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THE UNCANNY

X-MEN



DON'T YOU
UNDERSTAND
COLOSSUS?
WE'RE YOUR
FRIENDS!



HE WAS ONE OF THE X-MEN--
NOW, HE'S THE POWER-MAD
PROLETARIAN!



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
AUTHOR/CO-PLOTTERS/PENCILER

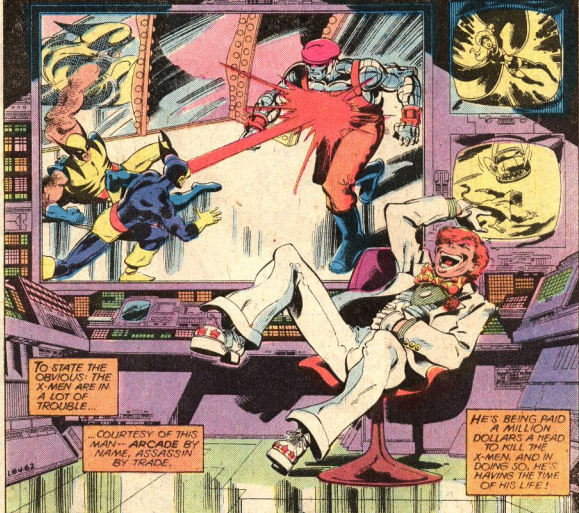
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He only laughs when I HURT!

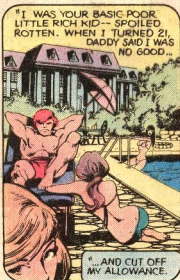


TO STATE THE
OBVIOUS: THE
X-MEN ARE IN
A LOT OF
TROUBLE...

...COURTESY OF THIS
MAN--ARCADE BY
NAME, ASSASSIN
BY TRADE.

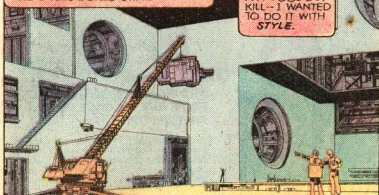
HE'S BEING PAID
A MILLION
DOLLARS A HEAD
TO KILL THE
X-MEN, AND IN
DOING SO, HE'S
HAVING THE TIME
OF HIS LIFE!

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"THAT WAS WHEN I REALIZED THAT I HAD A GREAT AND UNIQUE TALENT FOR MURDER. WITHIN A YEAR, I WAS THE BEST HIT-MAN IN THE STATES-- AND I WAS BORED STIFF."

"Y'SEE, LADIES, ANY FOOL CAN KILL-- I WANTED TO DO IT WITH **STYLE**."



"SO, I COMBINED MY GENIUS WITH DADDY'S FORTUNE AND CREATED **MURDERWORLD**-- THE FIRST ASSASSINATION AMUSEMENT PARK."

"IT WAS AN INSTANT SUCCESS. BUT BEFORE LONG, I WAS BORED AGAIN. SURE, I'D BUILT MY DISNEYLAND OF DEATH."



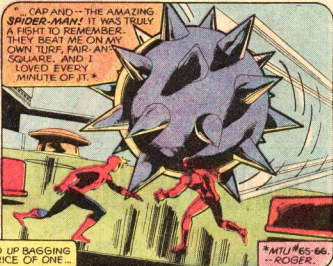
"WHAT I NEEDED NOW WAS A FOE **WORTHY** OF IT-- AND ME."

"THEN, ALONG CAME MESSERS. ROAK AND MORAN, MEMBERS OF THE EUROPEAN MAGGIA HEIRARCHY-- OFFERING A CONTRACT ON AN ENGLISH SUPERHERO, CAP'N BRITAIN."



"I SAID YES, AND ENDED UP BAGGING TWO HEROES FOR THE PRICE OF ONE..."

"CAP AND-- THE AMAZING **SPIDER-MAN**! IT WAS TRULY A FIGHT TO REMEMBER. THEY BEAT ME ON MY OWN TURF, FAIR-AND-SQUARE. AND I LOVED EVERY MINUTE OF IT."



*MTL#65-66.
--ROGER.

"I WAS GETTING SET FOR A REMATCH WITH THE WALL-CRAWLER WHEN BLACK TOM CASSIDY AND CAIN MARKO-- THE **JUGGERNAUT**-- MADE ME AN OFFER I COULDN'T REFUSE."

"WELL, ARCADE-- WHAT'S YOUR DECISION?"



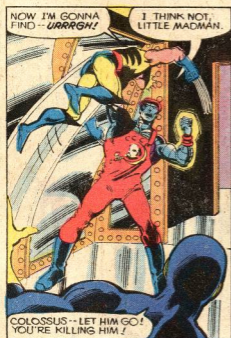
"GENTLEMEN, AS OF RIGHT NOW, THE X-MEN ARE AS GOOD AS DEAD!"

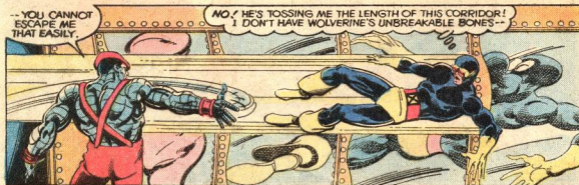
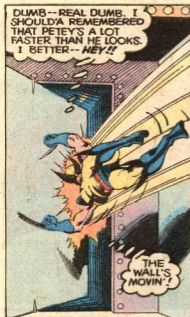
"CAPTURING THEM TURNED OUT TO BE A CINCINCH. START TO FINISH, I CORRALLED THE ENTIRE TEAM-- WITH YOU LOVELY LADIES AS AN UNEXPECTED BONUS-- INSIDE OF AN HOUR."

"THEY NEVER KNEW WHAT HIT THEM."



*LAST ISSUE. --R.







POOR
SAP.

HE MUST HAVE SOME REAL, FUNDAMENTAL DOUBTS ABOUT
BEING AN X-MAN FOR ME TO HAVE **BRAINWASHED** HIM SO
QUICKLY AND COMPLETELY.

WHO TO
LOOK IN
ON NEXT, I
WONDER?
I KNOW--



STORM!

I JUST BARELY
MANAGED TO
DEFLECT ARCADE'S
LIGHTNING TRAP.

SOMEHOW, HE
CAN MANIPULATE
THE ENVIRONMENT
IN THIS ROOM--
ARTIFICIALLY COUNTERING
MY NATURAL ABILITY TO
CONTROL THE ELEMENTS.



OH! HE'S CREATING
A VICIOUS DOWN-
DRAFT AGAIN!

IT'S TOO
POWERFUL --
I CAN'T STAY
AIRBORNE!



LAST TIME... I BELLY-
FLOPPED LIKE THAT,
I WAS A CHILD. I'D
FORGOTTEN HOW
MUCH IT HURT.

LANDING
KNOCKED
THE WIND
OUT OF
ME, TOO.



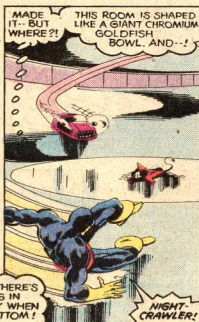
I HAVE TO
GET BACK
TO THE
SURFACE.

WATER'S A MUCH HEAVIER
MEDIUM THAN AIR-- IT'S
MUCH HARDER FOR ME TO
MANIPULATE, BUT AS SOON
AS I CATCH MY BREATH, I'LL...



NO --ok, NO! THE
WATER LEVEL'S
RISEN ALMOST TO
THE CEILING!

ANOTHER FEW
INCHES, AND
I'LL DROWN!





I TRULY LOVE MY "DEATH-RACE". MOSTLY, 'CAUSE THE SCREAMS I HEAR ARE REAL.

