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Comics



MAR  
#26

APPROVED  
BY THE  
COMICS  
CODE  
A  
UTHORITY

# DEADPOOL

KELLY  
WOODS  
WONG

THEN AGAIN:  
WOULD YOU  
REALLY WANT  
IT TO?

WARNING:  
THIS SCENE  
DOES NOT  
TAKE PLACE IN  
THIS COMIC!

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WOODS  
WONG  
150101

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OKAY... IF TODAY IS  
"MUST WRETCH TV" DAY,  
THEN IT WAS A SUNDAY --

-- WHICH IS USUALLY MY  
"FUN DAY," MY "I-DON'T-  
HAVE-TO-RUN" DAY --

-- BUT INSTEAD I'M ON A GIG OUTSIDE  
AL-MUZAHMIYA, WONDERING HOW I CAN  
PRONOUNCE THE NAME OF THIS PLACE  
WITHOUT CHOKING ON MY OWN PHLEGM--

-- AND HIS HIGHNESS,  
THE GREAT EL-CAIN  
AKREPLACH STARTS  
HIS SCHTICK...

YOU IMPUDENT,  
INSOLENT, INCONTINENT  
INFIDELS! I SHOULD SEE  
YOUR BULBOUS HEADS  
LICKED BALD BY A RABID  
CAMEL WITH A  
SNAGGLETOOTH!

...YOU KNOW HOW THOSE OIL  
BARONS GET ON THEIR WEDDING  
DAY... SEVEN OR EIGHT  
HUNDREDTH  
TIME AROUND.

AKBAR AND JEFF DO  
THEIR BEST TO COVER...

SIR, IT WAS NOT  
OUR INTENT TO RUIN THIS  
SACRED DAY, BUT TO PROTECT  
IT! THIS VILLAIN ENTERED THE  
GROUNDS, ATTACKED US --

HMM... YES, MY  
ENEMIES ARE MANY...  
AS ARE MY CLICHE POSTURINGS...

...YOUR LOYALTY  
BUYS YOU LIFE...  
SHOW ME THE INEPT  
INTERRUPTED  
INFIDEL.

THEN, MISTER "I-WAS-AN-  
EXTRA-IN-LAWRENCE-OF-  
ARABIA" GETS ALL STREET --

WORM... I KILLED TWO  
THOUSAND MEN WITH MY  
BARE HANDS TO BUILD  
THIS EMPIRE... ATE MY  
ENEMIES' CHILDREN, AND  
SAT THROUGH ISHTAR  
NOT ONCE, BUT  
TWICE...

SIR,  
THE BATTLE,  
THOUGH BRIEF,  
WAS BLOODY...  
YOU MAY NOT  
WANT TO SEE  
THIS.

"BLOODY"  
MEANS  
NOTHING TO ME.  
SHOW ME THE  
BODY.

A-AS  
YOU WISH,  
SIR.

OF COURSE, THE PSYCHO IS INTO IT... I MEAN, WHO WOULDN'T BE? THIS WAS A WORK OF BUTCHERING ART--

SPECTACULAR, REALLY... I LOVE THE WAY YOU'VE SLICED ACROSS THE PECTORAL... NICE GROUPING OF BULLET HOLES...

...I CAN REALLY FEEL THE ENERGY YOU TWO PUT INTO THIS GARROTING...

OKAY, MAYBE HE DIDN'T SAY IT EXACTLY THAT WAY, BUT THAT WAS THE GIST OF IT...

...AFTER ALL, I PRACTICALLY DREW THEM A MAP OF WHERE TO SHOOT ME... AND I AM L'ARTISTE, NON?

OKAY, HAMMOND ORGAN TIME, CUT TO THE SOAP OPERA IN PROGRESS UPSTAIRS...

MISTRESS, PLEASE... IT IS YOUR WEDDING DAY! CAN YOU NOT TRY TO SMILE?

...ENTER PRINCESS OPHELIA... JEWEL OF THE DESERT. NICE SAND DUNES.

HOW CAN I, HEAVYSET NAMELESS HANDMAIDEN, WHEN I AM BEING FORCED TO MARRY ONE WHOM I DO NOT LOVE?

ONE WHOSE BREATH IS WORSE THAN THE STENCH OF A TUNA SANDWICH LEFT IN THE DESERT SUN?

WERE I A BRAVER WOMAN... I WOULD HAVE HURLED MYSELF FROM THIS TOWER MONTHS AGO.

HOW CAN YOU SAY THAT, OPHELIA? THE SULTAN'S ENTIRE PRIVATE ARMY HAS GATHERED FOR THE CEREMONY! THINK OF ALL THE PRIME RIB THAT WOULD GO TO WASTE IF YOU WERE TO DIE BEFORE THE RECEPTION!

THEY SHOULD STARVE, FOR ALL I CARE... THEN, PERHAPS MY TRUE BELOVED, JASPER, WOULD BE ABLE TO LAY SIEGE TO THIS TOWER AND RESCUE ME IN TIME TO --

KNOCK KNOCK  
I'M AFRAID THAT THERE IS NO TIME LEFT, DEAR... HE'S HERE --

OH, JASPER --

KRASH

HERE COMES THE GROOM! FALL DOWN GO BOOM!

MAN, THE MONEY WE COULD HAVE MADE SMASHING WALNUTS ON SAUDI ARABIA'S "FUNNIEST MOMENTS OF CORPORAL PUNISHMENT"... OH, WELL...

Stan Lee  
presenting

DEADPOOL in:

"OUR SECOND MOST CONFUSING ISSUE YET... AFTER ISSUE #6 (WE WOULD'VE SAID #9, BUT THAT WAS JUST BAD, NOT CONFUSING)"

OR...

# MOUTHFUL OF MALICE, HEAD FULL OF CHEESE

WOA...  
PARDON MY  
STARING... BUT  
THE CURVE OF YOUR  
BELLYBUTTON IS  
ALL THAT AND A  
BAG OF HUMUS,  
PRINCESS...

... YOU'RE  
NOT TOO BAD  
YOURSELF BACK  
THERE, MISS  
ERNEST  
BORGNINE.

THEN I KICK IT TO THE  
DAMSEL IN DE-REVEALING  
DRESS, PIERCE BROSNAN  
STYLE... SMOOTH, LIKE  
I'M SWIMMING IN PUDDIN'.

WHO...  
WHO ARE  
YOU?

MY NAME IS  
DEADPOOL...  
AND IF YOU DO  
AS YOU'RE TOLD...  
I MAY JUST SAVE  
YOUR LIFE,  
OPHELIA.

