

MARVEL  
COMICS

THE BATTLE FOR WADE WILSON'S SOUL!

APPROVED  
BY THE  
COMICS  
CODE  
AA  
AUTHORITY



# DEADPOOL

WHY DON'T  
YOU DITCH THE  
GOWN, SISTER?  
THIS IS THE '90S,  
NOT THE  
'50S!

BUT IT'S SO  
FLOWING AND  
COMFORTABLE!

GUYS,  
C'MON!  
I NEED YOU  
TO FOCUS  
HERE!

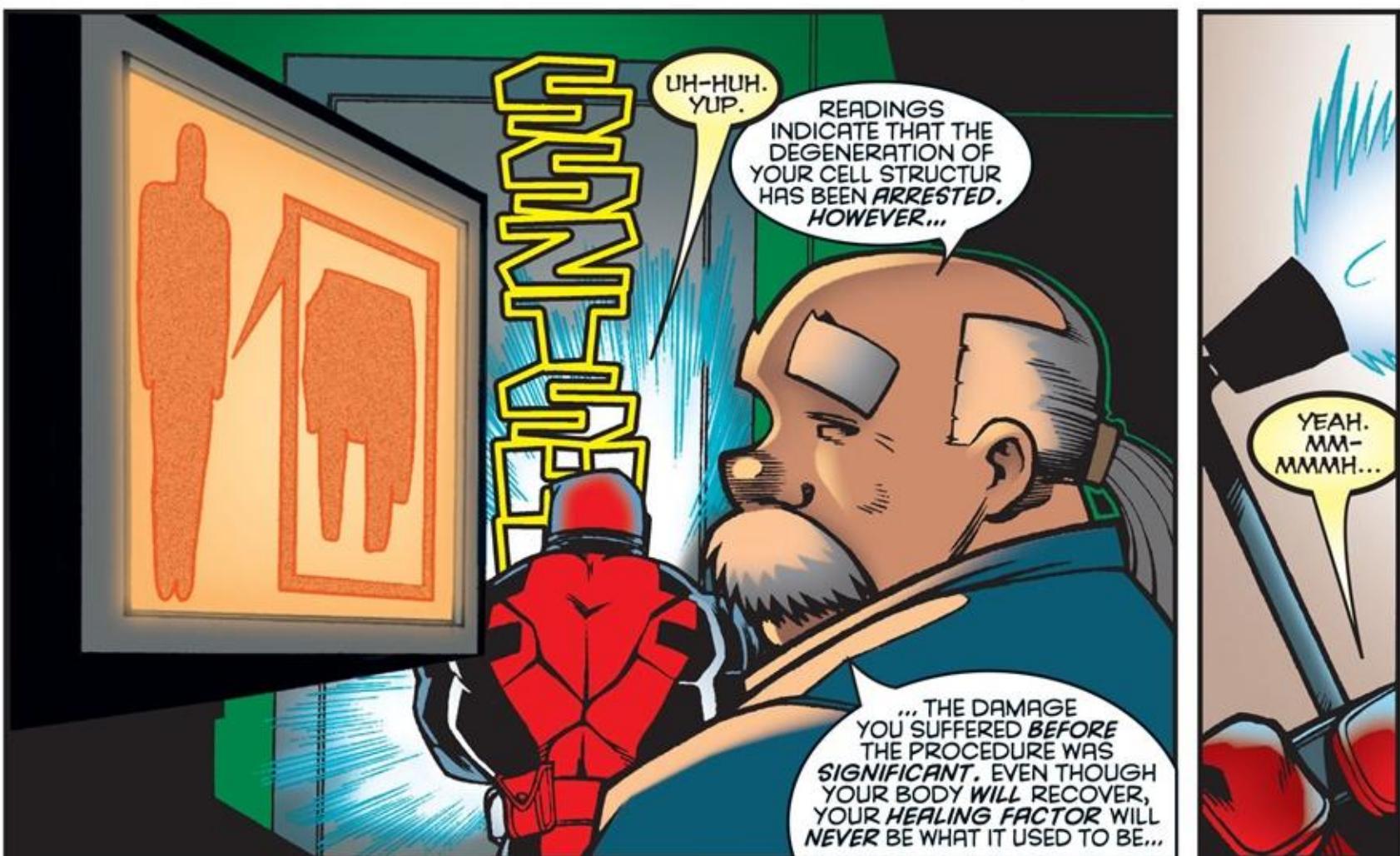
# 70 YEARS OF MARVEL COMICS

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STAN LEE "PROUDLY" PRESENTS:

# THE DOCTOR IS SKINNED!

...OR  
THE END  
OF OUR  
FIRST  
STORY  
ARC

IF I MAY,  
(TO PARAPHRASE  
BERT PARKS),  
WELCOME, DOCTOR  
KILLBREW!

THIS IS  
THE END  
OF YOUR  
LIFE!

