WELCOME TO THE TWENTY-FIRST CENTURY.

IT IS A TIME OF DESPERATION AND DEATH FOR THE UNITED STATES...

"A COUNTRY WHERE THE WORDS "AND LIBERTY AND JUSTICE FOR ALL" NO LONGER HAVE MEANING.

AT THE DAWN OF THE MILLENNIUM, SENTINELS -- THE ROBOTIC HUNTERS CREATED TO END THE "MUTANT THREAT" -- OVERTHREW THE GOVERNMENT...

...AFTER CONGRESS ORDERED S.H.I.E.L.D. AND THE ARMY TO SHUT DOWN THE FOURTH WAVE OF SENTINELS.

NOW, EVERY CITIZEN MUST BE TESTED FOR THE X-FACTOR GENE KNOWN TO CAUSE MUTATIONS...

...AND THOSE BORN HOMO SAPIENS SUPERIOR HAVE BEEN INTERNED IN "RELOCATION CAMPS."

THE IDENTIFICATION THAT JUBILATION LEE CARRIES LISTS HER AS HUMAN. THAT IS A LIE.

SHE IS A MUTANT -- ONE OF THE LAST FREE MEMBERS OF THE X-MEN...

"THE MUTANT OUTLAWS WHO HAVE FOUGHT THE SENTINELS SINCE THEY WERE FIRST UNLEASHED NEARLY TWO DECADES AGO.

"...BABYLON THE GREAT IS FALLEN... AND IS BECOME THE HABITATION OF DEVILS...

Ah, HOORAY FOR HOLLYWOOD! IF THE EARTH DOESN'T SWALLOW YOU WHOLE, OR THE ACID SMOG DOESN'T BURN THE FLESH OFF YOUR BONES...

THERE'S ALWAYS SOME RAVING LUNATIC GUARANTEED TO BRIGHTEN YOUR DAY.

"...AND THE HOLD OF EVERY FOUL SPIRIT, AND A CAGE OF EVERY UNCLEAN AND HATEFUL BIRD...

REPENT, WOMAN, THE TIME OF REVELATION IS UPON US!

ARMAGEDDON IS AT HAND!

TELL ME SOMETHING I DON'T KNOW, PAL.

SPLORSH

ONCE UPON A TIME, THE SUNSET METRO-MALL WAS A MECCA OF COMMERCIAL EXCESS.

HUNDREDS OF STORES AND BOUTIQUES OFFERED ALL THE LATEST FASHIONS.

NOW THOSE STORES ARE BARREN, LONG SINCE PICKED CLEAN BY SCAVENGERS.

THINGS ARE GETTING WORSE EVERY DAY.

FOOD'S GETTING SCARCE...

...MEDICAL ASSISTANCE IS LIMITED...

...THERE ARE EVEN RUMORS THAT THE EUROPEAN ALLIANCE IS READY TO NUKE THE U.S.

INSIDE THE RAVAGED SHOPPING COMPLEX, THE DISPOSSESSED AND DISENFRANCHISED MAKE THEIR HOME.

SO MUCH FOR THE SUNNY CALIFORNIA I REMEMBER FROM MY CHILDHOOD.

AT LEAST THIS IS A GOOD PLACE TO BE ANONYMOUS.

L.A. HASN'T BEEN THE TOURIST ATTRACTION IT USED TO BE SINCE THE QUAKE OF '09.

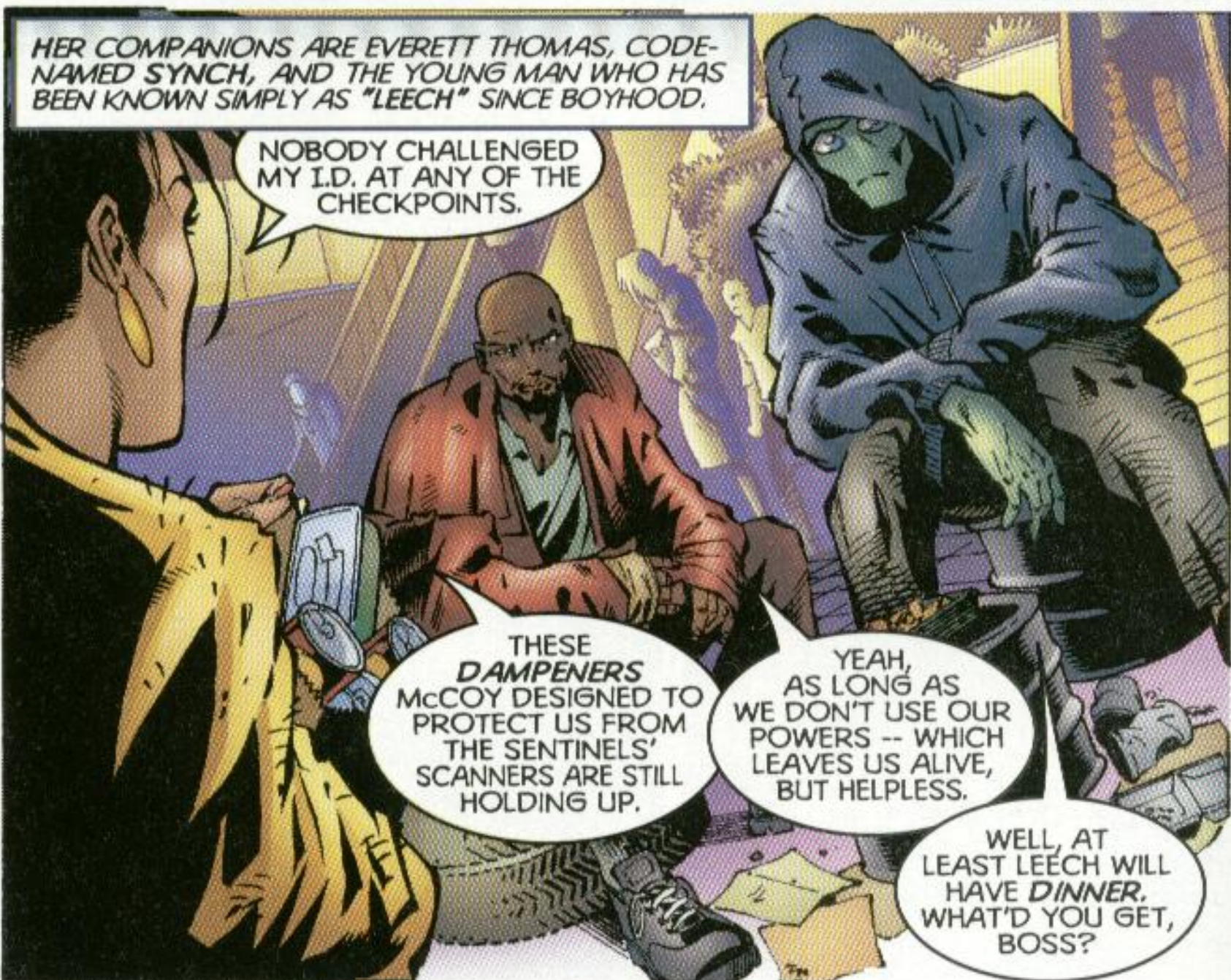HOW'D THINGS GO, JUBILEE? ANY TROUBLE?

