

MARVEL

PSR 438

AUSTEN
LARROCA
MIKI

UNCANNY

X-MEN

*SHE LIES
WITH
ANGELS*
2 OF 5



SALVADOR

AR 03

DIRECT EDITION



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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

SHE LIES WITH ANGELS part 2 of 5

PREVIOUSLY



In the quiet Kentucky town of Cumberland, the GUTHRIE FAMILY makes their way like most others—through hard labor and hard times. But unlike most Kentucky families, the Guthrie children begin to manifest strange and bizarre mutant powers after reaching puberty. The Cumberland townspeople have always reacted fearfully to their Guthrie neighbors...and the CABOT FAMILY, the Guthries' long-standing enemies, only help to fan the flames of prejudice against them even more.

Taking advantage of his mutant gifts, young JEBEDIAH GUTHRIE launches a surprise attack upon one of the Cabot children. SHERIFF PETE intervenes before the Cabot boy is harmed, but the ensuing chaos leaves the town partially destroyed, Jebediah shot and the Guthrie/Cabot feud renewed with a vengeance. In response to the violence, PAIGE GUTHRIE and her X-MEN teammate ARCHANGEL arrive in Cumberland to protect her family from further harm; however, the X-Men's presence isn't taken lightly by the Cabots.

Behind the turmoil of this longtime feud, two young teens skirt a secret romantic desire. Local heartthrob and teen musician JOSH has left bashful young waitress JULIA utterly and completely lovestruck by his stunning singing voice...



JOSH
Rock 'n' Roll
Heartthrob



JULIA
Lovestruck Teen



HUSK
Paige Guthrie
Skin Manipulation



ARCHANGEL
Warren Worthington III
Fight & Healing



LUCINDA GUTHRIE
Guthrie Family
Matriarch



CHESTER CABOT
Guthrie Family Adversary



SHERIFF PETE
Crawford County Lawman

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⊗ CUMBERLAND, KENTUCKY
THE GUTHRIE HOME

Why is it, that when God sees fit to shower you with the warmest, most *perfect* moment of your life--in some unseen way--

--He is working hard to *balance the scales.*

Yin and yang. Love and hate.

Uh-oh. Hey, Mom?

What, Elizabeth? We're kind of *busy* here.

Life and death.

Oh...it's Cabot and his boys...

...but what's he doin' with a gun?

Lizzu, honey, go and get my rifle.

Yes'm.



Now wait a minute, Lucinda.

I think we should end this thing before it gets *confrontational.*

It's been confrontational with the Cabots for years, Pete...



...and I ain't the one walkin' up his path with a *shotgun* in my hands!

What's with
the *artillery*,
Cabot?

Protection,
Lucinda.

I mean, come
on....your boy shoots
electricity out of his
eyes, and everyone knows
little *Paige* there molts
her skin and turns
to rock.

Among
other
things.

So her and every **other** mutie including that **bird man** back there better stand down...

...'cause we've come for the one that hurt my son Abe... and we aim to teach the little mutie **respect** for normal people.

Is that right?

You aim to teach me and **my** boy a lesson after all the **junk Abe** has pulled on **us** over the years--

--set our **barn** on fire, poisoned our **dog**, beat the **life** outta Jeb once a week like clockwork--

--and you expect **me** to just step out of the way so you can do it?

Them's a buncha **lies**, Guthrie!

You ain't never proved it was my boy done **none** of that, Lucinda!

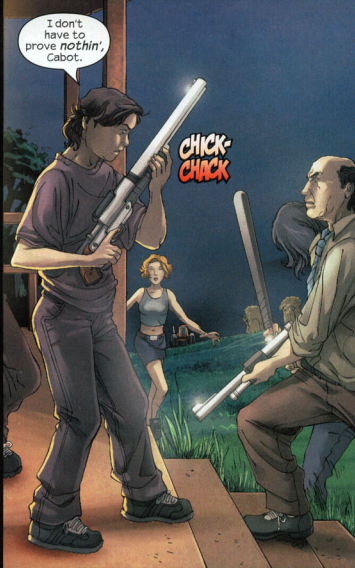
You're just a paranoid old woman, livin' out here alone with nothin' but your **mutie kids** to keep you company since **Zeke** died.

Momma?

