

MARVEL
PG 413

AUSTEN
PHILLIPS

X-MEN[®]

UNCANNY



DIRECT EDITION



41311



\$2.25 US \$3.75 CAN

Change is coming. A new breed of man has emerged. They are the Children of the Atom, Homo Superior, individuals gifted with strange and fantastic abilities simply by virtue of their genetic makeup.

Stan Lee
presents...

UNCANNY X-MEN



PREVIOUSLY in UNCANNY X-MEN, hell froze over...



ARCHANGEL
Warren Worthington III



NIGHTCRAWLER
Kurt Wagner



ICEMAN
Bobby Drake



STACY X



WOLVERINE
Logan



JUGGERNAUT
Cain Marko




Cain Marko, the villainous man-mountain known as Juggernaut, needed help. Cain's partner-in-crime, Black Tom Cassidy, was experiencing secondary mutation, and the process seemed to be killing him. With no options and nowhere else to turn, Cain called a mutant hotline belonging to the one man in the world he hated more than anything ... his stepbrother, Charles Xavier.

Otherwise occupied on a mutant-scouting mission, Charles sent some of the X-Men to answer the distress call. They arrived to an ambush, but were eventually able to contain the threat of Black Tom. However, their victory was not without a price ... several of the X-Men sustained severe injuries, and Charles Xavier's school gained an unlikely new houseguest ... Juggernaut.

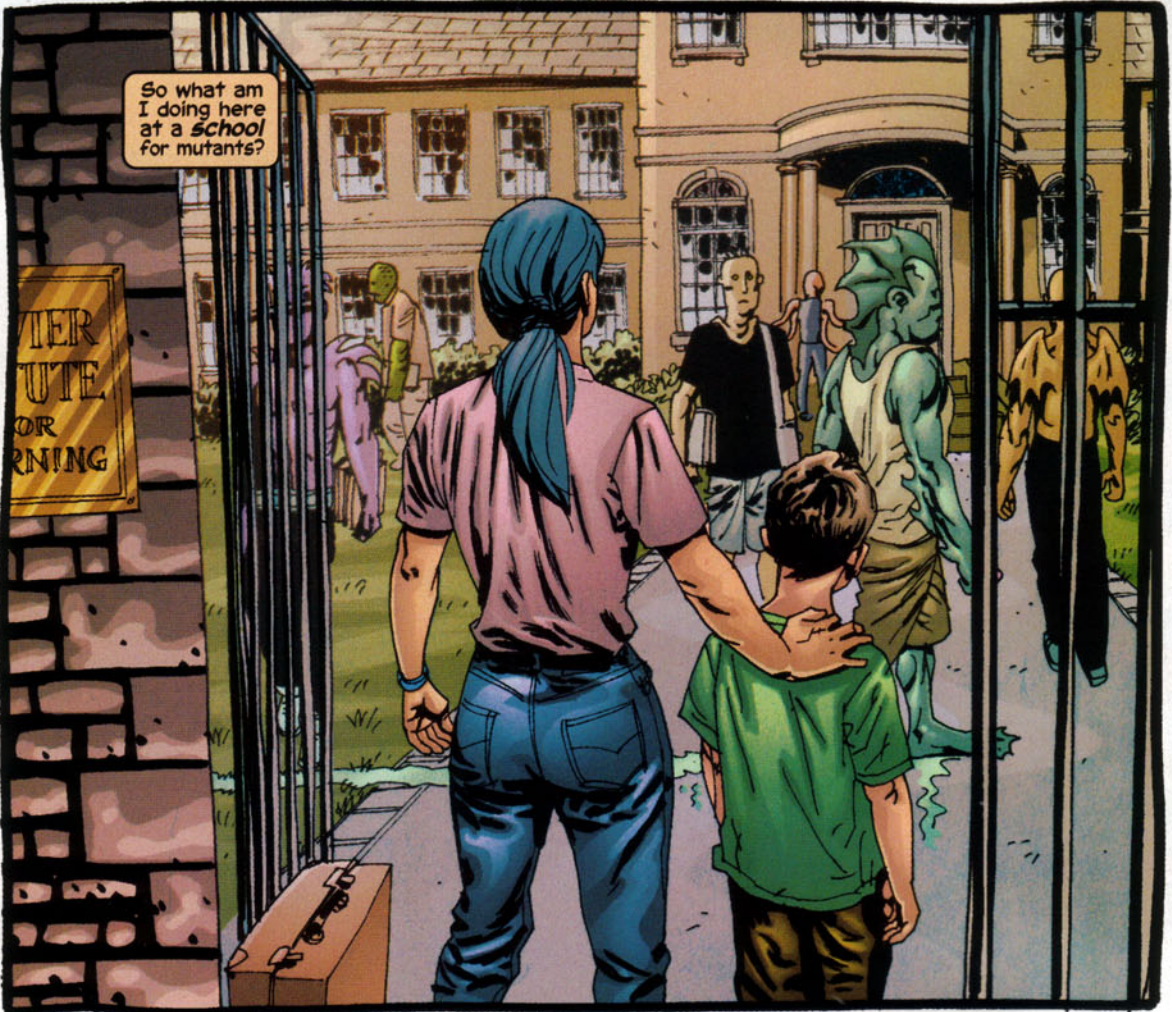
Meanwhile, Alex Summers, the long-missing brother of X-Man Scott Summers, had finally been found in a convalescent hospital in Upstate New York. Scott discovered his brother comatose and non-responsive, in the care of a young nurse named Annie Ghazikhanian. Annie, a single mother, had an obvious and unnatural attraction to Alex, a man who seemed nothing more than an empty shell.

