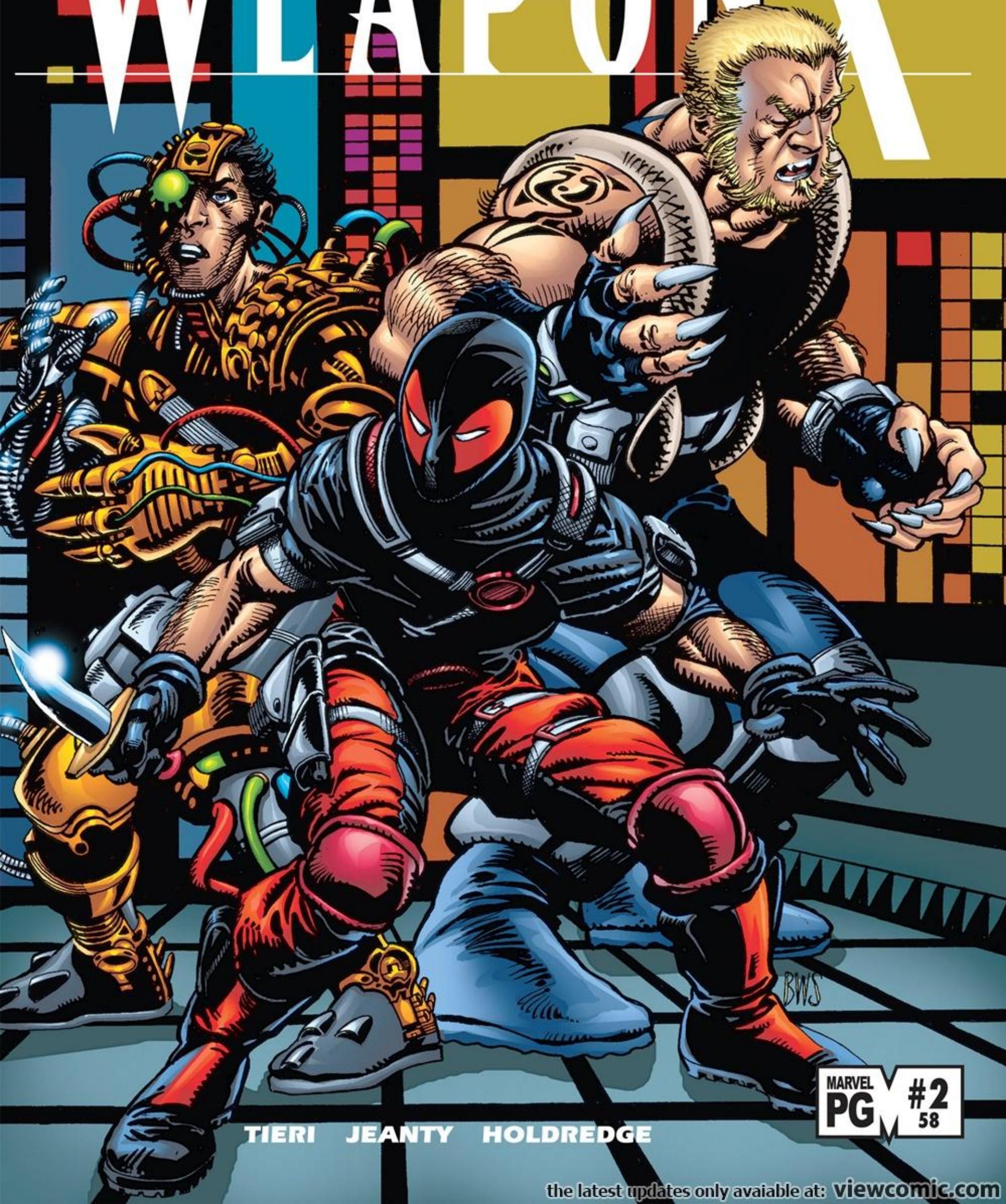


MARVEL COMICS

# DEADPOOL: AGENT OF WEAPON X



MARVEL  
PG #2  
58

TIERI JEANTY HOLDREDGE

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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 NOBODY'S GAME. HE IS AN AGENT OF CHAOS CONFINED TO A WORLD OF CONSTRICTING ORDER! STAN LEE PRESENTS:

D-E-A-D-P-O-O-L  
A GENE-SIS OF  
**WEAPON X**

PT. 2: MAKEOVER

WELCOME,  
WAYWARD  
TRAVELER...

