

**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:** ONCE UPON A TIME THERE WAS A MAD SCIENTIST CALLED PATIENT ZERO WHO REALLY HATED TEAM SPIEY-POOL AND THEIR THRILLING DISPLAYS OF HEROISM AND BROMANCE.

IN AN EFFORT TO ELIMINATE THEM ONCE AND FOR ALL, ZERO CREATED A GENETICALLY-MODIFIED MONSTER WITH THE POWERS OF BOTH OF THEM. HER NAME WAS ITSY BITSY, AND, AFTER TURNING ON HER CREATOR, SHE BEGAN KILLING VILLAINS IN SPIDER-MAN AND DEADPOOL'S NAMES.

TOGETHER THEY TRIED TO FIGHT HER, BUT SHE PROVED TOO MUCH EVEN FOR THEM. OUT OF OPTIONS AND UNWILLING TO LET HER WREAK HAVOC ON THE WORLD, SPIDER-MAN AND DEADPOOL CHOSE TO BLOW THEMSELVES UP IN THE HOPES OF TAKING HER WITH THEM.

SHE SURVIVED. WHETHER OR NOT THEY DID REMAINS A MYSTERY...

# ITSY BITSY

Part 3

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THERE ARE DRAWBACKS TO TELEPORTATION.

PEOPLE USE IT ALL THE TIME TO ESCAPE TIGHT SCRAPES, EXPLODING PENTHOUSES AND HAIRY CLIFFHANGERS...

...BUT THEY RARELY THINK ABOUT WHAT COULD GO **WRONG**.

AND THEY **NEVER** THINK OF THE CHILDREN.

NO ONE **EVER** THINKS OF THE CHILDREN. UNLESS THE CHILDREN ARE THE ONES DOING THE TELEPORTING, IN WHICH CASE YOU'RE PROBABLY THINKING, "DAMN IT, I NEVER SHOULD HAVE LET MY CHILD PLAY WITH THAT TELEPORTER!"

BUT I DIGRESS...

SOME THINGS JUST AREN'T NATURAL.



FUNNY AS HELL,  
BUT JUST. NOT.  
RIGHT.



WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING AT?

A DREAM COME TRUE...  
SIGH

YOU ONLY SLEPT TEN HOURS THIS TIME. IMPROVEMENT.

YET I WOKE UP TO YOU BABBLING. AGAIN.

SOME PEOPLE WOULD CALL IT AN ENTERTAINING TASTE OF BAIT-AND-SWITCH NARRATION, BUT OTHER PEOPLE ARE PHILISTINES.

YOU ARE OTHER PEOPLE.

IGNORING YOU. WE HAVE TO GET BACK HO-HO-WHOA BOY THAT STILL STINGS!

I HAVEN'T PULLED THAT MUCH METAL OUT OF SOMEONE SINCE I LIFTED OL' GRAMMY WILSON'S GOLD FILLINGS TO BUY MY FIRST GUN.

...AS IF THAT WERE A THING.

HOW ARE THE GUTS FEELING TODAY?

LIKE SOMEONE PERFORATED THEM WITH CONCRETE, GLASS, AND DEAD-BUGGY STEEL IN AN EXPLOSION.

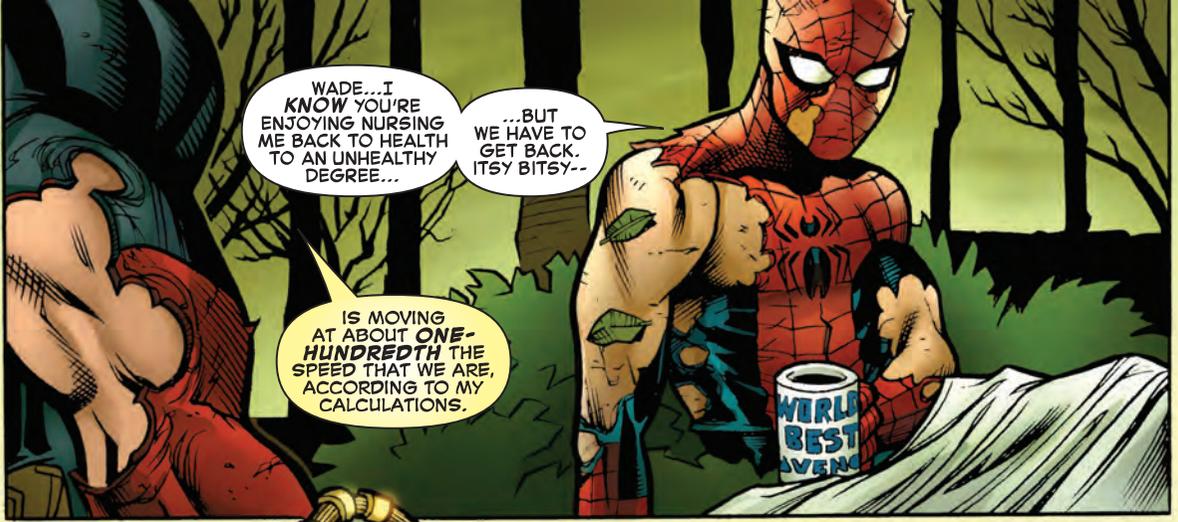
MORE IMPROVEMENT! YESTERDAY YOU CALLED IT THE SPIDER-BUGGY...

