

MARVEL
PG 420

AUSTEN
ASAMIYA

UNCANNY

X-MEN



AKI ASAMIYA
STUDIO KUBO

DIRECT EDITION



\$2.25 US \$3.75 CAN

**DOMINANT
SPECIES
CONCLUSION**



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

DOMINANT SPECIES, CONCLUSION

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PREVIOUSLY



The X-Men, a group of heroes with strange mutant powers, are forever sworn to protect a world that hates and fears them.

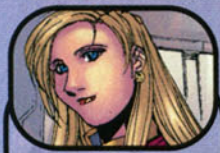
ARCHANGEL -- president of Worthington Enterprises and powerful member of the X-Men -- and HUSK -- a young mutant who hopes to someday become an X-Man -- have been attacked by a vicious group of werewolves at LOBO TECHNOLOGIES, a subsidiary of Archangel's family corporation. The werewolves, led by MAXIMUS LOBO, quickly overtake Archangel and Husk, who are barely able to escape with their lives. They don't make it very far. In the forest somewhere near Lobo Technologies, they collapse on the ground, bleeding. Strangely, their wounds seem to miraculously heal while they sleep.

When they wake up, Husk remembers a dream she had about Archangel's deceased girlfriend, Betsy. In the dream, Betsy said goodbye to Archangel and told him he was following the wrong path. But when Husk tries to recount the dream to Archangel, they are attacked again by the werewolves who have followed them out into the woods.

Meanwhile, at the Xavier Institute infirmary, ANNIE GHAZIKHANIAN's young son CARTER is being held captive inside the comatose HAVOK'S mind. In the midst of this, a small group of X-Men go in search of the missing Husk and Archangel. Desperately, NORTHSTAR contacts NIGHTCRAWLER, who is at a church in Brooklyn, having just decided to leave the priesthood. Northstar asks if Nightcrawler can use his mutant teleportation powers to reach them in the X-Plane, but they may be too far away. Archangel and Husk may not have much time...



ARCHANGEL
Warren Worthington III
Flight



HUSK
Paige Guthrie
Skin Manipulation



HAVOK
Alex Summers
Solar-Generated Plasma Blasts



ANNIE GHAZIKHANIAN
School Nurse



CARTER GHAZIKHANIAN
Annie's son
Untapped Mental Ability



POLARIS
Lorna Dane
Magnetic Control



JUGGERNAUT
Cain Marko
Super-strength, Invulnerability



NIGHTCRAWLER
Kurt Wagner
Teleportation



SQUIDBOY
Samuel Pare
Underwater Breathing



MAXIMUS LOBO
Mutant Werewolf
Leader of the
Dominant Species

**NEAR WHITE PLAINS,
NEW YORK**

You may not have **CLAWS** and **STRENGTH** like "the Wolverine" and us--



--but you're **TOUGHER** than you **LOOK!**



YEP.

CHUNK



NOW, HOLD HIM!

AAH!

CHOMP

DAMMIT, HE SPUN FREE!

STAND STILL AND DIE, X-MAN!



Who the hell ARE you?

I'm Archangel of the X-Men... Warren Worthington the third...



...I pay your salary.



GAAHH!!

CHOMP

CHOMP



Well... the next generation has improved, then.



Your father was *much* easier to kill.



GET OFF ME!

WARREN, HELP!

PAIGE!



KILL HER!

AAAH!

SCHUCK

EAT HER BONES!



EAT THIS!

THUNK



GRAAAAHH!

WHUD!



Dammit, they're everywhere...



AAAAHHHHH!



CHOMP

PAAAAAAIIIGE!

I found these
wolves-- and
their leader,
Maximus Lobo--

--running one of
my subsidiaries--

--when the X-Men
responded to a
mutant death
in White Plains.

Some boss I
turned out to be.

But I have to
forget that...
focus on Paige.

God, if I've
gotten her
killed--

--if she's right--

--if it's just
about survival of
the meanest--


CHUNK

BASH

KWEEESH

Paige.

I have to
get to Paige.



It can't be just about survival.

