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My name is Nathan Summers, but you can call me Cable. It seems there is a rite of passage for people with superpowers to take on a moniker that best defines that person. Maybe I should have thought mine through a little more.

My father, "Cyclops" let's call him—he once said I would be the *cable* that would link the past, present, and future together.

Did he knowingly and purposefully say the word "cable" to be philosophical, or did he say it knowing that I would eventually take and use it as a codename? Does that mean the origin of my name is a paradox—having no beginning or end?

I was born here—not *here*, but in Salem Center, New York. I was raised two millennia in the future of an alternate Earth. I say that because, well...setting one foot in the present timeline—my native timeline—even just taking a breath of its air, I have induced a chain reaction which altered the course of the future beyond what I remember it to be.

I can't really explain it to you in the terms of what 21st century science has discovered. Basically, there are an infinite number of universes—I've seen them with my own eyes all at once. Some physicists think there are only 52, while others think there's just one that keeps getting altered by time-travelers like me. Strangely, I think all of the theories might be correct to some degree.

Depends on how you look at it.

Are there extraterrestrials that time travel and alter the past as well? Do their actions on their own world affect those on Earth? These are questions that must be asked in order to find the truth—and I think the truth is that all the universes are connected in some small way. There is no action that goes unnoticed.

You can tell why my memories seem to be messed up—after seeing different realities blended together for so long. Maybe that would explain why I chose to partner up with someone whose capacity for sanity isn't that high on the charts.

I spent my whole life battling the monster that was responsible for the hell I had to live in—Apocalypse. But perhaps that vendetta was misguided. He raised Stryfe, my particularly unbalanced clone—who would eventually cause the death of my wife and our son to become one with the enemy.

I killed Apocalypse when I was barely a teenager with the help of my time-displaced parents—Cyclops and Phoenix. Not sure if it was something to boast about since he was probably already rotting away inside his host body at over seven millennia old at that point in time. Still, it was the first life I ever took—even if it was for a better cause. No twelve-year-old should ever be faced with that decision, but I had no other choice.

The second time I killed him was when we were both ascended to the Fifth Dimension—a higher plane of reality by the M'Kraan Crystal—triggered by The Twelve. I choked his heart with my telekinesis until he was gone—then I died as well from my own injuries.

But I came back.

The Phoenix Force thought I was worthy enough for a second chance. Or maybe it knew of something I needed to do. My work was unfinished on this world. When I merged with Nate Grey—my brother from one of those aforementioned alternate realities, I (or, more appropriately, we) ascended to the

Fifth Dimension once more.

But I came back, yet again—this time on my own. I knew as the Phoenix Force did that I was meant for something else.

Apparently, the remnants of Landau, Luckman, and Lake felt that way, too. The world is ending. Not from Apocalypse (who was accidentally brought back by LL&L), but from *the*apocalypse.

A cryptic message from the future confirmed it. Deadpool and I are the only ones that can possibly stop it. Kind of ironic that it's us two; bitter enemies for so long forced to work together in the midst of a world-ending crisis. A cobra and mongoose, cat and dog, coyote and roadrunner—together at last.

No one else knows—save for Apocalypse himself. Part of me thinks he's always known. In his own way, he was just trying to save the world.

Whatever noble intentions that shit bucket ever had, it doesn't matter. I will never quit. I'll save the world by any means nec—

Stop tapping on my shoulder! What?

*Sigh...*

Sorry...*we'll* save the world. By any means necessary.

(I hate it when he breaks the fourth wall during my monologues...really kills the mood.)



#6 (January 2009)

## KIDS WITH GUNS

Epilogue: "Last Living Souls"

Written by [Brad Horton](#)

**Kabul, Afghanistan.**

**Then.**

"...p-please! I don't know where Six Pack is!" a meek voice managed to utter despite the swelling around his face. Blood dripped from his lips and the young Muslim man could barely breathe from his cracked ribs.

"I'm not interested in diversions!" the mercenary known as Wade Wilson spat venomously with a sadistic smile. "My employer knows you've acted as one of their informants for one of their many heists!"

"I have family! A wife—two daughters!" the man pleaded in broken English.

