

MARVEL® COMICS

DEADPOOL®

MARVEL

66

SIMONE
UDON



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Hello, little
light in the sky.

Please don't
probe me.

Wait. I know
what that is.

Why am
I...?

Huh. Someone's tying
me up. How *nice*.

And this 'someone'
smells *great*.

Lotta guys
pay *good*
money for
this...

Good knotting
technique, too.
Bet she's a
sailor.

Wait. Something's
happening here--

Sorry
about this, Mr.
Wilson ...

You all
Know me:

Deadpool! Last survivor of a doomed planet that was bitten by a radioactive spider and then doused in cosmic rays and garlic, which some people like, but I think ruins the flavor --

-- wait, hold on,
that's not right.

Whoever roughed me up and left me here did something to my brain. The last thing I remember is...urgh. I don't even remember what I remember.

If I scream, will you call me a sissy?

Pull!

Stuttering
Stanley!
Stuttering
Stanley!



What wilt thou do,
thou peevish officer?
Hast thou delight to
see a wretched man
do outrage and
displeasure to himself?
--The Comedy Of Errors

"Please stop hitting
me with anvils."
-- Wile E. Coyote

HEALING FACTOR

CHAPTER ONE

I FORGET

Story by
Gail Simone

Art by Udon with Alvin Lee,
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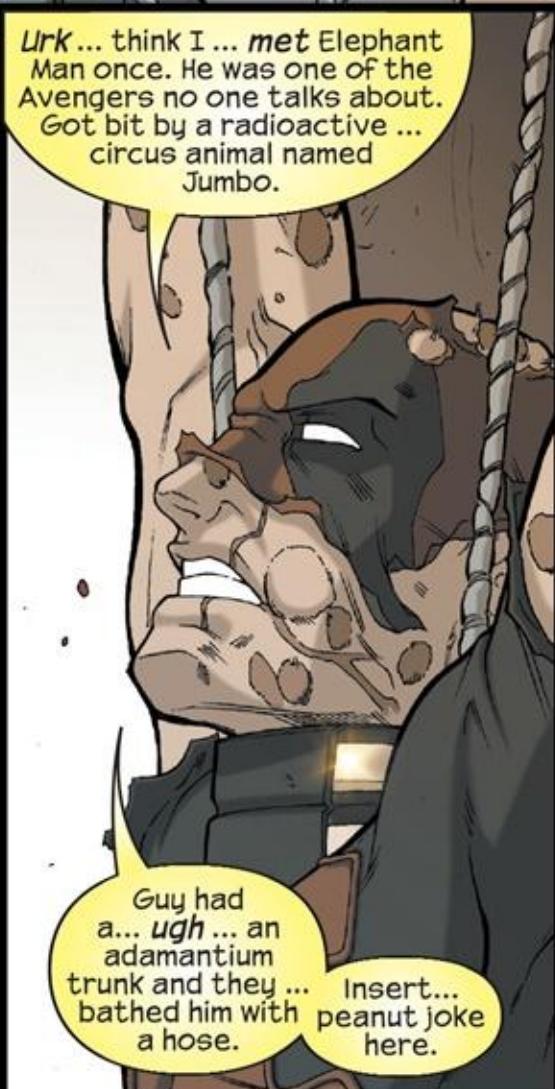
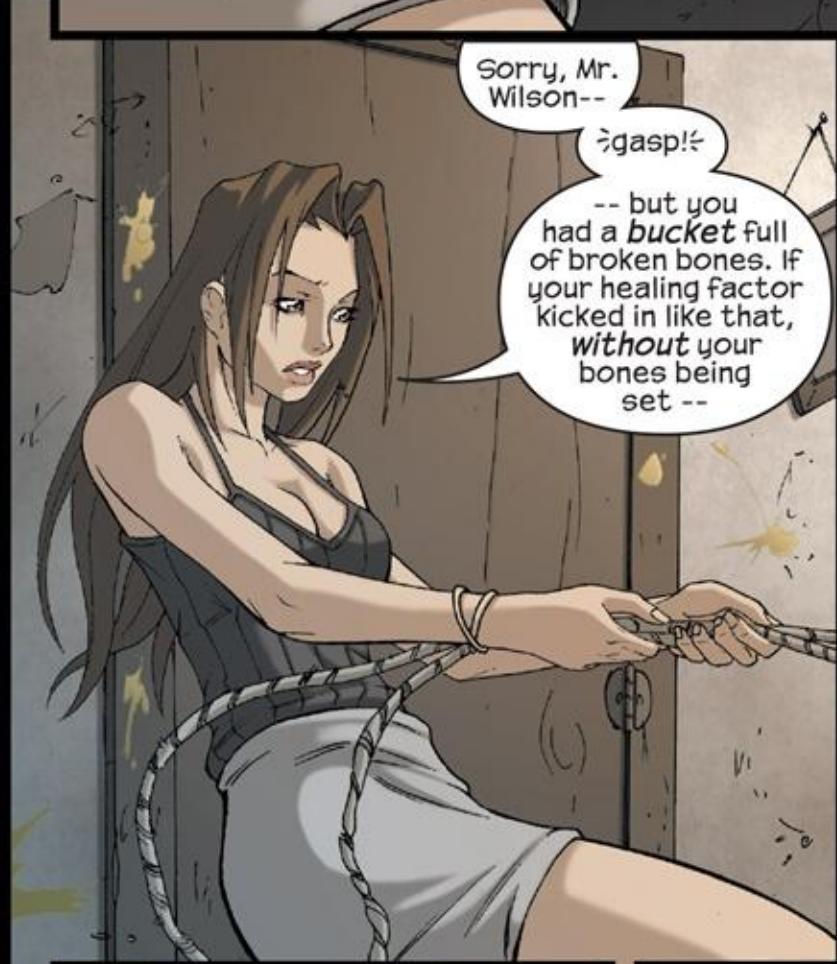
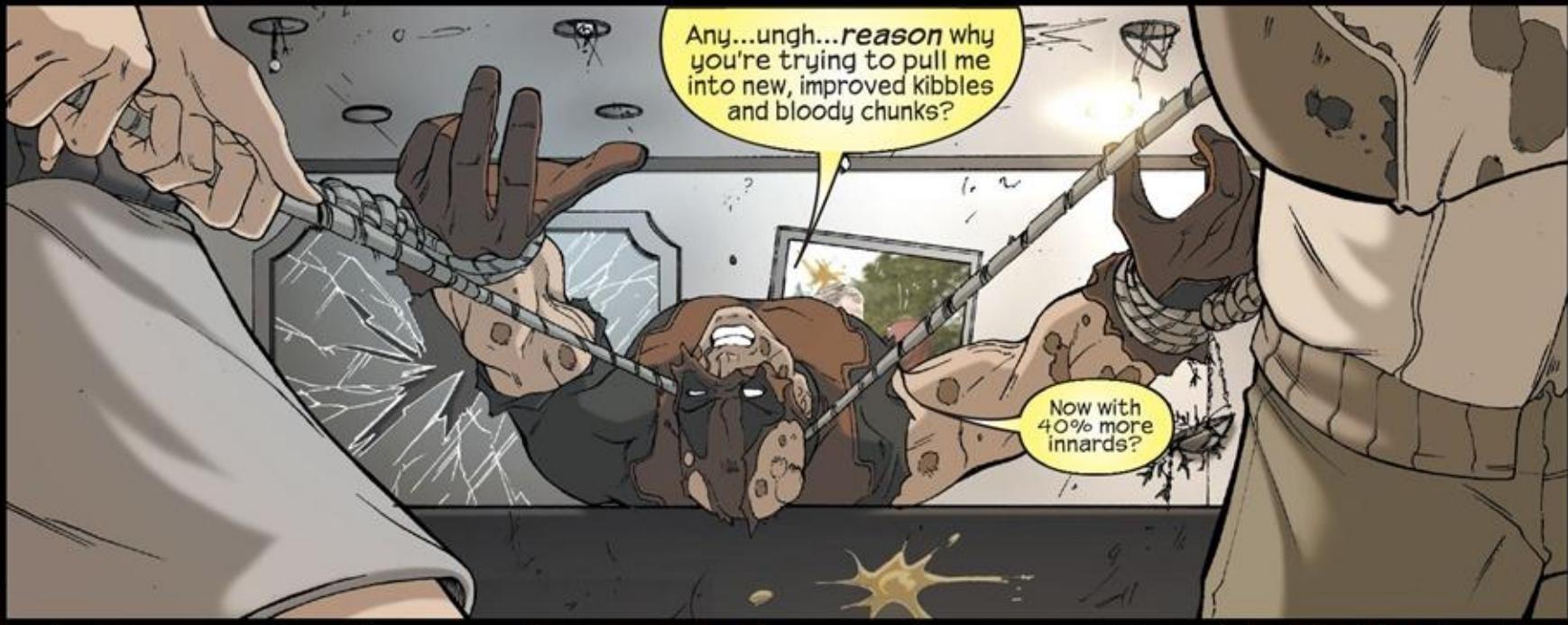
Edited by
Mike Marts

