

NORTHERN KAHNDAQ.

KAHNDAQI REVOLUTIONARY ARMY-CONTROLLED TERRITORY. FIVE YEARS AGO.

HOW MANY YOU FIGURE ARE OUT THERE, SLADE?

ELEVEN, BUT YOU CAN BET YOUR ASS MORE ARE ON THE WAY. WE'VE GOT TO MOVE, WARDELL.

WE'VE GOT THE PROOF THAT THE K.R.A. IS TRAFFICKING IN META-HUMAN BLOOD. WE'VE GOT TO GET IT TO THE ALLIANCE. THAT'S WHAT THEY'RE PAYING US FOR.

YOU COULD'VE GOTTEN OUT OF HERE, MAN...

WE'RE IN THIS FIGHT TOGETHER. BUT... YOU'RE PRETTY SHOT UP.

I DON'T HAVE YOUR FANCY HEALING FACTOR...BUT I EXPECT I'LL HOLD TOGETHER.

NOW WE DON'T NEED TO KILL EVERYBODY, WARDELL. JUST MAKE IT TO THE VEHICLES.

HEY, YOU CAN GO EASY IF YOU WANT, BUT I'M TAKING ALL THOSE BASTARDS OUT.

ON THREE. ONE... TWO...

THREE!

**BADDA
BADDA
BADDA**

**BRAKA
BRAKA
BRAKA**

"THEY WERE FRIENDS ONCE?"

"THAT WAS LONG AGO..."

COPPER CLIFF, MONTANA.
NOW.

MY DAUGHTER ROSE DISAPPEARED THIRTEEN DAYS AGO. I'VE BEEN TRYING TO FIND HER EVER SINCE, AIDED BY VICTOR RUIZ, LEADER OF THE MERCENARY GROUP KNOWN AS THE DEAD BASTARDS.

DURING MY SEARCH, I'VE BEEN SHOT MULTIPLE TIMES, STABBED, AND STUNG BY SNAKEBITE'S DEADLY NEUROTOXIN. ALL OF WHICH HAS EXHAUSTED MY HEALING FACTOR.

AND TO CAP THINGS OFF, VICTOR JUST PLUNGED A KNIFE INTO MY BACK.

BUT HEY...AT LEAST I'VE FINALLY FOUND MY DAUGHTER.

THIS IS THE DAY YOU DIE, DEATHSTROKE.

I KNOW THAT VOICE. WARDELL CHAMBERS...? IS THAT YOU?

UNFORTUNATELY, SHE'S TRYING TO KILL ME.

IT'S
LAWMAN
NOW, SLADE.

SHOWDOWN AT COPPER CLIFF

WRITTEN BY JAMES BONNY ART BY TYLER KIRKHAM
COLORS ARIF PRIANTO LETTERING DAVE SHARPE
COVER BY TYLER KIRKHAM AND TOMELI MOREY
VARIANT COVER BY JOHN ROMITA JR., SCOTT HANNA AND DAVE MCCAIG
ASSOCIATE EDITOR PAUL KAMINSKI GROUP EDITOR EDDIE BERGANZA
DEATHSTROKE CREATED BY MARV WOLFMAN AND GEORGE PÉREZ

IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME.

FIVE YEARS SINCE YOU LEFT ME TO DIE ON THE BATTLEFIELD.

BUT YOU WERE DEAD, WARDELL...



"I SAW YOU... KILLED."



"THEY BROUGHT ME BACK WITH AN INFUSION OF META BLOOD. IT... CHANGED ME. I WAS THEIR PRISONER. AND THEIR NEW DONOR."



"YOU SHOULD HAVE LOOKED CLOSER, SLADE..."

"THEY TORTURED ME FOR MONTHS, WANTING INFORMATION ABOUT THE ALLIANCE..."



"BUT I GAVE THEM NOTHING."





THE FUNNY THING WAS, EACH TIME THEY TORTURED ME, I FELT SOMETHING... *GROWING* INSIDE ME.

A POWER THAT WAS DRAWING SUSTENANCE FROM MY AGONY...



"WHEN THEY SLEPT, I FOUND THAT I COULD EXERT THAT POWER..."



"I COULD MAKE THEM THINK THINGS..."



"DO THINGS."

"EVENTUALLY... I KNEW I WAS READY."

"AS I WATCHED THEM TEAR EACH OTHER TO PIECES, I KNEW IT MEANT I COULD DELIVER JUSTICE TO YOU, SLADE."



"BUT I ALSO KNEW IT WOULD REQUIRE A PLAN..."