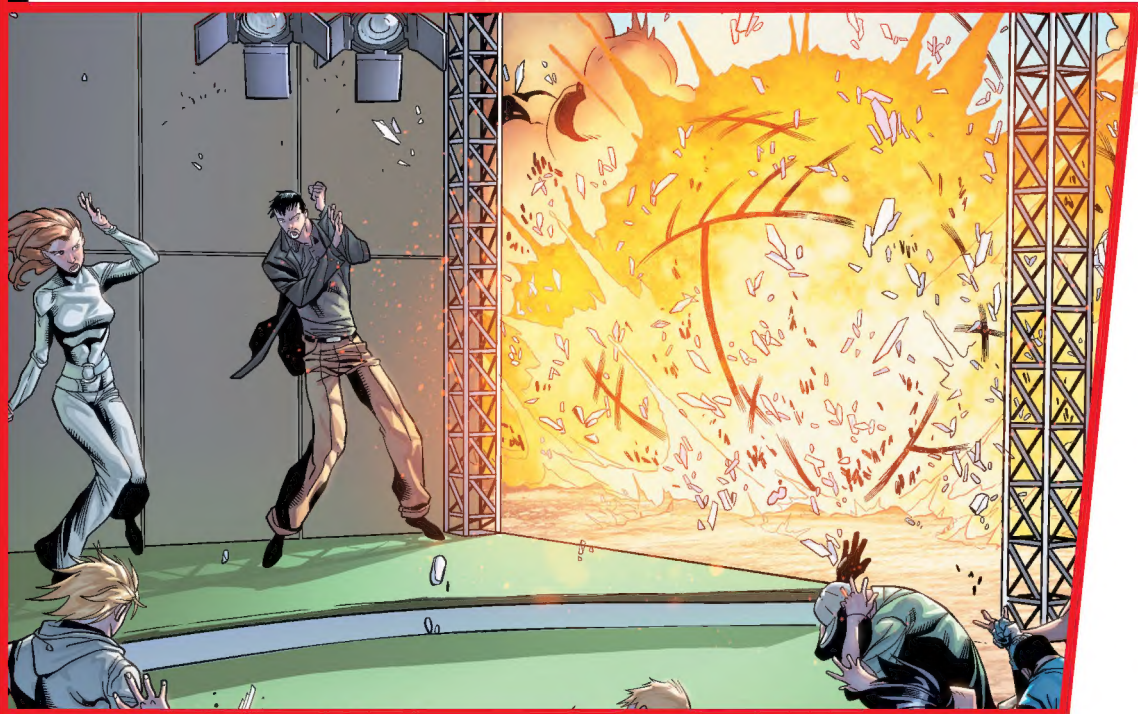


LIVING IN A WORLD WHERE MUTANTS ARE HATED AND FEARED MORE THAN EVER, ONE GROUP OF YOUNG HEROES HAS Banded TOGETHER TO FIGHT BACK.

ULTIMATE COMICS X-MEN



PREVIOUSLY:

The Sentient Seed, intended as the mutants' gift to mankind, was not the agent of peace that Kitty Pryde intended. Not only did the seed transform Utopia into a target for those looking to exploit its economic value but its existence divided the mutant homeland, as well.

Realizing that Utopia was in danger, Kitty Pryde and Tony Stark hatched a defense plan. They blew up the greenhouse, creating the illusion that the seed had been destroyed, while secretly distributing the seed to countries in need, free from the eyes of the media.

But following the explosion, Mach Two, having had enough of Kitty's goodwill towards the humans, took her followers and decamped from Utopia.

Between threats from the U.S. government, Karen Grant's spies from Tian, and now Mach Two's rebel faction, can Kitty Pryde and Utopia stand their ground?

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**STORM.
WEATHER WITCH.**

Perhaps we
were arrogant.

**BLACKHEATH.
BOTANIST.**

Perhaps we
flaunted our
superiority.

**ROGUE.
DON'T TOUCH.**

Maybe we thought we were
truly being left alone, and
could do as we pleased.

**KITTY PRYDE.
MATTER PHASING,
THE LEADER OF THE FREE MUTANTS.**

**JAMES HUDSON.
RAPID HEALER, CLAW FIGHTER,
ENFORCER.**

Or maybe we were just
fools to think it would
ever get better.

UTOPIA.

