

UNCANNY **X-MEN**

SHE'S INSANE!

TEEN SUPERSTAR & MUTANT SUITOR **PAGE FOUR**



INSIDE!
OUR EXPOSE EXCLUSIVE:
poptopia
PAGE SIX PART 3 OF 4

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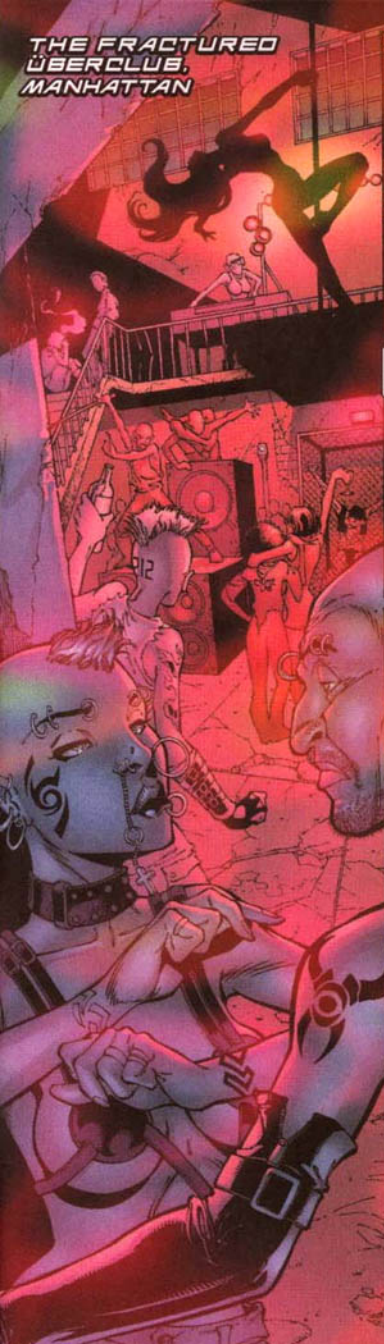
**POLICE QUIZ CASEY,
PHILLIPS & RUBI**

PAGE TWO

NUMBER 397 • OCTOBER 2001

MARVEL DIRECT EDITION 39711
3960602461
\$2.25 US \$3.50 CAN

**THE FRACTURED
ÜBERCLUB,
MANHATTAN**



DO YOU KNOW
SIMON SILVA?
HE'S GOT A PAIR
OF HORNS...
RIGHT HERE...

HE'S HAD THEM
SINCE HE WAS
FOURTEEN...

LADY, WE DON'T
ALL KNOW EACH
OTHER...



HE CAME
WITH
SUGAR
KANE...

WELL, SHE'S LOOKING TO
CHANGE HER SUBLEGGIM
IMAGE, ISN'T SHE...?



DON'T GET TOO CLOSE,
THEY'RE CONTAGIOUS.
AREN'T THEY?



JONI!
THERE
YOU ARE!

IS THIS PARTY
WILD, OR WHAT?
THE WEIRDEST OF THE
WEIRD! SPEAKING OF
WHICH... C'MON, YOU
HAVE TO MEET
SOMEONE...!

O-O-KAY...



WE JUST MISSED HIS EXHIBITION BY A WEEK!
THE BLEEDIN' MAYOR
SHUT IT DOWN!

QUIT
TUGGIN'
ON ME! I'M
COMING--



JON... I WANT YOU TO
MEET COLBY LEE,
PERFORMANCE ARTIST
EXTRAORDINAIRE...

HULLO...

OH
MY...

...YOU ARE
GROTESQUE,
AREN'T
YOU...?



DON'T
WORRY, LUV. IT'S A
COMPLIMENT...

WE HANG
OUR SOULS
UPON OUR
FACES...

...SO
WOULD THAT
MEAN YOU
HAVE HALF A
SOUL...?

SAY
SOMETHING ELSE,
LITTLE BOY - I
ENJOY THE SOUND
OF YOUR VOICE
BOUNCING AROUND
MY BRAIN LIKE A
PINBALL...

DID YOU
EVER PLAY
PINBALL...?

I'VE HAD A MILLION BEAUTIFUL NIGHTMARES... BUT THEY NEVER CAME TO LIFE...

...UNTIL TONIGHT.

SEE? HE LOVES YOU!

WELL, THAT WAS WORTHWHILE, WASN'T IT, DEAR?

WHATEVER KEEPS ME ON TV, BUT ALL THOSE SPOTTY KIDS IN TIMES SQUARE... AND THAT TOBSPOT, CARSON...

