



# M2K Special Edition Cyberback

Collecting The Punisher #5-7 by Dino Pollard



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#5

Written by Dino Pollard

*War Journal Entry #2005*

C'mon Frank... pull yourself up.

Losing blood from the wounds. Bullseye's gone. The shotgun blast knocked him over the balcony.\* Someone sent him after me, but who?

[\*Last issue--Dino]

Barking. Damn dogs. Dogs?

Shit, the Red Dogs!! Jane!!

I break out into a run, moving as fast as I can, despite my wounds. I don't know how they afforded him, but the Red Dogs must've hired Bullseye. That means that they wanted me distracted.

\*\*\*\*\*

"FRANK! IT' S JANE! HELP!! COME HERE AND HELP ME! HELP ME ... please .... help me ..... Please...."

{Click}

DAMN!!! They got her!! Bullseye was meant to distract me, so they could get rid of Jane!!

I hit the rewind button on the answering machine, and replay the message as I patch up the wounds inflicted on me by Bullseye. I don't have much time. God only knows how long Jane will survive at the hands of those bastards.

I do a quick inventory of what I have. Plenty of ordnance, alongwith enough ammo to take out a small army. If anything happens to Jane, those bastards are gonna pay.

Oh, are they gonna p--

A rumbling--an earthquake?!

I brace myself against the wall and wait for it to pass. That couldn't have been an earthquake. Quickly, I draw open the blinds on the window, and look out to see a giant robot walking down the street!!

Hmm.... what comes first. Defending the city or saving Jane? There are plenty of spandex-clad superheroes in New York. Let them handle those robots. What does it have to do with me?

Plenty. From what I've heard, the Fantastic Four are missing, and the Avengers currently have their hands full.\* That only leaves second-stringers like the wall-crawler and Daredevil left to defend the city. And, if I let them go at it alone, this city's as good as a smoking crater.

[\*See current issues of Fantastic Four and The Avengers--Dino]

I'm sorry, Jane. I just hope you can survive while I play hero.

\*\*\*\*\*

Not too far away. The giant Enforcer-model Sentinels continue their patrol of New York, destroying anything and everything in their path.

However, they pay no mention to the open manhole as they walk past it.

\*\*\*\*\*

The robots resemble Sentinels, but they're also a bit different in terms of design. Is this a new model? Wouldn't be surprised if it was. The bastards are constantly being updated. Who sent them though?\*

[\*Check out Apocalypse: Ageless Fury #5 for the answer to that very question--Dino]

I know from personal experience that bullets are all but useless on them. Grenades might do the trick, same with C-4. The question is, do I have enough?

Times like this make me wish I still had Microchip on my side, as well as all that hi-tech weaponry. I know there's a safehouse not far from here where I stored some of the leftover equipment from Microchip. The hard part's going to be getting to it.

As I run through the streets, I look up to see Spider-Man swinging in the air. Someone is following him... one of the goblins?\*

[\*For more on Spidey and the Rose Goblin, go read Amazing Spider-Man #10--Dino (again)]

That's not important right now. I've got a job to do.

One of the Sentinels walks by me, not even registering me as a threat. Big mistake.

Moving quickly, I attach some C-4 to his leg. Once I'm a safe distance away, I detonate it.

The leg blows clean off, and the robot falls to the ground. I run back to him, looking him square in his inhuman, robotic eyes.

"Enforcer-17 damaged by unknown assailant," it had said. "Requesting immediate assistance."

Shit. That's bad. I quickly attach some C-4 to the Enforcer's head.

"Can't have you reveal my location," I said. Then, I ran. Into an alley, there's no way they can catch me there. Once I reach it, I detonate the C-4. That's one down, about 5000 to go.

"Halt!"

Damn! I've been spotted!

"Designate: Frank Castle/Sub-Designate: The Punisher located. Status: Expendable."

"Awww... that's not very nice, now is it?"

The hell?

I look up. Out of nowhere, I see four creatures--turtles--wielding ninja weapons leap at the Enforcer from a nearby rooftop. They move like lightning, decimating the Enforcer's head. It's not long before they overpower it.

As the Enforcer falls, they leap off and land in front of me. Sonnuva bitch--they ARE turtles!! They're all wearing red face masks, why I don't know. It doesn't help in telling them apart.

"Hey," the one with the swords begins. "You all--"

I cut him off by whipping out an uzi and aiming it at them.

"Talk about gratitude..." the one with the sais muttered. "I love New York."

Great, just what I need--another smart-ass.

"Dude--that's the Punisher!!"