JOE KELLY  
YAPPIN'  
ED  
McGUINNESS  
& KEVIN LAU  
SCRIBBLIN'  
NATHAN  
MASSENGILL  
SOLIDIFYIN'  
RICHARD  
STARKINGS &  
COMICRAFT/KF  
BALLOONIN'  
MATTHEW  
PAINE  
COLORIZIN'  
DIGITAL  
CHAMELEON  
SEPARATIN'  
MATT  
IDELOSON  
WHIP-CRACKIN'  
BOB  
HARRAS  
DONUT-MAKIN'

MEANWHILE, HALFWAY  
ACROSS THE GLOBE --

-- NESTLED IN THE  
FESTERING BOWELS  
OF THE HAMLET OF  
CHICAGO --

-- LIES A HITHERTO UNEQUALLED  
DEN OF SCUM AND VILLAINY,  
FORMERLY KNOWN AS SISTER  
MARGARET'S SCHOOL FOR  
WAYWARD GIRLS.

REFERRED TO TODAY IN  
TREMBLING WHISPERS... AS  
**HELLHOUSE.**

SO,  
THE COLOR SCHEME  
OF THE PLACE IS  
TOTALLY EIGHTIES,  
RIGHT?

LIKE  
I STEPPED INTO  
A SERGIO VALENTE  
CATALOG OR  
SOMETHING...

HEY... BUT  
I'M NOT  
THERE TO CRITIQUE  
THE GUY'S NONEXISTENT  
TASTE IN INTERIOR  
DESIGN. I'M THERE  
TO DO A JOB.

EVEN  
IF HIS TOILET  
IS GREEN, SO'S  
HIS MONEY,  
RIGHT?

IS  
THIS STORY  
GOING ANYWHERE,  
C.F.? MY EARS ARE  
CLOGGING  
UP...

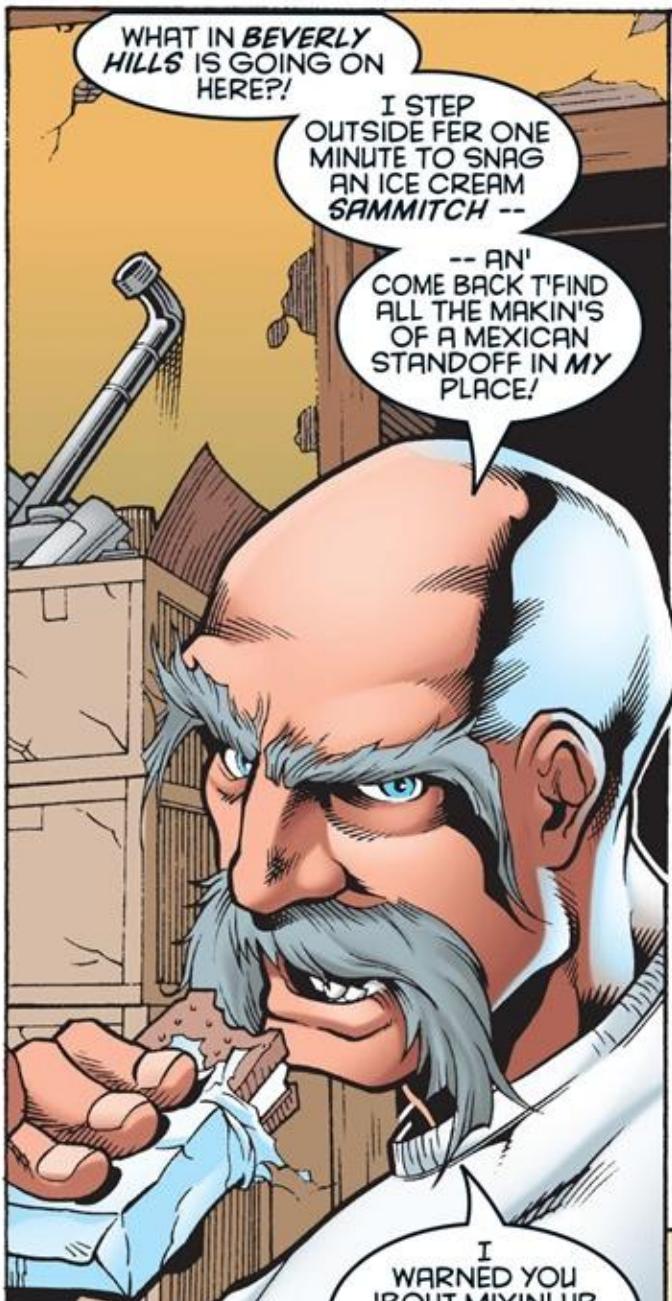
RIGHT  
HERE, WEASEL!  
I'M CHECKING OUT  
A NAGEL PRINT WHEN,  
BAM! THOSE IRA  
GUYS CRACK OUT A  
BAZOOKA!

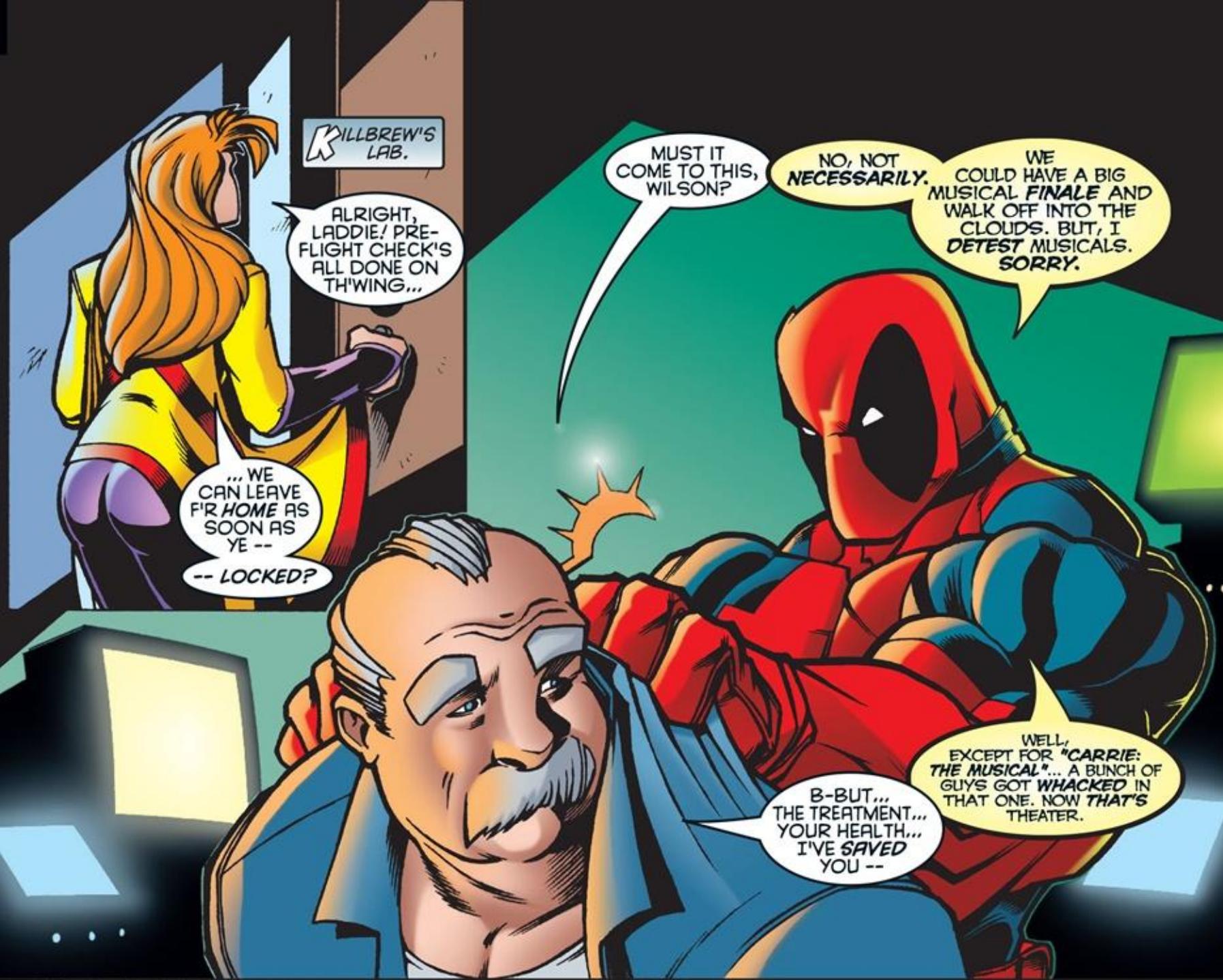
SEE...  
STILL GOT THE  
SCAR. TWISTED,  
Huh?

YOU'RE  
ON YOUR WAY TO  
FIRST BASE, DUDE.  
SHE'S GIVING THE  
SIGNALS...

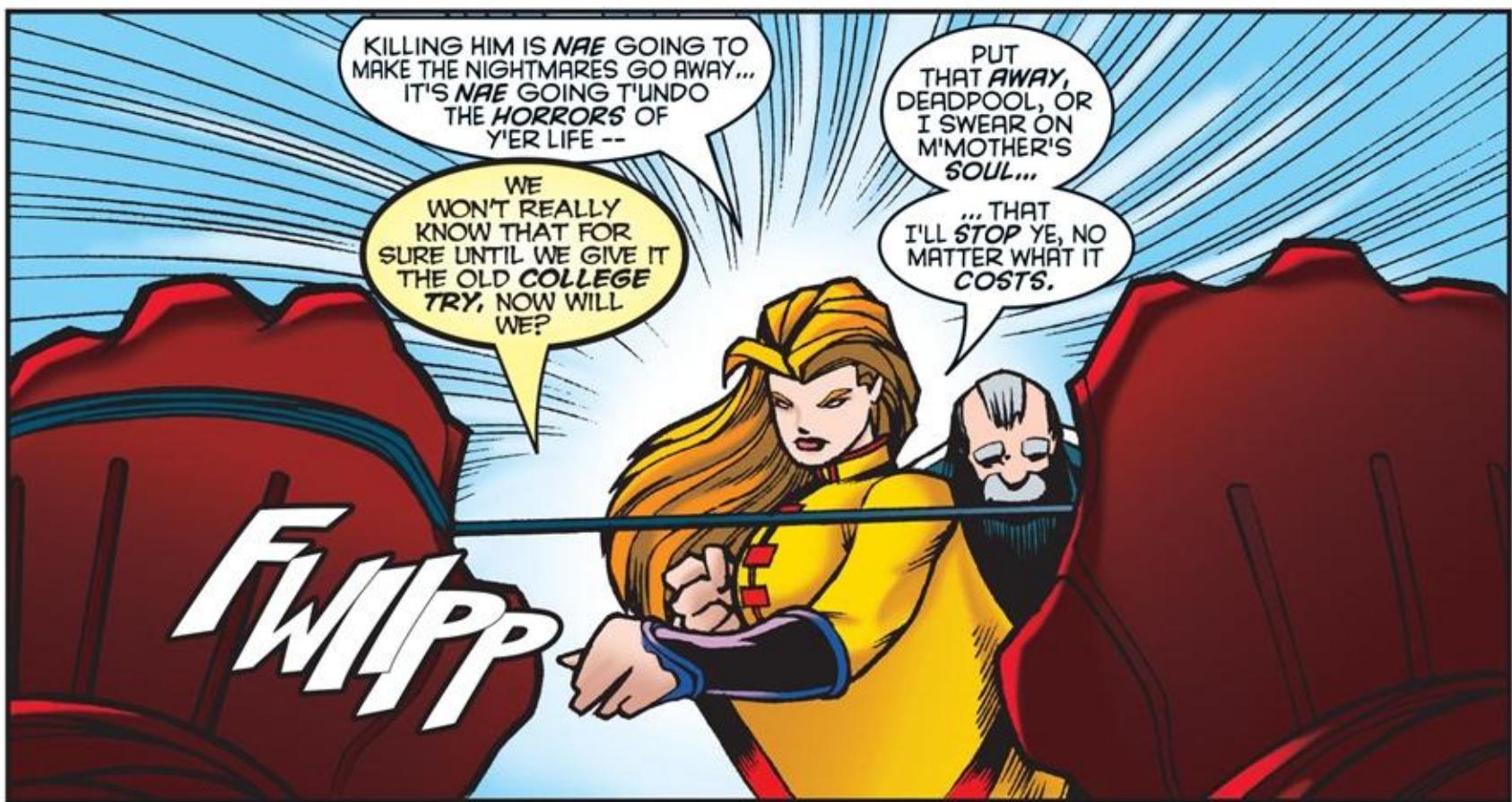


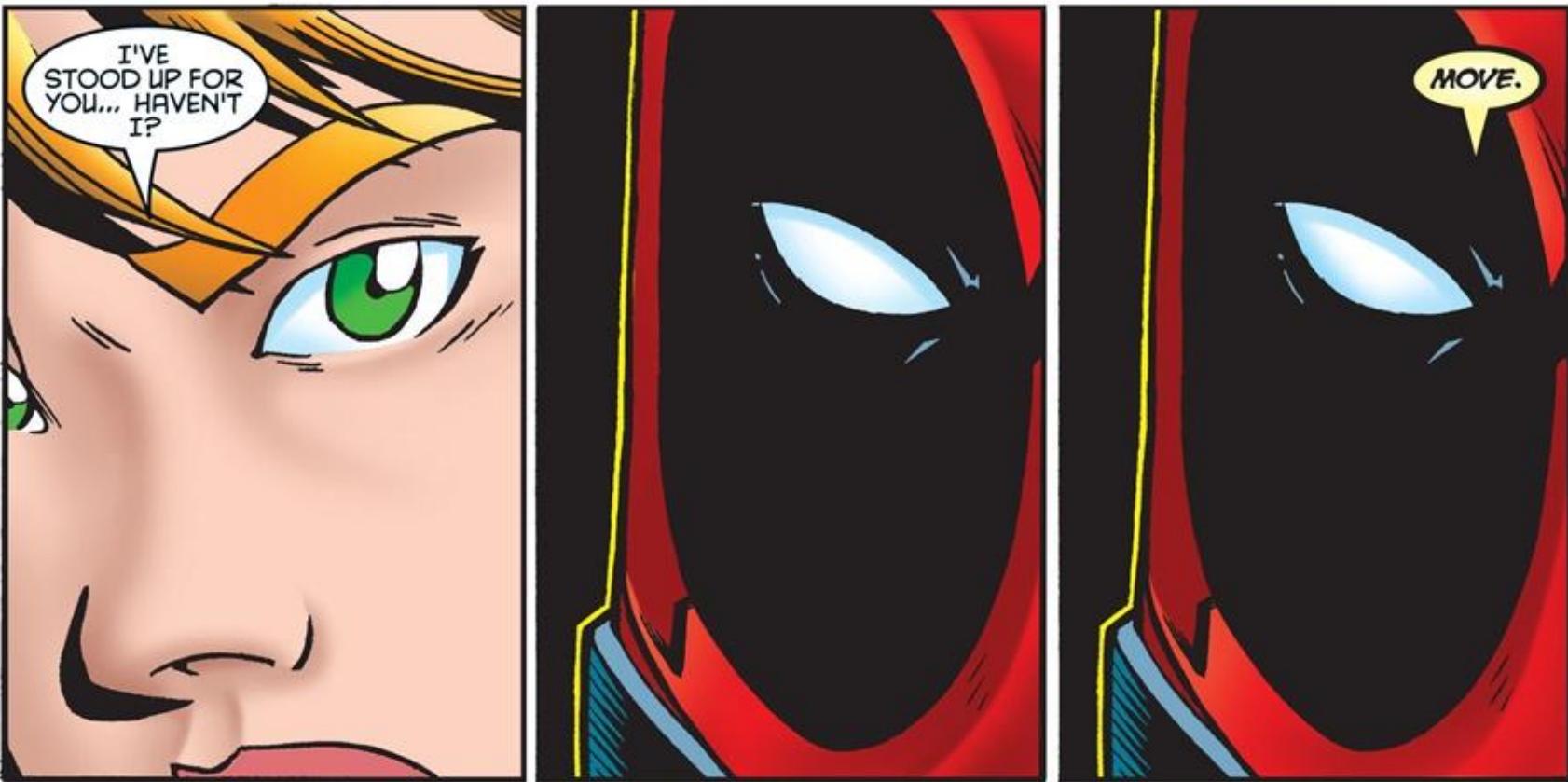














HELLHOUSE.

"THAT BOY IS JUST NOT RIGHT, MAN. EVERYTHING GOES SOUTH WHEN HE COMES IN HERE. LOOK AT HIM..."

... SITTIN' ALL HIGH AND MIGHTY.  
MAKIN' LIKE HE'S KING OF THE MERCS OR SOMETHIN' --

-- 'F I THOUGHT I HAD A SHOT, I'D POP A CAP IN HIS EYE.

-SIGH-  
RIGHT.  
WHATEVER,  
ROACH.

I WOULD,  
AN' I'D DO  
IT FOR  
DEADP --

HERRK?

SSSHWP

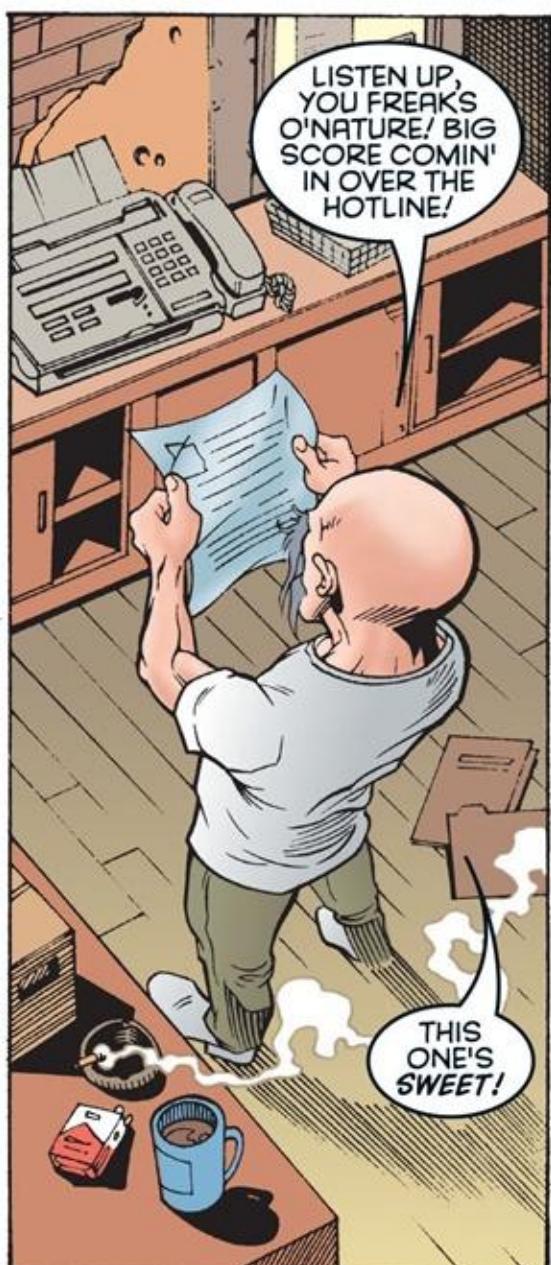
Foul ball, don't say the name, Roach-dude. The Ump is mad enough already.

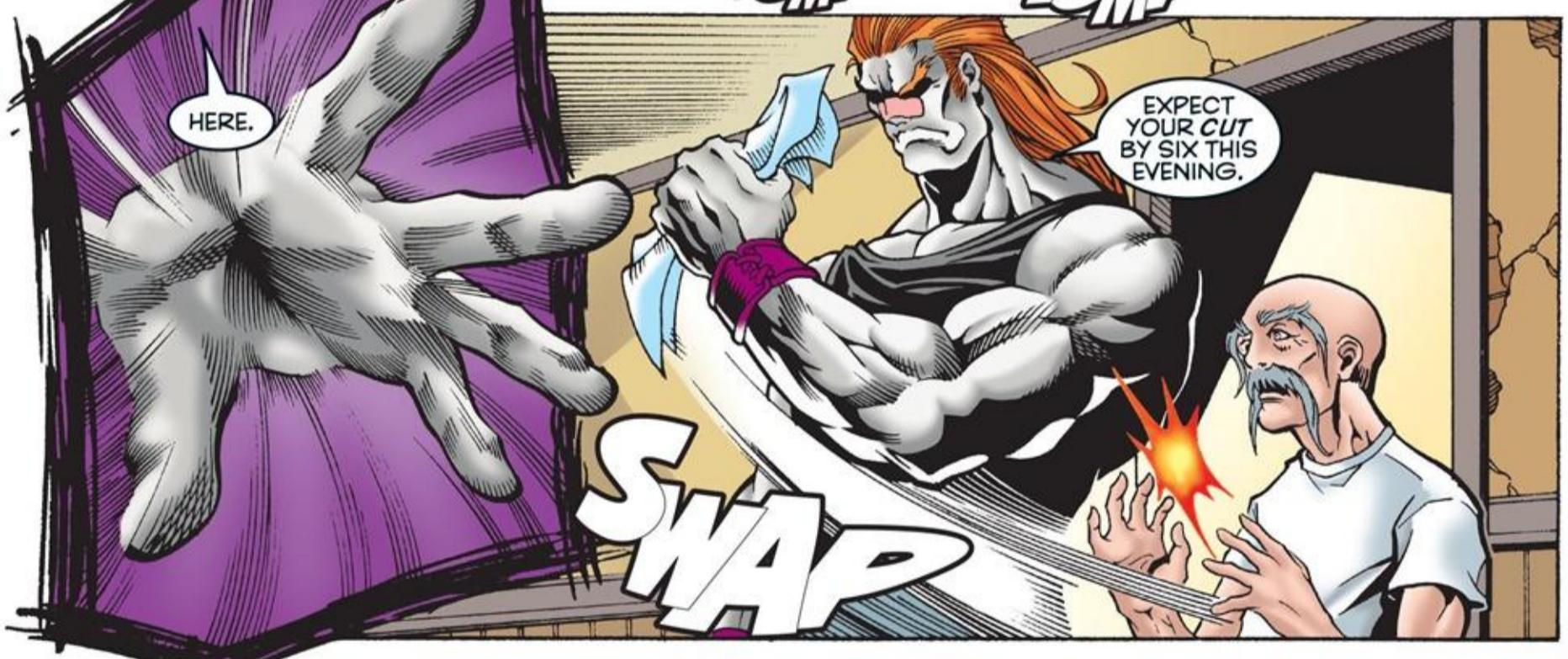
Old rivalries between teams get worse with each playoff game, dig?

Better to just shut up and watch the series.

THIS IS BAD. EVERYONE'S SCARED WITLESS OF T-RAY... BUT NO ONE'S LOOKING ME IN THE EYE...

