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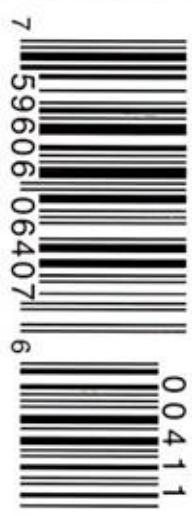
DEADPOOL®

11.2008

WAY
BARBERI
MEDINA
VLASCO
GRACIA



DIRECT EDITION



\$2.99 US \$3.50 CAN

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Some jobs are just too tough for your average fast talkin' high-tech gun-for-hire. Sometimes...to get the job done right...you need someone crazier than a sack'a ferrets. You need Wade Wilson. The Crimson Comedian. The Regeneratin' Degenerate. The Merc with a Mouth...

DEADPOOL



Recently, Deadpool infiltrated a legion of the invading Skrull army in an attempt to gather vital Skrull bio-data for Nick Fury. The good news: He beat the crap out of the Skrulls and got the data! The bad news: The transmission was intercepted -- by none other than Norman Osborn -- and never got to Nick! What does Osborn intend to do with that data? No doubt, the world will find out soon enough. But for now, Deadpool's got a more immediate problem. No data means no money. And Deadpool's got bills to pay. Time for a new job...

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NOW.



HORROR BUSINESS

PART ONE: GROSS MISCONDUCT

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YESTERDAY.

YOU
NEED A
JOB.

I'M
DOING A
JOB.
BEHOLD!

MAKING A REALLY
CRAPPY CHAIR OUT OF
PLASTIC EXPLOSIVE
DOESN'T COUNT!

And it doesn't
pay, either.

AAAAAAAHHH...

YOU SPENT EVERY CENT YOU HAD
ON THE WOLVERINE GIG, WHICH
WENT BUST.* YOU USED UP ALL OF
YOUR MUNITIONS ON THE FURY
JOB,** WHICH ALSO WENT BUST.

*SEE WOLVERINE
ORIGINS #20-25.

**SEE DEADPOOL #1-3.

NOT
ALL MY
MUNITIONS...

OH, WOW. YIPPEE, YOU'RE
COMPLETELY BROKE, YOU HAVE
NO PROSPECTS FOR FUTURE
EMPLOYMENT...BUT YOU DO
HAVE AN EXPLODING CHAIR.

AND THAT MAKES
YOU HAPPY?

STRANGELY,
YES.

IT'S REAL
SEMTEX TOO, NOT
THAT CHEAP C-4
STUFF THAT OUR
COMPETITORS
USE.

LET'S
SEE WHAT'S
ON THE
TUBE...

This chair
is pretty
comfortable...

CLIN!





HOW
SPECIAL?

LET ME
MAKE A FEW
CALLS FIRST,
THEN I'LL FILL
YOU IN.

IN THE
MEANTIME, YOU
CAN SACK OUT
UPSTAIRS IN ONE
OF THE GUEST
ROOMS.



Now *this*
chair is **really**
comfortable.

YEAH,
BUT CAN IT
EXPLODE?!

