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THE UNCANNY

X-MEN



IN SEARCH OF
MUTANT
X

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
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THE UNCANNY X-MEN!™

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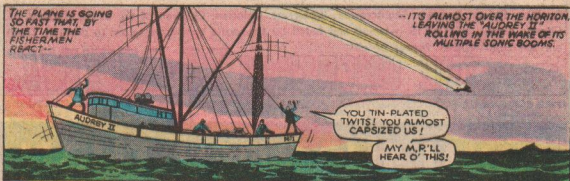
HOW SHARPER THAN A SERPENT'S TOOTH...!

IN SOME PARTS
OF THE WORLD,
THE DAWN COMES
UP LIKE THUNDER.

THOSE PLACES DON'T
USUALLY INCLUDE THE
NORTH ATLANTIC OCEAN,
JUST OFF THE COAST
OF SCOTLAND.

BUT, AS
THE CREW OF
THE TRAWLER,
"AUDREY II",
ARE ABOUT TO
DISCOVER, THIS
MORNING IS
DIFFERENT.

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THE PLANE IS GOING SO FAST THAT, BY THE TIME THE FISHERMEN REACT--

--ITS ALMOST OVER THE HORIZON, LEAVING THE 'AUDREY II' ROLLING IN THE WAKE OF ITS MULTIPLE SONIC BOOMS.

YOU TIN-PLATED TWITS! YOU ALMOST CAPSIZED US!

MY M,R'LL HEAR O' THIS!



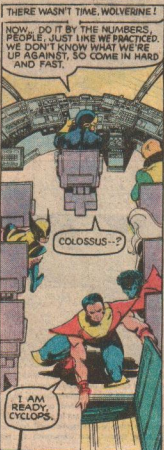
AND, ABOARD THE UNMARKED AIRCRAFT...

THAT WAS A PRETTY NEAR THING WITH THAT FISHERMAN BOAT, CYCLOPS, BUT SHE LOOKS ALL RIGHT NOW.

GOOD.

ACTION STATIONS, X-MEN. WE'VE ALMOST REACHED MUIR ISLAND.

SHOOT-- WE LEFT NEW YORK BARRELY AN HOUR AGO. DIDN'T EVEN WAIT FOR THE BEAST, LIKE HE ASKED.



THERE WASN'T TIME, WOLVERINE!

NOW, DO IT BY THE NUMBERS, PEOPLE, JUST LIKE WE PRACTICED. WE DON'T KNOW WHAT WE'RE UP AGAINST, SO COME IN HARD AND FAST.

COLOSSUS--?

I AM READY, CYCLOPS.



"THEN -- GO!"

THE YOUNG RUSSIAN DROPS THROUGH THE PLANE'S BELLY HATCH...

HIS BODY CRACKLING WITH ENERGY-- CHANGING FROM FLESH TO ORGANIC STEEL--



-- AS HE FALLS LIKE A MISSILE TOWARDS A DESERTED SECTION OF MOIRA MACTAGGERT'S MUTANT RESEARCH CENTRE.

COLOSSUS HITS HARD...



... BUT HE'S ON HIS FEET BEFORE THE DUST SETTLES.

CYCLOPS, CAN YOU HEAR ME? I AM DOWN AND ALL SEEMS WELL. NO SIGN OF HOSTILE ACTIVITY.

ROGER, COLOSSUS. KEEP ME POSTED ON YOUR PROGRESS. AND PETER-- TAKE CARE.

CYCLOPS MAKES ANOTHER LOW PASS OVER THE ISLAND. THIS TIME, IT'S STORM AND WOLVERINE'S TURN TO BAIL OUT.

TAKE IT EASY, WILLYA, ORORO?!

YA LEFT MY STOMACH BACK ON THE FLAMIN' PLANE!

OUR FRIENDS HERE ARE IN DANGER, WOLVERINE. WE CANNOT AFFORD TO WASTE EVEN AN INSTANT.

STORM DROPS WOLVERINE AT THE SEAWARD ENTRANCE TO THE MAIN COMPLEX, BEFORE HEADING OFF TO BEGIN AN AIRBORNE SWEEP OF THE ISLAND.



BEHIND HER, CYCLOPS DROPS THE PLANE INTO A PERFECT VERTICAL TOUCHDOWN ON THE LANDING PAD BEHIND THE LAB.

GET GOING, NIGHTCRAWLER. TELEPORT INTO THE RESIDENCE AND SEARCH IT FROM ATTIC TO CELLAR.

NOT TO WORRY, CYCLOPS! I'M--

-- ALREADY THERE!

WITH A FLASH OF BRIMSTONE, NIGHTCRAWLER DISAPPEARS FROM THE FLIGHT DECK, INSTANTLY MATERIALIZING IN THE LIVING ROOM OF MOIRA'S HOUSE.



YOU'RE PUSHIN' AWFUL HARD, CYCLOPS.

YOU DIDN'T HEAR LORNA DANE'S SCREAM OVER THE PHONE, SEAN-- I'VE NEVER HEARD SUCH RAW... TERROR-- AND THEN, A MOMENT LATER, THE LINE WENT DEAD.

THAT WAS OVER AN HOUR AGO.* A LOT CAN HAPPEN IN THAT MUCH TIME.

JUST BEFORE WE WERE CUT OFF, LORNA SAID THE LAB SECURITY ALARMS HAD SOUNDED, THAT JAMIE MADROX AND MY BROTHER, ALEX, HAD GONE TO CHECK THINGS OUT...

CYCLOPS, THIS IS NIGHTCRAWLER! COME AT ONCE! HURRY!

*LAST ISSUE FOR THE REST OF US -- ROG.



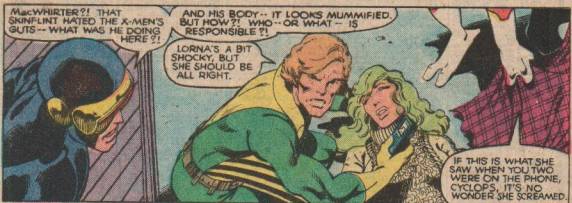
WHAT IS IT, KURT?

SEE FOR YOURSELF. LORNA'S ALIVE, I THINK. BUT THIS OTHER ONE IS BEYOND HUMAN HELP.



My God.

I FOUND THE MAN'S WALLET. IT'S **ANGUS MacWHIRTER.**



MacWHIRTER?! THAT SKINFLINT HATED THE X-MEN'S GUTS -- WHAT WAS HE DOING HERE?!

AND HIS BODY -- IT LOOKS MUMMIFIED. BUT HOW? WHO -- OR WHAT -- IS RESPONSIBLE?!

LORNA'S A BIT SHOCKY, BUT SHE SHOULD BE ALL RIGHT.

