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TOWNSEND

PARENTAL ADVISORY

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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! HOW? READ THE BACK ISSUES,  
MY DUDE!

REGARDLESS, TURNS OUT BEING KING IS A HUGE HEADACHE. YOUR SUBJECTS COMPLAIN, PEOPLE TRY TO KILL YOU, THERE'S WAY MORE PAPERWORK THAN YOU'D EXPECT, AND FAMOUS MONSTER HUNTER ELSA BLOODSTONE SHOWS UP TO YOUR KINGDOM FULL OF MONSTERS. THAT DIDN'T GO OVER WELL. AND YET, ELSA NEVER LEFT, AND DEADPOOL NEVER REALLY SEEMED TO WANT HER TO...

THERE WAS JUST ONE THING: ELSA WAS DYING. THE BLOODSTONE EMBEDDED IN HER PALM HAD BEEN POISONED BY THE MONSTROUS QUEEN OF THE BONE BEASTS. DEADPOOL ACCOMPANIED ELSA TO THE BONE BEAST REALM THROUGH A PORTAL IN GREENLAND, WHERE THEY PLANNED TO KILL THE QUEEN, SAVING ELSA AND RESCUING SOME KIDNAPPED LOCAL CHILDREN. BUT ONCE THEY REACHED THE QUEEN'S LAIR, ELSA BETRAYED DEADPOOL BY TURNING HIM OVER TO THE QUEEN! *ET TU, BLOODSTONE?*!

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MR.  
DEADPOOL.

WHAT?!

YOU NEED  
TO WAKE UP,  
MR. DEADPOOL,  
SIR.

I'M AWAKE  
ALREADY! YOU  
MADE REAL  
SURE OF  
THAT.

WHY  
IS YOUR  
HAIR DOING  
THAT?



HUH? OH.  
WE'RE  
STILL SODDING  
HANGING HERE.  
GREAT.

WHAT DO  
YOU MEAN  
**STILL?**

I'VE BEEN  
DRIFTING IN AND OUT  
OF CONSCIOUSNESS  
FOR A WHILE... I TAUGHT  
THE KIDS HOW TO SAY  
MR. DEADPOOL, THOUGHT  
MAYBE THEY'D HAVE  
BETTER BLOODY  
LUCK AT WAKING  
YOU UP.

YOU  
TAUGHT THEM  
THAT?

WELL, I  
TAUGHT SVETJA  
THERE. HER ENGLISH  
IS ACTUALLY QUITE  
GOOD, SHE TAUGHT  
THE OTHERS.

NOT THAT IT'S  
THE MOST IMPORTANT  
THING RIGHT NOW, BUT  
DID IT NOT OCCUR TO YOU  
TO TEACH THEM "**KING**  
DEADPOOL" INSTEAD OF  
"**MR. DEADPOOL**"?

IT DID  
NOT.

GREAT.  
THANKS FOR  
THAT.

WIGGLE  
WIGGLE

**EXTREME**  
**WRIGGLING**

CAN  
YOU GET  
FREE?

MAYBE...  
THEY TOOK MOST  
MY SHARP AND  
EXPLODE-Y STUFF,  
BUT I CAN FEEL THAT  
THEY DIDN'T GET  
EVERYTHING.

BUT  
WHILE WE'RE  
HERE...HELPLESS  
AND RESTRAINED...  
PERHAPS YOU'D  
LIKE TO  
TELL ME...

...WHY YOU  
**SOLD ME  
OUT?!**

AH,  
THAT.  
YES,  
THAT.

I MAY HAVE  
TOLD A BIT OF A  
LIE BEFORE WHEN I  
SAID I ESCAPED THE  
BONE BEAST REALM.  
I DID NOT SO MUCH  
ESCAPE AS...BE LET GO  
SO THAT I COULD  
BRING SOMEONE BACK  
TO BE THE QUEEN'S  
NEW HOST.

MRRRRR!

JEFF!  
DON'T  
PANIC!

MRRRRR!

