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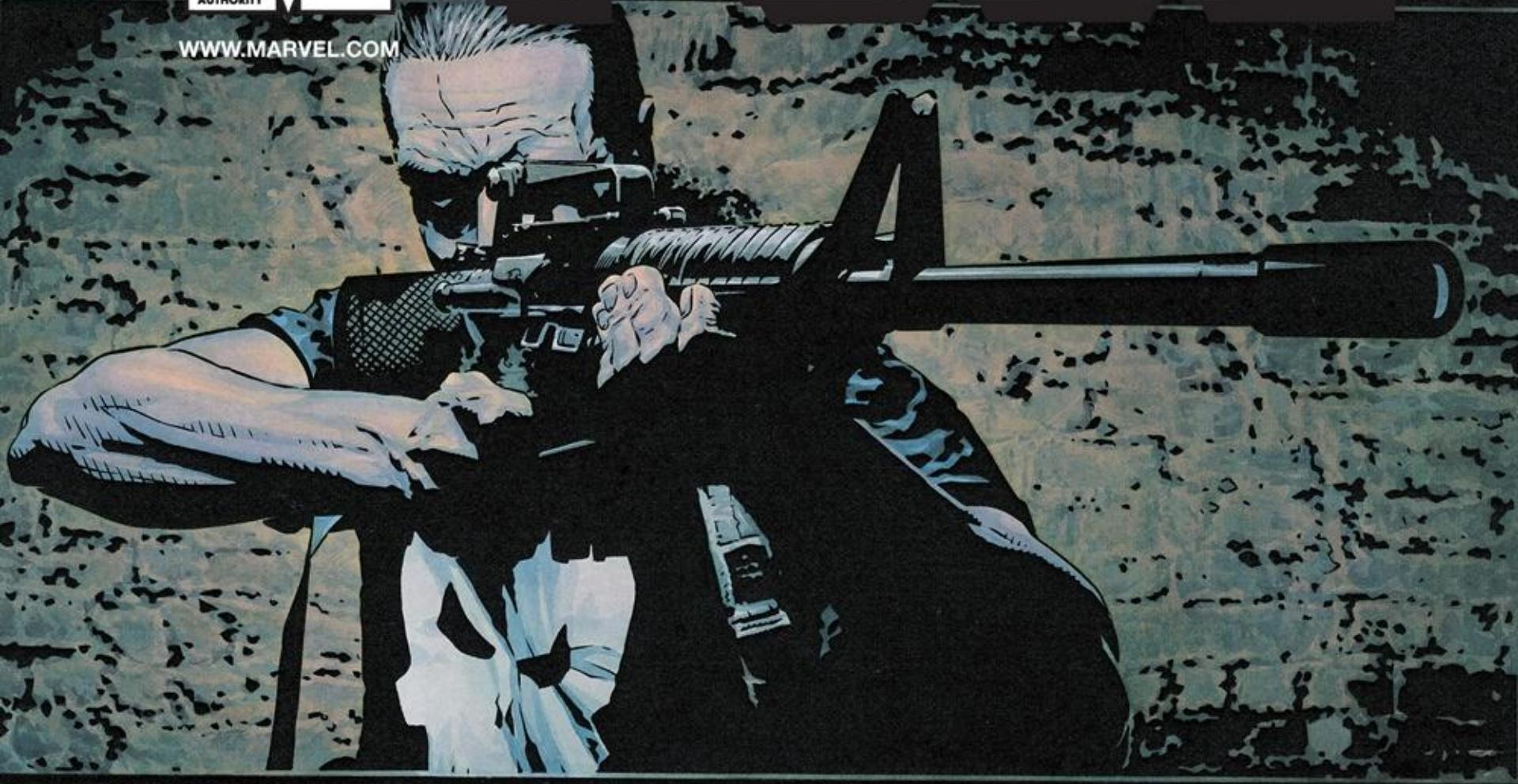


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DEADPOOL



TIM &
BRAD
STREET
2001

END OF THE ROAD

PART: 2



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 CONSTRICKTING ORDER!

STAN LEE PRESENTS:

DEADPOOL

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"CEASE FIRE, MEN!
I THINK WE'VE
HIT SOMEONE!"

I'M AMANDA BALLARD FOR RNN. FOR THIS MORNING'S TOP STORY WE GO LIVE TO GLENN BIRDING.

THANK YOU, AMANDA.

I'M HERE IN BROOKLYN WHERE POLICE OFFICIALS SAY THEY HAVE FINALLY ENDED THE REIGN OF TERROR CAUSED BY THE MURDERING OUTLAW KNOWN AS THE PUNISHER AFTER HE EXECUTED TWO MOBSTERS ON THE VERAZZANO BRIDGE LAST NIGHT.

POLICE CONFIRMED THAT THE VIGILANTE KNOWN AS DEADPOOL WAS ALSO ON THE SCENE.

