

STOPS FROM

**MARVEL**

ISSUE

**23**

WOOD  
BARBERI  
HO  
ABURTOV

ULTIMATE COMICS™

# X-MEN®

**LIVING IN A WORLD  
WHERE MUTANTS ARE  
HATED AND FEARED MORE  
THAN EVER, ONE GROUP  
OF YOUNG HEROES HAS  
BANDED TOGETHER TO  
FIGHT BACK.**

# ULTIMATE COMICS **X-MEN**



## **PREVIOUSLY:**

Under Kitty Pryde's leadership, the war against mutants has ended. The government offered them a treatment to become human. The remaining mutants were relocated to a reservation: Utopia. Among these mutants is Ororo Munroe, known as Storm.

But before Utopia, when the war between the government and the mutants raged on, Storm was a prisoner at Camp Angel, a military-run mutant detention center. Storm, along with Piotr Rasputin, known as Colossus, managed to break free. But there were casualties.

In the struggle, Piotr executed a human officer in cold blood.

This is the story of what happened next.

**BRIAN  
WOOD**  
WRITER

**CARLO  
BARBERI**  
PENCILER

**DON  
HO**  
INKER

**JESUS  
ABURTOV**  
COLORIST

**VC'S JOE  
SABINO**  
LETTERING & PRODUCTION

**GREG LAND &  
FRANK MARTIN**  
COVER

**JON MOISAN &  
EMILY SHAW**  
ASSISTANT EDITORS

**MARK  
PANICCIA**  
EDITOR

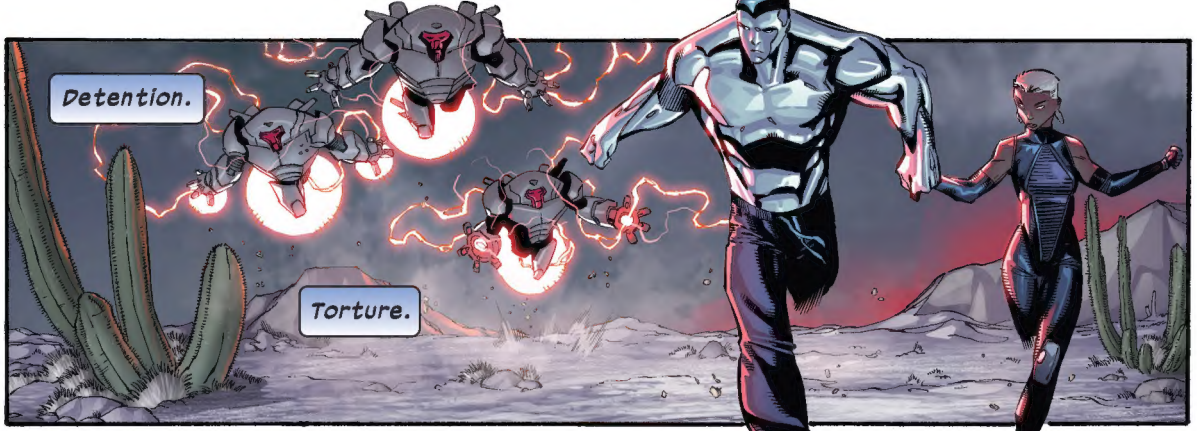
**AXEL ALONSO**  
EDITOR IN CHIEF

**JOE QUESADA**  
CHIEF CREATIVE OFFICER

**DAN BUCKLEY**  
PUBLISHER

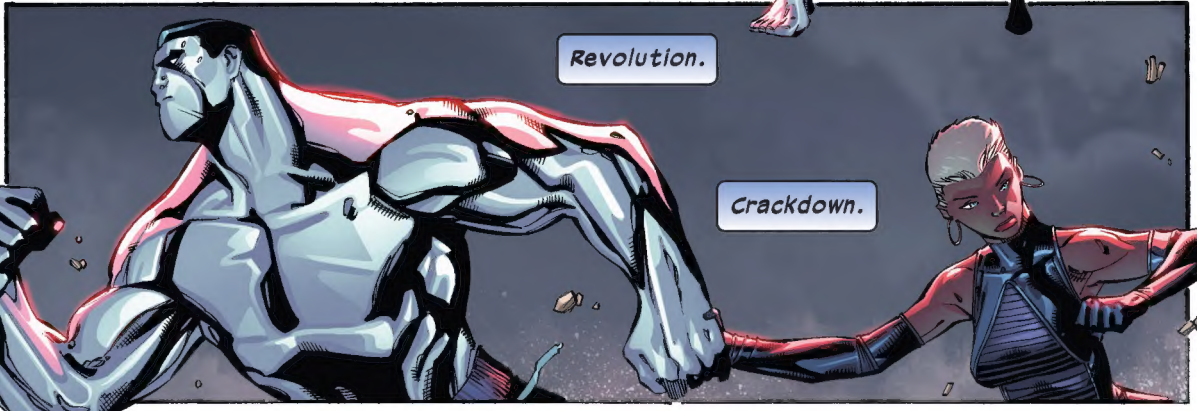
**ALAN FINE**  
EXECUTIVE PRODUCER

© 2013 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved. All characters featured in this issue and the distinctive names and likenesses thereof, and all related indicia are trademarks of Marvel Characters, Inc. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental.



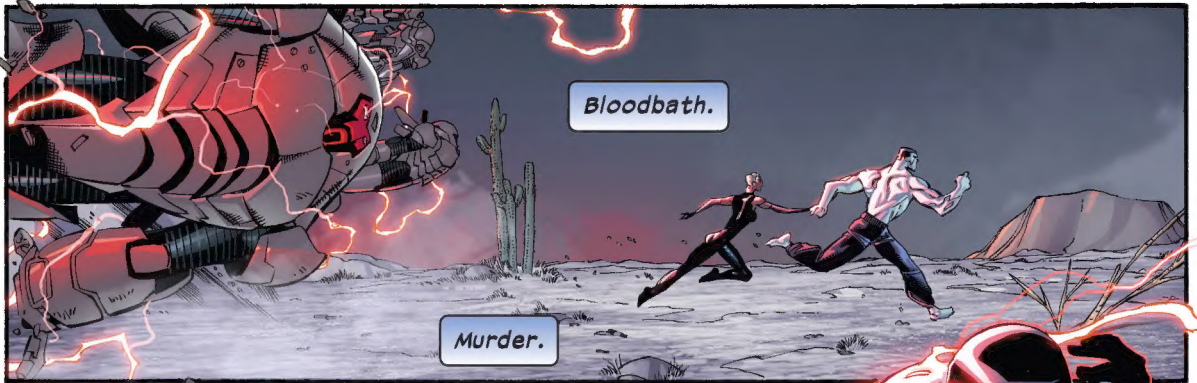
Detention.