Wilson roughly tore off the man's clothes as he dangled above the ground from a chain wrapped around his wrists. With a black leather glove over his hand, Wilson grabbed the man's penis, causing him to yelp. He then shoved a small glass tube into the man's urethra.

"GAH!!" the man screamed.

"Last chance," Wilson warned with one hand on the man's penis, and the other on the small glass tubing. "I want Six Pack and that *fuckwad* leader of theirs!!!"

"I don't know what you are talking about!" the man pleaded once more as he nervously looked at his own manhood being held hostage to a repugnant fate.

The man who would become Deadpool grinded his teeth feverously as he braced both of his forearms...

**\*CRINK\***

...and broke the glass tubing.

At first, the man did not scream, for he was not sure what had just transpired. But soon, the nerves began to shoot electricity through his entire body—in one of its most sensitive areas.

"GAAA

AAA

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!"

Wilson then turned to the man's wife, who was tied up and gagged, forced to watch the whole ordeal—along with the man's two daughters. He lifted the wife to her feet and then raised the woman's dress and tore off her underwear, demanding once more, "Where is Six Pack?!"

"Please!" the man cried with blood foaming from his mouth and tears stinging his already mangled face. "Not my wife!"

Wade grabbed the woman's face as he stood behind her naked body from the waist down and licked the side of it, "Does she like it rough, because...looks like your dick's broken!"

"Not my wife!" the man cried repeatedly.

Wade's brow furrowed, "Your daughters, then? I want aliases they used and I want locations...NOW!"

The man paused, whimpering, "...the man with white hair...had a great ship in the stars...I saw it one night, floating in the night sky...in space..."

Wade growled as he threw the woman to the ground, landing in a violent thud, "That is the biggest crock of shit I've ever heard!" He pulled out his gun equipped with a silencer and unloaded four slugs into the heads of the family.

He gripped his chest as he dropped his weapon on the floor of the abandoned building, "...Fuck!"

The cancer was spreading more rapidly than the doctors of Department K thought...

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## **Earth's Orbit.**

## **Greymalkin II.**

## **Now.**

"So this is the infamous orbiting base?" Deadpool wondered aloud in the zero-gravity environment, dressed from head to toe in a modified American astronaut spacesuit with the proper breathing apparatus and radiation shielding. Various scrap pieces of metal and hardware, as well as random screws and bolts, floated in what seemed like a football stadium on steroids.

Cable while wearing a similar spacesuit, nodded, "The second one, anyway."

"What happened here?" Deadpool wondered aloud.

"Lack of maintenance, unfortunately," Cable muttered matter-of-factly as he slowly hopped through a large corridor. "You can't trust your own family to look after your stuff while there's an alien threat or some grand scale villainous epic when you're on vacation in the Fifth Dimension, apparently."

"It's not like they had an easy access," Deadpool remarked. He arched an eyebrow, "Or an unhealthy Star Wars obsession to fulfill."

"Oh," Cable interjected, "so you're defending them now? Couple of months ago you were ready to mount their heads on a wall and make a huge killing on eBay...so to speak."

"Hey!" Deadpool yelled as he crossed his arms a mid-float, "I thought you couldn't read thoughts anymore!"

Cable shook his head in annoyance, "I couldn't even begin to imagine reading your mind if I still had my telepathy." He sighed and continued to float down the large corridor, "No, I read the electronic files on the whole situation LL&L had after your arrest."

"I thought those were blocked no hacker would ever hope to find," Deadpool said with unnerving rigor. "Weasel couldn't even break it."

Cable smiled nonchalantly, "I'm from the future. And I'm a technopath now. Wasn't that difficult." Deadpool continued to follow his former enemy down the large corridor and muttered to himself, "You little voyeur-ing son of a bitch..." He shook his head, "So why can't you use your new powers to jumpstart this bad boy?"

"It's partially Celestial technology, partial Phalanx, and partial Askani technology from the 40th Century..." Cable stated as he approached what looked like a giant metallic egg—like some kind of nuclear reactor. "I'm having a little trouble talking to it directly. Too much interference...only Prosh was able to stabilize and process the difference in technological frequencies."

"So in other words, this thing's mainframe is a hodge-podge of super-advanced mumbo jumbo bullshit?!" Deadpool deciphered as he crossed his arms. "And...who or what the fuck's Prosh?"

