

MARVEL®  
COMICS



DEADPOOL

FEB '97 2

# DEAD POOL

CUTTING  
CLASS...

...at  
NINJA  
HIGH!

APPROVED  
BY THE  
COMICS  
CODE  
A

EMC®  
HARM®  
LIQUID!

# EVERYTHING YOU NEED TO KNOW

1.



Meet Wade Wilson, a.k.a. Deadpool!

2.

Imbued with an artificial derivative of Wolverine's healing factor, Deadpool can heal almost any wound. Embittered by his life experiences, he has chosen to pursue the life of a mercenary.



3.



Deadpool has only two known confidants: his pal (and arms supplier) **Weasel**, and his prisoner/roommate, **Blind Alfred**. As her name suggests, Al is blind, but that never stops her from setting Deadpool straight. 'Pool also has a thing for the lovely **Siryn** of **X-Force**.



4.

Last time, Deadpool was hired by **Noah** and **Zoe**, representatives of the intergalactic holding company, **Landau, Luckman & Lake**.



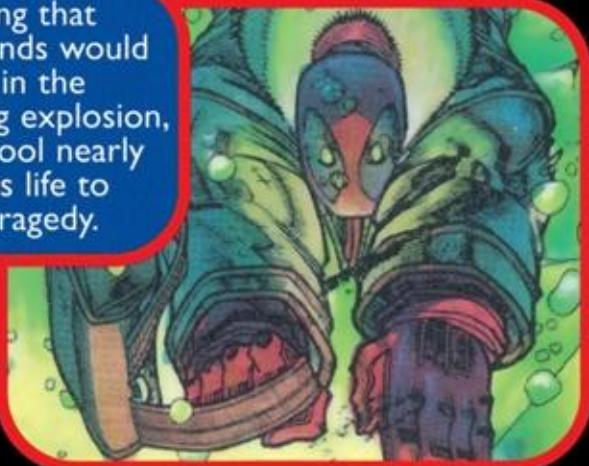
5.

Deadpool's mission to destroy a **gamma radiation research facility** brought him into conflict with **Walter Langkowski**, a.k.a. **Sasquatch**. The ensuing battle caused the gamma core to melt down.



6.

Realizing that thousands would perish in the ensuing explosion, Deadpool nearly gave his life to avert tragedy.



7.

Once healed of his wounds, Deadpool came looking for answers. Noah and Zoe revealed that the mission was a test designed to see if, below his tough exterior, there might beat the heart of a hero.



8.

Unable to confront his inner feelings, Deadpool rejected their offer to work for Landau, Luckman & Lake, his journey towards inner peace still unfulfilled.



9.

Which brings us to the present...

STAN LEE PRESENTS:

# OPERATION: RESCUE THAT WACKY DOCTOR'S GAME!

A JOEKELLY/ED  
MCGUINNESS/NATHAN  
MASSENGILL/NORMAN  
LEE/RS/COMICRAFT  
EM/CHRISLICHTNER  
DIGITAL CHAMELEON  
MATTIDELSONIN  
SPITEOFBOBKHARRAS  
PRODUCTION!

WESTCHESTER,  
NEW YORK.

THE XAVIER INSTITUTE  
FOR HIGHER LEARNING.

