

MARVEL
COMICS
1ST
COLLECTOR'S
ISSUE!
JAN '97 1

DEADPOOL



GIANT-SIZED,
WISE-CRACKIN', RIP-SNORTIN'
PREMIERE ISSUE
OF MARVEL'S FIRST
MERC-WITH-A-
MONTHLY!

EMG '96
NJ LEE
LIQUID!

70 YEARS OF MARVEL COMICS

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70 YEARS
OF
MARVEL
COMICS

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HEY, IT'S DEADPOOL!

Stan Lee
Presents:

Or...
DEADPOOL
#1

-- UNFORTUNATELY,
IT'S ALSO THE WAY
OF THE JUNGLE TO
CALL IN REINFORCE-
MENTS.

THUSLY,
THE PREY-TURNED-
PREDATOR AGAIN
BECOMES
PREY --

-- PRAYING THAT
THE PREDATORS IN
PURSUIT ARE AS POOR
WITH PROJECTILES
AS THEIR PRESENTLY
PULVERIZED
PALS.

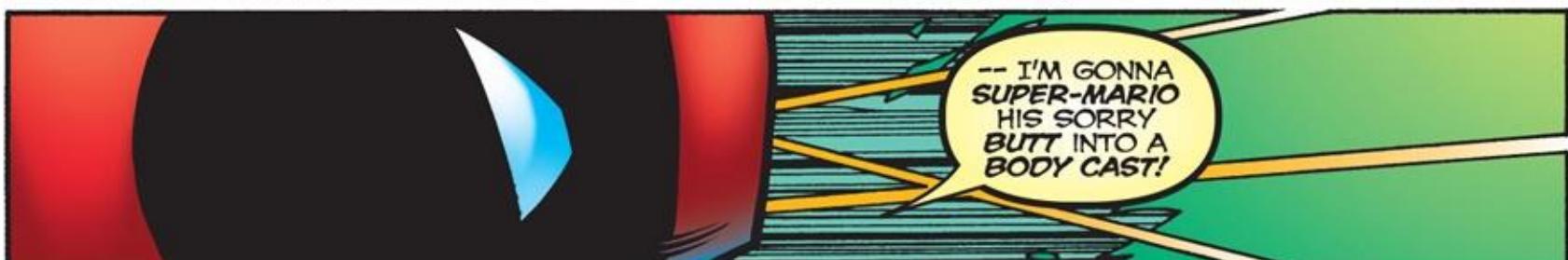
WHAT I
WOULDN'T GIVE
TO BE MARLIN
PERKINS RIGHT
ABOUT NOW...



Joe Kelly
Story
Ed McGuinness
Pencils

Nathan Massengill
with Norman Lee
Inks
RS/Comicraft/DL
Letters

Chris Lichtner
Colors
Digital Chameleon
Enhancement
Matt Idelson Harris
Editor Chief



FIRST THING I DO, KEANU, IS GRAB SANDRA BULLOCK AND HIGHTAIL IT OFF THE BUS. LET THE REST BURN.

THUNK

SHHHH

THEN WE BUILD OURSELVES A LITTLE LOVENEST OUTSIDE OF HOLLYWOOD --

-- SCRATCH THAT. OUTSIDE OF PEQUOMA --

-- AND WE SPEND THE REST OF OUR DAYS BAKING BROWNIES AND BEHEADING THE EVER PRESENT PAPARAZZI.

FSWISSHA

SHHHINH

NAH... IT'D NEVER LAST.

SANDRA'S PROBABLY MORE OF A GUN GIRL THAN A BLADE BABE --

-- AND I DO SO ENJOY RUNNING WITH SHARP OBJECTS.

MADRE DE DIOS!



SECONDS LATER, IN ANOTHER SWATCH OF JUNGLE.

SEÑOR DEADPOOL HAS LIBERATED THE WEAPON FROM OUR GOVERNMENT OPPRESSORS! THE REVOLUTION BEGINS!

SURE, POWER TO THE PEOPLE, BLAH BLAH. MY MONEY.

YOU'RE CERTAIN THEY CAN'T SEE US?

ABSOLUTELY. OUR CLOAKING DEVICES ARE WORKING PERFECTLY.

Um..? I THINK THE TREASURER'S BEEN DIPPING INTO THE MONOPOLY SET AGAIN--

YO, GENERALES! FELIZ NAVIDAD.



AS AGREED, TWO MILLION DOLARES!



THAT IS THE CURRENCY OF THE REVOLUTION! IN A FEW YEARS, IT WILL OVERFLOW OUR NATION'S COFFERS!

ASSUMING..? A FEW YEARS..?

HEY, BEFORE I GO, SHOULD I TEACH YOUR BOYS HOW TO WORK THIS PEA SHOOTER?

I INSIST. NOW, EVERYONE GET NICE AND COZY SO I ONLY HAVE TO EXPLAIN THIS ONCE.

ASSUMING WE WIN THE WAR, OF COURSE...

I THINK WE CAN HANDLE--

PEACHY. ARE WE ALL PAYING ATTENTION...?



CHICAGO.

SISTER MARGARET'S SCHOOL FOR WAYWARD CHILDREN WAS A PLACE WHERE UNADULTERATED GOODNESS RAN THICK IN EVERY HALLWAY.

IN THE FIFTIES, IT WAS INFESTED BY RATS, MOST OF WHOM, IT TURNED OUT, WERE ON THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

THE SCANDALS THAT FOLLOWED WERE OF AN UNSPEAKABLE NATURE.

SINCE THEN, MARGARET'S HAS BEEN BURNED, CONDEMNED, DEMOLISHED, REBUILT, BURNED AGAIN...

...BUT THE RATS HAVE REMAINED A CONSTANT.

WHO'S NEXT ON NIGHTLINE?

I GOT A C.E.O.-NAPPING FOR FIFTY G'S, A FIREBUGGING FOR TEN, AND SOMEONE WANTS ELVIS' BONES FOR SIXTEEN-FIFTY!

