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DEADPOOL

A REAL AMERICAN ZERO!

#42

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HERDLING
CALAFIORE
McKENNA



THE MOST
UNORIGINAL DEADPOOL®
STORY EVER!!

DEADPOOL #42



MARVEL

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AND SO, BABE, SINCE I
WAS RUNNIN' FOR MY
LIFE ON AN INTERGALACTIC
PENAL COLONY--

--IT SEEMED A GOOD
TIME TO CHECK IN ON
MY USELESS ROOMIES
BACK AT THE
DEADLOUNGE...

I DON'T
GET THIS.

BLEEP!
BLEEP!
BLEEP!

WHAT IS IT,
DEADPOOL?

--?!--
HOW'DJA
KNOW IT WAS
ME--?

CALLER I.D.
SAYS "DEEP
SPACE".

BY THE
WAY-- WHERE'S
MY MONEY?!

I MEAN, IT'S
TOTALLY NONSENICAL.

YOUR
MONEY?!? YOU
SET ME UP,
YOU LOOPY
BROAD!!

YOU AGREED
TO IT!! I PAID
YOU 800 LONG
TO WALK INTO
TASKMASTER'S
TRAP!!

...OH,
THAT'S
RIGHT...

LOOK, SKEETER,
WHAT'S A LITTLE
BACK-STABBING,
BETWEEN FRIENDS'
HMMWWWW--?

WHAT'S
GOIN' ON?

WE'RE
PLOTTING
AGAINST
YOU.

BESIDES
THAT.

WE'RE
OPENING
YOUR
MAIL.

BLAST IT,
WOMAN-- THIS
TIME YOU'VE
GONE TOO
FAR!!!

CATTLE PROD!!
CATTLE PROD!!

GOD IN
HEAVEN,
YOU ARE
STUPID!!

CATTLE
PROD!!

OK, WADE,
I'M HANGING
UP.

WAIT... SEE,
MY RIDE HOME
BLEW UP, AND
THERE'S THIS
DIRTY WOLFF
GUY AND

YOU
BET. 'BYE
NOW.

MORON.
WHAT A DOPE.

WHERE
DOES REGIS GET
THESE PEOPLE--?

CATTLE
PROD.

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

SIGH

HERE
WE GO
AGAIN.

AND, ODDLY
ENOUGH, THIS
REMINDS ME OF
ANOTHER
ADVENTURE...

...YES... I CAN
SEE IT NOW ...
ALMOST LIKE AN
UNTOLD TALE
OF SPIDER-
MAN ...

...EXCEPT
I'M NOT
SPIDER-
MAN ...

 NOT SO LONG
AGO...

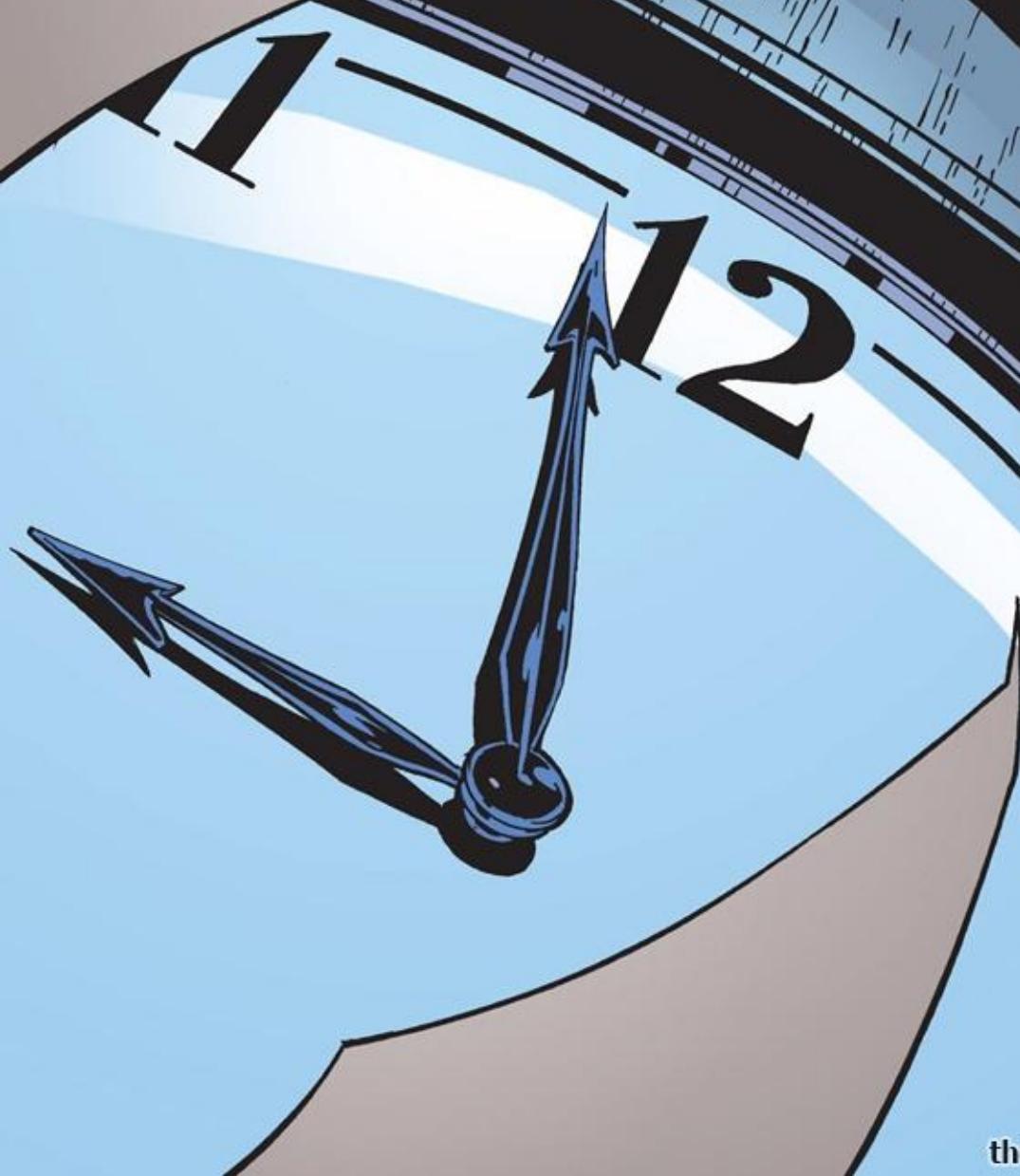


CAMPUS

E.S.U. PLAGUED BY CAMPUS SCALERS

A second building was demolished last night by the masked terrorist known Arts University as "the Weiss doors for performance night by". The Weiss and the "Humbug" opened to a sold-out musical. "Center week, Exit Arts was the only Center last week." No Exit, which, the time's Performing Arts buildings. Authorities of Sarre's Performing Arena, buildings of both the new library. Amplified sound system for the Pro Wrestling, were construction ESU uses the buildings a disgruntled faculty last week, the construction may be a university pest, other recent wing apparently to demolish the last wing apparently to get rid of this pest, cut by the university.





