

THE NEW MUTANTS

INTRODUCING
THE LETHAL
DEADPOOL!!

-- THE MYSTERIOUS
GIDEON --

-- AND THE DYNAMIC
DOMINO!





CHILL OR BE CHILLED

Like, ever been board to death, dude? Well here's a chilling fact.

Ultra's® *Ski or Die™* for Nintendo® puts you and five buddies in the middle of a gnarly, yet nasty snow sport spectacular where it's survival of the fastest. And the raddest. And the baddest.

Weave your way through a log-jammed chute in the Snowboard Half Pipe. Jump and jive in the Acro Aerials. Test your slope slicing skill when you do the Downhill Blitz. Play a frosty version of dodgeball called the Snowball Blast. And join a rubberized race of nerves in the Inner Tube Thrash. But beware! This Winter Wonderland is crawlin' with unnatural hazards like punk penguins, chain saw toting rabbits and bodacious polar bears.

If you're not iced by Iglooheads or lowlife Lester, try blinding the judges with your brilliant backflips, ollies, hand plants and daffies. Hot-dog it in competition or polish your act in practice. Just try to stay alive through the wild tubular warfare. Or your snowboard career will be frozen in time.

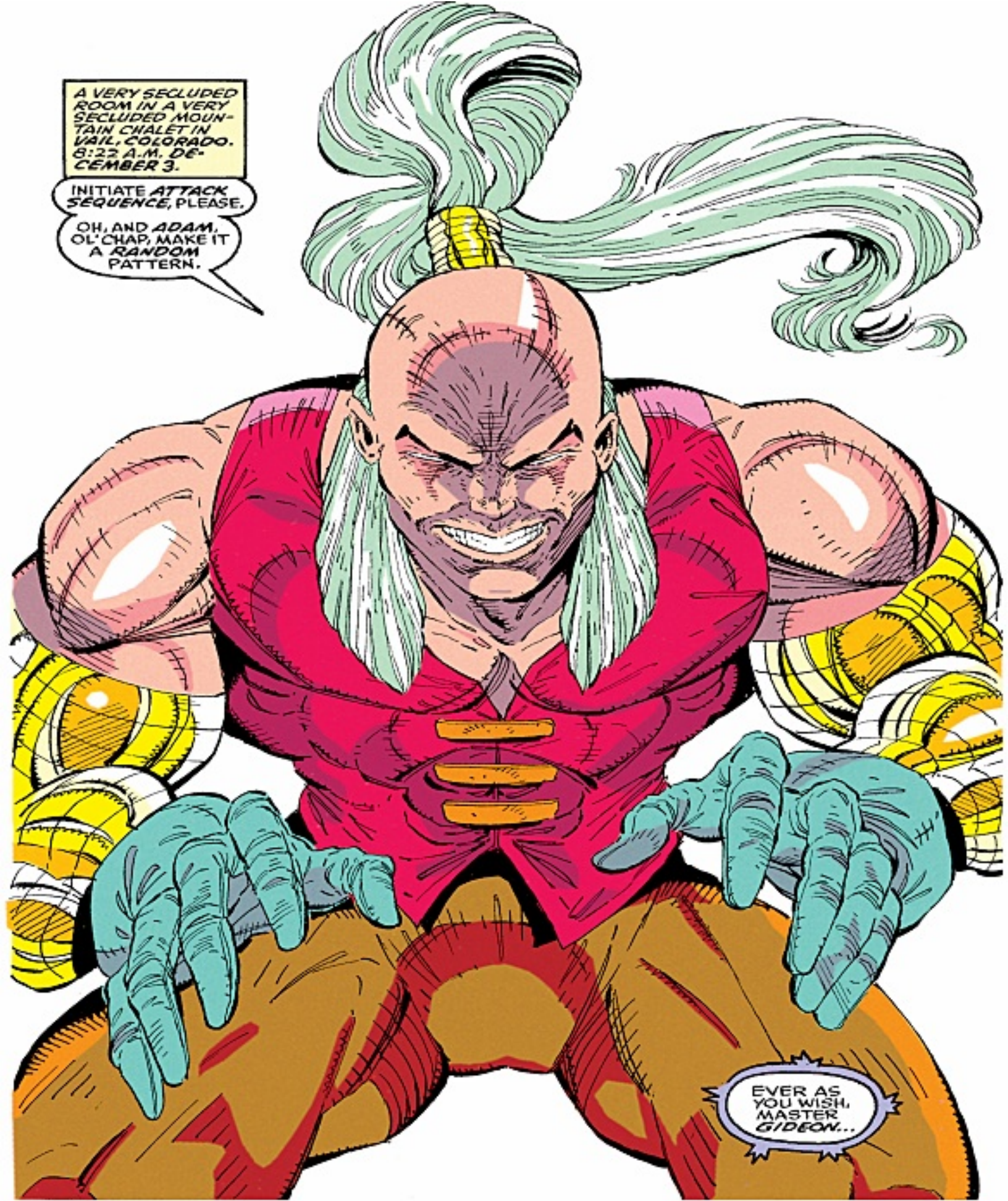
ULTRA
GAMES



A VERY SECLUDED ROOM IN A VERY SECLUDED MOUNTAIN CHALET IN VAIL, COLORADO. 8:22 A.M. DECEMBER 3.

INITIATE ATTACK SEQUENCE, PLEASE.

OH, AND ADAM, OL' CHAP, MAKE IT A RANDOM PATTERN.



EVER AS YOU WISH, MASTER GIDEON...

THE BEGINNING OF THE END

Part One

STAN LEE PRESENTS

THE END OF AN ERA!!

...THOUGH I MUST WARN YOU-- THE COMBAT MODULES BEING EMPLOYED ARE THE VERY BEST SNAW INDUSTRIES HAS TO OFFER.

WHOOPEE! DOO!

ADAM-- TAKE A MEMO--

"DEAR SERASTIAN..."

...FOR THE MONEY I AM FLYING...

