



EXILES™

MARVEL
PG-14

WINICK
McKONE
HOLDREDGE
marvel.com



DIRECT EDITION



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Atlantis.

For centuries it has been a source of myth and legend.

In most realms, in many worlds... it exists.

Long ago, the city and its inhabitants were the victims of both natural disasters and interloping nations.

It hardened them into a warrior race.


No longer will they wait to be the prey of the surface world dwellers. They plan to conquer it.

And this small European country they now invade will be the first to fall.

This is Prince Namor. Monarch of the underwater nation. Ruler of the oceans.

And he is without mercy.

And they have to stop him.



Which means helping him.

They are **THE EXILES**. Heroes from different dimensions thrown together to set right the broken chains of time. When they succeed, they will return to their homes with their previous lives intact.

He is Victor Von Doom.
DOCTOR DOOM.

He rules Latveria, the Eastern European country of his upbringing. As an adult, he returned to his homeland, overthrowing the standing government and crowning himself king.

He has also done a number of other things that haven't made him very popular with his present company.

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 IN

I COVER THE WATER- FRONT PART ONE

JUDD WINICK
SCRIBE

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PENCILS

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Well, maybe he's a good Doctor Doom.

Does he *seem* good to you, Mariko? He keeps calling me "whelp". Besides how *dorky* that is, it definitely smacks of that screwed-up, condescending, overlord thing he's got going on.

I vote for beating the crap out of him.

If we're helping out scum like *Doom*, how far are we from those e#s% in *Weapon X*? We have to draw the line somewhere. I vote for *not* helping bullethead.



We're *not* voting, Nocturne. We are listening to the *Tallus*.
We *have* to help him. If we don't, Namor conquers Latveria and murders every human inhabitant. This country becomes his foothold in the surface world and within five years, he's the monarch of over *half* the globe.



Great. So how do we help, Blink? Club some baby seals? Pose as businessmen and steal government checks from the elderly? Blow up the *Baxter Building*?
No, I--



Not done.
Steal cosmic powers from the Silver Surfer? Banish the Avengers to the Negative Zone? Rip off Thor's hammer?





I don't like Doom.

I hear ya, brother.



I could kick his ass, you know...

We all know...

