



JUAN SORIA
DOES NOT
BELONG IN
THIS STORY.



NOW--
THESE THINGS?
GROSS ALIEN
HORRORS?

SURE. DEFINITELY
THE RIGHT PLACE
FOR THEM.



AND
THESE
GUYS?

HURRY,
CONTEMPTIBLE
MAGGOTS!
CLEAR THE
DROP SHIPS
LEST I CONJURE
HELLFIRE
INTO THY
VEINS!

...HRRRR...
TASTY
VEINS...

MISFITS, LUNATICS,
UNCONSCIONABLE
BASTARDS--OH MY,
YES. THIS IS EXACTLY
THE STORY FOR THEM.



BUT JUAN SORIA--NO. NO, IT
IS IN FACT SUPER UNFAIR
THAT HE'S CAUGHT UP IN
THIS, AND HE KNOWS IT.

I SHOULDN'T
BE HERE! I
SHOULDN'T
BE H--

SHADDAP AND
RUN, Y'FLAMIN'
MUPPET!

AS A MATTER OF FACT, JUAN
CAN PINPOINT THE EXACT
MOMENT THIS NARRATIVE
INJUSTICE OCCURRED. IT
WENT SOMETHING LIKE THIS--

CONGRATULATIONS,
VOLUNTEER 529.

YOU'RE
IN.



THE CHOSEN

ONE

SI SPURRIER WRITER FERNANDO PASARRN PENCILLER
DELAIR ALBERT INKER BLOND COLORS PAT BROSSEAU LETTERING
EDDY BARROWS, EBER FERREIRA & ADRIANO LUCAS COVER
WHILCE PORTACIO WITH ALEX SINCLAIR VARIANT COVER
DAVE WIELGOSZ ASST. EDITOR ALEX ANTONI ASSOCIATE EDITOR
BRIAN CUNNINGHAM GROUP EDITOR

BUT...BUT
I NEVER
VOLUNT--

FIFTY PERCENT
SENTENCE REDUCTION
IF HE SURVIVES THE MISSION.
GET HIM TRAINED.

YOU HAVE
TWO DAYS
TO RAISE HIM
TO THE HIGH
STANDARDS
I EXPECT--





"--OF THE SUICIDE SQUAD."

BLOODY ALIEN-WASP-MONSTERS! KEEP THE BLOODY ALIEN-WASP-MONSTERS AWAY!

AND SOMEBODY OPEN THE BLOODY ALIEN-WASP-MONSTER ESCAPE DOOR!



HERE'S THE THING: STORIES CAN BE UNPREDICTABLE. ONCE IN A WHILE, THE UNLIKELIEST ELEMENTS--LIKE, THINGS THAT DON'T EVEN FIT THE TALE--

H-HEY, SEÑOR BOOMERANG, I...I COULD GET US THROUGH THAT.

--GET DRAGGED ONTO CENTER STAGE.



I HAVE THE UNCANNY ABILITY TO UNDO ANY LOCK, SEE? I CAN HANDLE THIS!