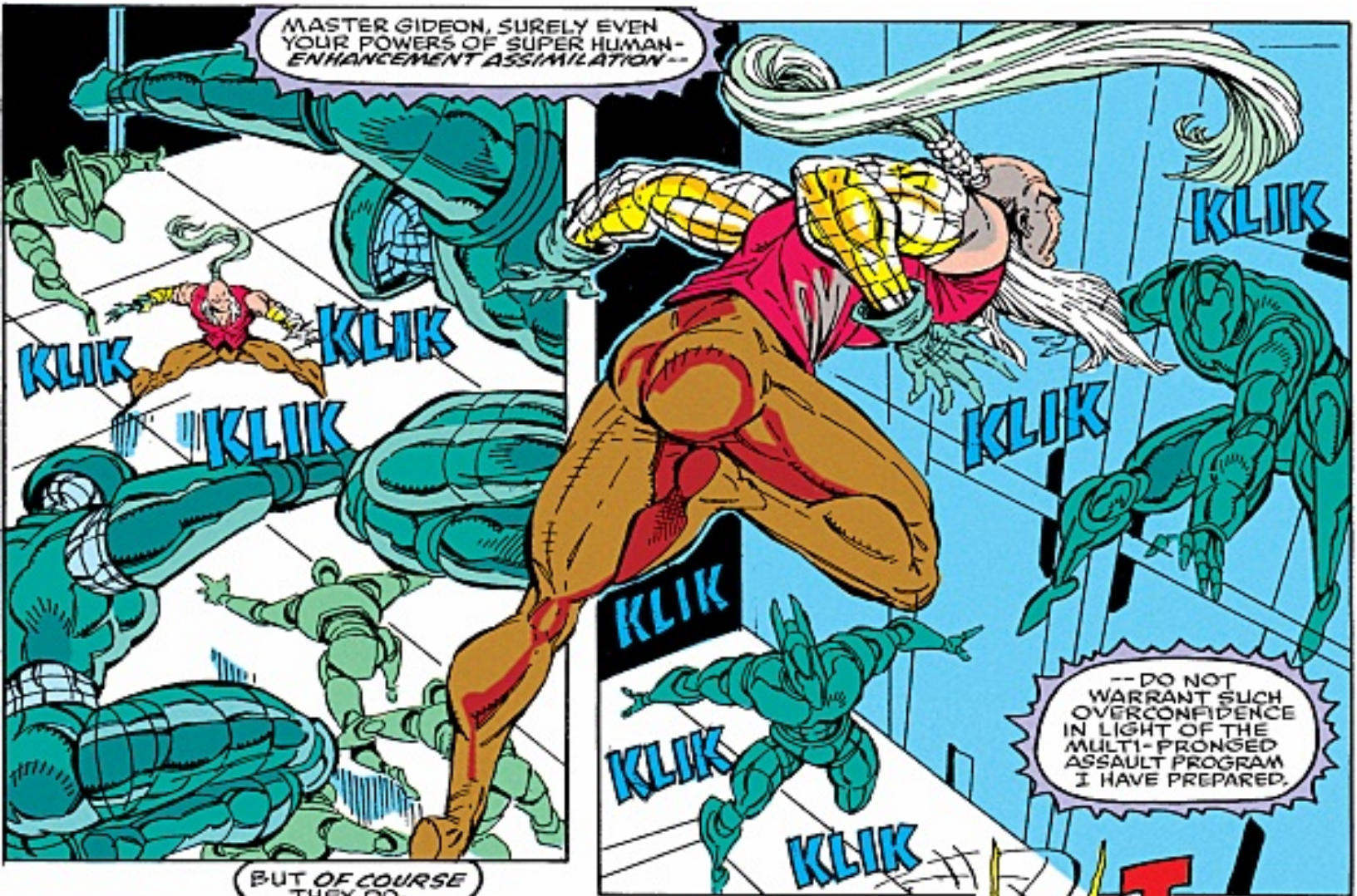
...I WOULD PREFER IF YOU WOULD MAKE THESE LITTLE TIN DARLINGS...

...A LITTLE QUIETER--

EVER YOURS, GIDRON."

ROB LIEFELD Plots & Art
FABIAN NICIEZA Script
JOE ROSEN Letters
S. BUCELLATO Colors
BOB HARRAS Caretaker
TOM DeFALCO Beginning, Middle and End

MASTER GIDEON, SURELY EVEN YOUR POWERS OF SUPER HUMAN ENHANCEMENT ASSIMILATION--



KLIK
KLIK
KLIK

KLIK

KLIK

KLIK

KLIK

KLIK

-- DO NOT WARRANT SUCH OVERCONFIDENCE IN LIGHT OF THE MULTI-PRONGED ASSAULT PROGRAM I HAVE PREPARED.

BUT OF COURSE THEY DO.

KLIK

KLIK

KLIK

KLIK

KLIK

THROWOOM



LET'S SEE NOW... ASSIMILATION OF FLIGHT, MANEUVERABILITY, COMPUTER-COORDINATED REFLEXIVE RESPONSES AND...

...STRENGTH!



KRUMP



Mega Man[®] 3.

Anything else you need to know?



You'll slide through secret tunnels to avoid bulldozing robots.

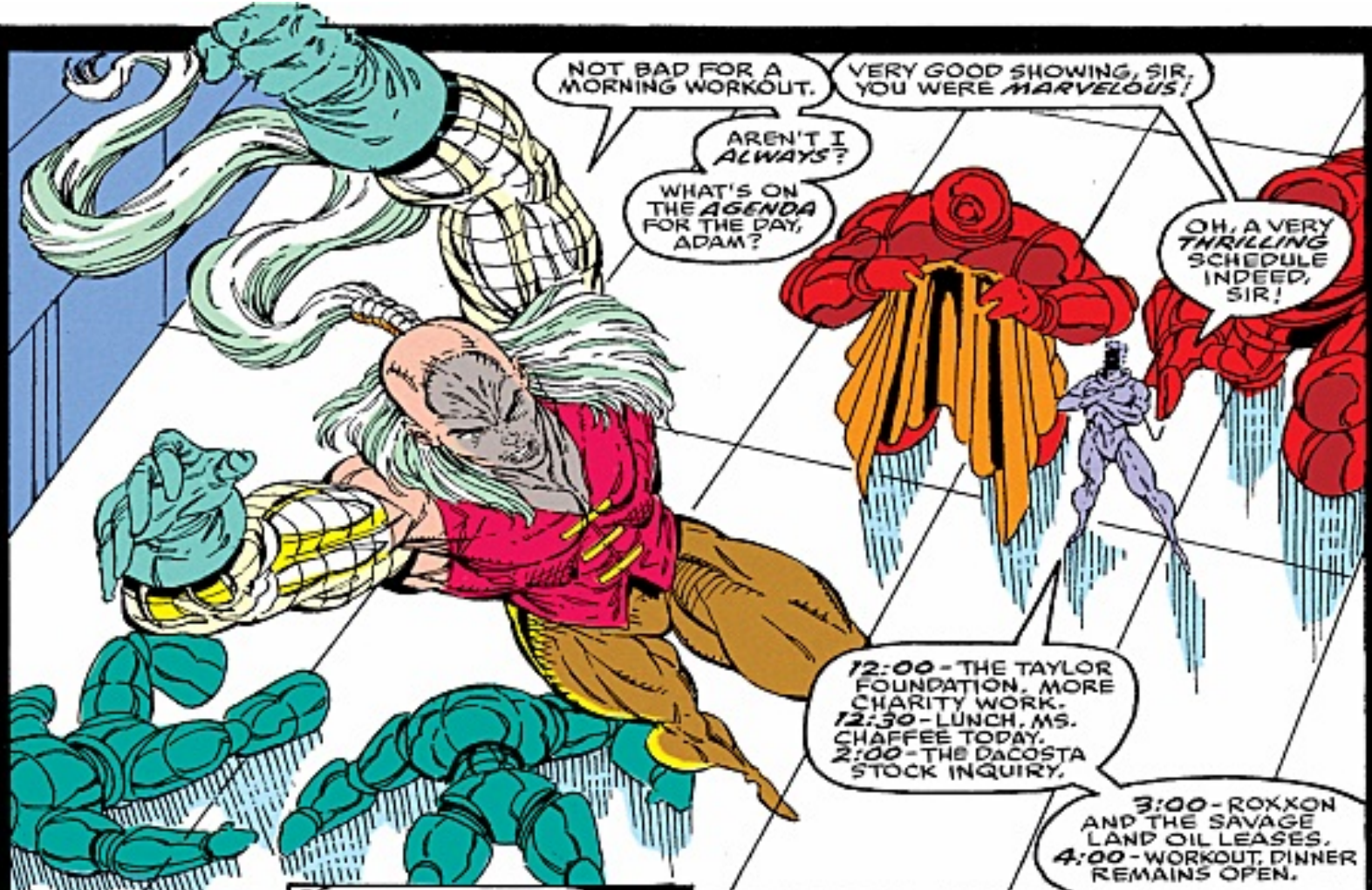


It's hard to top TopMan's dangerous spins.

SnakeMan, HardMan, GeminiMan, MagnetMan, NeedleMan, ShadowMan, SparkMan and TopMan. They're the eight new robotmasters in Mega Man 3.

Defeat them all and you'll still have Dr. Wily to deal with. And possibly even a few of your old enemies from 1 and 2. Okay, now the only question that remains is how fast you can get to the store and get 3.

CAPCOM[®]
USA



HAVE THE JET PREPARED. HOW DOES NEW ORLEANS SOUND? I'M IN THE MOOD FOR THE BLUES AND CRAYFISH.



OF COURSE, SIR, WILL MS. CHAFFEE BE ACCOMPANYING YOU?



LET'S SEE HOW LUNCH GOES, EH?



You know they can play. What else do you know?