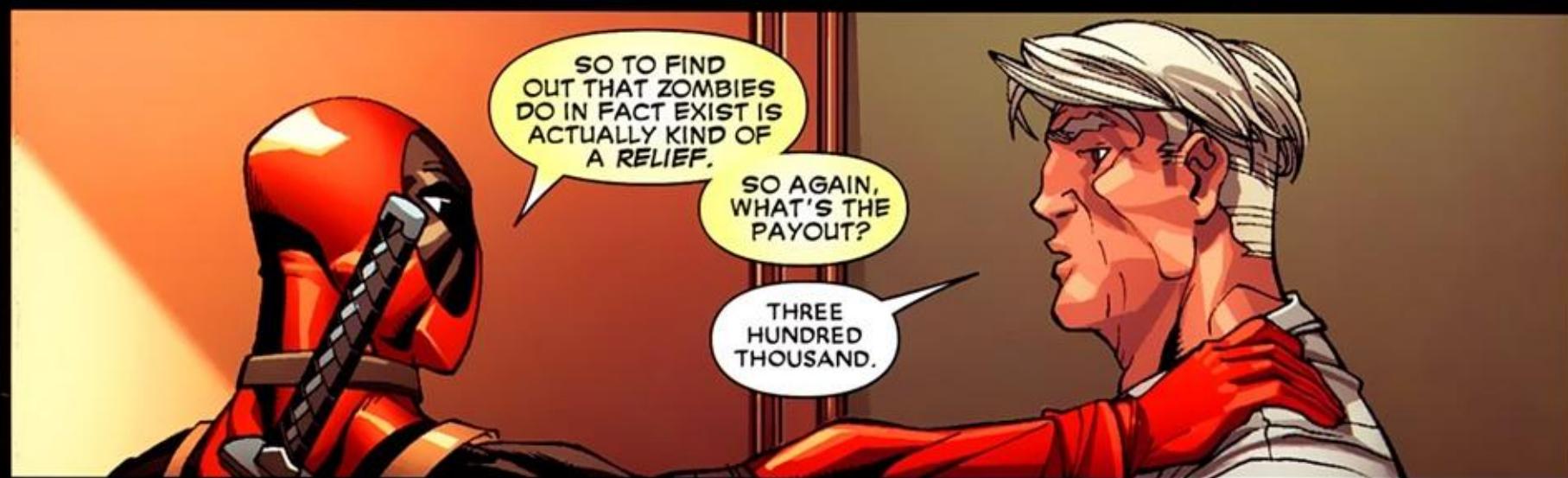


DIDN'T
THINK SO.



NOW.





WHAT
DO YOU
MEAN?

WHAT I MEAN,
ZEKE, IS THAT THREE
HUNDRED THOUSAND
IS A ?\$#%\$ JOKE--AN
INSULT. FOR THREE
HUNDRED THOUSAND,
I'LL KILL YOUR
WIFE.

FOR FIVE
HUNDRED THOUSAND,
I'LL KILL YOUR WHOLE
DAMN FAMILY.

WHAT IF
I PAY YOU A
MILLION...?

SOUNDS
ABOUT RIGHT.



WE
GOT A
DEAL.

AND, UH...
I'M TRAVELIN' A
BIT LIGHT--ANY
CHANCE YOU COULD
HOOK ME UP
WITH SOME
WEAPONS?



>GULP

YEAH...

THAT'S NOT
GONNA BE A
PROBLEM AT
ALL.

MOTHER.

OF.

GOD.



THEY'RE
NOT SO
GREAT...

WEIGHT'S
OFF ON THIS
ONE.

You're just
jealous.

YOU'RE
JEALOUS.

THE HANDLE
IS MADE OF A
NEW COMPOSITE
MATERIAL ...
STATE-OF-THE-
ART.

I KNEW
THAT...

I'VE GOT YOUR TRANSPORT ALL
ARRANGED--GEAR UP AND BE ON
THE HELIPAD IN TEN MINUTES.

HELI-
PAD...?

No, you
didn't.

Totally
jealous.

SHOULD'VE
ASKED FOR
TWO MILLION.

"THIS DOSSIER CONTAINS ALL OF THE INFO THAT YOU'LL NEED FOR THE MISSION, WADE."

"YOU'LL HAVE PLENTY OF TIME TO LOOK IT OVER EN ROUTE, BUT HERE ARE THE HIGHLIGHTS:

LET'S GO--MOVE IT!
I'VE ONLY GOT A THIRTY MINUTE WINDOW TO DROP YOU OFF ON THE MAINLAND AN' THEN GET BACK OVER INTERNATIONAL WATERS!

"THIS IS MY WIFE--DON'T KILL HER. SHE WAS LAST SPOTTED IN GRODKE, THE LITTLE TOWN NEAR WHERE THE SURGEON HAS HIS PRACTICE.

"ONCE YOU'VE SPOTTED HER, CONTACT ME WITH HER EXACT LOCATION AND I'LL HAVE MY GUYS COME SCOOP HER UP. HOPEFULLY, I'LL BE ABLE TO FIND SOMEONE WHO CAN REVERSE THE PROCEDURE.