AHA!  
THERE WE GO.  
EVERYONE PREPARE  
YOURSELVES  
FOR A REAL  
TREAT!

COKE

THAT'S IT?  
NOT GONNA  
LIE, THOUGHT  
IT WOULD BE  
BIGGER.

BEGGARS CAN'T  
BE CHOOSERS,  
BLOODSTONE! I DON'T  
SEE YOU FREEING US  
WITH A TINY KNIFE! NO,  
YOU'RE HERE  
TEACHING INADEQUATE  
ENGLISH TO  
YOUNGSTERS!

SAW SAW SAW



YES!  
DEADPOOL  
WINS!

NAILED  
IT.

YES,  
YES. VERY  
IMPRESSIVE.  
NOW FREE  
US.

WELL, SINCE  
THEY LEFT ALL  
THESE SHINY WEAPONS  
JUST LYING AROUND  
AND I FEEL I NEED TO  
TEACH THEM A LESSON  
ABOUT THAT... YES, I  
WILL FREE YOU.

ALL  
RIGHT NOW,  
EVERYONE BE  
VERY STILL FOR  
DADDY. THIS  
WON'T HURT  
A BIT.  
PROBABLY.



ANNND  
WE'VE GIVEN THE  
CHILDREN DEADLY  
WEAPONS.

I DIDN'T  
SAY IT WAS  
A **GOOD**  
IDEA.



ALL RIGHT.  
WE'RE GETTING OUT  
OF HERE, BUT IT'S GONNA  
BE A FIGHT. THERE ARE BONE  
BEASTS EVERYWHERE. HELL,  
THESE **WALLS** MIGHT BE  
BONE BEASTS... WE DON'T  
EVEN KNOW. SO STAY  
CLOSE, OKAY?

OKAY,  
MR. DEADPOOL.

I'M  
ACTUALLY  
A **KING**,  
SVETJA.

THAT...DOES  
NOT SOUND  
RIGHT.

WELL, I  
CAN ASSURE  
YOU IT IS.



SEE? IT'S  
GOING TO  
BE FINE.

WELL, I'M  
STILL BLOODY  
DYING.

WE'RE  
GONNA GET  
THEM OUT OF  
HERE SAFELY  
AND THEN WE'RE  
GONNA DEAL  
WITH THAT.

OKAY.

ANY OF YOU  
SHOOT OR STAB  
ME, ELSA, OR JEFF  
AND WELL, I WAS GOING  
TO SAY THERE WOULD BE  
HELL TO PAY, BUT WE'RE  
ALREADY SORT OF IN  
HELL, SO I GUESS  
THINGS WILL JUST  
BE THE SAME.









**BACK HOME ON THE ISLAND  
FORMERLY KNOWN AS STATED.**

--AND THEN SHE STARTED SNORING! AND I DID SEVERAL BIG SIGHS TO LET HER KNOW THAT THIS WAS UNACCEPTABLE AND SHE PRETENDED SHE DIDN'T EVEN NOTICE. AND SHE KNOWS I AM A SENSITIVE SLEEPER AND SO I SHOVED HER REAL HARD TO GET HER TO BE QUIET AND THEN SHE KICKED ME IN MY FEET AND TOOK THE COVERS! AND THEN I WAS SO AWAKE I HAD TO GET UP AND START THE WHOLE PROCESS ALL OVER AGAIN!

SIR. I NEED YOU TO LISTEN CLOSELY TO ME AS I EXPLAIN TO YOU HOW THERE IS NO WAY THAT ANY KING--REAL OR TEMPORARY--CAN SOLVE THIS PROBLEM FOR YOU.

THIS IS A PROBLEM BETWEEN YOU AND YOUR MATE. AND TALKING TO ME ABOUT IT--FOR WAY, WAY TOO LONG--IS...BAD.

I ALSO NEED YOU TO UNDERSTAND THAT I HATE YOU.



YOU'RE A SHAM KING!  
IMMA TALK TO THE REAL KING WHEN HE GETS HOME AND YOU'RE GONNA BE IN BIG TROUBLE!!!

