

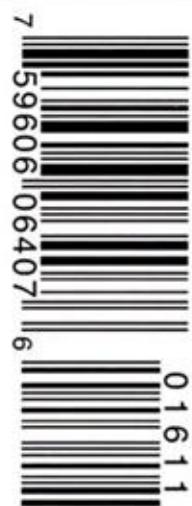
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DEADPOOL®

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DIRECT EDITION



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PARENTAL ADVISORY

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 recently did some good old-fashioned pirating...but quickly lost interest in that whole gig. So he set sail to soul search and, um...do some good.

So after a dinner date with Death and arguing with a dead shark, Deadpool found himself in San Francisco. Home of sourdough, full houses, and most recently the X-Men! There Deadpool tried to blend in with the local color at a nearby sailor bar and managed to catch the tail end of Cyclops's televised announcement that the X-Men were forming their very own island nation off the coast of San Francisco called Utopia. Right then he found the inspiration and purpose he'd been looking for:

Deadpool's gonna be an X-Man!

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WANT YOU TO WANT ME

PART TWO: NO MAN IS AN ISLAND

YOU
MESSED
UP.

LATER THAT DAY:

WITH DEADPOOL--
TURNIN' HIM AWAY
LIKE THAT. BLOWIN'
HIM OFF.

EXCUSE
ME?

WHAT, YOU
THINK I SHOULD'VE
LET HIM STAY HERE?
JOIN US?

'COURSE NOT--
HE'S WAY TOO
VOLATILE TO BE
TRUSTED IN A
CONTAINED
ENVIRONMENT
LIKE THIS.

BY THE
SAME TOKEN,
THOUGH...DON'T
YA THINK HE'S
TOO VOLATILE
NOT TO BE
CONTAINED?

WHAT'S SO BAD
ABOUT THE GUY,
ANYWAY?

EVERYTHING.

