

MARVEL®
COMICS



#41

WWW.MARVEL.COM

PRIEST
DIAZ
HOLDREDGE

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
A
UTHORITY

DEADPOOL

IT'S A SPACE
BONANZA FILLED
WITH PIRATES,
ALIENS,
PRISONS AND
MYSTERIOUS
FIGURES

CENSORED
OH DEAR--
CENSORED
--OH, MY--

CENSORED
WHAT WERE
WE THINKING?

WE'RE CALLING IT:
**OPERATION
DIRTY WOLFF!**

MICHAEL
LOPEZ

TOM
CHO

LIVESAY

WWW.MARVEL.COM © 2012 Marvel Chart the latest updates only available at: viewcomic.com

DEADPOOL #41



MARVEL

© 2012 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved.
WWW.MARVEL.COM

© 2012 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved. All characters featured in this issue and the distinctive names and likenesses thereof, and all related indicia are trademarks of Marvel Characters, Inc. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental.

the latest updates only available at: viewcomic.com

OK, LET'S SEE:

I WAS STRANDED
ON BARON ZEMO'S
ORBITING SPACE
PLATFORM BY THE
DEADPOOL INTERNS--
SUPER-WANNA-BEES
FROM TASKMASTER'S
CRIME COLLEGE--

SOMETIMES
I RUN..
SOMETIMES..
SOMETIMES
I HIDE...
SOMETIMES
I'M SCARED
OF YOU...

I HEARD THE
NARRATOR
NARRVING:

"IS IT CURTAINS
FOR THAT WILY
MERC-WITH-A-MOUTH?

"HOW WILL
HE ESCAPE?

"IS SHELLEY WINTERS
AVAILABLE TO PLAY HIM
IN THE MOVIE?!"

LITTLE-KNOWN
REDUNDANT BACK-UP
COMMAND PROTOCOL SET

DIE LIKE THE SCHWEIN YOU ARE!!

IN CASE OF EMERGENCY:
H

"TUNE IN TOMORROW,
KIDS--SAME DEAD
TIME--

--SAME DEAD
CHANNEL--!

LITTLE-KNOWN
REDUNDANT BACK-UP
COMMAND PROTOCOL SET

--WHO LEFT ME
FAT, MIND-WIPE
AND JAMMED INTO
A DISABLED
ESCAPE POD--

--EARNING THEM
AN "A" IN "CLEVER
CLIFFHANGERS."

"BUT, FIRST, A
WORD FROM OUR
SPONSOR--!!"

(CUE NELSON
RIDDLE....)



SHROUDED IN
STOLEN IDENTITIES AND
CLANDESTINE SECRETS, THE
MERC-WITH-A-MOUTH IS A MAN OF
MYSTERY, HERO? VILLAIN?
SOCIOPATH? DEADPOOL MAKES HIS
OWN RULES AND PLAYS BY NOBODY'S
GAME. HE IS AN AGENT OF CHAOS
CONFINED TO A WORLD OF
CONSTRICING ORDER; BLASTING
DOWN THE FOURTH WALL BRICK BY
BRICK!

STAN LEE PRESENTS:

DEAD-POOL

FRAG!

OR: WHY LUCAS WON'T RELEASE
SW ON DVD IS BEYOND US!