Torture.



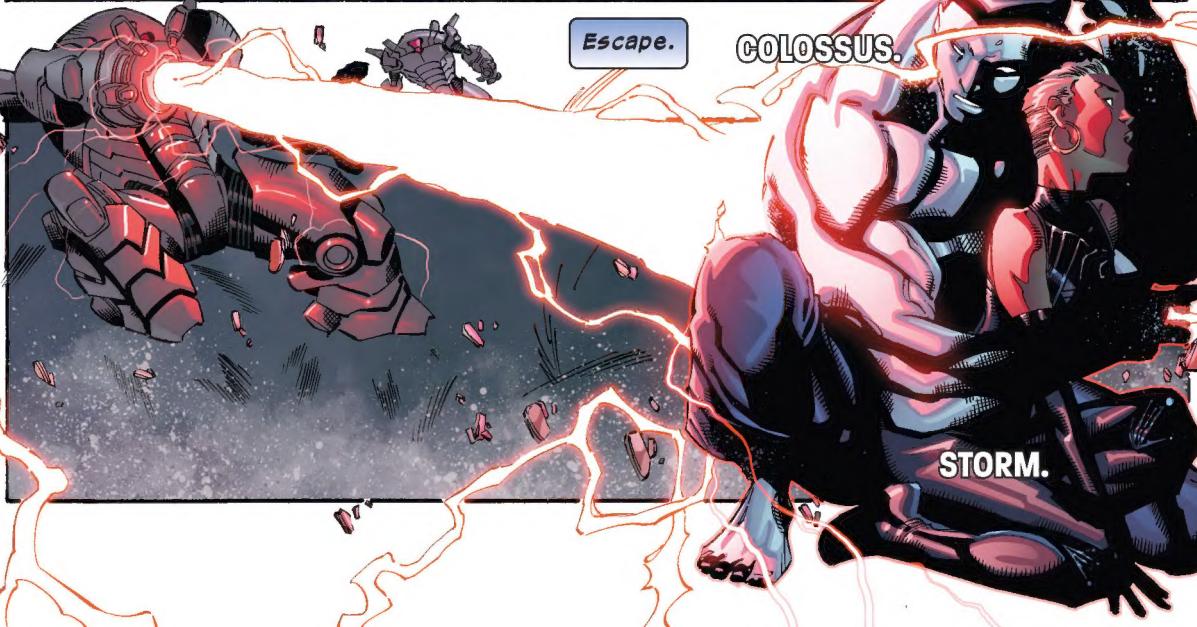
Revolution.

Crackdown.



Bloodbath.

Murder.



Escape.

COLOSSUS.

STORM.


So where were you  
when the mutants  
rose up?



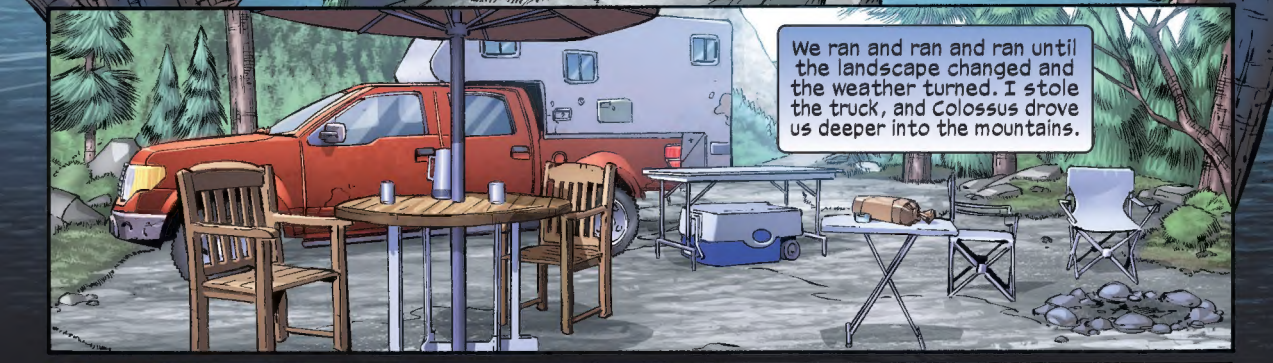
**STORMFRONT**  
WOODY/BARBER/HO/ABURTOV

## THE ROCKIES.

THREE WEEKS AFTER THE  
FALL OF CAMP ANGEL.




We ran and ran and ran until the landscape changed and the weather turned. I stole the truck, and Colossus drove us deeper into the mountains.



For weeks we've lived in the wilderness, changing locations every couple days, avoiding the hiking trails, monitoring the park rangers, and staying under heavy tree canopy.


Like I know about the mountains. But Piotr did.




We were wanted for murder, and the so-called crime of being a mutant in America. After Camp Angel, that was no joke.

I should have put as much distance between Piotr and myself as possible. I know he was being tortured, but he straight up executed Colonel Lake. I relive it in my nightmares, sometimes.

But do you want the truth?



I loved my time  
in the mountains  
with Piotr.



Quiet,  
Ororo, you'll  
scare the  
fish.



Despite what  
he did.

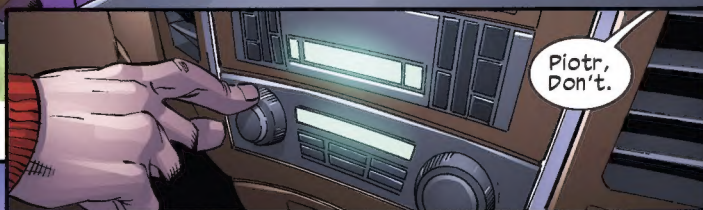


Out here, the horrors of  
the camp felt far away.  
Like a dream, maybe, or  
something in a book you  
might have once read.

