

You were born *Daniel Rand*. At the age of 9, your life was shattered by the murder of your father. At 19, you emerged from the mystic city of *K'un-Lun*—reborn in the fires of a dragon's heart. Yours are the most finely-honed Martial Arts skills in the world. You were born *Daniel Rand*. You have since *changed*.

Stan Lee PRESENTS: **IRON FIST, THE LIVING WEAPON!**

CHRIS CLAREMONT / **JOHN BYRNE** / **DAN GREEN** / **ANNETTE K.**, LETTERER / **ARCHIE GOODWIN**
AUTHOR / ARTIST / INKER / B. PATTERSON, COLORIST / EDITOR

ENTER, THE X-MEN

THE TIP-OFF HAD BEEN BRIEF AND TO-
THE-POINT: A VALUABLE
RAND-MEACHUM
SHIPMENT WAS DUE
TO BE HIJACKED
THIS EVENING...

...AND ONLY
IRON FIST
COULD STOP IT!

IT WAS A TRAP OF
COURSE, THAT WAS
WHY YOU'D FOLLOWED
UP ON THE TIP--TO
FIND OUT WHO WAS
BEHIND IT AND WHY
HE WAS AFTER YOU.

KAK!

RAND
MEACHUM

WOK!

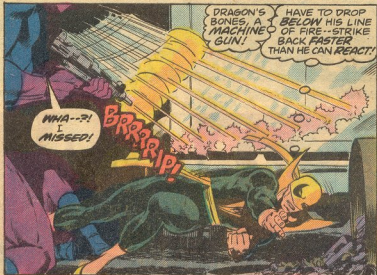
STOP HIM,
YA BUMS! HE'S
ONLY ONE--

URRRGH!

WATCH YOUR-
SELF, IRON FIST!
THERE'S A FOURTH
MAN--

--AND HE'S
HOLDING A
GUN ON YOU!

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DRAGON'S BONES, A MACHINE GUN! HAVE TO DROP BELOW HIS LINE OF FIRE--STRIKE BACK FASTER THAN HE CAN REACT!

NWA--?!
I MISSED!

BRRRRIP!



I NEED TO REACH THE MAN--FAST!

THIS GARBAGE CAN LID SHOULD DO THE TRICK.



REMEMBER YOUR TRAINING, DANNY--ROLL AND THROW IN ONE MOVE.

THE LID STUNNED HIM, A FINAL PUNCH OR TWO AND THIS BATTLE'S OVER.

GOT HIM!

THWANG!



SO MUCH FOR THE HI-JACKING. SOMEONE WENT TO A LOT OF TROUBLE TO LURE ME HERE, BUT NOW THAT THE FIGHTING'S DONE, THE STREET'S AS SILENT AS A GRAVE!

PERHAPS I SHOULD HAVE LEFT THIS TO THE NEW YORK POLICE!



PERHAPS YOU SHOULD HAVE, YOUNG DRAGON!

UNNNNGH!--
LIGHTNING KICK FROM BEHIND--BUT I DIDN'T EVEN SENSE IT COMING!

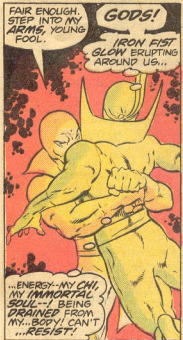
SHAK!



FOREARM SMASH-- AND I'M TOO GROGGY FROM THE KICK-- TO PARRY IT!

BROW!

HAI!!



THE EVENING MOVES ON, AND WE SHIFT OUR SCENE UPTOWN FROM THE BATTERY TO GREENWICH VILLAGE TO A QUIET SIDE-STREET JUST OFF WASHINGTON SQUARE...

...AND A MAN STANDING A SOLITARY, SELF-APPOINTED VIGIL.



HIS NAME IS LOGAN -- THOUGH ALMOST NO ONE KNOWS IT. HE LIKES IT THAT WAY, BECAUSE NAMES ARE SHARED WITH FRIENDS-- AND ABOVE ALL ELSE...

