DC
RISE OF THE OLYMPIAN
BEGINS!
26
JAN '09
Wonder Woman
GAIL SIMONE
AARON LOPRESTI
MATT RYAN
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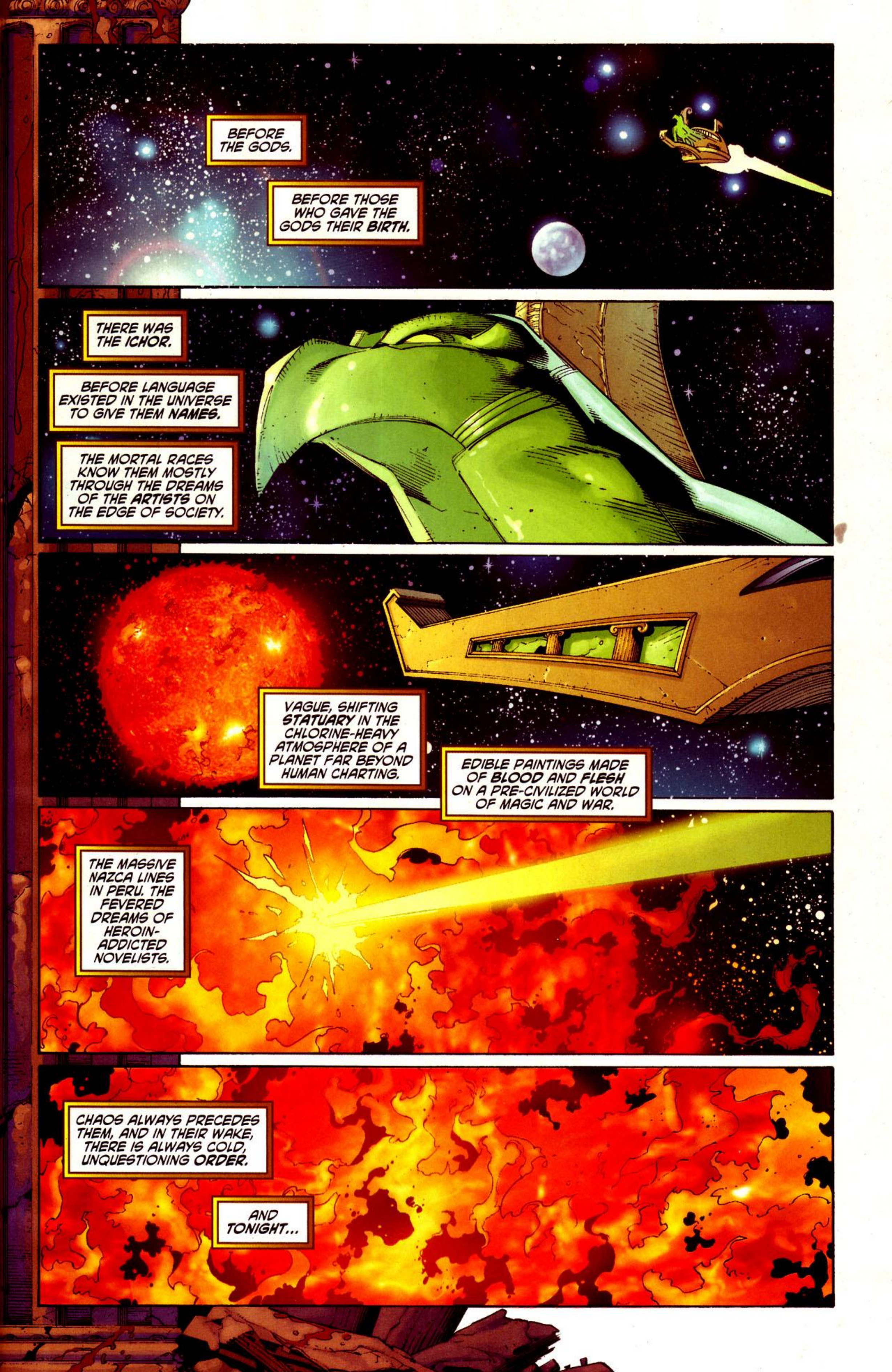
BEFORE THE GODS.
BEFORE THOSE WHO GAVE THE GODS THEIR BIRTH.
THERE WAS THE ICHOR.
BEFORE LANGUAGE EXISTED IN THE UNIVERSE TO GIVE THEM NAMES.
THE MORTAL RACES KNOW THEM MOSTLY THROUGH THE DREAMS OF THE ARTISTS ON THE EDGE OF SOCIETY.
VAGUE, SHIFTING STATUARY IN THE CHLORINE-HEAVY ATMOSPHERE OF A PLANET FAR BEYOND HUMAN CHARTING.
EDIBLE PAINTINGS MADE OF BLOOD AND FLESH ON A PRE-CIVILIZED WORLD OF MAGIC AND WAR.
THE MASSIVE NAZCA LINES IN PERU. THE FEVERED DREAMS OF HEROIN-ADDICTED NOVELISTS.
CHAOS ALWAYS PRECEDES THEM, AND IN THEIR WAKE, THERE IS ALWAYS COLD, UNQUESTIONING ORDER.
AND TONIGHT...