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 CONSTRICTING ORDER; BLASTING DOWN THE FOURTH WALL BRICK BY BRICK! STAN LEE PRESENTS:

THE MERC WITH
no MOUTH IN

but

DEADPOOL SILENT dead INTERLUDE!

GLENN HERDLING
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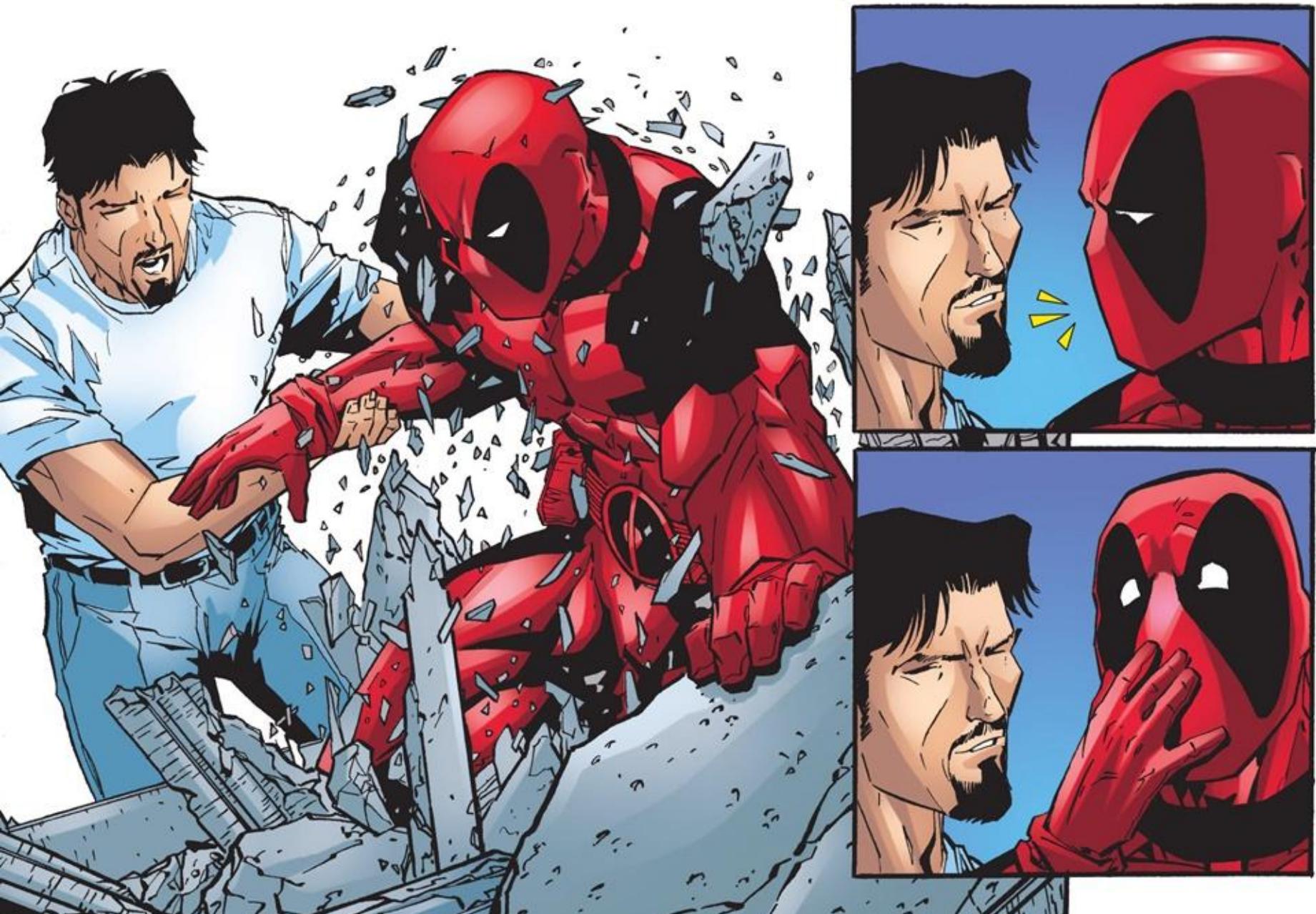
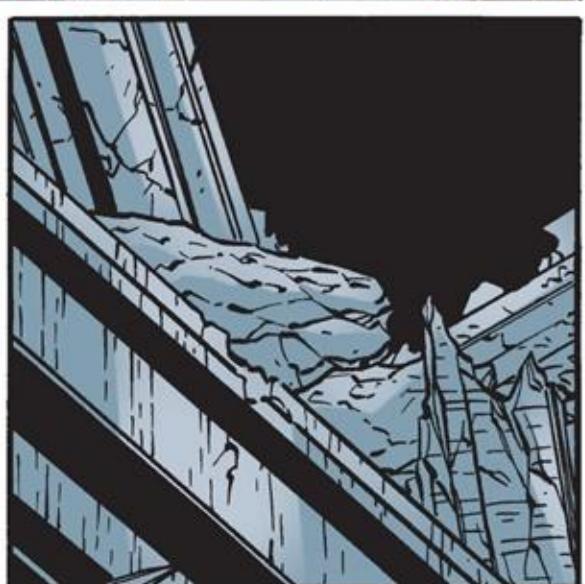
CHRIS ELIOPoulos
LETTERER

