

X-MEN

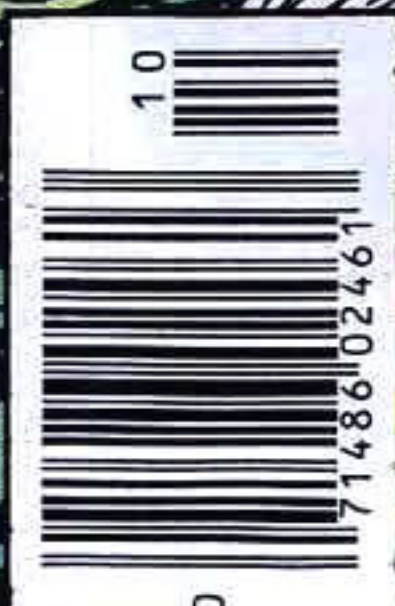
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THE ALL-NEW, ALL-DIFFERENT

X-MEN



IN THE MUTANT HEROES' HOUR OF MAXIMUM PERIL...

ENTER: THE PHOENIX!

Cockrum

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!

CHRIS CLAREMONT, AUTHOR DAVE COCKRUM, ARTIST FRANK CHIARAMONTE, INKER J. COSTANZA, letterer B. WILFORD, colorist ARCHIE GOODWIN, EDITOR

PROLOGUE:

WELCOME TO THE LAST MOMENTS
OF A YOUNG WOMAN'S LIFE.

HER NAME IS
JEAN GREY.

FOR TWENTY MINUTES NOW,
WHILE HER FELLOW X-MEN SIT
HELPLESSLY IN THE SHIP'S
RADIATION-PROOF LIFE-CELL,
SHE HAS BEEN PILOTING THE
STARCORE SPACE SHUTTLE
TOWARDS EARTH THRU THE
WORST **SOLAR STORM** IN
LIVING MEMORY.

IT WAS AN **ALL OR NOTHING** GAMBLE-- THAT HER
TELEPATHIC POWERS WOULD **PROTECT** HER FROM THE
COSMIC RADIATION LONG ENOUGH FOR HER TO FLY THE
SHUTTLE INTO THE SAFETY OF **EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE***
--AND FOR HER **FRIENDS**, IT MAY HAVE **PAID OFF**.

BUT FOR
JEAN
GREY..?

* THE GRIM
DETAILS CAN BE
FOUND IN LAST
ISSUE--ARCHIE.

THE BLIP DROPPED ONTO THE DEEP PARK RADAR FROM OUT OF NOWHERE, TWO HUNDRED MILES DOWN RANGE AND HEADING FOR KENNEDY AIRPORT AT BETTER THAN FIFTEEN HUNDRED KNOTS...

AN ALERT AIR TRAFFIC CONTROLLER SLAPPED HIS PANIC BUTTON, IMMEDIATELY CLEARING ALL TRAFFIC FROM THE UNKNOWN'S FLIGHT PATH...

THERE WAS NO TIME TO GET READY-- ONE MINUTE THE BOGIE WAS ON THE OUTER EDGE OF THE RADAR PLOT, THE NEXT, IT WAS SCREAMING LOW OVER LONG BEACH AND CEDARHURST...

...IN A DESPERATE ATTEMPT TO LAND BEFORE COMING APART IN MIDAIR.

...WHILE HE TRIED IN VAIN TO CONTACT IT.



