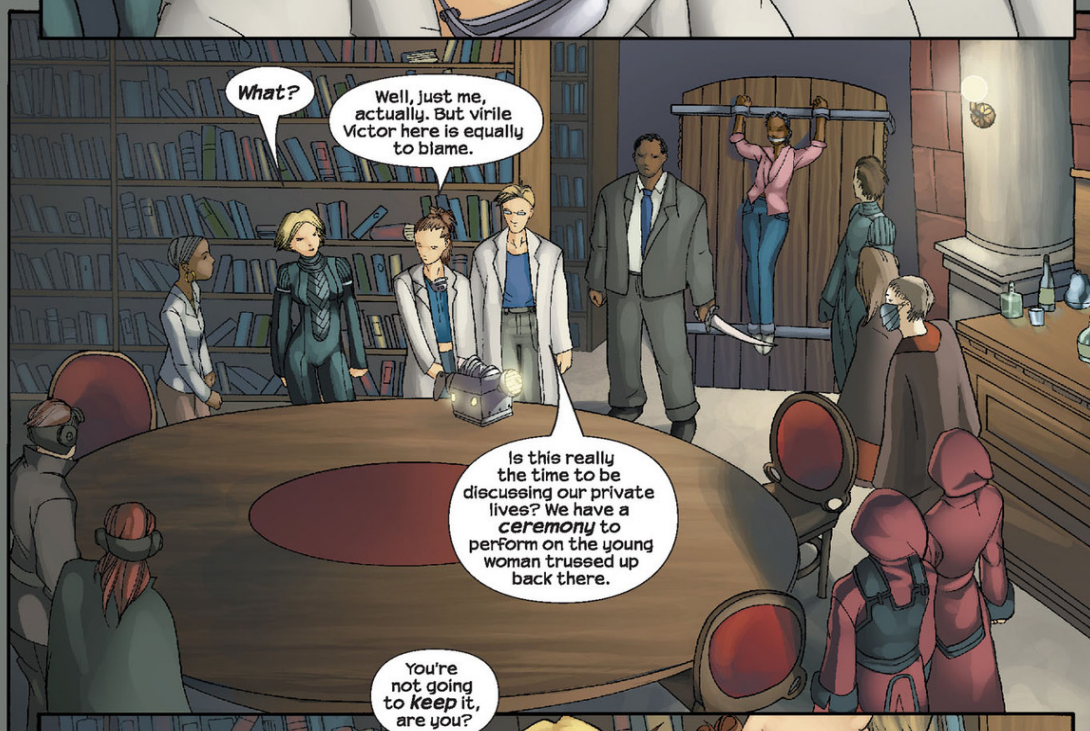
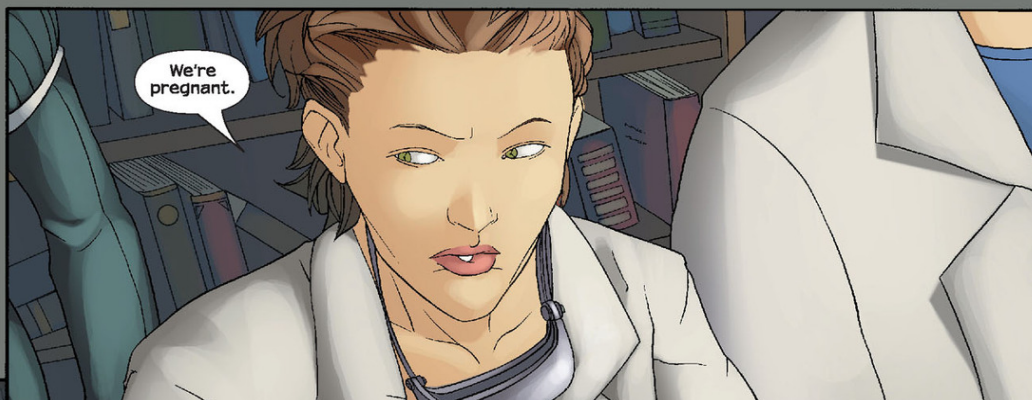


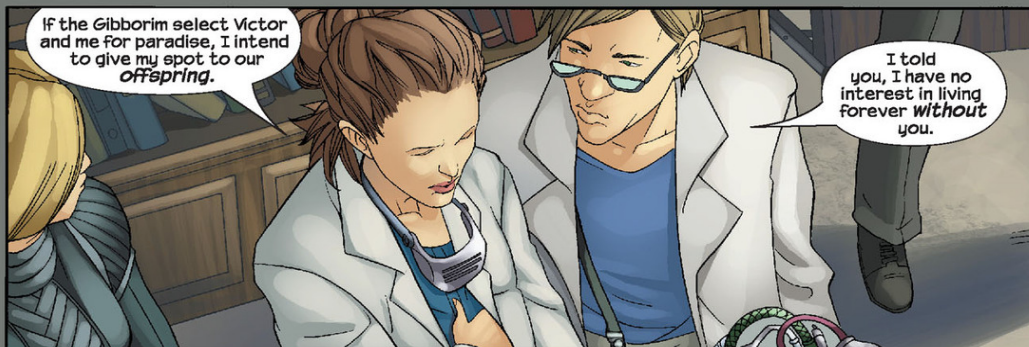
I don't *like* this story. Can't we read *The Phantom Tollbooth* or something...?

What about us, Alex?
How do we fit into all of this?



That comes up about three years later, when Chase's mom says...







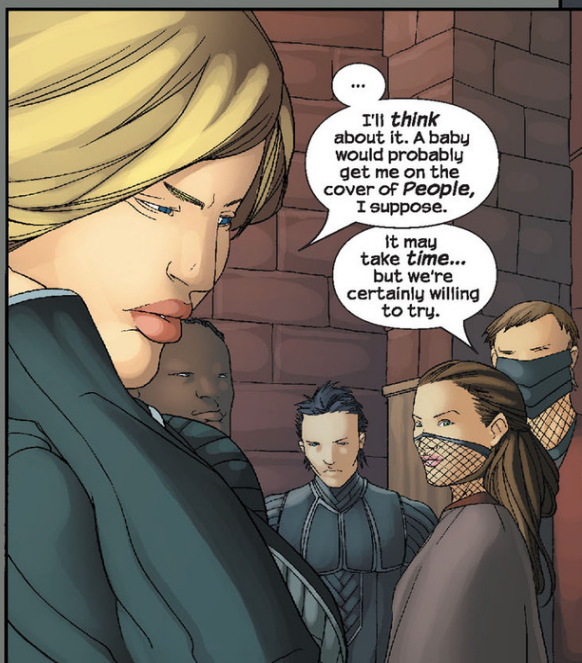
When the twelve of us agreed to go on this journey, we vowed to walk every last step *together*.

Are you *in...* or are you *out*?



Think about it, friends. If we proceed as planned, there's no guarantee that any of you will live past the Final Wave.

But if we all promise to give our chance at the next world to an *heir*, the legacy of the entire Pride will be assured.



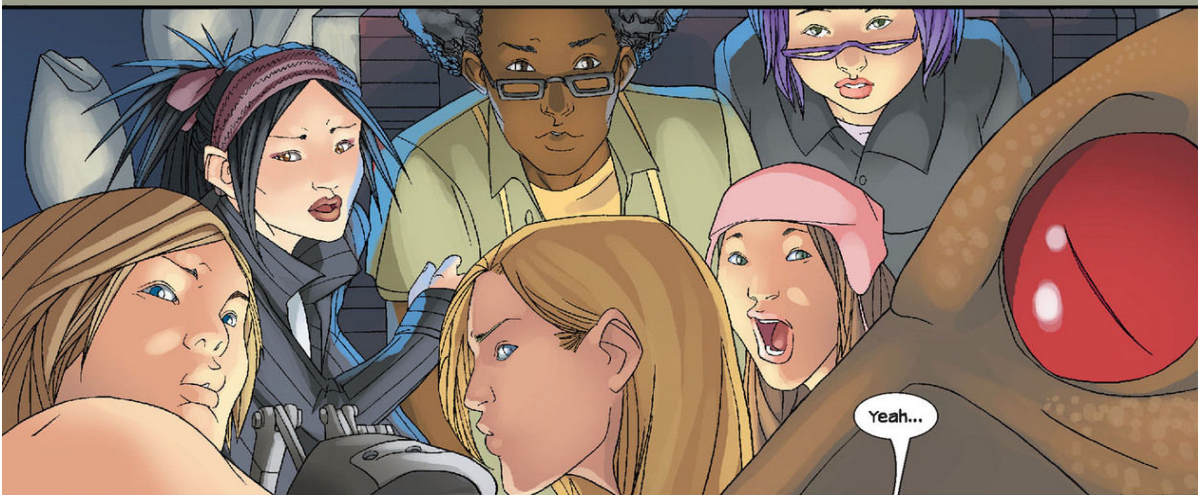
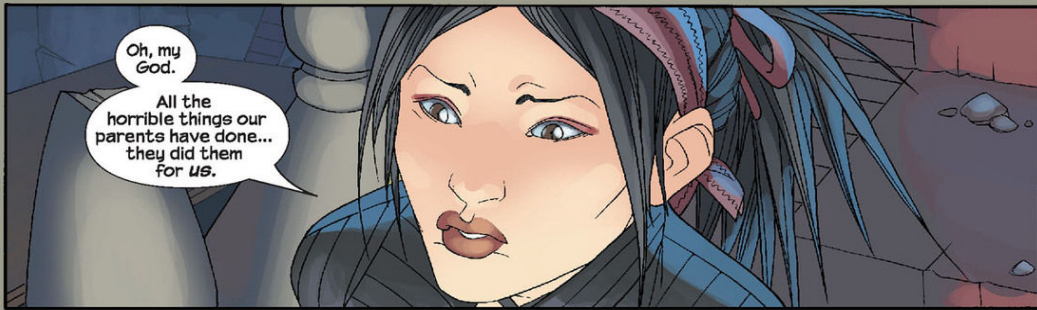
...
I'll *think* about it. A baby would probably get me on the cover of *People*, I suppose.

It may take *time...* but we're certainly willing to try.



We'll tell our children what gift awaits them after they turn *eighteen*, just before the end.

Until then, they need never know just how much we *sacrificed* on their behalf...





To Be Continued...

MARVEL
PSR 14

RUNAWAYSTM

VAUGHAN
ALPHONA
YEUNG



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THE PRIDE

MR. AND MRS. WILDER



ALEX

MR. AND MRS. YORKES



GERTRUDE
AKA ARSENIC

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KAROLINA
AKA LUCY IN THE SKY

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THE RUNAWAYS

At some point in their lives, all young people think that their parents are evil... but what if they really are?

PREVIOUSLY IN RUNAWAYS:

Teenager Alex Wilder and five other only children always thought that their parents were boring Los Angeles socialites, until the kids witness the adults *murder* a young girl in some kind of dark sacrificial ritual. The teens run away from home after discovering that their parents are actually part of a secret organization called The Pride, a collection of crime bosses, time-traveling despots, alien overlords, mad scientists, evil mutants, and dark wizards.

Using an encrypted history book and a mystical decoder ring stolen from their parents, the six Runaways eventually decipher the secret origin of The Pride: Assembled twenty years ago by an ancient race of giants called the Gibborim, twelve young villains had their powers augmented when they agreed to help these towering monsters destroy mankind, and turn Earth into a "peaceful utopia". Because this apocalyptic mission will take twenty-five years to complete, the Gibborim also promised eternal life and a place in paradise to whichever *six* villains serve them most faithfully. But rather than compete amongst themselves for this prize, the six couples that make up The Pride vowed to each donate their shot at immortality to a single *child*, thus guaranteeing the legacy of the entire group.

The Runaways are horrified to learn that their parents have been committing terrible crimes to provide for *their* future, but before the kids can do anything with the information they've uncovered, their underground hideout is invaded by agents of the LAPD loyal to The Pride!

THE GOOD DIE YOUNG

CHAPTER TWO

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Chief

Jo Chen
Cover Artist

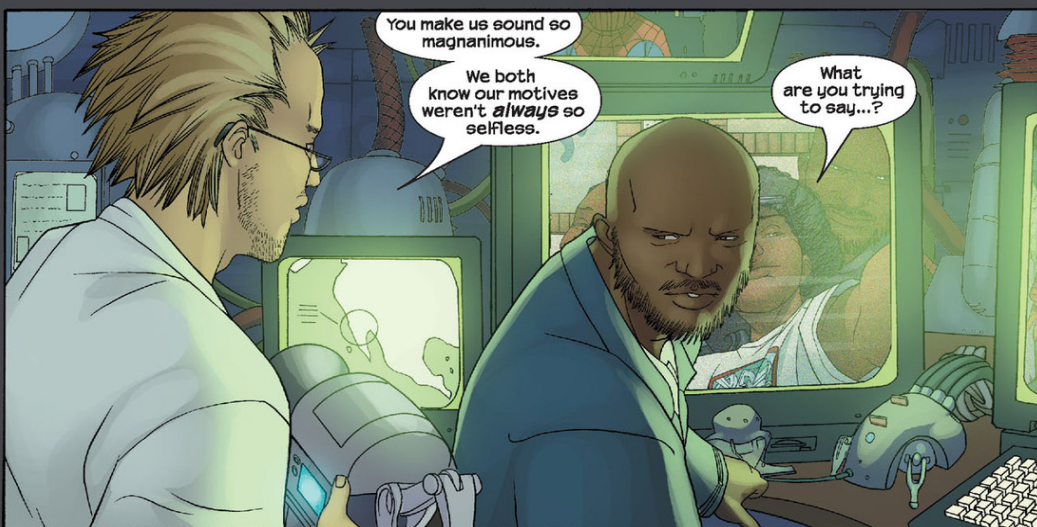
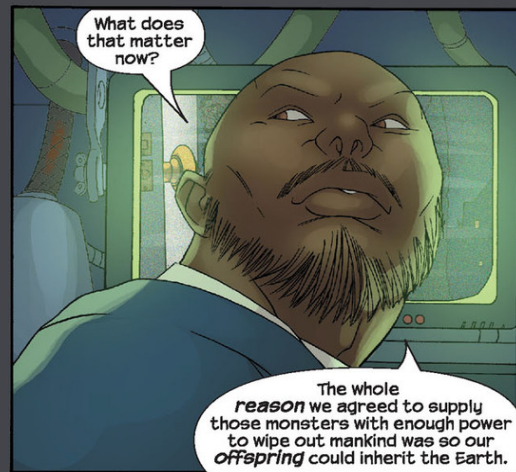
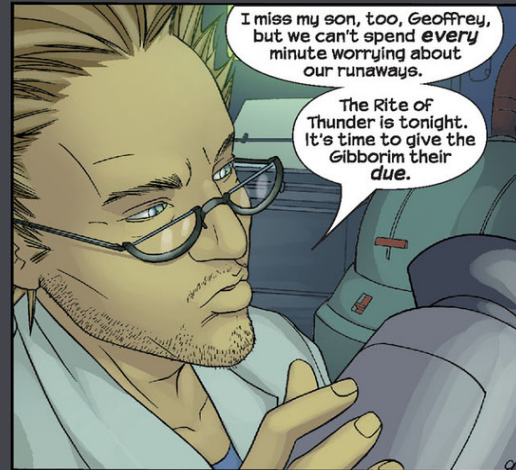
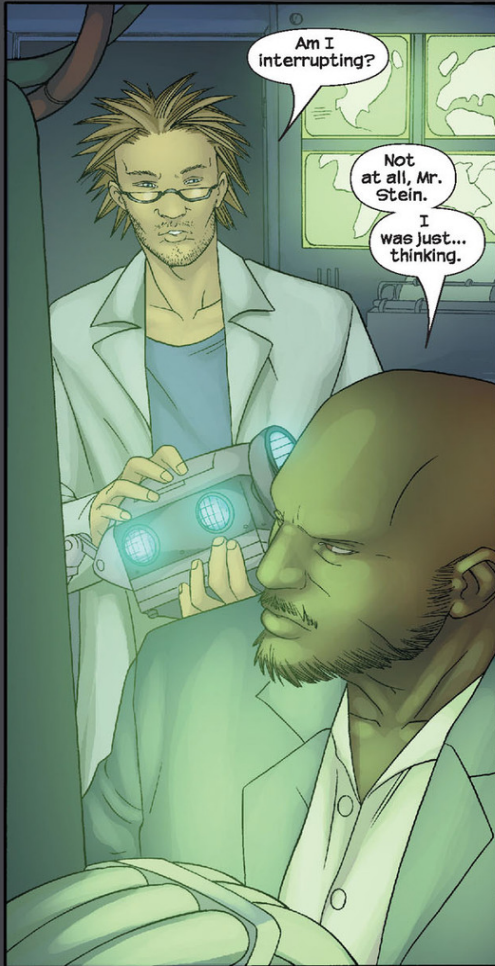
Dan Buckley
Publisher

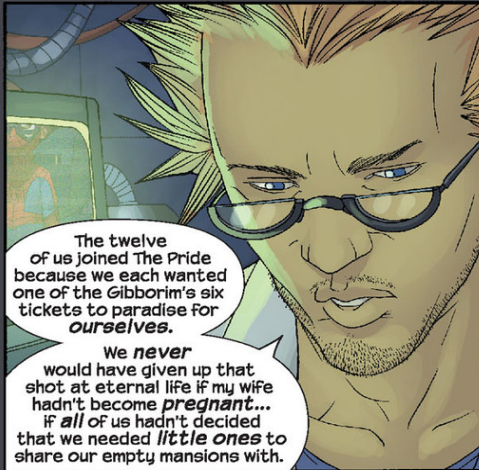
RUNAWAYS created by Vaughan & Alphona

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**The Wilder Residence
Los Angeles, California
4:33 P.M.**

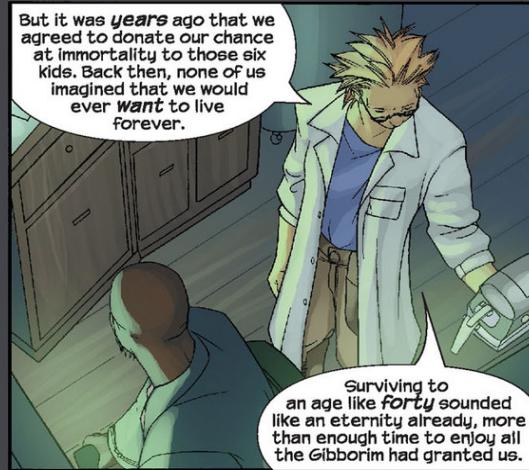






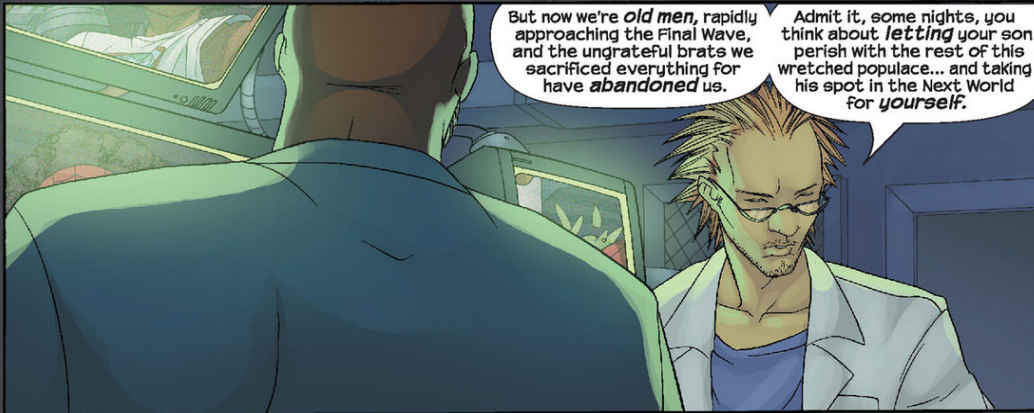
The twelve of us joined The Pride because we each wanted one of the Gibborim's six tickets to paradise for *ourselves*.

We *never* would have given up that shot at eternal life if my wife hadn't become *pregnant*... if *all* of us hadn't decided that we needed *little ones* to share our empty mansions with.



But it was *years* ago that we agreed to donate our chance at immortality to those six kids. Back then, none of us imagined that we would ever *want* to live forever.

Surviving to an age like *forty* sounded like an eternity already, more than enough time to enjoy all the Gibborim had granted us.



But now we're *old men*, rapidly approaching the Final Wave, and the ungrateful brats we sacrificed everything for have *abandoned* us.

Admit it, some nights, you think about *letting* your son perish with the rest of this wretched populace... and taking his spot in the Next World for *yourself*.



NEVER!

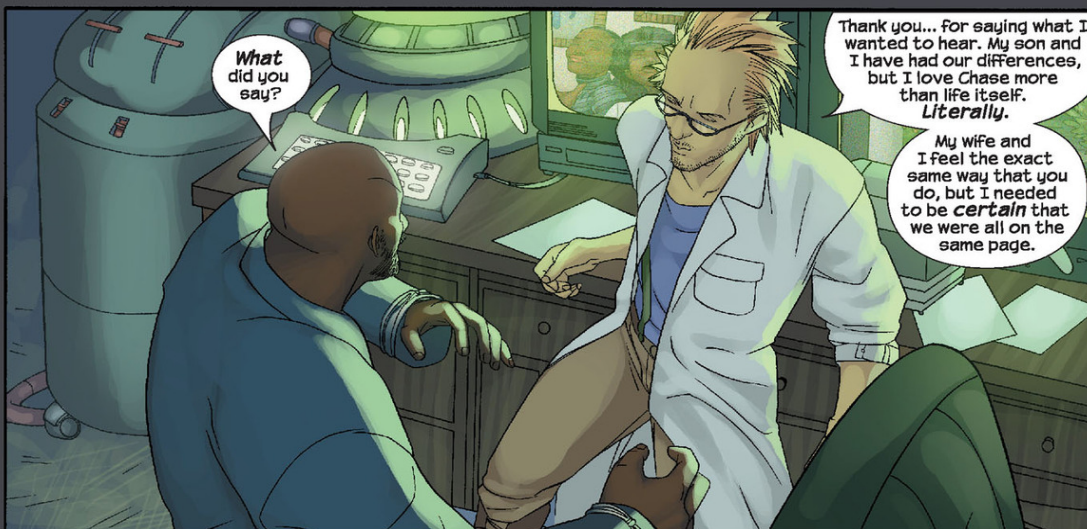
shkkk



I have done *terrible* things in my life, but for the last sixteen years, I have been confident that I was doing them for a *noble* reason.

I am going to find Alex and give him what is rightfully his, and I will *destroy* anyone who stands in my way.

...thank... you.



What did you say?

Thank you... for saying what I wanted to hear. My son and I have had our differences, but I love Chase more than life itself. *Literally.*

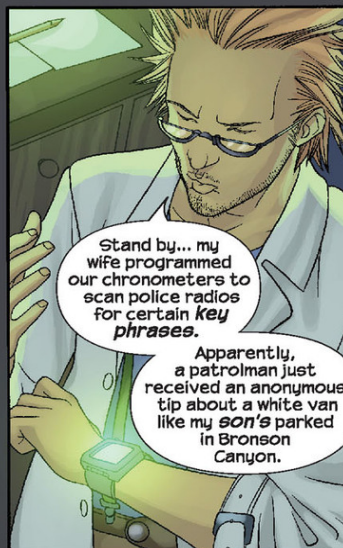
My wife and I feel the exact same way that you do, but I needed to be *certain* that we were all on the same page.



you were *testing* me?

Geoffrey, be rational. We're a group of thieves and... and *murderers*. I've never trusted *any* of--

**DEST
DEST**



Stand by... my wife programmed our chronometers to scan police radios for certain *key* phrases.

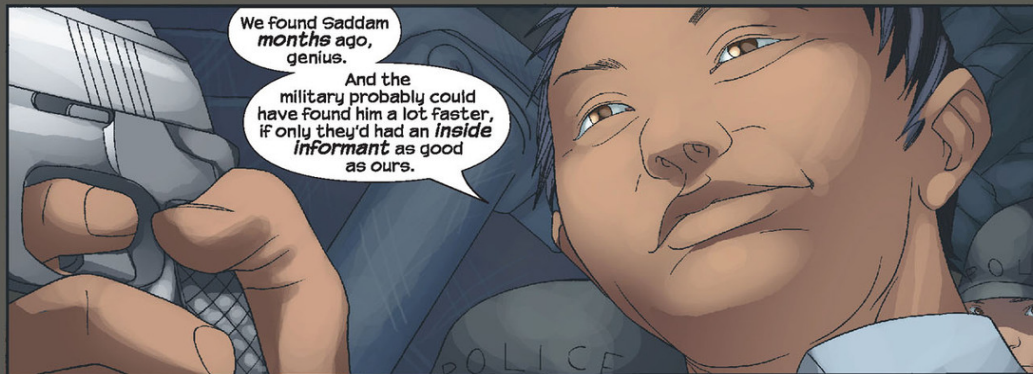
Apparently, a patrolman just received an anonymous tip about a white van like my *son's* parked in Bronson Canyon.



Then we have to move *NOW*... before one of our overzealous agents decides to take matters into his *own* hands.

"The Hostel"
Bronson Canyon,
California
5:22 P.M.





We found Saddam *months* ago, genius.

And the military probably could have found him a lot faster, if only they'd had an *inside informant* as good as ours.



What are you *talking* about?

Oh, didn't you know? One of you kiddies is working for *our side*... called up the LAPP with a tip about where to find your clubhouse.

But that's something we can sort out *downtown*.



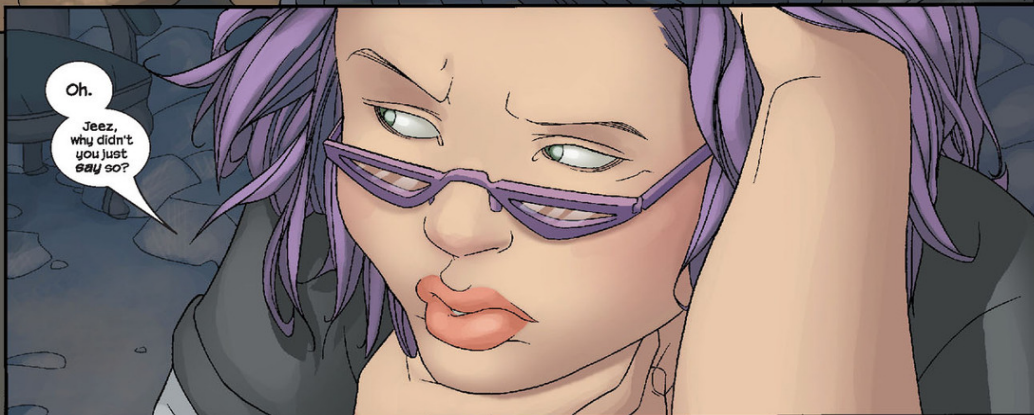
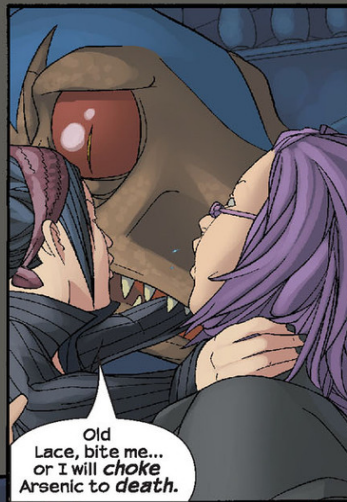
We want 'em alive, boys, so stick to tasers and beanbag rounds.

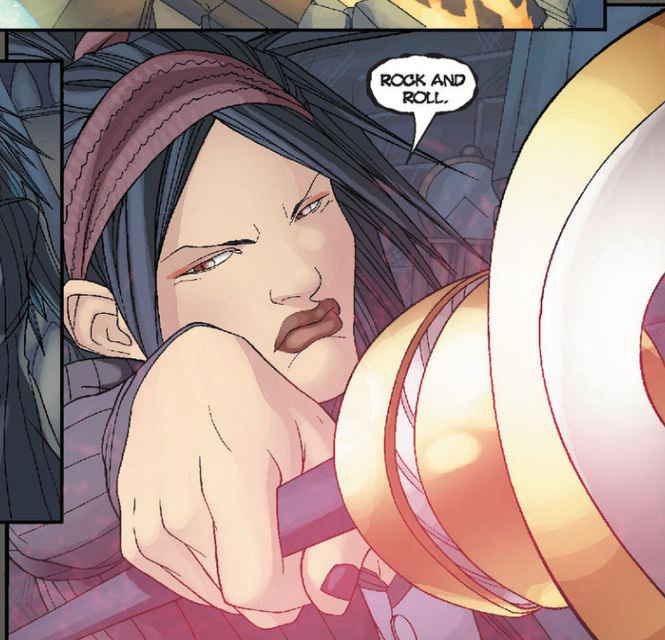
What about the... the *lizard*, Lieutenant Flores?



Kill it.

