

M A R V E L C O M I C S

EXILES™

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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!



I never saw them, Charis... just came outta... outta nowhere... never got a good look... too many of them...

...I gotta get up... always needs us...

REST EASY NOW, WOLVERINE. CONSERVE YOUR STRENGTH.

IT MUST HAVE BEEN AN ARMY THAT TOOK LOGAN DOWN, PROFESSOR!



YOU'VE DEFINITELY EARNED SOME DOWNTIME, MEIN FREUND.

THANKS, UNLILF.

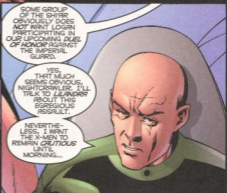


AS YOU SAID THEY WOULD, PROFESSOR XAVIER, HIS PHYSICAL INJURES ARE HEALING AT A REMARKABLE RATE...

...BUT I'M GETTING SOME VERY ODD READINGS ON HIS BRAINWAVES AND CENTRAL NERVOUS SYSTEM.

YES, I AM EXPERIENCING GREAT DIFFICULTY READING HIS THOUGHTS, AS WELL. THEY'RE FRAGMENTED AND IMPOSSIBLE TO DECIPHER. IT'S AS IF HE'S BEEN SHOCKED IN SOME WAY.

HE'S BEEN ATTACKED, PROFESSOR! I THOUGHT THIS DAMNED TRIAL HAD A CODE OF HONOR!



SOME GROUP OF THE SHI'AR OBVIOUSLY DOES NOT WANT LOGAN PARTICIPATING IN OUR UPCOMING DUEL OF HONOR AGAINST THE IMPERIAL GUARD.

YES, THAT MUCH SEEMS OBVIOUS, NIGHTCRAWLER. I'LL TALK TO LILANDRA ABOUT THIS EGREGIOUS ASSAULT.

NEVERTHELESS, I WANT THE X-MEN TO REMAIN CAUTIOUS UNTIL MORNING...

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FOR JERIN'S SAKE, WE CAN'T AFFORD FOR OUR NUMBERS TO DWINDLE.



"YOU'RE SURE THE X-MEN HAD NO IDEA?"

"NONE WHATSOEVER."



"ANYTIME I TAKE BODIES OVER, THEIR BRAINS GO ALL *BAWSS* CHEESE. THEY STAY *COMATOSE* FOR NEARLY TWENTY-FOUR HOURS."

"WOLVERINE DEFINITELY WON'T BE TELLING ANYONE THAT MIMIC CLIPPED HIS CLOCK FOR A WHILE..."



THAT'S AN INTERESTING POWER, T.J. HOW LONG CAN YOU STAY INSIDE SOMEONE?

OH, I DON'T KNOW, BLINK, TWELVE HOURS. A LUNAR DAY, LUNAR CYCLE, WHATEVER... IT WAS MY FIRST POWER TO MANIFEST ITSELF.

THAT'S WHERE I GOT THE NAME *NOCTURNE*.

COOL... BUT THAT'S IT? NO OTHER SURPRISES? JUST THE BODY-SNATCHING AND THOSE—WHAT-DO-YOU-CALL-‘EM—HEX-BOLTS?



YEAH, BUT THEY AREN'T REALLY "HEX-BOLTS." I'M JUST OPENING A PORTAL TO A SIDE DIMENSION AND RELEASING A BURST OF ENERGY.

IT'S THE DIMENSION MY DAD "BAMPS" THROUGH WHEN HE TELEPORTS. I GUESS THE HEX PART WAS A NOD TO MY MOM'S POWERS.



HOW IS IT A HOD TO YOUR MOTHER?

SHE'S WANDA MAXIMOFF, THE SCARLET WITCH.

NOW, THAT'S INTERESTING...



...I NEVER WOULD HAVE PUT THOSE TWO TOGETHER.

ARE YOU KIDDING? BOTH MILITANTS, BOTH GYPSIES... YOU SHOULD SEE THEM. IT'D MAKE YOU SICK. THEY'RE LIKE A COUPLE OF TEENAGERS!

