

**MARVEL**

PSR 42

CALAFIORE

CANNON

# EXTRA



**A NOCTURNE'S  
TALE** 2 OF 2



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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 NOCTURNE'S TALE: Conclusion



## PREVIOUSLY



**NOCTURNE**

T.J. Wagner

Hex Bolts, Possession



**NIGHTCRAWLER**

Kurt Wagner

Teleportation



**KITTY PRYDE**

Phasing



**WOLVERINE**

Logan

Healing/Adamantium Skeleton



**CYCLOPS**

Scott Summers

Optic Blasts



Before the Timebroker tore her from her home world, before she was forced to jump from dimension to dimension mending the broken chains of time, the young mutant NOCTURNE was a member of her reality's X-MEN. Fighting next to her father, NIGHTCRAWLER, Talia Josephine Wagner strove to fight for a better world shared by man and mutant alike.

The X-Men have recently put an end to the time-traveling mutant APOCALYPSE'S plan for world domination, but in the heat of battle, their teammate KATE PRYDE disappeared in a burst of chroral energy only to be replaced by a younger version of herself. While the X-Men work to find a way to return Kitty to her own time, Nocturne attempts to calm the frightened young girl by giving her a tour of the nearby town, Salem Center.

But suddenly and without warning, the former X-Man CYCLOPS and his renegade Brotherhood of Evil Mutants launch an attack on the X-Men and their school.