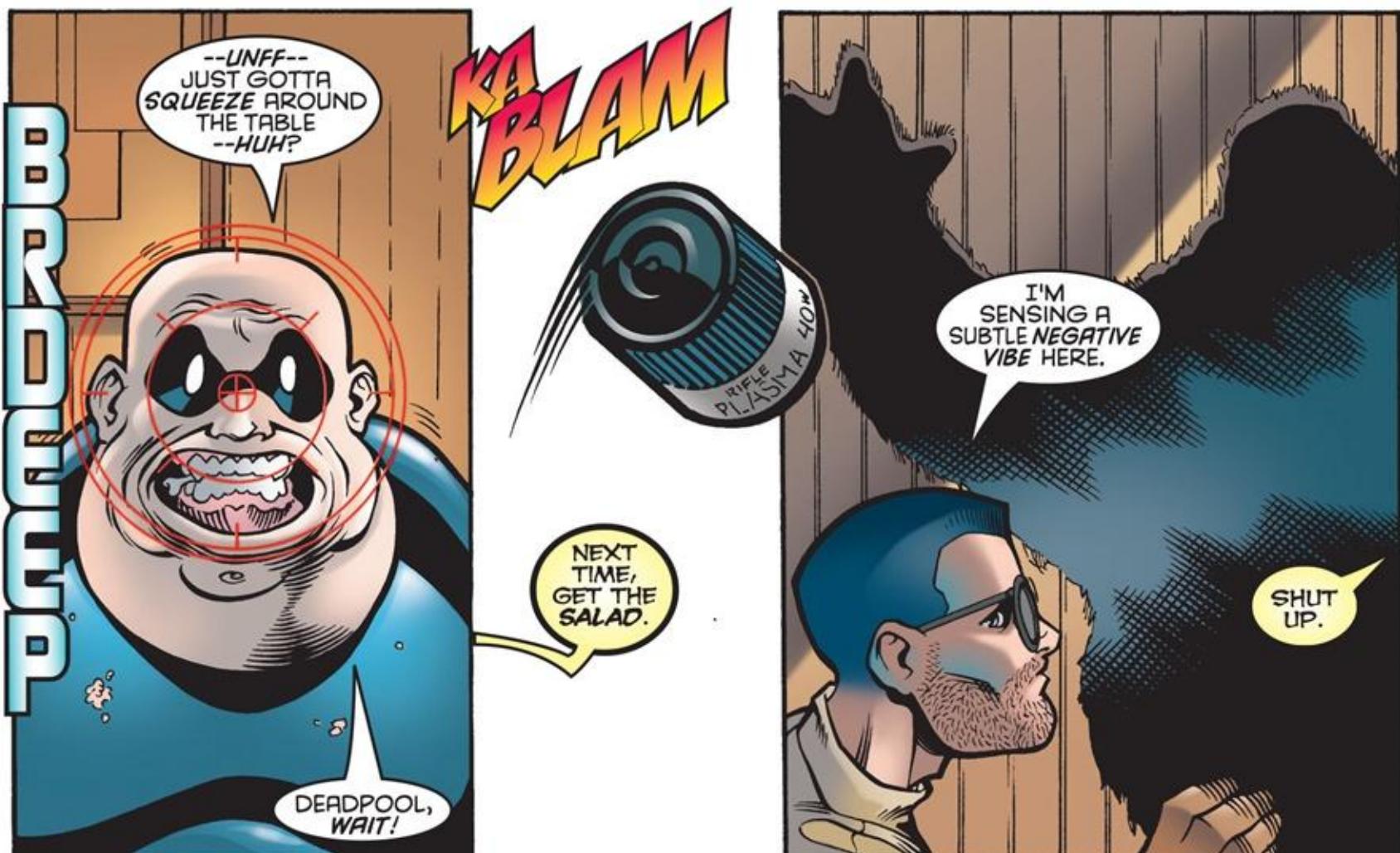
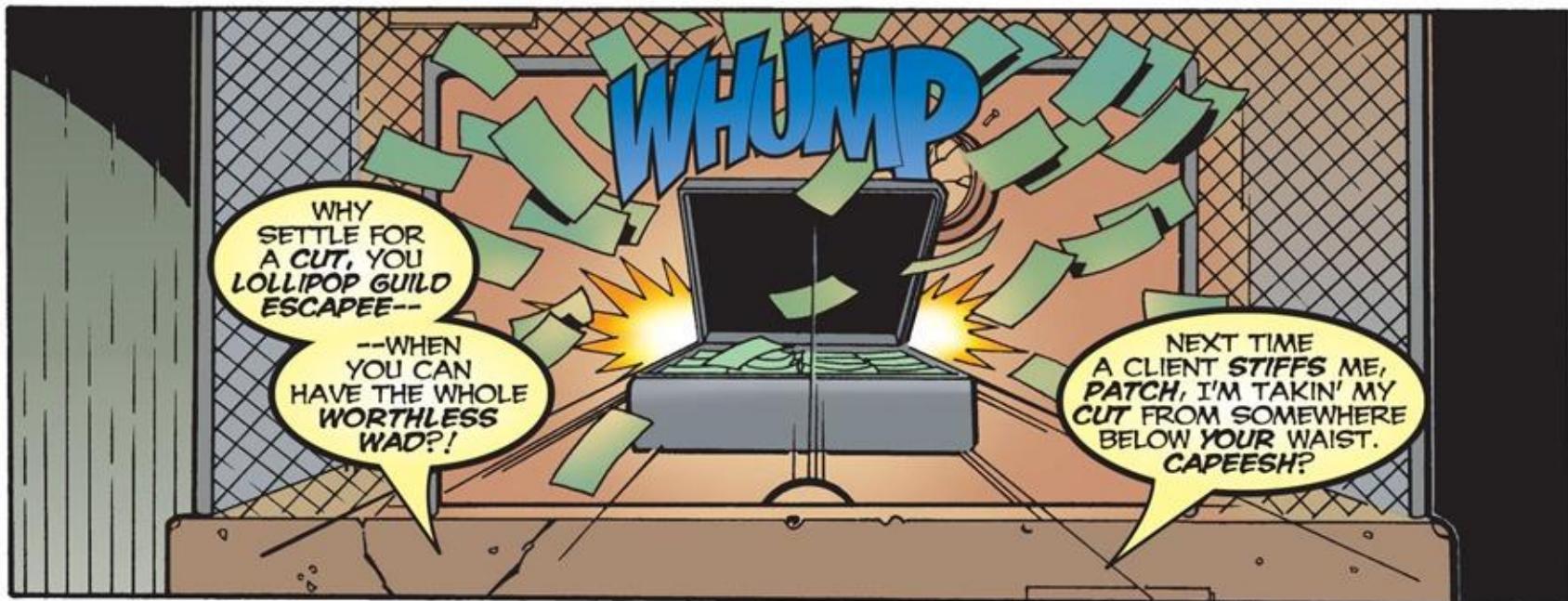
IF ANY OF YEZ ARE FEELIN' FRISKY, INTERPOL IS LOOKIN' FOR A BLACK OPS FREELANCER... BUT WHO TRUSTS INTERPOL?

