

AUG #148 50c

MARVEL COMICS GROUP



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THE UNCANNY

# X-MEN™



**DAZZLER**  
AND  
**SPIDER-WOMAN**

TO THE RESCUE  
WHEN KITTY FALLS...

TO THE  
**SHADOW OF  
DEATH!**



Stan Lee  
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# THE UNCANNY X-MEN!™

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## CRY, MUTANT!

DAYS AGO, SCOTT SUMMERS, (WHO, AS CYCLOPS, IS THE FORMER LEADER OF A TEAM OF MUTANT SUPER-HEROES, THE UNCANNY X-MEN), AND ALEYTIA FORRESTER, CAPTAIN (OWNER) OF THE FISHING TRAWLER ARCADIA WERE WASHED OVERBOARD DURING A TYPICAL STORM. BOTH WERE SWIFT RESCUE ON A REMOTE UNINHABITED ISLAND DEEP WITHIN THE INFAMOUS BERMUDA TRIANGLE. SINCE THEN, THEY'VE BEEN STRUGGLING TO SURVIVE.

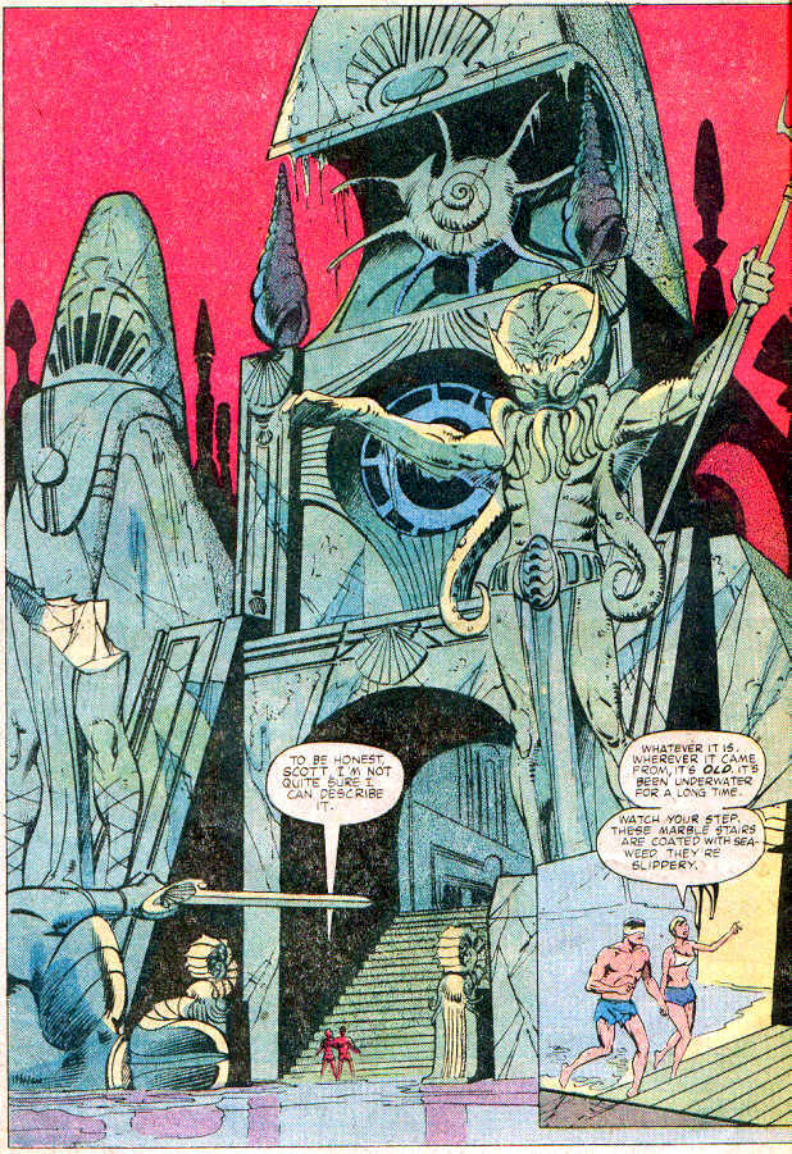
NOW, HOWEVER, THEIR SITUATION HAS CHANGED DRAMATICALLY--BUT WHETHER FOR BETTER OR WORSE, NONE CAN SAY.

I DON'T BELIEVE THIS. I DON'T WANT TO BELIEVE IT. YESTERDAY THIS ISLAND WASN'T HERE. IT DIDN'T EXIST.

AND THIS CITY?

ANYTHING IS AN IMPROVEMENT ON THAT SANDPIT WE CAME FROM. AT LEAST HERE WE MIGHT FIND SOME FOOD AND WATER.

YOU MENTIONED A CITY, LEE. WHAT DOES IT LOOK LIKE?

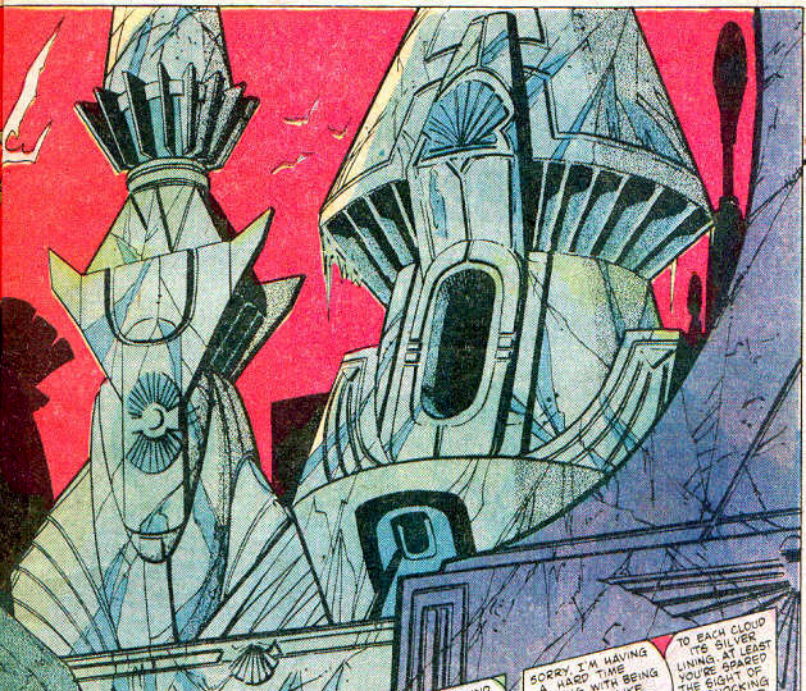


TO BE HONEST,  
SCOTT I'M NOT  
QUITE SURE I  
CAN DESCRIBE  
IT.

