



SHOCK FOLLOWS SHOCK FOR THE ALL-NEW

40¢  
ALL NEW!

NO. 270  
AUG.

APPROVED  
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AUTHORITY

# Wonder Woman

SHE'S  
ABANDONED  
MAN'S WORLD  
FOREVER--BUT  
STILL SHE  
CANNOT FIND  
PEACE!

C-369



NOW THERE'S PANIC ON  
PARADISE ISLAND!



GRANTED THE WISDOM OF ATHENA, THE STRENGTH OF HERCULES, THE SPEED OF MERCURY AND THE BEAUTY OF APHRODITE BY THE GODS, PRINCESS DIANA OF PARADISE ISLAND RENOUNCED HER IMMORTALITY AND ENTERED MAN'S WORLD AS THE MOST LEGENDARY AMAZON...

# Wonder Woman

WITNESS THAT WHICH FEW MORTALS HAVE SEEN BEFORE:

QUEEN HIPPOLYTE OF THE AMAZONS OFFERING FRUITS AND FLOWERS TO THE GODDESS OF LOVE IN THE TEMPLE OF APHRODITE ON PARADISE ISLAND...

WITNESS, AND WONDER, FOR THIS SCENE IS BUT A PRELUDE TO THIS NIGHT'S --

## REBIRTH ON PARADISE ISLAND!

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O BLESSED APHRODITE,  
YOU WHO ARE LOVE  
INCARNATE, HEED ME,  
HELP ME!

ONCE BEFORE YOU ANSWERED  
MY PRAYERS WHEN YOU  
BREADED LIFE AND LOVE  
INTO MY ONLY DAUGHTER,  
DIANA.

NOW, EVEN AS I PRAY TO YOU, DIANA  
LIES IN RESTLESS TORMENT, UNABLE  
TO FIND THE SLEEP SHE SO DESPER-  
ATELY NEEDS.

"HER DREAMS BRING HER NO  
SUCCOR, AND HER WAKING HOURS  
ARE FILLED WITH BITTER MEMORIES  
OF MAN'S WORLD--"

YES, AND OF ONE SPECIAL  
MAN, AS WELL.

APHRODITE, YOU WHO  
KNOW ALL THE WAYS  
AND MEANS OF LOVE--  
IT IS LOVE ITSELF  
THAT IS DESTROYING  
MY DAUGHTER'S  
HEART!



LOVE, BOTH FOR THE  
WORLD BEYOND OUR  
ISLAND'S SHELTERED  
SHORES, A WORLD OF  
PAIN AND SORROW, OF  
SUFFERING AND CRUELTY  
YET A WORLD THAT  
POSSESSES KINDNESS  
AND BEAUTY, AS WELL...

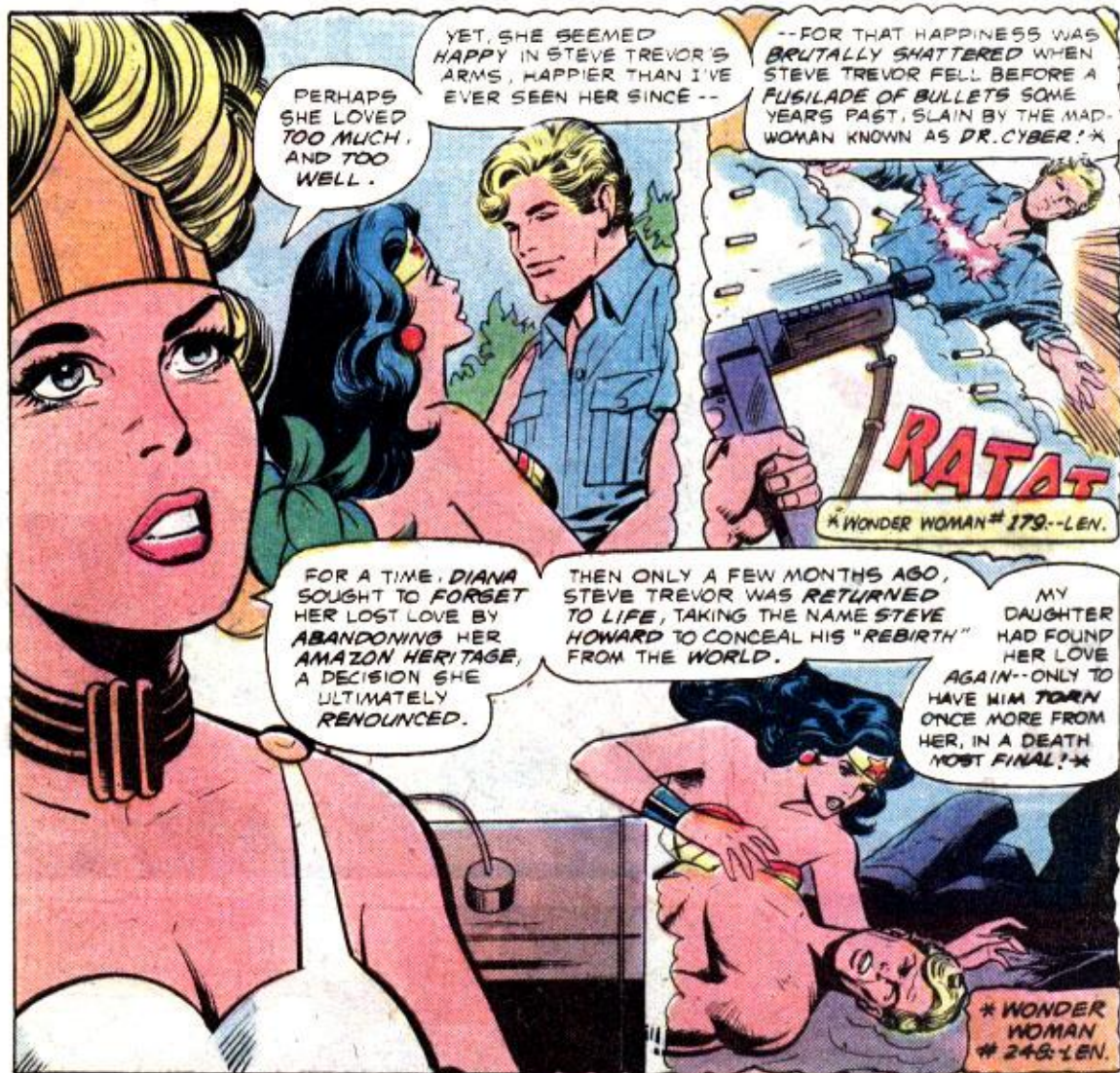
...AND LOVE, TOO, FOR A CERTAIN MAN,  
A PILOT WHO CRASHED OFF OUR ISLE  
MANY YEARS AGO, AND CAPTURED  
DIANA'S HEART.

