

# DEADPOOL

POSEHN • DUGGAN • KOBELISH • STAPLES



SCIOLI

MARVEL

WAKANDAN  
VACATION!!!

AR

020

POSSIBLY THE WORLD'S MOST SKILLED MERCENARY, DEFINITELY THE WORLD'S MOST ANNOYING, WADE WILSON WAS CHOSEN FOR A TOP-SECRET GOVERNMENT PROGRAM THAT GAVE HIM A HEALING FACTOR ALLOWING HIM TO HEAL FROM ANY WOUND. NOW, WADE MAKES HIS WAY AS A GUN FOR HIRE, SHOOTING HIS PREY'S FACES OFF WHILE TALKING HIS FRIENDS' EARS OFF. CALL HIM THE MERC WITH THE MOUTH... CALL HIM THE REGENERATIN' DEGENERATE...CALL HIM...

# DEADPOOL!



## WAKANDAN VACATION!

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A FLASH AND TWO MEN IN SUITS  
EMERGE FROM ANOTHER PLACE  
AND TIME INTO THE MARVELOUS  
SWINGIN' SIXTIES. WHO ARE  
THESE HIGH-TONED TIME-HOPPERS?

WHERE ARE  
WE HEADING  
TO NOW, PAL? WE  
ALMOST GOT  
OFFED BY DER  
FUHRER.

YEAH, AND  
WE GOT TO MEET  
HITLER.

# CHAPTER ONE: OUT OF TIME

WAKANDA,  
AFRICA IN 1968!  
ULYSSES KLAW  
SAID THIS IS A GOOD  
PLACE FOR A VACATION!  
CABLE, MY FRIEND,  
LET'S SHAKE UP  
VIBRANIUM-TOWN!

PAL, I HAVE  
TO BREAK IT TO  
YOU. WE'RE QUIT,  
YOU AND I.



WOA NELLIE! WHO ARE THESE GUYS? THIS IS SOME KIND OF DONNYBROOK.

MY FACE!!!

HEY YOU CREEPS, I MIGHT HAVE A KILLER HEALING FACTOR, BUT I DON'T HAVE TRAVEL INSURANCE.

THE BEST DEFENSE IS A GOOD OFFENSE.

GZZZZTTTT

THE MERC KNOWN FOR THE SPICY MOUTH SERVED UP A PAINFUL DISH TO HIS MONSTROUS ENEMIES.



AND IN MY TRUSTED POSITION AS COSMIC MC, I HAVE ARRIVED AT THIS MOMENT SO THAT I MAY PRESENT TO YOU--

**THE RULER OF THE EARTH!**

DEADPOOL, TROUBLE IS AFOOT. YOU ALONE MUST FIND THREE OTHER COSMIC PUZZLE PIECES, AND THERE WILL BE OTHERS WHO WILL TRY AND TAKE THEM FIRST! I AM HERE TO TAKE YOUR MEASURE. INCH BY INCH, YOU WILL APPROACH THE FINISH LINE! AN OUNCE OF PREVENTION IS WORTH A POUND OF CURE...

I GET IT, YOU'RE "THE RULER" AND YOU MAKE MEASUREMENT JOKES. SAVE IT FOR THE BRICK WALL, HACK!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT.

THIS COSMIC DEVICE WILL HELP YOU FIND THE PIECES YOU NEED.

I LOVE PUZZLES. I USED TO EAT THEM WHEN I WAS LITTLE.

WOW, A TOTALLY COSMIC SLED. I'LL CALL IT SLEDPOOL.

GOOD LUCK! DON'T DIE!

GIVE 'EM HELL, DEVIL DINOSAUR!

## CHAPTER TWO: INTO THE SAVAGE LAND!

A PTERODACTYL ATTACK!

HOLY CRAP!!!