Because on
that night...

...that's when
everything fell
apart.



NATURAL RESOURCES
PART ONE OF FIVE
WOOD/ASRAR/VLASCO/BELLAIRE

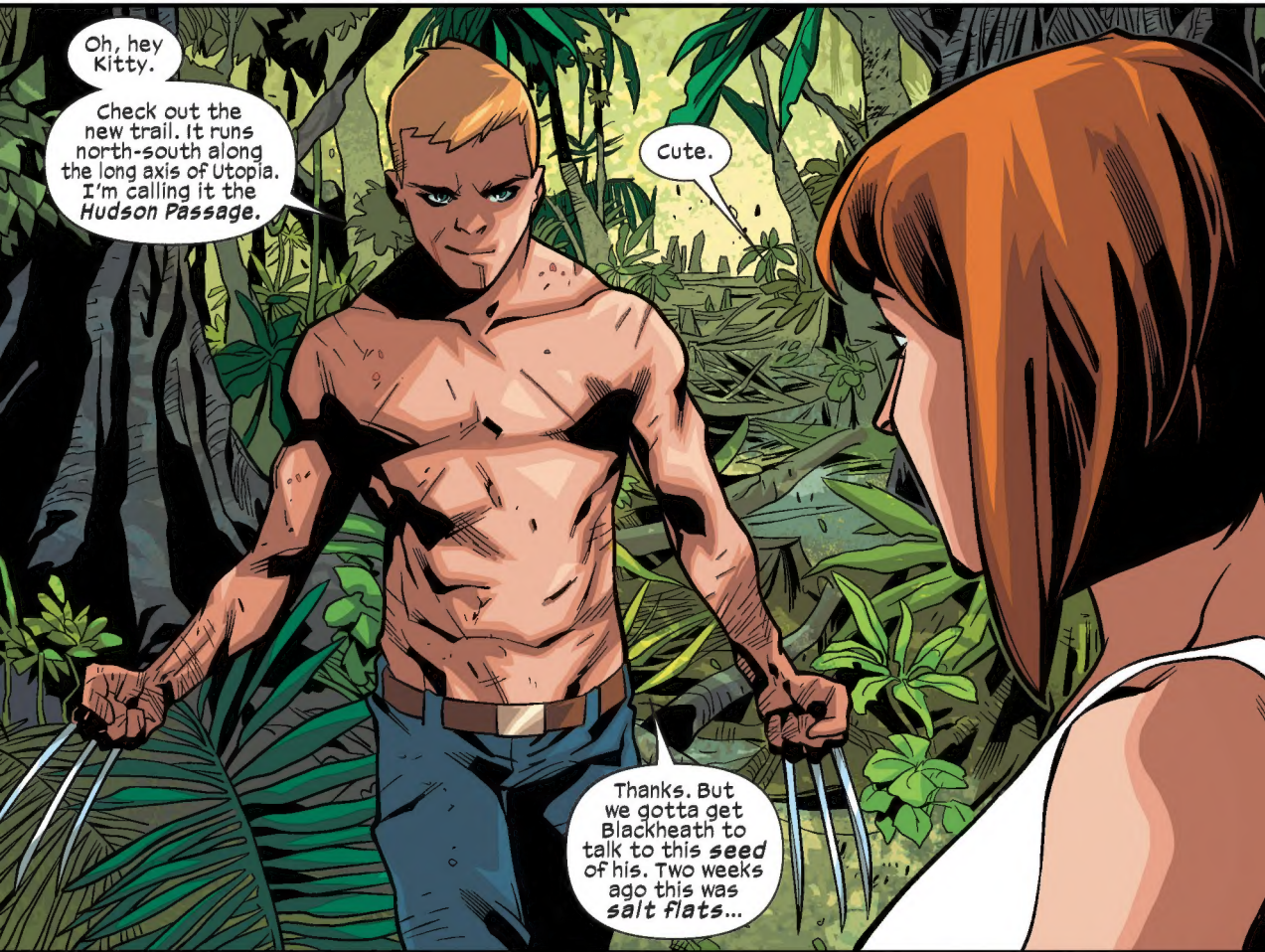
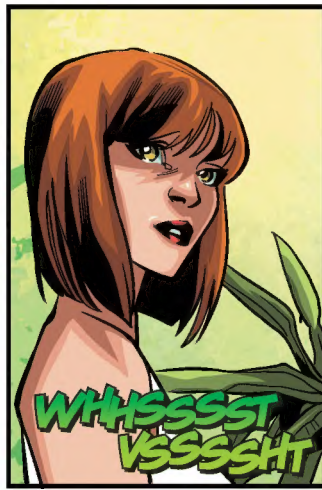
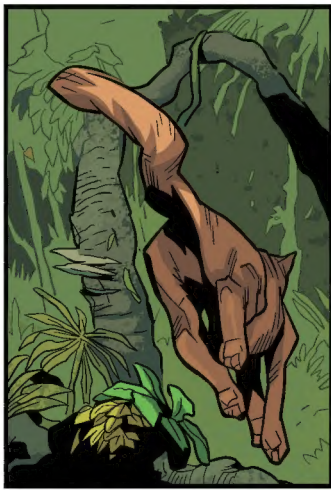
TWO WEEKS EARLIER.



