

MARVEL COMICS

# DEADPOOL®

MARVEL

65

SIMONE  
UDON



ALVINLEE ARNISTOLE

UPCOMING

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I'm humiliating their guards on the roof of a restaurant that I'll sure as hell never be invited to. This place makes *Tavern on the Green* look like McDonalds.

"Yes, I'd like the *petite quail eyeball souffle*, with a side order of *snobby hamster snouts in cream sauce*, please."

These are the *Backstreet Boys* of imported crime...they suck, but you can't argue with their profit margin.

Meet "the Four Winds"--rival crime dons that hate each other and everyone else.

They cause more human misery than Kathie Lee Gifford.

Not one has ever spent a day in prison. Each dodges a dozen assassination attempts a year. And tonight, this guy...

...wants me to kill this guy. Right in the middle of their truce talks. Greedy, huh?

Manishi--West.

Higashi--East.

Minamiyori--South.

Kita--North.

What can I say? I take pride in my work.

Say goodnight, you bathrobe-wearin' custard!

Uh-oh.

**DEADPOOL**  
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!  
STAN LEE PRESENTS:

# DEADPOOL

# WEAVING FACTOR

## PROLOGUE

Story by  
Gail Simone

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with Alvin Lee,  
Rob Ross,  
Eric Vedder,  
A-Zero & TR2

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Edited by  
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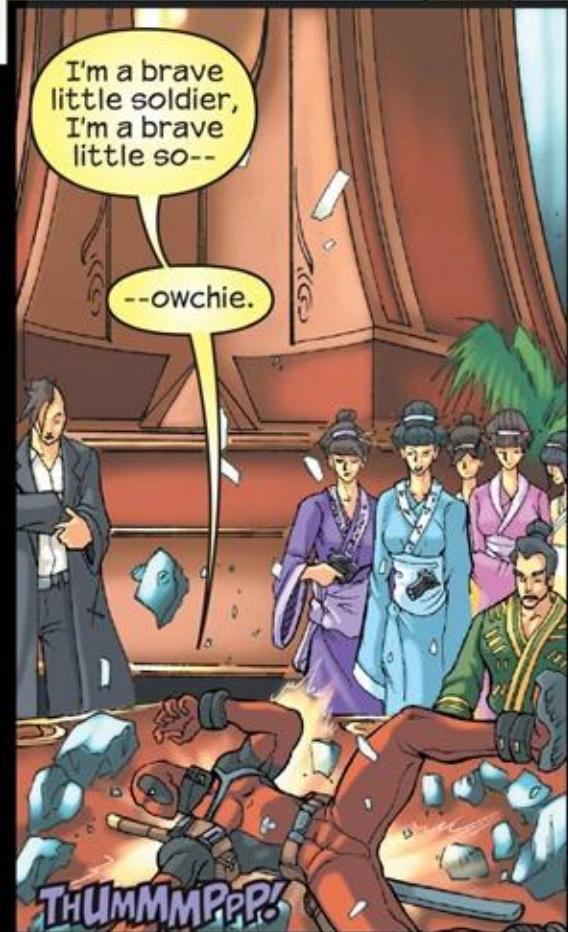
I see the  
future, and it's  
me saying  
"OWWWWW!"



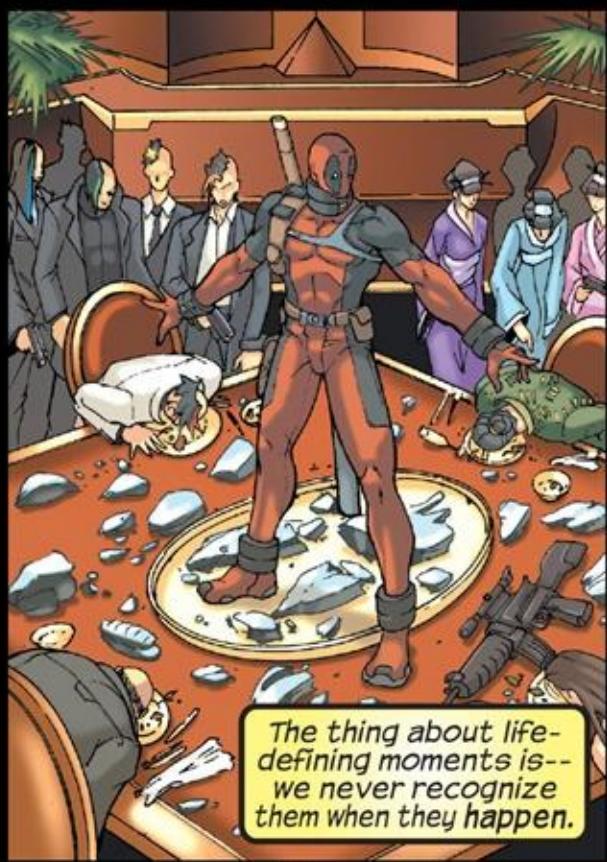
Important: Deadpool would like it to be known that he does his own stunts. Also, do not attempt to duplicate these feats unless you are goofy. Even then, it's probably a bad idea.

