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SEPT
#32

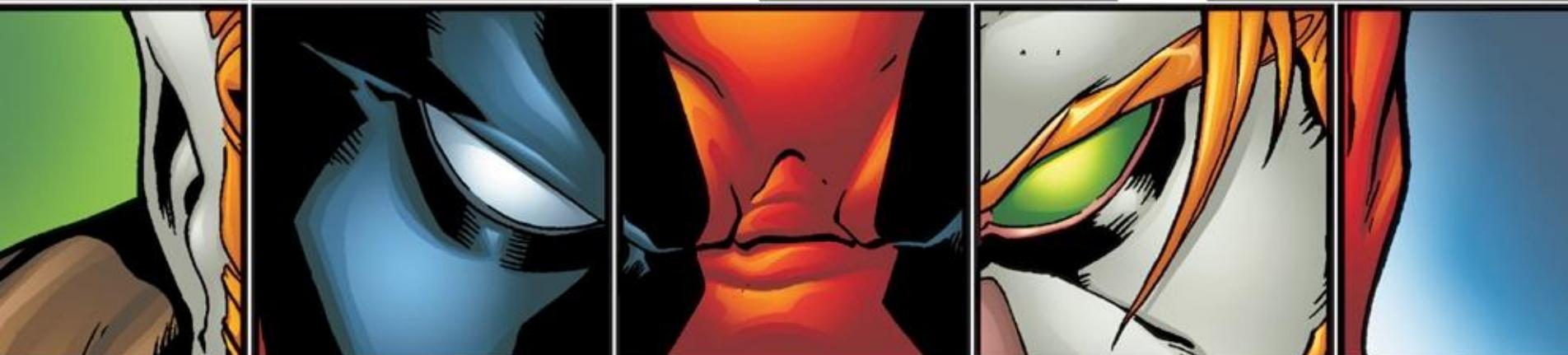
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KELLY
WOODS
PEPOY

WHO IS

DEADPOOL?



TM
TODAY IS
DYING
TO FIND OUT!

FOR A SECOND,
I'M NOT THERE...
AND THEN I'M
EVERYWHERE...

SEEING THINGS...

PAT CRAZ

HEARING THINGS...

THAT I KNOW ARE
NOT FOR ME...

THAT I KNOW
ARE ME.

THINGS THAT WILL
SURELY HAPPEN...

TRUTH...

AND THEN IT'S OVER...
AND I FORGET IT ALL...
ONE NIGHTMARE VISION
REPLACED BY ANOTHER...

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AND I SEE THE MAN WHO KILLED
ME... FIGHTING THE MAN I LOVE.

I SMELL
SHISHKEBAB!

GUESS
WHICH YOU
ARE, FROSTY...
THE MEAT OR
THE STICK?



WO IN
HIMMEL ARE WE,
MERCEDES?

HOME,
ILANEY...

WHERE I WAS
KILLED.

STAN LEE PRESENTS:

**I'M NOT SO
ME AS YOU
THINK
I AM...**

OR

**THE MIDDLE
OF THE END...**

A KELLY/WOODS/SHELANDER/BLANCHARD
COMICRAFT/DIAZ/HARRAS STEW

PLAYING IT STRONG AND **SILENT** FOR A CHANGE, T-RAY? GOOD. YOU'RE A **WEAK** CONVERSATIONALIST, NOT TO MENTION A **HIDEOUS** PARTY PLANNER.

DID I GET A HAND EMBROIDERED INVITE TO THIS SOIREE? NOOOO! YOU YANK ME AND THE MISSUS OUT OF A **TELEPORT BEAM** WITHOUT SO MUCH AS A "BE MY GUEST" --

-- AND DUMP US BACK HERE AT MY OL' HOMESTEAD, WHICH I GUESS WAS SUPPOSED TO MESS WITH MY HEAD...

...BUT IF IT WERE AS SIMPLE AS THAT, T-TOP, I'D HAVE BEEN SCRAMBLED EGGS --

-- WHEN YOU BROUGHT MY HONEY BACK FROM THE GRAVE.

WHICH WAS THOUGHTFUL OF YOU, CONSIDERING I DIDN'T HAVE A DATE... BUT THAT DOESN'T MAKE UP FOR YOUR BIGGEST PARTY FAUX PAS...

