

MARVEL

030

DUGGAN
HAWTHORNE
PALLOT
BELLAIRE

THE WORLD'S GREATEST COMIC MAGAZINE!

DEADPOOL



Avenger...Assassin...Superstar...Smelly person...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. Somehow, despite making his money as a gun for hire, Wade has become one of the most beloved "heroes" in the world. Call him the Merc with the Mouth...call him the Regeneratin' Degenerate...call him...

DEADPOOL



LI'L DEADPOOL ART BY
IRENE Y. LEE

A SPACE ODDITY

Gerry Duggan writer Mike Hawthorne penciler Terry Pallot inker Jordie Bellaire colorist VC's Joe Sabino letterer
Mike Hawthorne & Jordie Bellaire cover artists Scott Koblish, Guru e-fx, & Joe Sabino secret variant cover
Ron Lim & Rachelle Rosenberg, Rob Liefeld & Jesus Alburto, David Nakayama variant cover artists
Heather Antos assistant editor Jordan D. White editor Axel Alonso editor in chief Joe Quesada chief creative officer Dan Buckley president Alan Fine executive producer

© 2017 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. WWW.MARVEL.COM

the latest updates only available at: viewcomic.com

MY NAME IS
SCOTT ADSIT.

I AM--OR I WAS--
A S.H.I.E.L.D.
AGENT.

BUT THAT'S
IN THE PAST
NOW.

I LEAVE MY TELESCOPE TO THE
KIDS, BUT I KNOW THEY'LL HAVE
A HARD TIME SEEING THE NIGHT
SKY FROM NEW YORK CITY.

GOTTA MAIL MY OFFICIAL
RESIGNATION TO S.H.I.E.L.D.,
AND A GOODBYE LETTER TO
EVERYONE I THOUGHT
DESERVED ONE.

I EVEN WROTE ONE
TO DEADPOOL, BUT
HE DOESN'T
DESERVE IT.

I ALWAYS THOUGHT WADE WOULD BE MY CAUSE OF DEATH. JUST BEING IN HIS ORBIT FEELS LIKE YOU'RE ONLY THERE TO DIE...OR WORSE.



WADE WILSON MISSED HIS CHANCE TO KILL ME.

I KNOW THIS BECAUSE IT IS MY LAST NIGHT ON THIS BEAUTIFUL PLANET.

I THINK ABOUT TOSING MY GUN, TOO--BUT THIS BEAUTIFUL WORLD DOESN'T DESERVE--

HEY!



THAT'S NOT COOL!

WHATEVER.

UGHN!

"WE HAVE CLEAR WEATHER FOR OUR BLAST OFF OF PLANET EARTH..."

"SYSTEMS ARE GO
FOR MAIN ENGINE
IGNITION...IN THREE...
TWO...ONE..."

"MAIN ENGINE
FIRE."

"THIS MISSION IS TO SEND
MUCH-NEEDED SUPPLIES TO
THE INTERNATIONAL SPACE
STATION. THINGS LIKE FOOD,
CLOTHES, TOOLS..."

"...EVEN A NEW TOILET
TO REPLACE THE
MALFUNCTIONING
ONE."

"UH-OH! SPEAKING OF
MALFUNCTIONING--IT
LOOKS LIKE THE CAPSULE
OVERSHOT OUR
INTERNATIONAL
SPACE STATION."

"I'LL
ADMIT..."



DO YOU
KNOW HOW LONG
IT WILL TAKE NASA
AND SPACE-AXE
TO GET US
ANOTHER--

KLIK

DO
YOU THINK
YOU'RE FUNNY,
DEADPOOL?!

NO, NONE OF
THIS IS FUN
OR FUNNY.

KLIK

I'M RUNNING
OUT OF TIME TO
KILL MY ENEMY.

NOTHING
ON EARTH CAN
KILL MADCAP...

...SO I'M
GOING TO SPACE
TO HUNT FOR A
SOLUTION.

AND BY
"SOLUTION" I MEAN
"WEAPONS."

IF I CAN'T FIND A
WAY TO STOP MADCAP,
HE'S GOING TO KILL
EVERYONE DOWN
ON EARTH THAT I
RELUCTANTLY GIVE
A \$@#% ABOUT.



I'M LEAVING EARTH.

I'M NOT GOING TO MEET ANYONE THAT KNOWS ME.

I CAN BE ANYONE I WANT.

I DON'T HAVE TO BE ME.

I CAN DO ANYTHING!



I CAAAARRGH!

RIGHT. GRAVITY
IS LESS OF A
BITCH HERE.

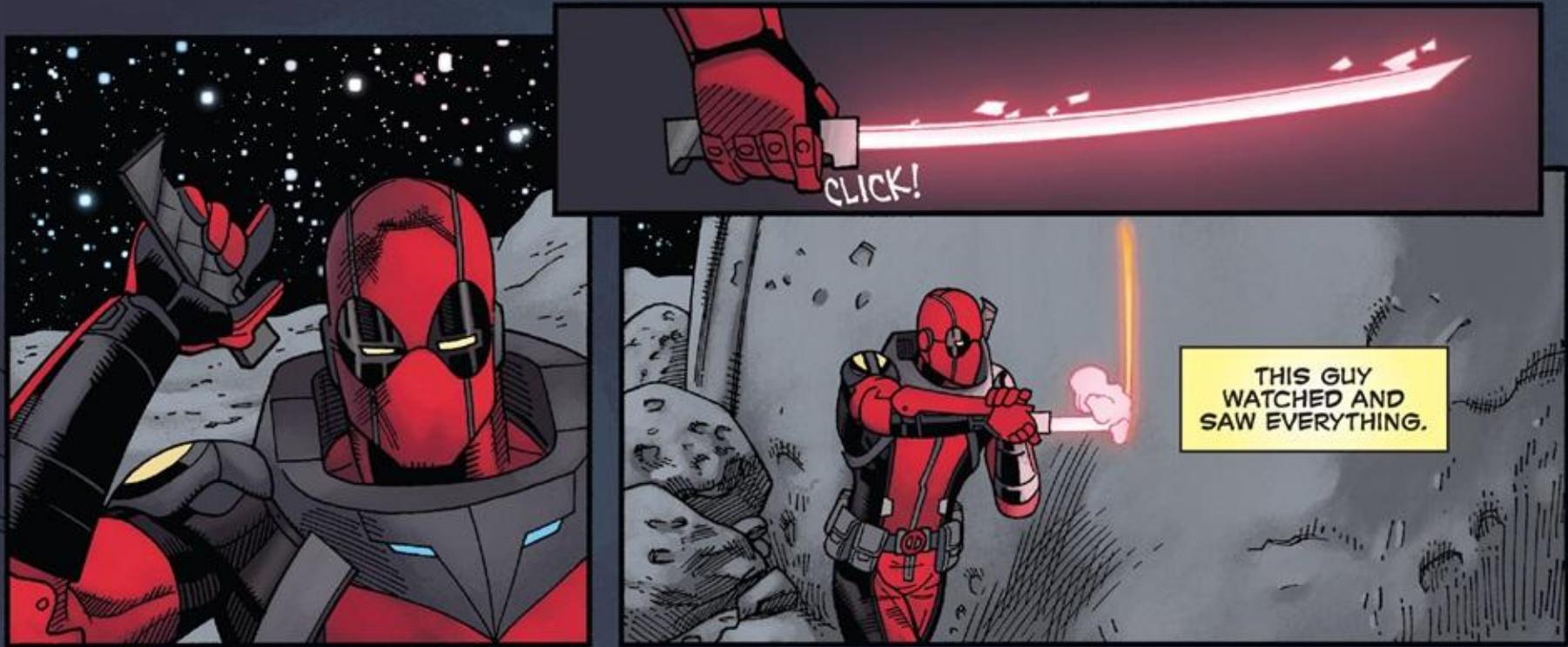
I STOP AND PLAY
WITH SOME OF
THE TOYS.

EVEN ON THE
MOON, I HATE
THIS STUPID
GAME.

GOODBYE,
SON.

ALL
OF THIS
IS YOURS
NOW.

I'M HERE TO LOOT
THE GRAVE OF THE
MAN IN THE MOON.



