

MARVEL
COMICS



JULY
#30

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
A
AUTHORITY

KELLY
WOODS
SHELANDER

DEADPOOL

GO AIN'TAY!



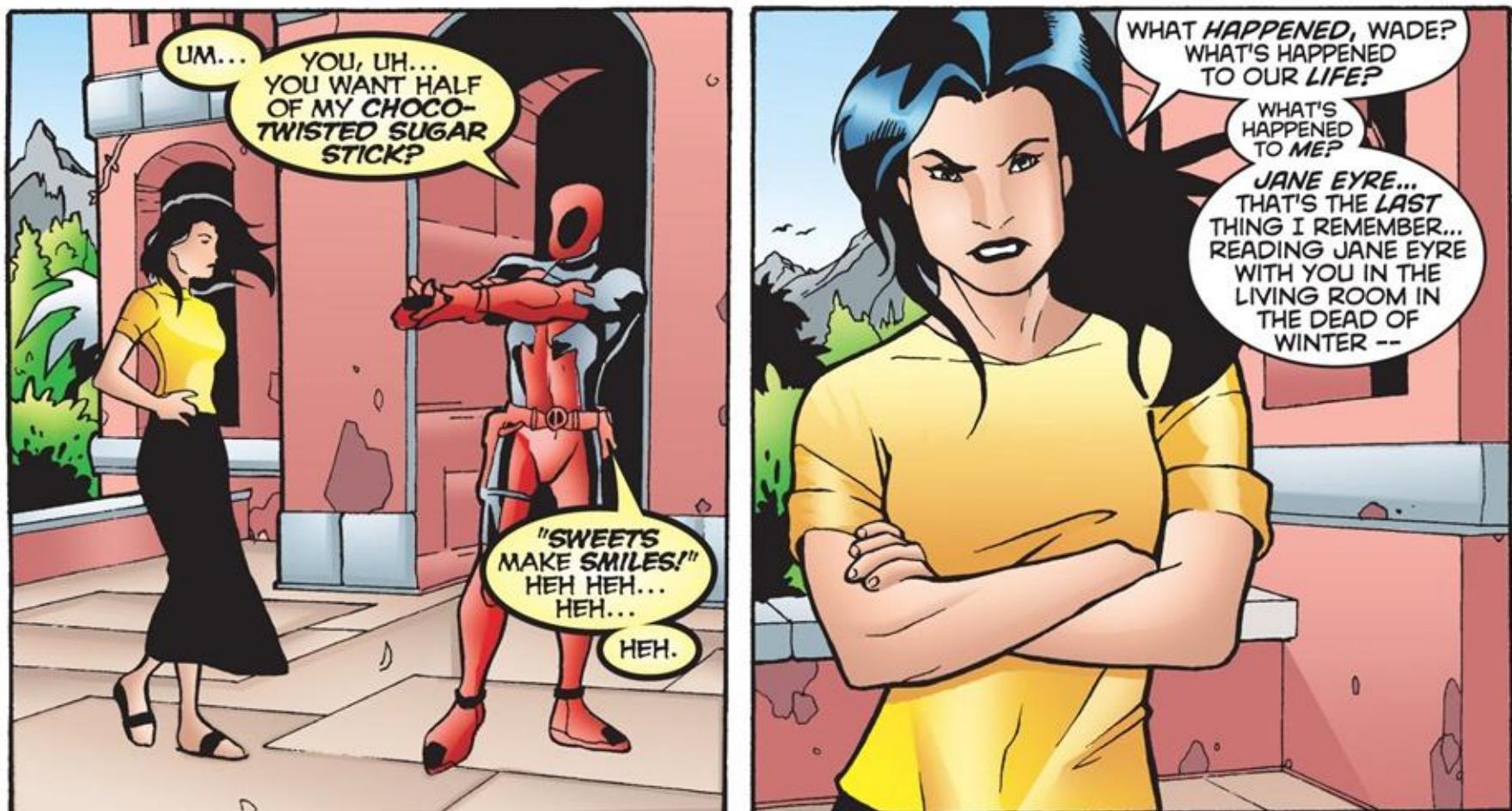
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Stan
Lee
presents:

TRUTH & LIES



CHICAGO. THE TOUGH
PART OF TOWN. SING
IT WITH ME, BABY...

