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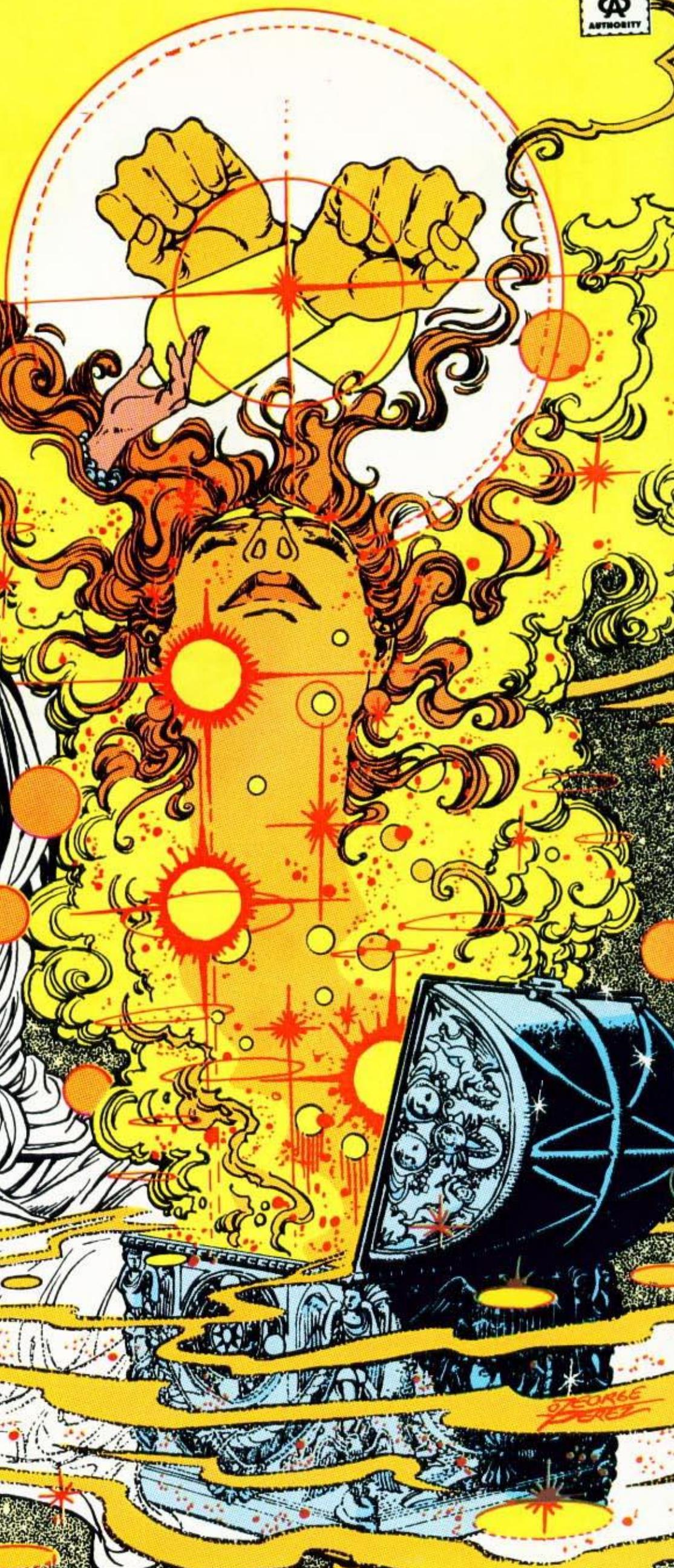
# WONDER WOMAN

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WONDER  
WOMAN

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## The Legacy of Pandora's Box



by Perez,  
Newell,  
Thompson,  
Doran,  
Martin,  
and  
Janghal

GEORGE PEREZ

WHAT IS THE FATE OF THE WORLD?

SOME SAY THE WORLD IS AS IT WAS, AND AS IT EVER SHALL BE. OTHERS SAY THE WORLD WAS BORN INTO DARKNESS FROM CHAOS, AND SHALL DIE IN THE SAME MANNER RETURNING TO EXPLOSIVE ETERNITY.

THE POET WRITES THAT THE WORLD SHALL END NOT WITH A BANG, BUT A WHIMPER, AND THE TROUBADOUR SINGS THAT THE ANSWER IS BLOWING IN THE WIND.

"WHAT CAN I DO ABOUT IT, ANYWAY?" SAYS THE COMMON MAN WITH A SHRUG AND A PHILOSOPHICAL GRIN.

"IT'S ALL IN THE HANDS OF FATE."

THE GREEKS CALLED HER ANANKA, SHE WHO IS BLAMELESS INEVITABILITY AND SINLESS PRE-ORDINATION. MOTHER OF THE TRINITY OF DESTINY:

CLOTHO,  
THE SPINNER--

LACHESIS,  
THE TAILOR--

ATROPUS,  
THE SHEARER--

GEORGE PÉREZ & MINDY NEINELL STORY

ART  
JILL THOMPSON &  
ROMEO TANGHAL  
PP 1-4, 14, 21-22  
CYNTHIA MARTIN,  
PP 5-13  
COLLEEN DORAN,  
PP 15-20

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TOGETHER THEY INTERWEAVE LIFE WITH THE LEGACY OF DREAMS.

*Legacy*

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ATTEND ME

MY SISTERS

WE HAVE

A VISITOR

GREAT  
FATES, WHOSE  
PRESENCE

I  
ENTER

WITH A  
HUMBLED  
HEART

AND A  
PENITENT  
SOUL

DO NOT  
MOCK

ME GREAT  
FATES

ALLOW ME

TO FINISH  
MY

THOUGHTS  
BEFORE

I COME  
HERE--

WE KNOW WHY YOU ARE HERE,  
HARMONIA, YOU HAVE FELT  
A GREAT IMBALANCE IN  
THE NATURAL ORDER. YOU  
HAVE HAD DREAMS ABOUT  
THE TALISMAN YOU WEAR  
AROUND YOUR NECK.

