

MARVEL
PSR 448

CLAREMONT

COIPEL

HANNA

UNCANNY X-MEN



DIRECT EDITION



44811

7 59606 02461 2

\$2.25 US \$3.25 CAN

● braddock manor, england

THIS IS THE WAY
THE X-MEN
LEFT IT.

AND IT'S WHAT THEY
EXPECTED TO FIND
ON THEIR RETURN.

THIS IS SO
GREAT!

BRIAN AND
MEGGAN-- YOU'RE
ALL RIGHT!



THEY REALLY SHOULD
HAVE KNOWN BETTER.

WELL, OF
COURSE WE ARE,
RACHEL.

WHYEVER
WOULD YOU
THINK
OTHERWISE?

IT'S
ABSOLUTELY
WONDERFUL
TO SEE YOU
ALL!

COME IN
AT ONCE! PLEASE,
MAKE YOURSELVES
AT HOME!

STAN LEE PROUDLY PRESENTS THE UNCANNY X-MEN!

Guess Who's Back in Town?

BY CHRIS CLAREMONT & OLIVIER COIPEL

SCOTT
HANNA
INKER

CHRIS
CHUCKRY
COLORS

VC'S RUS
WOOTON
LETTERS

GREG
LAND
COVER

STEPHANIE MOORE
& SEAN RYAN
ASSISTANT EDITORS

MIKE
MARTS
EDITOR

JOE
QUESADA
EDITOR IN CHIEF

DAN
BUCKLEY
PUBLISHER





HOW DOES IT DO THAT, MR. BRADDOCK?

YOUR HOUSE, I MEAN, TAKE CARE OF ITSELF?

LIKE ME AND MY WIFE, BISHOP, IT'S MAGIC.

AND, PLEASE, CALL ME BRIAN. WE'RE ALL FRIENDS HERE.



THIS IS A TELEPATHIC IMAGE OF WHAT WE FOUGHT.



YOU KNOW IT?

A MAN NEVER FORGETS THE CREATURE THAT KILLED HIM.



THE FURY...

...AN ARTIFICIAL SENTIENCE, DESIGNED TO BE THE ULTIMATE WEAPON.

WHEN WE FOUGHT, IT WAS ELIMINATING CAPTAIN BRITAINS—LIKE MYSELF—FROM EVERY DIMENSION OF THE TIMESTREAM.



IT "KILLED" YOU?

I WAS... RESURRECTED.



THE SECOND TIME I FOUGHT IT, WITH THE HELP OF FRIENDS, I PREVAILED.

NOT TO WORRY, SIR. WE TOOK CARE OF BUSINESS.

IF ONLY IT WERE THAT EASY.



AND IF ONLY I COULD BE SURE.







RAY, YOU LISTEN, GIRL?

AGASP! I ASKED IF YOU WERE OKAY?

LOGAN! LOGAN, I... I SAW--

A GHOST? THAT'S WHAT YOU LOOK LIKE.

DON'T BE SILLY.



IT'S NOTHING, JUST MY IMAGINATION GOING TOTALLY HAYWIRE...

...I DUNNO WHAT COULD'VE POSSESSED ME.



SO WHAT'S ALL THIS?

IT'S WHAT I WAS TRYIN' T' TELL YA.

WE'VE BEEN INVITED T' BUCKINGHAM PALACE FOR DINNER WITH THE QUEEN.



IS THIS USUAL FOR THE X-MEN?

MY FAULT, I'M AFRAID. ONCE UPON A TIME, KITTY AND LOGAN AND I SAVED HER FROM THE NAZIS.

YOU'RE KIDDING!



GOD'S HONEST TRUTH, RIGHT, LOGAN?



ABSOLUTELY.

London

NO LOGAN
TONIGHT?

CALLED
AWAY.
SOMETHING
URGENT.

ALL THESE
COMMITMENTS--
HOW DOES HE
DO IT?

WHERE DOES
HE FIND THE
TIME--OR THE
ENERGY--?

HE'S THE
BEST THERE
IS AT WHAT
HE DOES...?

NEW
SHOES.
COOL, BUT
CRUEL!

I WISH
YOU WERE
HERE, TOO,
PRYDE...

WE'LL
TALK LATER,
KAY?

THE OTHERS
ARE WAITING.
I GOTTA--

GO?!
WHOOOM

WHOOOM

OLESTER...

WHAT--?!

WHO--?!

WHERE--?!

HOW--?!

VIPER?!

HAVE A
NICE NAP, ONE
AND ALL?

FROM HERE
ON, BE VERY
CAREFUL. YOUR
NEXT SNOOZE
MIGHT BE
ETERNAL.

FASCINATING.
ISN'T IT--HOW EASILY
THE UNSTABLE
MOLECULES OF
YOUR EVENING
CLOTHES...

...CAN BE
RECONFIGURED
INTO YOUR
UNIFORMS?

ALMOST AS
AMAZING, IN
FACT, AS WHAT
CAN BE PICKED
UP ON EBAY.

WELCOME
BACK, X-MEN, TO
MURDERWORLD!

THE
OWNERSHIP
MAY HAVE
CHANGED,
BUT NOT THE
RULES.

