

WAY  
ANDRADE  
PARSONS  
GURUFX



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 Formerly Regeneratin' Degenerate. The Merc with a Mouth...

# DEADPOOL



Whoa...is this the last issue of Deadpool? Jeez. That doesn't bode well for the title character, does it? Especially since he's lost his famous healing factor and can now be killed. He discovered the existence of a serum that could remove his healing factor (and gave him back his pretty face) back when it was mistakenly used to kill the doppleganger made out of discarded Deadpool bits, Evil Deadpool. Wade dosed himself with the serum, hoping to die as well. Since then, living with mortality has taught him a valuable lesson about appreciating what you have... although he still got his pinky blown off and covered his body with 3rd degree burns in his various misadventures.

Now, a trio of 'Pool Persecutors have teamed up to send our man to the land of the dead. Agent Allison Kemp was an undercover FBI agent when a run-in with Wade left her tetraplegic. Slayback is still mad that Wade outed him as a psychopath back in their Department H days. T-Ray...well, Wade might have stolen his name and identity. Maybe. It's complicated. Suffice it to say, they want to ice the M with the M. They might succeed! It IS the last issue, after all!

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WHAT'RE  
YOU TWO  
DOIN'?!

WE'RE  
GONNA FREAKIN'  
DIE!



"BETTER THAT HE NOT TAKE US DOWN WITH HIM."



"I'LL JUST DO HIM OLD-SKOOL."

POWER... RESTORED.

STABILIZERS ENGAGED.

YOU KNEW IT WAS A RUSE. THAT DEADPOOL WOULD NOT WILLINGLY OBLITERATE HIMSELF NOW THAT HE'S WITHOUT HIS HEALING FACTOR. UNLIKE SLAYBACK, YOU'VE OBVIOUSLY MADE THE MOST OF YOUR TRAINING.

I'M DULY IMPRESSED.

YEAH.

I CAN TELL.

STAY THERE AN' LOOK PRETTY WHILE I GO HANDLE BUSINESS LIKE A BOSS.

