

M A R V E L[®] C O M I C S

**BLOKHUSTER
FIRST
ISSUE!**

EXILES[™]

APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
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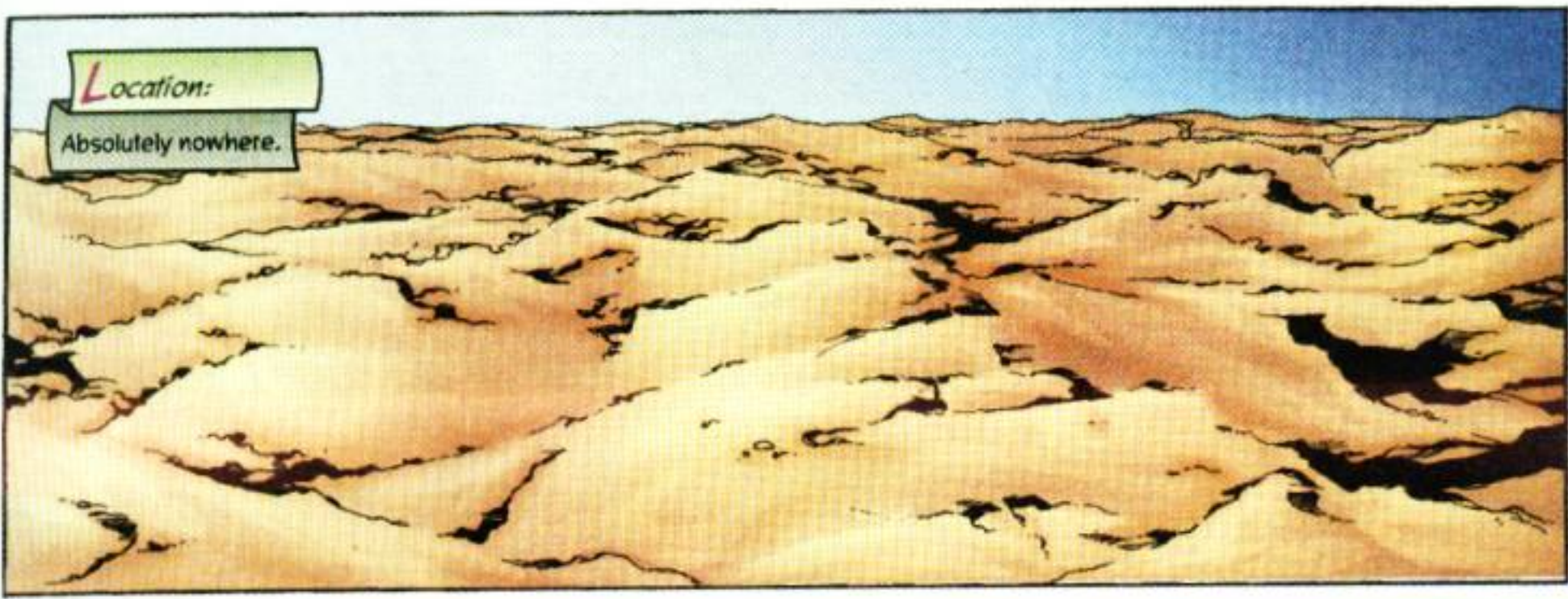
THE SAGA BEGINS HERE!



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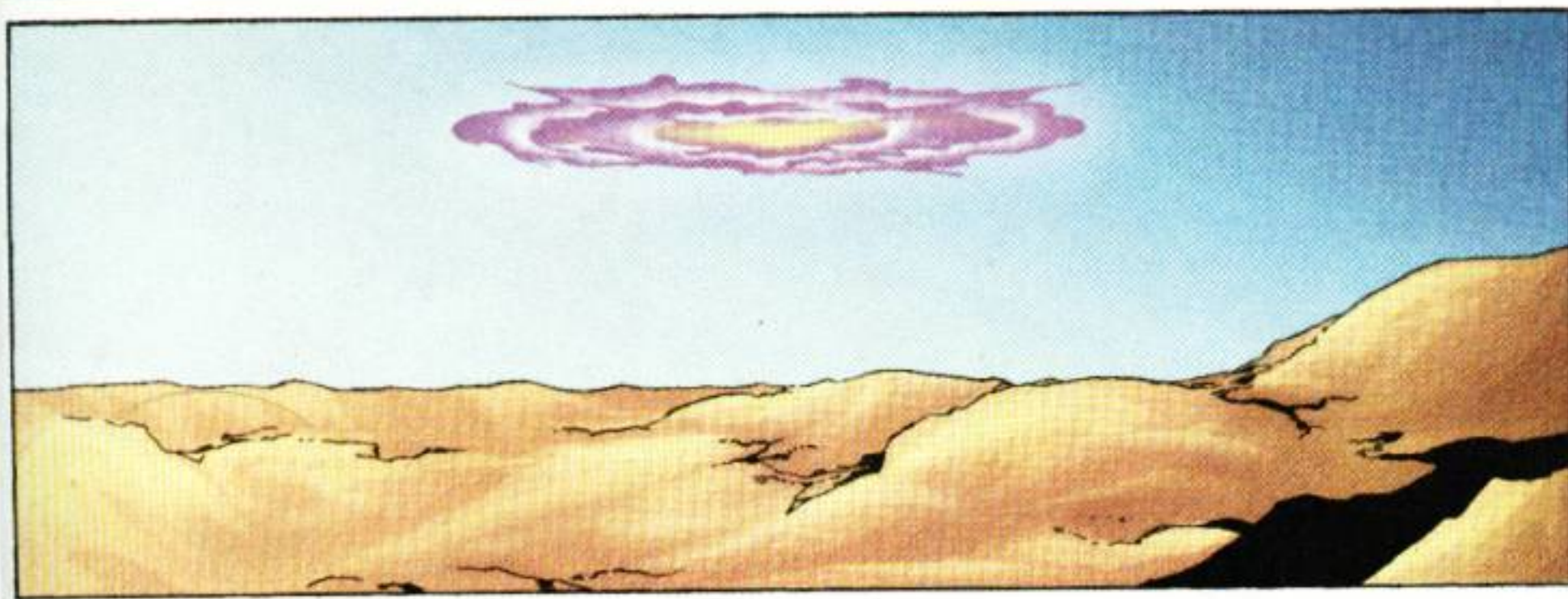
Location:

Absolutely nowhere.



Time:

Absolutely nowhen.



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; MAGNUS — SON OF MAGNETO AND ROGUE; THUNDERBIRD — 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 DOWN THE RABBIT HOLE

BLOOOK!



AAAAAH!

