

# CIVIL WAR II

## DEADPOOL

DEADPOOL MAY BE BELOVED BY THE MASSES—BOTH IN THE MARVEL UNIVERSE AND THE REGULAR, MUNDANE UNIVERSE—BUT HE IS CERTAINLY NOT BELOVED BY THOSE WHO KNOW AND WORK WITH HIM. SPECIFICALLY, HE'S UNIVERSALLY ABHORRED BY THE MERCENARIES THAT HE HIRED TO STAFF THE MERCS FOR MONEY: SLAPSTICK, SOLO, TERROR, STINGRAY, MASACRE, AND FOOLKILLER. HE HASN'T BEEN PAYING THEM WHAT HE PROMISED, INSTEAD USING THEIR INCOME TO FUND AN AVENGERS TEAM THAT SOMEHOW CONSIDERS HIM A MEMBER.

THE MERCS ARE DEAD SET ON ENDING THEIR RELATIONSHIP WITH DEADPOOL, AND TO THAT END THEY'VE MADE IT THEIR NEW MISSION TO SEEK AND DESTROY THEIR CONTRACTS. THE QUEST HAS LED THEM TO THE SAFE-DEPOSIT VAULT OF A BANK IN HO-HO-KUS, NEW JERSEY...WHICH IS WHERE WADE CAUGHT UP WITH THEM TO TAKE HIS EMOTIONS OUT ON THEIR FACES. THEY'VE BEEN LOCKED IN TOGETHER, LIKE ON A TV SHOW WHERE PEOPLE GET TRAPPED TOGETHER TO WORK OUT THEIR ISSUES. LET'S SEE HOW THAT WORKED OUT!

OH, WAIT...WHAT ABOUT ULYSSES? UH...PRETEND THIS WHOLE ISSUE IS SOMETHING BEING FORESEEN BY THE PROFILER'S SUPER-POWERS...AND HE DIDN'T CARE ENOUGH TO CHANGE IT.

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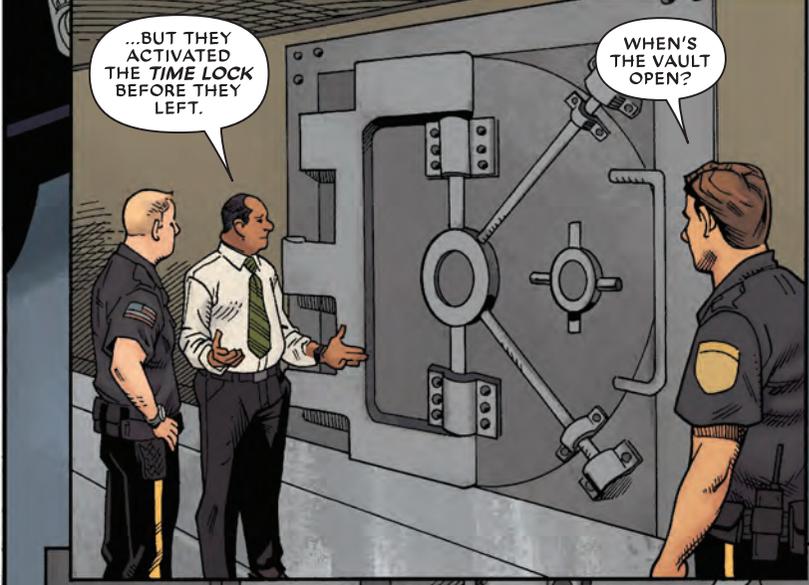
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IT'S STRANGE WHOEVER BROKE IN WAS SMART ENOUGH TO AVOID TRIPPING THE ALARM...