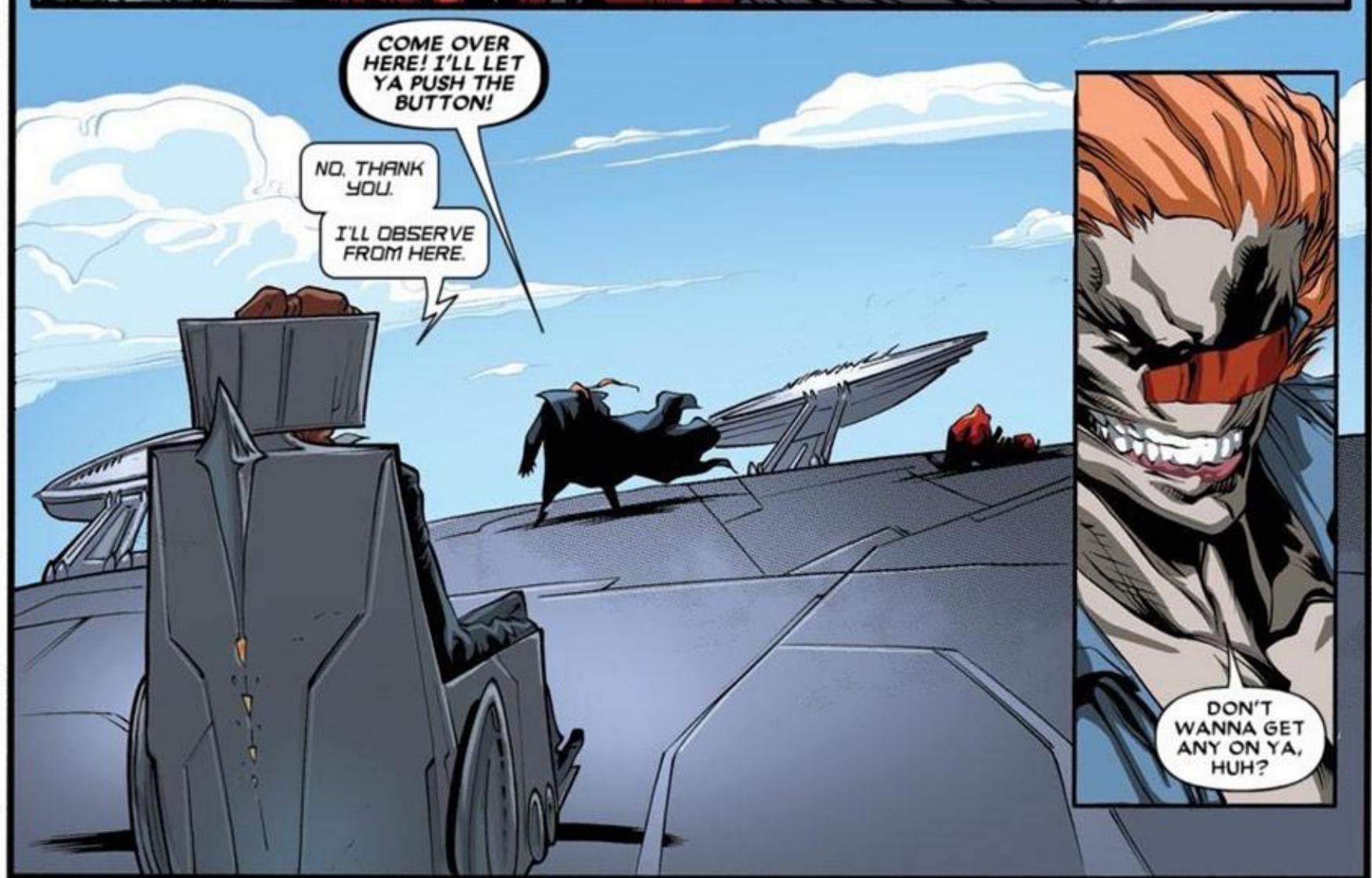












I'D LIKE TO SAY SOMETHING FIRST, BEFORE YOU PROCEED.

DO IT! ROCK THE MIC!

DEADPOOL.

MY NAME IS ALLISON KEMP.

YEARS AGO, YOU CAUSED AN EXPLOSION THAT COST ME THE USE OF NEARLY MY ENTIRE BODY.

DESPITE MY DISABILITY, I HAVE RISEN THROUGH THE RANKS OF BOTH THE FBI AND INTERPOL, ACCRUIING THE HIGHEST OF MERITS ALONG THE WAY.

THOSE ACHIEVEMENTS, HOWEVER, MEANT NOTHING TO ME—I NEVER WANTED THEM. IN FACT, THERE IS BUT ONE THING I HAVE WANTED, EVER SINCE THE DAY YOU DESTROYED MY LIFE.

AND THAT OF COURSE, IS REVENGE.

THOUGH MY BODY SHALL REMAIN BROKEN, I WILL NONETHELESS BE MADE WHOLE BY YOUR DEATH.

OF THIS, I AM CERTAIN.

GUESS THAT'S MY CUE...

I'VE BEEN  
WAITIN' FOR THIS  
A LONG TIME, TOO.  
IT'S GONNA BE  
EPIC.

Y'KNOW  
WHY?



PAY ATTENTION,  
'CAUSE I'M ABOUT  
TO GIVE YOU A  
COMPLIMENT.



BECAUSE  
THERE'S NOBODY--  
NOBODY--WHO  
COULD EVER RIG AN  
IMPROVISED  
EXPLOSIVE  
DEVICE...



