

MARVEL
PG 417

AUSTEN
ASAMIYA

UNCANNY

X-MEN



KIA ASAMIYA
麻宮 亜矢
STUDIO TRIN
ARTIST

DIRECT EDITION



41711

7 59606 02461 2

\$2.25 US \$3.75 CAN

**DOMINANT
SPECIES**
PART ONE

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



NIGHTCRAWLER
Kurt Wagner
Teleportation



ICEMAN
Bobby Drake
Sub-Zero Manipulation



JUGGERNAUT
Cain Marko
Super-strength, Invulnerability



SQUIDBOY
Samuel Pile
Underwater Breathing



STACY X
Identity Unknown
Pheromone Control



The X-Men, a group of heroes with strange mutant powers, are forever sworn to protect a world that hates and fears them. They have been called together to the Xavier Institute in Westchester, New York by their mentor, PROFESSOR CHARLES XAVIER, to fight the reverending battle of promoting unity between humans and mutantkind.

Paige Guthrie, aka HUSK, has always wanted to be an X-Man. With the mutant ability to shed her skin into unlimited layers of organic material, and with ample fighting skills from her experience as a member of Generation X, she may be the perfect candidate to join the team. However, her buried feelings about one of the most famous members of the X-Men, the handsome Warren Worthington III, aka ARCHANGEL, may cause some complications... especially with Archangel avoiding both his business obligations at Worthington Enterprises and his relationships with women since his former girlfriend, Betsy, died.

Others currently at the Xavier Institute include X-Men NIGHTCRAWLER and ICEMAN, wannabe X-Man and former prostitute STACY X, new recruit NORTHSTAR, and the JUGGERNAUT -- Professor Xavier's stepbrother and former enemy Cain Marko, who is surprising everyone by turning over a new leaf and befriending one of the new mutant students, a young boy named SAMMY.

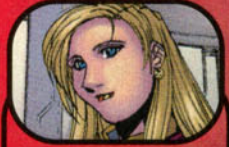
Sometimes the X-Men are called in by the local authorities when a case involving mutants becomes too hard to handle. The X-Men must always be available when an advocate for mutantkind is needed. Just such a time has come...



ANNIE GHAZIKHANIAN
School Nurse



ARCHANGEL
Warren Worthington III
Flight



HUSK
Paige Guthrie
Skin Manipulation



NORTHSTAR
Jean-Paul Beaubler
Superspeed, Flight



WOLVERINE
Logan
Healing, Adamantium Claws

WHITE PLAINS. NEW YORK

I don't care what anyone else says, Mandy. It doesn't matter to me, understand?

It should. It will.

Just go home and forget about me, David.



I can't. Okay?
I won't.



I love you, Mandy.



I do. Okay?

I love you.

I have since forever.

I don't care about the X-Gen, or the mutantism or any of that --

Sshhhh.

Just hold me, David ...



... and don't ever let go.

Hey, FREAK --



-- stick to yer own kind and **GET OFFA HIM!**

AAAH!

HEY-- that's my girl-friend!

Don't let her touch your **skin, dude!**

Get lost, you stupid skank!

Leave her **alone**, Peroski!

Hey, he's doing you a **favor**, you idiot! Mutants are **contagious!**

You want **fins**, David?

You want **more eyes?**



You want **scales** on your thing, for God's sake?!

That's **crap** and you **know** it, Peroski! It's not a **disease** -- it's like **eye-color!**

It's a **GENE!**



Yeah, that's what they **say** ...

... but that's just to keep the **sheep** calm.



We told you to *get lost*, mutant.

We don't want your kind around here anymore.

Getlost.

Getlost.

Getlostmutant.



Hey, you hear that? Who said that?

Whosaidthat?

Getlost.

Eyecolor.



Guy, who said that?!

Eyecolor.

Whosaidthat?

Getlostmutant.

Hey, man... maybe we should get outta here.



I don't know WHO you are, but--



I don't know who you are, but--



I'm going to EAT YOUR BONES!



Dude, it's just another mutant!
Kick its BUTT!

Mandy, come on!
Let's get out of here while we can!



Oh my God, David ... it's killing them!

Run, Mandy, RUN!

SHLUCK!

MAHHHHH!

Dear God, NO!



OH, MY G--

SHLUCK



SRIP!

RRRRIP

RRIP

THICK-GASH

Please, Mandy, **do HIDE SOMEWHERE!**

I want you to be **SAFE!**

B-but I'm **scared** to leave you, David!

Please, I don't want to **leave you!**

I ... I doubt we'd get very far, anyway.

I love you, Mandy.

I love you, too, David.