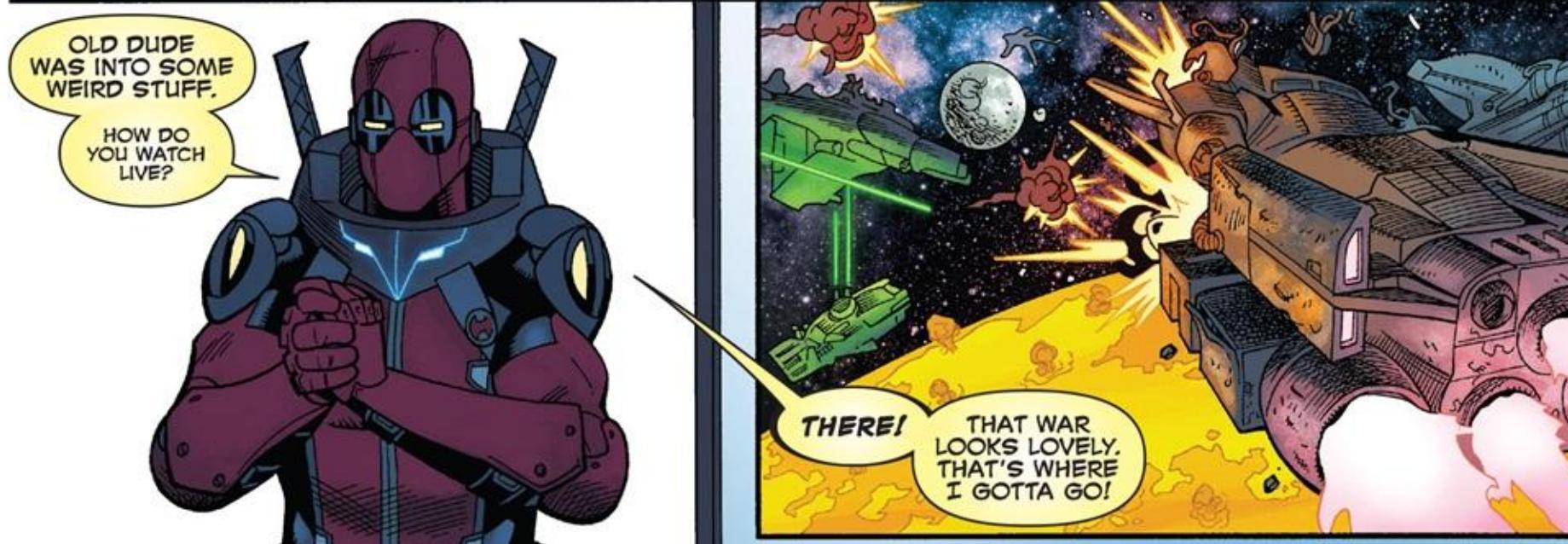
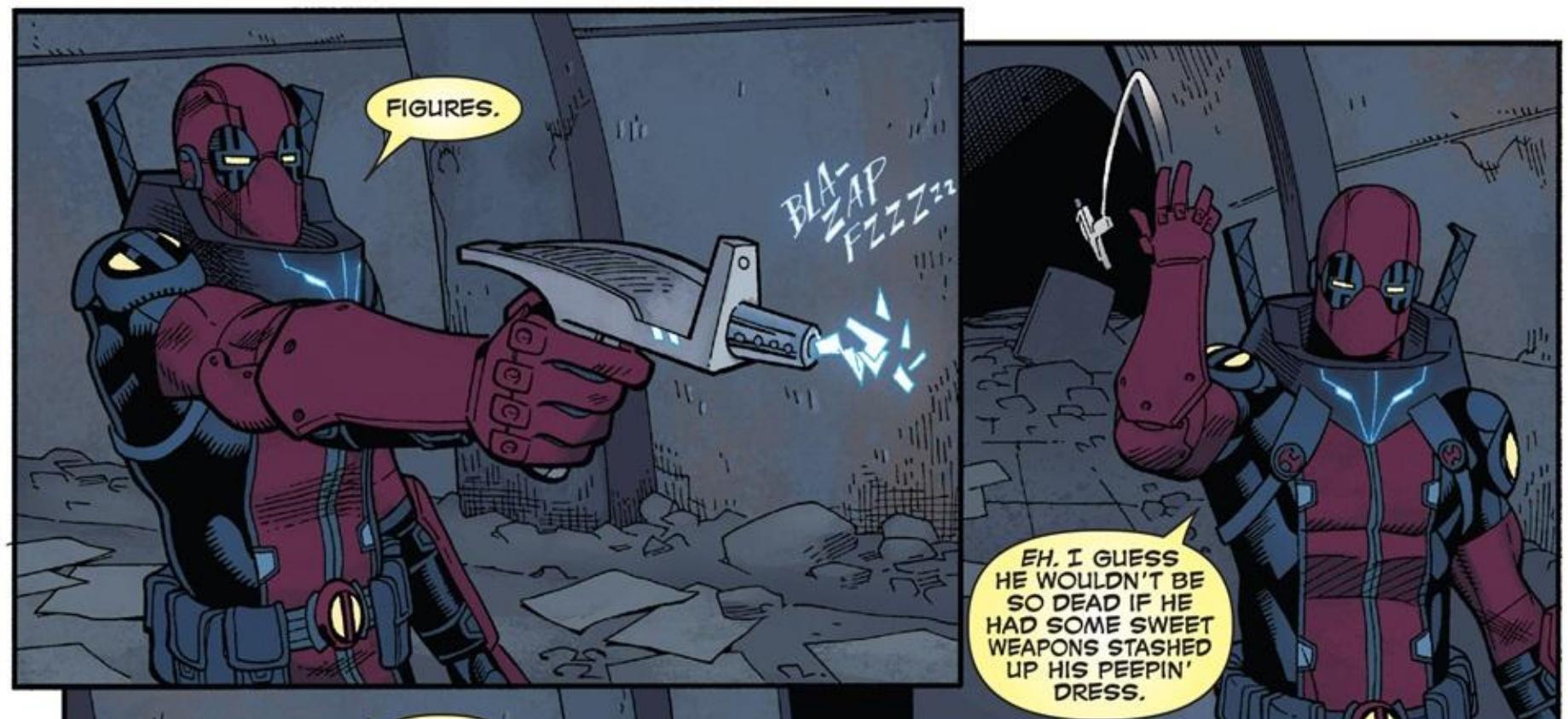
AND UATU SHOWED
UP AT ALL THE BIG
PARTIES.

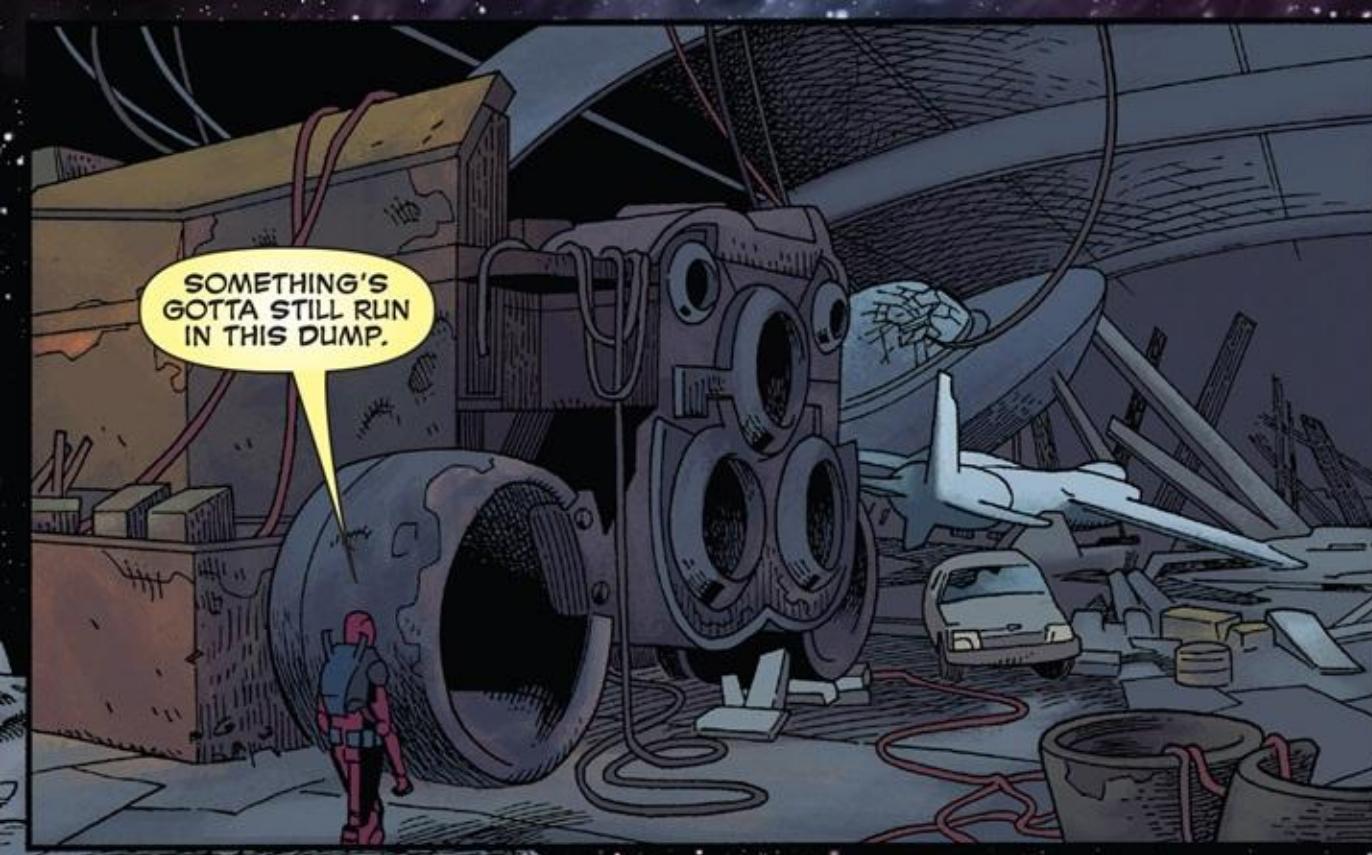
LOOKS LIKE I'M NOT
THE FIRST GUY TO TOSS
HIS CRIB LOOKING
FOR SOMETHING.

ALL THE GOOD
STUFF HAS BEEN
PICKED CLEAN...

...BUT HERE'S
ONE THE LOOTER
MISSED.







SOMETHING'S GOTTA STILL RUN IN THIS DUMP.



HEY!

I SAW THAT WHEELCHAIR SCIENCE NERD BLABBERING ABOUT THIS.



I FIGURED IT WOULD BE A LONG SHOT TO FIND A WEAPON ON THE MOON.

I JUST HOPE THAT SPACE WAR I SAW IS STILL GOING ON WHEN I GET THERE.



GO GO GADGET SOLAR SAIL!













AND IT'S A
REAL PLACE.
"NOWHERE"?

CERTAINLY.

THE
PLACE I
GOTTA GO.

THAT'S
RIGHT.

LET'S SAY I WANTED TO GO
THERE RIGHT NOW. I HOP IN A
SPACESHIP. WHERE WOULD
I TELL THE CAPTAIN I
WANNA GO?

TELL HIM
"NOWHERE."

ALL I'M TRYING
TO DO IS FIND
OUT WHERE
TO GO!

KNOWHERE!