HIS NAME WAS STEVE  
TREVOR... HE WAS A COLONEL  
IN THE AMERICAN AIR FORCE!

DIANA SAVED  
HIS LIFE...  
AND BY DOING  
SO, IT SEEMS,  
CURSED HER  
OWN!











YOUR PLEA HAS BEEN HEARD, AND I AM TOUCHED.

PERHAPS THIS IS MY FAULT, IN A WAY. LOVE WAS MY GIFT TO PRINCESS DIANA. I GRIEVE THAT IT DOES HER HARM.

WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE ME DO?

GRANT HER FORGETFULNESS,  
O APHRODITE.  
LET HER WOUNDS...  
HEAL.



BE WARY OF WHAT YOU ASK, HIPPOLYTE.

YEA, THOUGH THE MIND MAY FORGET, THE HEART AND SOUL MAY NOT!



YET, PERHAPS THIS WOULD BE BEST. WE CAN BUT TRY.

VERY WELL.

LET THE MISTS OF NEPENTHE RISE FROM THE SEA...



"... AND WHOMSOEVER THEY TOUCH, LET THAT PERSON KNOW PEACE..."



SOFT, A FOG DRIFTS OFF THE SEA, COOL VIOLET IN THE MOONLIGHT.



BUT NO ORDINARY FOG IS THIS, FOR ITS MISTY TENDRILS REACH WITH SUPERNATURAL PURPOSE PAST THE HIGH COLUMNS AND GLEAMING MARBLE WALLS OF THE QUEEN'S PALACE--



-- THROUGH ARCHES, AND AROUND PEDESTALS --

CONTINUED ON 382 PAGE FOLLOWING



--UNTIL THE MISTS ARRIVE AT THE VERY  
CENTER OF THE SLEEPING PALACE--

--WHERE A YOUNG  
WOMAN LIES DREAMING.



SHE STRUGGLES IN HER SLEEP WITH FORCES  
UNSEEN, AND SMALL CRIES ESCAPE HER  
LIPS, UNINTELLIGIBLE.

GENTLY, THE  
MISTS CARESS  
HER BROW.

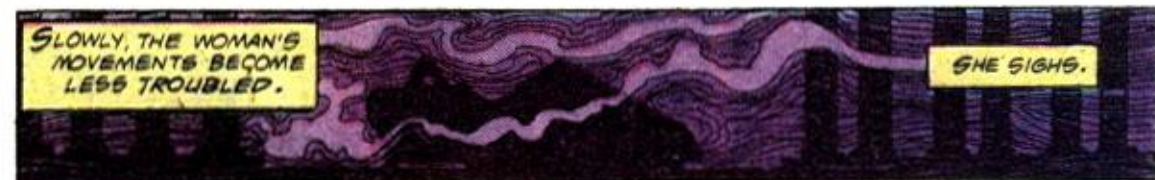


A VIOLET HAZE SEEMS  
TO FILL THE CHAMBER,  
AND THERE IS A SCENT  
IN THE AIR, REMINISCENT  
OF FLOWERS, AND FIELDS,  
AND MOUNTAINTOPS, AND  
SEA SPRAY.



SLOWLY, THE WOMAN'S  
MOVEMENTS BECOME  
LESS TROUBLED.

SHE SIGHS.



AND FINALLY,  
STILL SLEEPING...  
SHE SMILES.





