

X-MEN

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THE ALL-NEW, ALL-DIFFERENT

X-MEN

STAY BACK,
MY FELLOW
X-MEN!

THIS IS ONE
BATTLE THAT
CYCLOPS
MUST FIGHT
ALONE!

BUCKLER & COCKRUM

CYCLOPS VS. HAVOK--IN A DUEL TO THE DEATH!
MY BROTHER...MY ENEMY!

Cyclops. Storm. Banshee. Nightcrawler. Wolverine. Colossus. Children of the atom, students of Charles Xavier, **MUTANTS**—feared and hated by the world they have sworn to protect. These are the **STRANGEST** heroes of all!

Stan Lee PRESENTS: **THE UNCANNY X-MEN!**™

MY BROTHER, MY ENEMY!

THE BARD OF AVON SAID IT BEST:
"TO SLEEP, PERCHANCE TO DREAM..."

"... AYE, THERE'S THE RUB! FOR IN THAT
SLEEP OF DEATH, WHAT DREAMS MAY
COME WHEN WE HAVE SHUFFLED OFF THIS
MORTAL COIL, MUST GIVE US PAUSE..."

AND IF THE
DREAMS OF THE
DEAD MUST GIVE
US PAUSE...

... WHAT THEN OF THE
DREAMS OF THE LIVING?

FOR EXAMPLE,
THE DREAMS OF
CHARLES XAVIER?

NO, PLEASE,
NO--LET ME BE, I
BEG OF YOU--GET
OUT OF MY MIND AND
LET ME BE--!

IN THE NAME
OF ALL THAT'S
HOLY--

-- GET OUT
OF MY MIND!!

CHRIS CLAREMONT * DAVE COCKRUM
WRITER ARTIST

SAM GRAINGER, INKER
ANNETTE KAYE, LETTERER
DON WARFIELD, COLORIST

MARY WOLFMAN
EDITOR

BUT THE DREAM DOESN'T HEAR XAVIER'S ANGUISHED, SOUL-TORN CRY--OR, IF IT DOES, IT DOESN'T CARE TO ANSWER.

AND, ONCE AGAIN, CHARLES XAVIER FINDS HIMSELF DRAWN OUT ACROSS THE INFINITE, DRAWN INTO NIGHTMARE...

...DRAWN INTO HELL!

THEN, AS SUDDENLY, AS SILENTLY, AS THE BATTLE BEGAN, IT ENDS...

HE HAS SEEN THIS BATTLE A HUNDRED TIMES BEFORE, ON A HUNDRED SLEEPLESS NIGHTS--

--TWO MIGHTY STARFLEETS CREATING THEIR OWN PRIVATE ARMAGEDDON IN THE DESOLATE SPACE AROUND A GIANT BINARY SUN.

AGAIN, HE WATCHES HELPLESSLY AS TEN-METER ENERGY BEAMS TURN TRICARDIAN STEEL TO PUDDLED SLAG, AS RUPTURED HULLS VOID PRECIOUS ATMOSPHERE INTO SPACE AND MEN DIE, QUICKLY, BRUTALLY, MERCILESSLY...

AGAIN, HE FEELS THE TERRIBLE COLD OF THIS... ALIEN SPACE, THE TERRIBLE PAIN OF THESE ALIEN DEATHS...

AND AGAIN, FOR THE HUNDREDTH TIME IN A HUNDRED NIGHTS, CHARLES XAVIER WONDERS IF HE ISN'T GOING MAD.

DRAWNS HIM CLOSER, EVER CLOSER...

STRANGE, THAT SO MUCH DEATH SHOULD OCCUR IN SO MUCH SILENCE--SOMEHOW, IT DOESN'T SEEM RIGHT.

