

MARVEL
COMICS

THE UNCANNY

X-MEN



\$1.25 US
\$1.60 CAN
297
FEB
UK 85p

APPROVED BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY

SONG'S END

30TH
ANNIVERSARY
1962 - 1992



THE AMAZING
SPIDER-MAN





YOU MISUNDERSTAND,
MY FORMERLY
FEATHERED FRIEND!

I WAS NOT SUGGESTING
THE X-MEN SEEK TO
PIVOT THEMSELVES OF
RESPONSIBILITY FOR
THIS INCIDENT.

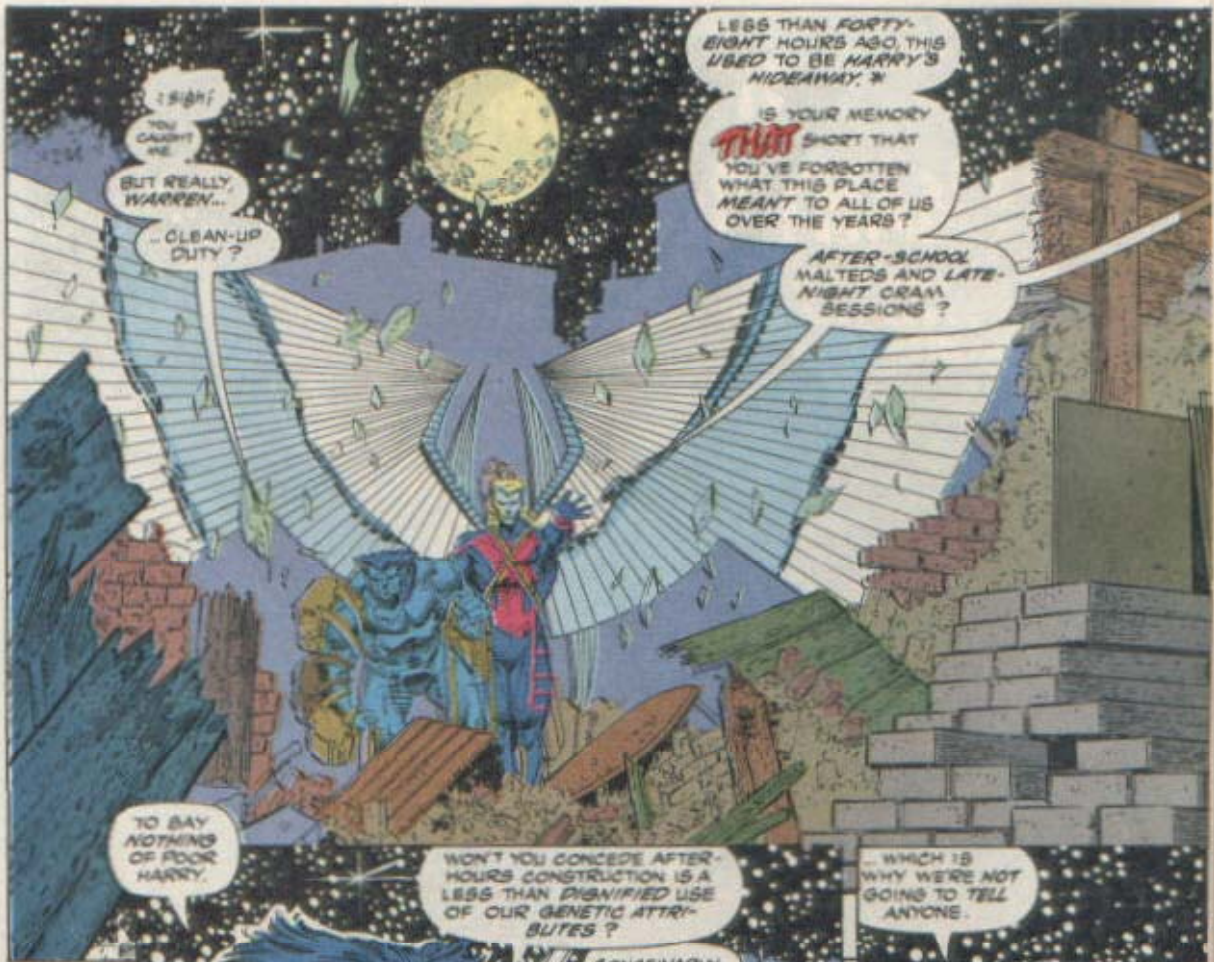
RATHER, IT WAS
MY CONTENTION
THERE MIGHT BE
OTHER MUTANTS
BETTER SUITED
TO THE TASK.

