

MARVEL

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DEADPOOL



PARENTAL
ADVISORY
\$3.99US



BONUS DIGITAL EDITION — DETAILS INSIDE!

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Chosen to take part in a top-secret government program, Wade Wilson was bestowed with the ability to heal from any wound. He became a mercenary. Then, for a while, he tried to be a hero. It...well, it went *pretty badly*. So badly, in fact, that Wade mindwiped himself, resetting his memories to the "factory setting" of the classic chaos agent, the Merc with the Mouth, the Regeneratin' Degenerate known as...

DEADPOOL

Deadpool wiped his memories and has to start over with his mercin' for money business. As a promotional stunt, Deadpool made a deal with some space gods to sell out one of their own and convince him to attack Earth so Deadpool could take him out and be seen as The Greatest Mercenary In The Universe. The plan--while ending up being pretty freaking gross--worked. The jobs have come rolling in...

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The Bermuda Triangle.

You know, where *weird* stuff happens.

HYDRA BOB, CAN YOU PASS THE HOT SAUCE, PLEASE? THIS IS A GOOD CHIMI BUT THEY REALLY WENT LIGHT ON THE HEAT.

SURE, PAL. HEAT IT UP!

WILL YOU TWO PLEASE TRY TO KEEP MORE FOOD IN YOUR BIG, GROSS MOUTHS? I'D PREFER THE X-MEN NOT FIND OUT THAT I BORROWED THE BLACKBIRD TO DROP YOU OFF AT A JOB.

SERIOUSLY, NEG? YOU'RE GONNA LECTURE ME ABOUT EATING WHILE YOU TEXT AND FLY? I'M NOT AN EXPERT ON THE LAW BUT I HAVE TO ASSUME THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT PLANES AND PHONES AND THEM NOT BEING BUDDIES IN SAFETY.



SPEAKING OF PHONES...

I PUT STEVE BUCHANAN'S PROFILE IN THIS FIELD COMM MODDED WITH A SIGNAL STRONG ENOUGH TO BREAK THROUGH ANY INTERDIMENSIONAL ISSUES AROUND THIS PLACE.

WAIT, ARE YOU SERIOUS, BOB? THIS GUY IS THE MARK? HE LOOKS LIKE AN ACCOUNTANT.

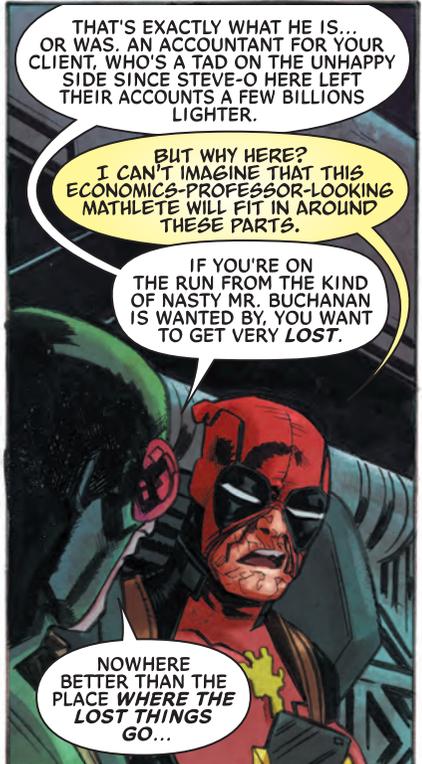
NO, HE LOOKS LIKE A GUY WHO APPLIED FOR AN ACCOUNTING JOB AND THE ACCOUNTANT WAS LIKE, "NO WAY, YOU LOOK LIKE AN ACCOUNTANT."

THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT HE IS... OR WAS. AN ACCOUNTANT FOR YOUR CLIENT, WHO'S A TAD ON THE UNHAPPY SIDE SINCE STEVE-O HERE LEFT THEIR ACCOUNTS A FEW BILLIONS LIGHTER.

BUT WHY HERE? I CAN'T IMAGINE THAT THIS ECONOMICS-PROFESSOR-LOOKING MATHLETE WILL FIT IN AROUND THESE PARTS.

IF YOU'RE ON THE RUN FROM THE KIND OF NASTY MR. BUCHANAN IS WANTED BY, YOU WANT TO GET VERY LOST.

NOWHERE BETTER THAN THE PLACE WHERE THE LOST THINGS GO...



"...WEIRDWORLD."



I CAN'T STAND WEIRDWORLD. IT'S LIKE THAT GUY AT THE PARTY WEARING A TURTLENECK SWEATER, JEAN JACKET, GLITTER BOOTY SHORTS, HARRY CARAY GLASSES, A DOOKIE ROPE CHAIN, A SNAPBACK WITH THE BRIM FLIPPED UP, AND WALKING A SQUIRREL.



IT'S LIKE, HEY, WE GET IT, YOU'RE SUPER %&# WEIRD, CONGRATULATIONS, HERE'S YOUR COOKIE!



YOU PULL THIS OFF, YOUR CUT-AND MINE FOR BRINGING IT TO YOU--
--WILL BE BIG ENOUGH TO PAY FOR ANOTHER MINDWIPE SO YOU CAN FORGET THIS SQUIRREL WALKER OF A WORLD.



WHAT DO YOU THINK, SHOULD WE DROP BY DISNEY WORLD UNTIL WE GET--

**BING
BING
BING
BING
BING**



TEXTS FROM DEADPOOL.

ALREADY? HE JUST JUMPED OUT OF THE PLANE, WHAT... TWO SECONDS AGO?

YEAH, TONS OF THEM. ALL VIDEOS. SOMETHING'S NOT RIGHT, THOUGH. ALL THE DATES AND TIMES ARE MESSED UP.



