

#1

THE WORLD'S GREATEST COMIC MAGAZINE!

DEADPOOL®

"PATIENCE:
ZERO"
STARTS
NOW!



DUGGAN
DOESCHER
LOLLI
OLIVEIRA
GURU-eFX
FILARDI

MARVEL 021

the latest updates only available at: viewcomic.com

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

HEY THERE,
POOLIES AND
POOLETTES.
DEADPOOL
HERE!

MAN, LAST
ISSUE WAS
PRETTY INTENSE,
HUH?

BUT, LIKE I
SAID, YOU JUST
GOTTA KEEP GOING.
THINGS CAN GET
BETTER. I MEAN--
LOOK AT MY
LIFE.

MY TEAM
OF MERC'S ALL
BETRAYED AND
LEFT ME...

...MY DAUGHTER
DOESN'T THINK OF
ME AS A DAD...

...MY AVENGERS
SQUAD GOT
DISBANDED BY
CAPTAIN AMERICA...

...MY WIFE IS
GETTING ALONG
WITH HER OTHER
LOVERS WAY
BETTER THAN
WITH ME...

...AND MY
NEW ARCHENEMY,
MADCAP, IS ON THE
LOOSE PLOTTING
REVENGE ON
ME.

WITH THAT
MUCH %\$#& PILED
ON ME, THINGS HAVE
GOTTA GET BETTER
SOON, RIGHT?

RIGHT?



LI'L DEADPOOL ART BY
IRENE Y. LEE

MATCH DU GRUDGE

Gerry Duggan
writer

Matteo Lolli
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Guru-eFX
colorist

VC's Joe Sabino
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Tradd Moore & Matt Wilson
cover

Gerry Duggan, Scott Koblish, Guru-eFX & VC's Joe Sabino
#secretcomic variant

Heather Antos **Jordan D. White** **Axel Alonso** **Joe Quesada** **Dan Buckley** **Alan Fine**
assistant editor editor editor in chief chief creative officer publisher executive producer

I LOVE CHRISTMAS.

SHOW ME YOUR HANDS!

IT'S IMPORTANT TO
KEEP UP WITH FESTIVE
TRADITIONS.

THERE'S NO BETTER PLACE
TO ENJOY THE CHRISTMAS
SEASON THAN NEW YORK CITY.
EVERYTHING GLITTERS.

SEASON'S BEATINGS!

ESPECIALLY IN
THE DIAMOND
DISTRICT.

EVERY YEAR AROUND THIS
TIME, MY PAL AND I GET
TOGETHER AND CELEBRATE
THE REASON FOR THE
SEASON: MONEY.

OF COURSE, WE PLAY "SECRET SANTA" DIFFERENTLY THAN MOST PEOPLE.

SILENT ALARM NIGHT IS THE BEST.

-HUFF- YEAH!

MAN, BOB-- YOU'VE GOTTA HAVE HYDRA SECRETLY TAKE OVER A FITNESS CENTER.

TELL ME -HUFF- ABOUT IT.



I DON'T REALLY HAVE A HOME TO GO TO RIGHT NOW, AND THERE'S A PLACE I'VE BEEN MEANING TO VISIT.

NOTHING'S WORSE THAN
CONSTANTLY LOOKING
OVER YOUR SHOULDER.
I PICKED UP A NEMESIS
I DON'T UNDERSTAND.



HELL, I DON'T
EVEN KNOW
HIS NAME.



HE GOT THE DESIGNATION
MADCAP BY BEING A
HARMLESS NUISANCE.

HE'S NOT
HARMLESS
ANYMORE.

SINCE HE WAS TRAPPED IN MY
HEAD, HE'S KILLED DOZENS OF
PEOPLE AND ALMOST FRAMED
ME FOR MURDERING AN
AMBASSADOR.

NOW HE'S
OBSESSED
WITH ME.



SO I GO BACK TO THE
BEGINNING LOOKING
FOR ANSWERS.

NO DOUBT
ABOUT IT...

...THIS IS WHERE
MADCAP WAS
BORN.



THE ACCIDENT WASN'T DISCOVERED FOR HOURS. THE UNKNOWN SUBJECT THAT WOULD BECOME **MADCAP** LAY MARINATING IN SOMETHING KNOWN AS COMPOUND X07, A BYPRODUCT OF ADVANCED IDEA MECHANICS.

IT DOESN'T SAY "MARINATING" IN THE S.H.I.E.L.D. FILES I STOLE. THAT'S JUST SOME FLAVOR I'M INJECTING. YOU'RE WELCOME.



WHERE WAS I? OH, YEAH-- HOMEBOY WENT CLUCKOO FOR COCOA PUFFS, WOKE UP IN THE HOSPITAL WITH THE USUAL CRYBABY ROUTINE.



HE TRIES TO END IT ALL. NO DICE.

THAT'S WHEN HE REALIZES HE DOESN'T FEEL PAIN, AND CAN REGENERATE FROM ANY WOUND.



IT OCCURS TO ME NOW THAT MAYBE... JUST MAYBE...

...I SHOULD TRY A SHORT CAPE. MADCAP LOOKS LIKE AN IDIOT, BUT I BET I COULD ROCK IT.

ANYWAY, FATE AND
SOME FANCY LIGHTNING
BOUND US TOGETHER.

HE GOT TO EXPERIENCE
THE JOYS OF BEING
STUCK IN MY HEAD.



