

MARVEL
COMICS



APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
CARTOON
AUTHORITY

DEADPOOL

#35

WWW.MARVEL.COM

PRIEST
DIAZ
SMITH

SECRETS
BENEATH THE
SKIN!

WWW.MARVEL.COM © 2012 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved.

the latest updates only available at: viewcomic.com





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 CONSTRICTING ORDER; BLASTING DOWN THE FOURTH WALL BRICK BY BRICK! STAN LEE PRESENTS:

•Chapter X Verse Two•

**STORYTELLING:
CHRISTOPHER PRIEST
PACO DIAZ & ANDY SMITH**

**INKS:
SMITH, HOLDREDGE
& PEPOLY**

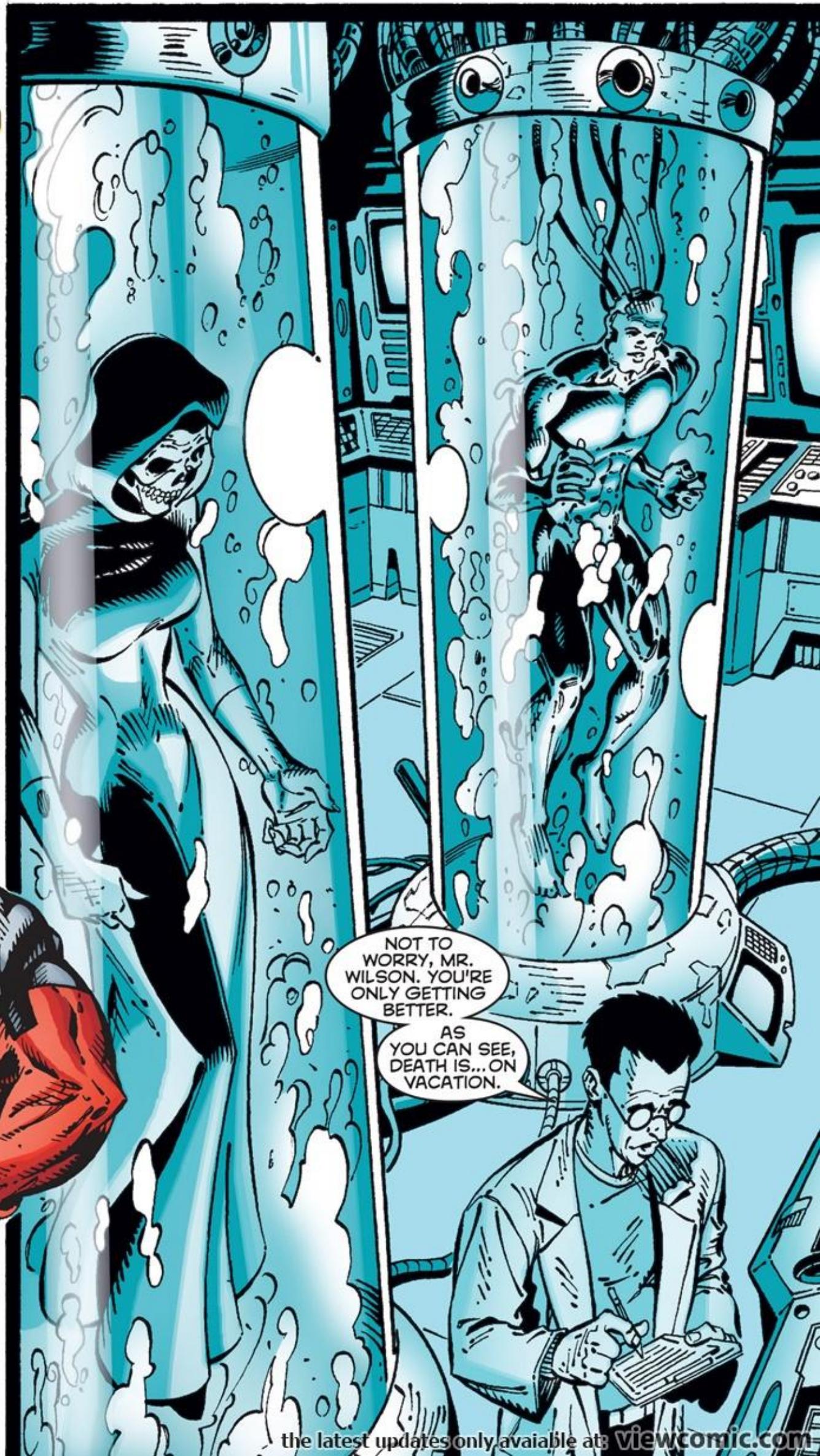
**COLORS:
SHANNON BLANCHARD**

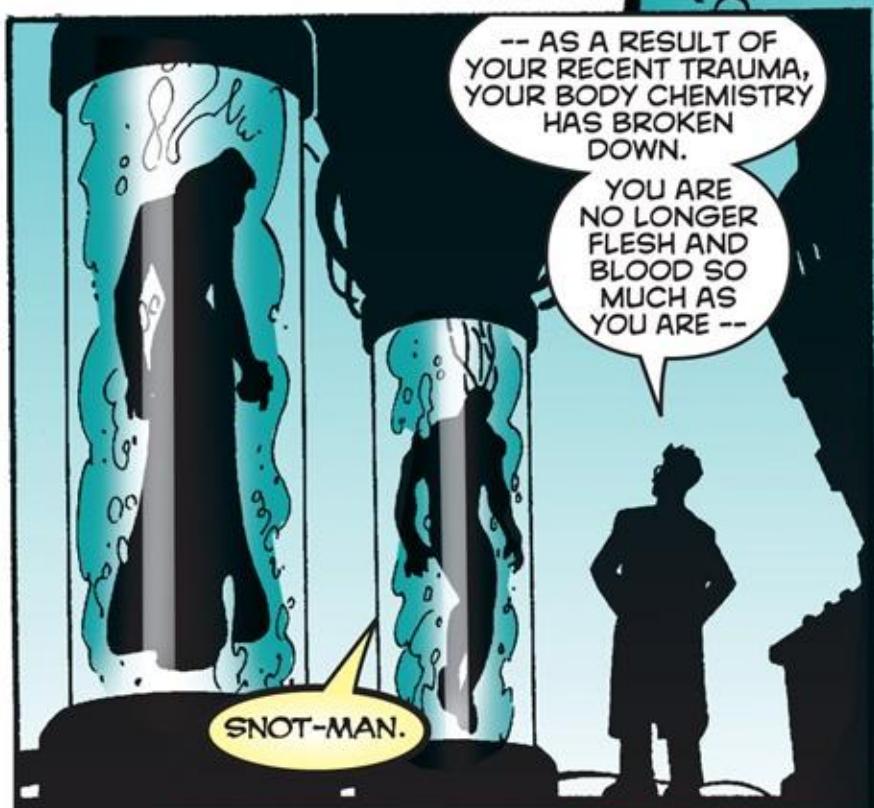
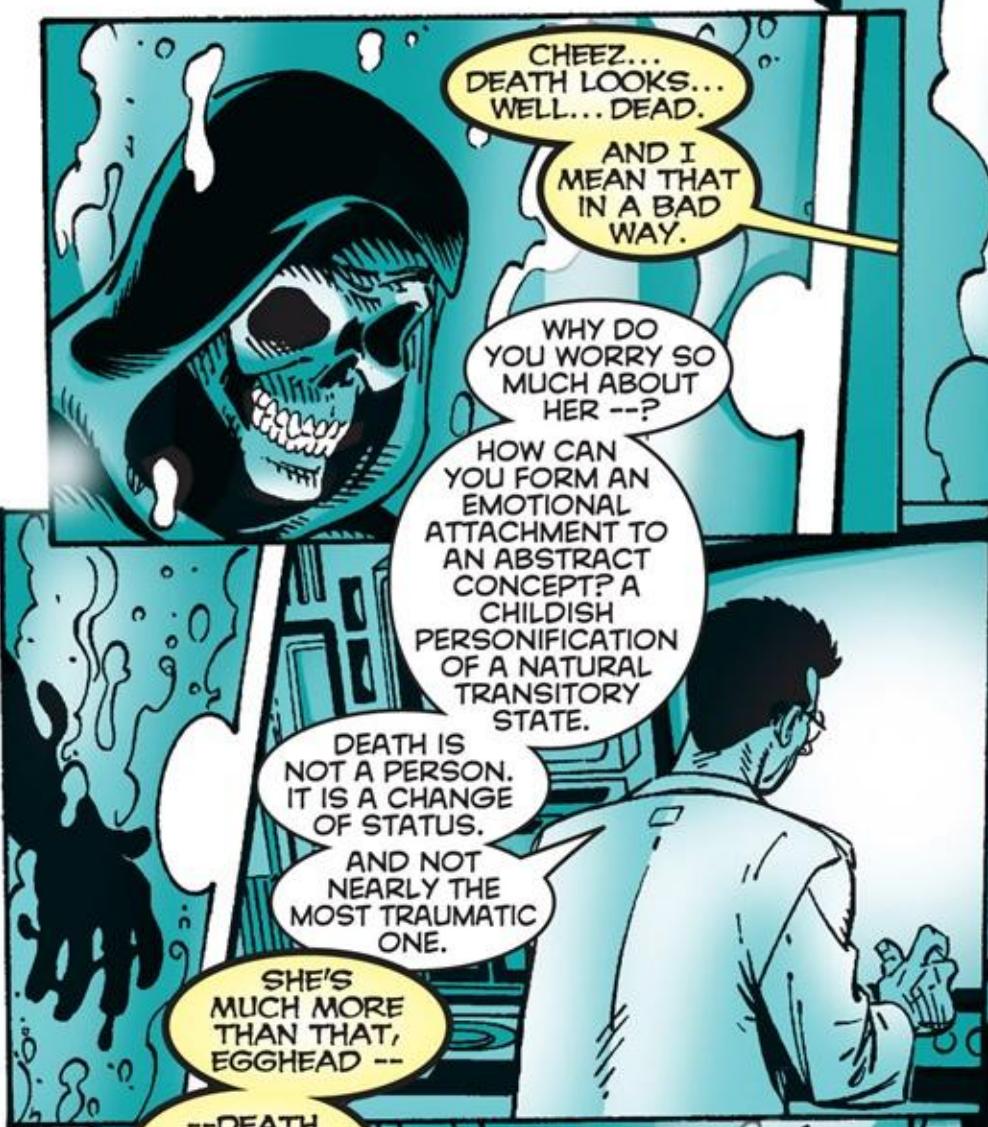
**LETTERS:
RS&COMICRAFT'S
TROY PETERI**

