



BEGINNING A BOLD NEW ERA!

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
A
UTHORITY

WONDER WOMAN

101
SEPT 95

BY
JOHN
BYRNE



GATEWAY CITY, A FEW SHORT MINUTES BEFORE THE WITCHING HOUR OF A SWELTERING SUMMER NIGHT.

THE CITY IS RENOWNED FOR THE GENTLENESS OF ITS CLIMATE, THE COOLING ASPECT OF THE BREEZES THAT BLOW IN ACROSS THE VAST OCEAN INLET THAT GAVE THE EARLIEST SETTLEMENT ITS NAME.

BUT TONIGHT THERE ARE NO BREEZES, AND TONIGHT THE AIR THAT HANGS ABOVE THE TOWERS LIES STILL AND HEAVY AS A SLEEPING BEAST.

A TIME OF CHANGE HAS COME UPON THE CITY. RESIDENTS IN LONG STANDING LOOK OUT ACROSS THE CRAGGY FACE OF THEIR HOME AND SHAKE THEIR HEADS.

IT IS A SAD COMMENT ON THE SHAPE OF OUR TIMES, THEY SAY, THAT A MECCA SUCH AS GATEWAY HAS BEEN TAINTED BY THE GRASPING HAND OF CRIME, STAINED BY THE SPILLING OF INNOCENT BLOOD.

BUT TONIGHT, THOUGH NOTHING OUTWARDLY SEEMS CHANGED, THOSE WHO LOOK ABOVE THE FILTH THAT GRIMES THE ONCE-CLEAN STREETS, THOSE WHO RISK RAISING THEIR EYES ABOVE THE GARISH NEON THAT FESTOONS THE VENERABLE FACES OF THE BUILDINGS...

...WOULD FIND A SIGHT THAT MIGHT RESTORE SOME GLIMMER OF HOPE TO THEIR LIVES.

FOR AN ANGEL FLOATS ON THE TURGID AIR, LIGHT AS THE AIR IS HEAVY, SWIFT AS THE AIR IS SLOW.

AN ANGEL UPON WHOM AN OVER ZEALOUS PRESS HAS HUNG THE EPITHET...

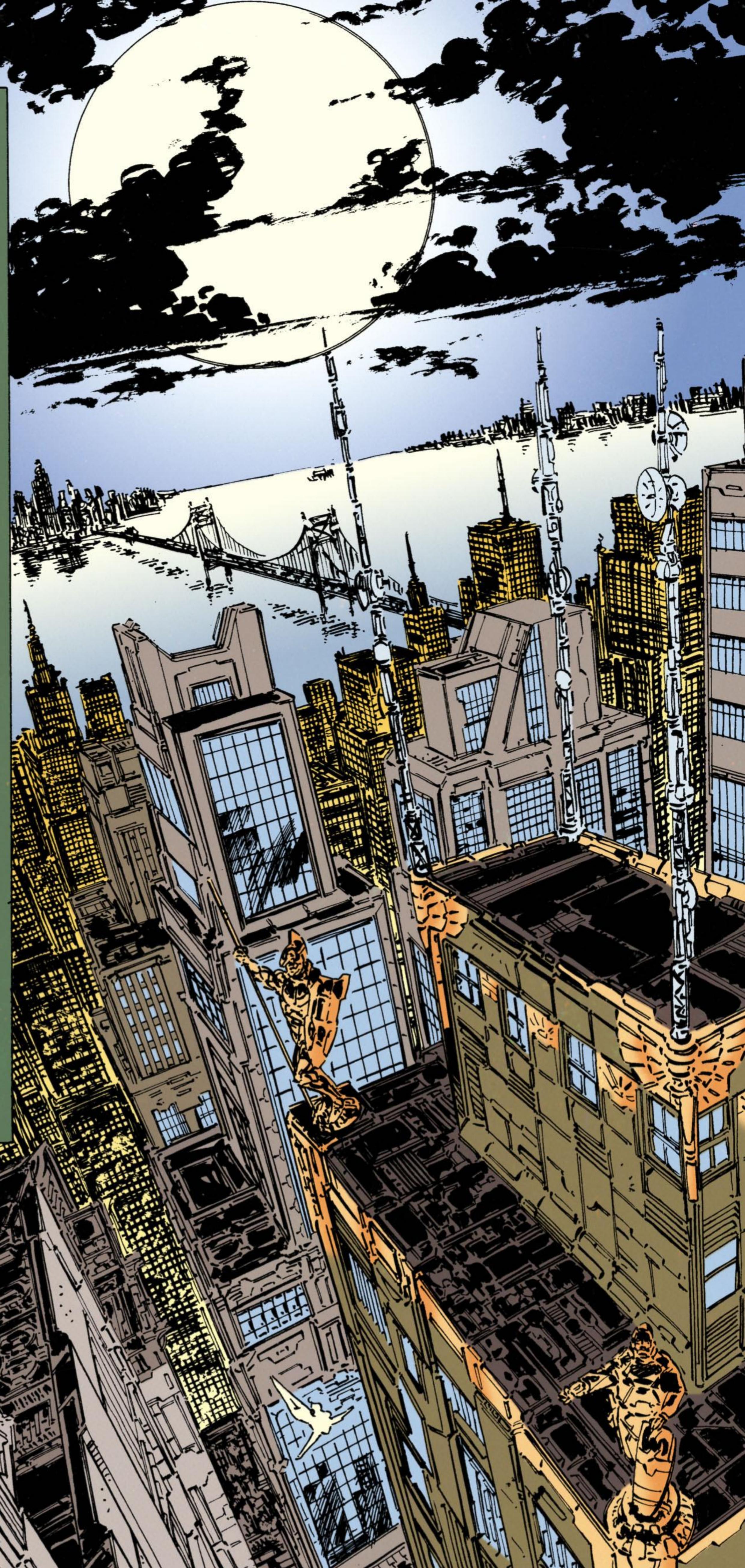
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WONDER WOMAN



SHE IS DIANA, AMAZON,
PRINCESS OF PARADISE
ISLAND...

...THOUGH ALL THAT IS PART
OF A LIFE SHE NOW
CONSIDERS BEHIND
HER--PERHAPS FOREVER.

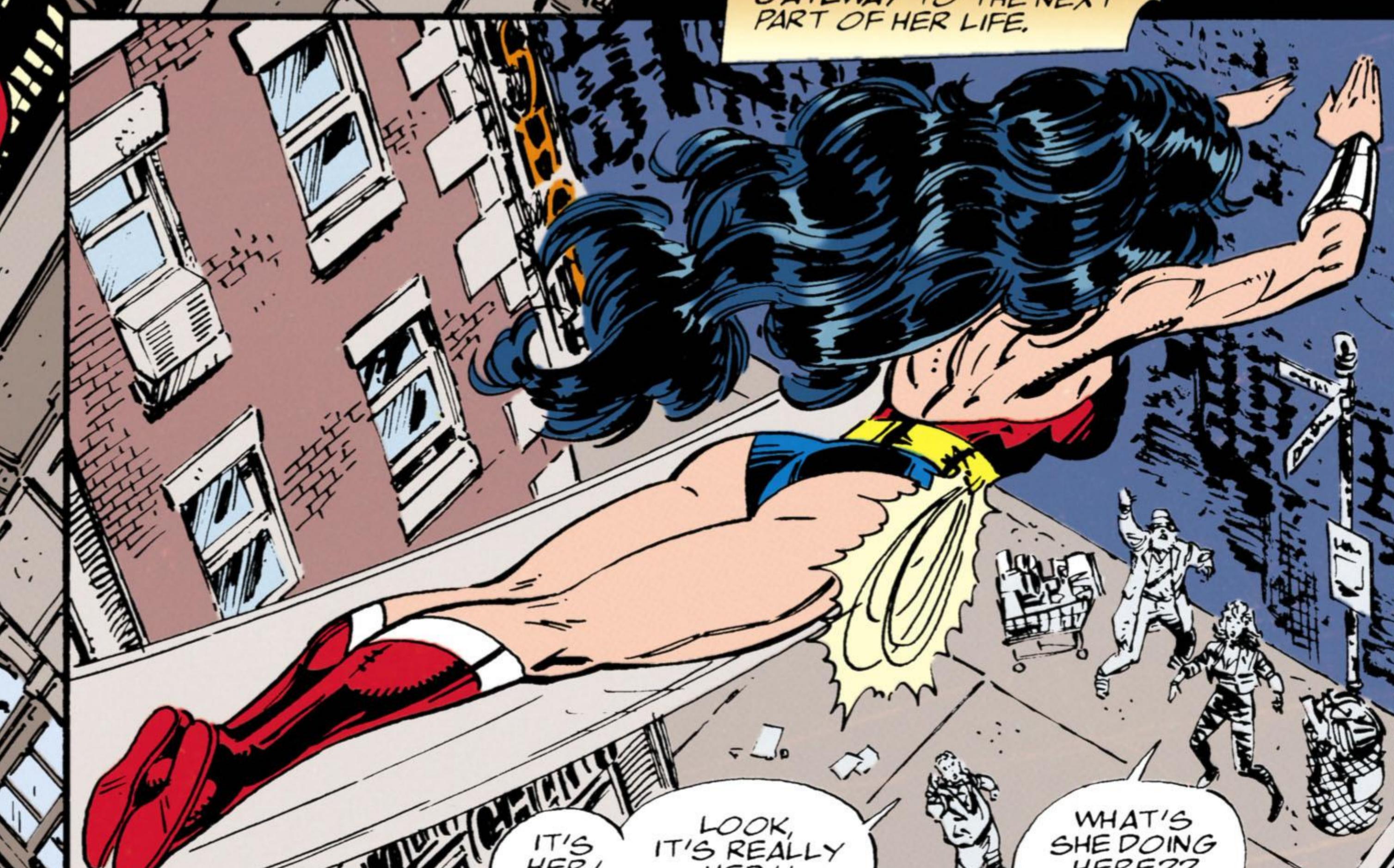
IN THE PAST FEW WEEKS
DIANA HAS SEEN THE VERY
FABRIC OF HER LIFE TORN
OPEN. SHE HAS SEEN THE
CENTER OF HER UNIVERSE
COME ALL UNSTUCK, SEEN
HERSELF BETRAYED BY
THOSE SHE TRUSTED
MOST.

FOR A WELL-INTENTIONED
BETRAYAL IS NO LESS A
BETRAYAL.

AND SO SHE HAS COME
HERE, TO A CITY SHE DOES
NOT KNOW, A CONTINENT
AWAY FROM THE LIFE SHE'S
MADE.

SHE HAS COME TO
GATEWAY CITY, IN HOPES,
PERHAPS, THAT ITS NAME
MAY SERVE A DOUBLE
PURPOSE.

THAT IT MAY TRULY BE A
GATEWAY TO THE NEXT
PART OF HER LIFE.



AND AS IF
IN ANSWER...

