



***** EXTRA *****

WONDER WOMAN®

GEORGE PÉREZ and BOB Mc LEOD

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WHO KILLED MYNDI MAYER?

MURDERED 'STAR PUBLICIST' HAD MANY ENEMIES

BOSTON—Police investigating the brutal death of controversial publicist Myndi Mayer have found no shortage of suspects among her clientele and acquaintances, according to Detectives Ed Indelicato and (Continued on Page 2)



Princess Diana, Boston's "Wonder Woman," is escorted by her companion Julia Kapatulis and police detectives after learning of the apparent murder of her former publicist. The Princess was in Greece at the time.



Happier times: the late Myndi Mayer at a 1986 function.

photos by George Perez

TUESDAY 'BOARD MEETING MASSACRE' NETS MAIN SUSPECT—Story on page 3

A FACE OF A KILLER?

Suspects: Art Director Steve London, Secretary Christine Fenton, PR Manager Mike "Skeeter" Boyd, Art Asst. Deni Hayes.



BOSTON AT NIGHT.



THE COMBAT ZONE.



*Translated from Chinese.

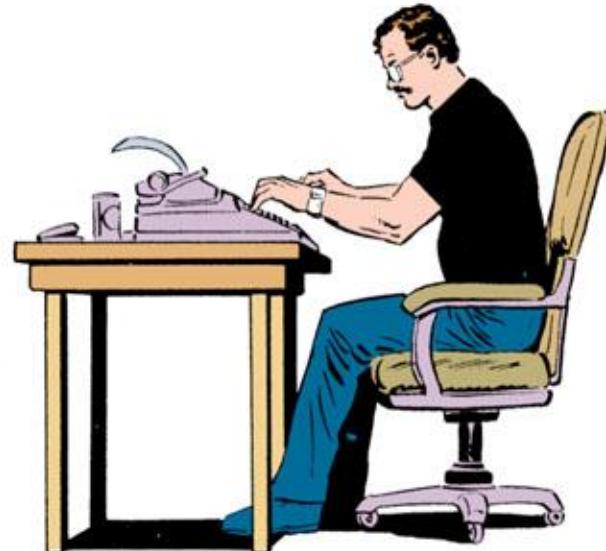




Tales From the Front Lines

by Edward Indelicato

Chapter 8:



"Who Killed Myndi Mayer?"



Written and Illustrated by George Pérez
Based on an idea by Carol Flynn
Finished by Bob McLeod
Colored by Carl Gafford
Lettered by John Costanza
Edited by Karen Berger

She had been dead a few hours. The cleaning lady who found her obviously knew the ropes. Nothing had been touched. When we got there, Myndi Mayer, the controversial "Publicist of the Stars," was just lying there--a shattered porcelain doll in an Evan Picone suit, the scent of fancy perfume still traceable through the smell of spilt booze and smothered cigarettes.



You could tell that the girl had class, and the money to pay for it. She had the pampered body of a showgirl. Even the coroner's tape outline flattered her.



I'd seen photos of her. She was about forty but still a looker, in a plastic sort of way. Now that classy, expensive face was splattered all over the room, courtesy of some nutcase's gun.

Positioned in a place of honor on that Wall of Fame was the familiar, unforgettable face and figure of the babe in the star-spangled bathing suit.

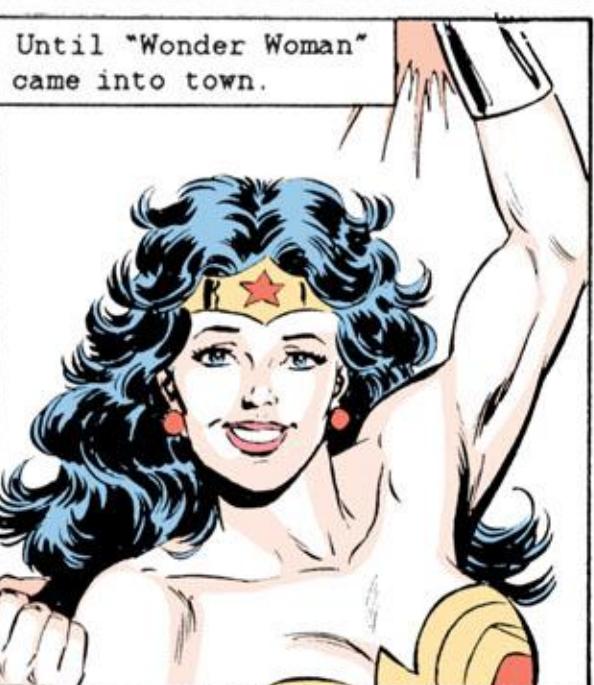


Boston used to be such a normal city, bigger than some, smaller than some, yet with that comforting New England style of predictability.