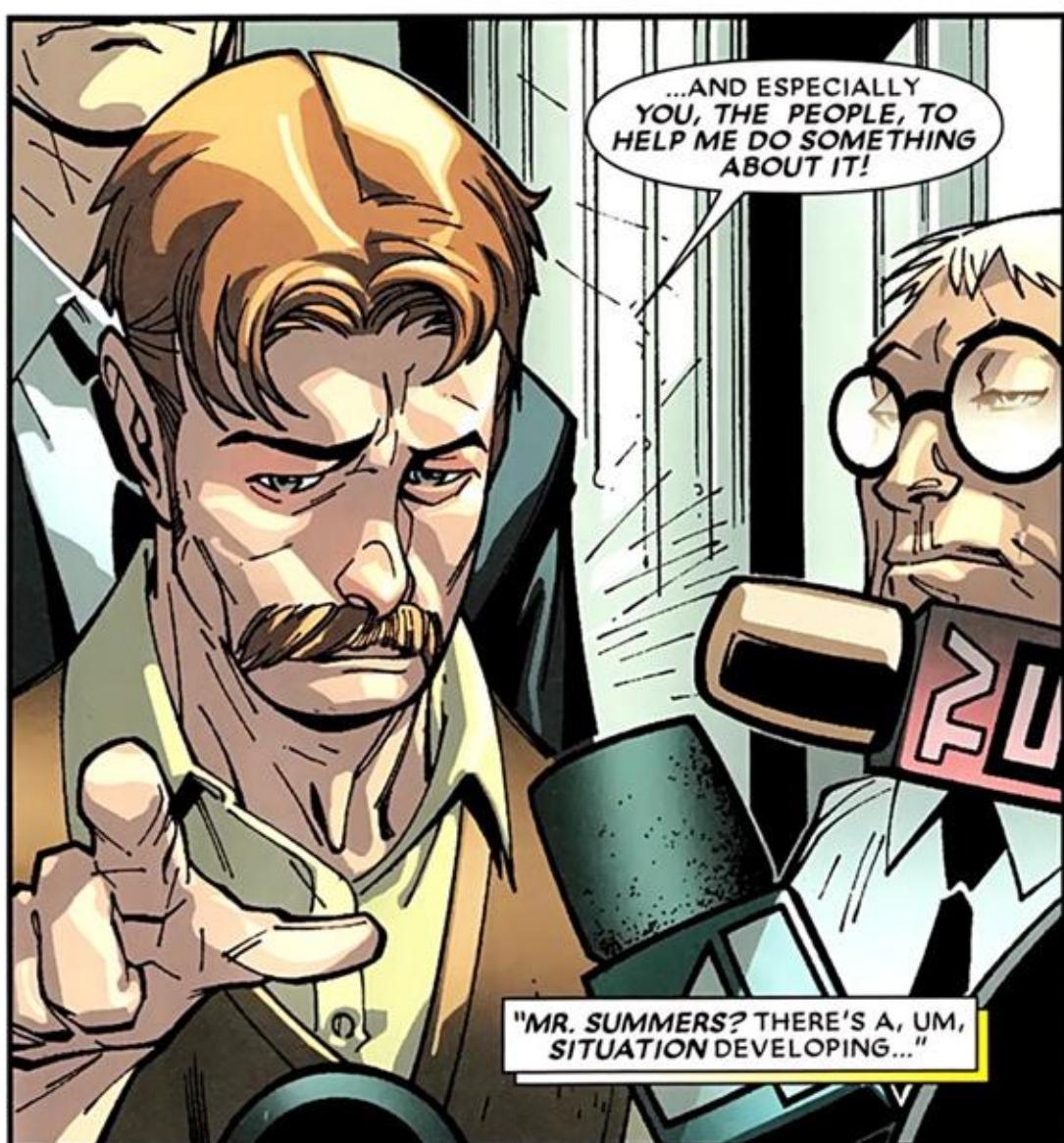
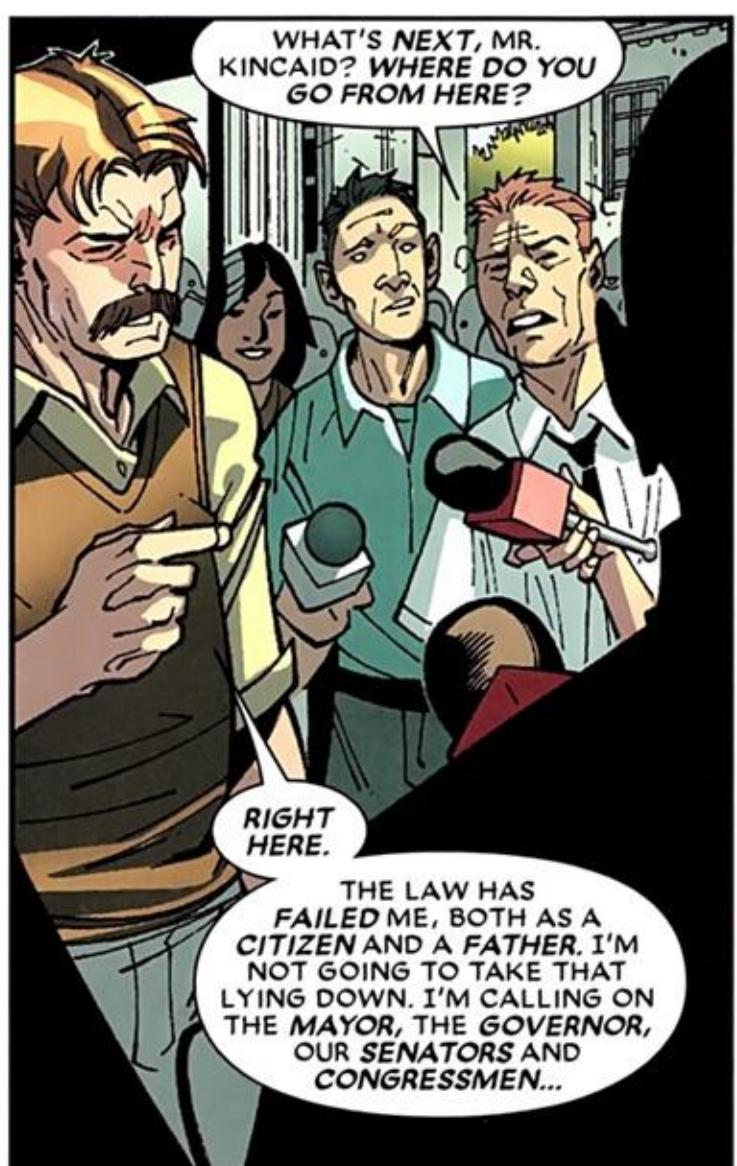