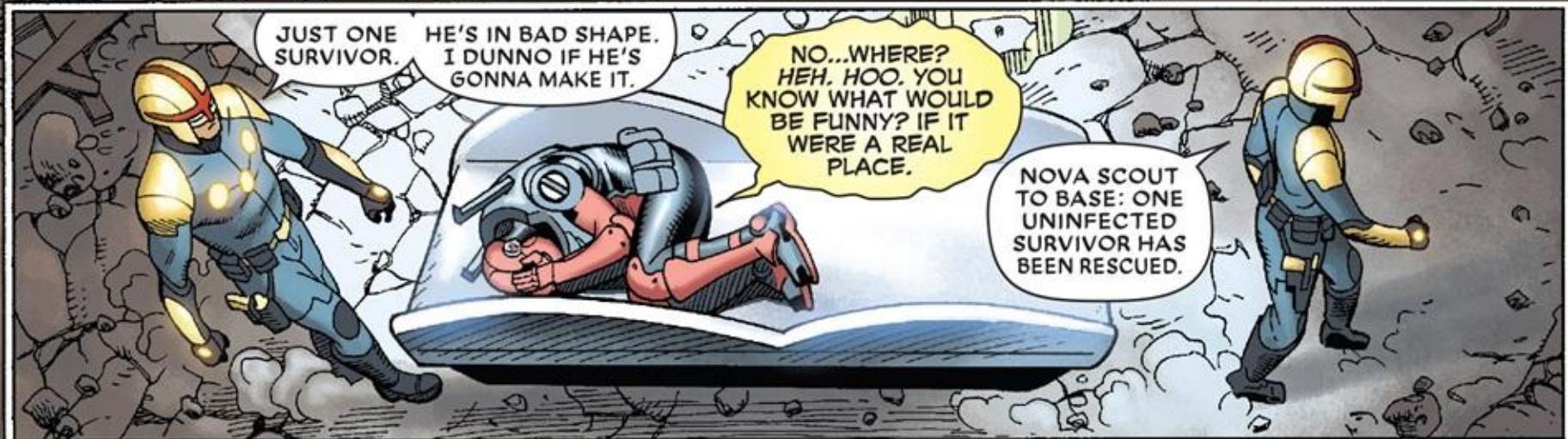
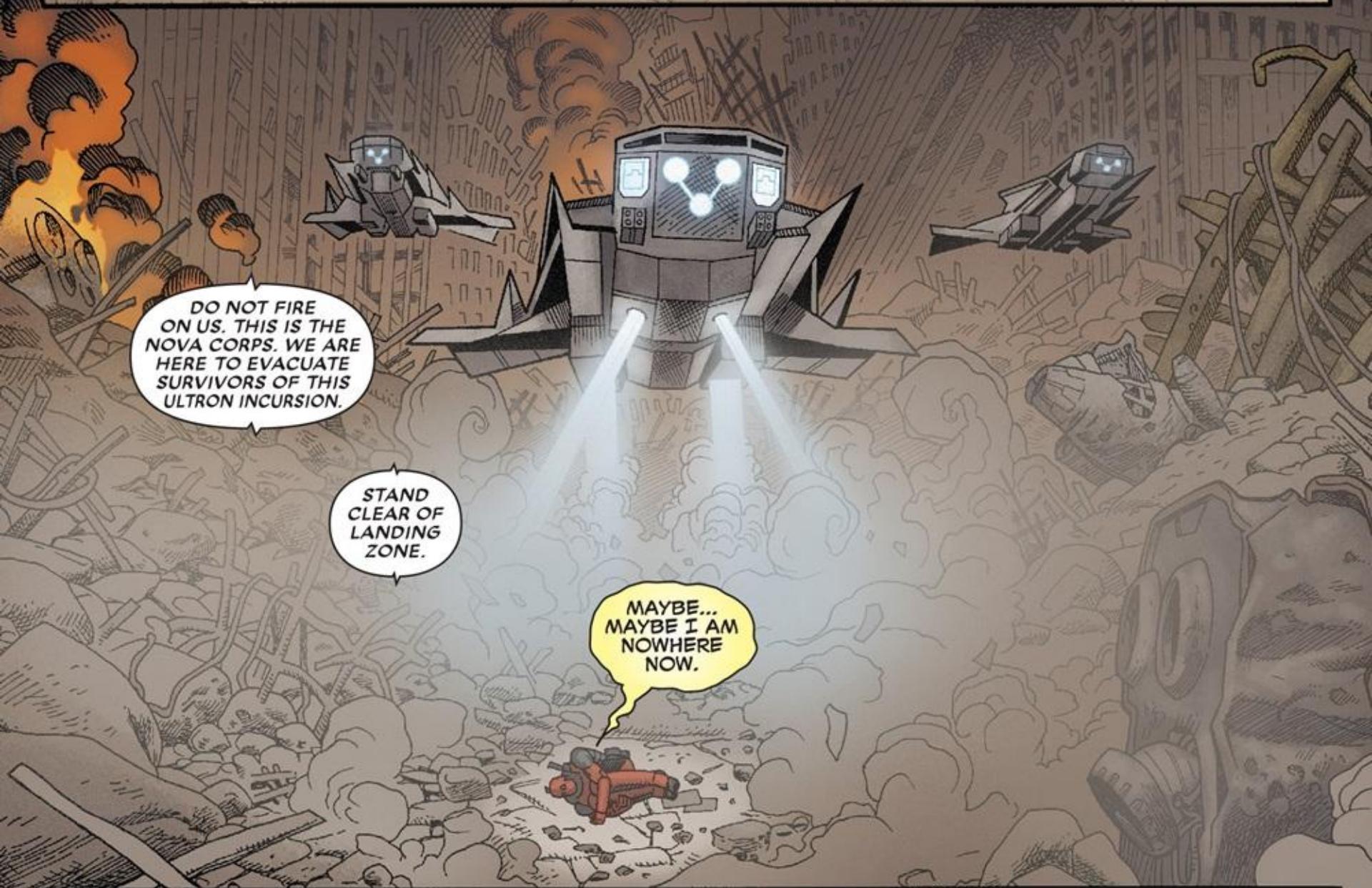
SO TELL ME
WHERE TO
GO!

KNOWHERE!

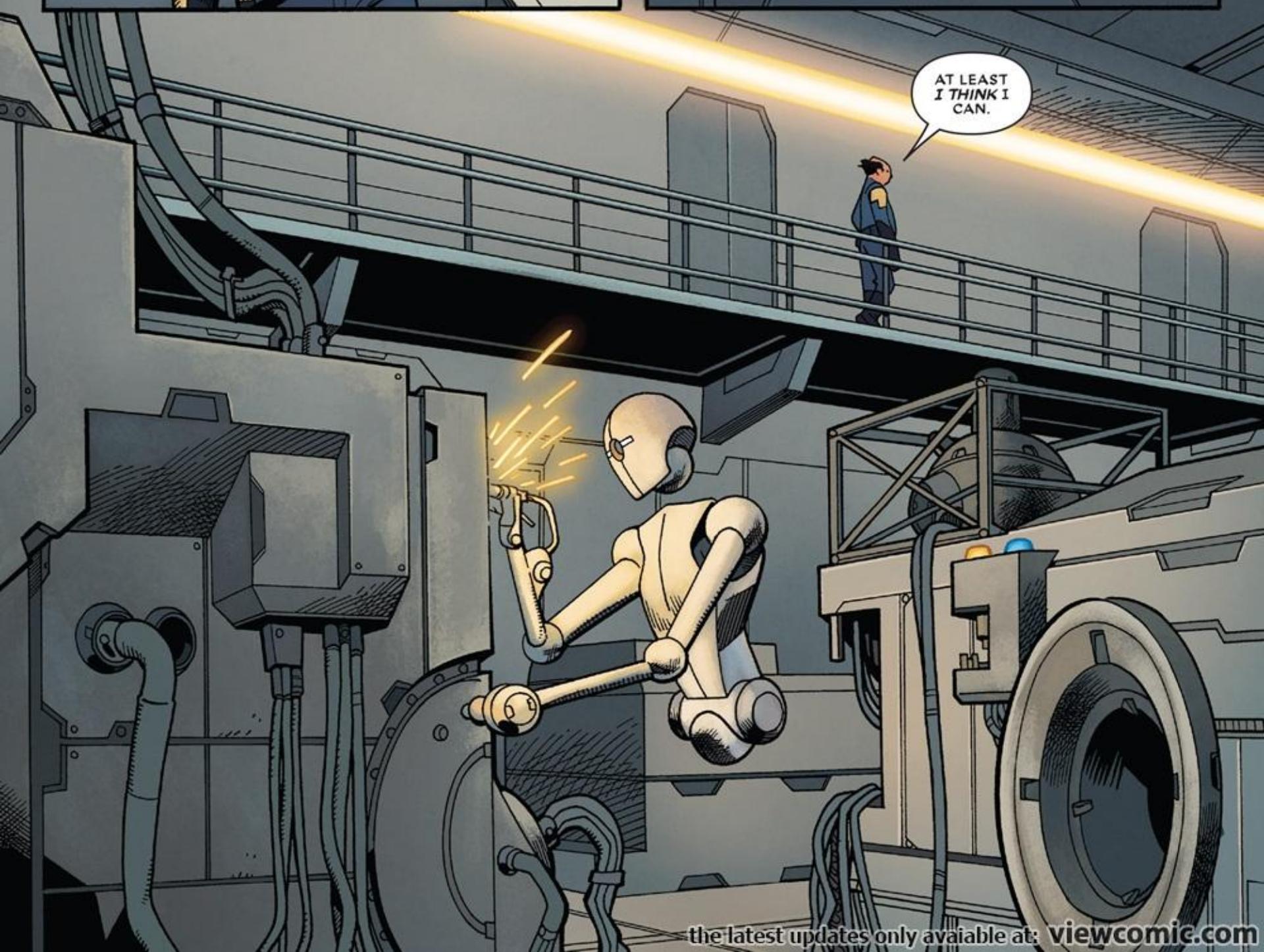
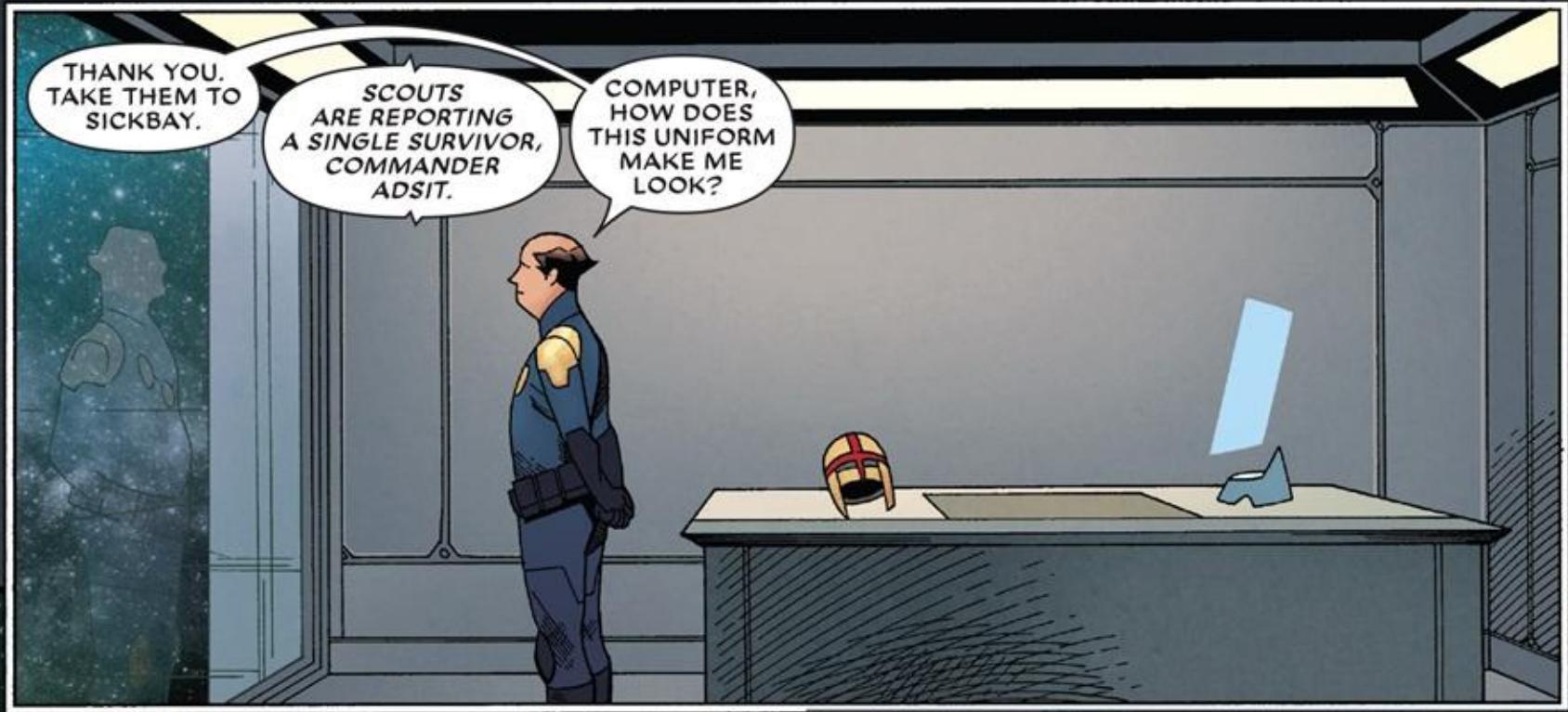
SAY "NOWHERE"
AGAIN!