In a move that surprised even her, Annie offered to join Xavier's mutant school to care for Alex. And when Scott accepts her offer, Annie is ready to walk out of her old life and into a new, much different experience ...



I don't like mutants.

I have my reasons.



So what am I doing here at a *school* for mutants?

INTER
MUTE
OR
RNING

STAN LEE PRESENTS THE UNCANNY X-MEN IN:

ANNIE'S MOVING STORY

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Don't stare, Carter.

I'm not staring, Mommy.

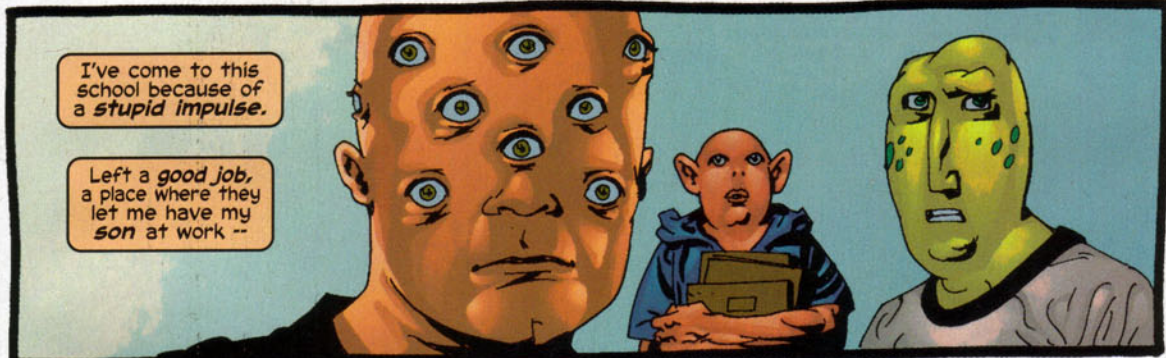


I feel guilty about my "racism".

I'm a nurse. I'm supposed to be above such things.



But I do have my reasons.



I've come to this school because of a stupid impulse.

Left a good job, a place where they let me have my son at work --



--and came to "Mutant High".

Hi, you must be Annie. I'm Paige Guthrie.

Scott asked me to meet you.

Hello. How are you?



Wasn't Scott going to be here?

He was called away, I'm afraid.



Hi! You must be Carter. Scott told me about you, too.

Hi.



He was supposed to introduce me to Professor Charles Xavier, and...

...I'm sorry, but you don't have any kind of *dangerous power* or anything, do you?

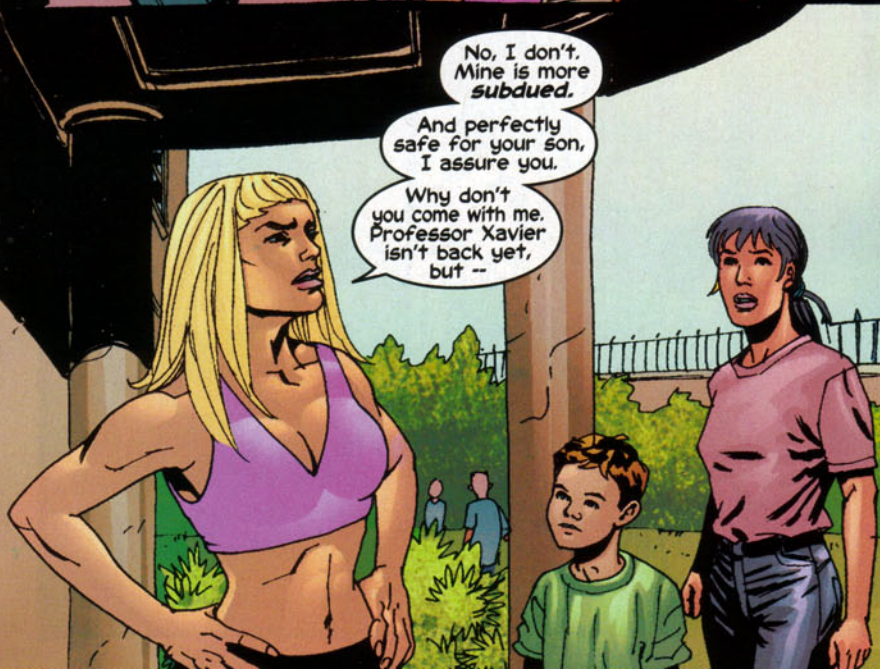
I --
-- no. No I don't.