RORRRRRRRRRRRRRR



≠NFF≠
≠NFF≠



Oh, hey Kitty.

Check out the new trail. It runs north-south along the long axis of Utopia. I'm calling it the Hudson Passage.

Cute.

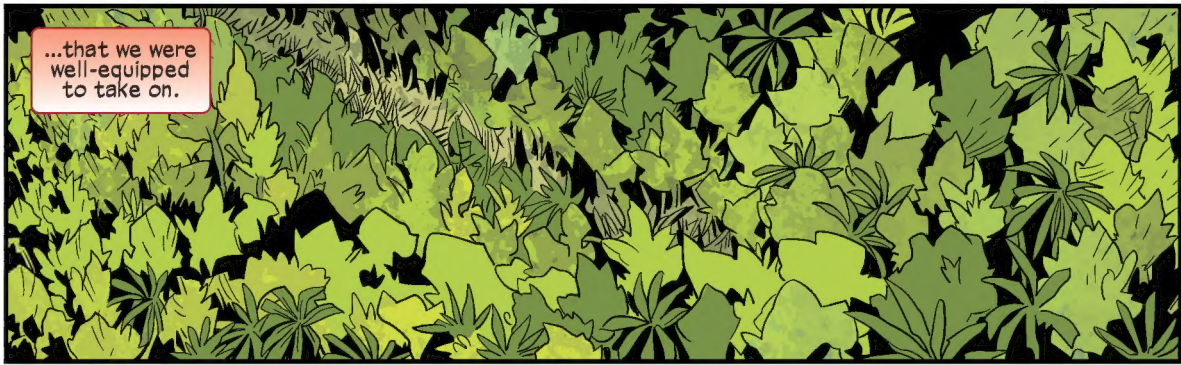
Thanks. But we gotta get Blackheath to talk to this *seed* of his. Two weeks ago this was *salt flats*...



...so what's it gonna look like two weeks from now?

When we were first dumped on this land, we decided to call it "Utopia." A joke, delivered with a sort of bitter laugh.

And a challenge, it turns out...



...that we were well-equipped to take on.

Amara Aquilla, who goes by the nickname *Magma*, is much more than she seems. She raised the earth, *literally*, giving us not only a natural border defense...

...But *microclimates*, thanks to the mountains. *Storm* now has the raw elements to make weather on command.

Zero and *Blackheath* unleashed the sentient seed. And with that, the return of wildlife and a sort of natural beauty most of us have never seen in our *lives*.

We have building materials now, farmable soil, protection, water, and food. *Resources*.



A purpose.

"Utopia" isn't a joke anymore.

I kinda think it'll be our life's work. We'll raise *families* here.

Our numbers keep growing. We arrived here as twenty lost souls. But as word spread--thanks to Tony Stark and the media--mutants who never dared show themselves before are now arriving daily.

The option of the cure doesn't exist for them. But even if it did...



...Why would they take it?

When we've proven what a mutant society can do?



We call the entrance to Utopia "the broad approaches," and I make sure every one of us gets a chance to be a greeter, to see the looks on the faces of those who walk up that meadow...

...and realize they've come home.



And that it's as amazing as we think it is.

Most of us think it is, anyway.



I'm their enemy.

