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WONDER
WOMAN

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WONDER WOMAN



MARRINAN
• PEREZ

TROUBLE IN
PARADISE!

PEREZ
• NEWELL
• MARRINAN
• MACHLAN

IN THE BEGINNING, NIGHT WAS VAST AND DARK AND EMPTY WITH NOTHINGNESS, UNTIL TWO SONS FILLED HER VOID.

THE FIRST WAS DEATH, WHO HAUNTS MEN IN LIFE, AND THE SECOND SLEEP, THE LITTLE BROTHER WHO TEMPERED DEATH WITH A POCKETFUL OF MIRACLES CALLED DREAMS.

FOR LIFE CAN BE LONG AND WEARY, AND WHILE DEATH IS SOMETIMES RELEASE AND DELIVERANCE, IT IS SLEEP WHO IS RENEWAL, WHO OPENS DOORS ONTO MORPHEUS THE DREAM-BRINGER.

AND DREAMS ARE HUMAN SALVATION.

HE DREAMS HE IS HOLDING THE PRINCESS AMAZON. SHE IS A SLEEPING BEAUTY IN HIS ARMS, WHO MUST AWAKEN IF SHE IS TO BE SAFE.



...OF RETURNING FROM THE INFERN...

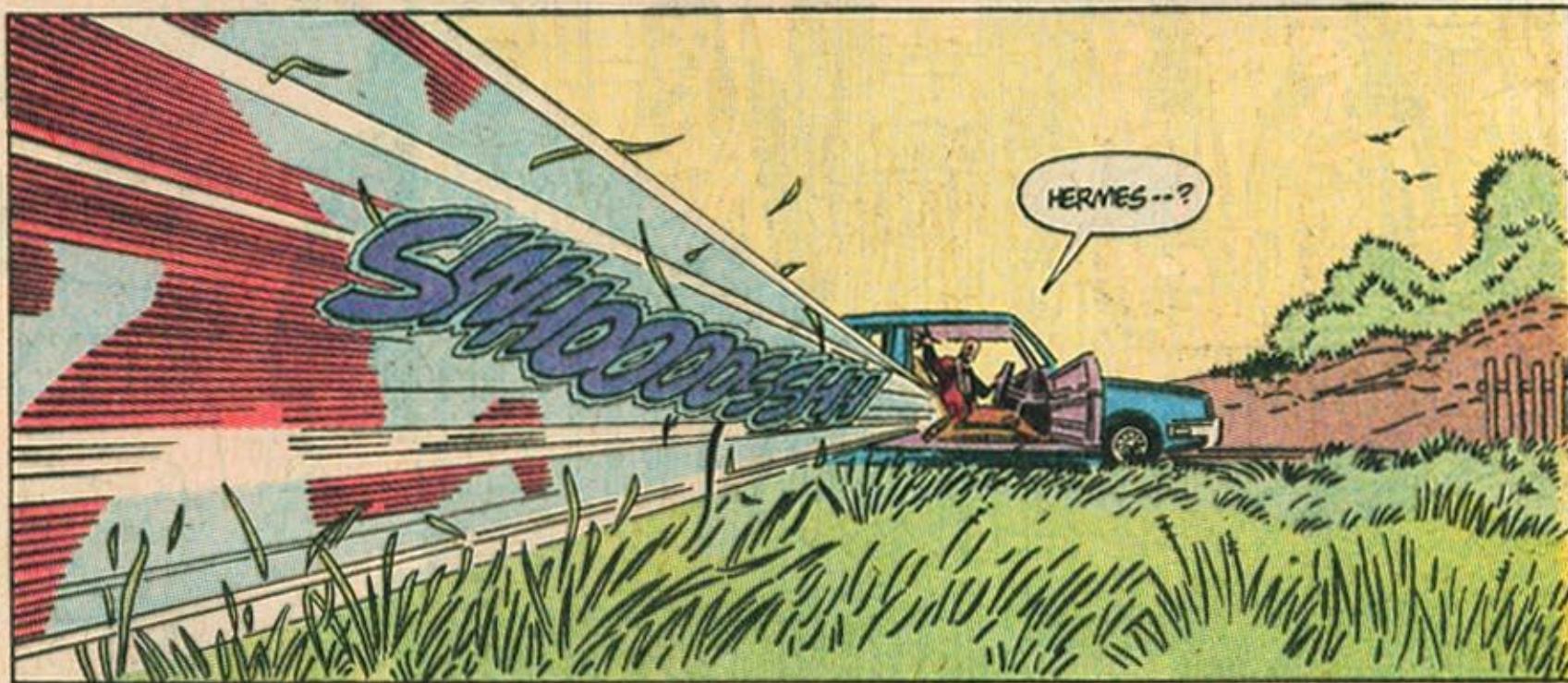


"DIANA."



AND THEN SHE IS GONE,
SWEPT AWAY BY DISCORDANT
PASSIONS HE IS AFRAID TO
RECOGNIZE, THOUGH HE
MUST, IF THE WOMAN IS
TO HAVE A CHANCE...

...AND RECLAIM
HER SOUL.



I sat on a dais overflowing with a cornucopia of bounty, surrounded by classical beauties older than the Parthenon.

My fellow delegates listened to Menalippe, high priestess of Amazon society, intone the blessings of Hestia and Themis on this summit and Feast of Five. But something seemed wrong to me.

