

1981 MARVEL COMICS
GROUP

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AUTHORITY

THE UNCANNY

**WE DID IT
BEFORE...
DARE WE DO
IT AGAIN?**

ROGUE STORM!



Stan Lee
PRESENTS:

THE UNCANNY X-MEN!™

ROGUE STORM!

TWO MILES ABOVE THE
GROUND, THE GERMAN-
BORN MUTANT X-MAN,
NIGHTCRAWLER,
APPEARS LITERALLY
OUT OF NOWHERE...

... AND
SCREAMS!

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AROUND HIM RAGES THE ULTIMATE STORM-- WEATHER SUCH AS THIS PLANET HAS NOT SEEN SINCE ITS INFANCY-- BUT HE IS ONLY DIMLY AWARE OF IT. INDEED, HE IS BARELY ALIVE-- AND LUCKY TO BE THAT.

AMONG HIS MUTANT POWERS IS THE ABILITY TO TELEPORT. HIS RANGE IS LIMITED BY HIS STRENGTH, AND THE DISTANCE AND DIRECTION OF EACH 'PORT, NEAR IS EASIER THAN FAR, AND NORTH-SOUTH (ALONG EARTH'S MAGNETIC LINES OF FORCE) EASIER THAN EAST-WEST (AGAINST THEM.)

A VERTICAL 'PORT IS THE MOST DIFFICULT, AND DANGEROUS.

HE'S JUST "JUMPED" TWO MILES-- STRAIGHT UP-- BUT IT FEELS AS IF HE'S RUN A TRIPLE MARATHON.

Ohh-- I HURT SO MUCH, I HAVE TO BE ALIVE.

ON MY FACE-- RAIN! I MADE IT! I'M OUTSIDE DOOM'S CASTLE! I'M--

-- FALLING! MEIN GOTT! I MUST HAVE GREYED OUT FROM THE STRAIN OF TELEPORTING. I'M DROPPING FAST-- AND PICKING UP SPEED EVERY SECOND!

I CAN'T PORT TO THE GROUND. I'LL MATERIALIZE WITH THE SAME VELOCITY I HAVE NOW...

... AND SPLATTER MYSELF ALL OVER THE LANDSCAPE. WHAT A DELIGHTFUL PROSPECT.

I'M STILL FAIRLY HIGH UP, THOUGH.

PERHAPS I CAN TURN THAT--AND THE VERY VIOLENCE OF THIS GALE--TO MY ADVANTAGE. THUNDERSTORMS CREATE VICIOUS WINDS BLOWING THROUGH ALL DIMENSIONS: RIGHT, LEFT, DOWN -- UP.

I'LL SKYDIVE--TRY TO FIND AN UPDRAFT-- AND USE IT TO BLEED OFF SOME OF MY VELOCITY.

I HAVE TO BE CAREFUL, THOUGH. I COULD JUST AS EASILY GLIDE INTO A DOWNDRAFT.

THERE'S A LAKE, A PERFECT PLACE TO LAND-- PROVIDED IT ISN'T FROZEN.

WUNDERBAR! I
FOUND ONE!

HE WAITS UNTIL
HE REACHES THE
APOGEE OF THE
UPDRAFT-- WHERE
HE STARTS TO FALL
AGAIN--

...NIGHTCRAWLER
VANISHES FROM THE
HEART OF THE STORM...

BAMF

ACH,
IT'S LIKE
RIDING A
ROLLER-
COASTER--
AND THE
THUNDER!
I FEEL AS
IF I'M BEING
PUMMELED
BY HAMMERS!

--AND THEN, WITH
A CRACK OF
FLAME AND AN UN-
HEARD "BAMF" OF
IMPLoding AIR...

...TO
MATERIALIZE
TEN FEET
ABOVE
THE LAKE.

SO MUCH FOR MY
AMBITION TO BE A
CHAMPION OLYMPIC
DIVER.

STILL, AS THE
SAYING GOES,
ANY LANDING
ONE CAN SWIM
AWAY FROM...

THE WATER'S ICE-COLD-- I CAN FEEL IT
EVEN THROUGH MY INSULATED COSTUME.

THE
SURFACE--
AT LAST!

OH. MY. THAT AIR SMELLS SWEET.
FOR A FEW SECONDS, I WAS
BEGINNING TO THINK MY
LUCK HAD RUN OUT.

AND, CLOSE TO AN HOUR LATER...

P-P-PIECE OF
C-C-C-CAKE!

MUST... KEEP MY TEETH
CLENCHED TIGHT. IF THEY
START CHATTERING, MY
FANGS COULD CUT MY LIPS
AND TONGUE TO RIBBONS.

AND, AS USUAL, I ALSO THINK I SPOKE TOO
SOON. I'M A LONG WAY FROM SHORE AND TOO
WEAK TO 'PORT. I'LL HAVE TO SWIM FOR IT.

I... DO NOT LIKE WATER-- ESPECIALLY IN
MID-WINTER. HOW DID I EVER GET MYSELF
INTO THIS MESS IN THE FIRST PLACE?!

HE ANSWERS HIMSELF WITH A BARKED, IRONIC LAUGH AND THEN HIS FACE TURNS GRIM ONCE MORE AS MEMORIES FLASH BACK TO THE PREVIOUS EVENING, WHEN ARCADE'S HENCHWOMAN, MISS LOCKE, ANNOUNCED TO STORM THAT SHE HAD KIDNAPPED THE X-MEN'S LOVED ONES. Dr. DOOM WAS HOLDING ARCADE UNDER A SENTENCE OF DEATH, SHE'D STATED, AND IF THE X-MEN WISHED TO SEE THEIR RELATIVES AND FRIENDS AGAIN, ALIVE, ALL THEY HAD TO DO WAS RESCUE ARCADE.



PROFESSOR
XAVIER SENT
HAVOK,
POLARIS,
ICEMAN AND
BANSHEE...

...TO FREE THE
HOSTAGES MISS
LOCKE HELD IN
ARCADE'S
ASSASSINATION
AMUSEMENT PARK,
MURDERWORLD...

...WHILE THE X-MEN
STORM, COLOSSUS,
NIGHTCRAWLER,
WOLVERINE AND
ANGEL CONFRONTED
DR. DOOM.

AT FIRST, EVERYTHING
WENT THE X-MEN'S WAY.

THEY SHOULD
HAVE KNOWN
IT WAS
TOO GOOD
TO LAST.

NIGHTCRAWLER AWOKE
IN A FEATURELESS CELL.
HE HAD NO IDEA WHERE
IT WAS LOCATED OR
WHAT SURROUNDED IT.
HE COULD ONLY ESCAPE
BY TELEPORTING "BLIND,"
BUT IF HE MATERIALIZED
AROUND A SOLID OBJECT,
HE RISKED BEING
MAIMED, OR WORSE.
HE DID IT, ANYWAY.

DOOM BEAT
THEM WITH
CONTEMPTUOUS
EASE.

*SEE THE LAST TWO ISSUES -- LOUISE.

I GAMBLLED I WOULD BE IMPRISONED IN DOOM'S CASTLE. ANGEL VISITED HERE LAST SUMMER. ACCORDING TO HIS LAYOUT, THE CATACOMBS EXTENDED NO MORE THAN A KILOMETER BENEATH THE GROUND.

I FIGURED I COULD PORT A COUPLE OF MILES, AND THAT WOULD GIVE ME A SUFFICIENT MARGIN OF SAFETY. I THINK IF I WERE A CAT, I'D BE WORKING ON MY TENTH LIFE BY NOW.

*MTIO
#68--L.

"BUT MY GAMBLE WOULD OFF. I'M FREE! AND IF I CAN FREE THE OTHERS, THE X-MEN WILL GIVE HERR DOKTOR DOOM A REMATCH HE'LL NEVER FORGET."

MEANWHILE, IN DOOM'S STUDY, NIGHTCRAWLER'S ESCAPE HAS NOT GONE UNNOTICED.

FACE IT, VIC, YOU LOST AN X-MAN! DON'T THAT BOTHER YOU NONE?

LITTLE MAN, HAVE YOU NO UNDERSTANDING OF DOOM?

REMEMBER, ARCADE, I DESIGNED THEIR DEATH-TRAPS TO TEST THEM--THEIR ABILITIES, THEIR INTELLIGENCE, THEIR COURAGE. IF THE X-MEN ARE TRULY AS FORMIDABLE AS YOU HAVE--INCESSANTLY--BOASTED, THEY WILL ESCAPE. IF NOT...

ORDERS, SIR?

NIGHTCRAWLER IS OUT. I WISH HIM RETAKEN ALIVE AND RELATIVELY UNHARMED.

SHEE-OOT, VIC, YOU SURE KNOW HOW TO SPOIL A BODY'S FUN.

ARCADE, YOU ARE BENEATH CONTEMPT. YOU ARE INTELLECT WITHOUT PURPOSE, POWER WITHOUT RESPONSIBILITY. YOUR ONLY GOAL IS YOUR OWN SELF-GRATIFICATION--WHAT?!!

ORORO, CLOSE THAT WINDOW, AT ONCE!

AS YOU COMMAND, LORD DOOM.

THIS GALE BEGAN SOON AFTER I DEFEATED THE X-MEN, ON A NIGHT WHEN CLEAR SKIES WERE FORECAST. IT IS CENTERED ON THIS CASTLE AND IT WORSENS BY THE MINUTE. ORORO--STORM--IS A WEATHER-WITCH. COULD THIS BE HER DOING?

NO. SHE IS HELPLESS, IN A PRISON FROM WHICH THERE IS NO ESCAPE. AND YET...

...IF NOT HER, THEN WHO CREATED THIS UNNATURAL TEMPEST, AND CONTROLS IT NOW?

AT THAT VERY MOMENT, THE DEPOSED LATERIAN MONARCH'S ANXIOUS QUESTIONS ARE BEING ECHOED TWO THOUSAND MILES WESTWARD, IN THE CHEYENNE MOUNTAIN HEADQUARTERS OF NORAD-- THE NORTH AMERICAN AIR DEFENSE COMMAND.

GLORY!

THERE IT IS, GENERAL FREDERICKS. THIS IS A REAL-TIME, LIVE SATELLITE TV TRANSMISSION.

AT THE STORM'S CORE, THE WINDS ARE 150 KNOTS, GUSTING TO 200-PLUS. BAROMETRIC PRESSURE'S ALMOST 100 LOW TO MEASURE.

FORTUNATELY, THE MOST EXTREME EFFECTS ARE CONCENTRATED IN UPSTATE NEW YORK IN AN AREA THAT IS VIRTUALLY UNINHABITED. BUT THE CORE IS EXPANDING.

I GET THE PICTURE, COLONEL. I'M CALLING THE PRESIDENT.

AROUND DOOM'S CASTLE, THE WIND ROARS AND THE THUNDER IS FELT MORE THAN HEARD. OCCASIONALLY, AN EXPLOSIVE CRACK MOMENTARILY FILLS THE AIR--

AND THE LIGHTNING FLASHES SO CONTINUOUSLY THAT THE CASTLE IS LIT ALMOST AS BRIGHT AS DAY.

WHAT'S A MATTER, PHIL-- YOU AIN'T SEEN A HURRICANE BEFORE?

I SEEN MY SHARE OF EVERYTHING, TOBE. THIS STILL BEATS 'EM ALL.

I DON'T MIND TELLIN' YA, PARTNER-- I'M SPOOKED.

-- THE SOUND OF CENTURIES OLD, 100-FOOT TALL FIR TREES BEING SNAPPED IN TWO AT THE BASE...

I SEEN A LOTTA WEIRD THINGS SINCE I HIRED ON WITH DOOM, BUT THIS BEATS 'EM ALL.

WELL, I GOTTA ADMIT, I'D RATHER BE IN HERE THAN OUTSIDE. IF THAT NIGHTCRAWLER-DUDE MADE IT TO THE FOREST, HE'S GOT MY SYMPATHIES.

LISTEN TO THEM TREES GO, PHIL. AT THIS RATE, BY MORNING, THE SLOPES 'ROUND HERE ARE GONNA BE SCURED CLEAN DOWN TO THE BARE ROCK.

Huh?! WHAT'S THAT?!?

PHIL--

--THE WINDOW!!

THESE MERCENARIES ARE AMONG THE BEST IN THE WORLD--DOOM REQUIRES NO LESS--SO THE X-MAN'S SUDDEN APPEARANCE AND HORRIFIC VISAGE FREEZES THEM FOR ONLY A SECOND.

...NIGHTCRAWLER'S SOMEWHERE ELSE.

NIGHTCRAWLER HOWLS, HIS VOICE TOPPING THE STORM, AND BARES HIS TEETH IN A DAEMONIC SNARL.

YET, BY THE TIME THEY RECOVER THEIR WITS AND OPEN FIRE...

GUTEN NACHT, MEINE HERREN.

I HOPE YOU HAVE MOST UNPLEASANT DREAMS.

HUNNNGNN!

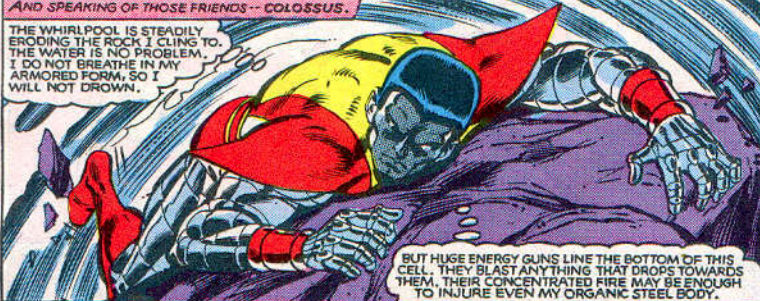
THAT WAS REFRESHINGLY EASY. AND MY BRIEF SCRAP HAS GENERATED A WELCOME ADRENALIN SURGE WITHIN ME. FOR A BRIEF TIME, I'LL BE OPERATING AT PEAK EFFICIENCY. LET'S HOPE I'LL FINISH MY WORK BEFORE IT WEARS OFF.

THE STORM IS WORKING TO MY ADVANTAGE, FORCING DOOM'S GOONS TO STAY INSIDE. THE COAST BELOW IS CLEAR.

READY OR NOT, MY FRIENDS, HERE I COME.

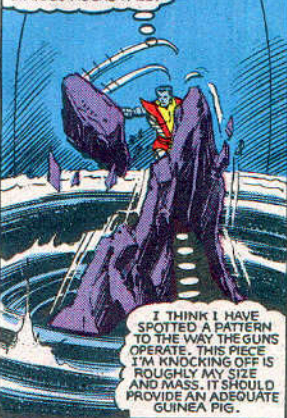
AND SPEAKING OF THOSE FRIENDS-- COLOSSUS.

THE WHIRLPOOL IS STEADILY
ERODING THE ROCK I CLING TO.
THE WATER IS NO PROBLEM.
I DO NOT BREATHE IN MY
ARMORED FORM, SO I
WILL NOT DROWN.



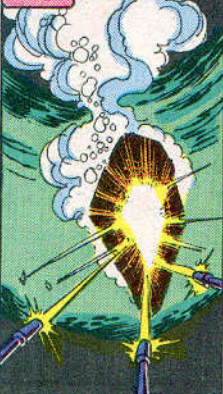
BUT HUGE ENERGY GUNS LINE THE BOTTOM OF THIS
CELL. THEY BLAST ANYTHING THAT DROPS TOWARDS
THEM. THEIR CONCENTRATED FIRE MAY BE ENOUGH
TO INJURE EVEN MY ORGANIC STEEL BODY.

I HAVE BEEN WATCHING
VARIOUS ROCKS FALL.

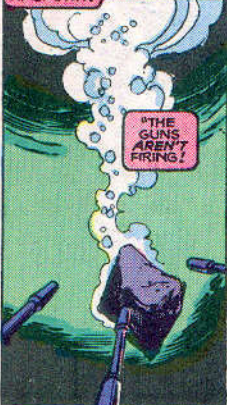


I THINK I HAVE
SPOTTED A PATTERN TO
THE WAY THE GUNS
OPERATE. THIS PIECE
I'M KNOCKING OFF IS
ROUGHLY MY SIZE
AND MASS. IT SHOULD
PROVIDE AN ADEQUATE
GUINEA PIG.

"AHA! AS I EXPECTED, THE
BLASTERS DISINTEGRATED IT.
NOW TO DROP A SECOND
PIECE--



"--THIS ONE CONSIDERABLY
SMALLER, THE SIZE OF PETER
RASPUTIN.



"THE
GUNS
AREN'T
FIRING!"

SIZE HAS TO BE THE KEY. THEY WILL FIRE ON
THE MASSIVE ARMORED FORM OF COLOSSUS,
WHILE IGNORING THE COMPARATIVELY
SMALLER HUMAN, PETER RASPUTIN.

I REALLY HAVE NO ALTERNATIVE.
IF I DO NOT GO NOW, I WILL
WHEN THIS PILLAR COLLAPSES--
AND THAT WON'T BE LONG.