# TABLEAU

AN AIR FORCE BASE ON THE EAST COAST OF NORTH AMERICA, AS DAWN CREEPS ACROSS THE HORIZON...

THERE YOU HAVE IT, COLONEL.

THE F-38... THE MOST ADVANCED COMPUTER-CONTROLLED SUPER-SONIC JET IN THE WORLD.

AND THE FASTEST, OR SO I HEAR.

OH, IT'S FAST, ALL RIGHT, MISTER.

THE BRAIN BOYS ESTIMATE YOU CAN CRACK MACH 10 IN THIS BABY.

THAT'S TEN TIMES THE SPEED OF SOUND, COLONEL. NO ONE'S EVER FLOWN THAT FAST ON EARTH.

BUT DON'T PUSH IT TO THE LIMIT FIRST TIME OUT, MISTER.

WE WANT THE PLANE BACK IN ONE PIECE!

I'LL DO MY BEST, GENERAL.

AFTER ALL, IF THIS TEST PLANE DOESN'T GET BACK-- I DON'T GET BACK.

YOU'RE ALL CHECKED OUT, COLONEL. HOW DOES IT FEEL?

LIKE A GLOVE, FREDDIE. THIS BIRD AND I WERE MADE FOR EACH OTHER.

TELL THE BRASS TO CLEAR THE RUNWAY...

... I'M MOVING OUT!





THE SUN IS A GOLDEN COIN, THE SKY A SAPPHIRE BOWL, THE SEA AN ENDLESS ERVINE BLANKET, AS MORNING COMES TO PARADISE ISLAND...

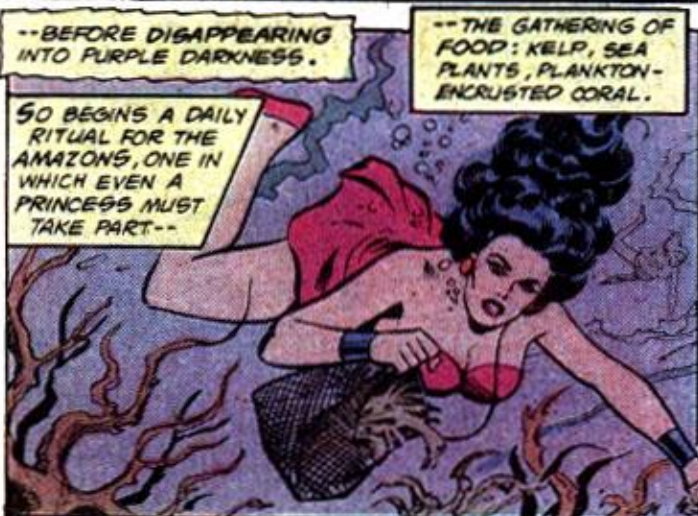
NOT HALF A MILE FROM SHORE, A HANDFUL OF SMALL BOATS BOBS ON THE SOFTLY RISING OCEAN, AS SLIM FIGURES ARCH BRIEFLY IN THE SUNLIGHT--



--BEFORE DISAPPEARING INTO PURPLE DARKNESS.

--THE GATHERING OF FOOD: KELP, SEA PLANTS, PLANKTON-ENCRUSTED CORAL.

SO BEGINS A DAILY RITUAL FOR THE AMAZONS, ONE IN WHICH EVEN A PRINCESS MUST TAKE PART--



PRaise NEPTUNE, I'D ALMOST FORGOTTEN HOW GOOD THE SEA FEELS!

I NEVER REALIZED HOW MUCH I MISSED THIS!



YOU LOOK ESPECIALLY WELL THIS MORNING, DIANA.

YOU SLEPT--?

--MAGNIFICENTLY, CLEO.

I FEEL LIKE A NEW WOMAN THIS MORN.

PERHAPS YOU ARE, SISTER AMAZON.

THANKS BE TO APHRODITE!





LAUGHING, DIANA DRAWS HER DRIPPING FORM ABOARD THE SMALL BOAT, GIVES HER HEAD A SHAKE TO Toss WET HAIR FROM HER EYES--

-- AND THEN STIFFENS IN SURPRISE, AS THE SEA SUDDENLY SWELLS --

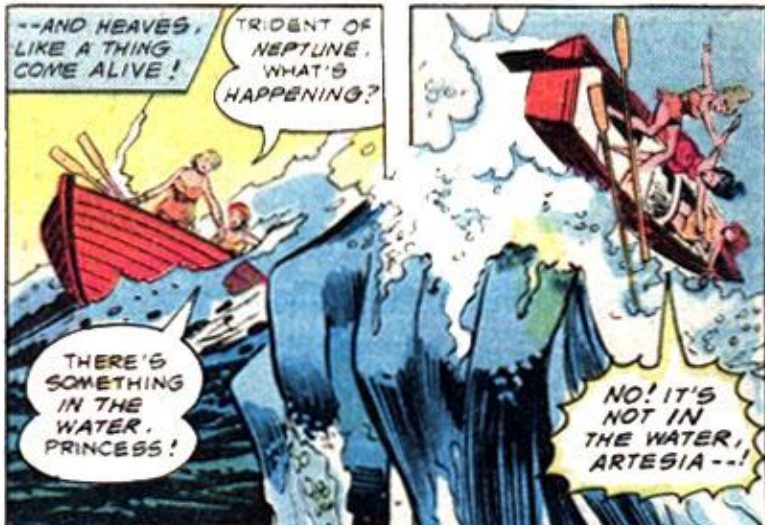


--AND HEAVES, LIKE A THING COME ALIVE!

