



SUICIDE SQUAD™ MOST WANTED:

3
OF SIX
\$4.99
US

EL DIABLO AND KILLER KROG



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RATED T+ TEEN PLUS DIRECT SALES DEC 2016

NITZ
SEBELA
RICHARDS
LEVEL
HI-FI
SOTELO



WAKE UP!



CHATO!
EL DIABLO,
WAKE UP!



MUM?



WE'VE GOT
METROPOLIS'
BOY SCOUT ON
OUR SIX AND I
NEED YOU!



I SMUGGLED YOU AND THE PROFESSOR OUT OF LEXCORP TOWER. EVERYONE THOUGHT YOU WERE BOTH DEAD.

WE WERE ALMOST TO GOTHAM WHEN HE CAUGHT UP TO US.



SHUNK



IT'S **VILCOW**!

SHING

CRASH

STEALING AN AMBULANCE? THAT'S LOW, EVEN FOR SUPER-VILLAINS.

I'M NOT A SUPER-VILLAIN.

WHAT ARE HIS POWERS?

GOD OF THE FLAMING FORGE! BIG SWORD!

¡NO TIENES
NINGUNA
ESPERANZA DE
ESCAPANDO!

¡COME
ESTO,
CABRON.

¿QUE ES
EL MEJOR QUE
TIENES?

BLAM

SHING

TING





SON OF A...

SKKKKKID

WHAT HAPPENED?



Welcome
PAY HEED
ALL WHO
ENTER
GOTHAM

I DON'T KNOW.

WIND SPEED_ 2 KNOTS S/SE
DISTANCE_ 3283M
TEMPERATURE_ 34° F
HUMIDITY_ 75%

GUARDIAN
ANGEL LOOKING
OUT FOR US.



THERE ARE
NO ANGELS IN
GOTHAM.

BELLE REVE FEDERAL PRISON, LOUISIANA.

KRSSHH

I AIN'T YOUR
PET MONSTER,
WALLER.

YOU TELL
HER THAT IF SHE
AIN'T ALREADY
LISTENIN' IN

SCR-KAKK

TELL HER
I GOT
RIGHTS.

I GOT A SAY
IN WHAT SHE
MAKES ME DO.

C'MON,
CROC.
LET'S--

IT'S JONES.
WAYLON
JONES.

CALL ME CROC AGAIN,
I'LL BRING YOU IN MY CELL
FOR A LITTLE TALK.

MAN TO MAN.

ANOTHER MISSION. A TINY
SLIVER OFF MY SENTENCE.

MORE MEMORIES
I WANNA SHUT AWAY. THE
BLOOD. THE SCREAMING.
ALL 'CAUSE I GOT A
BOMB IN MY NECK AND A
FEAR OF MORTALITY.

THAT'S HOW I
KNOW I'M HUMAN.
'CAUSE I DON'T
WANNA DIE.

BUT THE ONLY REASON I GOT TO
LIVE AIN'T NO DIFFERENT THAN ANY
ANIMAL IN A ZOO LIKE THIS.

I JUST WANT
TO BE FREE.

DOWN HERE'S AS CLOSE AS I GET. A FEW HOURS WHEN I CAN'T HEAR THE NOISE OF CELL DOORS OR THE INMATES SHOUTING.

NO SOUND, NO SIGHT. WATER THE SAME TEMPERATURE AS MY BODY, SO EVENTUALLY I CAN'T EVEN FEEL THAT ANYMORE. I'M JUST MY THOUGHTS. I'M HUMAN AGAIN.

BUT WHEN I SLEEP, I SEE CITIES ON FIRE, PEOPLE LYING DEAD, EVERYTHING REDUCED TO ASH AND UNDERGROWTH.

SOMETIMES IT FEELS LIKE A BEAUTIFUL DREAM.

ONE I WANT TO WAKE UP TO. LIVE IN.

CROC...

THEY CALL THE BRAIN STEM OUR LIZARD BRAIN. THAT TINY BIT OF WHO WE USED TO BE, BURIED UNDER THE HUMAN MIND.

FOR ME, IT FEELS LIKE THE REVERSE, HUMANITY DROWNING IN REPTILE.

GET UP, CROC.

CROC, GET YOUR SCALY ASS UP! YOU'VE GOT WORK TO DO.

FROM THE FILES OF THE
SUICIDE SQUAD
MOST WANTED:

WHERE'S
THE FLOOR?
THE WALLS?

AND
PEOPLE SAY
YOU'RE DUMB,
CROC.

WE DRUGGED
YOUR TANK WATER,
PUT YOU WHERE
YOU NEED TO BE.
WHERE I TELL
YOU TO BE.

NOW I
KNOW HOW YOU
GET, SO WE CLAMPED
THAT COMMUNICATOR
TO YOUR HEAD AND
STUFFED IT FULL OF
C-4. YOU'LL THANK
ME LATER.

YOU'VE GOT
TEN SECONDS TO
SURFACE.

HOW
FAST CAN YOU
SWIM?

AM I A MONSTER OR A
MAN? DEPENDS ON THE
DAY I'M HAVING.

KILLER CROC

WHERE THE WILD THINGS ARE

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WHERE'S THE REST OF THE SQUAD, WALLER?

IT'S JUST YOU, WAYLON. A ONE-MAN MISSION. WE COULDN'T FIND A MAN, SO WE SETTLED ON YOU.



WHEN I WAS A KID, I COULD HOLD MY BREATH FOREVER.