MISTRESS ANANKE, I  
DEMAND FROM YOU AND YOUR  
SOULMATES THE RESPECT A  
DAUGHTER OF ARES AND A  
GODDESS OF OLYMPUS  
DESERVES.

DO NOT FEAR,  
HARMONIA.  
NOTHING IS OUT  
OF ORDER.  
NOTHING EVER  
IS.

LOOK HERE,  
DAUGHTER  
OF ARES...

...CAN YOU SEE THE  
REFLECTION OF WHAT  
WAS IN THE FOUNT OF  
YESTERDAY?

AYE, MISTRESS. THERE IS MYSELF,  
AND I STAND WITH THE PRINCESS  
DIANA OF THEMYSCIRA, DRESSED  
IN HER BATTLE ARMOR. IT IS AS WE  
WERE TOGETHER IN THE DARK  
RECESSES OF AREOPAGUS.

WHY DO  
YOU SHOW  
ME THIS?

FATE NEVER REVEALS THE FUTURE BEFORE ITS TIME,  
HARMONIA WHAT DO YOU SEE NOW?

I SEE  
MY FATHER,  
LORD  
ARES,  
REVELING  
IN THE  
DEMON-  
PLAQUE.

COME TO ME, DENIZENS  
OF PANDORA'S BOX. AS  
CLAY-MADE-FLESH  
DID LONG AGO FREE  
THE FIRST OF YOUR  
ILK--

--SO NOW HAS  
NEW CLAY-  
MADE-FLESH  
FREED YOUR  
FINAL NUMBER  
TO INHABIT THE  
BODY OF ARES!

"I SEE MY BRETH-  
REN, THEIR WORDS  
ARE FAMILIAR--"

OH, THE GLORIOUS  
COSMIC IRONY OF IT  
ALL! THAT YOU GOD-  
DESSES SHOULD  
CREATE THIS DIANA  
FROM COMMON  
CLAY--

--EVEN AS  
ZEUS HAD ME  
FORM THE  
MORTAL PANDORA,  
WHO FIRST SET  
LOOSE THE  
DEMONPLAQUE.

BUT HOW CAN THE  
AMAZON CHALLENGE  
THESE DEMONS  
UNAIDED?



"ONLY MY ANSWERING YOUR  
CHALLENGE, APHRODITE."

"BY ALLOWING THE  
PURE BEAUTY OF  
HER SOUL TO BE  
HER SHIELD!"



AYE, SHE SHALL  
SURVIVE ONLY IF THIS  
CLAY STATUE GIVEN LIFE  
IS INDEED ONE WITH THE  
EARTH-GODDESS--

--ONLY IF SHE IS TRULY  
THE LIVING EMBODIMENT  
OF ALL THAT IS WOMAN...

THOSE WORDS--THEY ARE THE  
WORDS THAT HAVE ECHOED IN MY  
DREAMS, AND THAT HAVE  
HAUNTED MY SOUL. THOSE  
WORDS, AND OTHERS.



THE NAME OF  
THE PRINCESS  
DIANA. AND THE  
MORTAL PANDORA.

I DO NOT UNDERSTAND,  
GREAT FATES. BOTH ARE  
WOMEN BORN NOT OF  
BLOOD AND FLESH BUT  
SHAPED FROM THE CLAY  
OF GAEA.

DIANA IS A CHILD  
OF PROMISE, A  
WARRIOR OF VIRTUE,  
A WOMAN OF LOVE...

... WHILE THE NAME OF  
PANDORA HAS BECOME ONE TO  
BE BOTH WILIFIED AND PITIED.

SURELY YOU  
CANNOT BE SUGGEST-  
ING THAT THEY SHARE  
A GREATER LEGACY  
THAN THEIR COMMON  
HERITAGE?

... AND WHOSE PATTERN CAN NEVER  
BE DETERMINED UNTIL THE WHOLE  
IS FINISHED.

THEIR LEGACY IS BUT A KNOT OF THE  
STRANDS OF TIME THAT BIND THE  
UNIVERSE INTO THE CHAOTIC  
MAJESTY WHICH HUMBLES US ALL

FATE SPINS ENDLESSLY  
ON A WHEEL THAT EVER  
TURNS, HARMONIA. FATE  
IS A WEAVER BOUND TO  
A LOOM WHOSE TAPESTRY  
IS NEVER - ENDING...

BUT THE PAST IS  
WOVEN OF EVENTS  
THAT HAVE BEEN  
DONE...

... AND LIKE THESEUS  
IN THE LABYRINTH OF THE  
MINOTAUR, THE FUTURE  
MAY BE REVEALED BY  
FOLLOWING ITS FRAGILE  
STRING.

ATTEND NOW,  
LADY HARMONIA,  
BUT BE WARNED.

THE LABYRINTH OF THE  
PAST CAN BE AS DARK AS  
ANY CAVE, WITH PATHS  
INTO THE FUTURE WHICH  
CAN LEAD BUT INTO A  
MAZE.

THE THUNDER HAS STORMED, THE LIGHTNING HAS FLASHED, TITAN HAS BEEN DISPLACED BY OLYMPIAN; AND GREA IS LEFT WAR-WEARY, RAVAGED, SICK IN SPIRIT AND BARREN OF BODY.

THOUGH ONCE HER AMBER HILLS ROLLED INTO FOREVER, AND HER PLAINS WERE WIDE, LUSH AND WET WITH THE BLUE-GREEN COLORS OF LIFE...

...NOW SHE IS EMPTY AND BRUTALIZED, A PLACE OF RAGGED PEAKS AND TANGLED GORGES, ICE-BITTEN MOUNTAINS AND FROSTED LAKES...



