

MARVEL®  
Comics



DEAD RECKONING PART 3

# DEADPOOL

A HERO AT LAST?

FEB  
#25

APPROVED  
BY THE  
COMICS  
CODE  
AUGUST  
1971



78  
W

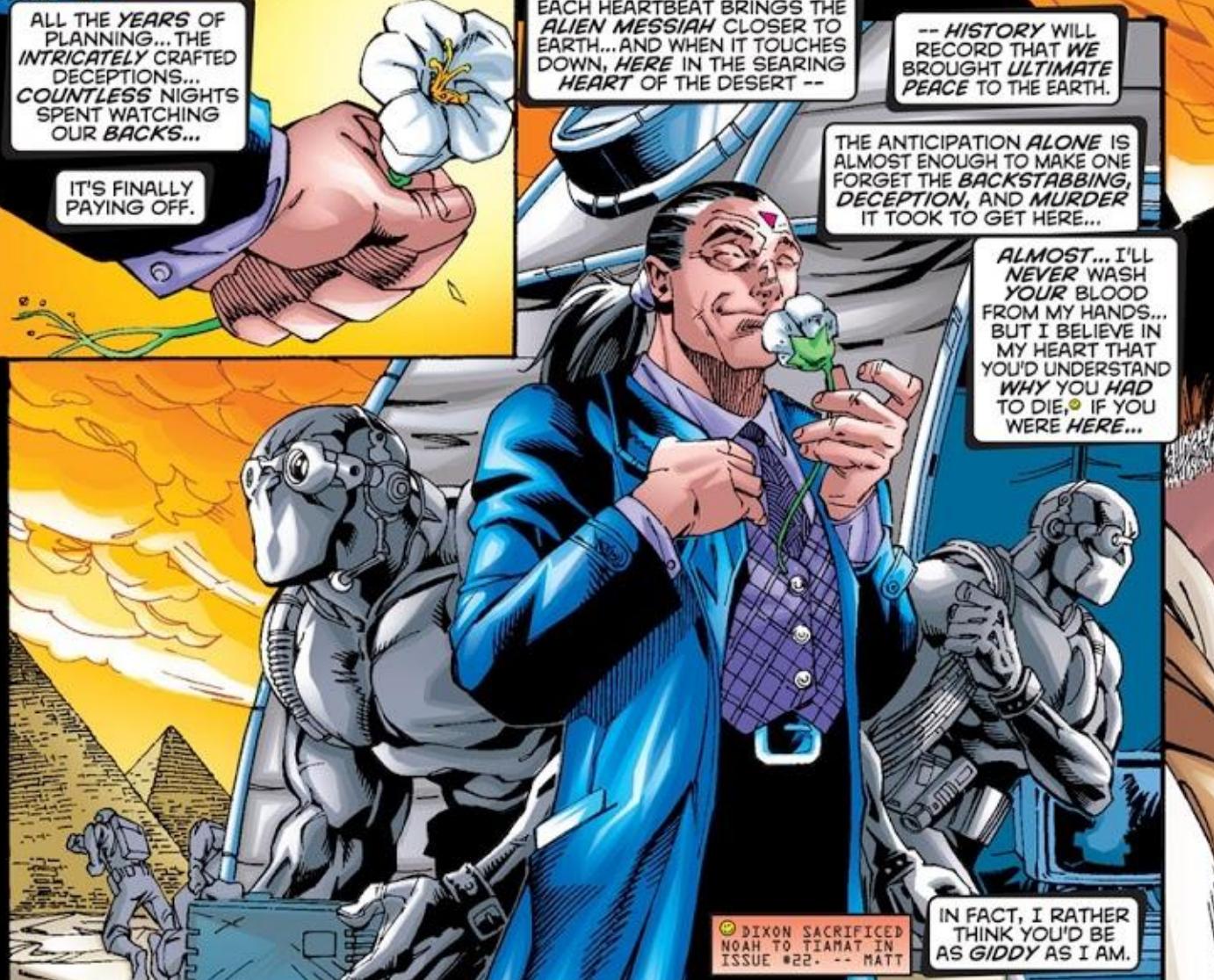
LIV



# WHAT THE WORLD NEEDS now...

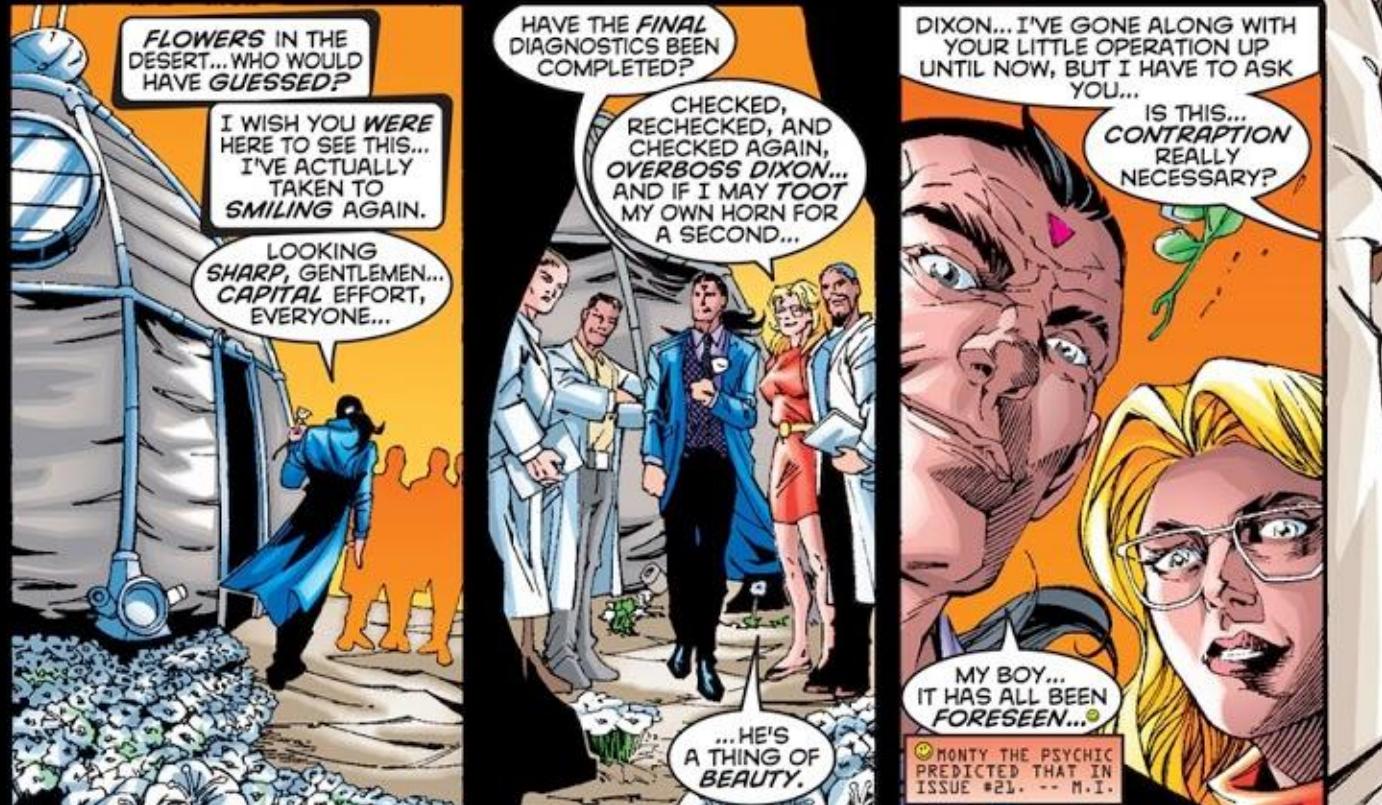
Stan Lee PRESENTS

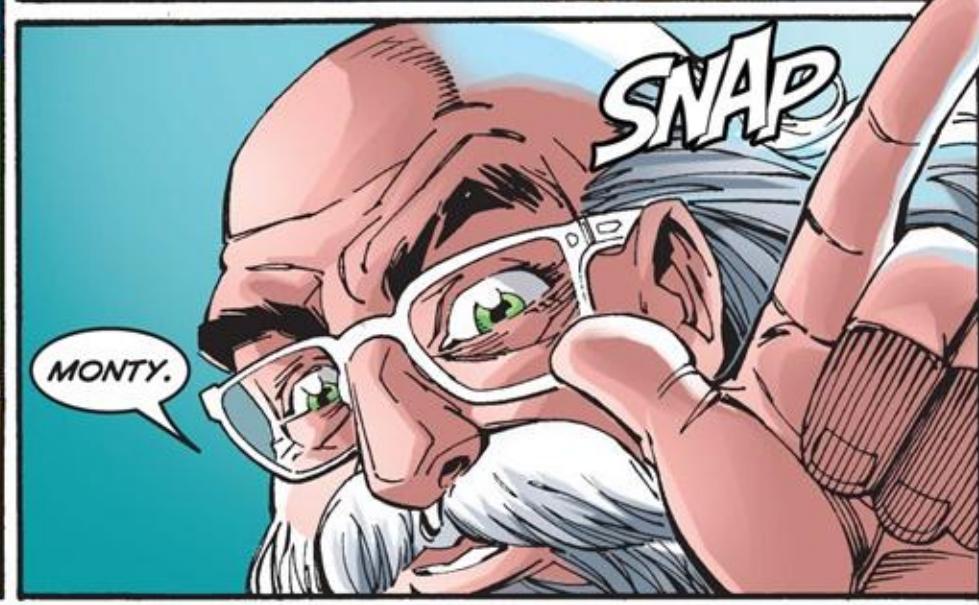
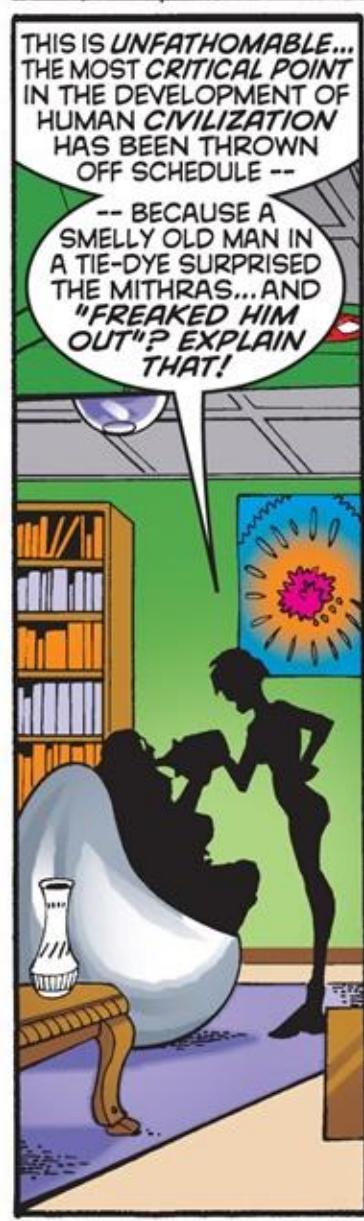
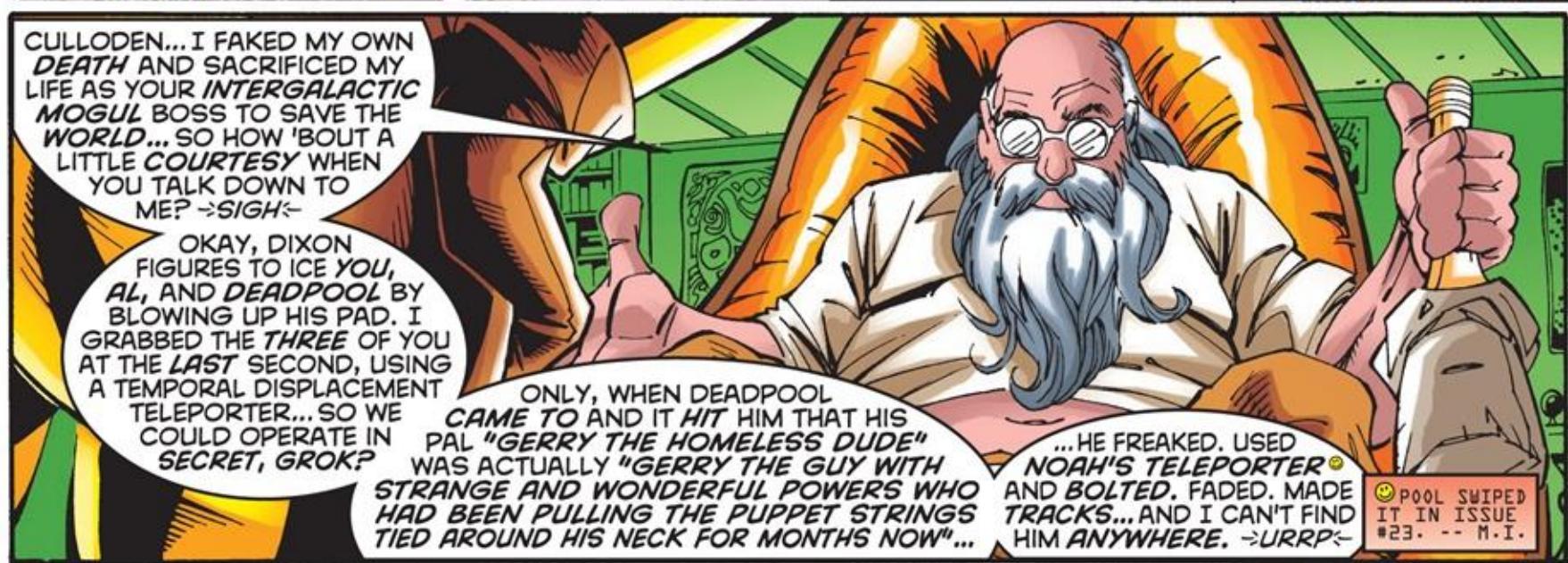
## DEAD RECKONING 3 OF 3