Joe Kelly Scripted James Felder Co-Plotted Pete Woods Penciled Walden Wong Inked  
Shannon Blanchard Colored Richard Starkings & Comicraft Lettered  
Matt Idelson Edited Bob Harras Bobbed

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THERE'S THE USUAL BARRAGE OF QUESTIONS... WHY IS THE SKY BLUE? HAVE I EVER HOOKED UP WITH ANYONE FROM THE CAST OF TRINITY? WHY AM I ALL CUT UP AND BLEEDING ON THE PERSIAN RUGS?

OH, THAT? THAT'S JUST AN OLD INJURY FROM MY STAMP COLLECTING DAYS.

IT ACTS UP WHENEVER IT'S GONNA START RAINING SASSY CHICKS IN SILK...

...KIDDING, SWEETHEART... GEEZ, LOOSEN UP AND SMILE A LITTLE.

BRIDES ARE ALWAYS SO TENSE ON THEIR WEDDING DAYS... I THINK IT'S 'CAUSE THEY KNOW INSTINCTIVELY THAT MARRIAGE AND DEATH GO HAND IN HAND --

-- BUT SINCE THAT'S TOO MUCH TO PROCESS, THEY FIXATE ON CENTERPIECES AND FINGER FOODS UNTIL THEIR EYES BLEED.

THERE'S THE INTRUDER! KILL HIM AND THE TRAITOROUS WENCH!

I TELL OPHELIA THAT I PLAYED A LITTLE TRICK ON HER WOULD-BE BEAU.

I LET HIS BOYS THINK THAT THEY WHACKED ME, SO I'D GET A ONE-WAY TICKET INTO THE CASTLE. ☺

THUNK

☺ AS SEEN ON PAGE ONE!  
-- MATT

HURTS LIKE A MOTHER, BUT WHAT THE HEY, I GOT A HIGH TOLERANCE FOR PAIN, AND A HEALING FACTOR TO BOOT.

IT BEATS TRYING TO BREAK BOTH IN AND OUT OF THE JOINT.

"WORK SMARTER, NOT HARDER..." THAT'S ONE OF MY CREDOS.

I WAS ABOUT TO SHARE MY SECOND CREDO, "LOOK OUT WHERE DEM HUSKIES GO, DON'T YOU EAT THE YELLOW SNOW" --

-- WHEN I WAS RUDELY INTERRUPTED.

YEEOW!  
SCRRIP

I QUIETLY ASKED THE GENTLEMAN IN QUESTION TO REMOVE HIS SHISH KEBAB FROM MY CUTLETS --

TIMES LIKE THESE ARE REVOLUTIONARIES.  
**CENSORED**

-- WHEN IT SUDDENLY HIT ME THAT THIS DWEEB WASN'T TO BLAME FOR MY INJURY... I WAS.

SOMETHING HAD DISTRACTED ME AND LEFT ME OPEN TO ATTACK.

WAS IT THE ELEGANT PRINCESS WITH THE COME-HITHER LIPS?

BY ALLAH... HE IS MAGNIFICENT...

NAH, SHE HAD GAMS, BUT NOTHING I COULDN'T SEE ON A MANNEQUIN AT TARGET...

...NO... IT WAS SOMETHING ELSE... SOMETHING I COULDN'T QUITE IDENTIFY...

...LIKE WHEN YOU JUST DRANK SOMETHING YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE AT A PARTY, AND YOU'RE NOT SURE WHETHER TO "FLUSH WITH MILK" OR "INDUCE VOMITING..."

...BUT I DIDN'T GET MUCH TIME TO PONDER...

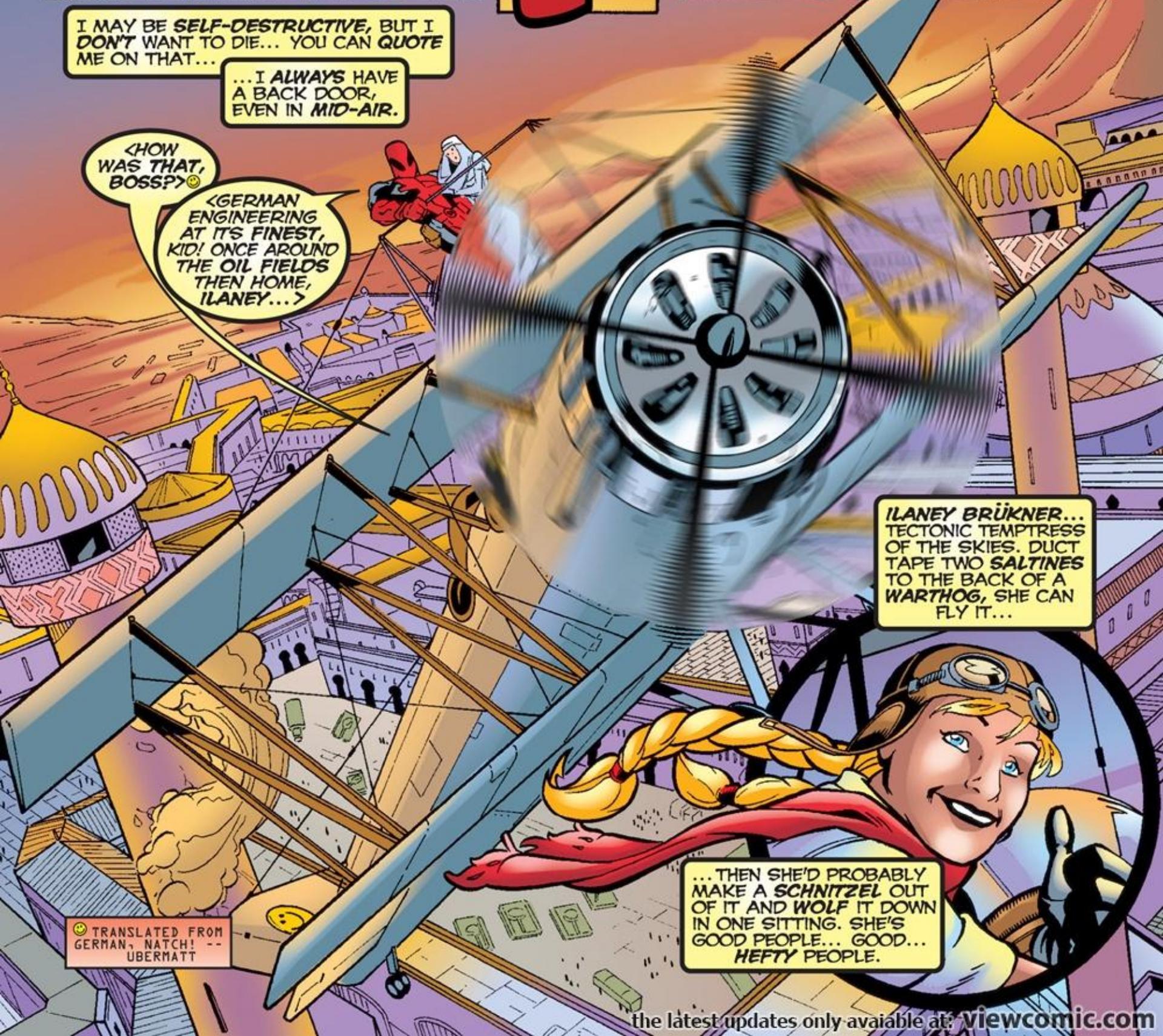
...ONE OF THE JOKERS HAD A BAZOOKA IN HIS PANTS.

