

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



# EXILES

MARVEL  
PGM 9

A WORLD  
**APART**  
PART 2 of 3

McKENNA

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He's honestly been waiting for this one.

Eagerly.




Since transporting onto this version of Earth...

...one that's been under the rule of the *Skrull Empire* for over a *hundred* years...

...Mimic's had *little* to look forward to.


Being forced to compete in *The Games*, fighting against and alongside every other superhuman on the planet, has proven mostly *joyless*.



Mimic has won *all* of his competitions. It has made him *popular* with the local citizenry.

But not as popular as his *opponent* in this match.

Years ago, the Skrulls considered using *humans* in their war effort against the Kree and set out to create a more *battle-ready* man. Genetic engineering at its *finest*.



They tried and tried with varying degrees of success, but eventually had to *abandon* their plan.

Human beings proved too *willful*-- they couldn't be conditioned to follow orders and definitely couldn't be *trusted*.

But there was *one* great success... and they brought him into *The Games*.

He is The Game's reigning gladiatorial champion and the Skrulls love him.

On this world, they call him *The Captain*.



But where Mimic and his reality-hopping teammates on the *Exiles* hail from...

...he is

**Captain America.**

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 **X-1** IN

# WAR WORLD APART

PART TWO OF THREE

He has long been a symbol of the *best* that a hero can be... but *here*— he is the Skrulls' favorite son.

A human who is *better* than all humans.

They see their Captain as one of their *own*.



And it *really* pisses Mimic off.



This match has been eagerly awaited by the Skrull populace. They expect a *great battle*.

Cap has dispatched so many competitors, despite the fact that he doesn't have *conventional powers*.



He is strong, lightning-fast, and *brilliant*. The proverbial *underdog* in a battle of superhumans.

On the other hand, there is *Mimic*.

He has the powers of *five mutants* running through him. Massive strength, agility... he can turn to *steel* or *fly* at superhuman speeds.



Like Cap, Mimic is *also smart*.

He is a *leader* himself.



And he has an *axe to grind*.



Captain America was not destined to be the *poster child* for the ultimate Skrull lapdogs...

...and Mimic was not destined to perform like a *trained monkey*.





So, in his many battles since he's arrived, Calvin has put on *quite* the show.

The crowd *cheers* every time he exhibits one of his abilities.



He has deftly leaped about like the *Beast*...

...transformed his body into organic metal like *Colossus*...

...and, of course, there are the *claws*. The crowd *loves* his Wolverine claws.

But he hasn't given them *everything*.



A smart competitor will always keep an *ace* up his sleeve.

Some fighters can actually lead with both the right *and* the left hand.



Some will play *possum*... which is sort of what *Mimic* does.

You see, he's never used Cyclops's *optic blast* before today.



Match over.

The *championship* bout.

The most widely watched Game event in *Skrull* history.



It's all done.



"Go find some other idiots to beat the crap out of each other for you," Mimic thinks.



Mimic flips the audience the *bird* before they restrain him.

He isn't sure they *understand* the gesture.

He *doesn't* care. It's the best he's felt since he *got* here.



The Home of Reed Richards.

...SO YOU HAVE NO IDEA HOW MANY WORLDS EACH OF YOU HAVE TO VISIT BEFORE RETURNING HOME? WHAT A GRUELING ORDEAL.

I SHOULD SAY SO. YOU HAVEN'T BUNKED WITH T-BIRD AFTER A FULL MEAL! YOU DON'T WANT TO KNOW THE --

MORPH...

TO BE COMPLETELY HONEST, MR. RICHARDS, THIS WORLD OF YOURS HAS BEEN THE MOST DIFFICULT REALITY YET.

WITH OUR TEAMMATES TRAPPED AS COMPETITORS IN THE GAMES, AND WITH THE SKRULL TECHNOLOGY BEING AS ADVANCED AS IT IS, IT'S BEEN IMPOSSIBLE FOR US TO PENETRATE THEIR HOLDING FACILITIES.



YES, BLINK, I WOULD IMAGINE SO.

I'VE SPENT YEARS STUDYING THEIR SYSTEM OF KNOWLEDGE, BUT ONLY FROM AFAR.

I ASSUME SAM TOLD YOU OF THE ONE OCCASION WHEN I WAS ABLE TO COMMANDER ANY OF THEIR EQUIPMENT?

YEP, MR. WILSON GAVE US THE FULL STORY. ALMOST MADE YOURSELF A "FANTASTIC FOUR".

A WHAT?

IN MANY REALITIES THAT'S THE NAME OF YOUR TEAM.



HOW DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THE FF, MISS LIVED-IN-A-BACKWARDS-MOSTLY-SUPER-DUDELESS-WARZONE?

MIMIC GAVE ME A TUTORIAL. WE SPENT EIGHT WHOLE HOURS GOING OVER SUPERHUMAN HISTORY ON THE ALPHA FLIGHT COMPUTERS.

WOW. HOW VERY ROMANTIC. CALVIN'S A SWELL DATE. DID YOU FINISH WITH A WRITTEN ESSAY?



