

MARVEL®
COMICS



#40

WWW.MARVEL.COM

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AA
AUTHORITY

DEADPOOL

IN
SPACE...
No ONE
CAN
HEAR
You
SCREAM...



BUT
I'M GONNA
KEEP
YELLING,
ANYWAY!

willy.

PRIEST

DIAZ

HOLDREDGE

WELL, BABE, LIFE JUST KEPT GETTING MORE INTERESTING.

WHICH, I GUESS, EXPLAINS YOUR LINE OF WORK.

THINGS STARTED OUT SWELL. I WOKE UP TO FIND LOKI'S CURSE WAS FINALLY DONE WITH.

I WAS FINALLY BACK TO MY OLD HANDSOME SELF.

HEY, BUB.

WHERE YA BEEN?

FUNNY HOW I USED TO FREAK OUT WHENEVER I LOST MY MASK--

--I JUST COULDN'T HANDLE THE SHOCK AND REVILSION I'D SEE ON PEOPLE'S FACES.

...OLD FRIENDS WHO OWE ME MONEY AND NEVER CALL ANYMORE...

BUT, NOW, THINGS HAVE CHANGED. THE SCARS ARE LIKE-- OLD FRIENDS...

KEEP YOUR EYES WIDE SHUT!

SON OF A--

SKRASSH!





THOM CRUZ



FRANK



SKEETER



BARNEY

 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; BLASTING DOWN THE FOURTH WALL BRICK BY BRICK!
STAN LEE PRESENTS:

DEAD-POOL

WARRIORS FOUR!



DEADWEIGHT

DEADAIR

DEADEND

...STAND BY FOR STAGING...

MAYBE--

--BUT AT LEAST I DON'T LOOK LIKE MEAT LOAF'S TRANSGENDERED BROTHER...

...ON A BAD HAIR DAY...

I.D.T.
PLUS FOUR,
HOUSTON--
--MUTE
VOX--
--YOU'RE
JUST
AN IDIOT,
DEAD-
POOL!

YOU DO
REALIZE, DEADBRAIN,
YOU'RE OUTNUMBERED
HERE, 3 TO 1. MAYBE
RATCHET DOWN THE
VITRIOL, HUH?

AMAZED
YOU MOPES
COULD COUNT
TO THREE.
COULD SPELL
"THREE."

CHECK
ME OUT,
OPRAH--

--BARNEY
PUT ME IN
CHARGE OF
THIS LITTLE
SALVAGE
GIG.*

AS HIS
STUDENTS, THIS
RUN IS PART OF
YOUR FINAL EXAM.
I FLUNK YOU--

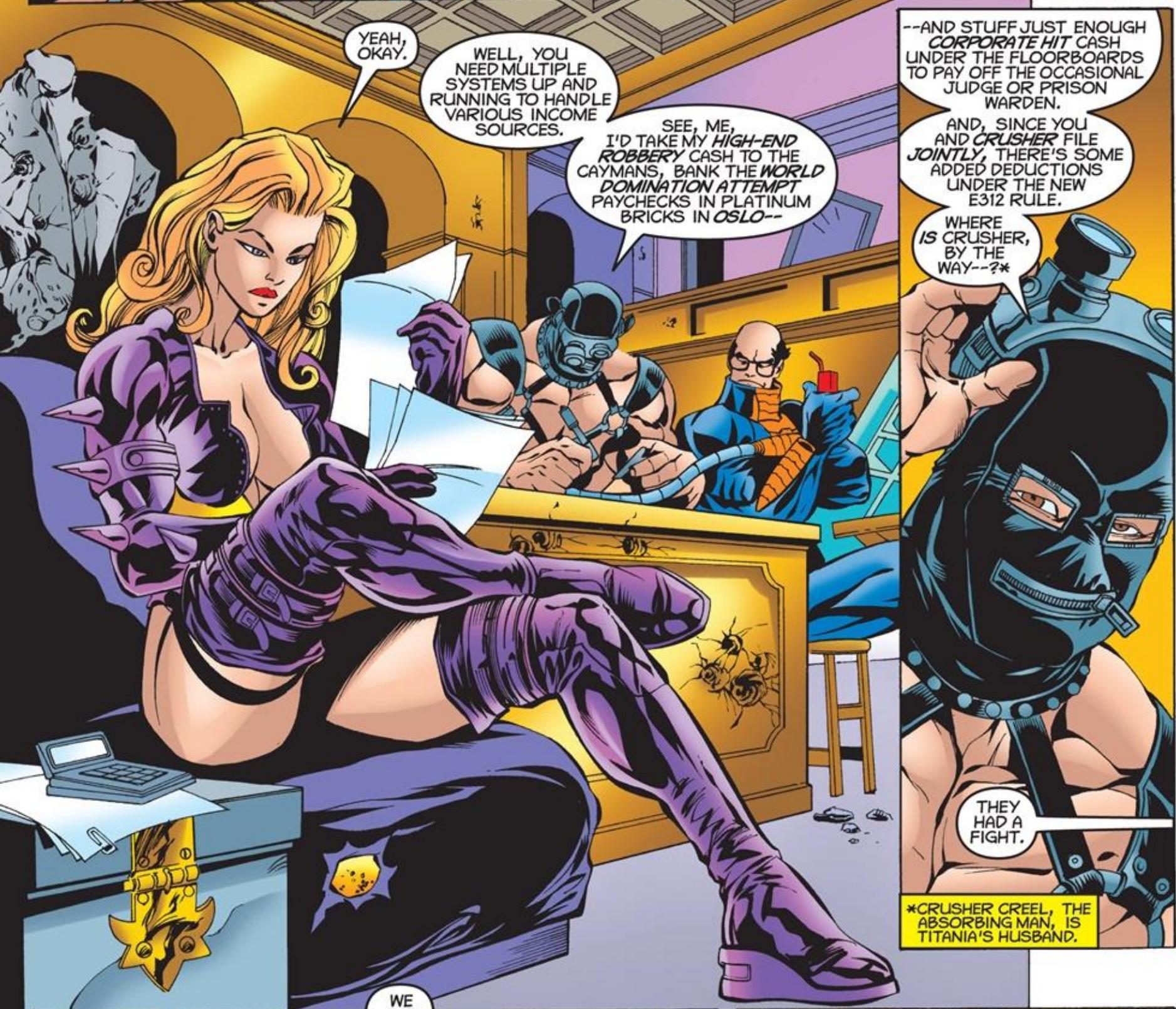
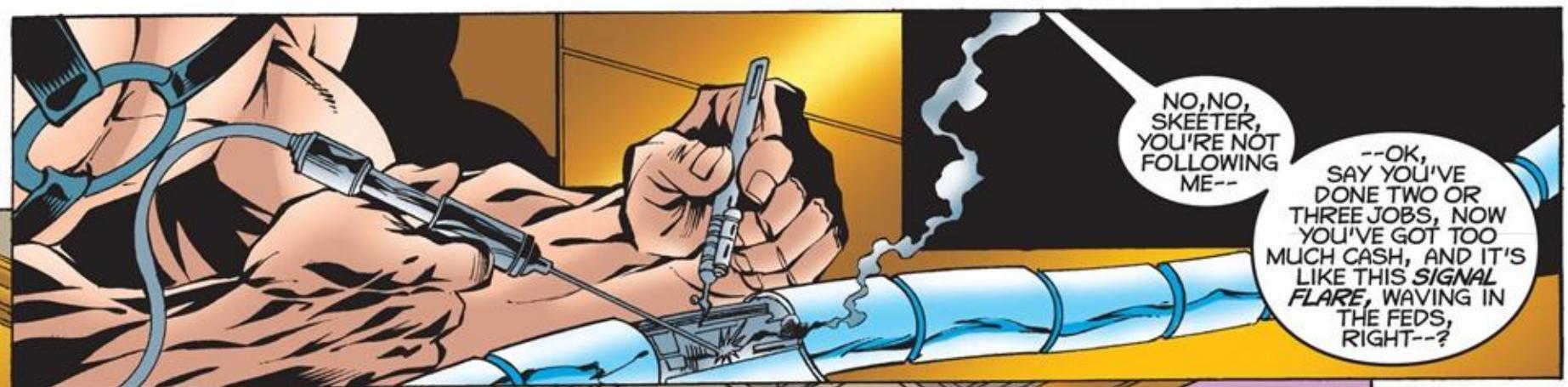
--AND
EVERYBODY
GOES BACK TO
THE GRILL PIT
AT WENDY'S.