WORLD'S BEST AVENGER

YOU'RE AWFUL.

SHE WAS ALREADY DEAD.

STILL AWFUL.

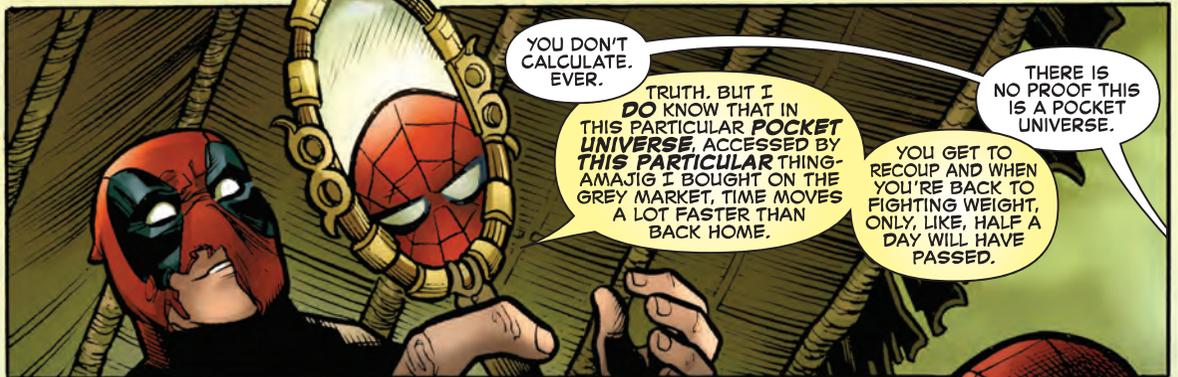


WADE...I KNOW YOU'RE ENJOYING NURSING ME BACK TO HEALTH TO AN UNHEALTHY DEGREE...

...BUT WE HAVE TO GET BACK. ITSY BITSY--

IS MOVING AT ABOUT ONE-HUNDREDTH THE SPEED THAT WE ARE, ACCORDING TO MY CALCULATIONS.

WORLD'S BEST REVENGE



YOU DON'T CALCULATE. EVER.

TRUTH, BUT I DO KNOW THAT IN THIS PARTICULAR POCKET UNIVERSE, ACCESSED BY THIS PARTICULAR THING-AMAJIG I BOUGHT ON THE GREY MARKET, TIME MOVES A LOT FASTER THAN BACK HOME.

THERE IS NO PROOF THIS IS A POCKET UNIVERSE.

YOU GET TO RECOUP AND WHEN YOU'RE BACK TO FIGHTING WEIGHT, ONLY, LIKE, HALF A DAY WILL HAVE PASSED.



OH, YE OF LITTLE FAITH AND LESS IMAGINATION...