...CAN ONLY PRAY TO STONE-DEAF TOTEMS FOR THE FIRE WHICH NEVER COMES.



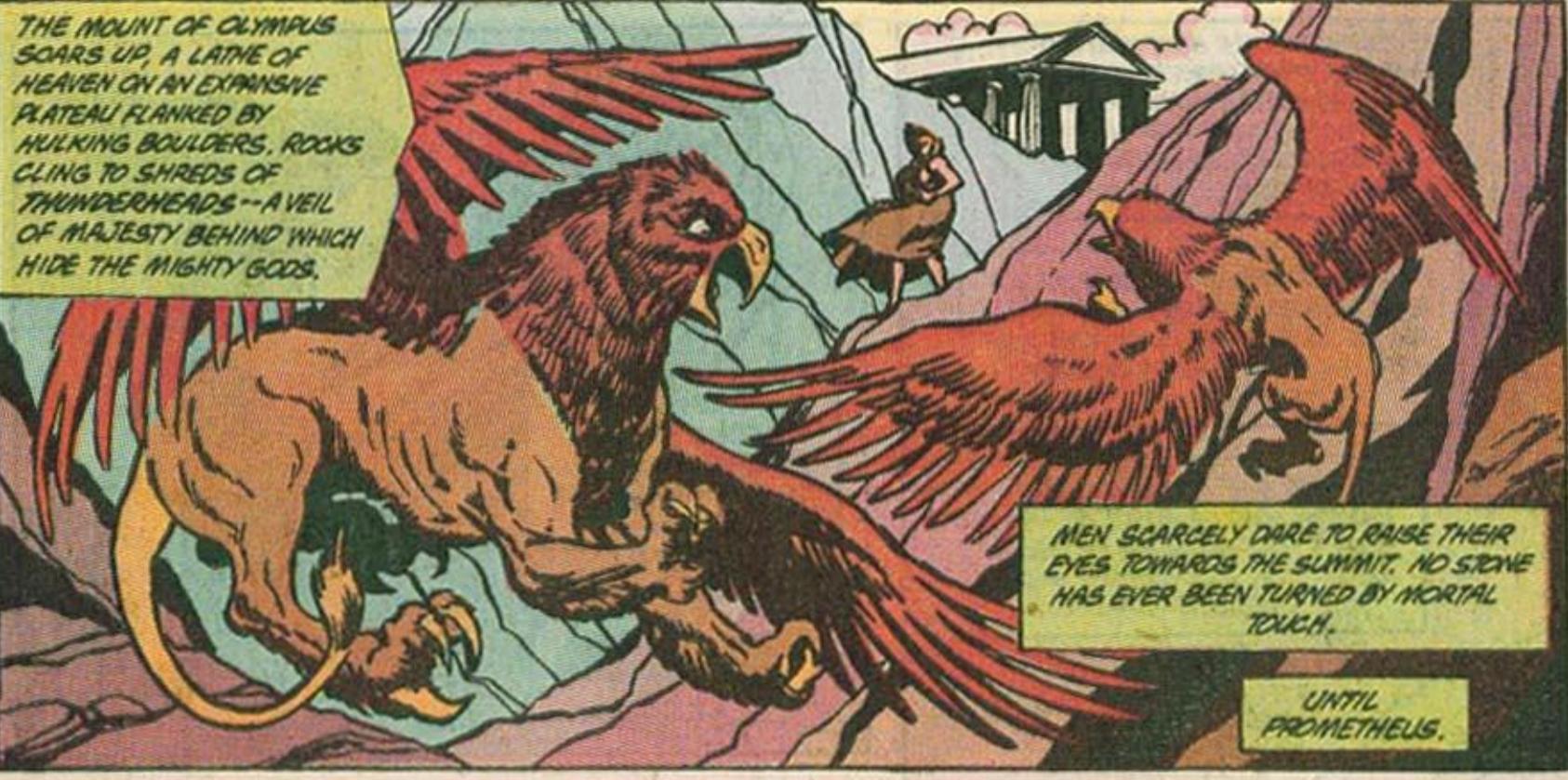
HE IS PROMETHEUS.

HE WILL TAKE FOR HIMSELF AND HIS RACE WHAT OLYMPUS REFUSES TO SHARE.



...WHERE STRUGGLING MEN LIVE A COLD, MISERABLE EXISTENCE, AND CAN ONLY DREAM OF THE COMMUNAL HEARTH WHICH HAD ONCE BROUGHT WARMTH AND LAUGHTER...

THE MOUNT OF OLYMPUS SOARS UP, A LATHE OF HEAVEN ON AN EXPANSIVE PLATEAU FLANKED BY HULKING BOULDERS. ROCKS CLING TO SHREDS OF THUNDERHEADS--A VEIL OF MAJESTY BEHIND WHICH HIDE THE MIGHTY GODS.



MEN SCARCELY DARE TO RAISE THEIR EYES TOWARDS THE SUMMIT. NO STONE HAS EVER BEEN TURNED BY MORTAL TOUCH.

UNTIL PROMETHEUS.



THE PARTHENON OF THE GODS IS GUARDED BY GREAT AND HORRIBLE GRYPHONS, THE HOUNDS OF ZEUS.

HALF EAGLE AND HALF LION, THEY ARE SILENT MARAUDERS OF THE FLESH, WHOSE BEAKS AND TALONS WILL TEAR TO DEATH ANY FOOL WHO TRESPASSES UPON THE WILL OF THEIR MASTER.



THOUGH HE IS OVERWHELMED BY SIGHTS NO HUMAN WAS MEANT TO SEE, PROMETHEUS HAS COME TOO FAR, DARED TOO MUCH, TO BE STOPPED JUST SHORT OF HIS MISSION.