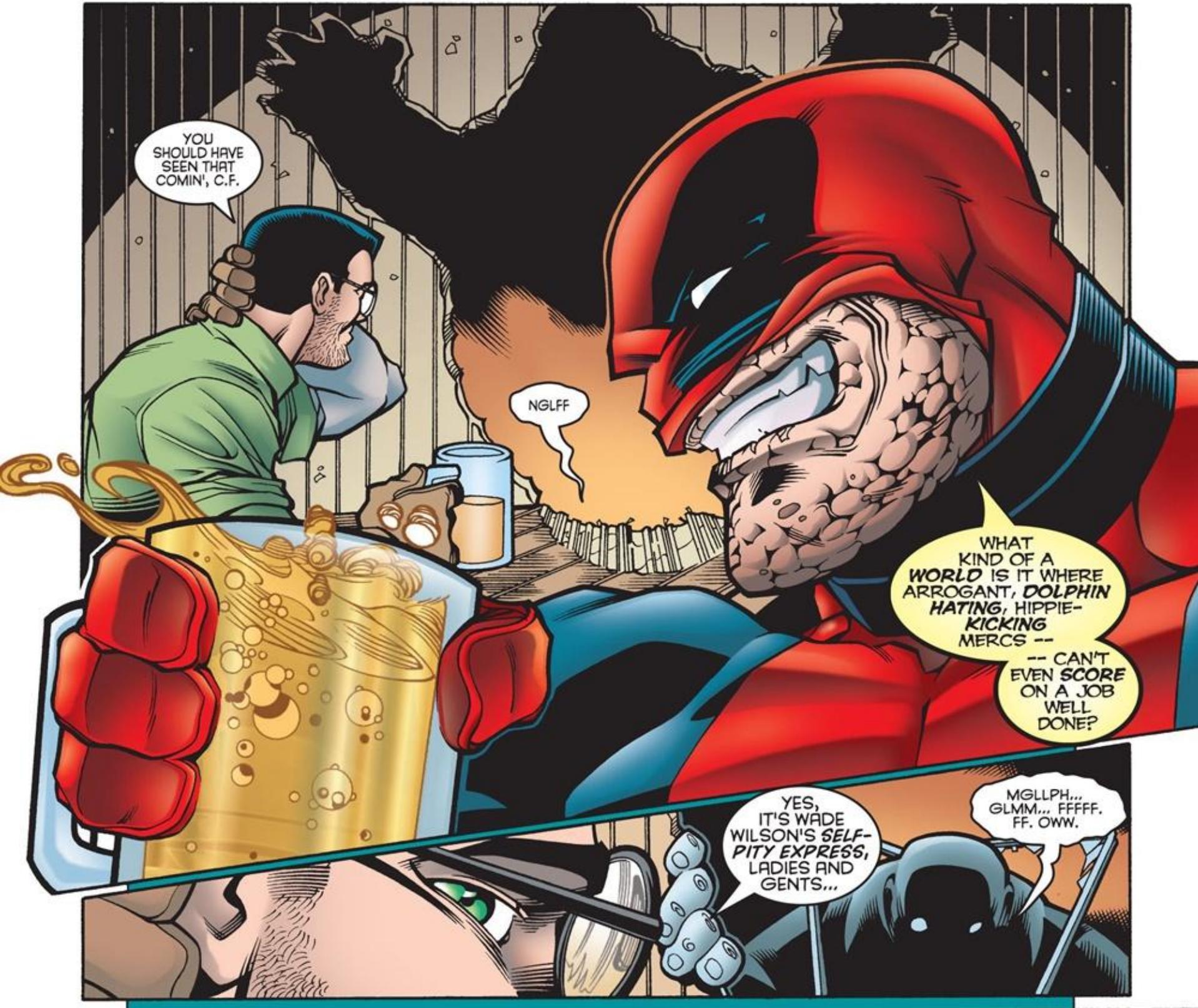
WELCOME TO HELLHOUSE.

PAATCH!

HEY, EVERYONE 'POOL'S BACK!
HOW WAS BOLIVIA?
ANY PROBLEMS?
YOU CATCH MONTEZUMA'S REVENGE?

PLEASE NOTE, DAT WAS SMALL TALK.
NOW, WHERE'S MY CUT?





ANTARCTICA.
THE BOTTOM OF
THE WORLD...

... WHERE A COVERT SCIENTIFIC
FACILITY BUSTLES WITH
ELEVENTH HOUR ACTIVITY--

-- PROJECT
MICHELANGELO.

THE
GAMMA CORE
IS LOCKED DOWN,
MACK. WE'RE GOOD
AS GOLD-- ALTHOUGH
WE'D BE PLATINUM IF
WE RAN ONE MORE
SIMULATION.

YOU GOT
IT, DOCTOR
LANGKOWSKI.
BETTER SAFE THAN
DEAD AND
EMBARRASSED,
'EY?

Mmm.
YOU CAN
SAY THAT
AGAIN.

SAY, DOC,
YOU BEEN DOWN
HERE A FEW MONTHS
NOW, FREEZIN'
OFF YER BUNS LIKE THE
REST OF
US --

-- DON'T
YOU MISS
RUNNIN' WITH
CANADA'S
NUMBER ONE
SUPER HERO
TEAM?

MY
ADVENTURES
WITH ALPHA FLIGHT
WERE... THE BEST OF
TIMES AND THE WORST
OF TIMES TO BE
SURE--

-- BUT
HONESTLY, THE
PURSUIT OF SCIENCE
IS INHERENTLY MORE
STIMULATING THAN
SPARRING WITH
SUPER-VILLAINS!