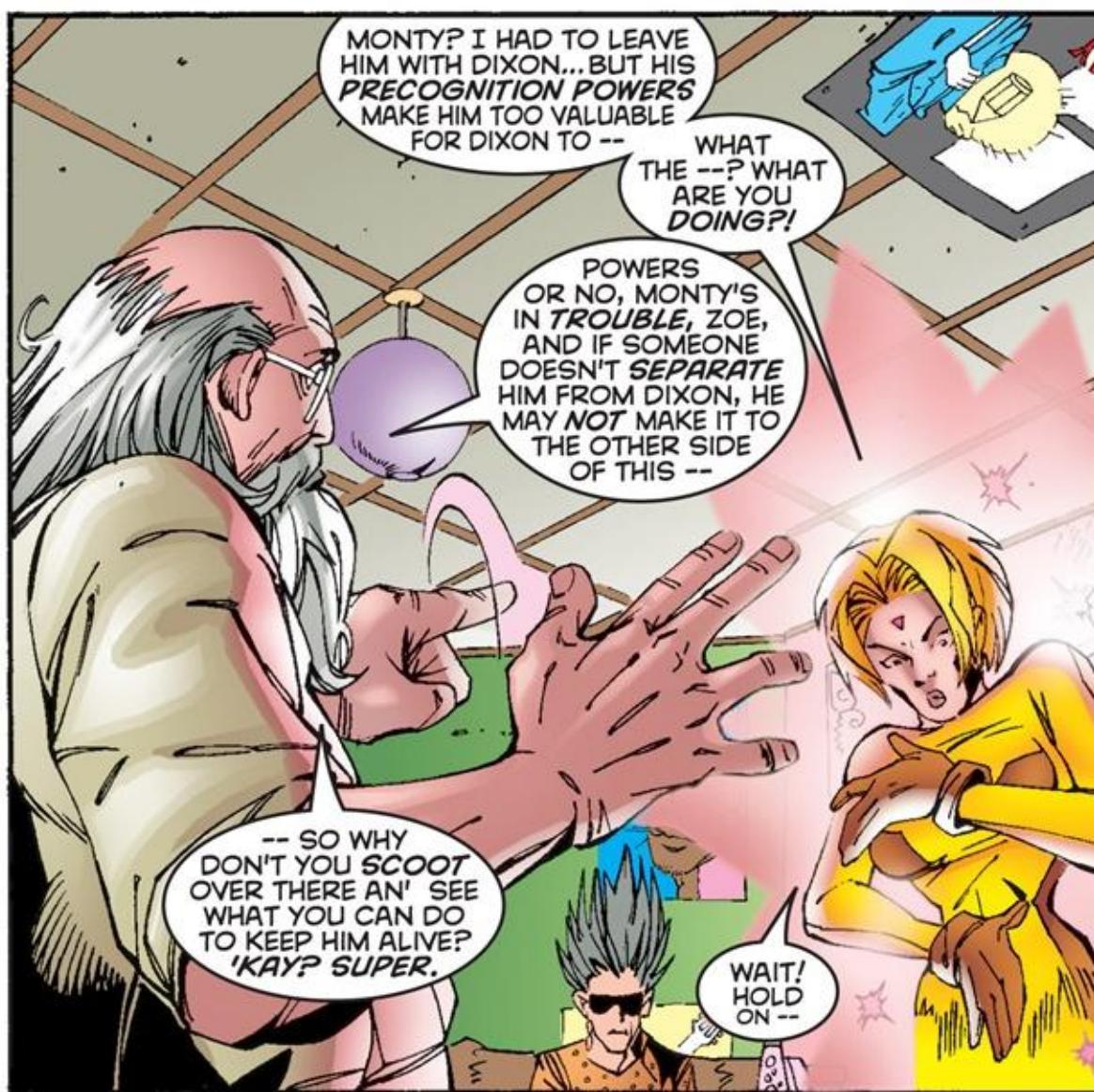


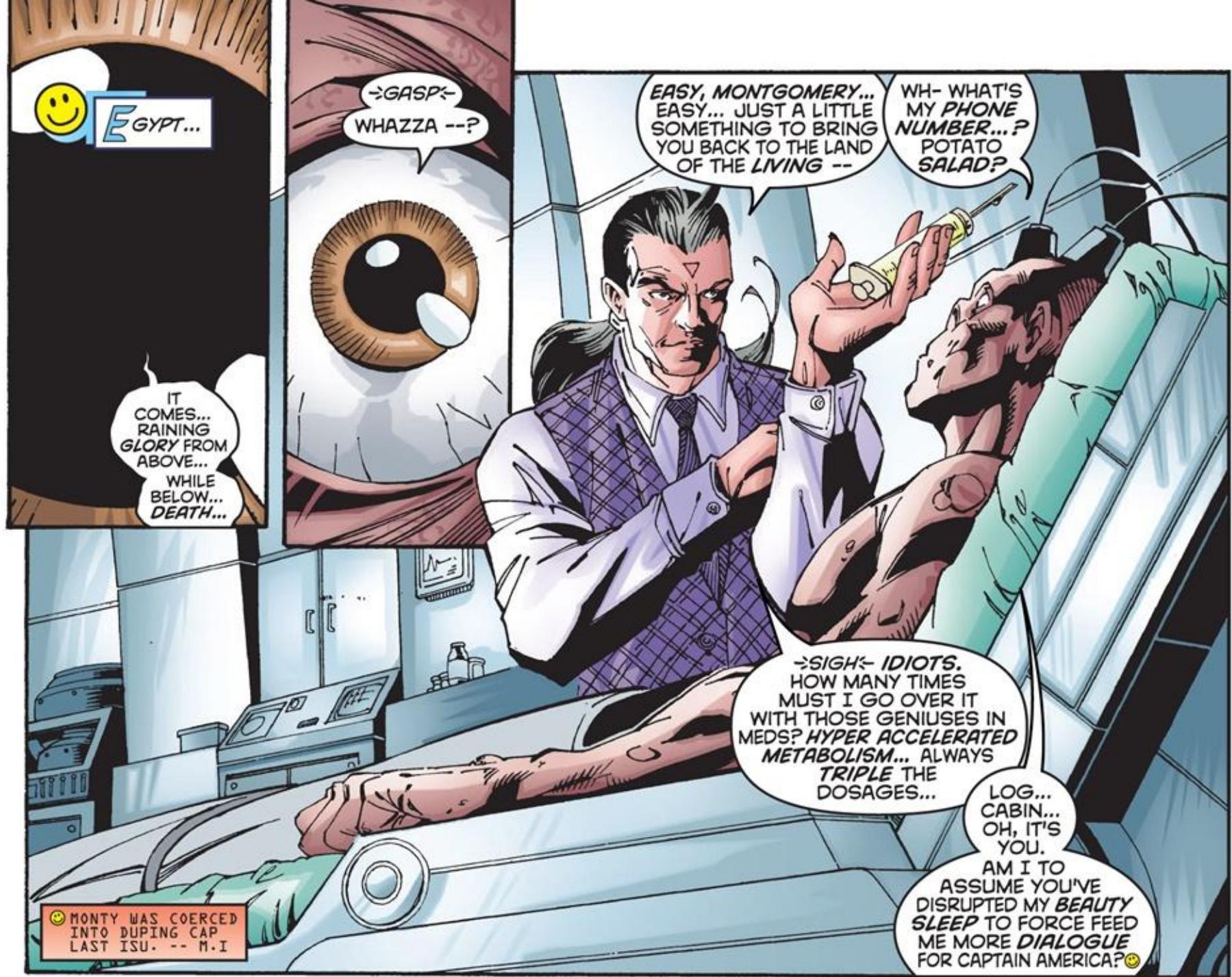
A KELLY/MCDANIEL/MCFARLAND, RAMOS, WONG, ELMER and KOBISH HICKS/COMICRAFT's MIRANDA/IDELSON/HARRAS PRODUCTION

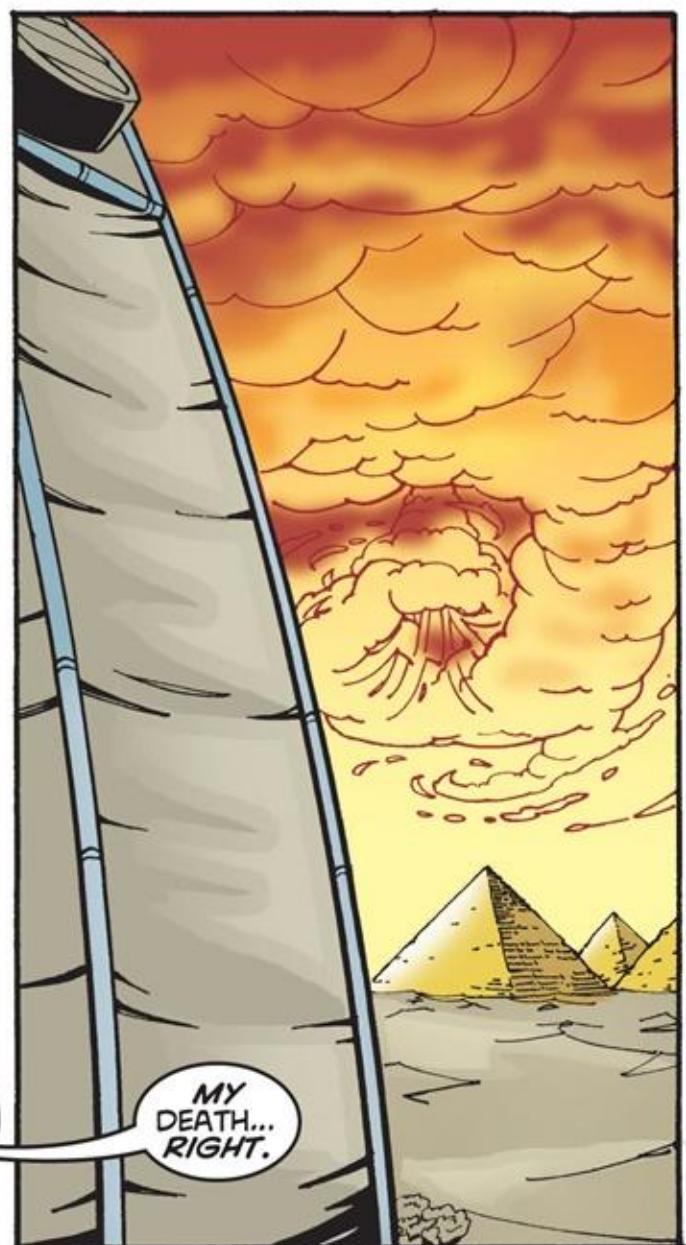
WITH VERY SPECIAL THANKS TO BRIAN POPE













THAT WAS SASQUATCH. NORMALLY, HE'S MUCH MORE MELLOW... BUT WADE JUST BLEW UP HIS LAB.

IF YOU DON'T LET GO, I'M GONNA LICK YOUR HAND.

I TOLD YOU, IT'S "WHEN" ARE WE THAT'S IMPORTANT -- THIS WAY...

WAIT, YOU SHROOMED OUT HIPPIE! I HEAR DEADPOOL BACK OVER THERE!

WRONG ONE. THAT WAS WADE FROM THE PAST...

WADE? SASQUATCH? DIDN'T THESE GUYS WRASSE ALREADY A FEW MONTHS AGO? WHERE ARE WE?

THAT WOULD BE ISSUE #1 TO US! -- M.

WHAT WE'RE LOOKING FOR IS OUR WADE... THE ONE FROM THE PRESENT...

SOMEHOW, HE MANAGED TO TIMESLIP WITH NOAH'S TELEPORTER AND COME BACK HERE...

... THOUGH I HAVE NO CLUE WHY HE'D BOTHER... IT'S NOT LIKE HE CAN CHANGE HISTORY...

PLEASE, NOAH... WAIT. HE'LL DO THE RIGHT THING... AS SOON AS LANGKOWSKI GETS HIM TO LISTEN --

ZOE... HE'S BROKEN. EVERYTHING ABOUT THE MAN IS CORRUPTED. IF YOU ASK ME...

