



Let's meet  
our superstars...

Avenger... Assassin... superstar... smelly person... possibly the world's most skilled mercenary, definitely the world's most annoying, Wade Wilson was chosen for a top-secret government program that gave him a healing factor allowing him to heal from any wound. Somehow, despite making his money as a gun for hire, Wade has become one of the most beloved "heroes" in the world.

Part-time aversive adventurer, part-time reluctant warrior, full-time annoyed, Howard the Duck was originally hatched on Duckworld, a planet in another dimension where intelligent life evolved entirely from waterfowl, when he found himself plucked from his dimension and plopped on Earth. Howard now despondently spends his days as a private investigator for hire.

**MARVEL COMICS**  
haphazardly presents

# DEADPOOL the DUCK

After noticing an extraterrestrial fast approaching Earth, S.H.I.E.L.D. sent Deadpool to investigate. Meanwhile, Howard the Duck is drifting on the road, going nowhere in particular, when his bad luck hits him - literally! Rocket Raccoon falls right from space into his car, totaling it. Even worse, Rocket's been infected with a mysterious disease called "space rabies," causing him to attack Howard. Deadpool arrives just in time to battle Rocket head-on, but when Rocket bites Deadpool's teleporter, it caused Deadpool and Howard to merge into one being... Deadpool the Duck!

words

**STUART MOORE**

pictures

**JACOPO CAMAGNI**

colors

**ISRAEL SILVA**

letters

**VC'S JOE SABINO**

cover

**DAVID NAKAYAMA**

other covers

**JAY FOSGITT; DAVE JOHNSON**

production design

**ANTHONY GAMBINO**

editor

**HEATHER ANTOS**

supervising editor

**JORDAN D. WHITE**

editor in chief

**AXEL ALONSO**

chief creative officer

**JOE QUESADA**

publisher

**DAN BUCKLEY**

executive producer

**ALAN FINE**





THIS PROBABLY AIN'T THE WORST MESS I'VE EVER BEEN IN...

HURGGGHH!



...BUT IT MIGHT BE THE GROSSEST.

HURGGGGGHHHHH!



OH, MAN. CHILI DOGS BEFORE A MISSION.

EVEN BETTER THE SECOND TIME!



UGCH. I CAN TASTE 'EM, TOO...

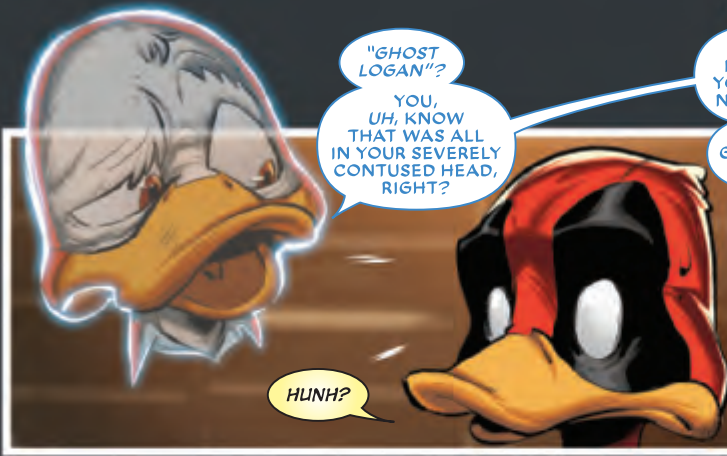
HEY! WHO ARE YOU?



WHERE'S MY SPIRIT ANIMAL?

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH GHOST LOGAN THE WOLVERINE?!





"GHOST LOGAN"?

HUNH?

PLUS, IN CASE YOU AIN'T NOTICED: WE GOT BIGGER PROBLEMS.



A MAN'S ANGER ISSUES ARE NO SMALL PROBLEM, NEW SPIRIT ANIMAL. BUT I TAKE YOUR POINT. I SEEM TO BE SHORTER THAN USUAL...

AT LEAST YOU GOT YOUR FEET ON THE GROUND.



I THINK I'M IN THE NEGATIVE ZONE. JUST FLOATING AIMLESSLY, WITH NO DESTINATION. FEELS ODDLY FAMILIAR.