IF THIS IS WHAT SHE SAW WHEN YOU TWO WERE ON THE PHONE, CYCLOPS, IT'S NO WONDER SHE SCREAMED.



NIGHTCRAWLER, TELEPORT OVER TO THE LAB. THERE ARE STILL FOUR PEOPLE MISSING -- MOIRA, ALEX, JAMIE... AND JEAN -- NOT TO MENTION WHO-EVER'S BEHIND THIS.

ON MY WAY, CYCLOPS! AND DON'T WORRY, WE'LL FIND THEM.



WITHOUT ME SONIC SCREAM, I'M NOT MUCH USE TO YE, CYKE, I'LL KEEP WATCH OVER LORNA.

FINE, BANSHEE.

IF THERE'S ANY CHANGE IN HER CONDITION, OR IF YOU RUN INTO ANY TROUBLE, GIVE A HOLLER ON THE RADIO.



IT'S BEEN MONTHS SINCE BANSHEE'S INJURIES*, YET HIS POWER SHOWS NO SIGNS OF REGENERATING.

WHAT DO WE DO IF THE DAMAGE NEVER HEALS?

STORM, PICK ME UP!

*SUFFERED IN X-MEN #119--ROG.



I'VE SCOUTED THE ENTIRE ISLAND FROM THE AIR, CYCLOPS. THERE ARE NO SIGNS OF ANY INTRUDERS... OR OF OUR FRIENDS.

HEAD FOR THE LAB, STORM. THAT'S WHERE I'M BETTING WE'LL FIND THEM.



AND, DEEP INSIDE THAT COMPLEX...

COMPLETE DARKNESS... NOT EVEN EMERGENCY LIGHTS!

FROM THE FUSE BOXES I'VE SEEN, EVERY CIRCUIT IN THE PLACE MUST HAVE OVERLOADED AND BLOWN AT ONCE.



BUT WHO HAS THE POWER TO DO THAT? LORNA? OR... MAGNETO!

YIKES!

FREEZE!



HAVOK!

DON'T SHOOT! IT'S ME, NIGHTCRAWLER!

SORRY, BUSTER -- NIGHTCRAWLER'S DEAD, AND I STOPPED BELIEVING IN GHOSTS LONG AGO. NOW, STEP OUT WHERE I CAN SEE YOU OR I'LL BURN YOU DOWN.

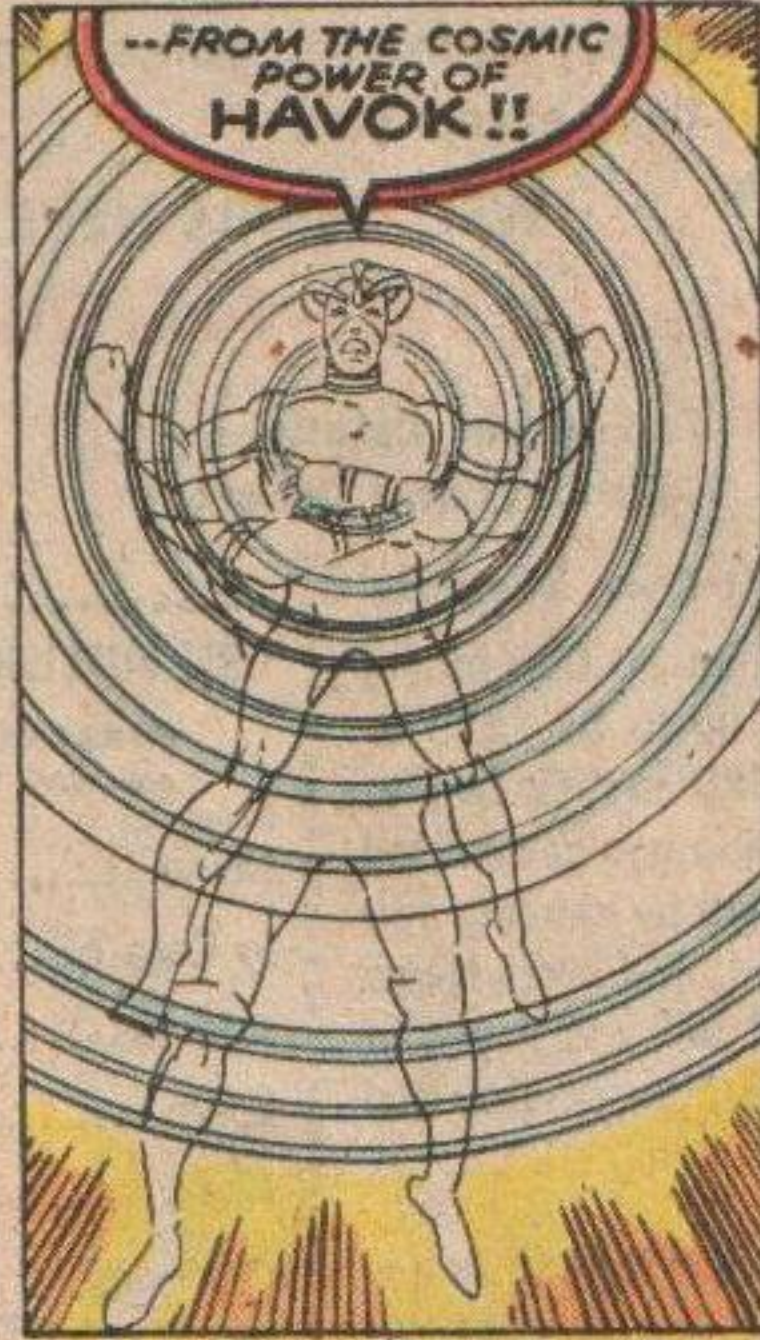
HE STILL THINKS WE'RE DEAD! AND THE CORRIDOR'S TOO DARK -- I BECOME NEAR-INVISIBLE IN THESE DEEP SHADOWS. I'D BETTER 'PORT OUT OF HERE AND GET CYCLOPS.



BUT BEFORE NIGHTCRAWLER CAN DO ANYTHING...

WHAT THE --?!

YOU MAY BE STRONG, PAL, BUT LET'S SEE THAT STRENGTH SAVE YOU--



--FROM THE COSMIC POWER OF HAVOK!!



I HAVE FACED YOUR ENERGY BLASTS BEFORE, MY AMERICAN FRIEND-- AND WITHSTOOD THEM.

HUH?! COLOSSUS! YOU'RE ALIVE!!

I, AND ALL THE X-MEN, HAVOK. IT IS GOOD TO SEE YOU AGAIN.



SHE'S ALIVE-- BUT IN SHOCK, JUST LIKE LORNA.