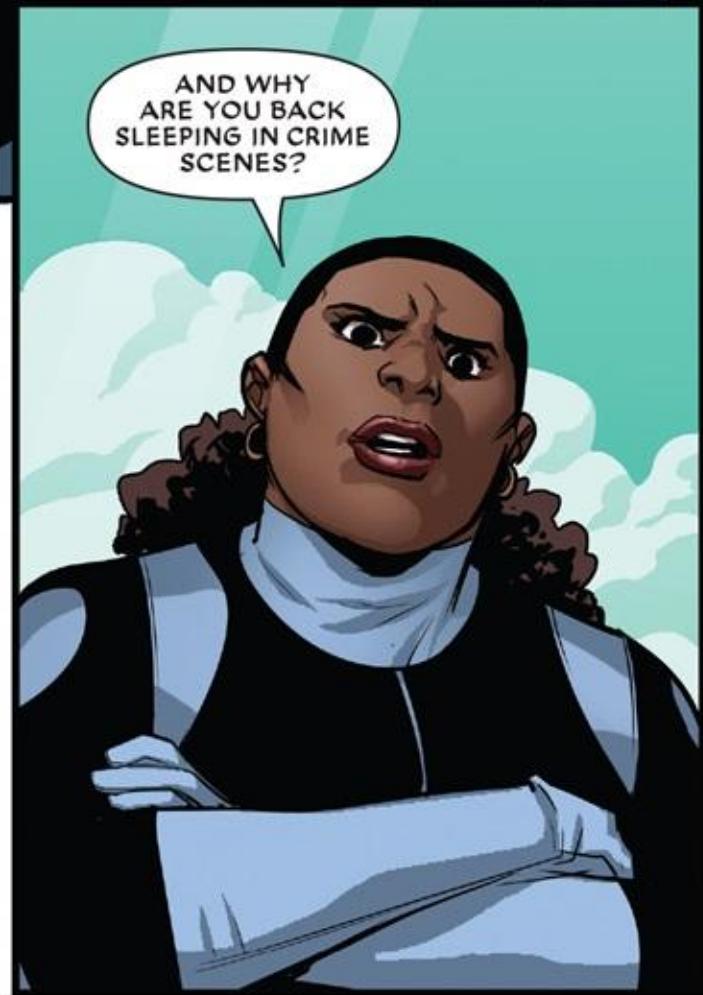
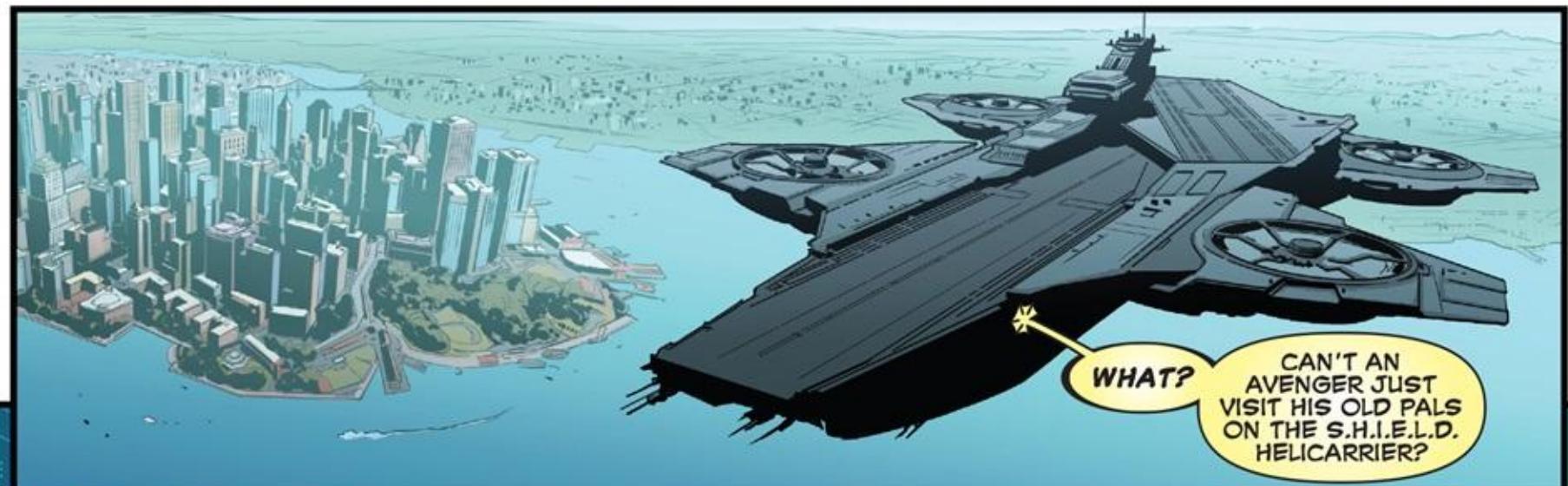
OF COURSE WE
HATE EACH
OTHER.

WE'RE PRACTICALLY
THE **SAME** MANIAC.

I WON'T FIND ANY ANSWERS
HERE, BUT I THINK I KNOW
WHERE TO LOOK NEXT. I'LL
FIND A PLACE TO CRASH
TONIGHT AND GET A START
TOMORROW AT THE CRACK
OF NOON.

"WHAT ARE YOU
DOING HERE,
DEADPOOL?"

















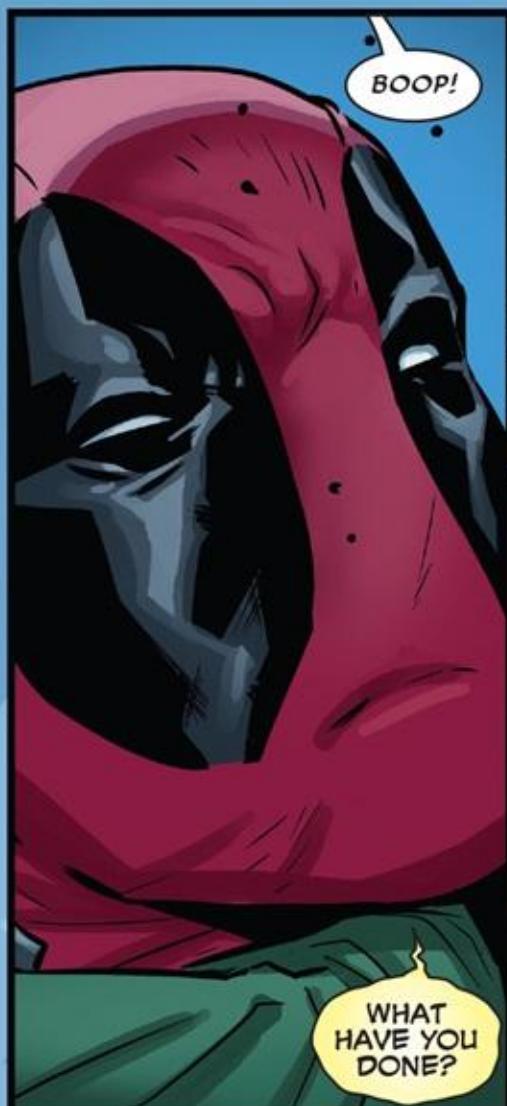






ELON MUSK SAYS
WE'RE LIVING INSIDE
A HOLOGRAM, SO WHO
REALLY GIVES A @#% IF
I THROW A FEW PENGUINS?
I'M A SIMULATED LIFE-
FORM LIVING INSIDE
THE BRAINS OF YOUR
SIMULATED LIFE.