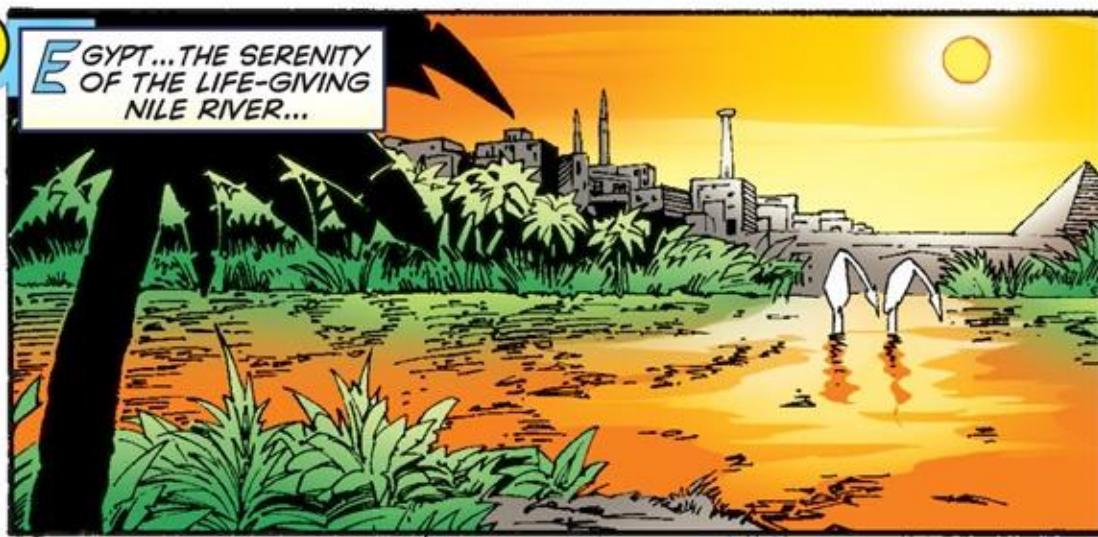
I THINK WE JUST TRICKED THE GUY INTO VAPORIZING THE SOUTHERN HEMISPHERE... HE'LL KILL US ALL.

NOT TO MONDAY MORNING QB HERE, TOOTS... BUT I'D LISTEN TO THE BROTHER ON THIS ONE...

FOR A DEAD MAN... HE'S A FANTASTIC JUDGE OF CHARACTER.



Egypt...the serenity of the life-giving Nile River...



...is suddenly broken by a creature of sublime destructive potential...



Tiamat has arrived...

Arrived in the sand, foretold as the site of his final destiny...



...where this intrepid champion will destroy the ultimate destroyer, the being that would enslave his universe.

Inwardly, he beams at the knowledge that the end of his lifelong quest is near... that the prophecies are falling into place...

He has completed the training... he has mastered the weapons... he has slaughtered his enemies...

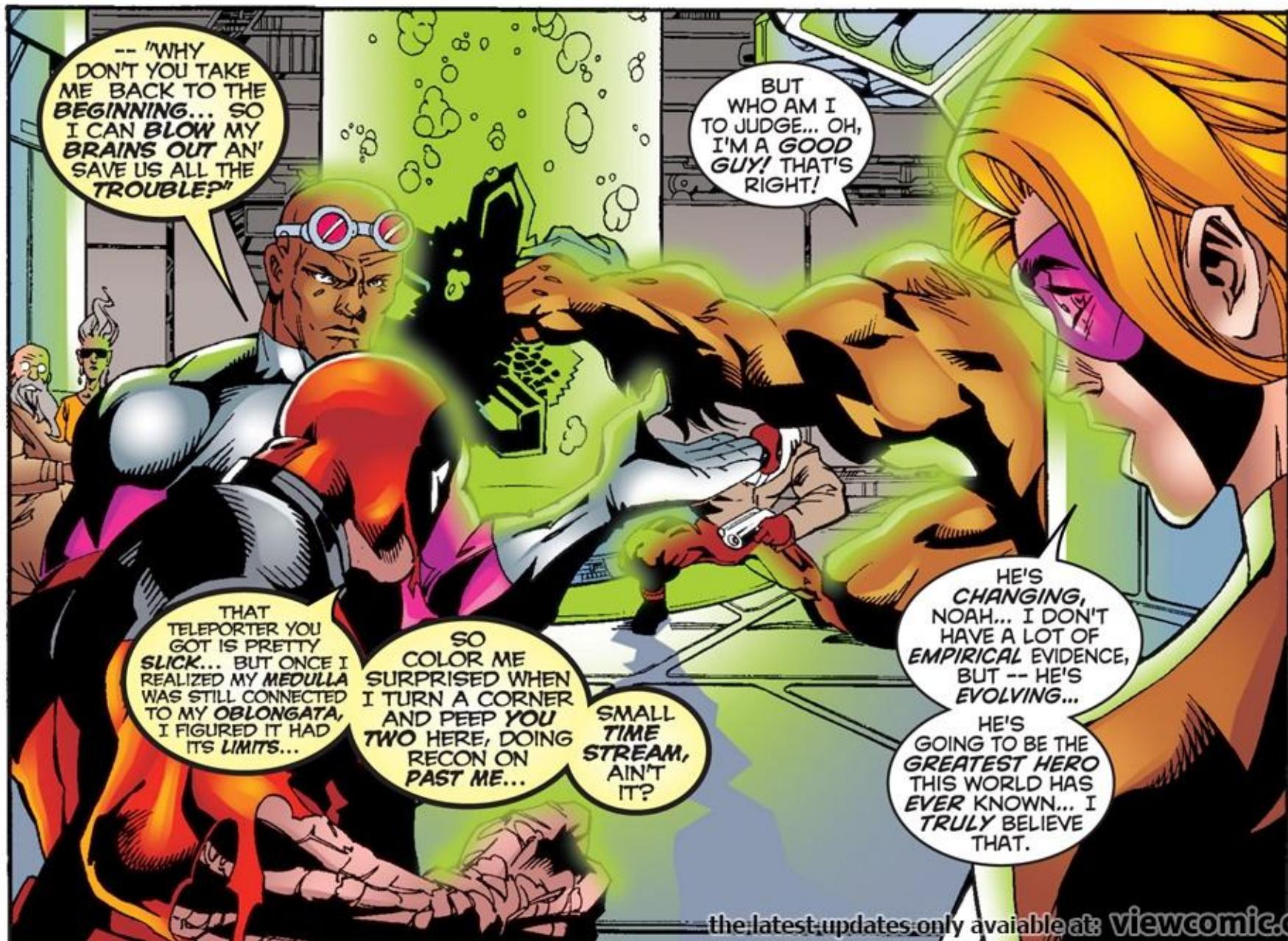
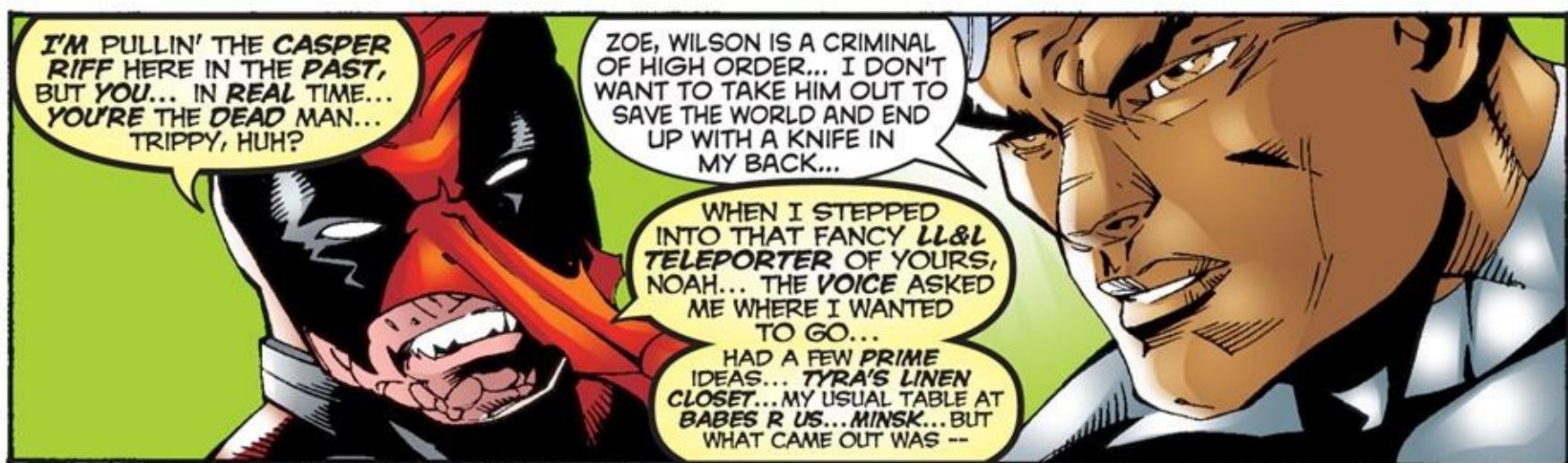
...he has killed the Mithras... ☺

...

OR RATHER DEADPOOL, IN ISH. #23 --M.I.

HASN'T HE? THERE WAS NO BODY... BUT SURELY, THAT VILE ALLY OF THE DESTROYER IS UNDONE... ISN'T HE?

THE SAND GIVES NO ANSWER...





... SO... HERE YOU ARE, NO CLUE YER GONNA PULL A KENNY BEFORE THE MINOXODYL KICKS IN, AN' I JUST SORT OF FIGURED, I SHOULD... YOU KNOW...

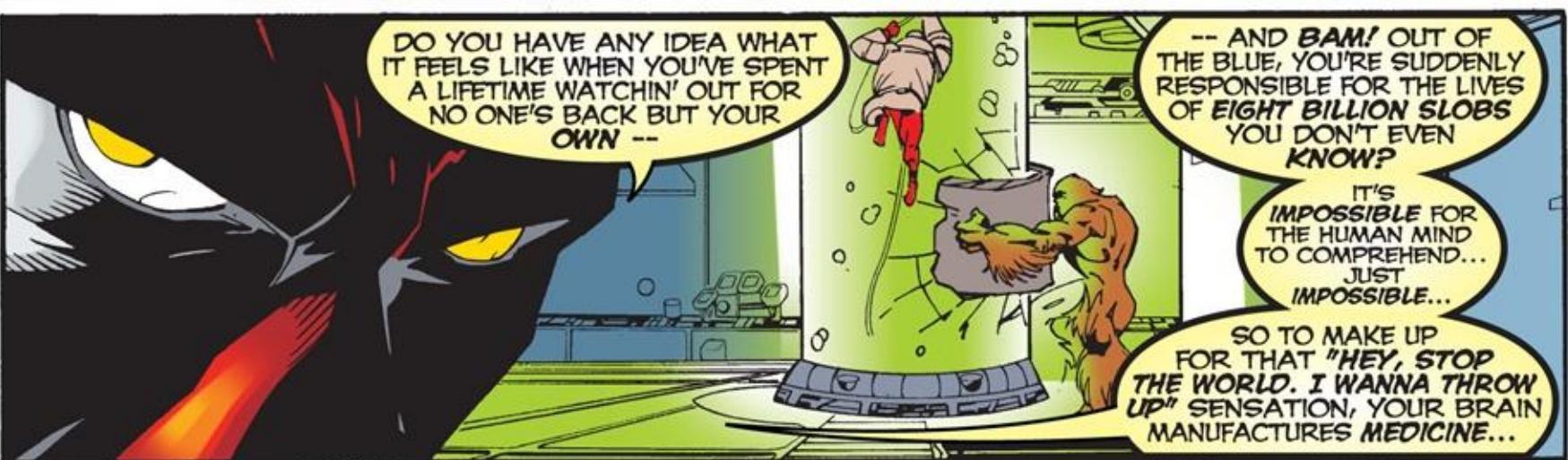
OOPSIE. IT LOOKS LIKE I CRACKED YOUR BIG TUBE THINGIE -- IS THAT BAD?