CRASH

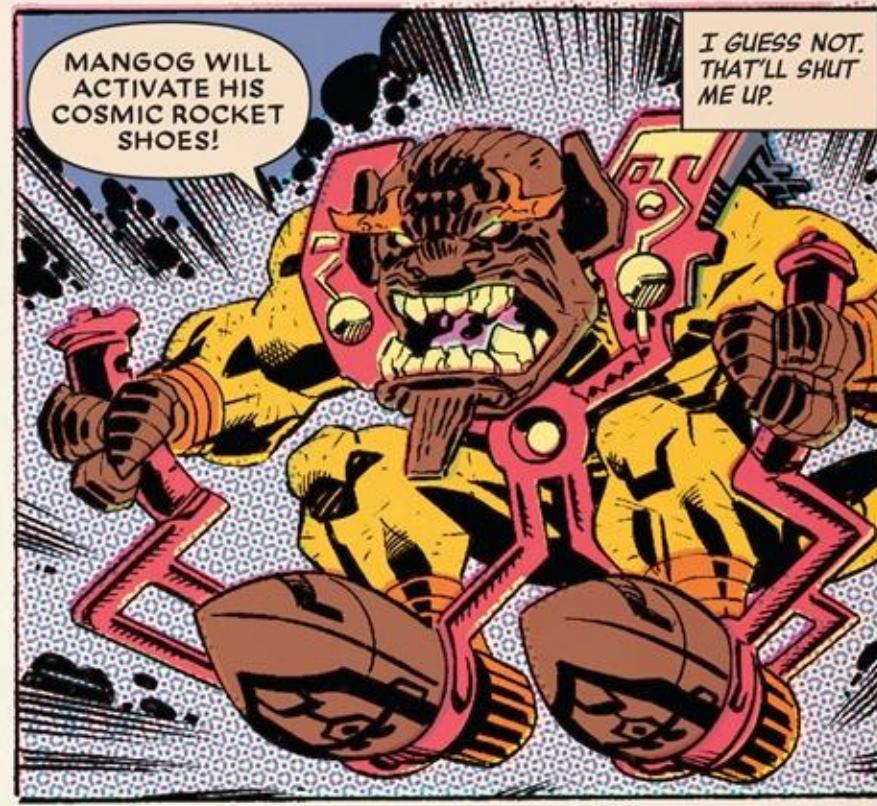
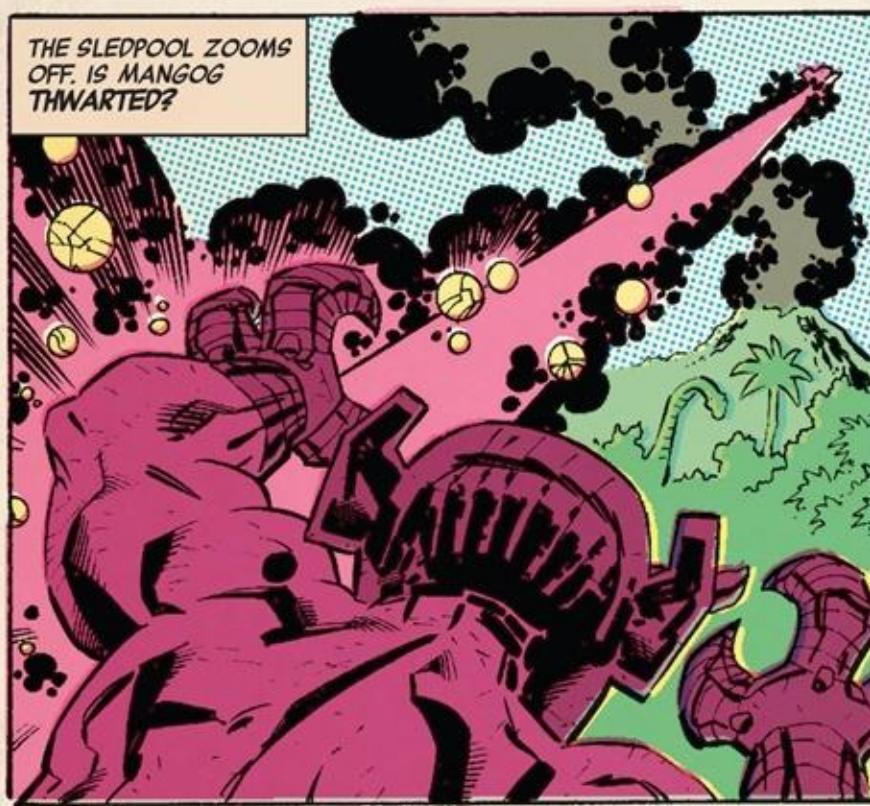
OUTMANEUVERED!

