

MARVEL

4011

UNCANNY X-MEN

AUSTEN • GARNEY • MORALES

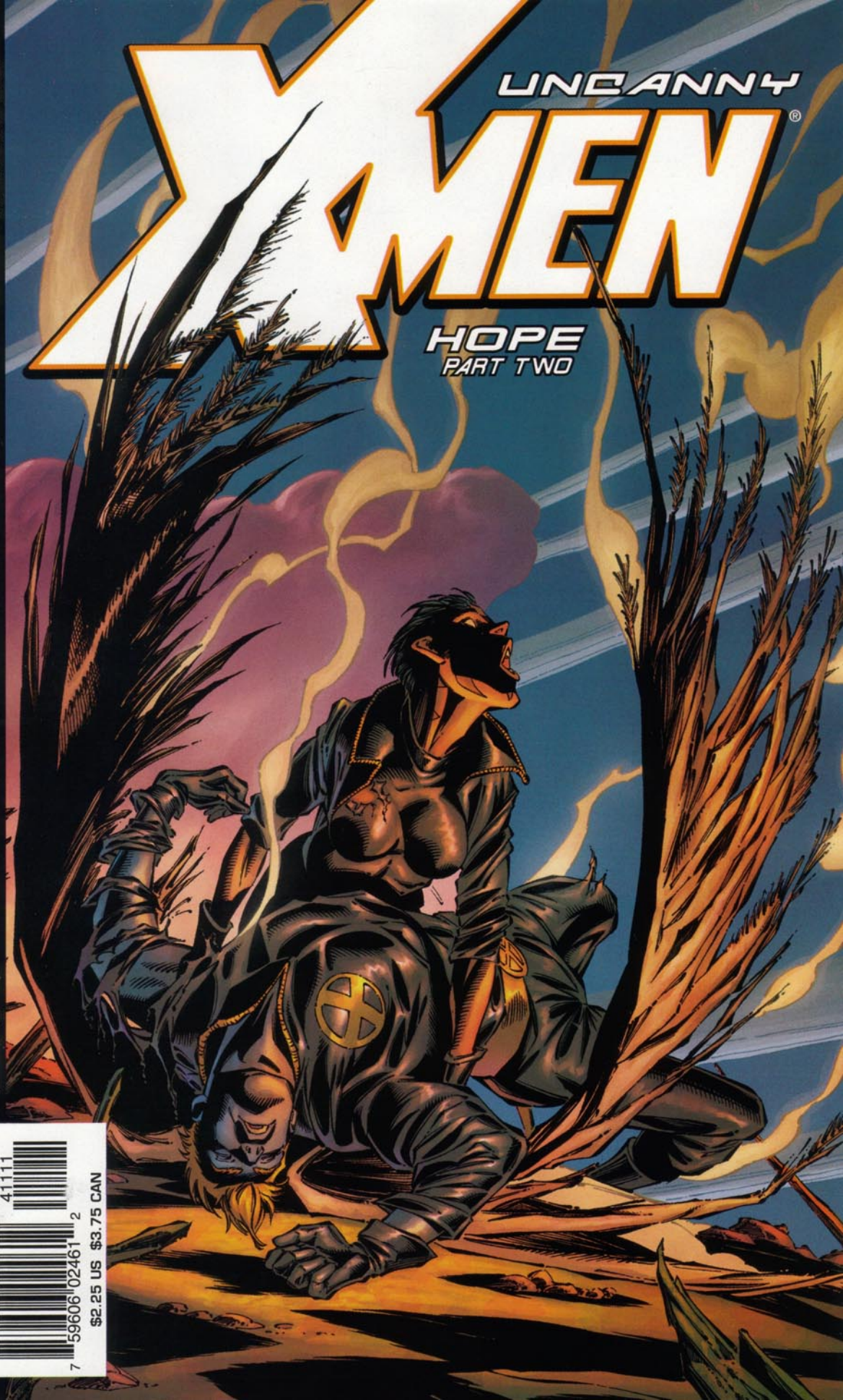
MARVEL PG



UNCANNY X-MEN

UNCANNY

HOPE
PART TWO



DIRECT EDITION

41111

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VANCOUVER, CANADA

Nothing ever goes like it's supposed to.

Professor Xavier? What is it?

Is everything all right?