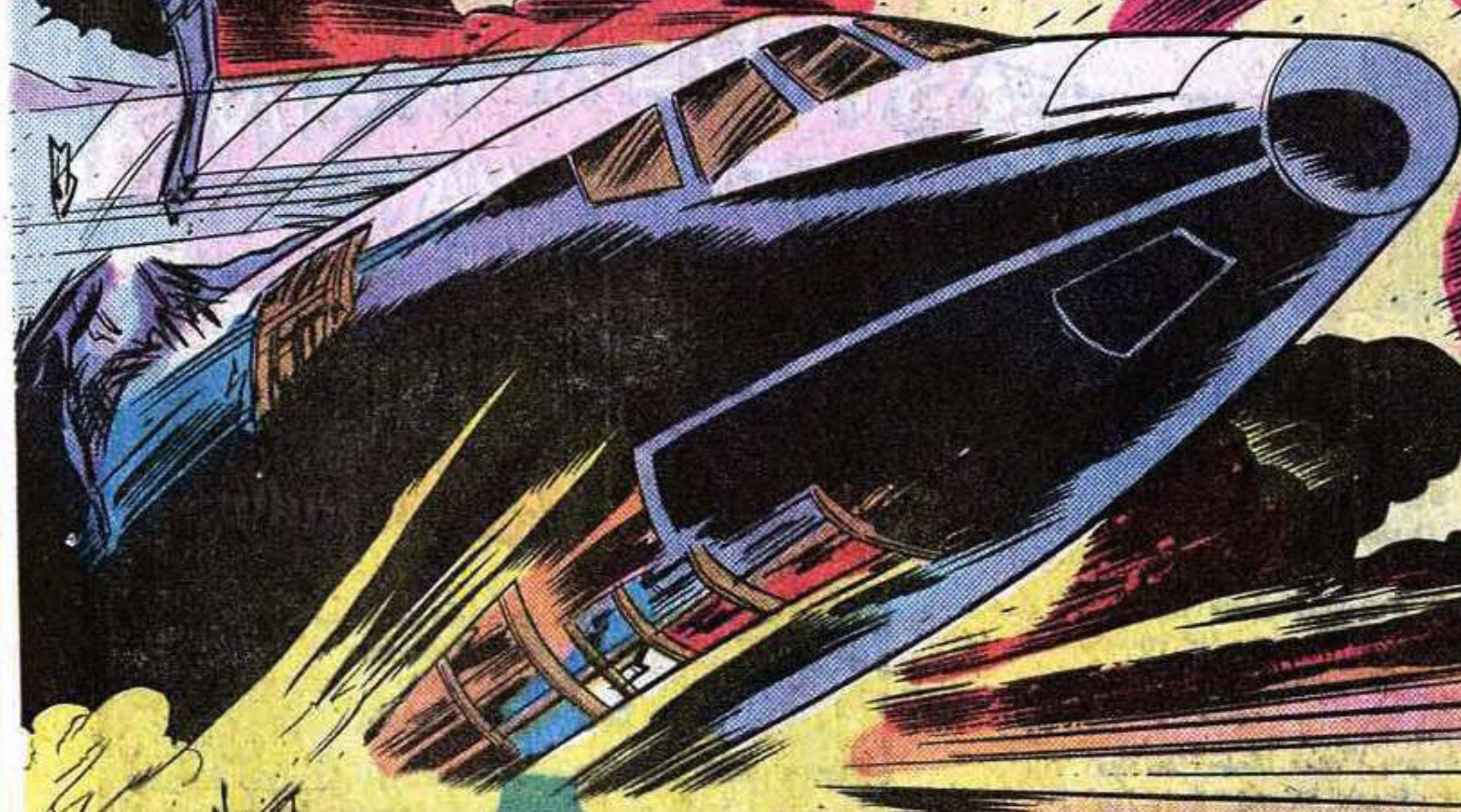
LIKE A PHOENIX,

NOT THAT IT MADE MUCH DIFFERENCE IN THE END.

THE X-MEN HADN'T EXPECTED TO MAKE IT THIS FAR. WHEN THE SOLAR STORM HIT AND THE RADIATION SENSORS WENT OFF THEIR SCALES, ALL OF THEM KNEW THAT JEAN GREY WAS AS GOOD AS DEAD-- AND SO WERE THEY...

...BUT THEN, THEY WERE IN THE ATMOSPHERE, THE SHIP OBVIOUSLY UNDER HUMAN CONTROL. THEY BEGAN TO THINK THEY MIGHT HAVE A CHANCE AFTER ALL.

UNTIL THE LANDING...



FROM THE ASHES!

IT'S OVER QUICKLY NOW, THE SHUTTLE SCATTERING WRECKAGE AND BURNING FUEL ACROSS THE HEART OF KENNEDY'S RUNWAY COMPLEX AS IT SLAMS THROUGH THE LAST CRASH BARRIER...



SBANG!

...AND ARCS OUT OVER JAMAICA BAY.

TO LAND ONCE...

...TWICE...

...THRICE...

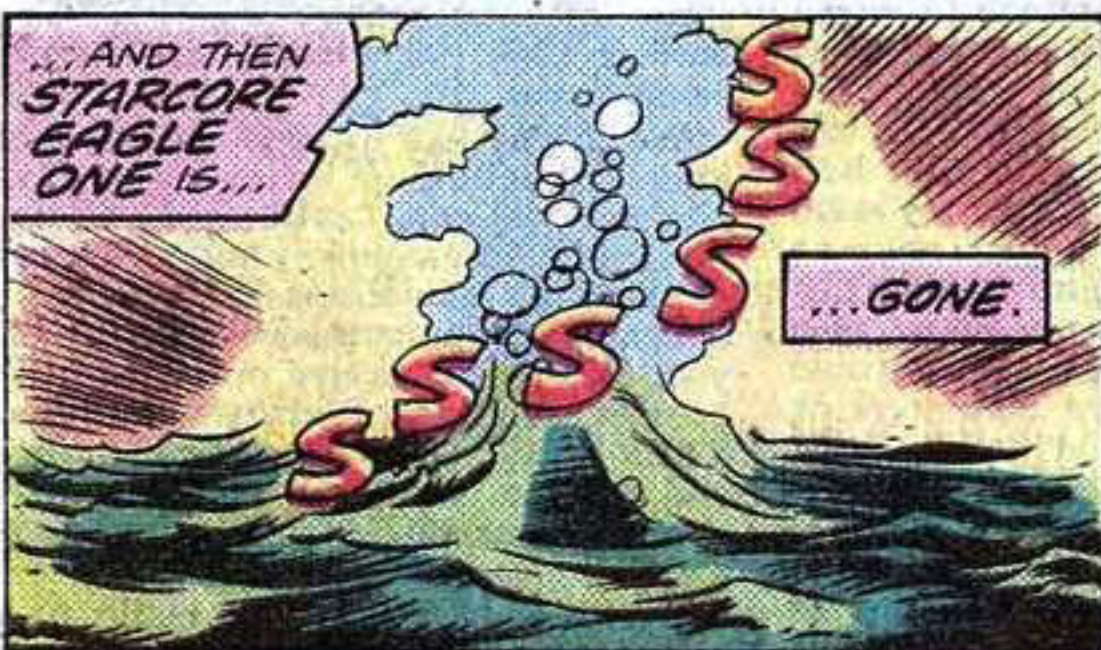


THOD!

FTHOD!

FTHLOOM!

...AND THEN STARCORE EAGLE ONE IS...



...GONE.

WITH ONLY A SPREADING OIL SLICK TO MARK ITS PASSING...



HERE, PERHAPS, OUR STORY SHOULD END...

...EXCEPT FOR THE FACT THAT X-MEN HAVE ALWAYS BEEN NOTORIOUSLY HARD TO KILL...



MADE IT!!

CYCLOPS! I WAS THE LAST ONE OUT!



THEN WE ARE ALL **SAFE**.

ALL EXCEPT THE LADY WHO GOT US DOWN.