Throw it here, honey.

Hey, Lucinda--!

SLAP



I don't have to prove *nothin'*, Cabot.

CHICK-CHACK



It ain't too hard to believe *your* boy took up some o' your bad manners.



You're on *my* land uninvited with weapons of violence.



Lucinda, please stop this nonsense!

Why you tellin' *me* to stop this?

They're the ones showed up on *my* doorstep armed for bear, Pete.



And besides, you *did* shoot my boy...

And where was I?

As I said, experiencing the warmest moment of my life, in the *last place* I ever expected it.

The View Restaurant in my hometown, Cumberland, Kentucky.

Oh my.

Oh my, that was *incredible*.

Yeah, it was nice.

A little too *Enya* for me.

But all those layered vocals, and no one else was *singing*... how amazing was *that*?

I said it was nice, Julia.

Hey, Josh is--
--he's waving. He's waving at--

--me.
I know.

I'm supposed to meet him after his show.

So you want me to *cover* for you again?

No, I want you to go and tell him I *couldn't* make it.



But--

--but you **can**, Rosalinda. I can cover your shift for you. It's not a --

Julia.

Haven't you ever heard of "The Rules"?

"Make them wait and they'll want you more."



It's, like-- rule **number one** or something. And I want him to want me so bad he falls over **dizzy**.



So tell him I couldn't make it tonight. Tell him I had something more **important** to do.



And make it sound like it was **another guy**.

Am I **ready** for this?

I'm nervous, but **excited**. Scared, but **eager**.

Is it just my lonely imagination, or does he really **remember** me?

I could stand here forever and believe he was **singing** about me.

About **us**.

But God has **rarely** been so kind to me.



Helloooo?

Rosalinda sent me...

Oh, my...

Don't you know how to KNOCK?

Th-
they're
real.

Your
wings are
real.

⊗ MEANWHILE...

Now, *come on*, Lucinda. I shot your boy Jeb in the *shoulder*, and I had to.

He'd already blown up the Jenkins' house *and my car*, and he wouldn't stand down like I asked him to.

Get back inside, Raymond. *Now*.

Yes, sir.



I did what I had to, to *calm* the situation. Just like I'm doin' *now*.

He's lucky he ain't *dead*, and that's a fact.



That supposed to make me feel *better*, Pete?



Come on, Lucinda.

Take it *down* a notch here, all right?



Why don't you and me...

...we'll just go out and have ourselves a nice dinner and discuss this like *grown-ups*...

That why you didn't throw her kid in Jail after hurtin' my boy, the way he done?

'Cause you're HOT for Lucinda?



Well to the devil with you, Pete--



CABOT, **NO!**









It's all right, Manuelo...she's not going to tell anyone.

And even if she does, I've kept it a secret long enough.

Sez you, Josh.

Wait 'til someone beats you silly for bein' a mutie, and then I'm out a singer/songwriter.



He's a worrier. But you're *not* going to tell anyone-- are you, Julia?

I, uh...
No.

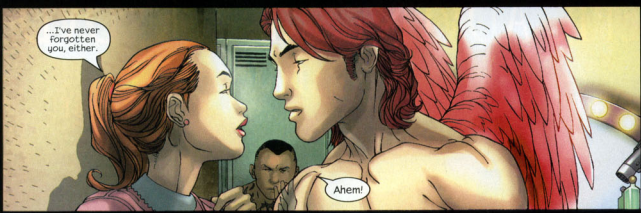


You...
...you remember me?



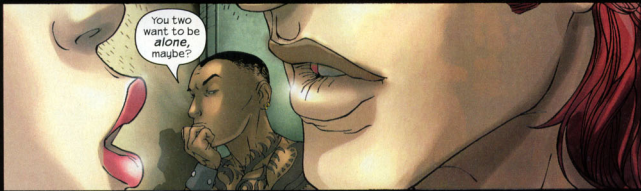
Julia, I've never been able to forget you.

Oh, Josh...



...I've never forgotten you, either.

Ahem!



You two want to be alone, maybe?



Oh. I --

--we-- we--

--we sort of knew each other, but I wasn't sure he remembered me.

She's the first girl I ever saw naked.



Don't tell him that!

I was ten! We weren't even FULLY GROWN yet!



