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MARVEL COMICS GROUP

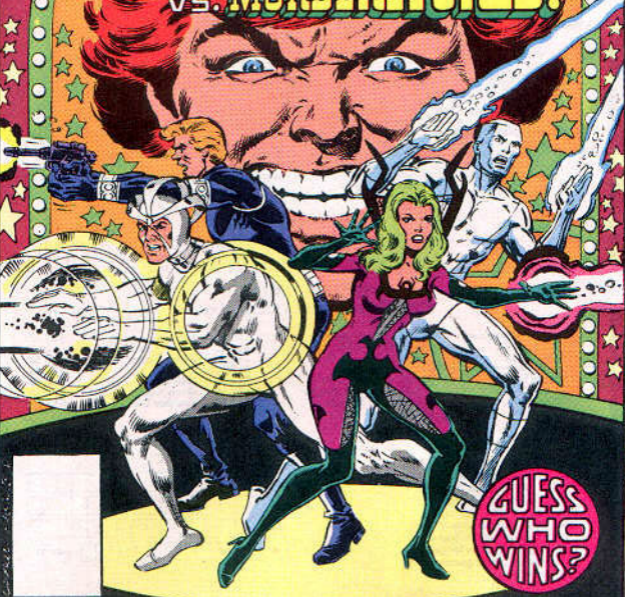


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MARVEL  
COMICS  
GROUP

THE UNCANNY

# X-MEN

VS. MURDERWORLD!



GUESS  
WHO  
WINS?

Cyclops. Storm. 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 PRESENTS: **THE UNCANNY X-MEN!**™

# MURDERWORLD!

THE WOMAN IS STORM, LEADER OF THE UNCANNY X-MEN, A TEAM OF MUTANT SUPER-HEROES. THE MAN IS VICTOR VON DOOM, DEPOSED RULER OF LATVERIA, A TINY BALKAN MONARCHY. SIX HOURS AGO, SHE LED HER FELLOW X-MEN NORTH TO DOOM'S CASTLE -- IN THE ADIRONDACK MOUNTAIN WILDERNESS OF UPSTATE NEW YORK -- TO RESCUE ARCADE, ONE OF THE X-MEN'S OLD FOES, HELD PRISONER BY DOOM UNDER A SENTENCE OF DEATH. THE BATTLE WAS BRIEF, FIERCE--THE OUTCOME NEVER REALLY IN DOUBT.

THE X-MEN  
LOST.

FASCINATING. THE FORECAST WAS FOR CLEAR WEATHER, YET IN A MATTER OF HOURS THIS STORM APPEARED FROM NOWHERE -- FREEZING TEMPERATURES, RAIN, GALE-FORCE WINDS -- AND IT IS GETTING STEADILY WORSE.

ACCORDING TO ARCADE, STORM IS A WEATHER-WITCH. COULD THIS BE HER DOING?

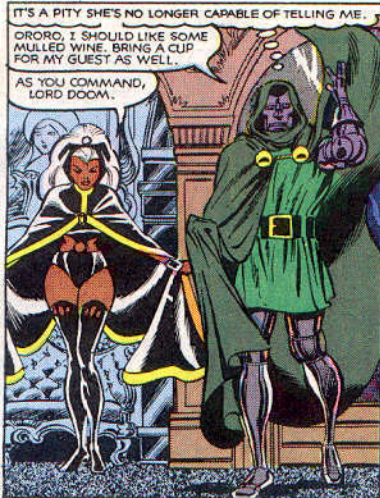
CHRIS CLAREMONT  
WRITER

DAVE COCKRUM & JOSEF RUBINSTEIN  
ARTISTS

TOM ORZECOWSKI, letterer  
GLYNIS WEIN, colorist

LOUISE JONES  
EDITOR

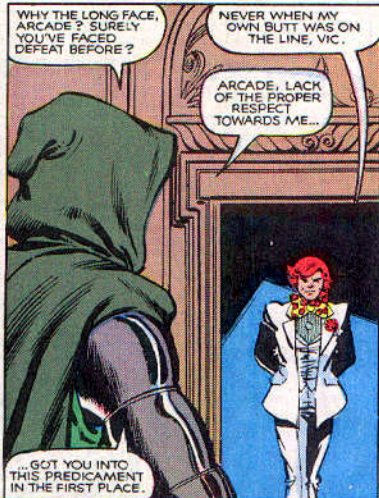
JIM SHOOTER  
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF



IT'S A PITY SHE'S NO LONGER CAPABLE OF TELLING ME.

ORORO, I SHOULD LIKE SOME MULLED WINE. BRING A CUP FOR MY GUEST AS WELL.

AS YOU COMMAND, LORD DOOM.



WHY THE LONG FACE, ARCADE? SURELY YOU'VE FACED DEFEAT BEFORE?

NEVER WHEN MY OWN BUTT WAS ON THE LINE, VIC.

ARCADE, LACK OF THE PROPER RESPECT TOWARDS ME...

...GOT YOU INTO THIS PREDICAMENT IN THE FIRST PLACE.



DON'T PUSH YOUR LUCK.

I BEEN DOIN' THAT SINCE THE DAY I WAS BORN, DOC. I'M A HIGH STAKES PLAYER-- THE HIGHER, THE BETTER. PLAYIN' A DYNAMITE GAME IS A LOT MORE FUN TA ME THAN WINNIN' IT.

I AIN'T ABOUT TA CHANGE.

I JUST EXPECTED BETTER FROM THE X-MEN.



YOU THOUGHT DOOM COULD BE OVERCOME BY A RAGTAG COLLECTION OF CHILDREN? TRULY, ARCADE, YOUR ARROGANCE RIVALS MY OWN.

BIG TALK, VIC, FROM A MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY. TELL ME, HOW MANY TIMES HAVE YOU BEATEN THE FANTASTIC FOUR IN YORE 'ILLUSTRIOUS' CAREER, hm ??

TOUCHÉ.

YOU'RE AN HONEST MAN, MY FRIEND, ALBEIT AN INFURIATING ONE. I FIND THAT QUALITY REFRESHING.



CONTINUE TO AMUSE ME, AND YOU SHALL CONTINUE TO LIVE.

I'M AN ASSASSIN, DOOM, NOT SOME COURT JESTER.

YOU ARE... WHATEVER I CHOOSE TO MAKE YOU.

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE X-MEN? I SAW YOUR FLUNKIES CART 'EM AWAY.

OF COURSE NOT. I DO NOTHING PRECIPITOUSLY, ARCADE, ESPECIALLY KILL.



I THOUGHT YOU'D NEVER ASK. BEHOLD.

THEY'RE NOT DEAD?

I HAVE NEVER MET THE X-MEN BEFORE. THEIR POWERS ARE NEW TO ME. I WISH TO EXAMINE THEM-- LEARN THEIR STRENGTHS, THEIR WEAKNESSES, HOW THEY FIGHT AND THINK.

