

MARVEL

PG 414

AUSTEN

PHILLIPS

UNCANNY

WOLFEIN[®]



DIRECT EDITION



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SDY

OUTSIDE FORT ALBANY, ONTARIO



What are you cryin' about? Huh?

SMACK A girl?! Just some girl? **SMACK**

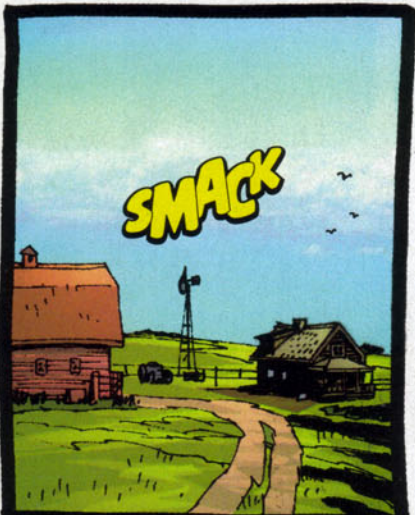
I'm fed up with this garbage! Fed up with you!



I was sorry the day you were born and I been sorry ever since.

You make me sick, cryin' over some bubblehead twit you don't even know!

Daddy, please...



SMACK



What kind of WIMP did I raise, anyway?

What kind of CRYBABY?!

The kind that...



What...



...what's wrong with your eyes?

STAN LEE PRESENTS:

FALL DOWN

GO BOOM



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Recent events have left the school somewhat... **understaffed.**

The Shi'ar attack incoming Genoshan refugees...

So I was hoping there might be some way I might convince **you**, Jean-Paul, to take a position with us.

Help educate the children at the Institute.

Educate children.

And what might convince me to do something so... **magnanimous?**

After all, Professor Xavier, I'm certain you can **hardly** provide the salary and lifestyle to which I've become accustomed.

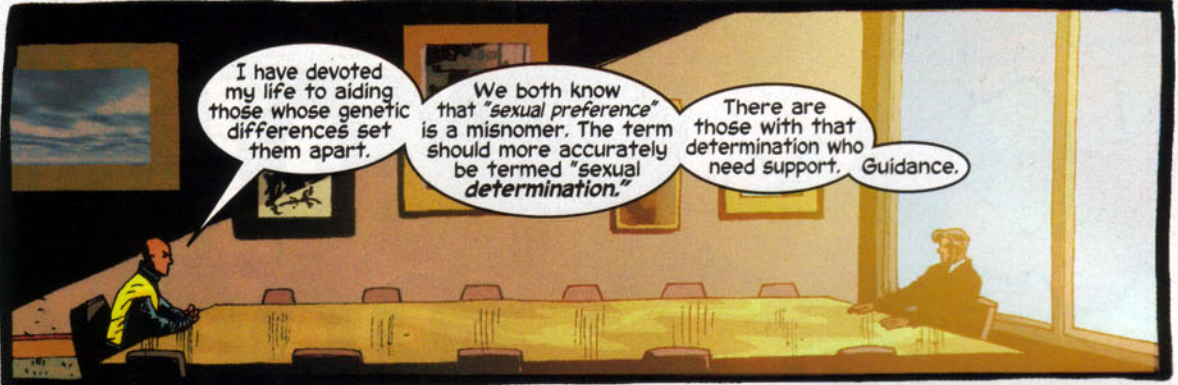
Not likely.

But I do believe you might find the experience beneficial.

An opportunity to share your **unique** point of view with open minds willing to learn.

I have no deep-rooted urge to make mutant unity my personal mantra, Charles...

I was not referring to your **mutant** point of view, Jean-Paul.




I have devoted my life to aiding those whose genetic differences set them apart.

We both know that "sexual preference" is a misnomer. The term should more accurately be termed "sexual determination."

There are those with that determination who need support. Guidance.



Have I interested you?



You *always* interest me, Xavier.
You are a fascinating man...
...but what would you have me teach, as a former Olympic athlete?
Boy's gym?
Even *you* could not be so progressive.

