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AUSTEN
LARROCA
MIKI

UNCANNY

X-MEN[®]



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ARNI

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SHE LIES WITH ANGELS 1 OF 5

SHE LIES WITH

ANGELS

CHUCK AUSTEN WRITER
SALVADOR LARROCA PENCILS & COVER
DANNY MIKINKS INKS

PART 1 OF 5

⊗ CUMBERLAND, KENTUCKY.

My hometown.

Small. Quiet.
Peaceful.

Wish it had
stayed
that way.

Look at
this guy, Jeb!
No hit points. No
decent weapons.
An' a stupid
name.

"Saryan
the UGLY!"

Oh, come
on, Ray-- *that*
ain't ugly. Every
Cabot in the
county is uglier
'n *that*!

So true,
my friend.
Abel... Julia...
Ben.

An' don't
forget
Abraham!

Now, you
want ugly, *that*
guy's *uuuuugly*!
That guy could stop
a *train* with
his face!

UDON COLORS VIRTUAL CALLIGRAPHY'S RUS WOOTON LETTERS CORY SEDLMEIER & STEPHANIE MOORE ASSISTANT EDITORS MIKE MARTS EDITOR JOE QUESADA CHIEF DAN BUCKLEY PUBLISHER

You hear that, Abe?
Those turds are
ridin' you, man.

I hear
'em,
Panny.

Whole
town can
hear 'em.

Well, sure, Jeb...
but they couldn't
rightly put *his* face
inside a computer
game, now could
they?

Some
innocent
child might
get hurt!

You got a
point there,
Ray.

A face like
that should be
governed by the
Nuclear Regulatory
Commission!

I heard
Ben Grimm
himself came
through town
one time...

...an' he
just stopped
dead in his *tracks*
when he saw *Abraham*
Cabot! And he was,
like, *screamin'*...



...*"Please don't hurt me! Please, just look the other way! Look the other way!"*

"For heaven's sake, look the other way!"



And *that's* how Ben Grimm turned into rocks...

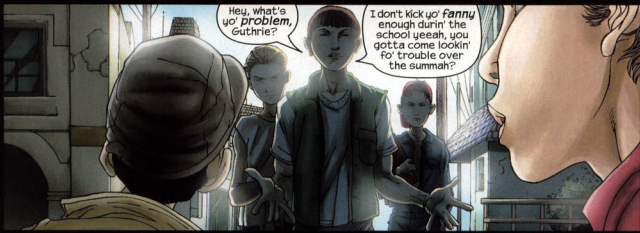
...an' became *The Thing*.

That's how it happened? And here I always thought it was *cosmic rays!* But *this* makes much more sense!



Just imagine, Ray, a whole life *ruined* by a Cabot!

I can *relate*.



Hey, what's yo' *problem*, Guthrie?

I don't kick yo' *fanny* enough durin' the school yeeah, you gotta come lookin' fo' trouble over the summah?



Pretty much, Abraham.

Yeah.



You and yo' whole family ain't nevah been nothin' but dirt, Guthrie!

And what's worse, y'all still hang out with Raymond's kind, an' all.

Hey, whatta you mean by that?



But then again, some a y'all's family turned out to be muties...

?



...and muties is LESS than dirt!



SMACK!



What do you mean, "some" of my family are muties, Cabot?



I just hit puberty...

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AAAAHH!

**ZZZZZ
TTTTT**









Ya idjit, Raymond-- will you all just settle down for a minute?!

But he coulda KILLED Jeb--

I know, but--



--listen, you two, I MEAN IT!



Simmer DOWN already, will ya?



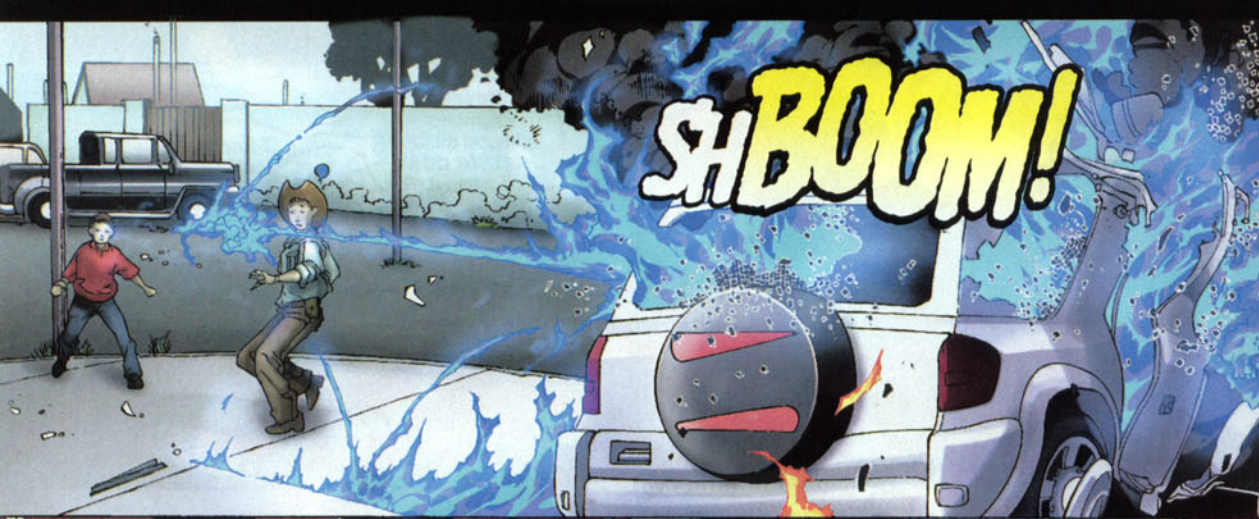
Before somebody REALLY--



--gets hurt--



ZZZZZZZZZZTTTT





ASSSSSSSS



Sweet mother of Mary.