SO MUCH FOR CYCLOPS-- HOW ABOUT HIS PINT-SIZE PSYCHOPATHIC PARTNER?



WHAT THE FLAMIN'--?!

'AHA! HE'S JOINED BANSHEE IN THE LATEST EPISODE OF *BATTLESTARWARS: 1999!*

WOLVERINE-- ARE YE REAL, MAN?

REAL CONFUSED, IRISH!



I KNOW THE FEELIN'. WE'RE INSIDE A MONSTROUS HOLOGRAM, BUT SOME OF THOSE SHIPS ARE REAL, FIRIN' REAL LASERS!

IF ME THROAT WERE FULLY HEALED, I COULD USE ME SONIC SCREAM AS A RADAR, TO TELL WHICH WAS WHICH.



WITHOUT IT, THOUGH, I'M HELPLESS.

I'M NOT!

HIT THE DECK!



CRIPES. WE ALL KNEW BANSHEE WAS HURTIN', BUT I DIDN'T FIGURE THE DAMAGE WAS THIS SERIOUS.

BE COOL, PAL.

I'LL GET US OUT.



I DON'T JUST "SEE" WITH MY EYES ALONE. I USE ALL MY SENSES.

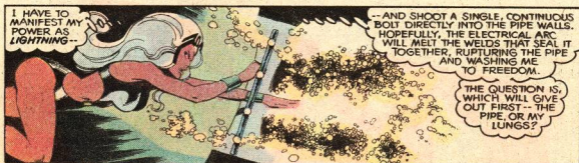
AND HOLOGRAMS JUST DON'T CARRY A SCENT! YEAH, I THOUGHT THERE WAS A WALL HERE!



BINGO-- A MAINTENANCE TUNNEL! C'MON, BANSHEE, I THINK I FOUND US A WAY OUT!

RRRAKT

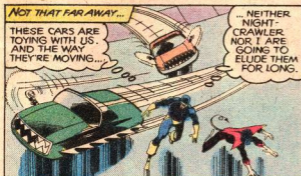




I HAVE TO
MANIFEST MY
POWER AS
LIGHTNING--

--AND SHOOT A SINGLE, CONTINUOUS
BOLT DIRECTLY INTO THE PIPE WALLS.
HOPEFULLY, THE ELECTRICAL ARC
WILL MELT THE WELDS THAT SEAL IT
TOGETHER, RUPTURING THE PIPE
AND WASHING ME
TO FREEDOM.

THE QUESTION IS,
WHICH WILL GIVE
OUT FIRST-- THE
PIPE, OR MY
LUNGS?



NOT THAT FAR AWAY...

THESE CARS ARE
TOYING WITH US.
AND THE WAY
THEY'RE MOVING...

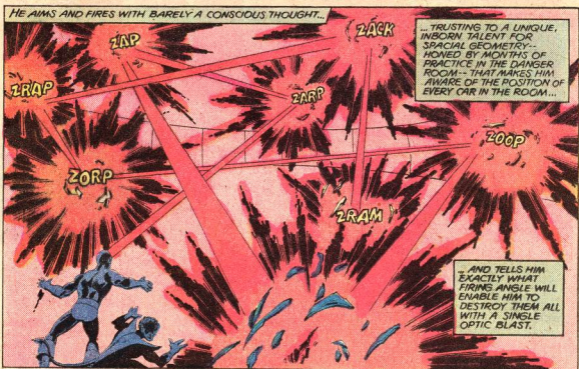
... NEITHER
NIGHT-
CRAWLER
NOR I ARE
GOING TO
ELUDE THEM
FOR LONG.



ARCADE'S HAD US ON
THE DEFENSIVE SINCE
HE CAPTURED US--
AND WE'VE BEEN
GETTING
CREAMED.

THAT
HAS TO
CHANGE

NIGHT-
CRAWLER...
GET BE-
HIND ME!



HE AIMS AND FIRES WITH BARELY A CONSCIOUS THOUGHT...

... TRUSTING TO A UNIQUE,
INBORN TALENT FOR
SPACIAL GEOMETRY--
HONED BY MONTHS OF
PRACTICE IN THE DANGER
ROOM-- THAT MAKES HIM
AWARE OF THE POSITION OF
EVERY CAR IN THE ROOM...

AND TELLS HIM
EXACTLY WHAT
FIRE'S ANGLE WILL
ENABLE HIM TO
DESTROY THEM ALL
WITH A SINGLE
OPTIC BLAST.



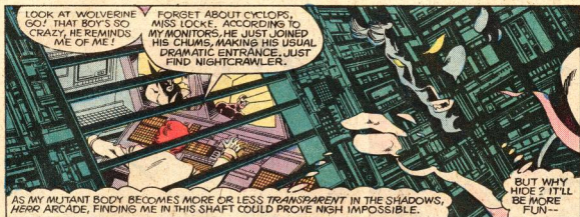
CYCLOPS, HOW DID YOU--?

I HAVEN'T TRIED THAT
STUNT IN AGES.

ZKOW

IT'S NICE TO KNOW THE OLD
SKILLS HAVEN'T ATROPHIED.





AT THAT MOMENT, UNAWARE OF NIGHTCRAWLER'S FATE...



WHAT GIVES?! I'VE NEVER HEARD SEAN SOUND SO DISPIRITED.



YEAH--AND IT'S COMING THIS WAY.



IN PART AT LEAST, STORM'S GAMBLE HAS FINALLY PAID OFF, HER LIGHTNING BOLTS SHATTERING NOT ONLY THE WATER PIPE...



AS THE DELUGE SUBSIDES...



SHE'S UNCONSCIOUS--BARELY BREATHING. IF I DON'T ACT FAST, SHE'LL DIE!

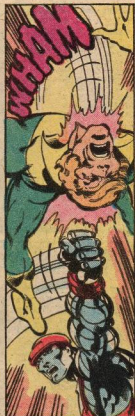


C'MON, ORORO, BREATHE! BREATHE!



FOR A LONG TIME--TOO LONG, CYCLOPS FEARS--NOTHING HAPPENS. AND THEN...







SOMEHOW, ARCADE'S BRAINWASHED PETER. WE HAVE TO TALK HIM OUT OF IT, WHILE WE'VE GOT THE CHANCE.

GOT TO BE CAREFUL, THOUGH... HE'S CHOKING US SLOWLY... A FLICK OF HIS WRIST COULD SNAP OUR NECKS!

COLOSSUS, REMEMBER WHERE YOU ARE. THIS IS MURDERWORLD-- EVERYTHING YOU'VE BEEN TOLD COMES FROM ARCADE!

PETER-- LISTEN... TO ME!



WHEN I WAS A LITTLE GIRL, I GREW UP ALONE-- NO FAMILY, NO REAL FRIENDS...

... THAT ALL CHANGED WHEN I JOINED THE X-MEN.

THE X-MEN IS MORE THAN JUST A SCHOOL FOR MUTANTS-- DEEP DOWN, YOU MUST KNOW THAT!

WE'RE... ALMOST LIKE A FAMILY, I GUESS.

WE COULD NEVER LIE TO YOU... OR BETRAY YOU, PETER...

IT CHANGED FOR ALL OF US, PETER!

SCOTT IS RIGHT, PETER... YOU ARE ALL MY FAMILY!



... WE LOVE YOU! DON'T YOU SEE, PETER? YOU ARE LIKE THE BROTHER I NEVER HAD!

ME? LIKE A BROTHER?

YES... YES, IT'S TRUE!

OH, MY FRIENDS! MY DEAR FRIENDS, CAN YOU EVER FORGIVE ME?!

