

DEADPOOL

KILLS

THE MARVEL UNIVERSE

#1

BUNN
TALAJIĆ
SUDŽUKA
MRVA

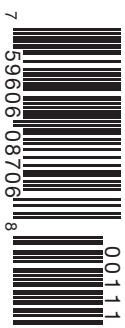
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DEADPOOL KILLS THE MARVEL UNIVERSE AGAIN

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ANY CHANCE WE COULD GET THE DAMN RUBBERNECKERS OFF THE STREET?

I COULD CLEAR 'EM OUT.

BUT I DOUBT THE REST OF YOU WOULD APPROVE.

NEW ORLEANS.

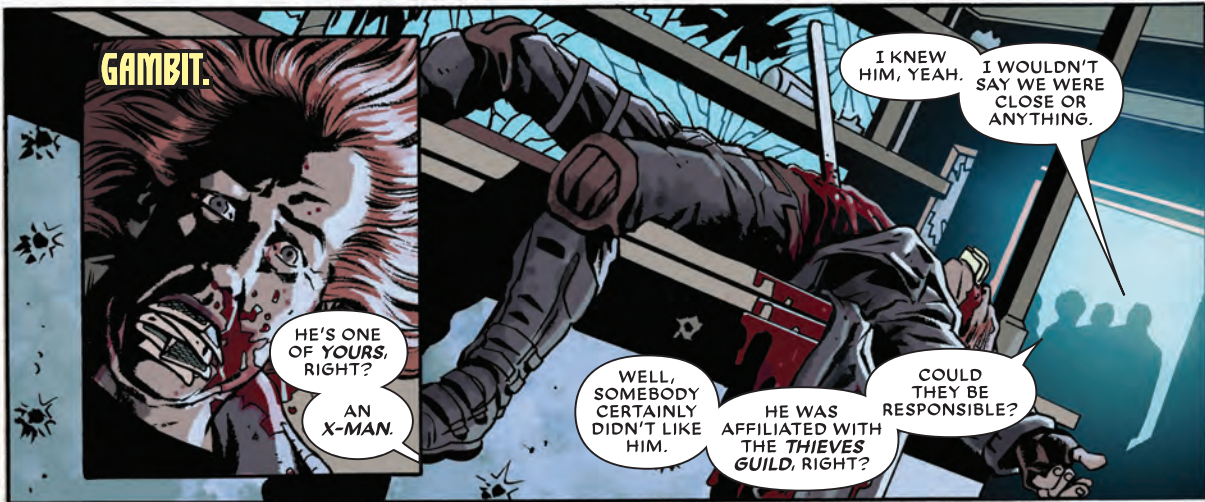


LEAVE THEM BE.

TECHNICALLY, NONE OF US ARE SUPPOSED TO BE HERE, EITHER.

DIFFERENCE IS, WE'RE TRYING TO HELP, AND THEY'RE JUST... **GHOULS.**

EVERYBODY WANTS TO KNOW WHICH HERO GOT ICED THIS TIME.



GAMBIT.

HE'S ONE OF YOURS, RIGHT?

AN X-MAN.

I KNEW HIM, YEAH.

I WOULDN'T SAY WE WERE CLOSE OR ANYTHING.

WELL, SOMEBODY CERTAINLY DIDN'T LIKE HIM.

HE WAS AFFILIATED WITH THE **THIEVES GUILD**, RIGHT?

COULD THEY BE RESPONSIBLE?



IT'S WORTH LOOKING INTO, BUT I DON'T THINK SO.

THERE'S NO CONNECTION TO ANY OF THE OTHER MURDERS.

AND THE THIEVES IN THE GUILD... THEY'RE PROS. THEY SEPARATE WORK FROM PLEASURE.

THIS IS DIFFERENT. BELIEVE ME, I WOULD KNOW. WHOEVER DID THIS...

"...ENJOYED THE HELL OUT OF IT."

 **A.I.M. ISLAND.**

DOCTOR VOODOO.

SYNAPSE.

WADE!
M.O.D.O.K. HAS
THE INTEL WE
NEED!

ROGUE.

EXCUSE
ME, SIR.

YOU'VE
GOT A LITTLE
BOOT
ON
YOUR FACE.

DEADPOOL.



YOU HAVE NO RIGHT TO BE HERE!

A.I.M. HAS PROCLAIMED SOVEREIGNTY! INDEPENDENCE!

THIS IS AN ACT OF TERRORISM!

TAKE HIM DOWN!

AH'M NOT A COWGIRL, DUMMY.

WHATEVER YOU SAY, MY ROOTIN' TOOTIN' COWGIRL QUEEN!

YOU SOUND LIKE A COWGIRL.



M.O.D.O.K.



QUICKSILVER.



SPEAKING OF TERROR, I GOTTA KNOW...

...THAT BIG, MECHANICAL BUTT OF YOURS...

...DOES IT HAVE **FLUSHING CAPABILITIES** FOR, Y'KNOW, WHEN YOU **FILL YOUR SHORTS...**

...OR DOES IT HAVE TO BE **SCRAPED OUT?**



WADE!

THAT'S M.O.D.O.K. YOU'RE PLAYING GAMES WITH!

TAKE HIM DOWN--FAST-- BEFORE YOU GET YOURSELF KILLED!

YOU KNOW HOW A **BOSSY LADY** GETS MY **RUM TUM TUGGER** PURRRING.

IT'S ONE OF THE REASONS I ALWAYS WANTED TO JOIN AN **X-TEAM**.

STORM... MARVEL GIRL... CYCLOPS.

WHO RUN THE WORLD?



WORM! WE HAD AN UNDERSTANDING. YOUR MASTERS AND I.

I SHOULDN'T HAVE TO STOOP SO LOW AS TO RECALL TRIVIALITIES FROM MY CYBER-ORGANIC PROCESSORS!

THE REQUIRED NANSECONDS IRRITATE ME TO NO END.



AH, YES.
HERE
IT IS.

"TIRELESSLY, I
PONDERED, WHAT
DAYDREAMS A
CARCINOGENIC
PIRANHA MIGHT
REVERE."



UH.



SOMETHING'S
NOT RIGHT WITH
DEADPOOL.

MORE
THAN USUAL,
I MEAN.



HIS
THOUGHTS...
THEY'RE ALL
JUMBLED
UP!

IT'S LIKE
HE'S A RADIO
RECEIVING A
THOUSAND
SIGNALS AT
ONCE!



DEADPOOL?

ARE YOU
STILL WITH
US?

WADE,
SNAP OUT
OF IT!

HE'S BEEN
ENTRANCED!



YES!
ENTRANCED!

AND YOU
DON'T KNOW
THE HALF
OF IT!

YOU CAME HERE
TO LEARN WHO WAS
KILLING YOUR FRIENDS
AND ALLIES!

SHALL I
TELL YOU?