"No way!"

"Way!"

"How can you tell?"

"Well, I dunno--maybe the fact that he's got a giant SKULL on his shirt and he's aiming a gun right at us?!"

"Shut up, all of you," I order. "I want answers. For starters, who the fuck are you and where did you come from?!"

"We're ninja," the sword-wielder states. "I'm Leonardo."

"Michelangelo," the one with the nunchucks says.

"Donatello," the one holding the bo-staff stated.

"Raphael," the sai-wielder said.

"Ninja, huh?" I start. "You sure as hell don't look like any ninja I've ever seen. What are you doing here?"

"We're here to kick ass and take names. What's your excuse?"

"Shut up, Mike," the leader ordered. "Mike" made an immature imitation of his leader.

"You're here to stop those Enforcers?" I ask. The leader nods. "Good luck."

"Wait! Why don't we team up?"

"Oh god..."

"I've got no need to team up with you," I replied.

"You can't handle these guys all by yourself! And if it wasn't for us, you'd be dead right now. You owe us."

Shit, I hate this. I hate being forced to team up with anyone, let alone creatures I don't even know anything about.

On the other hand--I CAN use them...

"All right, we've got a deal."

"So, what's the plan?"

"I've got a safehouse not too far from here, Donatello."

"Umm... I'm Leonardo."

"Whatever. I've got some hi-tech weaponry stored there that can make this job a bit more easier. The trick is getting there. That's where you guys come in."

"We're on it, dude!"

It's gonna be a long night...

***NEXT ISSUE: Frank and the Turtles begin their assault on the Enforcers!***



#6

Written by Dino Pollard

The pull of a trigger—the sound of bullets firing, empty shells striking the ground. And, the eventful fall of the target, signified by the splattering of blood, and the shout of pain.

These sounds have become music to my ears. I almost smile as I watch the street punk fall. My four—allies (for lack of a better term) don't seem at all surprised by my actions, nor disgusted. I could get used to this sort of thing.

My name was Frank Castle. But that man died years ago, when his wife and children bled to death in his arms. I was born that day. Frank Castle is dead. I'm the Punisher.

A few hours ago, Enforcer-model Sentinels stormed New York City.\* I was just finishing off a battle with the assassin called Bullseye moments before they arrived.\*\* He bolted off for parts unknown,\*\*\* probably because of the Enforcers.

[\*See Apocalypse: Ageless Fury #5 for all the details of the Enforcers, as well as their attack in current issues of Amazing Spider-Man \*\*Issue #4-5 \*\*\*Bullseye's currently causing problems over in Thunderbolts—Dino]

That's when I had to make a choice—either save a girl from a gang called the Red Dogs, or try and do my best against the Enforcers. I decided to stay and try and stop the Enforcers. I met up with four mutant turtles, who also happened to be ninjas with the minds and personalities of teenagers (go figure).\* I have some high-tech weaponry that I've kept in a safehouse on the other side of town. The problem is getting to it.

[\*Again, see last issue—Dino]

The turtles—Leonardo, Donatello, Michaelangelo, and Raphael are my only hope of surviving the trek. It reminds me of that game I used to play with my kids—what was it called? Red Rider or Red Ranger—something red. The object was to make it to the other side without being tagged. This was the same thing—except if you got tagged here, you wouldn't be playing anymore.

“How far is this place?”

“It's down this street and to the left, Leonardo,” I replied.

“I'm Michelangelo.”



How the hell can ANYONE tell them apart?! They all look exactly the same. Doesn't help that they wear the same color headbands.

"Let's just get moving," I said. "Everything we need is in the safehouse."

"So, once we get there it's clear sailing, right?" Michelangelo (I think) asked.

"I never said that," I replied. "I just said it'll give us everything we need, but the Enforcers will still be a threat."

"So... what do we--?"

"Quiet," I order, moving around the entrance to the safehouse. I look down at the little keypad.

"What're you waiting for? You DO know the code, right?"

"Shut up, Michelangelo," I order.

"I'm Raphael."

"Dammit!!" I shout, taking out an uzi. I begin to open fire on the keypad. "It's fucking IMPOSSIBLE to tell you apart!! Why don't you wear different colored headbands or wear nametags?"

"Ugh..." the turtle sighed, smacking his forehead. I'm not sure if it's because of my suggestions, or because I used my "key."

With the security access no longer working, I kicked in the door, looking around.

"Come on," I said, holstering the gun.

"Holee shit... This place is amazing!"

