

MARVEL THE UNCANNY



\$1.00 US
\$1.25 CAN
252
MID NOV
UK 50p

APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY

NOW ON SALE TWICE A MONTH!

X-MEN



WHERE'S WOLVERINE???



HIS NAME IS
DONALD
PIERCE--

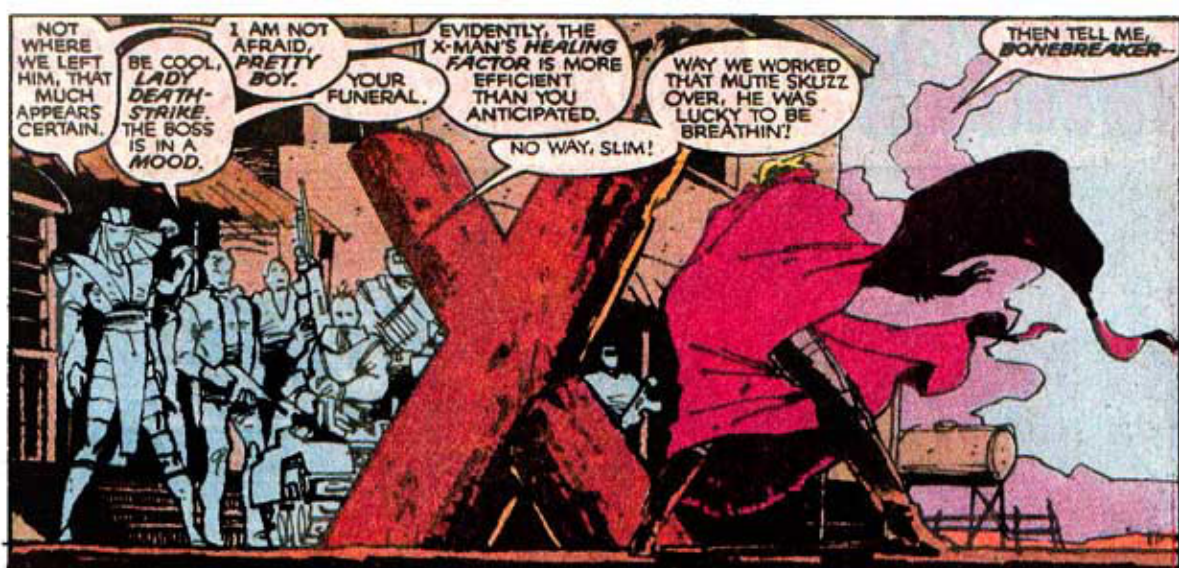
--CYBORG, DEPOSED WHITE
KING OF THE INFAMOUS
HELLFIRE CLUB, NOW LEADER
OF A BAND OF ASSASSINS,
THE REAVERS.

HE IS NOT
AMUSED.

A STAN LEE
PRESENTATION

STARRING THE LAST OF
THE UNCANNY X-MEN

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THE SAME, REGRETTABLY, CAN NOT BE SAID ABOUT THE REST OF YOU.

SEARCH THE TOWN--

--SCOUR THE CATACOMBS BENEATH IT--

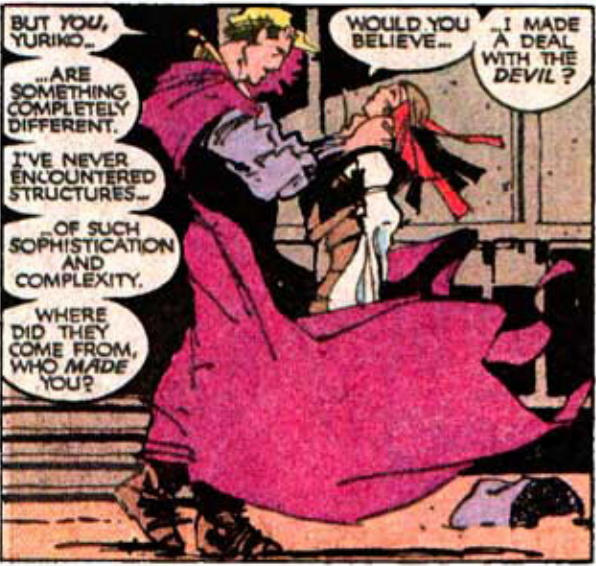
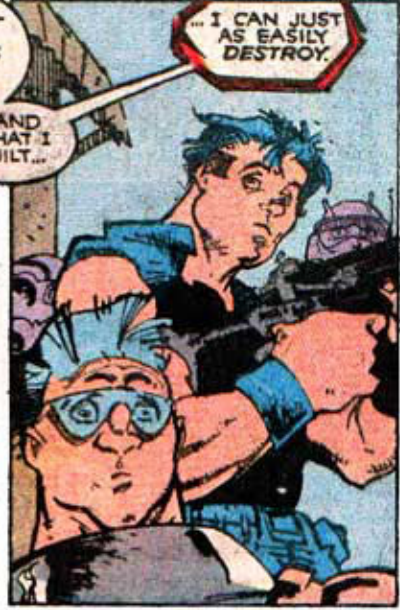
--I WANT WOLVERINE FOUND.

AND I WANT HIM ALIVE.

REMEMBER, REAVERS-- MY GENIUS CRAFTED THE BIONICS SYSTEMS THAT MAKE YOU ALL FAR MORE THAN HUMAN OR MUTANT.

AND WHAT I BUILT...

... I CAN JUST AS EASILY DESTROY.



BUT YOU, YURIKO...

...ARE SOMETHING COMPLETELY DIFFERENT.

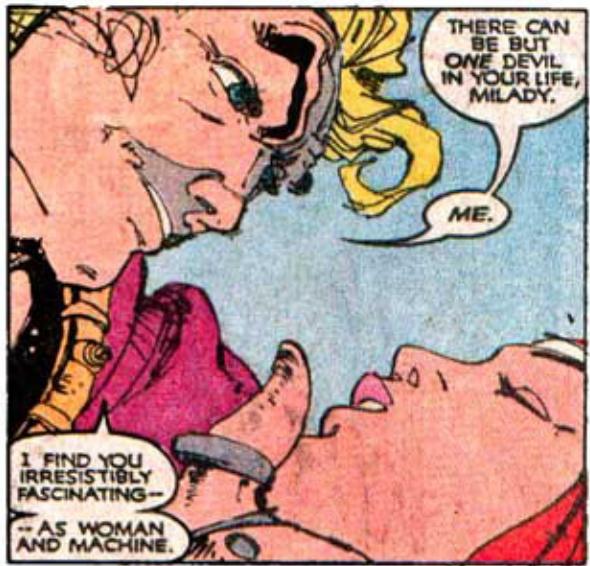
I'VE NEVER ENCOUNTERED STRUCTURES...

...OF SUCH SOPHISTICATED AND COMPLEXITY.

WHERE DID THEY COME FROM, WHO MADE YOU?

WOULD YOU BELIEVE...

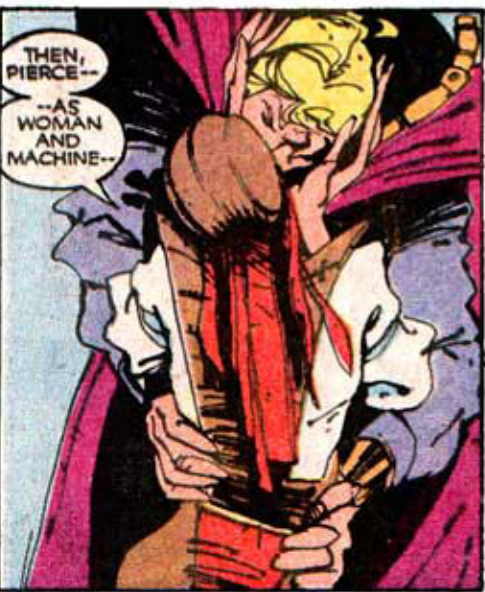
I MADE A DEAL WITH THE DEVIL?



THERE CAN BE BUT ONE DEVIL IN YOUR LIFE, MILADY.

ME.

I FIND YOU IRRESISTIBLY FASCINATING--
--AS WOMAN AND MACHINE.