You mean harmful to *Carter* here?



Yes. I'm sorry. I don't mean to be rude...

...but you don't seem to have an *obvious* mutation.



No, I don't. Mine is more *subdued*.

And perfectly safe for your son, I assure you.

Why don't you come with me. Professor Xavier isn't back yet, but --



HHHHHHHHHH





Wow, Mom, that's awesome!

Does that happen all the time?

Oh, this is *nothing*. Couple weeks ago we had a warship from the Shi'Ar Empire hovering overhead.

That was neat.



N/n.



Are you all right?



Yes, sir. Of course.

And the nurse is here, the one who -- right. *Alex*.

I don't know, I'll ask.

No sir, I know I don't have to speak aloud. That's for her benefit.



Professor Xavier was wondering if we could borrow your *services*.

Some of the X-Men are injured.

If you're willing, the Professor could fill you in *telepathically*. It would save --



Uh, no.

No, I'd rather he *didn't*.

But of course I'm more than willing to help.

I brought the nurse with me, Professor.

Excellent. Thank you, Paige.

Hello, Annie. My name is *Charles Xavier*. This is my school.

I apologize for having to press you into such sudden service.

Glad to do it.

I used to work in an E.R., so --

Oh, this is deep.

Yeah, it goes all the way through.



I thought it might. Why is there ice in the wound?

That's me, Bobby Drake. I do that. Make ice.

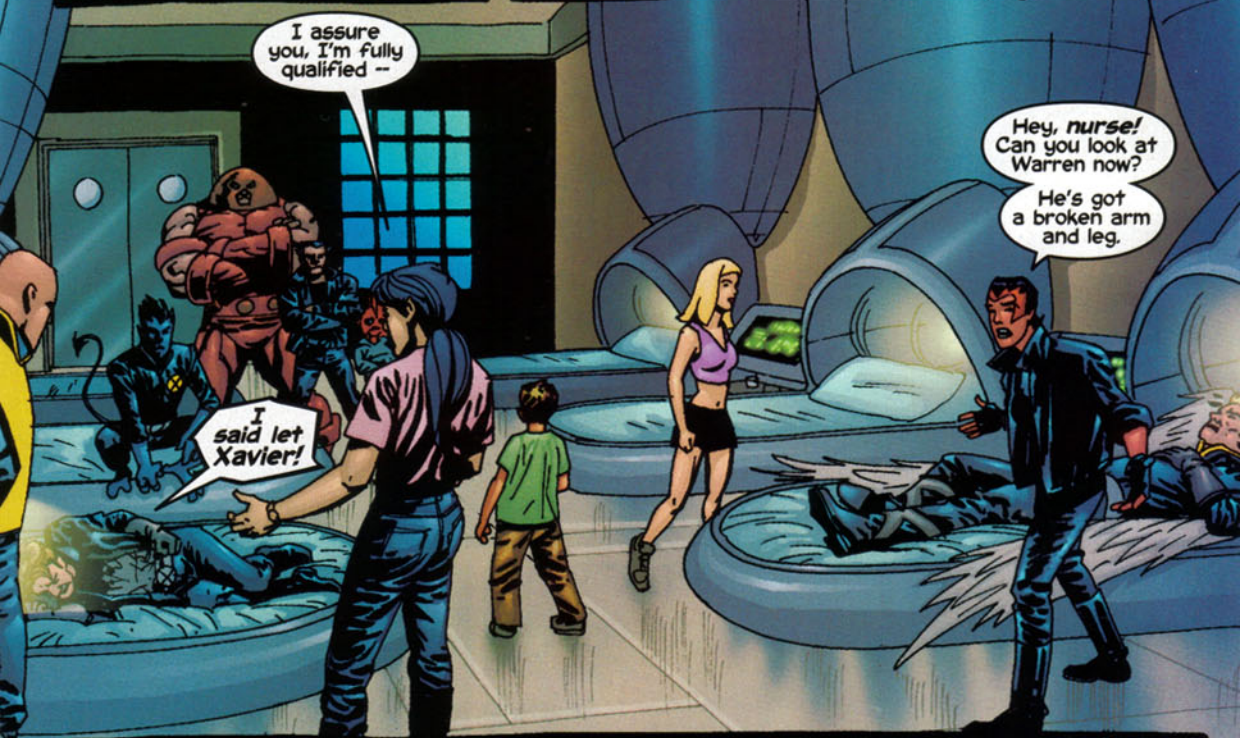


Well, that's pretty handy. I think it's keeping you alive at the moment.

I can stitch you up now, if you're --



No, let Xavier do it.



I assure you, I'm fully qualified --

I said let Xavier!

Hey, nurse! Can you look at Warren now?

He's got a broken arm and leg.



So I see. This must be causing you a lot of pain.

Not really. I feel fine actually.

Mr. Tough Guy. He's lying.

He was almost fainting on the trip back.





Stacy, you need to calm down...

For your information, I am wearing --

-- not much, lemme tell ya!



