

RETURN OF THE LIVING DEADPOOL

WHEN DEADPOOL DISCOVERED THAT HIS HEALING FACTOR COULD BE USED AGAINST THE INFESTATION OF THE UNDEAD, HE SACRIFICED HIMSELF TO THEM IN THE HOPES OF SAVING MANKIND. INSTEAD, THE ZOMBIES WERE TRANSFORMED INTO AN ARMY OF BURRITO-LOVIN', SOCIETY-DOMINATIN' DEADPOOLS.

THE MERCILESS MERCS ARE HARVESTING SURVIVING HUMANS AND HAVE BEGUN REPROCESSING THEM INTO ZOMBIES IN ORDER TO INCREASE THEIR 'POOL NUMBERS. SAVING HUMANITY HAS CLEARLY TAKEN A BACKSEAT. THAT IS, UNTIL A GIRL NAMED LIZ STUMBLES UPON A LONELY DEADPOOL WITH NO MEMORIES—AN OUTCAST OF THE ARMY.

THE AMNESIA'D DEADPOOL AND LIZ ARE ON THE SEARCH FOR THE DEADPOOL-FREE ZONE WHEN HE GETS DRAWN UNDERGROUND AND INTO THE CLUTCHES OF A MOB OF MONKPOOLS. NOW TRAPPED, DEADPOOL AND LIZ MUST FIGHT TO SURVIVE THE PARADE OF 'POOLS! HOW ARE ZOMBIES THE LEAST OF THEIR PROBLEMS?

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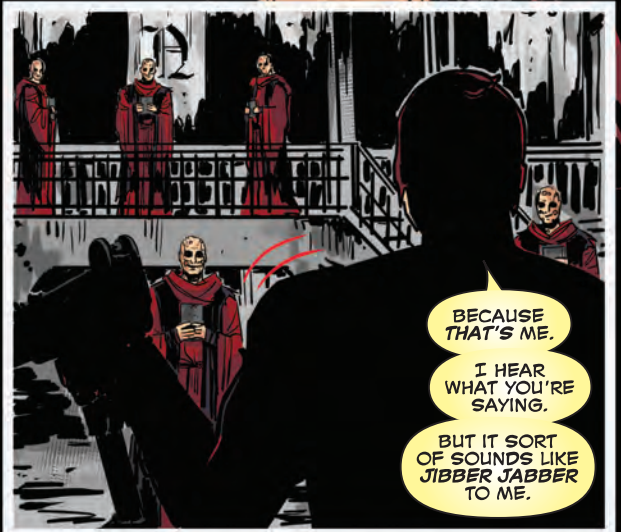
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THESE GUYS ARE GIVING ME THE CREEPS. WE SHOULD GO. PLEASE?

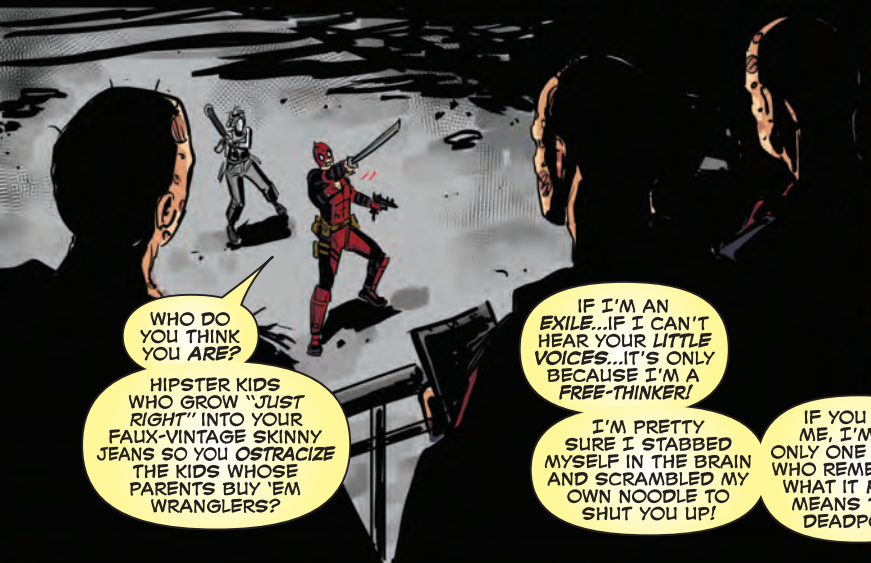


HOLD UP. I'M NOT "ONE OF YOU"?

YOU GUYS ARE ALL DEADPOOL, RIGHT?

EACH AND EVERY ONE OF YOU...TOTALLY "MADE IN THE U.S.A."

BUT I'M NOT GOOD ENOUGH TO BE IN YOUR LITTLE CLIQUE?



WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE?

HIPSTER KIDS WHO GROW "JUST RIGHT" INTO YOUR FAUX-VINTAGE SKINNY JEANS SO YOU OSTRACIZE THE KIDS WHOSE PARENTS BUY 'EM WRANGLERS?

IF I'M AN EXILE...IF I CAN'T HEAR YOUR LITTLE VOICES...IT'S ONLY BECAUSE I'M A FREE-THINKER!

I'M PRETTY SURE I STABBED MYSELF IN THE BRAIN AND SCRAMBLED MY OWN NOODLE TO SHUT YOU UP!

IF YOU ASK ME, I'M THE ONLY ONE OF YOU WHO REMEMBERS WHAT IT REALLY MEANS TO BE DEADPOOL!



THIS IS NOT TRUE!

BOGUS, BRO.

LIARS WITH PANTS ON FIRE REPRESENT!