ZLIMP

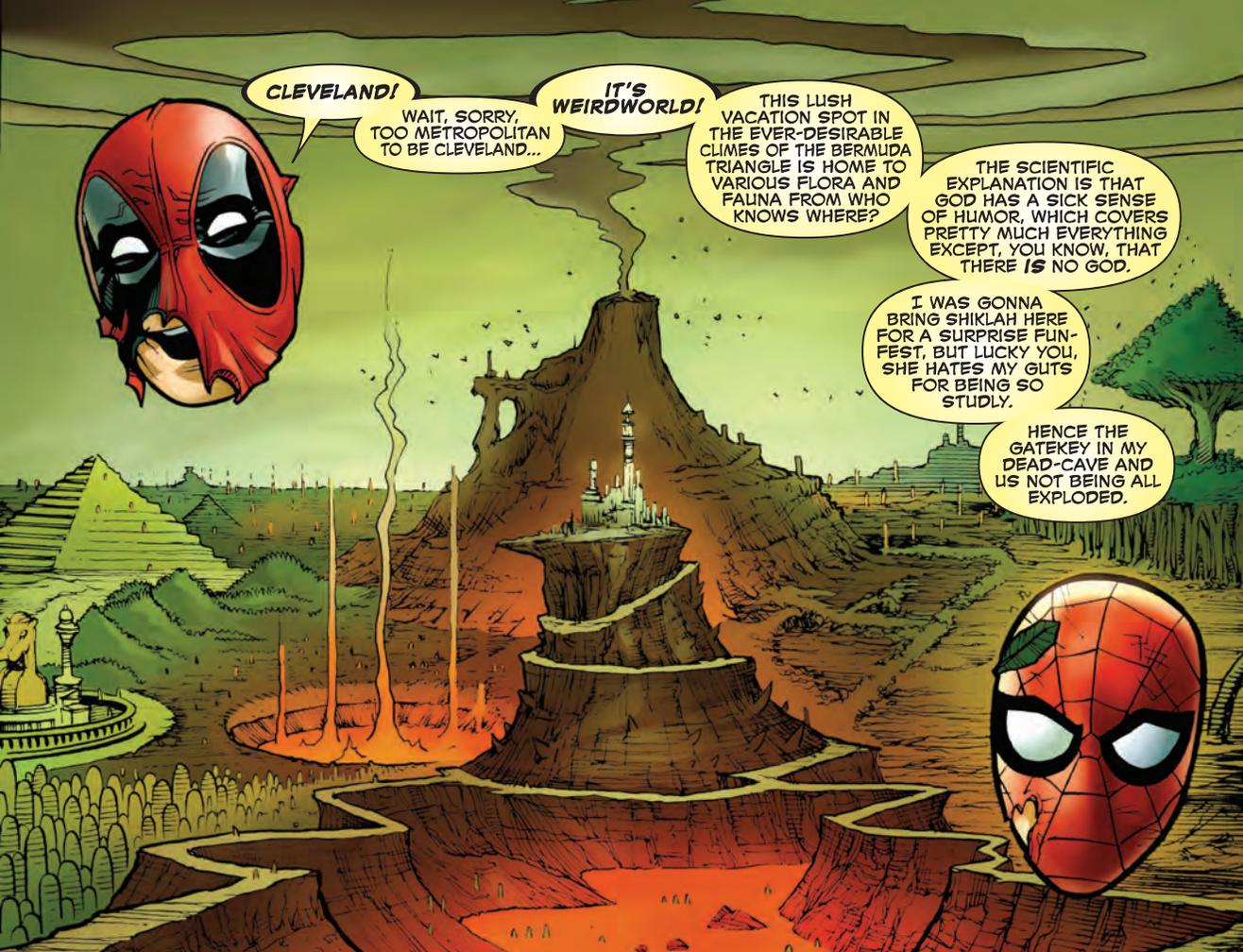


LOOKIN' GOOD ETERNITY!

OKAY. I'M--THAT--

WHERE THE HECK ARE WE?

SEE, THIS IS HOW I KNOW YOU STILL NEED MY SPECIAL BRAND OF TLC. THIS IS THE THIRD TIME I'VE TOLD YOU WE'RE IN--



CLEVELAND!

WAIT, SORRY, TOO METROPOLITAN TO BE CLEVELAND...

IT'S WEIRDWORLD!

THIS LUSH VACATION SPOT IN THE EVER-DESIRABLE CLIMES OF THE BERMUDA TRIANGLE IS HOME TO VARIOUS FLORA AND FAUNA FROM WHO KNOWS WHERE?

THE SCIENTIFIC EXPLANATION IS THAT GOD HAS A SICK SENSE OF HUMOR, WHICH COVERS PRETTY MUCH EVERYTHING EXCEPT, YOU KNOW, THAT THERE IS NO GOD.

I WAS GONNA BRING SHIKLAH HERE FOR A SURPRISE FUN-FEST, BUT LUCKY YOU, SHE HATES MY GUTS FOR BEING SO STUDLY.

HENCE THE GATEKEY IN MY DEAD-CAVE AND US NOT BEING ALL EXPLODED.

THAT WAS INCREDIBLY CONVENIENT-- OWW!

YEAH, DON'T PULL AT THE PLOT THREAD TOO HARD. IT'S A SHORT TRIP TO "WOULDN'T A RADIOACTIVE SPIDER JUST DIE"?

JUST BE THANKFUL I LEARNED ADVANCED FIRST AID IN CANADIAN 4-H.

WAIT--WHILE I WAS UNCONSCIOUS, YOU DIDN'T--?

YES, I TOTALLY DID.

YOU LOOKED UNDER MY MASK?!

... NOT YOUR MASK.

YOU--YOU CHECKED OUT--?

YOURS WOUNDS? OF COURSE! HOW ELSE WAS I GOING TO PATCH YOU UP?

WAIT... DID YOU THINK I--

NO. NOPE. NEVER. JUST... MOVING ON.

HEY! A LITTLE PRIVACY! WE'RE HAVING A DELICATE CONVERSATION!

WOOSH