You're one to TALK, with your Frederick's of Hollywood "ravish-me-please" underwear suit!

Is that supposed to be an INSULT?!

'Cause it AINT. I like Frederick's. Frederick's is class.

Ladies --



As opposed to your HOOTERS' BUTT all hangin' out of your "look-at-my-runner's-butt" short-shorts!



Stacy, Paige, for heaven's sake --

I can't believe I'm missing this.

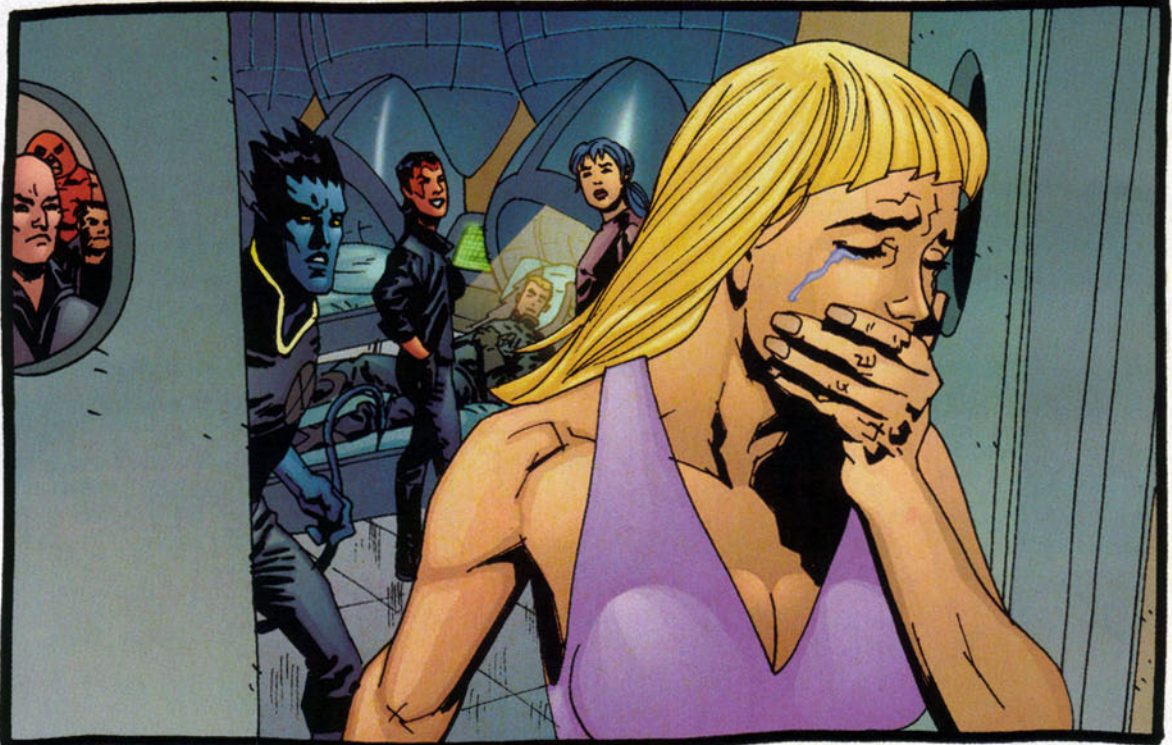
It's her fault.

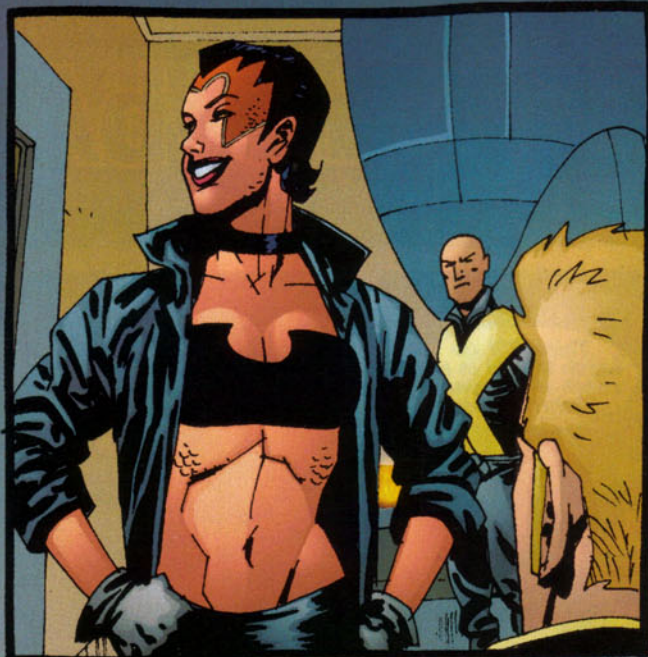


What's your PROBLEM, lady? I come in here concerned for a friend --

You came here for loooove, Princess!
I know arousal, and I "SEE" pheromones, all right --
-- and WINGS here has you foggin' the room with love like some "thanks-gimme-horn-y-o'-plenty"!