MY
APOLOGIES,
HANK.

THIRTY-DOLLAR
WORDS TO THE
CONTRARY, IT
SOUNDED TO ME
LIKE YOU WERE
COMPLAINING.

THE EPILOGUE TO THE X-CUTIONER'S SONG

UNCANNY X-MEN #4, No. 287, February, 1993, (ISSN# 0274-1372) Published by MARVEL COMICS, Terry Stewart, President, Stan Lee, Publisher, Michael Hobson, Group Vice President, Publishing, OFFICE OF PUBLICATION, 367 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10014. Published monthly. Copyright © 1992 Marvel Entertainment Group, Inc. All rights reserved. Price \$1.25 per copy in the U.S. and \$1.50 in Canada. Subscription rate for 12 issues: U.S. \$15.00; foreign \$27.00; and Canadian-subscriber mail and 50.00 for postage and GST (GST #R123026672). No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or episodes in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. This periodical may not be sold except by authorized dealers and is sold subject to the condition that it shall not be sold or distributed with any part of its cover or contents removed, nor in a mutilated condition. X-MEN (including all personae characters featured in this issue and the distinctive likeness thereof) is a trademark of MARVEL ENTERTAINMENT GROUP, INC. POSTMASTER: SEND ADDRESS CHANGES TO THE UNCANNY X-MEN, c/o MARVEL COMICS, SUBSCRIPTION DEPT., 367 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, NEW YORK, NY 10014. Printed in the U.S.A.



STAN LEE PRESENTS THE UNCANNY

X-MEN™

"UP AND AROUND"

BY LOBDELL
PETERSON/PANOSIAN
ELIOPoulos/JAVINS
HARRAS/DEFALCO



JEAN'S SURPRISE "SWEET SIXTEEN" PARTY?

THE CELEBRATION BASH WE THREW WHEN YOU TOOK THAT JOB AT THE BRAND CORPORATION?

IT'S UP TO US TO MAINTAIN A TRADITION.

WE OWE IT TO THE X-MEN PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE.

SCALIBAN TRASHED IT IN UNCANNY X-MEN #270 -- BAK-HOORING II, IV



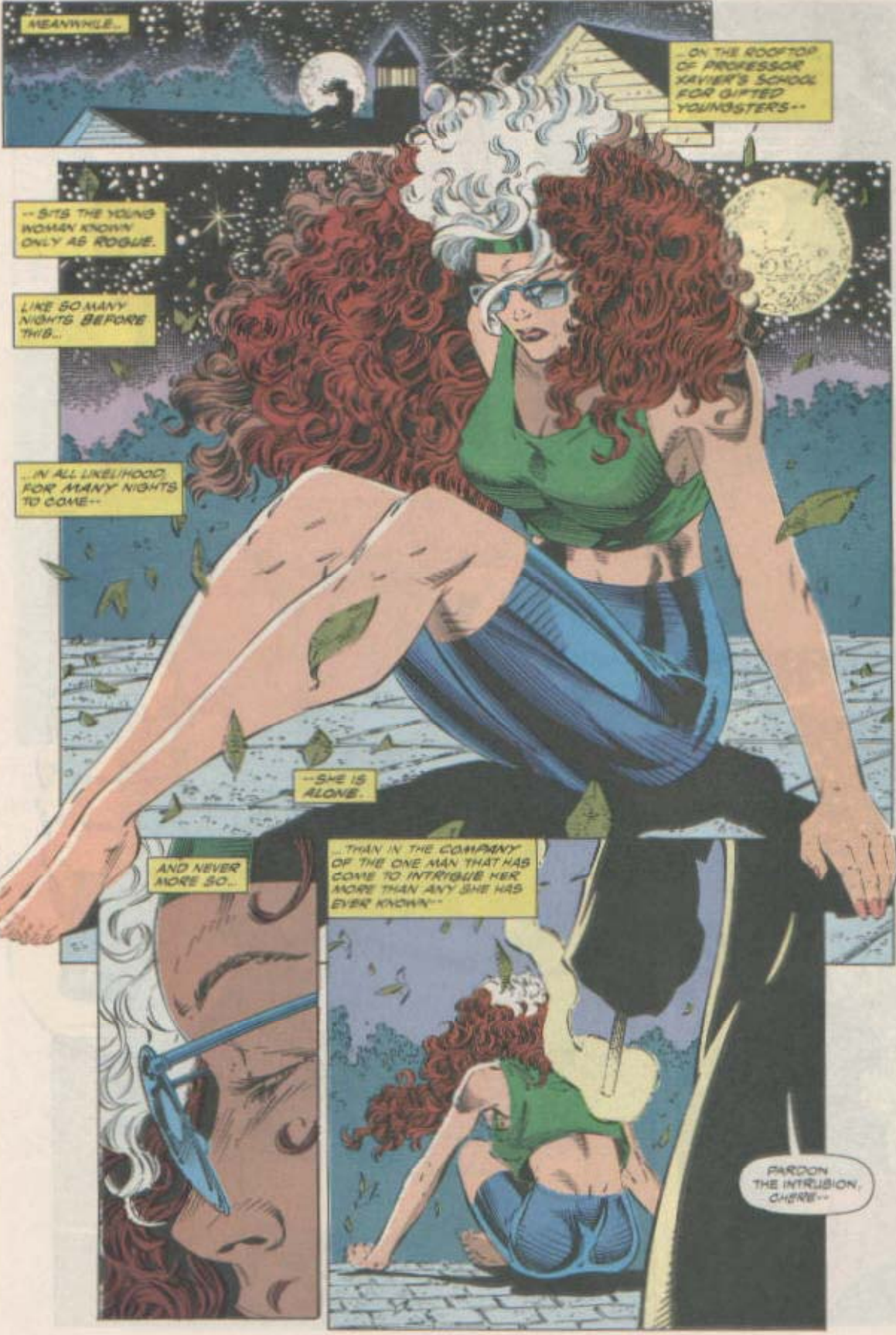
FINE.



