

MARVEL®
43.com

WAY
BARBERI
WONG
GONZALEZ

DEADPOOL®



PARENTAL ADVISORY
\$2.99US
DIRECT EDITION
MARVEL.COM



the latest updates only available at: viewcomic.com

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

DEADPOOL



Deadpool was just released from a mental institution. Well, no—he snuck out in disguise, but the point is that he's not in it anymore. Unfortunately, the institution was in England, meaning 'Pool is stuck with our cousins across the pond for the time being. Even more unfortunately, he just learned that his therapist, Doctor Ella Whitby, helped him escape...which is unfortunate because she seems to think it means she and Wade have some sort of connection. You know, like...a love connection.

DANIEL WAY
WRITER

VC'S JOE SABINO
LETTERER

AXEL ALONSO
EDITOR IN CHIEF

CARLO BARBERI
PENCILS

DAVE JOHNSON
COVER

JOE QUESADA
CHIEF CREATIVE OFFICER

WALDEN WONG
INKS

JORDAN D. WHITE
EDITOR

DAN BUCKLEY
PUBLISHER

JORGE GONZALEZ
COLORIST

NICK LOWE
SENIOR EDITOR

ALAN FINE
EXEC. PRODUCER

DEADPOOL (ISSN #1946-9292) No. 43, November 2011. Published Monthly by MARVEL WORLDWIDE, INC., a subsidiary of MARVEL ENTERTAINMENT, LLC. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 135 West 50th Street, New York, NY 10020. PERIODICALS POSTAGE PAID AT NEW YORK, NY AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES. © 2011 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved. All characters featured in this issue and the distinctive names and likenesses thereof, and all related indicia are trademarks of Marvel Characters, Inc. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. \$2.99 per copy in the U.S. (GST #R127032852) in the direct market and \$3.99 per copy in the U.S. and \$3.99 in Canada (GST #R127032852) through the newsstand, Canadian Agreement #40668537. Printed in the USA. Subscription rate (U.S. dollars) for 12 issues: U.S. \$27.00; Canada \$41.00; Foreign \$41.00. POSTMASTER: SEND ALL ADDRESS CHANGES TO DEADPOOL, C/O MARVEL SUBSCRIPTION DEPT., P.O. BOX 5187 BRENTWOOD, TN 37024. TELEPHONE # (800) 217-9158. FAX # (615) 377-0525. subscriptions@marvel.com. ALAN FINE, EVP - Office of the President, Marvel Worldwide, Inc. and EVP & CMO Marvel Characters B.V.; DAN BUCKLEY, Publisher & President - Print, Animation & Digital Divisions; JOE QUESADA, Chief Creative Officer; JIM SOKOLOWSKI, Chief Operating Officer; DAVID BOGART, SVP of Business Affairs & Talent Management; TOM BREVOORT, SVP of Publishing; C.B. CEBULSKI, SVP of Creator & Content Development; DAVID GABRIEL, SVP of Publishing Sales & Circulation; MICHAEL PASCIULLO, SVP of Brand Planning & Communications; JIM O'KEEFE, VP of Operations & Logistics; DAN CARR, Executive Director of Publishing Technology; SUSAN CRESPI, Editorial Operations Manager; ALEX MORALES, Publishing Operations Manager; STAN LEE, Chairman Emeritus. For information regarding advertising in Marvel Comics or on Marvel.com, please contact John Dokes, SVP of Integrated Sales & Marketing, at jdokes@marvel.com. For Marvel subscription inquiries, please call 800-217-9158. Manufactured between 08/19/2011 and 08/30/2011 by QUAD/GRAFPHICS JONESBORO, JONESBORO, AR, USA.

To find MARVEL COMICS at a local comic and hobby shop, go to www.comicshoplocator.com or call 1-888-COMICBOOK.

the latest updates only available at: viewcomic.com



BUT
STILL--

LOOK, LET'S
NOT FORGET
THAT THIS CHICK IS
WAAAY CRAZY, OKAY?
YOU NEVER CAN TELL
WHAT A CRAZY
PERSON IS
GONNA DO.

I CAN.

HELLO,
LOVER.

I KNEW
I'D FIND YOU
HERE...

YOU COMPLETE
ME 





CLAN



HNNHH...





GIVE IT
UP SMOOTH,
DINGUS!

YOU
JUST GOT
'JACKED!'

DEADPOOL-
STYLE!

