

WIZARD

#0

**MARVEL
COMICS**

FREE!

DEADPOOL™



OH, NO!
NOT...
YOU?!

Featuring:
The **LAMEST**
DEAD PEOPLE
in the **MARVEL**
UNIVERSE!

DEADPOOL™

Stan Lee presents
A DEADPOOL TAKES A WIZARD SPECIAL
"YOU ONLY DIE TWICE"

MARVEL COMICS

Writer by day... Whizzer by night
JOE KELLY

Pencils with Porcupine quills
YANCEY LABAT

Mild-mannered inker a.k.a. the Ringer
SEAN PARSONS

Colors/Separates by night...in a Cheetah suit
SOTO with help from
COLORGRAPHIX and JAMES BROWN

The Salem's Seven with a steno pad
RICHARD STARKINGS and
COMICRAFT/EM

Bucky the Assistant Editor
PAUL TUTRONE

Editor D. Century
MATT IDELSON

Body model for Arnim Zola
BOB HARRAS



WIZARD ENTERTAINMENT

President/Publisher
GAREB S. SHAMUS

Executive VP
FRED PIERCE

Editor-in-Chief
PATRICK McCALLUM

Promotions Manager
IAN M. FELLER

Design Manager
STEVE BLACKWELL

Production Director
DARREN SANCHEZ



RN HOUR AND A HALF AGO... DEEP IN THE HEART OF TEXAS...

MMM-HMM! NOTHIN' SAYS AMAAARICA LIKE CHICORY SMOKED BBQ'D GOODNESS, DO IT, HOSS?

MY EMPLOYER WANTS THE MACGUFFIN FILES, BUBBA. COUGH THEM UP, POST HASTE...

...OR THE GIRLS FIND OUT IF FAT OIL MAGNATES REALLY DO TASTE LIKE CHICKEN, AS THE CANADIANS SAY --

THOUGH FOR A WHILE... HEH HEH -- THAT WAS COMEDY --



SMACK

IT'S DAMN GOOD!!

WELL, I RECKON A SIXTY PERCENT OBESITY RATE, A FEAR OF FOREIGNERS, AN' BELLIGERENT YANKEE PRIDE MIGHT COME CLOSE... BUT THAT WOULD BE A MIX-UP OF MAH METAPHORS!

TEX STY BARBEC

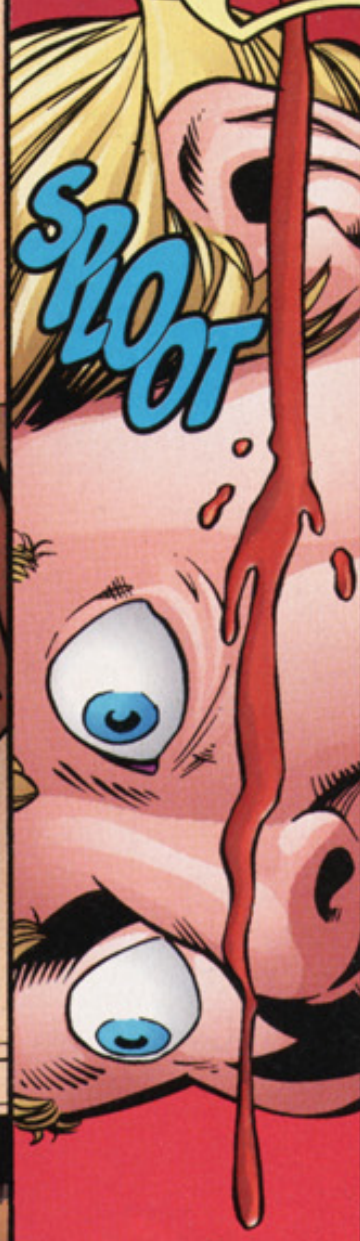


LOOK, DEADPOOL -- WHATEVER HE'S PAYING YOU, I'LL DOUBLE IT! TRIPLE IT!

GRRR

NO CAN DO, TEX. THIS IS A BARTER GIG. I SUPPLY THE DISKS, MY BOSS HOOKS UP MY BUDDY AL WITH HIS PERSONAL SURGEON...

AMUSING AS IT MAY SOUND, WATCHING A WRINKLED OLD BLIND LADY HOP AROUND WITH A COMPOUND FRACTURE LOSES ITS CHARM AFTER A MONTH OR TWO.