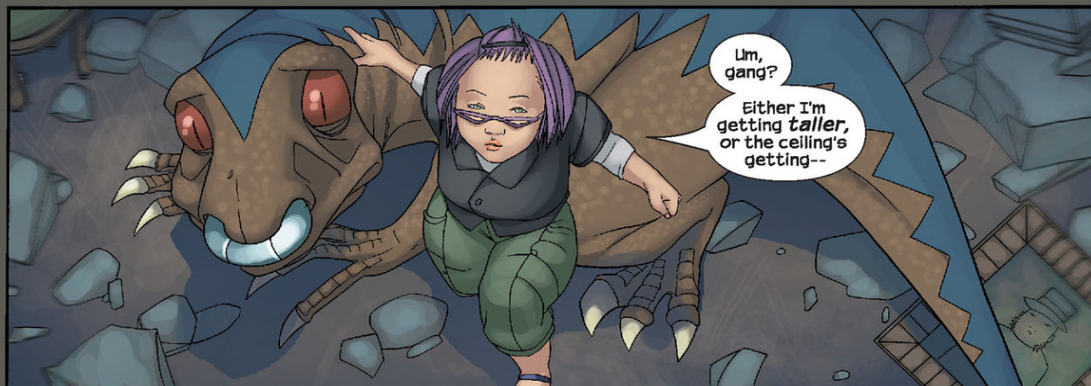




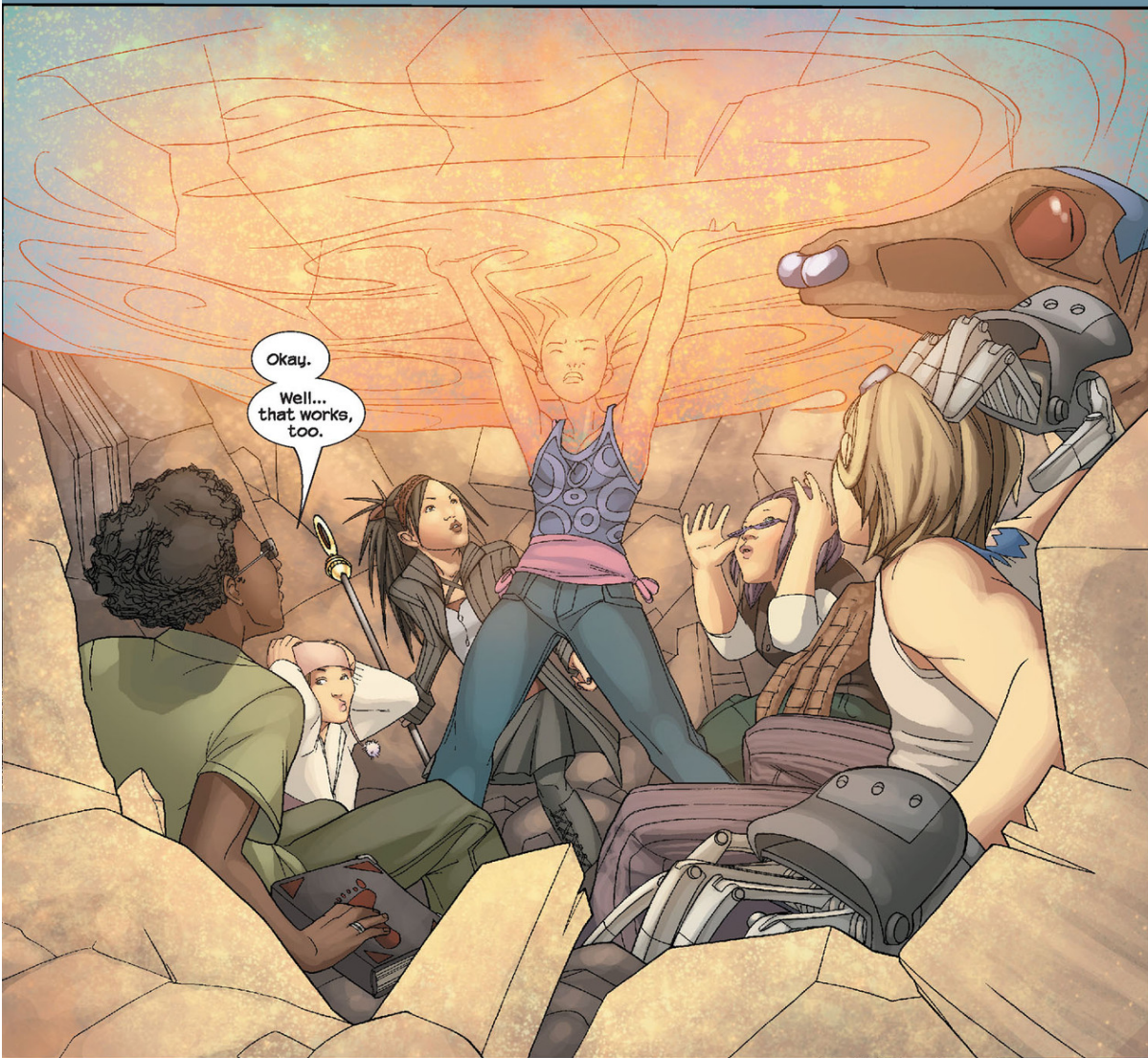


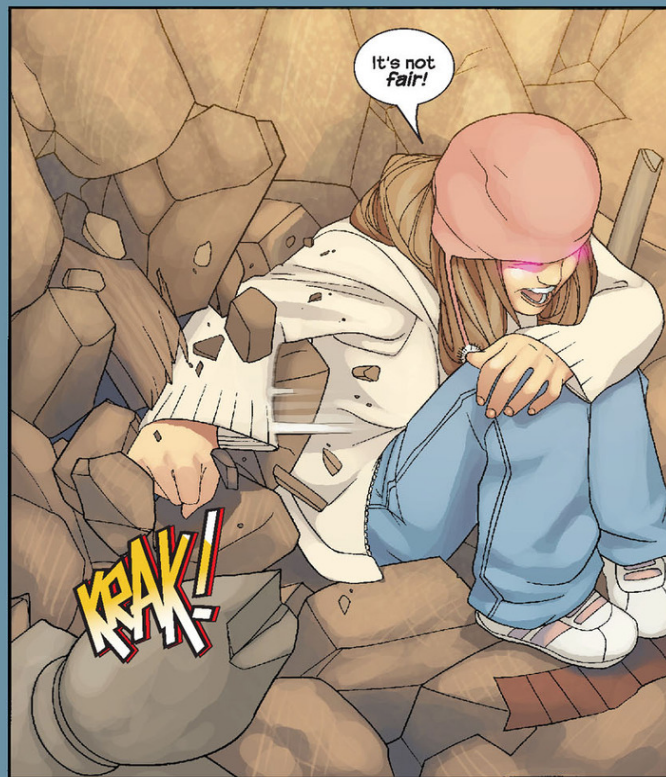
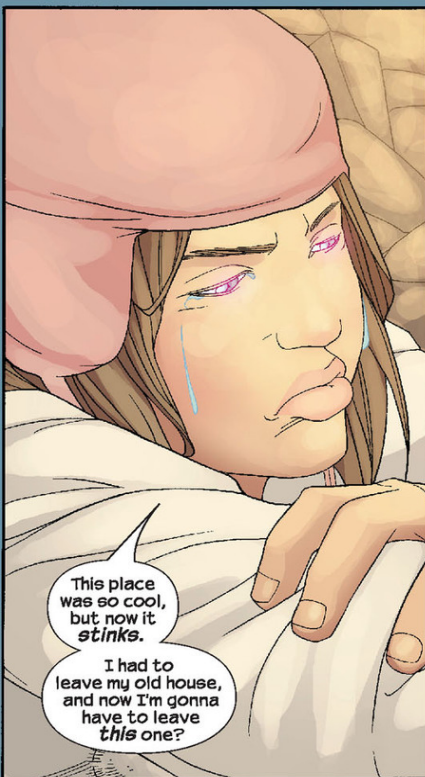
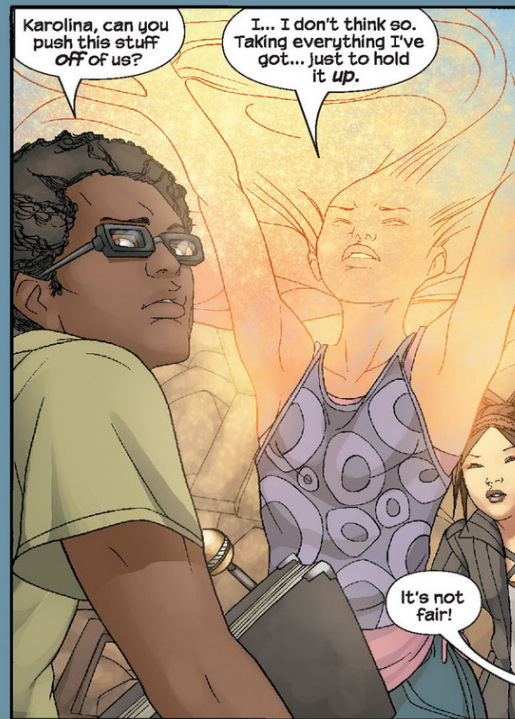
RMMMMMMBBLL RMMMMMMBBLL

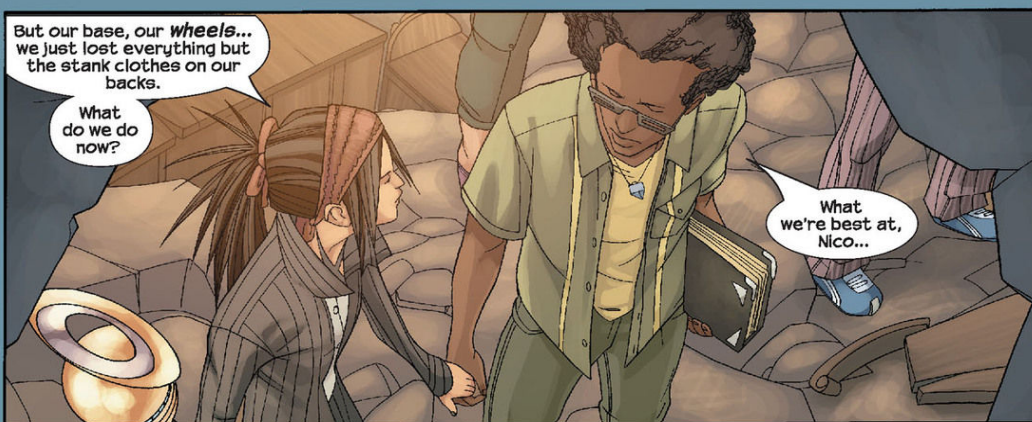
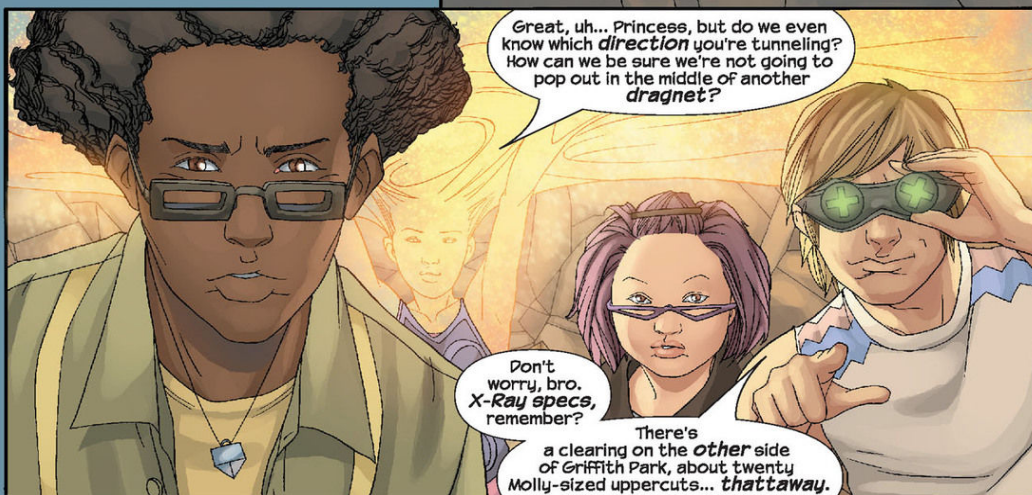
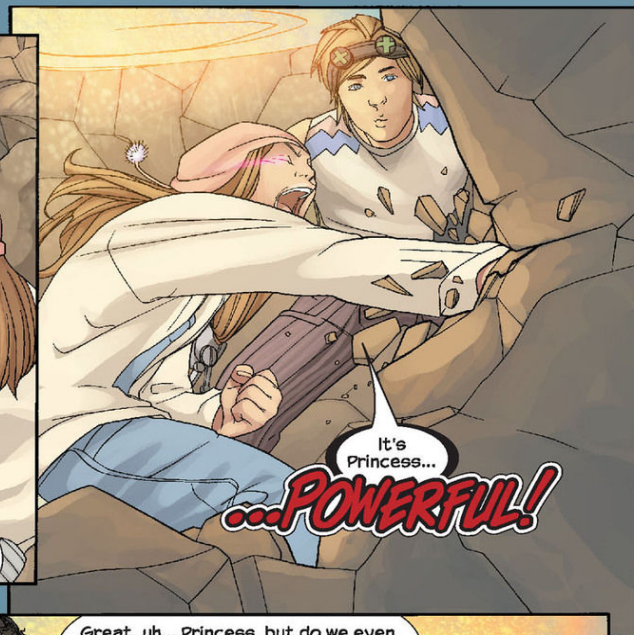
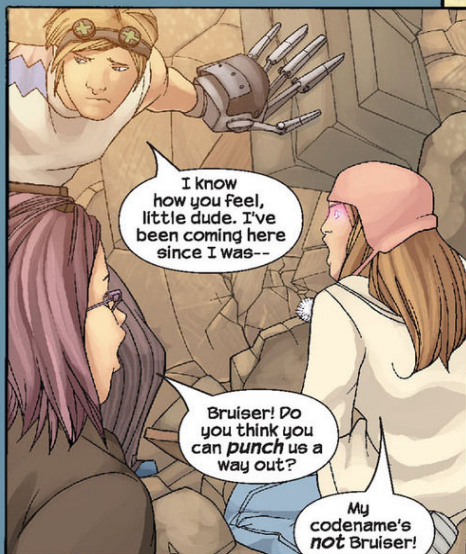


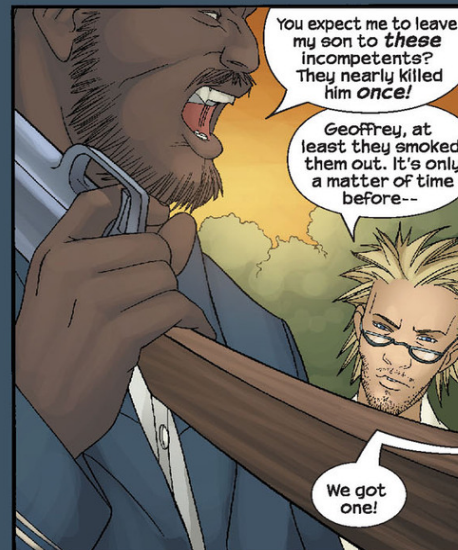


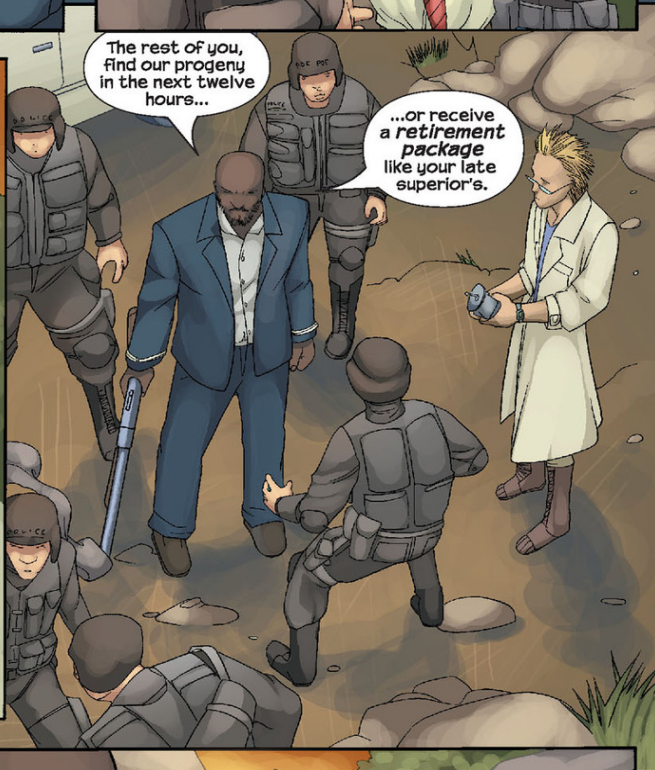
Huh.



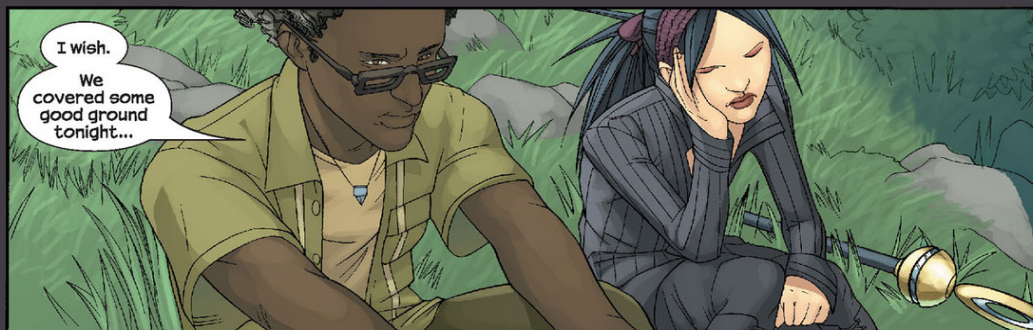
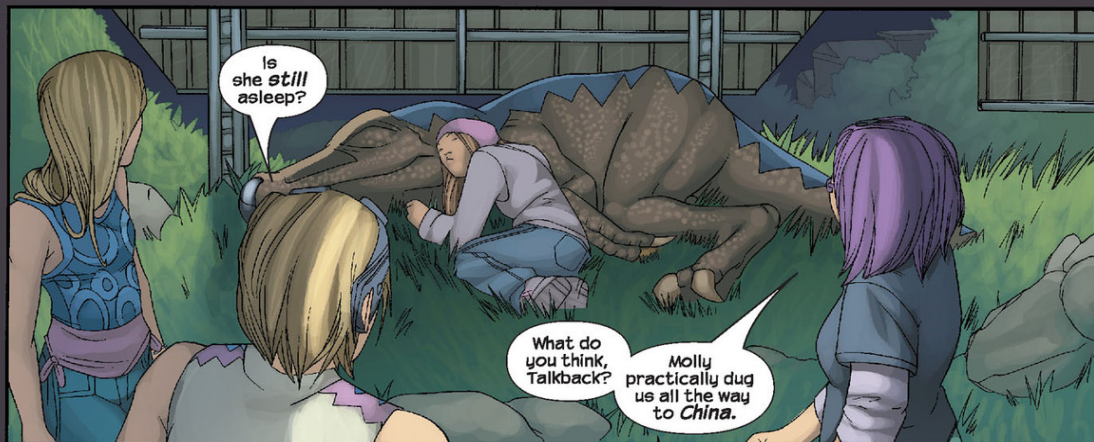


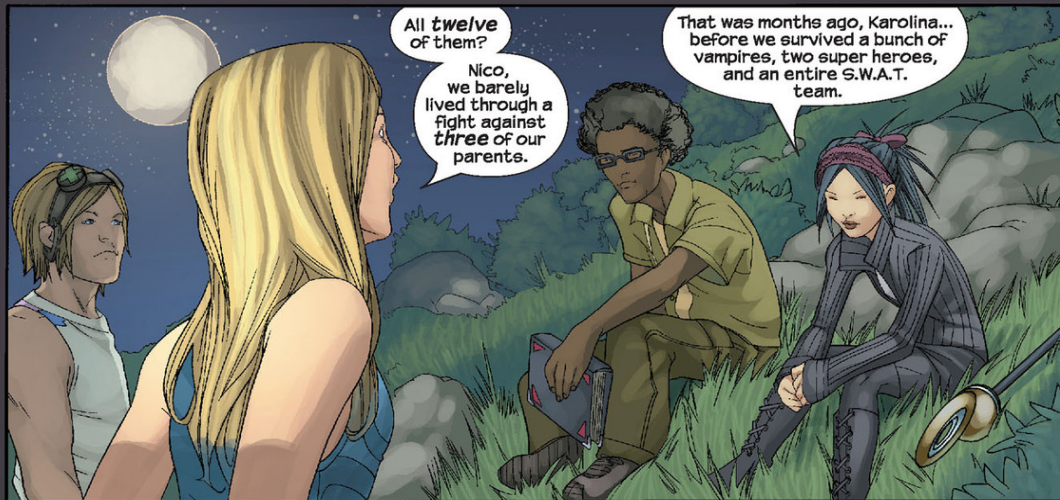


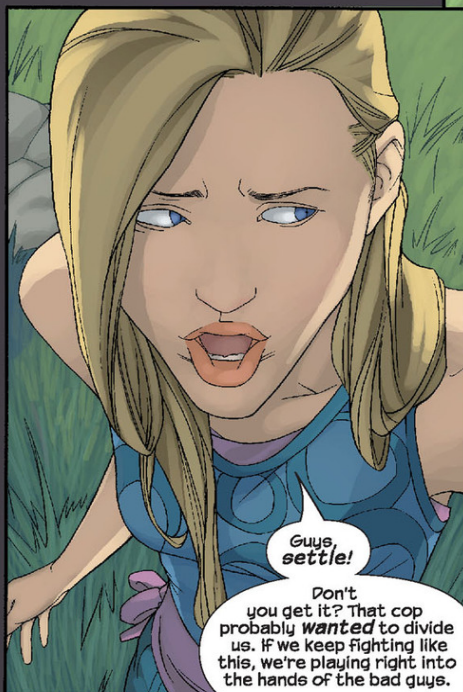


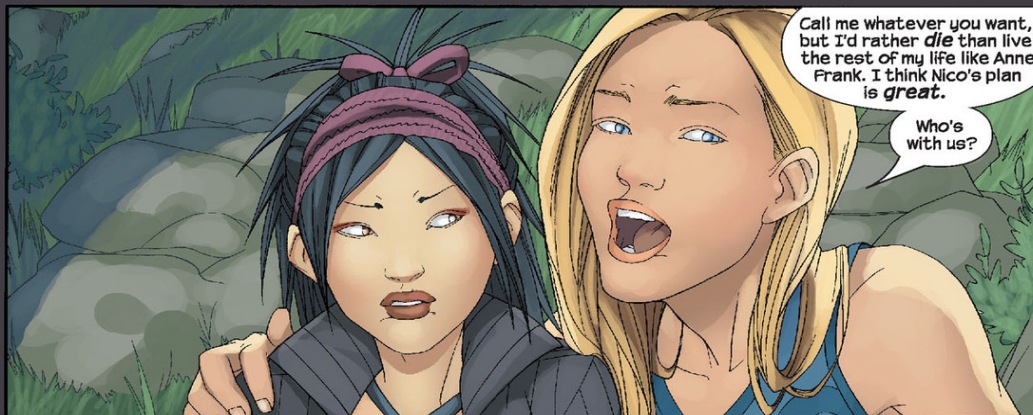


Mount Lee
Los Angeles, California
7:01 P.M.



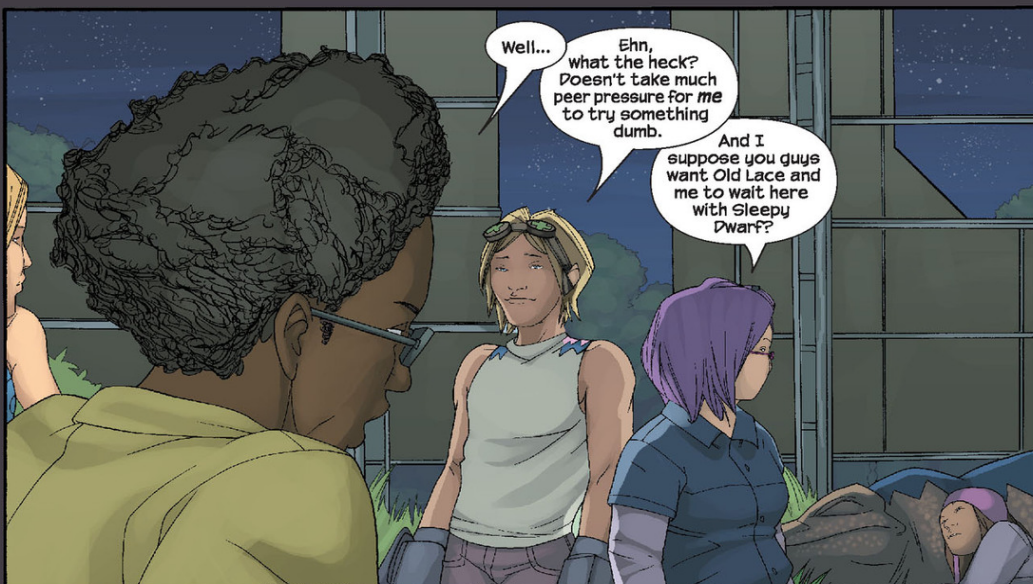






Call me whatever you want, but I'd rather *die* than live the rest of my life like Anne Frank. I think Nico's plan is *great*.

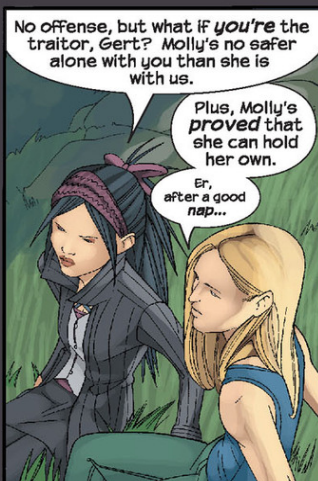
Who's with us?



Well...

Ehn, what the heck? Doesn't take much peer pressure for *me* to try something dumb.

And I suppose you guys want Old Lace and me to wait here with Sleepy Dwarf?



No offense, but what if *you're* the traitor, Gert? Molly's no safer alone with you than she is with us.

Plus, Molly's *proved* that she can hold her own.

Er, after a good nap...



Are you *joking*? We are *not* bringing Molly along! She's just a kid!

So are *we*, Alex, and unless we face our parents together...

...none of us will be getting any older.

The Dean Residence
7:30 P.M.



IDIOTS!

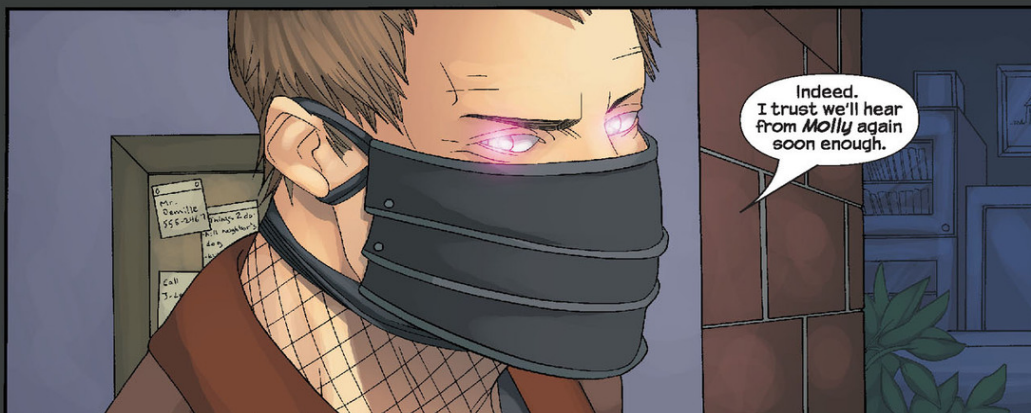


Wilder and Stein
had them, and they
let our children *slip*
away!