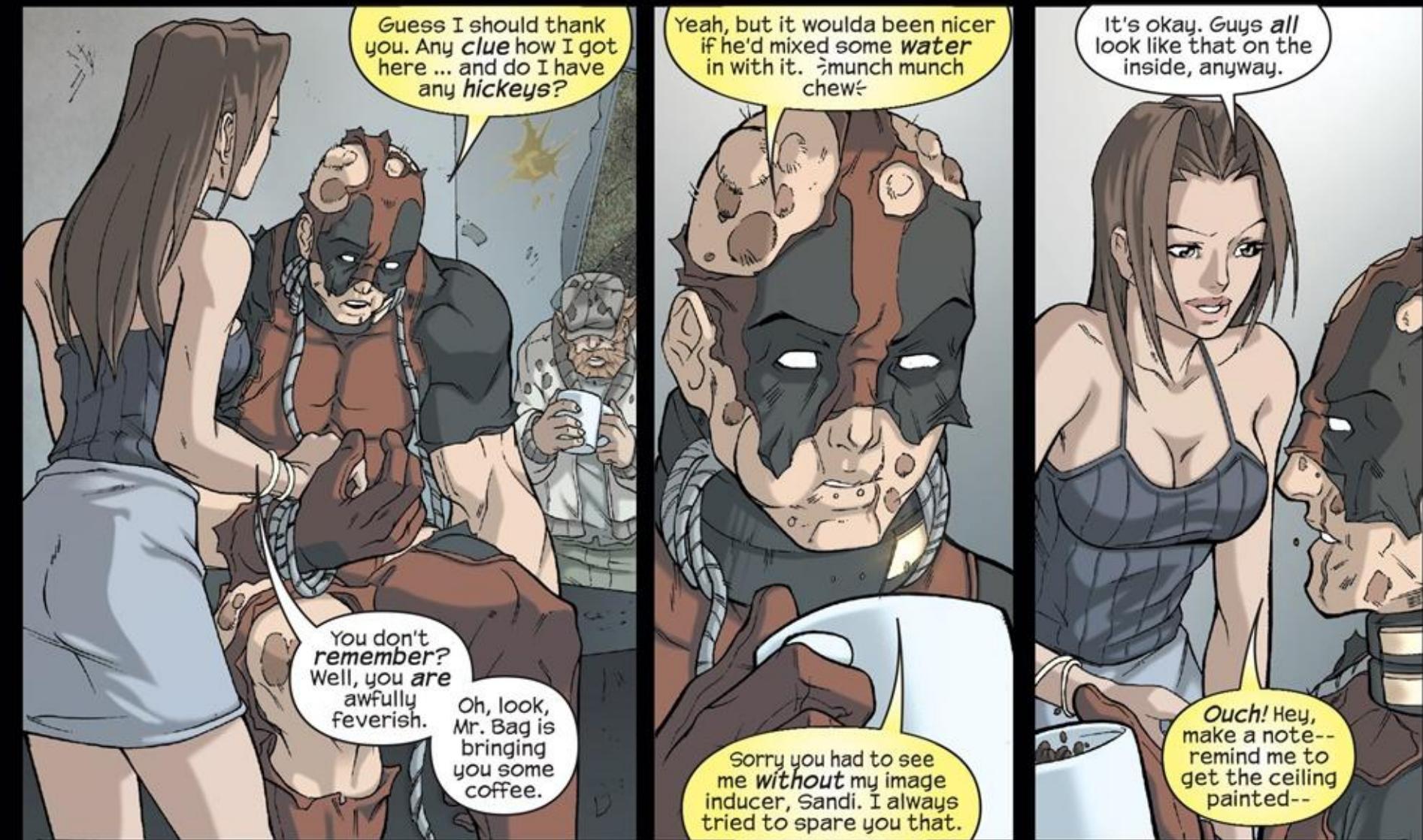
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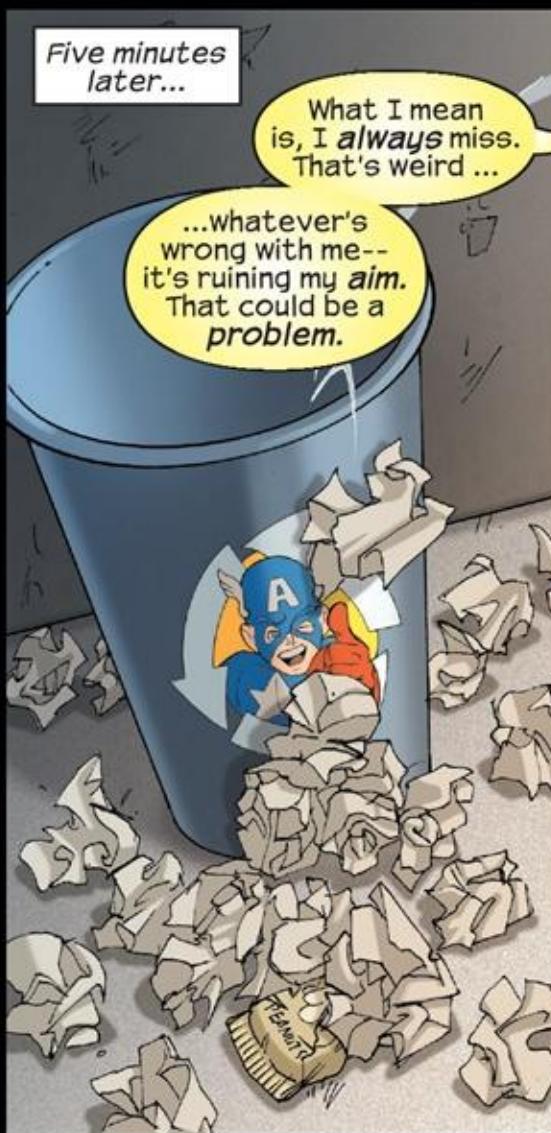
President
Bill Jemas

