

MARVEL COMICS

DEADPOOL

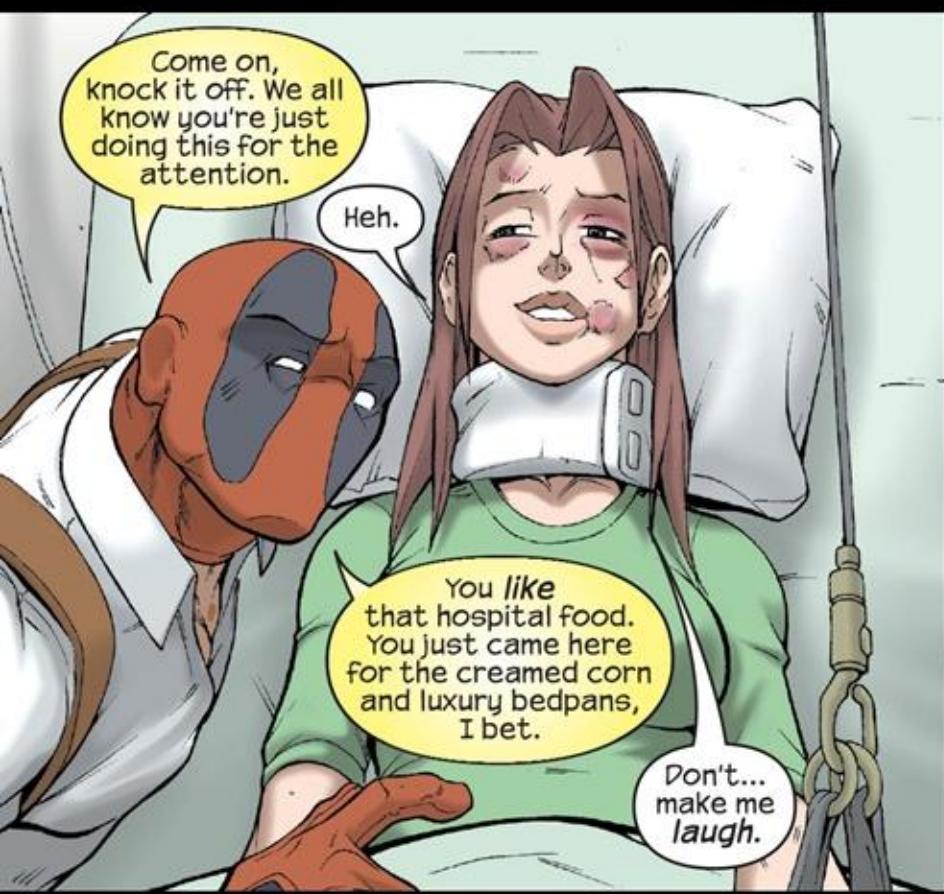
MARVEL

69

SIMONE
UDON







Sandi, I have to find this Black Swan guy who put this thing in my head. Maybe he can--I don't know--restore my hard drive or something.

Or maybe he'll just kill me. Either way, I can't stay. I'm sorry.

I know. I'll be okay. You go. I'm tougher than I look right now.

I'll stay a while, Wilson. I got time.

Okay. Good. But Sandi, before I go -- this "boyfriend" of yours...

I don't want Jerry killed.

But... look at what he...

I don't want his death on my conscience. Promise me, Mr. Wilson.

All right. You win. No killing.

Well, that's a fine how-do-you-do. Why not tell the birds not to sing? Why not tell beer not to be sudsy and flavorful?