TO CASA DE  
DEADPOOL!

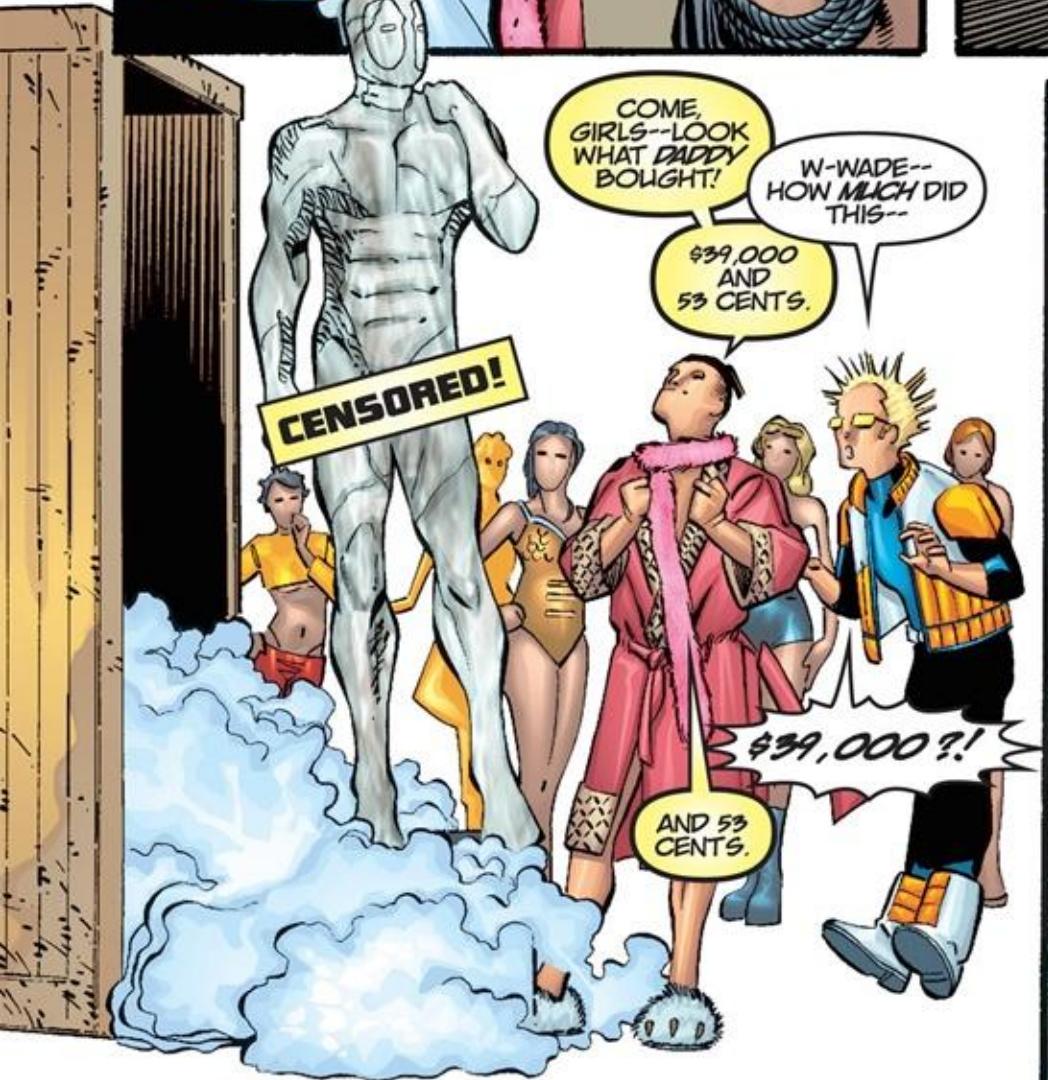
MY GOD,  
WADE...

