

MARVEL

EXILES 15

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# EXILES



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**L**atveria. A small Eastern European country under the rule of Victor Von Doom--

--known in most circles as **DOCTOR DOOM**.

It is currently under siege...

...by the armies of Atlantis. Led by their monarch Prince Namor, they plan to secure Latveria as a surface world colony.

It is Namor's first major step toward world domination.

If he is not stopped, all the human inhabitants of this land will die--

--and Namor will successfully continue his campaign until the majority of the planet Earth is under his control.

That is where the Exiles come in. To prevent this troubled timeline from occurring, they must aid Doom in reclaiming his Kingdom.

With the Latverian army encased in a force field, most of the team, including Blink, Sasquatch, Morph, Nocturne and Sunfire-- along with Doom-- have made a play to free them.

The other obstacle the team must overcome is in Doom's own castle. Atlanteans have seized Doom's technology and are moments away from restructuring the air in and around Latveria-- making it possible for Atlanteans to breathe on the surface--

--and asphyxiating all human and animal life in the region.



Stopping that  
from happening--  
is Mimic's job.


# I COVER THE WATERFRONT PART TWO

SIX STRANGERS, EACH A HERO FROM A DIFFERENT REALITY, BROUGHT TOGETHER TO ENSURE THAT LIFE AS WE KNOW IT DOESN'T CEASE TO EXIST! BLINK — TELEPORTER; MIMIC — POWERED BY HIS REALITY'S X-MEN; SUNFIRE — MISTRESS OF FLAME; NOCTURNE — DAUGHTER OF NIGHTCRAWLER; SASQUATCH — GREAT WHITE BEAST OF THE NORTH; AND MORPH — SHAPE-CHANGING FUNNY MAN. DESTINED TO FIX THE KINKS IN THE CHAINS OF REALITY, STAN LEE PRESENTS THE

## EXILES


EXILES (USPS #020-472) Vol. 1, No. 15, September, 2002. Published monthly by Marvel Comics, a division of MARVEL ENTERTAINMENT GROUP, INC. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 10 East 40th Street, New York, NY 10016. PERIODICALS POSTAGE PAID AT NEW YORK, NY AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES. © 2002 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. \$2.25 per copy in the U.S. and \$3.75 in Canada (GST #R127032852); Canadian Agreement #40668537. Printed in the USA. Subscription rate (U.S. dollars) for 12 issues: U.S. \$27.00; Canada \$37.00; Foreign \$39.00. POSTMASTER: SEND ALL ADDRESS CHANGES TO EXILES, C/O MARVEL SUBSCRIPTION DEPT. P.O. BOX 32 NEWBURGH, NY 12551. TELEPHONE # (800) 217-9158. FAX # (845) 566-7020. [subscriptions@marvel.com](mailto:subscriptions@marvel.com). PETER CUNEO, Chief Executive Officer; AVI ARAD, Chief Creative Officer; GUI KARYO, Chief Information Officer; DAVID BOGART, Managing Editor; STAN LEE, Chairman Emeritus. For information regarding advertising in Marvel Comics or on [Marvel.com](http://Marvel.com), please contact Russell Brown, Executive Vice President, Consumer Products, Promotions and Media Sales at 212-576-8561 or [rbrown@marvel.com](mailto:rbrown@marvel.com)



A comic book panel showing Calvin Rankin, a man with blonde hair wearing an orange and blue suit, in a dynamic pose. He is surrounded by large, grey, mechanical structures that resemble parts of a giant robot. Bright orange and yellow flames or energy bursts are visible near the base of the robot's leg. The background is a mix of grey and blue tones, suggesting an industrial or futuristic setting.

Mimic has found himself deep within Doom's Castle, facing a veritable battalion of Doctor Doom's Doom Bots. All of which have been reprogrammed to heed their new Atlantean master's orders.


Calvin Rankin is in for quite a battle.

A comic book panel showing Calvin Rankin hanging from a large, grey, mechanical arm. He is looking up with a determined expression. The background shows more of the mechanical structures, including a large cylindrical component with several small circular openings. The lighting is dramatic, with strong highlights and shadows.

Among heroes-- especially the super heroes that have dedicated their lives to fighting evil-- there are subjects they only discuss amongst themselves.