"Eh..." Cable grunted before shaking his head, knowing the explanation alone of his former counterpart would cause Deadpool to go even more towards the deep end, "Think KITT from Knight Rider."

Deadpool nodded in admiration, "Niiiiiiice!"

Cable held out his hands as his left eye began to glow with a blue colored light—the result of the remnants of his mutant powers and new technopath powers. He took a deep breath as he concentrated, "Here we go..."

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Bishop was escorted by two SHIELD agents down a darkened hallway to the secure office of the highest-ranking—and longest living SHIELD agent. He nodded to them as the door slid open and he walked in. It had taken weeks to even schedule an appointment to meet with the Director of SHIELD personally.

"Fury," Bishop greeted in his usual, stoic tone.

Colonel Nick Fury exhaled smoke from his cigar and turned his chair from his multiple surveillance screens to face the former SHIELD-sanctioned X-Force member, "Agent Bishop. Welcome aboard...again. What can I do for ya?"

Bishop held out a remote and pressed a button, replacing the live feed from various SHIELD missions with photograph stills and hard data, "As you know, Cable was freed from Franklin Base during the unexpected AIM attack in Baghdad..."

Fury put out his cigar in the ash tray on the corner of his desk and folded his arms, trying to hide his surprise that Bishop had a device to override his own surveillance system, "If this is another mutant rights issue you want to discuss, take it up with internal affairs. SHIELD allowed the US Government to hold Cable for his crimes as long as there weren't any...incidents."

"The assassin, Deadpool, was also seen on the premises during that time," Bishop explained. "And the two managed to acquire the mutant nullifier the base had locked up in an elaborate chamber—technology the US Government doesn't normally have access to."

Fury muttered, "What're you getting at? You think we let them hold onto a weapon like that?"

Bishop held out his hands, "In the future, in my time, I was a cop. I'm just trying to get all the facts here."

Fury sighed reluctantly, "We lent them the weapon, yeah. We weren't expecting anyone to use it. Until that time, Cable wasn't a threat to national security."

Bishop pressed another button on his personalized remote as more photos appeared on screen, "I also have more evidence here...of soldiers repeatedly beating the captive Cable—seen here. On several separate incidents over the course of a year. Then Apocalypse returns and defeats the X-Men, only to be stopped dead in his tracks by Cable and Deadpool..."

"The soldiers who did the said torturing have been court marshaled and dishonorably discharged," Nick said. "Under whose authority are you conducting this investigation?"

"My own," Bishop said. "I respect you, Nick, I really do...but this is beyond what you know. What you think you know."

"Just because you're from the future doesn't mean you're above the law," Fury grumbled as he pointed a finger.

"I have Cyclops of the X-Men telling me he wants me to put his own son down—and I hear word of SHIELD taking an interest in doing the same," Bishop explained. "I don't get why he's hanging around Deadpool, I really don't...I'm just telling you, I want you to stay away from them—let me handle it."

"You don't make that decision, Luthor," Fury said. "You're startin' to give me reasons not to trust you, either. Cable is a threat more than ever with his new technopath abilities—he could hack the SHIELD mainframe in seconds and if he's usin' Deadpool as a human shield, then we have to play it smart. SHIELD doesn't need time travel to fix things. We stop the weed from growing before it gets outta control!"

Bishop gnarled his teeth as he turned to walk out, "Good day, Colonel."

Fury sighed as he lit up his discarded cigar and pressed a button on his desk, "This is Fury. Deploy Soldier X."

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"He's doing it," Malcolm said as he leaned back in his chair from his Department X office, which was a few fractions of a second out of phase with the rest of reality. He held his hands interlocked in front of his horribly scarred and deformed face—a result of the savagery of Wolverine.

Dr. Diana Russell, in all her years of psychiatric and paranormal study, stood behind her former Weapon X colleague and wondered, "...I thought it was damaged beyond repair?"

"He's using Earth's own satellites to repair what is left of Greymalkin II," Malcolm explained as a live stream of data flashed through his custom-made lenses—courtesy of Landau, Luckman, and Lake. "It's making me a little uneasy. I don't think the Senior Partners are going to like this."