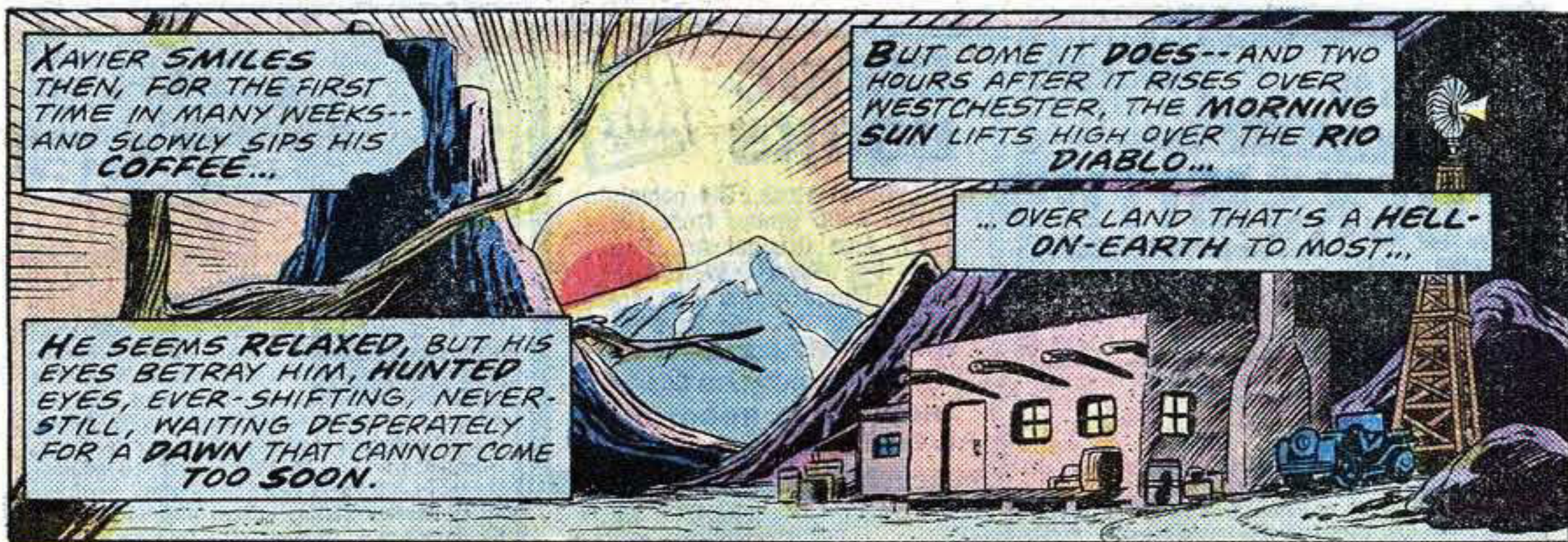
...SURVIVES TO RUN AND HIDE AND, PERHAPS, LIVE TO FIGHT ANOTHER DAY...

...TANTALIZINGLY CLOSE...

STILL, ONE SMALL SCOUT-CRAFT SURVIVES THE HOLO-CAUST...

...AND, AS IT RUNS, IT DRAWS HIM IN, A MOTH DRAWN UNWILLINGLY INTO THE FLAME.

...AND TRY AS HE MIGHT, XAVIER CANNOT RESIST--THE DREAM HAS HIM BODY AND SOUL, AND IT WILL RELEASE HIM WHEN IT WANTS, NOT BEFORE...



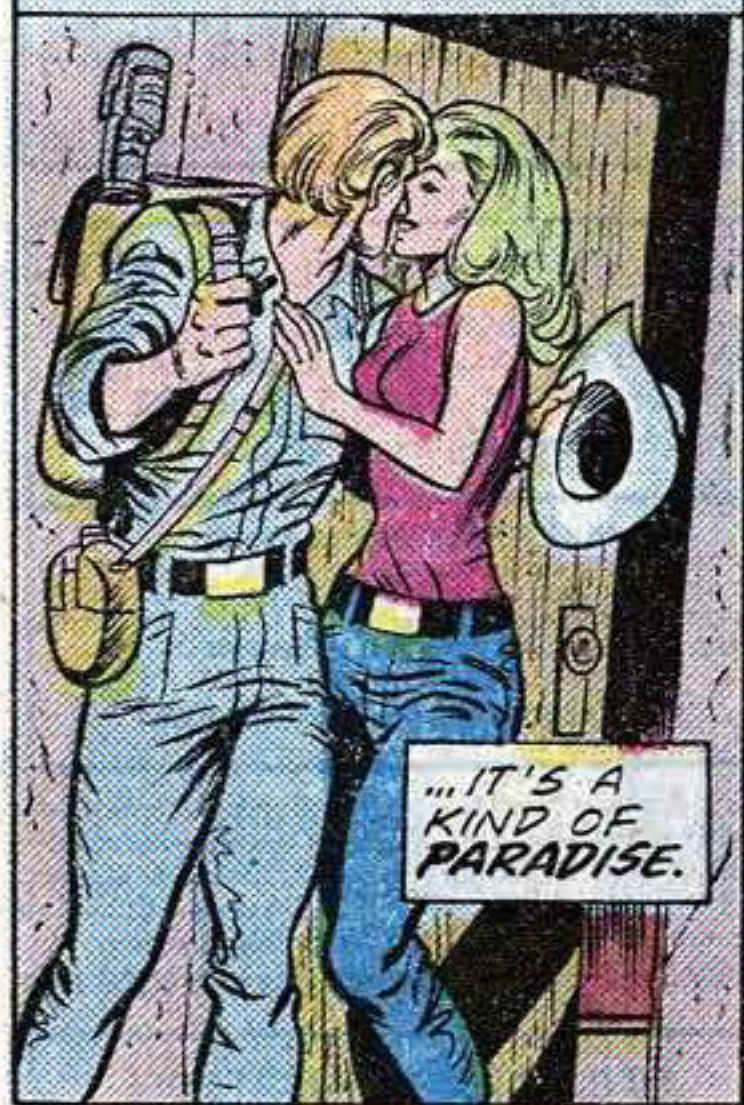
XAVIER SMILES THEN, FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MANY WEEKS-- AND SLOWLY SIPES HIS COFFEE...