Wow. Now *this* sounds intriguing.



Oh, it was all innocent... there was this pond out in the mountains, see?

Boy, was it *eight* years ago?

There was this pond and I used to sneak up there to go skinny-dipping when the heat was in the hundreds, and *heeee*--

I can see where *this* is going.



He--

--used to sneak up and play *Peeping Tom* in the bushes, the little pervert!

It was a **public pond**.

Then he would **throw** things at me until I left so he could have the place to himself.



On my honor, if you went up there **now** and got naked--

--I wouldn't throw **one** twig.



I'll just **bet** you wouldn't.

I swear to you.

Try me and see.



Eventually, he learned to **share** the pond--mostly because I kicked his butt--and we would hang out up there **together**.

For a couple a' weeks, anyway.

It was entirely **innocent**.

That's not the way **he** tells it.

Dude--



What did you tell him, you **creep**?

You heard my song...

Yeah, the **PG** version. And here, I didn't even think you **remembered** me.

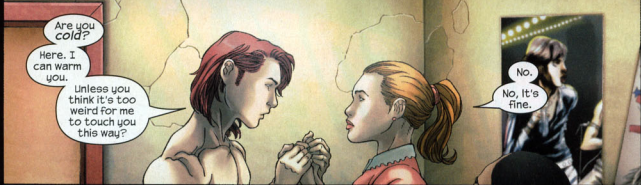


And I feared I'd never forget.

Hey...

...you're **trembling**.

I am?

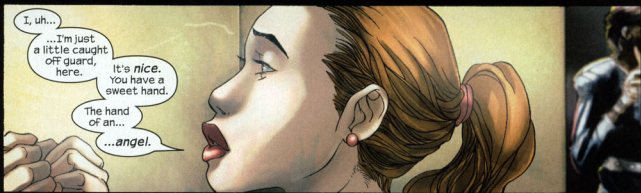


Are you cold?

Here. I can warm you.

Unless you think it's too weird for me to touch you this way?

No. No, it's fine.



I, uh...

...I'm just a little caught off guard, here.

It's nice. You have a sweet hand.

The hand of an...

...angel.



And how about my lips?

Would it be too weird for me to kiss your hand, after all this time?



I, uh...

...I don't know, I...

...they're nice lips...

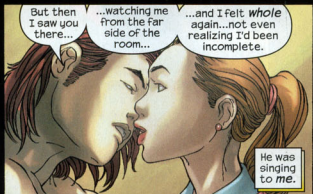


Yeeesh.



I didn't realize how much I'd missed you.

Me, either.

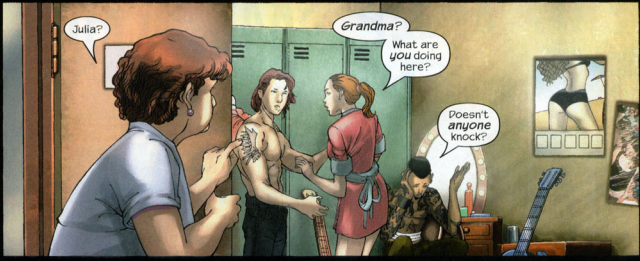


But then I saw you there...

...watching me from the far side of the room...

...and I felt *whole* again...not even realizing I'd been incomplete.

He was singing to me.



Julia?

Grandma?
What are you doing here?

Doesn't anyone knock?



Rosalinda said you'd be in here! Your father was busy and *someone* had to come pick you up.

Why, you're one of those *Guthrie* boys, aren't you?

One of those mutants?

Y-your name is *Guthrie*?
You're Josh *Guthrie*?



Come along, Julia. Your father won't *want* you here.

What are you *talking* about, *Grandma*? Why not?
Stop *pulling* on me.



One of the *Guthries* just used his *powers* and hurt your brother *Abe* *real bad*.

Is he *okay*? Is he *hurt*?



We'll see... but does *that* need to be a reason to leave?

It should be enough that his name is *Guthrie*--



--and your name is *Cabot*.

C-Cabot?

⊗ THE GUTHRIE HOME

Lucinda, *please*. I'm trying to do the right thing, here.

Me and the town have had *enough* of this Guthrie/Cabot feud to last us all a lifetime.

Several lifetimes, really.