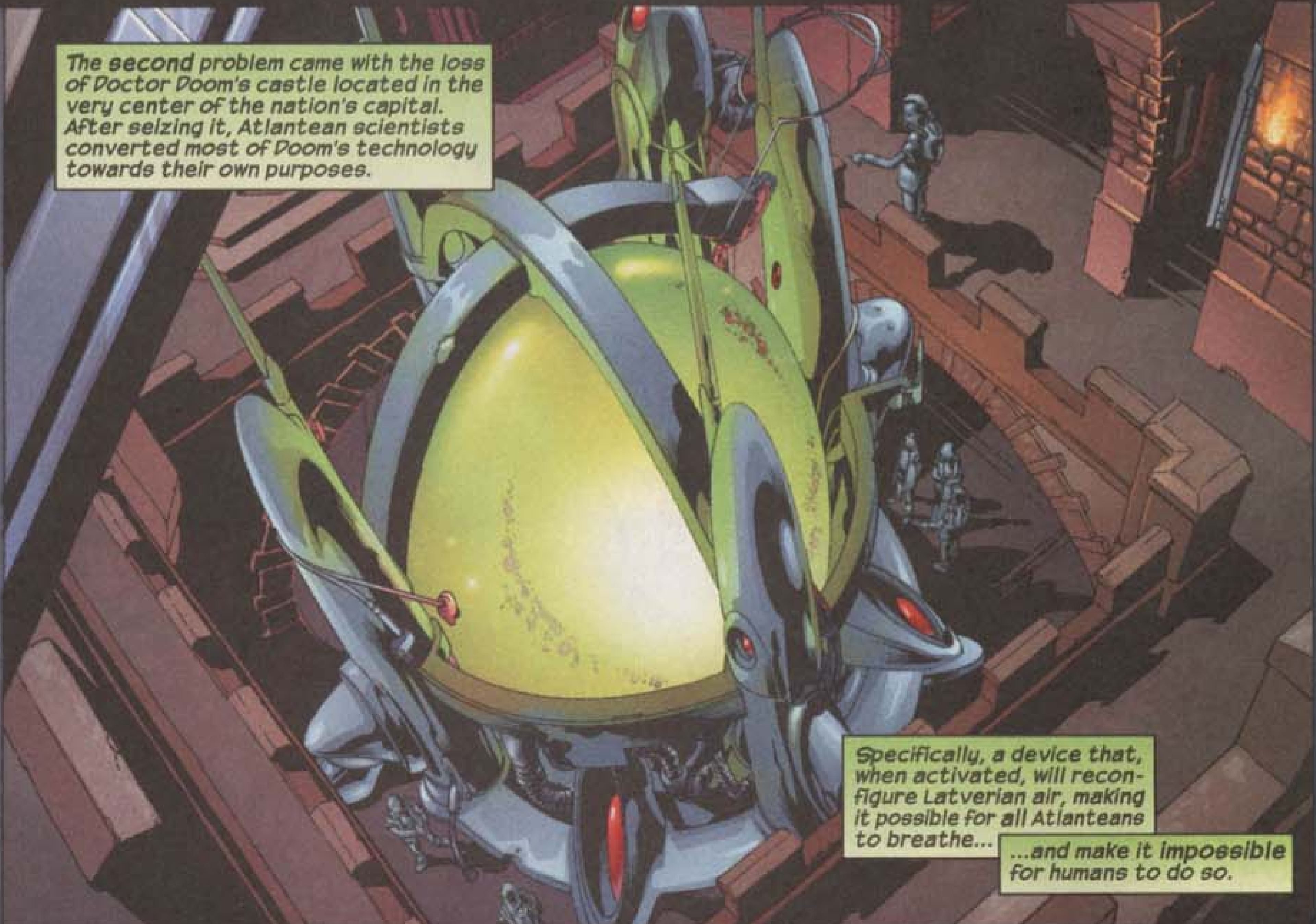
...right, I could...

Namor's troops managed to lure nearly three-quarters of the Latverian army to the country's southernmost end. They were encased in a forcefield. Nearly twenty thousand troops.

If those troops are freed, the Atlantean army would not last in open combat.



The second problem came with the loss of Doctor Doom's castle located in the very center of the nation's capital. After seizing it, Atlantean scientists converted most of Doom's technology towards their own purposes.



Specifically, a device that, when activated, will reconfigure Latverian air, making it possible for all Atlanteans to breathe...

...and make it impossible for humans to do so.

Someone has to free the troops.

And someone has to storm the castle.

I know what you're thinking.

The five of you go with Doom and free the army.

I'll go to the fortress. I can handle it myself.

Yep.
Be careful, Cal.

Always.

Ah-- no kissing in front of Doom!

All right, enough, let it go.

Mimic misses his home.



Compare his reality with his teammates-- --and his feels like nirvana.

It is a world where mutants are not persecuted or subjected to prejudice.

An existence where heroes have attained a level of celebrity and reverence usually held only for royalty.



Newstime

Newstin

They are his world's great protectors.

Its saviors.

wstime

His name is Calvin Montgomery Rankin. Mimic. He is an Exile.

He is one of his world's greatest heroes, but it began for him quite differently.



His father was a brilliant scientist, but a terrible businessman. All of his discoveries and creations were stolen from him.

Calvin grew up poor and under the thumb of a bitter, dejected man.



Despite his own innate intellect, Calvin gravitated towards the wrong crowd. He would have most likely continued his career as a petty thief, if not for a chance meeting.



His mutant power began to manifest in his late teens, but he had no way of knowing that.

Unlike most mutants, whose abilities present themselves in an obvious way--strength, agility, telekinesis, or a thousand other variables--



--Calvin's powers to copy the abilities of others never made themselves known.

Until he was in close proximity to a group of mutant teenagers in New York City.





Calvin had gone into the convenience store to get a better look at the pretty redhead.



And he got so much more than he bargained for.