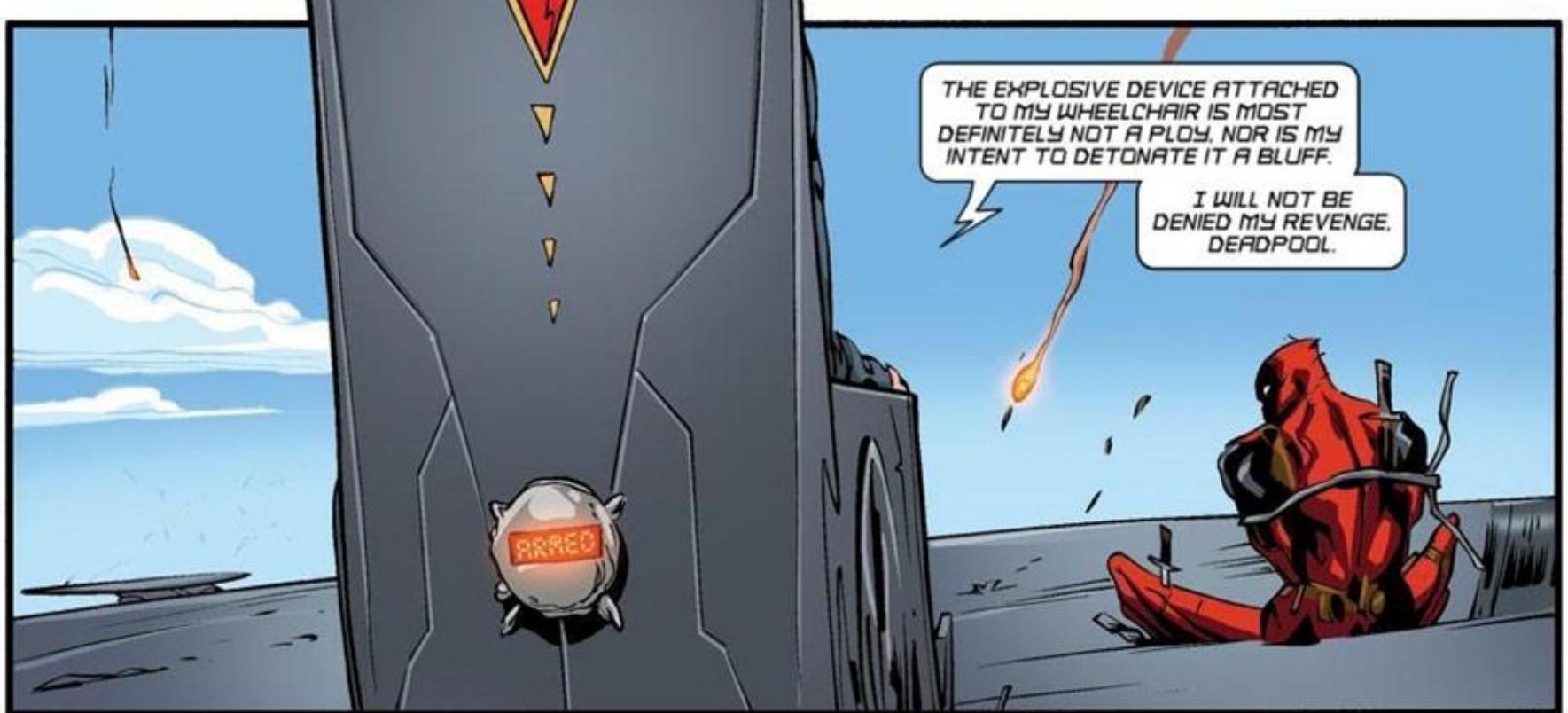
...AS  
GOOD AS  
YOU.

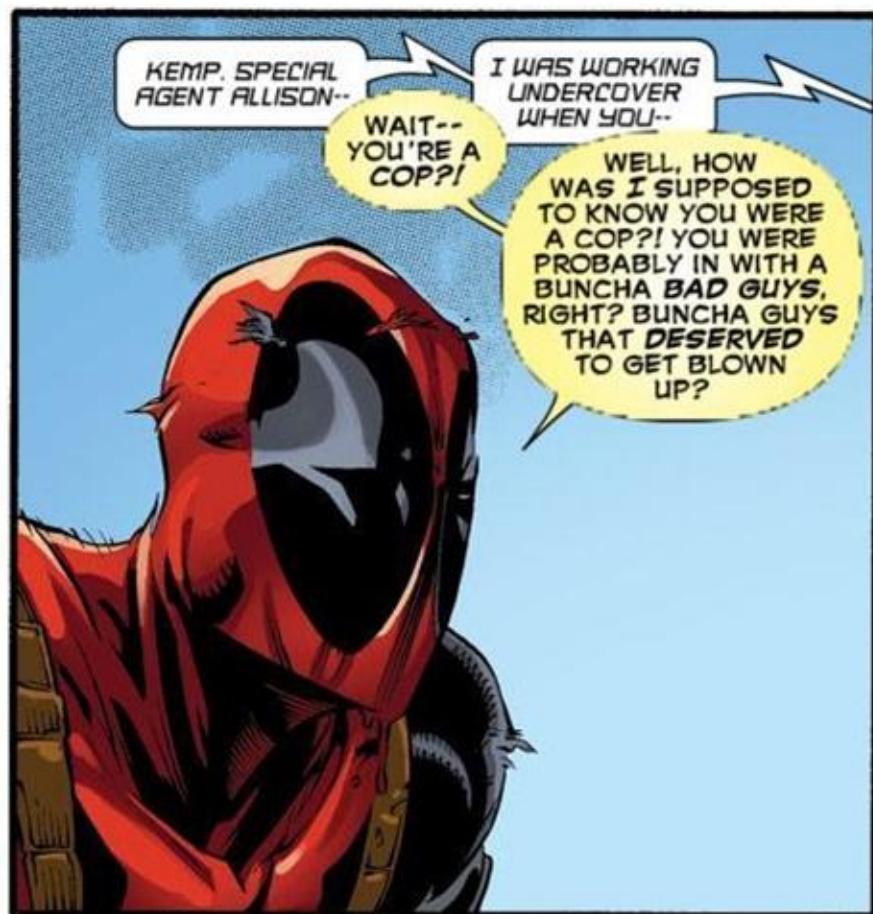


CLICK!!









