

TERREBONNE PARISH, LOUISIANA.

**NINETY SECONDS TO
WALL BREACH...**

BELLE REVE.

*DISGUISED TO LOOK LIKE
A REMOTE POSTAL FACILITY...
BUT IN REALITY, IT'S AN
IMPENETRABLE UNDERGROUND
FORTRESS IMPRISONING THE
BADDEST OF THE BAD.*

*SUPER-CRIMINALS
AND DANGEROUS
METAHUMANS...
LIKE ME.*

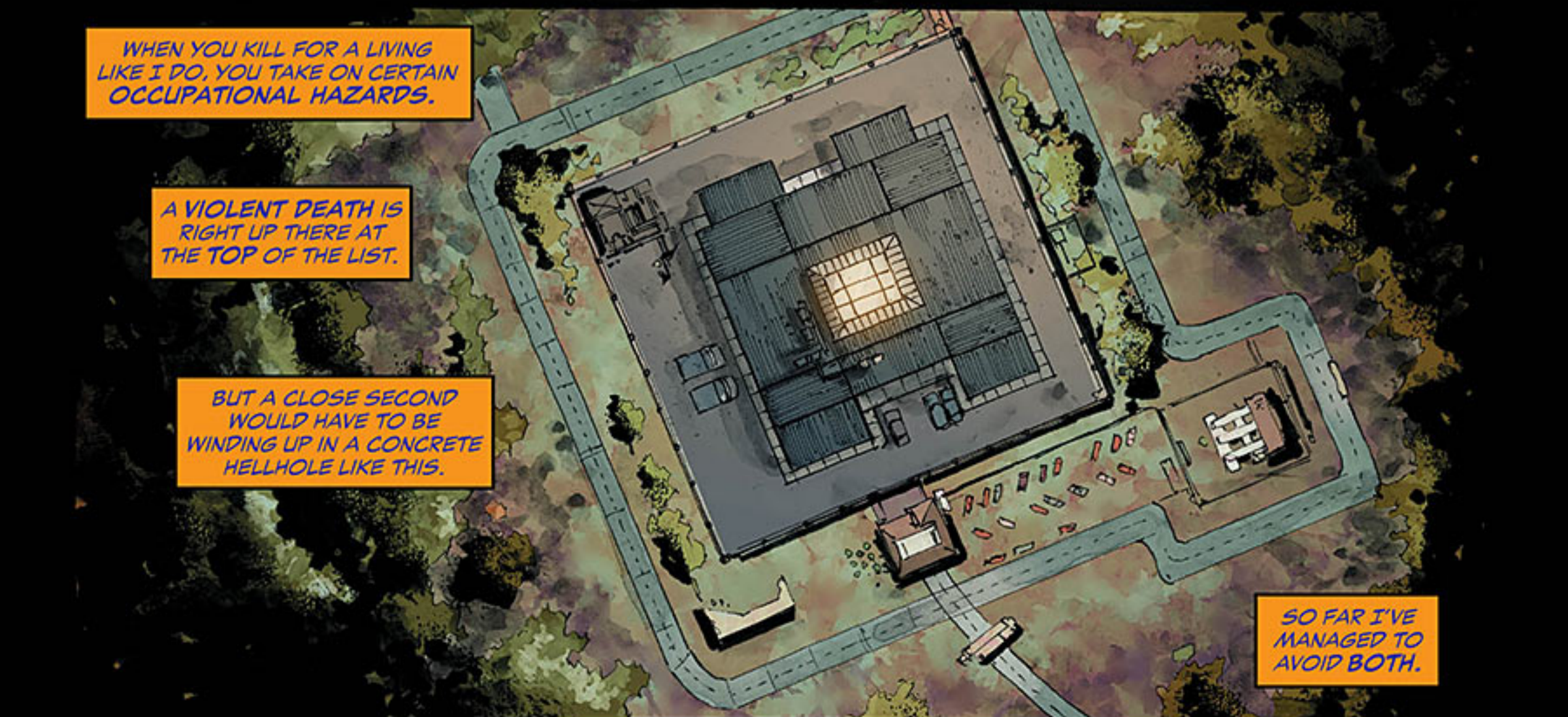
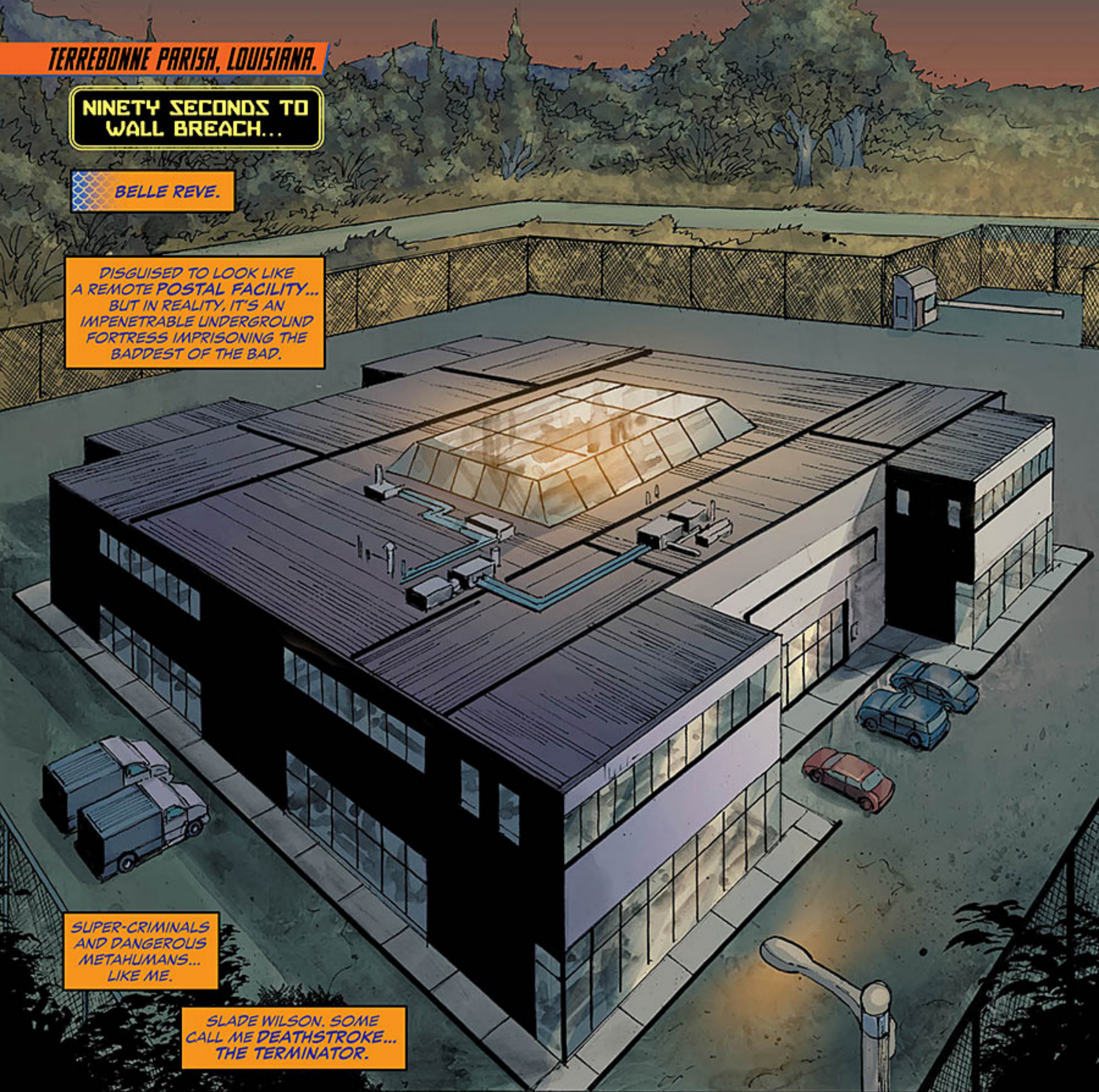
*SLADE WILSON. SOME
CALL ME DEATHSTROKE...
THE TERMINATOR.*