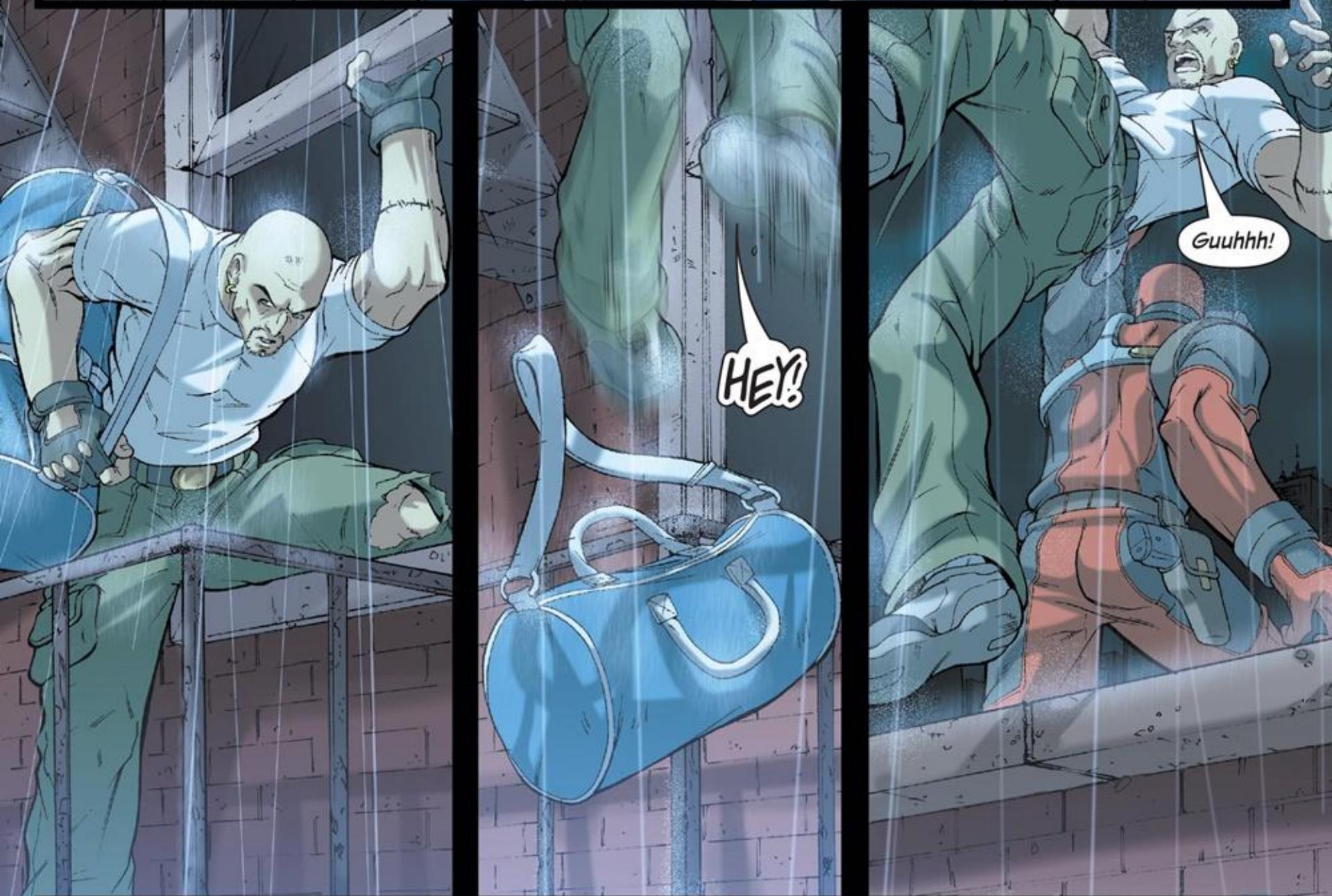
But I don't want to see him around again, either.

And that's all I'm going to say about that.

I'm tired. Sleep now.

Hey, Wilson...good luck, man.







Come on, dude, I was leaving. She'll never see me again. You don't need to...

Sooner or later, Jerry-- everybody pays.



Aw, come on, come on... I'll leave. I swear it.

Be quiet, Jerry.



You owe a bill here...



...and your credit is no good.

Much later...

I want you to understand something. You owe your life to Sandi. She's the only reason you're not a huge red clot right now.

urnnnhh...

Because I made a promise.

Damn it.

