

**MARVEL**  
PSR 433

AUSTEN  
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AVALON

# UNCANNY X-MEN

**THE  
DRACO**  
PART 5

*PS!*

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**DIRECT EDITION**

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Change is coming. A new breed of man has emerged. They are the Children of the Atom. Homo superior, individuals gifted with strange and fantastic abilities simply by virtue of their genetic makeup.

Stan Lee presents...

# UNCANNY X-MEN

THE DRACO Part V of VI

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## PREVIOUSLY



**HAVOK**  
Alex Summers  
Solar-Generated  
Plasma Blasts



**HUSK**  
Paige Guthrie  
Skin Manipulation



**ARCHANGEL**  
Warren Worthington III  
Flight/Healing



**JUBILEE**  
Jubilation Lee  
Energy Manipulation



**NIGHTCRAWLER**  
Kurt Wagner  
Teleportation



**POLARIS**  
Lorna Dane  
Magnetic Control



**WOLVERINE**  
Logan  
Healing/Adamantium  
Claws



**JUGGERNAUT**  
Cain Marko  
Super Strength/  
Invulnerability



**ICEMAN**  
Bobby Drake  
Sub-Thermal Control

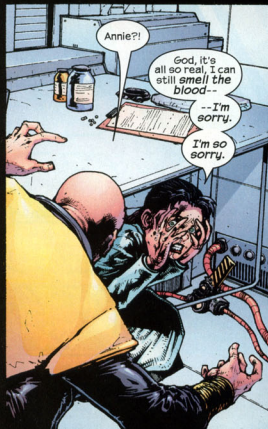


**NORTHSTAR**  
Jean-Paul Beaubier  
Superspeed/Flight

In Vancouver, Canada, young mutant SAMMY PARE once again falls victim to the violent rampages of his abusive father. But Sammy's big pal JUGGERNAUT soon arrives with his X-Men teammate NORTHSTAR and intervenes on the young boy's behalf. Unfortunately, however, just the fact that Juggernaut is even meeting with Sammy means he's breaking a strict restraining order...and the Canadian superteam Alpha Flight soon arrives on the scene to break things up.

Elsewhere, the X-MEN have tracked their missing teammate NIGHTCRAWLER to the Caribbean island of *Islas des Demonas*, archeological site of a prehistoric mutant civilization. There the X-Men witness Nightcrawler—and a contingent of other teleporters strangely similar to him—engaged in a chilling, seemingly demonic ritual that opens a portal to a strange new dimension. Through the portal steps a group of otherworldly creatures, led by a devilish mutant named AZRAEL...someone who looks remarkably similar to Nightcrawler, and claims to be his birth father...

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"...with Alex."

So where do you think we *are*, Jubes?

I can hear *Bobby* thinking in my head, Alex.

He wants to know if you've tried *blasting* through the floor.

Alas, poor Bobby, we've tried *everything*.

This cell is protected by a *magic spell* or something. None of our powers can affect it.

He says he can't make himself whole because there's no *water* in the air--and he's scared.

I'm scared, too.

Well, that makes *six* of us, Carter.

Hang in there, you guys.

You're asking *me*? You're the *brains* of the group, Paige.

All I know is we're someplace we can't get out of with any of our *mutant powers*.

He's thinking a lot of bad words at you right now, because you stole *crazy Lorna* and my mom away from him.

Stole them?

You were always blaming *other people* for your shortcomings, weren't you, Bobby?

If you want, I'd be happy to provide you with enough water to re-form into a whole person so we could *discuss* the situation...

...man-to-*iceman*, so to speak.

I had an *awful* lot of water to drink right before we got off the X-Plane...

...and I'm *certain* I could produce about a body's worth.

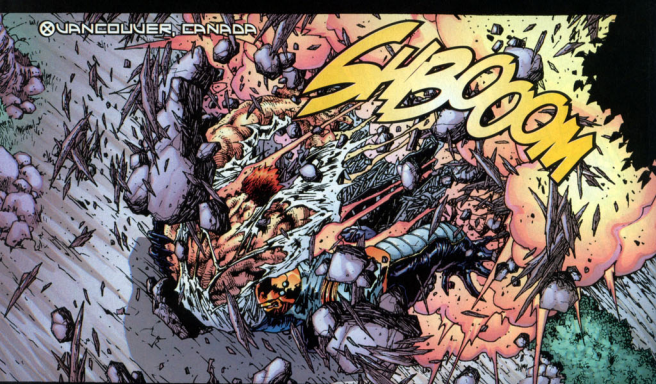




BOOM!

SASQUATCH,  
No!





I'll see to Sammy's father, Guardian!  
You deal with that--



Sammy?



Look, son... I need you to be strong and get your mother to safety!  
Can you do that?





Yeah, we'll be fine, Mr. Beaubier. I'll watch after her.

But Cain would never hurt us.



Sammy.

Look at your father here.



Yeah, but my dad--

--is he okay?