PRIEST & DIAZ
STORYTELLERS

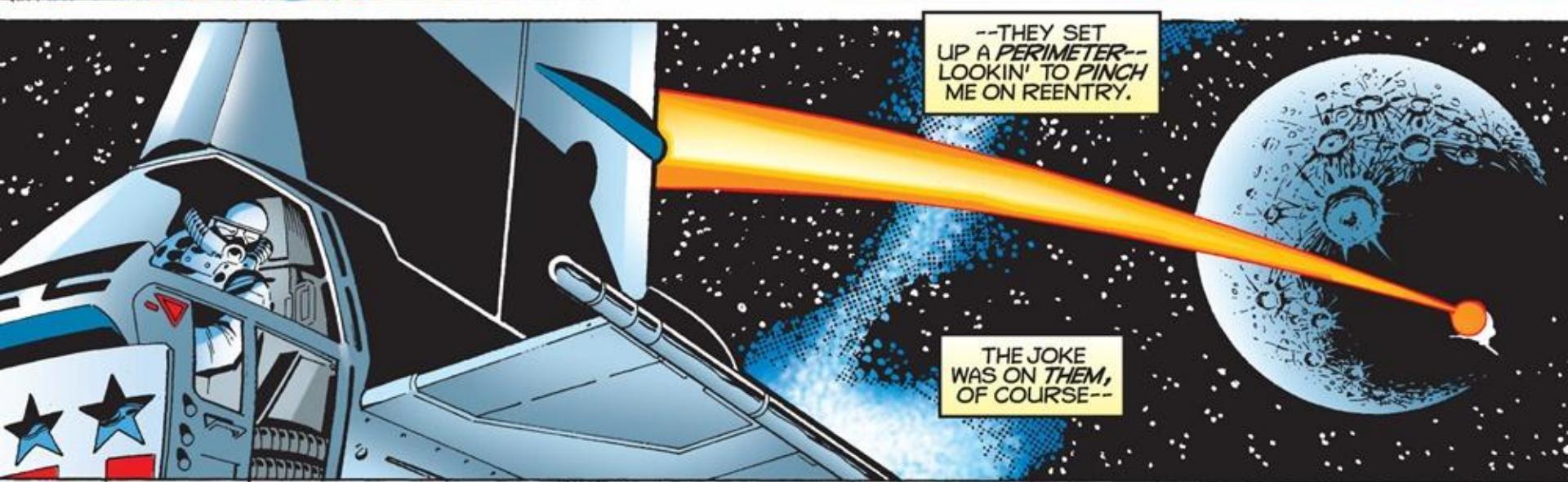
JON HOLDREDGE - INKS
SHARPEFONT & PT - LETTERING
SHANNON BLANCHARD - COLORIST
FRANK DUNKERLEY - ASSISTANT ED.
BOB HARRAS - EDITOR IN CHIEF



I DIDN'T KNOW MY OWN NAME, BABE. DEADAIR'S MIND-WIPE REALLY GIVES GOOD BUZZ.

BUT, EVEN IN MY STUPOROUS, LIZ TAYLOR-ON-TWINKIE-BINGE STATE, I RECOGNIZED THE S.H.I.E.L.D. AGENTS GOING AFTER ZEMO'S PLATFORM.

WE'D TRAINED FOR THAT--FIGURED THE "GOOD" GUYS WOULD HAVE ZEMO'S PLAT-FORM FLAGGED--



--THEY SET UP A PERIMETER--
LOOKIN' TO PINCH ME ON REENTRY.

THE JOKE WAS ON THEM, OF COURSE--



--THERE WASN'T GONNA BE NO DAMAGED REENTRY.

I WAS WAY TOO SCRAMBLED TO EVEN KNOW WHICH WAY WAS DOWN.