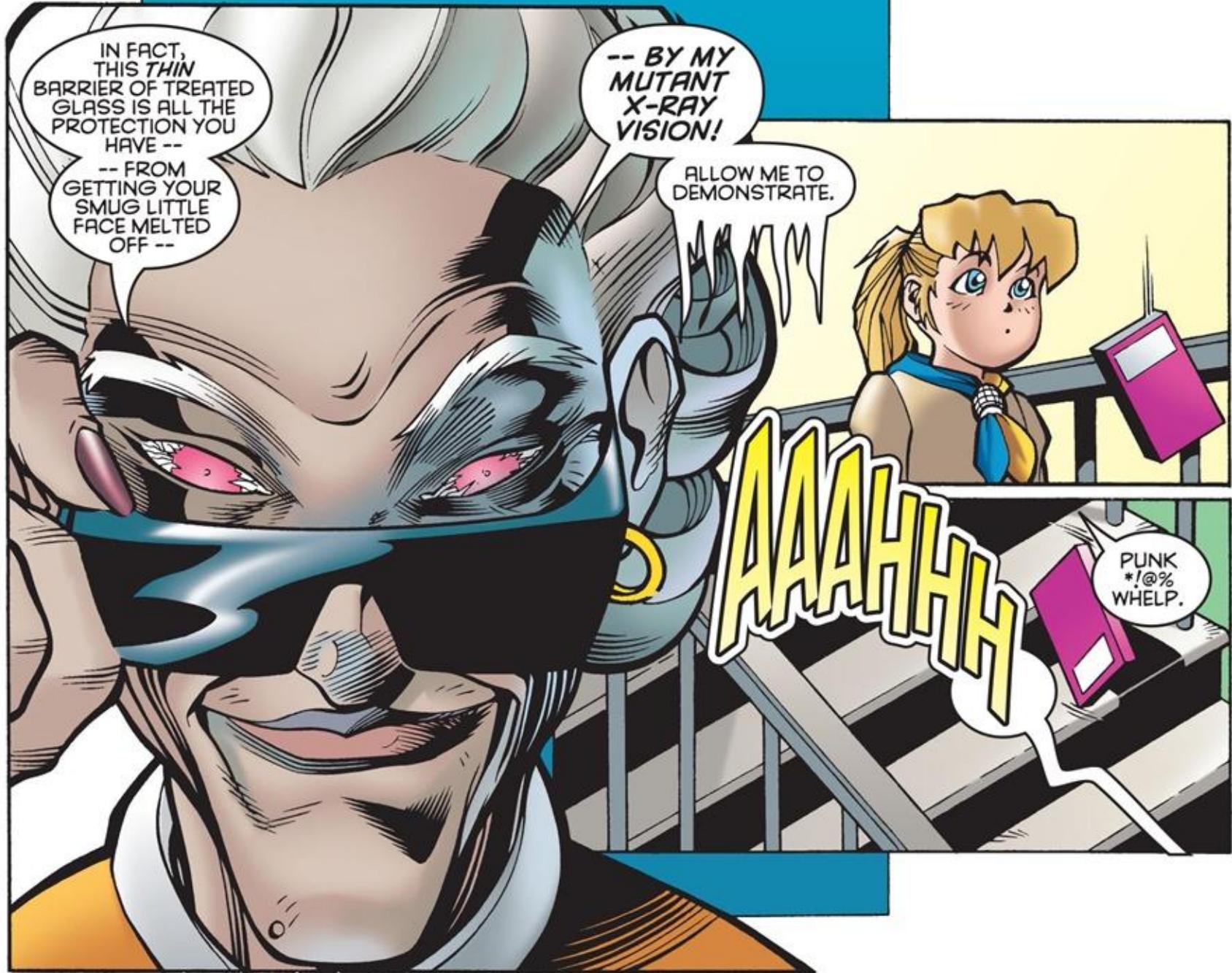
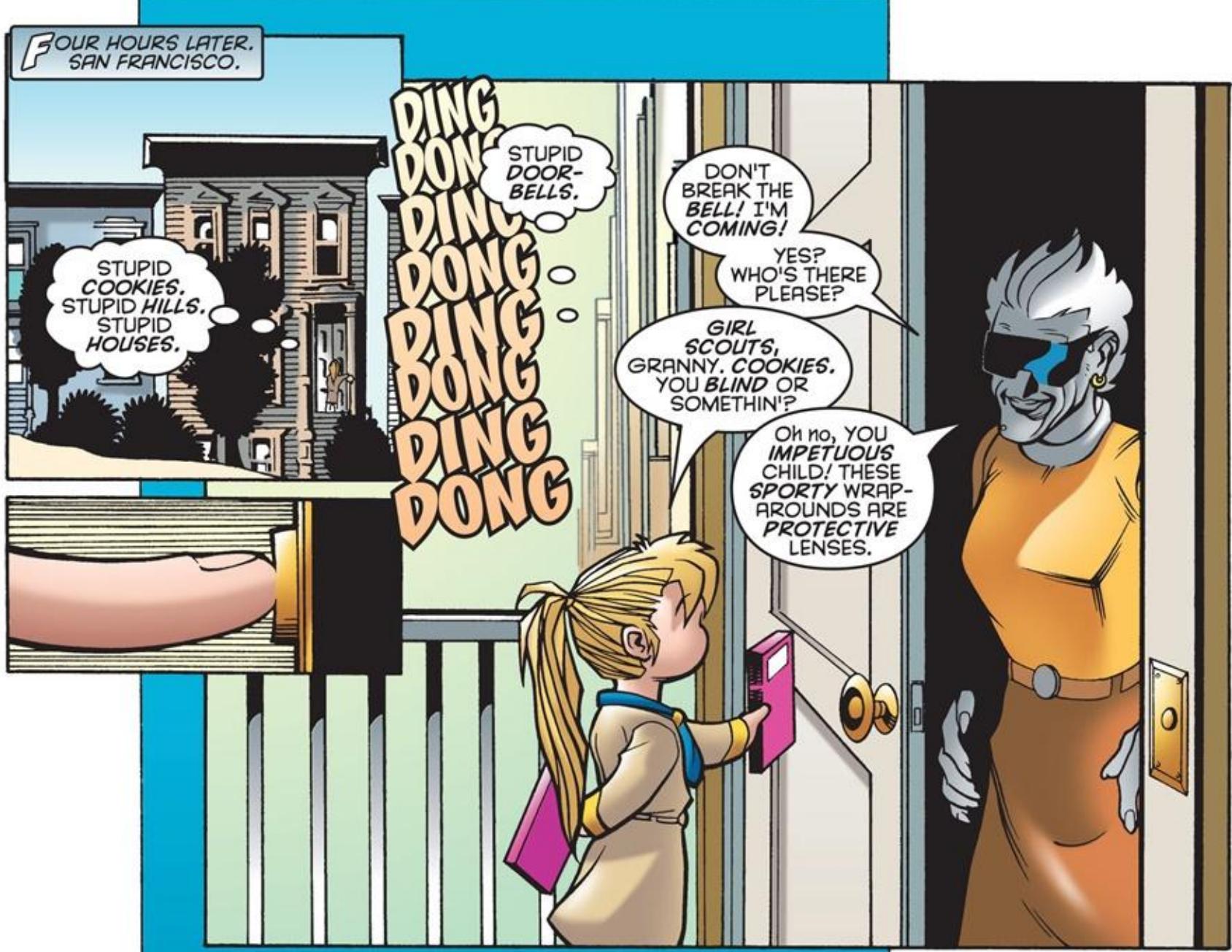
BESIDES,
I'VE NEVER
HAD MY HEAD
BASHED IN UNDER
CONTROLLED LAB
CONDITIONS.

