The Wedding of
DEADPOOL
#27
RECORD HOLDER
GUINNESS WORLD RECORDS
THE MOST IMPORTANT ISSUE #27 IN THE HISTORY OF COMICS!
ALL-NEW MARVEL NOW!
KOBLISH
-VAL-

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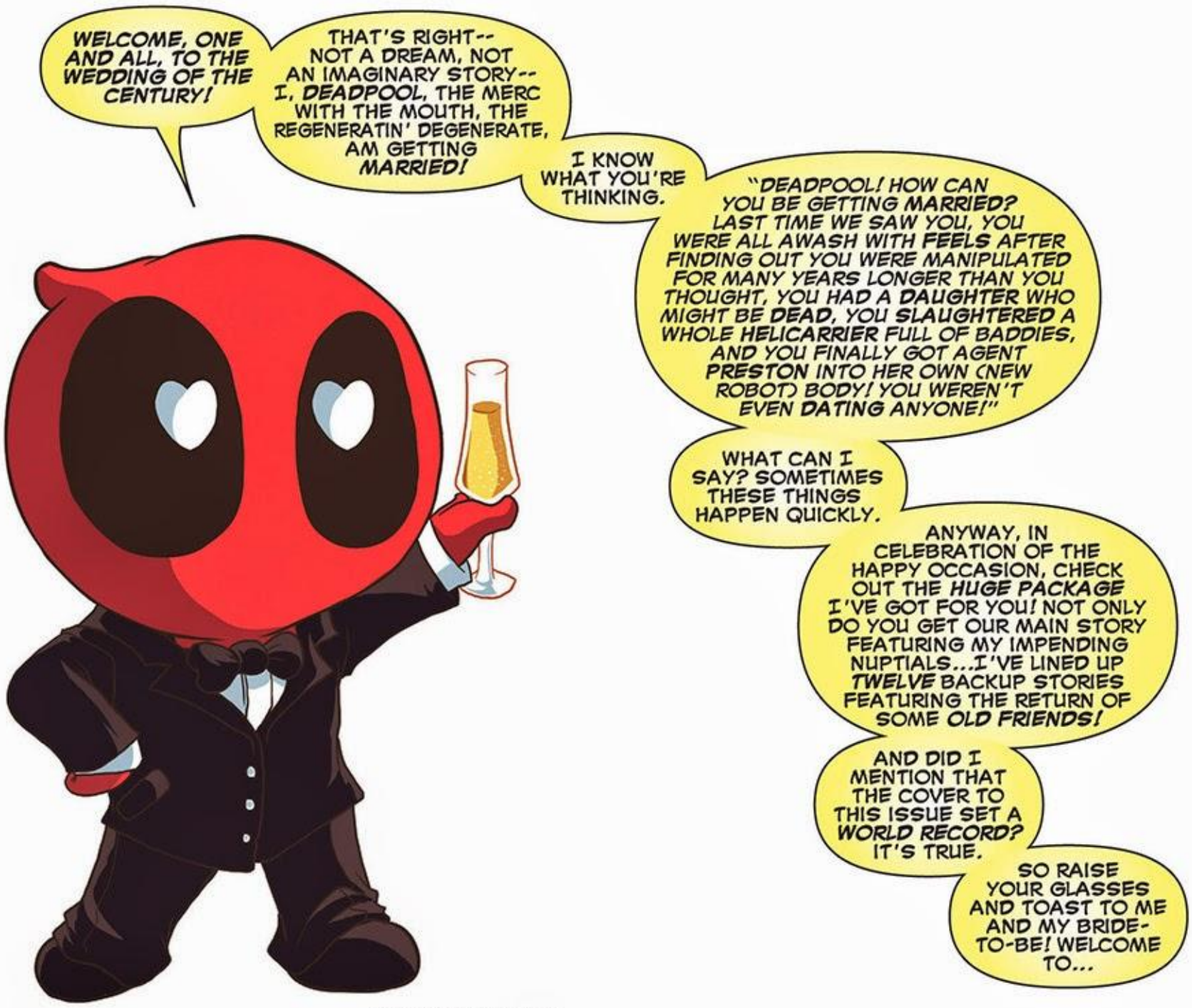
Possibly the world's most skilled mercenary, definitely the world's most annoying, Wade Wilson was chosen for a top-secret government program that gave him a healing factor allowing him to heal from any wound. Now, Wade makes his way as a gun for hire, shooting his prey's faces off while talking his 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

THE WEDDING OF DEADPOOL

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BLAM BLAM
GAS
NATURE'S PERFUME
AEEE!!
I MUST HAVE MISHEARD YOU OVER ALL THE GUNFIRE.
YOU'RE GETTING WHAT?!
YOU HEARD ME.
I'M ANALYZING THE STRESS IN DEADPOOL'S VOICE, AND THERE'S NO SIGN OF DECEPTION.
BRAKKA
BRAKKA

SERIOUSLY. I'M GETTING MARRIED.
TO WHAT?
HER NAME IS SHIKLAH. TECHNICALLY, I'M ALREADY MARRIED. THE CEREMONY IS JUST FOR FRIENDS AND FAMILY. AND SOME OTHER DRACULAS SHE KNOWS.
WAIT, HOW DOES SHE KNOW DRACULAS? I MEAN VAMPIRES.
READY? THREE...TWO...
ONE!
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
SHIKLAH WAS GOING TO MARRY DRACULA...'TIL SHE MET ME.
SO...SHE FOUND SOMEONE WORSE?
I CAN'T FEEL MY LEGS...
AUGH. I'M HIT. HELP... PLEASE!
WELL, I DIDN'T MISS.
DON'T LOOK AT ME. NOW THAT I HAVE A ROBOT BODY, I HAVE LASER-TARGETING.
FINE! I DIDN'T KILL MINE.
SORRY!
DON'T BE SORRY, BE GOING TO ARREST HIM.
HOW LONG ARE THESE ULTIMATUM GUYS GONNA BE PISSED AT ME?
WHO KNOWS? YOU KILLED A WHOLE CARRIER.
I PROBABLY HIT HIS BODY ARMOR.
OW. ÷SOB÷

SO WHEN DO I GET TO MEET HER?
GAS NATURE'S PERFUME
I ASKED HER TO PICK ME UP.
YOU STILL GONNA SLEEP IN CRIME SCENES?
SHE ACTUALLY MIGHT LIKE THAT, BUT NO--WE'LL BE MOVING INTO HER PLACE.
HEY, JEEVES.
SIR.
SHE HAS A CHAUFFEUR?!
HE'S MORE OF A GUARD, BUT YEAH--SHIKLAH IS RICH. AND HER INHERITANCE IS...COMPLICATED.
DEATH TO DEADPOOL!
THIS IS FOR OUR FALLEN BROTHERS!
SCREECH
BOOM!
OH, GOD NO! POOR...MRS. DEADPOOL.
UH--WHAT THE HELL?

WHO DARES ATTACK SHIKLAH, QUEEN OF THE UNDERWORLD?!

IT WAS THOSE GUYS IN THE FUNNY HATS, DEAR.

ANYWAY, WHERE WERE WE?

WE WERE TALKING ABOUT WHY YOU'RE DOING THIS--AND *WHY... HER?*

OH GOD, MONSTER!

HEY, WATCH OUT!

PRESENT ROBOT COMPANION EXCEPTED, MY FELLOW MAN HAS NEVER EMBRACED ME OTHER THAN AN ARMLOCK HERE OR THERE. MOST PEOPLE TREAT ME LIKE FRANKENSTEIN'S MONSTER...BUT SHIKLAH THINKS I'M HANDSOME.

GRAAARGH!

SPLACK

HOLY HELL!

AT LEAST I DIDN'T MIRANDIZE HIM YET.

YOU *ARE* HANDSOME, WADE... IN A WAY THAT JUST ESCAPES ME RIGHT NOW.

NO, I MEAN, SHE'S LIKE REALLY ATTRACTED TO ME. SHE'S NEVER EVEN VOMITED BECAUSE OF ME. ACTUALLY, I PUKED ON HER ONCE.
STOP.
YOU KNOW IT TO BE TRUE. REACH OUT WITH YOUR FEELINGS.
FWOOOSH!
BRAAAP! BRAAAP!
SQUISH!
NOOOOOOOOO..
CRUNCH!
UH, GUYS! GUYS!!! MONSTER!
AGENT PRESTON, I AM SO GLAD TO MEET YOU.
UGN. EXCUSE ME.
THANK YOU FOR EVERYTHING YOU'VE DONE FOR MY HUSBAND. HE TELLS ME YOU SAVED HIM.
I WAS ONLY RETURNING THE FAVOR.
HI, BABE.
HI, ALSO.
YOU MAY FIND MY WEAKER FORM MORE PLEASING TO YOUR EYES.
I MUST RETURN HOME TO PREPARE FOR OUR CEREMONY.

THE MONSTER METROPOLIS!
YOU'RE WELCOME TO ACCOMPANY ME DOWN TO...
OH, MY GOD!
WHAT IS THIS PLACE?
THESE ARE MY SUBJECTS.
BEST OF ALL: IT'S RENT-CONTROLLED.
I WILL TAKE MY LEAVE AND PREPARE. I WILL SEE YOU IN THE PARK ABOVE LATER TODAY.
I DO HOPE YOU'LL VISIT AGAIN, MRS. PRESTON.
I WILL. I KNOW YOU'LL TAKE GOOD CARE OF WADE.
UNTIL LATER, TOOTS.
ONCE AGAIN...
...YOU ARE TOO SLOW.
BYE, HONEY.
WHAT WAS THAT ABOUT?
I TRICKED HER INTO THINKING "GRAB ASS" IS A REAL GAME THAT EVERYONE PLAYS.
GOTTA ADMIT: YOU'VE MET YOUR MATCH.
CLICK! CLICK!
I'LL GET A FEW PICTURES FOR MY BOYS-- THEY WON'T BELIEVE THIS PLACE.
TRY TO REMEMBER THAT MARRIAGES CAN FACE A LOT OF DEMONS.
I THINK THIS IS ONE WEDDING THAT WE CAN ASSUME MEPHISTO WILL STAY OUT OF.
I THINK SHE WAS TALKING ABOUT VETIS.
OH YEAH, THAT GUY.
EH, HE'S NOT COMING BACK.
YOU HAVE BIGGER PROBLEMS THAN DEMONS.

OH, YEAH! I FORGOT TO TELL YOU: VAMPIRES WANT TO KILL SHIKLAH. LIKE THESE TWO GUYS. THEY'RE JUST NOT GIVING UP.
DEATH TO SHIKLAH!
AND HER WRETCHED HUMAN PET!
WELL, I DON'T HAVE ANY BLOOD-- SO ALLOW ME.
GRRARG!
HISS!
WHAT DO YOU SAY? YOU GUYS WANT TO GO FOR A WALK IN THE SUN?
THOSE ARE TWO OF THE THINGS I HATE THE MOST.
I HAVE A QUICKER IDEA...
SOMETHING BORROWED...
SOMETHING BLEW (OUT YOUR BRAINS).
BLAM!
THAT'S SUPPOSED TO BE THE COLOR BLUE.
LET ME GET MARRIED THE WAY I WANT, PRESTON!
WE'RE JUST LEAVING THEM HERE?
SOMEBODY DOWN THERE WILL CLEAN IT UP, OR EAT THEM. OR SOMETHING.
FINE BY ME, I'M NOT BACK ON ACTIVE DUTY YET, ANYWAY.
HEY, WHO'S MARRYING YOU?
CRAP!
I KNEW THERE WAS SOMETHING I FORGOT TO DO. I'LL SEE YOU LATER.

NO CHANCE, AND BESIDES I'M NOT A MINISTER.
YOU'RE NOT A *REAL* DOCTOR EITHER, BUT--

CAPTAINS CAN MARRY PEOPLE, RIGHT?
I'M YOUR *FIRST* CHOICE?
OF COURSE!
STRANGE SAID *NO*, DIDN'T HE?
OF COURSE!

I'D DO A LOT FOR YOU, WADE. BUT I AIN'T MARRYING YOU OFF.
SEE YOU LATER.

HMM. ARE *THE PURIFIERS* REAL PRIESTS?

JEEPERS!
BAMF!
DID SOMEONE SAY THEY WANTED TO GET MARRIED?

"I CAN GARROTE SOMEONE, BUT I CAN'T TIE A TIE."
WHAT'S A GER-ATE?
IT'S A--A "SURPRISE TIE," SON.
IS IT OVER THEN UNDER?
SCREW IT! I DON'T NEED A TIE, RIGHT?
HERE. ALLOW ME.
I UNDERSTAND WE HAVE SOME OTHER BUSINESS TO DISCUSS.
LOGAN FILLED YOU IN, NIGHTCRAWLER?
YES. WHAT A HORRIFIC AFFAIR. I WOULD LIKE TO MEET YOUR FRIEND, KIM.
WE'LL GO TOGETHER.

YOU'RE *CATHOLIC*, AREN'T YOU?

YES, I AM.

YOU DON'T HAVE ANY MISGIVINGS MARRYING A *MONSTER?*

NEIN, I LEARNED FROM A YOUNG AGE NOT TO JUDGE PEOPLE ON *APPEARANCES*. IN FACT, I JUST CAME FROM MEETING SHIKLAH AND SHE SEEMS LOVELY.

I WAS TALKING ABOUT *DEADPOOL*.

YOU KNOW, I'M GLAD THAT I CAN HAVE A BIG DAY WITH NO EXPLOSIONS, AND THERE WASN'T ANY VIOLENCE, AND I DIDN'T HAVE TO *KILL ANYONE*.

YOU KILLED THAT TERRORIST THIS MORNING.

CRAP. OH YEAH, AND THAT VAMPIRE.

WELL, I DIDN'T HAVE TO USE MY A-K...

WHERE'S THIS "*BLIND AL*" YOU WANTED US TO FINALLY MEET?

I INVITED HER.

I SURE HOPE I DID THE BRAILLE *CORRECTLY* ON HER INVITATION.