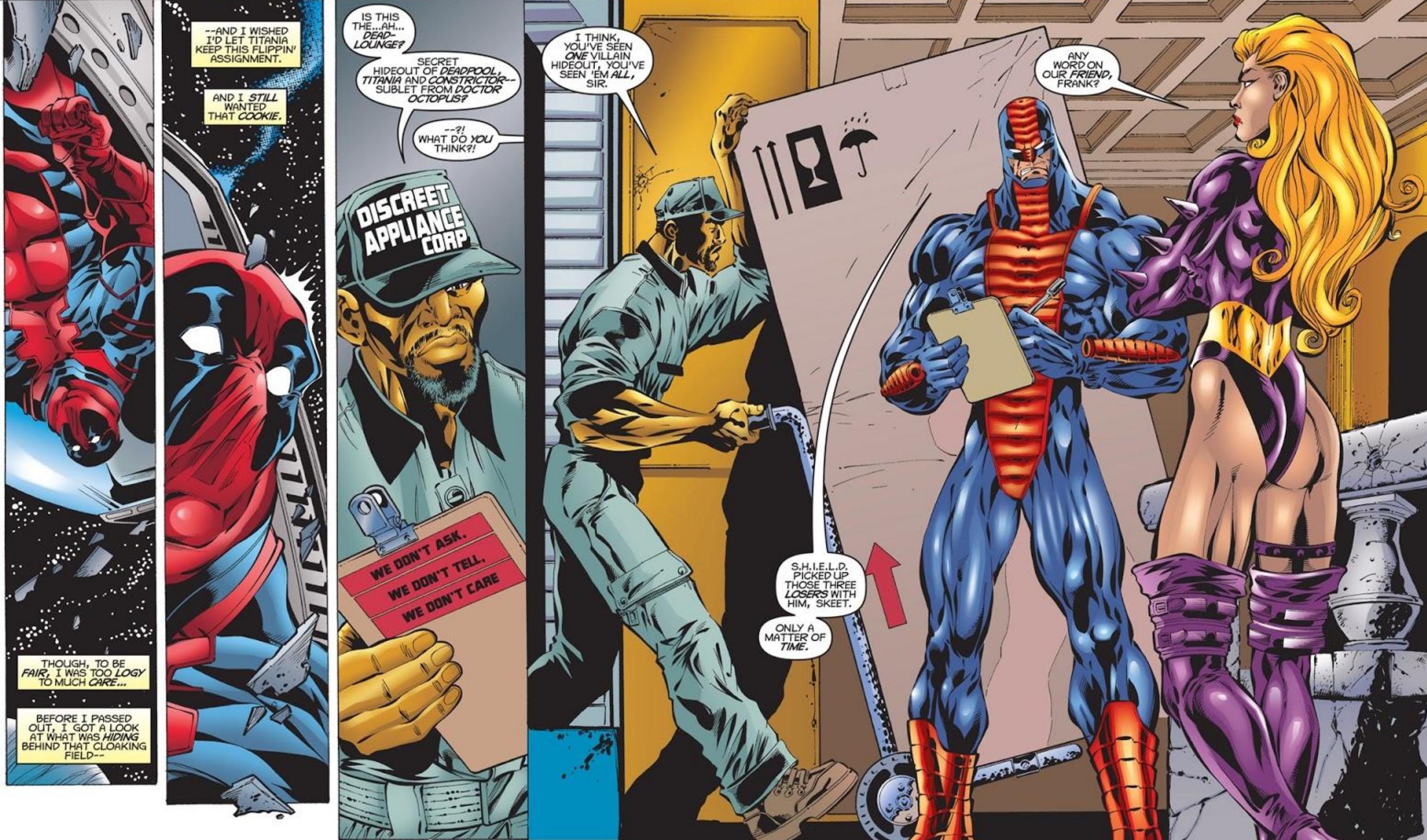


NOT TO MENTION I WAS SERIOUSLY PEELING OUT.

THOSE GERMANS MAKE SOME MEAN WARP ENGINES...



--UGH!! WHA--???





HOW CAN I
DESCRIBE IT
BEST--?

I WAS
#%^&!!

LUCKILY I WAS STILL
TOO DIMWITTED TO BE
SCARED.

ALL I SAW WERE THE
PRETTY LIGHTS--

--WAITING TO HEAR
REGIS SHOUT, "WHO
WANTS TO BE A
MILLIONAIRE?!"

LIGHTS THAT
SUDENLY GOT
EVEN BRIGHTER.

I FIGURED YOU WERE
GONNA POP OUT OF THE
WHITENESS AND TELL ME
MY LUCK HAD RUN OUT.

BUT, THE TINGLE IN
MY SHINGLE SUDDENLY
REMINDED ME--

--THAT NONE OF THIS WAS REALLY HAPPENING.

INSTEAD OF BEING CONFUSED AND DISORIENTED, I FIGURED, "JUST GO WITH IT!" SEE WHERE THE RIDE TAKES ME...

