

FROM THE FILES OF THE
SUICIDE SQUAD
MOST WANTED:
CHATO SANTANA
EL DIABLO

ST. DUMAS CATHEDRAL, FRENCH GUIANA.

KATANA

HOLD
FORMATION!

ZOOMAX

DEADSHOT

**HARLEY
Quinn**





JOB'S
DONE. **BURN**
IT.

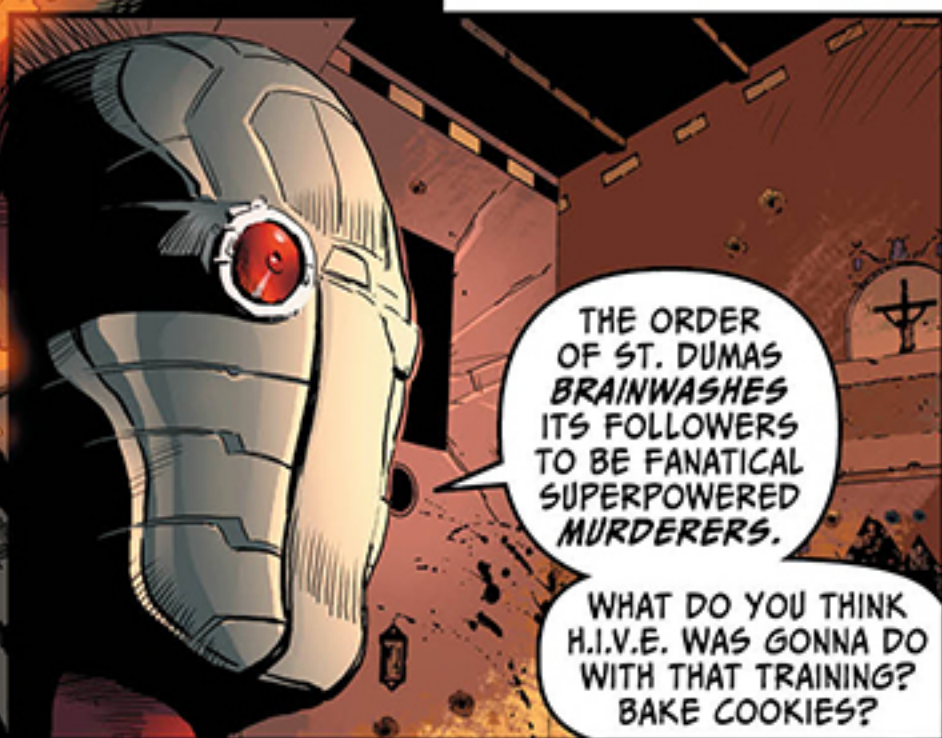


**BURN
DOWN A
CHURCH?**

WALLER SAYS
WE DON'T LEAVE
EVIDENCE.



**BUT, IT'S A
CHURCH.**



THE ORDER
OF ST. DUMAS
BRAINWASHES
ITS FOLLOWERS
TO BE FANATICAL
SUPERPOWERED
MURDERERS.

WHAT DO YOU THINK
H.I.V.E. WAS GONNA DO
WITH THAT TRAINING?
BAKE COOKIES?



**BURN IT.
THAT'S AN
ORDER.**





BELLE REVE PENITENTIARY CHAPEL.

THE LORD
SEES YOU USING
YOUR POWERS FOR THE
BETTERMENT OF MAN,
CHATO. AND HE IS
PLEASED.

YOU'RE
IN BELLE REVE
BY *CHOICE*, CHATO.
YOU CAN GO HOME
ANYTIME YOU
WANT.

BUT FATHER,
WHAT I'M DOING
FOR WALLER IS *WORSE*
THAN WHAT I DID TO GO
TO PRISON IN THE
FIRST PLACE.

"CHRIST
GAVE HIMSELF
TO REDEEM US FROM
EVERY LAWLESS DEED, AND
TO PURIFY UNTO HIMSELF A
PEOPLE ZEALOUS FOR
GOOD WORKS."