Diana crossed her arms and shifted her weight to the side, "I can't imagine they would be. They left you this position to ensure the world doesn't end, because those messages from the future were meant for you."

Malcolm rubbed his scarred face out of fatigue after removing his surveillance lenses, "I don't know how much more of this I can take. My wounds keep on opening up and then healing...this damn facility's inter-dimensional time disrupters are wreaking havoc on my body."

Changing the subject, Diana said, "I've been analyzing Cable's memories while he sleeps. He wasn't

lying when he thought we were somehow involved with his past. One name keeps popping up though—Janis Suriyama.”

Malcolm seemed to become interested, although his facial muscles were unable to display that kind of emotion, “She did work for Weapon X briefly, before being recruited to work for Triple L. She worked on this facility, as I recall. But she died years ago—not sure why Cable would be so fixated with her.”

“His experiences in the Fifth Dimension were...erratic,” Diana explained. “No human mind could attempt to decipher everything separately. Probably why he got his memories mixed up in the process.”

“Or he was experiencing the memories of a different Cable, not of this Earth,” Malcolm suggested. “He was raised in the far future. His reality could have been tampered with by the constant time traveling by his sister, himself, Bishop, Shard, Kang...the list goes on. He wouldn’t even realize his past changed.”

“I think he’s having trouble adjusting to that fact,” Diana said bluntly. “He isn’t sure which memories to trust. I have a feeling that’s why he’s bonding so well with Deadpool, despite their past. They have something in common now.”

“Yes...,” Malcolm muttered.

## **BLAMBLAM**

Diana gasped as she gripped her chest—and blood poured from the gunshot wound. Malcolm walked up behind her and whispered into her ear before tagging her in the back of the skull. Diana fell lifeless onto the floor.

“To your grave, you cunt,” Malcolm spat venomously as he took out a handkerchief from his coat pocket and removed the silencer from his gun barrel.

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## **Earth-4935**

### **Timeline Codename: Askani.**

#### **4008 A.D.**

Tetherblood, the second-in-command to the Clan Chosen rebellion, held his energy cannon defensively to his side as he slowly made his way to the underground tunnels where the remnants of the failed freedom fighters now resided off-grid. He and others were wondering when Cable’s mission to kill Apocalypse in the past would end their suffering. He’d been gone for almost two decades from their perspective.

It didn’t seem to be working—which meant what Blaquesmith told them was true...time jumping would not change anything for them—as they would be considered natives of an “alternate timeline.”

There was something special about Earth-616, though. Not because it was technically Cable’s native timeline, but because time travelers of all sorts have been known to frequent it. It was the divergent of all other alternate realities—what all other realities were compared to. The ideal world, if such a thing existed.

"Commander on deck," a soldier shouted as Tetherblood made his way into the underground barracks.

T-Blood grunted as he set his weapon aside. The pouches of ammo and tech were starting to weigh heavily on him in his old age, "Anyone check the history files lately? Any change? Oath, I want a report!"

Hope, the African-descended woman, and sole-surviving member of the Askani Sisterhood, rubbed the back of her lover, "Try some meditation, Blood."

Tetherblood grumbled, "For all we know, Sinsear or even General Haight himself could have killed him before he had a chance to off Apoc. We should have gone with him. Cable's good, but not that good."

Hope kissed Tetherblood gently on the neck, "That was years ago. The Canaanite regime won't last that long. They don't have Tyler or Haight anymore...democracy will come back. Stryfe's forces crumbled without their leader. The Canaanites will, too."

"Yeah," Tetherblood muttered, "the Clan Chosen crumbled without *their* leader, too..." He sighed as he looked up at his wife, "How long do you think we're all going to last after all the dreg they cooked up, sending those messages into the past—to the 616 reality, no less. How are we gonna make it..."

A political meeting between the various Canaanite Clan members suddenly popped up on the holo-screen. One bald man at the head of it all was seen, wearing an ancient katana strapped to his back.

"...with the Pool'Death as their new leader?!"

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## **Now.**

"Booyah, bitches!" Deadpool cackled as he pulled up in front of the main computer console—one of many on Greymalkin. "Time to get some surveillance set up on Mary-Kate and Ashley!"

