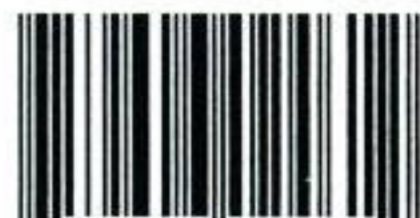


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BWS

poptopia 1 OF 4

ISSUE 395 AUG 2001

SOHO, LONDON.

LOOKS LIKE WE'VE GOT A SPECIAL GUEST TONIGHT, BOPPERS!

SHE'S GOT A MULTI-PLATINUM ALBUM AND A HIT SINGLE PERCHED AT THE TOP OF THE POPS! SHE'S LLANDUDNO'S OWN TEEN POP SENSATION...

...MAKE ROOM ON THE DANCE FLOOR FOR

SUGAR KANE!

LOOKING GOOD.

LOOKING REAL GOOD.

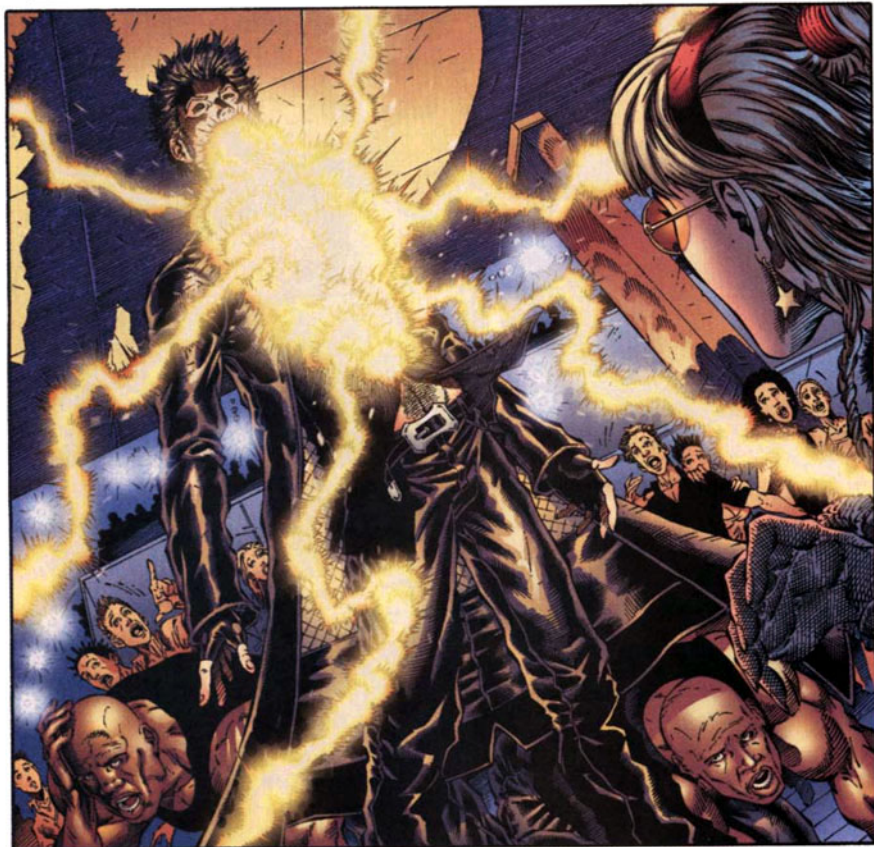
SUGAR!
SIGN MY FOREHEAD!

ARE YOU REALLY SLEEPING WITH RAPPER J-GOD?!

MISS KANE... THIS WAS A BAD IDEA. WE NEED TO GET YOU OUTTA HERE--

GIVE US A KISS, SUGAR!

UNCLENCH, GENTRY. THESE ARE MY FANS... THEY NEED A PEEK...





part one: useless beauty

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PRODUCTION

BILL JEMAS

poptopia

WARREN WORTHINGTON
aka ARCHANGEL
Flight due to
natural wings



KURT WAGNER
aka NIGHTCRAWLER
Teleportation,
ability



BOBBY DRAKE
aka ICEMAN
Cold temperature/
organic ice control

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ART THIBERT & NORM RAPMUND INKS

FEARED & HATED
BY A WORLD
THEY HAVE SWORN
TO PROTECT

UNCANNY

JONATHAN STARSMORE
aka CHAMBER
bio-CHEMICAL
BLASTS



LOGAN
aka WOLVERINE
HEALING FACTOR,
ADAMANTIUM-LACED
SKELETON

& COMICRAFT'S SAIDA TEMOFONTE! LETTERS

NEWCASTLE BROWN, YOU'RE SURE YOU WANT IT WARM...?

