

MARVEL

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LGY#301

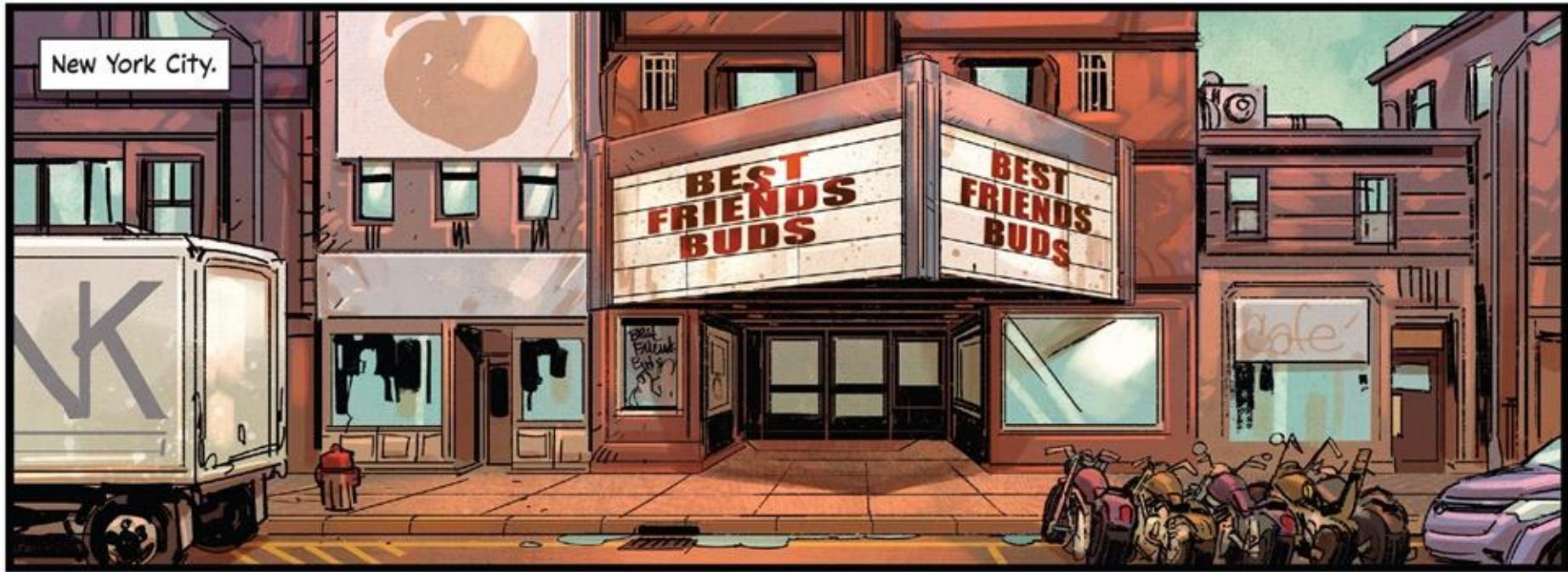
YOUNG · KLEIN · HEPBURN · HERRING

DEADPOOL

CLEANUP
ON
 AISLE TWO!



New York City.



I CAN'T
BELIEVE MY BEST
FRIEND IS DYING. =SNIFF=
LIFE IS JUST SO =SNIFF= UNFAIR
WHEN BEST FRIENDS HAVE TO
=SNIFF= DIE. WHY CAN'T BEST
FRIENDS LIVE FOREVER AND
=SNIFF= NOT =SNIFF=
DIE?

HA HA
HA HA HA
HA HA!



DAMN. THAT
IS SOME OSCAR-
WINNING SNIFFS THIS
ACTOR IS THROWING ON
TOP OF THIS HOT AS
%\$@G# SCREEN-
PLAY!

HA HA
HA HA HA
HA HA!



I KNOW,
BEST BUD. I DON'T
WANT TO DIE, EITHER.
I WISH YOU WERE DYING,
TOO, SO THEN WE COULD BE
DEAD BEST BUDS TOGETHER.
BEING DEAD JUST WON'T
BE THE SAME WITHOUT
MY BEST BUD.

HA HA
HA HA HA
HA HA!





LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, I'D LIKE TO APOLOGIZE FOR INTERRUPTING WHAT I'M SURE WILL BE ANOTHER MOVIE WHERE A GROUP OF OVER-THE-HILL ACTORS END UP LEARNING BIG LIFE LESSONS WHILE SLEEPING WITH WOMEN HALF THEIR AGE AND WAY OUT OF THEIR LEAGUE.



MY NAME IS DEADPOOL. MAYBE YOU'VE HEARD OF ME? APPARENTLY I HAD A PRETTY BIG COMIC RUN RECENTLY. ANY BIG COMIC READERS? NEVER MIND, DOESN'T MATTER. I'M HERE TO DO SOME NOT-SO-NICE THINGS TO SOMEONE NAMED ROCKO.

SO, IF YOUR NAME ISN'T ROCKO, AND LET'S FACE IT, IT WOULD BE A TRAGEDY IF MORE THAN ONE OF YOU HAD PARENTS WHO WOULD PUT THAT NAME ON YOUR BIRTH CERTIFICATE...

EXIT

...YOU CAN LEAVE THROUGH ONE OF THE DOORS MARKED BY THE ILLUMINATED EXIT SIGN.

THAT'S RIGHT. WATCH YOUR STEP. DON'T FORGET TO CHECK UNDER YOUR SEATS TO MAKE SURE YOU'VE GOT ALL YOUR BELONGINGS.



YOU'RE MAKING A BIG MISTAKE, CAPTAIN UNITARD.

LET ME GUESS, YOU'RE ROCKO?