ARE YOU SURE WE SHOULDN'T GET YOU SOME MEDICAL ATTENTION, GILVING OR A WELDERS?



AS LONG AS I STAY IN METAL FORM I WON'T BLEED TO DEATH. MY HEALING FACTOR SHOULD TAKE CARE OF THE REST.

I'M COMING ALONG QUITE NICELY CONSIDERING I WENT AT IT WITH WOLVERINE ALL NIGHT. MY CLAWS ARE ALREADY GROWING BACK.

I'LL BE FINE BY MORNING, CLARICE.

SNIT!



SPEAKING OF WHICH, TEAM... LET'S GO OVER OUR STRATEGY ONE MORE TIME.

SURE, LET'S MAKE IT A BAKER'S DOZEN, BLINK.

There is great sadness in the air.

And great fear.

To say the least, when you don't have murder in your heart, killing is unpleasant work.

And the **EXILES** have anything but bloodlust.

This ragtag team of reality-hopping mutants have nothing but love for Jean Grey.



But today she must die.

That, unfortunately, is the mission they have been given.

It weighs heavily on them all.

CALVIN, THEY'RE GOING TO TELEPORT US DOWN IN A MINUTE...



But for some... it's unalterable.

...ARE YOU OKAY??

SURE I AM, CLARICE.



LET'S DO THIS.

Blue Area.

The Moon.



The Exiles have the advantage against the X-Men.

They know everything that is going to happen, because to them it already has.

To them... this is like reliving history.



And with the Shi'ar Imperial Guard's strength at a low, the disguised Exiles easily assume command.

SPLIT UP! YOU ALL HAVE DESIGNATED GROUPS. MOVE OFFENSIVELY.

OH, AND T-BIRD... GET THIS OVER WITH QUICKLY, GANG.

RIGHT.



WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS?!

THE KREEE AND SAKULL WERE HERE AS DIPLOMATIC OBSERVERS!



Oh... MY BIRD. I THOUGHT WE WERE SUPPOSED TO KNOCK THEM UNCONSCIOUS. I'LL SEND A FORMAL APOLOGY TO BOTH RACES.

NOW FOLLOW ME.

HEY, ORACLE, WANNA GRAB A BITE AFTER THE BATTLE? Y'LL GOT DELI ON THAT SPACE SHIP?

I... I'M NOT SURE. WHAT IS--

C'MON, TOOTS. THE X-MEN'RE THIS WAY.



YOU... YOU WERE RIGHT. I CAN SENSE THEM APPROACHING. HOW DID YOU KNOW THEY WOULD COME FROM THIS DIRECTION?

READ ABOUT IT IN HISTORY CLASS.

PARDON?

QUIET, MORPH.



THIS PLAZA'S WIDE OPEN-- ALMOST NO COVER. A PERFECT PLACE FOR AN AMBUSH.

TAKE POINT, BERST.

AT YOUR SERVICE, CYCLOPS.



JEAN, WATCH OUT!

SPREAD OUT, X-MEN! MAKE 'EM WORK FOR IT!

SCOTT!



THIS'LL ONLY HURT A MINUTE, BERST!

JUST BREATHE EASY!

A SHAPE-SHIFTER!

WELL, DUH.




MINUS THAT FERAL ONE THEY WILL BE EVEN LESS A MATCH FOR US. ALL THE OMENS POINT TOWARDS VICTORY OVER THESE PATHETIC EARTH-DWELLERS.

Take it easy, T.J.--

Wait-- here they come!

If Hussar says that one more time, I'm gonna break her jaw.



She knows how Nightcrawler fights better than anyone alive.

And although this is a younger, stronger version than the man who raised Nocturne...

...with age comes wisdom and experience.



She knows if he is ensnared, he will teleport.

An arduous activity for him, an exhausting one for the passenger. It should render her unconscious.



That is, unless that passenger is his daughter... who spent most of her childhood teleporting while riding piggyback on her father's shoulders.

She is quite immune to such a maneuver.



Nightcrawler, however... is not.



I'm so sorry, Daddy...



