

EL DIABLO  
AND AZUCAR, WELCOME  
TO THE PHARMACEUTICAL DIVISION  
OF PROJECT: BEOWULF. I AM THE  
PROJECT MANAGER,  
SIN TZU.

THESE ARE THE  
CHILDREN OF GOTHAM.  
THEY ARE THE PRODUCT  
OF BIOLOGY, CHEMISTRY  
AND, DARE I SAY,  
ALCHEMY.

YOUR  
CORPSES WILL  
MAKE INTERESTING  
ADDITIONS TO THE  
PROGRAM.



YOU'RE  
BEING  
USED.



STOP.  
EXPLAIN YOURSELF.

AS YOU CAN SEE, THE CHILDREN OF GOTHAM OBEY MY EVERY COMMAND. HOW IS IT THAT I AM BEING USED?

BEOWULF. IT'S A PYRAMID SCHEME. IT'S A SCAM TO GET A BUNCH OF AMBITIOUS BAD MEN LIKE YOU TO DO THE BETA TESTING FOR A BADDER MAN.

**JAKE DALESKO, THE MAN IN CHARGE OF BEOWULF CONNED YOU INTO DOING HIS DIRTY WORK. HE WANTS CONTROLLABLE META-HUMANS AND YOU DELIVERED. HE USED YOU. IT'S ALL ABOUT CONTROL.**

OF COURSE IT IS. EVERYTHING IS ABOUT CONTROL, OR THE LACK THEREOF.





BUT WHAT IS THE OTHER SIDE OF CONTROL, BOY?

CHAOS.

CONTROL AND CHAOS ARE TWO SIDES OF THE SAME COIN. ASK YOURSELF, DO WE REALLY CONTROL ANYTHING?

AND THAT QUESTION IS THE HEART OF GOTHAM. THE JOKER IS MADNESS.

BANE IS ADDICTION.

MAN-BAT IS ANIMAL IMPULSE.

SCARECROW IS FEAR.

DO WE EXIST AT THE MERCY OF CHAOS, OR ARE WE IN CONTROL? CAN IT BE BOTH?

ARE WE SLAVES TO MADNESS, ADDICTION, IMPULSE AND FEAR? OR ARE WE OUR OWN MASTERS?



MEN LIKE DALESKO WILL ALWAYS EXIST. THEY WILL ALWAYS TRY TO SEIZE CONTROL IN A WORLD OF CHAOS.

I SUGGESTED BECAUSE I EMBRACE BOTH. JUST AS YOU MUST EMBRACE DEATH TO HAVE A NEW LIFE AS A CHILD OF GOTHAM.

**KILL THEM!**

WHY DOES EVERYONE WANT TO MURDER ME?

SAYS THE MAN WHO CAN'T DIE.

FROM THE FILES OF THE SUICIDE SQUAD MOST WANTED: **EL DIABLO**™

# BRING OUT YOUR DEAD!

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AS A KID, I WAS AFRAID OF THE DARK.

BUT THE OLDER I GET, THE MORE I LIKE IT, CRAVE IT.