MICHAEL JORDAN

Guard



Set playoff record for points against which team?

ISIAH THOMAS

Guard



Led the league in assists which season?

KARL MALONE

Forward



What's his nickname?

MAGIC JOHNSON

Guard



Led what school to an NCAA title?

LARRY BIRD

Forward



Scored his most points in what season?

Born Aug. 8, 1962
 Empire State College
 Major: B.S. Western
 College Basketball
 Drafted: 1st Rd. 1st Pk.
 New York, 1983

PATRICK ALOYSIUS EWING

		College Record						
YEAR	TEAM	GP	PTS	REB	STL	BLK	PTS/40	
81-82	Georgetown	21	411	417	34	27	409	
82-83	Georgetown	21	411	417	34	27	409	
83-84	Georgetown	21	411	417	34	27	409	
84-85	Georgetown	21	411	417	34	27	409	
TOTALS		84	1643	1658	136	111	1615	
		NBA Record						
YEAR	TEAM	GP	PTS	REB	STL	BLK	PTS/40	
86-87	New York	39	474	538	45	34	403	
87-88	New York	39	474	538	45	34	403	
88-89	New York	39	474	538	45	34	403	
89-90	New York	39	474	538	45	34	403	
90-91	New York	39	474	538	45	34	403	
TOTALS		195	1895	2187	225	170	1812	

One of the premier centers in the NBA... Finished third in the league in scoring when an rebounding and second in blocks since 1991... Set Knicks record for most all-defensive second team in 1986 and 1987... Won rookie of the year award in 1985 and 1987... Won

© 1990 NBA Properties, Inc. The Official NBA Basketball Card

What is Patrick Ewing's uniform number?

Want the answers to these and a million other questions about the NBA? Just pick up NBA HOOPS, the Official Trading Cards of the NBA. There are over 300 fact-filled NBA HOOPS cards in this year's collection. Get them all, and there's hardly an NBA question you can't answer!

For the answers to the questions on this page, send your name and address to
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NBA HOOPS

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A VERY SECLUDED ROOM IN A VERY SECLUDED BUNKER UNDERNEATH WHAT IS LEFT OF A VERY SECLUDED MANSION IN WESTCHESTER, NEW YORK 9:12 A.M. DECEMBER 5.

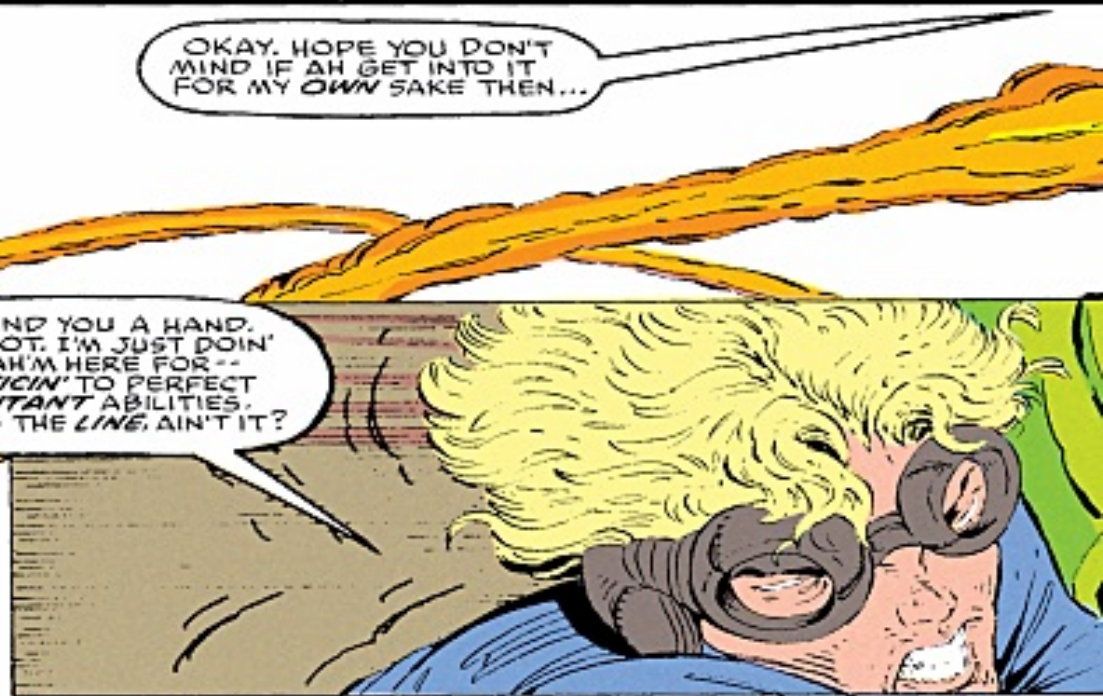
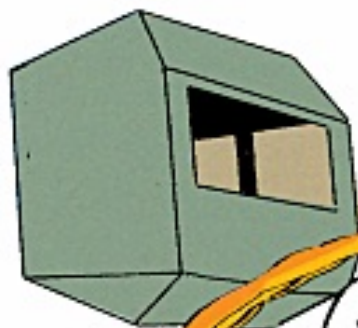
A WORKOUT SESSION IN THE DANGER ROOM IS BEING CONDUCTED BY THE NEW MUTANTS' COMMANDER, CABLE AND THEIR FIELD LEADER, SAM GUTHRIE.

ARE YOU SURE YOU DON'T NEED A HAND, SIR?

VERY.

OKAY. HOPE YOU DON'T MIND IF AH GET INTO IT FOR MY OWN SAKE THEN...

--LEND YOU A HAND. AH'M NOT. I'M JUST DOIN' WHAT AH'M HERE FOR-- PRACTICIN' TO PERFECT MY MUTANT ABILITIES. THAT'S THE LINE, AIN'T IT?





CANNONBALL--
I TOLD YOU NOT
TO--

YEAH...
THAT'S THE
LINE...FINE
THEN...





Over 18,000 years ago many of the men in China dedicated their life to the study of philosophy. And then applied it to a war to end all wars.

The country was plagued by a bandit hoarde known as the Yellow Scarves. Who amassed a power no one had yet to conquer. Fact is, no one could assemble a force strong enough to destroy them.

In *Destiny of an Emperor*, your challenge is to change the course of history forever. For the good of China. And the world.

This full scale, role playing adventure game for the Nintendo System will put you deep in the throes of that war.

The action is as real as it gets thanks to the discovery of authentic documents detailing the era.



Characteristics of 180 warlords have been simulated based on the renowned text of *Sanquozhi Yanyi*.

Even 20th century strategists are destined to spend hours, even days on each game. And when you take a break to philosophize on your next action (if you can pull yourself away) you

Chinese warlord of all, Lu Bu, destined to be a traitor because of his great strength and courage.



You'll use every strategic cell in your brain to fulfill your constant requirements for weapons, food and manpower. You'll give important commands that could mean your life, and the life of your armies. And in true Chinese tradition, you'll engage in battle

again and again to defend your honor. An honor certified by an oath signed in blood.

When all is said and done, there will be room for only one Emperor. Whether or not that will be you is your destiny alone.

Conquering this game will take you centuries.