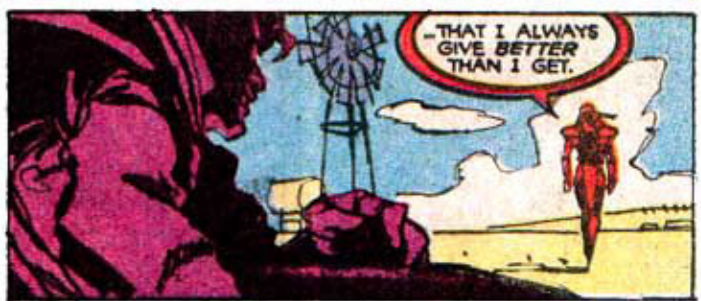
THEN, PIERCE--

--AS WOMAN AND MACHINE--



--AND AS A WARRIOR--

--YOU WILL FIND, POSSIBLY TO YOUR SORROW...



...THAT I ALWAYS GIVE BETTER THAN I GET.



BY THE NUMBERS, TROOPS--

--STAY LOOSE, STAY FR--!

DON'T SAY IT, REESE!

MAN, EVERYBODY SAYS IT!

AIN'T LIKE WE'RE AMATEURS OR NOthin', SARGE.

WE KNOW OUR BUSINESS.

HOUSE SCANS CLEAN.



DOESN'T MEAN ANYTHING. X-MEN ARE ALL INVISIBLE TO ELECTRONIC SENSORS.

I GOT THE DOOR.



COLE COVER HIGH, MACON GO LOW--

Now!

KRAM!

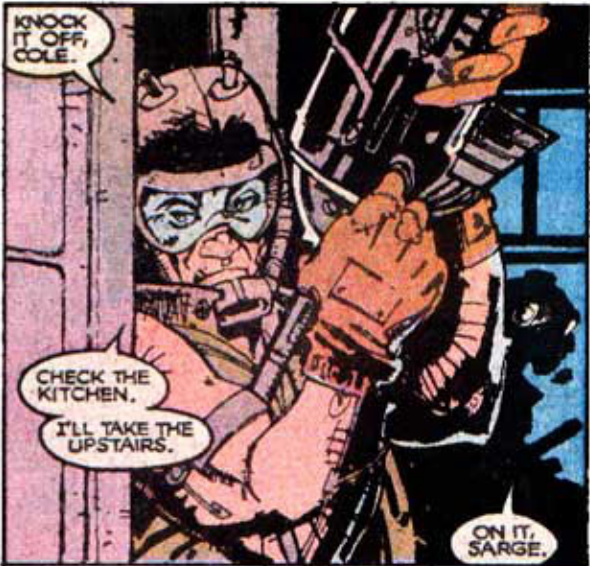


ROOM'S CLEAR, SARGE!

SO'S THIS, REESE.

COME OUT, COME OUT, WHEREVER YOU ARE--

--THERE'S A GOOD LITTLE WOLVIE-WUGGINS!



KNOCK IT OFF, COLE.

CHECK THE KITCHEN.

I'LL TAKE THE UPSTAIRS.

ON IT, SARGE.



Shee... OOT! WILLYA LOOK AT THIS, MACON--

--FRUIT JUICE AN' MINERAL WATER--

--NOT A BEER T' BE FOUND--

--BIMBO DON'T KNOW HOW TO TREAT HER BODY DECENT!



CRIPES, I HATE HEALTH FOOD!

YOU HATE EVERYTHING, COLE.



GETS ME THROUGH THE DAY, BRO'.

YUP! AN' WOLVIE MOST OF ALL!

THAT'S ALL I ASK.



NICE SET O' BERSERKOS.

AN' WOULDJA BELIEVE THE MOUTH ON THESE GUYS!

TOO RUDE!

LOTTA FOOD,

SHAME TO LET IT GO TO WASTE.



BUT IT'S A BIGGER SHAME TO GET CAUGHT. MAYBE THE OTHER X-MEN CAME BACK, CUT HIM LOOSE?

SO WHY DIDN'T THEY PUNCH OUR TICKETS IN THE PROCESS?

NO, MACON, I THINK PIERCE IS RIGHT.

THEY'RE GONE FOR GOOD--

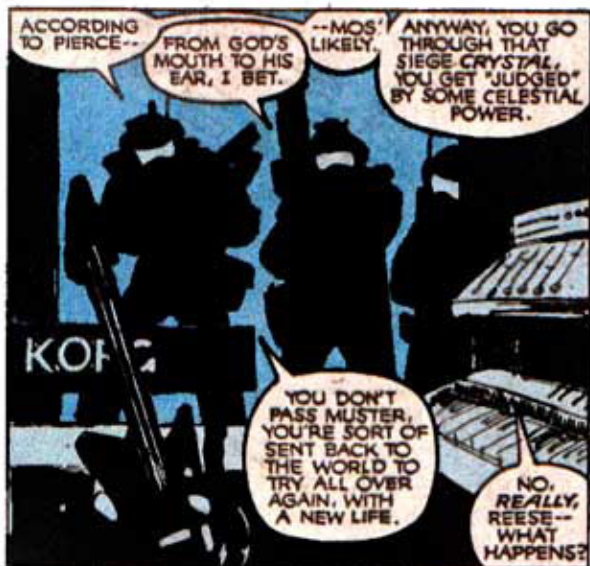
--THROUGH THE SIEGE PERILOUS.



SO WHAT'S THAT MEAN, SARGE--

--WHERE THE HECK'D THEY GO?!

YEAH, REESE-- WHAT HE SAID!



ACCORDING TO PIERCE--

FROM GOD'S MOUTH TO HIS EAR, I BET.

--MOS' LIKELY.

ANYWAY, YOU GO THROUGH THAT SIEGE CRYSTAL, YOU GET "JUDGED" BY SOME CELESTIAL POWER.

KOF

YOU DON'T PASS MUSTER, YOU'RE SORT OF SENT BACK TO THE WORLD TO TRY ALL OVER AGAIN, WITH A NEW LIFE.

NO, REALLY, REESE-- WHAT HAPPENS?



I SWEAR, COLE, THAT'S WHAT THE MAN SAID!

I LIKE MY FIGHTS LIKE I DO MY BABES--

--UP CLOSE AN' PERSONAL!

TOO DARN METAPHYSICAL FOR ME, BRO

DAZZLER

BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU WISH FOR, BRO.

EVERY OTHER TIME WE'VE TANGLED WITH WOLVERINE, IT'S US' BEEN NAILED.



LONGER WE TAKE TO SMOKE HIM OUT, HEALTHIER HE'LL BE-- AN' MORE DANGEROUS.

WAY YOU'RE TALKIN', REESE, THIS TOWN'S THE "NOSTROMO." WE'RE THE CREW...

.. AN' HE'S THE "ALIEN."

YOU GOT IT, COLE.



SHOOT!



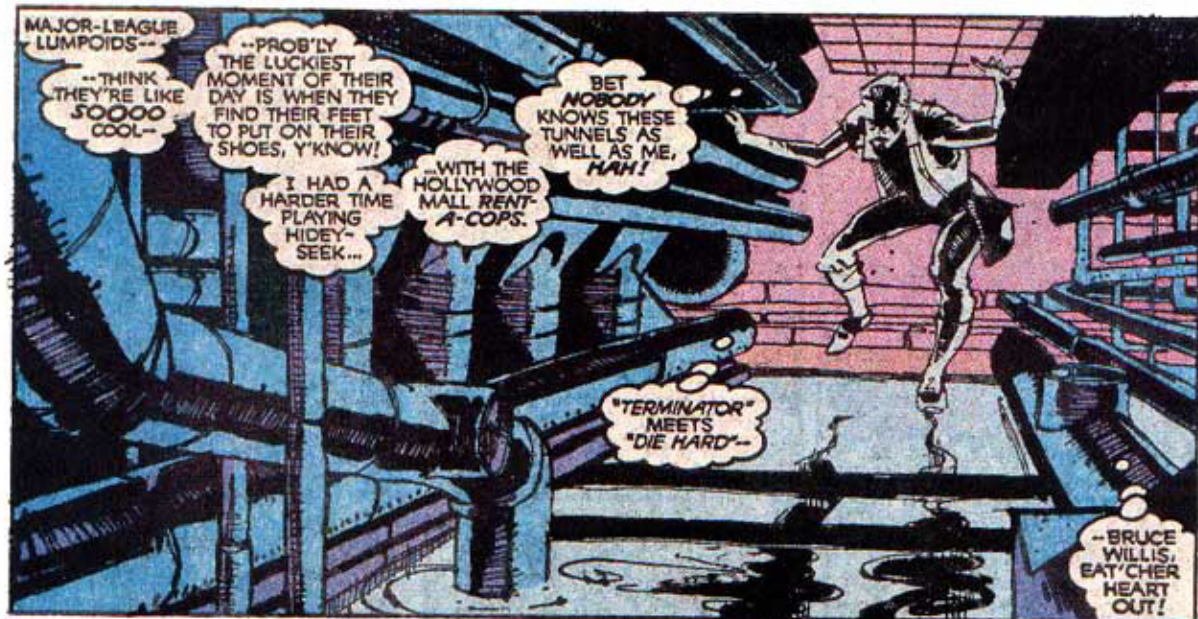
THIRD TRY'S THE CHARMER, REESE.

