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BARBERI
WONG
DANIEL

DEADPOOL®

WHY,
SHE IS
THE CRAZY
ONE?



JOHNSON

PARENTAL ADVISORY

\$2.99 US

DIRECT EDITION

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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 in jolly old England! After breaking out of the psychiatric ward of the Crossmore Maximum Security Prison, Deadpool is running the streets of London like he's some sort of "chap" or "bloke." Why did they lock him up across the pond, rather than in the U.S. of A.? Because of Doctor Ella Whitby, Crossmore's resident therapist, who just happens to be psychotically obsessed with 'Pool. She helped break him out of the clink, then told him she was a killer, just like him. Wade ditched her and was going to head home for hot dogs and apple pie, but a talk with the Queen of England (not kidding) convinced him that Whitby was his responsibility.

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HERE WE GO.

DR. Ella Whitby
la la la la la
nu nu nu nu nu

NO LIGHTS ON...
CAN'T TELL IF SHE'S--

LOOKS LIKE
SHE'S DRESSED
FOR WORK.

Work? No way--it's,
like, nine something
at night!

SO? IT'S NOT LIKE
PRISONS ARE ONLY
OPEN NINE TO FIVE...

OKAY...
TIME TO BE
A DICK.

"DICK" IS A SLANG
TERM FOR DETECTIVE,
RIGHT?

Nicely done.

OH,
SH--

WHATEVER.
SHE'S
GONE.

WOAH! THIS
PLACE FREAKIN'
STINKS!

Cats, probably.
Lots of 'em.

SHE IS CREEPY
LIKE THAT...

AN' ALSO
A TOTAL
SLOB.

PROBABLY
JUST DOIN' IT
TO COPY ME.

She's even worse
at housekeeping
than we are!

NO
CATS.

Probably killed
'em all. For
practice.

DON'T LOTSA
PSYCHOS DO
THAT?

FOCUS!

I'M TRYIN' TO
FIND SOME KINDA
EVIDENCE THAT SHOWS
WHITBY'S A TOTAL MANIAC
PSYCHO KILLER--SOMETHIN'
THAT'LL PUT HER ON THE
OTHER SIDE OF THOSE
PRISON BARS WHERE
SHE BELONGS!

LIKE
A MURDER
WEAPON?

WHY'S SHE GOTTA
BITE OUR DIRTY
STYLE LIKE THAT?

Uh, we killed
Donnie Grazer's cat
in fifth grade...

BECAUSE DONNIE
GRAZER'S DAD PAID
US TO KILL IT.