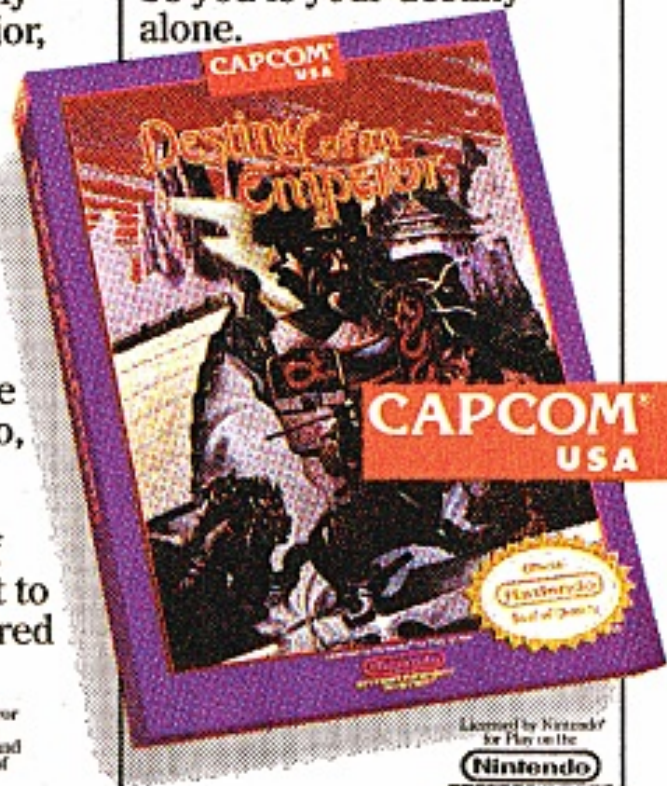
can actually save up to three histories exactly where you've left off.

You can put yourself in the place of Liu Bei, dedicated to raising an army for the restoration of the dynasty. Or Guan Yu, an exceptionally skilled warrior, match for a thousand soldiers and worshipped as a god.

But no matter who you are, it will be hard to win the war against Zhang Jao, the deadly leader of the Yellow Scarve rebels and founder of the Tai Ping sect. Not to mention the most feared



In the mountains, rebels await behind every tree.



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...GET TO WORK!!

COMPUTER--
INITIATE
ATTACK
SEQUENCE.



SG-2J3!

VIP VIP VIP

VRMMMMM



SORRY, SIR-- BUT
AH'VE RUN THROUGH
THIS ONE IN MY
SLEEP!

SO YOU HAVE,
I WON'T REPEAT
MYSELF AGAIN.

I NOTICE YOUR ABILITY TO
MUTE THE SOUNDS OF YOUR
KINETIC FIELD DEPENDS
ENTIRELY ON THE AMOUNT
OF CONCENTRATION
YOU EMPLOY.

CLIK
KIK

CHIK
CHUK



SO LET'S SEE YOU
CONCENTRATE ON
A FEW THINGS
AT ONCE!!



INTENSE!



12
LEVELS OF
PLAY!

POSSessor



REPTYL



MEPHISTO



FIRELORD



EMPEROR



SILVER SURFER™

LICENSED BY NINTENDO
FOR PLAY ON THE

Nintendo
ENTERTAINMENT
SYSTEM®



RIDING AN AWESOME WAVE OF 3 MEGA FIREPOWER!

The non-stop action of this high-energy, inter-galactic battle game will challenge all of your combat skills. With 12 levels of outrageous game play, amazing graphics, music and radical sound effects, it's the hottest game in the galaxy!

ARCADIA®

ARCADIA SYSTEMS, INC.
18001 Cowan Street, Suite A
Irvine, CA 92714
Tel. (714) 833-0710



AH COULDN'T DO IT.

AH AVOIDED YOUR ATTACK, BUT AH COULDN'T TURN DOWN THE VOLUME ON MY BLAST FIELD AT THE SAME TIME.

BY THE WAY, WHAT'S WITH THE NEW "ARMAMENT?"

IT WAS TIME FOR SOME IMPROVEMENTS.

AND YOU DID WELL, SAM.

LEARNING TO TONE DOWN YOUR FIELD IS STEP ONE.

STEP TWO WILL BE TO EXPAND IT OUTWARD AS A PROTECTIVE DEFENSE.

IT WOULD BE A GREAT ASSET TO THE TEAM.



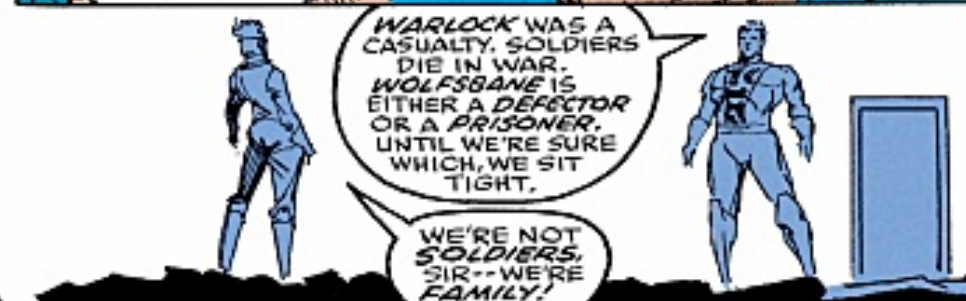
AH DON'T MEAN TO BE RUDE, SIR-- BUT IF YOU AIN'T NOTICED-- THERE AIN'T MUCH OF A TEAM LEFT AROUND HERE.



I'VE NOTICED.

WELL, WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?

NOT MUCH WE CAN DO.



WARLOCK WAS A CASUALTY. SOLDIERS DIE IN WAR. WOLFSBANE IS EITHER A DEFECTOR OR A PRISONER. UNTIL WE'RE SURE WHICH, WE SIT TIGHT.

WE'RE NOT SOLDIERS, SIR-- WE'RE FAMILY!



IF LIFE WERE A PICNIC, YOU'D BE A FAMILY.

SINCE LIFE IS WAR, YOU'RE SOLDIERS.

YOU'D DO WELL TO START ACCEPTING THAT FACT.

THE OFFICE BUILDING COMPLEX OF
DACOSTA INTERNATIONAL, BRASILIA,
BRAZIL. 7:22 P.M. DECEMBER 4.





THE SUB-BASEMENT OF THE X-MANSION, THE NEW MUTANTS' BUNKER, 2:45 P.M. DECEMBER 5.

TRY A GAS OVEN, YEAH... OR EATIN' A LIVE GRENADE. THAT OUGHTTA DO IT. OR WALKIN' THROUGH EAST L.A. HMMM, OR--

WHAT'RE YOU SAYING-- IT WOULD BE SUICIDE?

THAT'S THE PICK, RIC!

DON'T YOU SEE, BOOM-BOOM-- I DON'T CARE!

WE HAVE TO DO SOMETHING! IT'S BEEN WEEKS SINCE WE LEFT RAHNE IN GENOSHA! SHE'S FAMILY-- WE CAN'T IGNORE HER!