**THINK
ABOUT IT.**







Hey, buddy!
I just did it! I *destroyed* you!
I found a nasty bug that's bad enough to annihilate you.



His MAJESTY's most Marvelous company of Comics
This present *Wednesday*, being the 26th of October,
will present

MUCH ADO ABOUT DEADPOOL

Written by *Some hack pretending to be*
MASTER WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Being the most lamentable TRAGEDY of
A Ghastly GHOST
A Dashing DAMSEL
A Sly SHREW
A Kingly KNAVE
And the MERC of MENACE

IN FIVE ACTS

The Writer by Mr. Ian Doescher
The Artist by Mr. Bruno Oliveira
The Colorist by Mr. Nick Filardi
The Letterer by Mr. Joe Sabino

Rosencrantz by Ms. Heather Antos

Gravedigger-in-Chief by Mr. Axel Alonso

Pubtender by Mr. Dan Buckley

Guildenstern by Mr. Jordan D. White
Chief Naval Officer by Mr. Joe Quesada
Executive Messenger by Mr. Alan Fine

† *No Persons to be admitted behind the Scenes,
nor any Money to be returned after the Pages are drawn up.*

Act I

Something's Rotten in the State of Deadpool





HOW HAVE
I VENTUR'D TO
THIS FOREIGN
PLACE?



THESE WALLS
OF STONE DEFINE
THE BOUNDS
OF LUCK--



THE LUCK
THAT DOETH,
METHINKS, RUN
OUT APACE.



HOW DID I
COME HERE? BY
THE NORTH OR
SOUTH?



AND
SOFT, WHAT ARE
THESE IRRITATING
WORDS?!



WHENCE FLY
THESE WORDS
INTO MY MIND
AND MOUTH,

AN 'TWERE
A FLOCK OF
FOLLY-FALLEN
BIRDS?

THIS ANCIENT
LANGUAGE SHAKES
MY VERY SOUL;

I SHALL NOT
SPEAK WITH THIS
OUTLANDISH
SPEECH.



I'LL STOP
MY MOUTH. MY
SILENCE SHALL
BE FULL.



ALACK,
MY TONGUE
ANOTHER PHRASE
DOTH REACH!

BELIKE AS
PUNISHMENT FOR
ALL MY CRIMES,

I CANNOT
STOP THESE
WORDS, NOR
BREAK THESE
RHYMES.



MY GOOD
MAN, FEAR NOT,
THOU SPEAKEST
IN IAMBIK
PENTAMETER.



IT IS THE
LINGUA FRANCA OF
THE GODS,



THE VERY
MUSIC OF THE
SPHERES.



IT SIGNIFIES
YOU ARE BUT A
CHARACTER IN
A PLAY...



MY METAL
WEAPON TURN'D
INTO A BOW!



A PLAY
OF MINE--
ARGH!

THE
BOW DOETH
WORK HIM WOE
AND LAY HIM
LOW.



PENTAMETER IAMBIK
MUST SUFFICE!



I BID THEE
SILENCE, LAD,
FOR I SHALL
SPEAK:

IN LIFE
I WAS THY
FATHER. I
WAS KING,
UNTIL THINE
UNCLE PLANN'D
CONSPIRACY.

HE MURTHER'D
ME WHILST I DID
GENTLY NAP,

THEN SPOKE
DECEITFUL WORDS
TO THY SWEET
MOTHER.

IN DOING SO,
HE DID USURP
MY PLACE:

FIRST IN
MY BED, AND
THEN UPON MY
THRONE.

THEREIN'S
AN IMAGE,
WHICH I DID
NOT NEED.

MY
NEWFOUND
MOTHER, ALL
TOO SOON
BEMILF'D.

NOW HE
DOTH REIGN
AS KING, AND
I AM DEAD--

HIS
TREACHERY
DOTH STINK
TO HIGHEST
HEAV'N.

AYE,
SOMETHING'S
ROTTEN IN THE
STATE OF...
WHERE?

FORSOOTH,
IT GROWETH
EVER MORE
INTENSE.

NOW AM
I BOUND TO
WANDER, DAY
AND NIGHT--

CURS'D
E'ER TO ROAM,
'TIL FALLS THE
CURSE ON
HIM.

'TIS
VENGEANCE
THAT I NEED,
WHICH THOU
SHALT BRING.

