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COMICS



JAN  
#12

APPROVED  
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COMICS  
CODE  
AUG  
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FEATURING



The TERRACOTTA-HAIRED  
**T-RAY!**



The WHIMSICAL (NOT!)  
**WARPATH!**



The ZANY  
**ZOE!**

The TANTALIZING  
**TYPHODIUM!**

# DEADPOOL

DROWNING MAN

pt. 1



Can  
**SIRYN**  
SAVE  
**DEADPOOL**  
FROM  
*Himself?*

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## PROLOGUE:

'THE WORLD IS NOT SINGING TODAY.'

'COLD. SECRETIVE.  
FETID SILENCE.'

'I DON'T APPROVE. I  
AM A BUSY MAN WITH  
NO TIME FOR GAMES.'

'THE WORLD  
HOARDS HER  
MYSTERIES,  
BELIEVES THEM  
INVIOLENTE.'

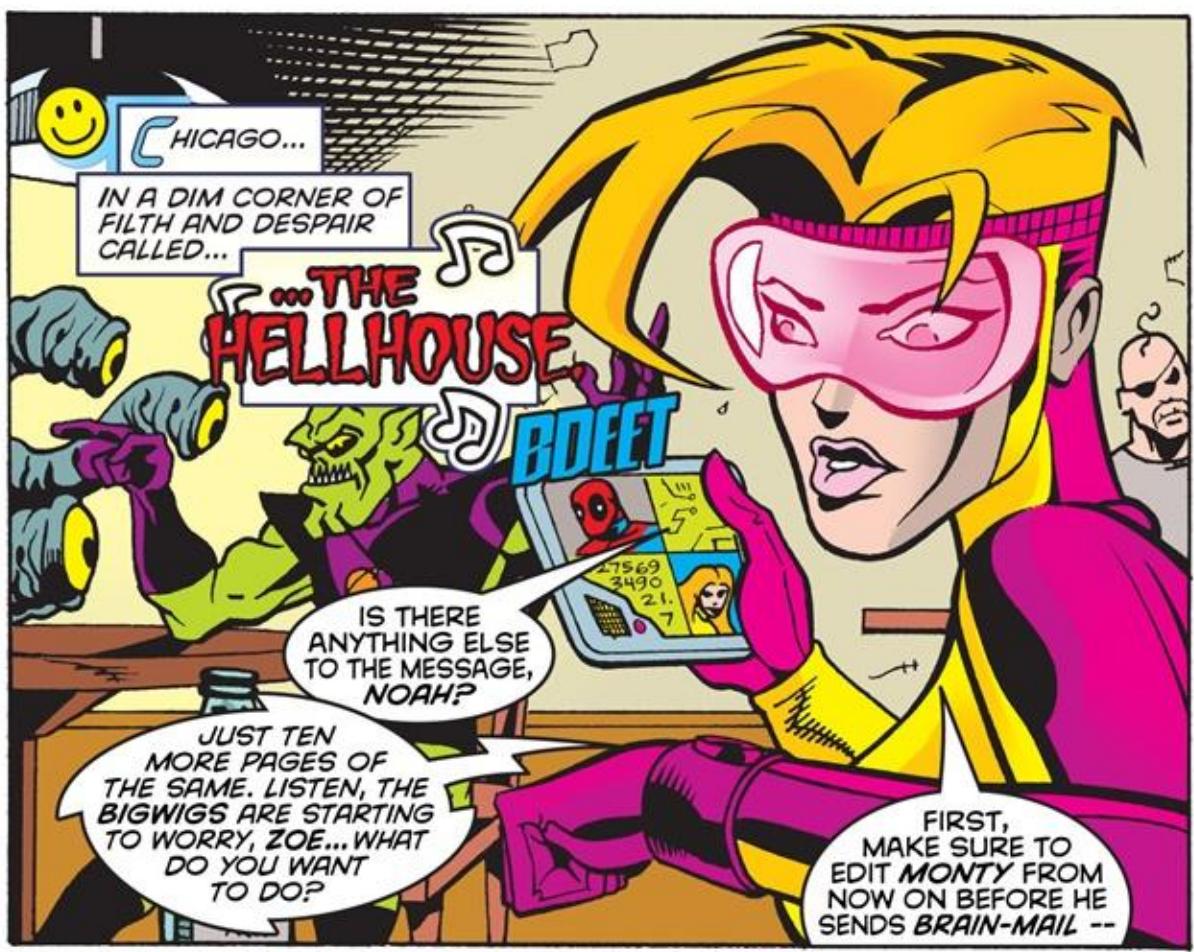
'PERHAPS TO THE  
LIVESTOCK THEY ARE...  
...BUT NOT TO ME.'