I know what you'll  
say: *denial*, Ororo,  
*denial*.



But it was just so easy  
to forget the rest of  
the world existed.



Piotr,  
Don't.

Please.

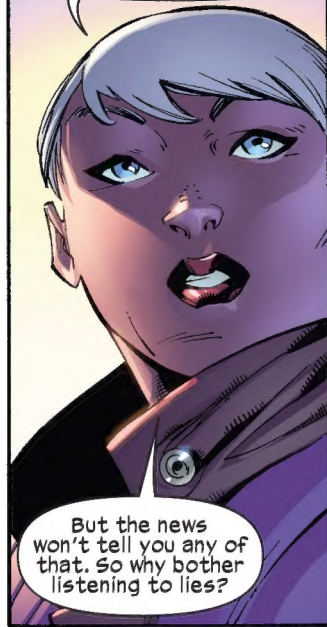
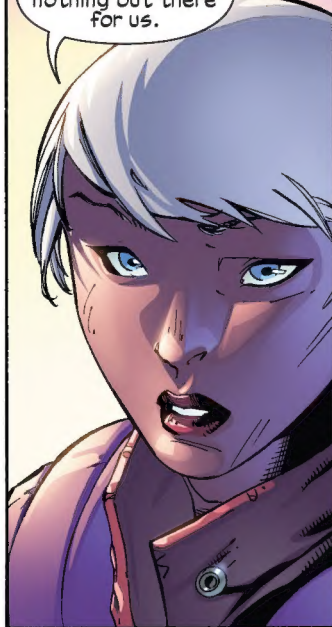
We should find some news, maybe something's changed?

Nothing's changed. There's nothing out there for us.

Our friends are out there.

We just have to hope they're safe. We won't help them by getting picked up by the cops and tossed back in jail.

And you can bet the "social experiment" that was Camp Angel won't happen again. It'll be more like *Gitmo*. Total black bag, vanish off the face of the earth thing.



But the news won't tell you any of that. So why bother listening to lies?

LATER.

Did I feel guilt? Maybe. I've been running with the X-Men for a long time, and Piotr was right: I have a lot of friends out there.

But there's no sense of community with the mutants these days, no unifying identity or purpose.

What does it mean to be a mutant, anyway? We used to be *proud* of being born this way.

Now we know it was all a deliberate manipulation. Where's the pride in *that*?

We're all scared. It's falling apart. No shared future, just a bunch of kids scared to come out of hiding.

This can't be our life.

Why not?



Ororo.  
Please.  
I am your  
friend.

This is your  
fantasy, your  
delusion.

We are hiding  
in these woods like  
criminals.

I am  
a criminal!  
This is not a  
vacation.

Piotr...

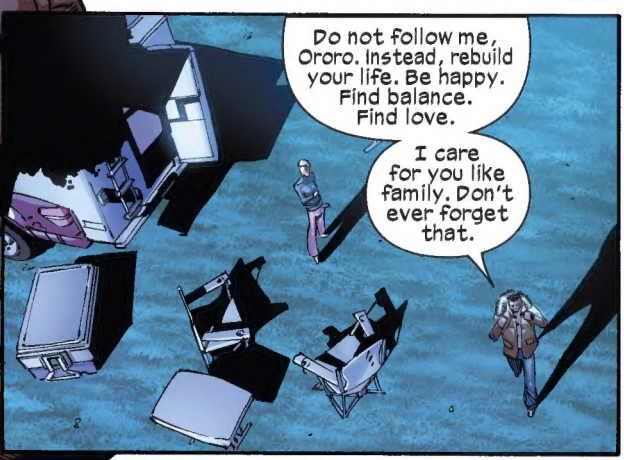


When you  
look at me  
like that...  
...it only  
hurts.



Where  
are you  
going?

Away.



Do not follow me,  
Ororo. Instead, rebuild  
your life. Be happy.  
Find balance.  
Find love.

I care  
for you like  
family. Don't  
ever forget  
that.



DAYS LATER.



Okay, I admit I didn't take that too well.

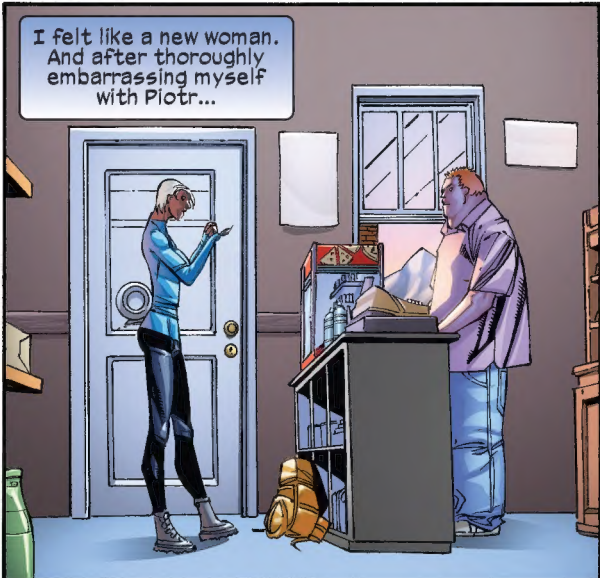


But after the self-pity session, I got my head together, packed for two weeks of walking, and hiked out of the mountains.



That much solitude and silence does wonders. You'll end up hating yourself in new and interesting ways.

But the scales will fall from those eyes.