SEEING HIM LIKE THIS... THE SHEER BRUTALITY. THE HATRED. SO FAR FROM THE MAN I MARRIED... I DON'T UNDERSTAND THE WORLD.

...IT'S EXTREMELY RUDE TO SPRAY YOUR INTESTINES ALL OVER THE SCENERY --

-- BEFORE YOU'VE SERVED APPETIZERS.

RABBLAMM

UH... WE'VE SECRETLY REPLACED THE SPLEEN AND OTHER SWEETMEATS YOU'D NORMALLY SEE Oozing VITAL BODILY FLUID WITH...

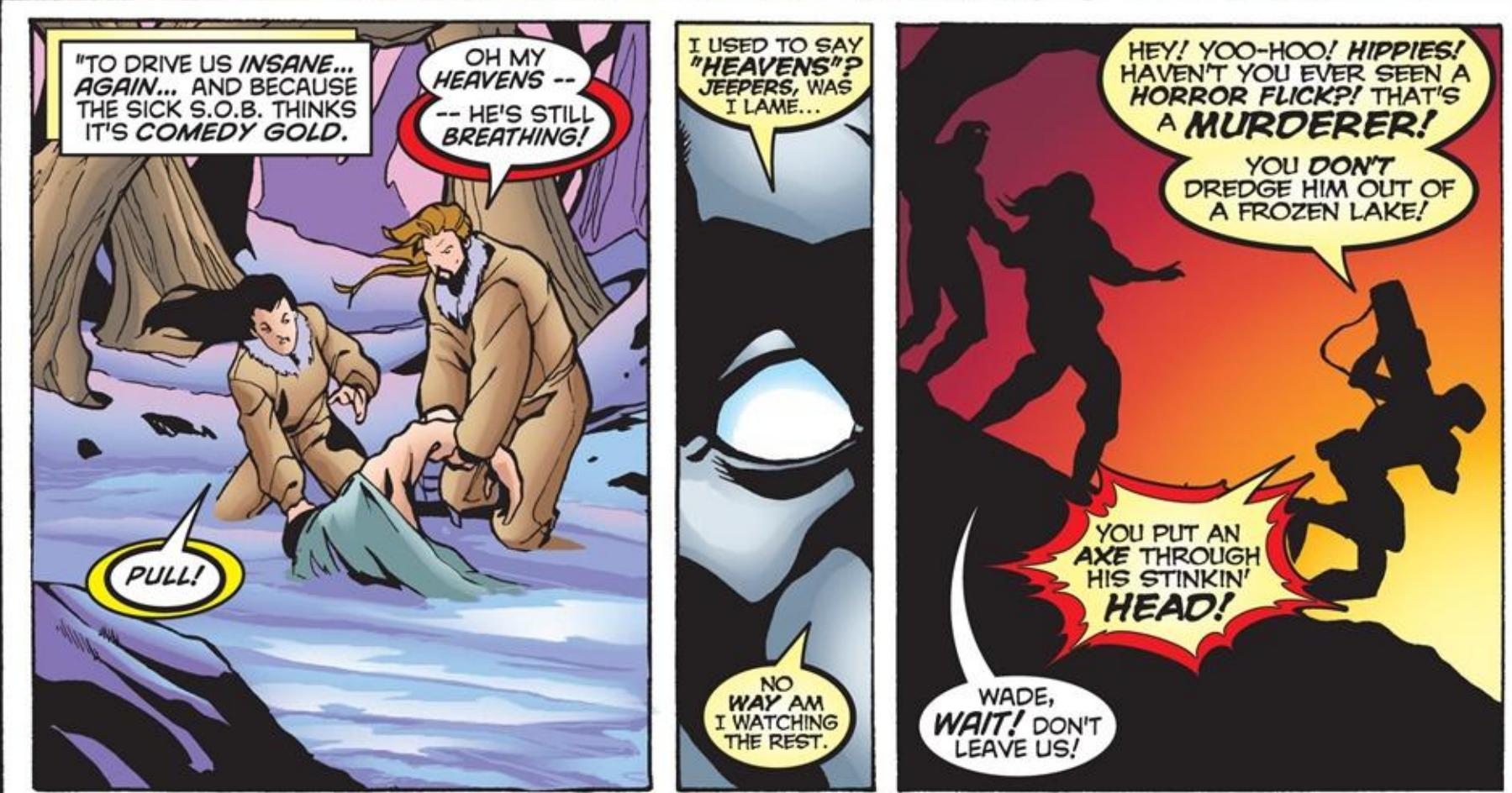
...DIRT AND MAGGOTS.