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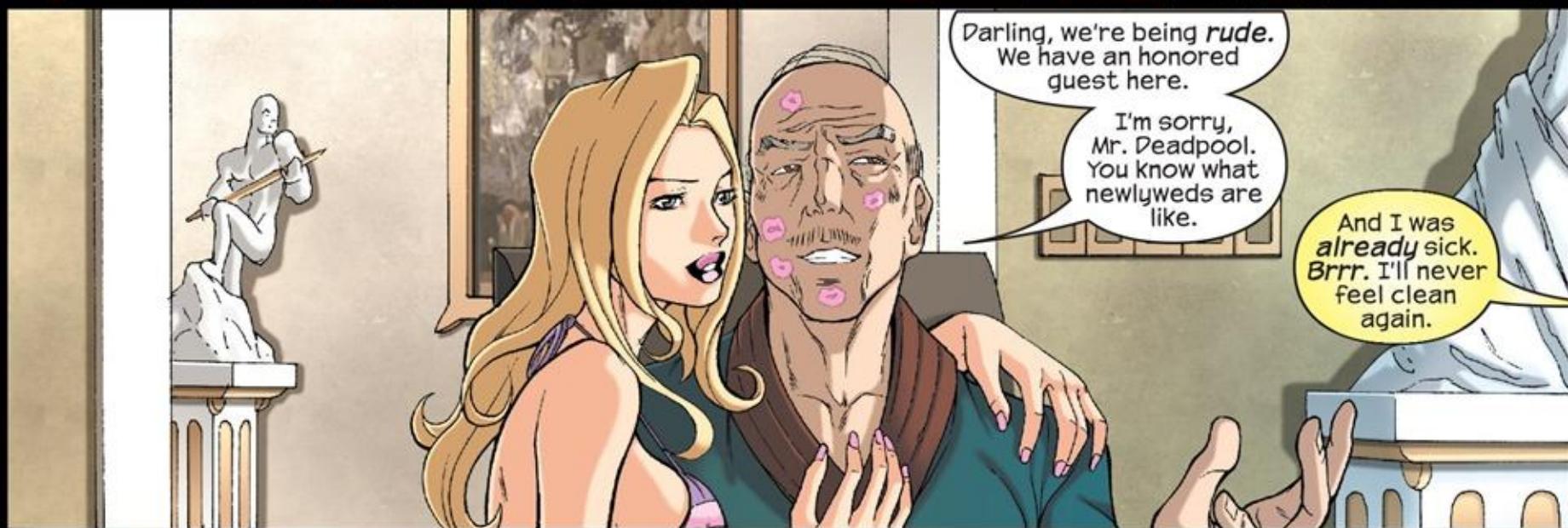
At one of the many penthouses of the very wealthy Mr. Whittaker.