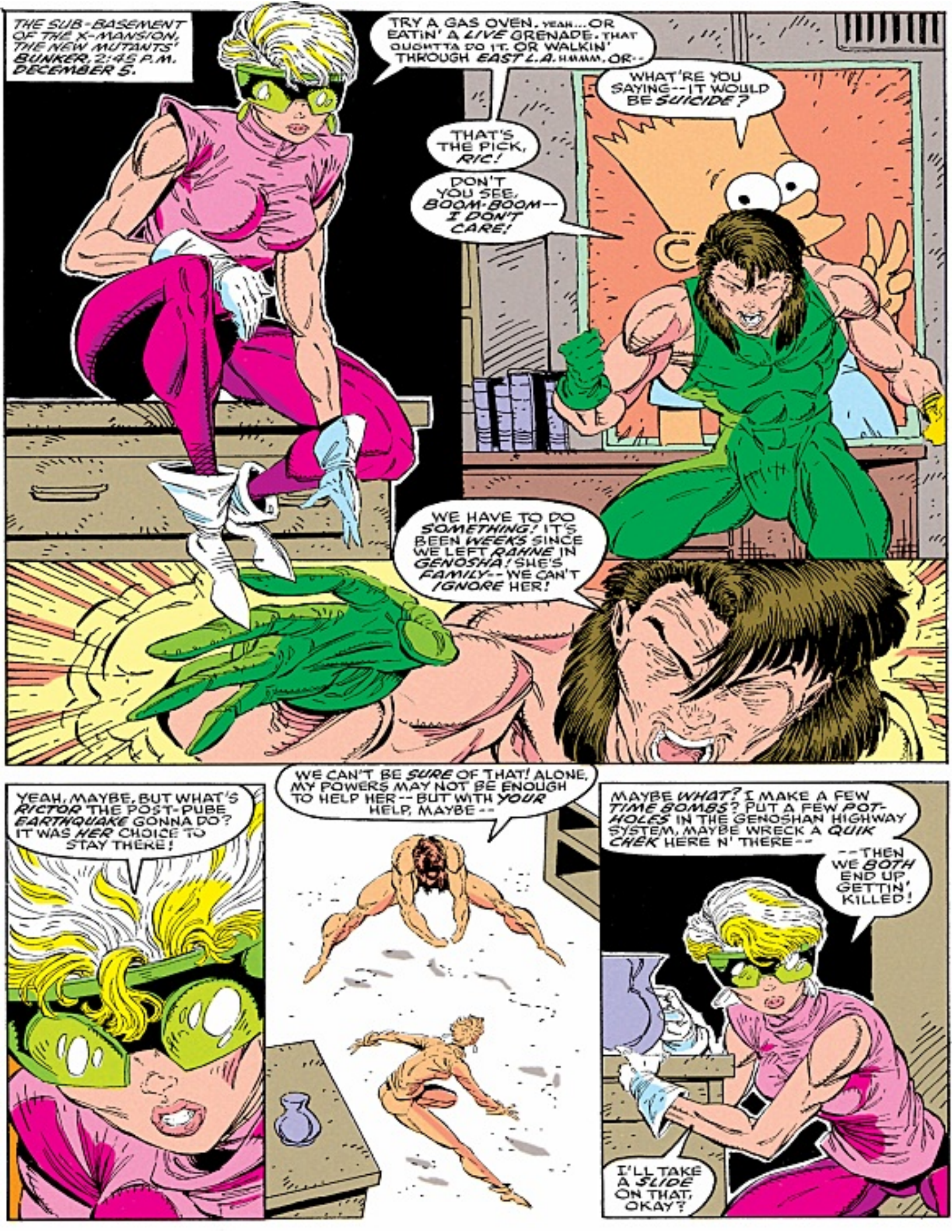
YEAH, MAYBE, BUT WHAT'S RICTOR THE POST-PUBE EARTHQUAKE GONNA DO? IT WAS HER CHOICE TO STAY THERE!

WE CAN'T BE SURE OF THAT! ALONE, MY POWERS MAY NOT BE ENOUGH TO HELP HER -- BUT WITH YOUR HELP, MAYBE --

MAYBE WHAT? I MAKE A FEW TIME BOMBS? PUT A FEW POT-HOLES IN THE GENOSHA HIGHWAY SYSTEM, MAYBE WRECK A QUIK CHEK HERE N' THERE --

-- THEN WE BOTH END UP GETTIN' KILLED!

I'LL TAKE A SLIDE ON THAT, OKAY?





HEY-- WHERE YOU GOIN'?

I'M GOING TO FIND A WAY TO HELP RAHNE!

I'M NOT GOING TO LET HER STAY IN GENOSHA!

CABLE'S NEVER GONNA LET YOU GO!

I WAS NEVER GOING TO ASK HIS PERMISSION.



YOW!

WHADDODIDONOW?
WHADDOWEDONOW?

SCOPIN' OUT THE SITCH,
THERE AIN'T MUCH LEFT OF "WE" IS THERE?
WHY'M I TALKIN' TO MYSELF?

THE LIBRARY.
2:51 P.M.





YOU'RE NATHAN, RIGHT?

I'M DEADPOOL. PLEASUED TO MEET YOU.

MR. TOLLIVER HIRED ME TO FIND YOU.

AND YOU HAVE.

YUP, WELL, MR. TOLLIVER ALSO HIRED ME TO KILL YOU.

YOU KNOW HOW *FASTIDIOUS* MR. TOLLIVER IS ABOUT THESE THINGS, RIGHT?

SO WHEN I FROST YOUR SORRY OLD MECHANICAL BUTT, DON'T TAKE IT *PERSONALLY*, OKAY?

NO PROBLEM.

YUP, MR. TOLLIVER SAID YOU WERE A *COLD ONE* AND HE WAS RIGHT.



MR. TOLLIVER SAYS A LOT OF THINGS.

THAT'S WHAT GOT HIM INTO TROUBLE TO BEGIN WITH.



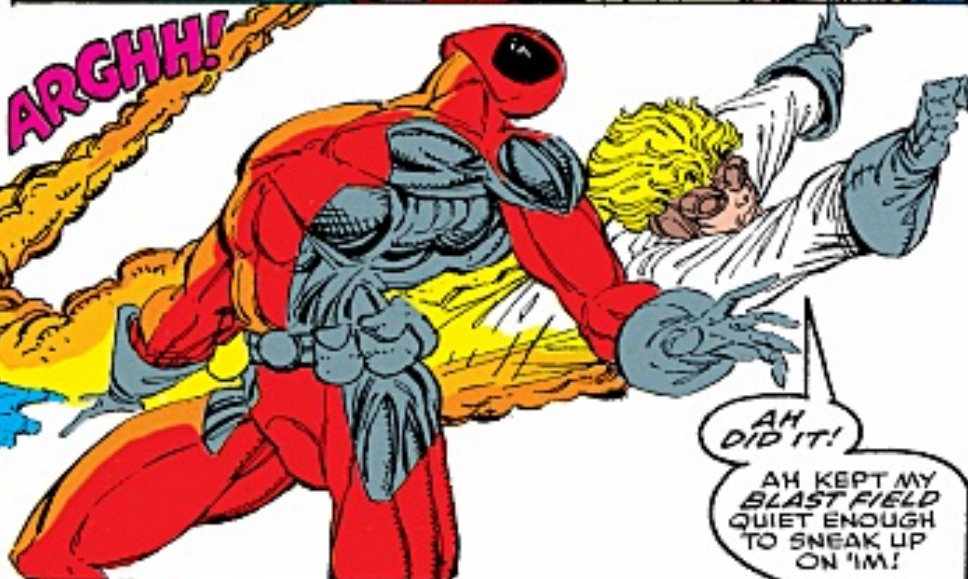
THAT'S NOT HOW *HE* SEES IT. HE BLAMES *YOU* FOR WHAT WENT DOWN.



AND HE'S PAYING THE BILLS, *50000...*



ARRIVEDERCI, NATHAN--



ARGHH!

AH DID IT!

AH KEPT MY *BLAST FIELD* QUIET ENOUGH TO SNEAK UP ON 'IM!



SO YOU
DID, KID.

CAUGHT ME
BY SURPRISE
TOO.

I HATE
WHEN THAT
HAPPENS.

AND A NEURAL
DISRUPTER NET
SHOULD PREVENT
IT FROM HAPPEN-
ING AGAIN, RIGHT?



WHAT THE --?
IT'S GOIN'
THROUGH
MY FIELD!