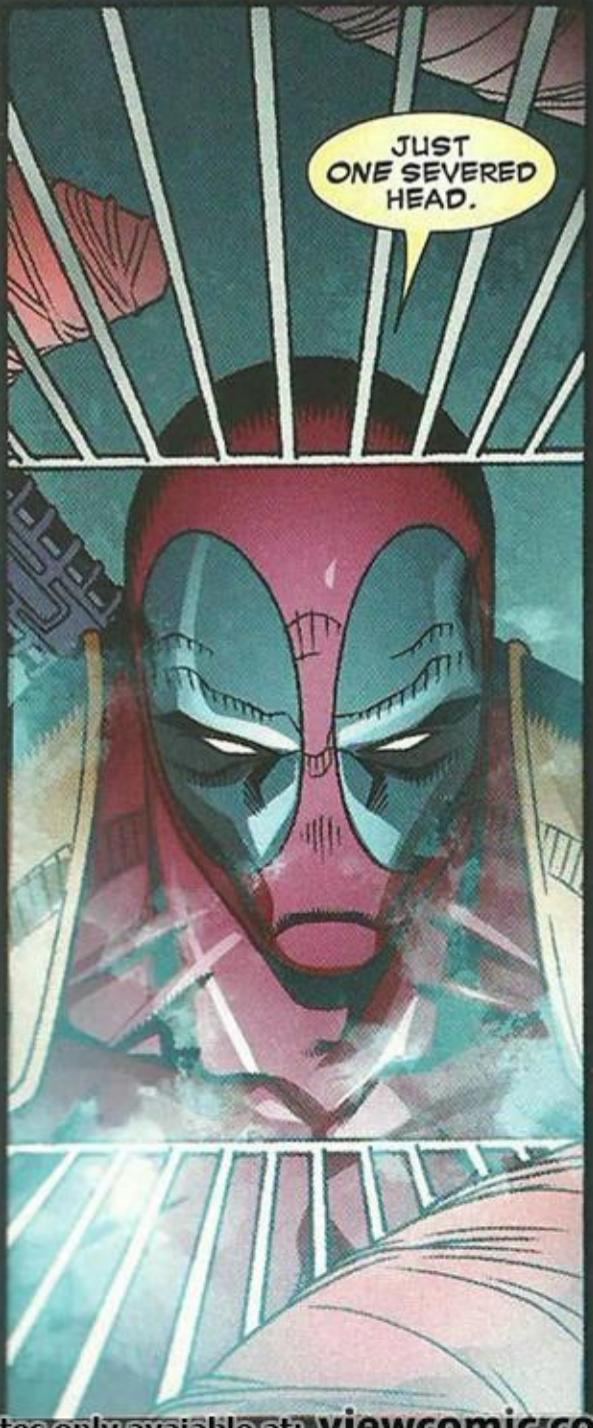
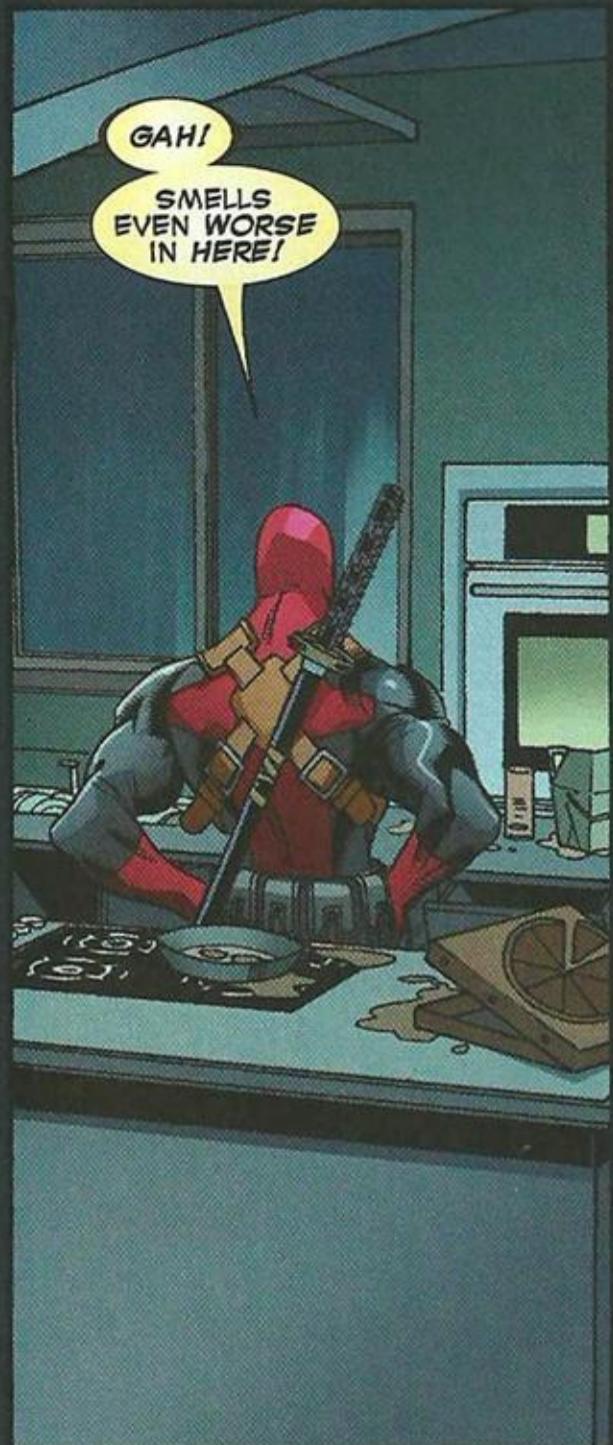
Oh, yeah! Twenty
bucks, right?

FORTY. TWENTY FOR
THE JOB, TWENTY TO
NEVER TELL DONNIE.

She did say
she'd used
a knife...



LET'S FIND
THAT!