'I WILL MAKE THE  
WORLD SPEAK...  
...TEAR AT THE FLESH  
OF THE WORLD... FIND THE  
HEAT INSIDE... THE SMOKE.'

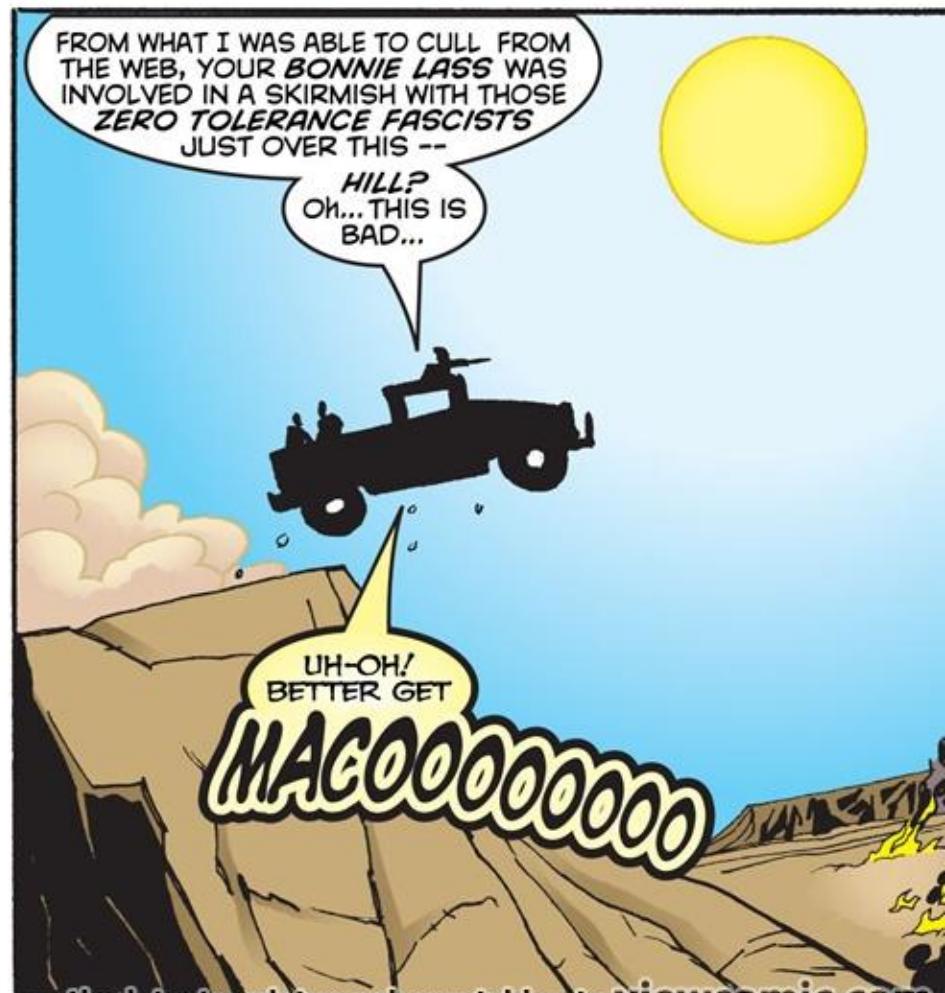
'DIVINATION...  
...WHAT THE WORLD  
SURRENDERS IN ITS  
DEFIANT SHRIEK...  
...IS MUSIC... SWEET  
SONG OF DYING.'