**EDITOR:
RUBEN DIAZ**

**CHIEF:
BOB HARRAS**

DEADPOOL





I'D BEEN OUT OF THE WEAPON X PROJECT FOR MAYBE A MONTH OR TWO...

I WAS FREELANCING -- A TOTALLY JACKED-UP WAY TO MAKE A LIVING. TAKING ONE RAT-FACED JOB AFTER ANOTHER JUST TO PAY THE RENT.

I WAS ON A ROUTINE SNATCH-AND-CROAK WHEN MY LIFE CHANGED FOREVER...

LOOK, I DON'T KNOW NOTHIN' ABOUT YOUR WORK WITH THE EAST SIDE MOB. MY NAME IS PAUL AND THAT'S BETWEEN Y'ALL.

WHAT I DO KNOW IS I'M SIX WEEKS LATE ON MY MASTERCARD, SO, HEY --

-- NO HARD FEELINGS, HUH?

GOTTA TELL YA, THOUGH -- THIS STUFF GETS SO ROUTINE, Y'KNOW?

AND, DOIN' THE LONG DIVISION, I'M LOOKIN' AT A LIFETIME OF PUTTIN' OUT THE TRASH.

THE WEAPON X PROGRAM GAVE ME ENHANCED ABILITIES WHILE DISFIGURING ME JUST A TAD...

Y'KNOW, SISTER...