Y'KNOW,  
CAMPING  
OUTSIDE OF  
SOMEONE'S WINDOW  
JUST TO WATCH THEM  
SLEEP USED TO BE  
CONSIDERED  
ROMANTIC --

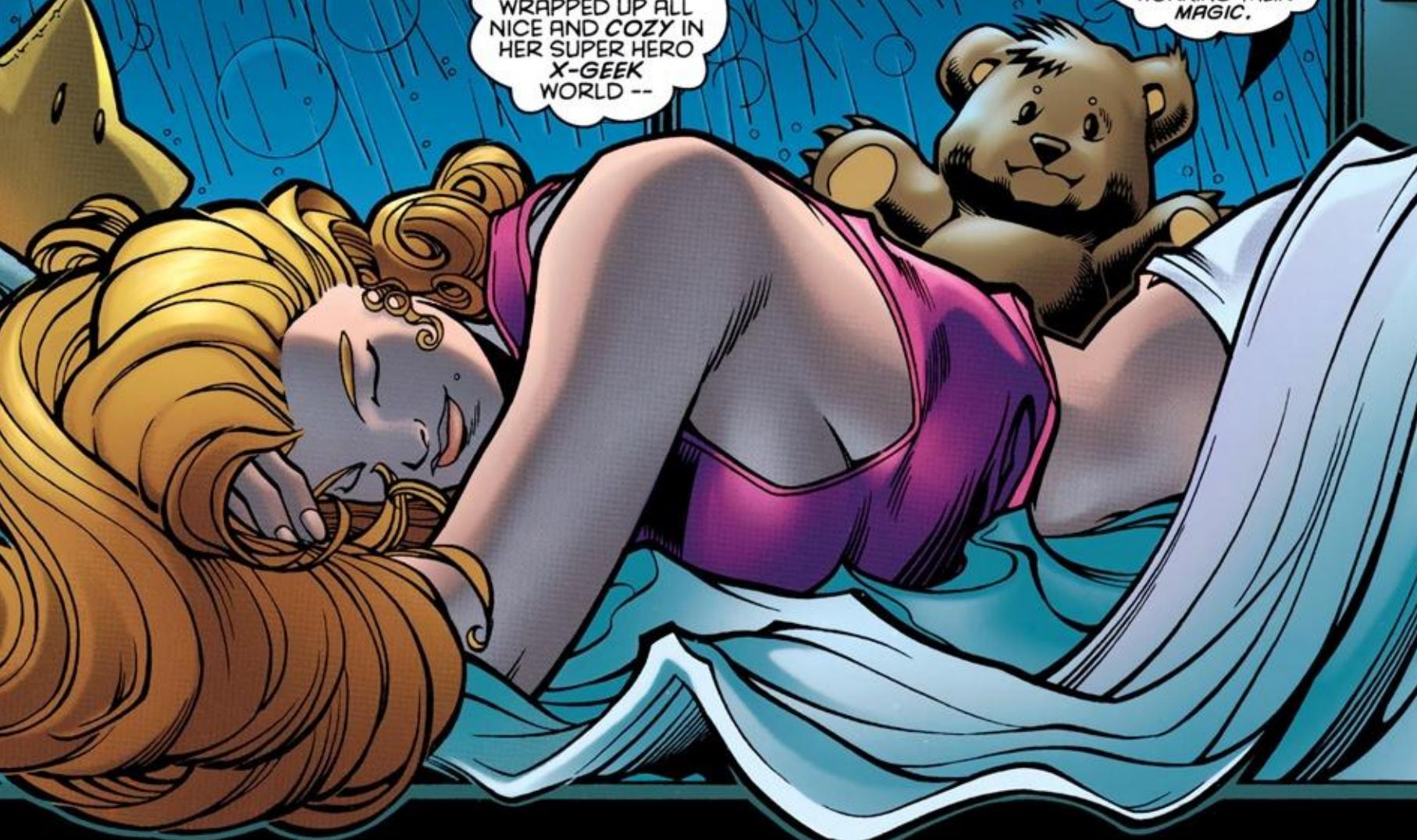
-- BUT  
TODAY IT'S  
CALLED "STALKING"  
AND GENERALLY  
CONSIDERED  
TRESPASSE.

THOUGH  
THE TERM  
"STALKING"  
DOES HAVE A  
CERTAIN BYRONIC  
FLAVOR TO  
IT...

AW,  
WHAT'S THE  
POINT? SIRYN'S  
WRAPPED UP ALL  
NICE AND COZY IN  
HER SUPER HERO  
X-GEEK  
WORLD --

-- WHILE  
I GIVE MYSELF  
BUTT CRAMPS  
DOING THE PERCH  
IN THE BIRCH,  
TRYING TO REMEMBER  
EXACTLY WHEN I  
STOPPED HAVING  
A LIFE.

