
SHIELD Helicarrier.
A few weeks ago.

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 starting to give me reasons

MARVEL 2000 PRESENTS...

YESTERDAY TO TOMORROW

Part II: "Nostradamus Effect"

Written by Brad Horton

Eurasian Continent.
2000 years from now.

Nathan Dayspring floated upside down in the lotus position effortlessly inside a tent made of beastly hides and alien flora.

Clear your mind and focus, boy, Blaquesmith, Nathan's elder and master of the Askani arts, demanded as he swung his metallic staff at the boy's temple.

Ow! Nathan yelled as he fell to the ground, landing on the upper part of his spine, What the hell?!

You're naturally telekinetic, Blaquesmith growled as he leaned forward on his staff. It took me years to learn to use the other ninety-percent of my brain, you little brat! Don't just float there like you're showing off!

You're a mutant, though, Nathan observed. You're ahead of the curve.

My DNA matters not, it's my brain anyone can do it, it's just not everyone can apply themselves without the proper training, Blaquesmith said. I've dealt with more nosebleeds and migraines since before you arrived here

How did you? Nathan wondered. What do you mean *arrived*?

Blaquesmith's shoulder's impatiently slumped, I was taught by your sister to teach you. I know everything about you, about your family, about your purpose it's a great honor and privilege to help you learn the ways of the Askani but it is NOT a position I take lightly. When I tell you to meditate and HOW to meditate, I expect you to do it!

Nathan shrugged, I thought I was?

Blaquesmith shouted into Nathan's face, It is NOT a parlor trick! Respect the art! People have died to bring you to this point in your life as of right now, the only Askani left are you, Aliya, and me and where ever the hell that paranoid bitch, Sanctity, is.

Nathan knowingly nodded, I guess I never looked at it like that before ARGH! Nate suddenly doubled over in pain as his entire left side seemed to agitate and grow his techno-organic virus attempting to consume him. His left eye glowed brightly as his telekinesis attempted to slow it down.

{{Nathan?}} Professor the sentient computer hidden in his techno-organics since infancy asked.

No, no help from the machine! Blaquessmith demanded.

{{This is a rather strong spike in the virus's activity, Blaquessmith. I can feel his pain receptors.}}

Nathan, get into meditation you can't use your telekinesis 24 hours a day focus on the shape of the Phoenix raptor in your mind until it comes into full focus, and then relax your mind until you think of nothing, Blaquessmith commanded.

Nathan grit his teeth as he picked himself up and sat in the lotus position. Sweat beaded off of his face as he tried to both float himself upside down and stop the virus, Oath I can't do both at the same time!

Yes, you can, Blaquessmith urged.

{{Blaquessmith! He is going into cardiac arrest!}} Professor exclaimed.

Genosha. Now.

Blaquessmith? Cable muttered. I don't believe it.

Dr. Janis Suriyama, Japan's and perhaps, all of humanity's greatest expert of quantum physics, clutched her mutant son's body close to hers, Now do you see what I'm trying to do? To ensure your destiny, I have to sacrifice my own son

Cable met eyes with the boy as he turned his head. He sighed as his shoulders slumped downward, I'm sorry, Doctor I had no idea absolutely no idea. I truly feel like a damned fool I've never been this careless. I thought you were trying to destroy the world I'm lost

Janis peered into the man's eyes, You *are* lost. Moreso than you'd think.

Don't try and cheer me up or anything, Cable scoffed.

So many things have been put into motion to ensure you stopped Apocalypse what you didn't realize were the little details, Janis said as she clutched her son. Whether or not we are all worker ants moving closer and closer to our doom you are proof that time is fluid, that there really isn't a concrete future. There is no Nostradamus Effect when it comes down to pure and simple logic. Time is cold and calculated.

I'm not sure if that makes any sense and I'm practically older than you by a good ten years, Cable said. Maybe that's where your son got it from.

What I'm saying is that you've got your wake up call, Janis said. You gave us all an opportunity to do better and now you want to throw it away?

No definitely not, Cable said.

Then you know what I have to do , Janis said as a tear ran down her cheek, her heart racing and legs shaking. Her eyes directed themselves to the time portal that was still stabilized.

You ve tested it? Cable wondered.