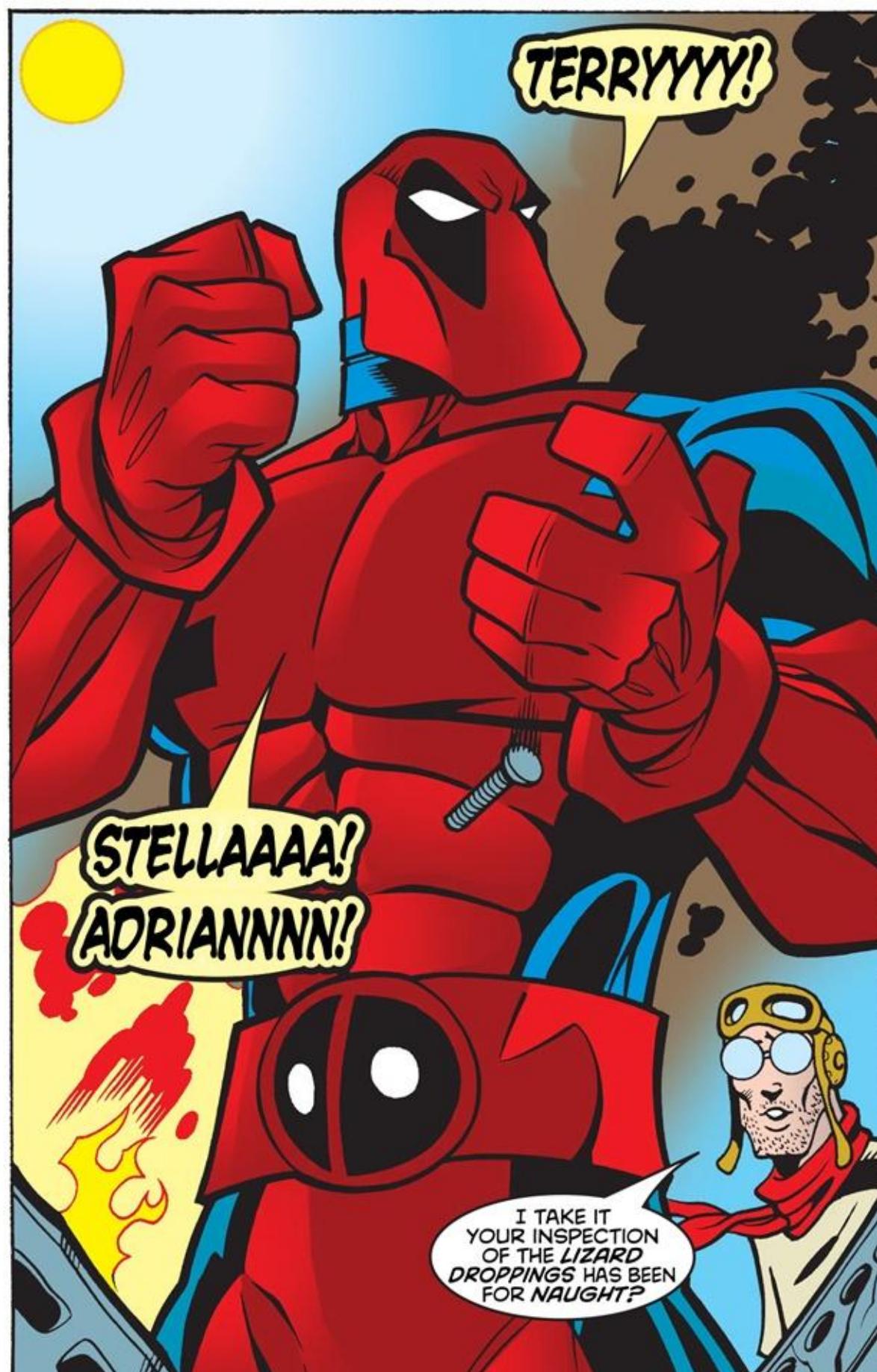
'A SONG FOR YOU,  
WADE WILSON...  
...IT'S TIME.'