HELLHOUSE

GO BACK



FORMERLY SISTER
MARGARET'S HOME FOR
WAYWARD CHILDREN,
THE CRUMBLING
STRUCTURE IS NO
STRANGER
TO CHANGE...

MORE SINISTER
PLOTS AND VILE
CRIMES HAVE
BEEN EXECUTED
INSIDE THESE
WALLS THAN THE
PENTAGON
LAVATORY...

BUT EVEN ALESTRAIRE
GRUNCH, SADIST AT
LARGE, HAS TO SUPPRESS
A SHUDDER AS HE
WALKS THROUGH THE
GATE... IT'S NEVER BEEN
THIS BAD.

SISTER MARGARET'S
HELLHOUSE

KELLY
LIAR, LIAR

WOODS
DRAWS THE LINE

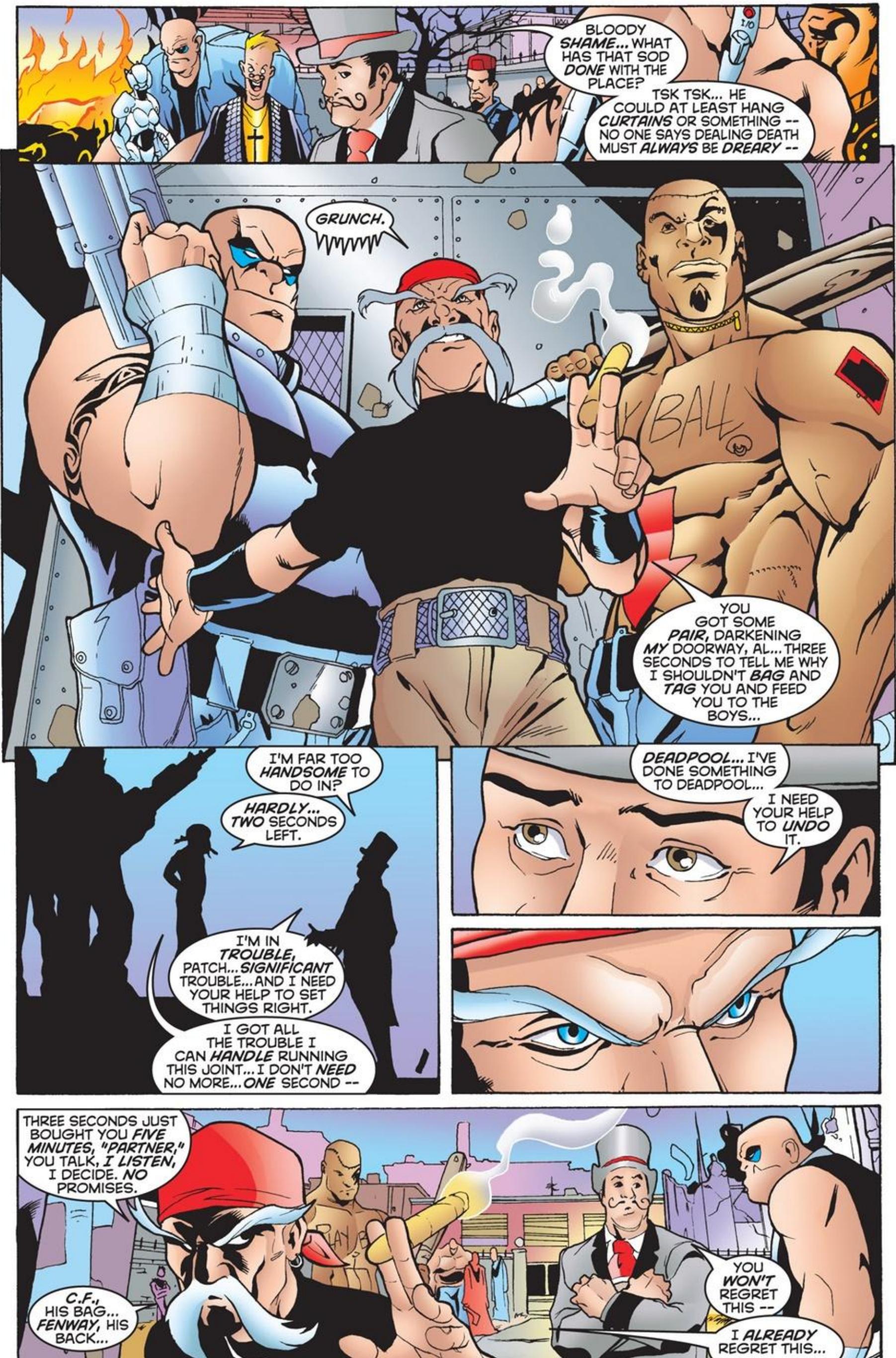
SHELANDER
BLACK & WHITE

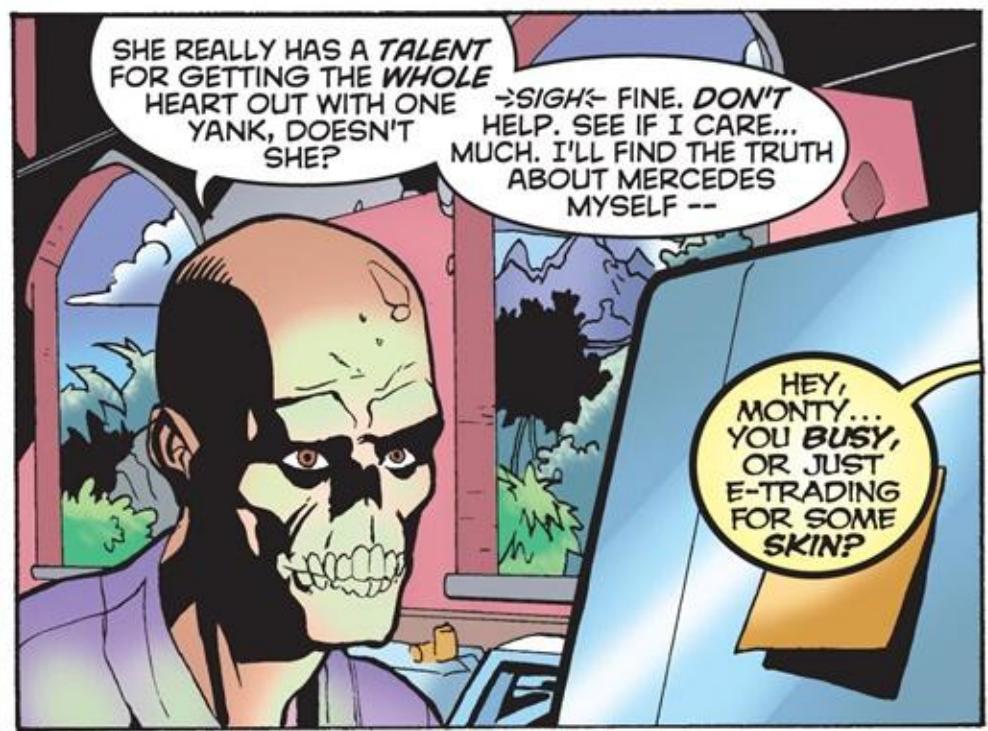
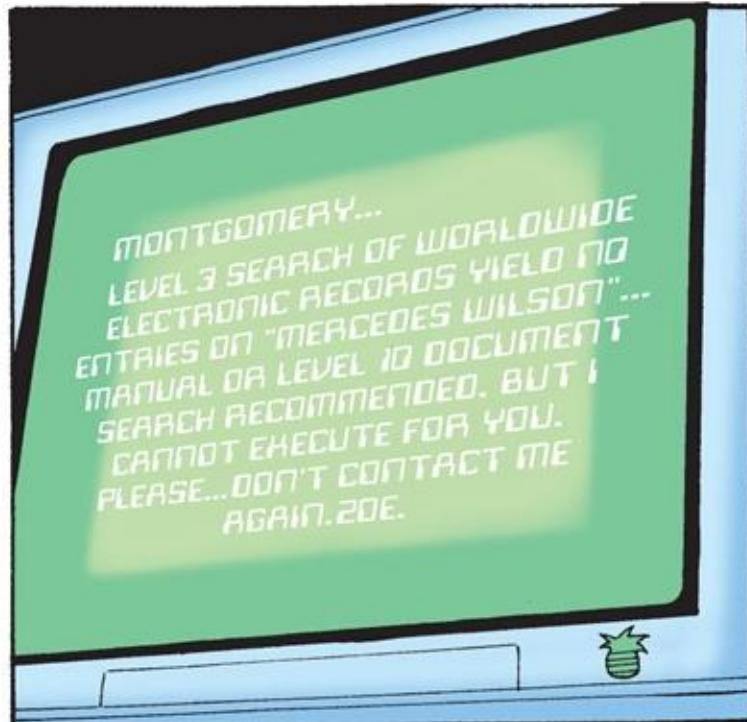
BLANCHARD
PRIMARY COLORS