Mutantkind will not be preyed upon.

We are the future.

WE-- --are the inheritors of the Earth!

O-okay ...

Okay, thank you.

He didn't prey on anything!

He's my boyfriend!

Oooh, my dear girl.

No, no, no, no, no.

I do not **approve--**

--of mutants--

--making **BENEATH** them!

SHRIIP

grrgrrk--f

I DO NOT APPROVE AT ALL!!

AAAAHHHHH!!

SHCHUCK!

THE HAVIER INSTITUTE FOR HIGHER LEARNING

Certain phrases used to make me laugh.

Most of them originated in California.

"I have issues" is one.

"I feel your pain" is another.

"I need closure" used to make me laugh hardest of all.

Maybe it's because I've been through a lot lately.

Or maybe I'm just growing up.

Bet^{ty}yyy...

But those phrases don't really make me laugh anymore.

My name is Warren Worthington the Third.

And my eyes are open for the first time.

I'm Paige Guthrie,
and I have issues.

Lying is the
biggest one.

Any don't
need a mouth
to lie!

For some
reason, lying --

-- hypocrisy --

... with our growing
understanding of the
environment and our
relationship to it be-
coming more obvious ...

WORTHINGTON
SUBCONTRACTOR
CANCELS
BUILDING PLANS
LOBO ENTERPRISES
SAVES ENDANGERED
HABITAT

WORTHINGTON
ATROCITIES

WARREN WORTHINGTON THE THIRD
MUTANT ENVIRONMENTAL MENACE

-- really, really
angers me.

I also have issues
with corporations.

Hypocritical
corporations
in particular.

I'm not really
sure why the
lying makes
me so angry.

I guess I
feel that with access to
knowledge and awareness
at an all-time high ...

Oh, my
God...

...it can't
be.

... that there is no
excuse for us **not**
to be more evolved
as a species.

Especially
mutants.

Not you,
Warren.

I feel as though my
eyes are finally opening
for the first time.

CLICK-
CLICK

THE FOLLOWING DAY

So how long you gonna stay here at Xavier's school, Cain?

I don't know, Sammy. I'm tryin' not to think about it too much.

It's kind of an interesting place, don't you think?

I bet Xavier would let you stay as long as you want.

Yeah... maybe.

Hey... Sammy, Carter... you guys like baseball?

Maybe we could get outta here and play some catch.

Maybe go to a game.

R-really?

Wow, Cain, that'd be great!

Before my nose fell off, my dad used to take me sometimes!

I don't have a dad...

...he tried to kill my mom and now we're hiding from him.

Oh, dude... Carter...

What?

HEY! I bet Xavier's got some gloves around here someplace.

Finish up and we'll go find a few.



YEAH!
Whattya say,
Carter?

I say
yeah!



My name is Warren
Worthington the Third.

And I've never
been left by a woman.

I'm always the one
who does the leaving.

YEAH!

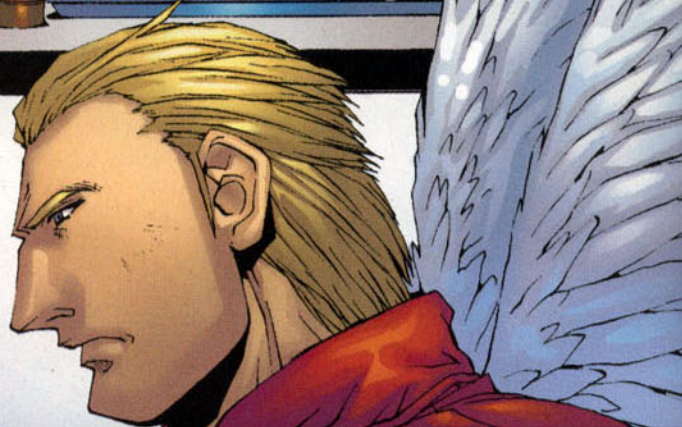
"Yeah"
all ya want
boys...

...eat
something,
first or we
aren't going
anywhere.

So when I saw Betsy falling for
someone else, I did the only thing
a lover could do to save face.

I dumped
her. Fast.

Unfortunately, I
hadn't stopped
loving her.



And I secretly kept
hoping she'd realize...

...someday...

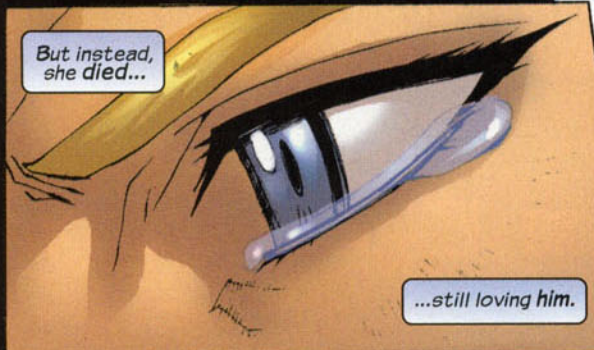
...that she still
loved me.



