

**ATLANTIS.
MID-ATLANTIC.**

"ONE THING DR. QUINZEL, SEXY PSYCHIATRIST AN' PHD, WORKED OUT LONG AGO? THERE'S A LOT MORE GOING ON BELOW THE SURFACE A' MOST PEOPLE.

"..."

"I'M SURE THERE'S A METAPHOR FOR ATLANTIS AROUND HERE SOMEWHERE..."

"...BUT I DIGRESS! ATLANTIS HAS RISEN. SOME OF IT, ANYWAY. SOMEBODY HIGH UP IN THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT-- NOT VERY HAPPY ABOUT IT!

"THE SUICIDE SQUAD IS SNEAKILY SENT IN TO DELIVER A PACKAGE TO ATLANTIS' LOWER LEVELS.

"THIS WILL, WE'RE TOLD, SEND ATLANTIS BACK TO THE BOTTOM OF THE OCEAN, WHERE IT BELONGS.

BUT--
SHOCK TWIST--WE FIND OUT THE PACKAGE IS REALLY JUST A BIG-ASS NUKE.

SOME OF US SQUAD FOLK ARE NOT COOL ABOUT BLOWING UP AN ENTIRE CITY OF CIVILIAN FISH-FOLK. A VIGOROUS INTERNAL DISAGREEMENT FOLLOWS.

DEADSHOT AND I GET CAPTURED IN THE MELEE AND...

OH...

...

WAS I SAYING ALL THAT OUT LOUD?

HEY, DEADSHOT, HOW LONG HAVE THESE GUYS BEEN THERE LISTENING? BEEN THERE LISTENING? OUT OF INTEREST.

THE WHOLE TIME, HARL.

OOPS.

MURK. COMMANDER OF THE DRIFT.

I WAS WILLING TO HAVE YOU TORTURED IN ORDER TO UNCOVER YOUR PLAN. I THANK YOU FOR SAVING ME THE MORAL QUANDARY.

THE DRY-MOUTHS ARE GETTING STUPIDER AND STUPIDER.



NOT ALL OF US, PAL. JUST THE CRAZY ONES.

I RESEMBLE THAT.

LOOK, WE AIN'T NO HEROES, BUT WE DRAW THE LINE AT KILLING KIDS. I DRAW THAT LINE.

TALK, INTERLOPER! WHERE ARE YOUR COMPANIONS--

THE SILENT SCHOOL.

OOPS! I DID IT AGAIN.

AT LEAST I DIDN'T TELL YOU MY SUPER-SECRET MISSION WALLER HERSELF GAVE ME--

WHAT SECRET MISSION? TALK!

OW!

CHILLAX, FISH BREATH!

I'VE GOT THE WORST MEMORY, SO I WROTE IT ON MY ARM, 'KAY?





THERE'S NOTHING THERE! JUST A STAIN...



SHOOT... GUESS I SHOULD'A USED WATERPROOF INK.

YOU LITTLE--!



RELEASE YOU? YOU CAME HERE TO MURDER US!

AND NOW I'M TRYING TO *SAVE* YOU! THERE'S A NEW RECRUIT ON THE SQUAD WHO MIGHT JUST PULL THIS OFF-- **LORD SATANIS.**

RELEASE US. WE CAN HELP YOU.

AS TEAM LEADER I HAVE THE CONTROLS TO THEIR BRAIN BOMBS. JUST GET ME IN RANGE TO DETONATE AND I WILL.

AND SOMEONE ON THE INSIDE-- **URCELL.**



URCELL IS INVOLVED? AND SHE PLOTS AGAINST ME?

MY QUEEN...



NERA, QUEEN OF ATLANTIS.

RELEASE THEM, MURK. IF WHAT THEY SAY IS TRUE, THEY'RE IN AS MUCH DANGER AS WE ARE. THEY WILL HELP US.

GET WORD TO ARTHUR...