THAT CELL WON'T HOLD NIGHTCRAWLER, Y'KNOW.



HE CAN TELEPORT OUTTA THERE ANYTIME.

PERHAPS.

THIS CELL IS A FEATURELESS CUBE.



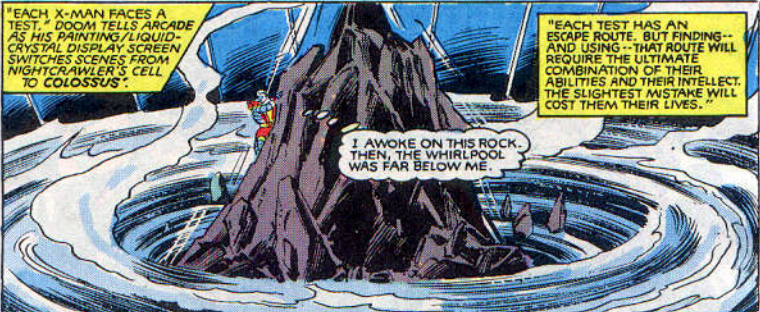
I HAVE NO IDEA OF WHERE IT IS, OR WHAT'S OUTSIDE.

THIS IS A FIENDISHLY SIMPLE TRAP. IF I TELEPORT "BLIND"-- WITHOUT KNOWING WHERE I'M GOING -- I COULD MATERIALIZE INSIDE SOMETHING SOLID: ROCK, GROUND, PART OF THE CASTLE, A PERSON, ANYTHING.

THE RESULTANT PHYSICAL DISRUPTION WOULD KILL ME INSTANTLY.



"EACH X-MAN FACES A TEST. DOOM TELLS ARCADE AS HIS PAINTING/LIQUID-CRYSTAL DISPLAY SCREEN SWITCHES SCENES FROM NIGHTCRAWLER'S CELL TO COLOSSUS".



"EACH TEST HAS AN ESCAPE ROUTE. BUT FINDING-- AND USING -- THAT ROUTE WILL REQUIRE THE ULTIMATE COMBINATION OF THEIR ABILITIES AND THEIR INTELLECT. THE SLIGHTEST MISTAKE WILL COST THEM THEIR LIVES."

I AWOKE ON THIS ROCK. THEN, THE WHIRLPOOL WAS FAR BELOW ME.

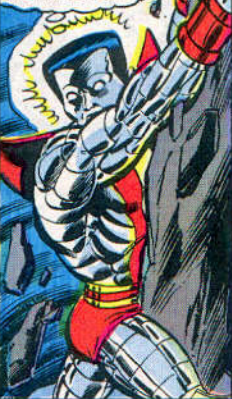
BUT IT HAS BEEN STEADILY EATING AWAY AT THE ROCK. THERE IS NOW VERY LITTLE LEFT.



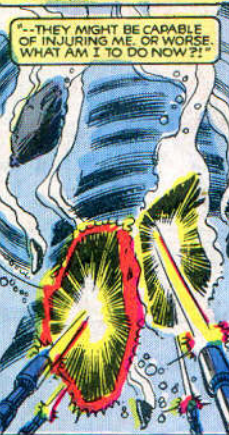
THE ROOF OF THE CELL IS OUT OF REACH. I CANNOT ESCAPE THAT WAY, HOWEVER, IN MY ARMORED FORM, I DO NOT BREATHE. WHY NOT SIMPLY LET THE WHIRLPOOL DRAG ME DOWN...

...TO WHERE I CAN SMASH THROUGH THE FLOOR TO FREEDOM?

WAIT! THOSE FLASHES OF LIGHT IN THE WATER-- BY THE WHITE WOLF!



"ENERGY BLASTERS-- LINING THE BOTTOM OF THIS CHAMBER-- PULVERISING ANYTHING CAUGHT IN THE WHIRLPOOL. THERE ARE SO MANY-- AND THEY LOOK SO POWERFUL--



--THEY MIGHT BE CAPABLE OF INJURING ME, OR WORSE. WHAT AM I TO DO NOW?!"

THEN THE LCD DISPLAY SHIFTS TO WOLVERINE.

I'M IN SOME KIND'A ZERO-GRAVITY CHAMBER. DOOM'S REPLACED MY COSTUME, TOO. \*



CONSIDERATE OF HIM. HE PROBABLY DON'T WANT ANY "NAKED SAVAGES" RUNNIN' AROUND HIS PRECIOUS CHATEAU.

\* DESTROYED IN LAST ISSUE'S BATTLE-- LOUISE.

THESE FLAMIN' OP-ART WALLS ARE SCRAMBLIN' MY SENSES, DISORIENTING ME. I GOT NO IDEA HOW BIG THIS ROOM IS, OR HOW CLOSE I AM TA THE WALLS.

AN' EVERY TIME I MOVE-- EVEN SO MUCH AS A TWITCH-- I TRIGGER A PSYCHEDELIC LIGHT-SHOW THAT DARN NEAR BLOWS MY HEAD APART.



IT'S MAKIN' ME CRAZY. THE HARDER I TRY TA STAY IN CONTROL, THE WORSE EV'RYTHING GETS-- HUH?!

I HIT SOMETHING-- A WALL!



UNFORTUNATELY, BEFORE WOLVERINE CAN ACT ON HIS DISCOVERY...

THE REPELLOR FIELDS BUILT INTO THE WALLS AUTOMATICALLY BOUNCE WOLVERINE FROM ONE END OF THE CELL TO THE OTHER...

CRIPES!

...HIS WAYWARD FLIGHT PROVOKING MORE -- AND INCREASINGLY MORE INTENSE -- LIGHTSHOWS. WITH EVERY PASSING SECOND, HE FEELS HIS ALREADY TENUOUS HOLD ON SANITY SLOWLY, INEXORABLY, SLIP AWAY.

THEN THE FOCUS SHIFTS TO ANGEL...

TYPICAL. WHAT MORE "APPROPRIATE" PLACE FOR A WINGED MUTANT THAN A GIANT BIRDCAGE.

NO BARS ON THE WINDOWS, THOUGH, AND NO GUARDS.

LET'S SEE WHAT HAPPENS WHEN I TRY TO FLY AWAY.

HOLY--!

LASERS! FIRIN' IN A RANDOM PATTERN ALL AROUND ME!

MY WING!

MY ARM!

IT'S NO GOOD. THERE ARE TOO MANY LASERS-- FIRING TOO FAST, FROM TOO MANY DIFFERENT DIRECTIONS-- I HAVEN'T A PRAYER OF EVADING THEM ALL.

THIS PERCH SEEMS TO BE NEUTRAL TERRITORY. SO LONG AS I STAY HERE, THE LASERS DON'T FIRE. I'M SAFE. LUCKY ME.