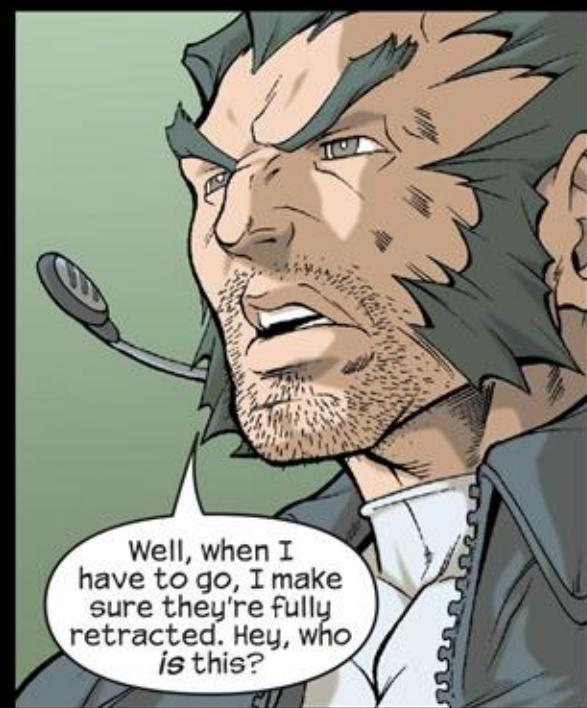
Urg.
-kaff-

That...
witch.

You know,
it's a funny
thing--

-- but I
didn't promise
her squat.

The offices
of DP, INC...



"And I'm sure we can provide a proper security detail, as well."

"But then, you forget my name and I never hear your voice again, agreed?"

Hey, you guys ever notice that the great bluesmen are always *sad*? Why don't they play some happy, *peppy* blues?

"I got the 'bout to get killed blues... Don't know how to play the harmonica, neither... But aren't soft kittens adorable? I say adorable! HAA! Say it again!"



Don't worry, General. I can pretty much guarantee that.

So long, jarheads-- Keep working on that hospitality thang!

Now, normally, I think parachutes are for *wussies*. But I brought some precious items all the way from America.

Pretty.

Yeah. It is, kinda.

The headache is coming back. I don't have much time.

I was gonna fix up *my* apartment like this-- add some turrets and a moat and stuff. But I been busy lately, you know how it is.

I'm in love with Katie Couric.

I absolve thee.



That gives me a refreshingly new set of options.

Hey, guys. Let's carpool!

Now, if you'd have been securely seat-belted, this wouldn't have happened at all.

Safe mutant dune bugging is no accident, says 'Pooley, the Safety Freak!

KRRRRR-THUNNNN!

