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MARVEL COMICS GROUP



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COMICS GROUP

# THE UNCANNY



# X-MEN



Stan Lee  
PRESENTS:

# THE UNCANNY X-MEN!™

# KIDNAPPED!

CHRIS CLAREMONT \* DAVE & JOE \* JOE \* GLYNIS \* LOUISE \* JIM  
WRITER \* COCKRUM \* RUBINSTEIN \* ROSEN \* WEIN \* JONES \* SHOOTER  
ARTISTS \* LETTERER \* COLORIST \* EDITOR \* EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

IN THE HEART OF THE WEST SIDE OF MANHATTAN-- IN WHAT WAS ONCE ONE OF THE ROUGHEST SLUM NEIGHBORHOODS IN THE ENTIRE CITY-- STANDS LINCOLN CENTER, A PERFORMING ARTS COMPLEX FILMED THROUGHOUT THE WORLD. ITS CENTERPIECE IS THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE, WHICH TONIGHT PLAYS HOST TO BRITAIN'S ROYAL BALLET.

THANK YOU FOR INVITING ME, ORORO. I HOPE YOU'LL ENJOY THIS AS MUCH AS I WILL.

THANK, KITTY. THIS WAS HER DOING, STEVIE, NOT MINE.

AMONG THOSE ATTENDING THIS GALA PREMIERE ARE STEVIE HUNTER-- A PRIMA BALLERINA HERSELF, UNTIL THE TRAGIC ACCIDENT THAT ENDED HER CAREER--

--AND ORORO (WHO, AS STORM, IS LEADER OF A TEAM OF MUTANT SUPER-HEROES, THE UNCANNY X-MEN.) THEY DON'T KNOW IT YET, BUT THIS IS AN EVENING NEITHER WOMAN WILL EVER FORGET.

STORM IS HERE. EXCELLENT. ALL I NEED DO NOW IS SPRING THE TRAP-- AND THE X-MEN ARE MINE!

STORM

ANGEL

COLOSSUS

WOLVERINE

NIGHTCRAWLER

ICEMAN

POLARIS

HAVOK

BANSHEE

ORIGINALLY, THIS WAS STEVIE'S SPECIAL CHRISTMAS PRESENT FROM KITTY PRYDE--ORORO'S FELLOW X-MAN AND THE NEWEST PUPIL IN STEVIE'S DANCE SCHOOL. BUT KITTY WAS STRUCK DOWN BY A SEVERE ATTACK OF FLU, SHE ASKED ORORO TO TAKE HER PLACE. WITH RESERVATIONS, ORORO ACCEPTED.

THE DANCING IS BEAUTIFUL.

THAT BEAUTY IS THE RESULT OF YEARS OF HARD WORK AND PAIN.

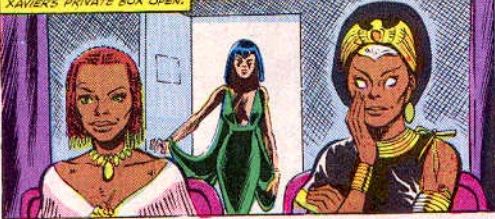
IT'S A HARD LIFE, ORORO, A CRUEL ONE.

AND I'D GIVE MY SOUL TO BE A PART OF IT AGAIN.

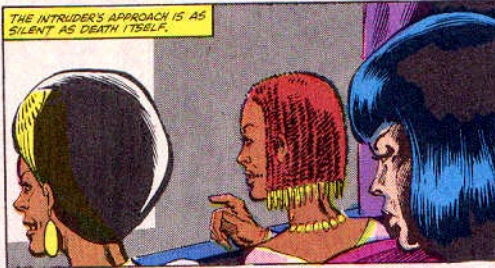
THERE'S SUCH SADNESS IN STEVIE'S VOICE, SUCH...LONGING. I WANT TO REACH OUT, TO COMFORT HER--YET SOMETHING HOLDS ME BACK.

GODDESS, WHAT IS WRONG WITH ME?! STEVIE IS A LOVELY WOMAN, KITTY LIKES HER UNRESERVEDLY. WHY CAN'T I?

LOST IN THEIR OWN THOUGHTS--AND CAUGHT UP IN THE PERFORMANCE UNFOLDING ON-STAGE--NEITHER ORORO NOR STEVIE HEARS THE DOOR TO PROFESSOR XAVIER'S PRIVATE BOX OPEN.



THE INTRUDER'S APPROACH IS AS SILENT AS DEATH ITSELF.

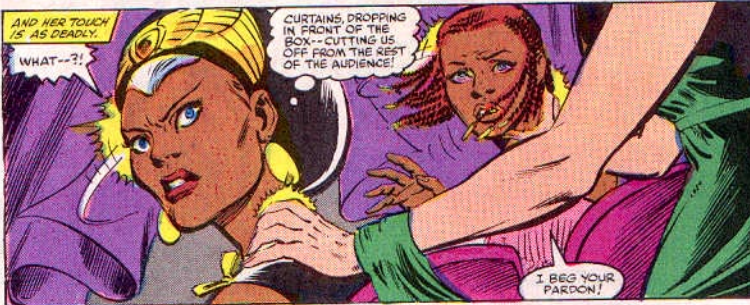


AND HER TOUCH IS AS DEADLY.

WHAT--?!

CURTAINS, DROPPING IN FRONT OF THE BOX--CUTTING US OFF FROM THE REST OF THE AUDIENCE!

I BEG YOUR PARDON!



WHO ARE YOU--?! THIS IS A PRIVATE BOX! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?!



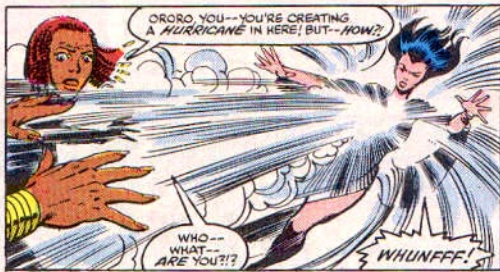
I AM MISS LOCKE.

I SERVE ARCADE.



STORM KNOWS THAT NAME, ONLY TOO WELL. HER REACTION IS INSTINCTIVE AND IMMEDIATE. SHE USES HER ELEMENTAL POWERS TO GENERATE AN IRRESISTIBLE BATTERING RAM OF AIR...

...THAT HURLS MISS LOCKE AGAINST THE REAR WALL OF THE BOX, STUNNING HER.



ORORO YOU--YOU'RE CREATING A HURRICANE IN HERE! BUT--HOW?!

WHO-- WHAT-- ARE YOU???

WHUNFFF!



STORM'S ACTION DOES NOT GO UNNOTICED BY THOSE IN THE NEIGHBORING BOXES.

EDWARD, IT'S GOTTEN SO COLD!

WHERE DID THIS BREEZE COME FROM?!