MENTAL CONTROL IS THE ONLY TRUTH.



I...

...I CAN HEAR YOU TRYING TO WORM YOUR WAY BACK INTO MY HEAD...

...AND I...



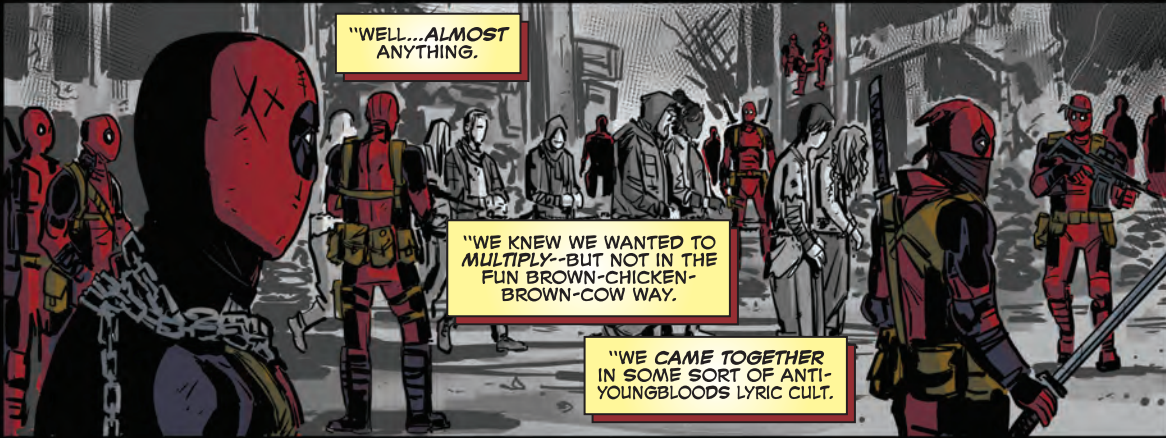
...REMEMBER!



"WE WERE ALL THE SAME... BUT ALL DIFFERENT!"

"ALL THE VOICES IN OUR HEADS... THEY WERE ASSERTING THEMSELVES IN DIFFERENT WAYS."

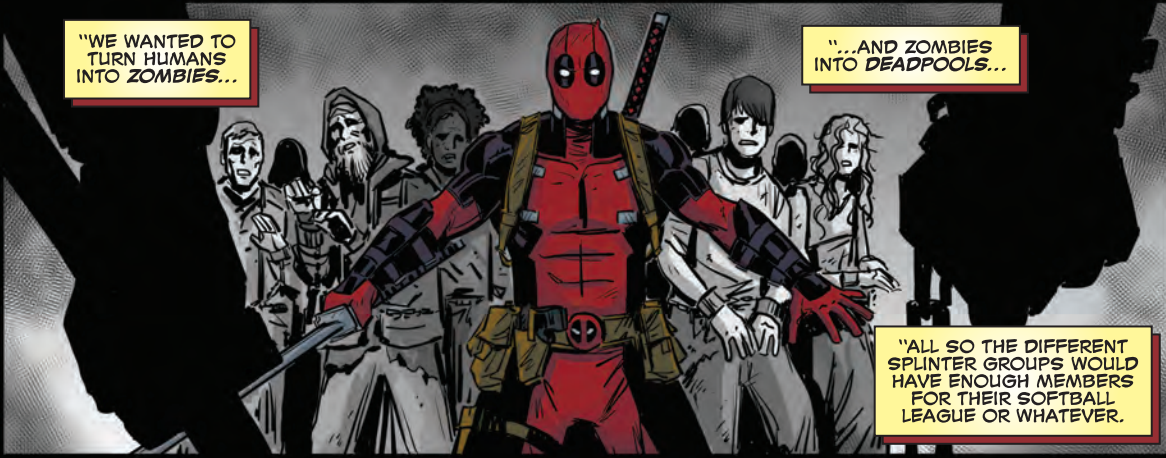
"WE COULDN'T AGREE ON ANYTHING."



"WELL... ALMOST ANYTHING."

"WE KNEW WE WANTED TO MULTIPLY-- BUT NOT IN THE FUN BROWN-CHICKEN-BROWN-COW WAY."

"WE CAME TOGETHER IN SOME SORT OF ANTI-YOUNGBLOODS LYRIC CULT."



"WE WANTED TO TURN HUMANS INTO ZOMBIES..."

"...AND ZOMBIES INTO DEADPOOLS..."

"ALL SO THE DIFFERENT SPLINTER GROUPS WOULD HAVE ENOUGH MEMBERS FOR THEIR SOFTBALL LEAGUE OR WHATEVER."



"BUT I COULDN'T DO IT."

"I KNEW IT WAS WRONG."

"AND... DESPITE THE VOICES IN MY HEAD... I BROKE FREE."



I COULD FEEL YOU CALLING ME BACK, THOUGH.

AND I HAD TO CUT THE VOICES OUT OF MY HEAD.

BUT YOU HAVE RETURNED.

PRODIGAL SON, BRO!

HIVE MIND REPRESENT!



AS YOU HAVE HEALED, YOU HAVE HEARD OUR CALL.



YEAH.

IT'S THERE, ALL RIGHT.

NAG! NAG! NAG! NAG! NAG!



TELLING ME TO CROSS OVER...

...TO GO INTO THE LIGHT...

...GOBBLE GOBBLE...



...BUT...

...WOULD YOU LOOK AT THAT?

AN UZI.



Y'KNOW WHAT, LIZ?

NOW MAY BE A GOOD TIME FOR YOU TO START MAKING YOUR WAY TO THE EXIT.