"GO TO THE LIGHT, WADE WILSON... GO TO THE..."

...MEMO TO SELF: STOP MAKING FUN OF CRASH TEST DUMMIES...

HEY--I GOT MY MARBLES BACK! AND MY GIRLISH FIGURE AS WELL!

THANK THE LORD, FOR AS EVERYONE KNOWS, MY WIT IS MY SUPER-POWER!

GUESS THE TRANSPORT BEAM FILTERED OUT--

--AH, HOW-DEE.

YOU FOLKS IN LINE FOR 'N-SYNC TICKETS--?

SORRY ABOUT RAMMING YOUR LITTLE TUG-BOAT, HERE.

FILE ANY CLAIMS WITH BARON ZEMO OF EARTH. HE'S DEAD, BUT DON'T LET THAT STOP YOU.

--UH, YOU GUYS DON'T UNDERSTAND A LICK OF WHAT I'M SAYING, DO YOU?

>HRRUNFF<

<MUST BE A STRAY HUMAN, FROM THAT BACKWATER PLANET.>

<LET'S TOSS HIM INTO SPACE AND WATCH HIM EXPLODE.>

*TRANSLATED FROM D%&2%IAN, FAN-BOY. --MULTILINGUAL FRANK

Y'KNOW I'M WILLING TO BET THIS IS A BAD SIGN...

TELL YA WHAT, HORN-HEAD, WHAT SAY YOU PAY ME 700 G'S AND, FOR MY PART, I DON'T STRANGLE YOU WITH YOUR CUTE LITTLE PANTIES.

<WHAT SAY I SPLIT YOU APART AND THE CREW PLAYS TUG-OF-WAR WITH YOUR INNARDS?>

>SIGH<
EVERYBODY'S GOT TO DO IT THE HARD WAY.

ALL RIGHT, MISTER SNOOT-- YOU BROUGHT THIS ON YOURSELF--

--?!

