

DEADPOOL

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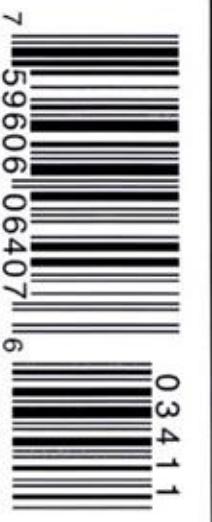
FEAR
ITSELF
04.06.2011

WAY
BARBERI
WONG
MOSSA

JOHNSON

SERIOUSLY!?!?

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Some jobs are just too tough for your average fast-talkin' high-tech gun-for-hire. Sometimes...to get the job done right...you need someone crazier than a sack'a ferrets. You need Wade Wilson. The Crimson Comedian. The Regeneratin' Degenerate. The Merc with a Mouth...

DEADPOOL



Deadpool is out in space. He defeated the galaxy's number one mercenary, **Macho Gomez**, and headed into the great beyond to solidify his rep. In addition to taking Macho's space-car, he also took his job (working for **Funtzel's Towing & Recovery**), and took his wife (Funtzel's oversized sister, **Orksa**). Only problem is, 'Pool's new co-worker, **Obb**, is also in love with Orksa. That's why he sets Wade up with a new Merc job that there's no way he can accomplish... and that's how our boy got hired by the **Ongulians** to avenge the destruction of their home world by killing **Id the Selfish Moon**.

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DEADPOOL (ISSN #1946-9292) No. 34, May 2011. Published Monthly by MARVEL WORLDWIDE, INC., a subsidiary of MARVEL ENTERTAINMENT, LLC. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 135 West 50th Street, New York, NY 10020. PERIODICALS POSTAGE PAID AT NEW YORK, NY AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES. © 2011 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. \$2.99 per copy in the U.S. (GST #R127032852) in the direct market and \$3.99 per copy in the U.S. and \$3.99 in Canada (GST #R127032852) through the newsstand; Canadian Agreement #40668537. Printed in the USA. Subscription rate (U.S. dollars) for 12 issues: U.S. \$27.00; Canada \$37.00; Foreign \$39.00. POSTMASTER: SEND ALL ADDRESS CHANGES TO DEADPOOL, C/O MARVEL SUBSCRIPTION DEPT. P.O. BOX 5187 BRENTWOOD, TN 37024. TELEPHONE # (800) 217-9158. FAX # (615) 377-0525. subscriptions@marvel.com. ALAN FINE, EVP - Office of the President, Marvel Worldwide, Inc. and EVP & CMO Marvel Characters B.V.; DAN BUCKLEY, Publisher & President - Print, Animation & Digital Divisions; JOE QUESADA, Chief Creative Officer; JIM SOKOLOWSKI, Chief Operating Officer; DAVID BOGART, SVP of Business Affairs & Talent Management; TOM BREVOORT, SVP of Publishing; C.B. CEBULSKI, SVP of Creator & Content Development; DAVID GABRIEL, SVP of Publishing Sales & Circulation; MICHAEL PASCIULLO, SVP of Brand Planning & Communications; JIM O'KEEFE, VP of Operations & Logistics; DAN CARR, Executive Director of Publishing Technology; JUSTIN F. GABRIE, Director of Publishing & Editorial Operations; SUSAN CRESPI, Editorial Operations Manager; ALEX MORALES, Publishing Operations Manager; STAN LEE, Chairman Emeritus. For information regarding advertising in Marvel Comics or on Marvel.com, please contact Ron Stern, VP of Business Development, at r.stern@marvel.com. For Marvel subscription inquiries, please call 800-217-9158. Manufactured between 02/25/2011 and 03/08/2011 by R.R. DONNELLEY, INC., GLASGOW, KY, USA.

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AS YOUR COMMANDER, I WILL LEAD THE CHARGE. AS GOOD AND TRUE ONGULIAN CITIZEN-SOLDIERS, YOU WILL FOLLOW ME. BUT THERE IS ANOTHER WHO WILL JOIN US IN TODAY'S BATTLE--

--A FIERCE WARRIOR FROM A FARAWAY GALAXY WHO, SPURRED BY THE JUSTNESS OF OUR CAUSE, HAS AGREED TO PICK UP ARMS AND, IF NECESSARY, LAY DOWN HIS VERY LIFE TO PRESERVE THE MEMORY OF ONGULIA AND TO BRING ITS DESTRUCTOR TO SWIFT AND TERRIBLE JUSTICE.