TO WORK?

TO WORK.

IN MY EXPERIENCE--GOOD DEEDS ALWAYS LAST LONGER THAT WAY.



MEANWHILE...

...ON THE ROOFTOP OF PROFESSOR XAVIER'S SCHOOL FOR GIFTED YOUNGSTERS--

--SITS THE YOUNG WOMAN KNOWN ONLY AS ROGUE.

LIKE SO MANY NIGHTS BEFORE THIS...

...IN ALL LIKELIHOOD FOR MANY NIGHTS TO COME--

--SHE IS ALONE.

AND NEVER MORE SO...

...THAN IN THE COMPANY OF THE ONE MAN THAT HAS COME TO INTRIGUE HER MORE THAN ANY SHE HAS EVER KNOWN--

PARDON THE INTRUSION, CHERE--



-- BUT ACCORDIN' TO DR. MACDUGERT, YOU'RE STILL RECOVERIN' FROM THE OPTIC DAMAGE STROBE CAUSED. *

SHE'S RESTRICTED YOU TO COMPLETE BED REST.

DON'T TELL ME, GAMBIT--

-- YOU'RE HERE TO FILL THE PRESCRIPTION.

1 X-MEN #25 -- OCT. 1992



THAT WASN'T MY INTENTION. NO.

BUT SINCE YOU BROUGHT IT UP..



REMY, IF YA HAVE ANY FEELIN'S FOR ME--

-- ANY AT ALL...

... LEAVE ME ALONE.



S' FUNNY.



MY FEELINGS FOR YOU--

-- ARE THE VERY SAME REASON I'M STAYIN'.

ELSEWHERE ON THE SPRAWLING WEST-CHESTER ESTATE...

TOO COOL.

SCOTT AND JEAN ARE FREE--

--PROFESSOR XAVIER IS CURED--

--AND OUR PROBLEMS WITH CABLE AND STRIFE ARE A THING OF THE PAST.

OR FUTURE.

OR WHEREVER
WONDER WHY THE REST OF THE X-DUDES SPEND SO MUCH TIME MOPING?

FROM HERE, IT'S GOTTA BE THE COOLEST GIG IN THE WORLD.

PERHAPS YOU NEED A BROADER PERSPECTIVE?

I THOUGHT I WAS ALONE OUT--

AS DID I, CHILD.

WHY--?!

WHO--?!



I DID NOT MEAN
TO STARTLE YOU,
JUBILATION.

MY
APOLOGIES.

NO
PROB.
PROF.

NO
PROB.
AT
ALL.

HARRY'S...