I MUST BREATHE DEEPLY--
SATURATE MY LUNGS WITH
AIR. IN MY HUMAN SELF,
I AM ALSO MUCH WEAKER
THAN I AM AS COLOSSUS.
SURVIVING THIS WHIRLPOOL
WILL NOT BE EASY.

IT'S A ROUGH PASSAGE, CHUNKS FROM THE CRUMBLING ROCK PILLAR SWIRL ALL ABOUT HIM, SOME LARGE ENOUGH TO DRAW THE ATTENTION OF THE ROOM'S BLASTERS.



GRIMLY, COLOSSOSS PRESSES ON, STRUGGLING TO CONTROL THE SPEED AND DIRECTION OF HIS DESCENT AS THE WHIRLPOOL DRAWS HIM DOWN.



BLASTERS FIRE, SCORCHING HIS SIDE AS THEY VAPORIZE A ROCK ONLY METERS FROM AN OUTSTRETCHED ARM.

HE CRIES OUT IN SHOCK AND PAIN, AND LOOSES HALF HIS AIR.

THE GUNS-- I'VE NEARLY REACHED THEM! BY THE WHITE WOLF-- THEY ALL SEEM TO BE POINTED AT ME!



HE SWIMS FOR HIS LIFE...

... EXPECTING EVERY SECOND TO BE HIS LAST.

I'M... THROUGH! GUNS... ARE NOT... TRACKING ME!

ALMOST... NO AIR LEFT. LUNGS... BURNING. BUT I CANNOT CHANGE YET. I AM STILL TOO CLOSE--MUST PUSH ON... BIT... LONGER.

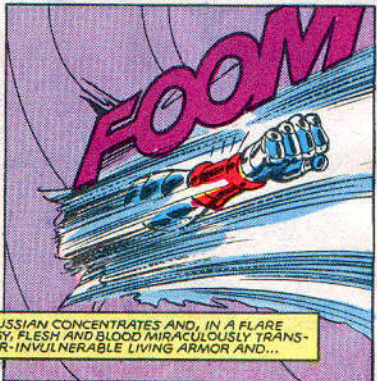


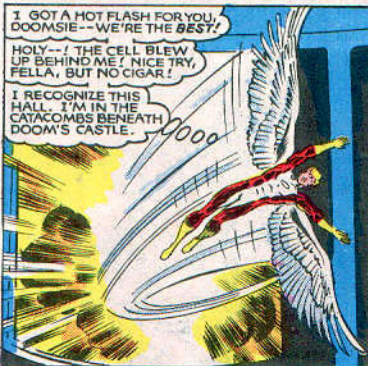
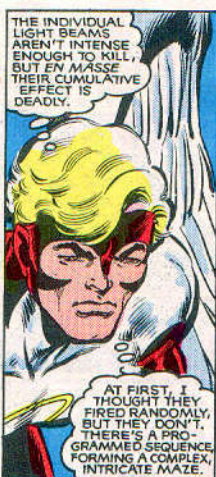
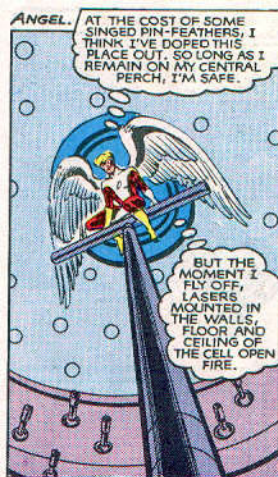
FINALLY, WHEN IT SEEMS AS THOUGH HIS LUNGS WOULD BURST...

NO MORE TIME. I MUST TAKE THE RISK, OR DROWN.



THE YOUNG RUSSIAN CONCENTRATES AND, IN A FLARE OF BIO-ENERGY, FLESH AND BLOOD MIRACULOUSLY TRANSFORM TO NEAR-INVULNERABLE LIVING ARMOR AND...





WOLVERINE... ...FLOATS IN A ZERO-GRAVITY FIELD, WITHIN A CELL WHOSE OP-ART PAINT SCHEME CREATES THE ILLUSION THAT THERE ARE NO WALLS, NO FLOOR, NO CEILING--ONLY INFINITE SPACE.



HIS SLIGHTEST MOVES TRIGGER VICIOUS PSYCHEDELIC LIGHTSHOWS THAT ARE METHODICALLY, INEXORABLY DRIVING HIM INSANE.

IT'S A FAMILIAR BATTLE-- THIS STRUGGLE TO HOLD ONTO HIS SANITY-- ONE HE'S FOUGHT ALL HIS LIFE.

HE DOESN'T REMEMBER WHAT SET HIM OFF THE DAY HE ALMOST KILLED JAMES AND HEATHER HUDSON-- HIS BEST FRIENDS, AND THE ONLY FAMILY HE'D EVER KNOWN.



IT COULD HAVE BEEN A WORD, A GESTURE, A SMELL, HIS SENSE, ARE SO ACUTE THAT HE RESPONDS TO SUBLIMINAL CLUES MOST PEOPLE DON'T EVEN NOTICE.

LOGAN-- WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS? WE MEAN YOU NO HARM. YOU'RE SAFE WITH US. WE... LOVE YOU.

YOU'RE A RATIONAL BEING. YOU HAVE AN INTELLECT. USE IT.



DON'T SIMPLY REACT, DON'T BLINDLY FOLLOW YOUR INSTINCTS. AND EMOTIONS. THINK, LOGAN. CONTROL THEM. CONTROL YOURSELF! YOU'RE NOT AN ANIMAL, MY FRIEND. YOU'RE A MAN!



YOU'RE RIGHT, THERE, MAC. AN ANIMAL WOULDN'T DO SOME OF THE THINGS I'VE DONE.

MAC, HEATHER-- I'M... SORRY.



YOU GUYS HAVE BEEN GOOD TO ME. SO HOW DO I REPAY YOU? BY TRYIN' TA TEAR YER HEARTS OUT. FACE FACTS, MAC, I'M CRAZY-- A GOVERNMENT CERTIFIED, PSYCHO KILLING THING. I OUGHT'A BE LOCKED AWAY.

YOU'RE ILL, LOGAN. NO MORE, NO LESS. ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS FIND A CURE.



MAC TRIED, I'LL GIVE HIM THAT. THE BERSERKER SPELLS CAME LESS AN' LESS FREQUENTLY. AN' FER A WHILE, AFTER I JOINED THE X-MEN, I GOT 'EM PRETTY MUCH COMPLETELY UNDER CONTROL.

BUT, LATELY, THAT CONTROL'S BEEN SLIPPIN'.



I'M BECOMIN' AS MUCH A DANGER TO THE X-MEN AS TO THE CREEPS WE FIGHT.

I CAN FEEL A BERSERKER RAGE BUILDIN' INSIDE ME. IF I CUT LOOSE, I'LL REVERT TO THE ANIMAL SIDE OF MY NATURE--SO TOTALLY THAT I MAY NEVER REGAIN MY HUMANITY.

I'VE BEEN THAT ROUTE BEFORE. I'D RATHER DIE.

'COURSE, I COULD DO NOTHING. THEN, I'D BE SAFE.

I AIN'T PLAYED THINGS SAFE A DAY IN MY LIFE, AND I AIN'T ABOUT TA START, EITHER.

I HAVETA HARNESS THE POWER OF MY RAGE--MAKE IT WORK FOR ME.

I HIT A WALL! AN' AS EXPECTED, IT'S REPELLIN' ME. I SET OFF ANOTHER LIGHTSHOW, TOO-- CRIPES, IT'S MURDER!

I CAN HANDLE IT, THOUGH. I GOT TO.

AT WOLVERINE'S MENTAL COMMAND...

...CLAWS EXTEND FROM THE BACKS OF BOTH HANDS.

SWIPE!

RAZOR-SHARP, FORGED OF UNBREAKABLE ADAMANTIUM, THEY'RE CAPABLE OF CUTTING ANY SUBSTANCE ON EARTH.

AS WOLVERINE COLLIDES WITH ANOTHER WALL, HE SLASHES IT OPEN IN THE SPLIT-SECOND BEFORE IT BOUNCES HIM AWAY.

AGAIN AND AGAIN, HE REPEATS THE PROCESS--

-- OTHERS, CONSIDERABLE.

WHUNFF!

-- SOME CUTS SHALLOW, OTHERS DEEP, SOME DOING NO REAL DAMAGE--

THUMP!

I'M ON THE FLOOR! I MUST'A SHORT-CIRCUITED THE ANTI-GRAVITY FIELD.

I... FEEL WASTED-- BUT I CAN STILL THINK! I'M STILL IN CONTROL!

SCORE ONE FER THE "PSYCHO"!

IT TAKES WOLVERINE BARELY A MINUTE TO FIND A WALL AND CUT HIS WAY TO FREEDOM.



Hmnh?! THE CORRIDOR'S FLOODED! I'M PICKIN' UP FAMILIAR SCENTS-- I GUESS I AIN'T THE ONLY X-MAN BUSTIN' OUTTA DOOM'S DUNGEON. THE SCENTS ARE FRESH, BUT ALMOST TOO DIFFUSE TO FOLLOW.

I SHOULD FIND 'EM, SET UP A BATTLE PLAN-- HOLD IT!

THE AIR'S STINKIN' WITH OZONE. AN' THUNDER'S SHAKIN' THE WALLS, EVEN DOWN HERE. THE CASTLE MUST BE IN THE MIDDLE OF ONE BEAUT OF AN ELECTRICAL STORM.



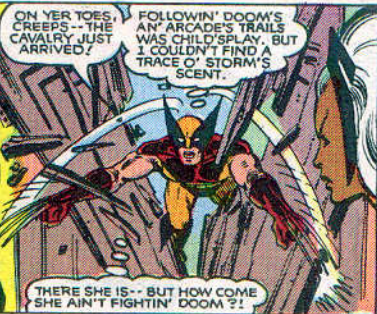
THIS DOESN'T FEEL NATURAL. IF 'RORO CREATED SOMETHIN' THIS BIG AN' POWERFUL, SHE MUST BE FIGHTIN' FOR HER LIFE.

I GOT NO TIME TO CORRAL THE OTHERS. 'RORO NEEDS MY HELP-- NOW!

SOON, IN Dr. DOOM'S PRIVATE STUDY...



WHO DARES-- WOLVERINE!



ON YER TOES, CREEPS-- THE CAVALRY JUST ARRIVED!

FOLLOWIN' DOOM'S AN' ARCADE'S TRAILS WAS CHILD'S PLAY. BUT I COULDN'T FIND A TRACE O' STORM'S SCENT.

THERE SHE IS-- BUT HOW COME SHE AIN'T FIGHTIN' DOOM?!

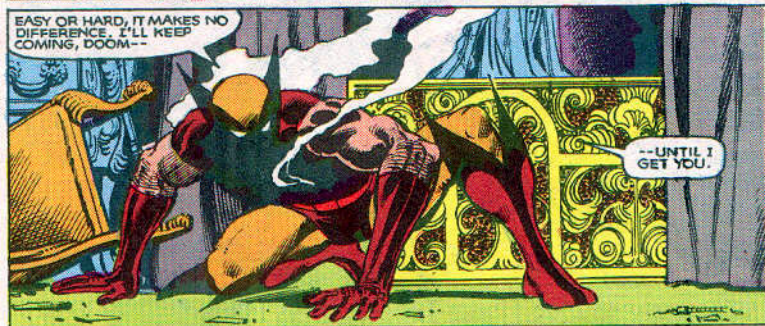
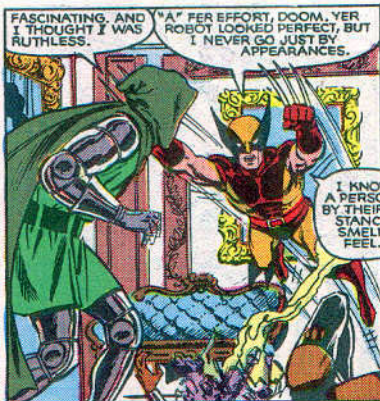


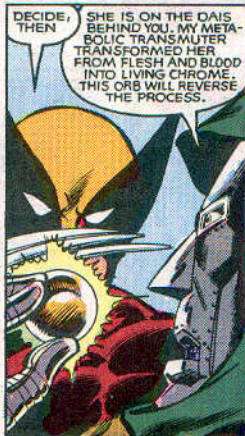
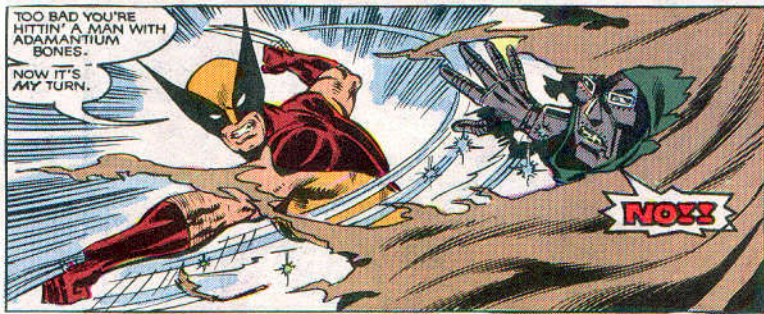
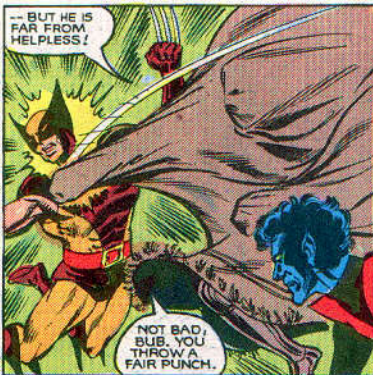
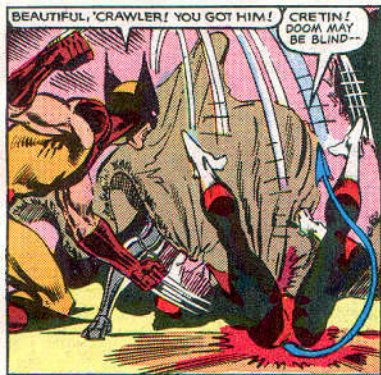
ORORO, DEAL WITH THIS DIMINUTIVE UPSTART.

AS YOU COMMAND, LORD DOOM.



NOT A CHANCE, SWEETHEART!





DOOM ISN'T LYING.

THAT BLINDING FLASH OF LIGHT!

MEIN LEIBER
FREUND, I HOPE
WE DID THE
RIGHT THING.

FREE!!

LORDS OF THE EARTH
AND AIR--

--I--AM--
FREE!

TO THE TRIBES OF
WESTERN KENYA, ORORO
WAS A GODDESS,
MISTRESS OF THE ELEMENTS,
BRINGER OF LIFE. THEY
WORSHIPPED HER, NEVER
REALIZING THAT, ESSENTIALLY,
SHE WAS AS HUMAN AS
THEY...

...NOT A GODDESS,
BUT A MUTANT--
HOMO SUPERIOR.

AS A YOUNG CHILD, SHE WAS BURIED ALIVE, AND THAT
TRAUMA LEFT HER AN INCURABLE CLASTOPHOBIC. FOR
ORORO, HER TRANSFORMATION INTO A LIVING STATUE WAS
THE ULTIMATE NIGHTMARE. IN A DESPERATE, INSTINCTIVE
BID FOR FREEDOM, HER SUBCONSCIOUS CREATED WITHIN
HER AN INSATIABLE DEMAND FOR POWER, THAT NEAR-INFINITE
POWER--NOW UNLEASHED-- HAS EVOLVED HER BEYOND
ALL COMPREHENSION.

THE TWO X-MEN ARE STUNNED BY HER TRANSFIGURATION.

DOOM IS NOT.

THAT WAS WHY HE'D ALLOWED THEM TO FREE STORM, TO PROVIDE THE MOMENTARY DIVERSION HE NEEDED TO MAKE HIS OWN ESCAPE.

IN RETROSPECT, HOWEVER, HE WONDERS IF HE SHOULD HAVE LEFT WELL ENOUGH ALONE.

DO NOT RUN, DOOM. IT IS A WASTED EFFORT.

NO PLACE ON EARTH CAN HIDE YOU FROM MY WRATH. NO POWER OR ENTITY CAN PROTECT YOU.

I... DEFLECTED THAT LIGHTNING BOLT-- BUT THE EFFORT DRAINED MY ARMOR'S ENERGY RESERVES. ANOTHER SUCH ATTACK MAY WELL DESTROY ME.

HER BREATH IS FIRE AND ICE, HER VOICE ROLLING THUNDER. SHE IS ONE WITH THE ENTIRE PLANET...

IT'S A PROGRESSION THE X-MEN HAVE SEEN BEFORE.

NO.

NOT 'RORO-- NOT HER, TOO. KURT, WE'VE GOT TO STOP HER.

HOW?

AND ALL ITS MYRIAD, ELEMENTAL FORCES ARE HEARS TO COMMAND, AS HER MIND IS OVERWHELMED BY MORE-- AND MORE INTENSE-- SENSATIONS THAN SHE HAS EVER CONCEIVED OF, MUCH LESS EXPERIENCED.