BUT COME IT DOES-- AND TWO HOURS AFTER IT RISES OVER WESTCHESTER, THE MORNING SUN LIFTS HIGH OVER THE RIO DIABLO...

...OVER LAND THAT'S A HELL-ON-EARTH TO MOST...

HE SEEMS RELAXED, BUT HIS EYES BETRAY HIM, HUNTED EYES, EVER-SHIFTING, NEVER-STILL, WAITING DESPERATELY FOR A DAWN THAT CANNOT COME TOO SOON.

...AND YET, TO DOCTORAL CANDIDATES ALEX SUMMERS AND LORNA DANE...



...IT'S A KIND OF PARADISE.

SIX MONTHS THEY'VE BEEN HERE, WORKING THE JAGGED DIABLO RANGE--AND IN THOSE MONTHS, WHAT BEGAN AS FRIENDSHIP HAS BECOME SOMETHING... MORE.

FACE IT, LITTLE LORNA, AFTER ALL THE HASSLES, ALL THE GRIEF, YOU'VE STRUCK GOLD WITH THIS MAN...



...PURE GOLD.

I MEAN, IF THIS ISN'T LOVE, WHO NEEDS THE REAL THING...?



WHEN I'M WITH ALEX, I FEEL WHOLE... COMPLETE... FUL-FILLED...

...I FEEL LIKE A WOMAN.



AND THAT FEELS JUST FINE.

WHAT THE--? SOMEONE AT THE DOOR? BUT WHO--? WE'RE THE ONLY PEOPLE FOR MILES.

OKAY, LORNA, PLAY IT COOL-- IF IT'S TROUBLE, YOUR MAGNETIC POWERS CAN HANDLE IT.



DON'T BET ON THAT, MS. DANE.

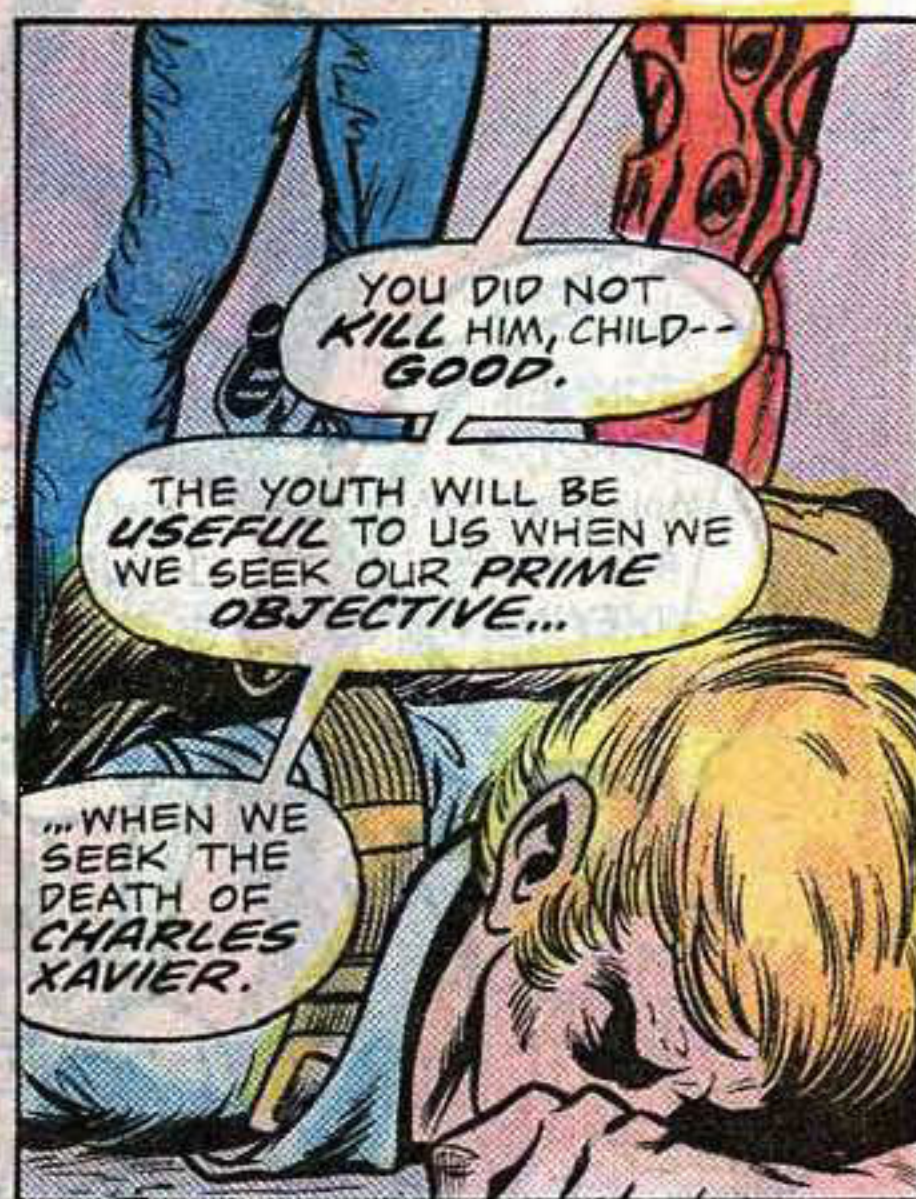
WHA-- YOU!!

