

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!

Their most recent adventure took father and son across the galaxy on a hunt for the Black Vortex, a strange and mysterious object capable of granting impossible cosmic power to whoever submits to it. Scott was reunited with his fellow X-Men, and many of the galaxy's other most powerful heroes, but he was separated from his father, and then he, and his friends Iceman and Groot, ended up imprisoned by an intergalactic Big Bad known as Mister Knife.

But there's nothing to worry about, right? Scott Summers has escaped from far more dire predicaments than this. He's confident his dad will be along to rescue him any minute now. And once Scott and Corsair are back together, there will be no stopping them...

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IT WAS AN
AUDACIOUS
RESCUE.

HEADING DIRECTLY
INTO THE BELLY
OF THE BEAST.

IN THIS CASE, LITERALLY--
INTO A FLYING ALIEN
SPACE-WHALE THAT SERVED
AS THE "FLYING FORTRESS"
OF AN INTERGALACTIC SPACE
CREEP NAMED MISTER KNIFE.

PERSONNEL
TRANSPORT TO
SHUTTLE BAY FIFTEEN.
PERMISSION
TO BOARD.

PROCEED,
SHUTTLE
TRANSPORT.

WHERE THE THREE
OF US WERE BEING
HELD PRISONER.

ME, MY COOL-CAT COLLEAGUE BOBBY
DRAKE--BETTER KNOWN AROUND THE
X-MANSION AS ICEMAN--AND A WEIRD,
MONOSYLLABIC WALKING GERANIUM
THAT CALLS HIMSELF GROOT.



IT WON'T
BE LONG
NOW.

I CAN
FEEL IT.

I AM
GROOT.



WE WERE RESCUED BY ONE OF KNIFE'S MERCENARIES.

ACTUALLY, BY SOMEBODY WHO'D USED HIS UNDERWORLD CONNECTIONS TO GET A JOB AS ONE OF KNIFE'S MERCENARIES.

LINE UP, YOU SCUM.

LET ME GET A LOOK AT YOU.



IN ORDER TO INFILTRATE KNIFE'S LAIR.

KEEP UP NOW. LET'S SEE WHAT THE BOSS HAS TO SAY ABOUT YOU SORRY-LOOKING LOT.

AND THEN?



EXACTLY THE SORT OF RESCUE YOU'D EXPECT FROM ONE OF THE GALAXY'S PREMIER SPACE PIRATES.

LOOK ALIVE, BOYS! I'M BUSTING YOU OUT.



FROM THE CAPTAIN OF THE INFAMOUS PIRATE SPACECLUTTER, THE STARJAMMER.

CHRIS SUMMERS.

MY DAD--

DAD!

SORRY, GUYS, BUT KNIFE'S GOT AN ENTIRE ARMY OF MERCENARY SOLDIERS ON THIS TUB.

IF YOU WANT TO GET OUT OF HERE IN ONE PIECE, YOU BETTER BE READY FOR A FIGHT.



IT WAS THE SORT OF
BOLD RESCUE AND
DARING ESCAPE PEOPLE
WOULD BE TALKING
ABOUT FOR YEARS.





A STORY ABOUT MY FATHER THAT I'D BE TELLING MY OWN SON SOMEDAY.

PERFECTLY PLANNED.

PERFECTLY EXECUTED.

THERE WAS ONLY ONE PROBLEM.