

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

# EXILES?

MARVEL  
PG 12

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marvel.com



DIRECT EDITION



7 59606 05108 3

\$2.25 US \$3.75 CAN

They go from world to world to right wrongs.

They reset time and attempt to bring balance to the multiverse.

BLOOOONK

It is a hard life.

The choices they are forced to make are difficult.

They have been compelled to fight one-time allies, hurt people they feel like they know...

...and even kill.

They are told that there is no alternative.

If they wish to correct the flow of time itself... if they desire to return to their own lives...

...they must prevail.

For they are  
**WEAPON**

**X**

And this is  
their fate.

Sabretooth.

Peter Parker--  
The Spider.

Ororo  
Munroe--  
Storm.

Everyone  
stay close...

SIX STRANGERS. EACH A SUPER HERO FROM A DIFFERENT REALITY. BROUGHT TOGETHER TO ENSURE THAT LIFE AS WE KNOW IT DOESN'T CEASE TO EXIST! SABRETOOTH - SAVAGE HERO AND LEADER; THE VISION - CYBERNETIC MASTER OF DENSITY; HULK - MISTRESS OF STRENGTH; THE SPIDER - SYMBIOTIC MAN-ARACHNID; DEADPOOL - PSYCHOTIC FUNNYMAN; AND STORM - WEATHER GODDESS. DESTINED TO FIX THE CHAINS OF REALITY BY ANY MEANS NECESSARY. STAN LEE PRESENTS **WEAPON X** IN

# ANOTHER ROOSTER in the HENHOUSE Part 1 of 2

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The Vision.

Deadpool.

Jen Walters--  
The Hulk.

That was one of the worst teleports yet, Creed... I almost needed *diapers* on that one.

Charming, Deadpool...



Both of you shut up. Let's see what the Tallus has to say...



⤵Sigh. Not a damn thing. Let's be patient, though. We're just edgy from earlier.



Why the hell would I be edgy, Victor? Storm and I only had to kill about fifty Morlocks.

While they slept.

They might have been ugly but they deserved better.

That is debatable, Spider.

Not their lack of beauty, that is...



My scanners are picking up a multitude of lifeforms, Sabretooth. Mostly human-- correction-- exclusively human.

With the exception of Weapon X, I sense no mutant or advanced human genetic signatures within a twenty-five mile radius. Perhaps they are being masked.



Man, I know I've said it before but-- damn, this dude is useful.

I am SO glad Kane bought it when we scrapped with Sub-Mariner and we got Vision in his place.

I preferred Matt Murdock to you, Spider.



Quiet. Vision, what's the landscape look like? It smells like war to me. Chemicals... explosive residue... Can--



Stand ready! Energy surge! Twelve meters northeast!



Man-- I hate S.H.I.E.L.D.! And Captain America was a real jerk, as well.

God-- if he told me to "watch that language, son" one more time, I was gonna punch him right in the e#s% snoot!

He would have killed you, Morph.

Yeah, but it would have been worth it, Sasquatch.

I don't know, I rather enjoyed the mission. As tasks go it was fairly painless, almost bordering on a diplomatic mission. I just never thought I'd see the day when--

BLEEEEEEEEEENK





MISTER CREED!?

Clarice!!

CLARICE!!!  
HAHAHA!!

It's you!? It's really you?!

I never thought I'd see you again! You were fighting alongside Colossus when he went nuts and then Morph, me and Pietrowent to get Beast. Beast was gone but Pietrowessed with his teleportation device and then weran outside and everything started to topple and glow white, then I got sucked into this energy hole and--

Easy, easy-- just breathe, pup. You're going to hyperventilate.

I thought you were dead, Mr. Creed.





Okay... anybody want to take a stab at what the hell's going on here?

I take it we're looking at Sabretooth from Blink's reality. The man who rescued and raised her.

Really? Ya think so, slick--? I didn't pick that up with all the hugging and laughing and crying.

But what I really wanna know is...




...how do you suppose he got here, and who do you suppose he's got with him?



And why do I get a woogey feeling about them?

Yes, I'm a little woogey, too. But let's just give them a minute...

...this sort of reunion doesn't happen every day.




"Okay, so why 'Weapon X'? I mean with 'Exiles' we were playing off our nomadic status and sort of incorporating the X since all of us had some affiliation with the X-Men..."

"...oh yeah, and Jean Grey razed us with it when she was trying to kill us. It kind of stuck."


"Well, when the team started out it was comprised mostly of former Weapon X program candidates..."

"...but they lost a lot of their own as missions went on. Actually, they lost everyone but Sabretooth and Deadpool."