THIS JOB IS A NIGHTMARE.



I CAN'T BELIEVE I ACTUALLY FEEL BAD FOR DEADPOOL. THIS IS EXHAUSTING AND HORRIBLE.



YES, GOOD CITIZEN. HOW CAN THE CROWN HELP YOU TODAY?



YES. UM...I WAS WALKING THROUGH THE WOODS YESTERDAY JUST BEFORE DAWN AND I SAW... SOMETHING.



I'M AFRAID YOU'LL HAVE TO ELABORATE ON "SOMETHING," GOOD CITIZEN.



UM...I AM PRETTY SURE IT WAS A MEMBER OF THE DEO MONSTRI CULT.



WHAT?!

BACK INSIDE THE BONE BEAST DIMENSION.

I GOT LOTS  
OF WEAPONS  
AND NO WAITING,  
S#@%&@#!

AND YOU'RE  
LUCKY I'M ON THE  
CLOCK BECAUSE I'M  
FEELING EXTRA  
VENGEANCE-Y!

GAH. RIGHT  
IN THE CHEST.  
ATE A HOLE RIGHT IN MY  
DAMN CHEST! CURSE  
ME FOR BEING SO  
DELICIOUS!

I DON'T  
CARE HOW MANY  
TEETH YOU  
HAVE...

...OR HOW  
WEIRD YOU ARE,  
AND USUALLY I LIKE  
WEIRD, IT'S WHERE I'M  
MOST COMFORTABLE,  
BUT YOU'VE MADE IT  
IMPOSSIBLE TO BE ON  
YOUR SIDE. YOUR  
SIDE SUCKS!









OH YEAH, THAT'S THE GOOD STUFF. I MEAN...THE INFECTION SUCKS, BUT THESE SUPER-POWERS ARE SERIOUS BUSINESS.

SO I HOPE YOU BROUGHT MORE THAN THESE BROKEN-DOWN MINIONS I ALREADY TORE UP, LADY, 'CUZ YOU'LL NEED AN ARMY TO GET TO HER.

AN ARMY?

OH S#@@.

NO PROBLEM.

ALL YOU GOT IS PROBLEMS, LADY!

AND YOUR PROBLEMS ARE ALL CALLED DEADPOOL!

NEXT:  
HOW DEEP IS YOUR LOVE...

2020 SOTO!



IT'S NEARING THE END OF SUMMER ON NU-MONSTATEN ISLAND AND I'VE GOT A COUPLE OF MINUTES WHILE I'M OUT HERE DOING SOME NUDE SUNBATHING IN GREAT KILLS PARK—WHERE I'VE ALSO ERECTED SOME MONUMENTS TO ALL THE GREAT KILLS I'VE HAD IN MY CAREER, SINCE THE NAME WAS JUST SITTING THERE—SO I FIGURED PAPA'S GONNA ANSWER SOME MAIL! SO LET'S GET TO IT!

(P.S. I'M PAPA.)

HI DAD PLS COME HOME

FROM YOUR ITALIAN SON

INSTANTLY REGRETTING THAT "PAPA" BIT IN THE INTRO. LISTEN, KID, I THINK YOUR MOM MIGHT BE LYING TO YOU. I DON'T HAVE ANY CHILDREN. CHILDREN ARE A PRETTY BIG DEAL, AND I THINK I'D REMEMBER HAVING A KID. YEP, I DEFINITELY CAN'T IMAGINE ANY WAY I WOULDN'T KNOW I HAVE A CHILD, SO YOU MUST BE WRONG. DROWN YOUR FATHERLESS SORROWS IN BEAUTIFUL ARCHITECTURE AND SOME OF THE BEST FOOD IN THE WORLD (SECOND ONLY TO TEX-MEX).

HI DP.

