



MARVEL COMICS
haphazardly presents

DEADPOOL the DUCK

After noticing an extraterrestrial fast approaching Earth, S.H.I.E.L.D. sends Deadpool to investigate. Meanwhile, Howard the Duck is drifting on the road, going nowhere in particular, when his bad luck hits him - literally! Rocket Raccoon falls right from space into his car, totaling it. Even worse, Rocket's been infected with a mysterious disease called "space rabies," causing him to attack Howard. Deadpool arrives just in time to battle Rocket head-on, but when Rocket bites Deadpool's teleporter, it causes Deadpool and Howard to merge into one being... **Deadpool the Duck!**

Now, the Mallard with a Mouth is on a mission to get his life - and body - back. Realizing that Rocket (and his RABIES) came from a Roxxon facility, the crew follows that lead - right into a firefight with a murderous security agent named Basalt. Deadpool, Howard, and Rocket escape, and call up S.H.I.E.L.D. for some help making their way to the next Roxxon base. Once they arrive, they find a mysterious tank labeled RABIES. Seems pretty convenient...

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A comic book panel showing a character dressed as Deadpool Duck in a red and black tactical suit, kneeling in a high-tech industrial setting. He has a sword tucked into his belt. In the background, a glowing blue ghostly figure of an older duck is visible. To the right, a large red-tinted inset shows a character with red fur and a mask, possibly a villain, in a similar industrial environment.

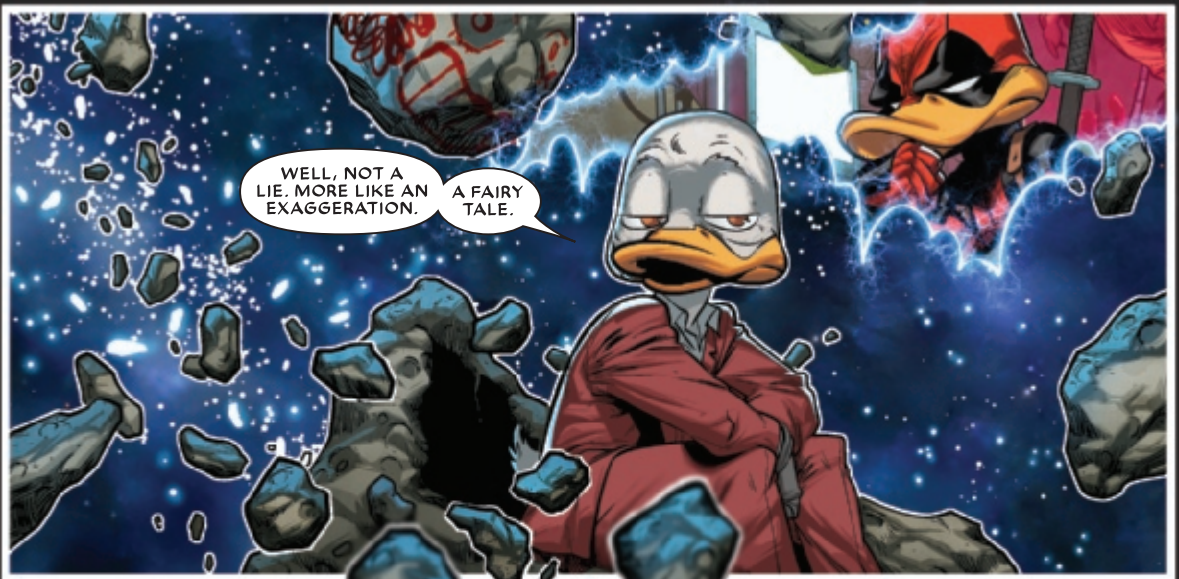
MY FIRST
MEMORY. COULDN'T
HAVE BEEN MORE'N
THREE YEARS
OLD.

GRANDMA
PICKED ME UP
BY THE PINFEATHERS,
PLOPPED ME DOWN ON
HER KNEE, AN' SAID,
"LITTLE DRAKE? YOU
CAN BE ANYTHING
YOU WANT
TO BE."

A close-up of the glowing blue ghostly duck from the previous panel, looking angry with a furrowed brow.

EVEN
THEN, I KNEW
IT WAS A LIE.





WELL, NOT A LIE. MORE LIKE AN EXAGGERATION.

A FAIRY TALE.



IN THIS WORLD, YOU'RE LUCKY IF YOU CAN HOLD ONTO WHAT YOU'RE BORN WITH.

YOU'RE LUCKY TO HAVE A ROOF OVER YOUR HEAD.



GRANDMA DIED A YEAR LATER. OVARIAN CANCER... TOO BUSY LAYIN' EGGS ALL HER LIFE T'TAKE CARE OF HERSELF.

GUESS SHE COULDN'T BE ANYTHING SHE WANTED.



WHAT I'M SAYIN' IS--UGH-- FATE TOSSED US INTO THIS MESS, WILSON. YOU NEVER ASKED FOR THE FEATHERS, AND I SURE DIDN'T PLAN ON AN EXTENDED-STAY PACKAGE IN THE NEGATIVE ZONE.

ONLY WAY WE'RE GONNA GET THROUGH IT IS TO WORK TOGETHER.



YOU PUT ROCKET IN THE MACHINE. NOW MAYBE Y'COULD TRUST ME A LITTLE MORE, AND TURN IT ON?

NOPE? NO ANSWER?

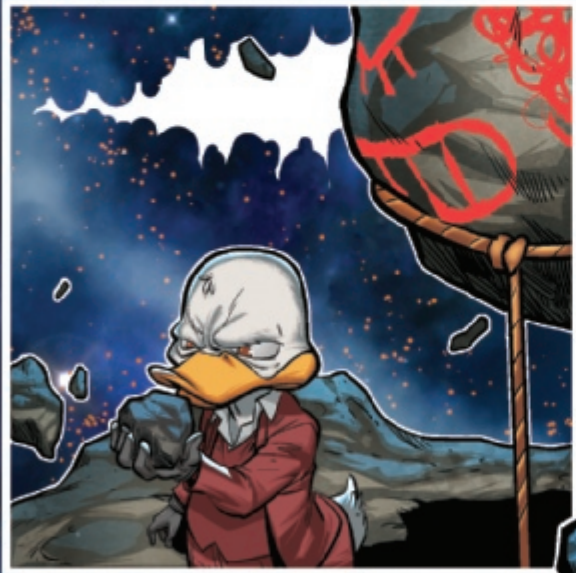


OKAY, THEN.

WE DO THIS THE HARD WAY--



POOR GRANDMA.



WAUGGHHH!