NO WORRIES THERE, 'LUV'... I GOT IT COVERED.

AHA! THE AMERICAN TOURIST AT WORK. FASHION AND BEER CULTURE... I'M SURE YOU CHARMED THE HELL OUT OF HER.

BACK OFF.

IF ALL WE'RE DOING IS WAITING AROUND FOR WARREN'S RECON REPORT, I'M GONNA KICK BACK.

MAYBE I'M NOT REALLY A LONDON KINDA GUY...

I USED TO LIVE HERE. REMEMBER...?

LUCKILY, WE'RE JUST VISITING.

NIGHTCRAWLER... ARE YOU THERE??

I AM, GO AHEAD, ARCHANGEL.

I'VE FOUND A POINT OF ENTRY. TRACE MY SIGNAL AND MEET ME HERE ASAP.

AND TELL DRAKE TO QUIT SCOPING THE LOCALS.



SO... THIS IS IT? WHADDA STINK...

WHAT TOOK YOU TWO SO LONG?

WHATEVER SPIKE CEREBRA PICKED UP...IT'S HERE. MY HANDHELD CONFIRMS IT. MASSIVE MUTANT READINGS.

WHERE DOES THIS LEAD TO?

I WAS HOPING YOU COULD ANSWER THAT.

SORRY, WHILE I WAS HERE, I NEVER ENCOUNTERED ANY SIGNIFICANT MUTANT CELLS INDIGENOUS TO THIS AREA. PERHAPS THIS IS THE RESULT OF SOME MASS MIGRATION...



DEEP ENOUGH?

Y'KNOW... ONE OF THE WAITRESSES I WAS HITTING ON WAS YAMMERING ABOUT SOME KINDA LEPER COLONY UNDERNEATH LONDON...

...TYPICAL URBAN LEGEND STUFF.

JL BUT CURIOUS INDEED. THERE'S AN OPENING UP AHEAD...



UHHH. I THINK THIS IS WHAT YOUR EQUIPMENT WAS READING, WARREN.

MEIN GOTT.





GHAAADD!

SOMEONE IS DYING, I FEAR...



OH

UPHH... KURT? YOU WANNA FIELD THIS ONE?



I...SUPPOSE...
GUTEN ABEND, MISS. MY NAME IS KURT WAGNER. YOU'RE GOING TO BE FINE...

WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING?!

HELPING HER DELIVER. TRUST ME. I'M A PRIEST.



WHAT'S THAT MEAN... I'M A PRIEST? SO WHAT? NOW, IF HE WAS A CAB DRIVER, I COULD SEE HOW...

KNOCK IT OFF. THESE POLKS DONT LOOK TOO TRUSTING. SO CHILL OUT...

YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN



ALRIGHT, MISS. I WANT YOU TO PUSH...

I SAID. PUSH!

YEEARGH!

LISTEN TO THE MAN, HARMONY... YOU NEED TO GET THIS BABY OUT...



SORRY, KURT... I'M NOT TAKING ANY CHANCES.

HE FLIES!
HIS WINGS CARRY HIM!



GOOD PLAN. WE MAY COME IN PEACE, BUT LIKE YOU SAID... THERE ARE ALL KINDS OF MUTANTS...



ARCHANGEL! ICEMAN! YOU MOVE TOO SOON! THIS BEHAVIOR ONLY PANICS THEM!

WE'RE NOT HERE TO INSTIGATE CONFLICT--

STAND ASIDE..



LET ME DEAL WITH THESE INTRUDERS.

WELL DONE! THE CYCLOPS IS GONNA STOMP ASS, LADS!

GOD BLESS! A GOOD CRACK OF THEIR SPINES AND THEY'RE DONE FOR!





HOW MANY TIMES MUST YOU CHASE PEOPLE AWAY...?

WITH AN EYE SO BIG, "CYCLOPS," I WOULD HOPE YOU WOULD RECOGNIZE US AS GENETIC BROTHEREN.

I WAS NOT BITTEN BY AN ATOMIC INSECT, NOR AM I THE VICTIM OF A BOMB BLAST GONE WRONG. I AM AS MUTANT AS YOU ARE.

SURE YOU ARE.



HOW MANY PLINTERS HAVE YOU MADE EAT DIRT? THREE MORE WON'T MAKE A DAMN DIFFERENCE.

THE RAINWATER'LL WASH AWAY THE BLOOD. IT ALWAYS DOES, EH?



MEIN GOTT. YOU'VE... KILLED OTHERS?

YOU... CANNOT CONFIRM WHAT THE WORLD ALREADY BELIEVES... YOU CANT--



SO YOU'RE NOT ONE OF US.

THAT'S ALL I NEED TO HEAR.








IS THIS A JOKE...?