HER COMPANIONS ARE EVERETT THOMAS, CODE-NAMED SYNCH, AND THE YOUNG MAN WHO HAS BEEN KNOWN SIMPLY AS "LEECH" SINCE BOYHOOD.

NOBODY CHALLENGED MY I.D. AT ANY OF THE CHECKPOINTS.

THESE DAMPENERS MCCOY DESIGNED TO PROTECT US FROM THE SENTINELS' SCANNERS ARE STILL HOLDING UP.

YEAH, AS LONG AS WE DON'T USE OUR POWERS -- WHICH LEAVES US ALIVE, BUT HELPLESS.

WELL, AT LEAST LEECH WILL HAVE DINNER. WHAT'D YOU GET, BOSS?

SOME CANNED *VEGETABLES*, A PACK OF *NUTRIENT BARS*, SOME *VITAMINS*, AND A NEW WATER *PURIFIER*.

Y'KNOW, I DON'T WANT TO GET *NOSTALGIC*...

...BUT WHAT I WOULDN'T *GIVE* TO BE ABLE TO WALK INTO A *SUPERMARKET* AND LOAD MY CART FULL OF *REAL* FOOD.

WHEN I WAS A KID, I'D SIT IN SCHOOL AND DAYDREAM ABOUT SEEING PLACES LIKE NEW YORK AND L.A. NOW, THOSE CITIES ARE HUSKS...

...AND THERE ARE NO MORE SCHOOLS.

THESE *EATS* LOOK PRETTY *GOOD* TO LEECH, BOSS. *YUM-YUM.*

HEY, YOU OKAY, JUBES? YOU'VE BEEN RUNNING YOURSELF *RAGGED*.

I'M *FINE.* I WAS JUST THINKING ABOUT THE OTHER X-MEN: *ORORO*, *PETER*, *KITTY*, *RACHEL*...
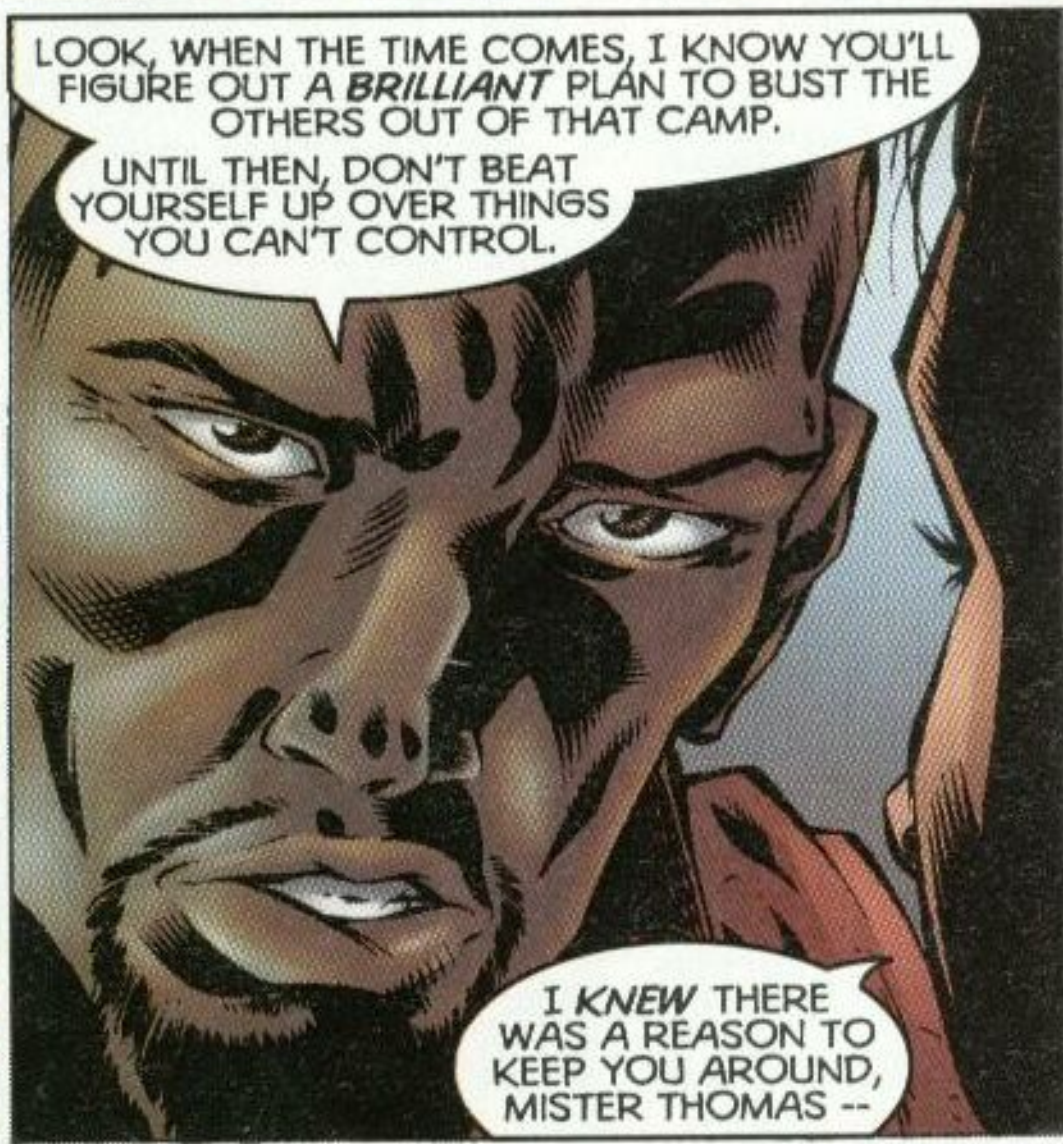
I CAN'T HELP THINKING IF WE'D BEEN WITH THEM DURING THAT RAID, THINGS WOULD'VE TURNED OUT *DIFFERENTLY* --

SURE, WE MIGHT HAVE ENDED UP *PRISONERS* IN THAT INTERNMENT CAMP, TOO...

...OR *WORSE*, WE'D BE DEAD LIKE *SAM* AND *KURT*.