AH, WELL-- YOU CAN'T WIN THEM ALL!

...IT WAS SO EASY TO BELIEVE! ARCADE'S ROBOT PORTRAYED A REAL KGB COLONEL--A NATIONAL HERO, LIKE COSMONAUT GAGARIN OR YOUR NICHOLAS FURY--AND HIS ACCUSATIONS ECHOED MY OWN REAL DOUBTS ABOUT BEING AN X-MAN.

DOUBTS!!

HEY, WATCH IT--THE FLOOR!

AGAIN, BEFORE ANY OF THEM CAN REACT, THEY'RE CAUGHT AND SENT ON THEIR WAY.

AND COMPARED TO THIS RIDE...

...BOTH ARCADE'S GIANT PINBALL MACHINE AND THE FLOOD COULD ALMOST BE CONSIDERED FUN.



FOR A LONG MOMENT, THE METAL BALL BOBS LAZILY IN THE STILL WATERS, AND THEN...

SKRAMM

AM I DREAMING? WE ARE ON THE SURFACE, IN SOME SORT OF AMUSEMENT PARK!

HERE, ORORO, LET ME HELP YOU.

SCOTTY--BEHIND YE, MAN!

FIREWORKS?!



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TM

THE DRAMATIC
RETURN OF
PHOENIX!

THE UNCANNY

X-MEN™

Cockrum Austin

THE PERILS OF THE
DANGER ROOM!

THE MYSTERY OF
MUIR ISLAND!

--ALL THIS AND
MORE!
(WE GUARANTEE IT!)



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!

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AUTHOR PENCILER INKER GLYNIS WEIN, colorist EDITOR EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

THERE'S SOMETHING **AWFUL** ON MUIR ISLAND!

ONCE UPON A
TIME, THERE
WAS A YOUNG
WOMAN NAMED
JEAN GREY--
A MUTANT
TELEPATH/
TELEKINETIC,
AND ONE OF THE
FOUNDING
MEMBERS OF THE
UNCANNY X-MEN.

NOW, SHE IS
phoenix.

AND FOR HER, FOR THOSE SHE LOVES AND WHO
LOVE HER--AND PERHAPS FOR THE ENTIRE WORLD
--NOTHING WILL EVER BE THE SAME AGAIN.

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THIS IS DR. MOIRA MACTAGGERT-- SECOND ONLY TO CHARLES XAVIER AS AN AUTHORITY ON GENETIC MUTATION. SHE'S SCOTS-- A HIGHLANDER BORN AND BRED-- AND SHE DOESN'T SCARE EASILY.



BUT TODAY, LOOKING AT THIS WOMAN SHE'S COME TO LOVE AS THE DAUGHTER SHE CAN NEVER DARE HAVE... MOIRA MACTAGGERT IS AFRAID.



HOW MUCH LONGER, MOIRA?

I HATE TO SAY IT, BUT THIS IS GETTING TO BE A REAL DRAG.



YOU CAN POWER DOWN, JEAN. I THINK I'VE GOT ALL THE RAW DATA I NEED.

HOW DO YOU FEEL?

FINE.

NOT TIRED?



NO. USING MY POWER DOESN'T TIRE ME AS QUICKLY AS IT USED TO.

IF ANYTHING, IT MAKES ME FEEL GOOD.

GOOD ENOUGH TO WANT TO USE IT AGAIN?



WHAT ARE YOU DRIVING AT, MOIRA? YOU'VE BEEN POKING AT ME FOR OVER A WEEK. YOU MUST HAVE SOME ANSWERS.

JEAN, I'M JUST BARELY FIGURING OUT THE QUESTIONS.



I'M NOT A CHILD ANYMORE, MOIRA. LEVEL WITH ME-- PLEASE!

I WOULD IF I COULD. C'MON, I'LL BREW US SOME TEA.

BEHIND THEM, UNSEEN BY EITHER WOMAN, LIGHT GLANCES OFF SOMETHING THAT HAD ONCE BEEN A MAN.



HIS NAME WAS ANGUS MacWHIRTER, AND HE WAS A MOST UNPLEASANT MAN... WHEN HE WAS ALIVE.

I... HUNGER! BUT... MUST WAIT. MOIRA MUST NOT KNOW.



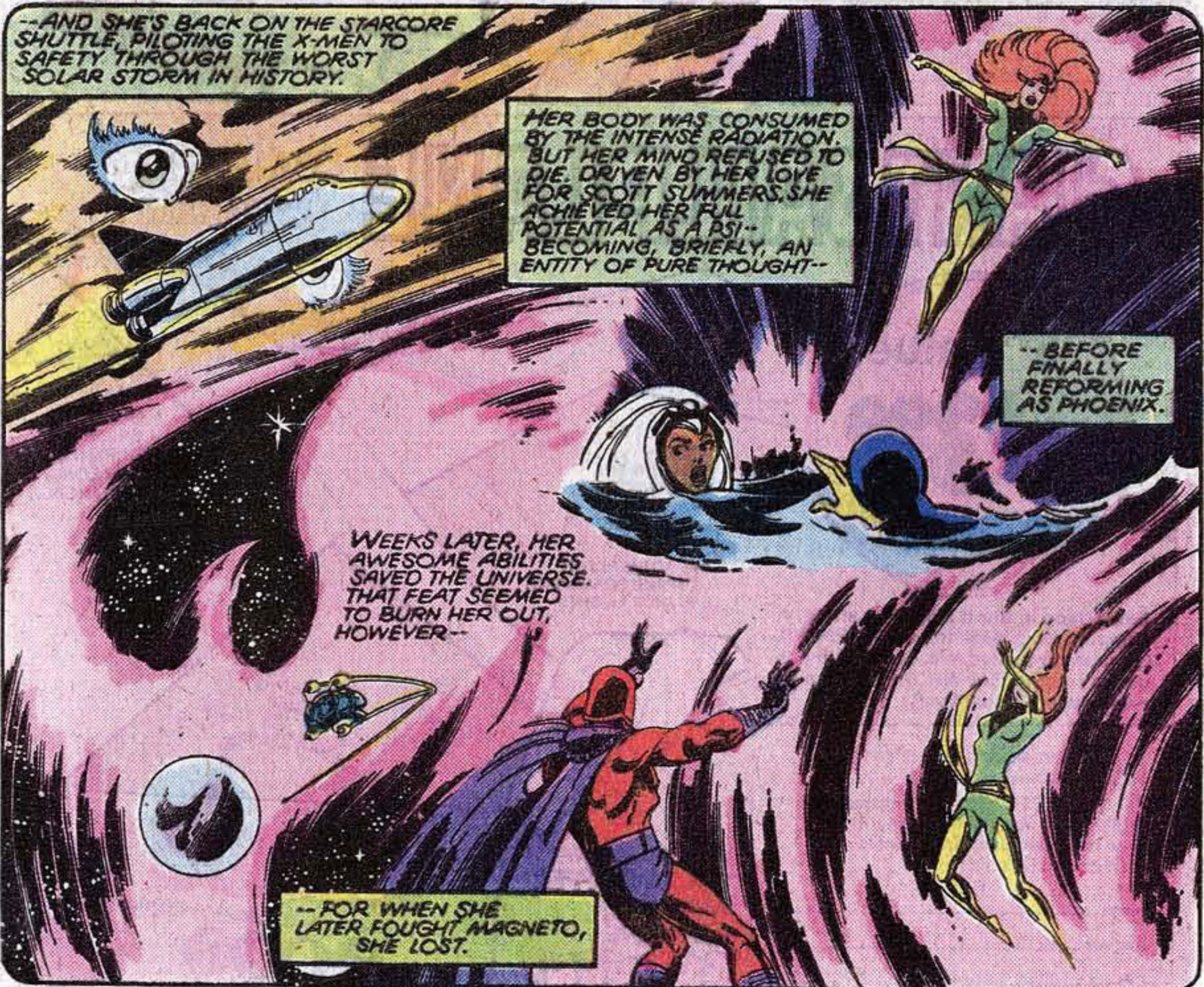
MEANWHILE, UNAWARE OF THE NIGHTMARE STALKING THEM...