BUT IT'S IMPOSSIBLE-- IT CAN'T BE--!!

AAARRGH!



DON'T BET ON THAT AT ALL!







YET, FOR ALL THEIR STYLE AND ALL THEIR SPEED, THE X-MEN MAY HAVE MOVED...

...TOO LATE...

MOVE THIS CRATE, REESE--THAT FREAK'S GOT A CLEAR SHOT AT US--AN' AT THIS RANGE--

--NO WAY IS HE GONNA MISS!!



NIGHTCRAWLER, LOOK --HAVOC IS ABOUT TO FIRE--!

NO, MY FRIEND--HE'LL NOT FIRE--

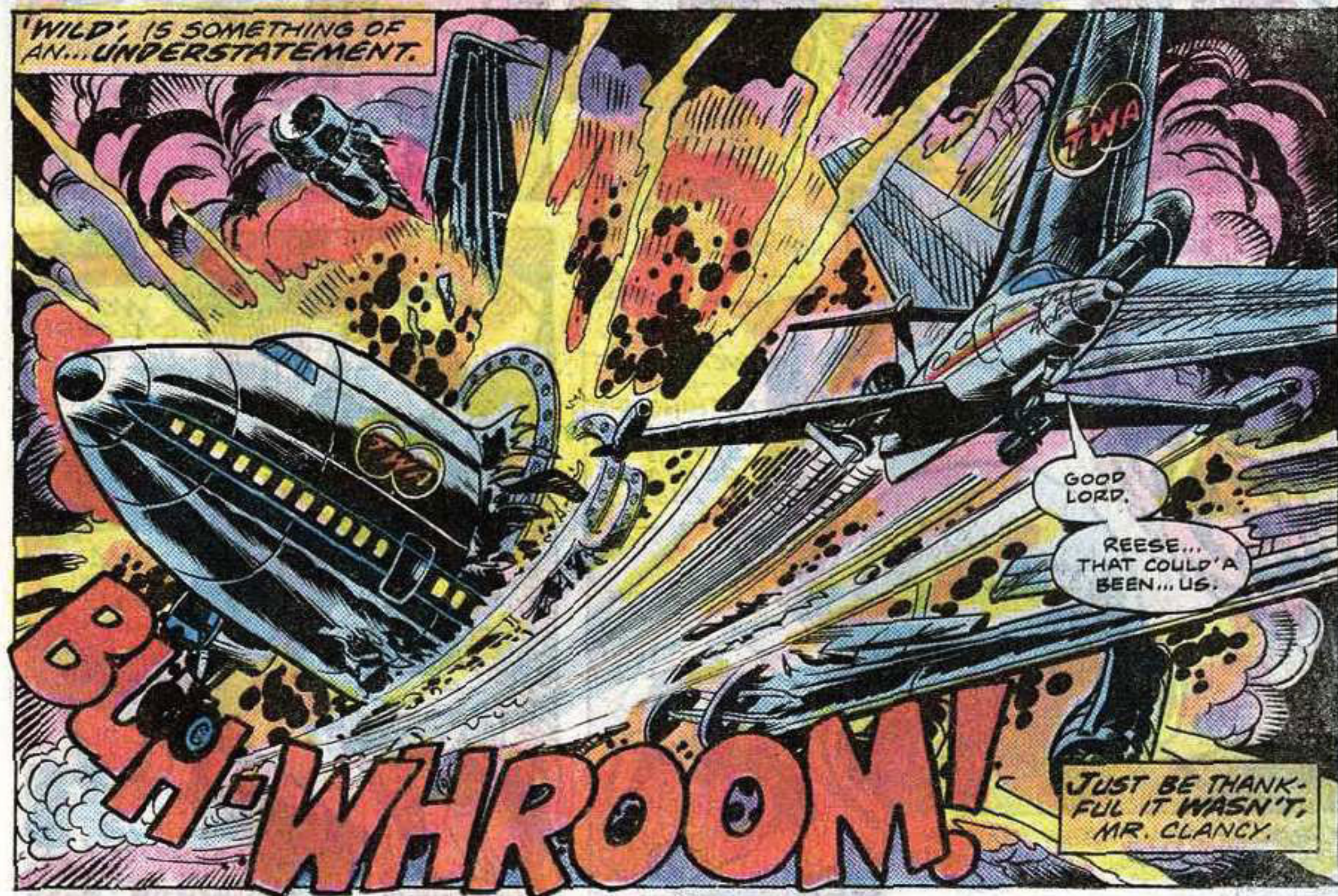


--NOT SO LONG AS NIGHTCRAWLER IS ALIVE TO STOP HIM!

WHOK!

YOU FOOL--YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'VE DONE--!