TRIDENT OF NEPTUNE. WHAT'S HAPPENING?

THERE'S SOMETHING IN THE WATER, PRINCESS!

NO! IT'S NOT IN THE WATER, ARTESIA--!



BY HERA, IT IS THE WATER!

THE SEA'S TURNED INTO A MONSTER!

FOR A WOMAN WHO'S LIVED MOST OF HER EXISTENCE BY THE SEA, CAN THERE BE A GREATER HORROR THAN THIS?

THE SEA, SOURCE OF FOOD, OF STRENGTH, OF SUSTNANCE--





--NOW TURNING UPON ITS  
CHILDREN, WITH ALL THE  
VIOLENCE OF A TIDAL  
WAVE!

PRINCESS!

CLEO-- SHE'S  
BEEN DRAWN  
DOWNWARD BY  
THE UNDERTOW!

HAVE TO REACH  
HER BEFORE SHE'S  
SWEEPED OUT TO SEA!

O MERCIFUL  
MINERVA, SHE'S  
UNCONSCIOUS!

THE PRESSURE AT THESE DEPTHS  
WAS TOO MUCH FOR HER--AND  
PERHAPS IT'S TOO MUCH FOR  
ME!

ZEUS, GIVE ME STRENGTH!  
NEPTUNE, PROTECT ME!

SWIM  
UPWARD...  
UP...

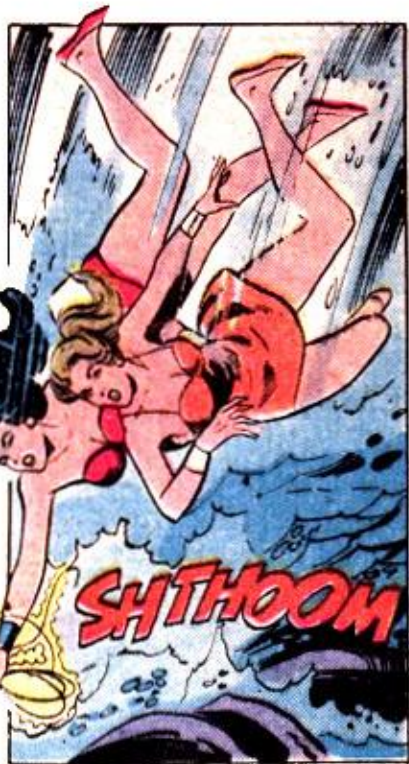
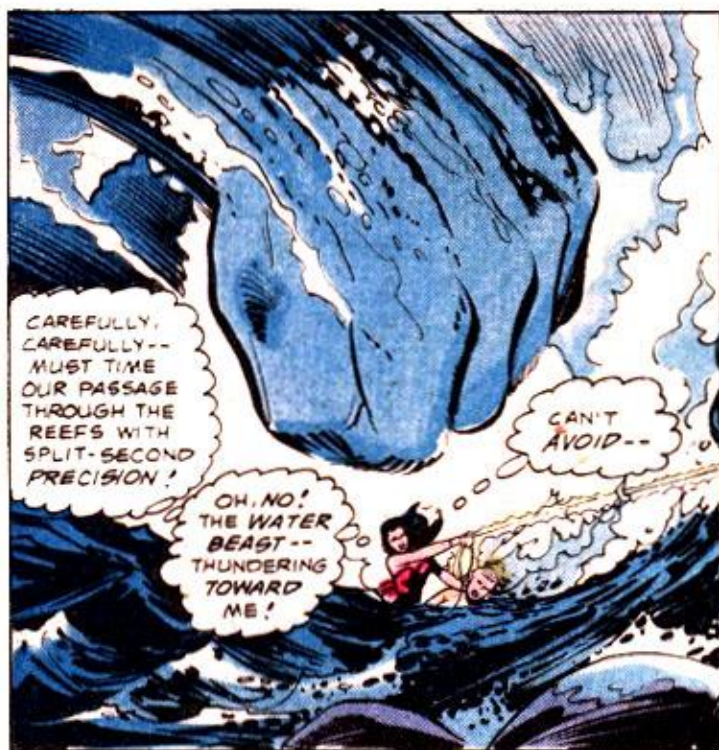
...TO  
THE  
AIR!

THAT SOUND... THE POUNDING  
ROAR OF THE SURF! WE'RE TOO  
CLOSE TO THE REEFS!

WE'LL BE  
DASHED  
AGAINST THE  
ROCKS--KILLED--

--UNLESS, SOMEHOW,  
MY MAGIC LASSO  
CAN GUIDE US  
THROUGH!





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INTRUDERS, TWICE  
NOW HAVE YOU  
BEEN WARNED!