"We only need a few weapons," I say, going over to a weapons rack. "But, they've got enough firepower to take out as many Enforcers as possible."

"This stuff rocks!!" one of them said, grabbing several weapons.

"You're screwed up, Mikey."

They can tell each other apart?

"Come on," I ordered. "Help me with this."

"What the hell is it?"

"Missile launcher," I reply, moving over to the large object. "It has limited ammo, but it'll come in handy. Once we run out, we've got regular grenade launchers and C-4."

"Where should we put it?" the sword-wielder asked.

"Help me load it into the van over there," I replied.

\*\*\*\*\*

"You think you're smart, don'cha?"

"I... I... I..." Jane stuttered, struggling to find words.

"No one messes wit' Big Dog," the head of the Red Dogs stated. "I wants my money, bitch."

"The Punisher..."

"He be dead, now," Big Dog replied. "Not many people kin stand up ta Bullseye."

"...No..."

"We got some entertainment f'r now," Big Dog said, walking out the door.

At that moment, Jane Mills wondered if there was any hope for her at all. With Frank gone, her choices were sorely limited. She could either live through the torture Big Dog would put her through, or she could try and beg for forgiveness. It would be a humiliating experience, but she had seen what had happened to girls who had betrayed the Red Dogs. It wasn't pretty.

She fell to her knees, tears streaming down her face.

"...Frank... where are you?"

\*\*\*\*\*

Whoever is driving (I think his name is Raphael) has a lead foot. The moment he started the van, he slammed down on the pedal, and the car peeled out of the safehouse.

"Could you slow down, Raph?!"

"Yeah, yeah, yeah," Raph replied. "Keep it down, Leo."

I ignored them, concentrating instead on loading the shells into the launcher. Opening the custom sunroof, I looked through the red sight, targetting an Enforcer.

"Slow down," I ordered. Raphael instantly complied, slowing down the van as I pulled the trigger, launching a missile at the Enforcer. It instantly turned the head into a wreckage, and the Enforcer fell.

"We've got two more shots left!!" I shouted. "Get the grenade launchers ready!!"

Two more missiles, two more Enforcers fell. Then, we stopped.

"WHAT'RE YOU DOING?!" I asked.

"I dunno!!" Raph replied. "I'm hittin' the pedal, but the car's not moving!!"

Then, the van began to become tilted.

"We're--"

"I think I can guess what's happening," I broke in. Holding the grenade launcher in my hands, I got ready to open fire.

"This guy's ours," Leo stated, drawing his swords. "We'll take him down, and try to cover your escape. Raph, c'mon!"

Raphael moved away from the driver's seat, sais drawn.

"Bout time we got some action," he said.

"What?" I asked.

"This is our battle," Leo replied. "The four of us have a better chance against him than one of you."

Just as well. This way, I can get over to Jane as fast as possible. I don't have much time.

They all leapt from the sunroof one by one, out to the Enforcer. I watched as they worked together, like a well-oiled machine. Swords and sais weakened the defense, while the staff and nunchukus broke through the Enforcer's head.

As the gigantic robot began to fall, his grip loosened on the van. The ground was closing in fast, and I only had one chance at survival.

Seconds before it struck, I leapt out the sunroof, just as it crashed against the ground. A single grenade later ignited the gasoline in the tank, blowing up the van and the weaponry inside. I didn't have time to collect it all, and I couldn't let it fall into anyone else's hands.

I looked around. The turtles were gone. Perfect. I hate working with teams.

Right now, I've got a girl who needs my help.

***NEXT ISSUE: This is what's been building since issue 1. Can Frank save Jane in time? Be here in 30 for Round 2 against the Red Dogs!! As for the turtles, you can follow them in the pages of their new, ongoing series, premiering next week!***



#7

Written by Dino Pollard

"FRANK! IT' S JANE! HELP!! COME HERE AND HELP ME! HELP ME ... please .... help me  
..... Please...."

{Click}

{whir}

"FRANK! IT' S JANE! HELP!! COME HERE AND HELP ME! HELP ME ... please .... help me  
..... Please...."

{Click}

{whir}

"FRANK! IT' S JANE! HELP!! COME HERE AND HELP ME! HELP ME ... please .... help me  
..... Please...."

{Click}

{whir}

I stop the tape. Jane's gone. Her apartment shows signs of a struggle. The Red Dogs have been here. When Bullseye came after me,\* they attacked here--they knew it. Blast them, they arranged it!! Bullseye's only purpose was to keep me busy, so the Red Dogs could take Jane.