BLASTED AIR CONDITIONING! WHY COULDN'T THEY HAVE TURNED IT ON LAST SUMMER, WHEN IT COULD HAVE DONE SOME GOOD!



WE WILL TALK LATER, STEVIE. I'LL EXPLAIN EVERYTHING. I HOPE.

THAT WAS A WARNING, MISS LOCKE.

A MOST IMPRESSIVE ONE STORM. BUT ALSO A WASTED EFFORT.



ORORO, I FEEL... SO... UNNNHHH

STEVIE!

I AM NOT IN YOUR POWER, X-MAN.

YOU ARE IN MINE.



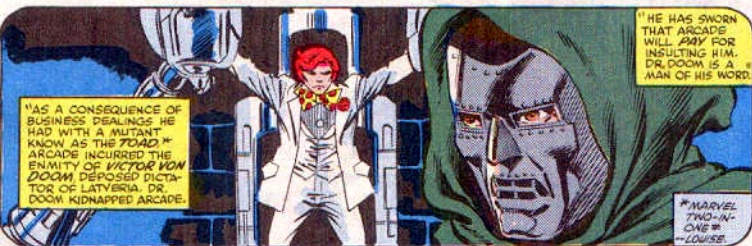
**NO!**  
WHEN I TOUCHED YOU AND YOUR FRIEND, STORM, I INJECTED A CONTACT POISON INTO YOUR BODIES, WITHOUT THE ANTIDOTE, YOU'LL BOTH BE DEAD IN MINUTES.

WHY-WHY?!  
WAS ARCADE  
TOO...  
FRIGHTENED  
TO KILL ME  
IN PERSON?



HARDLY, THE POISON WAS MERELY TO ENSURE THAT I HAD YOUR UNDIVIDED ATTENTION--AND TO PREVENT YOUR STOPPING MY DEPARTURE.

ACTUALLY,  
I'M HERE  
BECAUSE I  
NEED THE  
X-MEN'S HELP.



"AS A CONSEQUENCE OF BUSINESS DEALINGS HE HAD WITH A MUTANT KNOWN AS THE TOAD," ARCADE INCURRED THE ENMITY OF VICTOR VON DOOM, DEPOSED DICTATOR OF LATVERIA. DR. DOOM KIDNAPPED ARCADE.

"HE HAS SWORN THAT ARCADE WILL PAY FOR INSULTING HIM. DR. DOOM IS A MAN OF HIS WORD."

"MARVEL TWO-IN-ONE"  
--LOUISE



I WISH THE X-MEN TO RESCUE ARCADE, AND TO MAKE CERTAIN THAT VON DOOM NEVER BOTHERS HIM AGAIN. TO GIVE YOU AN INCENTIVE, I HAVE KIDNAPPED THOSE DEAREST TO YOU...

...THE PARENTS OF JEAN GREY, MOIRA MACGAGGERT, CANDY SOUTHERN, AMANDA SEFTON AND ILLYANA RASPUTIN, COLOSSUS' SISTER.

THEY ARE IN MURDERWORLD. FAIL TO FREE ARCADE, STORM, AND THEY WILL DIE THERE.



STORM STRUGGLES TO RISE--BUT A BLINDING SURGE OF PAIN SWASHES HER DOWN BRINGING A STAGGERED CRY FROM HER LIPS. AN icy NUMBNESS WASHES THROUGH HER LIKE A TIDAL WAVE AND WITH HER LAST THOUGHT, SHE WONDERS IF THIS IS DEATH!

SOUND

SCREECHING LICA  
HOWLING THE  
WINDS OF  
HEAVEN



... THAT SLOWLY REFINES ITSELF...



... INTO THE SKRILL OF VIOLINS.

THE... ORCHESTRA ... STILL PLAYING.

I'M... NOT DEAD!



I... ALMOST WISH I WAS. I FEEL... AWFUL.

STEVIE'S GONE!



MISS LOCKE MUST HAVE TAKEN HER AS ANOTHER HOSTAGE.

IN THE CURTAINED BOX...



... STORM CHANGES INTO COSTUME...

... AND CREATES A WIND THAT CARRIES HER OFF INTO THE CLEAR NIGHT SKY.

SHE SAID SHE'D ABDUCTED THOSE THE X-MEN LOVE MOST. I HAVE TO MAKE CERTAIN SHE WAS TELLING THE TRUTH.



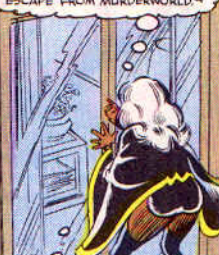
MOIRA IS IN IRELAND, AND LITTLE ILLYANA IN RUSSIA-- A BIT OUT OF MY RANGE.

BUT AMANDA-- NIGHTCRAWLER'S SWEETHEART-- SHARES AN APARTMENT WITH TWO FELLOW STEWARDESSES ON CENTRAL PARK SOUTH.



AMANDA'S MOTHER IS A SORCERESS OF AWESOME POWER. AMANDA IS ONE OF NO MEAN ABILITY HERSELF. I FIND IT HARD TO BELIEVE MISS LOCKE COULD EASILY CAPTURE HER.

WHAT AM I SAYING? ARCADE ONCE CAPTURED THE X-MEN WITH RIDICULOUS EASE. IT TOOK ALL OUR POWER AND SKILL-- PLUS MORE LUCK THAN WE DESERVED-- TO ESCAPE FROM MURDERWORLD.\*



NO ONE SEEMS HOME. I'LL HAVE TO PICK THE LOCKS ON THESE GLASS DOORS TO GET INSIDE.

THAT PERFUME-- I RECOGNIZE IT FROM THE THEATER. MISS LOCKE WAS WEARING IT, AND PINNED TO THAT PILLOW-- THAT CARD!



OH, AMANDA-- NO!

\*AS SEEN IN X-MEN ANNUAL #4--L.

\*X-MEN #5122 & 123--GUESS WHO?

I TRIED TO TELEPHONE THE GREYS, BUT THERE'S NO ANSWER. THEY LIVE 90 MILES UP THE HUDSON RIVER. IF I SUMMON A POWERFUL ENOUGH TAILWIND...



...I CAN BE THERE IN MINUTES.

BUT TO DO THAT, I MUST WARP WEATHER PATTERNS ACROSS A CONSIDERABLE AREA. I'LL CREATE ATMOSPHERIC CHAOS OVER THE CITY.

IF THE NEED WERE ANY LESS IMPERATIVE, I WOULD NOT DO IT. BUT I MUST.

ONCE MORE SHE BENDS THE ELEMENTS TO HER WILL, THE WIND AROUND HER AN UNIMAGINABLE FORCE.

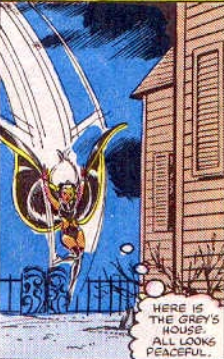
AGAIN, HER ACTIONS DO NOT GO UNNOTICED.