YOU WANNA
MESS WITH
ME AND MY
FRIENDS?

THIS IS WHAT
HAPPENS,
PEOPLE!

Shut
it down,
Jeb.



What are
you talkin' about,
"SHUT IT DOWN,"
Pete?

These
guys JUMPED
me. You
saw--

I said shut
it down,
Jeb.



You were
sittin' right
over there!

You SAW
them jump
me--



I said
shut it down,
Jeb! NOW!

Turn off
the eyes,
and lie FACE
DOWN on the
street!



Pete,
this is
BULL!

You SAW
Abe hit me,
and you SAW--



⊗ WESTCHESTER, NEW YORK





"What can I do for you?"

What am I, a *business associate*, Warren?



I'm sorry, Paige, I--

--how *should* I be talking to you?

Warren, you came to *me*, all right?

You--



All right. Let's lay it all out on the line.

You came to *me* and seemed like you wanted to begin a *relationship*.

I had an *attraction* to you, sure.

But I have an *attraction* to Brad Pitt and accept that *that's* never going to happen either, so--



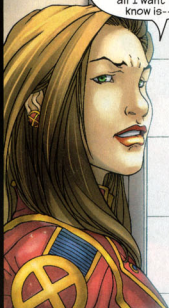
Brad Pitt?



He's *cute*. Let me finish.

The point is, *you* expressed interest. I *know* you did. And I know I didn't *imagine* it.

And now you're *walking away* from me all the time, and all I want to know is--



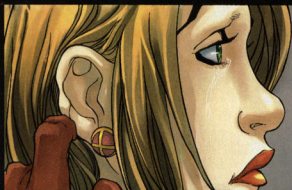
Oh, I promised myself I wouldn't *do* this.

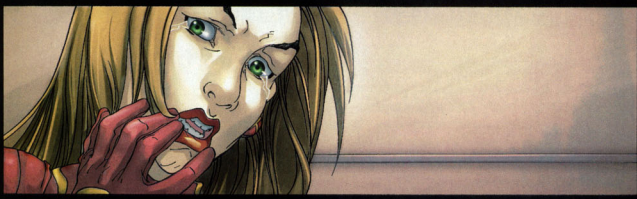


All I want to know is...

...Warren?

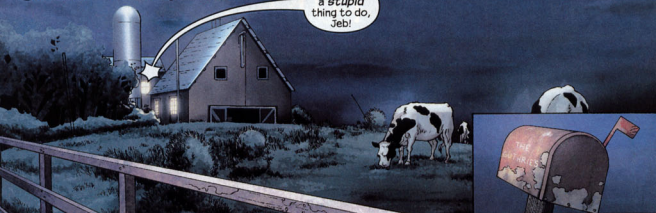
Should I turn my interests elsewhere and stop bothering you?





⊗ CUMBERLAND, KENTUCKY.

It was a *stupid* thing to do, Jeb!



Would you stop *saying* that, Mom?

Everyone knows "*stupid*" is your favorite word in the world when it comes to us, but we got *company*, all right?

Warren here healed my shoulder and the house is insured, and no one got very *hurt*, so--

Don't make it any less *stupid* what you done, Jeb.



Pete here tells me you were *antagonizin'* 'em. *Lookin'* for a fight.



Ah, Mom. We were just *goofin'* around.

Words don't hurt no one.



That right, Ray junior?

Words don't hurt no one?

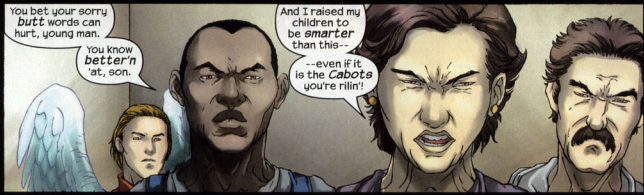
Well, I...

You bet your sorry butt words can hurt, young man.

You know better'n 'at, son.

And I raised my children to be *smarter* than this--

--even if it is the *Cabots* you're rilin'!



Well, that's the *point*, ain't it?

It's the *Cabots* behind all this, and it's *always* the Cabots ever since Dad died--!



But this time it was *YOU*, Jebediah!

And I never thought I'd see the day that one o' my own offspring would *EVER* do something as mean and spiteful--

--you're lucky that boy wasn't electrocuted to death!