HEY, LOOK! WEBBED FEET!

ROCKET? YOU OKAY?

UHHHH...



ROCKET? HE CAN'T HEAR ME. DEADPOOL, QUIT PLAYIN' WITH OUR TOES AN'--





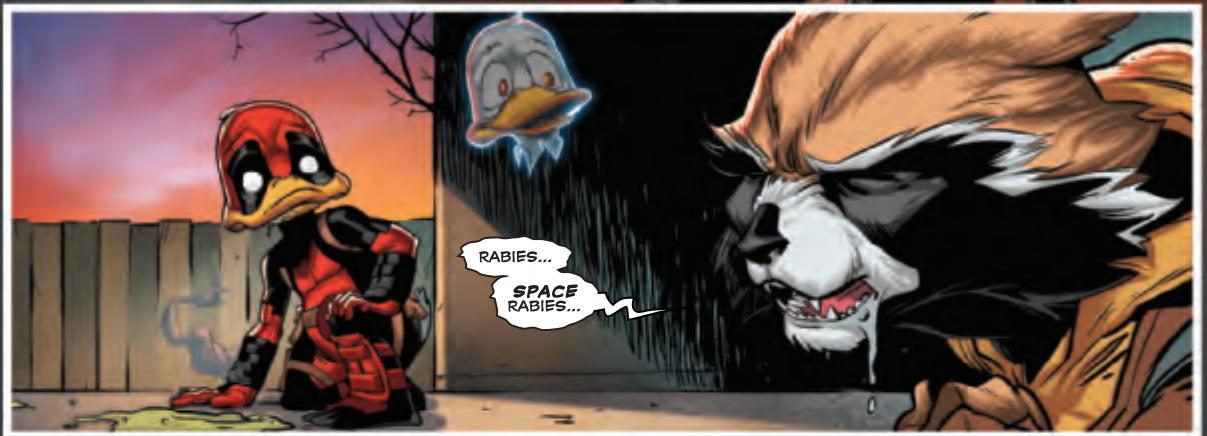
=SIGH=



DUDE, HOW MUCH FOOD YOU GOT INSIDE THIS TINY BODY, ANYWAY?

MY BODY?

YOU'RE THE ONE WHO BROUGHT THE CHILI DOGS TO THE PARTY--



RABIES...

SPACE  
RABIES...



HE KEEPS SAYIN' THAT.

HE BIT US. I REMEMBER NOW.

CHOMPED ME RIGHT IN THE TELEPORTER.

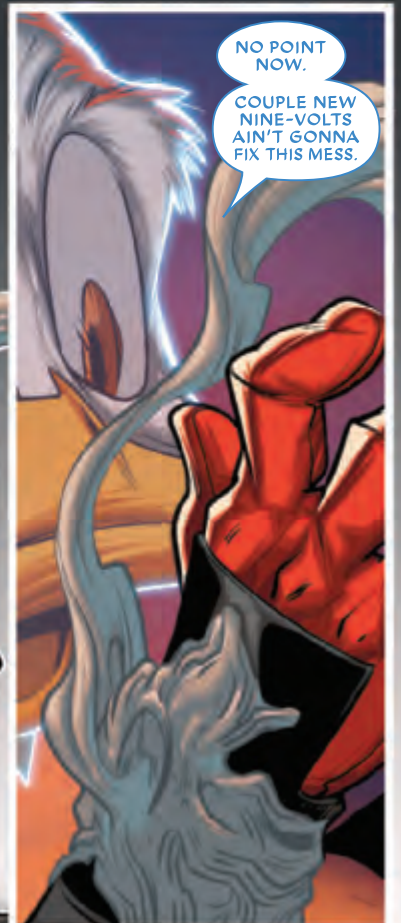


THE FEEDBACK EFFECT MUSTA MERGED US INTO ONE BODY.

WHERE'D YOU GET THAT THING, ANYWAY?

S.H.I.E.L.D. WELL, S.H.I.E.L.D. SURPLUS STORE.

HAVEN'T CHANGED THE BATTERIES IN A WHILE.



NO POINT NOW.

COUPLE NEW NINE-VOLTS AIN'T GONNA FIX THIS MESS.