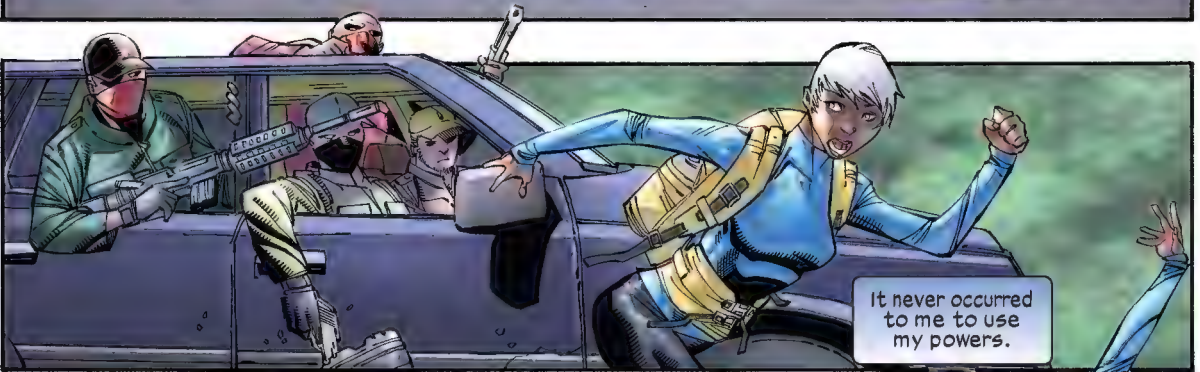
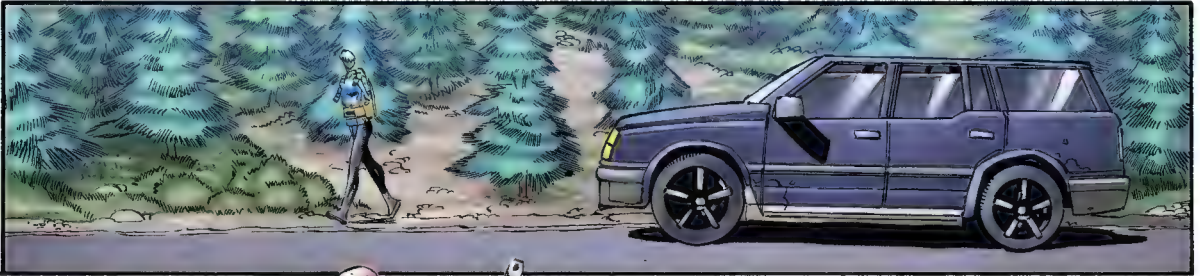
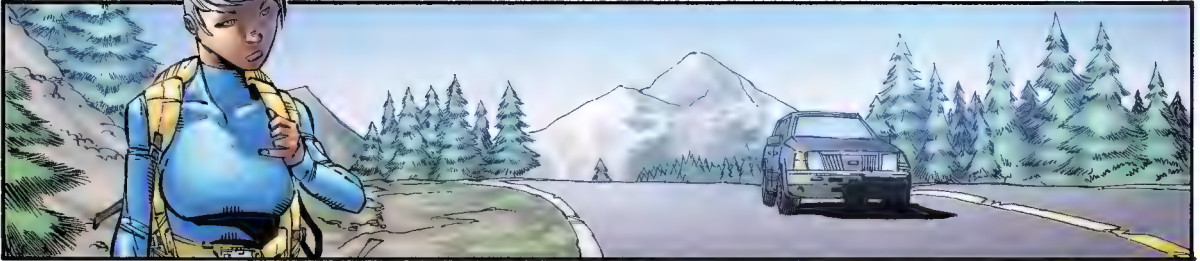


I felt like a new woman. And after thoroughly embarrassing myself with Piotr...

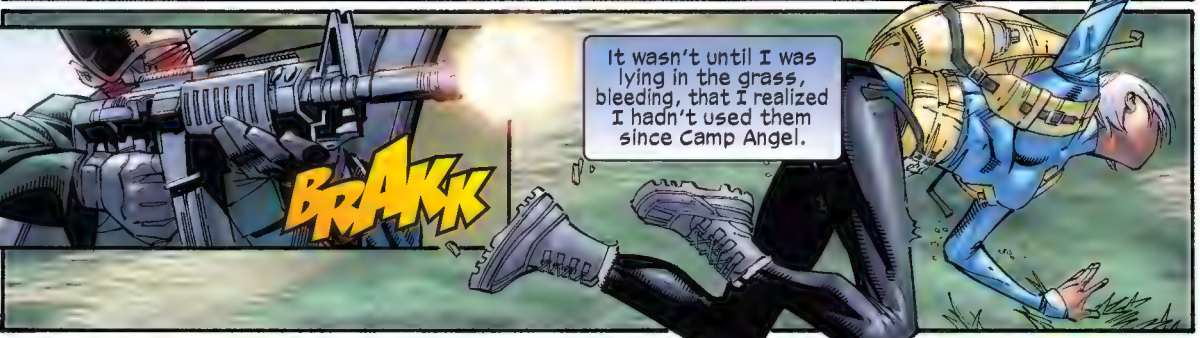


...I was ready to start thinking like an X-Man again. Whatever that meant these days. The point is, I was ready.

Or so I thought.



It never occurred to me to use my powers.



**BRANKK**

It wasn't until I was lying in the grass, bleeding, that I realized I hadn't used them since Camp Angel.



And then it was too late to do anything at all.

**KRAK**



I was sold to the camp administrator for three hundred dollars--a bounty.

How they knew I was a mutant, I never learned.

After four days in the trunk of that SUV, I wasn't asking questions. I was broken.

They broke me. Me and everyone else in the camps.



Almost.

I had you all wrong.