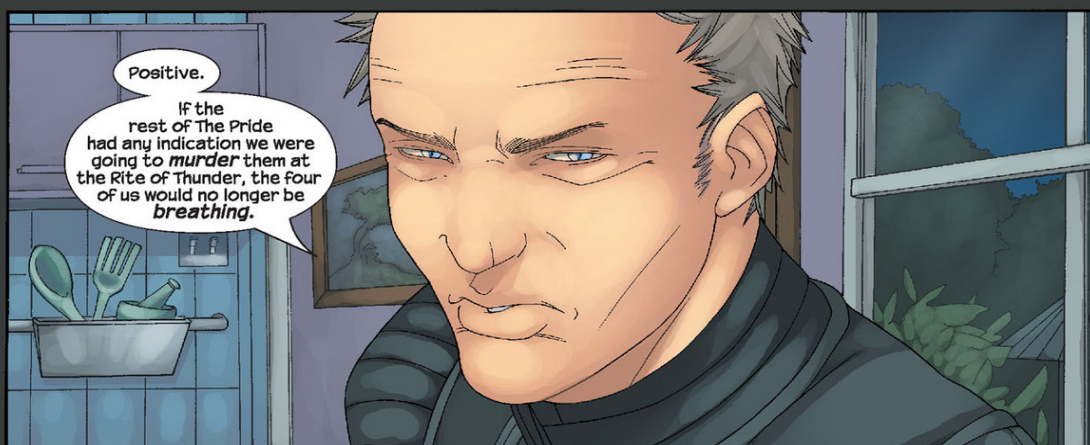
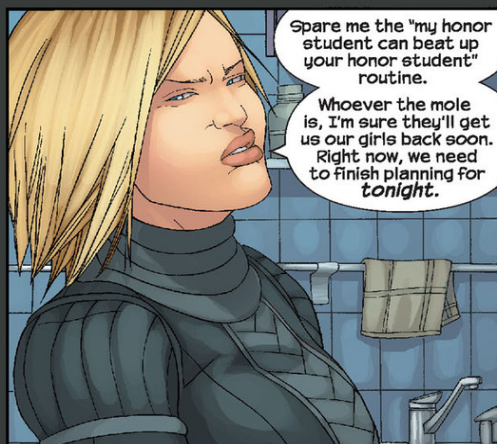
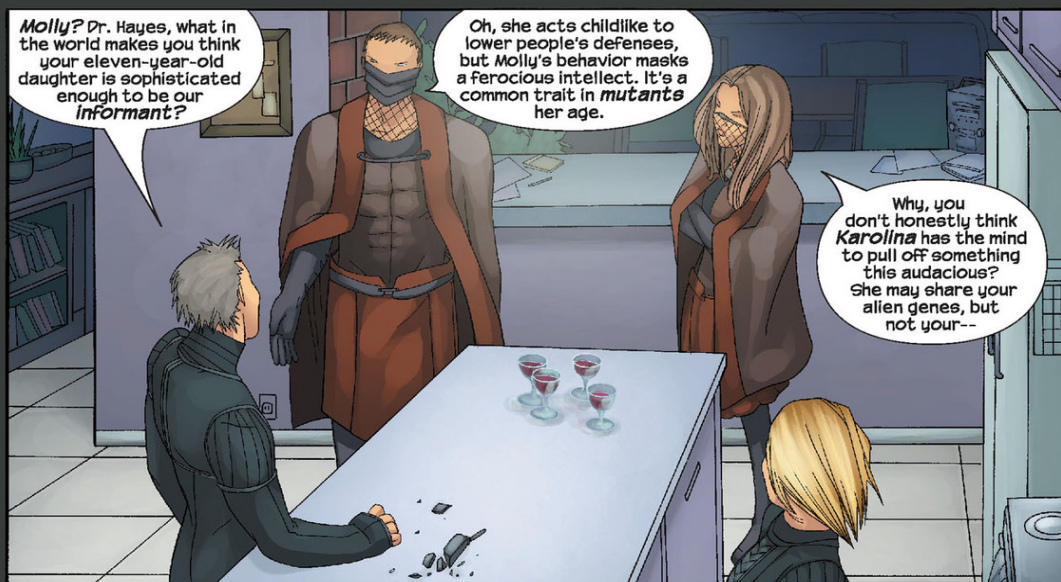
Use your
inside voice, dear.
You heard what Victor
said, they were tipped
off by whichever child
is our *mole*.

It's
only a matter
of time before
he or she alerts
us to their *new*
whereabouts.

KRUNCH!



Indeed.
I trust we'll hear
from *Molly* again
soon enough.







MARVEL
PSR 15

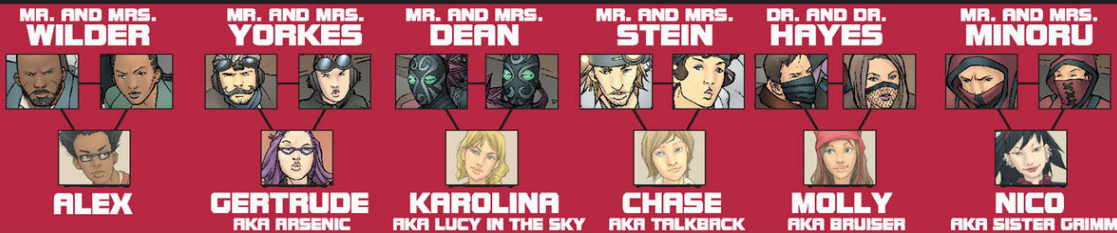
RUNAWAYS™

VAUGHAN
ALPHONA
YEUNG

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THE PRIDE



THE RUNAWAYS

At some point in their lives, all young people think that their parents are evil... but what if they really are?

PREVIOUSLY IN RUNAWAYS:

Teenager Alex Wilder and five other only children always thought that their parents were boring Los Angeles socialites, until the kids witness the adults murder a young girl in some kind of dark sacrificial ritual. The teens run away from home after discovering that their parents are actually part of an evil secret organization called The Pride.

Assembled twenty years ago by an ancient race of giants called the Gibborim, The Pride is made up of twelve young super-villains who had their powers augmented when they agreed to help these towering monsters destroy mankind. Because this apocalyptic mission will take twenty-five years to complete, the Gibborim also promised eternal life and a place in paradise to whichever six villains serve them most faithfully. But rather than compete amongst themselves for this prize, the six couples that make up The Pride vowed to each donate their shot at immortality to a single child, thus guaranteeing the legacy of the entire group. At least, that was the plan. But Molly's mutant parents and Karolina's alien mother and father made a secret pact to one day kill the rest of The Pride, and divide the Gibborim's reward between their two families.

And The Pride isn't the only group with betrayal on its mind. One of the Runaways apparently alerted their parents' corrupt police force to the young team's whereabouts, compromising the kids' underground hideout. Again on the lam (and still unaware which of their teammates is the mole), it's do-or-die time for the Runaways.

THE GOOD DIE YOUNG

CHAPTER THREE

Brian K. Vaughan
Writer

Adrian Alphona
Penciler

Craig Yeung
Inker

UDON's Christina Strain
Colorist

**Virtual Calligraphy's
Randy Gentile**
Letterer

MacKenzie Cadenhead
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Jo Chen
Cover Artist

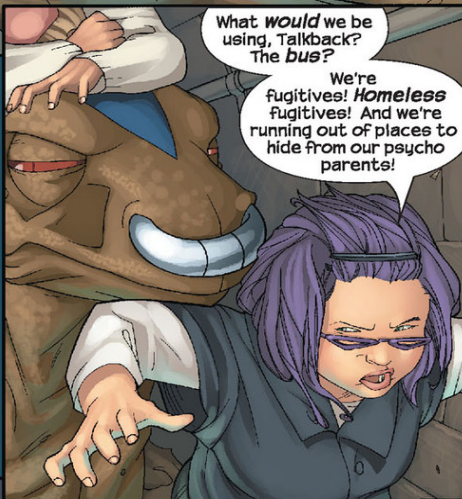
Dan Buckley
Publisher

RUNAWAYS created by Vaughan & Alphona

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Thirty Feet Beneath Los Angeles
7:58 P.M.





Wilder Family Private Beach
Malibu, California
8:08 P.M.

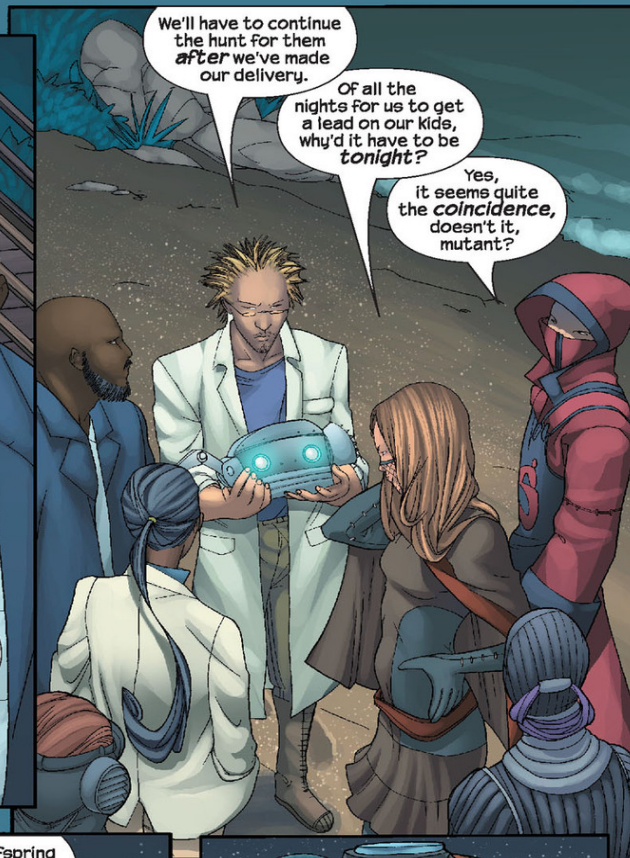
What
the devil is
taking them
so long?

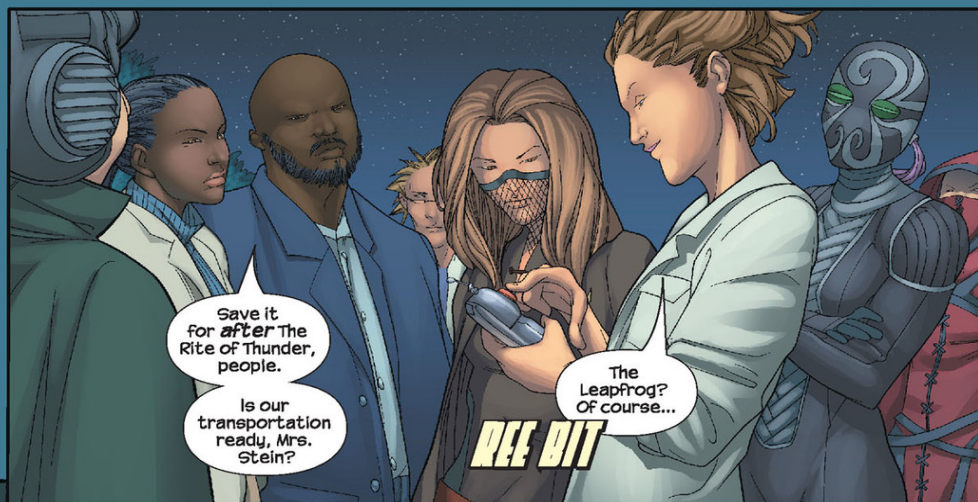
Don't get your
spacesuit in a bunch,
Mrs. Dean. They'll
be here.

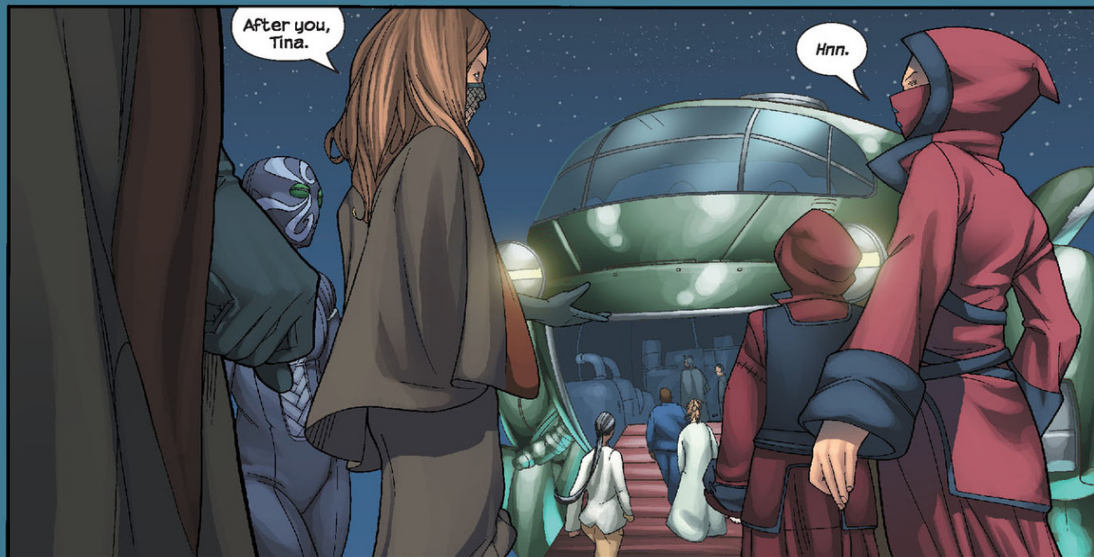
When? The
last time we were
late, the Gibborim
threatened to
send us to--

Calm
yourself,
Leslie.

The
gang's all
here.







After you, Tina.

Hnn.



Do you have any clue what Minoru was talking about? Saying one of *us* might be a mole to our *kids*?

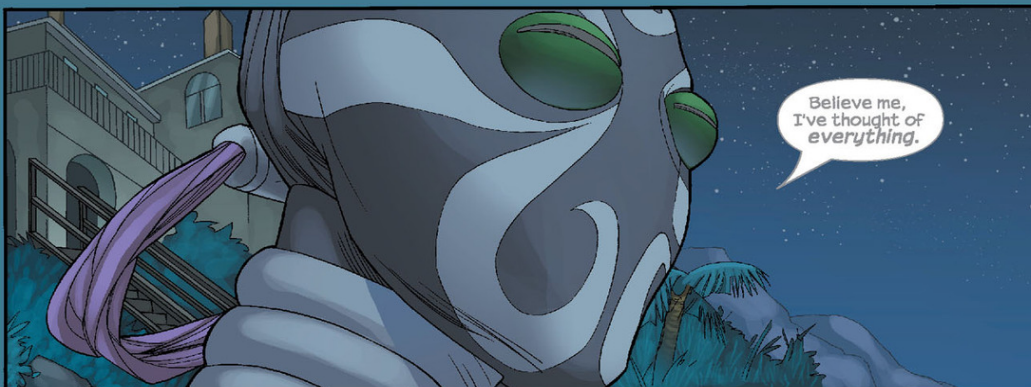
Of course not. I'm just thankful he's suspicious about *that*, and not the fact he and the rest of The Pride are about to be *executed* by us.



You sure you want to go through with this *tonight*, Leslie? I don't want to throw away *two years* worth of planning, but our girls are still--

They'll turn up, Alice. But right now is the *perfect* time for our two families to seize eternal glory for ourselves.

The humans' minds are with their children, and their armaments are in their homes.



Believe me, I've thought of *everything*.

Santa Monica Beach
9:43 P.M.



This is it.

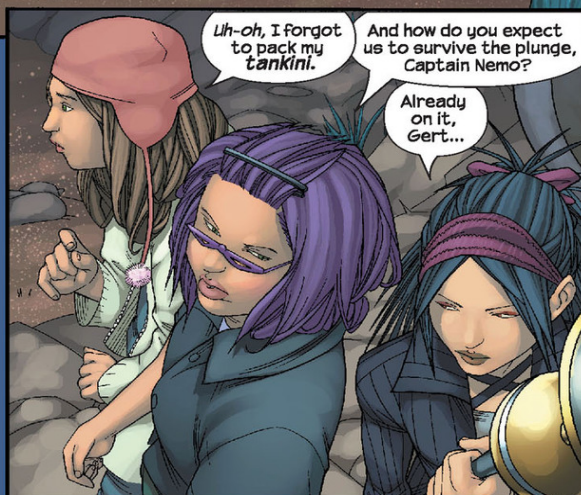
According to the Abstract, the Gibborim's base is right out there.



What, they live in a **sand castle**?

They're not on the beach, Chase, they're in the **water**.

A few thousand leagues under the Pacific.



Uh-oh, I forgot to pack my **tankini**.

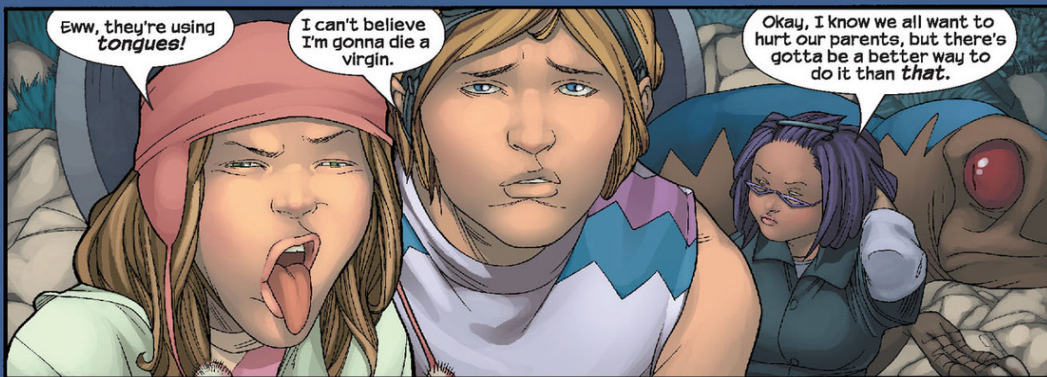
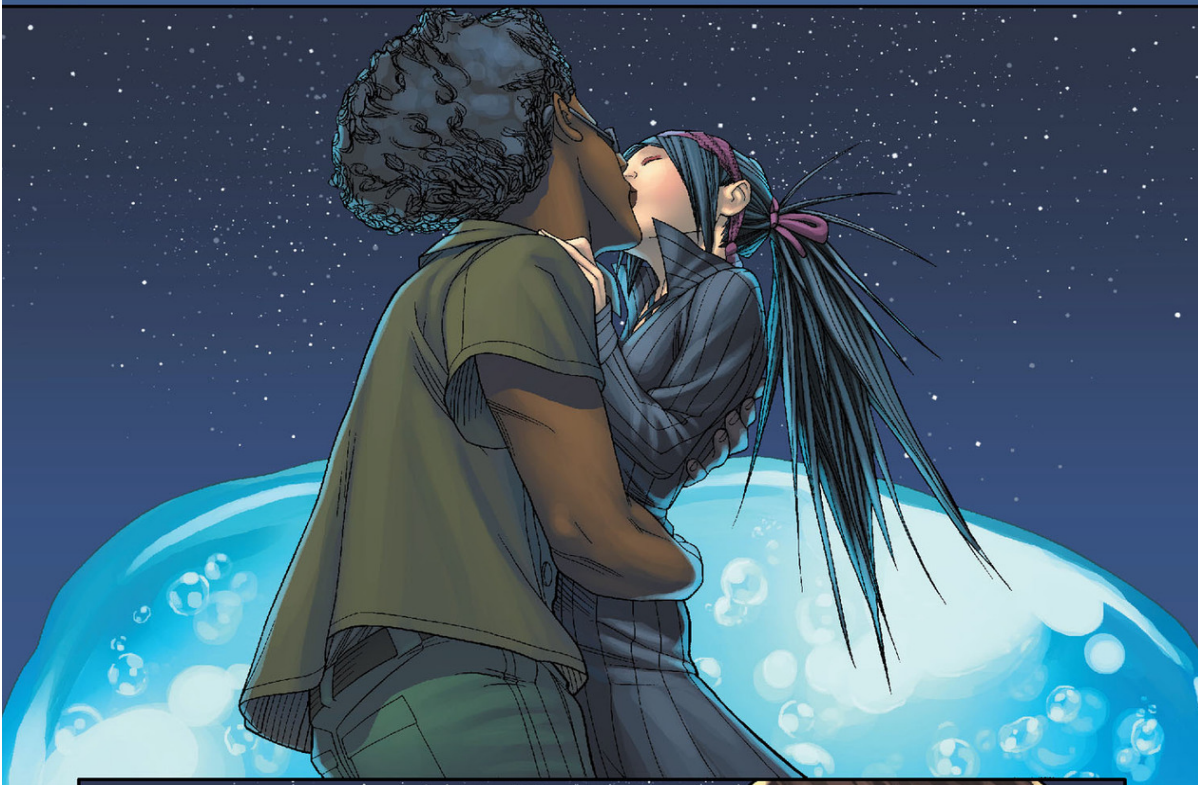
And how do you expect us to survive the plunge, Captain Nemo?

Already on it, Gert...



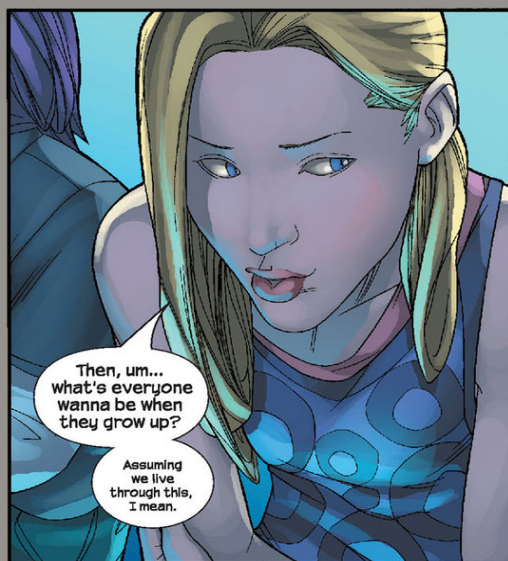
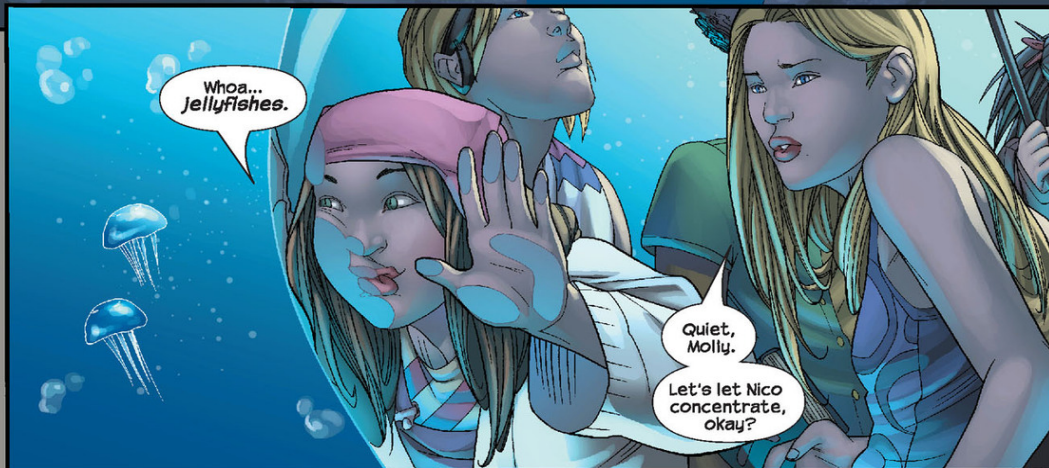
WATERPROOF!

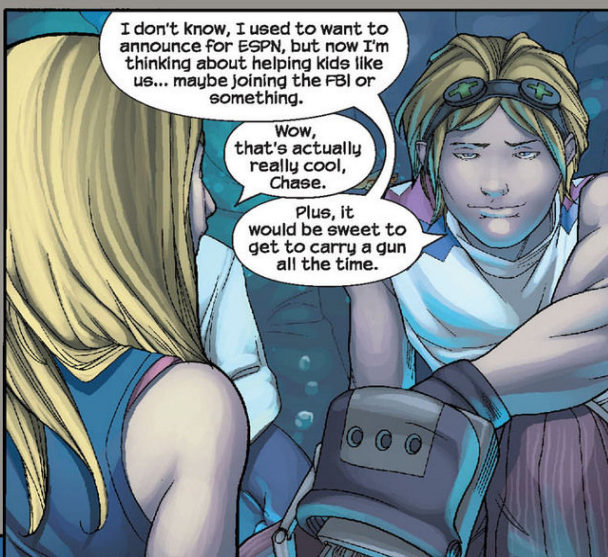
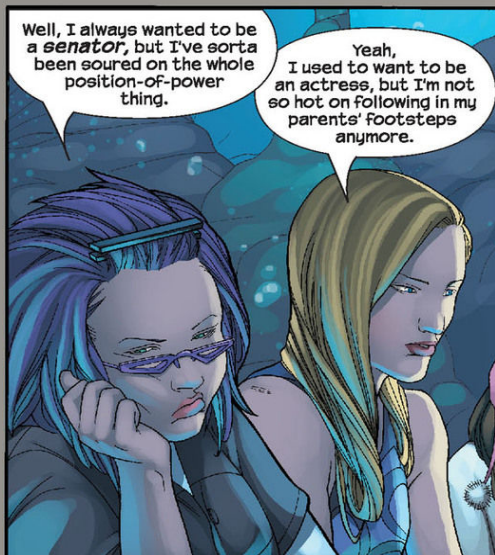




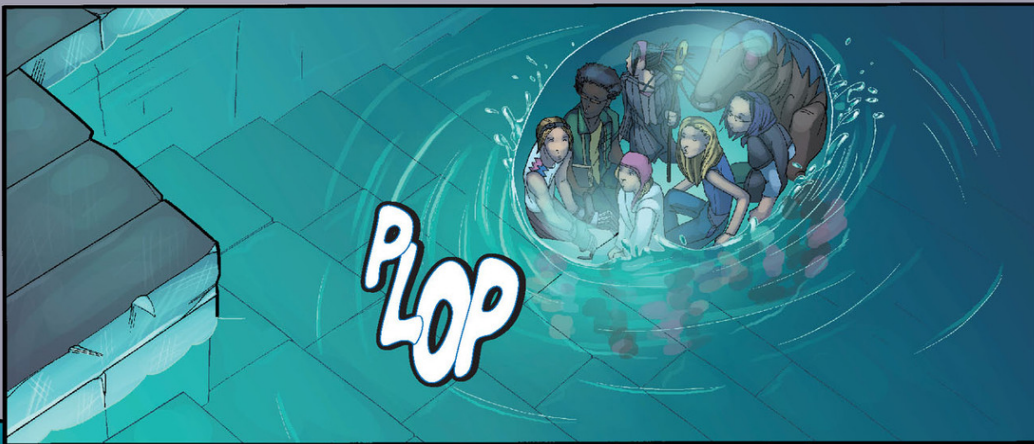


2,500 Leagues Later





The Marine Vivarium
10:51 P.M.

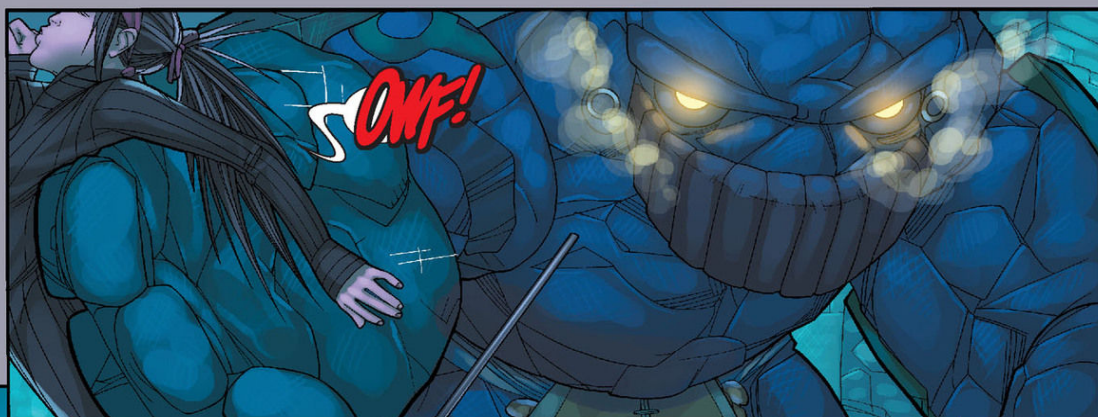
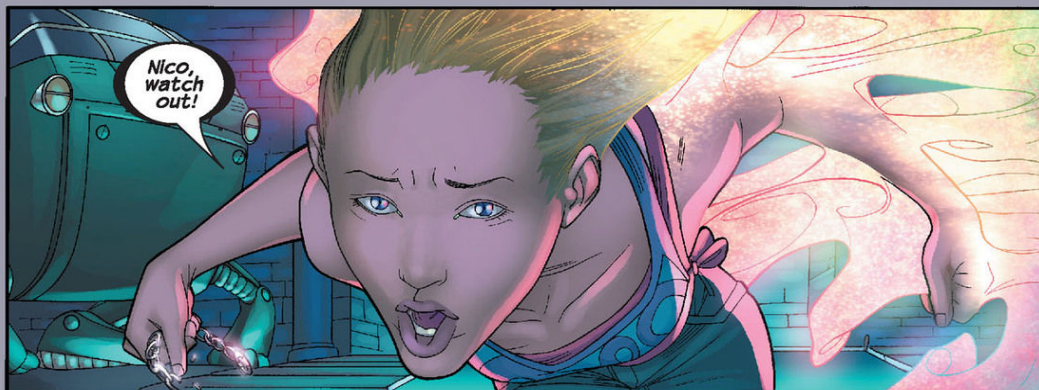


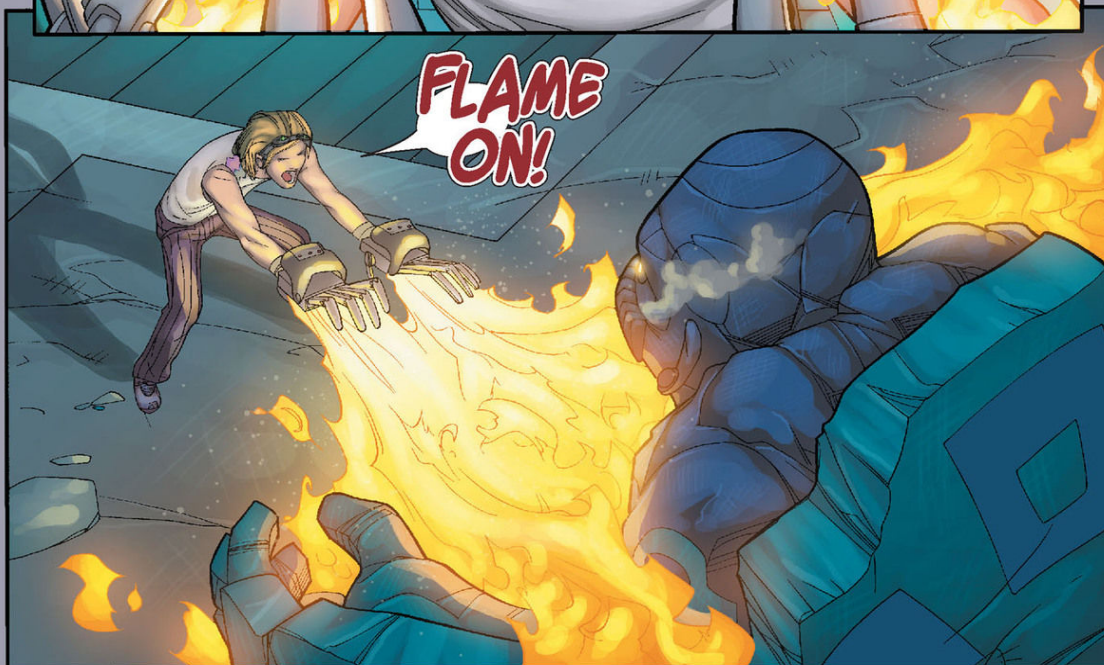
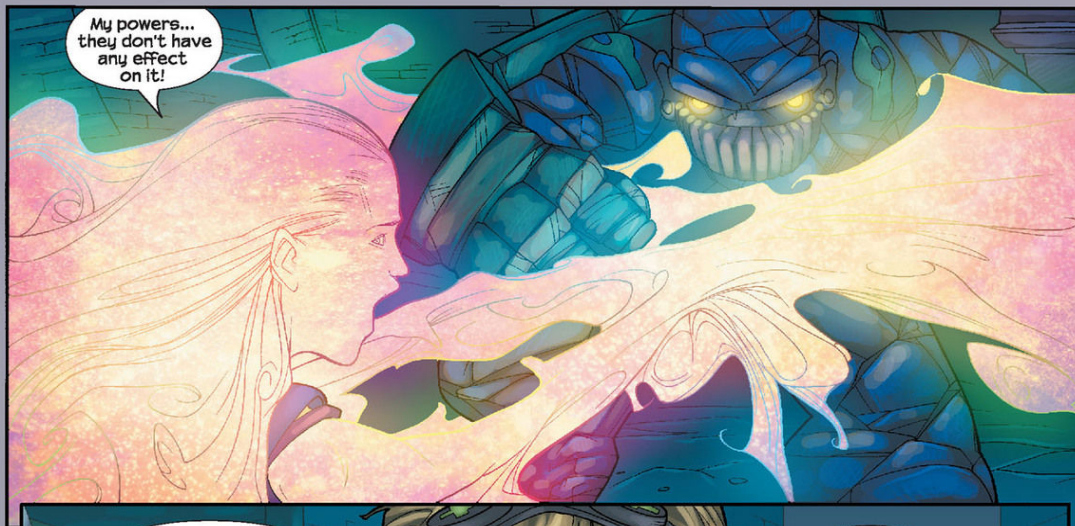
Is... is this
Atlantis?