WHATEVER IT IS,  
WHEREVER IT CAME  
FROM, IT'S *OLD*. IT'S  
BEEN UNDERWATER  
FOR A LONG TIME.

WATCH YOUR STEP,  
THESE MARBLE STAIRS  
ARE COATED WITH SEA-  
WEED. THEY'RE  
BLIPPERY.





ARE WE IN SHADOW? SUDDENLY IT FEELS COLD.

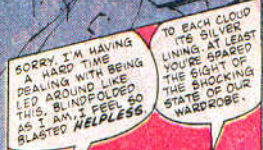
IT'S PARTLY THAT, BUT THIS CITY...

... HAS SUCH AN ALIEN FEEL TO IT, IT GIVES ME THE WILLIES.



WE'VE REACHED LEVEL GROUND. SOME KIND OF BOULEVARD. THE STATUARY ALL RELATES TO THE SEA. THIS COULD BE A CEREMONIAL GATEWAY.

ARE YOU OKAY, SCOTT? YOU'VE TENSED UP.



SORRY, I'M HAVING A HARD TIME DEALING WITH BEING LED AROUND LIKE THIS. BLINDFOLDED AS I AM, I FEEL SO BLASTED **HELPLESS**.

TO EACH CLOUD ITS SILVER LINING. AT LEAST YOU'RE SCARED THE SIGHT OF THE SHOCKING STATE OF OUR WARDROBE.



WHAT WARDROBE?

MY POINT EXACTLY.

LEE LEADING THE WAY, THEY BEGIN EXPLORING THE VAST ANCIENT CITY-- BUT BY NIGHTFALL, THEY'VE ONLY MANAGED TO SCRATCH THE SURFACE.

IT'S BEEN TWO DAYS SINCE LEE LEARNED OF MY **OPTIC BEASTS** & YET SHE HASN'T QUESTIONED ME ABOUT THEM WHY? DOES SHE EXPECT ME TO MAKE THE FIRST MOVE?

HOW CAN I TELL HER ABOUT CYCLOPS WITHOUT INVOLVING THE OTHER X-MEN? I'D TRUST HER WITH MY SECRET, I'D... TRUST HER WITH MY LIFE, BUT WHAT RIGHT DO I HAVE TO COMPROMISE MY FRIENDS? I DON'T WANT TO LIE TO HER, I... I'M NOT SURE I CAN.

NO FOOD, NO CLOTHES, NO PEOPLE.

BUT WE'VE SHELTER IN ABUNDANCE

8 SAFE X-MENING -- LOUISE.

CARE TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF IT?

MMNN???

HER LIPS ARE AS SOFT AS GENTLE, AS HER TOUCH, THE KISS IS TENDER.

FOR A MOMENT, SCOTT RESPONDS, AND THEN...

LEE, DON'T PLEASE.

WHAT'S WRONG? IS IT... JEAN?

HER NAME WAS JEAN GREY, WE WERE IN LOVE. SHE... DIED.

I LIKE YOU LEE, I CARE FOR YOU, TOO MUCH, BUT IT'S TOO SOON, I DON'T WANT TO GET INVOLVED AGAIN.

I'M NOT ASKING FOR INVOLVEMENT, I KNOW HOW YOU FEEL, SCOTT, I KNOW ABOUT GRIEF AND LOSS, WE BURIED MY FATHER TWO MONTHS AGO, REMEMBER??

X-MEN #144

BUT I'M COLD AND HUNGRY AND SCARED, I NEED A LITTLE HUMAN WARMTH AND COMPASSION AND COMPANIONSHIP, AND IF THAT'S MORE THAN YOU CAN GIVE--

-- THEN TO BLAZES WITH YOU!

LEE?

BRILLIANT. I'M ALONE AND  
RESERVEDLY SO. WHEN I PUT  
MY MIND TO IT, I CAN BE  
A REAL CREEP.

I NEVER HAD THIS  
PROBLEM WITH JEAN,  
BUT THEN, SHE WAS A  
TELEPATH. SHE COULD  
READ MY THOUGHTS.  
SENSE WHAT I  
REALLY MEANT.

I'M NOT USED TO DEALING WITH  
PEOPLE -- OUTSIDE THE UNIQUE  
HIGH-PRESSURE ENVIRONMENT  
OF THE X-MEN.

THAT'S PARTLY WHY I  
TOOK THIS SABBATICAL  
TO LEARN.



OW!

MY  
FOOT-- I'M  
FALLING!



I HIT HARD, BUT NOTHING SEEMS  
BROKEN. IT'S THIS BLINDFOLD--

I DON'T KNOW WHERE I AM, WHERE  
I'M GOING, WHO OR WHAT IS  
AROUND ME, AND THE IRONY IS  
THAT I CAN SEE  
PERFECTLY!



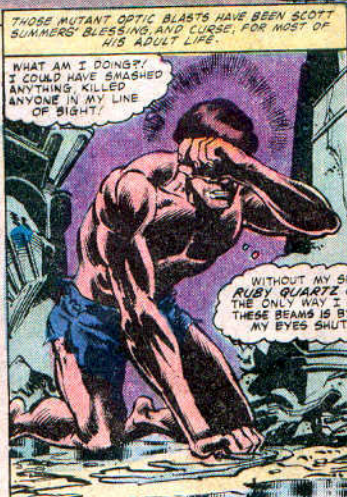
ALL I HAVE  
TO DO IS OPEN  
MY EYES!

WITH THAT, RAW ENERGY  
RIPS UPWARD THROUGH  
THE EVENING SKY--



... A BEAM OF  
FORCE--

--IRRESISTIBLE,  
UNCONTROLLABLE.



THOSE MUTANT OPTIC BLASTS HAVE BEEN SCOTT  
SUMMERS' BLESSING, AND CURSE, FOR MOST OF  
HIS ADULT LIFE.

WHAT AM I DOING?  
I COULD HAVE SMASHED  
ANYTHING, KILLED  
ANYONE IN MY LINE  
OF SIGHT!

WITHOUT MY SPECIAL  
RUBY QUARTZ GLASSES,  
THE ONLY WAY I CAN CONTAIN  
THESE BEAMS IS BY KEEPING  
MY EYES SHUT.

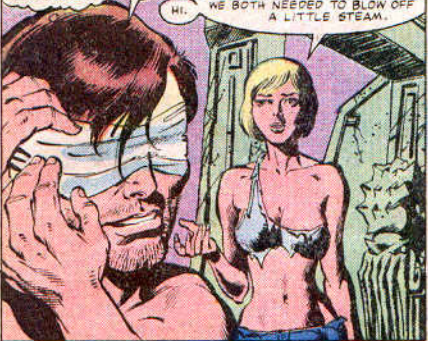


THE CONDITION IS INCURABLE. I CAN  
NEVER RELAX MY GUARD, OR MAKE  
A CARELESS MOVE. I CAN NEVER  
LEAD A "NORMAL" LIFE, BUT WILL  
WALLOWING IN SELF-PITY CHANGE  
THAT, MAKE THINGS BETTER?