Thousands of times, Janis said with a smile. Her smile quickly faded, There is just one variable I can t seem to lock down and I think you can help me.

I ll sure as hell try, Cable offered.

Your body radiates a unique signature from the timeline you grew up in if I can match that same frequency, maybe I could Janis said, but stopped herself. I m just not sure what the effects will be on you. I saw from the fight as you systematically defeated my staff of workers by using a mutant nullifier of some sort that your powers have been substituted technologically I was under the impression your techno-organic virus had been cured, as well.

Their powers will return those than can heal will be fine, Cable said. Beyond that, I honestly don t know why my techno-organic virus doesn t just consume me completely.

My worry is that your body won t be able to hold itself together, Janis declared.

Cable arched an eyebrow, Well, that wouldn t be good, would it?

Janis sighed.

Don t worry, Cable said as he held his techno-organic fist up. A small spike of liquid metal solidified and formed out of the top of his wrist, forming into a tiny adapter. Cable walked up to the doorframe of the time portal and plugged himself into it. Almost immediately, Cable s mind was filled with schematics and data not enough to overload him, but enough to cause temporary discomfort.

Cable s eyes rolled into the back of his skull and glowed blue as he communicated with the time portal machine, Just looking for the right frequency easy, girl.

Momma? the young Blaquesmith asked.

Don t worry it will be over in just a minute. We re going for a ride, Janis said to her son.

[[Earth-4935 timeline frequency located. Destination: 3929 A.D.]]

Cable s eyes returned to normal. He looked grimly at Janis and her son.

What s wrong? Janis asked.

Cable swallowed for a brief moment, It s not there.

What do you mean, it's not there?

The frequency it's fuzzy, Cable said as his left eye burst into a bright display of blue light.

There's not enough power, that's why, Janis said as she quickly set her son down to check on the on-board computer screen that accompanied her grand invention. Damn it I don't have the kind of reserve power to make a time-jump and if we shut it down now, we might not get this opportunity again

Cable shook his head, Come on, Doctor maybe maybe this isn't supposed to be the day you and your son risk your hides just to fulfill some destiny. I seem to recall you said time is fluid. You and your son should live your lives

Janis screamed, But it is also cold and calculated! I have analyzed your biography and cross-referenced everything for years we are doing this NOW! We cannot risk the universe going into disarray!

Cable shouted, Well, I think you should stay here!

The sound of a gun click perked up Cable's attention. Standing beside him with the barrel of an energy cannon pressed up against his temple was his former lieutenant, Tetherblood except nearly ten years older than last he saw him.

Τrust με, παλ, ψουρε γοννα ωαντ το πυτ ηιμ τηρουγη! Tetherblood muttered in Askani.

Cable's brow furrowed, Tetherblood! What the hell are you doing here?!

I could ask you the same thing, fearless leader, Tetherblood hissed as his universal translator regulated itself.

I would listen to him, a woman said. She stepped into the shadows and revealed herself. With a simple mental gesture, Cable felt an invisible concussive force of a truck hit him in the chest, sending him flying backwards into the reinforced steel wall.

Grunting, Cable opened his eyes and saw his beloved wife clad in a different kind of armor and with blonde hair standing before him alongside whom appeared to be someone dressed as Deadpool if his costume were a black-red armor.

Hiya, Nathan long time, Pool Death retorted. Ah, and Blaquesmith how are you?

The young mutant clutched his mother's arm in fear.

Pool Death smiled, It looks like the pupil has become the master, now. He shoved his palm in Cable's direction, knocking him back with pure telekinetic force. Cable quickly got up as he formed his arm into an energy cannon.

You're Askani? he asked.

Not officially, Pool Death replied. At least, that was what you told me when you started teaching me about two years from now

Cable clenched his teeth, Wade

Janis quaintly raised her hand, I know I have no say in this, but perhaps we can find a logical, and diplomatic solution to all of this ?

Not likely, Tetherblood said as he cocked his energy rifle, pointing it at Dr. Suriyama.

T-Blood, NO! Cable shouted. T-Blood's gun, by Cable's technopathic command, short-circuited and jammed. She's Blaquessmith's mother for Xavier's sake!