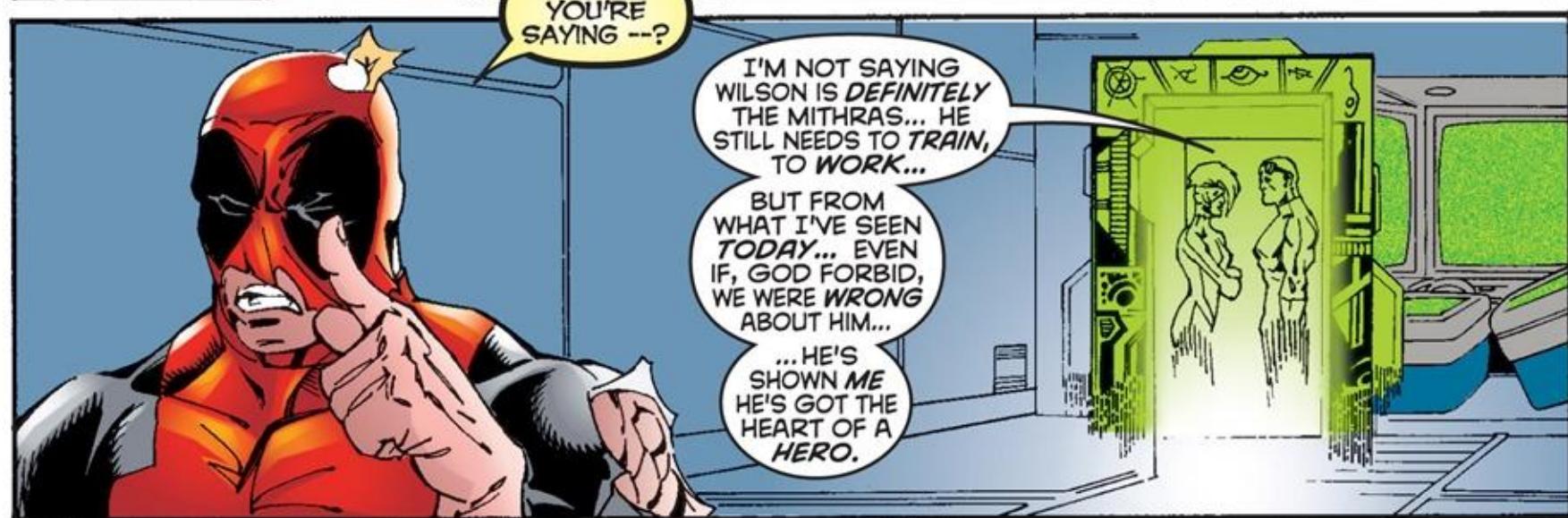
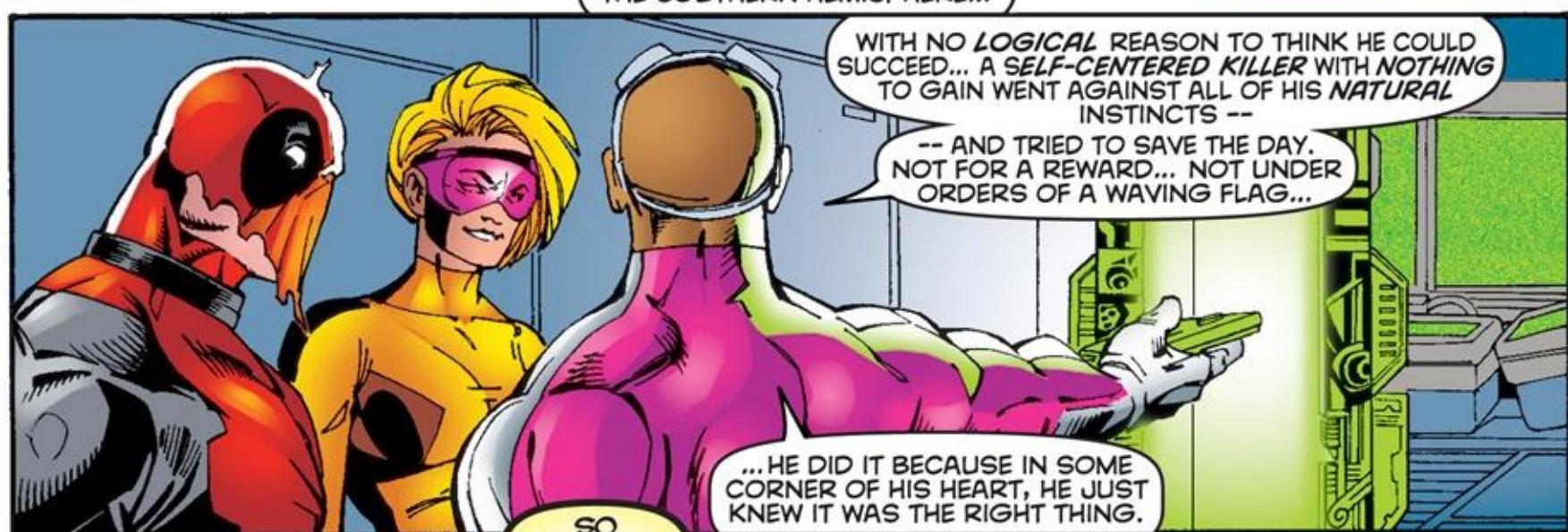
... TELL YOU HOW RIGHT YOU WERE ABOUT ME... AND APOLOGIZE.

TRYED TO PLAY HERO.  
CAN YOU SAY "BIG MISTAKE"? I KNOW YOU CAN...

I... I'VE DONE A LOT OF BAD THINGS, NOAH... MADE ENOUGH CONCRETE SLIPPERS TO DROWN THE MOONIES... RUINED MORE LIVES THAN THE I.R.S...

... BUT I NEVER... MESSED UP ON THIS SCALE BEFORE -- I NEVER DAMNED A PLANET BECAUSE I TOOK A JOB I WASN'T QUALIFIED FOR.





"LOGIC IS GOOD.  
INFORMATION  
IS GOLDEN."

"BUT AT THIS MOMENT, WITH  
THE CLOSEST THING TO A GOD  
SEEN ON EARTH IN A FEW  
THOUSAND YEARS HURTLING  
TOWARDS US..."

"MY WORLD HAS LOST  
STRUCTURE... I HAVE  
ZERO INFORMATION..."

"AND  
CONFUSION  
RULES."

"STRUCTURE  
IS DIVINE."

"MY UNIVERSE  
CAN NOT WORK  
THIS WAY."

"I NEED FACTS... TRUTH. MONTY  
KNOWS THE TRUTH. HE MUST..."

"FOR SO LONG, OUR  
EVERY ACTION WAS  
GUIDED BY HIS  
PROPHECIES. IF DIXON  
WAS TAMPERING  
WITH HIS MIND --

-- OR PICKING AND  
CHOOSING WHAT  
INFORMATION TO  
BELIEVE, AS HE DID  
WITH DEADPOOL --

"WE'VE BEEN WORKING  
FROM FALSE  
INFORMATION. WE  
MAY WELL HAVE DOOMED  
THE WORLD."

"THAT WOULD REALLY  
CRAMP MY PLANS  
FOR A PROMOTION --"

WHAT IN  
HEAVEN'S  
NAME?

TOKRI

# SCREEEEE

“I AM ARRIVED,  
DESTROYER! DESTINY  
HAS CHOSEN ME. I  
HAVE ANSWERED  
HER CALL!”

“TRY AS  
YOU MAY TO  
THROW YOUR  
AGENTS IN MY  
PATH, KNOW THAT  
I WILL NOT  
FAIL!”

“I AM THE  
CHAMPION!  
BY THE BREATH OF  
MY ELDERS, SO  
SHALL YOU  
FALL!”

TRANSLATED FROM  
A FREAKY ALIEN  
TONGUE, 'NATCH!  
-- M.I.

LISTEN TO IT...  
THOSE SOUNDS...  
A SAVAGE... SENT  
TO REND A MESSIAH  
ASUNDER.

IT'S ABOUT  
TIME YOU GOT  
HERE... YOU  
SON OF A --

IS HE  
READY?

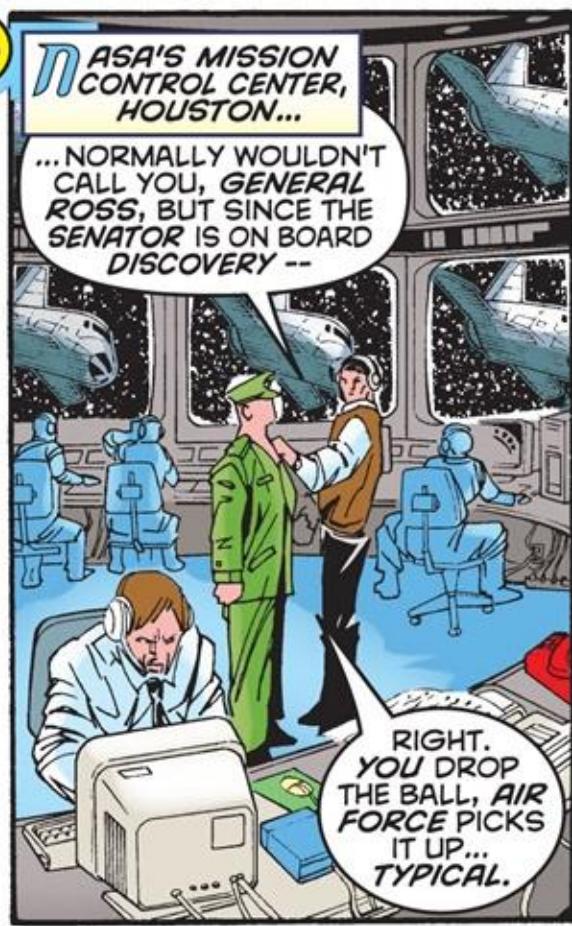
THE  
SECOND  
STRING? THAT  
DEPENDS...  
IF HE  
WAS NEVER  
THE RIGHT  
MAN TO BEGIN  
WITH...  
...HOW  
READY CAN  
HE POSSIBLY  
BE?

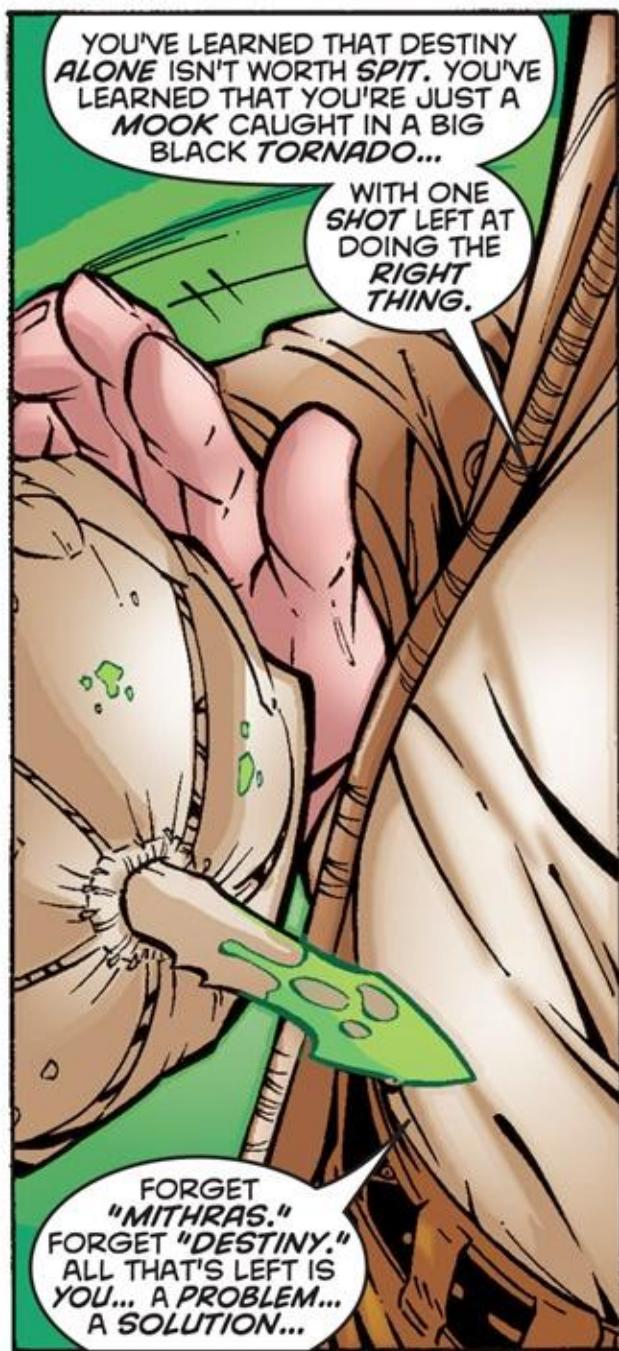
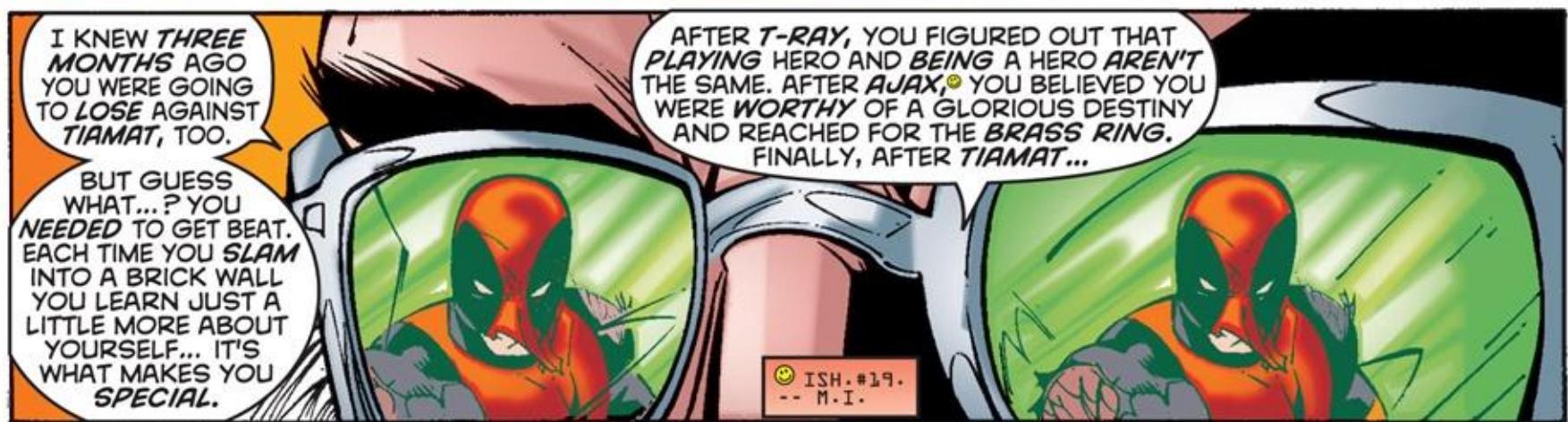
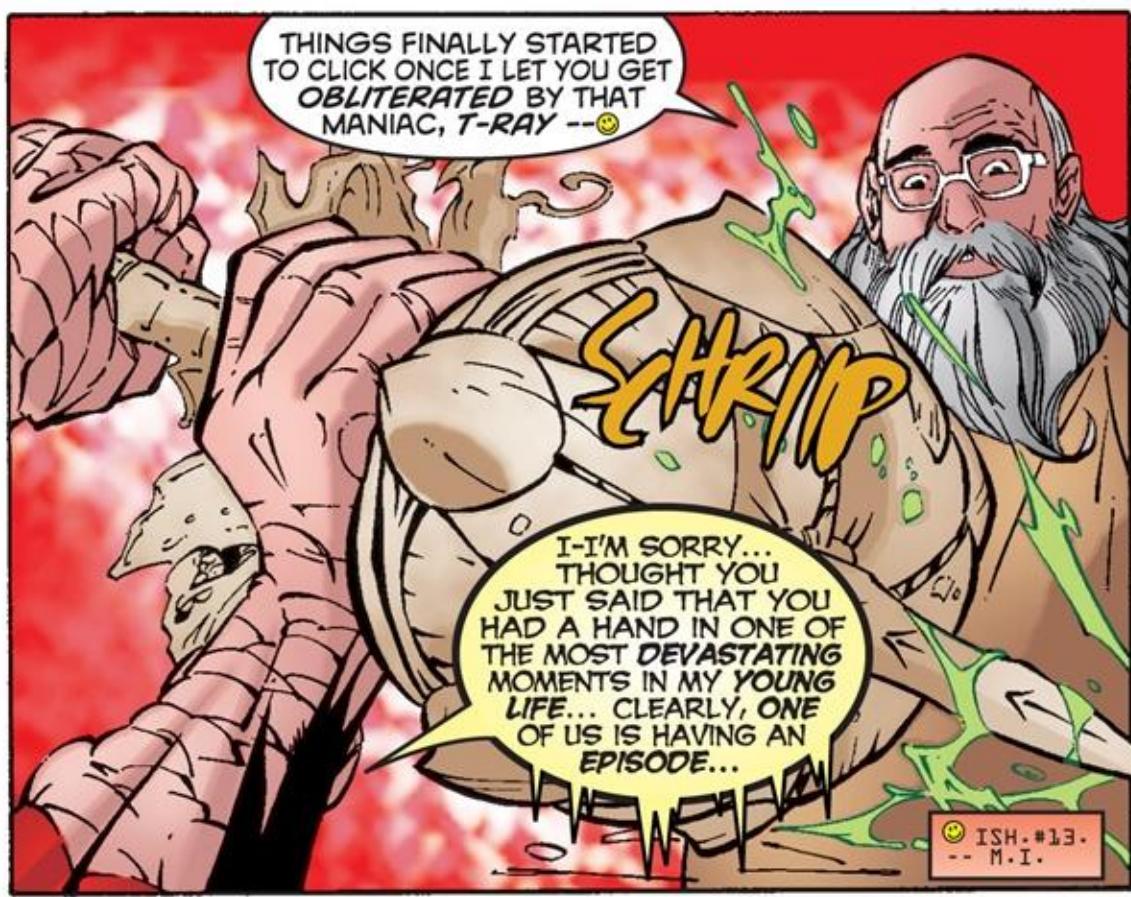
AND SO... IN THE  
FINAL RESTING  
PLACE OF KINGS...

