

40¢

CC

122
JUNE
02461

MARVEL® COMICS GROUP

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY

©1979 MARVEL
COMICS GROUP

THE UNCANNY

X-MEN™

DANGER ROOM
OPERATIONAL
TRAINING SEQUENCE
HYDRAULIC VISE



THE TRIAL OF
GOLOSSUS!

06



Cockburn Press

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 • JOHN BYRNE • TERRY AUSTIN • TOM ORZECZOWSKI, letterer | ROGER STERN • JIM SHOOTER
WRITER / CO-PLOTTERS • BREAKDOWNS • FINISHED ART | GLYNIS WEIN, colorist | EDITOR * EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

cry for the children!

NOWADAYS, MANY
PEOPLE KNOW HIM
AS COLOSSUS.
MAINSTAY OF THE
UNCANNY X-MEN...

... BUT BEFORE THAT, HE WAS **PAOTR NIKOLIEVITCH RASPUTIN**, BORN ON THE **UST-ORDYNSKI** COLLECTIVE IN SOVIET SIBERIA. HE HAD A NORMAL, HAPPY CHILDHOOD—UNTIL AT AGE THIRTEEN, HIS LATENT POWERS EMERGED AND HE DISCOVERED THAT HE WAS A MUTANT, WITH THE POWER TO TRANSFORM HIS BODY INTO AN ORGANIC ARMORED FORM FAR STRONGER THAN STEEL.

FOR A TIME, NOTHING MUCH CHANGED. PETER WORKED IN THE FIELDS AND USED HIS POWER TO HELP HIS FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS—AND THEN, **CHARLES XAVIER** CAME AND INVITED HIM TO JOIN THE X-MEN.

CYCLOPS—
I CANNOT
DO IT! I—
CAN'T!!

HE ALWAYS HAD DOUBTS ABOUT STAYING WITH THIS TEAM—ABOUT DEVOTING HIS POWER TO THE WORLD INSTEAD OF HIS MOTHERLAND—BUT AS THE X-MEN BECAME A MUCH-LOVED SECOND FAMILY, HE KEPT THEM TO HIMSELF. NOW, THEY WILL NO LONGER BE DENIED.

X-MEN™ is published by MARVEL COMICS GROUP, James E. Galtion, President. Stan Lee, Publisher. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 575 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022. Published monthly. Copyright © 1979 by Marvel Comics Group. A Division of Cadence Industries Corporation. All rights reserved. Vol. 1, No. 122, June, 1979 issue. Price 40¢ per copy in the U.S. and Canada. Subscription rate \$4.50 for 12 issues. Canada, \$6.50. Foreign, \$6.50. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. Printed in the U.S.A. This periodical may not be sold except by authorized dealers and is sold subject to the conditions that it shall not be sold or distributed with any part of its cover or markings removed, nor in a mutilated condition. X-MEN (including all prominent characters featured in the issue), and the distinctive likenesses thereof, are trademarks of the MARVEL COMICS GROUP.

LOOKS BAD, CYKE.
SHOOT, HE AIN'T
EVEN TRYIN' HARD.

I KNOW. IT'S NOT A PHYSICAL PROBLEM,
EITHER. I RAN A MEDICAL CHECK ON
HIM THIS MORNING...

... AND HE'S
IN TIP-TOP
SHAPE.

HE'S BEEN FRETIN'
EVER SINCE WE
TUSSELED WITH MAGNETO*--
WORRYIN' ABOUT NOT
PULLIN' HIS OWN WEIGHT.

*X-MEN'S #112
and 113 -- ROG.

CYCLOPS-- PLEASE!
SHUT THE HYDRAULIC
PRESS OFF!

THIS IS
RIDICULOUS.
WE'RE NO-
WHERE
NEAR THE
LIMITS
OF HIS
STRENGTH.

SO MAYBE HE'S GOT A LOT
ON HIS MIND. MAYBE HE
AIN'T CONCENTRATIN'
ON YER FLAMIN' TEST!

HE AIN'T
GONNA
FOLD.

I CANNOT
HOLD THESE WALLS
BACK MUCH LONGER!

GREAT.
WHAT DO
WE DO IF
HE FOLDS
IN A FIGHT?!

SWIFT!

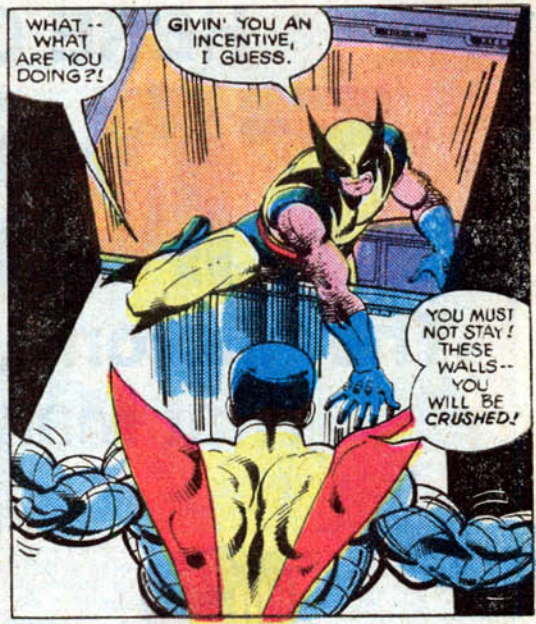
IF HE'S GOT A
PROBLEM,
WHY DOESN'T
HE TALK
ABOUT IT?

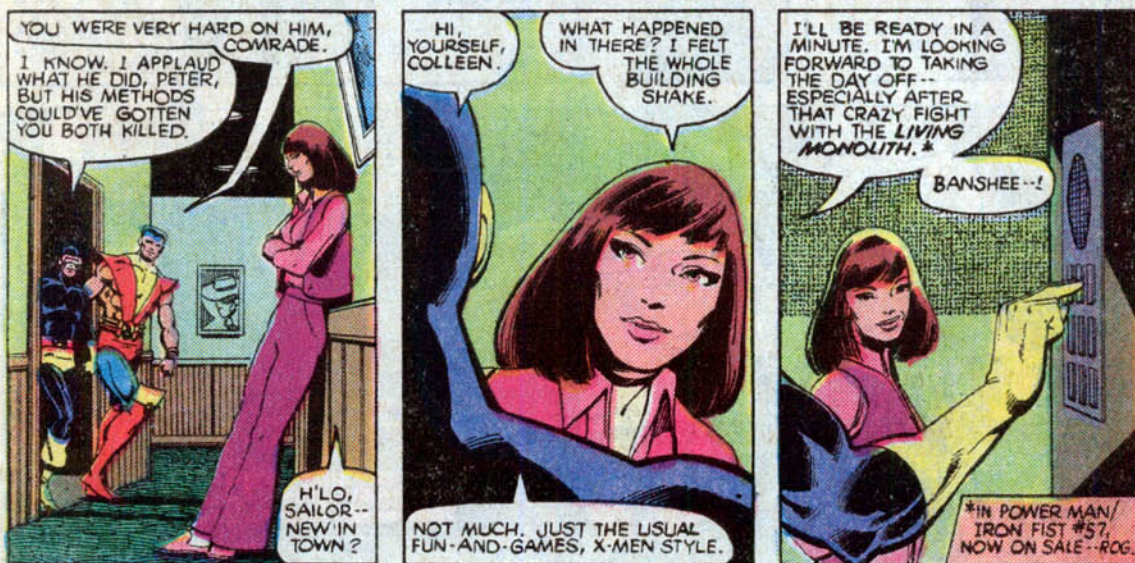
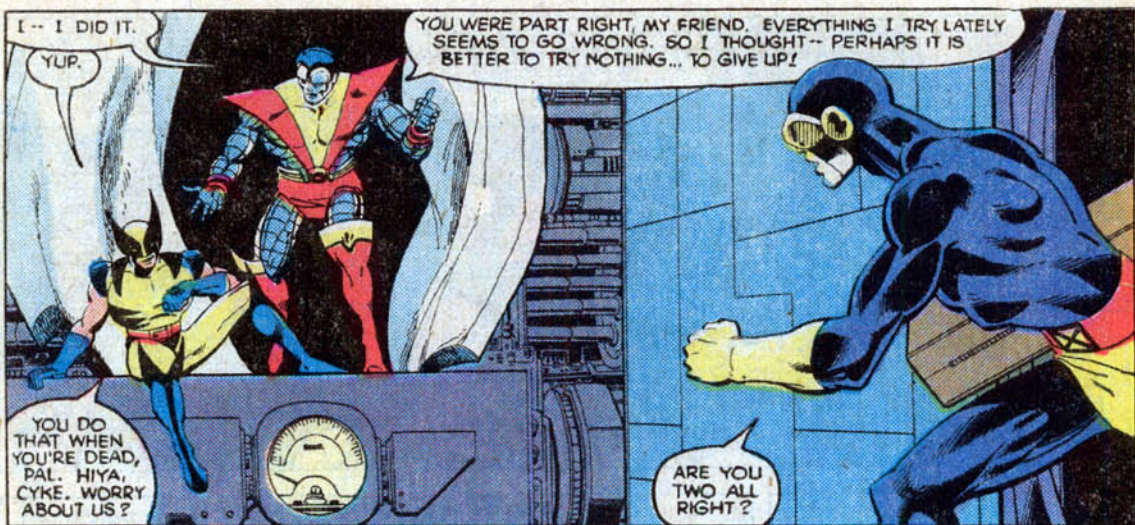
IF OPENIN' YER HEAD TO THE WORLD WAS AS
EASY AS THAT, CYKE, YOU'D BE IN A LOT
BETTER SHAPE THAN YOU ARE.

BE
SEEN'
YA.

HEY! THE PANEL'S
SHORTING OUT!

HOLES--? WOLVERINE
MUST HAVE POPPED
HIS CLAWS INTO THE
PANEL! BUT... WHY?