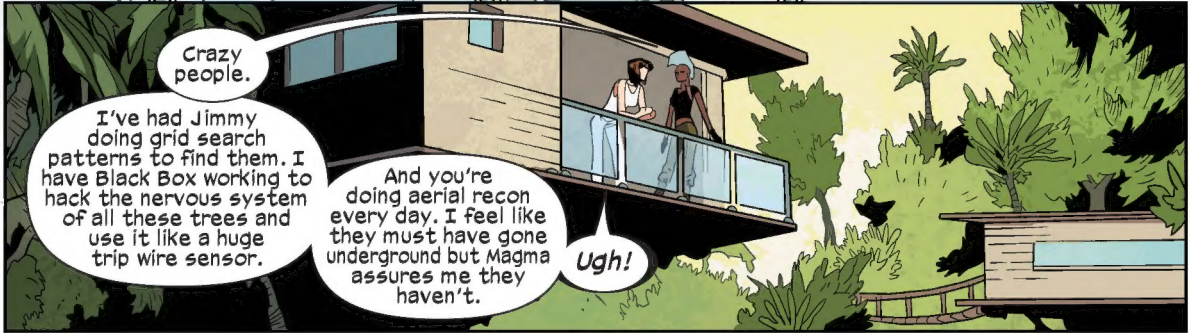
Whatever.

Remember?



Kitty, do you think Mach Two and her people are even still *inside* Utopia?

Maybe they followed their own advice and left to "take the fight to the enemy."



Crazy people.

I've had Jimmy doing grid search patterns to find them. I have Black Box working to hack the nervous system of all these trees and use it like a huge trip wire sensor.

And you're doing aerial recon every day. I feel like they must have gone underground but Magma assures me they haven't.

Ugh!



Wanna go flying?

Not now.



Jimmy's supposed to be back soon. I should wait.

Suit yourself. But you know...



...All these new people arriving? It's a good time to be *single*.

But hey, at least you got him to get a haircut.

Jimmy Hudson. **James** Hudson. He's starting to answer to that now. It suits him.

We're all changing for the better.

Rogue's pulled out of her shell. With the voices and the visions banished for good, and her brief romance with Quentin Quire fading from memory...

...she is finally free, completely free.

She spends hours each day in the forest, surrounded by so much life. "It's life I can touch," she says. "An endless source of life that gives and gives and gives."

I've never seen Marian look so happy and so healthy.

We've had ethical debates on the nature of the sentient seed, and the forest it grew for us.

There is an intelligence there, but it's limited, primitive. Our best theory is a sort of symbiosis, with us as the host consciousness.

I can hear you.

We feel taken care of. Watched over.

I can feel you.

Thank you. For everything.

It thrives, and us along with it.



ELSEWHERE.

**WARPATH.
MUSCLE.**

Well, screw
you too, Mother
Nature.

Psylocke,
you here?

Behind
you.



Still
the angriest
fourteen-year-
old girl ever.

How is
she?

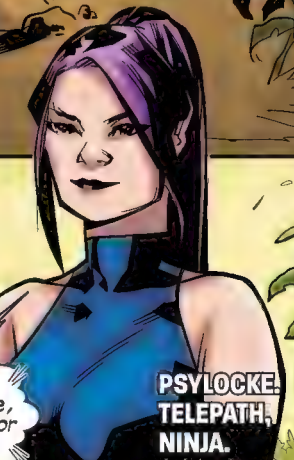
Report?

Nothing to
report. Claw-boy
is still running his
search grids, but
he always misses
us by miles.

And you're
welcome for
that.

I should
be in charge,
for all I do for
everyone.

Mach
Two?



**PSYLOCKE.
TELEPATH.
NINJA.**



I'd vote for you.

Of course you would. You're in love with me.

And more thinking, less talking, idiot. Especially when it's about her royal highness Nomi Blume.



I'm not an idiot.

Oh, you have your qualities, I'll admit.

But mutiny isn't one of them, so hush. As long as Nomi's running this little insurgency, she's the one with the target on her back. I have no burning desire to be that person.

It leaves me free.



To do what?

To fully infiltrate that army base of soldiers down the highway. Kitty's backup, should she ever call for it, won't be picking up the phone.



You're welcome for that, too.

Wanna take a walk in the woods?



...With me?

On second thought, you should stop the talking and the thinking. This'll all go so much better.

**FARBIRD.
AERIAL RECON FOR KAREN GRANT.**



MISTRESS.