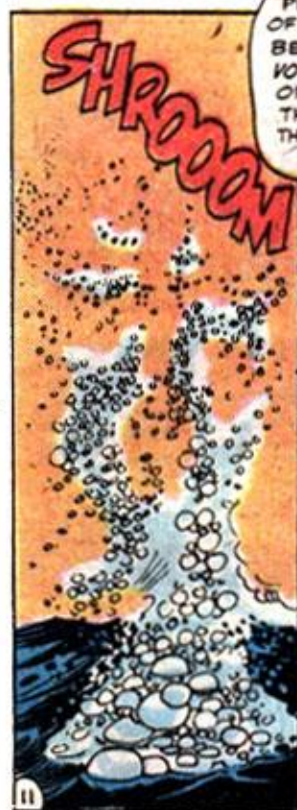
FIRST WITH FIRE,  
NOW WITH WATER!

TAKE HEED, AND  
LEAVE THIS, OUR  
HOME--

--FOR THE  
NEXT WARNING,  
THE WARNING  
WITH AIR--



-- WILL ALSO BE  
THE LAST!



PRINCESS...IT SPOKE  
OF FIRE--COULD THIS  
BE CONNECTED TO THE  
VOLCANIC ERUPTIONS  
OFF OUR SHORES, AND  
THE APPEARANCE OF  
THE FIRE SALAMANDER  
YESTEREVE?\*

DO YOU  
DOUBT  
IT?

THERE IS A  
MYSTERY  
HERE, MY  
SISTERS--



\*LAST ISSUE.--LEN.



AND TO THE OTHERS,  
IT SEEMS NOT SO  
MUCH PRINCESS  
DIANA WHO  
SPEAKS...

--A MYSTERY  
WE MUST  
SOLVE,  
BEFORE IT  
DESTROYS  
US!

...BUT RATHER, HER  
UNSEEN ALTER-EGO  
...WONDER WOMAN!



# TABLEAU

HOME BASE.  
THIS IS  
HI-FLYER.

I'M AT OPTIMUM MAIN-  
THRUSTER ALTITUDE.  
PREPARING TO DISENGAGE  
BOOSTER SECTION.

ALL SYSTEMS  
SOUND GO  
SO FAR,  
GENERAL.

WE'LL  
SEE,  
MAJOR.

GIVE THE BOOSTER  
DISENGAGE COMMAND,  
MARCONI.

TELL THE COLONEL  
HE CAN FIRE HIS MAIN  
THRUSTER IN MARK 45  
SECONDS.

ROGER, SIR,  
PROCESSING  
NOW.

BOOSTER AWAY, HOME BASE.  
I'VE GOT MY FINGER ON YOUR  
LITTLE RED BUTTON.

TEN SECONDS TO  
MAIN THRUSTER  
IGNITION...

NINE EIGHT SEVEN SIX FIVE FOUR THREE

...TWO...ONE...  
IGNITION!

EEYYAAH

LOSING CONTROL!  
NO READINGS ON  
INSTRUMENTS! THE  
WHOLE WORLD'S  
BLACKED OUT!

COME IN, HOME BASE!  
EMERGENCY! EMER-  
GENCY! EMERGEN--



THE SAPPHIRE SKY OF MORNING IS LONG GONE NOW; INSTEAD, BLACK CLOUDS THRUST DOWNWARD FROM THE SKY, OBSCURING A NOONTIME SUN...

LIGHTNING CUTS A RAGGED TEAR THROUGH THE DARKNESS, BRIEFLY ILLUMINATING A WAVE-TOSSED TRIREME--

--WHOSE CREW INCLUDES HALF-A-DOZEN AMAZONS, AMONG THEM THE PRINCESS DIANA AND HER QUEEN AND MOTHER, HIPPOLYTE!

THAT STORM MUST BE THE SOURCE OF THE RECENT ATTACKS ON PARADISE ISLAND!

YOU MAY BE RIGHT, DAUGHTER.

CERTAINLY, IT IS THE ONLY UNNATURAL PHENOMENON IN THIS REGION!

STILL, I WONDER IF WE RISK TOO MUCH BY SEEKING OUT OUR ENEMIES THIS WAY?

HAVE WE ANY CHOICE, MOTHER?

THE WATER BEAST PROMISED A LAST WARNING--AN ATTACK BY AIR--

--AND BY THE SNOWY PEAKS OF OLYMPUS, IT APPEARS HE SPOKE TRUE!

HEAT LIGHTNING!