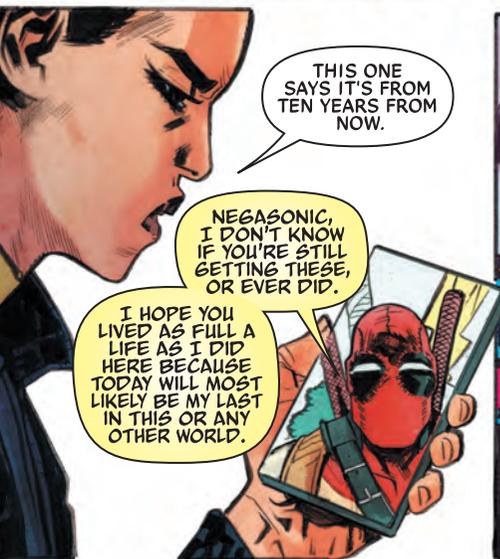


MAYBE, BUT EITHER WAY, DON'T GO FAR. YOU KNOW THE CODE WORD. YOU SEE OR HEAR THAT, GET ME OUT. I DON'T WANT TO STAY HERE **ONE SECOND LONGER** THAN I HAVE TO.



HEY, YOU FORGOT YOUR--

PARACHUTE. #%%& ME.



THIS ONE SAYS IT'S FROM TEN YEARS FROM NOW.

NEGASONIC, I DON'T KNOW IF YOU'RE STILL GETTING THESE, OR EVER DID.

I HOPE YOU LIVED AS FULL A LIFE AS I DID HERE BECAUSE TODAY WILL MOST LIKELY BE MY LAST IN THIS OR ANY OTHER WORLD.

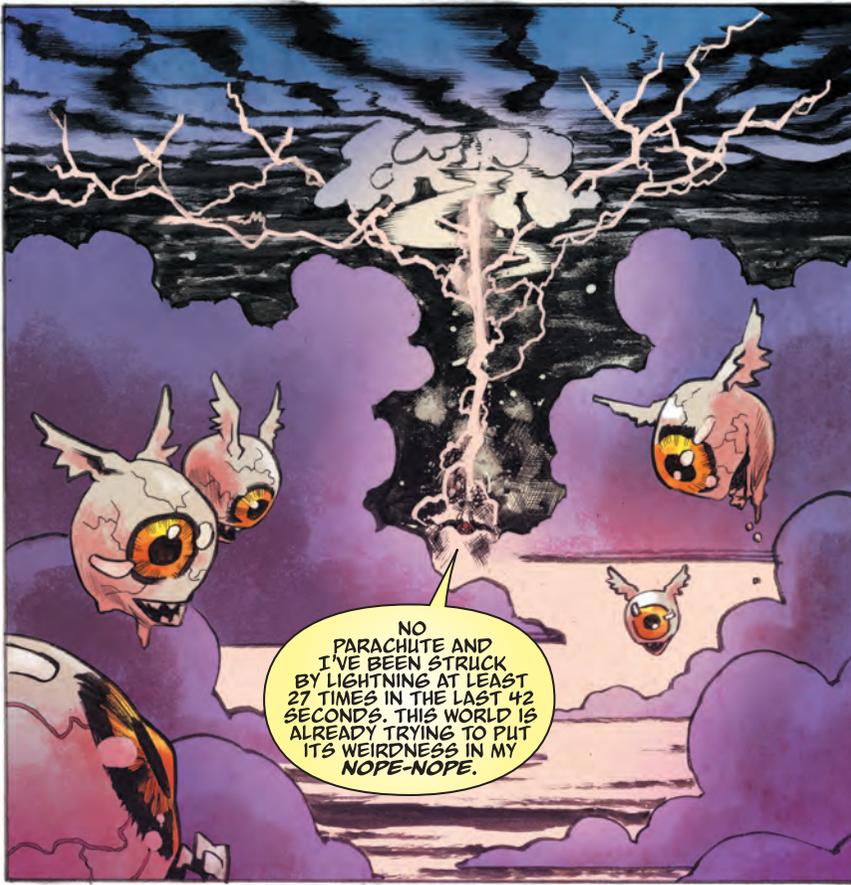


WEIRRRRRRD!

HOW IS IT POSSIBLE THAT WADE IS ABOUT TO DIE IN THE FUTURE WHEN HE WAS JUST HERE SECONDS AGO?

LIKE DP SAID, IT'S WEIRDWORLD. ANYTHING IS POSSIBLE.

NOW, DO YOU HAVE ANY POPCORN? I WANT TO WATCH ALL HIS MESSAGES FROM THE BEGINNING. THIS IS GONNA BE A RIOT.



NO PARACHUTE AND I'VE BEEN STRUCK BY LIGHTNING AT LEAST 27 TIMES IN THE LAST 42 SECONDS. THIS WORLD IS ALREADY TRYING TO PUT ITS WEIRDNESS IN MY NOPE-NOPE.



STRIKE THAT AND REVISE.



IT'S TRYING TO PUT ITS FIERY HOT LAVA WEIRDNESS IN MY NOPE-NOPE!



HEY, NEGASONIC, SO...JUST JUMPED OUT OF THE PLANE YOU WERE FLYING, AND IT SEEMS YOUR WHOLE TEXTING-AND-FLYING THING WILL KILL SOMEONE AFTER ALL. NOT YOU, LIKE IT SHOULD HAVE. IT'S ME, BECAUSE YOU FLEW OVER THE WRONG SIDE AND NOW I'M ABOUT TO BE BURNED ALIVE IN A GIANT \$\$\$% VOLCANO!

SO THANKS. IF I COME BACK FROM THIS, I WILL BE WRITING YOU A VERY STRONGLY WORDED WARNING AND PLACING YOU ON SOME SORT OF PROBATION.