NO.

THAT SOUND--  
A FOOTSTEP?

I'M SORRY, SCOTT I SHOULDN'T  
HAVE RUN OUT ON YOU. I GUESS  
WE BOTH NEEDED TO BLOW OFF  
A LITTLE STEAM.



I'M SORRY, TOO. I DIDN'T MEAN TO SLAP  
YOU DOWN. I... I'M AFRAID LEE--OF TAKING  
ANOTHER RISK OF BEING HURT.

LIFE IS A RISK  
ALL THE WAY  
DOWN THE LINE.



I'M GLAD YOU  
CAME BACK. I  
NEED YOU.

WE NEED  
EACH OTHER.

NIGHT PASSES, AND TWO LONELY YOUNG PEOPLE FIND PEACE IN EACH OTHER'S ARMS, DRAWING WHAT STRENGTH THEY CAN FROM THEIR STILL-FRAGILE EMOTIONAL BOND, WHILE TRYING NOT TO THINK OF WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO THAT BOND IN THE FUTURE. BOTH ARE AWARE THAT THE QUESTION MAY BECOME ACADEMIC IF THEY DON'T SOON FIND FOOD AND WATER.



MEANWHILE FAR TO THE  
NORTH ON THE GROUNDS OF  
PROFESSOR CHARLES  
XAVIER'S SCHOOL FOR  
GIFTED YOUNGSTERS--  
SECRET HEADQUARTERS OF  
THE X-MEN-- IN THE NEW  
YORK CITY SUBURB OF  
SALEM CENTER...

... WOLVERINE  
HUNTS.

HIS QUARRY IS FELLOW X-MAN,  
NIGHTCRAWLER WHOSE INDIGO  
SKIN RENDERS HIM VIRTUALLY IN-  
VISIBLE IN THE PRE-DAWN  
SHADOWS.



WOLVERINE'S  
FOLLOWING MY  
TRAIL?

I WENT DEEP INTO THE WOODS  
BEFORE DOUBLING BACK BY  
TELEPORTING INTO THIS TREE.  
WITH THE BREEZE BLOWING FROM  
BEHIND HIM, WOLVERINE SHOULD'NT  
BE ABLE TO PICK UP  
MY SCENT.



OOOPS, I MAY  
HAVE SPOKEN TOO  
SOON. HE'S  
STOPPED!

WOLVERINE  
STANDS  
MOTIONLESS  
FOR A  
MOMENT...  
THEN...



UNGLAUBLICHI! HE  
DISAPPEARED! BUT-- WHERE  
DID HE GO?

NIGHTCRAWLER'S SMILE AND  
THE WAY HIS BODY BUILT UP  
AND FELL BACK BUT WENT AWAY  
A LONG WHILE AGO...

... HE TELEPORTS DOWN TO THE GROUND.



HIS DEPARTURE IS MARKED BY THE SOFT SOUND OF IMPLODING AIR.

HIS ARRIVAL--A SPLIT-SECOND LATER--IS SILENT, THOUGH HE MATERIALIZES IN A BURST OF SULPHEROUS FIRE. HE HAS NO IDEA WHAT CAUSES BOTH THE PYROTECHNIC DISPLAY AND THE ACCOMPANYING BRIMSTONE STENCH...



... BUT HE WISHES THERE WAS SOME WAY TO GET RID OF THEM.

AND NEVER MORE SO THAN NOW.



SURPRISE, SUCKER!

WOLVERINE-- UNNFFF!

AS NIGHTCRAWLER FALLS, STUNNED AND BREATHLESS--... INCENTIVELY TOO GRACIOUS TO TELEPORT TO SAFETY--... UNBREAKABLE RAZOR-SHARP ADAMANTUM CLAWS...



... EXTEND FROM THE BACK OF WOLVERINE'S HAND.

GAME'S OVER ELF!

AN' YOU LOSE!



WOLVERINE-- DON'T!

SHUCKS. I MISSED.

SCARED YOU, DIDN'T I? SERVES YOU RIGHT, KURT, AFTER MAKING A PUMB-BUTT MOVE LIKE THAT.

I SHOULD HAVE STAYED IN THE TREES.

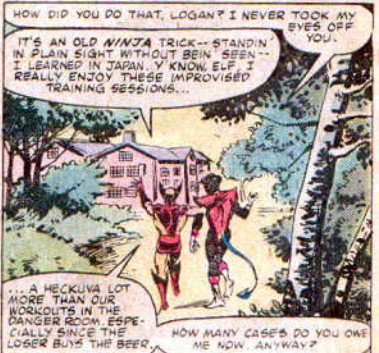
NO FOOLIN'.



YOUR DISAPPEARANCE RATTLED ME.

HOW DID YOU DO THAT, LOGAN? I NEVER TOOK MY EYES OFF YOU.

IT'S AN OLD NINJA TRICK--STANDIN' IN PLAIN SIGHT WITHOUT BEIN' SEEN-- I LEARNED IN JAPAN. Y'KNOW, ELF, I REALLY ENJOY THESE IMPROVISED TRAINING SESSIONS...



... A HECKUYA LOT MORE THAN OUR WORKOUTS IN THE DANGER ROOM, ESPECIALLY SINCE THE LOSER BUYS THE BEER.

HOW MANY CASE'S DO YOU OWE ME NOW, ANYWAY?



AT THAT MOMENT, INSIDE THE MARSHION'S DINING ROOM...

THUNDERCLOUDS -- BUT THE SKY WAS CLEAR A MOMENT AGO.

MY SUBCONSCIOUS IS MANIFESTING MY ANGER THROUGH MY ABILITY TO CONTROL THE WEATHER. I HAVEN'T BEEN SO CARELESS WITH MY MUTANT POWERS SINCE I WAS A CHILD.

THIS ARGUMENT WITH ANGEL HAS UPSET ME MORE THAN I REALIZED



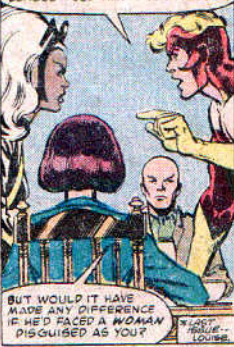
PROFESSOR, WOLVERINE IS DANGEROUS!

WITH HER MIND, ORORO -- THE X-MEN'S LEADER -- REACHES INTO THE HEART OF THE NASCENT STORM AND, AS CASUALLY AS SHE SUMMONED IT, SENDS IT AWAY.

THEREFORE, ANGEL, WE SHOULD ABANDON HIM?