NEITHER OF THEM ARE PUSHOVERS. WHATEVER HIT THEM MUST HAVE BEEN PRETTY IMPRESSIVE.

HOLD IT! SHE'S COMING 'ROUND!

A VOICE CALLS TO HER...

...GENTLY PULLING HER OUT OF THE DARKNESS.

JASON. I KNEW... IT WAS... YOU....

SHE SMILES-- SAFE, CONTENT--

-- FOR THE VOICE, AND THE FACE, ARE THOSE OF THE MAN SHE LOVES.

JASON?!

THEN, THE DARKNESS CLAIMS HER ONCE MORE AND SHE SLEEPS

HER DREAMS ARE TROUBLED.

IT'S MID-AFTERNOON WHEN CYCLOPS GATHERS EVERYONE TO PLAN THEIR NEXT MOVES... AFTER A DAY SPENT SCOURING THE ISLAND IN VAIN FOR EVEN A TRACE OF THE ESCAPED MUTANT X.

OF THOSE WHO'D EARLIER FACED HIM DIRECTLY, JAMIE MADROX HAD SUFFERED THE MOST.

... BUT HE'D PREFERRED TO HELP MOIRA RUN HER RESEARCH CENTRE INSTEAD.

WHEN THE ALARM SOUNDED, I CREATED A SQUAD OF DUPLICATES...

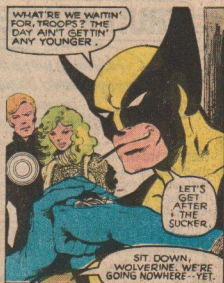
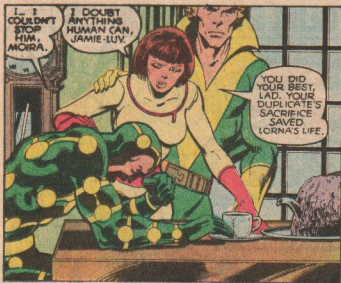
... SO HAVOK AND I COULD SEARCH THE LAB MORE QUICKLY. I LEFT ONE OF THEM GUARDING THE HOUSE, JUST IN CASE.

"WHEN I... HE HEARD LORNA'S SCREAM, HE RUSHED IN TO HELP HER.

"SHE'D FIRED A MAGNETIC FORCE BOLT AT MUTANT X-- THAT'S WHAT BLEW THE LIGHTS-- BUT IT HADN'T DONE ANY GOOD.

"MY DUPLICATE TACKLED HIM.

"AND SUDDENLY, I FELT AS IF MY SOUL WAS BEING TORN OUT OF ME



HE SLIPPED OFF MUIR ISLAND AT THE HELM OF ANGUS MacWHIRTER'S HIDDEN BOAT AND, AFTER A FEW HOURS' JOURNEY, HE CAME AT LAST TO STORNOWAY.

ONCE MORE... I HUNGER...

I AM... CONSUMING THIS SHELL TOO QUICKLY. MUST FIND... REPLACEMENT...

SUDDENLY, THE DOOR OF THE RED LION INN IS FLUNG WIDE, AND JASON WYNGARDE STEPS OUT INTO THE COOL, NIGHT AIR.

HE HAS MADE HIMSELF THE MAN OF JEAN GREY'S DREAMS. SOON NOW, HE PLANS TO WIN HER LOVE...

WHAT--?? IT... CANNOT BE! HE HAS SOME KIND OF... PSYCHIC SHIELD-- BLUNTING MY ATTACK. I AM... TOO WEAK TO SMASH THROUGH.

LIKE MUTANT X, HE'S A MAN OF MANY SHAPES AND FACES--

...AND, THROUGH THAT LOVE, BIND HER TO HIM.

MUST LET... THIS PREY... ESCAPE!

--A MAN WHOSE SOUL IS AS BLACK AS THE DEVIL'S OWN.

THAT IS, ASSUMING HE LIVES...

A LITTLE LATER, DOWN BY THE DOCKS, SOME FRIENDS BID EACH OTHER FOND FAREWELL AND HEAD FOR HOME.

HE KNOWS HIS WIFE WILL READ HIM THE RIOT ACT THE MOMENT HE WALKS IN THE DOOR.

HE'S WRONG.

HE'LL NEVER SEE HIS HOME, OR WIFE, AGAIN.

IT'S BEEN QUITE A WHILE SINCE FERDIE DUNCAN WAS THIS DRUNK.

EXCELLENT. THIS SHELL IS YOUNG... STRONG...

IT WILL SERVE ME WELL.

NO ONE ON MUIR ISLAND GETS MUCH SLEEP THAT NIGHT, AND THEY'RE ON THE MOVE BEFORE DAWN, FIRST TO STORNOWAY-- AFTER HEARING POLICE REPORTS ON THE DISCOVERY OF ANGLUS McWHIRTER'S LAUNCH AND THE MUMMIFIED REMAINS OF THE MADROX-CLONE--



--AND THEN, ACROSS THE NORTH MARCH TO SCOTLAND ITSELF.

I THINK IT'S SAFE TO ASSUME THAT MUTANT X CROSSED OVER HERE, HE'S ON THE RUN... THE BEST PLACE FOR HIM TO HIDE-- WHERE HE CAN STILL FIND A CONTINUOUS SUPPLY OF HOST BODIES-- IS A BIG CITY.

IN SCOTLAND, THAT MEANS INVERNESS, ABERDEEN, GLASGOW AND EDINBURGH.



FINDING HIM WON'T BE EASY. WE DON'T KNOW WHAT HE LOOKS LIKE NOW, HOW HE'S TRAVELLING-- OR WHICH WAY-- OR HOW MUCH OF A HEAD START HE'S GOT.

WORSE. HE DOESN'T SEEM TO REGISTER ON CEREBRO, OR ANY OTHER MECHANICAL SENSOR.



"WE'VE GOT A LOT OF GROUND TO COVER, SO I'M SPLITTING US INTO FOUR SEARCH TEAMS, WITH STORM AND PHOENIX ACTING AS AIRBORNE SCOUTS. IF ANYONE SPOTS ANYTHING--



-- NO MATTER HOW TRIVIAL, LET ME KNOW. LET'S ROLL, X-MEN."

SUPPOSE HE'S OUT-FOXED US, SCOTT? SUPPOSE HE NEVER LEFT STORNOWAY?

THAT'S PARTLY WHY I LEFT JAMIE BEHIND-- TO MONITOR POLICE RADIO FREQUENCIES.



IF ANY MORE "MUMMIES" POP UP, HE'LL CALL ME.

THIS MUST BE PRETTY ROUGH ON YOU, MOIRA.