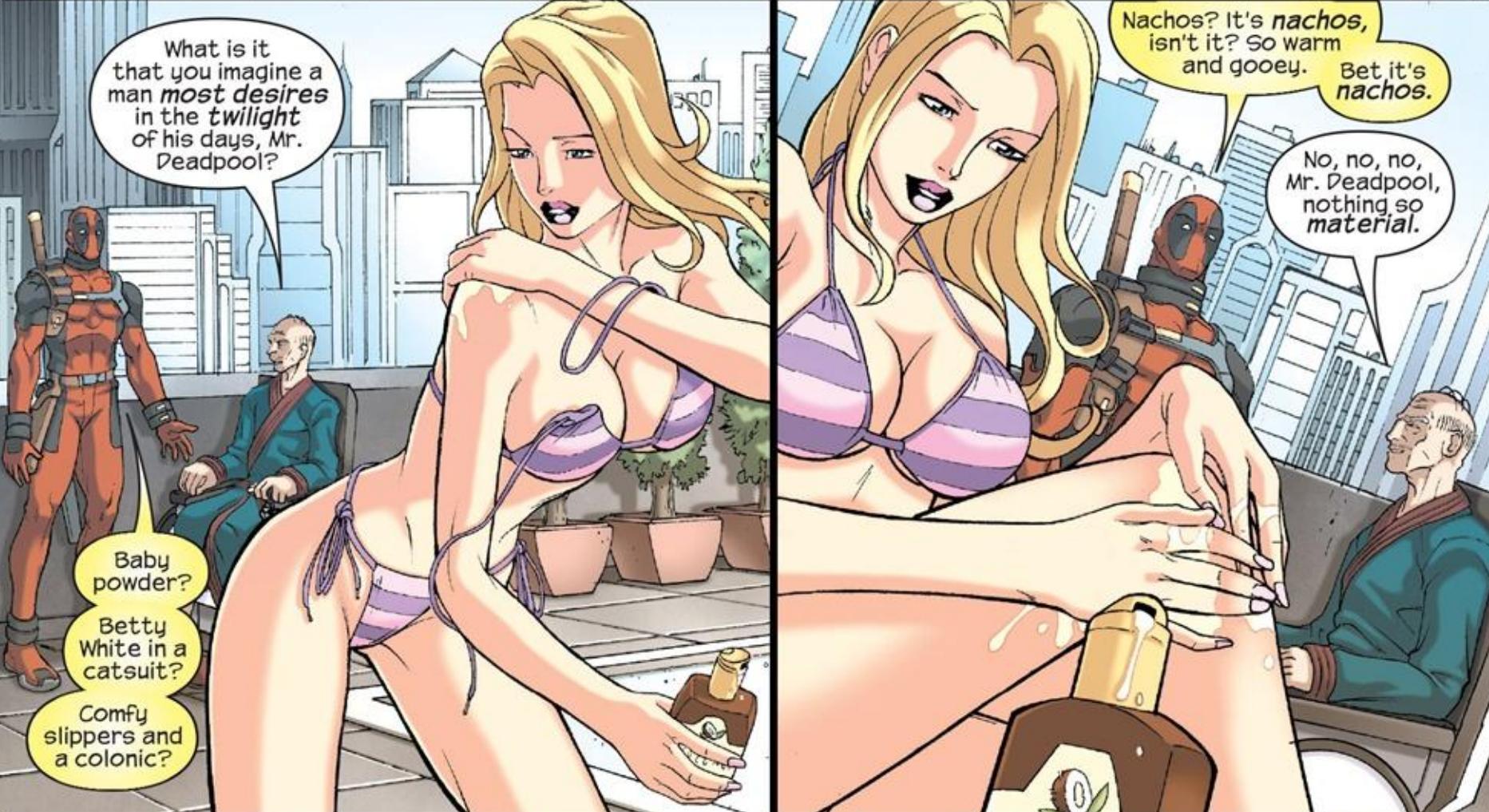
Nice door-knobs.