HA HA
HA. SORRY, BUD.
YOU'RE NOT THAT
LUCKY.

ROCKO
HIT THE HEAD, BUT
WHEN HE GETS BACK
I'M SURE HE'LL LOVE TO
MEET YOUR KOOL-AID-
COLORED SUPER
HERO ASS.

FIRST, I
DON'T WANT TO ADMIT THIS,
BUT THAT WHOLE KOOL-AID LINE
WAS A PRETTY SICK BURN.

SECOND,
"THE HEAD"? REALLY? ARE
YOU A HIGH SCHOOL BASEBALL
COACH OR A BADASS
BIKER?

\$#@!%
ME!



THAT'S A
SWEET OFFER. I'M
NOT IN THE MOOD FOR
THAT RIGHT NOW, BUT
IF YOU WANT TO GET
PHYSICAL, ROCKO
WOULD BE HAPPY
TO HELP YOU
OUT.







THINK
YOU'RE FUNNY,
PUNK?





BEFORE YOU GET TO YOUR FIX'N, I'D LIKE TO POINT OUT THAT YOU SHOULDN'T CLOWN ON POUCHES.



POUCHES ARE PERFECT FOR HOLDING ALL KINDS OF THINGS.



PHONE, WALLET, BOTTLE OPENER, PEPPER SPRAY, FUEL-AND-GO REWARDS CARD, ET %\$#!# CETERA.



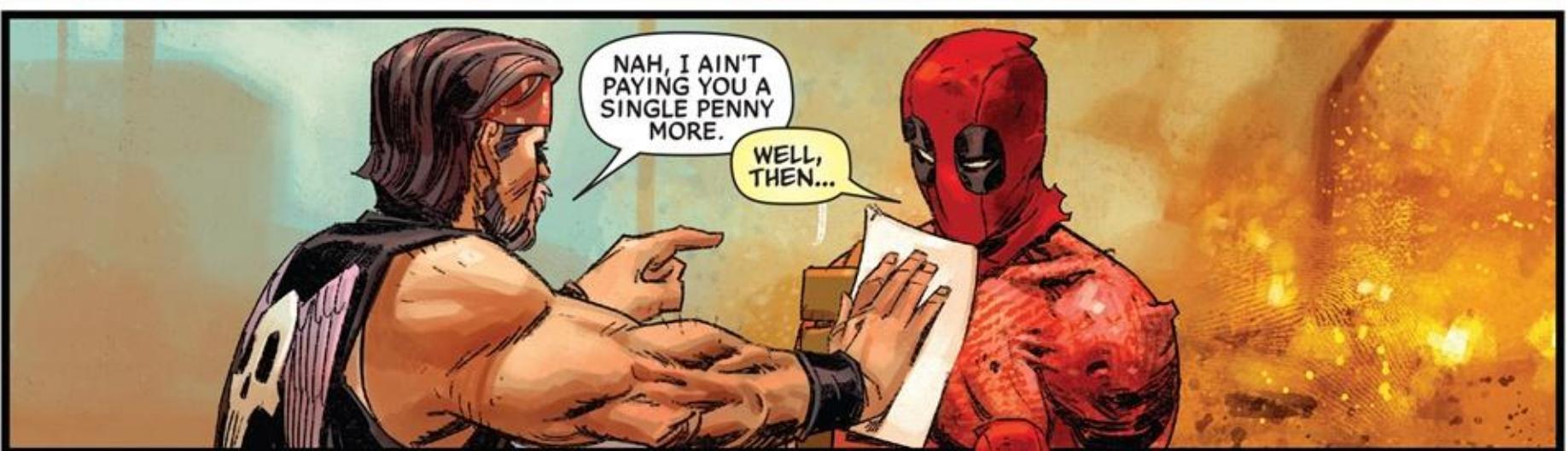
BY THE WAY, THE ET CETERA IN THIS SCENARIO IS...



...GRENADES!







CHOOSEN TO TAKE PART IN A TOP-SECRET GOVERNMENT PROGRAM, WADE WILSON WAS BESTOWED WITH THE ABILITY TO HEAL FROM ANY WOUND. HE BECAME A MERCENARY. THEN, FOR A WHILE, HE TRIED TO BE A HERO.

IT...WELL, IT WENT PRETTY BADLY. SO BAD, IN FACT, THAT WADE MINOWIPEO HIMSELF, RESETTING HIS MEMORIES TO THE "FACTORY SETTING" OF THE CLASSIC CHAOS AGENT, THE MERC WITH THE MOUTH, THE REGENERATIN' DEGENERATE KNOWN AS...

DEADPOOL

"BACK IN BUSINESS"

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NIC KLEIN
ARTIST

"GOOD NIGHT"

SKOTTIE YOUNG
WRITER

SCOTT HEPBURN
ARTIST

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Croton-on-Hudson. A little town outside New York City.

FAIRWOODS

Also...how drunk were the founders of that town when they came up with that name? They're probably lucky they don't live in a town called *Pass-Out-in-an-Alley-and-Choke-on-Puke*.

HEY, DP.
LOOKS LIKE YOU
HAD A ROUGH
DAY.

PENDER,
YOU HAVE SUCH
A KEEN EYE.
WHAT GAVE IT
AWAY?

KENNY, AVERT
YOUR EYES. I DON'T
WANT YOU FALLING IN
LOVE WITH ME AFTER
YOU SEE ALL MY
BUSINESS.

TRUST ME, YOU'RE
SAFE. BESIDES, YOU STILL
OWE ME TWO MONTHS'
RENT, WHICH MAKES
YOU A SCRUB.

