

MARVEL

THE UNCANNY

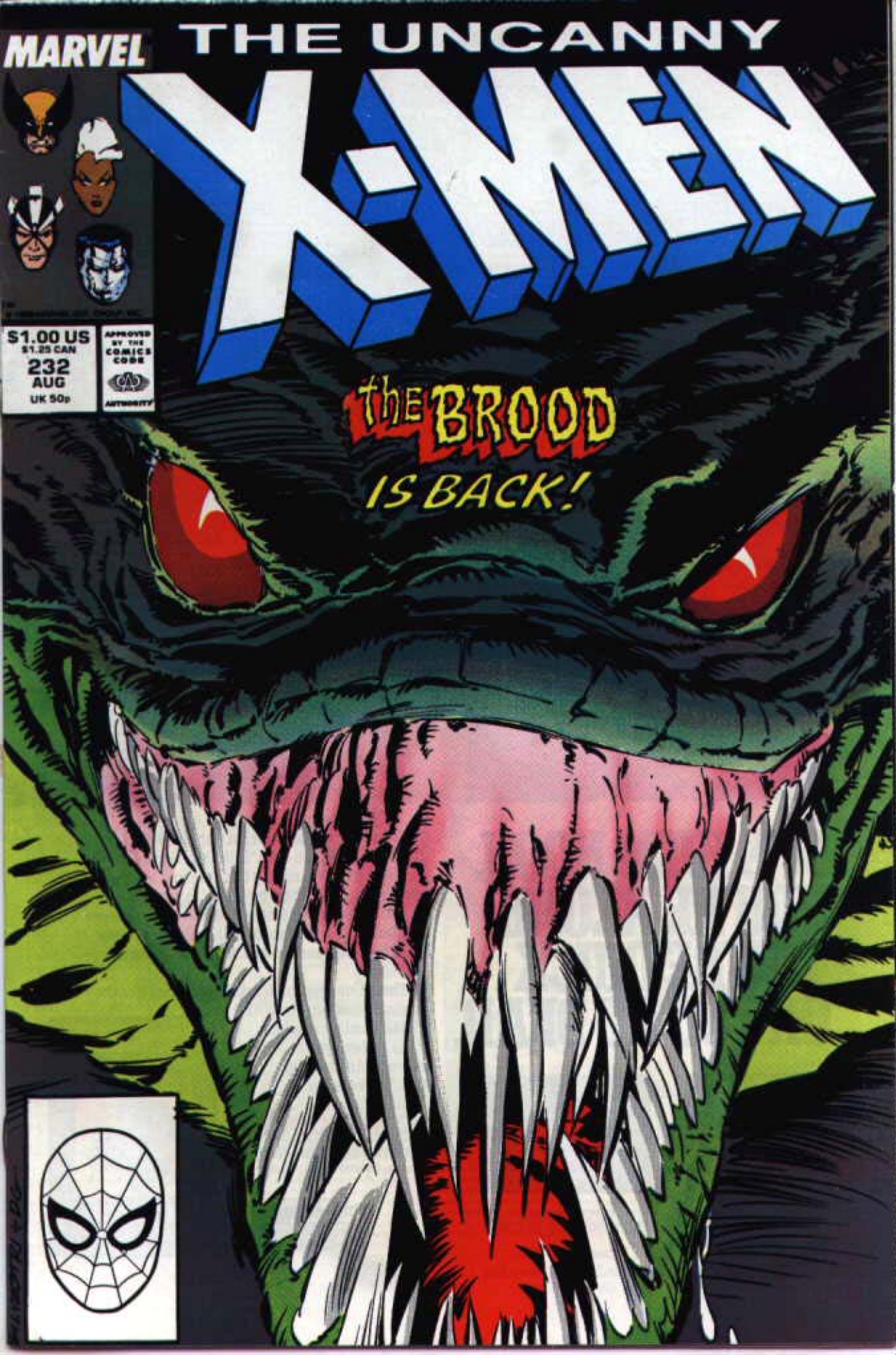
X-MEN



\$1.00 US
\$1.25 CAN
232
AUG
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APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY

THE BROOD
IS BACK!