He's not dead, is he?



I think he'll be fine. Broken up a little.

But I'll fly him to a hospital quick and they'll sort it all out, I'm sure.

You just take care of your mom, eh?



I told you.

Cain won't hurt us.



SMASH

Yes. Well.

I wish I had your confidence, son.



⊗ AZAZEL'S CASTLE,  
ANOTHER DIMENSION

Do you have to do that *now*, ydrasil?

Really, you've ground the conversation to a halt.

Just forfeit the axe. There are plenty of others around—



**NO!**  
This one is *perfectly* balanced, Azazel, and I'm not giving it up just because it's stuck in this fool's ribs!

Who **ARE** you people!

What **RIGHT** do you have to simply **MURDER** a man like that?!

He did you **NO** harm--

The Earth is **mine**, Angel, every rock, plant and human on it--

--or it was before **your** kind took it away from me--


--and that gives me **every** right.

AFTER all, the man **insulted** me in my home.

?







And I told you who I am. You simply have not grasped the meaning behind my words.

What are you doing?

I find you attractive.



Do I interest you, Kurt?

Was it Arthur C. Clarke or Isaac Asimov who said:

"Any science sufficiently advanced is indistinguishable from magic"?



I think that was the Scarlet Witch.



What?



Nothing. Someone who's been on my mind lately.

Go, what are you saying, Azazel? First, you say you're "Satan"--and no offense, your behavior certainly bears that out--

--but now you're saying--what? That you're not Satan? Or that Satan is a scientific--



Ich faese es nicht. you're a mutant from biblical times!





Mutation is the **CORE** of evolution, my boy. It is as old and as necessary for life as **life itself**.

It occurs throughout time as **nature** requires it--

--change often brought on by **human civilization**--

--exploding with variation at points where **rapid change** in environment--

--becomes **dangerous** to the very planet upon which it resides, and something new is **required** for survival.

Have you seen **satellite photos** of my Earth from space, Kurt? Particularly large cities on coastal waters?

Gray. Dead. **Diseased** against the colorful brilliance of the planet.

Anyone can see what a blight-- what a **cancer**-- humanity has become to the very planet which supports it.

Eating with concrete, steel and asphalt into the green and **vibrancy** of the world around it.

I am an advanced human. A "mutant from biblical times," as you say.

I challenged "God" by imposing rule and dominion and enslaving or removing the toxicity of **humans**.

By those acts I "fell from grace" and was **cast out** of the "kingdom of heaven"--

--the remnants of the archaeological site you call **"Isia Pes Pemonas"**--

--cast out by "angels"--another group of mutated humans-- into this dead, desolate, burning dimension so far apart from **my world**.

Apart from **all** worlds.

It's all there, in the historical record. **If** you know where to look, and how to interpret it, along with--

--hopefully--the means to **return**.

Which is why I wanted the archaeologist **alive**, Ydrasil.





Sorry.

You and your temper.

But enough of answering *your* questions. It's time for you to answer *mine*.

Angel. What do you know of your lineage?



I'm not telling you anything.

He tells the *truth*, Lord. He will not talk.

May I kill him?

And may I torture him first? I haven't heard an angel scream in *thousands* of years.

You haven't heard *anyone* scream in thousands of years, other than me.

Enjoy yourself, old friend. If he won't *talk*, there's no point in *keeping* him.



Wait a minute--

Look after Paige for me, Kurt!

I can't believe what I've gotten her into!



**ELF!**

**CLANK!**

**SNKT**



**SHUCK!**



**LOGAN!**

**AAAAH!**

Ah, yes. The feral mutant. "**Wolverine**." With what appears to be **metal claws** and healing powers, no doubt.

Ophis? That **spear** through his back likely won't do much **damage**.

Remove his arms at the **shoulder**, would you? At the joint in case the bones have **metal** in them, as well.

Then cauterize them so they won't **grow back**.

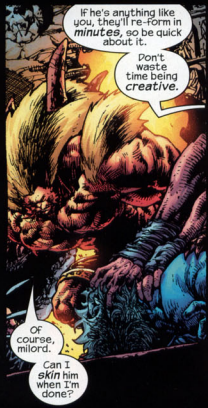


If he's anything like you, they'll re-form in **minutes**, so be quick about it.

Don't waste time being **creative**.

Of course, **milord**.

Can I **skin** him when I'm done?



If you wish. But keep in mind that this may be all we get for a **good long while**, so you might want to spread the fun out a little.

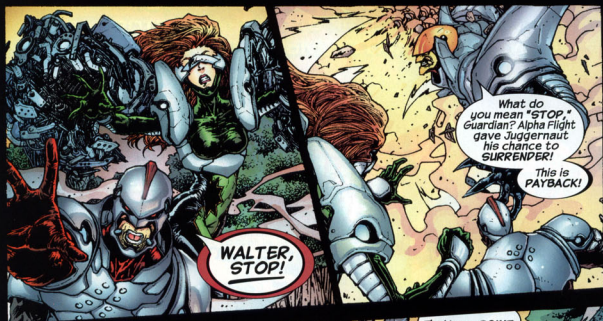
You don't want to be **bored** for the next twenty or more years while I birth a **new batch** of children with the powers to open us a dimensional gateway--

Make the victims **last**.