REED-- YOU SHOULD REALLY LISTEN TO THIS.

SOMETHING I'M PICKING UP HAS GOT A LOT OF SKRULL DISPATCHES THROWING A HISSY FIT. I'M HAVING TROUBLE FOLLOWING IT.



WHAT SAM'S BEEN MONITORING HERE IS A COMMUNICATION DEVICE, BLINK. IT CATCHES ENERGY CURRENTS AND RECONFIGURES THEM INTO SOUND.







MOTHER EMPIRE, PRESERVE US!  
IS THAT HIM?! IS IT?!

YOU CAN WHIMPER AND PRAY THAT IT ISN'T... BUT IT IS HIM...



TERRAX THE TAMER! HERALD OF GALACTUS!

B-BUT WHEREVER TERRAX VENTURES-- GALACTUS FOLLOWS!



FULL ALERT! SOUND THE TANAK-WAR BEACON!!

ALL QUADRANTS OF THE ENTIRE COLONY--

"--EVACUATE  
THE PLANET!!"

THIS HAS  
NEVER HAPPENED  
BEFORE, EITHER. THOSE  
TRANSPORTS HOLD  
MILLIONS.

MAYBE  
THEY ALL GOT  
HOMESICK... LIKE,  
ALL OF A SUDDEN.  
IT COULD  
HAPPEN.

NOT  
LIKELY,  
MORPH.

WHY SO GLUM,  
REED? THE EVIL GREEN  
RIDGED-CHIN ONES ARE  
GOING *BYE-BYE!* THIS BURG'S  
REAL ESTATE VALUE JUST  
SKYROCKETED!

YOUNG  
MAN, I BELIEVE  
THE SKRULL  
POPULATION  
HAS JUST LEFT  
THE PLANET-- IN  
*TOTAL...*



...AND I'M  
WONDERING JUST  
*WHAT* COULD  
FRIGHTEN THEM  
SO MUCH.





SCREW THAT. I'M MAKING A @##% BREAK FOR IT!

I ALWAYS LIKED YOU, PARKER.

THANKS... HEY--HOW'D YOU KNOW MY NAME?



CRACK!

BLAM!

BLAM!

CRACK!

BOOM!

BLAM!

MAKE FOR THE CRVES! FIND COVER!!

WHEEE!!

WAAAAH!!



YES!! FLEE! RUN LIKE CHILDREN! RUN LIKE DOGS!

YOU ARE NOT WORTHY TO DIE AT MY HANDS!!

I HAD HEARD SKRULLS OCCUPIED THIS FERTILE ORB... THEY WOULD HAVE PRESENTED A BATTLE WORTHY OF MY NOBILITY AND MARKED THE MOMENTOUSNESS OF THIS OCCASION!



BLINK, GALACTUS IS COMING! YOU KNOW, THE EATER OF WORLDS? DIDN'T MIMIC GET THAT FAR IN YOUR SUPER-BADDIES CLIFF NOTES?

MORPH, WHEN YOU SAY "EATER OF WORLDS", I TAKE THAT AS ONE OF YOUR MANY ATTEMPTS AT LEVITY... CORRECT?

UNFORTUNATELY NOT, REED!

YEAH, SORRY, REED, BUT THIS IS A BIG BAD! THE BIGGEST OF BIG BADS!

FIRST, THESE INTER-GALACTICALLY-ENHANCED LEG-BREAKERS ARE SENT DOWN TO SOFTEN UP THE JOINT...

...THEN THE BIG PURPLE G HIMSELF BELLIES UP TO THE BAR AND GULPS DOWN THE ENTIRE PLANET'S ENERGY LIKE A BOWL OF FRUIT LOOPS!

BLINK, THE METEOR STORM HAS CEASED. IS THAT ORDINARY? WHILE WE HAVE THIS RESPITE, WE SHOULD GET ALL THE NEARBY VILLAGERS TO SAFER GROUND.

SAFER GROUND? STRETCH, HAVEN'T YOU BEEN LISTENING? WE'LL NEED TO GET TO MARS TO GET OUT OF HARM'S WAY!

SURE, IT MIGHT HAVE STOPPED RAINING MINERAL DEPOSITS, BUT THAT WAS JUST THE OPENING ACT! I'M SURE TERRAX ONLY STOPPED TO LULL US INTO A FALSE SENSE OF SECURITY.

I DON'T THINK SO, MORPH. SEEMS HE'S JUST TAKING IN THE SCENERY...



Hm. NOW THIS IS MORE WORTHY OF MY ATTENTION.

With the exception of the Exiles, the majority of them have been prisoners for decades.

Bred to *fight*. Ordered to combat each other or face death.

And in their first taste of true freedom...

...they find *this* idiot terrorizing their people.



And that's all it took...

...for heroes to be born.

AAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!!



EXCELLENT!

IT IS A RARITY TO FIND SUCH SPORT! IT WAS FOR OPPORTUNITIES LIKE THIS THAT I RELINQUISHED MY CROWN! HA!

BA-COOOW!!!



