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CHICKS DIG  
**DEADPOOL**

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#38

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PRIEST  
DIAZ  
HOLDREDGE



KISS  
ME!

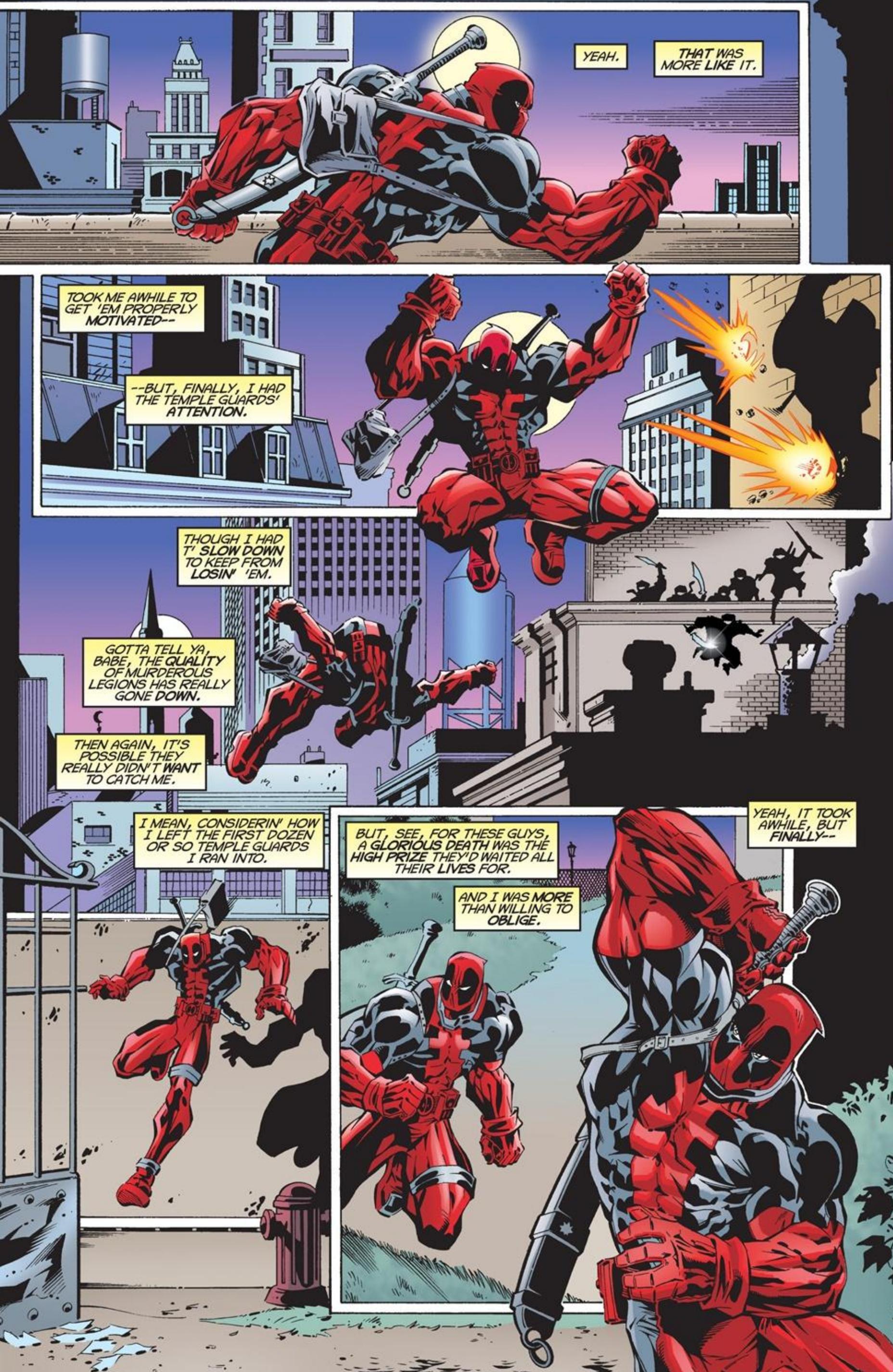
IT'S  
THE GUNS.  
GOTTA BE  
THE GUNS.

AY  
PAPI!

HE'S SOOOO  
SEXY!

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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:

# DEAD-POOL

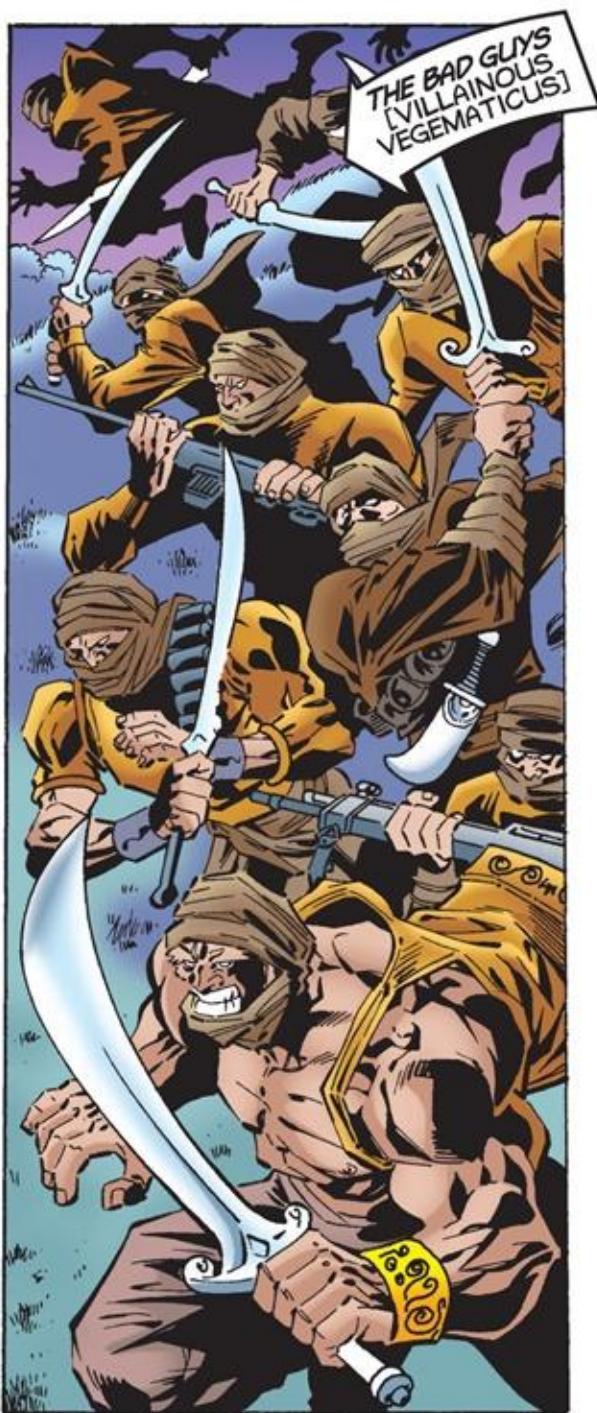
# JOHNNY HANDSOME

SCENE ONE

BY  
PACO DIAZ  
STORYTELLERS  
JON HOLDREDGE  
INKING  
SHARPEFONT & PT  
LETTERING  
SHANNON BLANCHARD  
COLORIST  
FRANK DUNKERLEY  
ASSISTANT EDITOR  
RUBEN DIAZ  
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BOB HARRAS  
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

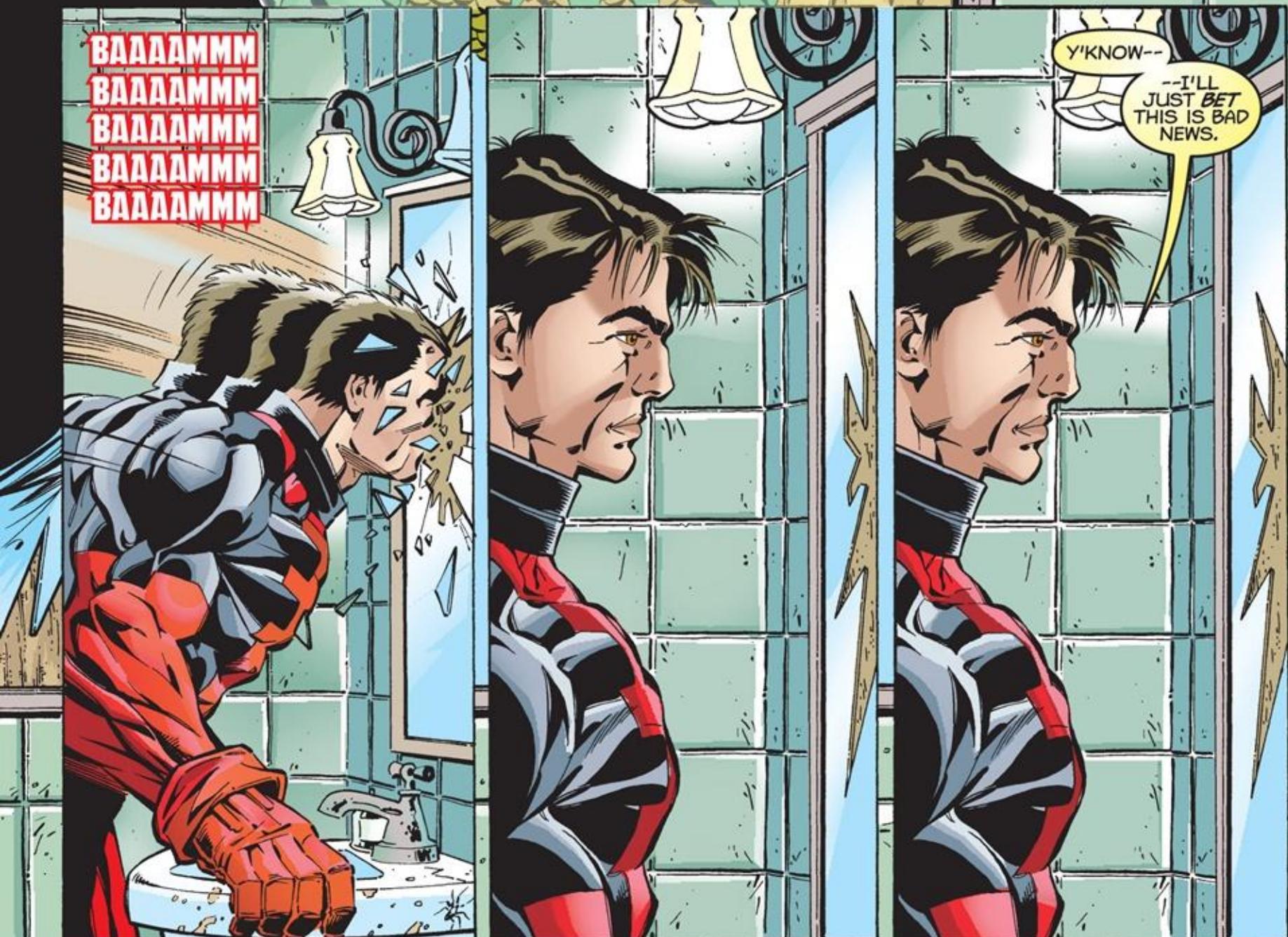
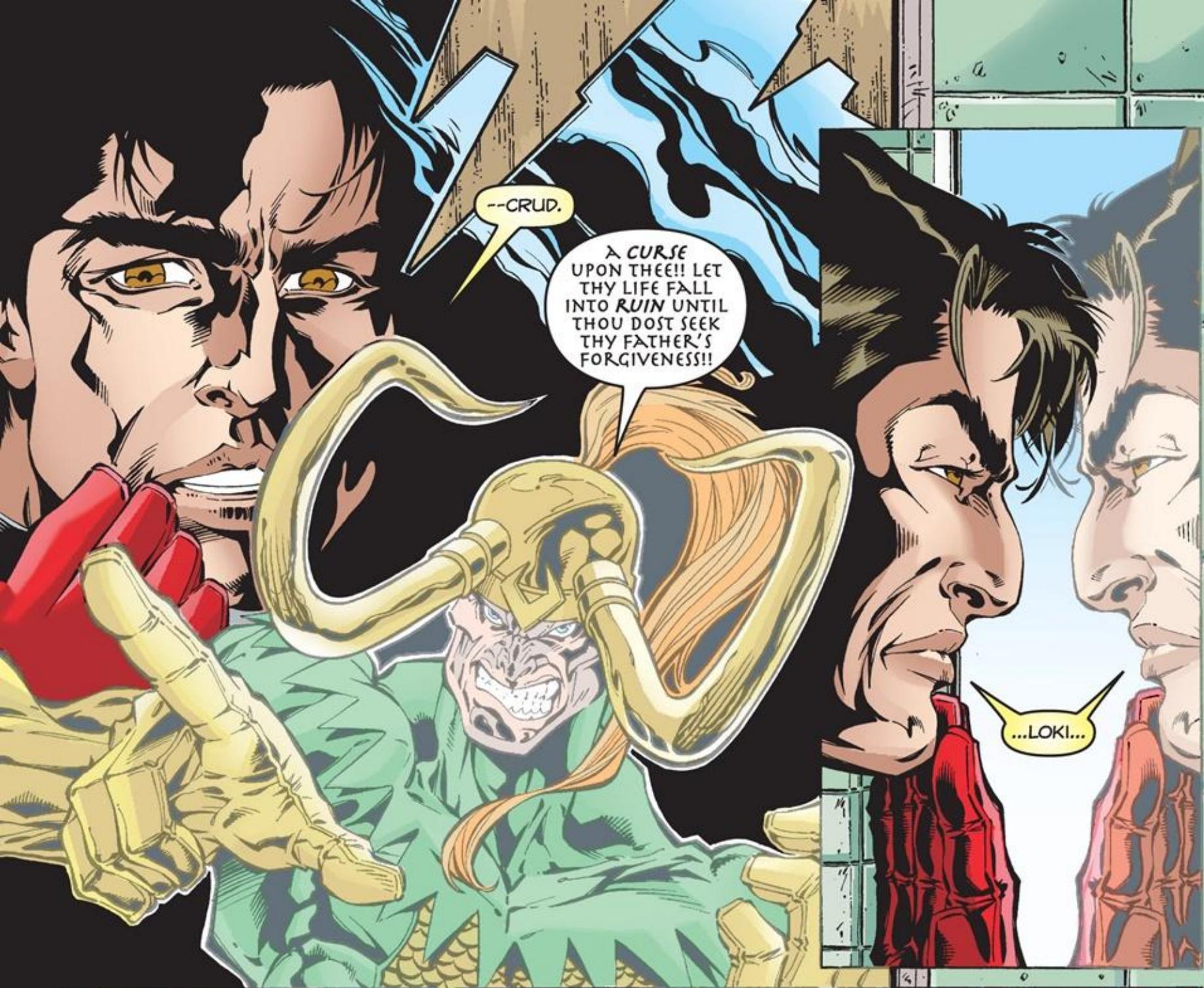
--I HAD 'EM  
RIGHT WHERE I  
WANTED THEM.