NOT EVEN THE SPECTACLE OF GREAT ZEUS, ASLEEP ON HIS THRONE CAN ERADICATE PROMETHEUS...



FOR NOW HIS FROE HAS BECOME FLUSHED WITH AN UNACCUSTOMED HEAT, AND HIS ACHING BODY SUFFUSED WITH A RENEWED GLOW.

THE CRACKLE OF SINGED HAIR POPS IN HIS EARS. HIS EYES SQUINT AGAINST A STROBING BRILLIANCE.

PROMETHEUS HAS FOUND HIS DESTINY.

PROMETHEUS HAS FOUND HIS FIRE.

USING THE DISCARDED REGIS OF THE  
STILL SLUMBERING ZEUS AS A CAULDRON,  
PROMETHEUS DIPS INTO THE LIGHTS OF  
HEAVEN...

... AND TAKES POSSESSION  
OF TOMORROW.

NOW PROMETHEUS  
BEGINS THE LONG  
JOURNEY HOME.

NOW MAN, THROUGH  
PROMETHEUS,  
RECLAIMS HIS  
FUTURE --

HUMANITY IS FREED  
FROM THE TYRANNY  
OF THE GODS.

ZEUS IS OUT-  
RAGED, SWEARS  
REVENGE ON  
MANKIND FIRST...

... AND THEN ON MANKIND'S  
SAVIOR.

BUT THE PANTHEON SPEAKS  
OUT ON BEHALF OF  
PROMETHEUS: THOUGH  
THE THEFT OF FIRE HAS  
AFFINED THEIR FATES TO  
A DIM AND SURREAL  
UNCERTAINTY...

... THE THIEF IS ADMIRER FOR HIS  
HEROISM AND LOYALTY TO HIS  
RACE.

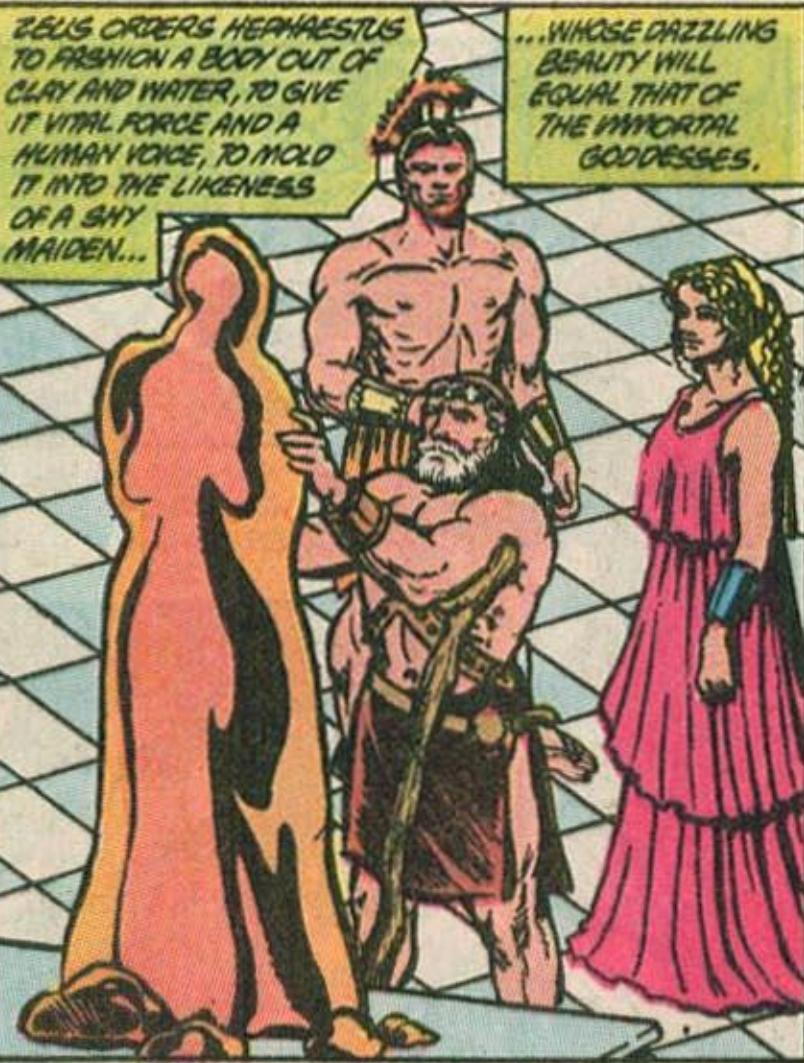
EVEN QUEEN HERA SIDES AGAINST  
ZEUS, HER HUSBAND. PERHAPS THIS  
IS WHY ZEUS AGREES TO HONOR, AND  
NOT PUNISH. PERHAPS HE IS WORN  
DOWN BY ARGUMENT.

PERHAPS.

ZEUS ORDERS HERAESTUS  
TO FASHION A BODY OUT OF  
CLAY AND WATER, TO GIVE  
IT VITAL FORCE AND A  
HUMAN VOICE, TO MOLD  
IT INTO THE LIKENESS  
OF A SHY  
MAIDEN...

...WHOSE DAZZLING  
BEAUTY WILL  
EQUAL THAT OF  
THE IMMORTAL  
GODDESSES.

ALL THE DIVINITIES  
BLESS THIS GOD-MADE  
CREATURE WITH THEIR  
INDIVIDUAL AND  
SPECIAL GIFTS.



HESTIA BESTOWS  
A DOMESTIC  
NATURE.

"YOU WILL MAINTAIN  
THE HALLOWED  
SANCTITY OF HOME  
AND FAMILY."



APHRODITE, GODDESS OF LOVE IN  
ALL ITS NATURES, ENDOWS HER  
BLESSING.

THE TRAVELLER HERMES...

