

MARVEL  
NOW!

THEN!

# DEADPOOL



Possibly the world's most skilled mercenary, definitely the world's most annoying, Wade Wilson was chosen for a top-secret government program that gave him a healing factor allowing him to heal from any wound. Now, Wade makes his way as a gun for hire, shooting his prey's faces off while talking his friends' ears off. Call him the Merc with the Mouth...call him the Regeneratin' Degenerate...call him...**DEADPOOL.**

From the desk of  
Jordan D. White  
c/o Marvel Comics  
135 W. 50th St.  
New York, NY 10020

Hey there, Deadpool Fans!

It's an exciting time to be reading Deadpool, I know! He's finally taken out all those evil resurrected presidents only to discover that the consciousness of his recently deceased friend, Agent Preston of S.H.I.E.L.D., lives on inside his head! How crazy is that? I bet you can't wait to jump right in to that storyline, see the kooky buddy-comedy styling of a no-nonsense S.H.I.E.L.D. agent/family woman trying to play mental roommate to the Merc with the Mouth!

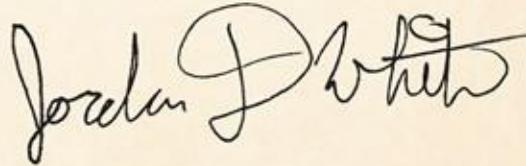
Well, that's not going to be in this issue.

Hey, man—get off our backs! Making comics is harder than it looks! It takes a lot of time, and this issue is only coming out TWO WEEKS after issue six did! You think we can make a whole comic in two weeks? No way. It's just too hard, and believe me—I tried everything. I tried threatening to fire the whole creative team. I tried cooing to them how they are the best in the business. I tried bribing them with special deliveries of gourmet fresh fried cheeses. Nothing worked. I was certain I would blow the print date and be drummed out of the business...until my salvation came to me from the pages of yesteryear: an inventory story!

That's right—back in the old days of the comics industry when an emergency blew up the schedule and it was clear the intended book would not be ready, they would run what they called an "inventory issue"—a special issue that was written, drawn, and then filed away, ready to print at a moment's notice. We don't really DO inventory stories anymore...but fortunately, WAAAAAY at the back of a filing cabinet I was able to find one inventory Deadpool issue that was never printed. We're not sure the exact date it was created (sometime in the late '70s/early '80s is my best guess) but even though it was completely written, drawn, colored, and lettered back in yesteryear, I don't think you will even notice a difference.

And worry not, Agent Preston fans! Next issue we'll be right back in the NOW! with Deadpool getting in touch with his feminine side...

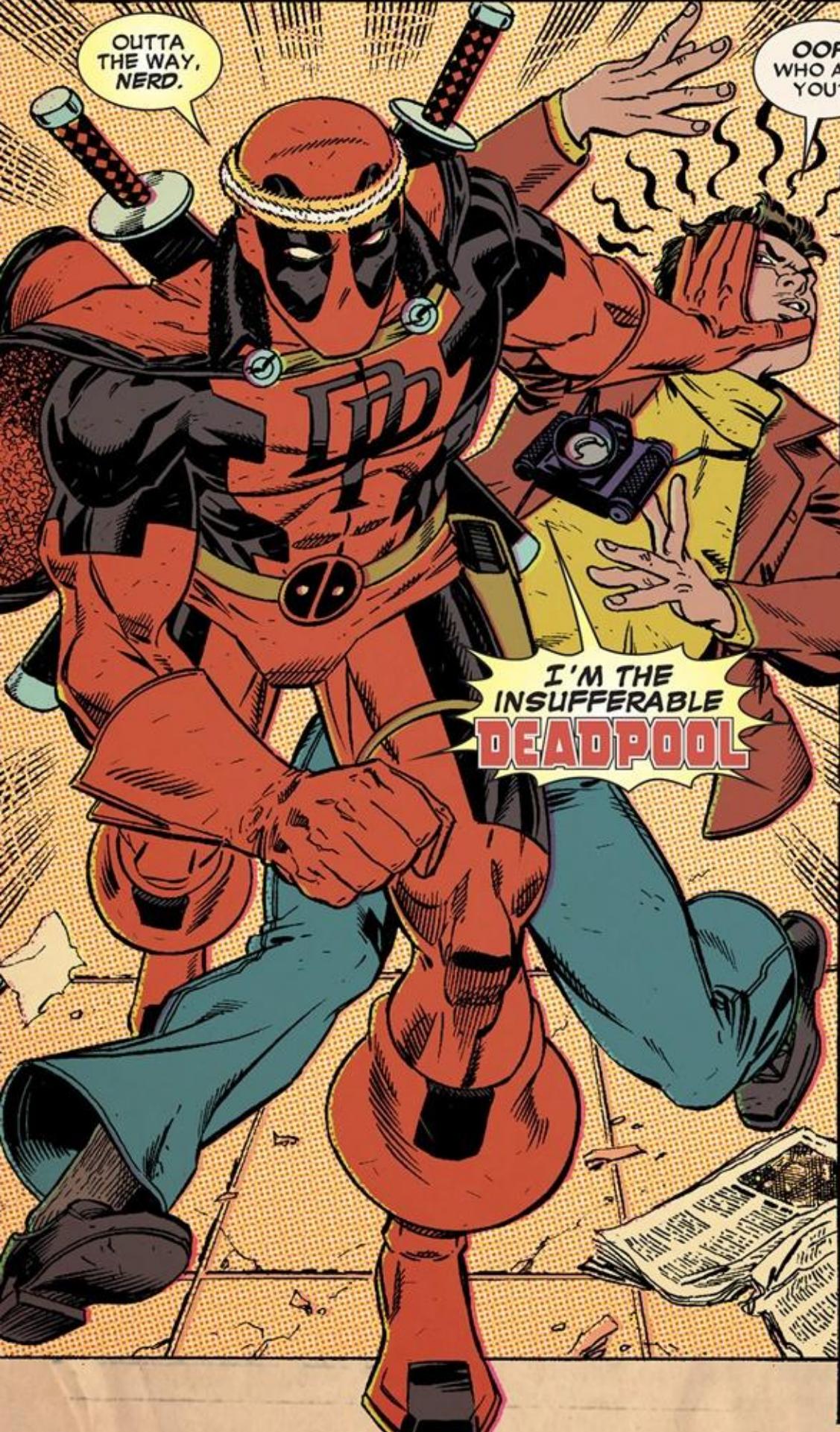
Be seeing you!



