

MARVEL
COMICS

THE UNCANNY

X-MEN[®]

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COMICS
CODE



EXECUTION



JIM
LEE
BY



05

STAN LEE
PRESENTS!

DOUBLE DEATH

AN ADVENTURE OF THE UNCANNY
X-MEN, CHRONICLED BY

CHRIS CLAREMONT
& JIM LEE

THE CATACOMB DUNGEONS
BENEATH THE PALACE ROYAL,
ON THE THRONEWORLD OF
THE SHI'AR EMPIRE...

DO YOU SEE,
GAMBIT--
DID YOU HEAR
THAT--

--THE
X-MEN'S OLD
TEACH,
PROFESSOR
XAVIER...

...ACTING
LIKE A
MONDO
MAJOR BAD
GUY!

I SAW
AND
HEARD
BOTH,
THERE--

--ONLY
I AIN'T
BLABBIN'
'BOLT IT,
NEY!

FIGURE
IT'S SAFEST,
KEEP MIND AN'
MOUTH TIGHT
SHUT...

...SO
MAYBE NONE
O' THESE
NASTY BOYS
HEAR US!

OH,
YEAH,
RIGHT,
SORRY.

SCOTT WILLIAMS INKER PATRICK BROSGEAU LETTERER JOE ROSAS COLORIST
BOB HARRAS--EDITOR TOM D'FALCO--EDITOR IN CHIEF



"MANOMAN, I REALLY DON'T LIKE THIS."

"GAMBIT, HEY MAN, WHAT'RE THEY GONNA DO WITH HER?!"

"WATCH AN' SEE, THERE."



"DON'T APPEAR LIKE WE'LL HAVE LONG TO WAIT."

YOUR STRUGGLES ARE A WASTED EFFORT, DEATHBIRD.

IT SHOULD BE CHILD'S-PLAY TO DO THE SAME...

GLADIATOR CAN BREAK SOLID STEEL IN HIS BARE HANDS.

TO YOUR WINGS.

WHY DON'T YOU SIMPLY KILL ME, BUTCHER, AND HAVE DONE WITH IT?!

PERHAPS, RENEGADE, BECAUSE I WISH TO HEAR YOU BEG FOR MERCY.

NEVER!

AS YOU WISH.

A SCREAM WILL SUFFICE.

YOU WERE THE PRIDE OF YOUR RACE, DEATHBIRD.

A WARRIOR WITHOUT PEER.

REGRETTABLY, THERE IS NO PLACE FOR YOU IN THE NEW ORDER.

THAT HONOR GOES TO YOUR SISTER...

KRAK

KRAK

KRAK

...MY BELOVED, LILANDRA.

WHAT IS YOUR WILL WITH HER, MY LORD XAVIER?

BY SHARRA'S BURNING BLADE, GLADIATOR--

--YOU'RE PRAETOR OF THE IMPERIAL GUARD...

...NOT THAT BLOOD-WART'S PUPPET!

IN POINT OF FACT, A PUPPET IS PRECISELY WHAT HE IS.

IN ALL WAYS, IN ALL THINGS, HE IS MINE.

YOUR VAUNTED CHAMPION MATCHED HIS POWER TO MINE, DEATHBIRD, AND PAID THE PRICE FOR HIS FOLLY.

AS NOW, AT LONG LAST, SHALL YOU.



GAMBIT--

CRASH

--GEEZ LOU-EEZ, MAN, WHAT'RE YOU DOING?!



APOLOGIES, JUBILEE.

I GUESS WHEN YOU WEAR THE UNIFORM OF A HERO...



...HEY I GUESS SOMETIME YOU GOT TO ACT THE PART.



BEHIND ME, WARLORD!

SOMEHOW THE TERRAN CHARGES THE OBJECTS HE THROWS WITH SO MUCH KINETIC ENERGY...

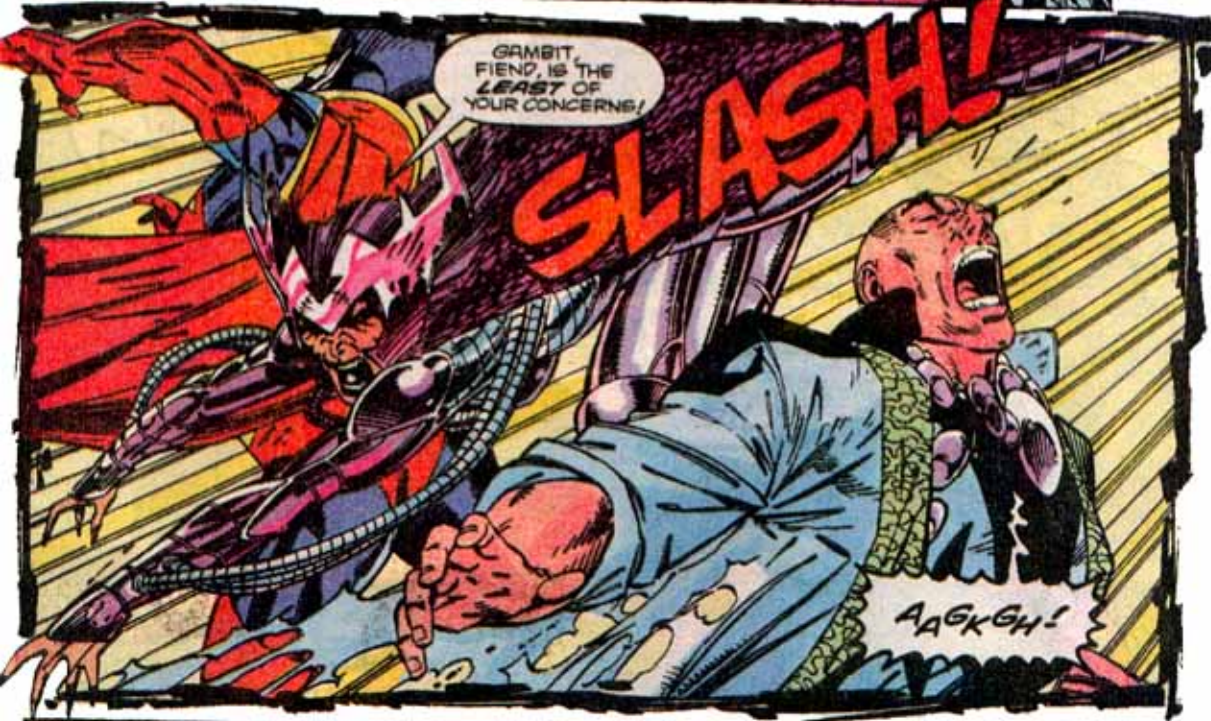
...THAT THEY EXPLODE AGAINST WHAT-EVER THEY HIT!

