



OLD MAN LOGAN



DOMINO



SABRETOOTH



LADY DEATHSTRIKE



WARPATH

WEAPON X

DECADES AGO, A CLANDESTINE MILITARY EXPERIMENT ATTEMPTED TO CREATE THE PERFECT SOLDIER. IN THE YEARS SINCE, THE BLEEDING-EDGE SCIENCE DRIVING THE PROJECT CULMINATED IN THE WEAPON X PROGRAM, RESPONSIBLE FOR THE CREATION OF MANY OF THE WORLD'S MOST VICIOUS KILLERS AND MERCENARIES. IT WAS THOUGHT TO HAVE BEEN DISBANDED.

PREVIOUSLY IN **WEAPON X...**

AFTER AN ATTACK THAT HE DIDN'T SMELL COMING, LOGAN IS NOW ON THE RUN FROM AN ENEMY THAT HE HAS NO WAY OF DETECTING—ADAMANTIUM CYBORGS WITH RAZOR-SHARP CLAWS, THE LIKES OF WHICH HE'S ONLY EVER SEEN ON HIS LONGTIME ENEMY, LADY DEATHSTRIKE. BACKED INTO A CORNER, LOGAN APPROACHES ANOTHER VICTIM OF THE WEAPON X PROGRAM FOR HELP: THE SAVAGE SABRETOOTH!

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**SAN FRANCISCO
PEAKS, ARIZONA.**

MY GRANDPA
BROUGHT ME
UP HERE WHEN
I WAS NINE...

...JUST A COUPLE
MONTHS BEFORE
THE **CANCER**
KILLED HIM.

TOLD ME EVEN
THOUGH I WAS
NEVER MUCH FOR
PRAYING...

...SOMETIMES YOU
NEED A QUIET SPOT TO
SIT AND **THINK** A WHILE.

SO HERE
I AM--

BLEEP

DANG
IT.



I'M **JAMES PROUDSTAR**,
DIL'ZHE'E APACHE, BORN
EIGHTY MILES SOUTH ON
THE **CAMP VERDE** REZ.

I'M ALSO
WARPATH, ONE OF
THE STRONGEST
MUTANTS ON THE
PLANET.

SO I GOT A
LOTTA PLACES
I COULD BE.

I COULD BE HELPING
THE FOLKS **REBUILDING**
BACK HOME.

OR I COULD BE
FIGHTING THE GOOD
FIGHT WITH THE **X-MEN**.

OR HELL, I COULD BE
SCREWING AROUND
WITH **COUSIN BOBBY**
IN **FLAGSTAFF**.

BUT SOMEHOW...
WHATEVER I DO...

...FOLKS SEEM
TO GET **KILLED**.

WELL,
LOOK AT
THAT...

HA!

MAYBE
THEY'VE GOT
THE RIGHT IDEA.

DON'T WORRY
ABOUT WHAT
YOU CAN'T SEE.

JUST FIND
YOUR HERD...

...AND RUN LIKE
HELL, JUST FOR
THE HELL OF IT.

BUT IT'S
NEVER THAT
SIMPLE,
IS IT?

WHUP
WHUP

WHUP WHUP

NNNIIIGH!



**WHUP
WHUP WHUP**

HARASSING
MUSTANGS?

THIS IS
ILLEGAL.

ONLY THE
BUREAU OF LAND
MANAGEMENT'S
AUTHORIZED TO
ROUND UP WILD
HORSES.

EEEEHHH!



AND THAT'S NOT
A B.L.M. CHOPPER.

DAMMIT.

THIS IS EXACTLY
WHAT I DIDN'T
COME OUT HERE
FOR.



EVERY TIME
I FIGHT, THINGS
GET TWISTED...

...BUT THIS
DOESN'T EVEN
MAKE SENSE.

THEY'RE NOT
HERPING 'EM...NO
COLLECTION PEN
FOR RELOCATION...



...THEY'RE JUST
TERRORIZING 'EM.

WHIIIIII!

JUST FOR
THE HELL
OF IT.



**WHUP
WHUP WHUP
WHUP**

AND NOW THEY'RE
CIRCLING BACK
FOR MORE?



I DON'T
THINK SO.

SHAAANG

AAAAA!

BEEN TRYING TO WALK UNDER THE RADAR...

...BUT I GOTTA ADMIT...

...FEELS GOOD TO FLY.

SKRRRAAK DOOM

FEELS GOOD TO FIGHT.

PROBABLY JUST TOURISTS.

BULLIES.

SKRAANG

SAW THE HERD, THOUGHT IT'D BE FUN TO SCARE THE HELL OUT OF 'EM.

GUESS I CAN'T KILL 'EM FOR THAT...