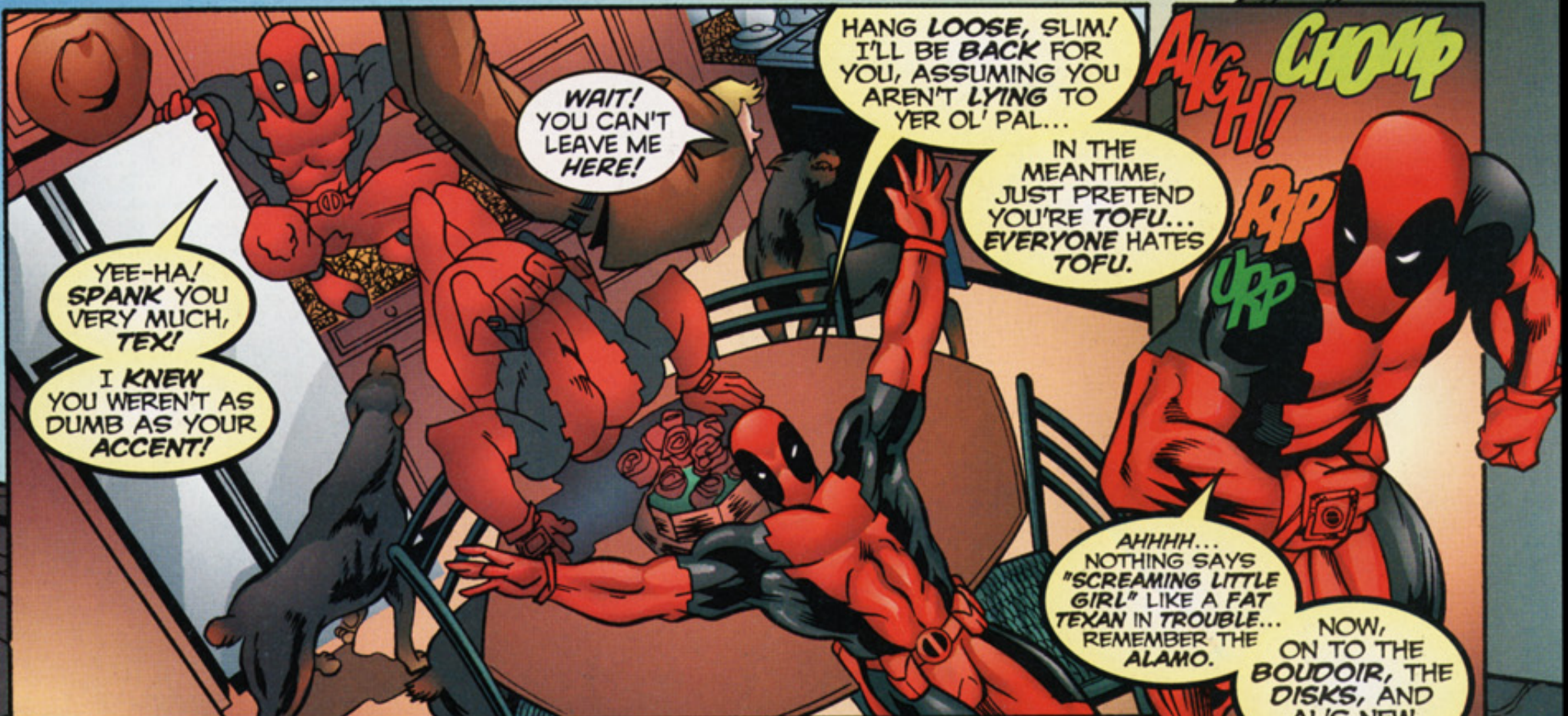


SPLAT



AAAAH!

THE BEDROOM! THE WALL SAFE IN THE BEDROOM!



YEE-HA!
SPANK YOU
VERY MUCH,
TEX!
I KNEW
YOU WEREN'T AS
DUMB AS YOUR
ACCENT!

WAIT!
YOU CAN'T
LEAVE ME
HERE!

HANG LOOSE, SLIM!
I'LL BE BACK FOR
YOU, ASSUMING YOU
AREN'T LYING TO
YER OL' PAL...

IN THE
MEANTIME,
JUST PRETEND
YOU'RE TOFU...
EVERYONE HATES
TOFU.

AKGH!
CHOMP

RP
UPP

AHHHH...
NOTHING SAYS
"SCREAMING LITTLE
GIRL" LIKE A FAT
TEXAN IN TROUBLE...
REMEMBER THE
ALAMO.

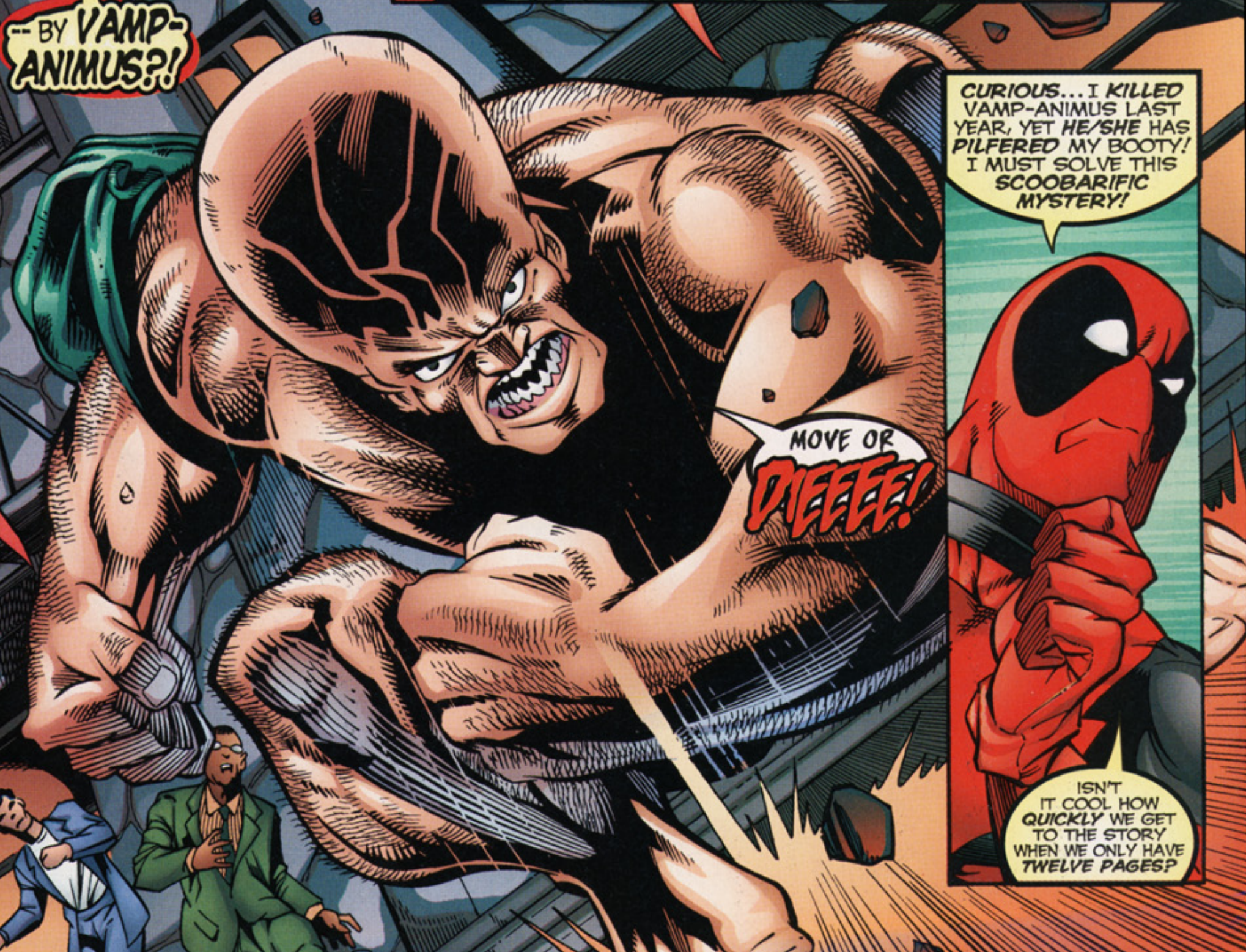
NOW,
ON TO THE
BOUDOIR, THE
DISKS, AND
AL'S NEW
ANKLE --



WHOA...
EITHER SOMEONE HAD
AN UNAUTHORIZED
KOOL AID INCIDENT
IN HERE...

