

ORIGINAL  
SIN DEADPOOL #32



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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



LI'L DEADPOOL ART BY  
IRENE Y. LEE

## DADDY/DAUGHTER DAY

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# WINNETKA, ILLINOIS.







I'M AFRAID  
THIS IS WHERE  
WE MUST PART  
WAYS.

SEE?  
I PROMISED  
YOU WOULD LIVE  
THROUGH THIS.

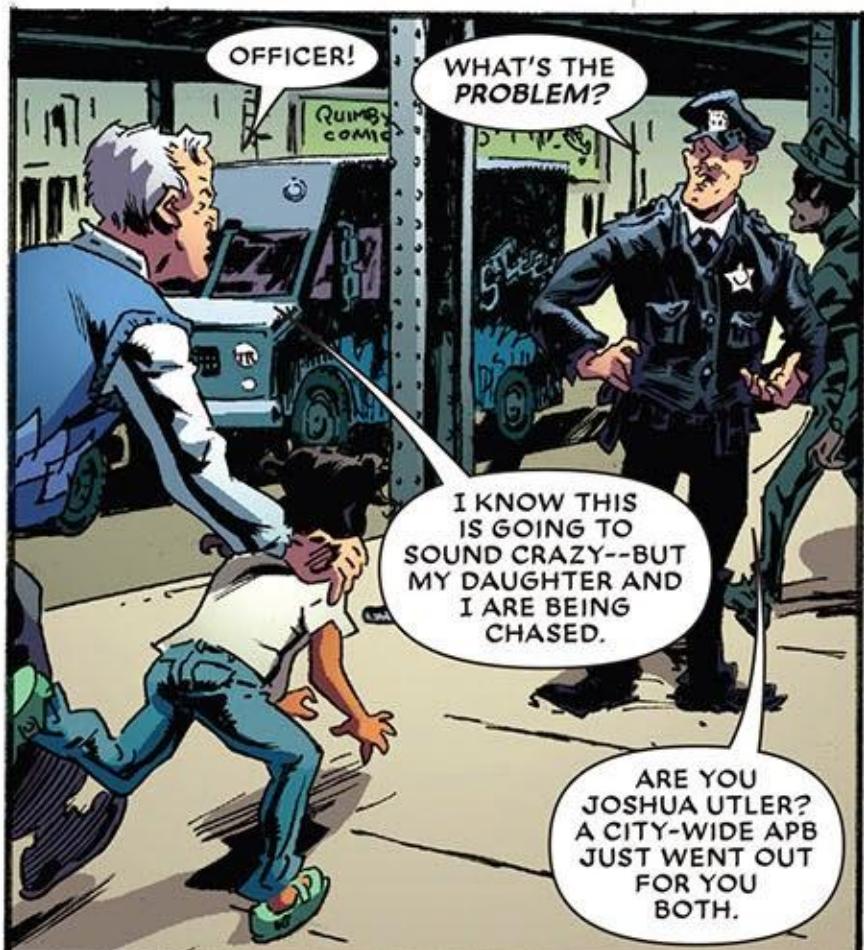
I'M KEEPING  
THE CAR. STAY  
HERE AND WAIT  
FOR THE  
COPS.

FINE,  
JUST DON'T  
KILL ME.

I AIN'T GONNA  
KILL YOU, I NEED  
YOU TO GET A MESSAGE  
TO S.H.I.E.L.D. SPECIAL  
AGENT SCOTT ADSIT.  
THE COPS WILL KNOW  
HOW TO REACH HIM.

TELL HIM  
PRESTON IS DOWN,  
AND ELEANOR IS IN  
DANGER, AND TELL HIM  
NEXT TIME I CALL:  
TO ANSWER HIS  
DAMN PHONE.

 CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.







MEANWHILE,  
UNDER NEW YORK CITY...

SERIOUSLY,  
WHERE DID  
THAT DOOFUS  
GO?

I COULD  
REALLY USE  
SOME HELP! HE SAID  
HE WAS IN THE "F-F-F"  
THE FUTURE  
FANTASTIC FOUR.

YOU TRUSTED  
DEADPOOL? HA-HA-  
HA-HAH! YOU DESERVE  
WHAT'S COMING  
TO YOU.

A SHAME  
YOUR POWER  
IS FINALLY  
WANING.

OR MAYBE I  
WANTED TO  
DRAW YOU IN  
CLOSE...FOR  
THE FINALE.

OR MAYBE  
SHE'S NOT  
ALONE.

OH, SH--

--IKLAH!