NO MATTER.

I'LL SIMPLY USE MY TELEPATHY TO SEIZE THESE INTERLOPERS' MINDS AS I DID YOURS.

BY THE ABYSS-- GAMBIT'S THOUGHTS-- LIKE QUICK-SILVER--

--AS HARD TO GRAB HOLD OF AS THE MAN HIM-SELF!



GAMBIT, FIEND, IS THE LEAST OF YOUR CONCERNS!

SLASH!

AAGKGH!



I HATE THIS I REALLY HATE IT!

COULDN'T LEAVE WELL ENOUGH ALONE, COULDN'T A CAJUN, COULDN'T JUST MIND OUR OWN BUSINESS!

I MEAN, THE LADY'S S'POSED TO BE A VILLIAN, Y'KNOW-- EVEN IF THE PROF'S THE ONE ACTING LIKE IT--

--OUTTA MY FACE, BARF-BREATH--

--MAYBE THIS IS WHAT SHE DESERVES!

AWP!

DEAL WITH YOUR FORMER EMPRESS, GLADIATOR.

THE X-MEN ARE MINE!

YOU ASK MORE WARLORD, THAN YOUR SLAVE IS CAPABLE OF GIVING.

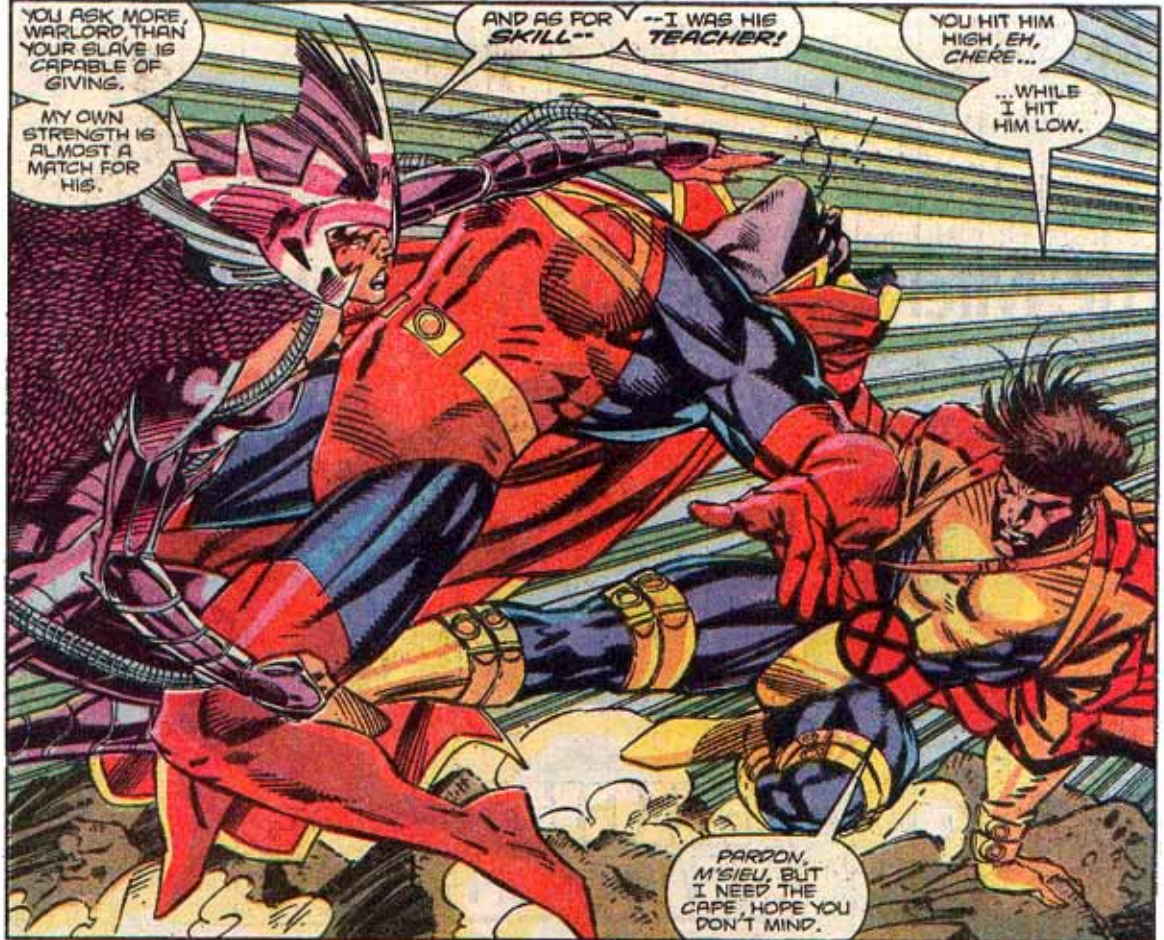
MY OWN STRENGTH IS ALMOST A MATCH FOR HIS.

AND AS FOR SKILL--

--I WAS HIS TEACHER!

YOU HIT HIM HIGH, EH, THERE...

...WHILE I HIT HIM LOW.



PARDON, M'SIEU, BUT I NEED THE CAPE. HOPE YOU DON'T MIND.

MO!, I THINK IT'LL LOOK A LOT BETTER...

...WRAPPED AROUND M'SIEU LE PROFESSEUR'S HEAD!