...OR
MY GIG HAS
JUST BEEN
SCOOPED --

--BY VAMP-
ANIMUS?!



CURIOUS... I KILLED
VAMP-ANIMUS LAST
YEAR, YET HE/SHE HAS
PILFERED MY BOOTY!
I MUST SOLVE THIS
SCOOBARIFIC
MYSTERY!

MOVE OR
DIEEEE!

ISN'T
IT COOL HOW
QUICKLY WE GET
TO THE STORY
WHEN WE ONLY HAVE
TWELVE PAGES?



OUT OF MY WAYYYYY OR FEEL MY WRAAAATH!



YUP. EVERTING BIGGER IN TEXAS, MON.



MOTHER AN' DA RELATED, I BET.

HEY, BUFFALO SOLDIER -- HERE'S SOMETHING I BET YOU DON'T HEAR EVERY DAY...



EH-EHARR!

... FOLLOW THAT HEAD.



SMILEY
SOON AFTER, ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF DALLAS...

I TRUST ALL VENT WITHOUT INCIDENT?

MOOING MUSHROOM VEGGIE BURGER



OFF COURSSSE. YOU DIDN'T... RESURRECT ME... JUST FOR MY GOOD LOOKS, DARLING.

NO, VAMP... I DID NOT... THOUGH IT IS A DELIGHTFUL FRINGE BENEFIT...



YOU AND YOUR ILK WERE REBORN TO SERVE YOUR MASTER --

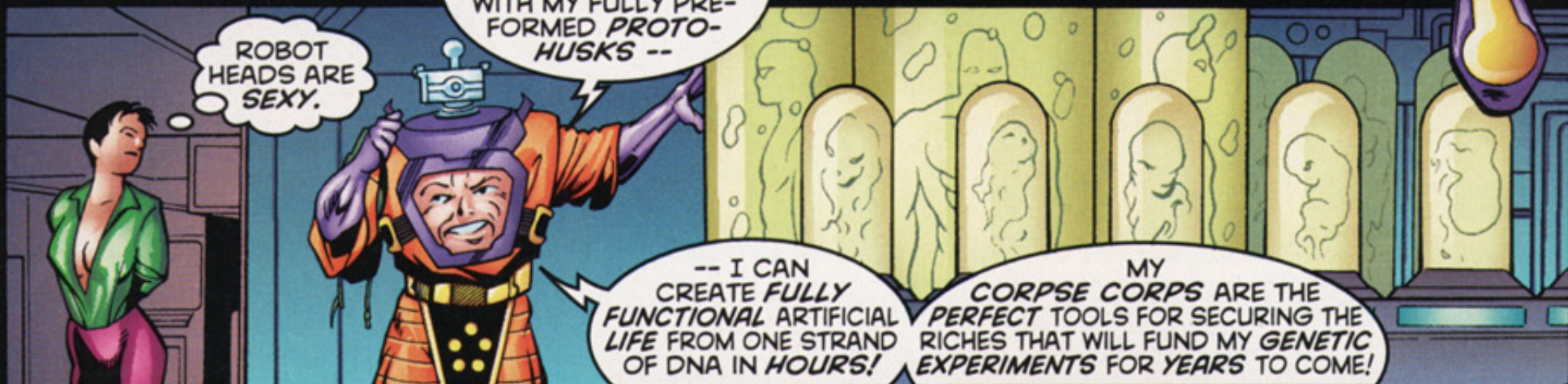
ARNIM ZOLA

HEH... MY PEERS THOUGHT ME MAD WHEN I BEGAN COLLECTING DNA SAMPLES OF THE DECEASED...

ZE IMBECILS ASSUMED THAT I WAS INVOLVED IN MERE CLONING TECHNIQUES... BUT ZEIR MYOPIA BLINDED THEM TO MY GENIUS!

LOOK OUT! EXPOSITION ALERT!

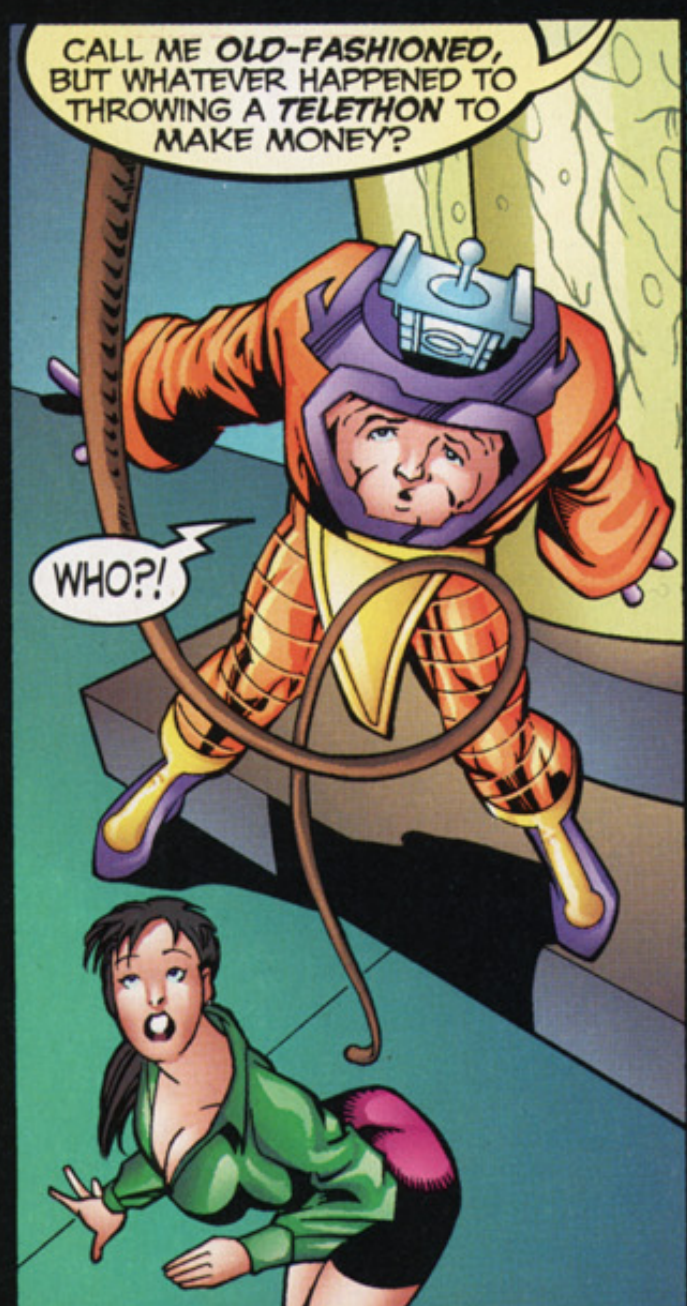
CLONING CAN TAKE YEARS, EVEN WITH CELLULAR ACCELERATION... BUT WITH MY FULLY PERFORMED PROTO-HUSKS --



ROBOT HEADS ARE SEXY.

