

MARVEL[®] COMICS

EXILES

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DIRECT EDITION
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WINICK
CALAFIORE
CANNON

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

*He stands well
over nine feet tall.*

A half ton of him.

*On most occasions he leaves
behind a pile of devastation that
makes an earthquake look like
a high school prom.*

*Then there's the yelling.
The big man likes to scream...*

"Hulk smash!"

*"Hulk smash
puny humans!"*

*"Puny humans leave
Hulk alone or
Hulk will smash!"*

"Aaaargh!"

A lot of that.

*So to sum up: He's huge,
real loud, and rips a path
of pure mayhem through
whatever's in front of him.*

*Not exactly a wallflower.
Not your typical needle-in-the-
haystack. That being the case...*

...you'd think he'd be easier to find.

UP NORTH AND IN THE GREEN

PART 2 OF 2

GOD, I'M BORED.

BORED, BORED, BORED, BORED, BORED...

UH-OH... MAN OVER-BORED...

A PUN. AWFUL.

YES, MORPH, IT REALLY ISN'T UP TO YOUR STANDARDS OF FLATULENCE AND BOOGER-JOKES NOW, IS IT?

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YOU WOULD ME, WHEN FASHIONING A JAPE, NE'ER DO I NOCTURNE.

WHEN FASHIONING A JAPE, NE'ER DO I DESCEND TO BRITISH COMPORTMENT. QUITE ANTI-THETICALLY, I CONSTRUCT MY RAILLERY WITH A GENTLEMAN'S CONDUCT EVER IN MIND.

Uh-huh. I THINK YOU USED "ANTI-THETICALLY" IN THE WRONG TENSE, OSCAR WILDE.

I CARE.

LOOK-- MY HEAD'S A PIG'S BUTT!

QUIT COMPLAINING. AT LEAST WE GOT THE DAY WATCH ON "MONITOR DUTY"...

...THE ALPHA FLIGHTERS HAVE BEEN PRETTY COOL ABOUT NOT SADDLING US EXILES WITH TOO MUCH OF THE RESPONSIBILITIES.

THIS WHOLE "PROJECT GOLIATH" SEARCH-FOR-THE-HULK THING COULD BE A LOT WORSE.



HOW?! THAT WE NOT FIND THE HULK ANY LESS? IT'S A NULL SET, BABY!

TWO WEEKS! TWO! WEEKS! AND NEITHER HIDE NOR GREEN HAIR OF THE EMERALD GIGANTOR!

WHAT DO WE GET TO DO?! WATCH SATELLITE SHOTS OF CANADA-- READ GAMMA RADIATION TRACKING SENSORS! FUN! FUN! FUN!

I KNOW, BUT WE DON'T HAVE ANY CHOICE, REALLY. THE TALLUS SAID THAT WE'RE SUPPOSED TO HELP ALPHA FLIGHT CAPTURE THE HULK...



...we don't and they're all supposed to die.



STILL-- WE SHOULDN'T HAVE TO CARRY THEIR WATER, MAN. WE OFFER TO HELP AND SUDDENLY WE'RE DOING THE DISHES. MONITOR DUTY SUCKS.

AND CANADA, MAN, CANADA--

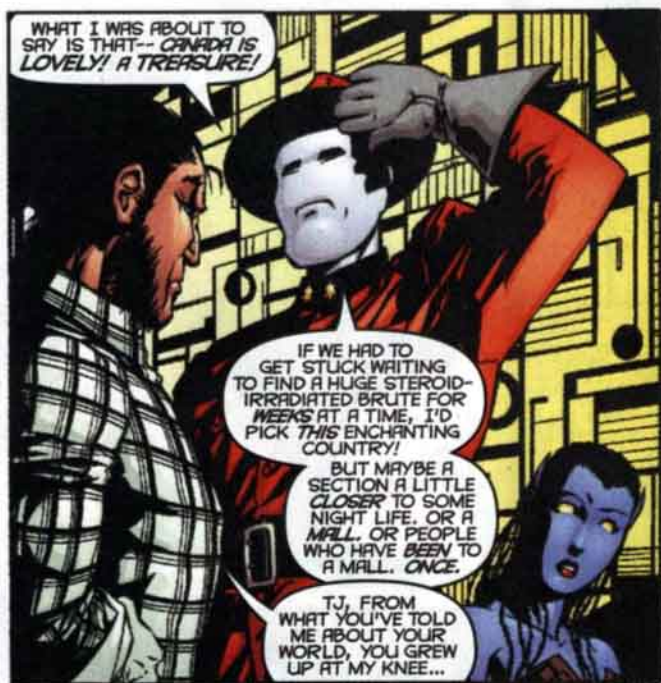


WHAT? WHY ARE YOU LOOKING AT ME LIKE THAT?