Staring down at her were the faces of her celebrity clients, all framed and mounted on shiny pink walls. I began to wonder if one of those glossy, capped smiles could be covering the snarl of a vicious killer.



I had to find out.
I'm a cop. That's my job.

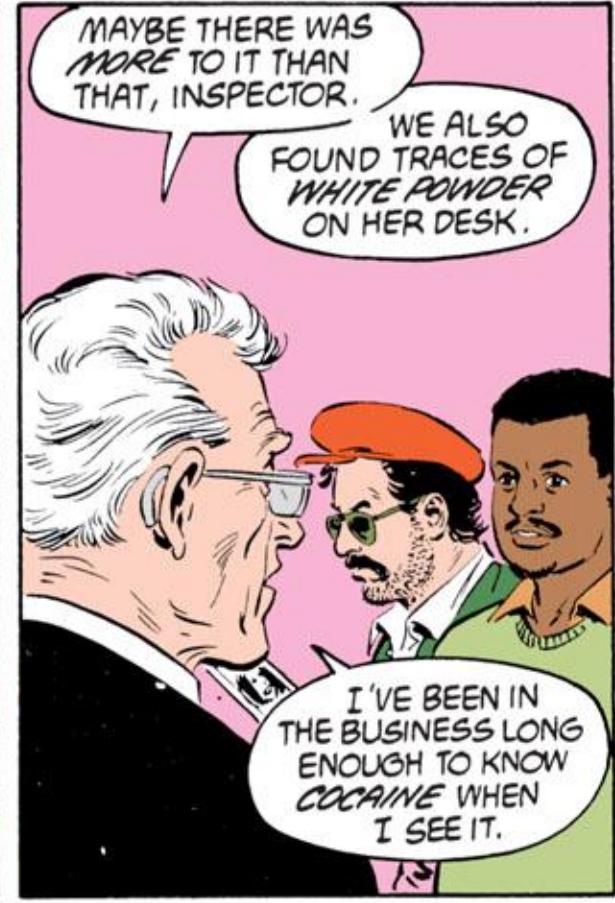


Until "Wonder Woman" came into town.



My partner, Lt. Shands, snapped me out of my trance.

OKAY, GUYS.
WHAT'VE WE GOT?



The charwoman claimed she saw a short, stocky, bearded white man entering the building after hours. He wore a jacket with the words "Common Sense" written on the back.

After the coroner carted off the body, Lt. Shands and I paid a visit to Mayer's secretary, Christine Fenton.



When we told her about her boss' murder, she didn't even look surprised.



Finding Steve London was almost too easy. His wife had taken him to St. Eligius to be treated for a knife wound--or, to be precise, a letter-wound. He was still wearing the bloody jacket with the name of his rock group on it



He was also stinking of beer and gin. We took him in for questioning

Against his lawyer's advice, London decided to speak to us. It didn't look good for him.



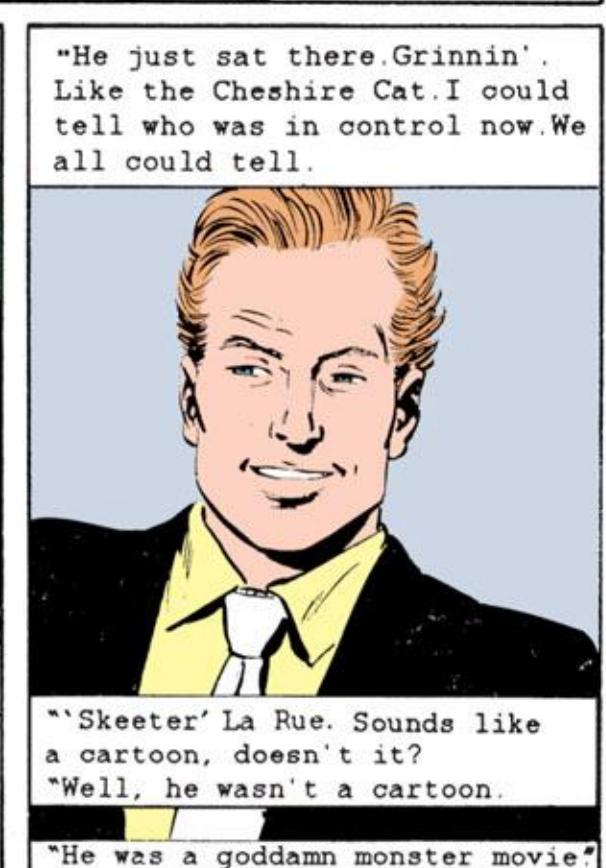
At this point, he began to tell us his version of the "Tuesday Massacre." Although Miss Fenton had provided us with the official minutes of that board meeting called by Myndi Mayer, London's rendition was a lot more meaty.