AYE, HE WAS A BEAUTIFUL BABY, Y'KNOW. I HATED HIS FATHER, BUT I LOVED HIM. I... STILL DO.



WHEN HIS MUTANT POWER EMERGED-- CHANGING HIM-- I TRIED TO FIND A CURE.

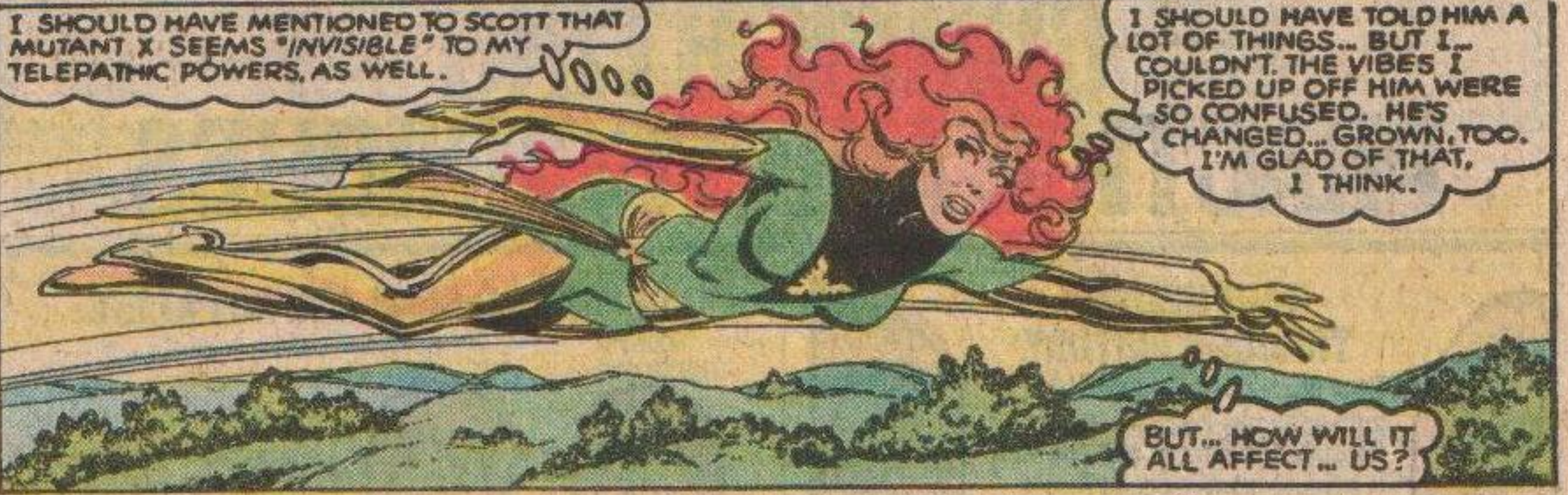
I FAILED. HE HAS TWO FUNDAMENTAL WEAKNESSES: HIS CONSTANT NEED FOR NEW HOST BODIES-- AND METAL.



HE CAN'T ABIDE NON-ORGANIC MATERIALS... METAL CAN IMPRISON MUTANT X-- OR DESTROY HIM.

I SHOULD HAVE MENTIONED TO SCOTT THAT MUTANT X SEEMS "INVISIBLE" TO MY TELEPATHIC POWERS, AS WELL.

I SHOULD HAVE TOLD HIM A LOT OF THINGS... BUT I... COULDN'T. THE VIBES I PICKED UP OFF HIM WERE SO CONFUSED. HE'S CHANGED... GROWN, TOO. I'M GLAD OF THAT, I THINK.



BUT... HOW WILL IT ALL AFFECT... US?



AT THAT MOMENT, ON A NEARBY HILLOCK...

HEAVEN HELP WHOEVER THEY'RE AFTER.

THE X-MEN ARE OUT IN FORCE.

IN SO MANY WAYS, PHOENIX IS THE MOST POWERFUL X-MAN... YET ALSO THE MOST VULNERABLE.

... AND, FOR THE SECOND TIME IN AS MANY DAYS, PHOENIX' WORLD GOES SUDDENLY, DECIDEDLY MAD.

ONCE MORE, SHE FINDS HERSELF MYSTERIOUSLY TRANSPORTED BACK TO THE 18TH CENTURY, TRANSFORMED THIS TIME INTO A NOBLE LADY RIDING TO THE HOUNDS... WITH JASON WYNGARDE BY HER SIDE.



JASON WYNGARDE SMILES...



OH, NO-- IT'S HAPPENED AGAIN!



SHE'S NEVER RIDDEN A HORSE IN HER LIFE, YET SHE HANDLES THE BIG BLACK STALLION BENEATH HER WITH PRACTICED EASE.

AND AS THE HORSES THUNDER ACROSS THE HEATHER, SHE FINDS HERSELF ACCEPTING THIS NEW REALITY-- WELCOMING IT. SHE IS LADY JEAN GREY-- THIS IS HER MANOR, THESE MEN HER GUESTS. ONE IS HER LOVE.



SHE SOON OUTSTRIPS THE OTHERS, BECOMING THE FIRST TO REACH THEIR PREY.



WHOA, SATAN-- WHOA!

SIR JASON-- THE DOGS!

I'LL DEAL WITH 'EM, MILADY.



HER PULSE QUICKENS AT THE SIGHT AND SOUND OF HIM, HER THOUGHTS TURNING TO THE DAYS-- AND NIGHTS-- TO COME.

SIR JASON WYNGARDE... MASTER OF THE HUNT!

BACK, YOU CURS! BACK, I SAY!



WE'RE FORTUNATE INDEED, MILADY. THE BEAST STILL LIVES.



AS THE FIRST TO RUN IT TO GROUND, TO YOU GOES THE HONOR OF ADMINISTERING THE COUP DE GRACE!

THANK YOU, SIR JASON.



I CAN'T REMEMBER WHEN I'VE HAD FINER SPORT, MILADY. IT WAS A MASTER-STROKE OF YOURS...

...SUGGESTING WE HUNT A MAN PLAYING THE ROLE OF STAG, RATHER THAN THE ANIMAL ITSELF.



A... MAN?!

AS SUDDENLY, AS FRIGHTENINGLY, AS IT BEGAN...

...PHOENIX' MADNESS ENDS. FOR A TIME.



A... MAN?!

I WANTED... TO KILL HIM! I WAS ABOUT TO... WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME?! WHAT AM I BECOMING???

WAIT-- THIS BODY! IT'S REAL!

WOLVERINE--
CYCLOPS IS ON THE
RADIO! PHOENIX
HAS FOUND A
BODY, MUMMIFIED
LIKE MacWHIRTER'S.

GOODY FER
THEM. KEEP
THE NOISE
DOWN, huh?