WHAT GIVES, T-RAY...? YOU ON THAT NEW RICHARD SIMMONS DIAL A DIET THING?

JUST WANTED TO GIVE YOU...
...A SUITABLE... WELCOME...

OH... OF COURSE...
I KNEW THAT.

EXCUSE ME, HERR DEADPOOL... LOOK.









THIS
LITTLE PIGGY
WENT MAD FROM
THE SOUND OF
HER OWN
SCREAMS.

SHE'S
ALL YOURS,
BOYS.

MERCEDES!
TELL
DEADPOOL --
TELL HIM I
TRIED!

OH MEIN
GOTT!

Laney!

TELL
HIM I
DIDN'T GIVE
UP! TELL
HIM --

CHOMP
CHOMP

NO!
Nooo!

WHY...?
WHY...?

SHE
HAD A
CHOICE. SHE
BLEW IT.

BUT DON'T DESPAIR,
MERCEDES... PIGGY'S
NOT DEAD. NOT YET
ANYWAY.

THEN
WHERE IS
SHE?

YOU'LL KNOW
SOON... BUT
NOW, LET'S TUNE
IN TO YOUR
"HERO..."

WADE?

HUMAN
NATURE. YOU'D
BE AMAZED HOW
OFTEN SOMEONE
THROWS HER
LIFE AWAY FOR PRIDE,
LOVE, MONEY...
EVENTUALLY, YOU
GET NUMB
TO IT.

... STUPID WAND WAVIN' RABBIT,
YANKING HOCUS-POCUS LANCE BURTON
WANNABE, SPF 1000 WARING ALBINO
SORCERER STAYIN' UP LATE WATCHIN'
FANTASY ISLAND RERUNS CAUSE
YOU'RE SO UNINSPIRED YOU NEED
HELP FROM NICK AT NITE TO
FIGURE OUT HOW TO TAKE
ME OUT --

WHERE
ARE YOU,
YOU WALKING
SKID-
MARK?!

NO NEED TO
SHOUT, PUP.
I'M EVERY-
WHERE.

OF
COURSE...
I THOUGHT I
PASSED A SIGN
THAT SAID,
"FISH-BELLY
FABIO THIS
WAY..."

YOU
EVEN GOT THE
BROKEN NOSE
PART RIGHT.
WHAT A
CRAFTSMAN.

YOU'RE
MEAT.

OHHH NO, MR.
MUMMENCHANZ,
NOT THIS
TIME...

I'M NOT
GONNA GET MY
COCONUTS ALL IN A
TWIST AND TAKE A SWING
AT YOU JUST SO YOU
CAN TURN INTO A PILE
OF CIRCUS MIDGETS
AND DISAPPEAR!

YOU
TAKE THE
FIRST --

CRACK

HE BWOKE
MY NODE...
GWEGG BWOKE MY
NODE... AWICE, PULL
AWAY FR'M SAM DUH
BUTCHER AND GWAB
ME AN ICE PACK...

MAGICIANS
NEVER PERFORM
THE SAME TRICKS
MORE THAN ONCE.

NOW PICK
UP STICKS, AND
LET'S ROCK. I'M
READY TO
END THIS.

CHOOSE
YER
WEAPON

RE-HEE-HEEEALLY?
SOMEONE CUE MISTER
WILLIAMS TO HIT IT
WITH THAT OMINOUS
"JAR JAR'S IGNORABLE
END" THEME
MUSIC...

T-RAY'S
READY TO GET
SERIOUS.

BUT BEFORE THE
WHISTLE BLOWS,
YOU PASTY FACED
FREAKSHOW...

IF YOU'VE
HARMED ONE
EYEBROW HAIR
ON THAT WOMAN OF
MINE...

**SKR
POPP**

THEY'LL
WRITE TEXT-
BOOKS ON WHAT
I DO TO YOU.

NOW
THOSE ARE
THE WORDS OF
A MAN WITH
CONVICTION.

MARCO.

POLO.