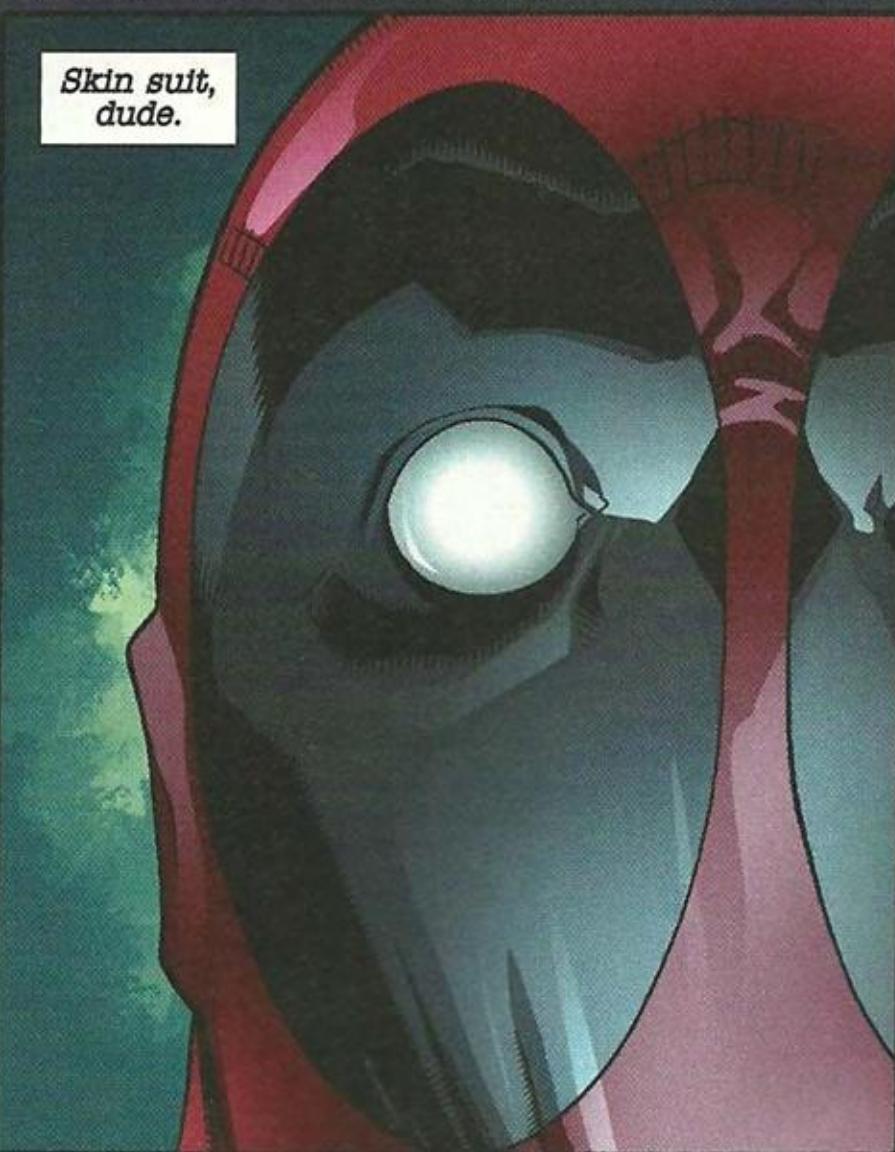
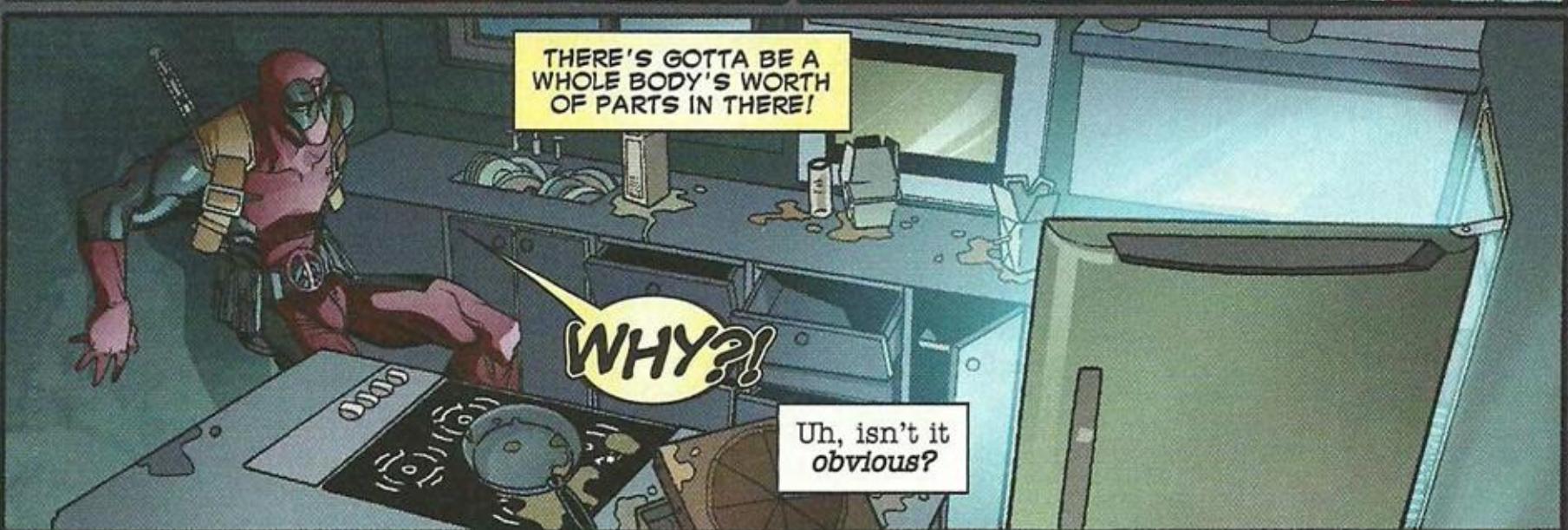


A comic book panel featuring Deadpool standing in a store aisle. He is wearing his signature red and black suit with a gold belt and matching gauntlets. He is leaning against a blue shelving unit, looking down at it with a thoughtful expression. A speech bubble above him contains the word "MINE.". The shelves are filled with various items, including boxes labeled "PARTS", "EYES", "FINGER", "BLOOD", and "EXTRA".

MINE.

YOU COMPLETE
ME

CONCLUSION



UKH--!

Gross!

UN-COOL,
MAN!

THAT'S NOT
GONNA HELP--!

SHUT
UP!

WARDEN
AIMES...?

- Divorced
- No Children
- Sole occupant
- 10PM every night

PERFECT-

HOLY
#%\$*...

Whitby's not going
to work-she's
going to "work"!

0:20
1:20

SHE'S
GONNA KILL THE
WARDEN.

HMM...BUT IS THAT REALLY SO BAD...?

YEAH, IT'S BAD!

IT'S REALLY, REALLY BAD!