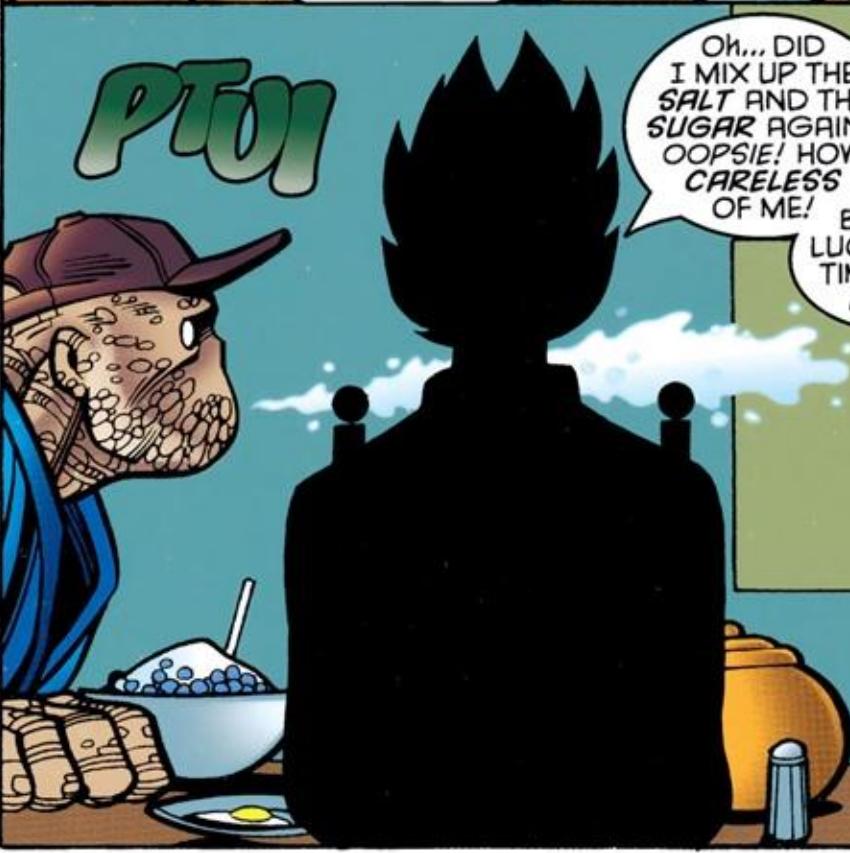
GEE,  
THOSE TONY  
ROBBINS SELF-  
ESTEEM TAPES AL GOT  
ME FOR CHRISTMAS  
LAST YEAR SURE ARE  
WORKING THEIR  
MAGIC.

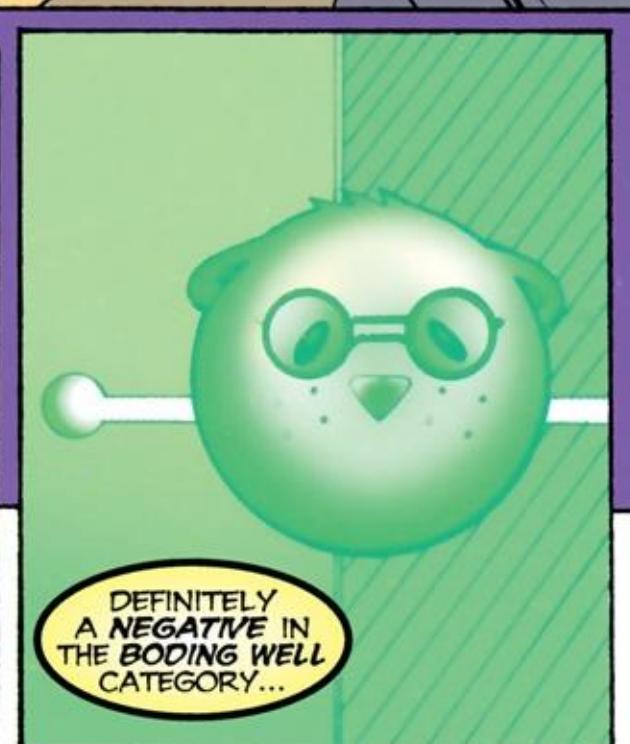
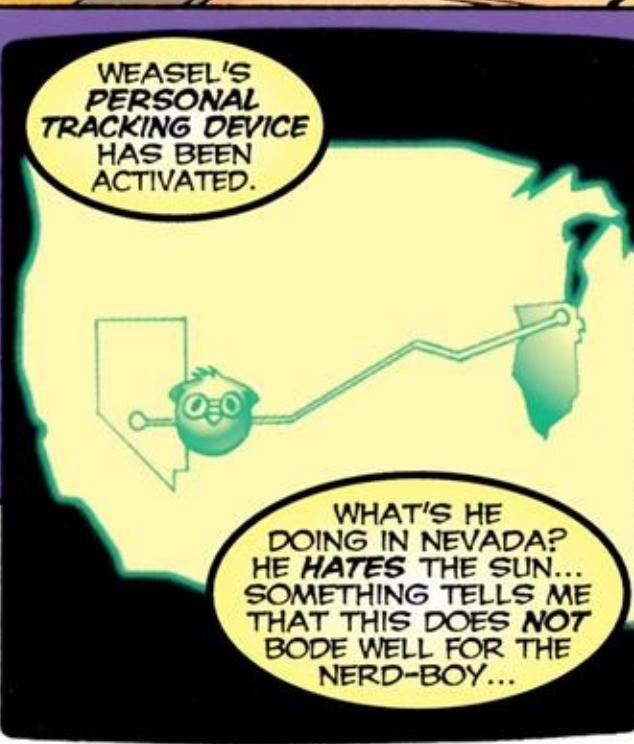


