

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 has turned to misadventure after the Starjammer was ambushed by the rival pirate ship the Desolation, and its captain, Valesh Malafect. Now Corsair is in the brig, the Starjammers cast away into space, and Cyclops has been conscripted into service.

Today Cyclops' life as a very *different* sort of space pirate begins...

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ALL PLASMA TORPEDOES, ON MY MARK.

A NEW CHAPTER FOR ME, FOR MY FATHER, AND THE STARJAMMERS.



FIRE.

PEEOM
PEEOM
PEEOM

THE FATHER I NEVER KNEW--MY SPACE PIRATE FATHER--PROMISED ME THIS WOULDN'T HAPPEN--





BOOM!

BOOM!

--WHEN HE TOOK ME AWAY WITH HIM, TO SERVE ALONG WITH HIS CREW ABOARD HIS SHIP, THE SHI'AR SPACESKIMMER KNOWN AS THE *STARJAMMER*.

THIS IS THE STARJAMMER.

AND THIS NEW CHAPTER IS LOOKING MORE AND MORE LIKE A *FINAL* CHAPTER.



ABOARD THE
PIRATE STARCUTTER,
THE *DESOLATION*.

NO! YOU
CAN'T!



UNDER THE COMMAND OF
INTERGALACTIC FREEBOOTER,
VALESH MALAFECT.

WHAT
DID YOU SAY,
BOY?



YOU--WHO
ARE ALIVE PURELY
BECAUSE OF MY
BOUNDLESS GENEROSITY
AND *GOODWILL*,
SERVING ON MY
SHIP AT MY
PLEASURE--

--DID
YOU JUST
COUNTERMAND
MY ORDER?





NO, SIR.
I MEAN,
N-NO, CAPTAIN
MALAFECT.

I JUST
MEANT...WHEN I WAS
CREWING ABOARD
THE STARJAMMER...
I READ THE
MANIFEST.

A LOT OF
EXPENSIVE EQUIPMENT
ABOARD, SIR, WHICH
COULD BE SALVAGED.
TURN A GOOD
PROFIT.



YOU DON'T
GIVE THE
ORDERS HERE,
SWABBY.

YOU'RE
BARELY A
MEMBER OF THIS
CREW, MUCH
LESS A
CAPTAIN.



MAYBE
I OPEN UP THAT
SCRAWNY THROAT
OF YOURS TO TEACH
YOU A LESSON IN
SHIP PROTOCOL,
HMMM?



NOR
ARE YOU THE
CAPTAIN, SHIPMAN
ZEBBLE.

RELEASE
HIM, AND DO
NOT THREATEN A
MEMBER OF THE
CREW UNLESS I
ORDER IT.