Why thank you, Mr. Deadpool! I just got them recently, but I think the one on the left is a little bi --

Yeah, some of those older doorknobs still work great. I prefer the new ones, though. Better action.







"But it will **not** be an easy task, Mr. Deadpool. Choose your *tools* carefully."

"The owner of this item will be *loathe* to part with it, I'm sure."

"You will inform me of your progress via this cellular phone."

Knock, knock!

"Make no mistake--it is a *ferocious* beast you hunt. Best to capture it unaware, in its natural habitat..."

KA-THUNNK!

"Who's there?"

What the...?

Friend of yours, O'Hirn?

The Rhino!

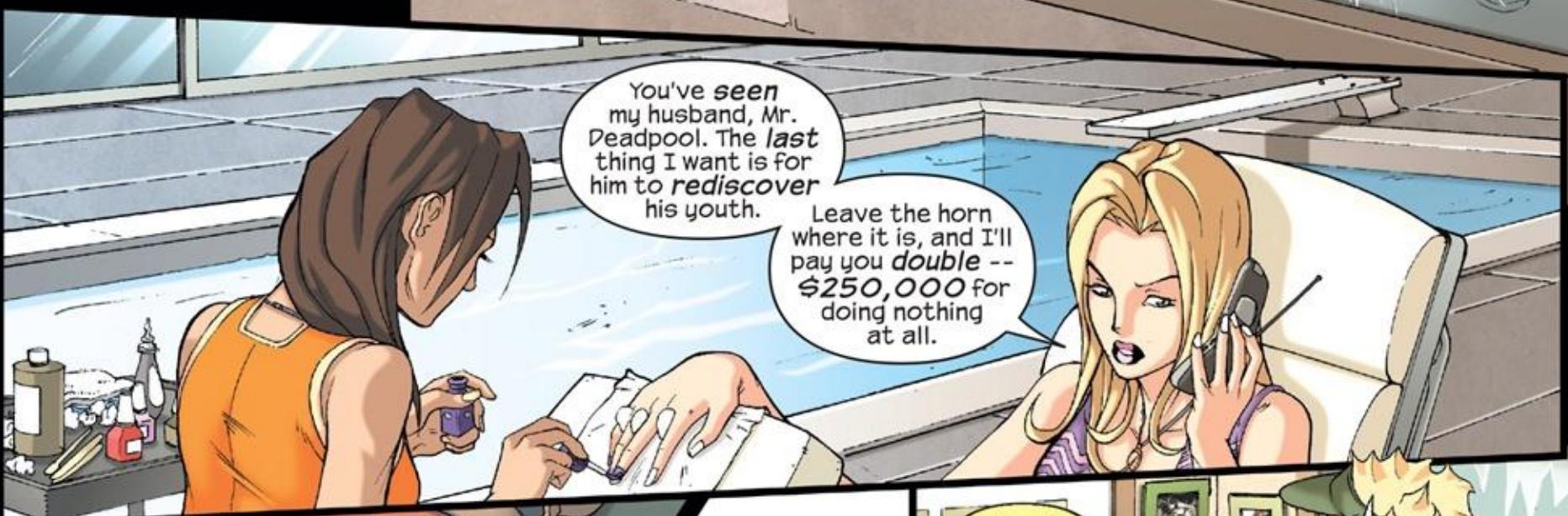
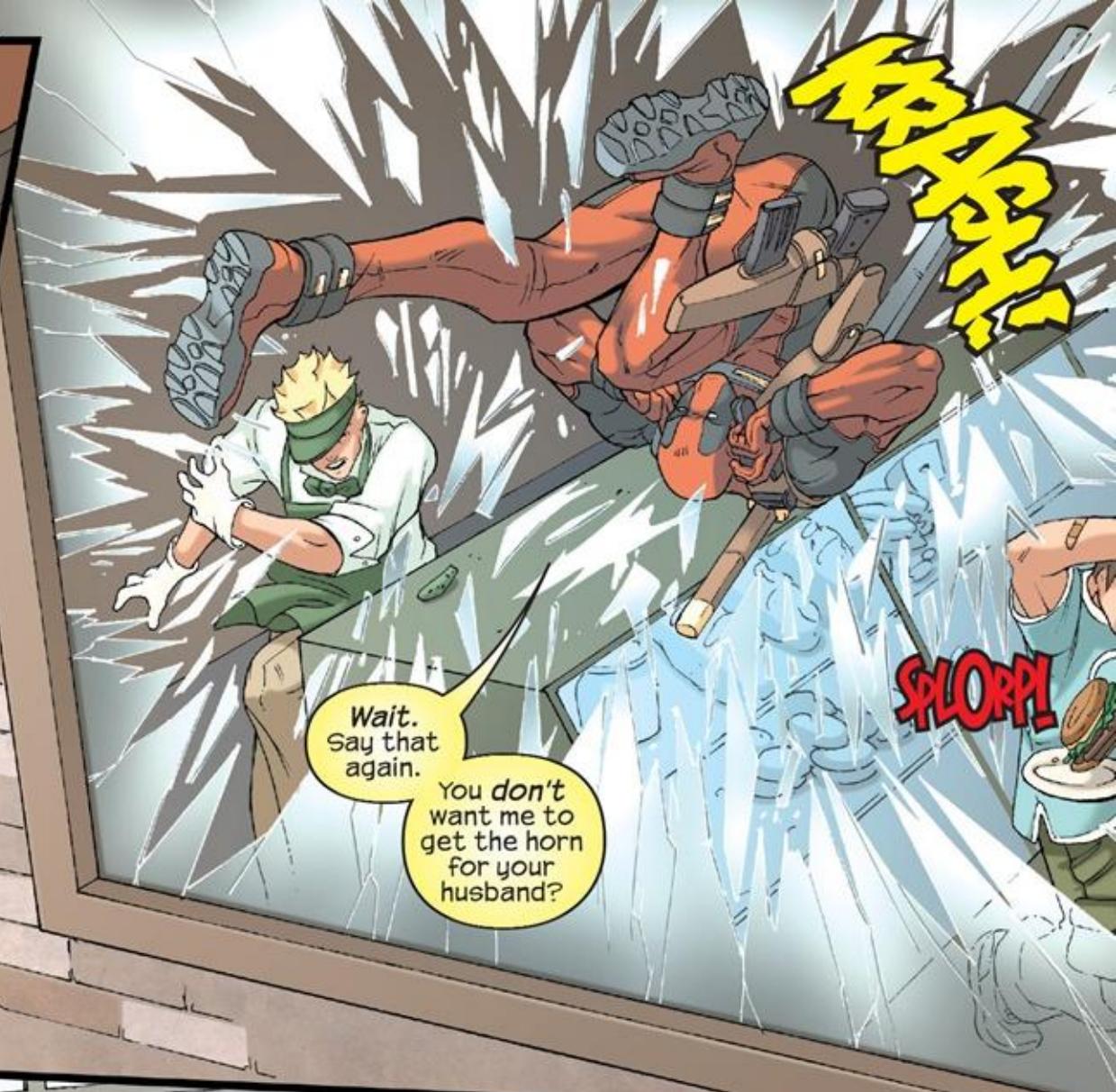
"He won't part with this prize willingly. But once the...*item in question* has been removed and powdered..."

