

When he was a boy, Scott Summers lost his parents in a plane crash that wasn't a plane crash. Growing up a mutant, Scott's childhood was a study in misery until he found a home with Charles Xavier and became one of the original X-MEN, their team leader:

# CYCLOPS

Scott Summers has been ripped through time alongside the other original X-Men into his future, our present, a world traumatically different than the one he left behind. In this present, the man Scott Summers grows up to be now stands with mutants the younger Cyclops knows only as enemies.

On a trip into space, Scott discovered that Chris Summers, the father he thought was dead, still lives, and more, has made a life for himself amongst the stars as the infamous pirate Corsair, leader of the Starjammers.

Given the choice of staying with his father or returning to Earth, Scott chose to do what any 16-year-old boy would do: head into space, to lead the life of a space pirate, a life of adventure!

But adventure turned to misadventure after the *Starjammer* was ambushed by the rival pirate ship the *Desolation* and its captain, Valesh Malafect. He cast the Starjammers into space, threw Corsair in the brig, and conscripted Cyclops into service promising a speedy death for Cyclops if he failed to follow Malafect's every order.

And so Cyclops has done his best to pretend to fit in, to act like a valuable member of the *Desolation's* pirate crew.

But be careful what you pretend to be, Scott Summers. At some point the pretending stops, and you become what you pretend to be...

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WE WERE  
FREE.

RUN,  
SCOTT!

RUN!

JUST  
A BIT  
FURTHER!

FREE FROM THE SHIP  
FULL OF VICIOUS SPACE  
PIRATES WHO FORCED  
ME INTO SERVICE.

FREE OF THE CELL IN THE  
SHIP'S BRIG WHERE THEY  
IMPRISONED MY DAD,  
**CAPTAIN CORSAIR**, OF  
THE RIVAL PIRATE SHIP,  
THE **STARJAMMER**.

AND FREE OF THE  
SPACE PIRATE  
CAPTAIN WHO'D  
VOWED HE'D SEE MY  
DAD **BROKEN**--

--AND THEN  
SEE MY DAD  
**DEAD**.

SOON, CAPTAIN  
MALAFECT AND THE CREW  
OF THE **DESOLATION**  
WOULD BE CONTENDING  
WITH AN ATTACK OF  
ANGRY **SHI'AR**.

TOO BUSY  
TO WORRY  
ABOUT US.

AND NOW  
WE CAN STOP  
AND CATCH OUR  
BREATH.

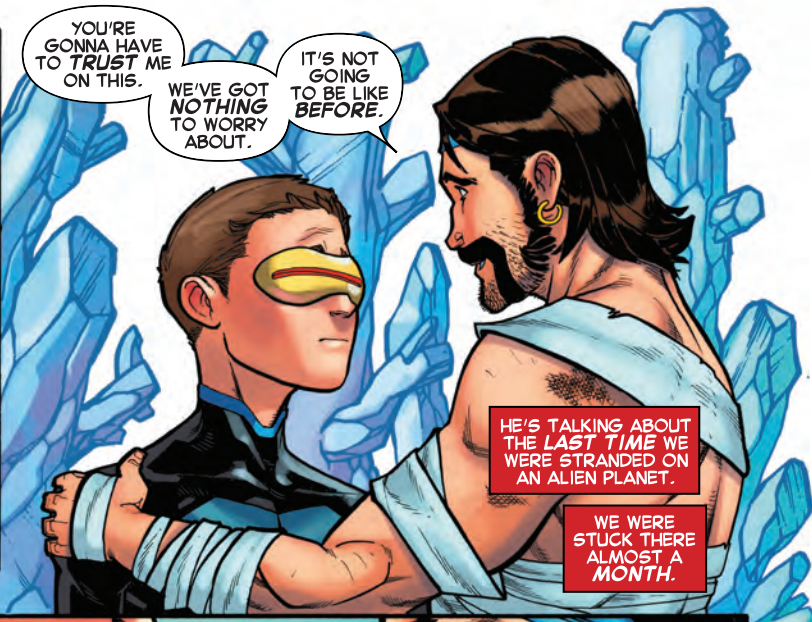
?PANT  
PANT  
PANT?