-- I CAN CREATE FULLY FUNCTIONAL ARTIFICIAL LIFE FROM ONE STRAND OF DNA IN HOURS!

MY CORPSE CORPS ARE THE PERFECT TOOLS FOR SECURING THE RICHES THAT WILL FUND MY GENETIC EXPERIMENTS FOR YEARS TO COME!



CALL ME OLD-FASHIONED, BUT WHATEVER HAPPENED TO THROWING A TELETHON TO MAKE MONEY?

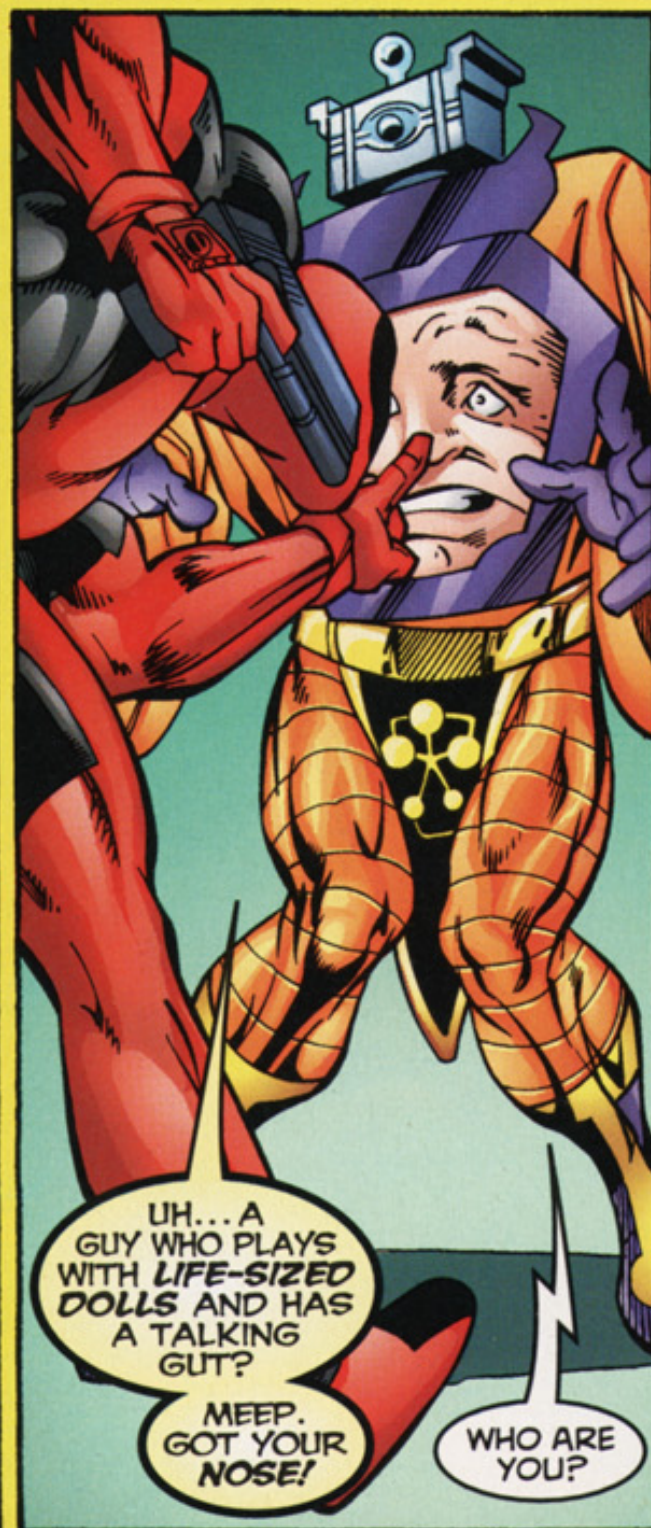
WHO?!

I BET A GUY WITH YOUR SKILL COULD BRING SAMMY, DEAN AND FRANKIE BABY BACK FOR ONE LAST WINGDING.

THAT WAY, YOU WOULDN'T HAVE TO HORN IN ON THE HARD-WORKIN' JOES LIKE ME!

P.S. HAS ANYONE POINTED OUT THAT YOU HAVE A MAC CLASSIC FOR A HEAD, DUDE?







-- IT'S NIGHT OF THE LIVING DORKS!

AN ARMY OF RESURRECTED REJECTS!

I MUST HAVE DONE SOMETHING RHEEE-HEALLY GOOD IN A PAST LIFE...

... 'CAUSE THIS IS EARLY CHRISTMAS.

YANCEY

NORMALLY I'M MORALLY TORN ABOUT RAINING RIGHTEOUS DEATH UPON MINE ENEMIES...
... BUT SINCE YOU'RE ONLY ARTIFICIAL LIFE FORMS ---

ZZAKT
POOM
POOM

LET THE MAIMS BEGIN!

AIGH!

UH-OH, CAUGHT BETWEEN A LEAPER AND A LOSER...
ALLEZ-OOP!

SOME-BODY CALL MISTER GREEN JEANS! CAPTAIN KANGAROO IS PUSHING UP THE DAISIES AGAIN!

POOM

WOW! THE WHIZZER! I THOUGHT YOU WERE JUST A LEGEND TO MAKE MERCS LAUGH AT NIGHT!

OUTTA MY WAY, KID... YA BOTHER ME.

POOM

I MEAN, COME ON, YOU'RE NAMED THE WHIZZER AND YOU SPORT A YELLOW COSTUME? YOU WERE ASKING TO GET WHACKED.

BY THE WAY, NICE TIGHTS.

HEY CATS, IT'S TIME TO PLAY "THIS IS THE END OF YOUR LIFE!" DO YOU REMEMBER THIS BLAST FROM YOUR PAST?