STARKINGS & COMICRAFT
LETTER OF THE LAW

RUBEN DIAZ
JUDGE OF CHARACTER

HARRAS
STRAIGHT SHOOTER





EASY TO SAY WHEN THE TRUTH IS SOMETHING SIMPLE LIKE, "YES, I'M THE ONE WHO LEFT THE SEAT UP," OR, "OKAY, THOSE 1-900-CALLS ARE MINE --"

BUT THIS... A NORMAL PERSON CAN'T HANDLE THIS SORT OF THING...

PERHAPS, BUT LOOK AT IT THIS WAY... SHE'S IN YOUR WORLD NOW... AND SHE'S VERY MUCH ALONE. SHE NEEDS A GUIDE...

...AND THOUGH I'VE NEVER KNOWN IT TO BE TRUE MYSELF... THEY SAY LOVE CONQUERS ALL... SO ASK YOURSELF, WADE...

...DO YOU STILL LOVE HER?

REALLY, THAT'S STILL ALL I WANT TO DO... WRAP YOU UP IN A LITTLE FIREPROOF PACKAGE AND PUT YOU ON THE HIGH SHELF...

BUT... I KNOW I CAN'T DO THAT. YOU DESERVE BETTER...

YOU DESERVE THE TRUTH... SO IF YOU WANT IT... IT'S YOURS. NO BACKSIES.

TELL ME, WADE...

NO MATTER WHAT?

NO MATTER WHAT.

SIGH... ALL RIGHT... RETURN YOUR TRAY TO THE UPRIGHT POSITION... AND PREPARE FOR TAKEOFF...

ONCE UPON A TIME, THERE WAS THIS JOINT IN MAINE... A PLACE WHERE HAPPINESS HID FROM THE REST OF THE WORLD AND RAN RAMPANT...

CRAZY AS IT SOUNDS, THERE LIVED THE MOST BLISSFUL PEOPLE ON EARTH, WADE AND MERCEDES WILSON... TEACHERS WHO DECIDED TO THROW IT ALL AWAY AND BUILD A LOVE NEST ALL THEIR OWN...

HER BRIGHT IDEA WAS TO KEEP THE JOINT ISOLATED, LIVE OFF THE FAT OF THE LAND -- EXCEPT FOR THE VCR OF TRUFFLE OF THE MONTH CLUB, MIND YOU...

REALLY, IT WAS SORT OF DISGUSTING, ALL THIS, "I LOVE YOU SNOOKIE PIE" AND "YOU TOO HONEY LIPS FACE HEAD MUSH-MUSH"... GO INTO DIABETIC SHOCK JUST WALKING BY THE PLACE... ANYWAY...

HE BROUGHT COMPANY.

THE KIDS THOUGHT HE WAS A LOGGER WHO FELL INTO THE RIVER AND WASHED DOWN STREAM... SKIN BLEACHED FROM EXPOSURE... A MIRACLE HE WAS STILL ALIVE...

SO DAMN NAIVE... A LUMBERJACK... RIGHT.

OF COURSE THE WILSONS TOOK HIM IN... IT WAS THE RIGHT THING TO DO. CLEANED HIM UP, POURED SWEET POTATO SOUP DOWN HIS THROAT... GOT HIM BACK ON-LINE.

"SORRY, OL' CHAP! NO PHONES, WE'RE HIPPIES, YOU KNOW... YOU'LL HAVE TO WAIT TILL MORNING TO GO INTO TOWN..."

OUR GUEST WASN'T HARDLY A DOWN ON HIS LUCK LUMBERJACK... HE WAS A MERCENARY... A KILLER.

ONLY, MORNING NEVER CAME, WORST SNOWSTORM IN MEMORY. THE CLOUDS BLOTTED OUT THE SUN FOR A WEEK.

A WEEK WHERE EVERYTHING SHUT DOWN...

A WEEK ALONE WITH HIM... OUR NEW "FRIEND..." IT DIDN'T TAKE LONG FOR US TO ASCERTAIN THAT WE'D MADE A BIG MISTAKE.