THOSE ARE MODERATE INTENSITY WEAPONS, SET TO HURT MORE THAN KILL. A COUPLE OR THREE HITS WON'T DO MUCH DAMAGE -- UNLESS THEY SEVER MY SPINAL CORD. IT'S THE CUMULATIVE EFFECT THAT'S DEADLY.

WHY DO IT LIKE THAT -- UNLESS... DOOM'S GIVING ME A CHOICE. STAY WHERE I AM OR RISK EVERYTHING BY FLYING HIS LASER GAUNTLET

I HAVE HEARD MUCH OF THE X-MEN. TONIGHT I GIVE THEM AN OPPORTUNITY TO PROVE THEIR METTLE.

YOUR WINE, LORD DOOM.

STORM!

I DON'T BELIEVE IT! I THOUGHT YOU'D-- SHE'D--!

OF THEM ALL, ONLY CYCLOPS-- AN' MAYBE WOLVERINE, THE LITTLE PSYCHO-- EQUALLED HER INDOMITABLE WILL. YET YOU'VE MADE HER THE PERFECT SERVANT.

HOW'D YOU DO IT?

THERE IS VERY LITTLE I CANNOT DO, ARCADE.

BUT YOU SPOKE TRUER THAN YOU KNEW...

...WHEN YOU SAID I "MADE" HER.

OKAY, I'M IMPRESSED. WHERE'S THE REAL THING?

HERE, MY METABOLIC TRANSMUTER TRANSFORMED ORORO INTO ORGANIC CHROME.

IN SUBSTANCE, SHE IS NOT UNLIKE THE ORGANIC STEEL THAT COMPRISES COLOSSUS ARMORED FORM. EXCEPT THAT HIS LIFE PROCESSES ARE NORMAL, WHILE HERS HAVE BEEN SLOWED TO ALMOST NOTHING. HE CAN MOVE. SHE CANNOT.

CRUEL, DOC. TOO CRUEL.

I WISH I'D THOUGHT OF IT.

I HAVE SPARED THE CHILD THE RAVAGES OF AGE. SHE WILL LIVE-- AND REMAIN BEAUTIFUL-- FOREVER.

WHEN OROO WAS A CHILD, SHE WAS BURIED ALIVE. THAT TRAUMA...

...LEFT HER INCURABLY CLAUSTROPHOBIC.

SHE CAN STAND ANYTHING, SAVE CONFINEMENT.

YET THIS TRANSFORMATION INTO A STATUE IS PERHAPS THE ULTIMATE CONFINEMENT. HER WORST NIGHTMARE COME TRUE.

SO, FACED WITH WHAT SHE PERCEIVES AS A PRIMAL THREAT, SHE SUMMONS AN EQUALLY PRIMAL RESPONSE.

HER METALLOID FORM INHIBITS CONSCIOUS THOUGHT, BUT HER SUB-CONSCIOUS IS FREE TO ACT.

THE EFFECTS ARE CENTERED ON DOOM'S CASTLE-- BUT THEY ARE FELT AS FAR APART AS THE WESTINDIES, WHERE HER LIGHTNING BOLT BRIEFLY TURNS THE NIGHT TO DAY...

...OVER A SMALL, UNCHARTED ISLE.

ON THAT ISLAND, HUDDLED TOGETHER, TRYING TO FIND WHAT SHELTER THEY CAN FROM THIS ELDRITCH TEMPEST, ARE SCOTT SUMMERS-- WHO, AS CYCLOPS, WAS STORM'S PREDECESSOR AS THE X-MEN'S LEADER-- AND ALEYTYS FORRESTER, CAPTAIN, OWNER OF THE TRAWLER, "ARCADIA."

IT SOUNDS BAD, LEE.

IT IS BAD, SCOTT. I'VE NEVER SEEN WEATHER LIKE THIS.

THESE FALLEN TREES SHIELD US FROM THE WIND BUT IF THE RAIN DOESN'T DROWN US, WE'LL PROBABLY FREEZE TO DEATH BY MORNING.

IT MANIFESTS HER NEED TO BE FREE THROUGH HER MUTANT ABILITY TO CONTROL THE WEATHER BY CREATING AN INSATIABLE DEMAND FOR POWER. TO GET IT, SHE WARPS WEATHER PATTERNS OVER A VAST, EVER-INCREASING AREA.

SHE DOES NOT CARE. SHE WILL BE FREE. OR DIE.

YEAH. WHATEVER HAPPENED TO THE WARM, SUNNY CARIBBE--

EEYOW!

SCOTT!



MY  
BLIND-  
FOLD!

GOOD LORD!

THE IMPACT JARS SCOTT'S EYES  
OPEN AND, FOR A MOMENT, UNTIL  
HE CLOSES THEM AGAIN...

...THERE IS NOTHING TO RESTRAIN THE AWESOME, NIGH-IRRESISTIBLE POWER OF HIS OPTIC BLAST.

LEE, GET  
BEHIND  
ME!

WITHOUT MY RUBY QUARTZ GLASSES  
TO CONTROL MY OPTIC BLASTS, I'VE NO  
CHOICE BUT TO BLINDFOLD MY  
EYES SHUT.

RELAX, SCOTT. DON'T MOVE. I  
HAVE YOUR BLINDFOLD. I'LL HAVE  
YOUR EYES TIED SHUT IN A HURRY.

TH-THANKS. I GUESS I OWE  
YOU AN EXPLANATION.

WHERE IS IT? OH, LORD-- SUPPOSE  
THE WIND'S BLOWN IT AWAY?!

I GUESS YOU DO. BUT IT CAN  
WAIT 'TIL THIS STORM'S OVER.  
IF WE LIVE THAT LONG.

ON THAT NOTE, LET'S TURN THE CLOCK  
HALF-A-DOZEN HOURS AND RETURN TO THE  
ENVIRONS OF NEW YORK CITY.

IT'S SUNSET. STORM'S TEAM IS BEGINNING  
ITS ILL-FATED ASSAULT ON DOOM'S CASTLE. HERE,  
ANOTHER GROUP OF X-MEN-- HAVOK, POLARIS, BANSHEE  
AND ICEMAN-- SEEK ARCADE'S HIDDEN BASE, HIS  
ASSASSINATION AMUSEMENT PARK, MURDERWORLD.

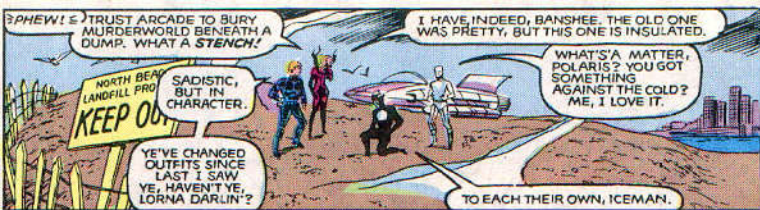
THIS DERELICT PARK IS WHERE ARCADE  
RELEASED THE X-MEN AFTER THEIR LAST  
BATTLE. \* LOGICALLY, THERE SHOULD BE  
UNDERGROUND CONNECTIONS BETWEEN  
IT AND MURDERWORLD.