IF YOU PULL THAT TRIGGER, DUDE, I GUARANTEE YOUR SELF-ESTEEM IS GOING TO PLUMMET DOWN THE TOILET.

WHAT ARE YOU

DOMINATING?

ASK ME AGAIN IN THREE SECONDS...



THE REST OF THE TRIP, I LEARN **EVERYTHING** I EVER WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT JASPER. WHAT HE EATS FOR BRUNCH, HOW HE TIES HIS SHOES, HIS FAVORITE MOVIES...

...I ROLL MY EYES UNDER THE MASK, THANKFUL THAT OPHELIA'S AT LEAST GOOD TO LOOK AT, 'CAUSE SHE KEEPS MESSING UP THE STORIES ABOUT HER LONG LOST LOVE AND HAS TO START OVER.

FINALLY, WE LAND. ILANEY DOES WHATEVER SHE DOES TO THE PLANE. THAT'S WHY I HIRE HER TO DO THAT STUFF... SO I DON'T HAVE TO **NARRATE** ABOUT IT.

PLUS... I DON'T WANT HER TO SEE WHAT'S COMING...

OH, DEADPOOL! YOU SIMPLY **MUST** ALLOW ME THE HONOR OF MAKING YOU DINNER! JASPER HAS A FINE FLAT --

THANKS, OPH, BUT REALLY, UH, I DON'T LIKE TO EAT AFTER --

AND MY FAMILY WILL **SURELY** WANT TO MEET YOU! WHAT YOU'VE DONE THIS DAY --

LOOK, COULD YOU DO ME A FAVOR AND PUT YOUR MOUTH IN **NEUTRAL** FOR A SEC? I HAVE A SERIOUS MIGRAINE COMING ON --

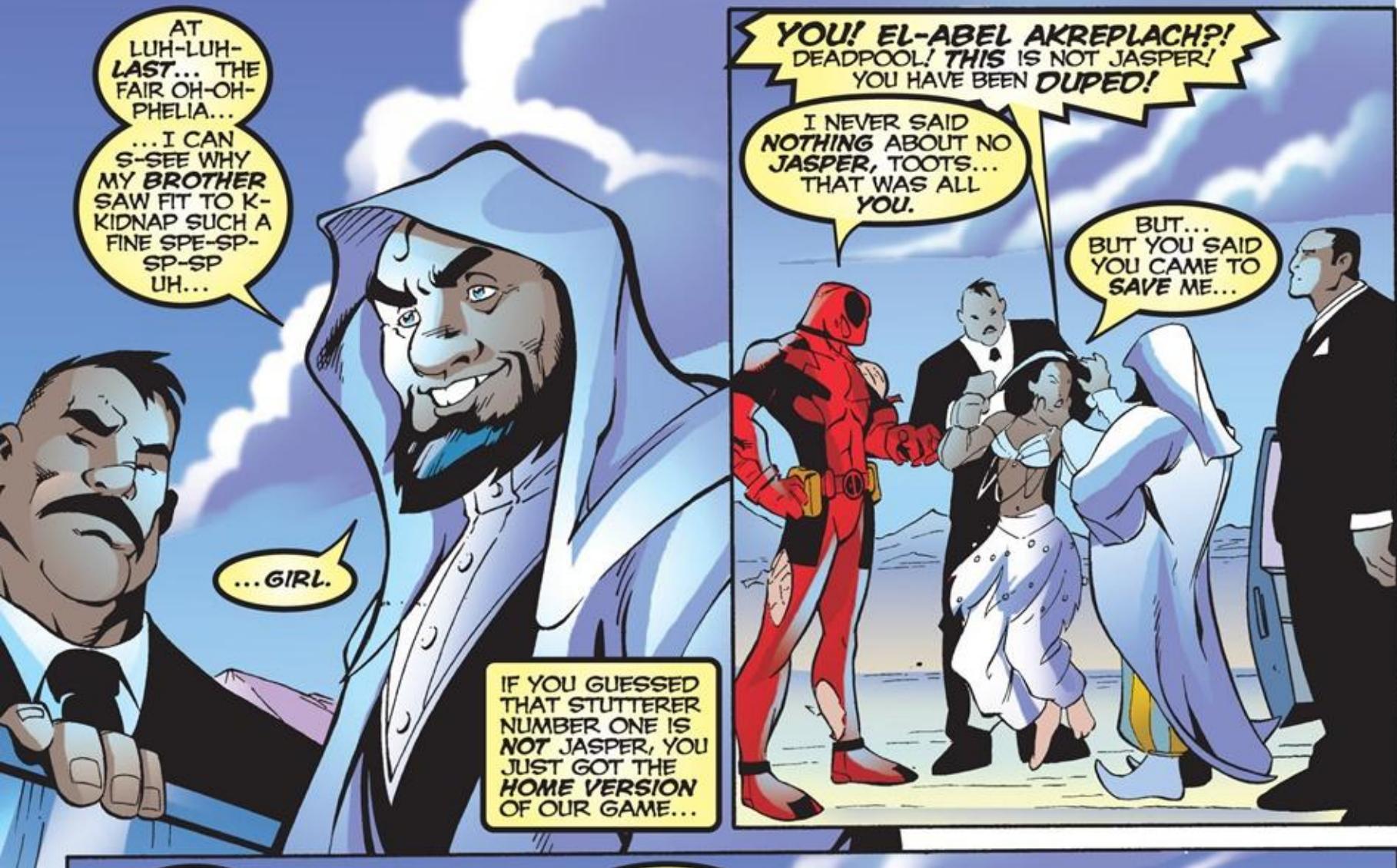


OH! THERE HE IS -- AND A LIMO! MY POOR JASPER SENT A LIMO FOR ME! HOW ROMANTIC!

