

Double Dragon (Peter Paul Duo)

My friends nicknamed me Double Dragon because I had nightmarish visions of dragons and have two brains. I wasn't supposed to have two brains, but that's life.

When I was a child I was regarded as developmentally handi-capped. It took me longer to learn how to communicate with other people than it does most folks. I had difficulties learning to read, write and speak. Not to mention the difficulty of learning to walk and move in general.

I sometimes "lock-up" or hesitate on issues due to the difficulty of deciding what to do given two brains. Inaction is the result when the brains don't agree on a course of action. What looks like inaction is actually an internal power struggle between brains. Whichever brain is stronger at the time wins. When the brains do agree what to do, I can act quite powerfully. A surprising portion of the time the goal of what to do is consistent for both brains, so I can get by in life.

I had the great fortune of meeting someone called professorX. He was an elderly gentleman of considerable power.

ProfessorX told me I was both Jean Grey's and Wolverine's nephew according to the genetics study done by Dr. McCoy. But I'm not sure I believe him. I think he just told me that to make me feel like part of a family again. I don't know where I'm from originally and I think the professor wasn't able to find out either. I was referred to the professor by foster parents living in Canada after a nasty fist-fight with another child.

I told ProfessorX about my dreams or rather nightmares. He said not to worry, they were just dreams. The nightmares involved me being a dragon fighting a bird made out of fire. It was a horrific battle that consumed the Earth. I always got toasted by the bird in the end, and the bird went on to consume the entire planet. Then the dream ends. The professor said it wasn't uncommon for telepaths to have vivid dreams.

My earliest memories are of living in an underground complex with my mom. Later I learned it was a facility for developing inhuman weapons. One day when I was quite young my mom disappeared, I never saw her again. They had me working as cleaning staff in addition to my training. According to ProfessorX I am one of the most endowed people he has ever met. Endowed, but not that powerful. Most mutants have a single mutation and sometimes a secondary one. I happen to have a handful because they were designer made.

By eves-dropping carefully on conversations at the weapons facility I learned I was supposed to be a counter-agent to something called Weapon 11. They wanted something that could match Weapon 11's capabilities. I also learned that I was "failed" product. Deemed not useful due to the insanity of having two brains to deal with, also regarded as having low intelligence and poor motor skills. My "weapons systems" were all substandard. I only had 1" claws between the fingers. Not useful for dealing lethal blows. Super-healing took too long. Laser vision didn't work at all, and I ended up with mostly ordinary eyesight. Being able to teleport barely worked, requiring a substantial amount of concentration. I did

have a bonus of some super-speed capability which the researchers didn't understand how it arose, it was unintended. Even though a failed product, I was used for a while as an experimental object for something called process refinement before being put to use as child labour. I had a high-strength metal alloy bonded to my skeleton, but it wasn't adamantium. It was something called orange-steel. They wanted to test the process without wasting adamantium or a more successful weapon on it. Telepathy and tele-kinesis was deemed non-working. Telepathy actually worked but I managed to hide the fact.

One day I overheard that the project was ending. I was to be destroyed along with a number of other weapons "materials". There was a huge fight among lab workers when it was announced the weapons materials were to be destroyed. I was lucky in that being part of the labour force I managed to befriend a lab worker or two. I persuaded the lab worker not to give me a lethal injection at the project end date, but rather to sedate me. I awoke in the incinerator room, which was piled with dead bodies. But there was no-one around at the time, so I was able to escape the room easily. They hadn't bothered to place a guard on a room full of dead bodies. I eventually found my way to the surface. Mostly by climbing air-ducts, it was about seven or eight stories underground underneath a railway factory. The railway factory made a great cover for a weapons research program. But I think it wasn't too well thought out about what would happen if weapons escaped. I was able to further escape by hiding on a nearby train. How I ended up in Canada is a bit of a mystery, but I can remember travelling on a plane at one point during my escape. I spoke only a few words of something resembling "Chinese" and there was Asian writing on the walls of the complex where I was housed. I was only about four years old when I escaped. One thing I noticed which was strange was that while writing in the complex had been Asian, writing above ground in the railway factory and elsewhere was Germanic. It's possible the factory was located in an eastern European country. One speculation is that it was a rogue operation not sanctioned by a government. A company of some kind setup to produce and sell weapons.

One night when I was a teenager, the dream changed. I managed to swallow the fire bird whole and keep it from destroying the Earth. But then I consumed all the life of the Earth, and everything becomes dark, cold, and empty. Then the dream ends. My nightmare, if the fire-bird survives it destroys the Earth, if I survive the Earth dies a cold death.