



SONS OF X

MARVEL

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SPURRIER
NOTO



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Bonus Digital Edition - Details Inside!

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The fall begins not with a scream--

--but a *beat*.

Hoboken, New Jersey.

A *pulse*. A *ragged resonance* that echoes around the world--though few hear it.

There are *grander spectacles* to steal the attention.

The Altar, inside Legion's psyche.

Hhuh.

A-hhuh.


Banshee?

Blood. Misery. Control. These are the melodies that animate the world of man. The *spectacles*. The *violence*.

Whitehall, London.

So even among those who *feel* the new tone, few pause to ponder.

Few understand that each beat is *not* a racing heart, nor the footsteps of a chase, nor a prayer wheel spinning itself to pieces--



--but a
war drum.

Summoning *rival*
legions to vie
and die.



The Savage Land.

SKREEE!

The fall *accelerates*.
The drums ring *louder*.

Lads--more monsterized mutants on the way! Keep 'em separate an' sedated!

And yet... how would the doomed even *know* they are falling...

...when the *rest* of the world is falling with them?

I w-woke in me *bed* this mornin', and it's... i-it's like there are whole *months* missin'.

Sure I don't know what's been *happenin'*, but...god...

"...I never felt so *empty*."

Homs, Syria.

How can one hear the howling of the air and the thunder of drums...

...when the roaring in their ears silences all else?

You came to the right place, Sean. The Altar can soothe your mind.

Whatever's *happened* to you--*David* will know what to do. Just as soon as he's finished.

Finished what? Wh-what's goin' *on* over there?



It is a dream circuit.



A simulation woven of thought and prophecy.

You've heard of Orchis, Sean?

That's what this is about. Somehow, they're turning mutants into monsters, at random. Milking the propaganda for all it's worth.

And, uh...



They've got some of our people.

They've got Nightcrawler.

O! paintbrush hair can't even trace 'em. All he knows is, when he does go after 'em, he's gonna hafta face Orchis' guard dog.

YAAA!



Huhhh...
Huhh...

Nimrod wins again. I'm sorry, my love.



Ruth uses her powers to scry possibilities. David's testing himself against every outcome.

It ain't goin' well.

He...he thinks faster than me. He adapts quicker.

R-run it again.