



# DEADPOOL

## vs. TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLES!

#33

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KELLY  
BREWER

COVER ART BY GUS VASQUEZ, ROB STULL & TOM CHU

THE FINAL  
FACE-OFF!

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THE FRINGES OF  
THE COSMOS...

PLAYGROUND  
OF THE GODS.

BELOVED?

BELOVED,  
I HAVE SAILED  
ACROSS THE AGES  
TO CALL UPON YOU...  
TAKEN ASTRAL FORM  
AND RISKED MY  
VERY EXISTENCE  
TO DELIVER A  
GIFT.

EACH  
COMET IN THIS  
BOUQUET IS  
RESPONSIBLE FOR  
THE DESTRUCTION OF  
A WORLD... A CIVILIZED  
WORLD OF NO LESS  
THAN TEN BILLION  
SENTIENT LIFEFORMS.

THEIR  
DEATHS WERE  
EXQUISITE.

PLEASE,  
ACCEPT THIS  
MEAGER TOKEN  
OF AFFECTION,  
AND ADMIRATION  
OF YOUR DARK  
WORK... SO BEGS  
THANOS!

BELOVED?  
BELOVED, I  
KNOW YOU'RE  
IN THERE...

GODS,  
WHAT DIRE  
CHORE COULD  
BE MORE  
COMPELLING  
THAN A SUITOR  
AS ROMANTIC  
AS I...?

PERHAPS  
SHE IS WASHING  
HER HAIR...

DEATH IS NOT AMUSED.

NORMALLY, SHE WOULD BE... THANOS AND HIS IDYLLIC BUMBLINGS HAVE PROVIDED HER WITH EONS OF DISTRACTION...

SHE SO RARELY INVOLVES HERSELF IN TEMPORAL AFFAIRS. ASIDE FROM THE OBVIOUS...

BUT NOT TODAY. TODAY SHE-WHO-IS-THE-END-OF-ALL-THINGS...

IS PREOCCUPIED... WITH THOUGHTS OF A MORTAL.

BUT ONCE IN A MILLENNIUM, THERE IS BORN A SHINING STAR IN AN OTHERWISE EMPTY UNIVERSE OF SOULS... ONE WHO CAPTIVATES HER INTEREST... GARNERS HER RESPECT...

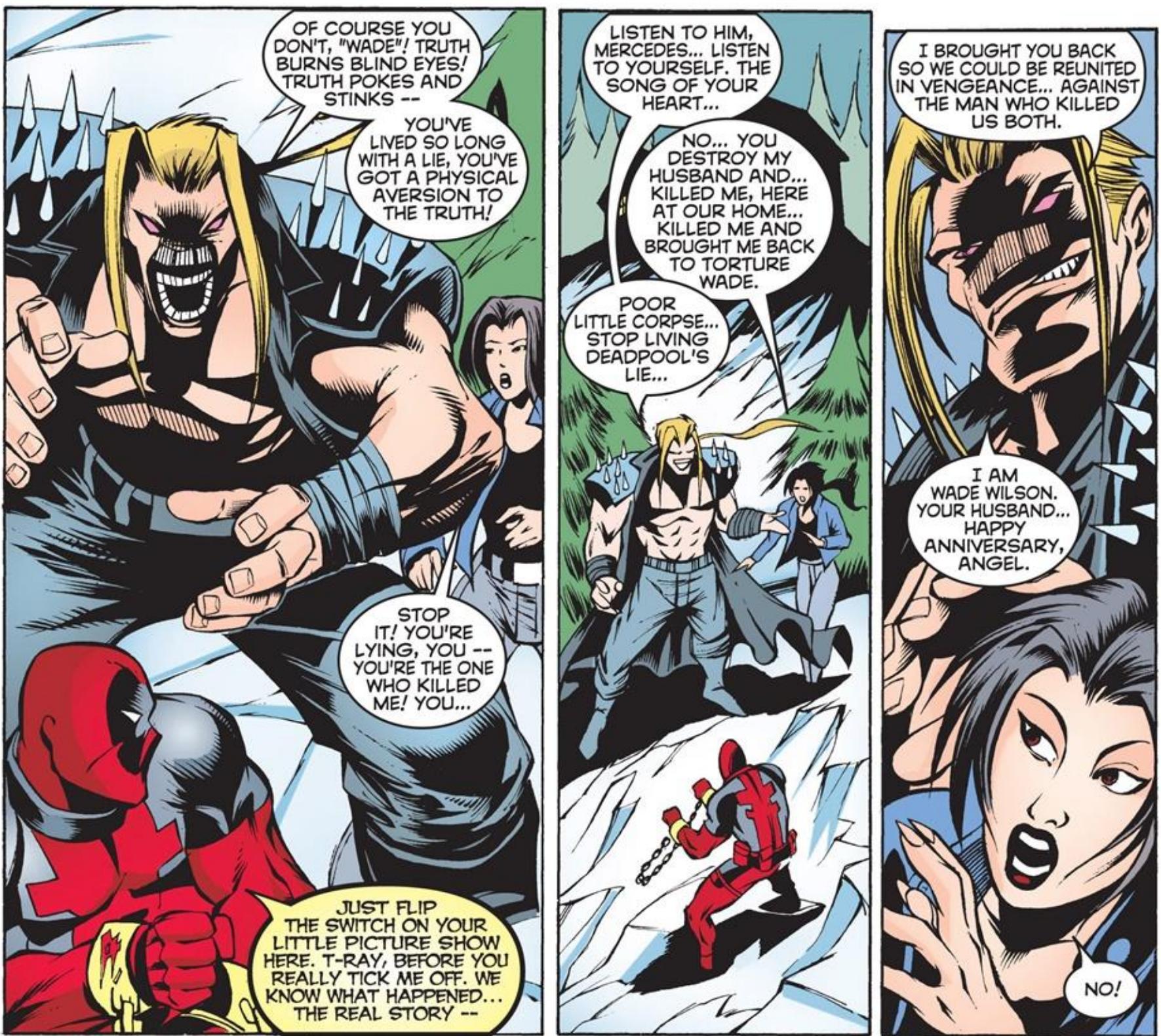
AROUSES HER.

