



PARENTAL
ADVISORY

MARVEL

021

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PERCY
KUBERT
MARTIN



Give it back, Wade.

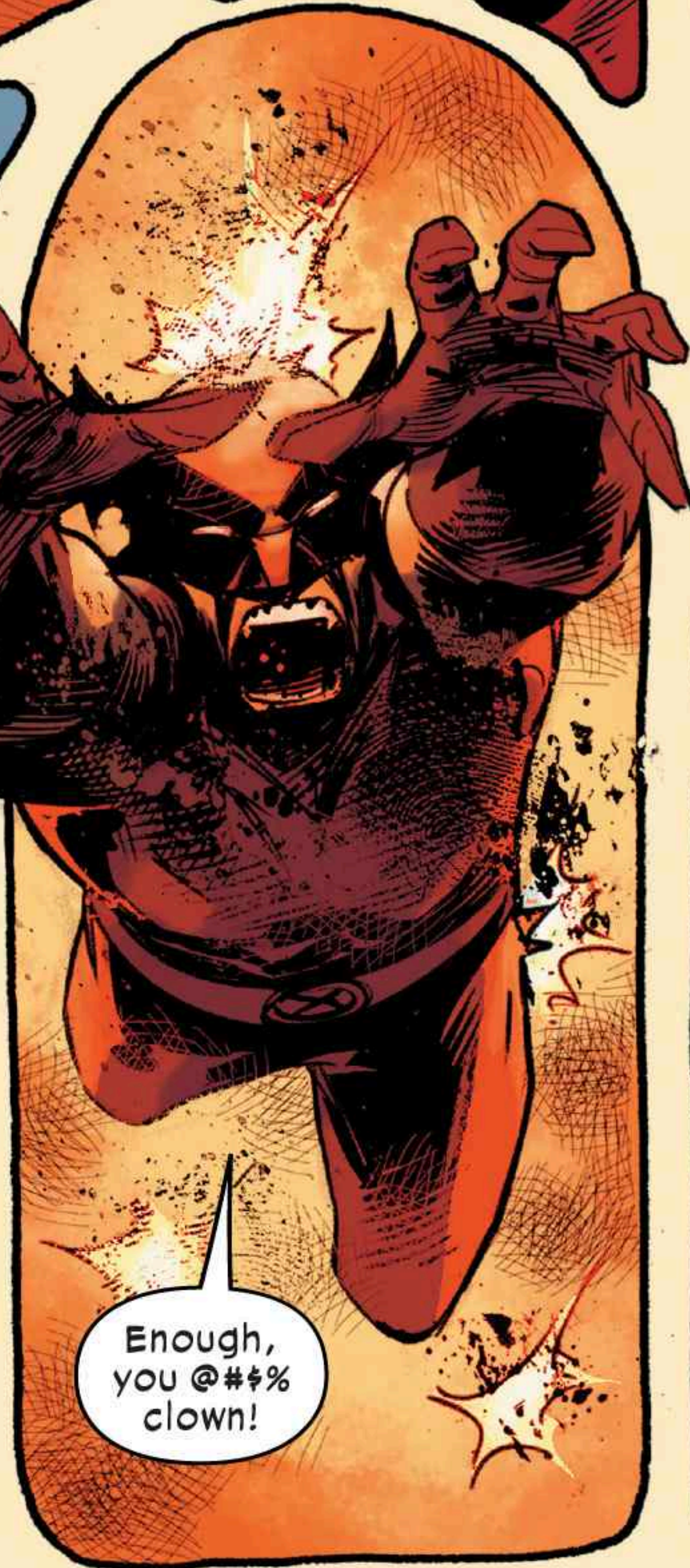
What? The briefcase...



...or your story?



Either way, I'm not letting go until you let me join X-Force.



Enough, you @##% clown!



If you don't mind me saying so, you're as fuzzy and deliciously suffocating as a weighted blanket.

BUDDABUDDABUDDABUDDABUDDA



This has got nothing to with you.

That stings. So do bullets.



Stay out of Krakoa's business.

No such luck, cowboy.



You're stuck with me.



Between the easy way and the hard way...

SNIKT

...you always choose the hard way, don't you?



Hold on. You've got something on your face.

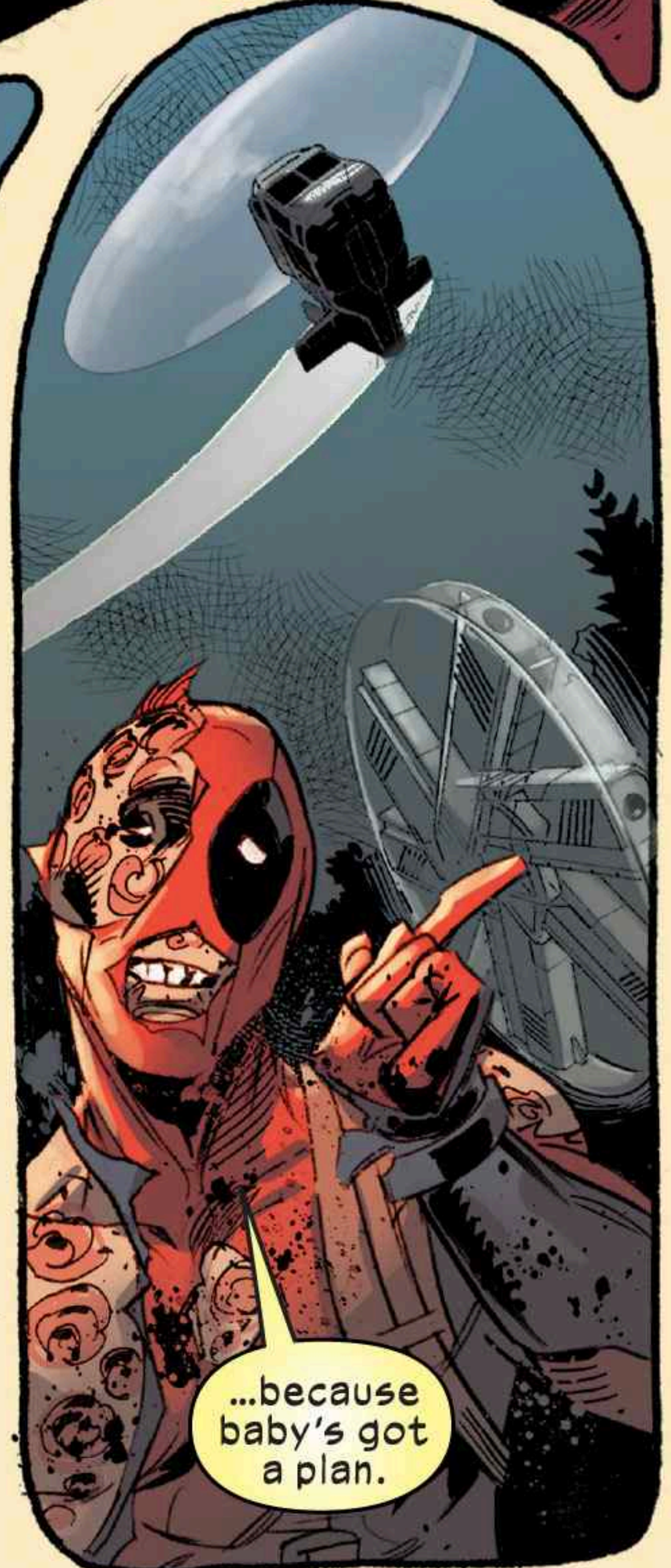
BLAM



Now stay down and do what I tell you...



HARRRRR HURRRR



...because baby's got a plan.

WOLVERINE NEVER HEARD OF HIM

~~CHAINED TOGETHER~~
**DEADPOOL RULZ,
WOLVERINE DROOLZ!!!!**

Pursuing a tip from Sage, Wolverine followed Delores Ramirez, head of the C.I.A.'s X-Desk, to Maryland, where she was transporting something in an armored briefcase.



[WOLVERINE]

BOOOORING!

When Wolverine arrived on the scene, however, he found a battlefield littered with the bodies of C.I.A. agents and robotic replicas of many mutants, including himself. He also discovered Deadpool, who was hoping to prove himself worthy of rejoining X-Force on Krakoa.

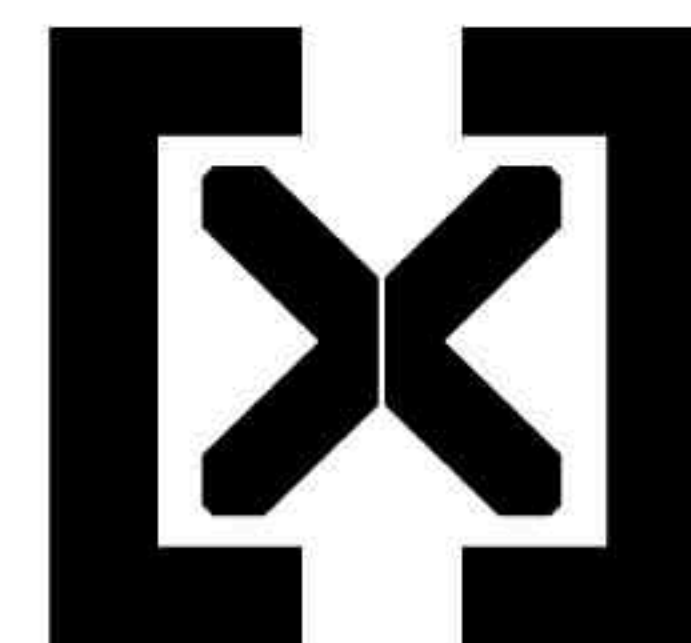
WOOT WOOT!

TEAMWORK, BABY!

The two managed to recover the briefcase, though Deadpool seemed to know who was behind it.