I don't
know, but it's
huge.

Come on,
we've got about
a thirty-minute
walk until we hit the
Gibborin's master
chamber...

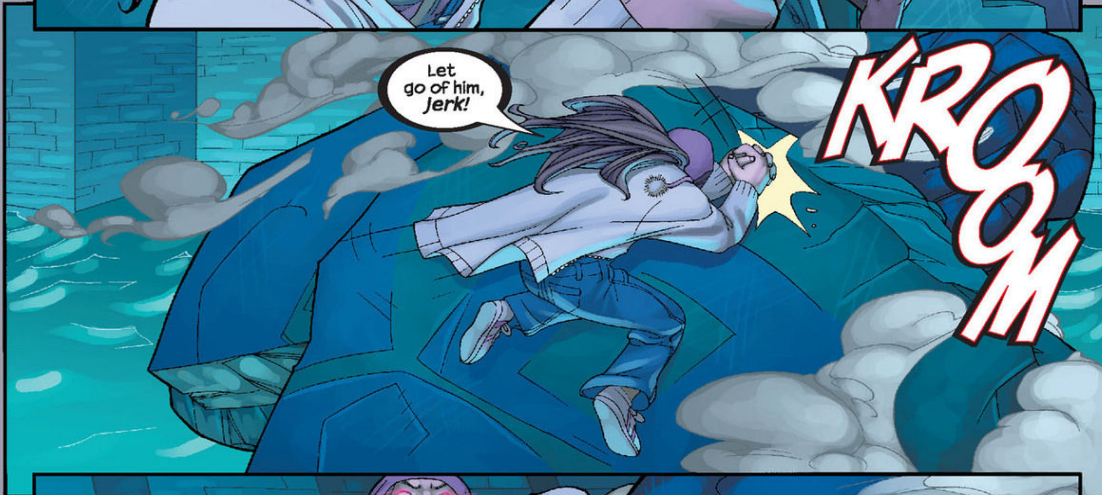








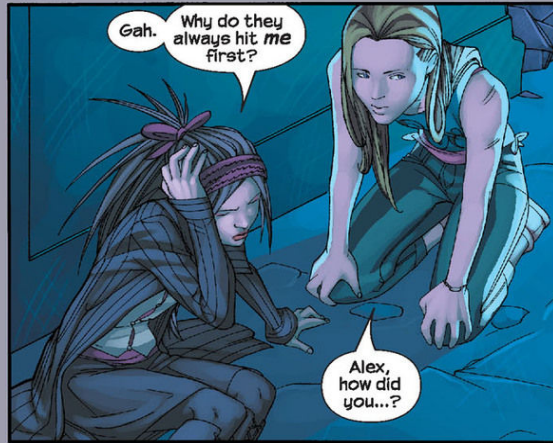






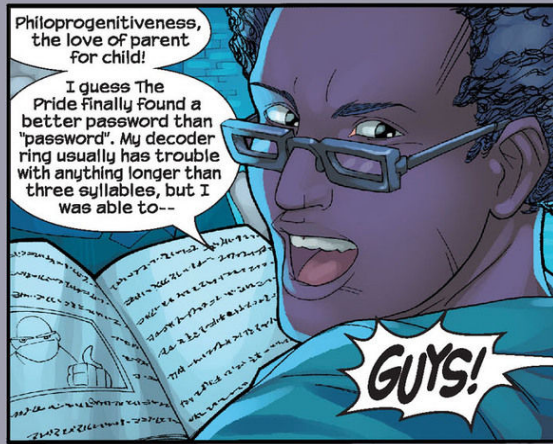
AFFIRMATIVE.

SENTRY...
POWERING...
DOWN...



Gah. Why do they
always hit me
first?

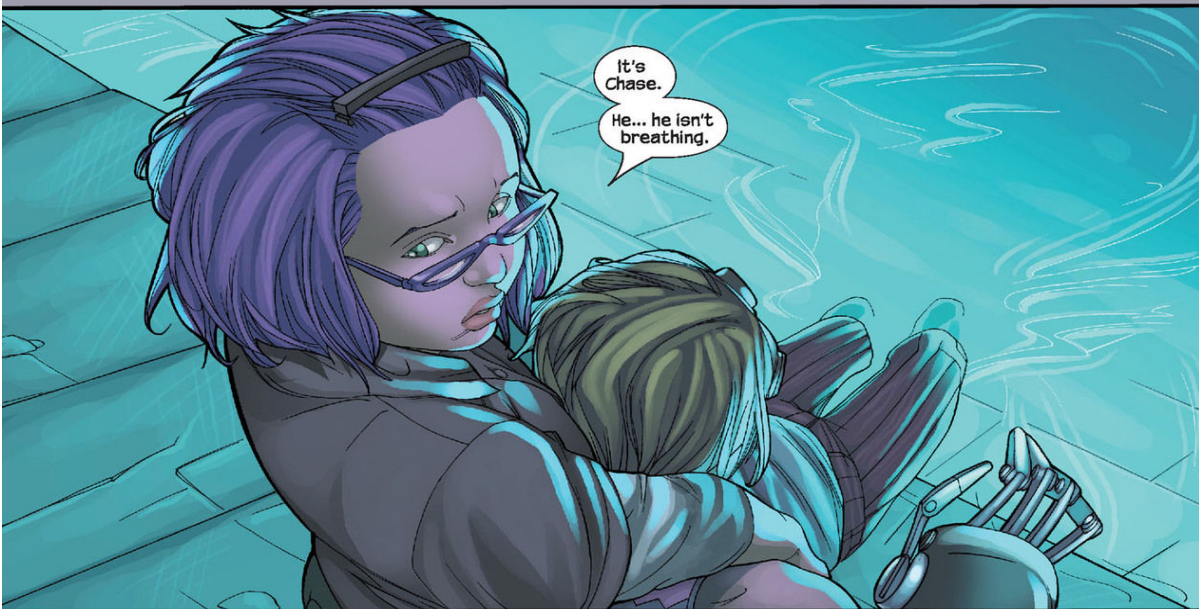
Alex,
how did
you...?



Philoprogenitiveness,
the love of parent
for child!

I guess The
Pride finally found a
better password than
"password". My decoder
ring usually has trouble
with anything longer than
three syllables, but I
was able to--

GUYS!



It's
Chase.

He... he isn't
breathing.



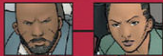
He's dead.

To Be Continued...



THE PRIDE

MR. AND MRS.
WILDER



ALEX

MR. AND MRS.
YORKES



GERTRUDE
AKA ARSENIC

MR. AND MRS.
DEAN



KAROLINA
AKA LUCY IN THE SKY

MR. AND MRS.
STEIN



CHASE
AKA TALKBACK

DR. AND DR.
HAYES



MOLLY
AKA BRUISER

MR. AND MRS.
MINORU



NICO
AKA SISTER GRIMM

THE RUNAWAYS

At some point in their lives, all young people think that
their parents are evil... but what if they really are?

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Meanwhile, The Pride's children have abandoned their hideout, after one of the Runaways apparently alerted their parents' corrupt police force to the teenagers' whereabouts. Again on the lam (and still unaware which of their teammates is the mole), the kids realize that their only chance of survival is taking the fight directly to The Pride. Hoping to strike while their parents are preoccupied with an occult ceremony, the Runaways invade the underwater fortress of the Gibborim, and quickly run into trouble...

THE GOOD DIE YOUNG

CHAPTER FOUR

Brian K. Vaughan
Writer

Adrian Alphona
Penciler

Craig Yeung
Inker

Virtual Calligraphy's
Randy Gentile
Letterer

UDON's Christina Strain
Colorist

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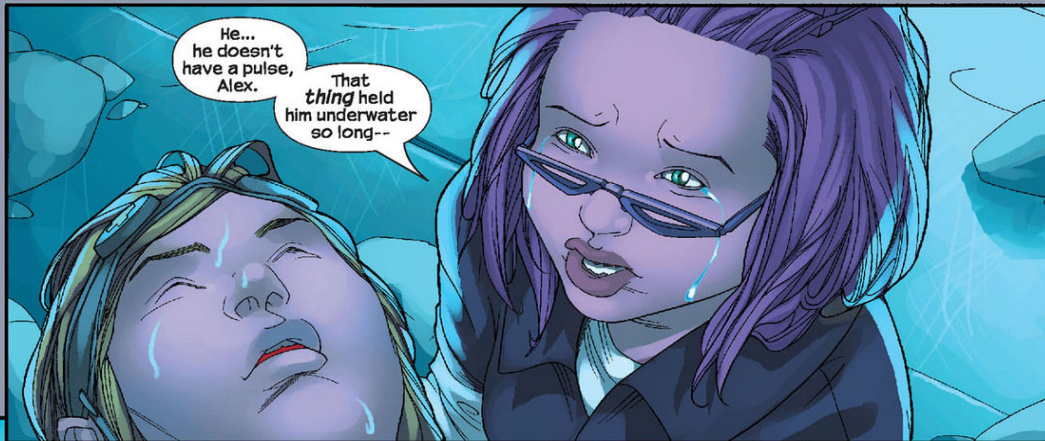
Dan Buckley
Publisher

RUNAWAYS created by Vaughan & Alphona

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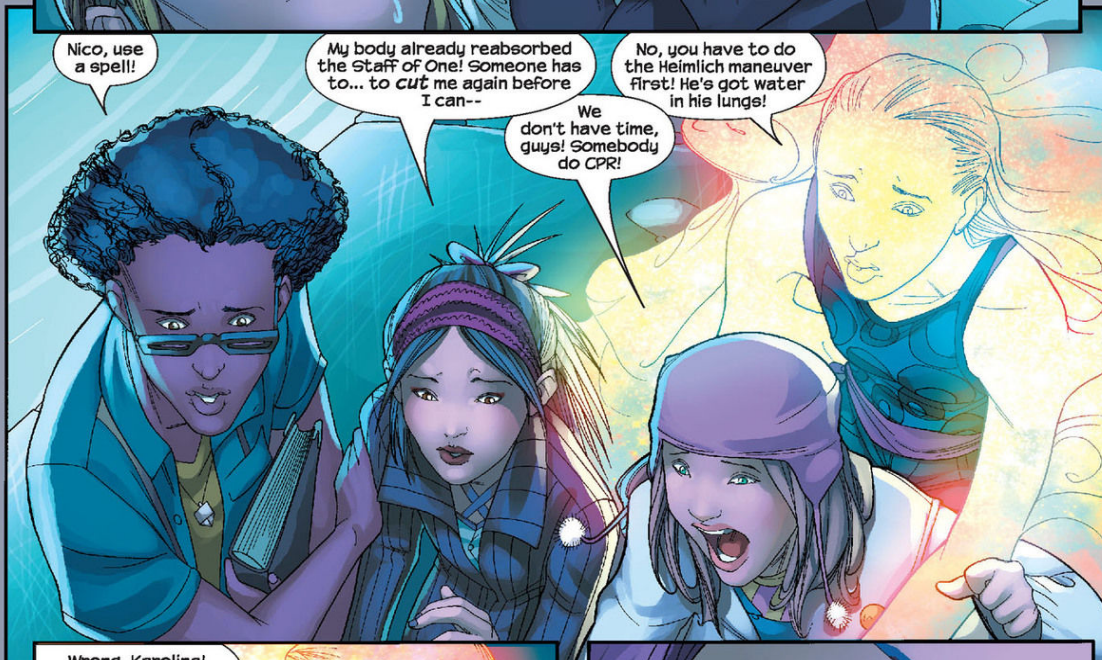
**The Marine Vivarium
Underwater Lair of the Gibborim
11:02 P.M.**





He...
he doesn't
have a pulse,
Alex.

That
thing held
him underwater
so long--



Nico, use
a spell!

My body already reabsorbed
the Staff of One! Someone has
to... to *cut* me again before
I can--

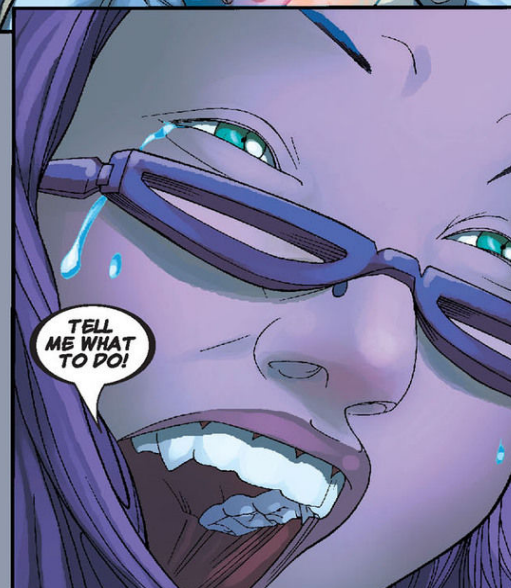
We
don't have time,
guys! Somebody
do CPR!

No, you have to do
the Heimlich maneuver
first! He's got water
in his lungs!

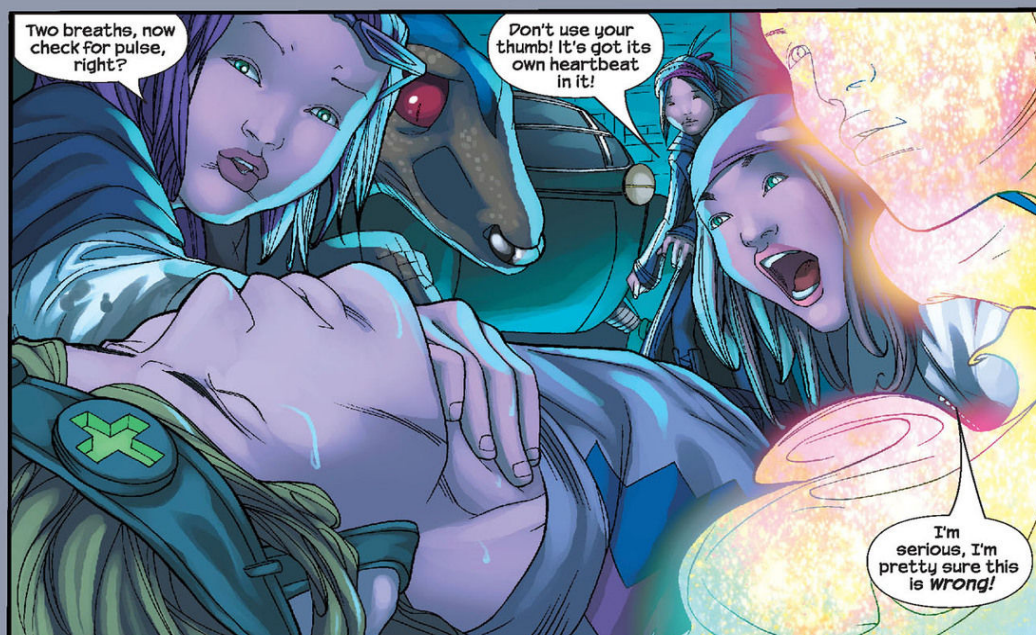
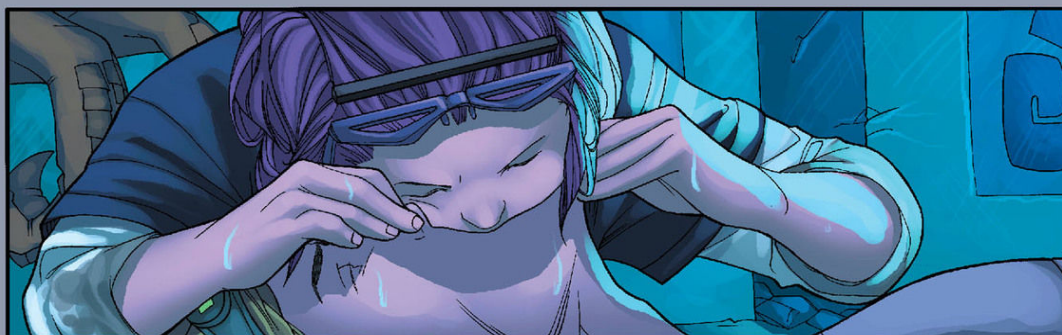


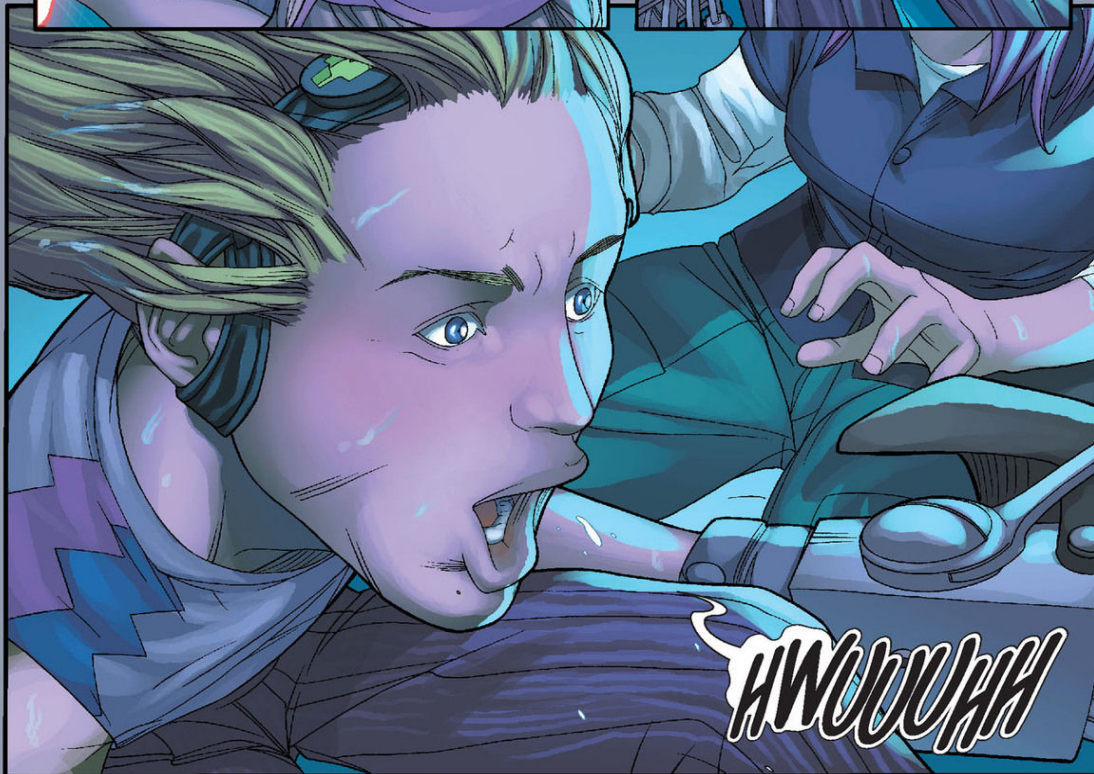
Wrong, Karolina!
Heimlich's for choking!
My parents are
doctors!

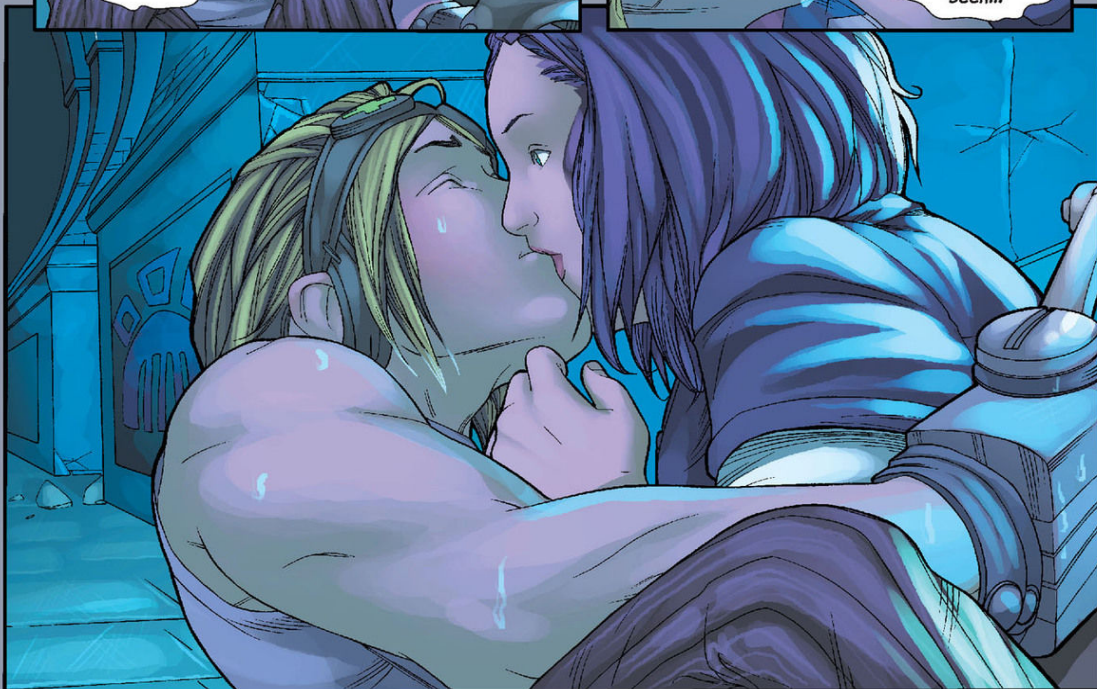
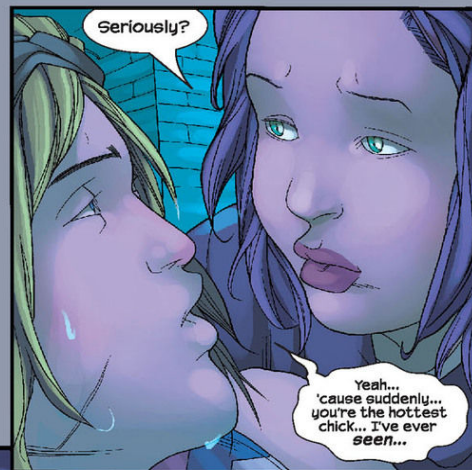
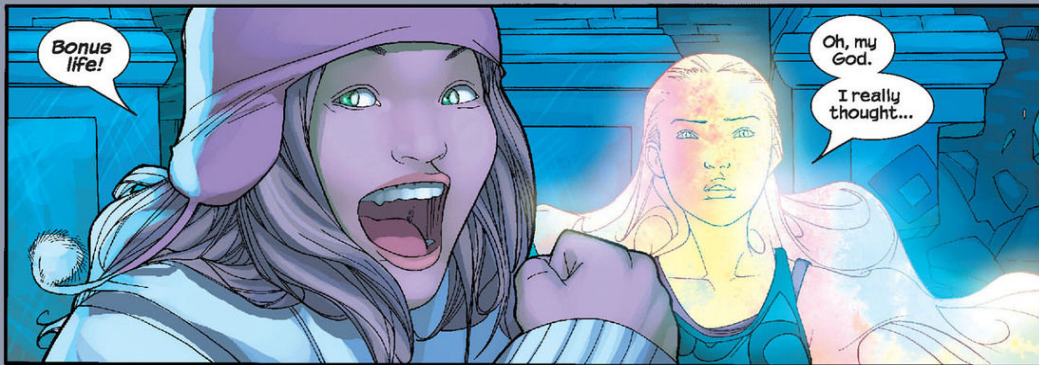
And I just
read an *article*
about this, Molly!
All the new research
says you have to--

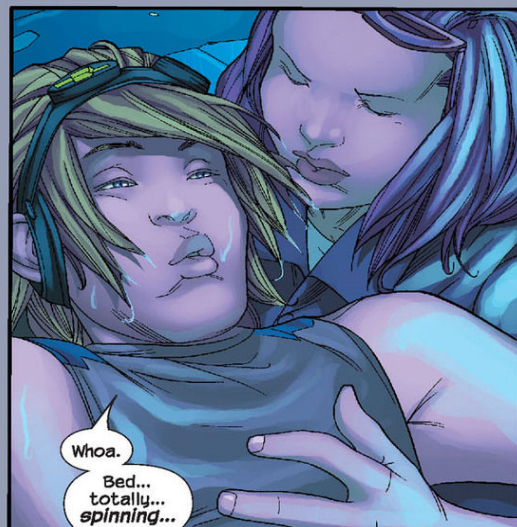
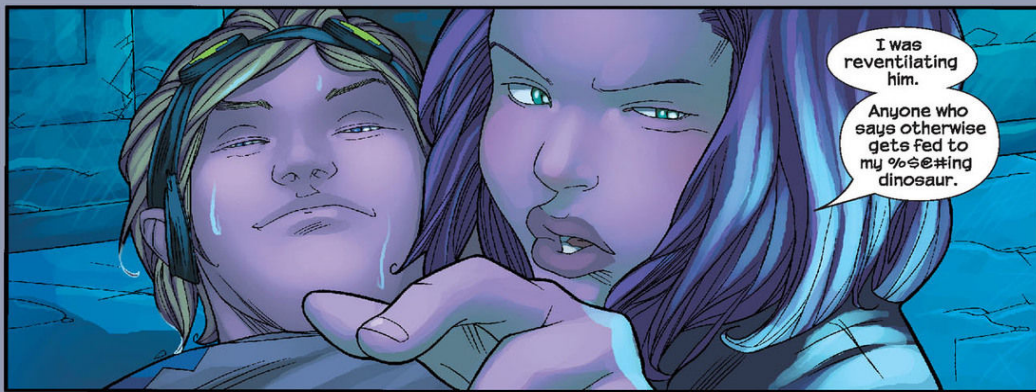
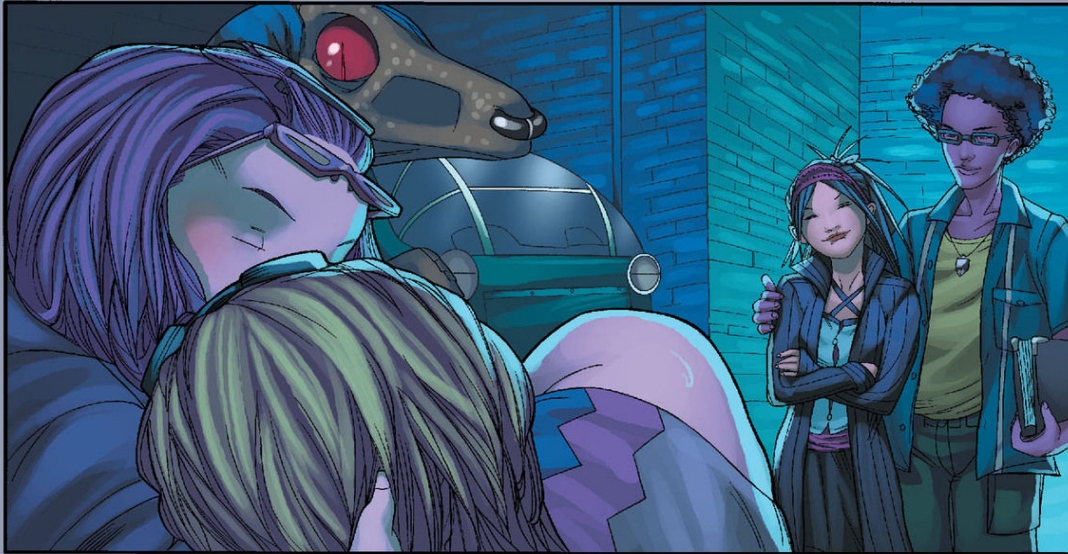


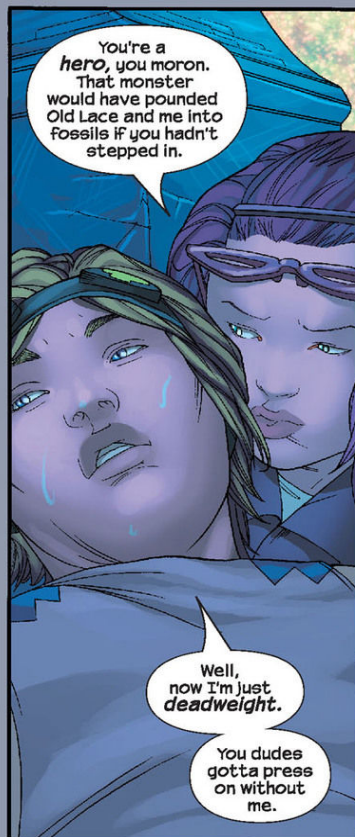
TELL
ME WHAT
TO DO!