They all stick to the plan. They all behave like the heroes they truly are.



They know they are just cogs in a mighty wheel. The task that has been set before them has a higher purpose.



Their personal feelings, their faecal fies, their love, do not enter into it.



The end will justify the means.



At least, that's what they all hope.



It is a mighty roar.
Like the voice of God,
PHOENIX is reborn.

And their task
should be at an end...



IS
EVERYONE
ALL RIGHT?

OUR
PEOPLE SEEM
TO BE. THEY KNEW
IT WAS COMING AND
ARRIVED FOR THE
BURST.

THEN IT LOOKS LIKE OUR
PART IS OVER, CALVIN. WE'VE
FULFILLED OUR PURPOSE,
RIGHT?

THE X-MEN WILL ATTACK
PHOENIX NOW AND SHE'LL
BE ABLE TO COMPLETE HER
PLAN BY TAKING HER
OWN LIFE!



WHAT? ISN'T
THAT WHAT'S
SUPPOSED TO
HAPPEN?

YES...



...EXCEPT
THAT JEAN
JUST KILLED
SCOTT.



"THERE'S NOTHING LEFT OF JERIN GREY IN THERE, BLINK. SHE'S JUST DARK PHOENIX NOW."

"SHE ISN'T GOING TO KILL HERSELF. AND IF SHE IS, SHE'S TAKING EVERYONE HERE WITH HER."

"I JUST CAN'T IMAGINE... SHE'S REALLY GONE, ISN'T SHE...?"



IT'S TIME FOR THAT CONTINGENCY PLAN, CYL.

I SUPPOSE IT IS.





JERIN, BY ALL THAT IS GOOD IN YOU-- STOP THIS NOW!!

REMEMBER WHO YOU ARE! DO NOT EMBRACE THE DARKNESS!!



OH, MY DEAR ORORO... MY GOOD FRIEND ORORO.

I KNOW WHO I AM. I KNOW MORE THAN EVER BEFORE!

I AM PHOENIX!

I AM POWER!



AND BEFORE YOU IS A TRUE GODDESS!!

BOOSH!!

CRASH!!



YOU'RE NOTHING BUT A **MURDERER**, PHOENIX!!

NOTHING MORE!



CABLE!
WHAT A THRILL!
AND DECIDING TO CHEAT ANOTHER
MULTITANT
POWER!

TOO
BAD YOU'LL
ONLY BE HALF
AS POWERFUL
AS ME!

I SUPPOSE
I'LL JUST HAVE
TO MAKE DO.



MY, MY, CABLE--
SO MANY CON-
FLICTING EMOTIONS
BOUNCING AROUND
THAT TROUBLED COPY-
RIGHTING BRAIN
OF YOURS!

THOSE HOT
AND SWEETY ONES
ARE ESPECIALLY
INTERESTING!



I MIGHT
JUST GIVE IN
TO SOME OF THOSE
NASTIER FANTASIES
OF YOURS! IT MAY BE
A LITTLE MORE PRYING
MARTIN'S STYLE THAN
YOU'RE USED TO--
BUT WHAT IS IT
TO GO!

JUST
SHUT UP
AND FIGHT,
YOU CRAZY
B--



Mother pus bucket... ANYBODY GET THE NUMBER OF THAT HOME SUPERIOR TRUCK?

I THINK I BROKE EVERY-THING... which is just seeing as how I don't have any bones...



BUT OF COURSE YOUR MOUTH SEEMS UNINFFECTED. CAN YOU SEE WHAT'S GOING ON?

CAN YOU SEE WHAT'S GOING ON?



NOT SO MUCH, JUST A LOT OF FLAME...

HOLY MUCKERREL! MIMIC'S MIMICKED PHOENIX!

Don't ask me to say that again, though. I can only shapeshift my fangae so many different ways!



YOU SHIFT ONE MOLECULE, SPUD, I'LL POP YA RIGHT IN THE BRRIN.

GOTCHA.

FREEZE OR LOBOTOMY. WE'RE ALL GOOD.