THAT MUTIE'S LUCK HAS JUST RUN OUT!



WRONG, SKUZZWAD--

--IT'S THIRD STRIKE, YOU'RE OUT!



MAJOR-LEAGUE LUMPOIDS--

--THINK THEY'RE LIKE 5000 COOL--

--PROB'LY THE LUCKIEST MOMENT OF THEIR DAY IS WHEN THEY FIND THEIR FEET TO PUT ON THEIR SHOES, Y'KNOW!

BET NOBODY KNOWS THESE TUNNELS AS WELL AS ME, HAH!

I HAD A HARDER TIME PLAYING HIDEY-SEEK...

...WITH THE HOLLYWOOD MALL RENT-A-COPS.

"TERMINATOR" MEETS "DIE HARD"--

--BRUCE WILLIS, EAT 'CHER HEART OUT!



ONLY-- WHAT'S THEIR BEEF WITH THE X-MEN ANYWAY?

WHY'D THEY WANNA GO HURT WOLVERINE SO BAD?



AN, LIKE, WHAT'LL THEY DO TO ME...

...IF THEY CATCH ME HELPING--



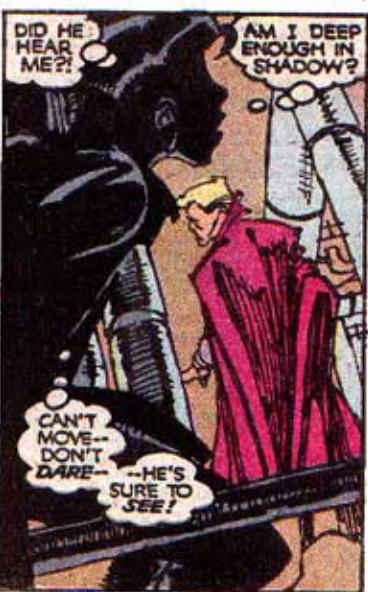
--GASPI!--

PIERCE!



HE'S THE BOSS' BAD GUY!
BEAT ON WOLVIE THE WORST!

OHMIGOSH-- HE'S STOPPING!



CAN'T MOVE-- DON'T DARE--

--HE'S SURE TO SEE!

AM I DEEP ENOUGH IN SHADOW?

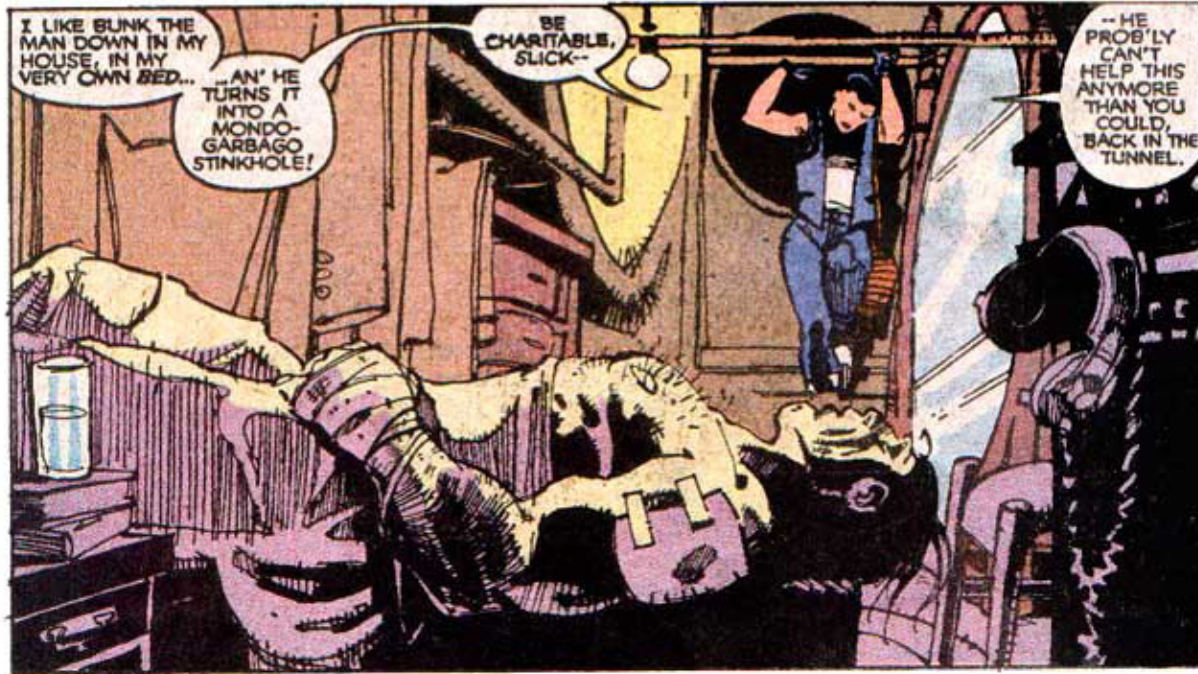
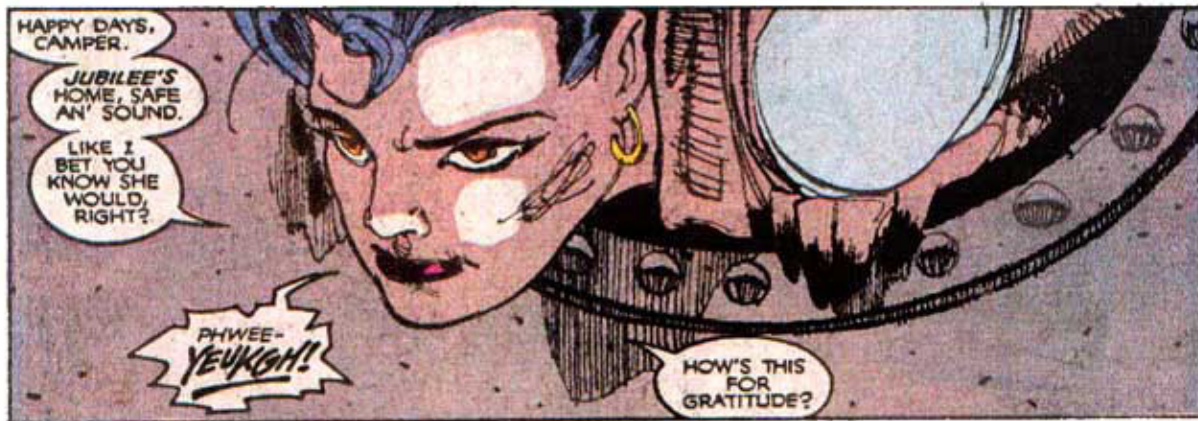


PLEASE DON'T LOOK PLEASE GO AWAY DON'T DO ANYTHING TO MAKE HIM NOTICE

HEART BEATING SO FAST SO LOUD HOW CAN HE NOT NOTICE

PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE

PASS ME BY!





Hsssst!
I BANDAGED HIM, BEST I COULD.

(SMART MOVE, PARENTALS, POPPING ME INTO SCOUTING.)

(TOTALLY PALE ATTITUDE, BUT THE MERIT BADGES COME IN TRES HANDY!)

BUT HE'S STILL BLEEDING.

WHAT DO I DO IF, LIKE, IT DOESN'T STOP?



HEY--

--LOOKIN' MY WAY, huh, MISTER--

--SO LIKE, YOU AWAKE, THEN?