KNOWHERE!

DO I
LOOK LIKE
YOUR SPACE
BITCH?











YOU CAN'T
MAKE HIM SHIFT
IF HE DOESN'T
WANT TO. THAT'S
SPECIESISM!



OKAY,
GOOD TALK,
EVERYBODY.

LET'S SAVE
THE UNIVERSE,
AND NOT KILL
EACH OTHER.

WELL,
THAT COULD
HAVE GONE
BETTER.

THERE'S BEEN
AN INCIDENT WITH
THE SURVIVOR.

WHAT
DO YOU
MEAN?

NO! IT
CAN'T BE
YOU!



HEY, REMEMBER THAT TIME WHEN WE FIRST MET AND YOU HIRED ME TO KILL UNDEAD PRESIDENTS FOR YOU?

TOUCHE.

NOT ALL THE STUPID IN MY LIFE IS YOUR FAULT.

I JUST...

I TRANSFERRED FROM S.H.I.E.L.D. TO THE NOVA CORPS BECAUSE I WANT TO EXPLORE NEW WORLDS, AND KEEP THE EARTH SAFE FROM SPACE.

I WANT TO DATE A GREEN-SKINNED GIRL.

NOW THE TRUTH COMES OUT. TAKE IT FROM ME--CAREFUL WHAT YOU WISH FOR WITH THE NONHUMAN CHICKS.

ALSO, "GREEN-SKINNED GIRL" SOUNDS LIKE THE **MOST WORST** VAN MORRISON SONG.

SAY, WHILE I HAVE YOU--WHAT'S THE MOST POWERFUL WEAPON IN THE UNIVERSE THAT ISN'T A MAGIC HAMMER OR SOME GREEN RING OR WHATEVER?

HNNH. I GUESS MAYBE THE ULTIMATE NULLIFIER?

IT CAN DESTROY ANYTHING. BUT NOBODY KNOWS WHERE IT IS.

IT'S ON A LIST OF MISSING COSMIC STUFF I HAVE. LITERALLY SPACE ROCKS AND ANCIENT STICKS AND WHATNOT.

SPACE IS REALLY WEIRD.

THAT NULLIFIER SOUNDS PERFECT.

COMPUTER, PRINT ME A REPLICA "ULTIMATE NULLIFIER," WHATEVER THAT IS.

OKAY, SCOTT. I HEAR YOU. YOU WANT TO TAKE A LITTLE YOU TIME WHILE YOU GO PLAY STAR TRACK.

WHEN YOU CHANGE YOUR MIND, I'LL BE ON EARTH KICKING ALL KINDS OF ASS.

I WANT TO DIE IN SPACE.



DOES ANYONE HAVE THE WI-FI PASSWORD?

I'M LETTING MY PEOPLE KNOW, TOO.

NULLIFIER FOUND. WITH EARTHLING HEADING TO NOWHERE

DID YOU HEAR? THE NULLIFIER HAS BEEN LOCATED!

AN EARTHLING HAS IT!

THEY'RE THE WORST!

WHAT'S THAT YOU SAY? AN EARTHMAN WITH THE NULLIFIER?

HEY! GET THE HELL OUT OF MY SHIP!

WHEEE! LOOK WHAT I HAVE!

THIS IS MY BEST IDEA EVER!

ENJOY YOUR NEW SPACESHIP!

ODIN'S BLOOD!



the latest updates only available at: viewcomic.com



WHERE IS OUR PREY NOW, HEIMDALL? THREATENING THE COSMIC ELTERS? DESTROYING WORLDS?



the latest updates only available at: viewcomic.com



ATTENTION
NOVA VESSEL--
WELCOME TO
KNOWHERE!

THAT'S
KNOWHERE?!

WELL,
YOU'VE PARTIED
INSIDE ONE DEAD
DECAPITATED HEAD,
YOU'VE BEEN
INSIDE THEM
ALL...



"...ONE OF MY SPIES IN THE NOVA CORPS INFORMS ME THAT SOME LUNATIC EARTHLING IS ARMED WITH THE ULTIMATE NULLIFIER AND IS HEADING FOR HERE!"

GREAT.
INTRODUCE
ME AROUND.

MAN, WE
GOT ALL KINDS OF
ARMS DEALERS
HERE.

THERE HE IS--THE
RED ONE!

THE ULTIMATE
NULLIFIER! WHERE
IS IT?

WELCOME
TO THE PARTY,
ULTIMATE
DEVO!

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?! DON'T
ANTAGONIZE THE NOMADIC
WARLORDS OF THE LOST
QUADRANT!

DEADPOOL!

LADY
SIF!

I COME
FROM ASGARD
TO SECURE THE
ULTIMATE
NULLIFIER.

GIVE IT FREELY, OR
GIVE IT TO US IN
DEATH.

I SAY
THEE NAY TO
FOOLISHNESS!

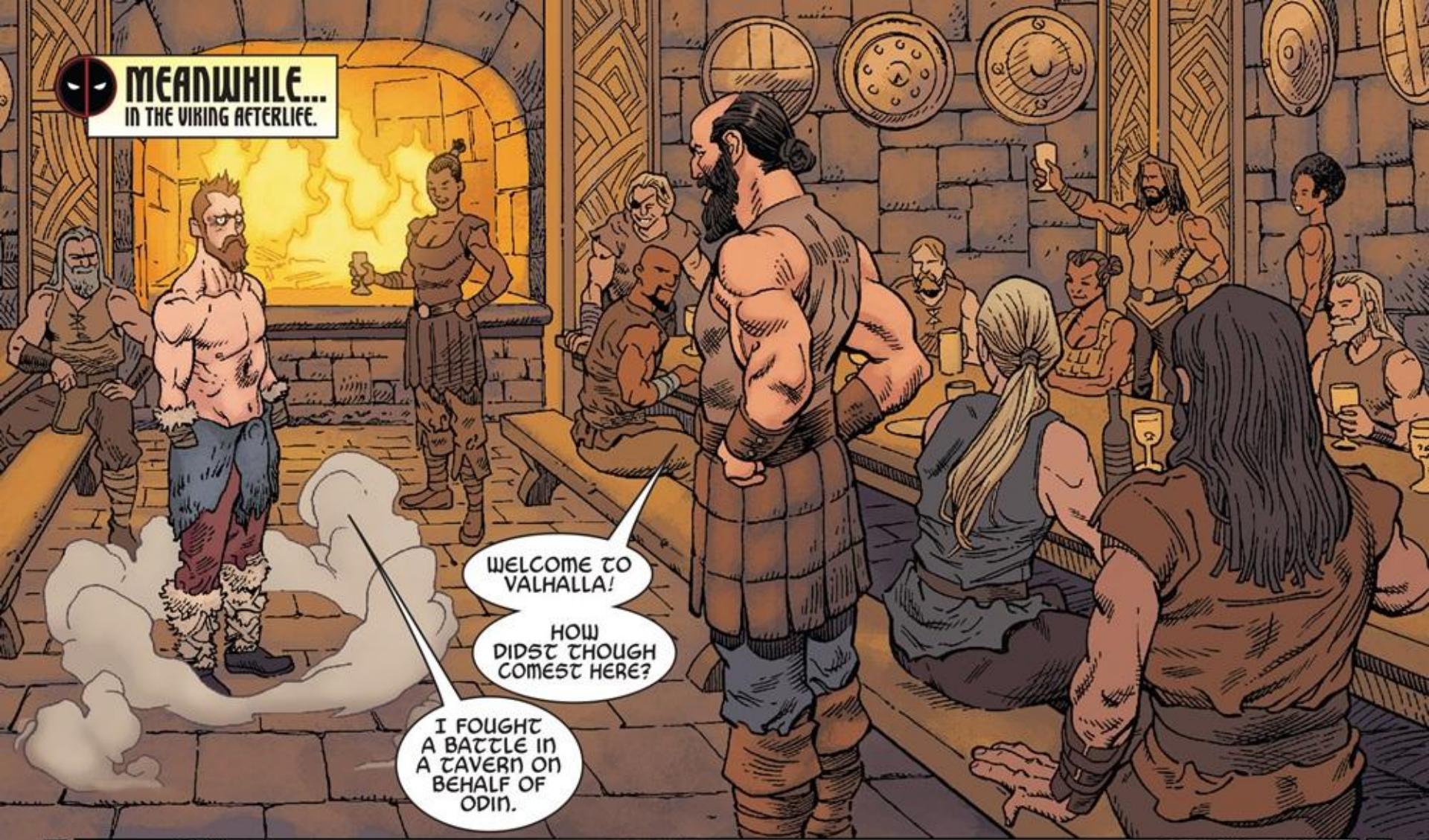








MEANWHILE...
IN THE VIKING AFTERLIFE.



SORRY, I
KNOW RELIGION
IS ONE OF THOSE
TOPICS THAT MAKES
PEOPLE WITH
SWORDS CRAZY.

I'M SURE
YOUR AFTERLIFE
IS THE SAME
DUMBNESS THAT
EVERYONE ELSE'S
IS.

SHUT YOUR
FOUL MOUTH!
VALHALLA TIS
A GLORIOUS
PLACE!

YEAAOW!

LISTEN, I
WAS PLANNING
A JOB LATER THAT
I'M GONNA NEED
YOU TO DO.

SWAG
FACK

DON'T WORRY,
I'M SURE MOST
PEOPLE WILL STILL
CALL YOU A
"LADY."

CRETIN!

DON'T TEMPT
ME INTO TEMPTING YOU TO
DO STUFF TO MY DONGLE.

I HAVE MORE ARMS
WHERE THAT CAME
FROM.

DON'T TEMPT ME INTO CUTTING
OFF A PIECE OF YOU THAT
YOU WOULD MISS.