HIS NAME IS DEADPOOL, AND HE HAS ASKED TO SAY A FEW MOTIVATIONAL WORDS TO YOU ON THIS MOMENTOUS DAY.

FOR SIX LONG YEARS, WE HAVE WAITED, BIDING OUR TIME, TRACKING OUR HATED ENEMY AND LEARNING HIS ABERRANT WAYS.

TODAY, ID THE SELFISH MOON DIES.



BUT NOW, TODAY, OUR TIME FOR VENGEANCE HAS FINALLY COME. WE WILL AVENGE THE DEATHS OF OUR FAMILIES AND LOVED ONES, THE DESTRUCTION OF OUR HOMES AND CITIES, THE MURDER OF OUR BELOVED PLANET ONGULIA.



ARE YOU S#&S%#S KIDDING ME?!



I KNOW THIS
LOOKS KINDA WEIRD,
BUT IT'S REALLY NO
BIG DEAL.

HOW...?

WELL, IT BEIN'
MY LAST NIGHT
BEFORE I WENT OFF
TO WAR AND CERTAIN
DEATH, A CELEBRATION WAS
IN ORDER. OBVIOUSLY, A
LITTLE TOO MUCH SPACE-
WINE WAS CONSUMED
AND...WELL...

JUST CALL
UP OBB AND
HAVE HIM BRING
THE TOW-TRUCK
OVER. WOULD'A
DONE IT MYSELF,
BUT...Y'KNOW.

CAN'T
REACH THE
PHONE.

SPACE ODDITY

PART TWO: WEIGHT OF THE WORLD

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**ABOARD THE ONGULIAN
COMMAND VESSEL**

WOW, DIDN'T
EXPECT YOUR
SHIP TO BE SO...
UH...CRAPPY.

OVER THE YEARS,
WE HAVE BEEN FORCED TO
SELL OFF COMPONENTS OF
OUR VESSEL IN ORDER TO
FUND OUR QUEST.

AND TO
PAY FOR YOUR
SERVICES.

PERFECTION
COMES AT A PRICE,
TRI-CLOPS.

SO WHERE
IS HE? OR,
Y'KNOW, "IT".

ID, YOU
MEAN?

YEAH.

WE DON'T KNOW,
EXACTLY--BUT HE
HAS BEEN SPOTTED IN
THE D'KRIAN QUADRANT
SO I THINK HE MAY
HAVE TARGETED
THIS PLANET...

URRULU.
WHY THAT
ONE?
BECAUSE IT'S
POPULATED. ONLY
ONE SETTLEMENT, WITH
ONLY ABOUT A THOUSAND
TERRA-FARMERS, BUT
POPULATED, NONTHELESS.
AND THAT'S WHAT
ID LIKES.

OH.
LEMME GET
THIS STRAIGHT--
HE EATS PLANETS,
RIGHT? HE'S, LIKE,
A CANNIBAL?

OF
SORTS.

HEY, Y'KNOW
WHAT'D REALLY HELP
ME VISUALIZE THIS
WHOLE CAPER? ID'S
ORIGIN STORY!

THE BLACK GALAXY, A VERY LONG TIME AGO:

IN THE BEGINNING,
THERE WAS
NOTHING.

AND THEN, COALESCING
FROM THE DUSTS AND
GASES OF DEEP SPACE...

...THERE BECAME
EGO: THE LIVING
PLANET.

AND IN HIS
SHADOW, ID.

FOR MILLENNIA, EGO FENDED OFF DISCOVERY BY RIGELLIAN EXPLORERS...

...PREFERRING TO INSTEAD REMAIN UNKNOWN.

BUT ID...

...ID WANTED TO PARTY.

C'MON!

THIS IS
#S&%#S%
BORING!

AND SO HE STRUCK OUT ON HIS OWN...

#\$&% YOU, EGO!

I'M ROLLIN' SOLO!

...IN SEARCH OF GOOD TIMES.