THERE'S NO COMPARISON BETWEEN MARVEL GIRL AND PHOENIX. YOUR PSI POWERS HAVE MADE A QUANTUM LEAP.

AND YOU'RE WORRIED ABOUT WHETHER I CAN HANDLE IT. WELL, I'M WORRIED, TOO.

SOME-TIMES, I ALMOST WISH I'D STAYED DEAD ON THAT SHUTTLE.

ONCE MORE, THE IMAGES UNFOLD IN JEAN'S MIND--



--AND SHE'S BACK ON THE STARCORE SHUTTLE, PILOTING THE X-MEN TO SAFETY THROUGH THE WORST SOLAR STORM IN HISTORY.

HER BODY WAS CONSUMED BY THE INTENSE RADIATION. BUT HER MIND REFUSED TO DIE. DRIVEN BY HER LOVE FOR SCOTT SUMMERS, SHE ACHIEVED HER FULL POTENTIAL AS A PSI-- BECOMING, BRIEFLY, AN ENTITY OF PURE THOUGHT--

-- BEFORE FINALLY REFORMING AS PHOENIX.

WEEKS LATER, HER AWESOME ABILITIES SAVED THE UNIVERSE. THAT FEAT SEEMED TO BURN HER OUT, HOWEVER--

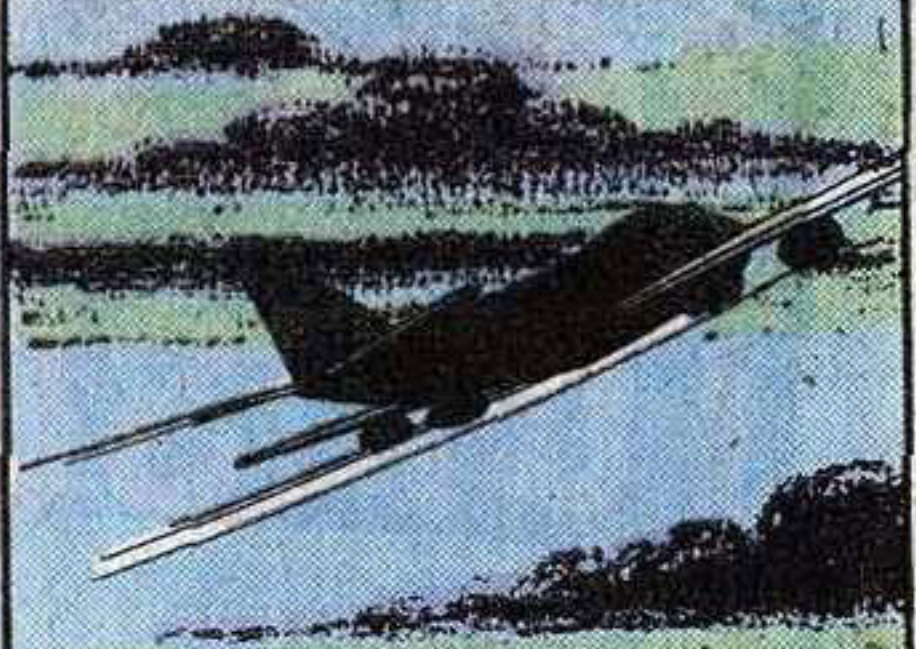
-- FOR WHEN SHE LATER FOUGHT MAGNETO, SHE LOST.

FAR WORSE--SHE WAS UNABLE TO SAVE HER FELLOW X-MEN WHEN MAGNETO'S UNDERGROUND ANTARCTIC BASE COLLAPSED ON TOP OF THEM, BURYING THEM ALL IN MOLTEN LAVA.

ONLY SHE AND HANK MCCOY--THE BEAST--MANAGED TO ESCAPE...SO SHE THOUGHT.



GRIEF-STRIKEN, JEAN RETURNED TO THE X-MEN'S HEADQUARTERS... ONLY TO WATCH, HELPLESS, AS PROFESSOR XAVIER'S OWN GRIEF BUILT AN UNBREACHABLE WALL BETWEEN THEM.



SHE NEEDED HIS HELP, SUPPORT... AND LOVE-- BUT HE GAVE HER NOTHING. SO, SHE LEFT.

FROM THE START, HER VACATION WAS SHEER PERFECTION. NO MATTER WHERE SHE WENT, SHE RAN INTO KIND, GENTLE PEOPLE--



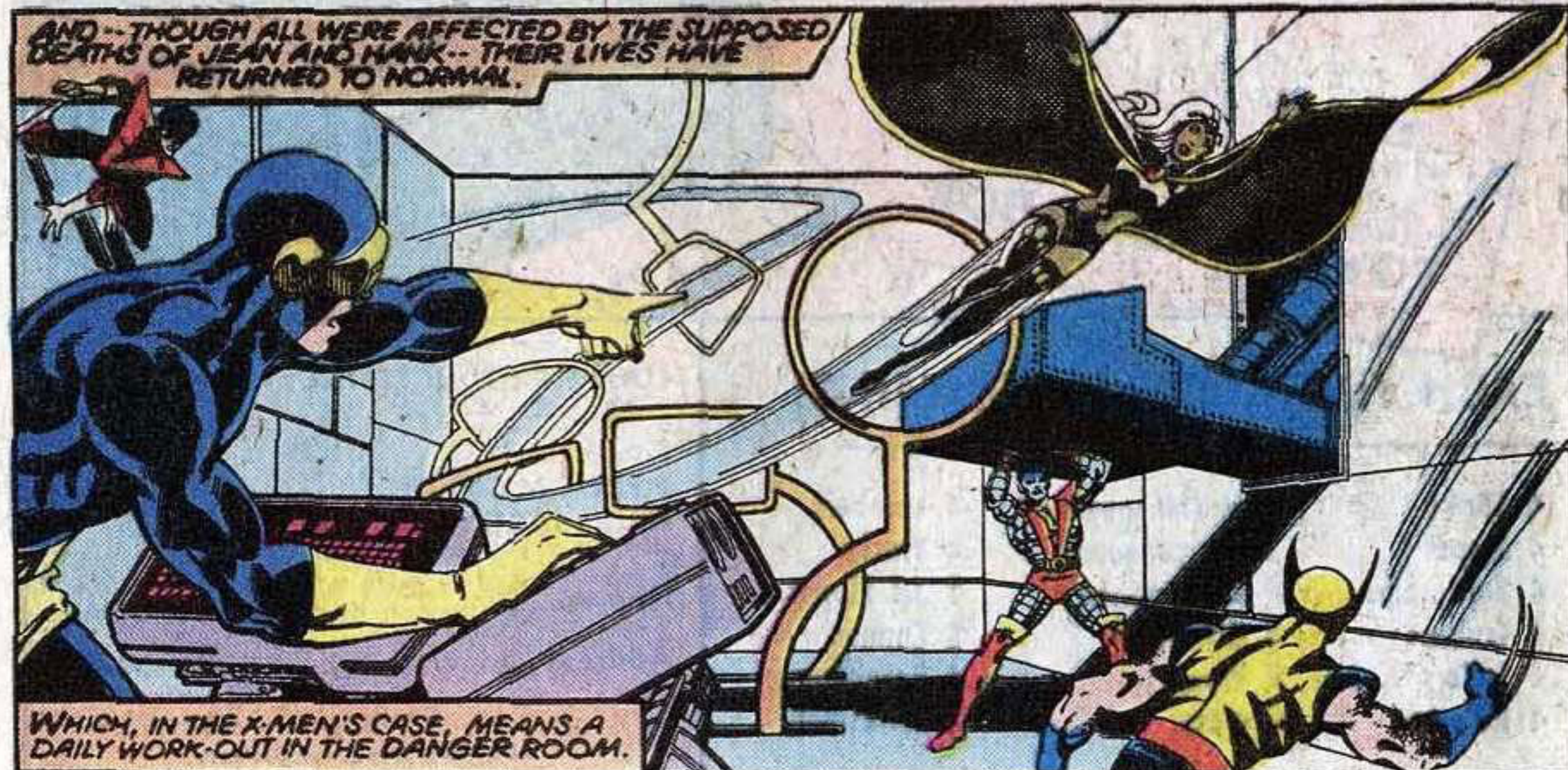
AND IN TIME, HER PAIN PASSED, HER LIFE BEGAN ANEW.