I GOT ENOUGH HASSLES
FOLLOWIN' THIS TRAIL AS
IT IS, WITHOUT YOU
DISTRACTIN' ME.

TRAIL?! CYCLOPS SAYS THE BODY IS
FRESH-- MUTANT X MUST HAVE ONLY
RECENTLY ABANDONED IT, AND
IT'S OVER TEN MILES AWAY.



HOW
COULD HE
HAVE GOTTEN
FROM THERE
TO HERE SO
QUICKLY?

MY NOSE DON'T LIE, PAL. THOSE
BODIES "X" POSSESSES GIVE OFF A
DISTINCTIVE SCENT... PICKED IT UP
JUST BEFORE WE HIT THIS FLAMIN'
FOG, BEEN FOLLOWIN' IT EVER
SINCE.



AN' TA
ANSWER YER
QUESTION. HE'S
GETTIN' AROUND
THE SAME WAY
WE ARE. IN A...



HOLD IT,
LADDIE!

...CAR?
WHAT
THE--?!



A COP!
WHERE'D HE
COME FROM?!
I SHOULD
HAVE SPOTTED
HIS... SCENT!
HEY-- WE'VE
BEEN TRACKIN'
A LONE MAN
IN A CAR.



WHO
EVER
SAID
MUTANT X
COULDN'T
ZAP A
COP?!



'CRAWLER!
TROUBLE!

INCREDIBLE! YOU'VE
SEEN THROUGH MY
DECEPTION, BUT
THAT WILL DO
YOU NO GOOD.

SPARE YOURSELF NEEDLESS
PAIN, LITTLE MAN. THIS WILL
BE OVER BEFORE YOU
KNOW IT.



ENERGY FLARES BETWEEN THE TWO MEN, AND WOLVERINE
FINDS HIMSELF DROWNING IN MUTANT X'S PSYCHE.

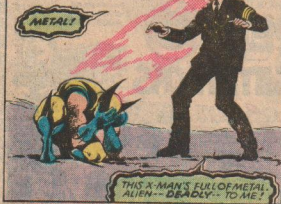
HE FIGHTS DESPERATELY, BUT IT'S NO USE--HE
HAS BARELY SECONDS OF LIFE LEFT.



AND
THEN...

YEARRRGH

DIMLY, WOLVERINE REGISTERS THAT IT WASN'T REALLY HE WHO SCREAMED, BUT MUTANT X-- THAT THE ROGUE MUTANT IS FLEEING HIS BODY IN A NEAR PANIC.



METAL!

THIS X-MAN'S FULL OF METAL. ALIEN-- DEADLY-- TO ME!

IT AIN'T JUST METAL, SWEETHEART, I GOT A SKELETON MADE OF ABOUT THREE MILLION BUCKS WORTH OF ADAMANTIUM.



BUT IF YOU THINK MY BONES ARE DEADLY-- GET A LOAD OF MY CLAWS!

SWISH

WOLVERINE, I HEARD YOUR CRY-- WHAT--?!



MEIN GOTT, ARE YOU INSANE?! YOU'RE ATTACKING A POLICE OFFICER!

STAY OUTTA THIS, ELF-- YOU'LL JUST GET IN MY WAY!

TELL CYKE WE JUST CORNERED MUTANT X, AN' THAT I'M ABOUT TA PUT MOIRA'S DARLIN' BOY OUTTA ACTION-- PERMANENTLY!

ARE YOU, WOLVERINE?

I... THINK NOT.



YOU CALL ME MUTANT X, BUT I'VE A BETTER NAME! I... AM... PROTEUS--

... THE MUTANT WHO MASTERS REALITY!

IMAGINE A WORLD WHERE NO RULES EXIST...



... WHERE THERE IS NO NATURAL ORDER, WHERE NOTHING IS THE SAME FROM ONE MOMENT TO THE NEXT.



MY BODY-- IT'S BREAKING UP AND DRIFTING APART!

IS... THIS REALLY HAPPENING-- OR IS IT ALL IN MY MIND?!