"Sounds harsh. One of our team was killed in our first mission and... well..."



"...we had to leave one of us behind a few missions ago."



He got hurt and wound up in a coma. Then the Tallus popped this piece of work here to take his place.

I'm hot. Am I reading this climate wrong or are we in the tropics?

Vision says we're in Florida.

Good. Then I won't freeze my can off if I go human.

Because I'll tell you, my friends... besides the unjust turn that my life has taken by putting me here...

...besides the threat that the person I love most in the world will burn to death if I don't succeed in completing my timeline...

...I am forever without a stitch of clothes any and every time I revert back from being Sasquatch.

I guess today I lucked out that we're here in *Florida*... at least Florida after a drought's killed just about every decent piece of vegetation...



So what's the *shock*? That I'm a *woman*? Or that I'm *black*?



Woman.

Black.

I have no earthly idea who you are.



My name is *Heather Hudson*.

How's *that* for a kick in the pants? Alternate realities are a trip, huh?



I know, I know... but when I saw you with *Alpha Flight* I was taken aback. And then the Tallus said we were about to *teleport away*.

It didn't seem *fair* to try and get your attention only to leave, kiddo.

And our Tallus trips are *rough*. Sounds like with your Tallus working in conjunction with your power you guys have much *easier* trips.

Every time we hop a world it feels like we're having *heart attacks*. Twice we've had team members pass out for *hours* afterwards.

But it's the *same* boat ride besides that, right? You're all under the same gun as we are. Fix the timelines or your life goes to pot.

Except that me and Mr. Creed here will *cease to exist*.

*Clarice*, I think it's about time you try and call me *Victor*. You're a big girl now.

I am a *very* big girl now, sir, I agree. But I'm not sure *Victor* will stick.

Try.

For you, sir... *anything*...

Hey, T.J...why not come sit with the rest of us? We're just killing time hoping the Tallus tells us why we're here.

It's *really* fascinating talking to this other group of "Exiles"... this version of Storm is only *sixteen*...

I'm fine, Mariko. You go ahead.

TJ, come on... you have to let us in.

We want to help you as much as we can.

With *John*. With the *baby*.

John's gone, Mariko.

And so is the baby.



What?  
TJ, what  
are you talk--



I... I  
lost it at  
the hotel the  
night before  
last.  
I went  
to an ER... they  
said I was fine.  
I just...  
...I just  
lost the  
baby.



For God's  
sake-- *why* didn't  
you tell us? *We* could  
have taken you to the  
hospital-- or at *least*--  
TJ-- we could have  
*talked*--  
Just  
leave me  
alone.

I won't  
just--



**ALONE.**  
Leave me  
*alone.*



Fine.  
We're  
here when  
you need  
us.





"I don't like this. I don't like *them*."

"Hey, lady, you have *not* been around long enough to start whining about our predicament... 'sides..."



...I like meeting up with another team. It's *hopeful*. It implies a *greater order* to this disaster we live in. Maybe there's a lot *more* of us out there.

Maybe this whole thing is incredibly *common* and we'll be back in our own beds before we know it.

I can agree with you on *that*... it's just that this crew makes me nervous. Have you *heard* the missions they had to complete to jump to their next worlds?



They *crippled* Doctor Strange. They threw Atlantis into *war* with the Inhumans.

They *blew up* Avengers mansion.

*Laid waste* to the Morlocks.

They *murdered* Tony Stark.



They've gotten four team members *killed*.

They're *vicious. Ruthless*. You guys have never had to do anything *like* that.

I *know* it may have been different circumstances, but... something just feels *wrong* with them. And then there's *Sabretooth*.

What do you got against *him*? To Clarice, he's a *father*.



Yes. But in *every one* of our realities-- he's the *coldest* of killers any of us has ever seen. He's a *monster*... not a "dad".

Hey, gang! Listen up!



We just got the word. There's a job for the *whole* bunch of us!



It's a world that has been long at war. Years ago the Mutant Restriction Act was passed and the creation of an army of giant mechanical warriors was green-lit. The Sentinels were born.



At first, mutants all over the globe were imprisoned or massacred.

Then, all beings with greater powers were targeted.

It went on for years. New alliances were created as the war stretched on and on.

But it became hopeless.



Eventually, any and all people with even the remotest genetic indicator of possible mutant or advanced-human ability were removed from society.



And what of the price? To live in what was perceived as "safety" made this entire planet a desiccated war zone.

A land bereft of greenery... a sky choked with darkness.

It is a world that is one generation away from eating itself.

But there is hope.

He is David Richards.

He is six years old.