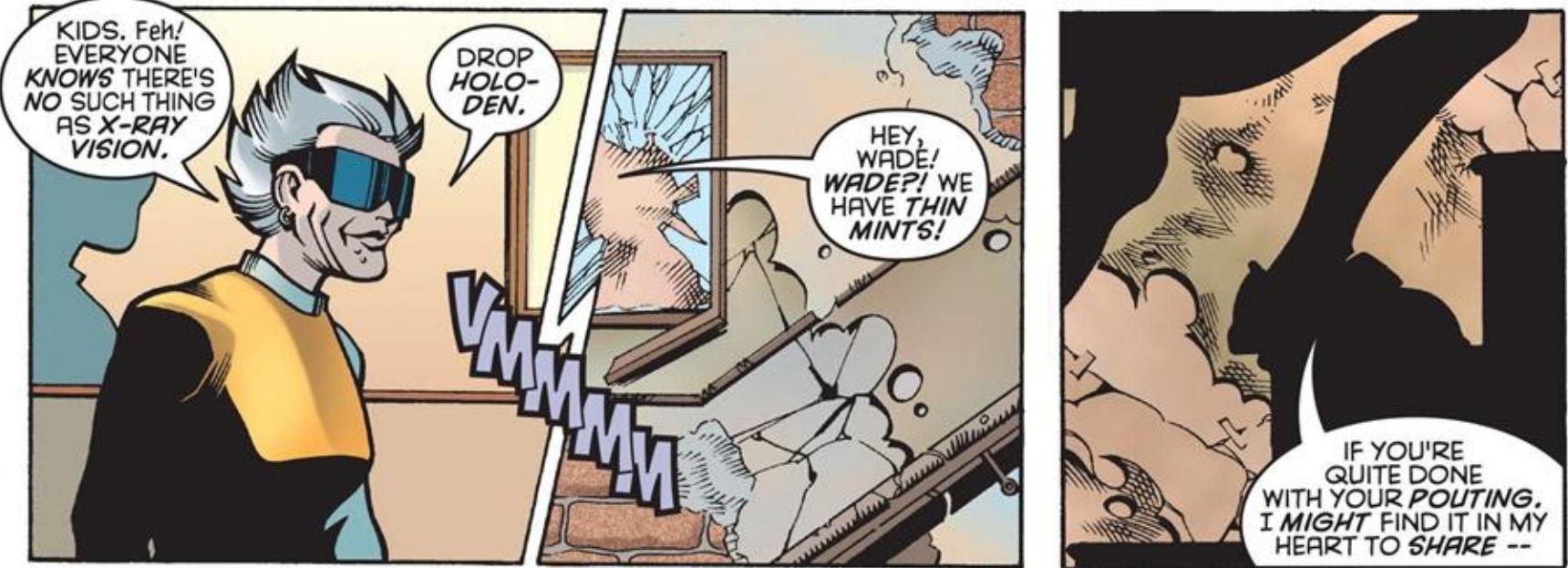
IDEAL
LOCATION.
HIGH
RISK.

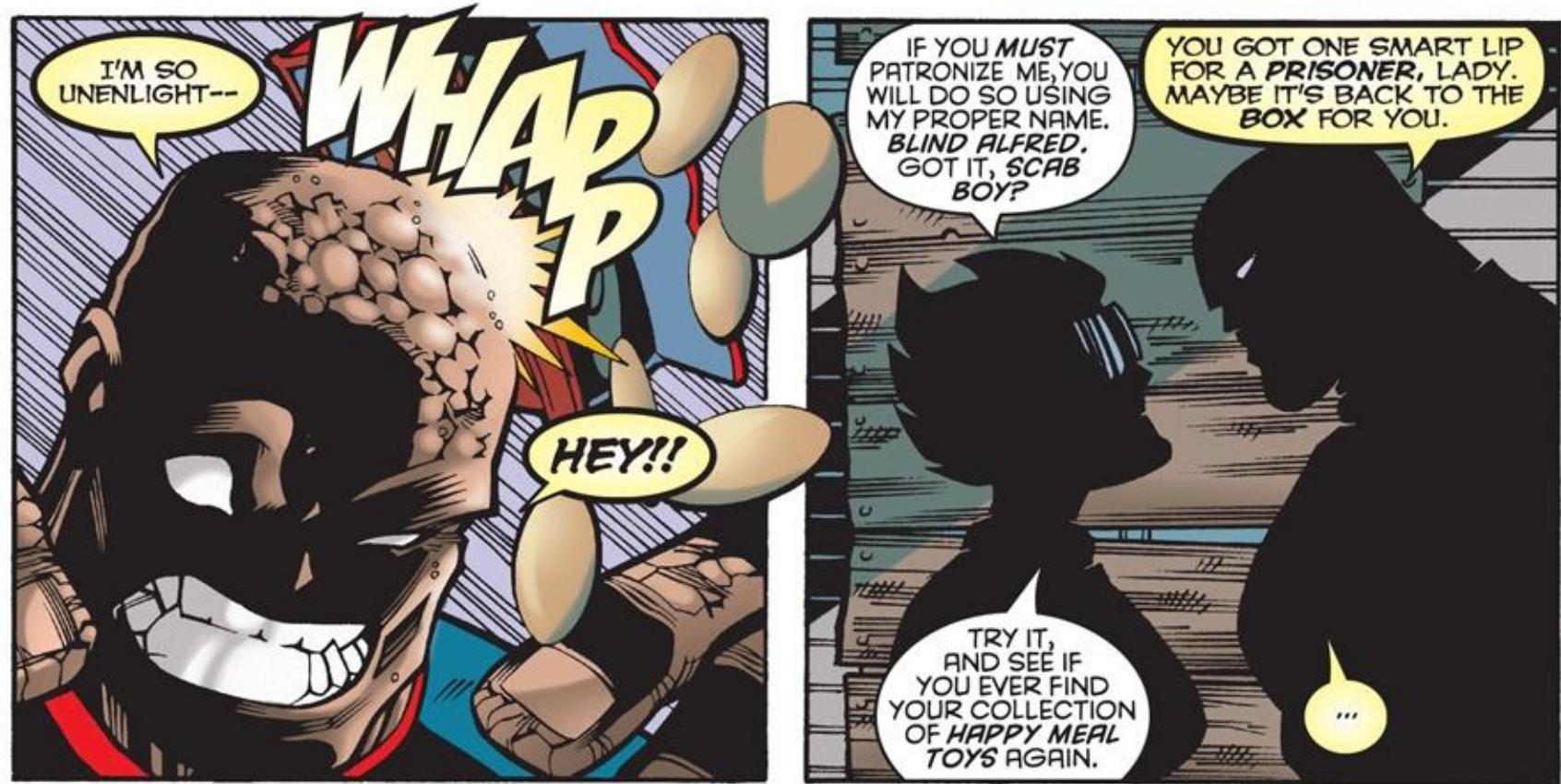
NICE.
VERY NICE.