WHAT THE--?! WHERE'D THIS FREAK JETSTREAM COME FROM?!

IT'S CUT OUR GROUND-SPEED DOWN TO ALMOST ZERO!

THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE-- BUT IT'S HAPPENING!

SOON, IN THE SLEEPY HAMLET OF ANNANDALE-ON-HUDSON JUST DOWN THE ROAD FROM BARD COLLEGE-- WHERE PROFESSOR JOHN GREY HAS TAUGHT FOR THE PAST FIFTEEN YEARS...



HERE IS THE GREY'S HOUSE. ALL LOOKS PEACEFUL.

I'M... TOO LATE, MISS LOCKE ANTICIPATED MY COMING HERE. THIS NOTE TELLS WHERE VON DOOM IS HOLDING ARCADE.

THOUGH PHOENIX IS NO MORE, VILLAINS WILL STRIKE AT THE X-MEN THROUGH HER FAMILY.



THIS IS THE HOLEMPATHIC MATRIX CRYSTAL GIVEN THE GREYS BY EMPRESS LILANDRA AFTER JEAN'S DEATH. IT NOT ONLY CONTAINS A THREE-DIMENSIONAL IMAGE OF JEAN GREY-- PHOENIX-- BUT ALSO THE ESSENCE OF HER PERSONALITY.



"X-MEN" '38 --ME AGAIN.

AH, MY BELOVED FRIEND, WOULD I HAD DIED IN YOUR PLACE, I... STILL MISS YOU.



THE X-MEN COULD NOT SAVE YOU, JEAN, BUT WE CAN-- WE WILL-- SAVE YOUR PARENTS. ON THAT YOU HAVE MY WORD.



FROM THE GREYS, STORM FLIES SOUTH AND EAST TO THE WESTCHESTER COUNTY TOWN OF SALEM CENTER, AND THE VENERABLE MANSION THAT HAS BEEN HER HOME FOR THE PAST THREE YEARS. THE NEIGHBORS KNOW IT AS PROFESSOR CHARLES XAVIER'S SCHOOL FOR GIFTED YOUNGSTERS.

IN ADDITION, HOWEVER, IT IS THE SECRET HEADQUARTERS OF THE X-MEN. THERE, SHE TELLS HER STORY TO HER STUNNED FRIENDS.

PROFESSOR XAVIER'S INITIAL MOVE IS A SURPRISE. HE CONTACTS HANK MCCOY--THE BEAST-- A FORMER X-MAN, NOW AN AVENGER.

ABOUT ARCADE, PROFESSOR, WE KNOW LITTLE.

BUT DR. DOOM IS SOMETHING ELSE AGAIN.

IS HE THAT FORMIDABLE A FOE?

IN MAGNETO'S CLASS, AT LEAST, I HEARD OF HIM WHILE GROWING UP IN THE CIRCUS. HIS NAME IS KNOWN AND FEARED THROUGHOUT CENTRAL EUROPE.

EVEN AMANDA'S MOTHER, MARGALI, RESPECTS HIS POWER.

IF THE X-MEN PLAN TO TACKLE DR. DOOM, YOU'LL NEED ALL THE HELP YOU CAN GET. I CAN ALERT MY FELLOW AVENGERS.

THANK YOU, BEAST. PERHAPS.

FOR THE PRESENT, I PREFER TO KEEP THIS MATTER "WITHIN THE FAMILY."

AS YOU REQUESTED, I'LL TRANSMIT THE AVENGERS' FILES ON DOOM TO YOU. I HOPE THEY'LL DO SOME GOOD. BEAST, OUT.

EXCELLENT, HANK. WE'LL BE IN TOUCH.

CHARLEY, YOU TALK LIKE WE PLAN ON DOIN' WHAT THAT LOCKE BROAD WANTS! ARE WE GIVIN' IN?!





HAVE YOU AN ALTERNATIVE, WOLVERINE?

TRASH HER, PERMANENTLY, AND MURDER-WORLD. GET OUR PEOPLE BACK AN' LET ARCADE ROT!

CHARLEY, WE CAN'T YIELD TO BLACKMAIL. IF MISS LOCKE GETS AWAY WITH THIS, WE'LL NEVER SEE AN END TO IT.



WE CAN'T PROTECT ALL THOSE WE CARE FOR, WE'LL ALWAYS BE VULNERABLE THAT WAY, OUR ONLY CHANCE IS TA STOP IT BEFORE IT STARTS. WE FIGHT BACK!

WE MAKE CERTAIN NO ONE EVER TRIES TA GET AT THE X-MEN THIS WAY AGAIN -- BY MAKIN' THE PRICE OF DOIN' IT TOO HIGH TA PAY.

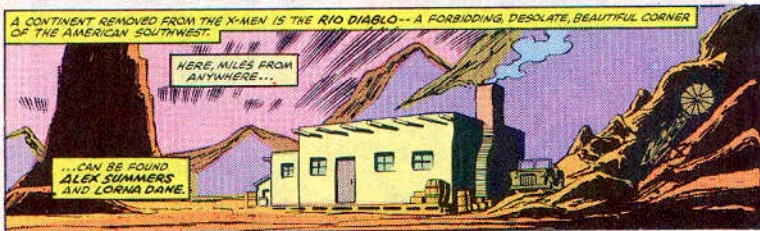


WOLVERINE IS... RIGHT, PROFESSOR-- AT LEAST IN PART. WE CANNOT SUBMIT. YET WE CANNOT ABANDON MISS LOCKE'S HOSTAGES, AND I WILL NOT SACRIFICE THEM.

YOU SPEAK AS THOUGH YOU HAVE A PLAN, STORM.

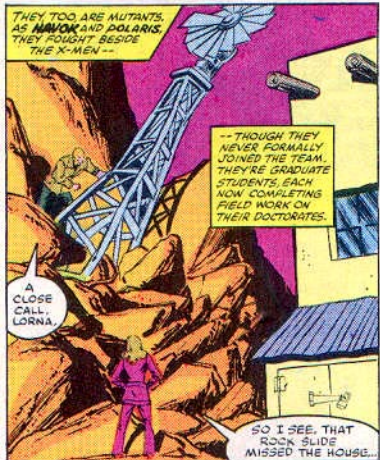
I HAVE.

A CONTINENT REMOVED FROM THE X-MEN IS THE RIO DIABLO-- A FORBIDDING, DESOLATE, BEAUTIFUL CORNER OF THE AMERICAN SOUTHWEST.



HERE, MULES FROM ANYWHERE...

...CAN BE FOUND ALEX SUMMERS AND LORNA DANE.



THEY TOO, ARE MUTANTS, AS NAVON AND POLARIS. THEY FOUGHT BESIDE THE X-MEN --

-- THOUGH THEY NEVER FORMALLY JOINED THE TEAM. THEY'RE GRADUATE STUDENTS, EACH NOW COMPLETING FIELD WORK ON THEIR DOCTORATES.