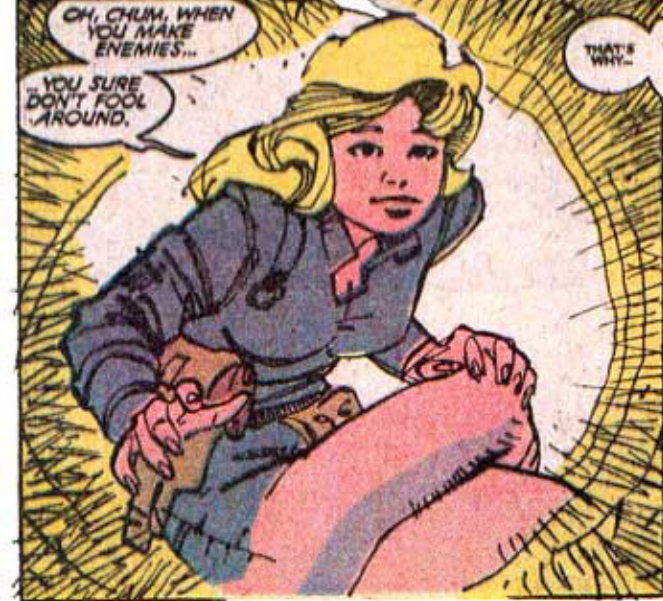
AM I DEAD?



ORVERY CUSS LIKE YOU, LOGAN?

WAT FLAMIN' CHANCE.

CAROL DANVERS?



OH, CHUM, WHEN YOU MAKE ENEMIES...

...YOU SURE DON'T FOOL AROUND.

THAT'S WHY...

...I TRY NOT TO LEAVE ANY ALIVE.



ANY "WHAT" ALIVE?

GEEZ-LOUISE, YOU'RE HOT WITH FEVER.

HOPE THIS DOESN'T HURT TOO MUCH...

...BUT I GOTTA REPLACE THESE BANDAGES, AN-- PHEW-STINKEE-- CLEAN THE MESS. I'D TRY FOR A HOSPITAL...



...BUT THE UPSTAIRS IS LIKE JAM-CRAMMED WITH THE OPPOS.

ULTIMAX BAD NEWS BEARS Y'KNOW. TOTAL TOADSTOOLS.

NO MATCH FOR ME, THOUGH. THIS IS LIKE LOTS SCARIER THAN THE MALL...



...BUT MORE FUN.

REAVERS AN' THE MALL, THEY GOTTA LOT IN COMMON.

BOTH PRODUCTS OF THE CHINESE TAKE-OUT SCHOOL OF DESIGN!

NICK?



Y'KNOW, A BIT FROM COLUMN "A"...

SOME-THING ELSE FROM COLUMN "B"...

...WHO CARES IF THE ELEMENTS DON'T MATCH.

YOU CAN'T KILL EVERYBODY, PAL.

SURE WORKED FOR ME, EUB...

...TILL I SIGNED ON WITH THE X-MEN.

SERGEANT NICK FURTY!



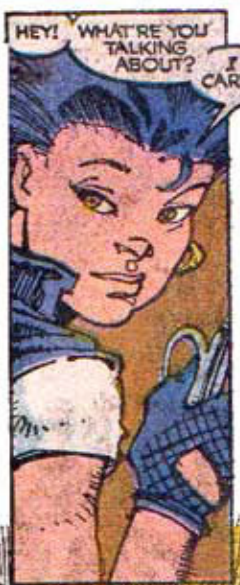
SCUSE ME ALL TO BLAZES, CHUM, BUT AREN'T YOU THE SWEETHEART WHO SAID:

...CHANGE IS GROWTH AND GROWTH, LIFE?

ANY LOOK WHERE IT GOT ME!

I WAS BETTER OFF THE WAY I WAS. ALONE. NO ONE TO WORRY ABOUT.

OR CARE WHETHER I LIVED OR DIED.



HEY! WHAT'RE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

I CARE!



HEY!

WHADDYATHINKYERDOIN'?

LEGGO A ME-- YOU'RE HURTING!

WHO--

--YOU?



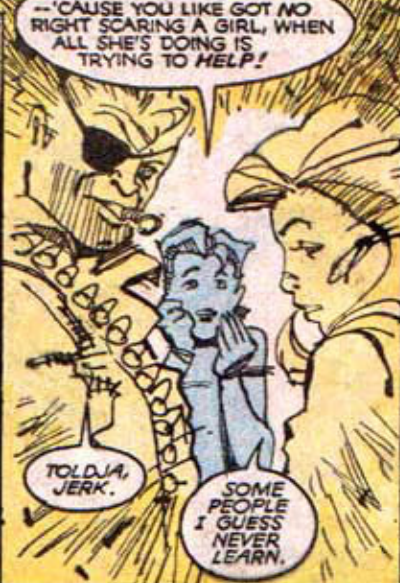
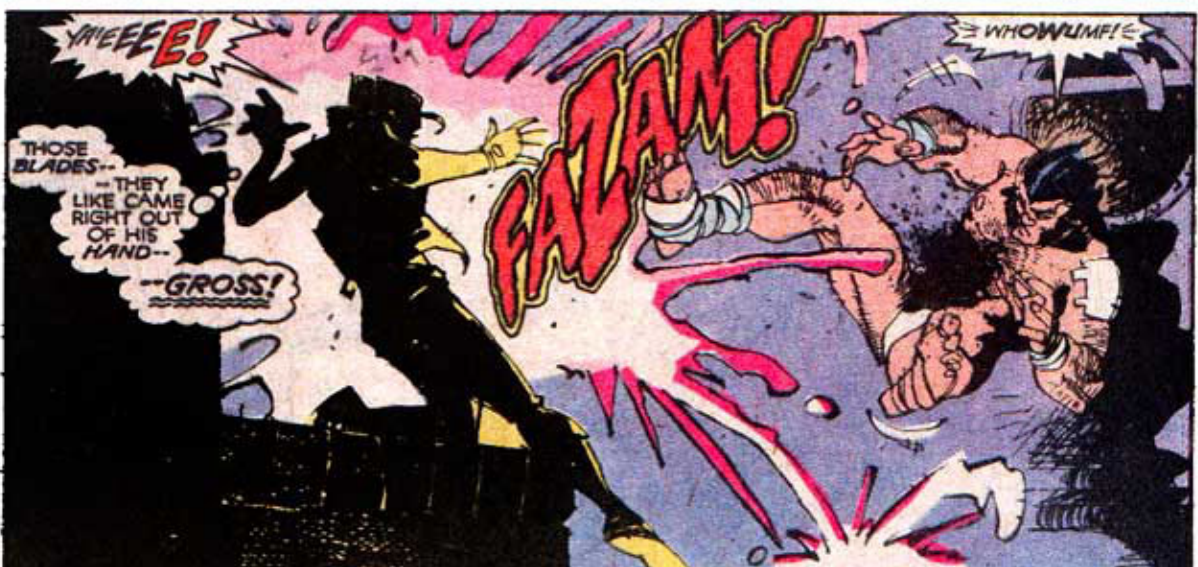
LOGAN-- CUT THIS OUT, YA CANUCKLEHEAD!

SHE'S A FRIEND!

I-- I'M JUBILEE!

LISTEN TO US--

--THE GIRL'S TRYING TO SAVE YOUR LIFE!



MEANWHILE...

IN THE UNDERGROUND COMPUTER CENTER THAT MONITORS AND CONTROLS THE VAST, SPRAWLING COMPLEX HIDDEN BENEATH THE TOWN...

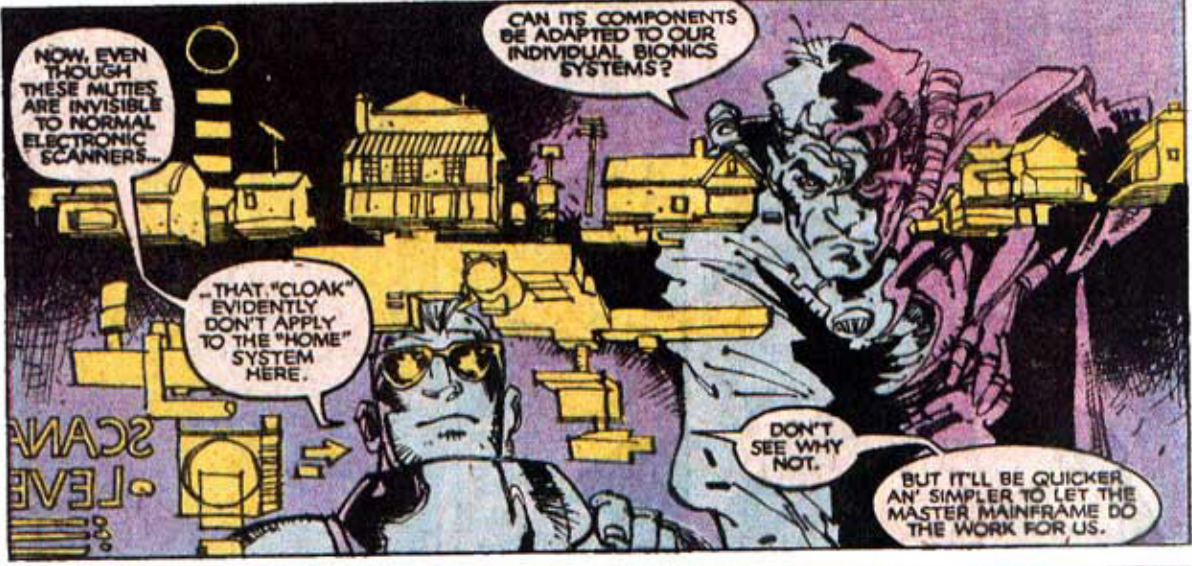


WELL, BONE-BREAKER?