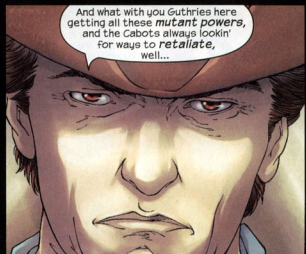
I been practicing, Ma.

I know the limitations of my powers.



Yeah, that's why we *decided* to do this, because we knew it would...





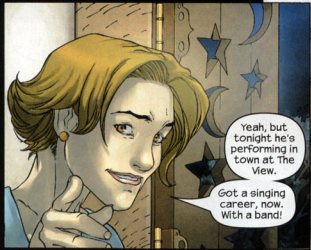


This is what comes of not having a **father** around to keep y'all in line.



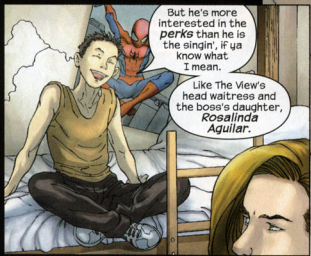
Speaking of which, where's **Josh**? Shouldn't he be here?

He always took it upon himself to play "Dad", since me and Sam left.



Yeah, but tonight he's performing in town at The View.

Got a singing career, now. With a band!



But he's more interested in the **perks** than he is the singin', if ya know what I mean.

Like The View's head waitress and the boss's daughter, **Rosalinda Aguilar**.



Well, at least **someone** in this family has a love life that's going somewhere.

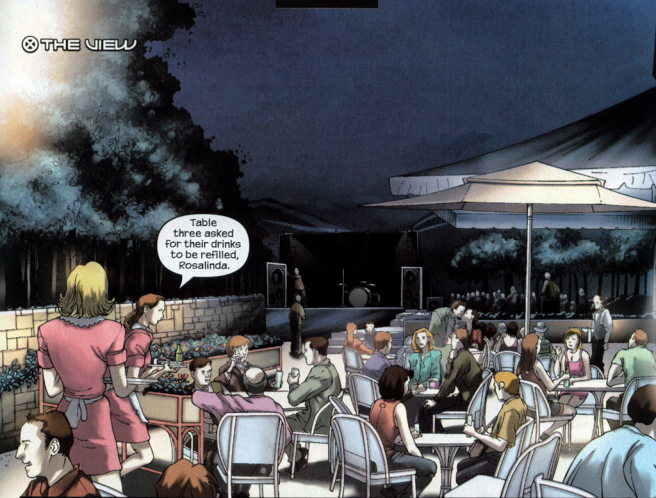


Table three asked for their drinks to be refilled, Rosalinda.



I'll get to it.

They seemed kind of *upset*. Like they'd been *waiting* a while.



I said I'd *get* to it.

You *worry* too much, Cabot.

Well, why can't you *get* to it *now*?

What are you *waiting* for?



The show's about to begin.

The lights dim.

The crowd stills.

And the music
spreads like
dawn...

...bathing the
room with
pleasure
and *awe*.



His voice is
magnificent.

Confident
and sure.

But when the harmonies
flow in underneath, the
combined vocals surge
through me like honeyed
lava...




...they stop my
heart for just a
moment...

...and make
me forget to
breathe.



Make us all
forget to
breathe.





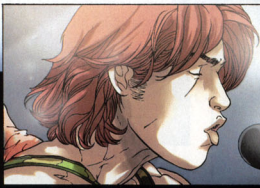
And only then do I see--
the other band members'
mouths are *closed*.

All these liquid
harmonies stream
from *his* lips, and
his alone.

Like a choir
of *angels*.

A choir
of *One*.

A choir whose wondrous
vocals give gentle birth
to sad, *silken* words
of lost innocence...



...of unrequited love
during a summer of
swimming in cool,
clear pools of
childhood joy...

...of the inevitable, tragic
separation of those who--
in all the world--are the
only two whose passion
could *ever* be
so pure...

...and the
hopelessness
of finding such
love again,
in this life.



Wow, my
heart skipped
a beat. We're
dating, you
know. Me an'
Josh.

That's why
he's looking
at me.

He's looking
at me.



Why he's
singing this
song to
me.

And he's singing
this song to me.



Please,
God...



...let him
be singing
this song
to me.

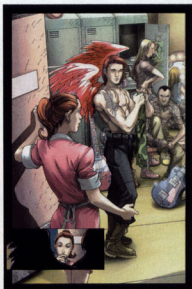
⊗ TO BE CONTINUED

X-MAIL

Hey, kids! Welcome back! We've been gone for a while, but our consciences got the best of us, so because you demanded it, True Believers, letters pages are back. We'll be here to answer your letters, hype the BIG, BIG plans for the future of your favorite merry mutants and answer the questions you've been burning to know.

First and foremost, we'd like to usher in our hot new art team of Salvador "Lightning" Larroca, "Dangerous" Danny Miki and "Unstoppable" UDON Studios. They'll be here with us throughout our star-crossed story "Romeo X" and into the future headed up by your Uncanny X-Scribe Chuck Austen.

See ya soon!
Cory



CORY SEDLMEIER
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**WHEREFORE ART
THOU X-MEN?
OH, YOU JUST
WAIT AND SEE.**