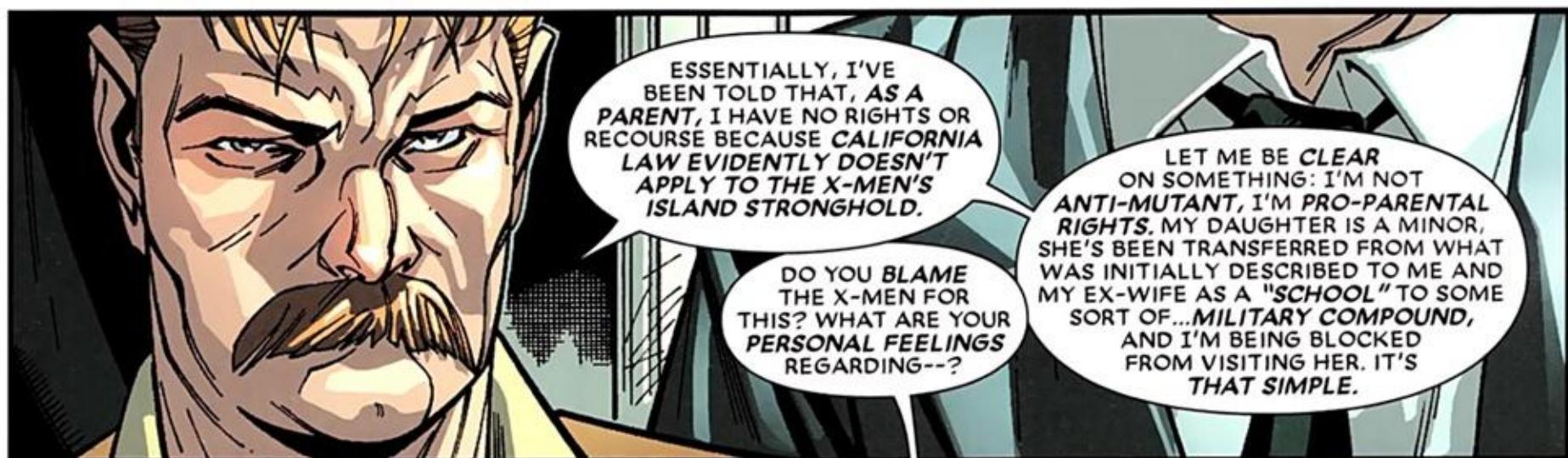
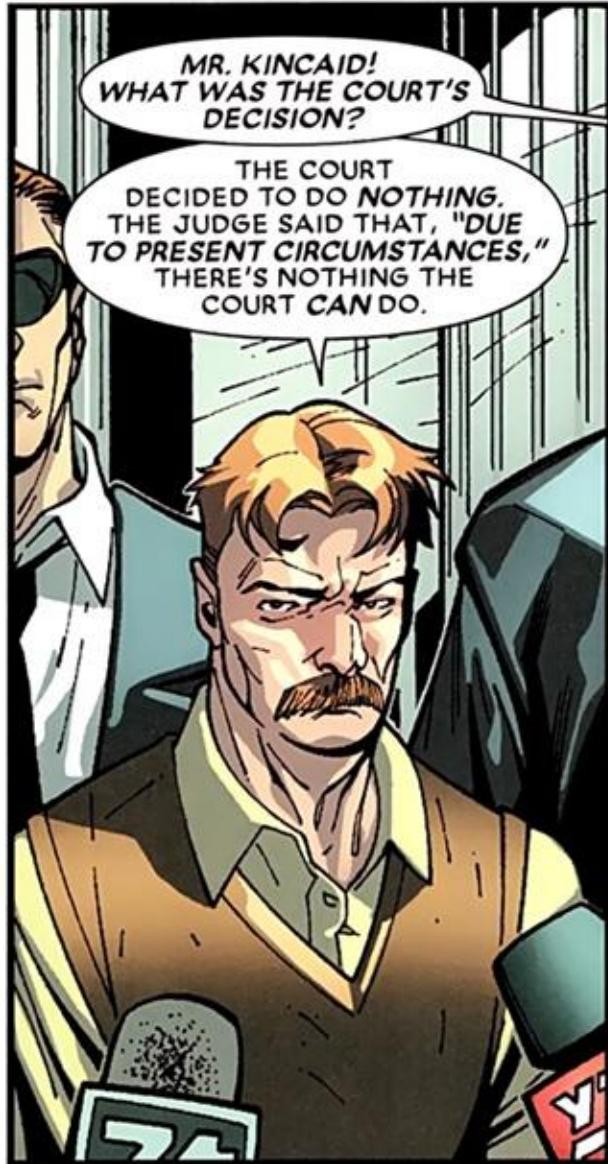
WELL,
NO OFFENSE,
BUT...