AM I NOT BEAUTIFUL, LORD DOOM? AND TERRIBLE? DO YOU NOT FEAR ME? YOU SHOULD.

YOU SHALL.

MY FLOOD WASHED ME TO THE LOWEST LEVELS OF THE CASTLE'S CATACOMBS. IT TOOK SEEMINGLY FOREVER TO CLIMB OUT.



BY THE WHITE WOLF!
WHAT IS HAPPENING HERE?!

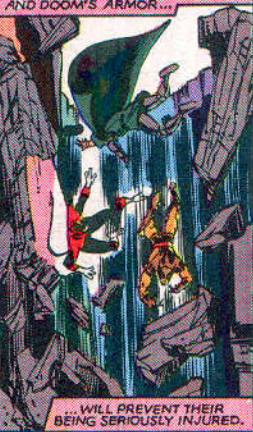
ORORO HAS... CHANGED. SHE IS ATTACKING BOTH DOOM AND OUR FELLOW X-MEN.

I HAD BEST REMOVE EVERYONE FROM HARM'S WAY.



HIS METHOD IS SIMPLE, BUT EFFECTIVE.

HE SMASHES THE GRANITE FLOOR OF THE STUDY, TRUSTING THAT NIGHTCRAWLER'S PHENOMINAL AGILITY, WOLVERINE'S ADAMANTIUM-LACED SKELETON AND DOOM'S ARMOR...



... WILL PREVENT THEIR BEING SERIOUSLY INJURED.

ORORO? IT IS... PETER. I STAND BEFORE YOU AS A FRIEND.

I HAVE NO FRIENDS. I NEED NONE.

YOU ARE SO... DIFFERENT.



I AM THAT I AM, LITTLE BROTHER.

I AM POWER!!

AAH!!

MY METAL FORM NATURALLY ATTRACTS HER LIGHTNING BOLTS. EVEN THE TINIEST STRIKE CAUSES ME PAIN. HOWEVER, I CAN WITHSTAND THEIR ONSLAUGHT... FOR THE MOMENT.

I MUST ENDURE--TRY TO REACH ORORO-- BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE.

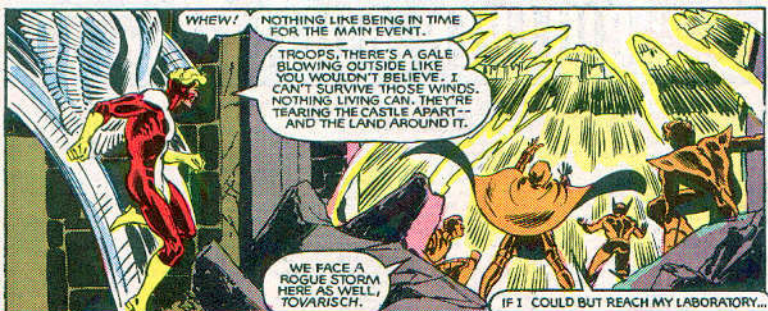


I HAVE NO WISH TO HARM YOU, PIOTR NIKOLIEVITCH.

BEGONE!



NO!!



WHEW!

NOTHING LIKE BEING IN TIME FOR THE MAIN EVENT.

TROOPS, THERE'S A GALE BLOWING OUTSIDE LIKE YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE. I CAN'T SURVIVE THOSE WINDS. NOTHING LIVING CAN. THEY'RE TEARING THE CASTLE APART-- AND THE LAND AROUND IT.

WE FACE A ROGUE STORM HERE AS WELL, TOVARISCH.

IF I COULD BUT REACH MY LABORATORY...



HAVEN'T YOU ALREADY DONE ENOUGH, DOOM?! I'LL LAY ANY ODDS YOU'RE RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS!

ASSESS BLAME WHEN THE CRISIS IS PAST, ANGEL--ASSUMING WE LIVE SO LONG.

MY INTELLECT, MY POWERS, MY DEVICES, ARE THE ONLY THINGS THAT CAN SAVE US.

YOUR INTELLECT, YOUR POWERS, YOUR DEVICES ARE FINITE, DOOM. THEY HAVE LIMITS. I HAVE NONE.

FOR ALL YOUR POSTURING, YOU ARE STILL NO MORE THAN A MAN.



I AM A GODDESS!



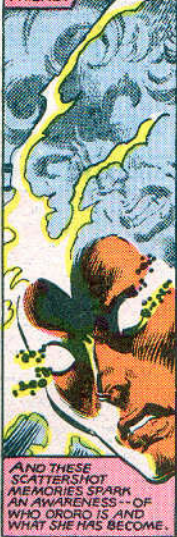
NO! YOU ARE ORORO!

REMEMBER THAT, WIND-RIDER! FIND YOUR SELF ONCE MORE--FIND YOUR SOUL, YOUR HUMANITY! HOLD ONTO THAT, WITH ALL YOUR HEART AND ALL YOUR STRENGTH, OR WE ARE LOST.



YOU FACE THE GORGON WITHIN YOU, ORORO, AS PHOENIX DID. YOU MUST TRIUMPH, AS SHE DID NOT!

PHOENIX, THE NAME SPARKS IMAGES, OF A LAUGHING RED-HAIRED WOMAN WHO WAS ORORO'S DEAREST FRIEND.



AND THESE SCATTERSHOT MEMORIES SPARK AN AWARENESS--OF WHO ORORO IS AND WHAT SHE HAS BECOME.

SHE
SCREAMS...

... IN
RAGE AND
GRIEF...
FOR HER
DEAD
FRIEND,
FOR
HERSELF...

... AND THEN RIDES A SPEAR OF RAW
ENERGY THROUGH THE HEART OF
THE STORM TO THE EDGE OF SPACE.

IF I WERE
THE AVENGER,
THOR,
I COULD
DISPERSE THIS
STORM WITH
A THOUGHT.

BUT I MUST WORK
WITH THE FORCES OF
NATURE, NOT RIDE
ROUGHSHOD OVER
THEM, AND GENTLY
SHAPE THEM TO
MY WILL.

THE EFFORT... IS AS
TREMENDOUS AS THE
HOLOCAUST ITSELF. I
DID NOT DREAM I WAS
CAPABLE OF CREATING
SUCH A THING.

HER POWER SINGS WITHIN HER...

... AND, AT LAST, ORORO UNDERSTANDS HOW JEAN GREY FELT AS PHOENIX.
THOSE MEMORIES OF HER BELOVED FRIEND GIVE HER THE STRENGTH SHE NEEDS TO
FACE HER INNER DEMONS. "THE POWER IS MINE," THEY CRY, "WHY GIVE IT UP?!"
SHE FIGHTS. SHE ENDURES AND FINALLY...

SHE TRIUMPHS--
OVER THE STORM
AND, MORE
IMPORTANTLY, OVER
THE DARK SIDE OF
HER SOUL.

THE EFFORT
NEARLY
KILLS HER.

SHE'S FALLING!

THE STORM'S
SLACKENING,
BUT THE
WINDS
ARE STILL
AWFULLY
FIERCE.

IT'LL BE
DANGEROUS...

...BUT
I HAVE
TO TRY
TO
REACH
HER!

SHE'S FALLING
AT TERMINAL
VELOCITY. A
SUDDEN STOP
WILL BREAK
EVERY BONE IN
HER BODY. I
HAVE TO MATCH
SPEEDS, THEN
GRADUALLY
BREAK HER
DESCENT.

AN--
ANGEL...?

WHO
BETTER
TO RESCUE
A DAMSEL IN
DISTRESS? RELAX,
ORORO, YOU'RE
IN GOOD HANDS.
YOU'RE SAFE.



SOON...

SUNRISE.
IT IS SO...
BEAUTIFUL.
A GOOD
OMEN, I
THINK.

THANK YOU,
ANGEL.

ANYTIME, STORM.
AFTER ALL, WHAT
ARE HEROES FOR?

GOING SOMEWHERE,
COMRADE ARCADE?

HEY, BE A PAL,
COLOSSUS.
LEMMUS GO.

I THINK NOT.



AND UNLESS YOU BEHAVE
YOURSELF, I WILL LEAVE
YOU TO WOLVERINE'S
TENDER MERCIES.

SOUNDS GOOD
TO ME, BUB.

I AM... PLEASED
THAT YOU ARE
ALIVE AND
WELL, ORORO.

I'LL
BET.



LORD DOOM, I ASK A
FINAL TIME FOR ARCADE
INNOCENT LIVES ARE AT
STAKE. WE MUST HAVE
HIM... AND YOUR PLEDGE
TO TAKE NO FURTHER
HOSTILE ACTION
TOWARDS HIM.

YOU ASK
MUCH,
CHILD.

HE INSULTED
ME. HONOR
DEMANDS
SATISFACTION.
AN... APOLOGY
WILL
SUFFICE.



YOU HEARD HIM, ARCADE.
APOLOGIZE.

NO WAY,
BIMBO!

WOLVERINE...

I'M
SORRY!!

I'LL NEVER
INSULT-- OR
BOTHER--
YOU AGAIN,
VIC. YOU
GOT MY WORD.

FOR WHAT IT
IS WORTH!



ORORO, I, TOO, WOULD
LIKE TO APOLOGIZE.

I AM A
CREATURE OF
HABIT.
YOU X-MEN
ATTACKED
MY HOME,
SEEMINGLY
WITHOUT
PROVOCATION.
I RESPONDED
IN KIND.



I WOULD HOPE THAT
WE MIGHT BEGIN ANEW.
YOU ARE A FASCINATING
WOMAN. I SHOULD
LIKE TO KNOW
YOU BETTER.

VERY... WELL, LORD
DOOM. WE PART NEITHER
AS FRIENDS NOR ENEMIES.
OUR SLATE IS CLEAN. THE
NEXT MOVE -- FOR GOOD
OR ILL -- IS YOURS.

AT THAT MOMENT, 1500 MILES SOUTH, THE MORNING SUN RISES OVER A REMOTE ISLAND LOCATED DEEP WITHIN THE BERMUDA TRIANGLE; TWO YOUNG PEOPLE SLOWLY, LANGOROUSLY WAKEN.

ONE IS ALEYTYS FORRESTER, CAPTAIN/OWNER OF THE TRAWLER, ARCADIA, WASHED OVERBOARD DAYS AGO IN A FREAK SQUALL.

HER COMPANION IS SCOTT SUMMERS, CREWMAN AND FRIEND. HE DROVE IN AFTER HER, UNKNOWN TO LEE, SCOTT-- AS CYCLOPS-- WAS ONCE LEADER OF THE UNCANNY X-MEN.

"MORNING, SLEEPY-HEAD."

AFTER THE DEATH OF HIS BELOVED JEAN GREY--PHOENIX, SCOTT TOOK A LEAVE OF ABSENCE. LAST CHRISTMAS, FOLLOWING WEEKS ON THE ROAD, HE SIGNED ABOARD THE ARCADIA. IT'S A DECISION HE HASN'T REGRETTED.

Mmmmm-- MORNING YOURSELF, JEAN.

JEAN? WHO'S JEAN?

HMMH?! LEE!

I'M SORRY. I... I THOUGHT YOU WERE SOMEONE ELSE.

NOT PARTICULARLY. THIS IS SOMETHING I HAVE TO WORK OUT ON MY OWN.

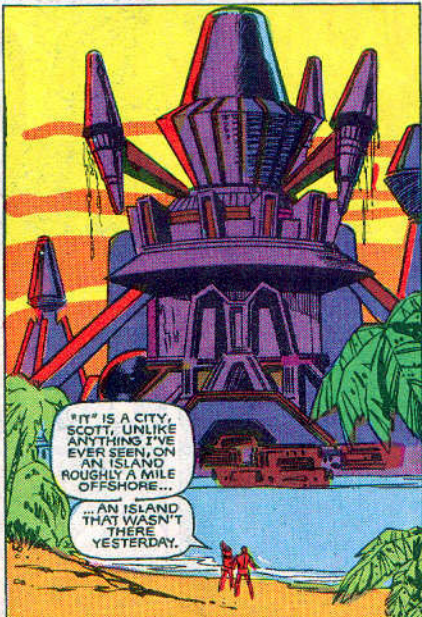
SCOTT, DON'T...

GOOD LORD!

LEE?! YOUR VOICE TRAILED OFF! WHAT'S WRONG?!

OBVIOUSLY. WANT TO TALK ABOUT IT?

I CAN'T SEE! WHAT IS IT?!



"IT" IS A CITY, SCOTT. UNLIKE ANYTHING I'VE EVER SEEN, ON AN ISLAND ROUGHLY A MILE OFFSHORE...

...AN ISLAND THAT WASN'T THERE YESTERDAY.

ONCE MORE, SCOTT CURSES THE BLINDFOLD WHICH KEEPS HIS EYES SEALED SHUT, AND HIS DEADLY OPTIC BLASTS IN CHECK. HE LOST HIS RUBY QUARTZ GLASSES-- DESIGNED TO CONTROL THE AWESOME POWER OF THOSE MUTANT BEAMS-- IN THE SURF, AS A CONSEQUENCE. FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS LIFE, HE IS HELPLESS.

NEW

CRY, MUTANT!

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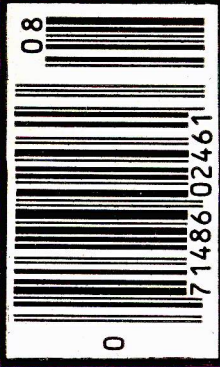
THE UNCANNY

X-MEN[™]



DAZZLER[™]
AND
SPIDER-WOMAN[™]

TO THE RESCUE
WHEN KITTY FALLS —
TO THE
**SHADOW OF
DEATH!**



Stan Lee
PRESENTS:

THE UNCANNY X-MEN!™

CHRIS
CLAREMONT *
WRITER

DAVE
COCKRUM & JOSEF
RUBINSTEIN *
ARTISTS

JANICE
CHIANG
LETTERER

GLYNIS
WEIN
COLORIST

LOUISE
JONES
EDITOR

JIM
SHOOTER
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

CRY, MUTANT!

DAYS AGO, SCOTT SUMMERS, (WHO, AS CYCLOPS, IS THE FORMER LEADER OF A TEAM OF MUTANT SUPER-HEROES, THE UNCANNY X-MEN) AND ALETTYS FORRESTER (CAPTAIN/OWNER OF THE FISHING TRAWLER ARCADIA) WERE WASHED OVERBOARD DURING A FURIOUS STORM. BOTH WERE SWIFT ASHORE ON A REMOTE UNINHABITED ISLAND DEEP WITHIN THE INFAMOUS BERMUDA TRIANGLE SINCE THEN THEY'VE BEEN STRUGGLING TO SURVIVE.

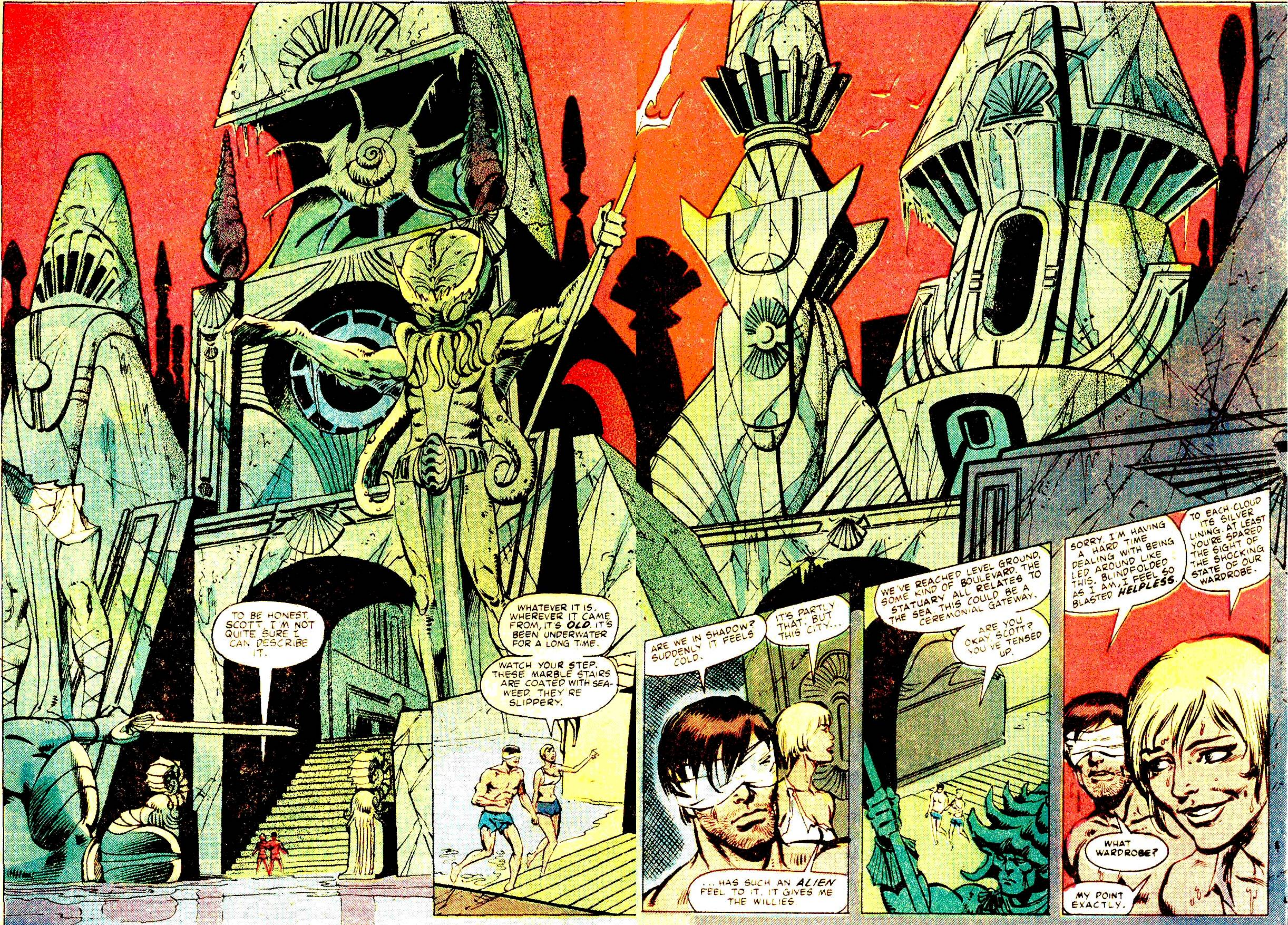
NOW, HOWEVER, THEIR SITUATION HAS CHANGED DRAMATICALLY-- BUT WHETHER FOR BETTER OR WORSE, NONE CAN SAY.