... YOU'D MAKE THIS A WHOLE LOT EASIER IF YOU'D STOP SQUIRMING --

-- AND BREAKING WIND --

... AND, NOW THAT I'M ON MY OWN, I'M JUST TREADING WATER --

-- KINDA LIKE YOU'RE ABOUT TO DO.



I WAS A MERC -- A SOLDIER OF FORTUNE.

I GOT CANCER, AND VOLUNTEERED FOR THIS WEAPON X PROGRAM IN CANADA.

THE TREATMENTS GOT RID OF THE CANCER WHILE GIVING ME A HEALING FACTOR AND ENHANCED ABILITIES.

I'VE BEEN WANDERIN' AROUND FROM ONE GIG TO THE NEXT EVER SINCE I BUSTED OUT OF WEAPON X. MAYBE...

...AW, Cripes, maybe I just traded one cancer for another...

...I DUNNO, SISTER --

-- WHAT DO YOU THINK?

THENSH MKNMSJ QPTLV! BSHLRP QJKSMHN WTTN!

GOT RID OF MY LIFE, TOO.

RIGHT.
LIKE YOU WOULDN'T SAY THAT.

PARDON THE INTERRUPTION --

--?!

WHERE THE AU JUS DID YOU COME FROM --?!

IRRELEVANT.

I HAVE BEEN OBSERVING YOU ALL EVENING. I AM IN NEED OF MEN OF SPECIAL TALENTS.

YOU MAY BE JUST THE MAN I'M LOOKING FOR.

ALWAYS
MAKES ME
NERVOUS WHEN I
HEAR THAT FROM
A GUY.

I MEAN DOES
THIS GIG INVOLVE EITHER
BELL BOTTOMS AND/OR
MOTORCYCLES --?

MEET ME AT
WAREHOUSE C-17
ON PIER 20.
FOUR A.M.

I BELIEVE
I MAY PROVIDE
THE ANSWERS
YOU SEEK.

"HE
SAID AS
HE LEAPT
OFF A
BRIDGE."

I DUNNO,
SISTER --
WHAT DO YOU
THINK--?

THRWF
KSLY MSFPH
TRSLK --!

GOOD
POINT.

FEH.
THIS
IS YOUR
LUCKY DAY,
SISTER.

SCRAM.
SKEE-DADDLE.
VAMOOSE. ASTA
LASAGNA. GIVE
MY REGARDS TO
BROADWAY.

HIT THE
RO --

Y'KNOW, I JUST
NOTICED...
... THAT
NUN HAD A
MOUSTACHE.

SLIGHT TACTICAL
ERROR --

-- FOR WHICH I,
SERENDIPITOUSLY,
HAVE A REMEDY.









LET'S JUST SAY MY STINT AS ONE OF THE HOBGOBLIN'S DECOYS WAS SHORT-LIVED...

WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN --?

I WAS WHERE YOU SAID TO GO -- WAREHOUSE C-20 ON PIER 17!

ARE YOU ALWAYS THIS STUPID, OR IS THIS SOMETHING SPECIAL?

IT WAS WAREHOUSE C-17 ON PIER 20! LOOK --





THE WIZARD HAD ALSO RECRUITED TWO OTHER GUYS -- THE CONSTRUCTOR AND THE TASKMASTER.

WE LOOK LIKE DUCKS.

YES, BUT...
...DUCKS WITH GUNS!

ENOUGH PRATTLING ---!

THOSE TRAINING UNIFORMS SERVE A SPECIFIC PURPOSE.

SHOULD YOU SURVIVE THIS TEST MISSION, YOU WILL BE FREE TO DETERMINE YOUR OWN UNIFORM DESIGN.

I KINDA LIKE IT!