...A LOTTA
PEOPLE SAY THE
SAME THING ABOUT
YOU, WOLVERINE.

BUT ISN'T
THAT WHY WE'RE
ALL HERE, IN UTOPIA?
BECAUSE NO ONE
ELSE WANTS US?

...I
DUNNO...





WHAT DO WE KNOW ABOUT THIS GUY?

ELLIS KINCAID--48 YEARS OLD, FROM PORTLAND, OREGON. DIVORCED WITH EXTREME PREJUDICE. REAL ESTATE DEVELOPER, BUT HIS COMPANY IS IN PRETTY BAD SHAPE...

UMM...HOLD ON, JUST LET ME...OKAY.

OR AT LEAST IT WAS, UNTIL 4 DAYS AGO WHEN HE, UH, HIT THE JACKPOT. ALL HIS DERELICT ASSETS WERE BOUGHT OUT IN A FAIRLY SUSPECT ARRANGEMENT WITH UNITED HOLDINGS LIMITED...

...A DISTANT SUBSIDIARY OF OSCORP.

SO HE'S IN NORMAN OSBORN'S POCKET. WHAT A SURPRISE. NO WONDER HE WAS ABLE TO GET NATIONAL COVERAGE SO FAST. IT'S A GOOD ANGLE, TOO...

WHO'S HIS DAUGHTER?

OH, MY GOD.

THIS IS SO EMBARRASSING!





"...DO WE KNOW WHERE TO FIND HIM? WHERE'S HIS BASE OF OPERATIONS?"

WELL,
IT'S NOT
MUCH...

CHANK!

...BUT IT
SURE DOES
SUCK.

This **plan** that we're working on...

WHAT PLAN?

"**OPERATION:**
MOVES."

...Yeah. It's awfully *risky*.

THERE'S A PLAN?

WHY WASN'T I--?

NEED-TO-KNOW BASIS, PAL. SORRY.

BUT...I'M YOURS THAT'S--THAT'S JUST STUPID!



EXACTLY.

OPERATION:
MOVES IS
BOTH RISKY...
AND STUPID.



BUT THAT'S JUST HOW I ROLL.

ONE MORE THING I'M GONNA NEED, THOUGH...





Okay, *this* makes sense—keeping an eye out for *Osborn's* guys, right? Because if he finds out that we're *still around*—

HEY, WHAT IF BULLSEYE FOUND OUT? THAT'D BE FUN!

YEAH!
LET'S CALL
HIM!

No!



FINE...

SEE ANYTHING
YOU LIKE?

WHAT IF, INSTEAD OF
CALLING HIM, WE--

No.

LOOKING FOR
SOMEONE?

WHY ARE
ALL THE GUYS
WEARING POINTY
SHOES NOW?