A CLOSE CALL, LORNA.

SO I SEE, THAT ROCK SLIDE MISSED THE HOUSE...



... BUT IT WRECKED THE WINDMILL, OUR PRIMARY SOURCE OF ELECTRICITY. D'YOU WANT ME TO RADIO TOWN FOR A REPAIR CREW?

THAT'LL COST AN ARM AND A LEG, AND TAKE ALL DAY.



LET'S SEE IF WE CAN'T DO THE JOB OURSELVES.

DRAWING ENERGY FROM COSMIC RAYS...

ON THE EASTERN SEABOARD, COLLEGE SOPHOMORE BOBBY DRAKE IS JUST FINISHING A GRUELING ALL-NIGHTER...



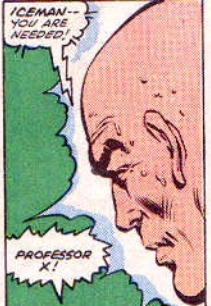
SCRATCH ONE TERM PAPER, FINALLY!

I'VE BEEN WRITING FOR TWENTY STRAIGHT HOURS, BUT THE END RESULT IS PRETTY DARN GOOD.



I'M HUNGRY. UNFORTUNATELY, DINING COMMONS WON'T BE OPEN FOR AT LEAST ANOTHER HOUR, SO I GUESS I'LL FINISH OFF MY LAST BEER.

WITH DECEPTIVE EASE, BOBBY USES HIS OWN MUTANT TALENT TO SLOW THE MOLECULAR ACTION OF THE AIR AROUND HIS FOREARM. IN SECONDS THE CAN IS ICE COLD.



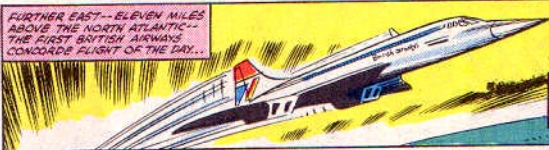
ICE MAN-- YOU ARE NEEDED!

PROFESSOR X!



RETURN TO THE MANSION, AT ONCE. I'LL EXPLAIN WHEN YOU REACH HERE.

FURTHER EAST-- ELEVEN MILES ABOVE THE NORTH ATLANTIC-- THE FIRST BRITISH AIRWAYS CONCORDE FLIGHT OF THE DAY...



... ARROWS TOWARDS NEW YORK'S KENNEDY INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT AT TWICE THE SPEED OF SOUND.

ABOARD SEAN CASSIDY-- ONCE KNOWN AS THE X-MAN, BANSHEE, UNTIL INJURIES FORCED HIS RETIREMENT-- IMPATIENTLY WISHES THE FLIGHT WERE OVER.



HE'S BEEN ON THE ROAD ALL NIGHT, BUT HIS GRIM, HAGGARD DEMEANOR HAS LITTLE TO DO WITH FATIGUE.

\* IN X-MEN #129--L.



BANSHEE--!

CHARLES! WE'VE GOT TROUBLE. OLD FRIEND MOIRA'S BEEN KIDNAPPED!

I KNOW, SEAN. SHE WAS NOT THE ONLY ONE.

I'D INTENDED ASKING YOUR AID. IT SEEMS YOU'VE ANTICIPATED ME.



THE ROLLS-ROYCE WILL PICK YOU UP AT JFK.

FINE, CHARLES. I'LL SEE YE SOON.

IT'S BEEN AGES SINCE I'VE SEEN CHARLES. CREATE A TELEPATHIC ASTRAL PROJECTION. HE LOOKED ROCKY. THE EFFORT MUST HA' COST HIM DEAR. I PRAY HE'S ALL RIGHT.

IN THE MANSION, STORM'S CONCERN ECHOES BANSHEE'S.

ARE YOU WELL, PROFESSOR? YOU LOOK SO PALE.

I AM... Tired, Storm.

I'VE BEEN TRYING TO MENTALLY CONTACT SCOTT BUT I SPENT MYSELF SUMMONING THE OTHERS. I LACK THE STRENGTH TO REACH HIM.

THERE'S BEEN A SUBTLE SHIFT IN THE EARTH'S MAGNETIC FIELD, CREATING INTERFERENCE--PSYCHIC STATIC--THAT INHIBITS MY TELEPATHIC COMMUNICATION OVER LONG DISTANCES, FORCING ME TO MAKE A SUPREME EFFORT TO TRANSMIT THE SIMPLEST OF MESSAGES.

THIS CAN ONLY BE THE WORK OF ONE MAN--THE X-MEN'S ARCH FOE, MAGNETO!

BUT WHY HAS HE DONE THIS? AND WHY NOW?!

ANGUISHED QUESTIONS, UNANSWERABLE QUESTIONS-- ADD TO XAVIER'S ALREADY CONSIDERABLE BURDEN. TOO MUCH SEEMS TO BE HAPPENING, TOO QUICKLY. IS IT COINCIDENCE, XAVIER WONDERS, OR PART OF SOME GREATER DESIGN? AND WHEN THE CRUNCH COMES, WILL HIS X-MEN PROVE EQUAL TO IT?

AT THAT MOMENT, ON AN ISLAND IN THE GALMY, SUN-DRENCHED CARIBBEAN, A MAN WHO WAS ONCE CALLED PART OF THE HEART AND SOUL OF THE X-MEN...

...IS WASHED ASHORE AND STRANDED BY THE FALLING TIDE.

HIS NAME IS SCOTT SUMMERS.

LATELY, HE'S BEEN A CREWMAN ABOARD THE TRAWLER, ARCADIA. HE LIES STILL ON THE BEACH...

UNNNNNHHH-- WHERE AM...

RUBY BEAMS OF FORCE--CYCLOPS UNCONTROLLABLE, HIGH IRRESISTIBLE OPTIC BLASTS--EXPLODE FROM HIS EYES, GOUGING A DEEP HOLE IN THE SAND...

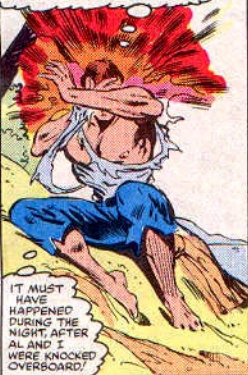
.....IIIIIIII--!!

AS CYCLOPS, HE LED THE X-MEN, UNTIL JEAN GREY'S DEATH. AFTER THAT, HE TOOK A LEAVE OF ABSENCE FROM THE TEAM.

... UNTIL THE MORNING SUN WARMS HIM, WAKES HIM, WITHOUT THINKING, HE OPENS HIS EYES.