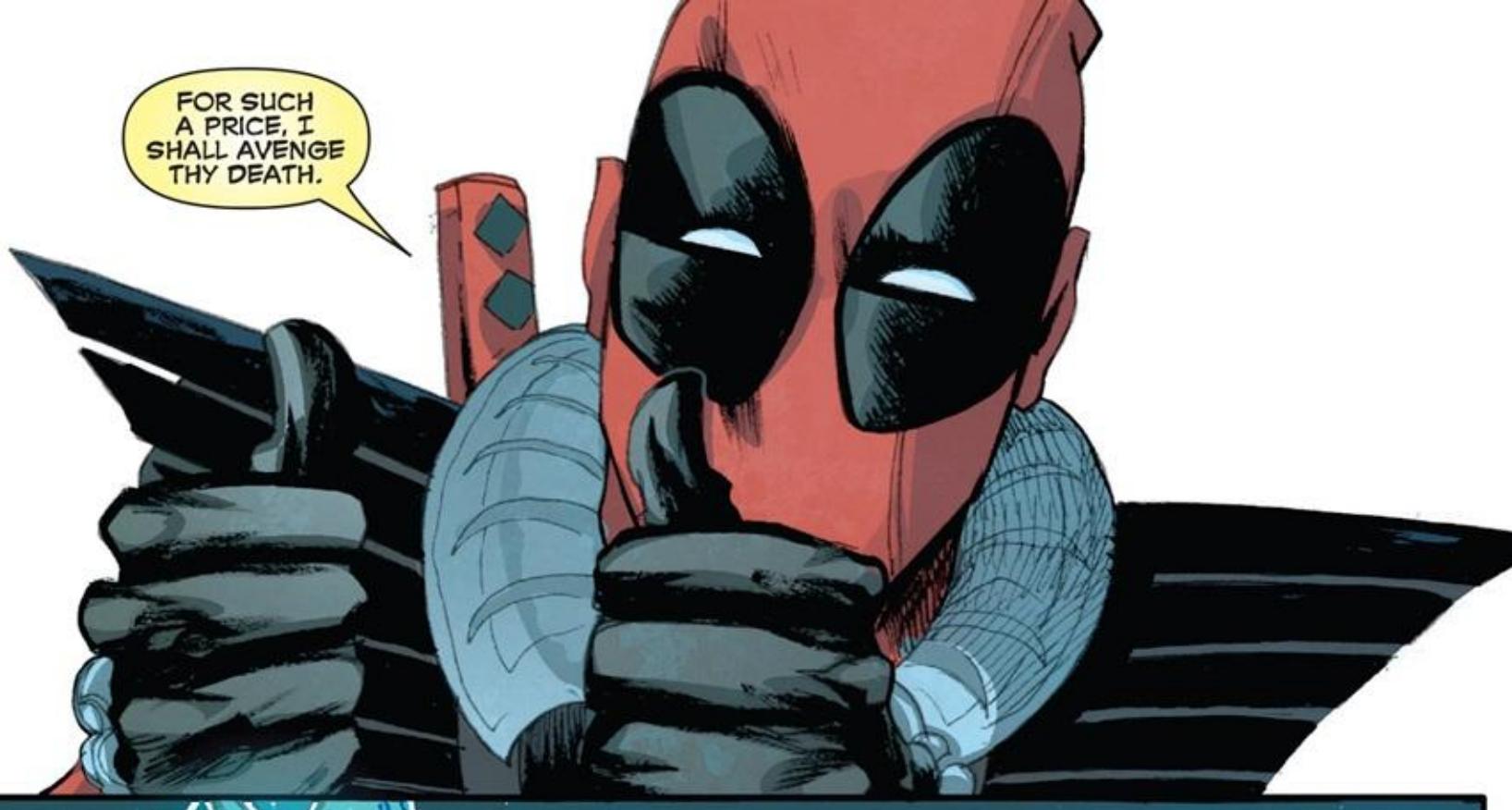
AHH,
VENGEANCE,
GHOST? WHY
DIDST THOU
NEVER SAY?

TO SLAY
THE KING SHALL
BE A FRIGHTFUL
DEED,

FOR SURELY
DANGER DOOTH
GO WITH THE
TASK.

I UNDERSTAND,
YET SIR--CALL ME
NOT SHIRLEY.





ADIEU, ADIEU,
REMEMBER
ME.

ER,
WHAT?

ERE THOU
DEPARTEST,
ANSWER ME
THIS THING:

HOW
SHALL I
MAKE RETURN
UNTO MY
LIFE--

MY HOME,
MY WORLD,
MY PLACE, MY
CENTURY?

THE STONES
ARE PLENTY
HARD--'TIS WELL
I CHECK'D.

THIS
SITUATION
IS BEYOND
ABSURD!

ALTHOUGH
THIS PLACE
UNKNOWN DOOTH
HAVE ITS
CHARM

(THESE TIGHTS,
FOR INSTANCE,
SQUEEZE ME
PLEASANTLY),

I'D FIND
MY WAY BACK
TO MY HOME
ANON.

PERCHANCE
THE KEY TO
LEAVING THIS
ODD PLACE

DOOTH
LIE WITHIN
THE KILLING
OF A KING:

THUS
SHALL HE DIE
BY DEADPOOL'S
STEADY HAND.

THROUGH
GHOSTLY WORDS
THIS MERC IS
JUSTIFIED,

AS I
ATTEMPT A
NEW TASK:
REGICIDE.



Act II

Wherefore Art Thou Deadpool?

RISE UP! I
MUST AWAY
AND FIND
THE KING.

ALAS--A LASS!
A LADY AND
A LASS!



COME,
COME, YE
WASPS; I' FAITH,
YOU ARE TOO
ANGRY.

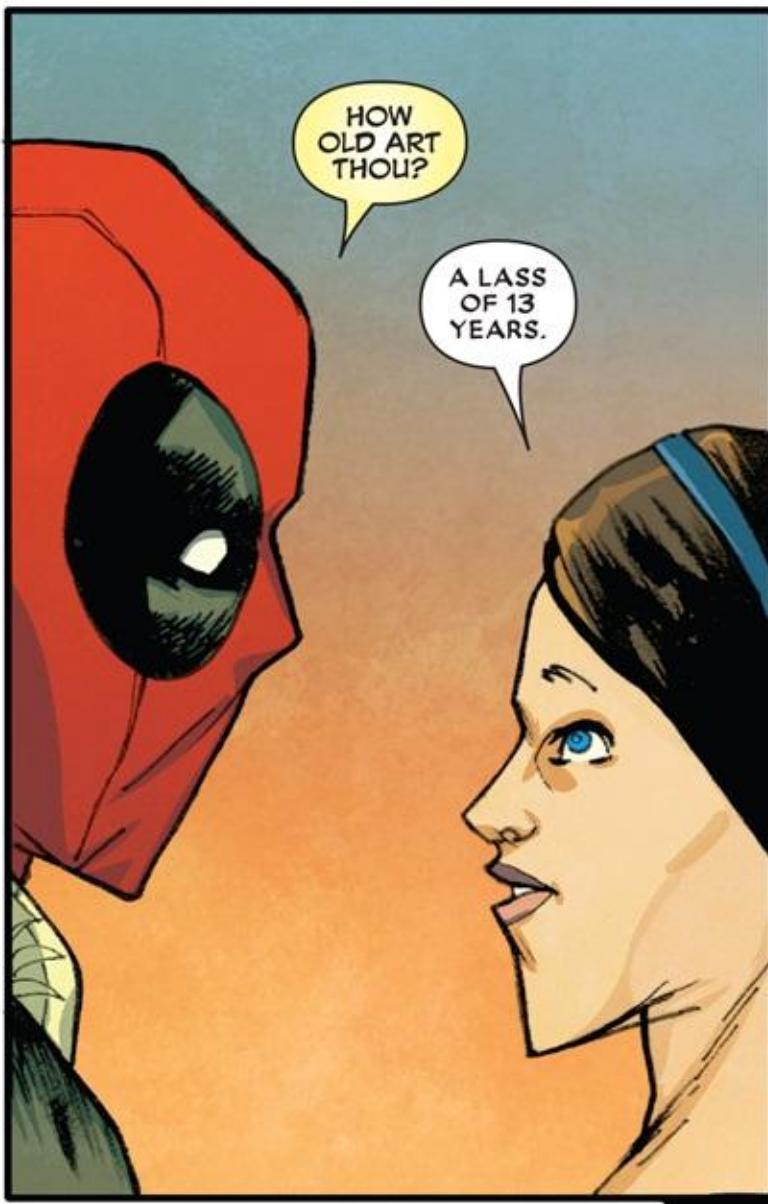
IF I BE
WASPISH,
BEST BEWARE
MY STING.