I shouldn't have let myself get caught up in the battle with the Enforcers. They're still out there, but I know this isn't my job. I tried to take them out, but with little luck. Not even those blasted turtles could help me.\*\*

[\*Issue 4 \*\*Issues 5-6--Dino]

I've gotta think. They've taken Jane. There's no body, so that means there's a chance she's still alive. It's a slim one, but it's better than nothing. And right now, it's all I've got.

\*\*\*\*\*

The Dive. A bar on the east side where many of the city's... less artistic frequent. In short, it's a bar for all the scum in the city to kick back, enjoy a drink, and share stories of past exploits.

Unfortunately for them, many of them won't be walking out of here tonight. Some of them will be lucky. They'll be the ones to die first.

A kick of the door, and a hail of gunfire signals my presence. Not the most subtle entrance, but it gets their attention. I'm not too worried about the ones I kill first--there are bound to be some people still alive who know where I can find the Red Dogs. Hell, some of them probably ARE Red Dogs.

"I want answers," I say. "Someone's gonna talk, or everyone's gonna die."

One genius decides to make a break for the door. He never makes it. Another guy runs at me with a knife, hoping to ambush me from behind.

I turn my arm and aim one of the uzis at him. He also doesn't last long.

"Anyone else wanna be a hero?"

Silence fills the room. They're not talking. Probably more afraid of the Red Dogs than me. Big mistake.

Holstering the uzis, I pull out the shotgun that I had strapped to my leg. The guy closest to me gets his head blown clear off. Then another, and another.

"Anyone willing to talk, yet?"

Again, no answer. Then, one guy stands up.

"You ready?"

He points to a man sitting in the corner. I take careful aim...

\*BOOM\*

He runs off, the shell striking inches from his head--just the way I wanted it.

"Don't move," I order, the shotgun aimed right at his face. I notice a symbol on his vest--the symbol of the Red Dogs. Perfect. "Where are they?"

"I ain't tellin' ya not--"

"Wrong answer," I said, as I blew out his kneecap.

“AAAAH!!! YOU MUTHA—“

“There are about 50 ways I can shoot you before I kill you,” I say. “That was one.”

“Do yer worst, ya—“

“Two,” I say, blowing out his other kneecap. “You gonna go for the record?”

“I—I can’t tell ya!!” he shouts, his hands stained with his own blood.

“Three, four, five,” I said, shooting his hands and one of his elbows. “Pretty soon, either I’m gonna run out of ammo, or you’re gonna run out of body parts. Unfortunately for you, I’ve got plenty of ammo.”

“I’m tellin’ ya, they’ll ki—“

“Six,” I state, shooting him in the crotch. That causes even more pain. “And if you don’t tell me, they won’t get a chance to kill you.”

He’s writhing on the ground now, pain running all throughout his body.

“All right, all right, I’ll talk...”

“Where?”

“An old warehouse... not too far from here...”

“Thank you.”

The final shell puts a hole in his head. I reach in his pocket and pull out a key.

No one stops me as I walk out of the bar.

\*\*\*\*\*

“Gin!”

“You sonnuva bitch!!”

“Hey man, don’t get mad at me jus’ cause yer bad at cards.”

“You hear somethin’?”

“No, why?”

“I dunno... It’s like a rumbling or somethin’... sounds like a bike...”

“Slash’s probably jus’ back from th’ Dive.”

“Yeah... but he’s gettin’ awfully close by th’ sound of it...”

“Yer jus’ para—“

He was cut off as a motorcycle came crashing through the window of the warehouse. The Punisher leapt from it, guns blazing as he fell.

The two card players were taken out instantly.

\*\*\*\*\*

Two down. Good thing I “borrowed” that scum’s bike. He didn’t seem to have a problem with it. Of course, he only had half his head at the time.

“WHAT THE HELL HAPPENED?!”

Ahh... the cavalry.

“Holy shit...”

“IT’S THAT FUCKIN’ PUNISHER!!! RIP HIS HEAD OFF!!!”

“I don’t feel like wasting bullets on you trash,” I say, opening fire. “But I don’t mind. I’m just here for the girl. Hand her over, and you’ll die quickly.”

“FUCK OFF, ASSHOLE!!!”

“You’re not very bright,” I say, emptying a full clip into him. Quickly, I reload, opening fire once again.

Bullets tear through flesh with every pull of the trigger. They start pulling out their own guns, trying to return fire.

I leap away, trying to avoid it as much as possible. Body armor only protects my chest. The rest of my body, including my head, is fair game.

