

When she awoke, she found herself in a large experimentation chamber with her arms and legs strapped to a vertical table. The strange men were regarding her through electronic equipment. One of the men in a lab coat nodded as she gained consciousness, and all stared at her. Neal was there and asked how she felt. She told him exactly how she felt and they were surprised to hear such language from so respectable a woman. They laughed and she demanded that they release her. Everyone but Neal flinched at her words, but none cooperated. Again she told them to release her bonds, but this time as she stared at the nylon straps she could almost reach out and touch them. She knew that she was tied secure, but she could untie the straps and she did so. In a matter of seconds Christie was standing free in front of her startled captors. The big men rushed forward to grab her, but she quickly ducked behind a large console, grabbed the dropped briefcase, and darted for the stairs leading out of the complex. A click and the sound of hydraulics told her that Neal or someone had activated security of the facility which would raise the stairs out of her reach. She ran for a pair of heavy doors which were closing in front of her and she could hear the heavy footsteps of many men behind her. As this danger overcame her, she was acutely aware of a man above and behind her squeezing the trigger of a high powered rifle. She knew where the bullet would strike, so she made sure that she wasn't there when it did. Now the doors had a chance to close completely. Next to the door was a main control panel which she lunged for, pulling the large lever controlling the lights.

Everything went into darkness. People stumbled her direction, shouting, swearing and swinging. Amazingly, the darkness shut down her eyes, but she could sense where everyone and everything around her was. She could still "see" the door and the control panel, so she opened the door manually and left the chaotic room. Since she had worked here so long, she had little difficulty bypassing the security systems and eventually exited the building. Bryan had driven her this morning, so she rushed to the gate to hail a taxi. At the gate, the guard pulled out a revolver and told her to stop. She thought desperately of getting past the guard, but seeing the gun she just wished her would let her pass. To her surprise, he said to pass and she didn't question this luck.

She went back to her flat, but knew she wouldn't be safe there long. She would have to wait for Bryan though, so packed as she waited. Fifteen minutes later, the phone rang. It was Scotland Yard wanting her to come down to the London office for questioning in the murder of Bryan Thomas. At this point, Christine didn't know who to trust and knew she was definitely being searched for. She needed someplace to go, someone to talk to, but she couldn't tell anyone what had happened and she must leave immediately. So she quickly finished her packing and left the flat, realizing now for the first time that Bryan was dead, and it was her fault. Crying, she walked outside and down the block to catch a taxi. As she rounded the first corner a small tingling in her ears went unnoticed and she bowled into the old Japanese market owner, Miko, who was coming her direction.

She apologized to him, but he said it was meant to be and said they were getting late for the flight. Christie didn't know what he was talking about. Miko explained that he knew her trouble and needed to talk with her, but they could do so out of the country. He produced two one-way tickets to Kyoto, Japan. She still couldn't understand what was happening to her, but for some reason she trusted this man. She had known him since she had moved to London and he was a real friend, so she allowed him to lead on until they were both on their way over Europe and Asia. On their way to the airport, Miko stopped a few times, mumbled something in Japanese and continued. When asked what he was doing, Miko only smiled and said she would know soon enough.

During the flight, Miko explained much to Christie, and it took her logical mind a great deal of time to accept it. From what Miko said, he seemed to know that she had the potential for very strong mental control. He was waiting for the day when her natural talents would surface so he could instruct her properly. With the introduction to the mind-expanding drug, Christine had not only reached her normal maximal level, but had surpassed all human potential. When this had happened, Miko felt her new mind's power and knew he was needed. He had been near her for years now, even in her small home town, but knew that she would need him one day. Miko explained that he was a master of mind and body control. He said that to be one with yourself, totally and completely, will allow the oneness to flow into the outside world.

She told him of the laboratory and how her fiancée had been murdered on her account. Miko told her that if she had truly developed a sense of justice, that he could help her master her ability for the cause of good and justice.

Christine agreed and over the next few years, she trained under the supervision of a frequently awed and surprised Miko. He had never seen so much mental power in one person, and the part that showed was only a small surface of her potential.

She learned mind control as well as the more ancient arts of body self-control. Miko took her to a secluded place in the mountains outside of Kyoto where she stayed and meditated. When she had a fairly firm grasp of some of her major powers, she decided to make a move to somewhere that no one knew her. Under the name of Christine Thomas, she moved to the U.S. and easily obtained a professor position at NYU with the help of Miko's forging talents. Miko used some of his reserve funds to start a small Japanese food shop which Christine helped financially until he could support himself, and they each found suitable places to live. Miko found a room with easy fire access to the large roof where they could be relatively alone for exercises, and the basement was large and quiet enough for long periods of meditation.

In New York, Christine always saw and heard about super heroes. She and Miko worked on a costume she should have when the need came to be seen in public with her abilities. The costume was fashioned and she started her new life as Christine Thomas, aka Reflex!