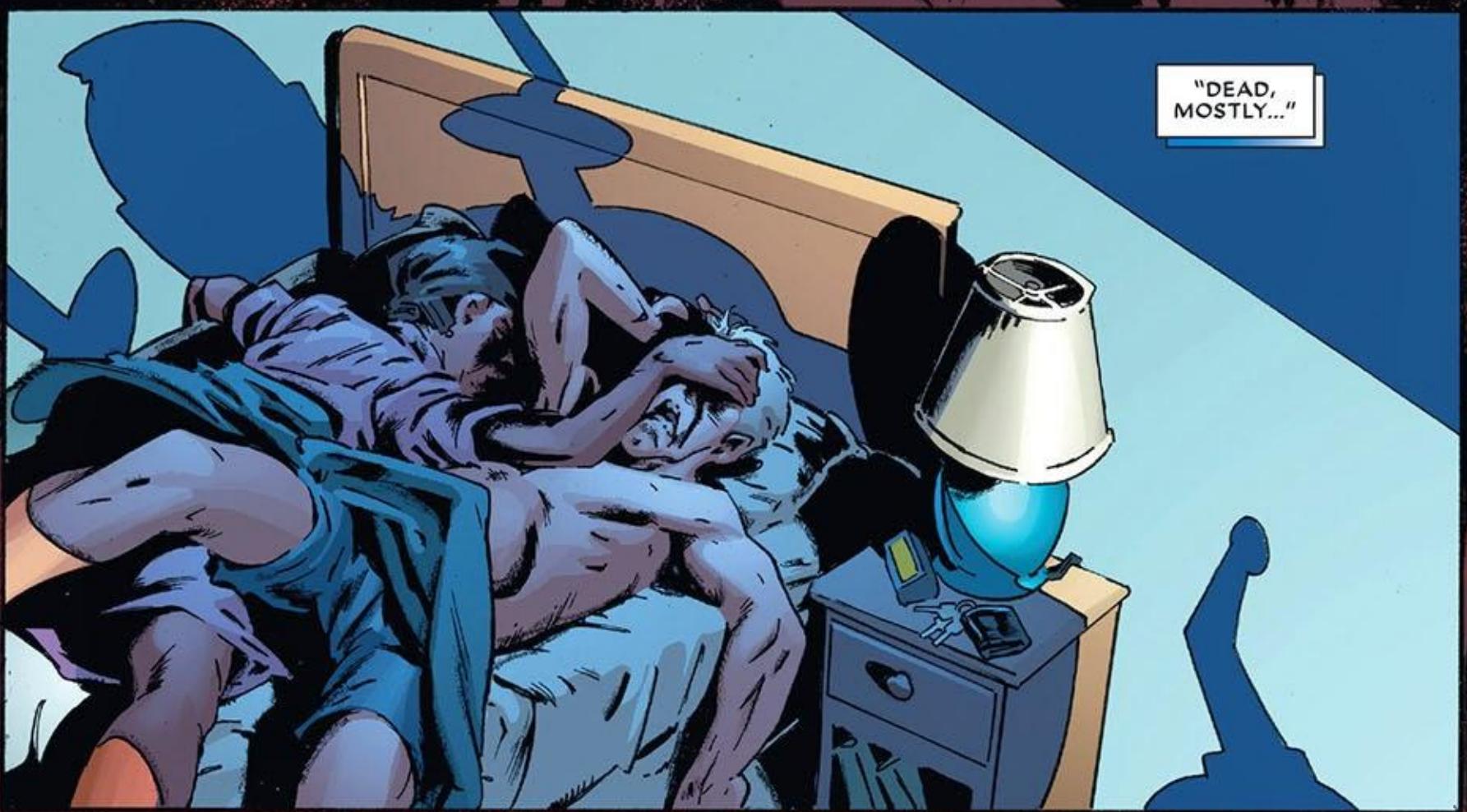
SORRY  
I'M LATE.

I UNDERSTAND  
MY HUSBAND HAS  
RUN OUT ON US...

...BUT WHO  
NEEDS HIM,  
ANYWAY?







"DEAD,  
MOSTLY..."



"OH, THAT'S  
TOO BAD."

"YEAH...IT WAS  
A BUMMER."

 CHICAGO, NOW...