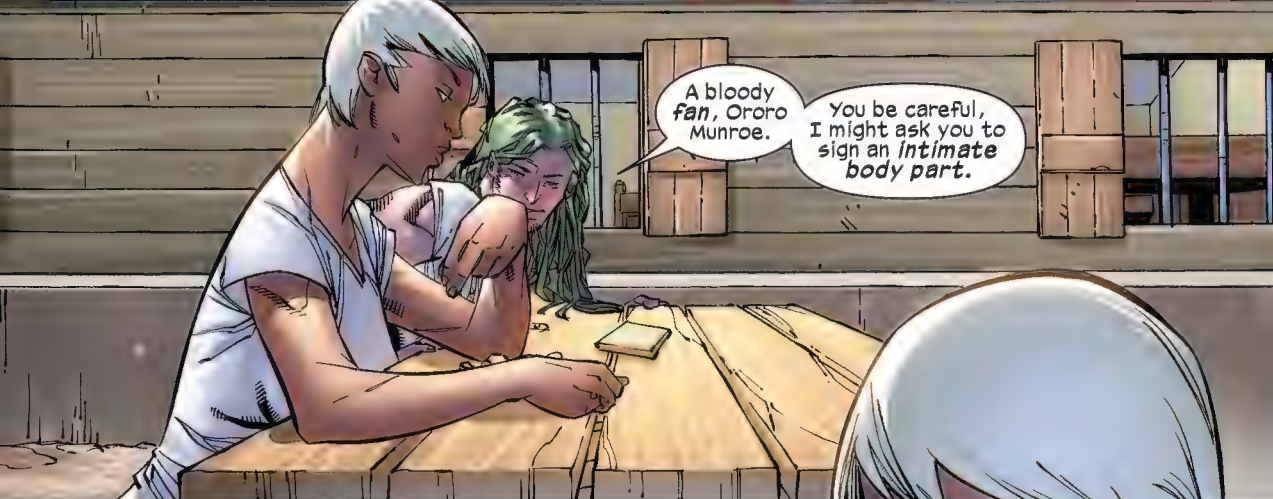
Sorry to hear that.

I heard you were an X-Man. I believed it, too, until I got a good look at you.

You're just as broke down as the rest of them.



And who are you?



A bloody fan, Ororo Munroe.

You be careful, I might ask you to sign an intimate body part.



WEEKS LATER.

Then one day, liberation came.

This is it.

This is where we join Kitty Pryde.

She's a myth, Blackheath. The stories are bogus, no one but you believes them.

I've never seen so many Sentinels!



Camp 14, twenty miles southwest of us. Mutants took it over, and a few more like it. I heard the guards talking.

She's real, and she's taking the fight to the enemy.

There's no way that's Kitty Pryde doing that.

Kitty's a child, not a revolutionary.

Show me I'm wrong, Ororo.

Prove to me the X-Men can't pull this off.

Sam has this way in under my skin. It's total schoolyard tactics, but it works on me.

I felt charged, empowered. Ready.

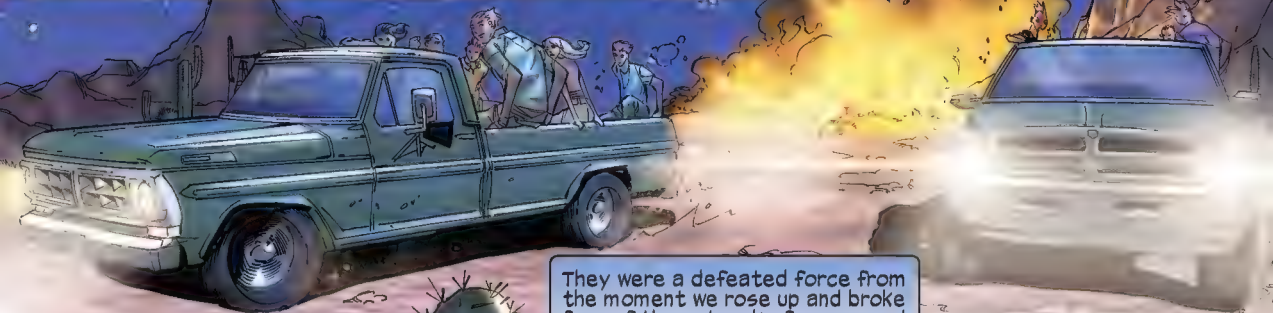


Hold up, I'm coming!

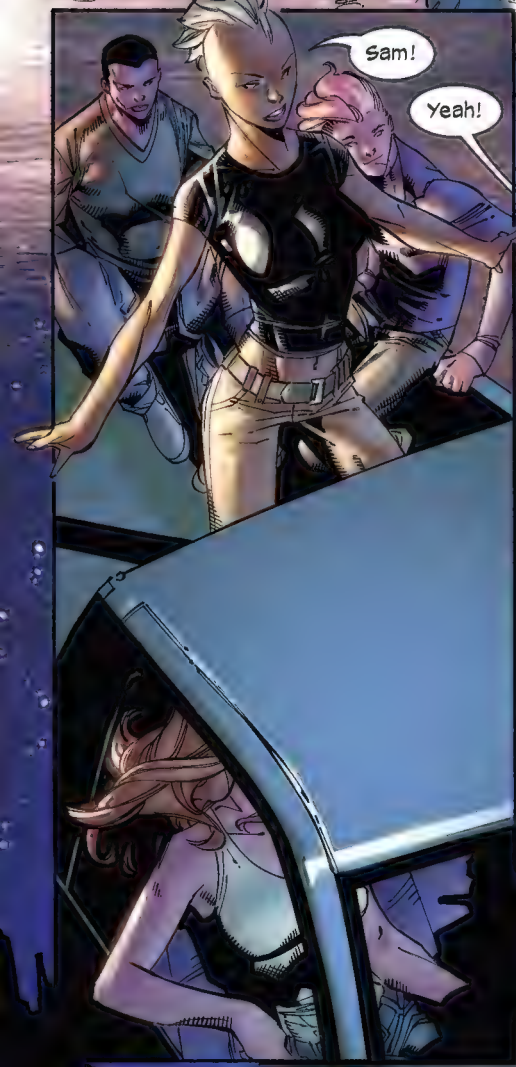
We broke out of the camp that evening...

...which was surprisingly easy when a bunch of mutants stop feeling like victims and believe they can do it.

The mutants appeared in the dozens, in the *hundreds*, and William Stryker's sentinel army was no match.



They were a defeated force from the moment we rose up and broke free of the network of camps and system of oppression that had become our reality for so long.



Sam!

Yeah!



Thank you!

You know it!

**LIBERATION.**  
**THE BATTLE FOR**  
**MUTANT FREEDOM.**





I'd lived with the words of Stacey X in my head for weeks. Now it was the manifesto of Kitty Pryde, speaking not of murder and revenge, but mutant self-determination.



I could burst from pride.