STORM, HE'S A BORN KILLER. WHEN HE FACED DR. DOOM'S ROBOT VERSION OF YOU HE DESTROYED IT WITHOUT AN INSTANT'S HESITATION. ALL RIGHT, MAYBE HIS ENHANCED SENSES TOLD HIM IT WAS A ROBOT.



BUT WOULD IT HAVE MADE ANY DIFFERENCE IF HE'D FACED A WOMAN DISGUISED AS YOU?

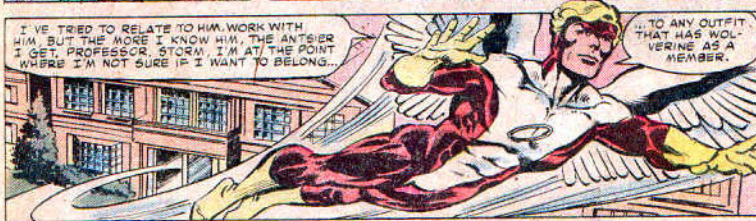
LAST ISSUE -- LOUISE

I THINK NOT, AND IT SCARES ME. PROFESSOR, YOU'RE THE WORLD'S GREATEST AUTHORITY ON MUTANTS. YOU FOUNDED THE X-MEN. YOU KNOW US PROBABLY BETTER THAN WE KNOW OURSELVES.

I'D LIKE TO ASSUME YOU HAVE A LOGICAL REASON FOR KEEPING THAT LITTLE PSYCHOPATH AROUND.



I'VE TRIED TO RELATE TO HIM, WORK WITH HIM, BUT THE MORE I KNOW HIM, THE ANTSIER I GET. PROFESSOR, STORM, I'M AT THE POINT WHERE I'M NOT SURE IF I WANT TO BELONG...



... TO ANY OUTFIT THAT HAS WOLVERINE AS A MEMBER.

DOES THAT INCLUDE THE HUMAN RACE?



I, TOO, ABHOR WOLVERINE'S VIOLENT NATURE, BUT HE IS NOT AN X-MAN BECAUSE OF HIS PERFECT, STERLING CHARACTER. IT IS BECAUSE OF HIS POTENTIAL FOR GOOD. OUR DUTY AS X-MEN IS TO HELP HIM ACHIEVE THAT POTENTIAL. TO DENY WOLVERINE WOULD BE TO DENY OUR TRUE REASON FOR BEING. WHY DOES ANGEL NOT UNDERSTAND THAT?

HE DOES, STORM, BUT HE WONDERS IF THAT GOAL IS WORTH THE COST. I MUST CONFESS THAT, OCCASIONALLY, SO DO I.

IN THE X-MEN'S HANGER COMPLEX -- A MILE FROM THE MANSION HIDDEN BENEATH THE WOODS THAT COVER MUCH OF THE SPRAWLING ESTATE -- SEAN CASSIDY IS WORKING ON THEIR MODIFIED SR-71 BLACKBIRD, AIDED BY PETER RASPUTIN AND WATCHED BY PETER'S SISTER, ILLYANA.\*

LIFT UP THE ENGINE, WILL YE, PETER?

OF COURSE, SEAN.

WITH A THOUGHT PETER TRANSMUTES HIS FLESH-AND-BLOOD BODY...

\* AS BANSHEE, SEAN WAS HIMSELF AN X-MAN, UNTIL INJURIES FORCED HIS RETIREMENT -- L.

... INTO THE SUPER-STRONG, HIGH-INVULNERABLE ORGANIC ARMORED FORM OF COLOSSUS.

GENTLY DOES IT, LAP.

ALL RIGHT, PETER. SET HER DOWN.

(OH, PIOTR NIKOLJEVITCH--)

(WILL I BE ABLE TO TURN TO STEEL LIKE YOU WHEN I AM GROWN UP?)

( I DO NOT KNOW, ILLYANA NATALAYNOVNA? DO YOU WANT TO? )

( I THINK I WOULD LOOK FUNNY. )

WHAT'S SHE SAVIN' PETER?

SHE WONDERS IF SHE IS A MUTANT. PROFESSOR XAVIER CONTACTED OUR PARENTS, TO TELL THEM SHE IS SAFE. PERHAPS, BEFORE SHE RETURNS TO RUSSIA, HE SHOULD EXAMINE HER...

YE SOUND SAD, SON. D'YE MISS Y'R HOME?

OH--HULLO. KURT. WHAT BRINGS YE HERE?

THE PROFESSOR WANTS TO SEE YOU IN THE MANSION, SEAN.

**BAM!**

TELL HIM I'LL BE ALONG DIRECTLY, AS SOON AS I'VE TIDIED UP.

FINE. AUF WEIDERSEHN, ALL!

SOON...

CHARLES? I BEG  
Y'R PARDON, MISS  
I WAS LOOKING FR  
PROFESSOR XAVIER.

I'M SEAN  
CASSIDY. CAN I  
HELP YEF?

I'M THERESA ROURKE.  
YOUR COUSIN TOM ASKED ME  
TO GIVE YE THIS. IT LL EXPLAIN  
WHO I AM... AND WHY.  
I'M HERE.

BLACK TOM CASSIDY IS A ROGUE  
--AND HE AND SEAN ARE OLD BITTER  
FOES--YET BANISH NEVER DOUBTS THE  
TRUTH OF WHAT HE READS. HE'D MARRIED  
YOUNG, FOR LOVE, AND THEY'D  
HAD A GLORIOUS HONEYMOON TOGETHER  
BEFORE DUTY SUMMONED HIM AWAY.

WHEN HE RETURNED MAEVE  
ROURKE WAS DEAD.

THERESA,  
D'VE KNOW WHAT  
THIS SAYS?

I DO...  
... FATHER.

STANDING OVER HIS WIFE'S GRAVE,  
SEAN THOUGHT HIS HEART WOULD  
CRACK WITH GRIEF. NOW, FACING THE  
DAUGHTER HE NEVER KNEW HE HAD...

NEARBY PROFESSOR XAVIER HAS  
BEEN TELEPATHICALLY EAVEDROPPING  
ON THE SCENE, AS HE SNIPE-  
FULLY BREAKS CONTACT HIS SMILE  
TELLS THE X-MEN-- AND THEIR  
GUEST, SPIDER-WOMAN-- THAT  
THE REUNION IS ALL THEY  
HOPED IT WOULD BE.

... HE WONDERS IF  
IT WILL BREAK  
WITH JOY.

\* SHE MET THE  
X-MEN-- AND THEY  
MET TRACY-- IN  
54 # 35--L.

BUT ONE WOMAN DOESN'T COMPLETELY  
SHARE THE OTHER'S HAPPINESS.

MOIRA?

DR. MACTAGGERT  
IS ANYTHING THE  
MATTER?

