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# EXILES

WORLD  
TOUR  
2095



DIRECT EDITION

**RATED A**

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## Previously in EXILES:

Gathered together from their own separate realities, BLINK, SABRETOOTH, MORPH, and HEATHER HUDSON risk their lives to save one imperiled Earth after another. From their headquarters in the "Crystal Palace"—an alien observatory outside space and time overlooking the countless realities that make up the Multiverse—the Exiles undertake their world-saving missions and often pay a terrible price.

Such was the case when they encountered Kevin MacTaggart, the body-snatching, reality-warping mutant who calls himself PROTEUS. Possessing the body of Blink's boyfriend and founding Exile, MIMIC, Proteus used his nearly limitless powers to travel to a NEW UNIVERSE. Once there, he discarded the withered husk of Mimic and acquired the body of a powerful paranormal named John Tensen, better known as JUSTICE. But the Exiles regrouped and came after Proteus, preventing him from body-snatching Kenneth Connell and acquiring the tremendous power of Connell's cosmic weapon, the STAR BRAND.

Meanwhile, Heather Hudson struck a deal with the extra-dimensional overlord MOJO to secure the services of his nemesis, LONGSHOT. It was Longshot's ability to warp probabilities in his favor that made him effective against Proteus. Longshot drove Proteus from the New Universe...but all of this came too late to save Mimic.

Now, Blink, Sabretooth, Morph and Longshot reconvene at the Crystal Palace with Heather, trying to determine which reality Proteus escaped to. They cannot allow the murderous villain to wreak destruction in one universe after another.

Meanwhile, in the dark future of 2099 A.D., a scientist performs an interdimensional experiment that will yield most unexpected results...

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1 HOUR AGO...

...SO WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO THAT CANCER VACCINE DOCTOR KRIGSTEIN DEVELOPED?

ACCOUNTING RATED IT A NET LOSS TO REPLACE SEVEN CHRONIC TREATMENTS WITH ONE INJECTION, SO THE BOARD KILLED THE PROJECT.

Y'KNOW, I TRIED TO WARN KRIGSTEIN. NOW HE'LL BE LUCKY TO FIND WORK AT DOC-IN-THE-BOX.

MY VIRTUAL UNREALITY PROJECT, ON THE OTHER HAND, WILL BE A GOLD MINE FOR ALCHEMAX.

I'VE BEEN WONDERING, DOCTOR BOONE...IF THIS REALLY IS A DIMENSIONAL PORTAL, COULD IT MAYBE REACH ASGARD?

YOU START UP WITH THAT THORITE GARBAGE AGAIN, RIDLEY, AND I'LL REQUISITION A NEW ASSISTANT.

SCIENCE AND FAIRY TALES DON'T MIX.

NOW, WATCH THOSE SCANNERS WHILE I...





WRRP

WHOOAAA!

NYARRHH!



WHAT THE SHOCK WAS THAT?

NO IDEA!

SHUT IT DOWN, DOCTOR BOONE. PULL OUT AND SHUT DOWN, NOW!



I'M TRYING!  
SOMETHING'S GOT THE ARM!



HOLY SHOCK!





SO.

THIS IS TWENTY-NINETY-NINE, IS IT?

LOOKS LIKE A CRAP EPISODE OF DOCTOR WHO.



THE FUTURE AIN'T WHAT IT USED TAE BE, EH, LADS?



RIDLEY...CALL SECURITY...

WAIT, DOCTOR BOONE. WHAT IF THIS IS HIM? THE PROPHET OF THOR...



OCHI NOT EVEN CLOSE!