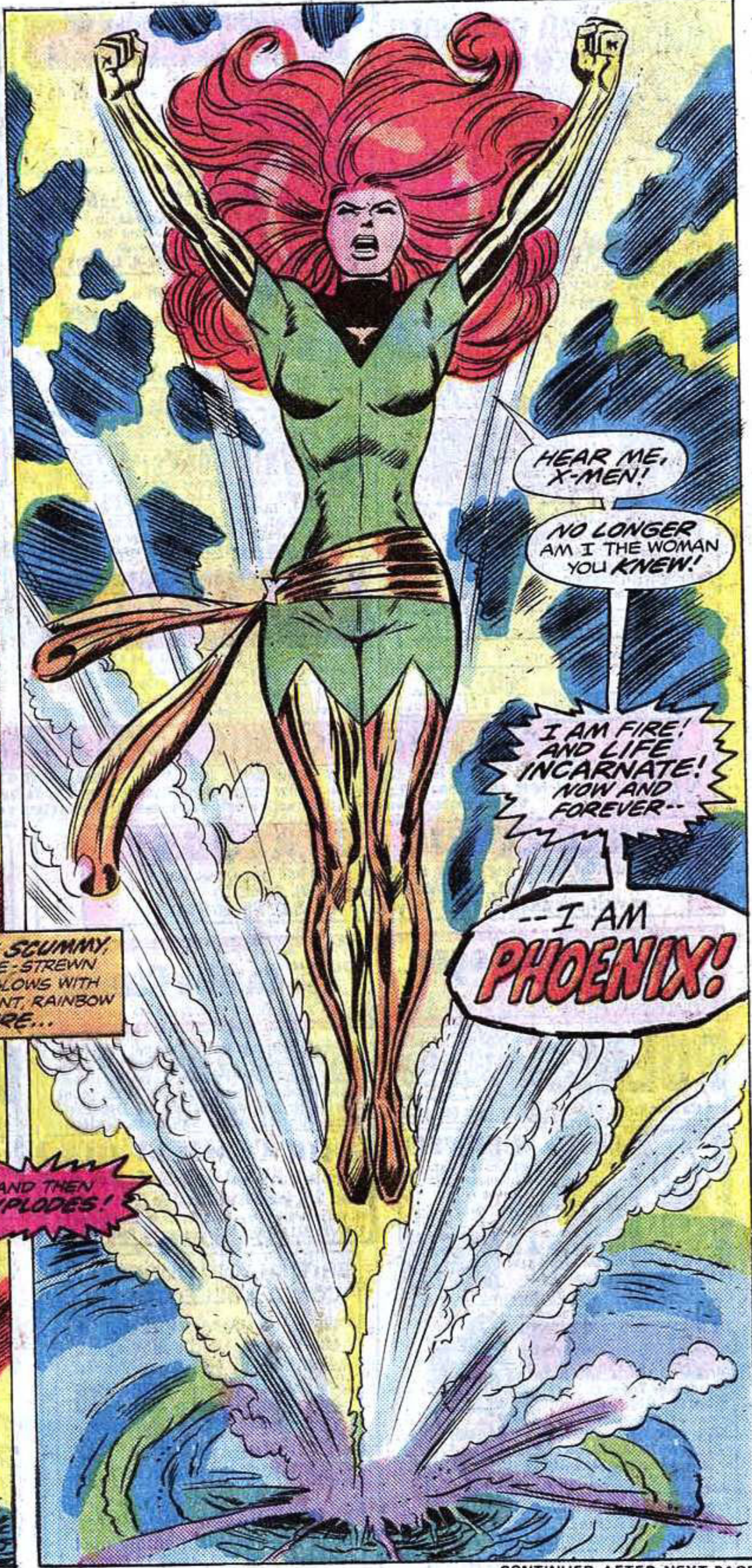
AND I'M GOING BACK FOR HER **RIGHT NOW!**

CYCLOPS, ARE YOU **MAD?!!**



YOU CANNOT **SAVE** JEAN NOW! THE **RADIATION--! THE CRASH--!!**

YOU STOPPED ME **ONCE BEFORE**, NIGHTCRAWLER! GET IN MY WAY **THIS TIME** AND I'LL **KILL YOU!**





I--
I...

MY MIND--
BURNING--
SO MANY MEM-
ORIES... SENS-
ATIONS-- PAIN!
INSIDE... TEAR-
ING ME APART!

WHAT'S... HAPPENING
TO ME? WHAT
HAVE I **DONE**?!



SCOTT!!

JEAN!



TAKE IT **EASY**, HON!
I'VE GOT YOU.

YOU'RE **SAFE** NOW, JEAN.
THE FLIGHT'S **OVER**, WE'RE
ALL BACK ON **EARTH**
AND YOU'RE GOING TO BE
ALL RIGHT.

BUT SHE'S LYING
SO **STILL**... BARELY
BREATHING... ALMOST
NO PULSE!

STOP
THINKING
LIKE THAT, MISTER.
SHE'LL **PULL**
THROUGH. SHE'S
GOT TO!