MIKE MARTS
YO, JOE!
BOB HARRAS
CHIEF

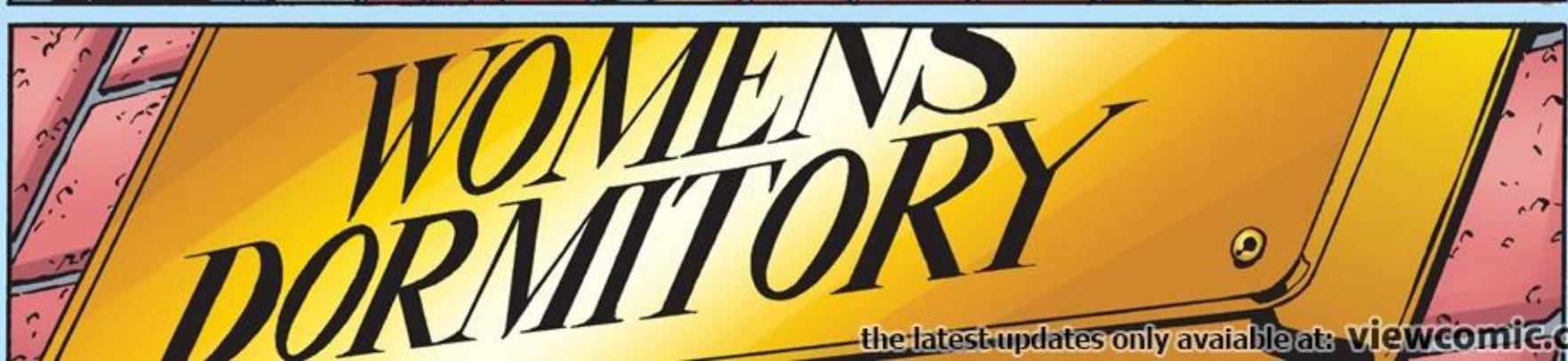
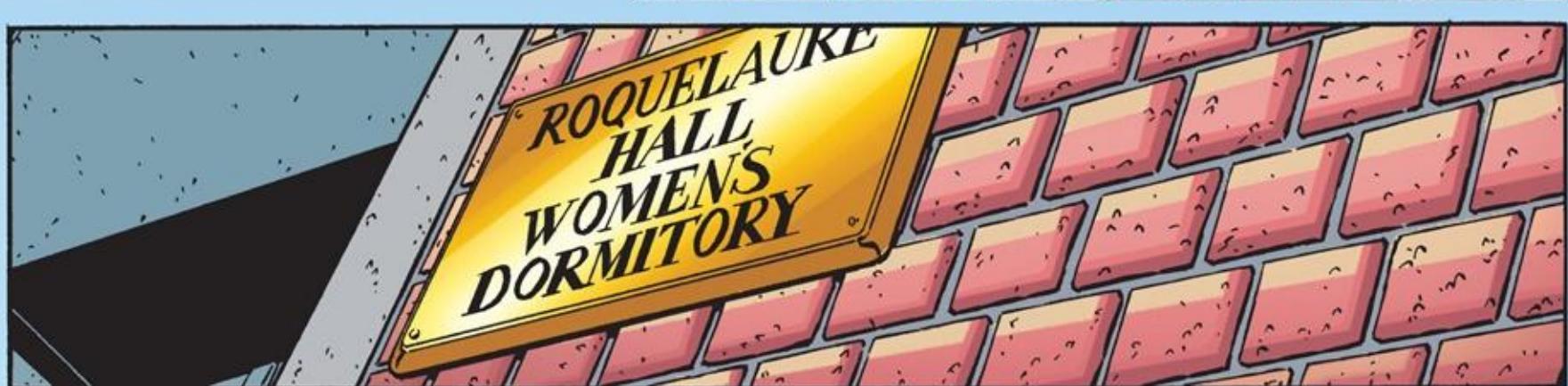
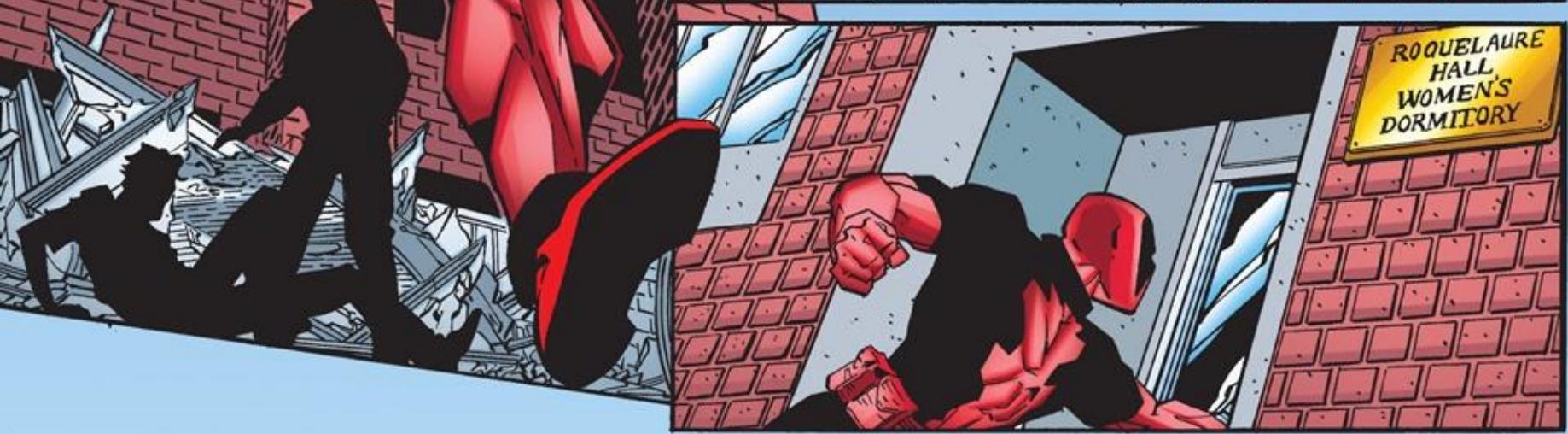
THANKS TO PRIEST, CALAFIORE & HOLDREDGE FOR FRAMING PAGES