FORSE MAY BE GONE, BUT HE'S NOT FORGOTTEN

ONLY A MUTANT GENIUS OF HIS INTELLECT COULD HAVE CREATED A NOISELESS HAMMER GUN.

A TEXTBOOK EXAMPLE OF "THE USE OF GENETIC ADVANCEMENTS IN IMPRACTICAL AND COMMERCIAL EMPLOYMENT."

"...USE OF SONIC AVANCE..."

(LARRY)
WHY DOES THAT SOUND SO FAMILIAR?

IT WAS THE TITLE OF YOUR TERM PAPER.

JUNIOR YEAR.

YOU PAID ME ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS TO WRITE IT IN YOUR STEAD.

RIGHT.

THE SAME PAPER PROFESSOR XAVIER CHANGED HIS MIND ABOUT THE DAY IT WAS DUE.

WE HAD TO DELIVER OUR REPORTS MENTALLY.

HE CALLED IT "AN EXERCISE IN PSIONIC PROJECTION."

ADMITTEDLY YOU LOOKED QUITE THE IDIOTS--

--STANDING IN FRONT OF THE CLASS WITH OUT A SINGLE ORIGINAL THOUGHT IN YOUR HEAD.



WITH THE POSSIBLE EXCEPTION OF "WHY ME?"

I THINK I WAS PRAYING FOR THE SENTINELS TO ATTACK.



HOW IS IT THE PROFESSOR ALWAYS SEEMED TO KNOW EVERYTHING?



HONESTLY..?

IN THIS PARTICULAR CASE--

--I TOLD HIM.



YOU TOLD HIM?

BUT... ONLY AFTER I CASHED THE CHECK!

HA HA HA HA HA HA



YOU TOLD HIM?

I SWEAR, I --

HO

DON'T KNOW HOW BOBBY

KEPT A STRAIGHT FACE!



IF IT LOOKED ANYTHING LIKE THIS ONE--

--IT WAS EASY.

Fwoosh!

WAAA-- I SURRENDER, POST HASTE!

DO YOU KNOW HOW LONG IT TAKES TO SCRUB WOOD VARNISH OUT OF FUR?!

XAVIERS

LOOK, I DON'T MEAN TO BE RUDE, BUT...

...AREN'T YOU SUPPOSED TO BE, LIKE --

--CRIPPLED?

NORMALLY, YES -- I AM DISABLED.

WHILE I DON'T UNDERSTAND THE SPECIFICS --

-- DR. MACTAGGERT ASSURES ME THIS IS A TEMPORARY AFTER-EFFECT OF STRIFE'S TECHNO-ORGANO INJIS

... A MOMENT FROM NOW -- AN HOUR, PERHAPS --

UNTIL IT BURNS ITSELF OUT.

-- I AM ONCE AGAIN BLESSED WITH THE ABILITY TO WALK.

I GUESS FOR LIKE ANYBODY ELSE, THAT WOULD BE CRUEL.

BUT YOU, YOU'RE THE MOST TIGHTLY STITCHED 'DULT I EVER MET.

I MEAN, NOT WALKING NEVER SEEMED TO BOTHER YOU.

STANDING? SITTING?

I MEAN, YA STILL GOT THE MOST POWERFUL MUTANT MIND IN THE WORLD, RIGHT?

THAT'S GOTTA MEAN SOMETHING.

NO?



THE GRASS
BENEATH MY
FEET.

TO BE ABLE
TO STAND,
STRAIGHT AND
TALL.



ALL THESE ARE
THINGS THAT MEAN
SOMETHING.

THINGS
I MISS.



THERE ARE TIMES,
JUBILATION, I
BELIEVE...

...WITH ALL
MY HEART...

... THAT I WOULD
GLADLY EXCHANGE
ALL THE PSYCHIC
ABILITIES IN THE
WORLD...

... FOR THE
CHANCE TO
RUN --
-- TO WALK,
AGAIN.



IF YOU'LL
EXCUSE
ME --

PROF!

... SINCE
I SET
DOHERTY...

IF YOU'RE SERIOUS
ABOUT EXPERIENCING
THE FINER THINGS IN
LIFE --



-- YOU AIN'T
LIVED UNTIL YOU'VE
BLADED.



IT AIN'T FAIR.

AGAIN, AH'M HURT-
SLUGGIN' IT OUT
AGAINST SOME EQUALLY
FATHETIC MUTANT...

FOR A PLACE
IN A WORLD THAT
DOESN'T WANT
ANY OF US.

