

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. Call him the Merc with the Mouth...call him the Regeneratin' Degenerate...call him...

DEADPOOL

AW, MAN--POOR ADSIT...
OH, HEY THERE, ALL YOU 'POOL PARTIERS! DEADPOOL HERE, JUST BRUSHING UP ON THE LAST ISSUE OF MY MARVELOUS MAG.

SO, I'VE HIRED ALL THESE DUDES-- STINGRAY, SLAPSTICK, SOLO, MADCAP, TERROR, AND FOOLKILLER-- TO WORK FOR ME, DRESSED AS ME, GOING ON MISSIONS ON MY BEHALF. WHAT COULD GO WRONG WITH THAT?

AS A RESULT, I AM NOW SUPER-DUPER FAMOUS AND RICH...WHICH IS AWESOME FOR ME.

THE MESSED-UP PART IS WHILE I'VE BEEN PAYING THESE GUYS TO IMPERSONATE ME, SOMEONE ELSE HAS BEEN DOING IT FOR FREE...DRESSING IN MY SUIT AND KILLING PEOPLE TO FRAME ME.

I SET A TRAP TO TRY TO CATCH THEM, WHICH LED ME TO MY PAL SCOTT ADSIT... BEATEN TO A LITERAL BLOODY PULP.

AND PEOPLE WONDER WHY I'VE BEEN TRYING TO DISTANCE MYSELF FROM MY FRIENDS AND DAUGHTER...

OH--ONE MORE THING! I HOPE YOU CHECKED OUT DEADPOOL TRES PUNTO UNO, A LITTLE BOOK I DID IN ESPAÑOL, INTRODUCING MASACRE, A MEXICAN DUDE WHO HAS THE MISFORTUNE OF BEING REALLY INTO ME.

'CAUSE LIKE...IT COUNTED.



L'I DEADPOOL ART BY IRENE Y. LEE

IT HAD TO BE YOU

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HUH-HELLO?

GLAD TO SEE YOU'RE AWAKE.

DO YOU KNOW WHO YOU ARE?



YEAH. MY NAME IS--

NO NAMES, PLEASE. I JUST WANT TO BE SURE YOU KNOW WHO YOU ARE.



YOU MAY CALL ME THE **NIGHT NURSE**, AND YOU'RE HERE BECAUSE THE MAN THAT BROUGHT YOU DIDN'T KNOW WHERE ELSE TO TURN.



MY FRIEND'S IN DANGER. THERE'S SOMEONE THAT'S IMPERSONATING DEADPOOL. I HAVE TO--

I KNOW NOTHING OF ANY OF THAT, BUT PERHAPS YOUR FRIEND CAN HELP ILLUMINATE YOUR SITUATION.



NO, PLEASE. I DON'T WANT TO SEE DEADPOOL.



GOOD, BECAUSE HE'S NOT HERE.
I'M GLAD YOU'RE UP. CAN YOU HOLD A GUN?

IS THAT REALLY NECESSARY?



WHAT'S GOING ON? I THOUGHT I WAS TELLING DEADPOOL WHAT HAPPENED TO HIS PARENTS, BUT IT WAS... SOMEONE ELSE. SOMEONE I'D NEVER SEEN BEFORE.

WE'LL FIGURE IT ALL OUT.



HE REALLY NEEDS TO STAY IN BED FOR ANOTHER COUPLE DAYS, AT LEAST.

SORRY, DOC.



WE DON'T HAVE THAT LONG, SORRY.



OVER
HERE--MRS.
DEADPOOL!



"MRS.
DEADPOOL"?! WHAT
A PREPOSTEROUS
THING TO CALL ME.

W-H-O-K!



AND--EVEN IF
I WAS TO PERMIT
THAT MONIKER--HOW
LONG OUR MARRIAGE
WILL LAST I CANNOT
SAY...



...WITH MY HUSBAND UP IN HIS
CLUBHOUSE THERE PLAYING
"DRESS UP" WITH
HIS LACKEYS.

NONE
OF YOU ARE
ALLOWED TO
WEAR MY RED
UNIFORM
AGAIN!

UNDERSTAND?
IT'S A FIREABLE
AND MURDERABLE
OFFENSE.



I'M
BIASED, BUT
I THINK THEY
LOOK PRETTY
SHARP.





YOU WERE THE ONE THAT SAID WE COULD ONLY WEAR THE RED DEADPOOL UNIFORM!

AND I'M VIOLENT, NOT VIOLET!

I AGREE. THIS WHOLE SITUATION IS YOUR FAULT.

THE MOTION CARRIES, THEN.

Bob's your uncle!

WHY AM I YELLOW?

JUST BE GLAD I'M NOT SHUTTING DOWN THIS ENTIRE OPERATION.



IN ADDITION TO YOUR DAILY MERC JOBS, INVESTIGATE ANYBODY IMPERSONATING ME.

OKAY, LET'S BE SAFE OUT THERE!



You don't care if we come home safe!

NOPE. I JUST THOUGHT IT WAS A NICE THING TO SAY.