IF EVEN ONE OF THESE FIREBALLS HITS THE WOODEN DECK OR CANVAS SAILS--

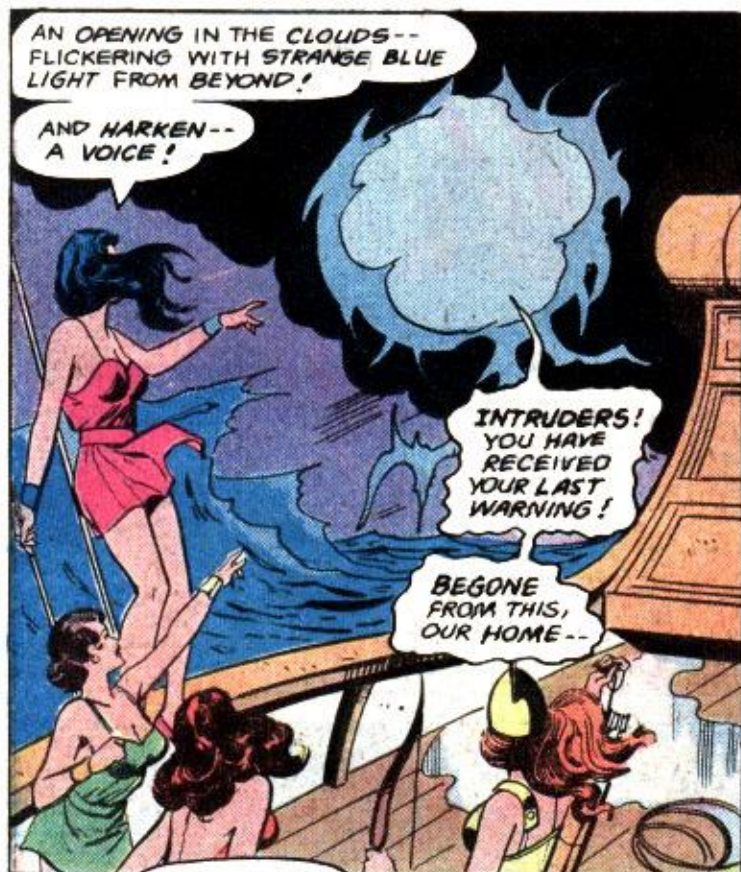
--OUR SHIP WILL GO UP IN FLAMES!

HOLA!

FOR A DOZEN DESPERATE MOMENTS, THE WOMEN WARRIORS FIGHT FRANTICALLY TO PROTECT THEIR CRAFT; AND THEN, DURING A MOMENTARY LULL...

DIANA, LOOK! IN THE STORM'S VERY HEART--





AN OPENING IN THE CLOUDS--  
FLICKERING WITH STRANGE BLUE  
LIGHT FROM BEYOND!

AND HARKEN--  
A VOICE!

INTRUDERS!  
YOU HAVE  
RECEIVED  
YOUR LAST  
WARNING!

BEGONE  
FROM THIS,  
OUR HOME--



--OR DIE  
WHERE YOU  
STAND!

AN ARROW  
THROUGH YON  
PORTAL WILL  
SILENCE THE  
UNSEEN ONES--!

NO!



TWICE  
NOW,  
THEY'VE  
CALLED  
US--  
"INTRUDERS"!

MIGHT THERE BE  
SOME JUSTICE TO  
THEIR CLAIM?  
WHAT DO WE  
REALLY KNOW OF  
THESE WATERS  
THAT MAN'S  
WORLD HAS  
CALLED THE  
BERMUDA  
TRIANGLE?

--AND IF I DO NOT  
RETURN IN AN HOUR'S  
TIME, AVENGE ME!

BUT TAKE NO  
ACTION TILL THEN--

STAY  
HERE,  
MY  
SISTERS--

--UNLESS IT  
BE HEARTFELT  
PRAYER!



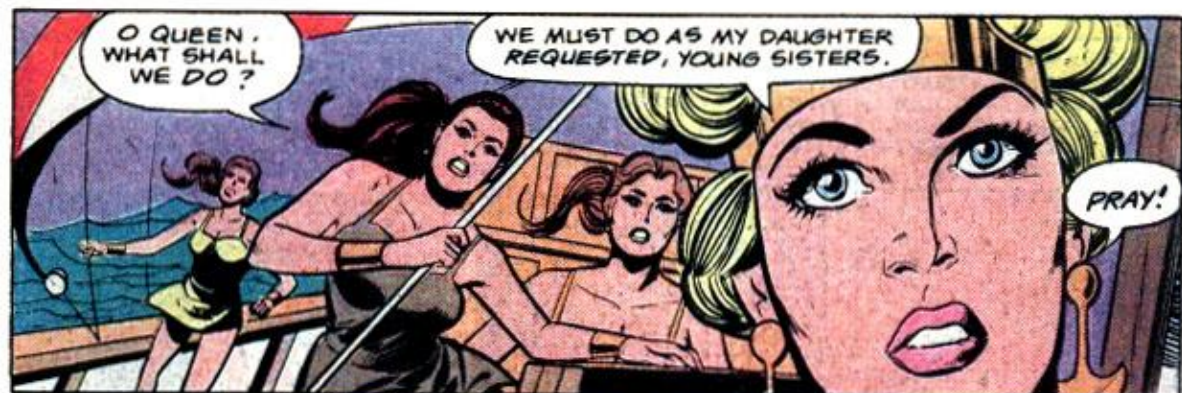
THUNDER NOW SPLITS  
THE SKY WHERE THE  
PRINCESS LEAPED, AN  
INSTANT BEFORE--

A BRILLIANT BLUE LIGHT  
FILLS THE CLOUDS WITH  
EERIE RADIANCE--



--AND WHEN THE LIGHT  
PALES, BOTH PORTAL  
AND PRINCESS HAVE  
VANISHED!