TIMES LIKE THIS I WISH *LOGAN* WAS STILL AROUND.

LOOK, WHEN THE TIME COMES, I KNOW YOU'LL FIGURE OUT A *BRILLIANT* PLAN TO BUST THE OTHERS OUT OF THAT CAMP.

UNTIL THEN, DON'T BEAT YOURSELF UP OVER THINGS YOU CAN'T CONTROL.

I *KNEW* THERE WAS A REASON TO KEEP YOU AROUND, MISTER THOMAS --

KWA THOOM

LOOK OUT...

Oh, MAN, LIKE I REALLY NEED THIS *TONIGHT* --

MOMMY...

IT'S A *RAID!*

THE FIRST WAVE OF SENTINELS WERE THOSE DEVELOPED BY INDUSTRIALIST *BOLIVAR TRASK.*

THE SECOND WAVE WERE THOSE CONTROLLED BY TRASK'S YOUNGEST SON *LAWRENCE,* WHO WAS IN FACT A *MUTANT* HIMSELF.

THE THIRD WAVE WERE THE HUMAN/SENTINEL HYBRIDS CREATED BY THE ENIGMATIC LEADER OF ZERO TOLERANCE, *BASTION.*

THE FOURTH WAVE ARE FASTER AND SMARTER THAN THEIR PREDECESSORS...

...AND LET *NOTHING* STAND IN THE WAY OF FULFILLING THEIR PRIME DIRECTIVE --

-- THE APPREHENSION, CONTAINMENT AND ELIMINATION OF EVERY MUTANT ON THE PLANET.

JUBILATION LEE, YOU ARE IN VIOLATION OF THE *MUTANT CONTROL ACT.*

SURRENDER OR RISK *TERMINATION.*

GEE, I'M NOT CRAZY ABOUT *EITHER* OF THOSE OPTIONS.

AND SINCE YOU KNOW WHO I AM, YOU WON'T MIND IF I USE MY POWER.

RESISTANCE WILL BE MET WITH APPROPRIATE FORCE.

FROM BIRTH, HIS PHYSICAL APPEARANCE HAS MARKED *LEECH* AS A MUTANT.

FEW AND FAR BETWEEN HAVE BEEN THOSE WHO COULD LOOK UPON HIM AND SEE HIS SOUL, AND NOT HIS STRANGE VISAGE.

AND THOUGH HE KNOWS HIS ABILITY TO DAMPEN THE SUPERHUMAN POWERS OF OTHER MUTANTS HAS NO EFFECT ON SUCH A CREATION...

...HE DOES PROVIDE THE MOMENTARY DISTRACTION HIS FRIENDS NEED.

READY, MISTER THOMAS?

JUBILATION LEE AND *EVERETT THOMAS* ARE TWO SUCH PEOPLE. AND SO, WHEN THE CYBERNETIC MONSTROSITY ATTACKS THEM, *LEECH* RESPONDS IN KIND.

THWAM

LET'S *DO* IT, MS. LEE.

Panel 1:

SYNCH'S MUTANT ABILITY ALLOWS HIM TO TEMPORARILY DUPLICATE JUBILEE'S PYROTECHNIC POWERS WHILE IN CLOSE PROXIMITY TO HER --

IF YOU CONTINUE, LETHAL FORCE WILL BE INITIATED.

WE'RE HITTING THIS CLOWN WITH EVERYTHING WE'VE GOT, AND HE'S NOT EVEN STAGGERING.

THIS COULD BE IT, JUBILATION.

-- TOGETHER, THEY HIT THE SENTINEL WITH AN EXPLOSIVE ASSAULT FROM BOTH SIDES.

Panel 2:

TERMINATION OPTION ACTIVATED.

EVERETT, YOU AND LEECH GET YOUR BUTTS OUT OF HERE!

NO, THEY'LL KILL YOU!

I SAID GO!

Panel 3:

PREPARE TO DIE, MU--

>SQWARRRKK<

SENSORS DETECTING ANOTHER MUTAGENIC BIO-SIGNATURE.

IDENTIFICATION COMPLETE: DESIGNATE MAG-

Panel 4:

SKKRRAZZK

[MALFUNC-----]

KRUNK

Panel 5:

THIS MUST BE OUR LUCKY DAY.

I DON'T THINK LUCK HAD ANYTHING TO DO WITH IT.

THESE BOZOS GOT TAKEN DOWN WITH AN ELECTRO-MAGNETIC PULSE THAT TURNED ALL THEIR CIRCUITRY INTO SLAG.

THERE'S ONLY ONE PERSON WHO COULD PULL THAT KIND OF STUNT OFF...

...BUT HE HASN'T BEEN SEEN OR HEARD FROM IN YEARS.

THWOMP

Panel 6:

WHAT IN BLAZES ARE YOU DOING HERE?

LOOKING FOR *YOU*, LEE.

I REQUIRE YOUR *ASSISTANCE.* HELP ME FIND *WOLVERINE.*

BILLIONS OF LIVES HANG IN THE BALANCE.

KNOWN TO THE WORLD AS *MAGNETO,* HE IS THE MOST POWERFUL MUTANT ON THE PLANET...

...AND THE MOST FEARED.

WITH HIS COMMAND OF ELECTRO-MAGNETIC FIELDS, HE HAS STOPPED ARMIES, MOVED MOUNTAINS, AND CHANGED THE COURSE OF RIVERS.

HE IS AN ELEMENTAL FORCE GIVEN HUMAN FORM.

HE IS NOT SOMEONE WHO TAKES NO FOR AN ANSWER.

IN BYGONE DAYS, THE KREMLIN SERVED AS THE SYMBOLIC HEART OF ONE OF THE WORLD'S MOST POWERFUL NATIONS.

NOW, IT IS MERELY A BACKDROP FOR THE GAUDY NEON ADVERTISING OF RED SQUARE...

...WHERE THE BLACK MARKET HAS BECOME AN INSTITUTION THAT CATERS TO ANY VICE TWENTY-FOUR HOURS A DAY...

...AND PILGRIMS DARE NOT TRAVEL ALONE AT NIGHT FOR FEAR OF BEING AMBUSHED AND SOLD TO THE GENETIC CHOP-SHOPS WHO BROKER HUMAN BODY PARTS.

STILL, THE SCAVENGERS AND JUNKIES AND BYTEHEADS GIVE THIS FOREIGNER A WIDE BERTH.

FOR HE IS NO FRIGHTENED, NERVOUS TOURIST WHO MADE A WRONG TURN.

THESE DAYS, HE GOES ONLY BY THE NAME LOGAN -- THOUGH THERE WAS A TIME HE WAS BETTER KNOWN BY ANOTHER --

-- WOLVERINE.

HERE IS A MAN WITH A MISSION...

