



MARVEL COMICS
haphazardly presents

DEADPOOL the DUCK

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

It turns out that Rocket's RABIES was actually Roxxon nanotech gone wrong—and it only took a massive shootout between S.H.I.E.L.D. and Roxxon to figure it out! While Rocket was cured, unfortunately the machine that fixed him (and that could separate Deadpool and Howard) was a casualty of the firefight. To make matters worse, Agent Mary's mom/major power-tripper/Roxxon security chief Basalt, who's been on the team's tail (literally), is working with Doctor Bong. That guy? Really???

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THE LABORATORY OF DOCTOR BONG.

FOR YEARS I HAVE DEVOTED MYSELF TO THE CREATION OF ANIMAL AND HUMAN-ANIMAL.

THE GOAL: TO BREED AN ARMY OF SAVAGE BEASTS, OBEDIENT TO MY EVERY COMMAND. A CRASH OF RHINO-LIONS, A FRENZY OF ELEPHANT-SHARKS--CREATURES TO INSPIRE DREAD AND FEAR!

SADLY, HOWEVER, MY HYBRIDS HAVE FALLEN MORE INTO THE "CUTE" CATEGORY.

LIKE LITTLE BURPY HERE.

:BURP:



WHEN ROXXON HIRED ME AS CONSULTANT TO THEIR NOW-DEFUNCT "RABIES" PROGRAM, I SAW MY CHANCE.

I LOADED UP ROCKET RACCOON WITH NANOBOTS AND AIMED HIM AT AN OLD FRIEND.

SO HOWARD AND DEADPOOL GOT FUSED TOGETHER INTO ONE BEING...AND THAT'S SUPPOSED TO BE THE FIRST OF YOUR "ARMY OF SAVAGE BEASTS"?

WHAT NOW? WE GO IN AND GRAB HIM?



THAT WAS THE PLAN. HOWEVER, SECURITY CHIEF BASALT...

...SINCE YOU HAVE JOINED MY EMPLOY, I FIND MYSELF OCCUPIED BY THOUGHTS OF A MORE AMATORY NATURE.



I REALIZE THIS IS ABRUPT, BUT OFTTIMES LOVE WAITS RIGHT UNDER OUR NOSE, LIKE AN UNNOTICED CLOT OF MUCUS.



LONG HAVE I SOUGHT A MATE WITH AN AMORAL SPIRIT TO MATCH MY OWN.

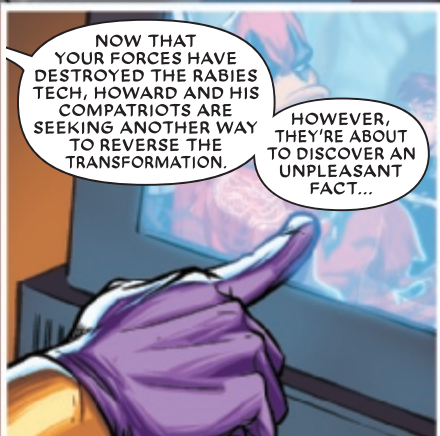
MY SECRETS, MY FORTRESS, MY POWER--SHARE THEM WITH ME, SECURITY CHIEF BASALT.

MARRY ME!



OR WE COULD, YOU KNOW...

...DO THIS.



NOW THAT YOUR FORCES HAVE DESTROYED THE RABIES TECH, HOWARD AND HIS COMPATRIOTS ARE SEEKING ANOTHER WAY TO REVERSE THE TRANSFORMATION.

HOWEVER, THEY'RE ABOUT TO DISCOVER AN UNPLEASANT FACT...



...THERE ARE NO NANOBOTS REMAINING IN THE CREATURE'S BODY.

WITHOUT THEM, I HAVE NO WAY OF SEPARATING WADE WILSON FROM THE, UH...

"DUCK."
DUCK.

HOW ABOUT THAT? WE GOT A SPLEEN.

DID YOU KNOW WE GOT A SPLEEN?



MA'AM? IS IT EVEN IN S.H.I.E.L.D.'S INTEREST TO SEPARATE THESE TWO AGAIN?

OVER THE YEARS, DEADPOOL HAS COST THE AGENCY MILLIONS OF DOLLARS IN COLLATERAL DAMAGE. IN HIS CURRENT CONDITION, THAT FIGURE WOULD CERTAINLY BE CUT IN...



...WELL, HALF...



CUT IN HALF?!

CUT IN HALF?!



GET THIS STRAIGHT, JARHEAD. I DON'T GIVE A RAT'S ASS ABOUT S.H.I.E.L.D.'S INTEREST.

I JUST WANT MY LIFE BACK!