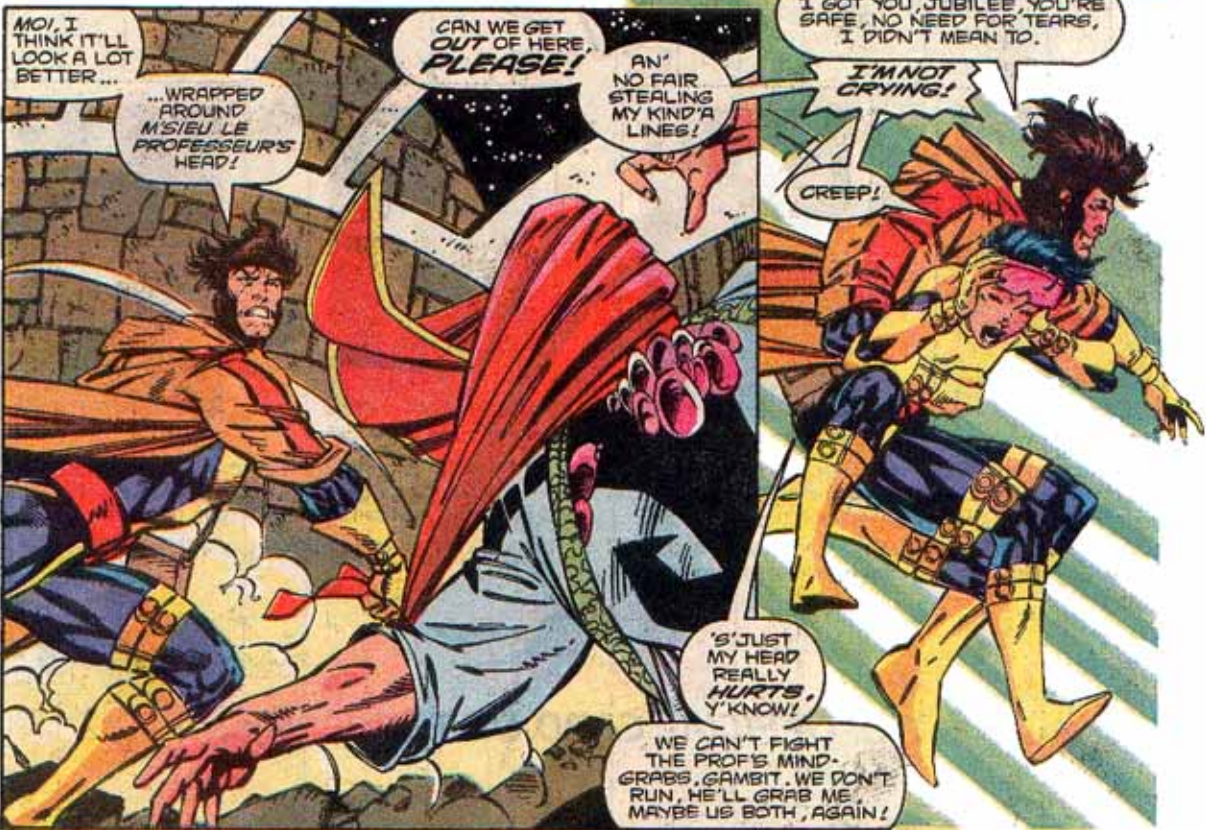
CAN WE GET OUT OF HERE, PLEASE!

AN' NO FAIR STEALING MY KIND'A LINES!

I GOT YOU, JUBILEE, YOU'RE SAFE, NO NEED FOR TEARS, I DIDN'T MEAN TO.

I'M NOT CRYING!

CREEP!



'S JUST MY HEAD REALLY HURTS, Y' KNOW!

WE CAN'T FIGHT THE PROF'S MIND-GRABS, GAMBIT. WE DON'T RUN, HE'LL GRAB ME, MAYBE US BOTH, AGAIN!



LOVE TO OBLIGE,
THERE...

OH!
NOW ISN'T
THIS
CUTE--

--REINFORCE-
MENTS!

THE PROF
MUST BE
SKULL-JAMMIN'
US!

I'M YELLIN'
FOR HELP
INSIDE MY HEAD,
LOUD AS I CAN,
BUT PSYLOCKE
ISN'T ANSWERING!

WE'RE MOS' LIKELY
DOOMED, THANKS TO YOU.



ONLY
IF YOU
DON'T...

...DUCK!

EEP!

SKRAM!



LILA
CHENEY
!?!

YO,
GAMBIT,
SHE'S A
PRISONER!

GEEZ, WE WERE
ALL WONDERING
WHAT HAPPENED
TO YOU.

BLAST ME
LOOSE
OF THESE
MANACLES!

THEY
INHIBIT MY
OWN MUTANT
POWER.

SO LONG AS
I'M CHAINED,
I CAN'T TELEPORT
US OUT OF HERE!



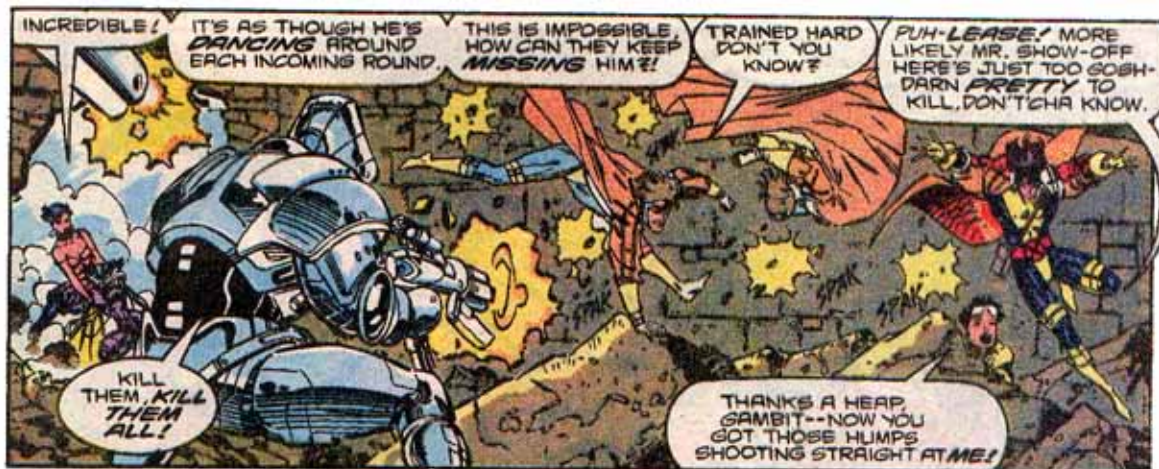
LEAVE THAT
TO ME.

