

DEADPOOL



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BROOKS

MARVEL



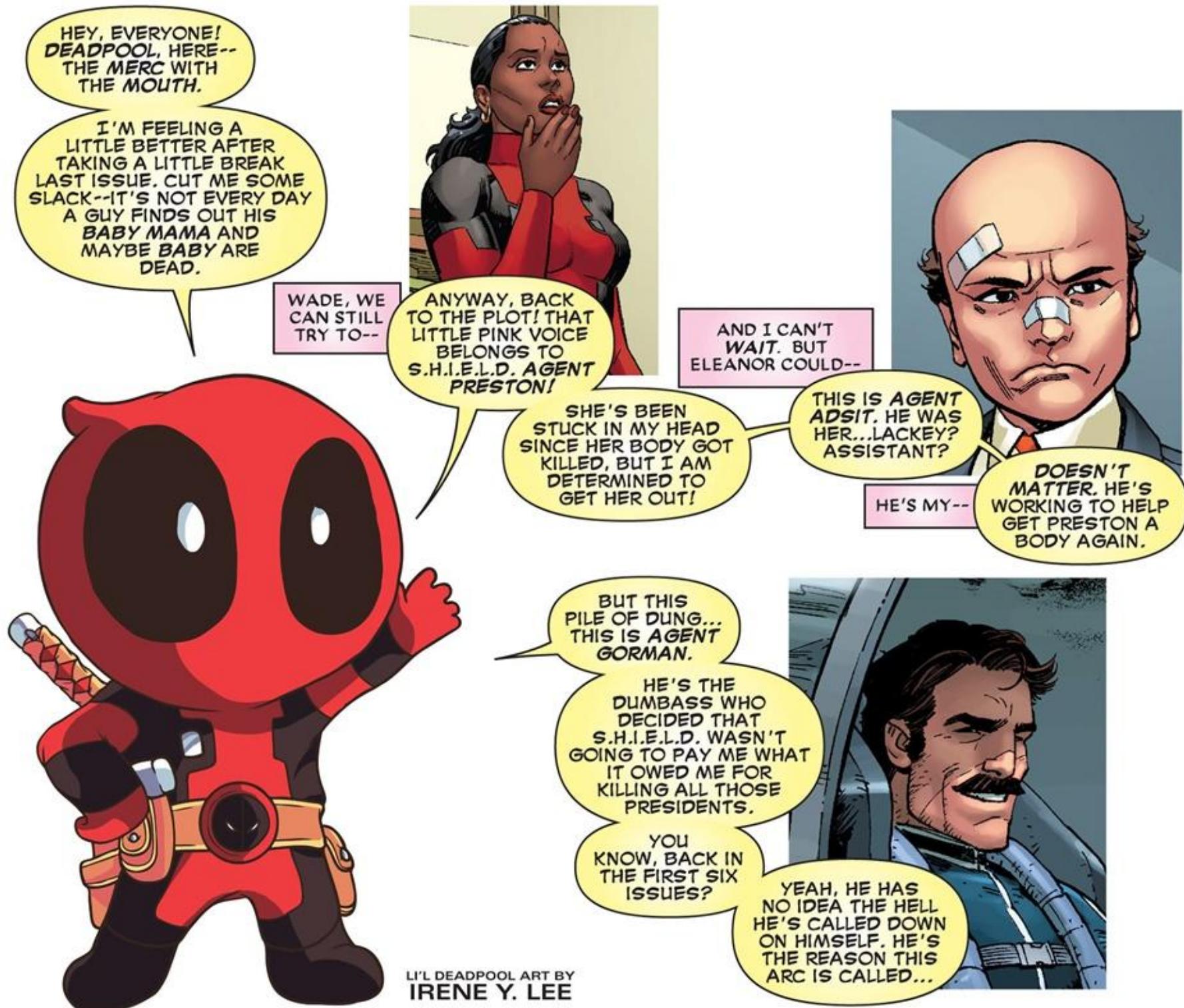
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POSEHN
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Possibly the world's most skilled mercenary, definitely the world's most annoying, Wade Wilson was chosen for a top-secret government program that gave him a healing factor allowing him to 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



DEADPOOL vs. S.H.I.E.L.D.