But instead,
she died...

So, you
trying to
levitate
your food,
Warren?

Or are you
just so in love
with it you can't
take your eyes
off it?



...still loving him.





Hey, Warren, are you...



Oh, man! Get a hold of yourself, Worthington! There're undergrads around!

I mean-- I understand you're not physically blue anymore so you probably want to compensate by being blue emotionally, but--

Bobby, I really don't need your stupid jokes right now, okay?



I--
Right. I'm sorry, Warren.
Really.
So, I take it this has something to do with Betsy?



How could you know that?
Oh, come ON, man. We've all been wondering when you were gonna open up about that.
But why NOW? What brought this on all of a sudden?



It's not "all of a sudden," Bobby. It started on that mission in Scotland a few weeks back.
Remember when we crashed and my heart stopped beating?
Scared the hell out of us.
Sure.
I saw her, Bobby.
I saw Betsy. She came to me, there...



...she came to say "goodbye".

Jonathan Starsmore.

My first love.

My first broken heart.

My first everything.

I was a girl about it... taking what little he gave in return as a sign of deeper feelings he held back.

And he was a boy about it... giving me just enough to keep me interested without making an actual commitment.

We parted with loving words and vague understandings.

My loving words.

It was no one's fault. He'd be the first to tell you that.

He never made any actual promises.

I never made any actual demands.

SHE'S CARRYING HIS LOVE-CHILD!

But we're not.

I'm not.

And I still have "unevolved" opinions about his behavior--

--and the behavior of men like him.

Which means basically all men.

His vague understandings.

You'd think, being part of the genus "Homo-Superior" we'd be above this kind of thing.

KKAARUUSH





So... what do you want me to tell Warren, Bobby?

That there's no Heaven?

No afterlife?

No, Kurt. No, no, no. Just that there's no such thing as *ghosts*, or *spirits*, or *visitations from the dead*.

You die-- you go to Heaven.

Hopefully.

And what happened to Warren was--

--you know--

--lack of oxygen to the brain or something.



Bobby.

Professor Xavier leaves his body *all the time* and wanders around the universe.

So why couldn't *Betsy* come back to talk to Warren after leaving hers?

Consciousness exists as a separate entity from the body. We *know* that.



Why can't it exist *post-mortem*?

Because it *can't*. Xavier does it because he has a *power*--

--*his* consciousness can exist separately, not *Betsy's*.

Dead people talking to the living is for candle burners and incense sniffers.



What Xavier does is *science*.



Not in the strictest sense, Bobby...

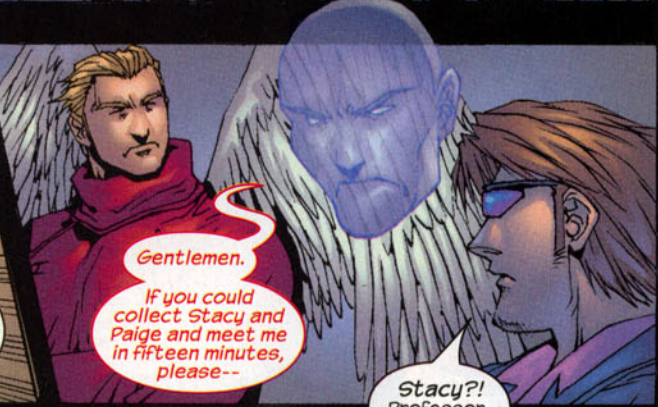
...there's actually no *scientific basis* for the existence of telepathy or astral projection or--

--or whatever it is the Professor does.



I can't remember what it's called, but it's *unique* to Xavier!