...WOLVERINE IS A LONER, OR WAS. THESE DAYS, HE'S NOT SO SURE.



THIS IS CRAZY. WHAT AM I DOIN' MOONIN' OVER A LOLLYS FRAIL?!

LOVE 'EM AN' LEAVE 'EM -- THAT'S ALWAYS BEEN MY WAY, 'TIL NOW.

JEAN GREY IS... DIF-FERENT. I CAN'T GET HER OUTTA MY THOUGHTS. MAN, HOW CAN SHE THINK SHE LOVES A GUTLESS WIMP LIKE SUMMERS?!



HE AIN'T FER YOU, LADY.



I AM.



ON YOUR TOES, PAL! THERE'S SOMEONE SNEAKIN' ACROSS THE ROOF!

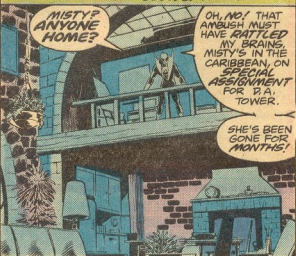
IT'S A MAN! AN' HE'S SLIPPIN' THROUGH THE SKYLIGHT INTO JEANNIE'S APARTMENT!



SNIK!

WHOEVER YOU ARE, BUB, YOU JUST MADE THE BIGGEST MISTAKE O' YOUR LIFE, AN' THE LAST!

MEANWHILE, FIVE FLOORS ABOVE OUR SHORT, BUT EXTREMELY HOT-BLOODED X-MAN...



MISTY? ANYONE HOME?

OH, NO! THAT AMBUSH MUST HAVE RATTLED MY BRAINS. MISTY'S IN THE CARIBBEAN, ON SPECIAL ASSIGNMENT FOR P.A. TOWER.

SHE'S BEEN GONE FOR MONTHS!

INTERLUDE: CUTLASS BAY--ON THE CARIBBEAN ISLAND OF STE. EMILE. ONCE, IT HAD BEEN A FAVORITE HAUNT OF PIRATES. NOW, IT'S A RESORT, CATERING EXCLUSIVELY TO THE VERY RICH AND VERY POWERFUL.

IT'S A PARADISE-ON-EARTH--NOT THE SORT OF PLACE WHERE YOU'D EXPECT TO FIND AN EX-NEW YORK CITY LADY COP...



...NAMED MISTY KNIGHT.

THAT'S FUNNY FOR THE FIRST TIME IN AGES...



...I'M THINKING OF IRON FIST.

I STILL ACHE INSIDE--THAT HASN'T CHANGED--LIKE I'D CUT OUT A PIECE OF MY OWN SOUL WHEN I WALKED OUT ON HIM.*

* IF #13 --A.G.



NO MORE, MISTY; DANNY RAND ISN'T WORTH THE EFFORT. THINK ABOUT THE JOB.

THAT WAY YOU'LL STAY ALIVE.

YEAH, THE JOB... MEMORIES DRAW HER BACK TO MID-WINTER MANHATTAN, AND THE OFFICE OF D.A. BLAKE TOWER...

...HIS NAME IS JOHN BUSHMASTER, AND THAT'S ABOUT ALL WE KNOW ABOUT HIM. EXCEPT THAT OVER THE PAST FEW YEARS, HE'S TAKEN ABSOLUTE CONTROL OF THE EUROPEAN MOBS.



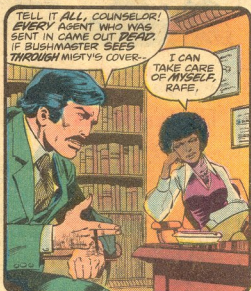
INTELLIGENCE SAYS THAT HE PLANS TO EXPAND HIS ACTIVITIES TO THE UNITED STATES, STARTING IN NEW YORK.



NOW IT'S OUR TURN.