You think I don't realize that?! Tetherblood shouted. Who knows maybe she's supposed to die?

And then who teaches Blaquessmith all he knows about time travel? Cable responds. I know our timeline has been erased I'm sorry. That was the mission from the get-go when we stole the Greymalkin station from the Canaanites!

It's not just his timeline, but mine, as well, the blonde-haired alternate-Aliya said. She wore a silvery armor. Cable's heart sunk. It made her look almost angelic as the light hit it. I've lost my son, Tyler we've traced the disturbance back here. Back to you.

Cable closed his eyes in horror at the mention of their son's name even though it wasn't possible Cable could have been the father of the alternate-Tyler. Aliya had named him. It was only logical she would name her son the same name in a different reality.

I can fix this! Dr. Suriyama shouted. She walked over to the computer console. However, she lost her footing and was flung into the temporal vortex, AHH!

Momma! the younger Blaquessmith cried as he dove in after her.

Wait! Cable shouted, but it was too late. The portal closed behind them. They were lost in the broken timestream. He turned and looked at the future-version of Deadpool, WHY did you push her through?!

He simply smiled, To set it all in motion Pool Death turned to Tetherblood and Aliya as he walked into the shadows, You may kill him now.

Outside the lab, Bishop quickly backed away from his sniper rifle with a specialized x-ray/infrared scope. He had been trailing Cable ever since he teleported to Genosha. Bishop had crafted a device which allowed him to stealthily piggy-back on Cable's bodyslide frequency.

Seeing the added company suddenly made Bishop's mission all the more difficult. But he recognized that the other guests didn't teleport inside. He felt the otherwise undetectable tachyon wave pulse outwards when they arrived. He closed his eyes and let his body absorb the energy.

He sighed as he muttered to himself, Sorry, Cyclops this just got too deep.

I'd say so, a man, hovering above Bishop said with his arms crossed. What the hell

are you doing here?

Have we met? Bishop asked the man in a skintight gray armor with matching mask and trench coat. Bishop was the first to notice the man's personal armory strapped to him. Guns he'd never seen before.

Soldier X, the man responded as he touched down. I'm taking over from here, pal. Fury doesn't want you going out of your jurisdiction just because you're a time-hopper. And in Genosha?

Bishop shrugged, What can I say? I'm a violent mutant. He quickly clenched his fist and generated a blast of stored energy, striking Soldier X and knocking him onto his back. I fit right in!

Soldier X stood up, lifted his mask above his mouth and spit out a wad of blood, Forgot about your powers might have to do this the old fashioned way. He quickly unstrapped a specialized semi-automatic, flashing a green laser in Bishop's eyes.

ARGH! Bishop growled as he tried to look away, but it was too late. It was a harmless laser, designed to stun. Wasn't enough energy for him to simply absorb. He opened his eyes and could only see the same bright green haze. He fell to his knees and could hear the wind whip up as the mysterious Soldier X flew off.

Bishop pounded his fist onto the roof of the nearby building, Damn it

Department X.
0.0045 Seconds Out of Phase.
Current Home Base of Landau, Luckman, and Lake.

A knock at the door.

That was what Malcolm Colcord heard before it was forcibly torn from its hinges and thrown across the darkened office.

Malcolm nonchalantly grunted with a barely-inaudible, Hello, Diana.

Normally, the middle-aged Diana Russell kept her powers in check, however her adrenaline was pumping and her rage was super-charging her normally-meek telekinesis.

I'll stop your fucking heart if you so much as pompously interrupt me, Diana growled. I'm going to say what I have to say and then I am going to leave.

Malcolm shrugged, Go ahead.

Diana stood motionless, You shot me in the back so you could let Triple L's mystics take over my body like it was some kind of puppet access my powers to peel away layers and layers of mental scarring in Wade's mind. I'm a mutant with the ability to peer into someone's mind, but I'm also a doctor. I prefer the latter. Therefore, consider this my resignation from your personal employ you use Triple L's perverse resources without a care in the world anyway. Why would you need a psychologist?

Malcolm sighed, "The videos were a hoax."

"What?" Diana asked, enraged at the prospect Malcolm wasn't even listening to her tirade.