...TONIGHT, THEY BRING THEIR CHILDREN HOME.
RISE OF THE OLYMPIAN
part one
PLAGUE AND PESTILENCE
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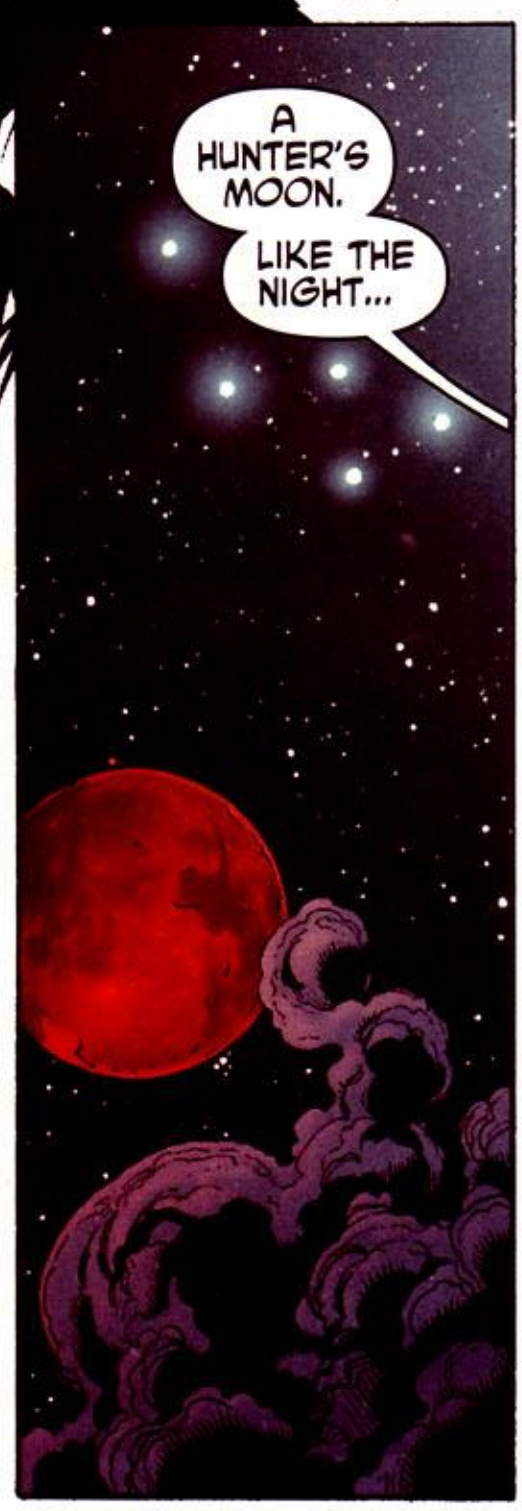
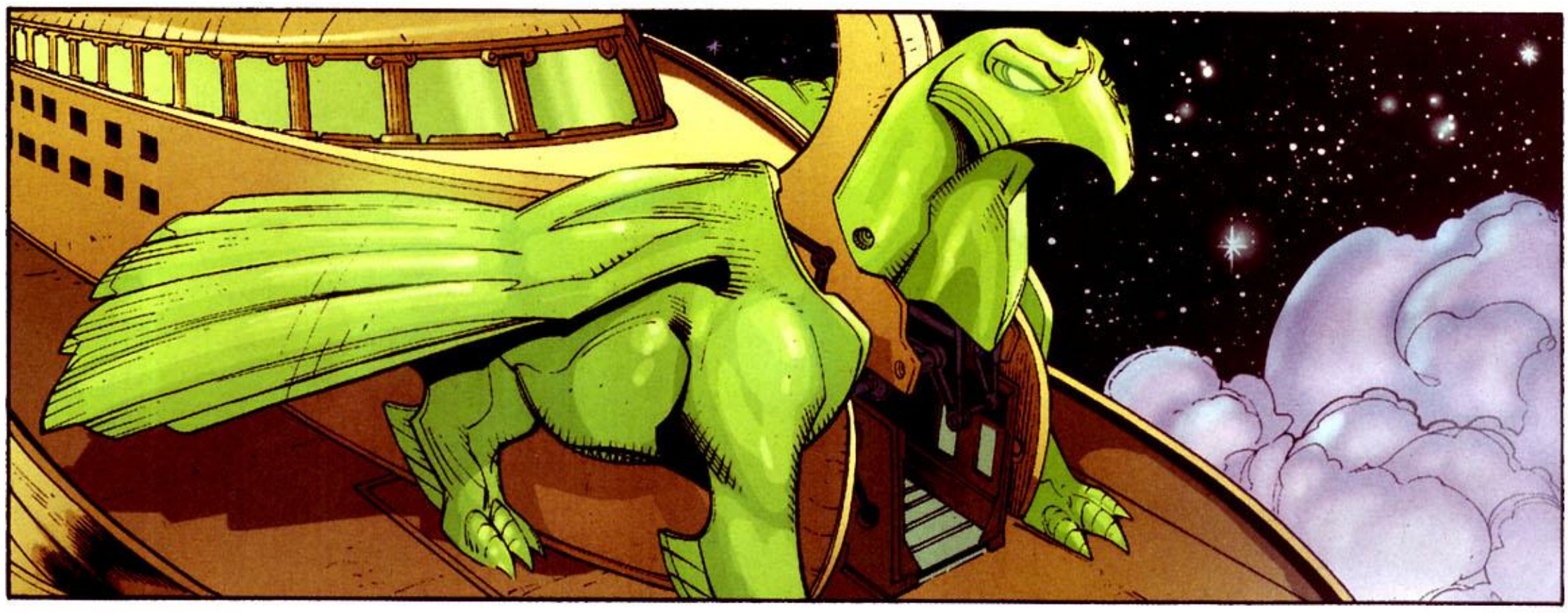
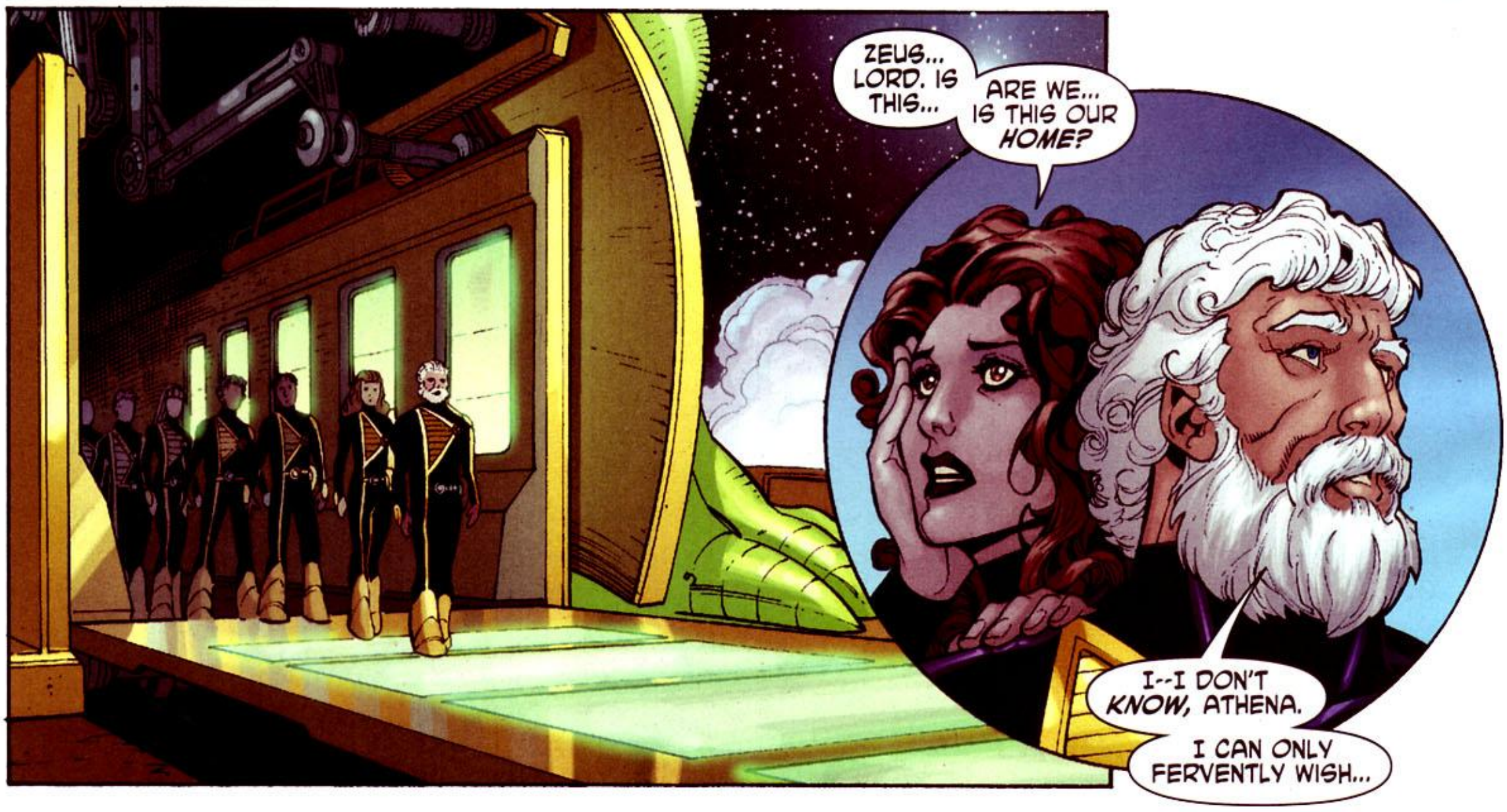


BLESS YOU, GOLDEN MOTHERS AND FATHERS.

THANK YOU.

"YOU HAVE RETURNED THE LIGHT TO THIS WORLD OF DARKNESS."




ZEUS... LORD. IS THIS...
ARE WE... IS THIS OUR HOME?
I--I DON'T KNOW, ATHENA.
I CAN ONLY FERVENTLY WISH...

WEAK
HAPPY HOMECOMING DISEASED WEAKLING GODS
DARKSEID SPITS ON YOUR GRAVE
...THAT IT IS NOT.

THERE... THERE IS A THRONE ROOM. THEY HAVE USED IT AS...
...AS A...
THEY HAVE BEFOULED IT.

WHY. WHY?
WHERE WERE OUR FOLLOWERS WHEN WE WERE CAPTIVE, WHEN OUR HOME WAS RAPED?
WHERE WERE OUR CHAMPIONS?

DEPARTMENT OF METAHUMAN AFFAIRS, WASHINGTON, DC. A STORM APPROACHES.

IT'S IRONIC, REALLY, IN LIGHT OF WHAT THE CAPTAIN OF MY MOTHER'S PERSONAL GUARD, ALKYONE, INSISTED ON CALLING ME.

THE SCRAMBLE TEAMS ALL HAVE CALL SIGNS AND MASCOTS BASED ON THE ALPHABET-- TEAM ANGEL, TEAM BADGER, TEAM COUGAR, AND SO ON.

WE'RE THE FOURTH SQUAD. DRAGONS. OMINOUS.

FRONT AND CENTER, PEOPLE. WE ARE T-MINUS TWO MINUTES.

I'VE ASSEMBLED MY TEAM BASED ON AMAZONIAN PRINCIPLES, BUT I MUST REMEMBER, NONE OF THESE PEOPLE ARE AMAZONS.

THEY CHERISH INDIVIDUAL ACHIEVEMENT IN A WAY THAT IS FOREIGN TO MY PEOPLE.

THERE'S A METAHUMAN DISTURBANCE AT THE TWIN RIVERS MALL DOWNTOWN. NO FURTHER DETAILS ARE KNOWN.

IT IS THEIR WEAKNESS AND THEIR STRENGTH.

THERE'S ETTA CANDY AND TOM TRESSER, OF COURSE.