A WORLD IN
WHICH AH DON'T
EVER HAVE A
CHANCE O' FINDIN'
HAPPINESS.



FINE.
LIFE
AS AN
X-MAN.

AH CAN
DEAL WITH
THAT.

IT'S THE PERSONAL
SIDE O' MY LIFE
WHERE EVERYTHING
FALLS APART.

ALL AH
ASK--ALL AH
NEED
IS SOMEBODY
T HOLD ME.
STROKE HIS
FINGERS THROUGH
MUH HAIR.
PROMISE ME
THAT EVERYTHIN'S
GONNA BE FINE...



...THAT ALL THE CUTS
AND BRUISES ARE
WORTH IT IN THE
END.



MORE THAN
ANYTHING,
REMY...

AH WANT THAT
PERSON T BE
YOU





HOW DID I LET YOU TALK ME INTO THIS?

Puh-lease and a *half*, professor— you're the one who's always going off in the danger room.

...THINKING AT US ABOUT PUSHING OURSELVES TO THE MAX AND BACK.



THAT IS DIFFERENT, CHILD. THE DANGER ROOM IS A CONTROLLED ENVIRONMENT WITH AN ELABORATE INFRA-STRUCTURE OF SAFEGUARDS AND—
YEAH, YEAH, YEAH.

OUT HERE ON THE PAVEMENT IT'S A LOT SIMPLER.

YOU FALL DOWN? YOU GET UP AND START OVER.



WHAT ARE YOU SCARED ABOUT? YOU'RE A NATURAL.

MOST DIDES PRACTICE HOURS BEFORE THEY GET THIS GOOD.

I AM HARDLY "SCARED."

BUT...

SHOULD
I DIE—

—A COPY OF MY WILL CAN BE FOUND IN THE UPPER RIGHT-HAND DRAWER IN MY STUDY.





THIS PLACE LOOKS ALMOST AS GOOD AS NEW.

NOW, THERE'S A THOUGHT THAT HAS ALWAYS PERPLEXED ME.

WHAT-- HOUSE-KEEPING?

RYKE
RYKE



I WAS REFERRING TO PEOPLE'S PROPENSITY TO EQUATE "GOOD" WITH "NEW."

THE IMPLICATION BEING THE "OLD" X-MEN WERE "BAD."



ME? I'D GO BACK TO THE OLD DAYS IN A HEARTBEAT.

WHO'D HAVE THOUGHT THE DAY WOULD EVER COME THAT I'D ACTUALLY MISS BEING A SELF-ABSORBED BOY MILLIONAIRE?

PITY ALERT!
PITY ALERT!



IF WE'RE GOING TO EXCHANGE TALES OF WOE--LET ME GO FIRST.

I AM RESPONSIBLE FOR THE BEAST I AM TODAY BECAUSE I COULDN'T LEAVE *WELL* ENOUGH ALONE &

X-MEN ADVENTURES #11 -- BEAST'S BOY



CONVERSELY, YOUR CURRENT CONDITION WAS SOMETHING THAT HAPPENED TO YOU.

O.K.-- SO IT TOOK YOU A WHILE TO GET A HANDLE ON THINGS.

... THE POINT IS, YOU DIDN'T LET IT DESTROY YOU. YOU EVEN CAME THROUGH IT ALL A STRONGER PERSON.

ABSOLUTELY POSITIVELY.

YOU REALLY THINK SO?



I CAN'T THINK OF A PERSON I RESPECT MORE THAN YOU, WARREN.



HEHE, WELL, EVERYTHING **SEEMS** TO BE IN ORDER.



EVERYTHING'S GONNA BE FINE, HERE.

PROMISE?



PROMISE.



... CAN I MAKE A CONFESSION?

CERTAINLY.

IS THIS ABOUT THE TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS IN STRUCTURAL DAMAGE YOU CAUSED BY REPLACING SCOTT'S ALBY QUARTZ EYEGLASSES WITH A PAIR OF FOSTER GOWTS?

THAT, TOO.