A MILE AWAY, IN A HIDDEN HANGAR COMPLEX CONNECTED TO THE MANSION BY AN UNDERGROUND TUNNEL...

SAINTS ABOVE, KURT, THE "BLACKBIRD'S" BEEN MOTHBALLED, JUST LIKE CEREBRO AN' THE MANSION-AS IF THE PROFESSOR NEVER INTENDED TO USE IT AGAIN.

TELEPORT OVER AN' ANSWER THE PHONE, WILL YE, KURT? THERE'S A GOOD LAD.

BANSHEE, THIS IS CYCLOPS.

X-WING RESTORATIONS-- APPRENTICE MECHANIC WAGNER SPEAKING. WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU, FEARLESS LEADER?

SLOWLY, I'M AFRAID. CONDITIONS HERE ARE AS BAD AS WE FOUND IN THE HOUSE. WHAT DO YOU THINK HAPPENED?

I DON'T KNOW.

CHECK THE CIRCUITS OUT WHEN HE'S DONE FIXING IT. I'D HELP HIM, BUT I'M DUE AT THE PHONE COMPANY.

THAT'S WHAT I LIKE, NIGHTCRAWLER-- A MAN WHO'S HAPPY IN HIS WORK. HOW'S IT GOING?

SEAN, LISTEN UP. WOLVERINE MESS'D UP THE DANGER ROOM MAIN CONTROL PANEL PRETTY BADLY.

NOT T' WORRY, I'LL GIVE HIM A HAND. YOU GO ENJOY YOURSELF, LAD. YE'VE MORE'N EARNED IT.

SOMETHING'S STILL BOTHERING YOU.

IS IT THAT OBVIOUS?

TO SOMEONE WHO CARES ABOUT YOU, SCOTT-- YES.

IT'S PROFESSOR XAVIER. HE'S GONE... CLEARED OUT! PRINCESS LILANDRA, TOO, AND I CAN'T SHAKE THE FEELING THAT THEY'RE NOT COMING BACK.

AT THAT MOMENT, IN A FAR, DISTANT GALAXY...

... ON A WORLD CALLED
IMPERIAL CENTER...

... WE FIND
CHARLES
XAVIER,
A MAN
WHO'S
COME
SEEKING
HIS
HEART'S
DESIRE.

HE BELIEVES THAT THE X-MEN
WERE SLAIN BY MAGNETO* AND
THAT LOSS BROKE HIS HEART.

AND SO, WHEN LILANDRA--THE ALIEN
PRINCESS WHO HAD WON HIS LOVE--
ASKED HIM TO RETURN WITH HER
TO CENTER, HE ACCEPTED.

* IN X-MEN #113-114 -- ROG.

THIS IS HER DAY OF TRIUMPH. ALL THE LEGAL BARRIERS
TO HER ASSUMPTION OF THE SH'AR THRONE HAVE BEEN
REMOVED. TODAY, LILANDRA-- PRINCESS-MAJESTRIK AND
ONE-TIME REBEL --

-- IS TO BE CROWNED EMPRESS OF A GALAXY-
SPANNING EMPIRE THAT WAS OLD BEFORE
MAN ON EARTH WAS BORN.

TWO STANDARD
CENTURIES HAVE I
LIVED HERE ON
CENTER, MAJESTY,
YET NEVER HAVE
I SEEN SUCH
JOYOUS CROWDS.

WELL-PAID,
eh, MAELN?

AT A CREDIT A HEAD, THAT MOB
WOULD **BANKRUPT** THE IMPERIAL
TREASURY. NO, LILANDRA--THEY
REJOICE BECAUSE THEY
TRULY LOVE YOU.

IT WAS
JUST A JOKE,
CHANCELLOR.

HELLO, CHARLES. ARE
YOU AS **BORED** BY
THIS AS I, MY LOVE?

PAGENTRY
HAS ITS PLACE.
PREFERABLY ON
THE TELEVISION,
WHERE IT CAN
BE TURNED
OFF.

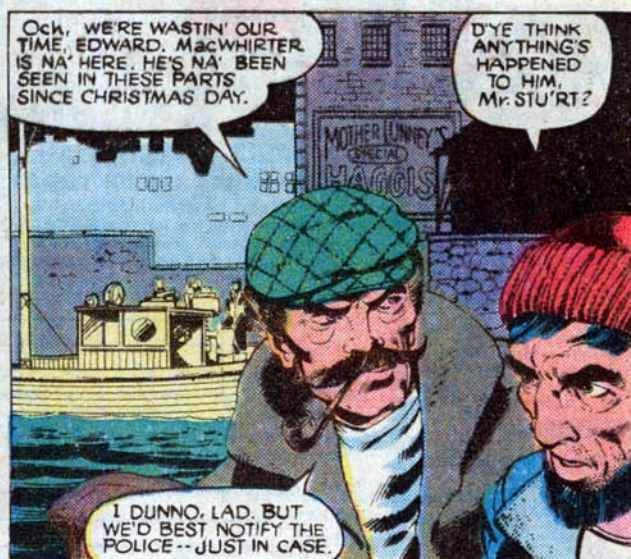
HAH!
UNFORTUNATELY,
THESE
CEREMONIES
HAVE ONLY
JUST BEGUN.

I WISH WE'D
STAYED ON EARTH.
THINGS WERE
HAPPIER WHEN IT
WAS JUST THE
TWO OF US. GIVE
ME STRENGTH, LOVE.

ALL I HAVE, DEAREST-- AND
MORE. I THINK YOU'VE
HAD IT EVER SINCE THAT
DAY OUR MINDS FIRST
LINKED TELEPATHICALLY--
ACROSS THE COSMOS. *

BUT I FEAR
IT WON'T BE
ENOUGH.

* X-MEN #97--R.



AS THE TWO MEN HEAD INTO TOWN, MOIRA MacTAGGERT'S MOTOR LAUNCH PULLS AWAY FROM THE QUAY, BEGINNING ITS JOURNEY UP THE COAST...



TO MOIRA'S MUTANT RESEARCH CENTRE ON MUIR ISLAND.

ALL ABOARD THE LAUNCH--JEAN, MOIRA, JAMIE MADROX, ALEX SUMMERS AND LORNA DANE-- ARE UNAWARE THAT THEY'RE SAILING INTO A NIGHTMARE.



D'YOU WANT A JACKET, JEAN?

NO THANKS, MOIRA. I'M NOT COLD.

JASON WYNGARDE'S WATCHING US SAIL. THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT HIM--A SENSE OF DÉJA VU--AS IF WE'D MET BEFORE...



AH, YES! SHE'S ATTRACTED TO ME--AND WHY NOT. WHEN, IN SO MANY WAYS, I'M THE MAN OF HER DREAMS.

SOON SHE WILL LOVE ME.

AND THEN SHE WILL BELONG--MIND AND BODY AND SOUL--TO THE HELL-FIRE CLUB.



HE'S A HANDSOME DEVIL, I'LL GIVE HIM THAT.

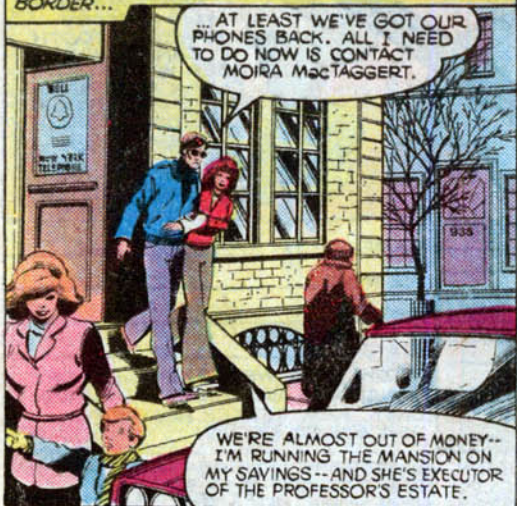
STOP FUSSING. WILL YOU, MOIRA? I FEEL FINE.

GOOD FOR YOU. BUT THESE TESTS I WANT TO RUN ON YOU ARE LONG OVERDUE. LOOK, JEAN, AS PHOENIX YOU COMMAND AN AWESOME AMOUNT OF POWER.

I JUST WANT TO MAKE SURE YOU CAN HANDLE IT.

AND HEAVEN HELP US IF YOU CAN'T.

SALEM CENTER, NEW YORK--A SMALL TOWNSHIP IN WESTCHESTER COUNTY, NEAR THE CONNECTICUT BORDER...



...AT LEAST WE'VE GOT OUR PHONES BACK. ALL I NEED TO DO NOW IS CONTACT MOIRA MacTAGGERT.

WE'RE ALMOST OUT OF MONEY--I'M RUNNING THE MANSION ON MY SAVINGS--AND SHE'S EXECUTOR OF THE PROFESSOR'S ESTATE.



COLLEEN, I'M SORRY. THIS IS SUPPOSED TO BE A DAY OFF AND I'VE DONE NOTHING BUT BABBLE ABOUT BUSINESS.

I HAVEN'T COMPLAINED, SCOTT.

BUY YOU A LATE LUNCH?

I THOUGHT YOU'D NEVER ASK.