JUDD WINICK
STORY

MIKE MCKONE
PENCILS

MARK MCKENNA
INKS

JC
COLORS

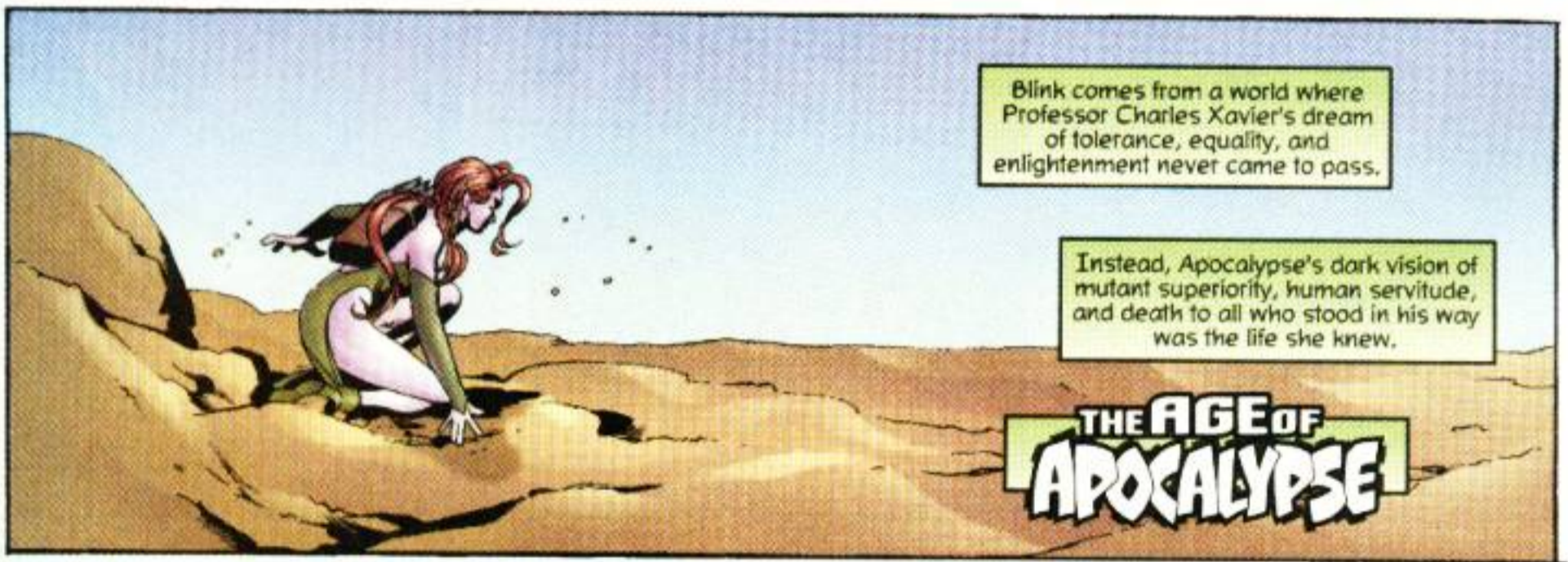
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PAUL TUTRONE
LETTERS

MIKE RAICHT
ASSISTANT EDITOR

MIKE MARTS
EDITOR

JOE QUESADA
EDITOR IN CHIEF

BILL JEMAS
PRESIDENT





YEAH. WHEN WERE YOU AN X-MAN? I KNOW THE HISTORY PRETTY WELL. BEYOND MY DAD SPINNING YARNS, IT'S REQUIRED READING AT SCHOOL. BUT I DON'T RECALL EVER SEEING YOU.

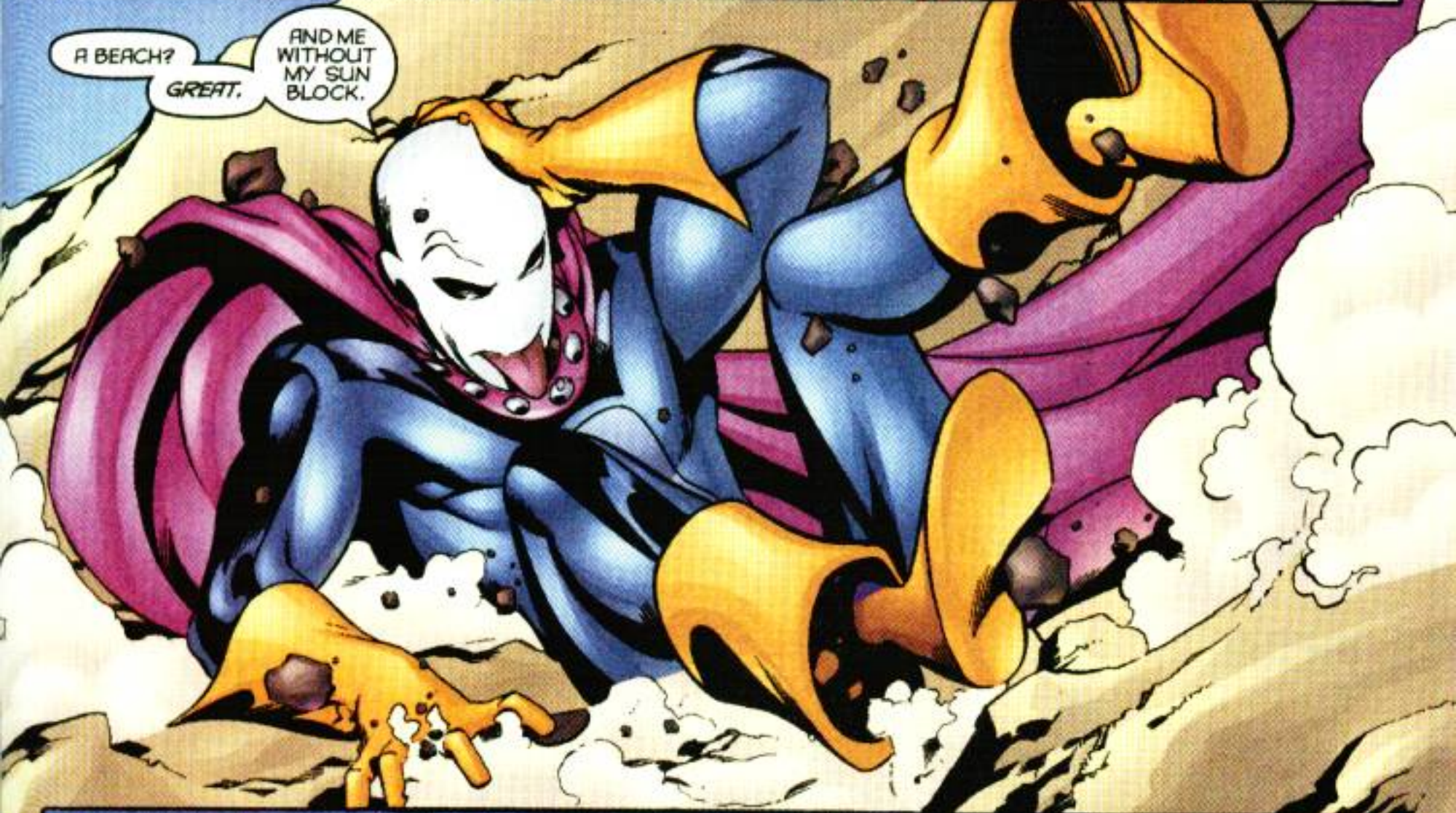
WHAT "HISTORY"? IT'S NOT LIKE--



BAKOOM!

A BEACH?
GREAT.

AND ME WITHOUT MY SUN BLOCK.



MORPH!
OH GOD, MORPH!
YOU'RE ALIVE!

YEAH. ALIVE AND GETTING MY ALABASTER SKIN ROASTED.