WOLVERINE IS STANDING RIGHT BEHIND ME?

WOLVERINE IS STANDING RIGHT BEHIND YOU.



WHAT I WAS ABOUT TO SAY IS THAT-- CANADA IS LOVELY! A TREASURE!

IF WE HAD TO GET STUCK WAITING TO FIND A HUGE STEROID-IRRADIATED BRUTE FOR WEEKS AT A TIME, I'D PICK THIS ENCHANTING COUNTRY!

BUT MAYBE A SECTION A LITTLE CLOSER TO SOME NIGHT LIFE. OR A MALL. OR PEOPLE WHO HAVE BEEN TO A MALL. ONCE.

TJ, FROM WHAT YOU'VE TOLD ME ABOUT YOUR WORLD, YOU GREW UP AT MY KNEE...



...IF YOU DID, YOU'D KNOW THAT WHISPERING WON'T KEEP ME FROM HEARING.



SO WHAT THE HELL IS THIS ABOUT EVERYONE DYING?



Meanwhile...

MIMIC, YOU SHOULD JUST FACE FACTS. IF THE HULK SHOWS, YOU ARE NOT GETTING IN ON THE ACTION.

WE FIGURE I CAN'T TELEPORT HIM BECAUSE OF HIS RADIATION, AND THE SAID SAME GAMMA RAYS CAN KILL YOU. YOUR ABILITIES TO COPY POWERS ARE WORKING AGAINST YOU.

NOT IN THIS SUIT, BLINK. ITS SHIELDING CAN MORE THAN HANDLE IT. I'LL BE FREE AND CLEAR OF RADIATION.



YEAH, BUT UNLESS YOU'RE ENCASED IN A BLOCK OF ADAMANTIUM, THE MOMENT THE HULK MAKES CONTACT WITH YOU THE SUIT'S GOING TO CRACK OR TEAR--

NOT GONNA HAPPEN. IT'S CONSTRUCTED OF A MESH OF TITANIUM AND UNSTABLE MOLECULES--

EXCUSE ME, CALVIN. BOX?



RAAACCK!

RAAACCK!



STOP DOING THAT!!

SORRY. I'M A SUCKER FOR A PRETTY GIRL.

YOU EVEN HELPED BUILD THIS ONE!! IDIOT!!

YOU'RE BENCHED, CALVIN. GO READ A BOOK.

They are: the Exiles' THUNDERBIRD.

And Alpha Flight's SHAMAN.

They are both JOHN PROUDSTAR.

From different realities, and walking very different paths.

IT'S REALLY SOMETHING UP HERE, ISN'T IT?

I SUPPOSE.

YOU SUPPOSE? THAT'S AN UNDERSTATEMENT. IT'S BREATHTAKING.

IS THAT WHAT THIS IS ABOUT? YOU DRAGGED ME UP HERE TO COMMUNE WITH NATURE? TO TAP INTO MY SPIRITUAL SELF?

BECAUSE IF YOU'RE HOPING TO BEAT DRUMS, PUT ON THE FACEPAINT, AND DANCE-- I DON'T NEED A LESSON FROM THE GREAT INDIAN MEDICINE MAN.



APOCALYPSE TOOK THAT AWAY FROM ME. HE INCREASED MY SENSE OF SMELL, THOUGH. I CAN TRACK PRETTY WELL. NOTHING LIKE WOLVERINE OR WOLFSBANE, BUT IT'S SOME COMPENSATION.

...ANYWAY... I LIKE TO SMELL THINGS...

I SUPPOSE THE ABILITY TO TASTE FOOD DOESN'T ENTER IN AS A HIGH PRIORITY WHEN YOU'RE GENERATING A CREATURE OF DEATH. I DON'T HAVE TO EAT, EITHER... OR RATHER I DON'T FEEL HUNGER... I NEVER TRIED TO GO WITHOUT FOOD FOR LONG... SO MAYBE I DO, MAYBE I DON'T...