THIS IS THE TALE OF SUCH A BEING... A MAN WHO STOPS DEATH IN HER TRACKS... A MAN WHO STANDS NOW AT THE EDGE OF...



# THE END OF THE END OR HAPPY ENTRAILS TO YOU!!

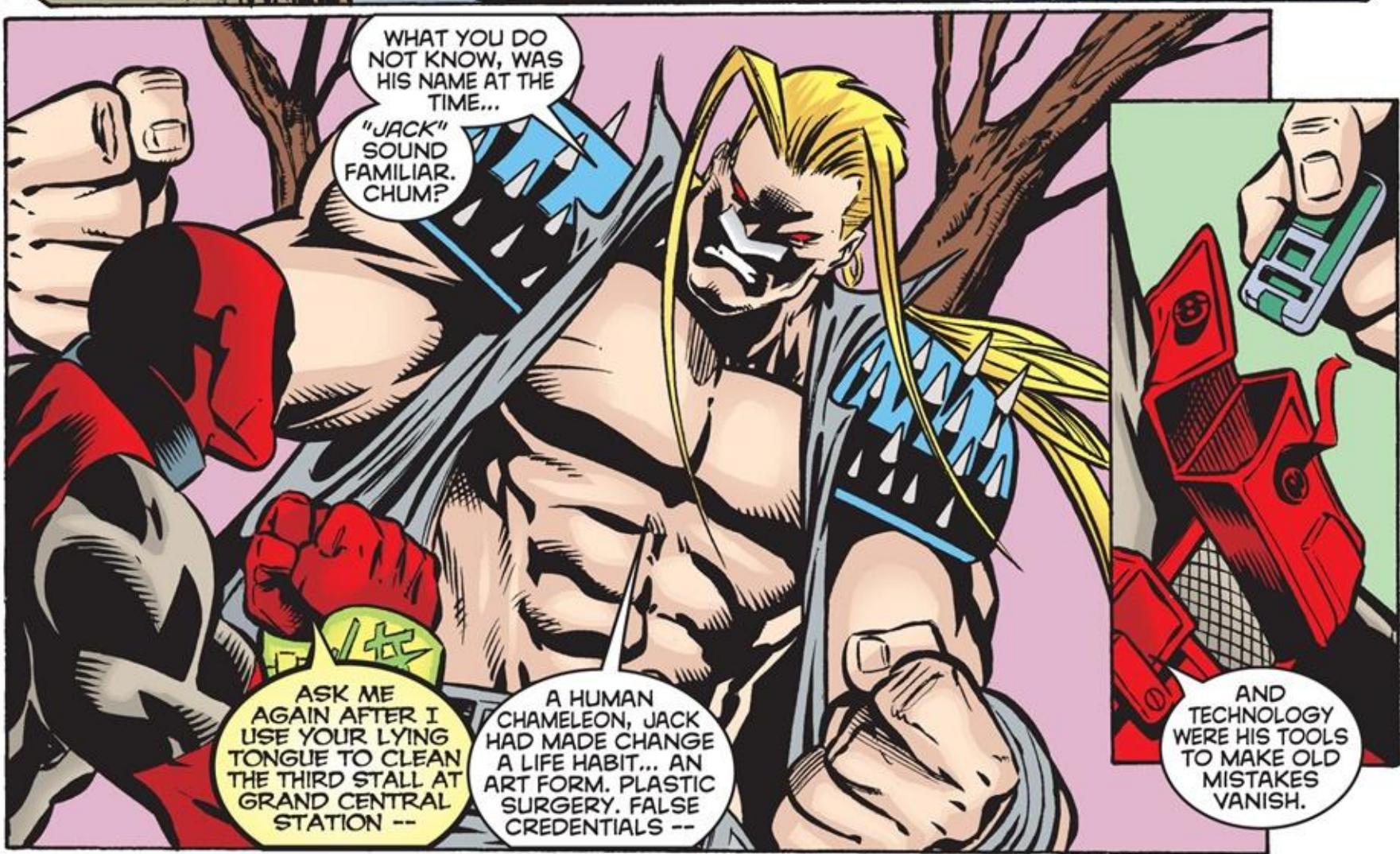
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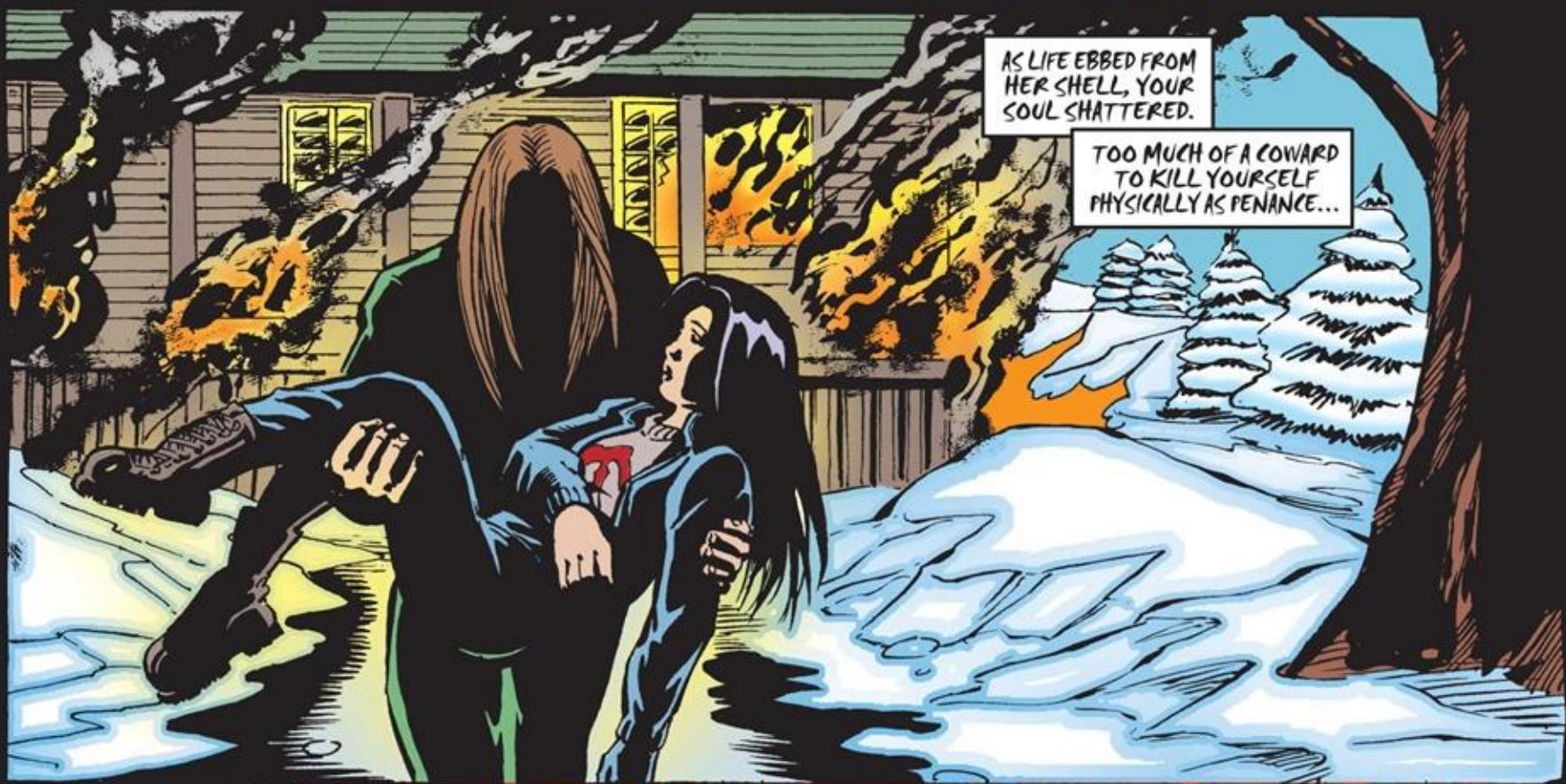