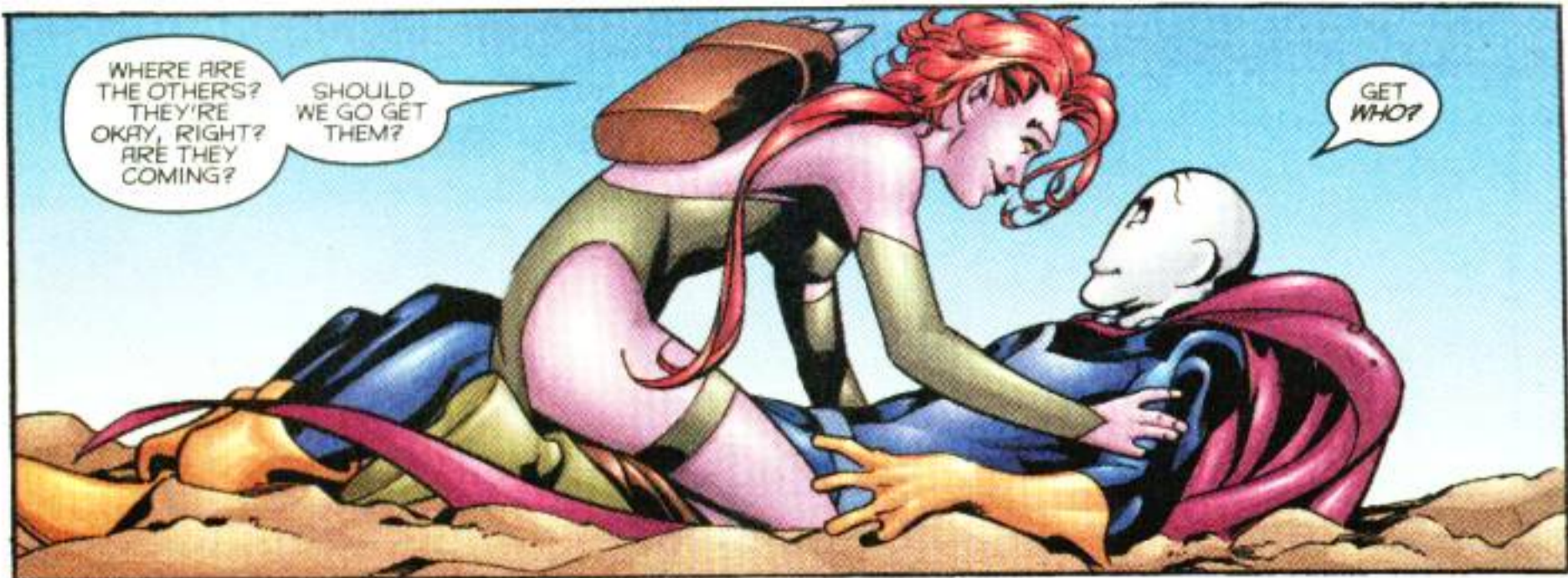


YOU'RE ALIVE! YOU'RE REALLY ALIVE! I DIDN'T KNOW IF WE WERE GOING TO SURVIVE IT ALL!

BUT WE'RE HERE! YOU'RE NOT HURT, ARE YOU? YOU LOOK OKAY. DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA WHAT THAT PORTAL WAS? IT WASN'T ONE OF MINE! HA!

WELL, SOMEONE'S A WEE BIT OVER-STIMULATED. NO MORE CAPPUCCINOS FOR YOU!





WHERE ARE THE OTHERS? THEY'RE OKAY, RIGHT? ARE THEY COMING?

SHOULD WE GO GET THEM?

GET WHO?



WAAAAHAAA!
STOP FOOLING!
EVERYONE'S OKAY, RIGHT?

LOOK-- SWEETIE-- I AM NEVER ONE TO STOP A WOMAN FROM EMPHATICALLY PRESSING HERSELF AGAINST ME-- AND BY ALL MEANS, CONTINUE--

--BUT WHO ARE YOU?



Oh, Morph...
DON'T YOU KNOW ME?

CAN'T SAY I DO, BUT THAT CAN CHANGE, BABY.

C'MON, LET'S HIT THE CONCESSION STAND. MY TREAT.

SOMETHING IS *WRONG*.

VERY, VERY *WRONG*.



OOP.

SHE STOPPED WITH THE HUGGING. I SHOULDN'T HAVE SAID ANYTHING.

HOW ABOUT YOU, GORGEOUS? WANT SOME SUGAR?

I'M GOOD, THANKS.

TELL ME, WHAT WERE EACH OF YOU DOING BEFORE YOU GOT HERE?



ALONG WITH MY FELLOW X-MEN, I WAS BATTLING THE CURSED STONEHENGE!

WHO'S STONEHENGE?

THAT WAS OUR POINT AS WELL.

"WHO ARE YOU, DUDE? WHY ARE YOU DRESSED LIKE A DRUID AND SETTING THINGS ON FIRE WITH YOUR FEET?" BIG MESS.



I WAS RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF A SERIOUS FANNY KICKING WHEN I GOT SUCKED INTO A GIANT GLOWING HOLE.

I DID THE E-TICKET RIDE, FELL DOWN HERE IN MIAMI, AND THAT'S WHEN YOU STARTED GROPING ME.

DITTO FOR ME.

MINUS THE HUGGING AND THE DRUID WITH FLAMING TOOTSIES. I WAS IN BED.

I WAS IN BED, AS WELL, BEFORE BEING TRANSPORTED HERE...



...WHEREVER "HERE" IS.



HE'S A BIG 'UN, huh?

YOU GOT THAT RIGHT.

JAMES? IS THAT YOU?



NO. JOHN.

JOHN PROUDSTAR.

JAMES IS DEAD.

OH, JOHN, NOW, YOU REMIND ME OF YOUR BROTHER JAMES.

JAMES? NO, HE'S NOT! I SAW HIM LAST NIGHT-- YOU'RE THE ONE WHO'S SUPPOSED TO BE-- I MEAN...

YOU FOLLOWING ANY OF THIS?

NOT PARTICULARLY.



AND "CASPER THE CHANGELING" HERE WAS NEVER A MEMBER OF THE X-MEN, EITHER!

