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# EXILES

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PG-13



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DIRECT EDITION  
01311



# ANOTHER ROOSTER in the HENHOUSE

Part 2 of 2

They are all displaced in time.



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And the  
**EXILES**



All trying to right the wrongs in the timeline that will eventually return each of them to their own lives.

Both teams possessing a Tallus. A mysterious device that cryptically instructs them on what actions to take.

They are cast together here to free a child from bondage.



He lives in a world of crushing persecution. All mutants or manner of superhumans have either been exterminated or imprisoned.

Their jailers and executioners are one and the same.

The  
**SENTINELS**



But when David Richards grows, he will develop power so immense that he will set free the entire planet.



At least, that was what they assumed. The Tallus "explained" the immensity of the boy's potential, and that he would utterly defeat the Sentinels in time.

Naturally, that would be considered a good thing.



True only in part. David will free the world.

But a child born into torture and death ...

...a boy who knew nothing but deceit, punishment, and confinement...

...will become a very dangerous man.



He will enslave the planet.

An ironic end to the Sentinels' reign. Humanity, fearing domination by mutant-kind, will eventually create the means and method for that very scenario.

And all the inhabitants of Earth will have merely traded one murderous oppressor for another.



They have been told to kill him.

Before he can become what he will become.



I told you to quit it, you stupid jerk!

Get off! I wasn't doing anything!



Boys! Stop that! We don't have time for this idiocy!



Clarice,  
what's  
wrong?

Calvin, it's  
awful...



"...the  
Tallus..."



"...it said  
that... well..."



Clarice,  
don't--

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That we have to...

"...kill David Richards."



Our mission is incomplete.

Hmm?

To complete our mission we have been instructed to *terminate* the target, *David Richards*.



This just got a whole lot more complicated, kids.

Whi, Mr. Creed?

Cuz Vision heard you. Vision hears *everything*. Keep it in mind for next time.



Is this true, Victor? We're supposed to *whack* the kid?

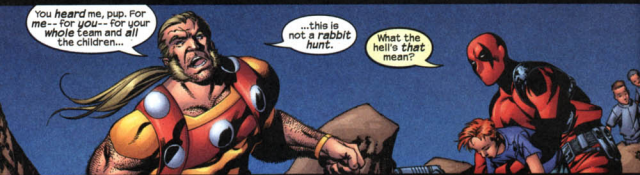
Whack the kid? What the *hell* are you talking about?



Hang on, Deadpool. We are *not* flying off into this...

So we *are* supposed to kill him!! Sonofa--you're gonna try and pull one of these tricks *again*?











Ease up, Creed! She'll kill herself at this rate!

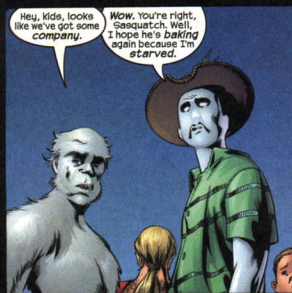
She's not your girlfriend at the moment, Mimic-- she's your team leader.

And she's been through a hell of a lot more than teleporting a busload of people a few times!



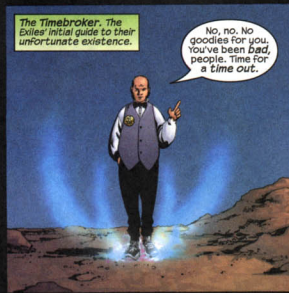
"Rabbit hunt?"

It's a code we used back home when they needed me to evacuate everyone. He's one quick old man.



Hey, kids, looks like we've got some company.

Wow. You're right, Sasquatch. Well, I hope he's baking again because I'm starved.



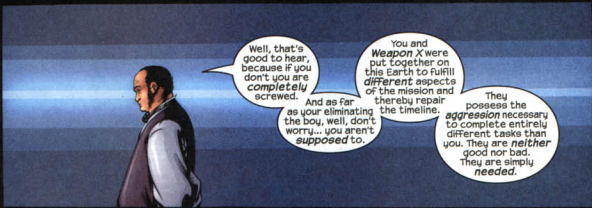
*The Timebroker. The Exiles' initial guide to their unfortunate existence.*

No, no. No goodies for you. You've been *bad*, people. Time for a time out.



Well, well... we seem to have really stepped in it now, huh?

You can't expect us to murder a six-year-old boy, Timebroker! I don't care what happens to us-- we just won't do that.



Well, that's good to hear, because if you don't you are **completely** screwed.

And as far as your eliminating the boy, well, don't worry... you aren't **supposed** to.

You and **Weapon X** were put together on this Earth to fulfill **different** aspects of the mission and thereby repair the timeline.

They possess the **aggression** necessary to complete entirely different tasks than you. They are **neither** good nor bad. They are simply **needed**.



But Mr. Creed isn't *like* them.

Yes, Blink, he *is*. Maybe not so inclined to do as **much** harm as some of the others, but **yes**, he's a really tough monkey. Just ask Deadpool.

But this is **not** the issue. I am here to remind and/or clarify the situation.

If you do not complete the mission-- you do **not** *move forward*. Not you, not Weapon X, **nobody**. You all *stay here*.