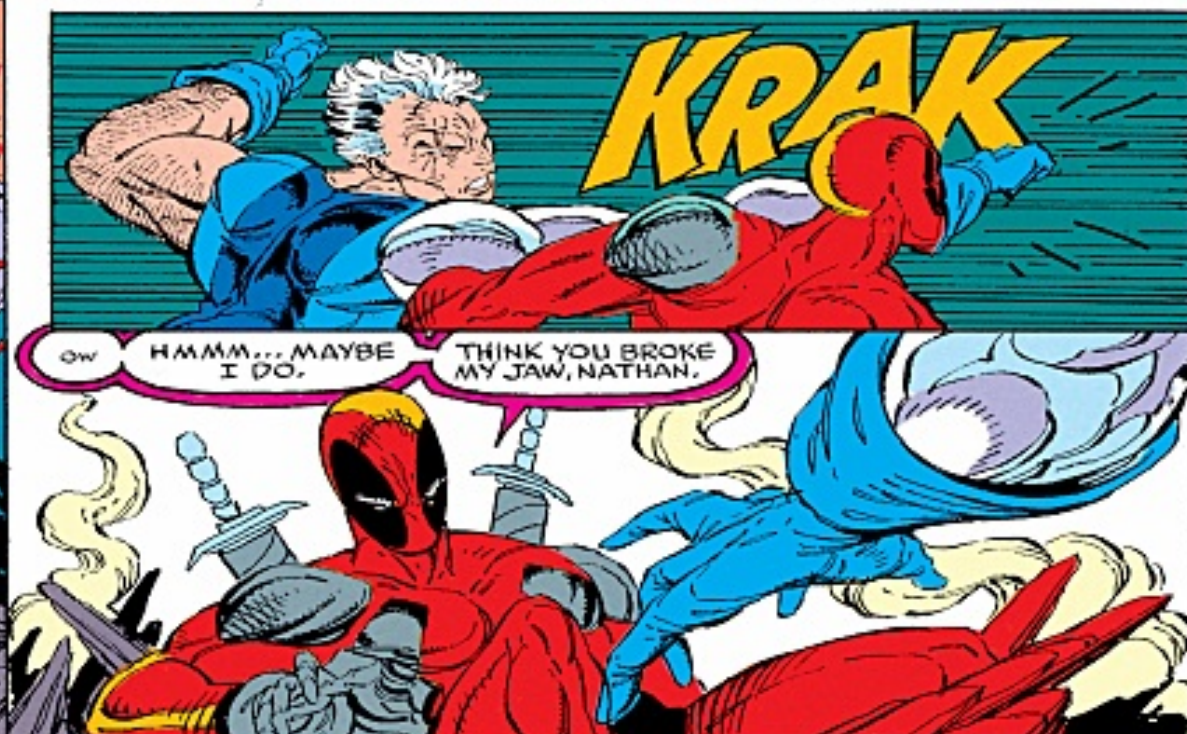


KID'S GOT
A REAL KEEN
EYE FOR THE
OBVIOUS.



AND YOU
TALK TOO
MUCH.

WHUMP



KRAK

OW... HMMM... MAYBE
I DO.

THINK YOU BROKE
MY JAW, NATHAN.



Have a Monster of a Good Time.

Enter the DUNGEON![®] game.

A romp'em, stomp'em, roaring good time of monster bashing, dungeon crawling and treasure collecting.

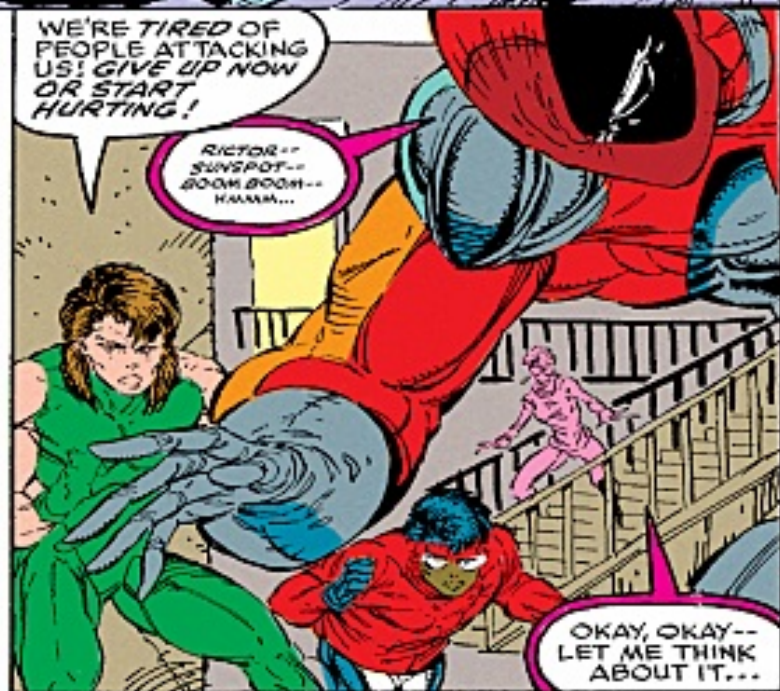
Explore the depths of the dungeon on your fantastic journey of mystery and suspense while you search for hidden treasure. Use your powers and skills to avoid secret traps and fearsome creatures. As a dwarf, elf, warrior, magician, cleric, or fighter on a perilous quest, you'll battle the forces of evil to find the treasure, win the game or . . . just survive.

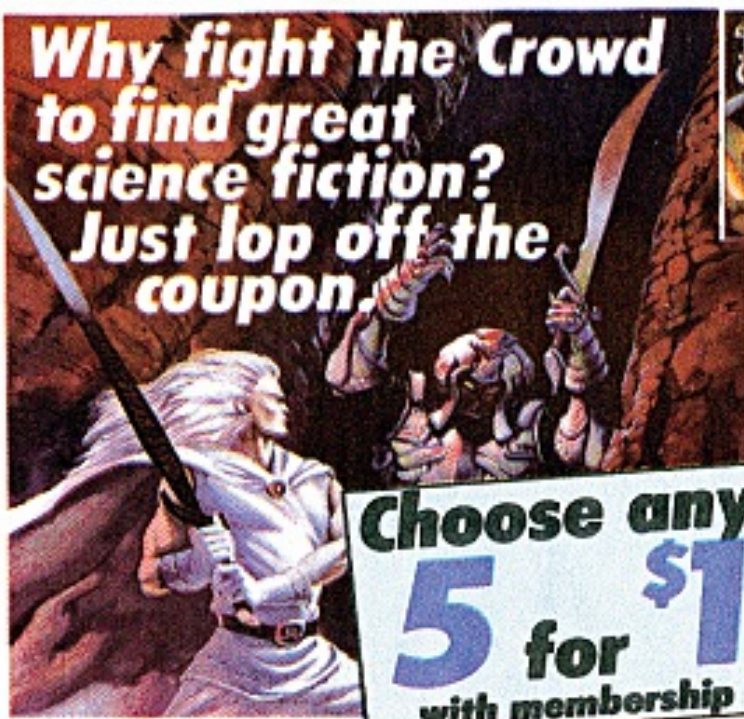
Start your journey today. The DUNGEON![®] board game can be found clinging to the shelves of a toy or hobby store in your neighborhood.

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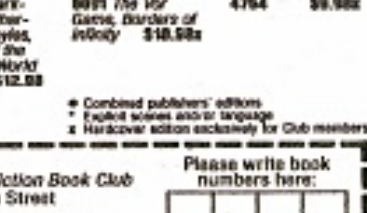
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17512 28



NAAAAH!!

FWOOP
FWOOP
FWOOP
FWOOP
FWOOP



YOU'RE FIRST, RICTOR, 'CAUSE YOUR VIBRATORY POWERS ARE THE MOST UNPREDICTABLE, OKAY?

AH!



YEAH-- KEEP TRYING TO SHAKE THEM LOOSE.

THE MORE ENERGY YOU EXPEND, THE TIGHTER THEY'LL CONSTRICT.



WHAT CAN YOU DO TO STOP US THEN?

MAYBE WE SHOULDN'T BE ASKIN'?