MICHAEL D'ALESSIO, SHARPSHOOTER, NEEDS TO HAVE SOMETHING TO REBEL AGAINST, SO I AM ALWAYS SURE TO PROVIDE THAT FOR HIM.

YOU FIRE ONLY WHEN I GIVE THE ORDER, IS THAT UNDERSTOOD, AGENT D'ALESSIO?

YOU'RE THE BOSS, AGENT PRINCE.

WINSTON GOH, OUR NEGOTIATOR. DISTINGUISHED CAREER IN THE DIPLOMATIC CORPS OVERSEAS, THRIVES BEST ON BEING CHALLENGED.

YOU'RE IN CHARGE OF COMMUNICATIONS, WINSTON. I WANT CONSTANT RADIO RECON WITH THE OTHER TEAMS AT ALL TIMES, NO MATTER HOW THE SCENARIO PLAYS.

OF COURSE. YES.

OUR GIFTED TECH EXPERT, ROOKIE JAMES YARBROUGH, HE STRUGGLES WITH HIS FEAR BEFORE COMBAT MISSIONS.

SECURE YOUR PULSE BATON, MR. YARBROUGH.

WHAT? OH. RIGHT. SORRY. SORRY!

OUR MEDIC, LEANNA KELLY, SEEMS TO BLOSSOM WITH EVEN THE SLIGHTEST ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

GLAD TO HAVE YOU WITH US ON THIS, MS. KELLY. HOPEFULLY YOUR MEDICAL TRAINING WON'T BE NECESSARY.

I WON'T LET YOU DOWN, AGENT PRINCE.

THAT'S MOST WISE.

ALL RIGHT. LET'S MOUNT UP BEFORE THE SITE GOES COLD.

YOU HEARD THE WOMAN, PEOPLE. LET'S *MOVE*, PLEASE.

BELAY THAT ORDER, LIEUTENANT COLONEL CANDY.

'FRAID I NEED YOUR BOY TRESSER, AGENT PRINCE.

SORRY IT PUTS YOU A MAN DOWN.

WHAT?

DIRECTOR STEEL, I REALLY MUST PROTEST--

I DID SAY I WAS SORRY, AGENT PRINCE. BUT I'VE GOT A SPECIAL MISSION FOR HIM. IF THAT MAKES YOU A THREE-LEGGED DOG, THAT'S HOW IT IS.

HE... SOMETHING IN HIS EYES.

I DON'T NEED THE LASSO TO KNOW HE'S LYING.

AND WHAT IS THE NATURE OF THIS EMERGENCY, DIRECTOR?

CLASSIFIED, AGENT PRINCE. AND YOU'RE ON THE VERGE OF INSUBORDINATION, JUST F.Y.I.

UH, YEAH, HOLD THAT THOUGHT. IT'S OKAY, PRINCE.

YOU GO ON. I GOT THIS.

DIANA. COMMANDER. WE HAVE TO *GO*.

SOMETHING'S WRONG HERE, ETTA. TOM...

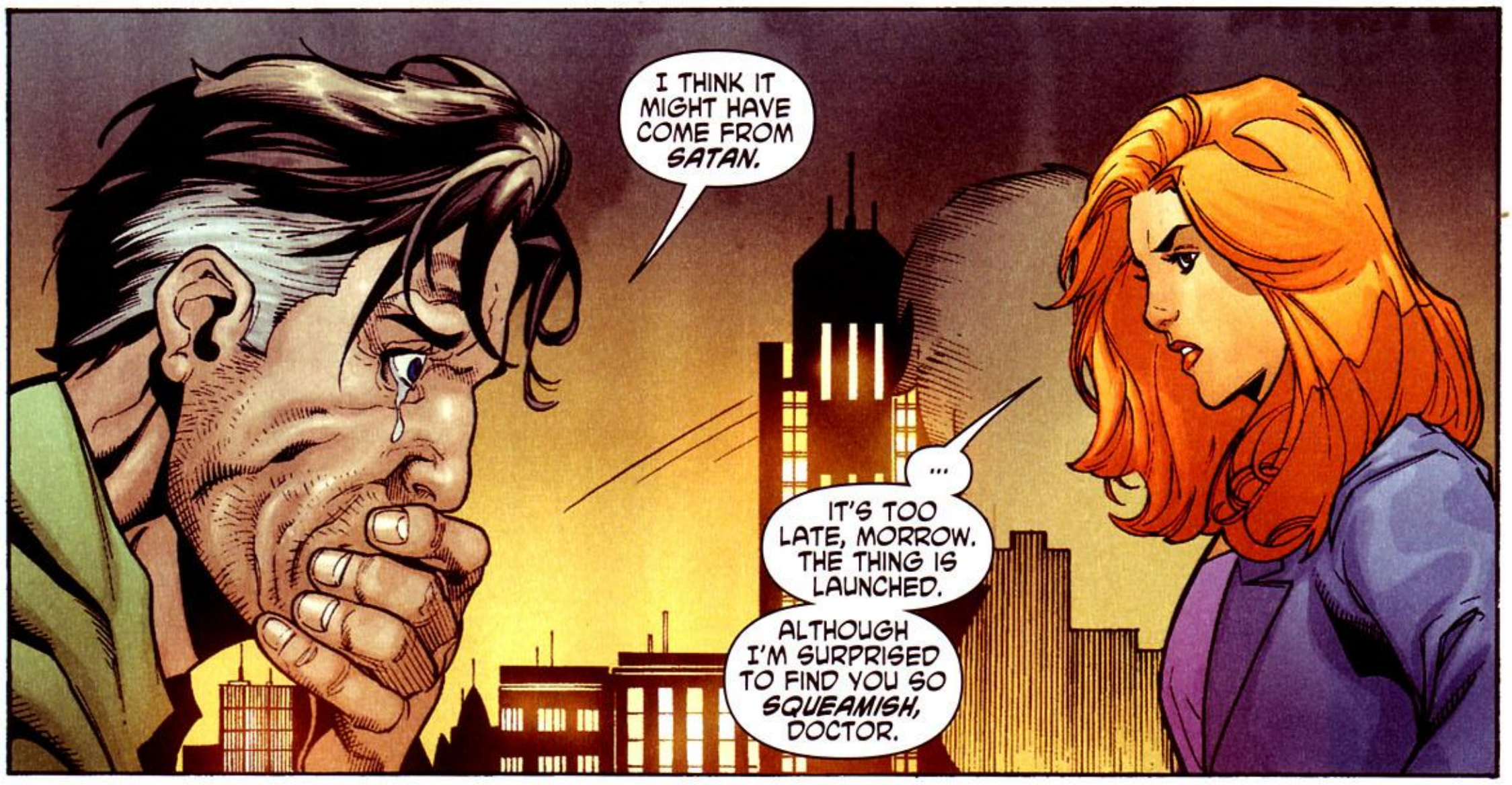
CAN HANDLE HIMSELF. WE NEED TO GET *GONE*.