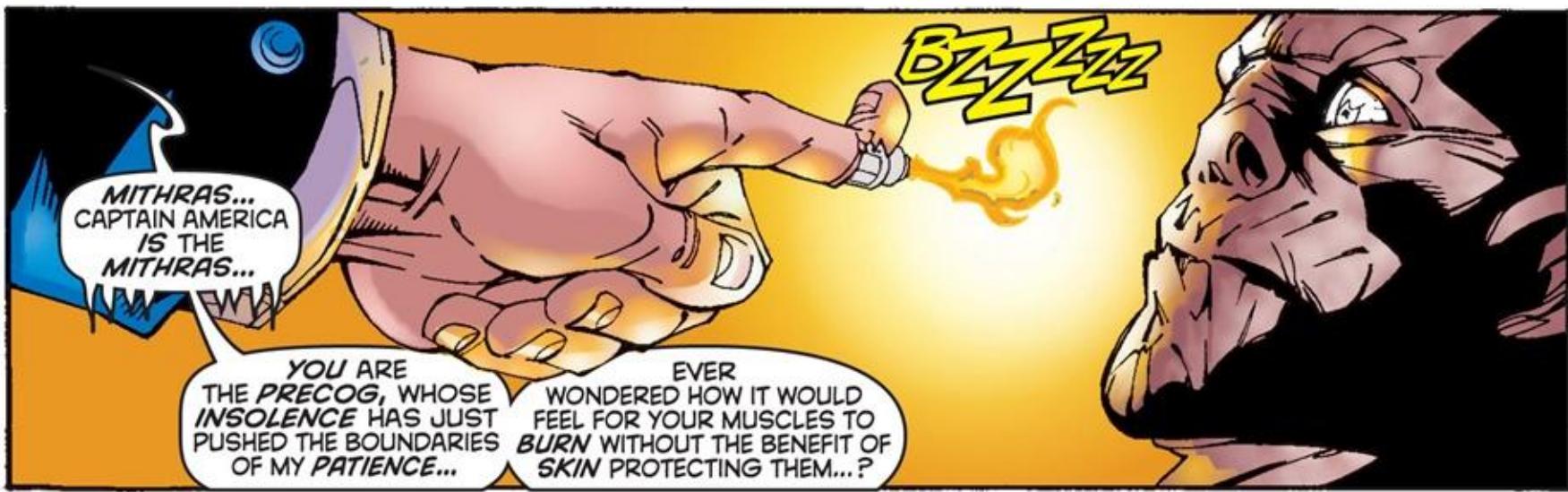


...GODS DID  
GO TO WAR.









STEP AWAY FROM HIM, SIR... SLOWLY... WHILE YOU STILL HAVE LEGS.

HEY, MONTY... LONG TIME NO FORESEE.  
YOU OKAY?

I... YOU... SURE... SHE CAME BACK FOR ME...



ALL ATTEMPTS TO COMMUNICATE WITH THE ALIEN HAVE FAILED. IT CLEARLY WANTS ME DEAD...

I STILL HAVEN'T FULLY PROCESSED THIS FIGHT... NOT CERTAIN EXACTLY WHO THE PLAYERS REALLY ARE... BUT ONE THING'S CLEAR...

SO I SAY A QUICK LITTLE PRAYER THAT I'M DOING THE RIGHT THING HERE... AND I DON'T HOLD BACK.

THAT MONSTER IS A KILLER... AND NOTHING'S GOING TO GET DONE AROUND HERE UNTIL IT'S STOPPED.

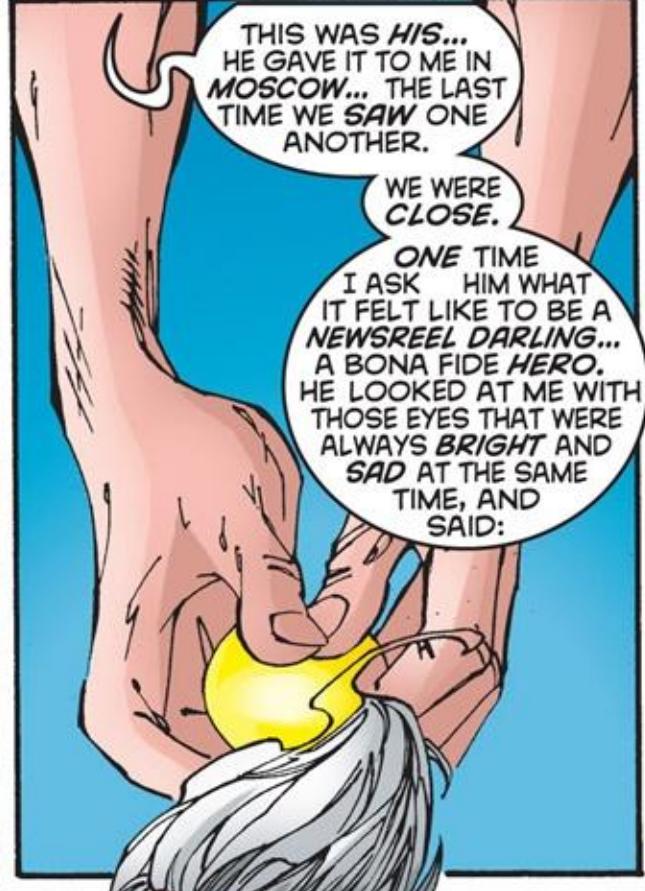
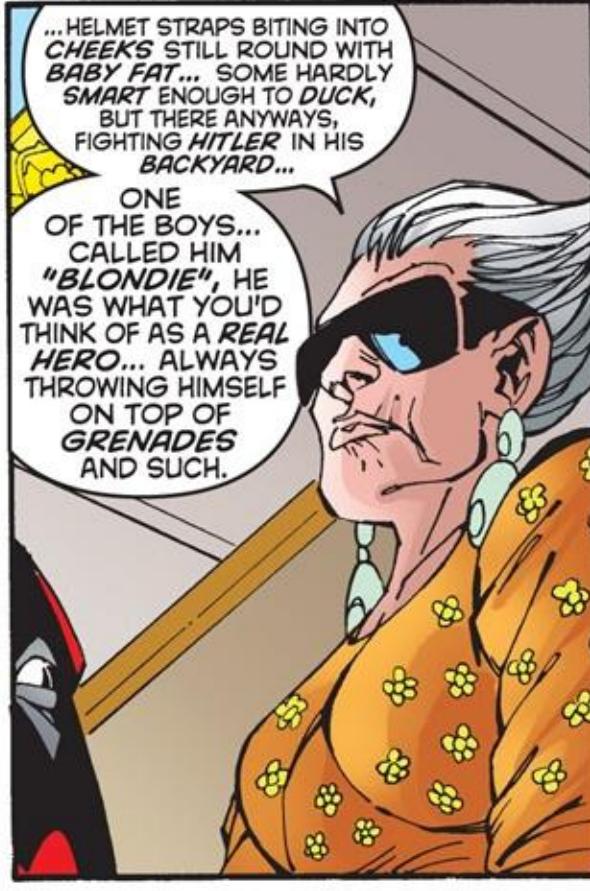


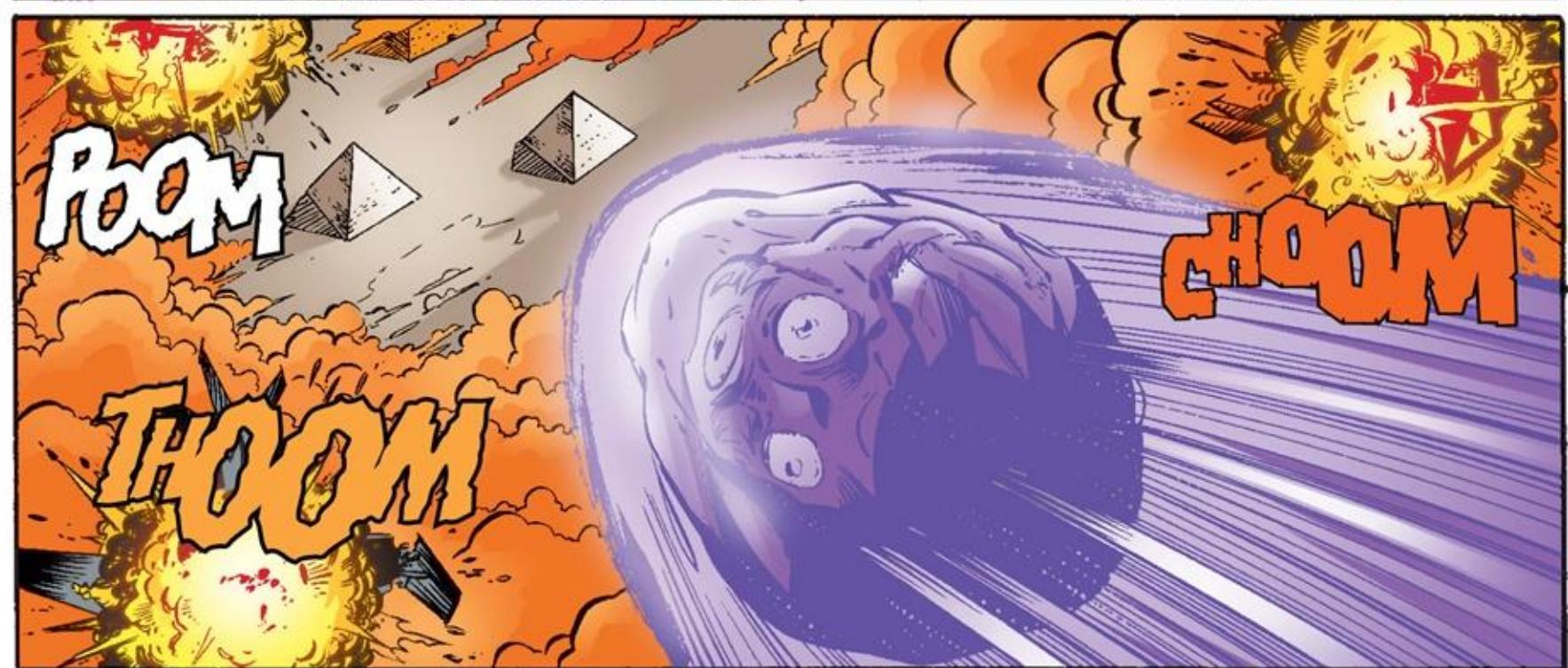
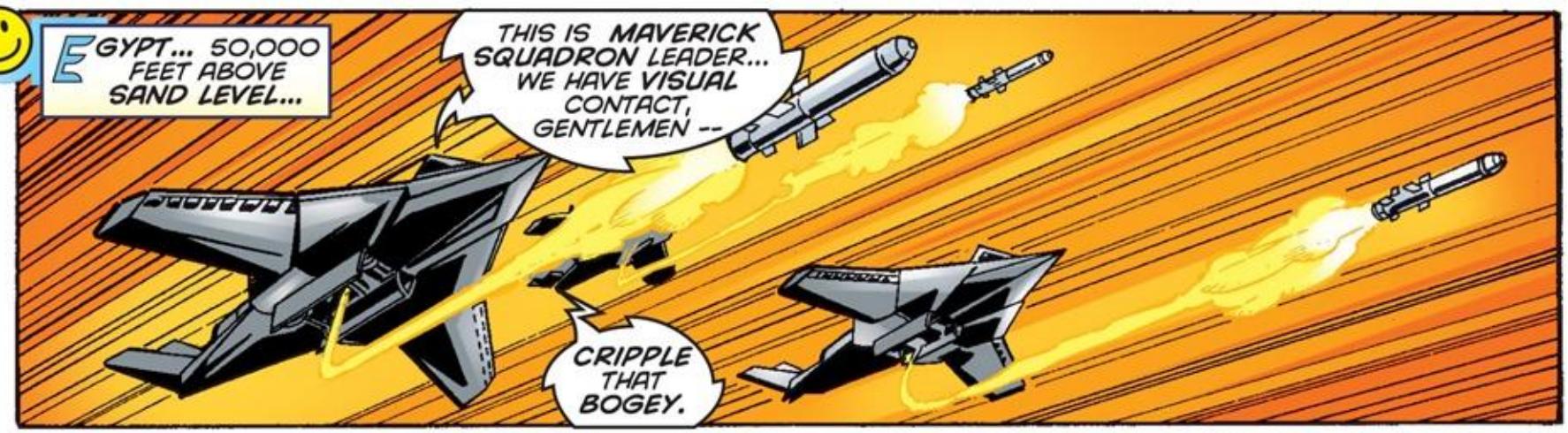
SCHOOOM