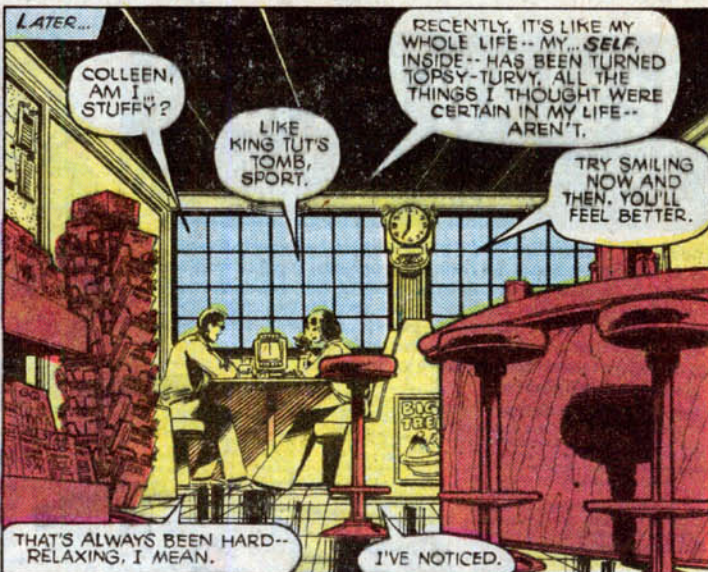


ACTUALLY, I HAVE THIS IRRESISTABLE CRAVING FOR AN ICE CREAM SODA.

FINE BY ME. AND WHILE WE'RE AT IT... MAYBE WE CAN TALK...

ABOUT WORK?

ABOUT US.



LATER...

COLLEEN, AM I STUFFY?

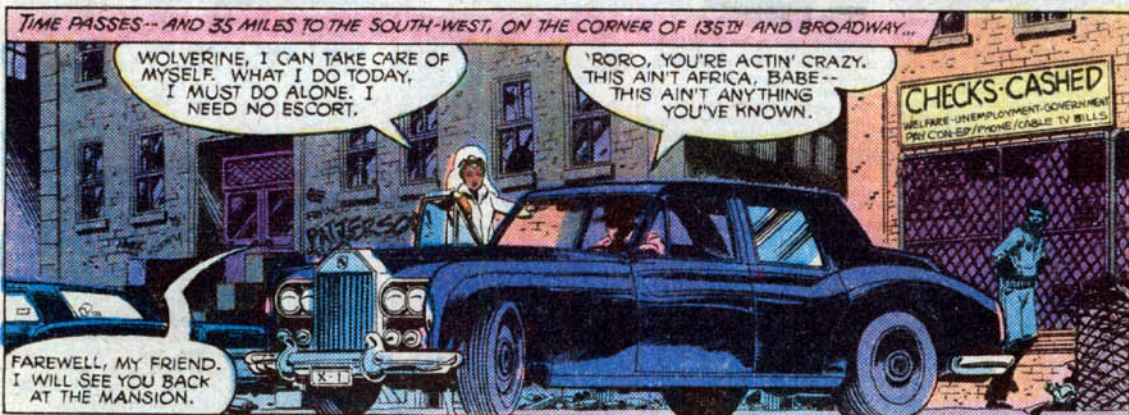
LIKE KING TUT'S TOMB, SPORT.

RECENTLY, IT'S LIKE MY WHOLE LIFE-- MY... *SELF*, INSIDE-- HAS BEEN TURNED TOPSY-TURVY. ALL THE THINGS I THOUGHT WERE CERTAIN IN MY LIFE-- AREN'T.

TRY SMILING NOW AND THEN. YOU'LL FEEL BETTER.

THAT'S ALWAYS BEEN HARD-- RELAXING, I MEAN.

I'VE NOTICED.



TIME PASSES-- AND 35 MILES TO THE SOUTH-WEST, ON THE CORNER OF 135TH AND BROADWAY...

WOLVERINE, I CAN TAKE CARE OF MYSELF. WHAT I DO TODAY, I MUST DO ALONE. I NEED NO ESCORT.

'RORO, YOU'RE ACTIN' CRAZY. THIS AIN'T AFRICA, BABE-- THIS AIN'T ANYTHING YOU'VE KNOWN.

FAREWELL, MY FRIEND. I WILL SEE YOU BACK AT THE MANSION.



OKAY, 'RORO-- IF THAT'S THE WAY YA WANTA PLAY IT. BUT IF YOU AIN'T HOME TONIGHT, AND WE AIN'T HEARD ANYTHING, I'M COMIN' BACK AFTER YA...

...AN' I AIN'T GONNA BE GENTLE WITH ANY BUCK DUMB ENOUGH TO GET IN MY WAY.

WITH CASUAL, PRACTICED EASE, WOLVERINE THREADS PROFESSOR XAVIER'S SLEEK ROLLS-ROYCE THROUGH MIDTOWN MANHATTAN RUSH-HOUR TRAFFIC...



... SOME ERRANDS TAKING HIM CROSS-TOWN TO THE EAST SIDE AND DOWN PARK AVENUE.

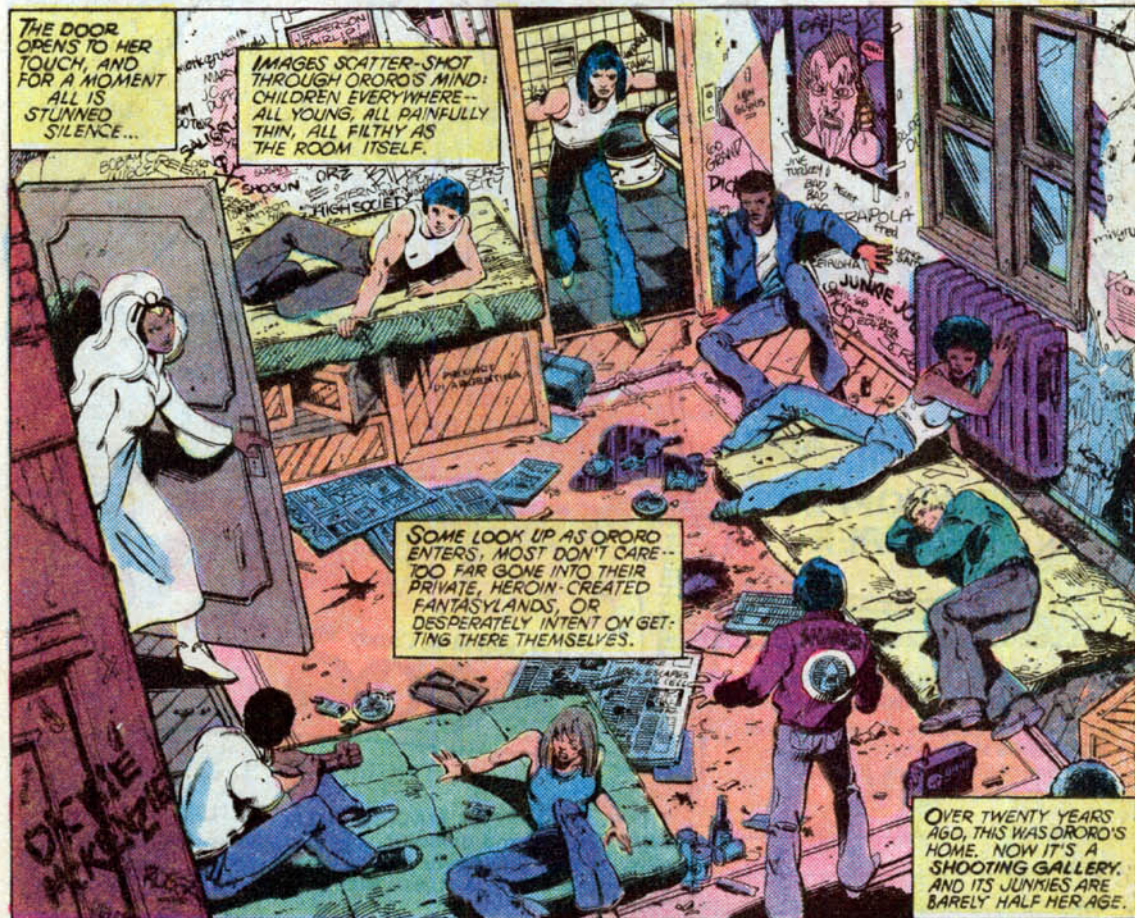


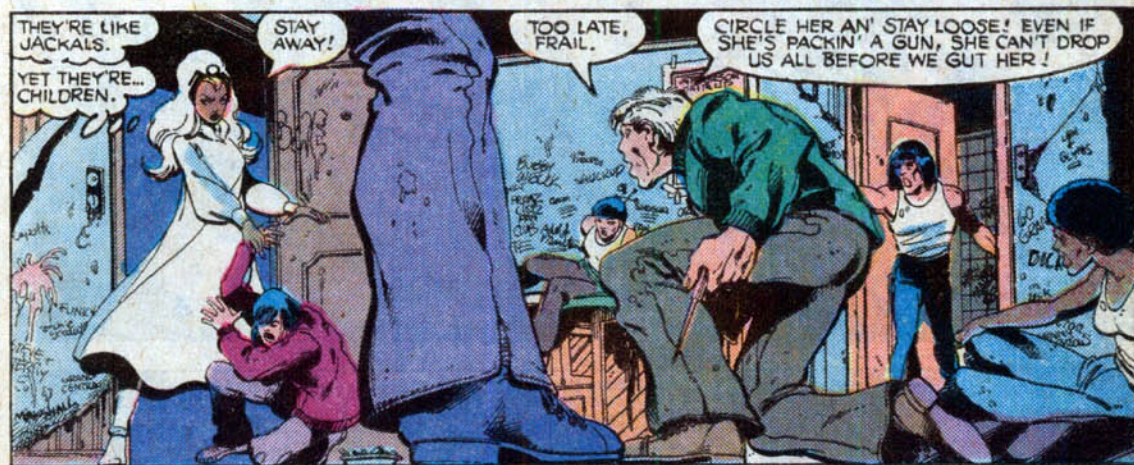
THERE'S A RODEO AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN. I'LL STASH THE ROLLS SOMEWHERE, GRAB SOME EATS, THEN CHECK OUT THE SHOW...