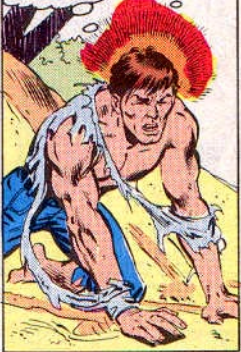
... AND SIMULTANEOUSLY HURL SCOTT INTO THE AIR.

MY GLASSES! I'VE LOST MY RUBY QUARTZ GLASSES-- THE ONLY OFFICIAL SHIELD CAPABLE OF HOLDING MY OPTIC BLASTS IN CHECK!



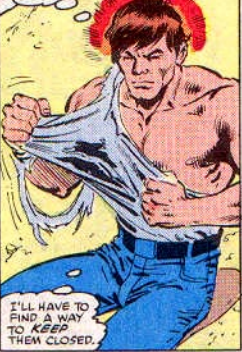
IT MUST HAVE HAPPENED DURING THE NIGHT, AFTER AL AND I WERE KNOCKED OVERBOARD!

MAYBE THEY ONLY JUST FELL OFF. THEY COULD BE SOMEWHERE NEARBY ON THIS BEACH.



FAT CHANCE. I'M GRASPING AT STRAWS.

I CAN'T KEEP MY EYES TIGHTLY CLOSED EVERY WAKING SECOND, AND WHENEVER THEY OPEN-- NO MATTER HOW SLIGHTLY-- MY OPTIC BLASTS WILL FIRE.

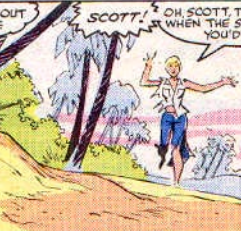


I'LL HAVE TO FIND A WAY TO KEEP THEM CLOSED.

THERE, THIS BLINDFOLD I IMPROVISED OUT OF MY SHIRT SHOULD DO THE TRICK. THE ONLY PROBLEM IS, NOW I CAN'T SEE.

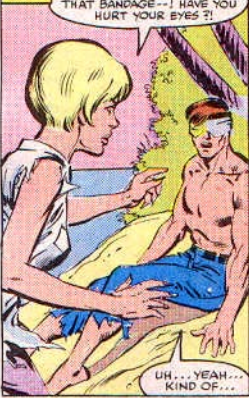


SCOTT! OH SCOTT, THANK HEAVEN YOU'RE ALL RIGHT! WHEN THE STORM SEPARATED US, I THOUGHT YOU'D DROWNED FOR SURE!



THIS NEW VOICE BELONGS TO ALEYTIS FORRESTER, OWNER AND CAPTAIN OF THE ARCADIA. SHE AND SCOTT HAVE KNOWN EACH OTHER ONLY A SHORT TIME BUT EVEN SO, THEY'VE BECOME FRIENDS. LAST NIGHT WHEN A FREAK STORM ERUPTED OUT OF NOWHERE TO NEARLY CAPSIZE THE ARCADIA AND TOSS AL OVERBOARD, SCOTT IMMEDIATELY DOVE IN AFTER HER.

SINCE THEN, SHE'S TRIED HARD NOT TO THINK ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED TO HER BOAT.



THAT BANDAGE-- I HAVE YOU HURT YOUR EYES?!

UH... YEAH... KIND OF...

I'VE HAD PARAMEDIC TRAINING. LET ME TAKE A LOOK...

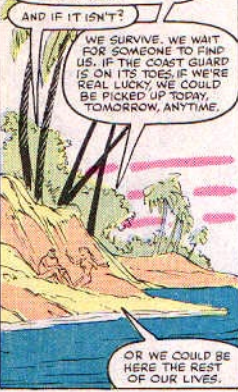


NO!

NO, PLEASE. BELIEVE ME AL, THERE'S NOTHING YOU CAN DO.

WHERE ARE WE?!

SOMEWHERE IN THE BAHAMAS, WHICH MEANS CIVILIZATION COULD LITERALLY BE RIGHT AROUND THE CORNER.



AND IF IT ISN'T?

WE SURVIVE. WE WAIT FOR SOMEONE TO FIND US. IF THE COAST GUARD IS ON ITS TOES, IF WE'RE REAL LUCKY, WE COULD BE PICKED UP TODAY, TOMORROW, ANYTIME.

OR WE COULD BE HERE THE REST OF OUR LIVES.

MEANWHILE, IN THE "X-MANSION"...

I WON'T COUNT ON THAT, ORORO.

... I WILL TAKE WOLVERINE, NIGHTCRAWLER, COLOSSUS AND ANGEL AND CONFRONT DR. DOOM. IF POSSIBLE, WE'LL TRY TO SECURE ARCADE'S RELEASE WITHOUT A FIGHT.

SIMULTANEOUSLY, HAVOK, YOU-- ACCOMPANIED BY POLARIS, ICEMAN AND BANSHEE-- WILL LOCATE MURDERWORLD AND RESCUE MISS LOCKE'S HOSTAGES.

WE FOUR HAVE NEVER OPERATED AS A TEAM. I SUGGEST A COMBAT WORKOUT IN THE DANGER ROOM TO LOOSEN UP.

WHY'S EVERYONE SMILING?

DID I SAY SOMETHING FUNNY?

NOT QUITE, HAVOK, BUT AS YOU CAN SEE, THE DANGER ROOM IS TEMPORARILY OUT OF COMMISSION.

WHAT HIT THIS PLACE?!

SARYTE, SHE SINGLE-HANDEDLY FOUGHT-- AND DEFEATED SOME SORT OF SUPERHUMAN MONSTER LAST CHRISTMAS EVE.\* WE'RE STILL PICKING UP THE PIECES.

\*X-MEN #143-- LOUISE.

AND, SPEAKING OF THE X-MEN'S YOUNGEST MEMBER...

I WISH I WAS GOING WITH YOU, ORORO.

JUST GET BETTER, LITTLE ONE. THAT'S THE IMPORTANT THING.

I KNOW, G'BYE, ORORO. BE CAREFUL. COME BACK SAFE!

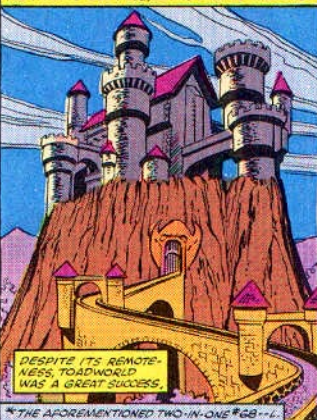
SHORTLY THEREAFTER, STORM'S TEAM LIFTS OFF IN THE X-MEN'S SUPERSONIC "BLACKBIRD." THIS MODIFIED SR-71 HAD ALSO BEEN SEVERELY DAMAGED DURING KITTY'S DESPERATE BATTLE...

... BUT NIGHTCRAWLER AND WOLVERINE HAD WORKED NIGHT AND DAY TO REPAIR IT.