SOMEWHERE, THERE IS LIGHT AND SOFT-SWELLING MUSIC.

VAGUELY, DIANA RECALLS ANOTHER WORLD -- AN ISLAND, A SEA, A HOME, A FAMILY.

BUT THAT OTHER WORLD SEEMS INCREDIBLY DISTANT NOW... A DREAM.

SLOWLY, SHE BECOMES AWARE THAT SHE IS NOT ALONE IN THIS NEW PLACE.

QUESTING LIGHTS BOB AND DANCE ABOUT HER, LIKE CURIOUS CHILDREN.

VOICES SPEAK TO HER WITHOUT SOUND, AND SHE HEEDS.

"WHO ARE YOU?" THE VOICES ASK.  
"WHY HAVE YOU INVADED OUR HOME?"

BENEATH THE IMPATIENT ANGER OF THE QUESTIONS, SHE SENSES SOMETHING ELSE... ANOTHER EMOTION, ONE SHE RECOGNIZES:

FEAR... AND LONELINESS.

"I AM DIANA, DAUGHTER OF HIPPOLYTE, WHO IS QUEEN OF THE AMAZONS," SHE SAYS, WITHOUT WORDS.

AND SHE WAITS, UNMOVING, AS ONE OF THE DANCING LIGHTS HESITANTLY DRAWS NEAR...





ABOARD THE AMAZON TRIREME, A LIGHTNING BOLT DIVES FROM THE CLOUDS TO THE DECK, BUT WHERE IT TOUCHES, IT DOES NOT BURN...

INSTEAD, A FIGURE FORMS WITHIN THE SHARP BLUE LIGHT... STANDS OUTLINED FOR A HEARTBEAT, ALMOST GHOSTLY, AND THEN SOLIDIFIES...

PRINCESS DIANA HAS COME HOME.

AS THE AMAZONS SURROUND HER, HUGGING HER, SHOUTING BARELY-FORMED QUESTIONS, LAUGHING WITH JOYOUS RELIEF, THE CLOUDS ABOVE BEGIN TO FRAGMENT...

THE LIGHTNING FADES WITHIN THEM, AND THE THUNDER ECHOES FAR AWAY.

A FRESH SEA BREEZE COMES UP FROM THE NORTH, BLOWING A PATH THROUGH THE WISPY DARKNESS... A PATH TO CLEARER SKIES... A PATH TO HOME...

THEY'RE AN ALIEN RACE--COEXISTING WITH OUR WORLD, BUT IN ANOTHER DIMENSION!

THE BERMUDA TRIANGLE IS THEIR HOME, A DOORWAY FROM OUR WORLD TO THEIRS!

FOR THE PAST TEN THOUSAND YEARS, HOWEVER, THEY'VE BEEN ON A SOJOURN TO ANOTHER PLANE OF EXISTENCE, AND THEY'VE ONLY RECENTLY RETURNED.

THEY WERE SHOCKED TO FIND "INTRUDERS" LIVING ON PARADISE ISLAND.

BUT WHEN THEY LEARNED WE'D BEEN THERE FOR SEVERAL THOUSAND YEARS--

--AND THAT WE MEANT THEM NO HARM, THEY'D ACTED RUDELY.

IT SEEMS THEY'LL LET US STAY, FOR ANOTHER TEN THOUSAND YEARS, AT ANY RATE--EH?

GREAT HERA! WHAT'S THAT?

ROAAR





IT'S AN AMERICAN  
AIR FORCE JET!

I SWEAR IT CAME  
DIRECTLY OUT OF THE  
CLOUDS--JUST BEFORE  
THEY DISSIPATED!

**THROOM**



MERCIFUL  
MINERVA,  
IT'S  
SINKING!

THE PILOT  
WILL DROWN--  
UNLESS I  
REACH HIM  
IN TIME!



FOR THE PREMIER AMAZON,  
THE HALF-MILE SWIM IS  
ACCOMPLISHED IN SECONDS.

THE LOCKED COCKPIT  
PROVES ONLY A  
MOMENTARY OBSTACLE  
TO AMAZON STRENGTH--



--AND SOON, A BEDRAGGLED  
FIGURE IN A BLUE AIR FORCE  
FLIGHT SUIT LIES IN A  
SPREADING PUDDLE OF SEA  
WATER ON THE DECK OF THE  
AMAZON TRIREME.

GENTLE HANDS REMOVE A  
PROTECTIVE CRASH HELMET--



--AND A MOTHER GASPS  
WITH DISBELIEF!

NO! IT ISN'T  
POSSIBLE!  
HE'S DEAD!

THE FATES  
CANNOT BE  
SO CRUEL!



AT LAST, BLUE EYES  
OPEN AND STARE  
GROGGILY ABOUT,  
FINALLY FIXING ON--

AN ANGEL!

TELL ME I'VE  
DIED AND GONE  
TO HEAVEN!

YOU'VE BEEN INJURED,  
BUT I THINK YOU'LL  
SURVIVE, COLONEL...?

TREVOR!  
COLONEL  
STEVE  
TREVOR!