Life must mean more.

Because if there is a species that should be dominant--

--it's hers.

AAHHH!

She deserves to survive--

--to thrive--

--to change the world for the better.

Because if she doesn't--

--if someone as good and kind and loving as her--

--doesn't grow and multiply and inherit the earth--

--then there
is no God.





Stay with me, Paige. Stay alive.

Warren?

If there is a grander plan--



Shh. Don't talk.

Just let me get you someplace safe.

Betsy says...



--then Paige must be a part of it.

... she's sorry ...

X THE X-PLANE



They're moving, guys...

...the signal from Warren's com-locator is moving north.

You're faster than the plane, Northstar. Why don't you fly on ahead?



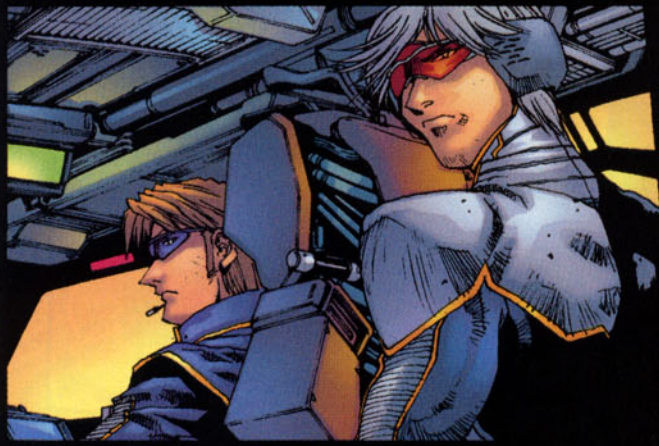
See if you can help Warren and Paige out.

Of course, Iceman.

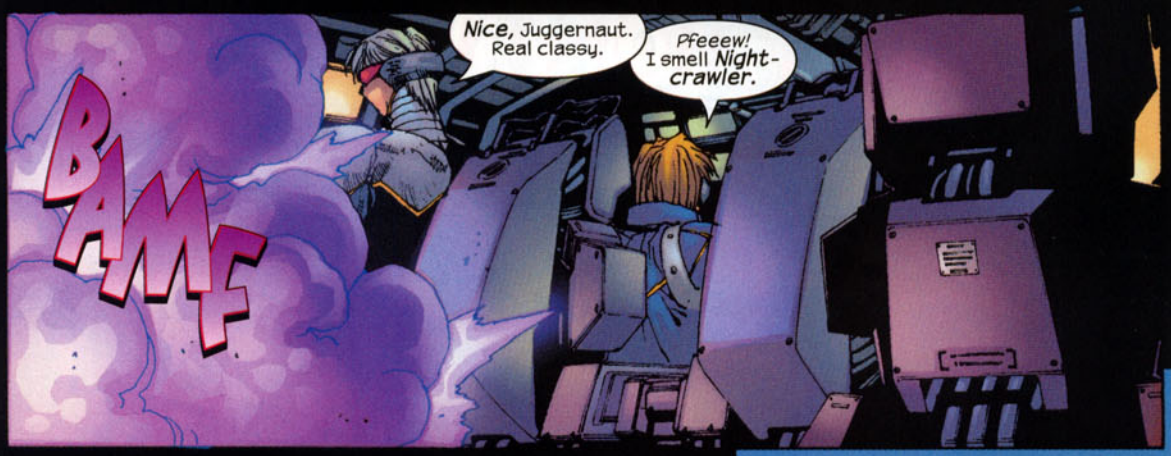
I guess that means they're still alive...

...and you won't have to kill me now-- eh, Chilly Willy?

Or it means their locator is runnin' around inside some wolf's stomach.



I'm just sayin'.



Nice, Juggernaut. Real classy.

Pfeeew! I smell Night-crawler.

BAMF



Teleported--
--Fourmiles, Northstar.
Never--
--writeme--
--Offas--
--useless.



Done.



Now keep up.



LIVES DEPEND ON IT!

X THE INFIRMARY



NNNNNNAAAAAAHHH!