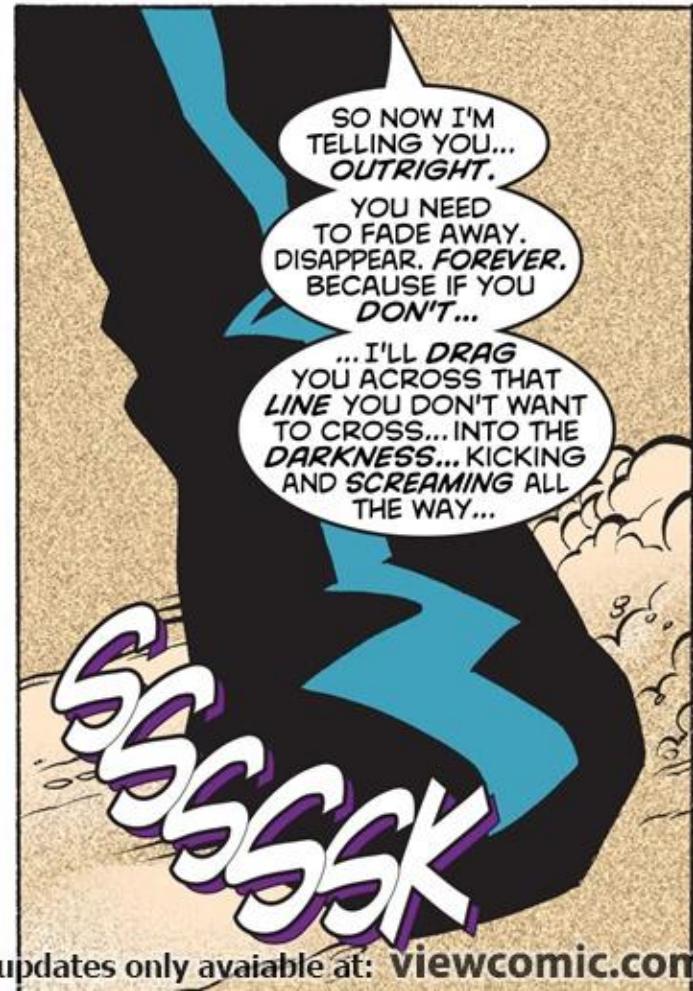
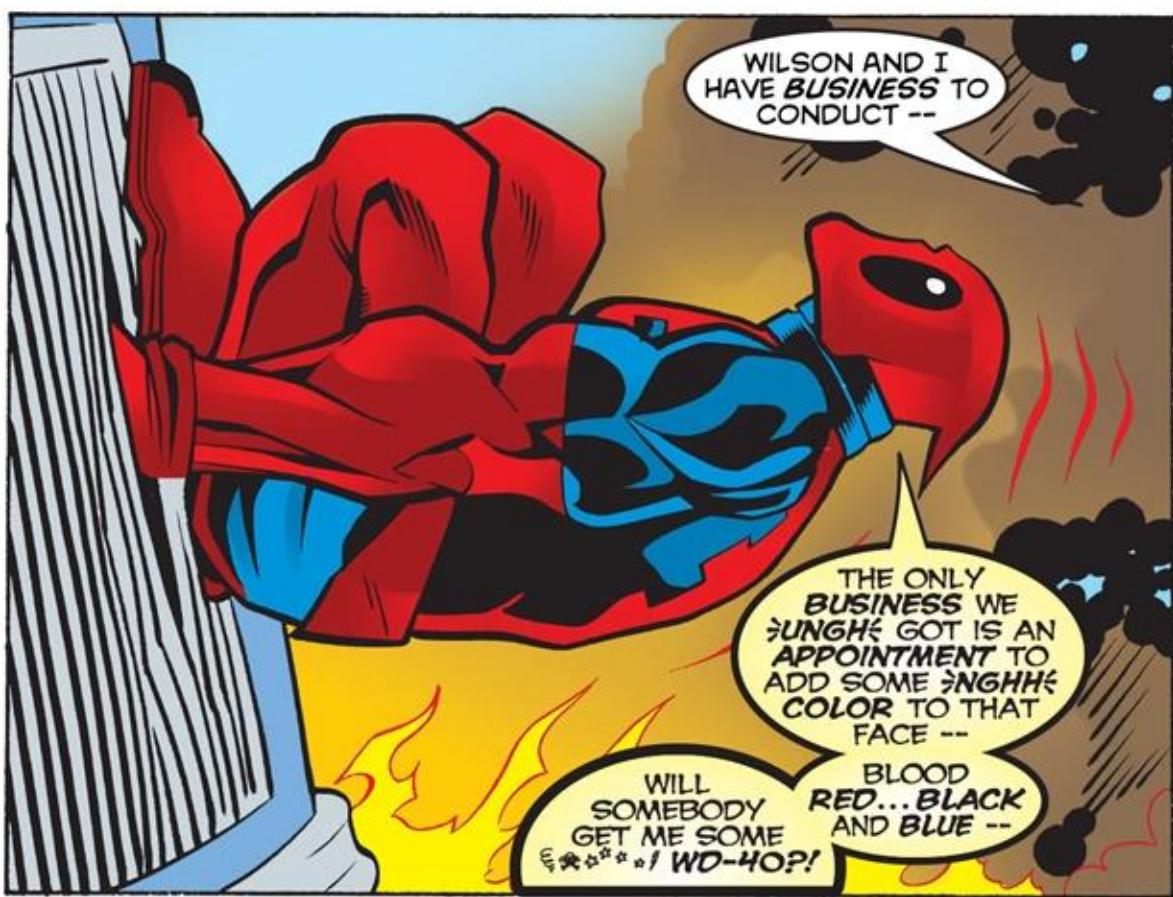
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I LET YOU GET AWAY WITH A LOT OF BALONEY, T-RAY, CAUSE MY GRAMMY ALWAYS TAUGHT ME TO BE KIND TO STUPID ANIMALS WHAT CAN'T HELP THEMSELVES...