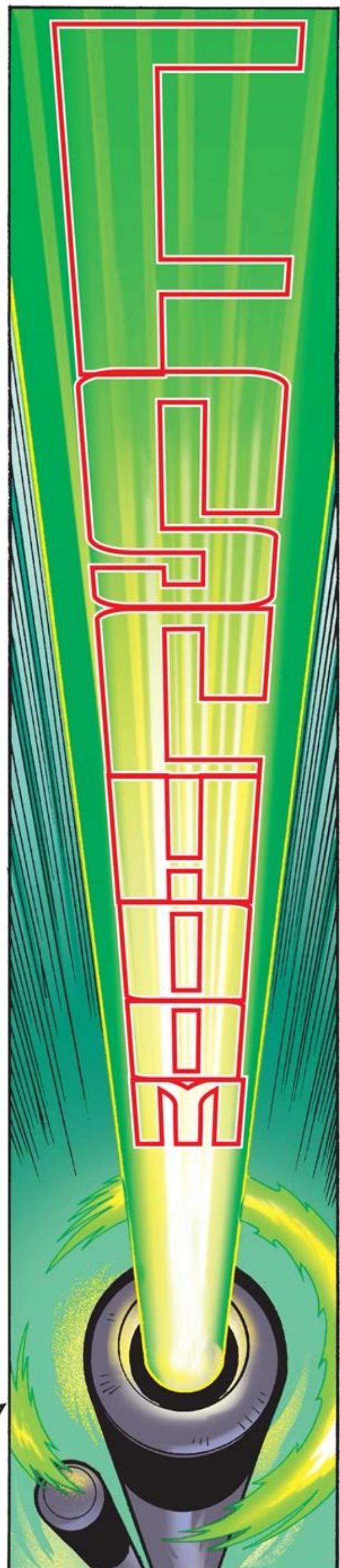
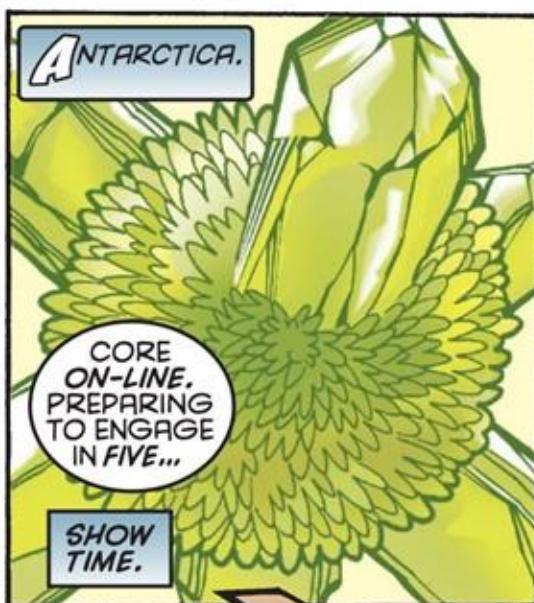
OKAY,
LET'S LOOK
ALIVE, GANG!
TIME TO MAKE
A LITTLE
HISTORY!