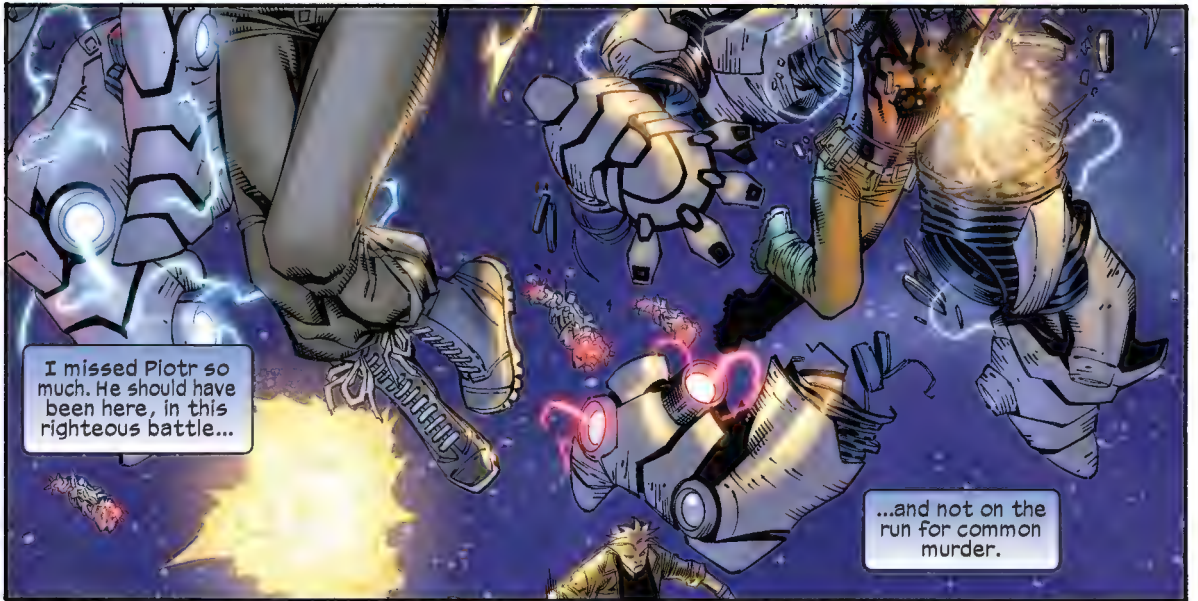
The mutants appeared in the dozens, in the hundreds, and the Sentinels were no match for us. They were a defeated force from the get-go, it was like our victory was a given.

And maybe it was. This was our time.





We were a community. This was a common effort. We were fighting for our future, a shared dream of freedom and equality. Of the right to live.



I missed Piotr so much. He should have been here, in this righteous battle...

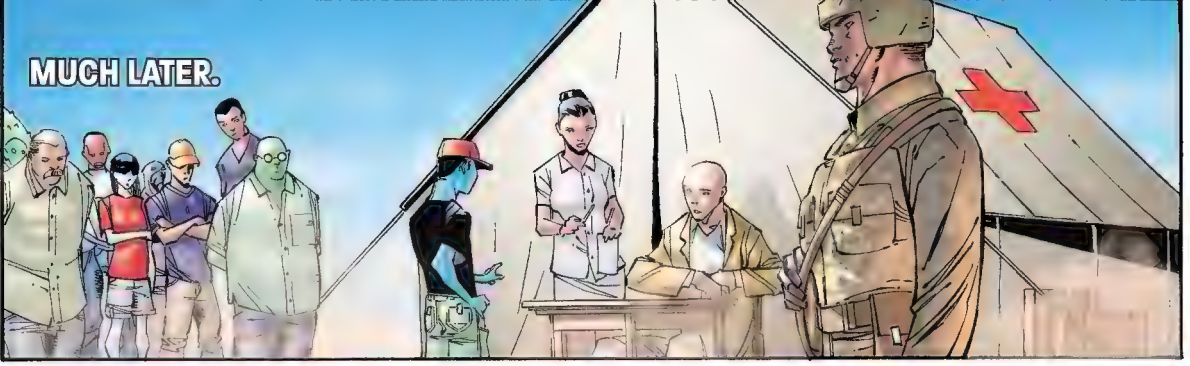
...and not on the run for common murder.



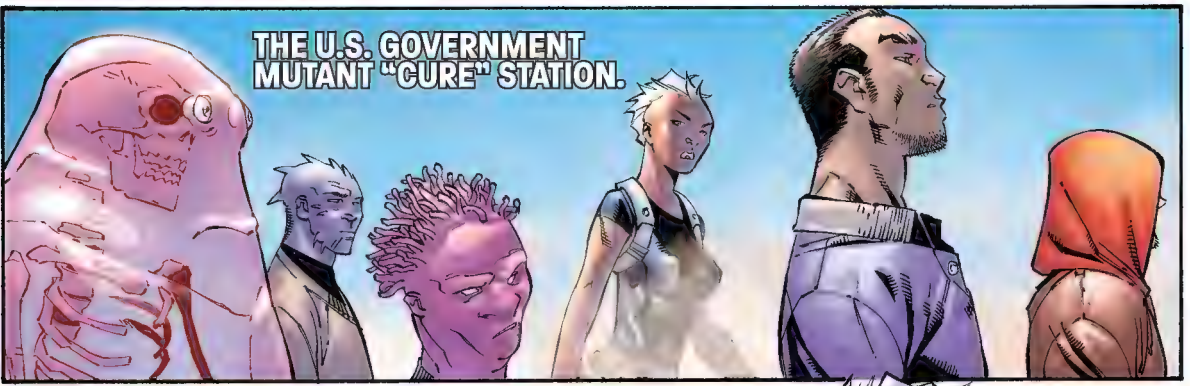
The mutants won that day, and even though in the days that followed, we would lose an even greater battle as the government unveiled its "cure," in this one historic moment...

...we were united. We were X-Men.

MUCH LATER.