"I PERFORATED THESE HERBS AT THE BAR WITH NO NAME, THEN BIT THE BIG ONE MYSELF! WHO AM I?!"

BRAH-TAKA

NNGH

HOORK

AIEE

I'M SCOURGE! GET IT?!

~SIGH~ NO ONE APPRECIATES MY HUMOR... EXCEPT YOU, BIRD-BEAK-HAND. YOU ARE MY SPECIAL FRIEND.

~SQUAWK~ POLLY WANT ASPARAGUS.



No!
HE'LL DESTROY MY PROTO-TUBES! STOP HIM!
YOU ARE AN ARMY! HE IZ BUT ONE MAN!



SO WAS BEN HUR, AND LOOK WHAT HE DID FOR **GLADIATOR** FILMS --
AARGH!
SHUNK
LEMMIE GUESS... **PORKY PIG?**



FLAOSH!
ARRGH!
NO, **PORKY-PINE!** I ALWAYS GET YOU TWO CONFUSED --
HOW 'BOUT SOME **HELP, PRINGLES DUDE?**
PKOW



HOW CAN THIS BE?! HE -- HE'S **TEARING** THROUGH THEM!



AND HERE I THOUGHT THAT IF YOU **REALLY** WANTED TO STRIKE **FEAR** INTO A GUY, AN **ASSAULT SHOTGUN** WAS YOUR BEST BET --
BUT A **FLAMING UMBRELLA...** THAT'S **SADISTIC.**
KILL HIM NOW!
YESSS!
NO! WAIT--!



SAKOWW
->SIGH->
AND HE WAS SUCH AN **INNOVATIVE ACCESSORIZER** TOO... WHAT A WASTE.



ARNIM SURE HAS BEEN A BUSY **PSYCHO-BEAVER**... HE'S GOT TWO FLOORS WORTH OF **DEAD-CHUMPS** IN THIS JOINT...



I WONDER WHAT **LOSERS** HE'S GOT UNDER **HERE**...

RISE AND SHINE, **CORPSES!** YOU DON'T WANT TO BE **LATE** FOR YOUR --



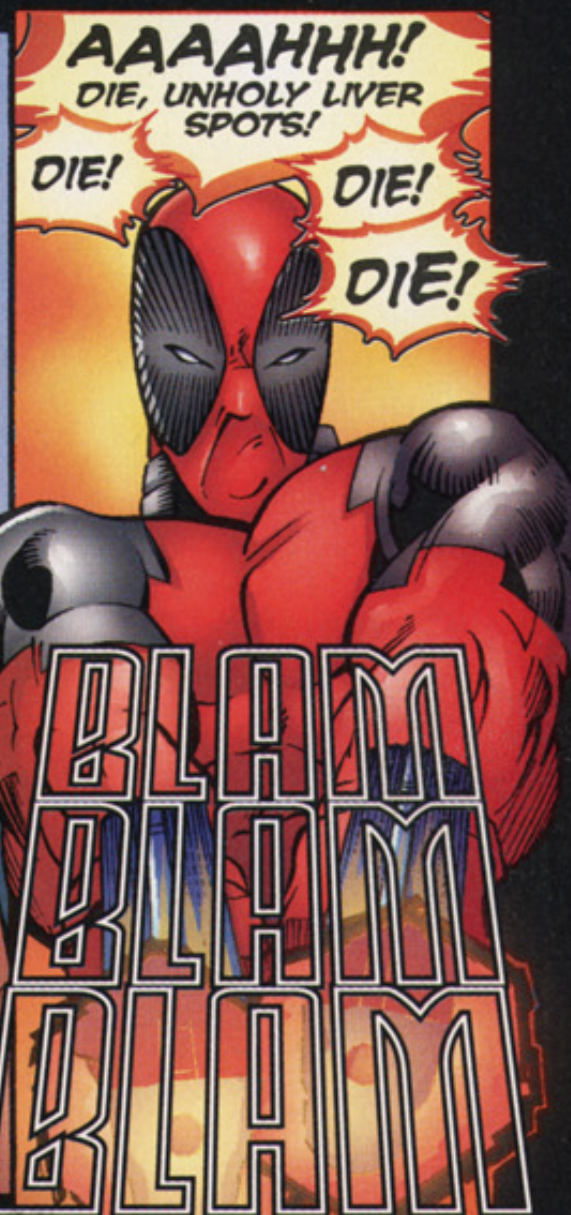
-- **FUNERAL?**

BY ALL THAT'S **HOLY**...



NOW, **PETER**... WHAT HAVE YOUR **AUNT** AND I TOLD YOU ABOUT **KNOCKING** FIRST?

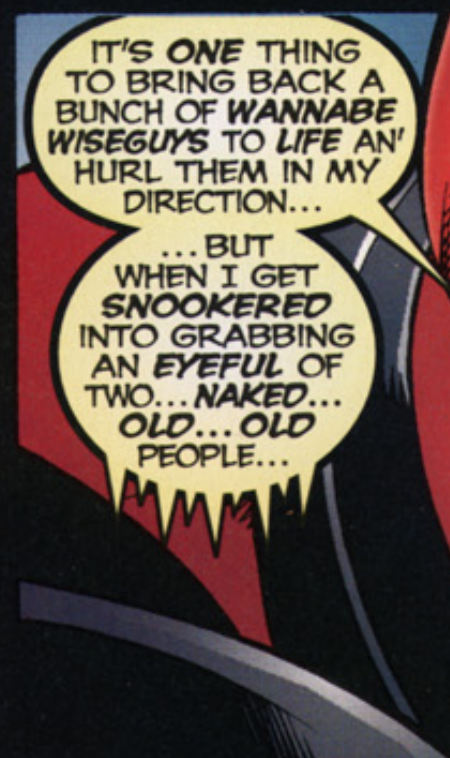
DON'T BE SO **HARD** ON THE **BOY, BEN**... WOULD YOU LIKE A **COOKIE**, DEAR?



AAAAHHH! DIE, **UNHOLY LIVER SPOTS!**

DIE! **DIE!** **DIE!**

BLAM
BLAM
BLAM



IT'S **ONE** THING TO BRING BACK A BUNCH OF **WANNABE WISEGUYS** TO **LIFE** AN' HURL THEM IN MY **DIRECTION**...

... BUT WHEN I GET **SNOOKERED** INTO GRABBING AN **EYEFUL** OF TWO... **NAKED**... **OLD**... **OLD** PEOPLE...