THE TERRIBLE, TRAGIC IRONY IS THAT HER GRIEF WAS UNNECESSARY-- FOR THE X-MEN DID NOT DIE IN MAGNETO'S FORTRESS. AS JEAN AND HANK ESCAPED TO THE SURFACE--



--THE X-MEN BURROWED DOWN UNTIL AT LAST THEY REACHED A SAFE HAVEN OF SORTS, AND NOW, AFTER A JOURNEY THAT TOOK THEM HALFWAY ROUND THE WORLD, THEY'VE FINALLY RETURNED HOME TO WESTCHESTER.

AND--THOUGH ALL WERE AFFECTED BY THE SUPPOSED DEATHS OF JEAN AND HANK--THEIR LIVES HAVE RETURNED TO NORMAL.



WHICH, IN THE X-MEN'S CASE, MEANS A DAILY WORK-OUT IN THE DANGER ROOM.

OKAY, COLOSSUS -- YOUR PROBLEM IS TO GET OUT FROM UNDER THAT HYDRAULIC RAM BEFORE IT CRUSHES YOU. AND YOU'D BETTER HURRY. ITS FORCE WILL DOUBLE EVERY 15 SECONDS.



NEED A HAND, PETEY?



THANK YOU, LITTLE COMRADE, BUT NO. THIS TEST IS INTENDED FOR ME ALONE.

WE'RE S'POSED TO BE A TEAM, RIGHT? THAT MEANS WE HELP EACH OTHER OUT.



LET'S SEE HOW WELL CYKE'S TOYS WORK--

-- WHEN I'VE SKRAGGED THEIR POWER --



SORRY, WOLVERINE. BETTER LUCK NEXT TIME.

ENJOY YOUR SHOWER, MEIN FREUND?



DON'T LAUGH, CRAWLER, YOUR TURN WILL COME.

AND, ALMOST ON CUE...

THE WALL!



YOU WON'T CATCH ME THAT EASILY, CYCLOPS--

--NOT WHEN I CAN SIMPLY TELEPORT MYSELF OUT OF HARM'S WAY.



TRUE ENOUGH, NIGHTCRAWLER, BUT SUPPOSE YOU CAN'T?

ACH! SONIC BEAMS-- CAN'T BLOCK THEM OUT!



THEY'RE DISRUPTING MY CONCENTRATION-- CAN'T 'PORT, OR... EVEN THINK!



ALL RIGHT, BANSHEE, TURN EVERYTHING OFF.

PATHETIC, PEOPLE, REALLY PATHETIC. YOU EITHER OVERREACT TO THE DANGER ROOM, OR YOU TREAT IT LIKE A JOKE!

FOR YOUR INFORMATION, WOLVERINE, YOU AND NIGHTCRAWLER ARE BOTH DEAD... AND YOU DIDN'T HELP COLOSSUS A BIT!

IF I'M SO DEAD, HOW COME I'M STILL BREATHIN' ?!

IF THIS WERE THE REAL THING...



BUT IT *AIN't* THE REAL THING, THAT'S THE POINT! IT'S A FLAMIN' GAME!

I GOT NEWS FOR YOU, SUMMERS-- WOLVERINE DON'T JUMP THROUGH HOOPS FOR NOBODY!

I HANDLED MYSELF FINE WHEN I WAS ON MY OWN! AN' I CAN DO IT AGAIN, TOO!



WOLVERINE--!

I NEED A BREW! YOU WANT ME, SUMMERS, YOU KNOW WHERE TO FIND ME.



ONE OF THESE DAYS, ORORO...

HIS MANNER IS OCCASIONALLY... IRRITATING.

HAH!



YOU'RE ALL SUCH STRONG-- AND STRONG-- WILLED-- INDIVIDUALS.

I DOUBT YOU'LL EVER MESH AS EFFECTIVELY AS THE ORIGINAL X-MEN. I'M NOT EVEN SURE THAT'S A DESIRABLE GOAL ANYMORE.

BUT WE'VE GOT TO BE BETTER THAN WE ARE. WE'RE GOOD, BUT WE'VE ALSO BEEN REAL LUCKY. AND OUR LUCK CAN'T LAST FOREVER.

INTERLUDE: A THOUSAND MILES ABOVE THE EARTH, A SQUARE MILE OF ROCK SWINGS TOWARD THE SUNRISE, HIDDEN FROM PRYING EYES BY SOME OF THE MOST SOPHISTICATED ELECTRONICS SYSTEMS EVER CREATED.

THIS IS ASTEROID M... THE HOME OF MAGNETO.

EVER SINCE HIS BATTLE WITH THE X-MEN BENEATH ANTARCTICA, HE'S BEEN HERE NURSING HIS WOUNDS, REGAINING HIS STRENGTH...



...REFINING HIS PLANS TO BECOME MASTER OF THE WORLD.

ABRUPTLY, THE IMAGE ON THE SCREEN BEFORE HIM CHANGES...

MAGDA! BUT HOW--? Oh... I SEE.



MAGDA... MY LATE WIFE. I'D ALMOST FORGOTTEN HOW BEAUTIFUL YOU WERE...



HOW DEEPLY IT HURT WHEN YOU RAN AWAY FROM ME.



BUT THAT WAS LONG AGO, WHEN I STILL BELIEVED I WAS...

...ONLY HUMAN.



THE MEMORY CIRCUITS HAVE ACCIDENTALLY CROSS-CONNECTED.

"I AM OLDER NOW, AND I'VE LEARNED MY LESSONS WELL. SOON ALL THE WORLD WILL TREMBLE BEFORE MY POWER!"

BUT MAGNETO ISN'T THE ONLY ONE WITH PLANS AFOOT THIS MORNING--



-- FOR IN THE TOWN OF STORNOWAY, IN THE OUTER HEBRIDES ISLANDS, NEAR SCOTLAND'S RUGGED NORTH-WEST COAST--



-- IN AN UPSTAIRS ROOM OF THE RED LION INN-- IS A MAN WHO CALLS HIMSELF JASON WYNGARDE.

THE NAME IS AS FALSE AS THE MAN HIMSELF.



THE STAKES MY PARTNERS AND I ARE PLAYING FOR ARE TOO HIGH FOR ANY OF US TO RISK SPOILING THINGS WITH A HASTY OR CARELESS MOVE.

I'VE BEEN VERY PATIENT WITH YOU, MS. JEAN GREY.

YOU DON'T KNOW IT, MY DEAR, BUT I'VE BEEN BY YOUR SIDE EVER SINCE YOU LEFT THE SAFETY OF XAVIER'S MANSION.