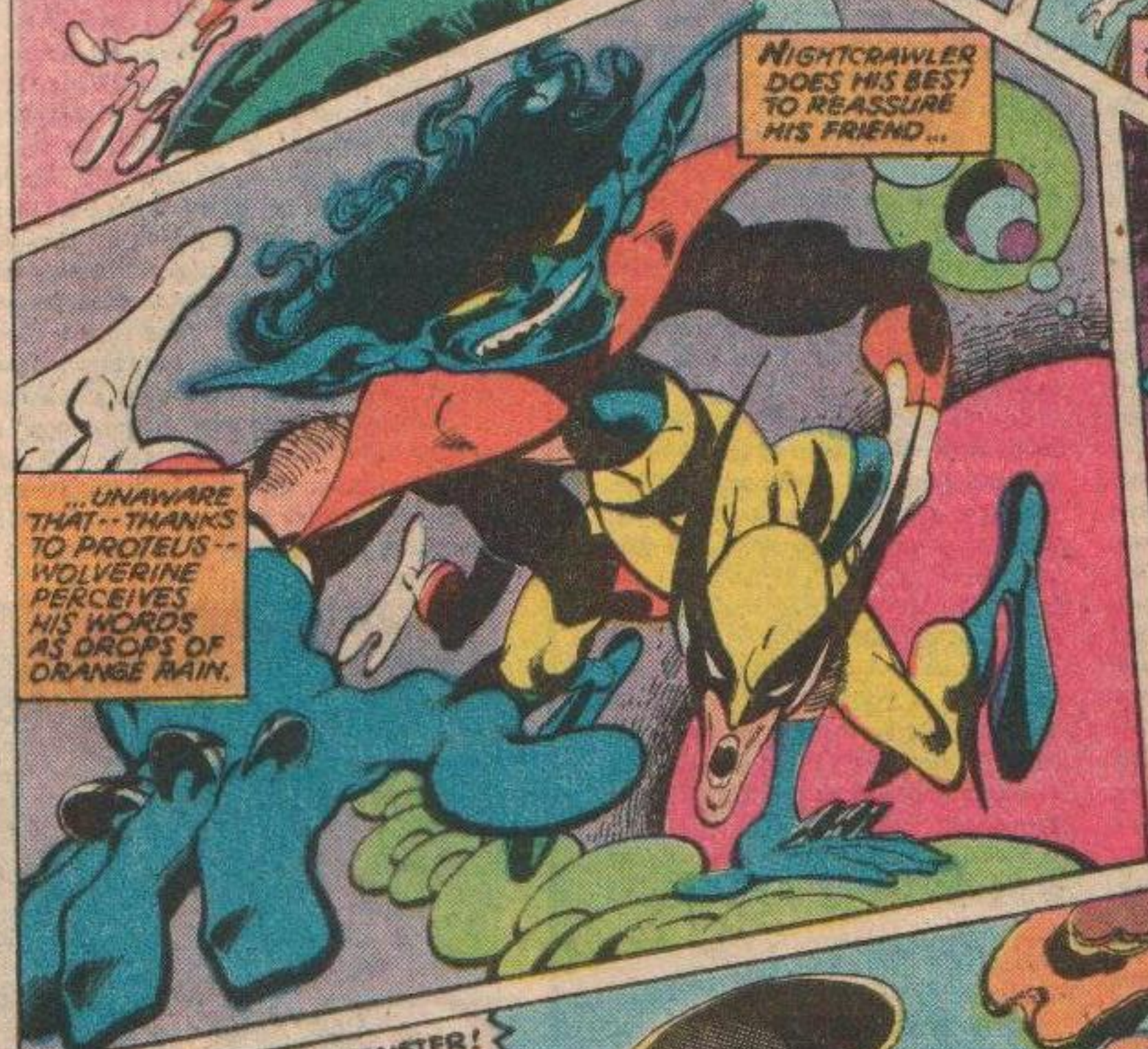


BAD AS THINGS ARE FOR NIGHTCRAWLER, THEY'RE INFINITELY WORSE FOR WOLVERINE, WHOSE BEING IS GROUNDED IN A PHYSICAL STRUCTURE THAT NO LONGER EXISTS, IS DEFINED BY SENSES THAT ARE ALL NOW LYING TO HIM.



HE TRIES TO HOLD ON...

...ONLY TO FIND NOTHING-- WITHIN OR WITHOUT HIM-- TO HOLD ON TO.



NIGHTCRAWLER DOES HIS BEST TO REASSURE HIS FRIEND...

...UNAWARE THAT-- THANKS TO PROTEUS-- WOLVERINE PERCEIVES HIS WORDS AS DROPS OF ORANGE RAIN.



I NEED... PRACTICE IN THE USE OF MY ABILITY TO WARP THE VERY FABRIC OF REALITY. YOU TWO X-MEN MAKE FITTING GUINEA PIGS.



AWAY FROM THEM, MONSTER!

WHILE STORM LIVES, YOU'LL HARM NO ONE!

HER ATTACK IS SAVAGE, CATCHING PROTEUS COMPLETELY BY SURPRISE, HER MASSIVE LIGHTNING STRIKE CHEWING UP THE LANDSCAPE AROUND HIM.

SHOCK-- AND FEAR-- PROMPT HIM TO SNAP REALITY BACK...



...TO NORMAL.

THAT POLICEMAN MUST BE MUTANT X. I CAN'T ATTACK HIM DIRECTLY--

--EVIL THOUGH HE IS, HE IS ALSO A LIVING BEING. I WILL NOT TAKE HIS LIFE.



BUT I CAN PREVENT HIS ESCAPE.

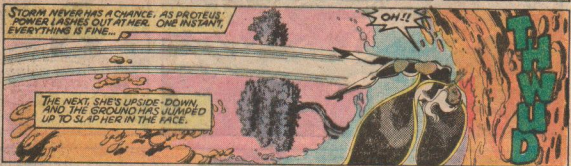
MY CAR!

SKRAM



EXPLOSION-- CAUSED ME PAIN!

YOU'LL PAY FOR THAT, WITCH!



STORM NEVER HAS A CHANCE. AS PROTEUS' POWER LASHES OUT AT HER. ONE INSTANT, EVERYTHING IS FINE...

THE NEXT, SHE'S UPSIDE-DOWN, AND THE GROUND HAS JUMPED UP TO SLAP HER IN THE FACE.

OH!!

TW
D
D



I CANNOT POSSESS WOLVERINE'S SHIELD, AND NIGHTCRAWLER'S APPEARANCE MAKES HIM USELESS TO ME...

...BUT YOU, WOMAN, ARE PERFECT.

SHOULDER-- I THINK IT'S SPRAINED. CAN'T RISK... FLYING--



--MUTANT X COULD EASILY MAKE ME SMASH INTO THE GROUND AGAIN, OR WORSE.

ALSO-- I CAN'T LEAVE WOLVERINE AND NIGHTCRAWLER AT HIS MERCY.



NO CHOICE-- I HAVE TO MAKE A STAND. I'M TOO GROGGY TO GENERATE LIGHTNING.

I'LL TRY WIND, INSTEAD.

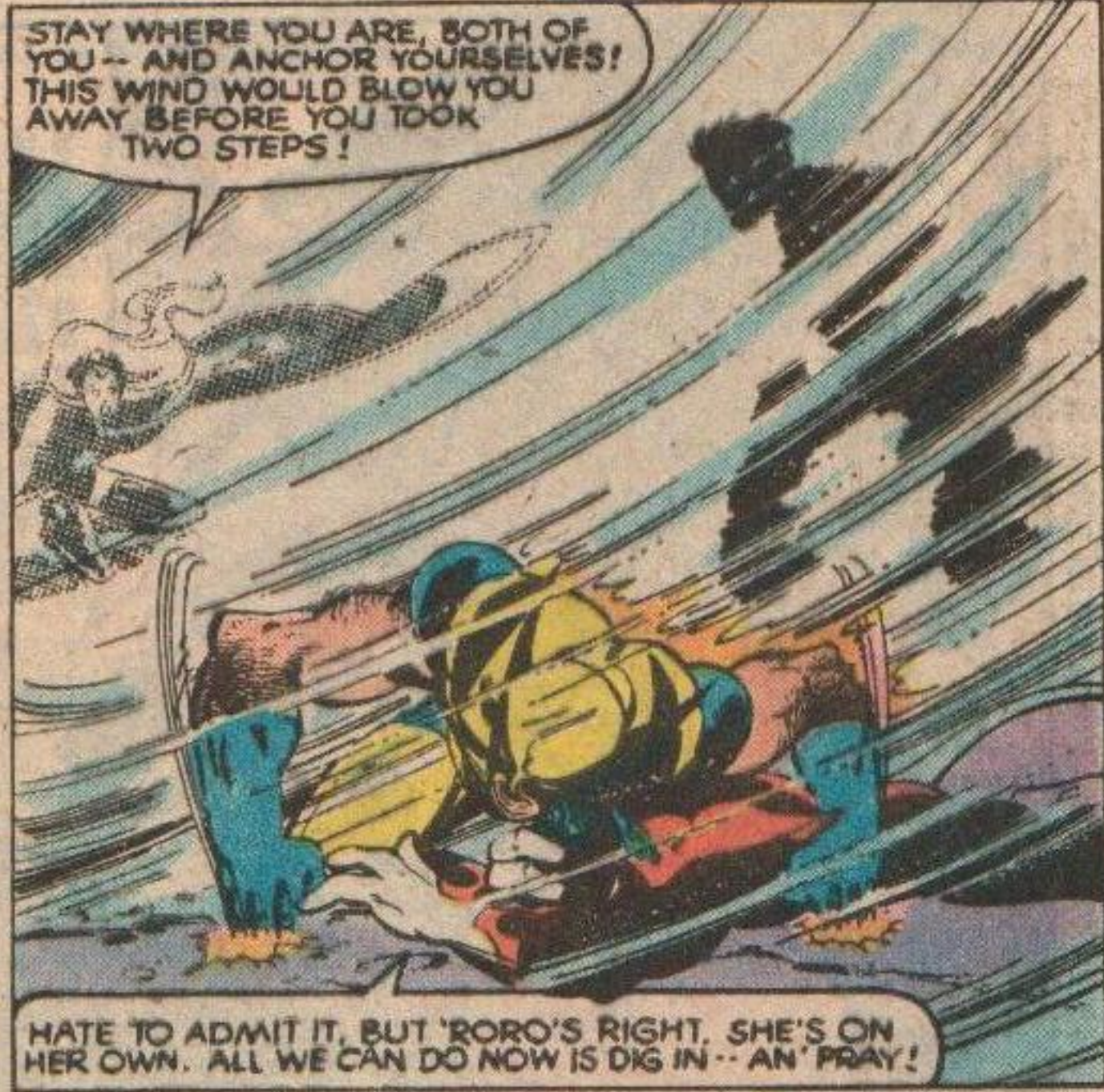
THE TEMPEST SEEMS TO SPRING UP OUT OF NOWHERE. AT STORM'S DIRECTION, HUNDRED-MILE-PER-HOUR WINDS HURL THEMSELVES DOWN THE TINY VALLEY TOWARDS PROTEUS.