...IN UPSTATE NEW YORK...

...STORM AND WOLVERINE FIGHT FOR THEIR LIVES AGAINST A TRIO OF WORLD WAR II SUPER HEROES TURNED MURDERING VIGILANTES...

...WHILE...



...IN EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND...

...THEIR FELLOW X-MEN—LONGSHOT, ROGUE, PSYLOCKE AND DATZLER PIT STRENGTH AND SKILL AGAINST ONE OF THE TEAM'S OLDEST, MOST POWERFUL FOES!

...JUGGERNAUT...



...WHILE...

NOT SO LONG AGO...

...IN PARIS, NEW MEXICO...

...LORNA DANE (POLARIS) AND ALEX SUMMERS (HAYOK) DANCE THE NIGHT AWAY AT A LOCAL FIESTA...

...WITH EYES ONLY FOR EACH OTHER...

...AND THE MOST HOPEFUL THOUGHTS AND DREAMS FOR THEIR FUTURE TOGETHER...

...WHILE...



...IN THE RIO DIABLO MOUNTAINS THAT LINE THE HORIZON SOUTH AND WEST OF PARIS...

IS THIS PARADISE, CRUISERS, OR WHAT?

GOTTA ADMIT, SALLY, THIS IS BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY.

DARN STRAIGHT.

MY JOB'D DRIVE ME CRAZY...

IF I DIDN'T HAVE PLACES LIKE THIS CLOSE AT HAND TO ESCAPE TO.



EARTH FALL

A STAN LEE PRESENTATION,
STARRING THE UNCANNY X-MEN

BUT THEN--

-- WITH THE ROAR
OF MOUNTAINS
CRUMBLING AND A
LIGHT LIKE THE DAWN
OF ARMAGEDDON...

THE EVENING'S
SERENITY IS
SUDDENLY
IRREPARABLY
SHATTERED!

LOOK!

UP IN
THE
SKY!!

WHAT THE
DEVIL--?!

A
METEOR--

-- HEADING
RIGHT
FOR US!!

EVERYONE--
FIND COVER--
BEFORE IT HITS!

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TOM ORZECZOWSKI
LETTERER
JOHN NOCENTI
& BOB HARRAS
EDITORS
TOM DE FALCO
EDITOR IN CHIEF



TOO LATE!

BOOM!

WE'RE DEAD
oh LORD
WE'RE DEAD
oh LORD
WE'RE



ALIVE?

DOES THAT MAKE SENSE??

NO WAY, HARRY.

ROCK THAT SIZE SHOULD HAVE IMPACTED LIKE A NUCLEAR BOMB. THIS CLOSE, WE OUGHT TO HAVE BEEN VAPORIZED.

SINCE WE WEREN'T NORMAN...

MAYBE IT WASN'T A METEOR?



C'MON, LET'S CHECK IT OUT.

SAL, DON'T BE STUPID.

YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT'S DOWN THERE.

SUPPOSE IT WAS A PLANE?

BETTER BRING YOUR FIRST AID KIT, HARRY...

IN CASE ANYONE'S HURT.

CRAZY WOMAN, NEVER LISTENS TO ANYONE...

...ALWAYS HAS TO GO HER OWN WAY, NO MATTER WHAT?



WATCH YOUR STEP, WILL YA?

I DON'T WANT TO ADD YOU THREE TO ANY CASUALTIES.

NO NEED TO WORRY ABOUT THAT, COMPADRE.

WOW
oh
WOW



oh
WOW!



IT'S BIG AS A JET-LINER!

THIS IS CRAZY, IT CAN'T BE HAPPENING!

YEAH, RIGHT, FRAN.

THAT'S A SHARK!

MAYBE SOMEBODY THREW IT OUT OF THE OCEAN?

HARRY, LET'S GO, MAN, NOW, FAST AS WE CAN.

CALL THE FEDS-- NASA, THE ARMY, THE AVENGERS, WHATEVER--

--LET THEM DEAL WITH THIS.