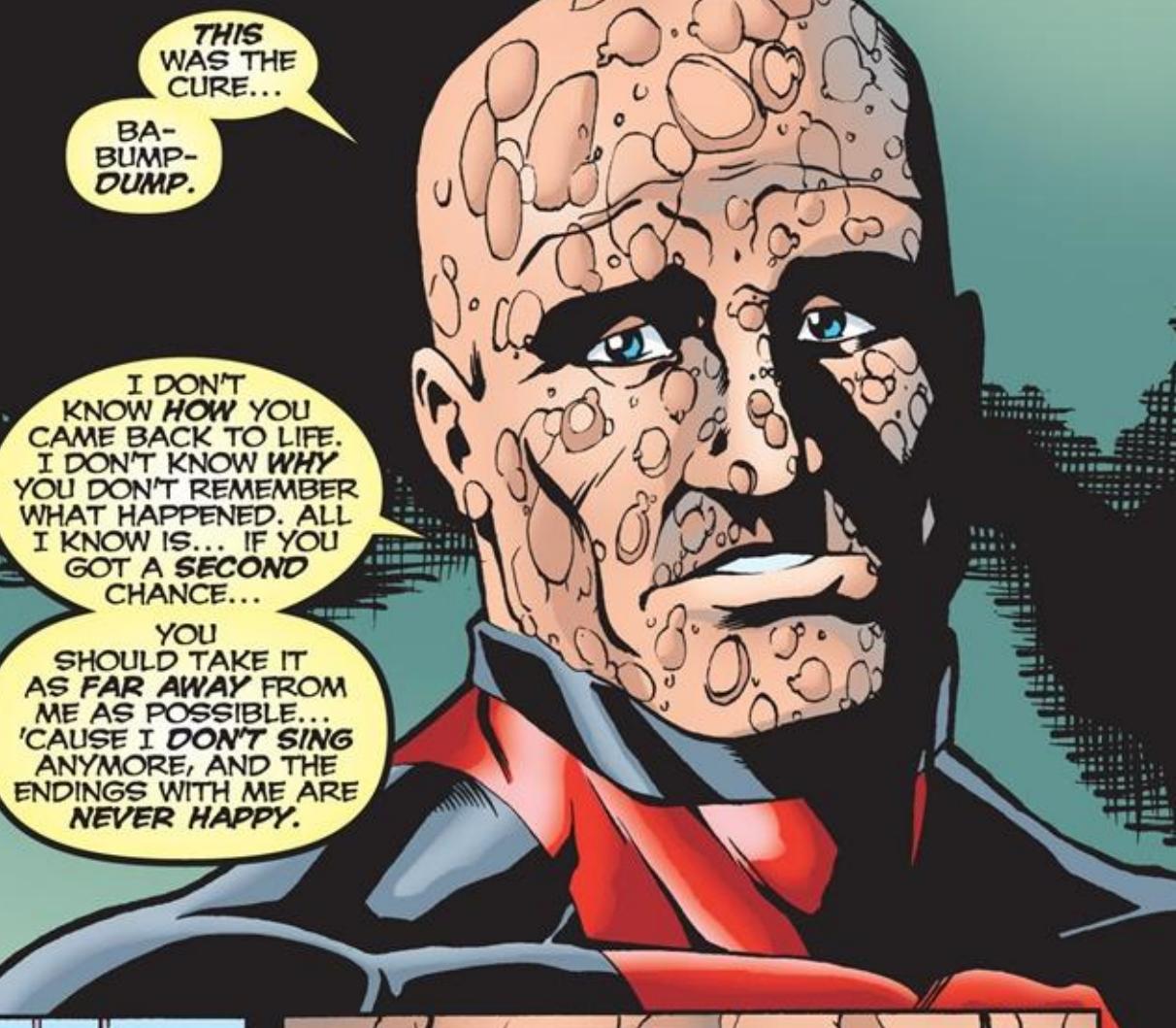
A KILLER WHO HAD BOTCHED A JOB AND WAS ON THE RUN FROM SOME VERY POWERFUL PEOPLE...