Cable held out his hand, "Hold on a sec, Wade. We need to plan our attack on this Genoshan facility. Magneto is the leader over there. We need to handle this thing discreetly. I'm locking onto Weasel's position now, he should be bodyslided here in a few seconds."

"What are we lookin' to do, exactly?" Deadpool wondered as he crossed his arms.

## **BLIP**

Weasel fell flat on his face the moment he was teleported onto Greymalkin II, "Christ...that's not fun."

"Weasel is going to provide some reconnaissance support for you," Cable said while speaking to Deadpool, "while you go undercover."

"That's a load of gay," Deadpool protested. "Why do I have to sneak around?"

Cable crossed his arms, "Magneto knows me. We have...history."

"Did you meet each other at the Terence Stamp Look-a-Like convention?" Deadpool smirked.

"He nearly ripped me in half," Cable interjected as he held up his left arm. "Metal?" Cable sighed, somewhat regretfully, "It would be fun to fight him while I was in my prime, back when my powers

were still functioning.”

“Now all you can do is make his PSP flicker,” Deadpool said as he smacked his lips together, producing a popping noise, “kinda sad, really.”

“I’ve yet to test the force field I integrated into my systems,” Cable said. “But I’m not going to try it. Not yet. Not when I have better ways of going about this.”

“Like what?”

Cable’s eyes suddenly glowed with a brilliant blue light, “Like hacking into the world wide web.”

Deadpool sighed as he shook his head, “Like I said, sad...so, SO sad.”

“Wade,” Cable began, “I’m not talking about the internet, but every single electronic document ever recorded.”

“Okay...,” Wade sighed. “Ever hear of Wikipedia?”

“Damn it!” Cable shouted as he clutched his techno-organic fist, pounding it into Deadpool’s jaw. He grabbed Wade by the throat with both hands and held him up to his face, “Do you honestly think for a fucking second I trust Landau, Luckman, and Lake? Much less Colcord?!”

Deadpool shoved his elbows between Cable’s forearms to force himself free, “Why shouldn’t you?! He received those messages from the future. How can you fake something like that?”

Cable’s brow furrowed, “Maybe he really did get those messages. So what? In my experience, prophecies never work. We make our own way.”

“What about Diana, then?” Deadpool wondered. “As much as she is sneaky...she really helped me out, y’know? I have a lot of...issues.”

“Yeah, she helped me out, too...or for all I know, she could have been sowing the seeds from the beginning!” Cable shouted. He looked intensely at Deadpool, “Like she did you? She’s not powerful, but a skilled psychic surgeon. Good enough to implant false memories? She’s a former Weapon X employee.”

“Don’t give me this shit!” Deadpool shouted. “So you’re losing trust of your memories after giving up being a cosmic god-dude. Lighten up! I’m fucking crazy! Halleluiah!”

Cable shook his head, “I don’t think you’re crazy, Wade. A lot of the things you thought you saw—I saw. Death, for instance? The one who brought me back here?” Cable peered off into the distance, “Went to the Nirvana dimension and had a beer with Hercules, Thor, and George...he says hi, by the way.”

“...fucker owes me a reach around,” Deadpool muttered.

“...”

“NOT with him!” Deadpool pleaded. He held up his hands, “Nevermind. It’s a long story.”

“Point is,” Cable said, shaking off the thought, “something’s up. Colcord knew about us playing a key role, that’s for sure. I don’t believe for a second LLL wanted either of us involved. They would

have *prevented* me from coming back—if they really knew.”

“Knew what?” Deadpool wondered.

Cable smiled, “It’s like in Macbeth. He played right into the witches’ hands.”

Weasel spun around on a hover chair as he put a headset on his head, “Alright. We’re online, dudes.”

Deadpool unsheathed his katana and began polishing it with a cloth towel, “So, do we know anything about this Genoshan facility? Who runs it?”

“Yes, in fact,” Cable replied as he crossed his arms. A holographic screen appeared as he accessed the world’s databanks remotely, “Dr. Janis Suriyama. Former Weapon X employee, expert on quantum physics—really ahead of the curve. Almost Einstein-level. She’s perfected several time-travel experiments which will eventually lead to secret government programs where they travel back in time to eliminate their enemies.”