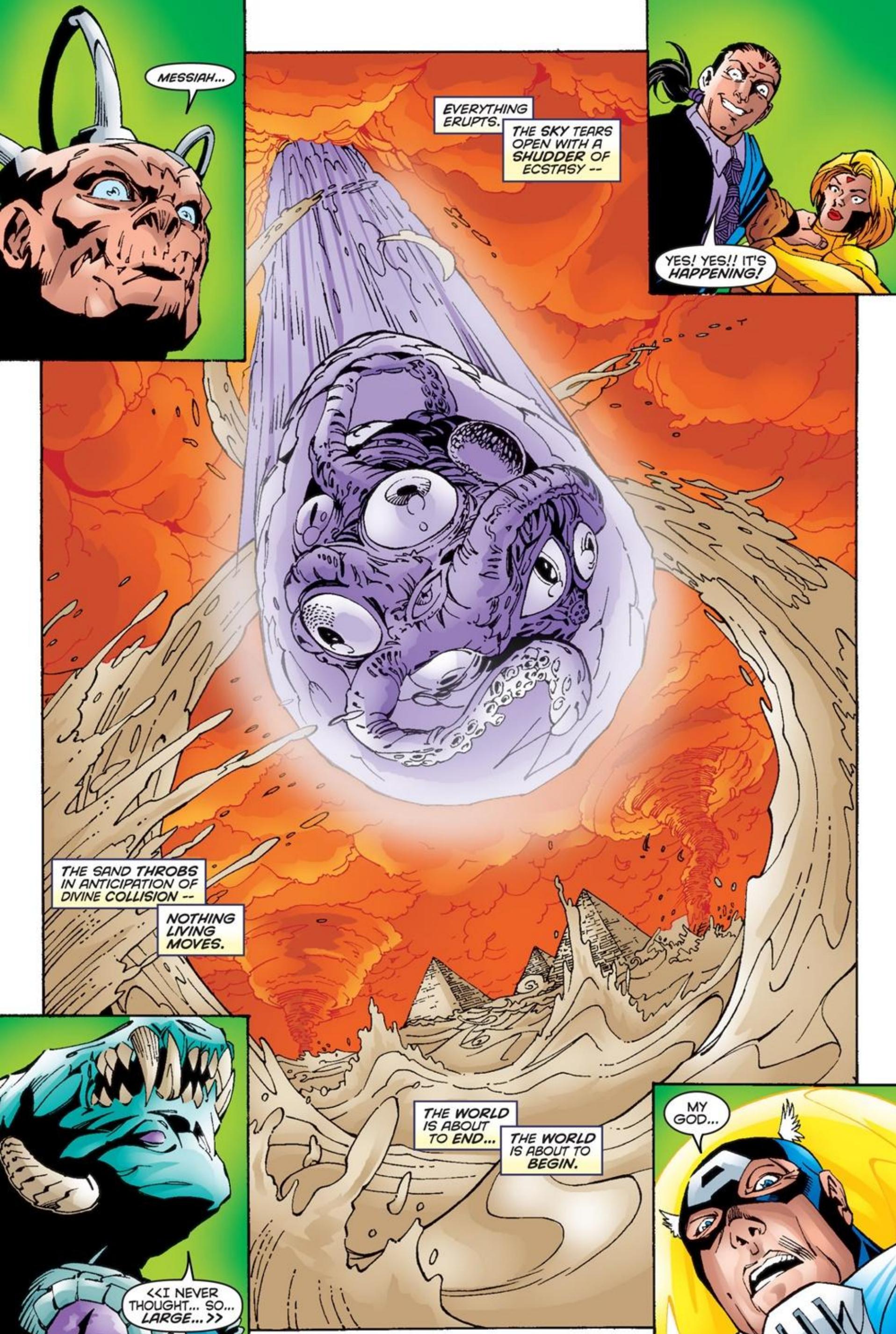
FIGHTERS?  
I TOLD DIXON  
NOT TO --

WAIT,  
THOSE ARE U.S.  
BIRDS! WORD  
MUST HAVE  
GOTTEN OUT  
ABOUT --

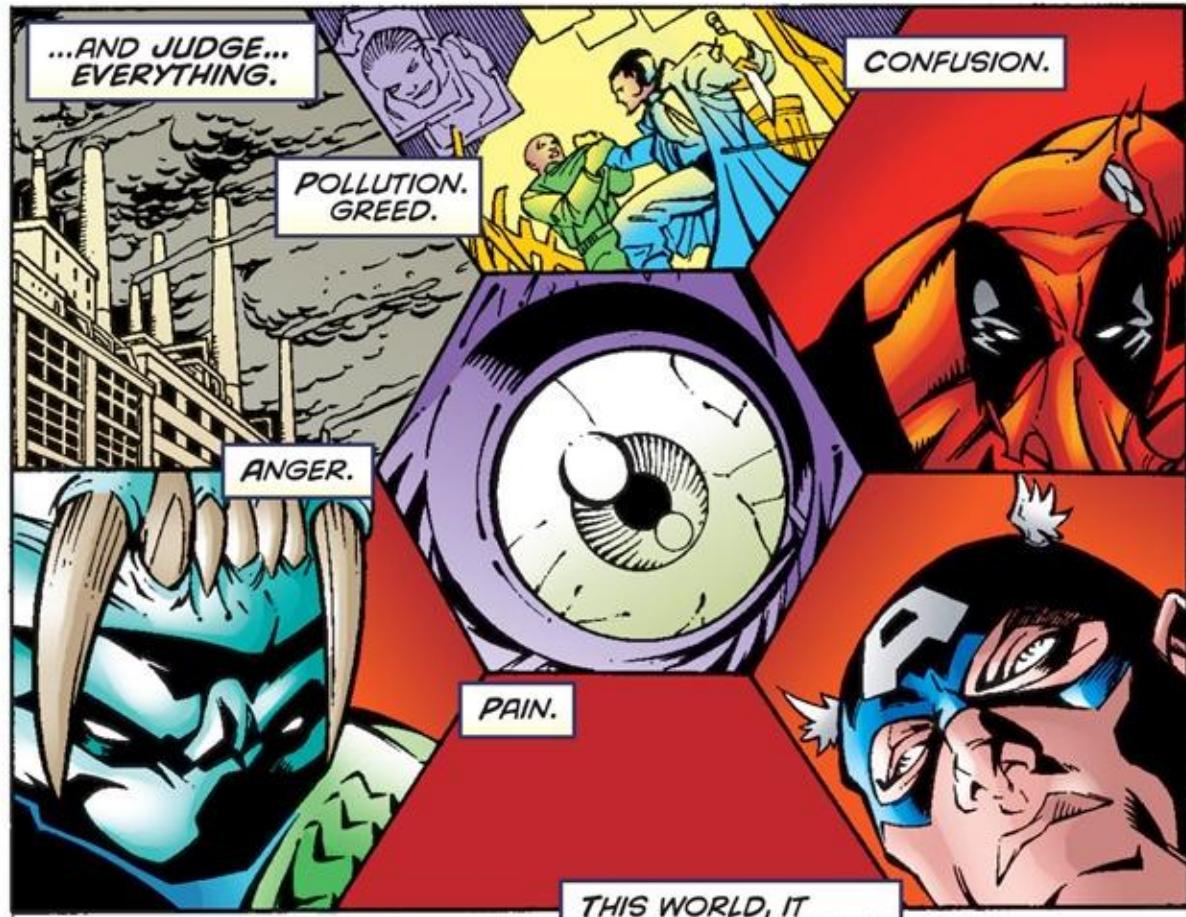












WHO COULD BE INSANE ENOUGH TO ATTACK THAT THING ONE ON ONE?!

<<I WILL STAIN THE SAND WITH YOUR BLOOD! I WILL STAB THE DESTROYER IN THE EYES WITH YOUR SPINE!>>

UH... RIGHT... AND A FINE "OOTA GOOTA, SOLO" TO YOU TOO!

THIS IS TOO CRACKED... I CAN BARELY KEEP IT TOGETHER HERE, SCARED OUT OF MY BOXERS... HOW AM I SUPPOSED TO PROTECT THE MESSIAH?

<<HE IS ENRAGED... FIXATED ON ONLY PART OF HIS DESTINY... LOOK!>>

<<EVEN NOW, THE DESTROYER MOVES TO ENSLAVE THIS PLANET!>>

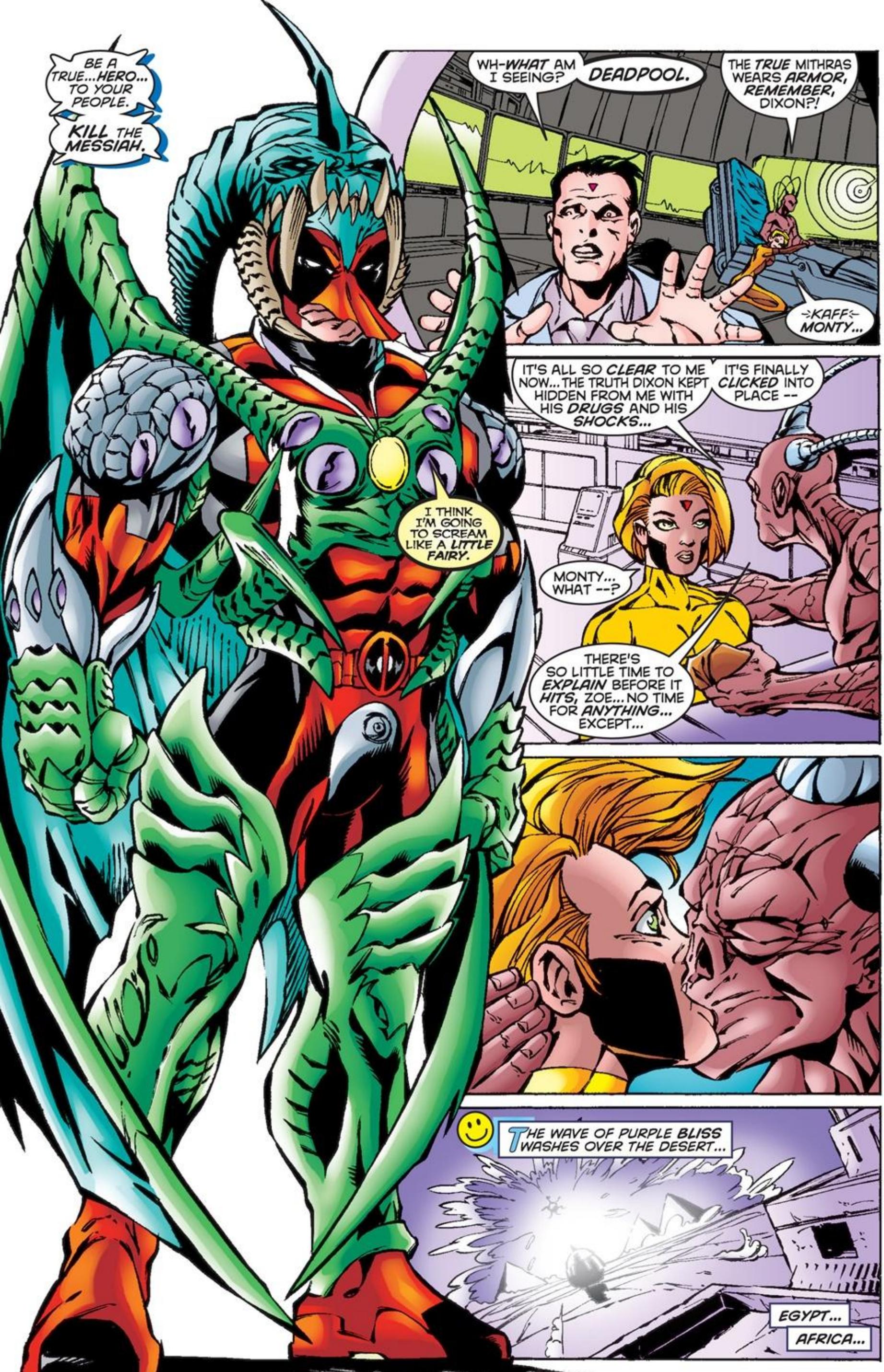
<<...>>  
<<THERE IS ONLY ONE WAY... TO SAVE OUR UNIVERSE...>>  
<<WE MUST DO THE UNTHINKABLE...>>