YEAH... AIN'T LOVE GRAND?

COME, LET US--?

I... I DON'T LIKE THE PART WHEN THEY GET SILENT.



FAST FORWARD,  
MONDAY --

-- I HAVE  
NOTHING  
WISE TO  
SAY ABOUT  
MONDAY --

-- BACK AT THE NEW  
PLACE IN **BOLIVIA**...  
WORKING LIKE A THREE-  
DOLLAR-AN-HOUR SLOB...

... TO TRY AND TURN  
THE NEW **DEADHUT**  
INTO A **HOME**. USUALLY,  
I'D HAVE MY PAL, **AL**,  
FOR THAT, BUT...

-- AHEM -- NICE JOINT, OVERALL...  
USED TO BELONG TO A GENERALISSIMO  
IN THE BOLIVIAN ARMY WHO DECIDED  
TO PICK A FIGHT WITH ME DURING  
MY... "**DARKER PERIOD.**"

THERE'S A **STAIN** FROM HIM  
STILL UNDER THE **FRIDGE**...  
IT'S ALL THAT'S LEFT... LIKE  
I SAID... "**DARKER PERIOD.**"

I'M PUTTING MORE WORK  
INTO THIS CRIB THAN MY **LAST**.  
**STATISTICALLY SPEAKING**,  
I FIGURE IT'S A **SAFE BET**...

... HOW MANY TIMES CAN A  
GUY'S HOME GET **BLOWN UP**?  
I MEAN... ASSUMING HE'S NOT AN  
AVENGER OR AN X-MAN?

... LIKE I'M ON **TV**... OR  
IN A **COMIC BOOK**, AND  
I'M BEING **WATCHED** --

-- SO NATURALLY, THE  
**LIZARD** CHOOSES THAT  
MOMENT TO GET SKITTISH.

I'M GONNA SPARE YOU THE  
**GORY** DETAILS, BUT SUFFICE  
IT TO SAY, IT **WASN'T** ONE OF  
MY FINEST MOMENTS...

SO IN THE MIDDLE OF WELDING  
THE WHOOSIE WHATSIS TO THE  
THINGAMAJIG ON THE FLUX  
CAPACITOR... I GET THAT FEELING  
AGAIN... THAT **DISTRACTION**...

... MY HEAD  
STILL SMELLS  
LIKE KENTUCKY  
**FRIED IGUANA**  
WHEN I SHOWER.

OUTSIDE, GODZOOKIE DOES HIS BEST IMPRESSION OF ANNA NICOLE SMITH'S ACTING CAREER...

...WHEN ANOTHER PEST STARTS IN ON ME...

AH, TAKING A MORE GHOST RIDER-ESQUE APPROACH TO PAIN AND MISERY, ARE WE?

SMASHING... BUT WATCH OUT FOR TRADEMARK LAWS, FRIEND... I HEARD HIS LAWYER IS THE DEVIL'S ADVOCATE. HEH HEH...

MONTY. I FORGOT HE WAS OUT ON THE PORCH, OTHERWISE I'D NEVER HAVE GONE OUT THERE, 'SPECIALLY WITHOUT MY "FACE" ON...

...HE AIN'T BEEN MUCH FUN SINCE... THE INCIDENT. CAN'T BLAME HIM FOR THAT TWO-TON CHIP GROWING ON HIS SHOULDER, THOUGH...

WILSON... ARE YOU... ARE YOU GOING TO SPEAK TO ME? THE HISSING COCKROACHES ARE GETTING A TAD DROLL...



...COME ON... I JUST WANT... A LITTLE COMPANIONSHIP...

WE DON'T HAVE TO TALK ABOUT... THAT DAY.

YOU JUST DID.



GUY USED TO BE ABLE TO SEE INTO THE FUTURE WITH 20/20 VISION, NOW...

...HE COULDN'T GUESS THE ENDING OF A STEVE SEAGLE FLICK.

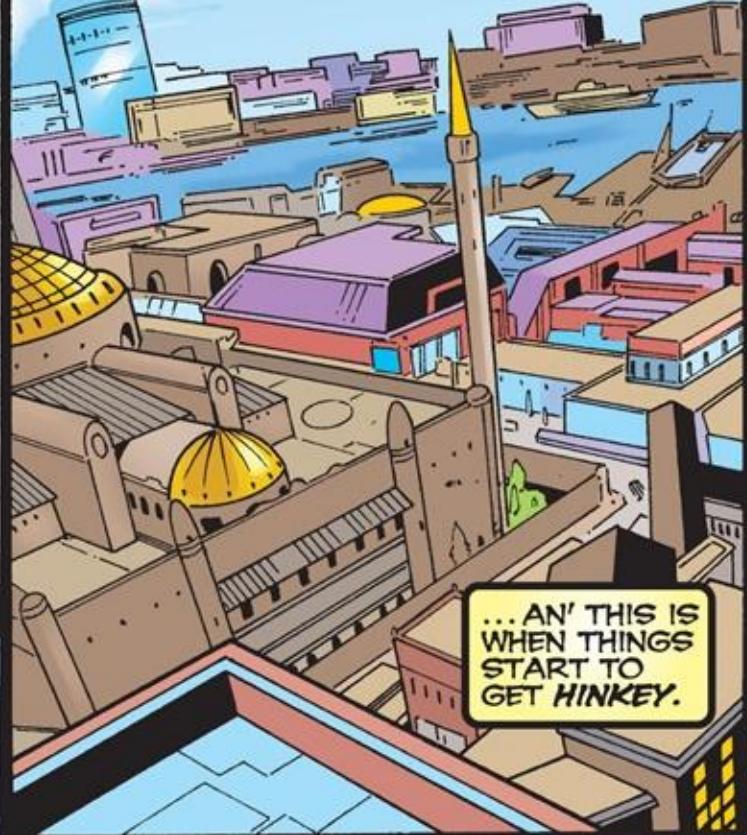
YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO FACE UP TO IT SOMETIME, WADE...

...THE PAST DOES NOT DIE QUIETLY.

YEAH, HE'S A REGULAR DEAR FREAKIN' ABBY, THAT ONE IS...