"The Rhino who?"

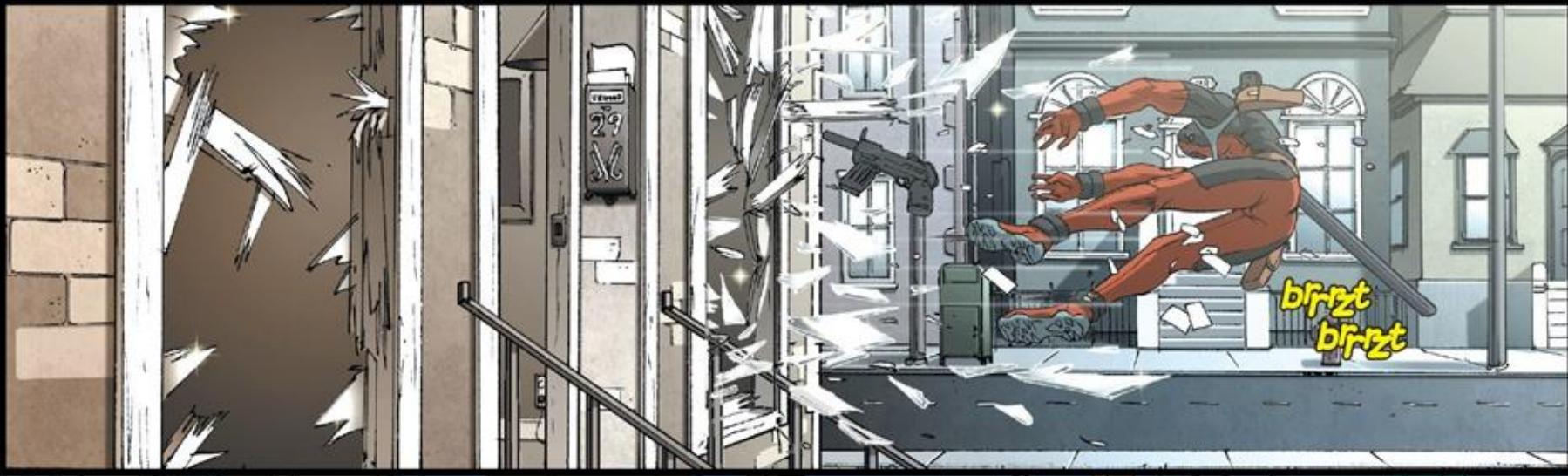
"...legend has it, it will add *immeasurably* to my vitality, Mr. Deadpool. I trust that you'll handle this matter with all due *delicacy*?"