**KZAKKK**



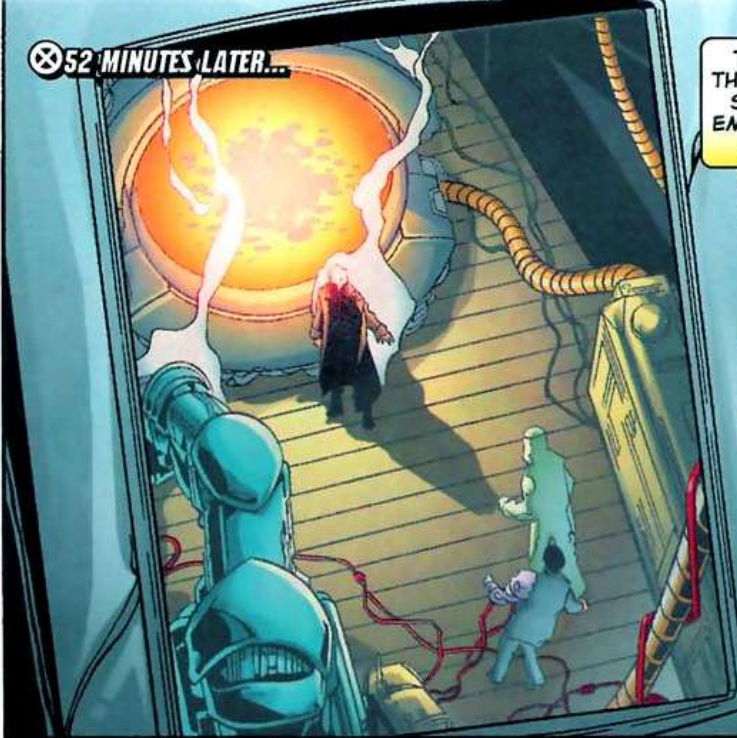
I'M HERE FOR TECHNICAL HELP, NOT TAE BE CROWNED THE SECOND COMIN' OF LORD LOVE-A-DUCK. NOW, ARE YE A MAN O' SCIENCE OR AREN'T YE?

...

...J-JORDAN BOONE, PhD...AT YOUR SERVICE...



⊗ 52 MINUTES LATER...



THE SOUND CUTS OUT ON THE SECURITY VID ABOUT FIVE SECONDS AFTER THE MAN EMERGES FROM THE VIRTUAL UNREALITY INTERFACE.

AT LEAST, I ASSUME HE'S A MAN.

NOW JORDAN BOONE AND THE STRANGER ARE BOTH GONE, AND I'M EXPECTED TO SAVE MY BIGGEST RIVAL IN THE R&D DEPARTMENT.



WELL, MIKE? YOU GONNA EXPLAIN TO ME WHAT HAPPENED HERE?

IT'S NOT "MIKE." IT'S MIGUEL. MIGUEL O'HARA. NOT THAT MY BOSS WILL EVER GET IT STRAIGHT.

LOOKS LIKE BOONE PULLED SOMEONE OR SOMETHING OUT OF VIRTUAL UNREALITY, AND IT VAPORIZED HIS TECH SUPPORT.



AFTER THAT, I DON'T KNOW...THEY WENT OUT FOR PIZZA?

==HH== THIS WILL THROW OFF THE DEPARTMENT'S TURNOVER RATE.



I'M SURE THAT'S BOONE'S BIG CONCERN RIGHT NOW, TYLER.



I DON'T MENTION EVERYTHING I'VE FOUND, LIKE THE FACT THAT BOONE RAN A DATA SEARCH BEFORE LEAVING.

HE ACCESSED RESTRICTED FILES ON A SUPERHUMAN CODENAMED HULK. NOW I JUST HAVE TO FIGURE OUT WHY.





G'AMON, MIKE. I NEED ANSWERS.

IF I CALL IN, PUBLIC EYE TO INVESTIGATE THIS FASCO WILL BE ALL OVER THE NET BY TOMORROW.

LET ME GO, ASK A FEW MORE QUESTIONS, TYLER. I'LL TEXT YOU AS SOON AS I HAVE SOMETHING.



DON'T BE LONG, MIKE. TIME IS MONEY.

TYLER STONE, ALCHEMAX EXEC--A MAN SO KEEN TO KEEP ME WORKING FOR HIM THAT HE SLIPPED FOR A DRUG DESIGNED TO HOOK ME FOR LIFE.



I HAD TO RE-SEQUENCE MY GENES TO KICK THE STUFF, BUT A BUG IN THE PROGRAM TURNED ME INTO SOMETHING MORE THAN HUMAN.