Menalippe spoke with about as much conviction as Phyllis Schafly would stumping for the Equal Rights Amendment.

I glanced toward the Princess Diana to see her reaction. There wasn't any.



Until she felt me looking at her. I couldn't look away, and she wouldn't let go.

I was a trespasser in the wastelands of her karma, and for that, I would be punished.

WONDER WOMAN
Created by
William Moulton Marston

"POISONED SOILS"

GEORGE PÉREZ • MINDY NEWELL •

CHRIS MARRINAN • MIKE MACHLAN •

AGUSTIN MAS • LETTERER

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I didn't know whose eyes really had me, or who was really deciding my punishment.

But I felt as if a decision had been made, and with that, I felt oddly free, as if affairs would lead me to their proper conclusion.

Forewarned, as they say, is forearmed.



Meanwhile, Menalippe was wrapping up her sermonette.

--AND AS THEMIS CALLS THE GODS TO COUNCIL, WE ASK ALSO THAT SHE PRESIDE OVER THIS FEAST, AND BLESS THIS COMMUNION.



But before first bread was broken by the patient and hungry audience, the Princess rose.



LET US SHARE IN THE SWEET TASTE OF THE GOLDEN APPLES, AND PRAY THEIR SWEETNESS BLESS US THROUGH THE COMING YEAR.



So I wasn't the only one boxing with shadows.

I asked Rovo why not. After all, he couldn't see the emptiness in Wonder Woman's eyes.