**DANGER. IT'S DANGER.
YOU KNOW, FROM THE
DANGER ROOM?**

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[DEADPOOL]



"GLORY
DAZE"

21

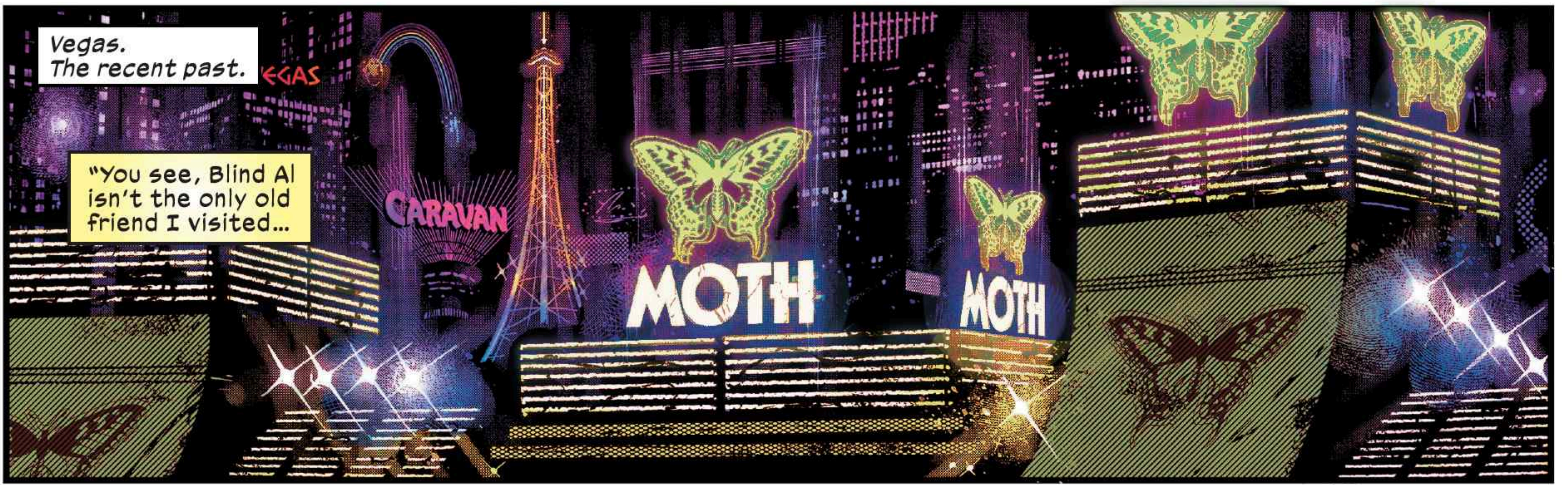
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Rachelle Rosenberg [Skrull]/
Variant Cover Artists

**DEADPOOL/
HEAD OF X**



Vegas.
The recent past.

"You see, Blind Al
isn't the only old
friend I visited..."



"There's
this one casino--
off the Strip--
called the Moth."

"Nobody goes there except
the nickel slot grannies and
the scuzzballs who look
like they drive windowless
white vans."



"Which makes
it the perfect
place..."

DEE
DOO
DEEDLE
DEE
DOO



"...for my former
partner in crime
Weasel."

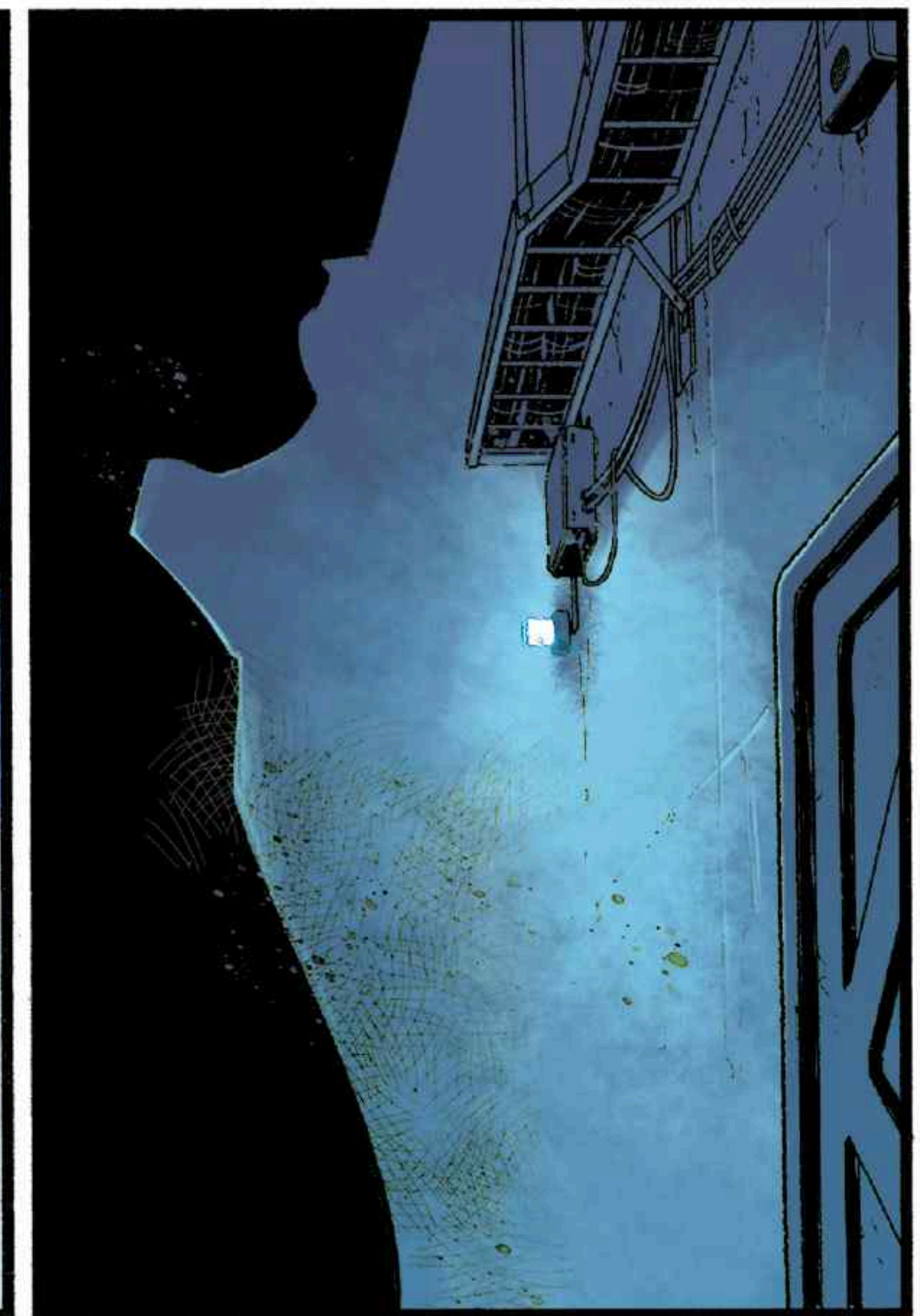
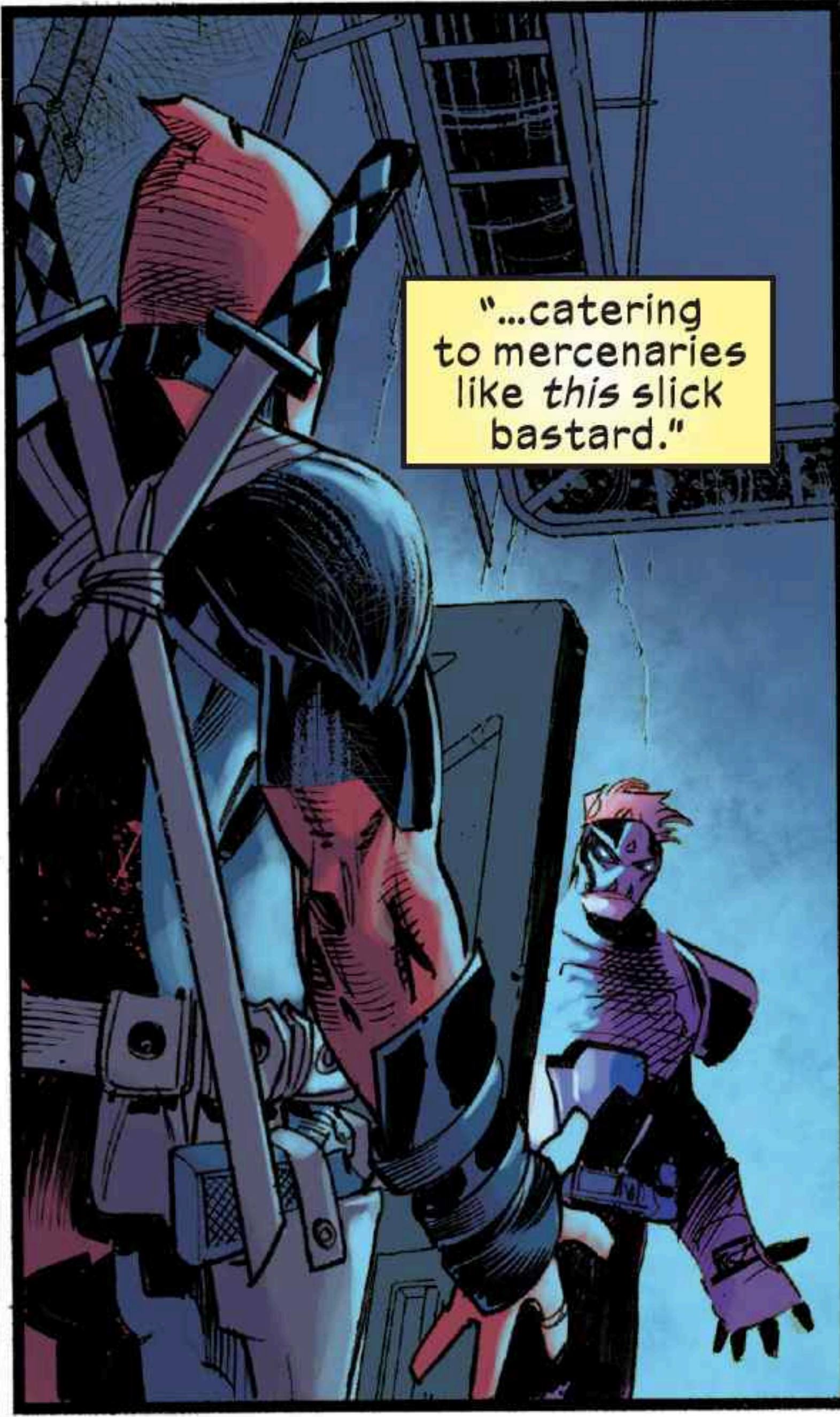
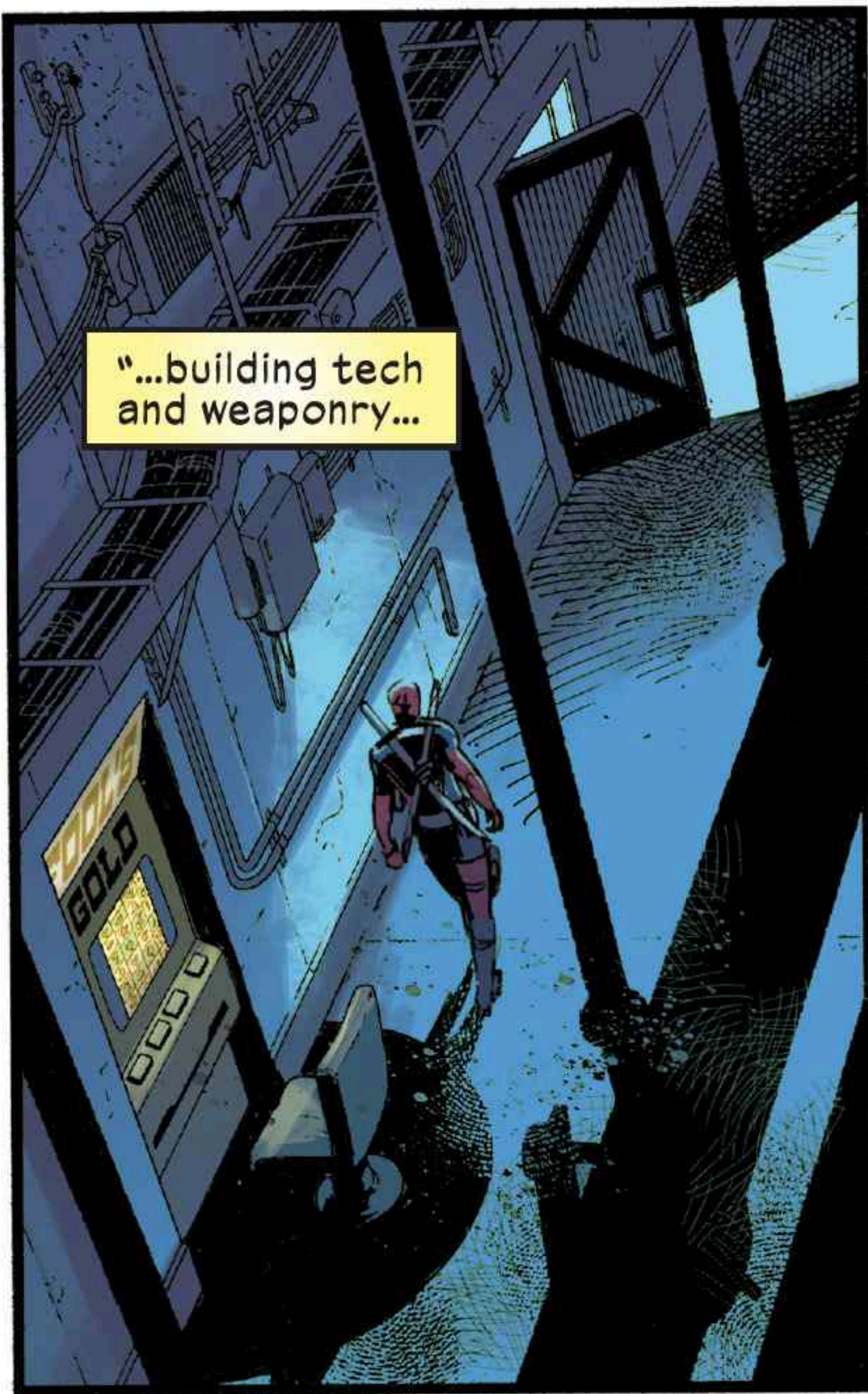
DING