I DON'T BELIEVE THIS. I DON'T WANT TO BELIEVE IT. YESTERDAY THIS ISLAND WASN'T HERE. IT DIDN'T EXIST.

AND THIS CITY!

ANYTHING IS AN IMPROVEMENT ON THAT SANDPIT WE CAME FROM. AT LEAST HERE WE MIGHT FIND SOME FOOD AND WATER.

YOU MENTIONED A CITY, LEE. WHAT DOES IT LOOK LIKE?



TO BE HONEST, SCOTT I'M NOT QUITE SURE I CAN DESCRIBE IT.

WHATEVER IT IS, WHEREVER IT CAME FROM, IT'S OLD. IT'S BEEN UNDERWATER FOR A LONG TIME.

WATCH YOUR STEP. THESE MARBLE STAIRS ARE COATED WITH SEA-WEED. THEY'RE SLIPPERY.

ARE WE IN SHADOW? SUDDENLY IT FEELS COLD.

IT'S PARTLY THAT. BUT THIS CITY...

WE'VE REACHED LEVEL GROUND, SOME KIND OF BOULEVARD. THE STATUARY ALL RELATES TO THE SEA. THIS COULD BE A CEREMONIAL GATEWAY.

ARE YOU OKAY, SCOTT? YOU'VE TENSED UP.

SORRY, I'M HAVING A HARD TIME DEALING WITH BEING LED AROUND LIKE THIS. BLINDFOLDED AS I AM, I FEEL SO BLASTED **HELPLESS**.

TO EACH CLOUD ITS SILVER LINING. AT LEAST YOU'RE SPARED THE SIGHT OF THE SHOCKING STATE OF OUR WARDROBE.

...HAS SUCH AN ALIEN FEEL TO IT. IT GIVES ME THE WILLIES.

WHAT WARDROBE?

MY POINT EXACTLY.

LEE LEADING THE WAY, THEY BEGIN EXPLORING THE VAST ANCIENT CITY-- BUT BY NIGHTFALL, THEY'VE ONLY MANAGED TO SCRATCH THE SURFACE.

IT'S BEEN TWO DAYS SINCE LEE LEARNED OF MY **OPTIC BLASTS**. YET SHE HASN'T QUESTIONED ME ABOUT THEM. WHY? DOES SHE EXPECT ME TO MAKE THE FIRST MOVE?

I HOW CAN I TELL HER ABOUT CYCLOPS WITHOUT INVOLVING THE OTHER X-MEN? I'D TRUST HER WITH MY SECRET. I'D... TRUST HER WITH MY **LIFE**. BUT WHAT RIGHT DO I HAVE TO COMPROMISE MY FRIENDS? I DON'T WANT TO LIE TO HER. I... I'M NOT SURE I CAN.

NO FOOD. NO WATER. NO CLOTHES. NO PEOPLE.

BUT WE'VE SHELTER IN ABUNDANCE.

* SEE X-MEN #8 -- LOUISE.

CARE TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF IT?

MMNNH!??

HER LIPS ARE AS SOFT, AS GENTLE, AS HER TOUCH. THE KISS IS TENDER.

FOR A MOMENT, SCOTT RESPONDS. AND THEN...

LEE, DON'T PLEASE.

WHAT'S WRONG? IS IT... JEAN?

HER NAME WAS **JEAN GREY**. WE WERE IN LOVE. SHE... DIED.

I LIKE YOU, LEE. I CARE FOR YOU. TOO MUCH. BUT IT'S TOO SOON. I DON'T WANT TO GET INVOLVED AGAIN.

I'M NOT ASKING FOR INVOLVEMENT! I KNOW HOW YOU FEEL, SCOTT. I KNOW ABOUT GRIEF AND LOSS. WE BURIED MY **FATHER** TWO MONTHS AGO. REMEMBER? *

* X-MEN #144
-- L.

BUT I'M COLD AND HUNGRY AND **SCARED**. I NEED A LITTLE HUMAN WARMTH AND COMPASSION AND COMPANIONSHIP. AND IF THAT'S MORE THAN YOU CAN GIVE--

-- THEN TO BLAZES WITH YOU!

LEE?

BRILLIANT. I'M ALONE AND DESERVEDLY SO. WHEN I PUT MY MIND TO IT, I CAN BE A REAL CREEP.

I NEVER HAD THIS PROBLEM WITH JEAN. BUT THEN, SHE WAS A TELEPATH. SHE COULD READ MY THOUGHTS, SENSE WHAT I REALLY MEANT.

I'M NOT USED TO DEALING WITH PEOPLE -- OUTSIDE THE UNIQUE HIGH-PRESSURE ENVIRONMENT OF THE X-MEN.

THAT'S PARTLY WHY I TOOK THIS SABBATICAL. TO LEARN.

OW!

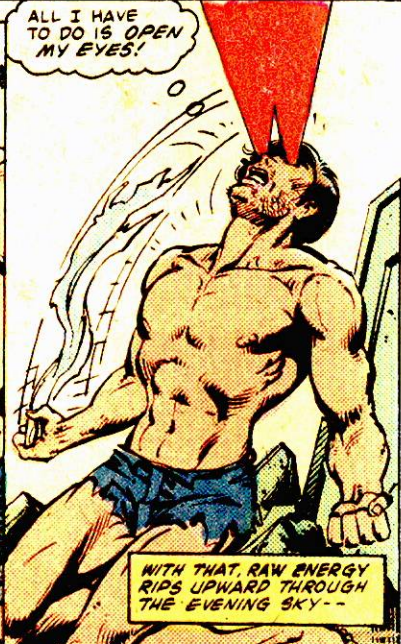
I HIT HARD, BUT NOTHING SEEMS BROKEN. IT'S THIS BLINDFOLD--!

I DON'T KNOW WHERE I AM, WHERE I'M GOING, WHO OR WHAT IS AROUND ME, AND THE IRONY IS THAT I CAN SEE PERFECTLY!

ALL I HAVE TO DO IS OPEN MY EYES!



MY FOOT-- I'M FALLING!

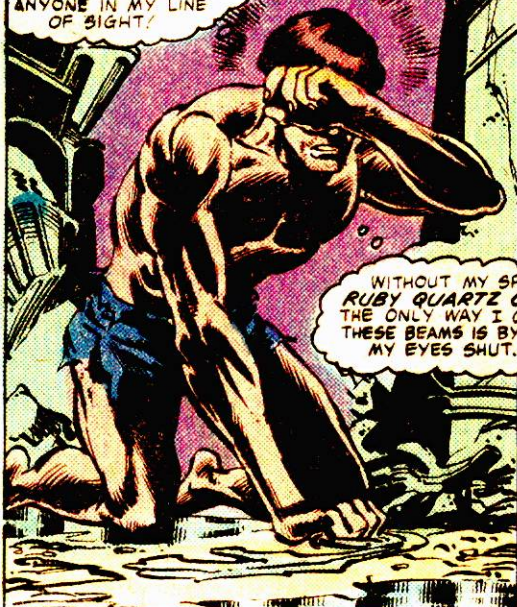


WITH THAT, RAW ENERGY RIPS UPWARD THROUGH THE EVENING SKY--

... A BEAM OF FORCE--

THOSE MUTANT OPTIC BLASTS HAVE BEEN SCOTT SUMMERS' BLESSING, AND CURSE, FOR MOST OF HIS ADULT LIFE.

WHAT AM I DOING?! I COULD HAVE SMASHED ANYTHING, KILLED ANYONE IN MY LINE OF SIGHT!



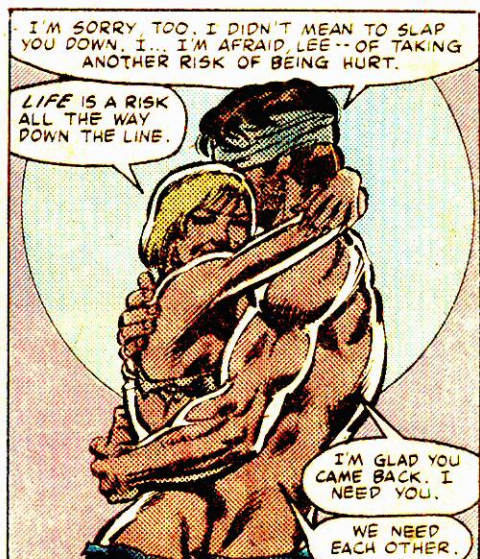
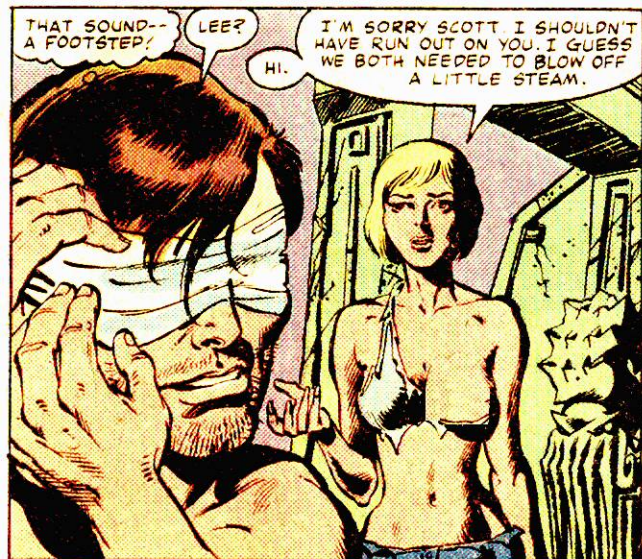
WITHOUT MY SPECIAL RUBY QUARTZ GLASSES, THE ONLY WAY I CAN CONTAIN THESE BEAMS IS BY KEEPING MY EYES SHUT.

THE CONDITION IS INCURABLE. I CAN NEVER RELAX MY GUARD, OR MAKE A CARELESS MOVE. I CAN NEVER LEAD A "NORMAL" LIFE, BUT WILL WALLOWING IN SELF-PITY CHANGE THAT, MAKE THINGS BETTER?

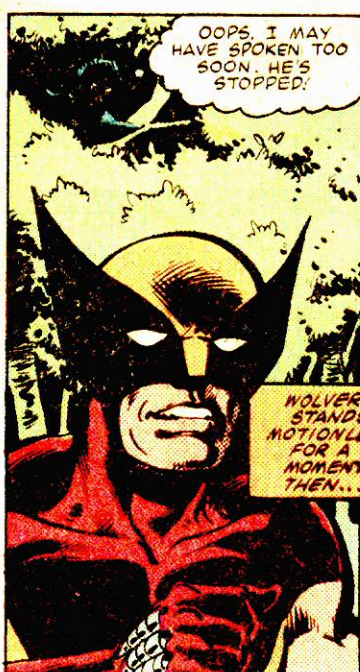


NO.

-- IRRESISTIBLE UNCONTROLLABLE.



NIGHT PASSES AND TWO LONELY YOUNG PEOPLE FIND PEACE IN EACH OTHER'S ARMS, DRAWING WHAT STRENGTH THEY CAN FROM THEIR STILL-FRAGILE EMOTIONAL BOND, WHILE TRYING NOT TO THINK OF WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO THAT BOND IN THE FUTURE. BOTH ARE AWARE THAT THE QUESTION MAY BECOME ACADEMIC IF THEY DON'T SOON FIND FOOD AND WATER.



HE TELEPORTS
DOWN TO THE
GROUND.



HIS ARRIVAL--A SPLIT-SECOND LATER
--IS SILENT THOUGH HE MATERIAL-
IZES IN A BURST OF SULPHEROUS
FIRE. HE HAS NO IDEA WHAT CAUSES
BOTH THE PYROTECHNIC DISPLAY
AND THE ACCOMPANYING BRIMSTONE
STENCH...



... BUT HE WISHES THERE WAS
SOME WAY TO GET RID OF THEM.

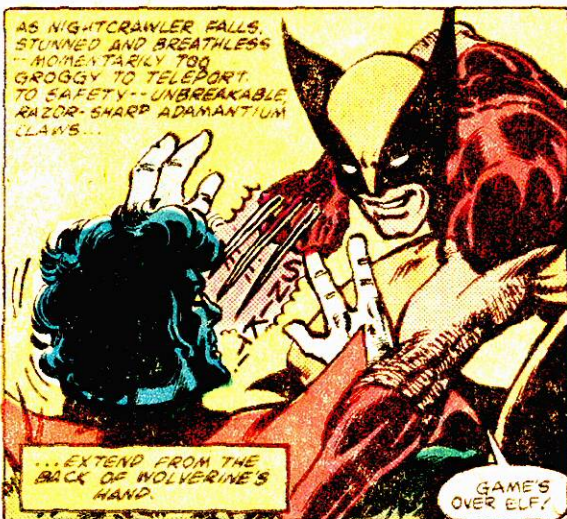
AND NEVER MORE SO
THAN NOW



SURPRISE,
SUCKER!

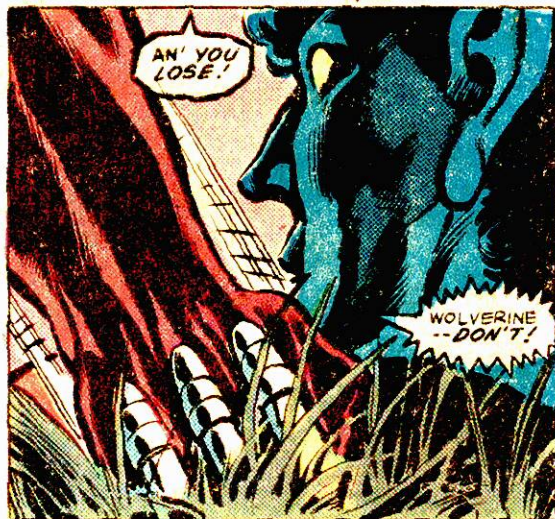
WOLVERINE--
UNNFF!

AS NIGHTCRAWLER FALLS,
STUNNED AND BREATHLESS
--MOMENTARILY TOO
GROGGY TO TELEPORT
TO SAFETY--UNBREAKABLE
RAZOR-SHARP ADAMANTIUM
CLAWS...



...EXTEND FROM THE
BACK OF WOLVERINE'S
HAND.

GAME'S
OVER ELF!



AN' YOU
LOSE!

WOLVERINE
--DON'T!

SHUCKS. I
MISSED.

SCARED YOU, DIDN'T I? SERVES YOU
RIGHT, KURT, AFTER MAKING A DUMB-
BUTT MOVE LIKE THAT.

I SHOULD HAVE STAYED IN
THE TREES.

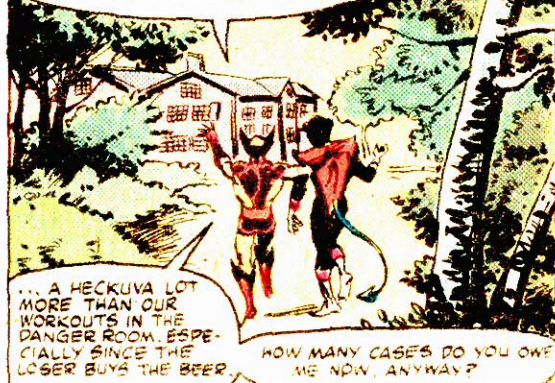
NO
FOOLIN'!

YOUR DISAPPEARANCE
RATTLED ME.



HOW DID YOU DO THAT, LOGAN? I NEVER TOOK MY
EYES OFF YOU.