SO, ONE HIJACKED LEAR JET LATER, I'M IN ISTANBUL FOR A MEET AN' GREET WITH AN OLD COLLEAGUE OF MINE...



...AN' THIS IS WHEN THINGS START TO GET HINKEY.

ALESTAIRE FINCHLEY... BROKER OF ILLEGAL ACTIVITIES... ANIMAL LOVER.



...SUFFICE IT TO SAY, ALESTAIRE'S ON THE ASPCA'S TOP TEN MOST WANTED LIST...



...NOT TO MENTION THAT OF A FEW OTHER CHOICE ORGANIZATIONS.

YAP YAP! YOU DID SOMETHING BAD TO US PEOPLE MAKE FREDDY GOOMBAB GO DIE DIE!

WEAK EXCUSE, WASN'T ME, YADDA YADDA.

YOU OWE US MONEY, WOMEN, RIGHTS TO BEATLES SONGS!

CLEVER JOHN LENNON JOKE. REALLY, WE CAN WORK THIS OUT WITHOUT VIOLENCE...

SORRY, IT'S ALWAYS THE SAME WITH ALESTAIRE. HE STICKS HIS NOSE SMACK IN THE GUILLOTINE AND EXPECTS TO TALK THE BLADE OFF ITS TRACK...

...I'VE HEARD IT A MILLION TIMES... HIS TAG LINE --

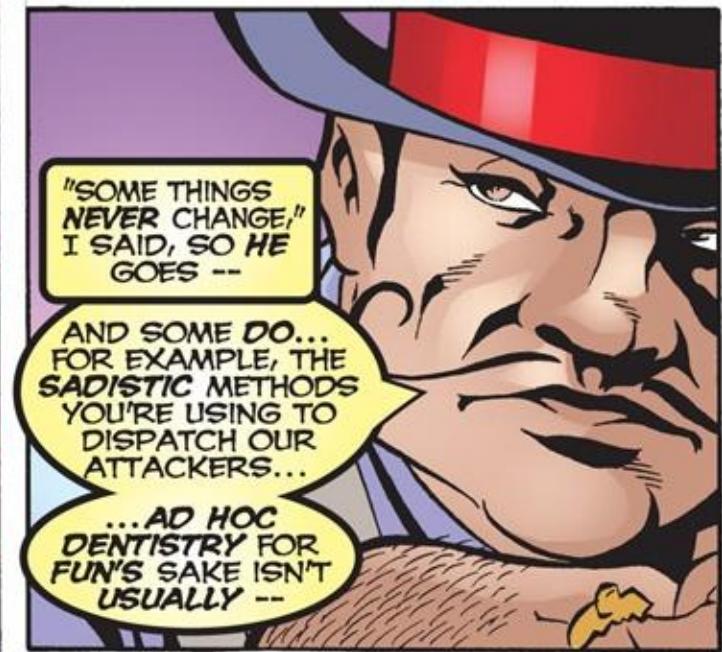
LADS, CLEARLY, I HAVE DONE SOMETHING TO OFFEND YOU... IF YOU'LL ALLOW, I BELIEVE THAT I CAN MAKE US WHOLE AGAIN...

...I JUST NEED MY BAG.

HIS BAG... HERE'S A CRIMEBUSTER TIP FOR YOU... ALESTAIRE EVER ASKS FOR HIS BAG AND YOU'RE IN THE ROOM --

-- KILL YOURSELF WITH THE NEAREST SPOON. IT'LL BE LESS PAINFUL, AND THE END RESULTS WILL BE THE SAME. UNFORTUNATELY, THE NINJAS ALREADY KNEW THAT.







A MURDER.



I HAVEN'T SIGNED UP TO DO A 187 IN A DOG'S AGE... A REAL OLD DOG... LIKE EARTHA KITT OLD.

REGARDLESS OF WHAT THEY SAY IN THE MOVIES, KILLING DOES NOT GET EASIER THE MORE YOU DO IT...

... THAT'S SOME SCREENWRITER WHO'D PASS OUT IF HE GOT A PAPER CUT TRYING TO IMPRESS HIS GIRLFRIEND.

BISMALLAH WANTS SOME MORE EGYPTIAN CANDY. WHERE'S ALL THE CANDY YOU HAD BEFORE, PAPP?

KILLING SOMEONE, 'SPECIALLY WHEN YOU HAVE ENOUGH TIME TO PLAN IT, ORDER DOMINO'S AND DO SOME BATHROOM READING BEFORE THE TRIGGER PULL --

-- IT'S A LOT LIKE HAVING YOUR TONSILS OUT... WITH NO ANESTHETIC... USING A RUSTY FISH HOOK.

MANY HANDSOME MEN COME FOR BISMALLAH.

BUT ONLY ONE MAN HAS THE CANDY I WANT... WHERE IS THE CANDY?

SO WHY DO IT, RIGHT? WHY EVEN TAKE THE STUPID JOB...? WHY PUT MYSELF THROUGH IT AGAIN...?

ARE YOU POUTING? YOU DON'T WANT TO SHARE YOUR CANDY?

POOR BABY.

BISMALLAH KNOWS HOW TO TAKE CARE OF BABIES.

MAKE ALL YOUR PAIN GO AWAY... MAKE EVERYTHING... NICE.

LAST TIME I HEARD THAT, LADY...  
THERE WAS NOTHING NICE ABOUT IT...

...THE  
INCIDENT.

ULTIMATE PEACE AND JOY  
IN MY HANDS... AND I  
PLUNGED THE WORLD BACK  
DOWN INTO ITS OWN WASTE...  
BY WHACKING ITS MESSIAH.

BUT HEY... AT LEAST WE GOT  
FREE WILL OUT OF IT, RIGHT? ☺

☺ A SOMEWHAT CONDENSED RETELLING OF ISSUES 23-25,  
TO BE TRADE PAPERBACKED IN TEN YEARS -- Marketing Matt.

WHOPIE... I CAN  
CHOOSE BETWEEN  
"MONDAY NIGHT  
NITRO" AND "DR.  
QUINN" RERUNS  
WITH A CLEAR  
CONSCIENCE.

I TELL THE GIRL  
THAT I'M NOT  
LOOKING FOR  
COMPANY...

ARE YOU  
READY TO  
DIE TONIGHT?!  
HUH?!  
ARE YOU?!

DON'T WORRY ABOUT HER  
FEELINGS... SHE'LL BE FINE.