I'M HERE WITH NYPD OFFICER BILL HOSEK. WHAT HAPPENED TONIGHT, OFFICER?

WELL, TO PUT IT SIMPLY, GLENN...

I KILLED 'IM! WHOO! I SHOT THE PUNISHER! WHOOHOO! GO YANKEES!



HE... I... SHE... THEY...

...HE'S DEAD! THE PUNISHER IS DEAD!

WHICH MEANS I'M @#\$% RICH, BABY! PETER GNULCI, YOU'RE A MILLIONAIRE!

I'M INHERITING ALL MY DEAD AUNT'S MONEY! WHAA-HOOO!

AND IF THAT COP KILLED THE PUNISHER LIKE HE SAID HE DID--AND DEADPOOL DIDN'T--THAT MEANS THE MONEY'S ALL MINE!

I DON'T OWE THAT MERCENARY A CENT!

PINK... THE
WHAT...
BOUTIQUE?

D-BATTERY WITH YOU?
OUTSTANDING!

SEE? IT
VIBRATES.

HUH--? WHOA,
HONEY, GO EASY ON THE
STEROIDS. YOUR FACE IS
STARTING TO LOOK LIKE
AGATHA HARKNESS.

OH,
IT'S YOU. I WAS
JUST REMEMBERING
A REALLY BAD DREAM
INVOLVING MARTHA
STEWART.

CUT ME
DOWN, AND I'LL
RE-ENACT IT
FOR YOU.

OR... I CAN
JUST HANG HERE
TILL MY HEAD EXPLODES
FROM AN ANEURYSM AND
COVERS YOUR WALLS IN
'POOLBRAINS!'

:SIGH:

EITHER WAY, I
NEED TO KILL YOU.
NOTHING PERSONAL,
BUT THERE'S A LOT
OF MONEY ON THE
LINE.

SO BE A
SWEETIE AND
CUT ME DOWN
SO I CAN
SLASH YOUR
THROAT?