JON... YOU USED TO HANG OUT IN NEW YORK, DIDN'T YA...?

NOT TOO MUCH, NO... NOT MY WORLD, REALLY...

RICHARD STARKINGES IS
COLLECTOR OF SENSATIONAL LETTERS
AND HIS DESIRE TO BE AID BY
THESE PEOPLE IS ABSOLUTELY
WORTH THE PRICE HE HAS PAID
FOR THEM. QUERIES FROM
BILL WILLIAMS ARE APPRECIATED.

**FEARED & HATED
 BY A WORLD
 THEY HAVE SWORN
 TO PROTECT**

UNCANNY

KURT WASSNER
 aka **NIGHTCRAWLER**
 TELEPORTATION
 ABILITY



BOBBY DRAKE
 aka **ICEMAN** COLD
 TEMPERATURE
 OF ORGANIC ICE
 CONTROL



**JONATHAN
 STARSMORE**
 aka **CHAMBER**
 BIO BLASTS



LOGAN
 aka **WOLVERINE**
 HEALING FACTOR,
 ADAMANTIUM
 LACED SKELETON



**WARREN
 WORTHINGTON III**
 aka **ARCHANGEL**
 FLIGHT DUE TO
 NATURAL WINGS



pop
pat three: a complete unknown
JOE CASEY WRITER
SEAN PHILLIPS
 LAYOUTS
MEL RUBI
 FINISHED PENCILS
DANNY MIKI INKS

PREVIOUSLY...
 As Chamber and the Welsh teen pop sensation Sugar Kane continue their tabloid-fodder relationship, Nightcrawler, Iceman and Archangel have encountered the violent "genetic cleanser," Mister Clean, fresh from blowtorching the majority of a large group of mutant squatters. But another X-Man has just arrived in London to help locate the surviving underground mutants before Mister Clean finds them... and finishes his job.

THE UNCANNY X-MEN®: Vol. 1, No. 397, September, 2001. (ISSN #1063-401X) Published by MARVEL COMICS, a division of MARVEL ENTERPRISES, INC. Bob Greenberger, Director Publishing Operations; Stan Lee, Chairman Emeritus. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 10 EAST 40TH STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016. PERIODICALS POSTAGE PAID AT NEW YORK, N.Y. AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES. Published monthly. Copyright © 2001 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved. Price \$2.25 U.S. per copy in the U.S. and \$3.50 in Canada. Subscription rate for 12 issues (in U.S. dollars): U.S. \$27.00; Canada \$37.00 (GST #R127032852); foreign \$39.00. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions 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 markings removed, nor in a mutilated condition. THE UNCANNY X-MEN (including all prominent characters featured in this issue and the distinctive likenesses thereof) is a trademark of MARVEL CHARACTERS, INC. POSTMASTER: SEND ADDRESS CHANGES TO THE UNCANNY X-MEN, c/o MARVEL SUBSCRIPTION DEPT., P.O. BOX 32 NEWBURGH, NY 12551. TELEPHONE # (845) 564-7176. FAX # (845) 566-7028. Printed in the U.S.A. MARVEL COMICS is a division of MARVEL ENTERPRISES, INC. Peter Cuneo, Chief Executive Officer; Avi Arad, Chief Creative Officer.

LONDON



THE LOCALS ARE SPOOKED. MORE THAN USUAL...

MAYBE THEY WATCH CNN...



WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

ALL HELL'S BREAKING LOOSE BACK ON THE FARM. CHUCK WENT PUBLIC.

YOU SHOULD SEE THE PICKETERS OUTSIDE THE INSTITUTE. SOME MEAN GRAFFITI, TOO...

NOW LET'S TALK ABOUT YOU.





ONE SECOND, MEIN FREUND.

ALLOW ME TO CHECK IN...



ARCHANGEL HERE, REPORTING FROM THE SIDELINES.

HERR WORTHINGTON, YOU ARE OUR EYES AND EARS.

CEREBRA'S GOT A SLOW-MOVING SIGNAL THAT'S FOLLOWING THE UNDERGROUND SERVICE TUNNELS.



THAT'S ALL I NEED TO KNOW, BLONDIE. NOW LOG OFF AND MEET US AT THE NEAREST TRAIN PLATFORM AT DAWN.

THOUGHT YOU'D NEVER ASK.



HE NEEDS TO RECOVER, LOGAN--

HE'S FINE. WE'RE GOIN' LONG AND STRONG. TELL ME ABOUT STARSMORE...



YOU DIDNT SEE HIM ON THE COVER OF "PEOPLE" WITH THAT TUNELESS TEEN WONDER?