THE GROUND'S SO HOT, HARRY, IT FUSED TO GLASS ALONG THE CRASH TRAIL.

SO DON'T BURN YOURSELF, OKAY?



YOU SCARED, SWEETS?

YOU BETCHA!

C'MON-- YOU'RE LETTING ALL THOSE SCI-FI FLICKS YOU LOVE TO WATCH GET TO YOU.

HEY, SALLY, DO ME A FAVOR, NOT SO CLOSE, OKAY?

GET AWAY FROM THERE, PLEASE--

--QUIT POKIN' THAT THING!

TRUST ME, NORM, THE CRITTER'S DEAD.

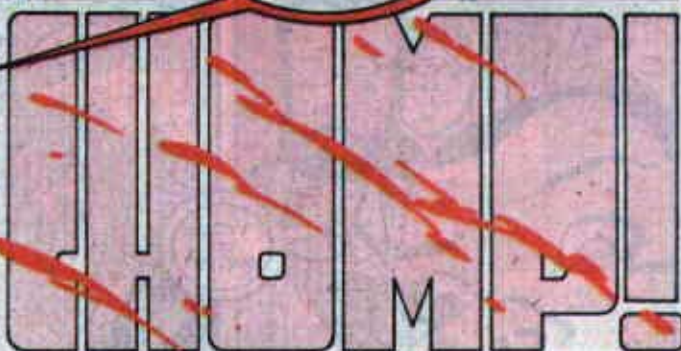
WHY TAKE A CHANCE?



WHAT'S THE POINT OF LIVING, OTHERWISE?

SALLY!

SALLY HARDING, 27. SHE WAS A TEACHER. SHE WANTED TO BE INDIANA JONES.





NUH
NUH
NUH
NUH
N-NUH

Oh!?



OH LORD
DEAR LORD
BLESSED FATHER
WHO ART IN
HEAVEN
HAVE MERCY



THIS ISN'T REAL
I DON'T BELIEVE IT
PLEASE PLEASE
LET IT BE A
DREAM



HARRAIEARRRHH!

NORM BELMONT
WAS AN ACCOUNTANT.
DIVORCED. WITH
THREE KIDS HE NEVER
SAW ENOUGH AND
LOVED WITH
ALL HIS HEART.



HARRY--

--I FELL--

--BROKEN--

--MY ANKLE--



--I CAN'T
WALK!



FRAN MORROW.

FOR PITY'S SAKE--

--HELP ME!



SANG SOLO IN THE CHURCH CHOIR. THAT'S WHERE THEY MET.

HE PRAYS FOR HER SCREAMS TO STOP...

...AND HOWLS INSIDE WHEN THEY DO.



THE NEXT MORNING...

COMING HOME FROM PARIS...



SCREEEEEEEE

HOLY--?!

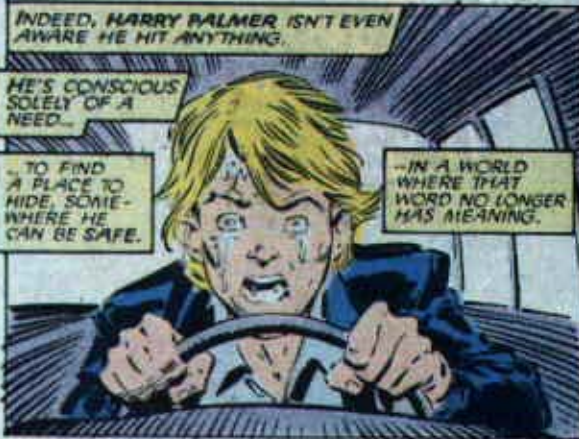
IS THAT CLOWN DRUNK OR CRAZY OR--?



SKRAM!

--LORNA, LOOK OUT!

HARRY'S VW DOESN'T EVEN SLOW DOWN.



INDEED, HARRY PALMER ISN'T EVEN AWARE HE HIT ANYTHING.

HE'S CONSCIOUS SOLELY OF A NEED...

