

THE INFERIOR **DEADPOOL**

A dynamic comic book illustration showing Spider-Man in his iconic red and blue suit leaping through the air towards the right. He is carrying a fallen Deadpool, who is wearing his signature orange and black suit. Deadpool is holding a katana in one hand and a handgun in the other. They are positioned above a city skyline with several buildings. Numerous birds, including crows and pigeons, are scattered throughout the scene, some flying and others crashing against the buildings. A large yellow starburst effect is visible on the left side of the frame.

POSEHN • DUGGAN

**MARVEL
NOW!**

HAWTHORNE • STAPLES

JOIN THE
R^EEVOLUTION

AR

010

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. Now, Wade makes his way as a gun for hire, shooting his prey's faces off while talking his friends' ears off. Call him the Merc with the Mouth...call him the Regeneratin' Degenerate...call him...

DEADPOOL



EIGHT LEGS TO KICK YOU

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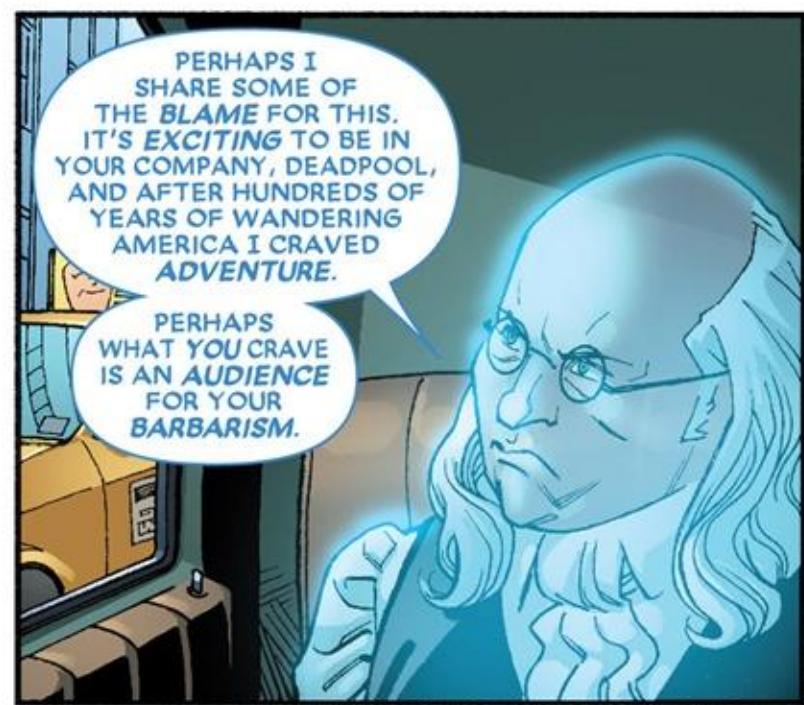
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THE LINCOLN TUNNEL.



HELL.

EXCUSE ME,
HOW LONG HAVE
YOU BEEN IN
THIS LINE?

IT'S NOT AS
BAD AS IT LOOKS. I
JUST ROBBED A BANK
ON NEW YEAR'S EVE.
WE TRIED TO TAKE
ADVANTAGE OF THAT
Y2K GLITCH. DIDN'T
WORK OUT.

Y2K?! THAT WAS A THING
THAT DIDN'T HAPPEN
THIRTEEN YEARS
AGO.

OH, IN THAT
CASE--THE LINE IS
A LOT WORSE THAN
IT LOOKS.

WHADDYA
IN A RUSH FOR,
ANYWAY? THIS IS PROBABLY
THE **BEST PART OF HELL**.

ARE YOU SURE
THIS IS HELL? IT
SEEMS MORE LIKE
PURGATORY.

OH, NO! BELIEVE
ME, WE'RE IN **HELL**.
I DID THE CRIME,
NOW I'M DOING
THE TIME.

EXCUSE
ME! EXCUSE
ME!

I NEED
TO TALK TO
MEPHISTO!

DID YOU GUYS
HEAR THAT
TOO?

YEAH.

THANK GOD,
I THOUGHT I WAS
HAVING A **STROKE**.

HA HA.
GOOD LUCK,
FATBOY!