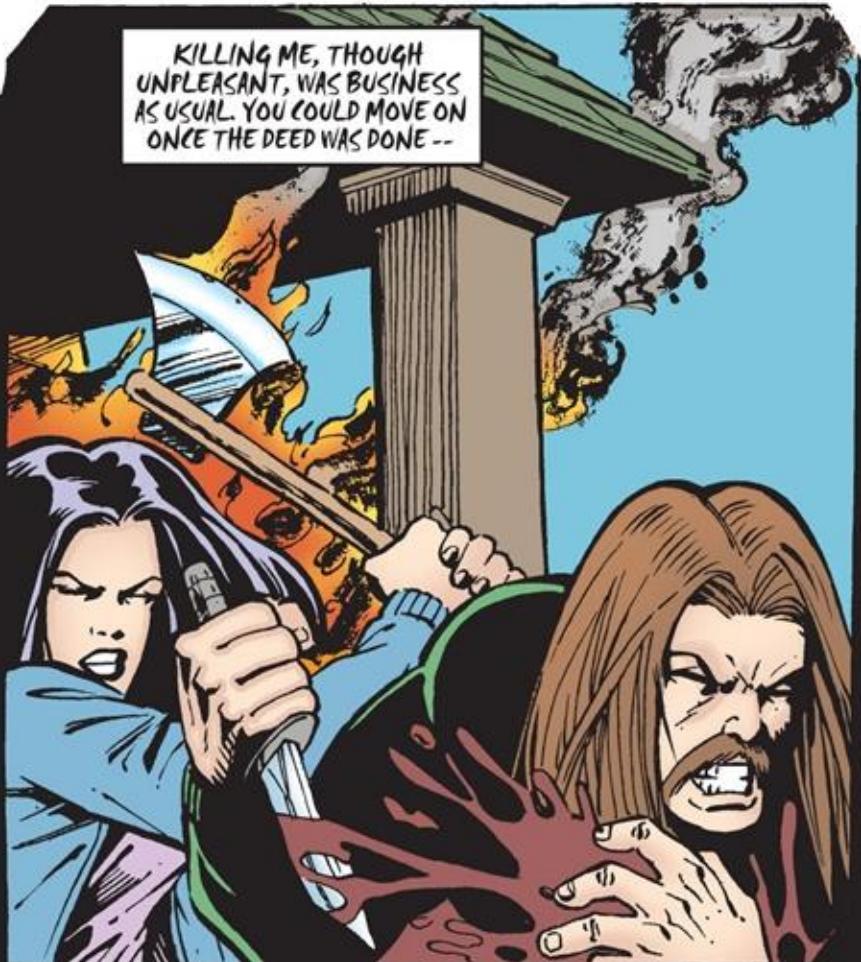
'THE WILSONS DID RESCUE A MAN FROM THE ICY RIVER. HE DID BETRAY THEM. THIS YOU KNOW. AND IT IS TRUE...