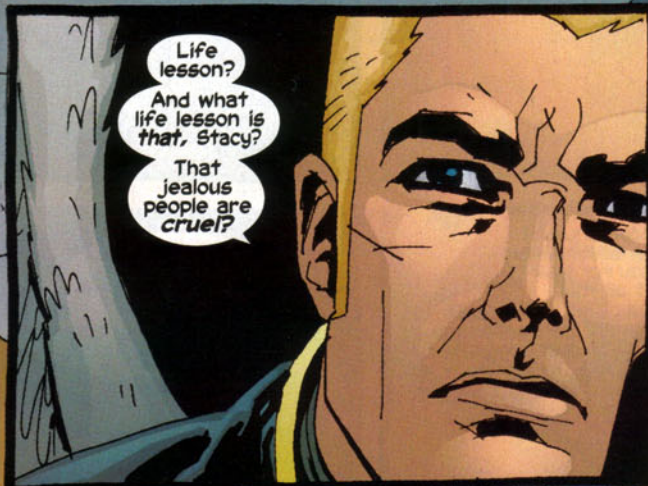




That was uncalled for.



Aaah. She's a kid.
A little life lesson is good for her.



Life lesson?
And what life lesson is that, Stacy?
That jealous people are cruel?



If you'll excuse me, I have some bones that need to be set.
You remember those, don't you?
They're the bones I broke protecting you so you could come back here and teach "life lessons".



What? You think I WANNA hang around this place?

Smells like dead people and disinfectant in here.

Think I'll go watch PORN in my room if anyone's interested.



Interesting woman.

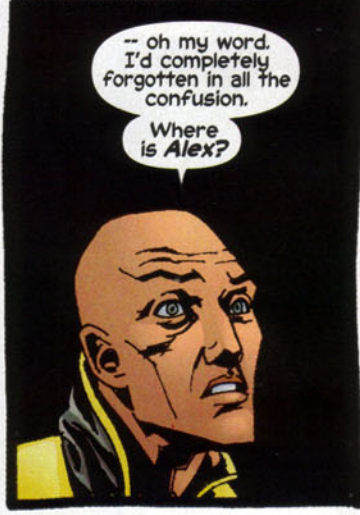
Yes. She makes my head hurt.

A lot.



Your grace under unusual circumstances is *admirable*, Annie. Thank you for your help amidst all this *chaos*.

When Scott contacted me and suggested hiring you --



-- oh my word. I'd completely forgotten in all the confusion.

Where is Alex?



Alex?! Alex Summers?!



Alex is here?! Is he alive?!



Ich fasse es nicht.



Where the hell's he been hidin'?

You'll have to ask Annie here. She's the one who brought him back to us from the dead.

Well, he's been in a convalescent hospital, mostly. Where I used to work. Scott came to get him.

But I don't know where he is now.

He's here. The private hospital room next door. Or at least, his body is.

His body? What does that mean?

What's he doing?

Professor Xavier is a telepath, Annie.

Very powerful.

If he can reach Alex's mind, his consciousness, and speak to him --

-- hopefully he can bring Alex back into his body.

We should contact Lorna.

Let's discuss that with Scott first, Bobby.

Why? He doesn't control Alex's love life. Lorna's not his girlfriend.

But is she Alex's? I'd heard she left him before the explosion.

Do you think -- um -- do you think he can reach Alex?

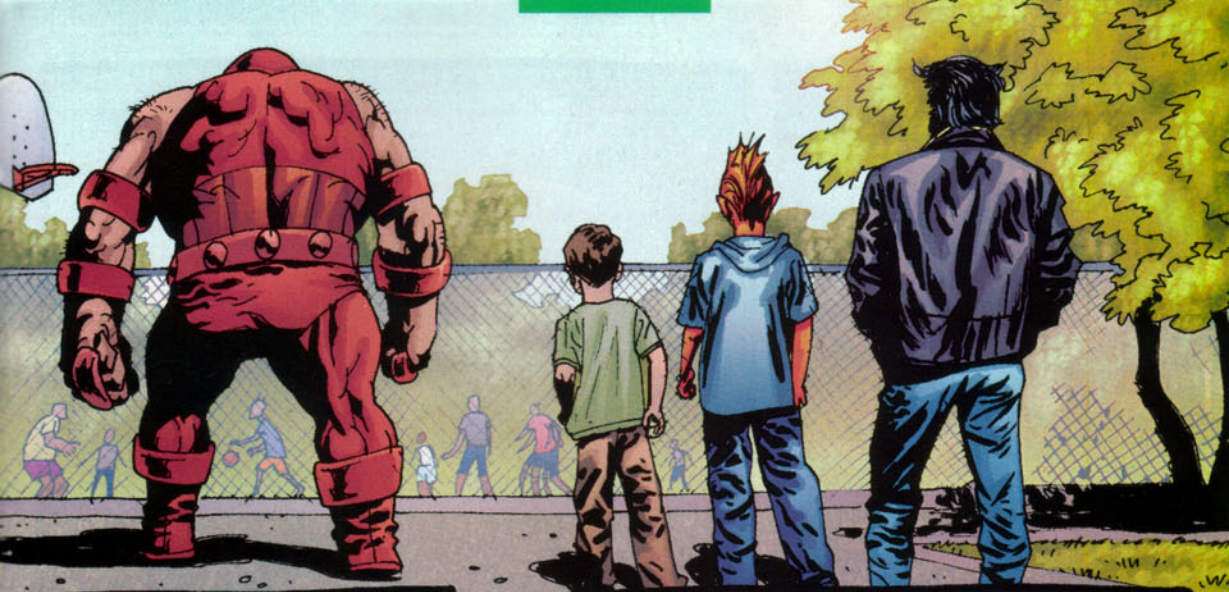
I hope so.