*WHEN YOU KILL FOR A LIVING
LIKE I DO, YOU TAKE ON CERTAIN
OCCUPATIONAL HAZARDS.*

*A VIOLENT DEATH IS
RIGHT UP THERE AT
THE TOP OF THE LIST.*

*BUT A CLOSE SECOND
WOULD HAVE TO BE
WINDING UP IN A CONCRETE
HELLHOLE LIKE THIS.*

*SO FAR I'VE
MANAGED TO
AVOID BOTH.*



WAAMP WAAMP WAAMP

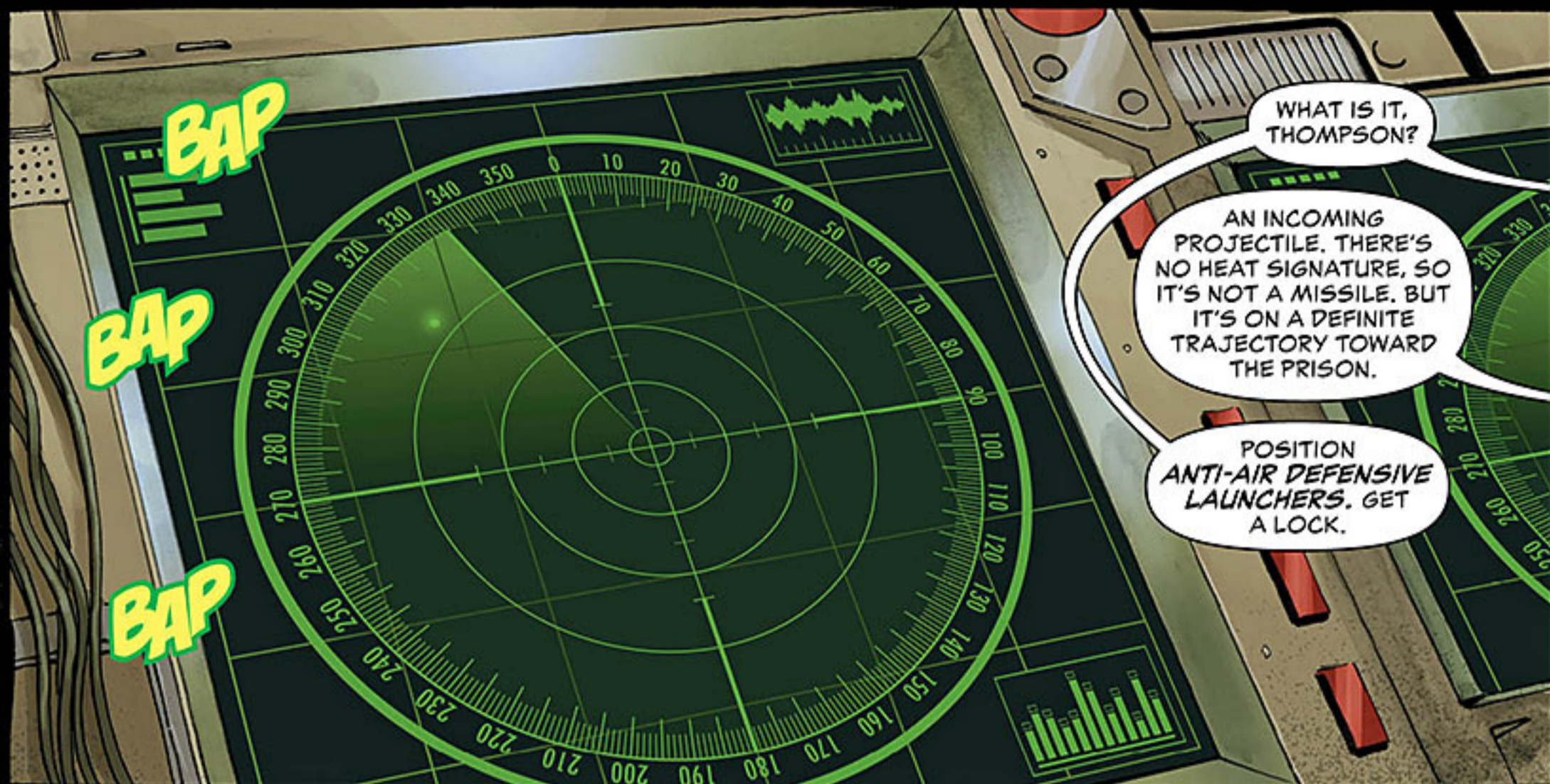
ASSAULT ON THE WALL



BUT
HEY.

THINGS
CHANGE.

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ART BY TYLER KIRKHAM COLORS ARIF PRIANTO