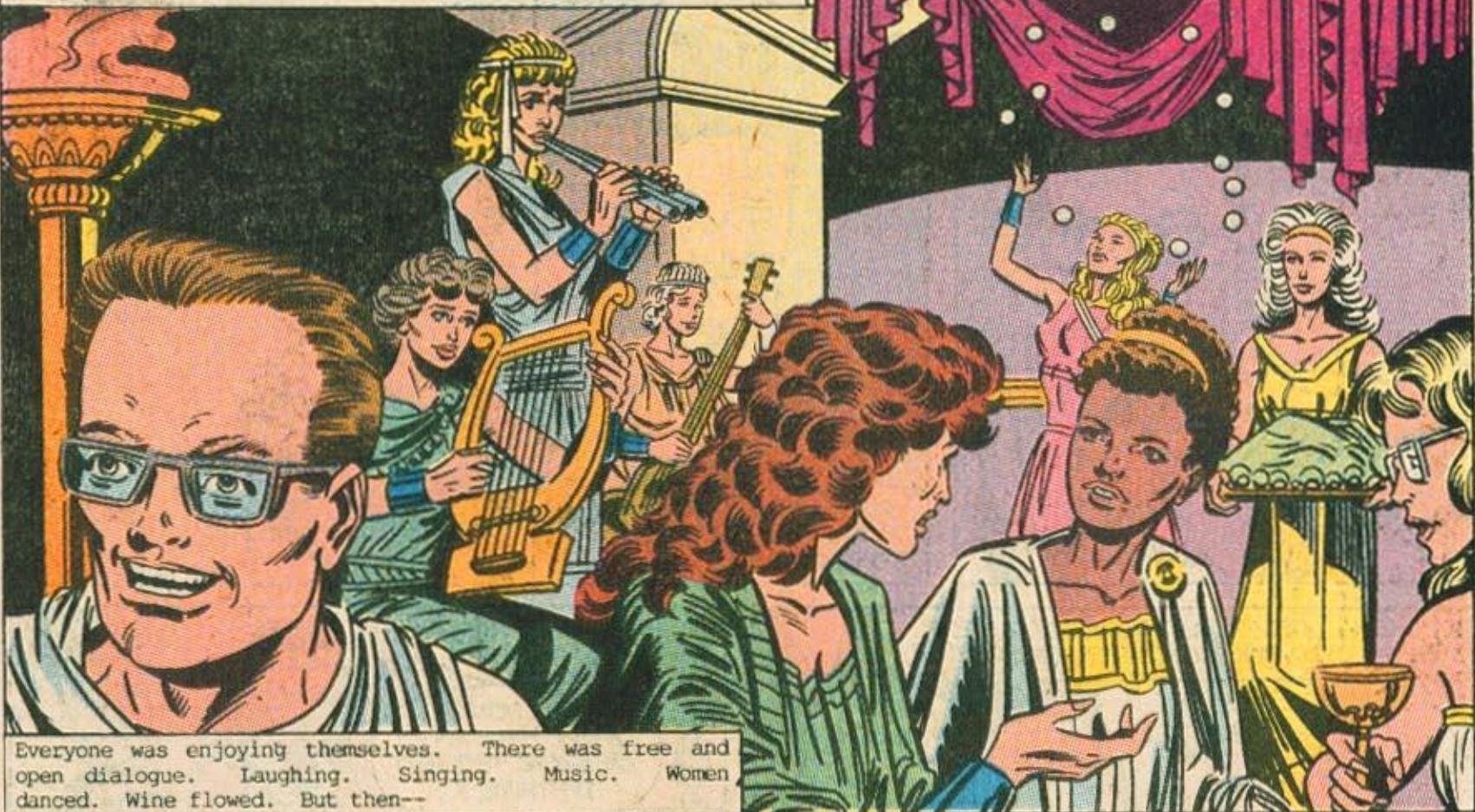
But he heard it in her voice.



And whoever it was--



My concerns about Princess Diana and Menalippe were vanishing at a speed inversely proportionate to the amount of food piling on my plate.



Everyone was enjoying themselves. There was free and open dialogue. Laughing. Singing. Music. Women danced. Wine flowed. But then--



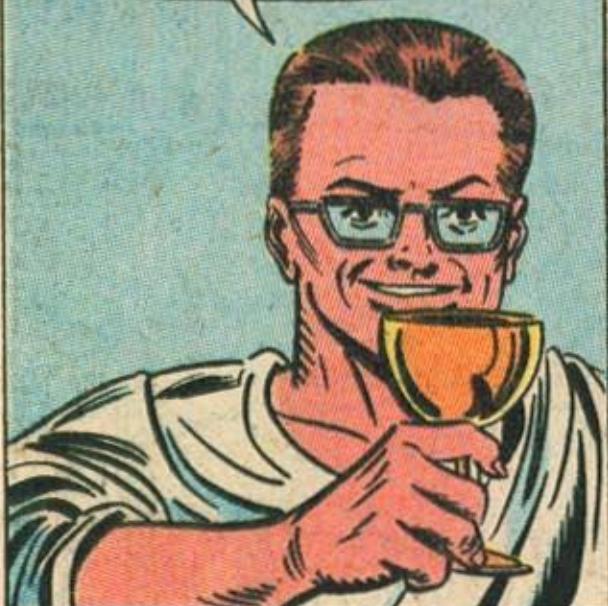
YOU TRIED TO POISON ME! WELL, IT'S NOT GOING TO WORK, SISTER! LOTS OF PEOPLE HAVE HAD THE SAME IDEA IN THE LAST 3000 YEARS! ROMANS! CRUSADERS! INQUISITORS! RUSSIANS! ARABS!