FIRST ON YOUR FLIGHT TO EUROPE...

"... IN THE GUISE OF A ROLY-POLY PRIEST..."



PARDON ME FOR PRYIN', MISS, BUT IS ANYTHIN' THE MATTER?

"AND LATER-- IN MANY FACES AND FORMS-- I TRIED TO FILL THE EMOTIONAL VOID WITHIN YOU, UNTIL I CAME TO KNOW YOU BETTER THAN YOU KNOW YOURSELF.



THOUGH YOU'VE MET ME -- AS "JASON WYNGARDE" -- ONLY ONCE, YOU INSTINCTIVELY TRUST ME. SOON, THAT TRUST WILL TURN TO LOVE.



AND, AS EASILY AS I MOLD THIS MENTAL IMAGE OF YOU...

"... FROM THE DAY YOU FIRST MET THE X-MEN..."



"... TO YOUR ORIGINAL MARVEL GIRL GARB..."



"... TO THE OLDER, WISER MARVEL GIRL..."



"...TO PHOENIX..."



"...AND, FINALLY,
TO THE
BLACK QUEEN!"



"SO SHALL I
MOLD YOU,
JEAN GREY..."



"...UNTIL THE DAY
THE HELLFIRE
CLUB..."



"...CLAIMS YOU FOR ITS OWN!"

JEAN?
JEAN?!

HEY,
CARROT-
TOP--
RISE-'N'-
SHINE!



huh?!

Oh, WOW! I'M SORRY,
LORNA MY MIND MUST
HAVE WANDERED.

I'LL SAY. YOU WENT
SPACEY RIGHT IN THE
MIDDLE OF A SENTENCE.
I WAS STARTING TO
GET WORRIED.

I SUPPOSE. I ENVY YOU
AND ALEX. YOU'RE BUILDING
A LIFE THAT HAS NOTHING
TO DO WITH THE X-MEN,
OR WITH HAVING
MUTANT POWERS.

YOU
NEEDN'T
HAVE. I
CAN TAKE
CARE OF
MYSELF.

FAMOUS
LAST
WORDS.

YOU CAN DO THE SAME,
JEAN, IF YOU WANT TO.

BUT I DON'T, LORNA. NOT
WHILE I CAN DO SOME-
THING LIKE -- THIS!

SHE PIROUETTES ACROSS THE FLOOR TOWARDS LORNA DANE, ENERGY
CRACKLING AROUND JEAN'S SLIM FORM AS SHE TELEKINETICALLY
REARRANGES THE MOLECULES OF HER CLOTHES, CHANGING OUTFITS
WITH EACH TURN.

IT'S A
DELIBERATE
ATTEMPT TO
LIGHTEN
THE MOOD--
AND
CHANGE
THE
SUBJECT.

THIS
TIME,
LORNA
LETS
HER GET
AWAY
WITH IT.



ELSEWHERE... MORNING, ALREADY?
CRIKEY, I'VE BEEN AT THIS ALL NIGHT. AT LEAST I'M FAIRLY CERTAIN NOW WHY MOST OF JEAN'S POWER SEEMED TO VANISH AFTER A WHILE.

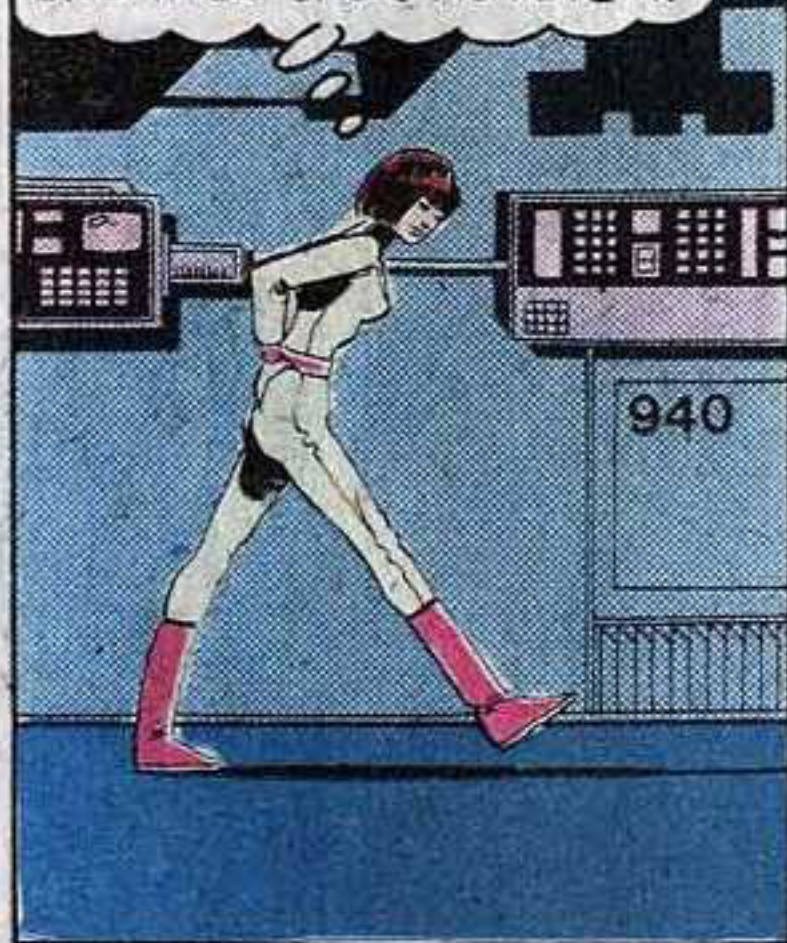


SOME SORT OF INSTINCTIVE PSYCHIC CIRCUIT BREAKER MUST HAVE ENGAGED, CUTTING JEAN'S POWER BACK FROM ITS COSMIC PEAK TO SOMETHING SHE COULD COPE WITH.

BUT THE POWER STILL EXISTS WITHIN HER.



CHARLES AND I SUSPECTED THAT SHE HAD THIS KIND OF POTENTIAL, BUT WE NEVER DREAMED SHE'D ACHIEVE IT.



IF SHE EVER TAPS INTO IT AGAIN, SHE COULD BECOME SOMETHING AKIN TO A GOD.



WHEREVER YOU ARE, CHARLES XAVIER, I HOPE YOU'RE HAPPY. BUT I ALSO WISH YOU WERE HERE, BECAUSE YOU'RE NEEDED... BADLY.

AT THAT MOMENT, ON A WORLD CALLED "IMPERIAL CENTER"...

...THE NEWLY-CROWNED EMPRESS LILANDRA IS HOSTING THE FIRST STATE BALL OF HER REIGN.

NEARBY--UNINTENTIONALLY LOST IN THE CROWD--IS LILANDRA'S TERRAN CONSORT, CHARLES XAVIER.



LATELY, THEY HAVEN'T HAD MUCH TIME TOGETHER. LILANDRA'S REALM SPANS AN ENTIRE GALAXY--

-- AND RUNNING IT TAKES ALMOST ALL HER TIME AND ENERGY.

XAVIER UNDERSTANDS, AND OFTEN TRIES TO HELP-- ONLY TO BE GENTLY REBUFFED.



EVERYONE HERE -- EXCEPT LILANDRA -- TREATS ME LIKE SOME SORT OF VILLAGE IDIOT. BUT PERHAPS BY THEIR STANDARDS, I AM.

THE OMEGA FILE, PLEASE.

EVENTS HAPPENED SO QUICKLY BACK ON EARTH THAT I NEVER HAD A CHANCE TO DE-BRIEF THE X-MEN AFTER THEY SAVED LILANDRA. SHE SAID THIS TAPE CONTAINS THE WHOLE STORY.