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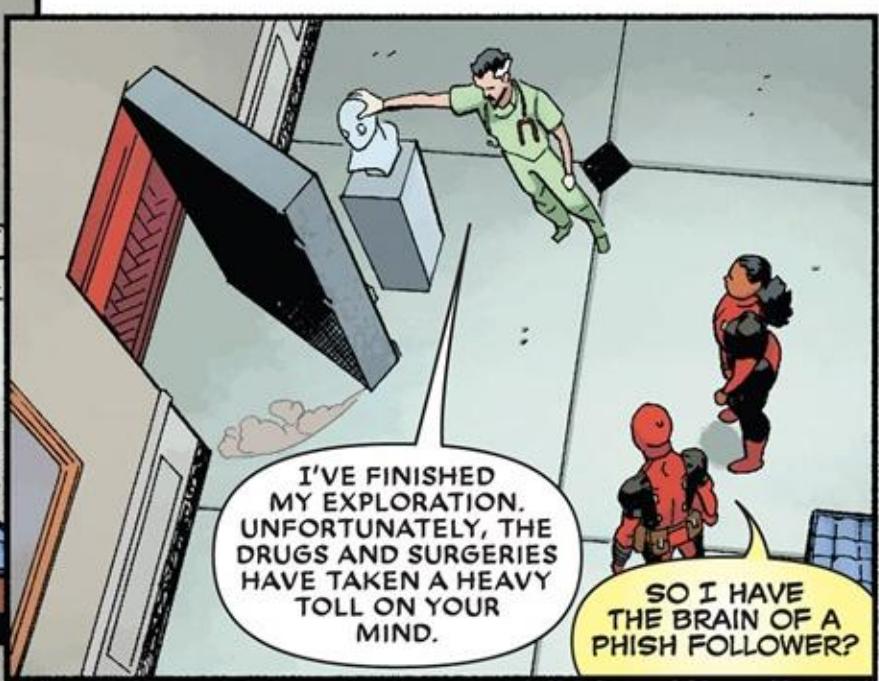
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I WAS NOT MAKING ONE. YOU ARE RIGHT TO BE ANGRY ABOUT HOW YOU'VE BEEN TREATED. YOU ARE A HUMAN BEING, WITH RIGHTS AND DIGNITY. STEVE TOLD ME ABOUT NORTH KOREA. YOU MORE THAN ACQUITTED YOURSELF UNDER EXTREME DURESS.

AGENT PRESTON, FINDING YOUR MIND AND SPIRIT ALIVE AND WELL INSIDE DEADPOOL WAS A GREAT SURPRISE.

WHAT ABOUT ME, DOC?

ONCE AGAIN, THE PORTLY WIZARD, MICHAEL, HAS RISKED MUCH USING FORCES I SUSPECT HE DOESN'T FULLY UNDERSTAND.

WHERE IS HE?



AS ROUGH AS I HAD IT RECENTLY, HE'S PROBABLY HAD IT JUST AS BAD.

AFTER HE WENT THROUGH HELL HE LEFT FOR A VACATION.

A PITY. YOU TWO COULD HAVE KEPT AN EYE ON HIM FOR ME.

AM I STUCK IN DEADPOOL?

YOU ARE BETWEEN WORLDS, EMILY. I CAN OFFER YOU CERTAIN... ENCHANTMENTS THAT WOULD ALLOW YOU A SPIRIT FORM, A VOICE IN THE PHYSICAL WORLD, BUT THOSE ARE SIMPLY STOPGAP MEASURES.

GLUG!

I NOTICE YOU'RE NOT ANSWERING MY QUESTION.

THERE ARE MULTIPLE ANSWERS TO YOUR PROBLEM WITHIN THE MYSTIC ARTS, BUT WE MUST WEIGH THE COSTS OF EACH POSSIBLE SOLUTION.



I CANNOT TELL YOU WHAT YOU WANT TO HEAR: THAT THERE IS AN EASY FIX.

CRRUNCH

WORST. HOGWARTS. EVER!