--if we can't find a way back to Earth **sooner**.













⊗ MEANWHILE...

Kia Ora,  
Kiwi Black.

Is that not the  
traditional *Maori*  
greeting? *Kia  
Ora*?

It's the one  
I learned from  
your *mother*...  
along with a few  
other *choice*  
phrases.

I  
see.

I would have  
thought you had  
*learned* from my  
encounter with  
the *angel*.

Let me put it  
*succinctly* then, Kiwi--  
answer my questions and  
*live*. Refuse me and *die*.





Fine.  
More fun for  
Ophis.

You failed me, anyway,  
in your role as guardian  
of the portal...so this  
was inevitable.

Remove him,  
Ginniyeh.



And now, that leaves  
me only **TWO** surviving  
sons. You and **Nils**  
here, Kurt.

Both dimensional  
teleporters. Both  
capable of opening  
a **window** to this  
dimension.

But the real question is,  
can you open a window  
**back to Earth**, or will  
you **fail** me as Kiwi  
has done?

What?

What are you  
talking about? How did  
he **fail** you? Kiwi doesn't  
even seem to **know** you.



None of you did. I was controlling  
your minds from **here**, through our  
genetic connection.

Kiwi was bred  
to be a defender  
of the portal.  
But he fought my  
mind-control,  
the tattooed  
aboriginal--

--and  
quite obviously  
**failed** to kill  
your X-friends  
and allow you  
the time I  
needed.

They destroyed my dimensional  
gateway through which I  
intended to **return** to  
my Earth--

-- the only  
gateway **out**  
of this hell-  
hole--

--this dimension  
**you** teleport through,  
Kurt. This same dimension  
Nils shunts things  
**into**.







You're right...the smell...

...the air...

...sulphur.

"Brimstone."

This place connects to **all points** on my Earth, and a few others, as well.

It is our **divine mutant gift** that our thoughts can manipulate the energies which form this unique juncture in space-time.

Open **small holes**.





Or together--

--very large ones.

A cruel joke of the angels, to put me here.

So close I can see my world, yet too far to reach without assistance from the other side.

We all want to find a way back, don't we, Kurt? A way back home?

None of us wants to remain here forever, do we?

Not even for seemingly endless years until I can breed a new set of teleporters and try again?

Even if it means surrendering the world back to me?

No. No, I'd rather be home, Azazel. But I--

--I feel myself beginning-- but my body just trembles-- as if telling me I'm already where I'm trying to go.

Yes. It's a feeling I know well.



You didn't need to come here, Annie...

Carter's my son, Lorna. My life.

Once I saw him on that security camera sneaking on board the X-plane with Alex, there was no stopping me.

So back off and give up the intimidation game. You've already played your best hand.

There's a lot of mental residue here...

...a lot of fear and anxiety.

Are you saying that everyone's dead?

Oh, please, no. Not my baby!

Not dead, no. But somehow beyond my reach.

What does that mean?

Wait a minute... there's something here...

...it's a recent rip in the spatial fabric. I can see the magnetic lines of force spread apart and broken...

...and I think I can open them.





Lorna?

What do you mean, you can open them?

I don't know how to *dumb it down* any more for the technically challenged, Annie.

There's a *hole* in space between here and someplace else--



-- and I'm widening it.

So the hole has to be opened from *both sides* of each dimension, correct?

Correct.

Your stepmother, *Margali*, used to open it from one side while I opened it from the other.

We did it by accident the first time, and she believed she had summoned a *demon*.



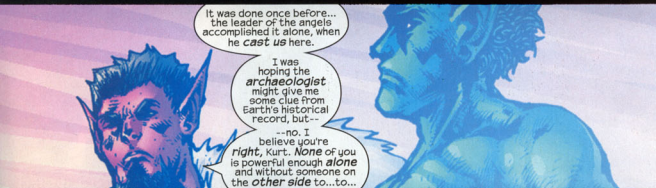
I encouraged that belief by offering her help with her "magic" and we became *allies*.

Allies...and eventually, *much more*.

You're a real Casanova, Azazel.

So what makes you think any of us can open another portal all by *ourselves* --

--at least large enough for you and your *army*?



It was done once before... the leader of the angels accomplished it alone, when he *cast us* here.

I was hoping the *archaeologist* might give me some clue from Earth's historical record, but--

--no. I believe you're *right*, Kurt. *None* of you is powerful enough *alone* and without someone on the *other side* to...to...



AAAAAHHH...

Kurt!  
What's  
going on in  
there?

⊗ TO BE CONCLUDED!