SOMEONE'S GONNA DIE!



AND SO, THE RAMPAGE CONTINUES...

THE INCREDIBLE, DEADABLE EGG... HEAD!



TAKING FIRST PLACE IN THE POOR HEADGEAR DESIGN COMPETITION --



THE MORON WITH THE CRUSHED TRACHEA!

KRAK K

WARREN WORTHINGTON, EAT YOUR HEART OUT...



YOU THINK IF I KEEP THESE ON AND SLAP AN 'X' ON THE COVER, WE CAN GET THE SALES UP ON THIS BOOK?

SO, UH... ... YOU KISS YOUR GRANDMA WITH THOSE HANDS?



SCHRAKT

WHY, GOD?! WHY?!



GRENADES... GETS THE RED OUT.

SALEM'S SEVEN... HMMM... WASN'T THERE ANOTHER "SOMETHING SEVEN" WHO BIT THE BIG ONE?



UNTIL...



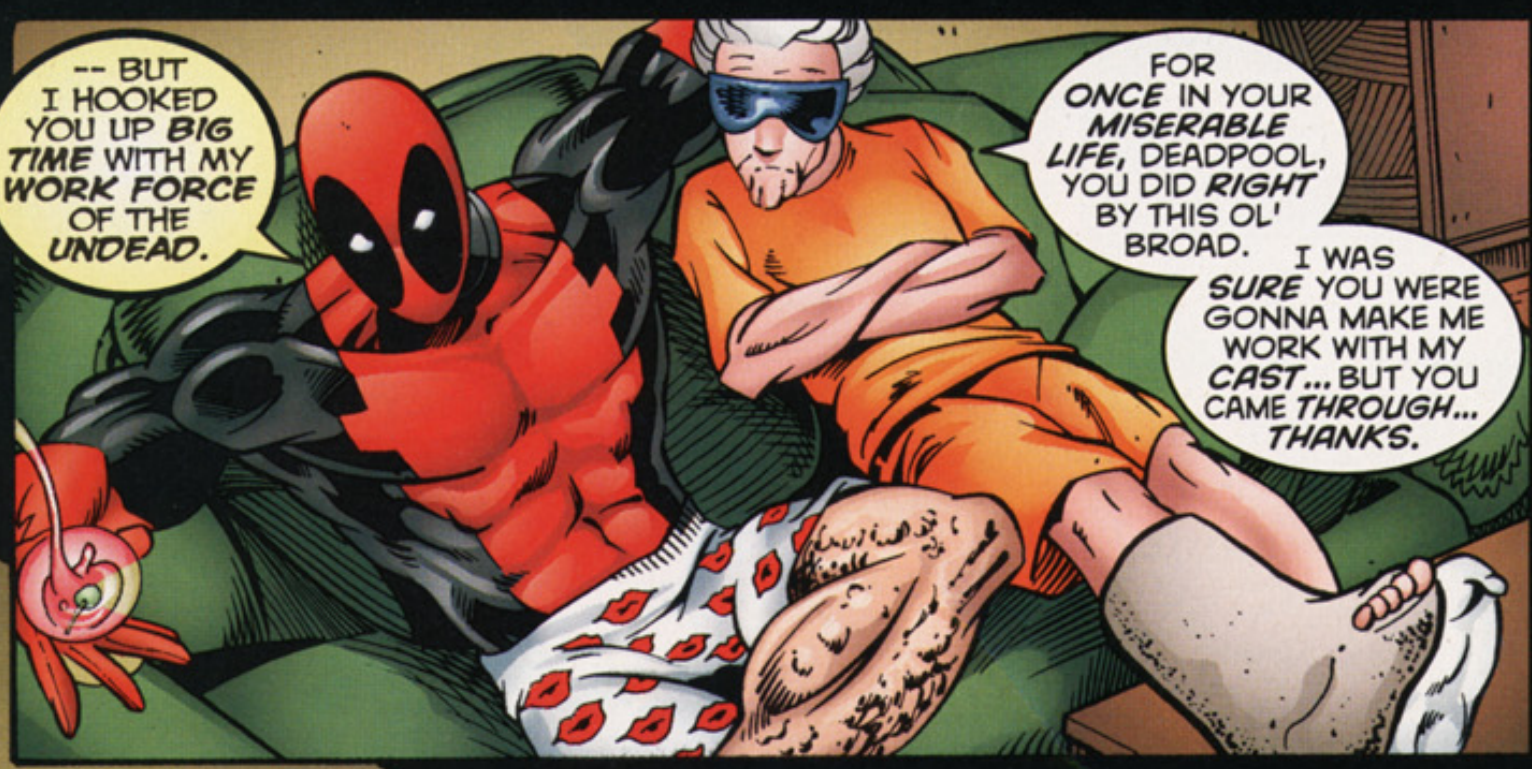


SAN FRANCISCO.
HOME OF OUR
ZEALOUS ZYCHO...

-- BUT
I HOOKED
YOU UP **BIG**
TIME WITH MY
WORK FORCE
OF THE
UNDEAD.

FOR
ONCE IN YOUR
MISERABLE
LIFE, DEADPOOL,
YOU DID RIGHT
BY THIS OL'
BROAD.

I WAS
SURE YOU WERE
GONNA MAKE ME
WORK WITH MY
CAST... BUT YOU
CAME THROUGH...
THANKS.



YOU
HAVE TO ADMIT,
AL... NOT ONLY DID
I SCORE YOU THE
OPERATION --

DON'T
MENTION IT,
AL... THAT'S JUST
THE SORT OF
GREGARIOUS
GUY I AM...

ISN'T
THAT RIGHT,
GWENS ONE
THROUGH
FOUR?



YES,
MASTER!
WHATEVER
YOU SAY,
MASTER!

