

WE'RE TRAPPED IN AN ANCIENT GERMAN DUNGEON, SURROUNDED BY A MURDER CULT INTENT ON KILLING US FOR POINTS IN A GAME.

IF WE ESCAPE, A CANADIAN TRUST FUND BABY BLOWS UP THE BOMBS IN OUR BRAINS.

THOUGH I KNOW HARLEY GOT US INTO THIS THINKING SHE WAS HELPING US ESCAPE BELLE REVE ONCE AND FOR ALL, I'M SURE I'M NOT ALONE IN WISHING HER BODILY HARM OF THE GRIEVOUS VARIETY.

I SAID I WAS SORRY, OKAY? JEEZ!

WHADAYAWANT FROM ME? A CAKE?!



FLOYD LAWTON. DEADSHOT.



DOCTOR HARLEEN QUINZEL, M.D. HARLEY QUINN.

I CAN'T BELIEVE I'M SAYING THIS, BUT WHAT I WANT FROM YOU, QUINN, IS YOUR MIND.

YOU DIDN'T GET THROUGH MED SCHOOL ON LOOKS ALONE.

WELL, NOW THAT YOU MENTION IT--

WE NEED TO KNOW THE ENEMY. WHAT MAKES ONE OF THESE FIST OF CAIN GEEKS TICK?

WHAT CAN WE USE AGAINST THEM?

HM. WELL, AS A PSYCHIATRIST WHO HAS STUDIED PSYCHOPATHS (SOMETIMES UP CLOSE IF YA CATCH MY DRIFT), I'D SAY THERE'S GONNA BE TWO TYPES OF PEOPLE WHO JOIN A GROUP THAT REWARDS YA FOR KILLING.



TYPE ONES ARE YOUR "SERIAL KILLER" PERSONALITIES. THESE ARE THE GUYS WHO MURDER FOR SOME EMOTIONAL NEED, RIGHT?

LIKE, "CUZ MOMMY DIDN'T LOVE ME," OR BECAUSE "THE JELLY FISH GOD IN THE TOILET TANK SAID SO."

FOR THOSE TYPES, THE TEACHINGS OF THE FIST ARE PERSONAL VALIDATION. ENCOURAGEMENT.

THEY'RE LIKELY TO BE ALONE, WHERE THEY CAN GLUE THEIR TOENAIL CLIPPINGS TO SQUIRRELS IN PEACE.

TYPE TWOS ARE YOUR HIT MEN AND PROFESSIONAL KILLERS. YA KNOW, LIKE YOU, FLOYDIE.

MURDER DOESN'T BOTHER THEM, BUT THEY ONLY DO IT FOR MONEY.

OR TO CEMENT THEIR REPUTATIONS.







♦ "THEY'RE HERE TO BE SEEN."

♦ "THEIR ONLY EMOTIONAL NEED IS TO BE THE BEST."



♦ "THESE TYPES ARE A LOT MORE LIKELY TO CONGREGATE AT SOME POINT FOR CAMARADERIE. TO COMMISERATE. TO SHOW OFF."



♦ "BUT THEY'RE ALSO GOING TO USE THAT OPPORTUNITY TO GET A SENSE OF THE COMPETITION."



♦ "MAYBE IN THE MORNING BEFORE THEY START THE DAY ANEW."



♦ "WHEN THEY'RE FEELIN' THEIR CATS."

HEY, FISTIES!



YA SAVE ANY CATS FOR ME?

⊙ "THEN THAT'S WHEN WE STRIKE."

⊙ "QUINN, I WANT YOU ON POINT. I KNOW FOR A FACT THAT YOUR RANDOMNESS DISTRACTS AND UNNERVES PEOPLE LIKE ME."

⊙ "ON YOUR FLANKS, I'M PUTTING OUR 'FIRE' POWER..."

**CHATO SANTANA. EL DIABLO.**

⊙ "AND OUR 'CAT' POWER..."

**BARBARA MINERVA. CHEETAH.**

AND WHAT ABOUT YOU, LAWTON?

# DOUBLE TEAMED

WRITER: **TIM SEELEY** ART AND COLOR: **JUAN FERREYRA**  
LETTERER: **NATE PIEKOS OF BLAMBOT®** COVER: **JUAN FERREYRA**  
GROUP EDITOR: **BRIAN CUNNINGHAM**  
ASSOCIATE EDITOR: **HARVEY RICHARDS** EDITOR: **ANDY KHOURI**



"WHAT ARE YOU AND YOUR NEW B.F.F. GOING TO BE DOING WHILE WE WAD'D UP DEEP INTO CUTTHROAT TEATIME?"



"AH, THAT'S THE BEAUTY OF IT. ALL YOU NEED TO DO IS FOCUS ON WHAT'S IN FRONT OF YOU."

**SEAMUS O'BRIEN. DEATHTRAP**



"BECAUSE I'LL DO FOR YOU WHAT I DID FOR MY LATE TEAMMATES--"



**PKOW**

"FOCUS ON YOUR BACKSIDE."

"ER, THAT DIDN'T COME OUT QUITE RIGHT. DON'T GO GETTIN' ANY WEIRD DEAS."

"I'M NO PERV."



"HOW I'D LOVE TO HAVE THOSE FURRY SPOTTED LEGS WRAPPED AROUND ME. TAIL, TOO, WHILE WE'RE AT IT."

**SQUAD MAN!**



"GIVE ME YOUR POINTS SO THAT I MIGHT BECOME THE SHEPHERD AND STRANGLE THE EARTH WITH A THREAD OF WOOL!"

**DEATHTRAP** WILL USE HIS META-POWER TO MAKE GUNS AND AMMO OUT OF THE MATERIALS AROUND HIM TO RAIN HELL ON ANYTHING THAT GETS CLOSE TO YOU.



"MEANWHILE, ANY RANDOM CAN WACKO THAT COMES AT HIM..."



**PKOW**

"...I'LL SEND TO MEET HIS TOILET TANK JELLY-FISH GOD."



ROUSING SPEECH, LAWTON.

ESPECIALLY FOR A GUY WITH TWO DEFINING TRAITS. A WELL-TRIMMED MUSTACHE...

...AND A DEATH WISH.