LOOK, JUST STAY OUTTA MY HEAD, IF YA PLEASE. SAVE IT FOR MISS KANE.



HERE HE IS. NOW, JUST SAY THE WORD, AND WE'LL TOSS HIM IN THE SKIP OUT BACK.

DONNIE... WE'LL HAVE NONE OF THAT.

SO, JON... WHAT'RE YOU DOING SQUATTING IN THIS DOGBHOUSE? YOU'VE GOT MORE STYLE THAN THAT, HAVENT YOU...?



ROOM RATE'S WITHIN MY PRICE RANGE... TILL I FIND A FLAT ON ME OWN.

SO, WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT? WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH THE LIKES OF ME? YOU FANCY SLUMMIN' IT WITH A FREAK FOR A NIGHT--?

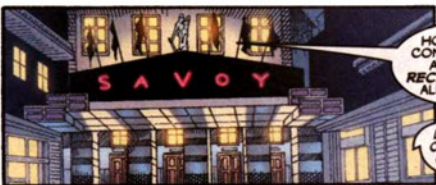


LOOK AT THE MOUTH ON YOU..!

WE'LL SO TO SPEAK.

I WANT TO REPAY A BIT OF CHIVALRY, THAT'S ALL. MAYBE GO SOMEWHERE WHERE THEY WONT THROW BOTTLES. 'EY?

YOU DONT HAVE TO BE NERVOUS ABOUT ME, JON. YOU THINK YOU CAN HANG, THIS IS YOUR CHANCE, WHAT DO YOU SAY...?



HOW'S THE CONNECTION?
ARE YOU RECEIVING ME
ALL RIGHT...?

LOUD AND CLEAR, PAL.
GO AHEAD.



THE CEREBRA SPIKE WAS RIGHT ON
THE MONEY. AN ENTIRE COLONY OF
MUTANTS TAKING REFUGE IN THE
SEWER SYSTEM. THIS CROWD MAKES
THE MORLOCKS LOOK LIKE
SUPERMODELS...

YA DON'T
SAY...
...SO
WHAT'S
THE NEXT
MOVE?



WELL, WE
ATTEMPTED THE
MISSIONARY TACTIC,
BUT THESE POOR
SOULS ARE QUITE
DEFENSIVE.

BUT, THE
FACT IS... THEY
NEED OUR HELP.
THE WAY THEY'RE
LIVING... IS NO
LIFE AT ALL.

I WOULDN'T
UNDERESTIMATE THEIR
SURVIVAL SKILLS, IF
I WERE YOU. MAYBE IT'S
ENOUGH OFFERIN' UP AN
ALTERNATIVE. MAYBE
HELP 'EM GET OUT OF
THE CITY...



A GOOD THOUGHT,
MEIN FREUND. THERE
ARE SO MANY OF THEM...
THEY WILL NOT REMAIN
UNDISCOVERED
FOR LONG...

SO... WHAT ABOUT
STARSMORE...?



ONE THING AT A TIME, PLEASE...

IF CHAMBER IS IN LONDON -- AS REPORTS SUGGEST -- THEN I'M QUITE SURE HE'S CAPABLE OF SURVIVING UNTIL WE FIND HIM.

IF YOU SAY SO, THE WAY SOME OF THOSE KIDS LEFT... PRETTY ABRUPT...

...AND STARGSMORE WAS SUPPOSED TO BE HERE ALREADY; HE NEVER SHOWED. SOMETHING'S GOING ON WITH HIM.



INDEED, BUT THERE ARE MORE PRESSING MATTERS...

ARE YOU MEDITATING...?

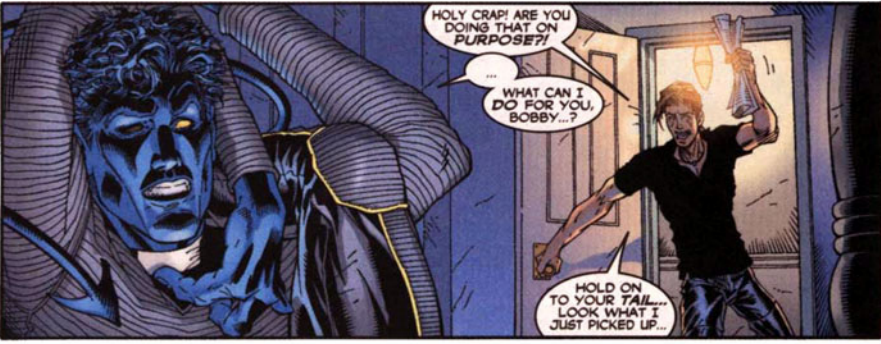
YOGA CALMS THE SOUL, BALANCES THE SPIRIT. YOU SHOULD TRY IT.