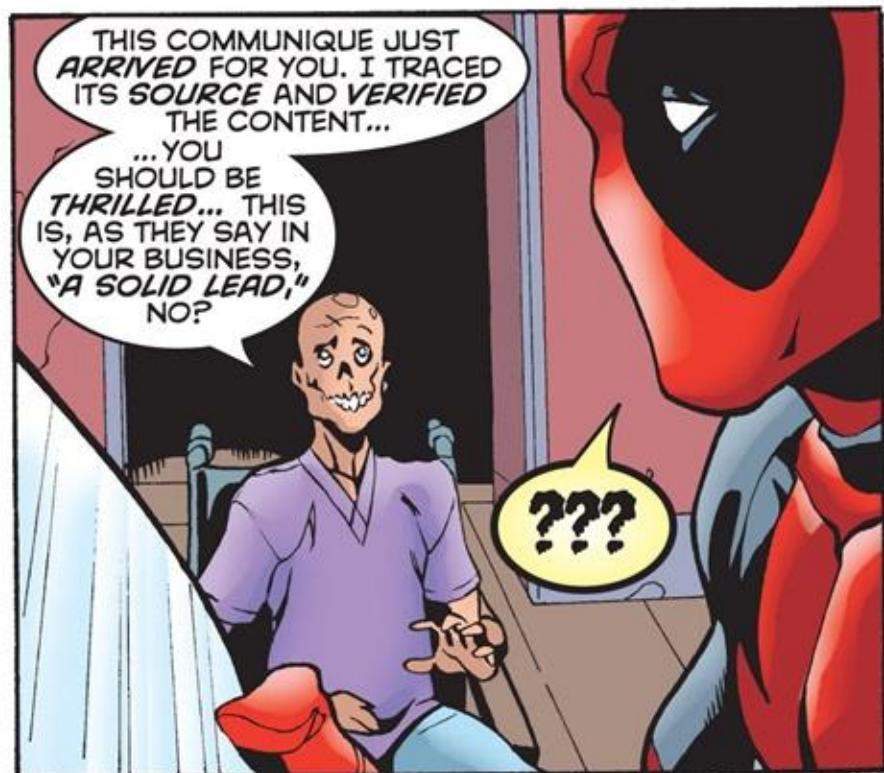
A KILLER WHO COULDN'T AFFORD TO LEAVE WITNESSES... I'D GIVE YOU THE NC-17 DETAILS... BUT IT DOESN'T MATTER...

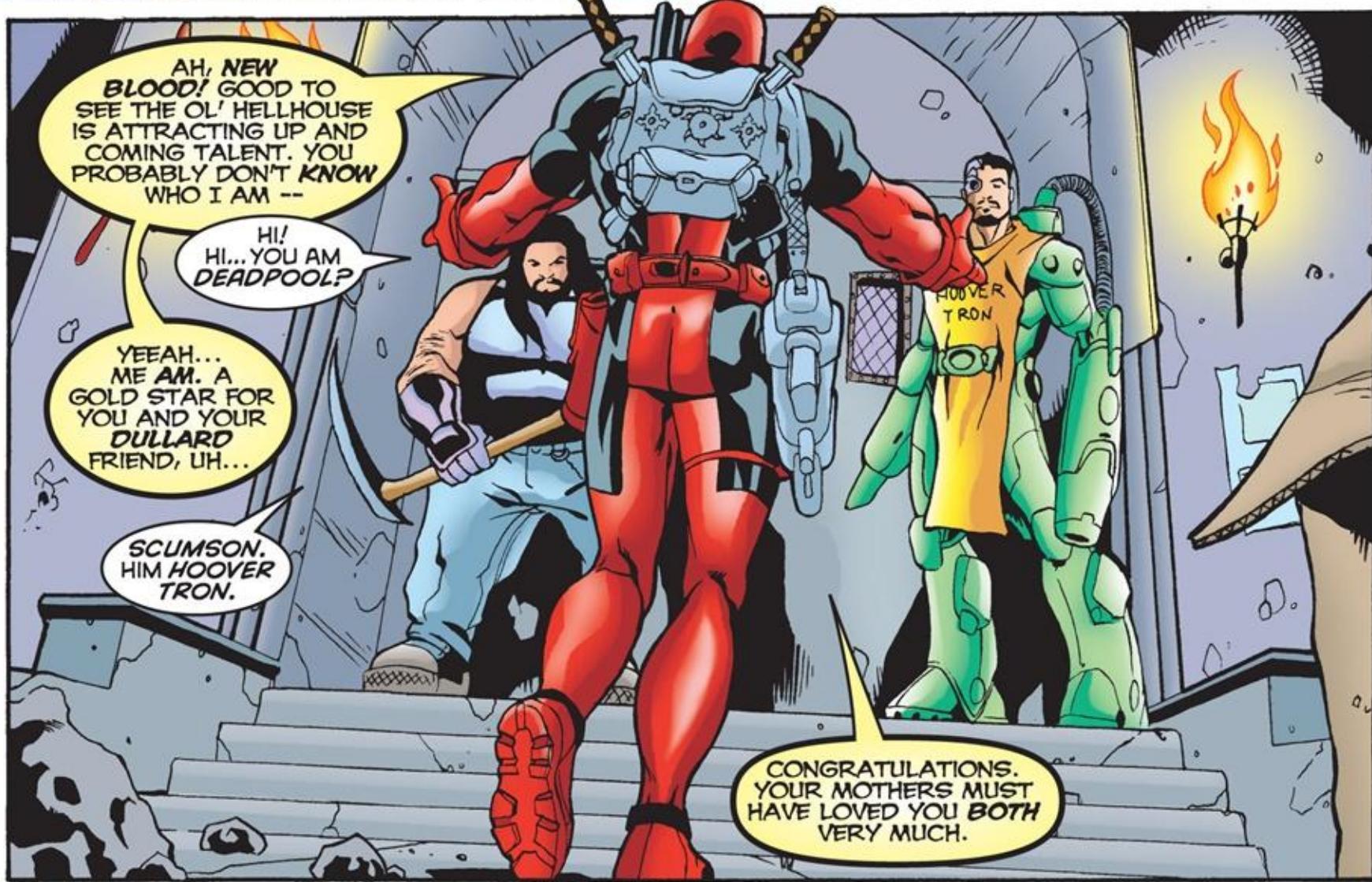
YOU DIED IN MY ARMS, BUTCHERED IN THE SNOW.