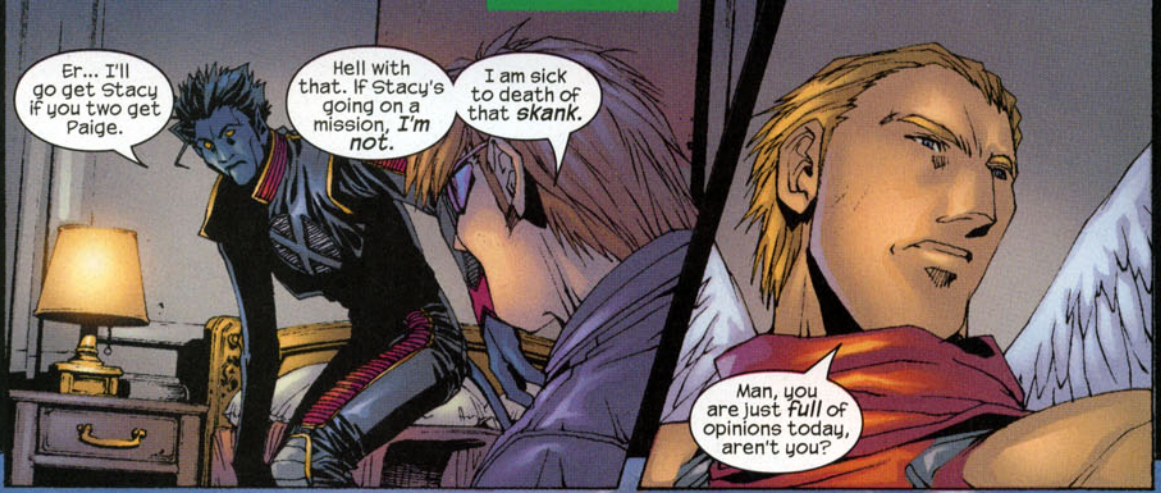
It's not *astral projection*! It's something more *scientific*!



Gentlemen.

If you could collect *Stacy* and *Paige* and meet me in *fifteen minutes*, please--

Stacy?! Professor, why her?



Er... I'll go get Stacy if you two get Paige.

Hell with that. If Stacy's going on a mission, I'm not.

I am sick to death of that skank.

Man, you are just full of opinions today, aren't you?



Stacy, I don't mean to rush you...



...but Xavier wanted us in about five minutes...



I heard you the first five times, Kurt...



S-stacy?!

Hallo Apfel, nenn mich Adam!

Basically, yes.

Is that because you you happend to notice...?

I hope that's German for "You're incredibly hot, take me now."



...my clothes fell off?



But, Stacy, I'm a priest--

Mm-hmm.

Or did you forget? I can "read" your pheromones.

And not the kind who likes little boys, thank God.



I'm not using my powers on you.

This is real!

We both want it!



Kurt, what's wrong?

I, um--



What? Don't leave.



Dammit.

Why do I always screw up everything good in my life?

THE INFIRMARY



Don't minimize what you do, Annie.

You're more evolved than a lot of the *Homo-Superiors* I've met and you deserve credit for that.

It takes *genuine love* for your fellow man to do what you do.

Maybe.

But natural selection has *very little* to do with the healing arts, really.



If it comes down to Darwin and Wallace's "*Struggle for Existence*", I know I don't stand much of a chance against...



Against...

...who?

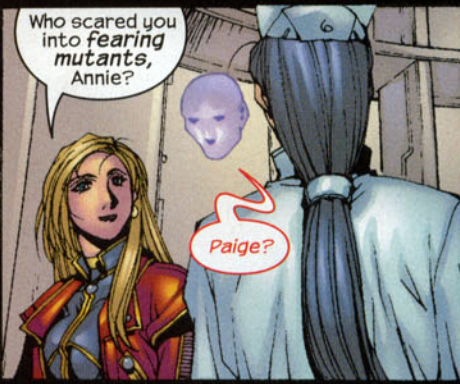


Wow.

I think I'd have to *reeeeeally* love someone before I could do that.

Yeah, well, Alex can't help being in a coma, and I'm trained to help him...

...it's my *Job*, Paige...



Who scared you into *fearing mutants*, Annie?

Paige?



Sorry to interrupt, but could you join Warren and the others in bay nine?

Yes, Sir!



Oh my GOD! Xavier's head--! Floating--?!

The Professor must be in a hurry, he's usually more *specific* about who he contacts telepathically.

Anyway, I've gotta run, Annie.

Apparently I have a mission with Warren.

Oooh, Mister Hunky-Wings?

Shut up!
I'll tell you all about it later!

You better!

WHITE PLAINS

HOMO-SUPERIOR IS RISING!

What happened to the other X-Men, Worthington?

You said Nightcrawler and that tranny ex-prostitute would be joining us.

Does anyone ever just call her "Stacy"?

It's not like the others are *required* to be here, Jean-Paul.

This is a *voluntary* organization.

Fine. Whatever.

So why are we *skulking around* in shadows?

I have no shame of my mutant heritage.

This isn't a *mutant* issue, Jean-Paul. It's a *legal* issue.

We're not licensed criminal investigators and have *no business* wandering through a crime scene.

Then why are we here?

Because you were *invited*.