## A LONG TIME AGO,

AT THE END OF THE BRONZE AGE OF COMICS.

...OBVIOUSLY,  
THE VULTURE COULDN'T  
HAVE PICKED A WORSE  
NIGHT TO CRASH DOWN  
INTO HARLEM. THAT STORY  
IS UNPUBLISHABLE.THERE'S THE  
THING ABOUT PENN  
STATE, BUT I'M HAVING  
TROUBLE FINDING A  
SECOND SOURCE...LET'S SEE...  
WHAT ELSE? TONY  
STARK IS MAKING  
HIMSELF A  
BIG STORY.WHAT ABOUT  
STARK?  
THE MAN'S  
BEEN ACTING LIKE  
RICHARD PRYOR.A BIT CLOSER  
TO HOME: I HEARD SOME  
RUMBLINGS ABOUT GRAFT  
AND ILLEGAL WEAPONS  
MANUFACTURING AT  
OSCORP.STARK INTERNATIONAL'S STOCK HAS BEEN  
IN THE TOILET, AND THE COMPANY IS  
CURRENTLY THE TARGET OF A HOSTILE  
TAKEOVER FROM OBADIAH  
STANE.NOW THE  
COPS IN CALIFORNIA  
LIKE STARK FOR  
MURDER.THIS COULD  
BE BIG. OSCORP.  
SOMEBODY SHOULD  
LOOK INTO IT.WHAT  
DO YOU THINK,  
BEN?THERE ARE  
SOME RUMORS THAT  
STARK MIGHT HAVE A  
PROBLEM HOLDING  
HIS LIQUOR.RUN THESE,  
DUBOWSKY.GOTCHA,  
BOSS.WHEN WE  
SPIT-BALL STORIES,  
DO YOU GUYS EVEN  
LISTEN TO ME?HAVE YOU  
EVER LISTENED  
TO ME?I HAVE NO INTEREST IN KICKING A MAN WHILE  
HE'S DOWN...IF STARK'S GOT A DRINKING PROBLEM,  
LET THE RAGS DEAL WITH IT. I WON'T WASTE  
BUGLE INK ON IT.THE CELEBRITY  
STUFF DOES SELL,  
JONAH.GUYS, I HAVE  
A FRONT-PAGER  
FOR YOU: I'M  
SPIDER-MAN.I WAS BITTEN  
BY A RADIOACTIVE  
SPIDER, BELIEVE  
IT OR NOT.GO WITH THE  
VULTURE RACE  
RIOT THING.WHAT A DOG.  
GIVE IT TO NED  
LEEDS.MY UNCLE BEN  
WAS SHOT BECAUSE I DID  
NOTHING TO HELP STOP A CRIME.  
ANYWAY, I GUESS I'VE BEEN BEATING  
MYSELF UP NONSTOP EVER SINCE.PARKER! WHAT ARE YOU DOING  
HERE?! GO GET ME PICTURES  
OF SPIDER-MAN!I'LL GO  
CHANGE INTO MY  
SPIDER-SUIT.AND THE  
LOT OF YOU--GET  
HAIRCUTS!



DON'T  
WORRY ABOUT IT--  
I'M HANDICAPPED  
MENTALLY.



HEY! STOP  
HIM! STOP THAT  
ROBBER!

-COUGH!-



PARKER, ALL  
YOU HAD TO  
DO WAS JUST  
STICK YOUR  
FOOT OUT  
AND TRIP  
HIM.

SORRY, NOT  
MY PROBLEM.



YOU LET  
THAT ROBBER  
GO!

WHERE IS  
IT IN MY JOB  
DESCRIPTION THAT  
I HAVE TO KEEP YOUR  
CAR UN-STOLEN FROM  
THE HANDICAPPED SPOT  
YOU ILLEGALLY  
PARKED IN?

IT'S CALLED  
KARMA, FLASH.  
LOOK IT UP.



OH, NO...  
IT'S HAPPENING  
AGAIN!

DOES THIS  
MEAN UNCLE BEN'S  
GOING TO GET  
SHOT AGAIN?

OR IS  
SOMEONE GOING  
TO SHOOT FLASH?  
...WOULD THAT  
BE SO BAD?

IF ONLY  
SPIDER-MAN  
WERE HERE!

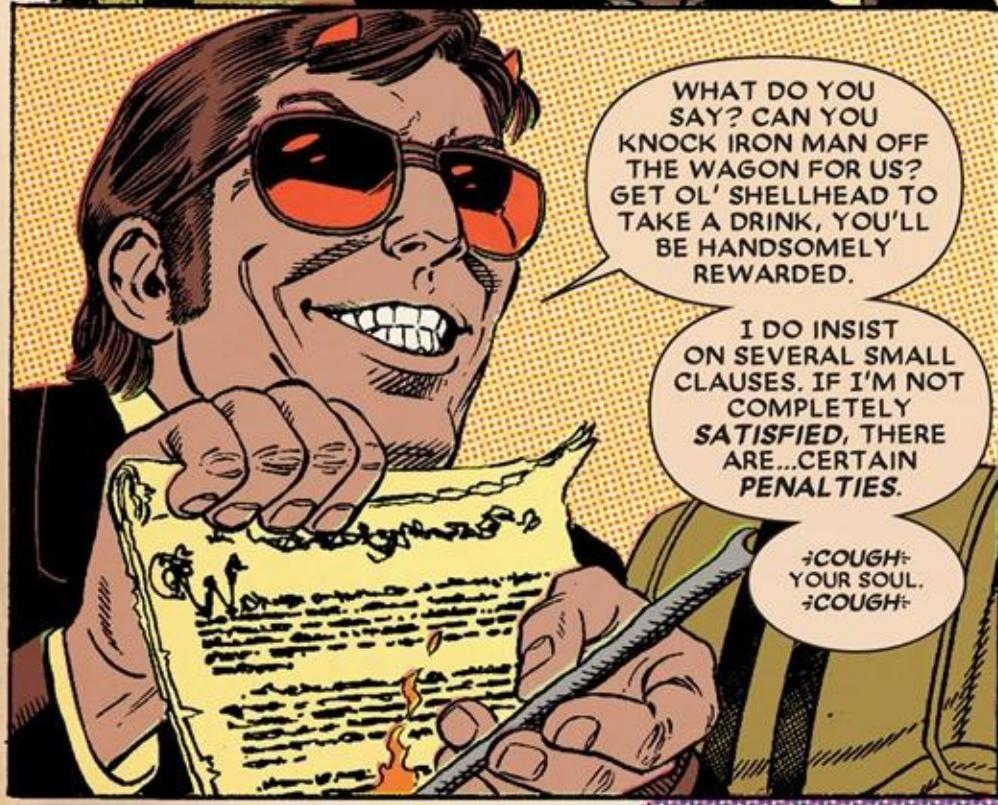
HE IS HERE,  
FLASH.