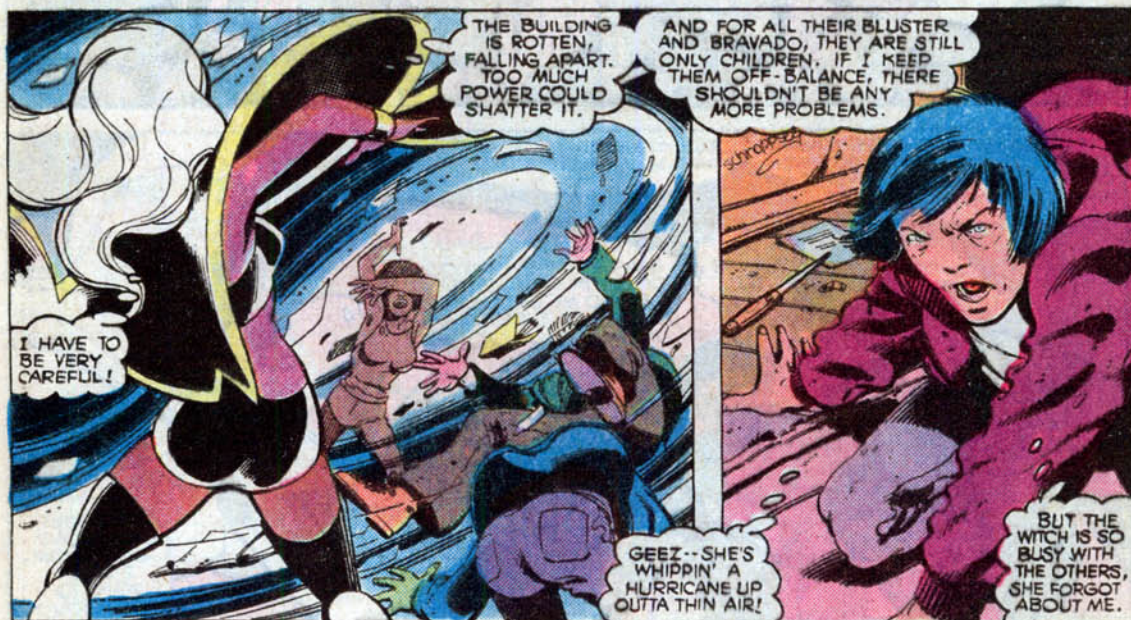
WHAT THE-- ?!

THAT JAPANESE WOMAN-- MARIKO!













THANK YOU.

NOT A PRETTY SIGHT, IS IT?

WHAT D'YOU EXPECT?! THEY GOT NO HOMES, NO DECENT SCHOOLIN', NO MONEY, NO JOBS-- NO HOPE! SO THEY SHOOT UP SKAG, AN' THEN SHOOT PEOPLE TO GET BREAD TO FEED THEIR HABITS.

THEY'RE SO YOUNG.

YEAH. AN' THEY LIVE IN A SOCIETY MORE CONCERNED ABOUT CAGIN' 13-YEAR-OLDS FOR LIFE THAN TRYIN' TO GIVE 'EM A DECENT CHANCE.

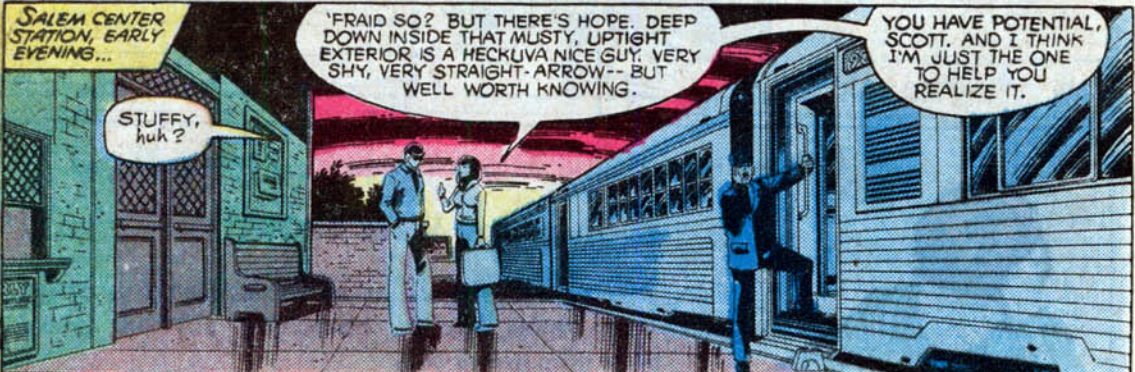


IS THERE NOTHING WE CAN DO?

WE'RE SUPER-HEROES, ORORO, NOT GOD.

WE CAN SAVE HUMANITY FROM DOC DOOM OR GALACTUS-- BUT NOT FROM ITSELF.

C'MON, LET'S GET A DOC TO LOOK AT YOUR HAND. I'LL CALL THE COPS.



SALEM CENTER STATION, EARLY EVENING...

STUFFY, huh?

'FRAID SO? BUT THERE'S HOPE. DEEP DOWN INSIDE THAT MUSTY, UPTIGHT EXTERIOR IS A HECKUVA NICE GUY. VERY SHY, VERY STRAIGHT-ARROW-- BUT WELL WORTH KNOWING.

YOU HAVE POTENTIAL, SCOTT. AND I THINK I'M JUST THE ONE TO HELP YOU REALIZE IT.



I WISH YOU'D STAY.

I'VE GOT TO WORK.

BUT HERE'S SOMETHING TO REMEMBER ME BY. OPEN IT AFTER THE TRAIN'S PULLED OUT. 'BYE.



OK, COLLEEN, WHAT ARE YOU GETTING YOURSELF INTO?

HEAD SAYS KEEP THINGS CASUAL. HEART SAYS GO FOR BROKE. LOT OF RISK THAT WAY.

WE COULD BOTH BE TERRIBLY HURT.



*BUT WE COULD ALSO BE VERY, VERY HAPPY.

AND THAT PRIZE IS WORTH ANY RISK.

DEEDY BY ANY OL' TIME

Colleen Wing

195 SEASIDE BLVD

NYC 10014

(212) 261-1111

THIS PARTICULAR BOEING IS WELL-
KNOWN IN THESE PARTS--AND
NOTORIOUS, TO BOOT. IT'S SAID TO
BE A FLYING XANADU, AN AIRBORNE
TREASURE TROVE THAT PUTS MOST
PALACES TO SHAME. IT IS ALL
THAT AND MORE.

IT IS ALSO THE HOME OF THE FINEST-- AND MOST EXPENSIVE-- ASSASSIN IN THE WORLD.

I'M MISS LOCKE,
GENTLEMEN. MY
EMPLOYER WILL
JOIN YOU
DIRECTLY WHEN
WE REACH
CRUISING
ALTITUDE.

I DON'T
LIKE THIS
TOM. I
THINK WE'RE
MAKING A
MISTAKE.

Ok, CAIN --
DON'T START
ON THAT
AGAIN.

I'M THE
JUGGERNAUT,
TOM!

IF ANYONE CAN
DESTROY THE X-MEN--
IF ANYONE HAS EARNED
THE RIGHT -- IT'S ME!
NOT SOME MINCING,
PIPSQUEAK, PEA-BRAINED
WACKO KILLER FOR
HIRE!

IS THAT SO? SIX TIMES.
I THINK, YE'VE TRIED T'
KILL THE X-MEN-- OLD
TEAM AN' NEW-- AND
EACH TIME, YE'VE
FAILED.

LET SOMEONE ELSE TRY F'R ONCE, CAIN. WE'VE BIGGER-- BETTER-- FISH T' FRY. IF OUR MAN SUCCEEDS, THOSE CURSED MUTANTS WILL BE DEAD AN' WE'LL BE MILLIONAIRES.

IF HE FAILS, WE'LL STILL
BE MILLIONAIRES, AN'
YE'LL BE FREE T' TRY
WHENEVER YE LIKE.
SATISFIED?

NO!

Mr. "BLACK
TOM" CASSIDY?
Mr. CAIN MARKO--
OR DO YOU
PREFER THE
NOM DU CRIME
JUGGERNAUT?

ANYWAY-
GREETINGS
GENTS.

ARCADE'S
THE NAME, MURDER'S
THE GAME!!

YOU PAY,
YOU PLAY--
SATISFACTION
GUARANTEED
OR YOUR
MONEY
BACK.

LET'S TALK
TURKEY, TROOPS.
MISS LOCKE SAYS
THESE SIX
SUPERHEROES
ARE YOUR
TARGETS.

WELL,
BLACK TOM,
JUGGERNAUT,
AS OF THE
MOMENT WE
GOT OUR-
SELVES A
DEAL--

--THE X-MEN
ARE AS
GOOD AS
DEAD!

NEXT ISSUE: MURDERWORLD REVISITED, OR--

"FUNFAIR IS ANOTHER NAME FOR MURDER!"

40¢
©

123
JULY
02461

MARVEL® COMICS GROUP

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY

©1979 MARVEL
COMICS GROUP

THE UNCANNY

X-MEN



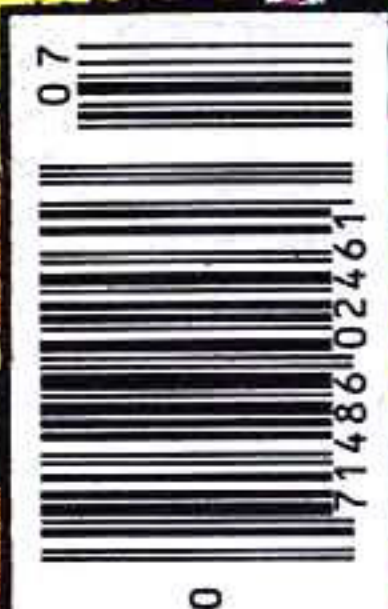
GUEST-STARRING
THE AMAZING
SPIDER-MAN!