I HAVE
NEVER BEEN
MORE DISGUSTED
BY A MORTAL
MAN.

WOW, THAT...
THAT ACTUALLY
HURTS.

'CAUSE DIDN'T
YOU DATE THAT NON-
UNION CONSTRUCTION
WORKER THOR BACK
IN THE DAY?

WHAT
WAS HIS NAME?
STRIKEBREAKER?
MULLETSTRIKE?



AUGH, OH,
GOD.

IS THIS
ACID?

SWING!

OH, HOW
ORIGINAL!

WHAT ARE
YOU GONNA DO
NOW? TRY AND
SHOVE SOME KIND
OF HIDEOUS EGG
BABY DOWN MY
THROAT?

SKSKSK
SKSKSKSKSK
SKSKSKSK*

*THAT'S RICH COMING
FROM YOU. TELL
DEATHSTROKE I SAID
HELLO.

STOP
CLICKING AND
START DYING!

AEE!!!!



I GOT TO DO ALL
MY FAVORITE
THINGS...

I BROKE INTO ANOTHER
CRIME SCENE AND HUNG
OUT IN A MURDERED
GUY'S HOUSE.

I GOT TO USE NEW
WEAPONS TO KILL
PEOPLE I JUST MET.

I'VE BEEN SO PREOCCUPIED
WITH MY MADCAP PROBLEMS,
MY WOMAN PROBLEMS, AND
AVENGERS HEADACHES THAT
I HAVEN'T LEFT ANYTHING
FOR ME.

THIS FEELS
GOOD.

THOUGH...

...MAYBE IT'S THE BROOD QUEEN'S **POISON** I CAN FEEL COURSING THROUGH MY VEINS.

MY INSIDES FEEL LIKE I ATE AT TACO SMELL AND THEN CLEANED OUT A HOT DOG CART FOR DESSERT.

AND NOT IN A GOOD WAY.

THE RED JESTER WAS INFECTED. HE WILL BECOME A MONSTER NOW.

VERILY, BUT I THINK YOU MEAN A BIGGER MONSTER?

THIS WOMAN, SHE GETS ME...I THINK I LOVE HER.

THE MADMAN TALKS TO HIMSELF.

WE MUST DESTROY IT BEFORE THE BROOD INFECTION TAKES HOLD.

OF COURSE. BUT FIRST!

IF THIS EARTHLING DOES WIELD THE TRUE ULTIMATE NULLIFIER, IT WILL BE WORTH A LOT TO US.

THE NULLIFIER IS LEAVING IN ASGARDIAN HANDS.

UNACCEPTABLE!

HOWEVER, PERHAPS A...BOON OF GOLD MIGHT BE GRANTED TO YOUR WAR PARTY FOR YOUR "ASSISTANCE."

THIS...SOUNDS AGREEABLE.

YAY! I CAN FEEL ALL MY PARTS AGAIN.

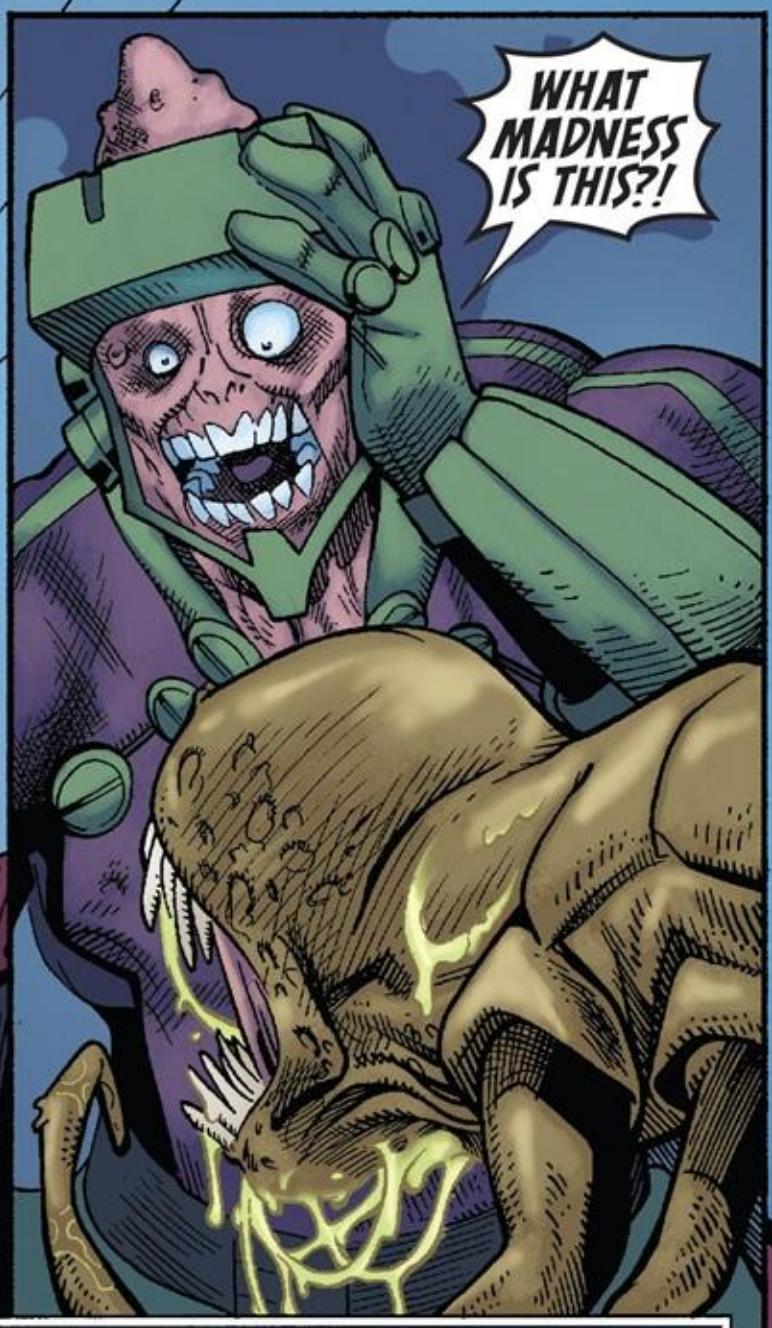
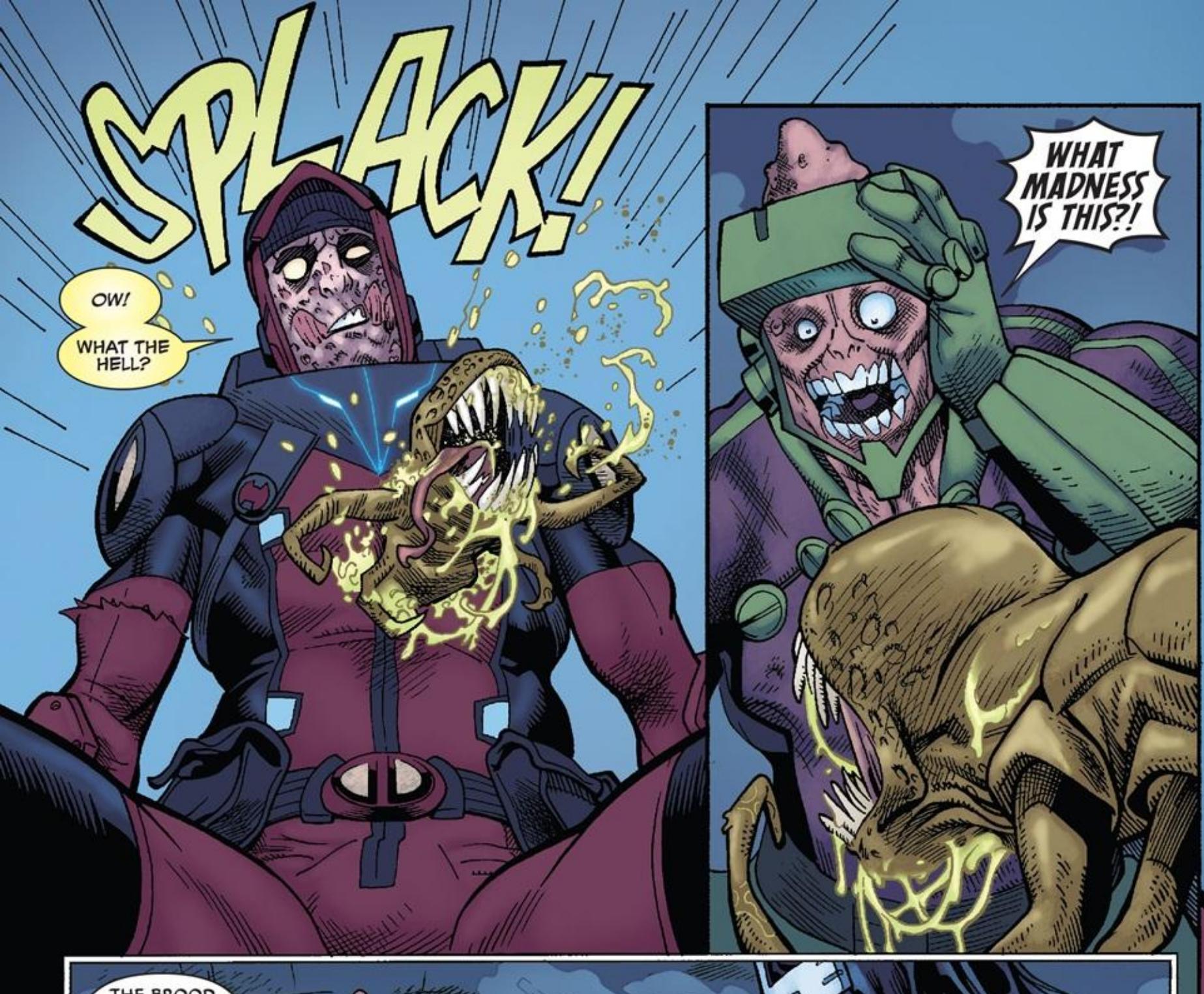
H-HOW CAN YOU EVEN MOVE?

SIF, IF YOU WANT TO SEE ME MOVE, WHY DON'T WE TAKE THIS SOMEWHERE MORE PRIVATE?

OR NOT. AND THE SOFT-SERVE ALIEN CAN WATCH.

HA-HA!

THANK YOU FOR MAKING ME LAUGH--NOW YOU DIE.











...LET'S GET
THIS PARTY
STARTED.



OH,
MAN.

I'M DEAD
ON MY
FEET!

I MEAN,
LOOK, I SHOULDN'T
COMPLAIN ABOUT BEING
TIRED WHEN ALL OF YOU
ARE ACTUALLY DEAD
ON YOUR ASSES.



C'MERE,
BUDDY.

MMM.

SOMETHING
SOMETHING,
ALCOHOLocaust.