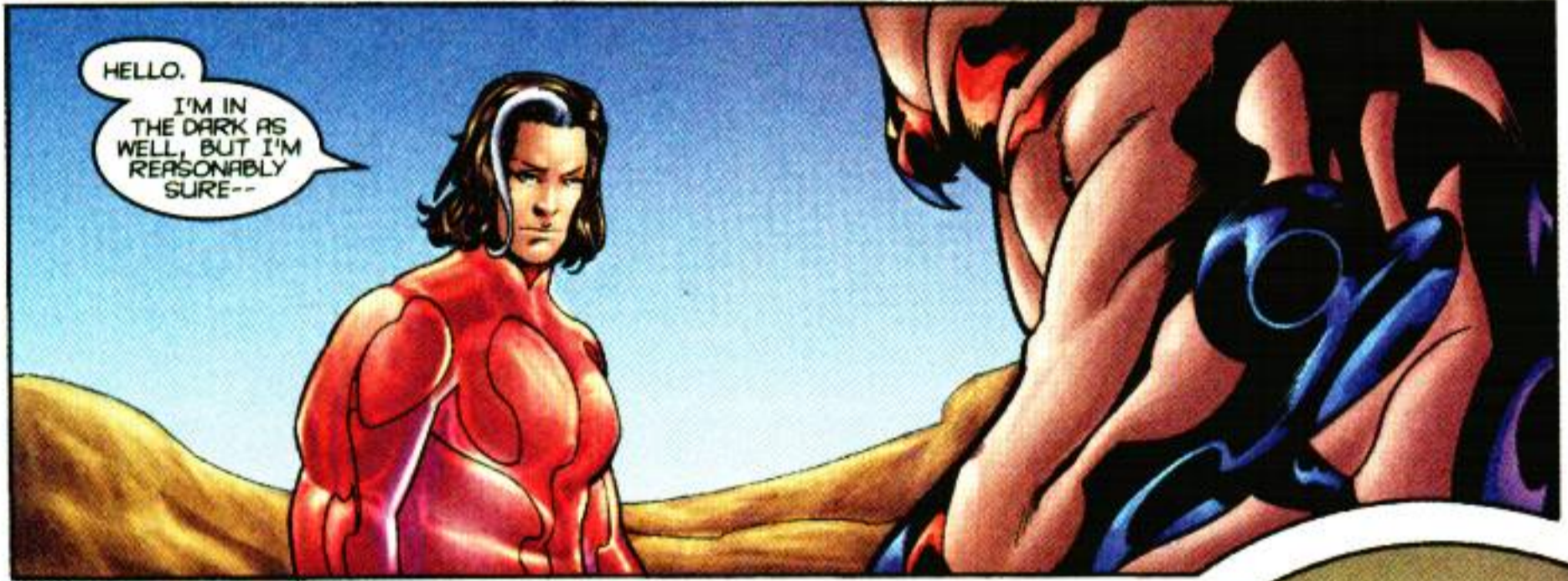
OH, BUT I AM. I'VE GOT I.D. CARDS, A ROOM AT THE MANSION, SWEATSUITS WITH X'S ON THEM-- THE WORKS.

IT'S ALL RIGHT, TJ, I DON'T THINK ANYTHING IS WHAT IT SEEMS.

NOR ARE WE ALONE.



HEY, GANG! ARE YOU ALL AS LOST AS I AM?





OKAY, SIR, WE'VE ALL ENJOYED THIS GAME, BUT THE FUN'S OVER--WE WANT ANSWERS!

YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN. GRAB A CHAIR. WHO WANTS COFFEE? I THINK WE'VE GOT SOME DANISH, HERE TOO...

...THOUGHT I SAW A BEAR CLAW SOMEWHERE...

BLINK!



IF YOU LIKE, I MIGHT EVEN--
EEEEEE!



GEEZLOUISE-- SO WE WON'T SERVE PASTRIES!

CHILL OUT, SLICK.

WHO ARE YOU? WHY HAVE YOU DRAGGED US OUT HERE?

AND WHAT'S WITH THESE MIND TRICKS? SOMETHING FROM MYSTERIO? MASTERMIND?

TELL US NOW AND WE'LL GO EASY ON YOU.



IF YOU'D ALL JUST RELAX A MOMENT AND CONCENTRATE, YOU'D KNOW WHAT YOU ALREADY FEEL.

YOU'RE ALL FIGHTERS OF THE GOOD FIGHT AND HAVE TO RELY HEAVILY ON YOUR INTUITION-- YOUR GUTS.

WHAT ARE YOUR GUTS TELLING YOU NOW?



THAT THIS IS NOT A DREAM. I'M NOT THE THREAT. NO ONE IS MESSING WITH YOUR NOGGINS AND THIS IS NOT SOME RUSE OF A SUPER BADDIE.

THIS IS REAL.



AND YOU ARE IN SERIOUS TROUBLE.



NOW, COULD YOU PLEASE PUT ME DOWN?

I HAVE MUFFINS BURNING.

... SURE.



THIS IS BIZARRE. ARE YOU BUYING ANY OF THIS?

YEAH. HE'S RIGHT. I CAN SENSE IT, CAN'T YOU? WE'RE IN DEEP BUT HE'S GOT NOTHING TO DO WITH IT.

SO ARE YOU A FAN OF THESE "BUTT MONKEYS", OR DO YOU JUST DIG THE FIT OF THE JERSEY?

THEY'RE MY BAND, AND YOU'RE JUST MAKING AN EXCUSE TO LOOK AT MY CHEST.

TRUE ENOUGH.

NOW, WHO WANTS COFFEE?



OH YEAH, I'D KILL FOR SOME!

WHAT'S "COFFEE"?

YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT COFFEE IS?

I SPENT MY LIFE IN A WAR ZONE. I HAVEN'T HAD REAL TOILET PAPER SINCE I WAS IN PRISON.

OH, YOU'RE GONNA BE A LOT OF LAUGHS.



GANG, PLEASE, CAN WE GET ON WITH THIS?



RIGHT-O.

THE SHORT VERSION. YOU'RE ALL FROM DIFFERENT DIMENSIONS-- ALTERNATE REALITIES.

THAT SHOULD EXPLAIN SOME OF THE CONFUSION. THE WHOLE "AREN'T YOU DEAD-- HE NEVER HAD A DAUGHTER-- YOU DON'T LOOK LIKE THIS IN MY NECK OF THE WOODS" THING.




WITH THAT IN MIND, LET'S GET A LITTLE HISTORY ON EACH OF YOU.

FLAT TV. NICE.

CAN WE WATCH PORN?

NOPE. THIS WILL SIMPLY TELL YOU A LITTLE BIT ABOUT EACH OTHER AND THE WORLDS THAT YOU COME FROM. WATCH AND LEARN.




She is Talia Josephine "T.J." Wagner.

Nocturne.

The daughter of one of her world's greatest X-Men. Possessing much of his ability and bravado but many more talents of her own. She was raised under the watchful eye of her parents.

And under the tutelage of Charles Xavier's School.



She quickly moved up the ranks to be an X-Man in her own right, and to fight at the side of her father.

Led by Wolverine since Professor X's retirement, they are a team consisting of seasoned veterans and highly skilled neophytes.

It is her family.

It is a life she loves.




He is John Proudstar.

Thunderbird.

Hand-picked by Professor X to join his second incarnation of the X-Men. Proven to be a formidable warrior with a spirit only matched by his strength.

It is unknown which of these qualities captured the attention of *Apocalypse*.



He was made a disciple. Enhanced, reformed, remade.

If one were to ask John Proudstar about that day, he would say it was the day he was *murdered*.

But no one ever asks.

His servitude was short-lived.

And his indomitable spirit, tortured into rage, set him free.

He returned to the X-Men, but not as the same man.

His whole life, Thunderbird sought to find personal peace and a justification for his existence.

Now he is further away from the answer than ever.

He is *Magnus*.

Child of Magneto and Rogue.

So fraught with complications, his birth seemed miraculous. And such a blessing for the two long-troubled souls that brought him into the world.

As he grew, so did his abilities.

It was obvious to all that Magnus would become even more adept, more powerful than the master of magnetism who sired him.

Unfortunate for all, he adopted a trait not unlike one of his mother's. When his flesh meets another's, they are transformed into *pure steel*.

He grew to be a distant, reclusive man. One who always carries the knowledge that he can *kill* with but a single touch.