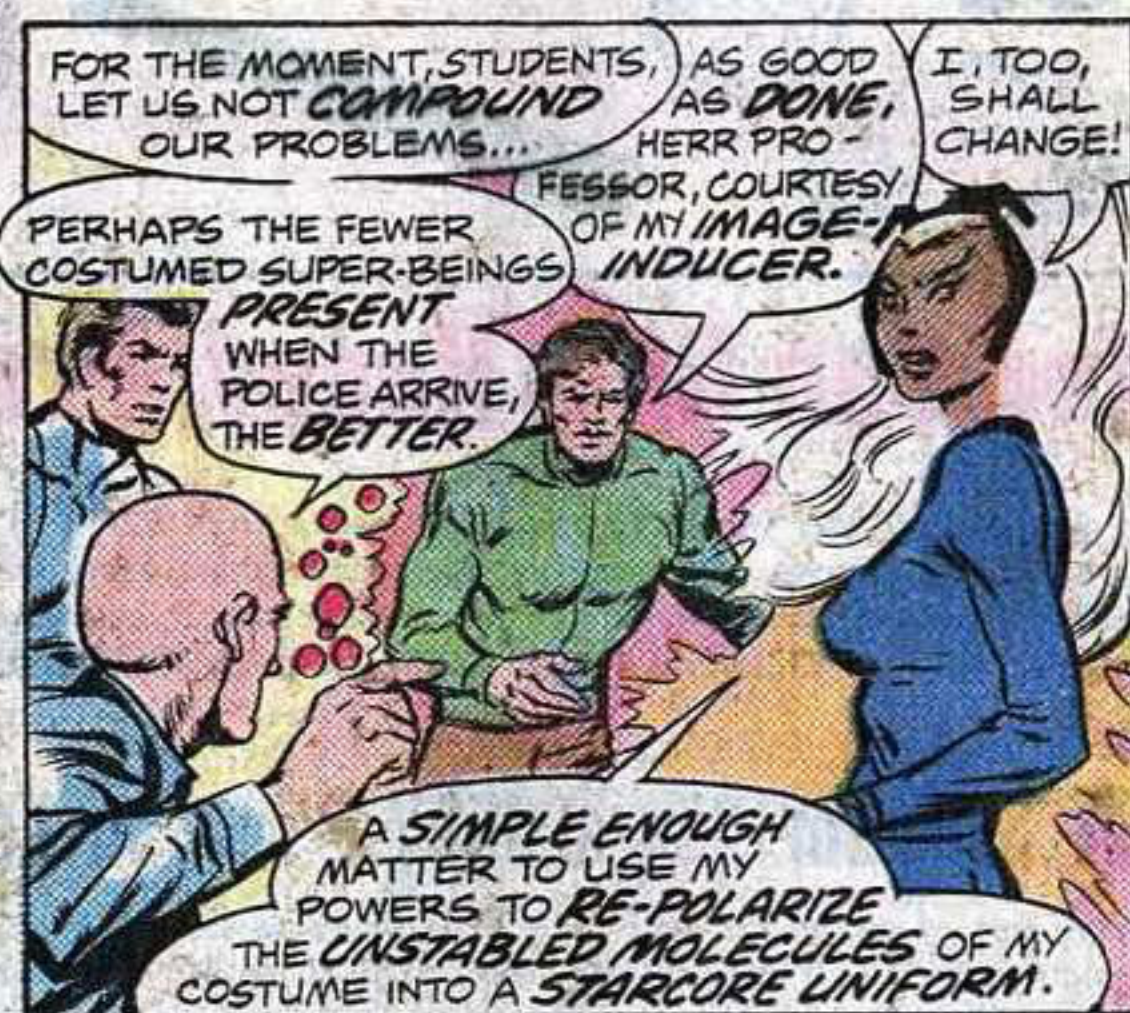


CYCLOPS,
HER
COSTUME--?

I KNOW, COLOSSUS.
THERE ARE MORE
QUESTIONS HERE THAN
WE CAN **HANDLE** RIGHT
NOW-- JEAN'S CREATING A
COSTUME OUT OF NOTHING,
USING **POWERS** SHE
NEVER HAD
BEFORE...

...THE VERY
FACT THAT
SHE'S **STILL**
ALIVE,
BUT SHE **IS**
STILL ALIVE.

I'LL SETTLE
FOR **THAT**.



FOR THE MOMENT, STUDENTS,
LET US NOT **COMPOUND**
OUR PROBLEMS...

AS GOOD
AS **DONE**,
HERR PRO-

I, TOO,
SHALL
CHANGE!

PERHAPS THE FEWER
COSTUMED SUPER-BEINGS
PRESENT
WHEN THE
POLICE ARRIVE,
THE **BETTER**.

FESSOR, COURTESY
OF MY **IMAGE-**
INDUCER.

A SIMPLE ENOUGH
MATTER TO USE MY
POWERS TO **RE-POLARIZE**
THE **UNSTABLE** MOLECULES OF MY
COSTUME INTO A **STARCORE** UNIFORM.



OR ANY CLOTHES
YOU **WISH**.

THAT'S A **NEAT** TRICK, STORM--
BUT I'M AFRAID **DISGUISES**
AREN'T GOING TO **HELP** US MUCH.

AFTER ALL, ISN'T THIS THE
SECOND TIME THE X-MEN
HAVE MADE A MESS OF
KENNEDY AIRPORT?*

UNFORTUNATELY,
DR. CORBEAU, IT **IS**.

DO YOU THINK IT WOULD
DO ANY **GOOD** IF WE SAID
WE WERE **SORRY**?

*THE FIRST WAS IN X-MEN #97. -- A.G.

NIGHTCRAWLER'S QUESTION GOES UNANSWERED AS THE CROWDS AND CONFUSION GROW, NO ONE NOTICES AS THE EIGHT MUTANTS SLIP AWAY FROM THE CRASH SITE.

THANKS TO PROFESSOR XAVIER'S SUBTLY-USED MENTAL POWERS.

NO ONE REMEMBERS THEM BEING THERE.



LEAVING PETER CORBEAU THE SHUTTLE'S "SOLE SURVIVOR" AND THE X-MEN FREE TO LIVE THEIR OWN LIVES ONCE MORE.

WITNESS THE MUTANT KNOWN ONLY AS WOLVERINE.

YOU BUYIN' 'EM FOR A SICK FRIEND?

FLOWERS ARE A DOLLAR A BUNCH, LIKE THE SIGN SAYS.



THAT ANY O' YOUR BUSINESS, BUB?

HERE'S YOUR BUCK. I'LL TAKE THE FLOWERS.

MAN, YOU GOTTA BE CRAZY, YOU KNOW THAT?

MEDICA

WHAT'S JEAN GREY TO YOU ANYWAY?

ACTIN' LIKE A SCHOOL-KID STILL WET BEHIND THE EARS-- AN' FOR SOME BROAD!



SOMEONE I LIKE, AN' WANT.

AN' WHAT WOLVERINE WANTS-- HE GETS.

NOT THIS TIME, BUB.

AIN'T NEVER FELT LIKE THIS BEFORE, THOUGH, ALL HOT-AN'-BOTHERED OVER A FRAIL.

AIN'T NEVER CARED ABOUT ANYBODY. I ALWAYS LIKED BEIN' A LONER.

WHAT THE HEY, I'LL SURPRISE HER WITH THESE FLOWERS, MAYBE GET TO TALKIN'...



WHAT THE--?!

WE TOLD YOU SO, WOLVERINE.

BECAUSE YOU REALLY SHOULD HAVE EXPECTED THAT JEAN'S FRIENDS WOULD STAY AS CLOSE TO HER AS POSSIBLE UNTIL THEY KNEW HER FATE.