He followed them for over two hours, never letting them get more than twenty feet ahead of him. He couldn't help himself. It was intoxicating.

Calvin felt their powers surging through him. He could barely contain himself.



He eventually lost them.

But it seemed his body had kept a souvenir or two.



Everything else happened very quickly.

From his understanding of what he was, a mutant--

--to his decision of what to do with that gift.

The Brotherhood of Evil Mutants wasn't easy to find, but his offer to join was quickly accepted.

Their plan to kidnap a wealthy mutant-hating Senator jibed just fine with the angry young man.



The young super-team attempting to stop him was more surprised by him than vice versa.



Unfortunately for Mimic, though, power did not equal skill.

And the true owners of those remarkable abilities, his reality's X-Men, had the advantage of extensive training.

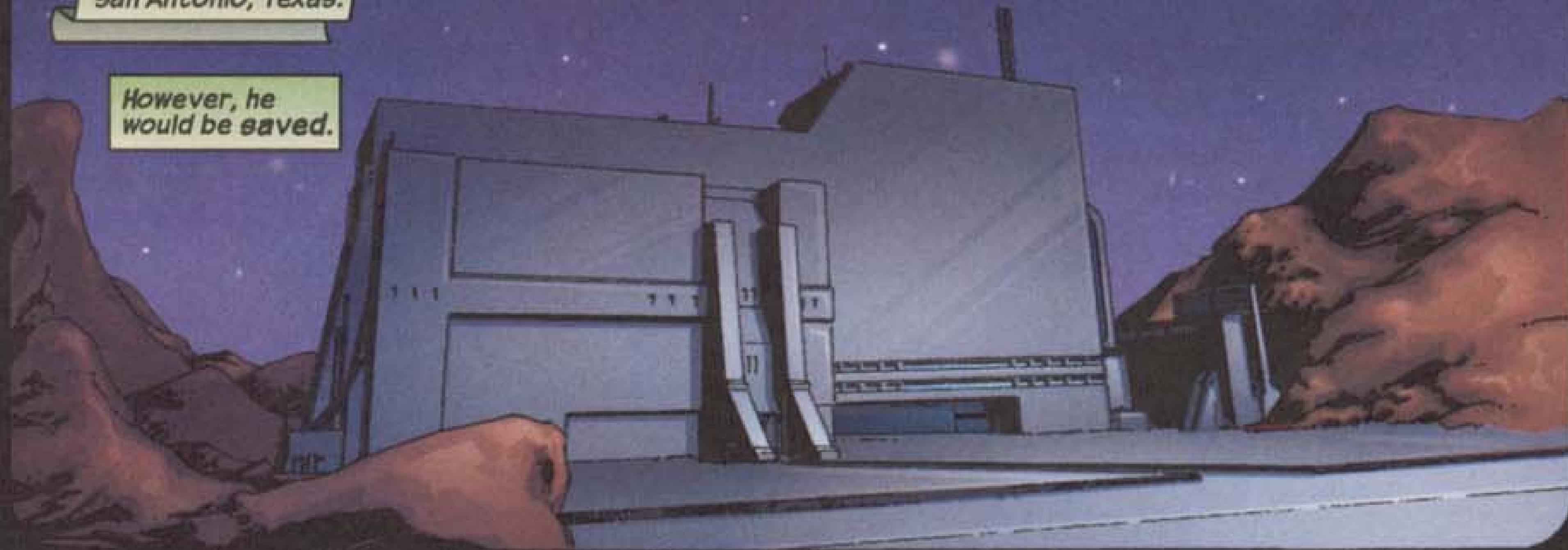
And teamwork.

That, and perhaps a lack of loyalty towards their newest member, is why, when the Brotherhood's defeat was imminent, they abandoned Mimic.



Fort Terahawk.
San Antonio, Texas.

However, he
would be saved.





Hello, Calvin.

I know you know who I am. Even with the *limited* use you are making of Marvel Girl's power...

Yeah. I looked inside their heads. I know who you are. You're a *freak* who runs a *freak's* school.

So, what do you want?

I suppose that is an *appropriate* question. But *mis-directed*.

Calvin... What do you want?