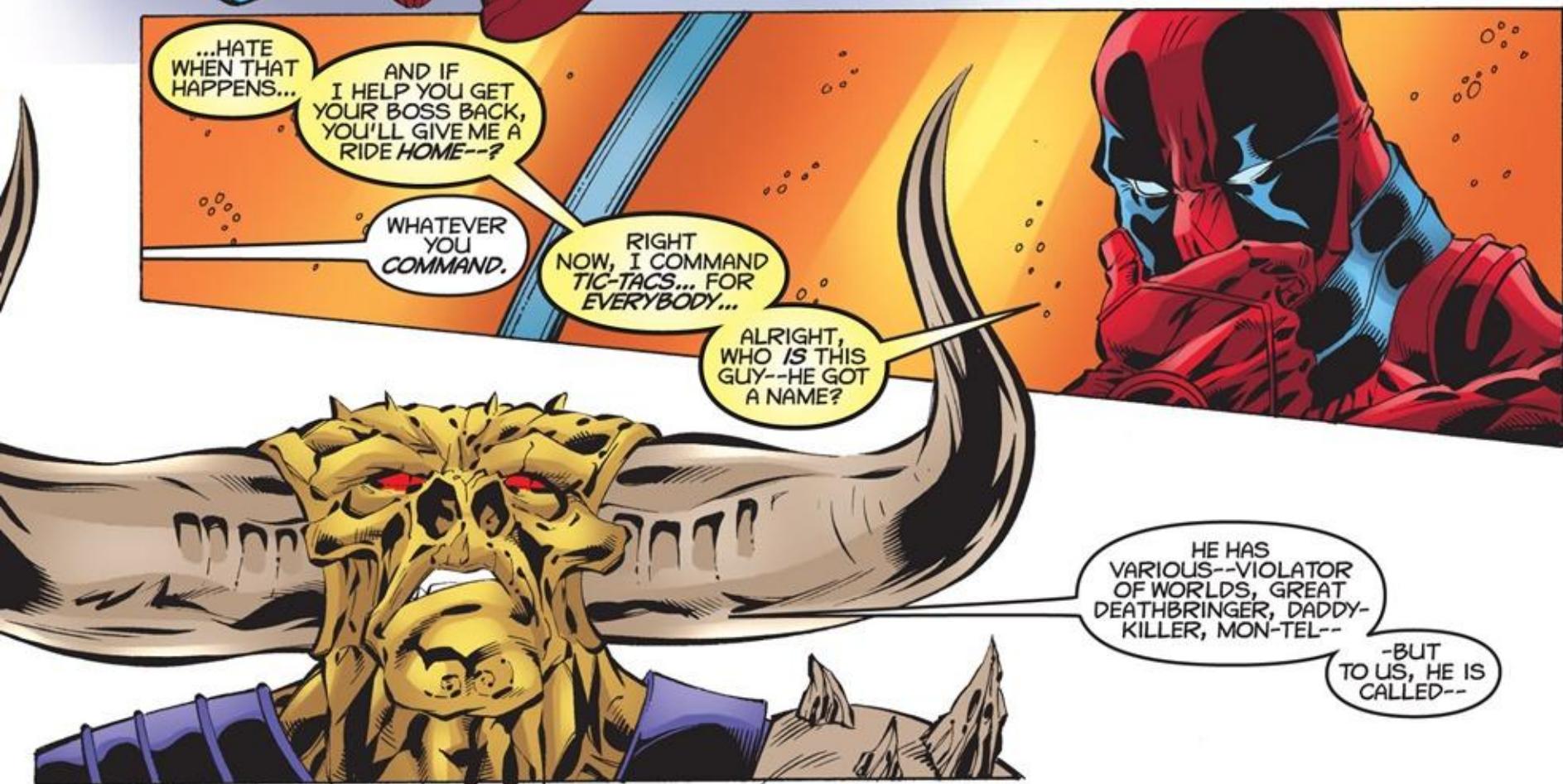
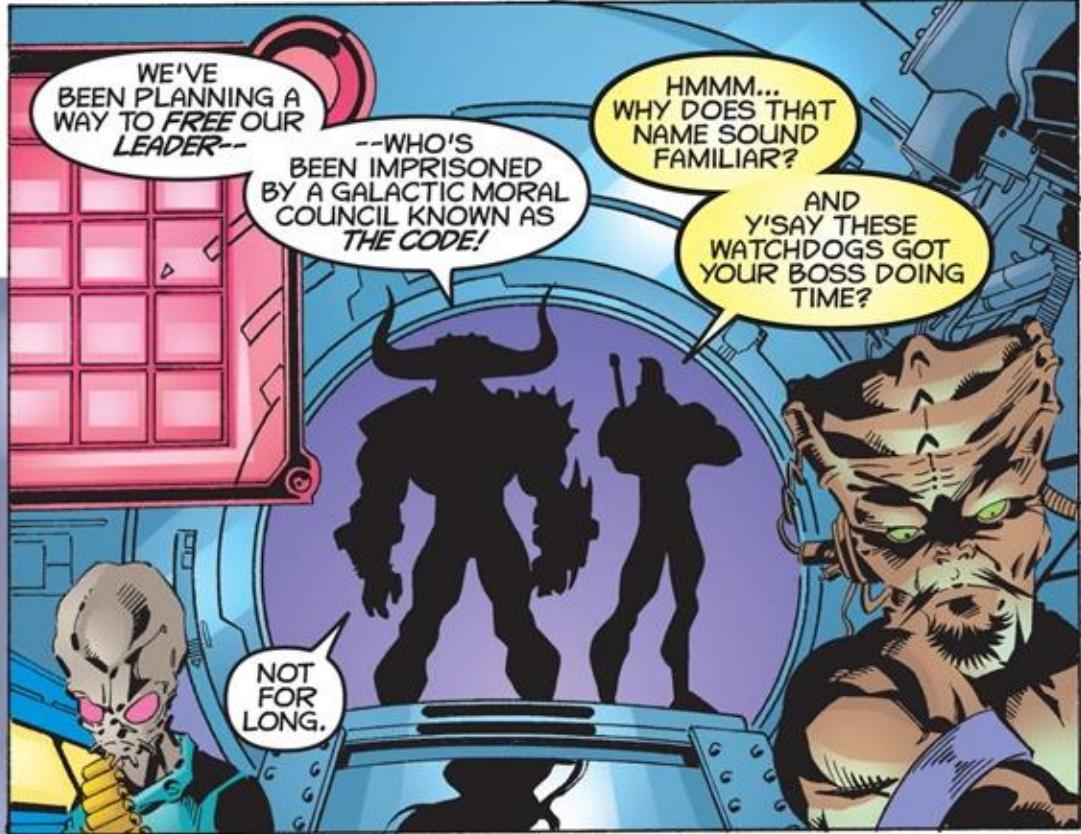
WHATTAMAN.