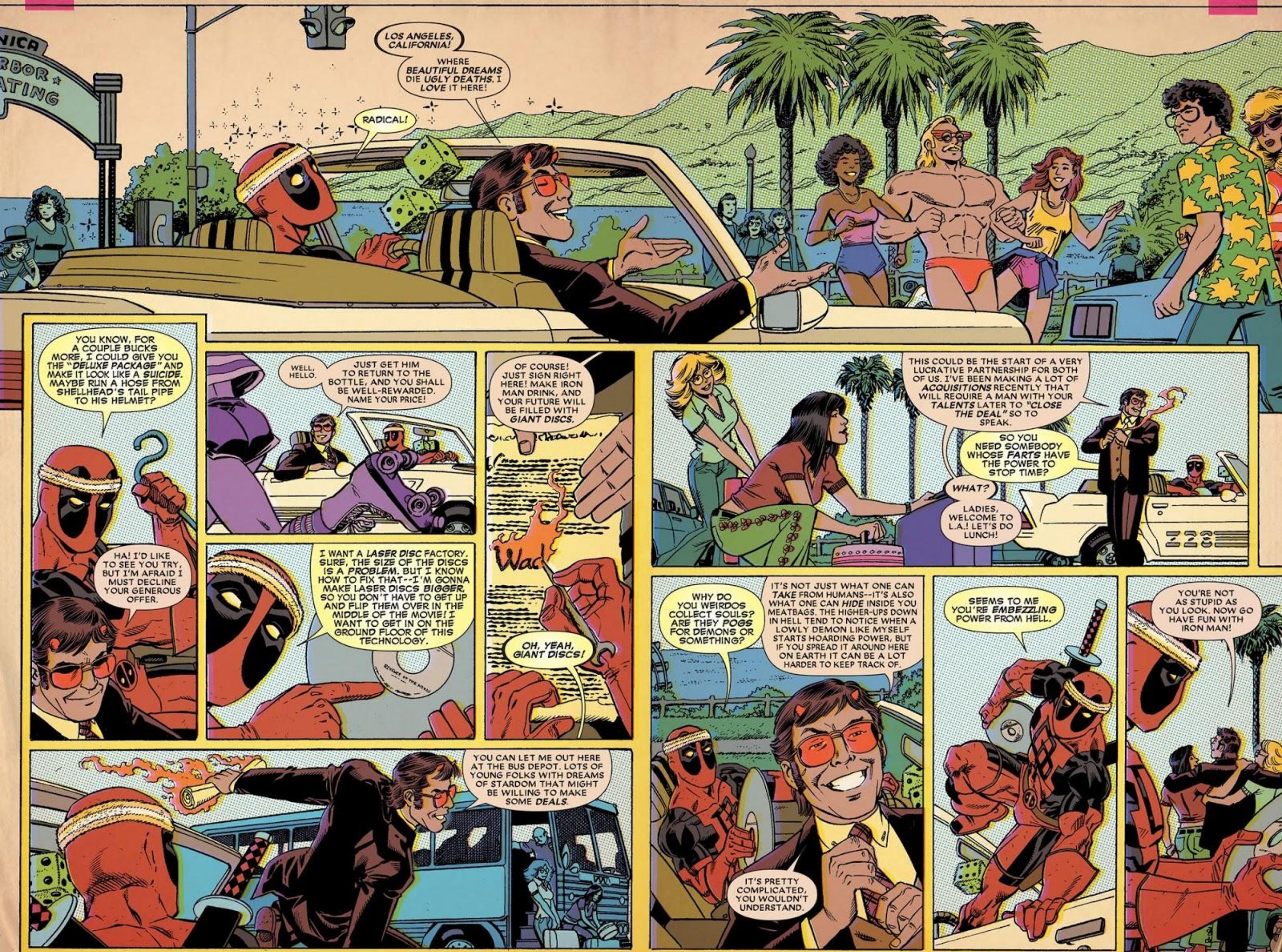
SHUT UP,  
PARKER!

OKAY.