BUT THAT'S NOT WHY SHE'S DOIN' THIS! SHE'S DOIN' IT 'CAUSE SHE HATES THAT GUY! AN' SHE'S...SHE'S DOIN' IT AS ME!

LIKE I'M DEFENDING HER OR SOMETHIN'!

But...we wouldn't do that!

HELL, NO! WE HATE HER MORE THAN WE HATE THAT GOOFY-ASS WARDEN!

Waitaminute... are we gonna kill Whitby?

C'mon...the guy did all he could to keep us locked up for the rest of our life.

DUNNO.

MAYBE...?

Uhh...

THIS THING STILL SMELLS LIKE PUKE.

EH.

PROBABLY.

IT DOES STILL SMELL LIKE PUKE.

#\$@%

IF IT'S NOT
WITHIN RUNNING
DISTANCE, THAT
GUY'S DEAD
MEAT...

Has to be-if she had
to take a *train*
there, she'd have
gone the other way.

WHAT'D THE NOTE SAY?
"CLIFTON ROAD"?

Twenty-eight eighteen
Coughlin Road.

TURN LEFT
HERE.

That's it. End
of the street
on the right.

CAR'S NOT THERE--
HE'S NOT HOME YET.

OKAY--OKAY--
OKAY...

SHE'S GONNA
BE COPYING ME,
SO...HOW WOULD
I DO THIS?

NOPE!

THAT'S
GOOD, BUT...

DONE THAT
TOO MANY TIMES,
ALREADY.

...NAH.

AH-HA!
I'D TEABAG
HIM.

DOO-
DEE-DOO-DEE-
DOO...

AHH...NOTHING QUITE LIKE A
CRACKING GOOD SPOT OF TEA
AFTER A LONG DAY OF KEEPING
DOWN THE UNFORTUNATE,
WOT-WOT?

CRICKY!

IF I DIDN'T
KNOW BETTER,
I'D SAY THIS
TEABAG SMELLS OF
AMMONIUM
NITRATE! BUT THAT,
OF COURSE, IS
RIDICULOUS!



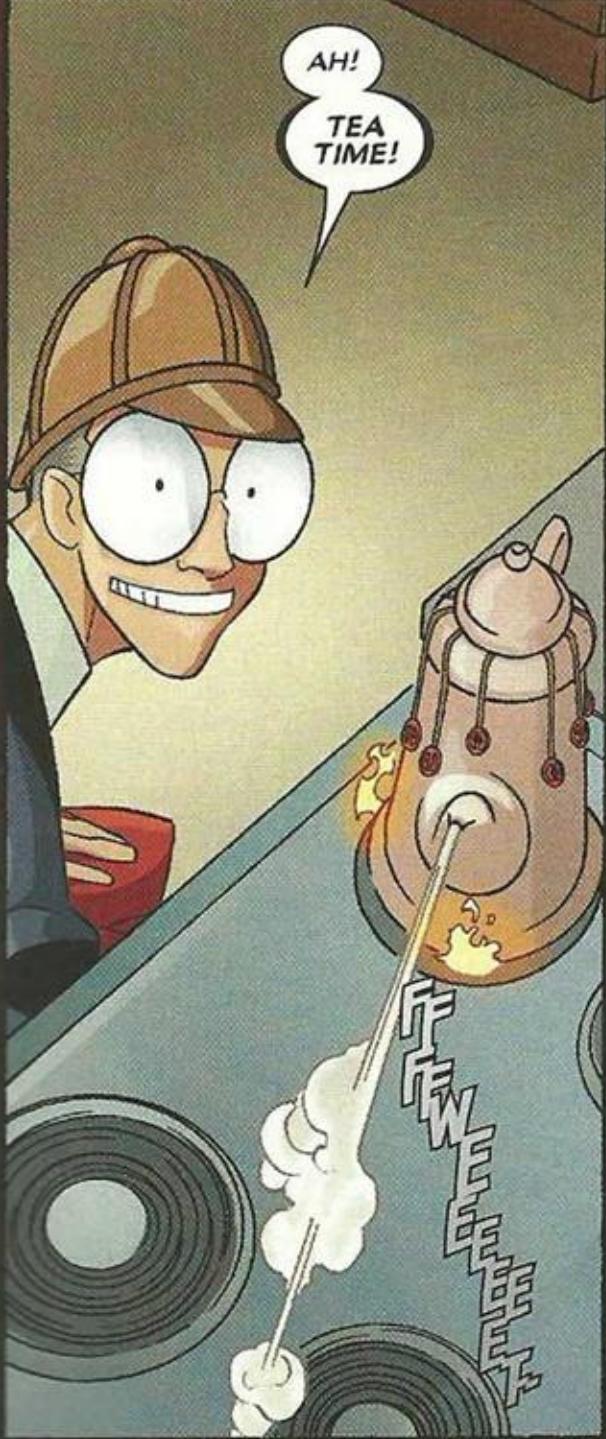
NOW I'LL JUST PUT
THE KETTLE ON TO
BOIL--HOLD ON,
WHAT'S THIS?