NO SPIDER-WOMAN. I'M JUST STEPPING  
OUT FOR A BREATH  
OF AIR.

MOIRA, WE ARE FRIENDS, SOMETHING IS TROUBLING YOU. I WOULD LIKE TO HELP, IF I MAY.

I'M GLAD FOR SEAN, ORORO, YET I'M ALSO FRIGHTENED AND JEALOUS-- AND A WEB BIT ASHAMED. I LOVE HIM, HE LOVES ME, BUT NOW HE HAS SOMEONE ELSE TO LOVE. I SEE THERESA AS A RIVAL...

...AND I FIND MYSELF REGRETING HER FOR THAT.

I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN. I SEE STEVIE HUNTER-- KITTY'S DANCE TEACHER-- THE SAME WAY, AS A THREAT TO THE SPECIAL RELATIONSHIP I HAVE WITH KITTY.

THERESA REPRESENTS SOMETHING I CANNOT GIVE SEAN:--

--A CHILD

I HAD ONE AND HE TURNED INTO A MUTANT MONSTER. I DAREN'T HAVE ANOTHER. SEAN SAYS IT DOESN'T MATTER TO HIM, BUT IT DOES TO ME.

AH, WIND-RIDER WE'RE BOTH FACING SOME ROUGH DAYS AHEAD, I FEAR.

WE'LL SURVIVE MOIRA WHATEVER HAPPENS.

WILL WE?  
I HOPE SO.

\* PROTEUS, FACED AND FOUGHT IN X-MEN #6 125-128 -- GUESS WHO?

SATURDAY NIGHT-- AND ON A DESERTED LOWER MANHATTAN SIDE STREET...

... A MANHOLE COVER IS SHOVED AWAY...

... AND A HULKING, RAG-CLAD MANFORM PULLS HIMSELF UP INTO THE GLOW OF A FULL MOON.

IT HAS BEEN SO LONG...  
... SINCE CALIBAN HAS SEEN THE SKY.

ELZO KROTT

CALIBAN SENSES PEOPLE BUT NONE ARE NEARBY. CALIBAN MUST BE CAREFUL THOUGH, THEY WILL CHASE HIM IF THEY SEE HIM. THEY WILL TRY TO...  
KILL HIM.

CALIBAN FEARS, BUT CALIBAN IS SO...  
LONELY.

HE SENSES HIS OWN KIND SO NEAR, SO STRONG, THERE. IN THAT BUILDING CALIBAN WILL FIND THEM, AND THEY WILL BE HIS FRIENDS FOREVER.

ATOP THE SELFSAME SKYSCRAPER--  
700 FEET ABOVE THE STREET--  
STORM SPIDER-WOMAN (IN HER  
NORMAL IDENTITY AS JESSICA  
DREW) STEVE HUNTER AND  
KITTY PRYDE...

...STEP OUT OF AN  
ELEVATOR AND INTO  
INFINITY!

THEY'RE HERE AS  
GUESTS OF THE  
NIGHTCLUB'S FEATURED  
PERFORMER--

-- A MUTANT FRIEND OF THE X-MEN'S  
WHO VERY NEARLY BECAME A MEMBER  
OF THE TEAM-- DAZZLER!

THIS PLACE CERTAINLY  
LIVES UP TO ITS REPUTA-  
TION. I'VE CERTAINLY  
SEEN NOTHING LIKE IT  
IN SAN FRANCISCO.  
BUT THEN I'VE ONLY  
RECENTLY SETTLED  
DOWN THERE.

IT IS OUR PLEASURE,  
JESSICA.

MS. DREW, ARE YOU REALLY A PRIVATE INVESTIGA-  
TOR? WHAT KIND OF CASES  
DO YOU INVESTIGATE?  
DO YOU CARRY  
A GUN?

THANK YOU  
FOR INVITING  
ME, ORORO.

KITTEN, CALM DOWN. YOU'RE PUSH-  
ING. THERE IS A FINE LINE BETWEEN  
YOUTHFUL EXUBERANCE AND RUDENESS.

AND I JUST  
CROSSED IT.  
HUH?

YOU'RE CLOSE  
KIDDO.

SHE'S ABOUT TO GET HER WISH!

HUMANS!

JOE!  
RUDI!  
LOOK!

HUH? HOLY--!  
WHAT IN BLAZES  
IS THAT?!

IN THE PAST, CALIBAN HAS TRIED TO  
EXPLAIN THAT HE COMES IN PEACE,  
MEANS NO HARM. NO ONE EVER  
LISTENED.

THEY ALWAYS  
REACTED AS THESE  
SECURITY GUARDS  
DO: WITH FEAR AND  
REVENSION, HATRED  
--AND VIOLENCE!

THE REPRIMAND IS COVETOUS AND  
THOUGH KITTY TAKES THE HINT,  
IT DAMPENS HER BUZZY MOOD.  
NOT A WHIT. SHE'S LOOKING FOR-  
WARD TO AN EXCITING EVENING.

HOLD IT, MISTER!  
ONE MORE STEP AN'  
WE'LL FIRE!

I'M WARNING  
YOU!

EMOTIONS SWIRL LIKE  
RIP-TIDES AROUND  
CALIBAN.

HE ASSOBRES THEM ALL, SILENTLY  
SCREAMING AT THE AGONY  
THEY CAUSE HIM...

... AS HE CONVERTS THEIR  
POWER INTO A PALPABLE PHY-  
SICAL FORCE AND HURLS  
THEM BACK AT THE GUARDS.

CALIBAN... **MURT** THESE HUMANS.  
HE DID NOT MEAN TO. THEIR EMO-  
TIONS WERE TOO STRONG. CALIBAN  
COULD NOT CONTROL THEM.

CALIBAN SENSES HIS  
PEOPLE ABOVE HIM  
HE MUST GO TO  
THEM AND EXPLAIN.  
THEY WILL UNDER-  
STAMP.

JESSICA, YOU LOOK DISTRACTED...

I THOUGHT I  
HEARD A GUNSHOT,  
AND A SCREAM,  
BUT THE SOUNDS  
WERE SO FAN!

I'M PROBABLY  
MAGNINING  
THINGS.

SHUSH, YOU TWO!  
THEY'RE INTRODUCING  
DAZZLER!

ABSOLUTE DARKNESS  
SHROUDS THE STAGE.

AND THEN, MAGICALLY, SHE IS  
THERE-- A LITHE, SLEEK SHAPE  
CLAD IN SKINTIGHT SILVER, A  
CREATURE OF JOYOUS SOUND AND  
LIGHT.

AS DAZZLER SINGS, SHE USES HER  
MUTANT POWERS TO CREATE A  
LIGHTS-HOW OF INFINITE BEAUTY  
AROUND HER, THE LIGHT SHIFTING  
SO NATURALLY IN COLOR AND  
INTENSITY AND PATTERN TO MATCH  
HER MOOD... THAT IT SEEMS TO BE-  
COME A THING ALIVE. THE EFFECT IS  
MAGNIFICENT!