I REQUEST
A PARLEY WITH...
YOUR BOSS.

DID I SAY
SOMETHING
WRONG?

I'M NOT
WITH THIS
GUY.



 MANHATTAN.
NOW.

DEADPOOL'S WAR JOURNAL: THE NEXT NAME I'M SUPPOSED TO KILL FROM VETIS' HIT LIST IS SOME KIND OF FUTURE-TELLER TYPE NAMED DANIEL GUMP.

WHAT'S YOUR PLAN FOR THE PRE-COG?

IT'S A SECRET.



SO YOU DON'T HAVE ONE.

I DIDN'T SAY THAT!

I HAVE A PLAN, BUT IT'S GOT TO BE A SURPRISE.

LISTEN, DEADPOOL. I KNOW YOU'RE STILL ANGRY AT S.H.I.E.L.D. FOR SCREWING YOU OUT OF YOUR MONEY, BUT MAYBE WE OUGHT TO GO IN AND TELL THEM THAT I'M TRAPPED IN YOUR BODY.

OUT OF THE QUESTION! FIRST: THEY WON'T BELIEVE ME. SECOND: IF I DO CONVINCE THEM, THEN WE'RE IN BIGGER TROUBLE. THEY'LL THROW ME AWAY INTO A CELL TO FIGURE OUT HOW IT HAPPENED, AND HOW THEY CAN WEAPONIZE IT. GETTING YOU OUT OF MY HEAD WON'T BE THE PRIORITY.



BUT MAYBE THERE'S SOMETHING SIMPLER WE'RE NOT THINKING OF. THE PROCESS USED TO MOVE A CONSCIOUS MIND INTO THE VISION MIGHT WORK FOR ME IF--

I'M NOT GOING TO BE A GOVERNMENT LAB RAT AGAIN!

FINE!

WE'LL DO IT YOUR WAY, BUT WHEN YOU SCREW IT UP THEN I TAKE THE WHEEL.





AR

THE ONLY THING I'VE USED THE WEB FOR HAS BEEN TO RESEARCH MY TARGET.

SOMETHING HAS RECENTLY CAUSED A RADICAL BEHAVIORAL SHIFT IN GUMP TO LEAVE THE LEGITIMATE BUSINESS WORLD, WHERE HE EXCELLED, AND MOVE INTO THE PROTECTION GAME. THIS KIND OF MUSCLE DOES NOT COME ON THE CHEAP.

I DO NOT REQUIRE YOUR ASSISTANCE, SO PLEASE GET IN THE ELEVATOR AND GO.

ARE YOU KIDDING? I CAN'T LEAVE MY PAL, THE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN ALONE UP HERE. BESIDES, SOMEBODY UP HERE HIT ME AS HARD AS THE HULK!

HEY, SPIDEY-- I'VE ALWAYS WONDERED: WHO DO YOU THINK IS THE LAMEST VILLAIN YOU FIGHT?

I'LL CONCEDE I'M PRETTY MUCH MY OWN WORST ENEMY. PLUS, I FOUGHT A COW ONCE.

BUT YOU! YOUR ROGUE'S GALLERY IS THE WORST. THE VULTURE LOOKS LIKE LARRY DAVID BITTEN BY A RADIOACTIVE PARAKEET. THE RHINO IS RIDICULOUS. YOU CAN'T TAKE A GUY THAT'S GLUED INTO AN EXTINCT CREATURE SERIOUSLY.

BEWARE BATROC, THE LEAPER!

OOPS, HANG ON A SEC--

BUT THE WORST MUST HAVE BEEN DOC OCK.

AAAGH. OH, MON DIEU!

ZUT ALORS!

NO! YOU HAVE IT ALL WRONG! THE DOCTOR WAS MY MOST FORMIDABLE FOE!

GIMME A BREAK. HE LOOKED LIKE ELTON JOHN ON STILTS. HE WAS A ONE-MAN, FAT GUY CIRQUE DU SOUFFLE. I'M JUST AMAZED YOU DIDN'T STRANGLE HIM WITH ONE OF HIS STUPID ARMS YEARS AGO.