HI-HO, SLEDPOOL!!!

HMMMM, MY COSMIC THINGAMAJIG IS INDICATING THE NEXT PUZZLE PIECE IS DOWN THERE!

YUCK, ONE OF YOU GUYS HAS DINORRHEA.





UH-OH, LOOKS LIKE DEADPOOL INTERRUPTED THE THING'S QUIET TIME.

HEY, WHO WANTS A CLOBBERING? I'M WATCHING THE MOD SQUAD.\*

WHOOPSIE!

\*ED'S NOTE: THE MOD SQUAD WAS A POPULAR TV SHOW. TV WAS WHAT PEOPLE CALLED YOUTUBE IN 1968.

## CHAPTER THREE: THROUGH THE NEGATIVE ZONE!

AUNT PETUNIA'S SPICE RACK!!! YOU MADE ME DROP MY HOAGIE.

SORRY, BEN! I'M ON A MISSION TO MEASURE STUFF. LOOK OUT BEHIND YOU!

STEP ASIDE! MANGOG IS HERE TO DESTROY DEADPOOL AND PUNY ROCK MAN IN MY WAY. GODS HAVE FALLEN BEFORE MY MIGHTY FISTS.

WHAT A REVOLTIN' DEVELOPMENT!

THE LITTLE DEVICE THAT RULER OF THE EARTH GAVE DEADPOOL LEADS HIM INTO THE NEGATIVE ZONE LAB.

NICE LAB, RICHARDS. I SHOULD HIDE A DEUCE IN HERE.

I REALLY DON'T WANT TO GO INTO THE NEGATIVE ZONE...

DEADPOOL ENTERS  
THE DISTORTION  
ZONE!

...I HAVE A  
BAD FEELING  
ABOUT IT.

I GUESS  
I SHOULDN'T  
HAVE EATEN THAT  
BROWNIE THAT  
SAID "DON'T  
EAT."

DEADPOOL ENTERS  
THE COSMIC COLLAGE!  
I MEAN--THE NEGATIVE  
ZONE!