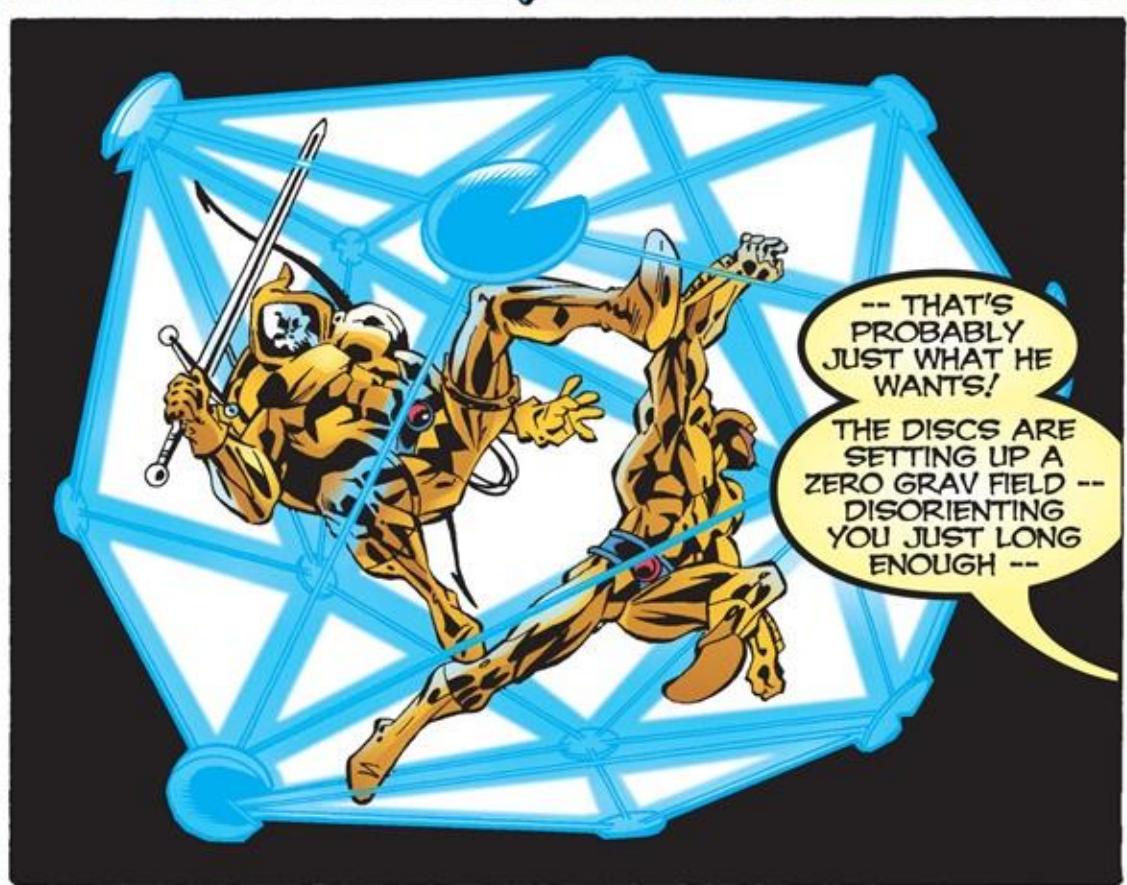
HMM... "DEATH DUCK"...

'TIS AN INSULT THAT I, THE TASKMASTER AND FOUNDER OF THE CRIME COLLEGE, SHOULD WEAR A "TRAINING UNIFORM" --

HEY.
TWO WORDS:
"BOXER SHORTS."

SILENCE!

THE WINGLESS WIZARD SHALL BROOK NO MORE PRATTLE FROM THE LIKES OF YOU!



THE GLASS IN THE "PIXIE DUST" REFRACTS MY OTHERWISE LOW-GRADE LASER MILLIONS OF TIMES!

YOU HAVE MUCH TO LEARN. WHICH IS WHY I'M THE MASTER HERE --

CHAACCK

CHAACCK

CHAACCK

CHAACCK

CHAACCK

CHAACCK

?

WHUUMMP

OKAY...
...WHAT'D I WIN...?

...WELL... I
THOUGHT IT WAS
A CONTEST,
Y'KNOW?

PIN THE
WIZARD TO
THE MAT, WIN
A BIG BOWL
OF FLAN.