SSMMARRACKK

HOPE SO.

BLAM!! BLAM!!
BLAM!! BLAM!!
BLAM!! BLAM!!
BLAM!! BLAM!!





SKIP AHEAD A FEW HOURS, AND I'M SNEAKING INTO A MAXIMUM SECURITY PRISON LOCATED DEEP INSIDE A BARREN ASTEROID.

BULLY'S CLOAKED SHIP WAS HIDDEN FROM DETECTION, AND, HOPEFULLY, SO WAS I.

"DIRTY WOLFF"?!?
"DIRTY WOLFF"--?!

WHAT THE HECK KIND OF LOSER WAS I RISKING MY NECK TO SAVE?

I DECIDED, SOON AS I FOUND THE GUY, I'D MAKE HIM CHANGE THAT STUPID NAME.

ACTUALLY, MY BIGGEST FEAR WAS THIS PRISONER'S NAME.

IF I GET WHACKED, IN DEEP SPACE, TRYING TO SAVE SOMEBODY NAMED "DIRTY WOLFF," HELL JUST WOULDN'T BE NEARLY AS MUCH FUN.

Y'KNOW, BABE--THINGS WERE A LOT SIMPLER WHEN I HAD WEASEL'S IMAGE INDUCER.

MEMO TO SELF:
TRACK WEASEL DOWN--

WHAT THE--?! HOW'D YOU GET IN TH--?!

WACK
WACK
WACK
WACK

--AUGH!
HRRK!

--BURN OFF FACE WITH BLOWTORCH.

I WAS HOPIN' THE TRANSPORTER BEAM RESET EVERYTHING, BUT LOKI'S CURSE WAS STILL LARGE AND IN CHARGE.

THE GLOVES ONLY HAD THREE FINGERS, AND, FROM THE PADDING, I SUSPECTED THESE ALIENS'--AH--FAMILY JEWELS-- WERE KEPT IN THEIR ELBOW.

BUT, I WAS A GUARD, WHICH ALLOWED ME TO MOVE ABOUT WITH BOTH GRACE AND FINESSE--

SILENCE.
IT'S THE LAW!

YEEURRKK--!!

SHADDAP.

THE LAST MEN MAPPED THIS BREAKOUT WELL. I JUST HAD TO FOLLOW THEIR INSTRUCTIONS AND NOT GET WHACKED.

JUST LIKE LIVING WITH TITANIA.

FROM WHAT I WAS TOLD, DAMNATION CITY HAD INNOVATIVE METHODS OF DISCIPLINE AND REHABILITATION.

CAN YOU SAY "CRUEL AND UNUSUAL PUNISHMENT," BOYS AND GIRLS?

SCRAAAACK

GET THE--!
THESE NUTCASES ARE
COMPLETELY OUT OF
CONTROL!

AGH--!
BITING... MY
ARM--!

HANG ON!
I CALLED FOR
SOME BACKUP.
SHOULD BE
ARRIVING
ANY--

SOON AS I SAW GOAT
GUY, I KNEW HE WAS
GONNA BE TROUBLE.