I STILL WORK AT ALCHEMAX. LETTING STONE THINK HE HAS ME UNDER HIS THUMB.

BUT THAT'S JUST MY DAY JOB. LATELY, I DO MY BEST WORK AT NIGHT.

# PART 1 OF 2

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...IF I'D THOUGHT OF THIS SOONER, MIMIC WOULD STILL BE ALIVE.

OR NOT. THERE'S NO TELLIN' HOW PROTEUS WILL REACT TO THESE IMPLANTS.

WELL, WE KNOW HE CAN'T STAND METAL, SO A STRIP OF SURGICAL STEEL AROUND YOUR FRONTAL CORTEX OUGHT TO KEEP HIM OUT, RIGHT?

BUT HE TRANSMUTED CAL'S ARMORED FORM BACK TO FLESH AND BLOOD.

WHAT IF HE TURNS THE METAL YOU JUST PUT IN MY HEAD TO RUBBER, OR BATTERY ACID, OR WHAT-EVER?

WE DON'T KNOW THAT PROTEUS CAN DO THAT.

WE DON'T KNOW THAT HE CAN'T! THE WHOLE PROBLEM IS, WE DON'T KNOW HIS LIMITS...OR IF HE EVEN HAS ANY.

HE MAKES CONCRETE FLOW LIKE WATER JUST BY THINKING IT!

LOOK, WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM ME? I'M WRACKING MY BRAINS FOR WAYS TO BEAT PROTEUS, BUT IT'S NOT EASY.

I ONLY JUST GOT THE TEMPORAL SCANNERS FULLY OPERATIONAL. IF I'D GOTTEN THE REPAIRS DONE SOONER, I MIGHT'VE BEEN ABLE TO...

HEATHER, IF YOU BLAME YOURSELF FOR MIMIC'S DEATH ONE MORE TIME, I'LL SLAP YA.

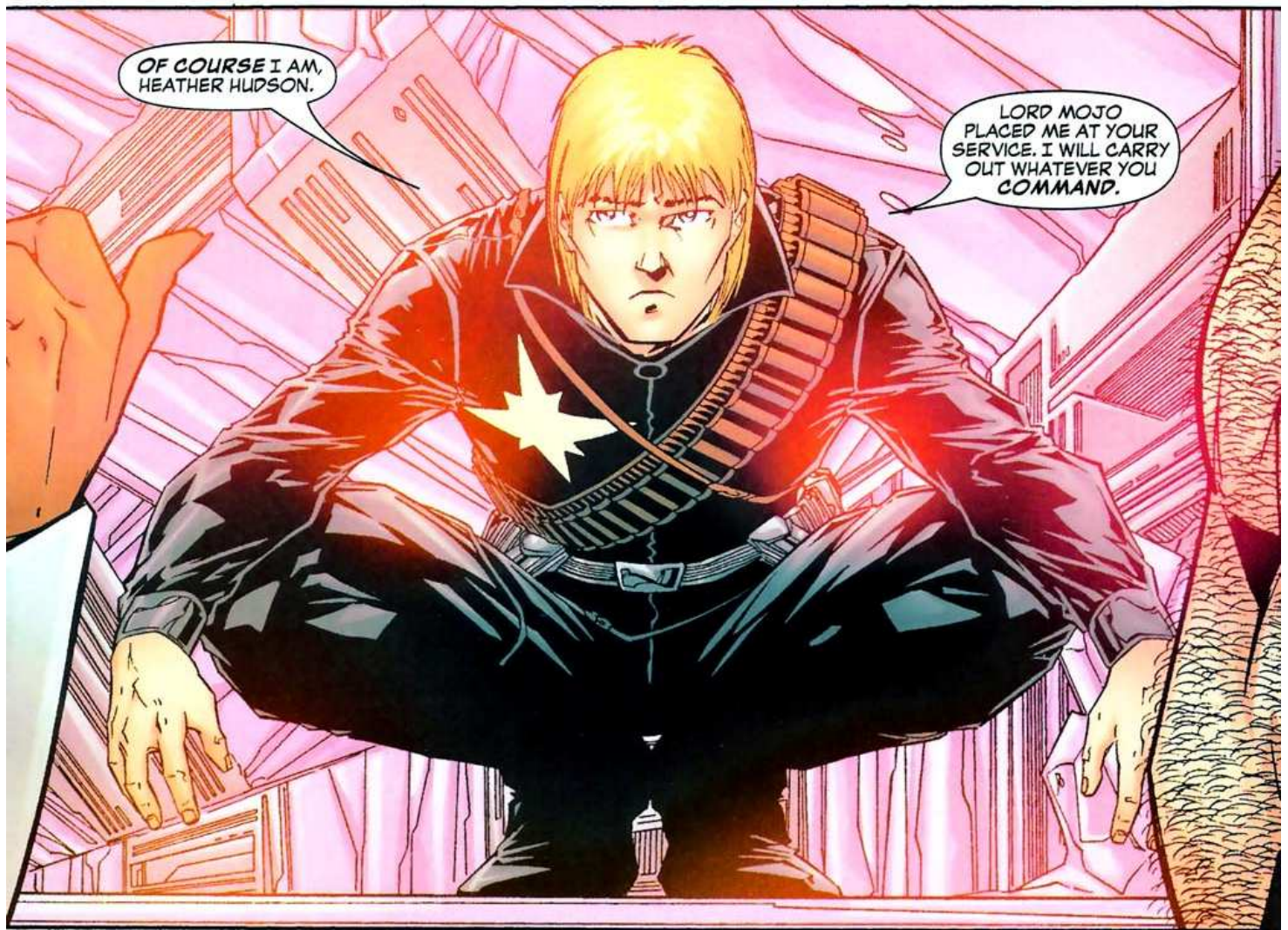
HE HESITATED WHEN HE HAD A CHANCE TO KILL PROTEUS, AN' HE PAID THE PRICE.