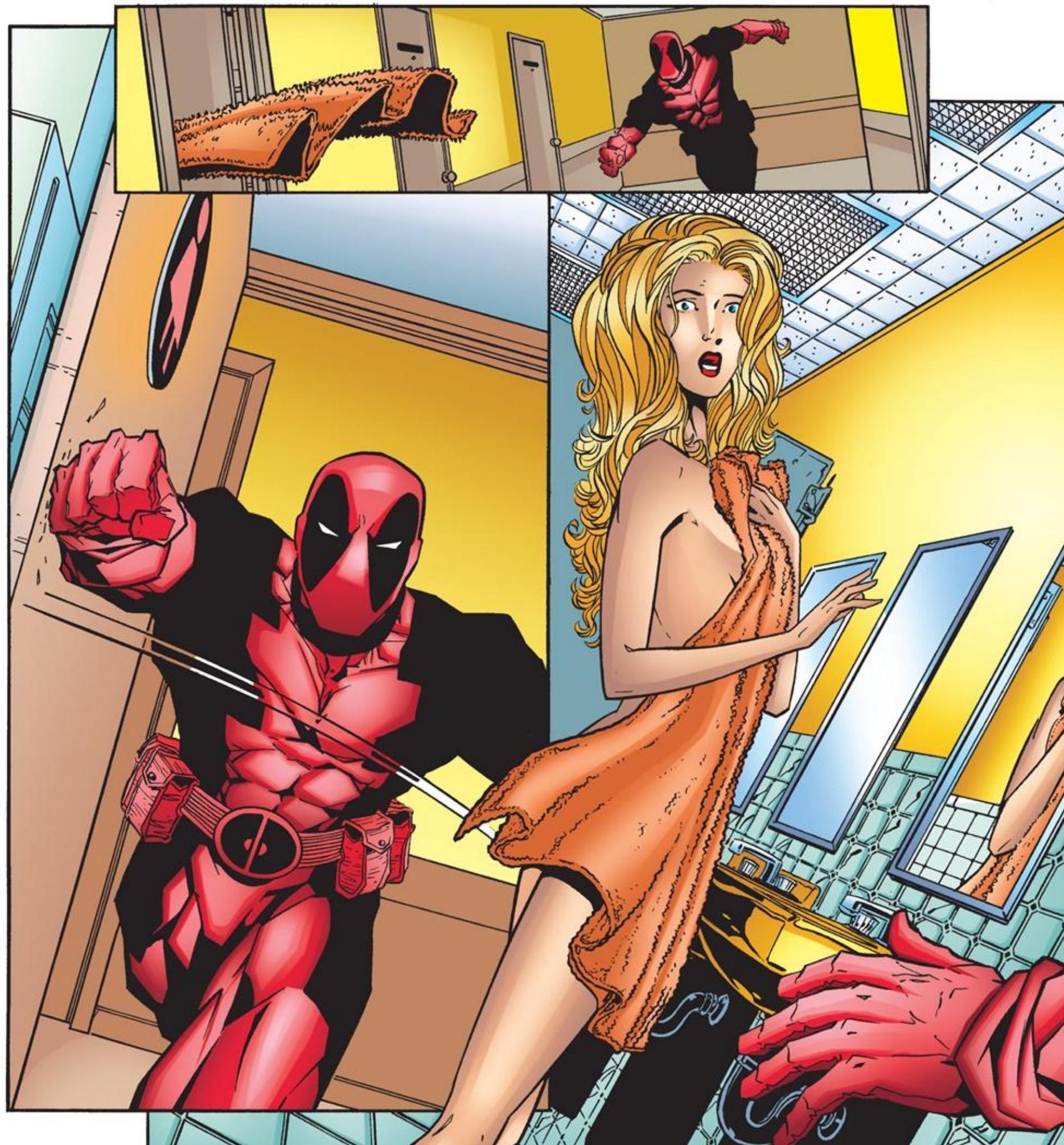


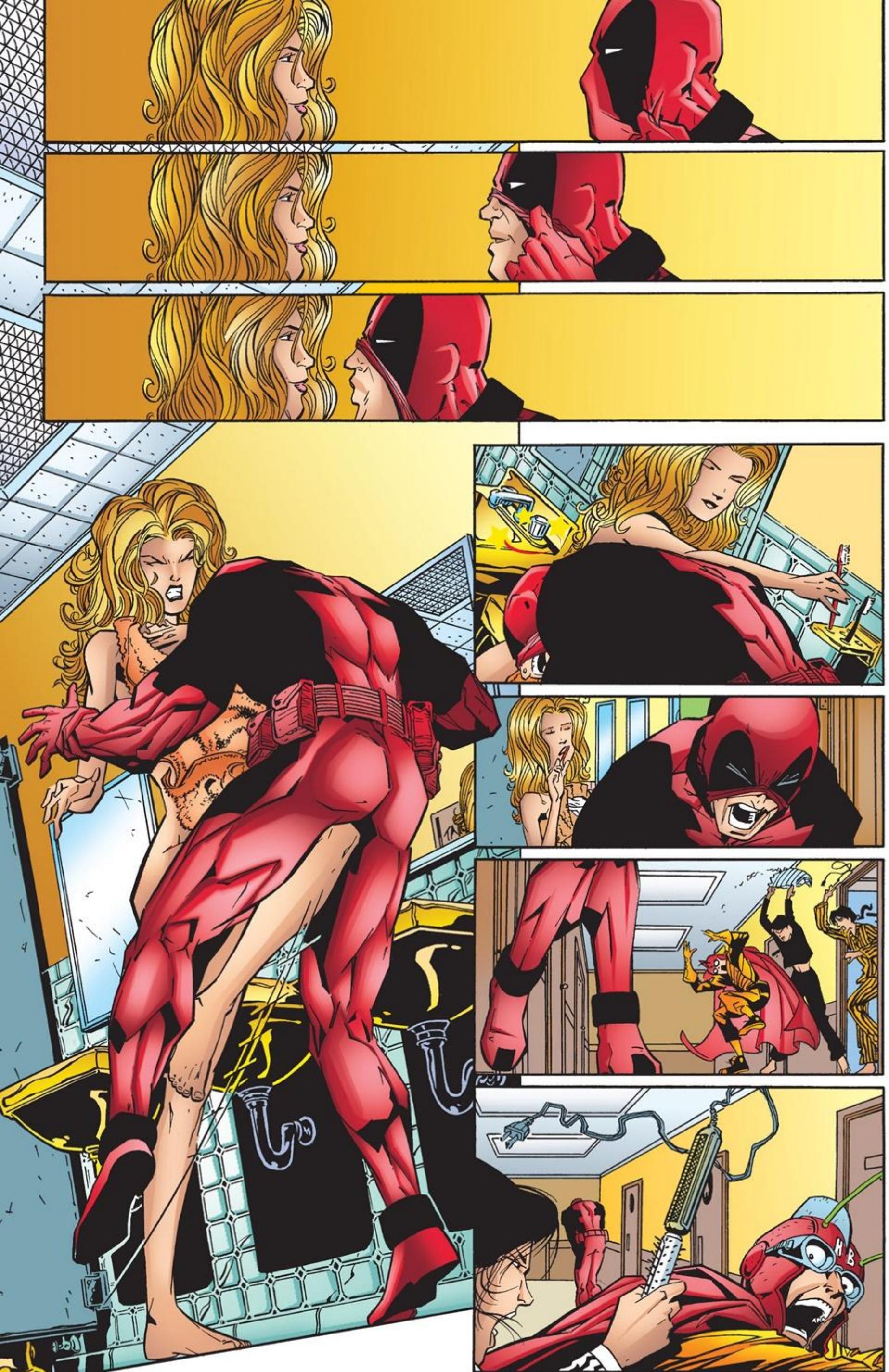








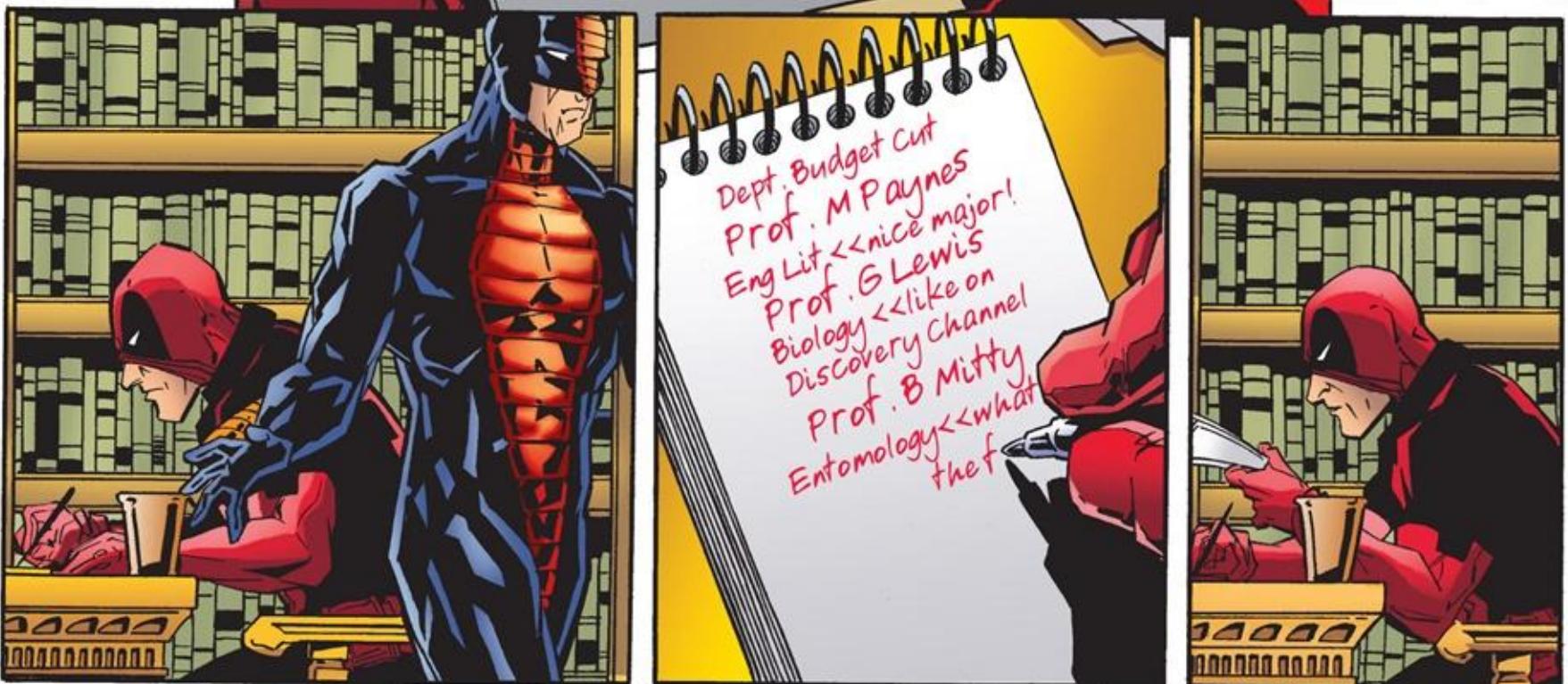




WHAT CAUSES DEAFNESS?

Sudden tremendous noise or prolonged noise may cause temporary or permanent injury to the auditory nerve. Often fluids are forced up the Eustachian tube into the middle ear. The blockage causes lowered air pressure on the inside of the eardrum, which may stop it from vibrating and cause hearing loss. Sometimes concussions from the same source of noise may reverse damage by jump-starting the eardrum to its proper vibratory pattern.