LETTERING DAVE SHARPE COVER BY DANIEL AND TOMEU MOREY
MONSTER OF THE MONTH VARIANT COVER BY EM GIST
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DEATHSTROKE CREATED BY MARV WOLFMAN AND GEDRGE PÉREZ



WHAT IS IT, THOMPSON?

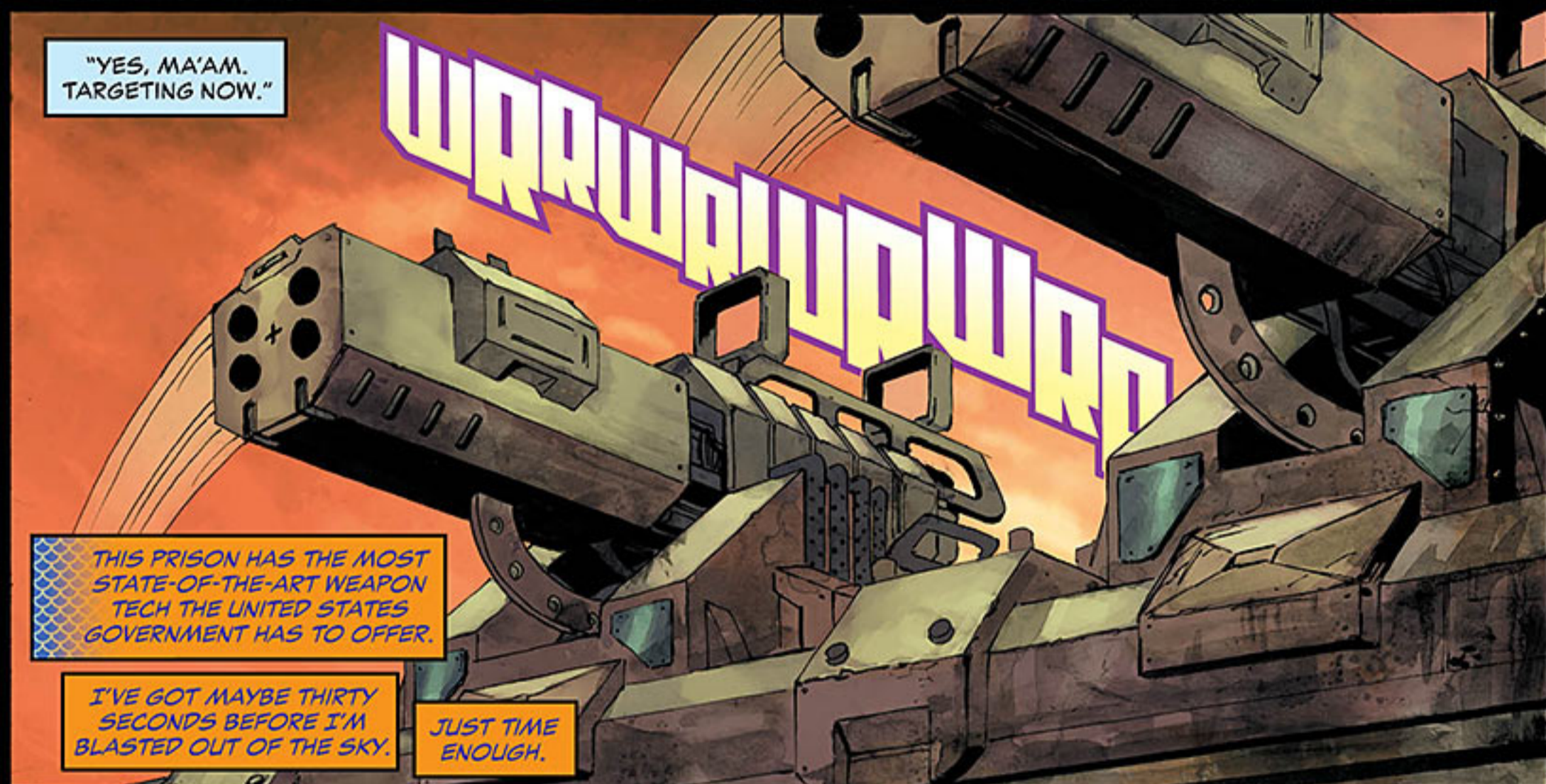
AN INCOMING PROJECTILE. THERE'S NO HEAT SIGNATURE, SO IT'S NOT A MISSILE. BUT IT'S ON A DEFINITE TRAJECTORY TOWARD THE PRISON.