OUR JOB
IS TO SNATCH BARON
VON SOCK-HEAD'S "DEATH
RAY" GIZMO BEFORE IT
BURNS UP IN RE-ENTRY.
AFTER THAT--**

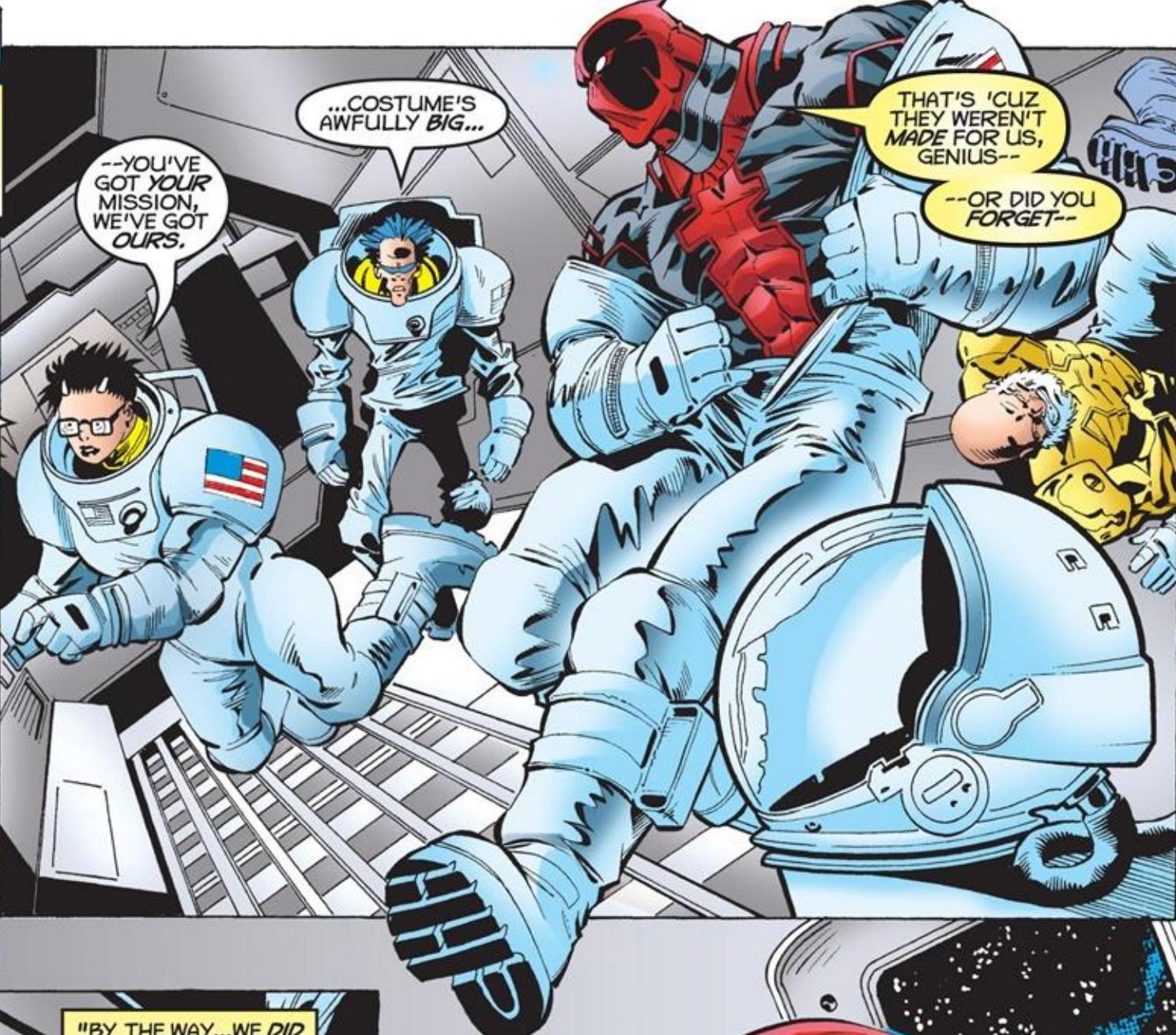
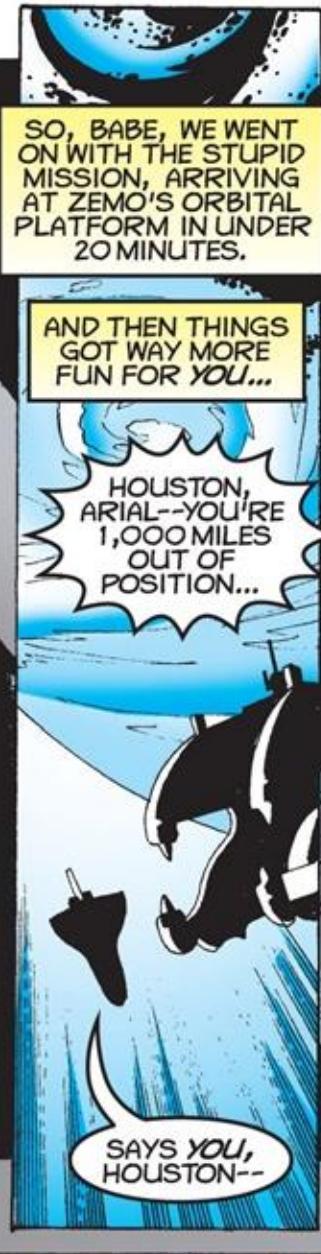
--YOU GET YOUR
SUPER-VILLAIN G.E.D.,
AND I GET THE 1.7 MILL
BARNEY PROMISED
TITANIA--