HEY, YOU  
WEIRDOS, I'M  
SENSING SOME  
NEGATIVITY.\*

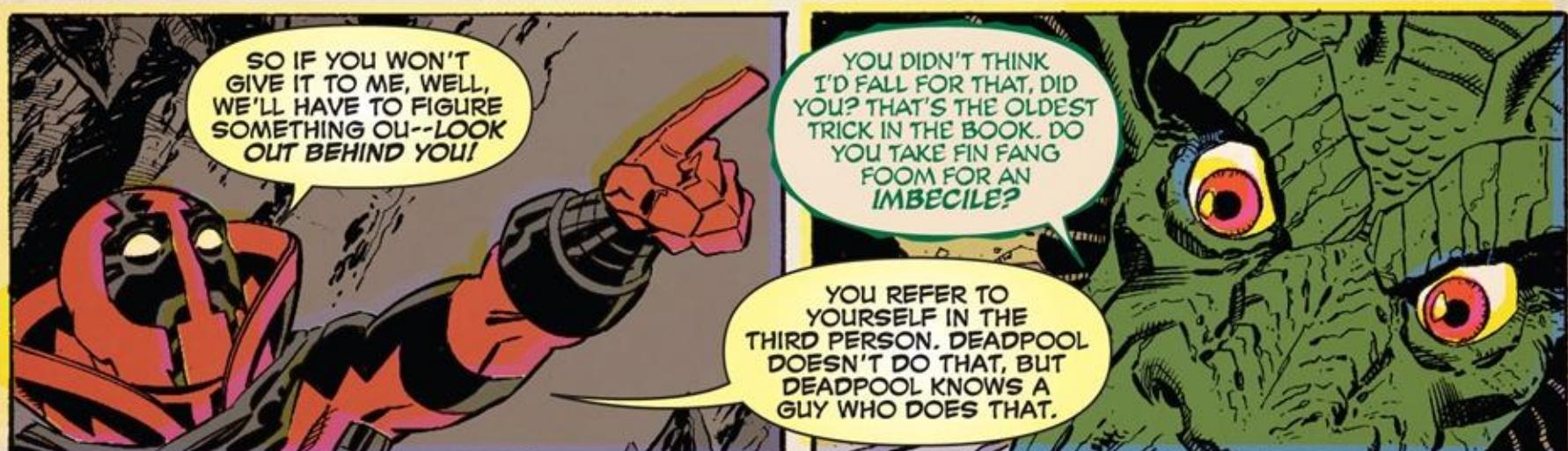
\*THESE CREATURES WERE  
FIRST INTRODUCED IN  
FF #56!