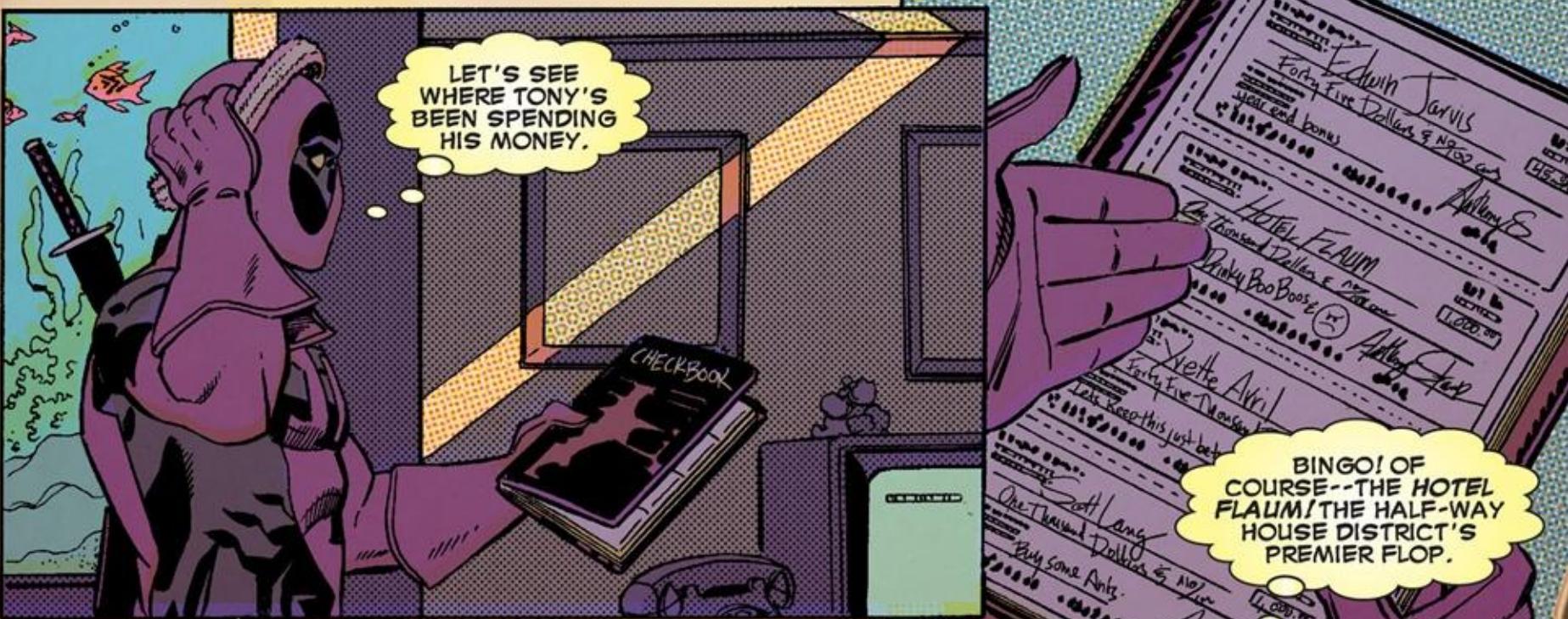
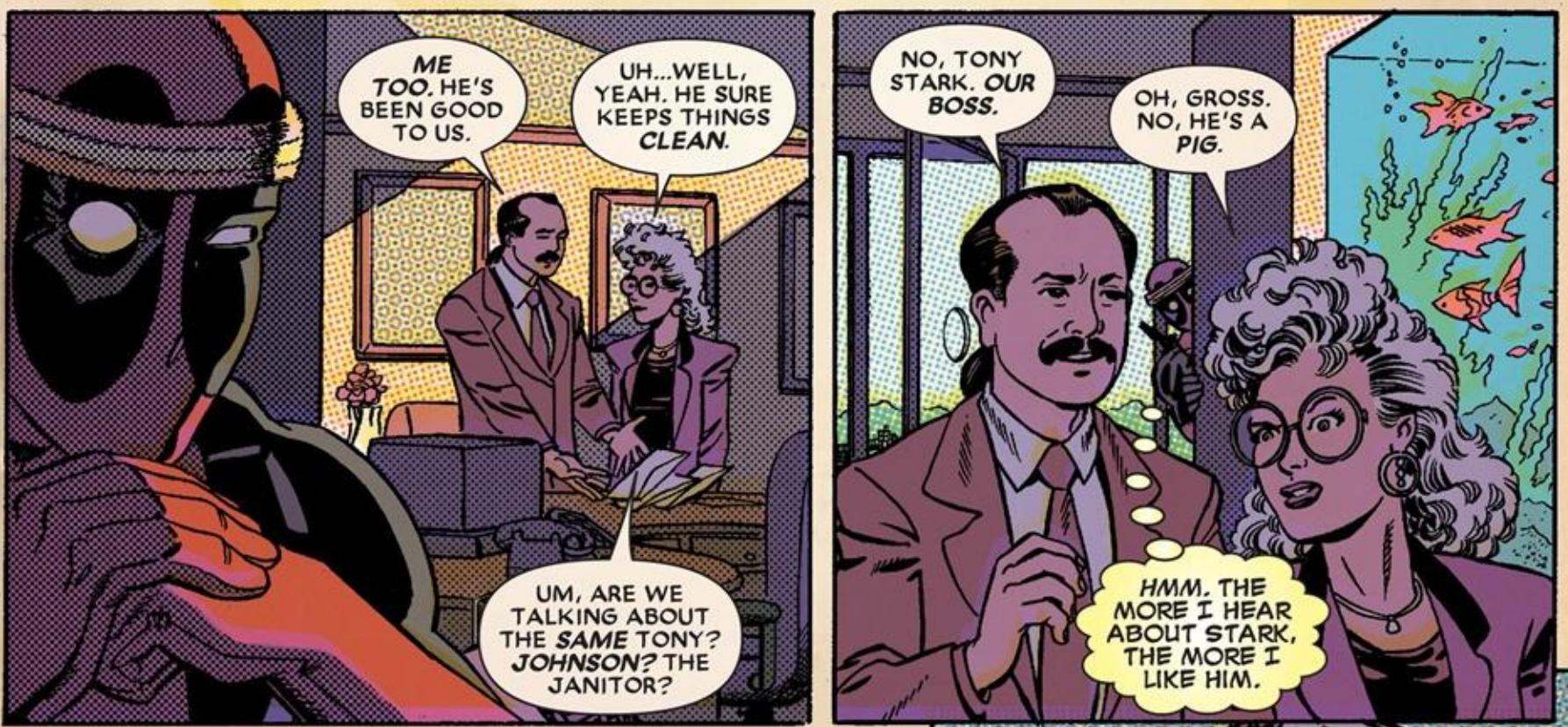
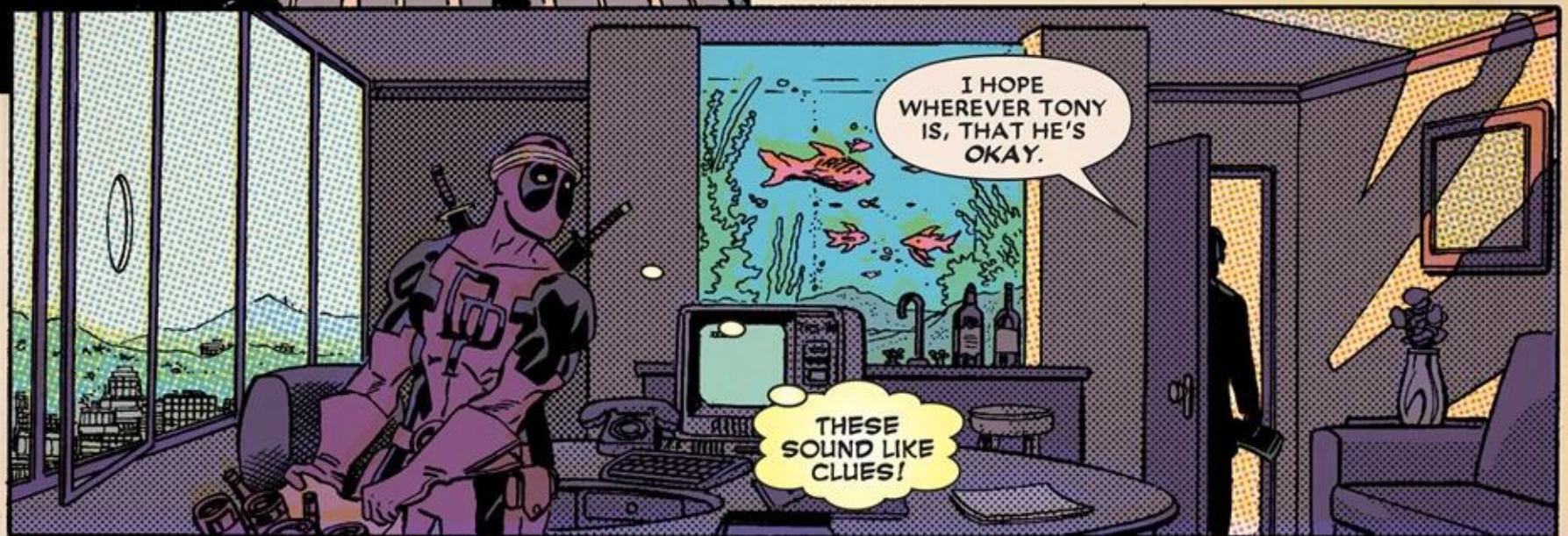