GRAIN-MOTHER  
DEMETER...



"YOU WILL BE GRACED WITH  
FAIR MANNER AND IRRESISTIBLE  
BEAUTY, MY CHILD."



"I GRANT THE SPARKLE OF A  
QUICK WIT, THE TEASING PROMISE  
OF CORPOREAL FULFILLMENT, AND  
THE LAUGHTER OF SENSUAL  
VIVACIOUSNESS."



"TO YOU IS BESTOWED THE  
FECONDITY OF NATURE, THAT  
YOUR LIFE ON MOTHER EARTH  
WILL BE FRUITFUL, FILLED  
WITH THE JOY OF CHILDREN."

NOW THE HORAE AND  
THE GRACES ARE  
CALLED.

THEY DOLCE THE OLYMPIC  
BEAUTY WITH THE ESSENCE  
OF EXOTIC PERFUMED OILS,  
AND PUMICE HER SKIN UNTIL  
IT SHINES WITH A CREAMY  
LUMINESCENCE.

THEY DRAPE HER WITH  
SILVERY RAIMENTS, EM-  
BROIDERED VEILS, AND  
GARLAND HER HAIR WITH  
SWEET-SCENTED FLOWERS.

BECAUSE OF WHAT THEY  
HAVE GIVEN HER, THE  
GODS AND GODDESSES  
NAME HER "PANDORA,"  
WHICH MEANS "THE GIFT  
OF ALL."

AND THE OLIMPANS  
LOOK DOWN UPON  
THEIR CREATION, AND  
SEE THAT PANDORA  
IS BEAUTIFUL, AND  
GOOD. "SHE IS SURELY  
WORTHY OF THE  
BRAVE PROMETHEUS,"  
QUEEN HERA SAYS.

"MAY PROMETHEUS BE  
WORTHY OF PANDORA,"  
ANSWERS HER LORD ZEUS.

HE GRANTS HER A KEEPSAKE--  
AN ORNATE, GILDED BOX,  
WHICH MUST BE PRESENTED  
TO HER WORTHY MATE, WITH  
THE CLEAR UNDERSTANDING  
THAT IT NEVER BE OPENED.

IT IS THE PRICE PROMETHEUS  
MUST PAY FOR THE HAND  
OF HER "WHO IS TRULY  
THE LIVING EMBODIMENT  
OF ALL THAT IS WOMAN."

NOW IT FALLS TO THE  
MESSENGER-GOD HERMES  
TO ESCORT PANDORA TO THE  
HOME OF THE HERO AND  
HIS OLDER BROTHER,  
EPIMETHEUS.

BUT THE HERO WILL NOT HAVE  
HIS JUST REWARD.



"TAKE HER BACK," HE SAYS.  
"I DO NOT TRUST YOUR LORD  
ZEUS, MY LORD HERMES.  
WHY SHOULD HE COMPEN-  
SATE A THIEF?"

"HE HONORS NO THIEF, PROMETHEUS,"  
HERMES REPLIES. "MY LORD ZEUS WISHES  
TO SHOW RESPECT TO THE MORTAL WHO DARED  
DO WHAT NONE OTHER HAD EVER DARED BEFORE."

WHAT ONE  
BROTHER DOES  
NOT DESIRE,  
THE OTHER  
CRAVES.

HERMES AGREES. BETTER ONE BROTHER  
THAN NONE AT ALL. BESIDES, A ZEUS  
DENIED OR CROSSED IS NOT A  
PLEASURABLE EXPERIENCE...



"YOU DARE TO ACCUSE  
THE THUNDER-GOD  
OF DECEPTION!"

"REMEMBER WHO I AM, MY LORD  
HERMES. I HAVE DARED MORE."

"I WOULD HAVE  
HER, MY LORD  
HERMES."

"AND I WILL  
TAKE HIM."



PROMETHEUS PAYS  
DEARLY FOR HIS PRIDE  
IN HIS HUMANITY.



ATOP MOUNT CAUCASUS, AN  
EAGLE RED WITH BLOODY TALONS  
FEEDS UPON HIS LIVER; AND AS  
MUCH AS THE WINGED MONSTER  
DEVOURS DURING THE DAY, THAT  
MUCH GROWS BACK AGAIN IN  
THE NIGHT.

YET, PROMETHEUS PERSISTS, STANDING STRONG  
AGAINST THE UNJUST POWER OF A GOD...

... UNTIL THE BONES OF THIRTY GENERATIONS ARE UNDERNEATH  
HIS FEET. IT IS THEN PROMETHEUS WILL BE RELEASED, AND A  
SECRET HE WILL HAVE CARRIED THROUGH THE MILLENNIA  
WILL PASS FROM HIS LIPS TO THE EARS OF ZEUS.

THUS IS THE FULL DESTINY  
OF PROMETHEUS, THE FIRST  
AND GREATEST REBEL.

EPIMETHEUS FARES BETTER,  
THOUGH HE, TOO, IS PUNISHED,  
FOR BEING ONLY A MERE  
INSTRUMENT FOR THE WRATH  
OF ZEUS.

FOR A TIME, HE AND PANDORA  
ARE HAPPY IN THEIR DOMESTIC  
BLISS. YOUNG AND IN LOVE, THE  
WORLD IS THEIRS.



EPIMETHEUS THINKS HIS  
BROTHER WAS A FOOL. PANDORA  
IS LIKE NO OTHER WOMAN  
ON EARTH.

SHE, TOO, IS HAPPY AND SATISFIED.  
EPIMETHEUS IS A GOOD HUSBAND, A  
TRIFLE LAZY, PERHAPS, BUT HE IS  
ALWAYS KIND AND NEVER LOUD WITH  
HIS WORDS.



HE HAS NEVER  
REFUSED HER  
ANYTHING.

NEVER.