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# NOCTURNE



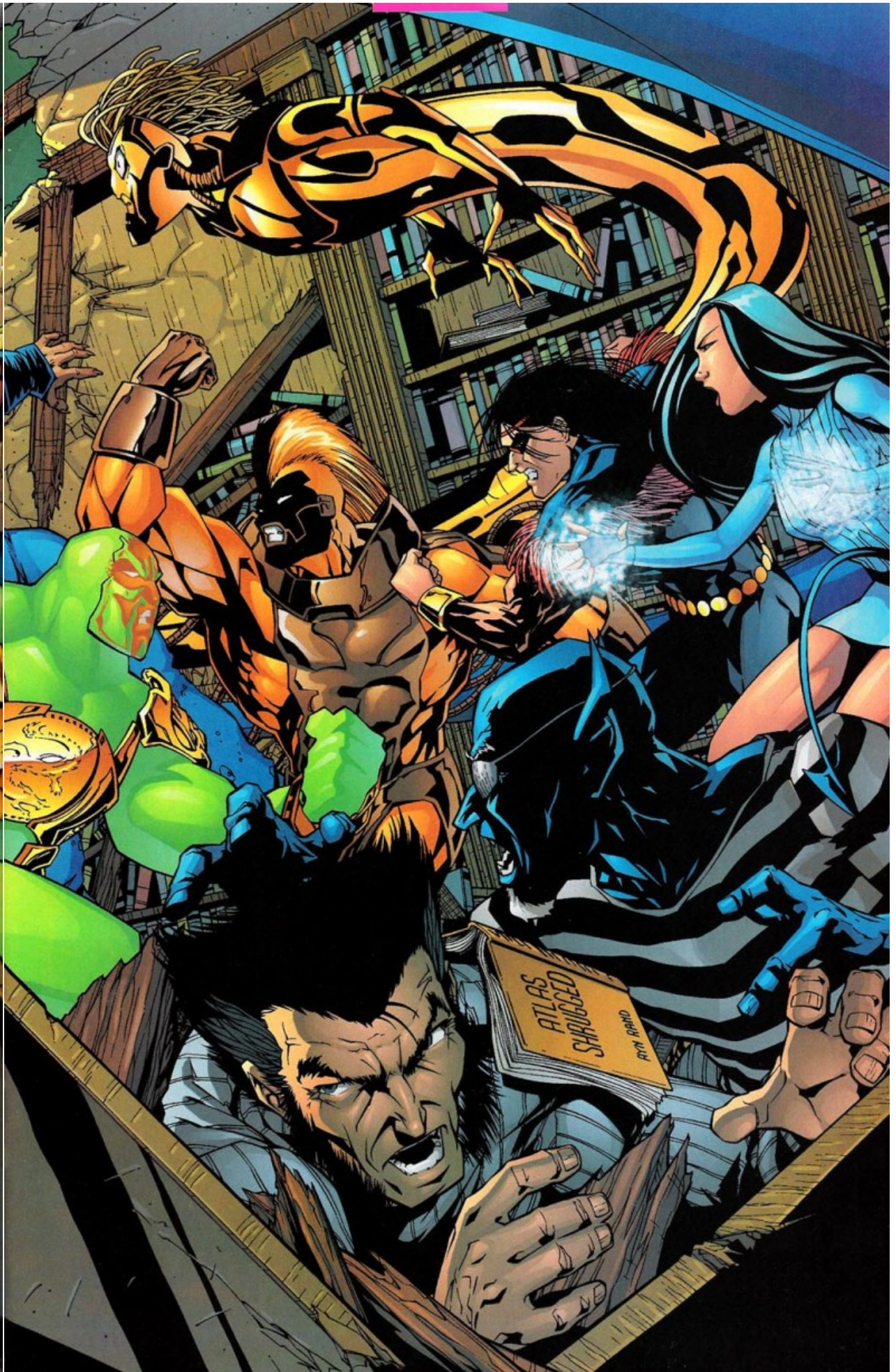
# PART TWO

...the situation did some sincere and serious fan-hitting.



What, Kurt? No hug?

I come all this way to see you, bring my new friends along, and still--



ATLAS SHRUGGED  
PIYI APARD





--Kitty and I were at band practice.

We called our music neo-techno thrash.

Fast. Loud. And a good excuse to vent without any serious breakage--

--'cept eardrums.

And it was *not* very good. We were just a garage band. Never played one gig.

Given time, maybe, who knows...



The band's name?

Butt Monkey.

I know, I know...



It was our drummer Shawn's idea...

...yeah, Shawn was pretty much a dork.





Got the stretchin' thing down there pretty good, Wahlock...but y'all look a mite--

--brittle t'me!

**SK-KKRAATCH**



ghgk--  
gk--gk-k-k-k-  
k-k-k-k



Rogue, you monster! If you've killed him--

**BRAKK**



Then Ah've done mah job--

**FWOOOOON**



--sugah.





That's the one, it's Celtic.

I was thinking behind my shoulder... or the small of my back.



How Goth...

But I can't do it. My dad would kill me.

Boy, even when he's *not* around I let him make my decisions.

He tells me how to *be*, how to *do this*, how to *do that*.

I never even got to decide if I wanted to be an X-Man. I just *am*.

I dunno, he just sounds like a *dad* to me.



Besides, is being an X-Man *so bad*?

I mean, how many *mutants* are there in the world? And out of all of them, *we* get to do *this*.

We get to *do good*. And make a *difference*.

How *cool* is that?

Now *that* was annoying.

Fifteen years old, and Aunt Kate was still *way* smarter than me.



**Blast!**

Cyke came prepared. He's jammin' the TK chip. I can't communicate with the team!



Kurt can handle it, Logan.

No, he can't.

He's gonna try to *reason* with Cyke, and that'll get him *killed*.



**KRAASH**

Oh!



Those boys shoah do make a right big hole!

Not only can I *block* your com-chips, Logan--

--I can *track* them.



Scott, this must end now--!

Oh, I agree.

**BA MF**

Hiya, Mister Scott!



You're *sure* this is a good idea?

You bet your boots.

I'm not wearing any boots.

Not my point.

I'm just saying--



--if it was snowing, I'd be wearing boots.

Kitty...

But it's not snowing because, like y'know, it's summer.



'Kay, enough with the boots.

You brought them up.

Right.



Anyway, what'cha think?

Oh--



--my--

-- your dad is SO gonna freak.

y'think?









Cyke says "Go keep da kids outta trouble, but don't hurt any of 'em."

Where's da fun in dat?

'Sides, I knock a couple out an' all da rest make like chickens.



Not all, fatso.