His father is Franklin Richards, son of Reed and Sue of the Fantastic Four.

His Mother is Rachel Summers, daughter of Scott and Jean of the X-Men.

But they are all long dead and only he remains.

He will grow to be the most powerful being ever born on Earth.

If he grows up.

That's where our reality-hopping teams come in.

Free the boy and this world will live.





It is simply an army of Sentinels that imprisoned a world against twelve disgruntled superhumans with utterly nothing to lose.

If Vegas still stood, they'd have the odds going at about even.



The combination of the two teams creates quite the little army.

Brute strength, an enormity of skill, and a variety of powers.



And despite the fact that they are battling emotionless machines, there does seem to be an element of surprise at work.

Vision, who reconstructed himself after years of wear and tear, is a combination of the original Human Torch, the mad machine Ultron, components from Stark Enterprises, and Kree technology.

The camp itself is designed more for keeping occupants in rather than keeping interlopers out.

The Armada guarding the detention camp are not the best versions of the Sentinels yet created. In fact, Vision's long range scanners show that they are all quite old.

With all that-- the Sentinels are an open book to him.

That's disheartening on one level that a rebellious underground either doesn't exist or isn't formidable enough to draw concern.

But today, it's quite helpful.

CRA-KOOWM

The Tallus had dropped them within thirty miles of the camp. Vision is able to get a lock on the prisoner's genetic signatures.

Vision then merely accesses the camp's mainframe and let his fingers do the walking.

TZAAACACACAC

TZAAAAA AAAAAA AAAAAACK

From there they get lucky that David Richards has managed to retain his own name and that the powers-that-be keep extensive files on all mutants and advanced humans.

So they know where he is. Then all they have to do is break him out.

Oh yeah, and they get to destroy a whole bunch of Sentinels for their trouble.

They are very different teams, but they all hate Sentinels.



Location *verified* and previously accessed schematics *confirmed*-- target is in sector three-- area nine.

Now, Clarice-- we're clustered enough in the fighting that they won't track our movements!

Another ten meters.



**BLINK**

Let's go! Now!!



Is this it?

**BLINK**

Yes.  
Son of a...



Oh god... Mr. Creed... it feels just like--



Yeah, pup. I'm sure it brings back some *less* than happy childhood memories.

Is the whole camp full of children?

No. Just areas *nine* through *fourteen*.

I have located the *Richards* child. Genetic or visual matches cannot be confirmed, but interfacing with the inhibitor collar *verifies*--

Get offa me!!  
Let go!

Put him down, you sack of bolts! He's a *little boy*, not a *specimen*.

Besides, I'm pretty sure he *hates* androids.

Okay Clarice, we've got him-- let's bolt.

I don't know, Mr. Creed...

...no... I *can't* leave it like this.

No, Clarice-- we should stick to the *mission*.

It'll be more than we can handle if--

I bet you didn't say that when you rescued me. Besides--

"...I think fate is telling me that I owe this."



Damn it! If you would just have listened to me-- Clarice, we can't run a daycare center up here!

We've completed the mission! We're gone! What are these children going to do out here on their own?

You mean these kids who've been raised in adversity and war their whole lives?

They'll do a damn sight better out on their own than in those camps!



BLINK!

You're getting soft, sir.

Shut up.

You're just ticked because I'm right.

Shut up.

If I'm--



Hey... are you getting this?

Yeah... the Tallus says... we're not done...

Damn it all to hell.



This can't be what it wants.

You know it is...



Okay, team--  
I got the word!  
Baby bird has a new  
nest-- get set for  
transport!



Oh man--  
I was just  
getting into  
this!

CREEE-OOOOOK



It's not every day that  
one gets to tear apart  
evil artificial lifeforms  
with complete  
abandon.

Wow,  
Sasquatch. You  
can really make  
butt-kicking  
sound clinical  
and dull!



BLINK!

Quiet,  
Morph.  
It's  
time to  
go.



BLIIINK

Geez,  
who spit in *your*  
cocoa? We won,  
hotpants!

Not all of these people are the child-rearing type.

Some don't even particularly like the wee ones.

But this is different. They have emancipated their own kind, and they can't help but feel good.



They went in to save one, and brought back many.

No casualties. No injuries. No further detection from the Sentinels.

And this boy will grow up to be the strongest among them, or so the Tallus has told them.

It was not.

The Tallus has clarified their mission.

But the leaders have not told their teams yet.



They had assumed that David Richards would be the one who freed the world from bondage. They believed that was their purpose in rescuing him.



They choose to let them enjoy this moment before delivering the news of what the Tallus has ordered.

They must kill David Richards.



CONTINUED...