WOW! I JUST FINISHED ISSUE #5 AND I THINK WE ARE STARTING TO SEE A RELATIONSHIP (OR MAYBE A HOOKUP IDK) BLOOMING WITH ELSA AND THE KING HIMSELF. AN INTERESTING DYNAMIC TO SAY THE LEAST, BUT I AM SURE IT WILL ALSO END UP BEING A POTENTIAL DISASTER. IN ANY EVENT, WHAT'S WITH POP CULTURE LATELY AND HAVING STATEN ISLAND BEING THE SETTING? YOU GUYS ARE DOING IT, SHOWS LIKE *WHAT WE DO IN THE SHADOWS* AND THAT PETE DAVIDSON BIO-PIC THAT CAME OUT ALL TAKE PLACE IN "THE SI." THE PLACE ISN'T COOL AND THE REST OF NEW YORK MAKES FUN OF IT. SO, LIKE, WHAT'S UP WITH THAT? ALSO MORE JEFF THE SHARK, PLEASE!

PATRICK

WELL, SHE SOLD ME OUT TO A GIANT BONE-EATING MONSTER, SO MAYBE HOLD OFF ON ORDERING THAT

FONDUE SET OFF THE REGISTRY, PATRICK. I WAS ABOUT TO GET ANGRY AT YOU FOR DUMPING ON STATEN ISLAND, SECRET CHAMPION OF THE FIVE BOROUGHS, BUT THEN YOU HYPED JEFF, AND IN THIS HOUSE WE STAN A JEFF STAN, SO ALL IS FORGIVEN. BUT YOU KNOW WHAT, JUST TO BE SURE MAYBE YOU SHOULD GO AHEAD AND GET THAT FONDUE SET.

DEAR KING DEADPOOL,

WHY DO YOU SWEAR SO MUCH?

CAMDEN HARDING

LACK OF PROPER ROLE MODELS IN MY YOUTH.

HEY KING DEADPOOL. CAN YOU SAY HI TO MY CAT? HE'S A BIG FAN.

TYLER

CAT, THANK YOU FOR BEING A FAN. IF ONLY YOU HAD AS EXCELLENT TASTE IN OWNERS AS YOU DO IN COMIC BOOK ANTIHEROES.

KING DEADPOOL!

SPEAKING OF WU TANG, HERE'S SOME LYRICS I ROUSTED OUT THIS MORNING:

I SMOKE ON THE MIC LIKE "SMOKIN' JOE" FRAZIER  
THE HELL-RAISER, RAISIN' HELL WITH THE FLAVOR  
TERRORIZE THE JAM LIKE TROOPS IN PAKISTAN  
SWINGIN' THROUGH YOUR TOWN LIKE YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD SPIDER-MAN

SO DO YOU NOTICE ANYTHING MISSING HERE? YOU, THAT'S WHO. HOW DID SPIDEY GET SOME SPACE AND YOU GOT NONE?

I NOMINATE MYSELF TO BE YOUR MINISTER OF DISINFORMATION AND I WILL RETROACTIVELY GET YOU INTO SOME WU TANG SONGS.

WORD.

RABBI STEVEN LEBOW  
RABBI EMERITUS

OH, I'M IN THERE, RABBI. WHO DO YOU THINK INSPECTAH DECK WAS TELLING PEOPLE TO PROTECT THEIR NECKS FROM?

HAIL KINGPOOL!

I BRING NEWS FROM KRAKOA. THEY ARE MAD YOU CHOOSE TO REFUSE ADMITTANCE TO MUTANTS IN YOUR NU-STATEN ISLAND. WELL, JUST MS. FROST, IT WOULD SEEM. THE REST HAVE...UM...GIVEN YOU...UH..."THE BIRD," SIRE. I MYSELF BELIEVE YOU

ARE JUSTIFIED IN YOUR DECISION. I ALSO AGREE WITH YOUR GRACE THAT JEFFREY THE FIRST OF HIS NAME OF THE FORMER STATEN ISLAND SHOULD REMAIN WITH YOUR GRACE, THOUGH I WAS UNDER THE IMPRESSION MS. GWENDOLYN POOLE CURRENTLY RESIDES ON KRAKOA (TAKING A VACAY, PERHAPS?).