DING

DING



"He's started a
new business..."





When I heard from a friend of an enemy of a friend what you were up to, I said to myself, I really need to get back in touch with that old so-and-so.

No.

Come on, Weasel! For old time's sake.

Not you. Not ever again.



I call this an Annihilator. It will dissolve you on an atomic level. And I am one twitchy finger away from pulling the trigger.

Listen, we've had our spats, but in the end, who can keep track of all the double- and triple-crossings? Continuity is for losers.

I literally made a deal with the devil to seek revenge on you.*

And I gave your grandmother an erotic massage. We all have our regrets.

I'm so proud of us for sharing our truths. Can we hug it out?

**In Spider-Man/Deadpool.
--Loser Mark*

Let's hug it out.



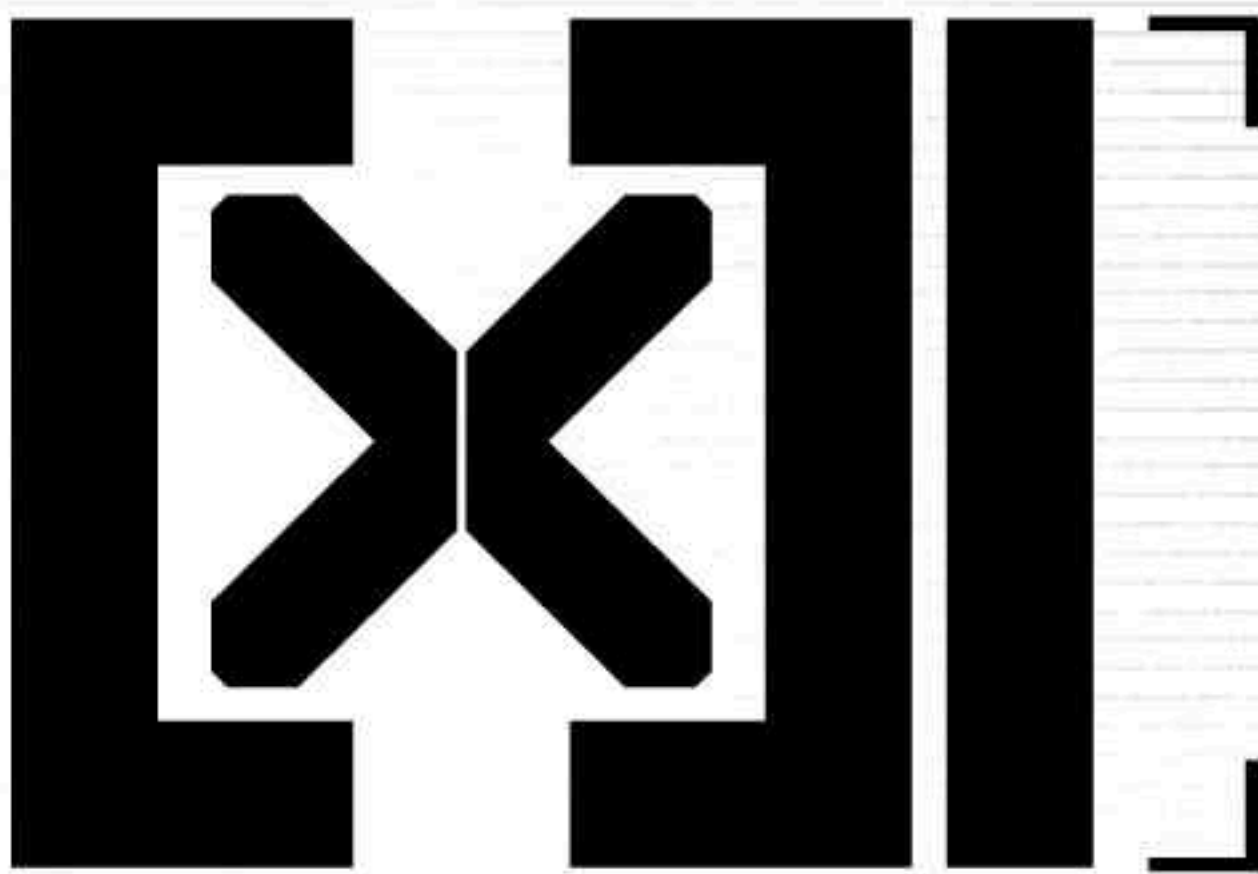
You better have money.

So much money. I make a killing off killing.

Now--pronto, chop-chop--I need some gear. To impress the tree-hugging Krakoans.

Deadpool 2.0 kind of stuff.





L

LOGBOOK: WEASEL

Re: Deadpool visit (xx/xx/xxxx)

Inventory: [items released]

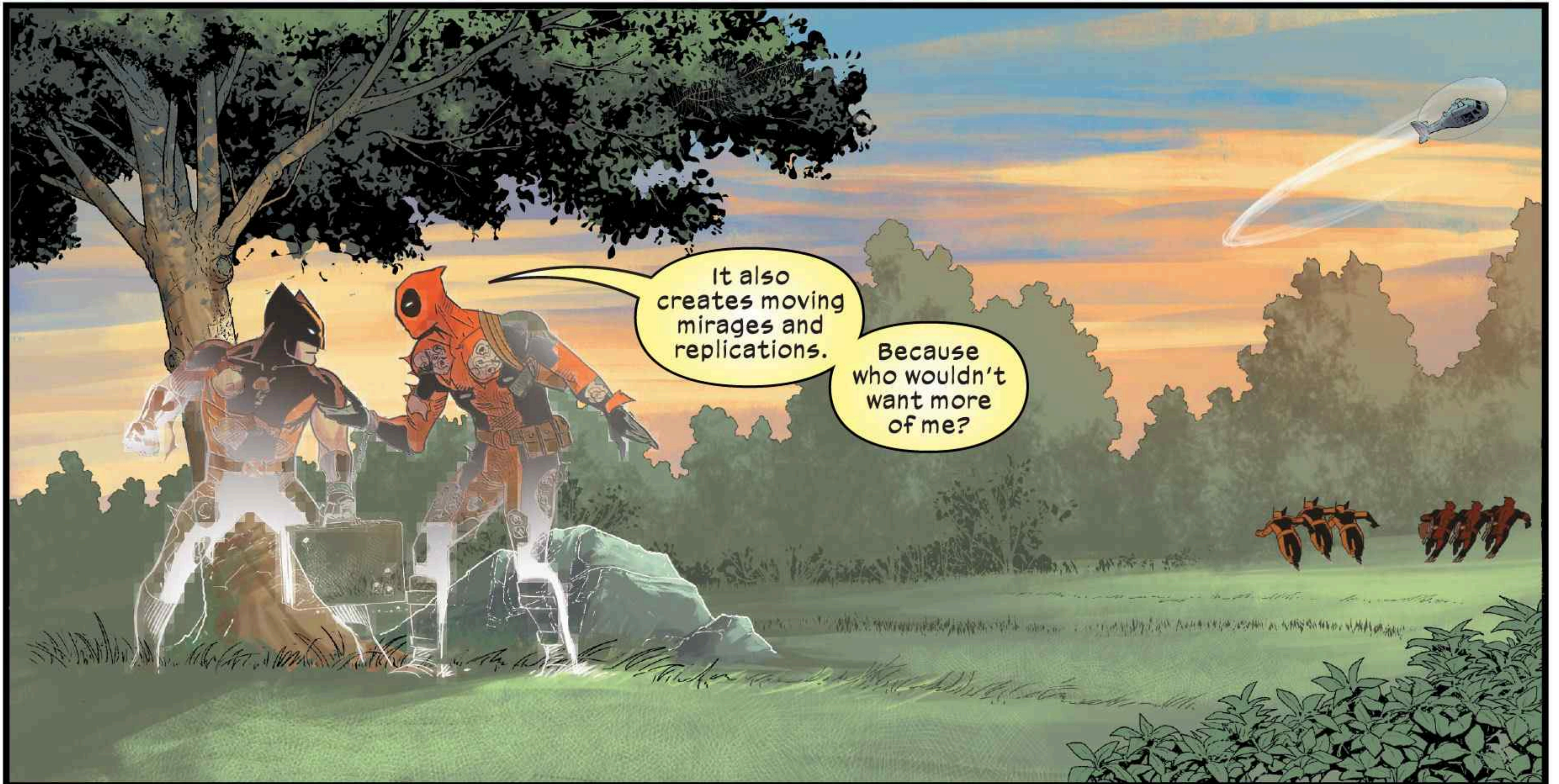
- 1) Holographic image inducer (2.0). Updated version includes (by request) an exploding poodle, a bear in a tutu and Jonathan Hickman on a unicycle.
- 2) Fart Gas.
- 3) Teleportation Belt (2.0) <Warning: GPS unreliable>.
- 4) Leopard-print thong with warming microfibers.
- 5) Mr. Tickle Fingers.
- 6) Big-ass gun.
- 7) Grenade belt.
- 8) Rubik’s Cube.
- 9) Another big-ass gun.
- 10) EMP.
- 11) Xavier sex tape <top secret and gross>.
- 12) C-4 chewing gum.
- 13) *New Mutants*, Issue #98 <CGC grade: 1.2>.
- 14) ██████████ <Warning: Do NOT use except in case of emergency>.



