



SOMEWHERE...

...AT THE TOP OF THE WORLD...



YOU SAID
YER BLOODY
"QUANTUM DOOR"
COULD TAKE US
ANYWHERE--



--AND
YOU DECIDED
FREEZING US
TO DEATH WAS
THE WAY TO
GO?!

CAPTAIN'S
RIGHT,
BIZARRO.

YOU NEED
TO GET US
BACK--
NOW.

OR
S-SOONER!

SO
FRAGILE,
YOU
PEOPLE.

TRULY,
IT'S JUST
SNOW, FOR
GODDESS'
SAKE.



RELAX,
EVERYONE.

--WE'RE
EXACTLY
WHERE WE
NEED TO
BE.

COLLECTIVELY, WE'VE BEEN TASKED WITH PREVENTING THE SELF-DESTRUCTION OF THIS SUBTERRANEAN COMPLEX, THE COLONY--

--LEST ITS ANNIHILATION RESULTS IN THE SHIFTING OF PLATES THAT LEAD TO THE EARTH'S CORE.

FWOOC

IT IS **HUGE**.

HOW DID SOMEONE **BUILD** THIS WITH **NO ONE** FINDING OUT?

YOU'RE ALL MORE THAN WELCOME TO WAIT OUT HERE.

DIBS ON BODY HEAT!



POOSH

#MissionCreep

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Witty Words

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Awesome Art

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Classy Colors

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I WANTED YOU TO SEE EXACTLY WHAT YOU'RE WORKING WITH.

HARVEST USED ADVANCED TECHNOLOGY FROM THE FUTURE.

YOU SAID THERE ARE FOUR OF THESE PLACES HIDDEN ACROSS THE WORLD?

NOT QUITE HIDDEN IF WE'RE HERE.

SHE'S GOT A POINT.

OH SHUT UP.

LOOK, THE SUICIDE SQUAD IS MOSTLY ABOUT OVERTHROWIN' GOVERNMENTS OR ASSASSINATIN' PEEPS...

DON'T EVEN.

CROSS AREN'T KNOWN FOR THEIR WARM BLOOD...

...SO IF NO ONE MINDS, WE'RE TAKING THIS INSIDE.

RAPPAARENT



MUCH B-BETTER.

T'HELL IT IS/ CAN'T FEEL M'FINGERS.

HOW CAN I THROW A BOOMERANG IF I CAN'T FEEL M'FINGERS?

DO YOU PEOPLE DO ANYTHING OTHER THAN GROUSE?

IF I WAS BEING HONEST I'D SAY IT IS KIND OF OUR THING.



ALLOW ME TO PROVIDE MUCH-NEEDED HEAT--

--WHILE MY TELESCOPIC NIGHT VISION REVEALS THAT THE BACKUP GENERATOR WILL START UP ANY MOMENT.

YOU HAVE TELESCOPIC NIGHT VISION NOW?



THERE WE GO.

THAT ONLY SOLVES OUR MOST IMMEDIATE PROBLEM.

WE NEED TO CHECK IN WITH WALLER BEFORE WE MOVE AHEAD.



OF COURSE.

DIRECTOR WALLER, ARE YOU THERE?

--HEAR ME?

--INSTALLATION INTERFERING--

--DAMMIT--

--ON YOUR OWN.

TIME BEING OF THE ESSENCE-- AND AS I'M THE ONLY ONE WHO KNOWS THE LAYOUT OF THIS PLACE-- I SUGGEST THE FOLLOWING:

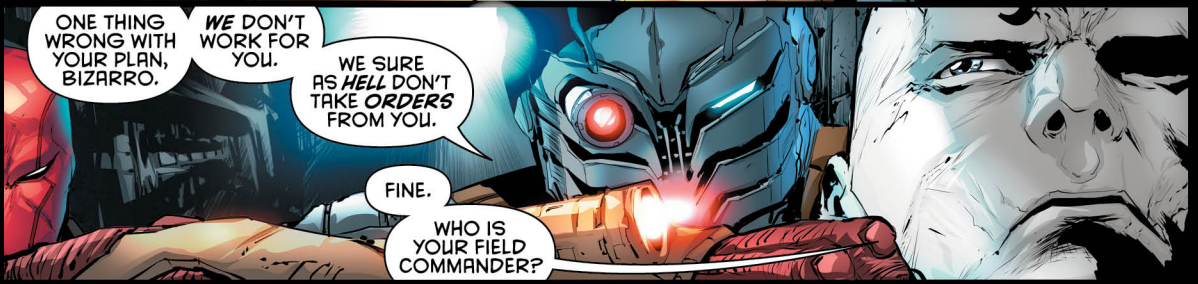
RED HOOD AND **KILLER CROC** SEARCH FOR ANY RESOURCES THE PREVIOUS OWNER, HARVEST, AND N.O.W.H.E.R.E. LEFT BEHIND.