YOU'VE MADE MY POWER BLAST GO WILD!



'WILD' IS SOMETHING OF AN...UNDERSTATEMENT.

GOOD LORD.

REESE... THAT COULD'A BEEN... US.

JUST BE THANKFUL IT WASN'T, MR. CLANCY.



JUST AS THE X-MEN ARE THANKFUL THAT THE 747 WAS UNDERGOING ROUTINE MAINTENANCE...

...THAT IT WAS EMPTY OF PASSENGERS AND CREW...



ALEX SUMMERS, HAVE YOU COMPLETELY LOST YOUR MIND--?!

WHAT IN HEAVEN'S NAME D'YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING!?!?

SCOTT, I... I...



HE IS FOLLOWING ORDERS, CYCLOPS.

MY ORDERS.

AND WHO THE-- HUH!?!?

YOU?!?!?



YOU'RE ERIC THE RED!

BUT YOU CAN'T BE ERIC THE RED--

--I WAS ERIC THE RED!*

IT MATTERS NOT WHO I AM, MUTANT.

I AM POWER INCARNATE -- AND NOTHING THAT LIVES CAN STAND AGAINST ME!

* ANYONE REMEMBER CYKE'S EPIC PORTRAYAL FROM X-MEN #551 & 52? -- MARV.



MISTER, I DON'T KNOW WHAT THIS MASQUERADE IS ALL ABOUT, BUT IF YOU THINK YOU CAN BEAT THE X-MEN--

--YOU'VE GOT ANOTHER THINK COMING!

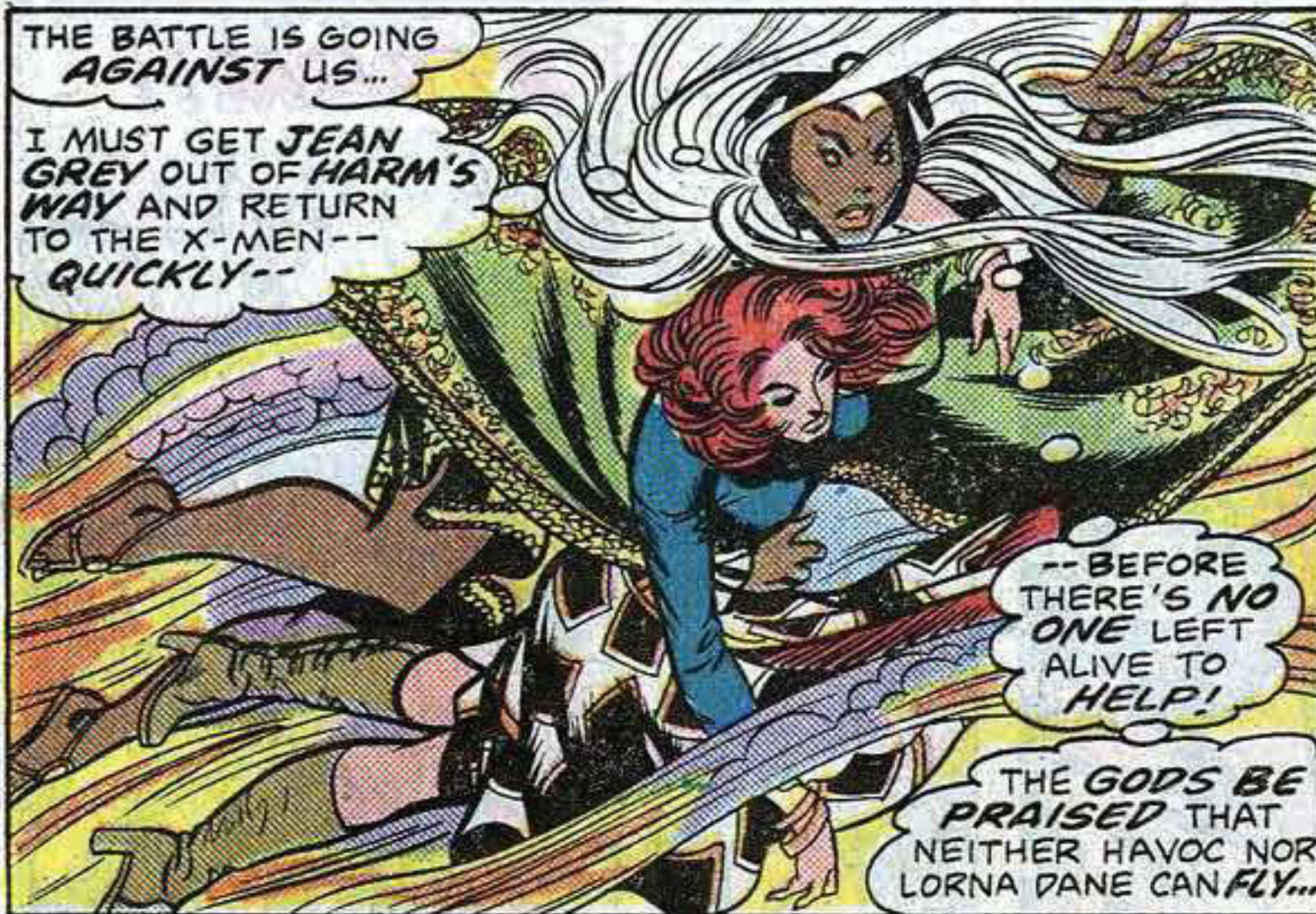
TAKE HIM!



