

THE MERC\$ FOR MONEY

Target [ACQUIRED]: Chen Lu
Alias: Radioactive Man
Abilities: Radiation absorption and manipulation, including energy blasts and force fields.

Client (Umbral Dynamics) identified the target as a major source of radiation and an extreme danger to himself and others. Mercs (Terror, Masacre, Foolkiller, Slapstick, Stingray, and Solo) were dispatched to apprehend the target in a remote location in Vietnam. Lu was extremely aggressive and hostile toward the Mercs and Umbral Dynamics, referring to their methods of capture and incarceration as "torture." Target was eventually detained using a Radiation-Absorbent Material (R.A.M.) canon, and instructions were provided for the next mission.



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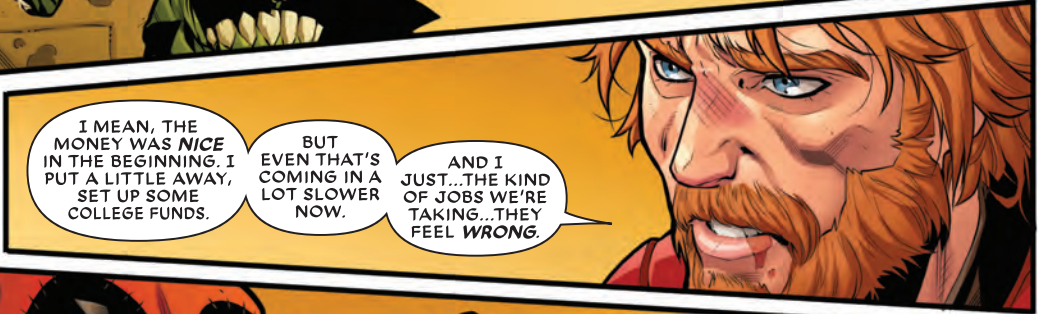
SO...
ARE WE IN
AGREEMENT?



WHAT
OTHER
OPTION
DO WE HAVE?

WE KEEP
RUNNING
WITH
THIS GUY...ONE
OF US IS
GONNA DIE.

OR
ALL OF
US.



I MEAN, THE
MONEY WAS NICE
IN THE BEGINNING. I
PUT A LITTLE AWAY,
SET UP SOME
COLLEGE FUNDS.

BUT
EVEN THAT'S
COMING IN A
LOT SLOWER
NOW.

AND I
JUST...THE KIND
OF JOBS WE'RE
TAKING...THEY
FEEL WRONG.



DEBEMOS
SENTARNOS CON
EL JEFE...TRATAR
DE HABLAR
CON EL.

TAL VEZ
PODAMOS LLEGAR
A ALGÚN TIPO DE
ENTENDIMIENTO.



I COULD
WRITE A SERIES
OF BOOKS ON
YOU JOKERS.

THE DEPTHS
OF *ENABLEMENT*
ARE AMAZING.

I CAN SEE BOOK
TOURS, TELEVISION
APPEARANCES, AND
A KILL LIST A
MILE LONG.



WHO'S
GONNA TELL
DEADPOOL?

LET ME GO
ON RECORD
AS SAYING:
NOT IT.

BUT
SOMEBODY
BETTER
VOLUNTEER...

"...BEFORE HE DRAGS US OFF ON ANOTHER ILL-PLANNED ESCAPEE."



WEST VIRGINIA.
A FEW DAYS AGO...



ARE WE SURE OUR INTEL IS RIGHT, WADE?

OUR GUY'S HERE?

BECAUSE I'M NOT PICKING UP ANY RADIOACTIVITY, AND NUKLO OUGHT TO BE SWEATING THE STUFF.



MAYBE HE'S NOT HERE ANYMORE, STINGRAY.

BUT THAT OLD DUDE AT THE GAS-N-GET-OUTTA-HERE SAID THIS IS WHERE NUKLO HANGS OUT.



MIGHT AS WELL CHECK IT OUT.

I BET THIS PLACE IS SIMPLY GREAT ANYHOW... FULL OF BACKWOODSY GOODNESS...MAYBE EVEN SOME RACIST BALLADS ON THE JUKEBOX.

EVEN IF OUR BOY'S NOT HERE, **SOMEONE** IN THIS DIVE PROBABLY DESERVES AN ASS-WHUPPING.



BARTENDER!

A PINT OF WHATEVER BACTERIA-FILLED PIGSWILL YOU'VE GOT ON TAP!

I'VE WORKED UP A **POWERFUL** THIRST BY BEING **GENERALLY TERRIFIC!**



AND GIVE MY COMPANIONS WHATEVER THEY WANT, TOO.

(THEY'RE ON SEPARATE TABS. MIND YOU.)



NOTHING FOR ME, THANKS.

WHISKEY, NEAT.

MARTINI... STIRRED, NOT SHAKEN.

TAKE FOUR SOUR PATCH KIDS AND THROW THEM INTO A RAINBOW-COLORED DAIQUIRI.

THEN POUR THAT DOWN THE DRAIN AND GIVE ME SOMETHING YOU CAN DRINK WHILE IT'S ON FIRE.

YOU KNOW HOW TO MAKE A ZOMBIE?

TEQUILA.



SAY...WE'RE LOOKING FOR A GUY NAMED **NUKLO**.

HE'S ONE OF THOSE-- Y'KNOW--**GLOW-IN-THE-DARK** TYPES.

I HEAR HE LIKES TO KICK UP HIS FEET IN THIS HERE SNAKE PIT.



BROTHER, I'VE BEEN STAGGERIN' OUTTA THIS DIVE EVERY NIGHT FOR THREE MONTHS.

AN' I DON'T KNOW ANYONE WHO GOES BY THAT HANDLE.

COULD BE YOU GOT THE NAME **WRONG?**

NEVER HEARD OF NO "NUKLO"--



--BUT MY PALS CALL ME NUKE.



NUKE?!

I KNOW THIS GUY. HE'S A SUPER-SOLDIER GONE WRONG.

WE'RE WORKING ON SHODDY INTEL HERE. THIS GUY'S NOT RADIOACTIVE.

WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? I MEAN...YEAH...*MAYBE* I GOT THE NAME WRONG. *MAYBE* THIS ISN'T THE GUY WE'RE SUPPOSED TO BE TRACKING.



BUT HE CALLS HIMSELF "NUKE"!

HE'S BOUND TO BE RADIOACTIVE!



'FRAID NOT, PETUNIA.

WHAT I AM, THOUGH, IS UNFORGIVIN' WHEN IT COMES TO ANYONE SWAGGERIN' INTO MY FAVORITE WATERIN' HOLE LOOKIN' FOR TROUBLE.

YOU WANNA DANCE, NANCY?