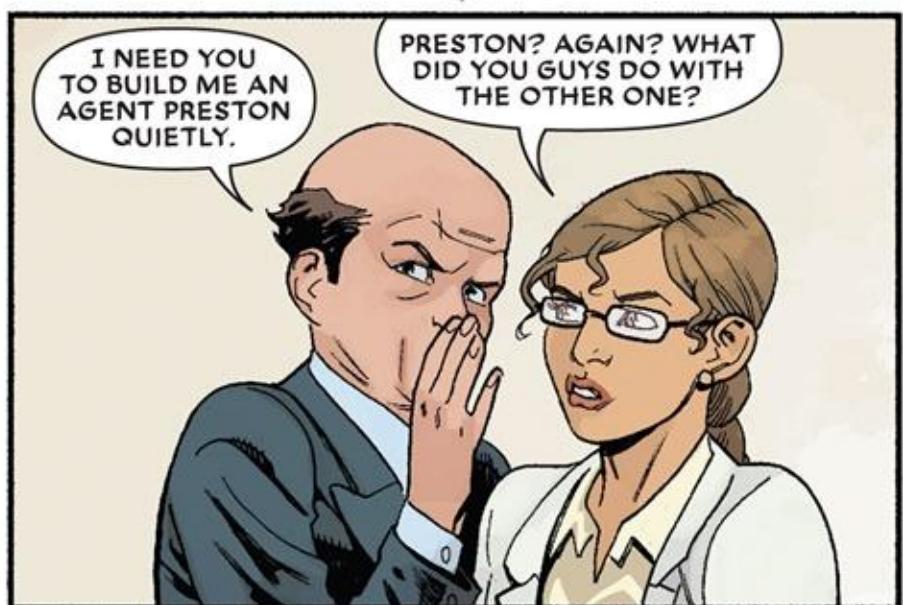
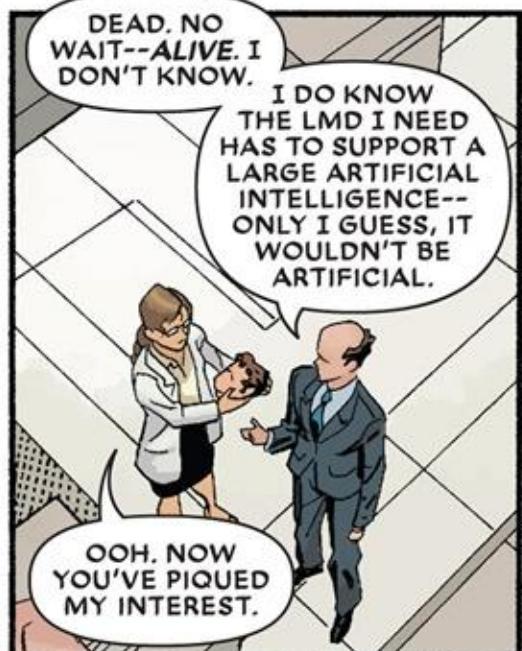
THERE ARE ANY NUMBER OF SOUL TRAP SPELLS, SO I COULD DRAW YOU FROM DEADPOOL, AND PLACE YOU IN A CRYSTALLINE STRUCTURE. I COULD EVEN PLACE YOUR MIND IN THE ASTRAL PLANE UNDER MY PROTECTION.

BUT I CANNOT CRACK MY FINGERS AND JUST RESURRECT YOUR BODY, OR CONJURE YOU A NEW ONE.

I MISS MY FAMILY.







**ACROSS TOWN,
AT THE HOTEL DONOVAN.**

THIS IS
THE ONE YOU
WANT.

IF YOU CAN'T
STOP WHATEVER
YOU'RE FIGHTING
WITH THIS, THEN
KISS YOUR ASS
GOODBYE.

HOW DO WE
KNOW YOU CAN
DELIVER IN
QUANTITY?

BECAUSE I KNOW
THE CONSEQUENCES
OF SAYING I CAN, AND
THEN FAILING TO DELIVER.
THERE ARE OTHER
BUYERS. I NEED A
COMMITMENT.

WE'RE
JUST THE
MUSCLE.

IT'S
AGREED.

VERY WELL.
WIRE THE ACCOUNT
I GAVE YOU. I'LL CONTACT
YOU WITH A PLACE TO MAKE
THE EXCHANGE. I'LL MAKE
THE DELIVERY IN A
VAN OR TRUCK.

WHILE I'M HERE: YOU
GENTLEMEN DON'T
REQUIRE ANY UPERS?
DOWNERS? LIGHT
YARD WORK?