The jovial *Morph* has met with nothing but success.

When discovered by Charles Xavier and brought to his School for Gifted Youngsters, he took to training those abilities with an enthusiasm and humor that both ingratiated and annoyed.

As a child, he was always able to hide his shape-shifting ability. It left him free of scorn and very well adjusted.

He began as a New Mutant, then an X-Man, then even an Avenger.

But now, he has returned home, rejoining the team that is also his family.



Mimic. A young man with the ability to copy the powers of others.

Born into poverty and fueled by rage, the young Calvin Rankin found himself drawn towards darker elements.

The Brotherhood of Evil Mutants.



Professor Charles Xavier saw past the arrogance and wished to tap into Calvin's potential.

Charles reached out to the young man as no one had before.

Calvin would join the School and thrive in its teachings.



As a grown man, he has become a hero.

He now leads the X-Men and is recognized as one of his world's greatest champions.

His leadership and example have, in part, made his era of mutantkind the most accepted of any realm.



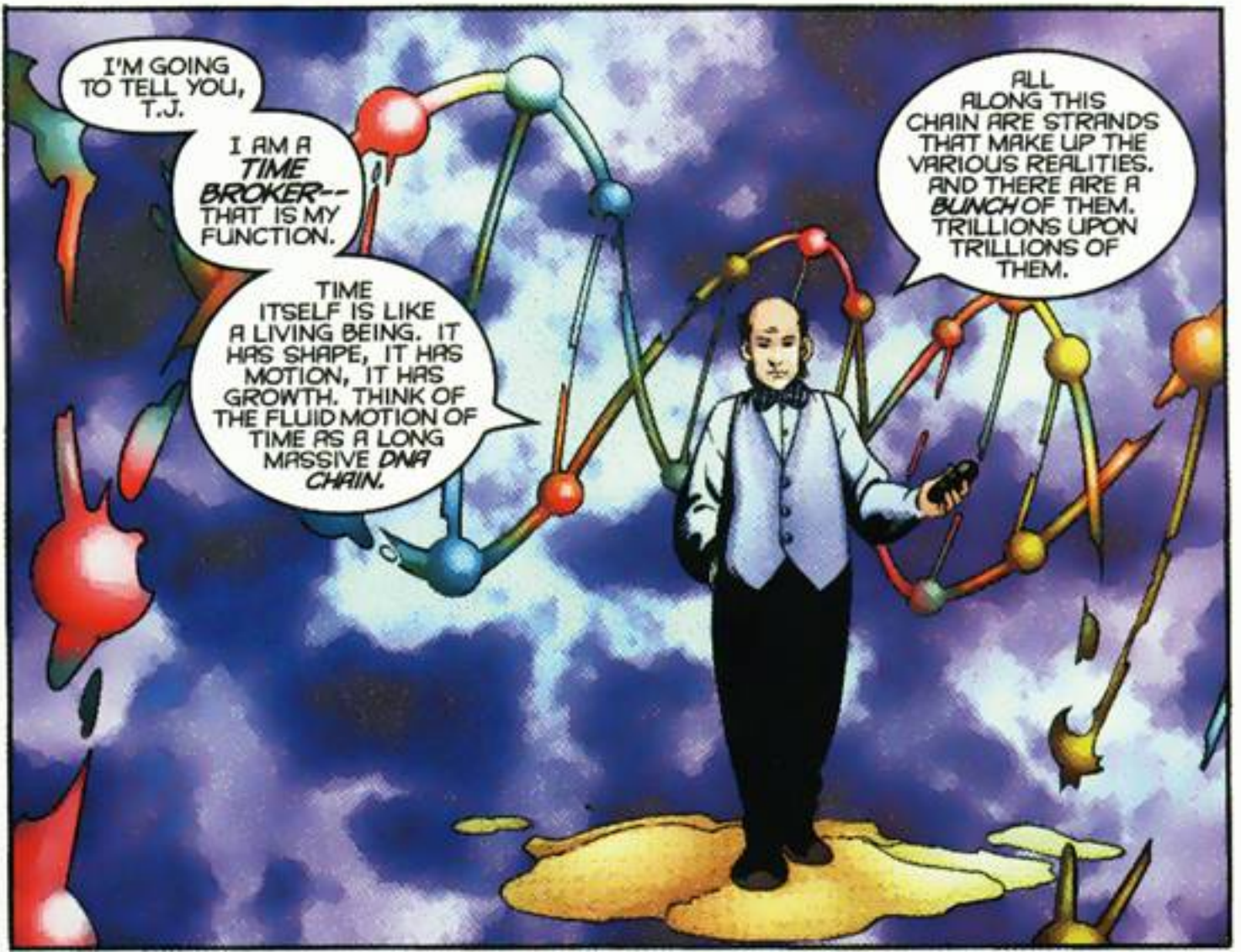
And then there is Blink.

Like many mutants born into the Age of Apocalypse, she was ripped from her home as a child.

She grew up in a miserable hell called the pens, where she was subjected daily to medical experiments and alterations of her genetic make-up.



BUT WHAT DOES--



I'M GOING TO TELL YOU, T.J.

I AM A **TIME BROKER**-- THAT IS MY FUNCTION.

TIME ITSELF IS LIKE A LIVING BEING. IT HAS SHAPE, IT HAS MOTION, IT HAS GROWTH. THINK OF THE FLUID MOTION OF TIME AS A LONG MASSIVE **DNA CHAIN**.

ALL ALONG THIS CHAIN ARE STRANDS THAT MAKE UP THE VARIOUS REALITIES. AND THERE ARE A **BUNCH** OF THEM. TRILLIONS UPON TRILLIONS OF THEM.



TRILLIONS? YOU'RE KIDDING, RIGHT?

HAS *ANY* OF THIS BEEN FUNNY, KID? YEAH, **TRILLIONS** OF TRILLIONS. IN SOME WORLDS, YOUR INDIVIDUAL LIFE ESSENCE IS THE OPPOSITE SEX, IN SOME-- YOU'RE APES, IN SOME-- JUST PROTOZOA, IN OTHERS-- MERE ENERGY SIGNATURES.



YOU JUST *KNOW* THE "CHICK" ME IS HOT.

SHUT UP.



BUT JUST AS WITH ACTUAL DNA, THERE ARE STRANDS THAT ARE "**BAD**", A BALDNESS GENE. A BLINDNESS GENE. A CANCER GENE.

BUT THEY DON'T NECESSARILY AFFECT THE BODY. THEY MIGHT BE BENIGN, OR THE PROPER COMBINATION OF STRANDS NEVER COMES ABOUT TO MAKE A THREAT.

IT'S THE SAME WITH TIME. WE HAVE MALFORMATIONS, SUDDEN BREAKS, CRACKS, BUMPS IN THE CHAIN.

IN MOST CASES THEY DON'T AFFECT MUCH OF ANYTHING. YOU BUY A DIFFERENT CAR, YOU MISS A LUNCH DATE, YOUR VCR DOESN'T RECORD, OR NOTHING AT ALL...



BUT UNFORTUNATELY, THERE ARE "HICCUPS", AND VERY WELL STRUCTURED ONES. THERE WILL BE A *BREAK* IN TIME THAT WILL CAUSE A DOMINO EFFECT INTO OTHER PARALLEL WORLDS. ONE HICCUP INTO ANOTHER AND INTO ANOTHER. THAT'S WHAT HAPPENED TO ALL OF YOU. THERE HAS BEEN A *RIPPLE* IN TIME.