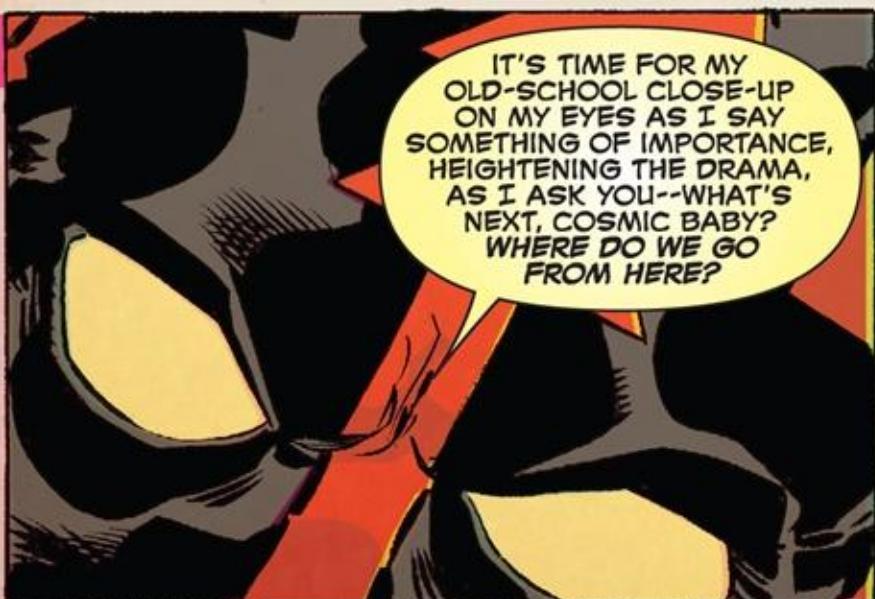
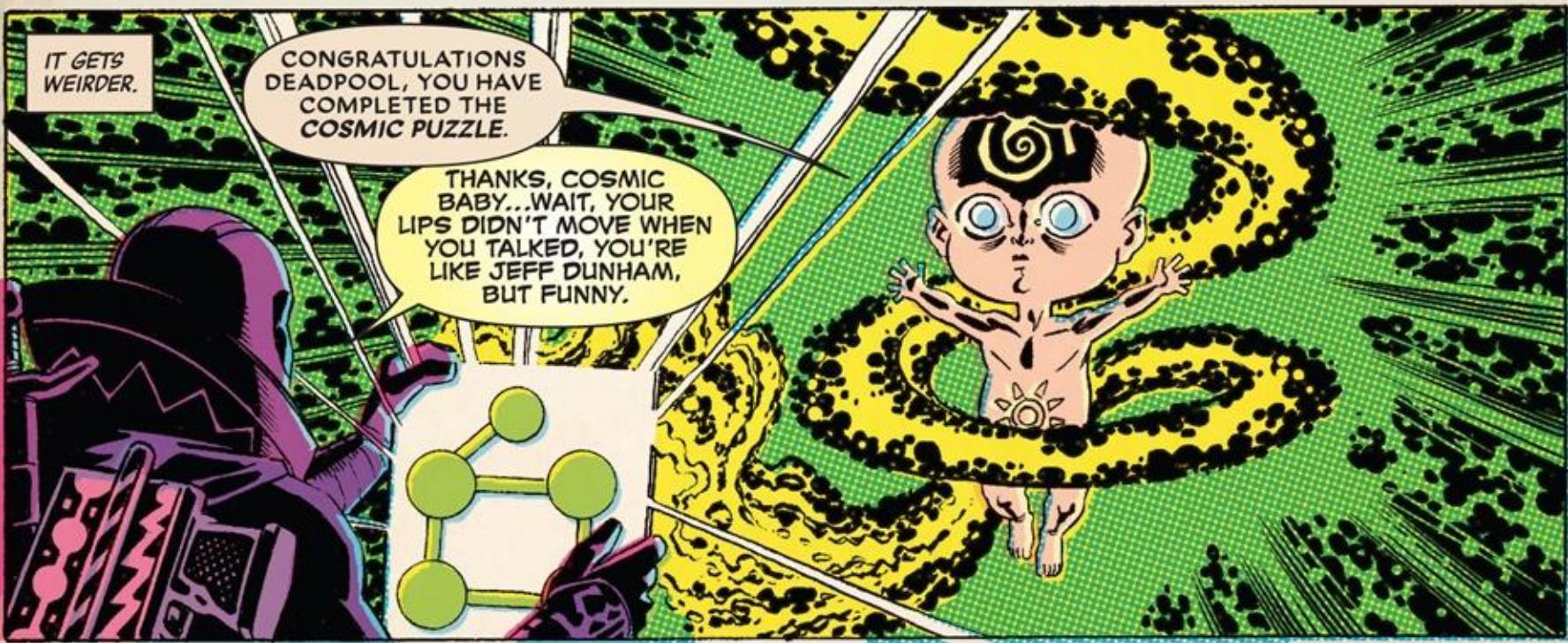
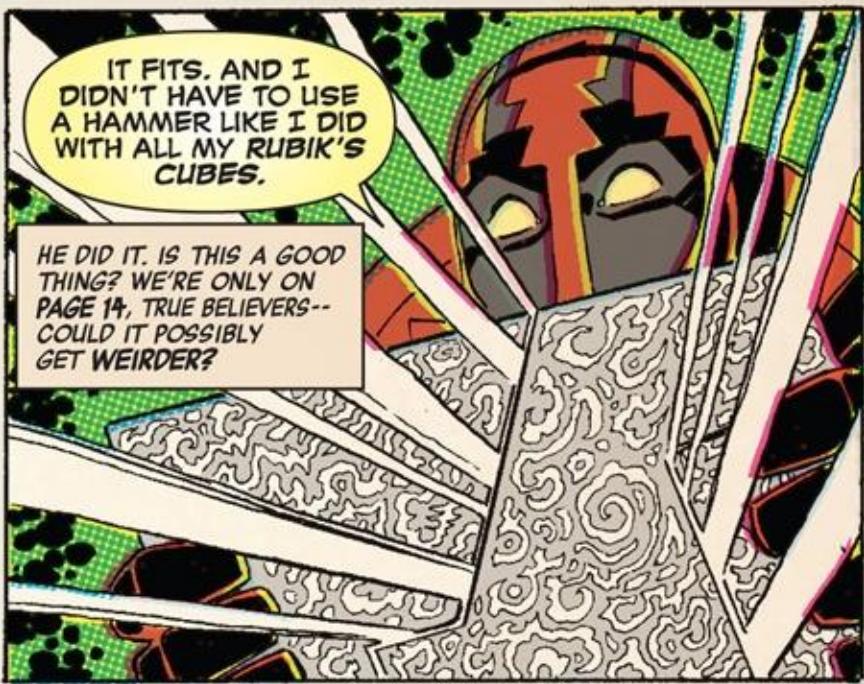
GET THEM,  
DEADPOOL!





