

M A R V E L® C O M I C S



# EXILES™

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WINICK

McKONE

McKENNA



SIX STRANGERS, EACH AN X-MAN FROM A DIFFERENT REALITY, BROUGHT TOGETHER TO INSURE 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; T-BIRD — SUPER-STRENGTH AND SENSES; NOCTURNE — DAUGHTER OF NIGHTCRAWLER; AND MORPH — SHAPE-CHANGING FUNNY MAN. DESTINED TO FIX THE KINKS IN THE CHAINS OF REALITY, STAN LEE PRESENTS THE

## EXILES

They are the EXILES.

THIS CAN'T BE HAPPENING!

ARE WE BACK IN TIME? I DON'T RECALL THE TIMEBROKER SAYING ANYTHING ABOUT HOPPING AROUND TIME PERIODS!

NO, MIMIC.

THE TALLUS SAYS WE'RE IN THE SAME YEAR AS WE LEFT. THIS WORLD IS JUST ON AN ALTERNATE TIMELINE. A SLOWER ONE, I SUPPOSE.

SO THIS IS AN ALTERNATE WORLD, THEN, BLINK?

T-Bird.

Mimic.

Sunfire.

Blink.

Morph.

Nocturne.

YES, NOCTURNE.

AND I UNDERSTAND THAT YOU'RE ALL INTIMATELY FAMILIAR WITH THIS SETTING.

FAMILIAR? WE'VE PLOPPED DOWN INTO THE MIDDLE OF A HISTORICAL EVENT! LIKE WE'RE STEPPING INTO THE BEGINNING OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION!

MORE LIKE THE KENNEDY ASSASSINATION, MORPH...

I MEAN... GOD... WE'RE REALLY HERE...





WE'RE AT  
THE TRIAL OF THE  
PHOENIX!

# OLD WOUNDS,

These are the *X-Men*. The  
second incarnation of their  
legendary team.

To some they are  
considered the *greatest*  
heroes ever collected.



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THE EXILES, Vol. 1, No. 3, October, 2001. Published by MARVEL COMICS, a division of MARVEL ENTERPRISES, INC. Lou Giola, Executive Vice-President, Publishing; Bob Greenberger, Director Publishing Operations; Stan Lee, Chairman Emeritus. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 10 EAST 40TH STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016. Published monthly. Copyright © 2001 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved. Price \$2.25 per copy in the U.S. and \$3.50 in Canada. GST #R127032852. 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. This periodical may not be sold except by authorized dealers and is sold subject to the condition that it shall not be sold or distributed with any part of its cover or markings removed, nor in a mutilated condition. THE EXILES (including all prominent characters featured in this issue and the distinctive likenesses thereof) is a trademark of MARVEL CHARACTERS, INC. Printed in the U.S.A. MARVEL COMICS is a division of MARVEL ENTERPRISES, INC. Peter Cuneo, Chief Executive Officer; Avi Arad, Chief Creative Officer.



# NEW BATTLES

PART 1 OF 2

And to some...this was  
their *darkest* hour.

When they lost  
one of their own.

When they lost  
*Jean Grey.*

WE HAVE TO GET  
OUT OF THE CARGO  
DECK! NOW,  
CLARICE! LET'S  
MOVE!

WHY,  
CALVIN? WHAT'S  
UP?

WOLVERINE.

I'M NOT SURE *HOW MANY*  
OF US HE KNOWS IN THIS  
REALITY, BUT HE'LL SENSE  
THE ONES HE'S *FAMILIAR*  
WITH IF WE STAY HERE  
TOO LONG!







THIS OUGHT TO DO THE TRICK. WE CAN JUST SPREAD IT AROUND ON THE GROUND. IT'S STRONG ENOUGH TO COVER ANY SCENT.

I SHOULD SAY SO. UCK-- GOD-- IT WOULD HAVE TO WORK REAL HARD TO SMELL AS GOOD AS *BART*.

OH, DON'T BE LIKE *THAT*, T.J.! WE SHOULD BE *THANKFUL* WE CAN ENJOY SUCH FLORA WHILE IN DEEP SPACE!

FOR ONCE, I AGREE WITH MORPH.

CLARICE, ANY WORD FROM THE *THULLUS* AS TO WHAT OUR MISSION IS?

YES. APPARENTLY HALF OF THE SH'AR'S IMPERIAL GUARD WERE KILLED RECENTLY WHILE ON A DIPLOMATIC MISSION TO A DISTANT PLANET. A STAR WENT SUPERNOVA.

