

MARVEL COMICS
BEGRUDGINGLY PRESENTS...



PETER PARKER WAS BITTEN BY AN IRRADIATED SPIDER, GRANTING HIM AMAZING ABILITIES, INCLUDING THE PROPORTIONAL SPEED, STRENGTH AND AGILITY OF A SPIDER, AS WELL AS ADHESIVE FINGERTIPS AND TOES. AFTER LEARNING THAT WITH GREAT POWER, THERE MUST ALSO COME GREAT RESPONSIBILITY, HE BECAME THE WORLD'S GREATEST SUPER HERO! HE'S...

The AMAZING SPIDER-MAN

AVENGER...ASSASSIN...SUPERSTAR! WADE WILSON WAS CHOSEN FOR A TOP-SECRET GOVERNMENT PROGRAM THAT GAVE HIM A HEALING FACTOR THAT ALLOWS HIM TO HEAL FROM ANY WOUND. DESPITE EARNING A SMALL FORTUNE AS A GUN FOR HIRE, WADE HAS BECOME THE WORLD'S MOST BELOVED HERO AND IS THE STAR OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST COMIC MAGAZINE (NO MATTER WHAT THAT JERK IN THE WEBS MAY THINK). CALL HIM THE MERC WITH THE MOUTH...CALL HIM THE REGENERATIN' DEGENERATE...CALL HIM...

DEADPOOL



LAST TIME:
THE SKY IS BLUE, DEADPOOL IS AWESOMESAUCE, AND MAD SCIENTISTS CREATE HORRIFYING ABOMINATIONS. IT'S JUST FACTS. AIN'T NO THANG.

EXCEPT THIS TIME, THE MAD SCIENTIST IN QUESTION WAS PATIENT ZERO--WHO, UNLIKE THE REST OF THE WORLD, REALLY HATES SPIDER-MAN AND DEADPOOL--AND THE ABOMINATION HE MADE--CREEPILY NAMED ITSY BITSY--WAS EXTRA-HORRIFYING. CREATED FROM SAMPLES OF DNA FROM BOTH SPIDER-MAN AND DEADPOOL, SHE GOT A KOOKY COCKTAIL OF THEIR POWERS, SO SHE'S KINDA UNBEATABLE. TO MAKE MATTERS WORSE, SHE KEEPS KILLING PEOPLE. LOTS AND LOTS OF PEOPLE. AND SHE'S DOING IT IN THE NAME OF HER SPIDEY-POOL DADDIES.

RELENTLESSLY FIGHTING ITSY BITSY HAS STARTED TO TAKE ITS TOLL, AND WHILE DEADPOOL IS LEARNING HOW TO BE A BETTER PERSON FROM HIS BROTHERLY JOURNEY WITH SPIDEY, SPIDER-MAN IS SIMILARLY STARTING TO LOSE FAITH IN HIS NO-KILLING-EVER STANCE, AND WHO WOULD HAVE EXPECTED THAT?!

ITSY BITSY

Part 4

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I'M DONE.

YOU HAVE NO IDEA HOW MANY TIMES I'VE SAID THOSE WORDS TO MYSELF SINCE I PULLED ON THE RED-AND-BLUES...

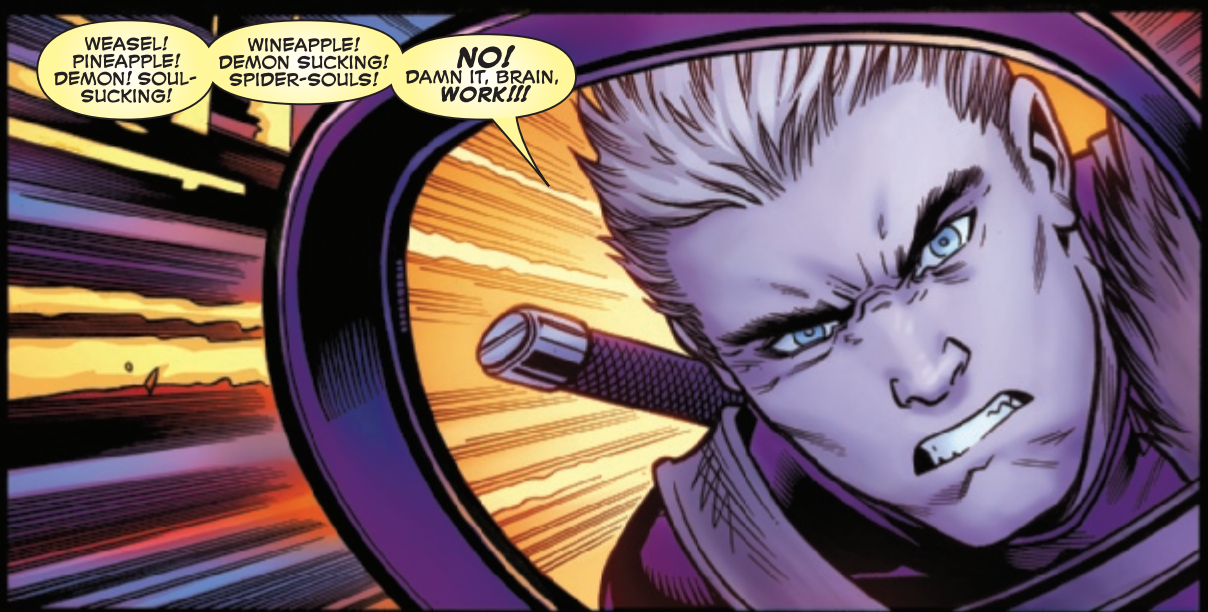
"I'M DONE."
I'VE NEVER MEANT IT. NOT REALLY.