SHE'S USED TO THIS  
SORT OF THING...  
OCCUPATIONAL HAZARD.

WHY WOULD  
ANYONE WANT  
TO TAKE A  
MURDER GIG,  
YOU ASK?

BECAUSE ONCE  
THOSE TONSILS  
COME OUT...  
ONCE YOU PULL  
THE TRIGGER  
AND DO IT,  
DO THE MARK,  
DO THE DEED --

-- EVERYTHING  
ELSE FALLS  
AWAY FOR A  
WHILE.

EVERYTHING GETS  
QUIET... BECAUSE  
THE WORLD IS  
AFRAID OF YOU.

I NEED A  
LITTLE QUIET.

IT'S QUIET WHERE I LANEY LIVES... THE EDGE OF THE BLACK FOREST IN GERMANY.

EX-GERMAN ARMY PILOT, SHE HANGS OUT THERE WITH HER PLANES AND PLANE PARTS --

-- TAKING IN STRAYS AND OUTCASTS FROM THE ANIMAL WORLD AND NURSING THEM BACK TO HEALTH.

HER HALO'S ON BACK ORDER, THOUGH...

... THINGS GOT SLOWED UP WHEN SHE TRIED TO PARK A POND-JUMPER IN THE SWISS ALPS WITHOUT USING LANDING GEAR OR A TARMAC, IF YOU GET MY DRIFT.

SOMETHING LIKE TWENTY PEOPLE DIED... YOUR FIRST TIME, YOU KEEP COUNT.

WE MET WHEN I BURIED HER HOUSE IN AN AVALANCHE A FEW MONTHS BACK...

NOW, WE HAVE A BUSINESS RELATIONSHIP-THING GOING. I GET HER OUT OF THE HOUSE TO SEE THE WORLD --

... BEST THING I COULD HAVE DONE, REALLY... SHE'S MUCH HAPPIER NOW. NEAR-DEATH EXPERIENCES ARE OFTEN LIBERATING.

OKAY, MAYBE NOT... BUT IT MAKES ME FEEL BETTER WHEN I REALIZE I WRECKED HER QUIET LITTLE LIFE.

-- SHE CARTS ME AROUND WHEN I NEED TRANSPORT AND A GETAWAY CAR, PLANE OR HELICOPTER.

EVEN THOUGH SHE DOESN'T LIKE TO ADMIT IT... I KNOW SHE'S INTO THE DANGER. BUT I KEEP HER AWAY FROM THE ROUGH STUFF...

... I... DON'T WANT HER TO GET DIRTY --

HEY! WHY ARE YOU LOOKING AT ME LIKE THAT?

I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING... HONEST.

BACK HOME... THE NIGHT BEFORE THE GIG, AND I'M THINKING AGAIN...

I HATE WHEN THAT HAPPENS.

I...  
I CAN'T  
HELP YOU  
THIS TIME,  
WADE...

... I  
NEED... I  
NEED TO DO  
THIS... BEFORE  
I LOSE MY  
NERVE...  
GOODBYE.

IT'S MY OWN FAULT...

...MATLOCK'S ON... I SHOULD HAVE CHECKED THE LISTINGS... SHOULD HAVE TURNED IT OFF --

WHATEVER YOU'RE THINKING... AL WOULDN'T LIKE IT.

MONTY INTERRUPTS MY NOSTALGIC INTERLUDE, WHICH IS FINE, 'CAUSE I DON'T WANT TO TALK ABOUT AL --

-- BUT I FIND IT AMAZING THAT A GUY WHO CAN'T EVEN CLEAN HIMSELF WITHOUT DISLOCATING HIS WRIST IS SO SKILLED AT PRESSING MY BUTTONS...

...I CONSIDER PUSHING THE BACK OF HIS SKULL OUT THROUGH HIS FACE FOR A SECOND...

...BUT I JUST HAD THE STONE FLOORS BLEACHED.

I LIKE YOU, MONTY... KEEP YOUR GAPPING NASAL CAVITY OUT OF MY BUSINESS SO WE CAN STAY FRIENDS.

WILSON... I DIDN'T ASK TO BE DRAGGED FROM MY CLIMATE-CONTROLLED CORNER OF THE WORLD.

YOU BROUGHT ME HERE, ASSUMABLY FOR SOME PURPOSE --

-- BUT IF YOU DON'T WANT MY COUNSEL, AND YOU DON'T WANT MY ADVICE -- WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM ME?!

DON'T WORRY, IT'S LOADED. ALL YOU DO IS TWITCH AND IT GOES OFF -- POOM! CAN YOU HANDLE THAT, STUD?

YOU WANT ME TO... TO KILL MYSELF?

NO, SILLY... I WANT YOU TO GUARD MY DOLLIES... GUARD THEM WITH YOUR LIFE.

YOUR "DOLLIES?"

NOT THE WHOLE DOLLY... JUST THE HEADS... THREE HUNDRED OF THEM -- HEY, I THOUGHT THIS WAS "NON-JUDGMENTAL" TIME. IT'S A FREAKIN' HOBBY, OKAY?

THE DAY OF THE GIG. WE START OFF ON A BAD FOOT.

BEING THE EAGER BEAVER SHE IS, ILANEY WANTS TO KNOW --

<WHAT IS IT? BOMBING RUN?>

<NO.>

<A RESCUE MISSION?>

<NO. FLY THE CHOPPER. >

<DEADPOOL, I REALIZE THAT MY JOB IS CHAUFFEUR, BUT I THINK I HAVE A RIGHT TO KNOW -->

<AND I THINK YOU HAVE A RIGHT TO SIT ON THAT FIFTY POUND BAG OF POTATOES YOU CALL YOUR BACKSIDE AND PAY ATTENTION TO YOUR JOB -->

<-- BEFORE YOU CRASH THIS AIRCRAFT AND KILL A FEW MORE PEOPLE. >

LOW BLOW. THE LOWEST. I WANT TO SAY I'M SORRY. I WANT TO TELL HER I DIDN'T MEAN IT...

...THAT I'M NOT MAD AT HER... THAT I'M MESSED UP AT THE MOMENT... REVIEWING THE DOSSIER IN MY HEAD... RUNNING THROUGH INSERTION SCENARIOS... VISUALIZING THE KILL...

...AND MY WRECK OF A LIFE... AND AL... AND THE MESSIAH... MONTY... THE IRON I LEFT ON... MY HEADACHE... MY STOMACH ACHES... MY --

-- WHEN SUDDENLY, THE BUZZING STARTS AGAIN. LOUD, LIKE A MOSQUITO OR A JACKHAMMER IN YOUR EAR...