"YOUR WORK FOR THE
SUICIDE SQUAD IS DONE.
CAN YOU PUT YOUR CRIMINAL
DAYS BEHIND YOU? CAN YOU
GO HOME AND BE ZEALOUS
TO DO *GOOD*, CHATO?"

*YES,
FATHER.*



Home Again

JAI NITZ: Writer

CLIFF RICHARDS: Pencils & Inks

HI-FI: Colors

JOSH REED: Letters

MIKE HUDDLESTON: Cover Pencils & Inks

RICO RENZI: Cover Colors

DAVID WOHL: Editor

CHATO SANTANA'S CUSTOM CELL.

NO.

WHAT? OUR
DEAL WAS THAT I
COULD GO WHEN
I WANTED.

OUR DEAL
WAS THAT YOU WOULD
USE YOUR POWERS UNDER
MY SUPERVISION UNTIL IT WAS
SAFE FOR YOU TO REENTER
SOCIETY. I HAVE ANOTHER
MISSION FOR YOU.

I DON'T
WANT TO DO
ANOTHER MISSION.
I WANT TO GO
HOME.

PEOPLE IN HELL
WANT ICE WATER.
YOU CAN LISTEN TO
MY OFFER OR ROT
IN THIS CELL.
YOUR CHOICE.

DO YOU
PLAY?

A LITTLE.
EVERYONE IN
THE JOINT PLAYS
DOMINOS OR
CHECKERS OR
CHESS.

CHECHMATE ROCKY MOUNTAIN BASE, COLORADO.

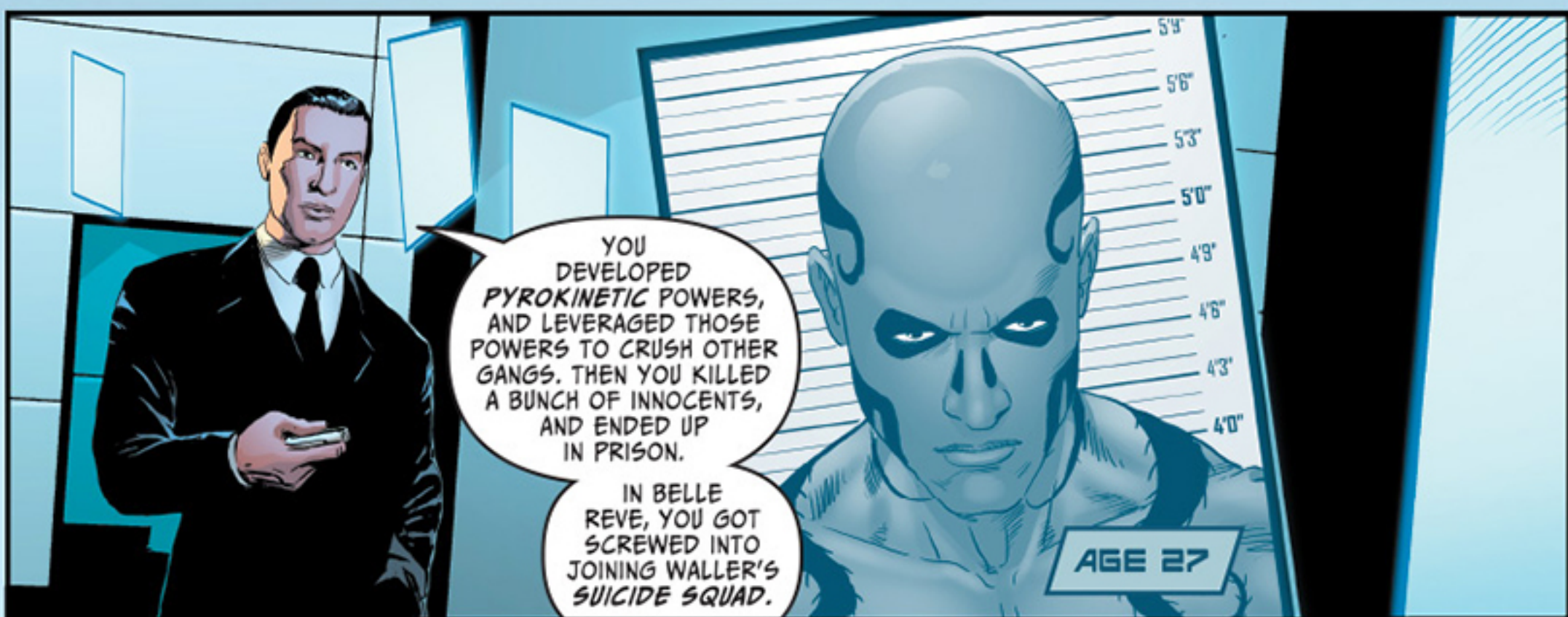
CHESS ISN'T
MY GAME. I
PREFER
BASEBALL.