Like, at my age, I should be nervous about zits, my voice changing... maybe growing some chest hair.

No, Hank. Wolverine is down, Monet is missing, Warren's heart has stopped beating...

...and my maniacal stepbrother Cain -- the Juggernaut -- is attacking.

I never in a million years thought my nose would fall off, gills would grow, my fingers would web and... well...

...other stuff I'd rather not talk about.

I'll get us to Scotland immediately.

Stacy? Are you there? Focus on me for a moment, can you?

Then, today, I never expected Xavier to show up. Who would?

I never expected him to ask me to come to his school, I never expected my parents to say yes --

Stacy? You must keep Warren's blood oxygenated and moving.

-- and I never thought I'd be hanging out while the X-Men all got slaughtered!

Hank, I've lost contact!



CASSIDY KEEP, SCOTLAND



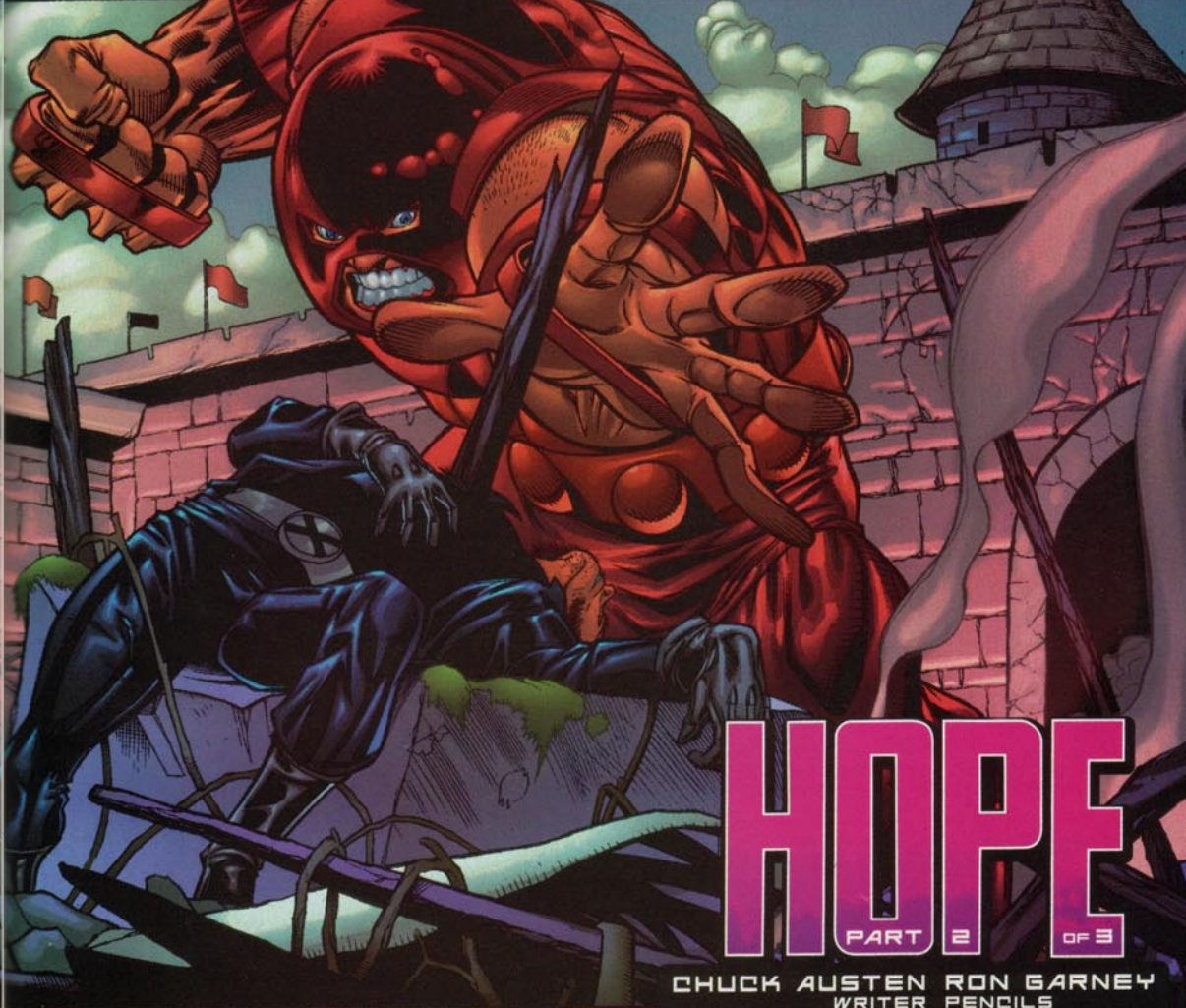
X-MEN

FEARED & HATED BY A WORLD THEY HAVE SWORN TO PROTECT

STAN LEE PRESENTS

UNCANNY

Juggernaut's going to kill us all!