ONE WAY OR THE OTHER.



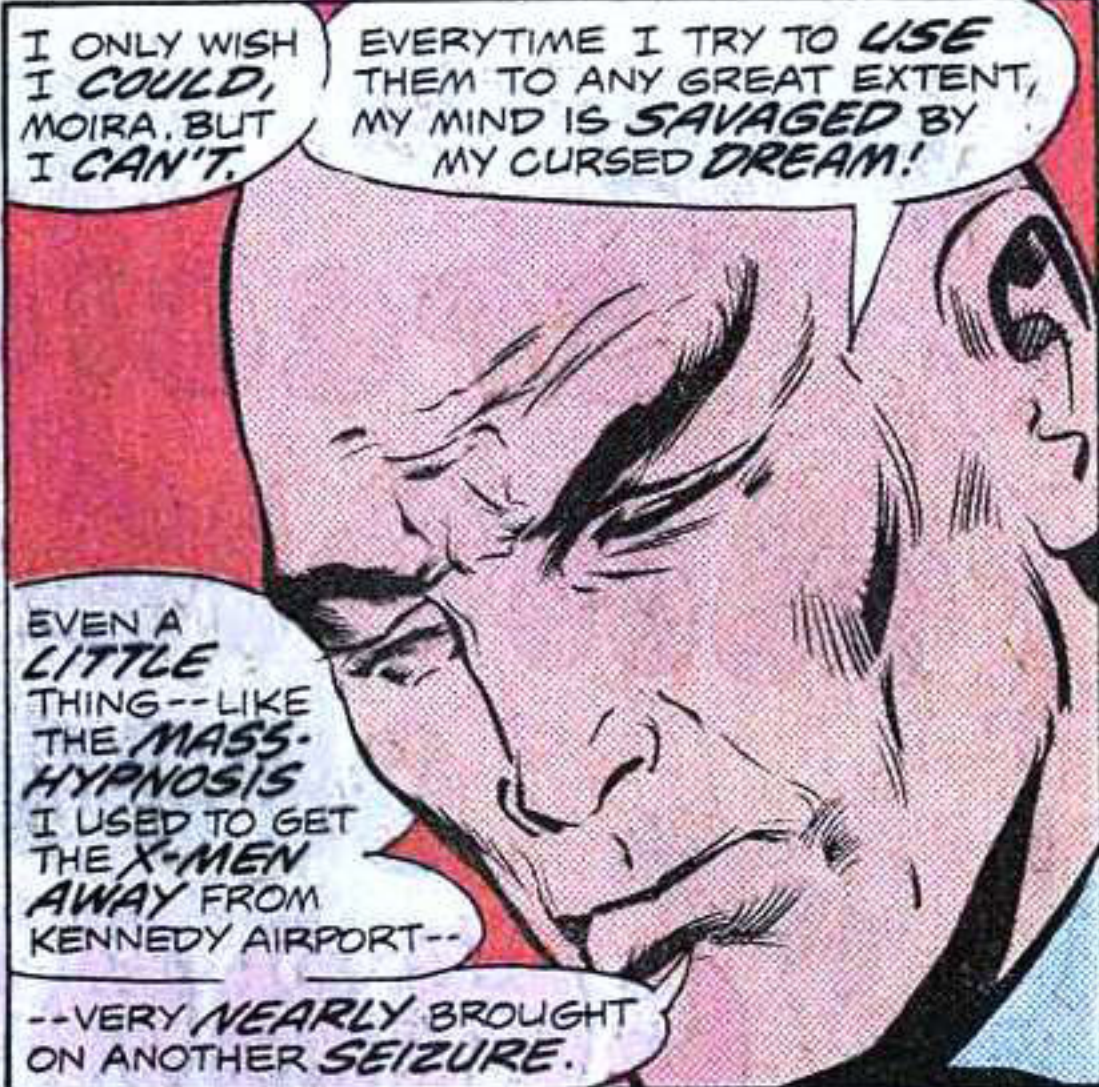
BUT THEN AGAIN, MAYBE YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE. AFTER ALL, YOU'VE NEVER HAD ANY FRIENDS.



LIFE AND DEATH, IT'S ALL THE SAME TO YOU. AS MEANINGLESS--AS CASUALLY DISPOSED OF--AS A BUNCH OF FLOWERS.

THE DOCTORS HAE BEEN WI' JEAN SUCH A LONG TIME, CHARLES. ARE YOU SURE THERE'S NOTHING YOU CAN DO?

P'RAPS USING YOUR TELEPATHIC POWERS...?



I ONLY WISH I COULD, MOIRA, BUT I CAN'T.

EVERYTIME I TRY TO USE THEM TO ANY GREAT EXTENT, MY MIND IS SAVAGED BY MY CURSED DREAM!