BUT WE'VE SURVIVED THEM ALL!
WE EVEN SURVIVED HITLER!

AND WE'LL SURVIVE YOU AND YOUR MERRY LITTLE BAND OF AMAZONS, TOO!



YOU AND YOUR RITUALS! THE FOOD IS DELICIOUS. IT IS ONE OF THE ONLY THINGS WOMEN ARE GOOD FOR!



YOU WANNA START SOMETHING, RUSSKIE?



PUT UP YOUR DUKES!

WOMEN, DON'T TAKE THAT KIND OF SUBMISSIVE GARBAGE ANYMORE, MARAKOV! AMAZONS! DON'T JUST SIT THERE! RISE UP! SHOW 'EM WHAT WE'RE MADE OF!



PHYLLIS IS RIGHT! LET US CROSS INTO MAN'S WORLD, AND CONQUER THEM FOREVER!



HAIL, PHYLLIS!
HAIL, HELLENE!

YOUR TONGUE WILL BE YOUR UNDOING.



DON'T YOU EVER HAVE AN ORIGINAL THOUGHT, IPHTHIME?

YOU SEE WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU DEFY THE NATURAL ORDER?

WHOSE NATURAL ORDER, REVEREND?
NO NEED TO GET SNOTTY, MNEMOSYNE. EVEN THE BIBLE TELLS US, IT IS BETTER TO MARRY THAN TO BURN.



REVEREND, WHAT ARE YOU SAYING?

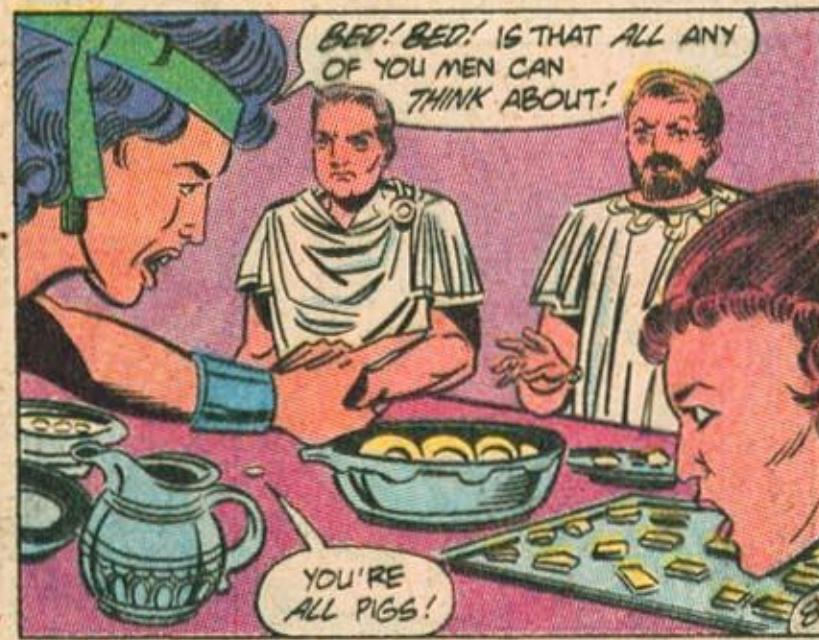
NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS, CANTWELL!

YOU'RE INSULTING OUR HOSTS' BELIEFS AND CULTURE YOU--

HEY, REVEREND, YOU KEEP YOUR HANDS OFF THE LADY. AND YOU BE CAREFUL, HONEY, OR YOU MIGHT FIND YOURSELF WITH A STRANGE BED-FELLOW!



BED! BED! IS THAT ALL ANY OF YOU MEN CAN THINK ABOUT!



YOU'RE ALL PIGS!