NOW IT'S UP TO US NOT TO REPEAT HIS MISTAKE.

MAYBE SO, SABRETOOTH, BUT SO FAR THIS IS THE ONLY GUY WHO'S PUNCHED THROUGH PROTEUS'S REALITY-WARP.

SO THE REAL QUESTION IS--IS HE WILLING TO KILL?





OF COURSE I AM, HEATHER HUDSON.

LORD MOJO PLACED ME AT YOUR SERVICE. I WILL CARRY OUT WHATEVER YOU COMMAND.



GOD, LONGSHOT, WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU?



MY MEMORY WAS WIPE, BLINK. HOW I BEHAVED BEFORE, I CANNOT SAY.

DOES THIS JEOPARDIZE OUR MISSION?

I...



NO, IT DOESN'T.

I JUST FEAR WHAT WE'VE BECOME IF WE'RE WILLING TO USE YOU LIKE THIS.



ATTENTION, EXILES-CASUALTY-FIVE! WE HAVE--

WHAT DID I TELL YOU ABOUT CALLING ME THAT?

APOLOGIES, HEATHER HUDSON. TEMPORAL SCANNERS CONFIRM ARRIVAL OF SUBJECT PROTELUS ON EARTH NINE-TWO-EIGHT.





WE HAVE A WORLD TO DEFEND AND AN ENEMY TO DESTROY!



LET US WASTE NO TIME!



KID, YOU MAY LOOK LIGHT IN THE LOAFERS, BUT I LIKE YER ATTITUDE.



HEY, DOC. WHAT ABOUT ME?

I MEAN, SABRETOOTH AND BLINK GET METAL SKULL-PLATES, AND LONGSHOT'S GOT HIS LUCK POWERS...

...BUT WHAT KEEPS PROTEUS FROM COPPIN' A SQUAT IN MY NOGGIN?







THE HULK FILE  
BOONE ACCESSED  
WAS FROM A SECRET  
DIVISION OF PUBLIC EYE,  
CATALOGUING EVERY  
KNOWN SUPERHUMAN.

WHEN THIS IS OVER,  
I'LL HAVE TO SEE WHAT  
THEY'VE DUG UP ON ME...  
THEN DELETE IT.

