

[nine] nova gets le behind again

AS NOVA AND HANK messed around with the generator and tried to get it back up and running, Hank glanced over at Nova. "So, you stayed the night with Peter?"

"Yeah, in his sister's room," Nova replied. "It was quite fun, actually. Being around someone my own age, you know?"

"Oh, am I not fun?" Hank asked teasingly.

"No, you're great fun," Nova replied. "But it's nice to have made a friend my own age, you know?"

"Well, I'm glad you're happy," Hank said with a smile. "And you said you're going on a date with him?"

"Yeah, I don't know exactly where or when yet, but we are," Nova said, her eyes lighting up with excitement. "I don't know, Hank, he seems like such a nice guy and I just want to be a teenager for once. I want to go out on dates with guys and have fun."

"Then do that," Hank said. "What's stopping you?"

"I have to be here for dad..." she said.

"Charles can take care of himself for one night if you're not around," Hank reminded her. "He's a big boy, Nova."

"Yeah, I know, but—"

"And hey, if he's still adamant that you're not allowed to go, then I'll just distract him and you can sneak out," Hank finished.

Nova grinned. "Thanks, Hank."

"Anytime," he replied, switching the power back on. "There, that should've done the trick."

"Great job," Nova commended, high-giving Hank.

They headed back to Cerebro, rounding the corner and finding Logan and Charles talking between themselves. Hank smiled. "Power's back on."

"Yes," Charles said with a smile. "Yes, it is."

Returning to Cerebro, Charles placed the helmet back on his head and began his search for Raven. When he found her, he used his powers to get inside the heads of those closest to her, speaking through them to try and get to her.

"Raven, stop. Stop running," he said, pausing before speaking again. "Back at the house, where you should be. I need you to come home."

"Do you think this'll work?" Hank whispered.

Nova shrugged. "Hope so."

"If you kill Trask, you'll be creating countless more just like him," Charles said, pausing again. "Those are Erik's words, not yours. The girl I grew up with wasn't capable of killing. She was good, fair, full of compassion."

"Shut her down, Charles," Logan said. "Get in her head."

"She's not letting me in. I'm barely holding on, I'm not strong enough yet," Charles replied. "I know what Trask has done, but killing him will not bring them back. It will set you on a path from which there is no return. An endless cycle of killing, us and them, 'til there is nothing left. But we can stop it, right now, you and I. You just have to come home."

Nova glanced up at Hank. "I don't think it's going to work."

Charles took Cerebro off with a defeated expression on his face.

Logan asked, "Where is she?"

"She's in an airport, boarding a plane," Charles replied.

"A plane to where?" Logan asked.

Charles paused for a second, scanning through the visions he had acquired. "Washington, D.C."

"Washington?" Nova repeated. "Why Washington?"

"Guys, come with me," Hank said, ushering them all upstairs and into a room filled with various screens and technology. "Alright, guys.

There's something I need to show you. This is the system I designed to record any news about Paris, over all three networks and PBS."

"All three?" Logan asked sarcastically. "Wow."

"Yeah, and PBS," Hank said proudly. "Look what I found."

He pressed play and the footage began to roll, a news reporter speaking. "Tomorrow in front of the White House, the President will make his announcement. He'll be joined by Secretary of Defense Laird and has even sought the help of renowned scientist Bolivar Trask, the special adviser to combat this mutant issue. The White House has asked..."

Hank stopped the recording and Nova said, "Raven doesn't realize that if she kills Trask at an event like that with the whole world watching..."

"Then I came a long way for nothing," Logan finished.

"And there's more bad news," Hank said. "I saw the report. They found traces of her blood in Paris. For all we know, they already have her DNA, which is all they'd need..."

"To create the Sentinels of the future," Logan said.

"Now there's a theory in Quantum Physics that time is immutable," Hank said. "It's like a river, you can throw a pebble into it, create a ripple, but the current always corrects itself. No matter what you do, the river just keeps flowing in the same direction."

"What are you trying to say?" Logan asked.

"What I'm saying is, what if the war is inevitable?" Hank asked. "What if she's meant to kill Trask? What if this is just simply who she is?"

"Just because someone stumbles, loses their way, doesn't mean they're lost forever," Charles said, a small smile gracing his features.

"No, I don't believe that theory, Hank. And I cannot believe that that is who she is. Ready the plane, we're going to Washington."

Nova held up her hand, but was immediately shot down by her father.

"You're not coming."

She scowled. "What am I supposed to do then?"

Nova walked up to the front door of the Maximo house once again, a backpack on her shoulder. She turned and glared at her father and friends, watching them wave sarcastically before Logan drove off. Turning back to the door, Nova knocked once and the door opened a second later.

Peter stood on the doorstep. "Hey, what are you doing here? I thought you'd gone home."

"Yeah, me too," Nova replied. "But dad mucked everything up and now they've gone to try and stop Raven so... can I stay here for a while?"

Peter nodded. "Of course you can. Come in."

"Thanks," Nova smiled. "I'm sorry to just barge in, but dad didn't want me to stay at the house by myself and you're... well, you're the only person I could think of."

Peter's cheeks turned slightly red. "Well, you're welcome to stay as long as you like."

"Thank you," Nova replied. "Uh, is your mom here?"

"Yeah, let me go tell her you're here," Peter said, whizzing off and returning a minute later. "She's fine with it. Said make yourself at home."

"That's really nice of her," Nova said. "Sorry to just barge in unannounced."

"It's fine, it's not like I was doing anything," Peter replied. "Come on, let's go downstairs."

Nova followed Peter down the stairs, a smile on her face. Despite the impending doom they were facing, she couldn't help but smile in Peter Maximo's presence.

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