I SUGGEST WE GET THE CHILDREN OUT OF HARM'S WAY.

YOU'RE RIGHT LET'S GO, ROVO.

I had to think about the kids' safety. But part of me wanted to stay. After all, this was a major news story breaking right in front of my eyes. And I do mean breaking.

Princess Diana stood in the center of the storm, the eye of the hurricane. Responsible for the mad whirling vortex around her, but apart.

It seemed impossible that this was the same incredible woman who had brought us here. I was afraid to even look at her...afraid I'd turn to stone.

Others were more brave than I.

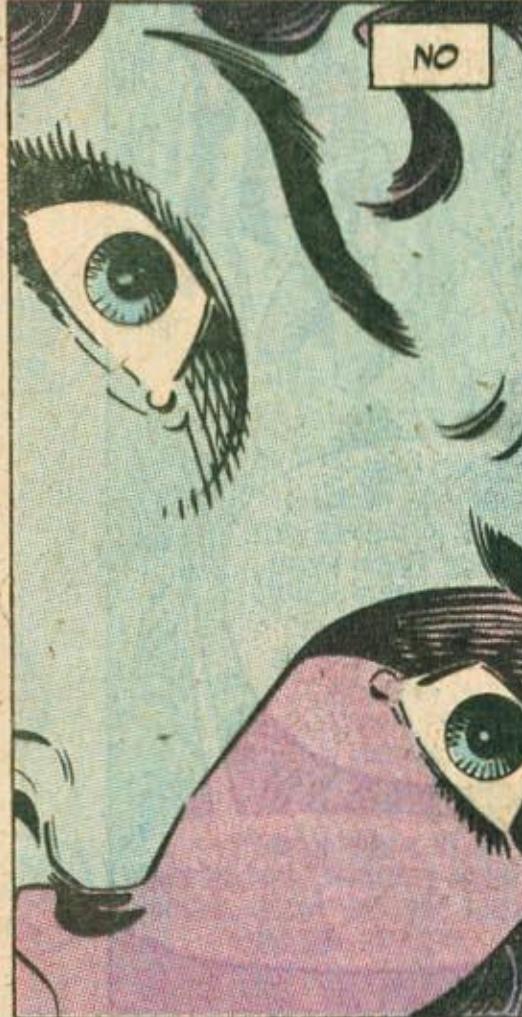
I'M WARNING YOU, PRINCESS. THE WORLD WILL NOT LOOK KINDLY UPON THE TREATMENT OF ITS CITIZENS BY YOUR COUNTRYWOMEN!

SOME MAY CONSTRUE IT TO BE AN ACT PREPARATORY TO WAR!

AND YOUR AMAZONS COULD NOT POSSIBLY STAND UP TO MODERN-DAYYYYYYYYYYYYYEEEEE!

NO

GREAT GAEA WHAT'S HAPPENING



THIS IS
ALL WRONG MOTHER
WHERE ARE YOU
GAEA.

GODDESS
WHY HAVE YOU
DESERTED

ME

NO!

DIANA! YOU
HAVEN'T BEEN
DESERTED! COME
BACK!

COME BACK!

IT'S NO GOOD. I'VE LOST
CONTACT WITH HER.

WELL... RE-ESTABLISH
IT! YOU CAN'T STOP
NOW!

IT'S NO USE,
STEPHEN. DIANA'S
SOUL HAS BEEN CUT
LOOSE FROM HOPE.
AND WITHOUT HOPE,
THE SOUL HAS NO
ANCHOR. IT DRIFTS
IN THE SEA OF
DESPAIR AND
CONFUSION.

BUT MINE HASN'T
BEEN CUT OFF! AND NEITHER
HAS YOURS! NOW, DAMN
IT, TRY AGAIN!

IT'S ALL BEEN FOR
NAUGHT. THE OLYMPIAN
IDEAL, DIANA'S MISSION,
MANKIND'S UTOPIAN GOALS.
GREAT DREAMS.

TURNED TO
DUST. DEAD.