Back in the day, my image inducer would create disguises.



But now?



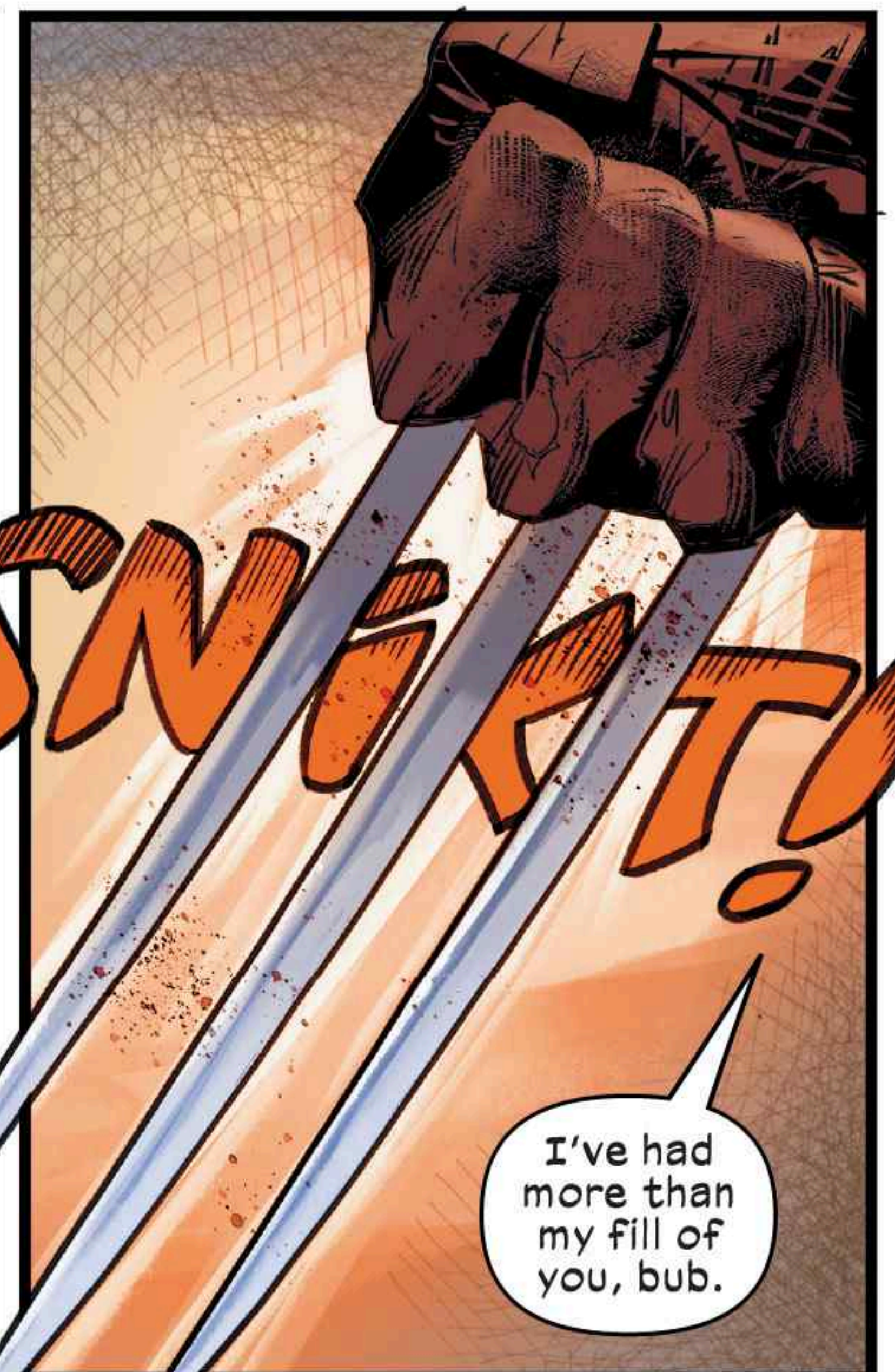
It also creates moving mirages and replications.

Because who wouldn't want more of me?



Did you like how I made you a tree? Because you're a stick in the mud.

And I was a rock, because-- as we all know-- I rock.



SNICK!

I've had more than my fill of you, bub.



Sorry, sorry, sorry. I know you're mad--because you're always mad. It's, like, your default emotion.

But keep in mind, I not only took out a squad of robo X-Men--

--but by avoiding an all-out battle with the C.I.A., I totally just dodged Krakoa out of a geopolitical crisis.

All for you!



Come on, buddy. I'm sorry I shot you, but I needed you to sit like a good boy and I didn't have time to explain.

For you, I'll healing factor all night long.

What's a little gunfire between friends? How about I let you shoot me later?



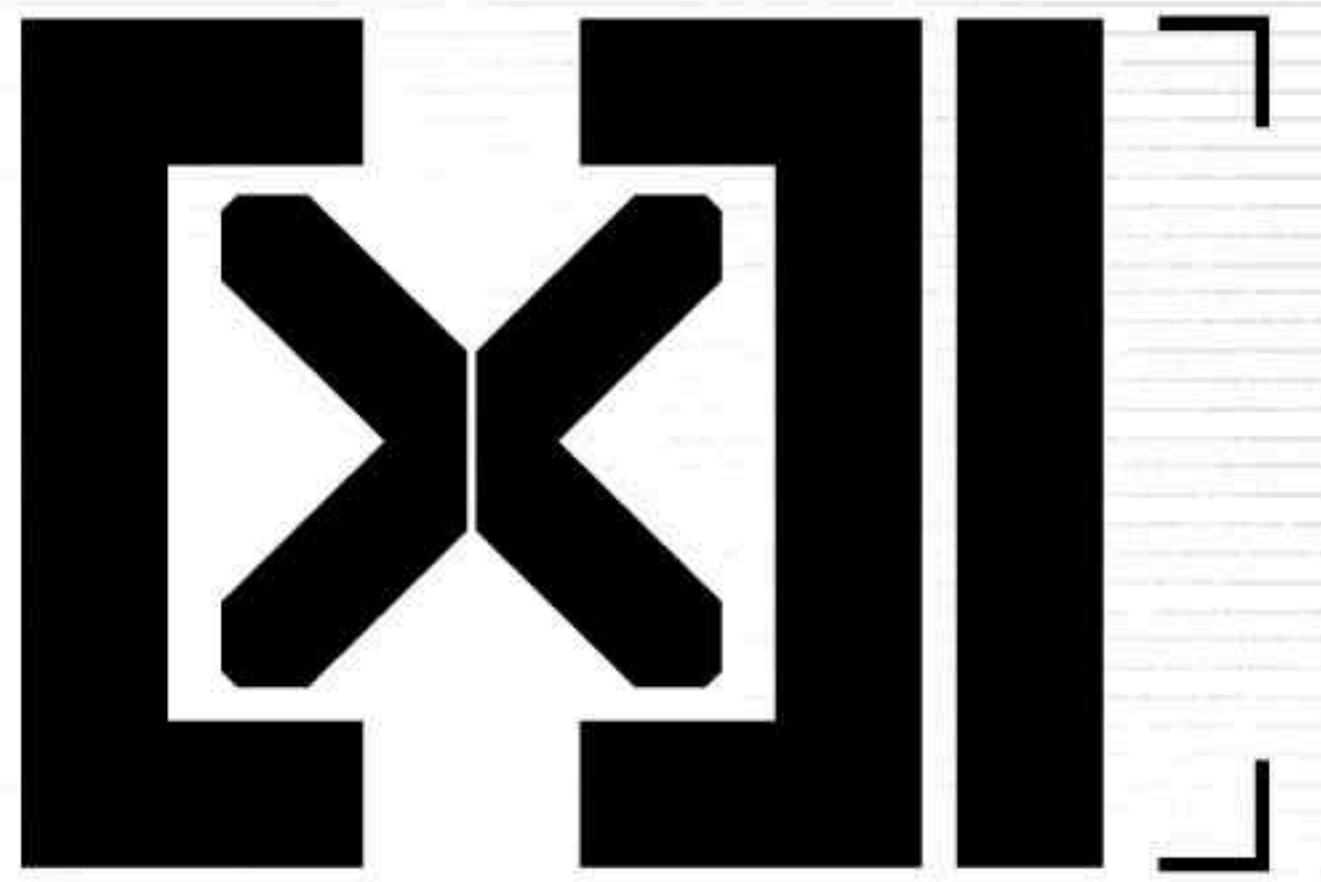
I'm going to leave--and I'm taking this briefcase with me.

But first, you're going to explain to me what the @%% it was I saw in the field back there.



About that.





For: Deadpool. From: Blind Al.
Hope this helps, chump.
Good luck. Don't screw up!

C.I.A.: X-DESK

Delores Ramirez

[Memo to Self]

Re: Mutant Automatons

I'll admit, it still stings.

Legacy House hosted a black-market auction, and a mind-wiped mutant [Christoph "Christopher" Nord, A.K.A David North, A.K.A Maverick] was up for bid. The C.I.A. delegated a monetary fund that all but guaranteed he could have been mine. Wholly and completely. The perfect, subservient mole for Krakoa.

Yes, things eventually worked out. Or mostly worked out. Maverick became an informant, but his codename points to his unreliability. He is only loyal to himself -- and the highest bidder.

But I did come away from the auction that night with something substantial. A hand. The severed hand -- reportedly -- of Wolverine.

Upon closer inspection, the claws turned out to be not adamantium but steel. The flesh was synthetic. The veins were wires clogged with oil.

At first I was disappointed yet again, but then an idea began to fester. Who had built this? Because it was a brilliant replication.

And sometimes a replication is all you need, such as when the robber prods a finger against his jacket pocket, distending the fabric in the shape of a gun.

What if I didn't need a mutant? Just a shadow of one? Or two? Or twenty?

As spies, as blackmail ambassadors, what have you. These automatons could be employed in countless scenarios, including to stain the reputation of the mutants.

I handed over the hand to a forensics team, and they came back to me with a name:

DANGER



At the end of the day, it's not the C.I.A. you need to worry about.

The real danger...

"...is Danger."



See? Aren't you glad you didn't fillet me?

Not really.

You need allies if you've got this many enemies.

No more games. Explain what the #%%& is going on.