NOW EPIMETHEUS UNDERSTANDS  
HOW RIGHT HIS BROTHER HAD  
BEEN--



ZEUS HAS GIFTED PANDORA  
WITH A BURGEONING  
CURIOSITY--SHE MUST  
KNOW WHAT IS INSIDE THE  
GILDED BOX.

PANDORA BEGS HER  
HUSBAND TO SHARE  
IN HER SIN OF GUILTY  
PLEASURE SEDUCTIVELY,  
SHE PROMISES HIM  
CONNUBIAL ECSTASY  
IF ONLY HE WILL.

PETULANTLY, SHE WITHHOLDS  
HERSELF FROM HIM WHEN  
HE REPUGSES.

STUBBORNLY, SHE WILL  
NOT RELENT UNTIL  
HE DOES.



HE DOES...



... AND THE WORLD  
IS CHANGED FOREVER.

ALL THE SORROWS THAT EVER WERE AND WILL BE NOW INFECT MANKIND.

FEAR AND HATRED, JEALOUSY AND DOUBT, MANIA AND DEPRESSION--

ALL TAKE ROOT IN THE HEARTS AND SOULS OF TOO-HUMAN FLESH.

THERE IS PESTILENCE AND DISEASE, OLD AGE WITHOUT DIGNITY, AND CHILDREN BORN WHO SHOULD NEVER HAVE BEEN CONCEIVED.

THERE IS SCOURGE AND FAMINE, BANES AND PLAGUES--

--AND THE FINAL IRONY IS THAT THE FIRE FOR WHICH PROMETHEUS SACRIFICED SO MUCH IS NOW USED TO BURN THE EVER-MOUNTING PILES OF DEAD.

LONG AGO LEFT BY EPIMETHEUS, WHO SHARES ALL THE BURDEN BUT NONE OF THE BLAME, PANDORA LIVES A NOMADIC EXISTENCE...

...AND HOPE REMAINS, TO THIS DAY, THE SOLE COMFORT OF A WORLD MADE MAD WITH MISFORTUNE.

...EXPelled FROM HUMAN COMPANY, LIVING ON WEEDS AND THE OCCASIONAL KINDNESS OF A STRANGER, SHE HAS NOTHING LEFT BUT HOPE TO SUSTAIN HER...

AND NOW ALL THAT IS LEFT OF HER IS THIS AMULET, A TALISMAN THAT ONCE GILDED THE VERY BOX WHICH LORD ZEUS GIFTED HER.

AH, PANDORA! IF YOU HAD NOT BEEN SO WEAK-WILLED, HOW DIFFERENT THE COSMOS WOULD BE FOR US ALL, GOD AND MORTAL ALIKE.

ATROPS! IS PANDORA TRULY DEAD? OR DOES SHE STILL WANDER, BRINGING PAIN AND TURBULENCE TO ALL?

IS THAT WHY SHE HAUNTS MY DREAMS? AND HOW CAN DIANA TO SO RESEMBLE PANDORA?

\* WAS IT SOME PRANK THE GODDESSES SET UPON ZEUS AS PAYMENT FOR HIS ARROGANCE TOWARDS WOMANKIND?

"I WOULD EXPLAIN THE HEIGHTENED BETRAYAL HE FELT WHEN DIANA REFUSED HIS ADVANCES."

THE PRINCESS DIANA IS AS SHE IS BECAUSE SHE WAS FATED TO BE AS SHE IS, HARMONIA.

AS FOR PANDORA...

"...ALTHOUGH NO OLYMPIAN WHO DOES NOT ADDRESS THE WHOLE TRUTH OF HER STORY CAN EVER FOLLOW THE TRAIL OF HER DESTINY.

PERHAPS.

AYE, FATE. DIANA OF THE IMMORTAL AMAZONS USED THIS AMULET ON HER FIRST QUEST, UNDOING ALL THAT PANDORA HAD DONE, FOR THE DEMONPLAGUE HAS BEEN RETURNED TO THIS, ITS FIRST RESTING PLACE...

...AND YET STILL THE WORLD IS RESTLESS AND UNHAPPY.

...HER FATE IS STILL UNFINISHED...

IT IS A TIME LONG, LONG AGO, A TIME NOW LOST IN ANTIQUITY, BEFORE THE OLYMPIANS, BEFORE THE TITANS, WHEN GAEA IS YOUNG AND THRILLED WITH THE LIVES SHE BEARS FROM HER WOMB.

LIVES OF CLAY WAITING TO BE MOULDED, FULL OF TERRIBLE, MAGNIFICENT POSSIBILITIES.

THESE ARE THE CREATURES WHO WILL BECOME MEN AND WOMEN, GAEA'S GREATEST LOVE, AND HER GREATEST HEARTACHE.

THEY WILL SHOVE THEIR MOTHER ASIDE, WILL FORM NEW GODS IN THEIR OWN IMAGE - BICKERING, JEALOUS, AND POWER-HUNGRY.

...WHO CRY FOR THEIR MOTHER IN THE WILDERNESS.

BUT FOR NOW THEY ARE SMALL AND EASILY FRIGHTENED CHILDREN...

...NOT VERY BRIGHT...

GAEA IS TORN BY THE DICHOTOMY OF HER MOTHERHOOD.