SECOND GENESIS

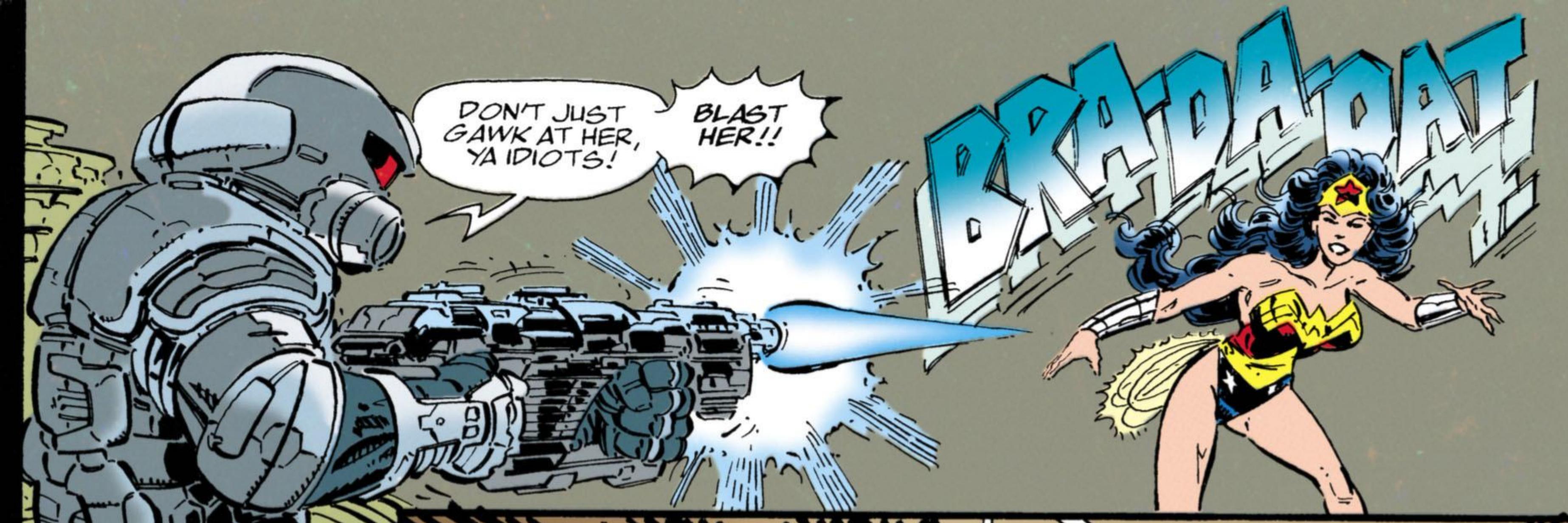
IT IS NOT THE FIRST TIME
DIANA HAS LOOKED INTO
THE FACE OF MORTAL
VIOLENCE.

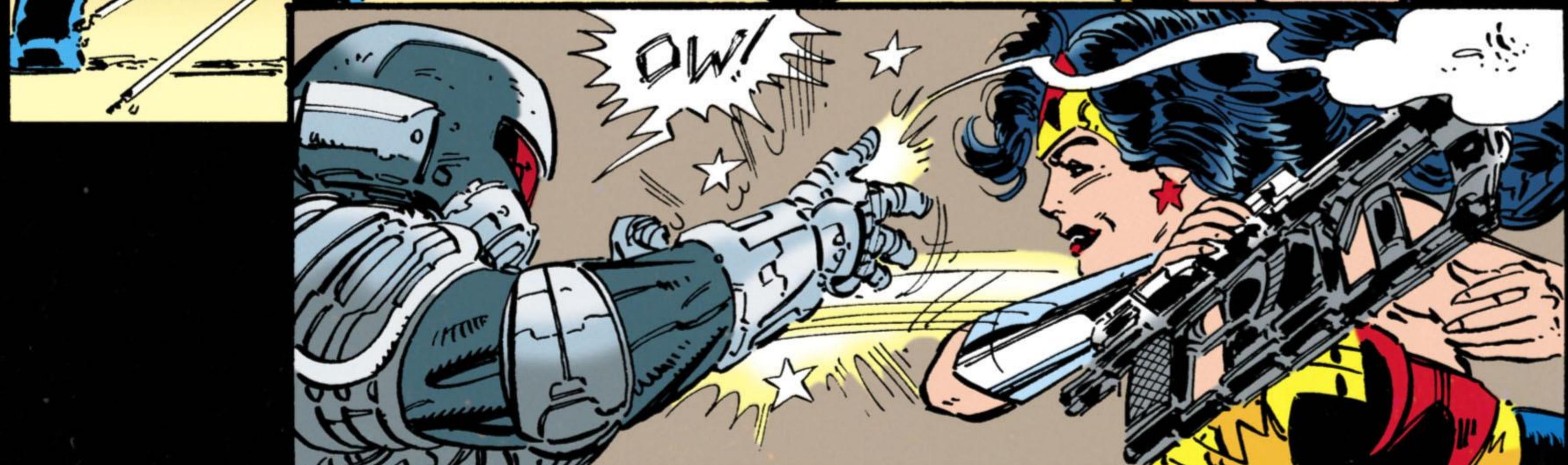
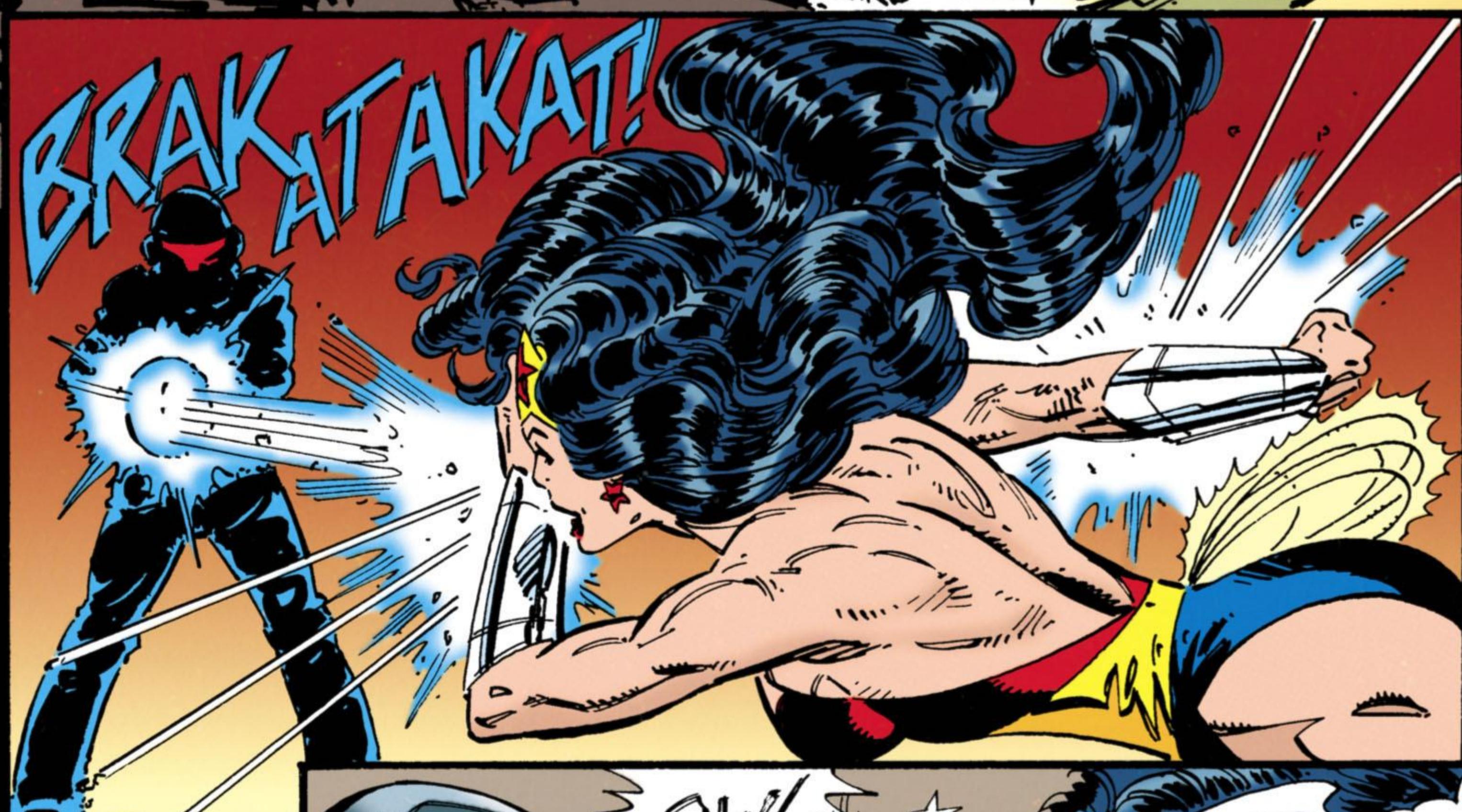
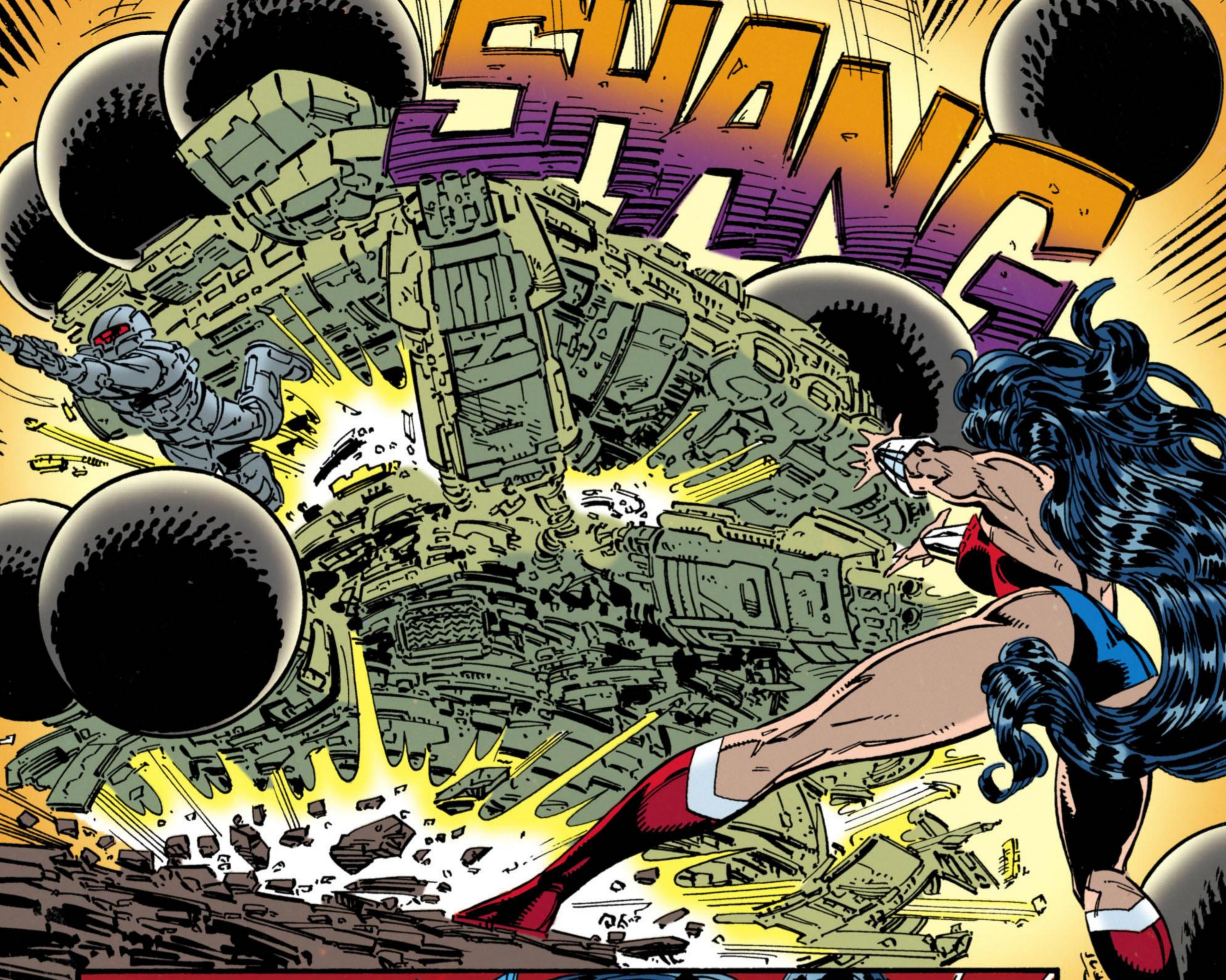
NOR WILL IT BE THE LAST.