IT'S AN OLD NINJA TRICK-- STANDIN'
IN PLAIN SIGHT WITHOUT BEIN' SEEN--
I LEARNED IN JAPAN, Y'KNOW, ELF, I
REALLY ENJOY THESE IMPROVISED
TRAINING SESSIONS...



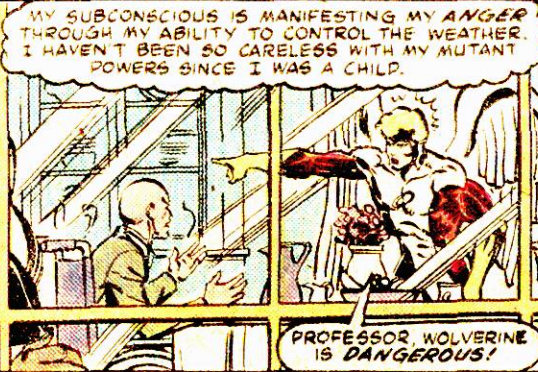
... A HECKUVA LOT
MORE THAN OUR
WORKOUTS IN THE
DANGER ROOM. ESPE-
CIALLY SINCE THE
LOSER BUYS THE BEER.

HOW MANY CASES DO YOU OWE
ME NOW, ANYWAY?



AT THAT MOMENT, INSIDE THE MANSION'S DINING ROOM...

THUNDERCLOUDS -- BUT THE SKY WAS CLEAR A MOMENT AGO.



MY SUBCONSCIOUS IS MANIFESTING MY ANGER THROUGH MY ABILITY TO CONTROL THE WEATHER. I HAVEN'T BEEN SO CARELESS WITH MY MUTANT POWERS SINCE I WAS A CHILD.



THIS ARGUMENT WITH ANGEL HAS UPSET ME MORE THAN I REALIZED

PROFESSOR WOLVERINE IS DANGEROUS!



WITH HER MIND, ORORO-- THE X-MEN'S LEADER-- REACHES INTO THE HEART OF THE NASCENT STORM AND, AS CASUALLY AS SHE SUMMONED IT, SENDS IT AWAY.

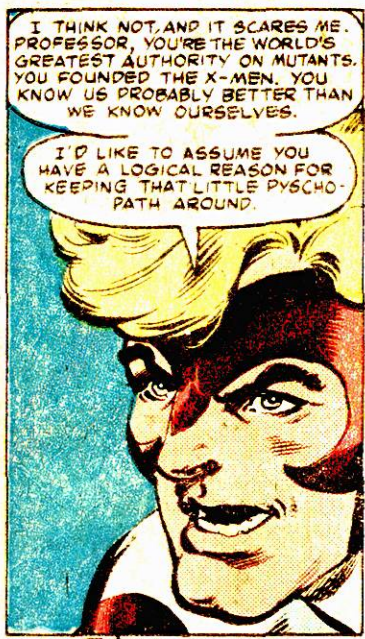
THEREFORE ANGEL, WE SHOULD ABANDON HIM?



STORM. HE'S A BORN KILLER. WHEN HE FACED DR. DOOM'S ROBOT VERSION OF YOU* HE DESTROYED IT WITHOUT AN INSTANT'S HESITATION. ALL RIGHT, MAYBE HIS ENHANCED SENSES TOLD HIM IT WAS A ROBOT.

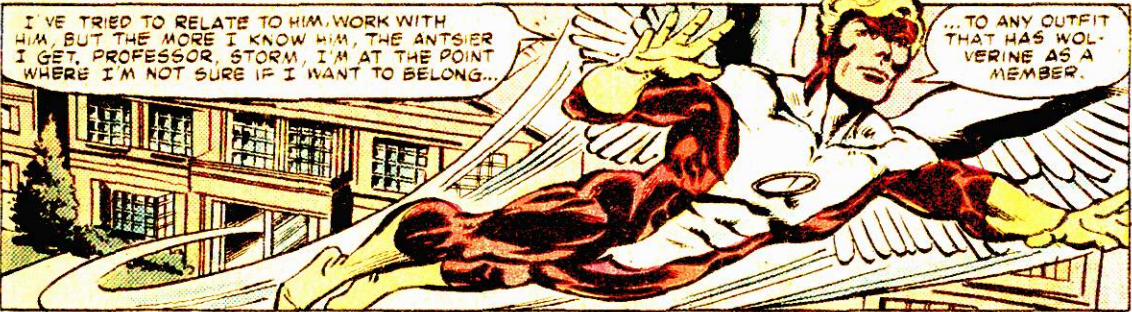
BUT WOULD IT HAVE MADE ANY DIFFERENCE IF HE'D FACED A WOMAN DISGUISED AS YOU?

*LAST ISSUE-- LOUISE.



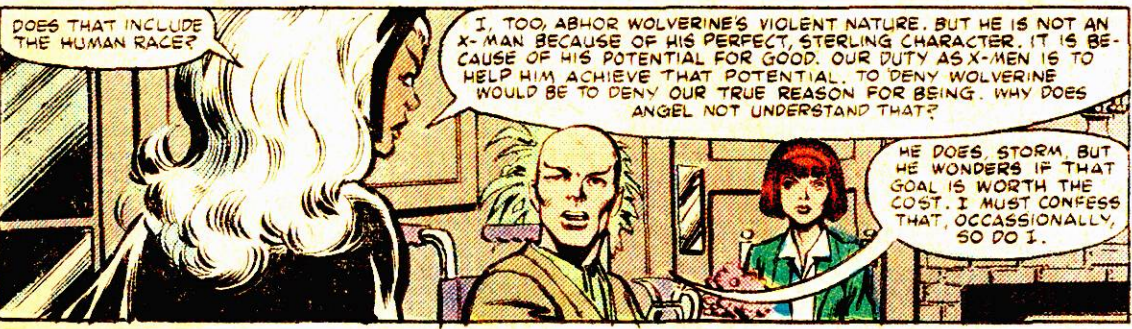
I THINK NOT, AND IT SCARES ME. PROFESSOR, YOU'RE THE WORLD'S GREATEST AUTHORITY ON MUTANTS. YOU FOUNDED THE X-MEN. YOU KNOW US PROBABLY BETTER THAN WE KNOW OURSELVES.

I'D LIKE TO ASSUME YOU HAVE A LOGICAL REASON FOR KEEPING THAT LITTLE PSYCHOPATH AROUND.



I'VE TRIED TO RELATE TO HIM, WORK WITH HIM, BUT THE MORE I KNOW HIM, THE ANTSIER I GET. PROFESSOR, STORM, I'M AT THE POINT WHERE I'M NOT SURE IF I WANT TO BELONG...

...TO ANY OUTFIT THAT HAS WOLVERINE AS A MEMBER.



DOES THAT INCLUDE THE HUMAN RACE?

I, TOO, ABHOR WOLVERINE'S VIOLENT NATURE. BUT HE IS NOT AN X-MAN BECAUSE OF HIS PERFECT, STERLING CHARACTER. IT IS BECAUSE OF HIS POTENTIAL FOR GOOD. OUR DUTY AS X-MEN IS TO HELP HIM ACHIEVE THAT POTENTIAL. TO DENY WOLVERINE WOULD BE TO DENY OUR TRUE REASON FOR BEING. WHY DOES ANGEL NOT UNDERSTAND THAT?

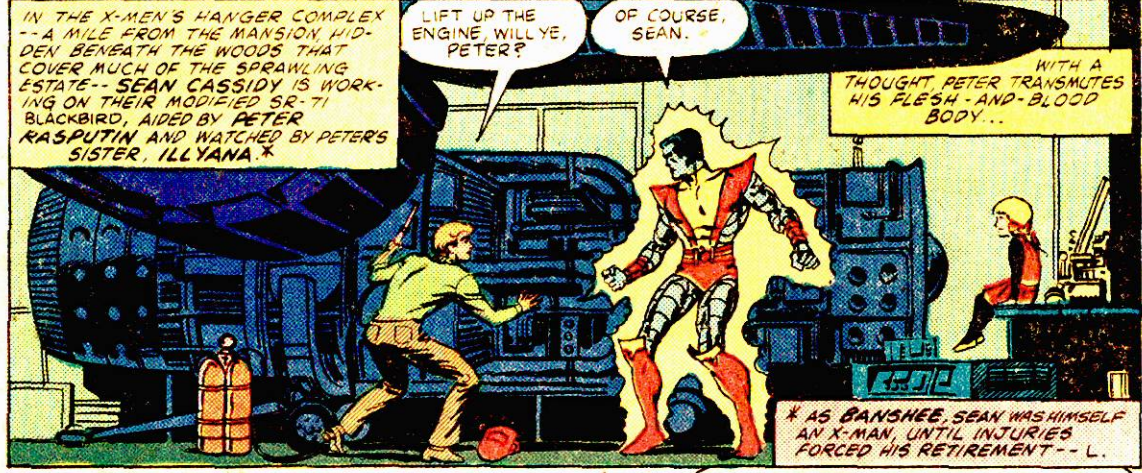
HE DOES, STORM, BUT HE WONDERS IF THAT GOAL IS WORTH THE COST. I MUST CONFESS THAT, OCCASIONALLY, SO DO I.

IN THE X-MEN'S HANGER COMPLEX -- A MILE FROM THE MANSION, HIDDEN BENEATH THE WOODS THAT COVER MUCH OF THE SPRAWLING ESTATE-- SEAN CASSIDY IS WORKING ON THEIR MODIFIED SR-71 BLACKBIRD, AIDED BY PETER RASPUTIN AND WATCHED BY PETER'S SISTER, ILLYANA.*

LIFT UP THE ENGINE, WILL YE, PETER?

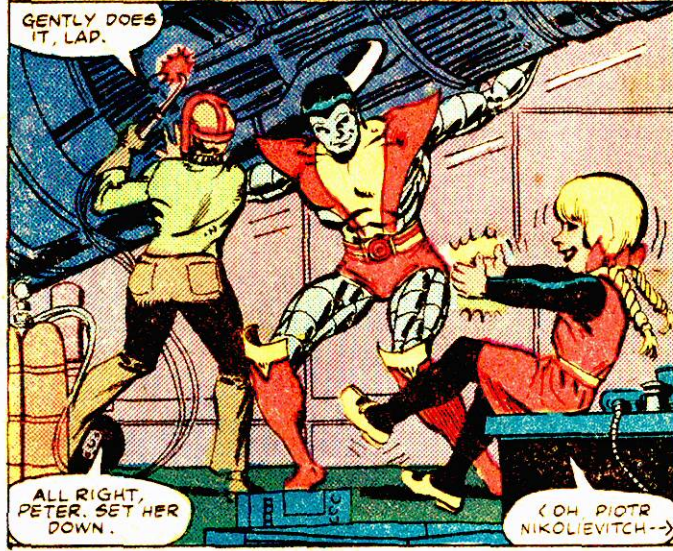
OF COURSE, SEAN.

WITH A THOUGHT, PETER TRANSMUTES HIS FLESH- AND- BLOOD BODY...



* AS BANSHEE, SEAN WAS HIMSELF AN X-MAN, UNTIL INJURIES FORCED HIS RETIREMENT-- L.

... INTO THE SUPER-STRONG, HIGH-INVULNERABLE ORGANIC ARMORED FORM OF COLOSSUS.



(WILL I BE ABLE TO TURN TO STEEL LIKE YOU WHEN I AM GROWN UP?)

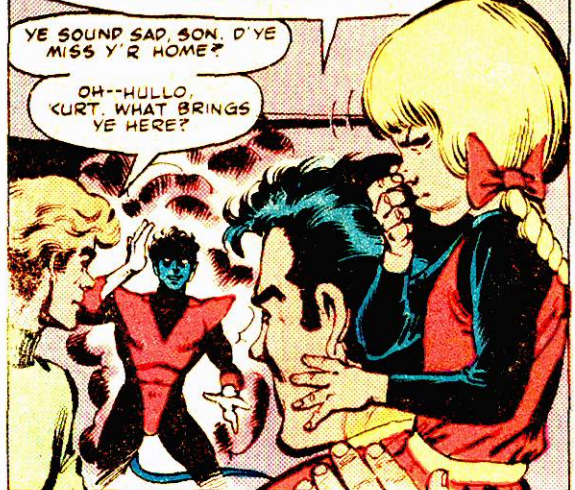
< I DO NOT KNOW, ILLYANA NATALAYNOVNA? DO YOU WANT TO? >

< I THINK I WOULD LOOK FUNNY. >

WHAT'S SHE SAYIN', PETER?



SHE WONDERS IF SHE IS A MUTANT. PROFESSOR XAVIER CONTACTED OUR PARENTS, TO TELL THEM SHE IS SAFE. PERHAPS, BEFORE SHE RETURNS TO RUSSIA, HE SHOULD EXAMINE HER...



THE PROFESSOR WANTS TO SEE YOU IN THE MANSION, SEAN.



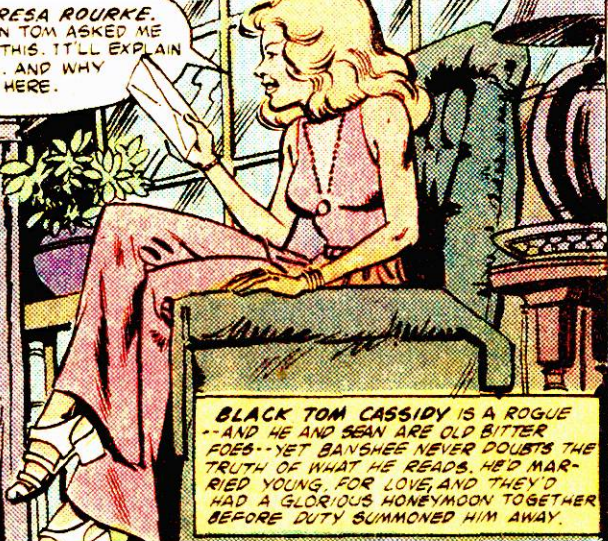


SOON...

CHARLES? I BEG
Y'R PARDON, MISS
I WAS LOOKING F'R
PROFESSOR XAVIER.

I'M SEAN
CASSIDY. CAN I
HELP YE?

I'M THERESA ROURKE.
YOUR COUSIN TOM ASKED ME
TO GIVE YE THIS. IT'LL EXPLAIN
WHO I AM... AND WHY
I'M HERE.



BLACK TOM CASSIDY IS A ROGUE
--AND HE AND SEAN ARE OLD BITTER
FOES--YET BANSHEE NEVER DOUBTS THE
TRUTH OF WHAT HE READS. HE'D MAR-
RIED YOUNG, FOR LOVE, AND THEY'D
HAD A GLORIOUS HONEYMOON TOGETHER
BEFORE DUTY SUMMONED HIM AWAY.

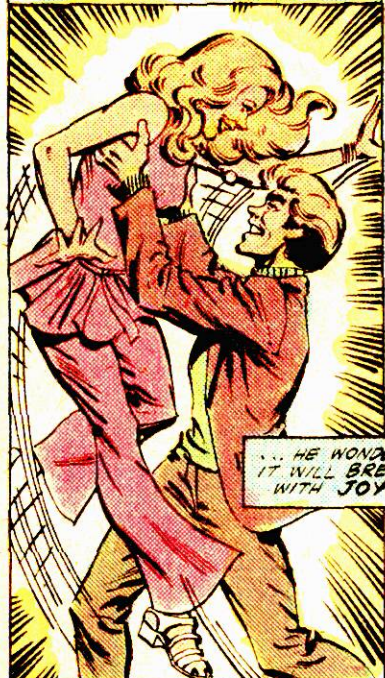
WHEN HE RETURNED MAEVE
ROURKE CASSIDY WAS DEAD.

THERESA,
D'VE KNOW WHAT
THIS SAYS?



I DO...
... FATHER.

STANDING OVER HIS WIFE'S GRAVE,
SEAN THOUGHT HIS HEART WOULD
CRACK WITH GRIEF. NOW, FACING THE
DAUGHTER HE NEVER KNEW HE HAD...



... HE WONDERS IF
IT WILL BREAK
WITH JOY.

NEARBY, PROFESSOR XAVIER HAS
BEEN TELEPATHICALLY EAVESDROP-
PING ON THE SCENE. AS HE TACT-
FULLY BREAKS CONTACT, HIS SMILE
TELLS THE X-MEN--AND THEIR
GUEST, SPIDER-WOMAN--THAT
THE REUNION IS ALL THEY
HOPED IT WOULD BE.



* SHE MET THE
X-MEN--AND THEY
MET TRACY--IN
SW # 38--L.

BUT ONE WOMAN DOESN'T COMPLETELY
SHARE THE OTHER'S HAPPINESS.