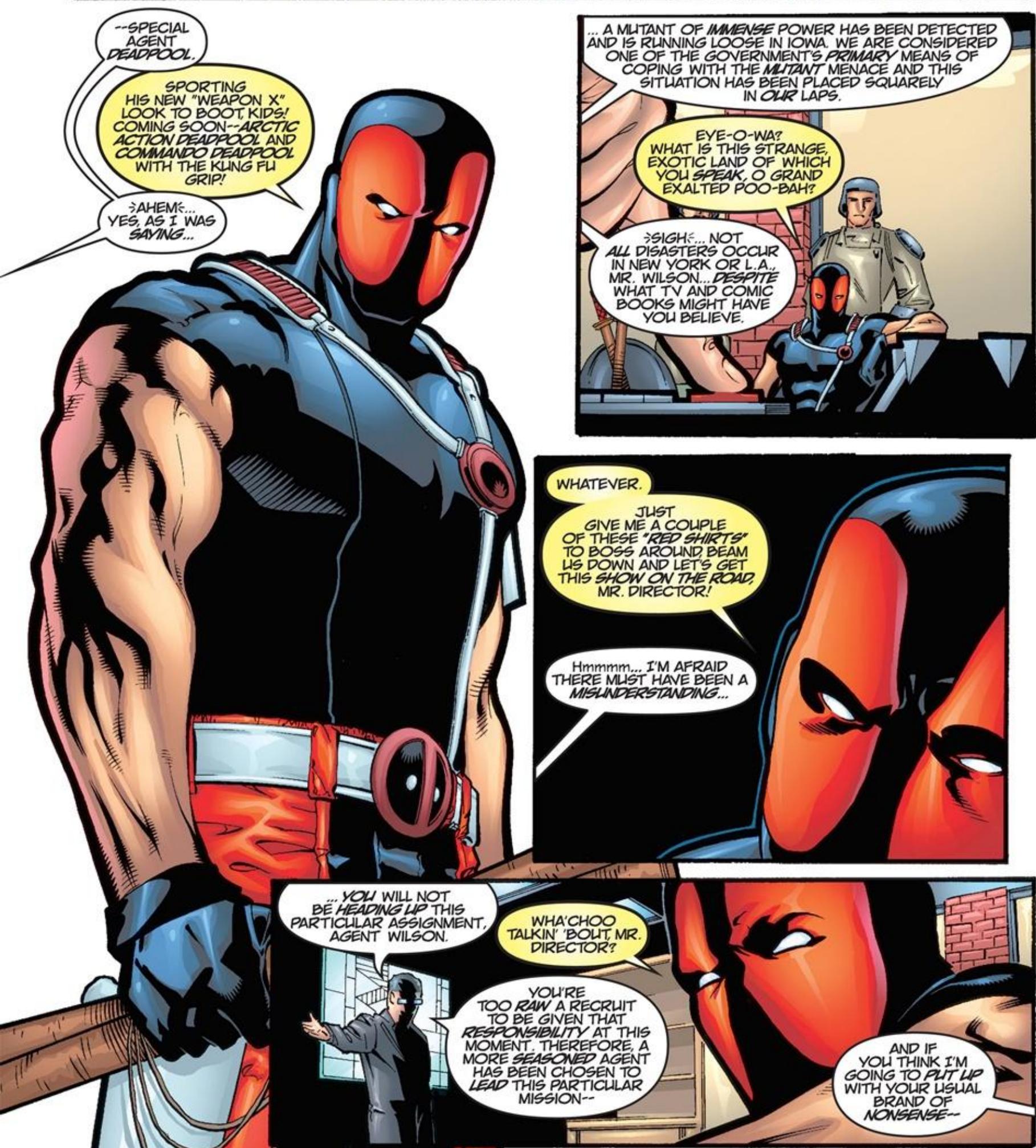
IT LOOKS  
LIKE A RUSSELL MEYER  
MOVIE IN HERE!



FRANK TIERI : WRITER GEORGES JEANTY : PENCILER JON HOLDREDGE : INKER  
BARRY WINDSOR-SMITH COVER COLOR DOJO : COLORIST SHARPEFONTS DAVE : LETTERER  
MIKE RAICHT : ASSISTANT EDITOR MIKE MARTS : EDITOR JOE QUESADA : CHIEF BILL JEMAS : PRESIDENT









--YOU'VE GOT  
ANOTHER THING  
COMING.

ALLOW ME  
TO INTRODUCE  
SPECIAL AGENT  
KANE.

WE'VE  
MET.

YEAH, WE'VE  
MET ALL RIGHT--  
AND TRIED TO  
RIP EACH OTHER'S  
THROATS OUT JUST  
ABOUT EVERY  
TIME WE DID.

