



**DEADPOOL'S OFFICE
IN MANHATTAN...**

WHAT BRINGS YOU TO THE AVENGERS SIDE OF THE BUILDING, ADSIT?

I REALLY NEED HELP FINDING SABRETOOTH.



WHY? WHAT'D HE DO NOW?

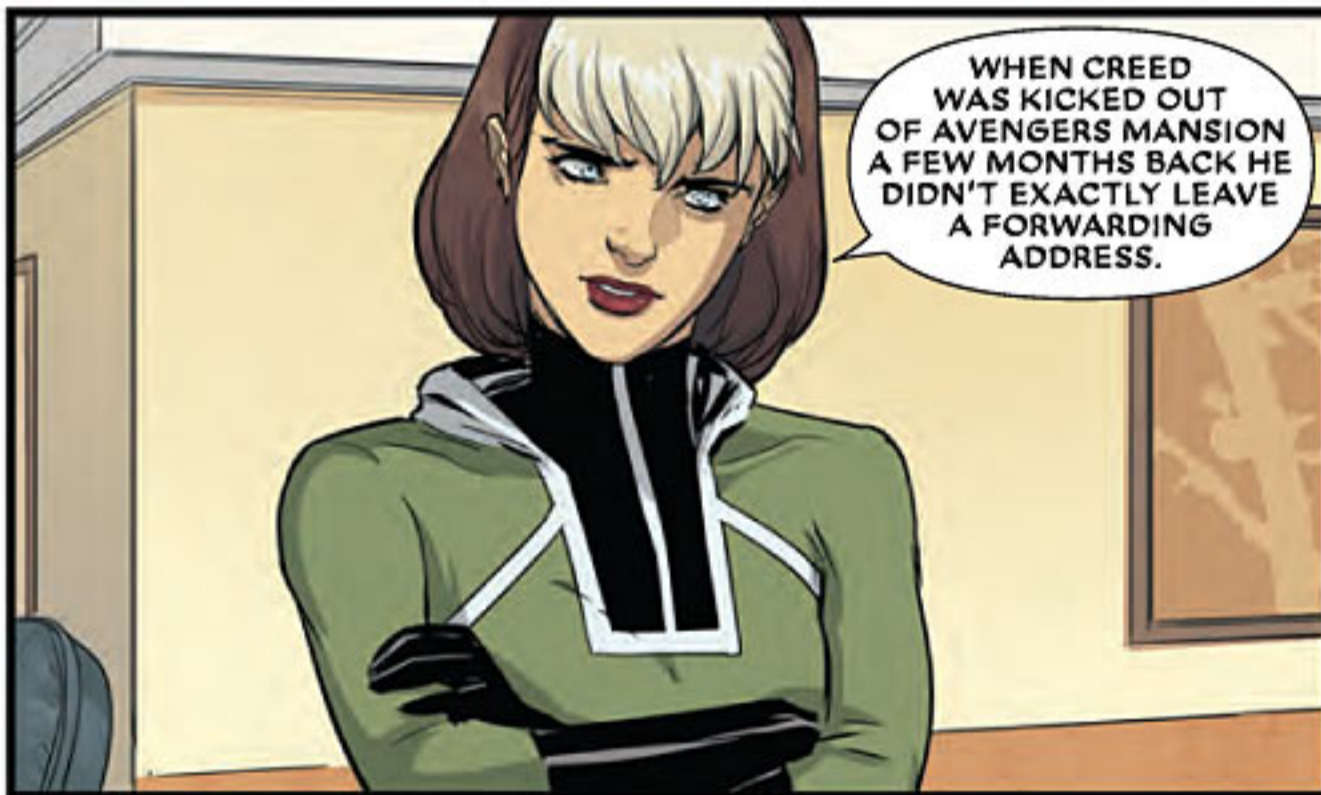
NOTHING. WELL, NOTHING THAT I KNOW OF, ROGUE.

IT'S UH... PERSONAL.