THINGS COULD  
NOT HAVE  
WORKED OUT  
BETTER.



SO WHY DID I FEEL SO LOUSY?

I KNOW THAT LOOK, SCOTT.



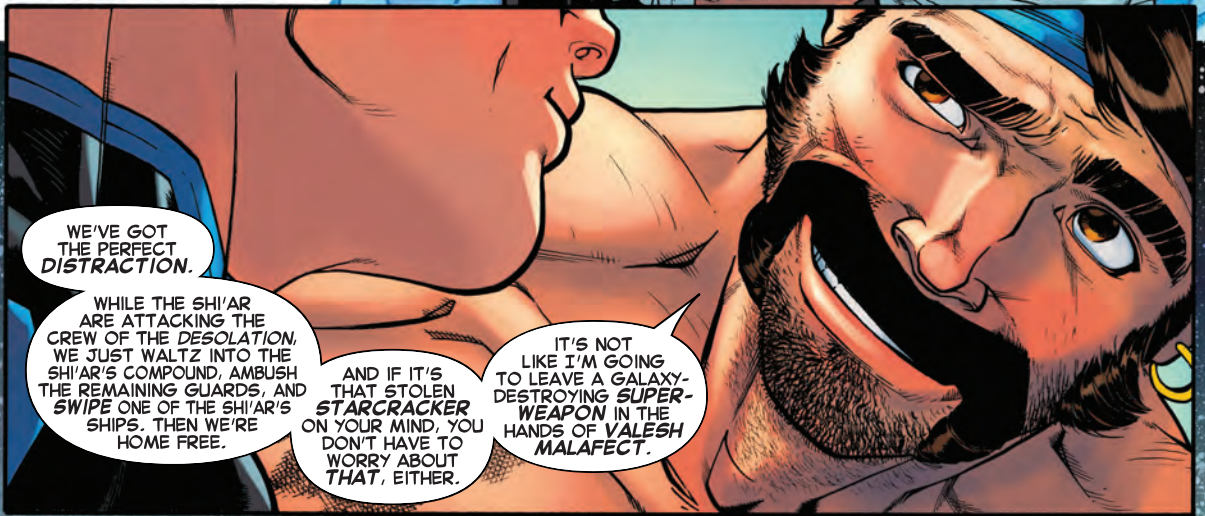
YOU'RE GONNA HAVE TO TRUST ME ON THIS.

WE'VE GOT NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT.

IT'S NOT GOING TO BE LIKE BEFORE.

HE'S TALKING ABOUT THE LAST TIME WE WERE STRANDED ON AN ALIEN PLANET.

WE WERE STUCK THERE ALMOST A MONTH.



WE'VE GOT THE PERFECT DISTRACTION.

WHILE THE SHI'AR ARE ATTACKING THE CREW OF THE *DESOLATION*, WE JUST WALTZ INTO THE SHI'AR'S COMPOUND, AMBUSH THE REMAINING GUARDS, AND SWIPE ONE OF THE SHI'AR'S SHIPS. THEN WE'RE HOME FREE.

AND IF IT'S THAT STOLEN *STARCRACKER* ON YOUR MIND, YOU DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT THAT, EITHER.