# CHAPTER FOUR: INTO CHINA





## CHAPTER FIVE: TO EASTER ISLAND!



AS  
Page  
TURNS 4R



"HEY DRAGON, DOWN THE HATCH!!!"

TINY IRRITANTS,  
FIN FANG FOOM  
WILL DESTROY  
YOU WITH GREA...  
GULP!!!



## CHAPTER SIX: DOWN THE HATCH

**SKRATCH**  
**Fwsh**

DON'T WORRY,  
THIS ISN'T THE FIRST  
TIME I'VE BEEN INSIDE  
A TOPLESS DRAGON  
LADY.

NOW  
I'M MORE  
UPSET.

LOOKS LIKE THE SLEDPOOL  
IS FINISHED, NEVER TO RIDE  
AGAIN. CONSIGNED TO THE  
DUSTBIN OF HISTORY WITH  
THE SPIDER-MOBILE.

I HOPE  
THEY MAKE A  
TOY THOUGH,  
SOMEDAY.

WELL, NOW  
WHAT?--HOW DO  
WE GET OUT OF  
HERE?

SUDDENLY--  
ODIN!

WAYWARD  
DENIZENS! THE  
LION OF ASGARD  
IMPLORES YOU--  
COME WITH  
ME!

CAN YOU  
SEE THAT  
DUDE TOO?

WHY IS HE  
HOLDING A  
ROBOT TURKEY  
LEG?

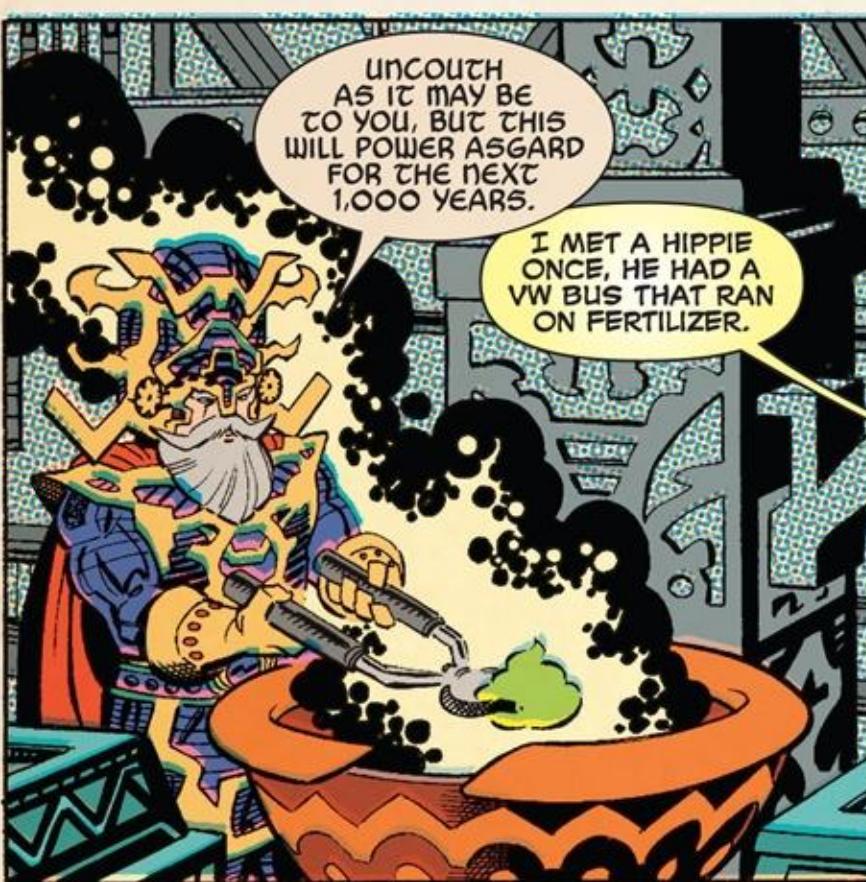
TO FAIR  
ASGARD!