POSITION ANTI-AIR DEFENSIVE LAUNCHERS. GET A LOCK.

BAP

BAP

BAP



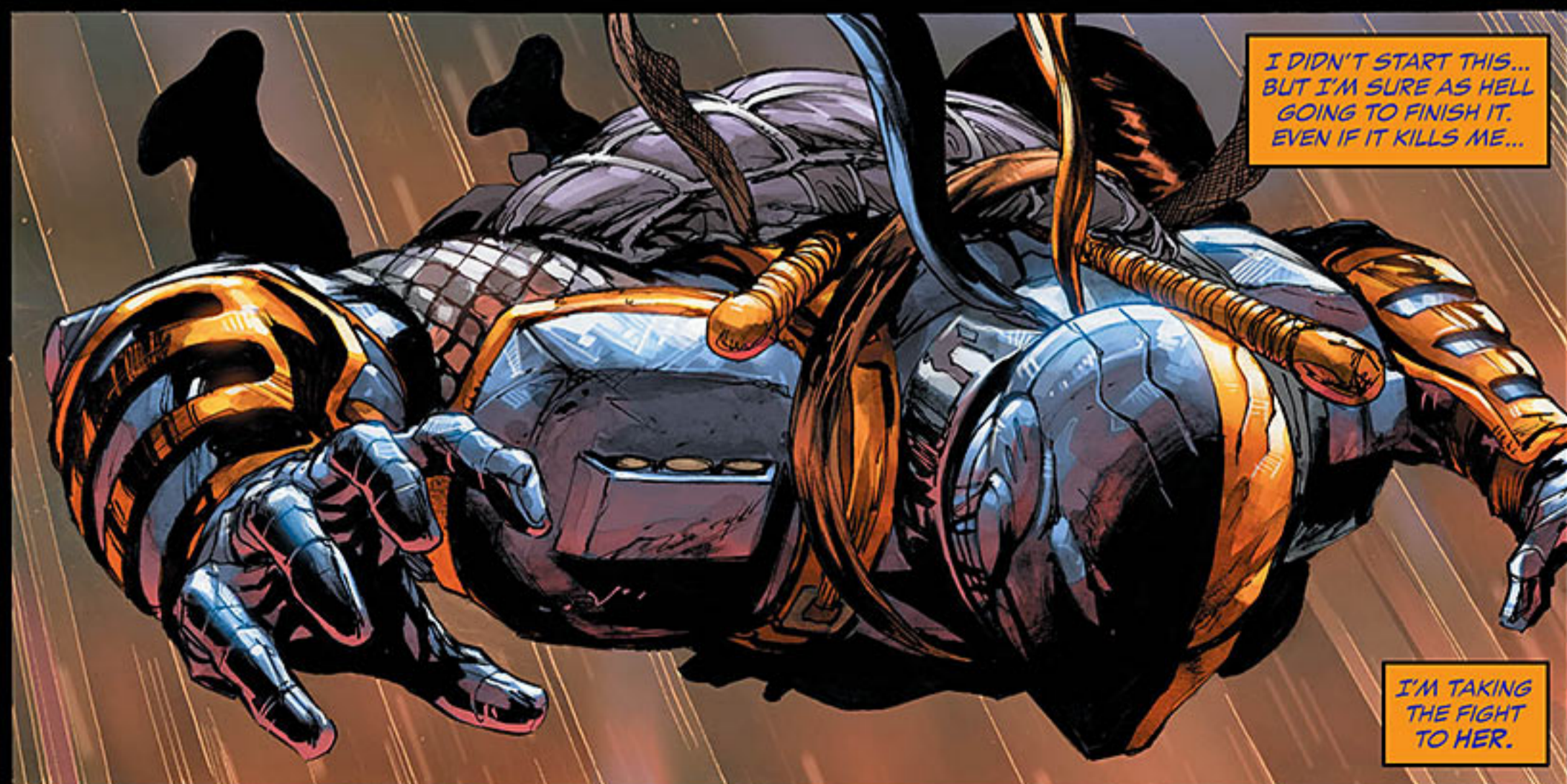
"YES, MA'AM. TARGETING NOW."