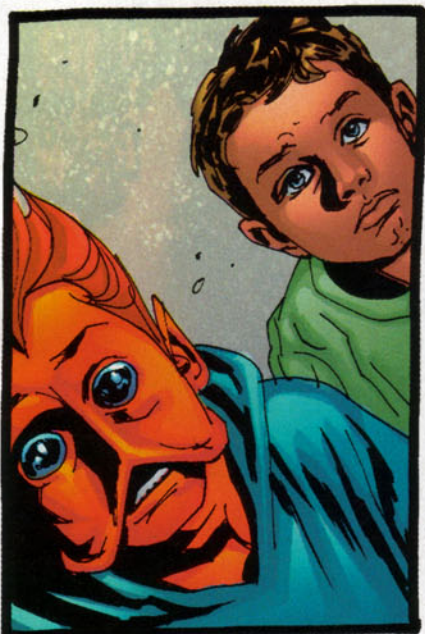
I don't like mutants.

I have my reasons.

But then there's Alex.

Don't ask. I don't understand it, either.



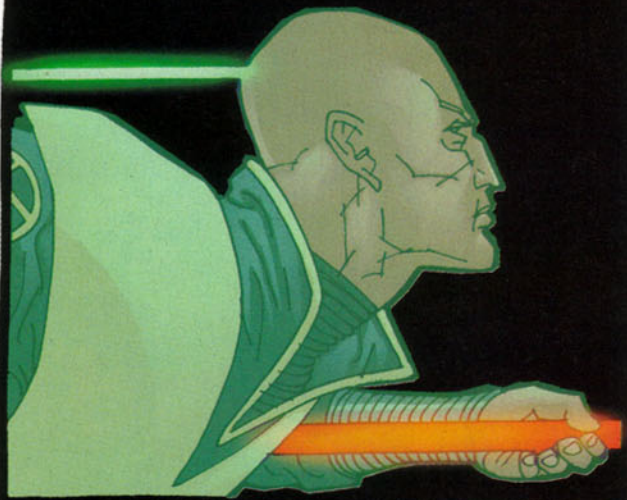




THE ASTRAL PLANE



Can you hear me?
It's Professor Xavier.
It's Charles.



I can feel you, Alex.
I know you're near.
Can you hear me?





Aah!
No!



No, I can't reach you!

I can't come any closer or I'll be dragged in!

Can you reach me?!



SSSHH PAAH



Alex! I'm here!

I feel your pain! Your loneliness!

Can you hear me!

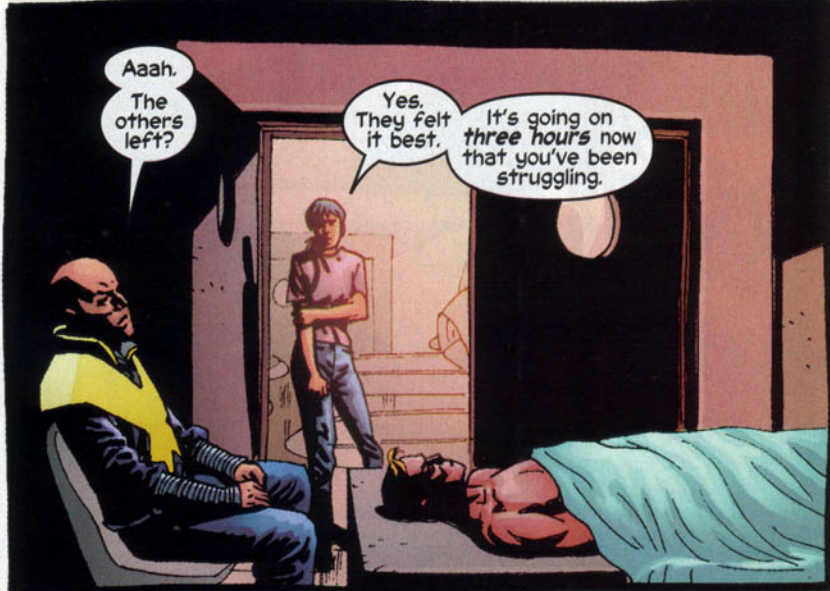


Alex, please!

Don't cry, Alex. You can reach me!

You can do it!