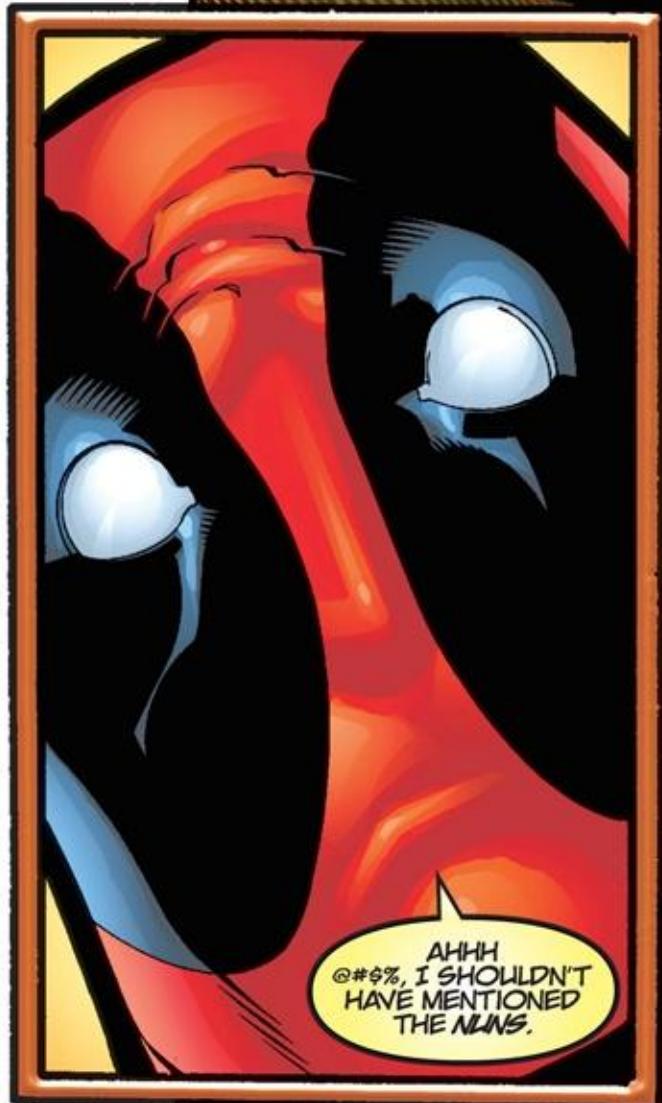


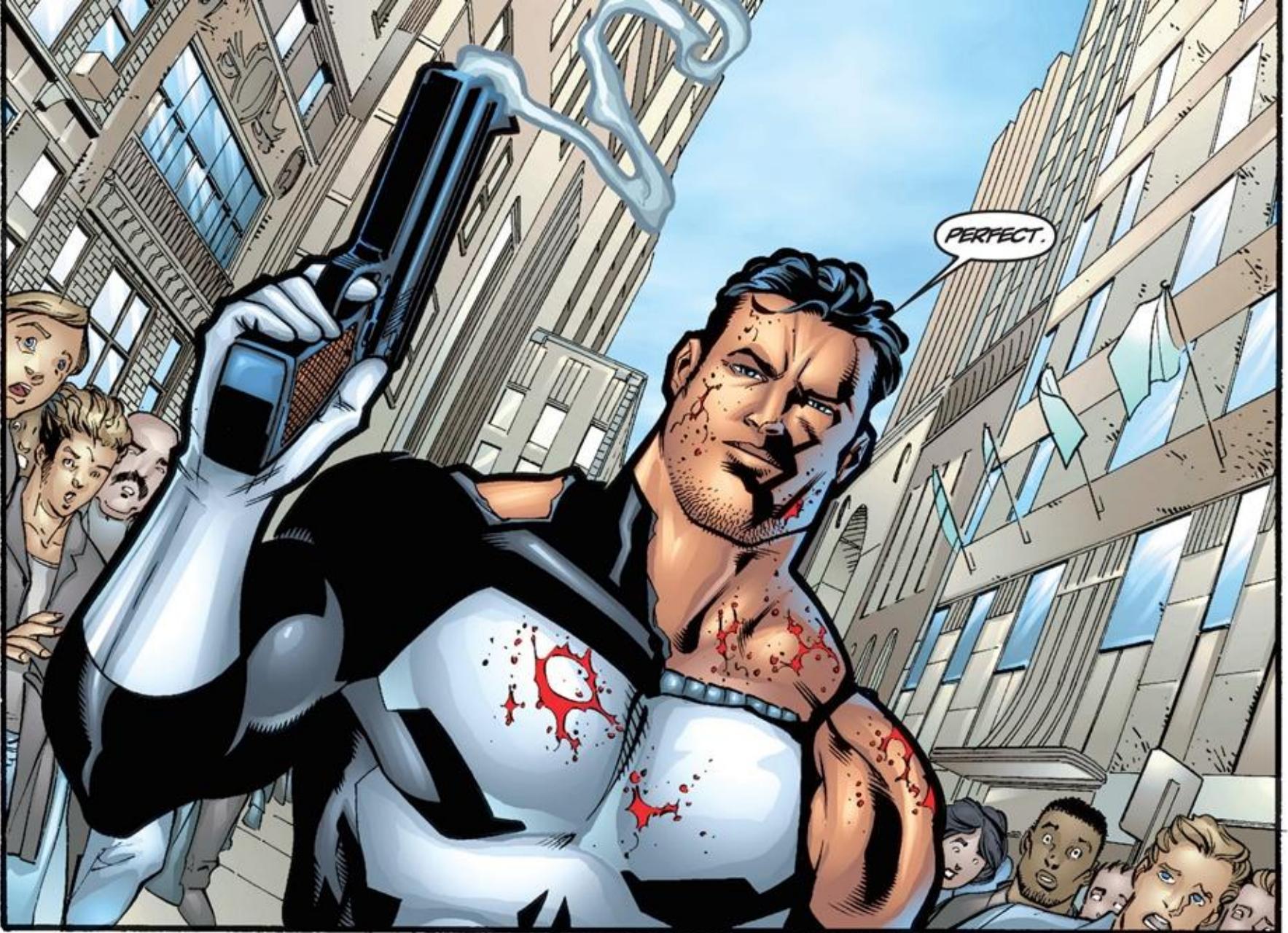






















AND NEXT
ON HOME BOX
THEATRE...

COMBINING
TWO CLASSIC
FILMS, HBT PROUDLY
PRESENTS "DUDE,
WHERE'S MY
AMERICAN PIE?"

HOPE
THIS ONE
HAS SOME
NUDITY.

SIGH: IT'S JUST SO MUCH
LESS FUN MAKING JOKES
WHEN THERE'S NOBODY
AROUND TO ANNOY.

IT'S LIKE HAVING HALITOSIS
IN AN ELEVATOR WITH
NOBODY TO SHARE IT WITH.

IT JUST
STINKS TO
BE ALONE.

FACE IT, WADE. AS
DEADPOOL, YOU'RE
A SMASH AT PARTIES
AND BAR MITZVAHS.

BUT WITHOUT
VANESSA...

...YOU'RE JUST A
SHALLOW POOL.

ONE HOUR, ONE
BREATH MINT, AND
A HANDSOME NEW
FACE ON THE IMAGE
INDUCER LATER.

I'M
COMING!
THIS
BETTER BE
GOOD!

DING
DONG

WADE...?

FACE IT,
VANESSA, YOU
JUST HIT THE
JACKPOT.

NEXT ISSUE:
COPYCAT,
SIRYN,
DEADPOOL.
AND SHARP OBJECTS!
NEED WE SAY MORE?
SEE YOU IN 30 DAYS!