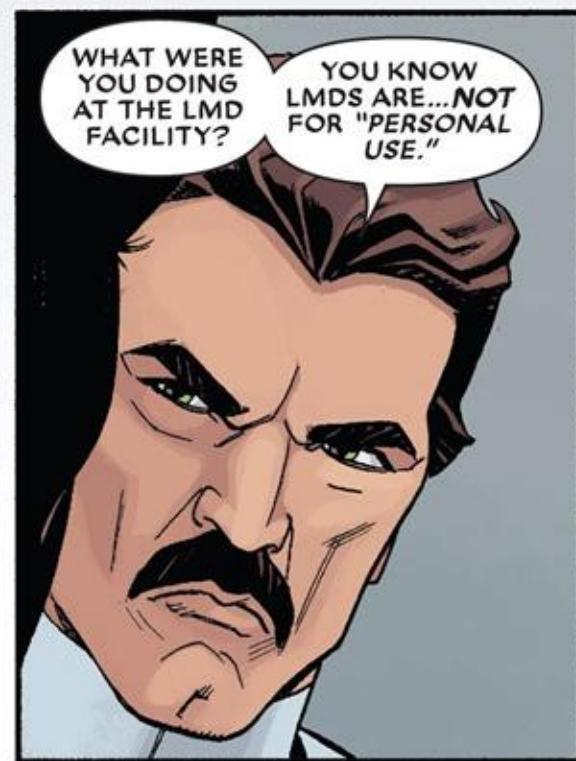
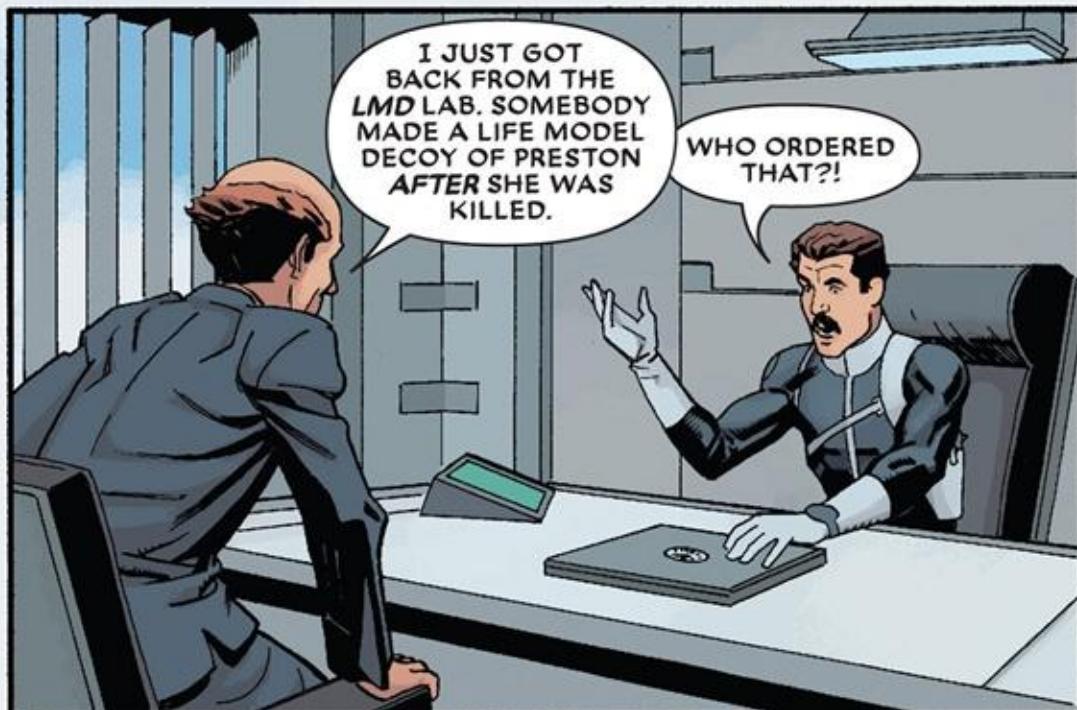
I'M A
WORKAHOLIC.

UNTRACEABLE.
FROM AN EVIDENCE
ROOM THAT SHALL
REMAIN
NAMELESS...





MEANWHILE,
AT UNDISCLOSED COORDINATES
JUST OUTSIDE MANHATTAN.