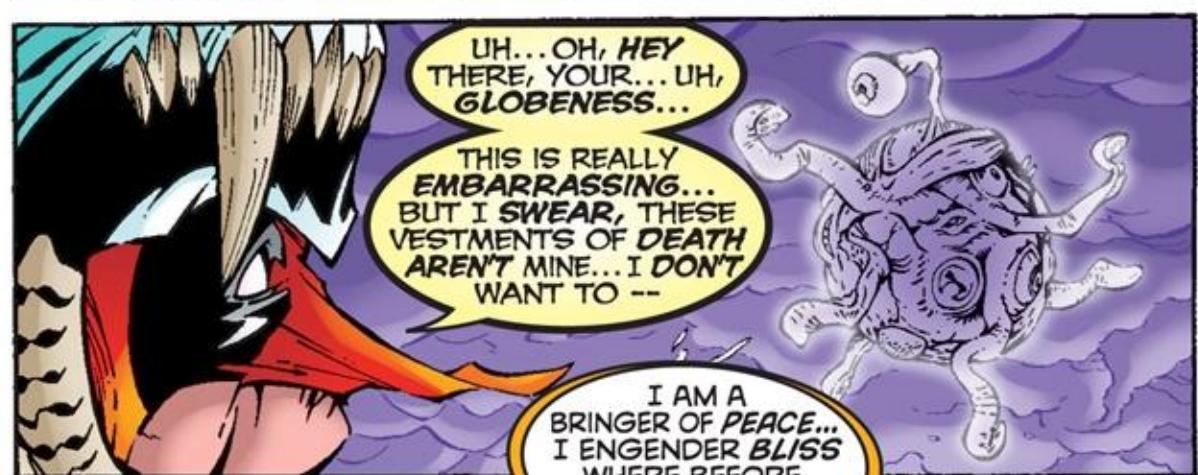
<<...NOW.>>  
MY, WHAT SOFT SKIN YOU -- GGHHL!

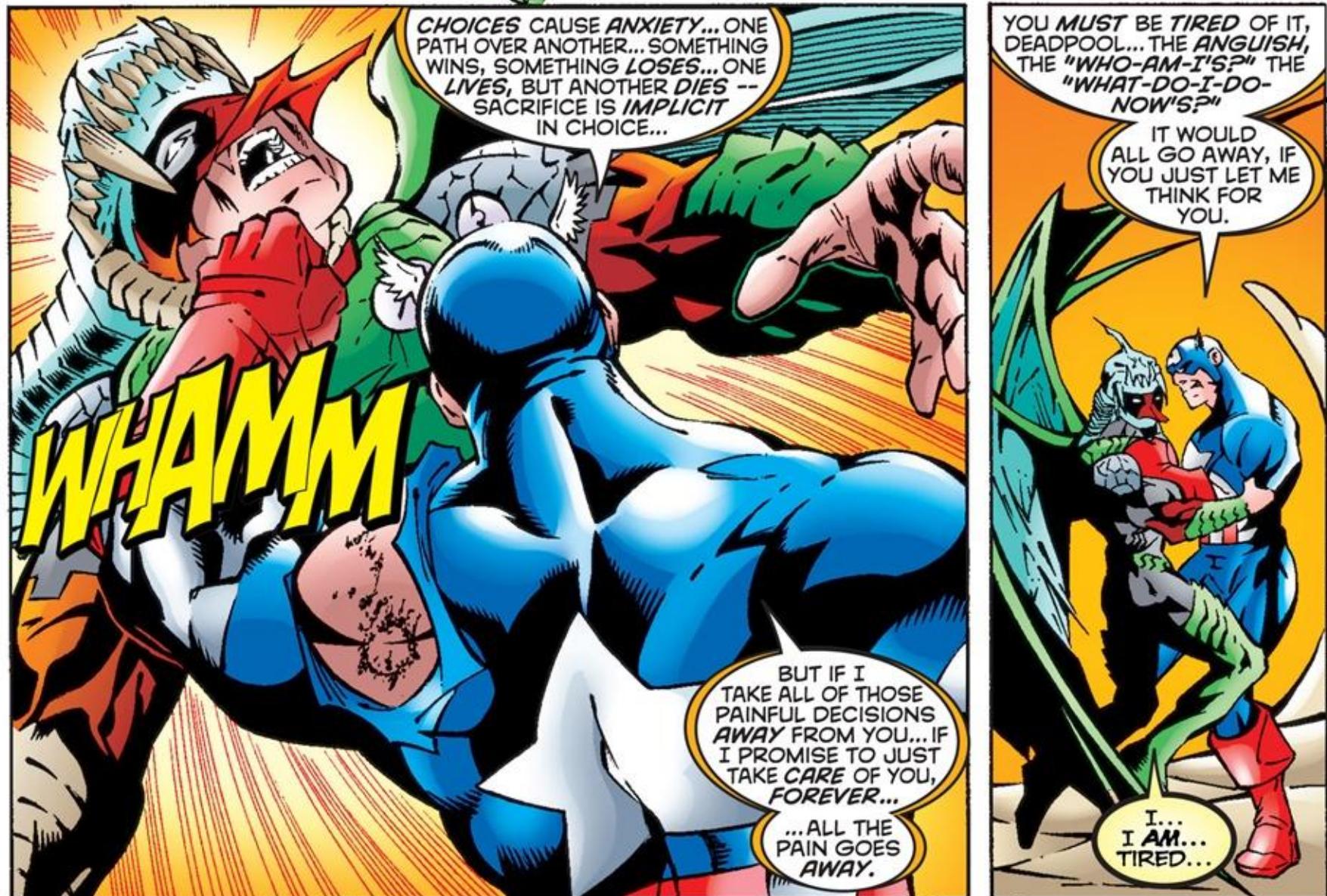
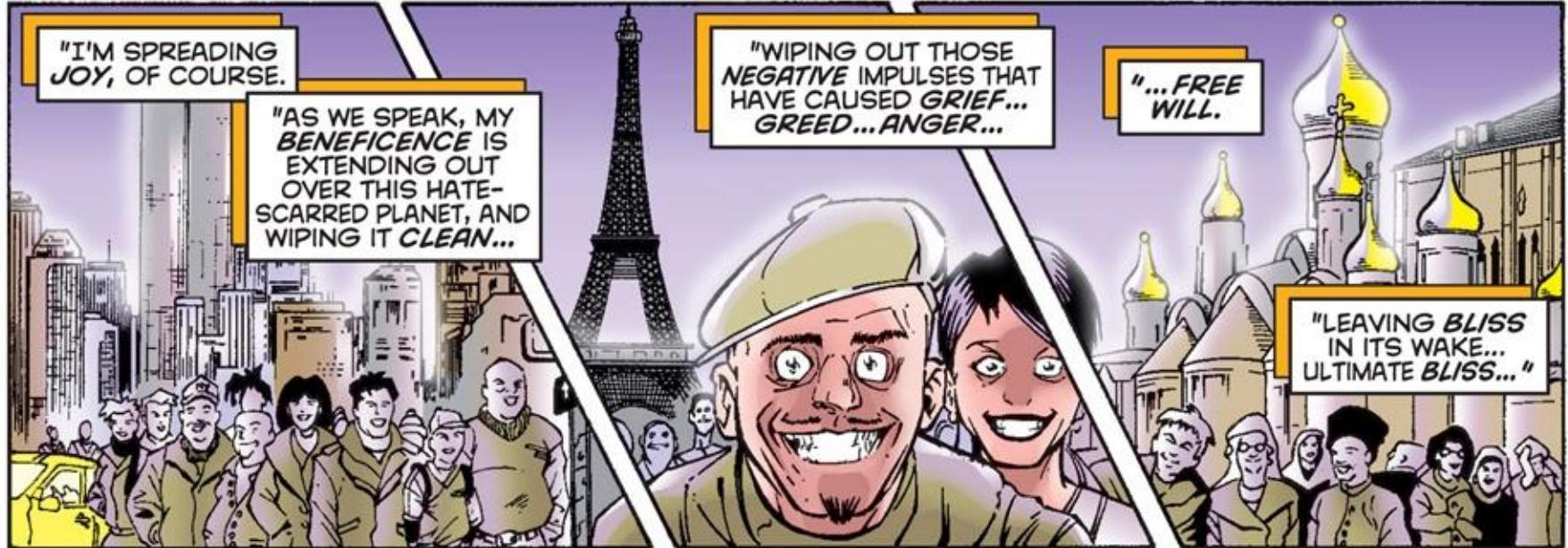
<<IF THE CHAMPION DOES NOT STRIKE BEFORE ITS TASK IS COMPLETE, THEN ALL IS LOST!>>

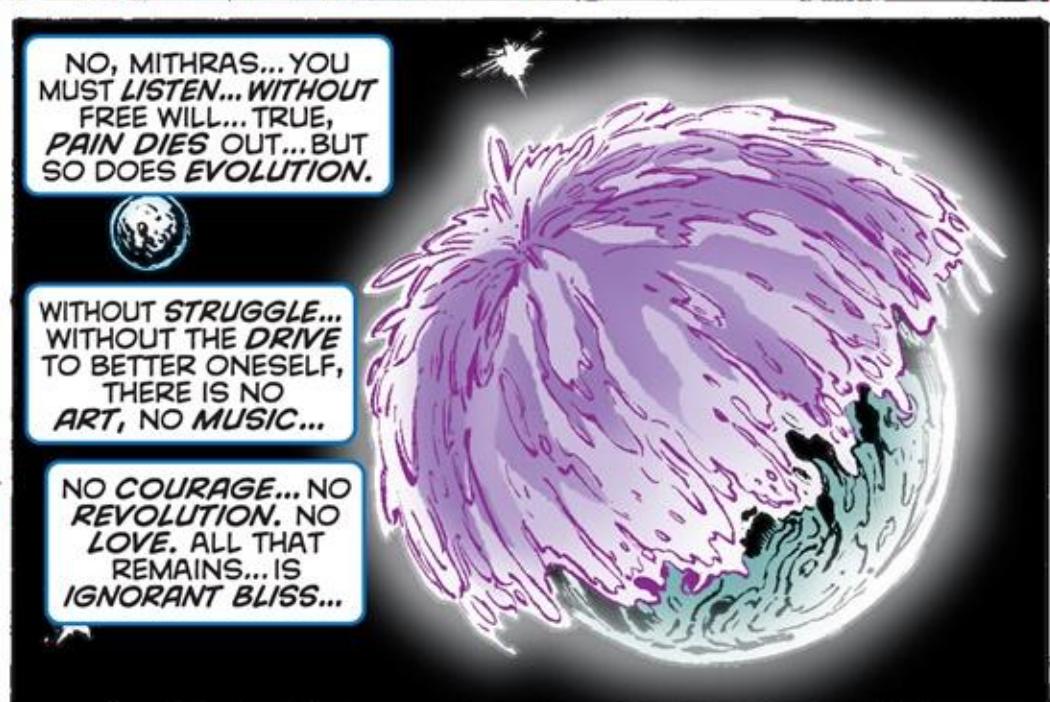
<<ELDERS?! MILOS!! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!>>