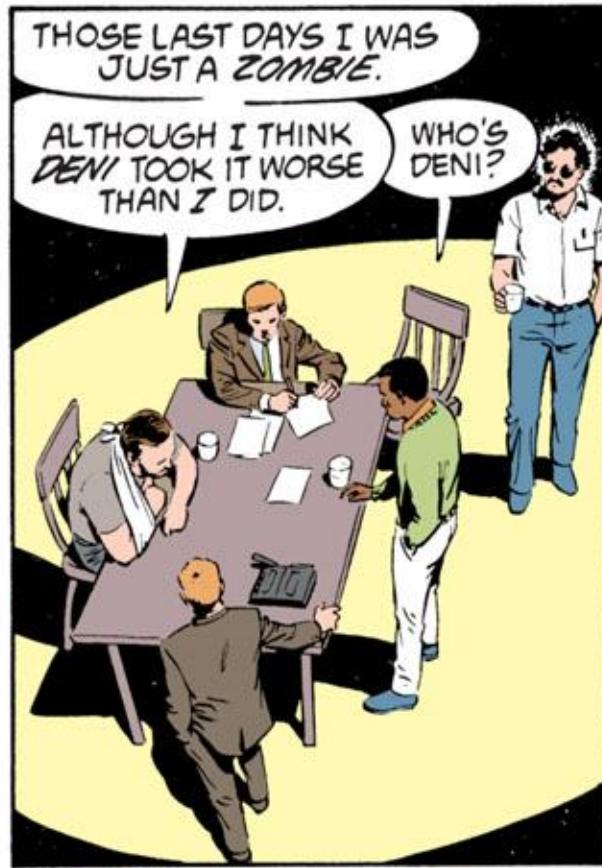


"Myndi--Ms. Mayer was sitting in her usual seat. You could smell the liquor in her coffee cup.



"Her eyes were dark and puffy and even makeup couldn't hide that red nose of hers."