I wanted money.

That's why I joined up with those psychos. But at the moment, I'm leaning more towards getting out of here.



I can understand that. However, I am asking the *grander* question.

In *life*, young man, what are you looking for?



What the hell kind of question is *that*?



A pretty simple one.



Forget you. Get lost, okay...?



As you wish.

But I should warn you that these government facilities are not *nearly* as accommodating as my school... If you'd like to *join* us.



Wait!
You...
...you can get me out of here?

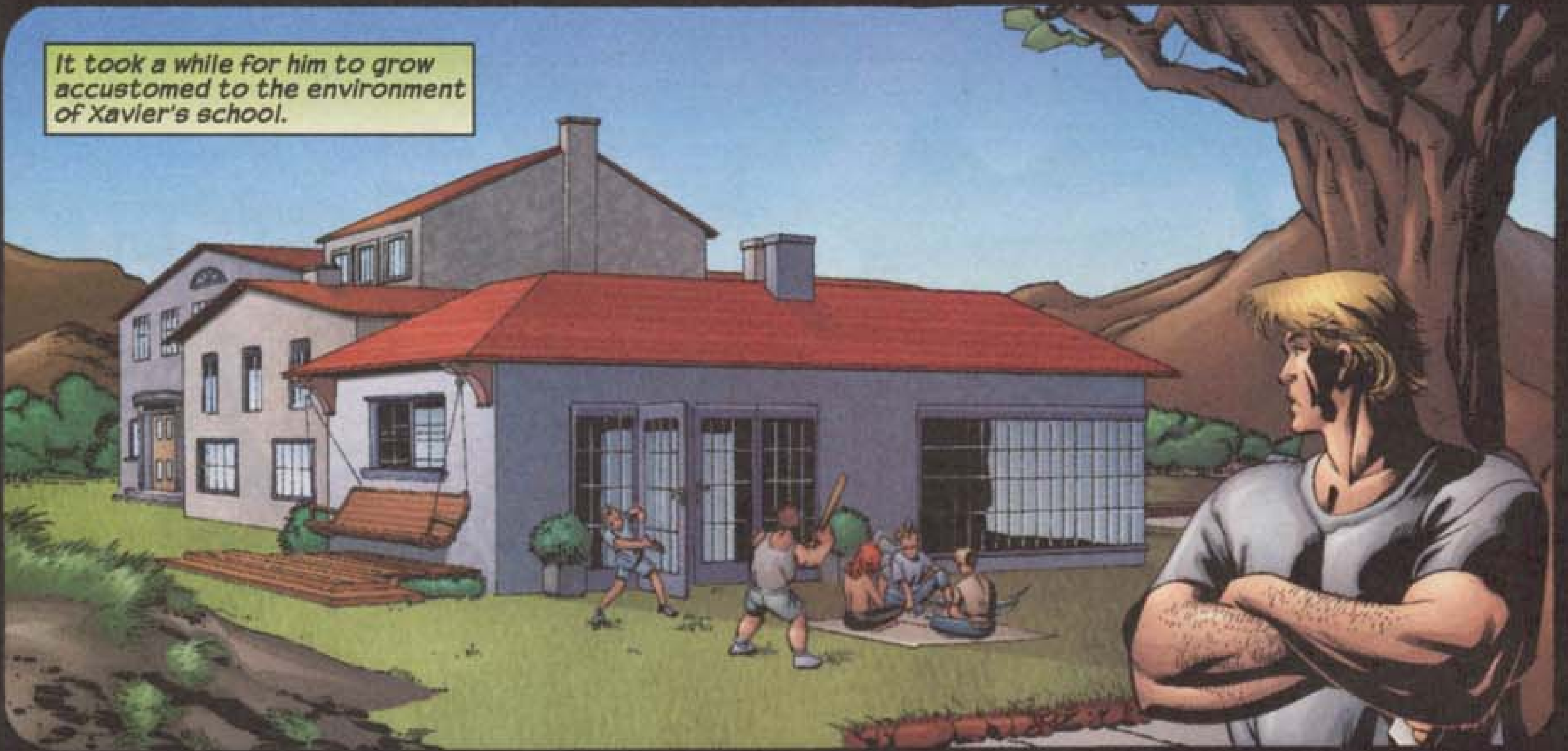


That is the *least* of what I can do. Please give us a chance.