SETTLING HIMSELF IN HIS HOVER-CHAIR, XAVIER BEGINS TO READ OF HOW HIS X-MEN FOUGHT TO PREVENT THE UNLEASHING OF A FORCE KNOWN ONLY AS "THE END OF ALL THAT IS."

THAT FORCE WAS A NEUTRON GALAXY...

...HELD IN CHECK BY A SERIES OF INTERLOCKING STASIS FIELDS. BUT THE FIELDS WERE BREAKING DOWN, DYING. THE UNIVERSE WAS FACING ITS FINAL HOURS.

THEN, MIRACULOUSLY, PHOENIX FLEW INTO THE HEART OF THE ENERGY MATRIX AND -- WITH THE X-MEN'S SPIRITUAL HELP -- KNITTED THE STASIS FIELDS BACK TOGETHER AGAIN.

ALL THIS CHARLES XAVIER SEES... AND MORE.

VIRTUALLY SINGLE-HANDED, JEAN SAVED... EVERYTHING.

MY GOD.

MY -- GOD!!

FOR ALL HER NATURAL ABILITY, JEAN IS ONLY HUMAN. I DOUBT EVEN I COULD CONTROL SUCH POWER. SHE COULDN'T POSSIBLY --!

I MUST RETURN TO EARTH AT ONCE --

"--AND PRAY I'M NOT TOO LATE."

I'VE GOT TO TELL JEAN THE TRUTH -- ABOUT WHAT I KNOW AND WHAT I FEAR.

SHE'S AN INTELLIGENT WOMAN. SHE'LL FACE THE FUTURE -- THE CHOICES SHE MAY HAVE TO MAKE -- BETTER IF SHE KNOWS THE REAL SCORE. EH -- ?!

WHAT'S THIS UNDERFOOT?

SKITCH!

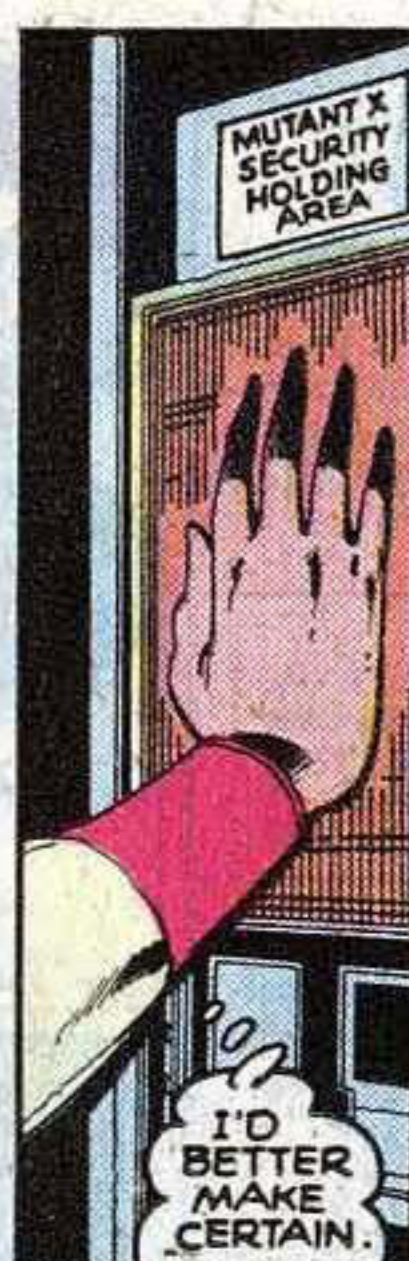


IT'S A GOLD TOOTH-- BUT WHOSE? AN INTRUDER'S? BUT HOW DID HE--OR SHE--MANAGE TO LOSE A TOOTH?

UNLESS... I FOUND IT RIGHT IN FRONT OF MUTANT X'S CELL.



NO-- THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE! THE CELL DOOR READS SEALED. THE SENSORS REGISTER HIM INSIDE.



I'D BETTER MAKE CERTAIN.



AT MOIRA'S TOUCH, THE PALM LOCK DISENGAGES AND THE CELL'S MASSIVE STEEL DOOR SLIDES OPEN TO REVEAL...

NO! OH, NO!



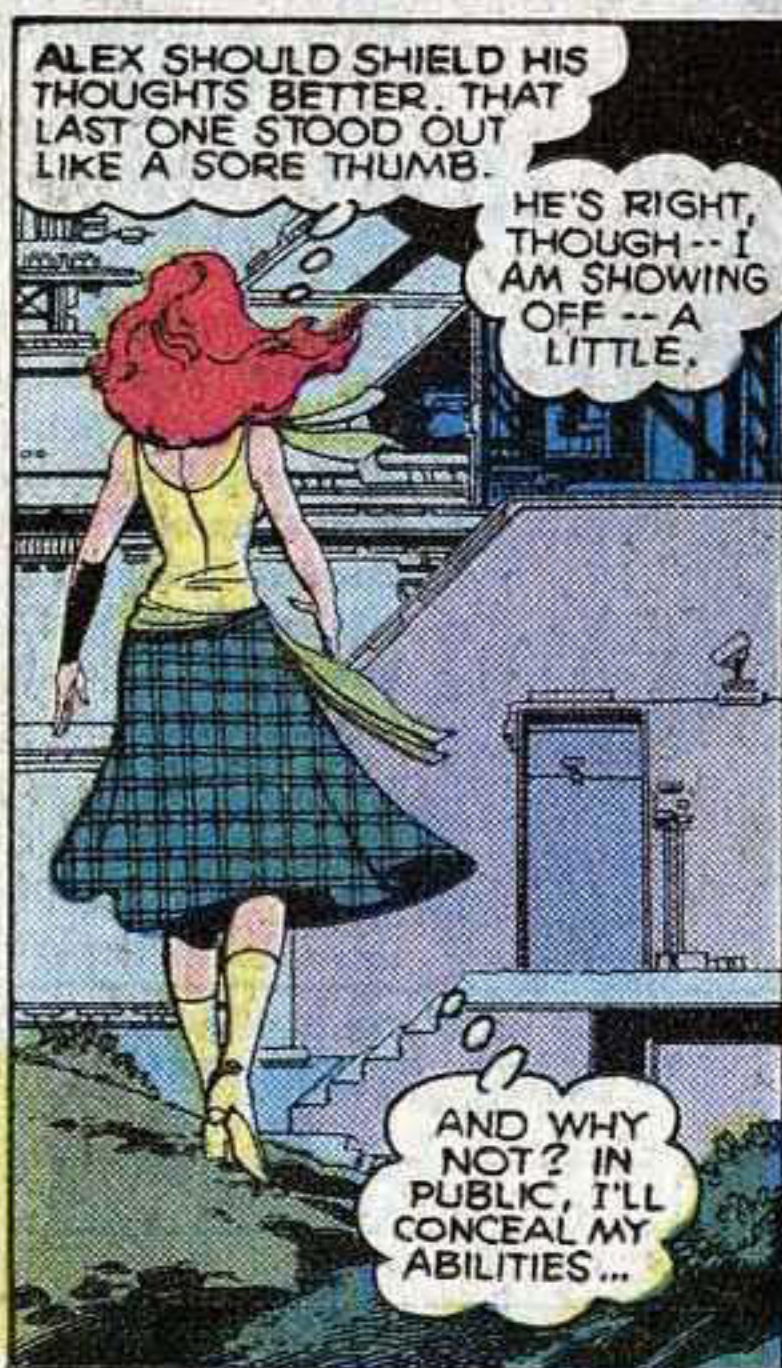
OUTSIDE THE LAB BUILDING...