...TO FIND A PLACE TO HIDE, SOMEWHERE HE CAN BE SAFE.

...IN A WORLD WHERE THAT WORD NO LONGER HAS MEANING.



THAT WAS THEN.

WooWoo

THIS IS NOW.







HALF A WORLD AWAY--

--ONE FRONTIER GIVES WAY TO ANOTHER--

--AMERICAN TO AUSTRALIAN--

--WHERE A LONE FIGURE MAINTAINS HIS SEEMINGLY ETERNAL VIGIL.

HE'S A MAN...



...ALTHOUGH HE SEEMS AS MUCH A PART OF THE ELEMENTAL LANDSCAPE AS THE AGE-OLD ROCK HE SITS UPON.

HIS TRUE NAME IS KNOWN TO NONE BUT HIM...

...BUT HE HAS ANOTHER, GIVEN HIM BY THE STRANGERS WHO FIRST CAME TO THIS SACRED PLACE.

IT IS GATEWAY.



THOSE INTRUDERS WERE ENEMIES AND HE SERVED THEM BECAUSE HE HAD NO CHOICE. THE ONES WHO REPLACED THEM, HOWEVER, WHO DWELL HERE NOW, HAVE EARNED HIS FRIENDSHIP.

SUDDENLY, HIS BONFIRE FLARES ALIGHT.



HE SWINGS HIS BILL-ROVIER...

AND WITH A CRACK LIKE THUNDER...

BOOM!

A "GATEWAY" OPENS BETWEEN HERE AND...

...SOMEWHERE ELSE.



AND MADELYNE PRYOR STEPS THROUGH.

Biggie

I KNOW GATEWAY'S OUR PAL...

...THAT IT'S OKAY TO TRUST HIM...



...BUT I'M A PILOT, I'D MUCH RATHER FLY FROM PLACE TO PLACE...

...THAN BE TELEPORTED.

...oh, WHAT'S THE USE!

THANK YOU, SIR, FOR THE TRIP...

I KNOW GATEWAY'S OUR PAL...

...THAT IT'S OKAY TO TRUST HIM...



I MIGHT AS WELL BE TALKING TO THIS HILL.

I COULD BE STARK NAKED...

...AND THAT OLD MAN WOULDN'T BAT AN EYE.



BET THAT'D SPOOK THE X-MEN SOME, THOUGH...

NOW, WHY IS THAT SUCH AN INTRIGUING THOUGHT?

I'M HOME, EVERYONE!

...ESPECIALLY HAVOK.

BACK FROM SYDNEY WITH THE SHOPPING!

HELLO HELLO!



NO ANSWER.

PROBABLY NO X-MEN, EITHER.

TYPICAL.



NEW HAIR-STYLE, NEW OUTFIT...

...AND NOBODY AROUND TO TELL ME...

...HOW ABSOLUTELY GREAT I LOOK.

THE STORY-- OF MY LIFE.



LATER ON...

...IN THE TOWN'S UNDERGROUND COMPUTER CENTER...

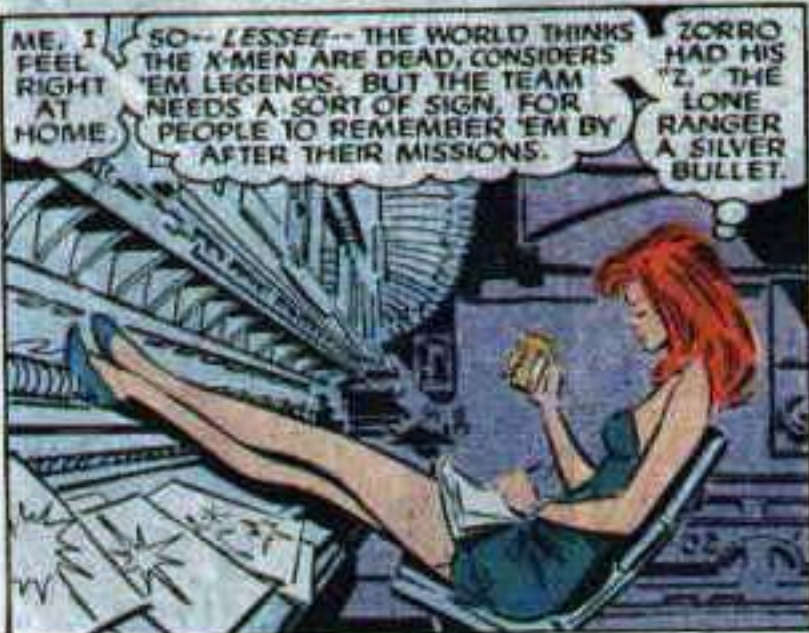
NICE OF THEM TO LEAVE A MESSAGE.