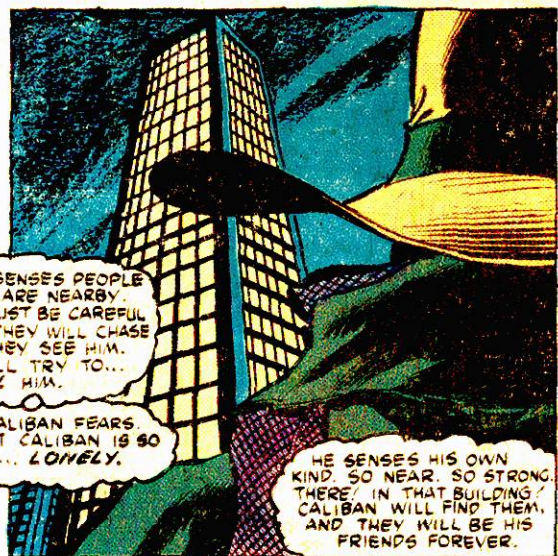
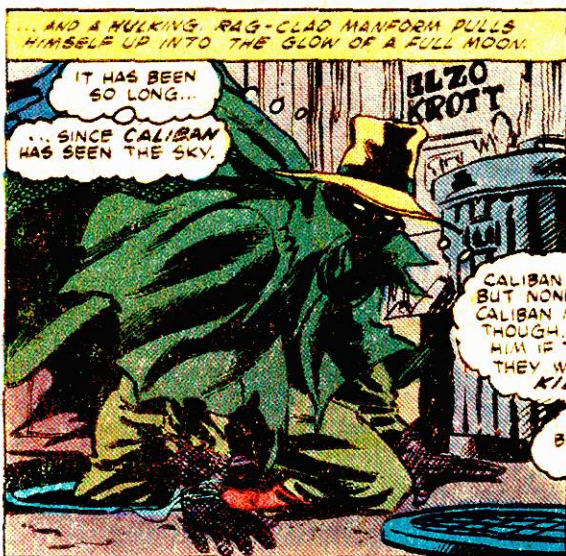
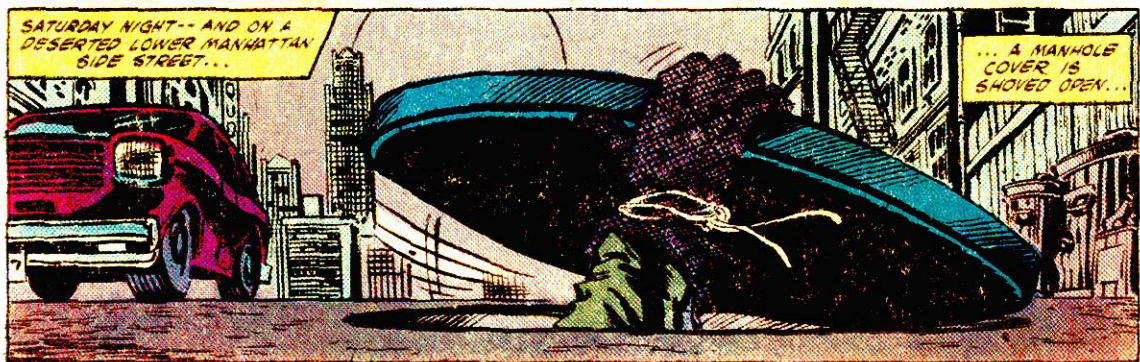


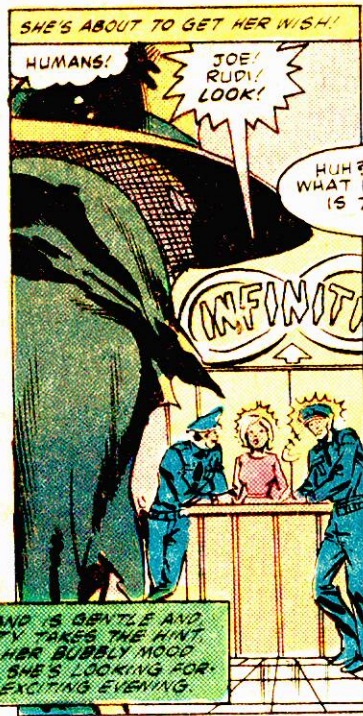
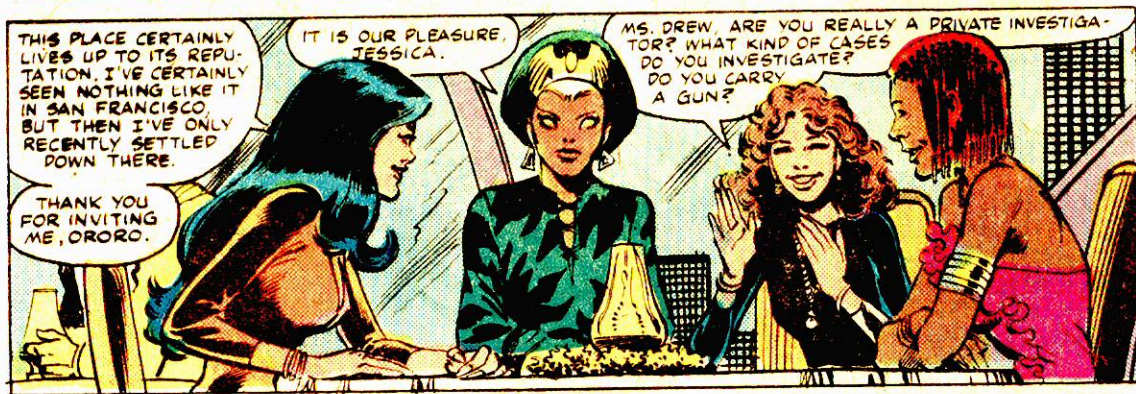
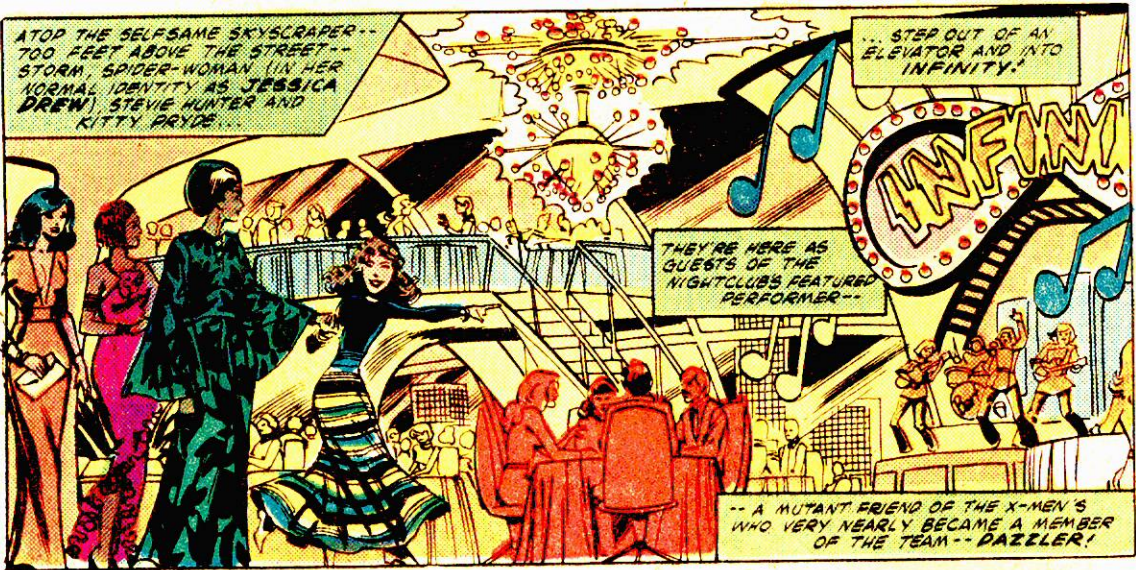
MOIRRA?

DR. MACTAGGERT.
IS ANYTHING THE
MATTER?

NO, SPIDER-WOMAN. I'M JUST STEPPING
OUT FOR A BREATH
OF AIR.









HOLD IT, MISTER!
ONE MORE STEP AND
WE'LL FIRE!

I'M WARNING
YOU!

EMOTIONS SWIRL LIKE
RIP-TIDES AROUND
CALIBAN.



HE ABSORBS THEM ALL, SILENTLY
SCREAMING AT THE AGONY
THEY CAUSE HIM...

... AS HE CONVERTS THEIR
POWER INTO A PALPABLE PHY-
SICAL FORCE AND HURLS
THEM BACK AT THE GUARDS.



CALIBAN... ~~MUST~~ THESE HUMANS.
HE DID NOT MEAN TO. THEIR EMOTI-
ONS WERE TOO STRONG. CALIBAN
COULD NOT CONTROL THEM.

CALIBAN SENSES HIS
PEOPLE ABOVE HIM
HE MUST GO TO
THEM AND EXPLAIN.
THEY WILL UNDER-
STAND.

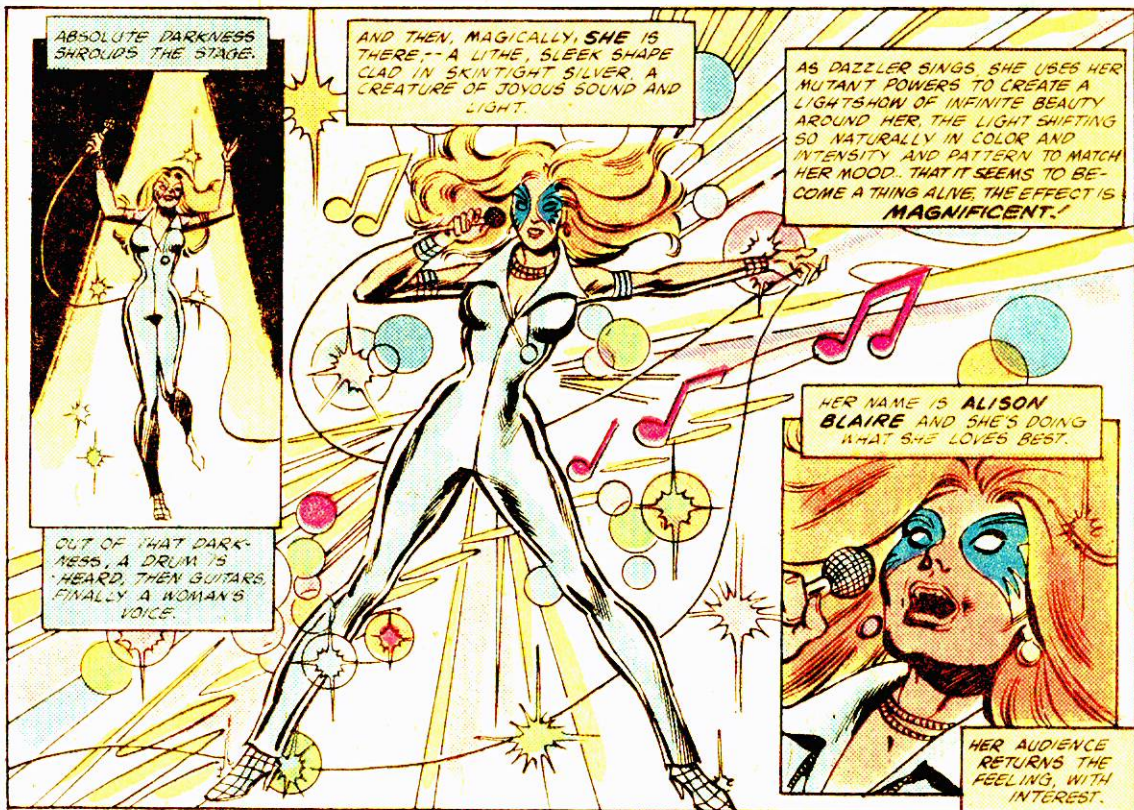


JESSICA, YOU LOOK DISTRACTED...

I THOUGHT I
HEARD A GUNSHOT,
AND A SCREAM,
BUT THE SOUNDS
WERE SO FAINT!

I'M PROBABLY
IMAGINING
THINGS.

SHUSH, YOU TWO!
THEY'RE INTRODUCING
DAZZLER!



ABSOLUTE DARKNESS
SHROUDS THE STAGE.

AND THEN, MAGICALLY, SHE IS
THERE-- A LITHE, SLEEK SHAPE
CLAD IN SKINTIGHT SILVER, A
CREATURE OF JOYOUS SOUND AND
LIGHT.

OUT OF THAT DARK-
NESS, A DRUM IS
HEARD, THEN GUITARS.
FINALLY A WOMAN'S
VOICE.

AS DAZZLER SINGS, SHE USES HER
MUTANT POWERS TO CREATE A
LIGHTSHOW OF INFINITE BEAUTY
AROUND HER. THE LIGHT SHIFTING
SO NATURALLY IN COLOR AND
INTENSITY AND PATTERN TO MATCH
HER MOOD. THAT IT SEEMS TO BE-
COME A THING ALIVE. THE EFFECT IS
MAGNIFICENT!

HER NAME IS ALISON
BLAIRE AND SHE'S DOING
WHAT SHE LOVES BEST.

HER AUDIENCE
RETURNS THE
FEELING, WITH
INTEREST.



SHE RUNS A GAMUT OF STYLES-- ROCK RHYTHM AND BLUES, SOUL, FOLK COUNTRY, POP --AND DOES THEM ALL WELL. SHE'S STILL A DIAMOND IN THE ROUGH, BUT NONE PRESENT CAN DENY HER POTENTIAL OR TALENT.

BUT AS THE SET PICKS UP STEAM...

...CALIBAN EMERGES FROM THE ELEVATOR.



ORORO-- SCREAMS! SOMETHING'S HAPPENING AT THE OTHER END OF THE CLUB.

YOU GUYS STAY HERE AND ENJOY THE SHOW.



I'LL CHECK IT OUT.

KITTY --NO!



COME BACK HERE --AT ONCE!

RELAX, ORORO. I'LL BE OKAY.

AND I'M THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN SLIP AWAY WITHOUT CREATING A FUSS.



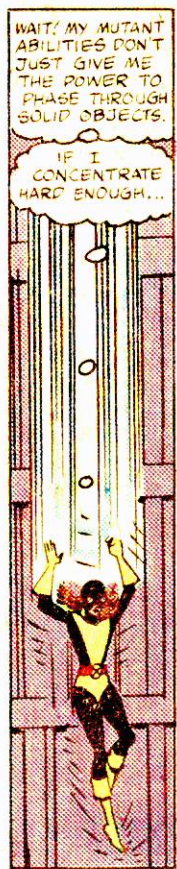
HAVING CHANGED INTO HER X-MEN COSTUME-- HIDDEN IN A SECRET COMPARTMENT IN HER PURSE-- SHE PHASES THROUGH TO THE DESERTED FLOOR BELOW AND...

LESSEE. I NEED TO GET MY BEARINGS. I'M LOOKING FOR THE BUILDING'S ELEVATOR CORE.



AND I THINK I JUST FOUND IT!

CRIPES! I'M FALLING!



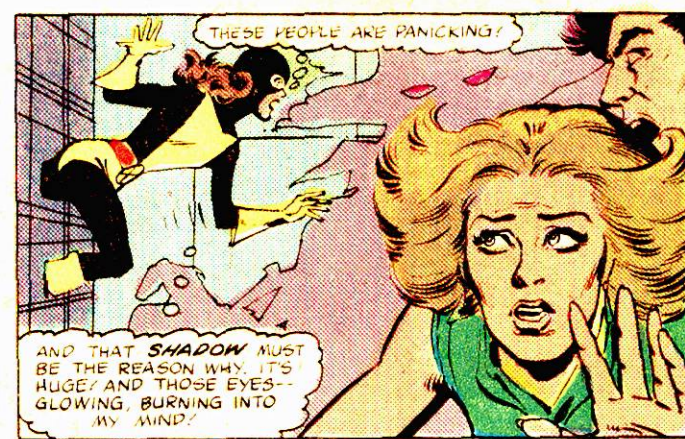
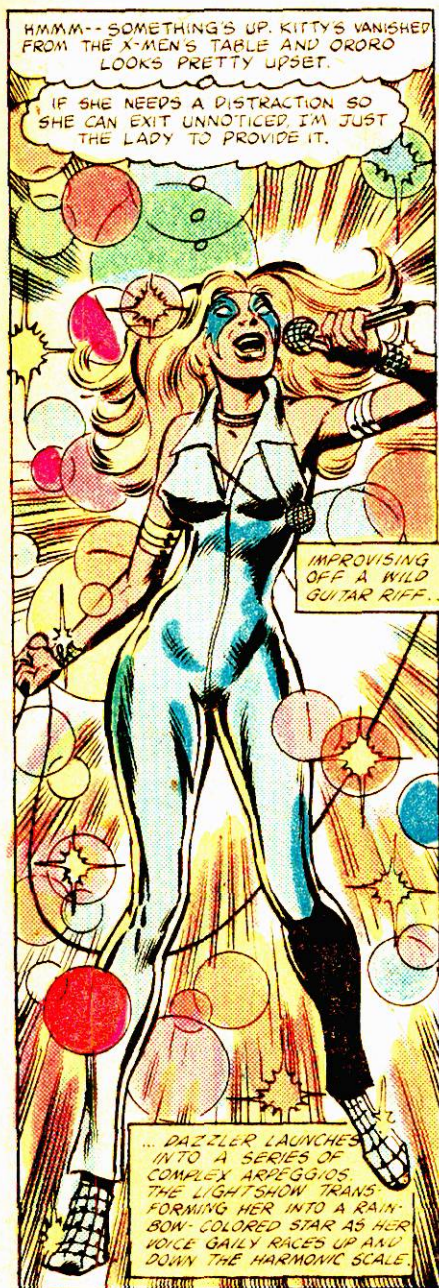
WAIT! MY MUTANT ABILITIES DON'T JUST GIVE ME THE POWER TO PHASE THROUGH SOLID OBJECTS.