ALL HAIL KINGPOOL! LONG MAY HE REIGN!

SIGNED,  
SER PHILIP OF HOUSE ORIHUELA,  
SECOND OF HIS NAME,  
LORD OF YOUNGWOOD,  
WARDEN OF THE WEST

P.S. SHALL I INFORM THE X-MEN TO [FILL IN THE BLANK]?

PHILIP, THOSE MUTANTS HAVE TELEPORTERS AND JETS AND MAGIC FLOWERS, AND ALSO THEY ARE HUGE JERKS. IF THEY WANT TO COME TO NU-STAT THAT SIGN ISN'T GOING TO STOP THEM. DOESN'T MEAN I HAVE TO LIKE IT, THOUGH. ALSO, I STILL HAVE A BOOK AND GWEN DOESN'T, SO I KEEP JEFF. THAT'S THE DEAL. AND YES, PLEASE DO INFORM THE X-MEN TO FILL IN THEIR BLANKS. FILL THEIR BLANKS ALL THE WAY UP.

YOUR ROYAL MERCNESS.

CONGRATS ON DEFEATING KRAVEN! YOU MUST BE A TRULY GOOD KING TO DEFEAT SUCH A VILLAIN! BUT I HAVE A CHALLENGE FOR YOU: KILL VENOM, A.K.A. EDDIE BROCK. I DOUBT YOU CAN BECAUSE MARVEL MOST LIKELY HAS PLANS FOR EDDIE. YOU ARE MY SECOND FAVORITE SUPER HERO AFTER VENOM, LET'S SEE IF YOU CAN TOP HIM AND BECOME NUMBER ONE. ALSO, LET'S SEE HOW CANON THIS LETTER IS SO I CAN TELL YOU THE FOLLOWING.  
~~YOU HAVE A DAUGHTER NAMED ELEANOR CAMACHO~~ YOU FORGOT HER WHEN YOU MIND-WIPED YOURSELF! YOU EVEN RAN INTO HER WHEN YOU WENT TO WEASEL WORLD! I HOPE THIS NEWS FINDS YOU IN GOOD HANDS.

FINLEY B.

HUH, THAT'S WEIRD, HOW DOES AN EMAIL GET SMUDGED? OH WELL, I'M SURE IT WASN'T ANYTHING IMPORTANT. AS FOR TAKING OUT VENOM, FINLEY, YOU THINK I WANT TO PUT UP WITH ALL THE INEVITABLE, INSUFFERABLE TWEETS I'D GET FROM DONNY AND RYAN? HARD PASS.

WHERE DO I START WITH YOU, WADE? I REMEMBER YOUR VERY FIRST ISSUE (WITH YOUR MESSED-UP FEET AND HANDS, EXCESSIVE

POUCHES AND ALL)—THEN ONTO YOUR FEATURE FILMS STARRING THAT GUY FROM TWO GUYS, A GIRL AND A PIZZA PLACE. AS I SIT HERE AND WATCH YOUR SECOND FILM FOR THE 174TH TIME IT'S BEEN ON LATELY, I CAN'T HELP BUT THINK TO YOUR CURRENT KINGSHIP AND WHAT AN ABSOLUTE SHAM IT IS! BEING A KING SOUNDS COOL—BUT CLEARLY YOU'RE NOT HAVING THE BEST TIME WITH KRAVEN MESSING YOU UP. ELSA BLOODSTONE IS A NICE TOUCH THOUGH. ANYWAY—it seems to me like this whole MONSTER ISLAND plot is really just a thinly veiled shield to hide the true crime here—JONATHAN HICKMAN HATES YOU!!! MR. HICKMAN IS DOING INCREDIBLE THINGS FOR ALL MUTANTS RIGHT NOW, EVERY SINGLE ONE OF THEM EXCEPT ONE—a certain KING (it's you, WADE). YOU'RE BEING MESSED WITH MORE THAN A CERTAIN BLUE GUY IN ANOTHER UNIVERSE's REALLY, REALLY WEIRD STORY CHOICES. YOU BELONG ON KRAKOA! MONSTERS ARE COOL AND ALL (BÜN-BÜN NEEDS HIS OWN SPOT IN THE MCU AND DEFINITELY AN ACTION FIGURE), BUT YOU SHOULD BE PALING AROUND WITH X-FORCE, MAYBE START HANGING OUT WITH MR. SINISTER, HE SEEMS LIKE A SWEETHEART. OR JOIN THE MARAUDERS AND WORK UNDER EMMA FROST—SIGN ME UP! BOTTOM LINE: YOU NEED TO MAKE NICE WITH MR. HICKMAN, WIPE UP WHATEVER MESS YOU MADE, CALL IN A FAVOR FROM CABLE TO PUT IN A GOOD WORD FOR YOU, WHATEVER YOU'VE GOTTA DO, WADE! IT'S LIKE A NEVER-ENDING MUTANT PARTY BEING THROWN BY MOST OF THE COOLEST MUTANTS AROUND! DID YOU KNOW IT'S A LAW THERE THAT EVERYONE HAS TO GET LAID? PRETTY SURE CHARLES HAD YOU IN MIND WHEN HE DREW UP THE PLANS FOR KRAKOA AND YOU'RE MISSING THE PARTY.