HE TRAVELED GALAXY AFTER GALAXY, BUT NEVER DID HE FIND THAT FOR WHICH HE SEARCHED; NEVER DID HE HOOK UP WITH OTHERS, LIKE HIM, WHO WISHED TO GET DOWN.

FOR, OTHER THAN EGO, THERE WERE NO OTHERS LIKE HIM. AND EGO, WELL... WAS NOTHING LIKE HIM.

ID WAS ALONE.

DEMENTIA EVENTUALLY OVERTOOK ID. HIS QUEST BECAME A MISSHAPEN, DEFORMED CONSTRUCT WITHIN HIS WARPED MIND. COMPULSIVELY, HE CONTINUED ON WITH HIS SEARCH FOR HAPPINESS AND REVELRY...

...BUT NOW, INSTEAD OF PARTICIPATING IN THESE THINGS, HE BECAME FIXATED ON DESTROYING THEM.

THE PLANET FORMERLY KNOWN AS KEGGER 24-7 NEVER KNEW WHAT HIT IT.

UTILIZING HIS ABILITY TO PRODUCE SEISMIC WAVES OF CATASTROPHIC FORCE...

...ID REDUCED THE PLANET AND ITS DOOMED INHABITANTS TO SPACE-DUST.



I'D BREATHED IN THE DESTRUCTION,
THE MOTES OF SENSELESS DEATH
AND SUDDEN TERROR IGNITING
INSIDE HIS MIND A SENSATION
OF DERANGED EUPHORIA.

AND WITH THAT EUPHORIA
CAME A SUDDEN, VIVID
AND IMPLACABLE URGE.



FOR MORE.



THAT'S ABOUT THE
MOST &#%\$% UP
THING I'VE EVER
HEARD.

BE THAT
AS IT MAY, IT'S
ALL TRUE.

ID IS GOING
TO CONTINUE
DESTROYING PLANETS
UNTIL SOMEONE STOPS
HIM--AND BY SOMEONE,
I MEAN US.



YOU
MEAN US.
THAT'S
WHAT I
SAID.

THAT'S WHAT
HE SAID.

Yeah, that's
what he said.

NO, I
MEAN...
ME.

WHAT
ABOUT US?

Yeah!



DO YOU HAVE
A PLAN?
OF
COURSE.

NO, YOU
DON'T.

ARE YOU A
TELEPATH?



NO.

BUT I
HAVE A
PLAN.



"WHEN ID USES HIS SEISMIC POWERS TO DECIMATE A PLANET, IT TAKES EVERY BIT OF CONCENTRATION HIS ADDLED MIND CAN MUSTER-- THIS WILL GIVE US OUR OPPORTUNITY TO STRIKE."