ARTEMIS AND **HARLEY** WILL PERFORM A CURSORY SEARCH FOR ANY TEENAGE SURVIVORS...

...WHILE THE REMAINING **SUICIDE SQUAD** MEMBERS AND I DEAL WITH SHUTTING DOWN THIS PLACE'S ENERGY CORE BEFORE IT EXPLODES--

--AND TAKES THE WORLD WITH IT.

"THE REMAINING--"?"
YOU'RE BREAKING MY HEART HERE, BIG GUY.



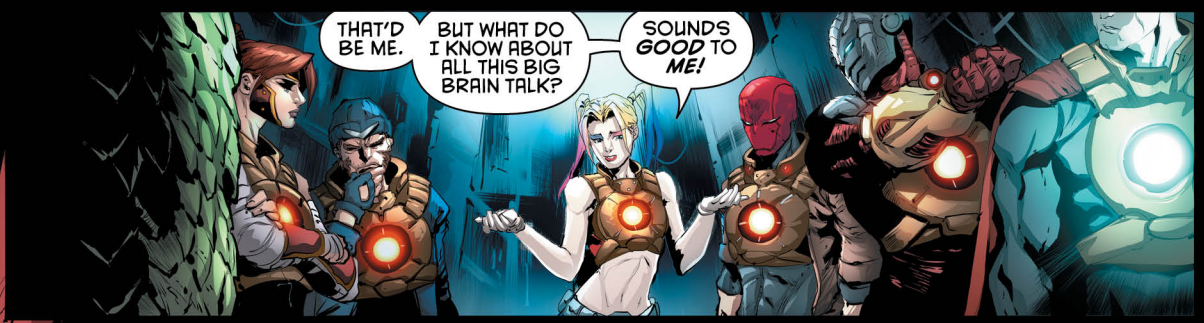
ONE THING WRONG WITH YOUR PLAN, BIZARRO.

WE DON'T WORK FOR YOU.

WE SURE AS HELL DON'T TAKE ORDERS FROM YOU.

FINE.

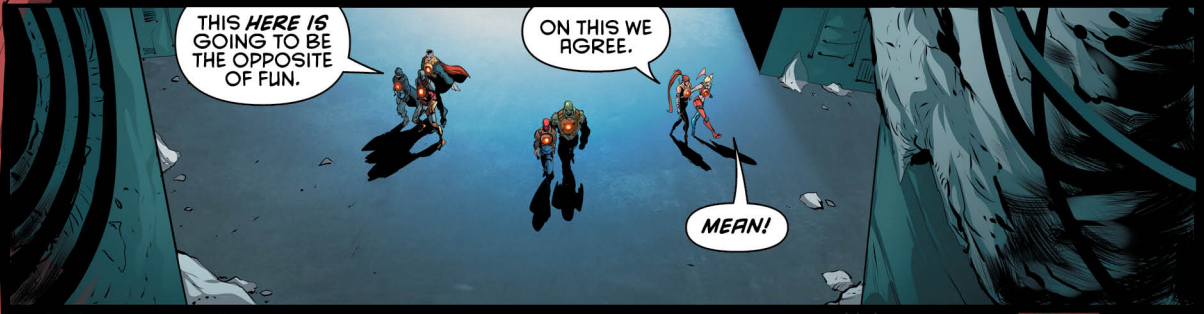
WHO IS YOUR FIELD COMMANDER?



THAT'D BE ME.

BUT WHAT DO I KNOW ABOUT ALL THIS BIG BRAIN TALK?

SOUNDS GOOD TO ME!



THIS HERE IS GOING TO BE THE OPPOSITE OF FUN.

ON THIS WE AGREE.

MEAN!