HAIL TO THE KING, BABY!  
PATRICK (FATHER OF LOGAN)

P.S. IF IT DOESN'T WORK OUT ON KRAKOA, WHY DON'T YOU GO SEE IF MR. EWING WILL LET YOU PLAY WITH THE HULK. HE'S GOT A SECRET SHADOW BASE AND HIS OWN COVERT TEAM, YOU COULD REALLY SHINE THERE! PLUS, WHO DOESN'T LOVE RED AND GREEN TOGETHER? IT'LL BE LIKE CHRISTMAS ALL YEAR LONG.

UNGH, THIS X-STUFF AGAIN? GO READ ISSUE #6 FOR A BAD TIME SO YOU CAN SEE WHY I'M NOT ON THEIR STUPID LITTLE ISLAND. PLUS, YOU KNOW, NOT A MUTANT. I JUST LIKE HANGING OUT WITH THEM. WELL. LIKED. ALSO, HATE TO BREAK IT TO YOU, BUT IF YOU KNOW ABOUT HULK'S SECRET BASE,

HOW SECRET CAN IT BE? PLUS, HULK SMELLS TERRIBLE, EVEN BY MY EXTREMELY LAX STANDARDS. A WHOLE HULK BASE? THAT'S LIKE LIVING IN A FLATULENT CORPSE'S UNDERPANTS. NO THANK YOU, I WILL NOT BE DOING THAT AGAIN.

KT AND KT'S EDITORS,

ALL HAIL KING 'POOL! AND PRINCE...JEFF? THIS DEADPOOL #6 HAD ALMOST EVERYTHING. GIANT WORD BALLOONS? CHECK. PLENTY OF X-MEN FROM ASSORTED DIFFERENT X-TEAMS? YEP. AND WADE AND JEFF ALONG WITH ELSA BLOODSTONE—THIS COULD BE THE SUPPORTING CAST THAT THE KING ALWAYS NEEDED! FRANKLY, WEASEL JUST DOESN'T CUT IT, NOT WITHOUT WEAPONS OR POWERS. WHAT ABOUT WADE'S DAUGHTER. YOU KNOW, WHAT'S HER NAME? FELICE OR SOMETHING? IS SHE GONNA BE ON MONSTER ISLAND, TOO...OR NU-STATEN ISLAND (I LIKE THE OTHER NAME BETTER)? IT HAD A GREAT COVER THIS ISSUE! KELLY THOMPSON SURE HAS A SENSE OF HUMOR—MAYBE SHE'S A FUTURE SPIDER-MAN WRITER? I ALSO WONDER, IN THIS CURRENT CLIMATE (OF PANDEMIC, CANCEL CULTURE, AND DELAYS), HOW MUCH LONGER THIS INCARNATION OF DP WILL LAST! YES...I'M WORRIED; THIS BOOK HAS DONE A COMPLETE TURNAROUND SINCE THE LACKLUSTER (SORRY) FIRST FEW ISSUES. MAYBE I MISSED AN ISSUE OR SO, BUT WHERE DID MONSTER ISLAND COME FROM, ALL OF A SUDDEN? WHY ISN'T MAN-THING THERE? ARMADILLO? IS HE NOT MONSTROUS ENOUGH? AND WHAT CONSTITUTES A "MARVEL MONSTER" ANYWAY? WHY CAN'T THE MONSTERS OF THE ISLE JUST GO LIVE UNDERGROUND IN THE OLD MORLOCK TUNNELS (THEY'RE ALREADY IN NEW YORK!)? WHY AM I RAMBLING? GOOD QUESTION!