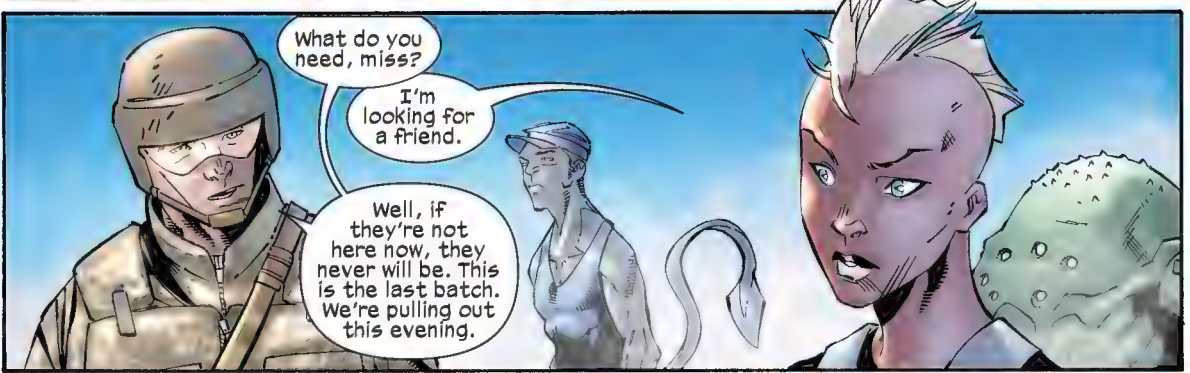
THE U.S. GOVERNMENT  
MUTANT "CURE" STATION.



What do you  
need, miss?

I'm  
looking for  
a friend.

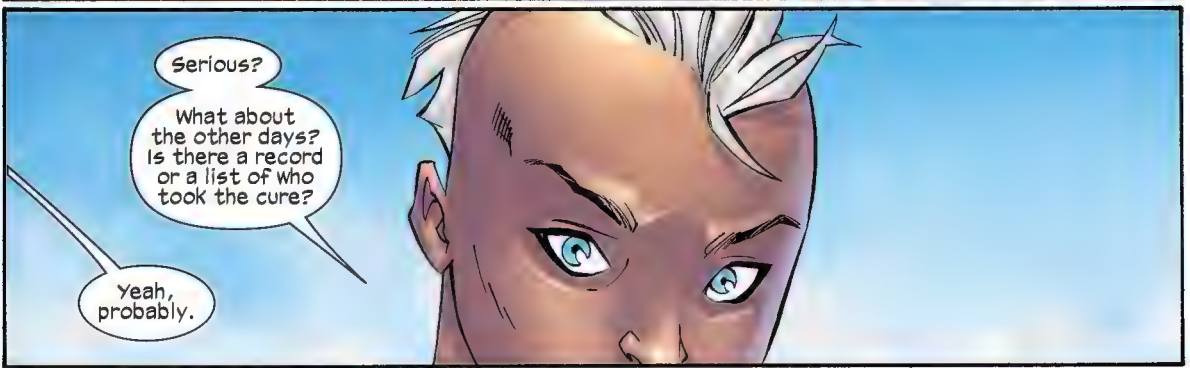
Well, if  
they're not  
here now, they  
never will be. This  
is the last batch.  
We're pulling out  
this evening.



Serious?

What about  
the other days?  
Is there a record  
or a list of who  
took the cure?

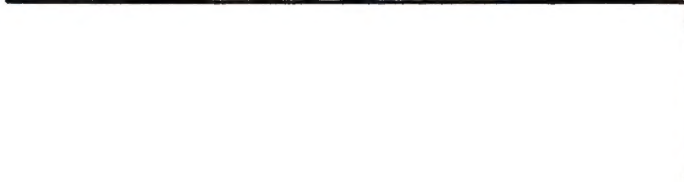
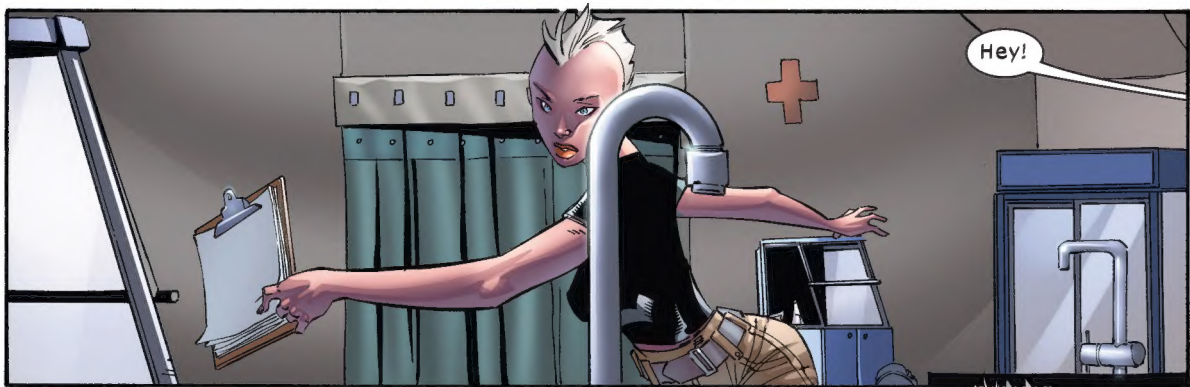
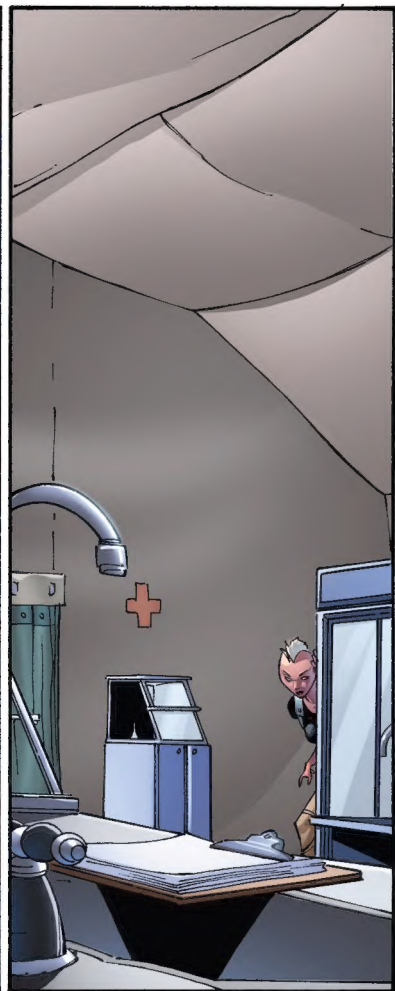
Yeah,  
probably.