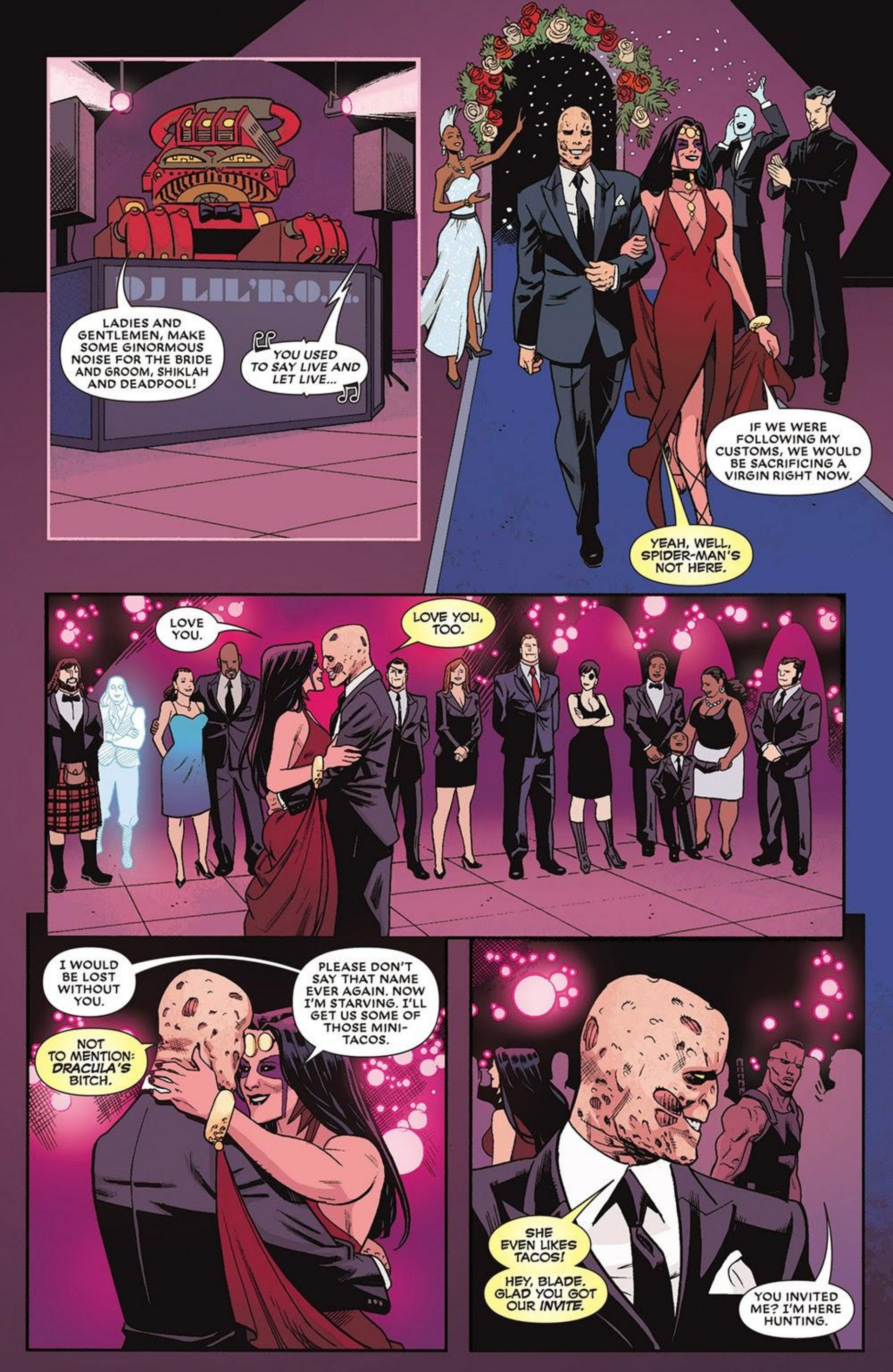
A VERY DIFFERENT CHURCH,
SEVERAL MILES AND ONE BOTCHED BRAILLE INVITE AWAY...
SLIKT
TELL ME-- DOES SHE LOOK HOT?
HMM. MAYBE SHE DIED WHILE I WAS BUSY NEGLECTING HER.
OR MAYBE SHE WAS JUST A MEMORABLE SIMULATION?
FOR HER SAKE, I HOPE-- OH, UH...HI. WOW.
MY LOVE.
DEARLY BELOVED, WE ARE GATHERED HERE TODAY...

...TO JOIN THIS WOMAN AND THIS MAN TOGETHER...
BADABOOM
A SHAME.
OF COURSE IT'S GOING TO *RAIN* NOW.
OH, NO.
DEAR GOD, LET HIM JUST HAVE THIS ONE DAY.
TWEET TWEET
YOU MUST HAVE AN *ANGEL* WATCHING OVER YOU TODAY.
THAT WOULD BE A *FIRST*.
BUT I THINK I DO HAVE A FRIEND FROM *UP HIGH*.

MAY FORTUNE SMILE ON THEE, MAIDEN! YE SHALL BE NEEDING IT.
I GET SURROUNDED ALMOST EVERY DAY, BUT NEVER BY FRIENDS.
IT FELT GOOD. NO, IT FELT GREAT.
OUR OFFICIANT SPOKE.
THEN SHE SPOKE. MY MOUTH WENT DRY.
THEN IT WAS MY TURN.
I SAID A BUNCH OF STUFF. PEOPLE LAUGHED. PEOPLE CRIED. I DON'T REMEMBER WHAT EXACTLY I SAID EXCEPT:
I WANTED SOMETHING GOOD TO HAPPEN TODAY.

AND IT DID.
HOW LONG ARE YOU GIVING IT?
SHUSH, JUST ENJOY THE MOMENT.

AND THE REST OF THE NIGHT IS JUST A *BLUR*, BUT IT WILL BE A *MEMORY* THAT I'LL HOLD ON TO *FOREVER*.
PHOTO BOOTH


DJ LIL'R.O.B.
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, MAKE SOME GINORMOUS NOISE FOR THE BRIDE AND GROOM, SHIKLAH AND DEADPOOL!
YOU USED TO SAY LIVE AND LET LIVE...
IF WE WERE FOLLOWING MY CUSTOMS, WE WOULD BE SACRIFICING A VIRGIN RIGHT NOW.
YEAH, WELL, SPIDER-MAN'S NOT HERE.
LOVE YOU.
LOVE YOU, TOO.
I WOULD BE LOST WITHOUT YOU.
NOT TO MENTION: DRACULA'S BITCH.
PLEASE DON'T SAY THAT NAME EVER AGAIN. NOW I'M STARVING. I'LL GET US SOME OF THOSE MINI-TACOS.
SHE EVEN LIKES TACOS!
HEY, BLADE. GLAD YOU GOT OUR INVITE.
YOU INVITED ME? I'M HERE HUNTING.

MAN, TAKE A NIGHT OFF.
DOES A VAMPIRE'S THIRST TAKE A HOLIDAY?
WHAT IS THE *SON OF SATAN* DOING HERE?
HIS DAD IS SATAN, HE DOESN'T NEED AN INVITE.
I INVITED HIM.
THESE ARE DELICIOUS.
OF COURSE, YOU INVITED HIM.
I FEEL NERVOUS.
ARE YOU HAPPY?
YES, THAT'S WHY I FEEL NERVOUS. I DON'T GET TOO MANY HAPPY ENDINGS.
THAT'S NOT A EUPHEMIS*MMPH!*
FOR ONE NIGHT, EVERYTHING IN THE WORLD WAS *PERFECT.*
AND THEY LIVED HAPPILY EVER AFTER...

A SECRET U.L.T.I.M.A.T.U.M. BUNKER...
DEADPOOL KILLED THE ASSASSINS WE DISPATCHED AND TODAY HE REJOICES AMONG FRIENDS WITH A NEW BRIDE.
SHE WILL BE DIFFICULT TO COMPROMISE OR KILL.
THERE IS ONE THING THAT MAY INTEREST YOU...
IN THE S.H.I.E.L.D. FILES WE RECEIVED FROM GORMAN, THERE IS MENTION OF A POSSIBLE DAUGHTER THAT DEADPOOL FATHERED AND THEN SHUNNED.
MOST OF THE RECORDS ARE INCOMPLETE AND SOME ARE SEALED, BUT WE HAVE MISSING PERSONS REPORTS FOR A CARMELITA AND ELEANOR CAMACHO.
THE MOTHER FALLS OFF THE END OF THE EARTH AFTER THAT...
HOWEVER, AN "ELLIE" CAMACHO WAS ADOPTED ONLY A MONTH AFTER HER MOTHER'S DISAPPEARANCE. THE ADOPTIVE PARENTS' NAMES ARE SEALED, BUT THAT WILL ONLY PRESENT A SHORT DELAY.
WELL DONE. DEADPOOL KILLED DOZENS OF OUR BROTHERS, AND DESTROYED A MULTI-BILLION-DOLLAR INVESTMENT. HE'LL PAY DEARLY.
FIND DEADPOOL'S WOMEN, AND BRING THEM TO ME.
TO BE CONTINUED IN DEADPOOL: VOLUME FIVE
"THE BRAVE & THE BLONDE"

In celebration of the wedding of Deadpool in this, the most important issue #27 in the history of comics, we've rounded up an all-star assemblage of the writers who have guided Wade's destiny since his first appearance way back in 1991. Please join us in welcoming back some of the best writers in the comic book industry...and Gerry and Brian.

Operation Ballerina Drop

Written by Gerry Duggan
Art by Scott Koblish
Colors by Val Staples

With This Hand, I Thee Wed

Written by Fabian Nicieza
Art by Scott Hepburn
Colors by Val Staples

The Niagara Bride

Written by Joe Kelly
Pencils by Paco Medina
Inks by Juan Velasco
Colors by David Curiel

Quickie

Written by Jimmy Palmiotti
Art by John Timms
Colors by Veronica Gandini

Eulogy for a Winkie

Written by Gail Simone
Art by Alvin Lee
Colors by Veronica Gandini

Savage Land: The Other Niagara Falls

Written by Gail Simone
Art by Alvin Lee
Colors by Veronica Gandini

#$%@-Faced in Vegas

Written by Brian Posehn
Art by Scott Koblish
Colors by Val Staples

Continuity Spontinuity

Written by Mark Waid
Art by John McCrea
Colors by Andrew Elder

Fanged

Written by Christopher Priest
Art by Niko Henrichon

So Deadpool Walks into a Bar...

Written by Frank Tieri
Art by Dexter Soy
Colors by Veronica Gandini

There Will Be No Honeymoon

Written by Frank Tieri
Art by Dexter Soy
Colors by Veronica Gandini

The Space Racist

Written by Daniel Way
Art by Carlo Barberi
Colors by Val Staples

All stories lettered by VC's Joe Sabino
Wedding invitations designed by Irene Y. Lee

I'M GLAD YOU CALLED.
ME, TOO.
I KNEW YOU'D WANT TO BE IN ON THIS.

I KNEW YOU WERE IN *TROUBLE*, BUT NOT *THIS* KIND OF TROUBLE.
YEAH, I DUNNO IF I CAN BE TOO MUCH HELP IN THIS SITUATION, WADE.

I KNOW I LET THINGS GET OUT OF CONTROL, BUT--
LET'S EVACUATE THE CIVILIANS FIRST.
THE ONES THAT ARE STILL *ON THEIR FEET*.

HANG ON, LET ME TRY *NEGOTIATING* BEFORE WE HAVE TO DROP THE HAMMER.
THIS IS *YOUR* MESS-- CLEAN IT UP.
I SAW YOU THROW THAT BOTTLE. *I'M WATCHING YOU.*

GUYS! FRIENDS! LISTEN UP FOR A SECOND!
THANKS FOR COMING TO MY *BACHELOR PARTY!*
BUT WE *REALLY* HAVE TO *TONE DOWN* THE *VIOLENCE* AND *PROPERTY DAMAGE.*
COULD SOMEBODY PUT OUT THAT FIRE? THOR? ICEMAN?

WELCOME
TO Fabulous
LAS VEGAS
NEVADA
I REMEMBER IT... LIKE IT WAS THIRTY YEARS AGO.
LAS VEGAS...THE WINDY CITY...PEARL OF THE ORIENT, THE TWIN CITIES...
The Desert Wind
Tonight:
FRANK SINA
GALLAGH
EDITOR'S NOTE: THIS STORY WAS DRAWN FOR DEADPOOL ANNUAL #17 IN 1982, BUT WAS SHELVED WHEN THE EDITOR SAW THE ART, DEEMING THE ALIEN DESIGNS "INAPPROPRIATE." WE PRESENT THE STORY NOW IN CENSORED FORM. -JORDAN
YEAH, IT'S HAPPENED BEFORE...MAYBE A BUNCH OF TIMES. THIS TIME WAS DIFFERENT, BECAUSE IT WAS HER...
I KNEW HER FROM BEFORE...BUT I DON'T THINK SHE REALLY LIKED ME. MAYBE EVER.

WHOA! THAT IS ONE UGLY--
MYSELF AND VARIOUS AVENGERS TYPES WERE ASKED TO TAKE CARE OF THESE WEIRD-LOOKING THINGS THAT WERE ATTACHING TO PEOPLE'S FACES OUT IN THE DESERT.

HOPE THIS WORKS.
MMMMFFFHHHH!!!
CENSORED
CENSORED
SLICE
ACTUALLY, WHO AM I TALKING TO...I JUST HAPPENED TO BE IN THE DESERT GETTING RID OF SOMETHING...DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT. NOT THE POINT OF THE STORY.

YOU'RE CRAZY. YOU COULD'VE CUT MY FACE OFF!!!
COULDA, SHOULDA, WOULDA... YOU'RE WELCOME.
NOW, ON TO--
CENSORED

C E N S O R E D
--UH-OH.
YOU NEED SOME HELP, HANDSOME?
WHO, ME?

YEAH, YOU. YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE WHO NEEDS HELP HERE.
NO LOOK.
UH... HI...
SWISSHH
I'VE GOT THIS... ULP!!!
I CAN TELL. THAT GUY JUST TOOK YOUR STABBY THING.
NOTHING HERE.
THAT'S COOL. I HAVE ANOTHER ONE...UNG!!!
THWAACCK
NUH-UH
NOPE
ZOT
ZOT
TO
SEE
MMMMMHHHHH!!!
NO
NO
NO
NO
NO
NO
THWACK
THUNK
EEEEESSSHH! WHAT ARE THESE THINGS ANYWAY? EVERYBODY LOOKS LIKE THEY HAVE MY HOMEMADE KIELBASA ON THEIR FACES.
YUCK.
BUT SMALLER.
NEIN
HOW ABOUT A THANK YOU?
YOU'RE WELCOME.
OH
GROSS.
THE AVENGERS WERE RIGHT ABOUT YOU.
THE AVENGERS TALK ABOUT ME?
THUMP

AAAAAAHHHHHH!!! RUN!!!

NOT-NOT

KKEEERRAAASSHHH

THAT SHOULD PUT A STOP TO THESE FACE HUGGERS FROM THE PLANET CREEPY. SORRY ABOUT THE DAMAGE. TONY STARK WILL TAKE CARE OF IT.

WE'RE FREE...

THANKS, CAPTAIN AMERICA.

UHG.

NO.

WOW...

I BET HE CAN BE KIND OF A $#%, HUH?
YOU HAVE NO IDEA.
DRINKS ON ME AND I'M ALL...WHERE'D EVERYONE GO?

SOON...
IF THE HULK MAKES A STINKY AS THE HULK, IS IT BIGGER?
ARE YOU TWELVE?
NOPE.

AND THEN...
WHERE AM I TAKING YOU TWO LUSHES?
WATCH YOUR MOUTH, BUDDY. THIS BEAUTIFUL WOMAN AND I JUST SAVED YOUR FILTHY CITY.
NOW TAKE US SOMEWHERE CLASSY. TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS CLASSY.

YOU'RE AMAZING.
NO. YOU'RE AMAZING.

6.50

LET'S GET MARRIED. IT DOESN'T MEAN ANYTHING HERE.
TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS CLASSY?
YOU'RE FULL OF IDEAS.
MY GOOD MAN, TO A CHAPEL. AND NOT AN ELVIS ONE. A HEROES' WEDDING. SOMETHING CLASSY.

A HEROES' WEDDING. GET MARRIED BY YOUR CHOICE OF HEROES: SPIDER-FELLA OR SPIDER-LADY.

IS EVERYBODY DRUNK?
I'M A LITTLE TIPSY.
IF ANYBODY HAS A REASON...THAT THESE TWO SHOULDN'T GET MARRIED TODAY. SPEAK NOW--

BLAARRGGG!