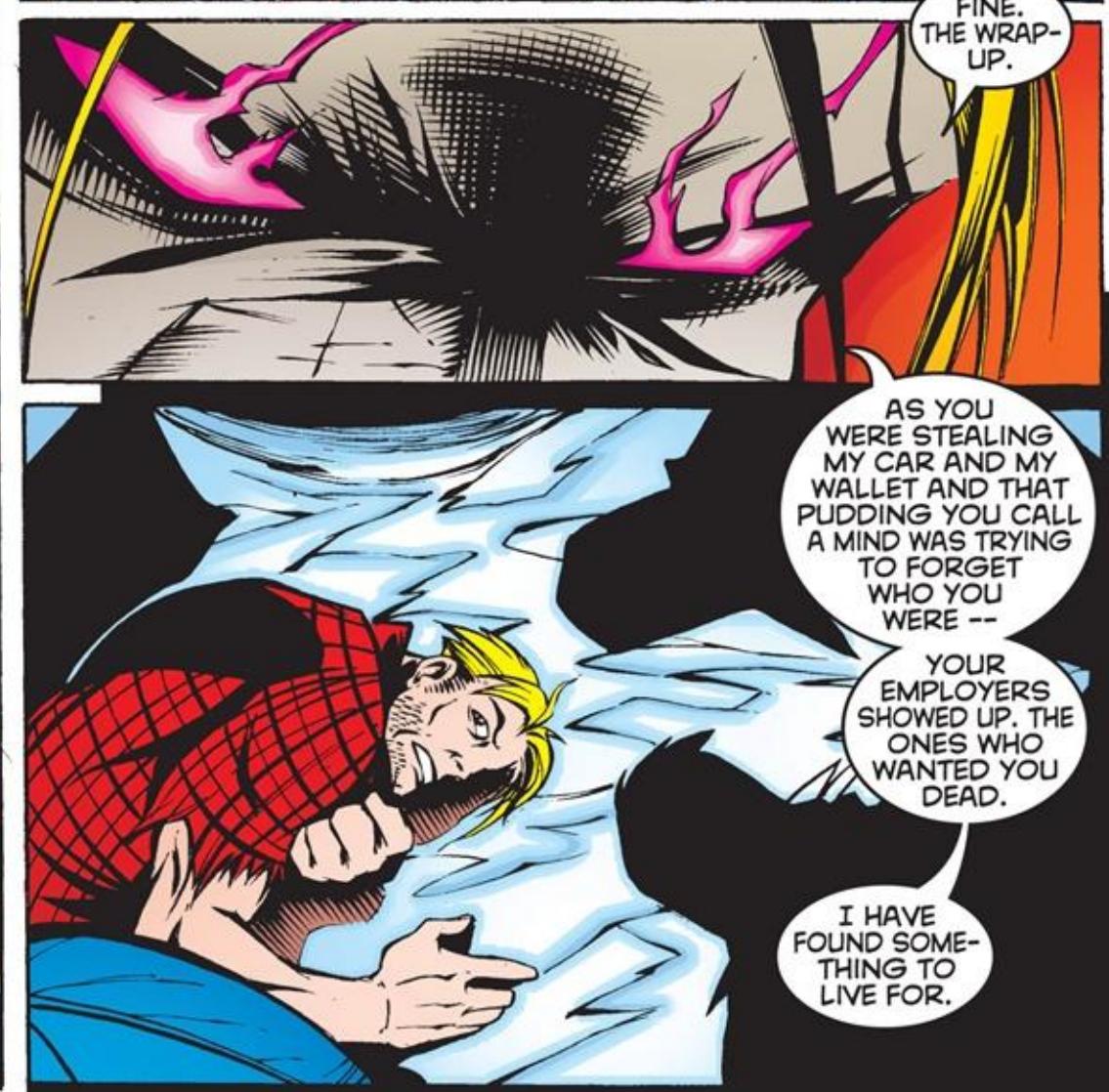
'YOU ALSO KNOW THE MAN WAS A LOW-LEVEL MERCENARY. MURDERER. MISANTHROPE. WHO MADE HIS LIVING DESTROYING LIVES.