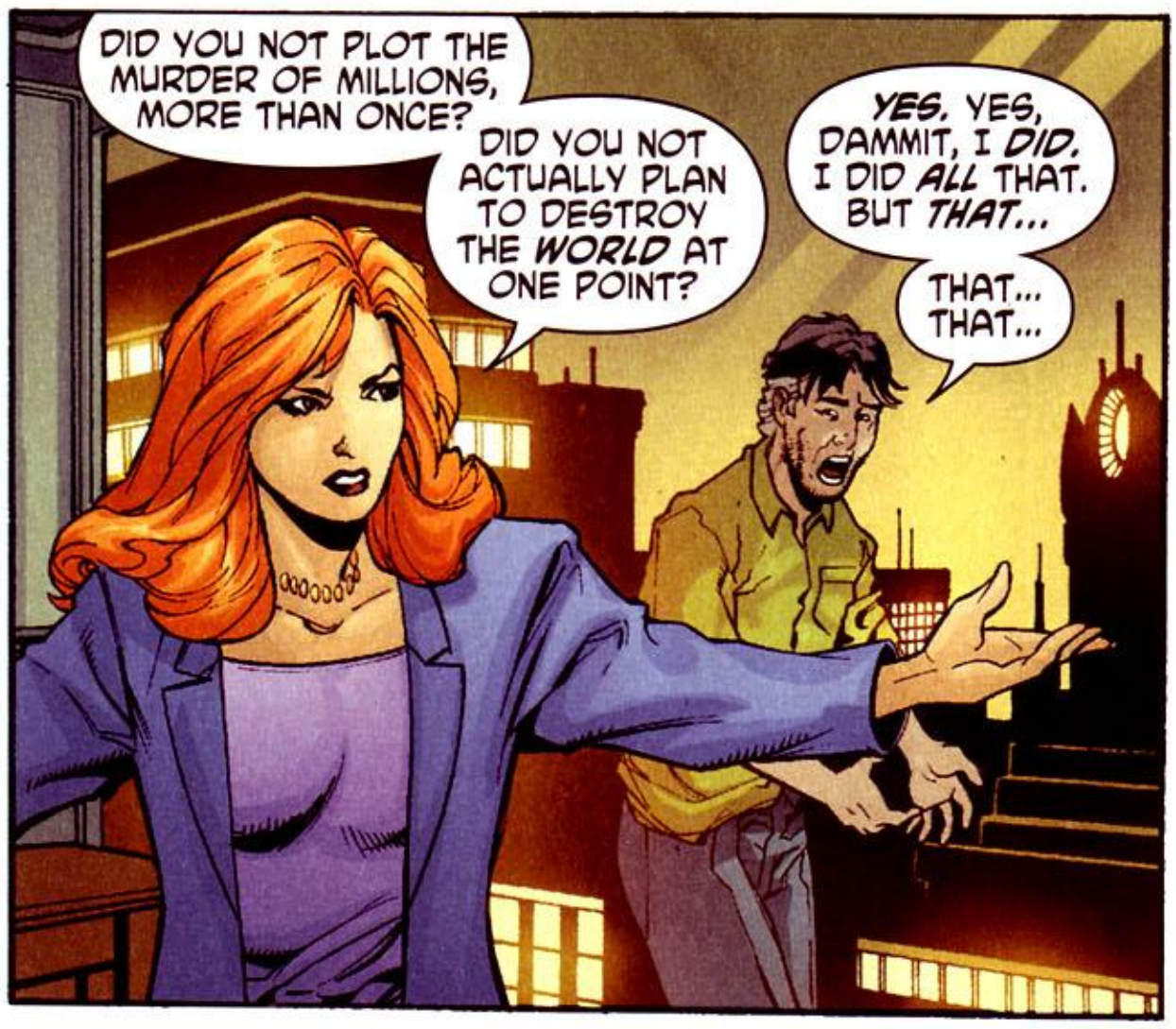
THIS ISN'T DONE, DIRECTOR.

WHEN I COME BACK, WE'RE HAVING A *LONG* TALK.

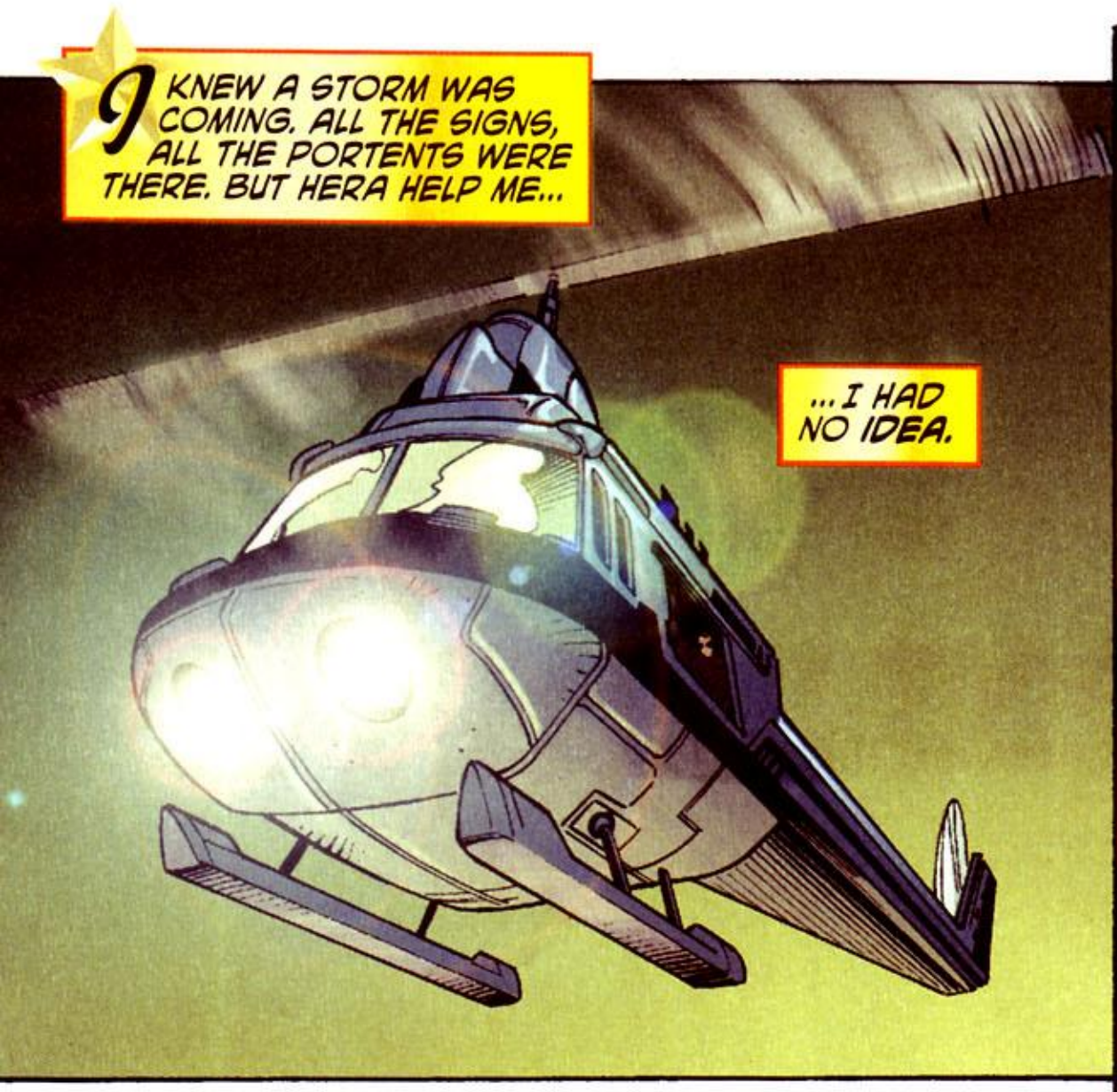
VERY MUCH LOOKING FORWARD TO IT, PRINCE. NOW BE A GOOD GIRL AND DO YOUR DAMN *JOB*, WON'T YOU?

BUT THIS PROJECT WAS UNDER *YOUR* DIRECTION, DR. MORROW.
YES, I UNDERSTAND THAT. AND I... LISTEN, YOU HAVE TO GRASP WHAT I'M *SAYING.*
SOCIETY HEADQUARTERS, GOTHAM CITY.
I DIDN'T *KNOW.* I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT IT WOULD *BE.*
WE KNEW, WE KNEW, WITH THE RAW MATERIALS WE USED--WE KNEW IT WOULD BE A *BAD* THING, BUT...
LISTEN TO ME. WE HAVE TO CALL IT *BACK.*
IT'S A *VERY BAD THING,* DR. MINERVA! *A VERY BAD THING.*
CALL IT *BACK.* WE HAVE TO CALL IT *BACK.*
YOU DON'T KNOW... HOW IT MAKES YOU *FEEL* JUST TO *LOOK* AT IT!
ALL THE... SHAME, ALL THE TERRIBLE *GUILT* OF OUR SPECIES, AND ALL THE UNREASONING *LUST* FOR THE BLOOD OF OUR *NEIGHBORS.* IT'S A *BAD THING.*
CALL IT *BACK!*
DOCTOR *MORROW.*
GET *AHOLD* OF YOURSELF.
I CHOSE YOU TO HEAD THE SECRET SOCIETY'S SCIENCE DIVISION, DOCTOR. I HAVE GIVEN YOU EVERY LICENSE, EVERY POSSIBLE SUPPORT.
WE NEEDED A JLA KILLER, MORROW. YOU AND YOUR TEAM HAVE SUCCEEDED ADMIRABLY.
AND I REMIND YOU, THIS EXPERIMENT WAS *YOUR* IDEA.
YES, BUT, YES... BUT... THAT IDEA, DR. MINERVA. THAT *IDEA.*


I THINK IT MIGHT HAVE COME FROM SATAN.
...
IT'S TOO LATE, MORROW. THE THING IS LAUNCHED.
ALTHOUGH I'M SURPRISED TO FIND YOU SO SQUEAMISH, DOCTOR.