OUT OF THAT DARK-  
NESS, A DRUM IS  
HEARD, THEN GUITARS,  
FINALLY A WOMAN'S  
VOICE.

HER NAME IS ALISON  
BLAIRE AND SHE'S DOING  
WHAT SHE LOVES BEST.

HER AUDIENCE  
RETURNS THE  
FEELING, WITH  
INTEREST.

SHE RUNS A GAMUT OF STYLES-- ROCK RHYTHM AND BLUES, SOUL, FOLK, COUNTRY POP--AND DOES THEM ALL WELL. SHE'S STILL A DIAMOND IN THE ROUGH, BUT NONE PRESENT CAN DENY HER POTENTIAL OR TALENT.

BUT AS THE SET PICKS UP STEAM...

**INFINIT**

...CALIBAN EMERGES FROM THE ELEVATOR.

ORORO-- SCREAMS! SOMETHING'S HAPPENING AT THE OTHER END OF THE CLUB.

YOU GUYS STAY HERE AND ENJOY THE SHOW.

I'LL CHECK IT OUT.

KITTY--NO!

COME BACK HERE-- AT ONCE!

RELAX, ORORO, I'LL BE OKAY.

AND I'M THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN SLIP AWAY WITHOUT CREATING A FUSS.

HAVING CHANGED INTO HER X-MAN COSTUME-- HIDDEN IN A SECRET COMPARTMENT IN HER PURSE--SHE PHASES THROUGH TO THE DESERTED FLOOR BELOW AND

LESSEE, I NEED TO GET MY BEARINGS. I'M LOOKING FOR THE BUILDING'S ELEVATOR CORE.

AND I THINK I JUST FOUND IT!

CRIPES! I'M FALLING!

WAIT! MY MUTANT ABILITIES DON'T JUST GIVE ME THE POWER TO PHASE THROUGH SOLID OBJECTS.

IF I CONCENTRATE HARD ENOUGH...

I CAN LITERALLY WALK ON AIR!

IF ORORO COULD SEE ME NOW, I BET SHE'D BE SO PROUD.

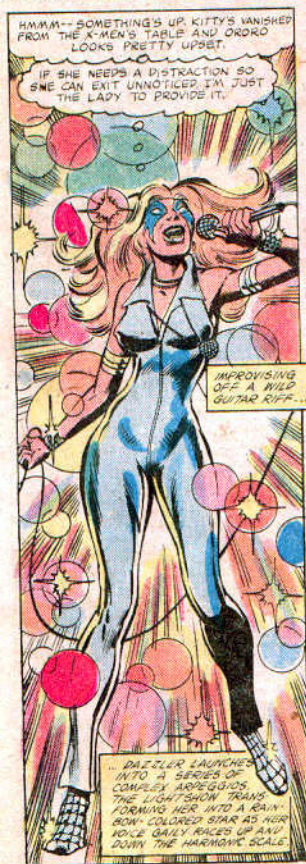


IF I GET MY HANDS ON THAT CHILD, I'LL WRING HER NECK! HOW DARE SHE PULL A STUNT LIKE THIS!

WE HAVE TO GET OVER THERE.

BUT HOW? ORORO IT'S WALL TO WALL PEOPLE AROUND US, YOU'LL NEVER PUSH THROUGH THE CROWD.

ORORO, THE COMOTION SOUNDS LIKE IT'S GETTING WORSE!

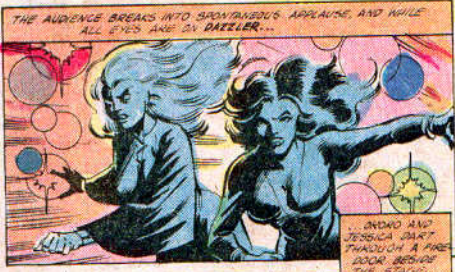


HMMM-- SOMETHING'S UP. KITTY'S VANISHED FROM THE X-MEN'S TABLE AND ORORO LOOKS PRETTY UPSET.

IF SHE NEEDS A DISTRACTION SO SHE CAN EXIT UNNOTICED, I'M JUST THE LADY TO PROVIDE IT.

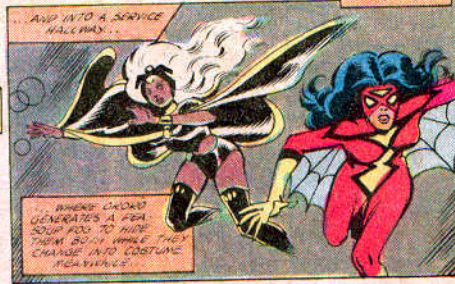
IMPROVISING OFF A WILD GUITAR RIFF...

... DAZZLER LAUNCHES INTO A SERIES OF COMPLEX ARPEGGIOS, THE LIGHTSHOW TRANSFORMING HER INTO A RAINBOW-COLORED STAR AS HER VOICE GAILY RACES UP AND DOWN THE HARMONIC SCALE.



THE AUDIENCE BREAKS INTO SPONTANEOUS APPLAUSE, AND WHILE ALL EYES ARE ON DAZZLER...

... ORORO AND JESSICA DART THROUGH A FIRE DOOR BEHIND THE STAGE.



... AND INTO A SERVICE HALLWAY...

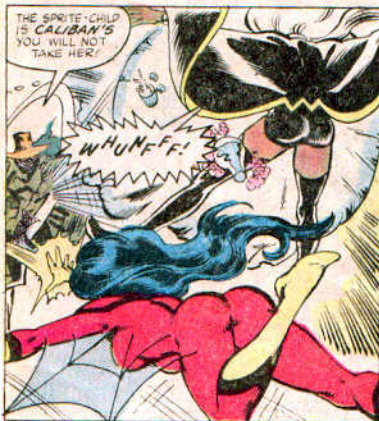
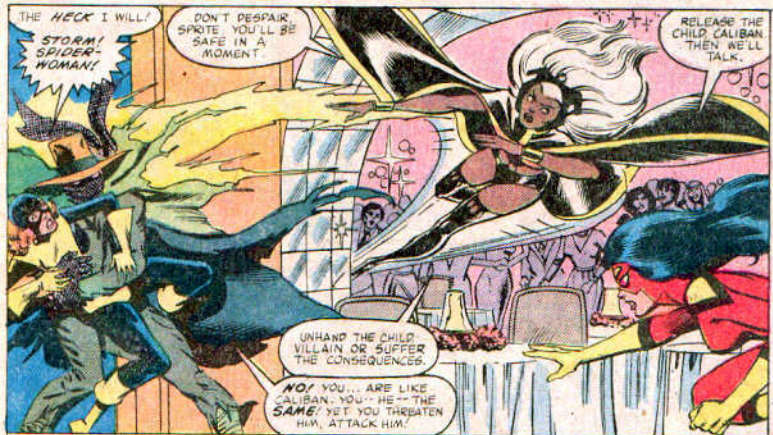
... BENEATH CROWD GENERATES A FEELING SOUP POOL TO HIDE THEM BOTH WHILE THEY CHANGE INTO COSTUME MEANWHILE.