WRAWWW

THIS PRISON HAS THE MOST STATE-OF-THE-ART WEAPON TECH THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT HAS TO OFFER.

I'VE GOT MAYBE THIRTY SECONDS BEFORE I'M BLASTED OUT OF THE SKY.

JUST TIME ENOUGH.



I DIDN'T START THIS... BUT I'M SURE AS HELL GOING TO FINISH IT. EVEN IF IT KILLS ME...

I'M TAKING THE FIGHT TO HER.

DANGER ISLAND.

BACK ON HOME BASE, THE COVERT HEADQUARTERS FOR THE MERCENARY GROUP KNOWN AS THE DEAD BASTARDS.

THIRTY-SIX HOURS TO WALL BREACH...

THE MORE THINGS CHANGE...

THE MORE THEY STAY THE SAME.

A MORTAL KILLS A GOD... OR IN MY CASE A TITAN... AND A BLOOD SACRIFICE IS REQUIRED. SO I GAVE THOSE BASTARDS MY EYE.*

*SEE LAST ISSUE FOR ALL THE GORY DETAILS! --EDDIE

JOKE'S ON THEM, THOUGH.

I'M A BETTER FIGHTER WITHOUT THE EYE ANYWAY.

I WAS PAID A \$9%*@ FORTUNE IN GOLD. PLUS THE MONEY FROM THAT DAMIAN KID.* ENOUGH TO TAKE CARE OF MY KIDS, ROSE AND JERICHO... IF AND WHEN ANYTHING HAPPENS TO ME. I DON'T WANT THEM WINDING UP LIKE THEIR DAD...OR DEAD. I WANT THEM TO BE SAFE.

THE PROBLEM IS... THEY DON'T WANT SQUAT FROM THEIR OLD MAN. TRUTH BE TOLD, THEY HATE MY GUTS.

BUT MAYBE THAT'LL CHANGE. MAYBE ONE DAY...

MORNING, CHICO...

ANOTHER TIME, RUIZ. I'M TRAINING.

VICTOR RUIZ, A.K.A. THE SPANISH INQUISITOR, LEADER OF THE DEAD BASTARDS, AND MY HOST FOR THE LAST FEW MONTHS.

YOU WANTED 24-7 EYEBALLS ON YOUR DAUGHTER'S HOUSE. THERE'S SOME ACTIVITY YOU SHOULD SEE.

NOW.

*SEE ROBIN: SON OF BATMAN #4. --EDDIE AGAIN