WHEN DOC OCK DIED WAS HE EMBALMED WITH FORMALDE-WIDE? WERE HIS SERVICES HELD AT THE HOUSE OF PIES? IN LIEU OF FLOWERS, THE FAMILY OF DR. OCTAVIUS ASKS YOU TO SEND PANCAKES.

ENOUGH! GENTLEMEN, LET'S TALK. NOT FIGHT.

WELCOME
TO GUMP TOWER,
GENTLEMEN.

OBVIOUSLY,
YOU BOTH KNOW MY
LITTLE SECRET. I GREW BORED
PLAYING THE MARKET, KNOWING
WHAT WAS ABOUT TO HAPPEN,
SO I STARTED PLAYING THE
OTHER STREET. CRIME IS
EXHILERATING.

BUT I
AM FIRST AND
FOREMOST A MAN
OF BUSINESS, AND
WOULD LIKE TO OFFER
YOU EACH A FEE TO
DISENGAGE FROM
YOUR CURRENT
PURSUIT.

VETIS
SAYS "HI" ALSO,
"TIMES UP!"

NO!
WAIT!

I WOULD
LISTEN TO
YOUR FRIEND,
DEADPOOL.

WE ARE NOT
FRIENDS!

WE'RE
MORE LIKE
LOVERS.

REMIND ME
WHY I DON'T JUST
BLOW THIS GUY AWAY,
SWEETUMS?

BECAUSE
I'M PRE-COGNITIVE.
IN A SHORT-TERM SENSE.
AND IF YOU SHOOT ME,
MY THUMB WOULD
RELEASE THIS DEAD
MAN'S SWITCH AND THE
EXPLOSIVE VEST
I'M WEARING WOULD
DETONATE.

HE'S NOT
BLUFFING.

HOW
DO YOU
KNOW?

BECAUSE I'M
PRE-COGNITIVE.

JEEZ, IS
PART OF PRE-
COGNITION THAT YOU
GIVE YOUR FRIENDS AN
INFERIORITY COMPLEX?



SCREEAKH

LADY STILT MAN!

WOW, CHANCE,
PASTE POT PETE,
THE TASKMASTER
AND NOW HER. MOVE
OVER, SINISTER SIX,
HERE COMES--THE
**BLANDTASTIC
FOUR!**



DIDN'T I
ALREADY KICK YOU
OUT OF THIS PARTY,
DEADPOOL?



I SHOULD
HAVE LET YOU
PLUMMET TO
THE STREET.

SHE
KICKS LIKE
A MULE!

HEY, SHE
HAS THE FACE
OF A MULE,
TOO.



HEY LADY,
WERE YOU BITTEN
BY A RADIOACTIVE
MULE?

SHE'S GOT LEGS, SHE KNOWS HOW TO USE THEM!

I'D LIKE TO DISCUSS RENEGOTIATING OUR WAGER. YOU SAID A MAN WOULD BE CALLING TO CLAIM YOUR LIFE, YOU DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING ABOUT SPIDER-MAN BEING A PART OF THE EQUATION.

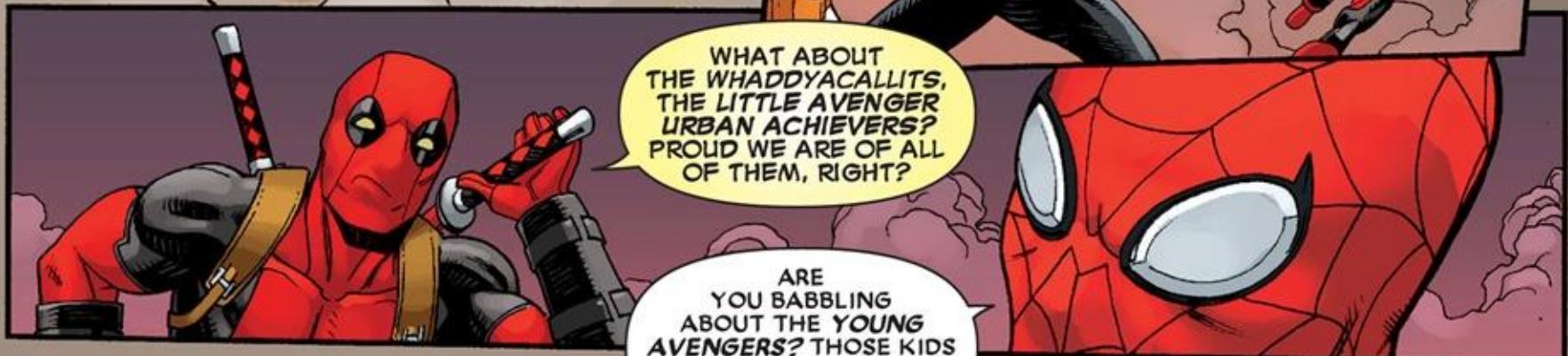
NO DICE, CHANCE. THEIR MEETING WAS AN UNFORTUNATE OCCURRENCE. SPIDER-MAN ISN'T HERE TO KILL ME, DEADPOOL IS. NOW KILL HIM FIRST!