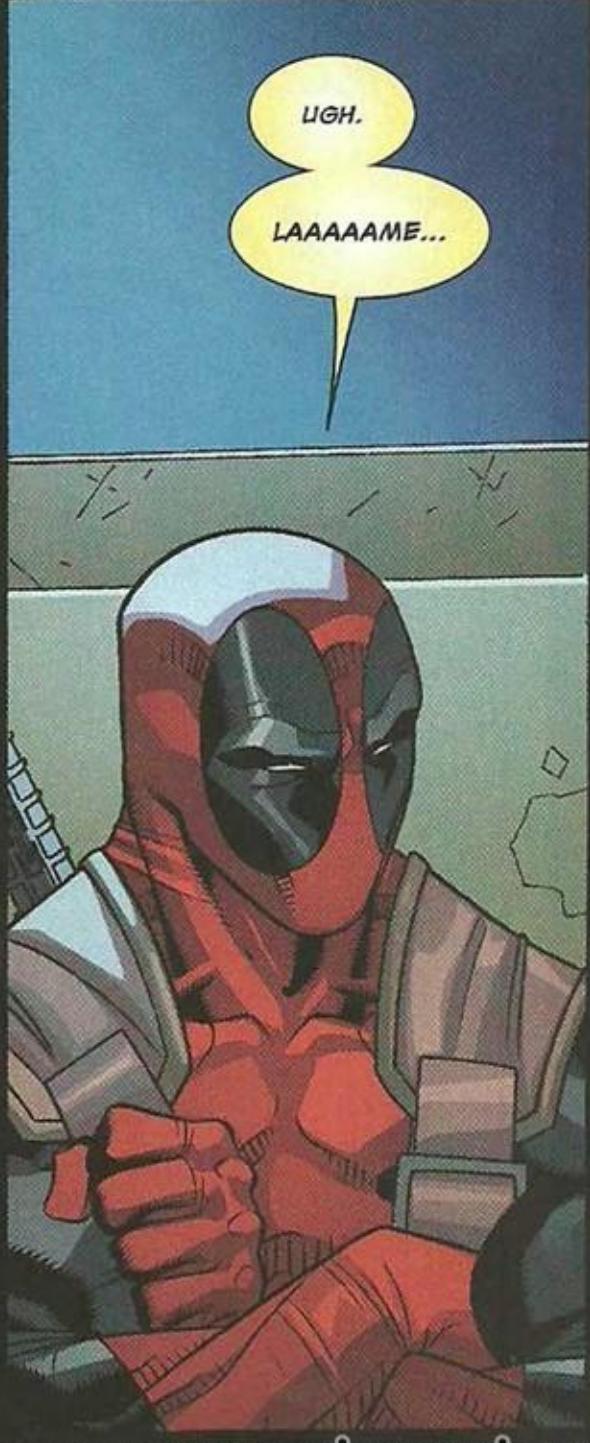
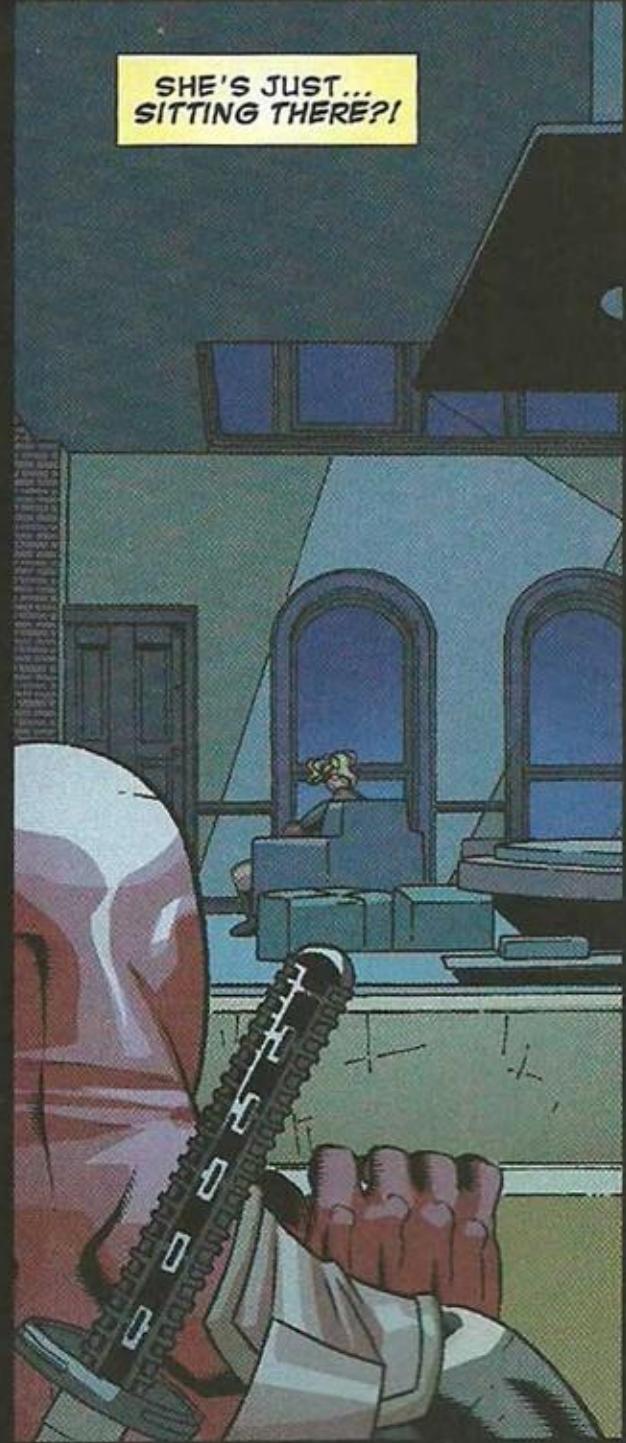
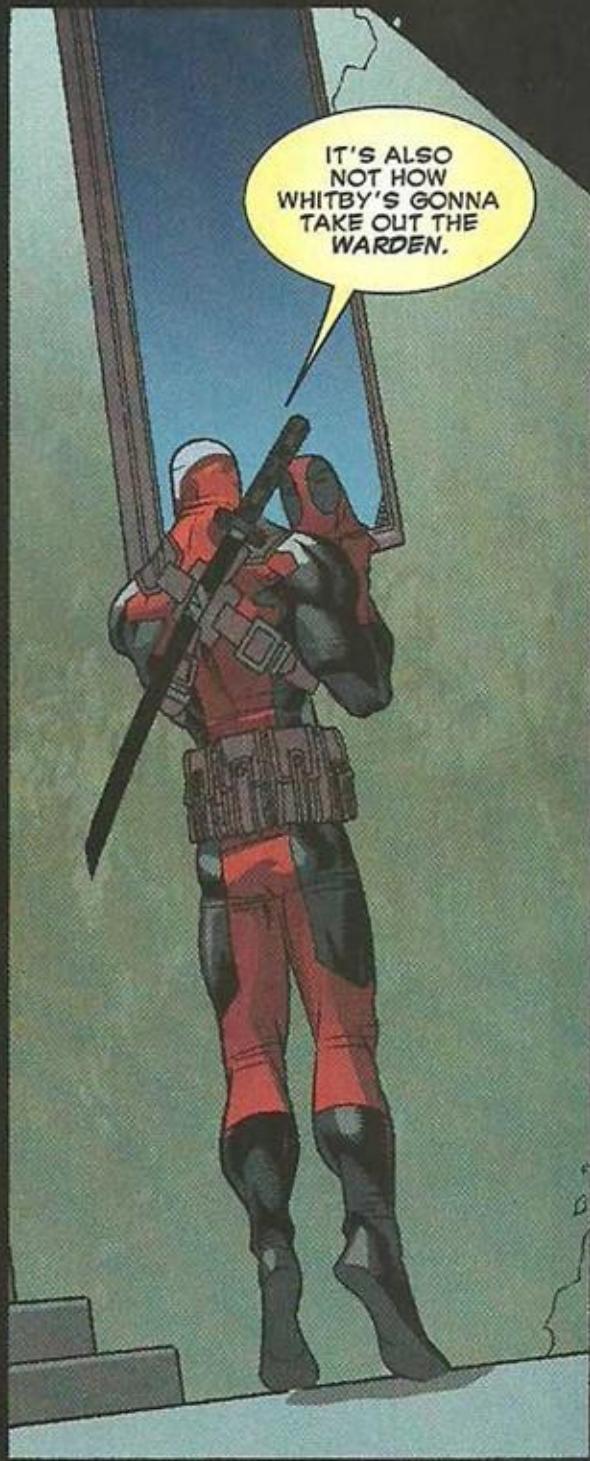