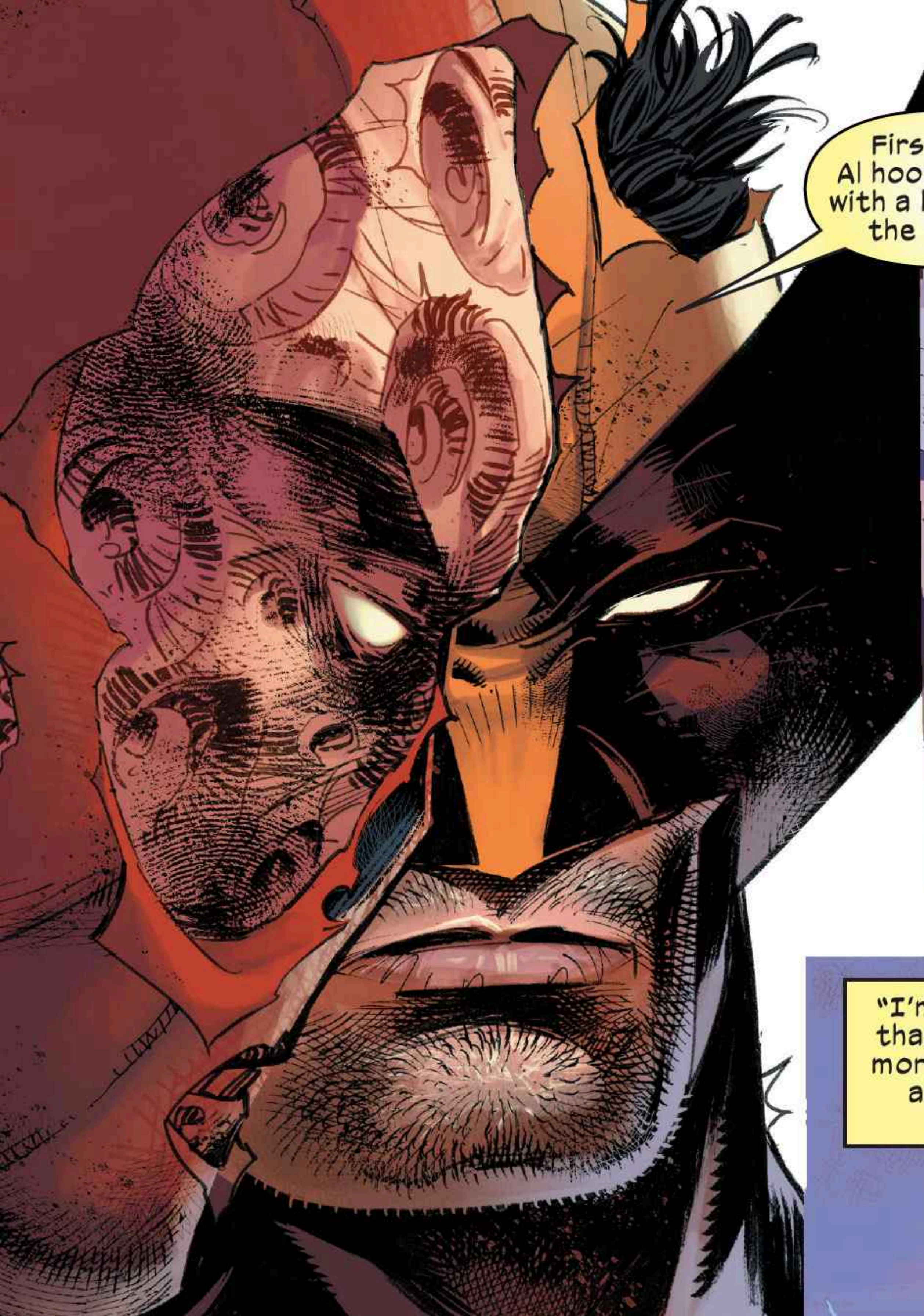


Of course. And since this is a content-rich comic...



...we can exchange important exposition while we fight.





First, Blind Al hooked me up with a lead about the X-Desk.

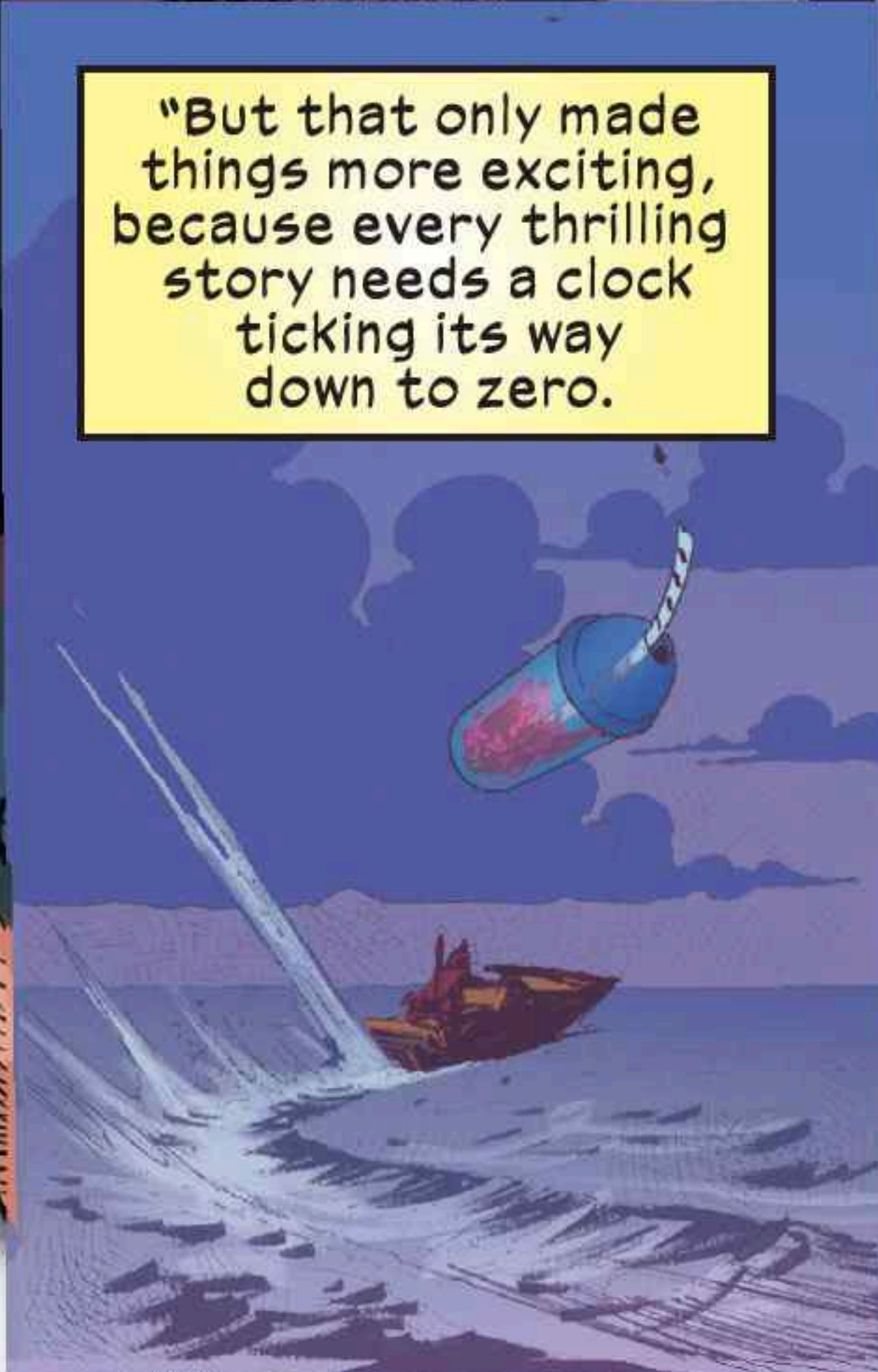


"Then, in my excitement, I totally ignored that she had a bad cough--a cliché device that indicates a character is going to die soon."



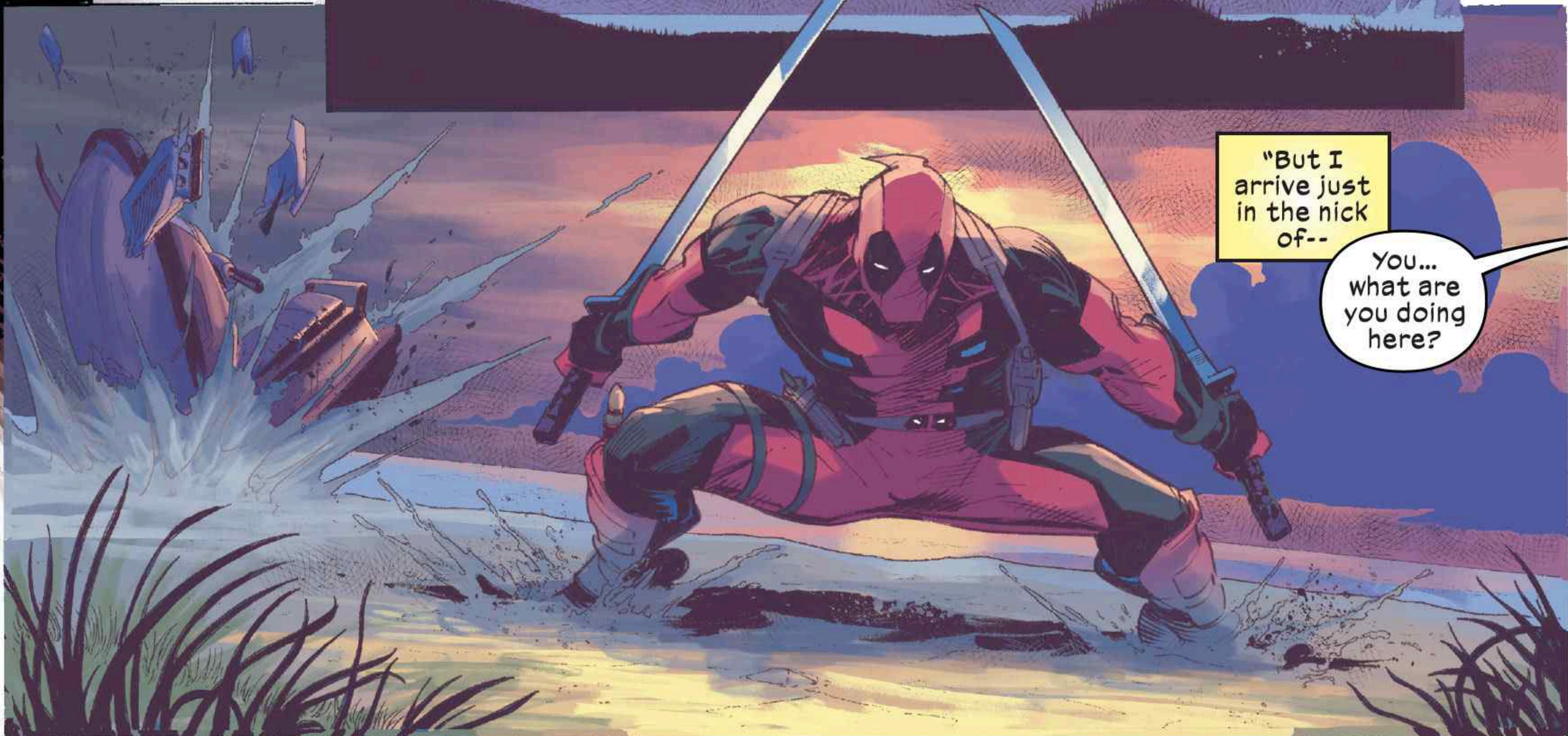
"I'm a teensy bit late, no thanks to bad traffic, my morning bathroom routine and a long line at the bubble tea place."