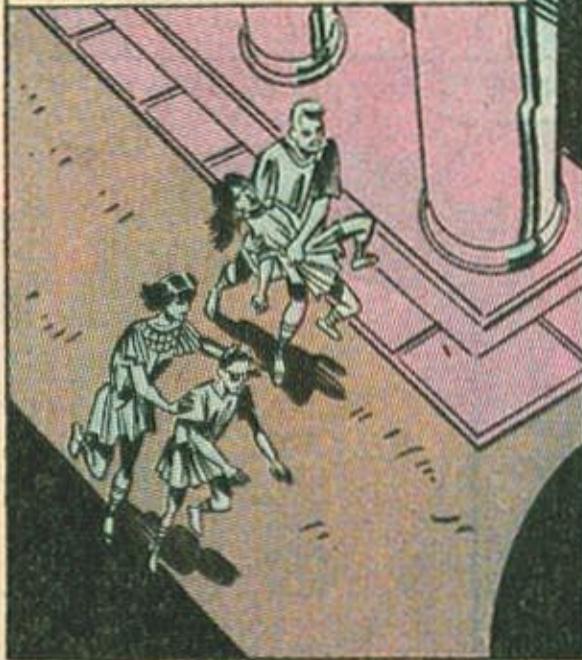
DREAMS
CAN'T
DIE!

BUT THE MEN AND
WOMEN WHO DREAM
CAN. AND DO.

The mob followed us out onto the street, tumbling out of the banquet hall like mad Frenchmen drunk with the wine of revolution.



We turned down what seemed to be a deserted alley...



...and ran smack-dab into Maidan Defarge...



...Or her Themysciran equivalent.



HOW ABOUT "THEMYSIRIA SUMMIT COLLAPSES AMIDST ANGRY WORDS"? OR "CULTURAL EXCHANGE DISMAL FAILURE"? I'LL EVEN GIVE YOU A DIRECT QUOTE FROM THE AMBASSADOR HERSELF. STRICTLY ON THE RECORD.

THIS "GREAT MISSION" OF MINE. IT WAS ALL A FARCE. AN ACT. DESIGNED TO PROVE WHAT MISERABLE PEOPLE WE ALL REALLY ARE.



THERE'S ONLY ONE MISERABLE PERSON ON THIS ISLAND, AND I'M LOOKIN' AT HER! LADY!



NO, MISS LANE! CAN'T YOU SEE? THIS IS NOT WONDER WOMAN!

SHE WOULD NEVER TALK LIKE THIS!

HE'S RIGHT, LOIS.



ARE YOU REALLY GIVING THIS
BLIND CHILD CREDENCE, LOIS?
HE CAN'T EVEN SEE HIS OWN
FACE, MUCH LESS MINE.

LIN KOO, AM
I OR AM I NOT
DIANA?

WHAT??

HOW DARE YOU,
YOU IMPUDENT--!!

LOOK OUT!!

NO!

MAYBE. MAYBE NOT.
ONE THING I'VE LEARNED
AT HOME. LEADERS ARE
NOT TO BE TRUSTED!

RUN,
LIN KOO!--
OOOFF--

GET
OUT OF MY
WAY!

HELP!

YOU CAN'T RUN FROM ME,
LIN KOO!

THE GODS
MUST BE
CRAZY--

SHE'S GONNA
KILL THAT KID!

STOP IT! ARE
YOU NUTS??

FIRE FIRE

NO. YOU ARE.

There was the sensation of something lashing out—I could almost hear the crack of a bullwhip—and then she had me.



I think I started hallucinating then from the oxygen deprivation.