Malcolm threw up his hands in defeat, "I don't know. I've got the intelligence right here. The messages were from a time farther in the future than what that version of Deadpool claimed. The Senior Partners have just let me go. They're packing up and leaving this plane of existence for good."

Diana's heart seemed to thump out of her chest as her anger boiled over, "This doesn't change."

"I fucked it up," Malcolm said. "I thought I was making a difference. Doing something good. Getting my face hacked up by an enraged Weapon X—that was a wake up call. I knew I had to do right by him. Fix what I did wrong. I didn't even blame Logan for my injuries. What kind of hypocrite would I be if I did? I knew what I signed up for, I"

Diana calmed herself as she slowly began to connect the dots, "You didn't want Wade to be a failure? So you did whatever you had to in order to make sure you didn't screw it up again?"

Malcolm closed his eyes, as his voice became husky, "Damn it, Diana. Quit with the telepathy."

Diana begrudgingly seemed to lessen her anger, "I can't help it. I guess I try to look for the best in people. Even those who set themselves out to be monsters."

Malcolm smiled, "I'm not a monster, I'm the sad fuck who had the nerve to piss in God's eye and make him flinch."

Before turning to walk out of the office and return to her old life, Diana remarked, "Who says God isn't a *woman*?"

Greymalkin II. Earth's Orbit.

"Feeling okay, Wade?" Weasel asked as he stood outside the doorway to a dark, vacant room. On the floor in what light there was, Weasel could see Deadpool's various pouches of ammunition, weaponry, guns, and knives scattered on the floor—even his katana.

The gravelly voice answered, "Yeah, just nevermind. This crap used to be fun. I'd always get into a jam, but somehow, I wouldn't let it bother me. This is a little too much, even for me."

Weasel suddenly felt a swell of empathy for Wade, even though he wasn't always so forthcoming with the niceness. He slumped his shoulders and asked, "Uh, do you want to talk about it?"

Not particularly, Wade said frankly.

Weasel smiled, Well, I tried at least. He leaned his head to the side, Do you still remember what happened?

Normally, my mind would have blocked it out by now, but , Wade sighed. Every time I try to close my eyes and forget, it s right there. It s like a nightmare but I m awake. He pulled off his mask and turned around to face his friend, Look at me I m a mess.

Weasel s eyes widened, Wade your face!

Deadpool arched an eyebrow as he quickly ran up to the window in his dorm which overlooked the Earth. He looked in his reflection and saw his blotchy, scabbed, and scarred skin had taken on a normal appearance. Although his was still bald with no visible eyebrows, his skin was for all intents and purposes normal.

I guess my healing factor my cancerous cells reflected my inner turmoil, Deadpool deduced. My scarred psyche maybe.

[[ALERT: Cable in need of assistance. Automated bodyslide in progress.]]

Deadpool s eyes darted from side to side, What the hell was ?

that? Deadpool said as he blinked. He was suddenly in the hidden lab of Dr. Suriyama. He looked down and noticed he didn t even have time to affix the rest of his weaponry to his costume. Hrm

Cable was flung into a wall as Tetherblood fired another electromagnetic disruptor blast into him. His techno-organic parts were fighting to stay solid. Aliya telekinetically pinned him to the wall as his techno-organics dripped from him like molten lead.

You ll pay for what you ve done, you son of a bitch! T-Blood growled as he drove his boot into Cable s sternum.

Aliya clenched her hand, telekinetically attempting to shut his brain down, You have disrupted the timestream! You shall perish!

Deadpool looked around and saw Suriyama s large time machine. He switched his gaze back to Cable, who seemed to have lost all will to fight.

then kill me , Cable muttered.

The alternate-Aliya s eyes widened as she released her telekinetic grip, having brushed through Cable s mind, realizing he was her husband from another timeline.

Tetherblood cocked his rifle and took aim at Cable s head, Certainly

Cable glanced at his former lieutenant, So this is how it ends, T-Blood? Fragging your commanding officer?

You left your post I assumed command, T-Blood growled. I married Hope. She was Aliya's Askani blood-sister if you even recall. Now she's gone erased from existence JUST like I'm gonna do to you!