“Wasn’t that the same gal you were muttering something about?” Deadpool wondered, recalling one of their earlier conversations.

Cable nodded, “My memories are jumbled, but she might have something to do with the formation of the Askani in my future. I can’t be sure. There could be a conspiracy ranging from Charles Xavier to Sinister to Blaquessmith...all ensuring that I was raised in the future.”

“...making you...sort of linked to Weapon X?” Deadpool wondered as he scratched his head inquisitively. “And by proxy...Triple L?”

Cable flinched as he became stoic in appearance, “Maybe. With Xavier and Blaquessmith dead, Diana with her poker face constantly on, and Sinister missing...I guess I’ll never know.”

Deadpool suddenly felt empathy for his one-time adversary from his own cold case of a past, “Why all the doubt? You told me your sister said it was a bunch of mumbo jumbo anyway? And she was all hacked into the Phoenix Force. I mean, if there was ever a voice of God, that would be it...I mean...if you were a religious kind of guy.”

“The Phoenix wants life to prosper,” Cable said. “It lied to me.”

“Because it knew what you’d do if you found the truth?” Deadpool wondered.

“Absolutely,” Cable said with an uncharacteristic smirk. “With access to Landau, Luckman, and Lake’s files...I’ve figured out every ancestor of every fuckwad that led to the creation of the Canaanites—and the deaths of billions.”

“Whoa...I thought you said that wouldn’t work?” Deadpool said. “Time traveling to kill Hitler or something or other only expedites someone worse taking his place?”

“That’s only Apocalypse,” Cable explained. “Killing him in the past doesn’t work. He’s virtually immortal. He’s a catalyst for the weak-minded and fear-mongering crowd around him. I’m more interested in creating a real change to the point where Apocalypse will have no one else to influence...I’m staying ahead of the curve this time.”

“Kill people?” Deadpool wondered reluctantly.

"Think about the people we're *saving*," Cable said. "I can't do this alone. You're one of the best. I need someone who can make the hard decisions."

"I'm not killing any more friends...," Deadpool muttered. "No kids, either...never kids. I have a code..."

"You might have to," Cable said as he crossed his arms, "even if you don't remember him. Weasel?"

Weasel nodded as he typed in a few key commands. A holographic image of Malcolm Colcord appeared.

Deadpool sighed, "Why am I not surprised?"

"There's more," Cable said. "I've been doing some research on this guy. He was at Weapon X when Wolverine had his skeleton bonded with adamantium—beyond that, there hasn't been a word from him until now."

Deadpool let out a prolonged groan, "...I'm pretty certain I don't remember anything on this guy. I might have lost my sanity long ago, but I know when I'm right."

"The medication Dr. Russell gave you, along with her therapy sessions, have altered your state of mind," Cable explained. "She might have done the same to me when I was seeing her for a post-traumatic stress disorder. But she may have also left the door open for me to figure out the truth—which is why I think she was forced to do this by someone else."

"Why?" Deadpool wondered as his heart sunk. He really thought Diana's therapy sessions were beginning to give him a sense of closure—to feeling whole again.

"I don't know...," Cable said with a hint of frustration. "But it's time for us to wake up."

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## **Earth-4935**

### **Timeline Codename: Askani.**

#### **(Time immeasurable)**

Tetherblood awoke to the feel of nothingness.

Nothing but a white environment.

He felt himself drift away...like a dream.

That is, until his senses regained, and he was on a strange ship, traveling in some form of subspace.

"Where am I?" Tetherblood demanded. He found that he was too weak to even get out of the exam table he was strapped to. He was surprised to see he was wearing a skintight black armor.

A woman approached him, clad in a similar metallic armor, and who had a familiar look—of a friend long gone, "Hi there, sorry about that. We just had to run your brainwaves through our translator so we could understand each other."

"My wife..." Tetherblood breathed, having difficulty staying conscious.

The woman bowed her head, "Sorry...there were only two people left from your reality that we could find."

"Find?" Tetherblood wondered. "What? What happened?!"

The woman stepped into the light, "I am Aliya...someone has been rendering timelines benign left and right. I and a few others managed to escape. We've been mapping out the entire multiverse. It's getting smaller. We've been picking up stragglers as we try to get to the center of it all to try and stop it before all reality as we know it collapses."

