

The game used to be easier.

Slower.

Time was, somebody put a price on your head, you had a chance to find out about it even if you were just half "in the know."

A chance to skip town. A chance to do in the bastard who had it out for you before he could do it to you.

Now? All it takes is the time to type your name and push a button on a keyboard.

And just like that...

...it's out there.

And it seems like everyone's suddenly wants a piece of you.

From your worst enemy...



...To even those  
you thought were  
your friends.

# RUN LIKE HELL

## part three

FRANK TIERI writer INAKI MIRANDA art EVA DE LA CRUZ colors TRAVIS LANHAM letters  
JOSHUA MIDDLETON cover REBECCA TAYLOR & DAVID WOHL editors MARK DOYLE group editor



*Killer Croc* figured into the latter category.

SELLING ME OUT, CROC?

WITH FRIENDS LIKE YOU, AS THEY SAY...

HEY WHAT CAN I TELL YA, SELINA? A MILLION BUCKS IS A BIG SELL.

TO PENGUIN, NO LESS. YOU KNOW THAT BOUNTY ON MY HEAD'S COMING FROM HIM, RIGHT?

YOU HATE PENGUIN.



SORRY ABOUT ALL THIS, SEL. LOOK, JUST GIVE ME THE DIAMOND AND--

HEY!

THIS IS ALL VERY TOUCHING.



ALTHOUGH I  
COULD CERTAINLY  
DO WITHOUT THE VISUAL  
OF YOU AND PENGUIN  
AS PROM DATES,  
CROC.

BARF.

*Batgirl.  
Great.*

*Just what  
I need.*

OH, I'M  
SORRY... WAS  
THIS A PRIVATE  
PARTY? SILLY ME.  
GUESS I LEFT MY  
E-VITE IN MY  
OTHER PAIR  
OF TIGHTS.

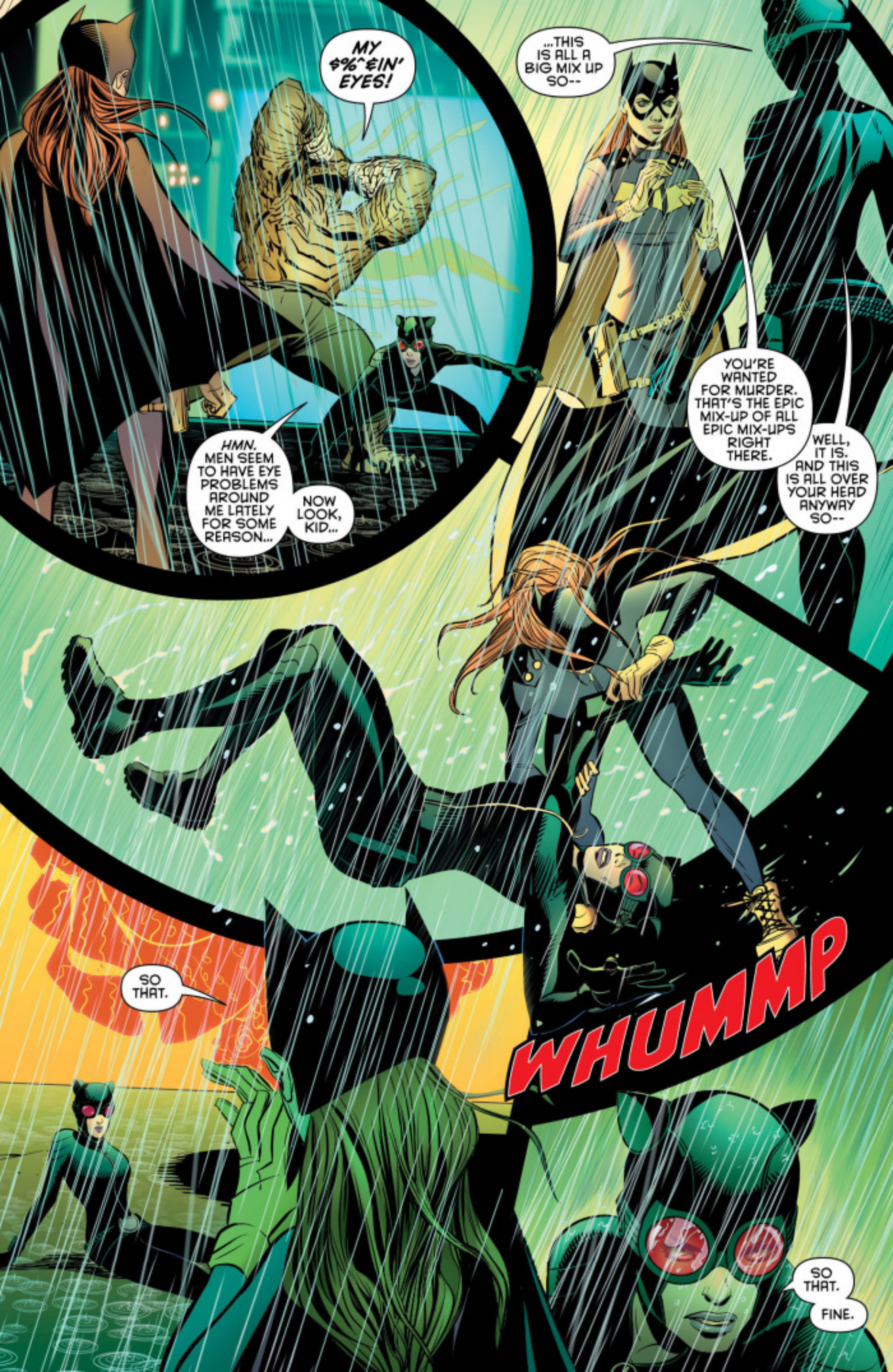
WHAT  
YOU'RE  
GONNA LEAVE  
IS YOUR LUNGS  
RIPPED OUT ON  
THE FLOOR  
AFTER I--

*Although...*

*... She's  
provided me  
with just the  
distraction  
I needed.*

**AHHHH!**





MY  
\$%^EIN'  
EYES!

...THIS  
IS ALL A  
BIG MIX UP  
SO--

HMM.  
MEN SEEM  
TO HAVE EYE  
PROBLEMS  
AROUND  
ME LATELY  
FOR SOME  
REASON...

NOW  
LOOK,  
KID...

YOU'RE  
WANTED  
FOR MURDER.  
THAT'S THE EPIC  
MIX-UP OF ALL  
EPIC MIX-UPS  
RIGHT  
THERE.

WELL,  
IT IS.  
AND THIS  
IS ALL OVER  
YOUR HEAD  
ANYWAY  
SO--

SO  
THAT.

**WHUMMP**

SO  
THAT.  
FINE.