**ARCADE'S
MURDER
WORLD**

Score display and game controls:

- SCORE: 5 (represented by five 'X' icons)
- GAME OVER (skull icon)
- NUMBERS: 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10
- BALLS TO PLAY (arrow icon)
- Labels: TILT, TILT



TERRY
AUSTIN

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!

"LISTEN--STOP ME IF YOU'VE
HEARD IT--BUT THIS ONE
WILL **KILL** YOU!"

IT'S SPRINGTIME
IN NEW YORK. FOR
SOME, A TIME OF
LOVE. FOR OTHERS,
A TIME OF MISERY.
FOR MOST OF US,
THOUGH, IT'S A
LITTLE BIT OF BOTH.

A
CHRIS CLAREMONT • JOHN BYRNE • TERRY AUSTIN
PRODUCTION
--AIDED AND ABETTED BY--
TOM ORZ. GYNNIS ROGER JIM
LETTERER WEIN STERN SHOOTER
EDITOR ED-IN-CHIEF

CASE IN POINT:

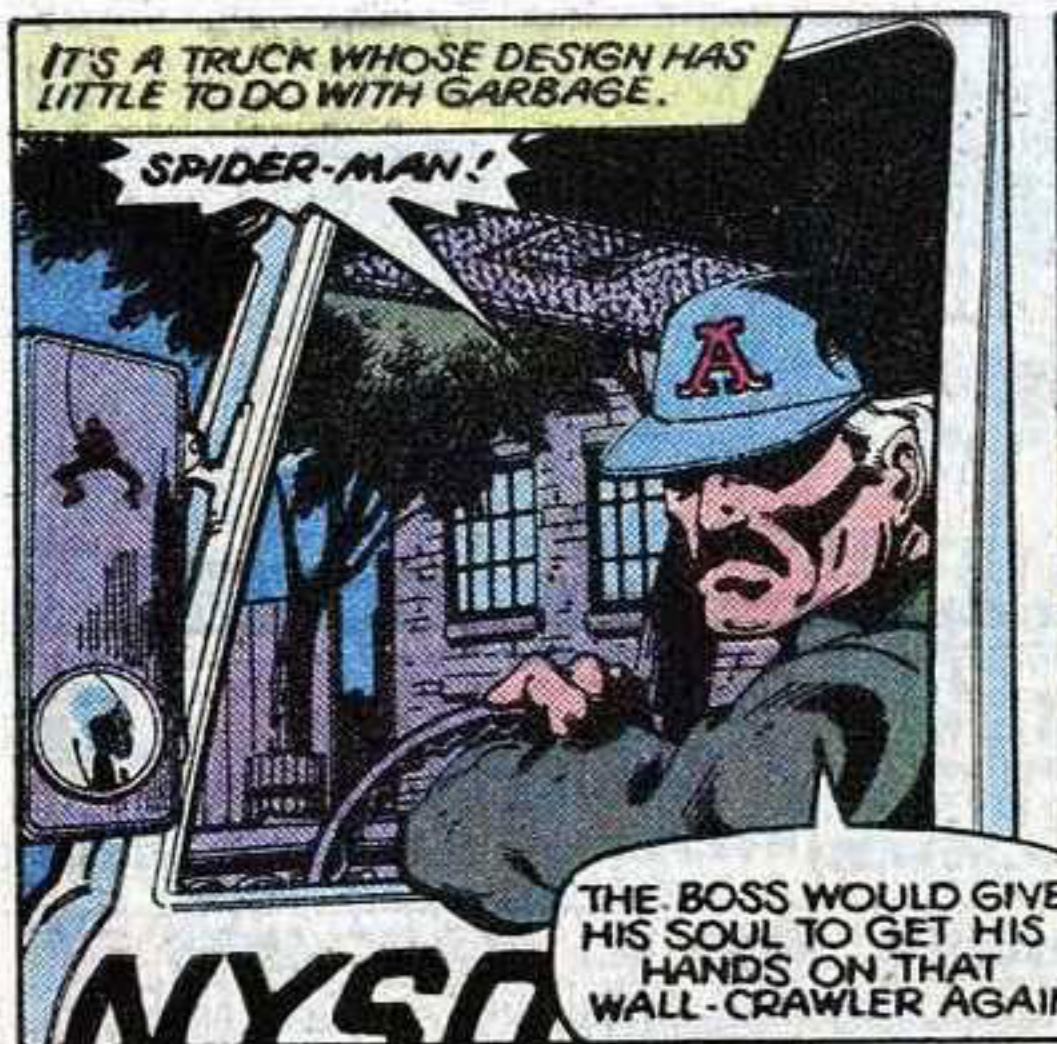
TYPICAL. I'M HEADING
FOR A DATE WITH Cissy
IRONWOOD-- A GORGEOUS
GAL WHO REALLY DIGS ME--
AND I FEEL MISERABLE.

I WANTED
TONIGHT TO BE
SPECIAL-- FIRST-
CLASS ALL
THE WAY.

BUT AFTER PAYING MY INCOME
TAXES YESTERDAY, ABOUT ALL I
CAN AFFORD IS A BIG MAC AND FRIES.

X-MEN™ is published by MARVEL COMICS GROUP, James E. Galt, President. Stan Lee, Publisher. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 575 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022. Published monthly. Copyright ©1979 by Marvel Comics Group. A Division of Cadmus Industries Corporation. All rights reserved. Vol. 1, No. 123. July, 1979 issue. Price 40¢ per copy in the U.S. and Canada. Subscription rate \$5.00 for 12 issues. Canada, \$5.00. Foreign, \$7.00. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. Printed in the U.S.A. This periodical may not be sold except by authorized dealers and is sold subject to the conditions that it shall not be sold or distributed with any part of its cover or markings removed, nor in a mutilated condition. X-MEN (including all prominent characters featured in the issue), and the distinctive likenesses thereof, are trademarks of the MARVEL COMICS GROUP.





IT'S A TRUCK WHOSE DESIGN HAS LITTLE TO DO WITH GARBAGE.

SPIDER-MAN!

THE BOSS WOULD GIVE HIS SOUL TO GET HIS HANDS ON THAT WALL-CRAWLER AGAIN.



BUT THERE'S NO TIME TO CHASE AFTER HIM NOW!

YOU KNOW, COLLEEN, YOU AND JEAN ARE THE ONLY GIRLS I'VE EVER DATED. GROWING UP IN A STATE ORPHANAGE MAKES FOR A LOUSY SOCIAL LIFE.

I HATED THAT PLACE. THE ONLY THINGS THERE THAT WERE TRULY YOURS WERE YOUR OWN THOUGHTS.



I'VE NEVER TOLD ANYONE THIS, NOT EVEN JEAN, BUT I--

HEY!

GNNRRR-SFLANNG!



ROVER TO PINBALL WIZARD. MISSION ACCOMPLISHED.

TARGET ONE SECURED. PROCEEDING TO TARGET TWO.

AT THAT, MOMENT, NOT FAR AWAY...



"SFLANNG"?!

WHERE HAVE I HEARD THAT BEFORE--
ARCADE!!



I THOUGHT THAT GARBAGE TRUCK LOOKED FAMILIAR! IT MUST BE THE ONE ARCADE USED TO CAPTURE CAPTAIN BRITAIN AND ME! *

THAT WEIRD SOUND MEANS HE'S PROBABLY GRABBED WHOEVER HE'S AFTER-- AND I HAVE A NASTY FEELING I KNOW WHO IT IS.

*MTU #65--RS.





TELEPORT OUT OF HERE, KURT! I WILL TRY TO SMASH-- EN?!!

GAS!!

TURN TO COLOSSUS, PETER-- QUICKLY! BEFORE THE... GAS... TAKESSSS... EFFUMEN...*

IN A MATTER OF SECONDS, IT'S ALL OVER.

DRAGON LADY TO PINBALL WIZARD -- MISSION ACCOMPLISHED.



TARGETS THREE AND FOUR SECURED. TAKE THEM AWAY.



YOUR WISH IS MY COMMAND, TOOTS. TOODLE-OOO!



THE JAPANESE CONSULATE, ON PARK AVENUE...

< THANK YOU FOR DINNER, MARIKO. I CAN'T REMEMBER WHEN I'VE ENJOYED A MEAL MORE. >

< I AM GLAD, LOGAN-SAN. >

< MAY I SEE YOU AGAIN? >

< YES. I HOPE... SOON? >



FAR FLAMIN' OUT!

THE MORE I SEE MARIKO, THE MORE I WANT TO SEE HER. SHE'S LIKE NO WOMAN I'VE EVER KNOWN. CRIPES, SHE REACHES PARTS OF MY SKULL I NEVER KNEW EXISTED.

GOT A LIGHT, PAL?



SURE.

NICE NIGHT, Y'KNOW?

IT'LL DO.



THING IS, WHAT COMES NEXT?

LIVIN' DAY BY DAY WAS FINE FER BROADS LIKE CRACKLIN' ROSA-- OR MAYBE EVEN JEAN GREY. BUT NOT MARIKO YASHIDA.

BEHIND WOLVERINE, UNNOTICED, A CERTAIN GARBAGE TRUCK GUNS ITS MOTOR...

... AND BEGINS MOVING DOWN THE STREET TOWARDS HIM.

CONTINUED AFTER 2ND PAGE FOLLOWING

GRAYMALKIN LANE-- A WINDING COUNTRY ROAD LEADING OUT OF THE WESTCHESTER COUNTY TOWNSHIP OF SALEM CENTER.

A FEW MILES OUTSIDE THE VILLAGE IS AN OLD, STately MANSION THAT-- FOR THE PAST FEW YEARS -- HAS BEEN THE HOME OF PROFESSOR CHARLES XAVIER'S SCHOOL FOR GIFTED YOUNGSTERS...

...AND THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE UNCANNY X-MEN.

AS SUCH, IT IS PROTECTED BY AN ARRAY OF SECURITY SYSTEMS SO COMPLEX AND SOPHISTICATED...