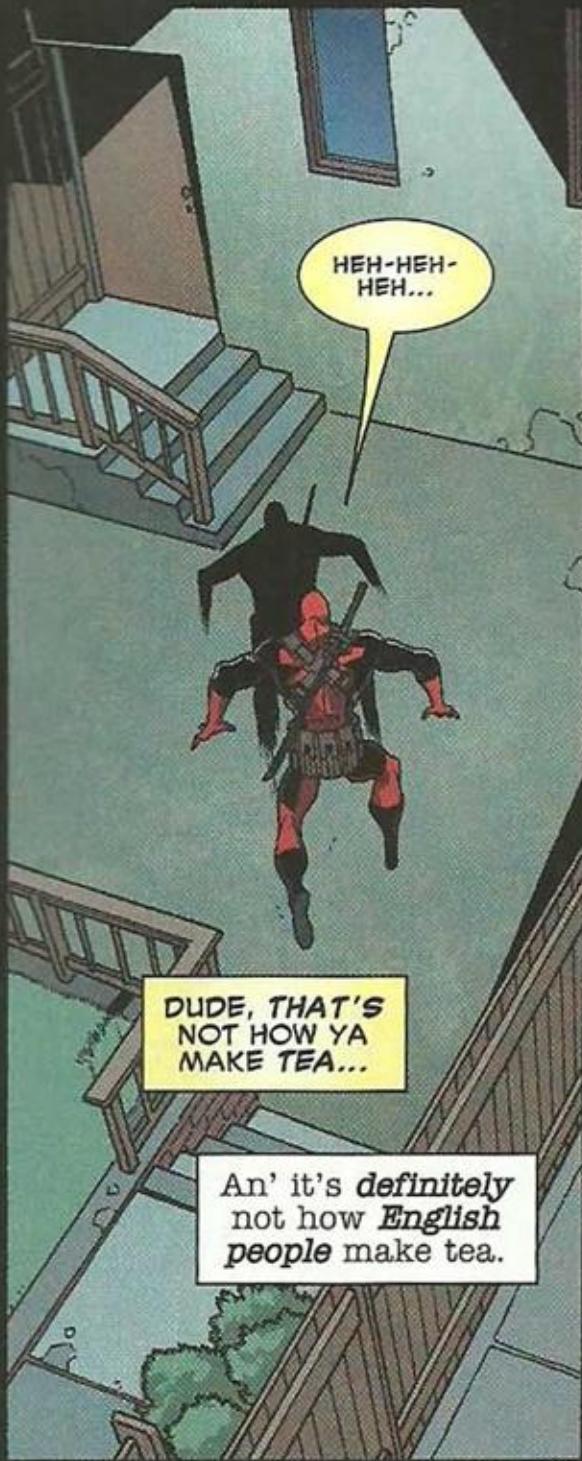
WHY, THERE
APPEARS TO BE
A PLASTIC TRASH
BAG INSIDE OF MY
OVEN, INFLATED WITH
WHAT COULD ONLY
BE NATURAL
GAS!