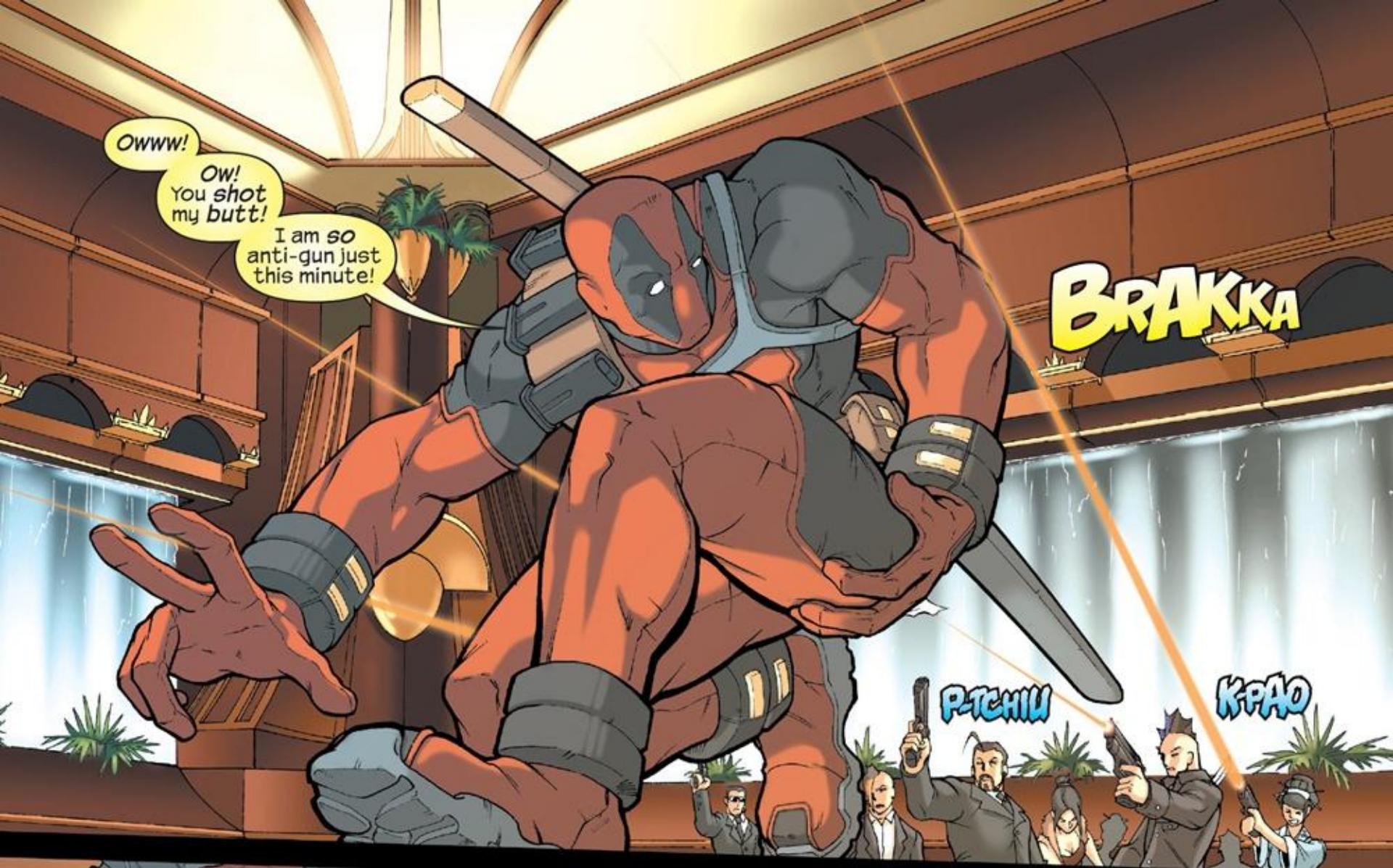
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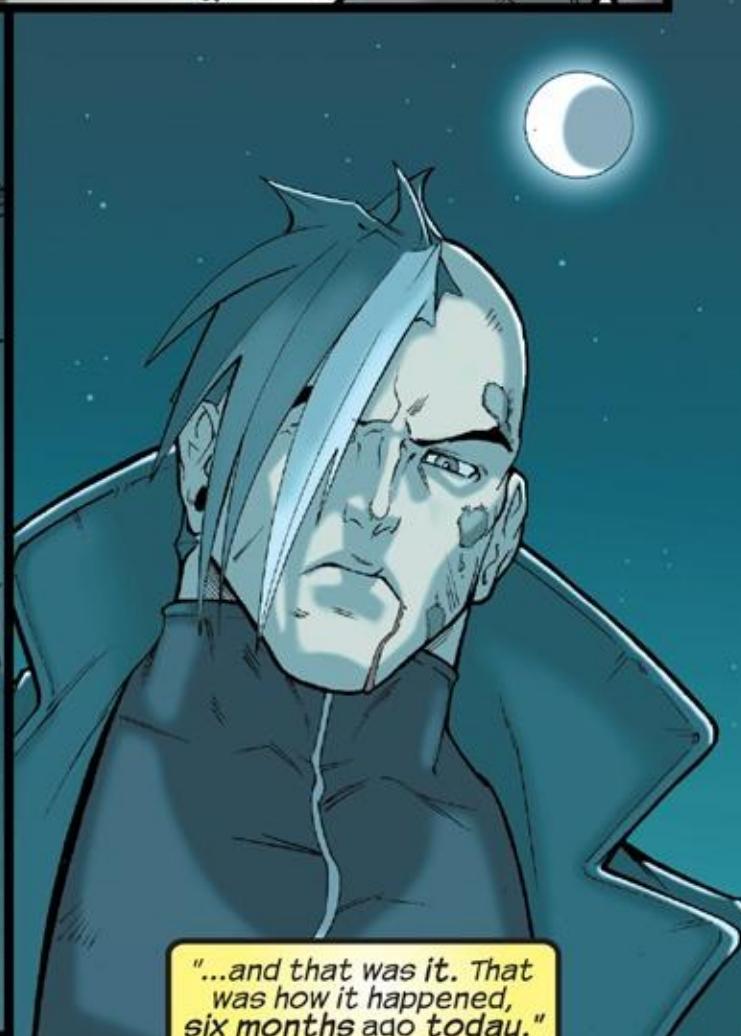
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I gotta admit, I feel better about myself than I have in a long time. Less funny, more fatal.