JUBILEE,
COVER MY
BACK!

HOW-
COME
I GOTTA
--?!!

MEN
ARE
SUCH
PIGS.

BEHIND--
YOU, X-MEN--
LOOK OUT!



INCREDIBLE!

IT'S AS THOUGH HE'S DANCING AROUND EACH INCOMING ROUND.

THIS IS IMPOSSIBLE. HOW CAN THEY KEEP MISSING HIM?!

TRAINED HARD DON'T YOU KNOW?

PUH-LEASE! MORE LIKELY MR. SHOW-OFF HERE'S JUST TOO GOSH-DARN PRETTY TO KILL, DON'TCHA KNOW.

KILL THEM, KILL THEM ALL!

THANKS A HEAP, SAMBIT--NOW YOU GOT THOSE HUMPS SHOOTING STRAIGHT AT ME!



TAKE US AWAY, LILA, AT ONCE!

BUT THE X-MEN, THEY'RE BEYOND MY TELEMAT FIELD!



YOU PLEDGED ME LOYALTY AND SERVICE, WOMAN!

DO AS I COMMAND!

VAMP!



SHE BUGGED OUT!

THEY DUMPED US!

MAN, I KNEW DEATHBIRD COULDN'T BE TRUSTED, I MEAN SHE STABBED WOLVERINE INNA BACK!

HUSH, FOR ONCE, LISTEN TO SOMEONE ELSE.

SCATTER AS WIDE AN' POWERFUL A DISPERSAL OF YOUR FIREWORKS AS YOU CAN MANAGE.



WHAT GOOD'S THAT GONNA DO? THEY'RE ALL WEARING ARMOR!

MAYBE NOTHING.

BUT WHO KNOWS WHAT'LL HAPPEN WHEN THEY INTERACT WITH THESE HYPER-CHARGED ROCKS.



I SWEAR, IF THIS KILLS US...

...I'LL NEVER FORGIVE YOU!

BETTER GRAB SOME COVER.





AND SO, PRESENTLY...

GLADIATOR! CHARLES!
WHAT HAPPENED HERE?!

AN ATTEMPT
BY YOUR
RENEGADE
SISTER,
MAJESTRIX...

...TO
ASSASSINATE
YOUR
CONSORT.

THE TRAITOR
HAS FLED,
CARRIED AWAY
BY LILA
CHENEY...

...BUT, PRAISE
KYTHRI, THE WAR-
LORD IS UNHARMED.



THANKS TO GLADIATOR, WHO
SHIELDED MY BODY WITH HIS
OWN.

SADLY THOUGH,
MANY OF
THESE OTHER
LOYAL SOULS
WERE NOT SO
FORTUNATE.

THEIR
LOSS WILL BE
MOURNED.

BUT I AM
OVERJOYED TO
SEE YOU SAFE,
MY LOVE.



WHY IS WOLVERINE
PROWLING. WHAT DOES
HE SUSPECT?

ONLY LILA
AND DEATH-
BIRD WERE
INVOLVED?

I HAVE SAID WHAT
TRANSPIRED, TERRAN.
DO YOU DOUBT MY
WORD?

I AM
CONCERNED
ABOUT GAMBIT
AND JUBILEE.

THEY ARE
MISSING.

I AM PSI-
SCANNING FOR
THEM BOTH,
STORM.

REST
ASSURED,
THEY WILL
BE FOUND.



AS WILL I PROMISE
YOU MY
WRETCHED
SISTER.

LOOKING
FOR SOME-
THING,
WOLVERINE.

NOT
ANYMORE,
PSYLOCKE.



I GOT
WHAT I
NEED.

SNIK!



AN' I
KNOW WHAT
I GOTTA
DO ABOUT
IT!



CALM YOURSELF, GLADIATOR.

QUITE UNDERSTANDABLE FOR YOU TO BE SO SHAKEN.

BUT YOU MUST HOLD FAST TO YOUR TRUE LOYALTIES.

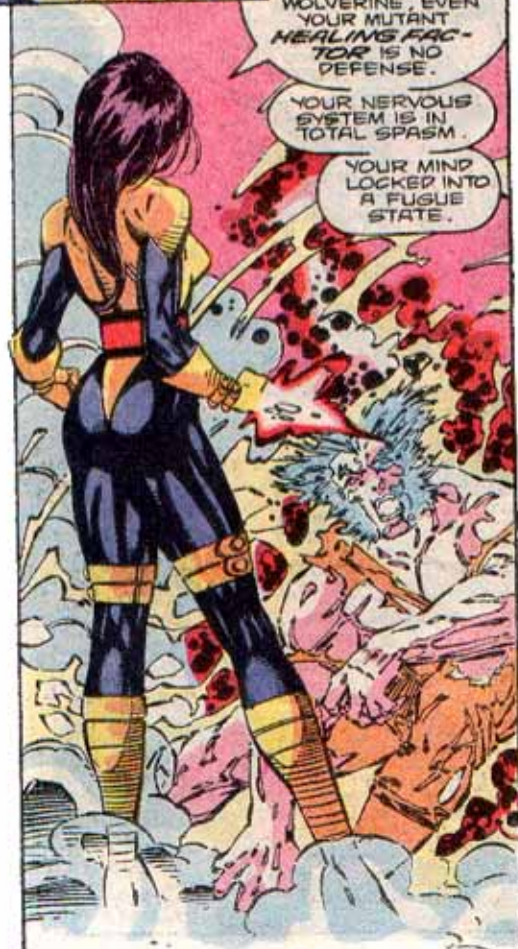
AS MUST I!