...SHE ALSO TAUGHT ME TO OPEN BEER BOTTLES WITH MY TEETH... BUT THAT'S A DIFFERENT SPEECH...

...SO I'M GONNA GIVE YOU A CHANCE TO **DROP** THIS, NOW.

I GOT MORE IMPORTANT THINGS ON MY MIND RIGHT NOW THAN SMEARING YOUR WHITE-OUT HIDE WITH BLOOD --

LIKE WHAT, WILSON? MORE HERO GAMES? MORE TIME PRETENDING AT WHAT YOU'RE NOT?

YOUR DAY WITH TYPHOID SCARED YOU... DIDN'T IT? WOKE THAT PART YOU'VE TRIED TO PUT TO SLEEP --

-- AND YOU LIKED THE FEEL OF IT.

-- YOU BEEN READING DIANETICS AGAIN, T-BIRD? 'CAUSE I GOT NO IDEA WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT.

AND THAT IS WHY YOU'LL LOSE.

ENOUGH TALK, WADE... I'M CALLING YOUR BLUFF. TAKE ME OUT IF YOU CAN.

CROSS THE LINE.

FINE. YOUR FUNERAL, CASPER... CONSIDER THE LINE CROSSED --

?

UH... GEE... THAT LINE LOOKS A LOT CLOSER FROM ALL THE WAY OVER HERE...

COULDN'T **SNHHH** DRAW IT JUST A FEW **INCHES** OVER, COULD YOU, PUNK...

LIGAMENTS... **SAAHHE** STRETCHING PAST... CAPACITY... MUST... PROVE... MACHISMO...

UH-OH... SOMETHING JUST WENT "POP".