...TELLING ME THEY'RE OFF ON A MISSION.

HOPE IT GOES WELL.

WONDER WHAT I'LL DO IF IT DOESN'T?

FUNNY HOW THIS PLACE GIVES EVERYONE ELSE THE CREEPS.



ME, I FEEL RIGHT AT HOME.

SO-- LESSEE-- THE WORLD THINKS THE X-MEN ARE DEAD, CONSIDERS 'EM LEGENDS. BUT THE TEAM NEEDS A SORT OF SIGN, FOR PEOPLE TO REMEMBER 'EM BY AFTER THEIR MISSIONS.

ZORRO HAD HIS "Z," THE LONE RANGER A SILVER BULLET.



Hmm-- I WONDER--

--LONGSHOT AND DAZZLER BOTH WEAR STARS ON THEIR COSTUMES...

...STARS MEAN THE LAW, THE GOOD GUYS...

...EIGHT POINTS, EIGHT X-MEN...

DEFINITELY HAS POSSIBILITIES.

AMAZING SET-UP. THIS SYSTEMS SO SOPHISTICATED I CAN TAP INTO ANY COMPUTER-COMMUNICATIONS NETWORK ON EARTH...

...YET SO USER-FRIENDLY IT LITERALLY TAUGHT ME HOW TO USE IT.

AWFULLY CONSIDERATE--



...FOR SOMETHING DESIGNED BY A BAND OF THIEVES AND CUTTHROAT KILLERS.

MAYBE TOO CONSIDERATE--

WHAT THE???



A TV INTERVIEW-- IT'S SCOTT!

AND BESIDE HIM -- THAT WOMAN-- SHE'S ME??!

NO!



IT'S MARVEL GIRL-- JEAN GREY-- THE WOMAN HE LOVED BEFORE HE MARRIED ME--

-- BUT SHE'S SUPPOSED TO BE DEAD!

AND THE WAY THEY'RE STANDING, RELATING TO EACH OTHER-- NO WONDER HE LEFT ME-- AND OUR BABY--

...IT'S CLEAR AS DAY...

...HE LOVES HER!

THE WAY HE NEVER LOVED ME!!

CRASH!



SKRAM!



DENVER...

Whizzat!!!

WHAT A DAY!

WEIRD. THE WAY CERTAIN SHIFTS SEEM TO TAKE SO MUCH OUT OF ME.

ALWAYS SEEM TO INVOLVE MUTIES, TOO.

SEEN A LOT OF THEM LATELY.

WONDER WHAT IT MEANS-- ALL THOSE NEWS STORIES. THAT CRAZINESS AWHILE BACK IN DALLAS?

SOME SAY IT'S A BENCHMARK FOR THE HUMAN RACE-- LIKE WHEN CROMAGNON MAN REPLACED THE NEANDERTHALS.

THAT'S SCARY-- I MEAN, HOW CAN NORMAL FOLKS COMPETE, OR EVEN SURVIVE, IN A WORLD FULL OF SUPER-BEINGS. CRIPES, THAT LAWYER, HE WAS A HUMAN DRAGON. HE BREATHED FIRE!

WHUZZAT?!?!?

GEEZ-- TALK ABOUT OVER-REACTING.

NEVER FELT SO ON EDGE.

ENJOY IT WHILE YOU CAN, YOU KIDS.