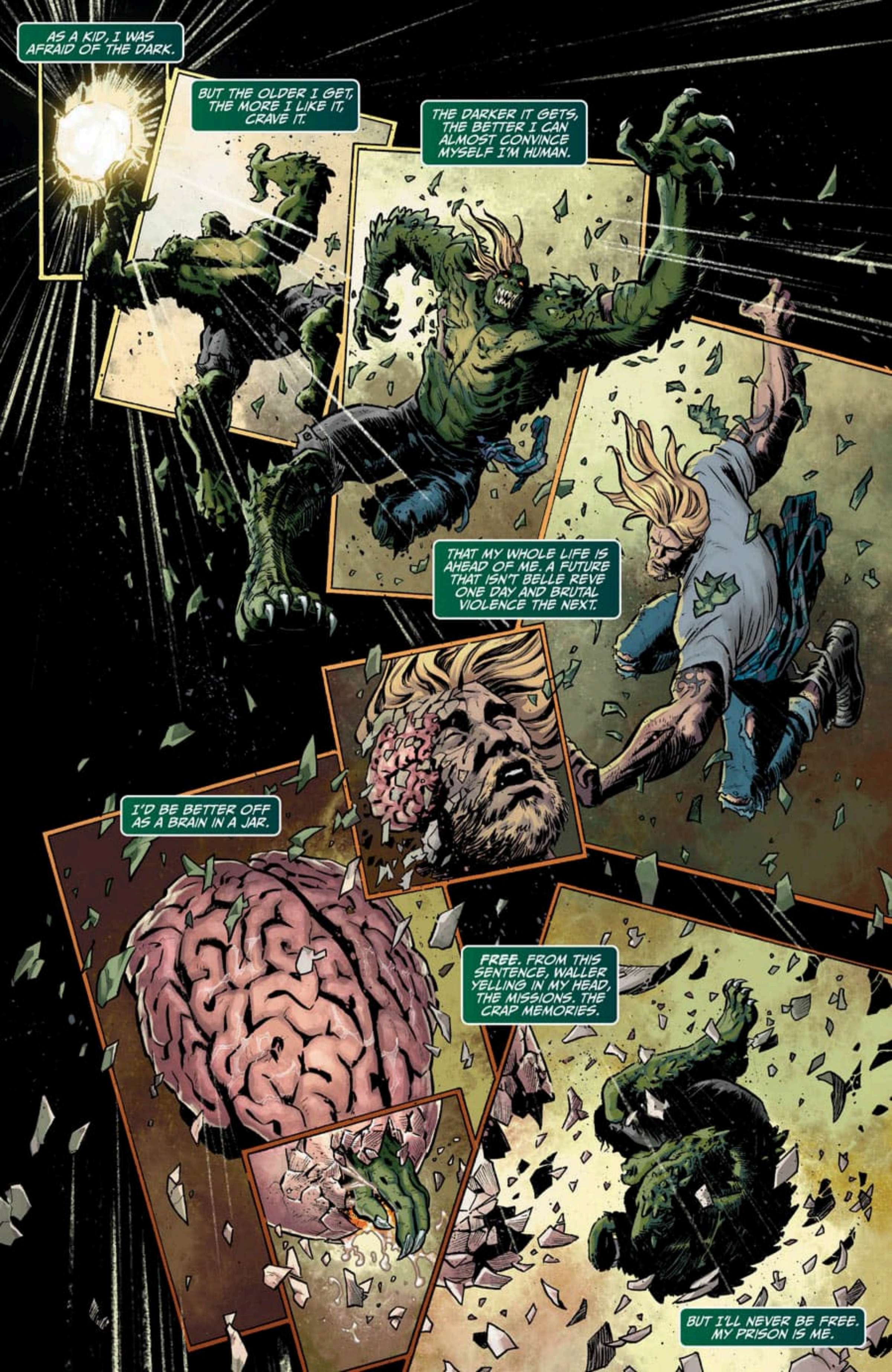
THE DARKER IT GETS, THE BETTER I CAN ALMOST CONVINCE MYSELF I'M HUMAN.

THAT MY WHOLE LIFE IS AHEAD OF ME. A FUTURE THAT ISN'T BELLE REVE ONE DAY AND BRUTAL VIOLENCE THE NEXT.

I'D BE BETTER OFF AS A BRAIN IN A JAR.

FREE. FROM THIS SENTENCE, WALLER YELLING IN MY HEAD, THE MISSIONS. THE CRAP MEMORIES.

BUT I'LL NEVER BE FREE. MY PRISON IS ME.



**KRRRNCHHH**

THERE'S EASIER PLACES TO ESCAPE FROM. LIKE THIS TERRORIST HIDEOUT DEEP UNDERNEATH A MOUNTAIN ON A REMOTE ISLAND PARADISE.



AN ISLAND FULL OF MONSTERS. ALL KINDS. THE BIG MUTATED ONES ROAMING AROUND UPSTAIRS. THE IDIOTS IN HERE USING THEM AS WEAPONS.