MY PSYCHIC KNIFE IS THE FOCUSED TOTALITY OF MY TELEPATHIC POWER. AGAINST IT, WOLVERINE, EVEN YOUR MUTANT HEALING FACTOR IS NO DEFENSE.

YOUR NERVOUS SYSTEM IS IN TOTAL SPASM.

YOUR MIND LOCKED INTO A FUGUE STATE.



PROUD I AM TO SEE, PSYLOCKE...

...AT LEAST ONE OF CHARLES' STUDENTS KNOWS WHERE HER DUTY LIES.

AS FOR THE OTHERS...

...STAR, JAMMERS, SEIZE THEM!



OPEN TO SUGGESTIONS, ORORO.

I DON'T GET IT. WHAT POSSESSED THE LITTLE GUY? COULD THAT BE THE KEY? STORM, DID SOMEONE MAKE HIM DO THIS?!



AT THE MOMENT, FORGE, I HAVE NONE TO OFFER.



YIELD, MISCREANT ONCE-FRIENDS.

WE'VE NO WISH TO DO YOU HARM, DESPITE WOLVERINE'S TREACHERY.



THAT LIGHT!

SOME KIND OF ENERGY FLARE!

WE'RE
BAACK!

TWO BAD,
BEAUTIFUL
BABES WITH
REALLY BIG
GUNS!

?

!

AN' WE
KNOW HOW
TO USE
'EM!

PAM
PAM
PAM
PAM

GRAB
SOME
FLOOR,
X-MEN--

--AND
HOLD
ON FOR
DEAR
LIFE!

WE'RE
ABOUT TO
MAKE SOME-
THING OF A
MESS!

SAY SO
LONG,
HEROES--

--WE'RE
OUTTA
HERE!

LILA
NO!

YOU'RE
LEAVING
PSYLOCKE
BEHIND!

SORRY, STORM,
SHE'S BEYOND
MY REACH!

STARJAMMERS--

--DO SOME-
THING--

--STOP
THEM!



TOO LATE. CHENEY'S TELE-PORTED THEM AWAY. LORD KNOWS WHERE.

WHAT OF XAVIER, LORD CHAMBERLAIN. IS THERE NO HOPE?



WOLVERINE IS AS GOOD AS HIS REPUTATION. CORSAIR. HIS ATTACK WAS INSTANTLY FATAL.

CHARLES--

--AFTER ALL WE'VE ENDURED...

...HOW COULD IT END LIKE THIS?



PSYCLOCKE. YOUR ASSISTANCE IS REQUIRED. THE LESS THE MAJESTRIX IS AWARE OF WHAT TRANSPIRES HERE, THE BETTER.



WHAT OF XAVIER? A WARRIOR'S LIFE, A WARRIOR'S DEATH.

WHAT MORE COULD BE ASKED OF EXISTENCE?



IF NOTHING ELSE, RAZA, THAT IS OUR ENEMIES WHO PERISH.

YOU WILL BE REMEMBERED, COMRADE.

FAZSZH!



AND MORE TO THE POINT... ..AVENGED.



GO AFTER THEM? USE WHATEVER MEANS ARE NECESSARY.

THE MALES ARE OF NO CONSEQUENCE.

DISPOSE OF THEM AND THE RENEGADE AS YOU WILL.

OUR PLEASURE, MY LORD.



THE JOB'S AS GOOD AS DONE, THE LADIES CAUGHT.

**EPSILON
SEIKOSHA III**

HARD-SCRABBLE
ROCK OF A PLANET,
ALL HARSHLY DYNAMIC
VERTICALS, MOUNTAINS
THRUSTING ONE WAY,
ABYSSAL CANYONS
PLUNGING THE OTHER.

NOTHING SOFT
OR GENTLE
ABOUT THE WORLD,
OR THE RACE
THAT LIVED
HERE.



-- OR DOESN'T
THAT COUNT FOR
MUCH ANYMORE?

YOU WONDERED WHY I SUMMONED YOU TO
SLAY YOUR BELOVED MENTOR, MY SISTER'S
CONSORT, CHARLES XAVIER?!

WHY I ACTUALLY
APPLAUD THE FACT
THAT WOLVERINE
DID THE DEED?

THEN LOOK
ABOUT YOU,
X-MEN.

THIS IS
XAVIER'S
HANDI-
WORK.

WHICH IS PERHAPS
WHAT MADE THE
PINDYR AMONG THE
MOST RENOWNED--AND
FEARED--WARRIORS
IN THE SHI'AR IMPERIUM.



MERCIFUL GODDESS!

HOW
MANY?

I DON'T
BELIEVE IT.

ALL.

IN THIS
VILLAGE,
YOU
MEAN?

ON THE PLANET,
FORGE, EVERY LIVING
PINDYR, FROM THE
MOST ANCIENT TO
THOSE BARELY
BORN.

SLAUGHTERED!



AND NOT JUST THE PINDYR.

THESE PAST FEW MONTHS THERE HAVE BEEN RUMORS OF ATROCITIES COMMITTED IN MY NAME.

BECAUSE OF MY REPUTATION, EVEN THOSE MOST LOYAL TO ME FOUND THE STORIES EASY TO BELIEVE.

THE WHOLESALE OBLITERATION OF OVER A DOZEN WORLDS, SCATTERED ACROSS THE FACE OF THE IMPERIUM.

HOW COULD ANYONE DO THIS TO ANOTHER?!

WRONG QUESTION, IRISH.

THE MIRACLE SEEMS TO BE ...

NO MATTER HOW MUCH WE GROW, HOW *NATURE* WE FANCY OURSELVES ...

CIVILIZATION ENDS UP BEING NO MORE THAN A VENEER.

...WE'RE ALL LIKE *WOLVERINE* AT HEART.