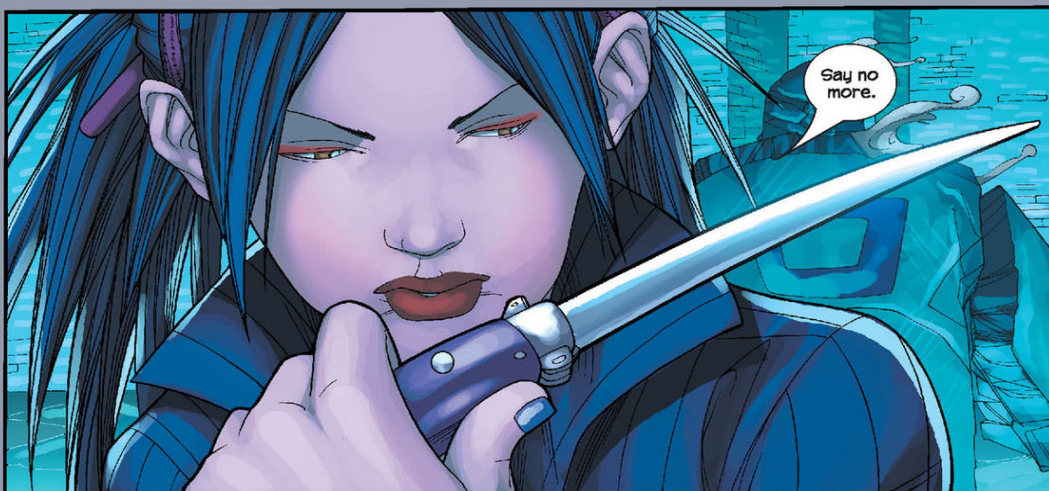
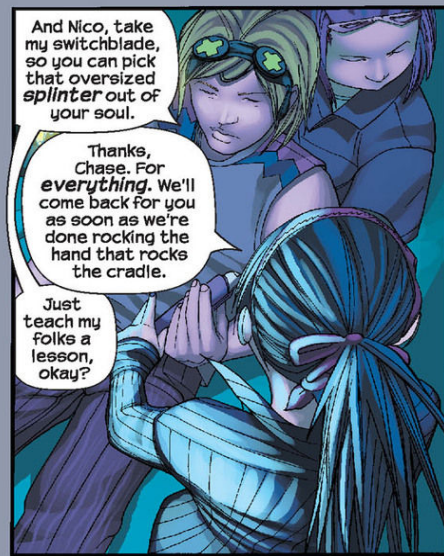








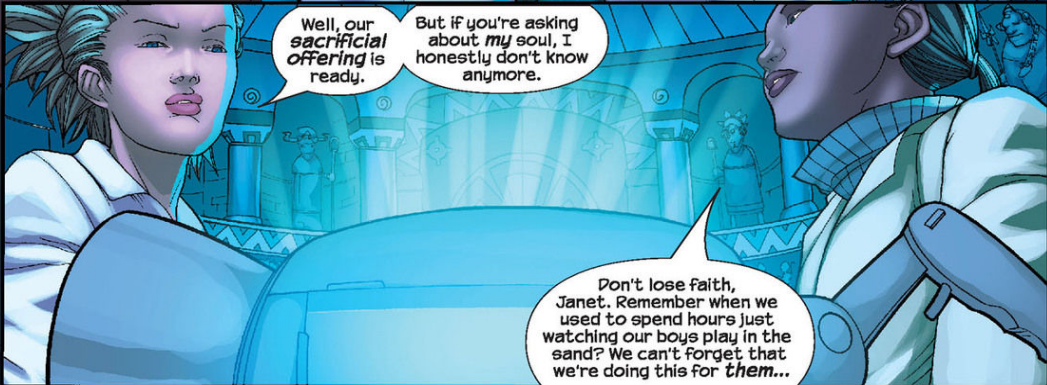






T-minus thirty minutes until the Gibborim's arrival.

And the soul is prepared, Mrs. Stein?

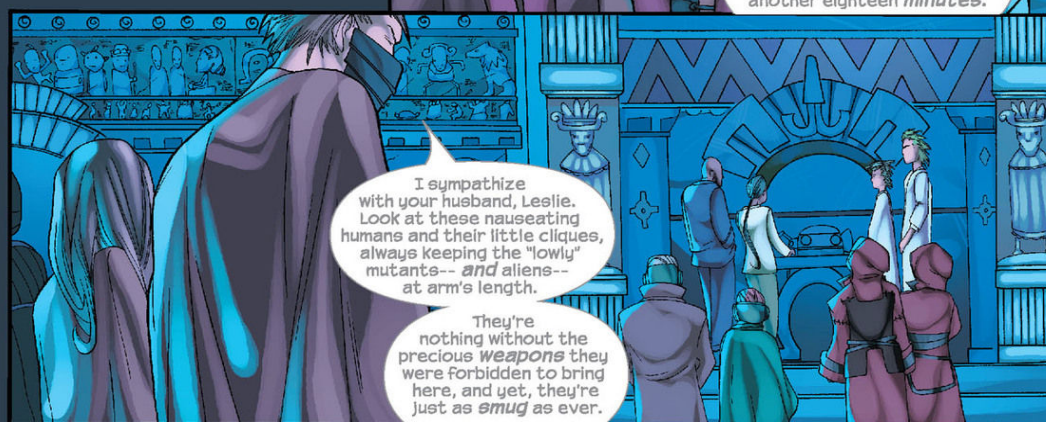
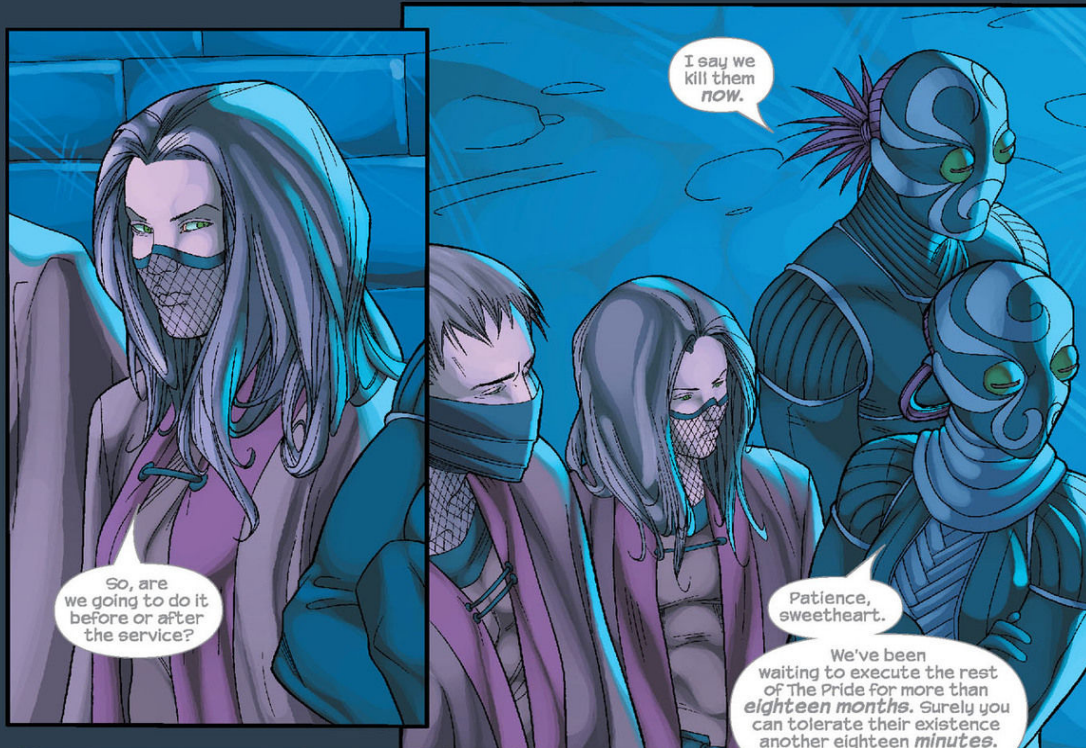


Well, our *sacrificial offering* is ready.

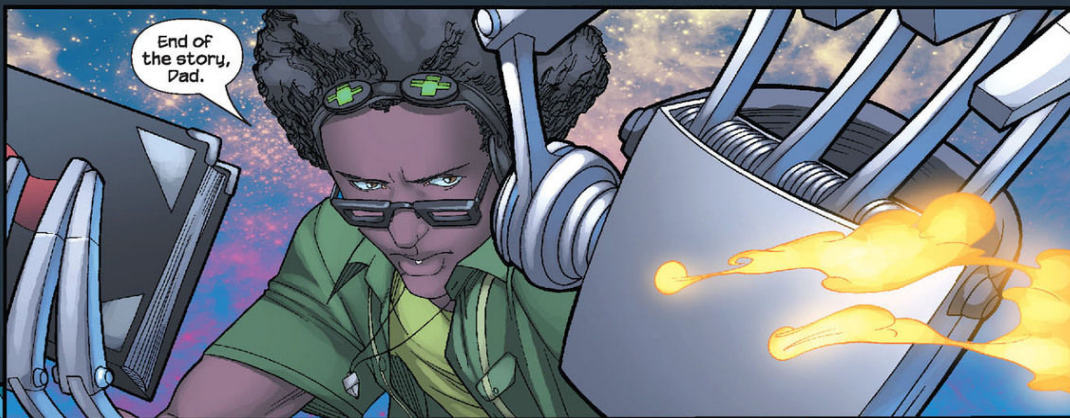
But if you're asking about *my* soul, I honestly don't know anymore.

Don't lose faith, Janet. Remember when we used to spend hours just watching our boys play in the sand? We can't forget that we're doing this for *them*...

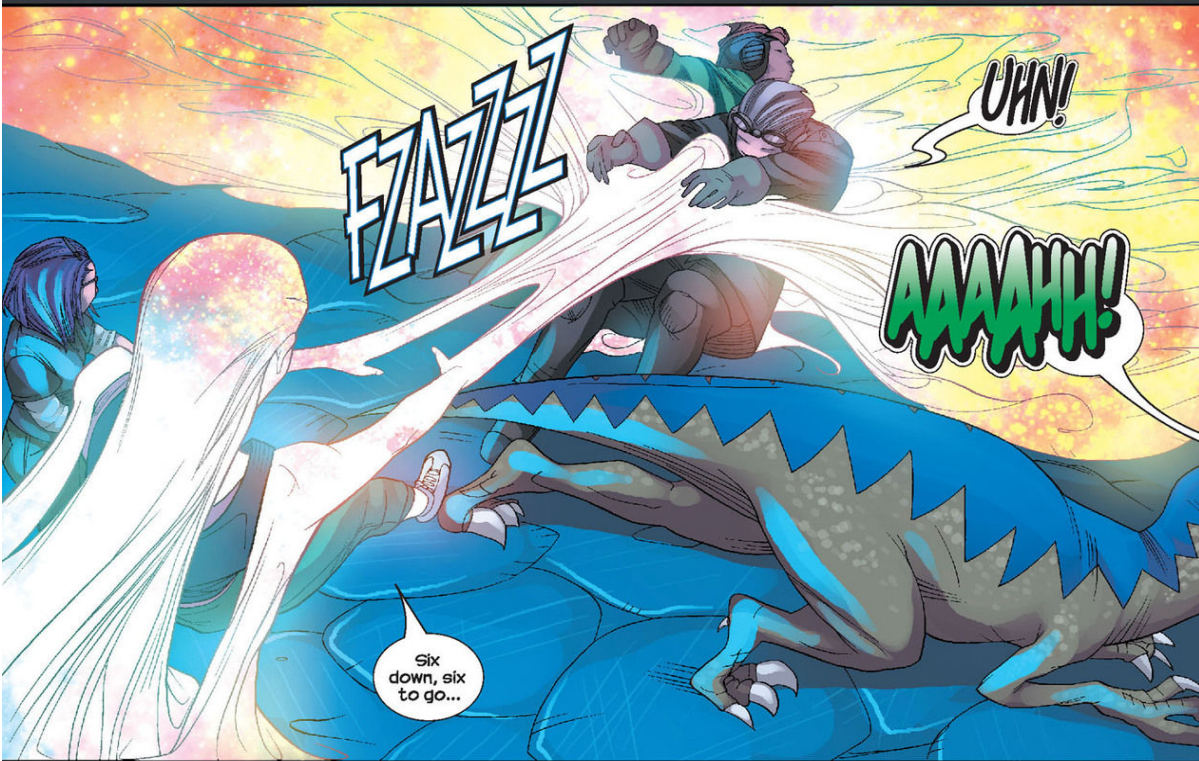


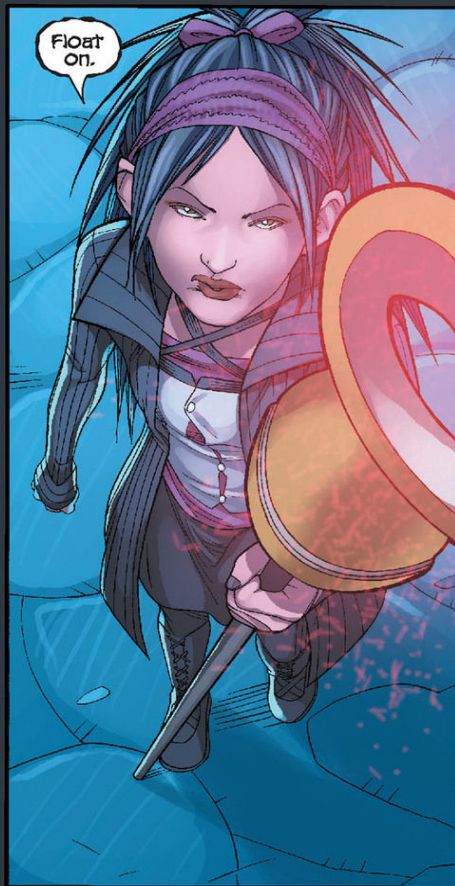


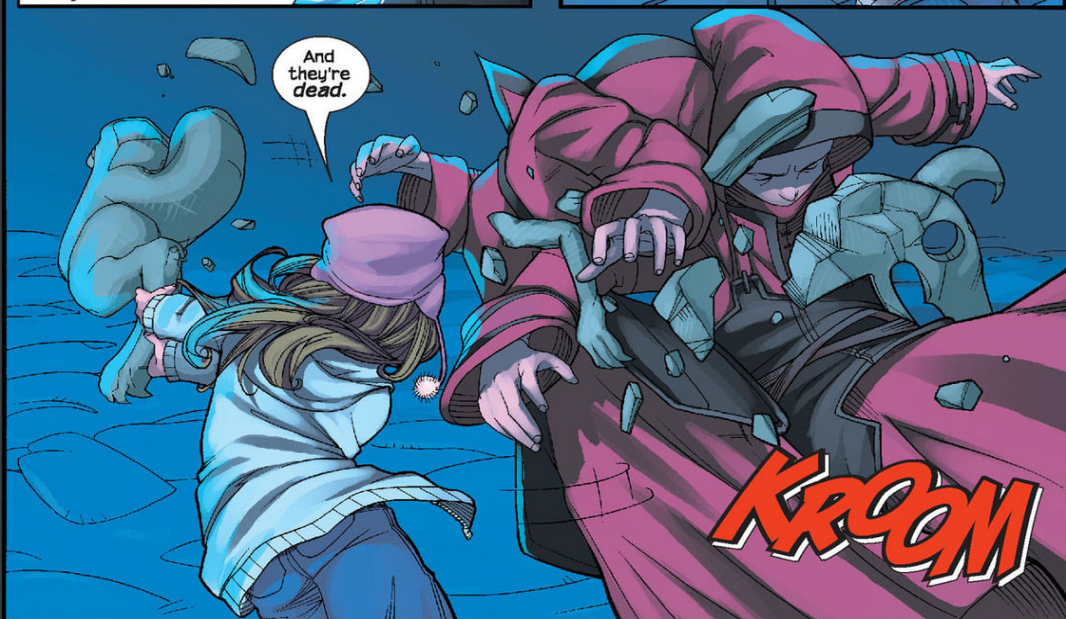
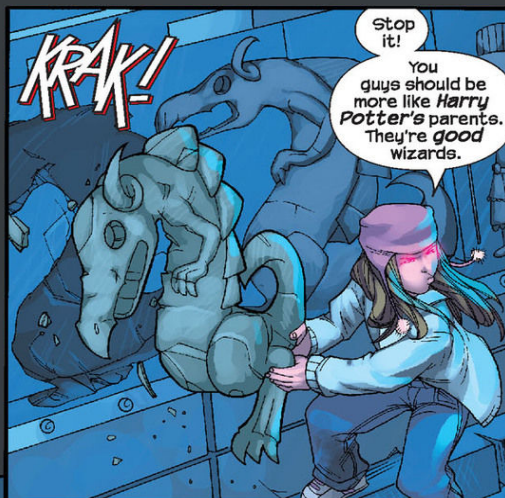
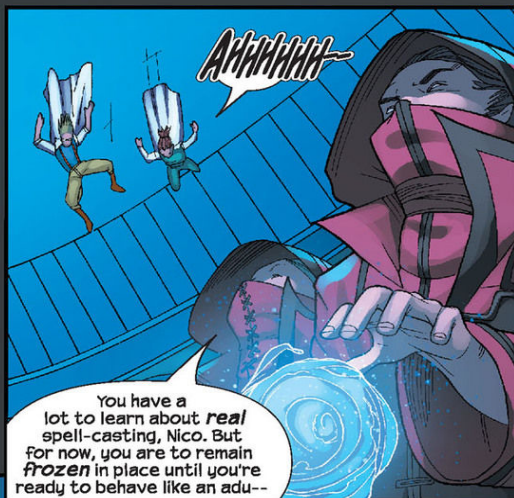


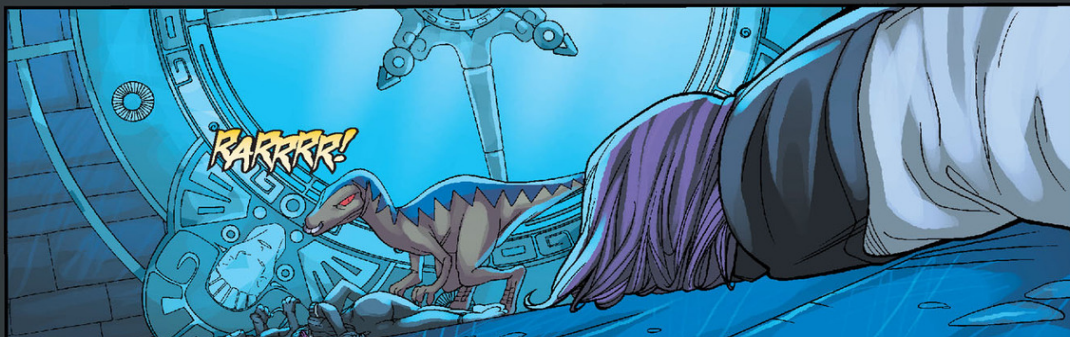
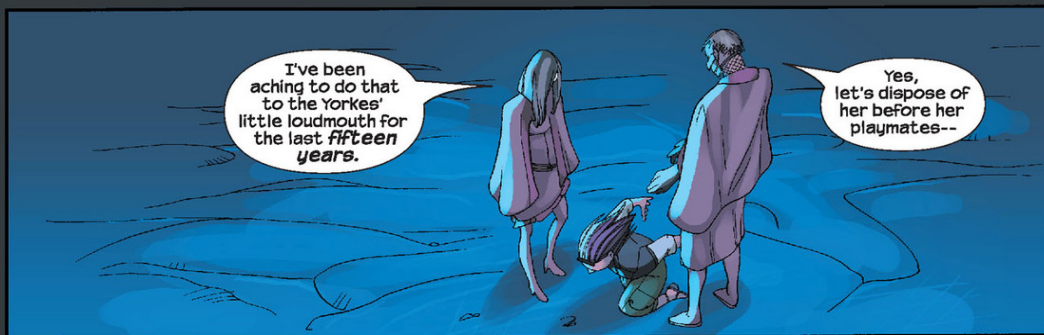
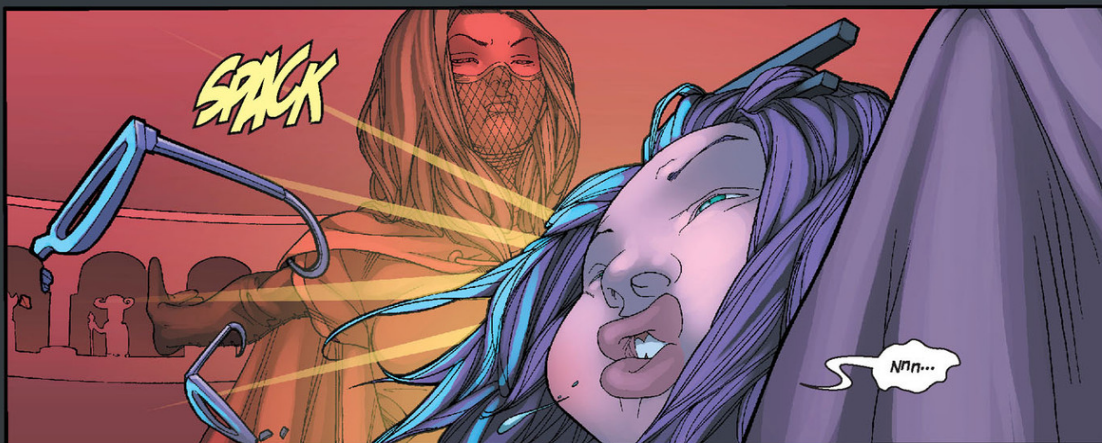
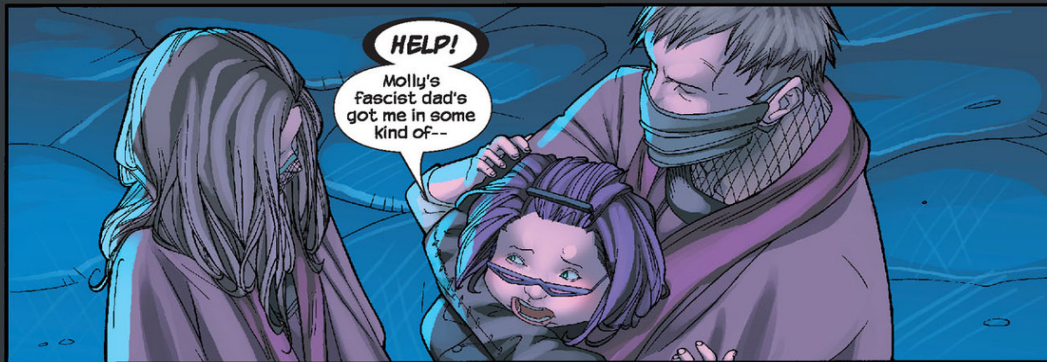








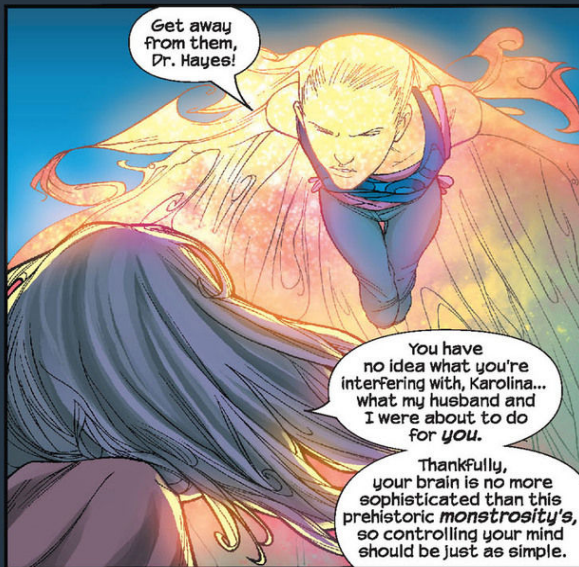






Be still,
beast.

RRR



Get away
from them,
Dr. Hayes!

You have
no idea what you're
interfering with, Karolina...
what my husband and
I were about to do
for *you*.

Thankfully,
your brain is no more
sophisticated than this
prehistoric *monstrosity's*,
so controlling your mind
should be just as simple.



What
the *hell* do
you know about
my mind?



KZZZAAAK

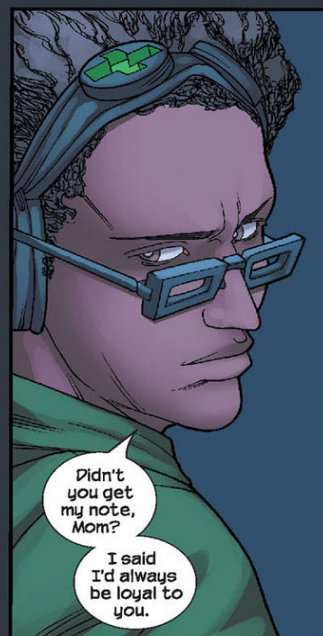




Heel, Old
Lace.
That's an
order.

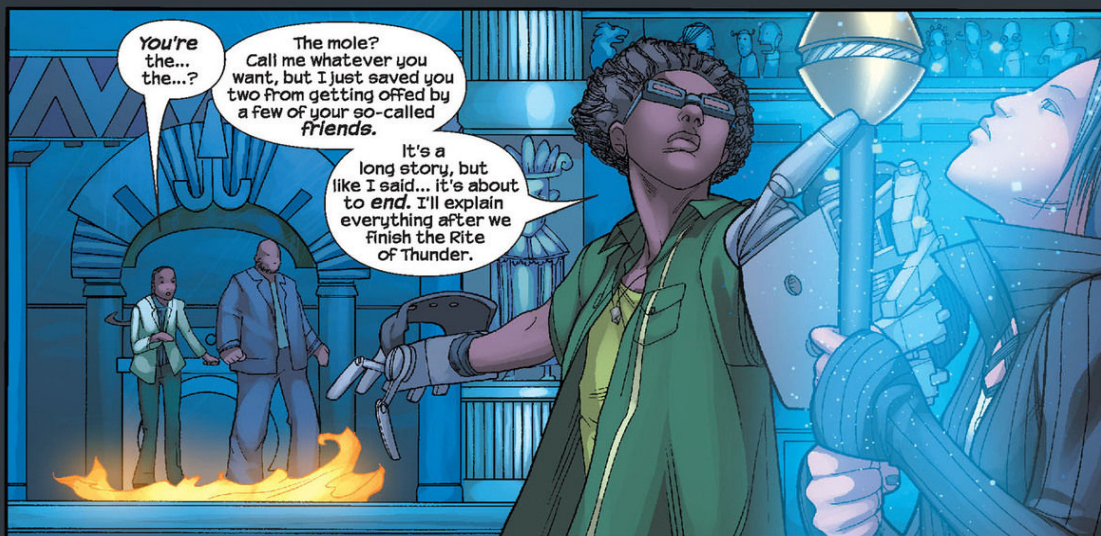


Alex,
what's....
what's going
on?



Didn't
you get
my note,
Mom?

I said
I'd always
be loyal to
you.



You're
the...
the...?

The mole?
Call me whatever you
want, but I just saved you
two from getting offed by
a few of your so-called
friends.

It's a
long story, but
like I said... it's about
to *end*. I'll explain
everything after we
finish the Rite
of Thunder.



But
Alex, the
rest of The
Pride--

You
don't need
them anymore,
Dad... you've
got me.



Aren't
you
proud?

To Be Concluded...