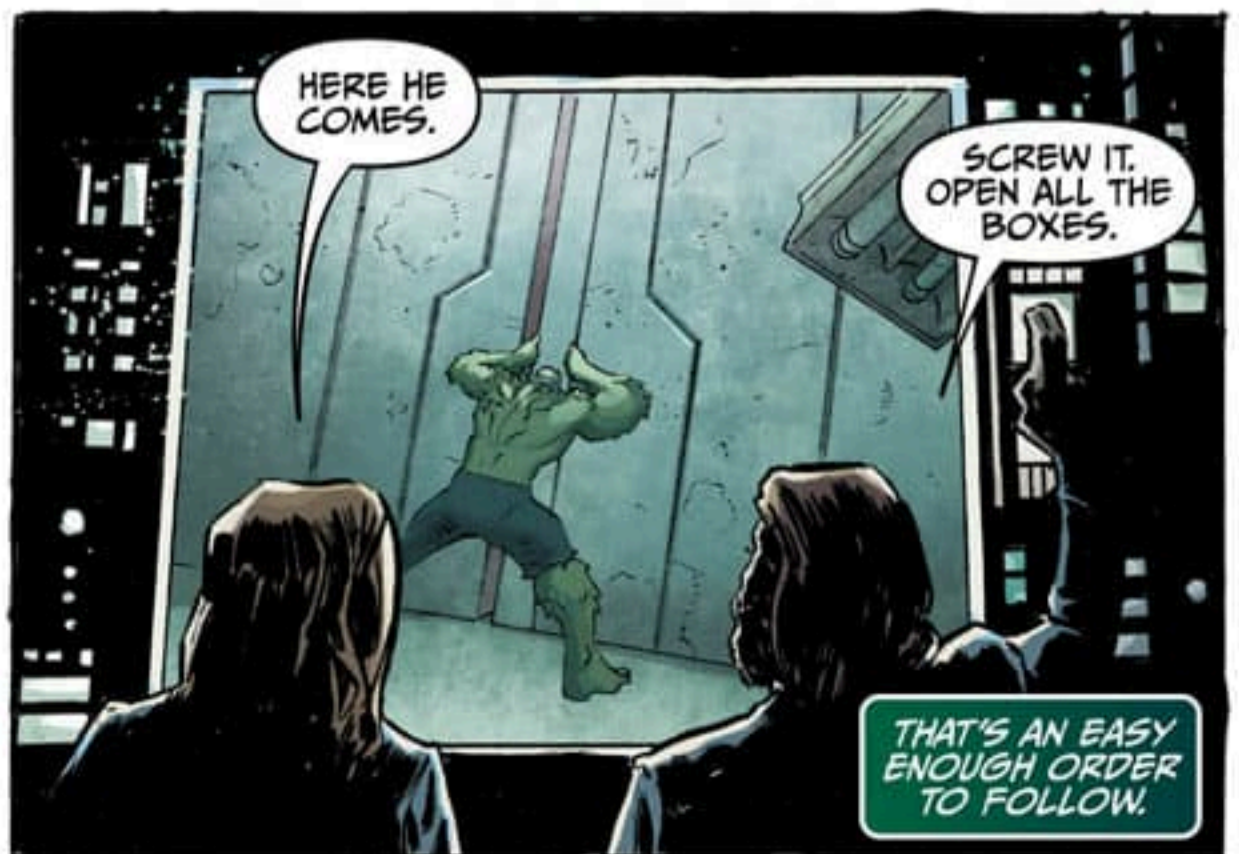
PLUS WHATEVER MONSTER RAN WILD IN THIS ROOM.

AND ME, BUT WALLER'S NOT HERE ANYMORE TO CALL ME ONE.



OR ORDER ME AROUND. OR BLOW ME UP.

BUT THE FIRST RULE OF THE SQUAD IS "NEVER MESS WITH THE BOMBS."



HERE HE COMES.

SCREW IT. OPEN ALL THE BOXES.

THAT'S AN EASY ENOUGH ORDER TO FOLLOW.

EASIER THAN SOME OF THE OTHERS I'VE BEEN GIVEN.

# THE BEAST IN ME

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OKAY, WHO'S FIRST?





MAYBE THEY SMELL KONG'S BLOOD STILL ON MY HANDS.\*

OR IT'S THE PAIN I FEEL COMING OFF 'EM LIKE A FOUR-ALARM FIRE.

\*SEE LAST ISSUE.



YOU TWO.

I NEVER KNEW 'TIL NOW HOW MUCH I WANNA FIGHT A GIRAFFE.



MUTATIONS THROBBING LIKE TOOTHACHES. BONES SPLINTERING UNDER THEIR GROWING MASS.

AND ALL THE WHILE THEY'VE GOT NO IDEA WHAT'S HAPPENING TO THEIR BODIES.



IF I LAID ODDS, THEY ONLY HAVE ONE FIGHT LEFT IN 'EM AND IT'S FOR THE ONES IN CHARGE OF ALL THIS.



MAYBE WE'RE MORE ALIKE THAN I CARE TO ADMIT.

YOU'RE NOT ONE OF OURS. ARE YOU?





OUR WELCOME RECEPTION DIDN'T GO EXACTLY AS PLANNED.

STORY OF OUR LIVES, EH?

STAY THERE. I'LL COME TO YOU, BUDDY.



SORRY, NO. WE DON'T NEED YOU.

**RROOOAAARR**

BUT DON'T WORRY, YOU CAN STILL BE USEFUL.

WE'LL HANG YOUR CORPSE OFF A FLAGPOLE SO YOUR HANDLERS WILL KNOW TO STAY AWAY.

MONSTERS DON'T UNDERSTAND SENTENCES OR INFLECTION. THEY DON'T GET HOW A COLLAR AROUND THEIR NECK CAN SET THEIR MUSCLES ON FIRE.



C'MON, I'M NOT YOUR ENEMY, YOU IDIOTS. THEY ARE.



THE ONLY LANGUAGE WE HAVE IN COMMON IS PAIN.