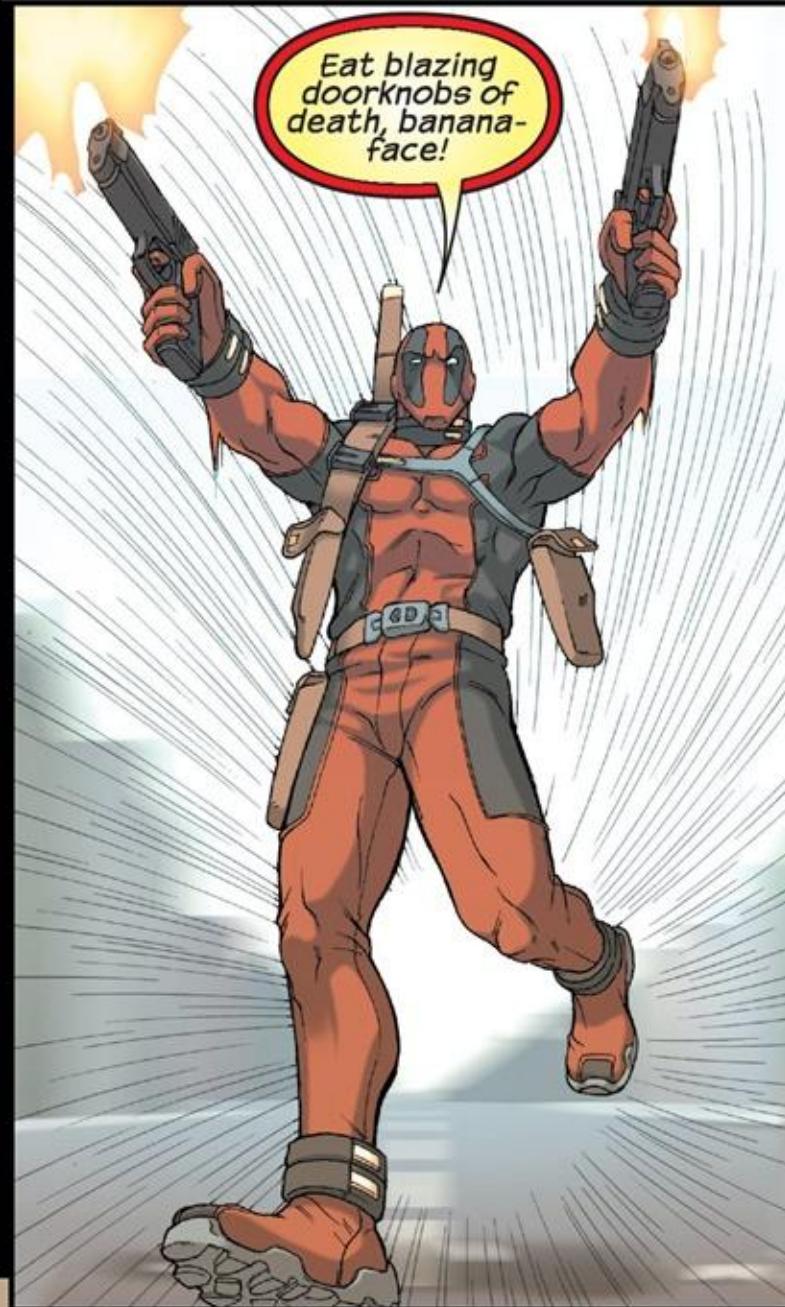
The Rhino's
about to get
his **horn** cut
off!

















Kind of a *shame*
I got to kill you an'
I don't even know
your *name*.

Wade Wilson ...
very nice to ... meet
you, Mr. Rhino!

gasp!

Stupid Hulk pants didn't work at
all. And I look *stupid* in purple!
Only *one* thing left to try--

--Ant-Man's
gas canister!

But my *aim*!

So don't aim at
him ... aim right
between *my eyes* ...

Ahuh.
Ahuh.

fwwoooosh:

I can't believe
I'm that *awful* ...

Good job,
Mr. D! I was
behind you all
the way! Where'd
the big guy
go?

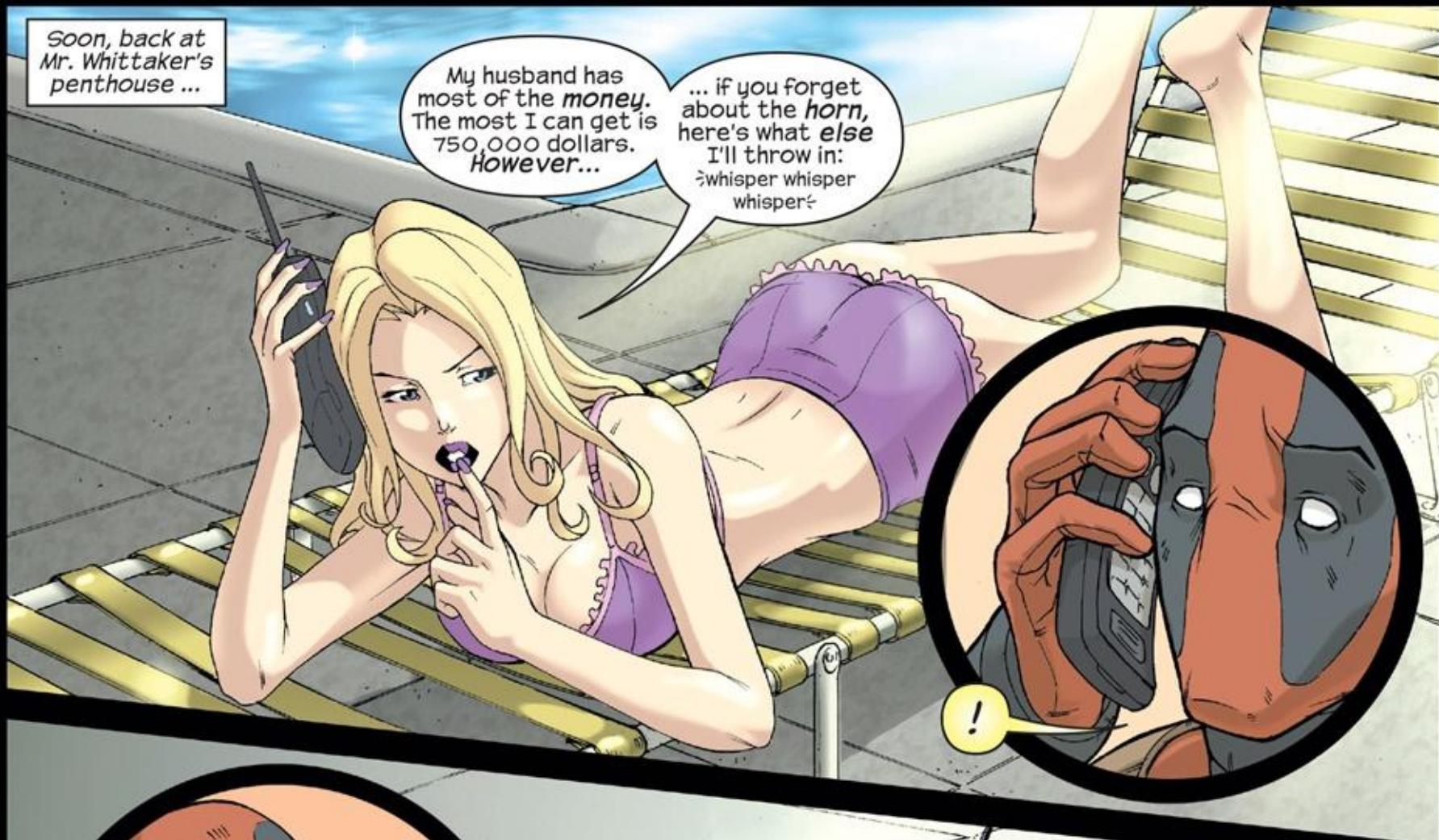
I think
I'm sitting
on him.

