

Avenger...Assassin...Superstar...Smelly person...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. Somehow, despite making his money as a gun for hire, Wade has become one of the most beloved "heroes" in the world. Call him the Merc with the Mouth...call him the Regeneratin' Degenerate...call him...

DEADPOOL

HEY THERE, POOLIES AND POOLETTES. **DEADPOOL** HERE!

MAN, LAST ISSUE WAS PRETTY INTENSE, HUH?

BUT, LIKE I SAID, YOU JUST GOTTA KEEP GOING. THINGS CAN GET BETTER. I MEAN-- LOOK AT MY LIFE.

MY TEAM OF MERCS ALL BETRAYED AND LEFT ME...

...MY DAUGHTER DOESN'T THINK OF ME AS A DAD...

...MY AVENGERS SQUAD GOT DISBANDED BY CAPTAIN AMERICA...

...MY WIFE IS GETTING ALONG WITH HER OTHER LOVERS WAY BETTER THAN WITH ME...

...AND MY NEW ARCHENEMY, MADCAP, IS ON THE LOOSE PLOTTING REVENGE ON ME.

WITH THAT MUCH %\$#@ PILED ON ME, THINGS HAVE GOTTA GET BETTER SOON, RIGHT?

RIGHT?



L'I'L DEADPOOL ART BY IRENE Y. LEE

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Guru-eFX
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I LOVE CHRISTMAS.

SHOW ME YOUR HANDS!

IT'S IMPORTANT TO KEEP UP WITH FESTIVE TRADITIONS.

THERE'S NO BETTER PLACE TO ENJOY THE CHRISTMAS SEASON THAN NEW YORK CITY. EVERYTHING **GLITTERS**.

SEASON'S BEATINGS!

THWACK

ESPECIALLY IN THE DIAMOND DISTRICT.

EVERY YEAR AROUND THIS TIME, MY PAL AND I GET TOGETHER AND CELEBRATE THE REASON FOR THE SEASON: **MONEY**.



OF COURSE, WE PLAY "SECRET SANTA" DIFFERENTLY THAN MOST PEOPLE.

SILENT ALARM NIGHT IS THE BEST.

MAN, BOB-- YOU'VE GOTTA HAVE HYDRA SECRETLY TAKE OVER A FITNESS CENTER.

TELL ME --HUFF-- ABOUT IT.

--HUFF-- YEAH!



I'M GLAD WE KEEP UP OUR TRADITIONS.

ALWAYS FUN, RIGHT?

NOW I'LL JUST SPRINKLE MY MAGIC ROCKS ONTO THIS HOBO AND TURN HIM INTO AN INSUFFERABLE THOUSANDAIRE.

MAN, WHO YOU CALLIN' A HOBO YOU PIECE OF--

AW YEAH! MAKE IT RAIN, SPIDER-MAN!

IT'S CHRISTMAS, SO I WON'T KILL YOU.

WANNA GRAB A BITE?

NAH. CAN'T. THIS WAS FUN, BUT I ACTUALLY HAVE SOME SERIOUS @#\$\$% TO DO.

SEE YA.



WHEEE-OOH! WHEEE-OOH!

WAIT! WHERE'S MY GETAWAY BIKE?

I DON'T REALLY HAVE A HOME TO GO TO RIGHT NOW, AND THERE'S A PLACE I'VE BEEN MEANING TO VISIT.



His MAJESTY's most Marvelous company of Comics
This present *Wednesday*, being the 26th of October,
will present

MUCH ADO ABOUT DEADPOOL

Written by *some hack pretending to be*
MASTER WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Being the most lamentable TRAGEDY of
A Ghastly GHOST
A Dashing DAMSEL
A Sly SHREW
A Kingly KNAVE
And the MERC of MENACE

IN FIVE ACTS

The Writer by Mr. Ian Doescher
The Artist by Mr. Bruno Oliveira
The Colorist by Mr. Nick Filardi
The Letterer by Mr. Joe Sabino

Rosencrantz by Ms. Heather Antos

Gravedigger-in-Chief by Mr. Axel Alonso

Pubtender by Mr. Dan Buckley

Guildestern by Mr. Jordan D. White

Chief Naval Officer by Mr. Joe Quesada

Executive Messenger by Mr. Alan Fine

† *No Persons to be admitted behind the Scenes,
nor any Money to be returned after the Pages are drawn up.*

Act 1

*Something's Rotten in
the State of Deadpool*



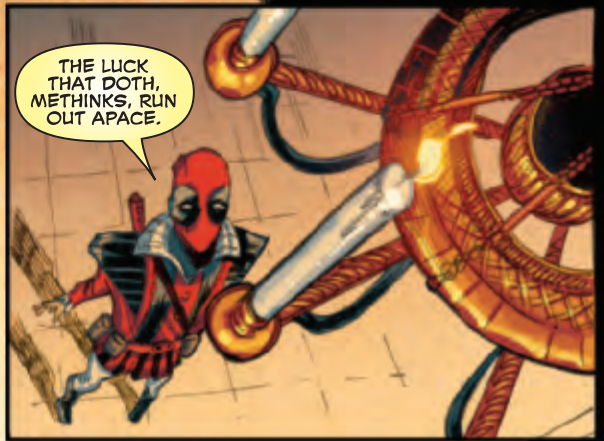
WHAT
COUNTRY, FRIENDS,
IS THIS? AND WHAT
THE @\$%?



HOW HAVE I VENTUR'D TO THIS FOREIGN PLACE?



THESE WALLS OF STONE DEFINE THE BOUNDS OF LUCK--



THE LUCK THAT DOTH, METHINKS, RUN OUT ASPACE.



HOW DID I COME HERE? BY THE NORTH OR SOUTH?



AND SOFT, WHAT ARE THESE IRRITATING WORDS?!

WHENCE FLY
THESE WORDS
INTO MY MIND
AND MOUTH,

AN 'TWERE
A FLOCK OF
FOLLY-FALLEN
BIRDS?

THIS ANCIENT
LANGUAGE SHAKES
MY VERY SOUL:

I SHALL NOT
SPEAK WITH THIS
OUTLANDISH
SPEECH.



I'LL STOP
MY MOUTH. MY
SILENCE SHALL
BE FULL.



ALACK,
MY TONGUE
ANOTHER PHRASE
DOTH REACH!

BELIKE AS
PUNISHMENT FOR
ALL MY CRIMES,

I CANNOT
STOP THESE
WORDS, NOR
BREAK THESE
RHYMES.