...AND HEAVEN HELP ANYONE WHO GETS IN HIS WAY.

THE DYNAMO BAR CATERS TO OLD SOLDIERS AND FORMER K.G.B. AGENTS.

<THIS IS A PRIVATE ESTABLISHMENT. YOU DON'T BELONG HERE, AMERICAN.>*

<I'M CANADIAN, BORIS.>

<THERE'S A DIFFERENCE.>

KWTHUMP

<HUURGGH>

⊛ TRANSLATED FROM RUSSIAN | | MARK

INSIDE, SCARRED AND WOUNDED VETERANS OF BLOODY CONFLICT DRINK TO THE MEMORY OF OLD FRIENDS AND ENEMIES...

...AND SPEAK WITH MELANCHOLY ABOUT A RUSSIA -- A WORLD -- THAT NO LONGER EXISTS.

<IS THAT...>

<DA.>

<I THOUGHT HE WAS DEAD...>

<LET DMITRI HANDLE IT.>

SOME EVEN RECOGNIZE THE RAGGED FOREIGNER FROM INTRIGUES OF OLD.

DMITRI BUKHARIN OWNS THIS BAR, SOMETHING HE NEVER DREAMED POSSIBLE WHEN HE SERVED AS THE IRON MAN OF THE U.S.S.R., THE CRIMSON DYNAMO.

<BUKHARIN, WE NEED TO TALK.>

<IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME, LOGAN. SINCE ODESSA, I THINK.>

<WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU, MY FRIEND?>
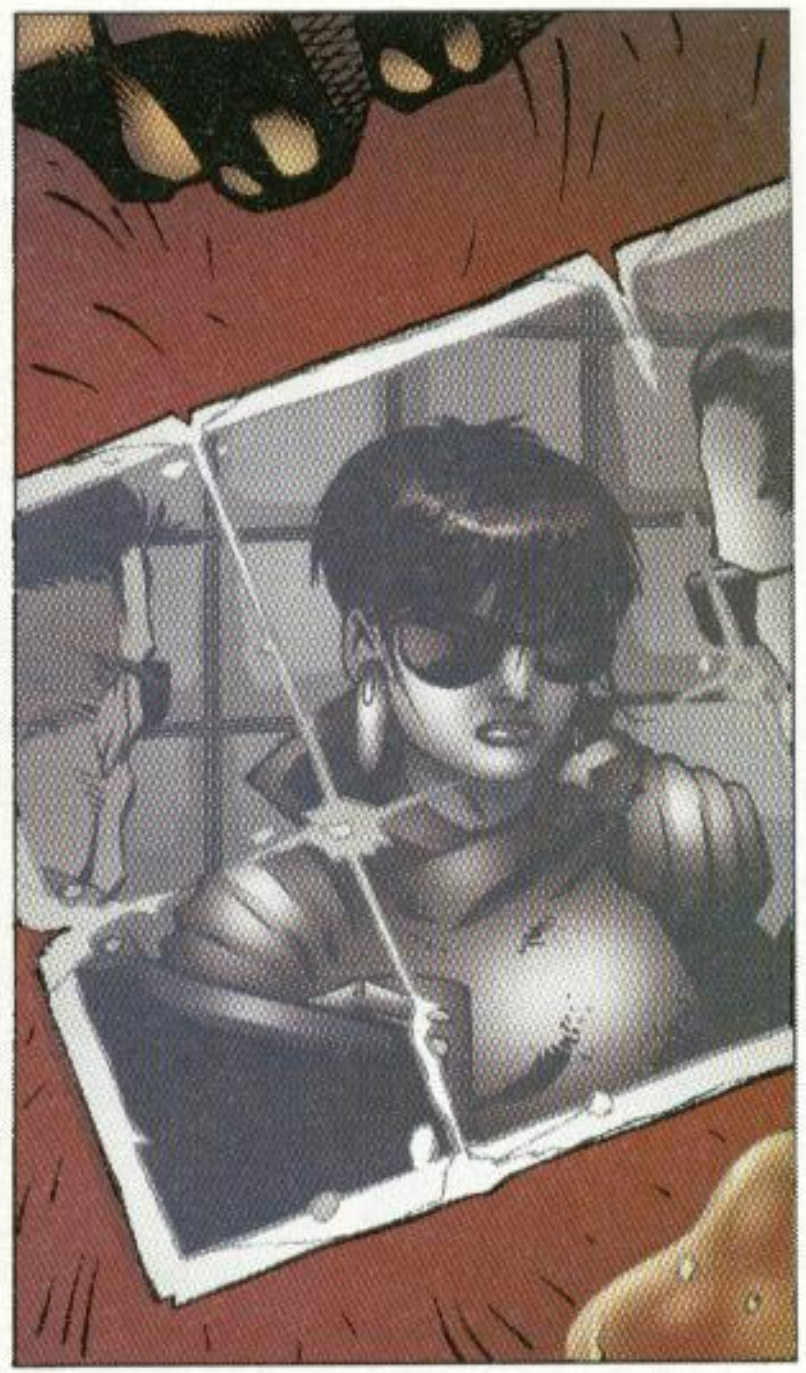
<I'M LOOKING FOR A WOMAN.>

<THERE ARE OTHER PLACES IN THIS CITY THAT CATER TO THOSE NEEDS.>

<DON'T PLAY GAMES WITH ME, BUKHARIN.>

<I KNOW THIS BAR TRAFFICS A LOT MORE THAN VODKA.>

<YOU WANT TO BUY WEAPONS, HIRE A CREW, OR SELL HOT SOFTWARE IN MOSCOW, YOU COME TO THE DYNAMO.>

<SHE LOOK FAMILIAR?>

<I'VE NEVER SEEN HER BEFORE.>

<DON'T LIE TO ME THIS PICTURE WAS TAKEN IN YOUR BAR.>

<MAYBE YOU SHOULD RETHINK YOUR ANSWER, BEFORE I HAVE TO GET ROUGH.>

<YOU'RE SCARED, BUKHARIN. I CAN SMELL IT ON YOU.>

<SHE WAS SPEAKING TO TWO GEORGIAN ENGINEERS INVOLVED WITH HYDRA'S FAILED TUNGUSKA PROJECT.>

<I'D NEVER SEEN HER BEFORE.. NOT A LOT OF JAPANESE WOMEN STOP HERE FOR DRINKS.>

<YOUR FAMED HYPER-SENSES ARE AS KEEN AS EVER, EH, MY FRIEND? VERY WELL, THEN.>

<SHE HASN'T BEEN BACK, THAT'S ALL I KNOW. WHO IS SHE, ANYWAY?>

<THIS WOULD BE ONE OF THOSE TIMES YOU'RE BETTER OFF NOT KNOWIN'.>

<AND ONE MORE THING, BUKHARIN. IF I FIND OUT YOU'VE LIED TO ME...>

<...I'LL BE BACK TO TAKE OFF THAT OTHER ARM.>

TRAIL'S GETTIN' CLOSER. AMIKO'S ALIVE AND SHE'S BEEN HERE.