INSTALLATION'S SO BIG, BOSS, WE TRY SEARCHIN' ON FOOT...

...WE GOT NO GUARANTEES, AN' LESS HOPE.

WE KNOW THE X-MAN'S HURT, PROBABLY MEANS HE DIDN'T TRAVEL FAR BEFORE GOIN' TO GROUND.



NOW, EVEN THOUGH THESE MUTIES ARE INVISIBLE TO NORMAL ELECTRONIC SCANNERS...

CAN ITS COMPONENTS BE ADAPTED TO OUR INDIVIDUAL BIONICS SYSTEMS?

...THAT "CLOAK" EVIDENTLY DON'T APPLY TO THE "HOME" SYSTEM HERE.

DON'T SEE WHY NOT.

BUT IT'LL BE QUICKER AN' SIMPLER TO LET THE MASTER MAINFRAME DO THE WORK FOR US.



THOSE SYMBOLS IN THE HOTEL, WHAT ARE THEY?

LOCATION-- WOLVERINE'S ROOM.

INSIDE-- PRETTYBOY.

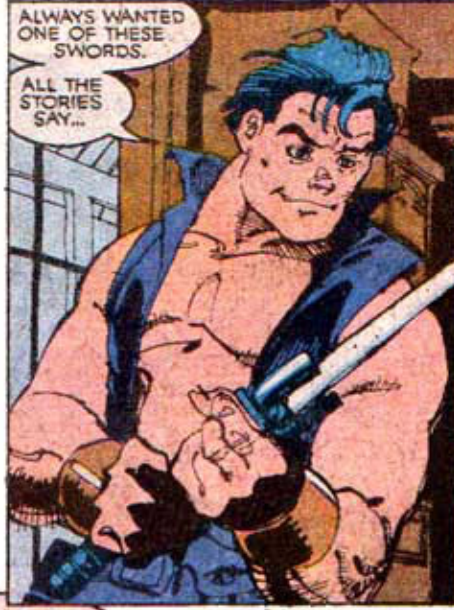
APPROACHING DOWN THE HALL--

--AN' FROM THE SENSORS, HAWHRR, MIGHTILY AGITATED, POOR SWEET-THING--

-- LADY DEATHSTRIKE!



NICE PIECE OF WORK.



ALWAYS WANTED ONE OF THESE SWORDS.

ALL THE STORIES SAY...

...THEY'RE THE SHARPEST BLADES ON EARTH!



LET'S GIVE IT A SHOT!

SLISH-SLASH-- NOT TOO SHABBY--

--WOLVERINE'S HISTORY!



--AN' HOT ON HIS HEELS TO HADES...
--THE X-MAN'S SWEETIE...



...MARIKO YASHIDA!



THUD!



I WANT THE SWORD, PRETTYBOY.

FINDER'S-KEEPERS, HONEY-BUNCH.

BUT, HEY, NO NEED FOR US TO FIGHT...



...WHEN WE BE THE VERY BEST OF FRIENDS.



BY MY ANCESTORS!

RELAX, LOVEY, ENJOY!

ONCE THESE FILAMENTS BURROW INTO YOUR BRAIN...

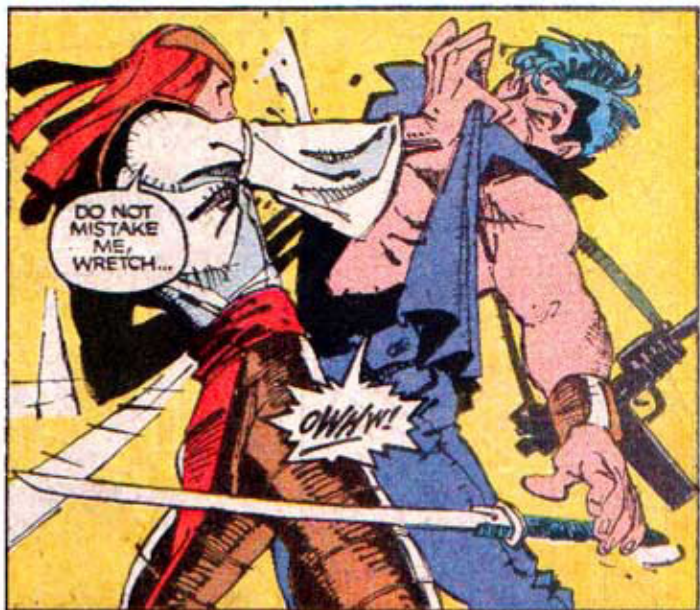
...AND REWRITE YOUR PSYCHIC SOFTWARE...



OVER YOUR DEAD BODY, GAWIN!

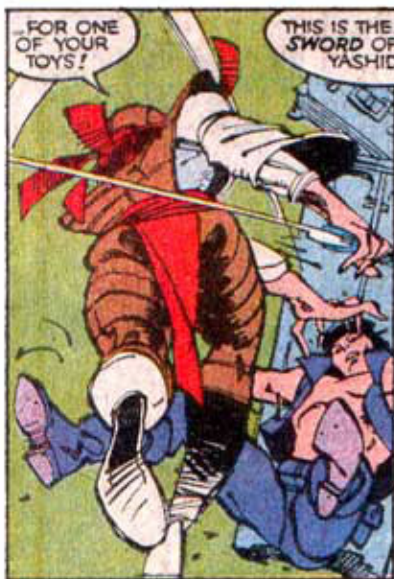
SLAAT!

AWAIEEE!



DO NOT MISTAKE ME, WRETCH...

OWWWW!



...FOR ONE OF YOUR TOYS!

THIS IS THE HONOR SWORD OF CLAN YASHIDA--



--AMONG THE FINEST OF ITS KIND EVER FORGED.

NONE MAY WIELD IT BUT THE LORD OF THE CLAN, OR ITS CHAMPION!



THEN, SWEETS, YOU GOT ABOUT AS MUCH RIGHT TO IT...

...AS ME-- SO WHERE'S THE BEEF?



AT LEAST, I AM DAIMYO--

...NOBLE-BORN TO A HOUSE AS OLD AND RESPECTED AS THE YASHIDAS.

YOU ARE LESS THAN NOTHING.

AND WILL NOT TOUCH THIS BLADE AGAIN.