HE'S ABOUT TO TRY AND STAB ME.



WHAT ABOUT THE WHADDYACALLITS, THE LITTLE AVENGER URBAN ACHIEVERS? PROUD WE ARE OF ALL OF THEM, RIGHT?

ARE YOU BABBLING ABOUT THE YOUNG AVENGERS? THOSE KIDS ARE TOO SMART TO HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH YOU.











WAHOO!

COOL SUIT,
SPIDEY! WHAT'S
YOUR SIGN?

CANCER,
I GUESS.

OKAY, I'M
SEEING IT NOW,
IT'S COMING TO ME...
HERE'S WHAT
HE'S GOING
TO DO!

MMPH!
UHN!

HE'S
GOING TO
WHAT?!

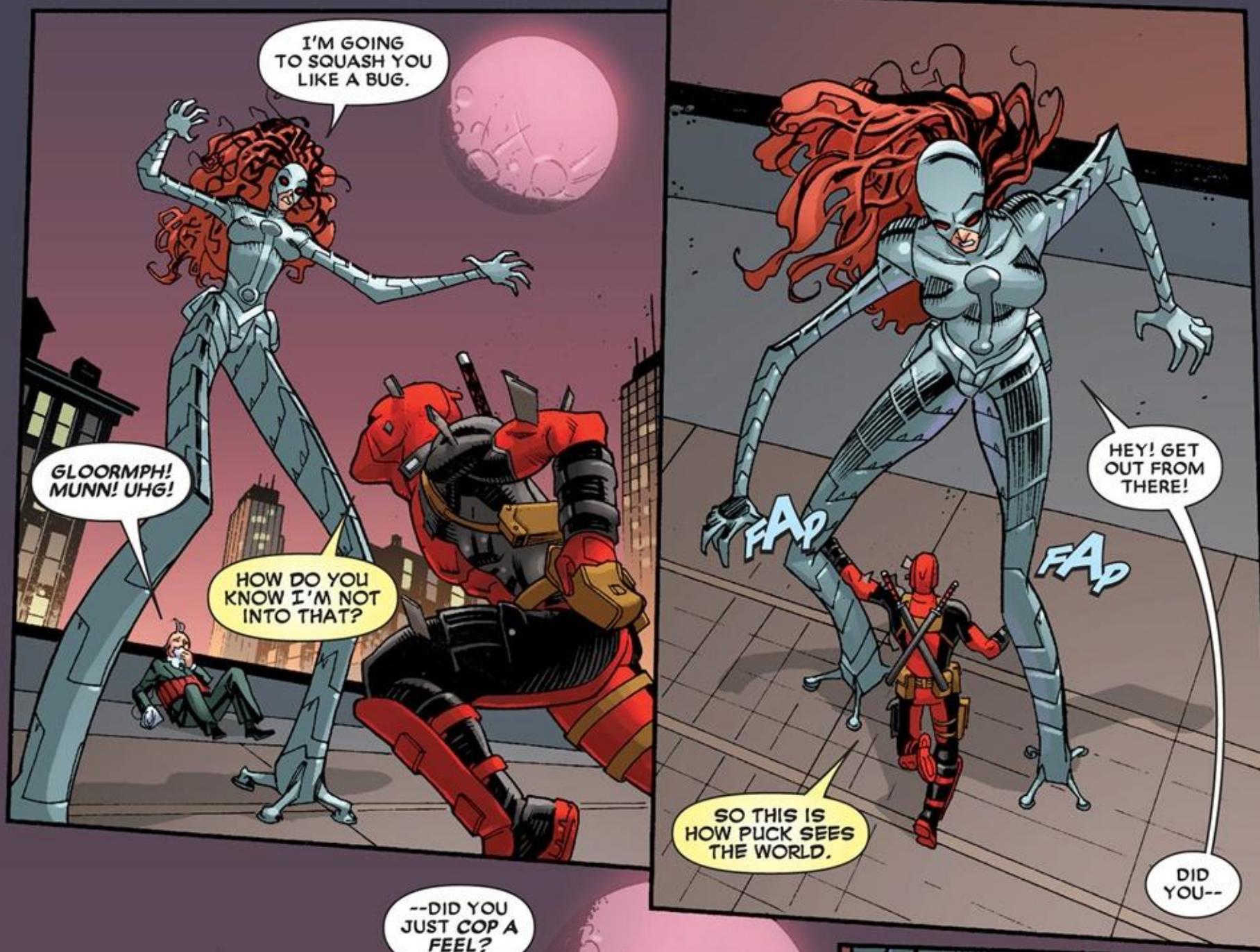
MMPH!