NEW EVENTS IN YOUR PAST HAVE TRANSPIRED AND ALTERED EACH OF THE PATHS THAT YOU NOW LIVE.

MAGNUS, YOUR MOTHER WAS ACCIDENTALLY KILLED A WEEK AFTER YOUR THIRTEENTH BIRTHDAY. YOU TURNED HER INTO STEEL. YOUR FATHER NEVER RECOVERED FROM THE LOSS AND HE WILL LATER RESUME HIS BATTLE ON HUMANITY.

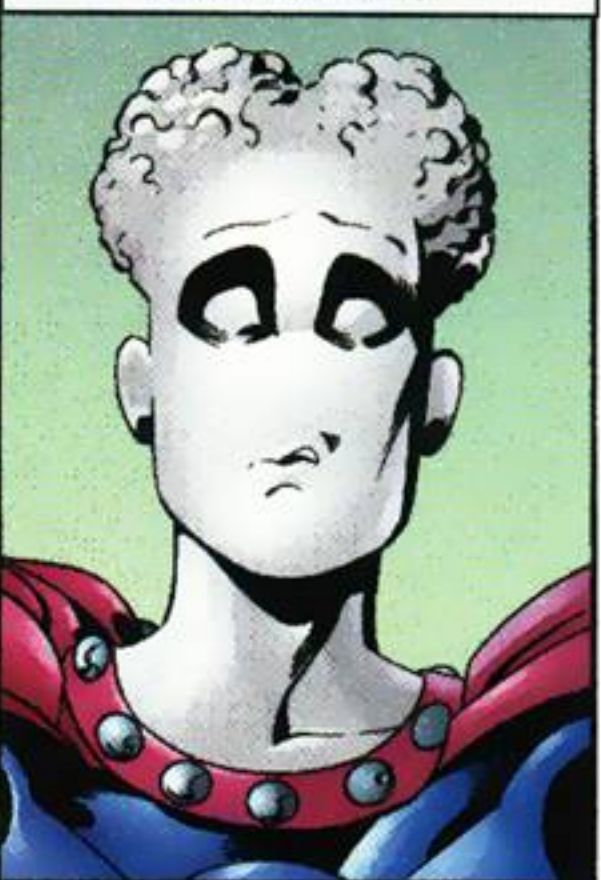


WHEN ON YOUR FIRST MISSION WITH THE BROTHERHOOD OF EVIL MUTANTS, MIMIC, YOU ALL ATTEMPTED TO KIDNAP SENATOR ROBERT KELLY. IT WAS UNSUCCESSFUL. HE WAS MURDERED ALONG WITH A BUS FULL OF BYSTANDERS. FORTY-SEVEN WERE KILLED IN ALL.



YOU NOW SIT ON DEATH ROW.

MORPH, WHILE STILL WITH THE NEW MUTANTS, YOU WERE INJURED BATTLING THE MORLOCKS. YOUR PHYSICAL COMPOSITION WAS DISRUPTED. EVER SINCE YOU HAVE REMAINED COMATOSE IN LIQUID FORM, RESTING WITHIN A BEAKER IN HANK MCCOY'S LAB.



NOCTURNE, YOUR FATHER WAS KILLED DURING A BATTLE WITH THE HELLFIRE CLUB. IT WOULD BE AT THE HAND OF YOUR GRANDMOTHER, MYSTIQUE.



YOU NEVER WRESTED YOURSELF FROM APOCALYPSE'S GRASP, THUNDERBIRD. YOU REMAINED HIS SOLDIER. HIS SERVANT.



BLINK, YOU WERE NEVER BORN.





I KNOW, GANG. IT'S A LOT TO TAKE IN.

THE LIVES YOU LIVED HAVE BEEN REWRITTEN, BUT NOW YOU HAVE THE OPPORTUNITY TO CHANGE THEM BACK.

YOU WILL HAVE TO REPAIR THE BREAKS IN THE CHAIN OF TIME THAT CAUSED THESE RIPPLES.

THE BREAKS ARE INCIDENTS IN DIFFERENT REALITIES. AND WHILE NOT APPEARING TO DIRECTLY AFFECT YOU, I ASSURE YOU THEY DO.

YOU WILL BE REALIGNING THE DOMINOS SO THEY WON'T FALL ON TOP OF YOU. IN TURN, YOU WILL GET YOUR LIVES BACK.



IF SUCCESSFUL, YOU'LL RETURN TO EXACTLY WHEN YOU LEFT. UNAGED AND UNCHANGED.

BUT THE DANGERS ARE REAL. YOU CAN BE INJURED, YOU CAN DIE. AND YOU CAN FAIL--WHICH WOULD RETURN YOU TO THESE UNFORTUNATE NEW EXISTENCES.

EXCEPT YOU, KIDDO. YOU SCREW UP--YOU'RE NOT GOING ANYWHERE. YOU'RE VAPOR.

THANK YOU.



YOU'LL NEED THIS--THE TALLUS. IT WILL BE YOUR GUIDE--INSTRUCTING YOU AS BEST IT CAN ON WHAT IS NEEDED TO REPAIR THE BREAKS. ONCE COMPLETED, YOU CAN MOVE ON TO YOUR NEXT REALITY AND YOUR NEXT MISSION.



"AS BEST IT CAN"?

IT'S ALL PROBABILITY, CHICO. IT'S KIND OF A CRAP SHOOT.

DELIGHTFUL.



IN CONJUNCTION WITH BLINK'S TELEPORTATION POWER, THE TALLUS WILL ALLOW YOU TO JUMP TO EACH REALITY.

WHAT ABOUT YOU? ARE YOU COMING TO HELP US?

ME? NO.

I DON'T EXIST IN THE CONVENTIONAL SENSE. I'M KIND OF LIKE A LIVING VERB. THE SAME WITH THE DESERT HERE. IT'S NOT A LITERAL PLACE. IT AND I ARE CONSTRUCTS CREATED FROM THE COLLECTIVE CONSCIOUSNESS OF EACH OF YOU. I'M HOW YOUR MINDS ARE DEALING WITH THIS TRAUMA.



TRAUMA?



OH YEAH-- YOU'RE FREAKING OUT, AND YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW IT.



SO ENDETH THE LESSON.

I'LL BE IN TOUCH HERE AND THERE.



GOOD LUCK.

THAT'S IT? WAIT, WHAT IF--





BLOON!

EVERYONE
LOOK ALIVE-- WE'RE
AIRBORNE!

RELAX.
WE WERE,
LIKE, TWENTY
FEET UP.
WE CAN
MANAGE.



GEEZ,
ARE WE BACK
WHERE WE
STARTED?

NO, NOT
UNLESS SOMEONE
WAS THROWING
BEER CANS OUT OF
CAR WINDOWS IN
OUR TRAUMATIZED
CONSCIOUS-
NESS.

WHERE
ARE WE
EXACTLY?



THIRTY-
THREE MILES
OUTSIDE OF
PHOENIX.

HOW DO
YOU KNOW
THAT?



I
READ
IT.

PHOENIX
33 MILES



The MELTZER-FLAM mall outside of Phoenix.