HOPE

PART 2 OF 3

CHUCK AUSTEN RON GARNEY
WRITER PENCILS
MARK MORALES INKS



Not all of us, Stacy. You maybe.





SSHAAAACRICK



BOOM!

How 'bout that one, huh?!

That work a little better for ya, Juggy?!

What do we do, Kurt, what do we do?

If we don't keep Warren's blood flowing, his brain will die.

Oh, my God... Warren...

...I'm so sorry.

AAAhhh!

THWLP

PLP

PLP

CRASH! CRASH! CRASH!



Grab onto him, Stacy! Don't let him go!

I can't, Kurt! I --
-- there's nothing --



Dammit! What the hell is going on here?!

And where is Monet?

Who cares? We have to find Warren!

His brain will die, you said so!



Get Wolverine to cover! I'll try to slow Juggernaut down!

SHAAAL RICKLE



Um, Guys?

Cover's back that way.



Come on, Bobby.

We don't leave one of our own behind.



This--



--is--



--getting--



--SO--



--old!



Is this how you treat people who call your eight-hundred number for help?!



God, you can tick a guy off. Follow me.



You made the distress call? A real one?



Buncha rocket scientists.



Who else do you see here?



But, you mean a *genuine* distress call?

You're asking for our *help* with something?

Then why didn't you just come out and say that?

What's with the "clip my toenails" and yanking out the stake, and--?!



Oh, I'm sorry, Wolverine. How *awful* of me.

You didn't like that wooden spike jammed through your lung?



Sure. Loved it.



Then I'll be sure to put it *back* when we're all done.



But at the moment, I need you *whole*.

So heal up, animal, 'cause now that he's got bird-boy and the girl, he's going to get a lot *stronger*, fast.

Who's gonna get a lot stronger--?



CHPOOM

POOM

CHPOOM



AAAAhh!

CRASH CRASH



**ROSY MANOR
CONVALESCENT
HOSPITAL,
UPSTATE, NEW YORK**

I was thinking about getting him one of those Razor scooters, and then, suddenly, they're out of style...

...no one's riding 'em anymore.



You just can't stay up with trends these days.

It's like buying a computer, you know?



You walk out one door and the newest model is going in the other.



Nnnh!

Of course, you don't strike me as a computer man. You seem more the rugged, outdoorsy type to me.



Not that you couldn't be good with technology, but I'm betting you preferred happy trails to hard drives.



All right.

You ready to go out and get a little sun there, Mr. Doe?





I brought the usual assortment of magazines today.

Some news, some smut, a little gossip --

-- all my favorites.

I'd bring stuff *you* liked if you'd just speak up and tell me what you wanted, but *nooo...* you're the strong, silent type.



Of course, I'm assuming you speak *English*. Maybe *that's* the problem.

Sprechen Sie Deutsch?



If you do, we're screwed, 'cause that's all the German I know.



Annie will *never* give up on him, will she?



Yeah, well, he's a handsome man, and she's a single mother who doesn't get out much.



Oh, don't make this into something ugly.

I'm not, I'm not.



If she takes better care of him because she secretly wishes he'd come out of it, and carry her off into the sunset --



-- well, it's probably good for both of them.



Sometimes the only thing that keeps us going --



-- is hope.



Nnnnhh...

That's it. There's the sun.

In the year I've known you, that's been your one given...

...the sun really seems to charge you up.

Hi, Mommy.

Hi, sweetie.



So what should we read to Mr. Doe first today, Carter --

-- tragedy or smut?

News.



You sure you wouldn't rather read smut? It's good for you.

Look, there's a monkey-boy on the cover.

That stuff's for kids.

As opposed to what you are.