Tetherblood's eyes widened at the sight of Cable's wife, seemingly back from the dead. No...she was different. Blonde. No Askani markings. She was an alternate version of the woman he knew.

"Oath...it's Dayspring. He's actually changing things..."

Aliya spun around, "What did you say?"

Tetherblood sighed as his eyes stung with tears, "I know who's causing this..."

A seemingly young bald man wearing futuristic dark red and black samurai armor spun around from the pilot's seat of the time-traveling ship and smiled with his white goatee conforming to his sinister grin. He spoke with an unusually gravelly voice, "Then let's get this show on the road..."

Tetherblood's eyes widened at the sight of the distinguished warrior, "Pool'Death??"

"I see you've met already," Aliya observed. "Our mission is to trace this problem back to the source. The future is always changing—infinite possibilities. Somewhere in the past, this all started happening."

"I know where. Late 20th century, early 21st century," Tetherblood said. "That's where he went." He grit his teeth, as grief for his wife Hope began to take hold of his emotions, "That's where the bastard went AWOL..."

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## Greymalkin II.

Cable crossed his arms as he stood in front of a large communications monitor. A window popped up on screen as a man sat in a chair. The man spun around wearing a distinguishable red and purple helmet.

"Hello, Magneto." Cable smirked, "You don't need that. I'm not a telepath anymore."

{ "I'll take my chances," } the leader of Genosha sighed as he adjusted his helmet to fit more comfortably. { "I was on my lunch break. This had better be important." }

Cable uncrossed his arms, "I'm looking for someone on your island. I need to know that you'll stay out of my way."

Magneto appeared amused, { "Is this your way of asking permission to set foot in mynation?" }

Cable shook his head, "No...I just don't want you sending your foot soldiers to do your dirty work for you when I do." His left forearm molded itself into the mutant nullifier cannon, "Or you'll find yourself short a reliable strike team."

{{"Who are you—?"}}

"You know EXACTLY who!" Cable shouted as he lunged for the screen and slapped the console. He pointed his finger emphatically at Magneto's face on-screen, "Don't send the kids after me!"

Magneto smiled, {"What makes you think I wouldn't simply enjoy ripping you in half myself?"}

"Dr. Janis Suriyama," Cable stated matter-of-factly. "She's illegally using Genoshan-made technology and probably using some of your citizens to conduct dangerous time-travel experiments. She's good, but she could very well destroy the world."

{"I would be aware of this doctor,"} Magneto began. {"Exodus is a powerful telepath. He would have found out about such activity..."}

"After the Thunderbolts incident, what makes you think Genosha is some kind of impenetrable stronghold?" Cable provoked. "This is serious intel. I emailed the paperwork if you wish to see it. She used to work for Weapon X and Landau, Luckman, and Lake. She's smart. Cloaking her activity within the confines of your EMP-laden island..."

{"This doesn't seem to be...information the X-Men would have,"} Magneto observed. {"Also the fact you were able to get my personal email address is a little unnerving."}

"I'm not on good terms with them right now. They don't know about this. This is my mission," Cable said.

Magneto sighed, as he removed his helmet of his own accord. He folded his hands, {"We do this discreetly, then. Do what you must with Suriyama, but any Genoshans helping her will be dealt with by my hand."}

Cable nodded, "Sounds good to me."

{{"Anything else?"}}

"Yeah...", Cable added.

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"FUCK OFF!" Deadpool shouted as he unloaded his twin uzis whilst simultaneously rotating clockwise. Taking out various Triple L agents and guards that littered the Department X Facility, Deadpool's mission was as clear as any video game objective: get the end boss.

The empty clicking noise echoed through the main hangar facility where the resulting battle ensued. Deadpool snickered, "No more bullets. No more Landau, Luckman, and Lake to fuck with me for a second time..." He suddenly shouted, "COLCORD-ON BLEU!! Get your ass out here so I can kill the living shit out of you! Heh...rhymes. Guess I can always become a rapper if this merc thing doesn't turn around."

The lights suddenly systematically shut off, one by one, producing a loud slamming sound as the

generators powered down.