"FIND OUT ANYTHING ABOUT THIS REALITY YET? IS IT RUN BY APES OR ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE WIELDING CYBORGS OR SOMETHING?"

COMPUTER

NOPE. POKING AROUND THE INTERNET HERE, I'M JUST FINDING WALL-TO-WALL PEOPLE. WHAT I'M NOT FINDING ARE SUPER BEINGS. OR MUTANTS.

NOBODY. NO X-MEN, NO SCHOOL FOR GIFTED YOUNGSTERS, NO FANTASTIC FOUR... HELL, THERE'S NO AVENGERS...



IT SAYS THAT THIS WORLD DECIDED LONG AGO TO HAVE ZERO TOLERANCE FOR HOMO SUPERIOR AND SUPER BEINGS. THEY'VE ALL BEEN JAILED, EXECUTED OR ABORTED... IT'S BEEN GOING ON FOR FIFTY YEARS.

THERE IS NO ONE-- I MEAN NO ONE-- LEFT.

WHOA, CHATTY TALLUS! GENTS, I'M GETTING ANOTHER BULLETIN.



HEY, KIDS! I FOUND THIS GREAT LEATHER SHOP.

FOUND THESE IN A SPORTING GOODS STORE.

WE'RE BACK IN BUSINESS!





YOU WERE BOTH WEARING MORE CLOTHING BEFORE THE NEW OUTFITS.

JOHN-JOHN ACTUALLY FOUND HIS IN ONE OF THOSE "BIG GALS" CLOTHING STORES. BUT I PROMISED NOT TO TELL AS LONG AS HE DIDN'T MENTION HE SAW ME NAKED.

YOU CARE THAT HE SAW YOU NAKED, CHA-CHA?

NAH, BUT I WANTED HIM TO FEEL LIKE HE HAD LEVERAGE.



WE'RE NOT DONE HERE, GANG-- IT'S STILL TALKING...

"...FIND THE ONE WHO WOULD LEAD YOU."

"FIND YOUR GREATEST TEACHER."



CHARLES XAVIER.

YOU MEAN THE GUY WHO CREATED THE SCHOOL YOU ALL WENT TO?



I'M TRYING TO COMPENSATE FOR YOUR LACK OF PSYCHIC ABILITIES WITH STOLEN ELECTRICAL POWER... BUT YOU'RE GOING TO NEED TO EXERT YOURSELVES!



OH, GOOD! I WAS JUST PLANNING TO PHONE IT IN!



JUST... A LITTLE... MORE!



Nevada.
He's alive.



"...IMPRISONED IN A HOLDING FACILITY IN THE NEVADA DESERT."

There was a team consensus that a world without Reed Richards, Tony Stark or Bruce Banner would not have made the technological leap forward that other realities would.

The ease with which they hacked into a Maximum Security prison camp's main frame from a computer at a shopping mall only further validated that hypothesis.

Without raising many eyebrows, they even blacked out half of Phoenix while siphoning energy to power the Cerebro.

They approached the "jail break" of Charles Xavier with great confidence.

They tripped every sensor that was turned on and a few that weren't.

But in hindsight, it still never hurts to have a positive attitude.

THIS IS NOT GOING ACCORDING TO PLAN! WHAT HAPPENED TO THAT "STEALTH APPROACH" EVERYBODY WAS GOING ON ABOUT!?



WELL, THEY STARTED IT WITH ALL THOSE LASER CANNONS, SONIC BOOMS AND POWER DAMPENING NETS!



"WHAT'S A GIRL TO DO?" YA' START BREAKING HEADS!

I DON'T AGREE WITH THE ASSESSMENT, BUT I CONCUR WITH ITS SPIRIT.

WE SERIOUSLY UNDERESTIMATED THE TECHNOLOGICAL APTITUDE OF THIS COMPLEX. WE AREN'T LEFT WITH MUCH ALTERNATIVE BUT "PLAN B"!



SNNKT!

BOOM!

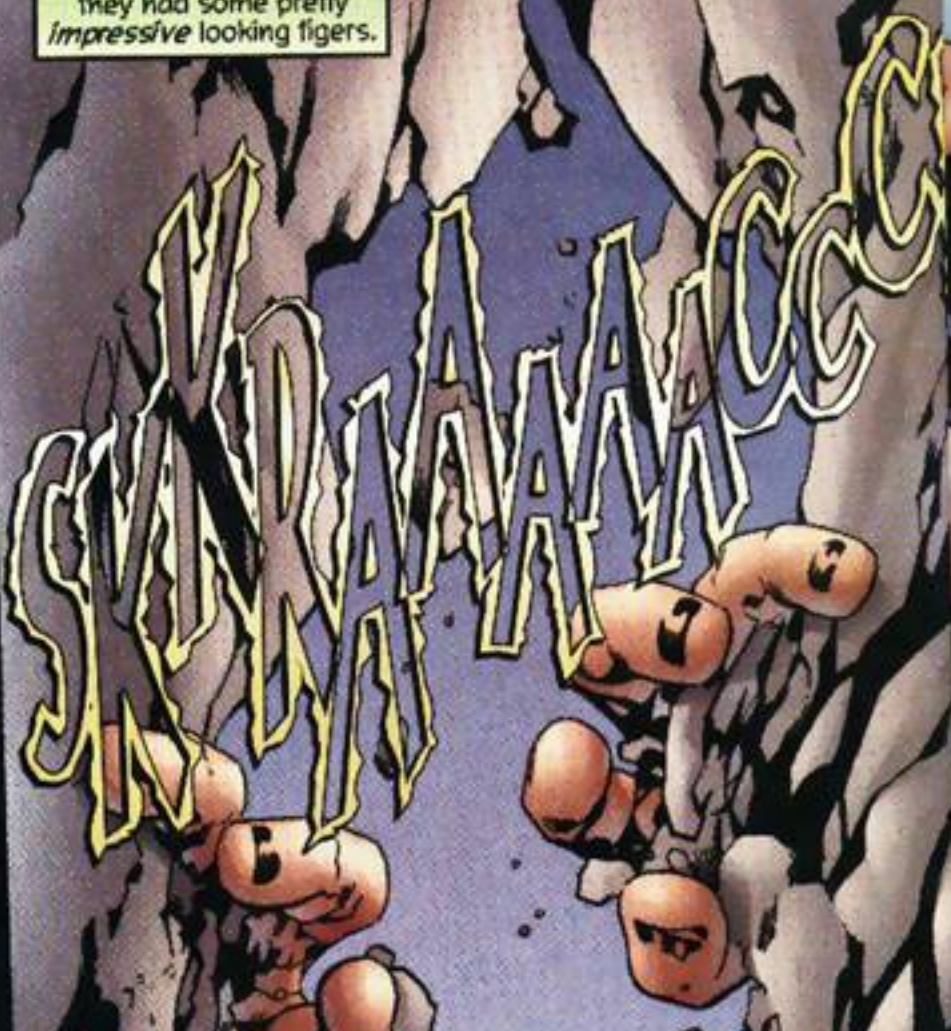
Plan B was not a master stroke of strategic design, either.

It was your basic rule of magic.

Distraction.

Make a big noise in one direction while you substitute the showgirl for the white Siberian tiger.