DID YOU NOT PLOT THE MURDER OF MILLIONS, MORE THAN ONCE?
DID YOU NOT ACTUALLY PLAN TO DESTROY THE WORLD AT ONE POINT?
YES. YES, DAMMIT, I DID. I DID ALL THAT. BUT THAT...
THAT... THAT...

THAT WOULD HAVE BEEN KINDER.


I KNEW A STORM WAS COMING. ALL THE SIGNS, ALL THE PORTENTS WERE THERE. BUT HERA HELP ME...
...I HAD NO IDEA.

MY GOD. MY GOD.
WE WERE TOLD THIS WOULD BE A ROUTINE MISSION. APPARENTLY--

--THE SITUATION HAS ESCALATED.
OH, MY GODS AND GODDESSES.
THE TWO RIVERS MARKET PLACE
SET US DOWN. NOW.
DMA

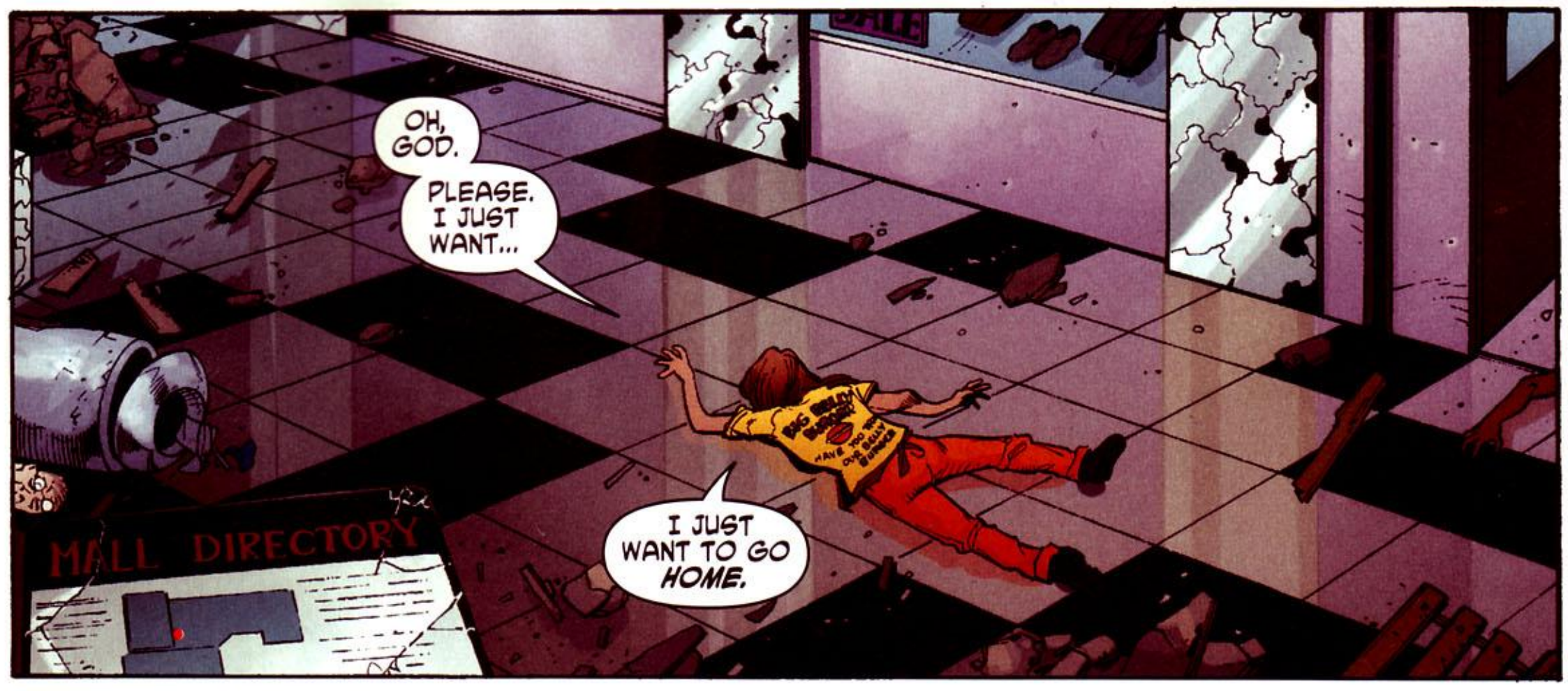
DIANA...
I KNOW. IT FEELS LIKE...
...LIKE DEATH IS IN THE *AIR*. IN THE *AIR!*
NOT DEATH.

SHAME.
THESE CARS... THEY'RE LEAKING.
THEY'RE LEAKING *BLOOD.*
WHATEVER DID THIS-- WHOEVER MADE THIS PILE, THEY PUT IT HERE SO THE PEOPLE COULDN'T GET *OUT.*
AND THE RESCUE VEHICLES COULDN'T GET *IN.*

HERA HELP US ALL. THE SADISM. THE JOY IN THIS--THIS MASSACRE.
ETTA, THIS IS NOW A RESCUE MISSION.
TELL *ALL* TEAMS NOT TO ENGAGE WHATEVER DID THIS. ALL EFFORTS GO TO GETTING THE CIVILIANS *OUT* OF THIS AREA *IMMEDIATELY.*
BLOW DOWN THE PARKING LOT WALLS AND CLEAR A POINT OF *EGRESS.*
YEAH. OKAY. YES.
AND ETTA...
YES?

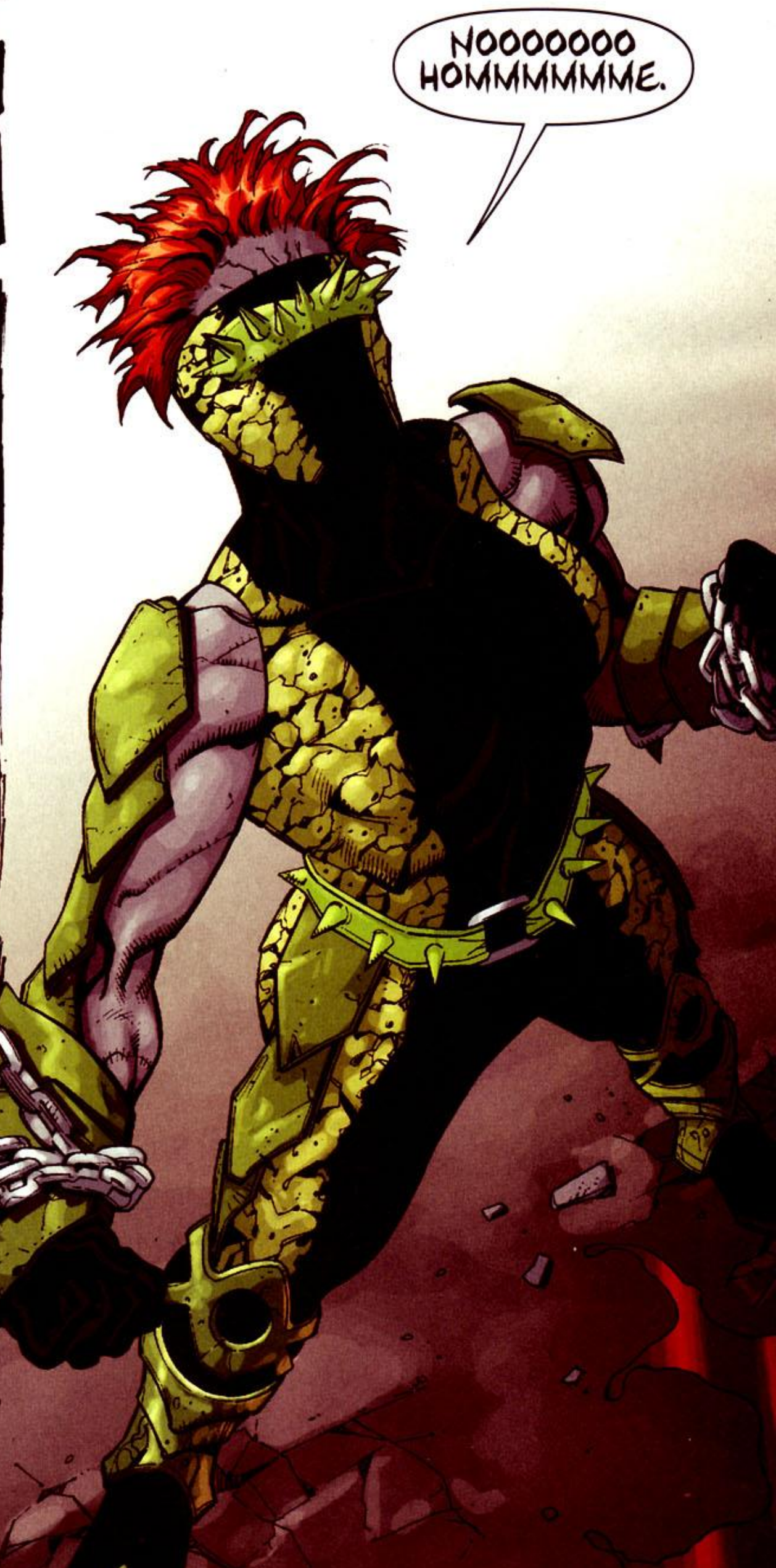
...I'M GOING TO NEED A MOMENT OF PRIVACY.