"...HE'S IN THE NINTH, RECRUITING AN OLD ALLY."

OKAY, I'LL HEAR YOU OUT.

OR MAYBE I'LL TEAR YOU TO PIECES. WE'LL SEE WHERE MY MOOD TAKES ME...

YOU? YOU WANT KING SHARK'S HELP? AGAIN?

RIP

SINK ATLANTIS!

PART THREE

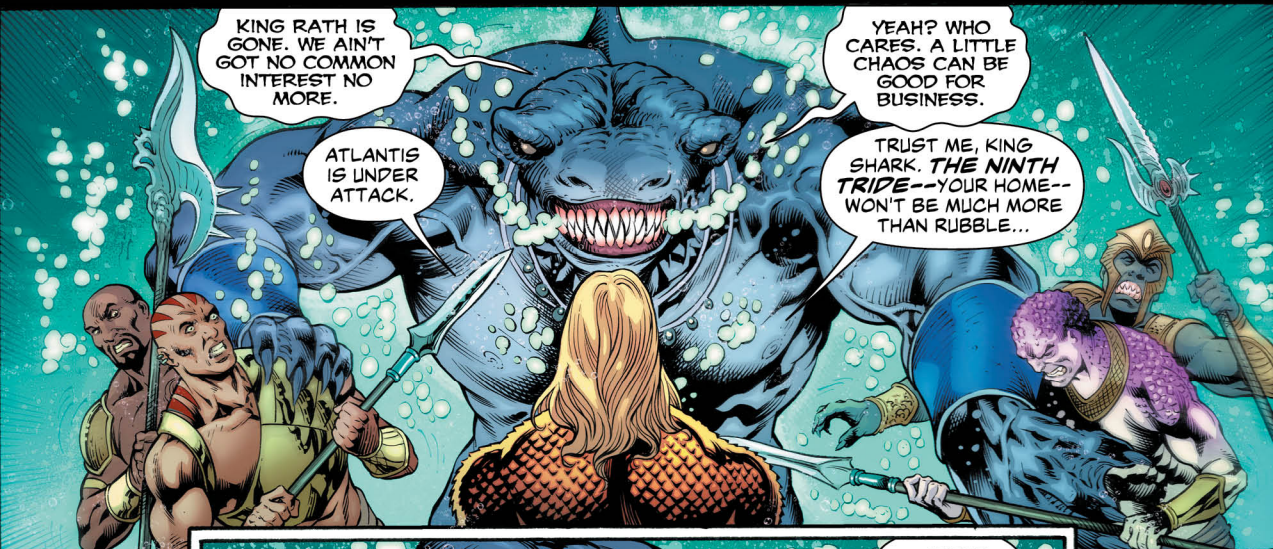
STORY ROB WILLIAMS AND DAN ABNETT SCRIPT ROB WILLIAMS PENCILS JOSE LUIS INKS JORDI TARRAGONA COLORS ADRIANO LUCAS LETTERS PAT BROSSEAU COVER ARA SANDOVAL AND IVAN PLASCENCIA VARIANT COVER FRANCESCO MATTINA ASSISTANT EDITOR ANDREA SHER EDITORS KATIE KUBERT AND ALEX ANTONE GROUP EDITOR BRIAN CUNNINGHAM



...AQUAMAN.

YOU AND I WERE **ALLIES** AGAINST RATH'S TYRANNY, SHARK.

BUT I SEE YOU'VE SETTLED BACK INTO YOUR LIFE AS A **GANG LORD** VERY QUICKLY.



KING RATH IS GONE. WE AIN'T GOT NO COMMON INTEREST NO MORE.

ATLANTIS IS UNDER ATTACK.

YEAH? WHO CARES. A LITTLE CHAOS CAN BE GOOD FOR BUSINESS.

TRUST ME, KING SHARK. **THE NINTH TRIDE**--YOUR HOME-- WON'T BE MUCH MORE THAN RUBBLE...