INTERPOL, THE FBI--EVEN THE CIA--HAVE TRIED TO INFILTRATE HIS ORGANIZATION, WITHOUT SUCCESS.

TELL IT ALL, COUNSELOR! EVERY AGENT WHO WAS SENT IN CAME OUT DEAD. IF BUSHMASTER SEES THROUGH MISTY'S COVER--



I CAN TAKE CARE OF MYSELF, RAFF.

WE'VE SPENT SIX MONTHS BUILDING MS. KNIGHT A FOOLPROOF COVER, LT. SCARFE! "MAYA KORDAY" CAN SURVIVE ANY SECURITY CHECK-- BECAUSE SHE EXISTS!

IF YOU SAY SO, MR. HAO--

--BUT IF YOU'RE WRONG, YOU WON'T BE THE ONE PAYING THE PRICE.

BACK OFF, SCARFE! NO ONE'S FORCING HER TO TAKE THIS JOB, SHE VOLUNTEERED!

BUT IF YOU WANT TO BACK OUT, MS. KNIGHT, THIS IS YOUR LAST CHANCE. ONCE YOU LEAVE THIS OFFICE, YOU'RE COMMITTED.

WELL, MISTY?

MISTY? NO ONE HERE BY THAT HANDLE, FRIEND.

JUST... MAYA KORDAY.

I PULLED IT OFF, RAFE...

MAYA, MY DEAR!

BUSH-MASTER!

...BEYOND OUR WILDEST EXPECTATIONS.

SURPRISED TO SEE ME? THE CONFERENCE IN PORT HARCOURT ENDED EARLY AND I MOTORED BACK TO SPEND THE EVENING WITH YOU.

I THOUGHT WE'D HAVE A CANDLELIGHT DINNER, MY DEAR, AND THEN... OH, MAYA, AS ALWAYS, YOUR BEAUTY OVERWHELMS ME...

OH, GOD.

I'M NOT ONLY INSIDE BUSHMASTER'S ORGANIZATION, I'M CLOSER TO HIM THAN ANY HUMAN LIVING.

BUT AT WHAT COST?

AT THAT MOMENT, EIGHTEEN HUNDRED MILES NORTH-BY-NORTHWEST OF STE. EMILE...

SO THIS IS MISTY AND JEAN GREY'S APARTMENT. I'M IMPRESSED.

FROM THE LOOKS OF THINGS, SOMEONE'S PLANNING A PARTY.

I WONDER WHAT THIS IS? POTATOES, EGGS, CELERY, SPICES, MAYONNAISE--IT TASTES ...GOOD.

I'LL HAVE TO ASK COLLEEN ABOUT IT.

I'D BETTER BE ON MY WAY, BEFORE PEOPLE START ARRIVING-- HOLD IT!

FEET RUSHING UP THE STAIRS! SOMEONE'S CHARGING THE DOOR!

FREEZE, BUB!

YER TRESPASSIN' IN MY WOMAN'S PLACE, MISTER! AN' FER THAT LITTLE CRIME--

WOLVERINE'S GONNA CUT YOU T' PIECES!

GODS OF K'ILN-LUN!



JUST WHAT I NEED, A COSTUMED MANIAC!

A SOLID BEAR'S PAW THRUST SHOULD COOL HIM DOWN.

KRAK!



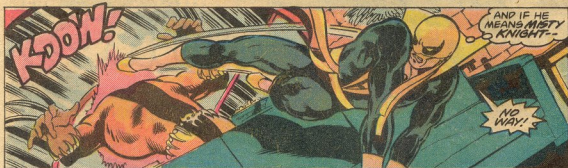
WHOA-BOY! I AIN'T BEEN HIT LIKE THAT SINCE I WAS A KID.

BUB, I'M GONNA ENJOY THIS FRACAS.



INCREDIBLE. I DECKED HIM, BUT HE SHRUGGED IT OFF. AND WHAT DID HE MEAN, THIS IS HIS "WOMAN'S" PLACE?