BUT HOW IS SHE INVOLVED WITH EX-HYDRA ENGINEERS --

-- EH, WHAT'S THIS...

...STREET GOT REAL EMPTY, REAL FAST.

IT TAKES SOME SERIOUS DANGER TO CLEAR THE LOWLIFES OFF THIS BOULEVARD OF BROKEN DREAMS.

S'POSE THAT MEANS TROUBLE FOR ME.

YOU'VE TRAVELED A GREAT DISTANCE TO DIE, LOGAN.

YOU'VE BEEN ASKING DANGEROUS QUESTIONS.

NOW THE HAND WILL SILENCE YOU FOREVER.

DIDN'T KNOW THEIR ANCIENT SECT WAS STILL AROUND.

NOT AFTER ELEKTRA GOT THROUGH WITH 'EM.

STILL, THEY TRIED TO GET AT ME THROUGH AMIKO ONCE*... COULD THEY BE PLAYIN' GAMES WITH ME AGAIN?

IF YOU WANT BLOOD, ASSASSINS, IT WILL BE YOUR OWN!

SNIKT

SNIKT

CLAWS OF BONE COATED WITH THE UNBREAKABLE ALLOY, ADAMANTIUM, SPRING FROM HIS FOREARMS.

THEY ARE HIS WEAPONS OF CHOICE...

...BUT HE WOULD BE JUST AS DEADLY WITHOUT THEM.

WAIT A *SECOND*... THIS IS WAY TOO *EASY*. YOU DON'T SMELL RIGHT --

-- YOU'RE NOT PART OF THE *HAND*.

YOU ARE *CORRECT*, LOGAN, BUT TOO LATE TO DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT.

HOW'D YOU *SNEAK* UP ON --

-- HEY -- I *KNOW* YOU --

WE WERE FRIENDS IN *ANOTHER* LIFE, WOLVERINE -- BUT THAT WOMAN IS LONG *DEAD*.

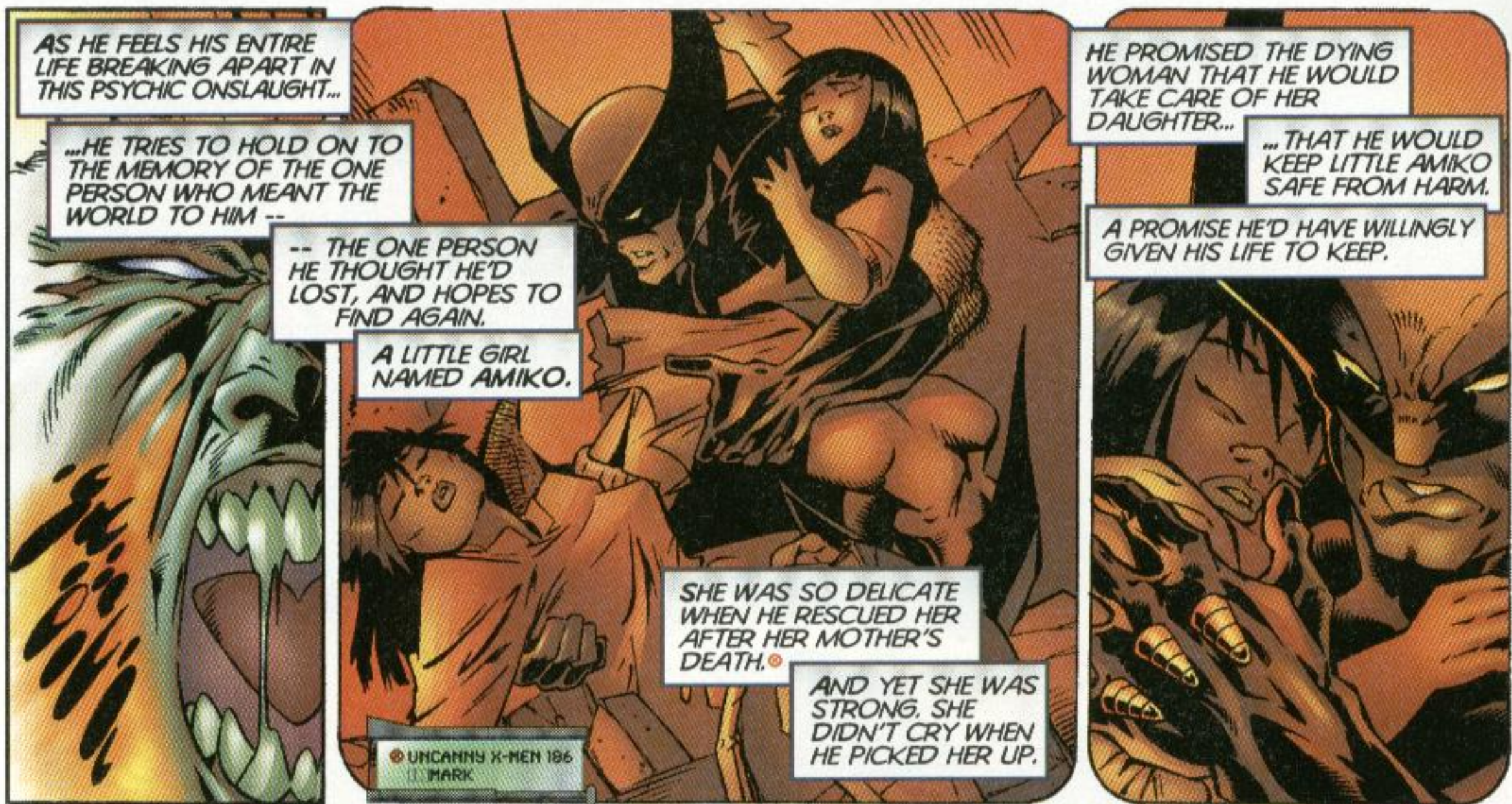I'M SORRY TO SAY THAT OUR PAST ACQUAINTANCE WILL NOT *SPARE* YOU THE AGONY OF WHAT I MUST DO NOW.

SOON, YOU WILL REMEMBER NOTHING OF WHAT HAPPENED TODAY...

...FOR YOUR ENTIRE MIND WILL BE WIPED CLEAN.

THOUGH THE MYSTERIOUS WOMAN'S HANDS BARELY TOUCH HIS SKIN...

...THE CONTACT SENDS HIM REELING UNDER THE FORCE OF A TELEPATHIC TIDAL WAVE...