# DISARMED

THIS...

THIS HAS ALL BEEN...

FOR NOTHING...

I CANNOT BELIEVE THAT WORKED.

IT DIDN'T.

IT JUST BECAME APPARENT TO HER THAT EVEN IF SHE KILLED YOU, SOONER OR LATER, YOU'D JUST COME BACK.

Y'KNOW... LIKE HERPES.

OR ME.

'CAUSE FOR  
SOME THINGS,  
THERE'S JUST  
NO CURE.

THE...THE  
S-SERUM...

DIDN'T  
WORK.

WELL...NOT  
PERMANENTLY.  
AT LEAST.

WHAT'S  
THAT LOOK ALL  
ABOUT?

IS THAT  
DISAPPOINTMENT  
OR HOPE OR...  
WHAT?

That's why our  
face hasn't...

THAT'S WHY OUR  
FINGER DID...

WHAT'S  
GOIN' ON IN  
THAT HEAD OF  
YOURS?



Bang.

Thanks, everyone.  
Let the healing begin.  
-D.W.

# "Hey, man. So, ah, listen...Deadpool."

That's essentially how it started, with Axel Alonso calling me up and telling me that the door was open for a new Deadpool series. Unfortunately, it was at a time when the character's profile had dropped to a record low. Though the character has always carried with it a small but intensely loyal fanbase, it had never before been this small. This would end up being, in my humble opinion, the biggest contributor to this series' success.

No one was waiting for a new Deadpool series. Expectations were zero. In other words, I was free to do anything I wanted... because no one really cared. No one, that is, except myself, Axel and my first editor on the book, John Barber. We knew that we had something. The challenge was to figure out how to let everyone else know.

And that's when it occurred to me that Deadpool and I had a common interest. As much as I wanted attention on this new series, Deadpool wanted it more. He'd

been pushed to the margins of the Marvel Universe for long enough. It was time for everyone to get out of his way, hang back and just let him do his thing because a star's gonna shine no matter what.

Coincidentally, this is also when my already tenuous grasp on reality really began to slip.

From our soft opening in Wolverine: Origins to our grand entrance during Secret Invasion until now, 65 issues later (yes, 65—don't forget about our TWO "Point One" issues), the mission has remained the same: make as much noise as we can, cause as much chaos as possible, all with the simple intent of getting you, the readers, to look. Once we had that, all that was required was to swing the spotlight over to our boy Wade. Whether you were trying to make sense of what you were seeing or you were content to simply revel in the insanity of it all, the result was the same: We gotcha.

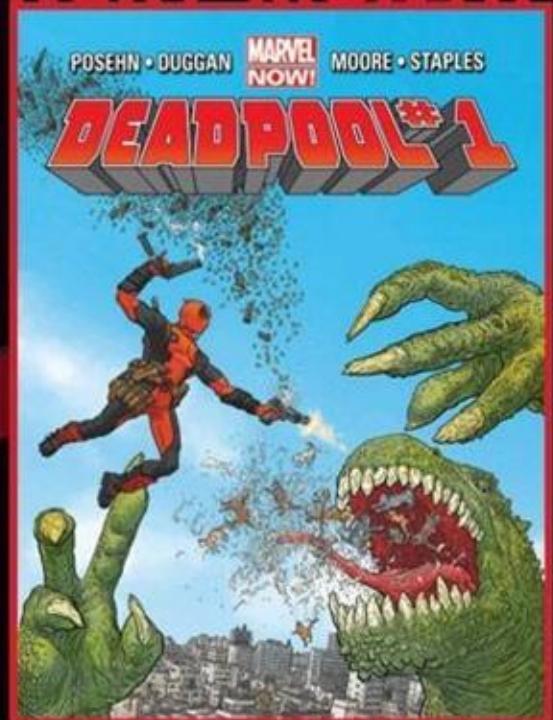
And you liked it. Admit it.

I know I did. Loved it, as a matter of fact. But now it's time for me to rejoin you, the fans. No one is looking forward to what Brian Posehn, Gerry Duggan and Tony Moore have coming up next more than I am. I cannot wait to once again pick up an issue of Deadpool and, just like you, have absolutely no idea what's going to happen. Guys? You have my attention.

Abuse it.

- Daniel Way

## NEXT MONTH:



SAME DEADPOOL.  
NEW SERIES.  
DIFFERENT JOKES  
(MOSTLY).