THE FILE IDENTIFIED THE HULK AS ONE  
JOHN EISENHART, A DEALMAKER  
FOR LOTUSLAND STUDIOS, IN TOWN  
FOR A DINNER MEETING AT  
STARK-FUJIKAWA--





THERE'S A REWARD OUT FOR ME, BUT IF THESE GUYS THINK THEY'LL COLLECT IT...

RELAX. WE'RE NOT HERE TO FIGHT YOU.

IN FACT, I THINK WE'RE BOTH LOOKING FOR THE SAME PERSON.

WHO SENT YOU? D/MONIX? SYNTHIA? YOU DON'T LOOK LIKE PUBLIC EYE...

WE'RE... NOT FROM AROUND HERE.  
THE MAN WHO APPEARED IN YOUR LAB IS EXTREMELY DANGEROUS. WE'RE HERE TO STOP HIM.

HOW DO YOU KNOW ABOUT HIM?

PROTEUS COMES FROM A SEPARATE QUANTUM REALITY. SO DO WE.  
DO YOU UNDERSTAND WHAT I'M SAYING?  
ACTUALLY, THIS MAKES A WEIRD SORT OF SENSE...

...THE VIRTUAL UNREALITY PORTAL IS A DOOR TO OTHER DIMENSIONS, AFTER ALL...

WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH ME?

YOU KNOW THIS WORLD BETTER THAN WE DO. WE WANT TO TAKE DOWN PROTEUS WITHOUT ALTERING YOUR TIMELINE.

MY "TIMELINE"...

WEIRDER AND WEIRDER. BUT SHE IS ASKING NICELY...

THAT'S THE STARK-FUJIKAWA BUILDING.

I THINK YOUR FRIEND-- PROTEUS, WAS IT?-- IS THERE LOOKING FOR ONE OF THE MOST VIOLENT CREATURES ON EARTH.



MEGACORPORATIONS LIKE ALCHEMAX AND SYNTHIA EMPLOY SOME OF THE MOST RUTHLESS PEOPLE I'VE EVER ENCOUNTERED...

...BUT FOR A CESSPOOL OF POWER-MAD BACKSTABBING, YOU CAN'T BEAT THE ENTERTAINMENT INDUSTRY...

THANK YOU ONCE AGAIN FOR MEETING US HERE, EISENHART-SAN.

I ALWAYS WANTED TO DINE AT JACK & LOU'S. BUT I'D HAVE MET YOU IN HELL TO MAKE THIS DEAL HAPPEN.

LOTUSLAND STUDIOS HAS BEEN AFTER AN ACCOUNT WITH STARK-FUJIKAWA FOR YEARS.

NOW, WHICH OF YOU PURCHASES HOLOVIDS? I HAVE A WHOLE LINEUP OF SHOWS FOR YOUR FALL SEASON.

AH, WELL... YOU SEE, EISENHART-SAN, WE ARE NOT ACTUALLY IN THE ENTERTAINMENT SECTOR.

WE WORK IN STARK-FUJIKAWA'S PERSONNEL DEPARTMENT.

ACQUISITIONS DIVISION.

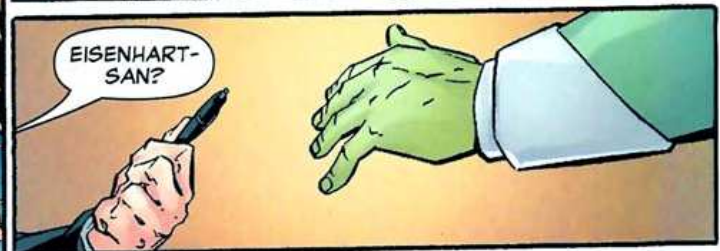
YOU'RE HEADHUNTERS--?

AN UNFORTUNATE TERM, BUT ACCURATE ENOUGH.

WE HAVE AN OPENING IN OSAKA, AND OUR SUPERIORS CHOSE YOU TO FILL IT.

OH, GENTLEMEN, GENTLEMEN... YOU'RE IN FOR A NASTY SURPRISE...