It's not Cable's fault, Trigger-McHappy McDoucherson! Deadpool yelled as he dove and landed between T-Blood's gun and Cable. Cable's eyes widened at the sight of Deadpool's unscarred face.

Pool Death? Tetherblood wondered aloud.

A couple thousand years younger, Deadpool boasted. He crossed his arms, I don't know if you've heard, but Cable and I have a destiny to save the world.

That son of a bitch played us, Tetherblood growled. Abandoned us in that hell of a future while he lived a life of luxury here!

Cable growled as he fought to keep his techno-organics solid, My life was nothing but luxurious, T-Blood you were Clan Chosen you knew better than anyone the **burden** of my mission!

Alternate-Aliya suddenly gripped her chest, The time-shift it is catching up with me feel cold emptiness

Watching her die, Cable said as he looked upon the fading form of an alternate-version of his slain wife, was no easier than watching Hope get erased.

Just as fast as Aliya then faded away, Tetherblood dropped his rifle as his molecules lost substance, Oath I'm sorry, Dayspring by the Bright One, I'm sor

Hrm, Pool Death said as he stepped out of the shadows. Perhaps I was wrong about involving those two

Ah, my future self, Deadpool said with mock-admiration. I'm *still* a loser!

Ah, I see you've went through your period of self-discovery. Cheers, Pool Death smiled, You know, I pushed Blaquesmith and his mum into the portal in hopes that they would come out of this thing unscathed

You're telling me I develop a British accent? Deadpool wondered. What the Christ?!

Pool Death quickly rested his fists on his hips, Over the course of two-thousand years. Give me a break. English is deader than Latin where I'm from.

Okay, Wade stop just shut up for a second, Cable growled as he strained to gain back control of his techno-organic parts. Both of you!

Pool Death sighed, Alright. The real fact of the matter is that the entire space-time continuum is broken and unhinged. Lines between realities are collapsing on each other the domino effect will no doubt catch up with everything else until everything ceases to be.

How do you know this? Cable asked.

Pool Death pointed to his temple, There's no doubt my younger counterpart and I have an unruly sense of perception. One could attribute it to a hyper-sanity on par with a sort of cosmic-awareness. I sensed the trouble from my point in time.

Why didn't anyone here figure it out? Cable wondered.

Whatever occurred, it's began at the end of time and it's slowly approaching the beginning, Pool Death explained. He rubbed his eyes in frustration, I gather it is difficult to comprehend. Both the beginning and end of time are the same but alas, it's falling backwards like a wheel being pushed up a steep hill and falling back down.

So how do we fix it? Deadpool asked his future-self.

Pool Death smiled, That's why I gathered you in the first place

Cable deduced, You sent those messages from the future in hopes of getting you and I together? Why would you do that? Now Apocalypse is on the loose.

I figured it would take two individuals who were unique throughout the multiverse, Pool Death explained. When the Molecule Man orchestrated every single version of myself to kill each other until there was one left and when you ascended to the Fifth Dimension, you became unstuck from the natural order He suddenly became winded, Oh, dear

What's wrong? Deadpool inquired.

Pool Death began to flicker like a flame about to be extinguished, it's catching up

But he was gone before he could finish his thought.

Nathan and Wade looked at each other and sort of nodded to each other. Cable said, I guess it's us we need to give your temporal janitor friend a call.

Deadpool's eyes widened, George? He fumbled around his pocket for his cell phone, I hope he didn't lose his phone in his beard or something !

****BOOM****

Cable and Deadpool shielded their eyes as a giant hole was punched through the lab, the sunset silhouetting the man who caused it.

Nathan Summers. Wade Wilson. You're under arrest, Soldier X commanded.

Aw, hell, Deadpool groaned. Who's this jerk?

Soldier X, Cable said as his left eye illuminated. I don't have telepathy, but I took a photo and cross-referenced his uniform with SHIELD's and Interpol's database.

Deadpool arched an eyebrow, Dude, you're a walking iPhone!

Soldier X pulled off his mask, "Should have done a retinal scan, Dayspring. Are you gonna surrender or not?"

Cable's heart skipped a beat as he gazed upon the true identity of Soldier X, "Wade. I think you better get a hold of George quickly."