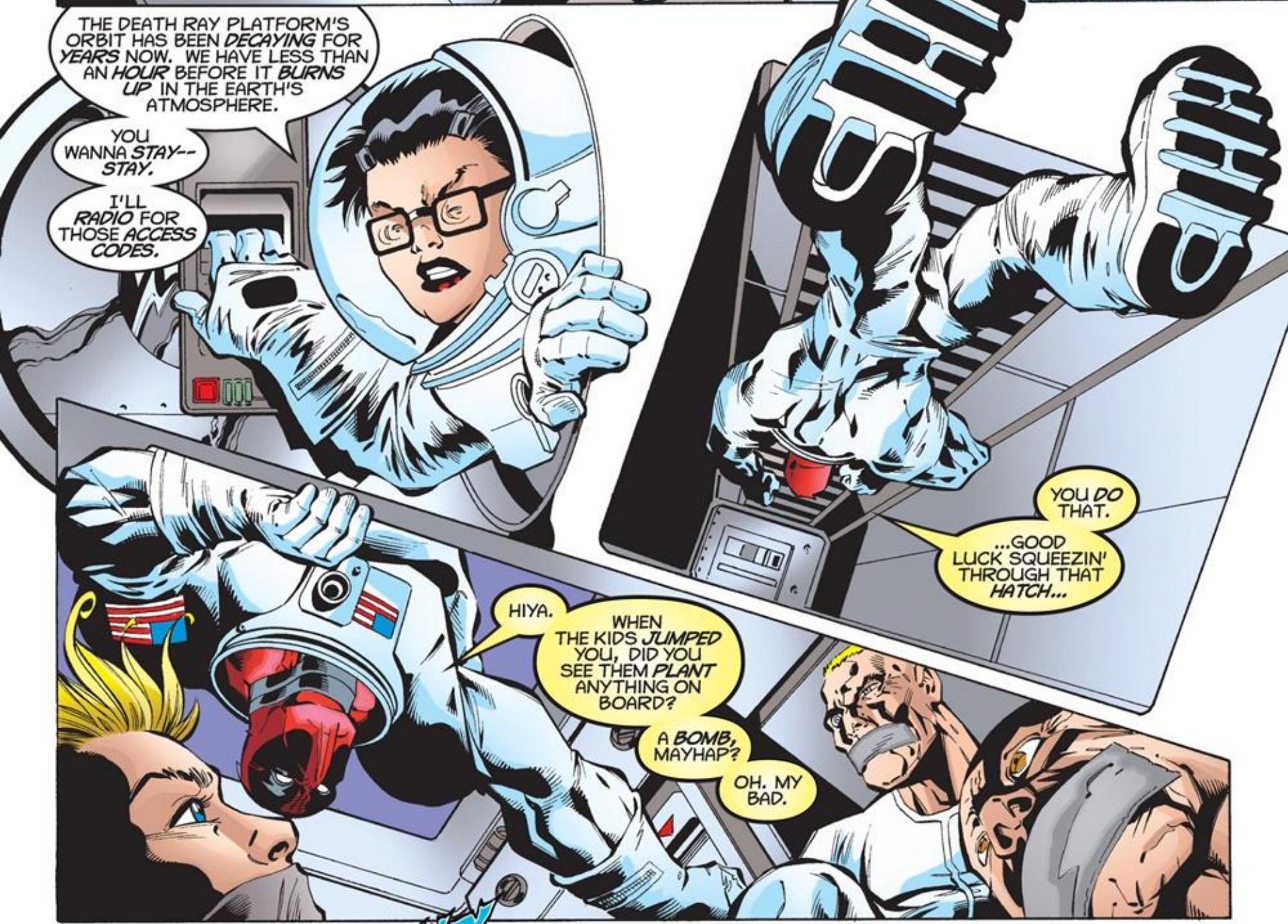
*BARNEY = BARNEY TOASTMASTER =
THE TASKMASTER, FOUNDER OF
THE CRIME COLLEGE.