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NEVADA. HIGH NOON IN A NEFAIRIOUS INSTALLATION FEW BELIEVE EXISTS...

...AND EVEN FEWER LIVE TO TALK ABOUT.

THE GARROTE IS A WEAPON OF STEALTH, TRUE --

-- BUT NO ONE IN THEIR RIGHT MIND WOULD TRY TO STRANGLE A MAN AT FULL STRENGTH.

THAT'S FOR THE MOVIES, MY HUMBLE PUPILS.

UNGHH

AH, ONE OF YOUR LESS STELLAR CLASSMATES HAS VOLUNTEERED TO ILLUSTRATE MY POINT --

-- CRUSHED WINDPIPE.  
SON, CONSIDER THIS AN F. CLASS DISMISSED.

SIR... THERE'S... THERE'S A PROBLEM.



ZOOM BOEEP BOEEP

WEASEL ONLY ACTIVATES THIS BEACON DOO-HICKEY IF HE'S IN TROUBLE, SO I HAVE TO ASSUME THAT THIS AIN'T NO VACATION.

GOOD THING HE'S SUCH A PARANOID PUPPY, OR I NEVER WOULD HAVE TRACKED HIM DOWN.

I WONDER IF THIS HAS ANYTHING TO DO WITH THE WAY I TREAT HIM... NAH. PROBABLY SOMETHIN' HIS MAMA DID.

WHOEVER SNATCHED HIM DID A TEXTBOOK JOB OF COVERING THEIR TRACKS --

-- BUT IT WAS DARN INCONSIDERATE OF THEM TO PICK A HIDEOUT WITHOUT ANY PLACES FOR ME TO ACTUALLY HIDE.

LESSEE HERE... SWANKY DIGS... YER BASIC IMPENETRABLE FORTRESS --

AN INTRUDER!  
**GET HIM!**

PKOW  
PKOW  
PKOW

-- POPULATED WITH YER BASIC ALL-PURPOSE IDJITS. WHAT A SURPRISE.

WELL, AS THEY SAY AT THE OLYMPICS --

-- LET THE PAINS BEGIN!





YOU!  
BREATHING  
IMPAIRED! COME  
HERE!

MY  
PATIENCE IS  
AS THIN AS THE  
MEMBRANE BETWEEN  
YOUR SINUSES  
AND YOUR  
BRAIN.

TELL ME  
WHERE WEASEL  
IS OR WE'LL TEST  
THE LIMITS OF  
BOTH.

SUCH  
LOYALTY FROM  
ONE SO  
SIMPLE...

Huh?

AMUSING.  
IT IS A  
TRAIT ONE FINDS  
IN WELL BRED  
DOGS.

I HAVE  
THE ONE CALLED  
WEASEL! IF YOU  
HAVE THE METTLE  
TO RETRIEVE MY  
GUEST, THEN BY  
ALL MEANS --

-- THE  
**TASKMASTER**  
INVITES YOU... TO  
COME AND GET  
HIM!



HURK.