Now I'm *bending over* here to help you out--



Yeah, by *banishing* us from town.

Really, Lucinda. Y'all brought it on *yourself*.

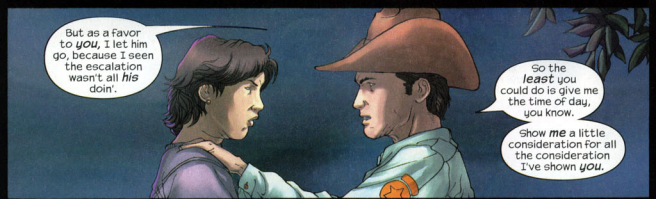
Things gettin' destroyed, personal property bein' wrecked--

--and your boy's actions today cost me a *patrol vehicle*, and the whole town a *gas station*.

Now, by rights, I shoulda kept him in *Jail* for what he done--

--especially considerin' he pretty much *admitted* settin' the whole thing up.





But as a favor to *you*, I let him go, because I seen the escalation wasn't all *his* doin'.

So the *least* you could do is give me the time of day, you know.

Show *me* a little consideration for all the consideration I've shown *you*.



I don't believe what I'm hearin'.



Get your hand OFF me.



You shot my *boy*, Pete.

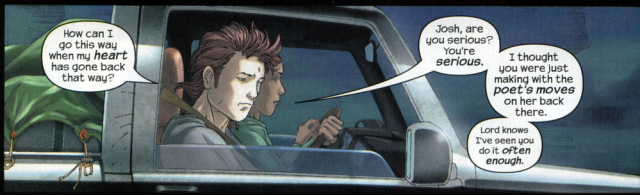


You don't shoot my boy and then tell me I owe you a *date*.



I can't just leave her, Manny.

How can I?



How can I go this way when my heart has gone back that way?

Josh, are you serious? You're serious.

I thought you were just making with the poet's moves on her back there.

Lord knows I've seen you do it often enough.



No, not...

No. I've honestly never been able to forget Julia since that one summer. No one's ever compared to her.

I was so happy just being with her.

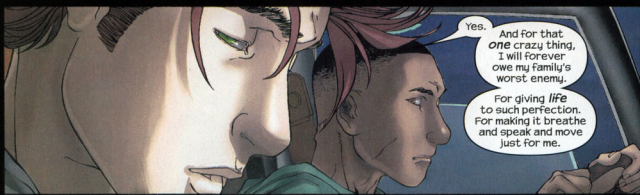


We used to lie beside one another in the warm evening, staring into space.

We'd talk about civilizations beyond the stars... and whatever life there might be there...

...it paled beneath the life twinkling in her eyes.

But--
--dude.
She's a Cabot.



Yes. And for that one crazy thing, I will forever owe my Family's worst enemy.

For giving life to such perfection. For making it breathe and speak and move just for me.



Manuelo?

What are you doing?

VRRRRRR!



Doing you a favor.

And me too, actually.



Get out.

Go see her.

Take off that shirt, unfurl those *Wings* you hide from your family...

...fly to her house and be with this starry-eyed woman you so obviously love...



...if for no other reason than all this whiny, poetic babbling is making me ill.

SHWOOP!



All this sickening poetry makes for a great songwriter, but one heck of an annoying, lovesick friend.

Thanks, Manuelo!

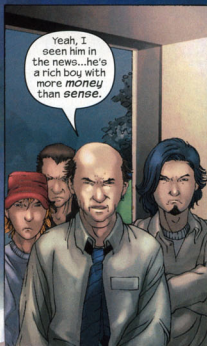
Don't thank me.

Keep your eyes open. You're not used to flying in the dark!



⊗ CABOT MANSION





Yeah, I seen him in the news...he's a rich boy with more *money* than *sense*.



But he's *trained*. And he won't be as easy to *kill* as you're thinking.

You can't just *poison* him out slowly like you did the Guthries' father.



True...the poison didn't work on any of 'em, 'cept *Zeke*. Somethin' about their *mutie systems* no doubt.

But they *can* be killed. Anything can be killed, and that includes the *Guthries*...



"...and whatever *mutie helpers* they might bring along for the ride..."

Ah, you made it.

Thanks for coming, team.



"...I don't care *how tough* they think they are."

⊗ CONTINUED...