BUT, I JUST WANTED TO SAY-- WELL--

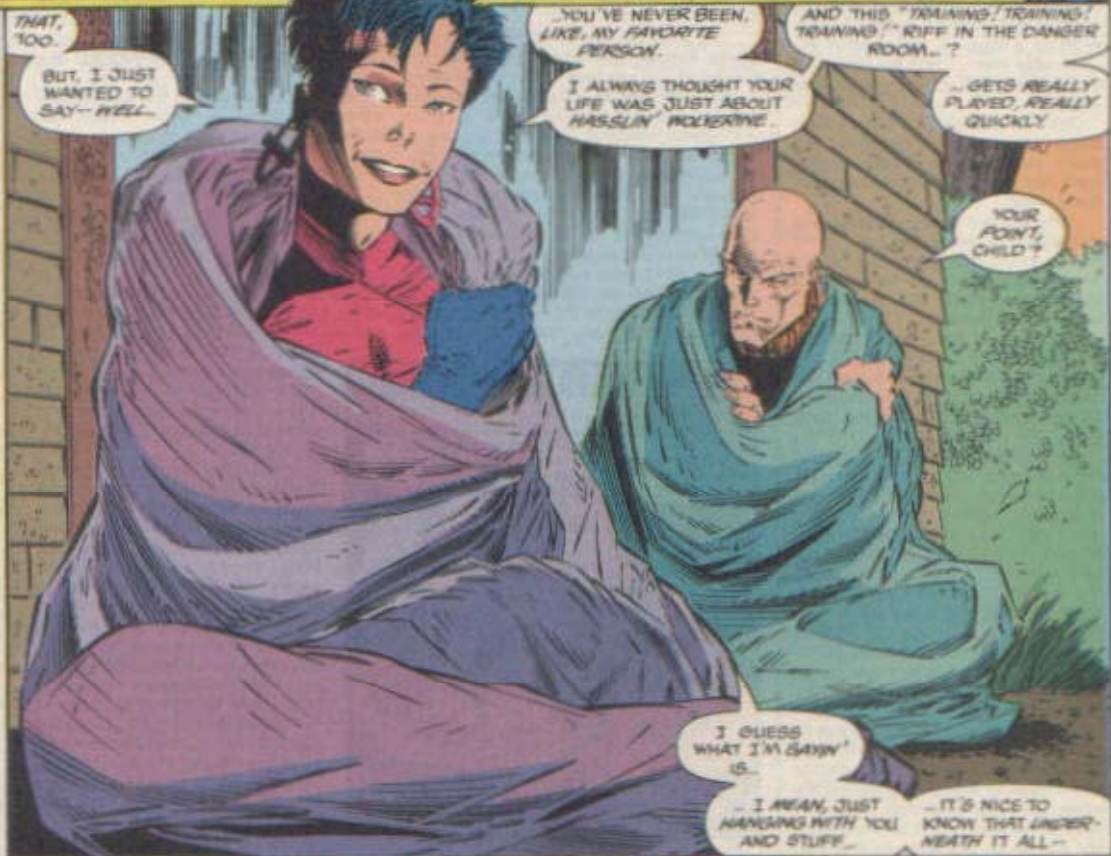
... YOU'VE NEVER BEEN, LIKE, MY FAVORITE PERSON.

I ALWAYS THOUGHT YOUR LIFE WAS JUST ABOUT HASSLIN' POLKATINE.

AND THIS "TRAINING" / TRAINING? TRAINING? "RIFF IN THE DANGER ROOM...?"

... GETS REALLY PLAYED, REALLY QUICKLY.

YOUR FORT, CHILD?



I GUESS WHAT I'M SAYIN' IS...

... I MEAN, JUST HANGING WITH YOU AND STUFF.

... IT'S NICE TO KNOW THAT UNDERNEATH IT ALL--



-- THERE'S, LIKE, THIS VAGUE SENSATION OF A NORMAL GUY.



ASSUMING THAT WAS A COMPLIMENT.

... THANK YOU.



IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME SINCE SOMEONE ACCUSED ME OF BEING "NORMAL."





SHE DOESN'T EXPECT A REPLY.



BUT SHE RECEIVES ONE NONETHELESS.



NOT WITH A PARTING OF THE CLOUDS--

--OR IN A BRILLIANT FLASH OF LIGHTNING FROM ON HIGH.



RATHER IN THE ACTIONS OF A SINGLE MAN.



IN THAT MOMENT--

--JUBILEE REALIZES SHE DOESN'T NEED TO SAY THE WORDS ALOUD.



SHE ONLY NEEDS TO BE THERE.



FOR ONE NIGHT...

... IN THE LIFE OF PROFESSOR CHARLES XAVIER, FOUNDER OF THE UNICANNY X-MEN...

... IT IS MORE THAN ENOUGH.

End