NO, CYCLOPS, YOU WILL NOT TAKE ME.

ALL YOU WILL DO...

...IS DIE!



THE BATTLE IS GOING AGAINST US...

I MUST GET JEAN GREY OUT OF HARM'S WAY AND RETURN TO THE X-MEN-- QUICKLY--

-- BEFORE THERE'S NO ONE LEFT ALIVE TO HELP!

THE GODS BE PRAISED THAT NEITHER HAVOC NOR LORNA DANE CAN FLY...



SO, THE EBON WITCH THINKS HERSELF **SAFE** UP IN THE SKY.

TRUE, SHE MAY BE SAFE FROM LORNA DANE--



-- BUT NOT FROM POLARIS!!

YOU CANNOT ESCAPE ME, STORM!

MY MAGNETIC POWERS CAN NEGATE THE GRAVIMETRIC LINES OF FORCE AS EASILY FOR ME AS THEY DID FOR KRAKOA--!



IN OTHER WORDS, THE LADY CAN FLY!

SHAKOW!

AARRGH!!

AND BY THE TIME STORM REALIZES WHAT'S HAPPENED--IT'S TOO LATE.



FAR TOO LATE.



MY MIND... GROGGY FROM THE BLAST... CAN'T CONCENTRATE ENOUGH TO GET TO JEAN. AND THE GROUND'S SO CLOSE... TOO CLOSE...

BUT I MUST GET TO HER-- IF I DON'T, SHE'LL DIE--!



I'LL ONLY HAVE ONE CHANCE...

I'VE GOT TO MAKE IT--

--GOT TO--!



MADE IT!!



JEAN SHOULD BE SAFE ENOUGH HERE ON THIS ROOF-TOP...

...WHICH LEAVES ME FREE TO DEAL WITH POLARIS.



AND DEAL WITH HER I SHALL.

ONLY THIS TIME, SHE'LL NOT BE FACING DRORO--



--THIS TIME SHE FACES **STORM!!**

SO IT GOES--ONE BATTLE BEGINS ANEW, ANOTHER PAUSES FOR BREATH.



LET US GO, SCOTT. PLEASE-- BEFORE SOMETHING HAPPENS WE'LL ALL REGRET...

NO WAY, ALEX-- NOT 'TIL I GET SOME ANSWERS, NOT 'TIL I FIND OUT WHY.



YOU TURNED ON US, BROTHER--YOU TRIED TO KILL US-- WHY!?

BE-CAUSE I... HAD TO...

IT WAS ERIC...HE... MY MIND...



SCOTT, HE DID SOMETHING TO MY MIND--!

FIGHT IT, ALEX--!

BREAK FREE-- YOU CAN DO IT!



I'M... TRYING, SCOTT... BUT I... I...

I CAN'T!!



IT'S NO GOOD-- ALEX CAN'T BREAK FREE OF ERIC'S CONTROL...

... GOT TO HIT HIM HARD, KEEP HIM OFF-BALANCE...

I DON'T WANT TO HURT HIM, BUT IF HE CUTS LOOSE AT ME FULL STRENGTH, I'VE HAD IT!

RRRAK!!

THE PROBLEM, CYCLOPS, IS THAT HAVOC HAS NO SUCH QUALMS ABOUT HURTING YOU.



MY GOD-- THAT WALL-- IT'S FALLING RIGHT FOR ME--!



SCOTT!

I'M SORRY-- I DIDN'T MEAN TO-- I DIDN'T WANT TO...

DEAR LORD IN HEAVEN, IF I'VE KILLED HIM--!



THANK GOD-- HE'S ALIVE--!

HOLD ON, SCOTTY-- I'LL GET YOU OUT OF HERE...

JUST TAKE IT EASY-- YOU'RE GONNA BE ALL RIGHT...



I'M ALL RIGHT NOW, LITTLE BROTHER!

I HATE TO DO THIS, ALEX-- BUT, AS THE SAYING GOES, IT'S FOR YOUR OWN GOOD.



ONE FIGHT WINDS DOWN -- ANOTHER SHIFTS INTO HIGH GEAR.

MUTANT VERMIN-- YOU CAN NOT HOPE TO DEFEAT ME!



PERHAPS NOT-- BUT YOU'LL FORGIVE US IF WE TRY.

YOU'LL TRY NOTHING, ELF!



NOT WHEN YOU'RE SMASHED TO A PULP AGAINST THE STEEL BODY OF YOUR FRIEND!