**BARON VON SOCK-HEAD =
BARON ZEMO, TITANIA'S FORMER
LEADER IN THE MASTERS OF EVIL.
--LATE-AS-LIABILITIES-FRANK









36 FEET.
LOOKING
GOOD.

DEPENDS
ON WHERE YOU
ARE IN LINE,
SISTER.

WHY...
WHY ARE WE
DOIN' THIS,
AGAIN--?

BEEN
USING YOUR
OWN MIND-
WIPE POWER
ON YOURSELF
AGAIN, EH,
PYRON?

YOU
ARE UNDER
ARREST!!

S.H.I.E.L.D.
AGENTS!!

THEY'VE HAD
ZEMO'S SATELLITE
FLAGGED-- IT'S A
TRAP!!

BY CONSTANTLY
SHIFTING MY RELATIVE
MASS, I CAN MANEUVER HERE
IN WEIGHTLESS SPACE,
DEADPOOL--

--AS
WELL AS AFFECT
THE MASS OF ANY
ORGANIC MATTER
WITHIN MY
RANGE--

OH, THE
HORROR.

WE ARE
UNDONE.

QUICKLY,
STUDENTS--DEFEND
YOURSLEVS!!

...DARNED
SISSY NOISE ON
THESE FRAPPIN'
PLASMA
RIFLES...

SKREEEEDD

SKREEEEDD

--CAUSING
HIS BATTLE GEAR TO
MALFUNCTION--!!

GREAT JOB,
ECLECTA--!

PYRON--
PSI BLAST--
NOW--!!

--AND,
HEY, PYRON--
MAKE SURE YOU
HIT HIM, NOT
ME--!!

HIM...
HIM...
...OKAY--

THRRRRMM

--GOT HIM!!

HE'S DISORIENTED-- I'VE COMPLETELY MIND-WIPEH HIM--!! GO, MALOVICK--!!

I'M ON IT, PYRON!

IF YOU SLOW ME DOWN--NO PORK CHOP FOR YOU.

ME?! IF YOU WERE ANY SLOWER, YOU'D BE IN REVERSE!

I'LL PULL MY OWN WEIGHT HERE, DEADPOOL--

A FLEET OF AIRCRAFT CARRIERS COULDN'T PULL YOUR WEIGHT, BURGER QUEEN--

G-AHACCKKK--!!

WHOOPS-- SORRY, BOSS--

NOT YET.

BUT, SOON.

WHAT THE--?!

GREAT.
THAT'S JUST
WONDERFUL.
DEADPOOL--

--YOU
ARE SUCH A
CHILD.

YEAH.
IT'S MY
CROSS TO
BEAR.

THIS
IS HIS.

THUDD
THUDD

WHAK WHAK
WHAK WHAK
WHAK
WHAK
WHAK

>SIGH
WILSON--IF
I'VE TOLD YOU
ONCE, I'VE
TOLD YOU
A DOZEN
TIMES--

HEY--
THAT'S MISTER
TWIT TO YOU,
BARNEY.

YOU
RUN YOUR
SIMULATION YOUR
WAY, I'LL RUN
IT THE RIGHT
WAY.

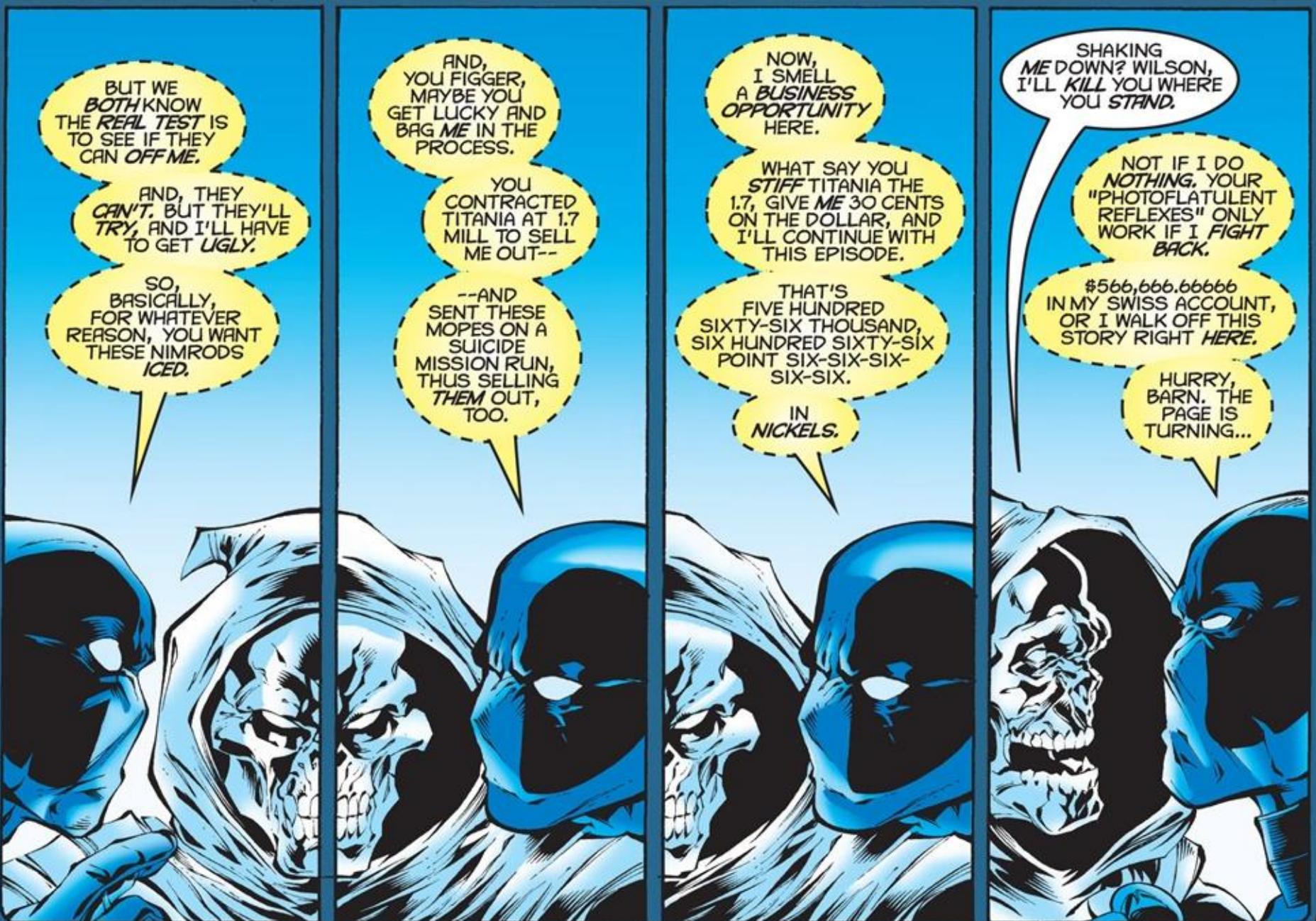
YOU
DO REALIZE I
CAN REPLACE YOU
WITH ONE PHONE CALL.