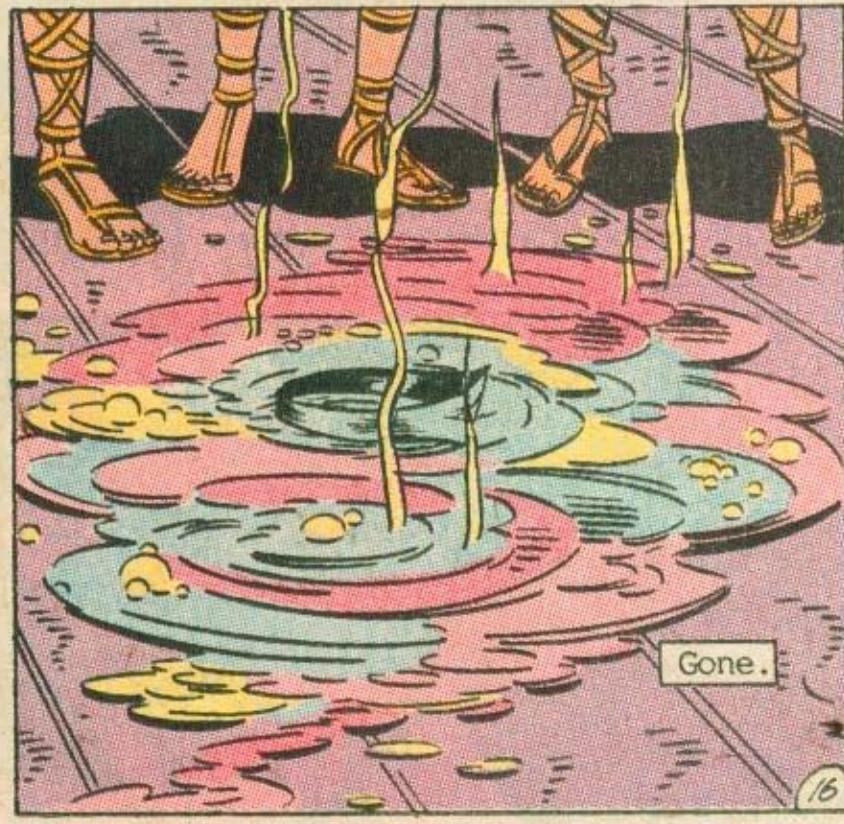
I saw Wonder Woman—the real Wonder Woman—in a soup of darkness. She was sweaty, dirty, kicking and struggling with invisible bedclothes as though a child caught in some manic nightmare...



...and then she started to melt, like Margaret Hamilton in "The Wizard of Oz."

Only it wasn't Margaret Hamilton, and it wasn't Wonder Woman.