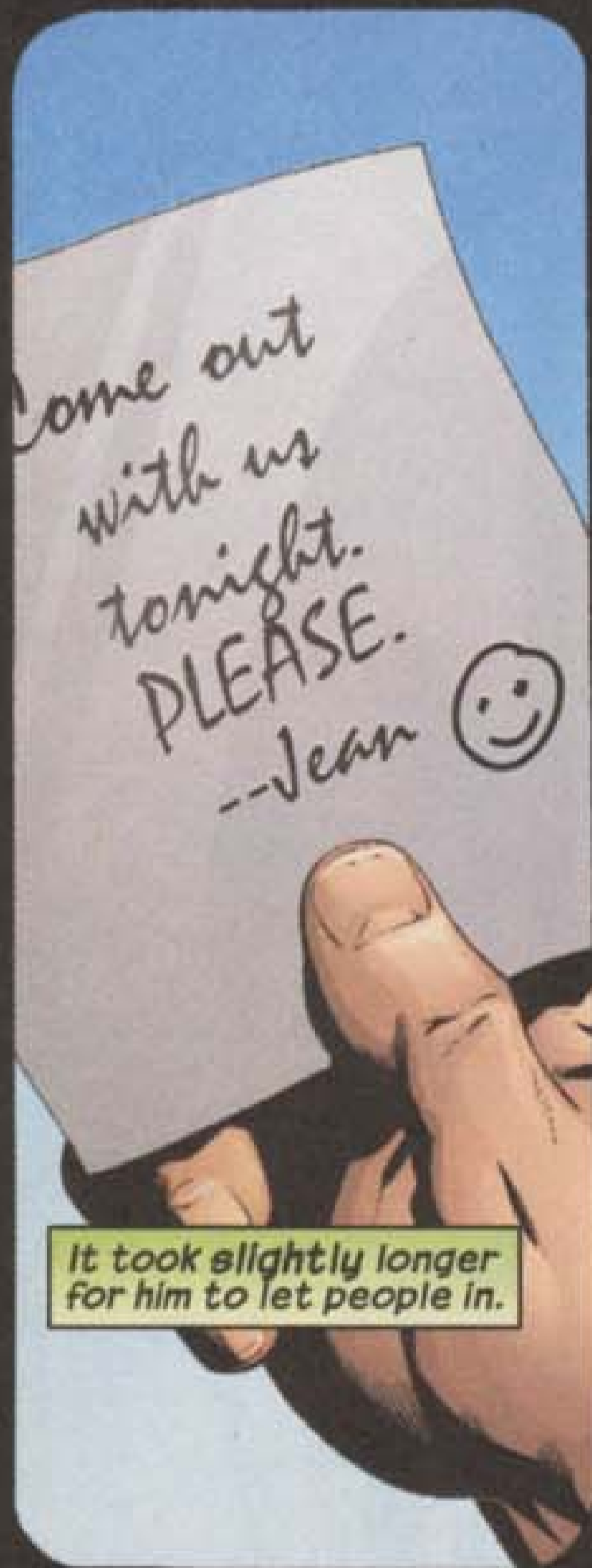


Why the hell not? Beats Jail.

It took a while for him to grow accustomed to the environment of Xavier's school.



But once he did, it was remarkable.



It took slightly longer for him to let people in.



To outsiders, one might think that the other students would have been irked by the notion of having a teammate with the mutant ability to reproduce their own gifts-- their powers.



Quite the contrary.



There was no jealousy. When you live as a mutant, even with other mutants around, there is a great sense of loneliness.

You feel unique, but you also feel very much alone.

Calvin provided each of the teenage heroes with a compatriot. Someone to share their uniqueness with.



And perhaps it was that, combined with Scott Summers' early timidity, that made it only a matter of time before he gravitated towards leadership.



And beyond.



He misses this world with his friends.

It is there that so much more of him exists.