DA 😊
END

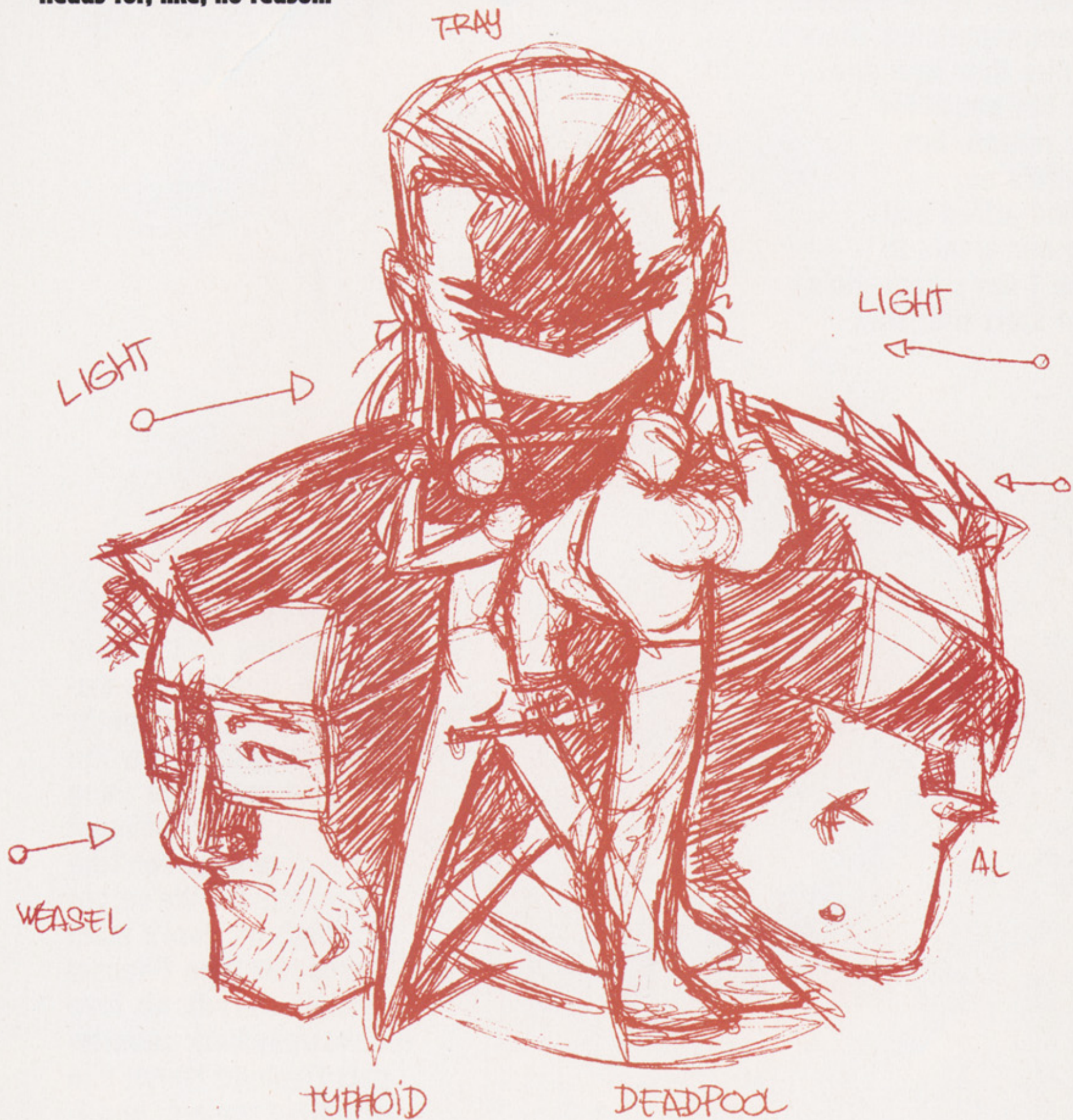
sketchbook

BEHIND THE SCENES GOODIES

deadpool

Commentary by Deadpool assistant editor Paul Tutrone

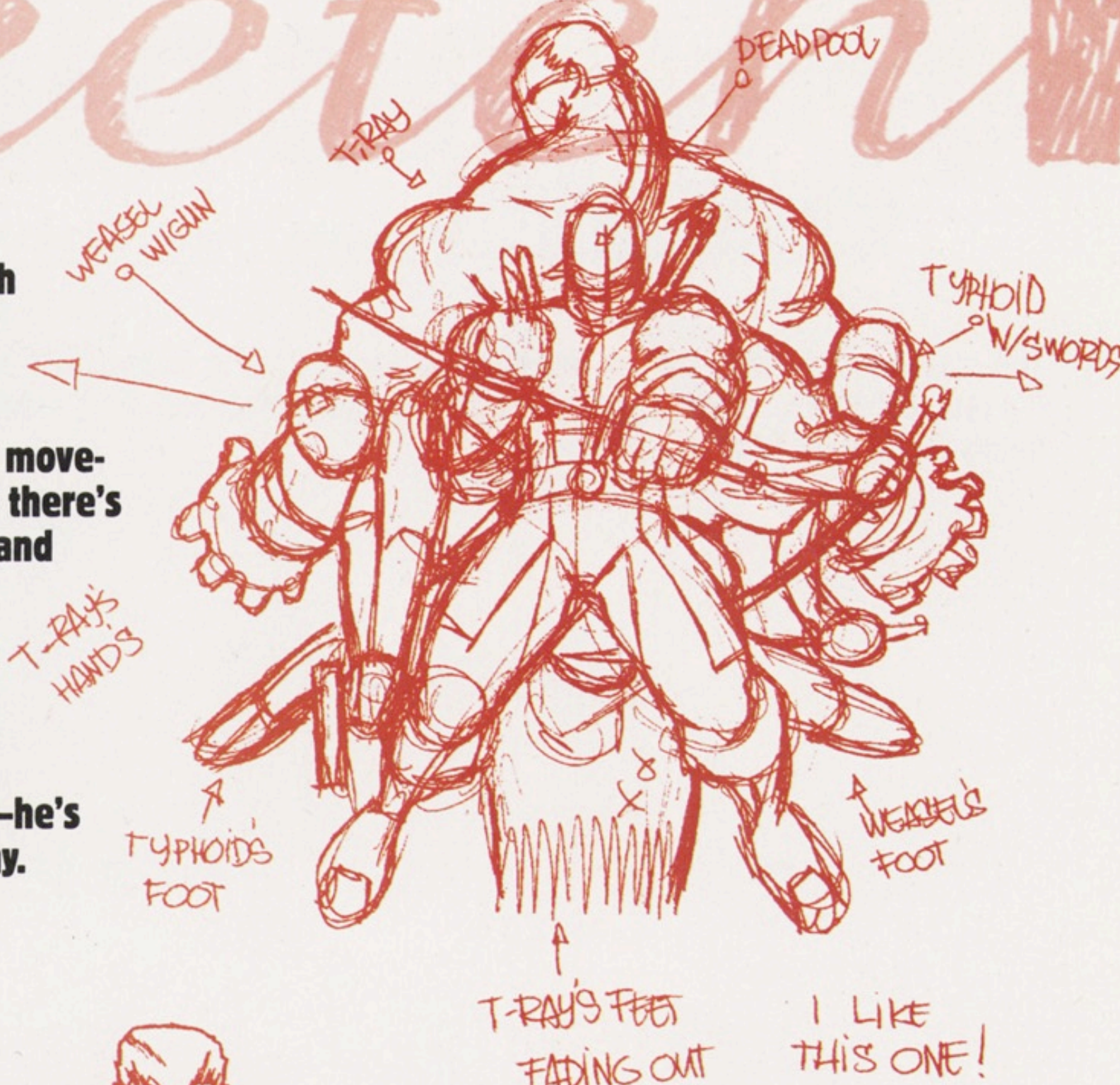
This was the first sketch for the Deadpool poster that ran in *Wizard* #71 by Ed McGuinness. It's cool, but kinda...calm. There's no action, no movement and there's three really big heads for, like, no reason.