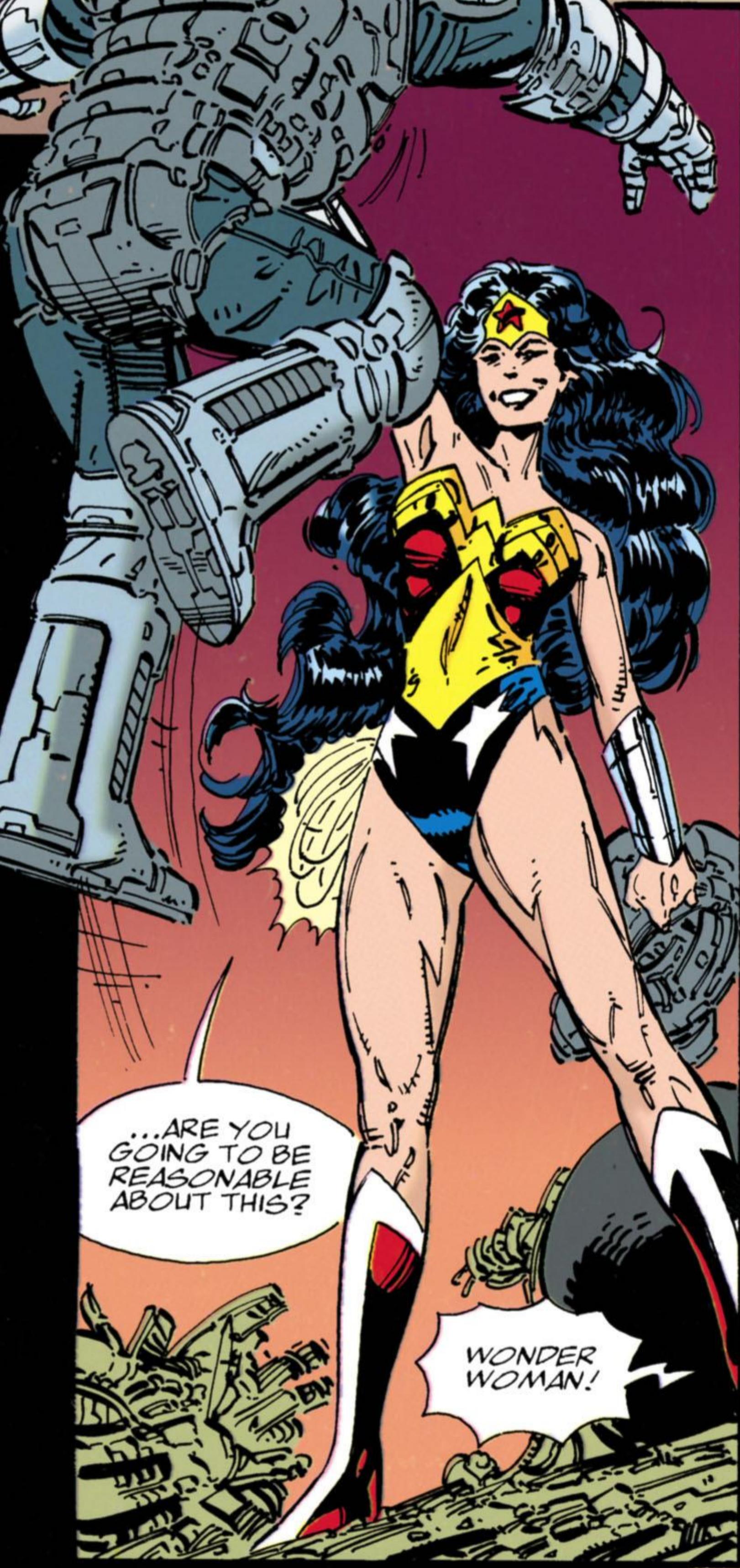
HER SOUL SINKS WITH
HER BODY AS SHE DROPS
INTO THE SEETHING CENTER
OF THE MELEE...

WHAT
THE
HELL...??

WONDER
WOMAN!!







THEY CALL THEMSELVES ANARCHY INCORPORATED. THEY ANNOUNCED YESTERDAY THAT THEY WERE GOING TO HIT THIS BANK TONIGHT.

I'M AFRAID THEY MIGHT HAVE PULLED IT OFF, TOO, IF YOU HADN'T TURNED UP.

BUT... THEY DIDN'T SEEM ANY MORE THAN A PACK OF CHEAP PUNKS. WHERE DID THEY GET SUCH WEAPONRY?

THAT'S WHAT WE'D LIKE TO KNOW.



ALL OF A SUDDEN THERE SEEMS TO BE A LOT OF HARDWARE FLOATING AROUND THE UNDERWORLD.

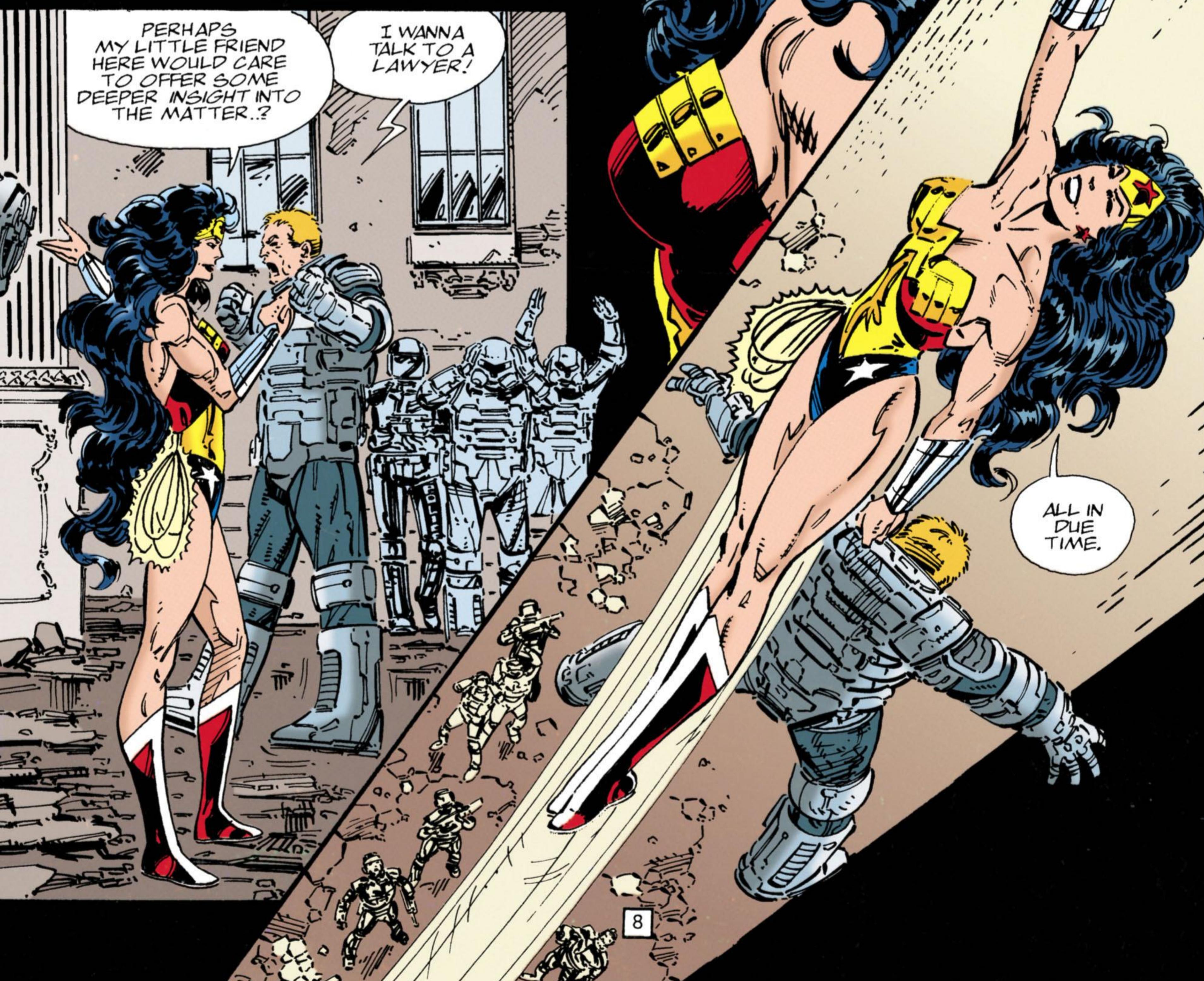
IN THE LAST TWO WEEKS WE'VE RUN INTO ALL SORTS OF CREEPS PACKING HEAVY ORDNANCE.

TWO WEEKS? INTERESTING. THAT IS JUST A LITTLE LESS THAN THE TIME I'VE BEEN HERE.



PERHAPS MY LITTLE FRIEND HERE WOULD CARE TO OFFER SOME DEEPER INSIGHT INTO THE MATTER...?

I WANNA TALK TO A LAWYER!



ALL IN DUE TIME.

FIRST, THOUGH,
YOU AND I ARE
GOING TO HAVE
A LITTLE CHAT.

I THINK THIS
WILL BE AS GOOD
A PLACE AS ANY.

NOW...

HEY, WAIT A
MINUTE! I HEARD
ABOUT THAT LASSO
OF YOURS! YOU
CAN'T USE IT ON
ME!

I GOT
RIGHTS!

OF COURSE YOU DO. AND I WOULD
NOT DREAM OF INFRINGING UPON THEM.