MISTY TOLD ME JEAN GREY LOVED SCOTT SUMMERS.



KDON!

AND IF HE MEANS MISTY KNIGHT--

NO WAY!



YER FANCY MOVES DON'T MEAN A THING AGAINST ME, BUB-- I JUST KEEP ON COMIN'!



WHAM!

FINE BY ME, WOLVERINE. I'LL JUST KEEP ON KNOCKING YOU DOWN.



AIN'T YOU BEEN LIST'NIN' FELLA? YER WASTIN' YER TIME!

GODS, HE IS CRAZY!

SHAKT!



MY SKILLS ALONE WON'T SAVE ME FROM THOSE CLAWS FOREVER, ESPECIALLY AS I'M STILL DRAINED--WEAK--FROM THAT AMBUSH.

I'VE NO CHOICE. I'VE GOT TO USE MY IRON FIST.



WHA--?! HEART OF THE DRAGON, I--I FOCUSED MY WILL, MY CHI, CALLED ON THE POWER OF THE IRON FIST...

...BUT NOTHING HAPPENED!



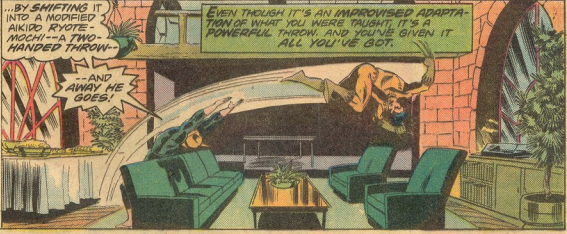
HERE COMES WOLVERINE! DOESN'T THE MAN EVER GET TIRED?! HIS SHEER ANIMAL FEROCITY REMINDS ME OF SABRE-TOOTH...

COULD THERE BE A CONNECTION? BLOCK HIS CLAWS, DANNY!



HEY!

NOW, TURN HIS ATTACK AGAINST HIM...



...BY SHIFTING IT INTO A MODIFIED AIKIDO RYOTE-MOCHI--A TWO-HANDED THROW--

EVEN THOUGH IT'S AN IMPROVISED ADAPTATION OF WHAT YOU WERE TAUGHT, IT'S A POWERFUL THROW, AND YOU'VE GIVEN IT ALL YOU'VE GOT.

--AND AWAY HE GOES!



GIVEN, PERHAPS, TOO MUCH.

THE WINDOW-- NO! I DIDN'T THINK WHERE I WAS THROWING WOLVERINE!

LORD OF THE DEAD, IT'S A FIVE-STORY FALL TO THE STREET!



I'VE KILLED HIM!

HAVE YOU, IRON FIST? LET'S TURN OUR ATTENTION TO THE STREET BELOW, AND SEE...

NEIN, PETER! I AM WHO I AM-- AND KURT WAGNER WILL NOT HIDE BEHIND AN IMAGE INDUCER'S MASK EVER AGAIN!

BUT, KURT--

BEFORE NIGHT CRAWLER'S FELLOW X-MAN CAN FINISH HIS REPLY, HOWEVER...

PETER LOOK!

WOLVERINE--! FALLING FROM JEAN GREY'S APARTMENT! I'LL NEVER REACH HIM IN TIME!

BA MF

PERHAPS YOU CAN'T, MY ARMORED FRIEND, BUT I CAN.

LET'S HEAR IT FOR THE "BEASTLY BAMF-ER"! THANKS, PAL.

WOLVERINE, WHAT'S HAPPENING?!

SOME DUDE--BURGLAR, I THINK-- TRIED T' KILL ME IN JEANNIE'S PLACE! LOOK, COLOSSUS, I GOT NO TIME FER DETAILS--

--JUS' TOSS ME BACK UP THERE!

AS YOU WISH, TOVARISCH.

