

ALL-NEW X-MEN

MONSTERS UNLEASHED!

WHEN GIANT MONSTERS KNOWN AS LEVIATHONS START RAINING FROM THE SKY AND WREAKING HAVOC ALL OVER THE WORLD, IT IS UP TO THE HEROES OF EARTH TO STOP THEM. BUT EVEN WORKING TOGETHER, THE AVENGERS, CHAMPIONS, X-MEN, GUARDIANS OF THE GALAXY, AND INHUMANS MIGHT BE UP AGAINST A THREAT TOO LARGE FOR THEM TO TACKLE. WAVE AFTER WAVE OF LEVIATHONS ATTACK, INTENT ON RAZING THE WORLD, AND IT SEEMS LIKE ONLY A MIRACLE CAN SAVE EARTH NOW...

PLUCKED FROM THE PAST, THE ORIGINAL X-MEN--CYCLOPS, BEAST, ICEMAN AND ANGEL--ARE NOW TRAPPED IN A TIME WHEN MUTANTS ARE HATED AND FEARED MORE THAN EVER. DETERMINED NOT TO LET THE WORLD GET THE BETTER OF THEM, THEY'VE TEAMED UP WITH IDIE OKONKWO AND KID APOCALYPSE TO WRITE THEIR OWN FUTURES AND BUILD A LEGACY THEY CAN BE PROUD OF.

LAURA KINNEY WAS CREATED TO BE A WEAPON, BUT SHE ESCAPED THAT LIFE AND ADOPTED THE MANTLE OF HER FALLEN MENTOR: SHE IS THE WOLVERINE.

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**THE SOUL STOP:
GAS AND
GUMBO TO GO,
NEW ORLEANS,
LOUISIANA.**

THIS IS THE SORT OF PLACE LOGAN WOULD HAVE LOVED.

WARREN, THIS WASN'T SUPPOSED TO BE A SOCIAL VISIT. HE'S A FRIEND AND HE NEEDS MY HELP.

AND WHAT ABOUT ME, LAURA? AM I JUST SUPPOSED TO SIT ON MY HANDS AND WAIT FOR YOU TO BE DONE DOING SUPER HERO STUFF? WE'VE COVERED THIS, I CAN HELP!

LOGAN. HE NEVER HAD TO PUT UP WITH THIS KIND OF STUFF.

HOW'D YOU DO IT?

HELP ME WITH TRACKING? YOU'RE A GUY WITH GIANT FLAME WINGS. YOU THINK WHATEVER WE'RE AFTER IS GOING TO STICK AROUND WHEN IT SEES YOU?

OH, THAT'S RIGHT, I REMEMBER.

YOU JUST TOOK OFF ON YOUR MOTORCYCLE AND NEVER TOLD THE PEOPLE WHO CARED ABOUT YOU WHERE YOU WERE GOING.

OKAY, THEN HOW CAN I HELP?

WELL, YOU COULD HAVE KEPT IT QUIET. BUT--

I'VE GOTTA FIGURE THAT ONE OUT.

MARDI GRAS! ARE YOU EXCITED, IDIE?

EXCEEDINGLY, EVAN. I HAVE NEVER SEEN A GAS STATION SO WELL STOCKED WITH CANDLES.

I DON'T THINK YOU UNDERSTAND, BOBBY. THIS ALBUM HASN'T EVEN BEEN RELEASED YET AND THE JAZZ LEGEND HIMSELF PLAYED HERE LAST WEEK!

HOW CAN YOU BE THINKING ABOUT BORING OLD JAZZ MUSIC, HANK? THIS PLACE IS ALREADY AS CRAZY AS MIAMI AND THIS IS JUST THE GAS STATION.

--NOW THAT IT'S A "TEAM MISSION," YOU CAN MAKE SURE THEY DON'T BURN DOWN MARDI GRAS.

THESE GUYS? IT'S MORE LIKELY MARDI GRAS WILL BURN THEM DOWN.

WELL THEN, STOP THAT.