LORNA DANE CONCENTRATES, REFINING AND FOCUSING  
HER AWARENESS OF THE WORLD AROUND HER UNTIL SHE  
PERCEIVES IT SOLELY AS PATTERNS OF MAGNETIC AND  
ELECTRICAL ENERGY.

POLARIS,  
IT'S UP  
TO YOU TO  
FIND  
THEM.

THAT DONE, IT BECOMES  
A RELATIVELY SIMPLE  
MATTER FOR HER TO LOCATE  
THE ENERGY PATTERNS  
CLUSTERED BENEATH THE  
AMUSEMENT PARK AND  
TRACE THEM BACK...

...TO  
THEIR  
SOURCE.



PHREW! I TRUST ARCADE TO BURY MURDERWORLD BENEATH A DUMP. WHAT A STENCH!

I HAVE, INDEED, BANSHEE. THE OLD ONE WAS PRETTY, BUT THIS ONE IS INSULATED.

WHAT'S A MATTER, POLARIS? YOU GOT SOMETHING AGAINST THE COLD? ME, I LOVE IT.

NORTH BEACH LANDFILL PROJECT  
**KEEP OUT**

SADISTIC, BUT IN CHARACTER.

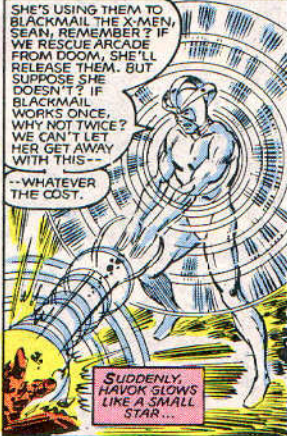
YOU'VE CHANGED OUTFITS SINCE LAST I SAW YOU, YE, HAVEN'T YOU, LORNA DARLIN'?

TO EACH THEIR OWN, ICEMAN.



THIS IS OUR LAST CHANCE TO RECONSIDER. ARCADE'S LADY, MISS LOCKE, IS HOLDING OUR LOVED ONES HOSTAGE IN MURDERWORLD. OUR ATTACK COULD SIGN THEIR DEATH WARRANTS.

IT'S A RISK WE HAVE TO TAKE, BANSHEE.



SHE'S USING THEM TO BLACKMAIL THE X-MEN, SEAN, REMEMBER? IF WE RESCUE ARCADE FROM DOOM, SHE'LL RELEASE THEM. BUT SUPPOSE SHE DOESN'T? IF BLACKMAIL WORKS ONCE, WHY NOT TWICE? WE CAN'T LET HER GET AWAY WITH THIS--

--WHATEVER THE COST.

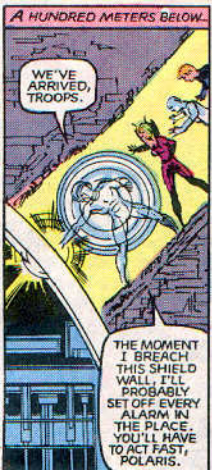
SUDDENLY, HAVOK GLOWS LIKE A SMALL STAR...



...AS HE DRAWS COSMIC ENERGY FROM THE VERY AIR AROUND HIM AND METABOLIZES IT INTO BEAMS OF RAW POWER THAT GOUGE A PATH INTO THE EARTH WITH DISCONCERTING EASE.

DON'T WORRY, BANSHEE. MOIRA MACTAGGERT AND THE OTHERS'LL BE ALL RIGHT. YOU'LL SEE.

AYE, LAD. I HOPE AN' PRAY SO.



A HUNDRED METERS BELOW...

WE'VE ARRIVED, TROOPS.

THE MOMENT I BREACH THIS SHIELD WALL, I'LL PROBABLY SET OFF EVERY ALARM IN THE PLACE. YOU'LL HAVE TO ACT FAST, POLARIS.



THIS GOOD ENOUGH FOR YOU, OH FEARLESS LEADER?

IN THE TWINKLING OF AN EYE, POLARIS OVERLOADS AND SHORT-CIRCUITS EVERY ELECTRICAL SYSTEM IN THE COMPLEX.



NOT TOO SHABBY. I DOUBT MAGNETO HIMSELF COULD HAVE DONE BETTER.

IN WE GO, GROUP. LET'S PRESS OUR ADVANTAGE WHILE WE'VE GOT IT.

WELCOME BACK, BANSHEE. I SEE YOU'VE BROUGHT SOME NEW PLAYMATES WITH YOU. HOW THOUGHTFUL.



I AM MISS LOCKE.

A HOLOGRAM!

IMPOSSIBLE! I DESTROYED EVERY CIRCUIT. THIS COMPLEX SHOULD BE DEAD!

I'M AFRAID NOT, MY DEAR. AS YOU'LL SOON DISCOVER.



WELCOME TO MURDERWORLD, X-MEN.

POP

...WHERE NOBODY EVER SURVIVES.



HEY!

TRAP DOORS!

WE'RE BEIN' SEPARATED-- JUST LIKE LAST TIME!



I'M GLAD MY BROTHER, SCOTT, ISN'T HERE TO SEE THIS. SOME LEADER I'M TURNING OUT TO BE.

IT'S BEEN AGES SINCE I LAST USED MY SUPER-POWERS IN A FIGHT...

...AND THIS TIME, I'LL BE ON MY OWN. NICE.

WHAT HAPPENED?! DID MY POWERS FAIL-- OR WAS I OVERCONFIDENT?!

ELSEWHERE, IN MURDER-WORLD'S CONTROL ROOM...



BACK-UP SYSTEMS FULLY OPERATIONAL, MISS LOCKE. BUT IT WAS A NEAR-THING. THE SHIELDS BARELY HELD AGAINST POLARIS' STRIKE. THEY WON'T SURVIVE ANOTHER LIKE IT.

STATUS REPORT, MISTER CHAMBERS.



THEY WON'T HAVE TO.

WHY?! BECAUSE SHE'LL BE DEAD?!

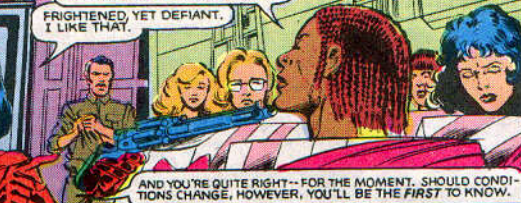
PRECISELY, Ms. HUNTER. WOULD YOU CARE TO JOIN HER?