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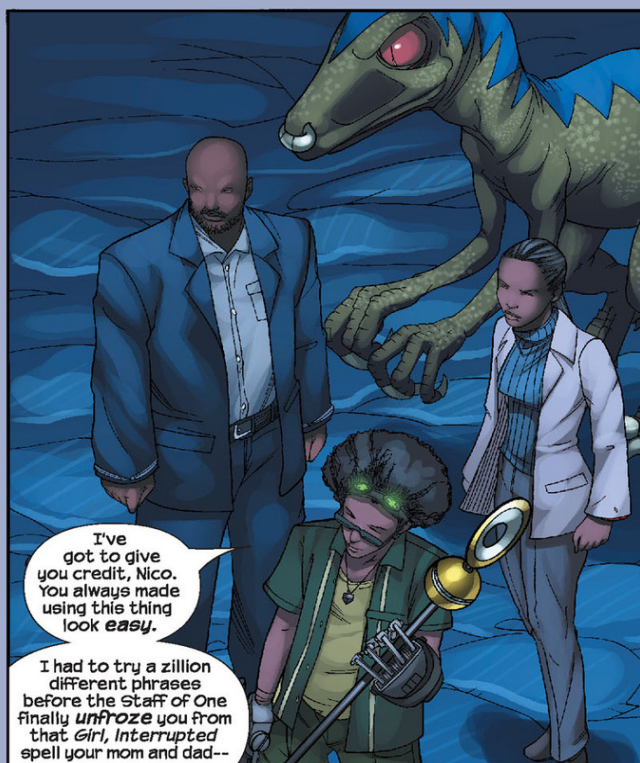
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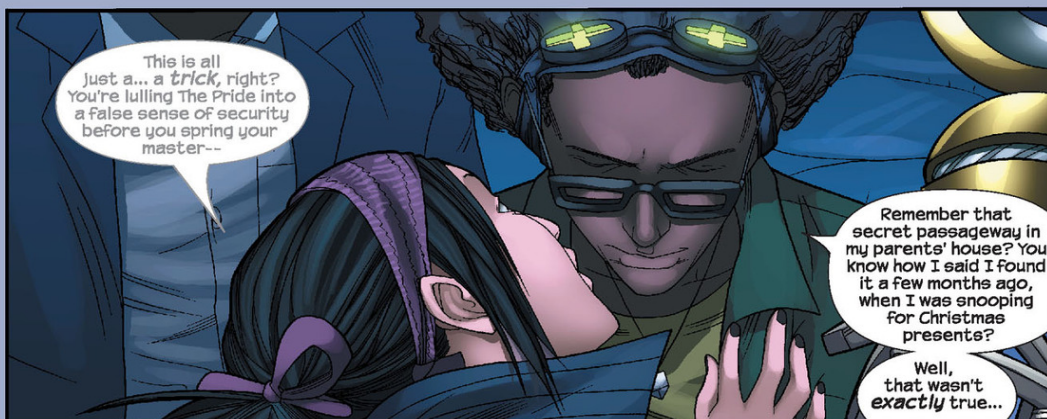
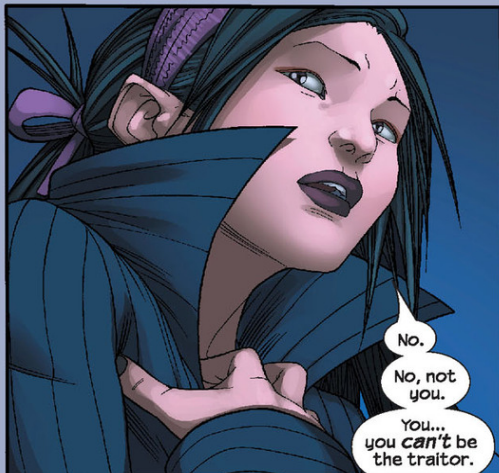
**The Marine Vivarium
Underwater Lair of the Gibborim
11:49 P.M.**

DANCE!

RAAAAR!

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"I actually discovered it more than a *year* ago, at one of our families' annual get-togethers.

Holy...

R HATER

GAMING PASTORALIST

"The grown-ups were having their 'charity meeting' in the basement, and you guys were engrossed in some stupid movie, so I decided to *explore*."

Would someone please remind me why I'm missing lacrosse finals for this lamefest?


Have you ever thought about getting contacts, Nico?

Well...

Hey, Gert, do stuffed animals go to heaven when they die? Or hell?

Hey, Gert,
do stuffed animals
go to heaven
when they die?
Or hell?

"At the end of that long corridor, from the other side of that one-way mirror, I saw our parents dressed in their costumes. Obviously, I was *freaked*..."



"...but not nearly as freaked as I was when I saw them *kill* someone, in the same ceremony *you* saw a year later."



But instead of calling the cops, I kept my *mouth shut*, and gave the people who raised me the benefit of the doubt.

I knew there had to be a logical explanation for what I had seen... and I was *right*.

Alex, honey, maybe you should *ease* Nico into--

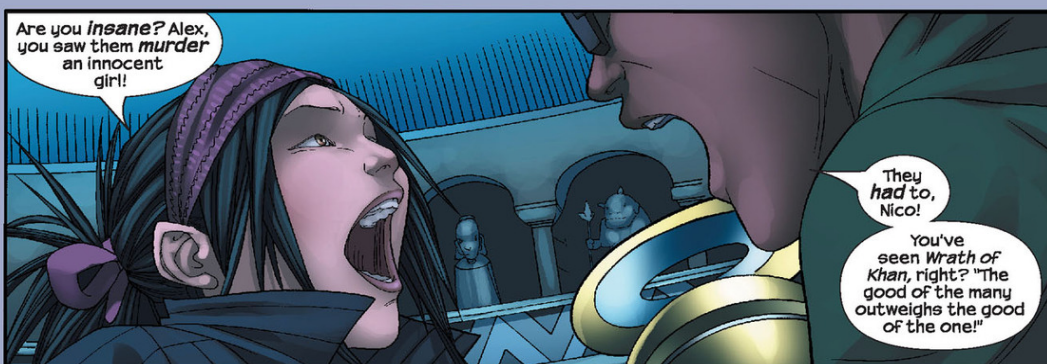


"I spent the next few nights sneaking into my dad's subbasement after he went to bed. I read as much as I could decipher about The Pride and their history.

"I learned about the *Gibborim*, and what our parents sacrificed to make this world a better place for the six of us.



"I couldn't believe it... my mom and dad were *heroes*."



Are you *insane*? Alex, you saw them *murder* an innocent girl!

They *had* to, Nico!

You've seen *Wrath of Khan*, right? "The good of the many outweighs the good of the one!"

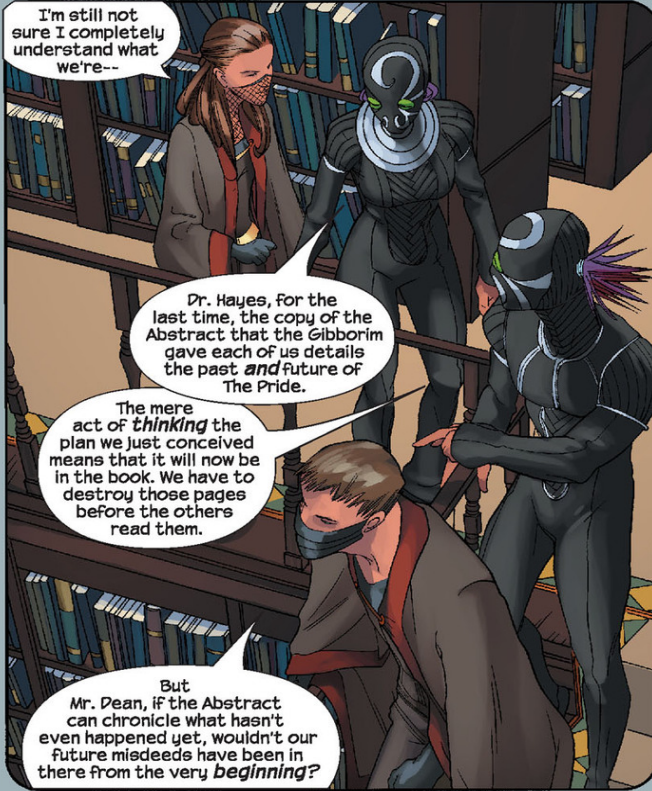
"Anyway, I discovered pretty quickly that not *everyone* in The Pride was as noble as *my* parents..."



You're *certain* the Wilders are asleep?

They won't be if you keep *yammering*, woman.

I'm still not sure I completely understand what we're--



Dr. Hayes, for the last time, the copy of the Abstract that the Gibborim gave each of us details the past *and* future of The Pride.

The mere act of *thinking* the plan we just conceived means that it will now be in the book. We have to destroy those pages before the others read them.

But Mr. Dean, if the Abstract can chronicle what hasn't even happened yet, wouldn't our future misdeeds have been in there from the very *beginning*?



It's magic, mutant.

If you think about it too hard, your *brain* will explode.

Hurry up with that *decoder ring*. We still have to find and alter three more tomes before the night is through.



But if the Wilders notice the missing passages... if they suspect that we're preparing to *murder* the rest of The Pride at next year's Rite of Thunder--

--you and I will know the second we read their thoughts, dear, and *lobotomize* them before they ever have a chance to tell anyone.

After all, Alex's parents are *powerless*. It's the *others* we have to worry about...



Molly and Karolina's parents were plotting to *kill* our folks, Nico, so their families could have the six spots in the next world meant for us kids.

I wanted to warn my mom and dad, but I couldn't do it without putting their lives in danger.



No. You... you wanted your parents to be *arrested*. You said--

I had to say a *lot* of things, Nico. I'm sorry, but I knew I couldn't stop this coup without *help*.

So when I read about weapons and resources hidden in each of your homes--



Wait, *that's* why you made us sneak back into our houses after we ran away? You said you were looking for *evidence* to use against The Pride, but you were really--

--collecting my arsenal, *and* unlocking some of my soldiers' powers.

What, you thought it was just a *coincidence* that we stumbled onto fire gauntlets and... and telepathic *dinosaurs*?



This has all been part of some sick *plan*?

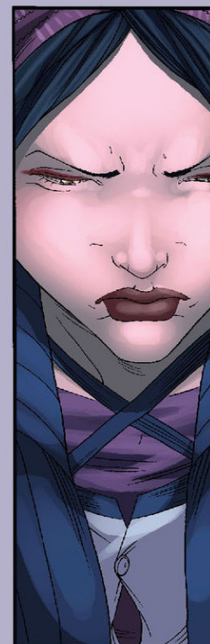
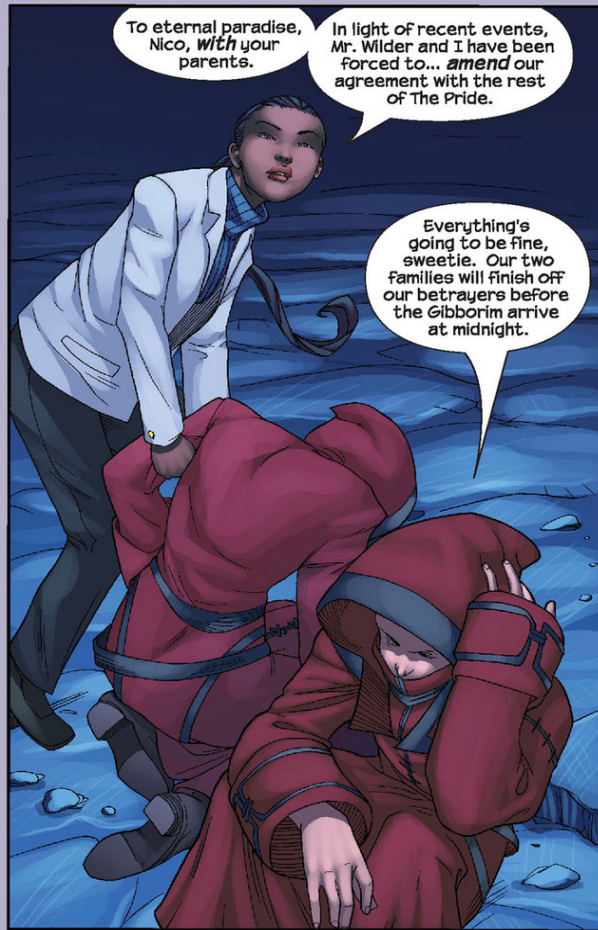
Oh, not all of it. I've made a few mistakes along the way. I never would have invited that vampire back to the Hostel if I had known he was going to *kiss* you. Still, I had to find *some* way to toughen you guys up for this battle.

That's impossible! It... it was *my* idea to take on The Pride at the Rite of Thunder!

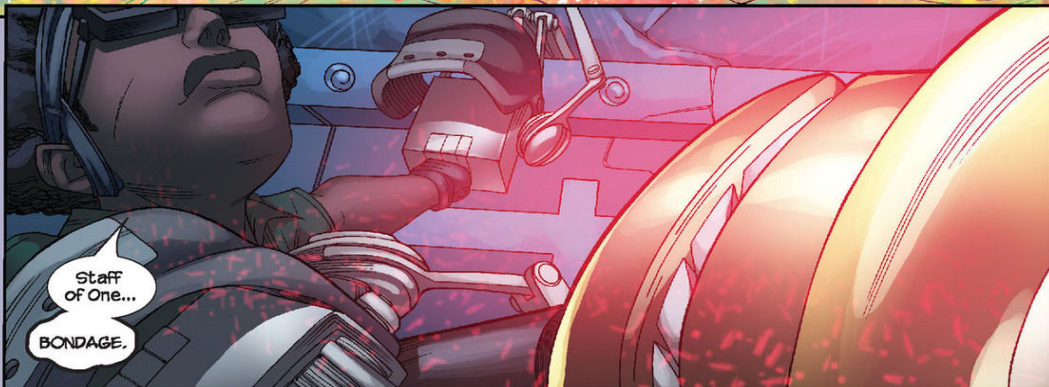
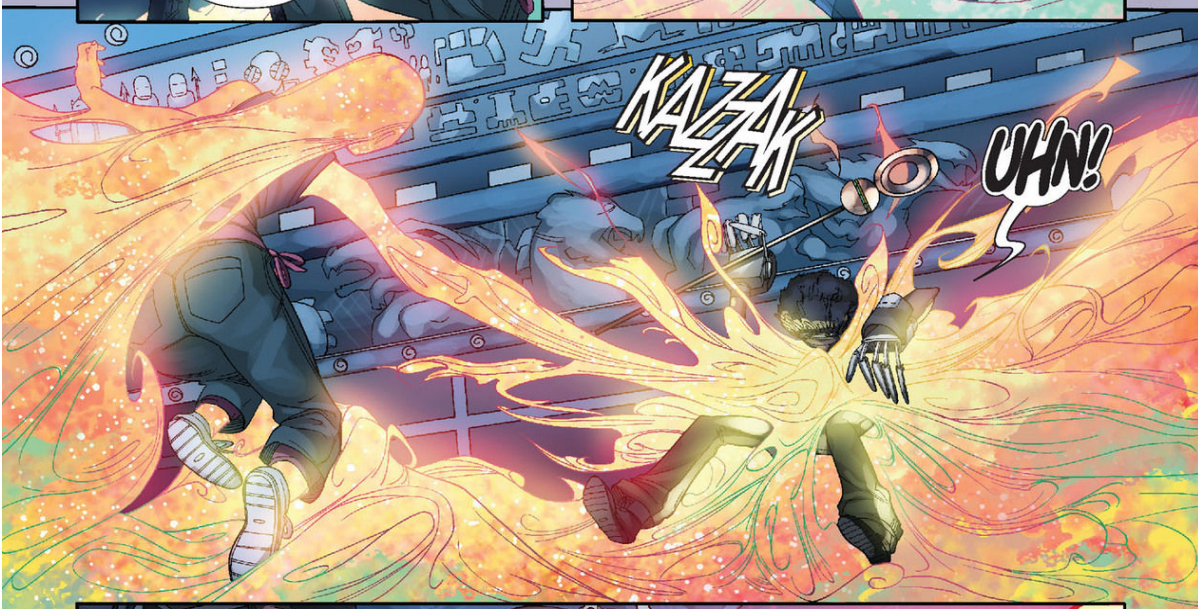
You didn't have a choice, Nico. Not after I led the police to our *hideout*.

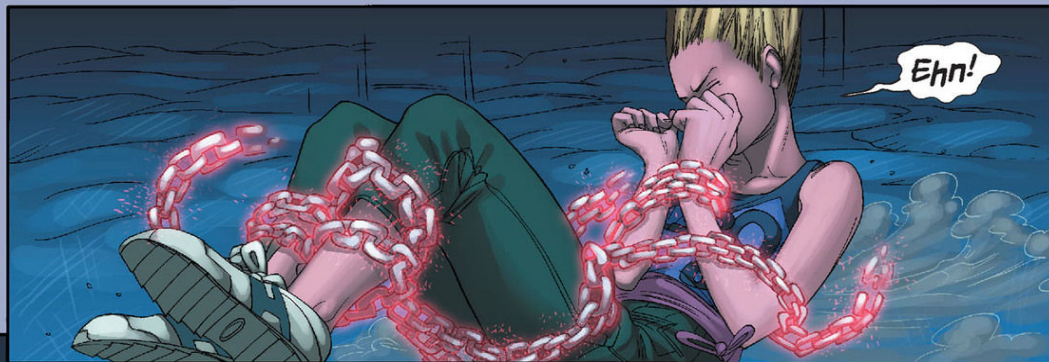


Rule number one of gaming: a good dungeon master always makes his players feel like *they're* in control, especially when they're *not*.



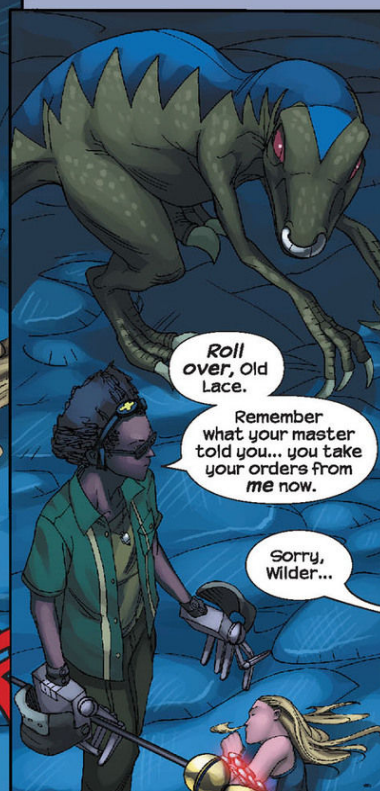






Don't bother struggling. Those chains are made out of the same metal as that *bracelet* that puts the kibosh on your powers.

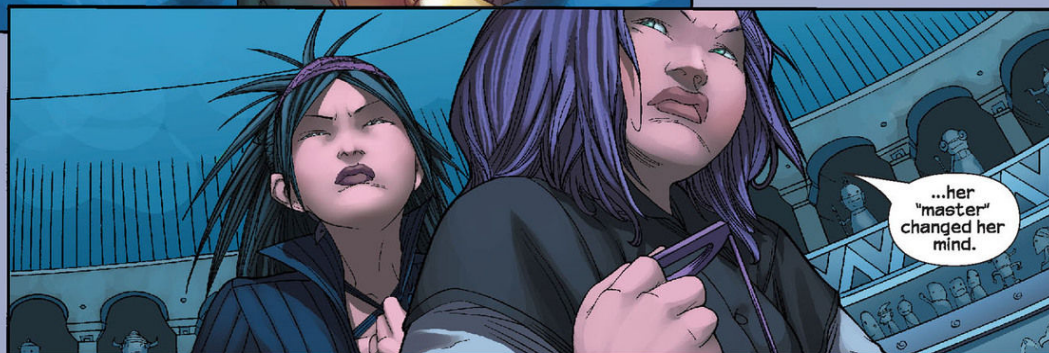
I already tested it on your parents while you were--



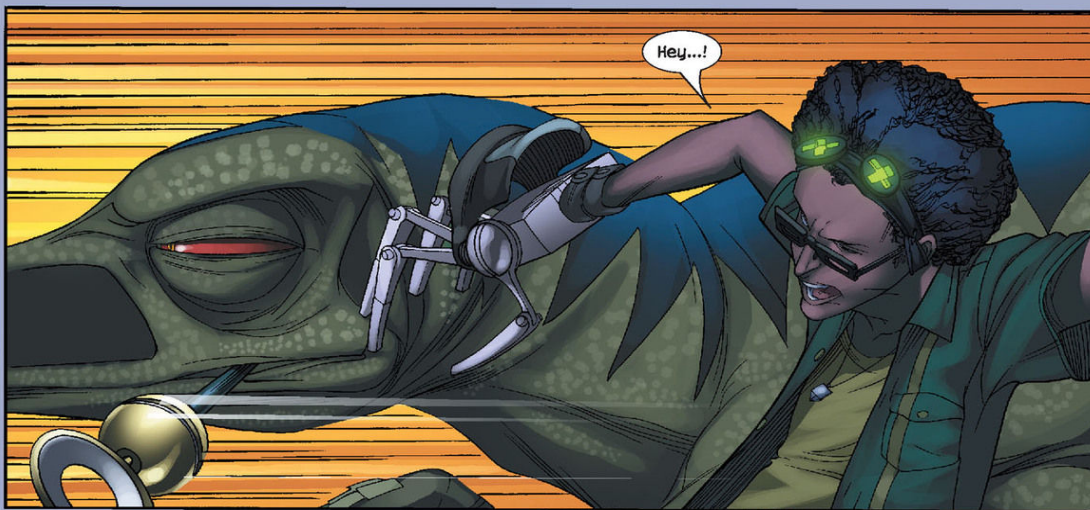
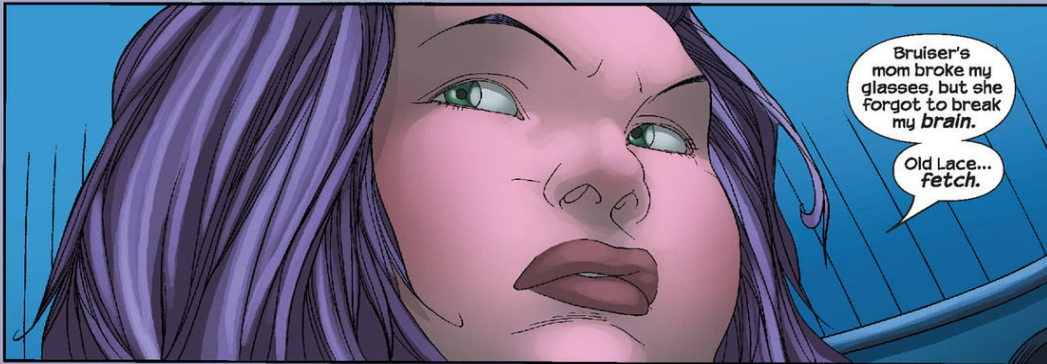
Roll over, Old Lace.

Remember what your master told you... you take your orders from *me* now.

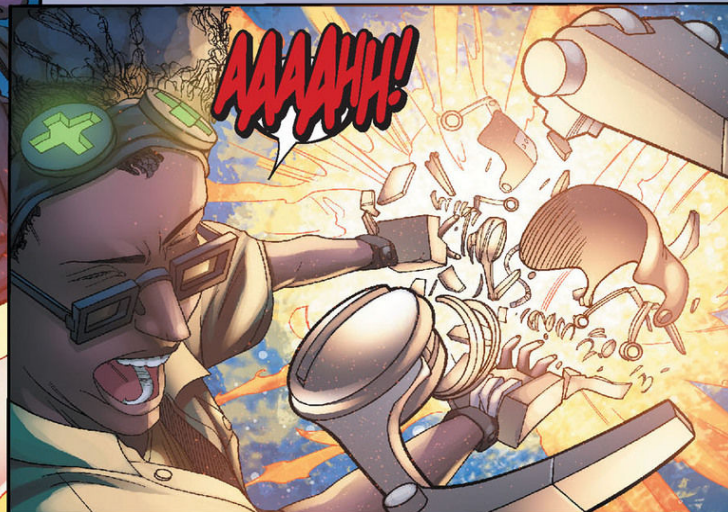
Sorry, Wilder...

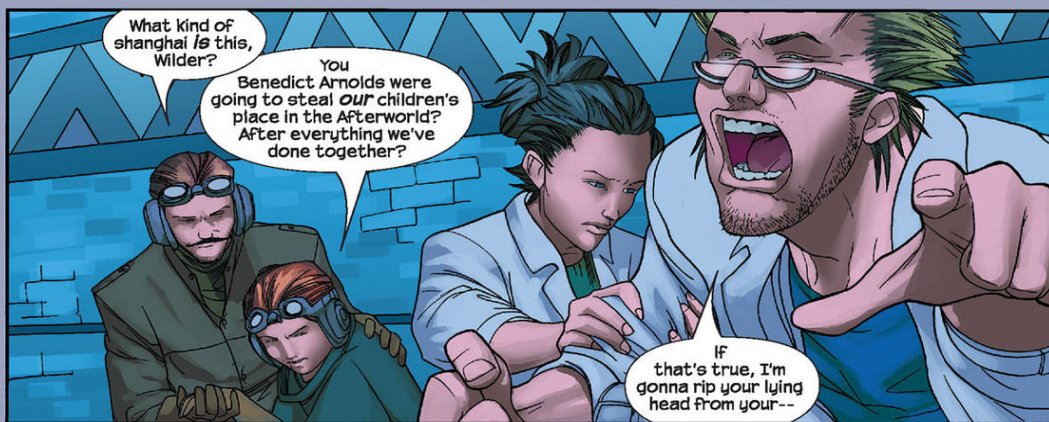


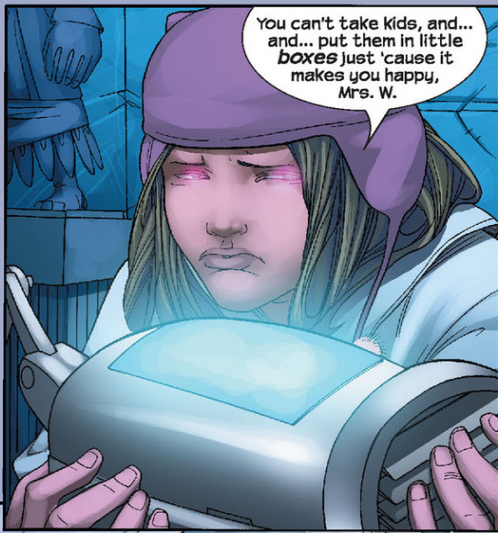
...her "master" changed her mind.