YIKES.  
NICE CLAW  
THERE. GUESS  
YOU'VE HAD  
YOUR 3,000 MILE  
TUNE-UP.

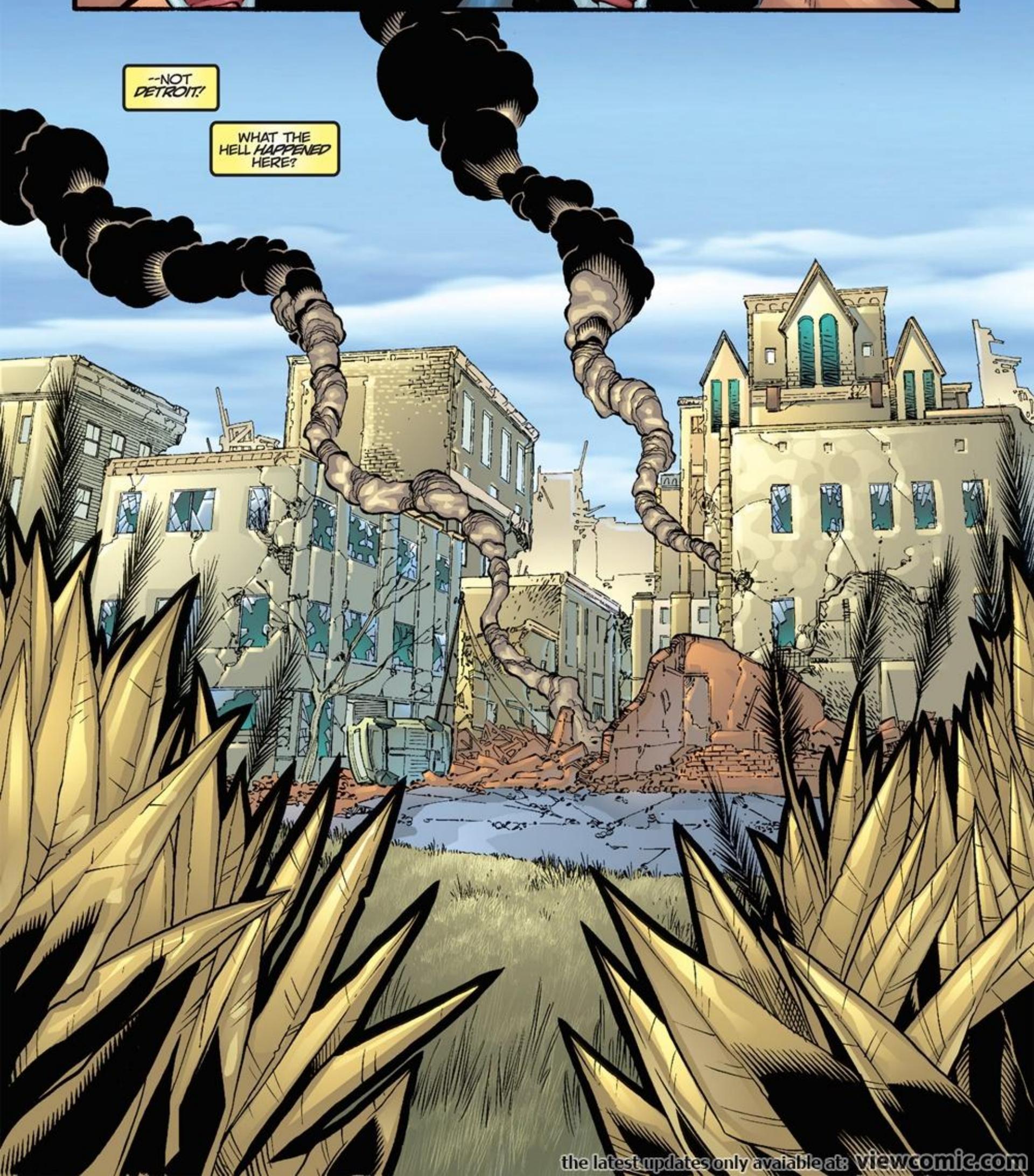
OKAY,  
MR. ROBOTO,  
CAN'T HANDLE MY  
USUAL BRAND  
OF NONSENSE?

I'LL  
JUST HAVE TO  
BUST OUT MY  
UNUSUAL BRAND  
THEN ...













RRRRRRZZZZZ

YEE-  
OWWW!

G-GET  
AWAY!