A STRANGER BROKE INTO OUR LIVES AND TORE DOWN MY SOUL AND SET MY HOUSE ON FIRE AND DESTROYED THE LAST GREAT HAPPINESS I WOULD EVER KNOW...

...BUT WORST OF ALL... HE FORGOT TO KILL ME.











CASA
DEADPOOL...

T1 LINE... PATHETIC. I GROW EPIDERMIS FASTER THAN THIS DOWNLOADS --
DEADPOOL WILL HAVE BURNED HELLHOUSE TO THE GROUND AND BE BACK BEFORE I GET ANY NEW INFORMATION --

BDEET

HELLO...? WHAT'S THIS? HARD COPY OF THE MARRIAGE LICENSE... PHOTOS... CROSS-REFERENCED WITH BLACK OPS INCIDENTS IN THE AREA --

OH MY GOD... NO... THAT... THAT CAN'T BE...

IT JUST CAN'T!

SURPRISE, SUNSHINE.

GUY TURNS HIS BACK ON YE OLDE STOMPING GROUNDS FOR A FEW MONTHS, AND WHAT HAPPENS--?

**BRAKKA
BRAKKA**

THE PLACE TURNS INTO "ALL THE HUMAN FLESH YOU CAN DEVOUR" NIGHT AT THE TRANSYLVANIA STUCKEY'S --

DROOLING GENETIC REJECTS RELEASED FROM THEIR TEST TUBES UNDER AGE FOUR EAT FREE...