WITH MY LAST BREATH, I PLEDGED MY LIFE TO THEM IF THEY WOULD HELP ME DESTROY YOU... AND THEY LISTENED.

I WAS PERFECT FOR THEM. A BLANK SLATE WITH NO FAMILY. NOTHING TO LIVE FOR... FUELED BY BLACK HATE.

AS THEY TAUGHT ME THEIR WAYS, I REALIZED THE IRONY OF IT ALL... YOU HAD STOLEN MY LIFE...

AND I WAS ABOUT TO COPY YOURS... BUT IT WASN'T ENOUGH...

I NEEDED TO KNOW MORE, BECOME MORE. THE COMPANY COULDN'T TEACH ME WHAT I NEEDED TO LEARN--

SO I WENT FREELANCE... AND SOUGHT OUT BETTER TEACHERS.

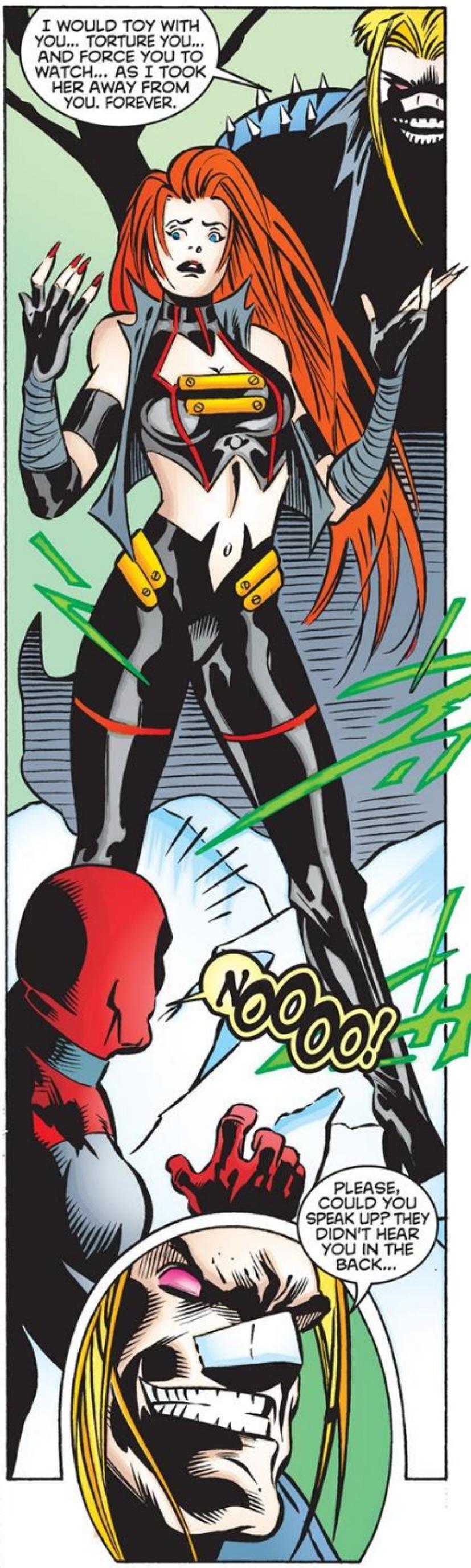
IN JAPAN... I FOUND THEM.

I TRADED MY SOUL, MY LIFE... FOR POWER... AND IT WAS GOOD. VERY GOOD.

IT WOULD BE YEARS BEFORE I WOULD HAVE THE KNOWLEDGE AND THE SKILLS TO REALIZE MY TRUE REVENGE... BUT I WAS PATIENT... DILIGENT...

AND VERY GOOD AT WHAT I DID TO APPEASE MY DARK MASTERS.

SO I BIDED MY TIME... AND WAITED UNTIL I COULD FIND YOU...





I HOPE  
YOU DON'T  
MIND... I WORK  
BETTER IN  
FRONT OF AN  
AUDIENCE.

WHO-WHO  
ARE --?

SAUTEED  
SWEETBREADS  
IN SARAN  
WRAP... IT'S...  
IT'S EVERY-  
ONE...

EVER-  
ONE YOU'VE  
EVER  
KILLED.  
DEADPOOL,  
THIS IS YOUR  
LIFE.

NO...  
NONE OF  
THIS IS  
REAL...  
NONE OF  
THIS...

I DON'T  
REMEMBER  
THERE  
BEING... SO  
MANY...

WHAT  
HAVE I  
DONE?

WATCH,  
BELOVED...



OHH, HEH...  
SORRY... HEH...  
GRAMMY ALWAYS  
SAID IT WAS RUDE  
TO LAUGH AT THE  
STUPID PEOPLE... SIGH  
OKAY, "WADE"... I'LL  
TELL YOU...  
  
SQUIRRELS  
AND COCONUTS.

YOU SPENT  
YOUR WHOLE  
PATHETIC LIFE  
WORKING TO WHIP  
TOGETHER THIS LITTLE  
REUNION LIKE A MARTHA  
STEWART ON ACID,  
FIGURING TO BREAK  
MY SPIRIT...

AND FOR A  
SECOND, IT  
WORKED... YOU  
DID IT... YOU HAD  
ME READY TO LEAP  
UP AND IMPALE  
MYSELF ON THE  
NEAREST CIRCUS  
MIDGET.

BUT THEN  
SOMETHING  
HAPPENED... A  
SYNAPSE FIRED  
OPEN AND I HAD  
WHAT BORN-AGAINS  
AND ALCOHOLICS  
LIKE TO CALL A  
MOMENT OF  
CLARITY.

YOU EVER  
SEE THAT OLD  
CARTOON WITH THE  
SQUIRREL WHO'S  
TRYING TO EAT A  
COCONUT? CHUCK  
JONES, I  
THINK...

THIS  
RETARDED  
SQUIRREL FINDS  
A COCONUT AND  
THINKS THAT HE'S  
HIT THE GIANT  
ACORN MOTHER  
LOAD -- ONLY,  
HE CAN'T CRACK  
THE NUT. IT'S  
TOO HARD.

SO HE  
GETS A JACK  
HAMMER, HE  
THROWS IT DOWN  
STAIRS, RUNS  
IT OVER WITH  
A TRUCK...  
NOTHING.