SURE.

DO YOU REALLY FEEL THAT WAY?

LIKE A CREATURE OF DEATH?

ARE THE MARKINGS-- THE COLORS ON YOUR SKIN-- ARE THEY TATTOOS? THEY APPEAR AS IF THEY HAVE A SHEEN TO THEM, BUT STILL LOOK LIKE FLESH.

NO, NOT TATTOOS. TO THE TOUCH, IT FEELS LIKE A THICKENED LAYER OF SKIN... BUT THEY'RE ACTUALLY PLATES. THEY GET HARDER THAN STEEL WHEN I GO INTO "BATTLE" MODE.

THEY'RE... um... RETRACTABLE, AS WELL.

MAY I?

MAY YOU WHAT?

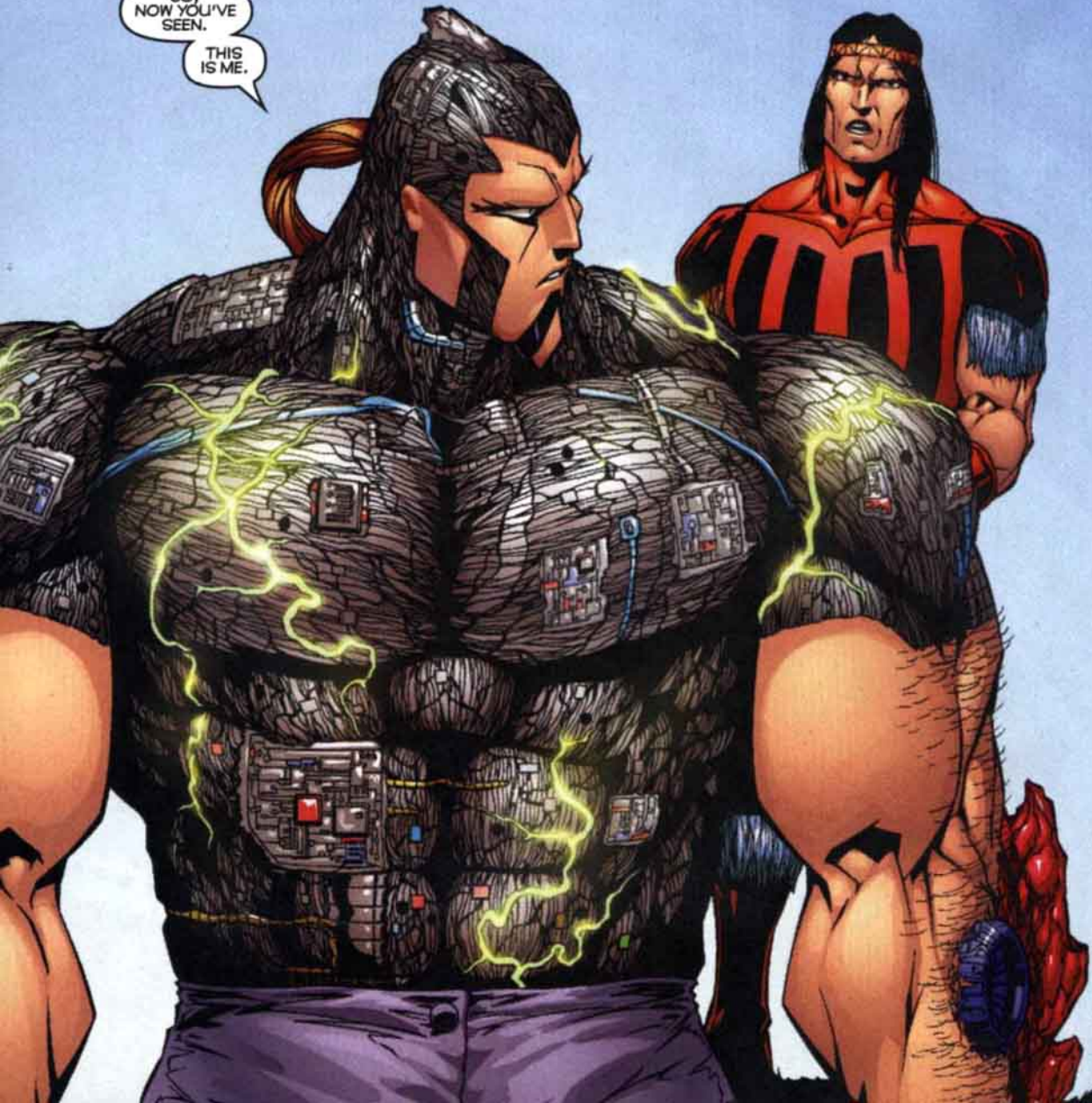


MAY I SEE YOU WITH THE PLATES RETRACTED?