THE
OBJECT OF
THE GAME IS
TO KILL
YOU!

AND
SAGE MOST OF ALL!

SPDOING!

SOME
ADDITIONAL
INFORMATION,
JUST TO PLAY
FAIR...

...YOU HAVE
YOUR UNIFORMS,
BUT NOT YOUR
POWERS.

MY BAD,
I'M AFRAID--
A JUDICIOUS
APPLICATION
OF NANNIES.

EVERY
LOCATION IS
A POTENTIAL
DEATH TRAP,
EVERY PERSON
A KILLER.

AND
FINALLY, ICING
ON THE CAKE, SO
TO SPEAK, SOME
INCENTIVE TO
BE HEROES.

YOU'RE NOT
ALONE IN HERE.
THE GAME ENDS
AT SUNRISE...

ISN'T
MODERN
TECHNOLOGY
WONDERFUL?

ALSO, THIS
VERSION OF
MURDERWORLD
IS A PERFECT
REPLICATION
OF LONDON.

...AND IF YOU
DON'T FIND AND
RESCUE THE QUEEN
OF ENGLAND...

...SO DOES
HER LIFE.

BUMPA
BUMPA
BUMPA
BUMPA



THOOM!





IS THIS
YOUR BEST
SHOT,
DEAR?



SHOULD
HAVE TAKEN
LESSONS.



UNLESS YOU'RE
THE KIND OF GIRL
WHO DEPENDS ON
SOMEONE ELSE...



...TO COME
TO YOUR
RESCUE?



NOT
TONIGHT,
DEAR.



YOU'RE
QUITE ON
YOUR OWN.



SAY
HELLO TO
YOUR
MOTHER.



MEANWHILE...

SPLATCH!

VIPER'S CERTAINLY
GETTING HER MONEY'S
WORTH FROM
MURDERWORLD.

QUESTION
IS, WHAT
NEXT?

THAT WAS
SOME WILD
RIDE.

DOWN
THERE, YOU
MEAN?

WE COULD
GO BACK THE
WAY WE
CAME?

CRREEEEAK!

JUST THE EVENING
STROLL FOR A
CLAUSTROPHOBIC.

WHAT'S
THAT?!



KURT!

I CAN'T
LET US BE
SWEEP
INTO THAT
TUNNEL!



TYPICAL OF
MURDERWORLD,
TO PROVIDE A
CONVENIENT
ESCAPE FROM
EVERY DEATH
TRAP.

WHICH, OF
COURSE,
INVARIABLY
LEADS TO
SOMETHING
WORSE.





GOT
THAT RIGHT,
MENTATI!

RACHEL!

FWUMP!

DON'T
WORRY,
SHE ISN'T
DEAD.

FOR MY
TASTE, SHE'S
BELOW THE "LEGAL
LIMIT," SO THERE'S NO
SATISFACTION IN
KILLING HER.

YOU TWO,
THOUGH--AND
ESPECIALLY
SAGE--

--THAT'S
A WHOLE
DIFFERENT
STORY.

YOU
WANT US,
VIPER--

--BRING
IT ON!



WHY, BISHOP,
COULD IT BE
YOU CARE FOR
HER?

SHUT
YOUR
MOUTH!

DEFINITELY
STRUCK A
NERVE.

WHATEVER
DO YOU SEE
IN HER?

THERE ARE
BETTER BODIES
IN THE WORLD,
ESPECIALLY
AMONG THE
X-MEN.

DO YOU
CHERISH HER
FOR HER
INTELLECT?

A GOOD
LAPTOP WILL
DO JUST
AS WELL.

AND
PROBABLY
KEEP YOU
WARMER AT
NIGHT!

OOPS--

ZAMP!

--DID I
PERHAPS
FORGET TO
MENTION...

UFF!

...I POSSESS
A SHORT-RANGE
TELEPORT
RING?

TELL ME,
SAGE...

...ARE YOU
WEARING
Kevlar?

BOOM!

I DO SO
LOVE HOW THE
UNSTABLE MOLECULES
OF YOUR UNIFORM
MAKE SUCH SUPERB
BODY ARMOR.

NO LASTING
DAMAGE, BUT I
BET THAT SHOT
REALLY HURT.



DON'T YOU
DO THIS, VIPER!
DON'T YOU
DARE!

WE'LL HUNT
YOU TO THE
ENDS OF THE
EARTH!

PLH-LEASE.
BISHOP--YOU
CALL THAT A
THREAT?

NOTHING YOU
CAN DO TO ME
WILL BRING
HER BACK.

THERE'S NO
UNIFORM UP
HERE, SWEETNESS.
NO ARMOR, NO
SALVATION.



ALL RIGHT,
VIPER, YOU
HAVE ME.

AT LEAST
GIVE THEM A
DECENT CHANCE
TO SAVE THE
QUEEN.



DETERMINED
TO THE END TO
BE THE HERO. I
DO SO LIKE
THAT.

THE
QUEEN IS
IN THE
EYES!

SAVE
HER--IF
YOU CAN.




NEXT!
TO KILL THE
QUEEN!