FINALLY,  
HE PUSHES  
THIS MONSTER  
UP A GAZILLION  
STAIRS ALL THE  
WAY TO THE TOP  
OF THE EMPIRE  
STATE BUILDING,  
AND HEAVES  
IT.

CRACK.  
SLOWLY,  
THE SHELL  
PEELS BACK...  
AND YOU KNOW  
WHAT'S INSIDE?  
ANOTHER  
COCONUT  
SHELL.

THAT  
SQUIRREL IS  
IN CARTOON HELL.  
THAT SQUIRREL  
IS ME.

EVERY TIME  
I GET A SHOT  
AT SAVING THE  
WORLD, OR DOING  
RIGHT OR WAVING THE  
TRUTH AND JUSTICE  
FLAG INSTEAD OF  
GUTTING A GUY,  
I DO IT...

AND  
EVERY TIME,  
I GET THE SHAFT  
FOR MY TROUBLE.  
EVERYTIME, THERE'S  
ANOTHER COCONUT  
SHELL I GOTTA  
CRACK.

BUT JUST  
LIKE THAT  
RETARDED  
SQUIRREL... IN  
ANOTHER MONTH  
OR SO, THE  
CARTOON  
RERUNS,  
AND I TRY  
AGAIN.

YOU DID MESS  
UP MY HEAD BY  
SHOWING ME WHAT  
A DIRTBAG I'VE BEEN  
IN MY LIFETIME... BUT  
THAT DOESN'T CHANGE  
THE FACT THAT I STILL  
TRY TO BE BETTER. I'M  
GIVING IT A SHOT.

AT THE  
END OF THE  
DAY... I'M  
WINNING, AND I  
WOULDN'T HAVE  
THINGS ANY  
DIFFERENT --

EXCEPT FOR YOU, MERCEDES... AND YOU ONLY... WHAT HAPPENED WITH YOU... THAT WASN'T RIGHT. FOR THAT, I WILL ALWAYS BE SORRY.  
I WILL ALWAYS HAVE A BIG FAT HOLE IN MY SOUL. I KNOW IT DOESN'T MAKE IT ANY BETTER... BUT I HOPE YOU UNDERSTAND --

... THE SMALL VICTORIES ARE THE ONES THAT COUNT.

JUST REMEMBER, WHEN YOU'RE LOOKING BACK IN ANGER AT THIS MOMENT... YOU'VE GOT A SECOND SHOT HERE, ANGEL... USE IT. DON'T END UP LIKE T-RAY AND ME.

AS FOR THE REST OF YOU... -AHEM-

I WOULDN'T APOLOGIZE TO YOU IF YOU THREATENED TO CONSIGN ME TO SPEND ALL ETERNITY SMOOTHERED IN CHOCOLATE SAUCE AND TRAPPED IN A ROSEANNE BARR / STAR JONES SANDWICH!

THE ME THAT IS ME NOW HAD TO MAKE BIG MISTAKES TO MAKE SMALL PROGRESS. WHEN YOU'VE LIVED A LIFE LIKE MINE...

I'M GLAD YOU'RE DEAD! IF I COULD, I'D KILL YOU AGAIN! THEN I'D GO BACK IN TIME, IMPREGNATE EACH OF YOUR MOTHERS TO MAKE SURE YOU WERE BORN... AND I'D KILL YOU AGAIN!

SO IF YOU WANT ME TO TURN INTO SOME SORT OF BLEEDING HEART AND WEEP OUT AN APOLOGY, YOU'RE GONNA HAVE TO RIP IT OUT OF ME!

NO! IT DOES NOT GO LIKE THIS, DEADPOOL! YOU CANNOT BE SAINT AND SINNER AT THE SAME TIME!

YOU MUST PAY, BODY AND SOUL FOR YOUR CRIMES -- YOUR CORRUPTION -- YOU MUST PAY FOR MAKING US INTO YOU!

YOU PATHETIC MOUTHBREATHER...  
YOU THINK I WAS BORN THIS WAY?  
VIOLENCE IS A CYCLE... I WAS  
MADE... JUST LIKE  
YOU WERE.

BUT YOU IMPROVED  
ON THE ORIGINAL, BIG  
BOY... I MAY HAVE BEEN A PIECE  
OF GARBAGE... BUT I DIDN'T BRING  
MY WIFE BACK FROM THE DEAD AND  
SET HER UP TO FALL IN LOVE WITH  
HER MURDERER, JUST TO TORTURE  
SOME DOWN ON HIS LUCK SLOB...