MY AUNT HAD TO DRAG ME OUT OF THE WATER. WHEN SHE WAS SOBER ENOUGH TO BOTHER LOOKING FOR ME.

SO WHAT'S STOPPING ME FROM JUST SWIMMING AWAY?



TWO THINGS. THE EXPLOSIVES YOU'RE SADDLED WITH-- --AND THE BUTTON IN MY HAND.

I COULD STAY DOWN HERE FOREVER.



I COULD DO A LOTTA THINGS, IF IT WASN'T FOR WHAT I AM AND THE THINGS I DONE.

UNLESS YOU WANT TO SWAP YOUR HEAD WITH A BLOOD DISPENSER.

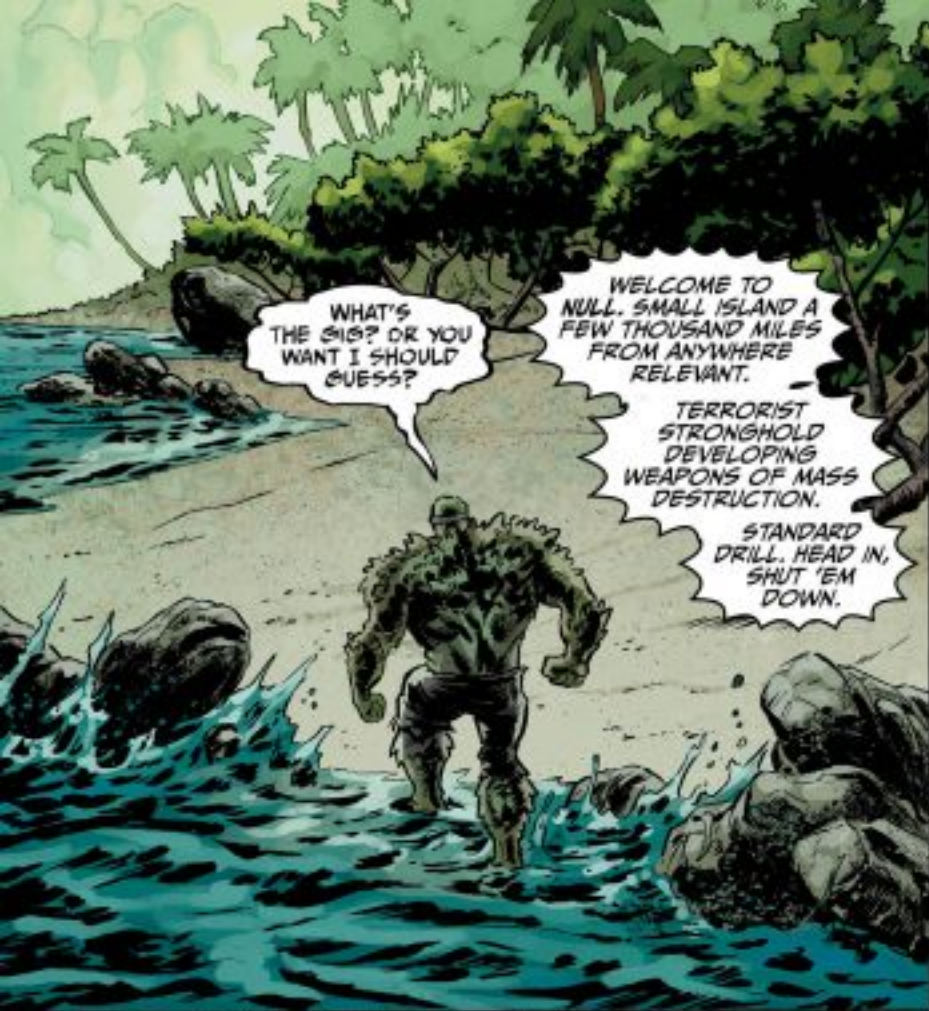
WE'RE GONNA HAVE A TALK WHEN I GET BACK, AMANDA. A LONG TALK.



IF YOU GET BACK. IF YOU SUCCEED. WHOLE LOTTA IFs.

CITIES ON FIRE. MANKIND DEAD ALL AROUND. ME STOMPING IN THE ASHES.

SOMETIMES I WISH IT WASN'T JUST A DREAM.



WHAT'S THE SIS? OR YOU WANT I SHOULD GUESS?

WELCOME TO NULL. SMALL ISLAND A FEW THOUSAND MILES FROM ANYWHERE RELEVANT.
TERRORIST STRONGHOLD DEVELOPING WEAPONS OF MASS DESTRUCTION.
STANDARD DRILL. HEAD IN, SHUT 'EM DOWN.



TERRORISTS? LOOKS LIKE THEY'RE RUNNING A VACATION RESORT. NOT SOME WEAPONS FACTORY.

AND YOU LOOK LIKE A SEVEN-FOOT-TALL NIGHTMARE.

APPEARANCES CAN BE DECEIVING.



YOU'RE THE FIRST PERSON TO LAND ON NULL AND LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO REPORT BACK.

LUCKY ME. WHAT HAPPENED TO THE REST?



EVERY BOAT AND PLANE'S GONE MISSING.

THE AGENTS WHO MADE IT TO LAND BARELY HAD TIME TO REPORT IN BEFORE THEY WERE CUT OFF MID-SCREAM.

STOP PLAYING GAMES, AMANDA.



WHAT AM I DEALING WITH HERE?

AND RUIN THE SURPRISE? I WOULDN'T DARE.