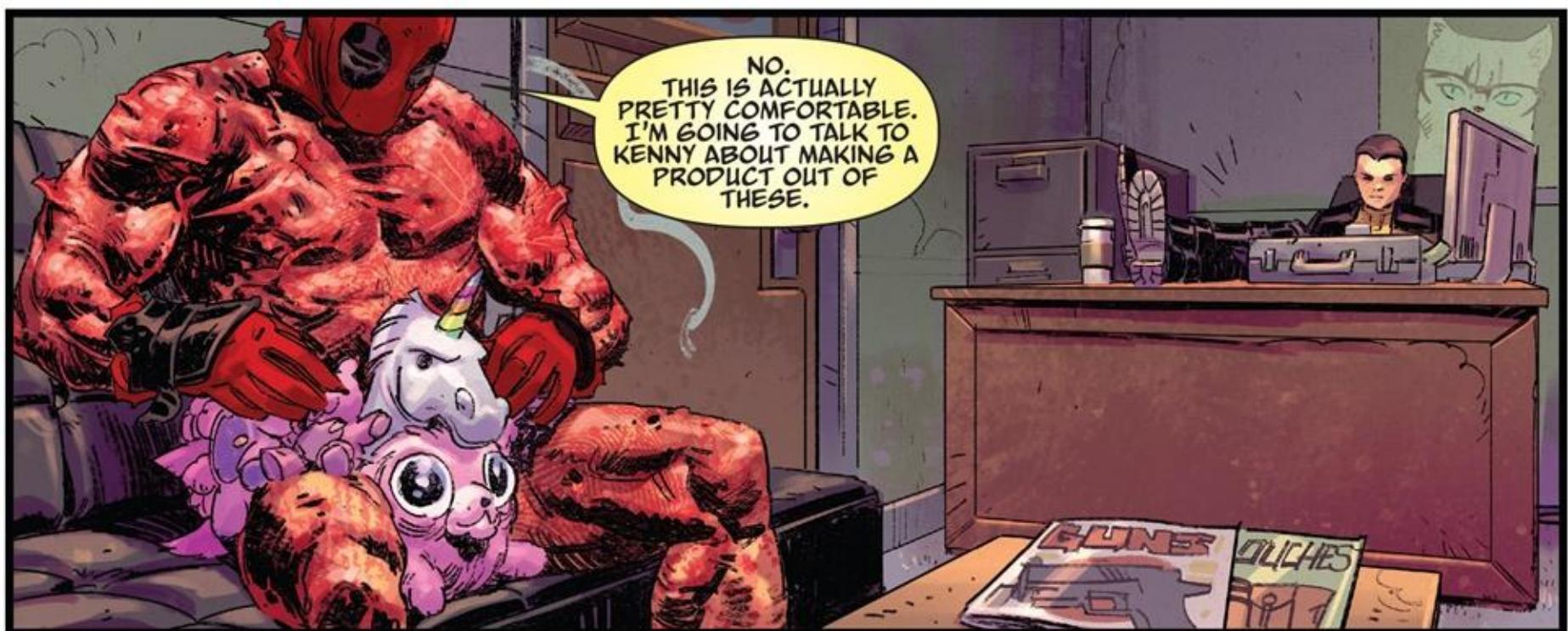
AND
YOU KNOW THE
SAYING. "I DON'T
WANT NO SCRUB, A
SCRUB IS A GUY THAT
CAN'T GET NO LOVE
FROM ME."

I'M
GONNA TAKE
SOME STUFFIES,
KENNY. PUT 'EM
ON MY TAB.

WHY ARE YOU
WEARING STUFFIE
UNDIES?

TO
PROTECT YOUR
TEENAGE NEGASONIC
EYEBALLS FROM THE
WONDERS OF HUMAN
ANATOMY.

ALSO...
"STUFFIE UNDIES"
--GREAT NAME.



KEEP

MONUMENTAL.

WHAT?

YOU NEED
TO DO SOMETHING
MONUMENTAL.

SOMETHING
THAT GETS
EVERYONE'S
ATTENTION AND
PUTS ALL EYES
ON YOU.

HOLY #%@\$
%&#! YES! I
NEED MY VERY
OWN EVENT!

EVERY TIME
DOOM OR APOCALYPSE OR
ANY OTHER MUSTACHE-TWIRLING
BLACK HAT WANTS TO WRECK SHOP,
ALL THE SUPER HEROES START
CROSSING OVER AND MAJOR
NUMBERS ARE PUT ON
THE BOARD.

COOL.
THERE IS THE TINY
ISSUE OF HOW YOU
CAN PULL OFF ANYTHING
LIKE THAT ON YOUR
OWN.

HA. DON'T
WORRY ABOUT
THAT. IT'S SUMMER,
AND YOU CAN ALWAYS
COUNT ON AN EVENT
DROPPING IN THE
SUMMER.

THE
ONLY QUESTION IS,
WILL IT BE ONE OF THE
EARTHBOUND BADDIES?
SOMEONE FROM HELL?
OOOOh, OR MAYBE EVEN
COSMIC! HOW COOL
WOULD THAT BE?

ANYWAY, I
HAVE TO MAKE A
FEW CALLS. CAN
YOU GET ME MY
ROLODEX?

WHAT'S A
ROLODEX?

Later, somewhere in space and stuff.

I'D LIKE TO PUT THREE HOTELS ON BROADWAY.

WHAT?!

ROCKET, YOU CAN'T PUT THREE HOTELS ON ONE PROPERTY.

I JUST DID, SO YES, STAR-LORD, I CAN.

NO, YOU CAN'T!

CAN. DID.



ROCKET, STAR-LORD, I WILL ALSO REPEAT YOUR NAMES ALOUD FOR NO REASON BEFORE I TELL YOU...