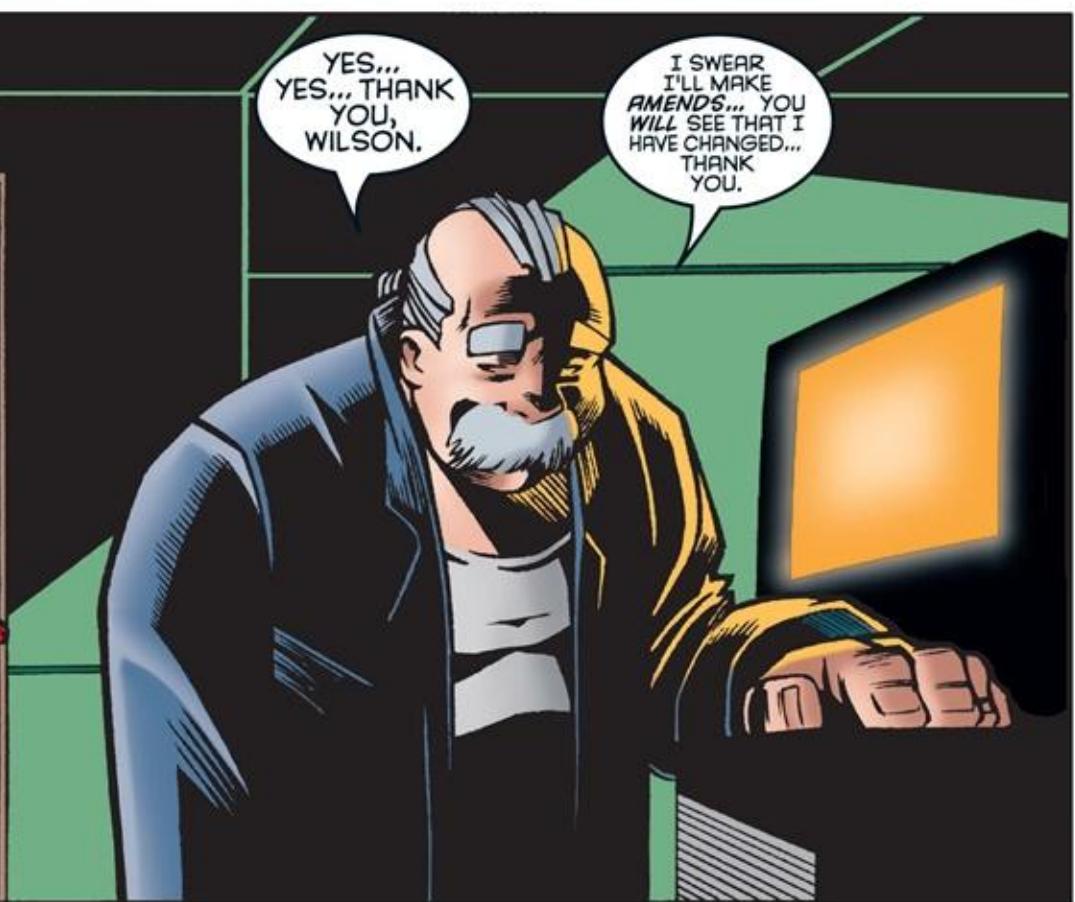
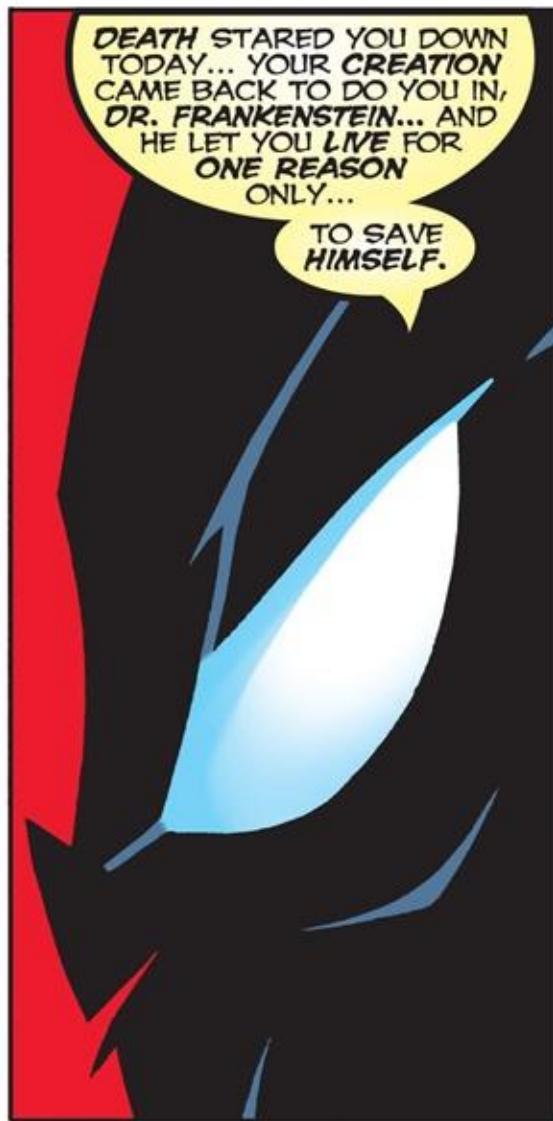
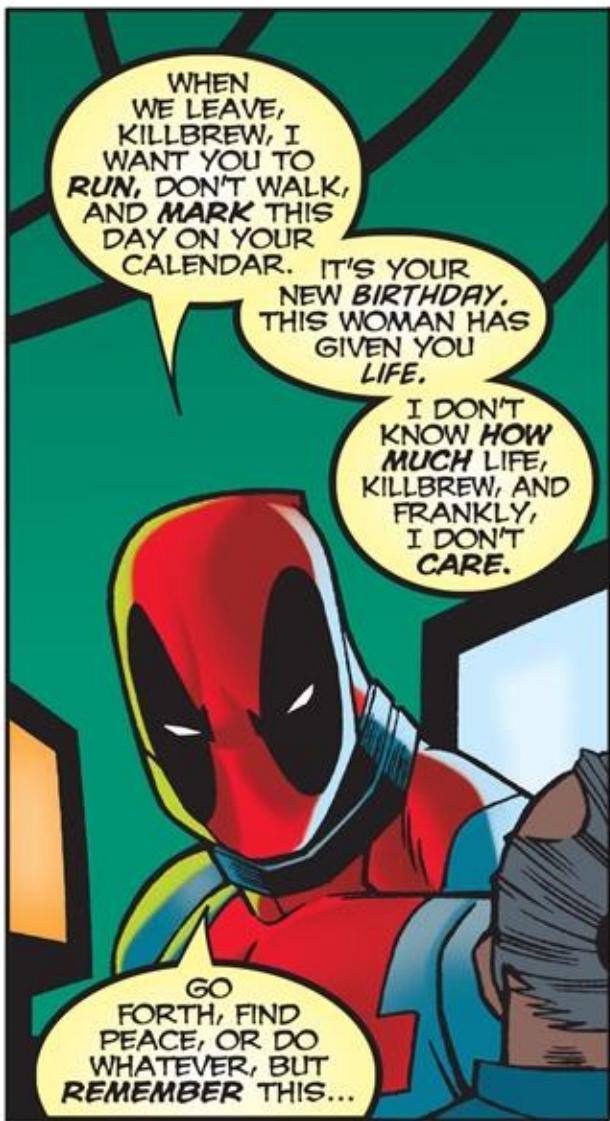
WOULD THEY TAKE HIS OFFER AND CIRCLE THE WAGONS AGAINST WADE?