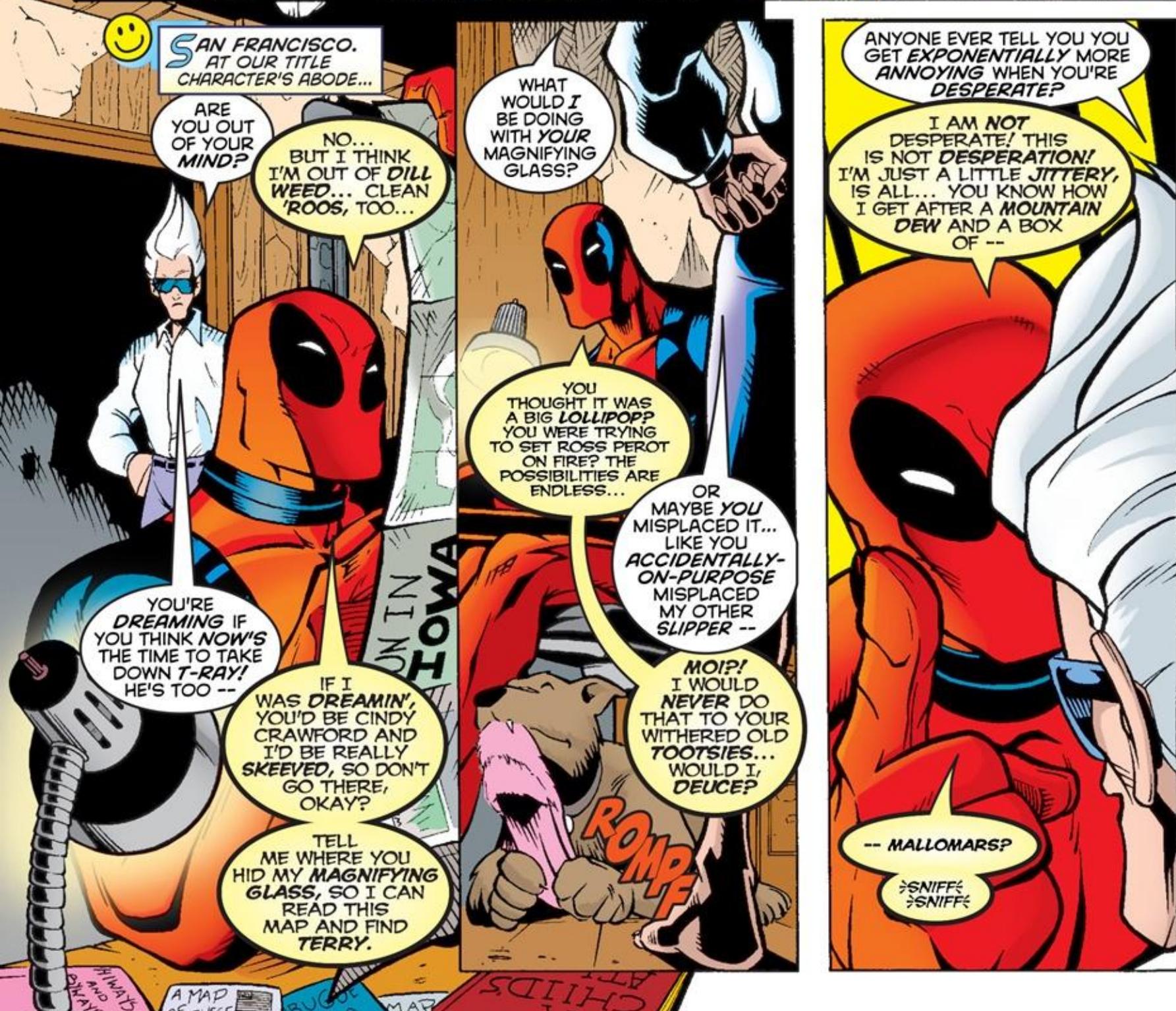
THERE!

HARDY-FLIPPIN'-HAR-HAR!