Their lives are about conflict, about outwitting or overpowering a foe.

It is a way of life. They are soldiers.

A close-up comic book panel of Calvin Rankin's face. He has a pained or intense expression, with his mouth open as if shouting or in pain. A bright red, glowing energy beam or liquid is splashing across his face from the left. The background is dark and indistinct.

They never admit it to... well... regular people.

But it's true-- across the board-- it's the absolute truth for each and every one of them.



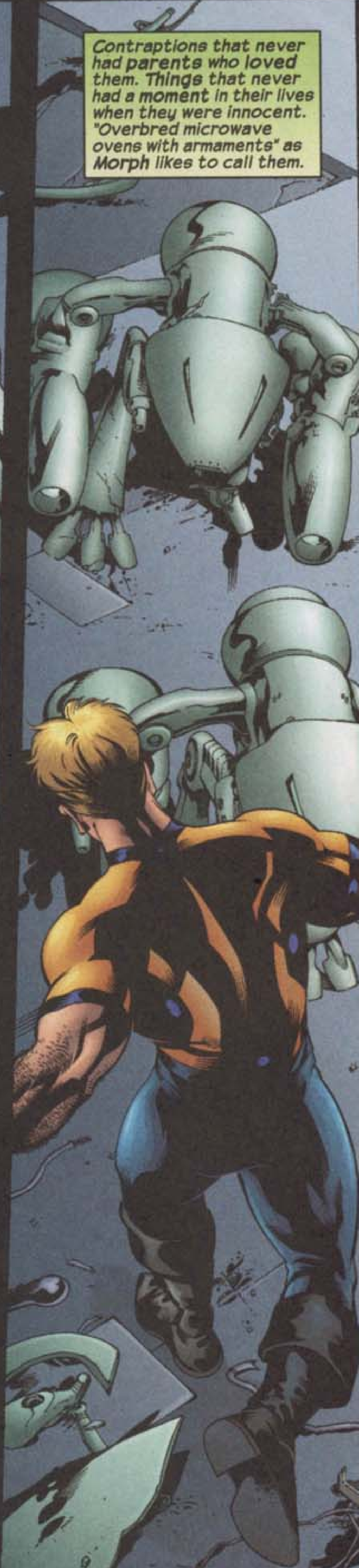
They really  
get off on a  
good fight.






Morph is shown in a dynamic, crouched pose, leaning forward with his hands on the ground. He is wearing his signature orange and blue suit. The background is a dark, rocky landscape with a bright light source in the upper left corner.

Especially a  
fight with robots  
or androids.

A large, complex robot with a central body and multiple arms, some of which are holding weapons. It has a somewhat humanoid appearance but with a more mechanical, segmented body. It is standing on a rocky surface.

Contraptions that never  
had parents who loved  
them. Things that never  
had a moment in their lives  
when they were innocent.  
"Overbred microwave  
ovens with armaments" as  
Morph likes to call them.

A close-up of Morph's face, showing a determined and intense expression. He has blonde hair and a small goatee. The background is a dark, rocky landscape with a bright light source in the upper left corner.

A super being can  
really cut loose on  
something like that.





Especially Mimic.

Ignoring that the man possesses the abilities of an entire team of mutants.



Disregarding the fact that he has the skills to defeat scores of opponents at one time.



Lately, Mimic has become more and more frustrated with the fractured existence he has been forced to live--



--and he welcomes the opportunity to take it out on someone... or something.





And for just a moment... he feels better.

HUFF--  
HUFF--HUFF--  
HUFF--HUFF...

But, that respite is just for a moment.

I have no idea who or what you are--

--but, surface-dweller, you will perish at my hands...

Okay, Cal... let it go... Let that chunk of Wolverine's berserker mode fade away... let his healing factor go to work on the fatigue that's kicking your butt...

...you still have to disable that device that will change the air and kill all those innocent Latverians... they need to get back to happily living under Doom's Iron fist...

HUFF--  
HUFF--HUFF--  
HUFF--HUFF...



Meanwhile, at the battle to free the Latverian Army...

a--some kind of... *disrupter*... having trouble... staying solid...

...the son of e% ^s# lied to us... too many...

You're damn right he lied! We're going to get killed out here!

You deemed necessary?!?