...THAT EVEN THE X-MEN THEMSELVES WOULD BE UNABLE TO BREAK IN UNDETECTED.

THE SYSTEM IS VIRTUALLY FOOLPROOF.

Huh ???
Whuzzat... ?

OR...
IS IT?

I MUST HAVE DOZED OFF. WITH ALL DUE APOLOGIES TO JAMES JOYCE, THAT'LL TEACH ME TO READ "FINNEGAN'S WAKE" IN FRONT OF A ROARIN' FIRE.

GLORY,
THE PHONE!

BRRRING!

BRRRING!

BRRRING!

I HOPE IT ISN'T TROUBLE. WE'VE HAD IT PRETTY EASY THESE PAST FEW WEEKS, GETTIN' THE MANSION-- AN' OUR HEADS-- IN ORDER. I'LL BE SORRY TO SEE OUR "VACATION". END.

SEEMS, THE OLDER I GET, THE LESS EAGER I AM TO PLAY SUPER-HERO. AN' YET, IF I RETIRED, I THINK THE BOREDOM WOULD DRIVE ME CRAZY...

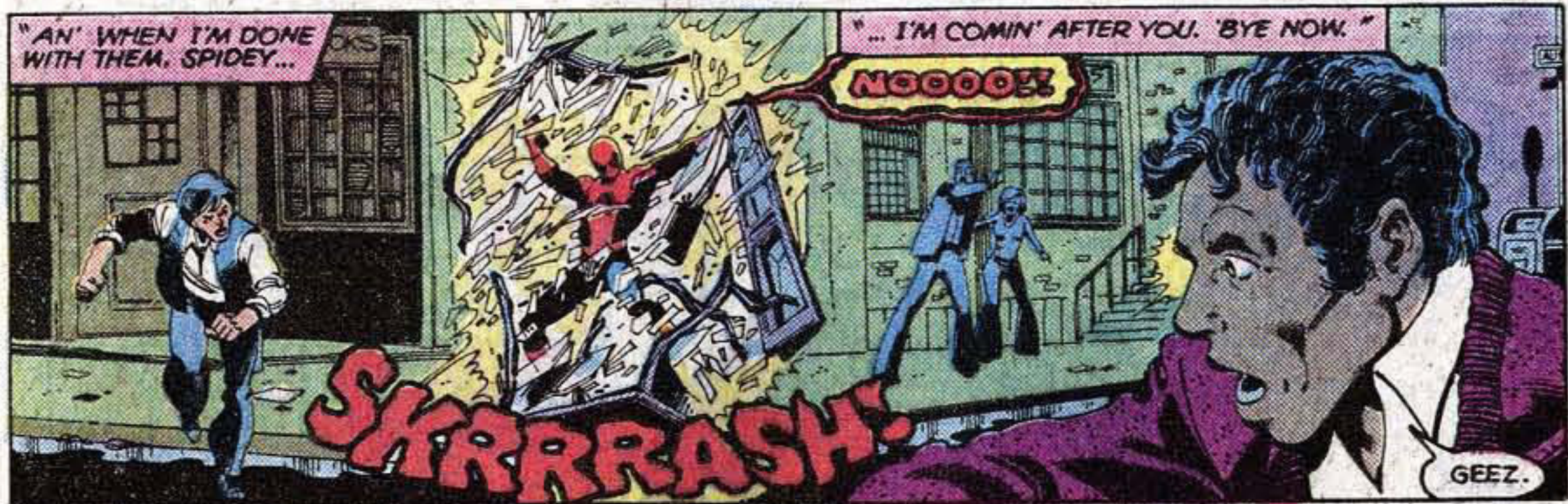
I WOULDN'T FRET 'BOUT THOSE PROBLEMS, MR. BANSHEE, IF I WERE YOU. BY THIS TIME TOMORROW NIGHT, THEY'LL ALL BE TAKEN CARE OF... PERMANENTLY.

OH!

BRRRING!

THUP!





TIME PASSES.
AND SCOTT
SUMMERS WAKES
TO A STYGIAN
DARKNESS...

... THAT EVEN THE LIGHT
OF HIS EYE BEAMS
CAN'T PENETRATE.

HEAD...
FEELS
LIKE
MUSH.

I REMEMBER BEING ATTACKED BY... A
GARBAGE TRUCK? HIT BY SOME KIND
OF NERVE GAS, KNOCKED OUT BEFORE
I COULD FIRE AN OPTIC BLAST.

COLLEEN,
IS SHE--
LIGHTS!

GOOD
LORD!

THE X-MEN!
WE'RE ALL IN
UNIFORM...

... ALL SEALED INSIDE THESE
LUCITE SPHERES. WHAT GOES
ON HERE, ANYWAY?!

WE'RE IN SOME SORT OF TUNNEL. WE'D
BETTER BUST OUT--FAST--BEFORE
OUR UNKNOWN HOST MAKES HIS MOVE.

THEY
ARE ALL
AWAKE,
ARCADE.

THANK YOU, MISS
LOCKE. SYSTEMS
UP-DATE, MISTER
CHAMBERS?

ALL READINGS NOMINAL.
YOU CAN START WHEN-
EVER YOU'RE READY.

MY FRIEND,
THAT'S JUST
WHAT I
WANTED
TO HEAR.

WITH GLEEFUL, PRACTICED SKILL, ARCADE DRAWS BACK THE HAMMER OF HIS MASTER PINBALL MACHINE, THAT ACTION DUPLICATED ON THE GIANT-SIZE MACHINE OUTSIDE THE CONTROL BOOTH.

LADEEZ, GENTLEMEN, AN' CHILDREN OF ALL AGES--

--ARCADE PROUDLY WELCOMES YOU TO **MURDERWORLD**--

-- WHERE **NOBODY** EVER SURVIVES! --

SPLOING!

ONE AFTER THE OTHER...

...THE BALLS
SHOOT UP THE
LAUNCHING
TRACK--

--AND ONTO
THE FACE OF
THE GIANT
PINBALL
BOARD.

AARRRGH!

BZARK!

THE BUMPERS
SEND ELECTRICAL
CHARGES THROUGH
THE SPHERES. AND
WE'RE ROLLING SO
FAST--IN SO MANY
DIFFERENT DIRECTIONS
AT ONCE--WE'VE NO CHANCE
TO GET OUR BEARINGS.

AND THAT'S ONLY THE
BEGINNING...

RAZ!

BZING!

THE X-MEN-- STILL GROGGY
FROM THE EFFECTS OF
ARCADE'S NERVE GAS--
TAKE A MERCILESS
POUNDING...

... THAT MAKES SOME OF THEM
SICK, AND PREVENTS ALL OF
THEM FROM BRINGING THEIR
POWERS TO BEAR ON THEIR
PLASTIC PRISONS...

... AS THEY ROLL HELP-
LESSLY TOWARDS THE
MACHINE'S DEAD-BALL
SLOT--EACH TO A
SEPARATE, CUSTOM-
DESIGNED DOOM.

WE'RE OFF AND RUNNIN', FOLKS, AND SO FAR, I'M NOT IMPRESSED. WHEN I TUSSELED WITH SPIDER-MAN, HE BROKE FREE OF HIS PINBALL.

THE GAME'S STILL YOUNG --

*MTU #66--ROG

"-- BUT IF THE X-MEN DON'T START GETTING THEIR ACT TOGETHER, IT'S GONNA BE OVER BEFORE IT'S BEGUN."

OW!

NOT THE GENTLEST OF LANDINGS, BUT MAYBE THAT'S JUST WHAT I NEEDED. THE MIXTURE OF FEAR AND PAIN CLEARED ALL THE COBWEBS OUT OF MY HEAD.

I'M STILL NOT SURE WHAT'S GOING ON, BUT AT LEAST NOW I THINK I'VE GOT AN EVEN CHANCE.

HOW DO, CYCLOPS. WELCOME TO MY "LADY OR THE TIGER" ROOM.

YOU HAVE THREE DOORS -- ONE'S A WAY OUT... THE OTHER TWO LEAD TO HORRIBLE DEATHS. THE CHOICE IS YOURS.

THANKS.

MY PLEASURE. AND JUST TO GIVE YOU AN INCENTIVE TO MAKE UP YOUR MIND --

RRRRR

-- YOU SHOULD KNOW THERE'S A TRIGGER RELAY CONNECTING THE DOORS WITH THE HYDRAULIC RAM. THE SECOND YOU OPEN A DOOR, OR BLAST IT WITH YOUR EYE BEAMS, THAT MOVING WALL WILL SLAM THE REST OF THE WAY ACROSS THE ROOM.

THAT GIVES YOU ONE PLAY, MAKE IT COUNT!



'COURSE, WHAT HE DOESN'T REALIZE IS THAT BEHIND EACH DOOR IS A CONCRETE WALL.

SURE, THERE'S A WAY OUTTA THAT TRAP, BUT HE WON'T FIND IT BY TRUSTIN' ME.

NOW, FOR COLOSSUS...



ABSOLUTE DARKNESS-- I CANNOT SEE A THING. I HAVE NO IDEA WHERE I AM...

OR HOW LARGE THIS ROOM IS.



BUT I MUST DO SOMETHING. MY FRIENDS ARE IN DANGER.

< PIOTR NIKOLIEVITCH RASPUTIN-- BE SEATED. >

EH--? THAT VOICE-- IT SPEAKS RUSSIAN!