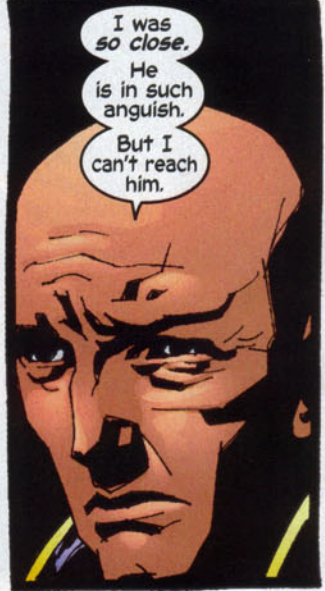




Aaah.
The others left?

Yes.
They felt it best.

It's going on *three hours* now that you've been struggling.



I was *so close*.
He is in such anguish.
But I can't reach him.



Will you -- -- will you keep trying?



Oh, of course.
I'll just...
...I should rest a while, first, I suppose.




Are you all right?

No. No, I'm afraid not.




It's -- --difficult -- --when I can't help one of my -- --one of my *students*.



I suppose that's a little hard for you to understand.


I'm a *mother*. Of course I understand.



You've handled the events of the day rather *well*, Miss Ghazikhanian.


Could I interest you in taking a *job* here?

And I don't mean just to watch over Alex.



Well, wouldn't you prefer a --

-- you know --
-- a *mutant*?




In a perfect world it might be *easier* for all concerned...
...but you'll soon learn that my personal and school philosophy is about *unification* and *cooperation*.




You're *Armenian*, aren't you?
Ghazikhanian?



Yes.
My father was first generation.
His parents were immigrants.




Did they ever speak of the *massacres* by the Turks at the turn of the Twentieth Century?



Yes, of course.
Millions of Armenians...
tortured, slaughtered and
enslaved by Turkish
invaders.

Why?

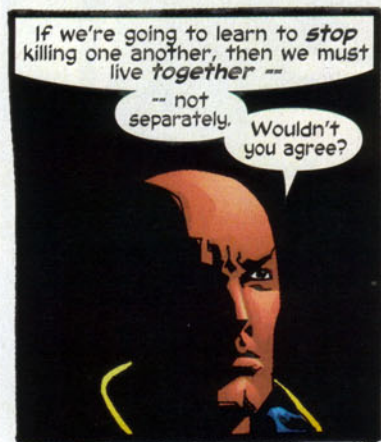


Everyone has some experience or
understanding of personal, spiritual
or cultural oppression.

And everyone also
has some experience
with being on the side
of the **oppressor**.

We share a
world -- an existence.
If there is a God, that
God put us together
for a **reason**.

I cannot
believe that reason
was simply to **kill**
one another.




If we're going to learn to **stop**
killing one another, then we must
live **together** --

-- not
separately.

Wouldn't
you agree?




You're welcome
in my home, Annie
Ghazikhanian, and I
would like it if you
came to work
for me.



I don't like
mutants.

I have my
reasons.



There is guilt
and shame
in my feelings.
But a wise woman
once told me:
"feelings are."

In other
words, feelings
have meaning.
Importance.

Anger,
hurt --

-- **fear.**

Pretending those emotions don't exist --
-- lying to yourself about them --

-- only means you'll never understand them.

**KNOCK
KNOCK**



Hi, Paige.

I just wanted to stop by.

Make sure you were okay.

You'll never have the chance to learn from them.

And maybe grow.



Why?

You made it clear you're not someone who cares much for mutants.



I -- True.

But I don't like to see anyone hurt.

Especially not where you've been hurt.