KICK YOU
IN BOTH YOUR
KIDNEYS!

UHN!

I DON'T
NEED GUMP
TO HELP ME
KILL YOU.

OW! WHO
PUTS SOLAR
PANELS ON
THEIR ROOF?



AEEEEE!

I DON'T
UNDERSTAND...
I--I CAN'T SEE
WHAT HAPPENS
NEXT.

BECUSE
I KILL YOU.

FOOM

IT WAS
NOTHING
PERSONAL,
GUMP.

IF IT'S ANY
CONSOLATION,
I'M GOING TO
MAKE SURE VETIS
GETS WHAT'S
COMING TO
HIM.

YOU'LL
PAY FOR
DESTROYING
MY LEGS!

LET'S HANDLE
IT THROUGH
INSURANCE!

THWIP

POK!

SO...
WEB-SHOOTERS
ARE FUN!

WADE...AREN'T
YOU FORGETTING
SOMETHING?

FRIENDS?!
NEVER!!!

YOU
LOATHSOME,
MURDEROUS
CUR!

WHAT'S SPIDER-MAN
GOING TO DO WHEN
HE GETS FREE?

SPIDEY
WOULD NEVER
HURT ME, I'M ONE
OF HIS AMAZING
FRIENDS.

HURK O OF

WHABRACK

LIGHTS OUT,
CRETIN!

DEADPOOL,
IS THAT IT?

ARE WE
DEAD?

IS THIS...
HEAVEN...?

WAKE UP,
KNAVE.

ARE WE
ABOUT TO
KISS?

NEVER!

AR

INSTEAD OF
SUBDING GUMP--YOU
SLAUGHTERED HIM. THE
OLD MAN MAY HAVE
DESERVED TO DIE, BUT
KILLING HIM WAS NOT
JUSTICE. NO DOUBT THE
POLICE WILL WANT TO
QUESTION YOU FOR
NUMEROUS OTHER CRIMES,
TOO. AND FAIR WARNING:
DON'T CROSS MY
PATH AGAIN.

YOU'VE
ALWAYS BEEN
SO JUDGEY. WHAT
IF I TOLD YOU I
WAS ACTING ON
BEHALF OF A...
GREATER
POWER?

BUT KNOW
THIS--IF YOU
GET IN MY WAY
AGAIN, YOU WILL
REGRET IT.

OOH! PROMISES,
PROMISES!

THEN I WOULD
SAY YOU SOUND
CRAZY. ANYWAY,
IT'S IRRELEVANT. I'VE
REMOVED YOUR WEAPONS
AND EQUIPMENT AND I'M
LEAVING YOU FOR THE
POLICE WITH THE REST
OF THIS RABBLE.

I THINK
YOU AND I
ARE DESTINED
TO DO THIS
FOREVER!

ALSO, YOU
MISS THE
POUCH I KEEP
UNDER MY SACK.

SEE
YOU AROUND,
SPIDEY.

TO BE CONTINUED...