...AND SOMETHING GOES BLOOEY IN MY BRAIN.

INTERESTING...

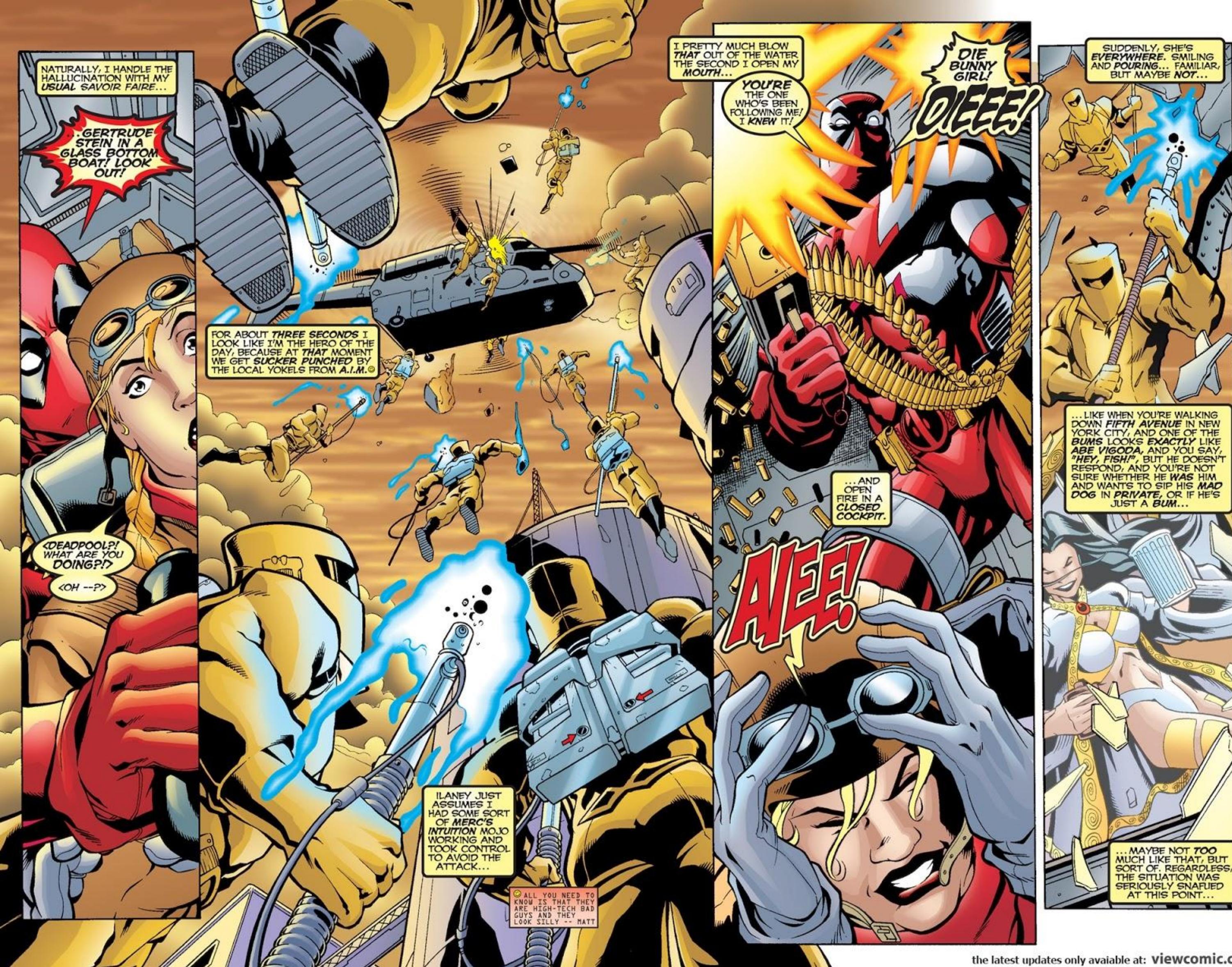


INTERESTING?! A LADY ON A GIANT SABER-TOOTHED RABBIT POURING BOURBON INTO A PITCHER OF MILK WHILE PATSY KLINE'S "CRAZY" PLAYS SOFTLY IN THE BACKGROUND...

...AND "INTERESTING" IS ALL YOU HAVE TO SAY?

I'M SORRY... I HAVEN'T HAD COFFEE YET THIS MORNING... UM... VERY INTERESTING?

THAT'S BETTER.



I HAD COMPLETELY BLOWN THE JOB, NOT TO MENTION THE FACT THAT THE INNARDS OF OUR RIDE WERE RAINING DOWN LIKE PANTIES AT A ROBERT GOULET CONCERT...

... THOSE A.I.M. BOYS REALLY EARNED THEIR MONEY THAT DAY... I BET THEY ALL RAN INSIDE AND HUGGED...

WORSE... I WASN'T QUITE "WITH IT" YET.

I DON'T KNOW! YOU -->

LEAVE ME ALONE, BUNNY WOMAN! YOU HEAR ME?!

<DEADPOOL! WE HAVE TO EJECT! COME ON, SNAP OUT OF IT AND -->

ILANEY... I... WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME...?