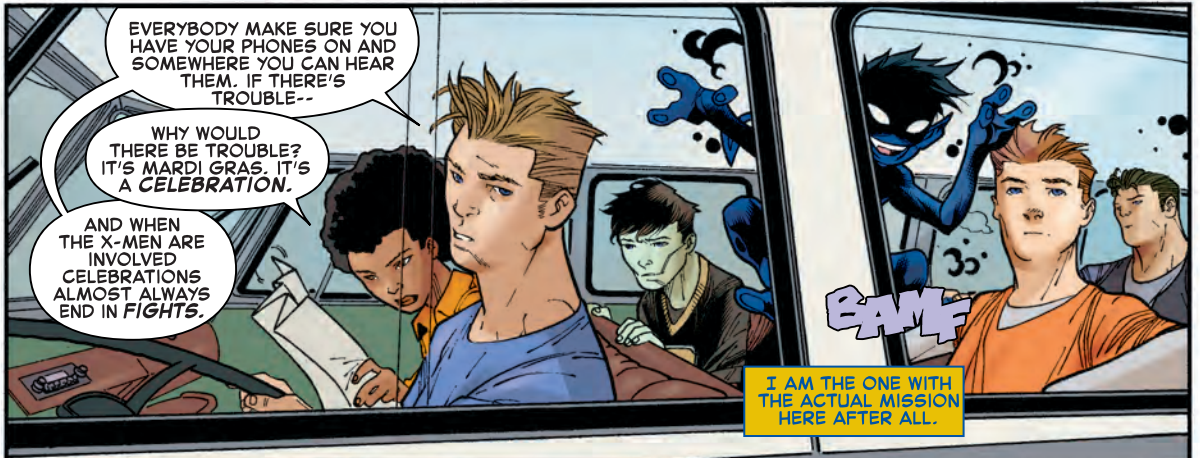
AND YOU NEVER HAD OVERLY CONCERNED BOYFRIENDS WHO FELT LIKE THEY NEEDED TO PROTECT YOU.



WE NEED TO MAKE A PLAN OF WHERE WE'RE GOING TO GO. THE CITY WILL BE VERY BUSY.

WELL, WE HAVE TO GET TO THE PARADE. IT'S JUST WRONG TO COME TO MARDI GRAS AND MISS THE PARADE.

A PARADE SOUNDS LIKE AN ABSOLUTE NIGHTMARE. LUCKILY, I'M SKIPPING THAT.

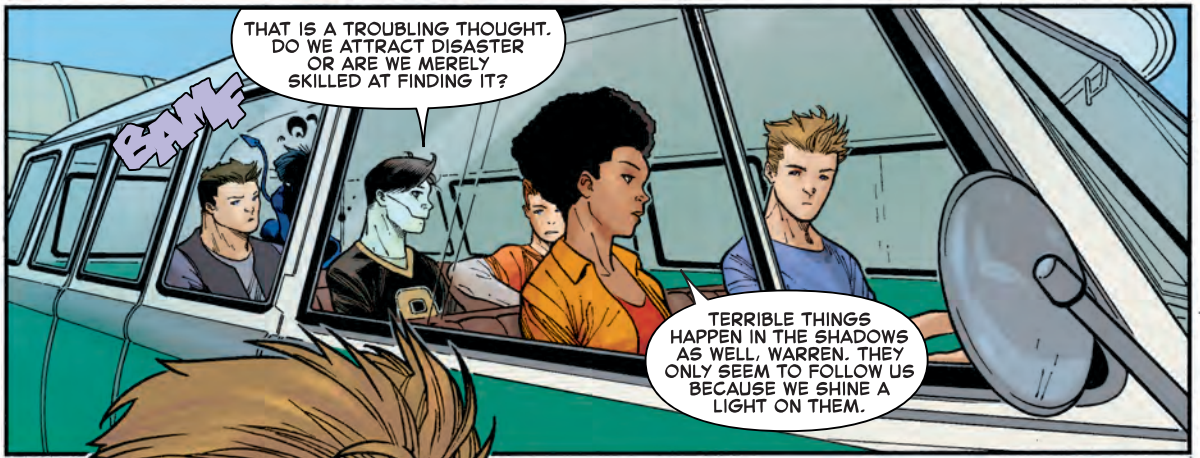


EVERYBODY MAKE SURE YOU HAVE YOUR PHONES ON AND SOMEWHERE YOU CAN HEAR THEM. IF THERE'S TROUBLE--

WHY WOULD THERE BE TROUBLE? IT'S MARDI GRAS. IT'S A CELEBRATION.

AND WHEN THE X-MEN ARE INVOLVED CELEBRATIONS ALMOST ALWAYS END IN FIGHTS.

I AM THE ONE WITH THE ACTUAL MISSION HERE AFTER ALL.



THAT IS A TROUBLING THOUGHT. DO WE ATTRACT DISASTER OR ARE WE MERELY SKILLED AT FINDING IT?

TERRIBLE THINGS HAPPEN IN THE SHADOWS AS WELL, WARREN. THEY ONLY SEEM TO FOLLOW US BECAUSE WE SHINE A LIGHT ON THEM.