...WHY IT DOESN'T HAPPEN MORE OFTEN.

STRIP IT AWAY...

FORGE?

THE KIDS PLAYED WITH DOLLS, ORORO.

SO DIFFERENT FROM US IN FORM, SO ALIKE IN SPIRIT.

FORGIVE ME, DEAR FRIEND, BUT THIS WORLD IS BITTER COLD.

MY SYSTEM CAN COMPENSATE FOR THE TEMPERATURE YOURS AND SEAN'S AND LILA'S CANNOT.

YOU ARE THE *MAKER*. FORGE, WE DEPEND ON YOU FOR THE *TOOLS* NECESSARY FOR OUR SURVIVAL.

WHO'D THIS LITTLE GIRL DEPEND ON?

WHY DID THIS HAPPEN, ORORO, WHAT WAS THE POINT?!



THAT WE MUST FIND OUT.

BUT TO DO SO, FORGE, WE NEED YOUR HELP.



THE X-MEN ARE A TEAM.

STANDING AND WORKING TOGETHER.

DEPENDING ON ONE, AS HE-- OR SHE-- MAY ON THE OTHERS.

I'D FORGOTTEN WHAT THAT FELT LIKE.

STILL NOT SURE I WANT TO FIND OUT.



BUT I WON'T LET YOU DOWN.



LATER...

HAVING HUNTED AND GATHERED...

...THE PROPHECY RETURNS!

WONDERED WHERE YOU'D GONE, LASS.

I DISPATCHED HER FOR EQUIPMENT.

PARDON ME FOR ASKING...

...BUT WHO ELECTED YOU BOSS?



HER EMPIRE, FOLKS, HER FIGHT.

SHE'S WELCOME TO BOTH.

YOU STILL DON'T UNDERSTAND!

WHY SHOULD I?

EVERY OTHER TIME WE'VE MET...

...DEATH-BIRD'S TRIED HER BEST T' KILL US!



WHAT CAN I SAY, BANSHEE, GENOCIDE MAKES STRANGE BEDFELLOWS.

I MAY BE MAD, TERRAN--

--I MAY EVEN BE, AS LILANDRA BELIEVES--THE DEVILS IN-CARNATE, BUT I WAS STILL MAJESTRIX SHI'AR, AND THESE MY PEOPLE!

I DID NOT DO THIS.



SO SAYS EVERY VILLAIN.

WHAT COMES NEXT? D'YE BLAME IT ALL ON PROFESSOR X?

PRECISELY.



HE AND LILANDRA.

SWEET LILANDRA, GENTLE LILANDRA, NOBLE LILANDRA, ACTING MORE LIKE ME THAN ME, WHOEVER WOULD HAVE THOUGHT?

YET THAT SELFSAME XAVIER RAVISHED GLADIATOR'S MIND AND LAUGHED TO SEE THE PRAETOR BREAK MY WINGS.

THERE IS NO LOVE BETWEEN US, STORM, AND WITH GOOD REASON, WE HAVE BEEN THE BITTEREST OF FOES AND WILL NO DOUBT BE SO AGAIN.

I HAVE NO EASY ANSWERS FOR YOU, X-MEN, TO EARN YOUR TRUST, SAVE THE EVIDENCE OF YOUR OWN EYES AND AN INFERNAL BUZZING IN MY BRAIN THAT TELLS ME YOU ARE MY ONLY HOPE.

BEFORE THE IMPERIUM IS OVERWHELMED, AND PERHAPS EVENTUALLY YOUR OWN SPACE AS WELL.

I ASK-- I ASK-- THIS, NOT FOR MYSELF, BUT FOR SHI'AR.

BY THE ETERNAL-- STORM, D'VE BELIEVE HER?!

GLADIATOR TOLD US JUBILEE AND GAMBIT WERE NOT PRESENT IN THE DUNGEON, SEAN, XAVIER BACKED HIM.

THEY LIED.

WOLVERINE FOUND JUBILEE'S EARRING. IT FELL FROM HIS HAND AFTER PSYLOCKE STRUCK HIM DOWN.

THEN AND THERE, WOLVERINE ELECTED TO FOLLOW HIS INSTINCTS, WHATEVER THE COST.

CONTACT, CORSAIR!

UNABLE TO COMPLY, CORSAIR.

WHILE WE HAVE A GENERAL SENSE OF THE FUGITIVE'S POSITION...

SEE, STARJAMMER? THE BIO-TAG INSERTED INTO DEATHBIRD'S BLOOD HAS LED US STRAIGHT TO HER.

ESTABLISH A TARGETING LOCK, RAZA.

...AN INHIBITOR FIELD PREVENTS OUR ESTABLISHING A MORE PRECISE FIX.

INTERESTING. WE COULD ALWAYS CRACK THE PLANET ITSELF. THAT SHOULD DO THE TRICK NICELY.

WHICH IS WHY, CH'OD, HIS WILL IS TO BE OBEYED.

NOTHING OF VALUE HERE. NO WEAPONS, AND CERTAINLY NONE LEFT ALIVE TO JOIN THEM AS ALLIES. WE MADE SURE OF THAT.

PITY PSYLOCKE REMAINED BEHIND, WE COULD USE HER TELEPATHIC INSIGHT.

ESTABLISH A LOW ORBIT, SKIMMING THE TOP OF THE ATMOSPHERE.

CHAMBERLAIN NOT LIKE INCLINED TO CHASTISE.

BUT WHY P/NDYR?

SINCE SENSORS APPEAR OCCLUDED, WE'LL USE OPTICAL RANGERS.

REMEMBER, STARJAMMERS, STORM AND LILA ARE TO BE STUNNED.

THE REST, BURNED.



HE STANDS PARAMOUNT AMONG THE HOST, HEPZIBAH.



HOPE THOSE SCREENS YOU COBBLED TOGETHER ARE AS GOOD AS ADVERTISED, MATE.

I GUARANTEED NOTHING, MS. CHENEY.

ON THE OTHER HAND, WE'RE STILL FLYING.