"So I head to the rendezvous point, where I know the top secret drop will take place."



"But that only made things more exciting, because every thrilling story needs a clock ticking its way down to zero."

"I'm like the groom hurrying to make it to the wedding after the crazy drunken murderous bachelor party or Cinderella trying to hook up with the prince before midnight."



"But I arrive just in the nick of--"

You... what are you doing here?

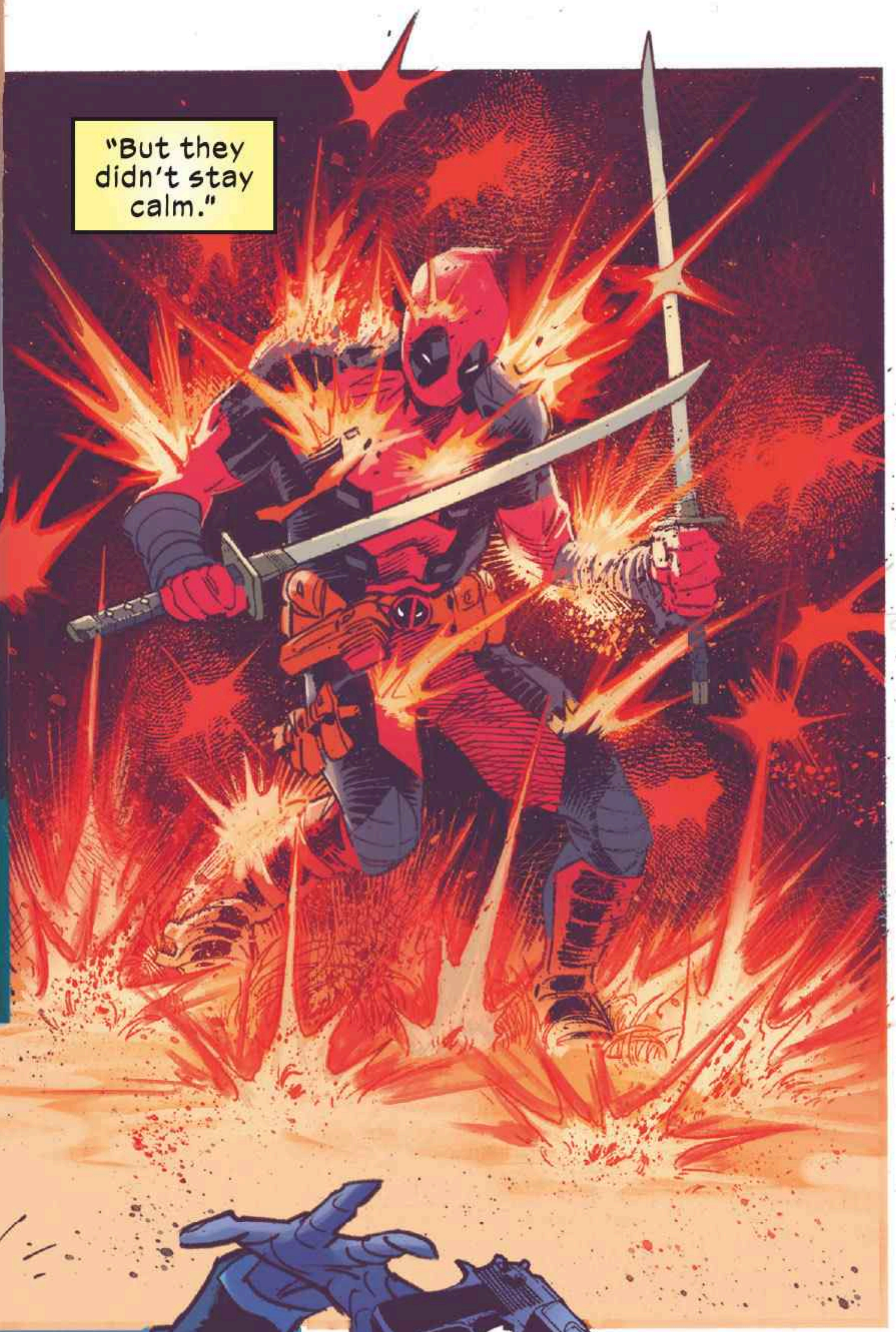


You set us up?

No! I have no idea what he's doing here.

Do you even have the payment?

Stay calm! Everybody just stay calm!



"But they didn't stay calm."



So we all took a nice, hot bloodbath together.

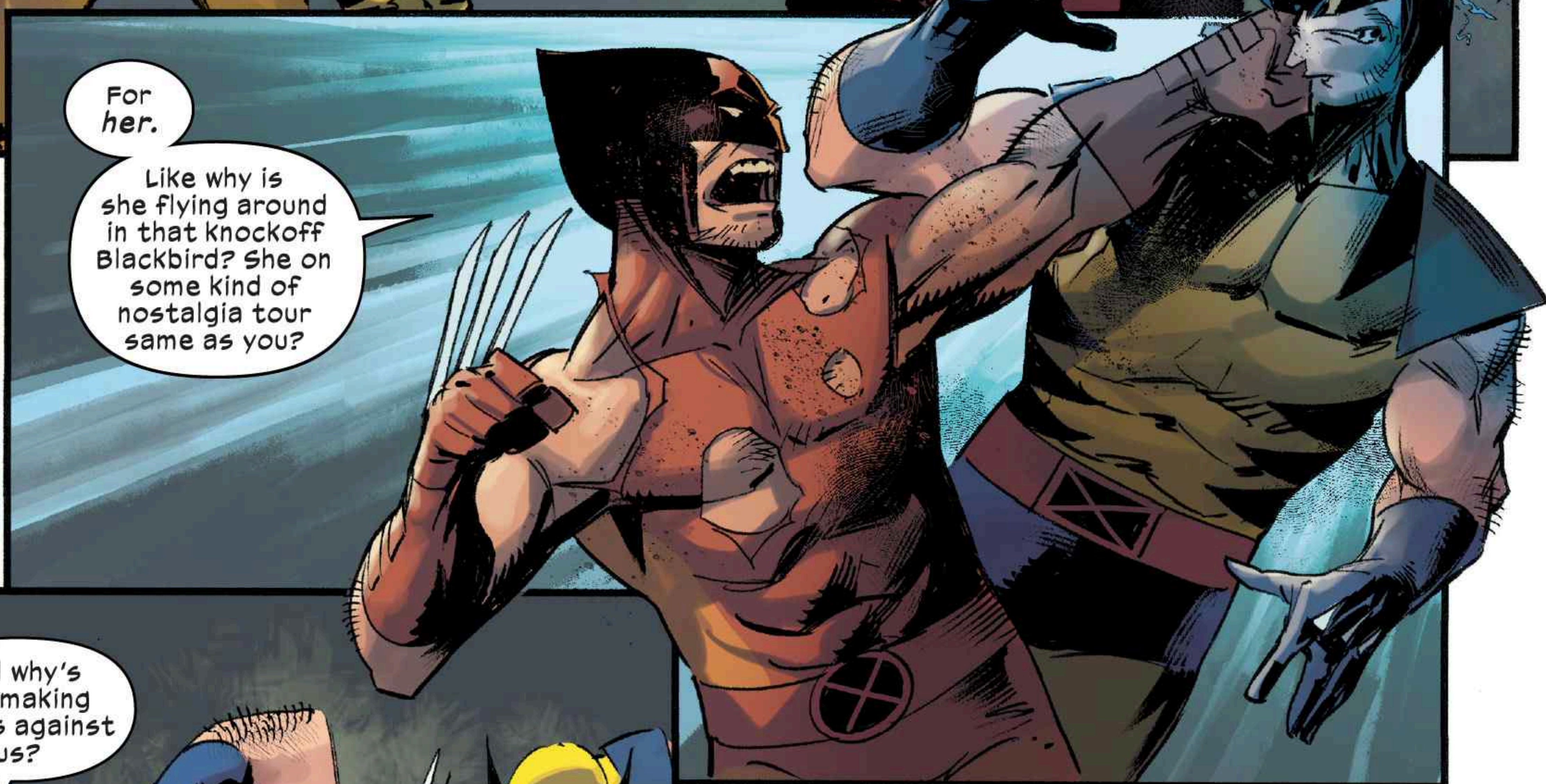


Thus concludes our exposition break. Would you like to throw a ticker-tape parade for me now or later?

Like if I was a pie--what kind would I be--and why? Spoiler: it's banana cream.

And do you have any softball follow-up questions?

Oh, I got plenty of questions.



For her.

Like why is she flying around in that knockoff Blackbird? She on some kind of nostalgia tour same as you?



And why's she making moves against us?

Can't keep track of where the battle lines are being drawn anymore, but last I recall, she was an ally.



But for you? I got nothing but an observation.