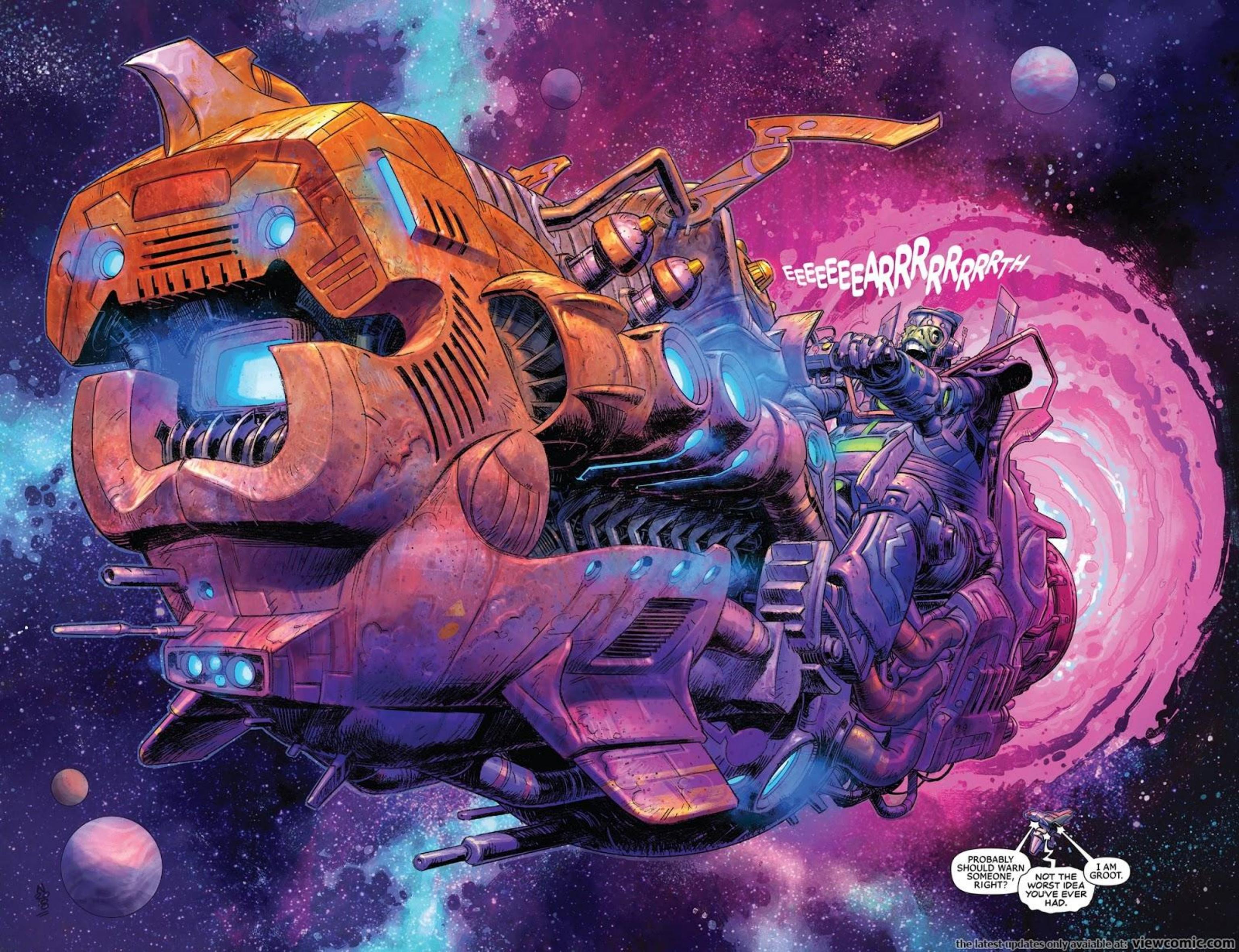
...I HAVE THIS MANY COLORED FAKE MONEYS. I WILL GIVE IT ALL TO YOU, AND YOU WILL GIVE ME 37 HOTELS THAT I'M GOING TO PUT ON BALTIC. THANK YOU.

GET THE %@#\$ OUT OF HERE, DRAX! YOU CAN'T PUT 37 HOTELS ON ONE PROPERTY!









Earth.

SLOW
DOWN. I NEED
YOU TO SAY ALL
THAT AGAIN, BUT
THIS TIME TRY IT
WITH LESS
CRYING.

WAIT... WHO
ELSE IS THERE?
ARE THE REST OF THE
AVENGERS THERE?
DID THEY SEE ME
CRYING?



OKAY, YOU'RE
IN TROUBLE. I
MEAN YOUR
WORLD IS IN
TROUBLE.

I AM
GROOT.

RIGHT, YOU'RE
UNDERSTANDING
THINGS A BIT. YOU
BETTER TELL HIM
ABOUT THE
WHOLE *END*
THING.

I IMAGINE
THE INTERGALACTIC
LONG-DISTANCE CHARGES
AREN'T ON THE CHEAP SIDE,
SO IF YOU WOULDN'T
MIND CUTTING TO
THE CHASE...

THERE'S A
CELESTIAL ON
ITS WAY TO EARTH.
GROFFON THE
REGURGER.

I'M
FAMILIAR WITH
ALL CELESTIALS ON
RECORD. I HAVEN'T
HEARD OF THIS
ONE.

ALMOST NO
ONE HAS. ROCKET
MADE SOME CALLS
AND FINALLY GOT
SOME INFO, AND
IT AIN'T GOOD.

WHEN HE GOES
TO A PLANET, IT'S
NOT THERE ANYMORE
WHEN HE LEAVES. HE
INFESTS THEM WITH
HIS GURGERS
AND THEY--

GURG.
YES, I GET
IT.