VERY FUNNY.

THE KID'S GOING THROUGH SOME GROWING PAINS. HE AINT THINKIN' STRAIGHT. SEES UNDER A SHORT SKIRT AND HE'S GONE.



HE NEEDS SOME GUIDANCE...

...AND I'VE ALREADY GOT HIS SCENT.

START
THE TRACK,
BOYS.

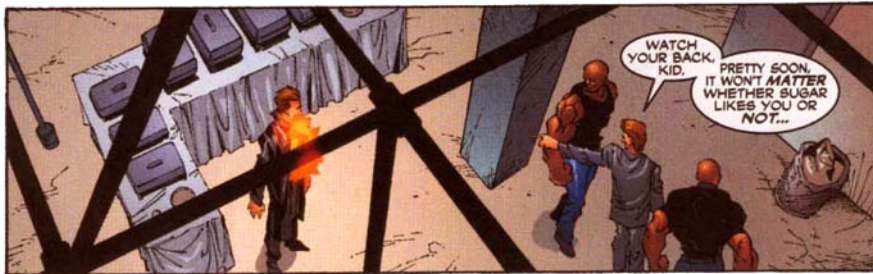
YOU DON'T
EXPECT ME TO
SING LIVE,
DO YA?

YOU'RE TELLIN' ME...
I'M NOT THE SAME...
BUT MOMMA TOLD ME... I'M NOT TO BLAME...
SO TOUCH ME...
IN THE WARMEST SPOT...
OF MY SUGAR-WALLED HEART...

MY SUGAR-WALLED HEART... SO ANXIOUSLY!
BEATING WITHIN ME!
MY SUGAR-WALLED HEART... GAVE ME AWAY!



BACKSTAGE





WE NEED TO KEEP MOVING.



THERE, THERE. C'MON. NOW... THAT'S RIGHT...

YOU'RE SO BEAUTIFUL... YOU DON'T HAVE TO HIDE DOWN HERE. DO YOU? NO YOU DON'T...

ARE WE SURE ABOUT WHERE WE'RE GOING...?



IF WE FOLLOW THESE SERVICE TUNNELS, THEY'LL TAKE US OUT OF LONDON...

WE CAN USE THESE SAME KIND OF TUNNELS, GET TO THE CHUNNEL, AND ESCAPE INTO EUROPE.

AS LONG AS WE DON'T REMAIN IN FRANCE...



DON'T WORRY, MUM. I'M FINDING US A NEW TUNNEL. TOO MANY REPAIRMEN HANGING AROUND THIS ONE.



Y'KNOW, I WAS THINKING... WHAT IF THEY WERE X-MEN...?



X-MEN. X-MEN
WOULDN'T
BURN
US.



NOT THAT SADIST. THE OTHERS.
THE ONES FROM BEFORE. THE
PRIEST THAT DELIVERED
HARMONY'S BABY...

NO WAY.
NEVER
THOUGHT
OF
THAT.

ME
NEITHER.



IF
THEY WERE
X-MEN, HELIX...
I GUESS WE
BLEW IT.

MY
BABY NEEDS A
BETTER LIFE THAN
THIS. SHE WON'T
SURVIVE DOWN
HERE FOR
LONG.



THESE
"X-MEN"... THEY
EXIST?

I'VE NEVER
SEEN THEM. I ONCE
HEARD CAPTAIN BRITAIN
REFER TO THEM ON
RADIO ONE...



PERHAPS
THEY'RE STILL
LOOKING
FOR US...

TRUE, MISS
SACCHARINE... BUT
MAYBE THIS "MISTER
CLEAN" IS, TOO. IF HE
FINDS US, MY BABY WILL
BE SLAUGHTERED
IN FRONT OF
ME.

I DON'T
WANT HER--
OR ANY OF US--
TO DIE LIKE THE
OTHERS.



...IF THE KID WANTS TO SEE THE SHOW, SHE CAN BUY HERSELF A **TICKET!** BUT THOSE TWO PRINCES, WILLY AND ANDY, ARE TOO YUMMY! I'LL SHOW THEM A GOOD TIME...

SUGAR, AREN'T YOU **SPOKEN FOR?**



WELL, YOU KNOW ME... I'M A GAL WHO KEEPS HER OPTIONS **OPEN...**

BUT YOU WANNA SAY HELLO TO MY LATEST **FLAME...?**



HE'S GOT **STYLISH GENES**. THAT'S FOR SURE-



LET'S GIVE THE KID A **REST**. SHALL WE, GENTS? SHE'S GOTTA REST THAT **MOUTH** OF HERE...