LOOK, BABE--IT WASN'T THAT I DIDN'T APPRECIATE THE MAKEOVER AND ALL-- BUT IT WASN'T MY FACE.

I'VE HAD A LOT OF NAMES-- WORN A LOT OF MASKS-- BUT I ALWAYS COME HOME TO MY OWN MUG--

--NO MATTER HOW SCARRED IT WAS.

I USED TO WEAR THE MASK TO HIDE MY DISFIGUREMENT. THEN, I JUST WORE THE MASK TO BE WEARING THE MASK.

--UNTIL THEY WERE GONE.



**WHAM**

GEEZ--  
MISTER, ARE YOU  
ALRIGHT--?!

SOMEBODY  
CALL AN  
AMBULANCE--!

JUST  
TAKE IT EASY,  
PAL--

IF THAT'S  
TRUE, YOU  
MUST FEEL  
TERRIFIC!

HEY--  
NOBODY SWEAT  
IT--I WAS JUST  
UNDOING A  
LITTLE COSMETIC  
SURGERY.

I'M  
SURE I LOOK  
WORSE THAN I  
FEEL--



LULU LABELLE  
CASTING AGENT  
(212) 555-7420

CALL  
ME...

I BECAME A  
LITTLE  
OBSESSED...

# BRAAK AT ARTAKARATAKA

I MEAN, I  
JUST WASN'T MYSELF  
ANYMORE, Y'KNOW?

AND, BOTTOM LINE,  
I WASN'T ABOUT  
TO LET LOKI WIN.

GGGGGRRRRLLLL

AFTER EVERYTHING I'D BEEN  
THROUGH, MY DIGNITY--MY  
OWN SENSE OF SELF-- WAS ALL  
I HAD LEFT.

BUT LOKI'S MAGIC WAS  
PRETTY FOOLPROOF.

WHAT  
ELSE YA  
GOT?

COULDN'T SCRAPE IT OFF.  
COULDN'T BURN IT OFF.  
COULDN'T SHOOT IT OFF.

AND, I'LL TELL YA, BABE,  
I STARTED TO LOSE HOPE.  
SO I TURNED TO MY LOVED  
ONES FOR ADVICE...

R.I.P.  
MERCEDES  
WILSON



I KNOW  
Y'CAN'T HEAR  
ME, MERCEDES--  
AFTER ALL,  
YOU'RE NOT DEAD  
ANYMORE.

AIN'T THAT  
DARN IRONIC.  
YOU GET YOUR  
LIFE BACK JUST AS  
MINE IS STRIPPED  
AWAY.

WHICH,  
I GUESS,  
IS PRETTY MUCH  
WHAT I HAD COMIN'.  
SEEIN' AS HOW I'M  
THE GUY THAT  
KILLED YOU.\*

BUT I  
SURE WISH  
YOU WERE  
HERE.

I DON'T  
MEAN HERE--  
IN THE GROUND  
OR NOTHIN'--  
I JUST--

--AH, WHATEVER,  
JUST LOOKIN' FOR  
THE RIGHT WORDS  
TO SAY--

--SOMETHIN'  
APPROPRIATE--

\*SEE ISSUES  
#32-33.--ROO

--OH,  
WAIT.  
THAT'S  
RIGHT--

--YOU  
WEREN'T MY  
WIFE.