MORNING, JAMIE, ALEX! IT'S BACK TO THE SALT MINES FOR ME! SEE YOU AT LUNCH!

WILL YA LOOK AT HER, ALEX-- NOT COLD OR ANYTHING! I'M WEARING A PARKA AND I'M FREEZING!

SHE'S SHOWING OFF-- USING HER TELEKINETIC TALENT TO MANIPULATE HER BODY'S METABOLIC LEVELS AND COUNTER-ACT THE COLD!

SHE SEEMS TO BE FLAUNTING HER POWERS MORE AND MORE THESE DAYS-- THAT'S NOT LIKE JEAN AT ALL.



ALEX SHOULD SHIELD HIS THOUGHTS BETTER. THAT LAST ONE STOOD OUT LIKE A SORE THUMB.

HE'S RIGHT, THOUGH-- I AM SHOWING OFF-- A LITTLE.

AND WHY NOT? IN PUBLIC, I'LL CONCEAL MY ABILITIES...



... BUT ALONE -- OR AMONG SUPPOSED "FRIENDS" -- I'LL DRESS AND ACT AS I DARN WELL PLEASE!

Oh... THERE'S NO NEED TO MAKE A FEDERAL CASE OUT OF THIS. ALEX IS JUST CONCERNED ABOUT-- HOLD IT!



MOIRA'S THOUGHT PATTERNS-- THEY'RE CHAOTIC, TERRIFIED! SOMETHING'S WRONG!

I'D BETTER GET TO HER-- FAST-- AS PHOENIX!

CAN'T PICK UP ANY SPECIFIC IMAGES FROM MOIRA --

-- BUT THINGS MUST BE PRETTY HAIRY TO BRING HER THIS CLOSE TO PANIC.

I'VE PSI-SCANNED THE ENTIRE LAB. SO FAR AS I CAN TELL, MOIRA AND I ARE THE ONLY ONES HERE.

SUPREMELY CONFIDENT OF HER ABILITY TO DEAL WITH ANY CRISIS, ANY THREAT...

... PHOENIX RACES AROUND A CORNER...

AND INTO A WORLD GONE DECIDEDLY MAD.

WHAT HAS... HAPPENED TO ME?!

THE LAB -- IT'S GONE! I'M IN SOME KIND OF 18th-CENTURY REGENCY MANSION! AND -- I'M DIFFERENT, TOO!

DESPERATELY, SHE REACHES OUT WITH HER MIND, BUT HER PSI POWERS ONLY CONFIRM WHAT HER SENSES HAVE ALREADY TOLD HER.

WHAT SHE SEES, WHAT SHE FEELS, IS REAL.

THIS IS CRAZY! IT CAN'T BE!

A THOUSAND QUESTIONS FLARE IN JEAN'S BRAIN...

... BUT SHE NEVER HAS A CHANCE TO FIND THE ANSWERS.

OH!

AN AMBUSH! THEN THAT... HALLUCINATION MUST HAVE BEEN SOME WEIRD KIND OF DIVERSION!

OKAY, BUSTER -- YOU'RE ABOUT TO GET THE SURPRISE OF YOUR...

...LIFE.

AT FIRST, SHE'S TOO STUNNED TO REACT. THEN...

EEEEEE

ALEX -- THAT SCREAM!

IT'S JEAN -- COME ON!

ACROSS THE ATLANTIC, IN WESTCHESTER COUNTY, NEW YORK, IT'S AROUND TWO IN THE MORNING --

-- AN UNGODLY HOUR FOR ANYONE TO GO VISITING --

...EVEN AVENGER HANK MCCOY -- A.K.A. THE BEAST -- TAKING TIME OUT FROM A VERY BUSY SCHEDULE TO CHECK UP ON A MANSION HE'D THOUGHT DESERTED.

LOOKS BAD. ALL THE ALARMS I SET HAVE BEEN DISCONNECTED BY AN EXPERT.

FREEZE, INTRUDER!

HUH?!

EVERYONE ELSE IS IN THE DANGER ROOM... THEY'LL NEVER HEAR ME THROUGH ITS SOUNDPROOF WALLS. I'LL JUST TAKE CARE OF THIS PROWLER MYSELF.

WHAT HAVE I GOT HERE, ANYWAY? IT FEELS LIKE I'M WRESTLING A GORILLA!

SUDDENLY, A LIGHTNING BOLT SPLITS THE SKY -- THE ROOM FLARING WHITE AROUND THE TWO MEN...

YOU!

??!?

YIKES!!

BAMF

OH, MY STARS AND GARTERS.

INSTANTLY, INSIDE THE DANGER ROOM...
WHAT THE -- ?! NIGHTCRAWLER -- ?

EIN... EIN G-GEIST, CYCLOPS! LARGE AS LIFE, RIGHT BEFORE MY EYES! I -- I SAW IT... FOUGHT IT!

FOUGHT WHAT, FRIEND KURT?

A GHOST!!



CYCLOPS,
IT WAS
DAS BESTIE---
THE BEAST!

LET'S GO! WHATEVER
KURT SAW, IT'S AN
INTRUDER, SO LET'S
NOT TAKE ANY
CHANCES!

STORM,
COME
WITH ME!
COLOSSUS,
BACK
US UP!



ALL RIGHT, NO
FALSE MOVES
OR-- HANK?!

IS IT...
REALLY
YOU?!

SCOTTY?!



YOU'RE **ALIVE!**



THIS IS FANTASTIC!
BUT-- HOW DID
YOU ESCAPE?

JEANIE
GOT ME
OUT!



JEAN?!
ALIVE?!
JEAN?!

YOU BET'CHA, BOSS-MAN! WHEN MAGNETO'S ROOF FELL IN, SHE FORMED A
TELEKINETIC FORCE BUBBLE AROUND US AND SHOT US UP TO THE SURFACE.
WE THOUGHT YOU WERE KILLED!

BOY, IS SHE
EVER GONNA BE
SURPRISED.

THE NEXT FEW MINUTES ARE SOMEWHAT HECTIC AS EVERYONE COMPARES NOTES -- AND THE BEAST EXPLAINS WHY THE MANSION WAS LOCKED UP, WHERE PROFESSOR XAVIER AND JEAN HAVE GONE...





MUIR ISLAND
RESEARCH
CENTRE --
LORNA DANE
SPEAKING.

LORNA --
THIS IS
SCOTT!

SCOTT
WHO?

SCOTT?!
YOU'RE
ALIVE!



NOT JUST ME, LORNA -- ALL THE
X-MEN ARE ALIVE AND WELL.

YOUR VOICE
SOUNDS
STRAINED. IS
ANYTHING
THE MATTER?

I'M NOT SURE.
JEAN AND MOIRA
WERE IN THE LAB.
WE HEARD A
SCREAM -- THEN
THE SECURITY
ALARMS WENT OFF.



JAMIE MADROX AND YOUR BROTHER,
ALEX, ARE AT THE LAB NOW,
CHECKING IT OUT.

LOOK, HOW SOON
CAN YOU BE HERE?

USING THE
"BLACKBIRD"
-- A COUPLE
OF HOURS.



THIS MAY BE A FALSE ALARM,
SCOTT, BUT I'D FEEL A
WHOLE LOT BETTER ...

HUMAN!
I ... NEED ...
YOU!



SCOTT, WHAT IS IT, LAD?
YOU'VE GONE PALE AS
A SHEET.

IT'S LORNA. I
HEARD HER SCREAM ...

... AND THEN
THE LINE
WENT DEAD!

NEXT
ISSUE

HOW SHARPER THAN A
SERPENT'S TOOTH...