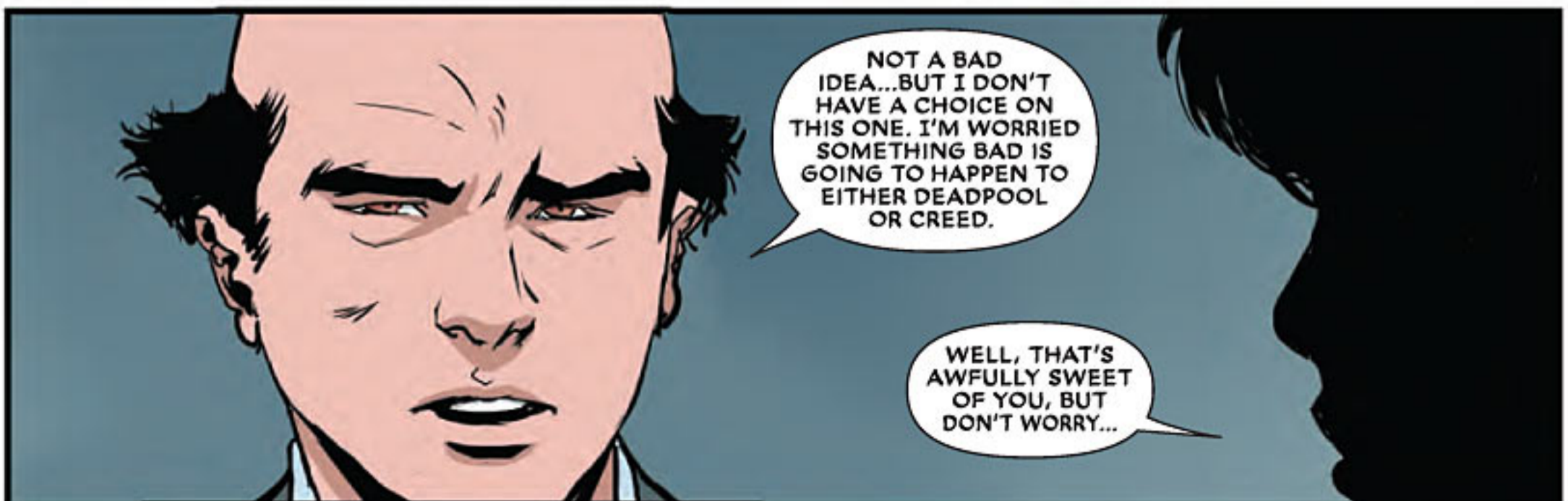


I'M SORRY I COULDN'T BE OF MORE HELP, ADSIT.

I TRY TO STAY OUT OF THE DEADPOOL BUSINESS, MAYBE YOU SHOULD, TOO.



WHEN CREED WAS KICKED OUT OF AVENGERS MANSION A FEW MONTHS BACK HE DIDN'T EXACTLY LEAVE A FORWARDING ADDRESS.



NOT A BAD IDEA... BUT I DON'T HAVE A CHOICE ON THIS ONE. I'M WORRIED SOMETHING BAD IS GOING TO HAPPEN TO EITHER DEADPOOL OR CREED.

WELL, THAT'S AWFULLY SWEET OF YOU, BUT DON'T WORRY...



"...THEY'RE BOTH UNKILLABLE."

I FEEL LIKE I'M ABOUT TO DIE!



THE FOOD WAS ALMOST AS TERRIBLE AS THE REASON YOU KILLED MY PARENTS.



ANYTHING ELSE, FELLAS?

HOW MANY TIMES DO YOU WANT ME TO APOLOGIZE?



FOR KILLING MY PARENTS?!

YOU CAN KEEP RIGHT ON APOLOGIZING.

I'LL COME BACK.



YOU KNOW HOW I WAS BACK THEN. I KILLED MORE PEOPLE THAN I CAN REMEMBER.



I JUST--
I THOUGHT
YOU...



I WANTED
TO PROVOKE
YOU INTO PUTTING
ME OUT OF
MY MISERY.

I WANTED
A WARRIOR'S
DEATH.



I THOUGHT
YOU COULD
CROAK ME.

I WANTED
YOU TO SUCCEED
WHERE LOGAN
FAILED.

YEAH,
THAT'S IT.



CHECK?

I'M SORRY
THERE AIN'T
MORE TO SAY, AND
I'M SORRY THERE'S
NOTHING I
CAN DO.



SORRY.
STILL GOTTA
KILL YOU.