DATE:  
FROM: THERESA ROURKE  
TO: JAMES PROUDSTAR  
RE: SCREAMING ME-ME

JUST CHECKING IN...I'D CALL, BUT STILL NO VOICE THESE DAYS...THERAPY IS GOING WELL, THOUGH, SO, HOPEFULLY SOON...

RRRIINNNNGG!

HELLO--?

HELLO--?  
S'ANYBODY  
THERE--?

LISTEN,  
THERESA-I KNOW  
I'M PROBABLY THE  
LAST PERSON YOU  
WANNA TALK TO,  
BUT--

WADE!  
IT'S SO GOOD  
TO HEAR YOUR  
VOICE! HOW  
ARE YOU--WHAT'S  
GOING ON--?!

LOOK--  
I CAN HEAR YOU  
BREATHIN', SO I  
KNOW YOU'RE THERE.  
AT LEAST YELL AT ME  
OR SOMETHIN'--

--C'MON,  
BABE--ANYTHING  
BUT THE "SILENT" BIT.  
LOOK, I KNOW I'M A JERK--  
BUT DOESN'T EVERYBODY  
DESERVE A SECOND  
CHANCE--?

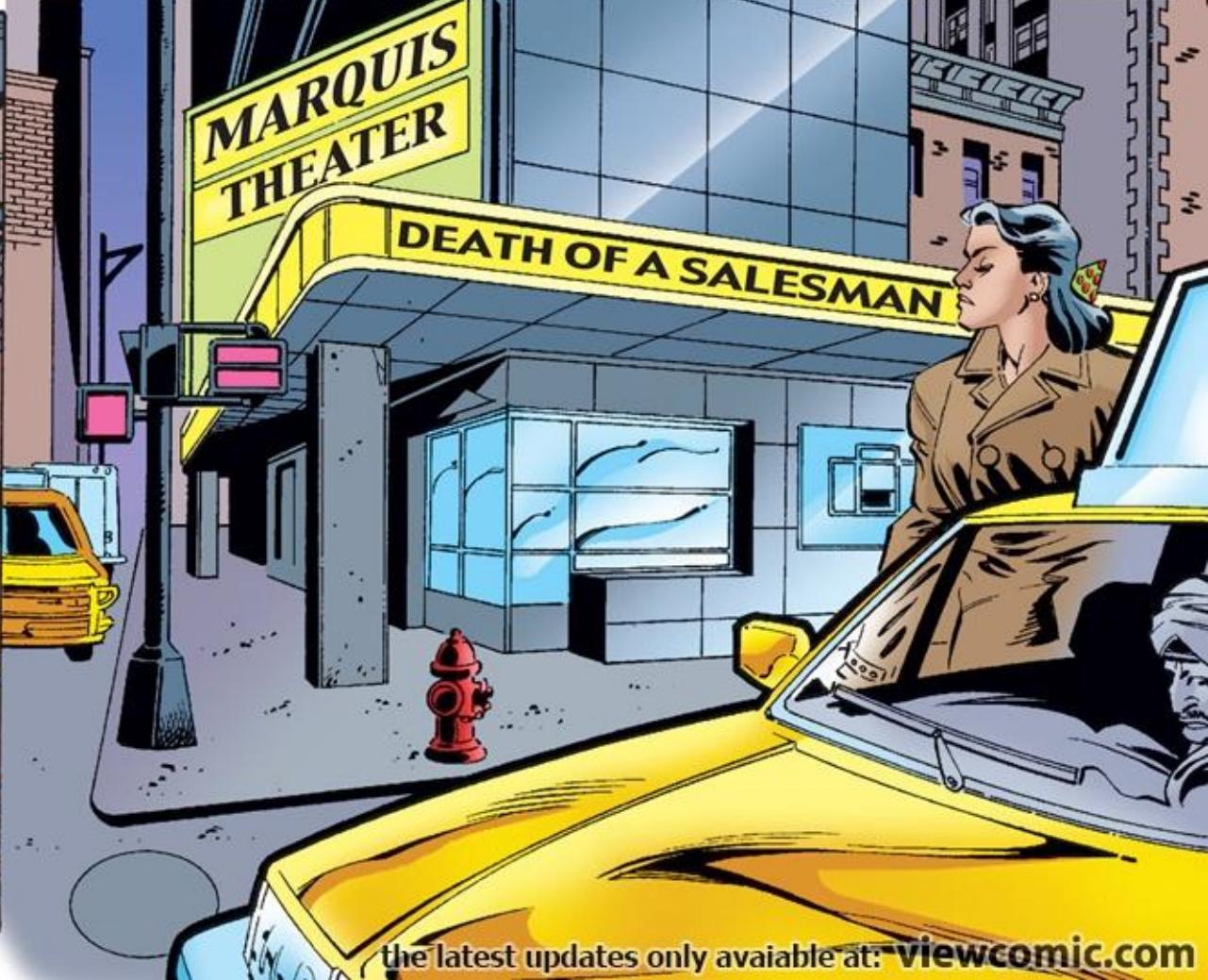
NO--  
YOU DON'T  
UNDERSTAND--  
I LOST MY  
VOICE--