And for their distraction--they had some pretty impressive looking tigers.



LEVEL D!
LEVEL D! THIS IS
MAX-S DISPATCH! WE
INDICATE A BREACH
ON SECTOR
SEVEN! CAN YOU
CONFIRM?!



Uh, yeah...
VISUAL
CONFIRMATION
OF... ANOTHER
INTRUDER.

WHAT'S
THE VISUAL ID?
WHAT HAVE YOU
GOT DOWN
THERE?



THIS ONE'S
BIG! A HALF TON OF
HIM AT LEAST! WE MAY
NEED REINFORCEMENTS!
AND ENGAGE THE MOBILE
DAMPENERS, MAYBE
WE CAN--

RRRripp!

OH MY
GOD!! SEND HELP!
WE'RE GONNA NEED
HELP!!

IF IT'S A
CONTRINMENT
PROBLEM, WE'LL
SEAL THE
SECTOR.

NO!
WE NEED TO
GET THE @#&%
OUT OF
HERE!



SETTLE
DOWN, SERGEANT!
WE'LL DO--

HELLO?
REPORT!
REPORT!

DISPATCH
TWO-- ARE
YOU HEARING
THIS?

SOUNDS
LIKE A *WHOLE*
LOTTA GIRLIE
SCREAMING.

THAT'S
WHAT I'M HEARING.
TRY AND SEAL THE
SECTOR--

"--AND FOR GOD'S
SAKE, CAN WE GET A *HEAD*
COUNT ON THE NUMBER OF
INTRUDERS--

"--AND FIND OUT
WHAT THE HELL
THEY'RE *DOING*
HERE?"

BLINK!

I DID SAY
WE SHOULD BE
MORE *CAUTIOUS*,
DIDN'T I?

I DIDN'T
WANT TO 'PORT
ALL OF US INTO
THE MAIN BUILDING.
I SHOULD HAVE
GONE AHEAD, DONE
A LITTLE RECON,
BUT NO--

ENOUGH.
I *AGREE* WITH
YOU, I'M SURE
EVERYONE WOULD
AGREE WITH YOU,
BUT LET'S JUST DO
WHAT WE CAME
HERE FOR.

FINE,
I'M JUST
SAYING THAT I
WAS SAYING,
OKAY?



WHICH CELL IS HE IN?

UNLESS HE'S BEEN MOVED IN THE LAST TWENTY-FOUR HOURS, THE PRISONER LOG PUTS HIM IN CELL 9.



THE SCHEMATICS SAY THIS IS IT.

HE'LL BE OUT IN A MOMENT.

ANYTHING IN THOSE FILES ABOUT HOW HE WAS CONTAINED? XAVIER IS THE MOST POWERFUL PSYCHIC OF THIS GENERATION, HOW THEY COULD EVER HOPE TO STOP--



God almighty, Charles.

They pulled out all the stops, didn't they?



I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S BEEN DONE TO YOU, SIR, BUT HANG ON.

THE WORST IS OVER, I PROMISE.



CAN ANYONE HEAR ME?! ARE THESE DAMNED MICRO-TRANSMITTERS MAGNUS MADE WORKING?!

BLINK SAYS THEY'VE GOT HIM AND THEY'RE TELEPORTING OUT!

WE CAN MAKE--



AAH!

DAMN IT!
WHERE'D ALL YOU IDIOTS COME FROM?



T.J., I'VE GOT YOUR BACK! HEAD FOR HIGH GROUND AND GET READY FOR EVAC!

I'LL CLEAR US SOME ROOM HERE!



MAN, CAL-- YOU MAY BE ONLY HALF AS STRONG AS COLOSSUS, BUT YOU CAN STILL DO A LOT OF DAMAGE.

Oh, WE AIM TO PLEASE.

YOU'RE NO SLOUCH, EITHER.



TELL ME SOMETHING I DON'T KNOW.



MORPH WANT GO NOW!

HIM GET SHOT AT MORE THAN MADONNA BY PAPPARAZZI!

ME MISS CHEETAH! WHERE MY MONKEY!?



IF HE ALWAYS TALKS THAT WAY WE SHOULDN'T GIVE HIM AN AUDIO TRANSMITTER.

I'M GOING TO MAKE MY WAY BACK TO THE UPPER LEVELS.

I CAN GET OUT ON FOOT IF WE CAN'T TELEPORT, BUT I'LL HAVE TO HURT A LOT OF THESE WONKS ON THE WAY.

I GOTCHA,
T-BIRD.

WE'RE
GONE.

BLINK!

BLINK!

BLINK!

BLINK!

HIS
BREATHING
SOUNDS WEIRD.
MAYBE WE SHOULD
GET HIM TO A
HOSPITAL?

IT'S NOT
SAFE TO TAKE
HIM TO A
HOSPITAL.

JUST
SIT TIGHT. HE'S
GOING TO BE OKAY, IT
WILL JUST TAKE A
WHILE.

TO GET ALL
THAT WIRING OUT
OF HIS HEAD, I HAD TO
PERFORM THE EQUIVALENT
OF MICROSURGERY. I'M
SURE THEY PUMPED HIM
FULL OF DRUGS AS
WELL... HE JUST NEEDS
SOME TIME TO
RECOVER.



MAGNUS IS CORRECT. WE SHOULD FIND SHELTER AND SAFE COVER WHERE THE PROFESSOR CAN RECUPERATE.

I DON'T THINK HE'S A PROFESSOR IN THIS WORLD.

NOPE. JUST ONE OF THE MOST POWERFUL MUTANTS EVER BORN ON EARTH. OR WHATEVER THE HECK THEY CALL THIS INTOLERANT DUMP OF A PLANET.



WELL, OFFICIAL TITLES OR NOT, SIR, YOU ARE *STILL* OUR TEACHER. FROM THE SOUND OF IT, YOU'LL HAVE YOUR WORK CUT OUT FOR YOU. I CAN'T IMAGINE THE OBSTACLES YOU'LL FACE.



I CAN.



I SUPPOSE WE SHOULD SPLIT UP. HALF THE TEAM HEAD INTO THE CITY AND-- WAIT! HE'S WAKING UP!



I'm free...?



YOU ARE, SIR. YOU MOST LIKELY DON'T KNOW WHO WE ARE, BUT I CAN ASSURE YOU WE'RE HERE TO HELP.

HOWZIT GOIN', BIG MAN?

JUST REST. DON'T TRY TO SPEAK, SIR. WE'LL TELL YOU EVERYTHING YOU NEED TO KNOW.



SILLY GIRL.

I'M INSIDE YOUR HEADS.

I KNOW IT ALREADY.



"I AM NO TEACHER FOR THE *LIKES* OF YOU.



"WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU *ARE*?"



"I'D SOONER *DIE* THAN HELP CREATE A SOCIETY WHERE MUTANTS AND HUMANS LIVE TOGETHER.



"WE ARE *HOMO SUPERIOR*. WE ARE THE NEXT EVOLUTIONARY STEP."



AND IT IS TIME WE ASSUMED OUR *PLACE* IN THE WORLD.



IT WILL BEGIN WITH THE *END* OF HUMANITY'S REIGN.

IT'S TIME FOR THE *EXTERMINATION* OF A SPECIES.



NEXT:
SINS
OF THE
FATHER