I'M TOO
TIRED FOR
JOKES!



YOU WERE
THIRSTY, TOO,
HUH?



WELL,
DEADPAL. WE'VE
HAD A LOT OF FUN
TOGETHER.

YOU'VE
BEEN A FAITHFUL
SIDEKICK, BUT--WE
BOTH KNOW THIS
CAN'T LAST.

SO--
GO ON,
BOY.

ROARR!



I CAN'T
GIVE YOU THE
HOME YOU
DESERVE.

DON'T
MAKE THIS
HARDER THAN
IT IS!



GO
NOW!
GET!



WHY I
OUGHTA!



ALL RIGHT,
YOU HAD YOUR
CHANCE!

VRRRRRR





I'VE GOT AN OFFER FOR YOU.

THE NAME'S MONARK STARSTALKER.

NICE TO MEET YOU, MONARK.

I'M SANTA CLAUS OF EARTH.

I'VE NEVER SEEN SUCH CARNAGE. THE NAME SANTA CLAUS WILL SOON SPREAD FEAR THROUGHOUT THE GALAXY.

LET'S SKIP PAST THE FLIRTING.

WHAT DO YOU SEEK? WEALTH OR POWER?

WELL, IT ALL DEPENDS. RIGHT NOW I'M AFTER POWER. **STOPPING-POWER**, SPECIFICALLY.

I SEE. YOU ARE SEEKING TO KILL A GIANT.

BUT THE WEAPON YOU'RE PACKING--WON'T JUST KILL YER GIANT, IT'LL KILL YOU, AND MAYBE A WHOLE PLANET ALONG WITH IT.

I SOMETIMES WORK FOR A **VERY PRIVATE INDIVIDUAL** WHO WOULD LIKE TO ACQUIRE THAT WEAPON OF YOURS.

HE'D MAKE IT WELL WORTH YOUR WHILE.

THINK I GOT ALL I CAME FOR. UNLESS--WHAT'S THAT BLASTER YOU GOT DO?

THIS GUN? IT STAYS RIGHT AT MY SIDE, UNLESS I DRAW IT--AND THEN SOMEONE DIES.

WELL... HOW ABOUT I MAKE YOU AN OFFER.

SANTA'S GOT A BRAND NEW BAG, AND IT'S FULL OF ASS-KICK!

GIMME THE BLASTER, OR DIE.



H-HOW
ARE YOU NOT
DEAD?

I LIED TO
YOU. THE NAME'S
NOT REALLY SANTA
CLAUS--IT'S
SATAN.

IN A MOMENT,
I'M GOING TO
BE ABLE TO STAND
UP, AND THEN
I'M GOING TO
KILL YOU.

UNFORTUNATELY,
THE WEAPON IS
A FAKE.

HOWEVER,
YOU MIGHT BE
INTERESTED IN
THE SUBJECT
ITSELF.

HOW
SO?

IT'S
EXTREMELY...
DURABLE.

WHO THE
HELL ARE YOU
TALKING TO?







WOW, THIS
IS SO...UH...
TASTEFUL.

WELCOME
TO THE FINEST
AND MOST EXQUISITE
COLLECTION OF RARE
ITEMS IN THE ENTIRE
GALAXY!

DOES THIS
INDESTRUCTIBLE
AND PERFECT
CREATURE HAVE
A NAME?

JUST
"MADCAP." I
DON'T HAVE A BIRTH
NAME, BUT DON'T
WORRY--I'LL FIND
HIM AGAIN
SOON.





THERE'S SOME
OTHER STUFF THAT
I'LL THINK OF. YOU
KNOW WHAT?

DON'T
WORRY, I'LL WRITE
IT ALL DOWN FOR
YOU.

EXCELLENT.
MY WARP ELVES
SHALL PREPARE
A DOOR FOR
YOU.



SKYLARK, YOU
DEFEATED
ME.

AND IN MY
CULTURE, YOU
MUST ACCEPT
MY HONOR.

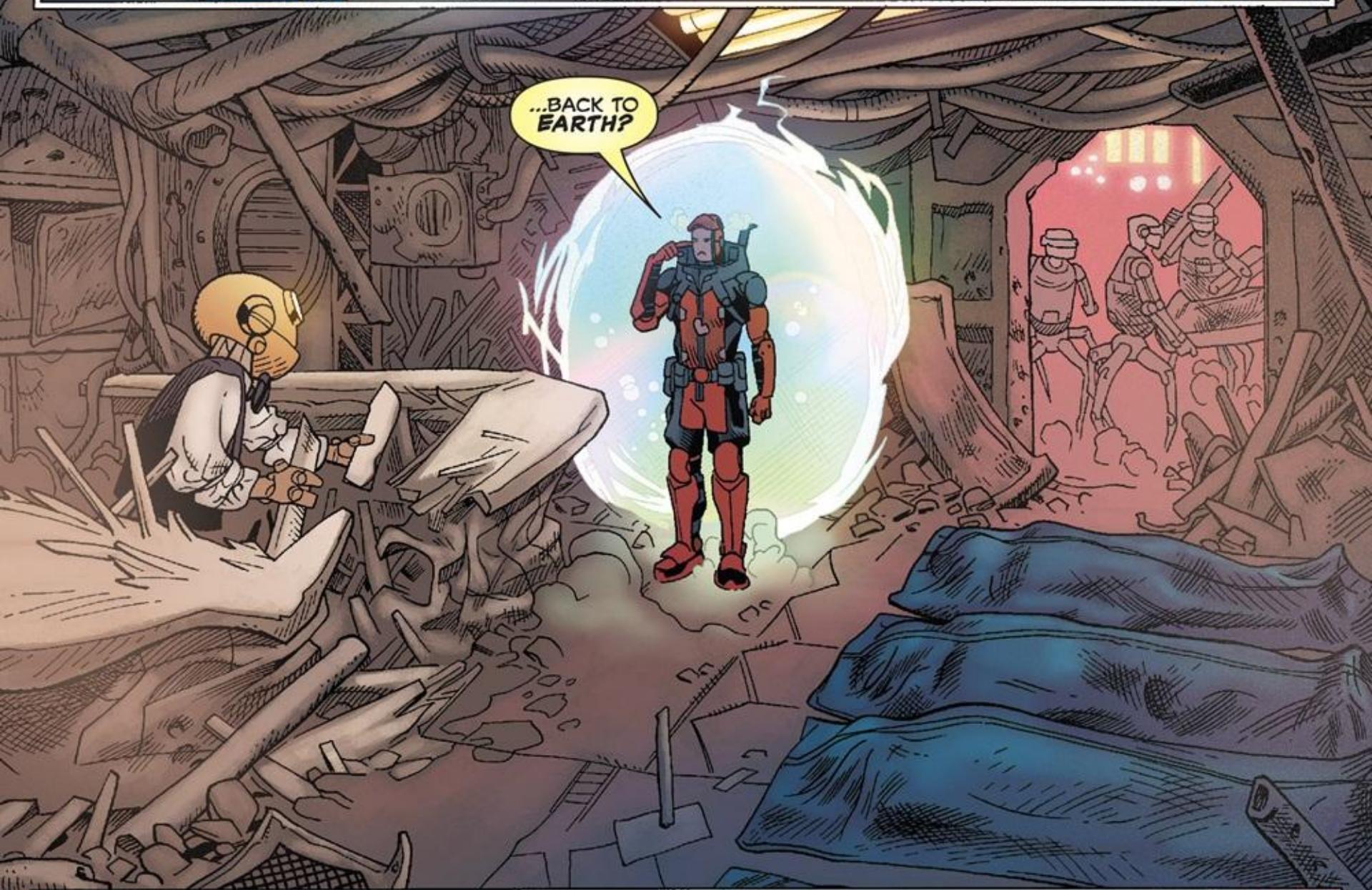
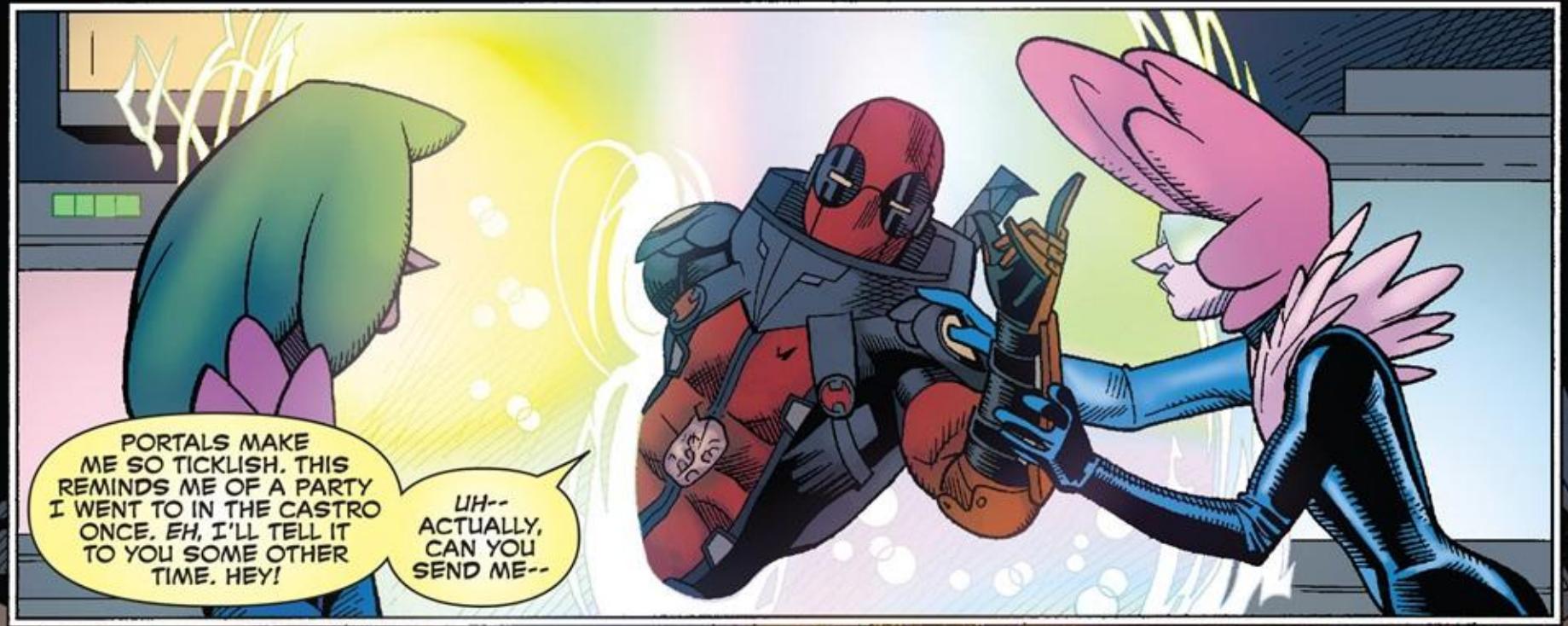
YOU
CERTAINLY ARE
AN INTERESTING
FOE, SATAN.