I MEAN, I
DON'T REALLY, BUT
I'D LIKE TO MOVE ON
TO THE HOW-WE-STOP-
OL'-GROF BIT OF
OUR CHAT.

THERE'S
ONLY ONE WEAPON
KNOWN TO BE ABLE TO
STOP THE DECIMATOR,
AND IT'S A GOOD
NEWS/BAD NEWS
SITUATION.

GOOD
NEWS--BY SOME
STROKE OF LUCK,
THE WEAPON IS
ALREADY ON
EARTH.

BAD
NEWS...

"...YOU'RE NOT GOING TO LIKE WHO HAS IT."

NO, IT'S NOT UNDERWEAR WITH STUFFIES ON THEM, THE STUFFIES ARE THE UNDERWEAR.

YES...

...NO...

...THE SHARK TANK PRODUCERS WEREN'T FEELING IT AND HUNG UP PRETTY QUICK. BUT I KNOW YOU ROXXON GUYS GOT VISION.

WHAT?
NO!

LISTEN, IT'S NOT UNDERWEAR WITH STUFFIES ON THEM, THE STUFFIES ARE THE UNDERWEAR!

To Be Continued!

Fairwoods Mall,
Croton-on-Hudson.

A day before the
issue you just read.

THERE'S PLENTY OF PEOPLE OR THINGS OR PEOPLE-THINGS THAT NEED A SOLID MERC'N, YET HERE I AM, READING ABOUT FIN FANG FOOM'S POSSIBLE LOVE CHILD WHILE YOU SWIPE THROUGH POTENTIAL FUTURE BAD DATES WITH GUYS NAMED BO OR KAVAN...THOUGH KAVAN SOUNDS LIKE HE'S DAMN GOOD-LOOKING. REGARDLESS...

...WHY IS
BUSINESS SO
#@% SLOW?

PROBABLY
BECAUSE NO ONE
LIKES YOU. AT ALL.
LIKE...NOT EVEN A
LITTLE BIT.

I DON'T
GET IT!



DADDY FANG FOOM!!!

CAN YOU
BELIEVE THE WAY
SHE TREATS ME? AFTER
THE YEARS AND YEARS
OF HISTORY WE HAVE
TOGETHER?

AT LEAST
I THINK WE
HAVE HISTORY.

I'M
TOLD I
GAVE MYSELF
A GOOD OLD-
FASHIONED
COMIC-BOOK
MEMORY WIPE
AND NOW MY
BRAIN IS PRETTY
MUCH MOLDY
SWISS
CHEESE.

FOR ALL I KNOW, WE
WERE RANDOMLY PAIRED
UP IN A MOVIE AND NOW
WRITER MCBABY COVERS
HERE IS TRYING TO
RIDE THOSE COAT-
TAILS.

DESPITE
YOUR NEGASONIC-
SIZED INSENSITIVITY,
YOU MIGHT BE RIGHT.
LUCKILY, THERE'S
AN EASY FIX.

I JUST
NEED MYSELF A
SYMPATHETIC
BACKSTORY.

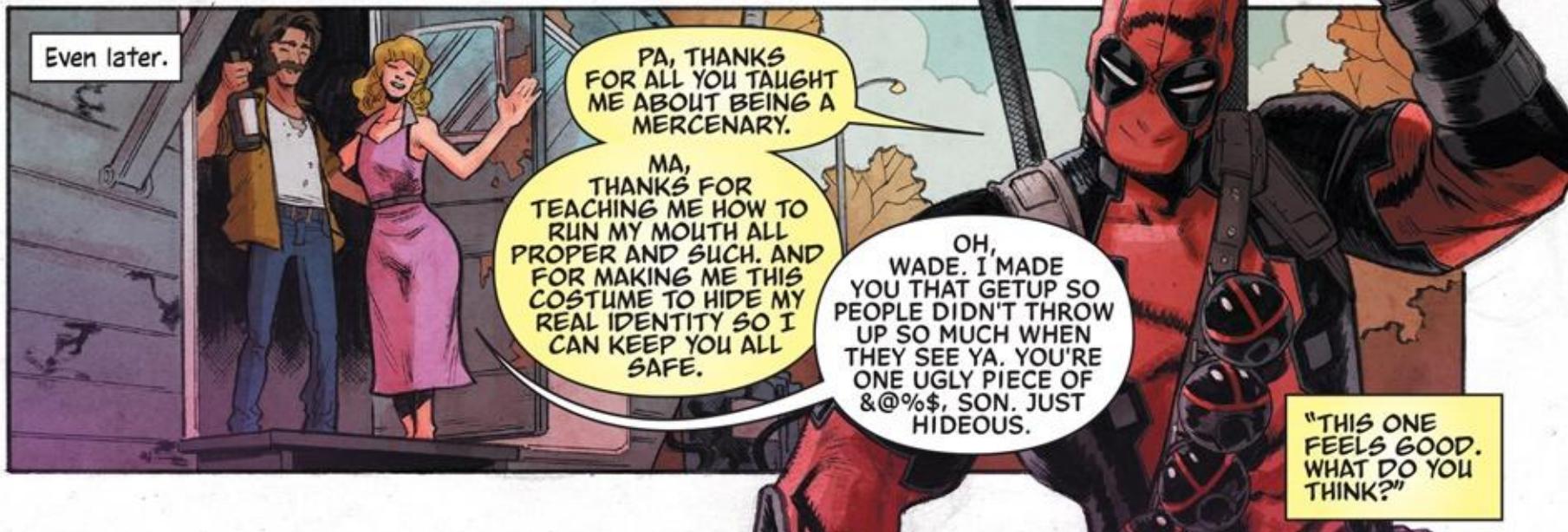
BUT YOU'RE,
LIKE, NOT
SYMPATHETIC.