THAT SHOULD SPEAK FOR ITSELF.

IF STORM AND BANSHEE CAN HOLD THE BAD GUYS' INTEREST...

CURSE YOU, STRANGER!

GET OUT OF MY MIND!

...WE MIGHT EVEN BE ABLE TO PULL THIS CRAZY CAPER OFF!

LILA—SOMETHING WRONG?

IT'S DEATHBIRD!

MY MIND!



DEATHBIRD, WHAT'RE YOU DOING--?!

DANGER--

--IMPERATIVE NEED--

--CANNOT BE DENIED!

AT ONCE, LILA-- THESE COORDINATES-- TELE-PORT!

THEY VANISHED!

NO PROB, NO PROB-- I DESIGNED THIS SILLY SKYSLED...

...I SHOULD BE ABLE TO FLY IT.

BUT WHAT ABOUT STORM AND BANGHEE?! THEIR DIVERSION'S FOR MY BENEFIT--

--HOW THE BLAZES DO I ATTACK A STARSHIP ALL BY MYSELF?!!

OPTICAL ACQUISITION OF TWO TARGETS, CORSAIR.

STILL SCANNING FOR THE REMAINDER.

WEAPONS CHARGED AND LOCKED.

READY TO FIRE!

MEANWHILE--AS IN SOME SMALL TIME IN THE RECENT PAST, SAY JUST BEFORE THE STARJAMMER'S ARRIVAL ON PINDYR...

WE HAVE ARRIVED, MY FRIENDS.

AT YOUR FINAL DESTINATION.

OPEN YOUR EYES, LITTLE JUBILEE.

WUZGOINON-HERE?!

PSYLOCKE, YOU GOTTA HELP--!

BEHOLD YOUR FATE.

WOLVERINE?!

SHLUPK

I KNEW IT I KNEW IT I *KNEW* IT YOU COULDN'T BE TRUSTED LOUSY STINKIN' *HEADWITCH* JUST WAITING FOR A CHANCE TO STAB US INNA BACK I SWEAR I'LL *FRY* YOU!

HARDLY, CHILD, SINCE I'VE TELE-PATHICALLY INHIBITED YOUR ACCESS TO YOUR POWERS.

AND IF YOU DON'T BEHAVE...

...I SHALL DO THE SAME TO YOUR MOUTH.

ENOUGH OF THIS FOOLISHNESS.

HAVE A *MANACLE* SECURE THE YOUNGLING, SO THAT WE MAY BE ABOUT OUR BUSINESS.

SHLUPPY

IS THIS WISE, PRIME? THE *CADRE'S* RESOURCES ARE LIMITED.

CODING WOLVERINE I CAN UNDERSTAND BUT WHY JUBILEE?

NO NO NO NO NO PLEASE C'MON NO FAIR!

I DON'T WANNA BE EATEN BY SOME ALIEN SLIMOID!

HER POWERS ARE STILL EVOLVING. WITHIN OUR MATRIX, WHO CAN SAY WHAT POTENTIAL THEY MIGHT ACHIEVE.

OUR MORE PRESSING CONCERN, HOWEVER IS LILANDRA.

WE NEED HER AS SHE IS...

...YET SHE IS LOST WITHOUT HER BELOVED CONSORT.

THROUGH HER, THE *HOST* CONTROLS SHI'AR.

THROUGH XAVIER, WE CONTROL HER.

TO PRESERVE THAT STRUCTURE, CHARLES XAVIER MUST LIVE AGAIN.

TO THAT
END,
PSYLOCKE...

THE
CHAMBER-
LAIN--

--SOME
KIND'A WART-
FACED, SHAPE-
CHANGING,
DISGUSTO GILA
MONSTER!

HOLY
COW!

STRUNG
UP LIKE ME
IN THIS
YUCKOID
SPIDER-
WEB--

--THAT'S PSYLOCKE, AN'
THE IMPERIAL GUARD MIND-
WITCH ORACLE, AN' SOME
ROUND-EYED BLONDIE I
DON'T KNOW, AN' DOWN
FRONT AN' CENTER--

--ANOTHER
PROFESSOR
XAVIER!?!

OBOY
OBOY
I GOT SUCH A
BAD FEELING
ABOUT
THIS.

THERE IS
CONSIDERABLE
RISK, PRIME.

OUR ORIGINAL
XAVIER--WHILE
NOT SO POWERFUL
AS YOU--WAS GENETI-
CALLY KEYED TO BE
SIMPATICO WITH
THE TEMPLATE.