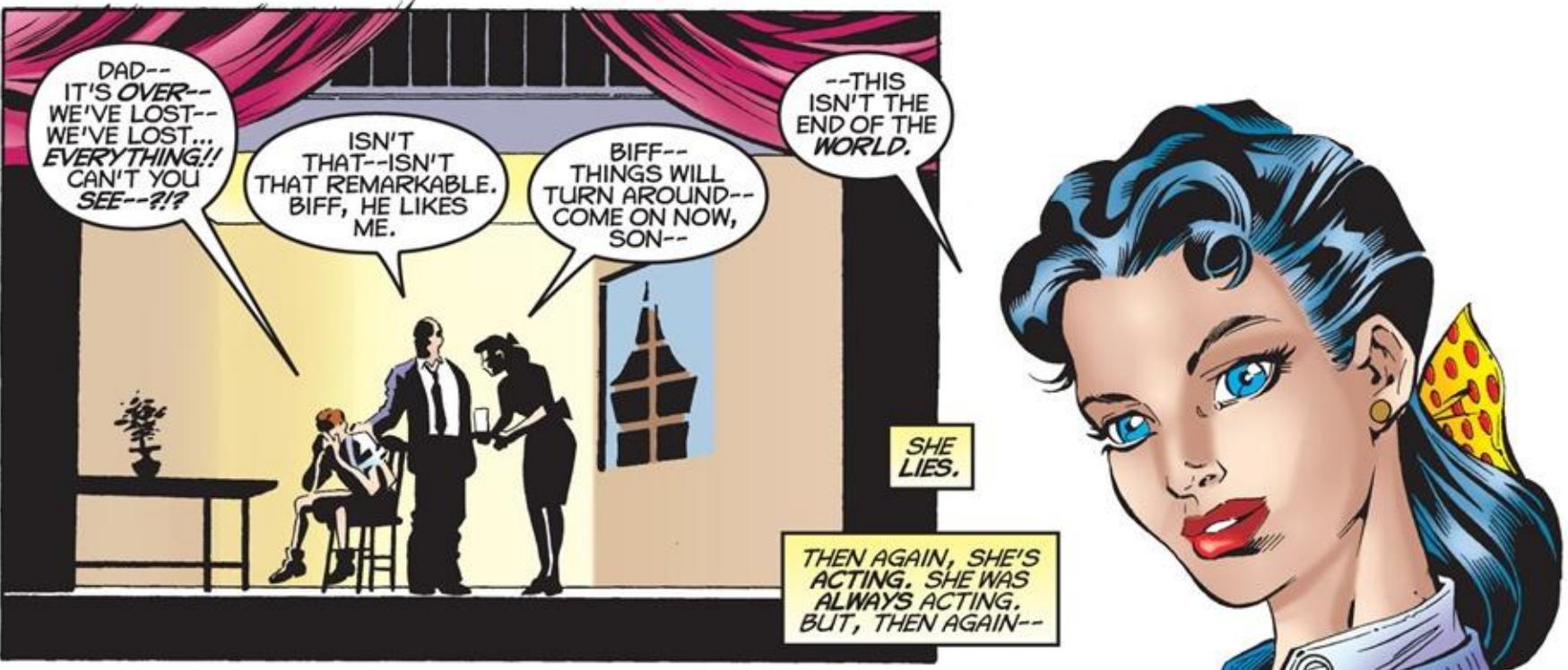
LOOK--IF  
YOU'RE GONNA BE  
THAT WAY ABOUT IT,  
THEN TO BLAZES WITH  
YOU, TOO!

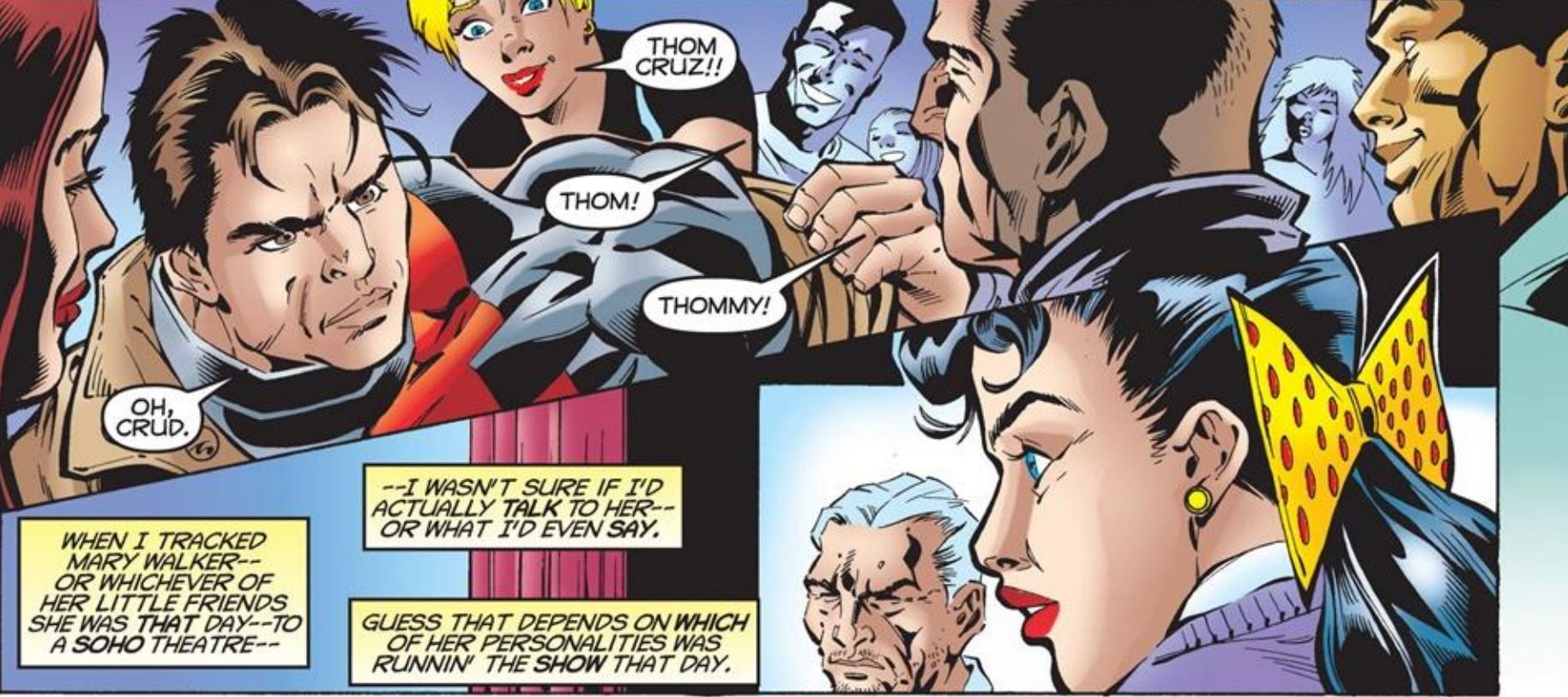
IT'S A TWO-WAY  
STREET, BABE, AND  
WHILE I'M CERTAINLY  
CONVENIENT TO BLAME  
EVERYTHING ON, THE  
LEAST YOU COULD  
DO IS SAY SOME-  
THING--

--AH, SCRAG  
IT. I'M OBVIOUSLY  
WASTING MY TIME WITH A  
NITWIT, HIGH-FALOOTIN',  
KNOW-IT-ALL EGGHEAD  
SHAMROCK SKIRT  
LIKE YOU.