I ACCEPT YOUR
HONOR, AND HOPE
NOT TO MEET YOU
AGAIN ON THE FIELD OF
BATTLE--OR ANYWHERE
ELSE FOR THAT
MATTER.

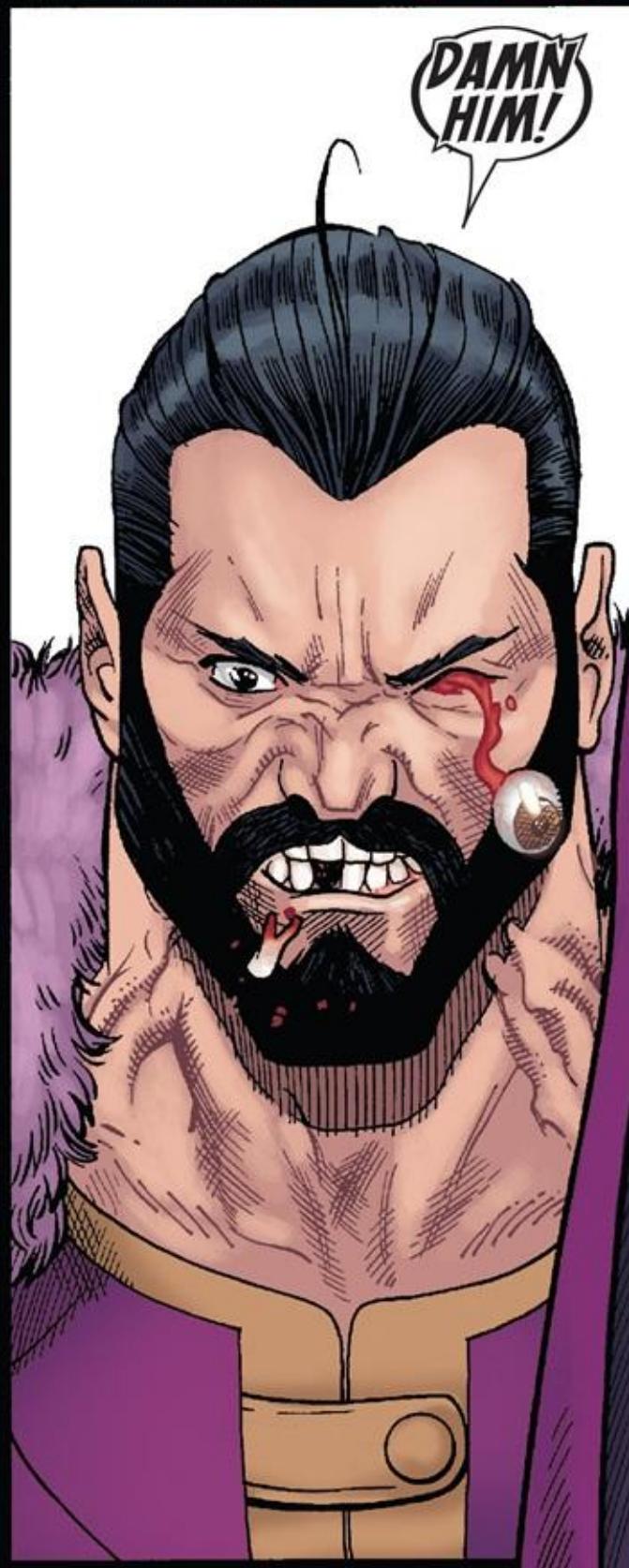
I DON'T
THINK YOU'RE
GOING TO HAVE
TO WORRY
ABOUT THAT.

TA.









"...AFTER HE
DELIVERS THIS
'MADCAP.'"

HEY,
HANDSOME.

WANT SOME
COMPANY?

DON'T
BE SHY.

YOU TALK
THE WAY THAT
SPAM DOES ON
MY PLANET.

LOOK, I
APPRECIATE
THE OFFER, BUT
I'M NOT IN THE
MOOD RIGHT
NOW.

WELL, I
HAVE SOMETHING
OFF-MENU THAT
SHOULD DO THE
TRICK.

I USUALLY
CHARGE GOOD
MONEY FOR THIS,
BUT YOU SEEM LIKE
A NICE GUY, SO
IT'S ON THE
HOUSE.

I CAME
TO KNOWHERE
LOOKING FOR A
WEAPON TO DESTROY
MY ENEMIES, BUT
I STRUCK OUT.

WHEN ALL
SEEMS LOST, POP
THIS OPEN AND SPRAY
IT ON YOUR BODY.
YOU WILL BECOME
UNBEATABLE.

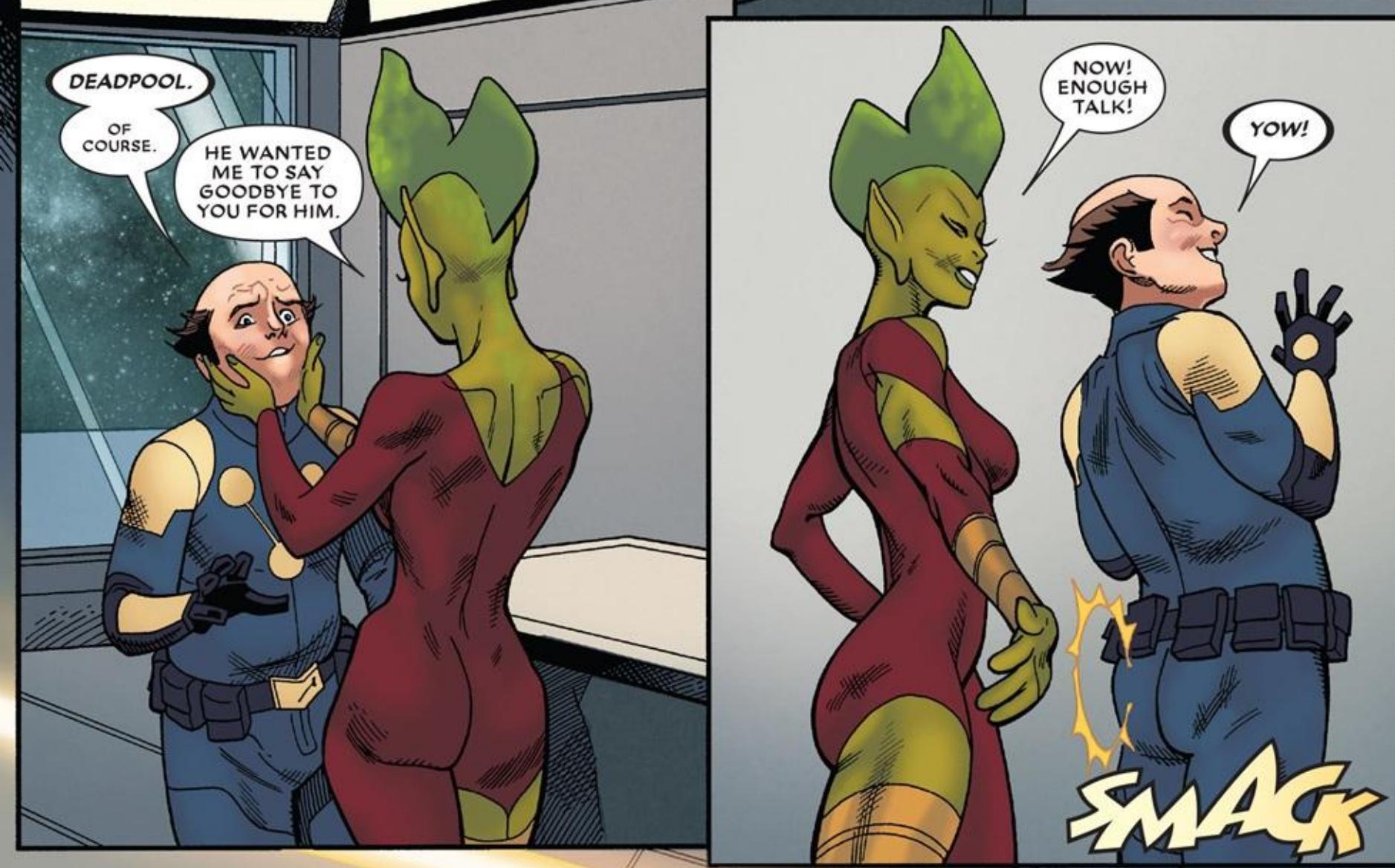
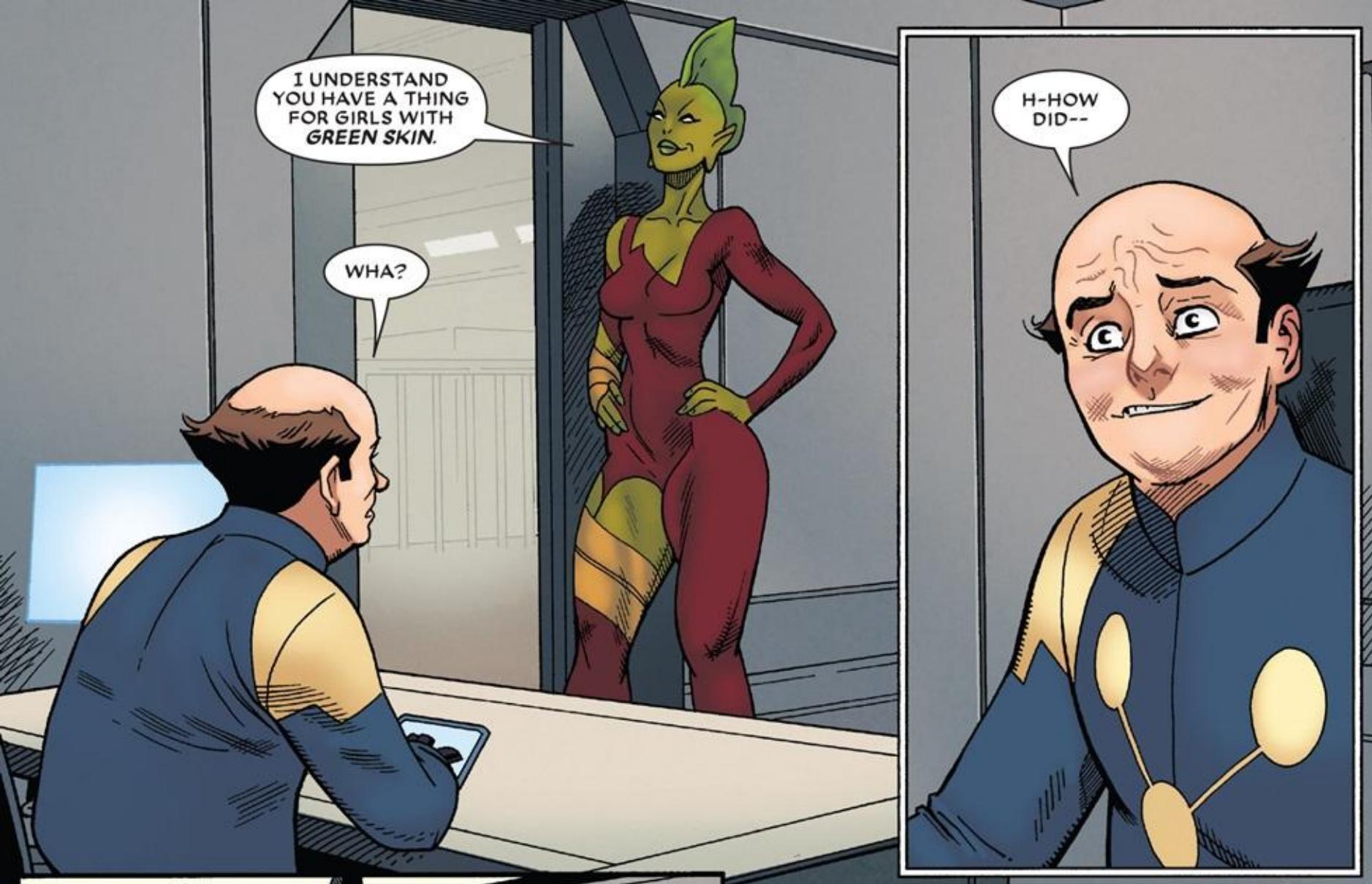
HUH. THANKS.
I'LL GIVE IT A
WHIRL. I'VE TRIED
CRAZIER STUFF.