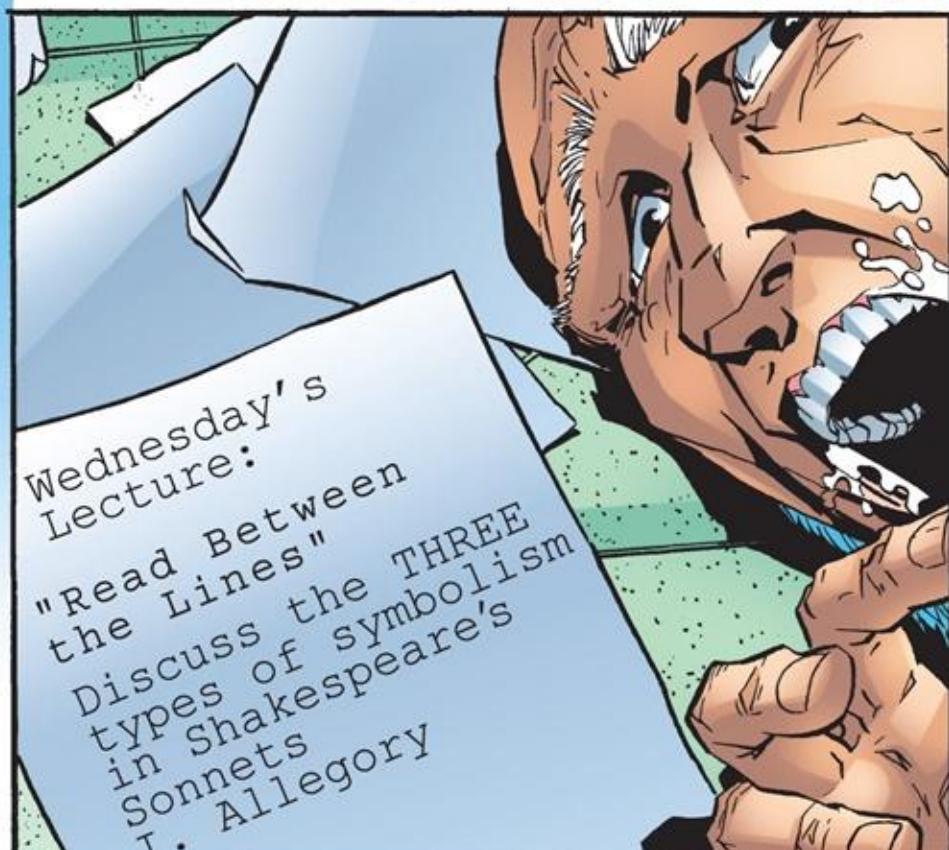
Shellshock victims continue to think they are deaf long after their eardrums heal in order to get discharged



PROFESSOR PAYNE

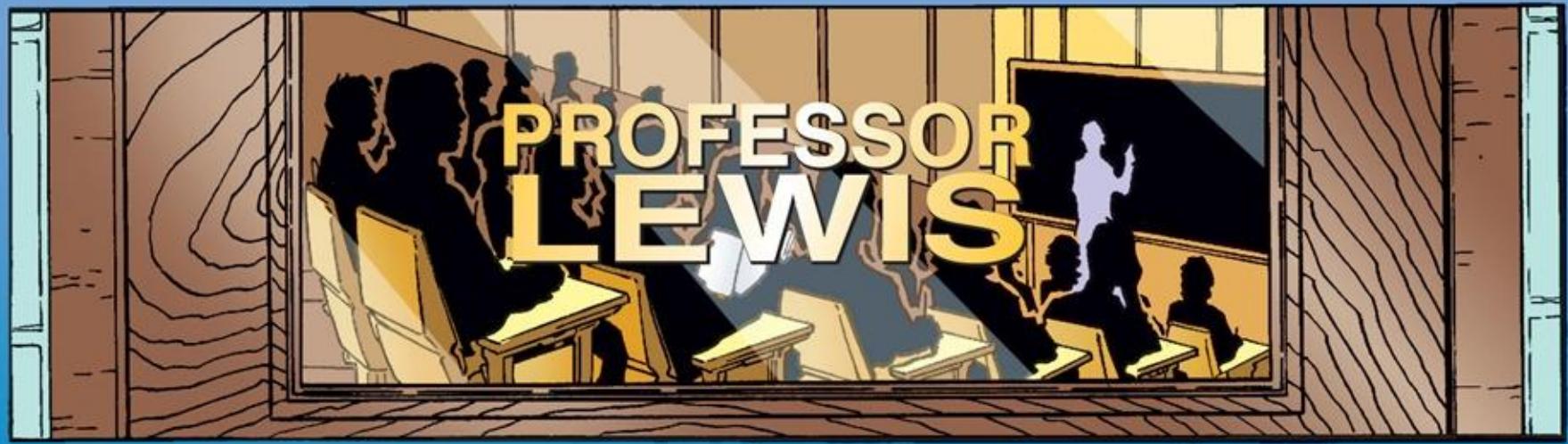
READ BETWEEN
THE
LINES





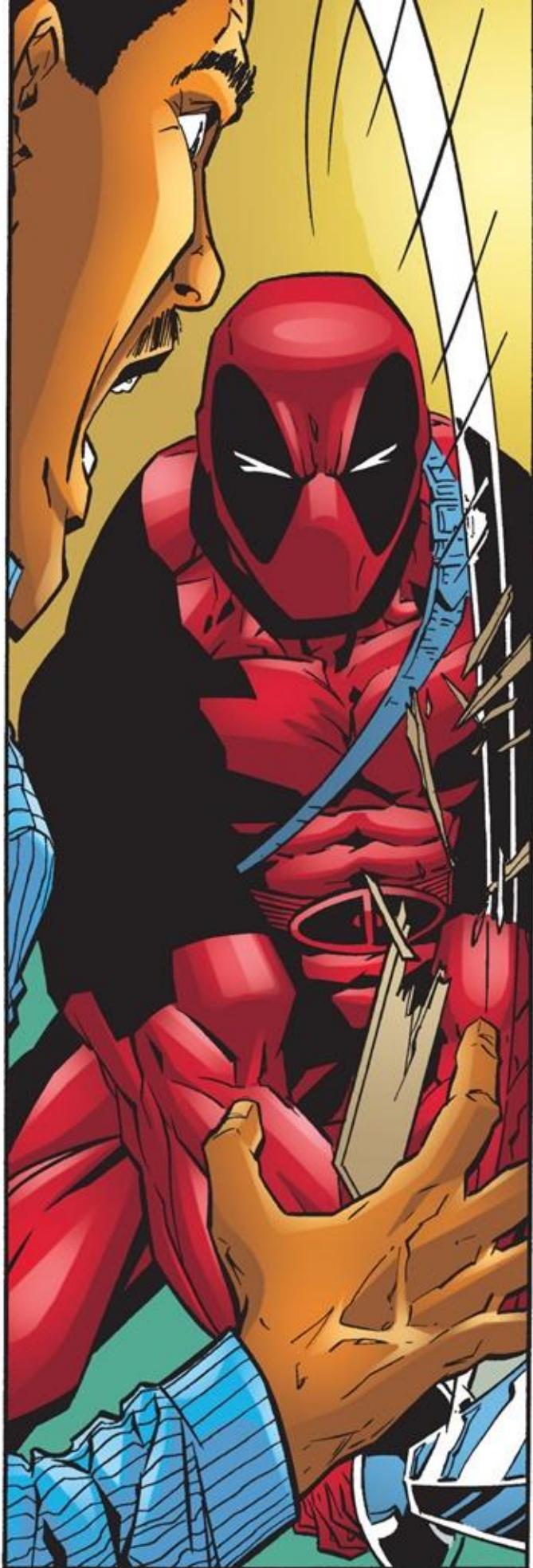
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PROFESSOR LEWIS

