

PLUCKED FROM THE PAST, THE ORIGINAL X-MEN—CYCLOPS, BEAST, ICEMAN AND ANGEL—ARE NOW TRAPPED IN THE PRESENT, IN A TIME WHEN MUTANTS ARE HATED AND FEARED MORE THAN EVER. DETERMINED NOT TO LET THE WORLD GET THE BETTER OF THEM, THEY'VE SET OUT TO WRITE THEIR OWN FUTURES AND BUILD A LEGACY THEY CAN BE PROUD OF.

# X ALL-NEW X-MEN



**CYCLOPS**



**BEAST**



**ICEMAN**



**ANGEL**



**WOLVERINE**



**KID APOCALYPSE**



**IDIE OKONKWO**



**PICKLES**

DISCOVERING THAT THE INHUMAN TERRIGEN CLOUD CIRCLING THE EARTH WAS ON THE VERGE OF DISSIPATING INTO THE ATMOSPHERE—RENDERING EARTH UNINHABITABLE FOR MUTANTS—THE X-MEN RESOLVED TO LAUNCH AN ATTACK ON THE INHUMAN CAPITAL OF NEW ATILAN AS THEY CONCURRENTLY MOVED TO ERADICATE THE REST OF THE TERRIGEN ONCE AND FOR ALL.

ALTHOUGH HIS PRESENT-DAY COUNTERPART WAS SLAIN AFTER DECLARING WAR ON THE INHUMANS AND DESTROYING THE FIRST TERRIGEN CLOUD, YOUNG SCOTT SUMMERS, A.K.A. CYCLOPS, IS AN ACTIVE PARTICIPANT IN THE SIEGE OF NEW ATILAN...

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CYCLOPS HAS ALWAYS BEEN THE BORING ONE.

THE BOY SCOUT. THE HALL MONITOR.

THE OBSESSIVE INTROVERT WHO PLANS AND DEMANDS.

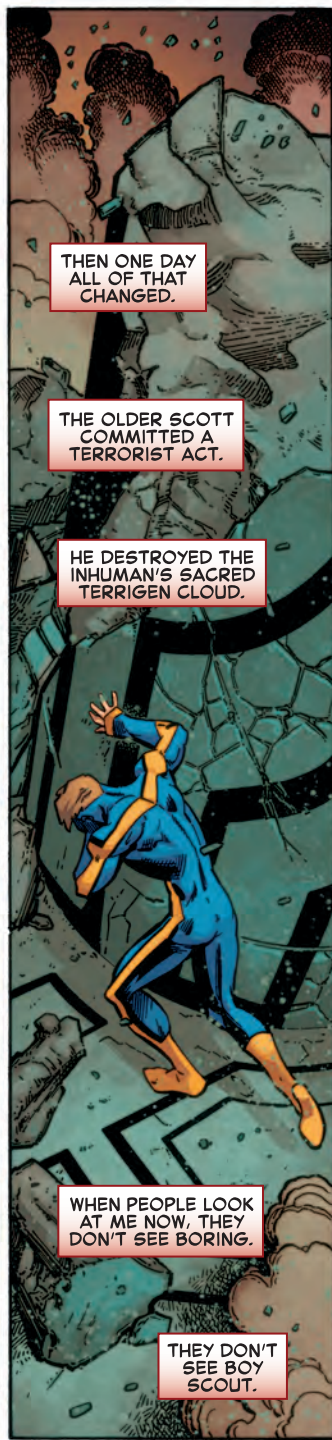
## NEW ATILAN.



THAT REPUTATION USED TO BOTHER ME, BUT I GOT OVER IT.

I'M BORING BECAUSE I'M FOCUSED.

OBSESSIVE IS ANOTHER WORD FOR CALCULATED.



I'VE BEEN FIGHTING  
THAT PERCEPTION  
FOR MONTHS.

TRYING TO  
RECLAIM  
MY NAME.

CHANGE THE  
NARRATIVE.

TRYING TO  
GET MY  
BORING BACK.

GAH!

SCOTT  
SUMMERS?!

IT WAS  
ALMOST  
WORKING,  
TOO.



BUT NOW THAT THE REMAINING  
TERRIGEN CLOUD HAS MADE  
THE PLANET EARTH DEADLY  
FOR MUTANTS.

HERE I AM.

ATTACKING  
INHUMANS WITH  
AND ARMY OF  
OTHER X-MEN...

...DOING  
WHATEVER IT  
TAKES TO SAVE  
OURSELVES.



WHEN THESE  
PEOPLE LOOK  
AT ME--

--AND SEE  
THE ENEMY...

I HAVE NO  
ARGUMENT.

LOOK AT BIG  
BAD CYCLOPS  
TRAPPED IN THE  
KITCHEN.

CAN HE  
STAND THE  
HEAT?

WHAT?



TONE IT DOWN A NOTCH, HOT-HEAD.  
BLOOD-THIRSTY BANTER IS JUST BLUSTER.



WHEW.



AND THAT'S STRICTLY BAD-BOY TERRITORY. VILLAINS ONLY.

THANKS, BOB-- ICEMAN.

ANY TIME, LITTLE SLIM. NOW MOVE THOSE BOOTS.

YOU OUT IN THE OPEN IS PLAIN STUPID. THESE PEOPLE HAVE A MAD-ON.

GO FIND YOUR TEAM.