I  
FOUND  
HIM.

**CLICK**

HEY, SLOW DOWN THERE, T-2--THIS GUY'S STUTTERING LIKE JIMMY STEWART! I THINK HE'S MORE SCARED THAN ANYTHING--

**RADIA-TIA  
TURRAT  
RADIA**

I'LL GIVE HIM SOMETHING TO BE SCARED ABOUT!

L-LEAVE ME ALONE!

T-THIS IS NOT MY FAULT! N-NOT MY FAULT!

DAMN, BULLETS DISINTEGRATE ON IMPACT--!

I'M TELLING YA, DUDE-- THIS MIGHT NOT BE THE BEST WAY TO GO ABOUT THIS!

DON'T YOU HAVE SOME FART JOKES TO TELL OR AN OLD LADY TO PUSH DOWN THE STAIRS OR SOMETHING?

GET LOST IF YOU'RE NOT GOING TO HELP--AND LEAVE ME TO THE BUSINESS AT--

**RRRRRRRRRRR**

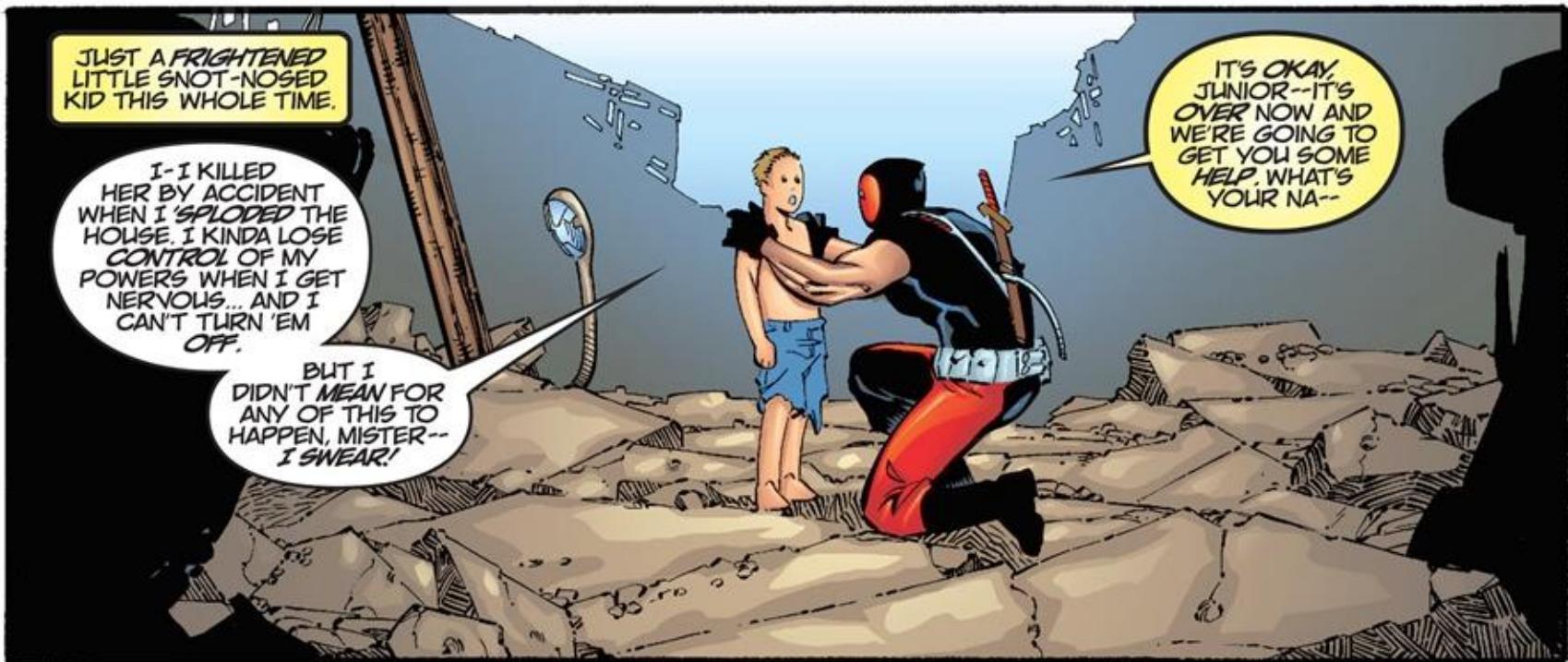
P-PLEASE--  
I CAN'T CONTROL  
MYSELF!