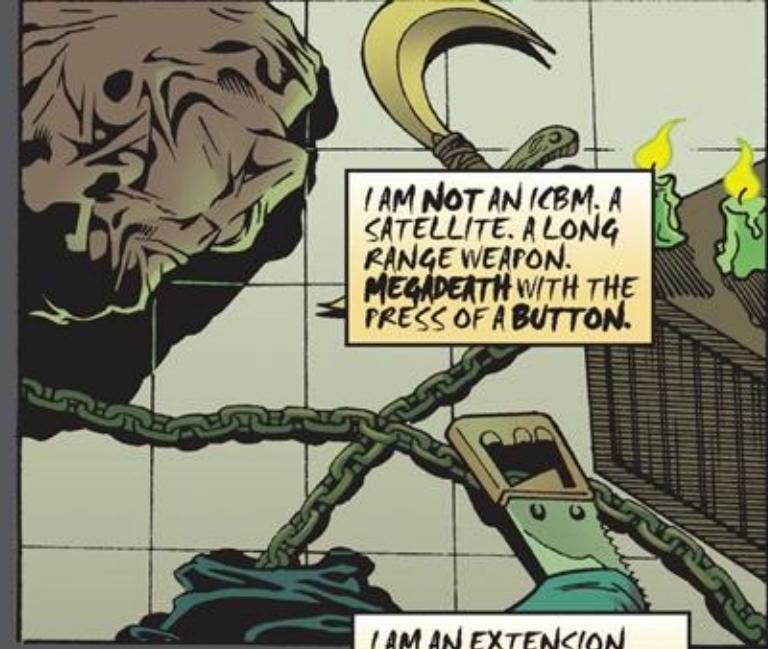


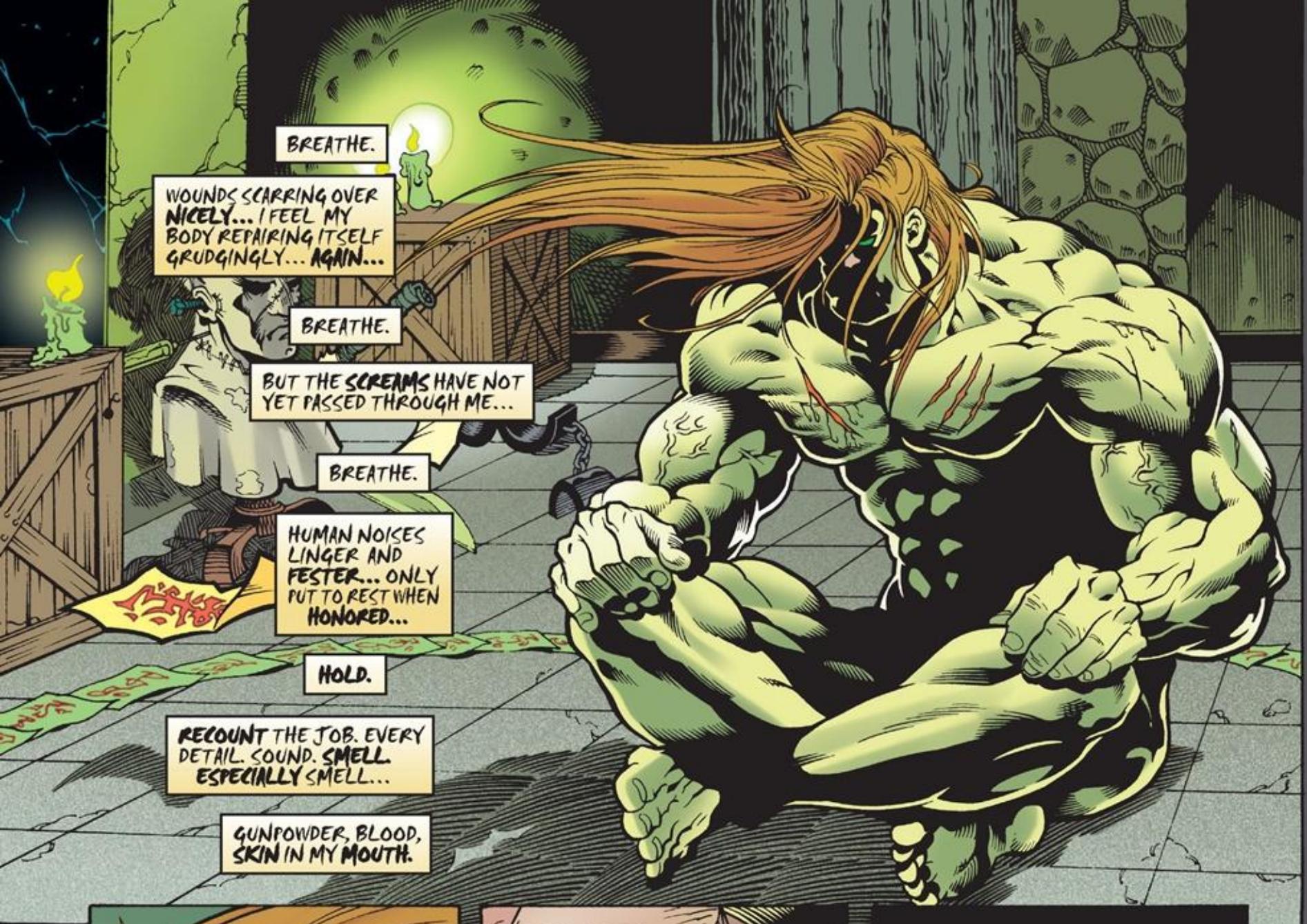












THE DISHONORED  
DEAD FLOCK TO  
YOU... FLIES TO A  
WALKING CORPSE...  
ALWAYS LURKING,  
JUST OVER YOUR  
SHOULDER...

CLAWING AT YOU  
WITH ANXIOUS  
FINGERS...

MY FINGERS.

BUT DON'T YOU  
WORRY NONE,  
DEADPOOL, OL' BOY...

I'M NOT READY  
TO TAP YOU ON  
THE BACK...

YET.