ME TOO.
I GREW
UP DURING
FERNANDO-
MANIA.

FEELING
STRONG ENOUGH
TO WALK AROUND THE
COMPOUND? WE CAN GO
TO THE CHECKMATE
COMMISSARY AND
GET A BEER. IT'S
FREE, CHATO.

NOTHING
IS FREE, SAM.
WHAT'S THE
CATCH?

THE CATCH
IS THAT YOUR
WHOLE LIFE HAS BEEN
RIGGED AGAINST
YOU, CHATO.





YOU'RE WISE ENOUGH TO KNOW THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS GOOD GUYS OR BAD GUYS. FOR EVERY CHECKMATE, THERE IS A SUICIDE SQUAD.

WE HAVE A PROBLEM, AND WE NEED SOMEONE WITH YOUR SKILL SET TO SOLVE IT.



OUR INTELLIGENCE ALERTED US TO A POTENTIAL META-HUMAN TERRORIST THREAT ENTERING THE COUNTRY THROUGH THE SONORA DESERT.

YOU WERE A COYOTE BRINGING ILLEGALS ACROSS THAT DESERT, AND YOU HAVE META POWERS.



YOU'RE THE MOST QUALIFIED PERSON ALIVE TO STOP THIS GUY. CHECKMATE NEEDS YOU.



THE WORLD DOESN'T NEED MORE BAD GUYS, CHATO. AS SOON AS YOU GOT POWERS, YOU LASHED OUT AGAINST A SYSTEM THAT HAD GROUND UP PEOPLE OF COLOR FOR CENTURIES.

AND STILL DOES. I ENDED UP IN PRISON ALL THE SAME.

BUT IT DOESN'T HAVE TO BE THAT WAY, SON.

SUICIDE SQUAD WAS USING YOU... WE ALL KNOW IT.



UNCLE SAM AND I REPRESENT A NEW WAY. A BETTER WAY.

CHECKMATE IS A PUBLICLY-AUDITED FEDERAL ORGANIZATION--NOT SOME ULTRA-SECRETIVE BLACK OPS UNIT WITH NO OVERSIGHT. WE'RE ABOVE BOARD BECAUSE WE HAVE NOTHING TO HIDE. JUST A TEAM OF HONEST AMERICANS TRYING TO MAKE A DIFFERENCE.

MY OFFER IS THIS: JOIN CHECKMATE AND DO SOMETHING MEANINGFUL WITH YOUR LIFE. SAY NO, AND WE TAKE YOU HOME. NO HARD FEELINGS.

EAST LOS ANGELES.

YOU SURE, SON?

WOULD YOU
TRADE A CAGE
FOR A LEASH
WHEN YOU COULD
BE FREE?



PESARIO, SOUTH AMERICA.

WE ALL MAKE MISTAKES
EVERY NOW AND THEN,
RIGHT?

I MEAN, THAT'S WHAT THIS
TEAM DOES. WE'RE NOT
HERE BECAUSE WE GOT
AWAY WITH SOMETHING.

SO YOU'D THINK
MY SO-CALLED
TEAMMATES
WOULD BE A LIL'
MORE FORGIVING
OF A TEENSY
OVERSIGHT ON
OUR WAY TO
ASSASSINATING AN
EVIL WARLORD.

BUT, TO BE
FAIR, I DID
GET US INTO
THIS MESS,
SO I GUESS
I SHOULD--

(HERE!
THERE'S ONE
OVER HERE!)*

EH?