MICHAEL, THE FORMER S.H.I.E.L.D.-TRAINED NECROMANCER TRAPPED HER MIND INSIDE DEADPOOL DURING THE ZOMBIE FIGHT ON THE WASHINGTON MALL.

THEY HAD ME OVER AND COOKED FOR ME.

PRESTON... IS ALIVE?

I KNOW IT'S CRAZY. WE ALL THOUGHT GEORGE WASHINGTON HAD KILLED PRESTON, BUT MICHAEL PUT HER INTO DEADPOOL'S BODY. SHE'S BEEN TRAPPED IN THERE EVER SINCE.

PRESTON ASKED US TO PREPARE AN LMD THAT COULD HOUSE HER **LIVING MIND**. I ASSUME THE PROCESS IS A LITTLE MORE REFINED SINCE JOHN GARRETT?

I ALWAYS SUSPECTED YOU WERE A DUMBASS, ADSIT.

YOU GOT IT.

I HAVE TO HANDLE SOME THINGS...THINGS ABOVE YOUR PAY GRADE. I'M ON THIS, THOUGH. IN THE MEANTIME: TELL NO ONE. I'LL CONTACT YOU--OFF S.H.I.E.L.D. FREQUENCIES.

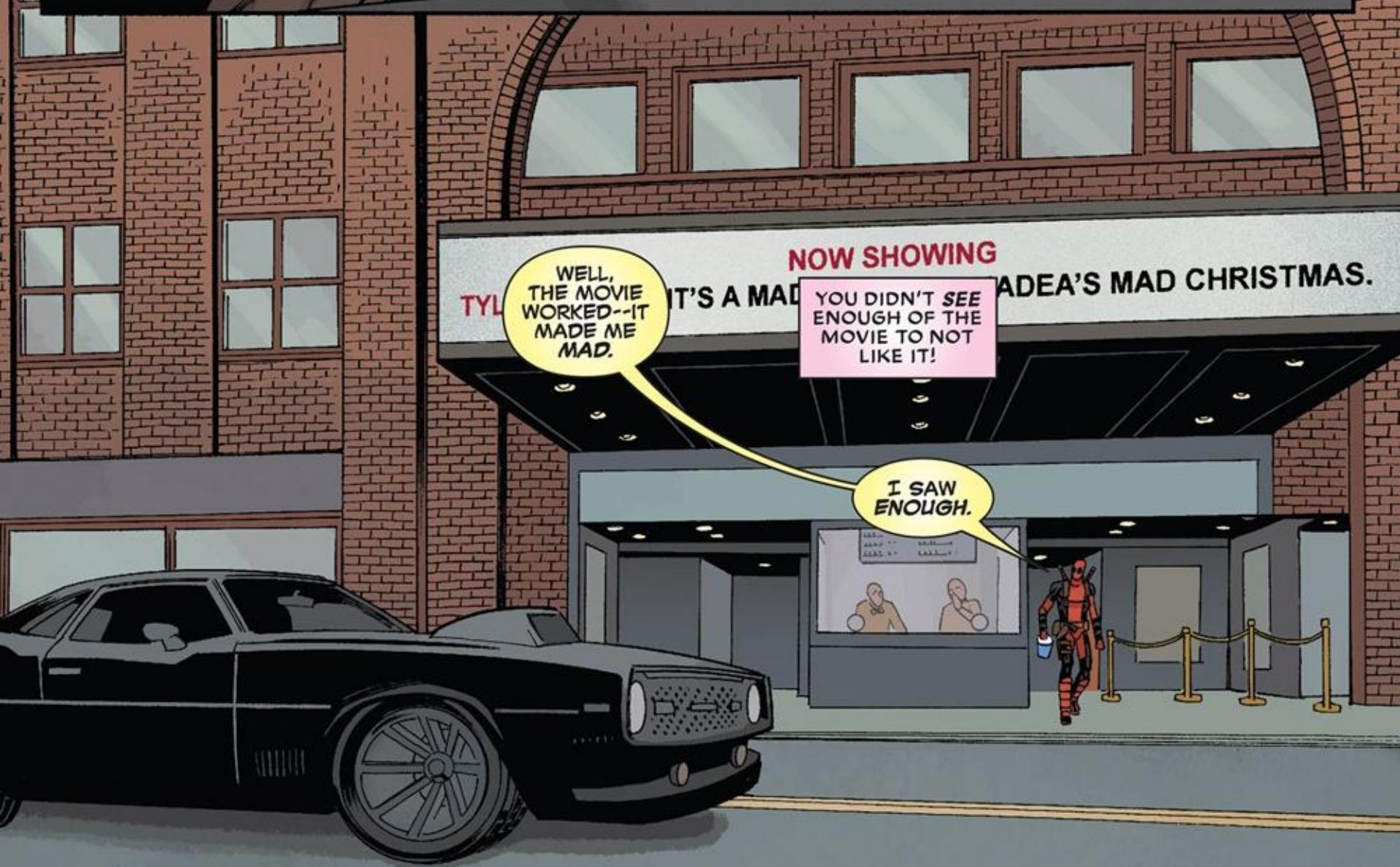
BIG PROBLEM. NO MORE WEAPONS SALES UNTIL WE TAKE CARE OF SOMETHING...