HMM...

CURIOUS THAT
IT SHOULD ONLY
OCURRED TO ME NOW
WHAT A COMPLETE
AND UTTER
TOOL I AM...

AH!
TEA
TIME!





What was
that--?

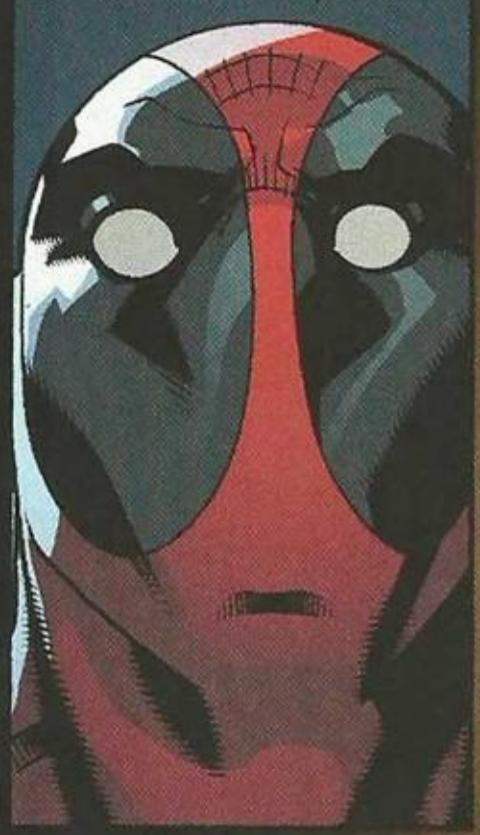
HE'S
HERE!

UH-OH...

"...THE WARDEN'S
HOME!"

CREEK!!

WHY,
HELLO.



YOU'RE
RIGHT. I HAVE
NO IDEA.

AND I
DON'T GIVE
A %*\$.#.



AND
YET, YOU'RE
HERE...

I'M HERE
BECAUSE I CAN'T
STOMACH THE IDEA
OF YOU KILLING IN
MY NAME. THIS
ISN'T WHAT
I DO.

BUT WHEN
I DO DO IT? I
DO IT WITH A HELL
OF A LOT MORE
STYLE THAN--

WHAT'S SO
FUNNY?
YOU SAID
"DOO-DOO".
I--?

OH, YEAH!
I DID!

I'M SO GLAD YOU'RE
HERE, WADE--I WAS
HOPING WE'D
BE TOGETHER
FOR THIS.

WHAT, KILLIN'
THE WARDEN?
HATE TO BREAK
IT TO YOU, DOC,
BUT HE AIN'T
COMIN'.

"I WARNED
HIM OFF."

THAT'S FOR
PUTTIN' ME IN
SOLITARY!

KRAK

OF COURSE
YOU DID, MY
LOVE...

...BUT THAT'S
NOT WHAT I'M
TALKING
ABOUT.





WOW. THAT WAS...
OKAY, THAT WAS
PRETTY IMPRESSIVE.

That was something we
would've actually done!



I WOULDN'T HAVE DIED.

Oh.

Yeah.



UHH...WHY ARE WE BACK HERE...?

THAT.

WHITBY'S... SHRINE, OR WHATEVER. I CAN'T DEAL WITH IT.

IT'S GOTTA GO.

MAN, THIS IS FREAKIN' MY #8\$% OUT...

What, touchin' 'em? We touch ourself all the time!

I KNOW, BUT...I DUNNO. I JUST HATE IT.

WELL, THAT MAKES SENSE...

IT DOES?

OH, YEAH, MAKES PERFECT SENSE, ACTUALLY.

WHY?

Because we hate ourself.

YEAH, I GUESS THAT DOES MAKE SENSE.

THAT'S
PROBABLY WHY
I HATED WHITBY
SO MUCH:

SHE
WAS TRYIN'
TO BE JUST
LIKE ME!









"HELL YEAH."

OI!
'OLD ON, MATE!'

'ERE,
'AVE A LOOKIT THIS?