No. Indeed not.

No, I was thinking of something more suited to your less obvious love and talent.

Business and Economics.



You do intrigue me.





Change is coming. A new breed of man has emerged. They are the Children of the Atom, Homo Superior, individuals gifted with strange and fantastic abilities simply by virtue of their genetic makeup.

Stan Lee presents...



UNCANNY X-MEN



PREVIOUSLY



Once upon a time...

Archangel had metal wings, a bad attitude and blue skin. Over time, he lost the metal wings and regained his beautiful feathers. Recently, in a battle with the X-Men's enemy Black Tom, his blue skin faded to white and an arm and leg were broken.

In an attempt to show gratitude for having saved her life, Stacy X, who controls the love scents and pheromones of herself and others, tried to kiss the handsome Archangel. But Archangel did not return her affections. The anger, tension and jealousy between the two has been a little thick since then.

As members of a group called the X-Men, these two mutants and their teammates Iceman and Nightcrawler take on new and unusual missions on behalf of their mentor, the legendary Charles Xavier, hoping to fulfill his dream of mutant and human harmony.

And into this languid blend of personalities, a little arrogance must fall. Enter Jean-Paul Beaubier, a man with the mutant abilities of flight, superspeed, and super-ego, formerly a member of the Canadian super-team, Alpha Flight.

He is the man called Northstar and he hasn't seen the X-Men in months...



PROFESSOR X
Charles Xavier
Telepathy



ARCHANGEL
Warren Worthington III
Flight



NIGHTCRAWLER
Kurt Wagner
Teleportation



ICEMAN
Bobby Drake
Sub-Zero Manipulation



STACY X
Unknown
Pheromone Control



NORTHSTAR
Jean-Paul Beaubier
Superspeed, Flight



Mein Gott. What has happened here?

Your guess is as good as mine, Kurt.

But it looks like it was *recent*, so everyone stay close and be careful...

...while I check inside.

Says the man with broken limbs, no super-strength or bulletproof skin.

Warren, wait. You can't be serious.

I am *absolutely* serious.

I'm no more vulnerable than *any* of you. Now get back with the others, Stacy.

Didn't you used to be *blue*, Warren?

I could have *sworn* you used to be blue.

Or am I imagining that?

Ha! I got *jealous* and made him change.

I was blue *first*, after all.

Jean-Paul! *Northstar!* Is it a pleasure to see you?

The Professor felt you might not be able to handle this situation on your own...

...and it would appear he was *right*.

You should really be home in front of the *television* with your injuries, Angel-man.

That's supposed to be a statement, not a question, *otter-pop*.

Not with *you*, Northstar.

What are you doing here? *Alpha Flight* kick you out for good?

The rest of you may come with me.



Oh, may we, Northstar? May we follow you?

Gosh, you're so strong.

His cologne certainly is.

Der Depp macht wohl Witze.

Who is that?

And since when does Xavier not trust you guys to handle things?

Jean-Paul's another mutant.

Local. Used to run with Alpha Flight, Canada's own version of the Avengers.

Like that helps me at all.

Right. Anyhow, my guess is Xavier has some reason for mixing us together.

I know he'd like Jean-Paul at the school, but...



...I'm sorry, I should have introduced you.

It's all right.

And you know, I didn't mean that kiss the other day the way you think I did...



No problem. No apologies necessary.



I'm not apologizing, Warren, I just wanted to --



Let's forget it, all right? I think that's best.

Yeah. Whatever you say.

You used to be so somber, Nightcrawler --



-- so repressed.

It was as if that priest's collar had strangled all the fun right out of you. I miss that.

As much as I miss you being someplace else?

Hellooo? Is anyone home?

This was either a horrible accident, or someone was very, very angry.



Olly-olly-oxen-free!

Wait. I think I've found someone.



Or rather, parts of someone.



WAAAAAH!



WAAAAAH!



WAAAAAH!

Calique!
What has happened here?