FINE! IT CAN COME OUT OF MY END OF THE DEAL-- JUST RELEASE THE HOUNDS!

LET EVERYBODY KNOW, LET THE WHOLE WORLD KNOW--THERE'S A PRICE ON WADE WILSON'S HEAD.

BRING ME THE HEAD OF DEADPOOL!







OH, WHAT MESS
HAVE YOU GOTTEN
US INTO NOW?!

QUIET!
OR I'LL LET
'ROID RAGE OVER
THERE SHOOT
YOU OUT OF
MY HEAD.

BOOM!!

I WOULD THINK
YOU WOULD BE USED
TO RANDOM PEOPLE
TRYING TO KILL ME. IT
COULD BE ANYONE,
AT ANYTIME.

I WOULD
WATCH A TV SHOW
CALLED "GUESS
WHO'S MAD
ENOUGH TO KILL
DEADPOOL."

YEAH, AND
ANYONE COULD
STAR ON IT. THAT
WAS CROSSBONES,
BY THE WAY.

HEY,
CROSSBONES! I
DON'T REMEMBER
PISSING YOU
OFF.

IT'S NOTHING
PERSONAL, RED.
I'M JUST TAKING
THE CONTRACT.

SURE, THERE
ARE PROBABLY
LITTLE BONES TO
TAKE CARE OF,
RIGHT?

SOMETHING
LIKE THAT.

WHAT AM
I WORTH?

WHO
CARES?!

I CARE!



C'MONS!
HOW MUCH?

YOU MUSTA
PISSED SOMEBODY
OFF GOOD--TEN
MILLION!

BLAM
BLAM

TEN MILLION?
I'D KILL MYSELF
FOR THAT.

HELL, YOU DID
THAT DURING THE
OPENING CREDITS
OF OUR MOVIE.

YEAH, WELL--
YOU AIN'T GONNA
BE AROUND TO
COLLECT ON
YOURSELF.



WELL, SOMEBODY
MUST THINK VERY
HIGHLY OF ME TO PUT
THAT KIND OF NUMBER
ON MY HEAD.

I SIMPLY
MUST MEET
THIS PERSON--
WHO WAS
IT?

YOU KNOW
HOW IT GOES.
THE SERVICE
RINGS. ACCEPT
OR YOU
DON'T.

I HAVE NO
IDEA WHO PUT
THE CONTRACT
OUT. DON'T CARE,
NEITHER.

CHUD

KRAK!

UHN!

I'M REALLY
NOT IN THE
MOOD.

I FIGURE
YOU'VE HEARD
I'M SOME KIND OF
PUNCH-CLOWN, BUT I
REALLY JUST WANT
TO BE ALONE
RIGHT NOW.

I DON'T CARE
WHAT YOU WANT. I
TELL YOU WHAT THOUGH--
IF YOU GOT TEN MILLION,
I'D TAKE IT AND FORGET
I FOUND YOU.

OW!

THAT REMINDS
ME: PRESTON, THE
FIRST THING YOU'RE
GOING TO DO WHEN YOU
GET BACK TO WORK IS
GET ME THE MONEY
THAT S.H.I.E.L.D.
OWES ME.

CAN YOU FOCUS
ON LOSING THIS
TURKEY?

LAST
CHANCE. I'M
NOT RESPONSIBLE
FOR WHAT HAPPENS
TO YOU IF YOU
FOLLOW ME
IN HERE.