SO GLAD WE COULD HELP, YOUR ROYAL, STONE-BUTTED-NESS!

HOCCOCCOCCI!

CRACK!



YES!  
THAT'S THE SPIRIT,  
YOU FEEBLE SHE-CATS!  
DIE WITH SPIRIT! DIE WITH  
BILE STILL IN YOUR  
BELLIES!



OR WE  
CAN LIVE AND  
YOU CAN LOSE  
FOUR POUNDS  
OF GRANITE  
OFF YOUR  
BACK!

AAAH!



BOOOOM!





NOT SO TOUGH WITHOUT THAT STUPID LANCE, ARE YOU?

LET'S SEE HOW WELL YOU FARE *WITHOUT* GALACTUS'S TOYS!



MY MASTER HAS EQUIPPED ME WITH *FAR* MORE THAN MERE *TOYS!*



**BOOM!**

I AM FUELED WITH THE POWER OF THE COSMOS!

MY THOUGHTS COLLAPSE MOUNTAINS!

RESHAPE ROCK!

I AM TERRAX THE TERRIBLE!



I AM YOUR DEATH!

**TZO-TACK!**

MAN, WHAT A CHATTY-CATHY! YOU'RE ALMOST AS BAD AS BEN GRIMM!

Maybe it's something to do with being made outta rock!



IMPUDENCE!

NOW I GROW WEARY!

Thudsssssst

DEATH WILL COME AT MY HANDS!

THOSE OF YOU WHO SURVIVE WILL ENVY THE DEAD WHEN MASTER GALACTUS FEEDS!

BETTER TO COME BEFORE ME NOW AND END IT QUICK!

COME FACE DEATH! THERE IS NO MORTAL BEING MIGHTIER THAN TERRAX!!

BABOOM!



WHU--?!





OH, I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THAT.

His name is *Bruce Banner*.

Once, several years ago while testing various weapons systems, the Skrull army *accidentally* exposed a small Northeastern city to massive doses of *gamma radiation*.

All died but *one*.

Here, he is called the *Banner Beast*.



He is the maxi-heavy-weight champion of *The Games*.

*Feared* more than admired.



His greatest rival, *Ben Grimm*, was always better liked by the public...



...not that it matters anymore.

They are no longer competitors.



Just human beings.

Long enslaved...



...and oddly enough, forced to dispatch their emancipator.



WOW. THOSE ARE SOME ANGRY SUPER HEROES.

YES. YOU DON'T USUALLY HEAR THOSE KINDS OF OBSCENITIES BEING TOSSED AROUND DURING A FIGHT.

YEAH. THAT POLARIS CURSES LIKE A SAILOR.



A PERFECTLY GOOD BUTT-KICKING GOING ON AND YOU'RE JUST STANDING ON THE SIDELINES?

CLARICE!

COACH, I'M READY T'GO IN WHENEVER YOU SAY THE WORD!



SO... HOW YOU BEEN?

OH, Y'KNOW... SAME OLD, SAME OLD. BEEN BUSY.

YOU LOOK LIKE HELL.

WELL, I HAVE BEEN HITTING THE DANCECLUBS PRETTY HARD...



I'D SAY IT'S SICKENING, BUT I BET IN TEN MINUTES HE'S GONNA QUIZ HER ON THE ORIGIN OF THE INHUMANS...

The Skrulls fled Earth in less than *three hours*. They took *very little* with them.

Reed Richards's eyes lit up like a child on Christmas morning when he saw the *Skrull labs* he suddenly had access to.

Peter Parker and the Banner Beast also seemed to share in Reed's sudden interest.

The rest, despite the fact of knowing they faced an enemy of *unmeasured power*--

--were oddly *joyful*.



But some *less* than others...

SO, NOW WHAT? THE TALLUS TOLD US TO SAVE THE WORLD... AND WE KNOW HOW TO SAVE IT...

...BEAT GALACTUS.

Y'KNOW, FIGHT A GOD.

OH, I DON'T KNOW... I THINK WE'VE GOT A SHOT. DOWN THERE ARE SOME OF THE GREATEST WARRIORS IN ALL OUR REALITIES.



YEAH. AND THEY'VE BEEN TRAINED IN NOTHING BUT BATTLE. THEY'RE AS HARD AS DIAMONDS... AND FOR THE FIRST TIME THEY'RE FREE.

AND I BET THEY'RE WILLING TO DIE TO KEEP THINGS THAT WAY.

IS THAT RIGHT, OH FEARLESS LEADERS? WE'VE GOT OURSELVES A PLAN?

HELLO! WE ALMOST GOT BEAT BY THE HERALD! AND WHEN THE BIG DUDE ARRIVES, IT AIN'T NO CLAMBAKE, KIDDIES!

BUT WE WENT IN AGAINST TERRAX WITHOUT PLAN OR STRATEGY. THIS TIME WILL BE DIFFERENT.



SURE.

YEP.



AVENGER'S ASSEMBLE.

I WAS SO GONNA SAY THAT.

TOO SLOW.

NEXT: A WORLD APART concludes!