WHA?

IZZAT
A...?

BLIMEY.

IT...IT
MOVED...

THAT
BLOODY THING'S
ALIVE!

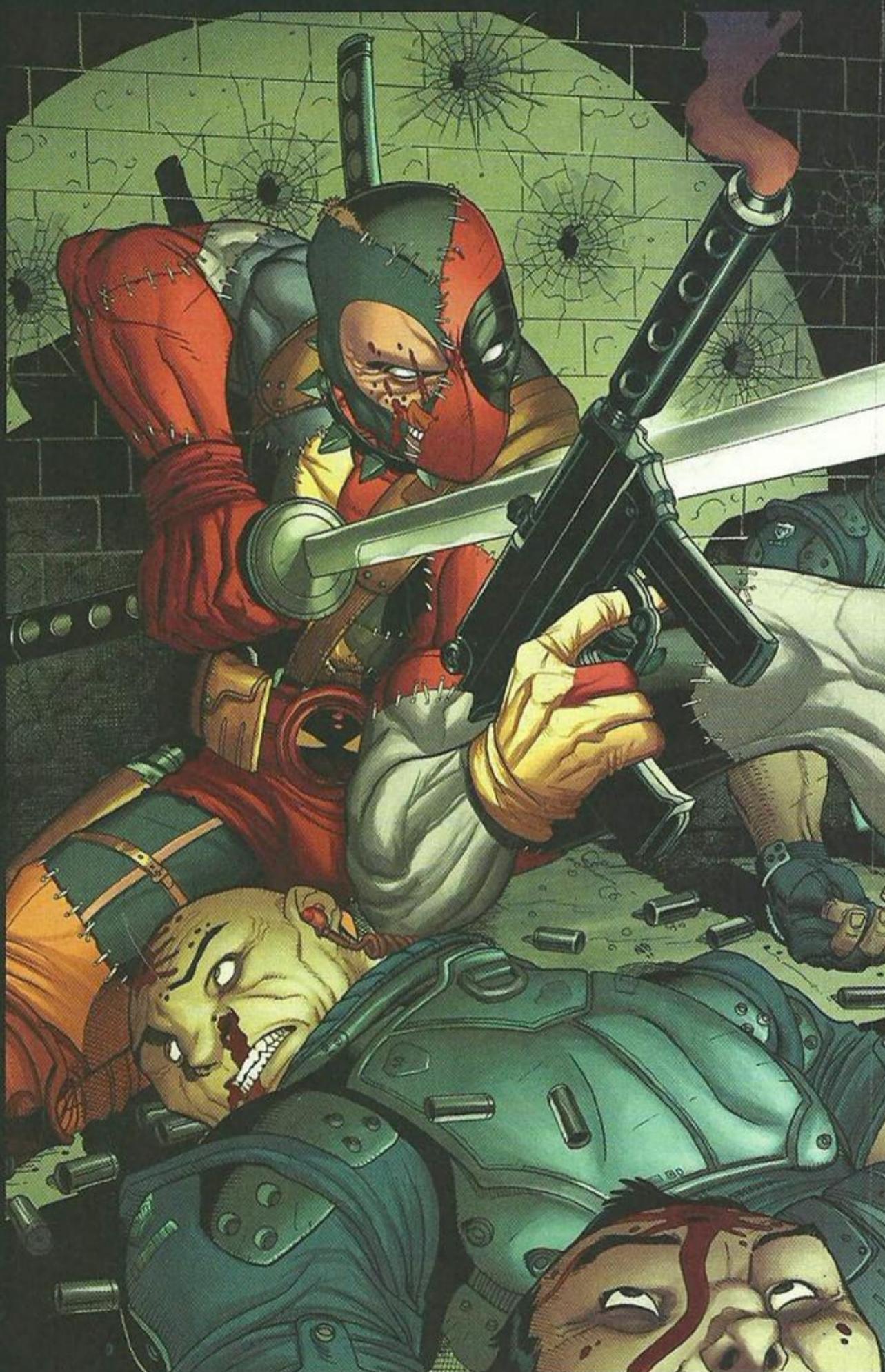
...WHERE
ARE WE?

An' why're those
guys talkin' like
pirates?

NEXT: EVIL DEADPOOL!

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NEXT MONTH



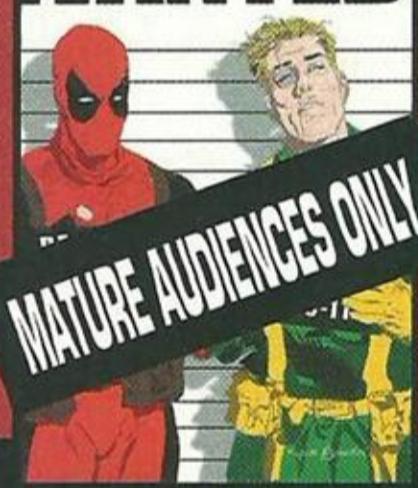
EVIL DEADPOOL
NUFF SAID.
10/26/II

MORE 'POOL!



UNCANNY X-FORCE #16
10/12/II

WANTED



DEADPOOL MAX 2 #1
10/19/II



DEADPOOL VS. KETCHUP #1
10/26/II