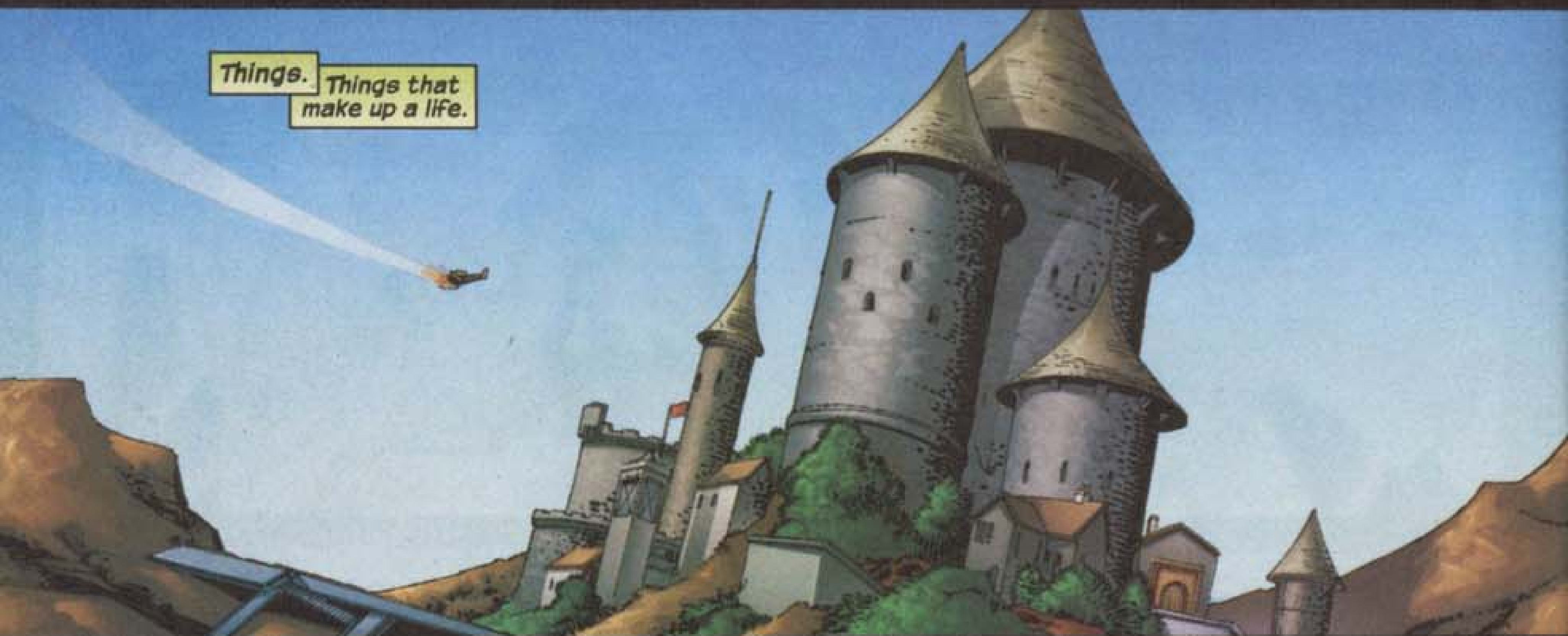
He owns a small chain of record stores.

He wrote a book last year.

He and Warren Worthington run a charity together.