IN THE TRIAL BY BATTLE FOR JEAN GREY'S FREEDOM, THE X-MEN WILL WIN.

JEAN WILL NOT SACRIFICE HERSELF.

...IS TO MAKE SURE THAT JEAN GREY DIES.

OUR JOB... WELL...



ALL RIGHT.

AS DISTURBING AS THAT SEEMS, IT'S NOT *THAT* BIG A DEAL.

RIGHT. THAT'S NOT AUNT JEAN. THAT'S THE PHOENIX FORCE. EVERYONE-- INCLUDING THE *FORCE* ITSELF-- THINKS THAT IT'S REALLY JEAN GREY.

BUT JEAN IS ACTUALLY IN A STATE OF SUSPENDED ANIMATION AT THE BOTTOM OF THE PACIFIC.

NO, SHE ISN'T, CALVIN. NOT ON THIS WORLD.

THIS IS JEAN GREY.







THE **HELL** YOU SAY, THAT'S NOT POSSIBLE!

IT'S **MORE** THAN POSSIBLE, CALVIN. IN FACT, IT'S **WHY** WE'RE HERE. THAT'S WHAT WENT WRONG IN THIS TIMELINE.

JEAN GREY **BECAME** THE PHOENIX FORCE IN THIS REALITY AND THAT'S **HER** DOWN THERE. SHE **BECAME** DARK PHOENIX, SHE **ENGULFED** A STAR AND **SNUFFED** OUT A PLANET--



THAT WAS **NEVER** HER!

WHAT DO YOU **KNOW** ABOUT IT?! THIS WAS **OUR** LIVES, CLARICE--WE **LIVED** IT! SHE **CAME** BACK TO US AS **JEAN**!

MR. SINISTER **CLONED** THE PHOENIX FORCE INTO MADELYNE PRYOR, IT ALL WENT TO HELL AND **SHE** **BECAME** THE GOBLIN QUEEN!

BUT **NONE** OF IT WAS JEAN!

CALVIN, I **KNOW**. THE TALLUS TOLD ME.



BLINK, IF WHAT YOU SAY IS **TRUE**, THEN WHY DO WE HAVE TO MAKE **SURE** SHE **DIES**?

WHY CAN'T WE JUST **TELL** THE X-MEN WHO WE ARE? **THIS** REALITY'S PROFESSOR X ISN'T GOING TO TURN OUR MELONS INTO CHEEZE WHIZ, TOO... IS HE?

TELL US WHY THIS HAS TO **END** IN DEATH.



THE TALLUS SAYS THAT IF JEAN SURVIVES THIS BATTLE, SHE WILL **EVOLVE**.

SHE'LL **BECOME** A DARK DEMI-GOD AND DESTROY THE **ENTIRE** MILKY WAY. AND THAT'S JUST WHERE SHE **STARTS**.

SHE'LL GO FROM GALAXY TO GALAXY, **DEVOURING** AND DESTROYING--



YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT YOU'RE **TALKING** ABOUT, BLINK! YOU UNDERSTAND THAT DAMN THING SO WELL THAT WE **INADVERTENTLY** PUT A QUARTER OF A MILLION PEOPLE INTO **COMAS** YESTERDAY!

NOW YOU WANT TO **KILL** SOMEONE WE **LOVE**?! SOMEONE-- SOMEONE--



--someone who helped **raise** me.





T.J. IS RIGHT. WE ARE *NOT* DOING THIS. THERE HAS TO BE A WAY OUT WITHOUT KILLING HER.

MORPH HAD A GOOD SUGGESTION. WE'LL GO AND EXPLAIN OUR SITUATION TO THE X-MEN, AND TOGETHER--



OH NO!

I THINK THE TALLUS WANTS TO PUT AN END TO THE DEBATE!

*Time*, by nature, does not explain itself. It unfolds without oration.

In the case of our unwilling nomads, their course has to be rigidly maintained.



And the risk in deviating from their path is apparently *too great* to be tolerated.


Their heads are filled with visions of what will come should they fail.

The devastation that will be wrought at the hands of a *hero*.

A leader.

A friend.






The Tallus shows them the *worst* of it.

A woman with red hair and a red and yellow suit stands over several defeated characters in a rocky, desolate landscape. One character is lying on the ground, and another is being held by a large, blue, tentacle-like creature.

So real, they feel they are a part of it.

First, she murders everyone close to her. The dark part of her realizing they might have been able to *reach* her.