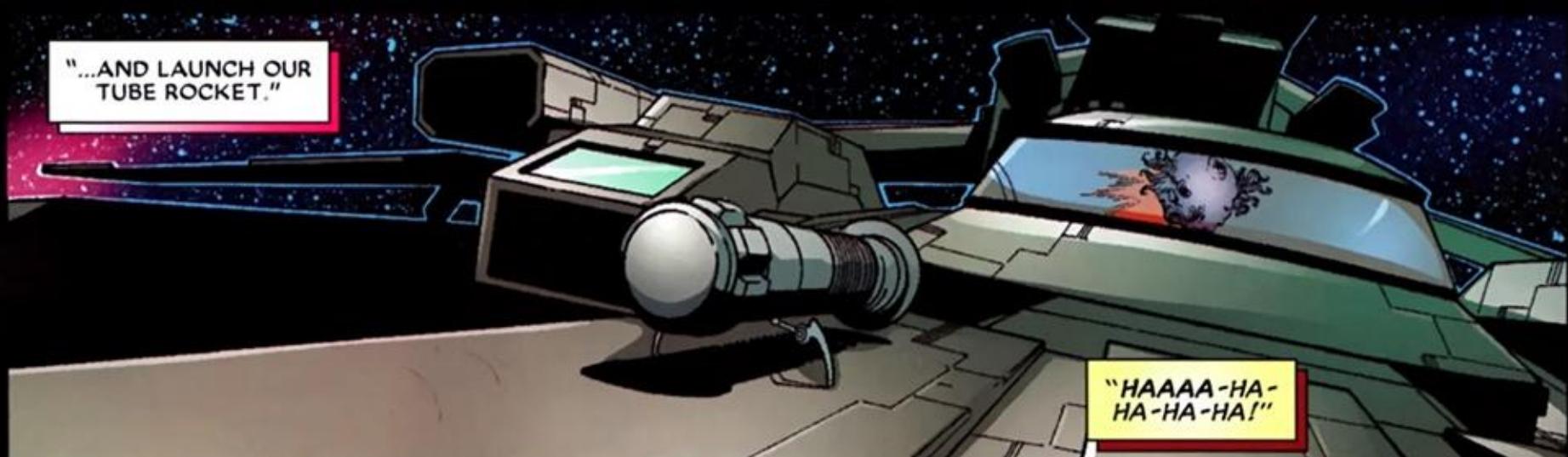


"WHILE HE IS FOCUSED ON PLANET URRULU..."



"WE WILL STEALTHILY APPROACH FROM THE REAR..."

"HEH-HEH-HEH..."



"...AND LAUNCH OUR TUBE ROCKET."

"HAAAAA-HA-HA-HA-HA!"



WHAT'S SO FUNNY?

ARE...ARE YOU SERIOUS?!

OF COURSE I'M SERIOUS!

OKAY, OKAY...KEEP GOIN'...



"YOU WILL BE INSIDE THE TUBE ROCKET."



GOOD. THIS SENSOR WILL ALERT YOU WHEN YOU'RE STANDING ON A FAULT LINE. AT THAT POINT, ACTIVATE THE ROBOT, GET BACK TO THE ROCKET AND RETURN TO OUR SHIP. ONCE YOU'RE SAFELY ABOARD, WE'LL RETREAT TO A SAFE DISTANCE AND DETONATE THE EXPLOSIVE.

COOLIO.

HEY, THERE'S ONE THING I WANTED TO ASK YOU, THOUGH...

WHAT?

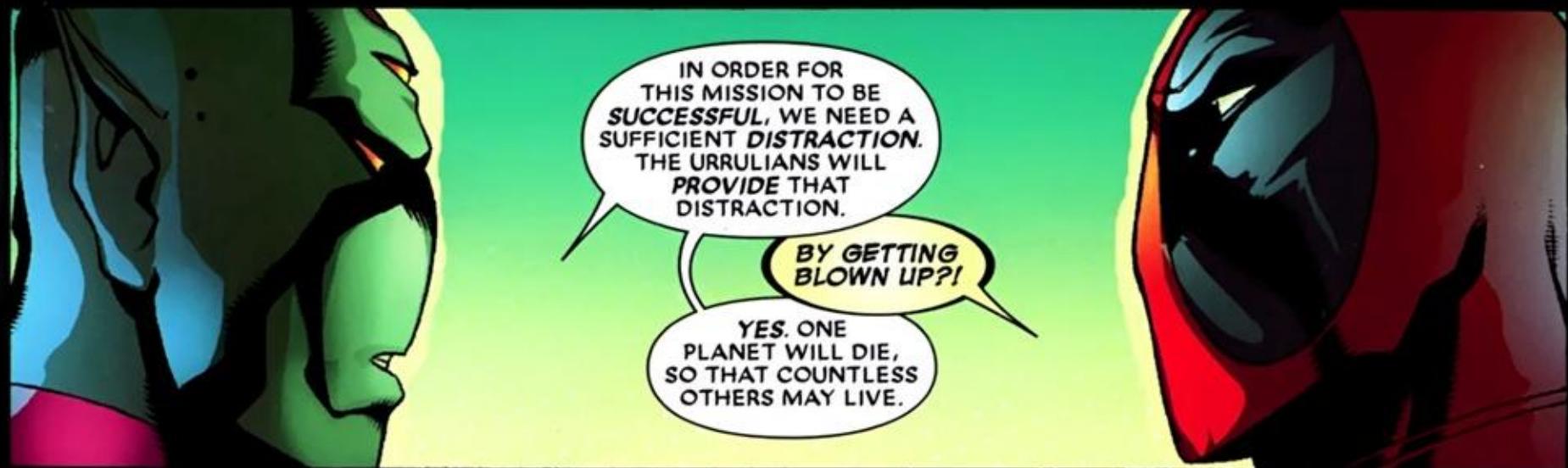
...WHAT ABOUT THE PEOPLE ON URRULU?