But after a period of time, some longer than others, your own reality will **call you back** to the altered existence you were plucked from. You **won't** get your old lives back.



There has to be **some other way**.



Perhaps. But I don't know of any. That is not my purpose. I am a **construct** of your collected consciousness. I don't **think**.

At the moment I merely elucidate on the **thick-headed crap** you are choosing to pull.




Okay, that insulting stuff is probably from **my head**. Sorry.

Can't you help us at **all**?



No. Except to say that Weapon X has found you.

Vision was able to track the residual energy signature of your teleportation. You've got a few minutes. *Good luck.*




I see *them!* They're about two miles -- aw, *hell!* They've got another team member. I guess the powers-that-be replaced *Deadpool* already.

Who is it, Morph?

You have to take the children *out of here*, Clarice.

I am *not* going to leave the team, Mr. Creed.



Clarice, you are the *only* one who can get the children to safety. All Weapon X wants is to *kill David*.

We can make a stand here while you get some *distance* between them and the boy.

Clarice, you *know* I'm right!

**Just GO!**



And she does.

She just doesn't like it.

BLINK



Here they come...

Yeah, it's the battle of the displaced alternate reality butt kickers!

I'd really like to watch this if I didn't have to fight.



All right, team.

LET'S GO!!



They are  
**WEAPON**  
**X**

VISION.

STORM.

IRON MAN.

HULK.

SPIDER.

They are outnumbered, but  
infinitely more ruthless.

More apt to maim.  
More likely to kill.

At the same time, the  
Exiles are not a squad of  
junior varsity cheerleaders.



WHUUUUMP!



Now, Firewielder, you will learn what it means to anger a true goddess!

Ha! That's exactly what my mother said to me when I dropped violin!



But I'm going to be a little rougher on you since you're trying to electrocute me!



I don't want to hurt you, Parker! We don't want to hurt anybody!



See, that's the difference between us and you, Nocturne. I want to hurt you and lots of other people!

Like that kid! And the @#% who took us away from our homes! Phone solitors! Lots!



**CRACK!**

I'm through playing nice, short stuff!



Glad to hear it, my oversized sister!

**WHAM!**



Because I have wanted to kick your teeth in ever since you told me you crippled Doc Strange.

I like Doc Strange!



You people talk too damn much.

**TAACK!**



C'mon, you red-faced sack of circuitry--show the ol' Morphter what you got! Daddy needs a good workout!

Very well.



Perhaps phasing my hand into you and partially *solidifying* it will entertain you. It will also cause *excruciating pain*.



It would if I had the cellular makeup of a *regular* person, you idiotic sentient toaster oven!



Very well. I assume my *optic blast* will have the desired effect.

CREEOOCK!

Indeed it does.



C'mon! You're supposed to be on *our side*, Victor! You're the *leader*! We looked up to you!











Two non-mutant  
Su-Humanoid females.  
Destroy-Capture  
mode implemented.

**BOOM!**



Any  
idea what  
we should  
do?!!

I'm gonna  
run like hell for  
about four hours and  
then maybe beg  
for mercy!

It's not much of a plan,  
I admit, but I'm having  
trouble concentrating  
with the giant  
robots trying to  
kill us!

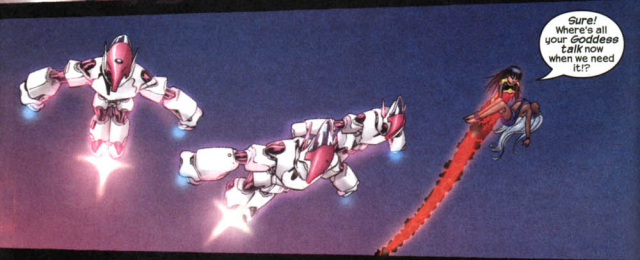
**BOOM!**



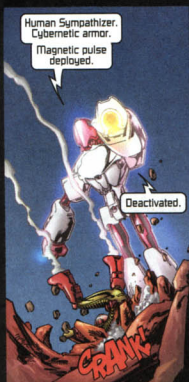
Keep moving! There's  
too many! We've got  
to try and outrun  
them!!

**BOOM!**

**BOOM!**



Sure!  
Where's all  
your Goddess  
talk now  
when we need  
it!?



It took Blink nearly three hours to get the entire group several hundred miles away.



And Weapon X had very little fight left in them.



Listen, could you please just push my reboot button? It's under my left armpit.

Nope.

Please?

Be quiet or I'll let the kids spit in your eye-slots again.



Parlin', it wasn't like we were gonna be able to stay together. I'm on the opposite side of the coin.

It's better this way. It works. It repairs the timeline and everyone moves forward-- the Tallus agrees.



I stay here. I raise David and all these children. Build us an army. Save this world.

David Richards won't become a monster with me looking after him. I think I'm up to the job...



You're... you're a wonderful father.



No...



Clarice...



I've always thought that when this all ends... when we fixed all we're supposed to fix... that... that we'd be together...



We still may be, Clarice...



Not with you here... the Tallus says this will create a new reality for you...



...I may never see you again...



I will find you Clarice. I will.



We found each other this time. We will again.



There are other worlds than this.

**END**