BAMF



Check for pulses.

Stacy!
Search the rest of the house, quickly!



This one's alive.

Here, too.



Nnnnhh...



Hello there, sweetheart.
How are you feeling?



Wow. A real angel.



Hello?



I didn't mean to do it! I didn't mean to!

It just happened!



You are so cool looking.

Why yes, I know. But thank you.



You have pretty eyes.

Thank you.



What do I do with this?



Here. Give her to me.

With pleasure.

Are you taking me to see my Mommy?



Where is your mommy, sweetheart?



Heaven.





This angel doesn't know where Heaven is yet, sweetheart.

But, don't worry, we're taking you someplace fun.

No. No-no-no...



...I can't go. I can't get in that plane of yours!

Don't be silly, boy. It's the only way to get you all out of here!



No, I can't. I can feel it inside me.

It's-it's-it's -- I'm going to **explode!**



Are you afraid to fly? I can assure you, you are just being silly.

We're only trying to help you and your family, so just get on the plane like an obedient child --

Northstar!



Stacy! Kurt! Bobby!
Get the children to cover!
Northstar --



-- move away, NOW!

Don't yell at me, bird --



Let him GO, Northstar! Don't you see what's happened here?

He didn't do this on purpose. His powers are manifesting for the first time --

-- and he has no control over them.

Let! Go!

I'll fly him back to Xavier's myself. He can't go on the X-plane unstable like this.

You can leave now, Northstar. Thank you.

We'll handle it from here.

No. I'll take him.

Wrap your arms around my neck, child.

I said, we'll handle it.

You can go back to your corporate office and leave the selfless stuff to the rest of us.

Right. And do you have the **strength** to withstand one of this boy's explosions up close?

I didn't think so, Worthington.

Which leaves **me** as the only option currently available.

I will fly him to Xavier's.

We'll fly close --

-- track you.

Your top speed could rip him to **shreds**, so --

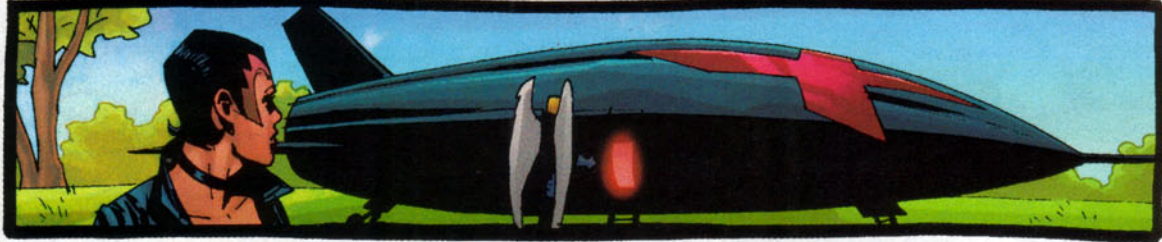
I know the limitations of my powers.



I hope he'll be...

Let's get on the plane.

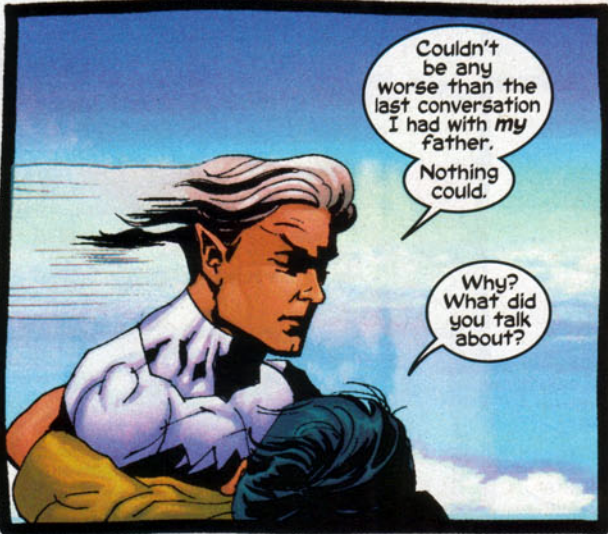
We need to get these kids some medical attention.