NOT
WITHOUT ANY
FINGERS--

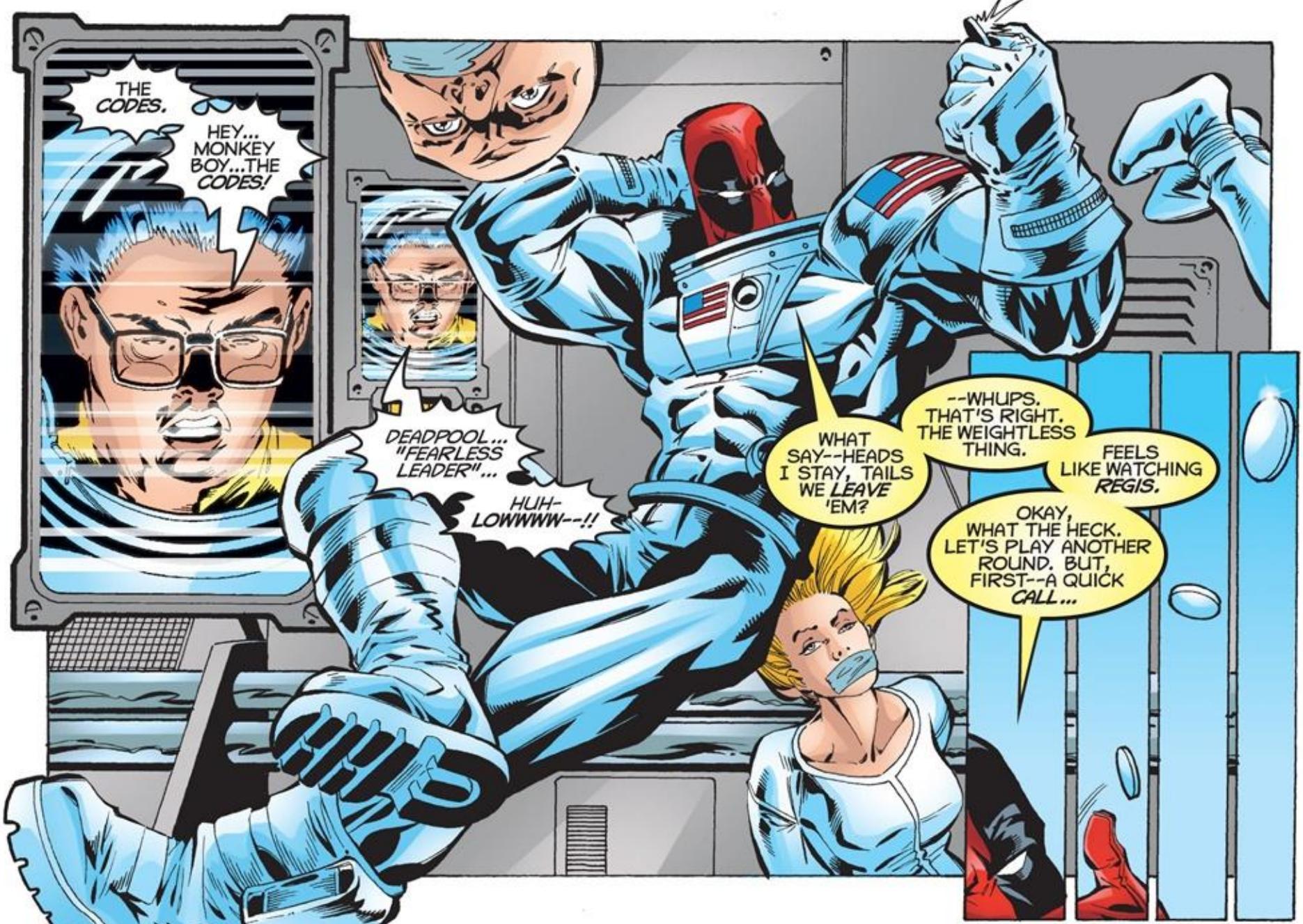
BOYS--

--DON'T
CUT THE
WIRES!!