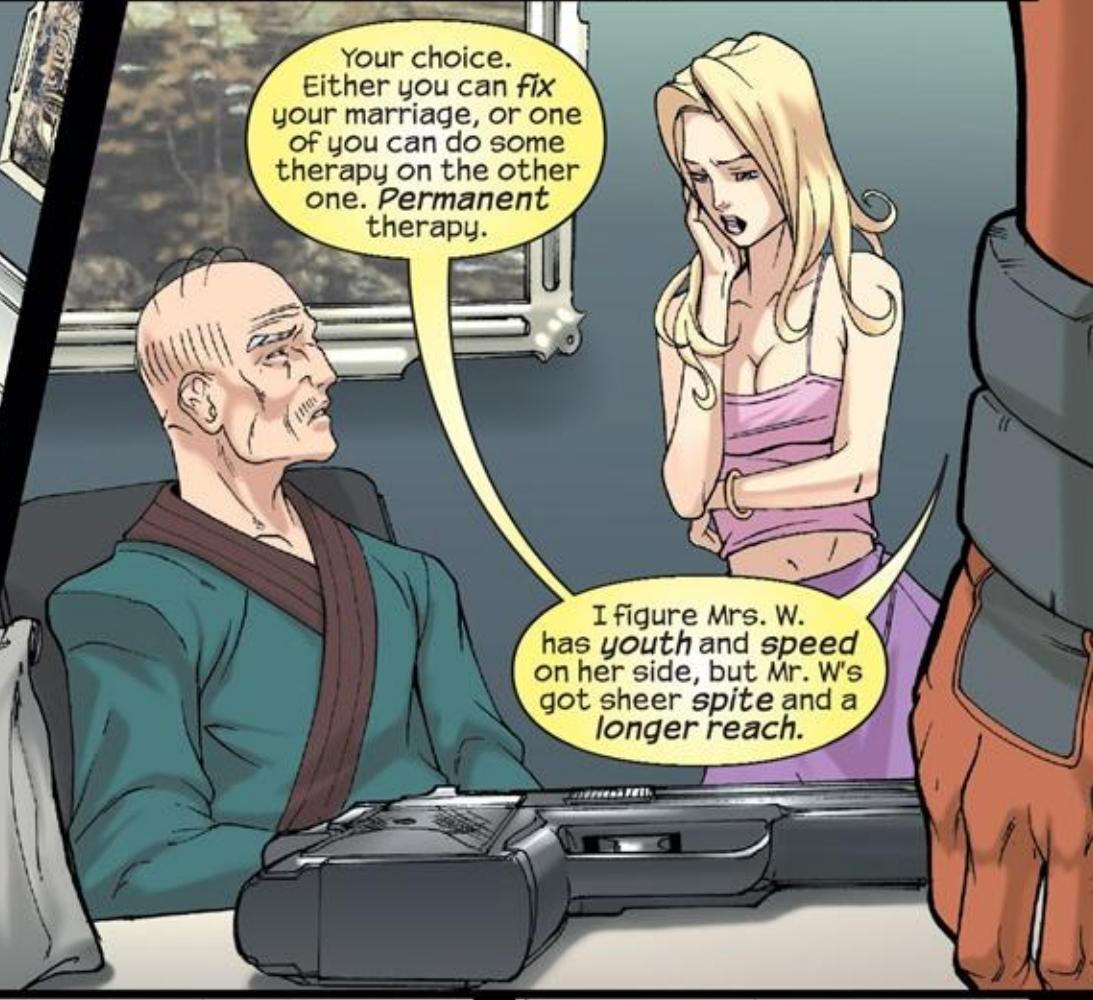
Help
meeeeeeeeeee!

Soon, back at
Mr. Whittaker's
penthouse ...

My husband has
most of the **money**.
The most I can get is
750,000 dollars.
However...

... if you forget
about the **horn**,
here's what **else**
I'll throw in:
whisper whisper
whisper?







But what fun
would *that* be?

NEXT ISSUE:

THE MOST UNLIKELY TEAM-UP OF ALL!