CHEERS,  
ANDREW J. SHAW

MAN, ANDREW, I DUNNO, WOULD YOU JUST GO LIVE UNDERGROUND IN THE OLD MORLOCK TUNNELS? NO THANK YOU! THE ONLY PLACE THAT MIGHT ACTUALLY SMELL WORSE THAN A SECRET HULK BUNKER. AS FOR MONSTERS, THEY'RE LIKE A CERTAIN FAMOUS SUPREME COURT DECISION: I KNOW THEM WHEN I SEE THEM. I APPRECIATE YOUR KIND WORDS, WILL LIGHTLY SKIP PAST THE UNKIND WORDS, AND REFUSE TO ACKNOWLEDGE THESE "EDITORS" YOU SPEAK OF. ALSO, WHAT'S WITH ALL THE SMUDGING? THAT'S WEIRD. I'M SURE IT'S NOTHING.

GREETINGS KING DEADPOOL.

I HAVE A SUPER-IMPORTANT QUESTION THAT'S BOthering, like, the entire planet at the moment: WHEN WILL YOU GIVE JEFF BACK TO HIS PARENTS, GWEN POOLE AND QUENTIN QUIRE? HE NEEDS HIS PARENTS! LOOK, I GET IT, JEFF IS THE CUTEST CUTIE PIE OF ALL TIME AND EVERYONE WOULD LOVE TO BE HIS PARENT. AND ALSO YOU AND HE HAVE EXPERIENCED A LOT TOGETHER, SO OF COURSE HE'S GROWN ATTACHED TO YOU, AND I'M HAPPY THAT YOU PROTECT HIM SO WELL. BUT! JEFF IS A BABY LAND SHARK AND BABY LAND SHARKS NEED THEIR TRUE, LOVING PARENTS, AND WE ALL KNOW THAT'S GWEN AND QUENTIN.

ALSO GWEN PROBABLY NEEDS JEFF, BECAUSE HER NEXT SOLO RUN WILL BE A LOT MORE POPULAR IF SHE'S GOT JEFF WITH HER, AND I DON'T BELIEVE YOU WANT GWEN'S COMICS TO SELL BADLY SO SHE GETS CANCELED, RIGHT?

IN THE NAME OF THE ENTIRE PLANET: PLEASE THINK ABOUT THIS VERY IMPORTANT PROBLEM, YOUR MAJESTY.

WITH HUMBLE GRATITUDE,  
IRRIS THAYA (GERMANY)

AS MENTIONED EARLIER, IRRIS, GWEN GETS JEFF BACK WHEN SHE SHOWS THAT SHE IS A RESPONSIBLE COMIC BOOK SIDEKICK PARENT AND GETS AN ONGOING THAT PROVIDES ADEQUATE PLOT ARMOR FOR AMERICA'S FAVORITE GOOD BOY LAND SHARK.

WELL, I CAN FEEL THAT SPF STARTING TO WEAR A LITTLE THIN (TAN RESPONSIBLY, FOLKS!), SO IT'S BACK INSIDE FOR THIS LITTLE TOASTER STRUDEL. UNTIL NEXT TIME...

ALL HAIL ME,  
KINGPOOL



NEXT

#9



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."