MAYBE I SHOULD. 'COURSE, I GOT PLENTY OF WAYS TO "BALANCE" MYSELF, SOME OF 'EM LEGAL.



KEEP US POSTED ON YOUR PROGRESS. WOLVERINE OUT...



HOLY CRAP! ARE YOU DOING THAT ON PURPOSE?!

... WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU, BOBBY...?

HOLD ON TO YOUR TAIL... LOOK WHAT I JUST PICKED UP...



I THINK WE FOUND OUR MAN...

WELL, SORT OF...

The Planet
TEEN MUTANT, SHOCKER!
"MR. NO FACE" CATCHES SUPER EYE!

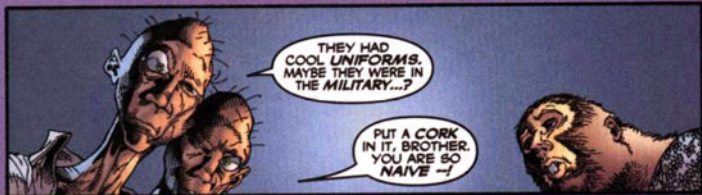


SHE DESERVES BETTER THAN *THIS* HELLHOLE...

WE ALL DO, CHILD. BUT *THIS* IS THE WORLD WE LIVE IN.

NOT BY CHOICE, MISS SACCHARINE.

THOSE OTHERS CAME LOOKING FOR US. THEY WON'T BE THE *LAST*...



THEY HAD COOL UNIFORMS. MAYBE THEY WERE IN THE MILITARY...?

PUT A CORK IN IT, BROTHER. YOU ARE SO NAIVE -!



WISH I COULD HOLD HER, HARMONY.

SWEATING ACID DOESN'T MAKE FOR COMFORTABLE *PHYSICAL CONTACT*...

STOP FISHING.

YOU'RE THE *BURNING PUDDLE* AND WE LOVE YOU REGARDLESS.



Uh Oh...

...LOOKS AS THOUGH IT'S GOING TO BE A BUSY WEEK.

MORE COMPANY CALLING...



YOU NEVER LEARN, DO YA?

WE DONE ALL WE COULD TO KEEP OUTTA THE WAY... KEEP TO OURSELVES...!



I CHASED YOUR MATES AWAY... NOW IT'S TIME TO SEND A REAL MESSAGE...!

RIGHT.



YEEARGH!



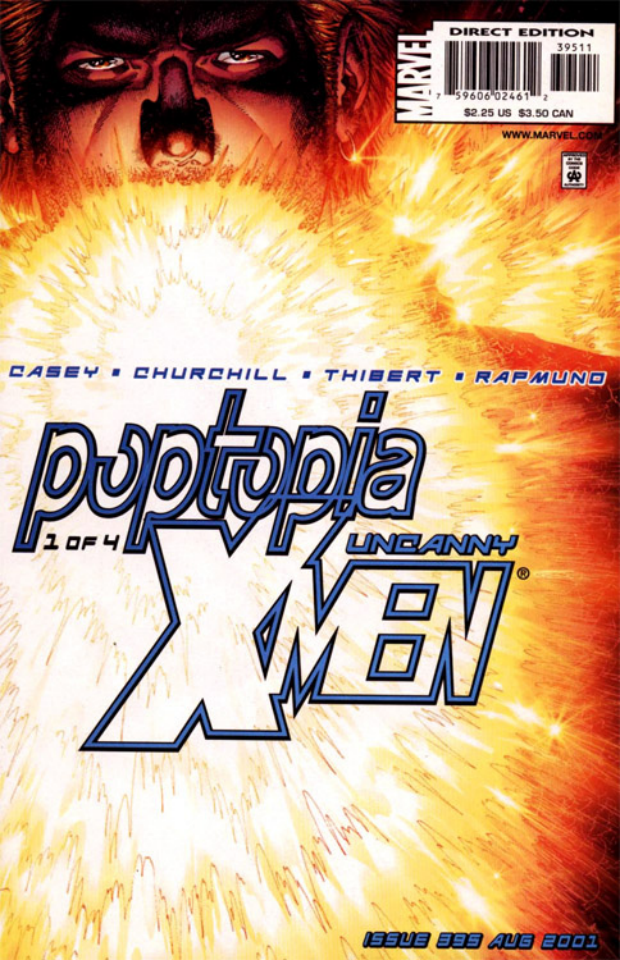
YOU'RE DEAD YANK!

YOU DONT BLEEDIN' ROAST ONE OF US WITHOUT TASTIN' YER OWN BLOOD--!

TEAR HIS PRETTY FACE OFF, RIGHT!







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