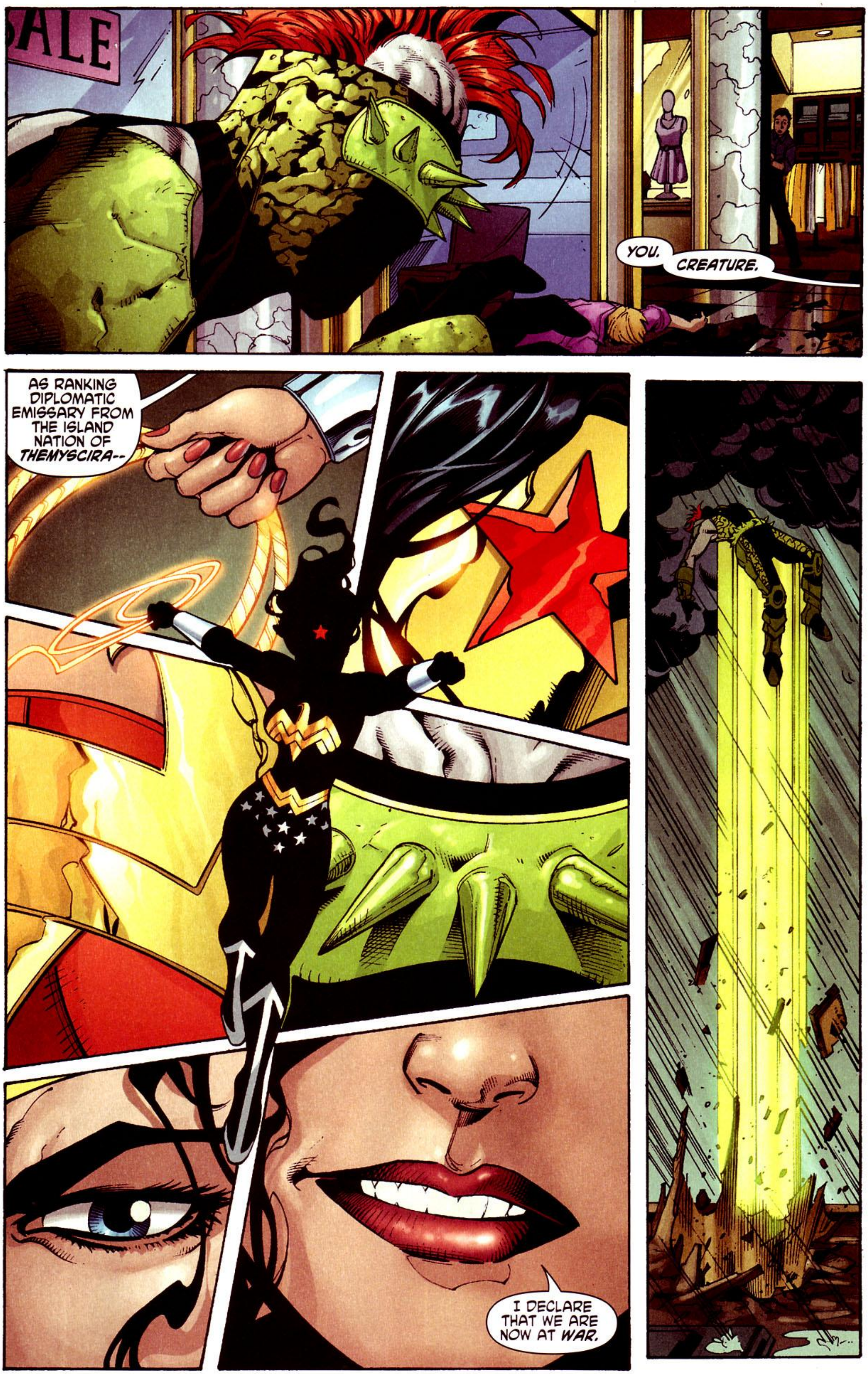
YOU GOT IT, BOSS. *LUCK.*
STOP *GAPING,* TEAM. THIS IS YOUR CHANCE TO BE A *HERO.*
GET THOSE PEOPLE *OUT!*


OH, GOD.
PLEASE. I JUST WANT...
MALL DIRECTORY
I JUST WANT TO GO HOME.

I JUST WANT TO GO HOME.

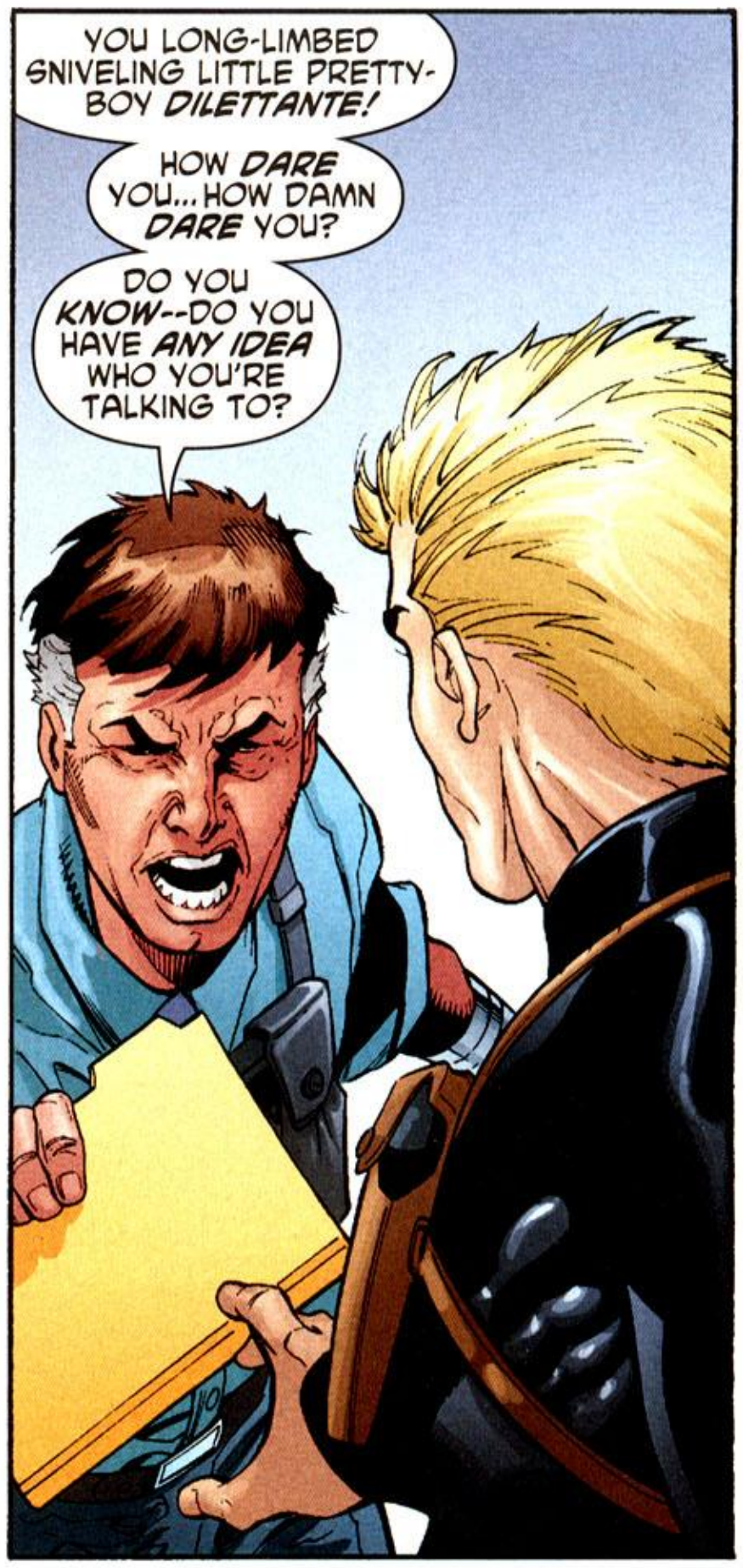
HOME.