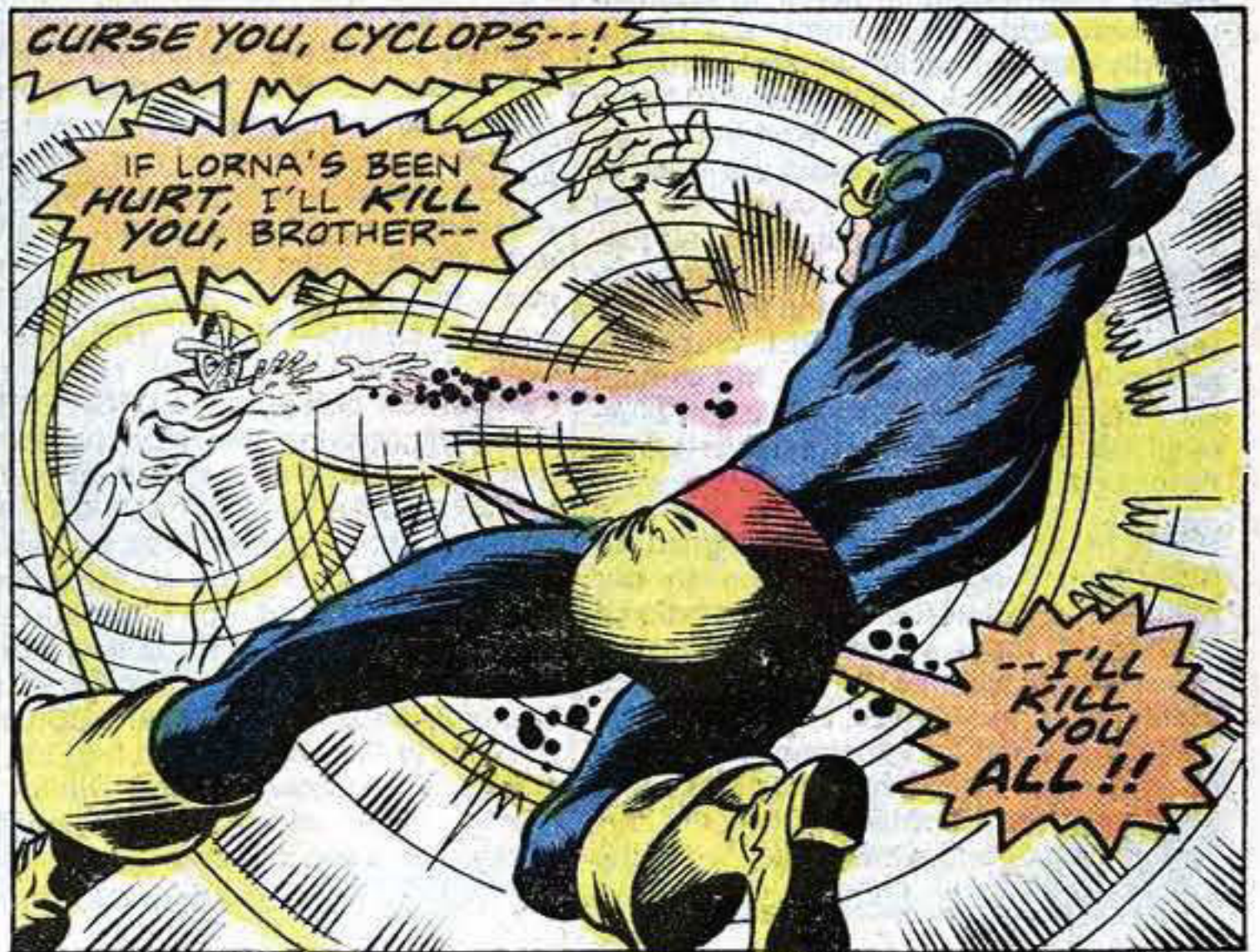


FOR A MOMENT, ALL SEEMS LOST...

THEN, IN THE INSTANT BEFORE IMPACT, THERE IS A CRACK OF FLAME, AND THE GUSTING STENCH OF BRIMSTONE...







THERE IS FEAR IN ALEX SUMMERS, A FEAR-- AND A NEED-- THAT CLAWS DEEP INTO HIS HEART AND GOADS HIM TO STRIKE OUT AGAINST HIS BROTHER AND HIS FRIENDS...



AND IN A FEW MINUTES, HE MIGHT GET A CHANCE TO DO JUST THAT.



HAVOC, POLARIS--! TO ME, MY CHILDREN-- QUICKLY!



--AND ERIC THE RED IS ANYTHING BUT A FOOL!



DO WHAT, CYCLOPS? KILL YOUR OWN BROTHER--?



THAT CUTS IT, BUB--
THOSE CLOWNS TRY
TO STOMP US AN'
YOU JUST STAND
THERE AN' WATCH 'EM
FLY AWAY...

WHAT'S A
MATTER,
HOTSHOT--
YOU GUT-
LESS OR
SOMETHIN'...?

WOLVERINE...



SHUT
UP!!
KRAK!!