"THIS IS DR. DRUEK LOVOSNO, THE PLASTIC SURGEON. KILL THIS PIECE OF \$?#% IN THE MOST HORRIBLE WAY YOU CAN."

"BE CAREFUL, THOUGH-- HIS STAFF IS MADE UP ENTIRELY OF ZOMBIES THAT ARE FULLY COMMITTED TO PROTECTING HIM, AND HIS SURGICAL FACILITY IS LIKE A CASTLE."

"YEAAH...ABOUT THE ZOMBIES-- WHAT DO THEY LOOK LIKE? LIKE, Y'KNOW, 'REGULAR' ZOMBIES, ALL SLACK-JAWED AND ROTTEN AND SHAMBLING AROUND?"

"NO--WELL...KINDA. THEY ONLY LOOK LIKE THAT WHEN THEY HAVEN'T BEEN FED. THIS IS HOW LOVOSNO'S PROCEDURE WORKS:

"THE PATIENT IS INJECTED WITH SOMETHING THAT ALLOWS THEM TO...I DUNNO...FEED OFF OF OTHER PEOPLE IN ORDER TO STOP OR EVEN, IF THEY FEED ENOUGH, REVERSE THE AGING PROCESS."

"SO...THEY'RE LIKE VAMPIRES. ZOMBIE VAMPIRES. ZAMPPIRES!"

"UHH..."

"YEAH, SO, LIKE I WAS SAYING--
THE ONES THAT'RE HUNGRY ARE
EASY TO SPOT. THE ONES THAT
AREN'T...WELL, THEY LOOK LIKE
REGULAR PEOPLE."



"ZEKE, I'M NOT JUST GONNA
WALK INTO THIS TOWN AND
WASTE EVERYBODY--!"

"LOVOSNO IS PROBABLY A ZOMBIE BUT
HE'S DEFINITELY RESPONSIBLE FOR
CREATING THE ZOMBIES--AND HE'S THE
ONE YOU'RE BEING PAID TO KILL!"

"ARE WE CLEAR?"

"I'M NOT ASKING YOU TO! LOOK,
YOU KNOW THAT MY WIFE IS A
ZOMBIE AND THAT YOU SHOULD
NOT KILL HER. YOU KNOW THAT
THE STAFF OF THE FACILITY ARE
ZOMBIES, SO YOU CAN KILL THEM."

"YEAH, WE'RE CLEAR...
BUT WHAT ABOUT THE
LOCAL COPS?"

"THE COPS?"

"AH, DON'T
WORRY ABOUT
THEM..."

STORY
DANIEL
ART
CHRISTOPHER
COLORS
CHRISTOPHER





BUDDA-BUDDA-BUDDA-BUDDA-BU





aaaaahhhh





BRRAT-ATT-ATT

DEADPOOL,
RIGHT...?

WE'RE
SOME OF ZEKE'S
GUYS--HE FIGURED
YOU COULD USE A
LITTLE HELP.

THAT
THE LAST
ONE?

HERE,
LEMME GET
THAT FOR
YA.

BLAM!



TAP
TAP

THERE'S A,
UH, TRACKING
DEVICE IN THE
HANDLE OF
YOUR GUN.

HEH...
I KNEW
THE WEIGHT
WAS OFF...

BRAT-ATT-ATT-ATT-ATT



So...

...Are we
still doing
the job?

OF COURSE--
IT'S A MILLION
BUCKS!

You don't
think Zeke will
care that you
killed his men?

EH, THEY WERE
MERC'S--
NOBODY CARES
ABOUT MERC'S...

True dat...

WHERE
IS THIS...

HEY, DID
ZEKE SAY THAT
THE DOCTOR'S
PLACE WAS "LIKE"
A CASTLE...

...OR "A"
CASTLE?

YOU ARE
VANTING TO
SEE ZEE
DOCTOR?





TWO HOURS LATER.







YES,
DEADPOOL
IS HERE.

--HMM?

NO, I'M
AFRAID YOUR
WIFE IS BUSY
AT THE
MOMENT...

TO BE CONCLUDED...



SCANS FROM ABOVE



ROCZONE MINUTEMEN

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