SO, I GUESS NO ONE OBJECTS, CAN WE KEEP THIS MOVING, PETER PADRE?
SORRY TO INTERRUPT, BUT I NEED TO TALK TO MS. MARVEL.
MY MOUF...
KRAKOW

AHA, HOW'D YOU GET AWAY, LITTLE GUY? I KNEW THERE WAS SOMETHING OFF.
WAIT, WHERE AM I? STEVE? AND WHAT'S YOUR NAME AGAIN... DAREPOOL?
CLOSE ENOUGH.
JUST
NO.

TOUGH BREAK, MAN.
YEAH...I'M PRETTY SURE IT DOESN'T COUNT WHEN A DRUNK SPIDER-MAN MARRIES YOU ANYWAY.

HER NAME WAS *VANESSA*. SHE WAS A *MUTANT*, LIKE ME, EVEN THOUGH I'M NOT A MUTANT.

WE WERE IN *TIBET*, SAVING THE WORLD. SHE WAS *SHOT*. SHE WAS *DYING*.

IT WAS VERY *ROMANTIC*.

I USED THE *HEALING FACTOR* IN MY *BLOOD* TO SAVE HER LIFE. NATURALLY, SHE WAS VERY APPRECIATIVE.

SHE TOLD ME SHE LOVED ME. I TOLD HER I LOVED HER.

AND WE LIVED HAPPILY EVER AFTER...

I AM SO GLAD WE GOT *MARRIED!*

"*ME, TOO, WADE! I WILL SATISFY YOU IN WAYS YOUR CINEMAX HAND NEVER COULD!*"

OR IN THE SAME *EXACT* WAYS.

WITH THIS HAND, I THEE WED.

I ADMIT I WAS A BIT *PRECIOUS* ABOUT OUR RELATIONSHIP.

WE KEPT OUR MARRIAGE A *SECRET.*

THE *SHUFFLING MASSES* WOULD BE JEALOUS OF SUCH A MIGHTY, MIGHTY LOVE.

BURRITO

DO YOU FEEL LIKE TALKING TO THE SHUFFLING MASSES, SWEETIE?

"NO. I PREFER TO KEEP OUR MIGHTY, MIGHTY LOVE A SECRET."

HIDE IN HERE. YOU'LL BE COZY.

"DID YOU CLEAN THOSE OLD JOLLY RANCHERS OUT OF EEEWWWW"

WE WERE LIVING A DAILY KODAK MOMENT. YUP.

DO YOU REMEMBER, THE TIMES OF YOUR LIFE...

...BUT I DON'T LOVE YOU ANYMORE.

...I'VE GONE *BEYOND* WHAT WE HAD...

...AND YOU HAVE TO, ALSO...

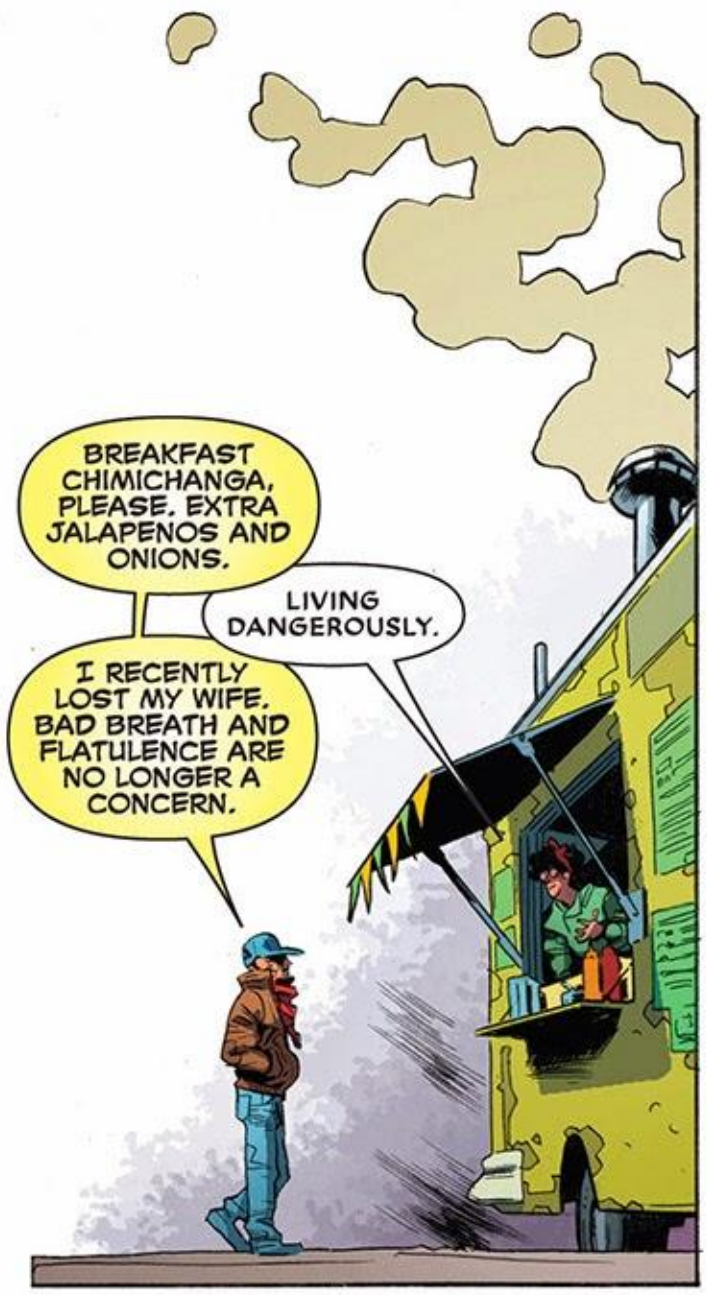
WE HAD IT ALL. UPSTANDING NEIGHBORS, WHO LOVE THEIR GUNS AS MUCH AS THEY LOVE THEIR COUNTRY.
BURRITO
FINE DINING JUST A HOP, SKIP AND A JUMP DOWN THE STREET.

YEAH...WE HAD IT ALL...
BURRITO

AND ME, JEEZ, WAS I IN LOVE, OR *WHAT?*
I SAW MY BEAUTIFUL WIFE'S FACE *EVERYWHERE* I LOOKED.
SHE WAS NOT ONLY EVERYTHING TO ME, SHE WAS EVERY*ONE*, TOO! HOW COULD LIFE GET ANY BETTER...?
BURRITO

WHAT'LL IT BE?
WHAT'S A *CHIMICHANGA?*
IT'S A DEEP-FRIED BURRITO.
BURRITO
YOU HAD ME AT DEEP. I'LL TAKE ONE WITH MANY MEATS!

HOLY GUACAMOLE, THIS THING IS THE BEES' KNEES!
YOU SIMPLY MUST GET THE RECIPE, DARLING.
BRRRANNGGG
HELLO? YES, THIS IS THE MERCENARY KNOWN AS DEADPOOL...
WE WENT TO SAN ANTONIO ON A CORPORATE JOB.
SOME COMPANY WANTED SOME YAPPING TROUBLEMAKER NAMED FIREBRAND SHUT UP.
VANESSA INSISTED ON COMING ALONG.
HER MUTANT ABILITY TO DUPLICATE PEOPLE MAKES HER MORE OF AN UNDERCOVER OPERATIVE, BUT HER AND ME...
...WE WENT HAND IN HAND, SO...WHADDYA GONNA DO?
I WISH SHE HADN'T COME...BUT...SHE SAID WE WERE A TEAM...


BREAKFAST CHIMICHANGA, PLEASE. EXTRA JALAPENOS AND ONIONS.
LIVING DANGEROUSLY.
I RECENTLY LOST MY WIFE. BAD BREATH AND FLATULENCE ARE NO LONGER A CONCERN.

SORRY TO HEAR THAT.
I ALMOST DIED MYSELF...FEW MONTHS BACK. BUT I HAD A *FRIEND* WHO PULLED ME THROUGH.

YEAH...? COOL. I'LL BE OKAY, I THINK.
I LOVED HER, BUT...HONESTLY... IT WASN'T GONNA WORK OUT ANYWAY.

YOUR HEART GETS BROKEN, DOESN'T MEAN IT HAS TO BREAK YOU.
YOUR NEXT TRUE LOVE COULD BE RIGHT IN FRONT OF YOU, RIGHT?
CHIMICHANGA...

JUST HAVE TO KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN...

SPECIAL BONUS EVENT!

LET'S TAKE A TRIP BACK. BAAAAACK.*

*EDITOR'S NOTE: APPROVED. --JORDAN

BACK TO THE MOMENT WHEN THE GLAM-GAELIC GAL SIRYN SPURNED MY ADVANCES AND SHATTERED MY HEART...*

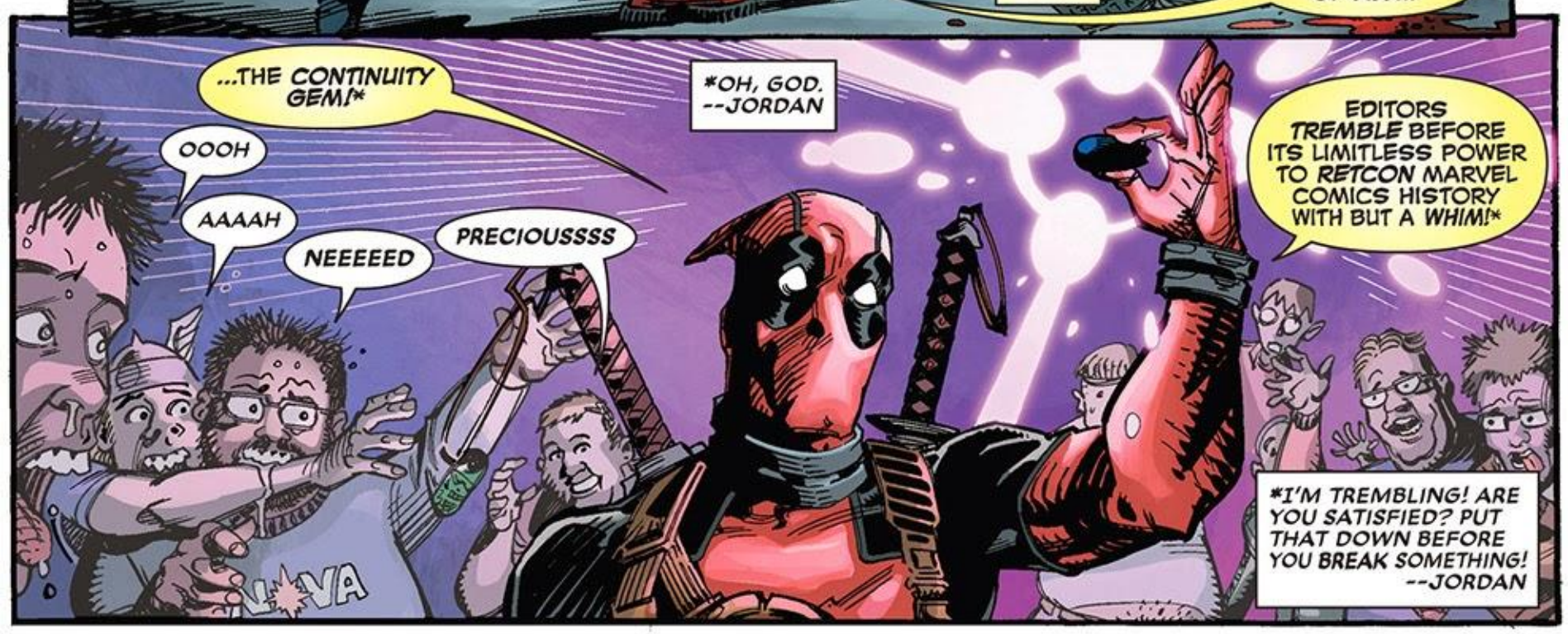
*DEADPOOL: SINS OF THE PAST (1994) --JORDAN

...ONLY TO TASTE BITTER REVENGE...*

*WAIT, WHAT? --JORDAN

...WHEN I INVITED HER TO MY WEDDING!*

*THAT...THAT NEVER... WAIT...WHERE ARE MY MARVEL HANDBOOKS? BREVOORT, HELP...! --JORDAN



"...SAID QUESADA TO STRACZYNSKI."

RELAX. I PROMISE TO USE THIS POWER ONLY FOR GOOD.*

*NOT RELAXED. --JORDAN

YOU WORRY TOO MUCH. WHAT COULD GO WRONG?*

*I'LL JUST START CLEANING OUT MY DESK NOW. --JORDAN

SEE? HERE I AM! ON THE DOCK OUTSIDE BLACK TOM'S CASTLE, DISTRAUGHT AS MY ONE TRUE LOVE LEAVES, NEVER TO RETURN!

I'LL BE BACK.

NEVER TO RETURN!

I'LL NEVER LOVE AGAIN! EVER!

EVER, EVER, EVER!

PARDON ME, BUT I THINK I'M LOST.

ARE YOU WITH THE BACHELOR PARTY? I'M AFRAID I'M RUNNING A LITTLE LATE.

I WAS HIRED TO DANCE...

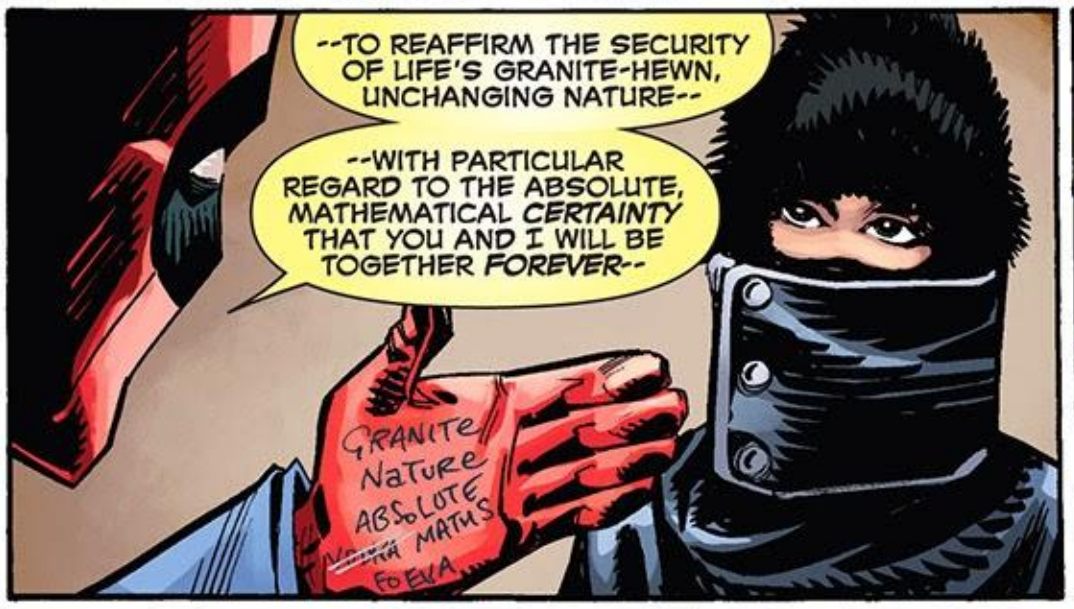
AAOOGAH.

YOU STRIPPER BE? WHAT YOU NAME IS THEY?