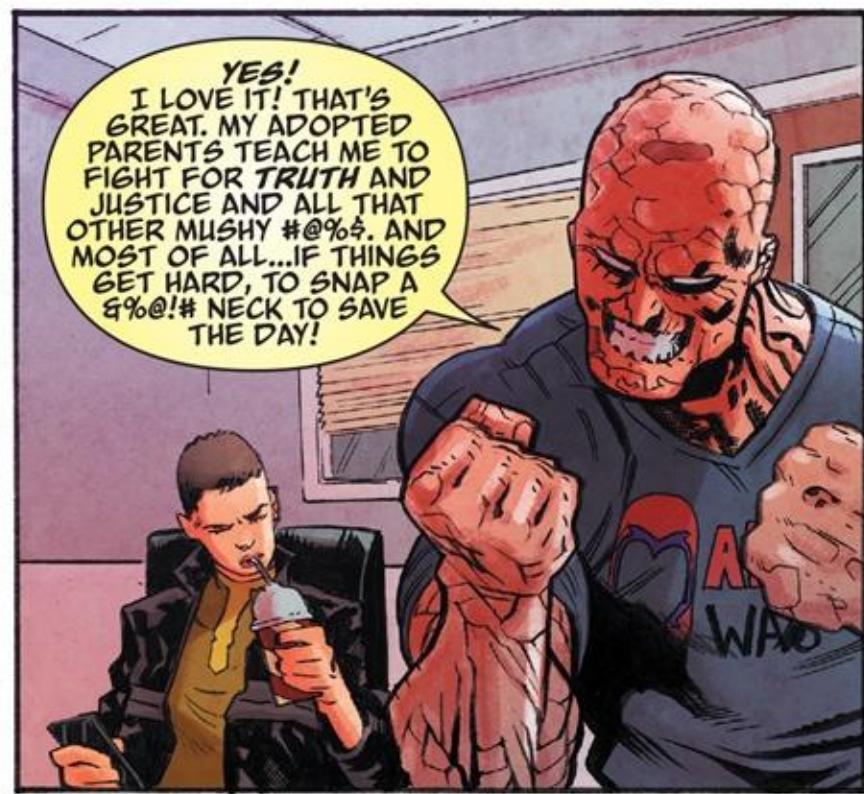
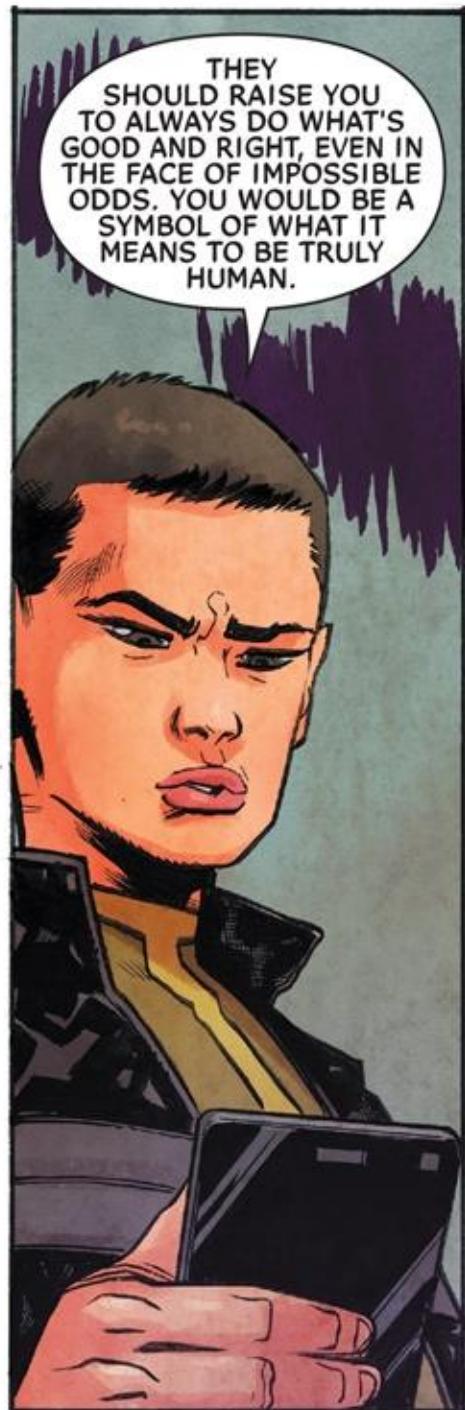
THAT'S
NEITHER
HERE NOR
THERE.
HERE, TAKE
NOTES WHILE I
DICTATE MY SHINY
NEW ORIGIN!