THINK ABOUT IT, BABE.
THERE'S NO REASON FOR
ANY STORY TO EVER HAVE
A GOAT GUY IN IT UNLESS
HE'S THE TROUBLEMAKER.

STAND
AWAY FROM THE
CELL, OFFICERS.
WE'LL HANDLE
THIS NOW.

AND THIS GUY
WAS NOT TO
DISAPPOINT.

MEN, SUBDU
THE PRISONERS AND
TAKE THEM IN FOR
DEPROGRAMMING.

HE CALLED HIMSELF
LUCIFER RASPUTIN,
AND RECORDS
SHOWED HE WAS THE
WARDEN OF THIS
GALACTIC LOCKUP.

I SHOULD
POPPED HIM
ON GENERAL
PRINCIPLES.

JUST FOR
BEING A
GOAT GUY--

--BUT I WAS IN THE
HOME STRETCH.
WOLF-BOY WAS
IN SOLITARY
CONFINEMENT.

I FIGURED, AT THE BOTTOM OF
THOSE STEPS WOULD BE SOME OF
THE MOST LETHAL AND IMPASSABLE
SECURITY IN THE ENTIRE PRISON.

I TOOK
OUT THE BIG
KNIFE.

APPARENTLY THE CODE--
WHOEVER THEY WERE--
WANTED DIRTY WOLFF
OUT OF COMMISSION
FOR GOOD.

YOO-HOO--
OH, WUFF-EEE...

I'M SURE THERE WERE
INMATES DOWN THERE
THE CODE'S LONG SINCE
FORGOTTEN ABOUT....



TOOK A COUPLE
OF SHOTS, BUT
FINALLY-- THERE
HE WAS.

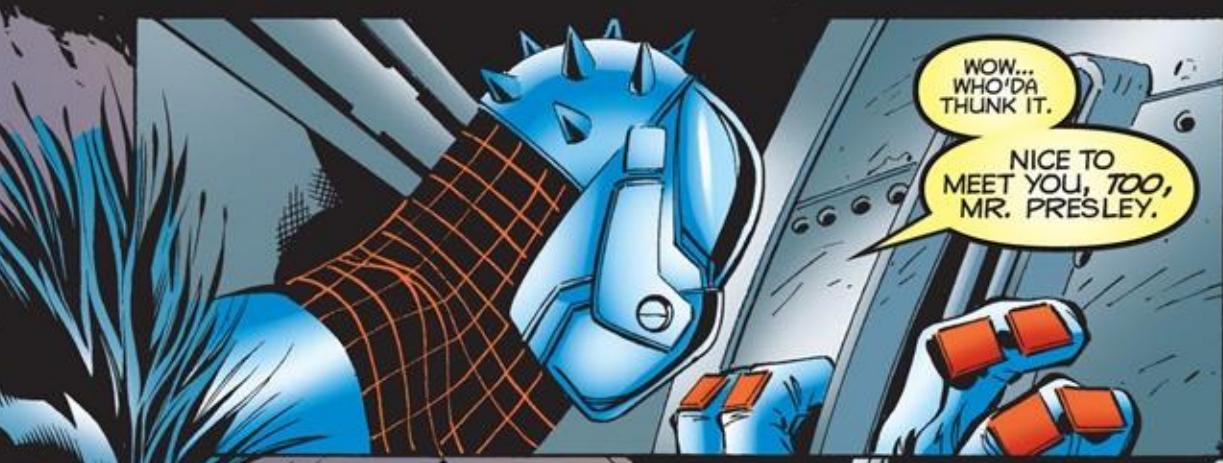
MY TICKET
HOME.
COME TO
POPPA--



HEY FELLA--
ARE YOU DIRTY
WOLFF?

HOPE NOT,
'CUZ YOU ARE
WAY DEAD!

HERE...
HAVE A
TIC-TAC.



WOW...
WHO'DA
THUNK IT.

NICE TO
MEET YOU, TOO,
MR. PRESLEY.

--DIRTY
WOLFF!



MISTER...
AH...
WOLFF--?