MEN CALL ME...

...GENOSHA.
AS FOR WHETHER I'M A STRIPPER...DOES THIS ANSWER YOUR QUESTION?
WAIT! IF YOU UNWRAP THE PACKAGE ALL AT ONCE, MY HEART WILL EXPLODE! GENOSHA--
MARRY MEEEEEEEEE!
HANG ON! WHERE ARE WE GONNA FIND A J.P.? WE'RE MILES FROM VEGAS, AND ALL I HAVE IS A REALITY ALTERING GEM!
OKAY, YES, I REALIZED THE ANSWER WAS IN THE QUESTION AS SOON AS I FINISHED. SHUT UP AND PAY ATTENTION TO THE MAGIC WORDS:
"THEN, SUDDENLY--*"
*THAT'S MY LINE! BREVOOOOORT--! -JORDAN

REALLY, YOU BUCKET OF--?
HEY, YOU HAD YOUR CHANCE, OFFICIATE.
DEARLY-BELOVEDWE-AREGATHERED-HERE--
SAVE IT, PADRESS. WE WROTE OUR OWN VOWS.
HEH-HEMM
DARLING GENOSHA, I TAKE YOUR HAND TODAY--


--TO REAFFIRM THE SECURITY OF LIFE'S GRANITE-HEWN, UNCHANGING NATURE--
--WITH PARTICULAR REGARD TO THE ABSOLUTE, MATHEMATICAL CERTAINTY THAT YOU AND I WILL BE TOGETHER FOREVER--
GRANITE NATURE ABSOLUTE MATHS FOEVA

--AND THAT NOTHING COULD EVER HAPPEN TO ALTER OR, GOD FORBID, IN ANY RANDOM WAY SHORTEN THE LONG, LONG LIFETIME WE WILL SPEND--

RATATATATATATATA
NOOOOOOO!
EAT HOT COPPER-JACKETED LEAD-TIN ALLOY SOMETIMES MIXED WITH ANTIMONY, DEADPOOL!

WOW. YOU HEAR ABOUT VEGAS, BUT YOU NEVER THINK YOU'LL BE LUCKY ENOUGH TO SEE SOCIOPATHIC CONTEMPT FOR HUMAN LIFE WITH YOUR OWN EYES!
RIGHT, GENOSHA?
I SAY, RIGHT, GENOSHA?
HONEY-BUNNY?

GENOSHA!
KEFF KEFF

THANKS TO JOE Q + JIMMY P

"FOR THE RECORD, HAND TO DOG ON A STACK OF JUGZ MAGAZINES, I HAVE THE UTMOST RESPECT FOR THE INSTITUTION OF MARRIAGE..."

"I'VE OFFICIATED AT HUNDREDS OF WEDDINGS AT NIAGARA FALLS. IT'S LOVELY."

"...UNLESS I SAID SOMETHING WITHIN THE LAST FEW CHAPTERS, OR WILL SAY IN FUTURE CHAPTERS IMPLYING THE OPPOSITE, IN WHICH CASE I THINK MARRIAGE IS A PUSTULE-RIDDEN TUMOR CAMPING OUT IN THE RECTUM OF CIVILIZATION, WHICH, FOR THE PURPOSES OF ILLUSTRATION, MAY BE VISUALIZED AS A BABOON DRESSED IN A CHEAP SUIT CARRYING A BRIEFCASE THAT YOU WERE UNFORTUNATE ENOUGH TO STAND NEXT TO ON THE SUBWAY. HE'S DANGLING FROM THE HANDRAILS, OF COURSE, EATING A POWER BAR WITH HIS FEET, HIS RAINBOW-HUED BUTT A TERRIBLE MYSTERY HUNG RIGHT AT EYE LEVEL THAT YOU CANNOT LOOK AWAY FROM, NO MATTER HOW YOU TRY.

"MARRIAGE LIVES IN THERE. IT'S KILLING THE BABOON SLOWLY. FROM INSIDE HIS HEINIE."

"IT'S A WONDERFUL, MEANINGFUL SACRAMENT. ONE OF MY FAVORITE PARTS OF THE CALLING, ASIDE FROM FUNERAL RITES."

"I JUST WANT TO MAKE SURE THAT THE INTELLECTUALLY CHALLENGED AMONG US GET THE METAPHOR. ON OCCASION, I WAX A SUBTLE SONNET."

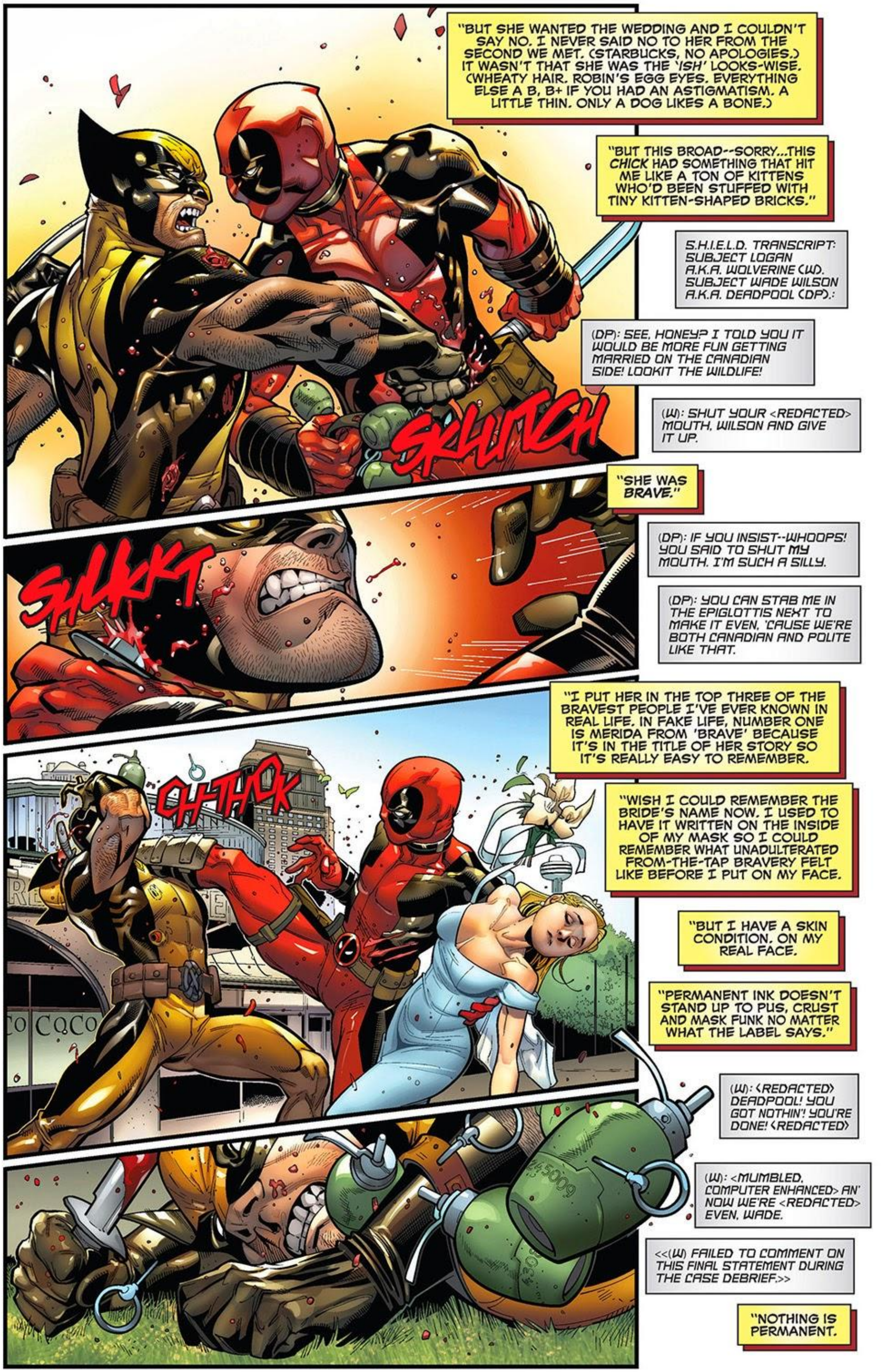
"WELL...IT USED TO BE A FAVORITE..."

"SO MARRIAGE IS WHATEVS...BUT I #$&$*# HATE *WEDDINGS.*"

"I HAVE NOT PERFORMED A WEDDING SINCE THAT HORRIBLE, GODFORSAKEN DAY."

BZZZT

WHUP WHUP WHUP WHUP
"THE STRESS! THE PLANNING! THE BANDS, SWEET MERCIFUL HEAVEN THE '*BANDS!*' WHAT DO YOU CALL A WEDDING BAND AT THE BOTTOM OF THE OCEAN..?
"...THE CHERRY ON TOP OF A PILE-OF-DEAD-LAWYERS-AT-THE-BOTTOM-OF-THE-OCEAN-SUNDAE."
"I OWED A FAVOR. I HATE OWING FAVORS. SO WHEN I SAW A WAY OUT, I TOOK IT."
"WEDDINGS, ESPECIALLY EAST COAST WEDDINGS, ARE THE LUNATIC DREAMS OF LADY GAGA IF SHE WERE HOLDING A FUNCTION AT THE ARMENIAN VERSION OF SHOWTIME AT THE APOLLO. I'LL LET YOU DECIDE WHETHER OR NOT THAT'S RACE-ISH OR ACCURATE. NO OFFENSE TO MY EAST COAST FRIENDS...OR MY ONE ARMENIAN FRIEND. OR THE APOLLO.
"I'M SURE THAT THE NEON-DRENCHED BALLROOM WITH THE ICE-LUGE SCULPTURE OF VENUS TAPPED WITH GOLDSCHLAGER IS A MEANINGFUL SYMBOL OF YOUR LOVE FOR ONE ANOTHER.
"SAME WITH THE PHOTO BOOTH WITH THE FUNNY HATS. AND THE EMCEE WITH THE FRAUDULENT VOICE AND SACCHARINE TOURETTE'S SYNDROME. AND THE FLOWERS THAT YOU AGONIZED OVER FOR A MONTH THAT WILL BE DEAD WITHIN A WEEK."
"WAY I SEE IT, LIFE DON'T OWE ANYONE #&%♦ SO WHY SHOULD I? BUT EVERY ONCE IN A WHILE SOMETHING HAPPENS AND THE RULES CHANGE AND YOU'RE IN THE RED."
SHAMMK
"BRAVO FOR YOU. THEY'RE LOVELY. MONEY WELL SPENT."
"SO I PAY MY DEBTS...USUALLY, WITH MORE RED."


"BUT SHE WANTED THE WEDDING AND I COULDN'T SAY NO. I NEVER SAID NO TO HER FROM THE SECOND WE MET. (STARBUCKS, NO APOLOGIES.) IT WASN'T THAT SHE WAS THE 'ISH' LOOKS-WISE. (WHEATY HAIR. ROBIN'S EGG EYES. EVERYTHING ELSE A B, B+ IF YOU HAD AN ASTIGMATISM. A LITTLE THIN. ONLY A DOG LIKES A BONE.)
"BUT THIS BROAD--SORRY...THIS CHICK HAD SOMETHING THAT HIT ME LIKE A TON OF KITTENS WHO'D BEEN STUFFED WITH TINY KITTEN-SHAPED BRICKS."
S.H.I.E.L.D. TRANSCRIPT: SUBJECT LOGAN A.K.A. WOLVERINE (W). SUBJECT WADE WILSON A.K.A. DEADPOOL (DP).:
(DP): SEE, HONEY? I TOLD YOU IT WOULD BE MORE FUN GETTING MARRIED ON THE CANADIAN SIDE! LOOKIT THE WILDLIFE!
SKLUTCH
(W): SHUT YOUR <REDACTED> MOUTH, WILSON AND GIVE IT UP.
"SHE WAS BRAVE."
SHKKT
(DP): IF YOU INSIST--WHOOPS! YOU SAID TO SHUT MY MOUTH. I'M SUCH A SILLY.
(DP): YOU CAN STAB ME IN THE EPIGLOTTIS NEXT TO MAKE IT EVEN, 'CAUSE WE'RE BOTH CANADIAN AND POLITE LIKE THAT.
"I PUT HER IN THE TOP THREE OF THE BRAVEST PEOPLE I'VE EVER KNOWN IN REAL LIFE. IN FAKE LIFE, NUMBER ONE IS MERIDA FROM 'BRAVE' BECAUSE IT'S IN THE TITLE OF HER STORY SO IT'S REALLY EASY TO REMEMBER.
CH-THOK
"WISH I COULD REMEMBER THE BRIDE'S NAME NOW. I USED TO HAVE IT WRITTEN ON THE INSIDE OF MY MASK SO I COULD REMEMBER WHAT UNADULTERATED FROM-THE-TAP BRAVERY FELT LIKE BEFORE I PUT ON MY FACE.
"BUT I HAVE A SKIN CONDITION. ON MY REAL FACE.
"PERMANENT INK DOESN'T STAND UP TO PUS, CRUST AND MASK FUNK NO MATTER WHAT THE LABEL SAYS."
(W): <REDACTED> DEADPOOL! YOU GOT NOTHIN'! YOU'RE DONE! <REDACTED>
(W): <MUMBLED, COMPUTER ENHANCED> AN' NOW WE'RE <REDACTED> EVEN, WADE.
<<(W) FAILED TO COMMENT ON THIS FINAL STATEMENT DURING THE CASE DEBRIEF.>>
"NOTHING IS PERMANENT.

"SO THIS ÜBER-BRAVE QUEEN OF BRAVE CHICKS EVERYWHERE HOOKS ME AND SINKS ME. ARRANGEMENTS GET MADE. TUXEDOS ARE RENTED. (AND DAMN SKIPPY THEY LET OUT THE CROTCH. I HAVE THE RECEIPT. JUNK!)

BRAKKA BRAKKA

"THE WHOLE MATRIMONIAL PARADE OF EXCESS STARTS MARCHING, AND LIKE ALL GROOMS-TO-BE, I WAS ONLY ALLOWED ONE MINOR GIMME.

BADOOOON

"THE LOCATION."

"IT WAS SUCH A LOVELY DAY. THE BIG VACATION. I'LL NEVER FORGET IT...

"EVEN THOUGH I WISH I COULD. WISH MY *KID* COULD."

PROW-PRING

PRAK

"IF WE COULDN'T GET AWAY WITH KIDNAPPING A JUDGE AND FORCING AN ELOPEMENT AT GUNPOINT (NOT ROMANTIC ENOUGH!) OR GLOMMING ON TO THE BIG GAY/STRAIGHT/ UNDECLARED GRAMMY STUNT NUPTIALS (NOT PERSONAL ENOUGH!) I WANTED TO AT LEAST GET IN A LITTLE OF THE PATENTED '*DEADPOONACHE.*'

"SHE STARTED CRYING WHEN I EXPLAINED HOW THE NIAGARA RIVER IS A BORDER BETWEEN TWO WORLDS. WATER REPRESENTS TRANSFORMATION IN ALMOST ALL CULTURES. AND A PROMINENT FEATURE OF ANY WATERFALL...

"IS *GRAVITY.*"

"I...YOU NEVER KNOW HOW YOU'RE GOING TO RESPOND TO...I'LL JUST CALL IT WHAT IT IS..."