FROM THE FILES OF THE
SUICIDE SQUAD
MOST WANTED:
ROOMERANG

*TRANSLATED
FROM SPANISH

NOW YOU'VE
GONE AND
RUINED IT,
MATE.

OOOF

I'LL HAVE YOU
KNOW I WAS IN
THE MIDDLE OF
AN IMPORTANT
INTERIOR
MONOLOGUE.
NOW I CAN'T
REMEMBER
WHAT I WAS
THINKING.

WHAT WAS
I THINKING?
SOMETHING
ABOUT MY
TEAMMATES.

AH, WELL. THEY
PROBABLY DON'T
EVEN KNOW I'M
GONE.

BOOMERANG!
IF YOU CAN HEAR ME,
KNOW THAT IF WE SURVIVE
THIS, I AM GOING TO KILL
YOU MYSELF!

I PUT HIM IN
CHARGE OF MONITORING
EL JAGUAR'S SECURITY
PATROL, SPECIFICALLY TO
KEEP HIM OUT OF
TROUBLE.

WHAT GOES AROUND COMES AROUND PART 1

AWWWW, CHEER UP, FLAG!
THINK OF ALL THE FUN
WE'RE HAVING BEATING UP
ON UNTRAINED MERCENARIES!
BETTER THAN BEING COOPED
UP IN BELLE REVE, I SAY.