Professor Xavier?

Are you all right?!

Alex, what's wrong with him?

I don't know, Lorna-- one second he was helping Carter and the next--



NNNNNAAAAANNNNAAAAHHH!

SSZZHHWAAM



AAAAHHHH!

WHUMP

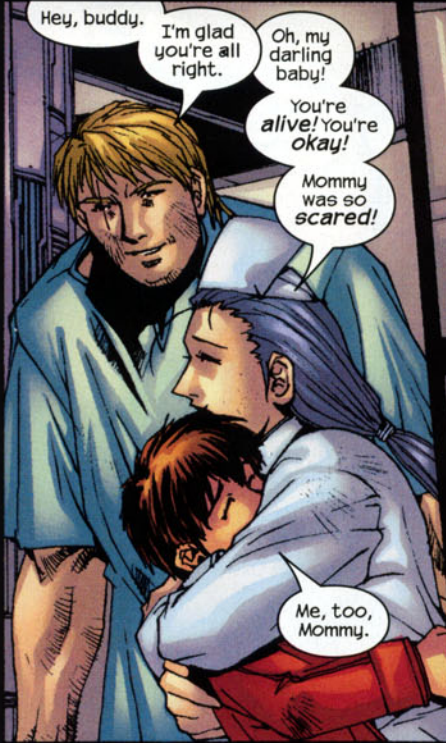


PROFESSOR!



Carter, honey?

Mommmmmmy.



Hey, buddy.

I'm glad you're all right.

Oh, my darling baby!

You're alive! You're okay!

Mommy was so scared!

Me, too, Mommy.



Annie?

I think we need to have a conversation, don't you?

About Carter...



...and about Carter's father.



NEAR WHITE PLAINS, NEW YORK

Stay with me, Paige!
Don't you die on me!

Tell me again what Betsy said.

DAMMIT!

The wolves have herded us back to Lobo-Tech and I can BARELY fly!

Could this get any worse?!

Come on, Paige, let's talk. I'll start!

You know what Betsy told me when I died in Scotland? Tell me if this sounds at all familiar...

She said I was following the wrong path in my life, and that she and I were never meant to be together forever!

She said she was only here to help guide me away from my self-centered, playboy mentality and anger over what Apocalypse had done to me--

--and help me learn how to REALLY love someone!

HANG ON, PAIGE!

KEESH



Come on, Paige, *talk* to me.

Tell me what Betsy said to you, okay?

If it was...



Please, Paige, don't die.

Yell at me again.

Tell me you knew the job was dangerous when you took it and--



God, no. I thought--

--I thought maybe I'd *healed* you before--

--that maybe I *did* have a healing factor of some kind... but I guess it wasn't me, was it? I--



But I've healed.

Or I'm healing, anyway.



The scratches are gone, and--



--my body's--



--healing itself--



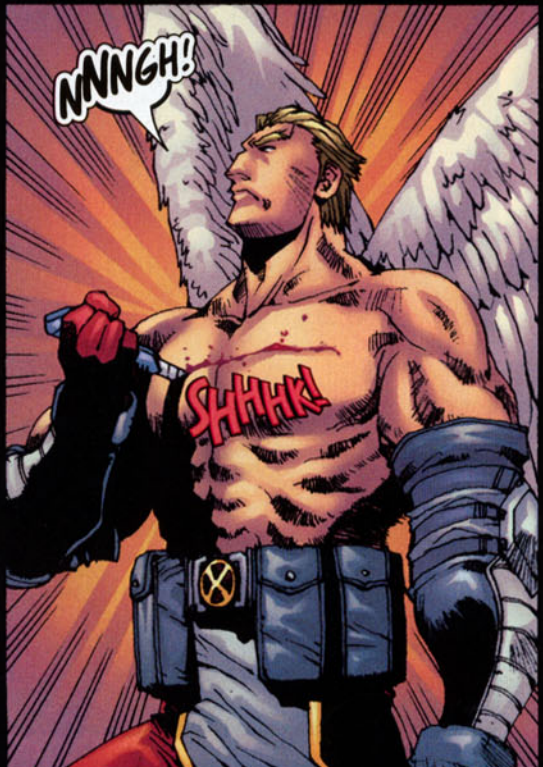
--again.