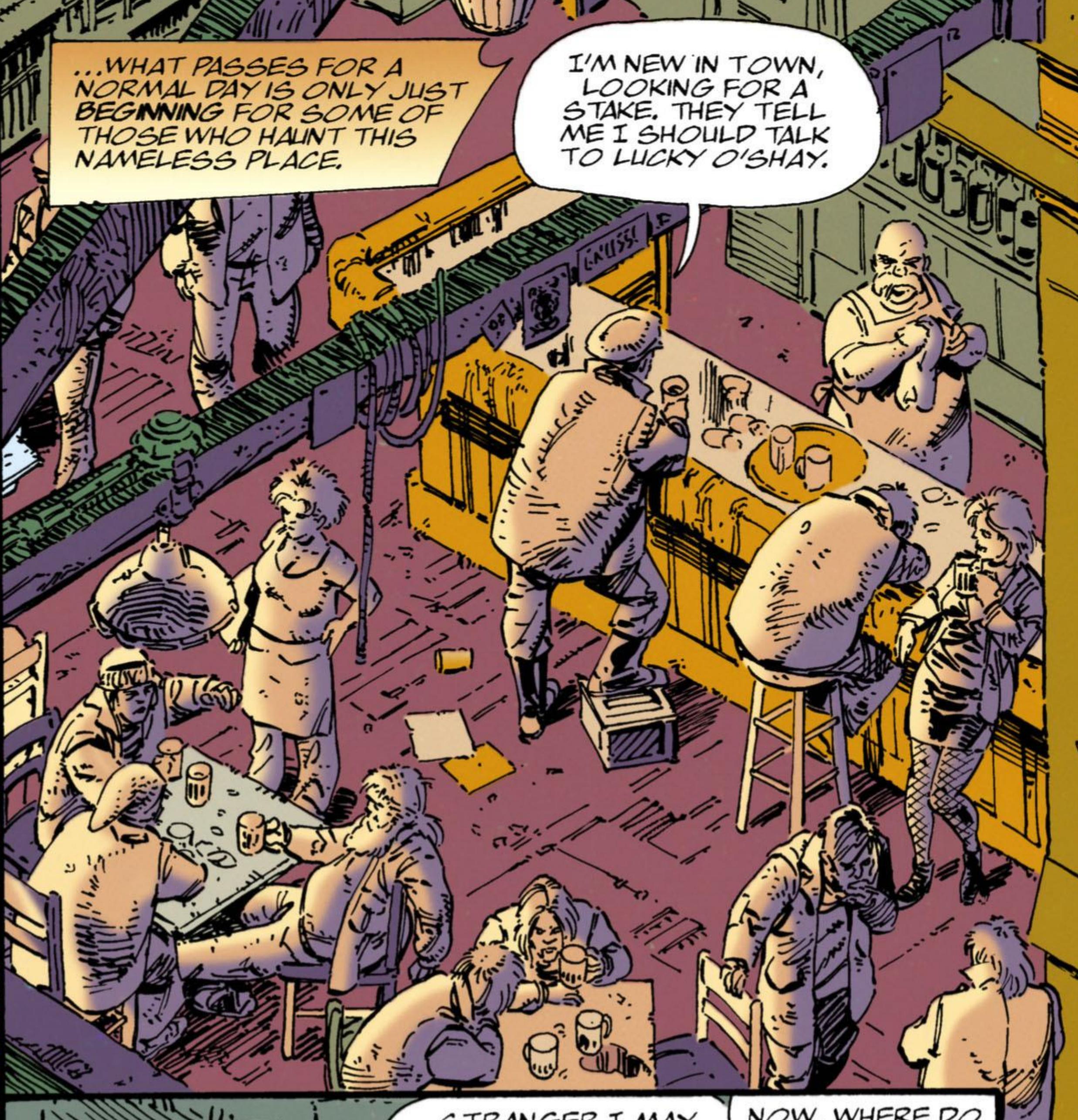
ESPECIALLY NOT YOUR RIGHT
TO TELL THE TRUTH!

TWENTY-TWO HOURS LATER.

AS THE MISTS ROLL IN OFF GATEWAY BAY, AND UP AND DOWN THE COAST FOGHORNS BEGIN THEIR MOURNFUL DRONE...

...WHAT PASSES FOR A NORMAL DAY IS ONLY JUST BEGINNING FOR SOME OF THOSE WHO HAUNT THIS NAMELESS PLACE.

I'M NEW IN TOWN, LOOKING FOR A STAKE. THEY TELL ME I SHOULD TALK TO LUCKY O'SHAY.

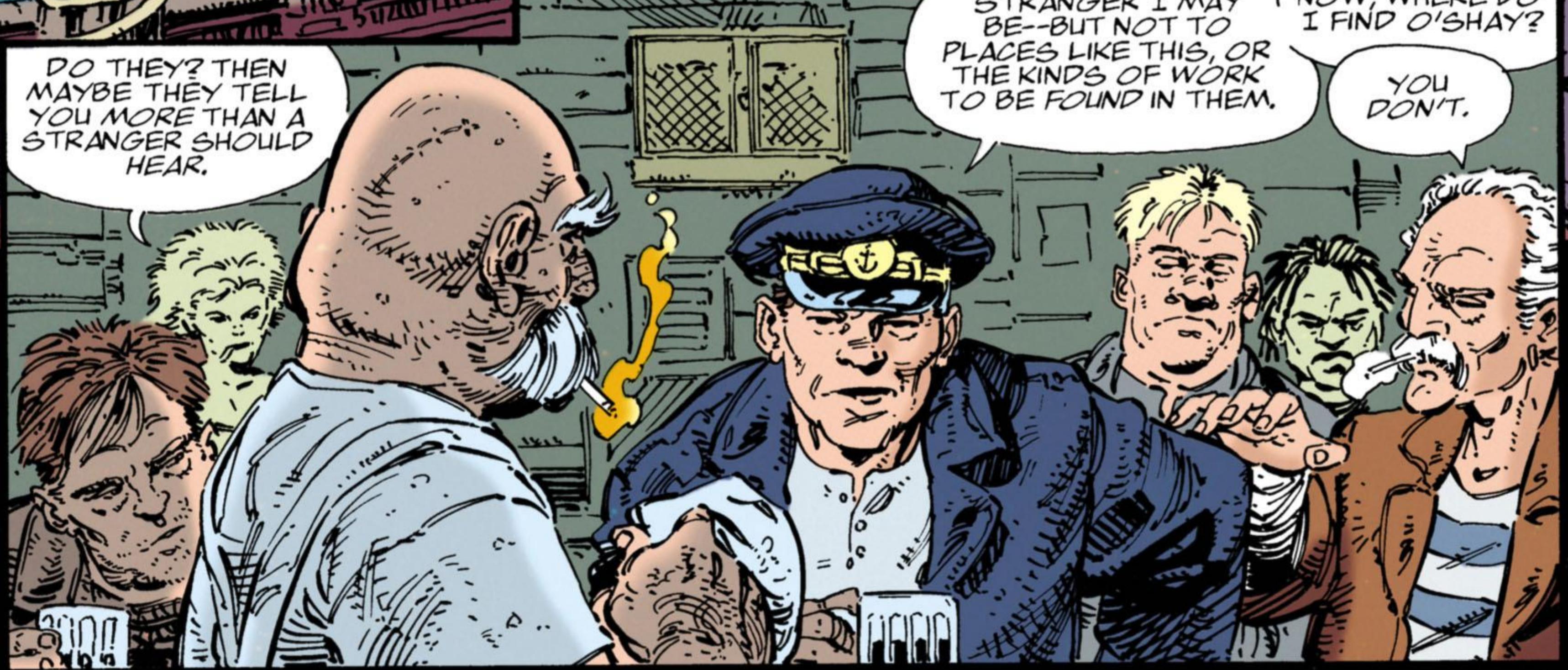


DO THEY? THEN MAYBE THEY TELL YOU MORE THAN A STRANGER SHOULD HEAR.

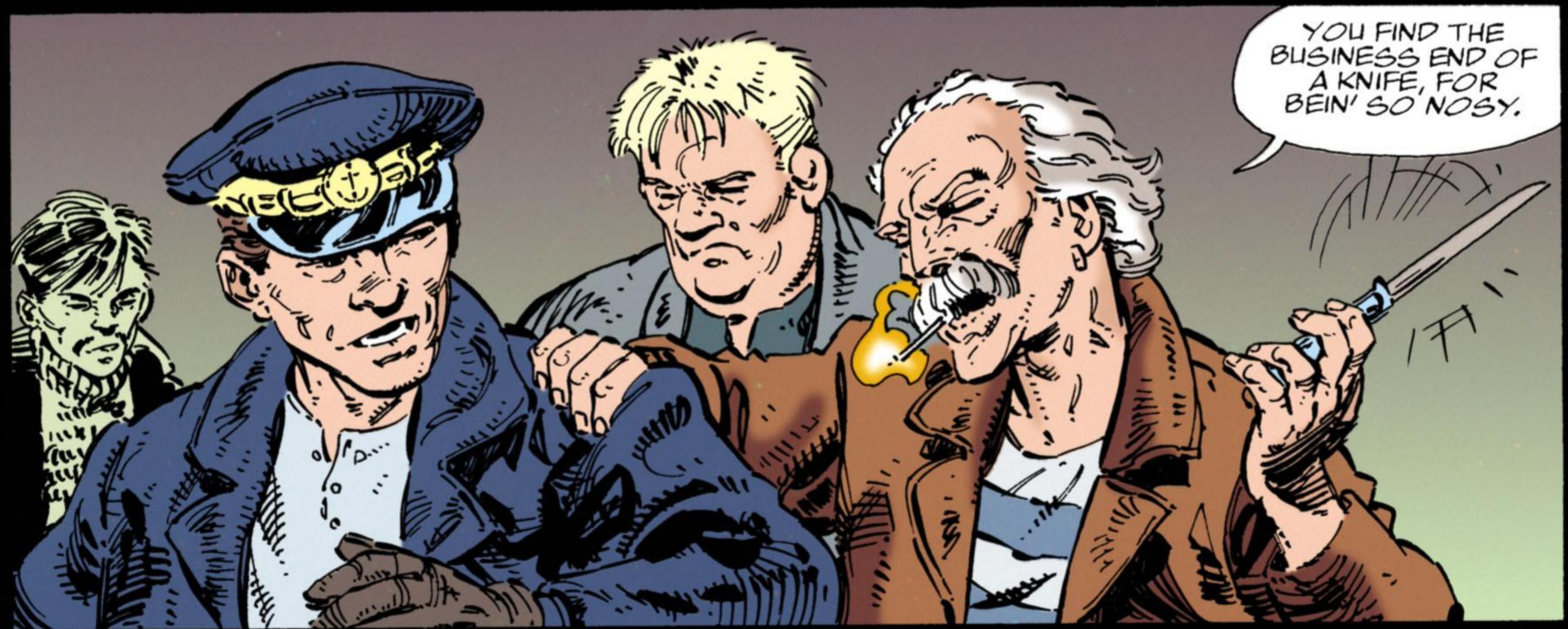
STRANGER I MAY BE--BUT NOT TO PLACES LIKE THIS, OR THE KINDS OF WORK TO BE FOUND IN THEM.

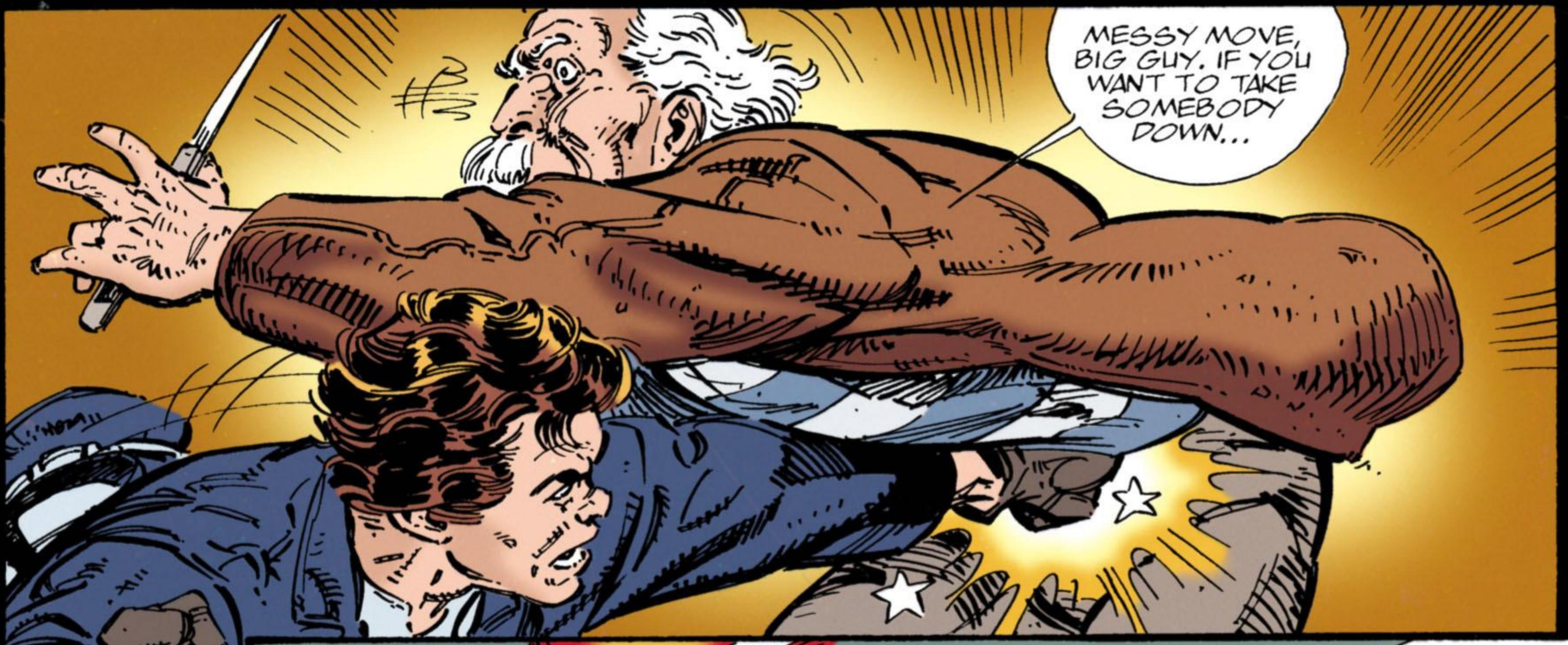
NOW, WHERE DO I FIND O'SHAY?