Her heart safely cloaked in shadow, she then destroys the world's most populated cities.

The woman with red hair is shown flying through a massive, intense firestorm that consumes the landscape below. She has a determined expression on her face.

The Exiles feel the flames lick them as if they were in the center of the firestorms. They hear the screams of the innocents.

They smell the charred flesh.



The woman with red hair is shown flying towards a large, bright sun in a dark, starry sky. The sun is partially obscured by dark, rocky debris.

The *Earth* itself is the next victim.

And then she swallows the *sun*.

This is *nine days* from today.





SO. NOW YOU KNOW.

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO DO ABOUT IT?

SO. NOW YOU KNOW.

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO DO ABOUT IT?

WHAT CAN WE DO?

WE DON'T HAVE ANY CHOICE...

WHAT CAN WE DO?

WE DON'T HAVE ANY CHOICE...

...WE HAVE TO KILL HER.

Disguised in case of run-ins with the X-Men, the Exiles present themselves to Lilandra-- Majestrix Shi'ar, Empress.

They claim to be warriors from a distant quadrant of space that was attacked by Phoenix. Mimic's knowledge of past and present events makes the deception easy.

He offers their services...

...TO FULFILL OUR BLOOD OATH, EMPRESS. IT IS OUR DUTY TO SEEK VENGEANCE, AND AN HONOR TO SERVE UNDER YOUR RULE.

Their offer is *gratefully* accepted.

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With their request to remain at a safe distance from their "competitors", they are provided with quarters and privacy,



And all of them pass the time doing what they can to avoid dwelling upon the task that awaits them.

SO WHAT'S YOUR STORY, HOTSTUFF? HOW DID YOUR TIMELINE GET THE ROYAL SCREW-UP?

WELL, INSTEAD OF FLAME, MY POWERS MANIFESTED AS UNCONTROLLABLE ATOMIC RADIATION, YOU?

I BECAME AN ECTOPLASMIC-LIKE GUY SITTING COMATOSE IN A JELLY JAR IN THE BEAST'S FRIDGE.

NICE.

TELL ME 'BOUT IT, MARIKO...



DAMN IT ALL TO HELL.





YOU'VE BEEN THROUGH THIS BEFORE, RIGHT, CAL? DID YOU FIGHT IN THE TRIAL?

NO, IT WAS DURING A PERIOD OF TIME WHEN I WAS WITH THE DEFENDERS.

GEEZ, SERIOUSLY?

YES, NOT MY FINEST HOUR. YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN MY COSTUME...

WELL, I THINK I'VE STARED INTO SPACE LONG ENOUGH. I'M GOING TO POKE AROUND A LITTLE BIT AND THEN TURN IN.

NOT TOO MUCH POKING AROUND, T.J. WE CAN'T BE SURE THAT THE PSYCHIC DAMPENERS ARE ACTUALLY WORKING. THE PROFESSOR MIGHT NAIL US.

RIGHT.

KEEP YOUR MASK UP AND PUT MORE OF THAT NECTAR ON TO COVER YOUR SCENT.

GOTCHA.

AND, T.J...

...NO SNEAKING A LOOK AT YOUR DAD.

TOO RISKY.

YEAH...ALL RIGHT...

I IMAGINE THIS IS PRETTY DIFFICULT FOR HER... WELL, FOR ALL OF YOU, REALLY.

YEAH... UNIMAGINABLE IN SOME WAYS.





YOU  
HAVE TO LEAD  
THE TEAM,  
CLARICE.



EXCUSE ME?



I'VE BEEN  
THINKING ABOUT IT,  
AND IT'S THE ONLY  
SENSIBLE AVENUE.  
NONE OF US IS  
CAPABLE.

LOOK, I APPRECIATE THE THOUGHT,  
BUT I'M NOT A LEADER. I'VE MOSTLY  
BEEN EFFECTIVE AS A COME-OUT-  
OF-NOWHERE-KICK-SOME-BUTT  
KIND OF TEAM PLAYER. YOU'RE  
THE LEADER-TYPE. YOU'VE  
BEEN LEADING THE X-MEN  
FOR YEARS--



BUT THESE *AREN'T*  
THE X-MEN, AND THIS  
*ISN'T* MY WORLD.

BEFORE  
PROFESSOR X  
BROUGHT ME IN,  
BEFORE...BEFORE HE  
SAVED ME, I WAS ON A  
ROAD LEADING  
TOWARDS DEATH. I  
WAS ARROGANT, I  
WAS GREEDY, AND  
I HAD MURDER  
IN ME.