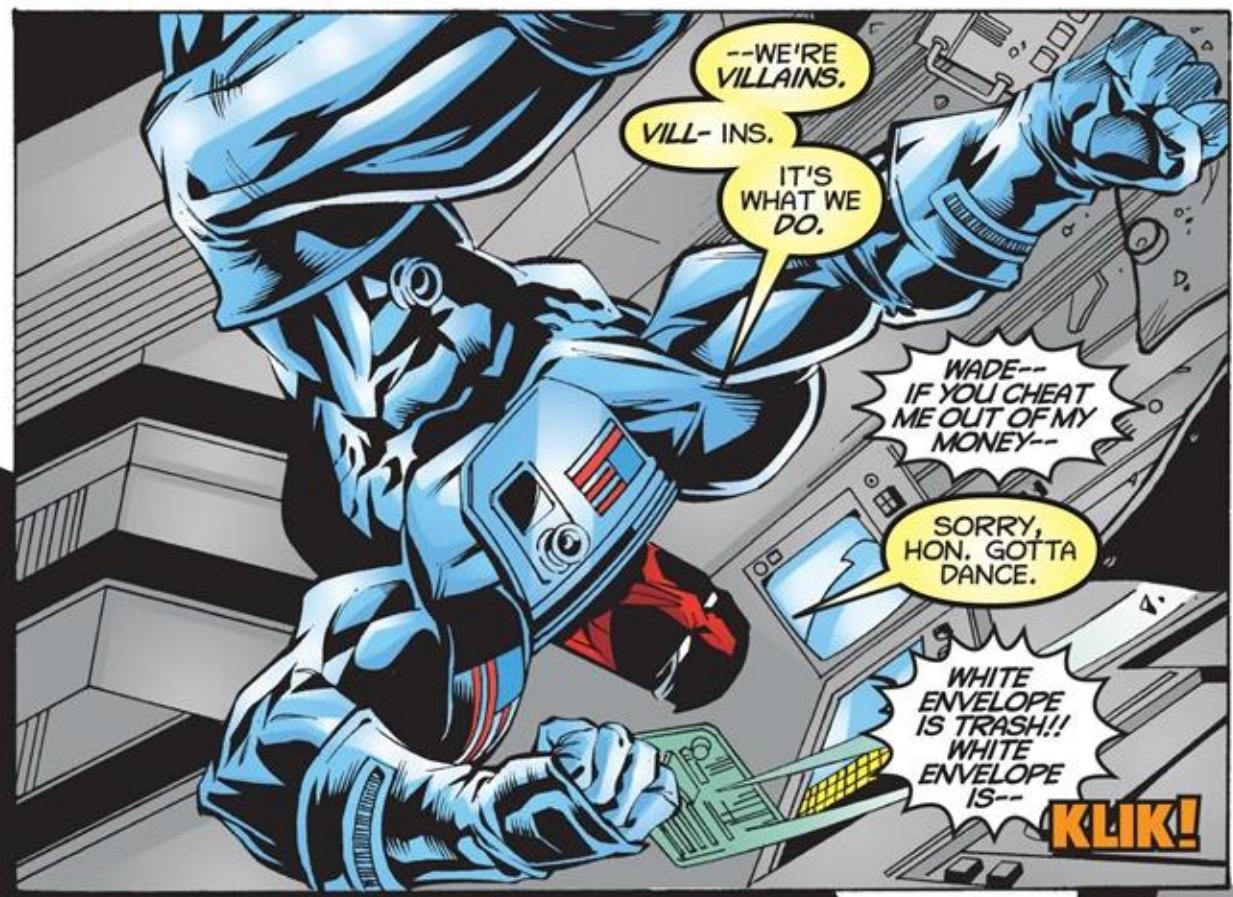
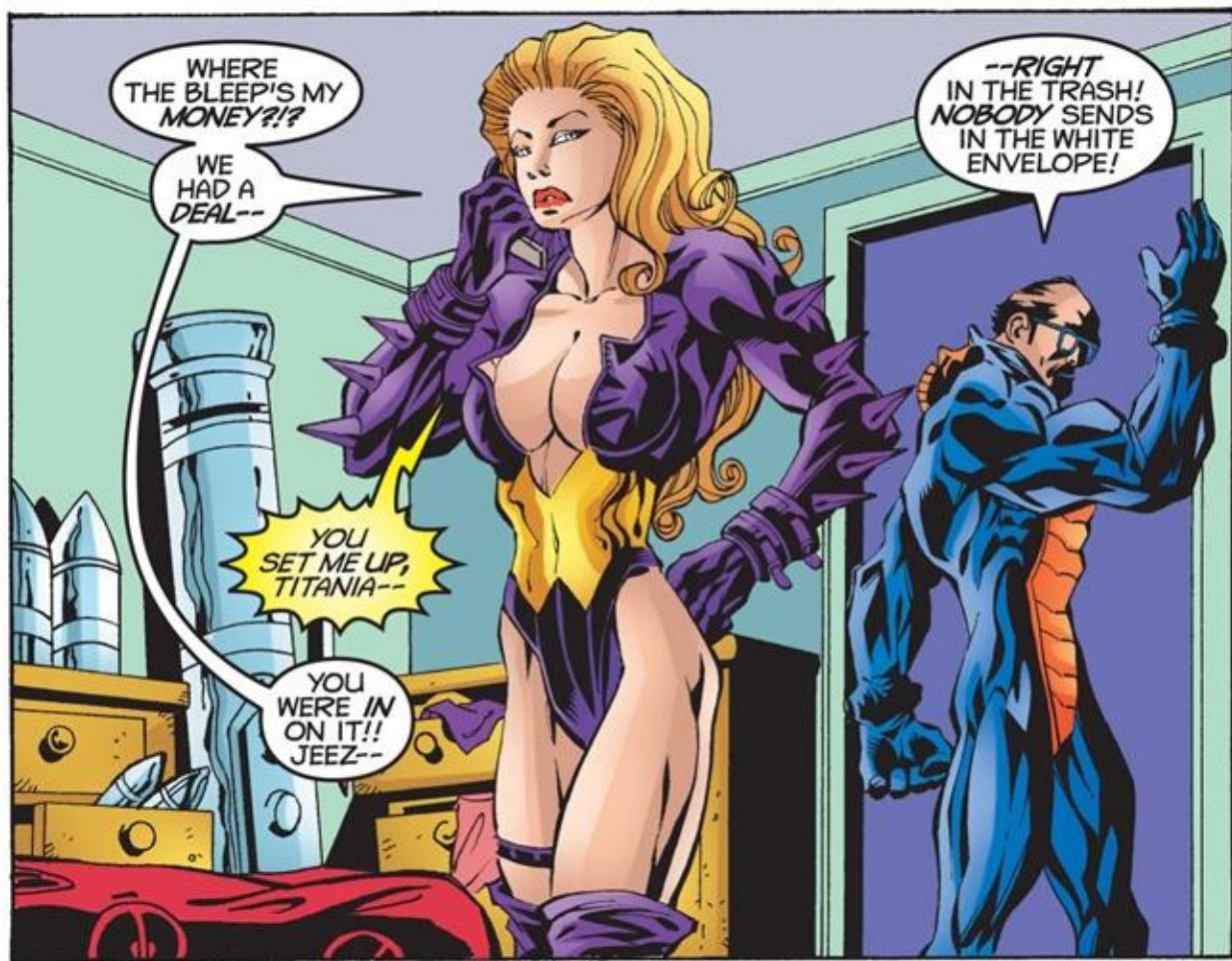
INVISIBLE
CABLE IS
EXPENSIVE,
YOU TWIT.