COME
SEE ME
AGAIN.

HEY, WAIT--
HOW MUCH FOR
AN HOUR OF
YOUR TIME?

WELL, NOTHING
HAPPENED THE WAY I
THOUGHT IT WOULD,
BUT I THINK IT ALL
WORKED OUT.







I'M SURE THE NOVA CORPS HAS A HEALTH INSURANCE PROGRAM THAT COVERS SPACE STDs.



YOU CAN'T GO AWAY ON A TRIP AND NOT PICK UP SOME SOUVENIRS FOR THE KIDS.



UGHN. OH, BOY.

I REALLY SHOULDN'T HAVE STARTED ALL THIS BY MOCKING THOSE SCIENTISTS FOR NEEDING TO DROP A DEUCE IN SPACE.



I GOT A BROWN PARADE WARMING UP AND I REALLY DON'T WANT IT FLOATING AROUND MY FACE THE WHOLE WAY HOME.



I FIND A QUIET, OUT-OF-THE-WAY PLANET AND LEAVE A LITTLE FERTILIZER BEHIND.



OH, YEAH.

I CLAIM WHATEVER MUDBALL THAT WAS IN THE NAME OF DEADPOOL.



THE FINAL RESTING PLACE OF ALICE KRAMDEN LOOKS SO BEAUTIFUL TONIGHT.



DO A SEARCH FOR IT, KIDS.

WHOOPS.

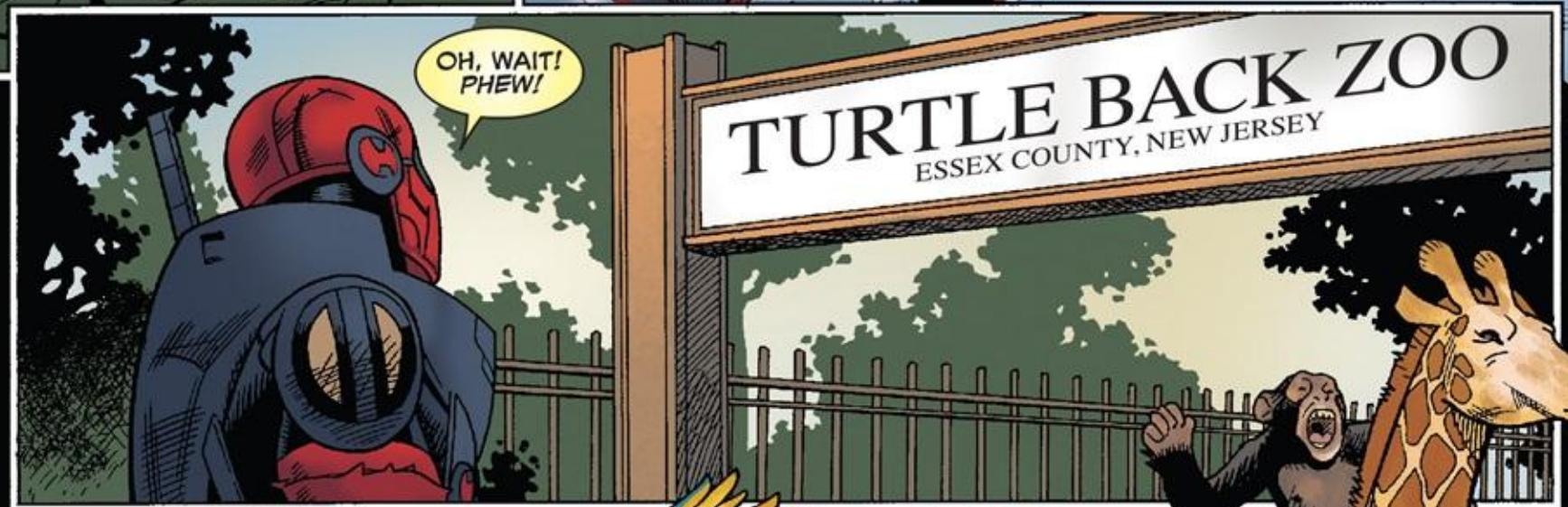


FOR THE FIRST TIME IN A LONG TIME--I'M FILLED WITH HOPE.

WHICH IS WEIRD BECAUSE I'M SURROUNDED BY FIRE, BUT WHATEVER.

I'M NOT TALKING MYSELF OUT OF IT.

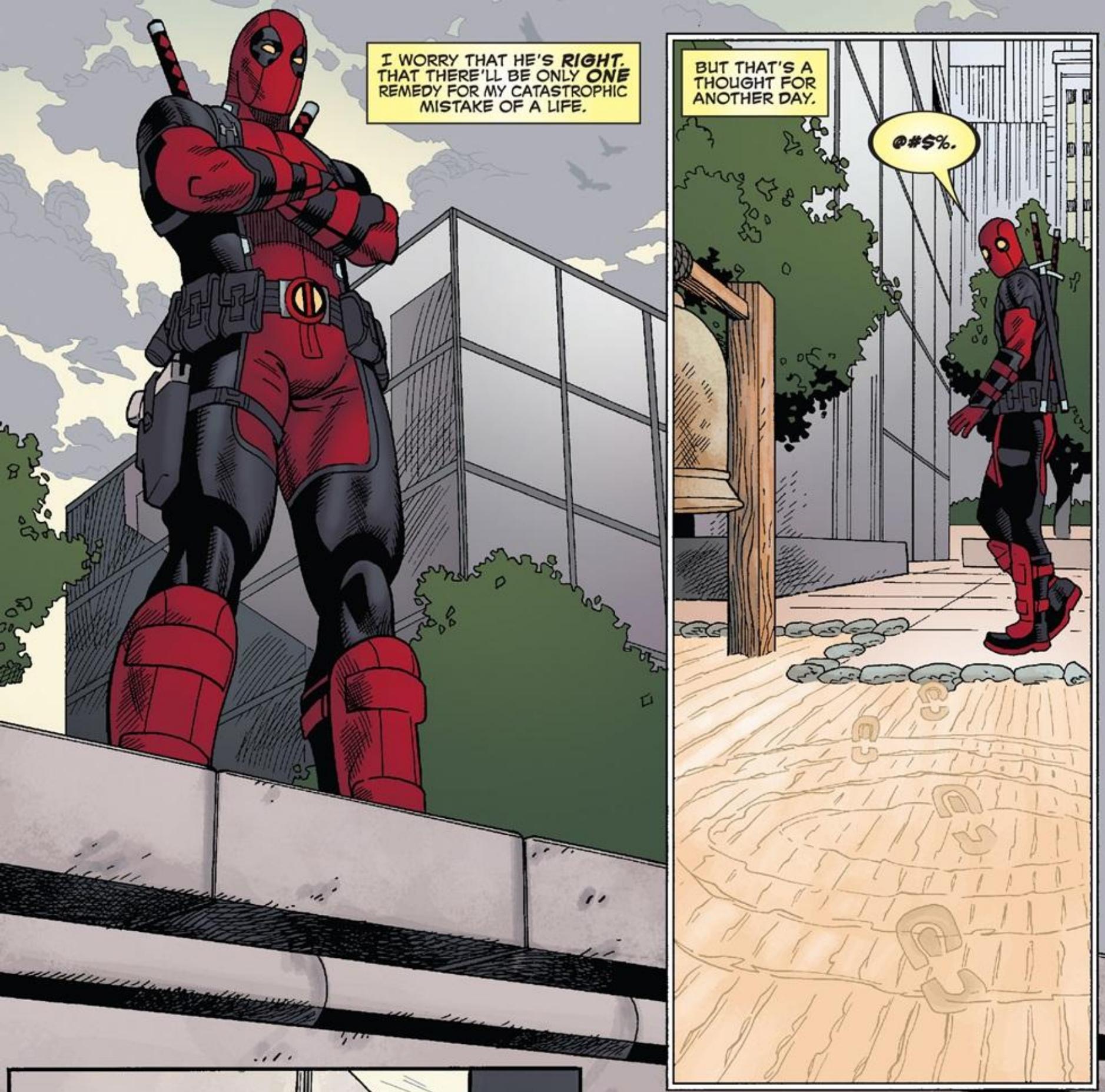




TURTLE BACK ZOO
ESSEX COUNTY, NEW JERSEY







I HOPE
YOU'RE RESTED
AND READY.

TOUGH
TIMES ARE
INBOUND,
WADE.

YOUR
COUNTRY
NEEDS YOU.

I NEED
YOU.

CAP WASN'T LYING.
MY DARKEST DAYS
WERE RIGHT IN FRONT
OF ME--I JUST DIDN'T
KNOW IT YET.

GROOVY.
THERE'S
NOTHING I
WON'T DO FOR
YOU, CAP.

 TO BE CONTINUED IN
DEADPOOL: SECRET EMPIRE!

DEADPOOL #31

A



DAVID
01/17
LOPEZ

the latest updates only available at: viewcomic.com