HARRRRHHH!

THE ONLY THING THAT'S STOPPING ME FROM INSANELY MOCKING YOU WITH COUNTLESS CHORUSES OF "LOOOSSSERRR"

--IS THAT I JUST SOILED MY UNDEROOS.







WHO KNOWS?  
THERE JUST MIGHT BE  
A FUTURE FOR YOU  
WITH WEAPON X  
AFTER ALL.



YOU  
DIRTY SLIM-  
RIDDEN--!



HE WAS  
JUST A KID, YOU  
PLISSBAG! I HAD IT  
UNDER CONTROL,  
YOU PSYCHO!

WHAT  
DID THEY  
TURN YOU  
INTO?

HE WAS  
TOO MUCH OF  
A RISK--TOO MUCH  
POWER AND TOO  
LITTLE CONTROL  
OVER IT--



--THERE'S  
NO PLACE IN THE  
PROGRAM FOR  
"DISASTERS WAITING  
TO HAPPEN" LIKE  
THAT.

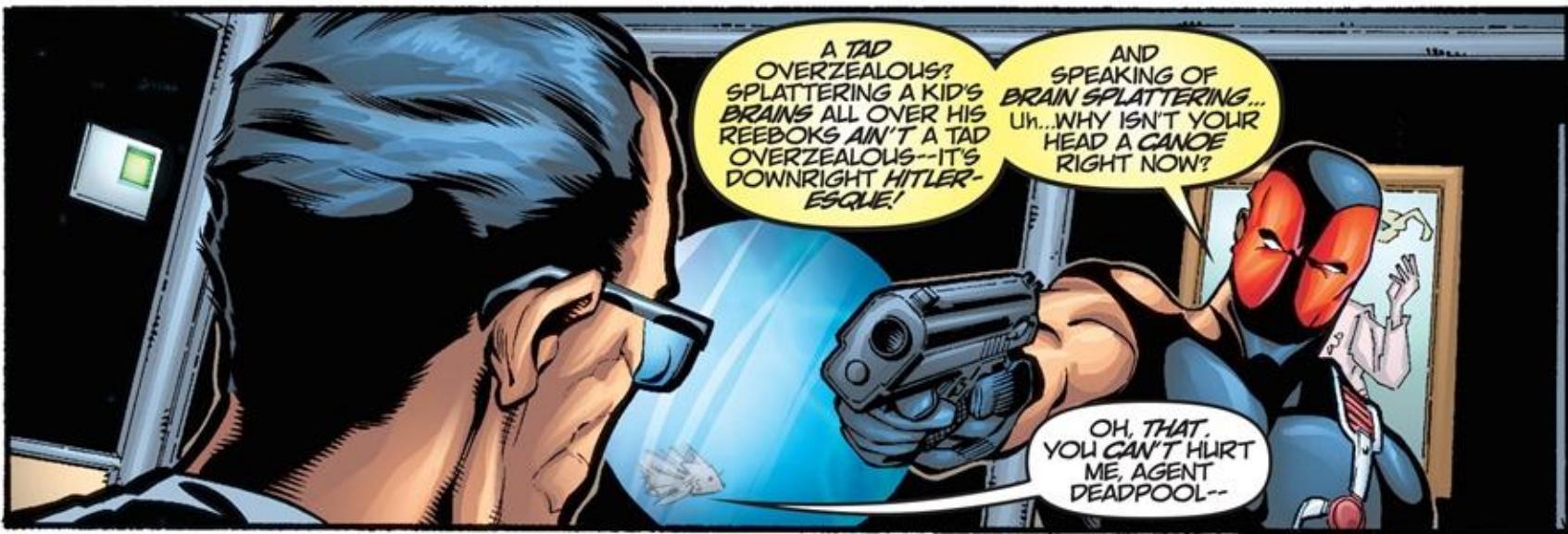
AND IF  
YOU'RE GOING TO  
GET SQUEAMISH  
EVERY TIME WE  
HAVE TO ELIMINATE  
A TARGET--



--THERE'S NO  
PLACE FOR YOU,  
EITHER!

SLASHH









**NEXT:**  
**D**  
**E**  
**A**  
**P**  
**O**  
**P**  
**S**      **C**  
**H**  
**O**  
**C**  
**E**