One of them gets lucky, a bullet in my arm. Shit, I keep forgetting that I’m not invulnerable anymore. No more angels watching over me anymore. That’s what I wanted, this is what I want. This is my life. This has always been my life. The path I’ve chosen for myself is the one I’m sticking with.

Snap out of it, Frank! You’ve got a job to do!! She’s counting on you!



Who's counting on me? Maria? No... no, Maria's dead. She's been dead for years, she won't be coming back.

Then who? Does it really matter anymore?

Jane... Jane needs my help. If she's still alive, that is.

Reaching inside my trench coat, I pull out a grenade. Tossing it, I quickly go for some cover.

The blast kills some of them instantly. They're the lucky ones. The rest will slowly bleed to death.

I walk over to one of them, placing a gun to his temple.

"You're going to die," I tell him. "The question is, how soon, and how much pain will you go through?"

"Fuck you..." he says, spitting blood in my face.

"Suit yourself," I say, puncturing a lung. "Now, where is she?"

"\*kaff\* Big Dog... he's got her... in the next room..."

I quickly put a bullet in his head and walk off. I may be a cold-hearted bastard, but I keep my word.

\*\*\*\*\*

"Yer boy's got more lives than a fucking cat!" Big Dog shouts. "I dunno how, but he's still alive after Bullseye's attack."

Frank's alive? Jane thought. Thank God...

"Yo!" Big Dog ordered. "Get in here!"

"What is it, Big Dog?"

"I need all th' ordnance we got," Big Dog replied. "Th' Punisher's here. I gotta make sure he don't make it out alive."

"Gotcha, Big Dog," he said, running off.

\*\*\*\*\*

The Red Dog walks into the small armory, grabbing semi-automatic weapons. Then, before he can even flick the safety off, a barrel of a gun is pressed against his head.

“Where’s Big Dog?”

\*\*\*\*\*

“What th’ hell’s takin’ him so long?” Big Dog asked, cracking his knuckles. A gunshot was heard. “Shit!! He’s here!”

Without a warning, a head was suddenly tossed to him.

“WHAT IN THE FUCK IS GOING ON?!”

“Present for you, Big Dog,” I say, walking in. I keep the pistol trained on him. “You need better guard dogs.”

“Yer a dead man!!” he shouted. I put a bullet in his shoulder. “SONNUVA!!!”

“I’m the one with the gun,” I say. “You’re at the end of your rope. Who’s the dead man?”

“Yer a wuss is what ya are,” he said, his hand gripping his injured shoulder. “Yer too scared to fight me man t’ man. Lesse who’s da bigger man when ya gotta fight without yer toys.”

I keep my eyes trained on him, the pistol not faltering for an instant. Then, I do the unexpected. I remove the clip from the gun, and dismantle it, tossing it to the ground. Following that, I remove my trench coat and the weapons strapped to my body. He takes no notice of the small Baretta that lands near Jane. A grin of satisfaction comes across his face as he leaps at me.

I jump back onto my hands, and propel myself upward, my feet connecting with his chest. He grunts in pain, and has a rage in his eyes.

Before he can move again, a shot is fired. It misses his heart completely, but does strike a lung. He turns around, and I take notice of Jane holding the Baretta on him. He begins to lurch toward her, and I see the fear in her eyes. She’s too terrified to pull the trigger a second time.

“You little bitch!!” he exclaimed, grabbing the gun from her. I can’t let that happen. Moving quickly, I ram into him.

A shot is fired. I don’t have any time to see who was it—if anyone. My hands fumble around, and I grasp a pistol which was concealed in my coat. Pulling him back, I see a pool of blood. Jane’s blood.

My blood boils with anger, and I take immense joy in unloading an entire clip into Big Dog's head. By the time I'm done, there's not much of a head left.

I stand over Jane, my hand feeling her neck. There's a pulse, but it's weak. She'll need medical attention, and fast.

\*\*\*\*\*

*Our Mother of Mercy Hospital—two hours later.*

I stand over Jane's unconscious body. The only sound in the room is that of the heart monitor. She's alive, barely. If I didn't get her here when I did, she probably wouldn't have made it.

Gently, I squeeze her hand, and think about the recent events. If I had gotten there sooner instead of going off to fight the Enforcers, this wouldn't have happened.

But, it's too late. There's no changing the past.

I take one final look at her and walk out the door. I'm no good Samaritan, I'm no hero, I'm no friend. I'm just a man who wants revenge. I'm just a man with a lot of guns, and an anger to match. I'm not Frank Castle anymore.

I'm the Punisher.

***END***