VERY FUNNY, **SIM**. MY **MANAGER**, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...



LET'S **SLIDE** QUITTA HERE, **KITTYCAT**.







PROGRESS REPORT?

WE AGREED I'D MAINTAIN RADIO SILENCE UNTIL THE MISSION IS COMPLETE

WE HAVE ENGINEERED YOU TO COMPETE WITH MUTANTS AT THEIR LEVEL. THE CHURCH HAS HIGH HOPES FOR YOUR FUTURE--

THEN LEAVE ME ALONE AND LET ME DO MY JOB.

YOU CAN TELL THE PREFECTS... THE VICAR GENERAL... HELL, YOU CAN TELL THE SUPREME PONTIFF HIMSELF...

...MISTER CLEAN ALWAYS FINISHES WHAT HE BEGINS. AND I DON'T LEAVE ANY MESS BEHIND. YOU KNEW I HAD THE SKILLS. YOU KNEW I HAD THE WILL.

DON'T START SECOND-GUESSING ME NOW.

THIS IS NO ROUTINE CLEANSING. THESE MUTANTS ARE ACTIVELY BREEDING--



I KNOW. I CAN SMELL THEM. I CAN SMELL THE FILTH. THEY'RE CLOSE.

I'LL FIND 'EM.

I'LL FIND 'EM ALL.





HERE WE GO. DEFENSIVE MANEUVERS. ICEMAN?

ICEMAN?!



NO WORRIES, ARCHANGEL. I JUST PUT THESE JARHEADS ON ICE.

WOT THE HELL-?!

GAAAAH!

HNGK!

WELL, WHADDAYA KNOW...?

LOOKS LIKE THIS CROWD LEFT THE TORCHES AND PITCHFORKS AT HOME...

DANKE, MEIN FREUND. WELLL PLAYED.

I AGREE. DRAKE'S GOT STYLE.

LET'S MOVE OUT.

YOU MEAN, BEFORE THESE FOLKS CHANGE THEIR MINDS ABOUT US.

THEY ALWAYS DO.



SO, THIS HALFTIME SHOW IS A BIG DEAL, EH?



IN AMERICA, IT'S BLEEDING HUGE, AND THEY WANT YOU TO SING...?

YEAH... THEY WANT ME TO FLY AROUND THE STADIUM ON WIRES OR SOMETHING NAFF LIKE THAT...

MONEY'S GOOD.



THE ROCKET KEEPS RISING, JON. HOW'S THE RIDE SO FAR?



SOME FADS DON'T DIE EASILY, EH?

PLONKER.

JUST KIDDING, I GUESS I'M STARTING TO FEEL MORE COMFORTABLE HERE, MOST OF MY LIFE... I'VE BEEN ALONE, NOT BY CHOICE, EITHER TO MOST PEOPLE, I'M JUST A FREAK SHOW...



...BUT YOUR WHOLE LIFE IS ONE BIG FREAK SHOW, ISN'T IT? MAYBE I FIT IN HERE BETTER THAN ANYWHERE...

BREATHE IN, BREATHE OUT, ENJOY LIFE.

CELEBRITY IS AN UNTOUCHABLE STATE OF BEING. THEY CAN'T GET AT YOU HERE--





I'M STARVING.

QUIT TALKING ABOUT IT, PUDDLE! JUST KEEP MOVING...



YOU MIND, MISS SACCHARINE...?

DO WHAT YOU NEED TO DO, CHILD. THE BUGS SEEM TO LIKE IT...



THAT'S SICK, MAN!

I'M DESPERATE! TASTES KINDA SWEET...



YOU GETTING TIRED, HARMONY? YOU NEED ME TO HOLD HER...?

THAT'S ALL RIGHT, I'VE GOT HER.

FIGURE I NEED TO ENJOY HER AS LONG AS I CAN, IN CASE SOMETHING... HAPPENS. I GET THE FEELING WE'RE RUNNING OUT OF TIME DOWN HERE...



OH MY... IT
GOT COLD ALL
OF A SUDDEN,
DIDN'T IT...?

YOW...
EVEN I'M
FEELIN'
IT...!

THIS...
IS NOT
NATURAL
IS IT?

A-ARE WE
UNDER ATTACK?
WHO'S DOING
THIS--?!

MY
BABY--

OH--!

DO NOT
PANIC, WE DON'T
WANT THIS TO GET
OUT OF HAND
AGAIN.

WE'RE THE
X-MEN.
WE'RE HERE
TO HELP.

TO BE CONCLUDED