"'*NOTHING HEAVIER THAN WHAT YOU WANT TO DO,*' I TOLD HER. THAT'S WHEN THE WATERWORKS STARTED.

"LUCKY MY MASK-FACE COVERS MY OTHER FACE. NOT BECAUSE I WAS CRYING TOO, BUT SO SHE COULDN'T SEE ME LAUGHING AT *HER* CRYING...YOU FEEL ME?

"...

"OKAY, SO I HAD ALLERGIES AND MY STUPID EYEHOLES GOT WET AT EXACTLY THE SAME TIME THAT HERS DID AND SHE HUGGED ME AND SCREW YOU. IT WAS *MY* STUPID WEDDING...

CENSORED

"...PURE EVIL. IT WAS THE MOST EVIL THING I'VE EVER SEEN A MAN DO."

"...BUT IT WAS HER SUICIDE.
"NOT THAT WE'D EVER CALL IT THAT. THAT WAS OUR ONLY TRUE VOW. NO ONE COULD EVER KNOW SHE'D SOUGHT ME OUT TO HELP HER ACROSS, OR IT WOULD ALL HAVE BEEN FOR NOTHING."
"BLATANT INCOMPETENCE ON BOTH SIDES OF THE FALLS!
"YES, THE MERCENARY DEADPOOL IS A MURDERER. A MADMAN. WHY HE CHOSE THIS WOMAN TO TARGET IS ANYONE'S GUESS..."
THE DAILY BUGLE
S.H.I.E.L.D RAID ENDS IN HOSTAGE TRAGEDY
"SHE WAS DYING. CANCER, OF COURSE."
"BUT HE WAS NOT THE ONLY MADMAN ON THE FALLS THAT DAY. OTHERS DID THEIR DAMAGE FROM BEHIND A BADGE.
"SOMEONE MUST PAY."
GOVERNMENTS AWARD EIGHT-FIGURE SETTLEMENT TO FAMILY OF THE "NIAGARA BRIDE."
"EVERYWHERE IN HER NOT-SO-HOT-TOO-DAMN-SKINNY BODY. SHE HAD MEDICAL, BUT THAT ONLY MEANS SOMETHING WHEN YOU'RE GONNA GET BETTER. OTHERWISE YOU'RE SIGNING ON FOR AN EXTRA LEG OF PUKING, HAIR LOSS, AND THAT PRECIOUS MOMENT WHEN YOU SEE THE UNSPOKEN QUESTION IN A LOVED ONE'S EYES...
"'WHEN WILL YOU DIE SO I CAN GET ON WITH GRIEVING YOU?' SHE WASN'T HAVING IT.
"WANTED TO CHECK OUT ON HER OWN TERMS. BRAVE, RIGHT? BUT BRAVERY MEANT NO LIFE INSURANCE FOR HER PARENTS...OR HER KIDDIES. BEAN COUNTERS FROWN ON ASSISTED SUICIDE. IT'S THE ONE TIME YOU BEAT THE HOUSE IN THE INSURANCE GAME.
kill RATS
Huggo Dog
"ENTER HER BRILLIANT IDEA TO MAKE IT ALL WORK: 'DEATH BY DEADPOOL.'
"I JUST PICKED THE SPOT, CALLED IN A DEBT AND LEFT A MESS SO RIDICULOUS NO ONE WOULD EVER THINK TO LOOK FOR THE 'PERMANENT-SLEEP COCKTAIL' I GAVE HER BEFORE THE CEREMONY.
"NO PAIN. NO SOAP OPERA B.S. SIGN-OFF. JUST WARM FUZZIES AND THEN DEAD A FEW SECONDS AFTER I KISSED HER.
"I HAVE THAT EFFECT ON WOMEN.
Niagara Falls
"FOR THE RECORD, I DIDN'T TAKE HER MONEY. DONATED IT TO A CANCER KID HOUSE, WHICH WAS INCREDIBLY STUPID BECAUSE IT WAS A LOT OF MONEY. WHAT CAN I SAY? WEDDING/SUICIDES GET ME SENTIMENTAL.
"...MAN...I WISH I COULD REMEMBER HER DAMNED NAME."
THE END.

Call me Ishmael.

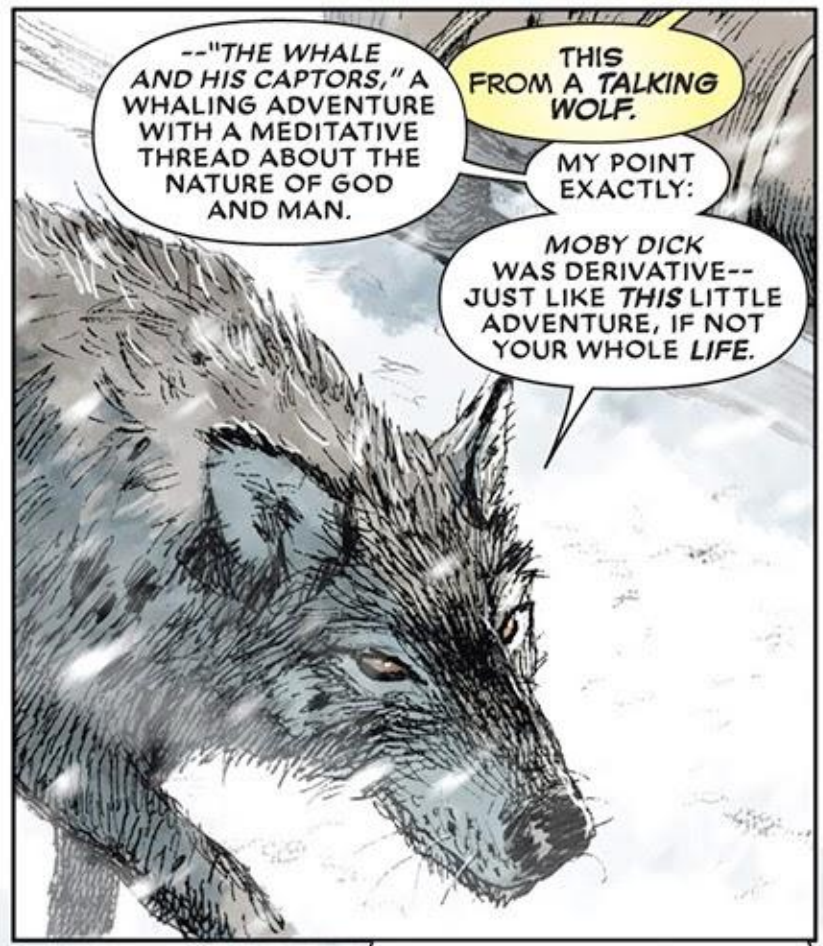
I account it high time to get to sea whenever 'tis a damp, drizzly November in my soul; whenever I find myself involuntarily pausing before coffin warehouses or navigating ghastly oversized moons of fat old ladies in spandex hunched over shopping carts as they lumber aimlessly through Walmart in Wildebeest Grandma herds.

I search daily for a strong moral principle to prevent me from deliberately stepping into the street and playing amputation roulette with the straights.

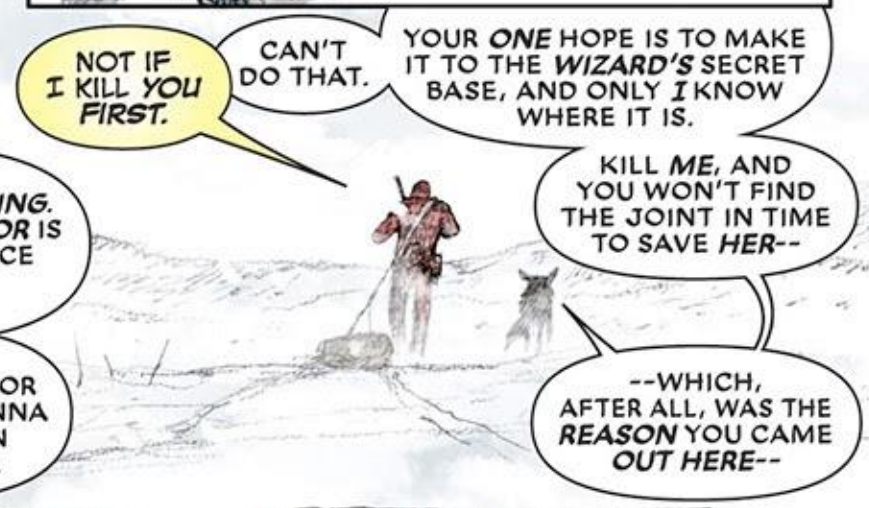
But for the love of a good woman; she whom I cherish and to whom I am sworn, my darling Penny, I would devolve to that which is the lowest and cruelest and most vile; which, come to think of it, is both fun and profitable but I digress.

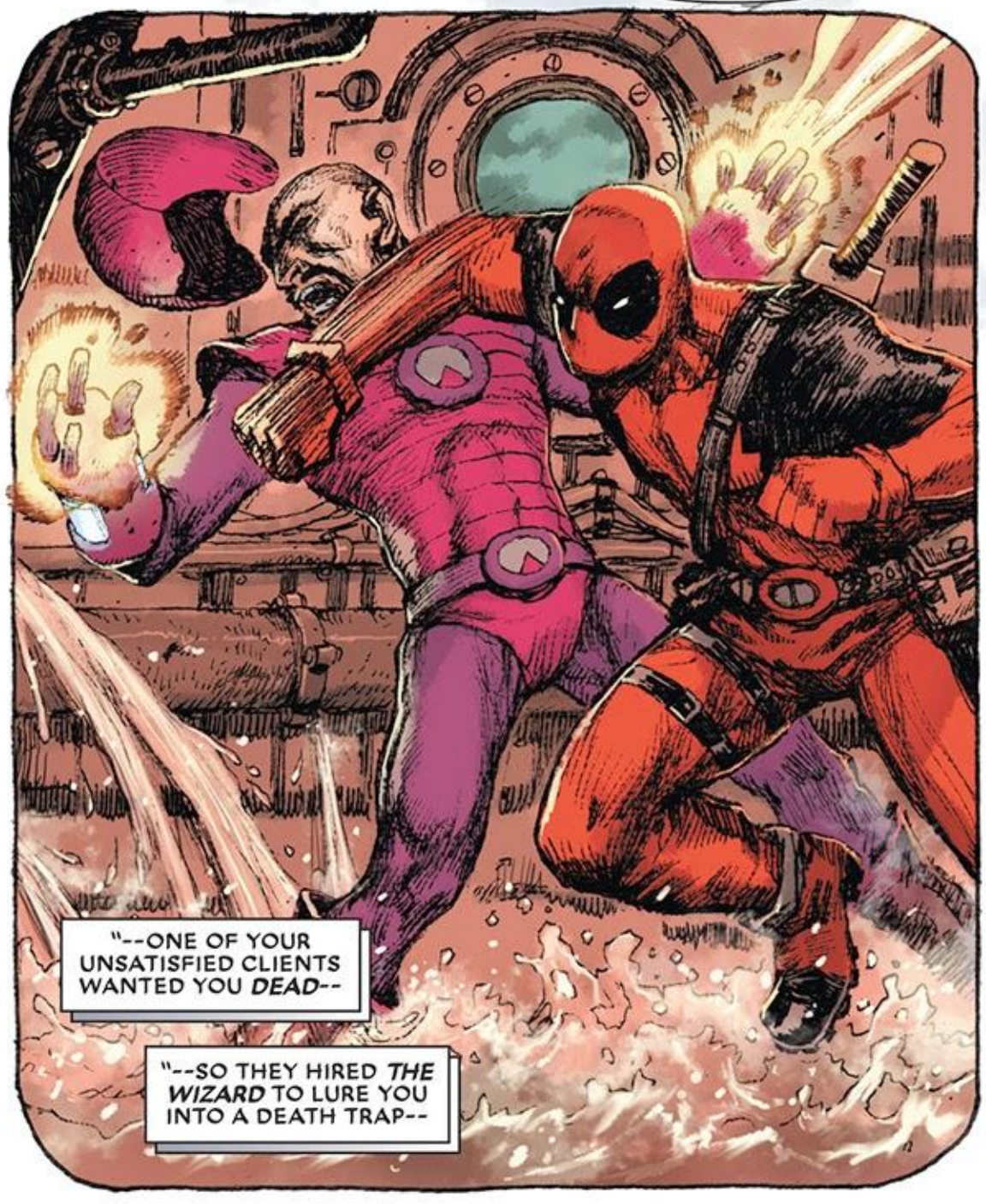
This is my substitute for pistol and balls; love has conquered a black heart, leaving in its place only joy, peace and an empty checking account. If they but knew it, almost all men in their degree, some time or other, cherish very nearly the same feelings as I...

WRONG BOOK.
YOU'RE MANGLING *MELVILLE*. THIS IS MORE LIKE, WHATSIS, JACK LONDON.
WHADDA *YOU* KNOW.
I KNOW MELVILLE *RIPPED OFF* REV. HENRY CHEEVER--


--"*THE WHALE AND HIS CAPTORS*," A WHALING ADVENTURE WITH A MEDITATIVE THREAD ABOUT THE NATURE OF GOD AND MAN.
THIS FROM A *TALKING WOLF*.
MY POINT EXACTLY:
MOBY DICK WAS DERIVATIVE-- JUST LIKE *THIS* LITTLE ADVENTURE, IF NOT YOUR WHOLE *LIFE*.

IT'S *42 BELOW*-- YOU'RE TALKING TO *ME*...
...WORSE, YOU'RE TAKING MY *ADVICE*...
...WHICH MEANS YOU'RE *HALLUCINATING*. YOUR *HEALING FACTOR* IS BARELY KEEPING PACE WITH HOW FAST YOU'RE *DYING*.
SUPER-POWER OR NOT, SOONER OR LATER YOU'RE GONNA *PASS OUT*. THEN YOU'RE *LUNCH*.


NOT IF I KILL *YOU FIRST*.
CAN'T DO THAT.
YOUR *ONE* HOPE IS TO MAKE IT TO THE *WIZARD'S* SECRET BASE, AND ONLY *I* KNOW WHERE IT IS.
KILL *ME*, AND YOU WON'T FIND THE JOINT IN TIME TO SAVE *HER*--
--WHICH, AFTER ALL, WAS THE *REASON* YOU CAME *OUT HERE*--


"--ONE OF YOUR UNSATISFIED CLIENTS WANTED YOU *DEAD*--
"--SO THEY HIRED *THE WIZARD* TO LURE YOU INTO A DEATH TRAP--

"--BY *KIDNAPPING* YOUR *WIFE*."
WADE--!!!
FOR GOD'S SAKE--*GET OUT*-- IT'S A *TRAP*--!!!
ACTUALLY, *PENNY*, THE WIZARD'S ARCTIC *BASE* WAS THE *TRAP*--

ZARK
--THIS LITTLE DINGUS WE USED TO ESCAPE IS JUST A TAXI.
THE WIZARD SHORTED OUT MY TRANSPORTER WHILE USING HIS OWN TO BEAM HIMSELF INTO OUR LITTLE LOVE-BOAT--
WHUD
--ONLY TO EARN HIMSELF ANOTHER SKULL FRACTURE!
IT'S OVER, BENTLEY! TOO LATE FOR OBAMACARE!
NOW, BEFORE I FEED YOUR MIDGET ASS TO THE MOBY DICKS, ONE FINAL QUESTION:
CAN I KEEP THIS...?
HEH... FOOL--
"POOL..."
--MY BACKUP TELEPORTER STILL FUNCTIONS!
WITH THE SEA RUSHING IN TO FILL THE SUB--
--MY REVENGE IS NOW COMPLETE!!!
...BACKUP TELEPORTER... GOTTA GET ME ONE A'THOSE...
THE WATER-- WADE, IT'S FREEZING--
YEAH, WELL THIS AIN'T MIAMI, GIRLFRIEND. TIME TO BEAT FEET...
...YOU CAN SWIM, RIGHT...?
WADE! LISTEN TO ME-- FOCUS--
--I'LL NEVER MAKE IT. THE WIZARD'S BASE IS TOO FAR AND THE WATER IS TOO COLD--

--YOU HIKE IT TO THE WIZARD'S SECRET BASE IN TIME TO REVIVE HER.