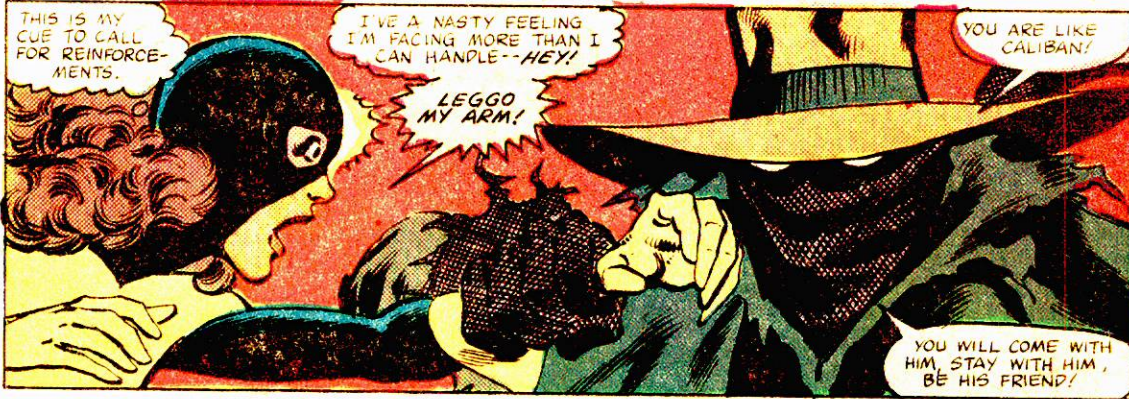
IF I CONCENTRATE HARD ENOUGH...



I CAN LITERALLY WALK ON AIR!

IF ORORO COULD SEE ME NOW, I BET SHE'D BE SO PROUD.





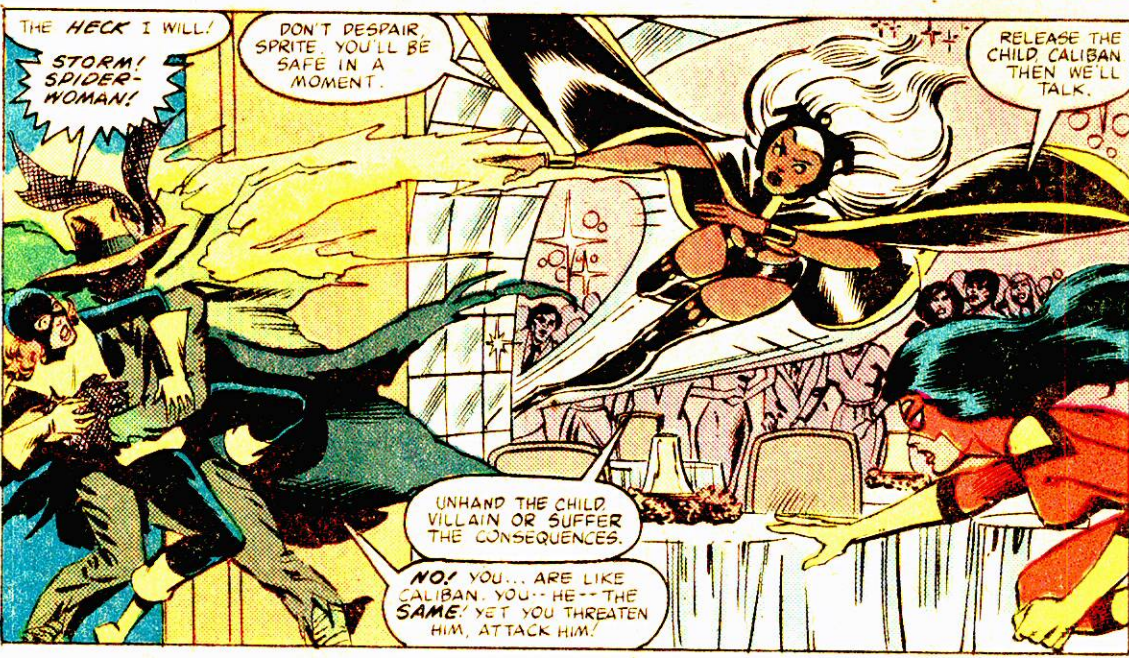
THIS IS MY CUE TO CALL FOR REINFORCEMENTS.

I'VE A NASTY FEELING I'M FACING MORE THAN I CAN HANDLE--HEY!

LEGGO MY ARM!

YOU ARE LIKE CALIBAN!

YOU WILL COME WITH HIM, STAY WITH HIM, BE HIS FRIEND!



THE HECK I WILL!

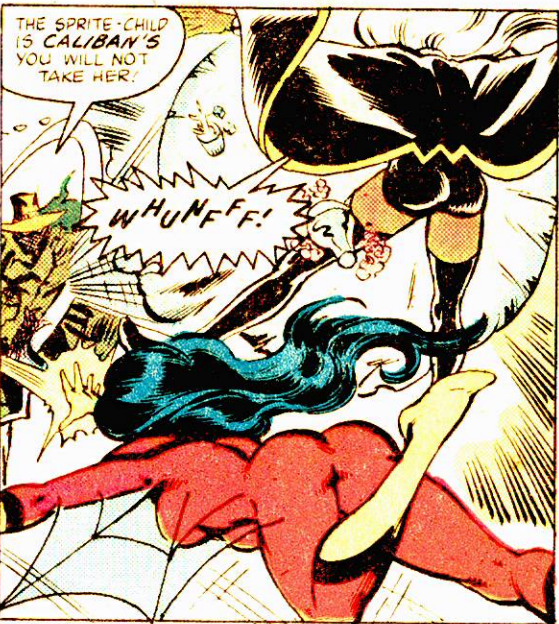
STORM! SPIDER-WOMAN!

DON'T DESPAIR, SPRITE, YOU'LL BE SAFE IN A MOMENT.

RELEASE THE CHILD, CALIBAN, THEN WE'LL TALK.

UNHAND THE CHILD, VILLAIN OR SUFFER THE CONSEQUENCES.

NO! YOU... ARE LIKE CALIBAN. YOU--HE--THE SAME! YET YOU THREATEN HIM, ATTACK HIM!



THE SPRITE-CHILD IS CALIBAN'S YOU WILL NOT TAKE HER!

WHUNFF!



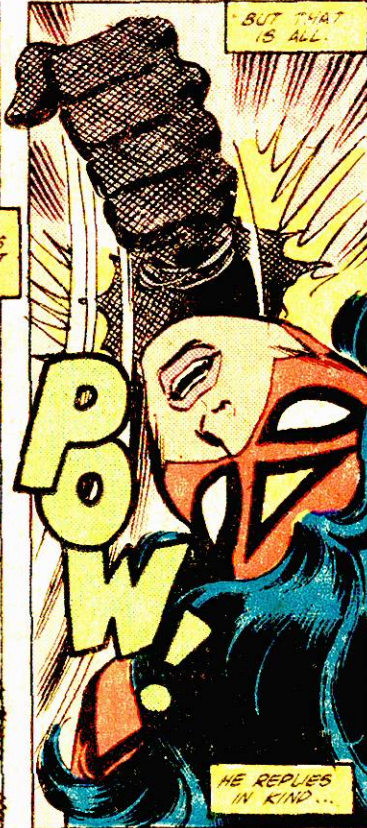
STORM'S UNHURT. THAT TABLE MERELY KNOCKED THE WIND OUT OF HER.

SO LONG AS CALIBAN HOLDS KITTY, I PAREN'T UNLEASH A FULL POWER VENOM BLAST. THE BIO-ELECTRIC ENERGY BOLTS MIGHT KILL HER.

STRONG AS CALIBAN SEEMS TO BE...

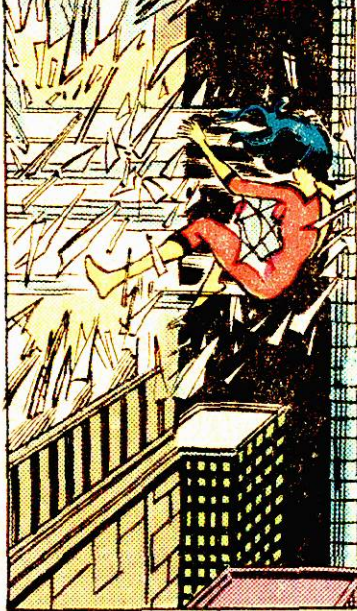
...I'VE NO ALTERNATIVE BUT TO WADE IN AND TO MATCH HIM PUNCH FOR PUNCH.

THE DARK ANGEL GETS IN THE FIRST SHOT.



...WITH SOMEWHAT MORE EFFECTIVE RESULTS.

SKRASH!



THE FEMALES WERE LIKE CALIBAN. YET THEY ACTED LIKE HUMANS.

IF CALIBAN LEAVES THE SPRITE-CHILD, PERHAPS THEY WILL NOT FOLLOW. WILL NOT TRY TO HURT CALIBAN ANYMORE.

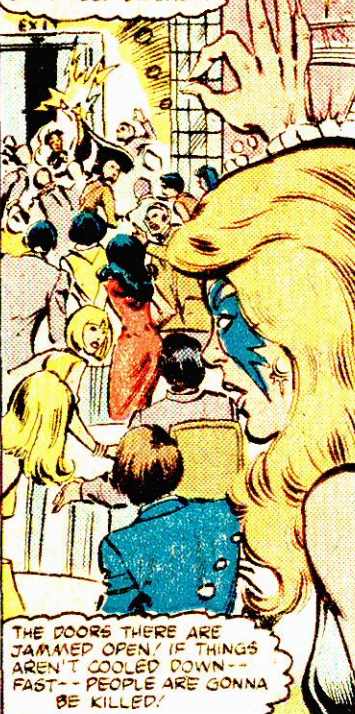
BUT THEN, CALIBAN WILL BE ALONE AGAIN, AS HE HAS ALWAYS BEEN ALONE

IT WOULD BE BETTER TO DIE.

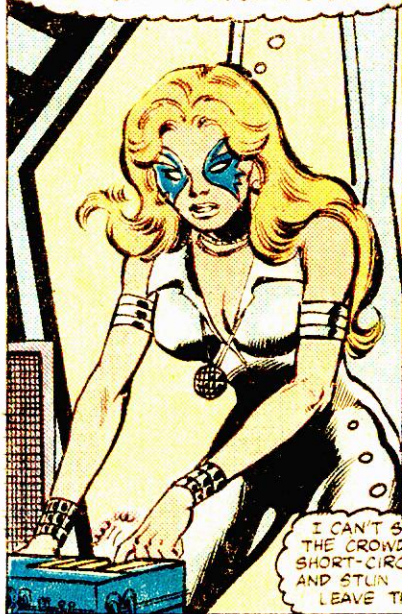
CALIBAN MUST HURRY. ONCE HE REACHES THE UNDERGROUND, THEY WILL NEVER FIND HIM, OR THE SPRITE-CHILD. NO MATTER HOW HARD THEY SEARCH.

UPSTAIRS...

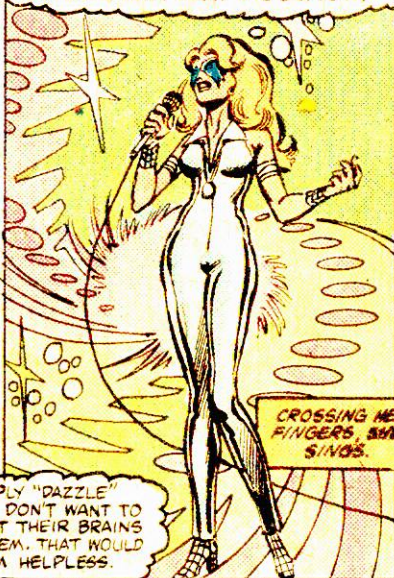
THE CROWD'S FREAKING OUT, SURGING TOWARDS THE ELEVATORS. STORM CAN'T HOLD 'EM BACK.



MY BAND SPLIT WITH EVERYONE ELSE BUT I CAN GET THE MUSIC I NEED FROM THE CLUB'S MASTER SOUND SYSTEM.



MY LIGHTSHOW HAS TO CREATE A SPECIFIC EMOTIONAL MOOD. I'VE NEVER TRIED THAT KIND OF PRECISE CONTROL BEFORE--I'VE ALWAYS JUST LET THINGS HAPPEN. I DON'T KNOW IF I CAN DO IT.



CROSSING HER FINGERS, SHE SINGS.

I CAN'T SIMPLY "DAZZLE" THE CROWD. I DON'T WANT TO SHORT-CIRCUIT THEIR BRAINS AND STUN THEM. THAT WOULD LEAVE THEM HELPLESS.

...AND THE AUDIENCE RESPONSE HEADS TURN, FRANTIC CRIES FADE AWAY, THE PANIC GRADUALLY EBBS. AND WHILE DAZZLER CASTS HER SPELL...



STORM DIVES DOWN THE ELEVATOR SHAFT AFTER KITTY.



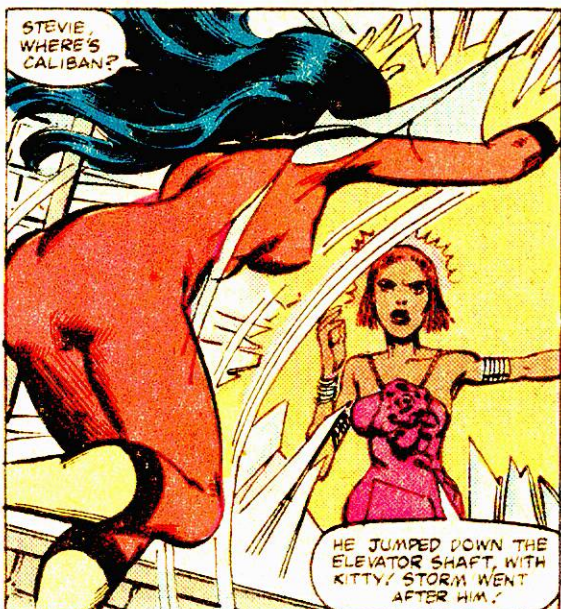
I CAN'T SEE CALIBAN. HE MUST BE NEAR THE BOTTOM.

THIS PIT--SO NARROW--WALLS FEEL AS IF THEY'RE CLOSING IN ON ME, CRUSHING ME!

IT'S A **CLAUSTROPHOBIC ATTACK**--A BAD ONE! THE FEAR IS... ALMOST OVERWHELMING. IF IT SHATTERS MY CONCENTRATION, I'LL LOSE CONTROL OVER THE WINDS THAT HOLD ME ALOFT. I'LL FALL TO MY DEATH!

GODDESS--HELP ME! FOR KITTY'S SAKE, I MUST... **HOLD ON!**

STEVIE WHERE'S CALIBAN?



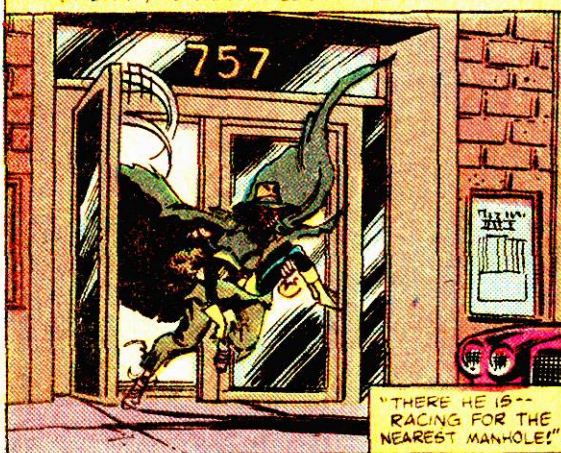
HE JUMPED DOWN THE ELEVATOR SHAFT, WITH KITTY. STORM WENT AFTER HIM.

I'M NOT NEEDED IN **INFINITY**. DAZZLER SEEMS TO HAVE THE SITUATION THERE WELL IN HAND.