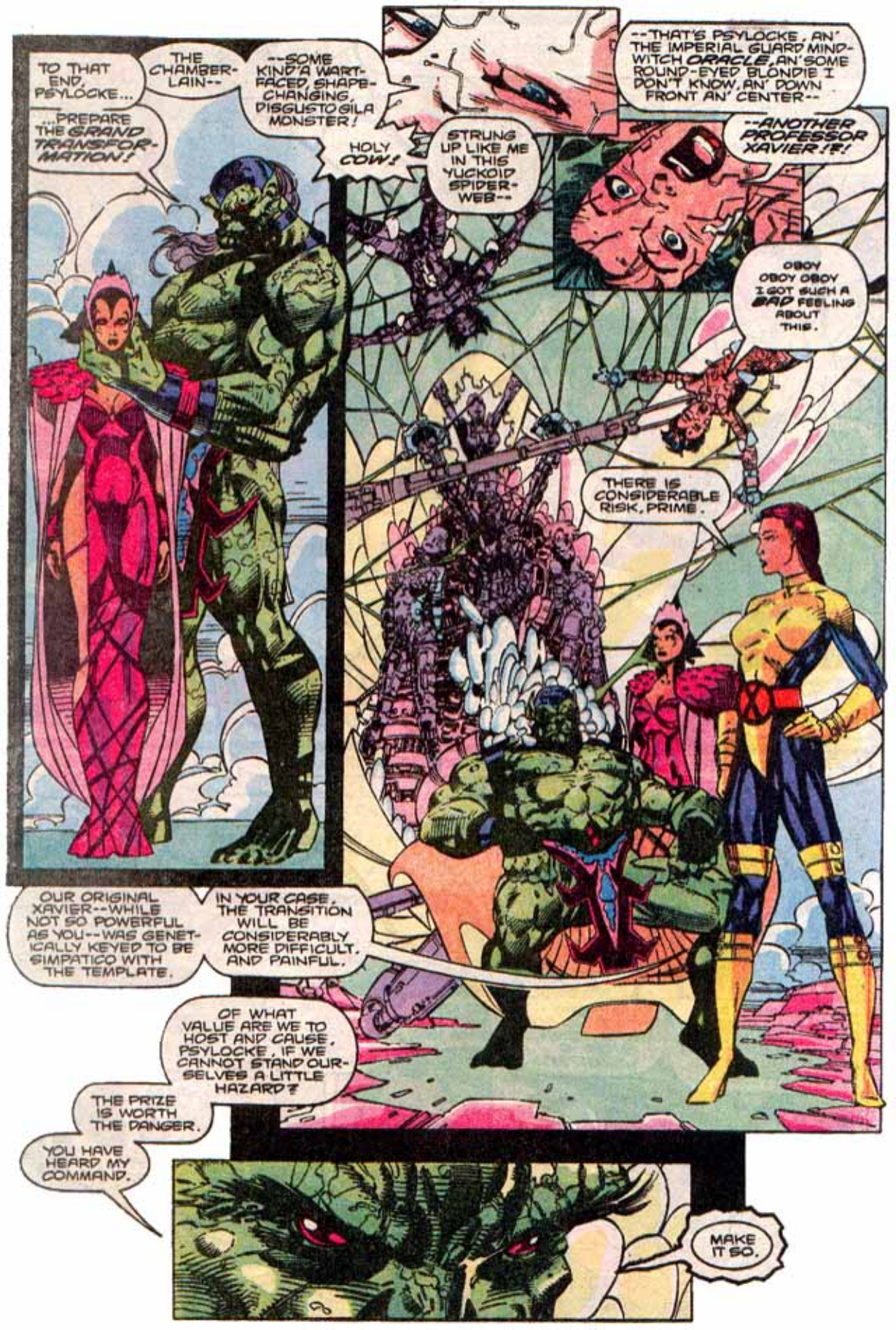
IN YOUR CASE,
THE TRANSITION
WILL BE
CONSIDERABLY
MORE DIFFICULT,
AND PAINFUL.

OF WHAT
VALUE ARE WE TO
HOST AND CAUSE,
PSYLOCKE, IF WE
CANNOT STAND OUR-
SELVES A LITTLE
HAZARD?

THE PRIZE
IS WORTH
THE DANGER.

YOU HAVE
HEARD MY
COMMAND.

MAKE
IT SO.



BY THE ABYSS, PSYLOCKE...

...THE TRANSITION IS ALL YOU SAID AND MORE!

BUT AS I AM PRIME ...

...SWORN TO HOST AND CAUSE...

...SO SHALL I ENDURE ...

...AND ULTIMATELY, PREVAIL!

WE MUST PAUSE, PRIME, TO ALLOW THE TEMPLATE TIME TO RECOVER ...

INITIALIZING COMPLETE.

...BEFORE COMPLETING THE PROCESS.

ONE ADDITIONAL ELEMENT, PSYLOCKE

IMPRINT LILANDRA WITH MY PATTERN.

SO SHE WILL ACCEPT ONLY ME AS HER CONSORT, WITHOUT QUESTION AND DESPITE ANY EVIDENCE TO THE CONTRARY-- EVEN THE PRESENCE OF THE TRUE XAVIER.

IN THE MEAN-TIME, PROCESS THE OTHERS.

WOLVIE, HE MEANS US, WE GOTTA DO SOMETHING!



OPEN T' SUGGESTIONS, GIRL.

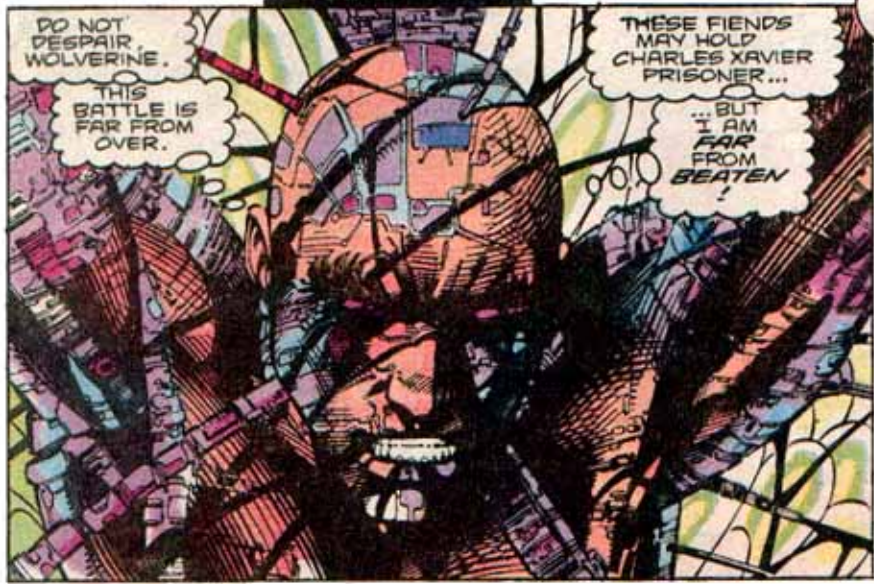
'CAUSE RIGHT NOW, I GOT NONE.

DO NOT DESPAIR WOLVERINE.

THIS BATTLE IS FAR FROM OVER.

THESE FIENDS MAY HOLD CHARLES XAVIER PRISONER...

... BUT I AM FAR FROM BEATEN!



NEXT:

REVELATIONS AND REUNIONS GALORE, NOT TO MENTION THE ODD ROUSING RESCUE OR THREE IN--

TAG-- WHO'S IT?