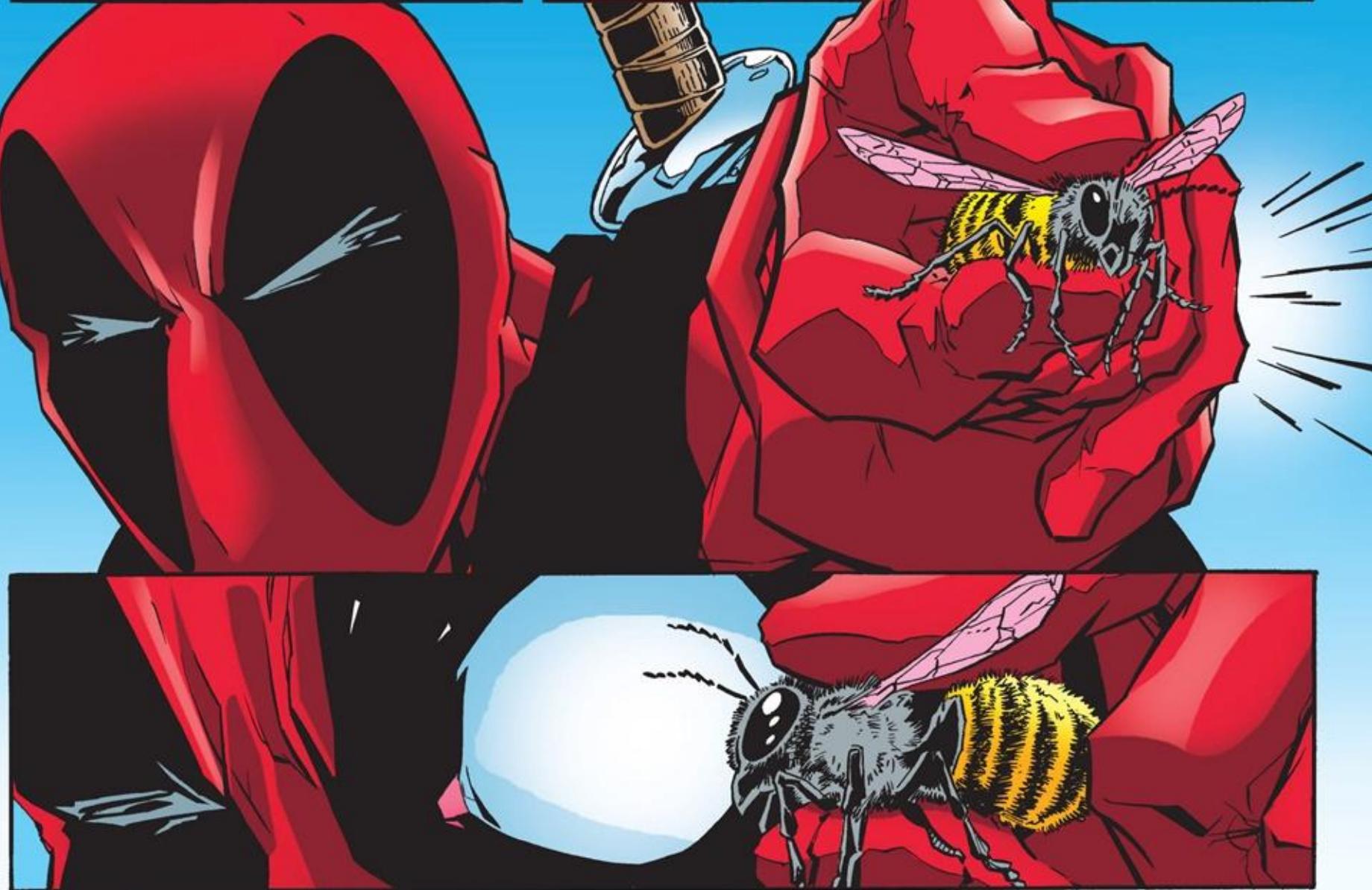


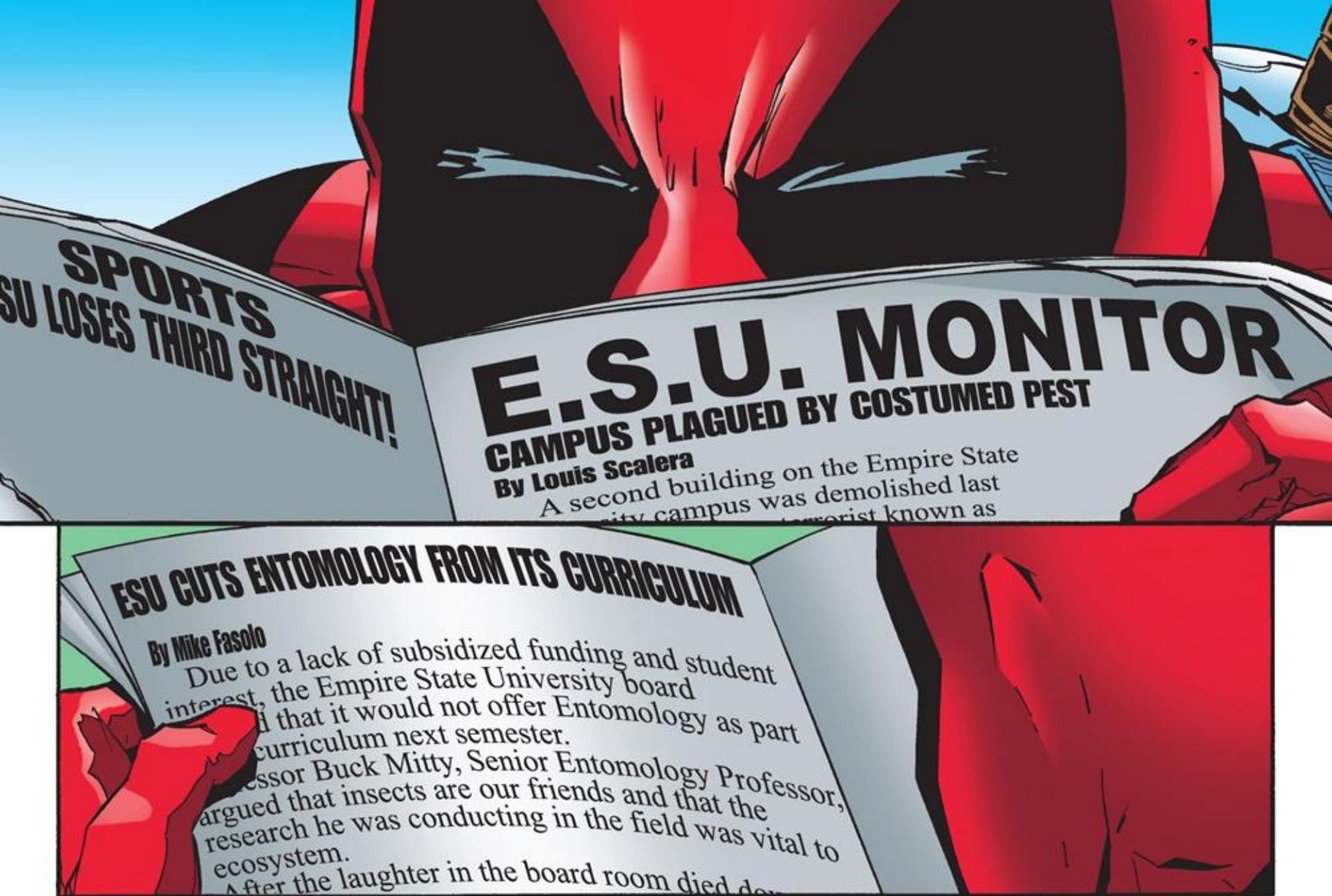
DEADPOOL
MUST DIE!





~~Dept. Budget Cut~~
~~Prof. M Paynes~~
Eng Lit << nice major!
~~Prof. G Lewis~~
Biology << like on
Discovery Channel
Prof. B Mitty
Entomology << what
the f



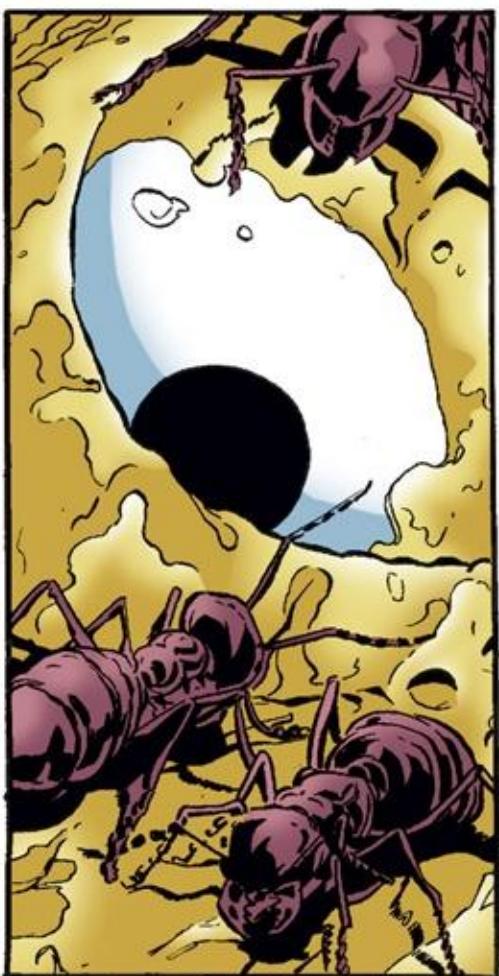


part of its curriculum next semester. Professor Buck Mitty, Senior Entomology Professor, argued that insects are our friends and that the













THAT'S THE END OF THIS STORY, KIDDIES...
...BUT SLITHER ON OVER TO THE NEXT PAGE TO JOIN OUR CURRENT STORY, ALREADY IN PROGRESS!



WHICH BRINGS US BACK TO "DOE", BABE.

OR, MORE APPROPRIATELY, "DHUH".

AND, SO, TO RE-CAP:

THE TASKMASTER TRIES TO USE TITANIA TO SET ME UP. I AGREE TO PLAY ALONG IF TITANIA CUTS ME IN ON THE DEAL.

TASKMASTER SENDS ME AND THREE OF HIS "STUDENTS" ON SOME IDIOT "TRAINING MISSION" TO RECOVER BARON ZEMO'S SATELLITE--

--WHERE I AM PROMPTLY LEFT FOR DEAD.

I HOT-WIRE AN ESCAPE POD, BUT MAKE A WRONG TURN SOMEWHERE AND END UP RAMMING A SHIP FULL OF MERCS--

... THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME ... THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME ...

--WHO OFFER ME A RIDE HOME IF I RESCUE THEIR LEADER, THE DIRTY WOLFF.

WOLFF BLOWS MY ENTIRE PLAN-- ON PURPOSE--

-- WHICH LEADS TO THE OBLIGATORY CHASE SCENE.

IT WASN'T THAT I WAS AFRAID TO DIE. I WAS EMBARRASSED TO DIE THERE-- LIKE THAT.

I WANNA BE KILLED BY PEOPLE WHO DRESS BETTER.

WAIT ... WAIT ... HOLD UP--

--WHICH ONE OF YOU PASSED GAS--?!?

BUT, AT THE MOMENT, MY CHOICES WERE FEWER AND FEWER...

WHO WATCHES THE WATCHER WATCHING THE MERC WITH THE MOUTH?
YES, WE GET DEADPOOL BACK FROM SPACE AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE.