

MARVEL

9

LGY#324

THOMPSON  
SANDOVAL  
NAVA  
SOTOMAYOR

PARENTAL  
ADVISORY

TIM  
TOWNSEND

CHOSEN TO TAKE PART IN A TOP-SECRET GOVERNMENT PROGRAM, WADE WILSON WAS BESTOWED WITH THE ABILITY TO HEAL FROM ANY WOUND. HE BECAME A MERCENARY. THEN, FOR A WHILE, HE TRIED TO BE A HERO. IT... WELL, IT WENT PRETTY BADLY. SO BADLY THAT WADE DECIDED TO GO BACK TO BEING A CLASSIC CHAOS AGENT, THE MERC WITH THE MOUTH, THE REGENERATIN' DEGENERATE KNOWN AS...

# DEADPOOL

DEADPOOL IS NOW KING OF THE MONSTERS!

RECENTLY, MONSTER HUNTER ELSA BLOODSTONE PAID A VISIT TO DEADPOOL'S KINGDOM FULL OF MONSTERS. NO PROBLEM WITH THAT PICTURE, RIGHT?! ELSA CAME LOOKING FOR HELP, THOUGH: THE MONSTROUS QUEEN OF THE BONE BEASTS HAS POISONED THE BLOODSTONE EMBEDDED IN HER PALM!

DEADPOOL ACCOMPANIED ELSA TO THE BONE BEAST REALM, WHERE THEY PLANNED TO KILL THE QUEEN, SAVE ELSA AND RESCUE SOME KIDNAPPED CHILDREN... BUT THEN THE QUEEN REVEALED THAT ELSA ONLY BROUGHT DEADPOOL TO BE THE QUEEN'S NEW HOST.

BETRAYALS ASIDE, ELSA AND DEADPOOL FOUGHT TO ESCAPE WITH THE KIDS-- UNTIL ELSA'S INFECTION CAUSED HER TO COLLAPSE! DEADPOOL REMOVED THE BLOODSTONE TO SAVE HER, AND AS BONE BEASTS DESCENDED UPON THEM, PLACED THE BLOODSTONE IN HIMSELF TO ABSORB ITS POISONOUS POWER.

MEANWHILE, BACK ON MONSTER ISLAND, THE DEADLY DEO MONSTRI CULT MAY HAVE JUST BEEN SIGHTED...

---

*Writer:* KELLY THOMPSON

*Penciler:* GERARDO SANDOVAL

*Inker:* VICTOR NAVA

*Color Artist:* CHRIS SOTOMAYOR

*Letterer:* VC's JOE SABINO

*Cover Art:* CHRIS BACHALO & TIM TOWNSEND

*Logo Design:* SELENA MAHINA

*Production Design:* CARLOS LAO

*Assistant Editors:* LINDSEY COHICK & SHANNON ANDREWS BALLESTEROS

*Editor:* JAKE THOMAS

*Editor in Chief:* C.B. CEBULSKI

---

© 2020 MARVEL. 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.

THE BONE BEAST  
DIMENSION.  
YES, STILL.

DOUBLE

LET'S RECAP,  
SHALL WE?

WE GOT YOUR CLASSIC  
GOOD NEWS/BAD NEWS  
SITUATION HERE.

SQUICK

IN THE GOOD NEWS  
CATEGORY, ELSA IS  
NO LONGER INFECTED  
AND DYING.

AND I DID THAT.  
I'M AMAZING, I  
KNOW.

SLIGHTLY  
INEFFECTUAL  
KICK

ALSO, BECAUSE I'VE GOT  
ELSA'S STUPID INFECTED  
BLOODSTONE INSIDE ME  
NOW, I'VE GOT BADASS  
SUPER-POWERS.

YEAH, HOLD  
YOUR APPLAUSE  
FOR LATER...

SQUEEZE

SLICE

...'CAUSE I'M ABOUT TO  
DUMP A TRUCKLOAD  
OF BAD NEWS.

DOUBLE

STAB

BAD NEWS PART ONE:  
THIS TOTAL \$%#@%.



BAD NEWS PART TWO:  
HER ARMY OF BONE BEASTS.



BAD NEWS PART THREE: THANKS  
TO THE BLOODSTONE BEING  
INFECTED, I'M NOW DYING.



I MEAN, I'M ALWAYS  
DYING, FAIR ENOUGH,  
BUT THERE'S DEFINITELY  
MORE...URGENCY TO IT  
NOW. THAT'S COOL, RIGHT?

OH, ALSO, IN A BAD NEWS BONUS: THE ENTRANCE TO THE SEAM WILL CLOSE SOON AND WE'LL BE TRAPPED IN HERE FOREVER. YAY!

YOU FORGOT ONE.

HUH?

YOU FORGOT SOME BAD NEWS.

ARE YOU... ARE YOU READING MY MIND?!

OF COURSE.  
THE "INFECTION"  
AS YOU SO DISDAINFULLY  
REFER TO IT, IS ME. I AM  
INSIDE YOU, WADE WILSON.

HEY! I'M NOT THAT EASY,  
LADY! I REQUIRE  
DINNER AND A  
MOVIE FIRST!

B  
LA  
M

YOU WASTE YOUR TIME TRYING TO PROTECT THE WOMAN. SHE IS NO LONGER OF CONCERN TO ME AS ANYTHING OTHER THAN FOOD. YOU ARE MY CONCERN NOW. YOUR BODY IS HORRIBLE BUT ALSO VERY STRONG. IT WILL MAKE AN EXCELLENT AND POSSIBLY ETERNAL HOST.

I AM PRETTY EXCITED ABOUT IT.

I AM READY. COME TO ME. LET OUR FINAL MERGING BEGIN.

BARF.

WHAT HAPPENED TO LONG COURTSHIPS?! WHAT HAPPENED TO ROMANCE?! I WANT A BIG WEDDING, NOT THIS SLAPPED-TOGETHER COURTHOUSE CEREMONY!

WHEN WE ARE ONE, I THINK I WILL LEAVE THE SEAM...AND DEVOUR ALL OF THE MONSTERS ON THIS ISLAND IN YOUR MIND. IS IT REALLY CALLED DEADPOOLOPOLIS?

...MAYBE!

WELL, WHEN I AM DONE WITH IT, IT WILL BE CALLED THE BONE ZONE. GET IT?

THAT'S A DUMB NAME! AND JERKY TEENAGERS WILL THINK YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT PENISES!

GAH! I DIDN'T  
THINK IT WAS  
POSSIBLE TO BE DARKER  
IN THIS STUPID DIMENSION  
THAN IT ALREADY WAS,  
BUT HERE WE ARE!

Y'KNOW WHAT?  
I'M GONNA JUST  
HULK OUT OF THIS  
BONE BEAST...SHOULDN'T  
BE TOO HARD. HULK IS  
REAL DUMB AND  
PULLS IT OFF ALL  
THE TIME.

GULP

I'M  
AT LEAST  
AS DUMB AS  
THE HULK.

HNNNNNNNGGGG!



THAT AIN'T  
GOOD.

NO, IT  
AIN'T.



HEY, THE KIDS AND JEFF  
ARE STILL ALIVE! ADD  
THAT TO THE GOOD  
NEWS PILE!

NOT FOR  
LONG.

D'OH! I HAVE TO  
STOP THINKING  
THINGS!

SHOULDN'T  
BE TERRIBLY  
HARD FOR  
YOU.

HEY! IF  
YOU'RE NOT  
GOING TO ROMANCE  
ME THAT'S ONE THING,  
BUT I WON'T STAND  
FOR INSULTS!

IF YOU'RE GOING TO BE  
SO DIFFICULT, PERHAPS  
I SHOULD TURN MY  
ATTENTION BACK TO  
MS. BLOODSTONE.

ALL RIGHT.  
YOU WIN. SCREW  
THE CEREMONY.  
LET'S MERGE,  
%\$#@&.



# THE ISLAND FORMERLY KNOWN AS STATEN.

NOW DEADPOOLOPOLIS. WHICH, LET'S BE REAL, IS WAY TOO MANY O'S TO BE A REASONABLE WORD.

ACCORDING TO THE WITNESS, WE SHOULD BE COMING UP ON THE CLEARING ANY MINUTE.

QUONIAN, KOHLAAB THE PILE, AND THE NIGHT WOLF...A.K.A. ABOUT HALF OF DEADPOOL'S ROUNDISH TABLE.

THIS IS BAD. -SNIFF- -SNIFF-

THAT SMELL...

IS DEATH.

YES, KOHLAAB, BUT ALSO, THE RED SMOKE? -SNIFF- -SNIFF- THAT'S FROM BURNING SHADE OF CERBERUS. INCREDIBLY RARE. AND USED IN ONLY THE DARKEST ARTS.



THEY'VE BURNED  
THE SYMBOL OF THE  
ANCIENT MONSTER GOD  
RIGHT INTO THE DAMNED  
EARTH... THEY'RE TRYING  
TO MAKE **THIS** THE  
PLACE WHERE HE  
WILL RISE.





THIS IS NOT HOW THINGS ARE DONE, WADE WILSON! YOU THINK YOU'RE SO CLEVER... BUT YOUR EFFORTS ARE IN VAIN!

I CAN STILL TRANSFER MYSELF INTO YOUR HOST BODY WITH YOU INSIDE ME... IT WILL BE TRICKIER AND MUCH MORE MESSY AND PAINFUL, BUT IT CAN STILL BE DONE!

YUP, YOU'RE REAL SMART FOR A PILE OF BLACK GOO. BUT YOU KNOW WHAT YOU FORGOT?

I FORGOT NOTHING!

SURE, YOU DID. YOU FORGOT THAT I HAVE A WHOLE MESS OF POCKETS AND THEY'RE FILLED WITH MORE THAN JUST COOL TRADING CARDS.

BUT MORE IMPORTANTLY YOU FORGOT THAT IN ORDER TO MERGE WITH A HOST BODY, THAT HOST NEEDS, Y'KNOW... A BODY.

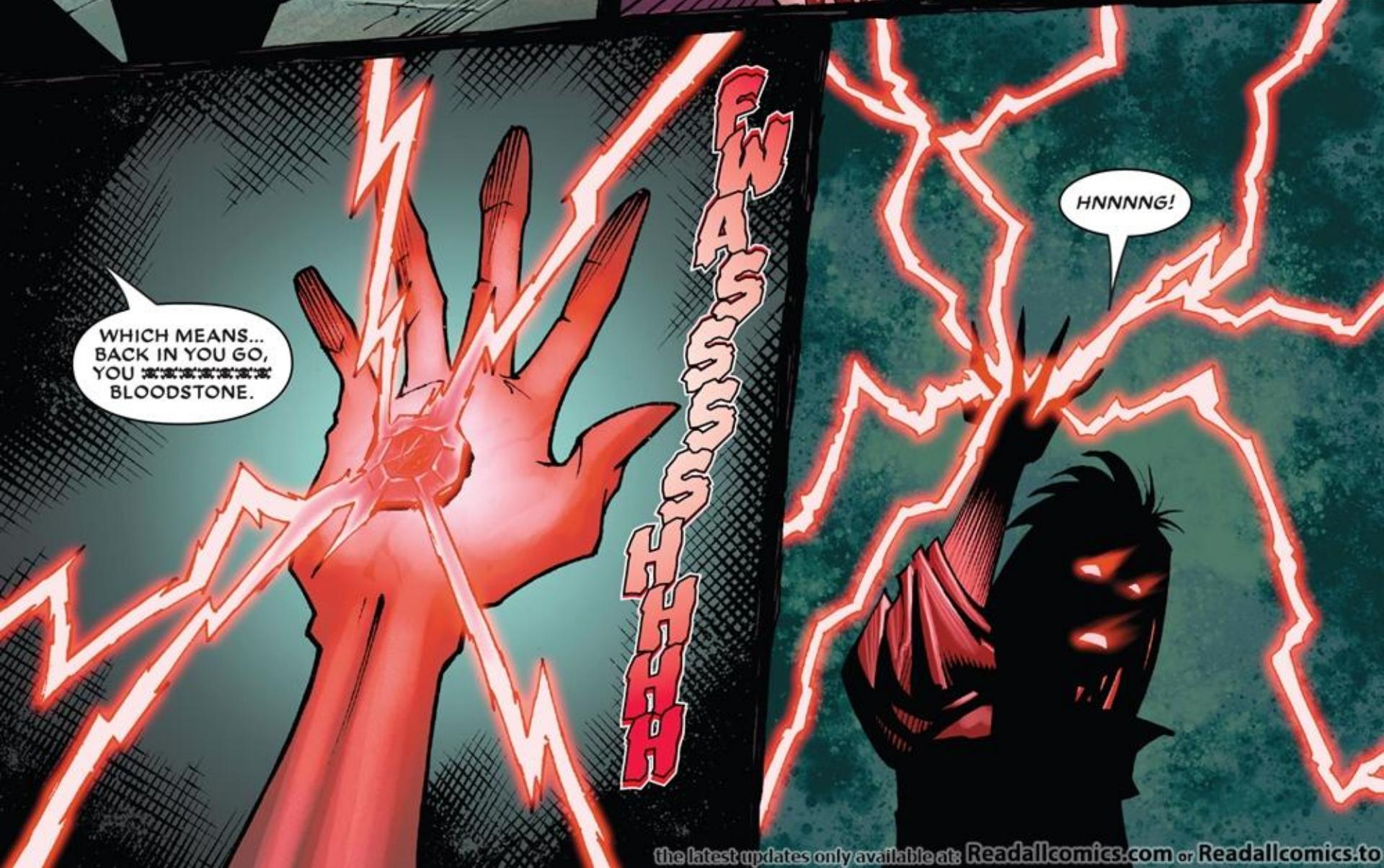
LATER,  
@%\$#%\$@%--  
OOOOOWWW!



SQUEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE--



WITH THE HOST OF  
THE STONE DEAD...  
THE QUEEN'S INFECTION  
HAS BURNED OUT OF  
THE BLOODSTONE.



NEVER COULD  
GET THROUGH THAT  
THICK SKIN  
OF YOURS BEFORE, YOU  
ABSOLUTE WANKER... BUT  
NOW THAT WADE'S PUT A  
NICE BIG HOLE IN YOU,  
I THINK I'VE GOT  
JUST THE THING...

MEDDLE

WADE...  
I AM SO  
SORRY.

I'M NOT  
ONE FOR CHEESE-  
ILLED SPEECHES,  
BUT I HOPE YOU KNOW  
THAT YOUR SACRIFICE  
SAVED MY LIFE. JEFF'S  
LIFE. THOSE KIDS. AND  
PROBABLY ALL OF  
YOUR SUBJECTS  
BACK HOME.

IT MEANS  
SOMETHING. IT'S  
REAL. ONE OF THE  
MOST REAL THINGS  
I'VE EVER SEEN.  
AND I'LL NEVER  
BLOODY FORGET  
IT.

MAYBE...  
CAN YOU  
COME BACK  
TO ME?

SUPPOSE IT  
WAS TOO MUCH  
TO HOPE THAT  
WOULD WORK.

REALLY.

THAT WAS  
NICE...THE KISS  
AND THE SPEECH,  
BUT IF I'M HONEST  
I'M STILL LOOKING  
FOR AN APOLOGY  
HERE.



BUT I APOLOGIZED BEFORE.  
WHEN WE HAD THAT  
DRAMATIC GOODBYE...  
WHEN I WAS THE ONE  
DYING, YOU SAID YOU  
FORGAVE ME.

WHAT? NO.  
YOU WERE **DYING**.  
IT'S WHAT PEOPLE DO.  
NOW THAT YOU'RE **NOT**  
DEAD, AND I'M JUST A  
HEAD BECAUSE I BLEW  
MYSELF UP FOR YOU,  
I'M STILL MAD. AND I  
DON'T TRUST YOU.  
LIKE, **AT ALL**.



THAT'S...  
FAIR.

AND THE  
APOLOGY?

DON'T  
PUSH IT.

YOU LIED  
TO ME! TRICKED  
ME! GOT ME IN A  
SITUATION WHERE  
I HAD TO LITERALLY  
BLOW MYSELF  
UP!



YOU KNOW YOU'RE JUST A HEAD  
AND I CAN BLOODY LEAVE YOU IN  
HERE TO ROT WITH ONLY BONE  
BEAST GOO AS COMPANY  
UNTIL YOU GROW  
LEGS, RIGHT?

OKAY,  
I'LL SHUT UP.  
BUT I'M STILL  
MAD.

HOW ARE  
YOU EVEN TALKING?  
I DON'T THINK YOU  
HAVE SODDING  
VOCAL CORDS.

MY BODY IS A  
WONDERLAND.



THE BLOODY  
SEAM HAS  
SEALED.

DAMMIT!!!



NEXT: WE WERE GONNA PLAY MONSTER SOFTBALL BUT THEN KING IN BLACK HAPPENED.



DEAREST SUBJECTS,

I'M ANSWERING SOME LETTERS BECAUSE IT'S NOVEMBER 3<sup>RD</sup> AND THERE IS ABSOLUTELY NOTHING OF ANY IMPORTANCE GOING ON IN THE KINGDOM OF DEADPOOLIA. I HAVE HAD MULTIPLE AGRICULTURE REPORTS TODAY, AND IF I HAVE TO HEAR ANY MORE ABOUT BEANS WITHOUT SINGING ABOUT THEM BEING A MUSICAL FRUIT, WHICH APPARENTLY I'M "NOT SUPPOSED TO DO" AND IT "SLOWS EVERYTHING DOWN" AND "WE COULD BE FINISHED ALREADY IF YOU STOPPED SINGING, WHY ARE YOU MAKING THIS HARDER FOR YOURSELF," I'M GOING TO GO BANANAS. WHICH I ALSO GOT SOME REPORTS ON, BY THE WAY. WE HAVE THEM. THEY'RE FINE. ANYWAYS, I CANNOT IMAGINE ANYTHING INTERESTING IS HAPPENING ANYWHERE ELSE IN THE WORLD, SO LET'S LETTER AWAY, SHALL WE?

HELLO, 'TIS... 'TIS... IT IS I (SEE NAME BELOW). I COME TO YOU WITH A REQUEST. I AM ON A MISSION TO BRING THE BEST STATEMENT EVER MADE BY MAN INTO THE SPOTLIGHT. "COOL BEANS." I HAVE TRIED AND IT KINDA WORKED... OKAY, IT DIDN'T, SO I COME TO YOU AND ASK: CAN YOU MAKE "COOL BEANS" THE NATIONAL MOTTO OF MONSTER STATEN ISLAND? PLEASE CONSIDER THIS REQUEST.

YOUR RIGHT-HAND MAN FROM NOW TILL FOREVER,

PEYTON

P.S. YOU GUYS ROCK. KEEP UP THE GREAT WORK, YA WEIRDOS.

OMG, PEYTON, WHAT DID I JUST GET DONE SAYING ABOUT BEANS??? THERE IS NOTHING COOL ABOUT THEM EXCEPT THAT THEY MAKE YOU TOOT, SOMETHING ELSE I HAVE BEEN ASKED MULTIPLE TIMES TO STOP DOING IN AGRICULTURE MEETINGS, AS WELL AS TRANSPORTATION MEETINGS, COMMERCE AND TRADE MEETINGS, AND HONESTLY PRETTY MUCH MOST MEETINGS. EXCEPT FOR THE CUTER TOOTER CLUB MEETINGS, WHICH ARE JUST ME AND JEFFREY. JEFFREY DOESN'T REALLY TOOT, SO HE COVERS THE CUTE DEPARTMENT AND IS ALSO THE TREASURER. SORRY ABOUT THE YELLING—IT WASN'T ABOUT YOU, IT WAS ABOUT THIS WHOLE SITUATION. YOU ROCK AND ARE WEIRD AND DO GREAT WORK, PEYTON.

DEADPOOL, YOU PROMISED YOU WOULD DO THE JOB FOR ME. WHY THE %\$&#amp;# DIDN'T YOU DO THE JOB?! YOU'VE %\$&#amp;# ME!</p></div><div data-bbox="554 527 646 542" data-label="Text"><p>CONNOR</p></div><div data-bbox="346 556 647 660" data-label="Text"><p>OH, CONNOR, CONNOR, CONNOR. I'LL BE HONEST, I DIDN'T %\$&#amp;# YOU, I COMPLETELY AND TOTALLY FORGOT ABOUT YOU. BELIEVE ME, YOU'LL KNOW WHEN I'VE %\$&#amp;# YOU.</p></div><div data-bbox="346 674 594 690" data-label="Text"><p>HELLO, KING DEADPOOL,</p></div><div data-bbox="346 703 646 747" data-label="Text"><p>I HEREBY LEAVE TO YOU MY WHOLE FORTUNE AND DVD COLLECTION.</p></div><div data-bbox="577 763 646 777" data-label="Text"><p>CLARA</p></div><div data-bbox="346 791 647 926" data-label="Text"><p>CLARA, THERE'S A LOTTA FRENCH NEW WAVE IN HERE, LOTTA EARLY SOVIET CINEMA, SOME GERMAN EXPRESSIONISTS, SOME REALLY NICE ANDRZEJ ŻUŁAWSKI DISCS... ARE YOU SURE YOU'RE READING THE RIGHT COMIC BOOK? I'M MORE OF A STEVE GUTTENBERG GUY.</p></div><div data-bbox="346 939 646 970" data-label="Text"><p>GREETINGS FROM LATVERIA, DERANGED PEASANT!</p></div><div data-bbox="664 54 967 202" data-label="Text"><p>LORD DOOM HAS HEARD WORD OF YOUR REIGN OVER THE MONSTERS ON STATEN ISLAND. KNOW THAT I, DOOM, SHALL NEVER CONSIDER A DIMPLED, BLUNDERING FAILURE SUCH AS YOU A TRUE KING LIKE MYSELF. MAY YOUR REIGN END BEFORE ANY SERIOUS DAMAGE IS CAUSED.</p></div><div data-bbox="859 216 967 231" data-label="Text"><p>FAREWELL,</p></div><div data-bbox="884 245 967 260" data-label="Text"><p>VICTOR</p></div><div data-bbox="664 275 969 630" data-label="Text"><p>I ONCE READ ONLINE THAT THE REASON YOU WEAR THAT MASK IS THAT ONE OF THOSE EXPERIMENTS YOU DID WITH REED IN COLLEGE ENDED UP SWITCHING YOUR BUTT AND YOUR FACE, IS THAT TRUE? AND SINCE IT JUST SWAPPED YOUR FACE AND YOUR BUTT, BUT NOT, LIKE, YOUR INTERNALS, YOU HAVE TO EAT WITH YOUR BUTT AND POOP OUT YOUR MOUTH, WHICH YOU SIT ON BECAUSE IT'S WHERE YOUR BUTT SHOULD BE, IS THAT ALSO TRUE? AND DID YOU EVER HEAR THAT STORY ABOUT MR. BELVEDERE SITTING ON ONE OF HIS OWN DEAR BELVS, AS IT WERE? IS THAT ALSO TRUE? I'VE BEEN READING A LOT OF WEIRD STUFF ON THE INTERNET RECENTLY. SORRY, I'M EASILY DISTRACTED TODAY—WHO ARE YOU AGAIN?</p></div><div data-bbox="664 644 967 807" data-label="Text"><p>HELLO! I HOPE YOUR DAY IS GOING WELL AND THAT YOU'RE KICKING ASS! YOU'RE AN AWESOME AND BADASS LEGEND! IF YOU EVER FIND YOURSELF IN NY, LET ME KNOW! I KNOW ALL THE FUN PLACES TO GO! LOVE YOU! (I MEAN, I NEVER MET YOU, BUT I LOVE WHAT YOU REPRESENT AND HOW YOU DO, YOU KNOW?) YOU'RE GREAT!</p></div><div data-bbox="909 821 967 836" data-label="Text"><p>SARA</p></div><div data-bbox="664 850 967 926" data-label="Text"><p>MORE LIKE THIS, PLEASE. YOU'RE GREAT, SARA. I'M IN NEW YORK ALL THE TIME. YOU CAN FIND ME AT FAMOUS RAY'S, BUT YOU HAVE TO GO TO THE ORIGINAL ONE.</p></div><div data-bbox="664 939 967 970" data-label="Text"><p>I WANT TO COME LIVE IN YOUR KINGDOM. I'M A BEAST AND</p></div><div data-bbox="464 986 997 999" data-label="Page-Footer"><p>the latest updates only available at: <a href="http://Readallcomics.com">Readallcomics.com</a> or <a href="http://Readallcomics.to">Readallcomics.to</a></p></div>

I LOVE CHAOS AND HURTFUL COMMENTS. ALL HAIL KING DEADPOOL!!!

DAVID

*DAVID, I'D TELL YOU WHAT I THINK OF YOU, BUT I'M WORRIED YOU'D LIKE IT.*

DEADPOOL, YOU MAKE ME SMILE ON THE INSIDE, SIR. LONG HAVE I READ OF YOUR EXPLOITS. WAY BEFORE YOUR CINEMATIC DEBUT. KEEP UP THE GOOD WORK.

YOUR LOYAL DEADHEAD,

SLICK KOTVA

P.S. IT'S GOOD TO BE THE KING!!!

*ANYONE WHO SAYS IT'S GOOD TO BE THE KING HAS NEVER SAT THROUGH THEIR 23<sup>RD</sup> CROPS REPORT. I ONCE KNEW A GUY WHO LIKED INSIDE SMILES, BUT HE'S IN JAIL NOW, SO BE CAREFUL AND KNOW YOUR LOCAL LAWS REGARDING THAT KIND OF THING.*

HI DP, I HOPE YOUR KING THING WORKS OUT. DON'T LISTEN TO CAPTAIN AMERICA. HE'S SUCH A NERD. STATEN ISLAND IS FOR MONSTERS NOW!

"MONSTERMAN" SEAN

*SEAN GETS IT. STATEN ISLAND IS FOR MONSTERS NOW, NERDS! AND BY NERDS I'M INCLUDING YOU, STEVE ROGERS.*

I AM ABSOLUTELY LOVING THIS STORY. ALL HAIL KING DEADPOOL. THIS IS THE FIRST COMIC BOOK SERIES I'VE EVER PURCHASED AND I AM DEFINITELY NOT REGRETTING IT. HOPE TO SEE MORE OF JEFF!

SINCERELY,

ERIC

*ERIC, WE'RE SO FAR BEHIND ON ROYAL MAIL I HONESTLY HAVE NO IDEA WHEN YOU WROTE THIS, BUT REGARDLESS OF WHEN THAT WAS, I GUARANTEE*

**TWO THINGS HAVE HAPPENED SINCE THEN: (A) I HAVE NOT STOPPED BEING LOVABLE, (B) THERE HAS BEEN MUCH MORE JEFF. I HOPE YOU'RE NOT REGRETTING ANYTHING.**

HEY DP!

JACQUE FROM PROOFREADING HERE. SORRY, BUT WHILE I WAS PROOFING YOUR BOOK, I DELETED A BUNCH OF YOUR LETTERS. YOU DIDN'T REALLY NEED THOSE, RIGHT? ANYWAY, MAYBE YOU CAN USE THE TIME TO TEACH ALL THE KIDDOS READING YOUR PARENTAL ADVISORY BOOK ABOUT THE VIRTUES OF GRAMMAR AND SPELLING. DON'T WANT THEM TO END UP LIKE YOU, DO YOU? ANYWAYS, GOOD LUCK WITH ALL THE TUMORS AND STUFF.

BEST,

JP

*JACQUE! STOP DELEETING MY EMALES! AND MAKING FUN OF MY TOOMOORS?! HAW HAW VERY FUNNY. WHO NEEDS POOFREEDING, ANYWAYS? MY GRAMMER AND SPELLLING ARE PREFECT, ALL CHILDREN SHULD ASSPYRE TO B LIKE ME, I DO'NT NEED YUR HELP, THINK YUR'E BETTER THEN ME? TEAK THE DAY OFF, NERD, MY LETTURS ARE BRIALLANT AND I DONUT NEEDE YOU!*

*HEY DP, I'M PROOFING YOUR LETTERS AGAIN AND I'VE GOT AN EYE TWITCH WITH YOUR NAME ON IT.*

*P.S. I DON'T KNOW HOW TO TEAK.*

ALL HAIL KING DEADPOOL! HAVE YOU EVER MET EDDIE BROCK? HE IS ONLY THE COOLEST SUPER HERO OF ALL TIME, AND I BET HE COULD BEAT YOU ANY DAY. OH, YOU THINK YOU CAN BEAT HIM? WELL, WHY DON'T YOU HAVE A CROSSOVER VENOM VS. DEADPOOL ONE-SHOT?! YOU ARE MY SECOND FAVORITE SUPER HERO AFTER VENOM. CAN YOU CHANGE MY MIND?

P.S. ONE QUESTION THAT I WILL ASK BECAUSE YOU CAN BREAK THE FOURTH WALL: WHAT IS YOUR NEXT STORY ARC AFTER BEING KING GOING TO BE ABOUT?

TO: THE BEST MERC THAT EVER HAD A MOUTH, KING DEADPOOL.

FROM,

FINLEY B.

*GOOD LORD. VENOM, VENOM, VENOM. EVERYWHERE I GO THESE DAYS, IT'S "VENOM THIS, VENOM THAT." LOOK, WE ALL KNOW THE FIRST THING DONNY CATES IS GOING TO DO IN ANY VENOM STORY IS KILL A BUNCH OF BELOVED CHARACTERS, AND WHAT CHARACTER IS MORE BELOVED THAN YOURS TRULY? SO I PROMISE YOU ONE THING: THERE IS NO WAY I AM GETTING INVOLVED IN ANY OF THAT VENOM BUSINESS.*

*UNTIL NEXT MONTH, IN WHICH I DEFINITELY WON'T GET MIXED UP IN A BUNCH OF VENOM NONSENSE.*

ALL HAIL ME,

KINGPOOL



NEXT

#10

# VENOM NONSENSE!



ENTREATIES, WELL-WISHES, OR GENERAL STATEMENTS OF SUPPLICATION AND FEALTY TO KING DEADPOOL SHOULD BE SENT TO MHEROES@MARVEL.COM AND MARKED "OK TO PRINT."