< GREETINGS, YOUNG COMRADE. I TRUST YOU ARE COMFORTABLE-- WE WILL BE HERE QUITE A WHILE. >

< WHO ARE YOU?! HOW DO YOU KNOW MY NAME? >

< I KNOW ALL THERE IS TO KNOW ABOUT YOU-- COLOSSUS. >



< I AM COLONEL ALEXEI VAZHIN OF THE KGB-- THE COMMITTEE FOR STATE SECURITY. >

< YOU ARE HERE, PIOTR NIKOLIEVITCH, TO ANSWER CHARGES-- THAT YOU ARE A TRAITOR! >

< WHAT?! COMRADE COLONEL-- THOSE LIGHTS, THEY ARE SO BRIGHT--! >

< I... I CANNOT BEAR THEM. >



< Oh? >

< THIS SUDDEN LACK OF COOPERATION, COMRADE, MAKES ME WONDER IF, PERHAPS, THE CHARGES ARE TRUE. >

< THEY ARE LIES! I AM NO TRAITOR! >



< THEN YOU HAVE NOTHING TO FEAR, FROM ME OR MY LIGHTS. >

< AND YET--WHAT LOYAL SON OF MOTHER RUSSIA OFFERS HIS SERVICES, AND HIS SUPER-POWERS, TO A TEAM BASED IN THE UNITED STATES? >

COLOSSUS HAS NO ANSWER.



THE ROOM'S BOWL-SHAPED -- LIKE A BICYCLE RACING TRACK BACK HOME. BUT THERE HAS TO BE MORE TO IT THAN ...?

I HAD TO ASK.

THOSE THINGS COMING OUT OF THE WALLS REMIND ME OF CARNIVAL DODGE-'EM CARS. BUT THE DODGE-'EMS I KNEW--

--WEREN'T EQUIPPED WITH BUZZ SAWS -- AND TEETH!

THIS IS MY CUE ...

I OUGHT TO BE SAFE ENOUGH HERE ON THE CEILING.

...TO TELEPORT SOMEWHERE ELSE.

HE LOOKS THE WRONG WAY FOR ONLY A MOMENT-- HIS ATTENTION FOCUSED SO MUCH ON THE CARS BELOW THAT HE MISSES THE ONE SHOOTING UP THE GENTLY CURVED WALL BEHIND HIM--

-- BUT A MOMENT IS ALL IT TAKES.

NARRRRCH!!

TIME TO GO-- I DO SO HATE THE SIGHT OF BLOOD.

ON TO BANSHEE...

INFINITE GREY SPACE -- NO FLOOR, NO CEILING, NO BOUNDARIES, NO HORIZON. IT COULD GO ON FOREVER, OR BE THE SIZE OF A PHONE BOOTH.

IF ME VOCAL CHORDS WERE FULLY HEALED, I COULD USE ME SONIC SCREAM LIKE A SONAR TO DETERMINE THE SIZE AN' SHAPE O' THE ROOM.

AS IT IS, THOUGH, I'M LUCKY I CAN EVEN TALK.

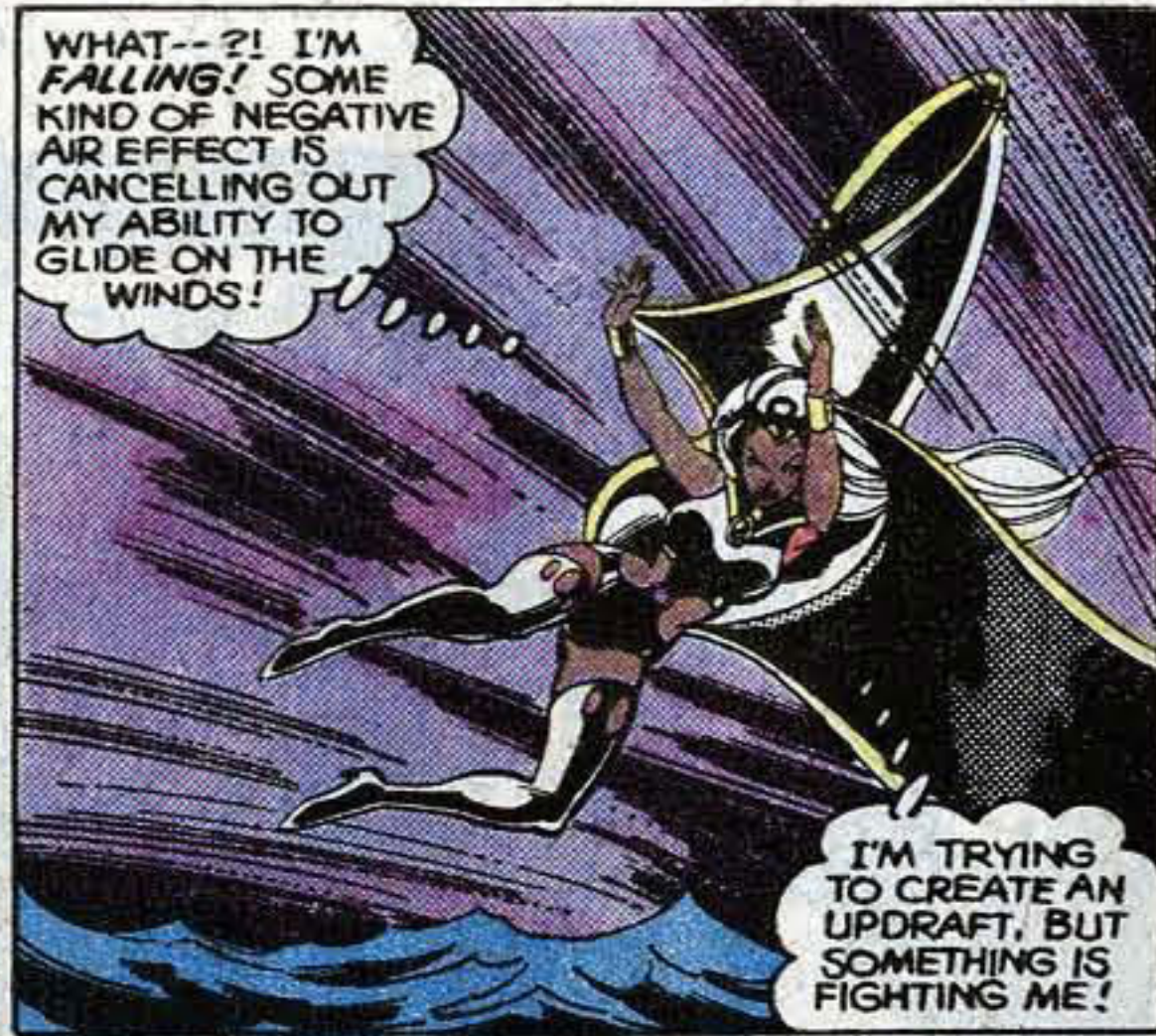
*THEY WERE SERIOUSLY INJURED IN X-MEN #119. -- ROG.





I'M STILL TOO WEAK-- HAD NO CHANCE TO REACT TO THAT DOOR.

THE LIGHT IN HERE IS SO DIM. I CAN SEE THE WATER BELOW ME-- BUT NOT THE ROOM ITSELF.



WHAT--?! I'M FALLING! SOME KIND OF NEGATIVE AIR EFFECT IS CANCELLING OUT MY ABILITY TO GLIDE ON THE WINDS!

I'M TRYING TO CREATE AN UPDRAFT, BUT SOMETHING IS FIGHTING ME!



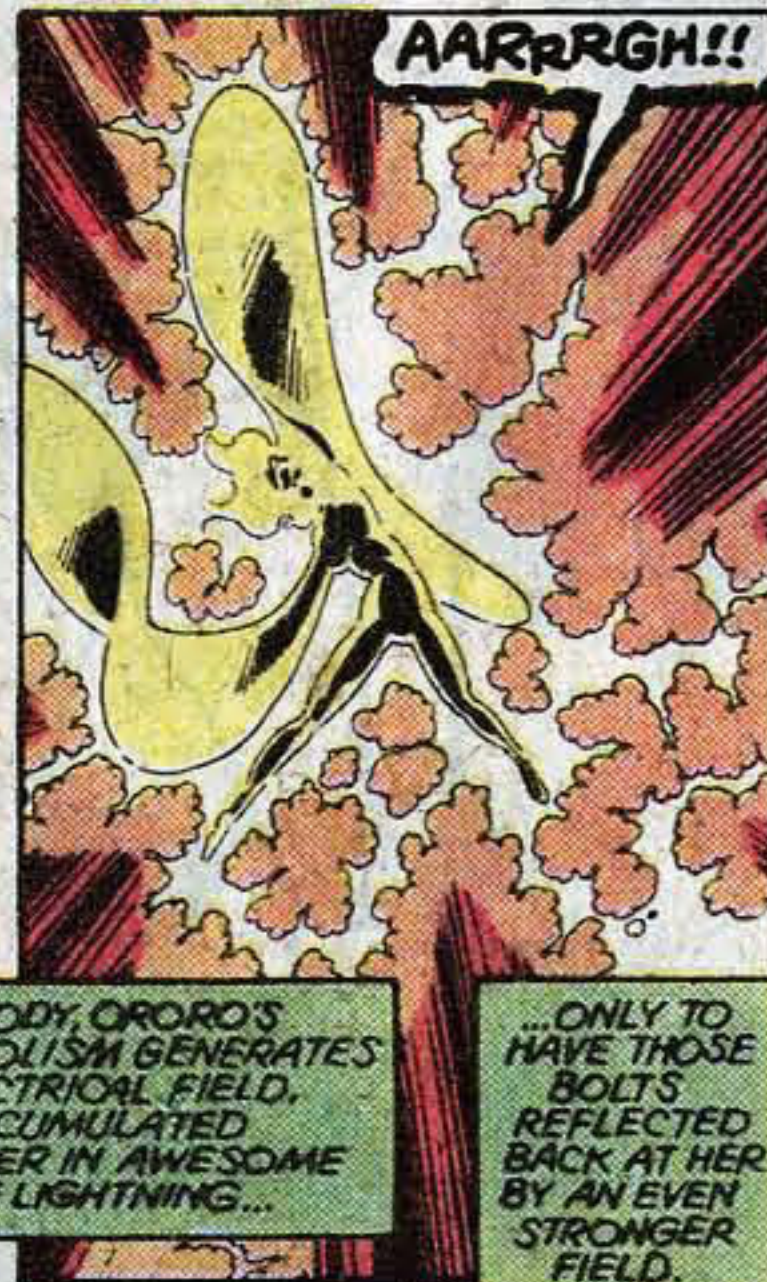
DOESN'T FEEL LIKE A NATURAL FORCE-- IT MUST BE SOME ARTIFICIAL MECHANISM.