THEY'RE PROUD OF THEIR WORK-- BUT, EVEN SO, AS THE HUGE AIRCRAFT RISES SMOOTHLY AND SILENTLY INTO THE EVENING AIR, BOTH MEN CROSS THEIR FINGERS.

TWO HUNDRED MILES UP-COUNTRY-- IN THE HEART OF NEW YORK'S ADIRONDACK MOUNTAINS-- STANDS A MEDIEVAL CASTLE. ORIGINALLY CONSTRUCTED BY DR. DOOM, IT WAS RECENTLY TURNED INTO AN AMUSEMENT PARK BY ONE OF THE X-MEN'S OLD FOES, NOW REFORMED: THE TOAD.\*

THEN, WITHOUT WARNING OR EXPLANATION, IT WAS CLOSED DOWN, VISITORS WERE TURNED AWAY, POLITELY BUT FIRMLY, FOR WEEKS NOW, NO OUTSIDER HAS SET FOOT WITHIN ITS TOWERING WALLS.



DESPITE ITS REMOTE-NESS, TOADWORLD WAS A GREAT SUCCESS.

\*THE AFOREMENTIONED TWO-IN-ONE #68--L.

UNTIL TODAY.

A LIGHTNING BOLT!

BUT--IT'S SO BIG, AND IT DROPPED OUT OF A CLEAR SKY! SOUND THE ALARM! WE'RE UNDER ATTACK!



I AM STORM!!

I COME IN PEACE.

I SEEK THE MASTER OF THIS PLACE. I WOULD SPEAK WITH HIM. IMMEDIATELY.



THIS IS PRIVATE PROPERTY, BABE!

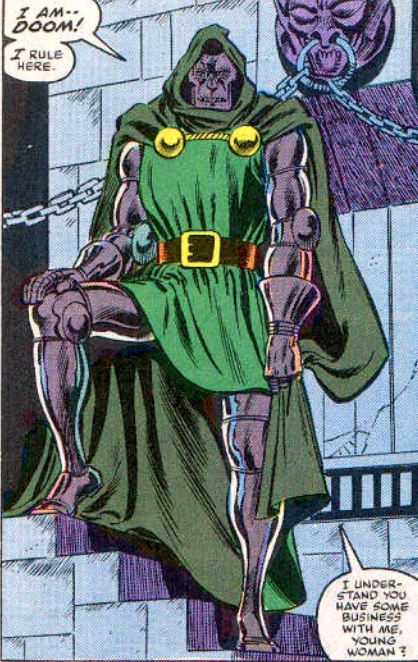
AN' THE BOSS DON'T TAKE KINDLY TO TRESPASSERS!

GET OUT-- OR BE THROWN OUT!



VINCENZO, I DECIDE WHO SHALL-- OR SHALL NOT-- BE REMOVED FROM MY RESIDENCE.

I AM--  
DOOM!  
I RULE  
HERE.



I UNDER-  
STAND YOU  
HAVE SOME  
BUSINESS  
WITH ME,  
YOUNG  
WOMAN?

YOU HAVE ARCADE. I  
WANT HIM ALIVE AND  
UNHURT.

JUST LIKE  
THAT? YOU  
DEMAND, AND  
DOOM OBEYS?  
AND SUPPOSE  
DOOM  
REFUSES?

THEN...  
ONE OF US  
MAY WELL  
LIVE TO  
REGRET IT.

INDEED.  
I AM NOT GIVEN TO  
IMPULSIVE DECISIONS.  
SHALL WE DISCUSS  
THIS MATTER FURTHER  
OVER DINNER? MY CHEF  
SETS A SUPERB TABLE.  
HE DARES NOT DO  
OTHERWISE.



A...  
GRACIOUS  
INVITATION,  
LORD DOOM.  
GRACIOUSLY  
ACCEPTED.

STORM'S  
INSIDE THE  
CASTLE. MAN,  
THAT LADY  
HAS GUTS.

AND YOU HAVE GOOD  
EYES, ANGEL, TO SEE  
SO CLEARLY FROM SO  
GREAT A DISTANCE.



THE BEST,  
PAL. AM I  
CLOSE ENOUGH?

VJA. SEE  
YOU SOON,  
MEIN  
FREUND.

WHOUF!  
WHAT A  
STINK!



WITH THAT DISTINCTIVE BRIMSTONE  
STENCH, A CRACK OF FLAME AND THE  
"BAMF" OF IMPLODING AIR NIGHT-  
CRAWLER TELEPORTS FROM  
ANGEL'S ARMS...

...TO A POINT SLIGHTLY ABOVE THE  
PARAPET OF DOOM'S CASTLE.



SURPRISE,  
MEINE  
HERREN!

THE GUARDS NEVER KNEW WHAT  
HIT THEM.

ONCE NIGHTCRAWLER HAS ESTABLISHED THIS BEACHHEAD, ANGEL QUICKLY FERRARIES WOLVERINE AND COLOSSUS UP TO HIM.

SO FAR, SO GOOD -- BUT I EXPECTED MORE GUARDS.

ACCORDIN' TA THE DATA BEAST SENT US, DOOM'S BEEN KEEPIN' A LOW PROFILE SINCE HE WAS DEPOSED AS RULER OF LATVERIA. A PRIVATE ARMY WOULD DRAW TOO MUCH ATTENTION FROM THE FEPS.

\*THAT OCCURRED WHEN DOOM WAS DRIVEN MAD IN FF #200, HE REGAINED HIS SANITY, AND BEGAN PLOTTING HIS RETURN TO POWER IN FF ANNUAL #15 -- LIBRIAN LOUISE.

WHEN DOOM LOST HIS THRONE, HE ALSO LOST HIS *DIPLOMATIC IMMUNITY*. HE CAN'T AFFORD TA BE CAUGHT BREAKIN' ANY LAWS.

THEN WHY ARCADE?

I DIDN'T SAY HE *COULDN'T* BREAK THE LAW, COLOSSUS. JUST THAT HE *COULDN'T* AFFORD TA GET CAUGHT.

ACCORDIN' TA LOCKE'S NOTE, THIS IS ARCADE'S CELL.

IF STORM WERE HERE, SHE COULD PICK THE LOCK.

BUT SINCE SHE IS NOT, TOVARISCH...

... ALLOW ME TO TRY A MORE DIRECT METHOD.

EMPTY!

I HAD A FEELIN' THIS CAPER WAS GOIN' DOWN TOO EASY. I THINK WE'VE BEEN SUCKERED.

I THINK YOU'RE RIGHT, SHORTY.

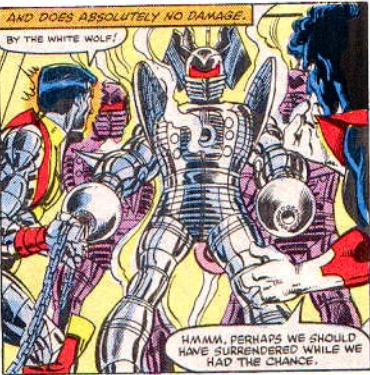
UH-OH.