I'm Charlotte Jones, New York Police. Have we met?

We have not.

I am Jean-Paul Beaubier. *Northstar*.

Paige Guthrie, ma'am.

X-Men.



Relax, sweetheart. You ain't the military.

Thanks for coming, all of you.

Charlotte, were these murders really done by a mutant?

God, I hope not.



But it certainly looks that way, Warren.

Four dead, one girl traumatized beyond all belief.

And that one survivor is also the only mutant... and she says this was done by werewolves calling themselves "Homo-Superior".



Werewolves.

Wonderful.

You should wipe that off.

The slogan on the wall.

It's just going to incite people.



Who are you, "wipe that off"? That's evidence, Frenchie. We need to take photographs first.



I am not French.

I am from Quebec.

Oh, pardon moi. Your accent and demanding arrogance led me to believe you were French.

You can understand my mistake.



Charlotte, what can the X-Men do to help you out?

You could have dinner with me and tell me why your skin's not blue anymore.



But first, find these crazies.

They told the girl they weren't going to wait patiently for Homo-Sapiens to go extinct anymore.

Just gets better by the minute.



Hey, Wings. I got a scent.

And a direction...



...wanna go huntin'?

You were probably just starting to wonder what little old me was doing here with these guys.

Young blonde girl near the end of her teens hanging out with the premiere mutants of planet Earth.

What is she, the secretary?

The research girl?

The T & A comic relief?



Hardly.

My name is Paige Guthrie, and I, too, am a mutant.



I have the unique ability to change the molecular structure of my dermis--

I'll scout ahead with Logan.

--then husk off my outer layer of skin like a cocoon.



Thus leaving my new "skin-of-choice"--

(steel, rock, or rubber in this particular case)

--exposed as my outer layer.



It's a great party trick.



That--
--is completely--
--DISGUSTING.

Is she just going to leave that skin there?



Joining the X-Men has been a long-standing dream for me.

(Not that I'm in, but I'm closer than ever!)

I consider them to be the pinnacle of achievement for mutantkind.

The next level of evolution for all mankind.

Most mutants do.



X-Men are believed to be giving. Caring. Protective.

Evolved.

Noble goals we should all strive for.



Noble goals we should all be so lucky to achieve.



Uh-oh.
You said it, munchkin.

So it hurts more deeply when your steely-eyed heroes reveal their feet of clay.



Especially the one you're not-so-secretly hot for.

I take it the baddies are inside this building, Logan?

According to my nose, yup.



You're not actually going in, are you?

I am.

Shouldn't we wait for the others?



I'll leave some for them.



Paige, where's Wolverine?

He went in.
Warren, I'm not sure how to say this, but--
--Warren, these killers *work* for you.



What?
You're kidding, right?

I wish I was.

This is *Lobo Tech*. One of your subsidiaries.



I--
No.
That can't be right.



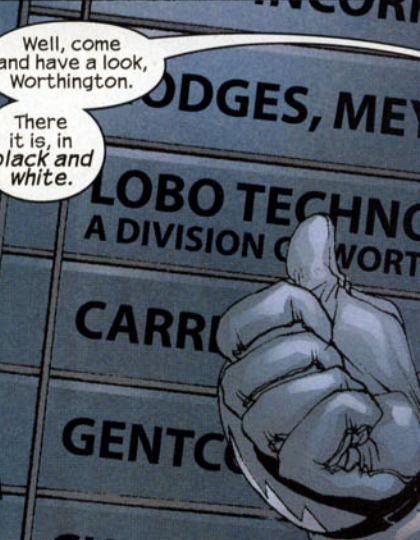
Worthington?
This is *you*?
Warren *Worthington*?
This is *your* company?

You *honestly* didn't know?

Of course not, Paige.



Well, come and have a look, Worthington.
There it is, in *black and white*.



I only own a few thousand shares, and I knew it belonged to you.
What's *your* excuse?



My father owned a *lot* of companies, Jean-Paul.
It's easy to miss one in all the--



Miss one?

MISS ONE?!

This company represents **ten percent** of your holdings!

Are you aware that your overall stock price has dropped eight percent in the **last year**?

You've cost me **MONEY**, Worthington.

I never imagined *you* were the reckless mutant heir the press has always talked about.

The one who's letting a vital company flounder like a *beached whale* while you do--

What is it you *actually do* with "your father's" business, Worthington?

You *don't* want to push this, Jean-Paul--



KEESH

WHUD

WOLVERINE!

SHREEEE

Looks like he's been through a Cuisinart.

Cuisinart.

Garbage disposal.

Blender.





Maximus Lobo.

X TO BE CONTINUED...