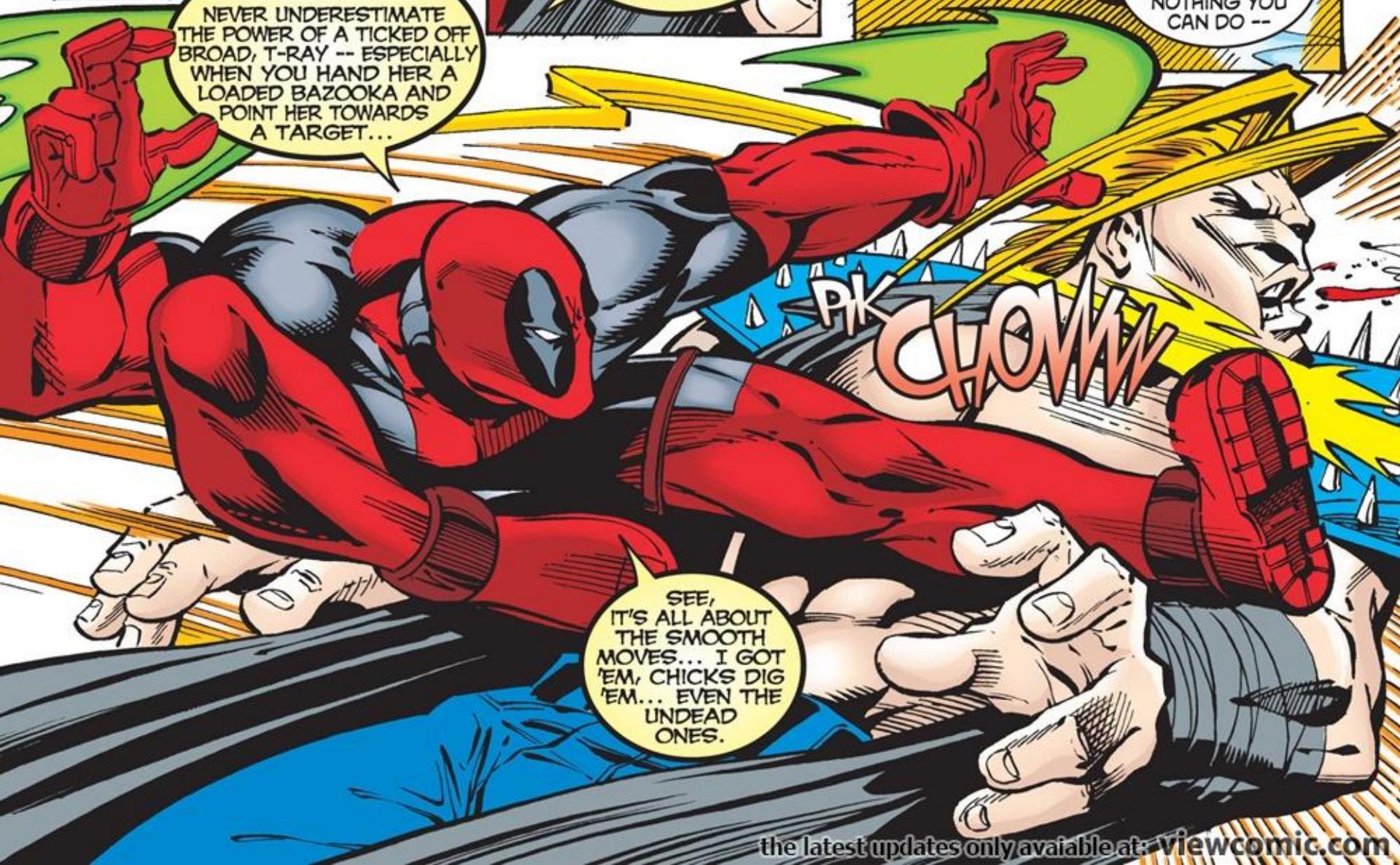
...NOW  
DID I?

ASK THE  
LADY WHICH  
WAS WORSE...  
DEATH, OR  
THIS.

CHECK-  
MATE,  
JERK.

SICK

HRRGGH!













DAVID BREWER  
PERROTTA, MAHLSTEDT, R. RAMOS  
W. RAMOS, BLANCHARD  
RICHARD STARKINGS AND COMICRAFT  
**RUBEN DIAZ  
BOB HARRAS**  
WRITTEN WITH SPECIAL THANKS  
TO ALL OF DEADPOOL'S PALS.  
BY JOE KELLY  
THANKS FOR THE WONDERFUL  
RIDE, GANG... YOU'RE THE  
GREATEST FRIENDS A  
PSYCHOPATH COULD ASK FOR.