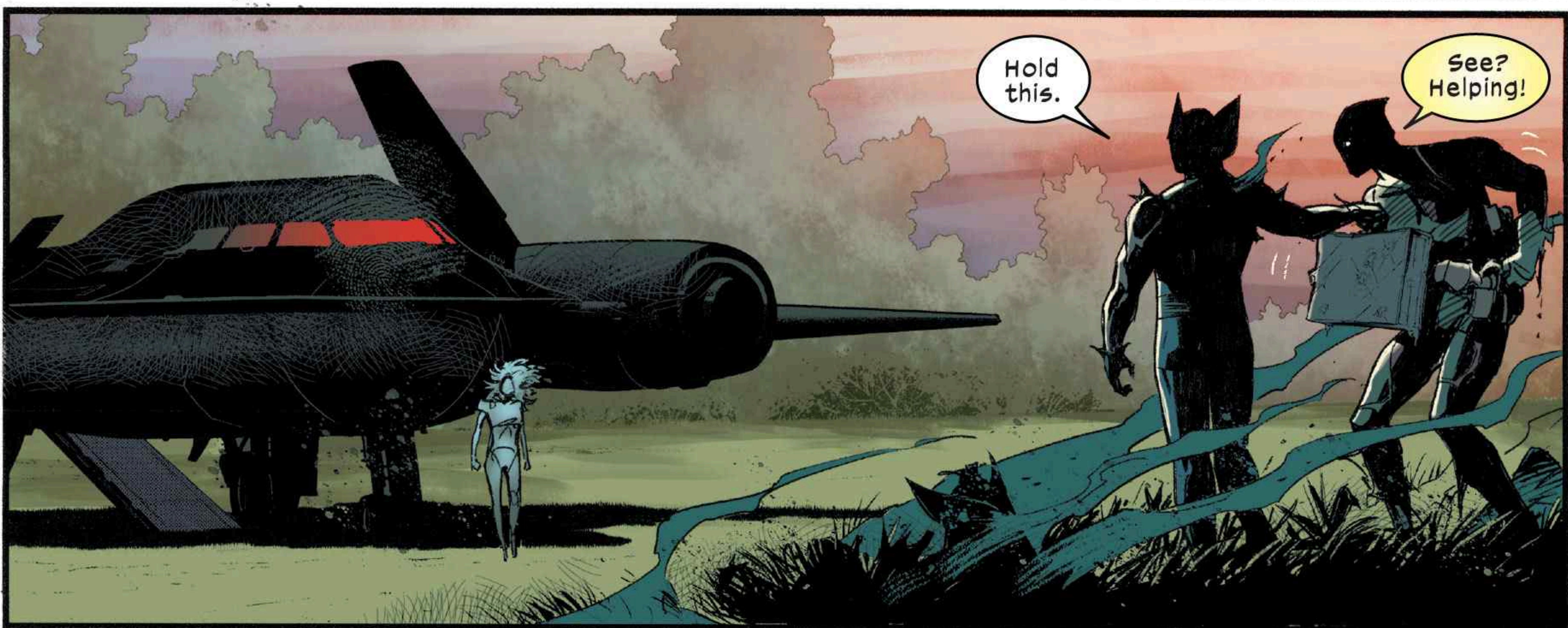
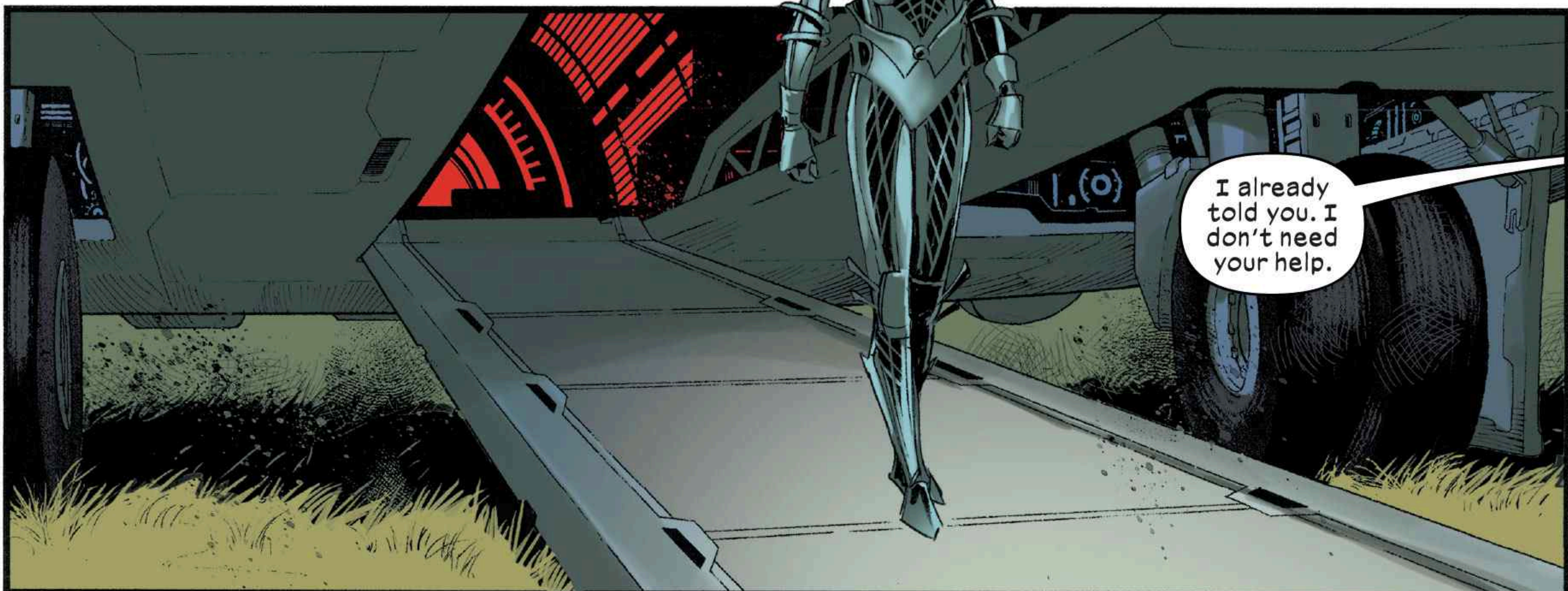
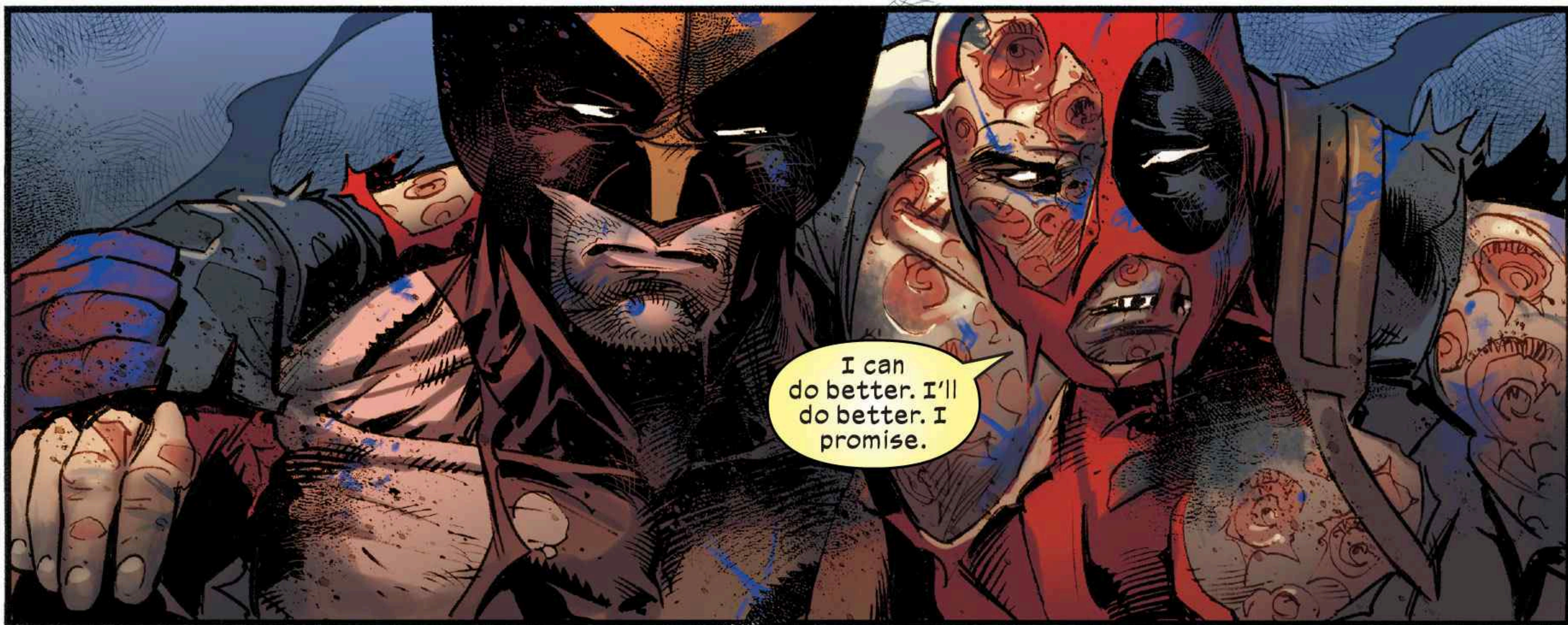
None of this
has got anything
to do with you.

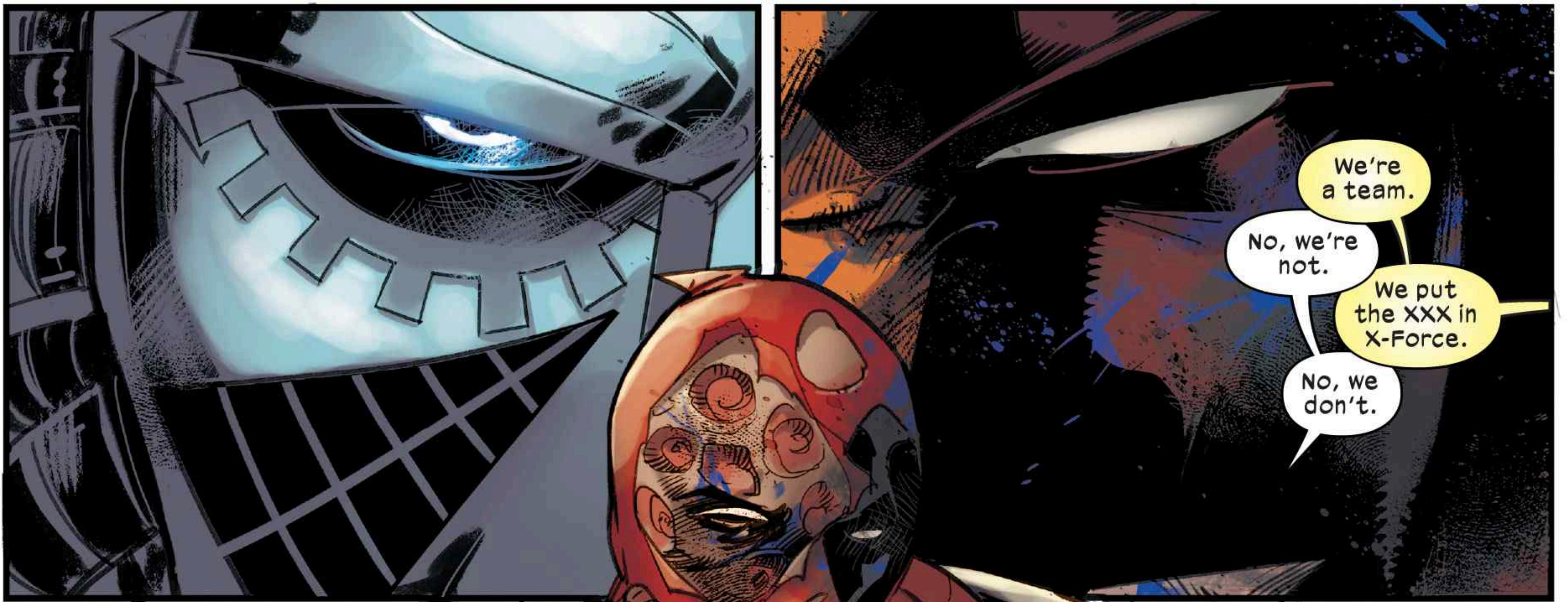
Krako
doesn't
want--

--or
need--your
help.

This isn't
a @##%##&
audition.