MISTRESS. THIS IS FARBIRD.

...Farbird, yes. I'm sorry, I was sleeping.

FORGIVE ME--

No need. Do you have news for me?

**KAREN GRANT.
DUAL PSIONIC TRAITS,
TELEKINESIS & TELEPATHY,
MISTRESS OF TIAN.**

FARBIRD REGRETS TO REPORT NO VISUAL CONTACT WITH THE UTOPIA MUTANTS IN NEARLY SEVENTY-TWO HOURS. THE FOLIAGE BLOCKS EVEN MY OPTICAL RECEPTORS.

I HAVE FAILED YOU.

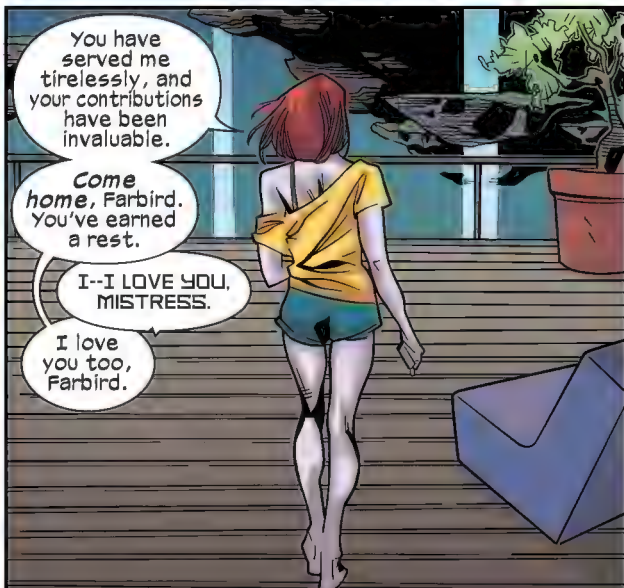
Don't be foolish.

You have served me tirelessly, and your contributions have been invaluable.

Come home, Farbird. You've earned a rest.

I--I LOVE YOU, MISTRESS.

I love you too, Farbird.





...
Liz? We've
lost aerial
recon.

Next
steps?

I've done
nothing for the last
week but review
footage of mutants
streaming into
this "Utopia," only
to disappear from my
sight once they enter.

It's completely
unacceptable.



If this
is to be some
supposed "Mutant
Homeland"...

...Perhaps it's
time I became
a refugee. Went
on a pilgrimage
and saw things
for myself.

I'll
let Derek
know.

Let's all
meet up at
0600 hours.
And Liz?



...
Karen?





Start
addressing
me as Jean
Grey.

UTOPIA.



It didn't stop with the mutant seed. We *began* there out of sheer necessity, and it's honest to say it was something of an accidental discovery.

But since then? I'm *proud* of my friends, who have been applying their skills to improving life for everyone in Utopia.

It goes beyond just providing the basics. We're inventing. Innovating. Creating new technologies and approaches. With Tony Stark's help, we're filing patents and incorporating.

We are a true nation, with a (small) treasury, mineral wealth, a viable population that grows with each day, and the start of a governing concept.



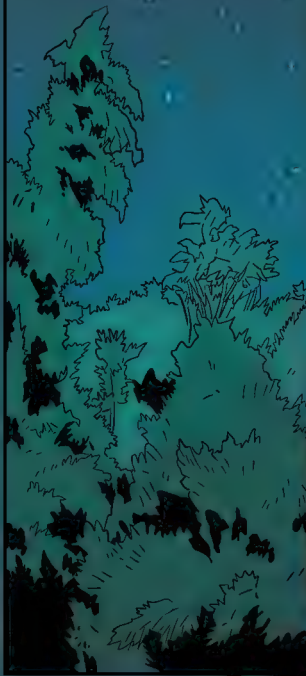
That's my contribution: a peaceful collective. A promise of nonviolence and a dedication to the sciences and to human rights.



Forgive the phrasing.



ELSEWHERE.