I mean, maybe it wasn't an accident. Maybe I really am that good.



But what difference does it make? Business is better than ever--that's what counts.

I deserve to get a break. It's about time, is what I say.

As I've said, Mr. Pool has no time available for mob intimidation until June at the earliest.

So sorry, Mr. Mayor.



Hello, Mr. Wilson.

You've got that *labor dispute* at the docks tonight at ten, you're taking the Latverian ambassador's beloved *poodle* hostage at midnight, and here are the sketches for your obligatory *costume change*.

Uh-huh, poodle's in labor, right, got it.

Uh, Sandi, how come I'm wearing *high heels* in all of these?

You need a new look. And besides, I'm *Kinky*.

Can't argue with that logic.

...and this guy here wants a *job*. At least, I *think* that's what he wants. He tried to eat one of the *plants* earlier.

Here's his job app. Another *winner*, for sure.

Sandi, I'm surprised at you--

I left a *bag of pigeons* on the subway...

This guy is DP, Inc! Material!

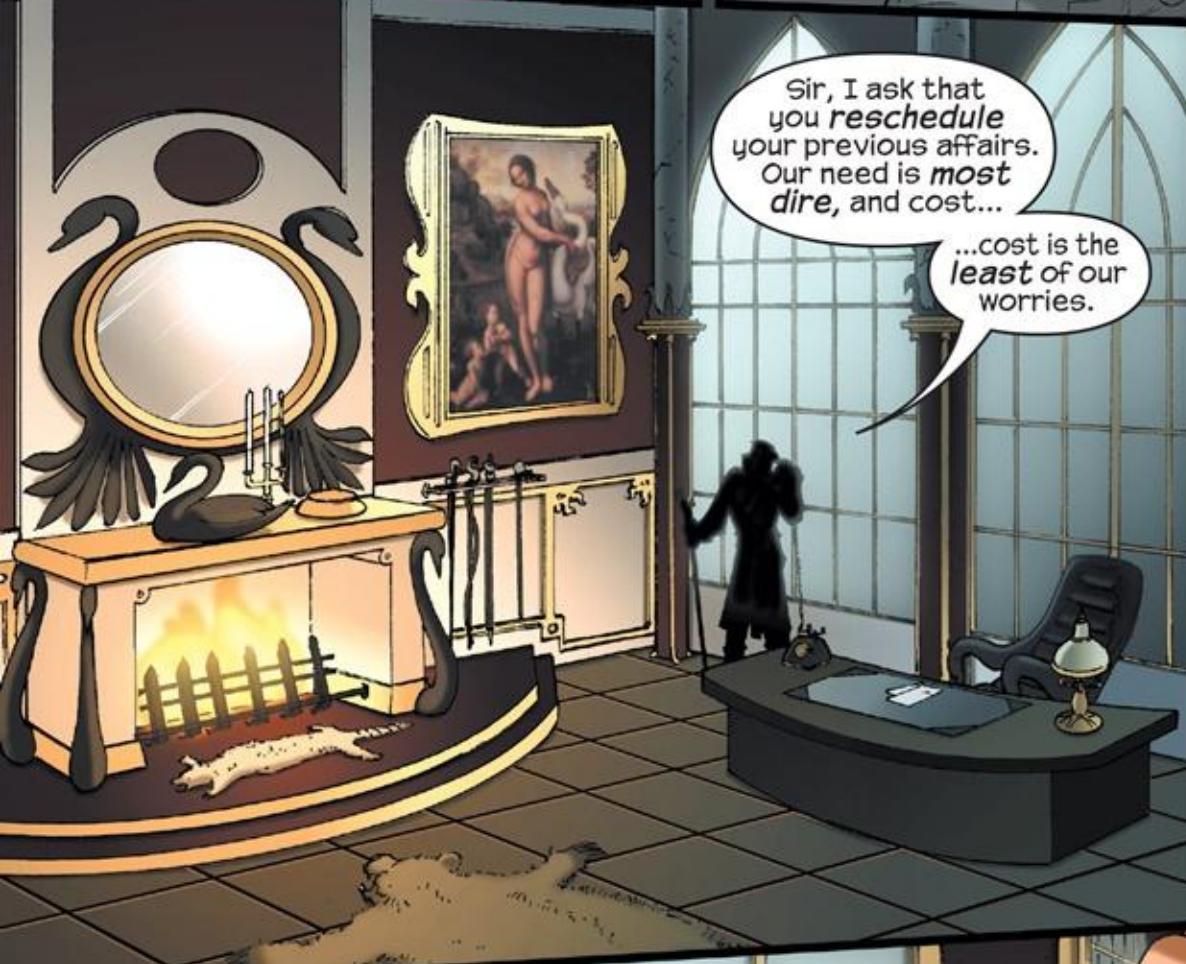
I'm making him my *biographer*. How does that sound, Ratbag?

Why, that's just fine! You're hired!