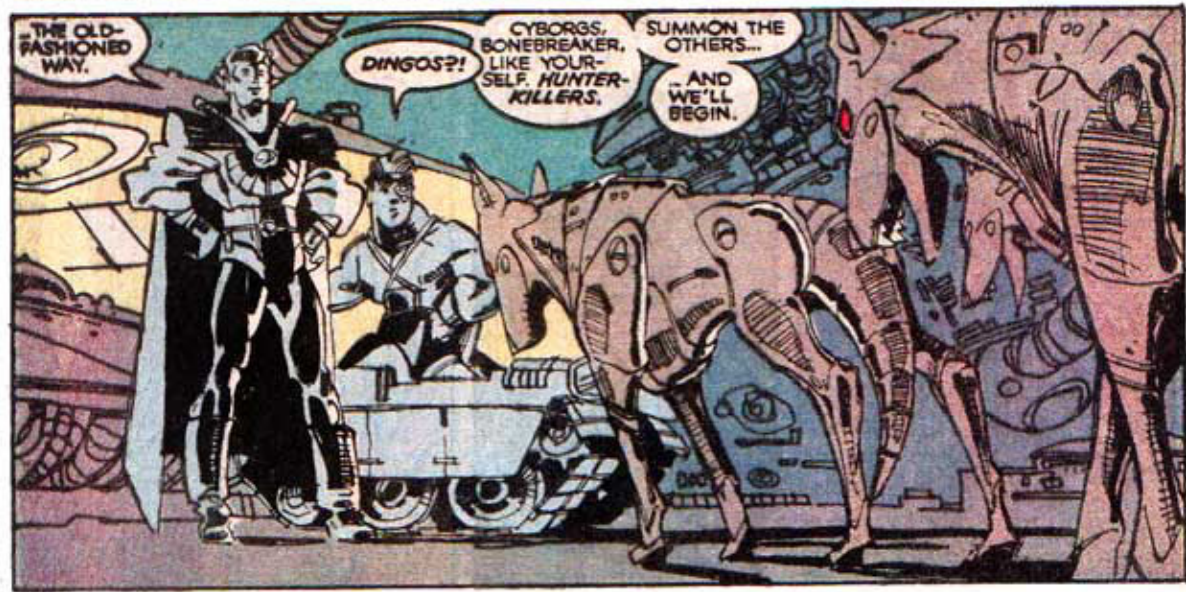
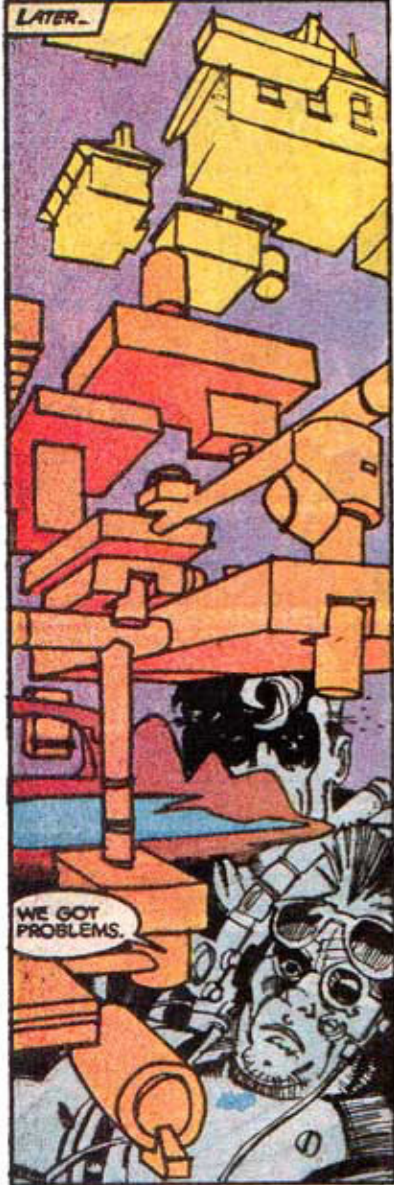
ON PERIL OF MY LIFE, RIGHT?

SURE, WHY NOT, WHAT THE HECK--



...WHO NEEDS A STUPID SWORD..

... WHEN THERE ARE LADIES TO CONQUER.





HEY!

EXCUSE ME FOR LIVING, Y'KNOW, BUT WOULD SOMEBODY MIND CLINGING ME IN ABOUT WHAT THE HECK IS GOING ON HERE??!

I MEAN, LIKE, FR INSTANCE, A GIRL CLOSES HER EYES TO CATCH SOME LIKE REALLY SERIOUSLY NEEDED Z's, I MEAN, I FIGURE I'M ENTITLED, IT AIN'T AS THOUGH I HAVEN'T LIKE BEEN WORKING MY BEE-HIND TO THE BONE TRYING TO KEEP A CERTAIN PERSON WHO OUT OF COURTESY SHALL REMAIN NAMELESS...

AN' ZAMMO, LIKE HERE WE ALL ARE IN THE WIDE OPEN SPACES...



... WHERE INCIDENTALLY THOSE TERMINATOROIDS CAN PROSBLY SPOT US FROM LIKE A ZILLION MILES AWAY...

... LIKE BREATHING!

AN' YOU'RE PLAYING "MR. MEDIATOR" WITH GRAM'PA GEEK!

THAT'S RIGHT, DON'T SAY A WORD, THINK ABOUT YOURSELVES...



... NEVER ABOUT ME, or NO, FORGET THAT I'M THE ONE...



... HAS TO GO SWIPE FOOD AN' WATER AN' MEDICINE AN' STUFF...

... NO MATTER HOW SCARED I FEEL.

I MEAN, I DON'T WANT TO UPSET YOU OR ANYTHING, PALS, BUT



THIS IS NOT FUN!



Y'KNOW? MIGHT AS WELL BE TALKING TO MYSELF!



HEY--
WHERE'D
THE SUN
GO?

IS IT NIGHT
ALREADY?

WOW!

NICE
STARS.



DON'T SEE 'EM LIKE THIS
BACK IN LA-LA LAND.

TOO MUCH
SMOG--
YIKES!

BOOM!

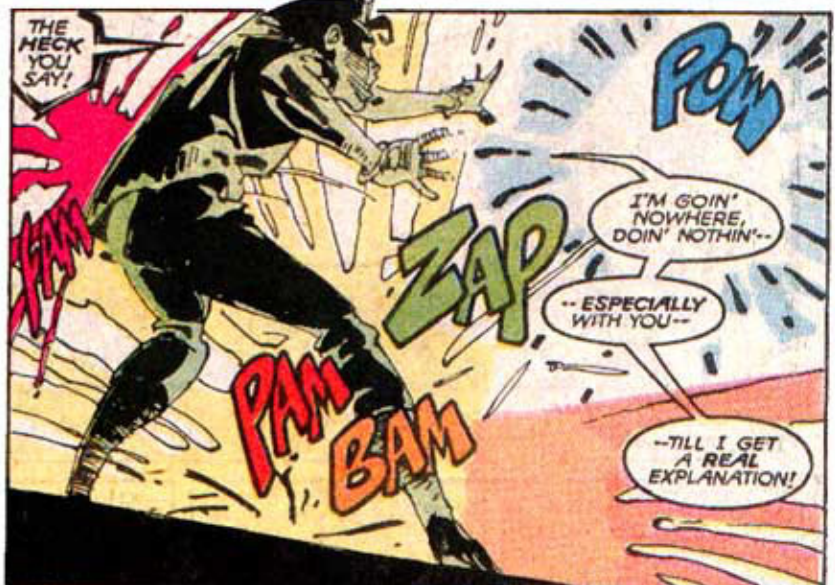


Y'KNOW,
LIGHTING A
FIRE MAY
NOT BE
THE MOST
BRILLIANT
IDEA.

WHERE'S
MR. GATEWAY?

HE'S
OUTTA THE
PICTURE.

IT'S
JUST YOU
AN' ME,
KID.



THE
HECK
YOU
SAY!

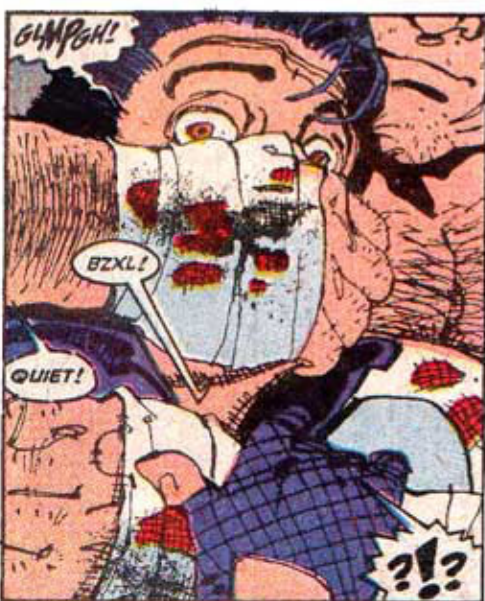
POW

I'M GOIN'
NOWHERE,
DOIN' NOTHIN'--

-- ESPECIALLY
WITH YOU--

PAM
BAM

--TILL I GET
A REAL
EXPLANATION!



GLMPGH!

BZXL!

QUIET!

?!?



NOT A
WORD,
GIRL,
NOT A
SOUND--

-- AN'
ESPECIALLY
NONE OF YOUR
FLAMIN'
FIREWORKS--

--DREAMTIME'S
DONE, WE'RE
BACK IN THE
REAL WORLD...

AN' PIERCE'S
REEVERS ARE
HUNTING!



ALL OF YOU MAINTAIN DIRECT, REAL-TIME TELEMETRY LINKS WITH ME.

WHATEVER YOU DISCOVER, NO MATTER HOW TRIVIAL...

...I WANT TO KNOW ABOUT IT!



THIS COMPLEX IS TOO VAST FOR US TO COVER AS A GROUP.

WE'LL SEPARATE INTO SMALLER TEAMS

GREAT, THAT MAKES FOR REALLY GREAT ODDS.