It all started when my dad was yelling at me. **Hitting** me and stuff.

Why was he so angry?

Well --
-- it was so stupid. I don't really want to say.



Couldn't be any worse than the last conversation I had with my father.
Nothing could.

Why? What did you talk about?



I told him I was a homosexual.
He nearly killed me.



You... you're a **fruit**?







I'm not gay, you know.

And I'm not into little boys. I prefer men with hair on their chests.

Aheh. That's pretty funny.

Haha... HAAAA!

Now let's try to keep you *calm* so you don't ruin any more of my clothing than you already have.

They're back in the air again.

I suppose this was the best way, but --

I know. I would have rather found another option, too.

Why, you don't trust the French guy?

No. Not really. He's a little unpredictable.

You know, you can *look* at me when you talk to me.

I've already apologized, like, a *hundred* times for insulting Miss Universe.



And I didn't do anything *wrong* when I tried to kiss you, either.

I just wanted to show you my *gratitude* for saving my life!

Stacy... your ears...



SHLUK



Nng!
Nnggh!



Don't look at me!

Don't LOOK at me!



What's your name?

Peter. What's yours?

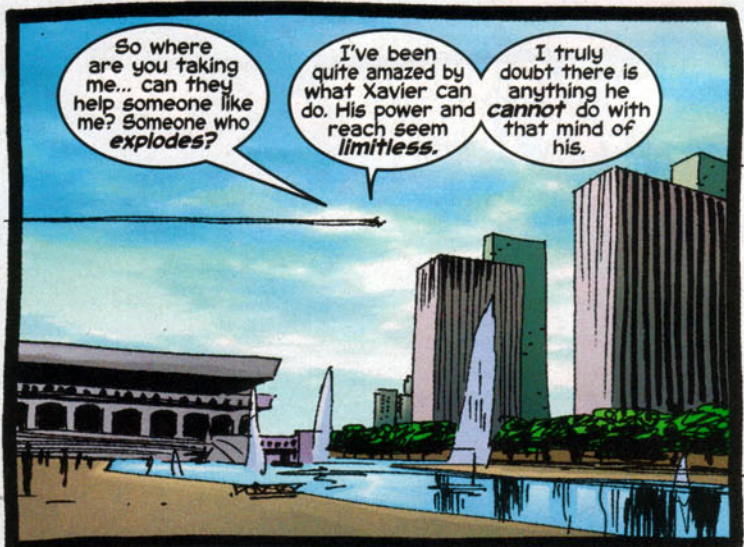
Jean-Paul. Nice to meet you, Peter.

Nice to meet you, too.



I'm sorry I called you a fruit. I just never met a gay person before.

I've been called worse. I'll survive.



So where are you taking me... can they help someone like me? Someone who *explodes*?

I've been quite amazed by what Xavier can do. His power and reach seem *limitless*.

I truly doubt there is anything he *cannot* do with that mind of his.

So why don't you tell me why you fought with your father, Peter?



Well, I might as well have told him I was gay, the way he reacted.
Really, all I was doing was crying.
Sort of stupid.



Crying? Why?
This girl I like from school.
Nikki. She's so cute.
But she's in love with someone else.



She broke your heart?
No, she --
-- just fell in love.



She barely knows me.
She doesn't even know I like her. But I found out she loves someone else.
Stupid thing to cry about.
Doesn't really matter.



Of course it matters.
Affairs of the heart *always* matter. No matter how silly or stupid.
The heart knows no logic.



Why couldn't my father just say things like that?
Maybe I should have been gay.



You are what you are, my friend.
There's no changing sides once God places you.



Umm...
...Jean-Paul?
It's happening again --



SWA
BOO



Jean-Paul?!

Northstar?!

Peter?!

The boy has massive internal damage, Jean-Paul, and needs immediate medical attention!

He wasn't angry.