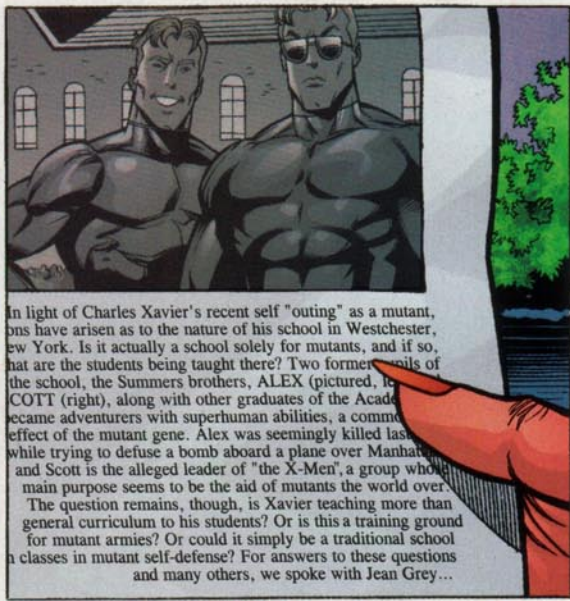
All right, boring old news it is.

Let's see, here's more on that school in Westchester that nearly got destroyed --

-- that mutant hideaway.

Newstrack







It's Black Tom!

He's changing-- mutating further!

He's fighting it!

What does that mean?!

Who's Black Tom?!

The big guy's --

»HNNH!»

-- boyfriend.

First you come crawling back, Cain --

-- useless to me --

Who are those dead people up there?!

Tom! Don't! Please!

I brought them here to help!

Bite me, dog-boy! He's my partner!

-- your powers a dim shadow of what they once were.

And now you do *this*?

My worst enemies...

...and you shame me by asking for their help?!



Tom, this change --
-- it's killing you.



No.
It's killing you.



YAAAAHH!
SHUCK
THWIP
KLP



SHUCK



SHUCK



My eyes will grow back, little ferret.
But will your limbs once torn from their sockets do the same?
Will the girl's?



KLP
SHUCK
THWIP

Stop struggling or I'll indulge my curiosity.



Tommm!!



What the hell's going on, Cain?

I don't know!

He's... he's *changing*, taking root or something!

He's faster, stronger --

Prettier.



Laugh it up, *scruffy*. That man was my friend when no one else *would* be.

I would do anything for him. **Anything.**

Like die?



Noo! Nooo!! Gggnnhh!

Easy, girl. Take it easy.

Like call Xavier for help! **The useless piece of \$#%!**



I can't breathe! I can't -- **I'm choking!**

You mean the Xavier who --



-- in spite of everything you've ever done or tried to do to him over the years --

-- in spite of what a piece of garbage you are --

Gaaah!



-- sent us here to *help* someone --

-- not caring whether they were human or mutant...

...or miserable, lying, ungrateful stepbrothers like you.



While the man you'd do **anything** for drains you like a spider on a fly.



I'm so glad your lung healed.

Yeah. Me, too.

Aaahh!



Lord above, did you hear that?

We've got to find them, Kurt.

We've got to find them now!



I know that, Bobby, but this castle is enormous. Maybe we should split up.

No, there's got to be a faster way.



What are you doing?



Water is the core component of anything organic.

And I have a unique relationship with water.



In a root system, it would flow toward the main trunk.



FSHAAAA



Now. Shall we see what the main trunk looks like?



I don't know, Squidbert. What do you think I'm hiding in my pants?



Xavier's School for the Gifted is currently closed.

Oh, hello.



I'm trying to reach --

If you'd like to leave a message, press "one". If this is an emergency --



BEEP



BEEEEP

Yes.

Uh, hi.

My name is Annie Ghazikhanian.

I'm a nurse at a convalescent hospital in Upstate New York.

It's a hospital that, well... we handle, umm...



...you know, homeless or unidentified patients that have been warded to the state, because --

-- you know --

-- they have no family...



What time did this message come in?

Ssssh.

Anyway... what I'm getting at is --

-- umm, well --

-- I was hoping that someone could get a message to Scott Summers that --

-- umm --



-- that I think we have his brother Alex and he's alive.

Oh my God.



Aaahh!

Aaaaahh!

Aaaaahh!

AAAAHh!



Guuuhh
OOOuuu!!



GUUUHH
OOOuuu!!

Dear
God --



CONTINUED