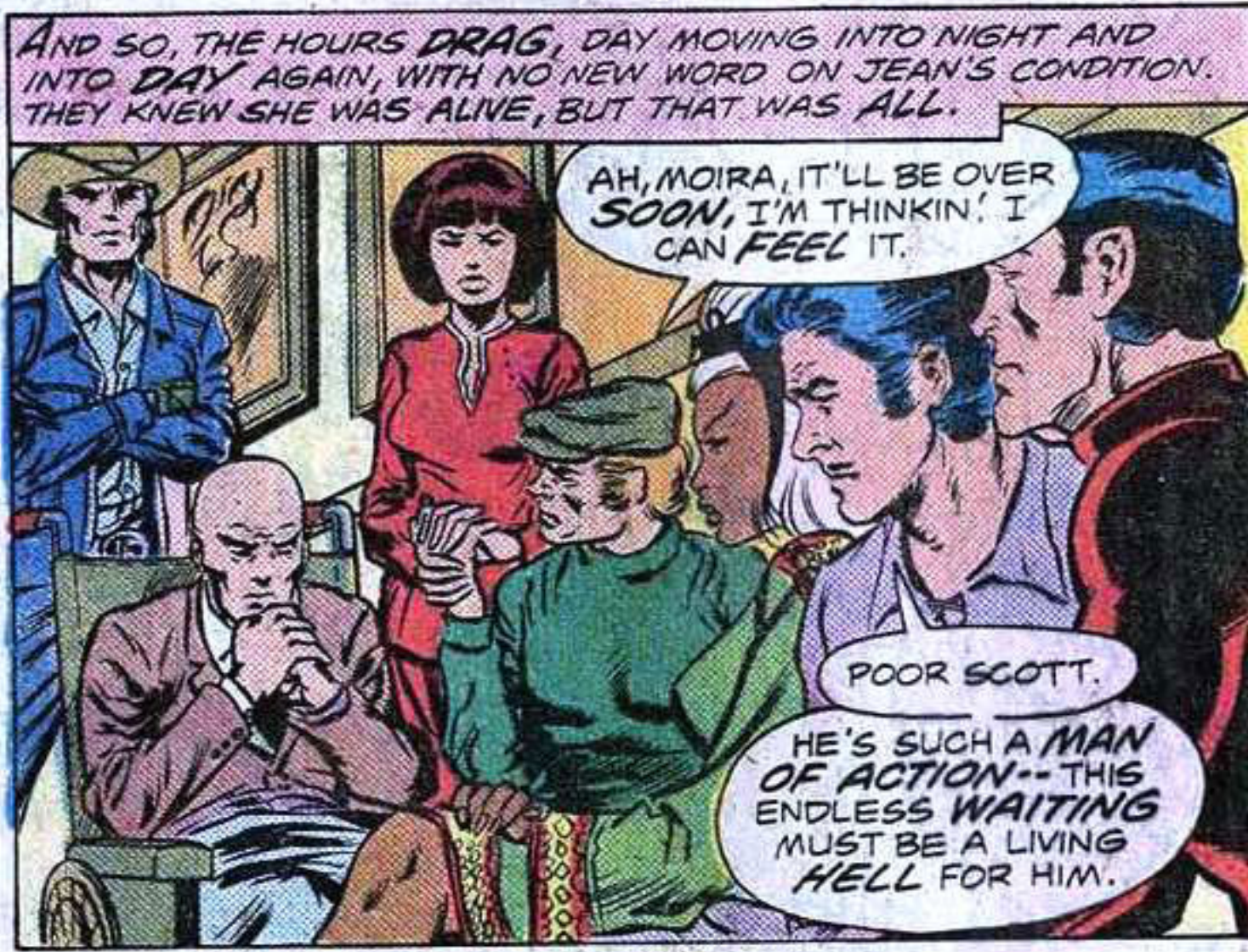
EVEN A LITTLE THING--LIKE THE MASS-HYPNOSIS I USED TO GET THE X-MEN AWAY FROM KENNEDY AIRPORT--

--VERY NEARLY BROUGHT ON ANOTHER SEIZURE.



NO, MOIRA. I CANNOT HELP THIS GIRL I ONCE THOUGHT I LOVED AS MUCH AS YOU.

I CANNOT EVEN HELP MYSELF.



AND SO, THE HOURS DRAG, DAY MOVING INTO NIGHT AND INTO DAY AGAIN, WITH NO NEW WORD ON JEAN'S CONDITION. THEY KNEW SHE WAS ALIVE, BUT THAT WAS ALL.

AH, MOIRA, IT'LL BE OVER SOON, I'M THINKIN'. I CAN FEEL IT.

POOR SCOTT.

HE'S SUCH A MAN OF ACTION--THIS ENDLESS WAITING MUST BE A LIVING HELL FOR HIM.



IF YOU ONLY KNEW, KURT WAGNER...

ALL THOSE WASTED YEARS...WHEN I LOVED JEAN AND SHE LOVED ME AND NEITHER OF US HAD THE SENSE TO TELL THE OTHER...

AND NOW, IF SHE DIES, IT'LL HAVE ALL BEEN FOR NOTHING.

I MEAN, WHAT DO YOU DO WHEN THE LIGHT GOES OUT OF YOUR LIFE?



WHEN JEAN MOVED DOWN TO THE CITY TO BUILD A LIFE FOR HERSELF OUTSIDE THE X-MEN, I LET HER GO...

...BECAUSE I THOUGHT... THAT THE X-MEN WERE WHAT GAVE MY LIFE MEANING.

BUT THEY'RE NOT. IT'S... JEAN...

IT'S ALWAYS BEEN JEAN, ONLY I NEVER REALIZED IT, 'TIL NOW...



IT'S NOT LIKE YOU TO ARGUE WITH REALITY, CORBEAU--OR TO DENY THE EVIDENCE OF YOUR OWN EYES.

HUH?!?

...WHEN I'M ABOUT TO LOSE HER FOREVER.

FACE IT, MY FRIEND, AS **SHERLOCK HOLMES** OFTEN SAID: "ONCE YOU'VE **ELIMINATED** THE IMPOSSIBLE, **WHAT-EVER REMAINS**-- HOWEVER IMPROBABLE-- MUST BE THE **TRUTH**."



DR. CORBEAU--
DR. MCKAY--!

HOW...
IS
SHE?!

IT'S GOING TO BE **TOUGH-AND-GO** FOR AWHILE, MR. SUMMERS, BUT WITH **REST**, PROPER CARE, **FRIENDS** TO LOOK AFTER HER--

--DR. CORBEAU AND I
THINK MISS GREY IS
GOING TO BE **JUST FINE**.



WHAT HAPPENS **NEXT** IS
QUITE UNDERSTANDABLE,
GIVEN THE CIRCUMSTANCES.
PUT SIMPLY, THE **X-MEN**
GO **WILD**!



RATHER, MOST OF THEM GO WILD... ONE GOES OFF BY HIMSELF...

I SAW **SCOTT**
SLIP AWAY WHEN WE ALL
STARTED **CHEERING**...

THE **GOOD NEWS**
ROOKED HIM
PRETTY HARD--
WHICH ISN'T
SURPRISING
THE WAY THE
STRAIN OF THE
LAST FEW DAYS
HAS BEEN
EATING
AT HIM.