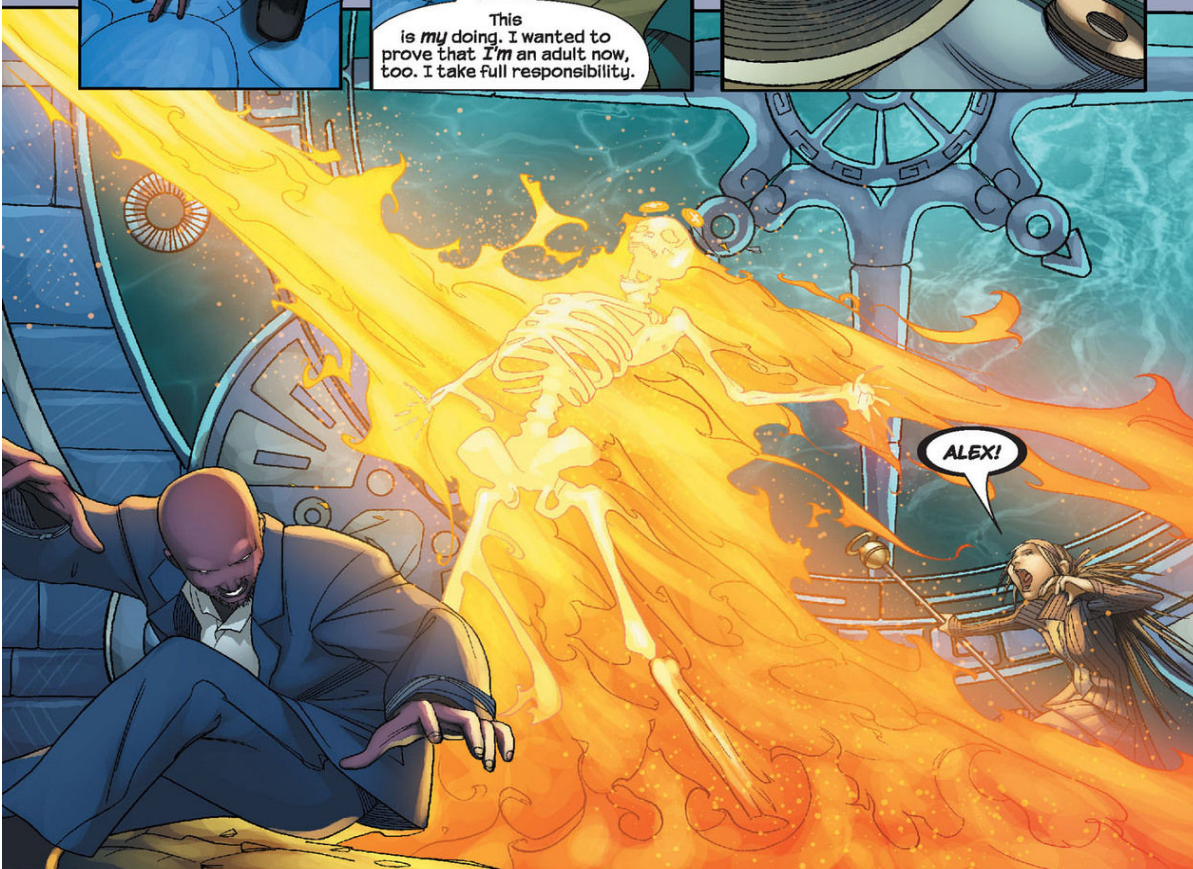
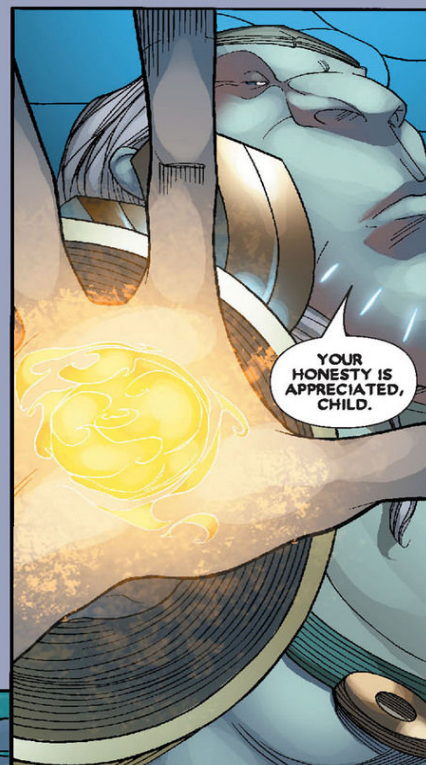


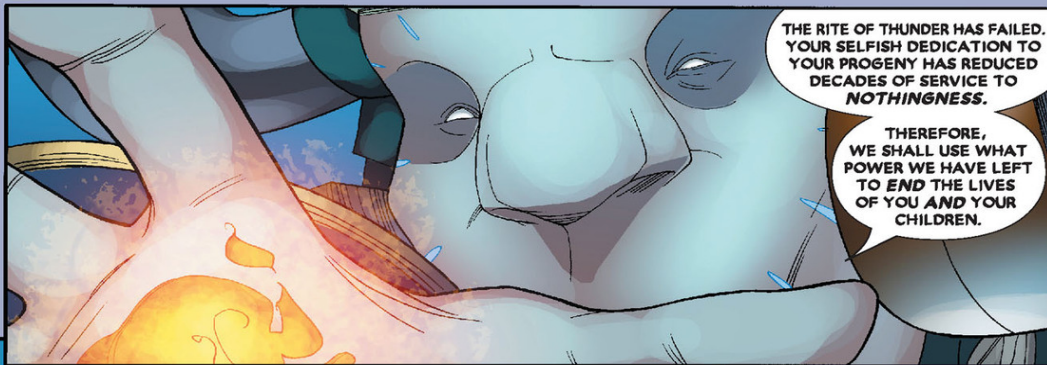


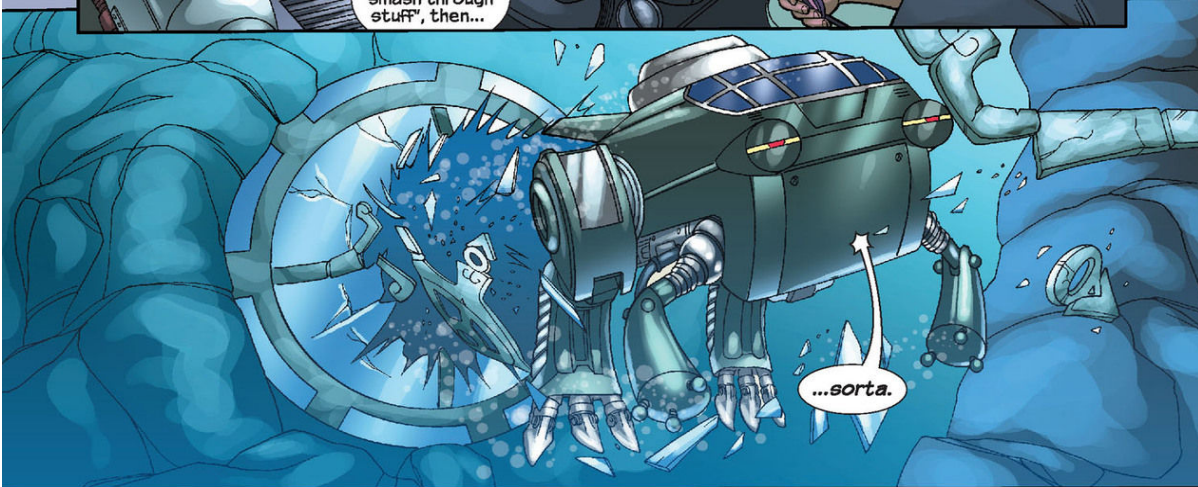
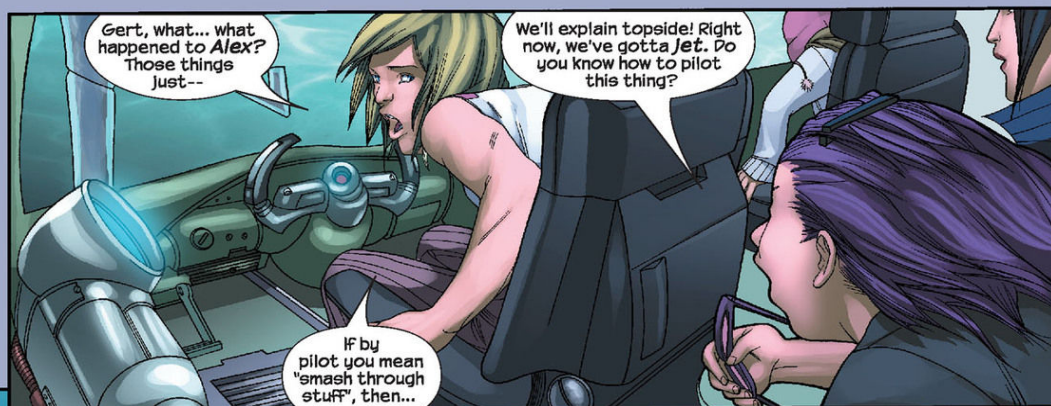
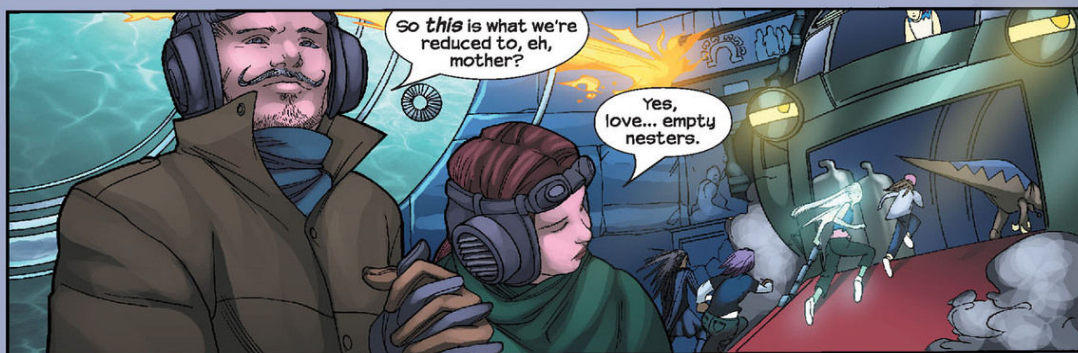


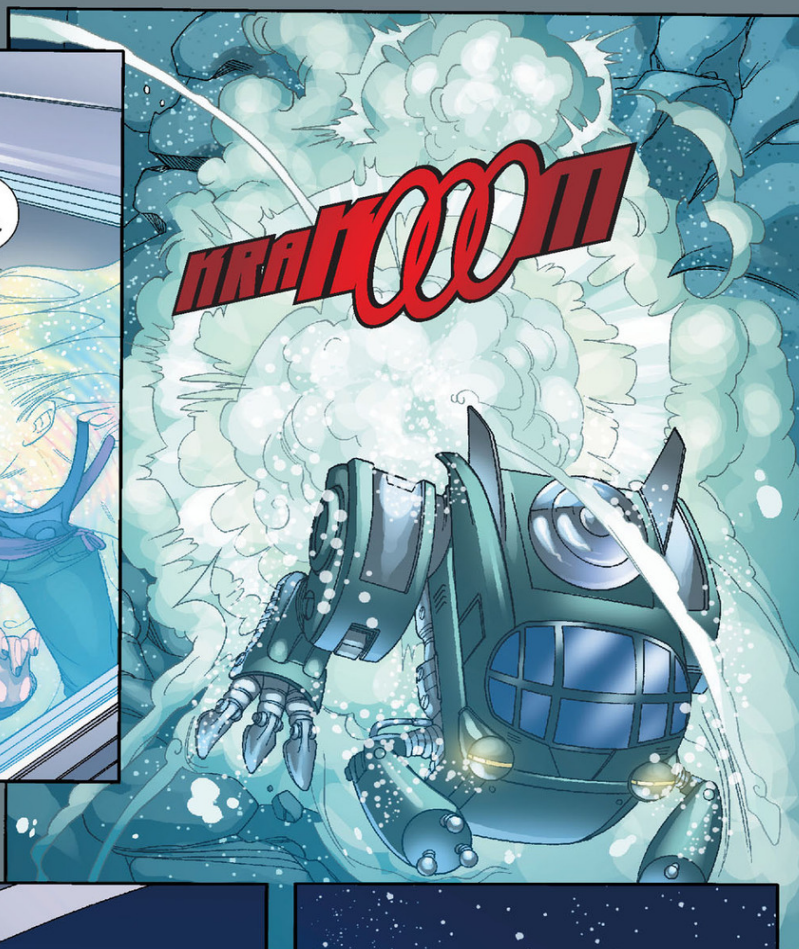


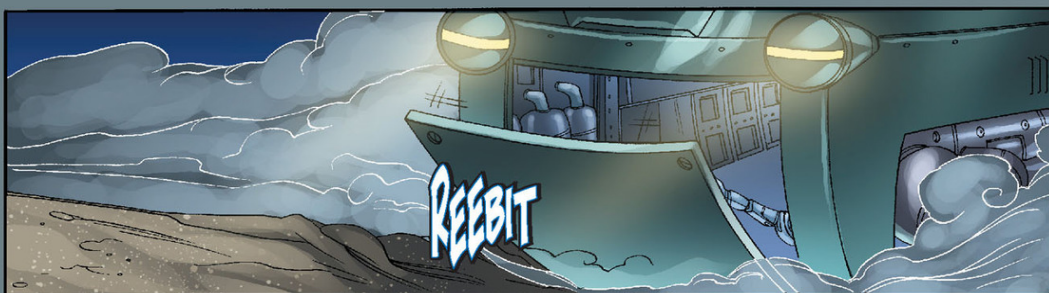
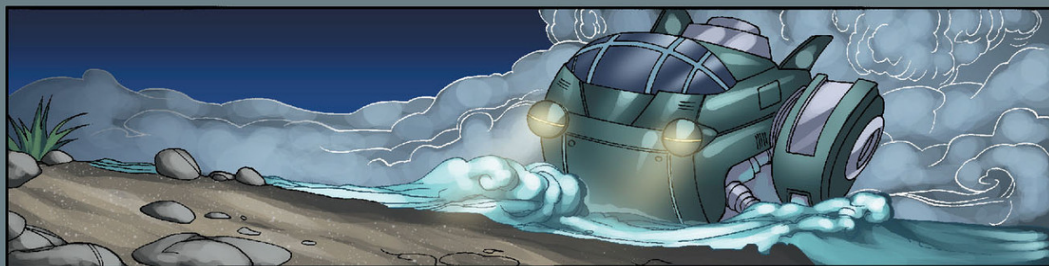
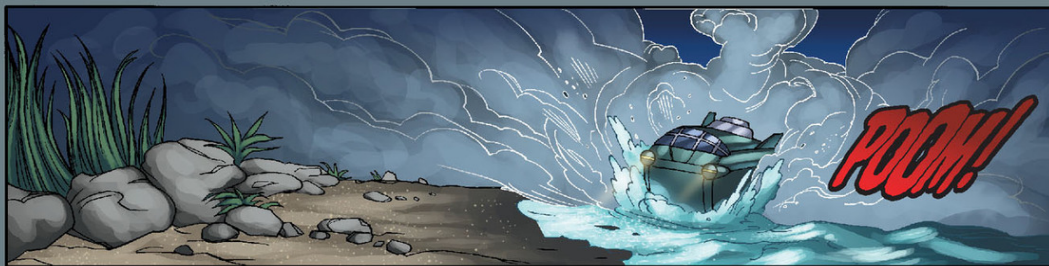














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MARVEL
PSR 18

RUNAWAYS™

MISSING

FOUND



If seen, call 1 3746

John Ferra

57-162

VAUGHAN ALPHONA YEUNG STRAIN

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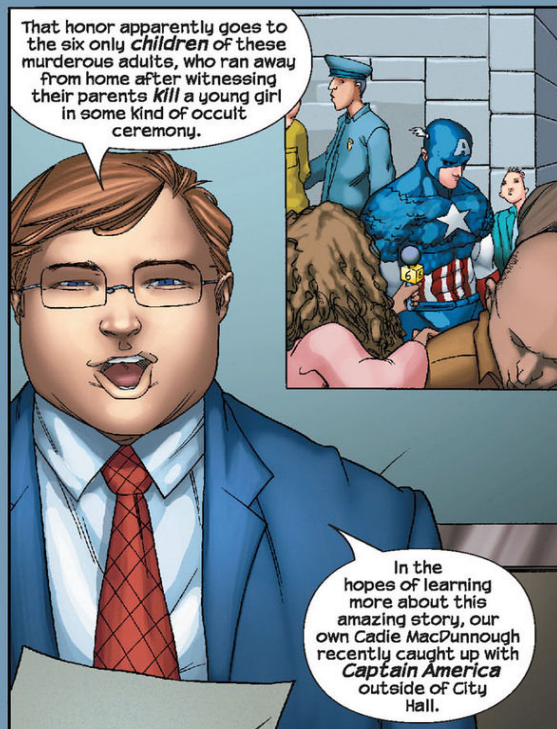
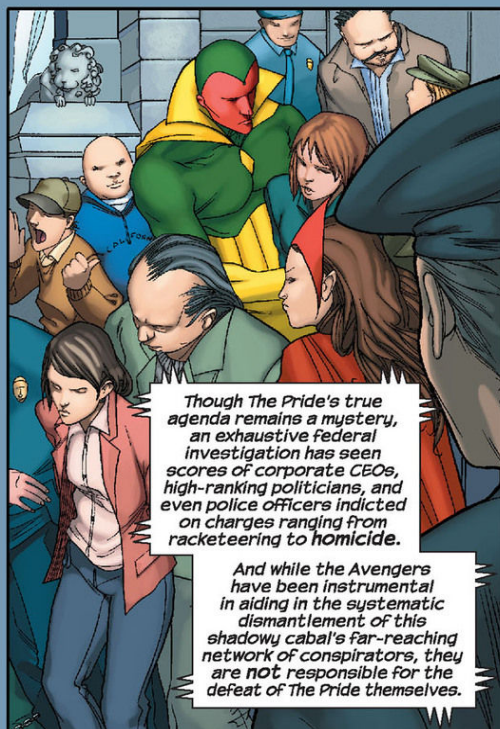
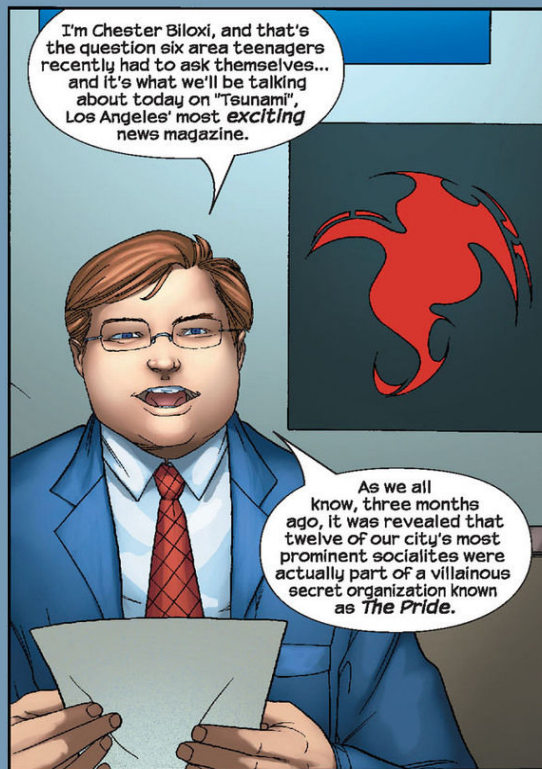
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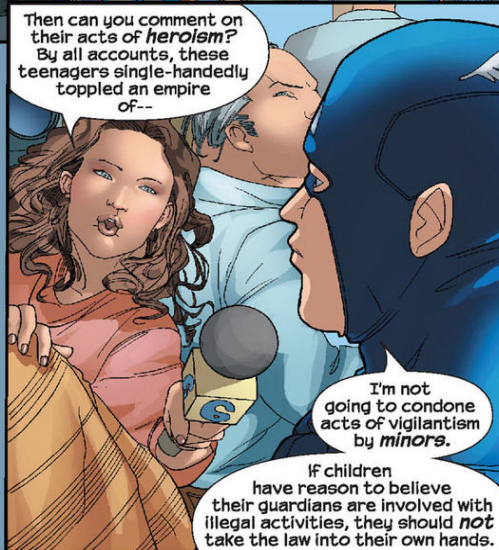
*At least once during
our adolescent years,
many of us felt that our
parents were the most
evil people alive...*



*...but what if
they really
were?*

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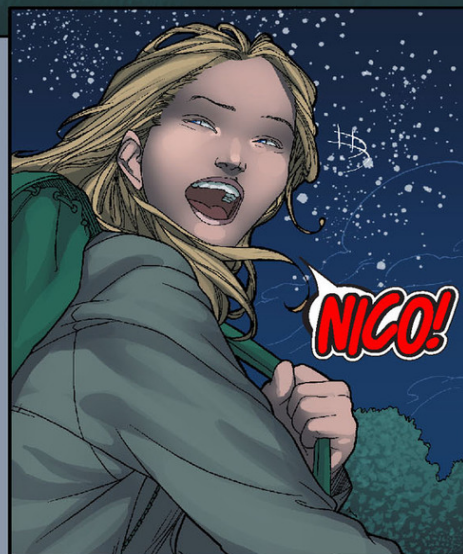
**The James Dean Memorial
at the Griffith Observatory
1:03 A.M.**



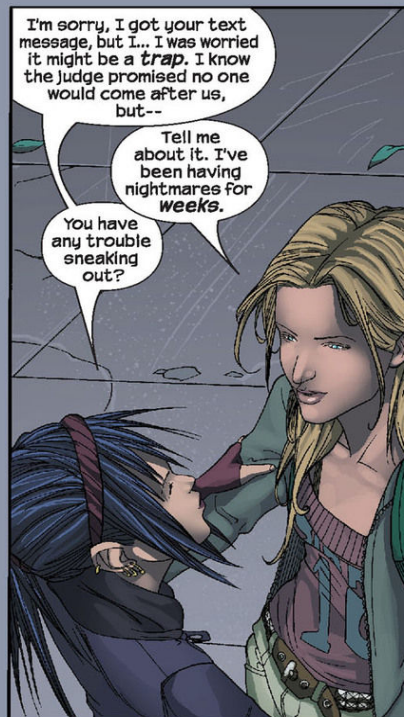
Hello?
Guys...?
Come
on, I didn't
tie my bed
sheets together
for *nothing*,
did I?



Karolina?
Is...
is that
really
you?



NICO!



I'm sorry, I got your text message, but I... I was worried it might be a *trap*. I know the Judge promised no one would come after us, but--

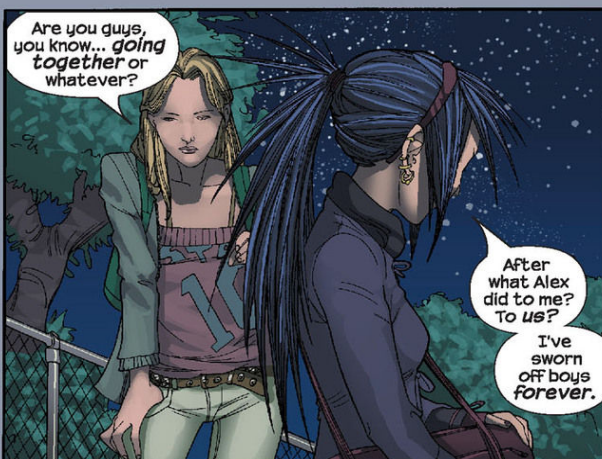
Tell me about it. I've been having nightmares for *weeks*.

You have any trouble sneaking out?



Are you kidding? I think both of my foster parents are addicted to prescription painkillers. They probably wouldn't notice if I was gone for a *week*.

Least you *found* a family. I'm still trapped at Father Flanagan's Home for Unwanted Goth Kids. I'm pretty sure one of the boys at my shelter is *obsessed* with me, too.



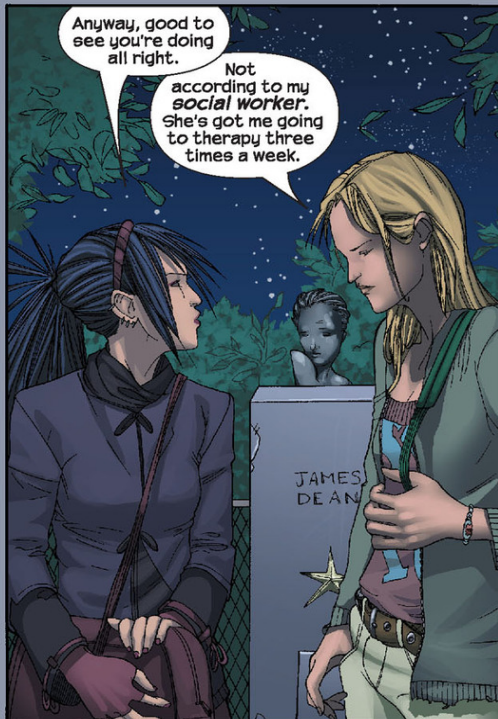
Are you guys, you know... *going together* or whatever?

After what Alex did to me? To *us*?

I've sworn off boys *forever*.



Oh.
Cool.





Sorry I'm late, had to bust Bruiser here out of one of those X-Corporation embassies that looks after mutant kids.

Tough to fool security guards when they're all *psychics*.

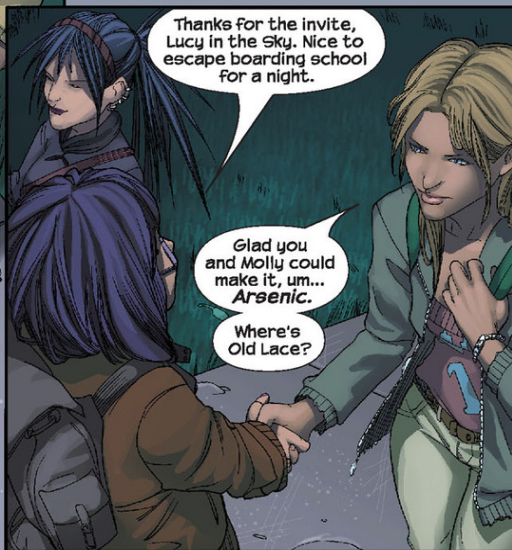
Nico!



Gert says you get to live in an *orphanage*! Is it like the one in Annie?

More scrubbing, less singing.

Lucky...



Thanks for the invite, Lucy in the Sky. Nice to escape boarding school for a night.

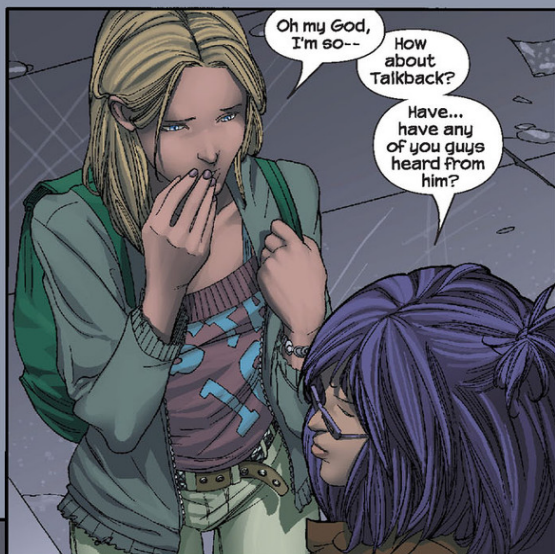
Glad you and Molly could make it, um... *Arsenic*.

Where's Old Lace?



I don't know. The super-despots said I wasn't allowed to keep a *velociraptor* as a pet.

They... they took her away.



Oh my God,
I'm so--

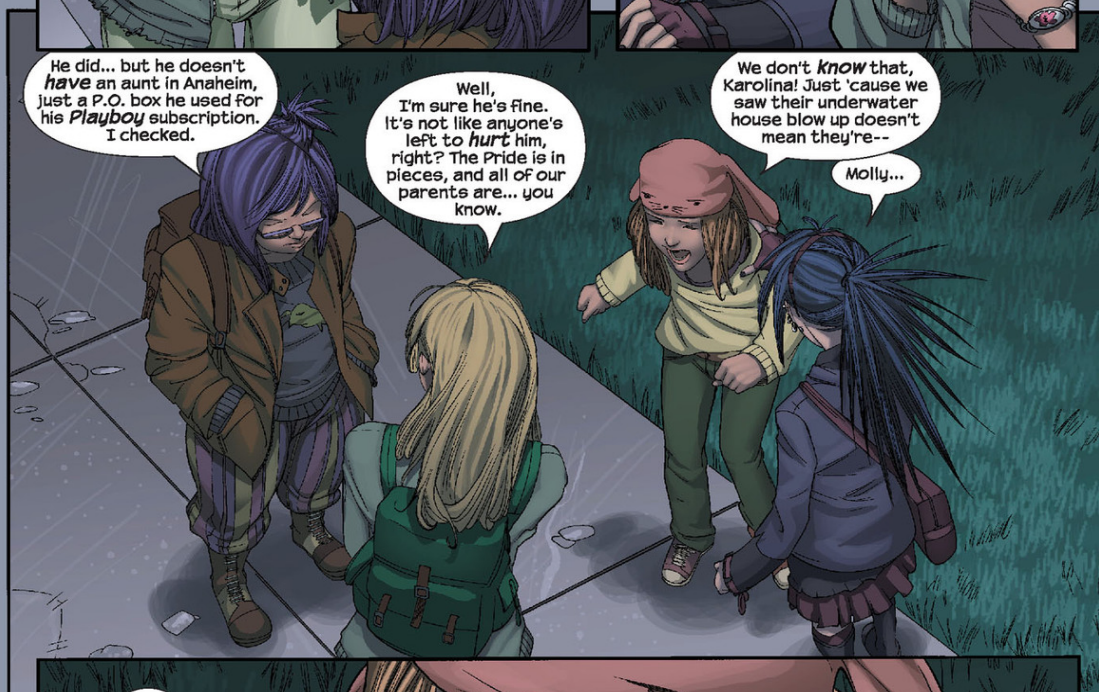
How
about
Talkback?

Have...
have any
of you guys
heard from
him?



Not since we all
became wards of
the great state
of California.

I thought
Chase convinced
his case manager
to let him live
with his *aunt* in
Anaheim?

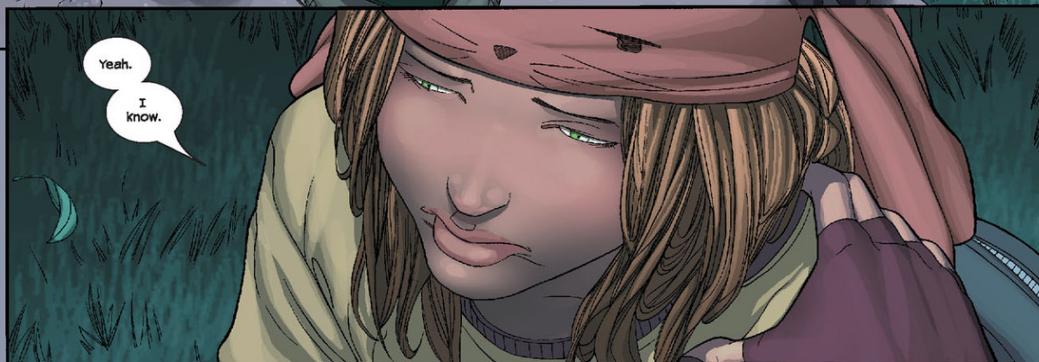


He did... but he doesn't
have an aunt in Anaheim,
just a P.O. box he used for
his *Playboy* subscription.
I checked.

Well,
I'm sure he's fine.
It's not like anyone's
left to *hurt* him,
right? The *Pride* is in
pieces, and all of our
parents are... you
know.