"This place is out of phase with the rest of the timestream...," Malcolm said over an electronic loudspeaker, his voice booming throughout the complex. "How did you get in without an invite?"

Deadpool smirked as he jammed a pair of fresh clips into his uzis, speaking in a faux-British accent, "My new mate Cable by-passed a couple of your defenses, kind sir."

"His technopathic powers can't reach that far...," Malcolm protested.

Deadpool unlocked the safeties, "With Greymalkin, he can pretty much amplify those capabilities...or as he put it, 'Like a telepath hooking up to Cerebro.'"

Malcolm could be heard sighing through the loudspeaker, "Very well, then."

"Yeah," Deadpool mused, "so...like I was saying before, come out here so I can kill you?"

"Such a shame," Malcolm said, "Dr. Russell was making such progress with your sociopathic tendencies. I was pulling for you, Wade. I really was."

"How come I can't remember you, then?" Deadpool inquired. "I know my childhood, my time in the military, cancer, Weapon X...took a crap this morning...and...now, about to cap your ass. No Dr. Malcolm 'Wolverine Scratched My Face' Colcord anywhere in my memories..."

"But the whole period of your life where you were married or a military surgeon...?" Malcolm wondered as he stepped out into the open, unarmed.

Deadpool whipped around and pointed his uzi straight at Malcolm's head. He immediately winced, "Gah...still can't get used to that face! I think I'll shoot you in the stomach...seems more humane. Don't think your face can take any more punishment."

"I know who you are, Wade," Malcolm said. "But do you? Do you know what really happened between you and T-Ray?"

"No...I guess I don't know who I am," Deadpool said as he dropped his uzi to the floor. "I just want all of this to be over..."

Malcolm appeared to smile and sigh with a hint of relief, "Good." Reaching into his coat pocket, he pulled out a small aerosol canister, spraying the mustard-yellow mist in Wade's face, "Then I'm sorry..."

"GAH!" Deadpool coughed as he covered his eyes and blindly unsheathed his katana, swinging it upwards—the sound of blood spilling onto the cold floor. Wade pulled off his mask to witness his latest kill, only it wasn't the victim he was expecting.

Laying on the floor, convulsing, Malcolm's body seemed to melt and then reform as the blood flowed from the wound in his abdomen, reaching up to his throat. Deadpool, coughing uncontrollably, fell to his knees, still determined to watch this monster of a man die before him.

"...Wade?" a feminine voice called out from Malcolm's body. "I'm...sorry, baby..."

Deadpool's eyes widened as he continued to cough, this time blood came from his mouth,

"No...ugh...\*coughcough\*...no...God, no..."

As "Malcolm's" body lay dying, it seemed to shrink in certain spots. His business suit disappeared into flesh. All that was left was a naked, blue-skinned woman with white hair. A woman Wade Wilson knew all too well.

Wade, with tears already in his eyes from the weaponized gas, uttered, "...Vanessa?"

The mutant shape-shifter known as Copycat rolled her head to its side and smiled, "You... can't stop her, Wade..." She winced in pain one final time before exhaling her last breath.

Overcome with grief from the betrayal of his once-girlfriend, Wade gripped his chest...just as his own heart stopped.

"...not the death scene I signed up for...", he muttered before falling unconscious next to his slain love.

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**NEXT ISSUE:** It's an all-out war as Cable confronts Dr. Suriyama on the island of Genosha. Plus, Deadpool and Weasel discover the secrets of Landau, Luckman, and Lake—leading to the ultimate revelation of Deadpool's past...and its strange connection with that of Cable's! And who is this Soldier-X guy (or girl)? There's just too much crap going on here! Keep your attention spans healthy, kids!

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## CABLE / DEADPOOL BIBLIO/GRAPHY

- It has been revealed that Wade Wilson may have been a military surgeon after leaving the military and before becoming a mercenary—treating Malcolm Colcord after being savagely ripped apart by a feral Wolverine, post-adamantium bonding. Did Wikipedia mess up or is Horton retconning even more shit? Given the fact "Malcolm" died this issue before killing Dr. Diana Russell—the search for answers has definitely become more difficult.

-Another flashback suggested Wade may have willingly let the evil ninja master Ogun possess his