# DEADPOOL IN "LIQUOR? I HARDLY KNOW HER!"





**THE HOTEL FLAUM,**  
A FLOPHOUSE IN LOS ANGELES,  
A SHORT TIME LATER...

EVEN MY  
FAVORITE MOVIE  
CAN'T CHEER ME  
UP...



YOU LEFT SOME CLUES.

AH, YES.  
YOU FOUND MY LAIR'S SECRET ENTRANCE.

SO WHAT ARE  
YOU DOING HERE,  
DEADPOOL?

COME  
TO WATCH ME  
SLOWLY FADE  
AWAY?

UH, WELL, I WAS HIRED TO  
DO SOMETHING THAT I'M  
SUDDENLY HAVING SECOND  
THOUGHTS ABOUT. I CAN  
ALMOST HEAR ANOTHER  
VOICE STARTING TO YELL  
IN MY HEAD.

UGH. IS THIS  
WHAT HAVING A  
CONSCIENCE IS  
LIKE?

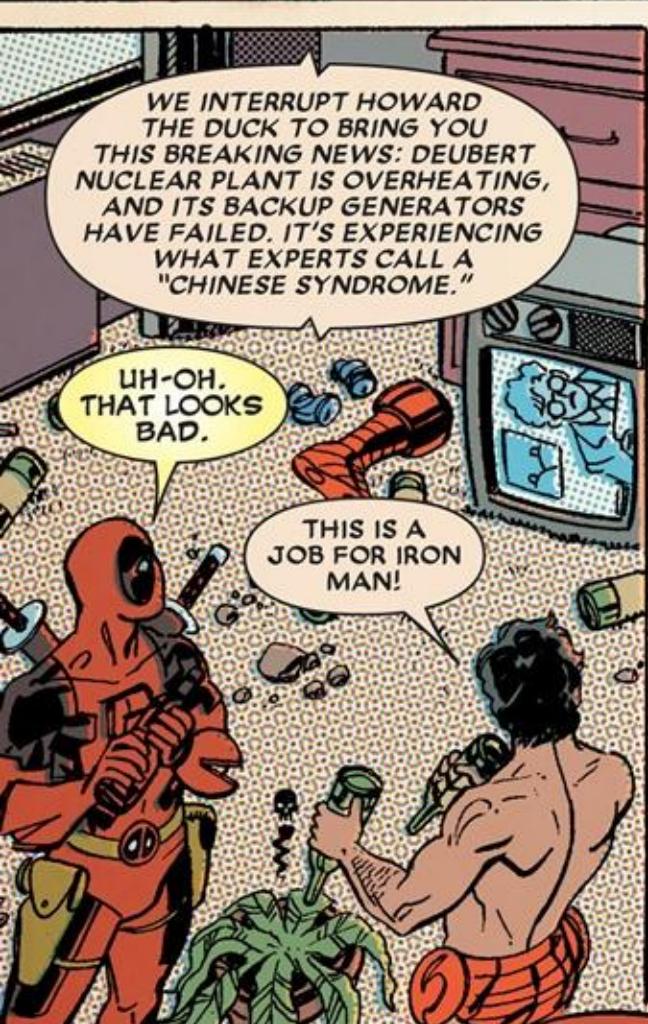
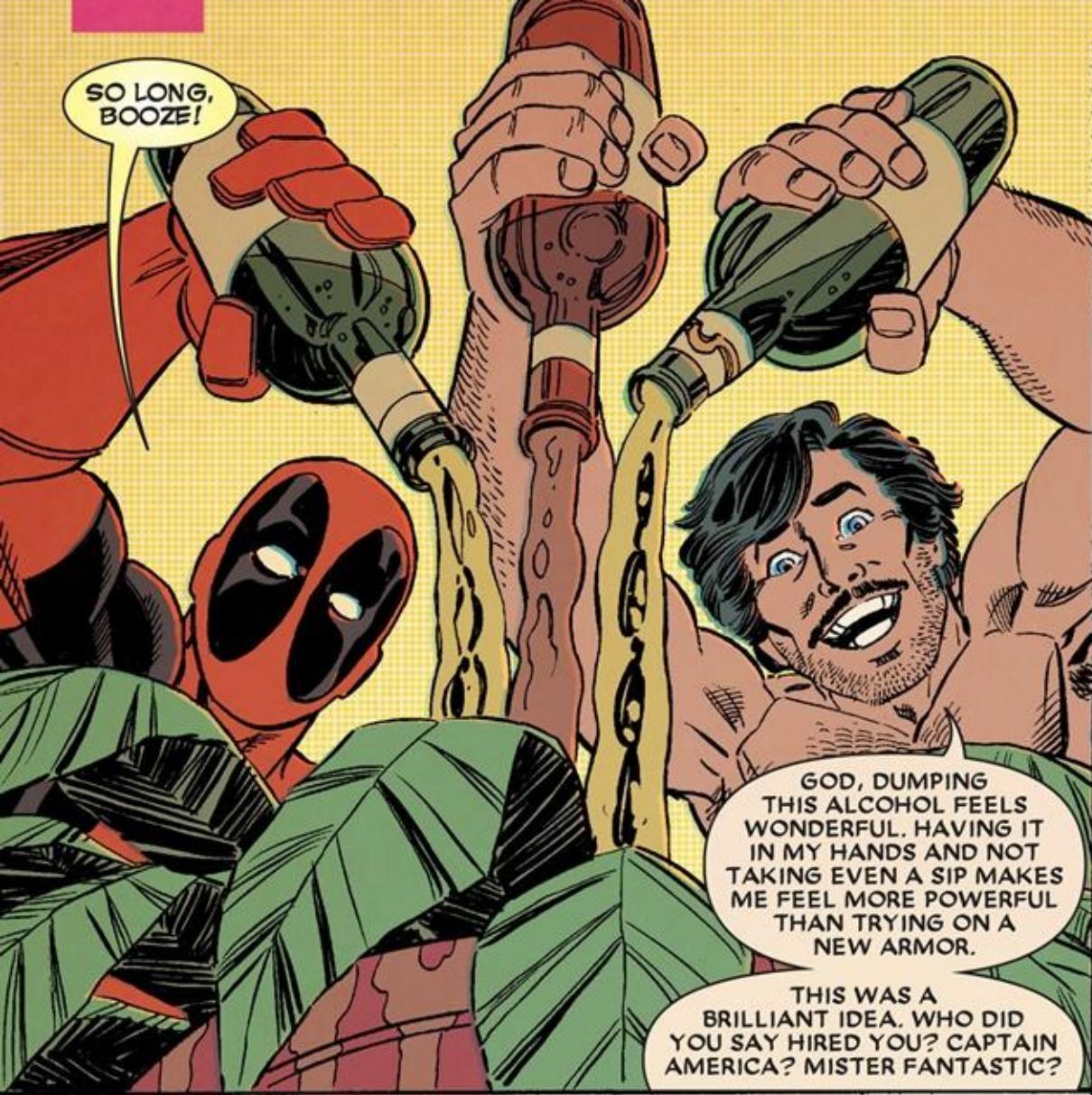
IS THAT...  
ALCOHOL?