'COURSE, STORIES ARE ALSO REAL GOOD AT PRETENDING TO BE ALL KOOKY AND UNEXPECTED, JUST FOR THE LOOK OF THE THING--

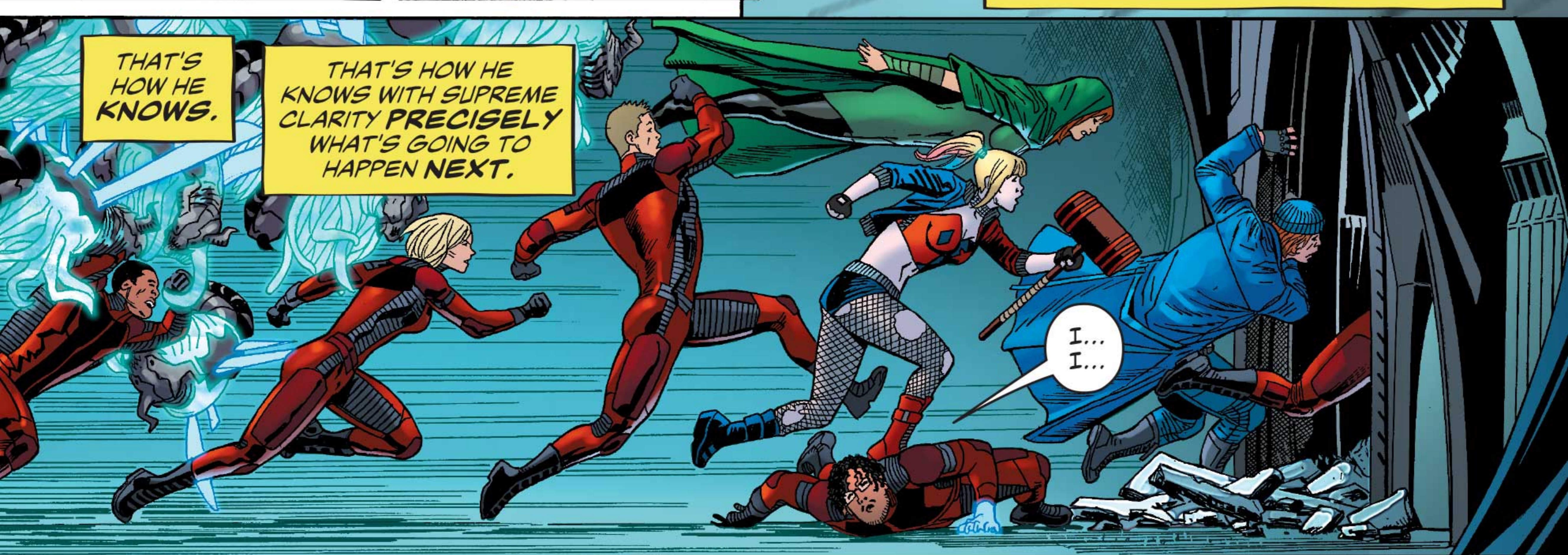


OUTTA THE WAY, TASTYMEAT.

HRRRR!

--THEN STICKING TO THE STANDARD BEATS ALL THE SAME.

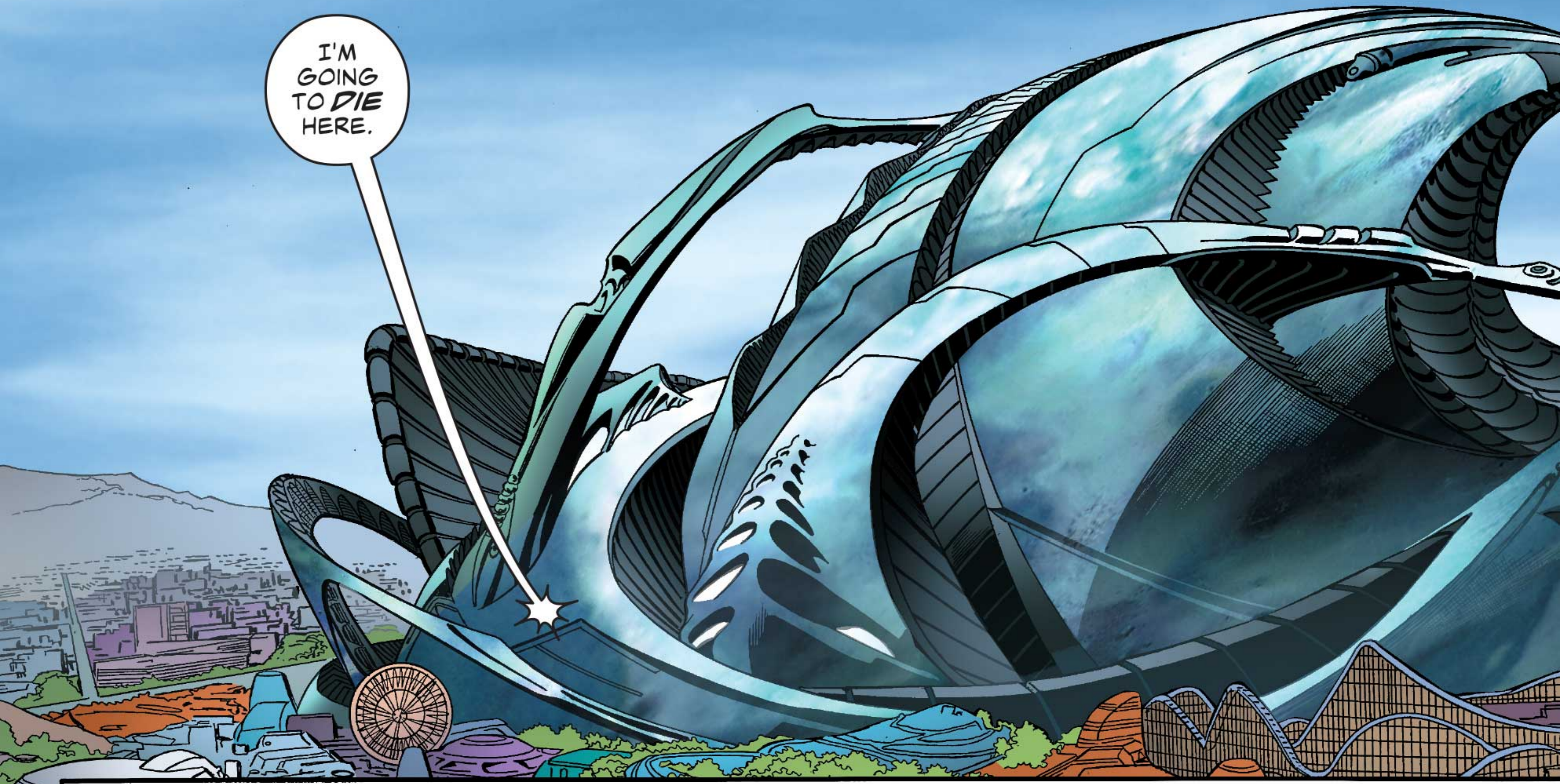
JUAN UNDERSTANDS THIS STUFF. HE'S WHAT YOU MIGHT CALL A STUDENT OF NARRATIVE PROBABILITY.