BESIDES,  
MY QUARTER'S  
JUST ABOUT  
RUN OUT...  
  
THANKS  
FOR NUTHIN'.  
BESIDES--







--WAS A LITTLE  
GIG TO TAKE MY  
MIND OFF THINGS.  
NEXT STOP:  
HELL HOUSE.

ALL  
RIGHT,  
KIDDIES--  
RISE 'N  
SHINE!

YER OLD  
BUDDY'S BACK  
IN ACTION! WHAT  
SAY WE POSSE UP  
AND BREAK SOME  
HEADS--??!

--?!!  
FELLAS--?  
FELLAS--!!

--? OH,  
C'MON. YOU'RE  
NOT STILL UPSET  
OVER OUR LITTLE  
MISUNDERSTANDING,  
ARE YOU?\*

C'MON--  
THAT BEEF  
WITH T'RAY IS  
DEAD. LET'S  
PARTY--

YOU  
MUST BE  
WILSON--  
AH--NOT  
WILSON--

WILSON.

NEXT  
QUESTION BEFORE  
I TWIST YOUR  
HEAD OFF YOUR  
SHOULDERS.

WHY  
ARE YOU  
HERE?

LOOKING  
FOR PATCH-- I  
NEED A GIG.

\*ISSUE #32.  
--ROO

PATCH QUIT AFTER  
YOUR LAST EPISODE  
HERE. I BOOK THE  
WORK NOW.

THAT  
SO, WELL,  
WHATCHA GOT,  
STYMIE?!

FOR  
YOU--?  
HOW  
ABOUT A  
LITTLE PUFF  
JOB--

PUFF JOB.

SWOOP

GGHHNNAAAHHHHH!!!

DIIIIIIE, INFIDEL!!!

DEATH TO ALL DOGS!!!

IT WAS SUPPOSED TO BE CATHARTIC, INSTEAD IT WAS COMICAL.

ALL THOSE ANGRY BAD GUYS, LINED UP IN AN ORDERLY FASHION, WAITING TO GET SMACKED.

REMINDER ME OF THE TITLE SEQUENCE TO THAT OLD SUPER HERO TV SHOW.

ALL THAT WAS MISSING WAS NELSON RIDDLE'S ORCHESTRA, AND SOME CAMPY SOUND EFFECTS--

Y'KNOW-- SOMETHING LIKE--

EVERYTHING I'D KNOWN WAS CHANGED. EVERYONE I'D LOVED--OR AT LEAST TOLERATED--WAS GONE.

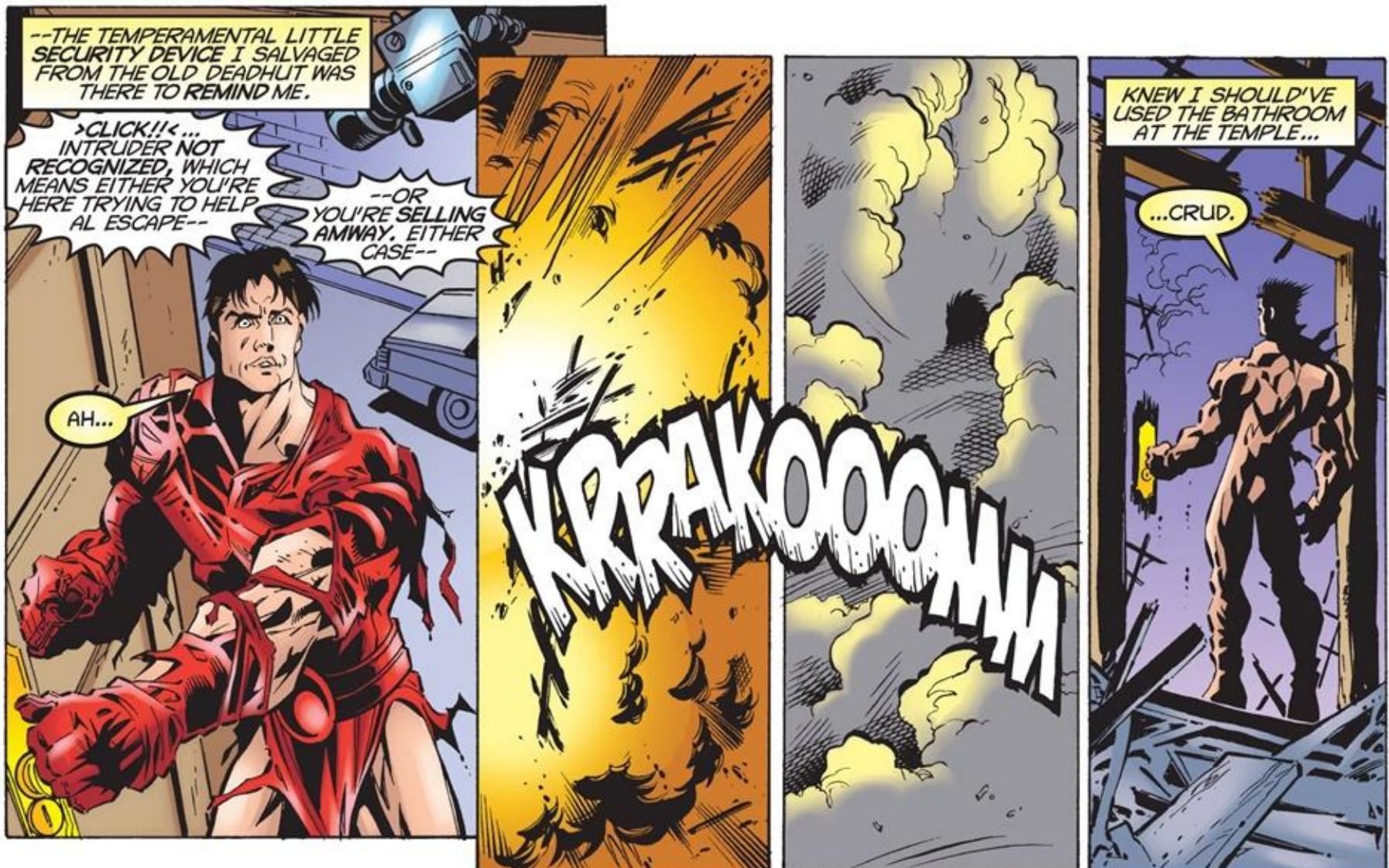
I SUPPOSE I SHOULD FIRST BLAME THE GUY IN THE MIRROR FOR THAT, BUT, THANKS TO LOKI, THAT GUY WAS NOT PRESENTLY AVAILABLE.