YOU DON'T.



YOU FIND THE BUSINESS END OF A KNIFE, FOR BEIN' SO NOSY.

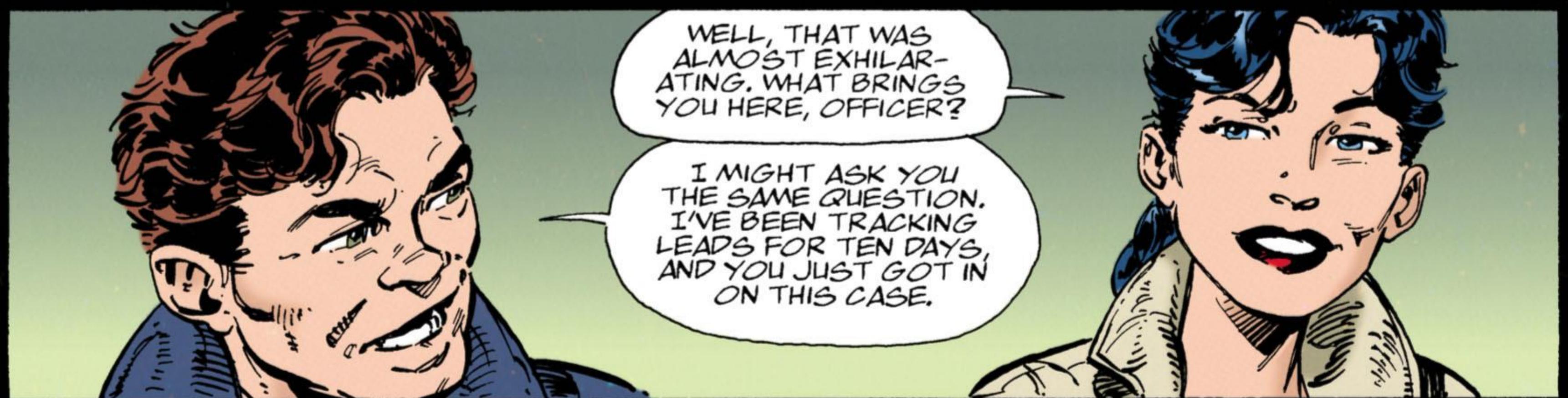
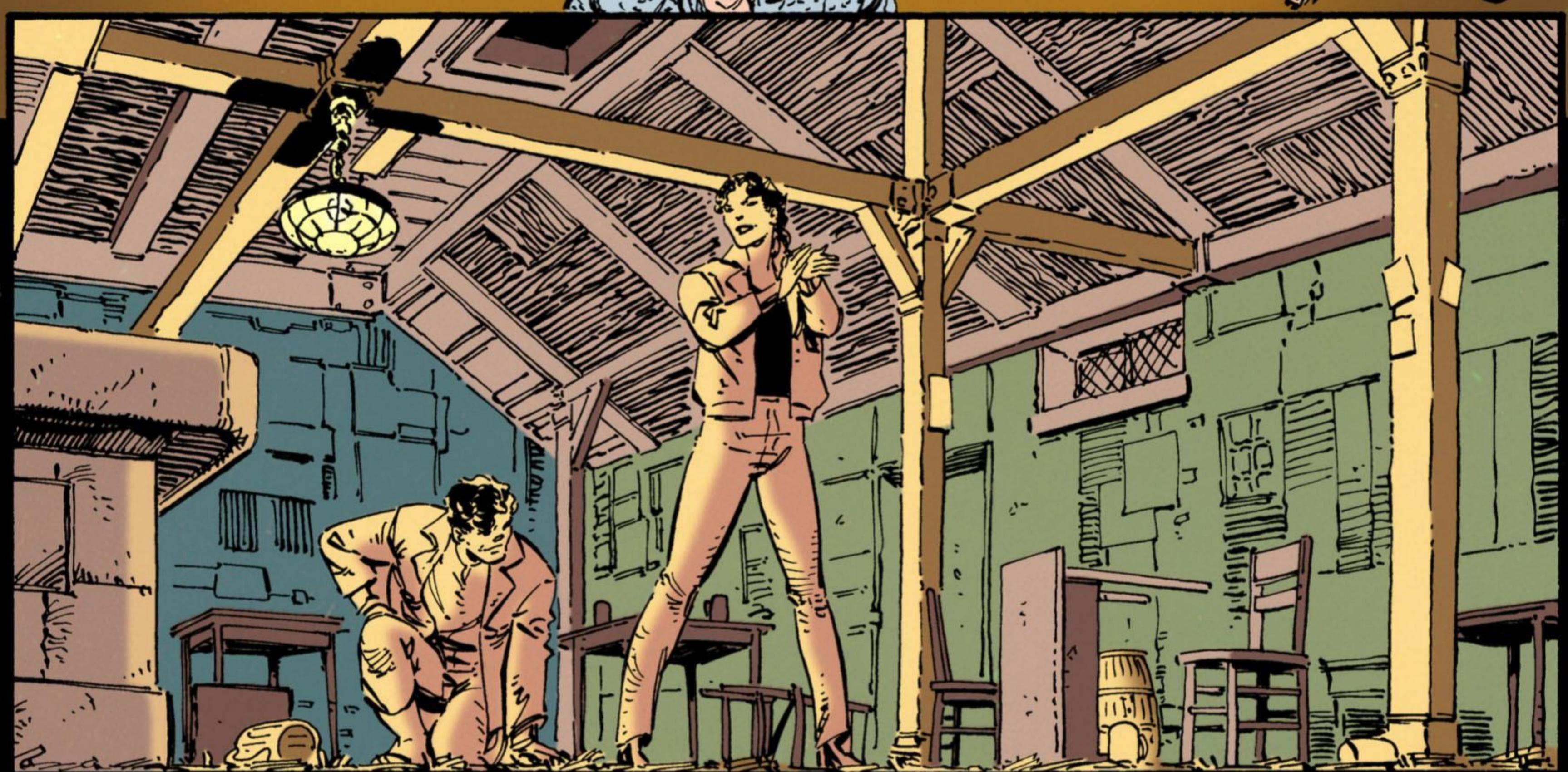