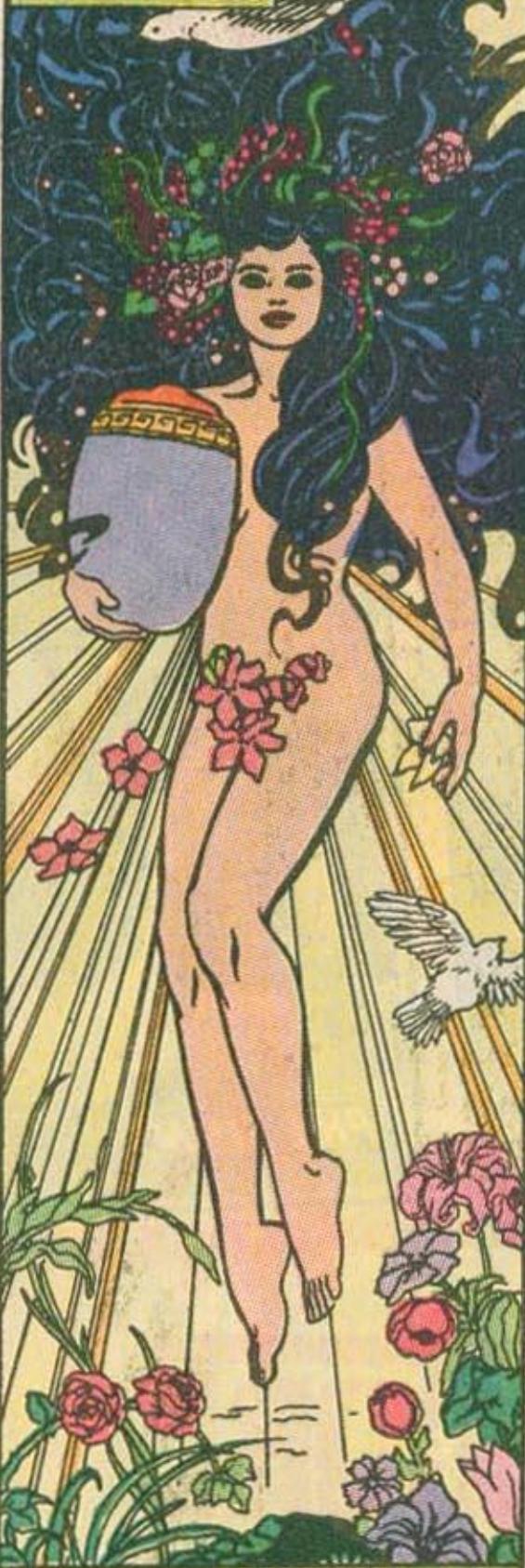


TO DO AS HER HEART DESIRES -- TO KEEP HER CHILDREN CLOSE TO HER HEARTH, PROTECT THEM FROM THE COLD OUTSIDE -- BETRAY THEIR FUTURE.



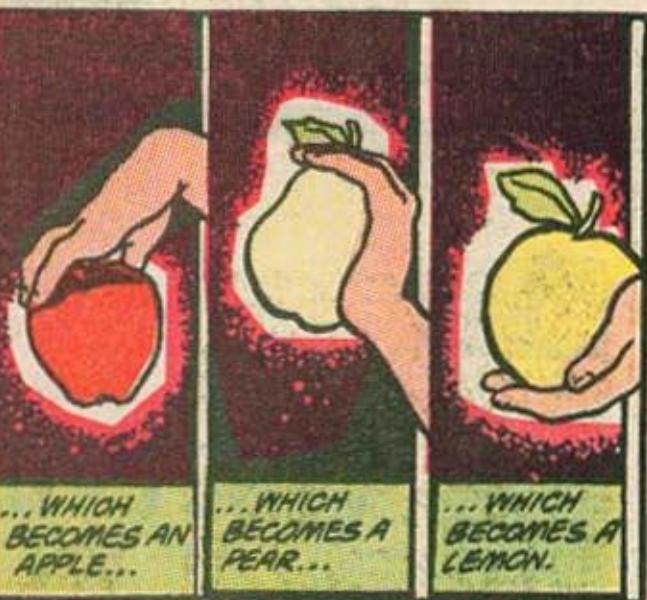
... OR TO PUT THEM OUT INTO THE RAW UNKNOWN, PUSH THEM AWAY FROM INNOCENCE -- AND BY DOING SO, BETRAY HER OWN HEART'S DESIRE.

IT IS TRULY THE CHOICE THAT IS NO CHOICE, AND AS THE GODDESS ACCEPTS HER RESPONSIBILITY, SHE CHANGES...



... BECOMING A NEW MANIFESTATION OF HERSELF AND OF CREATION. NOW SHE IS THE PANDORA, THE MAIDEN-MOTHER...

... THE GODDESS WHO UNDERSTANDS HER CHILDREN'S FEARS AND NEEDS.



I BRING YOU FLOWERING TREES THAT BEAR FRUIT, GNARLED TREES HUNG WITH OLIVES, AND THIS, THE GRAPEVINE THAT WILL SUSTAIN YOU.



THE EYES OF PANDORA ARE BRIGHT WITH THE SUN AND THE MOON.

I BRING YOU PLANTS FOR HUNGER AND ILLNESS...

THE WORDS OF PANDORA ARE A MELODIOUS SONG, WITH THE FULLNESS OF THE BOUNTIFUL SEA.