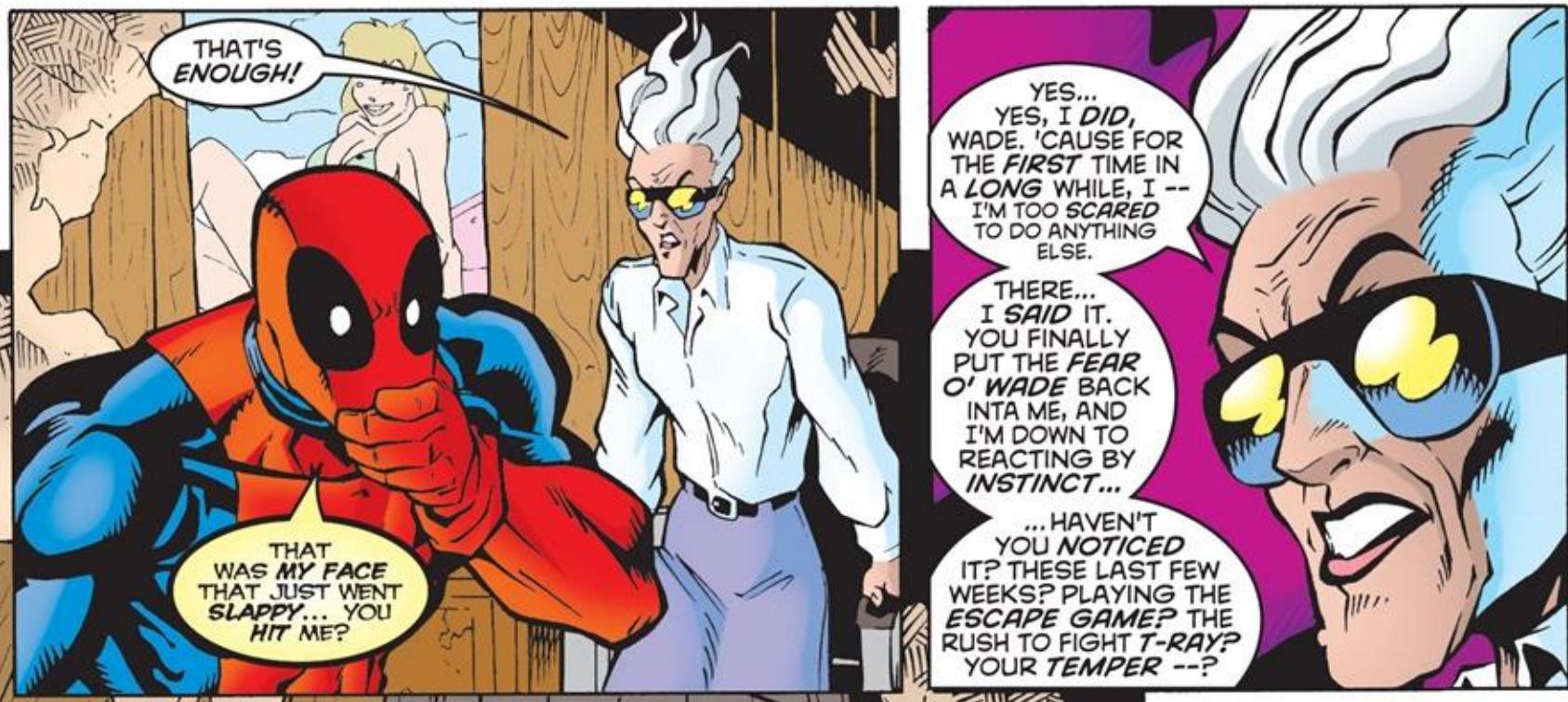












I'M... UH... GLAD... WE HAD THIS LITTLE CHAT.

YOU'RE ALL RIGHT FOR A BAG OF BONES, ALFRED... CONSIDER THAT SLAP FORGOTTEN.

BUT ON THE OFF CHANCE THAT YOUR COUNSELING THERE WAS A CLEVER PLOY TO DISTRACT ME FROM THE POSSIBILITY OF YOU HAVING COMPANY...

...I JUST WANT YOU TO REMEMBER WHAT HAPPENED THE LAST TIME YOU BROKE THE RULES.

RAIN NOR SLEET NOR DARK OF NIGHT MAY NOT STOP THE MAILMAN...