AND SOMETHING TELLS  
ME THAT THIS IS MY  
LUCKY DAY...

TO BE CONTINUED...

STEVE TREVOR--ALIVE? TAKE OUR  
WORD FOR IT, READERS, YOU WON'T  
WANT TO MISS NEXT ISSUE...

"RETURN FROM PARADISE  
ISLAND!"





c/o DC COMICS, INC., 75 ROCKEFELLER PLAZA, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10019

Dear Editor:

I have been patiently watching *Wonder Woman* grow and I feel it is time to express my views. For one thing, I don't like what has happened to her. She can't even keep a boyfriend. Steve Trevor has died (again) and now Mike Bailey turns out to be a super-villain. Worst of all, now WW is returning to New York City, though with the number of problems she's been having, I don't even see what is keeping her in America. Why doesn't she just pack it in and return to Paradise Island?

On to the current issue: "Land of the Scaled Gods" in *WONDER WOMAN* #265 was one of the best stories I've ever read. I really enjoyed having Diana Prince at N.A.S.A. and this "flashback" was a welcome treat. As for the art, I think Jose Delbo does a nice job, but I'd really prefer Dick Dillin's version of WW.

As for the *Wonder Girl* story, "Mr. Jupiter is Dead", it was wonderful...and even more surprising than the WW tale. There were a couple of discrepancies between *Wonder Girl's* costume here and the one in *TEEN TITANS*, but it was still well worth reading.

ROY PINETTE  
Washburn, ME

A number of readers have asked about getting Dick Dillin to handle the art chores here, but with Mr. D. busily pencilling *JUSTICE LEAGUE*, that's almost impossible. Besides, if we made an art switch, we'd hear from the legion of Jose Delbo fans out there.—TPS

\*\*\*\*\*

Dear Editor:

You can tell that *Wonder Woman* is in serious trouble directionally when the writer has to resort to her past, especially when that past is her N.A.S.A. career, which proved to be a mistake in the first place.

*WONDER WOMAN* #265 emphasizes that this book really does not have a direction. Both *Wonder Woman's* and Diana Prince's lives are, in a word, boring. The numerous changes in her life style are proof of this. *Wonder Woman* of late has had very few adventures worthy of her mettle, the villains have been subpar, and Diana has not been able to find a job she is comfortable in. Let's put some excitement back in this comic! *Wonder Woman* has a large and varied rogue's gallery, so why not use it to the fullest?

"Land of the Scaled Gods" was okay, but since it is not within the realm of WW's present life, it seemed almost pointless. The *Wonder Girl* tale was long overdue, but worth the wait. Now that Donna is back in action, how about teaming her up with her sister?

KENT A. PHENIS  
1082 Sherwood Court, #603  
Greenwood, IN 46142

As we mentioned last issue, Gerry and Len are working hard to establish Diana's life as well as *Wonder Woman's*. Stick with us. Regarding the two-part tale in W's 265-266, these were originally scheduled for *ADVENTURE COMICS* while it was still a Dollar Comic. They would have appeared during *Wonder Woman's* tenure as an astronaut, but the size change in *ADVENTURE* forced us to move them into this magazine.—TPS

\*\*\*\*\*

Dear Editor:

*Wonder Woman* riding the air currents???? Come on now! I don't care if she is an Amazon. I don't care if she's been studying the so-called science of riding air currents all her life. How much does she weigh? Skydivers can ride the air currents to a point, but without parachutes, they'd get their faces smashed.

As far as I'm concerned, *Wonder Woman* is now dead from her space crash. The rest of the issues are imaginary stories!

JIM COHLIN  
No Address Given

Hey, Jim, they're all imaginary stories, remember? *Wonder Woman's* ability to ride the air currents is just as plausible as *Superman's* ability to fly. Or would you prefer that we just say WW can fly and leave it at that?—TPS

\*\*\*\*\*

Dear Editor:

What's with this "Wonder Girl" stuff in *WONDER WOMAN* #265? Where did she come from? Is there a comic I missed somewhere or are you just running out of ideas?

MITZI SILVERMAN  
4595 Moorhead Avenue  
Boulder, CO 80303

The comic you missed was called *TEEN TITANS*, Mitzi, and it ran for a number of years with *Wonder Girl* joining forces with Robin, Kid Flash, Speedy and Aqualad, among others. *Wonder Girl* is really Donna Troy, who was adopted by the Amazons when her parents were killed in a fire. She was taken to Paradise Island by *Wonder Woman* where she was raised and trained by the Amazons. When she left Paradise Island, she hooked up with the TTs and was one of the mainstays of the group. Since the team split up a couple of years ago, Donna has been traveling on her own, trying to decide what kind of a career she wants to pursue.—TPS

\*\*\*\*\*

That's about all for this issue. We'll see you next month with another *Wonder Woman* thriller and your "Wonder Words" about the second parts of the Scaled Gods tale and *Wonder Girl's* solo outing. Till then, see you in the comics.—Ted P. Skimmer

THE HOUSE OF  
**MYSTERY**

EVERY MONTH!  
OPEN A DOOR TO THE--  
**SHOCKING**

SECRETS of  
**HAUNTED HOUSE**