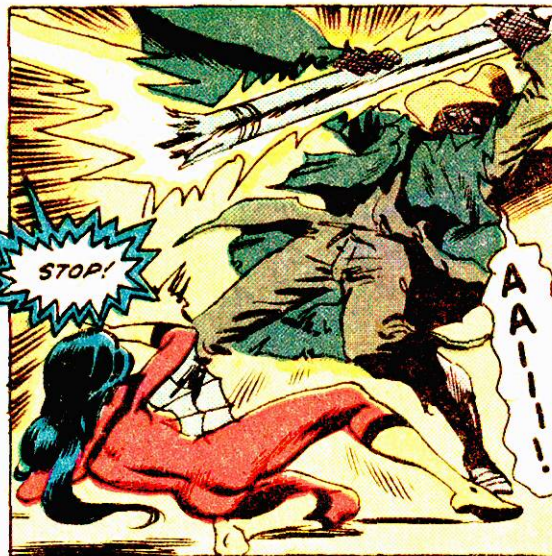
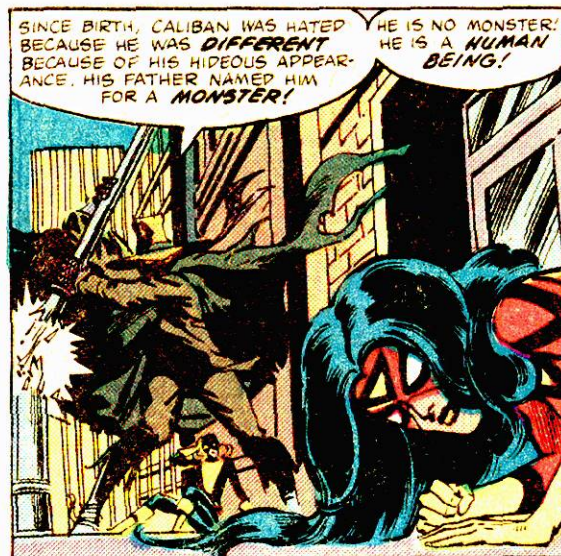
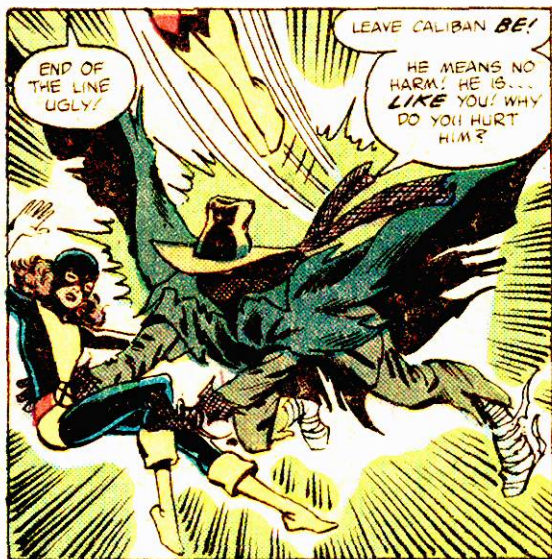


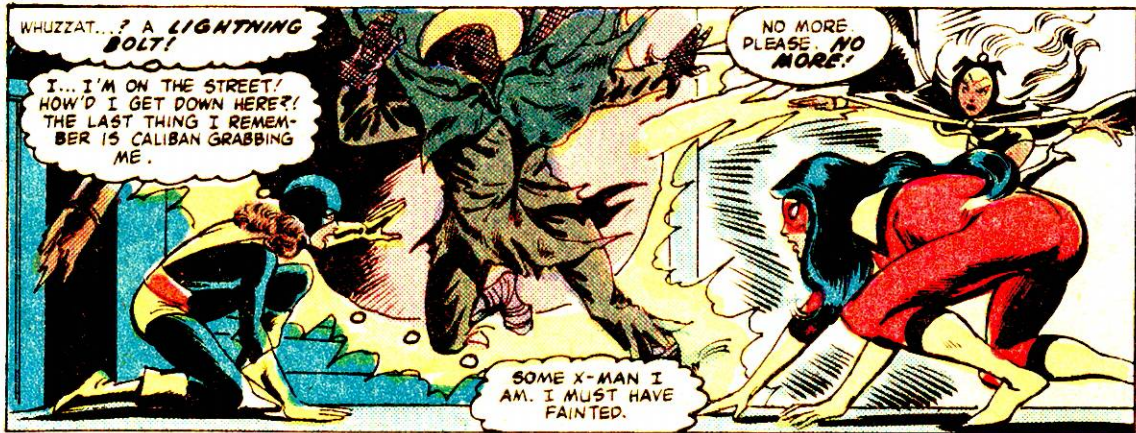
I'LL DO BETTER RUNNING DOWN THE WALL OF THE BUILDING. THE MAIN LOBBY IS THE ONLY UNLOCKED EXIT. EVEN IF I DON'T BEAT HIM DOWN, I'LL BE ABLE TO SPOT HIM WHEN HE EMERGES.

"HIS CLOTHES HAD THE STENCH OF THE SEWER ABOUT THEM. THAT NETWORK OF UNDERGROUND TUNNELS IS VIRTUALLY A CITY UNTO ITSELF. YOU COULD LOSE AN ARMY IN THAT LABYRINTH. IF IT IS CALIBAN'S NATURAL HABITAT, WE DAREN'T LET HIM REACH IT."



"THERE HE IS--
RACING FOR THE
NEAREST MANHOLE!"





LATER...

WE SHOULD HAVE GONE AFTER HIM. I'VE BEEN AN OUTCAST-- IN SOME WAYS, I STILL AM. I WOULDN'T WISH SUCH A FATE ON ANYONE.

NOR WOULD I. IF PROFESSOR XAVIER NOT FOUND US, WE MIGHT WELL HAVE BECOME LIKE CALIBAN -- HUNTED, FRIGHTENED. ALONE. BUT WHAT IS DONE CANNOT BE UNDONE.

"FOR THE BEST OF REASONS, WE COMMITTED THE MOST TERRIBLE OF MISTAKES, THAT MUST NEVER HAPPEN AGAIN."

KITTY LISTENS IN SILENCE, HER OWN THOUGHTS DEEP AND SOMBER. SINCE FIRST MEETING THE X-MEN, SHE'S ALWAYS FELT UNCOMFORTABLE AROUND NIGHTCRAWLER -- NOT BECAUSE OF HIS PERSONALITY, BUT SOLELY BECAUSE OF HIS APPEARANCE.

TONIGHT'S ENCOUNTER WITH CALIBAN HAS SHOWN HER THE COST OF SUCH AN ATTITUDE. SHE HOPES WITH NIGHTCRAWLER, IT ISN'T TOO LATE TO TRY TO MAKE AMENDS.

MEANWHILE, BACK IN THE BERMUDA TRIANGLE...

... THE DAWN FINDS TWO FAMILIAR CASTAWAYS PONDERING AN INCREASINGLY DESPERATE SITUATION.

IF THIS ISLAND IS AS EXTRAORDINARY AS YOU SAY, LEE, SOMEONE SHOULD FLY OUT TO TAKE A LOOK AT IT.

ANYTHING'S POSSIBLE, SCOTT. BUT I'D FEEL A LOT MORE OPTIMISTIC ON A FULL STOMACH.

WELL, I COULD TRY USING MY OPTIC BLASTS TO STUN SOME FISH.

REMEMBE LAST ATTEMPT? YOU PULVERIZED THE POOR DEARS!

AHEM!

I THOUGHT MY ISLAND WAS DESERTED. HOW PLEASANT TO DISCOVER THAT I WAS MIS-TAKEN.

THAT VOICE --IT CAN'T BE!

OH, MAN, ARE WE GLAD TO SEE YOU!

LEE, WHATEVER YOUR NAME. IF HE HEARS THAT, IF HE HEARD ME REFER TO MY OPTIC BLASTS-- IF HE EVEN SUSPECTS WHO I TRULY AM--

--WE'RE BOTH AS GOOD AS DEAD.



I AM--MAGNETO!

I BID YOU WELCOME TO MY NEW HOME. THOUGH YOUR ARRIVAL WAS UNANTICIPATED, I SHALL DO ALL I CAN TO ENSURE THAT YOUR STAY IS AS PLEASANT...AS POSSIBLE.

AS THE HOST SPEAKS, SCOTT FEELS A FIST OF ICE CLOSE TIGHT AROUND HIS HEART. ALONE, IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE, WITH AN INNOCENT WOMAN BY HIS SIDE AND NO WAY TO ESCAPE, MUCH LESS SUMMON ASSISTANCE...

... HE STANDS FACE-TO-FACE WITH THE MASTER OF MAGNETISM, THE X-MEN'S OLDEST, DEADLIEST FOE.

HE CAN'T WAIT TO SEE WHAT HAPPENS NEXT.

NEXT AND THE DEAD SHALL
BURY THE LIVING

BULLPEN BULLETINS

HOW SHALL I BEGIN.....?

Well, first I should remind you that this is, once again, the World's Tallest Comic Book Editor writing at you. Things have been popping around here lately, and so without further ado, I'd like to announce the newest addition to the Mighty Marvel Bulpen.

SOMEBODY CUE THE TRUMPETS....!

...because Michael Z. Hobson has joined the ranks as brand-new Vice President of Publishing. As such, he'll be helping Fearless Publisher Stan Lee run the publishing end of things which includes overseeing the circulation, advertising, and creative departments. Upon meeting the new guy, Smilin' Stan in his, uh, unique manner, immediately dubbed him "Melifluous Mike". Later, however, the new Veep confided to me that he'd prefer "Mike" ... or "Your Majesty". We'll be working together to develop some of the new projects we've got cooking here at the House of Ideas (more about them later), as well as on keeping our regular comics and magazines soaring along!

THE HEY-WHAT-ABOUT-US DEPT

Last month I introduced Editors Denny O'Neil, Louise Jones, and Larry Hama to all of you out there. Nice gesture, right? But what do I get? Cold stares from the other two Editors, Jim Salicrup and Al Milgrom! All right, in the interests of fairness...

THE TRUTH ABOUT JIM SALICRUP...

Jim started working at Marvel at the ripe age of fifteen as a gofer. By the time he turned seventeen he was editing Marvel's British comics line. After a brief hiatus during which he founded his own company, he returned to the Bulpen as an Assistant Editor for the color comics. A little over a year ago, he advanced to the prestigious position of Editor. Now, at twenty-three, he's both the youngest and oldest editorial staffer — still a spring chicken, but with many years of experience! Folks regard "Jaunty" Jim as sort of a Mad Genius.

THE LOWDOWN ON AL MILGROM...

Al became renowned as an artist on the *Captain Marvel* and *Guardians of the Galaxy* series a few years back. Everyone knew he could draw, ink, and color. Most people knew he was a terrific volleyball player, softball player, racquetball player, and that it was financial suicide to face him across the poker table. Some folks knew he was an all-around nice guy, though possibly a few poker victims might disagree. Nobody knew he had any editorial skill — or that he could even spell his own name. Imagine my surprise when I discovered that he could, thanks to his brief stint editing at the Deliberate Competition. Well, when a cutback forced those guys to let Al go, I hired him on in a flash, and he's been dazzling Marveldom with his trend-setting editorial style ever since!

THE DIAMOND DILEMMA...

Many collectors have inquired about the two different types of covers they've seen on Marvel Comics. One type has the price, date, issue number, and some strange numbers and symbols in little boxes, like this:



Another has the price, date, and issue number in a diamond shape like so:



The reason for the two different covers is that our comics are circulated two different ways. Some reach the public via the Curtis Circulation Company and a network of independent Distributor Wholesalers who service newsstands, drugstores, 7-11's, and other magazine outlets across the country. These

comics whose covers have the little boxes. They carry the Curtis seal and, presumably, the strange numbers mean something to wholesaler-type people.

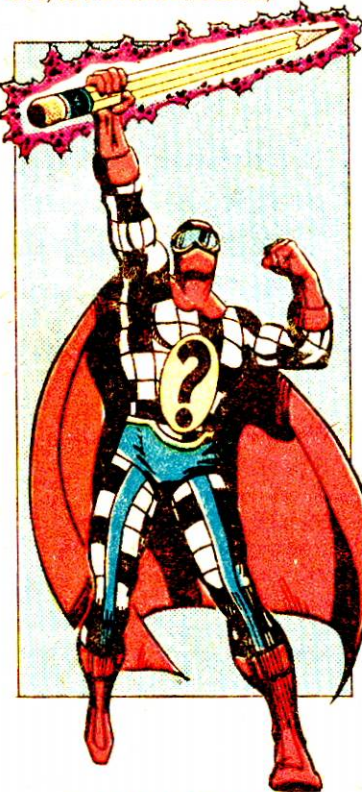
A substantial number of our comics are not distributed by Curtis, however. These comics go directly to comics specialty shops and other locations not serviced by I.D. Wholesalers. Since these comics aren't handled by Curtis, they don't need the funny little numbers and can't carry the Curtis seal — hence the artful diamond design, which so beautifully sets off the remaining info. Clever, huh? That's the scoop.

Apparently, some collectors were worried that the one type might be less valuable as collectables than the other type, or that the little boxes covers were "reprint" or vice versa. Well, how much our comics are worth as collectors' items really is up to you guys. Only in the marketplace can the value of a collectable be determined. We can tell you that the comics with both types of covers are printed at the same time, on the same presses, that neither type is a "reprint" of the other, and that except for the cover markings, the comics are identical in every way. All clear?

AND THE WINNER IS...

A while back we rocked the publishing world with a darningly different concept — a puzzle comic book, geared largely for the younger set, called FUN AND GAMES. We thought it was a terrific idea! We still do — even though we've ceased publication for a while, until we can work out a better plan to get the book out there where puzzle-fans can find it. Just wait...

But, back to the point — before publication of FUN AND GAMES was suspended, we had announced a little contest. We asked for puzzle people all over to send in sketches of what they thought *Puzzle Man*, our new character should look like. We promised to print the best idea. Even though FUN AND GAMES is no more, ever true to our word, we hereby present *Puzzle Man* as designed by John Schlim of Peterborough, New Hampshire (rendered here by our own Mirthful Marie Severin).



Congratulations, John, and thanks.

YOU SAY THEY CALL HIM "HEF"....?

I mentioned last month that folks around here often refer to Dashing Denny O'Neil as "Hef", and I promised I'd explain why that's so. Well, it's simple folks. "Hef" is short for "El Jefe del Mundo" (pronounced El Hef-ay del Moon-do, sort of) which is Spanish for "Chief of the World". Next month Denny will explain why people started calling him "El Jefe del Mundo" in the first place.

HAPPY TRAILS TO YOU...

That's all the space I have this month, but be sure to tune in next month when I'll explain why rutabagas are like rock stars.

THE HYPE BOX

DR. STRANGE #48 - A hearty welcome, please, for Doc's new creative team, *Roger Stern, Marshall Rogers, and Terry Austin!*
 DAZZLER #6 - Dazz vs. the Hulk!
 MARVEL PREMIERE #61 - A wildly off-beat masterwork of science fiction starring *Star-Lord*, written by *Doug Moench* with art by *Tom Sutton*.

THE MIGHTY MARVEL CHECKLIST!

- ☐ MARVEL TWO-IN-ONE #78 - The Thing and Wonder Man!
- ☐ SPIDER-WOMAN #39
- ☐ STAR TREK #15
- ☐ DAREDEVIL #173
- ☐ MARVEL SUPER HEROES #100 - Starring the Hulk!
- ☐ DAZZLER #6
- ☐ KA-ZAR #5
- ☐ AMAZING SPIDER-MAN #219
- ☐ CAPTAIN AMERICA #260
- ☐ THOR #310
- ☐ MICRONAUTS #32
- ☐ GHOST RIDER #59
- ☐ SHE-HULK #19
- ☐ MOON KNIGHT #10
- ☐ DR. STRANGE #48
- ☐ INCREDIBLE HULK #262
- ☐ AVENGERS #210
- ☐ CONAN #125
- ☐ MARVEL TALES #130 - Featuring Spider-Man!
- ☐ X-MEN #148
- ☐ ROM #21
- ☐ POWER MAN IRON FIST #72
- ☐ FANTASTIC FOUR #233
- ☐ MARVEL TEAM-UP #108 - Spidey and Paladin!
- ☐ IRON MAN #149
- ☐ SPECTACULAR SPIDER-MAN #57
- ☐ DEFENDERS #98
- ☐ MARVEL SUPER ACTION #34 - starring the Avengers!
- ☐ STAR WARS #50 - Double-sized fiftieth issue by *Archie Goodwin* and *Al Williamson*.
- ☐ MASTER OF KUNG FU #103
- ☐ MARVEL PREMIERE #61 - *Star-Lord!*
- ☐ SGT. FURY #165
- ☐ WHAT IF #28 - Alternate realities of *Daredevil* and the *Ghost Rider!*

MARVEL MAGAZINES

- ☐ CRAZY #76
- ☐ SAVAGE SWORD OF CONAN #66
- ☐ STARBURST #32 - A great new monthly mag all about fantasy and science fiction in the media. Produced by Marvel's bombastic British Division.
- ☐ MARVEL SUPER SPECIAL #18 - *Raiders of the Lost Ark*. *Marvel* and *Lucasfilm Ltd.* do it again!

MARVEL TREASURY EDITIONS

- ☐ MARVEL TREASURY #28 - An all-new team-up of *SUPERMAN* and *SPIDER-MAN!* Written by *Jim Shooter* with art by *John Buscema*, *Joe Sinnott* and a host of super-star inkers.

The FANTASTIC FOUR IN "WONDERS OF NATURE"