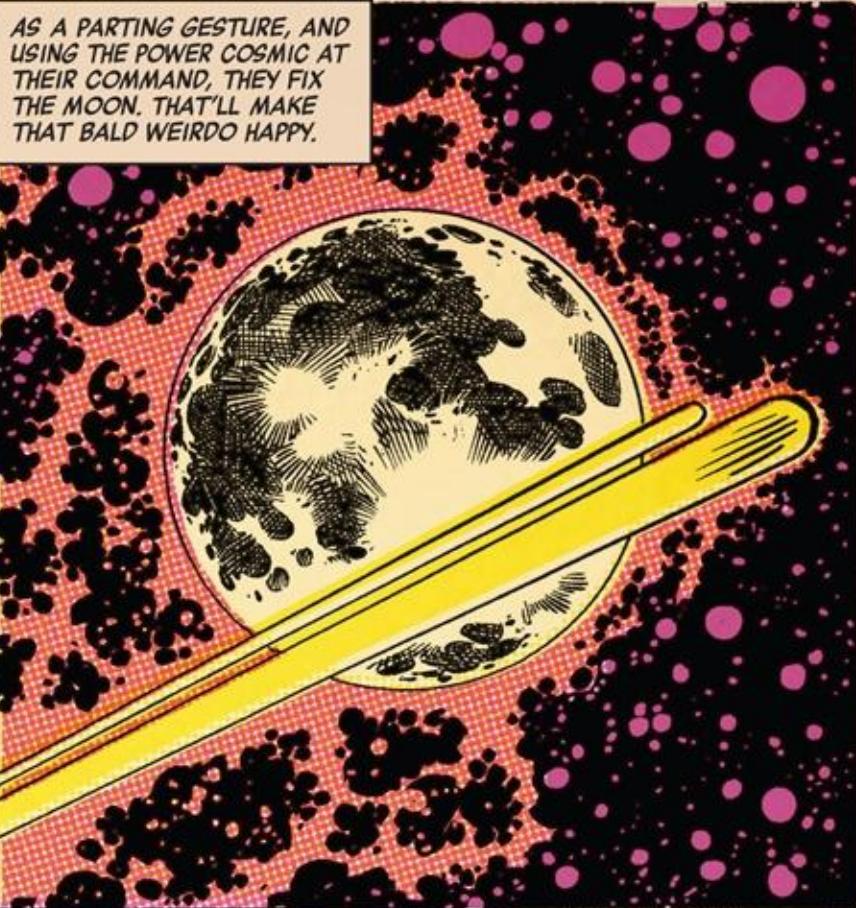
INTERGALACTIC!  
PLANETARY!

LONG HAS BEEN  
THE MEASURE OF  
YOUR TRAIL, MANY  
MILES HAVE YOU TROD,  
AND THUS ARE WE AT  
THE FINISH LINE.

MY HOME  
DESTROYED. MY  
PEZ COLLECTION,  
ALL GONE.

UGH.  
JUST GET THIS  
OVER WITH.





# DEAR DEADPOOL

c/o Marvel Comics  
135 W. 50th St  
New York, NY 10020

I'M NOT  
REALLY UP FOR  
A LETTERS  
PAGE RIGHT  
NOW...MAYBE  
NEXT ISSUE.