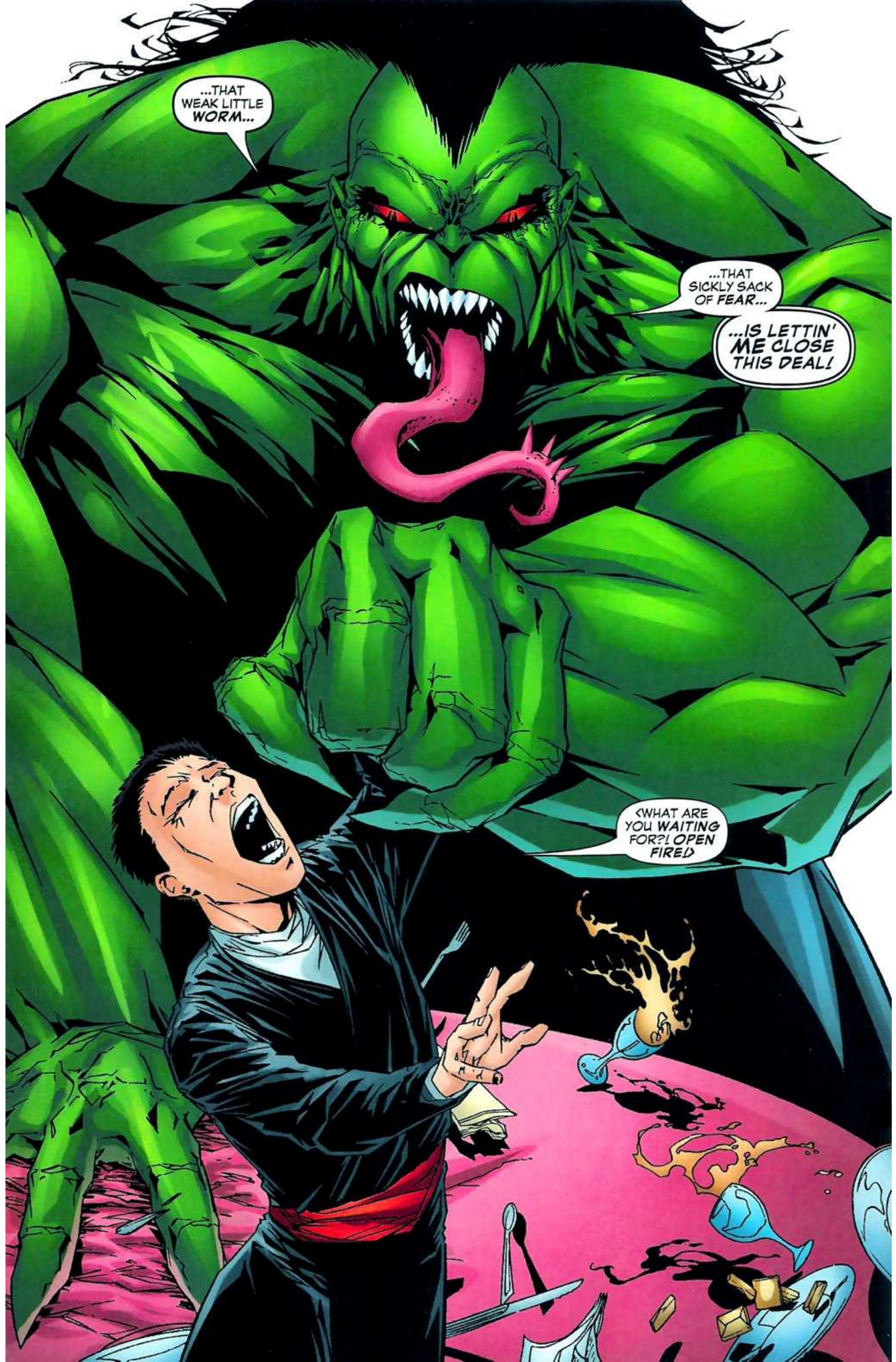


...THAT WEAK LITTLE WORM...

...THAT SICKLY SACK OF FEAR...

...IS LETTIN' ME CLOSE THIS DEAL!

WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR?! OPEN FIRE!