SHOCK-SHOCK-SHOCK-SHOCK-SHOCK-SHOCK-

SO, NOW YOU'VE SEEN.
THIS IS ME.





IT ISN'T WHO YOU ARE, JOHN.
IT'S WHAT'S BEEN DONE TO YOU.



WHO DO THAT TO YOU?



SCIENTISTS?

SCIENTISTS AND SOLDIERS ALWAYS BOTHER HULK.

HULK NEVER BOTHER SCIENTISTS AND SOLDIERS.

THEY DO THAT?

NO.

IT WAS A MONSTER...

...A MONSTER DID THIS TO ME...

...MADE ME A MONSTER.

HULK CALLED "MONSTER"... HULK NOT FEEL LIKE MONSTER... FEEL LIKE... FEEL TIRED.



NO ONE HERE THINKS YOU'RE A MONSTER, HULK. AND IF YOU LIKE, WE CAN HELP YOU FIND A PLACE TO REST.

NO SOLDIERS. NO SCIENTISTS.

JUST FRIENDS.



HULK GO WITH YOU?



GOOD GOD, THEY'RE BONDING. IT'S LIKE A MEN'S MOVEMENT SEMINAR!

TEN MORE MINUTES AND THEY'LL BE CRYING AND "SPEAKING THE NAME OF THEIR FATHERS"!

LET'S JUST JUMP THEM AND GET IT OVER WITH, SABRETOOTH!

HELL, NO... THAT'S THE LAST THING WE OUGHTA DO.

THIS IS ALL BAD, DEADPOOL. WE WANT THEM TO BEAT THAT THING DOWN INTO SUBMISSION.



YEAH, THEY'RE GETTING ALL WARM AND FLUZZY WITH HIM. UNBELIEVABLE... A GREAT LURE OF PURE RAGE AND THEY'RE GONNA INVITE HIM HOME FOR SUPPER!

TRUE ENOUGH. AND IF WE GET IN THE WAY, BIG GREEN'LL GO NUCLEAR AND TAKE IT OUT ON US.

SO, WE GO WITH THE OBVIOUS MOVE.



OH YEAH. PURE WEAPON X STYLE.

SHOOT HULK IN THE HEAD.



HULK NOT WANT BANNER AROUND.

BUT HIM NOT BE AROUND FOR A WHILE... HULK NOT KNOW WHY...

WE CAN HELP YOU WITH THAT IF THAT'S WHAT YOU WANT.

HULK, ALL WE WANT TO DO IS HELP YOU-- WE DON'T MEAN YOU ANY HARM.

NOW, IF YOU JUST FOLLOW US, WE--



No!



LIES!!
HUMANS
ALWAYS
TELL
LIES!!

AAAAARGH!

VERY
NICELY DONE,
DEADPOOL.

WELL,
THANK YOU
VERY MUCH.

NO,
HULK-- WE
DIDN'T--!!



IT'S
TOO LATE FOR
THAT, SHAMAN!
HE'S GONE
BERSERK--!
GET THE
OTHERS!!

CRACK!



IT'S
NEVER TOO
LATE FOR A
PEACEFUL
SOLUTION,
JOHN! BUT I
AGREE, WE
DO NEED
HELP!

Heather Hudson, Alpha Flight Lt. Field Commander and Head of Science.

YOU DID WHAT?! TELL ME YOU DIDN'T REALLY SEND BETH THROUGH GAMMA FLIGHT TO AUSTRALIA!

James MacDonald Hudson, Alpha Flight Commander.

HE DID. PILED THEM ALL ONTO THREE OF THE FLIGHT HAWK JETS. THEY'RE GONE, MFC.

Wolverine, Alpha Flight Field Commander.