WE SKIPP'D
DIRECTLY TO
THE TONGUES
AND TAILS.









IF THOU
SHALT KILL
THE KING, WE
TWO SHALL
REIGN--
TOGETHER,
THE MACBETHS
RISE.

ER,
MACBETH?

COME,
SPIRITS OF THE
AGE, UNSEX
ME HERE,

AND FILL
ME FROM THE
CROWN UNTO
THE TOE

WITH DIREST
CRUELTY! MAKE
THICK MY
BLOOD,

STOP UP
ALL PASSAGeway
UNTO REMORSE!

COME TO
MY WOMAN'S
BREASTS, AND
TAKE MY
MILK

FOR GALL,
YOU MINISTER
OF MURTHER
BASE.

UNSEX
THEE? DRINK THY
MILK? WE HAVE
JUST MET!

DID
SHAKESPEARE
REALLY WRITE
THIS RACY
STUFF?

BUT SCREW
YOUR COURAGE
TO THE STICKING
PLACE,

AND
WE'LL NOT
FAIL.

METHINKS
I AM IN
LOVE!

FORGET
NOT, DEADPOOL,
THAT THOU HAST
A WIFE--

SWEET SHIKLAH,
QUEEN OF ALL THE
UNDERWORLD,

WHO IS
NOT KNOWN TO
HAVE A TEMPER
MILD.

I'LL HELP
THEM; WHAT
A THREESOME
WE SHALL
MAKE.

O, SIGH
NO MORE, DEAR
LADIES, SIGH
NO MORE--

THE WORTHY
DEADPOOL
SHALL ASSIST
YOUR CAUSE.

'TIS VIRTUOUS
AND SELFLESS
WORK I DO.

YET NEITHER
RICHES NOR
UNHEARD OF
POW'R

DO I
DESIRE, BUT
HOMeward
TO RETURN.

CAN YE
CONVEY ME
HENCE ONCE
THIS IS
DONE?



BEHOLD,
THE TIME
HATH COME; THIS
SCENE'S THE
THING

WHEREIN
I'LL CATCH THE
KILLING OF THE
KING.

Act III

King Leery







WHAT OF
THE GHOST
WHOM I DID
LATELY SPY?

HE ALSO
NAMES THEE
VILLAIN IN THE
HEIGHT.

THE GHOST
IS BUT A TRICK
THAT SWAYS
THY MIND--

IN
ACTUALITY
HE IS A
MAN

NAM'D
EDMUND, AND A
HATEFUL BASTARD,
TOO.

HE IS IN
LEAGUE WITH
GONERIL AND
REGAN.



TOO MANY
ARGUMENTS, TOO
LITTLE TRUTH.

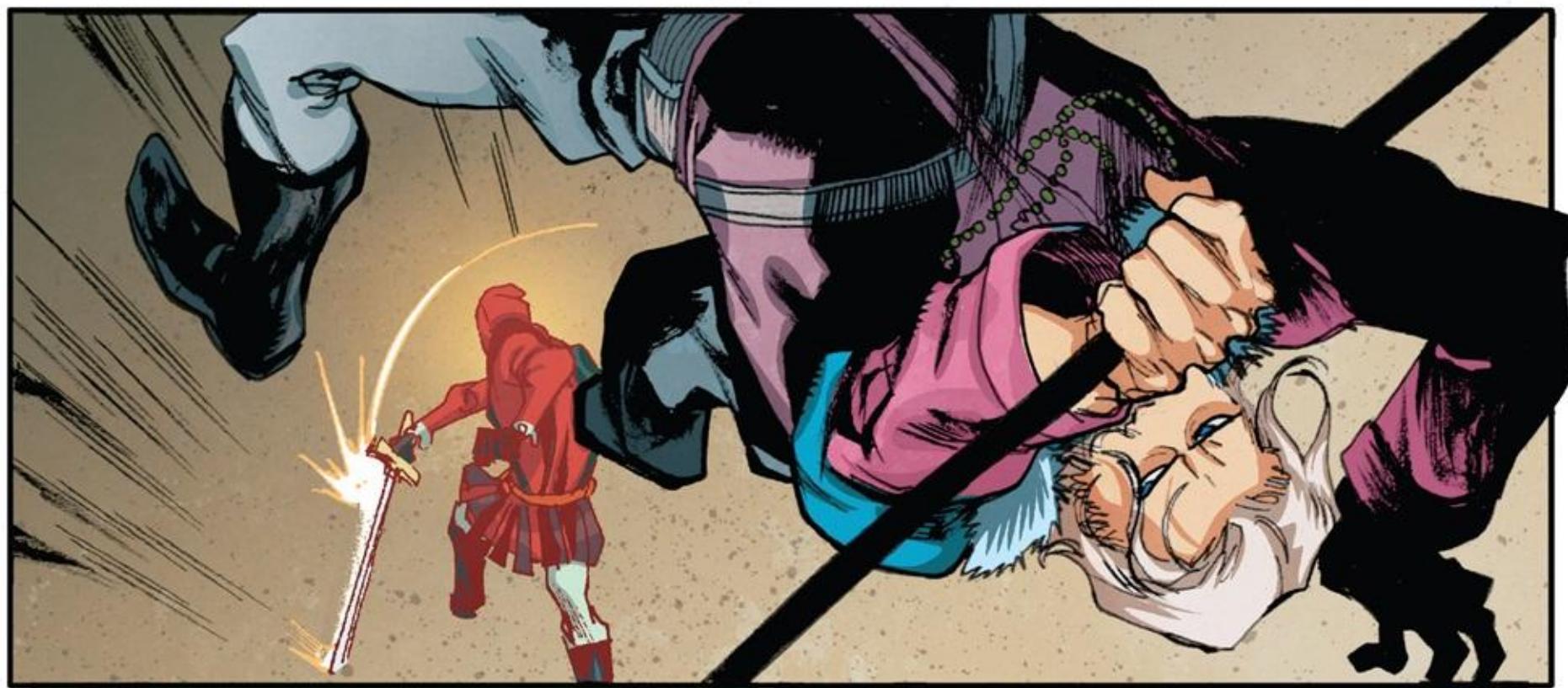
I HAVE
THE WORD OF
THREE AGAINST
THY ONE.