OURS AIN'T TO REASON WHY, MACON...

Y'KNOW, COLE, I MATE THAT SAYING.



YOU'RE WELCOME TO STAY WITH ME, YURIKO.

I PREFER, LORD, TO GO MY OWN WAY.

THEN TAKE ONE OF MY CYBORG DINGOS.

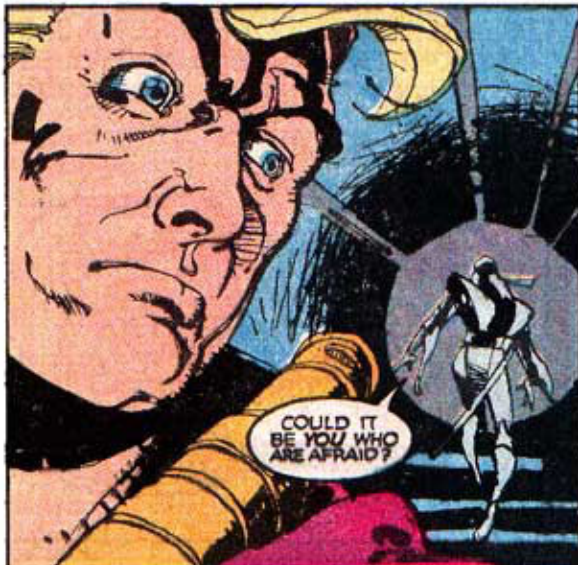
FOR ASSISTANCE. AND, IF NECESSARY, PROTECTION.

THANK YOU, NO.



SO, LADY DEATHSTRIKE, YOU TRULY BELIEVE YOU'RE A MATCH FOR WOLVERINE?

WHY IS IT YOU ARE SO CONCERNED, LORD?



COULD IT BE YOU WHO ARE AFRAID?



IS IT MY IMAGINATION, GUYS...
...OR DO NONE OF THESE TUNNELS LOOK FAMILIAR?

STINKIN' STEAM!

BEEN SOME MAJOR CHANGES, PRETTY BOY...

...SINCE THE X-MEN THREW US OUT.



SETS UP TOO MUCH BACKGROUND HEAT.

INFRA-REG CAN'T GET A DECENT TRACKING LOCK ON ANY RESIDUAL TRAILS.

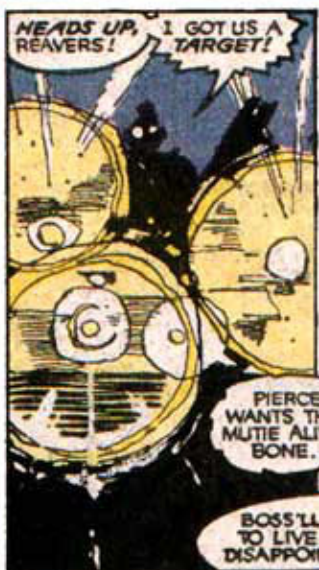


WHY AM I NOT SURPRISED?

RELAX, SEEN TOO MANY SCARY MOVIES...

...THAT'S YOUR PROBLEM.

WE GET AMBUSHED, SKULL, IT'S OUR PROBLEM. AN' OUR BUTTS!



HEADS UP, REAVERS! I GOT US A TARGET!

PIERCE WANTS THE MUTIE ALIVE, BONE.

BOSS'LL JUST HAVE TO LIVE WITH THE DISAPPOINTMENT, SKULL.



I AIN'T TAKIN' NO MORE CHANCES!

WHY'S THE CEILING SO WET? SEEPAGE?? BUT FROM WHERE???

TAP INTO INERTIAL GUIDANCE...

... DETERMINE OUR PRECISE LOCATION ...



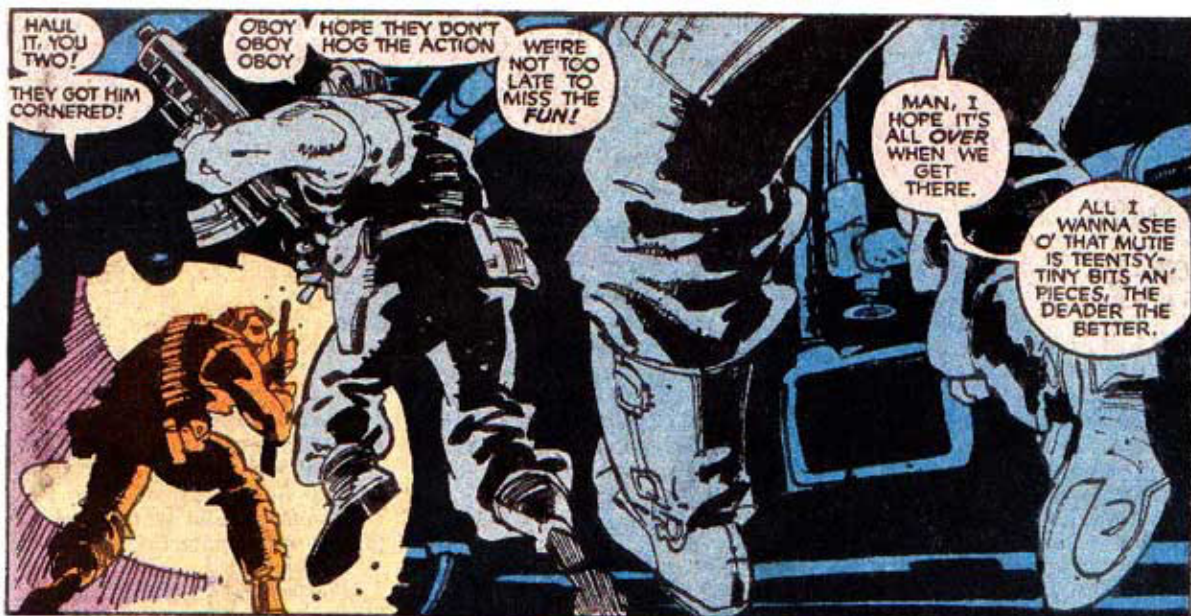
QUIT TALKIN' A YERSELF, PRETTY BOY--

--GUN 'IM!

BONE, NO--

--FOR THE LOVE OF MERCY--

--DON'T SHOOT!



HAIL IT, YOU TWO!
THEY GOT HIM CORNERED!

OBOY OBOY OBOY

HOPE THEY DON'T HOG THE ACTION

WE'RE NOT TOO LATE TO MISS THE FUN!

MAN, I HOPE IT'S ALL OVER WHEN WE GET THERE.

ALL I WANNA SEE O' THAT MUTIE IS TEENTSY-TINY BITS AN' PIECES, THE DEADER THE BETTER.



SCARED, MACON?

AIN'T'CHU, BRO'?

FEEL THAT BREEZE?

WHASSAT NOISE, SARGE?



BODY COMIN'—FAST-MOVER—

--PRETTY BOY!