XAVIER  
GAVE ME  
SANITY.



BUT DESPITE ALL MY  
EXPERIENCE, I'M NOT  
BALANCED LIVING  
LIKE THIS.

GOD...  
I HAD TO KILL  
A VERSION OF  
CHARLES...

WE'RE *CONSTANTLY* GOING  
TO FIND OURSELVES IN  
SITUATIONS WHERE WE'RE  
EXPECTED TO BATTLE  
PEOPLE I THINK OF  
AS *FAMILY*.



AND IT ISN'T JUST ME.  
THE REST OF THEM  
FEEL THE SAME.

INSTEAD  
SHE MAY HAVE TO  
FIGHT HIM TOMORROW...  
AND HELP BRING ABOUT  
THE DEATH OF A WOMAN  
SHE CALLS "AUNT  
JEAN".

NOCTURNE'S  
FATHER IS SOMEWHERE  
ON THIS VESSEL AND *ALL*  
SHE WANTS TO DO IS HAVE  
NIGHTCRAWLER HOLD HER  
AND TELL HER IT'S  
GOING TO BE OKAY.





BUT YOUR  
LIFE EXPERIENCE,  
YOUR WORLD... HAS PUT  
YOU *OUTSIDE* THIS, AND  
YOU'VE LIVED THROUGH  
GREATER ADVERSITY  
THAN THE REST OF US.  
YOUR INSTINCTS HAVE  
BEEN RIGHT ON  
THE MONEY.

YOU'RE  
SUPPOSED TO  
LEAD US.



HAVEN'T YOU  
WONDERED WHY  
YOU WERE THE ONE  
WHO RECEIVED THE  
TALLUS?

I SUPPOSE...  
BUT... I DON'T  
KNOW THAT I  
*CAN* LEAD.



YOU *CAN*. WE'LL ALL  
HAVE YOUR BACK,  
CLARICE.

AT LEAST  
SLEEP ON IT. WE  
CAN TALK MORE  
TOMORROW.

ALL  
RIGHT.  
LET'S DO  
THAT.



YOU'RE  
BACK? I  
THOUGHT  
WE--



YOU  
THOUGHT *WHAT?*  
THAT YOU'D SPRAY  
MORE OF THAT ALIEN  
SKUNK BERRY  
JUICE ALL OVER  
THIS JOINT? IT  
REEKS.

MAN,  
CALVIN, YOU COULD  
LEARN A THING OR TWO  
ABOUT COVERING YOUR  
TRACKS *TOO WELL*.  
SOMETIMES IT'S *MORE*  
NOTICEABLE THAN  
HIDING IN PLAIN  
SIGHT.



SO WHAT'S  
UP, BUB? AIN'T  
YOU SUPPOSED  
TO BE RUNNING  
AROUND WITH *DOC*  
*STRANGE* AND  
*ICEMAN*?

YOU SHOW  
UP TO LEND JEANNIE  
*MORAL* SUPPORT?  
'CAUSE WE COULD  
SURE USE YOU IN  
THE FIELD...

...BUT  
WHY THE SMOKE  
SCREEN?



This is not a reality unlike Mimic's.  
He and Logan are *friends*. If Calvin  
Rankin was to get married,  
Wolverine would be his *best man*.


Calvin knows Logan  
better than most. Better  
than almost *anyone*.



And he knows he will  
*never* go along with what  
the Exiles have to do.






A close-up action shot of Wolverine and Mimic. Wolverine is on the left, wearing his yellow and blue suit, looking down at Mimic. Mimic is on the right, in his silver and orange armor, with a determined expression. They are in a dark, industrial setting with metallic surfaces and a circular vent visible in the background.

He also knows that if you hit Wolverine hard and fast enough, he won't debate. He'll just fight back. But Mimic's hope is to get him down and out *quiddy*.

Regardless of the reality, he has no desire to bring injury to his friend.

A dynamic action shot showing Wolverine lunging forward, his claws extended, ready to strike Mimic. Mimic is on the ground, looking up at Wolverine with a pained expression. Wolverine's face is set in a grimace of effort. The background is a dark, purple-hued environment with some smoke or steam rising.

If only his friend shared that opinion.

AAACH!

A shot of Mimic on the ground, looking up at Wolverine. He is in his silver armor, and his expression is one of concern or realization. Wolverine is partially visible in the background, still in his yellow and blue suit. The ground is cracked and broken.

