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EXILES™

**A SECOND
FAREWELL**

1 OF 2



FEIBTER

DIRECT EDITION



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They have become unhinged from time. They are heroes from different realities who must travel together from one alternate reality to another, completing missions to repair broken links in the chain of time. They are the EXILES and this is their fate.

Stan Lee presents...

EXILES

A SECOND FAREWELL: Part 1 of 2



PREVIOUSLY



MIMIC

Calvin Rankin
Mimics the Powers
of Five Mutants



NOCTURNE

TJ Wagner
Hex Bolts, Possession



MORPH

Shape-Shifting



SUNFIRE

Mariko Yashida
Flame Control/Flight



SASQUATCH

Dr. Heather Hudson
Super-strength
and Senses



MAGIK

Iliyana Rasputin
Teleportation and
Magic Sword

They are the EXILES, a team of mutants all from alternate dimensions, fighting their way back home by repairing the broken chains of time. In each new universe, they must complete a mission before progressing. Their only help is a mysterious bracelet talisman known as the Tallus, which provides information, though sometimes oblique, as to what they must rectify.

On their most recent adventure, they visited a world where the legendary Captain America had become a vampire. Only after defeating him did they learn that their ally in the fight, Union Jack, was also an evil creature. Though Sunfire quickly dispatched him, Union Jack used his last breath to unleash a chaos spell on the team, hurling them apart into separate dimensions.

Two of the team members, SASQUATCH and MORPH, find themselves stranded in the barren tundra of Northern Canada—familiar territory for Sasquatch, being a founding member of Canada's premier super hero team, Alpha Flight.

They also find themselves face-to-face with WOLVERINE—who, in this reality, is more animal than man. Insane and wild with rage, he now has Sasquatch and Morph in his sights.

And all the Exiles want is to go home...

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SOME PLACE,
SOME TIME.

Oh,
great...

...we get
stranded in a
strange reality
all alone, and we
come face-to-face
with *Wolverine*
at his absolute
worst?

I wonder if
the other *Exiles*
are having as
much fun.


Can't
imagine they
are, Morph.

So
what do
we do?

Don't *move*.
don't *shout*. Just
keep looking him in
the eye.

And try to
stay *calm*...don't
let him smell your
fear.





This is the Wolverine
very few know of...

...the one recently escaped
from the "care" of the
Weapon X Program.

RAAAAAARGH!

Weapon X captured
him. Drugged him. Then
tore him apart with
experimentation
and implantation.

What they gave birth
to was well
beyond their
expectations.

They weren't even
aware of what they
were creating.

Little man--
you are just going to
have to let us be
on our way!

They wanted
an assassin.

Many of his captors
died in his escape.

Now, he's "off the
reservation" and
living in the wild.

They created
an unbridled
killing machine.

SHUNK!

SHUNK!

CRAASH!!

ARRRRGH!

But Wolverine's instincts have been skewed by the *torture* he's suffered.

He doesn't just kill in preservation or in defense. He doesn't just take down prey to feed.

He kills out of *madness*.

And deep, deep down...in the part of him that still remembers that he was once *human*...he kills in hope that his life will be *taken* from him.

CRACK!

ROOOOAAAAR!


Get your psychotic, hairy butt away from her!

BLAM!

Heather-- you okay?

MORPH, LOOK OUT!





If Wolverine could remember who or what he was, he *might* be nervous.

For at this moment, he'd realize that *Doctor Heather Hudson*, former Lieutenant Field Leader of Alpha Flight--

BLAM!

AHH!


SHRIMP!

--founding member of that government-funded organization--

RAARRRR!

--one part politician, one part soldier, one part physician, and one part commander--

--is *much more* than she seems.



For in her
Sasquatch form--



--the mythical
creature
come to life--



--Heather is also one
very large part *animal*.



If Wolverine could remember who or what he was,
he would know, on this day, that he isn't the *only*
dangerous beast in the forest.

You're gonna go down--and you're gonna stay down!

That's it!
I think we've both had enough!

And you have *no idea* how sorry I am!

KA-BLAAM!

WHHUUUMP!

SHUNK!
SHUNK!

AAAAIEEEE!





AA-AHH-AHH!

SHIT-TITS

A Wolverine in his signature black and brown costume is lunging towards a large, muscular, white-furred creature. The creature has a blue eye and is roaring. The scene is set in a dark, wooded area.




RRAAAARGH!

A close-up shot of Wolverine's face as he attacks the white-furred creature. Wolverine's claws are extended, and the creature is roaring with its mouth open, showing sharp teeth.



WHOOOSH!