YOUR LIVES WERE FORFEIT THE INSTANT THE X-MEN ATTACKED.



DEAD, WE'RE OF NO USE TO YOU.

FRIGHTENED, YET DEFIANT. I LIKE THAT.



AND YOU'RE QUITE RIGHT-- FOR THE MOMENT. SHOULD CONDITIONS CHANGE, HOWEVER, YOU'LL BE THE FIRST TO KNOW.

HAVOK.

END OF THE LINE, BUT WHERE THE BLAZES AM I?

AND WHAT HAPPENS NEXT?!

THIS ROCKET-SLED LOOKS LIKE SOME SORT OF CRAZY ROLLER-COASTER SET-UP.



THE ENGINES ARE FIRING! THE ROCKET'S MOVING!!

WITH THAT THOUGHT, HAVOK IS SMASHED BACKWARDS INTO HIS SEAT BY THE SLED'S SUDDEN, BRUTAL ACCELERATION.

HE SOON DISCOVERS, HOWEVER, THAT HIS CRAFT'S VIOLENT, UNPREDICTABLE COURSE REPRESENTS THE LEAST OF HIS PROBLEMS.



THIS IS RIDICULOUS. I'M FLYING-- RACING-- THROUGH THE MIDDLE OF A SPACE BATTLE. AND I SEEM TO BE EVERYONE'S FAVORITE TARGET.

I MUST BE INSIDE A GIANT HOLOGRAM FIELD-- HEY! THAT ENERGY BOLT WAS REAL!



SOME OF THESE TINY SPACECRAFT ARE THE HOLOFIELD'S 3-DIMENSIONAL ILLUSIONS...

...BUT OTHERS ARE REAL, AND DEADLY.



AND I CAN'T TELL WHICH IS WHICH.

I HAVE TO ASSUME THEY'RE ALL REAL AND BLAST EVERYTHING I SEE. TROUBLE IS-- JUST LIKE IN A VIDEO GAME--THE MORE I ZAP, THE MORE COME AFTER ME. I'M HARD-PRESSED AS IT IS. WHAT DO I DO IF THINGS GET WORSE?



I THINK THINGS JUST GOT WORSE.

ICEMAN.

ROMANCING-- HAH! MORE LIKELY, I'D BE STUDYING FOR MONDAY'S ECONOMICS QUIZ. WHY, OH WHY DID I HAVE TO GROW UP TO BE SO DARNED CONSCIENTIOUS???

OUCH!S

AND TO THINK I COULD BE AT SCHOOL, ROMANCING SHEILA DELANEY, THE CUTE LADY FROM THE DORM NEXT DOOR.

I'M IN AN ICE RINK. NICE OF MISS LOCKE TO DUMP ME INTO MY OWN ELEMENT.

SO HOW COME I DON'T FEEL REASSURED?

AND, AS IF THAT WASN'T ENOUGH, HERE COMES THE OPPOSITION.

WHOOPS! FROM THE SOUND OF THINGS, THIS ICE IS WAFER-THIN.

# ANDROID H

KRRRAK!

AN ICE WALL SHOULD STOP 'EM.

THESE BOZOS MAKE THE RANGERS LOOK GOOD. THEY CHARGED RIGHT INTO IT.

I DON'T LIKE IT. THINGS ARE GOING MY WAY FAR TOO EASILY. I EXPECTED...

YOW!

ME AND MY BIG MOUTH!

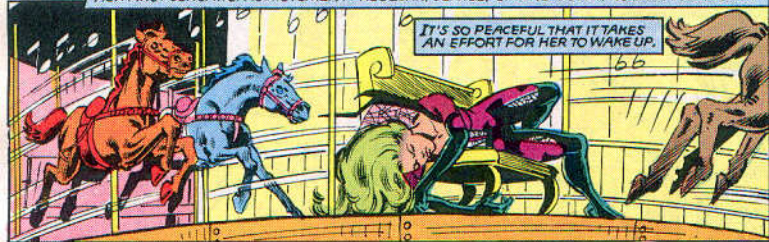
THE COMBINED WEIGHT OF MY WALL AND THOSE ROBOTS SHATTERED THE ICE. BUT-- UNDERNEATH! THAT'S NOT WATER!

THAT'S ACID!

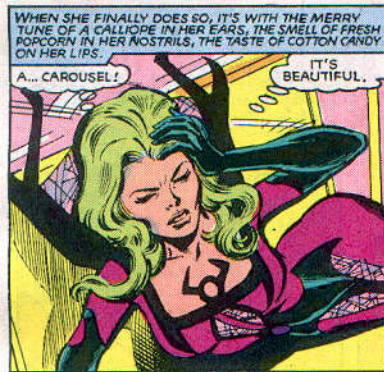
HERE COME MORE ROBOTS.

AND NOW HEATERS ARE ACTIVATING ALL ACROSS THE ROOF. I CAN ALREADY FEEL THEIR EFFECT.

IF I DON'T FIND A WAY OUT OF HERE-- PRONTO-- TWO YEARS' FEES AND A PROMISING ACADEMIC CAREER MAY HAVE JUST GONE DOWN THE PROVERBIAL DRAIN!

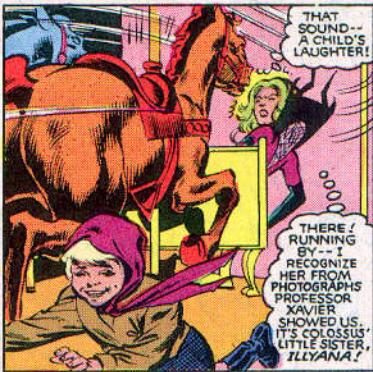


IT'S SO PEACEFUL THAT IT TAKES AN EFFORT FOR HER TO WAKE UP.



A... CAROUSEL!

IT'S BEAUTIFUL.



THAT SOUND-- A CHILD'S LAUGHTER!

THERE! RUNNING BY-- I RECOGNIZE HER FROM PHOTOGRAPHS PROFESSOR XAVIER SHOWED US. IT'S COLLOSSUS' LITTLE SISTER, ILLYANA!



ILLYANA, DON'T RUN AWAY! I'M HERE TO HELP YOU!

HER THOUGHTS FOCUSED ON THE GIRL SHE'S HERE TO RESCUE, POLARIS MOMENTARILY FORGETS THAT JUST BECAUSE SOMETHING IS BEAUTIFUL AND FAMILIAR...

... DOES NOT MEAN IT'S NOT DANGEROUS.



IT'S A LITTLE MISTAKE. IT COSTS HER.

AAII--!

THE HOOF SLAMS HER TO THE FLOOR OF THE CAROUSEL, KNOCKING HER BREATH FROM HER. AROUND HER, FOLLOWING THE HORSE'S LEAD, ALL THE RIDE'S ANIMALS COME TO LIFE, AND CLOSE EAGERLY IN FOR THE KILL.