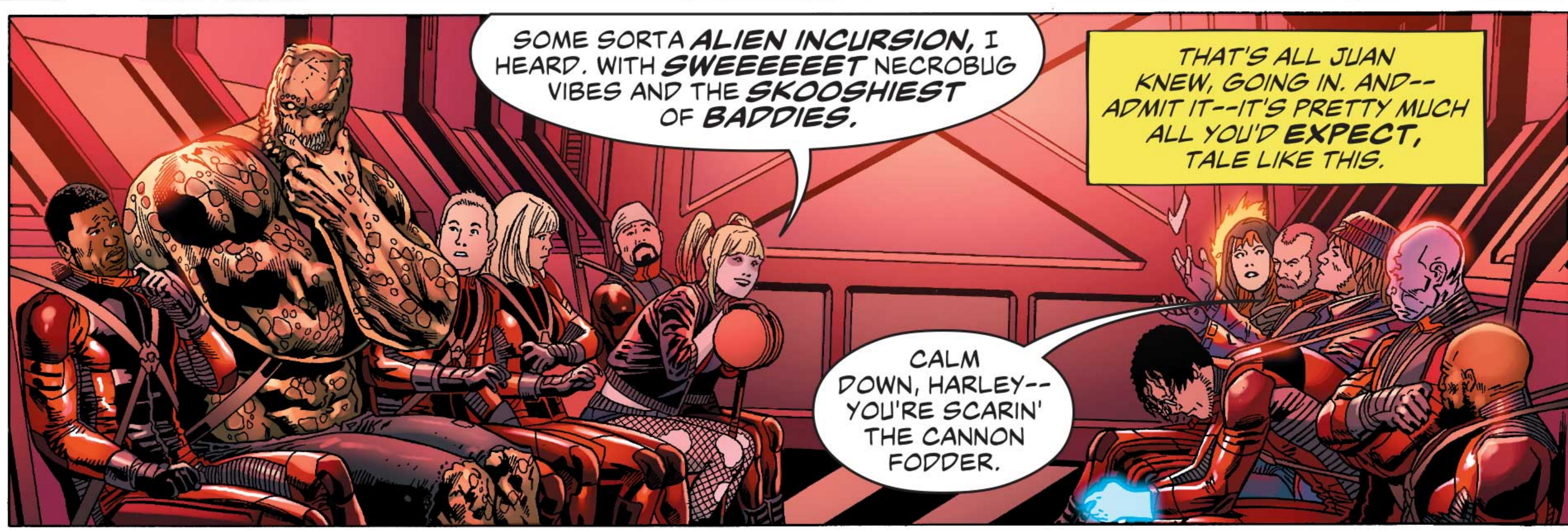
THAT'S HOW HE KNOWS.

THAT'S HOW HE KNOWS WITH SUPREME CLARITY PRECISELY WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN NEXT.

I... I...



I'M GOING TO DIE HERE.



SOME SORTA ALIEN INCURSION, I HEARD. WITH *SWEET* NECROBUG VIBES AND THE *SKOOSHIEST* OF BADDIES.

THAT'S ALL JUAN KNEW, GOING IN. AND-- ADMIT IT--IT'S PRETTY MUCH ALL YOU'D EXPECT, TALE LIKE THIS.

CALM DOWN, HARLEY-- YOU'RE SCARIN' THE CANNON FODDER.



THAT'S THE STORY.

SKOOSH 'EM! SKOOSH 'EM GOOD!! RIGHT, CROC?!