I HOPE
HE'S--OH!

I UNDER-
STAND, MY
FRIEND.

THERE ARE
TIMES WHEN
EVERYONE
NEEDS TO BE
LEFT ALONE.



JEAN.

YOU'RE GOING
TO BE **ALL**
RIGHT!

OH, **JEAN**--
THANK GOD.

THANK...
GOD.





NOBODY ECHOES XAVIER'S SENTIMENT-- NOT IN THE HOSPITAL, AND NOT AT THE X-MEN'S WESTCHESTER MANSION HEAD-QUARTERS, WHERE THEY DISCOVER THAT ALL HAVE AMERICAN IDENTITIES AND AMERICAN PASSPORTS, AUTHENTIC, AND-- SO THE PROFESSOR TELLS THEM-- QUITE IN ORDER.

BUT THEIR MOOD BEGINS TO CHANGE ONCE THEY'VE FLOWN INTO DUBLIN, TO SPEND A WEEK SIGHT-SEEING AND WINDING DOWN IN IRELAND'S CAPITAL BEFORE HEADING WEST TOWARDS COUNTY MAYO.

INDEED, BY THE TIME THEY DETRAIN IN BALINA AND SWITCH TO A HIRED CAR FOR THE LAST LEG OF THEIR JOURNEY...

... SOME OF THE X-MEN ARE ACTUALLY BEGINNING TO ENJOY THEMSELVES.

SOME OF THEM, HOWEVER, ARE MERELY GETTING ... SORE.

HEY, IRISH! WHAT'S WITH THE BUMPS?!

DIDN'T YOU EVER LEARN TO DRIVE, F'R CRYIN' OUT LOUD!?!

NOW DON'T BE GETTIN' YERSELF INTO AN UPROAR, MIDGET. THAT'S HOW WE BUILD OUR ROADS OUT HERE, WITH CHARACTER.

IF SO, THEN YOU SHOULD BUILD YOUR AUTOMOBILES TO MATCH. SAY, WITH SPRINGS AND SOFTER SEATS?

I WOULD HAVE DONE BETTER TO FLY.

AYE, IT'S A BEAUTIFUL DAY FER IT--

--BUT CHARLES DID TELL US NOT TO DRAW ATTENTION TO OURSELVES REMEMBER?

THE PROFESSOR IS NOT RIDING IN THIS FOUR-WHEELED TORTURE CHAMBER, COMRADE SEAN.

IS THAT A JOKE, YE'RE CRACKIN', PETER RASPUTIN? WILL WONDERS NEVER CEASE?

YER TORMENT'S ALMOST OVER, THOUGH-- BECAUSE, MY FRIENDS--

--WE HAVE ARRIVED.

CASSIDY KEEP--
FIRST BUILT BY LIAM
CASSIDY OVER A THOU-
SAND YEARS AGO TO
DEFEND THIS STRETCH
OF COASTLINE FROM
VIKING RAIDERS...

...REBUILT A SCORE OF TIMES OVER THE
CENTURIES AS IT STOOD AGAINST EVERY
INVADER WHO TRIED TO CONQUER IT--EVER
PROUD, EVER DEFIANT--ITS TALL, FORBIDDING
WALLS STAINED WITH THE BLOOD OF A
HUNDRED SIEGES.

BUT IN ALL THE CASTLE'S
GLORIOUS HISTORY,
THOSE WALLS HAD
NEVER FALLEN TO
FORCE OF ARMS.

UNGLAUBLICH!

BANSHEE, THIS IS
INCREDIBLE!
AND YOU SAY YOU
GREW UP HERE?

THAT I DID,
KURT WAGNER.

IT MUST HAVE BEEN
MARVELOUS.

AH, WELL, I
SUPPOSE IT'S
TIME FOR ME
TO SWITCH TO MY
HUMAN GUISE.

OH, I DUNNO, BUB.
PLACE LIKE THIS, I FIGGER
YOU'LL FIT RIGHT IN THE
WAY YOU ARE.

AS WE SAID, CASSIDY KEEP HAS NEVER FALLEN TO FORCE OF ARMS...

...BUT TREACHERY-- NOW THAT'S SOMETHING ELSE AGAIN.

HOW DO WE GET IN?

SIMPLE. I RING THE DOOR BELL...

SO, COUSIN, YOU'VE COME AFTER ALL, AND BROUGHT FRIENDS WITH YOU, IT SEEMS.

FIVE FLIES, WINGING THEIR WAYS INTO BLACK TOM'S WEB-- NEVER TO ESCAPE ALIVE.

...AN' WE WAIT FOR MR. O'DONNELL T' LOWER THE DRAWBRIDGE.

YOU HAVE YOUR ORDERS, EAMON O'DONNELL. ESCORT THEM IN, MAKE THEM COMFORTABLE...

...BUT GIVE THEM NO INKLING THAT ANYTHING'S AMISS.

NO, TOM CASSIDY. I'LL NOT DO THAT. I'VE DONE EVIL THINGS IN YER SERVICE...

...BUT I'LL NO PARTY T' THE MURDER O' INNO-CENT PEOPLE!

DEFY ME, WILL YOU?!

HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN THE LIVES I HOLD IN THE PALM OF MY HAND? THE LIVES OF THOSE YOU HOLD DEAR--

--HELD HOSTAGE FOR YOUR GOOD BEHAVIOR!

AND YOU DARE DEFY ME!?!?

BOOM!

YOU'LL BE PARTY TO WHATEVER I TELL YOU, LITTLE MAN...

...OR YOU'LL WATCH THOSE WHO LOVE AND TRUST YOU DIE IN AGONY!

IS MY MEANING CLEAR, EAMON O'DONNELL?

AYE, CURSE YER BUTCHER'S HEART--

--IT'S CLEAR AS CRYSTAL.

YOU'RE A FOOL TO TRUST HIM.

THAT'S WHERE YOU'RE WRONG, MY FRIEND.

AS LONG AS THE FAMILIES ARE IN MY POWER, HE'LL DO WHATEVER I COMMAND.