We were just talking --

The explosions aren't the result of anxiety, Jean-Paul, they're automatic.

I've been trying to work with his mutation during your trip --

-- siphon off power, release it slowly... but it's every cell in his body.

The Avengers have developed a special chamber...

New York. I can be there in thirty minutes.

Jean-Paul?

We have to get you up, Peter. We have to fly very quickly.

I know, but we have no choice. Up you go.

Aaaahh... they're coming again. The explosions.

No... it hurts too much...

No!

Xavier!

I need more time!

Do something! Stop this!

I promised him you would help!

You are the greatest mind on the planet, for God's sake!

I am not a god, Jean-Paul!

And neither are you.



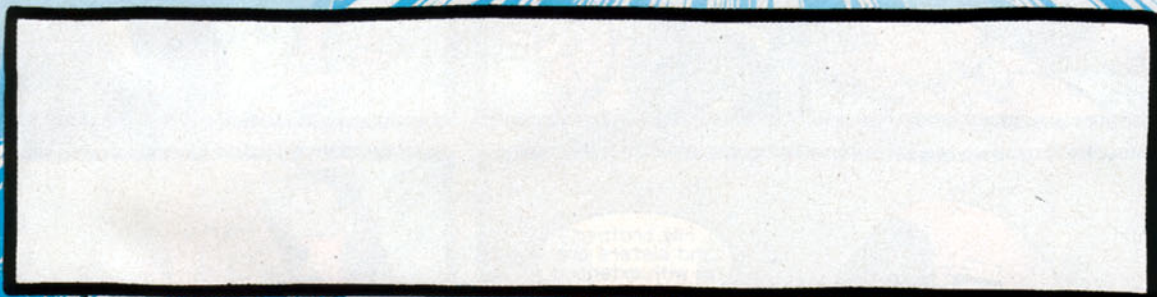


You suppose Nikki will ever think about me?

You know --



-- maybe wonder what happened to me?





Worthington.



Hey.
How are you feeling, Jean-Paul?
How do you think?
Is that Peter?



No. This is *Stacy*.
The woman you saw us with at the house.
I'm sorry I never introduced you.



Charles.
The boy... Peter...?
No, Jean-Paul.
I am sorry.



His brother and sisters are all with extended family.
They seem to be fine and healthy at the moment.
We've asked the Avengers for a duplicate chamber in the event that any of Peter's siblings manifests the same power.



Was there any way --
-- could we have *saved* him?





No.

No. I don't believe so.
You were flying him as fast as his body could handle.



There was nothing nearby to help him --
-- every-thing was just too far away.
But that doesn't mean I won't replay it endlessly for the rest of my life --
-- looking for what I might have missed.



That's going to have to be all, Charles.

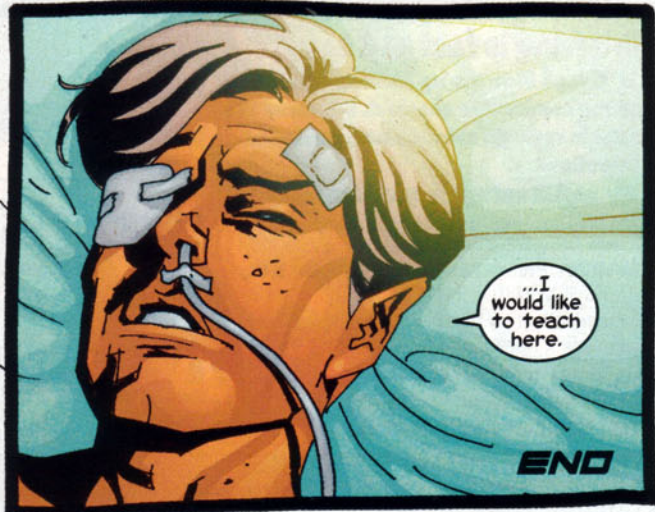
Of course.

No, wait. Xavier.



Yes?

I've given the idea some serious thought, and I would like to take your offer...



...I would like to teach here.

END