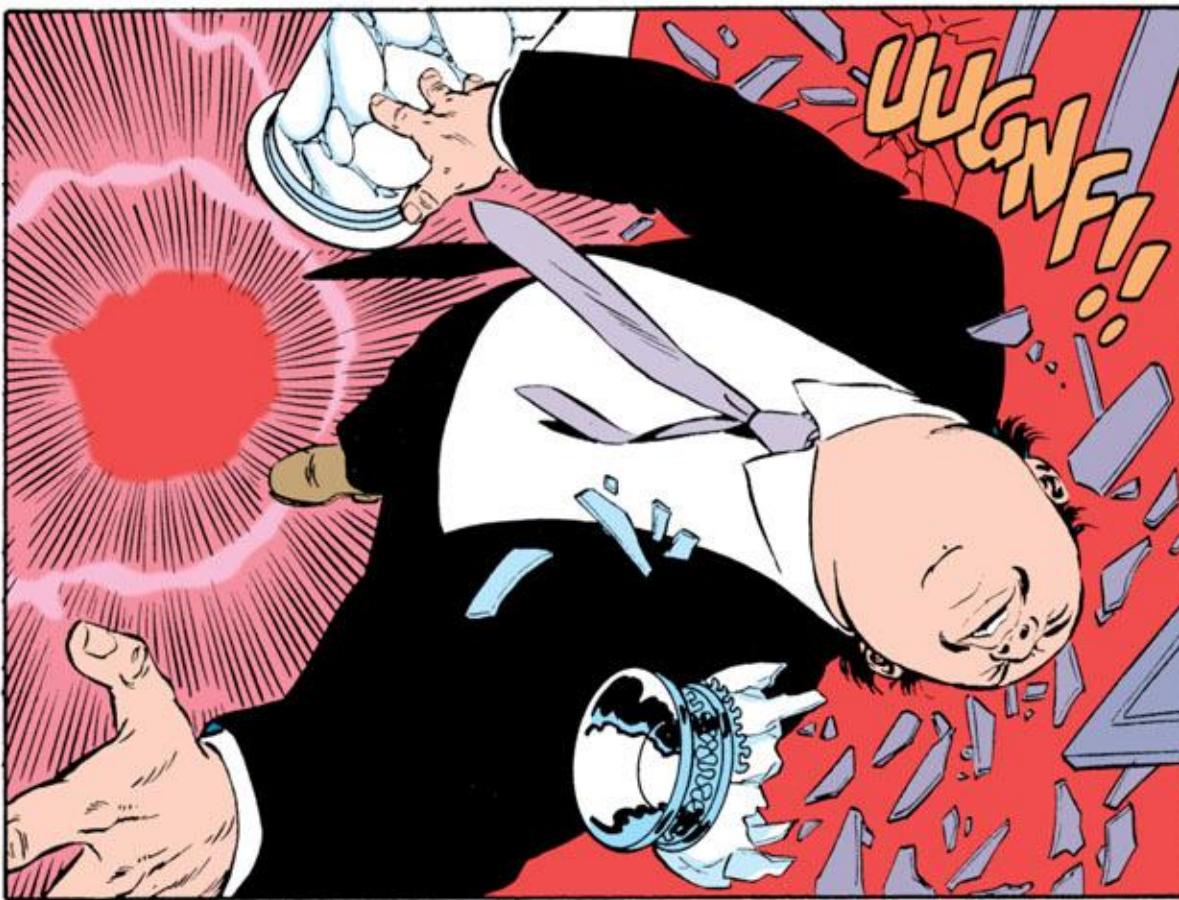


CHINATOWN
AT NIGHT.



PLEASE, MR. CHOI. IN
THE NAME OF THEMIS,
I BESEECH YOU TO
TELL ME WHERE
SKEETER LA RUE IS.







The public defender finally got London to keep quiet, but the damage was already done. London had practically placed the noose around his own neck.

The noose tightened around his windpipe when the shotgun was found in the building's dumpster--with his fingerprints all over it. When Ballistics confirmed it as the murder weapon, it was just the ribbon Capt. Ablamsky needed to tie up this neat little package.

Yeah, nice and neat. I've been a cop long enough to know that nothing's ever that neat.

Although Deni Hayes didn't do much to rumple the package any.





It was a bit embarrassing to learn the facts about the Wonder Woman/Silver Swan case from a mousey little amateur. Ever since our one real lead, Solomon Buchman, escaped custody, we'd been hitting nothing but dead ends. The masked crooks we had apprehended were simply hired talent who were to keep the stolen monies as long as the Silver Swan got the specially marked sack from the cashier's office. We never did recover that sack or ever found out what it contained.

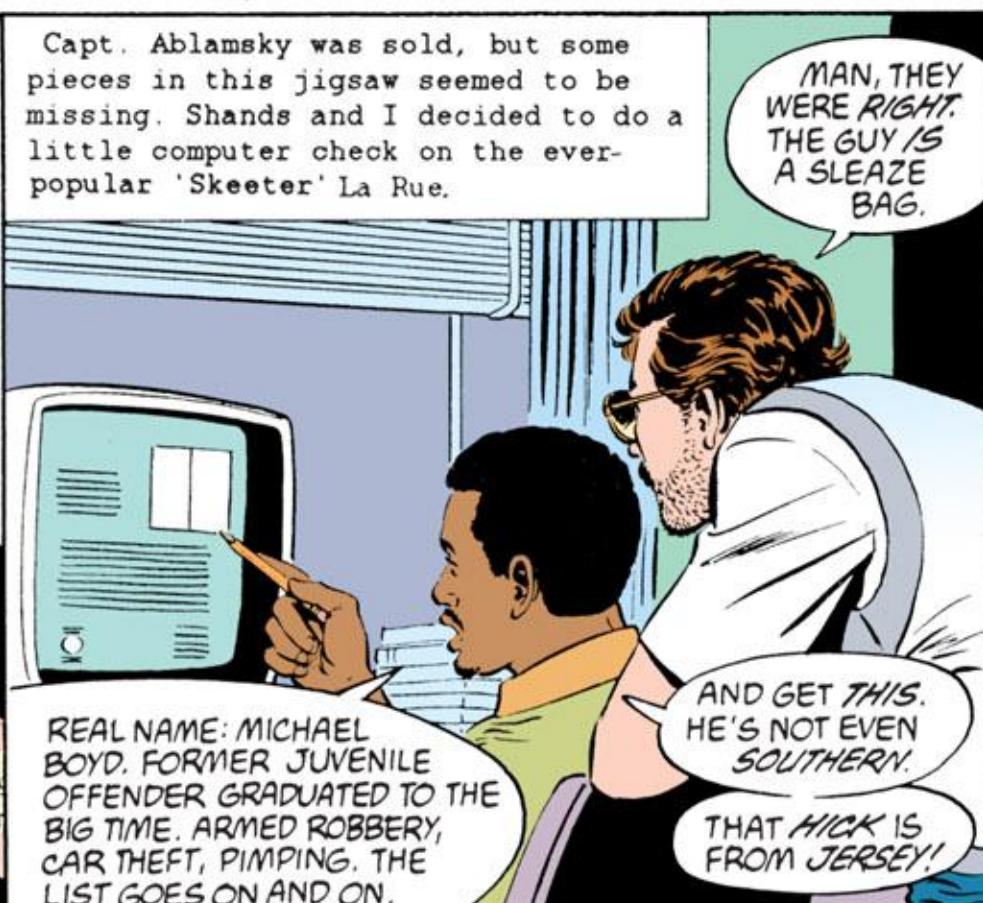
Until now, that is.