THEY WERE NEEDED, HUDSON. THE FANTASTIC FOUR ARE WORKING OUT SOME MASSIVE RELOCATION PROGRAM WITH NAMOR AND THE KINGDOM OF ATLANTIS. HE'S GOT HIS SPEEDO IN A BUNCH ABOUT SOMETHING...

...DON'T TRY AND CONVINCE ME THAT THERE WASN'T ANY OTHER WAY. IN CASE YOU HAVEN'T BEEN LISTENING THERE'S AN EXCELLENT CHANCE, A NEAR CERTAIN ONE, THAT THE WHOLE CREW WAS GOING TO GET ACED CARRYING OUT THIS TURKEY SHOOT TO NAIL THE HULK.

THESE NOMADS' WHOLE REASON FOR BEING HERE IS TO AVOID THAT EVENTUALITY.

I SENT THE LESS EXPERIENCED GROUPS OUT OF HARM'S WAY. THE ALPHAS WILL HAVE TO TAKE THE BRUNT OF THE DUTY. IF ANYONE'S GETTING PUT OUT OF COMMISSION, IT'S GONNA BE US.

BUT THAT STILL DOESN'T EXPLAIN WHY YOU PEOPLE CHOSE TO KEEP THIS TO YOURSELVES!!

WE TRUSTED YOU!

I THINK OUR MOTIVES ARE OBVIOUS, AREN'T THEY?

YEAH, SELF-PRESERVATION! YOU COMPLETE THE MISSION AND MOVE ON!

THERE ARE NO GENERALS IN THIS OUTFIT. WE ALL STRAP ON A GUN AND HEAD IN. AND I AM NOT SENDING ANYONE INTO A CERTAIN DEATH.

NO, LOGAN-- QUITE THE OPPOSITE.

THEY HAVE TO MAINTAIN A CERTAIN BALANCE. IF THEY TRAMPER TOO GREATLY WITH A TIMELINE... THEN IT MIGHT ALTER THE OUTCOME EVEN FURTHER. IF IT WERE ME, I WOULD HAVE KEPT US IN THE DARK, AS WELL.

STILL, WHO KNOWS, LOGAN? MAYBE YOU WERE DESTINED TO SEND THEM ALL AWAY... DWINDLE OUR NUMBERS... CUT OUR STRENGTH BY A THIRD... AND THAT'S HOW WE ALL GET KILLED.



DOUBTFUL, THE HULK WOULD HAVE TO *SHOW UP* FIRST TO MAKE THAT HAPPEN. WE'VE BEEN SITTING ON OUR CANS FOR WEEKS WAITING FOR THIS IDIOTCY TO KICK INTO HIGH GEAR.

THOSE BUREAUCRATIC CHIMPANZEES WANTED GOOD PR, SO WE GOTTA GO CATCH THE HULK.

JUST FOLLOW ORDERS.

AND WHAT DO WE REALLY HAVE? NO HULK AND A WASTE OF TIME.

COMMANDERS-- WE'VE GOT A LOCK!



WE HAVE THE HULK! ON SCANNER'S, ON SATELLITE AND PROUDSTAR SENT UP A FLARE. HE AND THUNDERBIRD ARE SCUFFLING WITH HIM RIGHT NOW. LET'S GO!



FINE.

MY BAD.

IDIOT.

OH, WHAT THE @##%& ARE YOU GOING TO DO?

FIRE ME?



HULK THOUGHT YOU SAME AS HULK!

NOT LIKE HULK AT ALL!!

KA-KOOM!



IF I CAN ONLY RENDER HIM IMMOBILE, I CAN RELEASE A DAYLIGHT ENCHANTMENT AND CALM HIM...

...SO LET'S TRY TO SLOW HIM DOWN.



AAAAARGH!

CRASH!



FAST WORK, SHAMAN! LET'S FINISH HIM OFF WHILE WE STILL--

AAAAARGH!



CLAP!

HULK STOP NOW!!

NO!!
HULK STOP
MONSTER
MAN!!

Apocalypse did not *arbitrarily* choose John Proudstar to become one of his four Horsemen.

He *specifically* chose him. And he selected him to become *War*.



War can be described as *many* things.

Powerful.

World changing.

Senseless.

An atrocity.




Apocalypse saw in Thunderbird his *potential*.


He saw an individual of such *remarkable* resolve, passion and desire... and a young man who had been *twisted* by his own self-hatred and guilt.