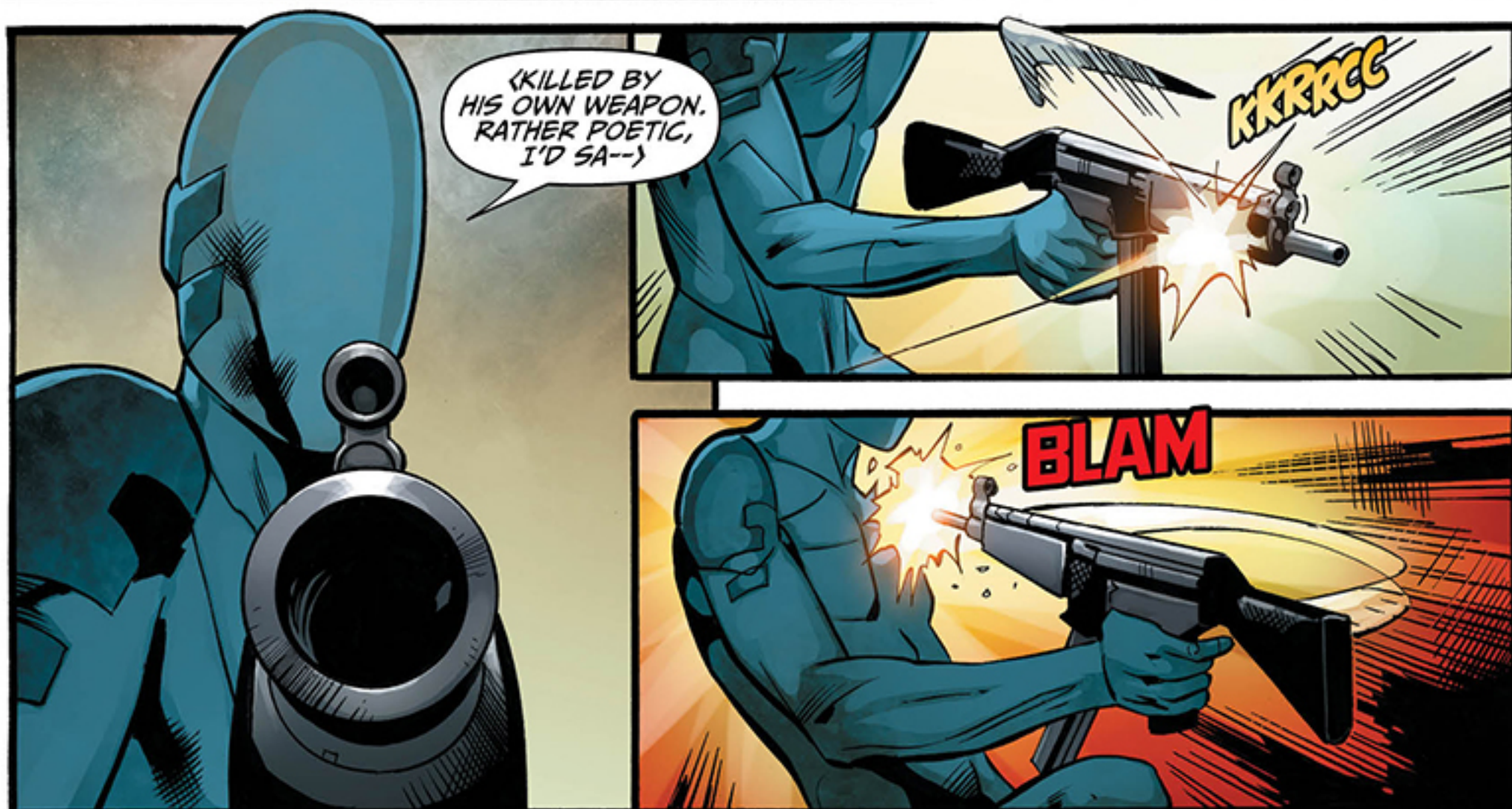
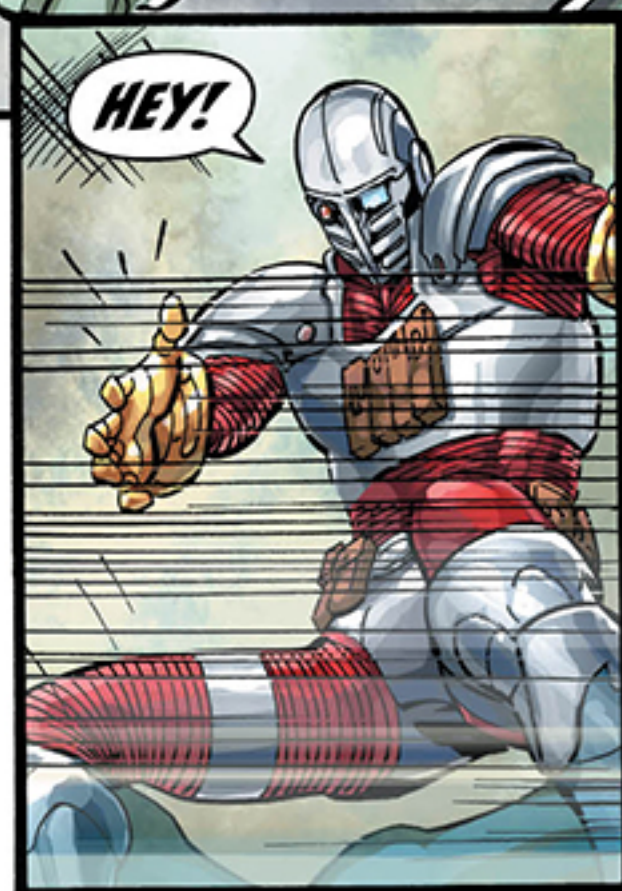
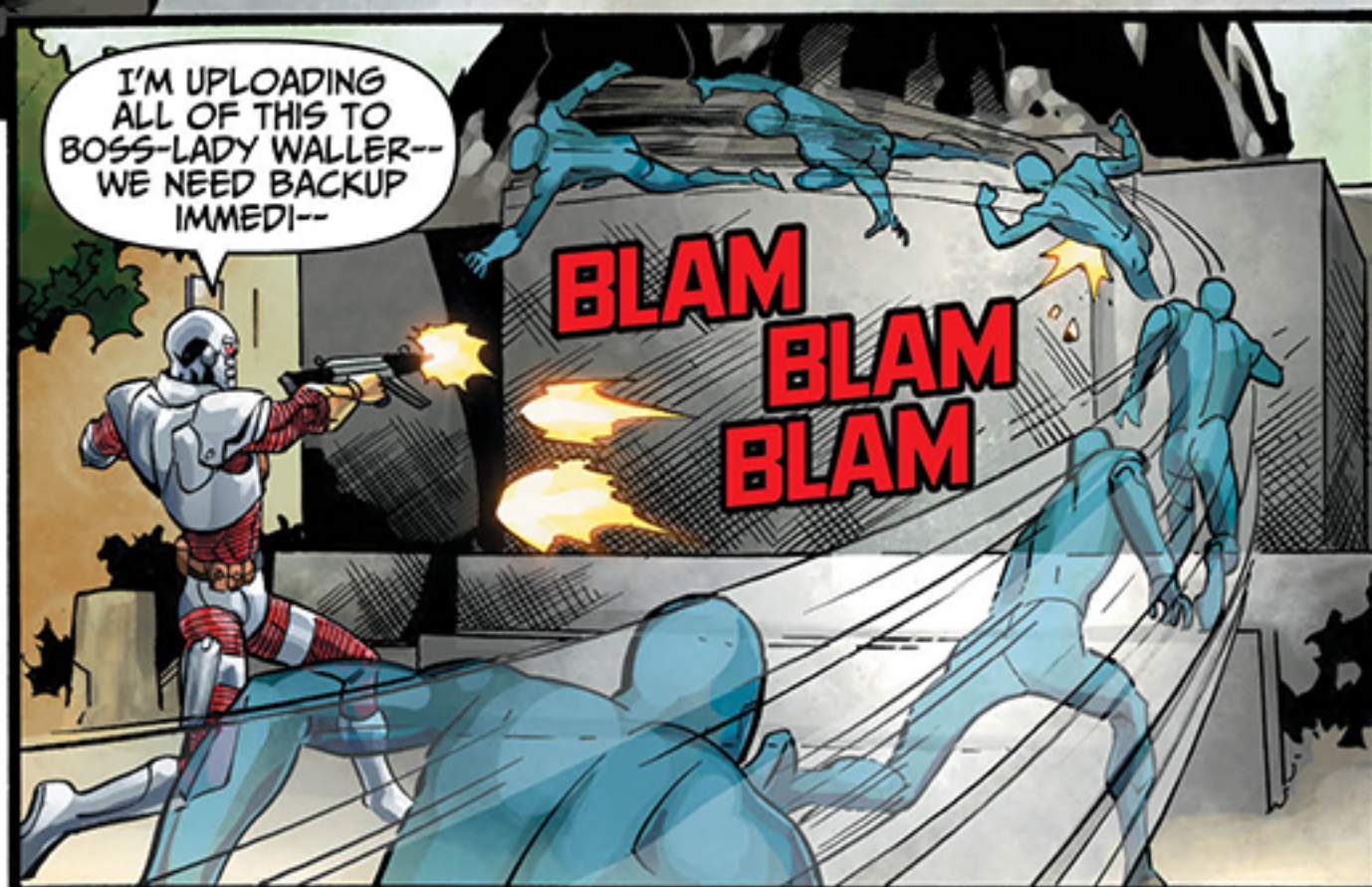
I AGREE,
BUT IF WE DON'T GET
TO EL JAGUAR SOON AND
HE ESCAPES, EL WALLER
WILL NOT BE
HAPPY.

GOORR

FINE,
BUT THAT DOESN'T
LET BOOMERANG OFF
THE HOOK—
WAIT A SECOND,
WHAT'S GOING ON
WITH EL JAGUAR'S
TROOPS?

Writer Michael Moreci **Penciller** Oscar Bazaldua
Inker Scott Hanna **Colorist** Beth Sotelo **Letterers** A Larger World
Editors: Bobbie Chase & Sara Miller
Assistant Editor: Andrea Shea







GGRRAAAH!!!

THOOOOM





GO GO GO!
HE'S GOING
TO--







"...IT'S KIND OF A WONDER HE'S MANAGED TO STAY ALIVE *THIS* LONG."



GUH!



UNBELIEVABLE--
THOSE JERKS TOOK
OFF WITHOUT
ME.

WELL...
GOOD
RIDDANCE,
EH?

I'M
BETTER OFF
WITHOUT THEM
DRAGGING ME
DOWN.

NOW, WHAT
BACKWARDS
COUNTRY AM I IN,
AND HOW DO
I GET OUT
OF IT?