NOOOOOOO HOMMMMMME.


SALE
YOU. CREATURE.
AS RANKING DIPLOMATIC EMISSARY FROM THE ISLAND NATION OF *THEMYSCIRA*--
I DECLARE THAT WE ARE NOW AT *WAR*.

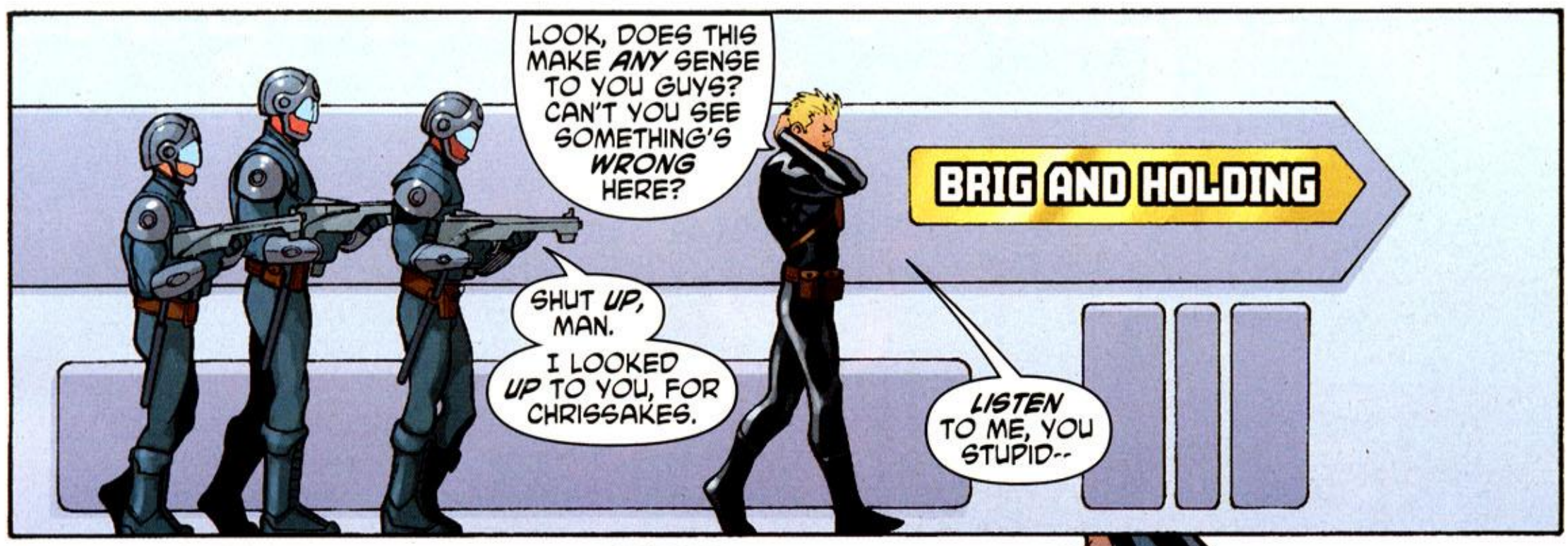
ALL DUE RESPECT, DIRECTOR, IF THERE'S A METAHUMAN DISASTER IN THE CITY, I NEED TO BE WITH MY TEAM.
PEOPLE ARE DYING. REPORTS ARE SAYING THE DEATH TOLL MAY BE IN THE HUNDREDS ALREADY.
I DON'T HAVE TIME FOR YOUR PARANOID BULL--

"PARANOID"?
DID YOU JUST CALL ME "PARANOID"?


YOU LONG-LIMBED SNIVELING LITTLE PRETTY-BOY DILETTANTE!
HOW DARE YOU... HOW DAMN DARE YOU?
DO YOU KNOW--DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA WHO YOU'RE TALKING TO?

I GAVE YOU AN ORDER, SOLDIER. YOU WERE TO OBSERVE THE SABOTEURS, NOT SCREW AROUND WITH THEM ON SOME *%#*$ MAGIC CLAMSHELL.
YOU'RE WITH THEM.
AND YOU'RE A TRAITOR. AND NOW...?

YOUR ASS IS MINE, TRESSER.
YES, DIRECTOR.
TAG HIM AND BAG HIM. STRIP HIM DOWN.
HANDS ABOVE YOUR HEAD, DIRTBAG.
MAKE SURE YOU TAKE HIS IMAGER.
NO HARD FEELINGS, RIGHT?

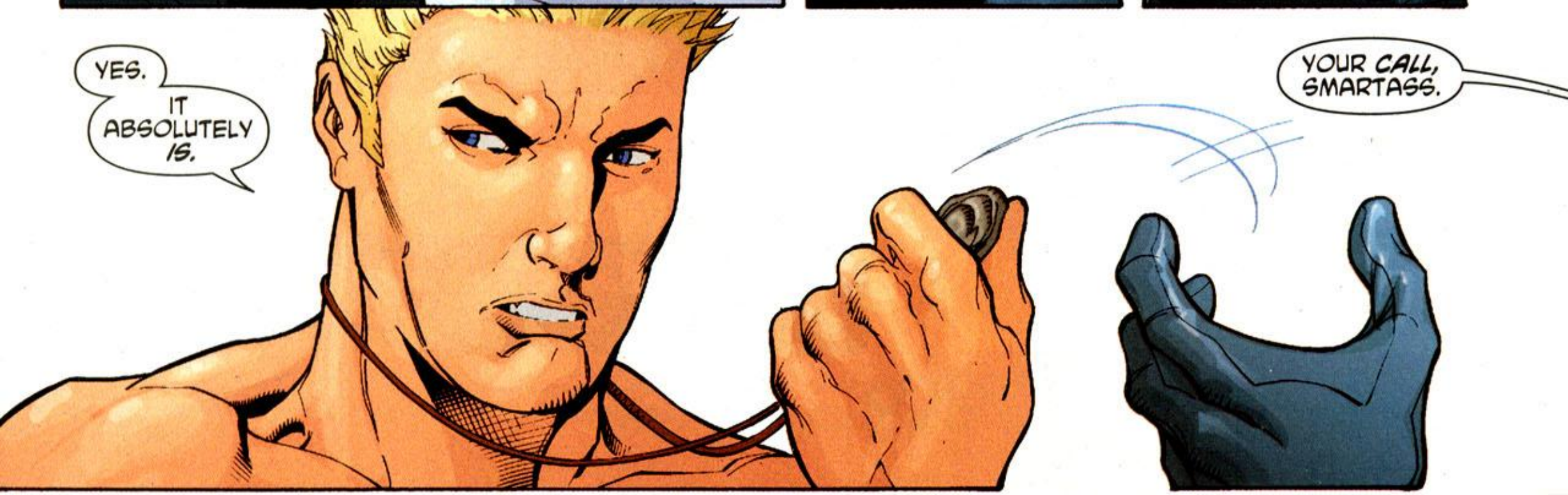

LOOK, DOES THIS MAKE ANY SENSE TO YOU GUYS? CAN'T YOU SEE SOMETHING'S WRONG HERE?
BRIG AND HOLDING
SHUT UP, MAN.
I LOOKED UP TO YOU, FOR CHRISSAKES.
LISTEN TO ME, YOU STUPID--

SHUT UP. DOWN TO THE CIVVIES, SKEL!
UNNGH!!