BRAKKA

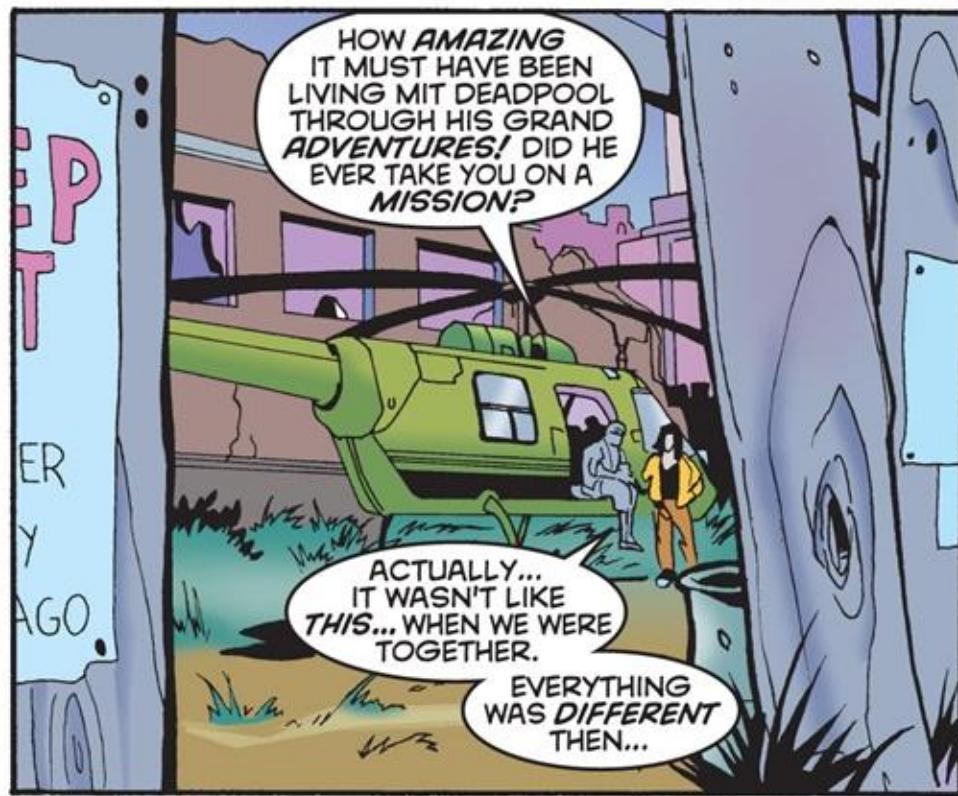
I GUESS THIS IS WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU DON'T HAVE MY PARTICULAR BRAND OF LEVITY AROUND TO BALANCE OUT THE DARKNESS... FOR EXAMPLE...

KRAK

SEE? SHAPED VERTEBRA FOLLOWED BY HOLLOW POINTS THROUGH THE SHOULDER BLADE --

COMEDY GOLD.

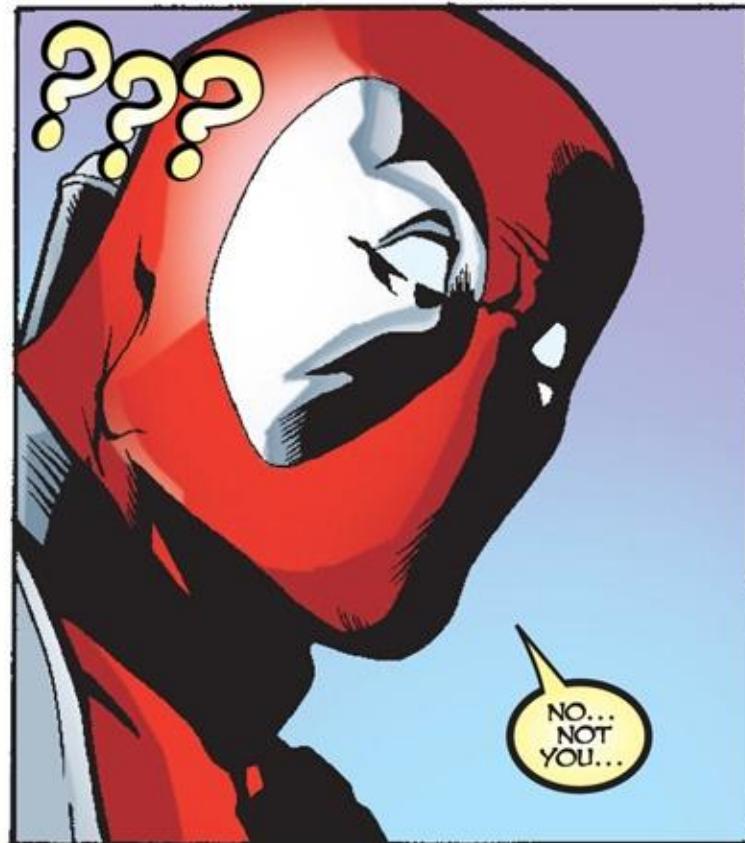
















NEXT MONTH:
THE FATE OF MONTY!
THE RETURN OF LL&L!
THE BEGINNING OF
THE END!