COLOSSUS, DON'T! HOW DO WE KNOW IT'S AN ENEMY?!

WHERE WOLVERINE'S CONCERNED, IT COULD JUST AS EASILY BE THE MAILMAN--OR JEAN'S PARENTS!

I'D BETTER TELEPORT MYSELF UP THERE BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!

I-I AM SORRY, NIGHT CRAWLER. I DID NOT THINK...

BAMF



HEADS UP, BUB!
WOLVERINE'S
COMIN' AT'CHA!



HUH?!? THE MANIACS
COMING THROUGH
THE WINDOW! I COME
HERE LOOKING FOR HELP,
AND END UP FIGHTING
FOR MY LIFE!



BEHIND ME--
THAT SUDDEN
STENCH OF BRIM-
STONE! WHAT--?!



GOD OF US
ALL, IT'S A
DEMON!

WRAK!



TURN, IRON
FIST-- CATCH
WOLVERINE AS
HE REACHES
YOU AND
FLIP HIM!

BYON!



YOU HAVE BEATEN MY
CONRADES, INTRUDER--
BUT YOU'LL NOT BE SO
FORTUNATE AGAINST
COLOSSUS!

THINGS
ARE GETTING
OUT OF
HAND--!



--THEY'RE POPPING OUT OF
THE WOODWORK!

CONCENTRATE,
YOUNG DRAGON!
IT'S NOW OR
NEVER! ONLY
YOUR IRON
FIST CAN HOPE
TO STOP THIS
MAN OF
STEEL.



AN INSTANT LATER...

SHKOW!

WE HATE
TO DO THIS...

...BUT IT'S TIME TO SHIFT OUR SCENE AGAIN, TO THE SKY OVER GREENWICH VILLAGE.



AH, ORORO, IT FEELS SO GOOD TO SOAR FOR THE SHEER JOY OF IT.

THESE PAST MONTHS, THE X-MEN HAVE BEEN SO HARD PUT MERELY KEEPING OURSELVES ALIVE...



...WE'VE HAD LITTLE TIME TO RELAX AND GET TO KNOW ONE ANOTHER. WE'RE ALL FRIENDS...



...BUT IN SO MANY WAYS, WE'RE STILL STRANGERS.

GODDESS WILLING, JEAN'S PARTY TONIGHT WILL BEGIN TO CHANGE THAT.

WITHOUT ANOTHER THOUGHT, STORM STEPS INSIDE THE APARTMENT-- AND HER FATE IS SEALED.



OH, NO!

ORORO--!STORM, LOOK OUT!



TOO LATE, NIGHT-CRAWLER.



SPLURTCH!



WHAT--?! SOMEONE ON THE BALCONY--!

MEIN GOTT-- WE'RE IN FOR IT NOW, I THINK.

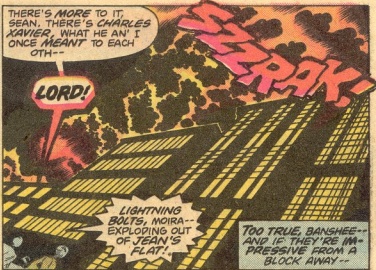
ORORO...?



A PENNY FER YER THOUGHTS, MOIRA.

I WAS THINKING ABOUT US, SEAN CASSIDY, ABOUT WHETHER I WANT TO GET... INVOLVED.

YE'RE ALREADY INVOLVED, LUV.



THERE'S MORE TO IT, SEAN. THERE'S CHARLES XAVIER. WHAT HE AN' I ONCE MEANT TO EACH OTH--

LORD!

LIGHTNING BOLTS, MOIRA-- EXPLODING OUT OF JEAN'S FLAT!

TOO TRUE, BANSHEE-- AND IF THEY'RE IMPRESSIVE FROM A BLOCK AWAY--



--THINK OF WHAT THEY MUST BE LIKE UP CLOSE.

THAT WOMAN... CREATED A LIGHTNING STORM... OUT OF THIN AIR!