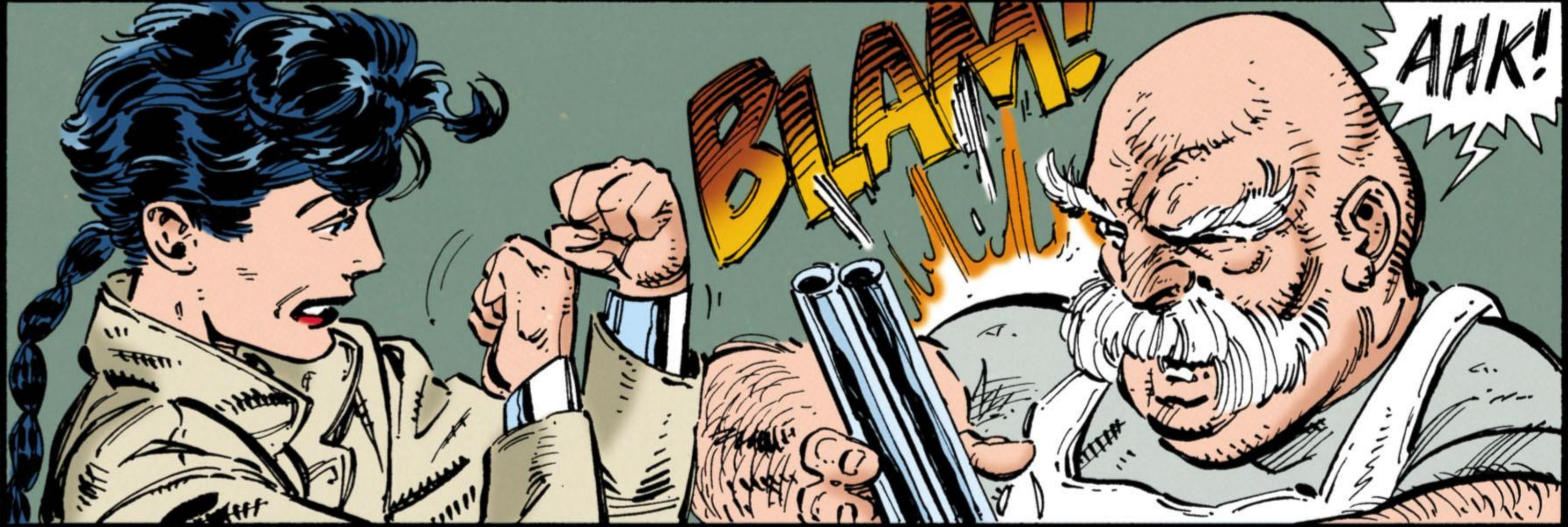


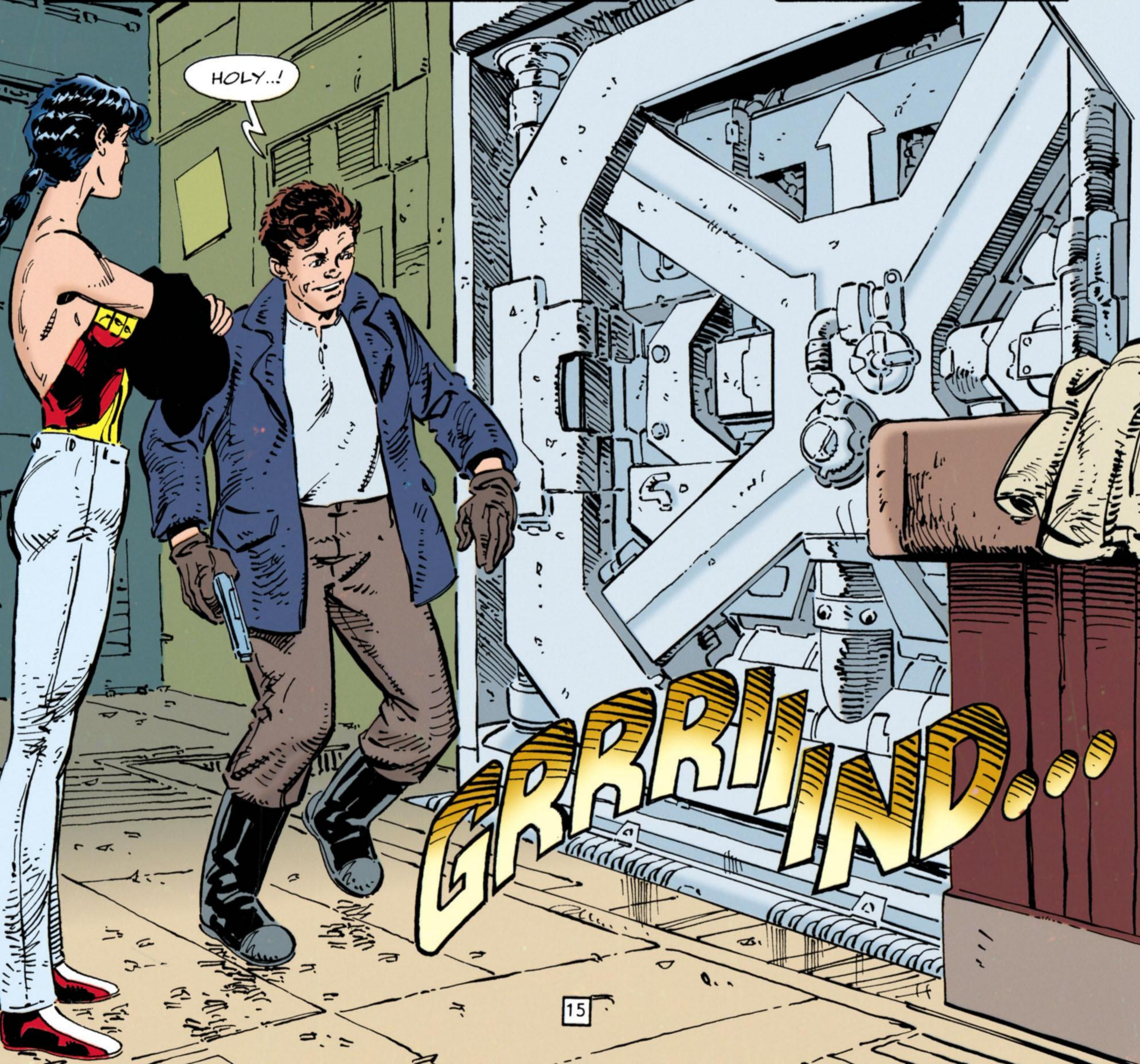
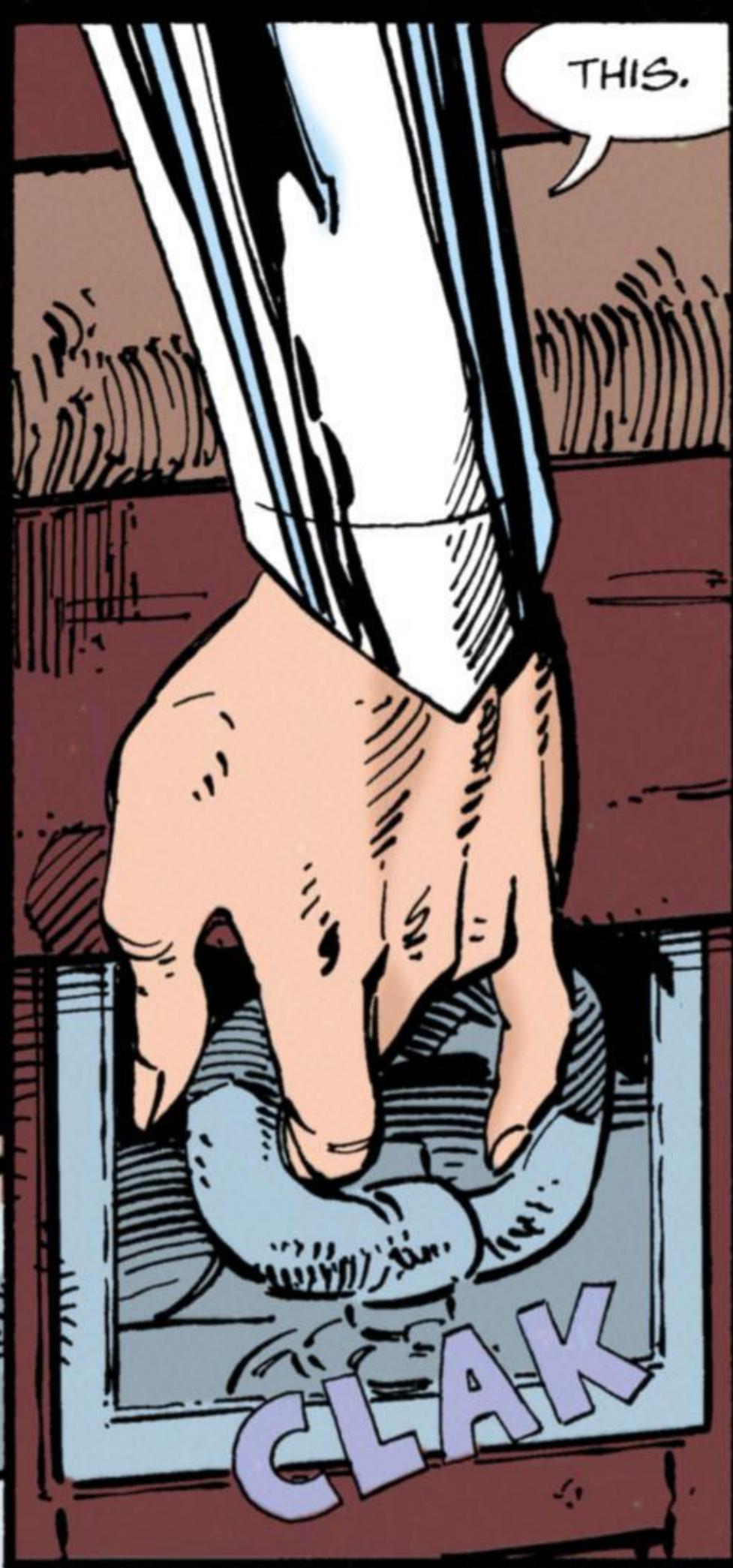
SHE APPEARS AS IF FROM NOWHERE, LONG LEGS CARRYING HER IN AN INSTANT TO THE VERY HEART OF THE MELEE...

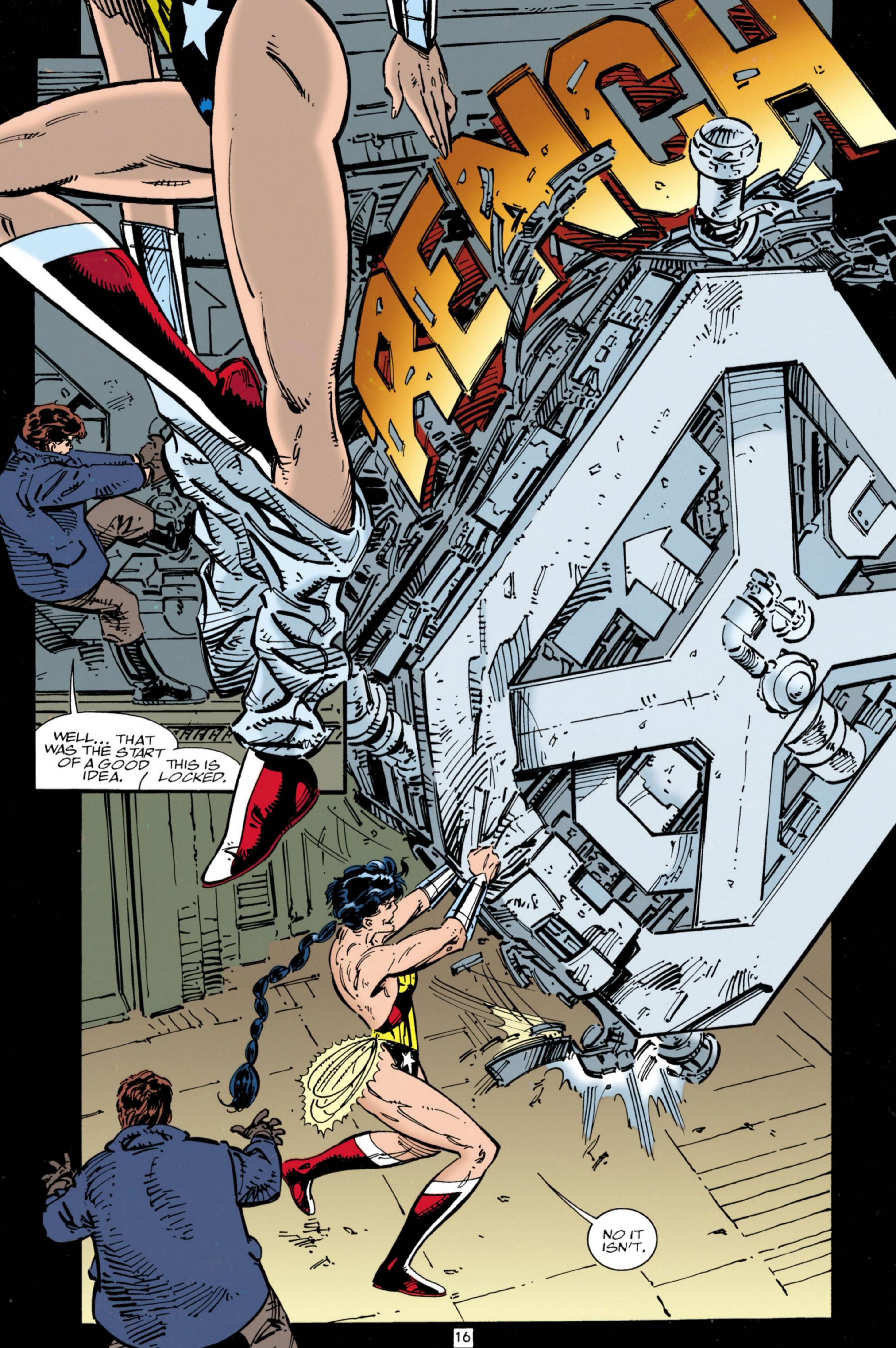
...TO PLUCK AND Toss LARGE MEN AS EASILY AS A GIRL MIGHT PLUCK THE PETALS FROM A DAISY.

