

WEAPON X

SOMETIME IN THE 1970'S, DEEP WITHIN THE WOODS OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS OF BRITISH COLUMBIA, LIES A COLD STEEL BUILDING SURROUNDED BY A TALL BARBED WIRE FENCE. THE SILVER STRUCTURE IS BARELY VISIBLE THROUGH THE THICK BROWN TRUNKS AND DARK GREEN FOLIAGE OF THE FOREST SETTING. INSIDE THE SILVER LABORATORY, CANADIAN AND AMERICAN SCIENTISTS STARE AT GLOWING SCREENS AND SPEAK QUIETLY TO EACH OTHER. IN THE CENTRE OF A LARGE ROOM, INSIDE OF A LARGE GLASS CYLINDER FULL OF THICK TRANSPARENT LIQUID FLOATS A MUTANT KNOWN ONLY AS LOGAN. THE MUTANT, WHO LOOKS SOMEWHAT LIKE A HUMAN BEING, HAS THICK TUBES AND WIRES PROTRUDING FROM HIS FLESH. A LARGE METALLIC HELMET REST ON THE HEAD AND FACE OF THE MUTANT WHO BOBS UNCONSCIOUSLY IN THE BUBBLING FLUID.

THIS IS PROJECT WEAPON X, A CLANDESTINE JOINT PROGRAM OF THE GOVERNMENTS OF CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES, WHICH IS DEDICATED TO TRANSFORMING AVERAGE MUTANTS INTO DANGEROUS KILLING MACHINES. THE PROJECT IS SO SECRET THAT IT HAS BEEN RUMORED THAT EVEN THE CANADIAN PRIME MINISTER HAS NO KNOWLEDGE OF ITS EXISTENCE.

THE MUTANT KNOWN AS LOGAN HAD WORKED AS AN ANTI-COMMUNIST CANADIAN AGENT FOR YEARS, BUT WAS UNAWARE OF HIS COLLEAGUE'S PLANS FOR HIS FUTURE.

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KIDNAPPED AND TAKEN AGAINST HIS WILL TO THE HIDDEN FACILITY, LOGAN HAS NOW UNDERGONE A REMARKABLE TRANSFORMATION. HIS BONES, ONCE SIMILAR TO THOSE OF A HUMAN BEING, HAVE BEEN LACED WITH THE MOST INDESTRUCTIBLE METAL KNOWN TO MANKIND: ADAMANTIUM. MEMORY IMPLANTS, PLACED IN THE MUTANT'S MIND BY A STRANGE BEING NAMED PSI-BORG, WILL HELP THE GOVERNMENT CONTROL ITS NEW KILLING TOOL. BUT MOST IMPORTANTLY, HIDDEN WITHIN LOGAN'S HANDS AND FOREARMS ARE SIX RETRACTABLE RAZOR-SHARP CLAWS.



SUDDENLY THERE IS MOVEMENT WITHIN THE GLASS TANK. MEN IN LAB COATS RUN FRANTICALLY TO LARGE COMPUTER DISPLAYS. A LOUD SIREN REVERBERATES OFF THE HARD METALLIC WALLS, AND FLASHING RED LIGHTS ILLUMINATE THE TERRIFIED FACES OF THE SCIENTISTS.

WITH A SWING OF ONE OF HIS THICK ARMS, THE MUTANT BURSTS THROUGH THE GLASS TANK. THE MEN IN LAB COATS CRY OUT IN HORROR AS THEY SEE BRIGHT FLASHES FROM LOGAN FISTS. THE BLINKING LIGHTS REFLECT FROM THE EXTENDED METAL TALONS, WHICH QUICKLY SILENCE THE SCREAMS OF THE GOVERNMENT OPERATORS. TATTERS OF ONCE-WHITE LAB COATS LAY STREWN ACROSS THE FLOOR, NOW STAINED A DARK RED. NO ONE IS LEFT ALIVE AS THE WOLF-LIKE CREATURE BOUNDS THROUGH THE DARK FOREST NIGHT.



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