Wolverine is shown falling through the air, away from the white-furred creature. The background shows a dark, industrial-looking structure.



Come on, Morph! We've got to get out of here, fast!

A Wolverine, now with a white fur mask, is looking at Morpheus. Morpheus is a character with a white mask and a yellow and blue costume, who is looking back at Wolverine.

Sure thing... just need a minute to--ha!--pull myself together.



Brace yourself, Morph--this ride's about to get *bumpy*.

But why are we *running*? Why don't you just *leap* us the heck out of here?!



Because I'm *wounded*, Wolverine's got the *advantage*, and he's *fifty feet* behind us!

Oh yeah. So what are we gonna--



OW! Heather, what are you doing?

Hang on, Morph--

CRASH!!!



--just hang on!

AAAAAAAH!



Ouch!
You okay?

I will be in a couple of hours... my molecules are pretty flexible and...well, they can get split, but they need to fuse back together again.

Burns and radiation are worse. It's complicated.

Are you... Heather-- oh my God!

He hit an artery.

Quick--can you make surgical clamps?

Like this?

Yeah, good. Clamp it off.

We need to stitch it up.

What we *didn't* need to do is jump a quarter of a mile on that slashed-up drumstick of yours!

Morph, we had to get away from him. He can't jump this distance. It'll take him at least an hour to get across.

Here, I need you to sew the artery closed. My hands are *too big* and if I turn back into human form, I'll be without my *rapid healing factor* and I'll bleed to death.

Use these thin roots as thread.

Roots? Are you nuts?

It's *all* we've got. Besides, my skin's as tough as *corrugated metal*. Start stitching.

LATER...

Thank you. You did very well.

Yeah? That was *disgusting*. Do you think you can walk?

Yeah, but I can't *jump*. And you're not strong enough to *fly* us, are you?

I could tough it out...

Wait a second... I'm not leaving you *alone* with ol' *badger*—but I high-tailing it over here to turn us into *veal chops*!

I'll stay and we can *fight* him off!

We'll lose. We can't *both* outrun him, and he's too *dangerous* in this state.


Heather! We'll cut you apart!

GO!
I'm too heavy to carry and besides, you can find *reinforcements*. Wolverine isn't *impossible* to stop...we were just caught off guard!

No, you should fly out on your *own*.


I'll do what I *have* to do if he catches up with me.





Well, I don't give a damn--I'm *not* leaving you!

Fine... then we need a *plan*...



Morph, did you know that you have *no scent*? At least, I've never been able to *detect* one. On your world, did Wolverine ever say anything like that?

Oh yeah. He used to tell me that my 'squishy, odorless bod' made him *nervous*. And that he couldn't *smell* me, either.



Good.



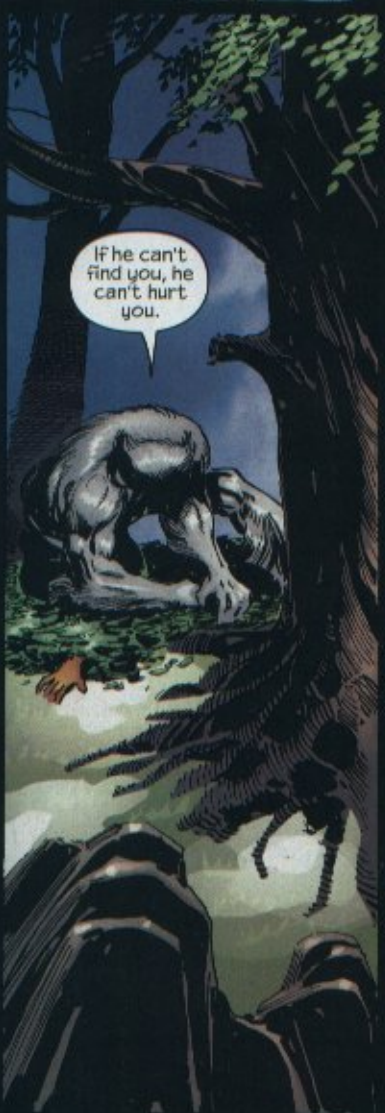
WHUUMP!



I'm sorry,
Morph...