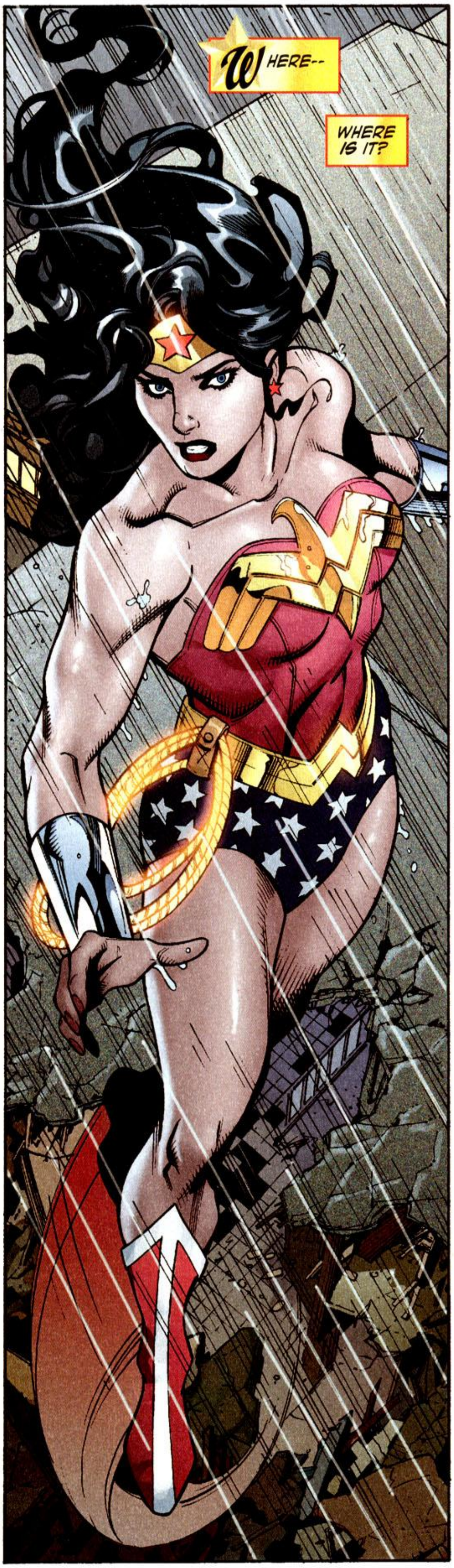
HEY, DON'T TOUCH THA--
THE HELL IS IT? SOME KINDA...PEACH PIT?
TAKE IT OFF HIM, SANDERS.
NO.

SAY THE WORD, LIEUTENANT SAUNDERS. GIVE THIS GUY SOME SEIZURE TIME!

YOU LISTEN TO ME, HOTSHOT. BECAUSE I AM IN NO WAY PLAYIN'. I WANT THAT UNDERSTOOD.
IS THAT DAMN THING WORTH YOUR LIFE?


YES. IT ABSOLUTELY IS.
YOUR CALL, SMARTASS.

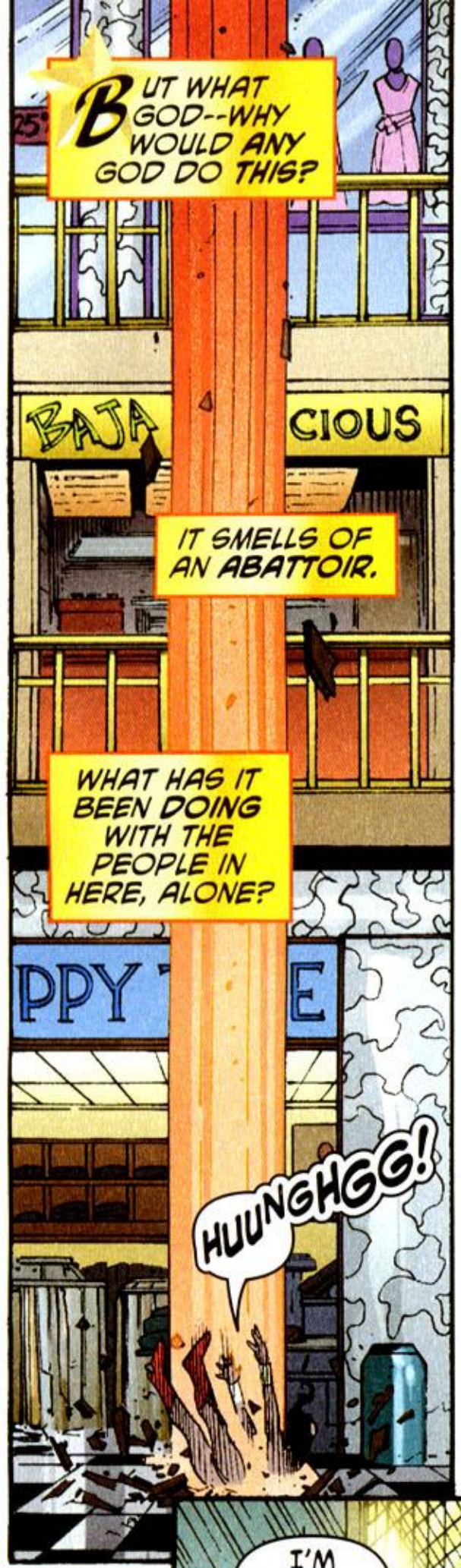
AAAAAHHH!!
AAAAHH!!
WHAT THE *HELL*, MAN? WHAT THE *HELL*?
MEDIC! I NEED A *&#%#%$ MEDIC!
UGHH!!
MY FACE!
NO HARD *FEELINGS*, RIGHT, SAUNDERS?
Unnn...
AND IT'S FROM A *NECTARINE*.


WHERE--
WHERE IS IT?

IT'S...
TELEPORTER.

STRONG.
STRONGER THAN... THAN ANYTHING. AND SOMETHING ELSE.
NO.

IT CAN'T BE.
UNNHH!
IT'S A GOD.
I FEEL IT.


BUT WHAT GOD--WHY WOULD ANY GOD DO THIS?
BAJA
CIOUS
IT SMELLS OF AN ABATTOIR.
WHAT HAS IT BEEN DOING WITH THE PEOPLE IN HERE, ALONE?
PPY
E
HUUNGHGG!

ALL RIGHT, CREATURE. YOU CRAVE BLOOD?
LET IT BE BLOOD, THEN.

THESE PEOPLE ARE GOING HOME.
ARRRNGH!

I'M COMING, DIANA.

MOVE, PEOPLE! THIS AREA IS NOT SECURE. GET AS FAR AWAY AS YOU CAN! MOVE!

NO. NO HOME.

FOR ANYONE.
LACEY'S

ONLY GENOCIDE.

URGGHH!!
SOMETHING--SOMETHING'S PREYING ON MY PSYCHE. SOME PSYCHOLOGICAL WEAPON OF THE CREATURE'S.
BUT I HAVE FOUGHT GODS BEFORE.

WHAT IS IT... MERCURY... IS YOUR NAME?
YES, LORD. THAT WAS MY NAME. IT'S THE ONE CALLED ATHENA.
SHE SAYS HER LAST REMAINING CHAMPION HAS ABANDONED HER AND IS GOING TO FALL. SHE SAYS THERE'S NO REASON FOR HER TO GO ON.

SHE, ATHENA, LORD--SHE'S GIVEN BACK HER IMMORTALITY. SHE'S FADING.
SHE'S GOING TO DIE, ZEUS. SHE'S HALF THERE ALREADY.

AND IF I HAVE TO KILL OR DIE TO PUT THIS RABID THING DOWN...
SO BE IT.

NO ONE WILL HAVE A HOME.

Nancy's PALACE

KNEEL!

LET ME GO! LET ME GO!

ON YOUR KNEES!

ALL RIGHT. ALL RIGHT. I'LL...

ALL RIGHT.

IS THIS SUPPOSED TO GIVE ME A SENSE OF DEFEAT, MONSTER?

NO! HOLD!

AAAAA!

DON'T... DON'T! PLEASE.

KNEEL, WARRIOR.

NO. ONLY GENOCIDE KILLS.

RRH!!

...I HATE... I'M FILLED WITH IT!

IT'S USING MY LUST FOR BLOOD AGAINST ME!

SUFFER!

IF ONLY--

--COULD GET--LEGS TO WORK.

DO YOU SEE IT?

A THIN GRAIL OF HUMAN BLOOD!

AND ARMS.

COVERING THE EARTH.

AND

SUFFER!

SUFFER!

MIND

CANDY! WHERE IS SHE? WHERE'S AGENT PRINCE?!
DON'T KNOW, TOM. BUT THE SOUNDS'RE COMING FROM-- I THINK THIS WAY.
DIANA, NO.
DO YOU SEE IT? CAN... HELP ME FIND IT?
NO. REMEMBER NOW.
IT TOOK IT.
IT TOOK MY LASSO.
IT TOOK MY LASSO.
NEXT: A SENSE OF LOSS

UNDER CONSTRUCTION

DC NATION

For a complete list of this week's titles, sneak peeks, breaking news and more, visit us at dccomics.com

Next in...

WONDER WOMAN #27

With Wonder Woman beaten to within an inch of her life, the Justice League must take on the murderous Genocide!

THE HOT LIST THIS WEEK

AMBUSH BUG: YEAR NONE #5

BLUE BEETLE #33

REIGN IN HELL #5

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