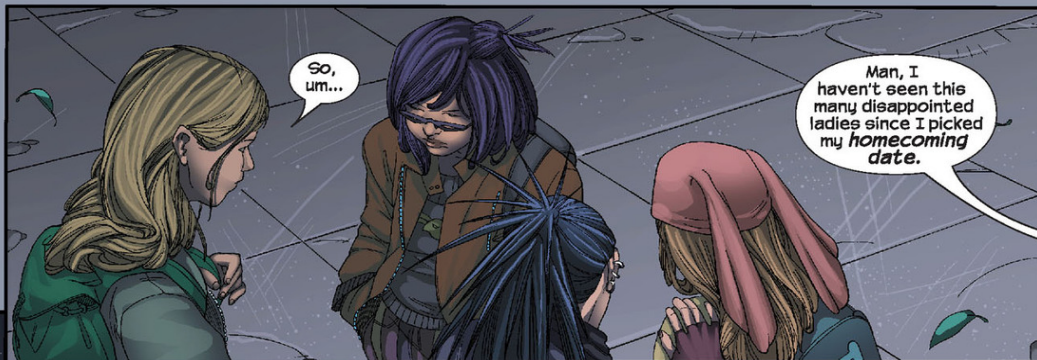
We don't *know* that,
Karolina! Just 'cause we
saw their underwater
house blow up doesn't
mean they're--

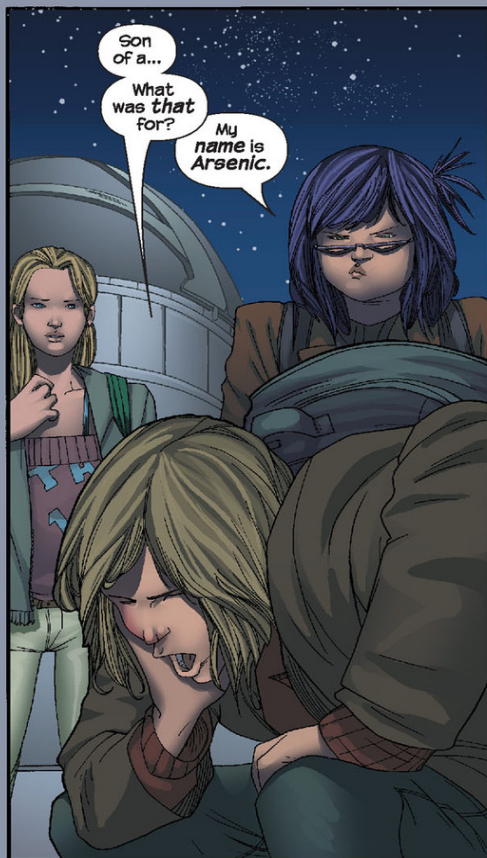
Molly...



Yeah.

I
know.







Mmmm...

Ick, I forgot about how much freakin' *snogging* you guys do.

"Snogging"? Where the heck did you pick up--

Um, Chase, if you come up for air at some point... could you tell us *where* Old Lace is?



Oh, remember when the Avengers had a West Coast team, back when we were kids? These zoning permits I, uh... *found* showed that they still have a storage facility somewhere on Palos Verdes.

Exact address is classified, but I figure Arsenic's dino-sense will start tingling when we get close.

Then what the hell are we waiting for?



We can't break into a *government facility*! If we get caught stealing, everyone's gonna accuse us of what most people already think... that we're no different than our *parents*.

It's not stealing if it belongs to us! Besides, we *won't* get caught. My *Fistigon* gloves may be deep-sixed, and our ride might be impounded, but Molly and Karolina are still all *Powerpuffed* out.

And you've got that *magic stick* up your soul, right? All you have to do is *cut* yourself, and we're ready to rock.



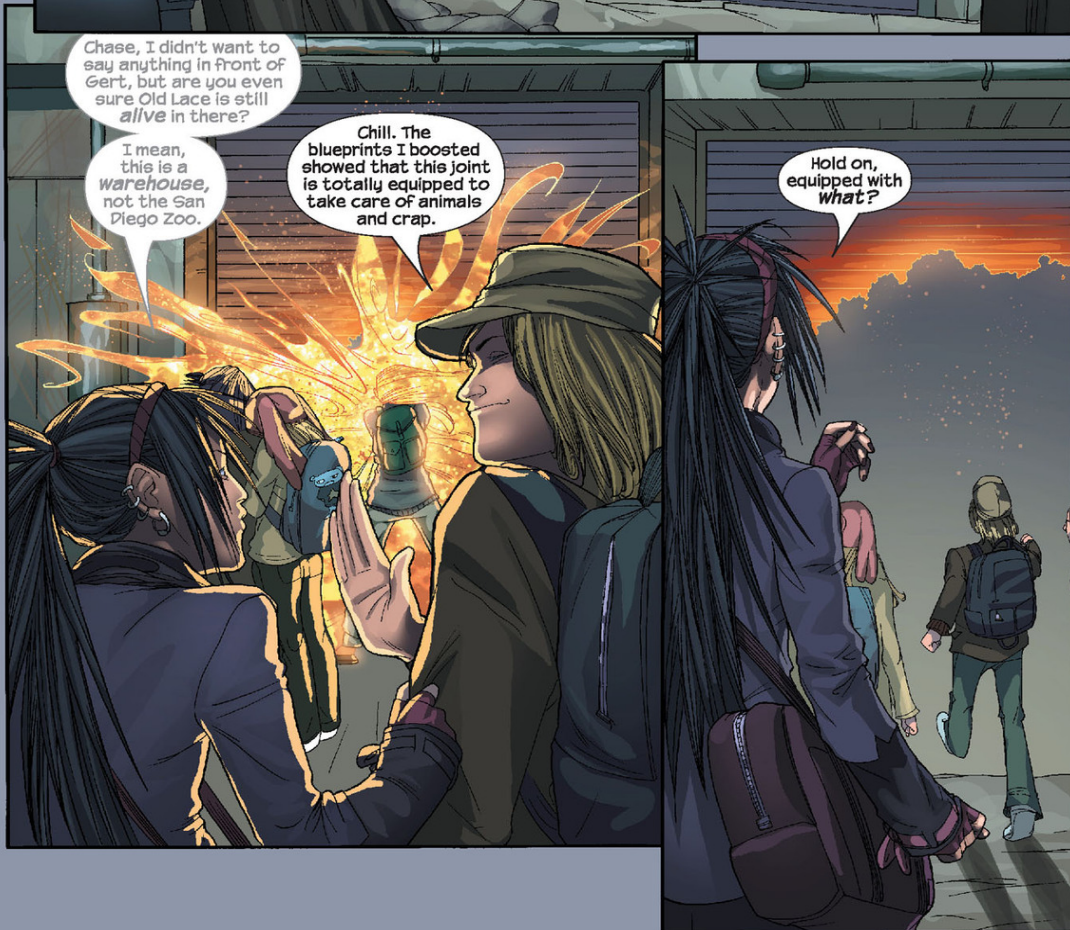
Yeah, but I... I haven't used the *Staff of One* since--

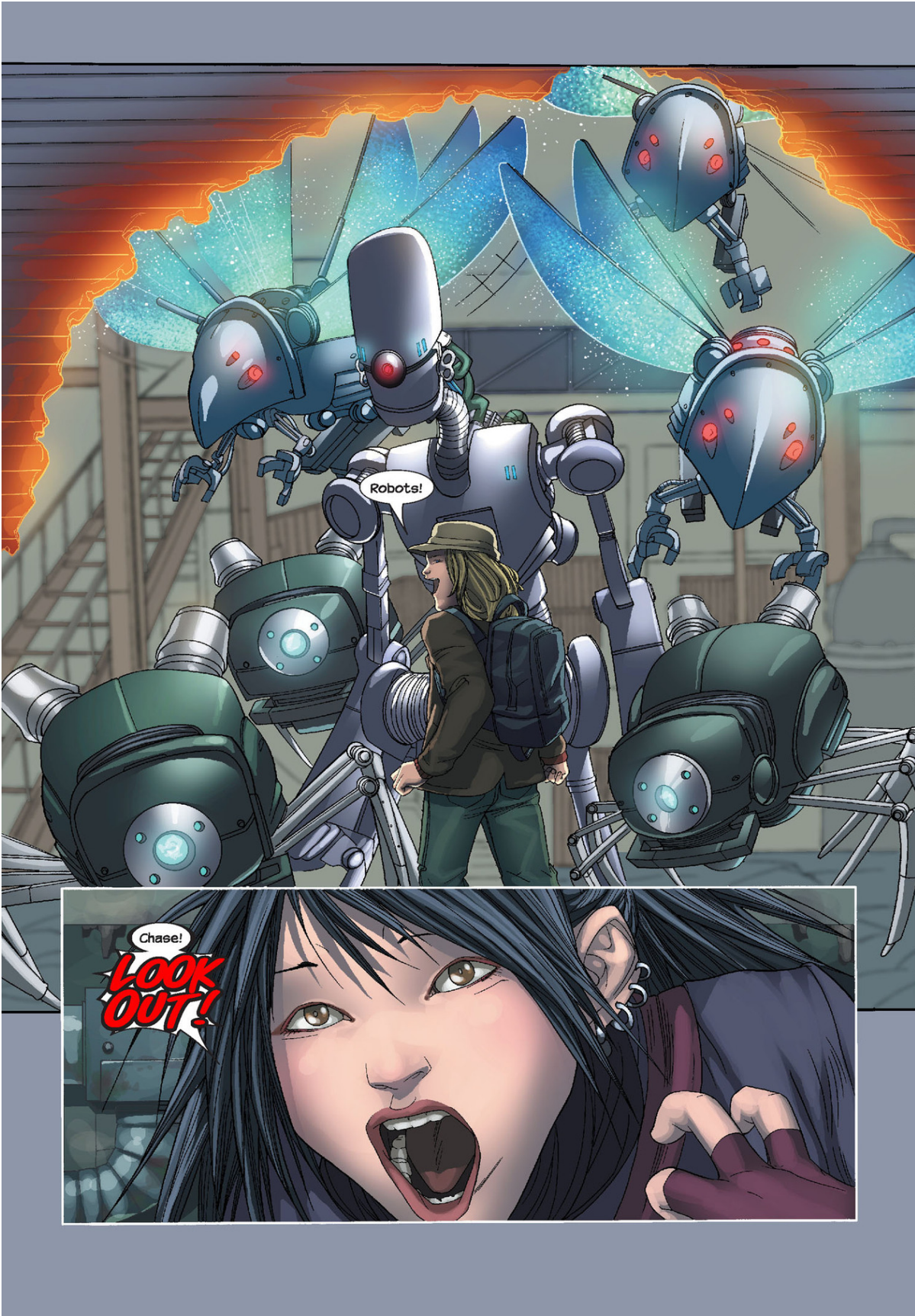
Please, Sister Grimm. My mom and dad kept Old Lace locked away for *years*.

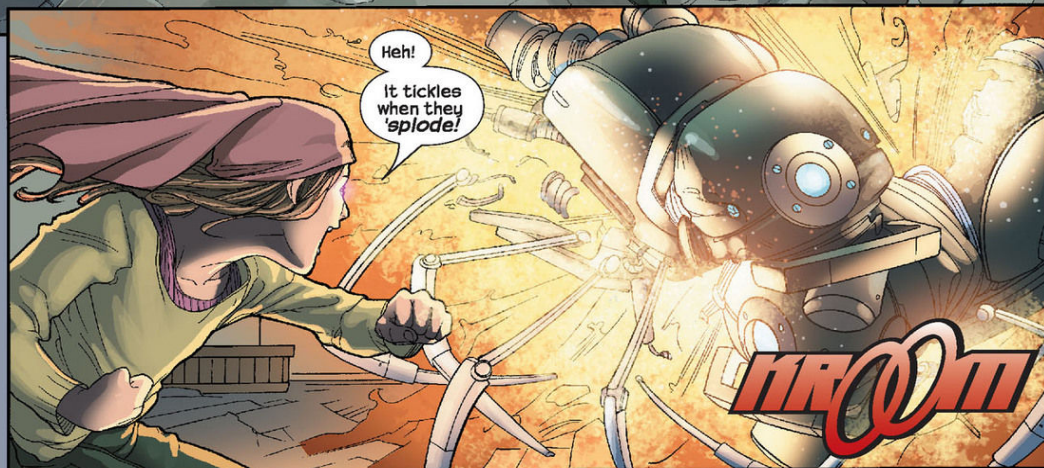
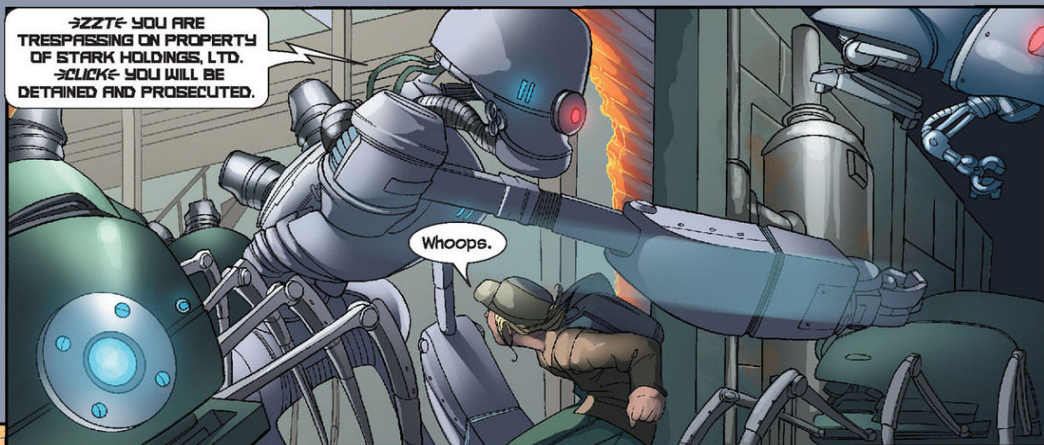
If we let that happen to her again, how are we any better than them?

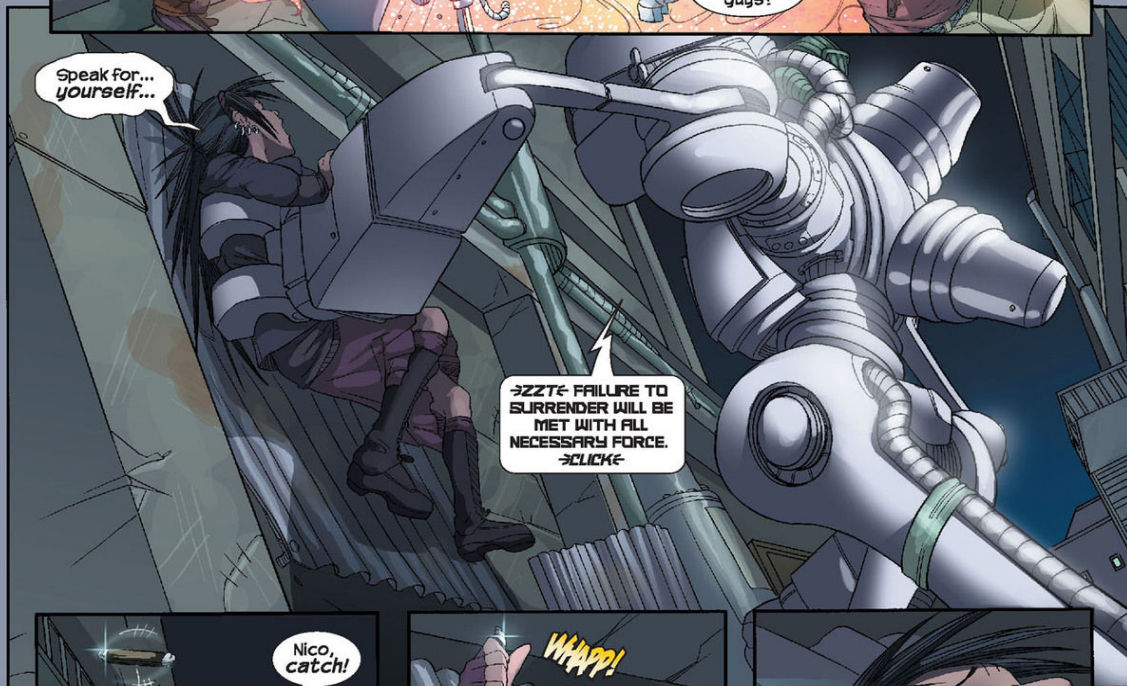
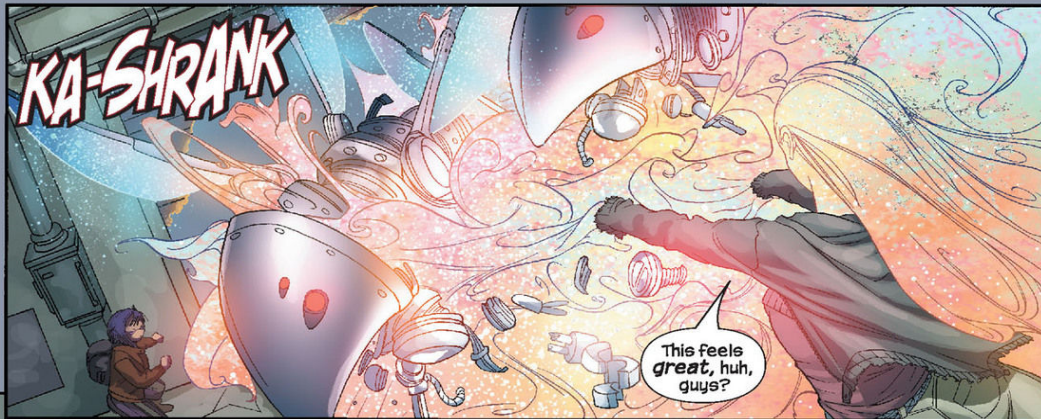


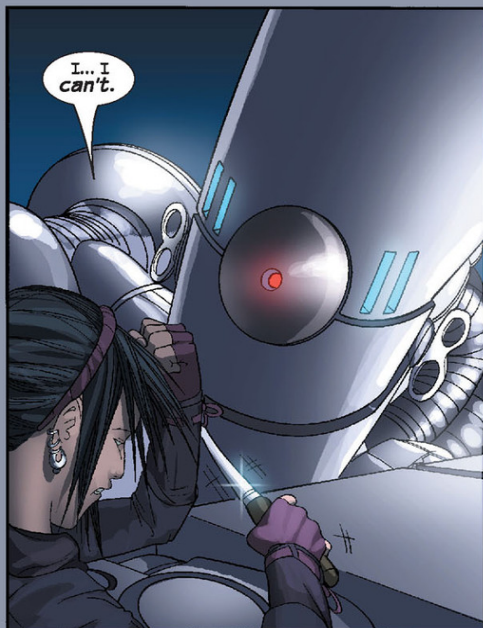
Well...

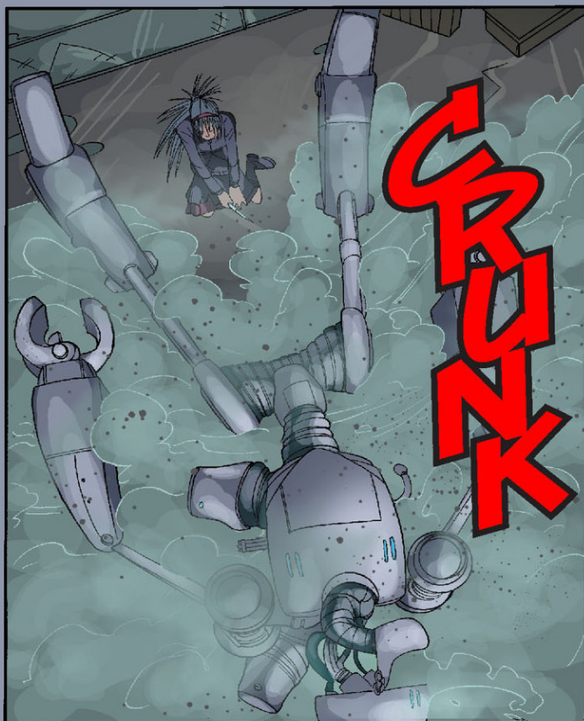






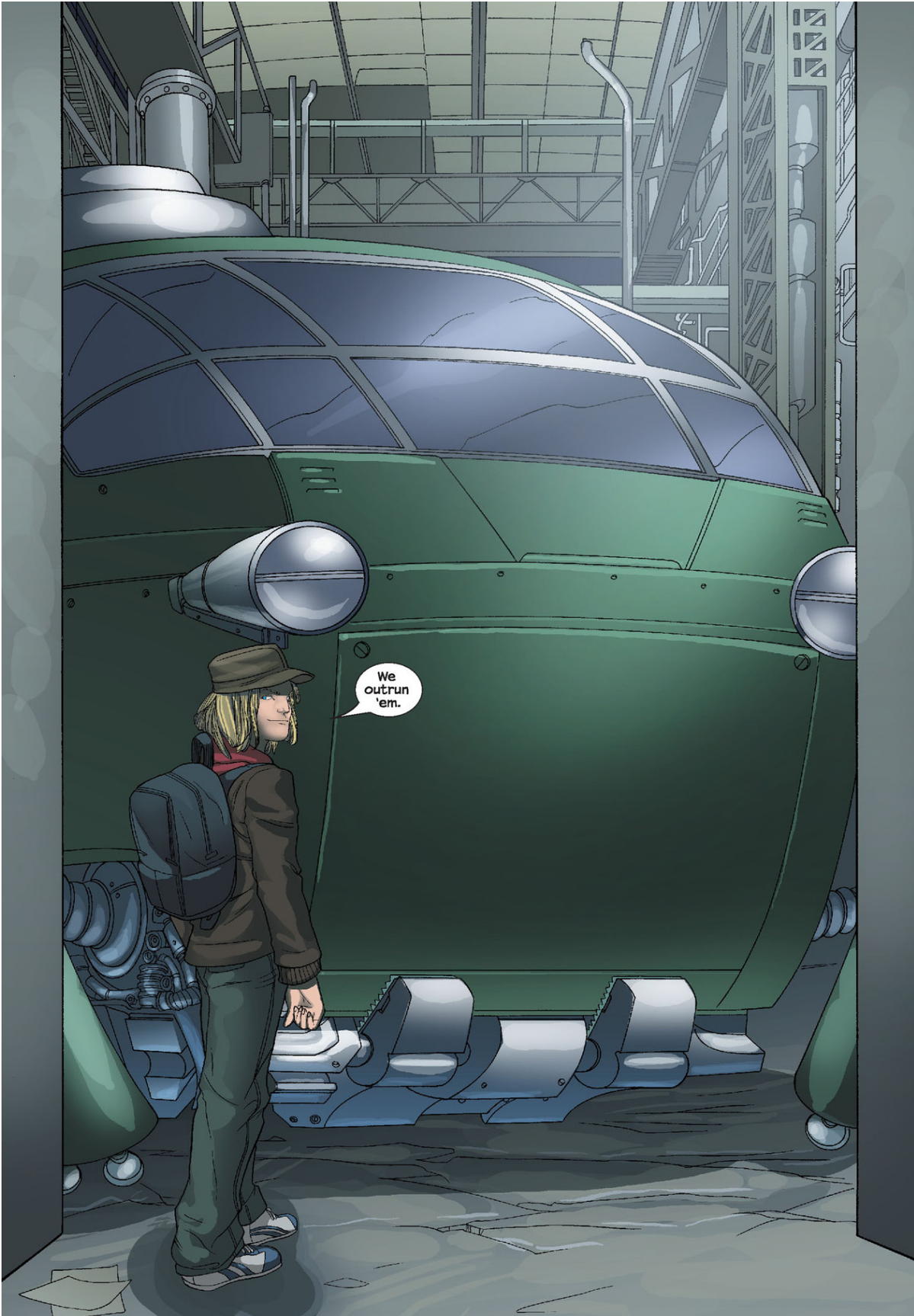








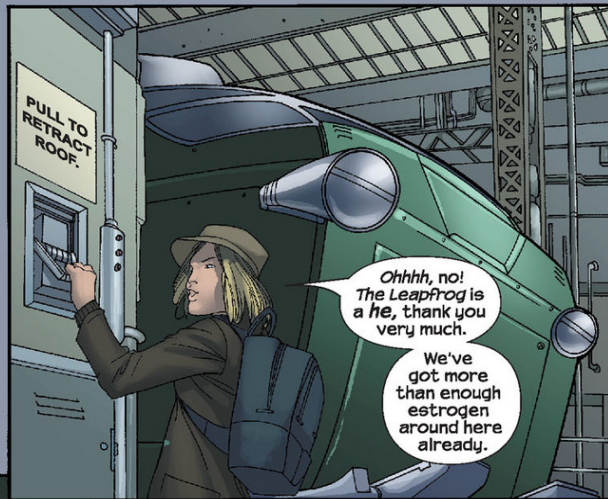






Your
parents'
ship?

Hey,
she saved
our lives
once.



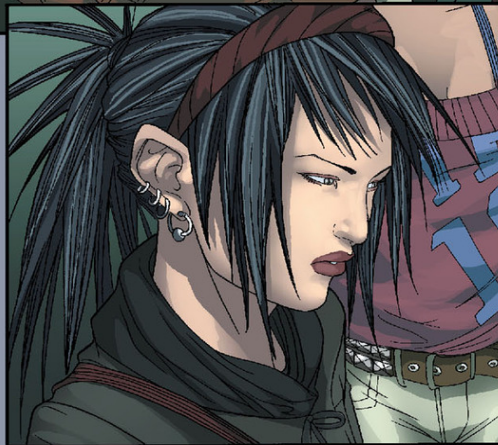
Ohhhh, no!
The Leapfrog is
a *he*, thank you
very much.

We've
got more
than enough
estrogen
around here
already.



Chase,
where in the
world would
we go in this
thing?

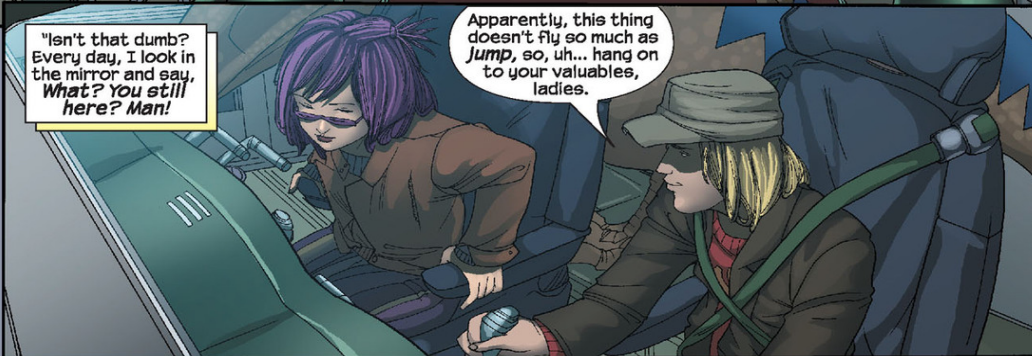
Well, my
piloting skills are
a little rusty... so
pretty much wherever
the wind takes us,
I guess.



Perfect.

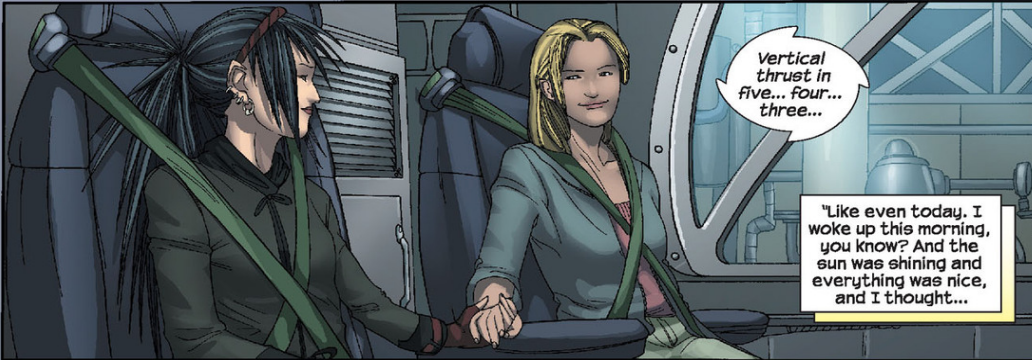


"I never thought I'd live to see eighteen."



"Isn't that dumb? Every day, I look in the mirror and say, *What? You still here? Man!*"

Apparently, this thing doesn't fly so much as *Jump*, so, uh... hang on to your valuables, ladies.



Vertical thrust in five... four... three...

"Like even today. I woke up this morning, you know? And the sun was shining and everything was nice, and I thought..."



"...this is going to be one terrific day, so you better live it up, boy..."

WEEEE!

"...because tomorrow,
maybe you'll be gone."
-James Dean
Rebel Without a Cause



EIGHTEEN

BRIAN K.
VAUGHAN
WRITER

ADRIAN
ALPHONA
PENCILER

CRAIG
YEUNG
INKER

UDON'S CHRISTINA
STRAIN
COLORIST

VC'S RANDY
GENTILE
LETTERER

JO
CHEN
COVER

MACKENZIE
CADENHEAD
ASST. EDITOR

C.B.
CEBULSKI
EDITOR

JOE
QUESADA
CHIEF

DAN
BUCKLEY
PUBLISHER

RUNAWAYS CREATED BY VAUGHAN & ALPHONA

“THE BEST ORIGINAL CONCEPT FROM MARVEL IN THIRTY YEARS.”

— Wizard magazine

Still on the run from their super-villain parents, this motley crew of super-powered kids finds a kindred spirit in a daring young stranger and welcomes him into their fold. But will this dashing young man help the teenagers defeat their villainous parents...or tear them apart? One troubled member finds out, as she leaves the group's hideout with their new recruit, who reveals his startling secret, putting the entire team in jeopardy!

Plus: Who do you send to catch a group of missing, runaway teenage super heroes? Marvel's original teen runaway crimefighters, Cloak and Dagger, making their first major appearance in years!

Collecting *Runaways* #13-18, written by Brian K. Vaughan (*Y: The Last Man*) and illustrated by Adrian Alphona.