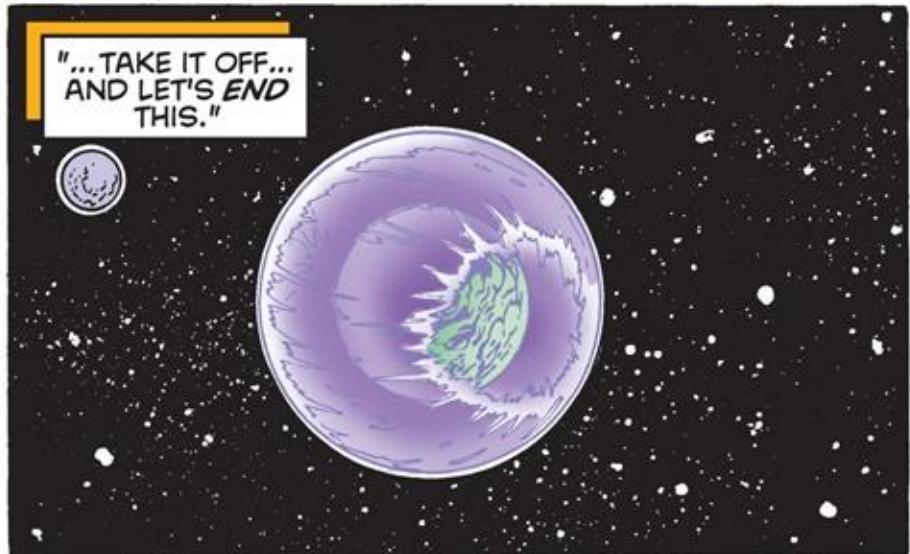


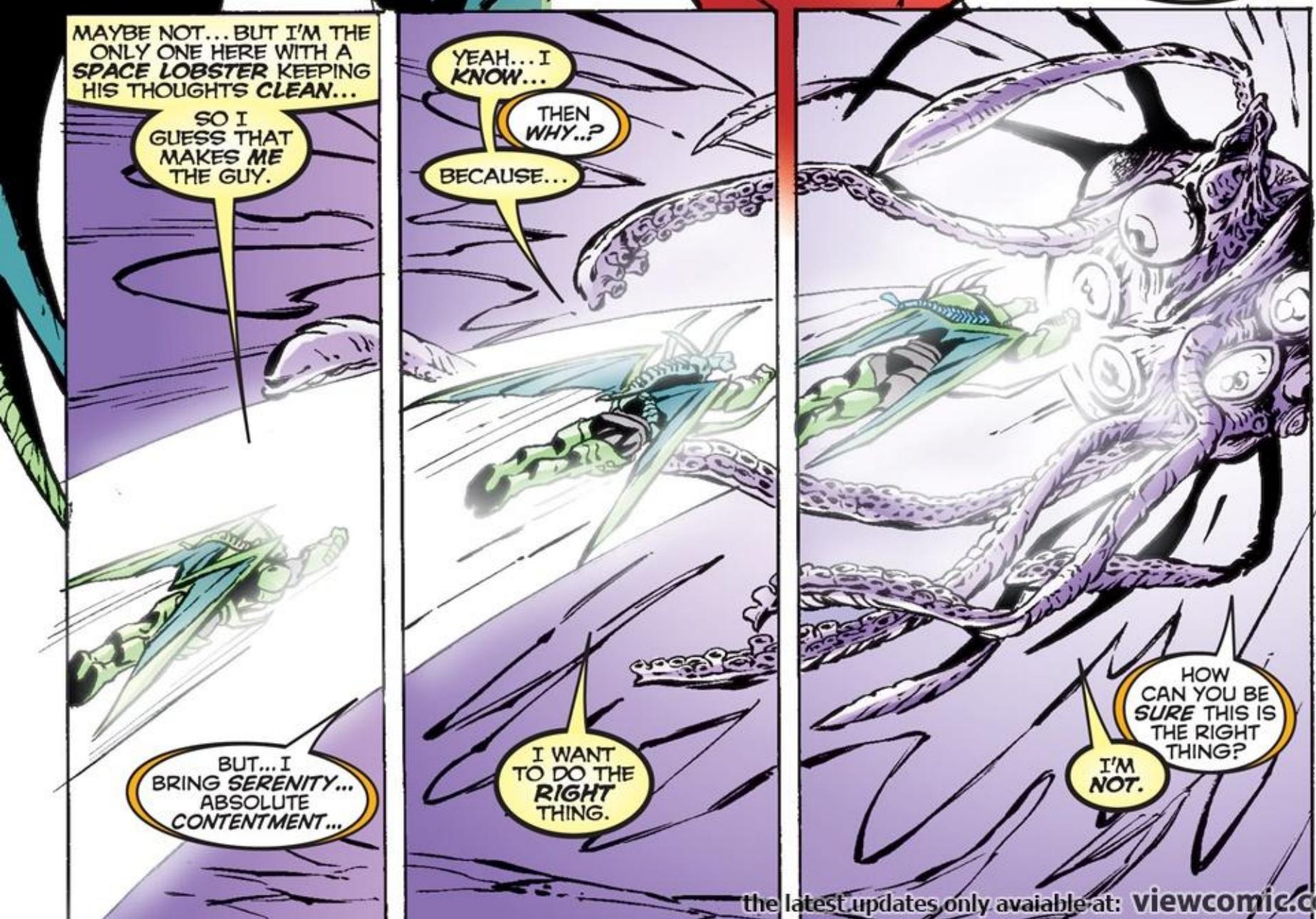


NO COURAGE... NO REVOLUTION. NO LOVE. ALL THAT REMAINS... IS IGNORANT BLISS...



I CAN'T BE RESPONSIBLE FOR CHOOSING PAIN AND SUFFERING OVER HAPPY HAPPY TIME FOR SIX BILLION PEOPLE.





TWO ALIEN BODIES MESH  
WITH THE SOUND OF WET  
GLASS BEING CHEWED,  
AND FOR A MOMENT...

MESSIAH AND  
MISCREANT... SHARE  
THE SAME SOUL.

WITH DYING EYES, THEY  
WATCH AS WORLDS  
SPANNING COUNTLESS  
LIGHTYEARS RETURN TO  
AWARENESS... SOME WITH  
A SIGH OF RELIEF...

WHILE OTHERS ARE CRUSHED  
BENEATH THE UNBEARABLE  
BURDEN OF FREE THOUGHT...  
RESPONSIBILITY... BEING.

AS AN INFINITE TANGLE OF  
IMAGES TEARS THROUGH  
THEIR MIND(S), THE ALIEN  
SPUTTERS, "WELL? IS THIS  
BETTER? WAS THIS WHAT  
YOU WANTED?"

SOMEWHERE...  
AN OFFICER  
GOES DOWN.

A BLOODY INVASION IS  
JOYOUSLY APPROVED.

A HOMELESS GENIUS  
SMILES... HIS LIFE'S  
WORK A SUCCESS.

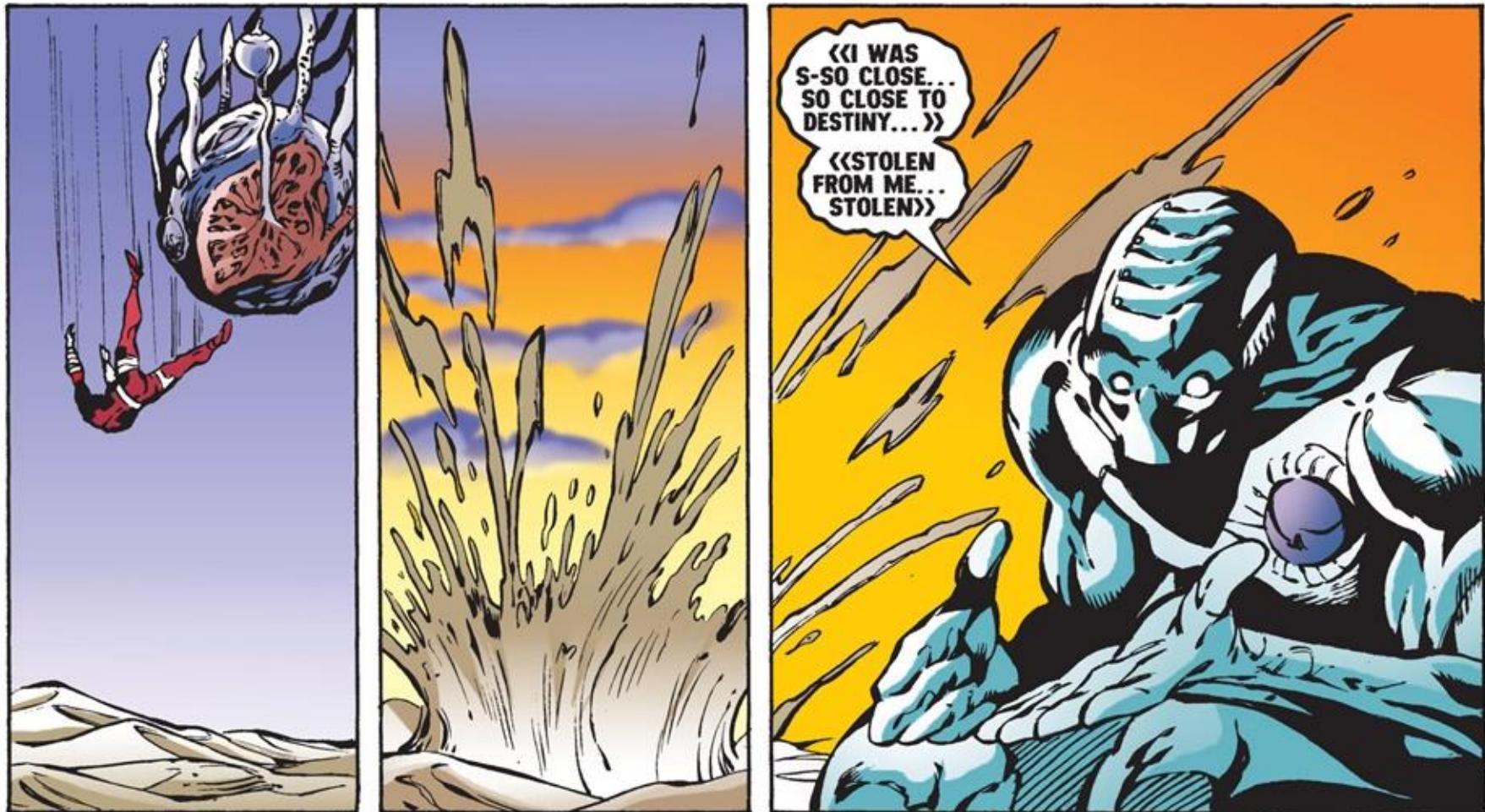
A FUTURE  
ASTRONAUT  
MAKES HER  
FIRST JOURNEY.

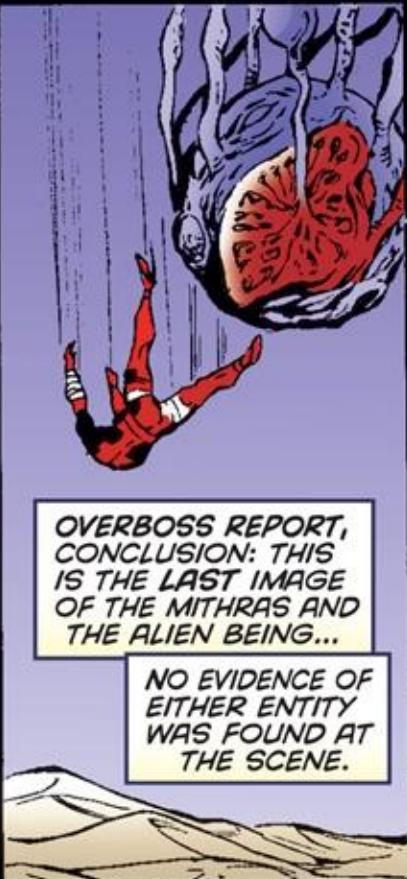
SOMEONE  
BREAKS  
A HEART.

A FATHER OF THREE  
DIES OVER THIRTEEN  
DOLLARS.

AN UNKNOWN  
ARTIST REINVENTS  
THE WHEEL.

AND DEADPOOL  
REPLIES... "I HAVE  
NO CLUE."





OR  
PERHAPS... AS  
MONTY -- AS THE  
PRECOG PROPOSED...  
THERE WAS MORE  
TO THE MESSIAH  
THAN MET THE  
EYE...

PERHAPS  
IN THAT MOMENT  
OF TRUTH, THE MITHRAS  
TOOK THE DESTINY OF  
A WORLD IN HIS HAND...  
AND MADE A DECISION  
THAT, THOUGH PAINFUL...  
WAS THE RIGHT ONE  
FOR US ALL...

I DOUBT  
WE'LL EVER KNOW.  
WILSON HAS VANISHED  
WITHOUT A TRACE... I  
WILL BEGIN AN  
IMMEDIATE SEARCH  
FOR HIM UPON MY  
RETURN FROM TRAINING --

COMPUTER,  
CORRECTION...  
DELETE BACK TO  
"OR PERHAPS..."  
CONTINUE...

OR PERHAPS... WADE WILSON  
IS JUST THE GREATEST SCREW-UP  
THE WORLD HAS EVER KNOWN.  
MY RECOMMENDATION...

STRIKE ALL  
RECORD OF HIS  
INVOLVEMENT WITH THIS  
CORPORATION... LEAVE  
HIM ALONE... FORGET  
WE EVER MET HIM.

I AWAITS  
YOUR REPLY,  
AND FURTHER  
ORDERS. SIGNET:  
OVERBOSS ZOE  
CULLODEN.

SEND:  
LANDAU,  
LUCKMAN,  
LAKE.

POSTSCRIPT...  
THANK YOU FOR THE  
FRUIT BASKET  
REGARDING MY  
PROMOTION...

IT WAS  
VERY...  
BIG.