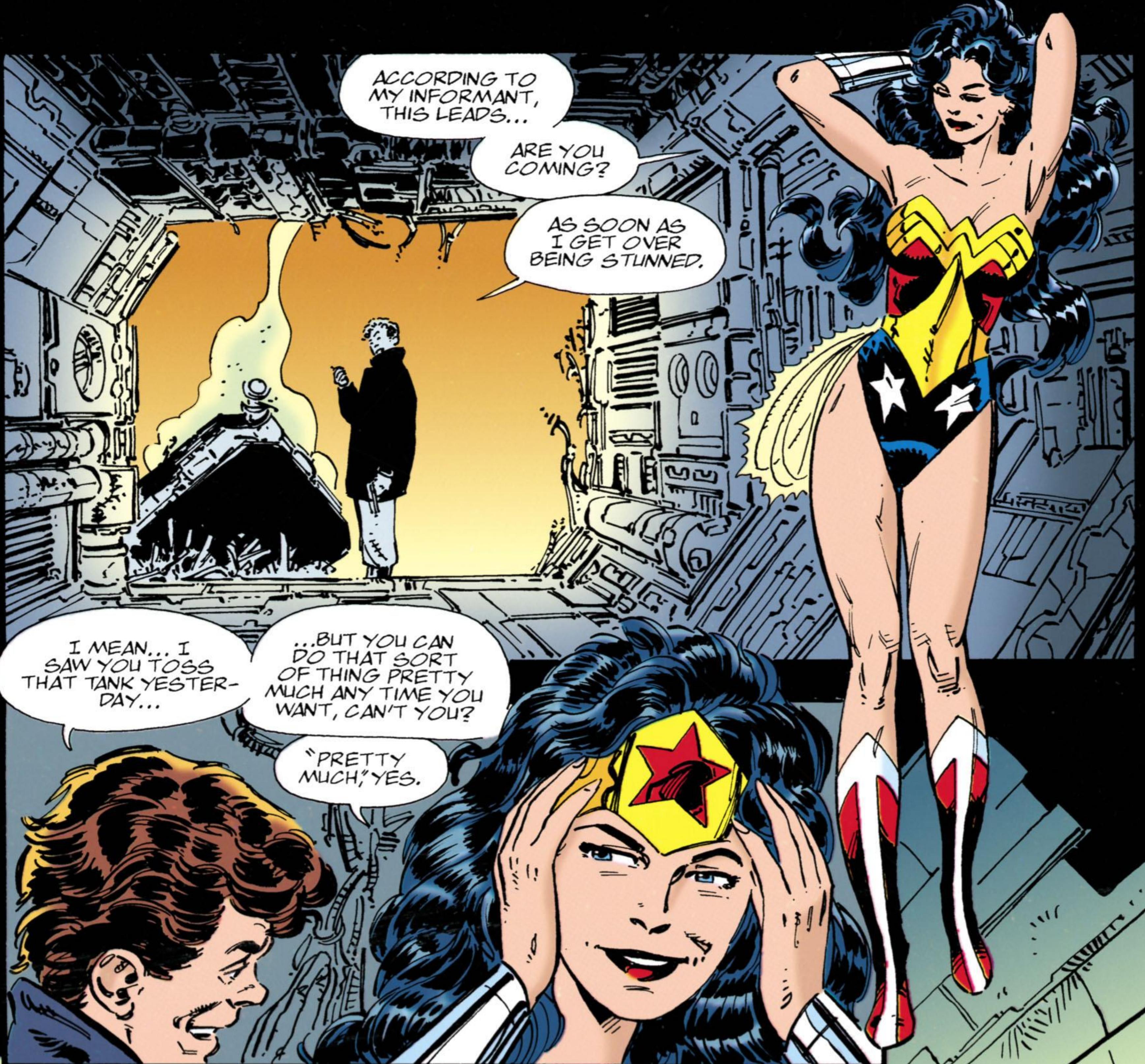
WONDER WOMAN!











LOOK AT THIS PLACE! THIS TUNNEL MUST GO ON FOR MILES!

WHO COULD HAVE BUILT SUCH A THING, RIGHT UNDER THE CITY, WITHOUT ANYONE KNOWING?

I'M NOT SURE. THERE IS SOMETHING... FAMILIAR ABOUT THIS PLACE.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE TECHNOLOGY THAT...



HOLD IT.
I THOUGHT I
SAW SOMETHING MOVE...

GET READY TO
MAKE A RUN FOR
THE SURFACE.

I DON'T THINK
YOUR HANDGUN WILL
BE OF MUCH USE
AGAINST THE THINGS
THAT LURK DOWN
HERE...

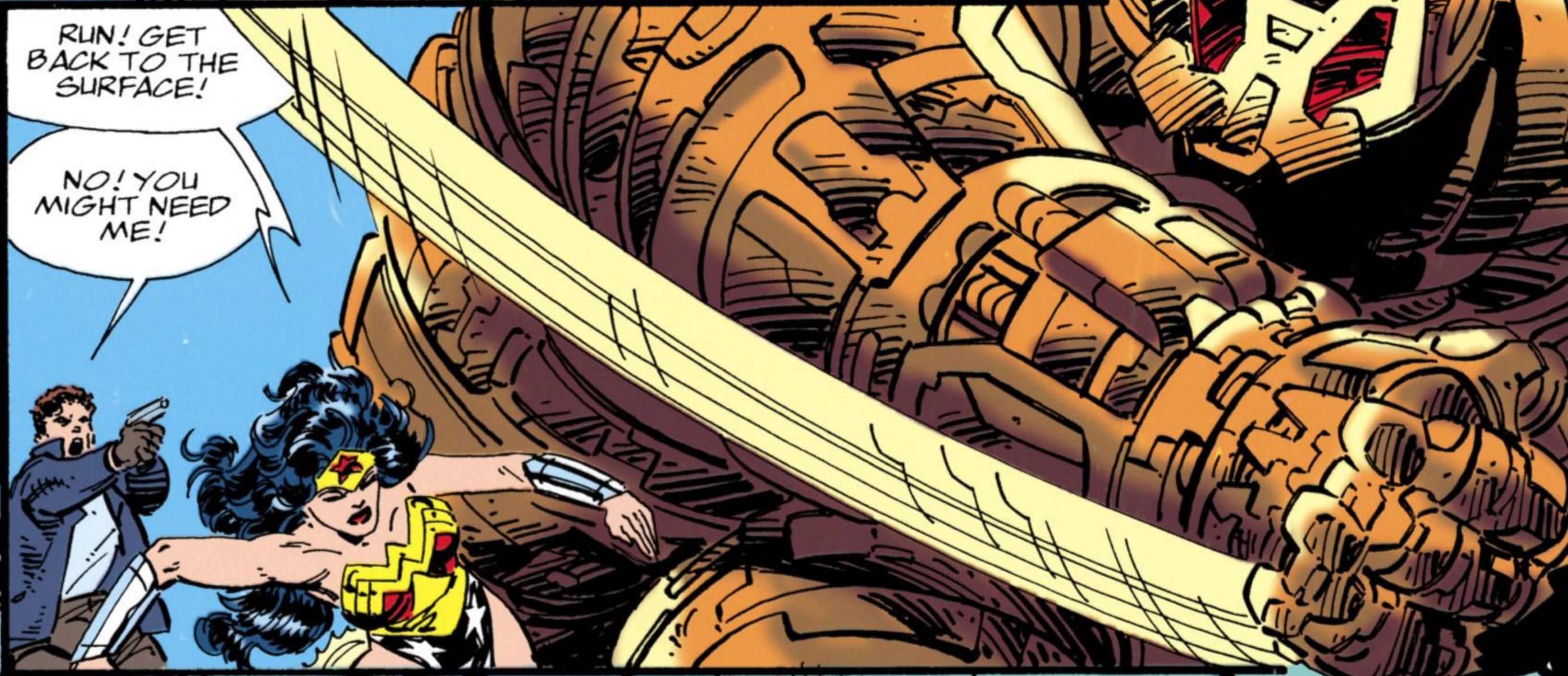


LOOK OUT!!



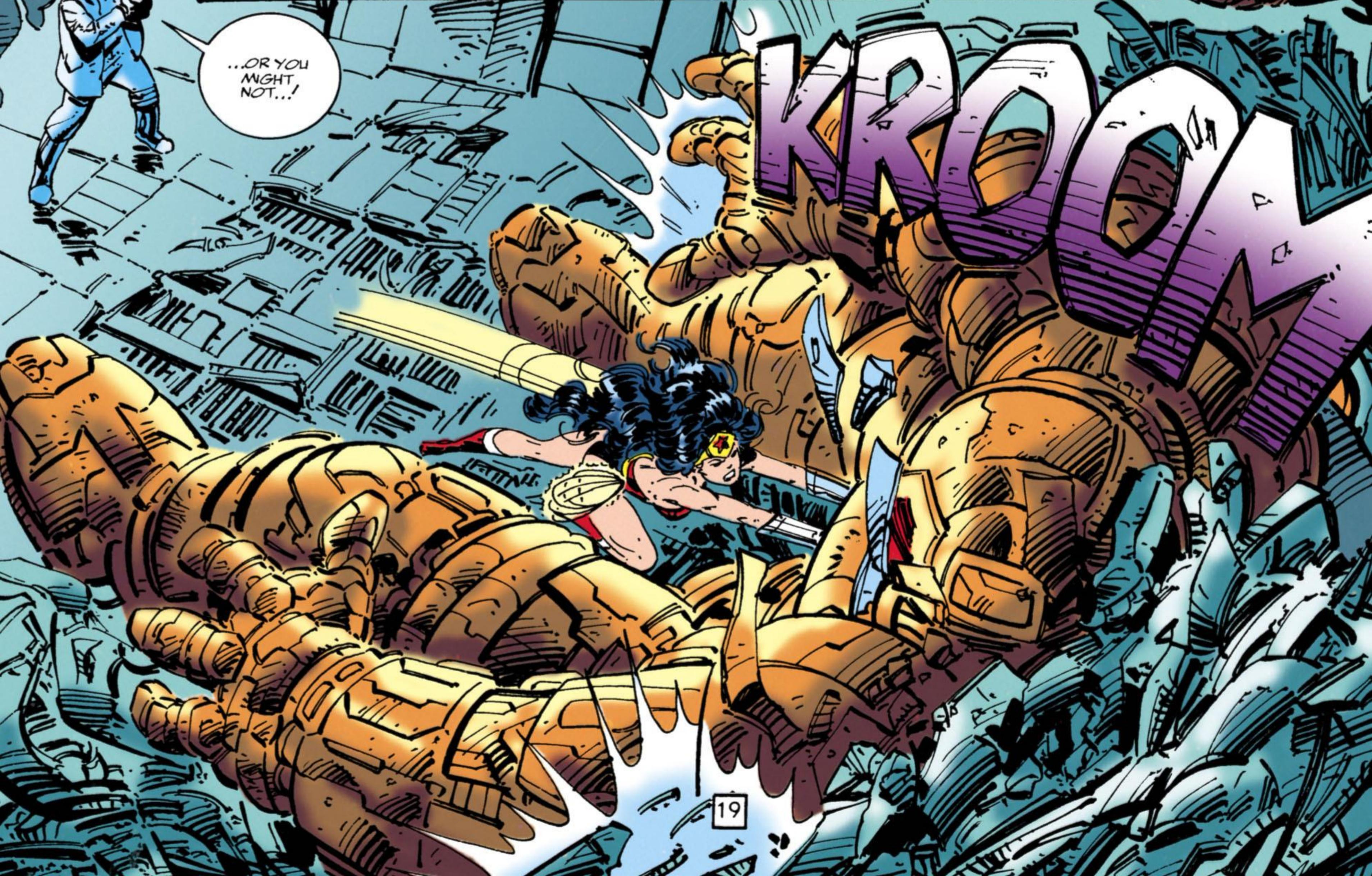
RUN! GET BACK TO THE SURFACE!