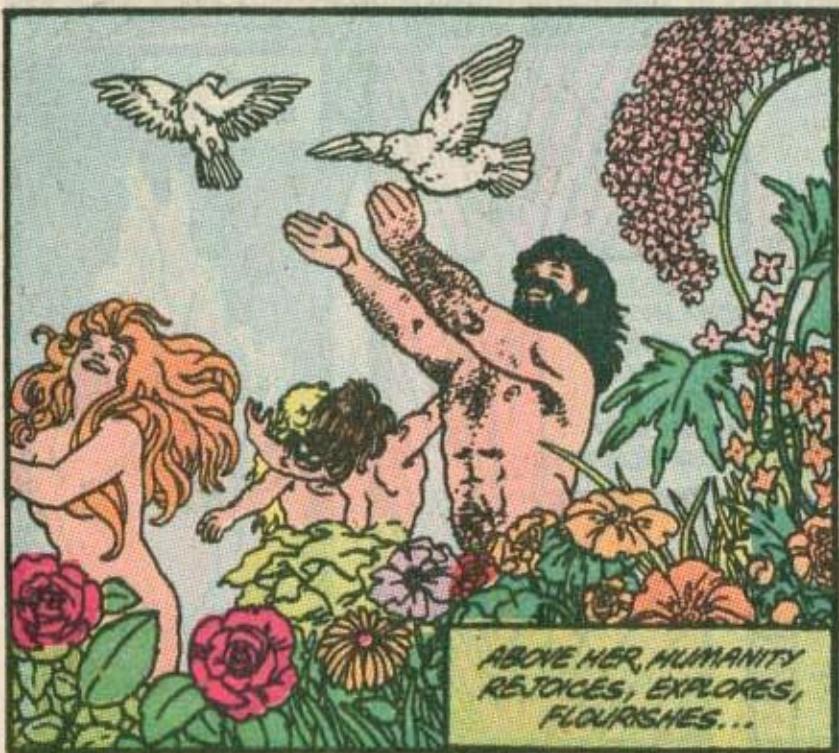
"ATTEND NOW, MY CHILDREN."

"FOR WITH THESE GREAT STONES OF FLINT--

--I GIVE YOU LIGHT IN YOUR DARKNESS, AND WARMTH AGAINST THE FROST.

"I GIVE YOU HEAT WITH WHICH TO COOK YOUR FOOD, AND THE SECRET OF COMBUSTION,

"I GIVE YOU FIRE!"



IT IS NOW THE END OF  
THE AGE OF TITANS.

THE ELDER GODS, LED BY CRONUS,  
WAGE TERRIBLE WAR ON THE.  
UPSTART OLYMPIANS, LED BY  
ZEUS, HIS SON.

IT IS FATED THAT THE TITANS SHALL  
FAIL, THAT THEY SHALL BE IMPRISONED  
IN THE PITTS OF TARTARUS.

TORN ASUNDER BY THE FURY,  
HUMILIATED, RAPED -- SHE  
WILL CRY TEN THOUSAND TEARS  
FOR TEN THOUSAND DAYS AND  
NIGHTS --

--AND HUMANITY WILL  
DROWN IN THE GREAT  
DELUGE OF HER  
SORROW. ALL HUMANITY...

--BUT FOR TWO. DEUKALION  
AND PYRRHA -- A SON OF  
PROMETHEUS AND A DAUGHTER  
OF PANDORA.

AND FROM THE STONES AND  
ROCK ARE THE BONES OF  
GREA, STILL THE MOTHER OF  
ALL.



BUT BEFORE THAT DAY GREA WILL  
SHUDDER AND BURN FOR ALL HER  
CHILDREN, WHETHER THEY BE GODS  
OR MEN.

THEY WAIT OUT THE FLOOD ON  
THE CREST OF MOUNT PARNASSUS,  
AND WHEN THE WATERS AT LAST  
REcede, THEY VEIL THEIR HEADS  
AND WALK ACROSS THE MUDDY  
PLAINS, THROWING STONES TORN  
FROM THE EARTH.

NOW ZEUS CLAIMS THE THIRD  
DIVINE DYNASTY FOR HIS OWN,  
YET GRANTS THE SEAS TO HIS  
BROTHER POSEIDON, AND THE  
KINGDOM OF THE DEAD TO HIS  
BROTHER HADES.

TO ZEUS ALONE GO  
THE SPOILS OF WAR.

A BROKEN PIECE OF A  
MYSTIC JAR, AN ANCIENT  
URN OF PLENTY.

AND THE THIRD IS PRECIOUS  
CLAY, DUG UP FROM HOLY  
EARTH BY ATTENDANTS  
SWORN TO SACRED SILENCE.

WITH THESE IN HIS  
POSSESSION, ZEUS  
RIDES HIS CHARIOT OF  
LIGHTNING STEEDS TO  
OLYMPUS, DECREED  
HOME OF THE NEW  
ORDER.

THE FIRST IS  
A HIDDEN  
TALISMAN --

THE SECOND IS THE  
SECRET OF COMBUSTION,  
THE POWER OF FIRE.



NOW THE GREAT PANDORA IS CHANGED AND DIMINISHED NO LONGER EARTH-BORN, BUT THE HANDWORK OF ZEUS, REMADE INTO THE BEAUTIFUL EVIL, A CRAFTY SNAKE FOR TURNING BROTHER AGAINST BROTHER.



WOMAN, WHO WAS THE INSPIRER, IS THE TEMPTRESS. SHE WHO WAS THE SOURCE IS THE SORCERESS, WHO BRINGS TO MAN NO JOY, BUT ONLY MISERY.



SHE IS TURNED OUT FROM HUMANITY, SHUNNED BY OLYMPUS.



...BEARING ALL THE WORLD'S REMORSE IN HER ARMS UNTIL SHE CAN BEAR IT NO MORE.



...SHE CRIES OUT TO HER MOTHER OF VESTIGIAL MEMORY, TO TAKE HER DAUGHTER BACK, TO ERASE HER PAIN, TO RELEASE HER FROM THIS WORLD OF MEN.



...AND THE SEA-KING'S HEART SWELLS IN PITY FOR PANDORA (HE KNOWS WHAT IT IS TO BE HIS BROTHER'S PLAYTHING) UNTIL IT BREAKS INTO A TIDAL WAVE OF TENDERNESS, IMMERSING HER IN HIS OCEAN, HIDING HER FROM THE WORLD'S PRYING EYES...



...UNTIL THE DAY SHE IS CALLED TO RISE AGAIN...



...TO ONCE MORE ANSWER THE CRIES OF THOSE WHO ARE LOST AND EMPTY IN THEIR SOULS...



...AND FULFILL THEIR NEED FOR LOVE.