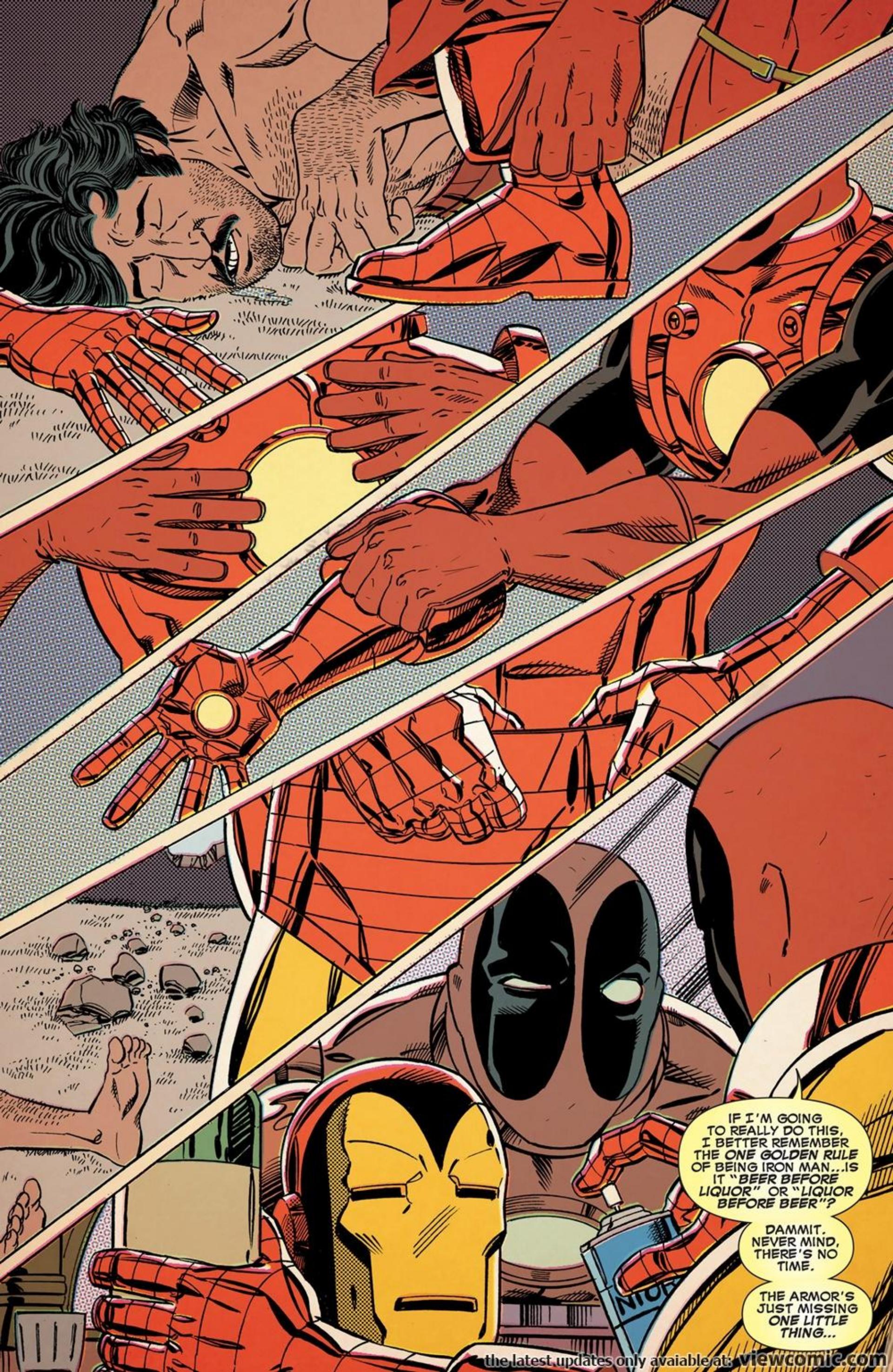
SINK

I THINK  
I'M DEHYDRATED.  
WHAT DAY IS IT?