AS THE QUARTET SABABS DEEP INTO THE CASTLE, COLOSSUS AUTOMATICALLY TRANSFORMS HIMSELF FROM FLESH AND BLOOD TO ORGANIC STEEL. IN THIS ARMORED FORM, HE POSSESSES AWESOME POWER AND NEAR-TOTAL INVULNERABILITY. FOR ALL THAT, HE MOVES AS QUICKLY, AS QUIETLY, AS WOLVERINE.



AND DOES ABSOLUTELY NO DAMAGE.

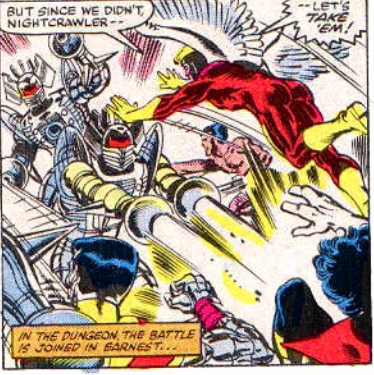
BY THE WHITE WOLF!



HMMM, PERHAPS WE SHOULD HAVE SURRENDERED WHILE WE HAD THE CHANCE.

BUT SINCE WE DIDN'T NIGHTCRAWLER--

--LET'S TAKE 'EM!



IN THE DUNGEON THE BATTLE IS JOINED IN EARNEST...

...WHILE, FAR ABOVE, IN THE CASTLE'S DINING ROOM, DOOMS' CHEF MORE THAN LIVES UP TO HIS REPUTATION.



MINE IS A SOLITARY EXISTENCE. I ENTERTAIN RARELY AND WHEN I DO, I RARELY HAVE A GUEST AS CHARMING AND BEAUTIFUL AS YOU.

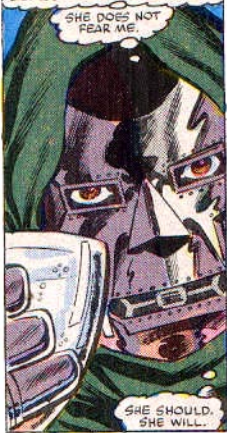
THANK YOU, LORD ROOM.

I'M ACTUALLY... ENJOYING THIS-- AND REGRETTING THAT MY SOLE PURPOSE HERE IS TO KEEP DOOM OCCUPIED WHILE MY FELLOW X-MEN FIND AND FREE ARCADE. THEY SHOULD HAVE REACHED HIS CELL BY NOW.



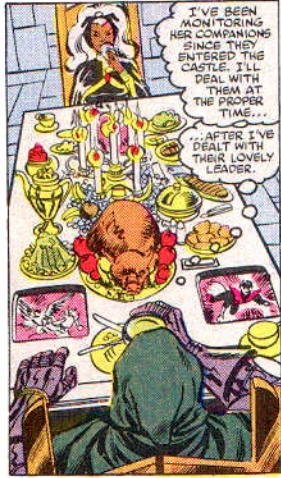
DOOM IS A... FASCINATING MAN.

EXTRAORDINARY. STORM SEEMS DRAWN TO ME, AS I AM TO HER. LIONESS TO LION. QUEEN TO KING.



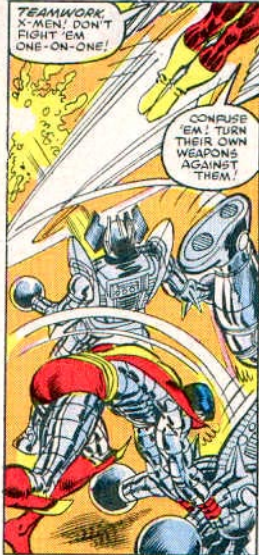
SHE DOES NOT FEAR ME.

SHE SHOULD. SHE WILL.



I'VE BEEN MONITORING HER COMPANIONS SINCE THEY ENTERED THE CASTLE. I'LL DEAL WITH THEM AT THE PROPER TIME...

...AFTER I'VE DEALT WITH THEIR LOVELY LEADER.



CONFUSE 'EM! TURN THEIR OWN WEAPONS AGAINST THEM!



I'M SNAGGED! BUT WHILE THIS GOON HAS ME, I'VE ALSO GOT HIM! WE'RE BOTH IMMOBILIZED.



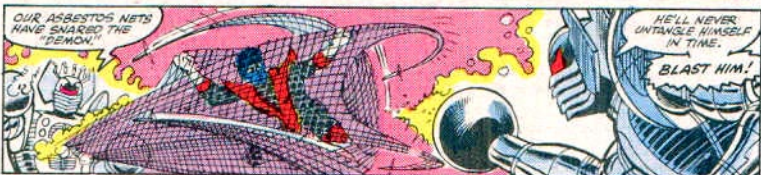
WOLVERINE-- HE'S YOURS!  
WAY AHEAD OF YA, WINGS!

FIRST I'LL CUT YA LOOSE.



THEN I'LL OPEN UP THIS TIN SUIT...

...AN' PUNCH THE LIGHTS' OUTTA WHO-EVER'S INSIDE.



OUR ASBESTOS NETS HAVE SNARED THE "DEMON!"

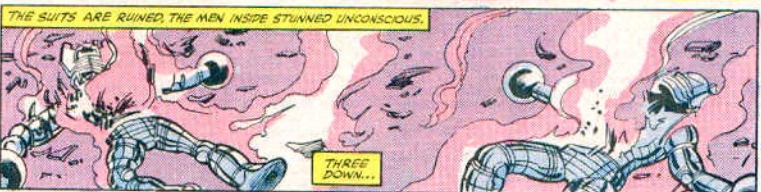
HE'LL NEVER UNTANGLE HIMSELF IN TIME.  
BLAST HIM!



THE BATTLE SUITS FIRE AS ONE...

...AND THE INSTANT THEY DO, NIGHTCRAWLER WITH A JAUNTY GRIN AND A WAVE--

--TELEPORTS.



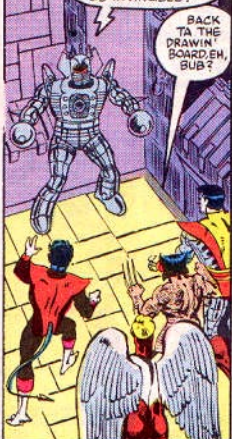
THE SUITS ARE RUINED, THE MEN INSIDE STUNNED UNCONSCIOUS.

THREE DOWN...

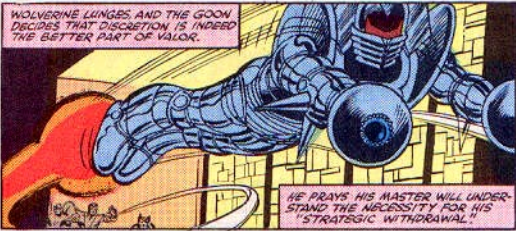
... ONE TO GO.