I MUSTN'T LET IT PULL ME BELOW THE WATER!



I HAVE TO FIND THAT TRAP DOOR, AND TRY TO BLAST MY WAY OUT.

THERE IT IS!



AARRRGH!!

AROUND HER BODY, ORORO'S MUTANT METABOLISM GENERATES A POSITIVE ELECTRICAL FIELD, HURLING THE ACCUMULATED ENERGY FROM HER IN AWESOME BOLTS OF LIGHTNING...

...ONLY TO HAVE THOSE BOLTS REFLECTED BACK AT HER BY AN EVEN STRONGER FIELD.



MEANWHILE, BACK ON SQUARE ONE...

CAN'T WAIT MUCH LONGER TO MAKE UP MY MIND.

BUT I ALSO CAN'T SHAKE MY INSTINCTIVE DISTRUST OF THIS ARCADE CHARACTER.



EVEN IF HE'S TELLING THE TRUTH ABOUT THESE DOORS-- EVEN IF I GET LUCKY AND PICK THE RIGHT ONE--

-- I'D JUST BE PLAYING HIS GAME, BY HIS RULES.

I'LL BET MY ONLY CHANCE IS TO BREAK THOSE RULES-- DO THE UNEXPECTED-- STARTING RIGHT... NOW!



AND, NOT FAR AWAY...

I'M HOLDIN' MY OWN-- FOR NOW.

BUT EACH TIME I SKRAG ONE O' THESE ROBOTS, OUT POPS A REPLACEMENT-- STRONGER AN' FASTER THAN THE ONE BEFORE.



THEY'RE WORKIN' AS A TEAM, TOO-- HEMMIN' ME IN, KEEPIN' ME FROM SMASHIN' THE MIRRORS OR REACHIN' THE EXIT, WEARIN' ME DOWN!

HUH--?! WHAT'S THAT?!



CYKE! I HATE TA SAY IT, BOSS, BUT FOR ONCE, I'M GLAD TA SEE YA.

LIKewise, WOLVERINE. YOU OKAY?

YUP.

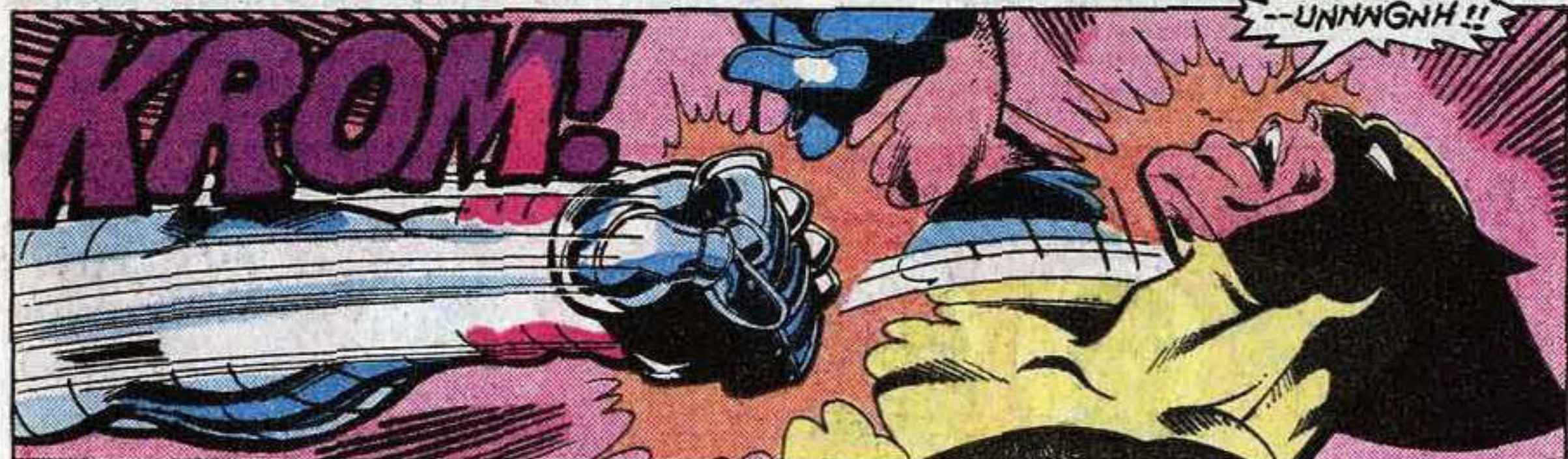


YOUR OPTIC BLAST MUST'A ZAPPED THE MACHINERY-- THESE FLAKEY MIRRORS HAVE STOPPED GROWIN' ROBOTS. WHICH IS JUST FINE WITH ME.

C'MON. LET'S MAKE TRACKS BEFORE THIS FREAKED-OUT FUN HOUSE POPS ANY MORE SURPRISES.

WOLVERINE-- AHEAD OF YOU! SOMEONE'S IN THE SHADOWS!

NO SWEAT, I ALREADY GOT HIS SCENT. IT'S--



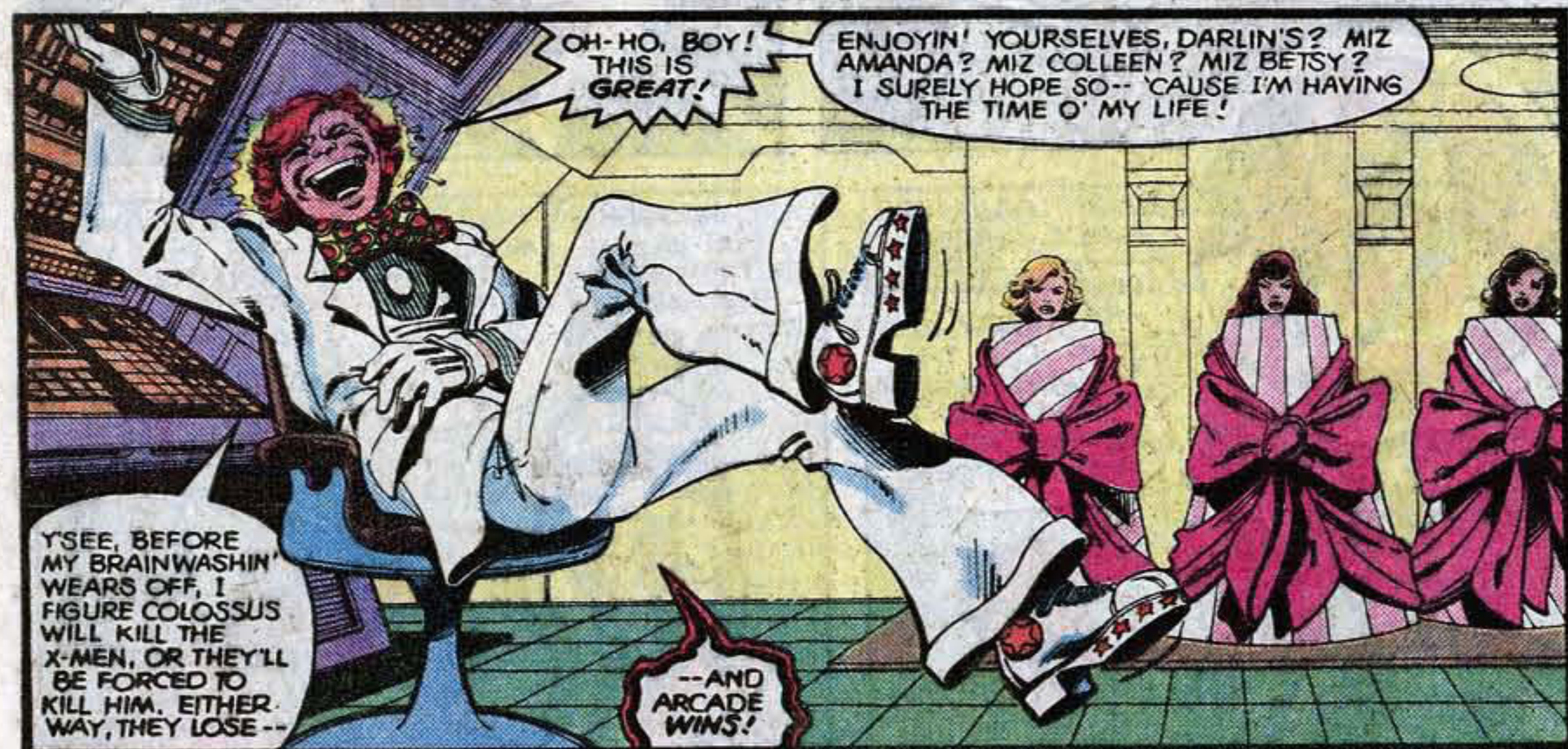
--UNNGNH!!

CYKE, THIS IS...
CRAZY! THAT
AIN'T ONE OF
ARCADE'S
ROBOTS--
THAT'S REALLY
COLOSSUS!

NO LONGER AM I THE
X-MAN, COLOSSUS-- A
TRAITOR TO HIS
MOTHERLAND AND
HIS PEOPLE!

NOW I AM THE
PROLETARIAN--
WORKERS' HERO OF
THE SOVIET UNION!

AND
MY FIRST
MISSION
IS -- TO
**SMASH
THE
X-MEN!**



NEXT

**HE ONLY LAUGHS
WHEN I HURT!**