NYC TAXI

WELCOME
TO THE JUNGLE!
YOU'RE GONNA
DIE!

I HAVE A
KEEN SENSE
OF HEARING
AND SMELL.

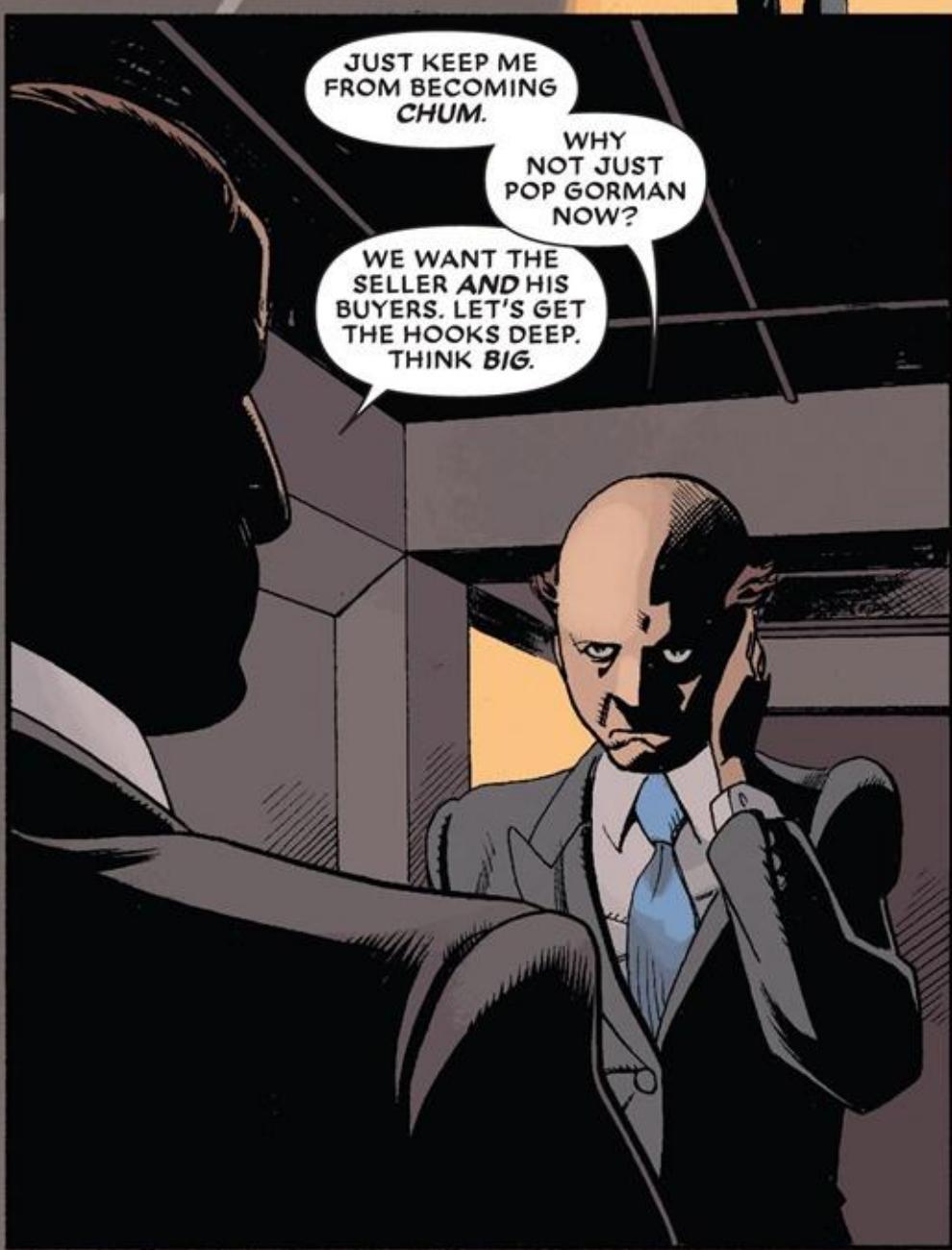
LET ME
GUESS: YOU
PLAN TO ESCAPE
ON A HORSE?

TELL ME I'M
WRONG!!!











TELL HER PHIL COULSON IS ON THE CASE, AND WE'RE GOING TO BRING HER HOME.

 TO BE CONTINUED...