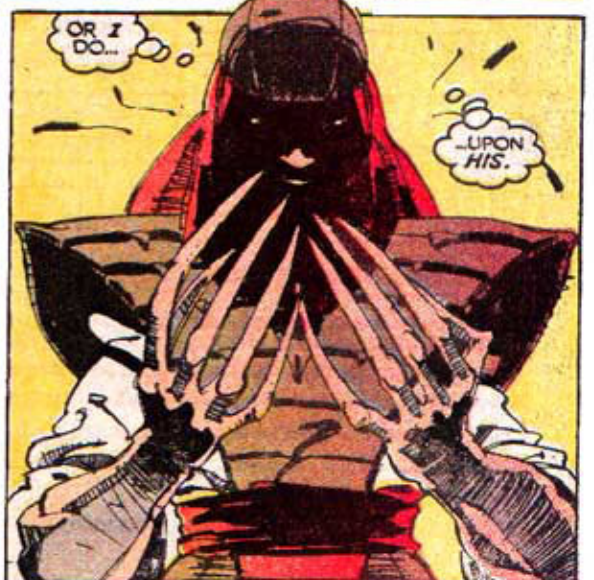
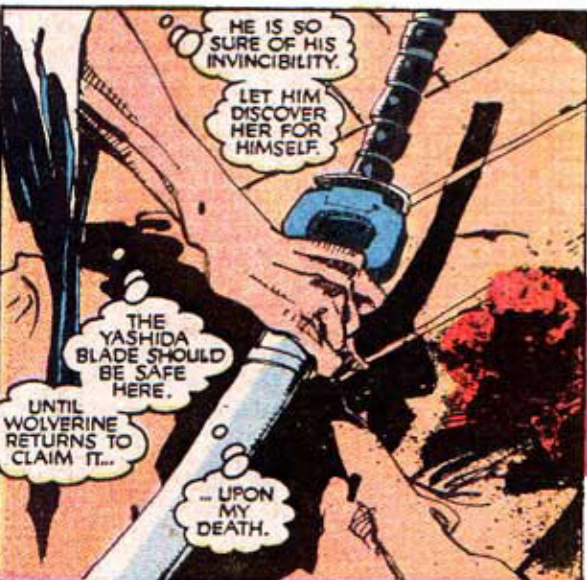
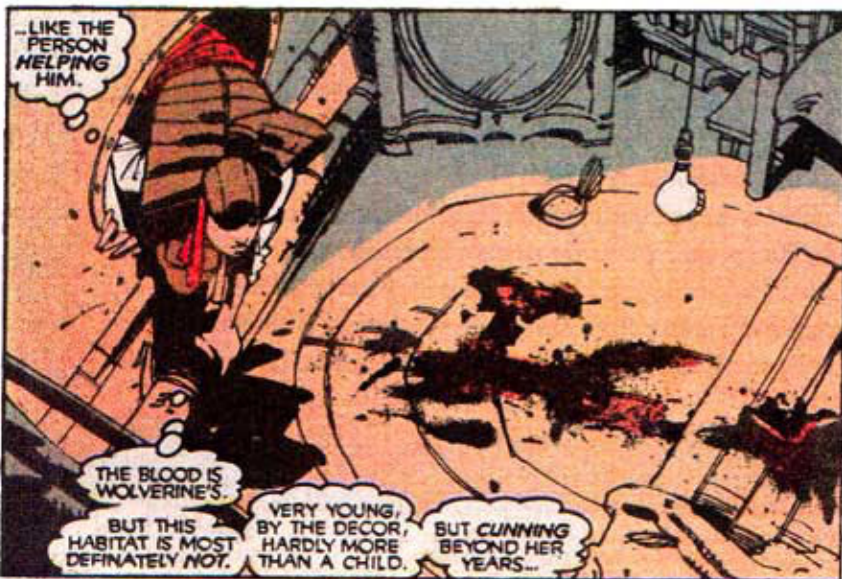
GET OUTTA THE WAY YOU STUPID SKANKS!

RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!

MY PEA-BRAIN PARTNERS BLASTED A HOLE THROUGH THE BOTTOM OF THE LAKE—



—IT'S FLOODING THE TUNNEL!!



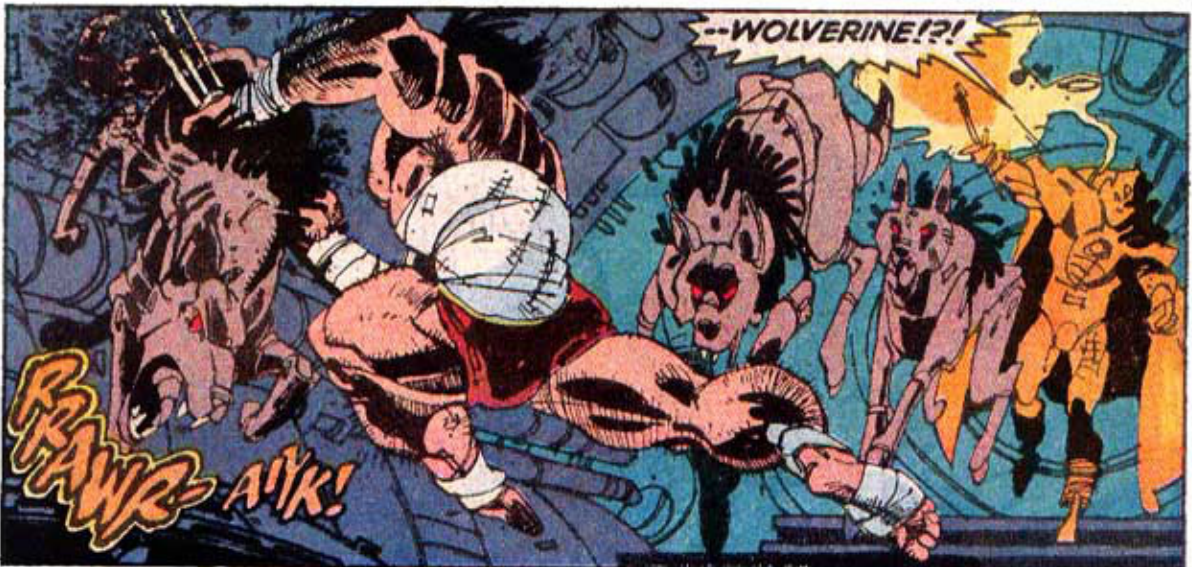
SPEAKING OF PIERCE...

CRETINS.

WELL, WE KNOW WHO THAT HAS TO BE, DON'T WE, MY BEAUTIES...

GO QUICKLY, AND SHOW HIM HOW GLAD YOU ARE...
...TO MEET--

TO FALL FOR SO OLD AND OBVIOUS A TRICK.
I THOUGHT I BUILT THEM BETTER-- WHAT'S THIS, MY PETS, A SCENT?





OR THIS ONCE, YOU GONNA BE *MAW* ENOUGH TO TAKE ME ON YOURSELF?

C'MON, WHY HESITATE? I CAN BARELY STAND.

MAKES THIS A FAIR FIGHT.

NOBODY MOCKS ME, MUTIE-- ESPECIALLY YOU!



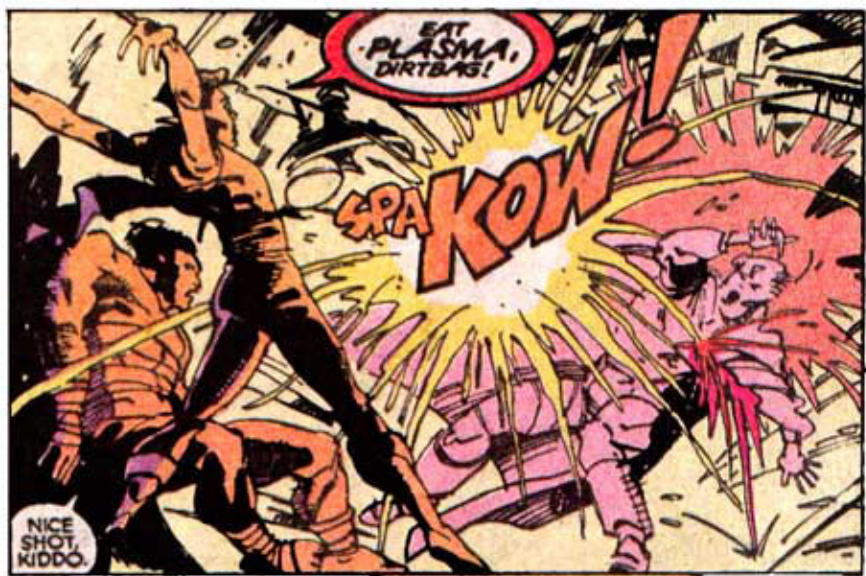
THEN DO SOMETHIN' ABOUT IT, BUB.

'COURSE, I SHOULD WARN YOU...



I AIN'T WORKIN' ALONE!

Whua--???



EAT PLASMA, DIRTBAG!

SPAKOW!

NICE SHOT, KIDDO.



HE'S BURIED UNDER THE WALL, D'YOU THINK I... KILLED HIM?

NICE IDEA, WOULD'N'T COUNT ON IT.

YOU'RE BLEEDING AGAIN.

I'LL SURVIVE.

YEAH, RIGHT.



THOSE DOGS, THEY DIDN'T REACT TO ME.

COMPUTER'S LIMITED BY ITS PROGRAMMING. CYBORGS WERE KEYS TO MY SCEN. FAR AS THEY WERE CONCERNED, YOU DIDN'T EXIST.

WON'T MAKE THAT MISTAKE AGAIN.

STAY WITH ME, GIRL, YOU'RE MARKED.



CAN YOU MAKE IT ON YOUR OWN?

I CAN TRY.

WHAT THE HECK--

--I GOT NOTHIN' BETTER TO DO.

BUT YOU GONNA DO SOMETHING ABOUT THIS ANARCHO ATTITUDE, I MEAN, IT IS LIKE SO LAME--!

NEXT: STORM WARNINGS!