SCOOBY SAYS, "ROTSA RUCK."

I CAN MAKE IT...

THAT'S KINDA BESIDES THE POINT.

THE HUMAN BODY CAN SURVIVE HYPOTHERMIA FOR, MAYBE, SIX, SEVEN MINUTES.

TWELVE IF YOU'RE, Y'KNOW, BATMAN.

HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN WALKING?

NOT GIVING UP.

THE WIZARD HAS SOME HIGH-TECH CRAP IN HIS SECRET BASE.

THREE DAYS.

IT'S WHAT I'M SAYIN'.

I SAY WE CARVE THE BITCH UP.

GOT STEAK SAUCE BACK AT THE DEN...

...BACKUP TELEPORTER...
C'MON. JUST A NIBBLE.
A FOOT. I PROMISE SHE WON'T MISS IT.
LEMME ASK YOU...
...THERE IS NO SECRET BASE, IS THERE?
NO.
YOU'VE JUST BEEN GASLIGHTING ME...WAITING FOR ME TO DROP.
PRETTY MUCH. EVEN WORSE--
--YOU'VE NEVER BEEN MARRIED, JACK.
"PENNY" NEVER EXISTED.
SHORT FOR PERSEPHONE-- GODDESS OF DEATH-- ANOTHER CHICK YOU WERE OBSESSED WITH.
YOUR SUBCONSCIOUS WROTE YOU A MEMO--
LOOK FOR HIS BACKUP TELEPORTER. GO HOME.
--FIN--

QUICKIE
LET ME TELL YOU ABOUT MY CRAZIEST WEEK EVER.
I MET THIS NURSE NAMED VERONICA. A REAL STUNNER. WE HAD AN INSTANT ATTRACTION.
LATER THAT SAME DAY I MET DEBBIE, A DAMSEL IN DISTRESS. DIDN'T TAKE LONG FOR US TO CONNECT, IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN.
THAT NEXT MORNING I WENT GROCERY SHOPPING AND MET MARGUERITE, A RED-HEAD WITH A BODY TO KILL FOR. WE HIT IT OFF IN AN INSTANT AND NO SOONER THAN I GET HER NUMBER...
...MY GROCERIES GET DELIVERED BY A SWEET BLONDE NAMED AMY. I COULDN'T BELIEVE MY LUCK. I GUESS IT PAYS TO SHOWER ONCE IN A WHILE.
EDITORS NOTE: PLEASE SEE ISSUES 46-49 TO FULLY COMPREHEND ALL OF THIS MADNESS. BETTER YET, BUY THE DAMNED DEADPOOL CLASSICS 7 SOFTCOVER AND MAKE THIS PALMIOTTI GUY A COUPLE OF BUCKS.

WHO'S ANNA? YOU KEPT SAYING HER NAME.
THAT'S NOT YOUR NAME?
IT'S AMY.
SAME THING. DON'T SWEAT IT.

ANNA. I COULDN'T FORGET HER.
I HAD SOME GUN-FOR-HIRE BUSINESS WITH HER AND WE BECAME CLOSE. CLOSER THAN I'VE EVER BEEN WITH ANYONE. I FELL IN LOVE WITH THAT WOMAN.

SHE PLAYED ME FOR THE FOOL AND BROKE MY HEART.
YOU WON'T SHOOT ME. I KNOW YOU.
YOU DON'T KNOW ME AT ALL.
YEAH, I SHOT HER, RIGHT IN THE HEART. EVERY DAY SINCE, I REGRETTED THAT DECISION.

I WAS FEELING SO LOW; LOWER THAN I EVER HAVE BEEN UNTIL I GOT THE CALL.
BZZZTTT BZZZTTT

ANNA? HOW IS THIS POSSIBLE?
SHE DIDN'T DIE. SOMEHOW THE BULLET I PUT INTO HER HEART MISSED AND SHE WAS FINE AFTER SOME SURGERY... AND SHE WANTED TO SEE ME!

ALL THESE MONTHS FEELING DISTRAUGHT AND GUILT-RIDDEN CAME TO A QUICK END. I WAS HAPPIER THAN I'D EVER BEEN. THE DOOM AND GLOOM I FELT WAS WASHED AWAY BY A WAVE OF HOPE AND EXHILARATION!
SHE SAID SHE WANTED TO MEET ME. THE PLACE? LAS VEGAS.
I STILL GOT IT!
WELL, ALL EXCEPT FOR MY LEFT ARM.

I LANDED IN VEGAS AND MY HEART WAS RACING.
THANKS FOR THE LIFT.
SHE GOT A ROOM RIGHT HERE, AT THE DIAMOND CASINO, OWNED BY A BLIND BOOKIE I KNEW WAY BACK WHEN. I WAS SUPPOSED TO MEET HER IN HER ROOM.
THIS WAS MY BIG SECOND CHANCE. I HAD TIME TO THINK ABOUT WHAT SHE DID AND I UNDERSTOOD THAT SHE HAD NO CHOICE TO DO WHAT SHE DID TO ME. I WANTED HER IN MY LIFE AGAIN AND THERE WAS NO WAY I WAS GONNA MESS THIS UP AGAIN.
COME ON IN AND ROB US BLIND
I STOPPED BY MY FAVORITE PAWNSHOP AND TRADED MY INTERDIMENSIONAL SACK FOR A SWEET DIAMOND RING.
ANYTHING YOU PUT INTO IT, IT GOES SOMEWHERE ELSE.
HEY, GET THE OLD MAN OVER HERE.
BY THE TIME I GOT TO THE ROOM, SHE WAS WAITING FOR ME. MY GOD, SHE LOOKED HEALTHIER THAN EVER.
JACKPOT!
YOU MISS ME?
OBVIOUSLY, OTHERWISE YOU WOULDN'T BE HERE.

WE COULDN'T KEEP OUR HANDS OFF OF EACH OTHER. IT FELT LIKE A DREAM. BEST DREAM EVER. I DIDN'T WANT TO RUIN IT, SO I DID WHAT I HAD TO DO, TO SHOW HER I WAS COMMITTED, THAT I WANTED US TO BE A TEAM.
I MADE HER AN OFFER SHE COULDN'T REFUSE.
ANNA, WILL YOU DO ME THE HONOR OF MARRYING ME?
WHOA!
I MADE SURE YOU GOT THIS ROOM AND IN ADVANCE, HAD THEM WAITING FOR US TILL THIS VERY MOMENT.
YOU GUYS OKAY?
NO.
NO.
...AND I NOW PRONOUNCE YOU MAN AND WIFE. YOU MAY KISS THE BRIDE.
LAY IT ON ME, SUGAR.
AFTER WE CELEBRATED SOME MORE, ANNA SAID SHE WANTED TO PLAY THE SLOTS, SO I TOOK A NAP.
SWEET CHEEKS, YOU HERE? HELLO?
HOURS LATER I WOKE AND SHE STILL HADN'T COME BACK.

THE CASINO WAS NICE ENOUGH TO LET ME CHECK THE MONITORS AND TAPES TO SEE IF I COULD FIND ANNA.
WHERE DID YOU...AH, GOT YA!
Cam 4 Rec
SHE DID IT AGAIN... WALKED RIGHT OUT OF MY LIFE.
I WAS HEARTBROKEN AND ANGRY. WORSE, SHE STUCK ME WITH THE BILL. THAT GIRL CHARGED MORE THAN 60 GRAND WORTH OF JEWELRY TO THE ROOM, WHICH SHE PUT UNDER MY NAME.
YOU KNOW THE COUPLE THAT MARRIED US? ANNA FOUND OUT WHAT I DID AND REPLACED THEM WITH TWO ACTORS.
YUP, WE WERE NEVER OFFICIALLY MARRIED.
HOW COULD SHE DO THAT TO ME?
SO, DID YOU WIN WHILE YOU WERE HERE?
WAS SHE STILL MAD I SHOT HER OR DID SHE JUST PLAY ME FOR A SUCKER AGAIN?
I LEARNED A LESSON THE HARD WAY. IT'S NEVER GONNA HAPPEN AGAIN. NO MORE THOUGHTS OF HER IN MY DREAMS. NO MORE SAYING HER NAME IN MY SLEEP. NO MORE REGRETS.
OH YEAH...
AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED, ANNA IS DEAD TO ME. GOOD RIDDANCE.
IN MORE WAYS THAN ONE.
END.

INNKEEPER! A FLAGON OF YOUR FINEST ALE!

AND FRESH HORSES FOR THE MEN!

FINE. I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT THE HELL A FLAGON IS ANYWAY.

JUST BEER ME, BRO.

I CAN SENSE ALREADY I'M GONNA REGRET ASKIN'...BUT WHAT BRINGS YOU IN HERE, PAL? WE DON'T GET TOO MANY OF YOUSE COSTUMED TYPES IN HERE...AS YOU MIGHT GUESS.

YOU DON'T GET TOO MANY ACTUAL LIVING PEOPLE TYPES IN HERE, EITHER, AS I MIGHT ALSO GUESS.

BUT GEE...WHAT USUALLY BRINGS MEN INTO BARS TO DROWN THEIR SORROWS?

A WOMAN.

YOU AIN'T AS DUMB AS YOU LOOK.

BUT YOU ARE FAT. AND THERE IS A CERTAIN SMELL. EAU D'COLD CUTS?

ANYWAY...THIS LITTLE FILLY CAME INTO MY LIFE DURING MY SECOND GO-AROUND WITH THE WEAPON X PROGRAM...

THE WEAPON WHAT NOW?

HOW ABOUT WE ZIP IT, LISTEN UP AND GET ME ANOTHER DRINK, MOE. PREFERABLY WITH SLIGHTLY LESS VOMIT IN IT THIS TIME, IF YOU PLEASE. NOW AS I WAS SAYING...

GUESS WHO WENT AND DID THE DEED, BEE-YOTCHES?
HOLLA!
JUST MARRIED
OH GOD, WHAT IS THIS NOW? REALLY, THE PROGRAM JUST DOESN'T PAY ME ENOUGH TO DEAL WITH HIM...
WADE, WHAT THE FRESH HELL IS THIS?
THIS IS MY BLUSHING BRIDEZILLA LURLEEN, SAY HOWDY TO THE DIRECTOR, SWEET CHEEKS.
HOWDY, DIRECTOR SWEET CHEEKS.
SO CALLED YOU GOING THERE.
ME AND THIS LITTLE LADY GOT OURSELVES HITCHED RIGHT AFTER WE MET AT THE DOG TRACK.
I FOUND A TICKET ON THE FLOOR AND WON 12 DOLLARS AND 17 CENTS!
AND I'M THE ONE WHO STRANGLED THE GUY TO DEATH THAT LOST THAT TICKET THAT WON THE 12 DOLLARS AND 17 CENTS!
IT'S LIKE WE WERE MEANT TO BE TOGETHER.
WADE...WE'VE TALKED ABOUT THIS. THIS IS A TOP SECRET GOVERNMENT INSTALLATION. YOU JUST CAN'T BRING ANYONE HERE WHO ISN'T AUTHORIZED.
NOT PAULY SHORE. NOT THE KNICK CITY DANCERS. NOT THE MORMON TABERNACLE CHOIR. AND FOR REASONS EVEN YOU MUST DEEP DOWN SOMEHOW UNDERSTAND, ESPECIALLY NOT...

...YOUR WIFE.
HEY, IT'S ONE OF THEM FANCY SODDIE POP MACHINES THAT MIXES UP ALL THE SODDIE FOR YA!
I WANT A DIET CAFFEINE-FREE CHERRY VANILLA FRESCA ZERO. WITH A SHOT OF BOURBON.
CYBORG. NOT A SODA MACHINE.
AND THIS IS...
NIPPLE. NOT A BUTTON FOR SODA.
THEN WHERE DOES THE SODDIE COME OUT...
WADE. GOING TO KILL YOUR WIFE.
NOW, HUNNY BUNNY...MAYBE WE SHOULD LEAVE THE MURDEROUS ROBOT MAN ALONE. YOU DON'T WANNA DRINK ANYTHING COMING OUT OF KANE ANYWAY...
BUT I DIDN'T GET MY FRES--
OH
EM
$%#&*#'
GEE
LOOK, HON! IT'S ONE OF THEM AVATAR PEOPLE!
I AM NOT AN AVATAR PERSON.
OH, MY BAD. YOU'RE ONE OF THEM BLUE MAN FELLAS THEN. SOMEBODY GET ME A MARSHMALLOW TO THROW AT HER.
NOT A BLUE MAN.
YOU ONE OF THEM SMURFETTES THEN, HUH?
I'M NOT A--
YOU KNOW WHAT? FINE. I'M A SMURFETTE.
TRA LA LA LA LA #$%&$*' LA.
÷SNIF÷ ÷SNIF÷

THAT *TACO A LA MODE* WE HAD FOR LUNCH AIN'T SITTIN' QUITE RIGHT. OR MAYBE IT'S THE BOTTLE OF JACK I HAD FOR DESSERT. EITHER WAY, I THINK I'M A GONNA...

WHAT THE HELL'S GOING ON IN HERE?

URP!

HEY, WAIT! DON'T GO INTO MY--

OUTTATHEWAY!

BLECH

OFFICE...

CAN WE KILL HIM? WOULD THEY MIND IF WE KILL HIM? WE CAN SAY IT WAS AN ACCIDENT. YEAH...AN ACCIDENT. SABRETOOTH CHOPPED HIS HEAD OFF BY ACCIDENT. YEAH...

POOR AGENT JACKSON. HIS OFFICE REEKED OF YOUR PUKE FROM THAT MOMENT FORWARD.
MY PUKE? BUDDY, I THINK YA HAD TOO MANY OF THESE 'CAUSE YOU'RE GETTING A LITTLE MIXED UP.
ACTUALLY, I'M JUST PEACHY, "LURLEEN." OR WOULD YOU RATHER I JUST CALL YOU...
MYSTIQUE.
CLICK
CLICK
SO WHAT HAPPENED THAT DAY? SABES SNIFFED YOU OUT, HUH?
THAT'S WHEN YOU CALLED AN AUDIBLE. PLAYING YOUR LITTLE VOMIT-O-RAMA GAME IN JACKSON'S OFFICE SO YOU COULD DO WHAT YOU ACTUALLY CAME THERE TO DO...
SWIPE THE PROGRAM'S MUTANT FILES.
FINE. YOU GOT ME. SO IS THIS WHERE WE PLAY "WHO CAN FILL THE OTHER FULL OF THE MOST HOLES," WADE?
NO.
JUST SIGN HERE.
AND WITH THAT...A MUCHAS GRACIAS FOR ADDING TO MY DIVORCE PAPER COLLECTION.
JUDGE JUDY, HERE I COME!