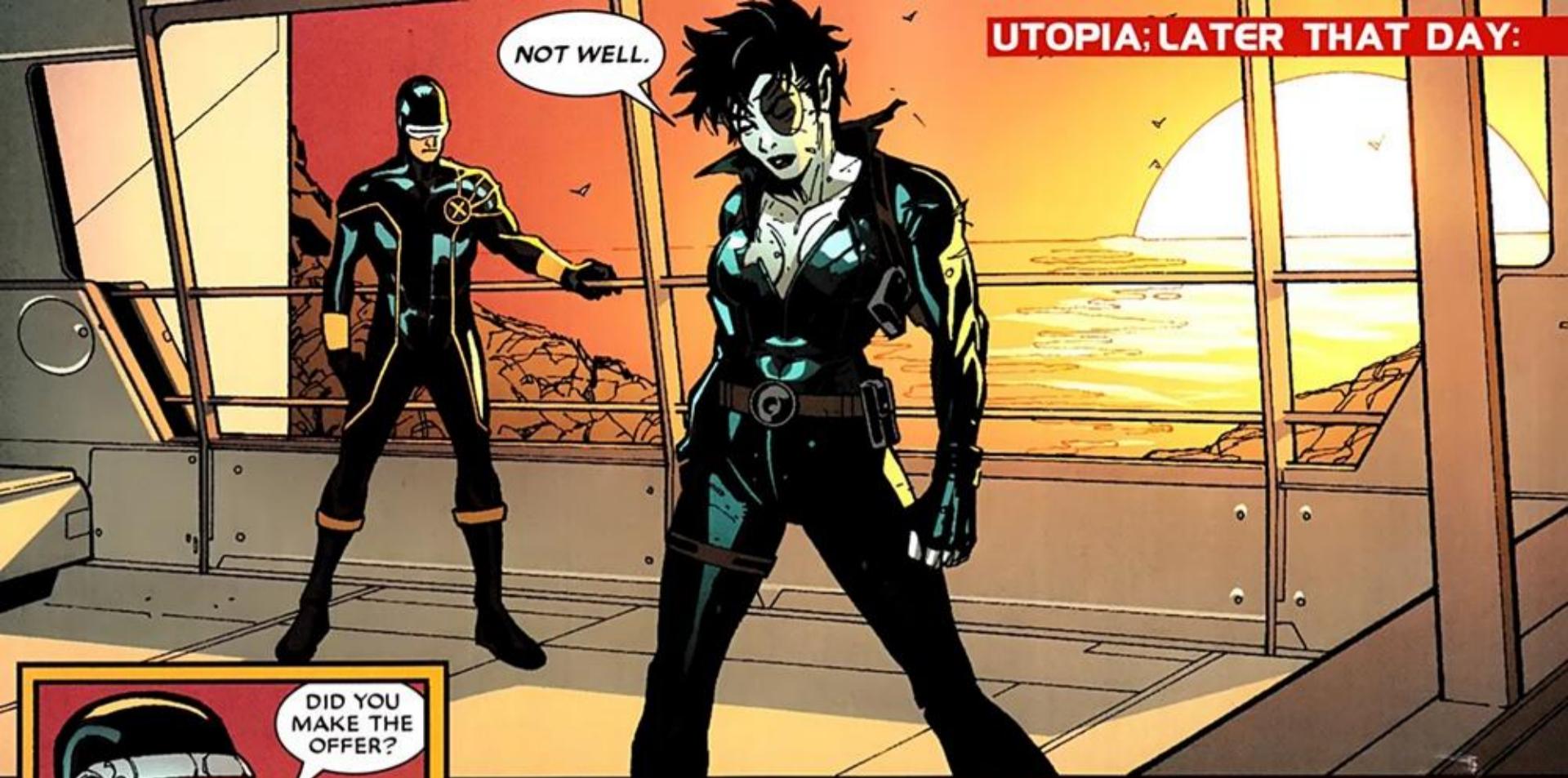
HEY!





UTOPIA; LATER THAT DAY:

NOT WELL.



DID YOU
MAKE THE
OFFER?



LOOK, ASS-HAT,
I DIDN'T COME ALL
THE WAY OUT HERE
TO BE IGNORED!

"YES."



I CAME
HERE TO OFFER
YOU A SPOT ON
THE X-MEN!

"DID HE BELIEVE YOU?"

NO
YOU DIDN'T,
DOMINO.

YOU
CAME HERE TO
KILL ME.

"NO."









"JUST SAVING MY
& \$#%*\$ LIFE!"

FFOOOOMP!

I COULD'VE
BEEN CRIPPLED!

OR
KILLED!

UNNGH--!

"AND I--AHEM--APOLOGIZE
FOR THAT...BUT YOU KNEW
GOING INTO THIS THAT THERE
WERE RISKS INVOLVED. WHEN
DEALING WITH DEADPOOL
THERE ALWAYS ARE.

SOOO...
WE STILL
FRIENDS?

"HE IS, AFTER
ALL, INSANE."

YOU SURE
AS HELL AREN'T
ACTING LIKE
A FRIEND...

"ACT"? ME?
NEVER!

I KEEP
IT REAL!

"I DUNNO. HE MAY
BE INSANE..."





"PROBATIONARY STATUS"?! WHAT THE HELL'S THAT MEAN?

IT MEANS YOUR APPLICATION IS UNDER REVIEW. WHILE THAT'S HAPPENING, THERE ARE SEVERAL OBJECTIVES THAT CYCLOPS WOULD LIKE US TO-

Y'MEAN HE WANTS TO SEE WHAT I CAN DO? SEE MY MOVES?

UMM...YEAH.
I GUESS?