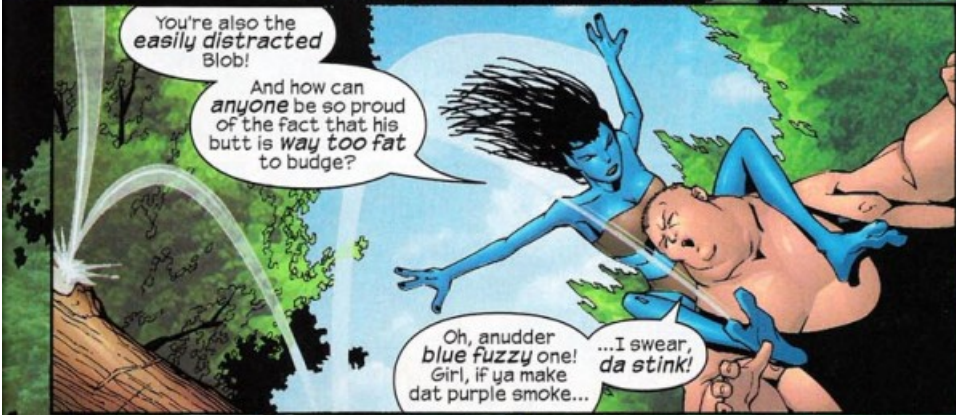
Oh, goodie...



...I already told ya kids ya can't hurt me. I'm da immovable BLOB.



So does that immovable shtick apply to the brain inside your head?



You're also the easily distracted Blob!

And how can anyone be so proud of the fact that his butt is way too fat to budge?

Oh, anudder blue fuzzy one! Girl, if ya make dat purple smoke...

...I swear, da stink!



I take it that's a no.



Scott...

...Scott, how could you? Lucien never--

Oh come on, Kurt.

You turn the poor kid into a walking timebomb that could wipe out the entire mutant population, if not the entire human race--

--and then leave it for someone else to defuse. Classic.

I cleaned up our mess, Kurt, but I didn't kill Lucien--



--you did.



Heartless, verdammt monster--

--ENOUGH!



Radioactive Man? You call that a name?

Why not Touch-Me-And-I'll-Give-You-Cancer Man?

THRAAK



Idiot! You've compromised the containment suit!

CHOK



Containment suit?

Thanks for the tip.









Sure. Whatever you say.



GO, KIDS!

SKRAKOWW



Coo-el!

TJ was right! If I concentrate hard enough, and let just the tiniest part of my shirt go solid--

--I can knock out a guy even as dense as this White Dwarf!

¡Gah!¿



TJ shoulda reminded ya to stay all ghosty longah, child.

Hey, Rogue! You look kinda funny--

KWAPP



KRA

KKT!

--and not funny-ha-ha-funny.





I'd been pretty much knocked out of my senses...



...but it didn't matter. He had switched way into rant mode.



...so I didn't get all of what Cyclops said...



He was screaming about the Professor dying, but when he started going at Uncle Logan about Aunt Jean, I understood just what had sent him over the edge--

--and what had messed with his sense of reality.



He blamed Uncle Logan for her death, which I knew was impossible. I knew for a fact that Uncle Logan hadn't even been there when she died.



And honestly, if there was any of us that could have taken the blame for it, it was Scott.



Wolverine called him on those facts...

...which Cyclops didn't take very well.

I always thought "foaming at the mouth" was just a phrase-- y'know, something you never really see...

...like "when pigs fly". Or "compassionate conservatism."

**LIAR!**

Cyclops went off the deep end at that point. I knew Uncle Logan didn't have much time left.

Even if I was still too woozy to move, I had an idea...

Armageddon--?

glfff? lbbble fr nrrki.

Armageddon, can you--

ffbbah wbbah ho?

...but Armageddon was too out of it.



I had to do something.



And I only had--



--seconds.



I...I didn't have any other choice.

No way could I reach Cyclops in time to stop him, so I possessed *Armageddon* and used his TK to animate Uncle Logan's arms.

How is he?

Unconscious, but he'll recover.

Everyone else is okay...but such a risk you took.

Dad...

If you'd been off with the claws just an inch or two--

Dad.

-- I'm sorry. I worry.

I know.

But you did good, Liebling.

You did SO good.

Thanks, Dad.

Now...can we talk about this hair?

...it was one of the last moments like that we had before the *Timebroker* decided to start playing *hide-the-reality* with us.

But I finally felt like my Dad was proud of me. I'd made him happy.

I think you made him happy the moment you were born, T.J.

And he was always proud of you.

Yeah.

You're a good person, T.J.

However, there is one... strange thing about you...

Which is...

Your tail retracts? ?eyuch?

Live with it, girl.

END