...THAT WASHES AWAY HIS CONSCIOUSNESS IN ITS TURBULENT CURRENT.

AS HE FEELS HIS ENTIRE LIFE BREAKING APART IN THIS PSYCHIC ONSLAUGHT...

...HE TRIES TO HOLD ON TO THE MEMORY OF THE ONE PERSON WHO MEANT THE WORLD TO HIM --

-- THE ONE PERSON HE THOUGHT HE'D LOST, AND HOPES TO FIND AGAIN.

A LITTLE GIRL NAMED AMIKO.

HE PROMISED THE DYING WOMAN THAT HE WOULD TAKE CARE OF HER DAUGHTER...

...THAT HE WOULD KEEP LITTLE AMIKO SAFE FROM HARM.

A PROMISE HE'D HAVE WILLINGLY GIVEN HIS LIFE TO KEEP.

SHE WAS SO DELICATE WHEN HE RESCUED HER AFTER HER MOTHER'S DEATH.※

AND YET SHE WAS STRONG. SHE DIDN'T CRY WHEN HE PICKED HER UP.

※ UNCANNY X-MEN 186
—MARK

BUT DESPITE EVERYTHING HE DID, SHE DIED.

AS DID SOMETHING INSIDE HIM WHEN IT HAPPENED.

BUT THEN THE PHOTOS BEGAN ARRIVING, SENT ANONYMOUSLY.

HE DARED HOPE SHE MIGHT NOT BE DEAD...

AND NOW, JUST WHEN IT SEEMED HE WAS GETTING CLOSE, TO HAVE HER TAKEN AWAY FROM HIM SO COMPLETELY...

IT IS *DONE*, MIDNIGHT. WOLVERINE IS NO LONGER A THREAT TO OUR *CIRCLE*.

AND WHAT OF YOUR MEN?

THEY SERVED THEIR PURPOSE. I CAUSED WOLVERINE TO BELIEVE HE FOUGHT MEMBERS OF THE *HAND*.

THEN LEAVE HIM. WE'RE FINISHED HERE.

LET THE *SCAVENGERS* PICK HIS ADAMANTIUM-COATED BONES CLEAN.

CONTINENT AWAY, UNDER THE STREETS OF LOS ANGELES...

...A JUNK METAL GONDOLA CARRIES A QUARTET OF UNUSUAL PASSENGERS THROUGH THE FLOODED METRORAIL TUNNELS.

SO LET ME GET THIS STRAIGHT. YOU NEED ME TO GIVE UP WOLVERINE'S LOCATION TO *YOU?*

DO YOU HAVE A PROBLEM WITH THAT?

OF COURSE SHE HAS A *PROBLEM,* YOU'RE MAGNETO.

YOU AND YOUR ENTOURAGES, BE IT THE *BROTHERHOOD* OR THE *ACOLYTES,* FIGHTING FOR MUTANT SUPERIORITY --

-- HAVE BEEN AT ODDS WITH THE X-MEN FOR *DECADES.* YOU'RE A MASS *MURDERER!*

IN MANY WAYS, *YOU* ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE STATE THE WORLD IS IN!

YEAH, EM, WHAT MAKES YOU THINK WE TRUST YOU ANYMORE THAN WE DO THE SENTINELS?

I DO NOT DENY THAT WE HAVE LONG BEEN *ADVERSARIES...*

...NOR THE CRIMES OF MY PAST.

HOWEVER, THE WORLD HAS *CHANGED* PROFOUNDLY, AND ALLIANCES THAT MIGHT ONCE HAVE BEEN *INCONCEIVABLE* ARE NOW *NECESSARY.*

SO YOU DECIDE TO MAKE NICE WHEN YOU NEED SOMETHING. YEAH, *RIGHT.*

DON'T THINK WE'VE *FORGOTTEN* WHAT YOU DID TO LOGAN.

"YOU RIPPED THE ADAMANTIUM OFF HIS BONES -- EXTRACTED IT STRAIGHT THROUGH HIS SKIN...⊗

"...CAUSED HIM A WORLD OF PAIN AND GRIEF -- JUST BECAUSE YOU WERE *ANGRY.*

"IT TOOK HIM A LONG TIME TO RECOVER, AND HE'S NEVER BEEN THE SAME AS HE WAS BEFORE."

⊗ IN THE CLASSIC X-MEN #25
J. MARK

AT THAT MOMENT, HE WOULD HAVE *KILLED* ME, HAD THE ADVANTAGE BEEN HIS.

I HAVE NO NEED TO APOLOGIZE FOR MY ACTIONS.

THEN WHY ARE YOU HERE? WHAT'S SO BLASTED IMPORTANT THAT YOU'RE WILLING TO CHECK YOUR EGO AND ASK *US* FOR HELP?

THE WORLD TEETERS NOT ONLY ON THE BRINK OF POLITICAL ANARCHY, BUT ENVIRONMENTAL CHAOS AS WELL.

HAVEN'T YOU NOTICED THE UNENDING RAINFALL THAT HAS FLOODED THE SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA DESERTS --

-- THE SEISMIC ACTIVITY THAT'S DEVASTATED SOUTHERN EUROPE --

-- THE INEXPLICABLE CLIMATIC CHANGES THAT MELT FROZEN TUNDRA AND FREEZE THE TROPICS?

THESE *DISASTERS* ARE BEING CAUSED BY A GROUP OF MEN AND WOMEN WHO SEEK TO BRING ABOUT AN ENVIRONMENTAL *ARMAGEDDON*.

AND GIVEN THE PRESENT STATE OF THE WORLD, THIS WOULD BE A *BAD* THING?

THIS IS NO *JOKE*.

SORRY, CAN'T HELP THE SARCASM. I'M NOT AS HAPPY-GO-LUCKY THESE DAYS...

...ALTHOUGH I'M MUCH *CUTER*.

OKAY, SO LET'S SAY I BELIEVE YOU. WHY DO YOU NEED ANYBODY, MAGNUS? YOU'RE THE *MASTER* OF *MAGNETISM*, AND ALL THAT...

TO STOP THIS EVIL CABAL REQUIRES LOGAN'S *STEALTH*, NOT MY *STORM*.

LOGAN'S IN RUSSIA, LOOKING FOR AMIKO, HIS *WARD*.

SHE DIED IN JAPAN A FEW YEARS BACK.

RECENTLY LOGAN STARTED RECEIVING PHOTOGRAPHS OF A GIRL WHO COULD BE HER -- IF SHE HAD *LIVED*.

HE HAD TO FIND OUT IF IT WAS HER. SHE'S PRACTICALLY HIS *DAUGHTER*.