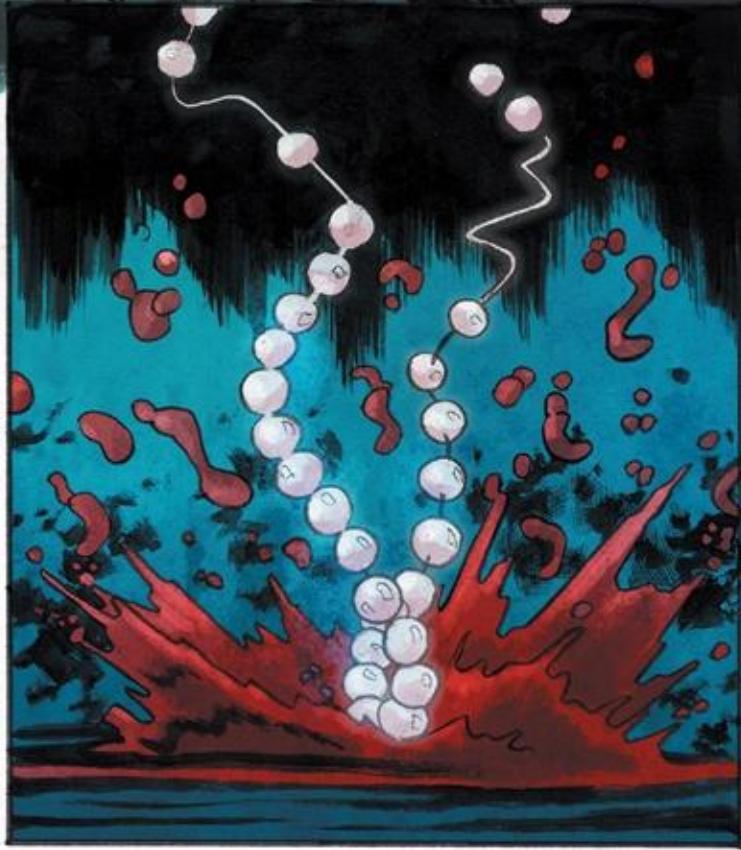
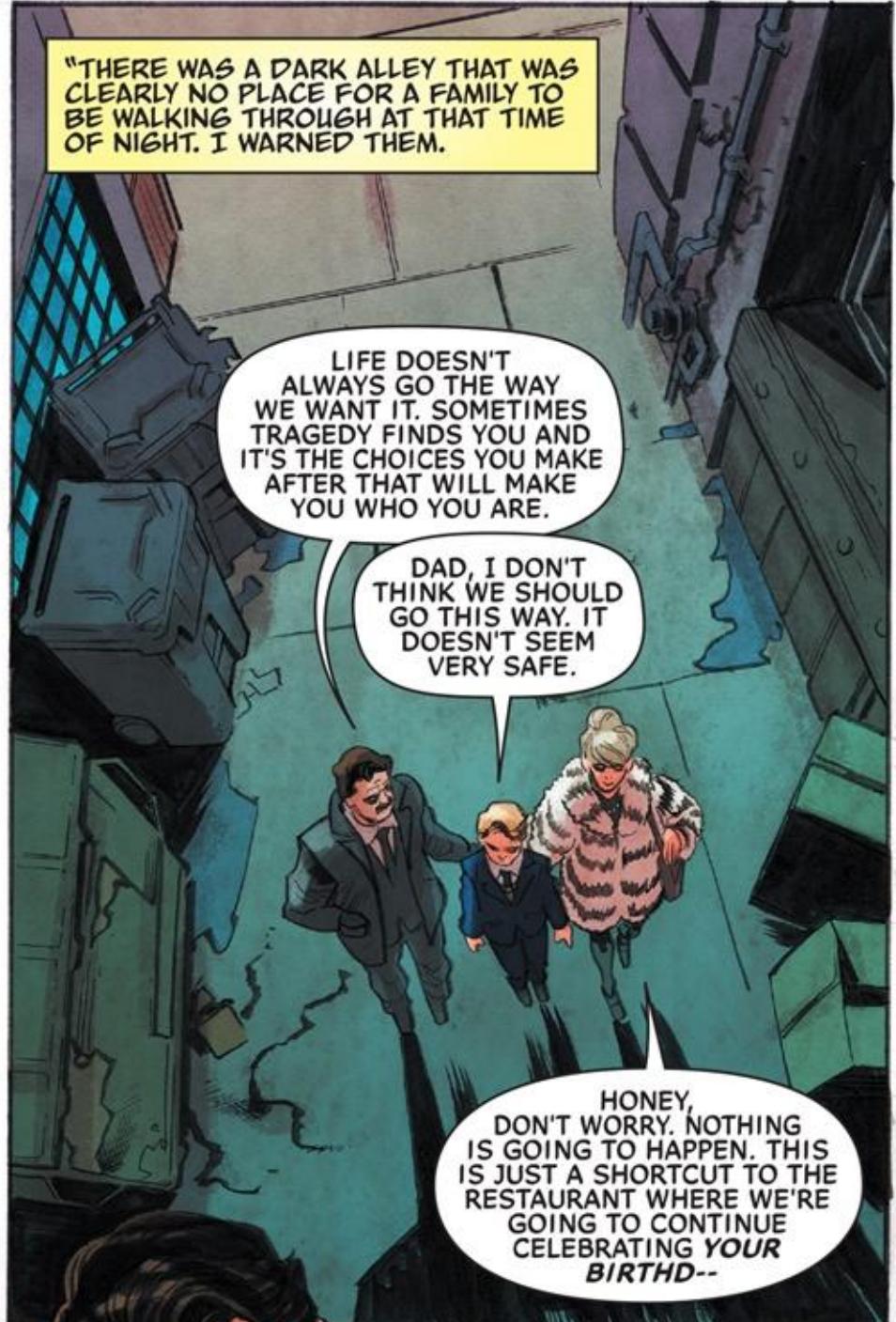
MAGNETO
WAS RIGHT