THAT'S COOL,
'CAUSE GUESS WHAT? I GOT A LITTLE SOMETHIN' GOIN' RIGHT NOW!

KNOW WHO THAT GUY IS?

UKH. YES.

CYCLOPS IS ALREADY DEALING WITH HIM--IT'S JUST A LEGAL THING, SHOULD BLOW OVER IN A FEW WEEKS.

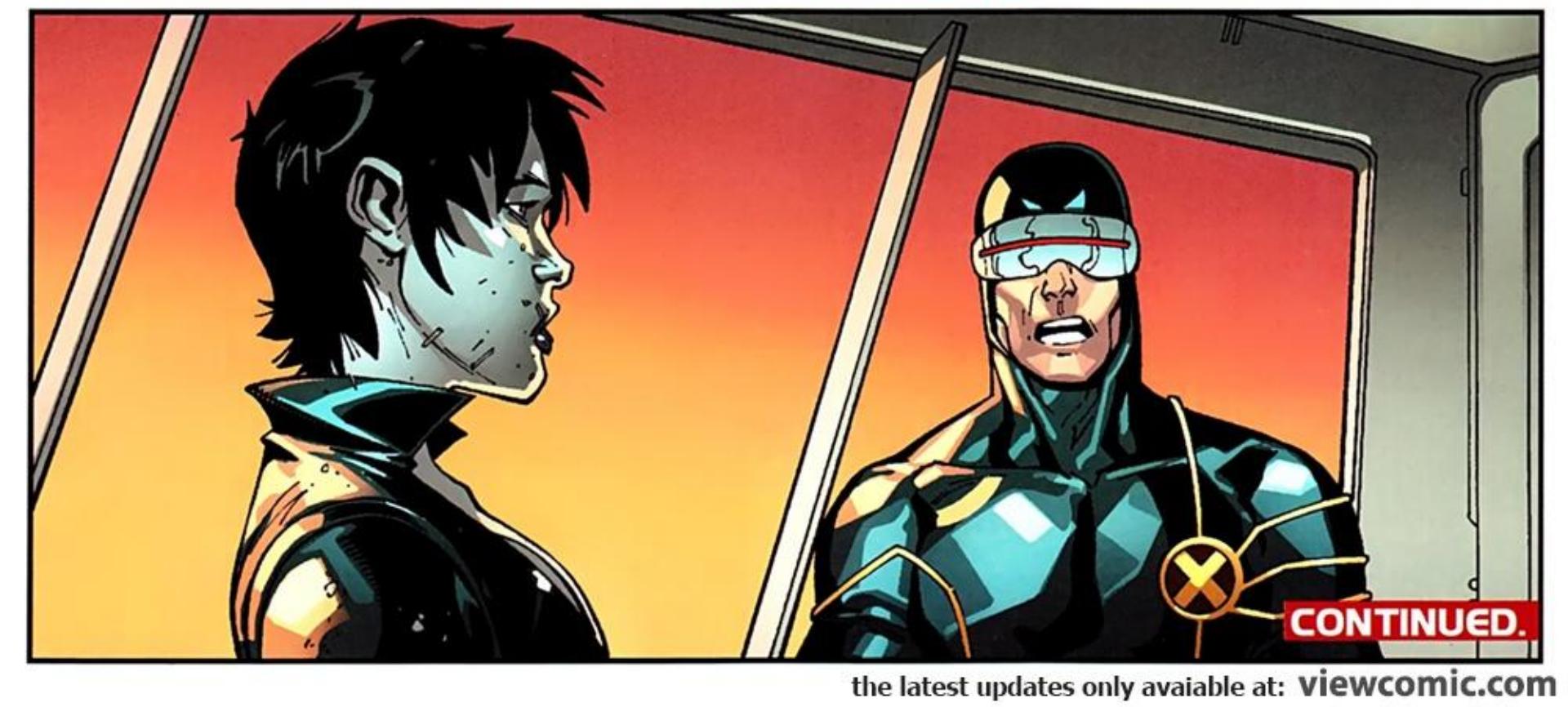
OH, IT'S GONNA BLOW OVER A LOT SOONER THAN THAT...

...WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

NO...



I'M GONNA
TOTALLY WASTE
THAT DUDE!
AND BY
"WASTE", I MEAN
ASSASSINATE!
PROBLEM
SOLVED!



CONTINUED.

NEXT ISSUE