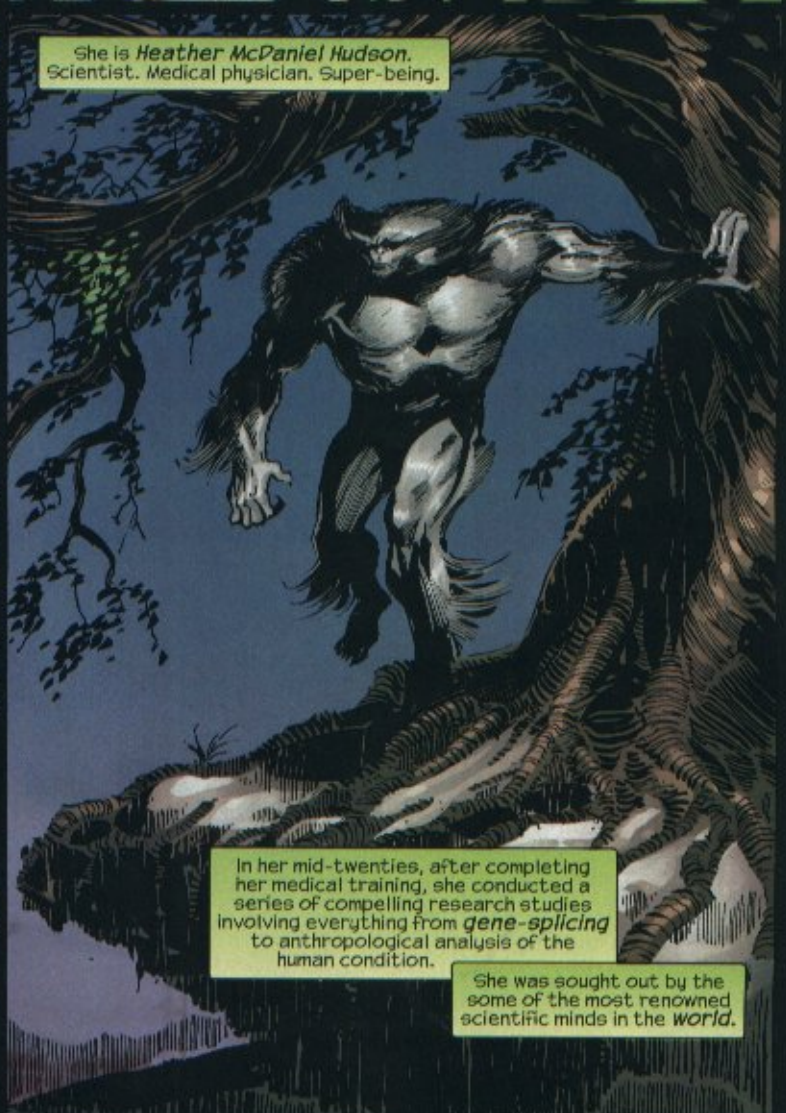


...but I
can't let him
hurt you.



If he can't
find you,
he can't hurt
you.

She is *Heather McDaniel Hudson*.
Scientist. Medical physician. Super-being.



In her mid-twenties, after completing her medical training, she conducted a series of compelling research studies involving everything from *gene-splicing* to anthropological analysis of the human condition.

She was sought out by the some of the most renowned scientific minds in the *world*.

But it was after Heather participated in a cancer research experiment involving **gamma rays** that her direction changed.



Accidents happen...



...and **Sasquatch** was born.



This miraculous event spurred Heather to join the fledgling operation known as **Alpha Flight**.



They were building a **super-powered team** that would concentrate on Canadian interests. It sounded exciting and challenging. It would allow her to utilize **all** of her talents at once.

Her first project
was *The Wild Man*.

*Project
Lazarus.*

They had found a *madman* in
the woods with enhanced mutant
abilities...and they hoped to
bring him back to *reality*.

It took a *whole month* to
bring Logan out of his stupor,
but once he had regained his
grip on humanity--

--he became
an *asset*.

He became
a *leader*.

A *friend*.

A *lover*.



Within a year,
they were
married.



With *James Hudson* leading the charge,
Logan and Heather built their *Alpha Flight*.



But two
years later...



...Heather would *kill* the first
man she ever loved.



The remaining controllers of the
Weapon X Program activated a
dormant chip hidden in Logan's
adrenal gland.



He went
insane.



It was *Heather* who
finally had to stop him.

She mourned
him for *years*.



James Hudson brought her
back from the brink. And
helped her find a *new life*
within the old.




But despite newfound joy,
she *still* missed Logan.



He *haunted*
her then...





...and still
does *now*.



Because when this creature comes in close to *finish off* his prey...



...he *senses* something...



...that *halts* him in his tracks.



Logan...





But, then...she feels a *tingling* behind her eyes.

She's just so *thankful* for this one moment of *calm*...

...because if Logan had decided a second later to *attack*...



The same as it always is before the Exiles *teleport away*.



...she doesn't know *what* she would have done.



And that sits *quite well* with her.

END