EULOGY FOR A WINKIE

...BY THE POWER VESTED IN ME BY SHADOWY AND OPPRESSIVE BLACK BOOK MILITARY FORCES, I NOW PRONOUNCE YOU *WHATEVER* AND *WIFE*.

YOU MAY KISS THE BRIDE.

I'M SO HAPPY.

WAIT. HANG ON.

YOU MEAN YOU AND OUTLAW HAVEN'T...*UH*... *CONSUMMATED* YET?

WELL, I WANTED TO WAIT.

MY VIRGINITY IS A PRECIOUS GIFT AND THIS MAKES IT SO MUCH MORE *SPECIAL*, DON'T YOU THINK?

LISTEN, WADE...I THINK I HAVE TO WARN YOU.

YOU KNOW SHE'S GOT SUPER-STRENGTH, RIGHT?

YEAH. SO?

WHAT'S YOUR POINT?

LISTEN...I KNOW WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT. BE *CAREFUL*, MAN!

THERE YOU ARE, OWLHOOT.

HAVE I GOT PLANS FOR *YOU*.

AH, YOU'RE JUST JEALOUS BECAUSE NO ONE WANTS YOUR NASTY JUNK.

PSSST!

I THINK I MAY GET *LUCKY* TONIGHT, SAILOR!

WE'RE OFF TO SEE THE PLACES I'VE ALWAYS DREAMED OF GOING TO!
GOODBYE, YOU WONDERFUL, WONDERFUL JERKS!
JUST MARRIED
SHOE
AND NOW, WHERE MONSTERS DWELL RETURNS YOU TO TODAY'S FEATURE, GEEYARRGHH, THE LIVING LIZARD!
SHRUBS OF MYSTERY
SANDUSKY, OHIO!
WADE...? I THINK IT'S TIME TO TURN OFF THE TELEVISION, SWEETIE.
CAN WE WAIT JUST A SECOND, BABE? GEEYARRGHH IS TOTALLY ABOUT TO DESTROY PEORIA!
WELL, IF THAT MOVIE IS REALLY THAT IMPORTANT...
SHAZAM!
HOLY HOMINA HAPPY HADRON COLLIDER!
SHRUBS OF MYSTERY
OW. HEY, OW!
MY PELVIS!

ONE SULTRY BUT PAINFUL NIGHT LATER...
I WAS JUST THINKIN' ABOUT A LI'L HOEDOWN, DARLIN'.
YEAH, SEE, OKAY, THAT SOUNDS GOOD, ONLY HOW ABOUT MAYBE GOING A LITTLE EASY BECAUSE, SEE, LAST TIME, YOU SHATTERED MY PELVIS AND--
THE BIGGEST BALL OF LARD IN NORTH DAKOTA!
PAIN!
OH, PAIN, PAIN PERVADES MY PRIVATEST PARTS!
I USEDA BUST BRONCS, YOU KNOW.
RIGHT, OKAY, WELL...AS YOU KNOW, MY NETHER BITS ARE NOW IN A CAST, AND CAPTAIN AMERICA SIGNED IT WITH A MESSAGE TO BUY WAR BONDS, SO...
PING-PONG?
RAT WORLD FUN TIME FAMILY PARK
CAPE DISAPPOINTMENT, WASHINGTON!
WELL, OF COURSE IT WAS GOOD FOR ME, TOO.
I JUST LOVE HAVING MY LEGS SNAPPED OFF AT THE GROIN!
AND YES, THAT WAS TOTALLY SARCASM!
LOOK, JUST GIVE ME FIFTEEN MINUTES TO GROW IT ALL BACK.
I'M NOT A MACHINE!
HEY...THAT'S A TINY THONG YOU GOT THERE...
THE WORLD'S BIGGEST INDOOR SEPTIC TANK
TAMPA BAY, FLORIDA
UNCLE! UNCLE! I SURRENDER!
I'M UP ALL NIGHT TO GET COMPOUND FRACTURE-Y!

TIME FOR ANOTHER ROUND AT THE RODEO, SUGARBEAR!
JUST A MINUTE, HONEYCLUMP!
I JUST NEED TO ICE MY AREA AND APPLY DIRECT PRESSURE FOR A BIT!
I DON'T KNOW IF YOU'RE UP THERE, ODIN, BUT...
...PLEASE MAKE ME NOT QUITE SO SEXUALLY DESIRABLE, ALL RIGHT?
GHOOM
HA! MY SOURCES TOL' ME YOU'D BE HERE, WILSON!
NOW YOU'RE GONNA DIE FLAT FOR THAT TIME YOU SHRUNK ME!
RHINO?
RHINO!
I AM SO GLAD TO SEE YOU! OH, MY GOD!
LISTEN, YOU GOTTA KILL ME. I'M BEGGING YOU.
WHAT?
SHE'S GOING TO LOVE ME 'TIL I'M JELLY JAM!
WHAT THE HELL?
JUST TAKE A STEP, MAN! I'LL OWE YOU, OKAY? END THIS HONEYMOON OF HORROR!
SHE THINKS I'M HER LITTLE PONY!
IT'S HARD BEING AN IRRESISTIBLE SEX MUFFIN!
HEH. "HARD."

DON'T KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON, BUT I AIN'T SQUASHIN' NO GUY ON HIS HONEYMOON.
SHE CALLS ME WINKIE DASH AND SHAG SPARKLE!
KILLLLLLL MEEEE!!!
HEY. BIG FELLA.
HANDS OFF MY MAN.
WHAT?
I HATE THESE PEOPLE.
WHAAAM
YOU WERE SO BRAVE, DARLIN'.
I WASN'T! I PEED! I WAS LIKE A LITTLE GIRL!
THAT IS A NICE TEDDIE, THOUGH.
I GOT YOU ONE JUST LIKE IT.
FOLLOW ME, PARDNER.
I THINK I HAVE A RAPTURE RUPTURE!
GEEYARRGH!
NOT
TURB
TH' END!

OKAY, NORMALLY, THIS IS A RECAP PAGE-- EMPHASIS ON PAGE--
--BUT THEY ONLY GAVE US FIVE FREAKIN' PAGES TO TELL THIS TITILLATING TALE OF DOOMED LOVE.
(AND TRY TO GET NICIEZA TO TELL A COHERENT STORY IN TWENTY PAGES, MUCH LESS FIVE!)
ANYWAY, CABLE, MUTANT MESSIAH FROM THE FUTURE ASKED MOI TO HELP STOP AN ARMS DEALER WHO WAS TROLLING STOLEN ALIEN TECH.
ONE LITTLE HITCH: GETTIN' THIS GUY REQUIRED BEING PART OF A MARRIED COUPLE...
...AND I DON'T MEAN ME AND CABLE, 'CAUSE APPARENTLY THAT COULD DRIVE SOME ARIZONIANS (AND CORPORATE TYPES) APOPLECTIC. SO...
THERE WILL BE
NO HONEY-MOON!
BAM

DOMINO.
IRENE.
SHOULD I ASK?
YOU DEFINITELY SHOULD.
÷SIGH÷ FINE. WHAT ARE THEY FIGHTING ABOUT?

"THE BEST WAY TO CONFRONT THE MUNITIONS MANUFACTURER, *RICK RYAN,* IS BY GETTING TO HIM--

"--DURING HIS ONLY PUBLIC APPEARANCE OF THE YEAR. BUT THE EVENT IS ONLY FOR *MARRIED COUPLES.*

"SINCE CABLE IS *RECOGNIZED* ALL OVER THE WORLD NOW, HE CAN'T DO THE UNDERCOVER OP WITH ME."

NO OFFENSE, BUT IT'S NOT EXACTLY LIKE YOU'RE *INCONSPICUOUS.*
I CAN USE AN *IMAGE INDUCER.*
BUT *NATHAN* CAN'T, BECAUSE HIS *TECHNO-ORGANICS* INTERFERE WITH THE HOLOGRAM PROJECTION.
IPSO FACTO...

IF I CAN'T MARRY DOMINO FOR REALSIES, I SHOULD AT LEAST GET TO CARRY HER OVER THE *THRESHOLD!*
AND "*THRESHOLD*" WOULD BE A *EUPHEMISM* FOR--
I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN!

SO, OFF WE WENT TO *HOUSTON, TEXAS...*

I WOULD LIKE TO WELCOME THE NEWEST MEMBERS OF THE *MARRIAGE MATTERS* ORGANIZATION--

SIXTH ANNUAL "MARRIAGE MATTERS" CONVENTION

--ESPECIALLY OUR *HONEYMOON COUPLE--WILLIAM* AND *WENDY WHITEBREAD!*

THE NAMES WERE MY IDEA.

THEY REPRESENT *TRADITIONAL MARRIAGE* IN ITS TRUEST FORM.

AMERICAN VALUES AND ANTHROPOLOGICAL PURITY! LET'S HEAR FROM THE NEWLYWEDS!

THANK YOU ALL FOR BEING SO WELCOMING TO PEOPLE WHO ARE EXACTLY LIKE YOU!

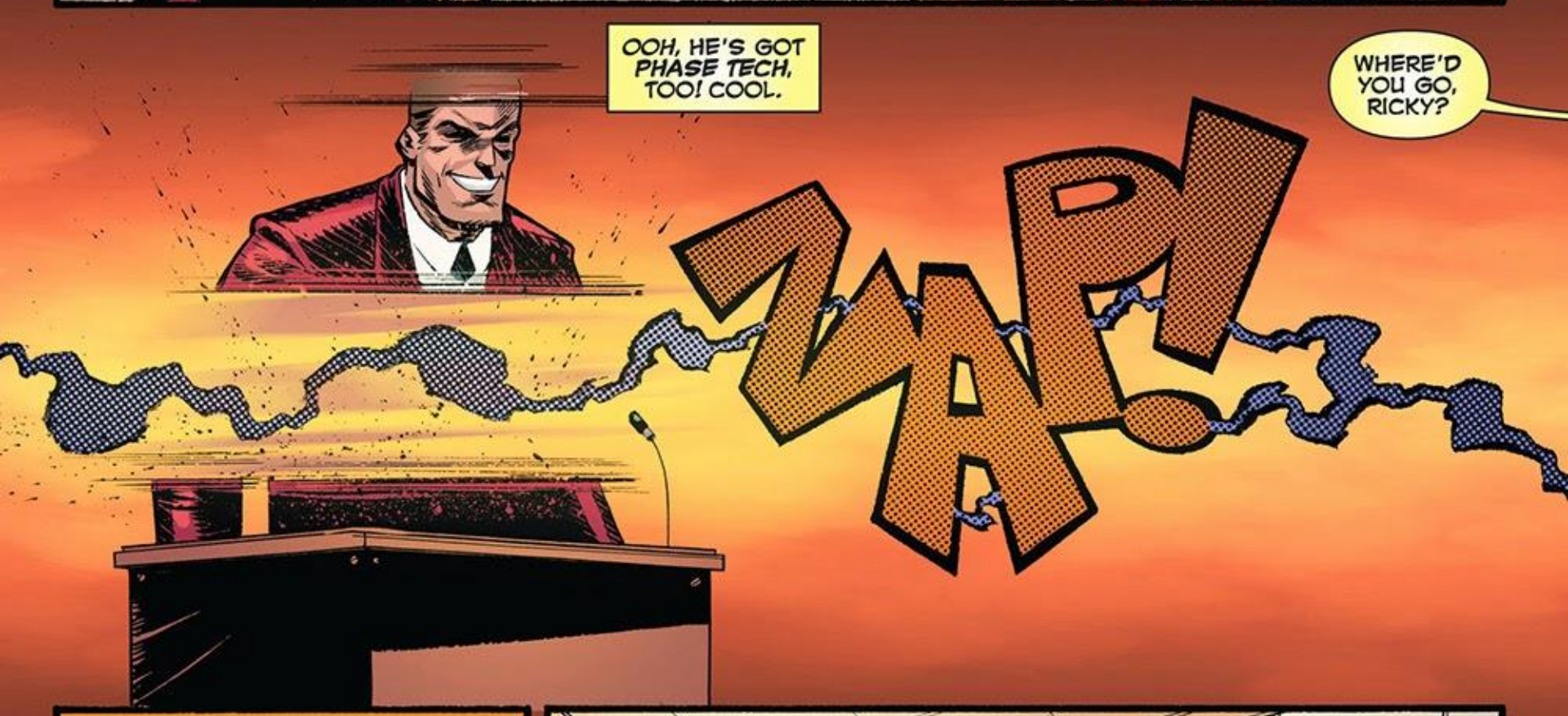
THIS FORWARD-THINKING ORGANIZATION KNOWS THAT ONLY THE ILLUSIONS OF THE PAST WILL SUSTAIN US!

AND RICK RYAN HAS SHOWN US THAT ONLY NARROW MINDS AND FEAR OF ANYTHING DIFFERENT WILL PROTECT US!

BZZT

WHICH IS FUNNY, SINCE HE'S WILLING TO SELL *ALIEN TECH* TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER!

TO AVOID A GNARLY FOOTNOTE, WE THINK RYAN GOT THE ALIEN WEAPONS DURING THAT WHOLE MAXIMUM SECURITY CROSSOVER*!
FOR THE CONTINUITY GEEKS, THAT WAS SEASON THREE, EPISODE SEVEN*.
*WHICH TOOK PLACE DURING THE MAXIMUM SECURITY CROSSOVER. -JORDAN
*WHICH TOOK PLACE AFTER EPISODE SIX BUT BEFORE EPISODE EIGHT. -JORDAN


OOH, HE'S GOT PHASE TECH, TOO! COOL.
WHERE'D YOU GO, RICKY?
ZAP!

RIGHT BEHIND YOU.
WHERE IS WENDY?
RIGHT IN FRONT OF YOU, PROBABLY.

GIVE US THE LOCATION OF YOUR WEAPONS STASH.

YOU WON'T FIRE THROUGH YOUR *HUSBAND* TO GET TO ME.

UHM... WAIT A MINUTE...

CONSIDER THIS A *DIVORCE!*

ZAP!

OUCH.

I TAKE IT THIS RULES OUT A *SYMPATHY CANOODLE...?*

DON'T WORRY--RYAN WASN'T *DEAD.* THE BLAST SHORT-CIRCUITED HIS PHASING DOO-HICKEY.

HE REAPPEARED TWO MINUTES LATER.

AND I *PUNCHED* HIS LIGHTS OUT.

MY MARRIAGE TO THE DEADLY AND DELIGHTFUL DOMINO ENDED IN BITTER DIVORCE.

AND WE NEVER GOT TO *CONSUMMATE* IT... OR *DID* WE...?

END.