ALACK
FOR THEE, KING
WHATEVER-THY-
NAME--

THOU ART
MY TICKET
HOME, AND
THERE'S AN
END.

'TIS NOTHING
PERSONAL--'TIS
TIME TO DIE.





THIS
KING DOTH
TEACH ME HOW
TO SPELL HIS
NAME:

'TIS W,
THEN T, AND
LASTLY F.



NAY, BY
THIS ROGUE
I SHALL NOT
BEATEN BE!





IF THOU
SHALT DIE NO
NORMAL HUMAN'S
DEATH,

I'LL CUT
THEE UP AND
SERVE THEE TO
THY FOES

AS DID
THE CRUEL
ANDRONICUS
OF OLD.

OR MAYBE
CHANGE THY
MIND AND HELP
ME UP?



LEAR EXITETH,
PURSUED BY
A BEAR.

THOUGH
I MUST FLY,
MY VICTORY
IS WON!





ALAS, POOR DEADPOOL--THOU ART FUBARR'D QUITE.

HOW FELL I INTO THIS APPALLING MESS?

E'EN NOW THE TIME HATH COME TO MAKE A PLAN,

AS WOULD THE A-TEAM AND MACGYVER BOTH:

DEFEAT MY FOES AND GO HOME, BY MY TROTH!



Act IV

Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are Deadpool



I SPEAK
NOT RUSSIAN,
YET THIS SEEMS
LEGIT.









AH, NOW I
SEE WHEREFORE
THE GHOST
HAUNTS SO.

WAS'T
VERILY TRUE
LOVE WHEN
FIRST THEY
MET,

OR
WERE THEY
MERELY HORNY
TEENAGERS?

AS OBI-WAN
ONCE SAID,
WHO IS MORE
FOOLISH--

THE
FOOL OR
LEAR, THE FOOL
WHO FOLLOWS
HIM?

WOULD
THAT I HAD A
BETTER STUDENT
BEEN,

WHILST I
WAS IN MY HIGH
SCHOOL ENGLISH
CLASS.

THESE
WITCHES DO
RESEMBLE MY
EX-GIRLFRIEND...





WHO ART THOU, SIRRAH, AND WHAT IS THY PLACE?



IF THE COMPUTER WERE INVENTED YET,

THOU COULDST THEREWITH USE SNAPCHAT IN A SNAP.

YEA, IF A MAN WERE PORTER OF THE FACEBOOK,

HE SHOULD HAVE OLD FROM TURNING OF THE KEY.

MAYHAP THE CASTLE'S PHONE THOU COULDST EMPLOY,

YET 'TIS IN THE REPAIR SHOP FOR THE DAY.

ALAS, I AM NO PORTER TO THE FUTURE;

BELIKE THE MEWS IS WHERE THOU SHOULDST BEGIN.

THE MEWS?
IS IT A PLACE
OF MANY CATS?

NAY, NAY,
'TIS BIRDS
WHO CARRY
MESSAGES.