OW--
#6\$%!
%6\$#!

PUTT
PUTT

...This is
"Deadpool-style"?

YUP!
JUST
WAIT, YOU'LL
SEE.









POSITIONS!

WEAPONS HOT.

K-CHAK

IN!
NOW!

CLAK-CLAK-
CLAK-CLAK-

WHAT IS
HAPPENING?

I BEG YOUR
PARDON, YOUR
MAJESTY, BUT
THERE'S BEEN
AN INCIDENT.

OH?
WHAT SORT OF
INCIDENT?

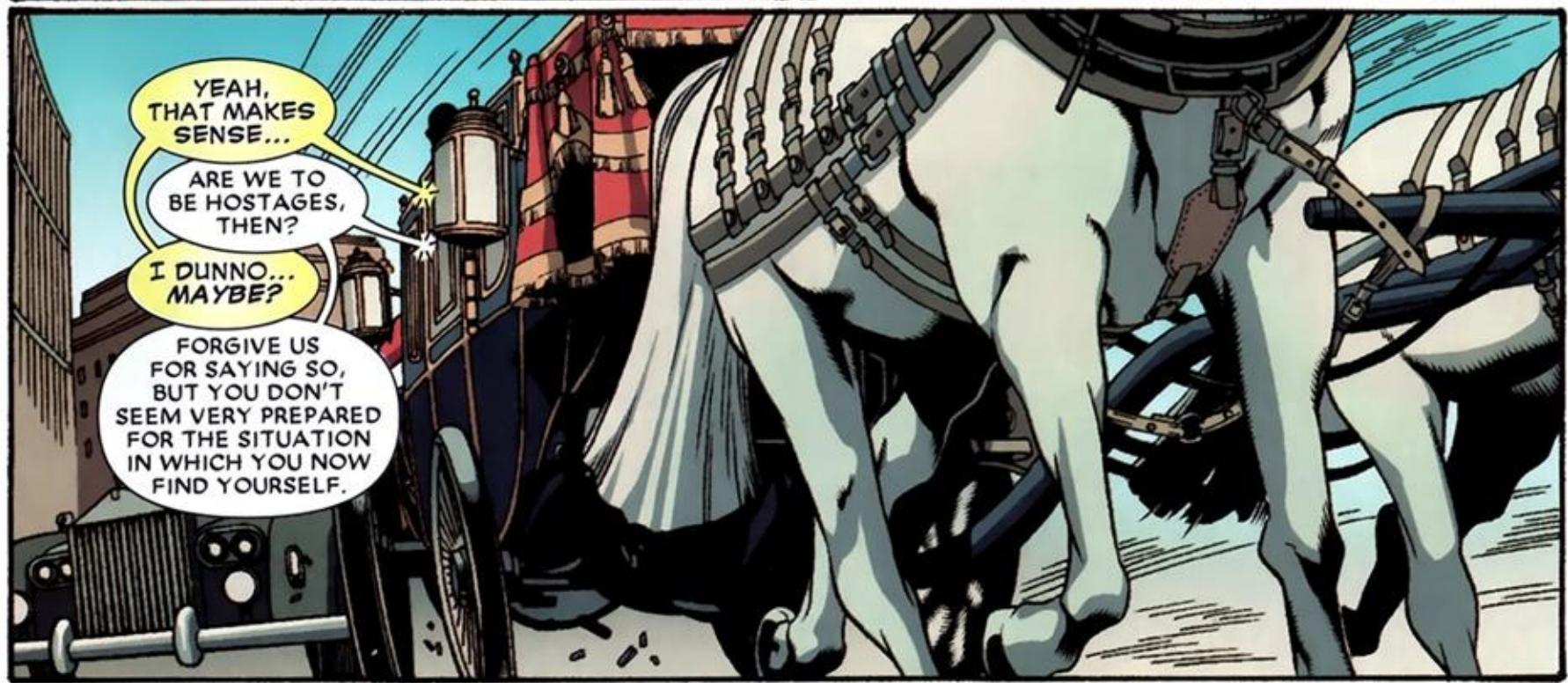
A MAN
WITH A GUN,
MA'AM.

ACTUALLY,
I HAVE FOUR
GUNS.

CHECK
IT OUT.

COACH
SECURED.

WE'RE ON
THE MOVE.





"AN' F.Y.I.? I HAD TO
ESCAPE FROM THAT
PLACE. SEE, THERE'S
THIS DOCTOR..."