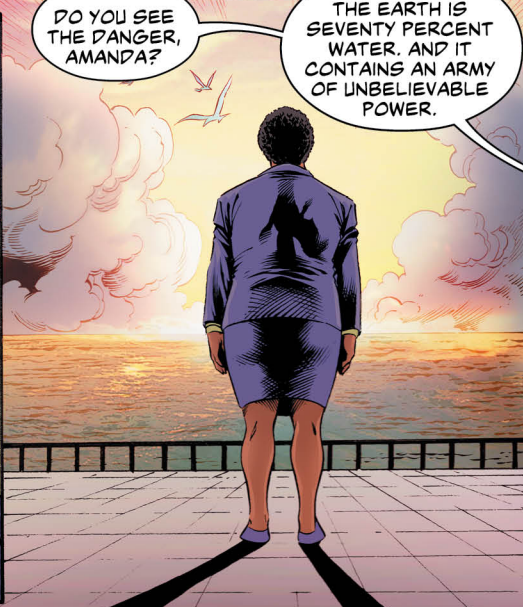


...IF THE **SUICIDE SQUAD** SUCCEEDS.

WALLER...



"... NOW THERE'S A COLD FISH."



DO YOU SEE THE DANGER, AMANDA?

THE EARTH IS SEVENTY PERCENT WATER. AND IT CONTAINS AN ARMY OF UNBELIEVABLE POWER.



SO MAYBE BEST NOT TO PISS THEM OFF.

WE'RE THE MINORITY HERE, SO WE HAVE TO FIGHT.

I'D HAVE THOUGHT YOU'D UNDERSTAND THAT?



REALLY, MEDDINGHOUSE?

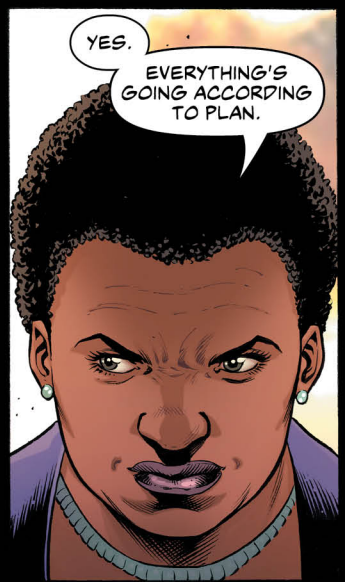
YOU WANT TO PLAY THAT CARD?



ANYTHING TO FURTHER YOUR AMBITION, I GUESS.