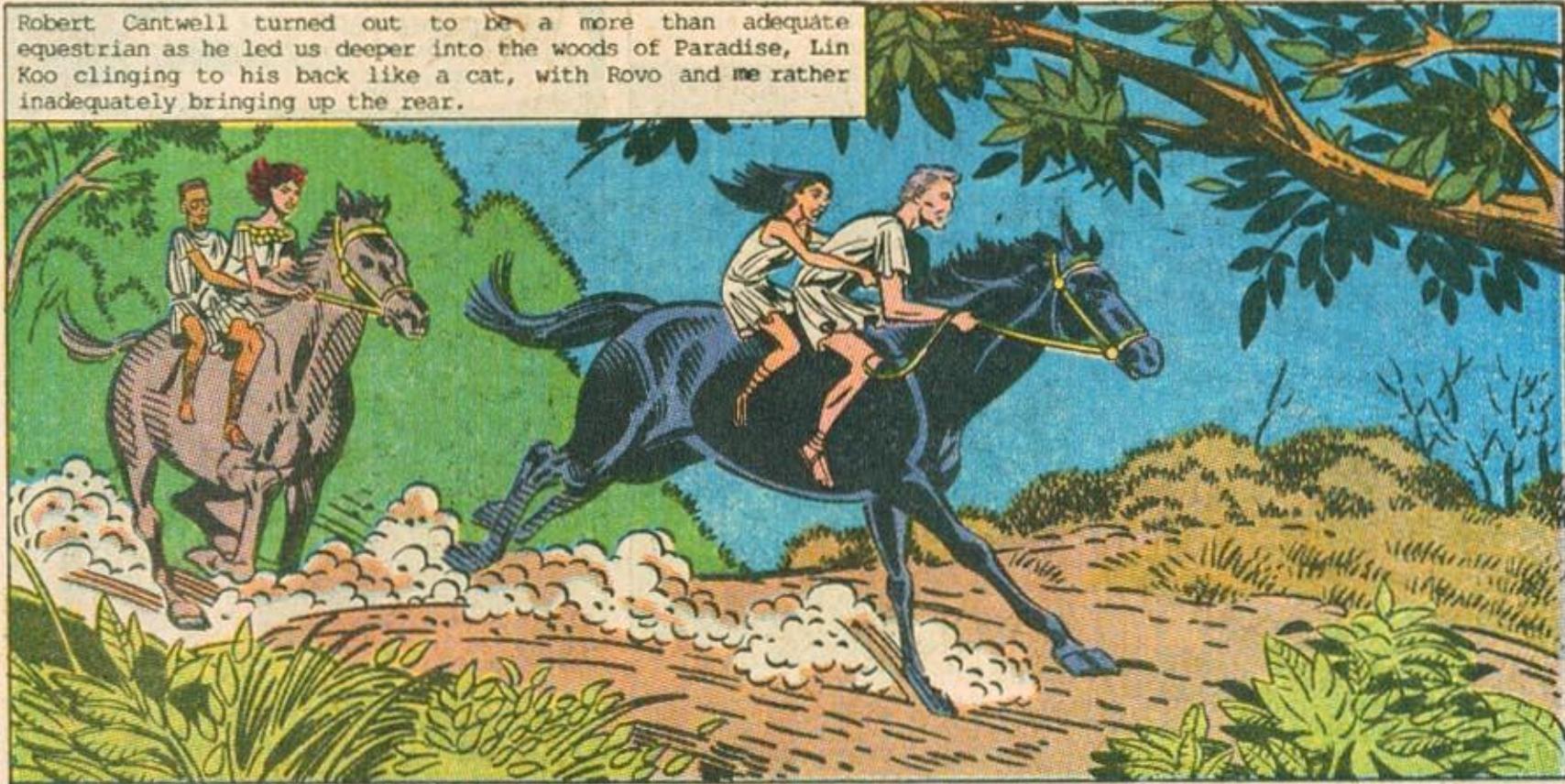
It was the Wicked Witch of the West, and she was melting--







Robert Cantwell turned out to be a more than adequate equestrian as he led us deeper into the woods of Paradise, Lin Koo clinging to his back like a cat, with Rovo and me rather inadequately bringing up the rear.



I didn't know where we were headed, but at that point I didn't much care for anything except putting distance between us and the Amazons.

Unfortunately, the Amazons had other ideas.





The cave was dark and cold and creepy. Even with the torches, we could barely see...



...which gave Rovo something of an advantage.



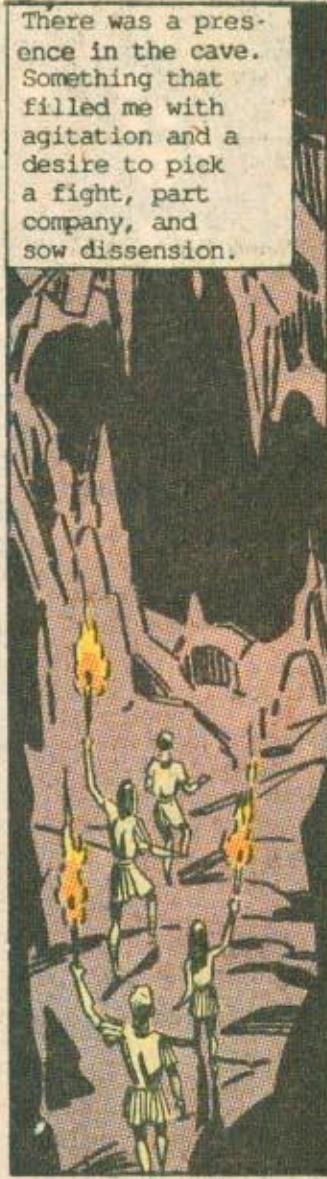
What did he see, what did he hear, that we missed?



LISTEN TO HER IT



There was a presence in the cave. Something that filled me with agitation and a desire to pick a fight, part company, and sow dissension.



NOT QUITE,
LOIS LANE.

TO BE CONTINUED!