Apocalypse knew that to *tap into* that emotion in its rawest form and *unleash* it--



--he would
have his *War*.



But War can be
unpredictable...



...and quite
deadly, as well.



Shaman, who stands twenty feet away, feels the vibrations of each blow.

They rattle around his body like *thunderclaps*.

He thinks about a *hunt* his father had taken him on as a boy. He was all of fifteen.



They killed a bear that day.

But not with *guns*.

His father had them bring it down with *crossbows*.

It was *insanity*. It was *stupid*. They were almost killed.



The bear, his hide full of bolts and a seething mindless *anger* exploding in its heart, was upon them in *moments*.

Young John Proudstar had just begun to *mature* into the powerful mutant he would soon become.

Without thinking, John spun on his heels, seized the bear by the head, and *broke* its neck.



He was just as *surprised* as his father.

But more surprised at his father's *rage*.

His *shame*.

And as this memory taps quietly into Shaman's head, he wonders if *this* John Proudstar, this fractured image of himself from another world, went on the same hunt with his father...



...And if he is thinking of it now, as well.





OKAY, TIME TO MOVE IN.

WE TAKE THE BIG GUY OUT FIRST?

YES. THE INSTRUCTIONS WERE TO "BRING IN THE HULK" AND TO "MAKE USE OF THE OTHERS" THAT MUST MEAN TO ADD SOME TO OUR TEAM-- WHETHER THEY LIKE IT OR NOT.



BLINK!

THERE! THE REST HAVE ARRIVED. NOW--

--oh my God.



She's here. I didn't... didn't see her before... didn't smell her...

...and on her wrist... it looks like the Tallus.

WHO'S HERE, SABES? WHO'S GOT A TALLUS?



CLARICE.



"MY CLARICE... I'D SWEAR IT..."



...SHE'S ALIVE.

Epilogue.

Level D of the Alpha Flight Research Facility.

Medical personnel, radiation specialists, and anthropologists from all over the globe work round the clock on a very *unique* patient.

Reed Richards, Tony Stark and Doctor Leonard Samson are en route.

A certain field commander got a *chewing out* from the Prime Minister of Canada for abusing authority and ignoring the chain of command.

A certain field commander hung up on him.

Not far away, a discussion between two young men with *old souls*...

DESPISE SOME OF THE UNPLEASANTNESS... I MUST SAY I HAVE ENJOYED STEPPING INTO THIS REALITY.

MEETING YOU, MOST SPECIFICALLY.

THE FEELING IS MUTUAL, JOHN.

IT'S NOT OFTEN YOU GET TO TALK TO YOURSELF WITHOUT IT BEING PARANOID OR SOME PSYCHOTIC EPISODE.

WELL, I DID HAVE A PSYCHOTIC EPISODE, BUT I GET YOUR MEANING.

YOU KNOCKED OUT THE HULK, TOO. THAT DOESN'T STINK.

TRUE. BUT YOU WON'T HEAR ME GOING ON ABOUT IT LIKE SUSAN RICHARDS DOES.

ISN'T THAT THE TRUTH? SHE SHOULD JUST HAVE BUSINESS CARDS THAT SAY "SUE RICHARDS - INVISIBLE WOMAN - KNOCKED OUT THE HULK."

AH, WE SHOULDN'T BE TOO HARD ON HER. LAME POWERS.

LAME POWERS...

Montreal.

Club Maup'n.

The Tallus spoke to a team of beleaguered wanderers and gave them a countdown of twelve hours before they left this reality.

Calvin Rankin chatted up an airborne speedster and convinced him to let him *mimic* his power of flight.

At first Northstar thought he was *hitting* on him.

C'est la vie...

The remainder hit the dance floor.

It would be fun but uneventful...

...except for Morph becoming an all-too familiar face, signing autographs and making the tabloids...

...(John Travolta would later swear he was in Wisconsin shooting a movie).

Meanwhile, Victor Creed's heart would hang heavy.

His life had always taken unusual turns... but recently, more than ever.

...hoping his Tallus would explain to him *why* they had to teleport out of this world even though they failed their mission...

...and why this Clarice, his child if he ever had one, was saddled with the same burden.

Plucked out of his own crumbling timeline from
THE AGE OF APOCALYPSE
and forced to hop realities to set things right...

BLINK

And why... oh, why... he couldn't be with her.

END