BUT ALTHOUGH HURT, POLARIS IS FAR FROM HELPLESS.



A MAGNETIC FORCE BLAST LITERALLY RIPS HER ASSAILANTS TO SHREDS.

IT WAS CARELESS. IT'S BEEN TOO LONG SINCE I LAST USED MY MUTANT ABILITIES IN A COMBAT SITUATION, AND THIS IS NO PLACE FOR ON-THE-JOB RETRAINING.

AH, WELL. THERE'S PRECIOUS LITTLE I CAN DO TO REMEDY THAT NOW. I'LL SIMPLY HAVE TO COPE AS BEST I CAN.



ILLYANA, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT? I'M A FRIEND...

I KNOW WHO YOU ARE, POLARIS.

AND I HAVE A SURPRISE FOR YOU.

EAT HOT LEAD, SUCKER!!



BLAM  
BLAM  
BLAM

BANSHEE.

A FACSIMILE OF A WESTERN TOWN. FASCINATIN'!

DRAW, PAHNUH!

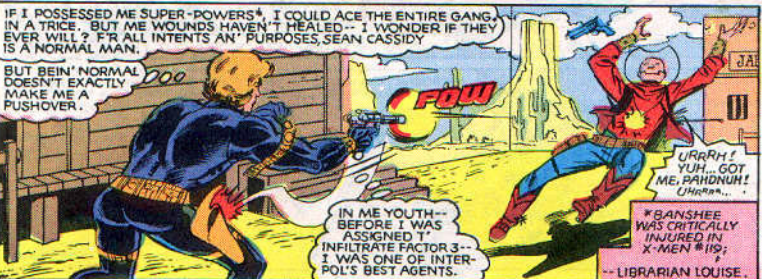
I'M IN A CROSSFIRE.



I HAVE AN EVEN CHANCE WITH THE GUNSLINGER FACIN' ME. BUT I'M A SITTING DUCK F'R HIS PALS IN THE SALOON.

IF I POSSESSED ME SUPER-POWERS<sup>4</sup>, I COULD ACE THE ENTIRE GANG IN A TRICE. BUT ME WOUNDS HAVEN'T HEALED-- I WONDER IF THEY EVER WILL? F'R ALL INTENTS AN' PURPOSES, SEAN CASSIDY IS A NORMAL MAN.

BUT BEIN' NORMAL DOESN'T EXACTLY MAKE ME A PUSHOVER.



IN ME YOUTH-- BEFORE I WAS ASSIGNED T' INFILTRATE FACTOR 3-- I WAS ONE OF INTERPOL'S BEST AGENTS.

URRRH!  
YUH... GOT ME, PAHNUH!  
UHHHH...

\*BANSHEE WAS CRITICALLY INJURED IN X-MEN #119;  
-- LIBRARIAN LOUISE.

ME AIM BETTER BE SPOT-ON, THOUGH.

THESE YOBBOBS CAN'T MISS ME F'EVER.

**BWHOOOM!**

WHAT'S THIS?! ME MICRO-BOMB NOT ONLY TRASHED THOSE MECHANICAL HIT-MEN--

-- IT ALSO BLEW A PATHWAY OPEN INTO ANOTHER O' MURDERWORLD'S DEATH-TRAPS. IT'S A ROLLER-COASTER. AN-- BEIN' TIED T' THE TRACKS --

--MOIRA!

SEAN!!

YOU'RE TOO LATE, HERO-- NYAH-HAH-HAH! ALREADY A TRAIN IS RUSHING TOWARDS YOUR BELOVED MOIRA MacTAGGERT.

YOU'LL NEVER SAVE HER!

HAVOK.

MY ENERGY BLASTS HAD NO EFFECT ON THIS MONSTROSITY. IT'S ABOUT TO SWALLOW MY ROCKET.

SOMEHOW, I'VE THE FEELING I DON'T WANT TO BE ABOARD WHEN THAT HAPPENS.

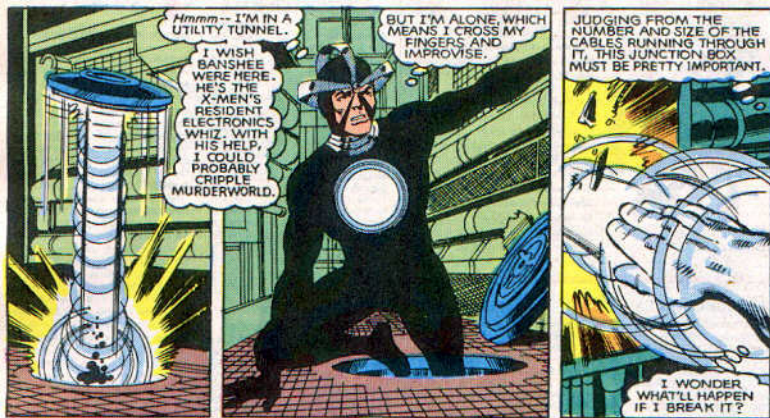
TIME, AS THE SAYING GOES, TO BAIL OUT.

FORTUNATELY, THE FULL POWER BOLTS I FIRED MOMENTARILY OVERPOWERED THE HOLOFIELD'S ILLUSIONS, ENABLING ME TO SEE ROUGHLY WHAT'S AROUND ME-- AND WHERE TO JUMP TO.

MY ROCKET EXPLODED-- WHAT A SURPRISE.

WITH LUCK, THAT'LL REGISTER ON MISS LOCKE'S COMPUTERS AS A "KILL". THEY'LL BE EXPECTING NO MORE TROUBLE FROM ME. AND THAT'S AN ADVANTAGE I INTEND PUTTING TO VERY GOOD USE.





Hmm-- I'M IN A UTILITY TUNNEL.

BUT I'M ALONE, WHICH MEANS I CROSS MY FINGERS AND IMPROVISE.

I WISH BANSHEE WERE HERE. HE'S THE X-MEN'S RESIDENT ELECTRONICS WHIZ. WITH HIS HELP, I COULD PROBABLY CRIPPLE MURDERWORLD.

JUDGING FROM THE NUMBER AND SIZE OF THE CABLES RUNNING THROUGH IT, THIS JUNCTION BOX MUST BE PRETTY IMPORTANT.

I WONDER WHAT'LL HAPPEN IF I BREAK IT?



IN THE CONTROL ROOM...

SYSTEMS DYSFUNCTION, MISS LOCKE-- SECTOR 12. I'D BEST INVESTIGATE.