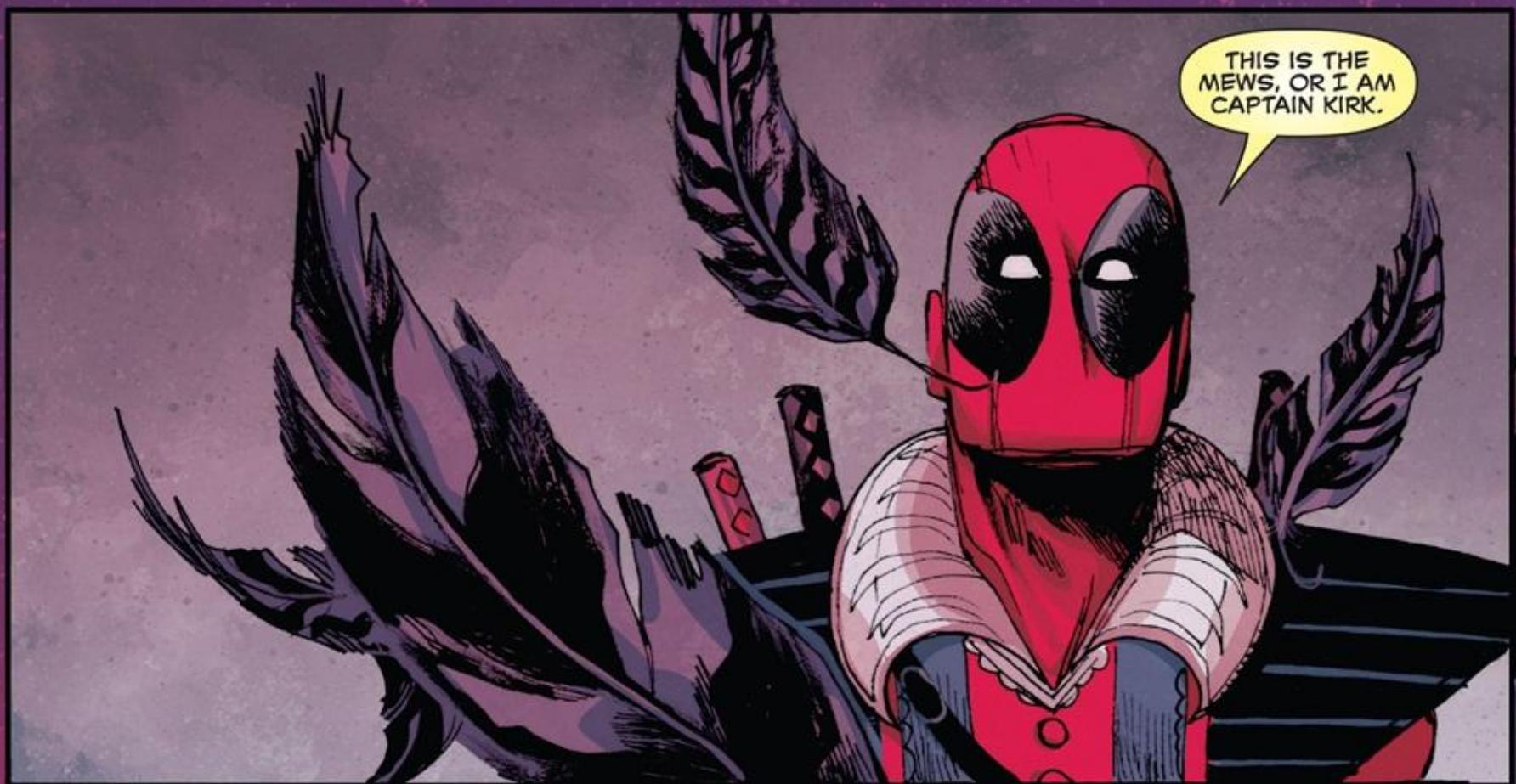
LIKE
TWITTER?

AYE,
BUT SANS
MILLENNIALS.

THOU HAST MY THANKS.
NOW, GET THYSELF
SOME COFFEE.

ANON!
I PRAY YOU,
REMEMBER THE
PORTER.

THIS IS THE
MEWS, OR I AM
CAPTAIN KIRK.







THE KING FOREWARN'D US SOMEONE MIGHT ARRIVE--

A HORRID MAN, WITH ASPECT PASSING STRANGE.

THE NOBLE KING DID BID US INTERCEPT

THE MISSIVES THAT THE KNAVE PRESUM'D TO WRITE.

OUR TASK IS DONE, AND 'TIS THY TURN: TO DIE.



TO BE OR NOT TO BE, THAT IS THE QUESTION--

'ROUND ME, I'LL WARRANT, MOSTLY "NOT TO BE."



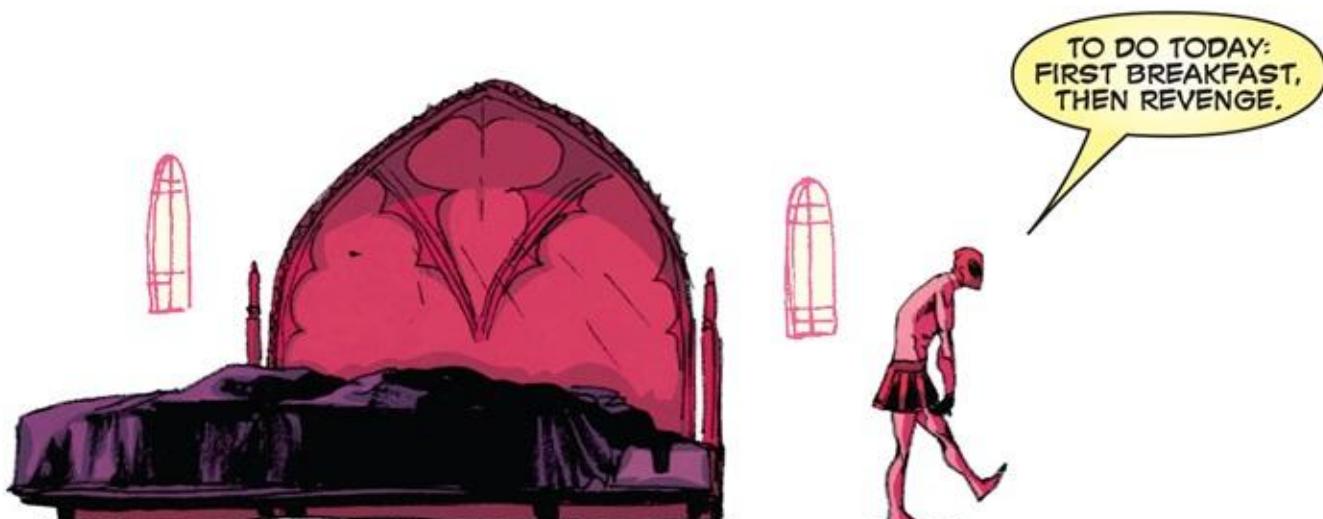
HEAR YE, HEAR YE,
OR WHATEVER:
DEADPOOL THE MERC-IFUL
INVITES THE KING
AND HIS ADVERSARIES
TO A PARLEY
WHERE ALL GRIEVANCES
WILL BE SETTLED.
THUS SHALL IT BE:
IN THE THRONE ROOM
ONE WEEK HENCE,
UPON THE IDES OF MARCH.
(THAT MEANS THE 15TH, PEOPLE.)

NOW TO EXPLORE THE MERRY WIVES BORDELLO...



Act V

All's Well That Dies Well



ARE ALL
HERE WHO SHOULD
BE? THEN LET'S
COMMENCE.



FRIENDS,
RIVALS, COMIC
FREAKS, LEND ME
YOUR EARS:

THE TIME
HATH COME,
OUR QUARRELS
TO RESOLVE.