WHY YOU ONE-
EYED SONUVA--!
I'M
GONNA CUT
YOU WIDE
OPEN FOR
THAT!!



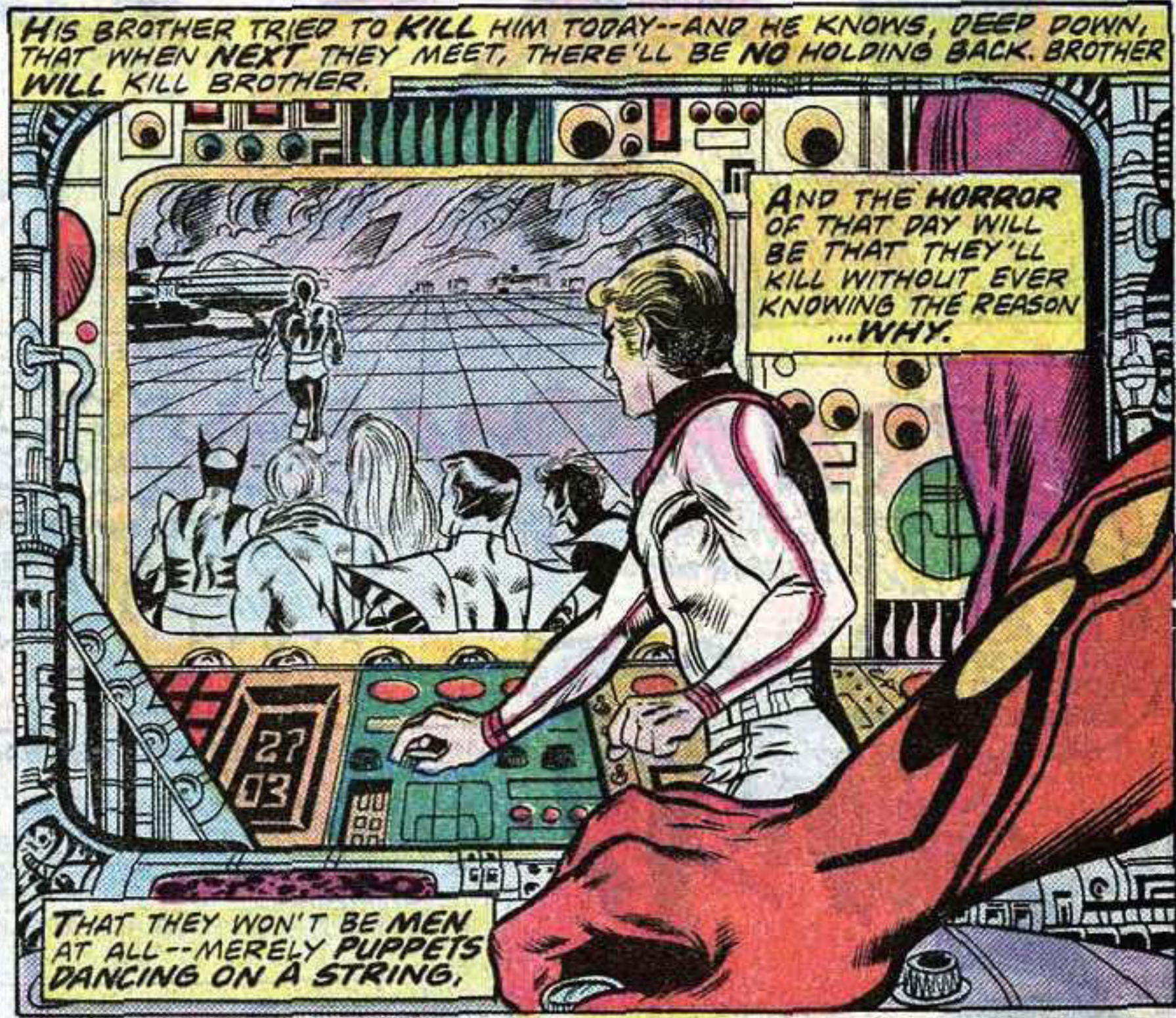
NO!
HUH?!

YOU WILL DO
NOTHING,
WOLVERINE--NOT
NOW, NOT EVER...



...OR
YOU WILL
ANSWER
TO ME.

HE WALKS ALONE NOW--
HIS MIND TORN BY
QUESTIONS HE CAN'T
ANSWER, FEELINGS
HE CAN'T EXPLAIN...



HIS BROTHER TRIED TO KILL HIM TODAY--AND HE KNOWS, DEEP DOWN,
THAT WHEN NEXT THEY MEET, THERE'LL BE NO HOLDING BACK. BROTHER
WILL KILL BROTHER.

AND THE HORROR
OF THAT DAY WILL
BE THAT THEY'LL
KILL WITHOUT EVER
KNOWING THE REASON
...WHY.

THAT THEY WON'T BE MEN
AT ALL--MERELY PUPPETS
DANCING ON A STRING.

NEXT ISSUE: THE SENTINELS RETURN!
'NUFF SAID.