I was bleeding the first time I healed you...
...is it my blood?



Is the healing factor in *my* blood?



NNNGH!



All right, I...



I'm sorry, but I'll have to uncover you for a minute.

I need to get blood to your wound, Paige.



Please, God. Please let this work.

Betsy never loved him... not like she loved you.



But you always kept a piece of your heart hidden behind the blue...

...behind that reminder, that wall of anger and sadness and fear...

...and Betsy just wanted someone to love her with his whole heart before she died.

She had foreseen her death, you know...




...so Betsy returned his attentions, and you dumped her and retreated completely behind the blue.

But you weren't supposed to. You were supposed to have learned how to really love from her.

God, you are so handsome...



Hey, wait-- did you just press your naked chest to mine?



One last grope
for the millionaire Playboy
before the end-- eh,
Worthington?

Oh, God,
no-- not
again!

Why did
you *do* this,
Maximus?

Whatever
you're doing in this
plant could have
gone on unnoticed
for *who knows*
how long--

--if you
just hadn't
killed those
kids.

True.

But I was
just *so* tired of the
world not knowing
how *much better*
I was than all
of them.

Looking
back on it, it may
not have been the
smartest thing I've
ever done.

But how
often does one say
that about the things
one *truly enjoys*
in life?

I see by
the boxes
around
here that,
what?

You're
selling *Lobo-
Tech* products
under the *Stark*
label?

Hardly.

It's *much*
more profitable
to sell *Stark* tech
under the *Lobo*
label.

Re-
purposing it,
I presume.



For what? Weapons?
That goes against the Stark contract, you know.

I must have *missed* that in the small print.



Of course, it's not really *my* company, is it?

You're the one who will *ultimately* be held responsible.



Isn't that right--
--Worthington?



**WHUNK CRACKLE
CLACK CHACK**

?



**THOOM-
KRAKROOM**



WE NEED A DISTRACTION, NORTHSTAR!

THEN COVER YOUR EYES!



THANK GOD!
THE X-MEN ARE
HERE!



FAAASSH
BOOOOM



JEAN-PAUL!
ANOTHER ONE,
PLEASE!

CRICKLE CRACK



Oh,
NOOOO
you're nice
to me.
EYES,
PLEASE!



FZZAASSHI!

BAMF

Kurt!
Thank
God!

FZZAASSHI!

Time to
teleport you
away!



EEEEAAAAHHHH!

MAXIMUS,
WE'RE
BLINDED!

BAMF!

ZZZZAASH

FOLLOW THEIR SCENTS!

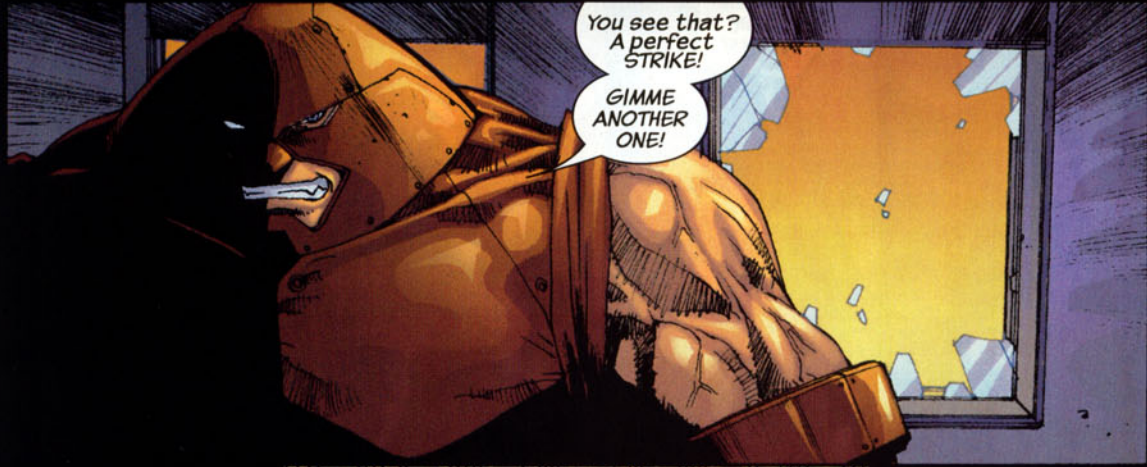
You sayin' I stink?
Little ol' Juggernaut?