They have us outnumbered a *hundred* to one! You said it was a *small* regiment!

What the *hell* were you thinking?!?

Doom does *not* need to explain himself to the likes of *you*.

Doom does *not* need to explain himself to the likes of *you*.





Oh My God, you just don't get it!



You need to realize--

--you need to get it through that *thick*, narcissistic, egomaniacal *skull* of yours that you are a breath away from *losing* your entire precious, fascist *autocracy*!

And we are the only ones on this godforsaken planet who are *willing* to help you! Lying and getting us killed *won't* get the job done!

And *secondly*, metal #s%e, you're not in charge--



--I AM!



You will refrain from laying hands on Doom.





Stop with the threatening or I'll pull your arms off.



You okay?

I will be in a minute. It's *practically* worth it to hear *everyone* slap down on Doom like he cut gym class.

No biggie.

Says you. Any other time, any other world-- he'd murder *all* of us for giving him this much lip.



We could *sure* use Calvin.

I know. I never would have sent him if I knew we were going to be in *this* deep.



I'm sure he's having a much easier time than the rest of us.



**BA-KOON!**

Mimic thinks about Namor's strength level. The prince is in the same power league as Thor and the Hulk.

Calvin runs just a little below half that.

**KWOOON!**

He also thinks about the Namor from his own reality.

Prime Minister Namor. Ruler of Atlantis. Long at peace with the surface world.

And like so many of the upper echelon heroes of his world...

...Namor is a friend.

Wait! Namor, stop!

You *don't* have to do this. Killing a *million* Latverians *won't* help the cause of Atlantis. It will just bring on even more war.





I can not *imagine* on what knowledge you judge the *welfare* of *my* country. Atlantis has been ravaged time and time again by you and yours...

...but I *do* agree with you-- it will bring on *greater* and greater wars.



Wars where *Atlantis* will be victorious.



And the *million* ground-crawling Latverian *scum* that suck away the life of this planet-- of my seas--

--they will just be the *first* million to fall, suffocating to the earth.



Death only brings on more death, Nam--



Even with Northstar's super-speed at Mimic's disposal, he barely saw the punch coming.



So much for diplomacy.



You will do nothing for Atlantis, but die as all your kind will--



--die!  
We will--  
Where...?



Fine. Fine.  
Don't solve anything. Just complete the mission.



You can keep this world.  
Namor. Doom.  
Whoever.



CRA-RA-  
**RADACK!**

We'll tie up  
your damned  
loose ends, and  
let this time-  
line eat itself  
some *other*  
way!

BY THE  
SEAS!

OPEN  
FIRE!



Damn you!  
Damn you,  
interloping  
scum!

**WHUMP!**





Earth will be ruled from below!  
The surface will know the life of enslavement!



Those who survive will live to serve us as dogs and concubines!



And freakish beings such as you--  
--we will mount your heads on our walls and wear your skins on our backs!









**BA-BOOM!**

**AAAAARGH!**

By  
Neptune!  
The heat!

**AAAAHH!**

Funny.  
I don't feel  
a thing.

You  
make me  
sick.

All  
of you  
make me  
sick!

**BOOM!**





Every  
@#%\$ damned  
world we go to--  
I find *you*! Friends,  
family, heroes-- the  
gods that walk  
like men!

And you  
have been  
*perverted*  
and twisted  
by your own  
*power*!



All  
gone bad! Your  
hearts are full  
of rage!  
Greed!

**Murder!**



Keep  
your miserable  
planets! *Have*  
them!

*Kill*  
your children!  
*Destroy*  
your worlds! I  
don't care  
anymore!

You hear  
me-- all of you--  
*you hear*  
me?!?  
I don't  
care--

**ANYMORE!!**



Forty-three  
minutes later.

The force field was downed.  
A battle was waged. Latveria  
reclaimed its sovereignty.



That was a *squeaker*. I  
thought we were all going  
to that superhuman  
*Valhalla* for sure.

You can  
say that again.  
I think we all owe  
Sunfire about a  
*million* drinks for  
pulling us out of  
this one.

Amen.











I assume that air molecule machine is out of commission?

Yep.

Any major trouble?

No.



You okay?



Sure.

Why would anything be wrong?



END.

*A tale brought to you by...*

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