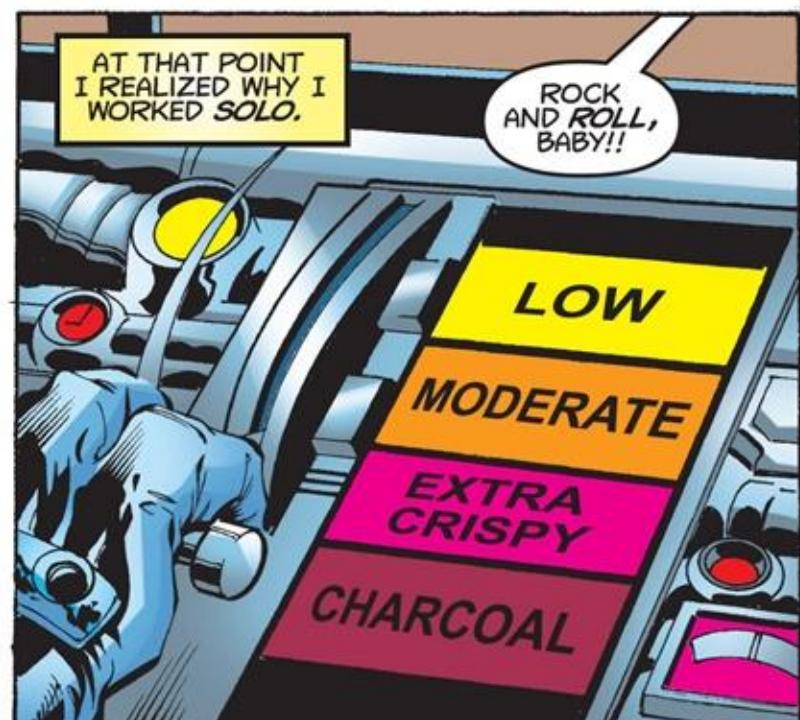
WHAT'S IT
TO YA--? YOU
GOT A SINGIN'
TELEGRAM?

YEAH.
THE SONG'S
"STAND BY
YOUR ALBINO!"
BACKSTREET
BOYS,
I THINK.

C'MON
IN HERE, YA
LOUSY SCREW.
I GOT A SONG
FOR YOU.

COOL.
ANYTHING BUT
BRITNEY SPEARS
WILL DO!





SO THERE WAS GOOD NEWS AND BAD NEWS.

THE GOOD NEWS WAS WOLFF REGAINED HIS STRENGTH AND ENERGY, WHICH MEANT WE COULD RUN FASTER.

THE BAD NEWS WAS WE'D ACTUALLY HAVE TO.

EMERGENCY, EMERGENCY-- POWER'S DOWN AND WE CAN'T CONTAIN THE PRISONERS!

WE'VE GOT A HOSTILE SITUATION. REQUESTING REINFORCEMENTS--

THAT WAS GREAT! FEEL LIKE A NEW MAN!

CHAR-BROILED OR ROTISSERIE--?

LOOK, DOGBERT-- THIS LITTLE DETOUR'S GONNA COST US.

METHINKS THE CAPER'S BLOWN!

QUIT YER WHININ' THIS--



--IS
ALL PART
OF THE
PLAN.



EMPHASIS ON "WAS."

WHAT
THE CAP'N
CRUNCH--?

THE SHIP...

...THE
INVISIBLE
ONE...

...MY RIDE HOME...

...BLOWN TO BITS...

I KNEW I
SHOULDN'TA TOOK
THIS GIG. I KNEW I
SHOULDN'TA TOOK
THIS GIG. I KNEW I
SHOULDN'TA TOOK
THIS GIG. I KNEW I
SHOULDN'TA TOOK
THIS GIG.

HEY---!!

--WELCOME
TO THE
FRAPPIN'
PARTY,
PAL!!

THIS CLIFFHANGER
GETS A "D"...

NEXT:
DEADPOOL QUESTIONS THE
SILENCE IS GOLDEN
POLICY. HIS FIRST ANSWER IS
SHADDUP!