<WHY ARE YOU LOOKING AT ME LIKE THAT?>

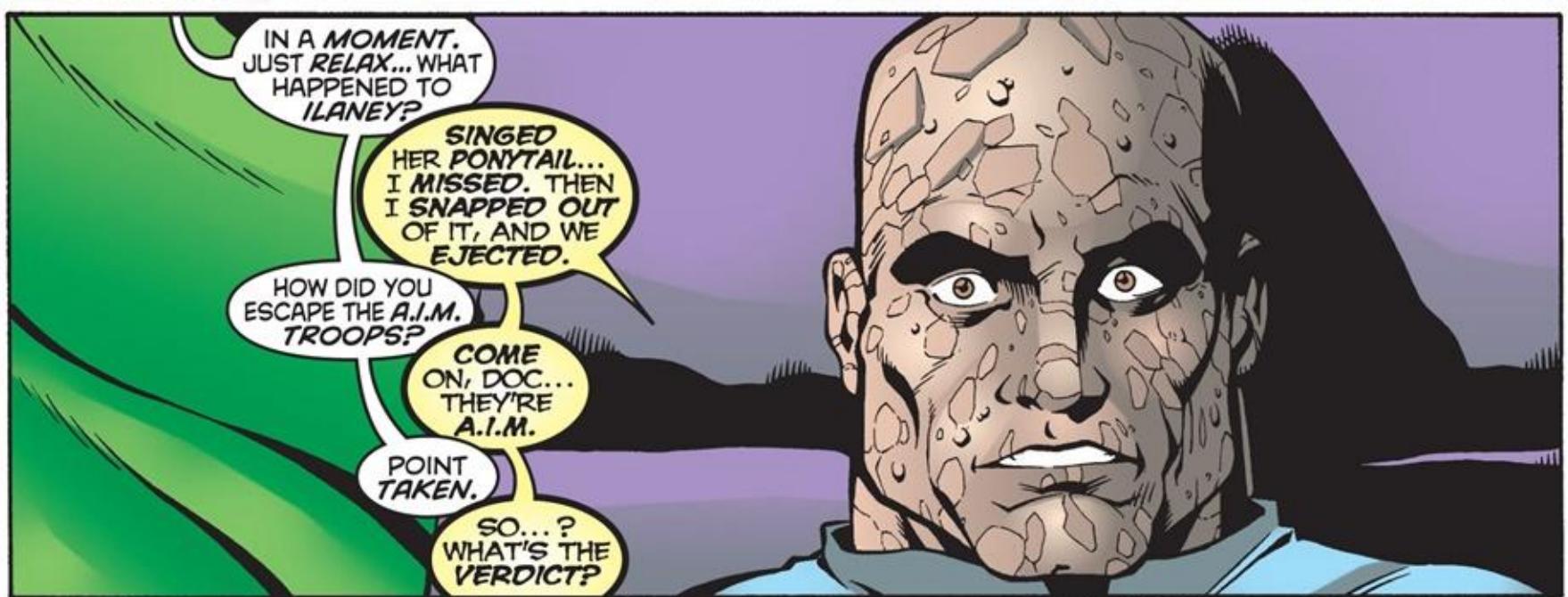
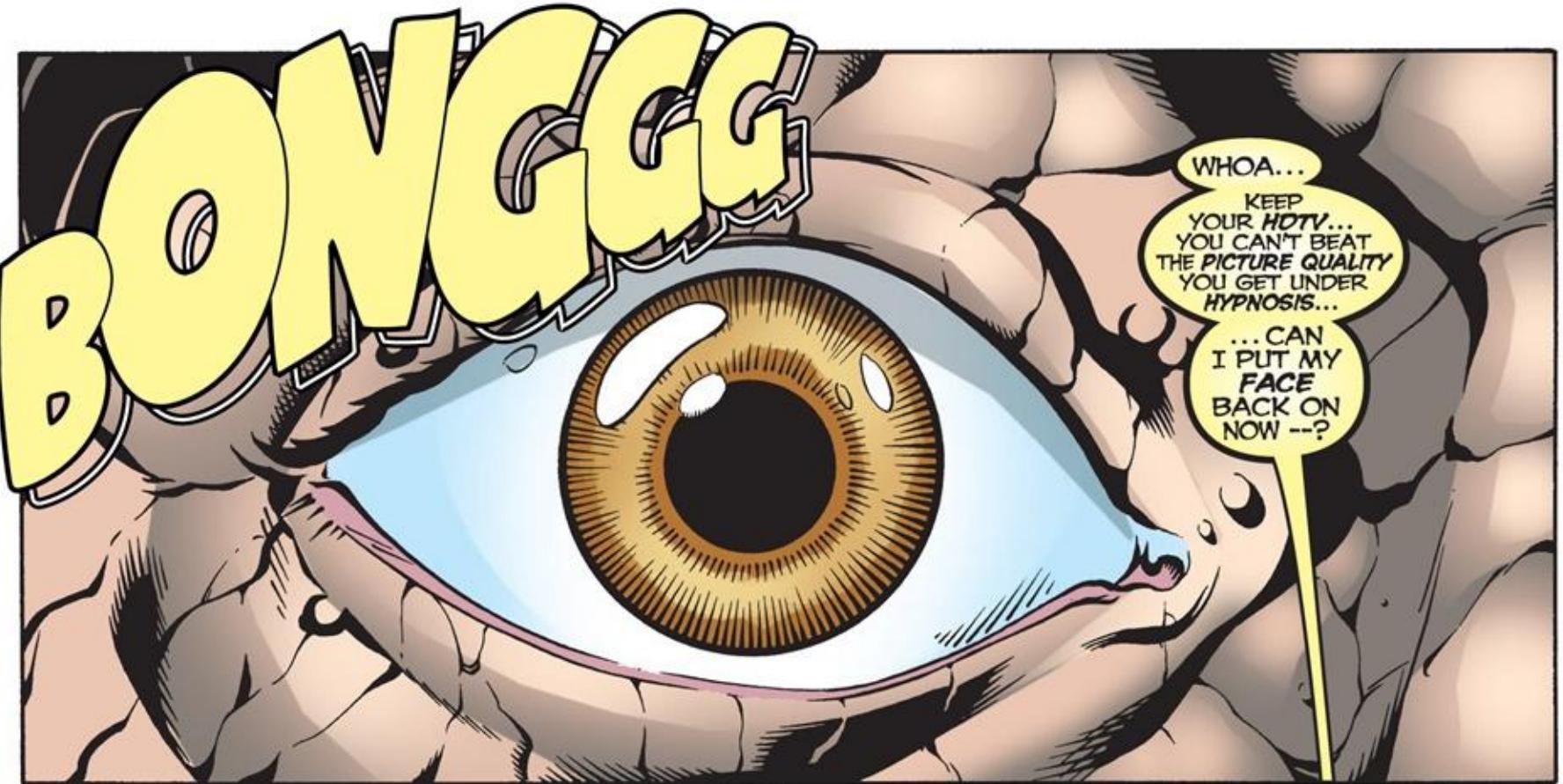
<OH MY GOD... NO...>

# KABLAMM

WOOOOO!

OKAY... OKAY, THAT'S ENOUGH, DEADPOOL... I'M GOING TO PULL YOU OUT OF IT NOW...

... THREE... TWO...



N E X T I S S U E :

**DEADPOOL** CHASES AFTER HIS SANITY! **PAINFUL MEDICINE!** DR. BONG PRESCRIBES THREE-CLAWED, CIGAR SMOKING, SOME "BUB" SAYING MUTANT MAKES A SHAMELESS GUEST APPEARANCE TO BOOST SALES!