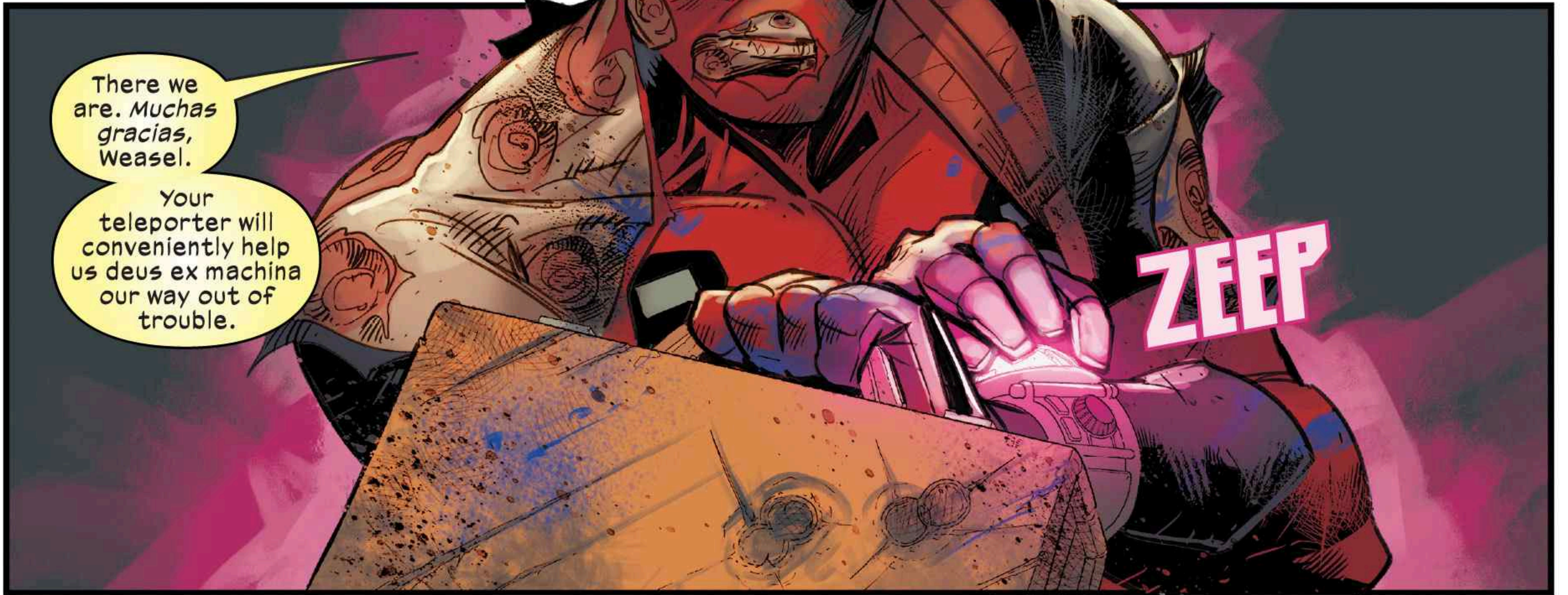


We're a team.

No, we're not.

We put the XXX in X-Force.

No, we don't.



There we are. *Muchas gracias*, Weasel.

Your teleporter will conveniently help us deus ex machina our way out of trouble.

ZEEP



And until I'm back in fighting shape, Team Leader Deadpool says it's time to--



--retreat.





Bring on the score.



Holy hell.



Thought you said it was full of Shi'ar logic diamonds?



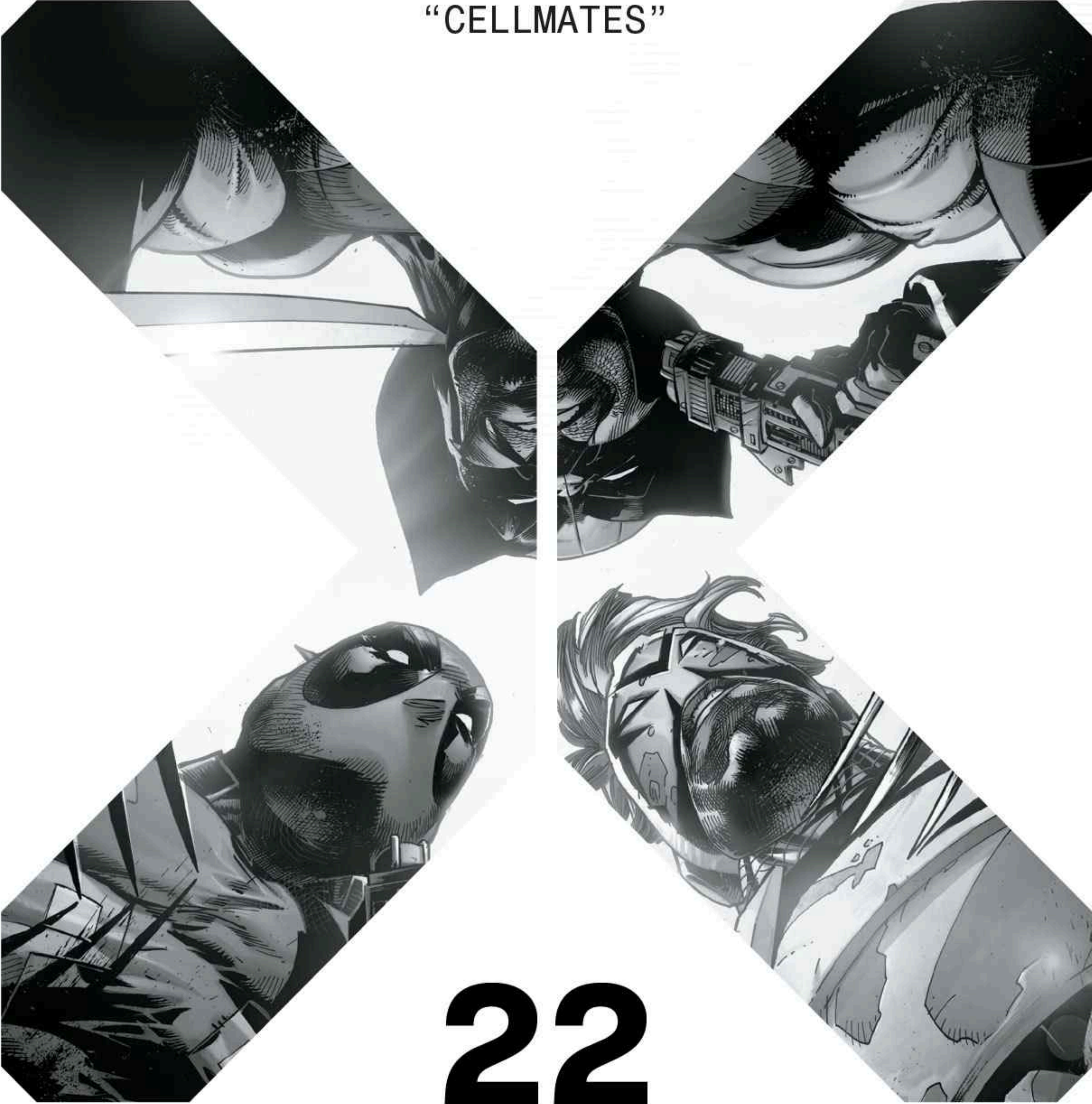
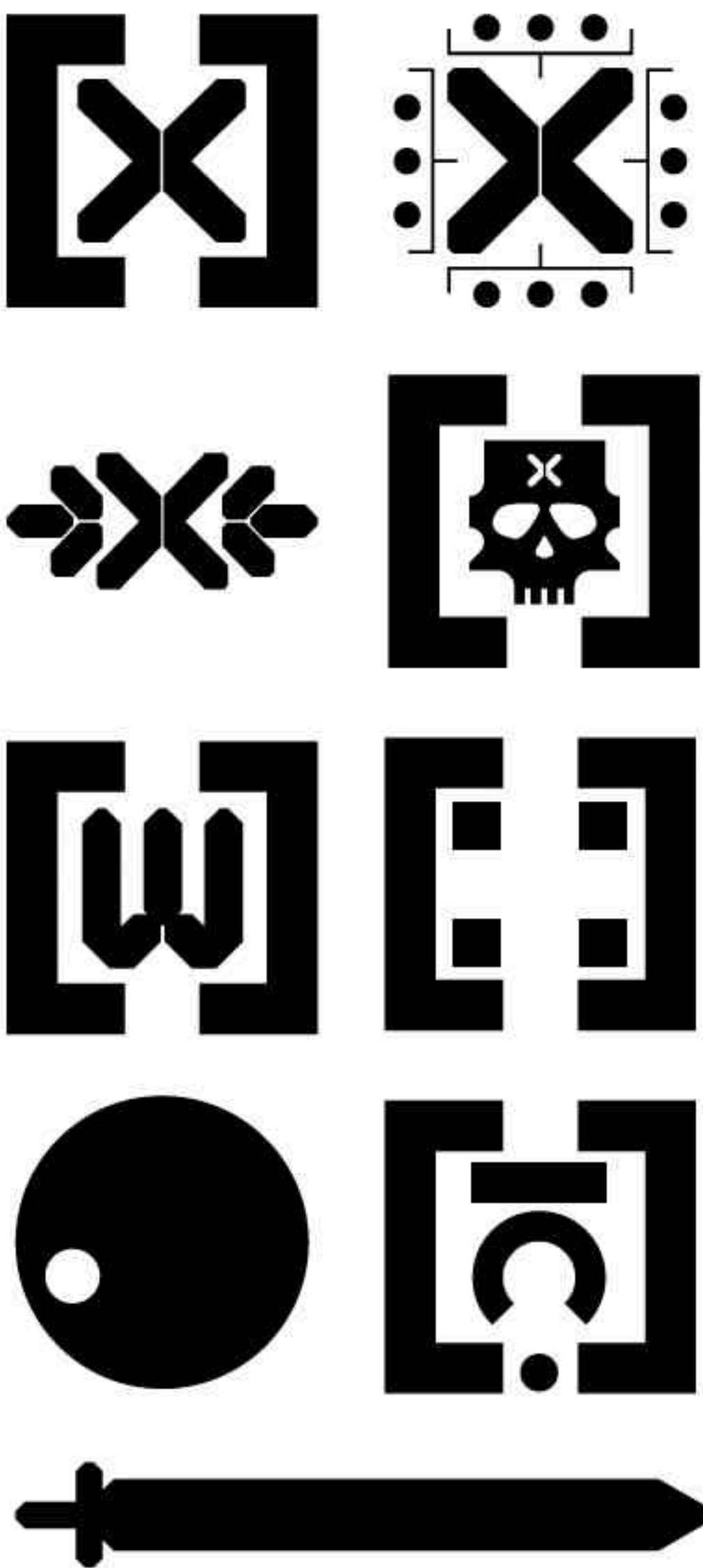
I...I guess our guests aren't the only ones who are getting goosed by a surprise.



Well... whatever it is...

We're going to sell the @### out of it.

ic:~ NEXT



ISSUE:

Knights of X #2

➤ Wolverine #21

Immortal X-Men #3

Legion of X #2

Marauders #3

New Mutants #26

X-Men Red #3

X-Force #29

X-Men #12

Sabretooth #5

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MY NAME IS
JEAN GREY.

NOW...



Nayadan

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