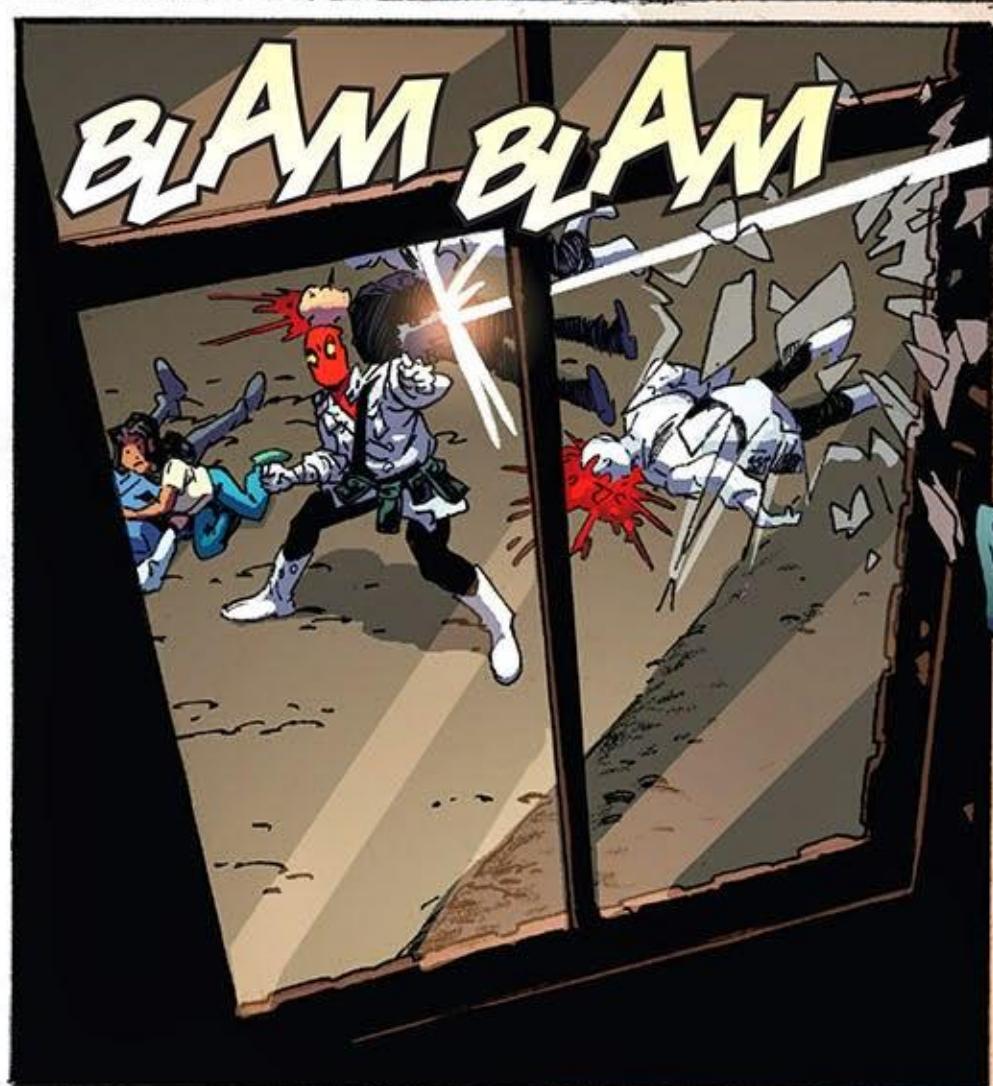
HEY!



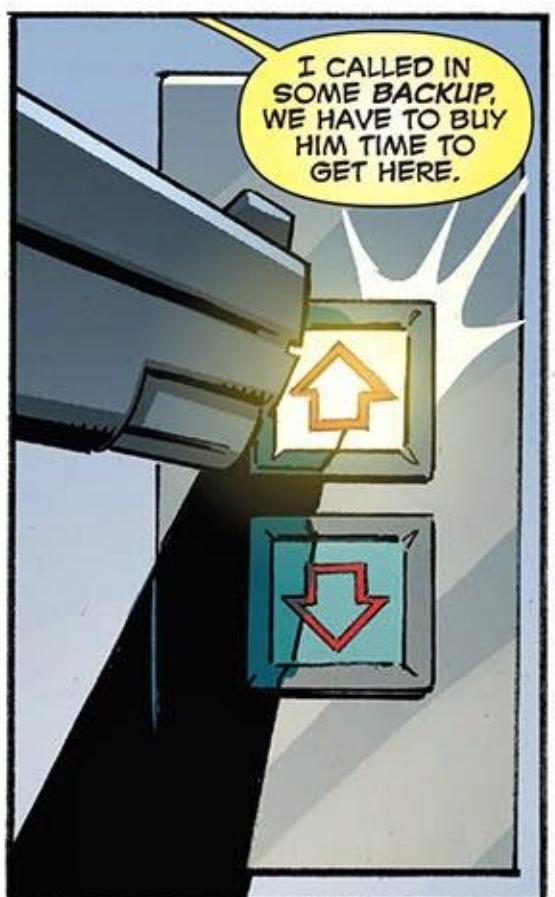












LISTEN, ELLIE. YOU'RE PROBABLY A LITTLE SCARED OF ME, BUT I PROMISE I WON'T LET ANYTHING BAD HAPPEN TO YOU ANYMORE. MY NAME IS WADE WILSON.

EVERYONE KNOWS WHO YOU ARE. YOU'RE THE BEST. YOU KILLED ALL THOSE ZOMBIE PRESIDENTS.

HUH, YEAH.

AND I DID SOME OTHER, MORE SERIOUS STUFF. THE NEXT FEW MINUTES ARE GOING TO BE LOUD, AND I NEED YOU TO DO EVERYTHING I SAY.

WOA!

UH-OH.

I KNOW YOU MUST HAVE A MILLION QUESTIONS, AND I'LL TRY TO ANSWER THEM ALL.

ARE YOU MY WEIRD DAD? IS MY MOM--

NO QUESTIONS RIGHT NOW.

ARE THE BAD GUYS GOING TO GET US?

NO, KIDD...



WE GOT  
THESE BASTARDS  
RIGHT WHERE WE  
WANT THEM.

 TO BE CONCLUDED...