WHILE IT LASTS.

CYNIC. SIMPLY 'CAUSE YOU HAVEN'T HAD A DECENT RELATIONSHIP SINCE FRAN...

MAYBE IT'S THIS WEATHER--

-- FOG'S GETTING THICKER--

-- MAKING ME SO GLUM AND JITTERY?

MORE LIKELY, HUNGER.

THE HECK WITH COOKING-- I'M STARVING-- I'LL PHONE FOR PIZZA.

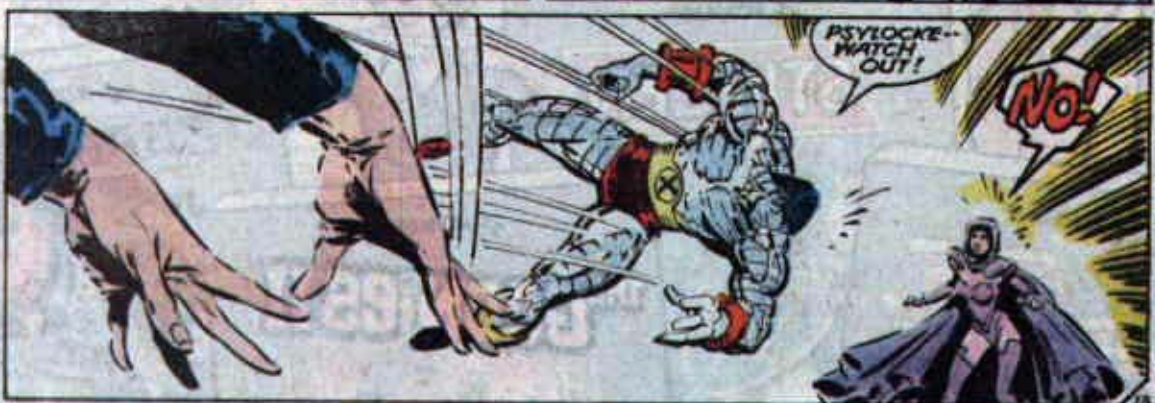
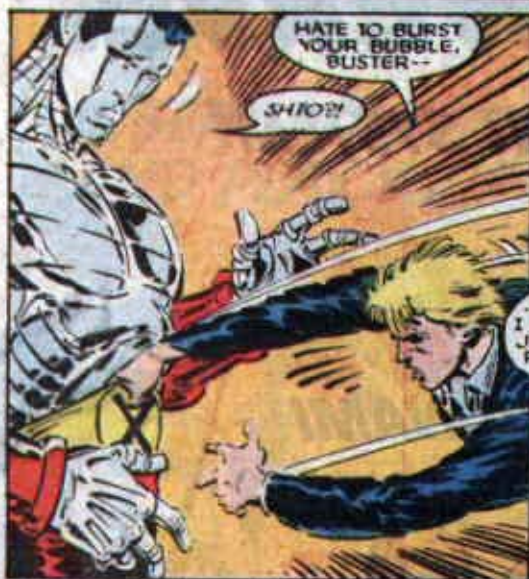
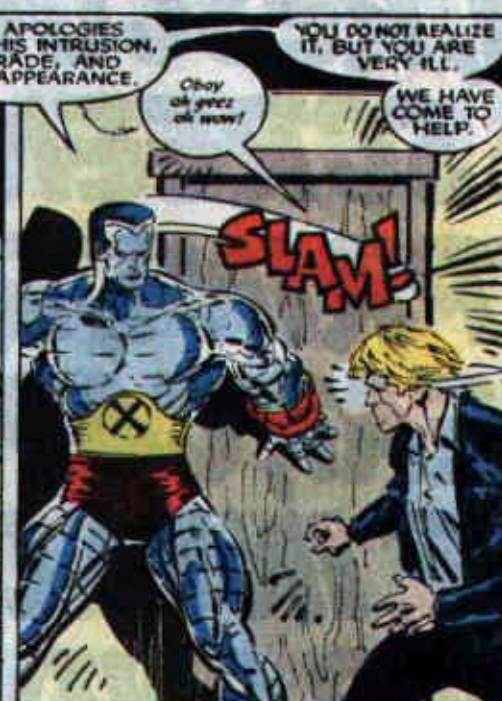
REAL GOTHIC HORROR EVENING, THOUGH.

WATCH, I'LL OPEN MY DOOR...

... AND PROBABLY FIND SOME DEMON QUEEN...

WAITING TO STEAL MY SOUL--

-- HOLY COW?!?!





THAT GUY-- HE WAS MADE OF STEEL--

AS THOUGH HE WEIGHED NOTHING!

SOMETHING ABOUT HIM--

-- BUT I THREW HIM...

-- ALMOST AS THOUGH I KNOW HIM--

-- WHAT AM I DOING --

-- I'M THREE FLOORS UP!!!



I JUMPED--
-- I MADE IT--

-- THIS CAN'T BE HAPPENING--

-- CAN'T WASTE TIME WITH THE DOOR--
-- MY CAR'S LOCKED--

-- THE X-MEN ARE AFTER ME--



-- HUH?!?
HOW DO I KNOW THAT--

YAWWWW!

SORRY, FELLA--

-- BUT YOU'RE IN NO CONDITION TO DRIVE.



HIS ENERGY BEAM-- MELTED MY ENGINE!

X-MEN, X-MEN--

-- WEREN'T THEY THE MUTIES IN DALLAS, SOME SAY THEY'RE GOOD GUYS, OTHERS THEY'RE OUTLAWS, NEVER MET THEM, BARELY HEARD OF THEM --



-- SO WHY DO THEY MAKE ME SO SCARED?!

THAT COUPLE-- MAKING OUT

-- THEY'RE PART OF THIS, TOO!

NO NO NO--

-- THIS IS WRONG, WHY AM I FIGHTING--

-- DEAR LORD, WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME?!!





YOU GOT SLAMMED PRETTY HARD, PSYLOCKE--!

NOT TO MENTION THAT FALL!

FORTUNATE I DECIDED TO EXCHANGE MY OLD COSTUME...

FOR THIS SUIT OF ARMOR.

IT ABSORBED THE BRUNT OF BOTH IMPACTS.

IS MR PALMER A MUTANT, STORM, LIKE US?

NORMAL EARTH PEOPLE AREN'T USUALLY SO STRONG.

THAT'S THE BROOD IN HIM.



IF SO WOLVERINE, THE MAN HAS NO KNOWLEDGE OF IT.

MY FRIENDS-- COULD LONGSHOT BE RIGHT? ARE WE MAKING A TERRIBLE MISTAKE, BY HOUNDING AN INNOCENT MAN?

TRUST ME, DARLIN'.



PALMER WAS INFECTED AT THE CRASH SITE IN NEW MEXICO-- I SPOTTED THAT THE MOMENT I TAGGED HIS SCENT.

AN OLD SCENT, WOLVERINE. CAN YOU TRULY BE CERTAIN?

I'M CERTAIN.



WHATEVER YOUR TELEPATHIC POWERS TELL YOU, PSYLOCKE-- WHATEVER THAT GUY BELIEVES ABOUT HIMSELF-- HE ISN'T HUMAN ANYMORE. HE'S BROOD!

YOU GOT DOUBTS, FINE. LEAVE HIM TO ME.

I FOUND HIM ONCE, I'LL DO IT AGAIN.

WOLVERINE, I WANT THE MAN ALIVE.

ARE YOU CRAZY, STORM?! YOU KNOW HOW DANGEROUS THESE CRITTERS ARE--!

PRECISELY, THINK-- HE HAS BEEN RUNNING FREE EVER SINCE THE CRASH. WE MUST NOT-- DARE NOT-- HARM HIM...



...UNTIL WE HAVE LEARNED IF HE HAS IMPLANTED ANY OTHERS WITH BROOD EGGS...

...AND, IF SO, WHO THEY ARE.

THEN, WE WILL DEAL WITH THEM ALL.



THINK OF THIS AS A PLAGUE, X-MEN, MORE VIRULENT THAN ANY YOU CAN EVEN IMAGINE.

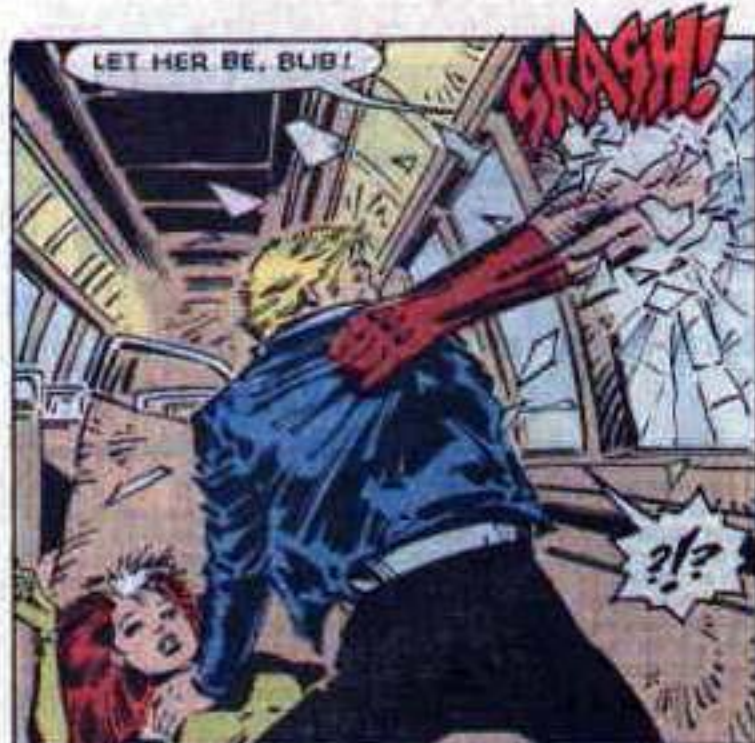
EITHER WE STOP IT NOW-- PRAYING WE ARE NOT ALREADY TOO LATE--

--OR OUR WORLD IS DOOMED.

OPEN A MINDLINK TO ME, PSYLOCKE. I'LL BE IN TOUCH.









BACK OF THE BUS--

-- ON FIRE--

-- GIRL WAS INSIDE--

-- NO HOPE FOR HER--



-- NONE FOR ME.



END OF THE LINE, BUB.



SMASH!



YOU GOT ANY BELIEFS...

...NOW'S THE TIME...

...TO MAKE YOUR PEACE WITH 'EM.



WOLVERINE!

WHERE'S THE DRIVER?

Mah-- HOT-FOOTING IT DOWN THE STREET.

NOT EVEN SCRATCHED, LOOKS LIKE.



WISH AH COULD SAY THE SAME.

LEAVE THE FELLA BE, PARTNER, TIL PSYLOCKE'S DONE.

AND WHAT THEN?!



D'YOU REALLY NEED FOR US T' SAY, MY PALMER?

NOBODY MOVE--

--THIS IS THE POLICE!





I KNOW WHAT I DID, GIRL!
NOW, LEMME GO--
SO I CAN FINISH
WHAT I STARTED!
NO WAY,
MISTER!
YOU'RE
MAKING A
MISTAKE,
ROGUE!

NOT
FROM
WHERE
AH
STAND!
STORM--
X-MEN--
HELP
ME!
WOLVIE'S
GONE
NUTS!



NO--
NO, HE
WASN'T!
I CAN SEE
IT IN HIS
THOUGHTS--
--THOSE HE
ATTACKED,
THEY AREN'T
POLICE
OFFICERS!
THEY'RE
BROOD!



THEY
AREN'T
THE
ONLY
ONES,
X-MEN.
WE'RE
ALL
OF US
BROOD
HERE.
AND SOON,
OLD ENEMIES--
VERY SOON--



AND YOU
WILL BE,
TOO!

NEXT
DAWN OF BLOOD