PEOPLE HAVE BEEN TALKING A METRIC BUTT-TON OF SMACK ABOUT ME LATELY, AND I'D LIKE TO TAKE THIS OPPORTUNITY TO SET THE RECORD STRAIGHT.

I'M NOT CRAZY. I WAS NEVER ABUSED AS A CHILD...

...AND I HAVE NEVER BEEN MORE SURE OF MYSELF IN ALL OF MY DAYS ON THIS DUNGHEAP OF A PLANET.



WEASEL!
PINEAPPLE!
DEMON! SOUL-SUCKING!

WINEAPPLE!
DEMON SUCKING!
SPIDER-SOULS!

NO!
DAMN IT, BRAIN,
WORK!!!



BECAUSE THAT'S MY STORY, RIGHT? IT'S THE NARRATIVE I WAS GIVEN...OR THAT I *SPUN*--

--SPIDER-MAN SUFFERS THE SLINGS AND ARROWS OF THE UNIVERSE. HE TAKES HIS LICKS NO MATTER HOW BRUTAL. NO MATTER HOW SOUL-CRUSHING...

...AND HE GETS UP TO DO IT AGAIN.



A LOT OF PEOPLE COMPLAIN ABOUT LACKING THE POWER TO CHANGE THE WORLD. I USED TO BE ONE OF THOSE PEOPLE.

DRUGS WERE MY ANSWER. CLICHE, RIGHT?



IT DOESN'T WORK ANYMORE.

I DON'T WANT TO DO THIS ANYMORE.

THIS ISN'T YOU. I DON'T KNOW WHAT HAPPENED--

NO, ANNA MARIA... THAT'S WHAT I'M SAYING...

EVERYTHING THAT I WAS BEFORE A PSYCHO STARTED KILLING IN MY NAME... THAT WAS FALSE... A LIE.



AND THEN I MET MY KNIGHT IN ROTTEN ARMOR. A DUDE WITH AN AX TO GRIND. SOMEONE WHO HAD REAL POWER... BUT NO CLUE WHAT TO DO WITH IT.

I TOOK A DIFFERENT KIND OF NEEDLE, AND VOILA. **THIS** WAS BORN.



I DON'T WANT TO LET LIFE KICK ME IN THE GUT AGAIN, **KNOWING** THAT I HAVE THE POWER TO STOP IT.

NOT **THIS** WAY.

WHY NOT?

BECAUSE... IT'S NOT **YOU**... YOU'RE NOT... **HIM**.

PETER, LOOK AT ME!



DO YOU MIND?! I'M TRYING TO EXPLAIN MY MANIFESTO HERE!

NO. LOOK AT ME, ANNA MARIA.

FOR THE LAST TIME.

IT ENDS TONIGHT. ALL OF IT.



BRAIN'S LEAKING LIKE A RED SHIRT FULL OF BULLET HOLES--

--ESPECIALLY WHEN **SOMEONE** IS DRIVING LIKE A GRANDMA LOSING A JAZZY RACE...

TURN HERE!



A MAN'S SOUL IS AT STAKE, I THINK...OR IS THAT JUST "SOUL MAN" PLAYING ON MY INTERNAL BRAIN-STATION? ALL THE YEARS OF DECAPITATIONS AND BLOOD LOSS HAVE ME OFF MY MEMORY GAME--

--BUT IT IS A GAME, BEAR, BUDDY, AND I DON'T WANT TO LOSE-- **RIGHT!!!**



AND FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MY LIFE, I DIDN'T FEEL POWERLESS. OR ENTITLED TO SOMETHING BETTER.

I FELT STRONG.



LISTEN UP AND LISTEN WELL OR TSY SENDS YOU STRAIGHT TO HELL!



PARKER'S SOUL. DEMON JERK-BAG. DON'T KILL ITSY. **GOT IT.**

THANKS FOR THE LIFT! SORRY FOR THE BLADDER RELEASE.



I JUST WANT TO MAKE THE WORLD A BETTER PLACE.

AND I DON'T CARE HOW MANY OF YOU JACKHOLES I HAVE TO KILL TO DO IT.

YOU WANT ME TO STOP? BRING ME MY DADDIES. WE NEED TO TALK.

WEBS! YOU JERK! YOU DO NOT LEAVE A BROTHER IN A NEAR-DEATH STATE IN WESTCHESTER WHEN HE HAS IMPORTANT INFORMATION FROM THE AFTERLIFE TO SHARE WITH YOU!

DO YOU KNOW I HAD TO RIDE THROUGH **JERSEY?! ON A MOPED?! I SHOULD SHOOT YOU IN THE LEG ON PRINCIPLE--**



OH. DAMN.



THANKS FOR COMING.

WE NEED TO TALK BEFORE...

WE JUST NEED TO TALK.