IT SURE IS! I  
WAS HIRED TO  
BRING THIS BOOZE  
TO IRON MAN...





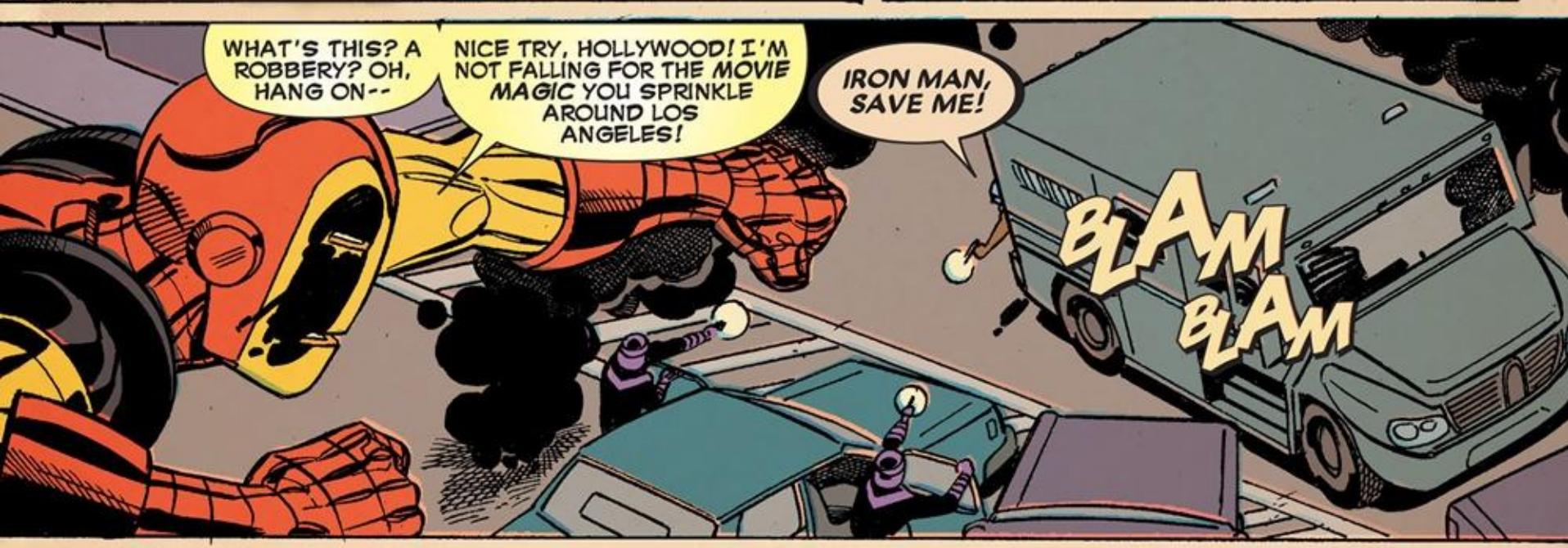


IF I'M GOING  
TO REALLY DO THIS,  
I BETTER REMEMBER  
THE ONE GOLDEN RULE  
OF BEING IRON MAN...IS  
IT "BEER BEFORE  
LIQUOR" OR "LIQUOR  
BEFORE BEER"?

DAMMIT.  
NEVER MIND,  
THERE'S NO  
TIME.

THE ARMOR'S  
JUST MISSING  
ONE LITTLE  
THING...





*WHEEEOOOO  
WHEEEOOOO*



**THE PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY,  
LATER.**

WE'LL BE  
CLEANING UP  
THE OCEAN FOR  
YEARS AFTER  
WHAT YOU  
DID.

OH, YOU'RE  
WELCOME, MY  
LITTLE TONY! AND  
I DIDN'T MIND  
SAVING THE NUKE  
PLANT WHILE YOU  
TOOK A NAP!

I GUESS  
I DID...  
BLACK OUT IN  
THAT HOTEL  
ROOM.

THAT'S  
RIGHT, YOU  
DID BLACK OUT!  
YOU SHOULD  
STOP DOING  
THAT.

**AND SOON...**

HOW DARE  
YOU, DEADPOOL!  
DO YOU KNOW  
WHAT YOU'VE  
DONE?!

YES,  
I LIVED UP TO  
MY END OF THE  
BARGAIN.

WHAT ARE  
YOU TALKING  
ABOUT? STARK  
IS MORE SOBER  
THAN HE EVER  
WAS.

YOU HIRED  
ME TO MAKE  
SURE IRON MAN  
DRANK, AND IRON  
MAN **DID** DRINK--  
I COULD BARELY  
WORK THAT CRAZY  
SUIT I WAS SO  
BUZZED.

IT'S TRUE  
WHAT THEY SAY,  
KIDS. ABUSING  
ALCOHOL IS LIKE BEING  
BITTEN BY A RADIOACTIVE...  
BAD DECISION? OKAY,  
THAT'S NOT THE GREATEST  
ANALOGY, BUT YOU  
GET WHAT I'M  
SAYING.