YOU HAVE *KIDS*, RIGHT? IF YOU WEREN'T AN INHUMAN MONSTER, YOU'D *UNDERSTAND*.

I FEEL MORE THAN YOU KNOW, CHILD.

I'M NOT JUST GOING TO GIVE UP LOGAN'S LOCATION. I HAVE TO GO WITH YOU.

-- IF I LEAD YOU TO WOLVERINE, AND YOU TWO SHUT DOWN THIS ECO-TERRORIST CONSPIRACY --

-- YOU'VE GOT TO HELP ME BREAK THE X-MEN OUT OF THE SOUTH BRONX INTERNMENT FACILITY.

THEN YOU'LL *HELP* ME?

ON ONE CONDITION --

DONE. WE CAN BE *AIRBORNE* WITHIN THE HOUR.

HOLD ON, JUBILATION! YOU MIGHT BE IN MORE DANGER WITH MAGNETO THAN YOU ARE *HERE.*

HE'S THE MOST WANTED MAN ON THE PLANET!

LET LEECH AND EVERETT GO WITH YOU, BOSS. WE'LL WATCH YOUR BACK.

THANKS FOR THE CONCERN, BOYS, BUT I CAN TAKE CARE OF MYSELF.

WE CAN'T RISK ALL OF US BEING CAUGHT *TOGETHER.* BESIDES, YOU NEED TO GET TO PORTLAND AND MAKE CONTACT WITH THE *RESISTANCE.*

SO YOU *INSIST* ON DOING THIS?
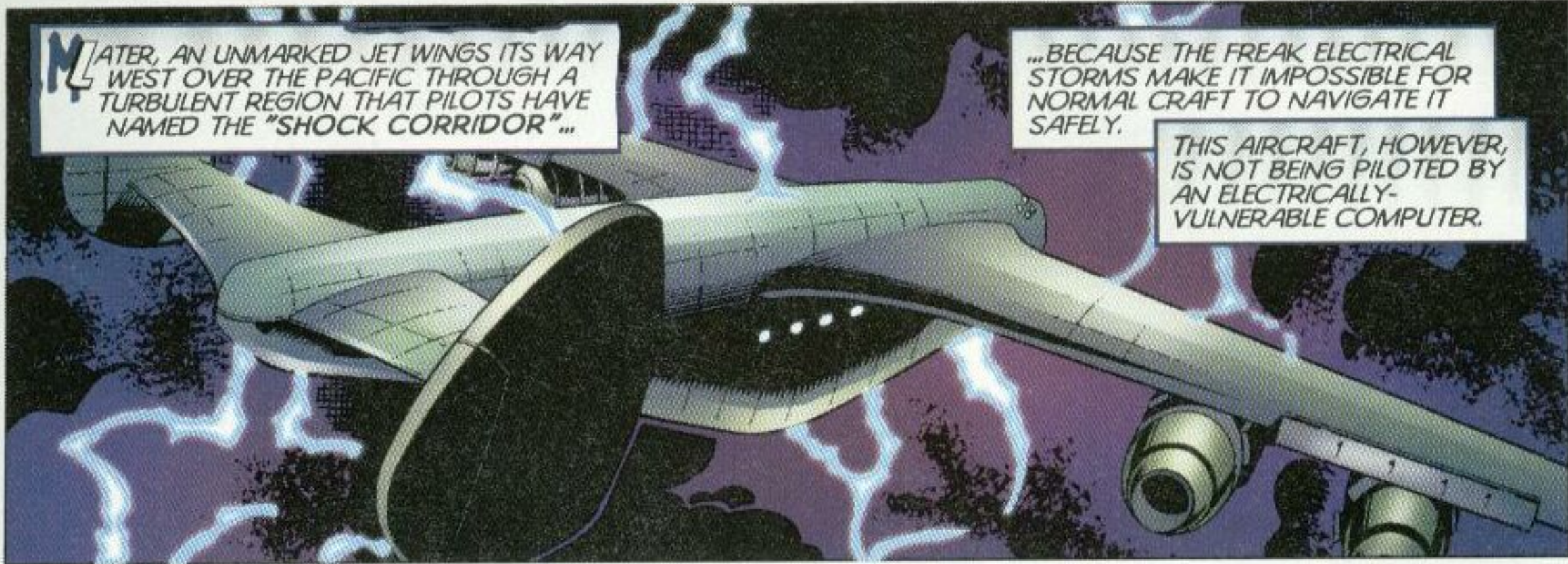
GOT TO. SAVIN' THE WORLD'S PART OF THE *JOB.*

DON'T GO AND DO SOMETHING STUPID, LIKE GETTING KILLED, Ms. LEE.

DON'T GO *SENTIMENTAL* ON ME, MISTER THOMAS. I'LL BE *BACK.* YOU KNOW I DON'T HANDLE *GOODBYES* WELL.

AFTE THE T D

LATER, AN UNMARKED JET WINGS ITS WAY WEST OVER THE PACIFIC THROUGH A TURBULENT REGION THAT PILOTS HAVE NAMED THE "SHOCK CORRIDOR"...

...BECAUSE THE FREAK ELECTRICAL STORMS MAKE IT IMPOSSIBLE FOR NORMAL CRAFT TO NAVIGATE IT SAFELY.

THIS AIRCRAFT, HOWEVER, IS NOT BEING PILOTED BY AN ELECTRICALLY-VULNERABLE COMPUTER.

INSTEAD, IT IS HELD ALOFT AND GUIDED BY MAGNETIC CURRENTS --

HEY, I DON'T WANT TO BREAK YOUR CONCENTRATION...

...BUT SINCE WE'RE WORKING TOGETHER NOW AND ARE SUCH GOOD PALS...

...CAN I ASK YOU A QUESTION?

IF YOU MUST.

-- CONTROLLED FROM WITHIN BY THE IRON WILL AND DISCIPLINE OF MAGNETO.

AFTER THE LAST TIME THE X-MEN AND YOU TANGLED, YOU DISAPPEARED.

THEN YOU SURFACED IN AFRICA AND EVERYTHING HIT THE FAN.

I'M WONDERING... WHAT REALLY HAPPENED IN GENOSHA?

IF YOU VALUE YOUR LIFE, GIRL, NEVER MENTION THAT INCIDENT TO ME AGAIN.

THE PENTAGON NOW SERVES AS HEADQUARTERS FOR THE HIGH SENTINEL TRINITY.

THESE ARE THE THREE FOURTH WAVE MASTER MOLD SENTINELS TO WHOM ALL SENTINELS ARE LINKED...

...AND FROM WHOM ALL SENTINELS RECEIVE INSTRUCTION.

COMMANDER -- TWO SENTINELS WERE DISABLED IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

EVIDENCE SUGGESTS A NINETY-ONE PERCENT PROBABILITY THAT MUTANT DESIGNATE: MAGNETO IS RESPONSIBLE.