"HE'LL EVEN BETRAY A MAN HE LOVES LIKE HIS OWN SON."

HOW CAN ANYTHING LIVE HERE, GROW HERE--

--THIS PLACE IS NOTHING BUT COLD, DEAD STONE.

PRESSING IN ON ME... CASING ME...

NOT TO ME, IT ISN'T ORORO. MY BOYHOOD HERE WAS THE HAPPIEST TIME OF ME LIFE...

YOUNG SEAN CASSIDY FOUGHT MORE DRAGONS AN' RESCUED MORE DAMSELS IN DISTRESS--

LEAD ON, EAMON.

EAMON O'DONNELL HERE IS THE CASTLE'S **SENE-CHAL**-- THE STEWARD O' THE HOUSE. IF YE NEED ANYTHING, JUST ASK HIM.

BY THE WAY, OLD FRIEND, HOW'RE THE FAMILIES? THE LITTLE ONES?

LORD CASSIDY--IF YOU DON'T MIND, SIR, IT'S TIME ALL OF YE WERE GETTIN' SETTLED.

THEY ARE... WELL, MILORD.

"THIS IS YER ROOM, MISS ORORO-- I TRUST IT'S SATISFACTORY."

VERY WELL. DINNER WILL BE SERVED PROMPTLY AT EIGHT. THIS WAY, GENTLEMEN.

IT SEEMS ALL RIGHT.

AH, BANSHEE, YOU'RE SO **HAPPY** TO BE HOME...

JEAN WOULD SAY CASSIDY KEEP HAS "**BAD VIBES**" FOR ME...

AND I KNOW **PRE-CISELY** HOW TO DO IT.

FOR WHEN THE GODDESS OF THE STORM WISHES TO **REFRESH** HERSELF AND **CALM** HER NERVES...

...HOW **BETTER** THAN BY SUMMON-ING HER OWN **SUMMER SHOWER?**

GODS, HOW I **NEEDED** THIS.

IF I **CLOSE** MY EYES, I CAN ALMOST IMAGINE MYSELF BACK IN **KENYA**.

...WHILE I WILL ONLY BE HAPPY THE DAY I **LEAVE** THIS CASTLE FOREVER.

...AND IT **DOES**. BUT I WILL **NOT** BE RULED BY MY **FEARS**. I MUST FORCE MYSELF TO **RELAX**...

BUT THIS ISN'T KENYA, IT'S IRELAND...

...AND THERE'S A FORMAL DINNER PLANNED FOR EIGHT.

ORORO'S JUST PREPARING TO LEAVE, WHEN...

BEHOLD, FAIR DAMSEL-- THE FURRY FELON!

I BEG YOUR PARDON?

BAMF

I'VE COME TO ESCORT YOU TO DINNER.

AFTER ALL, WHY SHOULD COLOSSUS HAVE ALL THE FUN?

WHY, INDEED? ARE YOU GOING DRESSED LIKE THAT?

AH, BUT YOU FORGET MY HANDY-DANDY IMAGE INDUCER.

WITH IT, I CAN GO AS WHOM-EVER I WISH...

"FRANKLY, SCARLET"... CAN I HAVE THE FIRST DANCE? NO?

KLIK

SO HOW'S ABOUT A FAST FLIGHT DOWN TO RIO, THEN, SWEETS?

KLIK

AFTER ALL, I CAN RIO THEM IN WITH THE BEST OF 'EM-- KNOW WHAT I MEAN?

KLIK

THEN AGAIN, THERE'S ALWAYS THE USUAL...

KLIK

WELL, NOW THAT YOUR SHOW IS OVER, KURT, IT'S MY TURN FOR A QUICK CHANGE.

HOW DO I LOOK?

ER... AH... WELL, I... I...

WOW.

I'VE NEVER WORN ANYTHING LIKE THIS BEFORE.

TELL ME, KURT-- AM I... PRETTY?

ORORO, YOU ARE ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMEN IT HAS EVER BEEN MY PRIVILEGE TO KNOW.

IF THAT'S TRUE, THEN THANK YOU...

...I THINK.



WHY, DEAR COUSIN SEAN,
HOW *NICE* OF YOU TO--
SHALL WE SAY--*DROP IN?*

IN CASE YOU HAVEN'T *GUESSED*,
MY MUSCULAR FRIEND AND I
ARE THE *VILLAINS* OF THE
PIECE. I AM *BLACK TOM*
CASSIDY.

AND I, STUDENTS OF
CHARLES XAVIER, MY
DEARLY-HATED *STEP*
BROTHER-- OH, YES,
WE KNOW WHO YOU
ARE, *X-MEN*!--

I AM THE...
JUGGER-
NAUT!

AND *TOGETHER*,
WE TWO ARE GOING
TO DO WHAT *NO OTHER*
VILLAINS IN THE HISTORY
OF THE *WORLD* HAVE
BEEN ABLE TO DO.

WE'RE GOING
TO KILL THE
X-MEN!

IS THAT MEANT
T' *SCARE* US,
TOM? D'YE
PLAN T' *TALK*
US T' DEATH,
THEN?

BLUSTER AWAY, COUSIN; IT'LL DO YOU
NO GOOD. YOU'RE IN THE *DUNGEONS*
NOW, DEEP INSIDE *CASSIDY CRAG*, WITH
COUNTLESS *TONS* OF ROCK BETWEEN YOU
AND FREEDOM. YOU'VE *NO CHANCE*,
BANSHEE-- THIS PLACE WILL BE YOUR *TOMB*!

TOMB...

...CLOSED IN...
ROCK ALL AROUND
ME-- *NO WAY OUT!*
ROCK BURYING ME...
CRUSHING ME...

...CAN'T BREATHE...
CAN'T THINK...
MOTHER! HELP ME!

HHNOOOOOO

MEIN GOTT
--THAT
SCREAM!?

IT'S
STORM--

--SHE'S
FLIPPED
OUT!

NEXT ISSUE: WHO SHALL STOP THE JUGGERNAUT?