**FOUR HOURS LATER.
SAN FRANCISCO.**



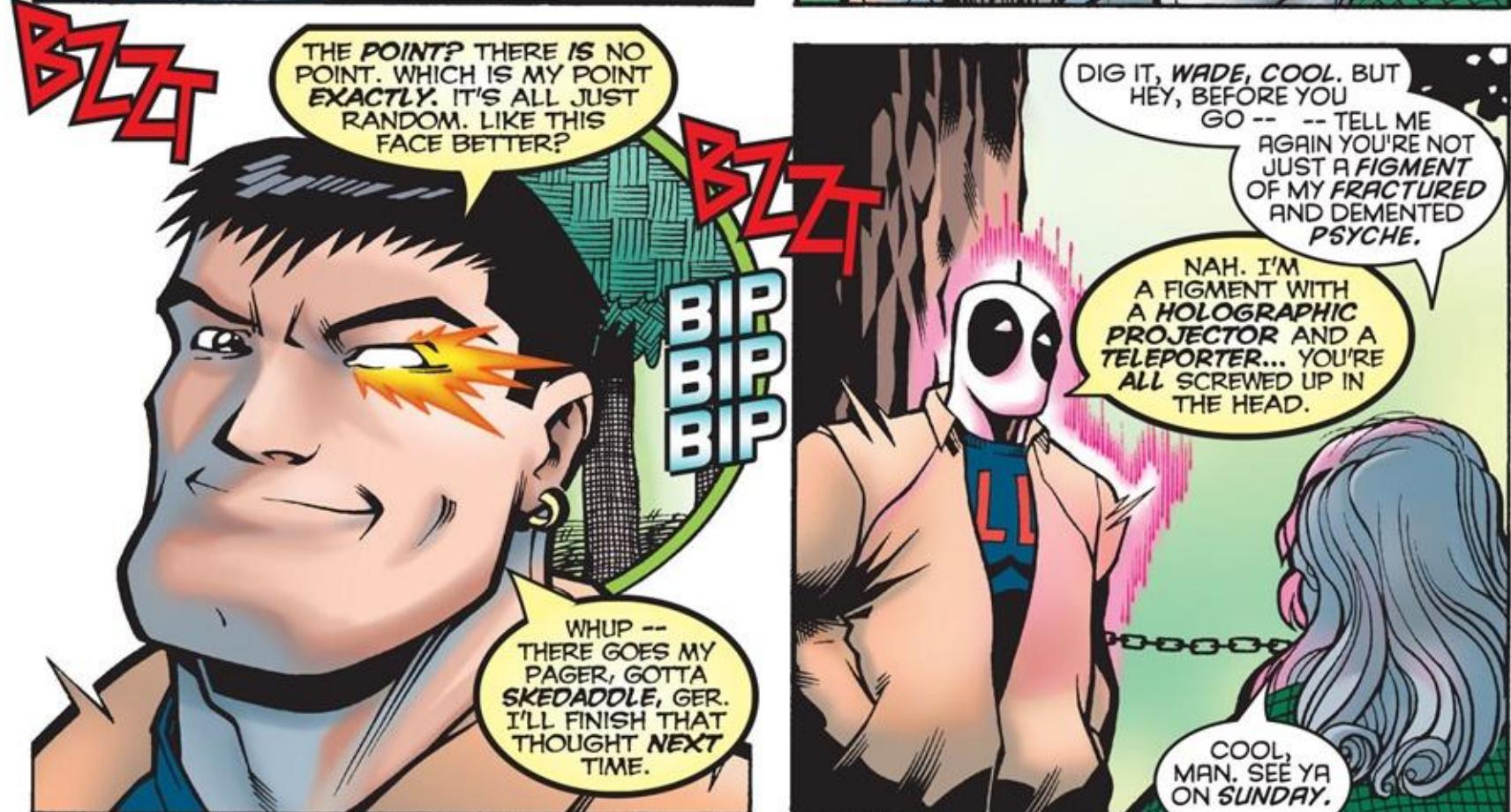
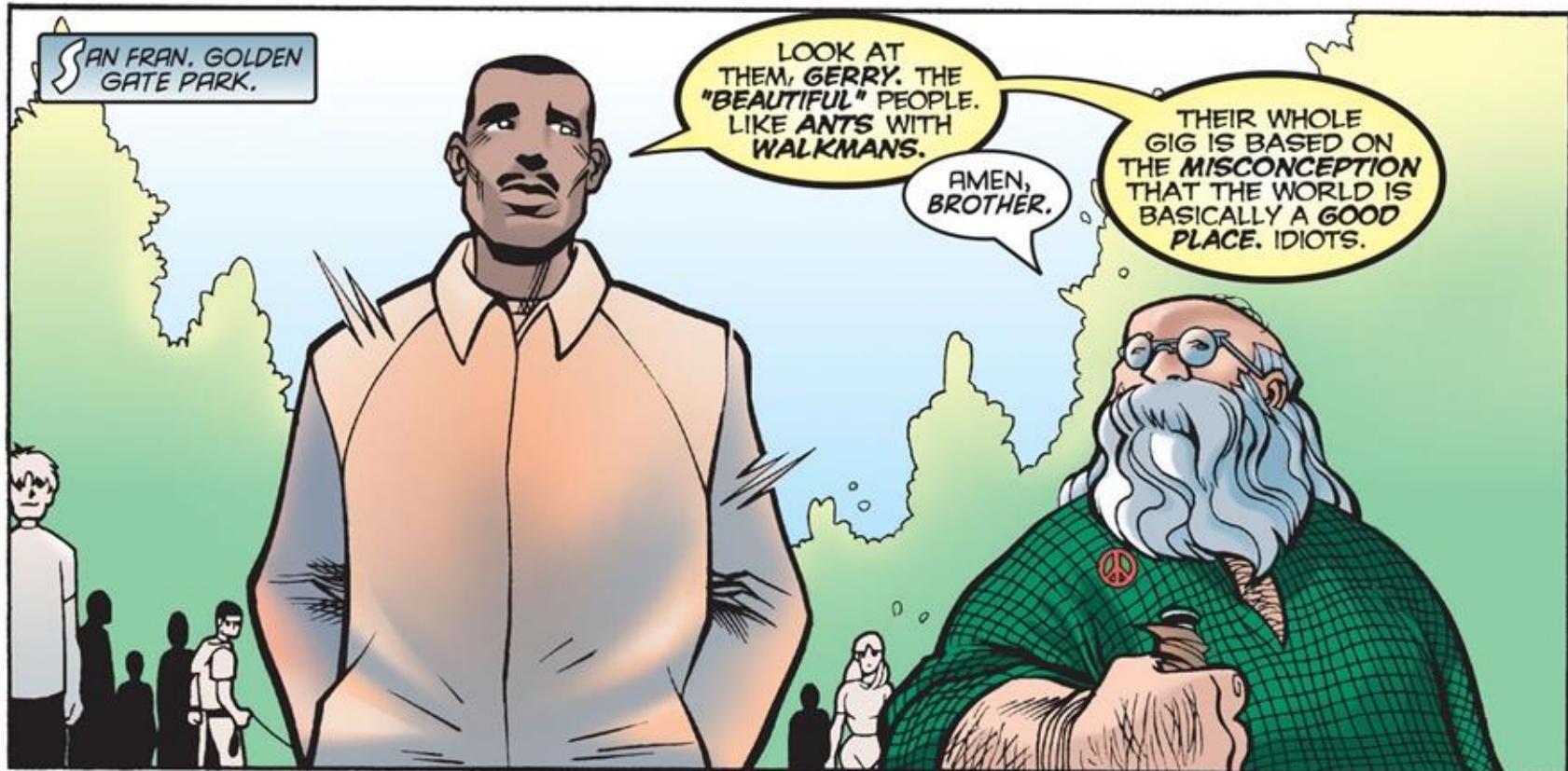