CAN'T HANDLE THIS ALONE. HAVE TO GET HELP. MAYBE... THE AVENGERS!

UNNINGH!

BAM!

NO YOU DON'T, MEIN FREUND.



GOBLIN DISAPPEARED-- WAIT, HE'S MATERIALIZING BEHIND-- OW!

SOK!



THERE'S A SECOND BETWEEN THE BRIMSTONE STENCH OF HIS MATERIALIZATION AND HIS PUNCH-- HAVE TO USE THAT SECOND--

--HIT HIM FIRST!

KOOOW!



MY EARS! SOME KIND OF SCREAM! GODS, IT'S ANOTHER ONE--! HITTING ME FROM THE AIR! I CAN'T--

LADDIE-BUCK, I DON'T KNOW WHO YE ARE, BUT FROM THE LOOK'S O' THINGS, I BEST NOT TAKE ANY CHANCES.

SWEET DREAMS, BOYO.

SHAM!

OOO-OO-OFFF!

OCH, DEAR--WE HAD THE DEVIL'S OWN TIME CALMING DOWN JEAN'S LANDLORD WHEN FIRELORD ATTACKED HER PLACE. *

IF THIS DOOR IS ANY INDICATION O' THE DAMAGE, HE'LL EVICT HER THIS TIME F'R SURE.



*IN X-MEN #105--A.G.

WHAT AM I DOIN' --WORRYIN' ABOUT A LANDLORD WHEN THE X-MEN'S LIVES MAY BE IN DANGER?



I'D BEST GET UP-STAIRS AN' SEE IF I CAN HELP OUT.

THOUGH I DINNAE SEE HOW, THAT LIGHTNING STORM WAS ORORO'S TRADEMARK, AN' SHE WAS CUTTIN' LOOSE FULL STRENGTH.

WHOEVER THE X-MEN ARE FIGHTIN' MUST BE A PRETTY ROUGH...



...CUSTOMER.

OH, MY LORD.



WHAT'S BEEN HAPPENING HERE?!

GOOD QUESTION, MRS. MACTAGGERT, FROM IRON FIST'S POINT-OF-VIEW, QUITE A LOT--ALL OF IT BAD.



WE'RE NEARLY AT THE APARTMENT--LUCKILY, THIS IRISH SCREAMER THINKS I'M UNCONSCIOUS.

GOT TO MAKE MY MOVE-- NOW!



NO MISTAKES, WARRIOR! HE'LL NOT GIVE YOU A SECOND CHANCE.

BEAUTIFUL! OUR MOMENTUM'S CARRYING US FORWARD ONTO THE ROOF, WITH HIS BODY CATCHING THE BRUNT OF THE IMPACT.



A HAMMER BLOW SHOULD FINISH THE JOB.



HAI--!!

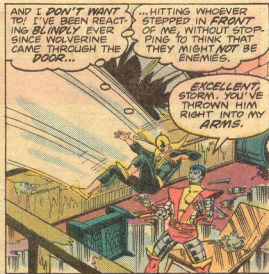
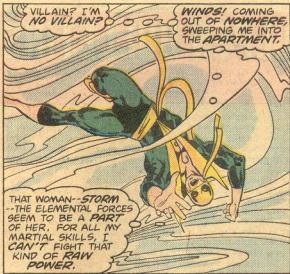


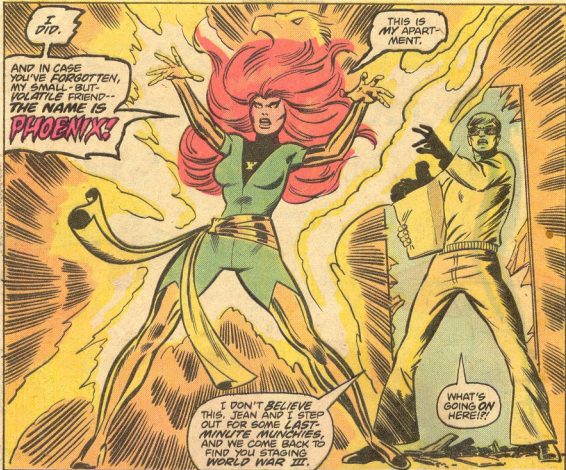
NOW TO GET OUT OF HERE!