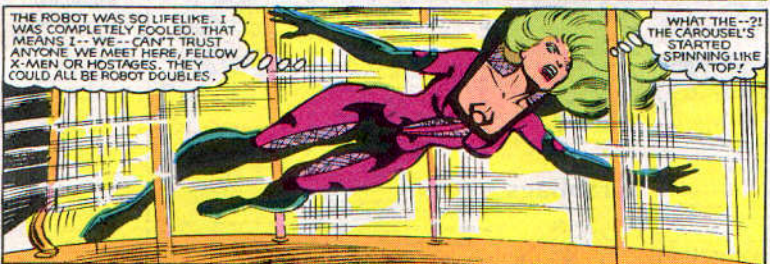
BE CAREFUL, MR. CHAMBERS.

WE LOST MOST OF OUR INTERNAL DEFENSIVE CAPABILITY WHEN POLARIS SHORTED THE PRIMARY SYSTEMS. IF YOU SPOT ANYTHING OUT OF THE ORDINARY, IF YOU RUN INTO TROUBLE, NOTIFY ME AT ONCE.



POLARIS: NICE TRY, KILLER. BUT USING A METAL GUN, FIRING METAL BULLETS...

IS NOT A TERRIBLY BRIGHT MOVE AGAINST THE MISTRESS OF MAGNETISM.



THE ROBOT WAS SO LIFELIKE. I WAS COMPLETELY FOOLED. THAT MEANS I-- WE-- CAN'T TRUST ANYONE WE MEET HERE, FELLOW X-MEN OR HOSTAGES. THEY COULD ALL BE ROBOT DOUBLES.

WHAT THE--?! THE CAROUSEL'S STARTED SPINNING LIKE A TOP!

SECONDS LATER, THAT CAROUSEL--ITS SPEED INCREASING AT A TERRIFYING RATE-- RIPS ITSELF FREE FROM ITS MOORINGS...

... AND TAKES OFF, STRAIGHT UP, LIKE A HELICOPTER.

ABOARD, POLARIS GRIMLY HOLDS ONTO A STANCHION FOR DEAR LIFE.

MOTION OF THIS THING... IS MAKING ME... ILL.

IT'S ALSO GENERATING AWESOME CENTRIFUGAL FORCE. I... CAN'T HOLD ON MUCH LONGER.

IT'S LIKE RIDING THE ULTIMATE BUCKING BRONCO--THE CAROUSEL'S SHIFTS IN DIRECTION SO DISORIENTING POLARIS--

BUT IF I LET GO, I'LL SHOT OUT OF HER LIKE A BULLET. I'LL SPLATTER AGAINST A WALL LONG BEFORE I CAN USE MY POWERS TO STOP MYSELF.

... THAT SHE'S UNABLE TO MAGNETICALLY AFFECT ITS WAYWARD FLIGHT. ALL SHE CAN DO IS ENDURE-- AND PRAY THE CAROUSEL REACHES ITS BREAKING POINT BEFORE SHE DOES.

THEN, AS ABRUPTLY AS THIS MANIC FLIGHT BEGAN IT ENDS.

Whew! AM I GLAD THAT'S OVER.

THIS MAGNETIC ANTI-GRAVITY FORCE FIELD SHOULD PROTECT ME FROM ANY MORE ATTACKS-- AND GIVE ME THE BREATHING SPACE I NEED TO FIGURE OUT MY NEXT MOVE.

REGRETTABLY, AS POLARIS SOON DISCOVERS, MISS LOCKE-- AND MURDERWORLD-- HAVE OTHER IDEAS.

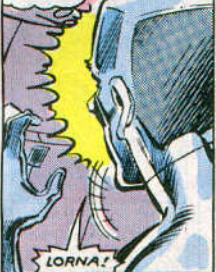
NO!

AN INHIBITOR FIELD-- NEUTRALIZING MY POWERS! I'M FALLING!

MISS LOCKE'S HOCKEY TEAM IS REGROUPING FOR ANOTHER ATTACK, AND THE HEATERS ARE TURNING THIS RINK INTO A SAUNA...

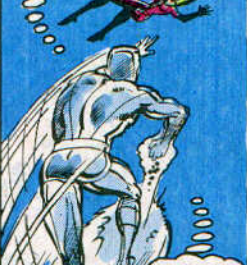


HEADS UP, I'VE GOT COMPANY!



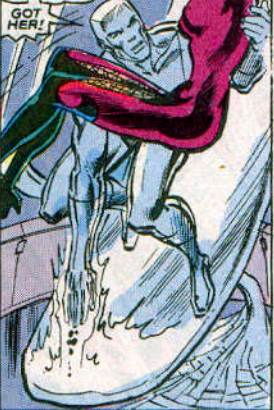
LORNA!

IF THE FALL ITSELF DOESN'T KILL HER...



...THE FORCE OF IMPACT WILL SMASH THE ICE BENEATH HER, PLUNGING HER INTO THE ACID-- UNLESS I REACH HER FIRST!

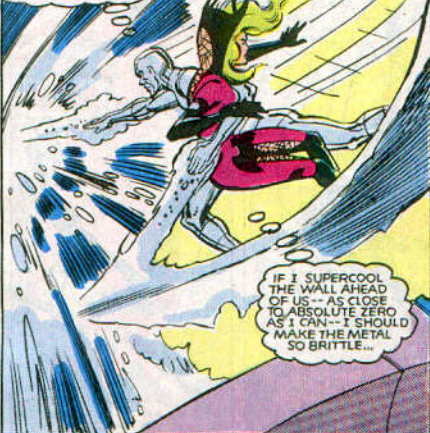
THIS CLOSE TO THE HEATERS THEIR EFFECTS ARE MURDEROUS. CREATING-- AND MAINTAINING-- MY ICE SLIDE IS TAKING ALMOST ALL MY STRENGTH.



GET HER!

SHE'S ONLY STUNNED, THANK GOODNESS. I USED TO BE IN LOVE WITH THE LADY-- I STILL AM. A PART OF ME ALWAYS WILL BE. BUT I'VE FINALLY ACCEPTED THAT HER HEART BELONGS TO ALEX SLIMMERS. HE'S A LUCKY GUY. I HOPE HE KNOWS THAT.

UH-oh! THE WEIGHT OF MY ICE SLIDE IS BREAKING THROUGH THE RINK. IF WE'RE GETTING OUT OF HERE-- ALIVE-- IT'S NOW OR NEVER!



IF I SUPERCOOL THE WALL AHEAD OF US-- AS CLOSE TO ABSOLUTE ZERO AS I CAN-- I SHOULD MAKE THE METAL SO BRITTLE...

...THAT THE SLIGHTEST SHARP IMPACT SHOULD SHATTER IT!



AT THAT MOMENT, IN THE SERVICE TUNNEL...

THIS WAS NO INTERNAL DISRUPTION.

THE JUNCTION BOX WAS BLASTED FROM OUTSIDE!

I CANNOT TELL A LIE, SIR.

Eh--?!

I DID IT...

... WITH A HANDY-DANDY, ALL-PURPOSE COSMIC ENERGY BOLT. JUST LIKE THIS.