ALTHOUGH
YE FOUR ARE
ANGRY AND
AFEARD,

BELIKE YE
SHALL HAVE
MORE TO FEAR
ANON--

FOR VERILY,
THE \$#!# SOON
HITS THE FAN.

WHY SPEAKS
MY LORD OF
QUARRELS THAT
RESOLVE?

HAST
THOU LOST
THY RESOLVE?
SHALL WE NOT
REIGN?

ALAS,
SWEET CHUCK,
MY SWORD
FITS NOT THY
SCABBARD.

SUCH
TREACHERY, OUR
ENEMIES HAVE
COME--

THE ENGLISH
ARMY, DRESS'D
AS BIRNAM
WOOD!

WE ARE
UNDONE, MY
LOVE--WE ARE
BETRAY'D!

IF TREES
DO FALL UPON
A WOMAN WHEN

NO ONE'S
AROUND TO
CARE, DOETH
SHE STILL
SCREAM?







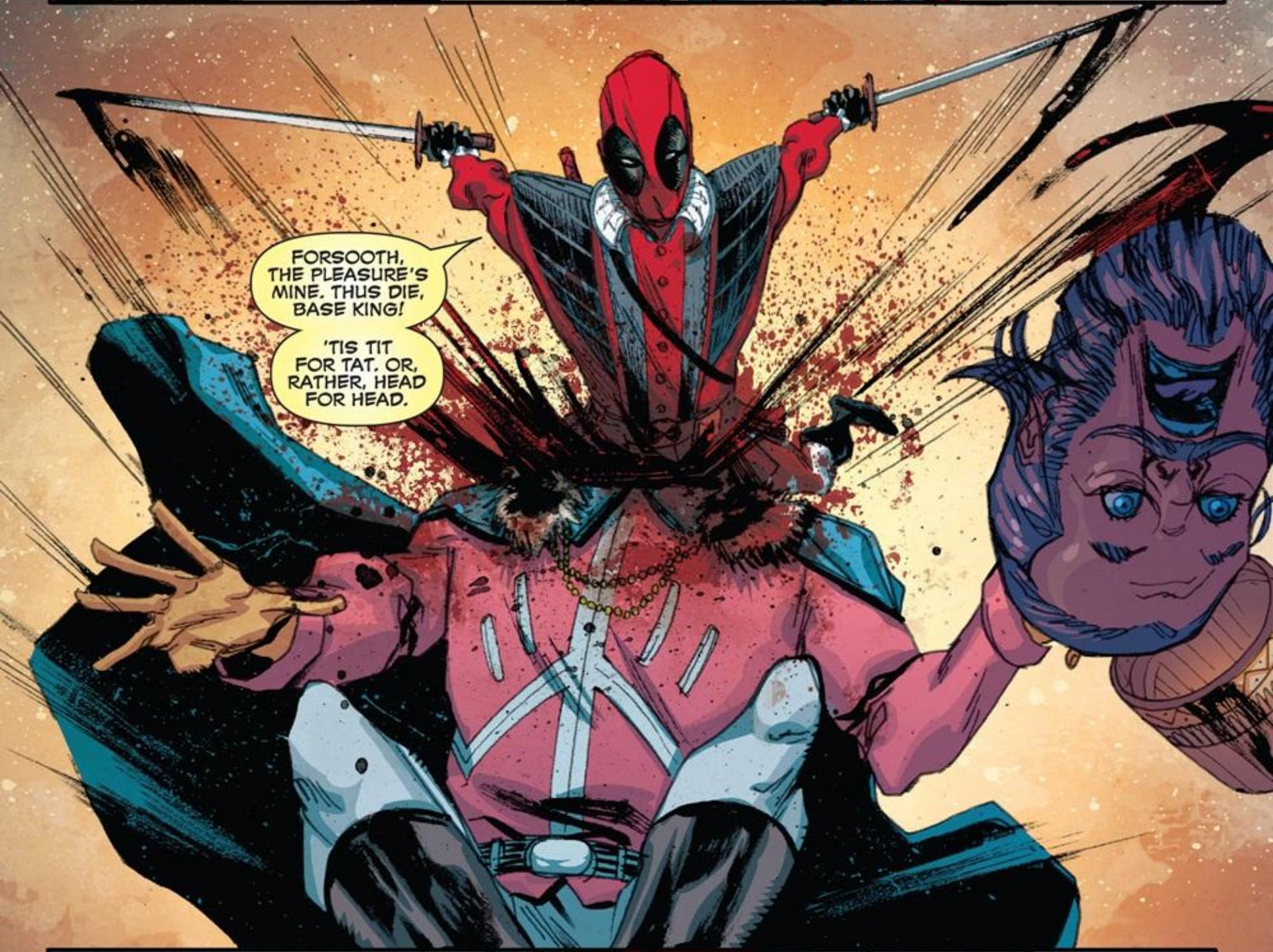








THAT'S ACTUAL SHAKESPEARE, FOLKS! ACT V, SCENE III.



A PERFECT
END FOR
SHAKESPEARE'S
TRAGEDIES:

FULL MANY
BODIES DEAD
UPON THE
STAGE.





THE TRAGEDIES
FALL INTO PLACE,

AND I FALL
INTO WIVES'
EMBRACE.

IS'T TRAGEDY
OR COMEDY,

OR, MAYHAP, JUST
A FANTASY?

IF THIS IS
LIVING IN A
BOOK,

BACK ON MY
WORLD I NE'ER
SHALL LOOK.

FORSOOTH, WHY
SHOULD IT CAUSE
ME STRIFE

TO LIVE MINE
ANTIHERO'S LIFE

WITHIN THESE
PAGES BOUND,
CONFIN'D--?

MY WORDS SPRUNG
FROM AN AUTHOR'S
MIND,

PAGE MARGINS
AS MY SOLE
FRONTIERS--

I'VE DONE SO
MORE THAN
20 YEARS!

FROM COMIC BOOK
TO SHAKESPEARE
PLAY,

I AM THY
DEADPOOL;
HERE I'LL STAY.

Exeunt Omnes.

the latest updates only available at: viewcomic.com

DEADPOOL #22



7/16 MW