WHAAAAM

That's really rude.
And believe me, I know rude.

SHOOOSH

KEESH



You see that?
A perfect
STRIKE!

GIMME
ANOTHER
ONE!



I got a
couple FROZEN
ones you can use,
Juggernaut!

Maximus,
NO!



"No" What,
X-Man?



CRUNK



SPRSHHH



"No,
don't kill
us all"?



EVERYONE
BEHIND ME!

I'LL
COVER US
WITH THIS
WALL!



KATHOOOM



My God...

Paige is right.



We call ourselves Homo superior and somehow imagine WE deserve this planet above all others.

It's science versus the human need to believe in more than science.

Logic rising from the shadows of mysticism--

That being the "superior" species means to be the dominant species.

We mutants consider ourselves the dominant species.

The "evolved" inheritors of the Earth.

--versus emotion and spirituality.



As if the two are mutually exclusive.

Are they?



I would have to say "no".

Man, that was...

...CooOoOoOoOo...



There is room in our world for both.

Help me catch Juggernaut, Northstar.

I've got him. Let's set him down.

A need in our world for both.



Nature may guide us in directions or relationships of her choosing--

His burns are bad. He can't survive this.

--with pheromones, jealousy, rage, pretty smiles, or similarities of design--

--but our brains-- our minds--



--our hearts--

Yes, he can... with my help.

--allow us to learn from life and alter those decisions for the greater good of all.

Moral choices in opposition to physical drives.

XLATER...

That is what
can make us--
--make
anyone, really--

--a "superior"
species.

When I learned that
Betsy had loved
someone else, I held
on to agonizing hope.

Asking questions
that echoed strangely
through my mind.

"Why didn't she
want me any more?"

"What had I
done wrong?"

"Wouldn't I have been
better off never having
loved her?"

When I awoke from
having died, I realized
my words echoed--

Words usually spoken
through tears.

Before Betsy I
loved casually--

I know
you're near me,
Betsy.

That
you can hear
me.

--because they were the
same words spoken to
me so many times before--

--by women who had
loved me when I
couldn't love them.

Tears I now--

--at last--

--understand.

Thank
you, my
love.

--or not at all.



You were a gift to me.



Goodbye.

Whether she actually came to me in spirit, as I believe she did--

--or it was my own subconscious finally cluing me in--



--because of her, I have let go of my anger--

--and moved beyond my pain. I have learned, and I have grown.



Some would see the negative and call it Karma.

Reaping what you sow.

Oh... Warren.

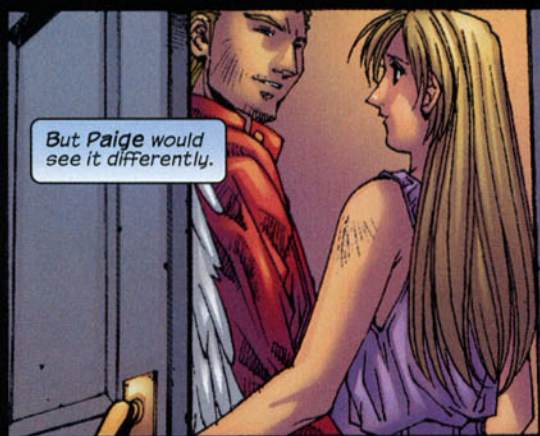
Hi.

Would you like to come in?



Yes, I, uh-- --I would. Very much.

Thanks.



But Paige would see it differently.

She would say I had at last--

--truly--



--evolved.

CLICK KLATCH