**CHOOM CHOOM**

**KZARKK**

**ZARK**



**BOOM  
KRASH  
ROARRRR!**

LOVELY-JUBBLY.  
HE'S CLEARIN' OUT  
THE RIFFRAFF.



WAIT HERE,  
BOONE, WHILST  
I SLIP INTAE  
SOMETHIN' A BIT...  
**GREENER.**





...FILTHY PINK BEASTS...

...THUGS OF CIVILIZATION...

WHAK



YUIR A STRANGE ONE, MISTER HULK.

THIS IS THE REAL YOU, ENNIT?

THE WEE BUSINESSMAN-- EISENHART-- HE'S THE MONSTER. YE HIDE BEHIND HIS WHEELIN' AN' DEALIN', BUT HE'S JUST A NECESSARY EVIL.

WHO ARE YOU?



HOW DO YOU KNOW SO MUCH ABOUT ME?

YUIR MIND'S AN OPEN BOOK TAE ME. MOST PEOPLE'S ARE, THOUGH FEW ARE WRIT SO GRAND AS YUIR'S.  
BUT YUIR STORY IS ABOUT TAE HAVE A DOOZY OF A PLOT-TWIST...







...HE'LL LET ME LIVE...HE'LL LET ME LIVE...

**RAHRRRR-AIEEEE...**



**BLINK**

YAH!



BOONE!  
WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?

SPIDER-MAN?!

TELL ME WHY YOU'RE HERE OR I SHRED YOUR FACE!



OKAY, OKAY!  
THERE'S THIS GUY, HE INHABITS OTHER PEOPLE'S BODIES LIKE A PARASITE.

HE MADE ME FIND HIM A DURABLE HOST-BODY, ONE THAT WON'T BURN OUT...



SO HE LED THE DIRTBAG TO THE MOST POWERFUL BODY THERE IS!

I'LL BLINK THE HULK AWAY FROM HIM, IF WE'RE NOT TOO LATE...





THERE!



TOO LATE--  
HE'S MOVED  
ON!



RIGHT  
HERE,  
LADS.



**KRAAK!**

DON'T  
KNOW HOW  
YE MISSED  
ME!



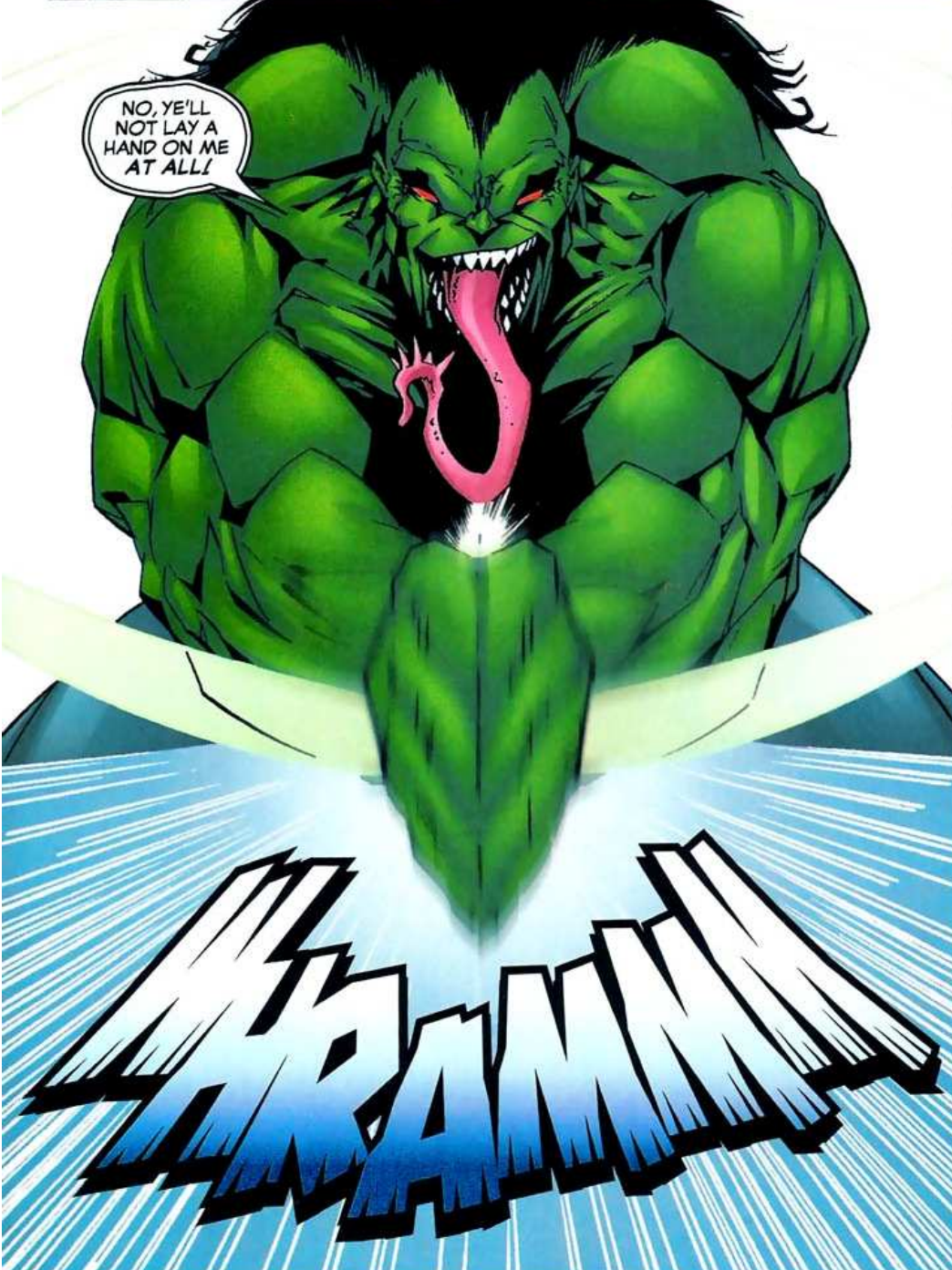
I NEVER  
MISS!