"OhmyGodit'sStryfe!" Deadpool screamed as he pulled a duck-and-cover maneuver. He opened his eyes, "It's it's Stryfe, right?"

Nate Grey tossed his discarded mask on the floor as a fiery telekinetic energy surrounded him and smiled,

"I'm worse."

Afghanistan. Epilogue.

"As far as I can tell," Sinister said as he examined his former master's DNA the old-fashioned way within a makeshift lab within a hallowed out cave. "Your powers aren't gone... just blocked. Cable might have done this intentionally."

Apocalypse opened his dark-circled eyes as he gazed upon his wrinkly hands, "I'm dying... without my powers, I'll not be long of this world."

Sinister's lips curled into a snarl, "The world will most certainly go on, believe me. You are not a god. You have the lasting impression of a natural disaster."

"But you see," Apocalypse said as he suddenly crept up behind Sinister and grabbed him by the throat, "you are... by extension... a part of me."

Sinister back-handed the once-mighty Apocalypse, "I am NOT a mere Horseman of yours to make an example of!" Sinister brushed dust off of his shoulder, "I am a scientist. I've unlocked the human and mutant gene to discover wonders..." He suddenly turned his back, "Why didn't you tell me the Summers gene was descended from you?"

Apocalypse smiled, "I've had only a select few offspring throughout my lifetime. One of your first Marauders named Oscar adopted a boy named Daniel Edge... they both took on the name *Summers* after they were rescued by a strange man and woman who rescued them and allowed them to emigrate to America... Daniel was one such offspring."

"Scott and Jean...?" Sinister wondered. He sighed, "The Summers name is nothing more than a falsehood... a continual loop in time... all to mask the truth? You allowed it to happen? And allowed me to think I had the upper hand in designing a Summers-Grey offspring?"

"You have to understand that living for 5000 years is not natural to most," Apocalypse said. "I have managed to cheat death... but it took careful planning. I knew I could survive in only one of my descendants..." He smiled as his eyes glowed green, "And now that my new body was born out of T-Ray Wilson, I've got **another** relative to choose from..."

"You are a monster," Sinister said as he held out his hand, slowly charging up a blast of

energy, and therefore, I will do the job I should have done myself!

No, Apocalypse said as he drove his fist into Sinister's chest, ripping out his heart. Your job is done, slave. Within his heart was the genetic trigger which jumpstarted his powers. Apocalypse once more empowered, caused the molecules of Sinister's skull to explode.

As Nathaniel Essex fell to his knees, Apocalypse's laugh could be heard throughout the Pamir Mountains

NEXT ISSUE: *George makes his triumphant return to M2K! That alone deserves a Tookie! And holy crap, X-Man (or should I say, Solider X) is back! He seems like his old angst-free self, right? Oh, wait*

CABLE / DEADPOOL BIBLIO/GRAPHY

-Blaquesmith was Cable's mentor in the art of the Askani. Last issue, we found out that he was born around the present day and that his mother, Dr. Janis Suriyama, had previously met with Irene Merryweather for reasons unknown and was given a copy of Cable's biography. Dr. Suriyama had deduced that she needed to eventually travel into the distant future so that her son could mentor Cable, allowing him to defeat Apocalypse.

- George, as he calls himself is a cosmic being assigned to correct major imbalances in the space-time continuum. He originally came into contact with Deadpool after the Molecule Man impersonated our Deadpool and began to eradicate every single Deadpool throughout the multiverse. After seemingly fixing the disturbance Molecule Man caused, George continued to assist Wade in his misadventures until he seemingly returned to his post, although, one could say George has been ignoring his duties.

-Cyclops and Phoenix were sent into the past to Victorian Era England by Madame Sanctity to see Nathaniel Essex's birth as Mr. Sinister in *The Further Adventures of Cyclops and Phoenix*. The husband and wife team of X-Men eventually rescued Sinister's original Marauders, including a young mutant boy named Daniel, who was adopted by a man named Oscar. The two would take on the name Summers after their rescuers, thus causing yet another grandfather paradox.

-Nate Grey, (also known as X-Man and now Soldier X) was born in the Age of Apocalypse reality, and made his way to our reality where he eventually merged with Cable, supercharging both of them and ascending to the level of cosmic being where they both took on the name Traveler.