IN ORDER FOR THIS MISSION TO BE SUCCESSFUL, WE NEED A SUFFICIENT DISTRACTION. THE URRULIANS WILL PROVIDE THAT DISTRACTION.

BY GETTING BLOWN UP?!

YES. ONE PLANET WILL DIE, SO THAT COUNTLESS OTHERS MAY LIVE.



THIS IS NOT A DECISION THAT WAS MADE LIGHTLY.

THIS ONE WAS.

KLIK





"THERE'S ONLY ONE FORESEEABLE PROBLEM WITH THIS PLAN, THOUGH:"

OKAY, LISTEN UP 'CAUSE I'M ONLY GONNA SAY THIS ONCE!

YOUR PLANET'S ABOUT TO GET BLOWN TO #%\$& BY AN INSANE MOON WITH ADDICTION PROBLEMS! THAT'S THE BAD NEWS!

GOOD NEWS IS, I'M HERE TO RESCUE YOU SO... I WANT EVERYBODY TO PACK UP WHAT YOU CAN AND GET IN MY SWEET-ASS SPACESHIP. DON'T WORRY, I'LL TAKE YA SOMEPLACE COOL!

COOLER THAN THIS PLACE, ANYWAY...

"CONVINCING THEM."

YYES!



SERIOUSLY?!

DUDE, THIS PLANET SUCKS! OUR GRANDPARENTS WERE THE ONES WHO WANTED TO COLONIZE THIS ROCK, NOT US-- DO YOU THINK WE WANT TO BE FARMERS? HELL, NO!

FARMING IS HARD!



WELL...

YOU ARE GONNA HAFTA DO A LITTLE MORE WORK BEFORE WE GO...



"YOU GUYS KNOW
HOW TO DO CROP
CIRCLES?"









Shouldn't we be experiencing some sort of...What's the word...?

"REGRET"?

Yeah!

NOPE.
IF I'D LEFT THEM ON A POPULATED PLANET, THEY'D BE NO BETTER OFF THAN THEY WERE BEFORE.

OPERATIONAL MANUAL

SEE?

ID'S PASSING THEM BY.

But he's *gaining* on us.



THAT'S GOOD, RIGHT?

THAT'S ALL GOOD.

HEY, SUGAR-SHORTS...

...CAN I ASK YOU TO DO SOMETHING FOR ME?



OKAY,
EVERYTHING'S
SET.
ONLY ONE
LAST THING I
GOTTA DO BEFORE
SHOWTIME.
THINK IT'LL BE AS
EASY AS IT WAS
LAST TIME?

"WHAT, CONVINCING
THEM?"

LOADING
SEQUENCE
INITIATED

"EASIER,
PROBABLY."

REMEMBER
ME?

GOOD.

YOU HAVE TEN
MINUTES TO GET
THE MINERS AND
YOURSELVES THE
HELL OFF THIS
PLANET.



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NEXT: SHOWTIME!

NEXT MONTH



**DEADPOOL TOTALLY
BOMBS!**

DEADPOOL #35

04/13/11

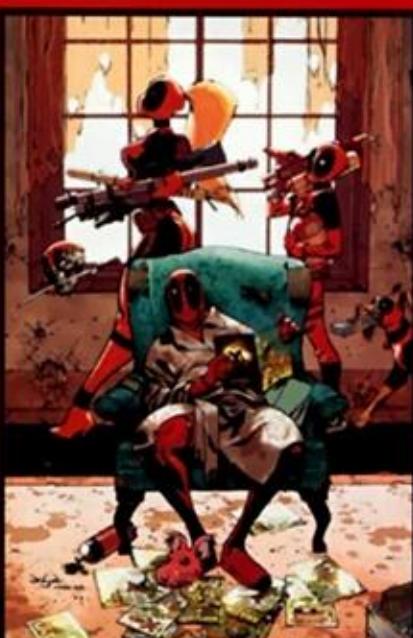
MORE 'POOL!



DEADPOOL CORPS #12
03/30/11



DEADPOOL TEAM-UP #883
03/30/11



DEADPOOL FAMILY #1
04/06/11