I
FIGURED
THAT RAY GUN
HE GAVE ME
WAS RIGGED,
SO I DIDN'T
FIRE IT.

AFTER A
BRIEF STOP AT
THE EMERGENCY
ROOM, WE MOVED
ON TO THE REAL
TEST --

-- AT THE
BAXTER
BUILDING.

IN CASE YOU'VE
BEEN IN GUAM
FOR THE LAST
DECADE: THIS
IS WHERE THE
FANTASTIC FOUR
USED TO LIVE.

I NEVER GOT THAT
BY THE WAY --

-- WHY THEY'D BE SO
PUBLIC WITH THEIR
ADDRESS. I MEAN,
CAMPED OUT THERE
IN MID-MANHATTAN --

-- THEIR PHONE
NUMBER LISTED --

-- JUST MADE 'EM TARGETS
FOR ALL KINDA NUTS...

LEMMIE 'SPLAIN
SOMETHIN' TO YA,
RUGRAT --

ONE
MORE GAG AND
I SHOVE YA IN TH'
MICROWAVE.

AGAIN.

-GIGGLE!-
WILL
NOT!

WILL
TOO.

I'D NEVER SEEN ANOTHER "SUPER" HERO BEFORE.

I WANTED TO ASK THE GUY FOR HIS AUTOGRAPH.

SEEMS SILLY NOW. I MEAN --

-- HERE WAS A GUY WHO'D FOUND HIMSELF.

A MAN WHO'D BEEN DISFIGURED AND SHUNNED BY THE PUBLIC --

-- KID, I PROMISE YA --

-- ONE MORE TIME AND YOU'RE A POP TART --!

-- BUT HE'D SOMEHOW COME TO TERMS WITH THINGS.

I WANTED TO ASK HIM HOW HE DID IT. BUY THE GUY A BREWSKIE.

INSTEAD, I SHOT HIM.

THE BAXTER BUILDING HAD IMPRESSIVE SECURITY SYSTEMS. THE FACT THAT WE MADE IT IN AT ALL MADE THAT WIZARD GUY SEEM IMPRESSIVE --

-- SUBTRACT TWO COOL POINTS FOR THE BIG HAT, THOUGH...

CAN'T MICROWAVE ME IF YOU CAN'T CATCH ME, UNCLE BEN!

-GIGGLE!

ZAAAHHH!



THE CONSTRICTOR
PUMPED 35,000
VOLTS OF ELECTRICITY
INTO THE THING WHILE
STRANGLING THE LIFE
OUT OF THE MAN --



THE TASKMASTER
FIRED OFF A WIDE-
BAND FOCUSED
PARTICLE EXPLOSIVE
ARROW --

-- WHICH, IN ANY
LANGUAGE, MEANT --



-- EXIT,
STAGE
LEFT!



STEP TWO:
SNATCH
THE KID.



EH--?
EHHH --?
SEE? TOLD
YA.
BOXER
SHORTS.



EXCELLENT.
FLAWLESSLY
EXECUTED.
YES...
YOU THREE
WILL DO QUITE
NICELY.



ALL THOSE GUYS WITH TIGHTS.

WHITE HATS AND BLACK HATS.

--?! HIS... JACKET...

HEY... C'MON, NOW... YOU COULDN'T HAVE...



CRIES... SNOT IN A SACK --!
WHAT HAVE WE DONE --?!

JUST LIKE THAT, IT SUDDENLY MATTERED TO ME WHICH ONE I WORE...



Y'KNOW... WHERE THE LINE WAS.

C'MON...
C'MON, KID -- NOBODY MEANT TO KILL YOU --!



AND, JUST LIKE THAT, I REALIZED I HAD A MORAL CODE. A LINE I WOULDN'T CROSS.

THIS IS JUST A GAG, KID --

-- Y'KNOW -- SPANDEX AND BOXER SHORTS.

NONE OF THIS HAS ANYTHING TO DO WITH LITTLE KIDS DYING!

C'MON.
BUY YOU AN ICE CREAM.
A FIRE TRUCK.
ANYTHING.
JUST -- BE ALL RIGHT --

WHO ARE YOU --?!