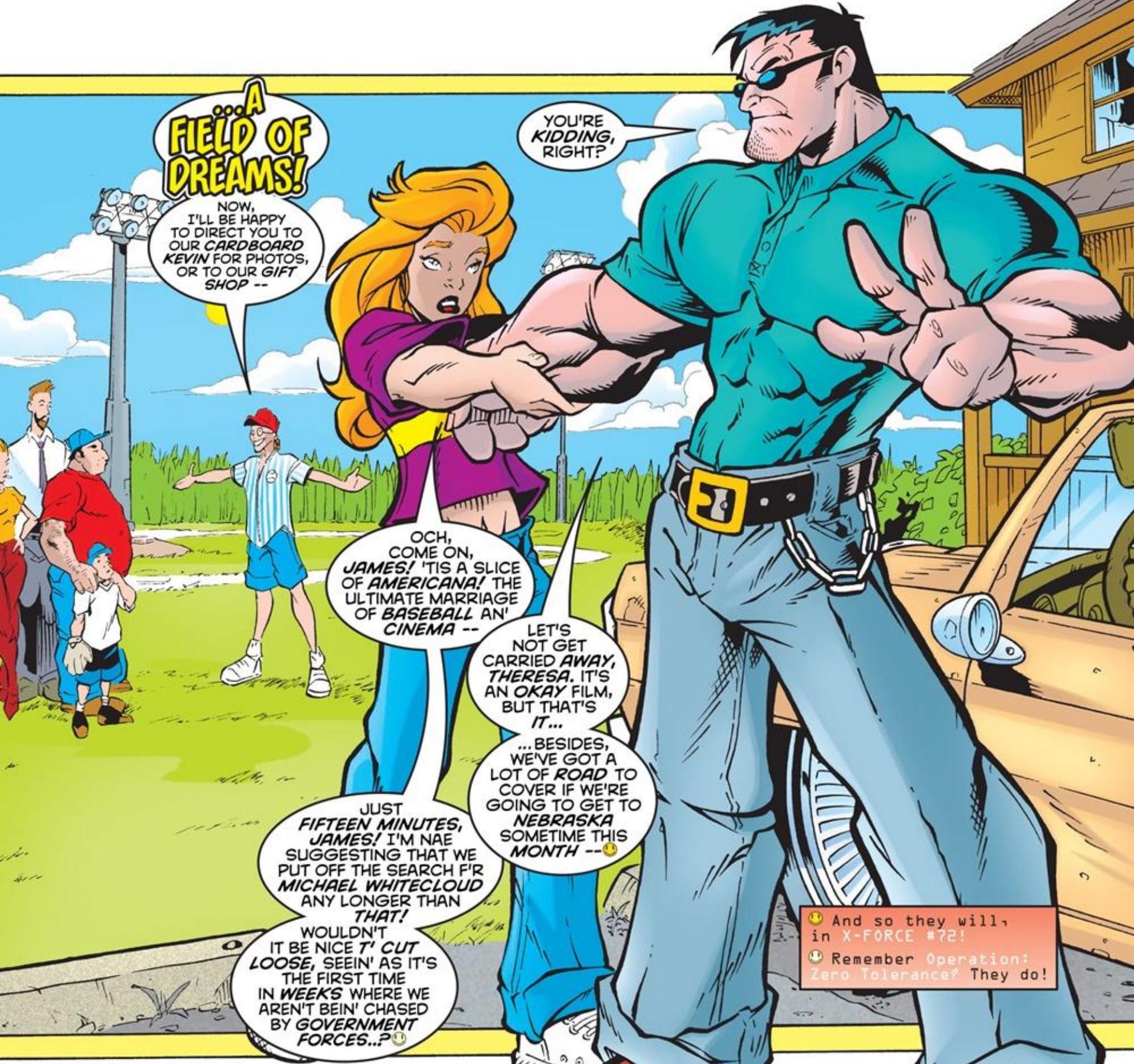
...BUT A COUPLE TWO-BY-FOURS AND A HANDFUL OF THREE PENNY-NAILS DO THE TRICK EVERY TIME.

DON'T THEY, CLIFF, OL' BOY?

LOCAL SUPPORT FOR THE PROJECT FINALLY GREW TO THE POINT WHERE NO ONE COULD IGNORE THE FACT...

...THAT WHAT STARTED AS A SIMPLE HOLLYWOOD SET, TRULY HAD BECOME...







TO