(TYPH) AND (DEAD) HAVE VIRTUALLY NO DARKS ON THEM TO OFFSET HEAVY BACKGROUND SHADOW.

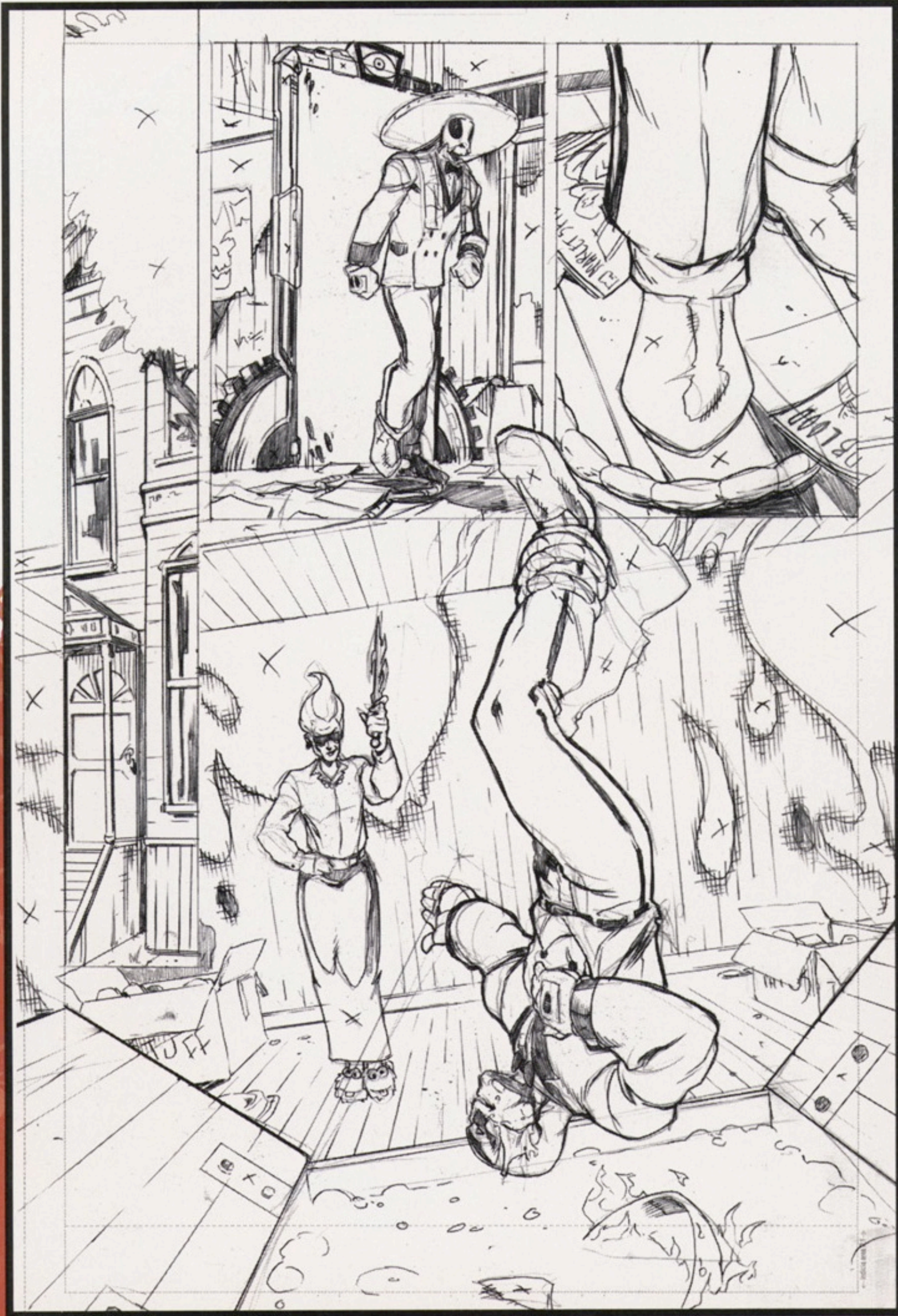
sketchbook

The second sketch is a big improvement (and very close to the final product). There's movement happening, there's a nice flow to it and no big heads for no reason. But there's no Blind Alfred and no one wants to see T-Ray's back—he's not scary that way.



We finally settled on the third image. Deadpool is displayed prominently, which is obviously the most important thing for a Deadpool poster, don'tcha think? We've got both of 'Pool's main buds this time (Weasel and Blind Alfred), his love interest/psychotic counterpart (Typhoid Mary), and of course the big, bad T-Ray (who looks much more menacing facing us than with his back to us, no?).

Over here we've got an unused page of Pete Woods pencils from issue #20. According to the original plot, the issue was supposed to end with Blind Al setting up a booby trap for our witty mercenary. However, we decided to drop the page (funny as it was) so that we could end the issue with a dramatic, suspenseful cliffhanger that was a lot more powerful (i.e., Montgomery and his "welcoming committee" back at Landau, Luckman and Lake).



This page was going to be page one of *Deadpool #22*, also drawn by Pete Woods (no conspiracy, honest!). However, after Pete had already finished penciling the page, we decided to assign him to the *Deadpool Team-Up Starring Widdle Wade* one-shot instead. Considering he only did one page, it wasn't a big deal to just start *Deadpool #22* over with Anthony Williams on penciling duty! We think it worked out pretty well!