BUT ALTHOUGH STORM FOCUSES HER GALE AS TIGHTLY AS SHE CAN, PROTEUS ISN'T THE ONLY ONE CAUGHT IN ITS PATH.

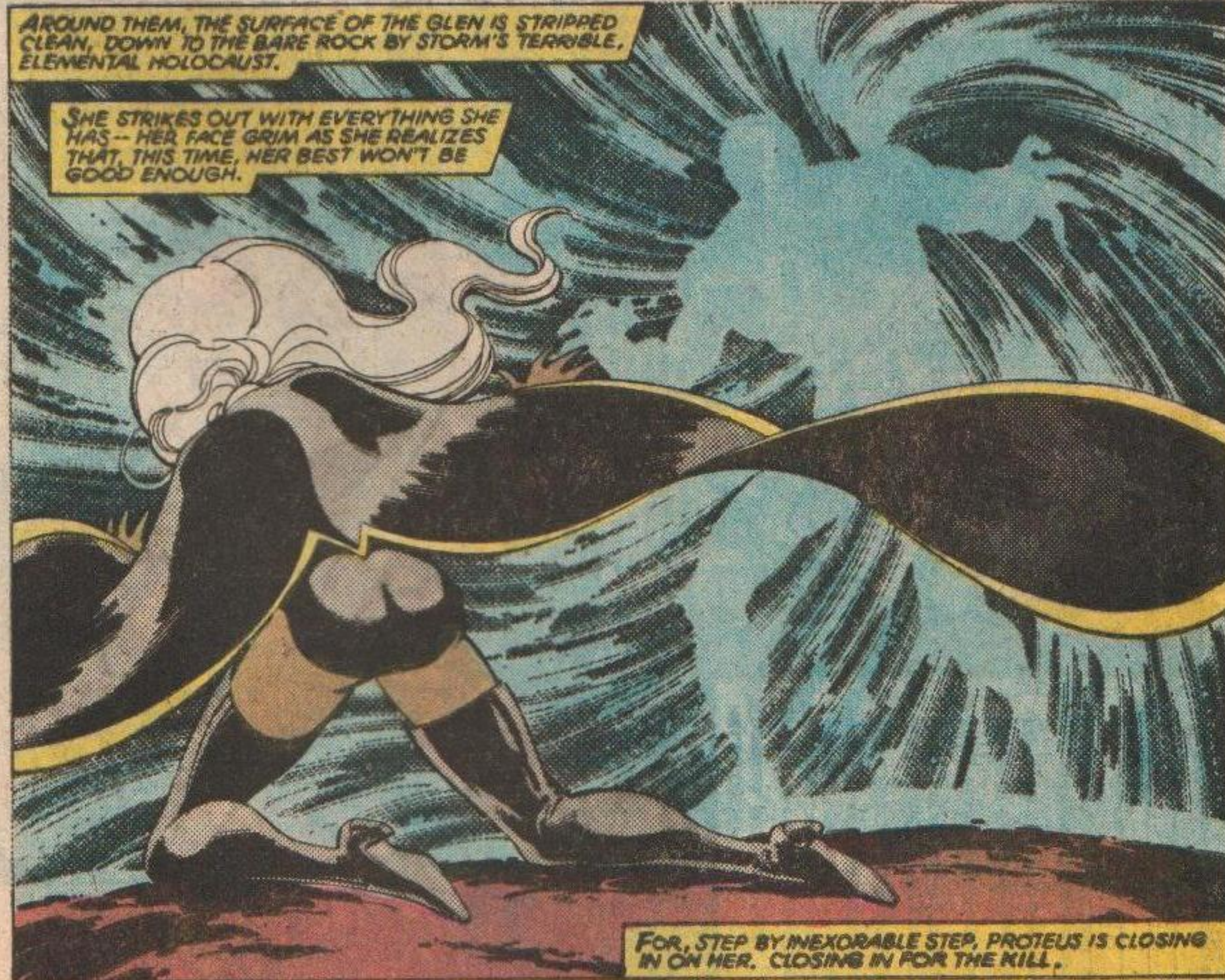
WOLVERINE, STORM'S HURT! WE'VE GOT TO HELP HER!

WE CAN'T, PAL!



STAY WHERE YOU ARE, BOTH OF YOU -- AND ANCHOR YOURSELVES! THIS WIND WOULD BLOW YOU AWAY BEFORE YOU TOOK TWO STEPS!

HATE TO ADMIT IT, BUT 'RORO'S RIGHT, SHE'S ON HER OWN. ALL WE CAN DO NOW IS DIG IN -- AN' PRAY!



AROUND THEM, THE SURFACE OF THE GLEN IS STRIPPED CLEAN, DOWN TO THE BARE ROCK BY STORM'S TERRIBLE, ELEMENTAL HOLOCAUST.