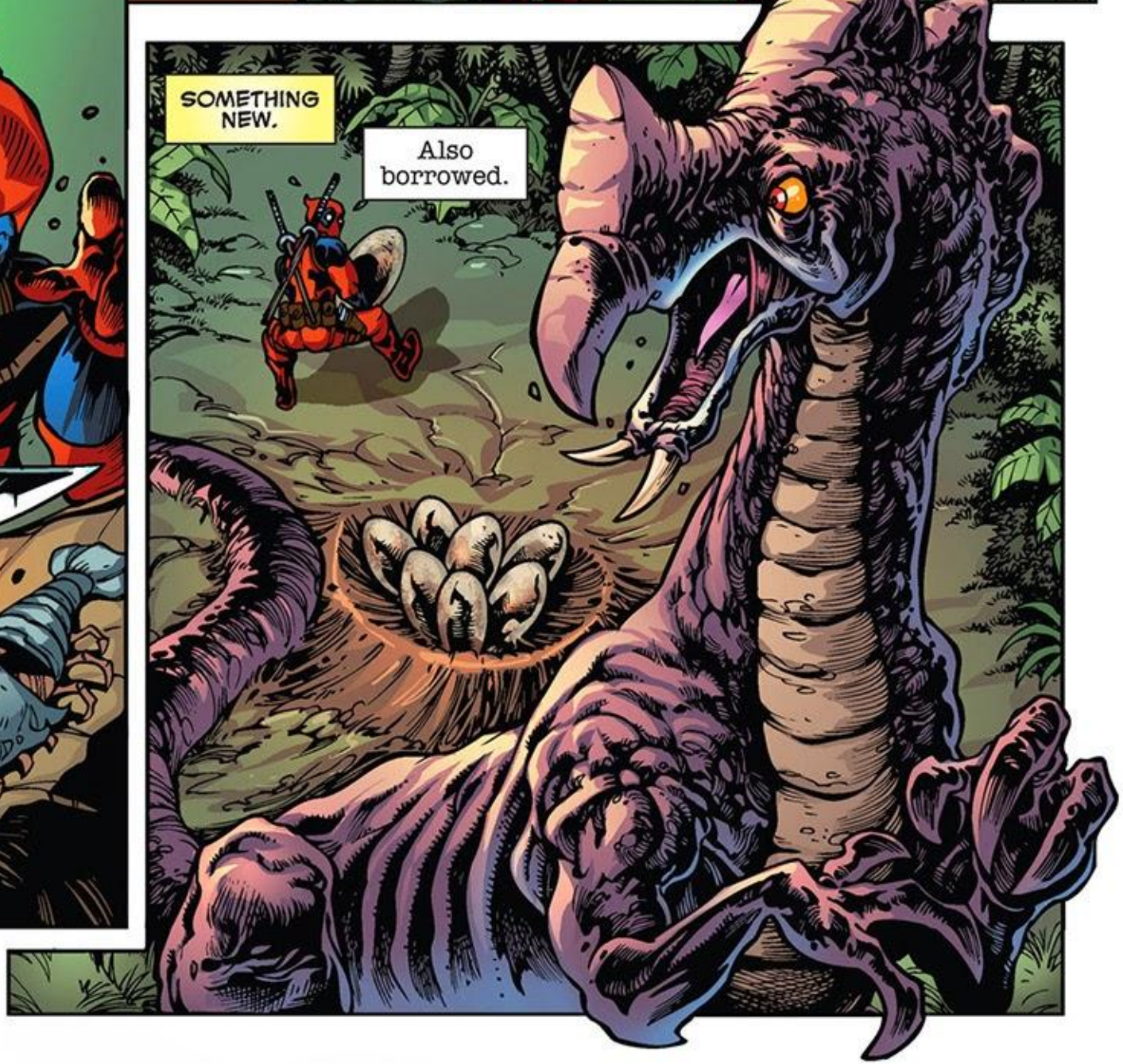
THE SAVAGE LAND...
ON THE RUN FROM HYDRA...
JUST AFTER SECOND BREAKFAST.
SO, DR. BETTY. TELL US ABOUT YOUR HUSBAND AND/OR BOYFRIEND. IS HE A NERD SCIENTIST LIKE YOU?
SUBTLE.
I'M SINGLE. AND I'M NOT A NERD SCIENTIST. I HAVE A PH.D. FROM--
HEY, SHOULDN'T YOU BE ON THE LOOKOUT FOR THOSE HYDRA AGENTS AFTER US?
STRIKE FAST, MAN. CHICKS DIG DECISIVE DUDES.
This is quite possibly the best plan you've ever had.
DEADPOOL, NO! THAT SPECIES OF FLOWER IS--
WILL YOU MARRY ME, DR. BETTY?!
FWSSH
÷YUHH... ACK...SSS÷
FUMP

SHE SAID YES!
ACTUALLY, SHE SAID YUHHACKSSS.
YOU HEARD IT, TOO!

OKAY, HEAD, YOU STAY HERE AND KEEP THE FLIES OFF DR. BETTY WHILE I GO MAKE WEDDING ARRANGEMENTS.

UH...
I'M GETTING MARRIED IN THE MORNING...OR HOPEFULLY BEFORE SHE WAKES UP...
NOW TO GATHER THE INGREDIENTS OF THE MAGIC MARRIAGE SPELL.

SOMETHING OLD.

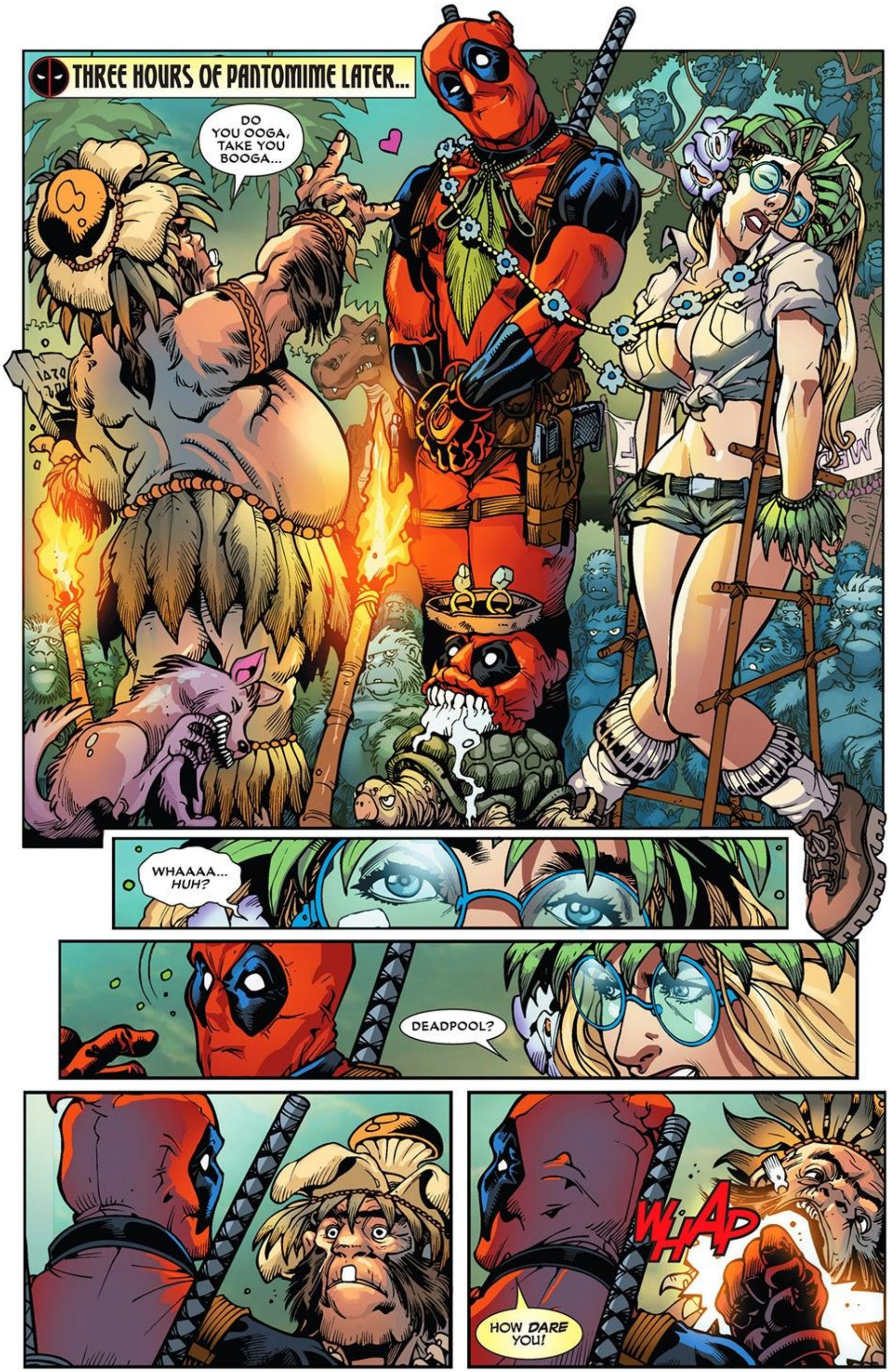

SOMETHING NEW.
Also borrowed.

SOMETHING... BLUE?
Can we *not* go there?

BEHOLD THE JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.
You think he can do Lutheran?

YOU! SHAMAN!
YOU ARE CORDIALLY INVITED TO PRESIDE OVER THE HAPPIEST DAY OF MY LIFE.
OR GET MURDERED. YOUR CHOICE.

SHOOKA MA BOOGA OOGA BOOGA!
HMMMM. FORGOT I DON'T SPEAK SAVAGE LAND.
THIS IS GOING TO TAKE *ALL* OF MY NONVERBAL COMMUNICATION SKILLS.


THREE HOURS OF PANTOMIME LATER...
DO YOU OOGA, TAKE YOU BOOGA...
WHAAAA... HUH?
DEADPOOL?
WHAP
HOW DARE YOU!

IMAGINE THAT PREHISTORIC CHUMP THINKING HE COULD USE YOU FOR HIS MACABRE SHAMAN RITUAL.
GOOD THING I GOT HERE JUST IN TIME.
RIIIIGHT.
SO IF YOU'RE ALL DONE SAVING ME, LET'S GET THIS SHOW ON THE ROAD. OKAY?
I'M NOT SURE THAT WEDDING COUNTED.
OH, IT COUNTED, BABY. NOW I'M PLANNING THE HONEYMOON.
YOU'RE GONNA NEED MORE KNOCKOUT FLOWERS.
NOT COOL.
END.

WHAT'S A "HONEYMOON"?

YOU GUYS DON'T HAVE THAT HERE IN SPACE, ORKSA?

WELL, WE HAVE LOTS OF *OTHER* KINDS OF MOONS...*

OKAY, WELL, A HONEYMOON IS, LIKE...

...UH...

*INCLUDING A VERY SELFISH ONE NAMED ID!

YOU DON'T KNOW.

NAH, NOT REALLY.

LET'S JUST MAKE IT UP AS WE GO ALONG.

WE CAN *DO* THAT?

I DO IT ALL THE TIME, BABY.

AND THAT *WORKS OUT* FOR YOU?

EVERY TIME.

WITHOUT FAIL.

YOU HAVE FAILED US, SIR IRONROD OF WOOD!
THE PUNISHMENT FOR WHICH IS...
I'M GONNA GUESS "DEATH."
...DEATH.
LOOK, I SEE YOUR POINT...BUT, TO BE HONEST, I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT I AGREED TO DO FOR YOU.
AS SOON AS I HEARD THAT I WAS GONNA BE KNIGHTED AND THAT I'D GET TO PICK MY OWN NAME, ALL I HEARD COMING OUT OF YOUR MOUTH WAS THAT "ADULT VOICE" FROM THE CHARLIE BROWN CARTOONS.
YOU SWORE AN OATH!
I SWEAR A LOT, DUDE... YOU'RE GONNA HAFTA BE MORE--
YOU PROMISED TO SLAY THE GNAR-CON!
THE WHAH?
THE SPACE DRAGON!
WELL, THAT'S ON YOU, BRO--YOU BURIED THE LEAD!
I BEG YOUR--?
TO ME, MY NOBLE STEED!
DO YOU KNOW WHERE WE'RE GOING?
IF THERE'S ONE THING I KNOW ABOUT DRAGONS, IT'S THAT THEY'RE ALL SEXUALLY REPRESSED, INTOLERANT RACISTS...

"...AND THEY ALL LIVE IN CASTLES."
YOUR "STEED"?
MY WIFE-STEED. YEAH.
IF DRAGONS RULED THE UNIVERSE, THAT WOULD NOT BE ALLOWED.
WHY?
BECAUSE IT'S REVOLTING.
YEAH, WELL...ANYWAY, I'M HERE TO SLAY YOUR HATIN' ASS.
BECAUSE I ATE THE QUEEN?
ORIGINALLY? YEAH, PROBABLY... BUT NOW IT'S BECAUSE I'VE GROWN VIOLENTLY INTOLERANT OF YOUR INTOLERANCE.
YOUR CASTLE IS BEAUTIFUL, BY THE WAY...
...VERY ROMANTIC.

I JUST REMEMBERED WHAT A HONEYMOON IS!
IT'S NOT ABOUT HATE CRIMES...

...IT'S ABOUT LOVE CRIMES.
GET NAKED.

RACE M-MIXING...
...DEBAUCHERY!

BLAAAAAUUUGHHH

I'M ALIVE!

YOU'RE ALIVE!

SIR IRONROD OF WOOD, THE JOY YOU'VE BROUGHT TO ME THIS DAY SURPASSES ANY THAT I'VE PREVIOUSLY EXPERIENCED... ANY THAT I WOULD'VE DREAMT EVEN POSSIBLE.

TRULY, YOU ARE A GREAT SWORDSMAN.

OKAY, MAYBE THOSE WEREN'T ALL ACTUAL LITERAL MARRIAGES...
BUT YEAH, THAT WAS THE LAST TIME I GOT HITCHED. I THINK. YOU GUYS KNOW BETTER'N MOST THAT MY MEMORY SUCKS.
BUT THAT DOESN'T MAKE SHIKLAH ANY LESS SPECIAL...LET'S JUST NOT TELL HER, RIGHT, GUYS?
GUYS?
WELL, I'M GLAD EVERYONE HAD FUN.
TIME TO CALL UBER. AND DAMAGE CONTROL.
C'MON, TRASHMASTER. DON'T WORRY. NOBODY RECOGNIZED YOU. PARTY'S OVER.
WADE...EVEN FOR YOU, THIS IS A CRAZY IDEA.
I KNOW, BUT I LOVE HER.
INTREPID
ALL THE MORE REASON THAT YOU OUGHT TO PUSH HER FAR, FAR AWAY.

DO YOU REALLY BELIEVE THAT?
I DON'T HAVE ANYONE, WADE.
THAT'S A RULE I HAVE BECAUSE OF THE CHOICES I MAKE.
I'M NOT LIKE YOU.
NO, YOU'RE NOT. YOU'RE *VULNERABLE* NOW.
WELL, GET SOME REST. YOU'VE GOT A BIG WEEKEND.
THANKS FOR COMING TO THE THE *BACHELOR PARTY.*
IT'S YOUR FUNERAL.
WHO WOULD HAVE THOUGHT THAT A GUY WITH SUCH AN AWESOME SKULL FACE WOULD BE SUCH A FREAKING *DOWNER.*
HONK HONK
WHY'D I HAVE TO BE THE *DESIGNATED DRIVER?*
CAUSE YOU'RE A *ROBOT.*
WHATEVER. C'MON. GET IN! I HAVE TO BE HOME TO PACK TERRY JUNIOR'S LUNCH BEFORE SCHOOL. YOU HAVE A GOOD TIME?
I'M AFRAID TO SAY "*YES*", BUT-- I DID!
THANKS! SEE YOU ON THE HONEYMOON!