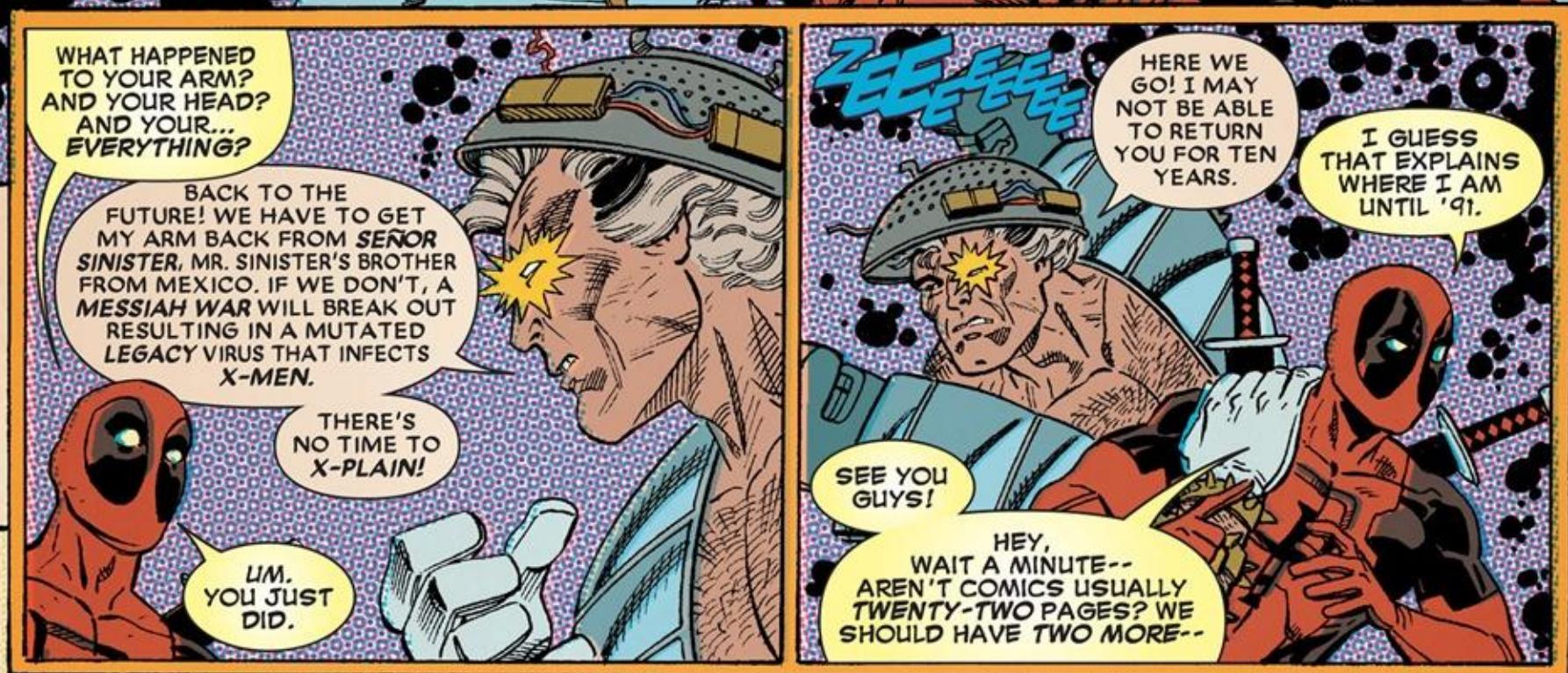
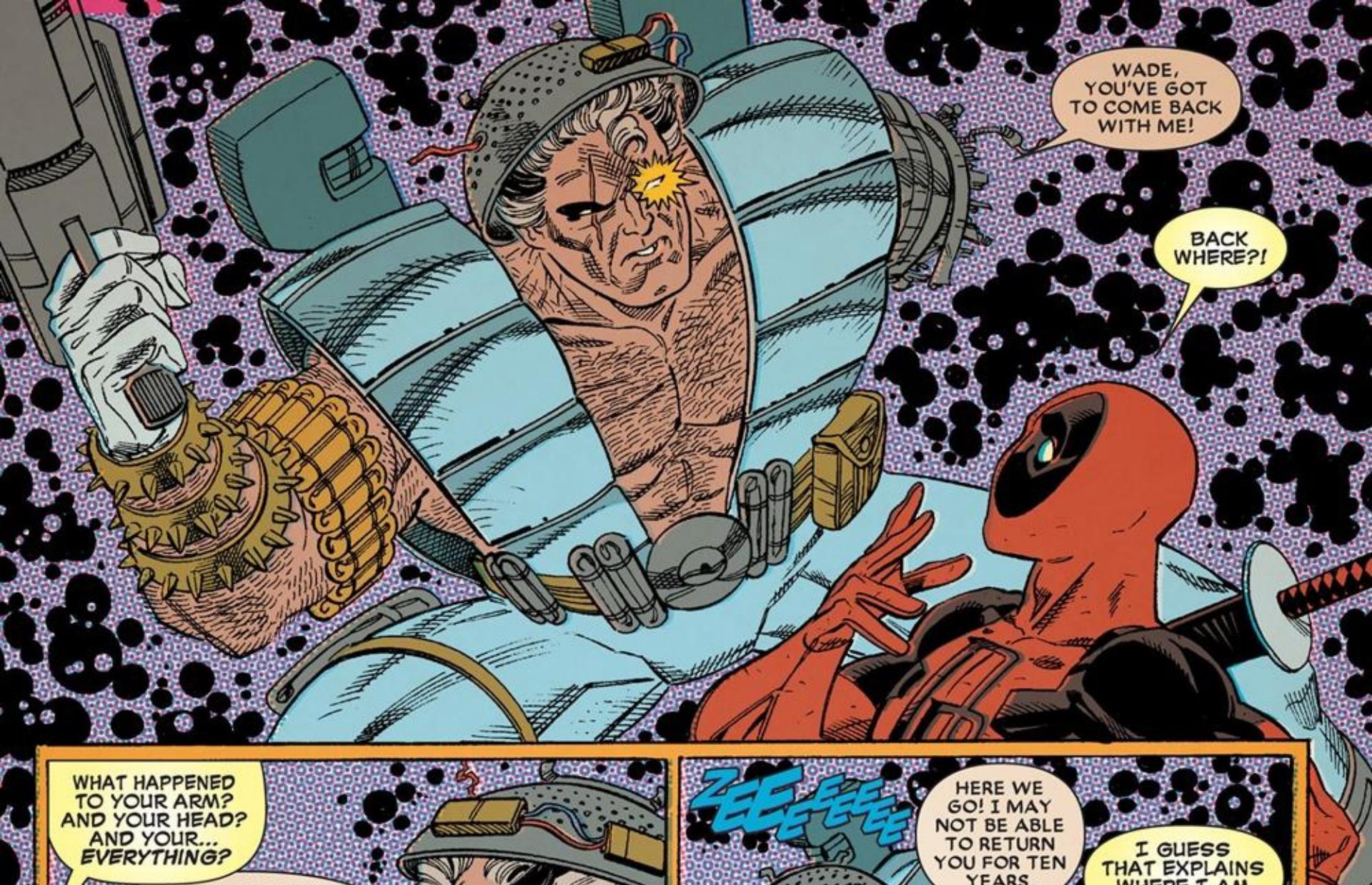
NO, NO,  
WAIT! I WANTED  
STARK TO DRINK,  
OUR CONTRACT  
SHOULD SAY--

OUR CONTRACT  
SAID "IRON MAN,"  
NOT STARK, AND I  
DIDN'T MAKE A BAD  
IRON MAN--EVEN IF  
I WAS DRINKING  
ON THE JOB.

**YETIS!**







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