YOU'VE ALL GOT THREE SECONDS TO TELL ME WHAT THE HELL YOU'RE DOING HERE AND WHY YOU WERE TORMING UP WITH THE SHIPPA, OR LITTLE OLU MORPH HERE--

IS IN A LOWER RENDING GROUP, RIGHT?

SOMEBODY, PLEASE-- TELL THE MAN ABOUT THE WHOLE REALITY-HOPPING, SETTING-THE-WORLDS-RIGHT-AND-WE-GET-TO-GO-BACK-TO-KANGARS DEAL!

IT'S TRUE, WOLVERINE...





YOU'RE NOT KILLING ANYONE ELSE! YOU'RE NOT GETTING OFF THIS MOON, JERN!!



BOOM!

WE'RE RUNNING OUT OF TIME. SHE'S RECOVERING FASTER WITH EACH BLOW. IT WON'T BE LONG BEFORE SHE PICKS US ALL OFF.

WHERE ARE THE OTHERS??



THAT'S SLAMMERS' BODY ONE CLICK OVER...

YES, IT APPEARS TO BE.

SHE'D NEVER DO THAT. WOLVERINE, ON HER LIFE, JERN WOULD NEVER HURT SCOTT.

SHE HAS. WORTHINGTON.

GOD ALMIGHTY, JERINE... IT'S TAKEN YOU OVER, HAIN'T IT?



ALL RIGHT, KIDS. LET'S END THIS.



I'M GROWING EXTREMELY BORED WITH THIS!

I CAN FEEL YOU TRYING TO MIMIC MORE ENERGY FROM ME, CALVIN! I'VE TURNED OFF THE SPRING, DEAR!



YOU'LL JUST HAVE TO FIGHT WITHOUT STERLING, YOU PARRISITE!



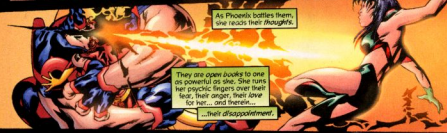
GUESS I JUST GET ONE SHOT WITH THIS--!

MISC. BUNK--!



--BUT THAT'S ALL YOU GET!

TRYING TO SNEAK UP ON A PSYCHIC SMURFY AND YOU'RE THE ONE WHO LEADS THESE "EXILES"??



AH!

SHE'S ALSO THE ONE WHO THOUGHT TO DISTRACT YOU AND TELEPORT ME HERE!

YES, SHE DOES!

And then, everything becomes oddly quiet.

The sounds of the battle continue to roar, but the barter has ceased.

As Phoenix battles them, she reads their thoughts.

They are open books to one as powerful as she. She runs her psychic fingers over their fear, their anger, their love for her... and therein...
...their disappointment.

It's like a sickness in them. A primal disgust. It gnaws at her worse than the blows they deliver.

It fuels her.

She wants to kill them more with every moment.

But she will never
get the chance.

GET
AS MUCH
HEIGHT AS YA
CAN AN' HEAR
STRAIGHT AT
HER!

I HEAR
YOU.

MAY
GOD FORGIVE
US.

GOD AIN'T
ANYWHERE NEAR
HERE TODAY,
WARREN.



I AM THE
BLACK
ANGEL!

I AM
ALL THE
DARKNESS
YOU WILL
KNOW!!

I AM
POWER!!

I AM
DEATH!!



"LOGAN, I THINK
WE'RE TOO LATE!"

"NO TURNING
BACK NOW, MAN."



I
LOVED HER,
Y'KNOW?

WE ALL
LOVED HER,
FLYBOY.





AAAAJE!!!

...BUT
THIS HAD
TO BE
DONE.

SHUCK!



AAAAARRRR!!!

RRROOOAAAARRR!!!





IS THAT IT,
CLARICE?



YEAH, THE TALLAS
IS POWERING
UP.

TIME
TO MOVE ON
TO ANOTHER
WORLD.

OLD WOUNDS, NEW BATTLES PART 2 OF 2



GOOD...



I'M
NOT SURE I
CAN STAND
RIGHTING ANY
MORE WRONGS
IN THIS
REALITY.

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