**AHHRRR!**

PART OF ME WANTS TO KILL YOU, MISTER. SLOWLY. BUT I WON'T. I... CAN'T. REVENGE IS FOR CHILDREN. I LIKE TO THINK I'M AN ADULT.

ELSEWHERE...

YE'LL NOT HARM MOIRA, YE SPAL PEEN!

I'VE STILL SOME MICRO-BOMBS LEFT. IT'LL BE A SIMPLE MATTER T' DERAIL THE TRAIN LONG BEFORE IT REACHES HERE.

ABOARD THAT ROLLER-COASTER ARE CANDY SOUTHERN AND AMANDA SEFTON-- ANGEL AN' NIGHTCRAWLER'S SWEETHEARTS!

"IF YE WRECK THIS TRESTLE, YE'LL KILL THEM!"

AN' IF I DON'T, THAT TRAIN'LL KILL YOU!

MOIRA, YE'RE TIED WITH WIRE, NOT ROPE! I CAN'T UNTIE YE!

HATING HIMSELF, BANSHEE GRABS FOR A MICRO-BOMB...

SEAN, YE CANNOT DO THAT!

... WHEN, WITHOUT WARNING, AN ICE ARCH FORMS OVER HIM AND MOIRA...

... TO DEFLECT THE TRAIN...

... WHILE A MAGNETIC FORCE FIELD GENTLY LIFTS ITS HELPLESS PASSENGERS TO SAFETY.

GLORY!

BE STILL, ME HEART. CLOSE CALLS LIKE THIS'LL BE THE DEATH O' ME YET.

BANSHEE! MOIRA! ARE YOU GUYS OKAY?

NEVER BETTER, ICEMAN!

AN' NEVER HAPPIER! SEE A FAMILIAR FACE.

ANY SIGN OF HAVOK?

WHY ARE THE WOMEN SMILING SO STRANGELY?

OH, NO!

NOT SINCE THE INITIAL AMBUSH.

BOBBY-SEAN--

LOOK OUT!

MOIRA! DEAR LORD, NO-- SHE EXPLODED!!

MOIRA WASN'T A "SHE", BANSHEE, BUT AN "IT". THEY WERE ALL ROBOT SIMULACRUMS OF THE HOSTAGES. I MET ONE OF PETER'S SISTER, NOT LONG AGO.

JUST NOW, I MAGNA-SCANNED THEM AND FOUND THAT THEY DIDN'T HAVE THE NATURAL MAGNETIC AURAS OF LIVING BEINGS. AS IT IS, I BARELY ERECTED THIS FORCE FIELD IN TIME TO PROTECT US.

BOBBY-TRAPS! WOW!

THAT MISS LOCKE IS ONE PEACH OF A CUSTOMER, YOU KNOW? I'D SOONER WALTZ WITH A COBRA!

POLARIS, CAN Y'R MAGNETIC POWERS LEAD US T' MURDERWORLD'S CONTROL ROOM? I'LL LAY ODDS THAT'S WHERE WE'LL FIND THE REAL HOSTAGES.

RIGHT YOU ARE, BANSHEE. BUT LOCATING MURDERWORLD CONTROL IS ONE THING.

REACHING IT ALIVE IS SOMETHING ELSE AGAIN.

WANT TO BET?

HAVOK!

SURRENDER OR FIGHT, MISS LOCKE. THE CHOICE IS YOURS.

I'LL FIGHT--  
OH!

IF YOU INSIST.

ONCE OUR HEROES DETERMINE THAT MISS LOCKE AND MR. CHAMBERS ARE THE ONLY PEOPLE IN MURDERWORLD--

--OTHER THAN THEMSELVES AND THE HOSTAGES, OF COURSE-- IT BECOMES A RELATIVELY SIMPLE MATTER DISARM THE GIANT COMPLEX, REVIVE AND RELEASE THEIR FRIENDS AND, FINALLY, MAKE THEIR WEARY WAY BACK TO THE WAITING HOVERCRAFT.

THERE, THEY FIND THAT THINGS HAVE CHANGED SOMEWHAT SINCE THEY WENT UNDERGROUND.

KEEP OUT

LOOK AT THAT!

DID YOU SEE THAT LIGHTNING BOLT? I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT!

AND WHERE'D THIS LOUSY WEATHER COME FROM?!

ONLY TWO PEOPLE I KNOW OF ARE CAPABLE OF WHIPPIN' UP INSTANT HURRICANES: THOR... AN' STORM. BUT I CAN'T IMAGINE ORORO CREATIN' ANYTHING THIS BIG-- I DOUBT SHE COULD CONTROL IT.

WE'D BEST RETURN HOME, ALEX, AS FAST AS WE CAN. I FEAR THIS NIGHT'S BATTLES... MAY BE FAR FROM OVER.

UPSTATE...

THIS TEMPEST BLANKETS THE NORTHEASTERN UNITED STATES--



-- AND IT GROWS IN SIZE AND STRENGTH WITH EVERY PASSING MINUTE. IT SEEMS CENTERED ON THIS CASTLE. SOMETHING HAS BEEN SET IN MOTION HERE THAT I HAD NOT ANTICIPATED.

AT THIS RATE, BY MORNING, THE WIND WILL BE RIPPING ADULT TREES OUT BY THEIR ROOTS AND SCOURING HILLS OF SOIL AND VEGETATION DOWN TO THE BARE ROCK.



A GENUINE HAVANA.

I ADMIRE YORE TASTE IN CIGARS, VIC.



ARCADE, WE FACE ECOLOGICAL DEVASTATION OF UNPARALLELLED MAGNITUDE-- YET, AS USUAL, YOUR CONCERN IS SOLELY FOR YOUR OWN PERSONAL GRATIFICATION. I PITY YOU.

DON'T. THANKS FOR THE LIGHT.



IT'S NICE TA KNOW YORE TIN SUIT'S GOOD FOR SOMETHING.

UNNOTICED STORM'S STATUE BEGINS TO GLOW...

... ITS SOFT INNER LIGHT PULSING IN TIME TO THE LIGHTNING BOLTS SPAWNED BY THE STORM SHE HERSELF HAD SUMMONED.



ARCADE, IF YOU WISH TO TELL ME SOMETHING, PLEASE DO SO.

WHY, VIC, I DO BELIEVE I'VE STRUCK A NERVE. SINCE I'M ON A ROLL, I'LL WHACK IT AGAIN.

TAKE A LOOK AT YORE LIQUID CRYSTAL DISPLAY MONITOR, HOTSHOT. YOU SEE WHAT I JUST SAW ?!



NIGHTCRAWLER'S DISAPPEARED!!

**NEXT ISSUE:** THE X-MEN'S CLIMACTIC SHOWDOWN WITH Dr. DOOM AND

# ARCADE!