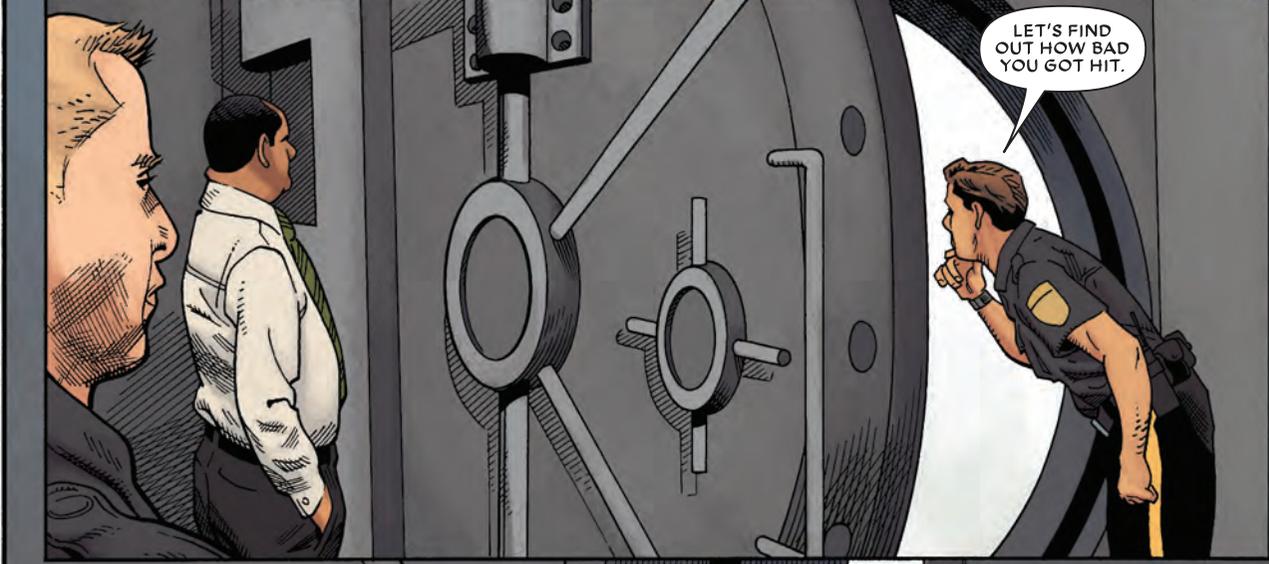
...BUT THEY ACTIVATED THE TIME LOCK BEFORE THEY LEFT.

WHEN'S THE VAULT OPEN?



RIIIIGHT NOW.

KA-CHUNK



LET'S FIND OUT HOW BAD YOU GOT HIT.



WHUDD

OOF!

WE QUIT,  
YOU THIEVIN'  
RAT!

ACKK!  
YOU--GAKK--  
CAN'T QUIT IF  
YOU'RE DEAD,  
TERROR!

WHY ARE YOU  
AND I FIGHTING,  
SLAPSTICK?

YOU  
HIT ME!

I WAS TRYING  
TO HIT DEADPOOL  
AND YOUR DUMB  
CARTOON ASS GOT  
IN THE WAY!

¡LADRÓN!

WHAKK

IF YOU AREN'T  
GOING TO PAY US  
THE MONEY YOU  
OWE US, THEN WE'LL  
TAKE IT OUTTA--

OOF!

GUYS, TRUST  
ME, I'M ON MY WAY  
TO BEING A SHRINK--  
AND I THINK WE'RE  
SUFFERING FROM  
MASS HYSTERIA.





WHAT THE--?!

TINK

OH, CRAP.



IS THAT A PIN?



GRENADE!

WHAT?!

VAMOS!



AHH!

WHY ARE YOU RUNNING, SLAPSTICK? YOU CAN'T EVEN BE HURT.

I DON'T WANT TO BE COVERED IN YOU GUYS.



DON'T SWEAT IT, FELLAS. I SLIPPED AN EXTRA GRENADE PIN INTO HIS HAND SO THEY'D SCATTER.



BU-BUT THAT FLASH-BANG GRENADE DOESN'T HAVE A PIN IN IT EITHER.



WHA--  
YEAAAAAAOW!

**BOOM**



OH,  
NO! I--I'M  
BLIND!



@#%!  
HOLY  
@#%!

**HERE COMES  
SWEARDEVIL!**

NICE  
TO MEET YOU,  
SWEARDEVIL.

TAP  
TAP  
TAP



I'M SLAPSTICK,  
ONE OF THE  
GUYS YOU'VE BEEN  
CHEATING FOR  
MONTHS.

>GASP<

**WHUDD!**

YOU  
PROMISED ME  
I WOULD BE RICH  
ENOUGH TO FIX MY  
FLOPPY JALOPY  
PROBLEM.



NOBODY  
WANTS TO HEAR  
ABOUT YOUR ERECTILE  
DYSFUNCTION--  
OH!

--NO!