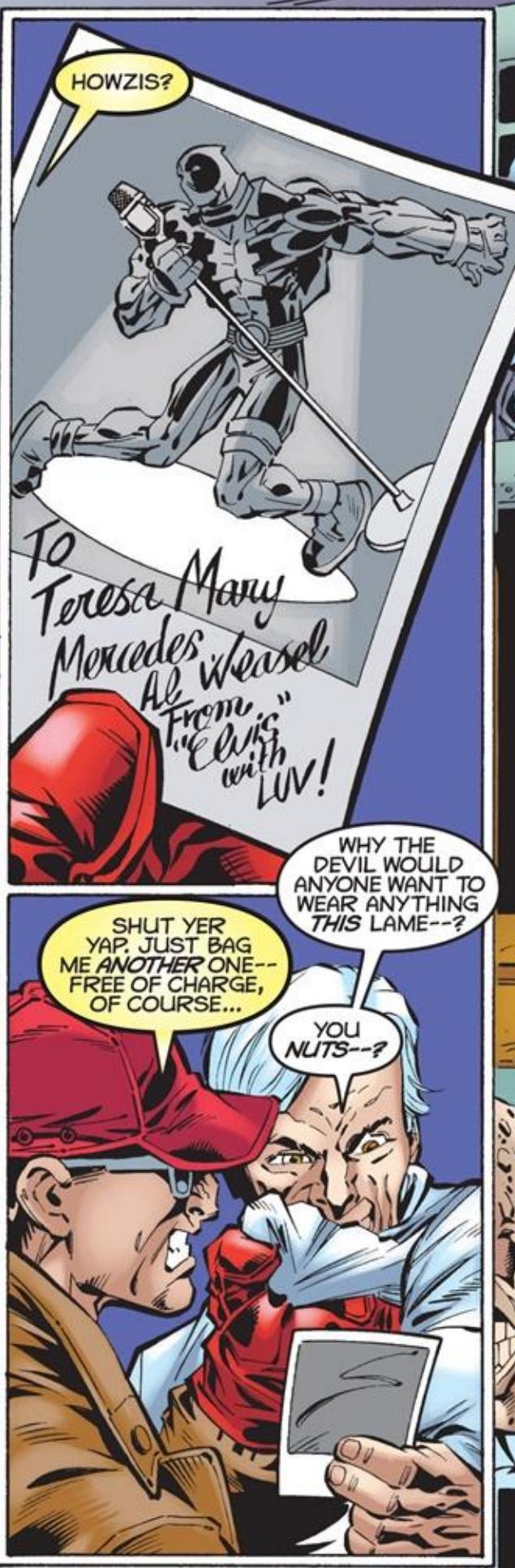
C'MON!!! THAT THE BEST YOU GOT???

AND, HEY--MORE CUTS TO THE FACE, PLEASE.

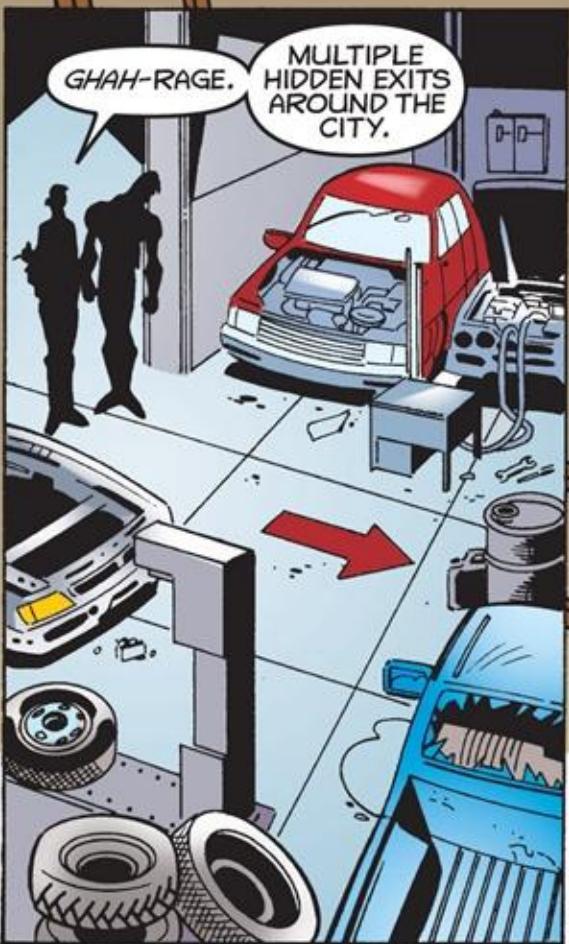
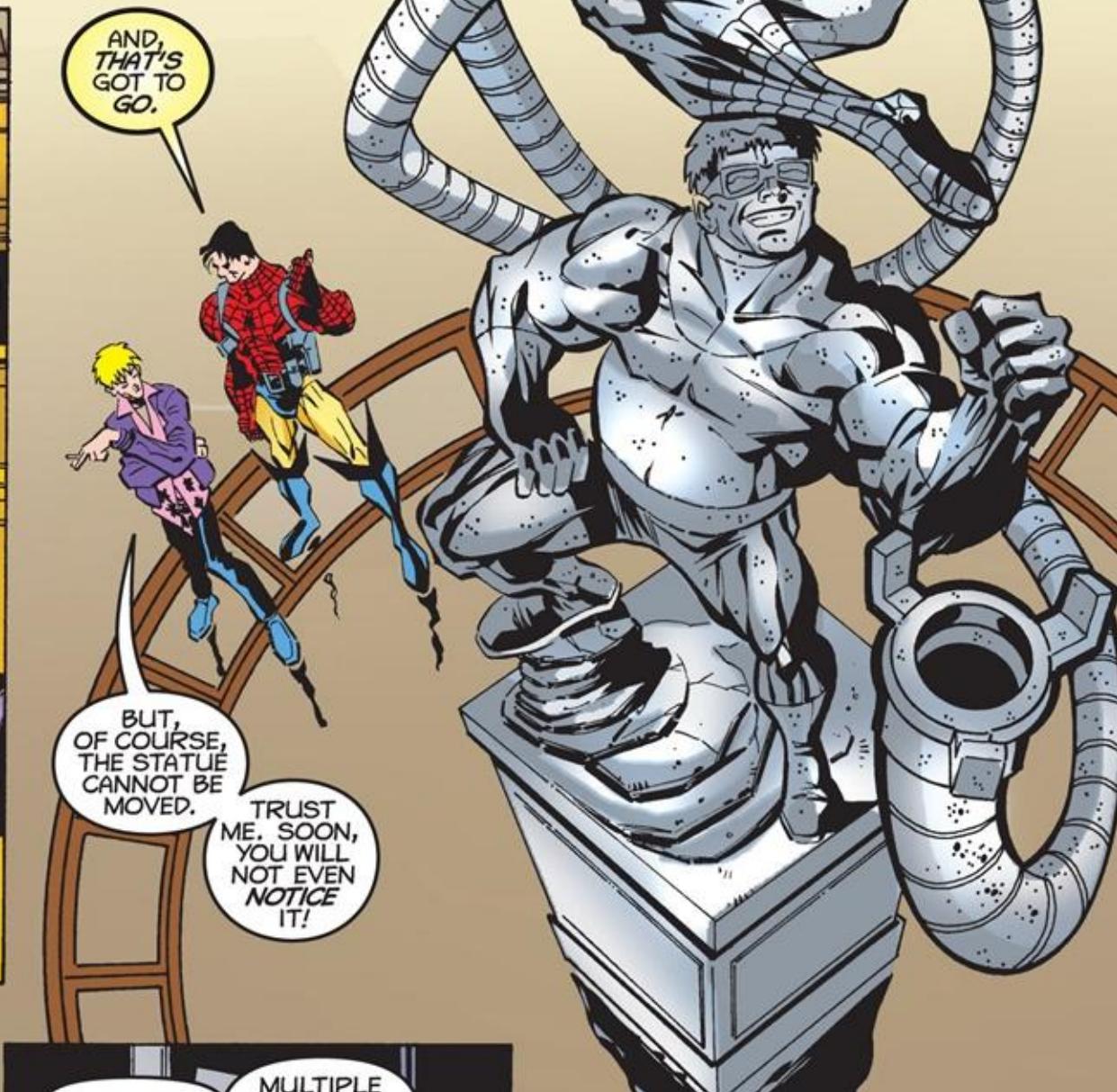
ET CETERA.