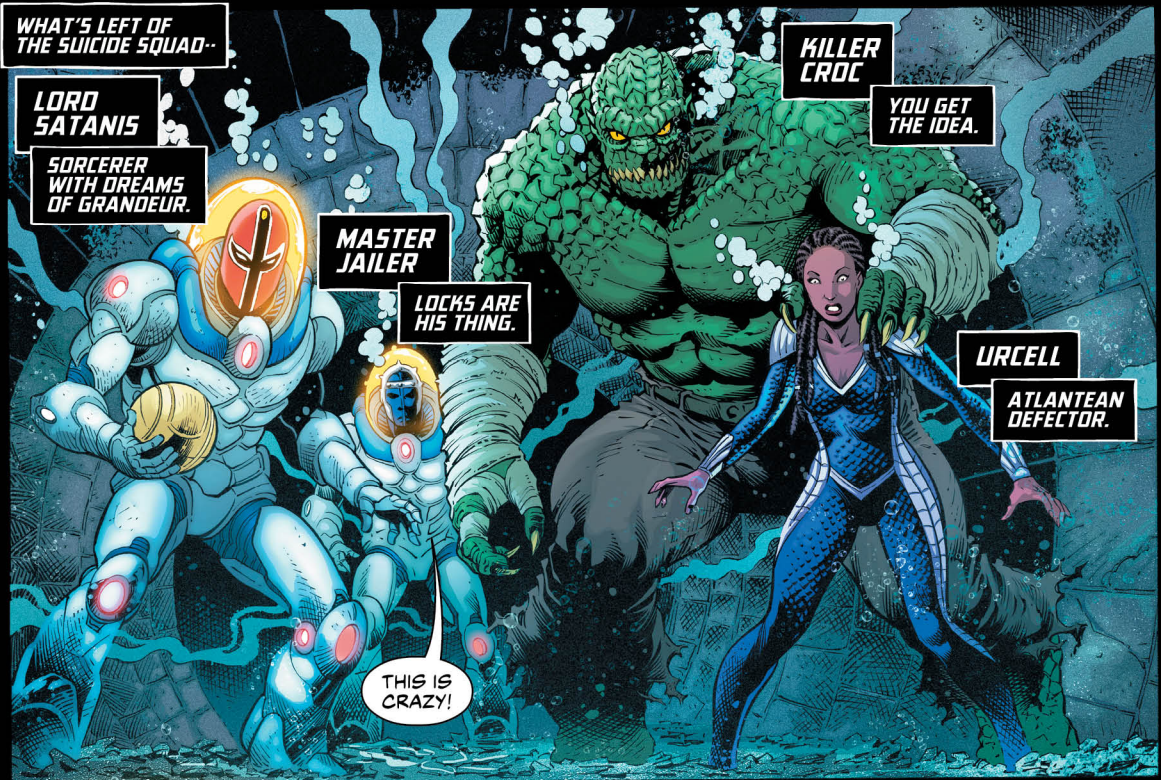
YOU DON'T HAVE TO LIKE ME, WALLER. BUT YOUR SUICIDE SQUAD *DOES* HAVE TO COMPLETE THIS MISSION. YOU KNOW THE DIRT I HAVE ON YOU.

I TAKE IT THERE ARE NO MISSION PROBLEMS? YOU HAVE NO REASON TO USE YOUR BRAIN BOMBS ON TASK FORCE X?



YES.

EVERYTHING'S GOING ACCORDING TO PLAN.



WHAT'S LEFT OF THE SUICIDE SQUAD..

LORD SATANIS

SORCERER WITH DREAMS OF GRANDEUR.

MASTER JAILER

LOCKS ARE HIS THING.

KILLER CROC

YOU GET THE IDEA.

URCELL

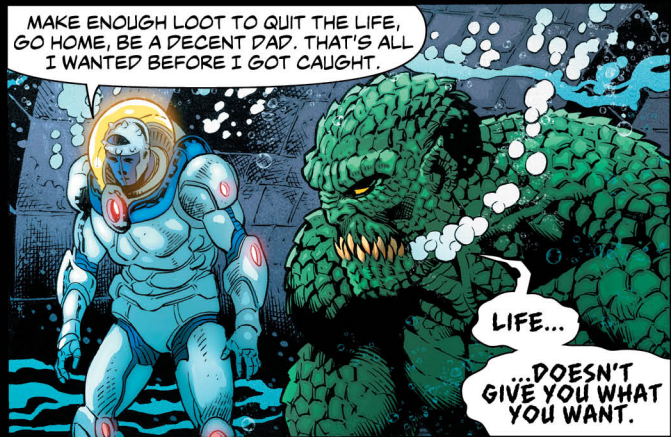
ATLANTEAN DEFECTOR.

THIS IS CRAZY!



I'M JUST A THIEF, MAN. THAT'S ALL. DIDN'T ASK FOR ANY OF THIS. I'VE NEVER EVEN SCUBA DIVED BEFORE!

I DON'T WANT TO DIE! I GOT A KID BACK HOME, FOR %@& SAKE.



MAKE ENOUGH LOOT TO QUIT THE LIFE, GO HOME, BE A DECENT DAD. THAT'S ALL I WANTED BEFORE I GOT CAUGHT.

LIFE...

... DOESN'T GIVE YOU WHAT YOU WANT.