IF YOU'RE TRYING TO TELL ME THAT IF WE HADN'T BEEN THERE SOME OTHER GUY WOULD HAVE ENDED UP WITH FIERY WINGS GRAFTED TO HIS BACK, I'M GONNA SAY YOU'RE--

STOP!

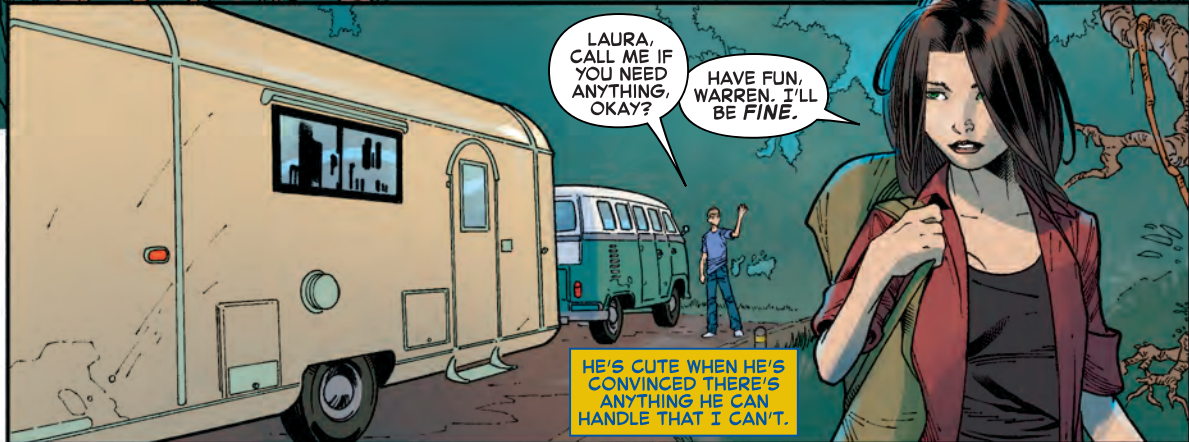
SWAMPLANDS OUTSIDE OF NEW ORLEANS.



THIS IS MY STOP.

HERE? WE'RE IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE.

I CAN SMELL HIM, WARREN. HE'S CLOSE.



Laura, call me if you need anything, okay?

Have fun, Warren. I'll be fine.

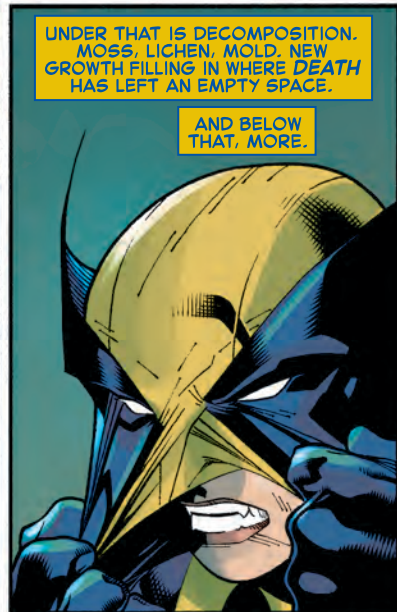
HE'S CUTE WHEN HE'S CONVINCED THERE'S ANYTHING HE CAN HANDLE THAT I CAN'T.



THE SWAMP. IT'S LIKE NOWHERE ELSE. THE SMELL OF IT IS DIFFERENT.



IT'S FULL. LIKE NOTHING ELSE COULD FIT IN THERE. I SMELL THE PREDATORS. THE FRESH BLOOD OF PREY.



UNDER THAT IS DECOMPOSITION. MOSS, LICHEN, MOLD. NEW GROWTH FILLING IN WHERE DEATH HAS LEFT AN EMPTY SPACE.

AND BELOW THAT, MORE.



THINGS HIDDEN. UNDER THE WATER. UNDER THE FRESH DIRT.

SOME THINGS THAT ARE HERE NATURALLY. SOME THINGS THAT SHOULD NOT BE.

AND THAT'S WHY I'M HERE, BECAUSE SOMETHING IS KILLING PEOPLE AND A FRIEND OF MINE DOESN'T KNOW WHAT IT IS.

HENCE THE SMELL OF FRESH BLOOD...

...AND ON TOP OF ALL OF IT, THE STINK OF TOO MUCH COLOGNE.

YOU'RE LATE.

THOUGHT YOU WAS GONNA LEAVE YOUR OLD FRIEND REMY OUT HERE TO GET EATEN ALIVE, WOLVERINE.