*Things. Things that
make up a life.*



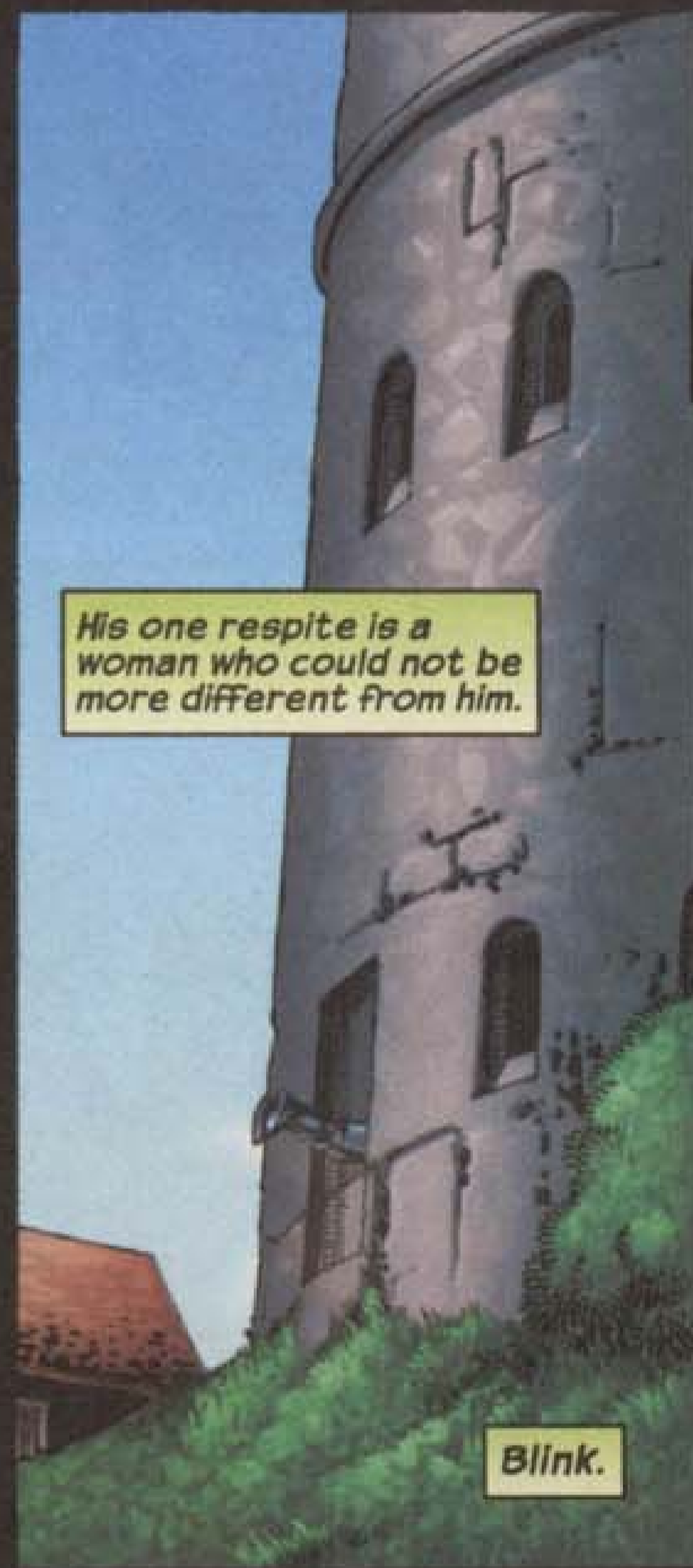
*Now he is a
cog in a wheel.*



*And he fights to
get his life back.*



*His one respite is a
woman who could not be
more different from him.*



Blink.

*In his weaker moments,
he admits that he may
not love her. That she is
just a safe place to be.*



He doesn't dwell on it.

It's hard enough.



So far, so good. Doom has been on the money as far as his secret back entrance.

Here's hoping that his questionable word holds out.



DEEP
BEEP
BEEP



Very cool.

The schematics say there's an elevator that'll take me down to the lab just up--



Human intruder! Human intruder!

Relay to mainframe computer! General Alert! Intruder In--



SQUAAARK!

CEEESH!



SCREEEEEEEE--

SCRAG!



Okay. Not the cakewalk we planned, but no major problems.

Doctor Doom's Doombots, have been reprogrammed. He *said* the Atlanteans may have pulled that off. We just have to proceed with a little more caut--



Oh... crap...



OOOOOOOKAY...



This *may* not be bad. Maybe *all* these droids were never reprogrammed by Namor's scientists.

Maybe I just found myself a small *army* to lead.



INTRUDER!
INTRUDER!

BATTLE
MODE! BATTLE
MODE!



Or maybe not.

AAARGH!

TO BE CONTINUED...