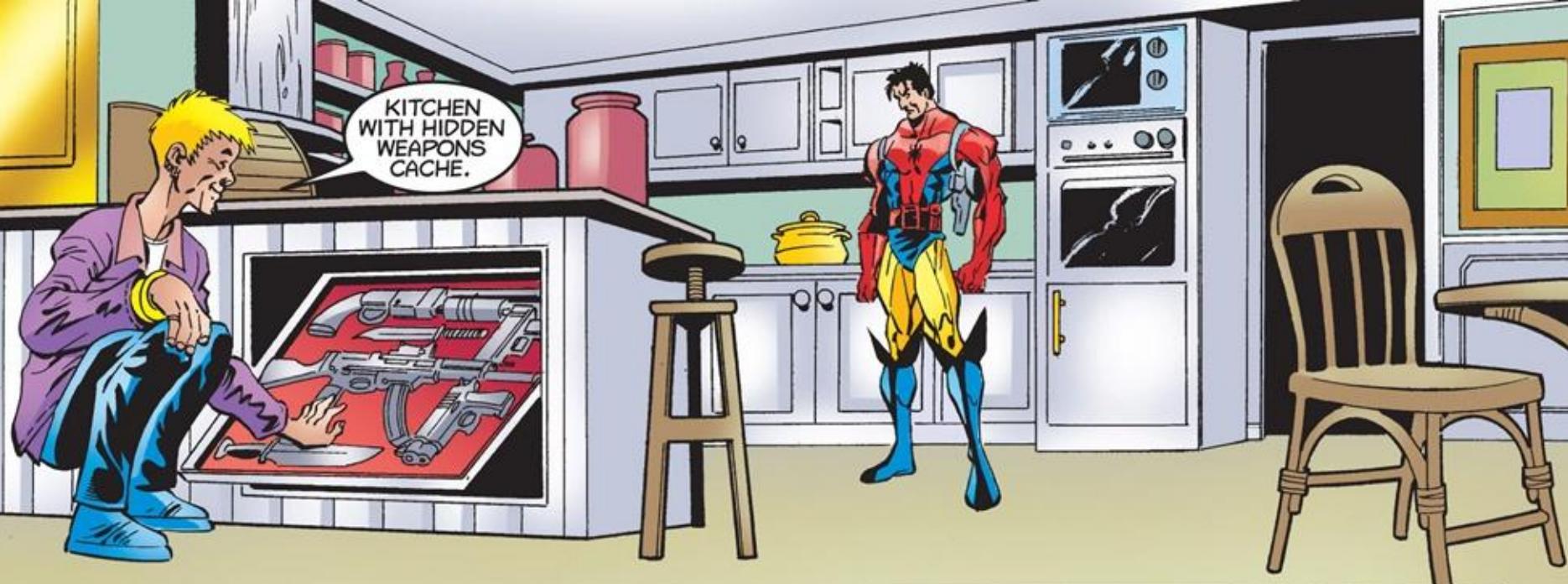












--YOUR NEW  
ROOMMATES!

BUT, OF  
COURSE.

HIYA,  
'POOL.  
'SBIN  
AWHILE.

I THINK IT'S  
TIME WE ALL GOT  
ACQUAINTED!



NEXT <sup>3</sup> THE CHALLENGE!  
CAN THREE SUPER-VILLAINS  
SHARE AN APARTMENT  
WITHOUT DESTROYING  
THE PLANET?