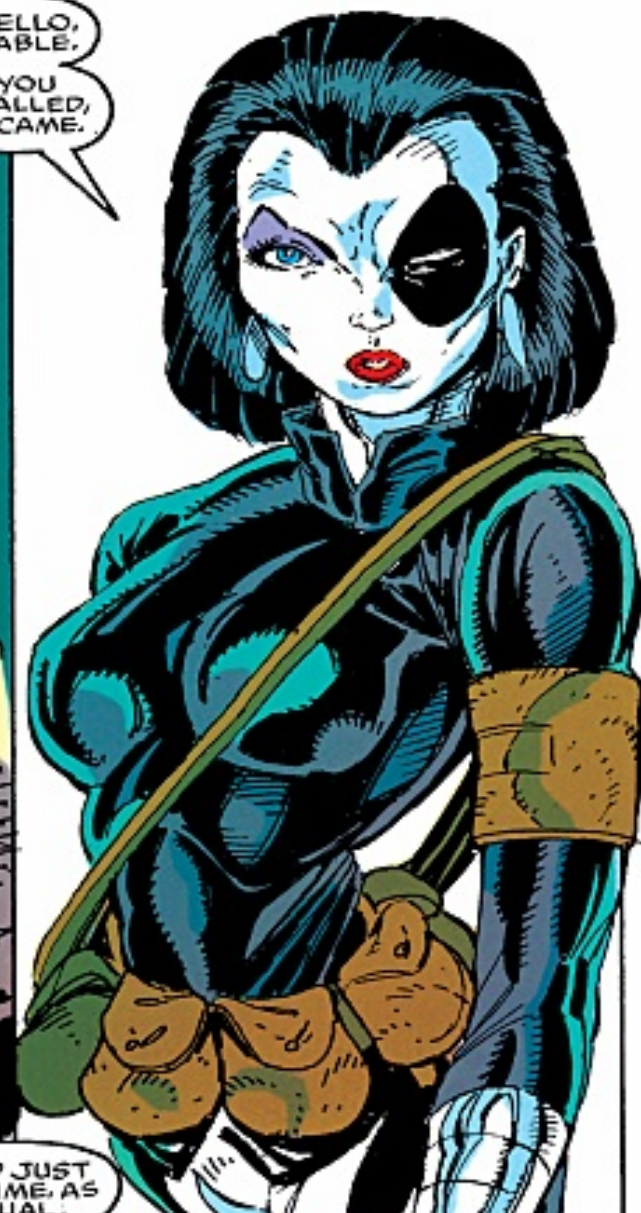
SUNSPOT-- WAIT-- DON'T CHARGE IN LIKE A BULL!

BUT IT'S WHAT THE BOY ALWAYS DOES. THINKS SUPER STRENGTH'S ENOUGH. NO FINESSE. NO GRACE. NO--



--SUBTLETY--?

THUNK THUNK THUNK THUNK



STAN'S SOAPBOX

Hi, Heroes! Even though Christmas is behind us, big-hearted Marvel still has plenty of goodies in store for you! And here's where your old faithful Soapbox Santa clues you in to two new titles going on sale right now!

You've seen the ads! You've heard the name uttered in whispers! But now it's time to meet the newest, most exotically exciting superstar in the mighty Marvel firmament—the only super hero based on a real-life, flesh-and-blood human being—dazzling, dangerous, deadly—a smoldering, sizzling stick of human dynamite—the one and only NIGHT CAT!

Of course, the cat's manager, Dapper Don Kessler, and I have a somewhat selfish motive for pushing Night Cat's first issue since sneaky artist Denys Cowan actually drew us in as part of the story. Yours truly wrote the script, too, which could possibly change the complexion of the comic book industry for all time to

come! But don't let that discourage you—you can always just look at the pictures!

But hey, that's only half the excitement! Our whole blushin' Bullpen is turned on to



Troma Films' wild and wacky world-famous movie idol, TOXIC AVENGER, the super hero who makes Spider-Man seem like a well-adjusted average guy! In fact, we dig it so much that we made a deal with Lovable Lyoyd Kaufman and the Magnanimous Michael Herz, The big-time movie producers who so unselfishly unleashed ol' Toxie on a defenseless public, a deal to publish his sensationally screwy adventures in our maniacal style!

Be forewarned! Toxie is not your usual hero! In fact, he's not your usual anything. But this you can count on—NIGHT CAT and THE TOXIC AVENGER may turn out to be the most unexpected hits of '91, and, thanks to my legendary generosity, you're the first to hear of them!

Now, till next ish, wherever you go, whatever you do, think Marvel! (Instead of cluttering your mind with non-essentials!) Excelsior!

It was a rainy day in New York. The kind of day when you could get wet just by walking outside. The man on the corner was selling umbrellas for five dollars each. I could usually talk him down to three. When I got home, I would throw it on the pile with the 300 other umbrellas I've managed to leave at home every time it rains. It seems to rain a lot in New York. Perhaps it's God's way of trying to give the city an acid bath. Perhaps not. That's not for me to say. Me, I'm just another private eye. They call me *Dodge Deadline*. . . Comic Book Detective.

It was a slow day at the office: I was just about to seriously consider calling up that guy on TV who makes the pitch for Apex Technical School. Then he walked in — Tom DeFalco, head honcho over at Marvel Comics. He had a problem, and he needed my help. Last month's Bullpen Bulletins Page had disappeared before it had ever seen print. He wanted me to find it. I took the case. Tom took the six-pack.

I headed uptown to the offices of Marvel Comics. If I was going to learn anything about the missing Bullpen Page, this was the place to do it. My first stop was the office of PUNISHER editor Don Daley.

Don told me he was exhausted — he was still resting up from the New York Runners Club's Midnight Run. That's a run that's held every year, beginning at exactly twelve midnight on New Year's Day. Don also entered the New York Marathon last year for the first time. It seemed like he'd been doing a lot of running lately. Just what exactly was he running from, anyway? I listed Don as a suspect, and moved on.

I stopped by Ralph Macchio's office, and found Ralph's assistant, Mike Heisler, still missing after a mysterious three-month absence. Heisler allegedly is taking some time off to do some freelance lettering; something about owing a debt to his uncle. Funny, I didn't know Heisler's uncle was named "Sam". Another potential suspect.

I stopped in to see Jim Salicrup, but he was so deliriously happy, he couldn't even

talk to me, *Dodge Deadline*. It seemed one of Jim's freelancers, Fred Hambeck, recently had a baby with his lovely wife Lynn. The child was born on August 25th, and named *Julie Elizabeth Moss Hambeck*. That's a lot of names for a little kid. In his present state, there was no talking to Salicrup, so I made a mental note to track him down later.

I noticed my mental pen was getting low on mental ink, so I made another mental note to stop by a mental store later and pick up some more.

I headed over to see Craig Anderson, Marvel's resident idiot. Craig gave me the lowdown on the new Silver Surfer home video game from Nintendo, and the Spider-Man home game from Sega-Genesis. Craig added that the Spider-Man hand-held game from Gameboy is also a big, big hit. Craig talked about a potential Spider-Man arcade game, but he seemed to be dodging the real issue. Did Craig know something about the missing Bullpen Page—something he wasn't telling me, *Dodge Deadline*?

Craig threw me a few names—*Jim Starlin*, *George Perez*. I caught them. He said they were working on a project which just might blow the lid off this whole case. But Starlin and Perez were nowhere to be found. Apparently they'd gone into hiding to work on this hush-hush project. All I found about this mystery project was that it involved a dangerous customer by the name of Thanos. . .as well as almost everybody in the Marvel Universe. Clearly I was on to something big. . .but that wasn't the case I was working on. I'd have to come back to that some other day; I still hadn't found that Bullpen Page.

Assistant Editor *Chris Cooper* walked by me, *Dodge Deadline*, in the hall. I overheard him tell fellow assistant, *Len Kaminsky* he's never been mentioned in the Bullpen Page before. Len said that made two of them. Hmm—that gives them both motives, but very flimsy ones.

I started snooping around *Bob Budiansky's* office. But Bob wasn't talking. Neither was his assistant, *Tom Brevoort*.

All I could get out of them was that they're doing a newsstand reprint of the four-issue DEATHLOK Limited Series, and working on the 1991 Marvel trading cards.

That was all well and good, but it didn't solve my case. I paid a visit to Epic Editor *Marcus McLaurin*, who was happy as a clambake about the fourth anniversary of the Comic Illustrators Guild at the Pratt School of Art and Design. It seems Marcus formed the club while in his senior year at the school, to pave the way for future generations of artists to get away with drawing comics in class.