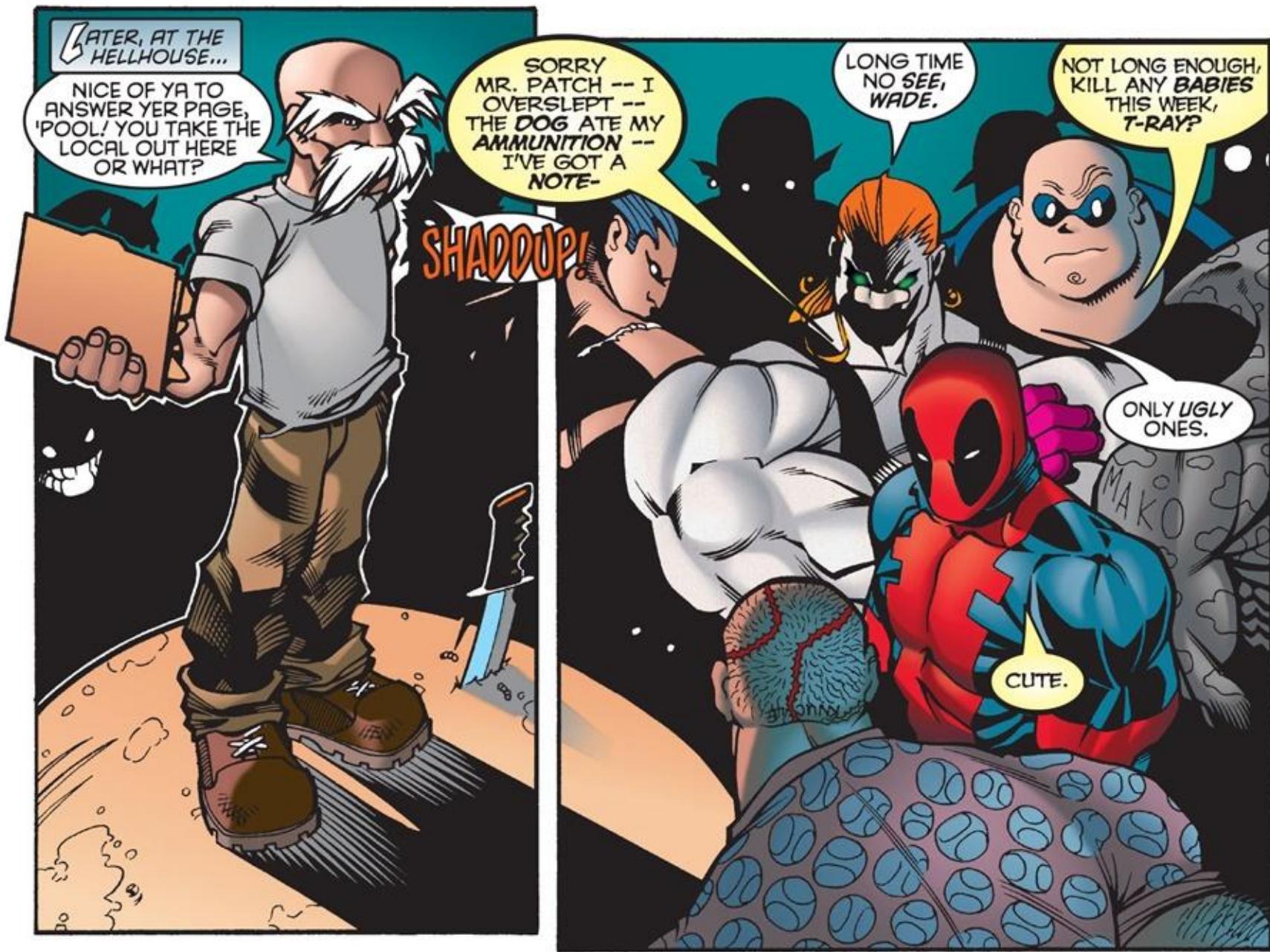












LATER... GUESS WHERE.

RASSUM FRASSUM
ANTARCTIC-C-CA
STINKPOT FRIKKIN-FRAKKIN
SNOW C-C-COVERED
BLANKETY BLANK --

-- I CAN'T
BELIEVE P-PATCH
PICKED ME F-FOR
THIS GIG!

IF I
EVER FEEL MY
HAND AGAIN,
I'M GOING TO
S-S-STRANGLE
HIM IN HIS
BOOTH --

-- THEN I'M
GONNA SNAP WEASEL
IN TWO LIKE A SNACK-
SIZE KIT-KAT FOR
'PORTING ME SO FAR
AWAY FROM THE
TARGET --

-- THEN I'M
GONNA TEACH THE
MOOK WHO INVENTED
SNOW ALL THAT STUFF I
PICKED UP FROM THE
TURKISH CORRECTIONS
OFFICER--

-- THOUGH
SNOW WAS PROBABLY
INVENTED BY A WOMAN...
WHO ELSE COULD
MAKE IT SO
COLD?

ALL THIS
SHIVERIN'S FOR
NOTHING, REALLY. SOON
AS I GET INDOORS, THE
OLD HEALING FACTOR'LL
DO ME UP BETTER THAN
AL'S CHICKEN SOUP.

HEY!
SNAPPY LIGHT SHOW.
GUESS THIS BE THE
PLACE.

I WONDER
WHAT THIS THING
DOES ANYWAY --

-- COURSE,
I AIN'T GETTIN'
PAID TO ASK
QUESTIONS,
SO --

--LET'S
GET TO THE
THE FUN PART!

STEP ONE:
ADDRESS THE
BUILDING. "HELLO,
BUILDING! MAY I
CALL YOU
RUBBLE?!"

STEP TWO:
INTRODUCE A MODEST
PORTION OF PLASTICINE
AND HYDRATED SODIUM
TO MR. RUBBLE. "HOW
DO YOU DO?"

STEP
THREE: WITH
FINGER EXTENDED
LIKE SO, ENGAGE
TIMER --

BRDEEP

-- NOW,
CALMLY BOOK
FOR THE HIL --
HUH?

WHO'S GOT
A LIGHTER?

DEET

UH --

DEET
DEET

-- THIS
IS A LITTLE
WRINKLE.

'SCUSE ME...
FELLAS?

WHO'S THAT?
SIMON?

NOT EXACTLY.
LUCKY FOR YOU, 'CAUSE
SIMON PROBABLY COULDN'T
KEEP YOU FROM GETTING
BLOWN OUT OF YOUR
PARKAS --

WHOLFF!

HURFF!

-- 'COURSE,
SIMON PROBABLY
WOULDN'T HAVE SET
AN INCENDIARY DEVICE
IN YOUR BACKYARD
EITHER, BUT HEY,
WHAT DO I
KNOW?

BRAKOO!

EVERYONE INTACT?
GOOD. LET'S
REVIEW --

YOU
GUYS HAVE JUST
TAKEN THE UN OUT
OF UNMANNED
STATION --

WHICH MEANS
EITHER I'M AT THE
WRONG ADDRESS,
WHICH IS HIGHLY
UNLIKELY --

WHAT
IN HEAVEN'S
NAME --!

-- OR
THIS IS THE PART
WHERE SNAFU IS AN
UNDERSTATEMENT.



YOU?!

WHOA. BIG WRINKLE.
HOW'RE YOU DOING, WALTER?

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?!

I'M FINE,
THANKS.
KEEPING BUSY
WITH MY
KNITTING.
THE
USUAL.

SO HEY,
THIS HAS BEEN
SWELL, BUT I HAVE
TO GET BACK TO
WRECKING YOUR
IGLOO --

-- SO WHAT
DO YOU SAY
YOU HELP ME OUT
AND SUFFER A
CARDIAC ARREST,
FOR OLD TIMES'
SAKE?