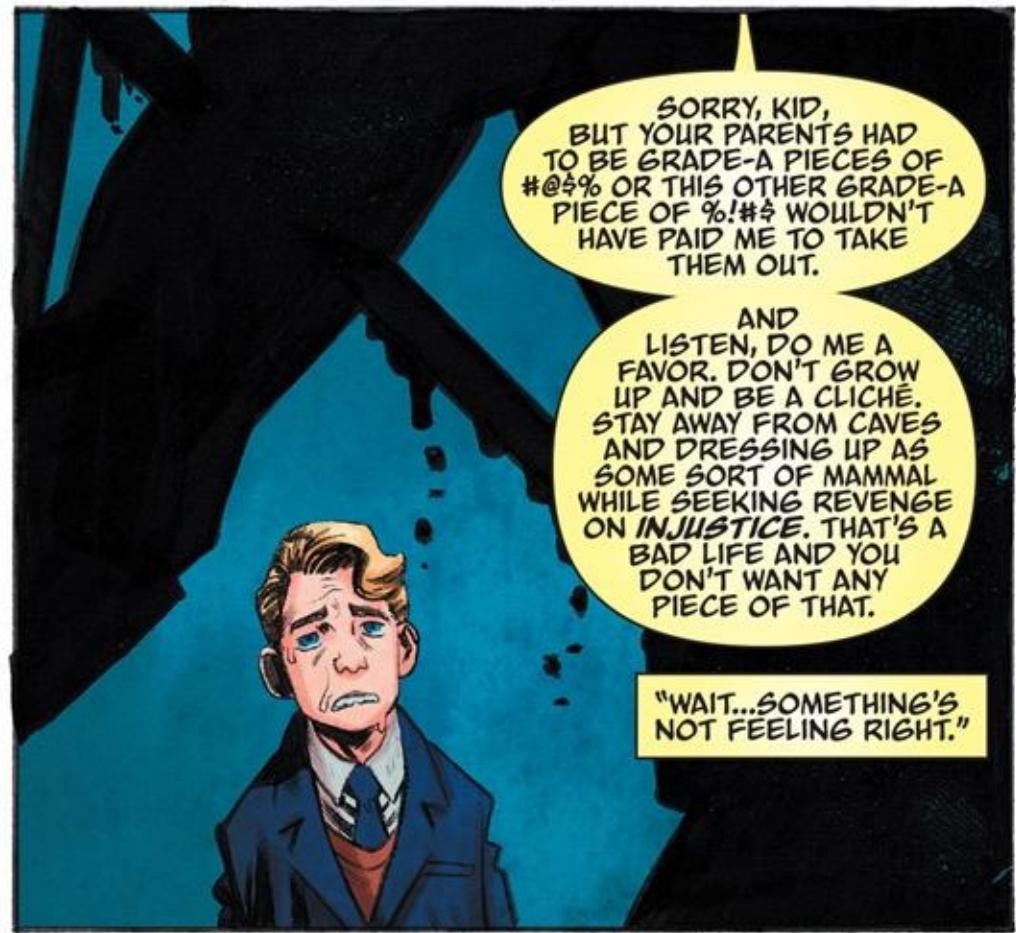














To Also Be Continued!

Hello... What do I refer to you as? Deadpool readers, I mean? Do you all have a name? What about 'POOLERS? DEADHEADS... Wait, that's taken. WADE WATCHERS? 'POOL SHARKS? What about DP'ERS? Yeah, I can see how that can be taken the wrong way. Maybe you all can send in your suggestions for what you want to be called and then...well, I'll call you that. Now, on to business.

I wanted to take a few minutes to welcome you all to the new DEADPOOL series. I'm over the \$@N% moon to be stepping in as the new ongoing writer, along with my partners in crime Nic Klein and Scott Hepburn, who make me look way smarter with their brilliant art. I've been dying to get my grimy little hands on Deadpool for YEARS. When I was planning on wrapping up my six-year run on the OZ graphic novels, I instantly started throwing my weight around [my physical weight, because I have no other kind of weight that wields any actual power] trying to get Marvel to give me the keys to Deadpool. They were like "No." I was like "Please?" They were like "No." Then I was like "But why?" They were like "No." Then I just said "Fine, I'll write and draw ROCKET RACCOON and accidentally take longer to finish OZ and get RR started late so that we launch the same week as the movie which we all thought would be a bust but it wasn't and the first issue sold like five trillion copies or something like that. I'll just do that." They were like "Okay."

Flash-forward years later and here I am writing a "Welcome to my DEADPOOL run" letter in the back of DEADPOOL #1 and I don't even have any editors tied up in my basement putting lotion on the skin or in baskets. [I can't promise anything about attics, though, so don't ask.] I hope you all are as excited to follow the new adventures of our favorite MERC WITH A MOUTH as we are to make them. As you can tell from the issue you just read, we're going BIG, we're going BRUTAL, we're going FAST, and we're going FUN! We'll let you decide if we go FUNNY. [Please say yes, I'm very sensitive.] We're tossing out the five- to six-issue story arc format, instead we'll bob and weave in and out of shorter story lines and one-shots. We want to keep you guessing. We want to keep OURSELVES guessing. Keep it fresh and inspired month in and month out for us as creators and you as DP'ERS or whatever we end up calling you.

Okay, now, before I get out of here and let you get back to the rest of your comics stack for the week, I'd like to acknowledge the great people that just preceded us. On behalf of Nic, Scott, and myself, I'd like to send a giant amount of thanks and love to my good friend Gerry Duggan, as well as Brian Posehn and all the incredible artists, including Mike Hawthorne, Matteo Lolli, Scott Koblish, Scott Hepburn, David Lopez, Salva Espin, Tony Moore, Declan Shalvey, Jordie Bellaire, John Lucas, and more for building up such a rich character and world over the last six years and giving us your blessing to get our hands bloody with good ol' Wade Wilson. You're all a very tough act to follow, but we're up for the challenge.

See you in the funny books.

Skottie Young

-from a Mexican restaurant in an airport drinking a margarita(s), 2018

NOTE FROM MARVEL EDITORIAL, SENIOR EDITORIAL, SALES, EIC, PRESIDENT, AND SKOTTIE YOUNG'S FAMILY AND FRIENDS: Skottie has never sold five trillion copies of any product. ROCKET RACCOON #1 was four years ago and he still talks about the sales, plus he likes to add a trillion every time he mentions that comic. We ask him to stop, but he just won't comply. We're working on it. Bear with us.

NEXT:

DEADPOOL BRINGS THE RUCKUS!



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