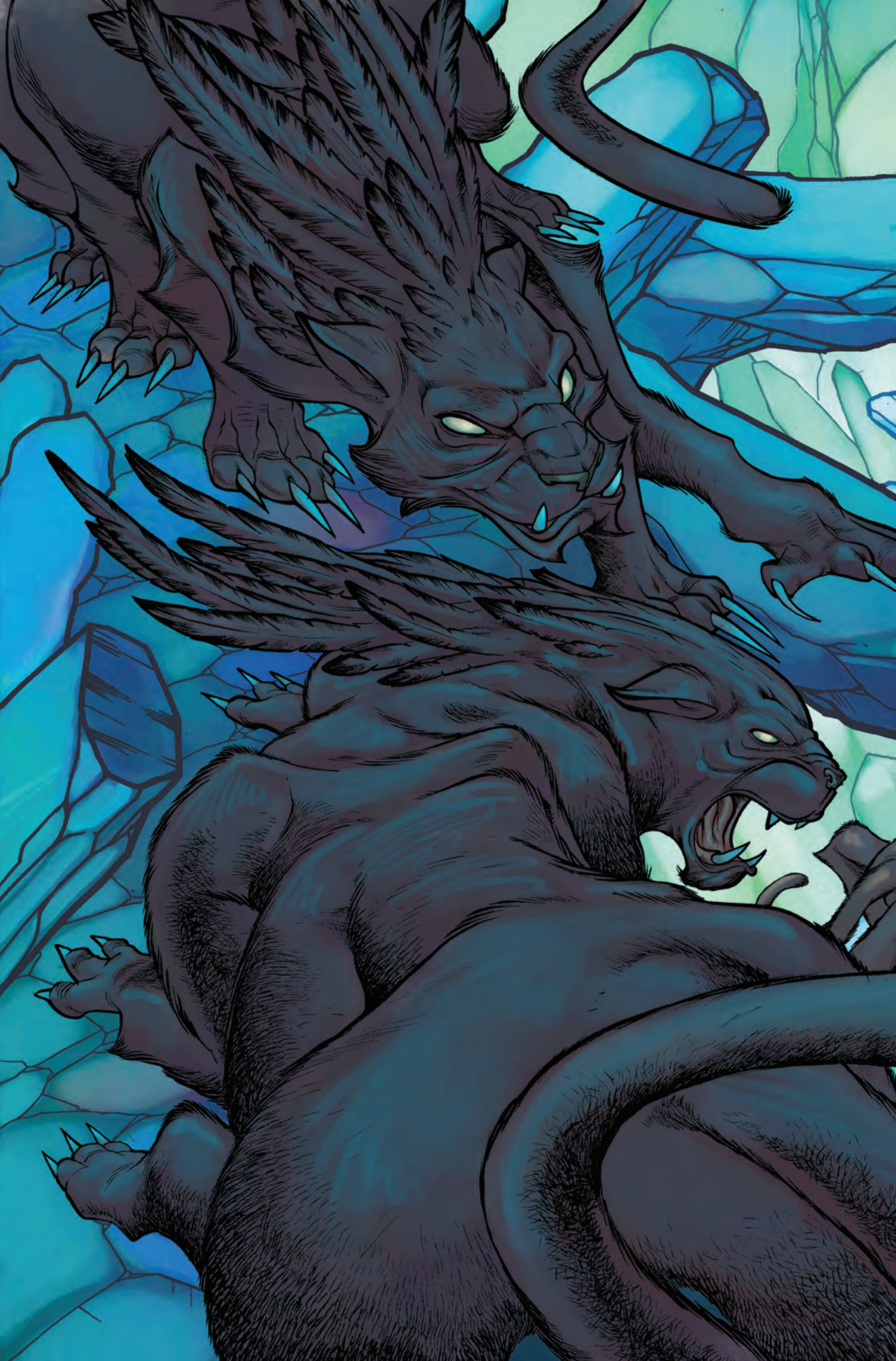
IT'S NOT LIKE I'M GOING TO LEAVE A GALAXY-DESTROYING *SUPER-WEAPON* IN THE HANDS OF *VALESH MALAFECT*.



"SO I LEFT A LITTLE PARTING GIFT BEFORE I ESCAPED FROM HIS SHIP."

CHEER UP, SON. EVERYTHING IS GOING TO BE JUST FINE NOW.







IT'S YOU AND ME AGAINST THE WORLD!

AND NOTHING IS GONNA STOP US!

"I COULDN'T STOP HIM, SIR."