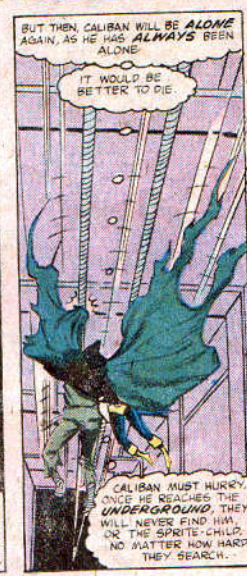
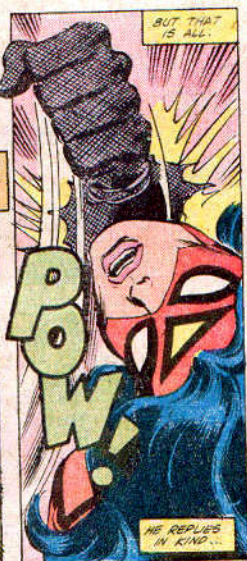


THESE PEOPLE ARE PANICKING!

AND THAT SHADOW MUST BE THE REASON WHY. IT'S HUGE! AND THOSE EYES-- GLOWING, BURNING INTO MY MIND!





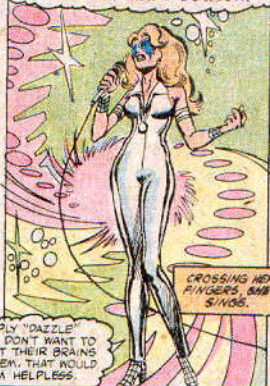


MY BAND SPLIT WITH EVERYONE ELSE, BUT I CAN GET THE MUSIC I NEED FROM THE CLUB'S MASTER SOUND SYSTEM.



I CAN'T SIMPLY "DAZZLE" THE CROWD. I DON'T WANT TO SHORT-CIRCUIT THEIR BRAINS AND STUN THEM, THAT WOULD LEAVE THEM HELPLESS.

MY LIGHTSHOW HAS TO CREATE A **SPECIFIC** EMOTIONAL MOOD. I'VE NEVER TRIED THAT KIND OF PRECISE CONTROL BEFORE--I'VE ALWAYS JUST LET THINGS HAPPEN. I DON'T KNOW IF I CAN DO IT.

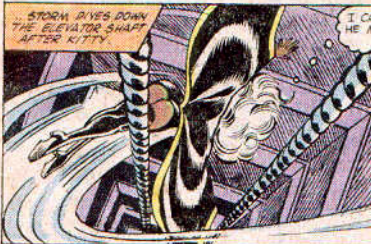


CROSSING HER FINGERS, SHE SINGS.

...AND THE AUDIENCE RESPONDS: HEADS TURN, FRANTIC CRIES FADE AWAY, THE BANG GRADUALLY EBBS, AND WHILE DAZZLER CASTS HER SPELL...



...STORM DIVES DOWN THE ELEVATOR SHAFT AFTER KITTY.



I CAN'T SEE CALIBAN. HE MUST BE NEAR THE BOTTOM.

THIS PIT--SO NARROW--WALLS FEEL AS IF THEY'RE CLOSING IN ON ME. CRUSHING ME!

IT'S A **CLAUSTROPHOBIC ATTACK**--A BAD ONE! THE FEAR IS...ALMOST OVERWHELMING. IF IT SHATTERS MY CONCENTRATION, I'LL LOSE CONTROL OVER THE WINDS THAT HOLD ME ALOFT. I'LL FALL TO MY DEATH!

GODDESS--HELP ME! FOR KITTY'S SAKE, I MUST...  
**HOLD ON!**

STEVIE, WHERE'S CALIBAN?



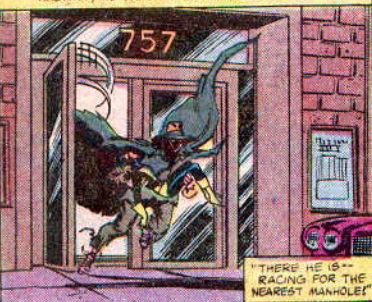
HE JUMPED DOWN THE ELEVATOR SHAFT, WITH KITTY. STORM WENT AFTER HIM.

I'M NOT NEEDED IN **INFINITY**. DAZZLER SEEMS TO HAVE THE SITUATION THERE WELL IN HAND.



I'LL DO BETTER RUNNING DOWN THE WALL OF THE BUILDING. THE MAIN LOBBY IS THE ONLY UNLOCKED EXIT. EVEN IF I DON'T BEAT HIM DOWN, I'LL BE ABLE TO SPOT HIM WHEN HE EMERGES.

"HIS CLOTHES HAD THE STENCH OF THE SEWER ABOUT THEM. THAT NETWORK OF UNDERGROUND TUNNELS IS VIRTUALLY A CITY UNTO ITSELF. YOU COULD LOSE AN ARMY IN THAT LABYRINTH. IF IT IS CALIBAN'S NATURAL HABITAT, WE PAREN'T LET HIM REACH IT."

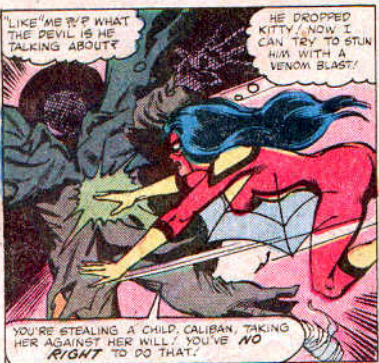


"THERE HE IS--  
RACING FOR THE  
NEAREST MANHOLE!"



END OF  
THE LINE  
UGLY!

LEAVE CALIBAN BE!  
HE MEANS NO  
HARM! HE IS...  
LIKE YOU! WHY  
DO YOU HURT  
HIM?



LIKE "ME" 'P? WHAT  
THE DEVIL IS HE  
TALKING ABOUT?

HE DROPPED  
KITTY. NOW I  
CAN TRY TO STUN  
HIM WITH A  
VENOM BLAST!

YOU'RE STEALING A CHILD. CALIBAN, TAKING  
HER AGAINST HER WILL! YOU'VE NO  
RIGHT TO DO THAT!