I'M SURE YE DON'T, LUCKY-LAD...

...BUT IT'LL TAKE MORE THAN YUIR PUB-DARTS TAE PENETRATE THIS HIDE!



NO, YE'LL NOT LAY A HAND ON ME AT ALL!

**KRAMM**



**KRASH**



I'LL CATCH HIM!

**TAWIIPP**





ALMOST A SHAME THAT YUIR TELEPORT SPIKES CANNAE TOUCH ME.

HOW YE MUST LONG TAE BLINK ME STRAIGHT INTAE THE SUN.

SHUT UP.

I KNOW YE SO WELL, CLARICE. I STILL HAVE POOR, DEID CALVIN'S MEM'RIES...

...I KNOW HOW YE LIKED TAE BE TOUCHED...I KNOW HE BROUGHT YE SUCH JOY...

SHUT UP!

HOW CAN YOU REMEMBER WHAT LOVE FEELS LIKE... AND STILL BE SUCH A MONSTER?!

DON'T LET HIM RATTLE YA.



IT'S NOT A QUESTION OF LETTIN' ME DO ANYTHIN', SEEBRTOOTH.

IF I WANT TAE TAKE A DUMP IN YUIR SOUL, YE CANNAE STOP ME.



MEANWHILE, I'M WONDERING HOW THIS GUY CAN WEIGH SO LITTLE, WHEN A SUDDEN SHOCK OF FEAR HITS ME.

CRIPPLING, UNREASONING TERROR BEGS ME TO FLEE, BUT THE SCIENTIST IN ME JUST HAS TO TURN AND LOOK FOR ITS SOURCE...



...AND I'M IMMEDIATELY SORRY WHEN I DO.

THAT'S...NOT... POSSIBLE...!

THE LAWS OF PHYSICS, THE BEDROCK OF MY SANITY, HAVE JUST BEEN SUSPENDED AT STARK-FUJIKAWA.

AND ASIDE FROM THE FEAR, I SUDDENLY HATE THESE STRANGERS FOR BRINGING THEIR TROUBLES TO MY WORLD.

SO MUCH FOR NOT IMPACTING YOUR TIMELINE...

⊗ TO BE CONTINUED!™