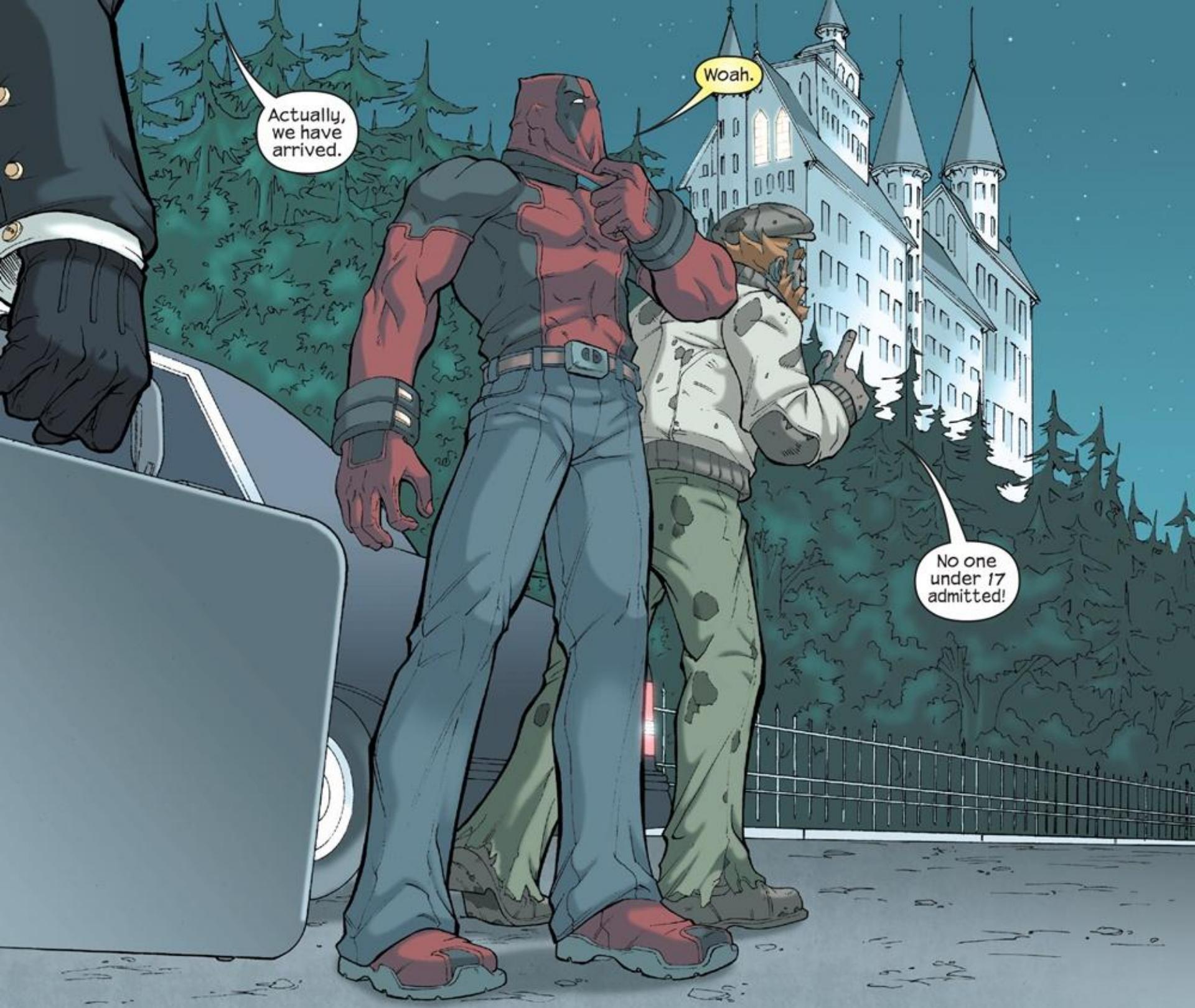
The *noble brow*, the prominent nose which somehow still manages to miss his own *wicked B.O...*

--I mean, look at this guy!









Deadpool, master of *not* actually doing any reconnaissance...





The blood of monarchs runs in my veins, Wilson. You defile what I do. You make it vulgar and coarse.

What's happening to me?

Hold him up, please.

The Four Winds. That was the final straw. I had accepted a contract to eliminate them all.

It was to be the final achievement in an *impeccable career*. You ruined that with your *capering* and *stupidity*.

...unacceptable.

And that...

...is...

Do you understand, Wilson?