SO THIS IS  
WHAT IT FEELS  
LIKE TO HOLD  
ONE'S GUTS  
IN...JOY.

HOW DID HE NAIL ME  
SO QUICK OFF  
THE BAT? NO ONE  
SHIMMIES AND  
SHAKES LIKE  
THAT --!

AU  
CONTRAIRE,  
DEADPOOL... YOU  
"SHIMMY" LIKE  
THAT.

I ABSORBED  
YOUR REPERTOIRE  
OF PHYSICAL BEHAVIORS  
WHILE WATCHING YOUR  
SKIRMISH WITH MY  
STUDENTS.

YOU  
MIMICKED MY  
DANCE STEPS  
FROM WATCHING  
ONE FIGHT?  
WHAT... ARE  
YOU?

WELCOME  
TO THE WORLD  
OF PHOTOGRAPHIC  
REFLEXES. ANY MOVE  
I WITNESS  
AUTOMATICALLY  
BECOMES MY  
OWN.

SHALL WE  
CONTINUE? WE  
HAVE SO MUCH  
PUNISHMENT TO  
EXPLORE  
TOGETHER.

WANNA  
SLICE THAT SMIRK  
OFF HIS FACE, BUT MY  
LEFT LUNG FEELS LIKE  
IT'S BEEN THROUGH A  
CUISINART!

SH  
HK

WHY HASN'T  
MY HEALING  
FACTOR KICKED  
IN YET?

ARE YOU  
READY FOR A  
DISSERTATION  
ON PAIN,  
CHUMP?

OPEN  
YOUR TEXT-  
BOOKS TO  
CHAPTER  
ONE --

"BOWEL  
EVISCERATION  
AND YOU!"

THAT  
SOUNDS  
MARVELOUS...  
BUT SOME-  
HOW --



WADE?  
WADE, WAKE UP.

CINDY..?

I'M JUST FITTING RICHARD INTO THE GUILLOTINE. NOW HE'LL NEVER DEFILE YOU AGAIN --

RISE AND SHINE, MUFFIN.

REALITY CHECK... YOU'RE NOT CINDY... THESE CHAINS ARE REAL... AND I HAVE THE WHOLE CAST OF "STOMP" PERFORMING ON MY SKULL.. WHAT HAPPENED?

TASKMASTER NAILED YOU WITH A CONCUSSIVE BLAST, POINT BLANK. HEADACHE EXPRESS, BUT NO LEAD.

HOW PRECIOUS.  
I'LL HAVE TO REMEMBER  
TO SEND HIM A FRUIT BASKET.

WHAT ABOUT YOU,  
WEASEL? I THOUGHT  
YOU WERE DEAD!

DEAD?  
Heh-heh...  
DEAD? NO. WHY WOULD YOU THINK THAT?

YOUR HOMING BEACON BLITZED OUT, DUDE. THAT'S ONLY SUPPOSED TO HAPPEN IF YER TICKER BREAKS DOWN.

PARDON?

YEAH...  
WELL... OR  
IF I... Y'KNOW...  
SHUT THE BEACON OFF ON PURPOSE.



TENDING  
YOUR RESIGNATION,  
Mr. WEASEL?

WELL...  
I-I DON'T  
KNOW --

LET'S  
SEE IF WE  
CAN'T EXPEDITE  
YOUR DECISION.  
MAKING  
PROCESS.  
COME  
ALONG,  
**GENTLEMEN.**  
THE CLASS BELL  
IS ABOUT TO  
RING.

MINUTES LATER...  
IN THE DEN OF  
AGONY KNOWN  
ONLY AS --

**LECTURE  
HALL ONE.**

MY PUPILS!  
Mr. DEADPOOL  
HAS GRACIOUSLY  
VOLUNTEERED TO  
EXPIRE FOR YOUR  
EDUCATION!

WELL,  
I'VE ALWAYS  
BEEN A STRONG  
PROONENT  
OF HIGHER  
EDUCATION...

NOT  
ONLY WILL WE  
BENEFIT FROM HIS  
DEMISE IN AN  
**ACADEMIC**  
SENSE --

-- BUT  
WE WILL ALSO  
SECURE THE SERVICES  
OF OUR TREASURED  
GUEST, Mr. WEASEL,  
ONCE AND  
FOR ALL!







