

MARVEL
COMICS

\$2.00 US APPROVED
\$2.50 CAN BY THE
#2 COMICS CODE
SEPT AUTHORITY
UK £1.55

DEADPOOL:
THE CIRCLE
CHASE

THE
PRICE
OF
FRIENDSHIP...

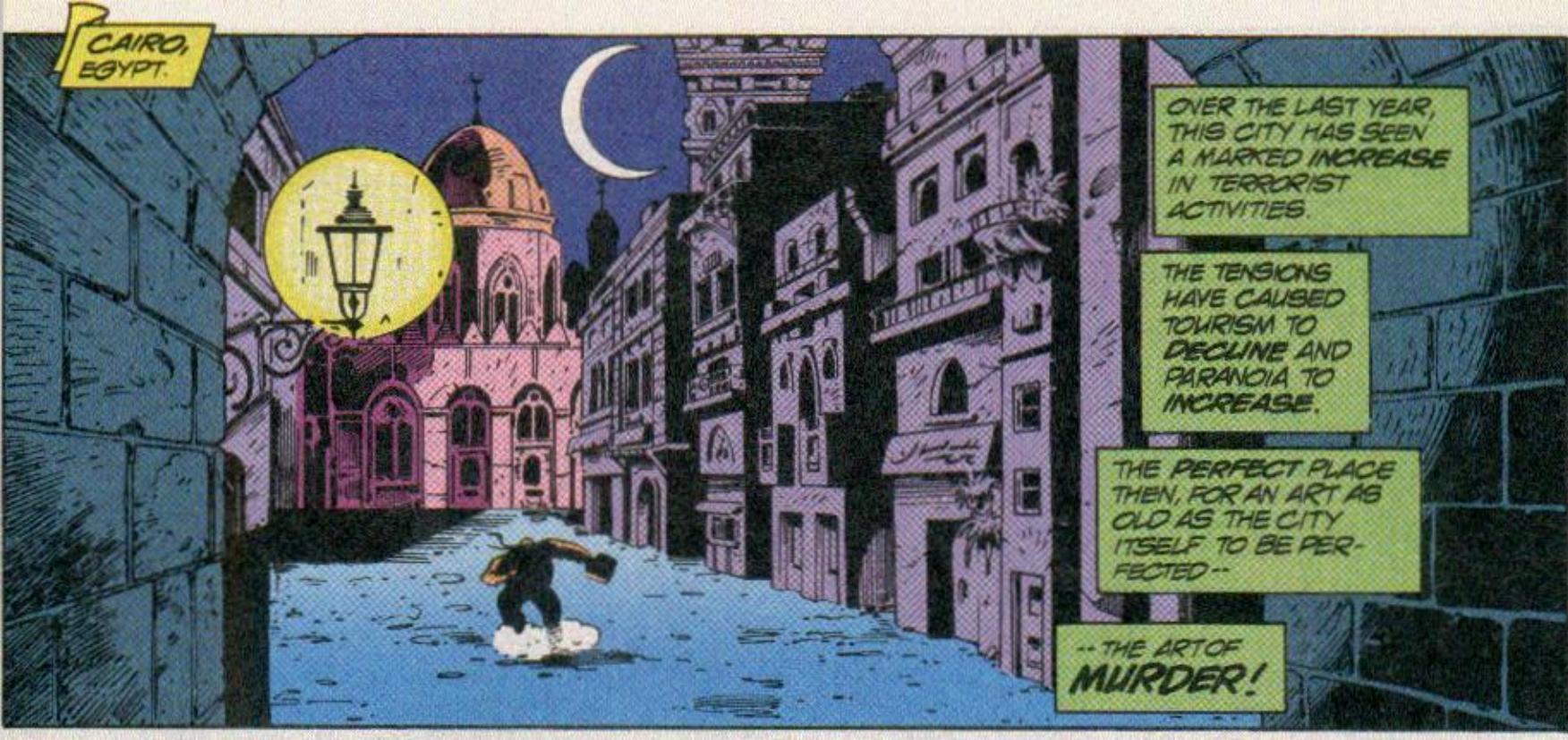


THE
COST
OF
POWER!



DIRECT EDITION









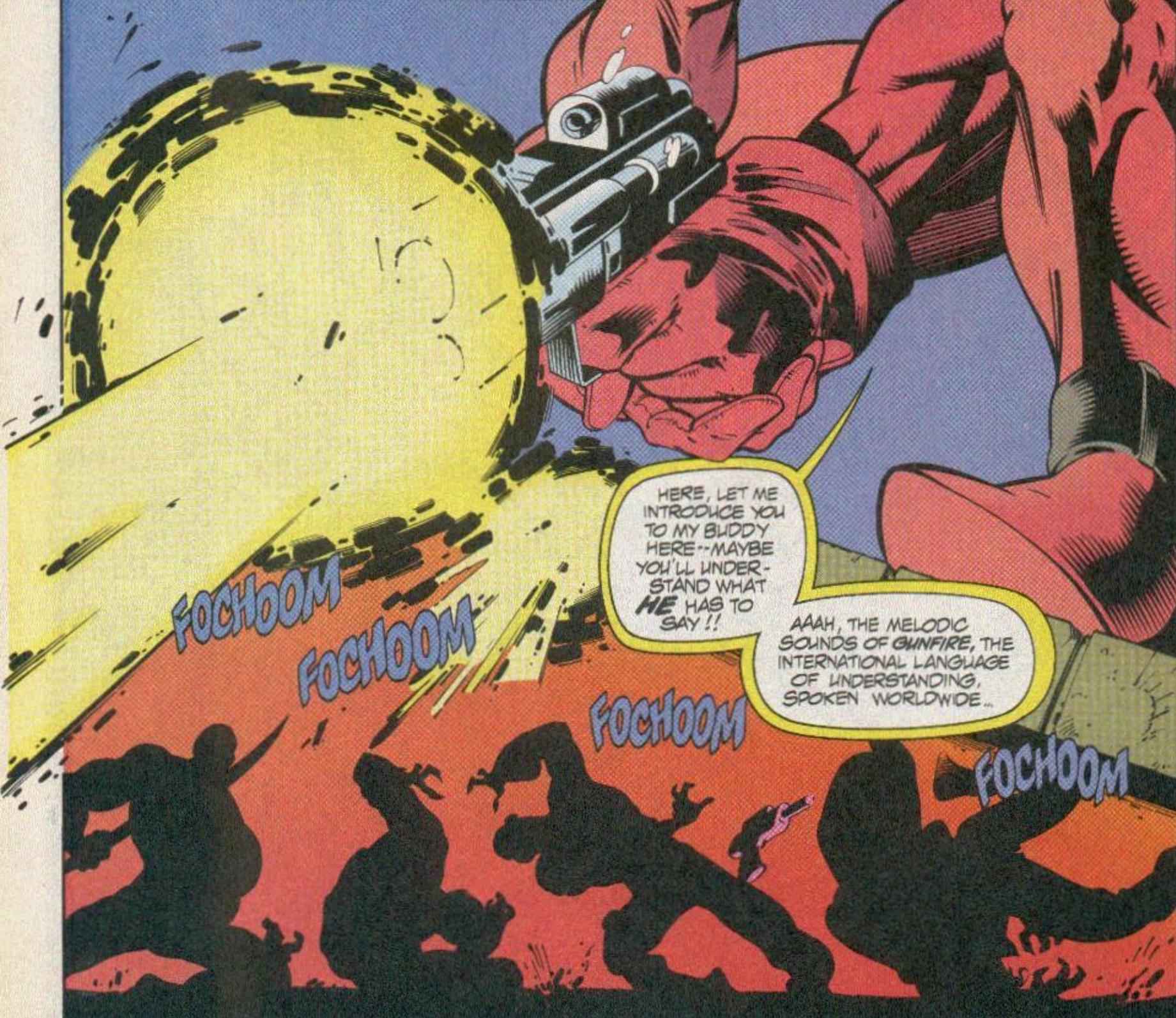
OH, C'MOOON--
YOU IDIOTS
ARE ACTUALLY
SHOOTING AT
ME?

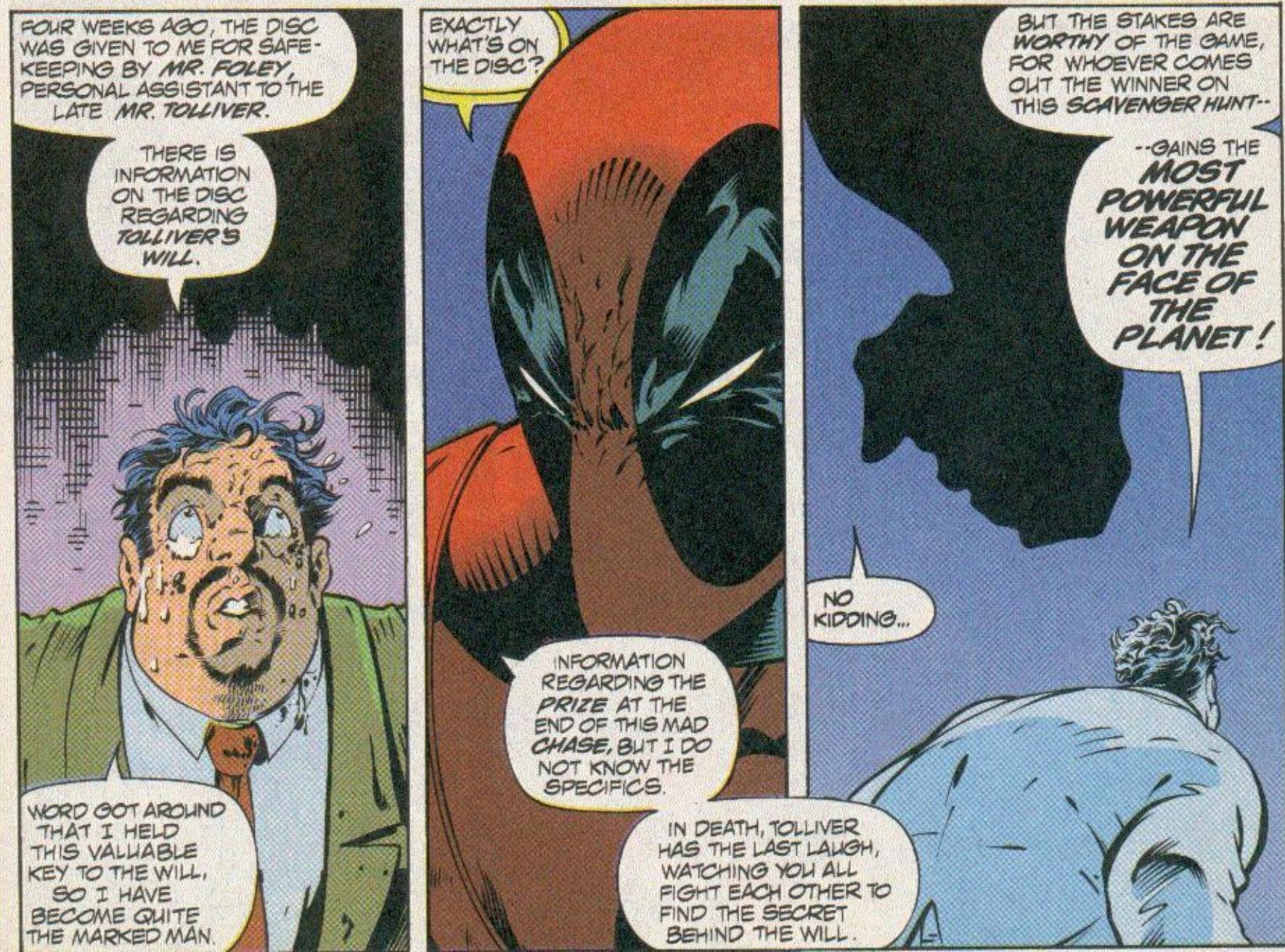
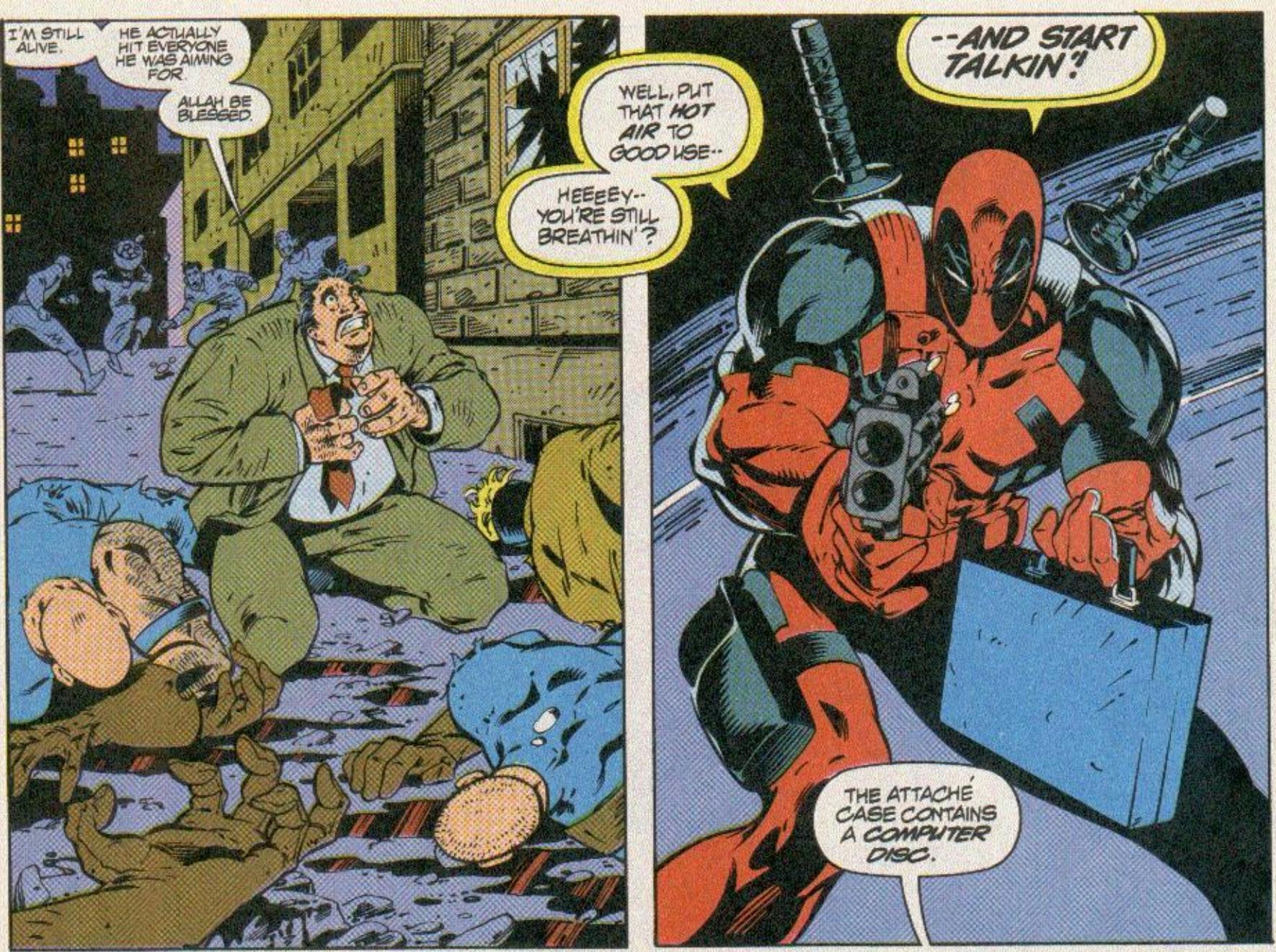
SPEAKENZIE
ENGLISH?

YOU NEED
A TRANSLATOR?



AAAH, THE MELODIC
SOUNDS OF GUNFIRE, THE
INTERNATIONAL LANGUAGE
OF UNDERSTANDING,
SPOKEN WORLDWIDE...





-- AND ALL ALONG,
I THOUGHT THE
ANSWER TO THAT
ONE --

-- WENT BY
THE NAME OF
JUGGERNAUT!

SHAAA

KABOOM!

WOOA
MOMMA!!

**GRU
MM**

ALL I CAN
SAY RIGHT
NOW--

--IS THAT
I SERIOUSLY
HOPE--

HEY, SON
OF A GUN--
I'M STILL
ALIVE!

YOWZA!

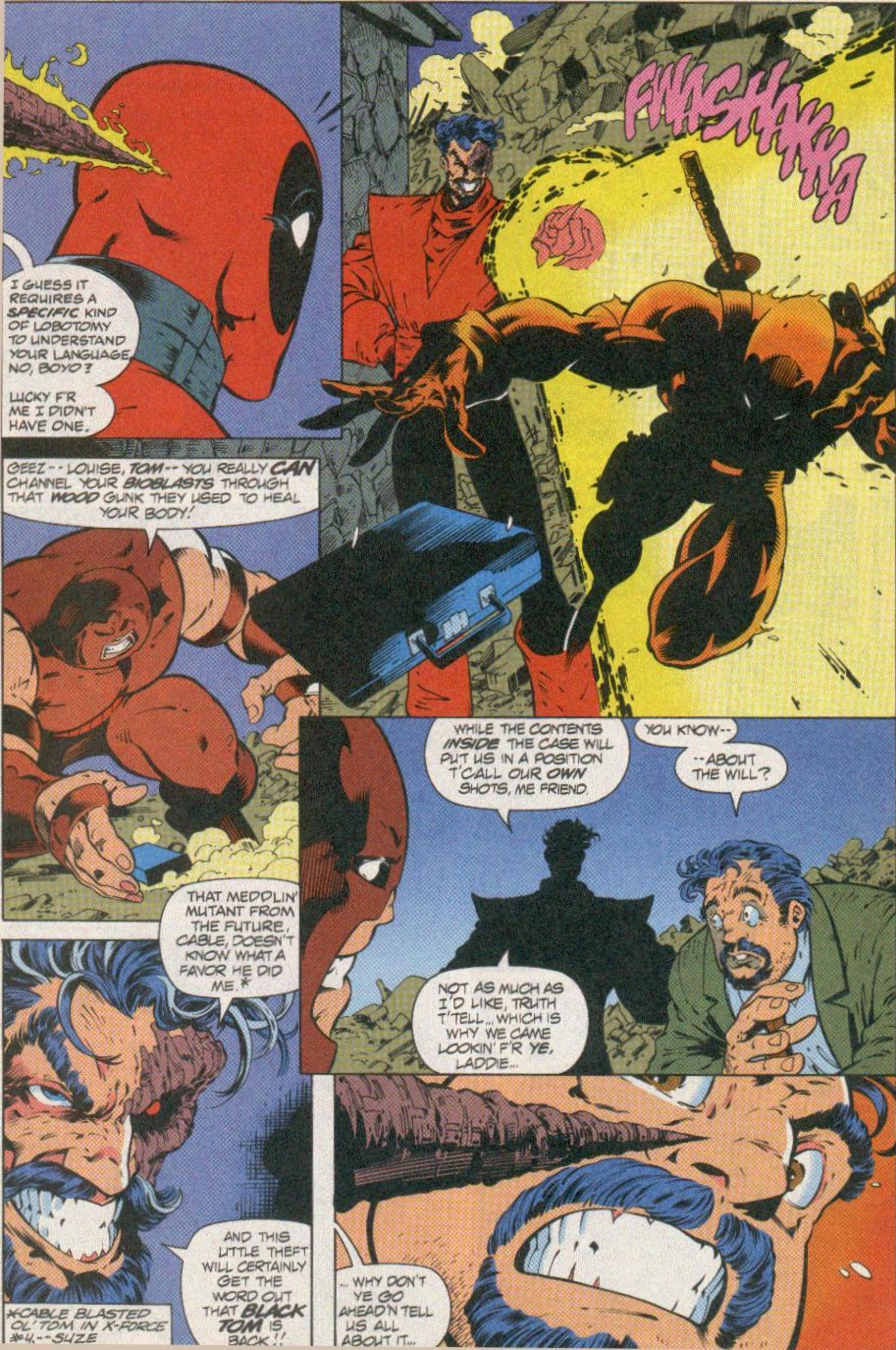
NOW DID ANY-
ONE GET THE
NUMBER OF
THAT WRECKIN'
BALL?

DID HE SAY
JUGHEAD-
NAUT -- ?

IS THAT
SOMEONE
WHO SEARCHES
FOR THE
ARCHIES?

I MEAN, 'CAUSE
IF IT'S WHO I
THINK IT IS, I
QUIT, GAME'S
OVER, MOM'S
CALLIN' ME,
I'M LATE FOR
DINNER.

-- THIS
BRIEFCASE
IS A
SAMSONITE!!



NEW BRUNSWICK,
NEW JERSEY

AS HE APPROACHES
THE SLIGHTLY WORN
HOME OF DOROTHY
CARLYSLE --

-- HE WONDERS HOW
HARD THINGS MUST
HAVE BEEN FOR HER
SINCE BURT PASSED
AWAY.

HE WONDERS HOW HARD
IT MUST HAVE BEEN FOR
BOTH OF THEM -- KNOWING
THEIR DAUGHTER TURNED
OUT THE WAY SHE DID.

AND HE KNOWS HE'LL
NEVER HAVE CHILDREN
TO CALL HIS OWN --

--FOR FEAR
THEY WOULD
TURN OUT
LIKE **HE**
HAS...

YES--? MRS. CARLYSLE,
MA'AM, I'M SORRY
TO BOTHER YOU--

--MY NAME IS SHUG--
UHM -- BERNARD
HOYSTER --

--AN' I WAS WONDERIN'
IF BY ANY CHANCE, YOU'D
HEARD FROM YOUR
DAUGHTER, VANESSA,
LATELY?

NO,
MA'AM.

NO --NOT IN OVER
THREE YEARS--SHE
HASN'T LIVED HERE
IN ALMOST NINE--

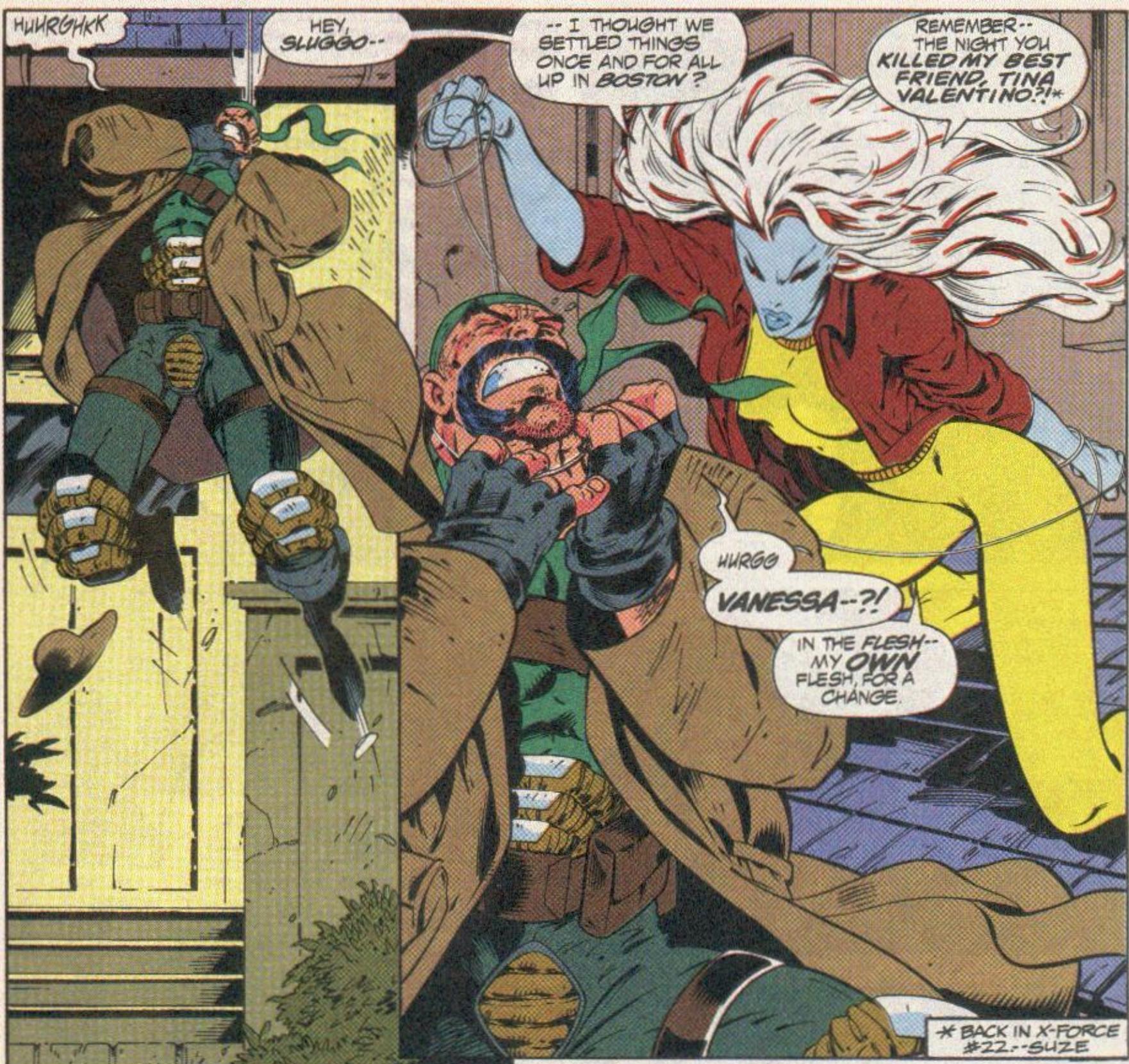
--IS SHE--
IS SHE IN
TROUBLE--?

NO TROUBLE AT
ALL. THANKS FOR
YOUR TIME,
MA'AM.

IDIOT! SCARIN'
A NICE OL' LADY
LIKE THAT...

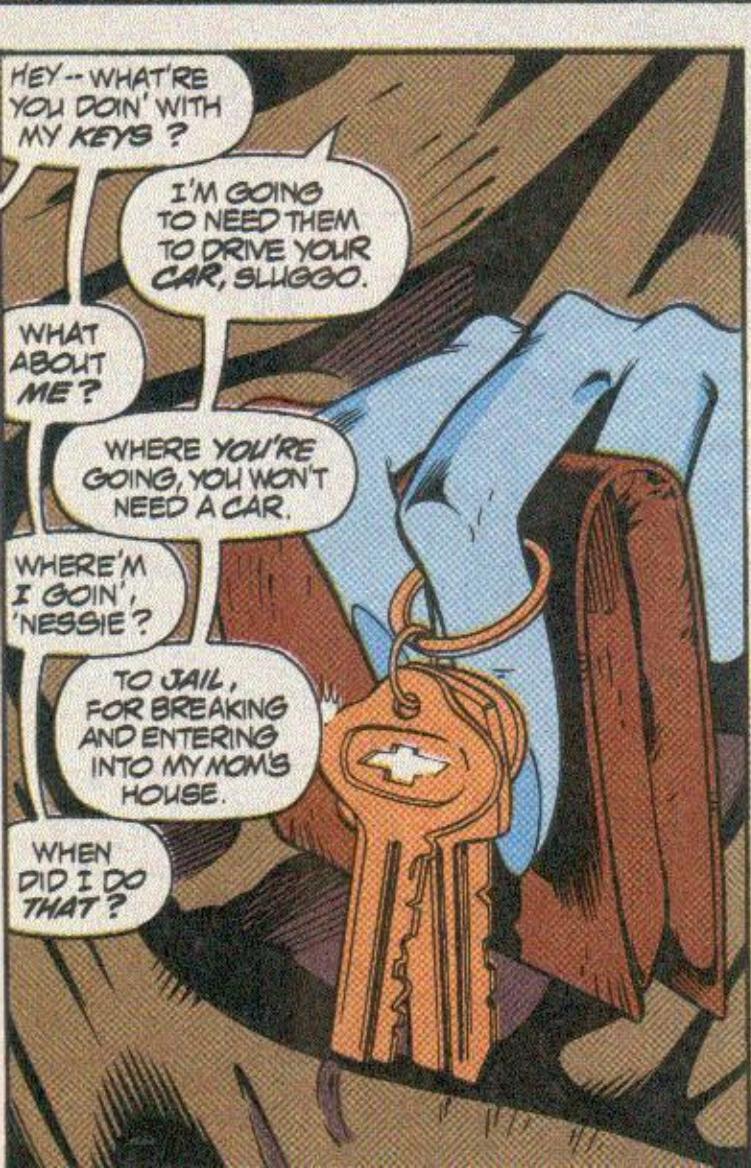
FUMPP!

UH--?

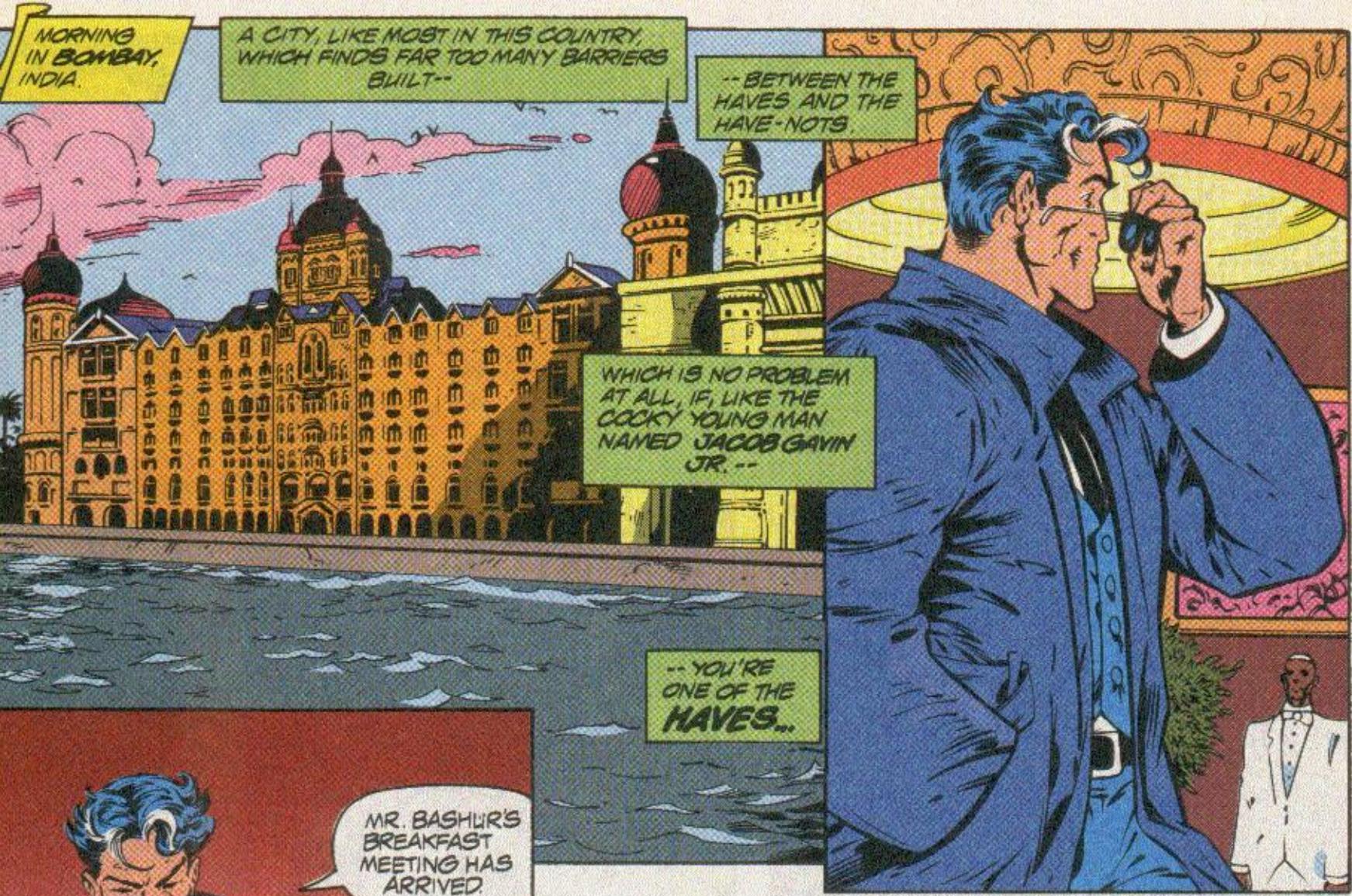


* BACK IN X-FORCE #22--SUZE







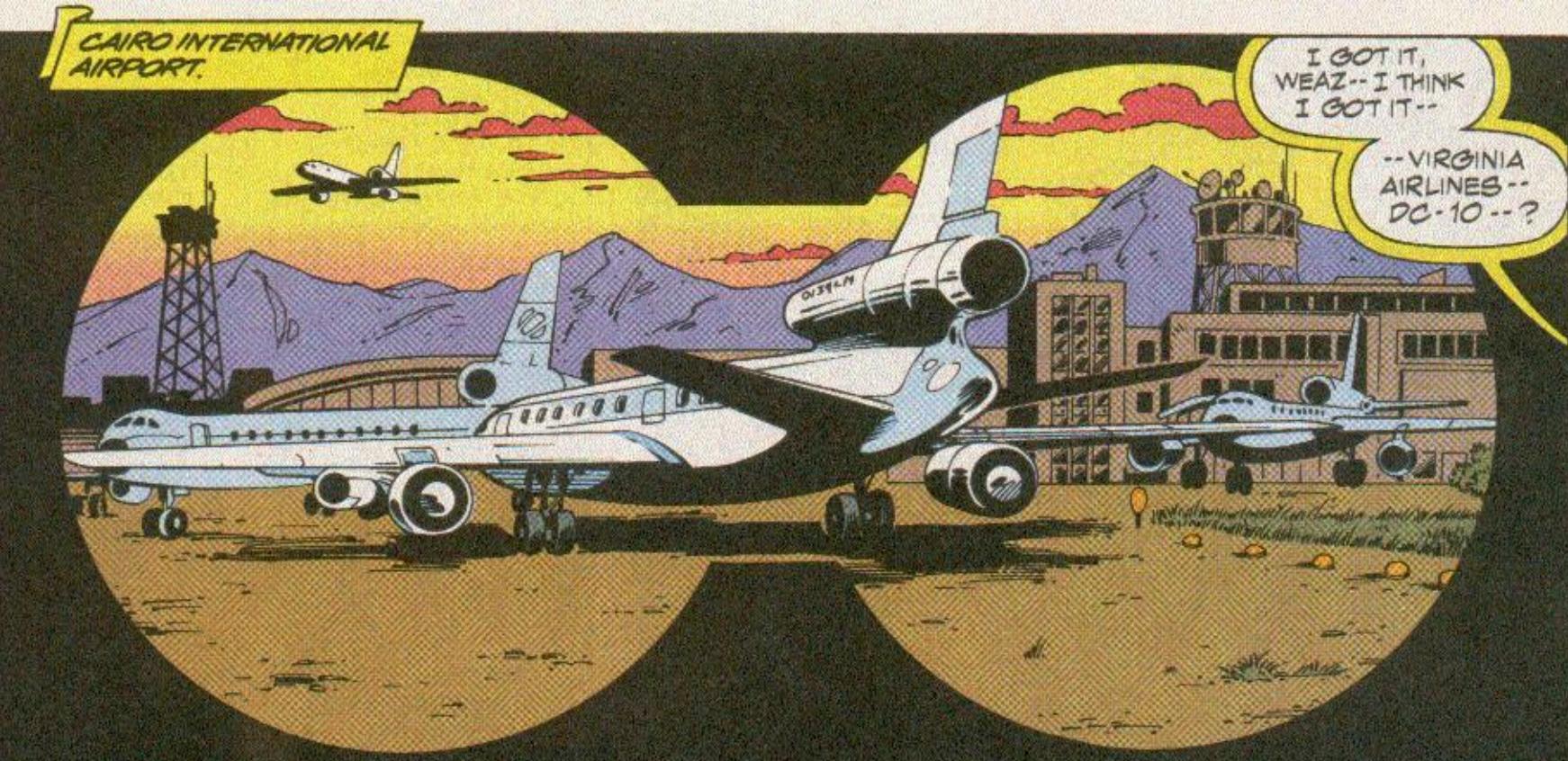




CAIRO INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT.

I GOT IT,
WEAZ--I THINK
I GOT IT--

--VIRGINIA
AIRLINES--
DC-10--?



YOU SURE
THIS IS THE
ONE HERE?

I TOLD YOU I'M
GOING ON A HUNCH
HERE, WADE.

I'M GONNA BURST
MY SPLEEN RUNNIN'
AFTER A PLANE ON
A **HUNCH?**

HEY--YOU
CALLED **ME**,
REMEMBER?

YOU'RE THE ONE
WHO LET BLACK
TOM AND JUGGER-
NAUT BUST YOUR
HUMP--



AND I TOLD YOU
IF I WERE THEM,
I'D OPT FOR A
COMMERCIAL
FLIGHT.

TOURISTS
ARE LIKE A
DUCK SHOOT FOR
TERRORISTS IN CAIRO
LATELY, SO THE OUTLYING
ROADS ARE TROUBLE--

--BUT THE
AIRPORTS
STILL
KOSHER.

AND THE ONLY
FLIGHT FROM
CAIRO TO
DUBLIN BY WAY
OF FRANKFURT--



--WITH TWO PASSENGERS
NAMED MR. CAIN BIGGS
AND MR. THOMAS SMALL
ABOARD-- IS VIRGINIA
FLIGHT 275.



SEATS 20B, 20C
AND 20D. TICKETS
BOUGHT TWO HOURS
AGO.

COACH? BUNCHA
CHEAPSKATES.

BETTER HURRY,
WADE -- THEY
SHOULD BE
LEAVING OH...
RIGHT ABOUT
NOW!

YOU RASSUMFRAGGIN
HOOCHIECOOCHIE
SCRAWNYWEASELANK!

GETTIN' A GOOD
LAUGH ON OL'
WADIE-BOY RIGHT
NOW, HUH, WEAZ?

YOU KNOW
I WON'T KILL
YOU, 'CUZ YOU'RE
MY **BUD**--

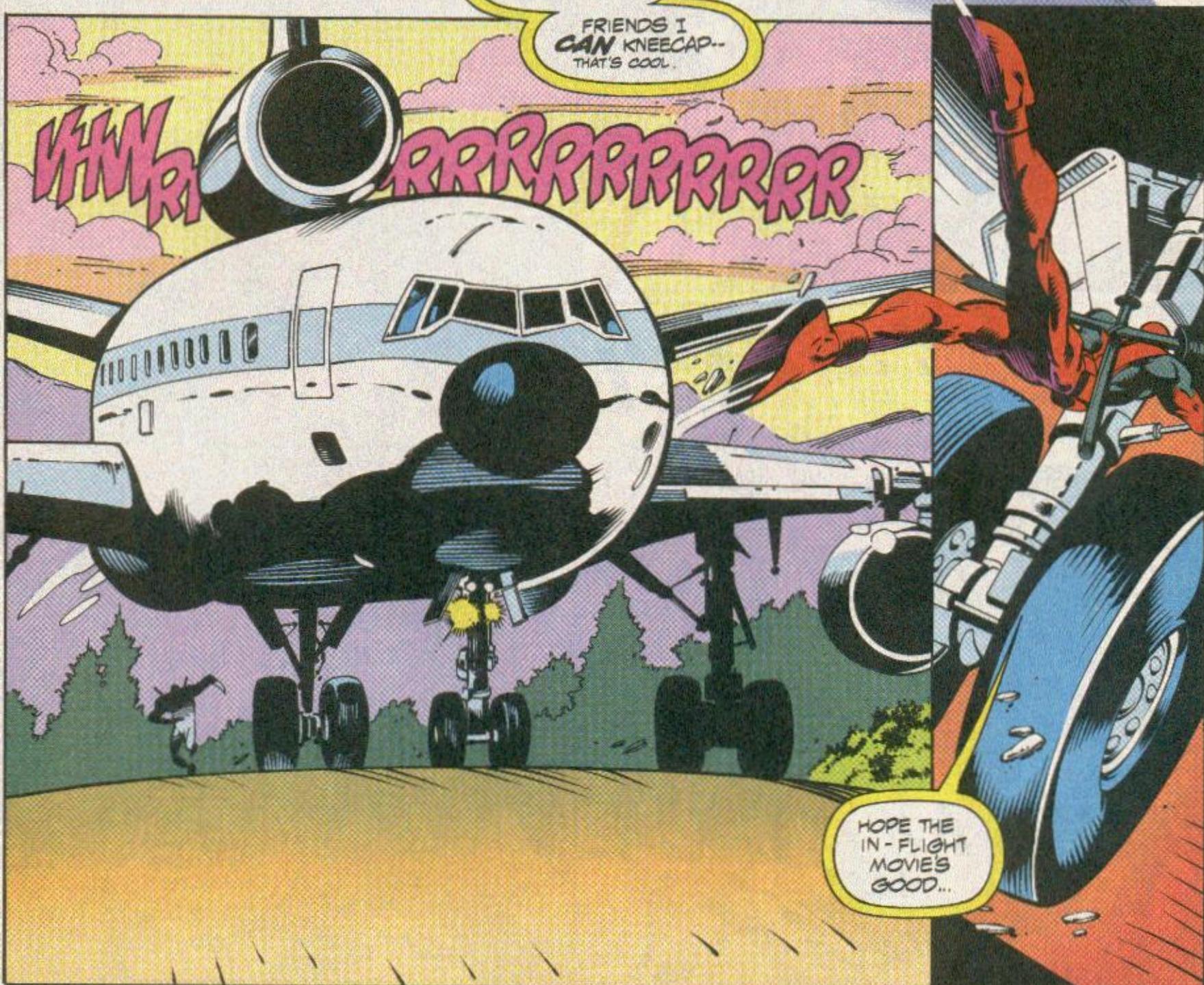


-- AN' I NEVER
KILL MY BUDS
WHO DO OKAY
BY ME--

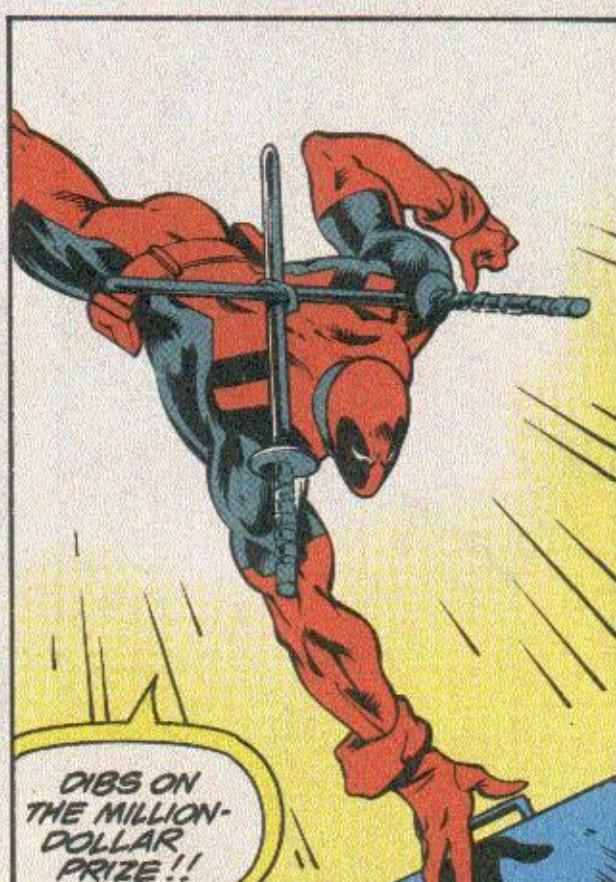
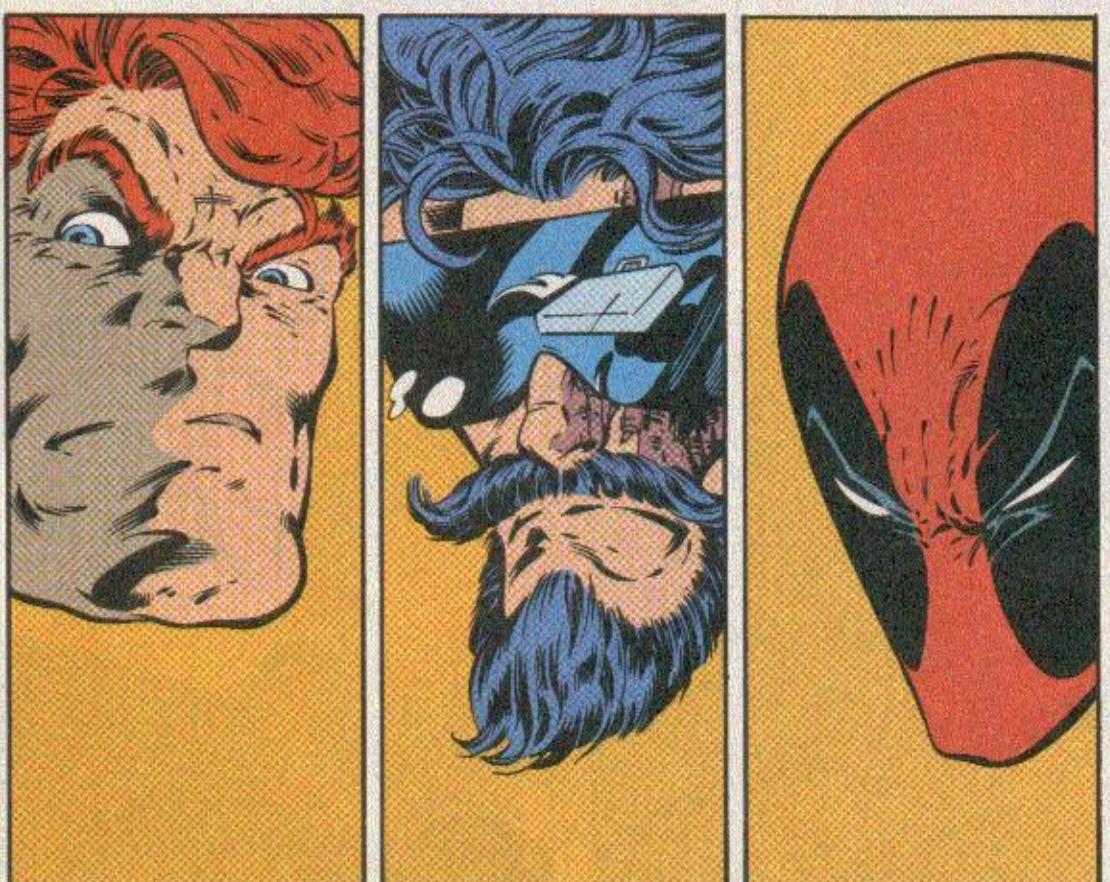
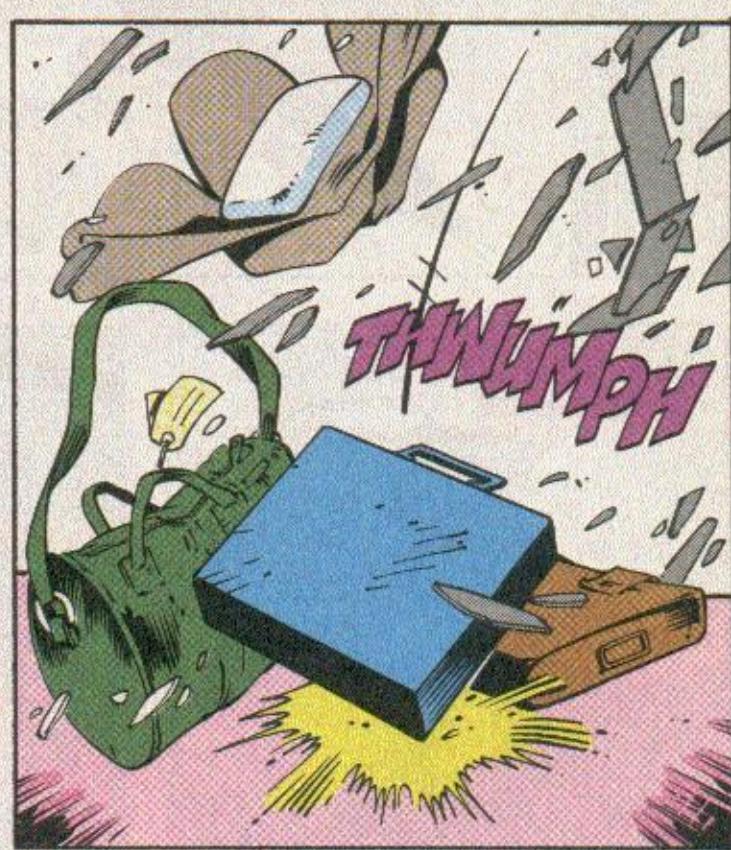
-- 'LESS I'M
PAID TO, OF
COURSE--

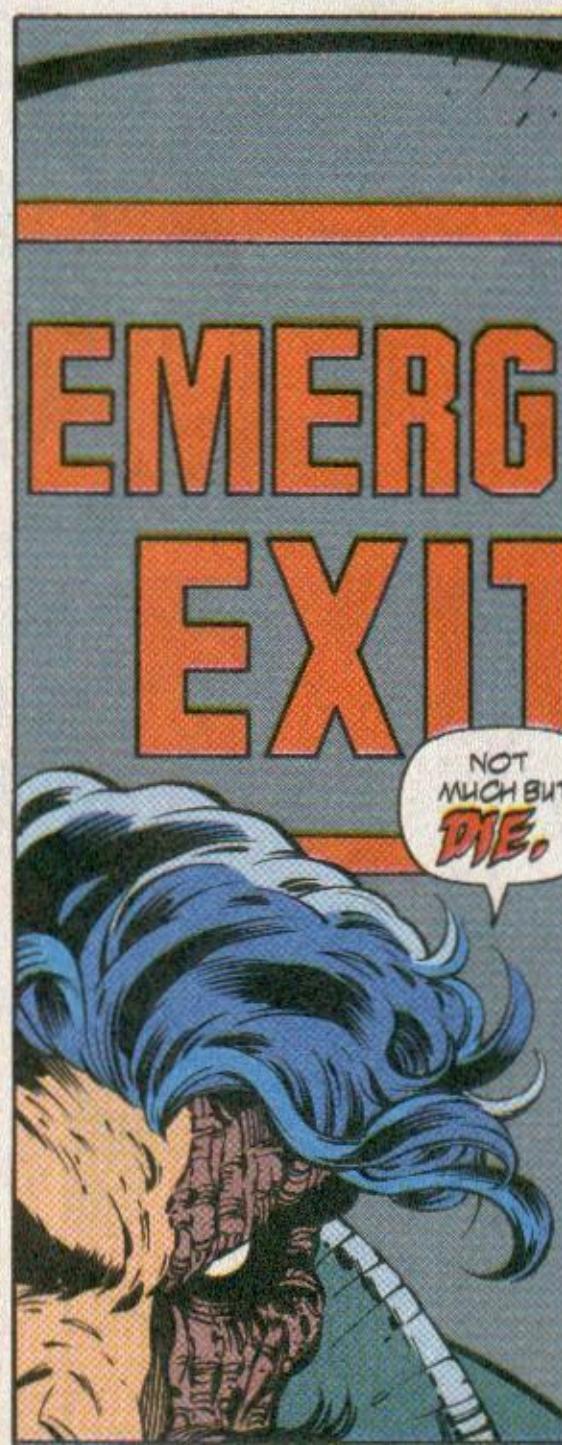
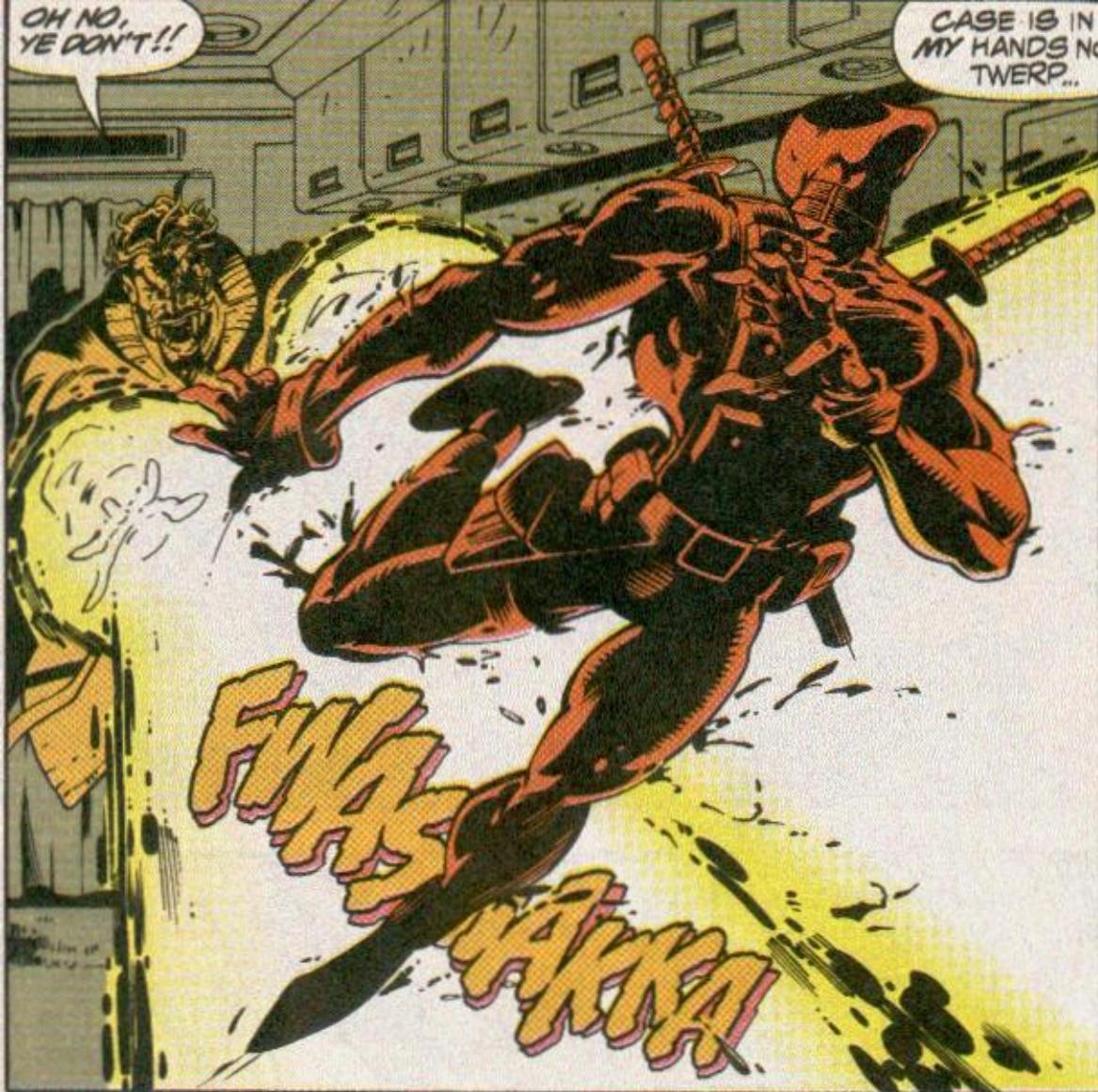
-- BUT THAT DON'T
MEAN I CAN'T
CRACK A BONE
OR TWO ON YOUR
SCRAWNY BOD!

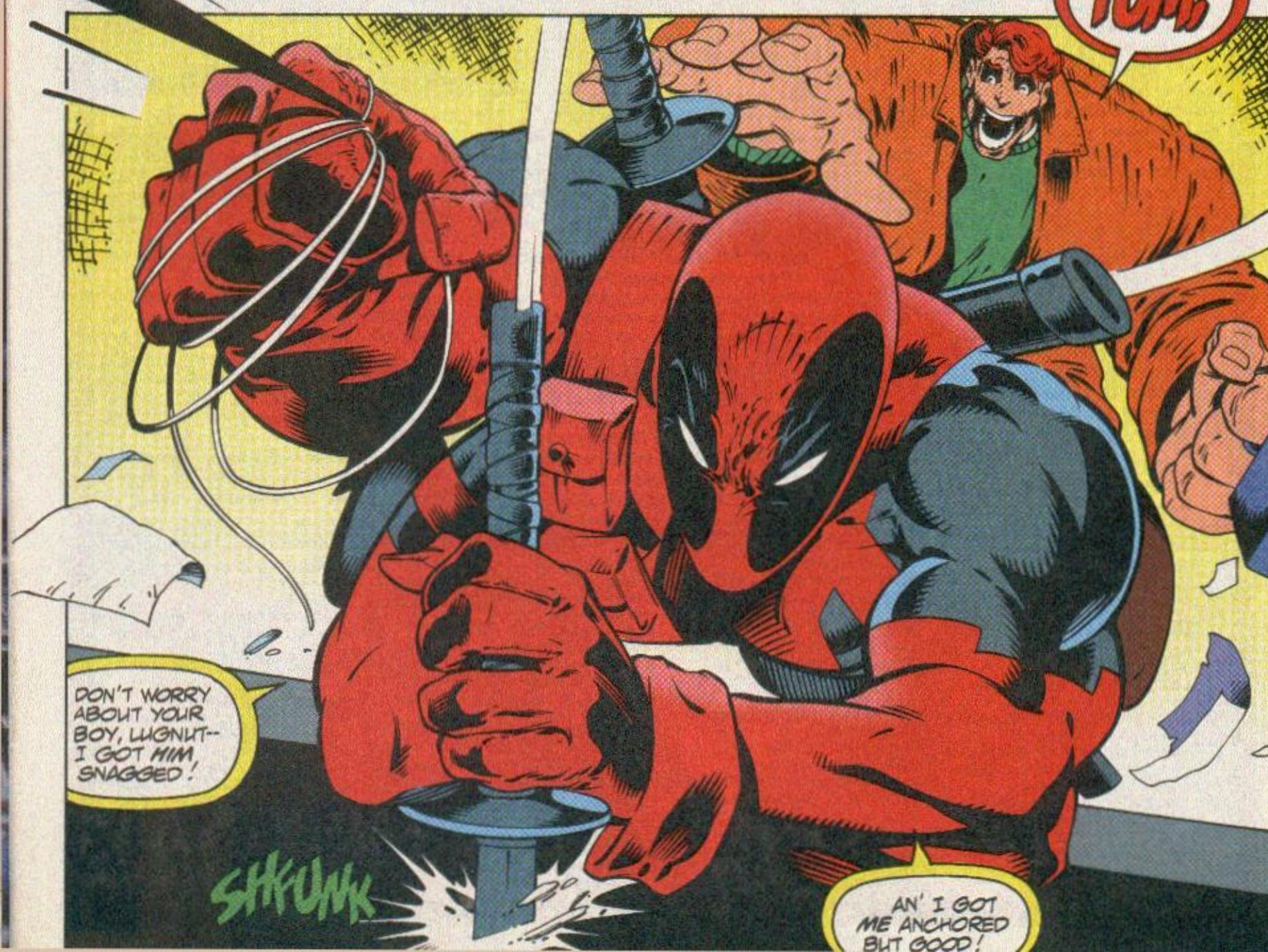
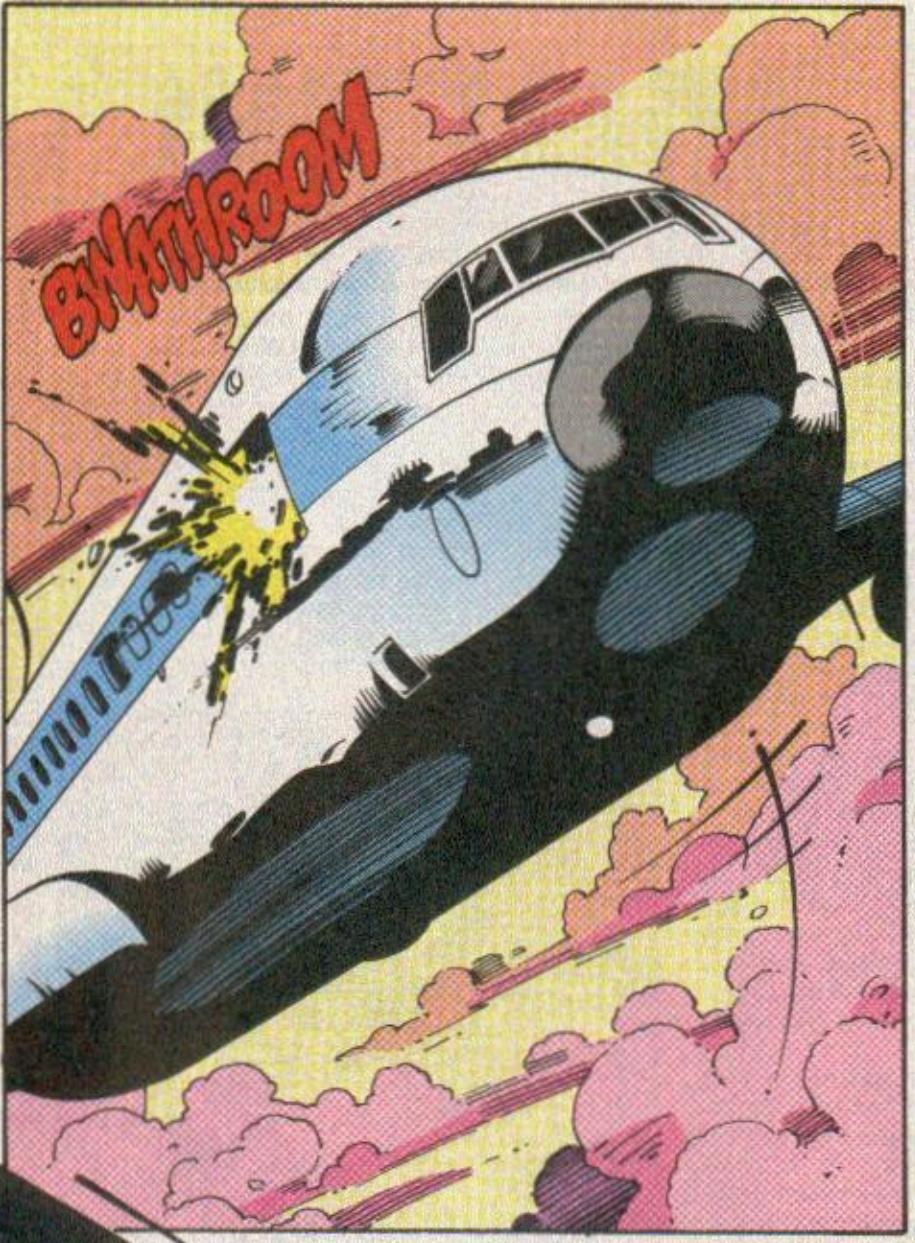
FRIENDS I
CAN KNEECAP--
THAT'S COOL.











A dynamic comic book panel depicting two versions of Jughead. On the left, Jughead is shown in his signature red and blue striped shirt and pants, riding a large, silver, cylindrical vehicle that looks like a giant bullet or a rocket. He is looking back over his shoulder with a determined expression. On the right, Jugheadnaut is shown in a dark, futuristic suit with a large, bulbous head and a wide, toothy grin. He is also flying through the air. The background is filled with motion lines and a bright yellow sun or explosion, suggesting they are flying through space or a turbulent atmosphere. A speech bubble from Jughead contains the text: "BUT IF YOU TAKE ONE '\$#%GIN' STEP TOWARDS ME, JUGHEADNAUT -- YOU'RE LIL' BUDDY GOES SKY-DIVING."





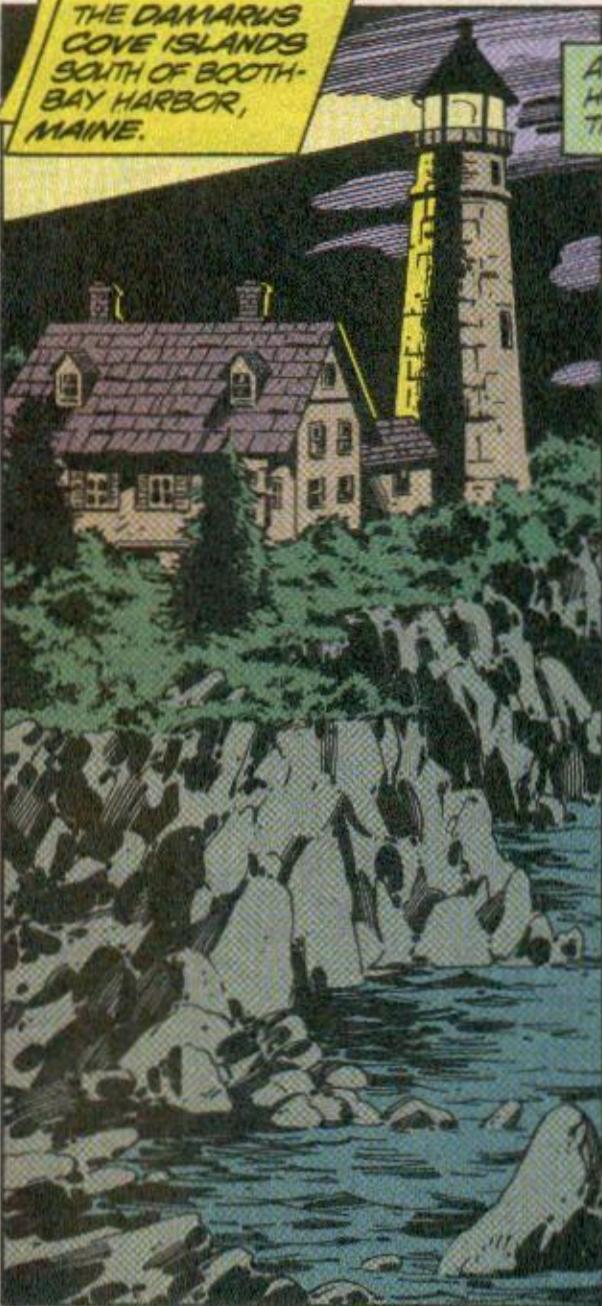
ONE FOR EVERYONE! LET US
TOAST MY BRILLIANT
STRATEGIC OUTWITTL OF THE
HALF-WIT AND NIM-WIT, FRICK
AND FRACK!

OH, AND BY THE
WAY, CASE Y DIDN'T
KNOW IT BY NOW--

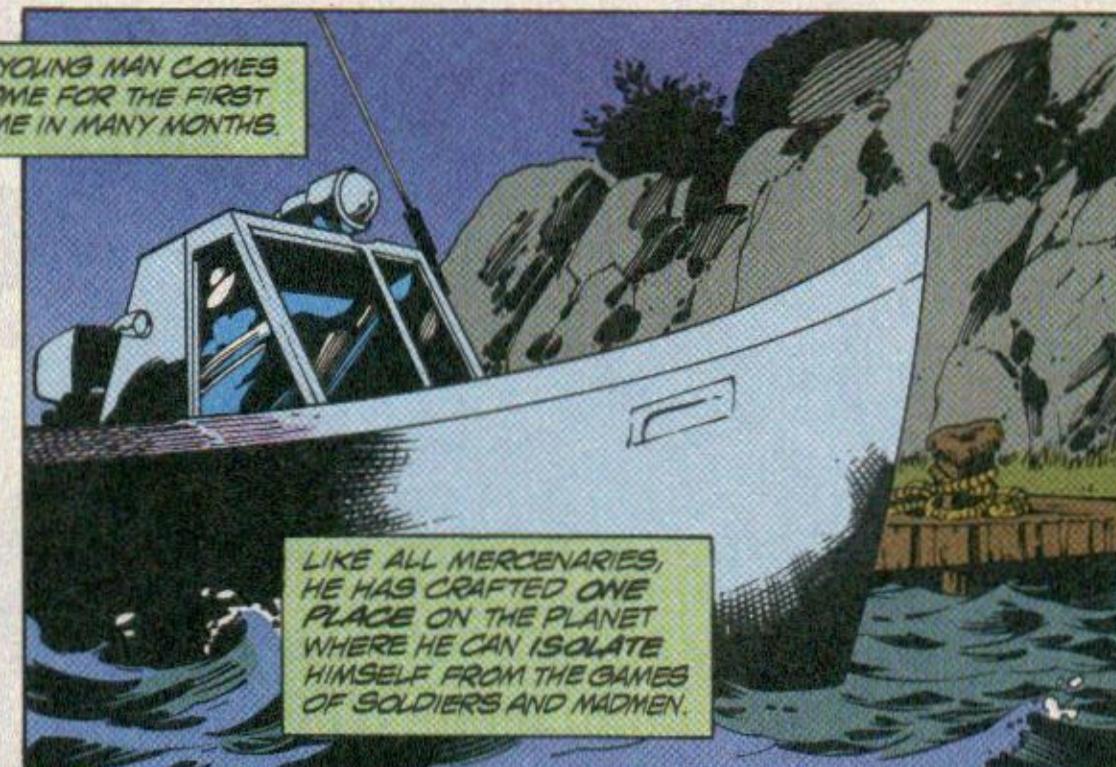
-- THIS PLANE
HAS OFFICIALLY BEEN
HIJACKED!!

THE DAMARUS
COVE ISLANDS
SOUTH OF BOOTH-
BAY HARBOR,
MAINE.

A YOUNG MAN COMES
HOME FOR THE FIRST
TIME IN MANY MONTHS.



LIKE ALL MERCENARIES,
HE HAS CRAFTED ONE
PLACE ON THE PLANET
WHERE HE CAN ISOLATE
HIMSELF FROM THE GAMES
OF SOLDIERS AND MADMEN.



THE PRIVATE ISLAND
IS HIS HAVEN. HIS
REFUGE FROM THE
INSANITY OF THE
LIFE HE HAS CHOSEN
FOR HIMSELF.

GARRISON KANE, FORMERLY
WEAPON X, THE PRIME
COVERT OPERATIVE FOR
CANADA'S SECRET ESPION-
AGE DIVISION, DEPARTMENT
K, IS HOME.



BUT HE DIDN'T
PLAN ON HAVING
COMPANY...



GOOD
EVENING,
MATE...

... LONG
TIME, NO
SEE ...