ACCESS
GRANTED

--?!

LOOO-SEE! 'CHO GOT SUM 'SPLAINING TO DO...

THIS JOINT LOOKS LIKE MY SOCK DRAWER...

WHATEVER. LET'S HIT IT AND QUIT IT.

THIS TUB WILL HIT THE IONOSPHERE IN LESS THAN HALF AN HOUR.

PYRON AND MALOVICK ARE TRYING TO EJECT THE DEATH RAY ASSEMBLY--WE SHOULD GET STARTED DOWNLOADING THE SOFTWARE--



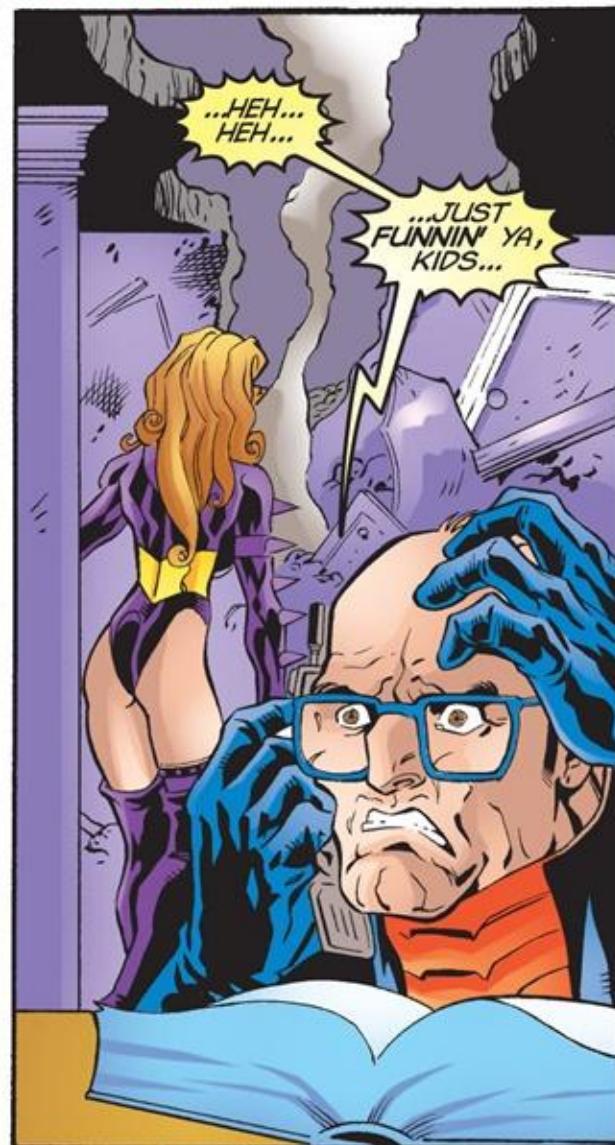
...GOTTA BE SOMEBODY IN HERE WE CAN CALL...