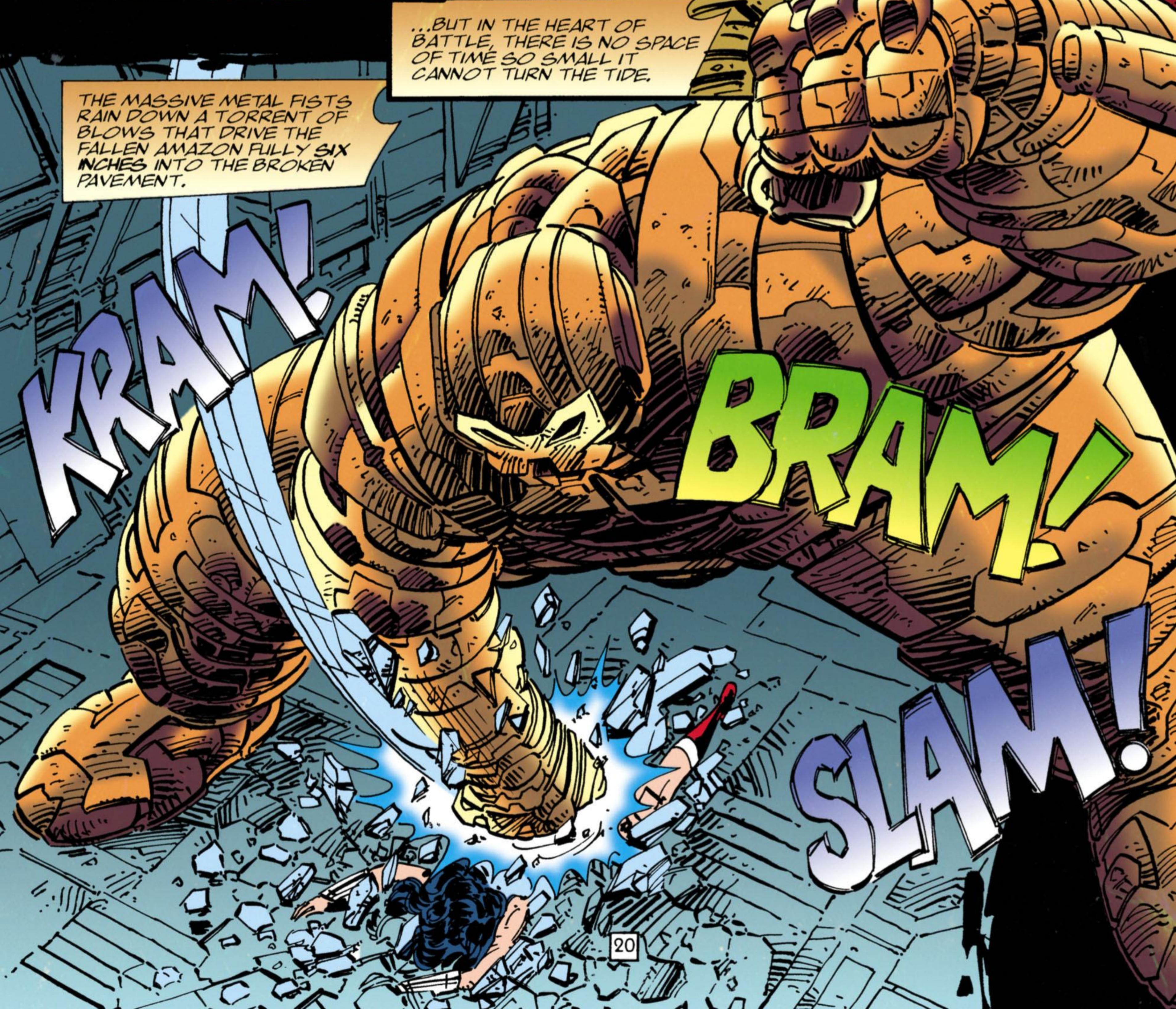
NO! YOU MIGHT NEED ME!

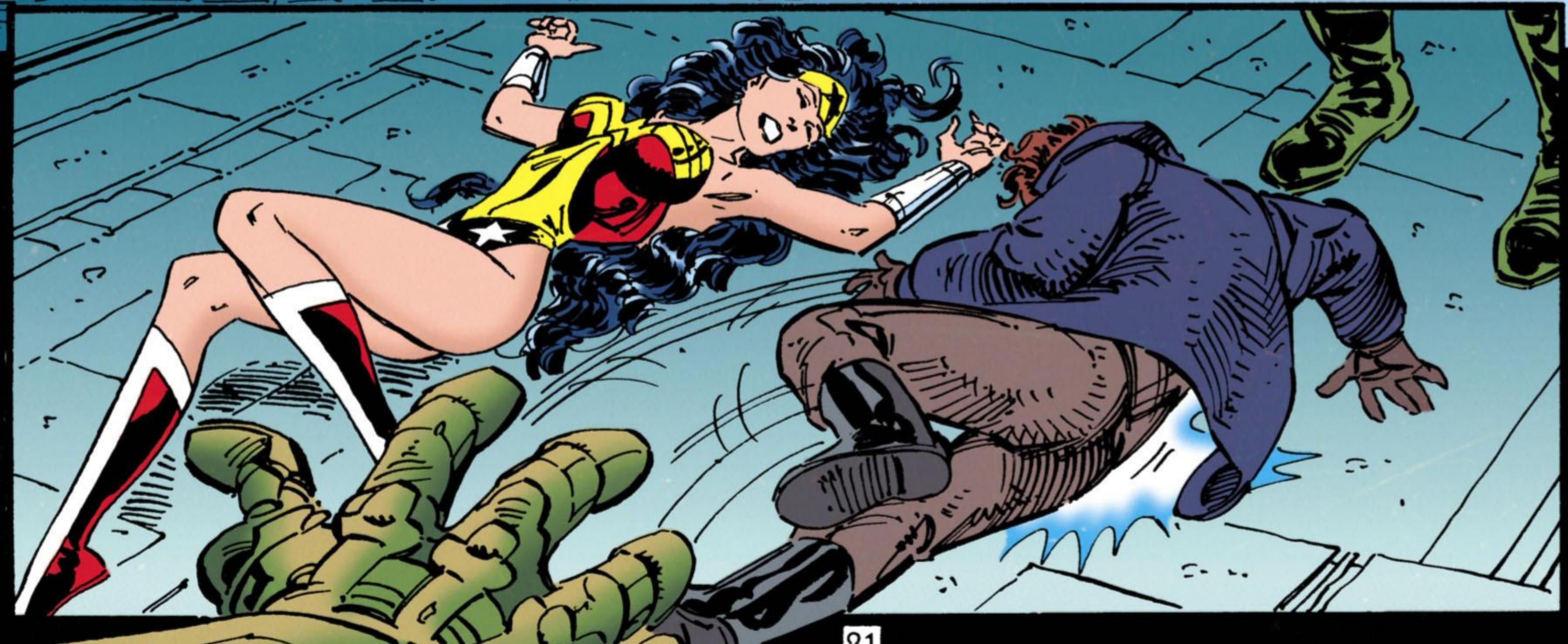
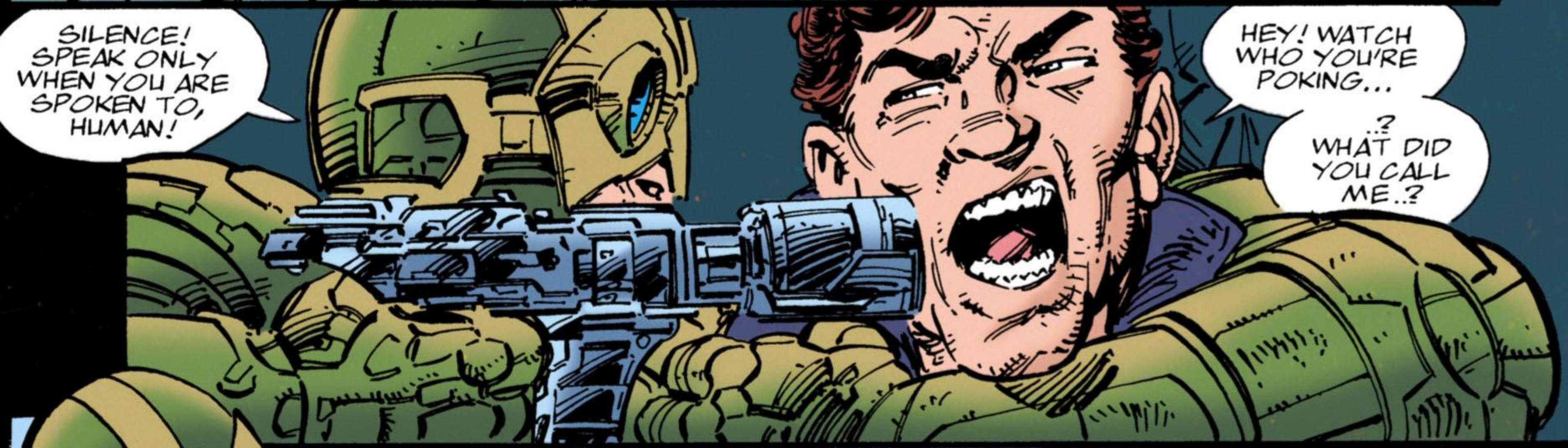
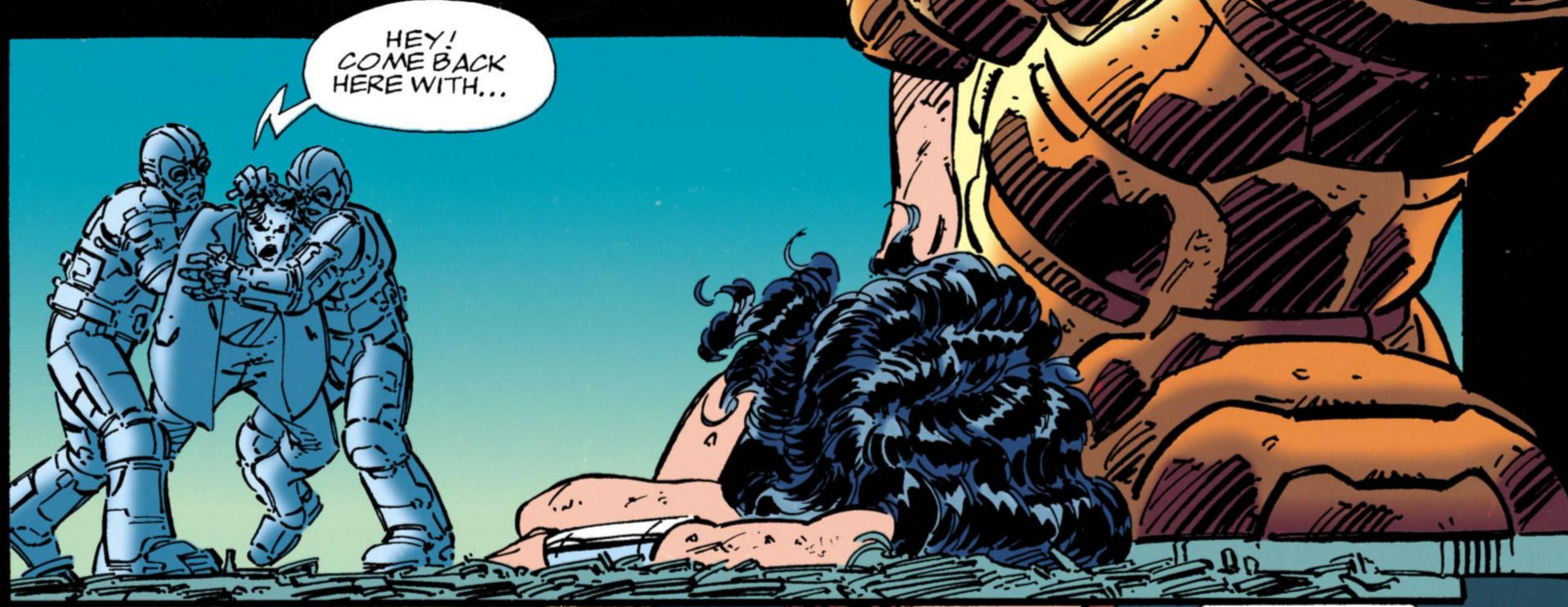


...OR YOU MIGHT NOT...

KROOM







HAIL
DARKSEID!
THESE ARE THE
HUMANS WHO
INVADED THE
LABYRINTH!

OF COURSE
THEY ARE.

EVERYTHING IS
PROCEEDING
EXACTLY AS I
PLANNED.