SHE STRIKES OUT WITH EVERYTHING SHE HAS -- HER FACE GRIM AS SHE REALIZES THAT, THIS TIME, HER BEST WON'T BE GOOD ENOUGH.

FOR, STEP BY INEXORABLE STEP, PROTEUS IS CLOSING IN ON HER. CLOSING IN FOR THE KILL.

NEXT ISSUE THE QUALITY OF HATRED!

X-MAIL

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ASSISTANT EDITOR

Dear Magnificent Marvel,

Wow! Finally, Canada is in comics. I was amazed to see that Canada has some superheroes worthy of their title. A hairy guy strong as the Hulk; a Canadian Captain America; a native wizard; and two seemingly connected siblings. It's a dream come true! My inferiority complex went down the drain as I saw Nightcrawler blasted and the X-Men's plane destroyed. I want more! Canada as a whole wants more! If you doubt this, you should have been watching TV and reading newspapers in Alberta. *MacLean's* had Pierre Trudeau's picture in it; so did the *Edmonton Journal* and so did many news programs on television. It's most heartening to discover that Alberta isn't just a supplier of beef and oil, that we have our occasional exciting moment, it was a lift to my spirit in these days of \$1.18 American dollars. Just one—no, two, complaints. The major one, on which you've probably already received tonnes (metric) of mail, is "Ottowa". Come now, surely the spelling of your neighbor's capital is drilled into every schoolchild's head in America. The other fault is also major—Major Maple Leaf. Can't you think up a better name than that? Marvel Man changed his name to Quasar, so why don't you do the same with Major Maple Leaf? But, all the same, I beg of you—more Canada! After all, we do buy your comics.

Heather Proctor
18 Greenwich Crescent
St. Albert, Alberta, Canada

Actually, Heather, if you'll take a fast look at X-MEN #120, page 14, panel 3, and #121, page 3, panel 1, you'll see that we have given James Hudson/"Major Maple Leaf" a name; he's called the *Vindicator*. As for the "Ottowa" controversy, you're right; we received countless letters chastising us for the error, and correcting us for it. Though we explained why that booboo saw print last issue again we apologize. Thanks muchly for your letter, Heather; it typified the vast majority of the letters we received—from above and below the border—commenting on the introduction of Alpha Flight, and their donneybrook with our Merry Mutants. As far as seeing them again is concerned, Sasquatch will be putting in a guest appearance in this summer's HULK ANNUAL—scripted by X-editor Roger Stern and John Byrne! And you'll probably be seeing that team of Canadian heroes again, in either X-MEN or MARVEL PREMIERE. If you readers are interested in an Alpha Flight PREMIERE—or even an Alpha Flight book—write and let us know.

Dear X-People,

X-MEN #121 was really a fabulous issue. At the beginning, I was sort of in the dark about what was going on, because the place where I buy my comics didn't have X-MEN #'s 119 & 120, but I caught on quick, as you people make it so easy for people like me to know what had happened in the last issue. The whole story was great and very realistic. The X-Men were fighting to save one of their own team members (not to save the world or, sometimes more ridiculously, the universe) which made the fight more personal to them.

Alpha Flight is a very original group and represents Canada well. Some criticism, though. *Vindicator* looked like a remodeling of Captain Canuck. There were some noticeable differences, though. The maple leaf going from front to back gave him some originality—as well as creating a team style; Aurora's and Northstar's white stars on their waistlines go from front to back in the same way. Sasquatch looked too much like the Hulk, and is too wide for a Bigfoot, but the rest are all original and I hope to see the whole group again, in X-MEN, or else where.

This issue portrayed our "Merry Mutants" well. A lot of personality showed through. And in the way of performance, I think the scene where Storm diffuses the blizzard gave me more insight into her power, which I thought (for a while) quite ridiculous—for how could anyone have power over the weather. The scene deepened my knowledge of how her very strange, but powerful, power ticked.

And now for Wolverine. He's always been my favorite X Man. There was always something special about him, and his personality and character showed through in most every issue. A short, quick-tempered Canadian. Ideal. His claws, ferocity, and very style of fighting and brute savagery makes him my favorite character in all Marvel-dom. His costume is terrific! Enough of that. Wolverine was excellent in this issue. His stopping Cyclops from fighting was good. When Alpha Flight took him away in the truck, I really began to think that this was the end of Wolverine. How wrong I was. The ending was excellent. The old Wolverine spirit showed through. I knew all along I'd never see Wolvie give up.

And one final comment before I go. I was wondering what Wolverine's claws were made of and went searching through some of my other X-MEN mags. I found they were made of "Adamantium". Now, what I'm wondering is this: is Adamantium really a kind of metal? Please explain.

Marc Katz
91 Overbrook Place
North York, Ontario, Canada

We'll do our best, Marc. Adamantium was introduced by Rascally Roy Thomas in AVENGERS #66. Supposedly invented by Dr. MacLain—a SHIELD scientist—Adamantium is the densest, most impenetrable metal known to man. Any object made of or with Adamantium would be, for all intents and purposes, invulnerable. For example: the original test bar of the metal withstood the combined onslaught of Thor's hammer and Iron Man's full-power repulsor rays. That, we think, should give you folks a fair idea of how deadly Wolverine's claws are. Not to mention, the little man himself.

Dear People,

In X-MEN #120, page 2, panel 7, it says: "Dr. Walter Langkowski, PhD—former All Pro linebacker turned Professor of, etc. . . ." But in X-MEN #121, page 16, panel 5, Sasquatch says to Colossus: "I've taken worse from the Steelers' Front Four." If he was a linebacker (on defense), then how could he have played another defense? He could have played the Steelers' offense, but not the defense. Other than that, it was the best ish since (uhhhh) #120. Anyway, till Colossus' armor rusts, MAKE MINE MARVEL!

John Kovacich
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CLAREMONT!!!!

Seriously, John, no one regrets that dumb mistake more than (no-longer) Cheerful Chris—especially after Jim "Trouble" Shooter quietly explained the facts of football life to him, hammering a fist down on Chris' head for emphasis. Y'see, Jim hails from Pittsburgh, home of the aforementioned Steelers, and he looks askance at anyone who treats them—or the game they play—lightly. Chris promises he'll never make a mistake like this again—because, if he does, Jim promises to introduce him to that very same Front Four. . . on the playing field!

NEXT ISSUE: Storm faces certain death, with no fellow X-Men able to save her. Plus, the origin of Proteus. Plus, the introduction of Moira MacTaggart's husband. Plus, swirls, chills, a battle royal in the streets of Edinburgh and a shock ending. Be here in 30, people, where you'll learn: "THE QUALITY OF HATRED!"