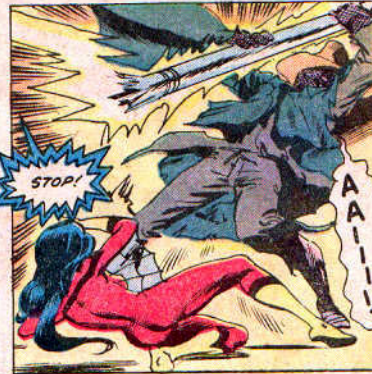
CALIBAN IS  
TIRED OF LIVING  
ALONE!

ALL HE WANTS IS A  
FRIEND-- ONE TO TALK  
TO, TO CARE FOR, TO...  
LOVE. IS THAT SO MUCH  
TO ASK FOR?



SINCE BIRTH, CALIBAN WAS HATED  
BECAUSE HE WAS DIFFERENT  
BECAUSE OF HIS HIDEOUS APPEAR-  
ANCE. HIS FATHER NAMED HIM  
FOR A MONSTER!

HE IS NO MONSTER!  
HE IS A HUMAN  
BEING!



STOP!

A A--

WHZZZAT...? A LIGHTNING BOLT!

I... I'M ON THE STREET! HOW'D I GET DOWN HERE?! THE LAST THING I REMEMBER IS CALIBAN GRABBING ME.

NO MORE, PLEASE. NO MORE!

SOME X-MAN I AM. I MUST HAVE FAINTED.

YOU LOOK AFTER SPRITE, STORM. I'LL HANDLE CALIBAN.

WILL... WILL YOU KILL, CALIBAN?

YOU'RE A MUTANT AREN'T YOU, CALIBAN? THAT'S WHAT YOU MEANT WHEN YOU SAID WE WERE ALL THE "SAME"?

CALIBAN DOES NOT UNDERSTAND YOUR WORDS. HE FELT YOUR PRESENCE IN HIS MIND, IN HIS HEART, LIKE A GREAT SHINING LIGHT.

CALIBAN DID NOT WISH TO CAUSE ANYONE HARM. HE THOUGHT HE WAS UNIQUE BUT WHEN HE SENSED OTHERS LIKE HIMSELF, THE THOUGHT OF RETURNING TO THE UNDERWORLD OF LIVING--FOREVER--ALONE.

AS ARE WE. CALIBAN WE ARE OF ONE KIND--AS MUTANTS, COME WITH US, WE CAN OFFER A TRUE HOME, SAFETY--FRIENDSHIP.

NO. THAT WAS NEVER OUR INTENT.

IT DREW HIM OUT OF HIS UNDERWORLD HOME. HE COULD NOT HELP HIMSELF.

... BECAME UNBEARABLE.

CALIBAN IS SORRY.

WE HAVE ALL ACTED HASTILY TONIGHT. BUT THERE IS STILL TIME TO BEGIN AFRESH.

WHAT'S THAT? SIRENS-- HEADING THIS WAY!

PROBABLY THE POLICE, OUR ROLLS-ROYCE IS PARKED NEARBY. I'LL SUMMON A FOG TO COVER US WHILE WE SNEAK CALIBAN...

NEVER MIND, STORM. HE'S GONE HIS OWN WAY.

HE CHOSE TO RETURN TO HIS "UNDERGROUND" TO LIVE ONCE MORE IN DARKNESS. ALONE.

LATER...

WE SHOULD HAVE GONE AFTER HIM. I'VE BEEN AN OUTCAST--IN SOME WAYS, I STILL AM. I WOULDN'T WISH SUCH A FATE ON ANYONE.

NOR WOULD I. IF PROFESSOR XAVIER GOT FOUND US, WE MIGHT WELL HAVE BECOME LIKE CALIBAN--HUNTED, FRIGHTENED, ALONE. BUT WHAT IS DONE CANNOT BE UNDONE.

"FOR THE BEST OF REASONS, WE COMMITTED THE MOST TERRIBLE OF MISTAKES THAT MUST NEVER HAPPEN AGAIN."

KITTY LISTENS IN SILENCE. HER OWN THOUGHTS DEEP AND SOMBRE, SINCE FIRST MEETING THE X-MEN, SHE'S ALWAYS FELT UNCOMFORTABLE AROUND NIGHTCRAWLER--NOT BECAUSE OF HIS PERSONALITY, BUT SOLELY BECAUSE OF HIS APPEARANCE.

TONIGHT'S ENCOUNTER WITH CALIBAN HAS SHOWN HER THE COST OF SUCH AN ATTITUDE. SHE HOPES WITH NIGHTCRAWLER, IT ISN'T TOO LATE TO TRY TO MAKE AMENDS.

MEANWHILE, BACK IN THE BERMUDA TRIANGLE...

...THE DAWN FINDS TWO FAMILIAR CASTAWAYS PONDERING AN INCREASINGLY DESPERATE SITUATION.

IF THIS ISLAND IS AS EXTRAORDINARY AS YOU SAY, LEE, SOMEONE SHOULD FLY OUT TO TAKE A LOOK AT IT.

ANYTHING'S POSSIBLE, SCOTT. BUT I'D FEEL A LOT MORE OPTIMISTIC ON A FULL STOMACH.

WELL, I COULD TRY USING MY OPTIC BLASTS TO STUN SOME FISH.

REMEMBER LAST ATTEMPT YOU PULVERIZED THE POOR DEARS!

AHEM!

I THOUGHT MY ISLAND WAS DESERTED. HOW PLEASANT TO DISCOVER THAT I WAS MISTAKEN.

THAT VOICE--IT CAN'T BE!

OH, MAN, ARE WE GLAD TO SEE YOU!

LEE, WHATEVER YOU DO, DON'T MENTION MY NAME. IF HE HEARS THAT, IF HE HEARD ME REFER TO MY OPTIC BLASTS--IF HE EVEN SUSPECTS WHO I TRULY AM--

--WE'RE BOTH AS GOOD AS DEAD.



I AM--MAGNETO!

I BID YOU WELCOME TO MY NEW HOME. THOUGH YOUR ARRIVAL WAS UNANTICIPATED, I SHALL DO ALL I CAN TO ENSURE THAT YOUR STAY IS AS PLEASANT...AS POSSIBLE.

AS THE HOST SPEAKS, SCOTT FEELS A FIST OF ICE CLOSE TIGHT AROUND HIS HEART. ALONE, IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE, WITH AN INNOCENT WOMAN BY HIS SIDE AND NO WAY TO ESCAPE, MUCH LESS SUMMON ASSISTANCE...

... HE STANDS FACE-TO-FACE WITH THE MASTER OF MAGNETISM, THE X-MEN'S OLDEST, DEADLIEST Foe.

HE CAN'T WAIT TO SEE WHAT HAPPENS NEXT.

**NEXT** AND THE DEAD SHALL BURY THE LIVING