YOU WILL MAKE IT YOUR TOP PRIORITY TO DISCOVER SAID FUGITIVE'S CURRENT LOCATION.

WHY NOT SEND *CREED* OR ONE OF THE OTHER *HOUNDS?*

HOW DOES THE OLD ADAGE GO? *"IT TAKES A MUTANT TO CATCH A MUTANT."*

AFTER ALL, MY *THUNDERBOLTS* ARE BUSY DEALING WITH THE *NON-MUTANT* THREATS TO NATIONAL SECURITY.

MAGNETO AIDED THE ESCAPE OF INDIVIDUALS KNOWN TO BE MEMBERS OF THE X-MEN.

CERTAIN RESISTANCE LEADERS HAVE TIES TO THE MUTANT REBELS.

FIND THESE HUMANS. THEY WILL LEAD YOU TO THE X-MEN AND THEN TO MAGNETO.

IT IS FORTUNATE FOR HELMUT ZEMO THAT HIS FACE IS HIDDEN BY THE STRANGE MASK HE WEARS...

...FOR IT CONCEALS THE ANGER HE FEELS AT TAKING ORDERS FROM A MACHINE.

MY MEN WOULD BE PUT TO BETTER USE TRACKING THE CANADIANS WHO BLEW UP THE CHICAGO PROCESSING CENTER.

DO NOT QUESTION THE AUTHORITY OF THE COUNCIL, COMMANDER.

YOU HAVE YOUR ORDERS. DISMISSED.

YES, SIR.

HEADS UP, MAGGIE. WOLVERINE'S *NEARBY.*

YOU'RE *CERTAIN?*

I MODIFIED A TRACKING UNIT I RIPPED OUT OF THE HEAD OF A DOWNED SENTINEL.

IT'S NOT CEREBRO, BUT IT'LL DO.

YOU ARE A *RESOURCEFUL* WOMAN, BUT AREN'T YOU WORRIED SUCH A DEVICE COULD BE USED AGAINST YOU?

I RIGGED IT TO *SELF-DESTRUCT* IF ANYONE BESIDES ME TRIES TO USE IT.

LOGAN SHOULD BE JUST AROUND THE *CORNER.*

LOOKS LIKE WE STUMBLED INTO A WAR ZONE.

THE ENTIRE *WORLD* IS A WAR ZONE, LEE.

THESE ARE SCAVENGERS, JACKALS WHO TRAVEL IN PACKS AND PREY ON THE WEAK.

APPARENTLY, THEY CHOSE THE WRONG *VICTIM.*

<HE WAS AN ANIMAL...>

LOGAN.

ACCORDING TO THIS, HE'S RIGHT ON TOP OF --

A GUTTURAL ROAR FROM OVERHEAD IS THE ONLY WARNING JUBILEE HAS...

...AS THE MAN WHO WAS HER MENTOR AND HER FRIEND LEAPS AT HER LIKE A RABID ANIMAL.

IN HIS EYES, SHE SEES NO LIGHT OF RECOGNITION --

-- NO SPARK OF HUMANITY --

-- ONLY THE WILD FURY OF A CORNERED BEAST.

SORRY, I *HAVE* TO DO THIS TO YOU, LOGAN.

REFLEXIVELY, JUBILEE SETS OFF A SERIES OF PYROTECHNIC BURSTS...

...THAT MOMENTARILY BLIND HER BESTIAL TEAMMATE...

...AND SAVE HER FROM THE UNFORGIVING RAKE OF HIS CLAWS.

YEARGGHH!

BE THANKFUL LOGAN'S SKELETON IS ONCE AGAIN *ADAMANTIUM* -- -- THAT METAL FRAME HAS ALWAYS MADE HIM *VULNERABLE* TO ME.

LOGAN IS A *SURVIVOR.* THAT'S ONE OF THE REASONS I NEED HIM. FEW HAVE HIS *STRENGTH* AND *SKILL*... AND NO OTHER POSSESSES HIS ANIMAL-SHARP SENSES.

YOU DON'T KNOW THE *PRICE* HE PAID TO UNDERGO THE ADAMANTIUM BONDING PROCESS A *SECOND* TIME.

THE FIRST TIME ALMOST DROVE HIM *INSANE*...

RGGHH!

LOGAN...? IT'S NO USE. HE DOESN'T EVEN KNOW US.

I KNOW OF ONLY *ONE* PERSON WITH THE SKILL THAT MIGHT SAVE HIM...

IT'S AS IF THE HUMANITY HE FOUGHT SO HARD TO HOLD ONTO HAS FINALLY BEEN CONSUMED BY HIS ANIMAL NATURE.

THEN OUR JOURNEY HERE HAS PROVED *FRUITLESS.*

NO... I REFUSE TO BELIEVE THAT LOGAN IS GONE. THERE MUST BE SOME WAY WE CAN REACH THE MAN INSIDE THE BEAST.

EARTHQUAKES.

HURRICANES.

DROUGHT.

PESTILENCE.

ENVIRONMENTAL CATACLYSM ON A *GLOBAL* SCALE.

MY CHAOS ENGINEERS HAVE DONE THEIR JOB WELL. THE ENGINE WORKS BETTER THAN WE HOPED.

HIS NAME IS *SHINOBI SHAW.* FOR FOUR GENERATIONS, HIS FAMILY NAME HAS BEEN SYNONYMOUS WITH POWER AND CORRUPTION.

IF ONLY *MY FATHER* WERE ALIVE TO SEE THIS.

TOO BAD THE SENTINELS HE FUNDED PROVED TO BE *SEBASTIAN SHAW'S* UNDOING.

AND HOW WAS *YOUR* DAY, MY QUEEN?

I SEE YOU HAVE RETURNED FROM RUSSIA WITH MIDNIGHT.

WOLVERINE IS NO LONGER A THREAT TO US.

WE NEUTRALIZED HIM BEFORE HE REALIZED THE NATURE OF OUR ENDEAVORS.

AND DID HE *RECOGNIZE* YOU?

ONLY IN HIS LAST FEW MOMENTS OF CONSCIOUSNESS.

AND EVEN THEN, HE DIDN'T FULLY UNDERSTAND WHY I HAD TURNED AGAINST HIM.

HE STILL BELIEVES ME TO BE ELISABETH BRADDOCK -- *PSYLOCKE* --

-- AND NOT THE *RED QUEEN.*

THEN A TOAST IS IN ORDER, MY QUEEN.

LET US DRINK TO THE END OF THE WORLD -- AND THE REBIRTH OF THE *COUNCIL OF THE CHOSEN!*

TO BE CONTINUED....