WRONG, VILLAIN! YOU'VE ATTACKED MY FRIENDS, ATTACKED ME, AND FOR THAT--



STORM WILL MAKE YOU PAY!!





I DID.

THIS IS MY APARTMENT.

AND IN CASE YOU'VE FORGOTTEN, MY SMALL-BUT-VOLATILE FRIEND-- THE NAME IS **PHOENIX!**

I DON'T BELIEVE THIS. JEAN AND I STEP OUT FOR SOME LAST-MINUTE MUNCHIES, AND WE COME BACK TO FIND YOU STAGING WORLD WAR III.

WHAT'S GOING ON HERE!?!



BUTT OUT, SUMMERS! LOOK, JEANNIE, I FOUND THIS BURGLAR HERE, AN'...

YOU'RE CRAZY, WOLVERINE! HE'S NO BURGLAR! HE'S MY ROOMMATE MISTY KNIGHT'S BEST FRIEND.

LORD OF LIGHT, DOES EVERYONE KNOW MY REAL IDENTITY?



OKAY, WOLVERINE--AS USUAL--JUMPED TO CONCLUSIONS, BUT YOU, ORORO? WHY?

SCOTT, YOU DO NOT UNDERSTAND!

I WAS HIT... I... A BOWL OF... OF... SOGGY, SMELLY... I... FELT SO EM... EMBARR--I...

GODS! I WISH I WAS DEAD.

EPILOGUE: IT DOESN'T TAKE LONG TO CLEAR THE MESS AWAY, ESPECIALLY WITH THE ARRIVING GUESTS ALL LENDING A HAND. IT'S A WHILE LONGER BEFORE THE POLICE AND NEIGHBORS ARE CALMED DOWN. EVENTUALLY, THOUGH, THE APARTMENT IS ECHOING THE SOUNDS OF GOOD TALK AND GOOD MUSIC, AND EVERYONE SEEMS TO BE HAVING A GOOD TIME...



HOW D'YOU TELL THESE BOZOS APART, BON?

EASY, PATY. MINE'S THE BEARDED BLOND...

UH, MS. WILFORD, MAY I HAVE THE NEXT DANCES?

BUT MR. HARTLEY...

NO, MISS GREY!



THIS IS ABSOLUTELY THE LAST STRAW! I'LL NOT RISK MY BUILDING BEING DEMOLISHED-- MY TENANTS' LIVES THREATENED-- AGAIN!

I'VE SPOKEN WITH THE OWNERS-- RAND-MEACHUM, LTD-- AND THEY'VE GIVEN ME FULL AUTHORITY TO HAVE YOU EVICTED! AT ONCE!

EXCUSE ME, I COULDN'T HELP OVERHEARING.



YOU MENTIONED RAND-MEACHUM?

I DID, YOUNG MAN. WHAT'S IT TO YOU?

I'M DANIEL RAND.

THE... DANIEL RAND? OF RAND-MEA... OH, MY.



I'LL CALL THE OFFICE TOMORROW, JEAN! YOU'LL HAVE NO MORE PROBLEMS WITH YOUR LEASE.

I'M SORRY ABOUT ALL THIS DAMAGE, THOUGH.



...DON'T I, WOLVERINE?

THAT'S OKAY, DANNY. AS FAR AS THE HEAVY WORK'S CONCERNED, I ALREADY HAVE A VOLUNTEER TO TAKE CARE OF IT...

SKRUNCH!

FIN*

* SEE OUR LETTERS PAGE THIS ISSUE FOR AN IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT ABOUT IRON FIST!!