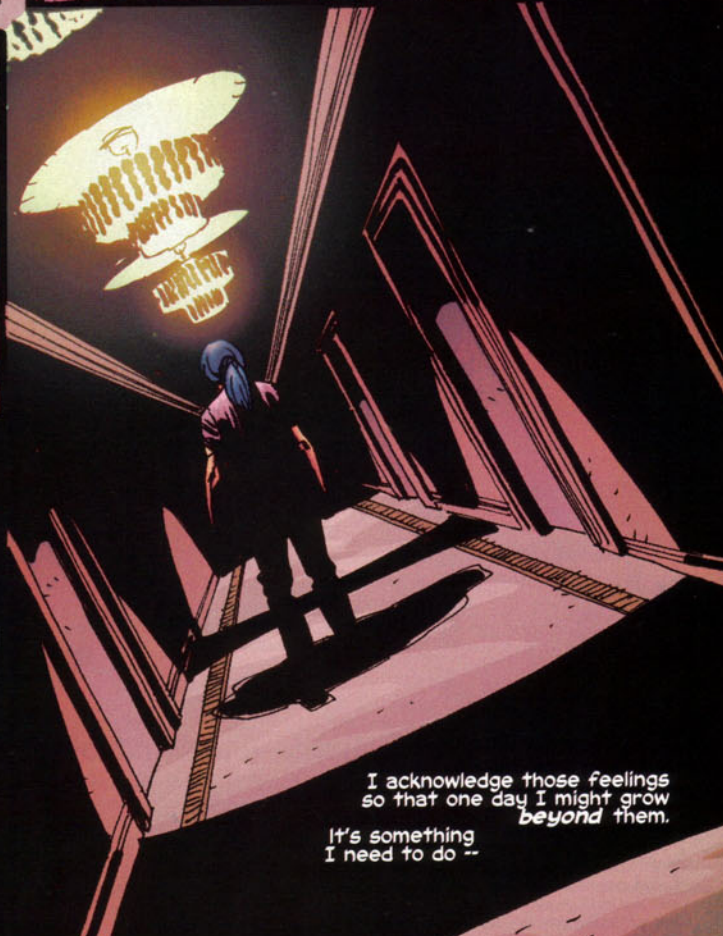


I have no medicine for that.

That's a sweet sentiment.

Thanks for coming by. Really.

But if you'll excuse me, I need to be alone.

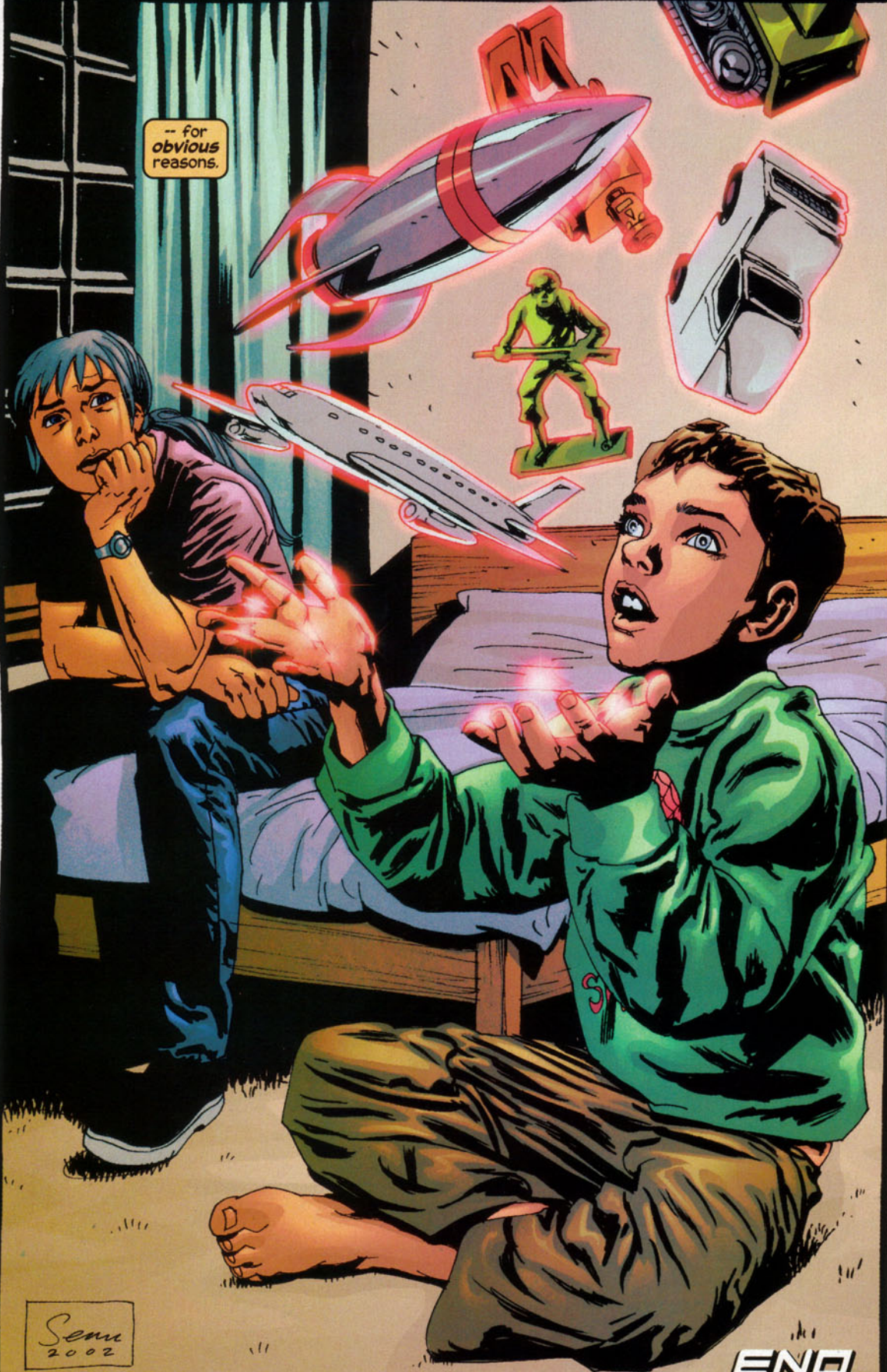


I don't like mutants. I have my reasons.



I acknowledge those feelings so that one day I might grow beyond them.
It's something I need to do --

-- for obvious reasons.



Sen
2002

END