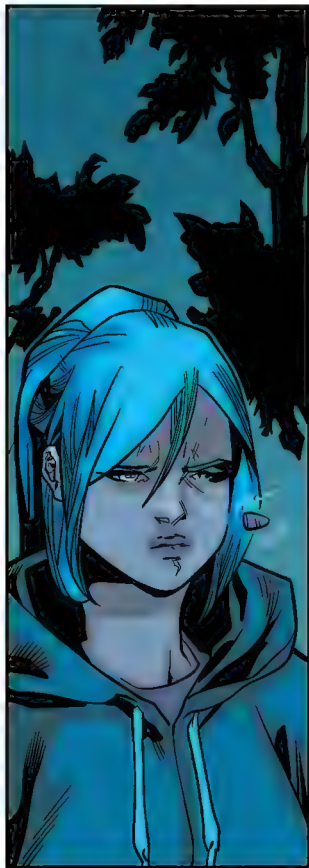


CHK



BLAMM

**NOMI BLUME.
aka MACH TWO.
CONTROLS METAL,
CAN INHIBIT KITTY'S PHASING POWER.**



LEADER OF THE INSURGENCY.

WASHINGTON, D.C.

So are we agreed?

No more overt attacks, yes. There's only so much we can pull from the discretionary budget under the guise of black ops.

The mutants have been shoring up their defenses. Another military action would be pointless. We need to work the political angle.



The good captain dotted his I's and crossed his T's, but my legal counsel see nothing in his executive order that can't be undone.

Public perception will be the biggest hurdle.

Absurd. Mutants are **toxic** in the polls.



We'll steamroll over them. The **law**, my friends, can sometimes do wonderful things.

No American is going to support those creatures once they start breaking federal law.



And the business community?

We'll be assigning no-bid contracts. Have your office submit candidates.

Once we make the case that the mutants are United States government property, so goes their patents and copyrights.



And the sentient seed?

Including that. Stark Industries may seem formidable, my friends...



...But in this instance they have *jack*. We can reverse-engineer this seed and nullify its effects within weeks.

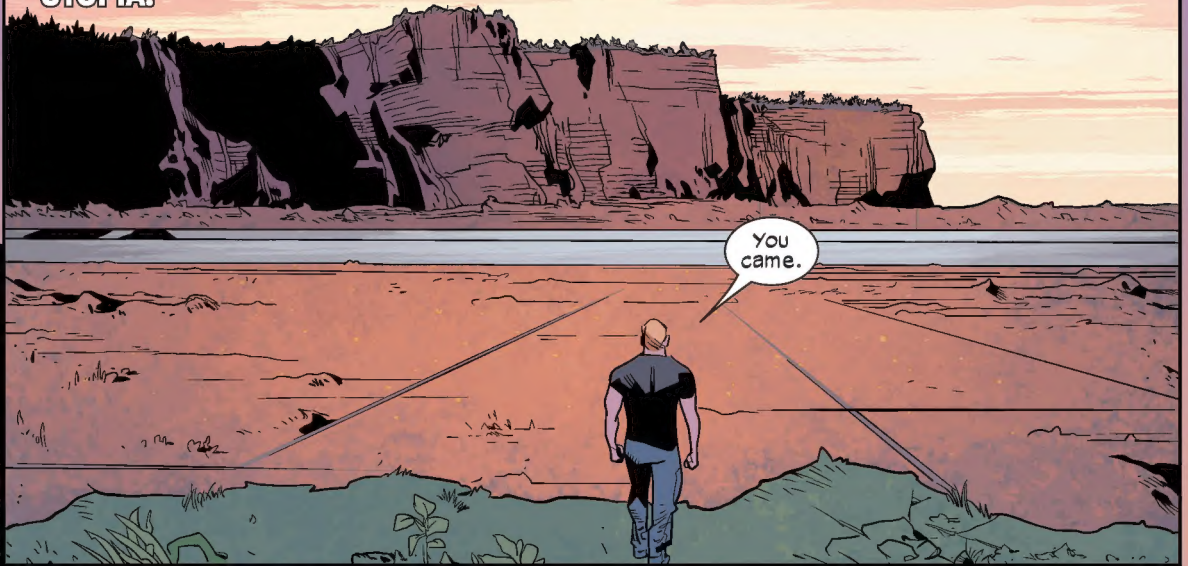
So shall we say...Five days? We'll be back on the Hill in as much time. Have your legal teams ready.



We were knocked back on our heels, people, but America can be great again. We can again be the strategic and economic powerhouse we once were.

Think of your grandchildren.

UTOPIA.



You came.



We're giving you thirty seconds, Hudson.

Make your pitch.

TO BE CONTINUED...

NEXT:



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