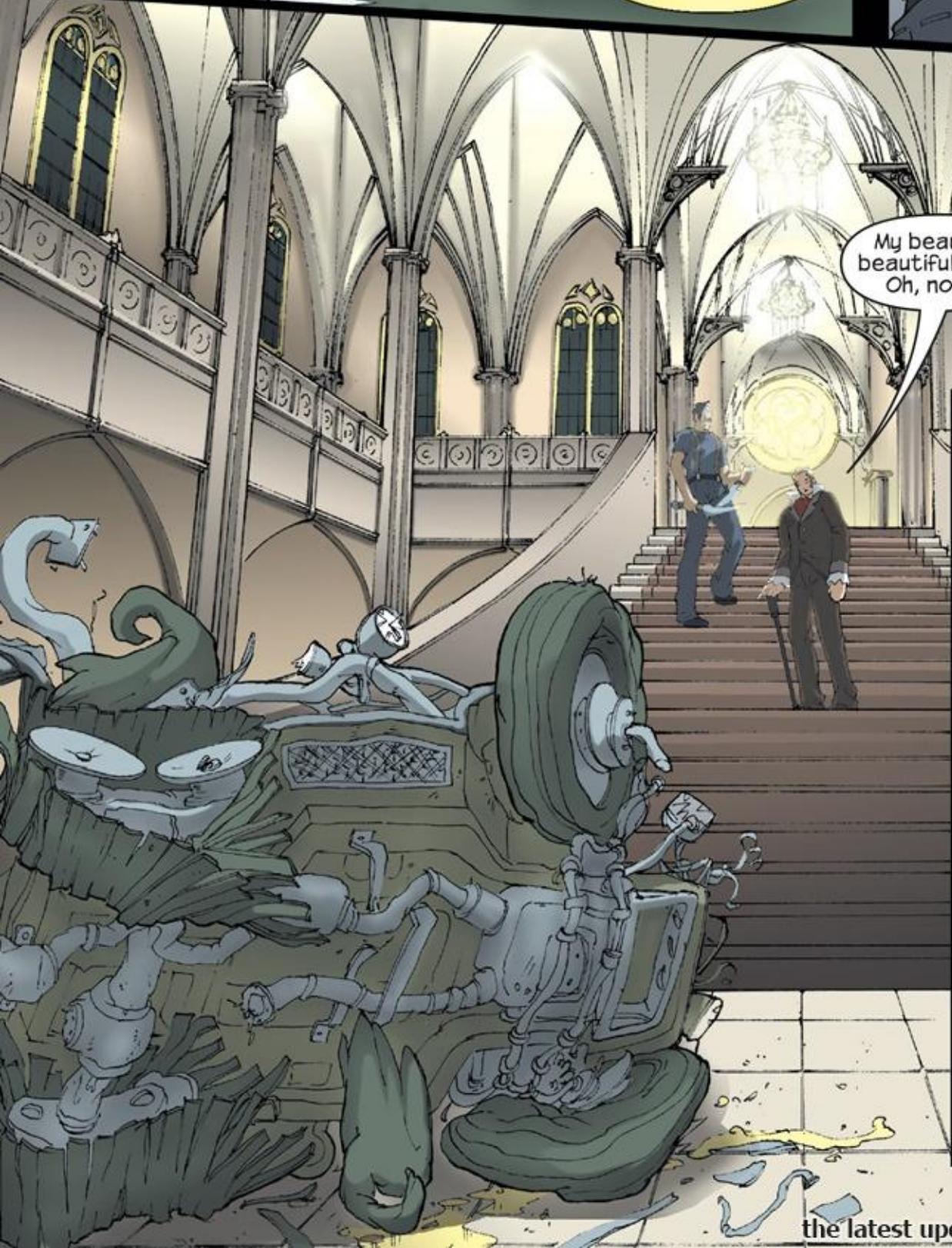
What...?

He's downstairs!

My beautiful, beautiful foyer. Oh, no. No.

He's in the castle. Come on, this way.

What? How do you know which way he...?





You...you've...
destroyed...

Near as I can figure it, here's what
happened: You put a virus in my brain...
it eats away at every memory I have,
eventually leaving me a twice-baked
potato with a drool problem and no
sharp objects allowed.

And you did
this *why*? Because
I shot the Four Winds,
and that was supposed
to be *your* hit,
correct?

You killed
my brother,
you son of
a...

Oh, Nijo,
Nijo...

...don't
be an
idiot.

I shot
the Four
Winds.
Mr. Wilson
shot a fruit
plate and a
butter
dish.

No, Mr. Wilson.
You were falling, glass
flying everywhere. You
couldn't have made
those shots.

But you ruined
what should have
been a fitting end
to my career. My
swan song, if
you will.

I'm uncertain how
you've kept what's left of
your mind still functioning
so far, Mr. Wilson. But
it ends now.

Wait.

I didn't
go through
customs. Don't
you want to
check my
bag?





You can't do that for me, can you?

And you're not going to give me the code to stop the detonation, are you?

I suppose I'll have to try to find it in that creaking Ferris wheel you call a mind, then.

En Garde, Herr Wilson.

No. His mind was just miswired. Your data has been erased permanently, and the virus has no antidote.

Nope. You made this bed, now blow up in it.

Yippee-ki-yay, peanut butter.

Up yours, Pirate Pete.

04:08

Give me the code, Wilson. If I defeat you, I may just get out of the castle in time--

--and that would be very unfortunate for your friends' futures.

He's distracting me... he's in my mind--I can feel him, digging around in there.

Guess... I'd better keep you here then, huh?

What a perfect time to find out that this guy is actually a great swordsman. Like I didn't hate him enough.