I'M *ALREADY* AT A DISADVANTAGE!

I HAVE TO REMAIN IN *STEEL FORM* TO KEEP FROM BLEEDING TO DEATH, BUT I CAN'T GO INTO "*BEAST*" AEROBATICS WHEN I WEIGH THIS MUCH!

AND WITH NO VISOR, EYEBEAMS WOULD BE TOO ERRATIC! I GUESS I--





So many times these two have grappled together in the X-Men's *Danger Room*.

Each trying to outdo the other.

But this *isn't* the *Danger Room*.



HE'S  
GOING TO  
KILL ME IF I  
DON'T GO  
ALL OUT!

**BWAACK!**

**AAH!**

**SNKKKT!**

And *Instinct's* have  
begun to take over.



NO, THUNDERBIRD DOESN'T TALK VERY MUCH. HE'S REALLY GOING FOR THE BIG, BROODING, HULKING, MONSTROUS, SILENT TYPE THING.

IN MY WORLD HE WASN'T MUCH OF A *CHATTY GATHY* EITHER... BUT HE HADN'T BEEN MADE INTO ONE OF APOCALYPSE'S HORSEMEN YET.

WHICH HORSEMAN IS HE?

I THINK *WAR*. HE SEEMS LIKE A WAR, DOESN'T HE?

YOU SEEM TO BE TAKING THIS VERY *WELL*. AREN'T YOU THE *LEAST BUT* BOTHERED BY THE FACT THAT WE'VE BEEN TORN FROM OUR OWN REALITIES, FORCED TO RECTIFY OTHERS, AND MIGHT FACE HORRIBLE EXISTENCES IF WE *FAIL*?

WELL, WHEN YOU PUT IT *THAT* WAY, SURE.

BUT YOU'VE GOT TO KEEP IN MIND, MARIKO, THAT I'VE BEEN AT THIS ALMOST *TWO WHOLE DAYS* LONGER THAN YOU.

IT'S ALL *INSANE*, MORPH.

YOU GOT *THAT* RIGHT. SO WHY BOTHER GETTING ALL BOTHERED? THIS IS THE HAND WE'VE BEEN DEALT. I TRY TO SEE THE LIGHTER SIDE OF EVERY SITUATION. THE DIFFERENCES IN THE REALITIES ALONE ARE A REAL HOOT.

ARE THEY?

OH YEAH! DID YOU KNOW THAT IN MY WORLD, YOU'RE *WOLVERINE'S* GIRLFRIEND? IT'S TRUE! YOU KIDS *KNOCK BOOTS!*

REALLY? ODD... BUT HE IS *HANDSOME*.

HANDSOME? I *GUESS*. IN A PSYCHOPATHIC WEREWOLF-ON-CRACK KIND OF WAY.

BUT HE IS ONE TOUGH MONKEY...



"...I'D NEVER WANT TO MEET  
HIM IN A DARK ALLEY!"


SCRAANG!

SCRAANG!

HWAACK!

NNHH!!





Mimic and Wolverine share many similarities beyond their mutant powers.

It was during one of those longer sessions in a dive Karaoke bar that the latter two of those similarities were in full effect.

Men get drunk for a variety of reasons, and each of these men having a mutant healing factor makes achieving inebriation a Herculean effort.

So, they were putting them back *hard* and *fast*...

They both share a love of foreign culture. They have surprisingly excellent singing voices that they keep quiet about. And they both *love* beer.

...when something *else* they shared came up.

Their love of the same woman.

Just two nights after she died, they drank themselves blind.





She never knew how much  
each of them cared for her.

Now, Calvin has to  
make sure Jean dies.

And it hurts him too much to  
put his friend through it, too.



So he hopes he can make Logan unconscious.

Because he knows at this point if he doesn't, Wolverine will probably *kill* him.

ARE YOU NERVOUS, T-BIRD?

NOT AS SUCH, TALIA. I DO NOT CARE FOR WHAT WE HAVE TO DO, BUT OUR ROLE IN THIS SEEMS TO BE GRAVELY NECESSARY.

HEH, YOU CALLED ME *TALIA*. THAT IS SO STRANGE.

WHY IS THAT STRANGE?

OH, NEVER MIND... IT'S SILLY...

IN YOUR WORLD, DID MY BROTHER CALL YOU *TALIA*?

YES.  
I KNOW--

**BAAAAM**

WHAT WAS THAT?

IT CAME FROM THE OBSERVATION DECK!