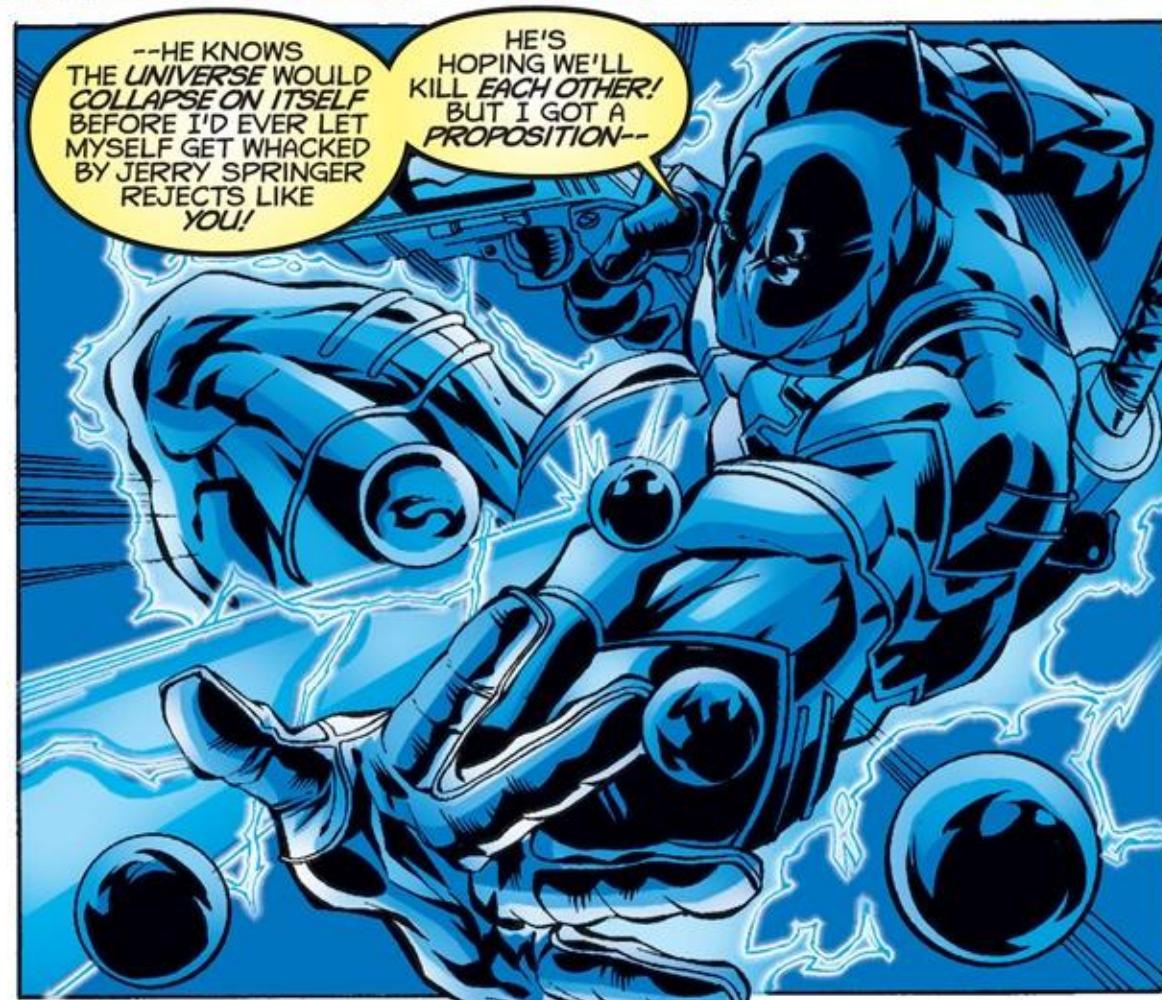
MAYBE WE'LL GET LUCKY AND TASKMASTER'S PLAN WILL WORK--



...HEH... HEH...

JUST FUNNIN' YA, KIDS...







THE SHUTTLE-- IT'S LEAVING--!!

GEEZ...
...MAYBE I
SHOULD HAVE
LEFT 'EM IN THE
HOLD...

YOU
RELEASED
THE SHUTTLE
CREW?

WELL,
THAT'S
JUST
GREAT.
WHAT
A MESS...YOU
MONKEY...

WE BURN UP
IN TEN MINUTES,
AND YOU COST US
OUR RIDE!

GEEZ,
GUYS, I'M
SORRY...I'M
JUST A
MORON...

...WHO IS
STILL EIGHT
STEPS AHEAD
OF YOU
LOSERS!!

I DIDN'T
WANNA
KILL YOU.
I DIDN'T.

YOU
SHOULDA
WENT FOR THE
STAMPS.

AND, SO, BABE--
THAT'S ABOUT THE
WHOLE STORY.

I WAS UP A MIL THREE,
AND HAD MANAGED TO
B-SLAP TASKY AND MY
IDIOT ROOMIES.

--IT WAS
TIME TO ROCK
AND ROLL.

ESCAPE POD

ESCAPE

I HOPED
LIKE HELL THE
ESCAPE PODS
ON THAT OLD
BUCKET STILL
WORKED...

...AND THAT I COULD
SQUEEZE MY BUTT
INTO IT...

MY LUCK,
THE POD WOULD
LAND ME AT ONE OF
ZEMO'S OLD HIDE-
OUTS, AND A NEW
GAME WOULD BE
AFOOT--

BUT, SINCE ZEMO'S
TINKER-TOY WAS ABOUT
TO BURN UP ON
RE-ENTRY, I FIGURED--

--BUT,
BEFORE I TOUCHED
NARY A BUTTON--

IT'S
NOT...

--AT
LEAST,
NOT FOR
YOU!

HIT IT,
PYRON--!!

...UH-
OH...
...THIS
CAN'T BE
GOOD...

HIT--
DEADPOOL--
RIGHT--?

JUST
AIM FOR THE
POD!

TASKMASTER
FIGURED YOU'D
PULL SOMETHING
LIKE THIS,
DEAD MEAT--

YOUR POD HAS BEEN DEACTIVATED. AND, THANKS TO PYRON, SO HAS YOUR BRAIN!

ENJOY YOUR LAST MOMENTS ALIVE, JERK! AND-- OH YEAH--

--IT LOOKS LIKE WE PASSED!

THE SPACE PLATFORM WAS BREAKING UP.

THE POD DIDN'T WORK.

I WAS FAT.

MY MIND HAD BEEN WIPE...

...AND I REALLY WANTED A COOKIE...

GUESS THEY CALL THAT A CLIFFHANGER...

NEXT: THE DIRTY WOLF COMETH!!
THE WHITE ENVELOPE IS IN THE TRASH...
THE WHITE ENVELOPE IS IN THE TRASH...