Maybe if my brain wasn't toasted lightly--but I can't beat him at swordplay. Not now.

Know who taught me this? Batroc the Leaper. Great guy, bad goatee. Bad outfit, too. Also smelly.

Uhnn...

Oops. You know, I told Ratbag not to pee there, but he just couldn't wait.
Bad Ratbag!
Bad!

Hey,
no one said stabbing was allowed!

Give me the code, you imbecile. The code!

Heh. Startin' to panic a little, Bird Boy?

His power's going haywire. I can think his thoughts, now...

You got...just under two minutes left, Swan. Know what I think?

I think it's a good thing I can play the harmonica one-handed. Let's have a hoedown!

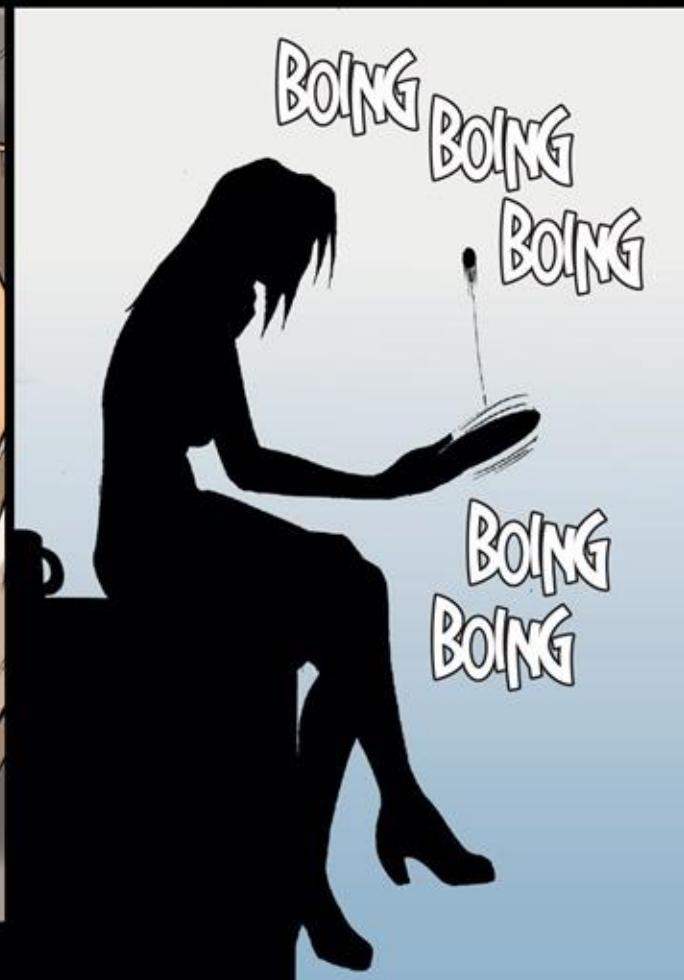
Swing your partner do-si-do
Marry your cousin, there you go! ♫

Come on,
Mr. Black--
You wanna be in my head so badly?

Okay, fine...



WELCOME
TO MY
NIGHTMARE!



Not so pretty, is it? Want a piece of news, Swan?

Guys like you make me retch. You don't mind killing as long as you put a doily on the corpse. And you know what else?

Bet you never expected this telepathy thing to be a two-way street. I see you, Swan. I know you now.

I know you're afraid. And it was this ignoble, ill-mannered, brain-sick commoner who got the best of you.

Goodbye, you insufferable snob.

Htt. Okay. The code. What was the code?

Oh, yeah. I wrote it on my hand so I wouldn't....

00:07

00:03

...forget. Uh-oh.

Heh. Ha.
HA HA.
Wrote it on my hand!

00:01



NOW
THAT'S
FUNNY!

WEARING FACTOR: FINALE

CHAPTER THREE

Story by
Gail Simone

Art by UDON with Arnold Tsang, Andrew Hou,
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Chief
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Dedicated to the creative teams who made Deadpool so messed-up and entertaining, and to the loyal readers who kept Wade going when Speedball only lasted about an issue and a half.