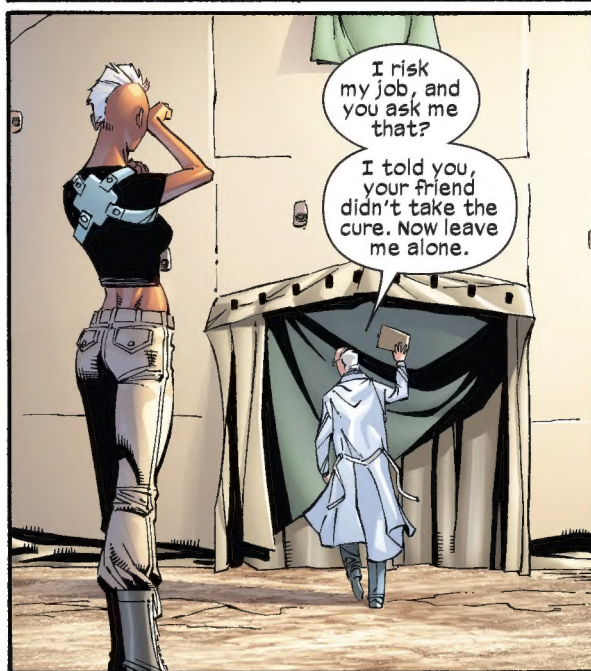
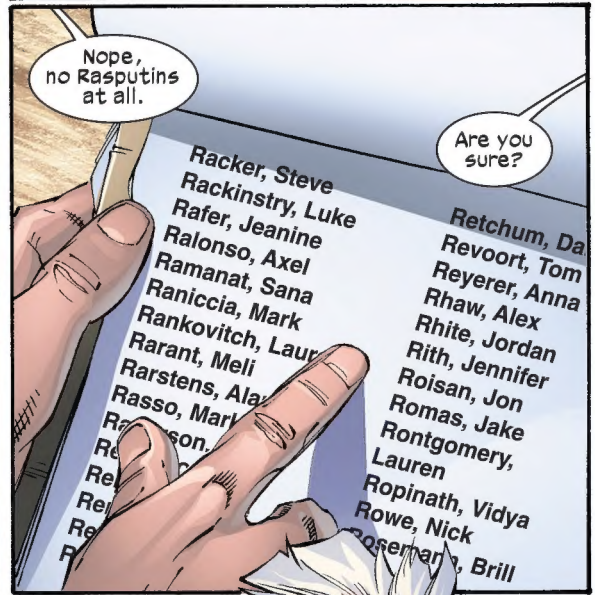


Good luck  
getting access  
to it, though.

...

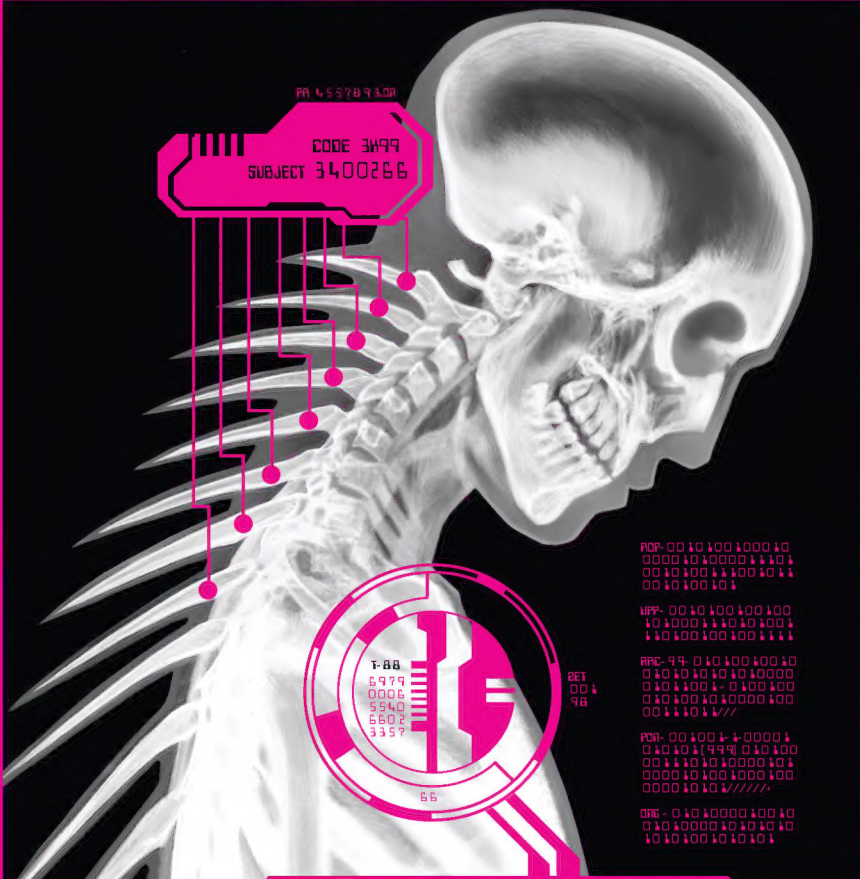








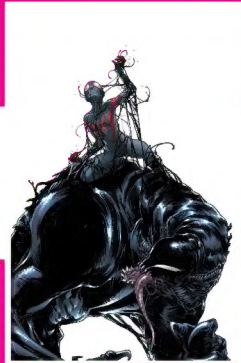
# NEXT:



MUTANT GENOME  
AAA-44603  
PRO

GA LEVELS 9460-5930000  
A-00 LEVELS 88593

ULTIMATE COMICS  
ULTIMATES #21  
ON SALE NOW!



ULTIMATE COMICS  
SPIDER-MAN #20  
ON SALE NOW!