He's one sharp cucumber, that Marcus, but no Bullpen Page-napper. Next I noticed his assistant, *Marie Javins*. Marie's wall is decorated with drawings of cows by some of the biggest names in comics. But Marie threatened to take down her Wall of Bountiful Bovines if she received no new submissions soon. Would Marie's wall come tumbling down? Unfortunately, I couldn't stick around to find out.

I could've pumped people at Marvel for answers all day, but I was cruising in the fast lane to nowhere. Everyone was a potential suspect. I decided I would switch tactics.

I charmed my way into Marvel's master computer file. If there was any trace left of the Bullpen Page, I knew I would find it here. I punched up the file, and there it was—the December Bullpen Page. It was just full of all kinds of incriminating evidence about the Marvel staff. If this thing ever saw print, it would destroy several careers, a couple marriages, and the noon trade at Slappy Sam's Eat 'n' Run. No wonder someone tried to suppress it. This thing was hotter than a jalapeno pepper in a sauna.

I decided to take the disc to DeFalco. If anyone knew I had this disc, I could start etching my own epitaph. Just then, I felt the cold steel of the barrel of a .45 press against the back of my neck. . .

IS THIS THE END OF DODGE DEADLINE? YOU WISH.

COULD BE BETTER, COULD BE WORSE.

WE WERE DOING OKAY AGAINST DEADPOOL!

YEAH, SURE--AND YOU DIDN'T NEED ANY HELP, DID YOU?

LET'S NOT SPEND TOO MUCH TIME TRYING TO TAKE THE CREDIT FOR THIS PUNK'S CAPTURE.

WHAT DO WE DO WITH YOU NOW, DEADPOOL?

Y'KNOW, I'VE ALWAYS WANTED THE CHANCE TO REHABILITATE MYSELF-- YOU KNOW, SOMEWHERE NICE...

...HOW ABOUT A PRISON IN THE BAHAMAS?

HOW ABOUT WE SEND YOU BACK TO TOLLIVER AND LET HIM DEAL WITH YOU?

FROM WHAT I REMEMBER ABOUT TOLLIVER, HE DOESN'T TAKE KINDLY TO FAILURES, DOES HE?

YOU SEE HOW THIS DOMINO LADY AFFECTS CABLE?

HE'S ACTUALLY SMILING!

S'KINDA CUTE--ROMANTIC--LIKE BONNIE & CLYDE...

I REMEMBER TOO NOW...

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HAYDEN BOOKS

11:45 P.M.

BY THE WAY, WHAT'D YOU DO WITH THE CHUMP?

DEADPOOL? OH... BOUND, GAGGED AND... MAILED... BACK TO TOLLIVER.

MAILED?

FEDERAL EXPRESS.

LET ME RUN THROUGH THE LIST OF WHAT LITTLE IS AVAILABLE FOR US...

RUSTY COLLINS, ALIGNED WITH THE MUTANT LIBERATION FRONT. TOO DIFFICULT TO LIBERATE RIGHT NOW.



RUSTY COLLINS
CODENAME: NONE
MUTATION: PYROKINETIC
LOCATION: UNKNOWN

WHO'S THAT ONE?

SKIDS BLEVINS, ALSO WITH THE MLF. PRETTY USELESS POWER IN BATTLE.



SKIDS BLEVINS
CODENAME: NONE
MUTATION: PROJECTS FRICTIONLESS FORCE FIELD
LOCATION: UNKNOWN

X'IAN COY MANH, KARMA. NOT A TEAM PLAYER. SHE HAS HER OWN AGENDA ANYWAY.



X'IAN COY MANH
CODENAME: KARMA

THAT'S A SHAME. TELEPATHS COME IN HANDY.

THE NEXT ONE'S MAGMA, RIGHT?

YUP, AMARA AQUILLA. SHE'S HOLED UP IN NOVA ROMA, THE JUNGLE CIVILIZATION. POWERFUL, BUT SHE'S NOT WORTH THE EFFORT.



MUTATION: PROJECTS FRICTIONLESS FORCE FIELD
LOCATION: BRAZIL

LAST UP IS DANIELLE MOONSTAR, MIRAGE. SHE BECAME A VALKYRIE AND STAYED IN ASGARD.



DANIELLE MOONSTAR
CODENAME: MIRAGE
MUTATION: PROJECTIVE TELEPATH
LOCATION: EXTRA-DIMENSIONAL

EXCUSE ME?

FORGET ABOUT IT. FORGET ABOUT HER.

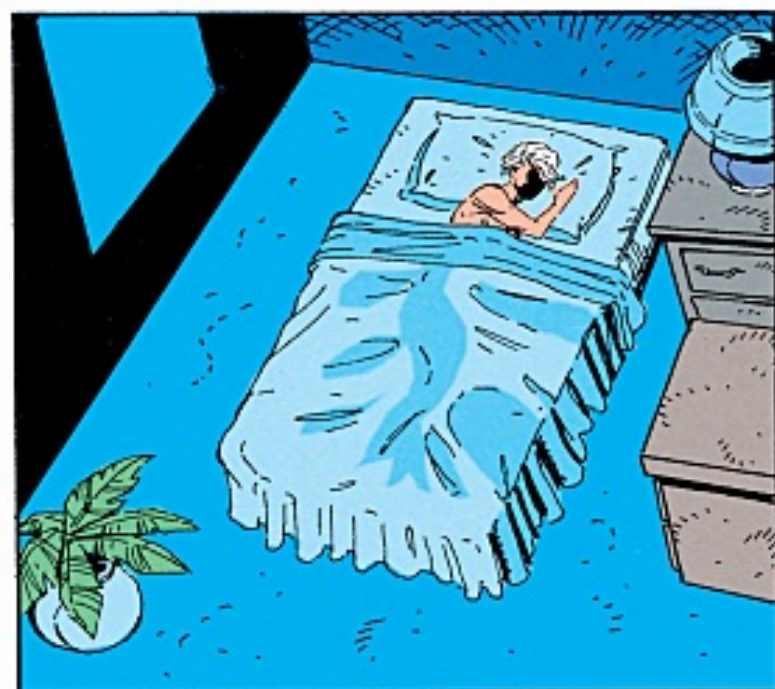
NOT MUCH TO WORK WITH.

I KNOW.

I'VE ALREADY TAKEN STEPS TO REMEDY THAT...



11:53 P.M.



1:23 A.M.

ROBERTO...

... WAKE
UP, KIDDO...

WHO
IS--

que--?

-- GIDEON?!

WHAT ARE YOU DOING
HERE? HOW DID YOU
FIND ME? HOW DID YOU
GET IN THROUGH OUR
DEFENSE SYSTEM?

THAT'S
NOT IM-
PORTANT
RIGHT
NOW, OLD
FRIEND,

I'M AFRAID
I HAVE SOME
HORRIBLE
NEWS...

... YOUR
FATHER
HAD A
HEART
ATTACK
EARLIER...

... HE'S DEAD,
BERTO...

To Be
Continued

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3 Musketeers

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DEEP IN THE PERUVIAN DESERT, MILITARY AUTHORITIES ARE ALARMED AND BAFFLED BY A STRANGE DISCOVERY...

A GIANT "3" AND WHAT APPEARS TO BE SEVERAL RED LETTERS...

A "3"? "3" WHAT? SOME KIND OF ALIEN MESSAGE?

WE CAN'T TELL, SIR--

--IT'S JUST TOO BIG!!



AS THE SWEEPERS CLEAR OFF MILES OF SAND...

AIRBORNE! CAN YOU MAKE IT OUT?



...YOU'RE NOT GOING TO BELIEVE IT, SIR...



... SHOULD WE TELL THE PRESIDENT?

No!
WE'LL EAT IT OURSELVES!

Where **WILL** **3 Musketeers** TURN UP *Next?*

"BIG on CHOCOLATE!"

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