DR.
WHITBY?

HELLO, I'M
DR. HATCH.



THAT IS QUITE A NASTY BUMP ON
YOUR HEAD BUT LUCKILY, THAT'S
ALL IT IS--YOUR CT SCAN IS ALL
CLEAR. A BIT OF STITCHING AND
YOU'LL BE OUT THE DOOR.

HOW DID
IT HAPPEN, BY
THE WAY?

THIS
CONTUSION.
HOW--?

OH, I
SLIPPED...
ON THE
STAIRS.

AND FELL
BACKWARD?
YES.
WELL,
THAT MAKES
PERFECT SENSE...

...HOWEVER, IT
DOESN'T EXPLAIN
THE BRUISING ON
YOUR FACE.

HMM?



I COULDN'T
HELP BUT NOTICE
YOU'RE NOT WEARING
A WEDDING RING--TELL
ME, DR. WHITBY, DO
YOU HAVE A
BOYFRIEND?

THAT IS A
VERY PERSONAL
QUESTION, DR.
HATCH.

IT IS, I'M AFRAID,
BUT AS A FELLOW
PHYSICIAN I'M SURE
YOU UNDERSTAND THAT I
MUST ASK SUCH QUESTIONS
IF I'M TO TREAT THE
DISEASE RATHER THAN
JUST THE
SYMPTOMS.

OF COURSE
I UNDERSTAND...
AND YES, I DO
HAVE A
BOYFRIEND.

I SEE.
FORGIVE ME
FOR ASKING BUT,
THIS BOYFRIEND
OF YOURS...



"...IS HE THE VIOLENT TYPE?"

SO, TO, LIKE, SUM IT UP--

HHNNG...

OH, DEAR...

--THE CHICK'S NUTTY AS ELEPHANT POOP AN' SHE IS TOTALLY OBSESSED WITH ME.

KRUNCH

THIS DOCTOR... WHITBY? SHE'S EMPLOYED BY THE PRISON SERVICE, YOU SAY?

YEAH, I GUESS...?

THEN WE SHALL LOOK INTO THE MATTER, PERSONALLY.

REALLY? YOU'D DO THAT?

OF COURSE. IT IS, AFTER ALL, OUR PRISON SERVICE AND WE HAVE NEVER BEEN ONE TO SHIRK OUR RESPONSIBILITIES. TO DO SUCH A THING WOULD BE SIMPLY UNFORGIVEABLE.

OKAY... COOL. GOOD. I'M GLAD THAT'S GONNA GET TAKEN CARE OF 'CAUSE THE THOUGHT OF HER RUNNIN' AROUND KILLIN' PEOPLE DRESSED IN THAT COSTUME OF HERS WAS REALLY FREAKIN' ME OUT.

NOW, WHAT'RE YOUR THOUGHTS ON HOW I'M GONNA GET OUTTA--

BEGGING YOUR PARDON, BUT DID YOU JUST SAY THAT THIS DR. WHITBY HAS BEEN COMMITTING MURDER?

UH-HUH. WELL, THAT'S WHAT SHE SAID... AN' WORSE, SHE'S DOIN' IT DRESSED LIKE ME! LIKE, SHE'S TRYIN' TO BE ME OR... OR BE LIKE ME, OR SOMETHIN'.

SHE'S EMULATING YOU.

EH, MORE LIKE COPYING ME, BUT... YEAH. IT'S WEIRD.

AN' GROSS.

WHAT'S "SHIRK" MEAN?

AND IT'S, UH...AH, CRAP.

It means runnin' away like some kinda candy-ass sissy.

IT'S MY RESPONSIBILITY, ISN'T IT?

"DON'T BOTHER ANSWERIN', I CAN SEE IT IN YOUR EYES. WELL, I GUESS I COULD, LIKE, GET 'ER LOCKED UP OR SOMETHIN'...WHICH REMINDS ME-- YOU COME UP WITH AN ESCAPE PLAN FOR ME YET?"

"NO. WE HAVE NOT."

"WELL, THAT'S UNFORTUNATE..."

"'CAUSE WE HAVE..."

BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM

"WE'RE TAKING FIRE!"

"DEFENSIVE POSITIONS!"



BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM

"OH, MY GOD..."

"IT'S COMING FROM INSIDE THE CARRIAGE!"

"ONE..."

KRAK!

"WWAAAHHHHH--!"