IT-- IT'S IMPOSSIBLE! THESE SUITS WERE SUPPOSED TO MAKE US INVINCIBLE!

BACK TO THE DRAWING BOARD, EH, SUB?

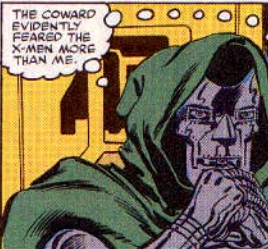


WOLVERINE LUNGES, AND THE GOON DECIDES THAT DISCRETION IS INDEED THE BETTER PART OF VALOR.



HE PRAYS HIS MASTER WILL UNDERSTAND THE NECESSITY FOR HIS "STRATEGIC WITHDRAWAL."

THE COWARD EVIDENTLY FEARED THE X-MEN MORE THAN ME.



I MUST TEACH HIM THE ERROR OF HIS WAYS. HIS... PUNISHMENT SHOULD PROVE A SUFFICIENT OBJECT LESSON FOR HIS COMPRADES. IN DOOM'S SERVICE THERE IS ONLY VICTORY OR DEATH. NEVER DEFEAT.

YOU ARE NOT MY ONLY GUEST, STORM.

ALLOW ME TO PRESENT-- ARCADE.

I BELIEVE YOU KNOW EACH OTHER.

THAT'S A FACT, VIC, THOUGH WE'VE NEVER BEEN FORMALLY INTRODUCED.

HOW DO, SWEET THING.

YOU! A-- "GUEST?!" NOT A PRISONER!?!

NO!!

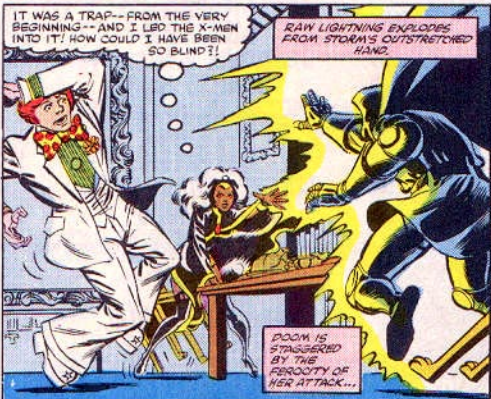


IT WAS A TRAP-- FROM THE VERY BEGINNING-- AND I LED THE X-MEN INTO IT! HOW COULD I HAVE BEEN SO BLIND?!

RAW LIGHTNING EXPLODES FROM STORM'S OUTSTRETCHED HAND.

...BUT THAT IS ALL.

AN ADMIRABLE TRY, STORM. AND AN ADMIRABLE PLAN AS WELL.



DOOM IS STAGGERED BY THE FEROCITY OF HER ATTACK...



AGAINST A LESSER FOE, BOTH MIGHT HAVE SUCCEEDED. BUT I AM DOOM. I HAVE FORGOTTEN MORE ABOUT STRATEGY AND COMBAT THAN YOU ARE EVER LIKELY TO LEARN.

YOU ARE AN ENCHANTING CHILD, MY DEAR. BUT THAT IS ALL YOU--AND YOUR FELLOW X-MEN--ARE.

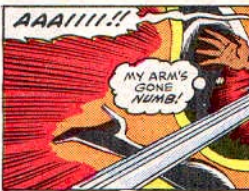


CHILDREN.

THAT GLOBE--IT'S TRACKING ME! I CAN'T EVADE IT! AND THE WINDS I'M GENERATING AROUND ME CAN'T BLOW IT AWAY!

AAAIIII!!!

MY ARM'S GONE NUMB!



SENSATIONS--FIRE AND ICE, SO INTENSE, ABSOLUTE AGONY AND... ECSTASY--SHOOTING THROUGH MY ENTIRE BODY!



GODDESS!

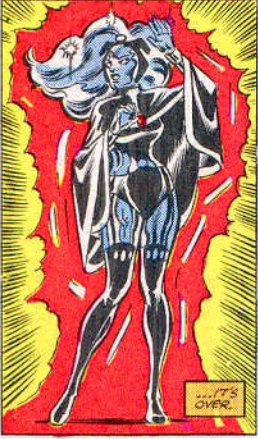
MY HAND--MY FOREARM--HAS TURNED TO CHROME!

WHAT HAS DOOM DONE TO ME!?!

HER CONCENTRATION SHATTERED, STORM LOSES CONTROL OF THE WINDS THAT HELP HER ALOFT AND DROPS TO THE FLOOR, AS SHE LANDS THE TERRIFYING TRANSFORMATION SWEEPS UP HER ARM, ACROSS HER SHOULDERS, DOWN HER SIDE.



IN THE LITERAL BLINK OF AN EYE...



...IT'S OVER.

A MOMENT LATER-- A MINUTE TOO LATE--



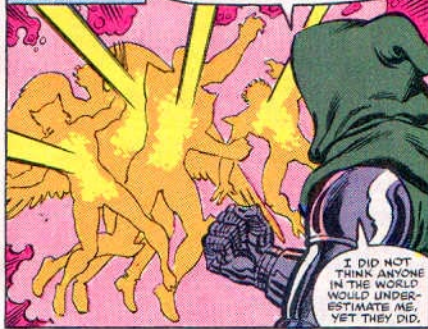
--STORM'S FELLOW X-MEN ARRIVE--

...TO BE JUST AS QUICKLY, AS EASILY DEFEATED.

THEY ARE VERY BRAVE, ARCADE, BUT VERY FOOLISH. I ALMOST FEEL SORRY FOR THEM.

FEEL SORRY FOR YOURSELF, BUTCHER!

YOUR ENERGY WEAPONS HAD NO EFFECT ON ME!



I DID NOT THINK ANYONE IN THE WORLD WOULD UNDERESTIMATE ME, YET THEY DID.



I AM GOING TO RIP YOUR ARMOR FROM YOU PIECE BY PIECE, DOOM.

AND WHEN I AM FINISHED WITH YOU, IT WILL BE ARCADE'S TURN.



DOOM DOES NOT ENGAGE IN FISTICUFFS, YOUTH.

THE EFFECT IS TEMPORARY, BUT UNTIL IT WEARS OFF...

... AS MUCH AS A LIVING STATUE AS STORM. YOU HAVE ENTERED THE LION'S DEN, X-MEN.



YEAARRRRGH!!

ALL I NEED DO IS USE A NEURAL DISRUPTOR TO SCRAMBLE THE MOTOR NEURONS OF YOUR ARMORED BODY.



... YOU WILL BE COMPLETELY PARALYZED...



YOU WILL NOT LEAVE IT ALIVE.

NEXT ISSUE: **MURDERWORLD** A LOVELY PLACE TO DIE!