What she had done was spring the trap door on the scaffold. She'd just hanged Steve London.

Capt. Abramsky was sold, but some pieces in this jigsaw seemed to be missing. Shands and I decided to do a little computer check on the ever-popular 'Skeeter' La Rue.

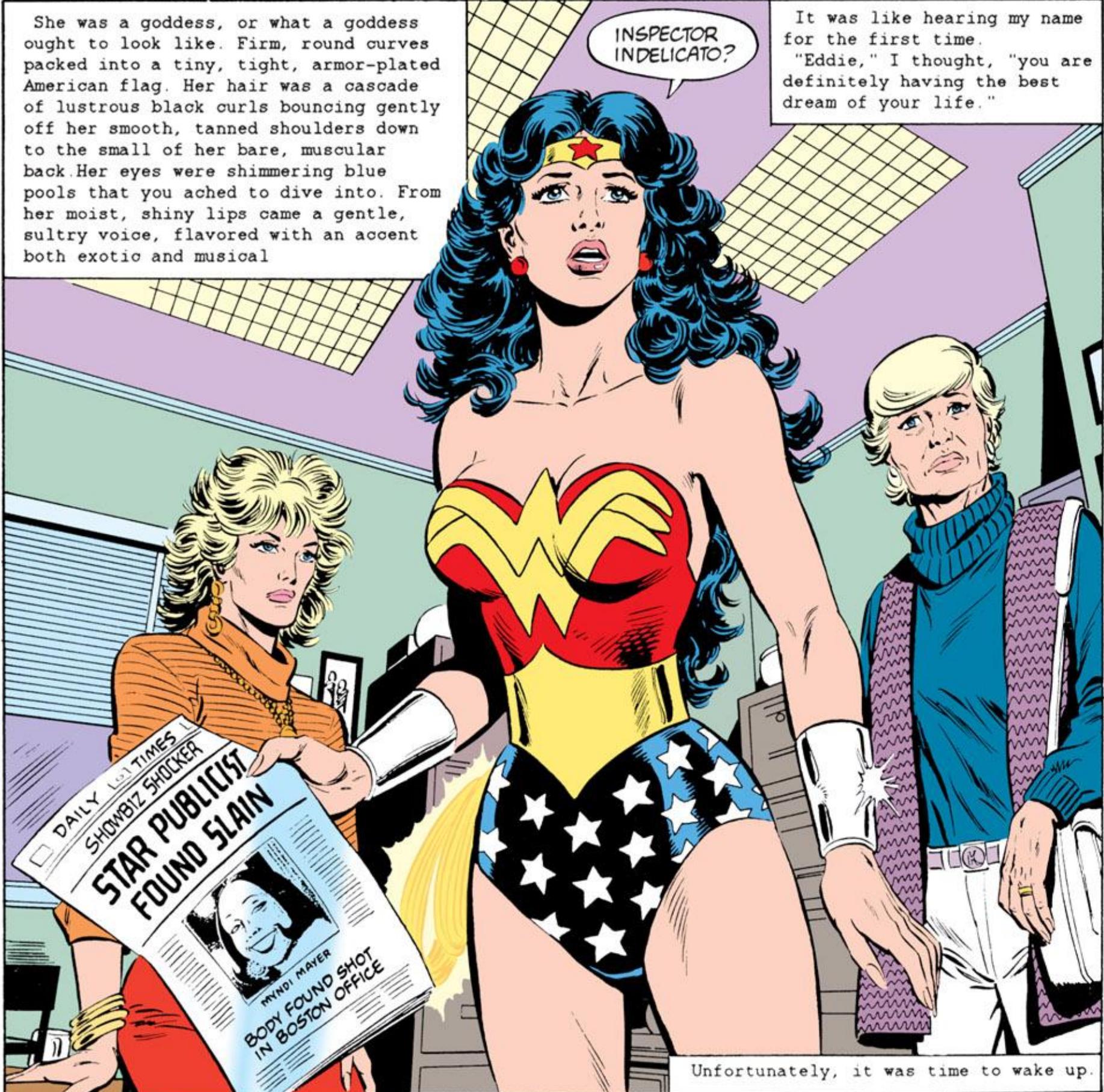


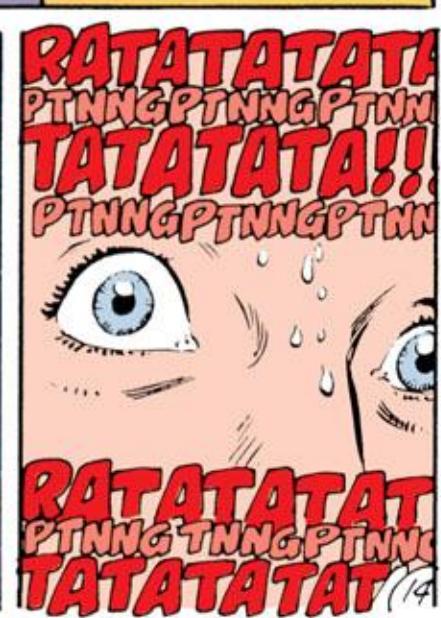
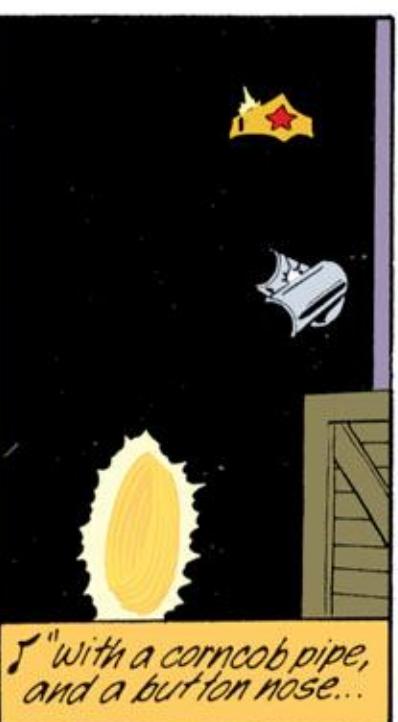


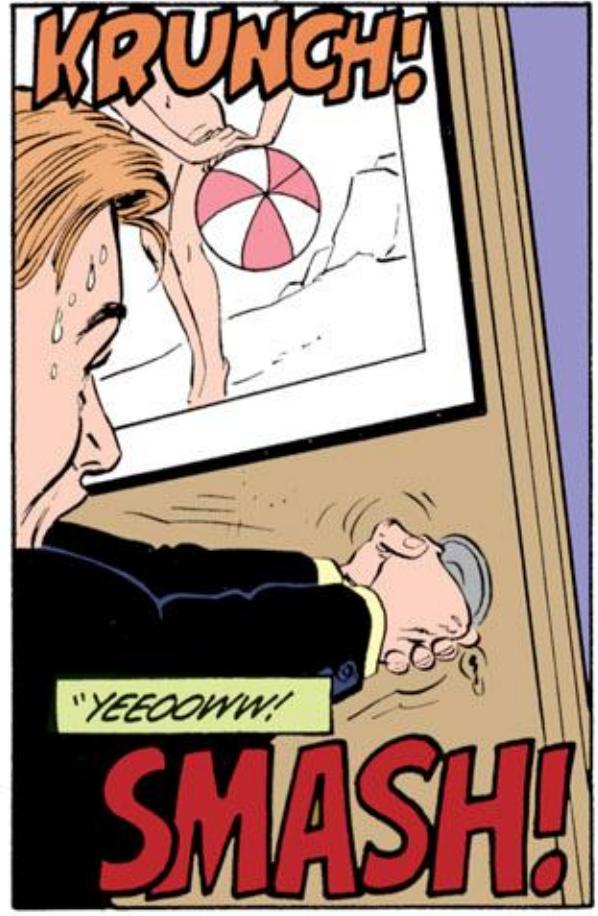
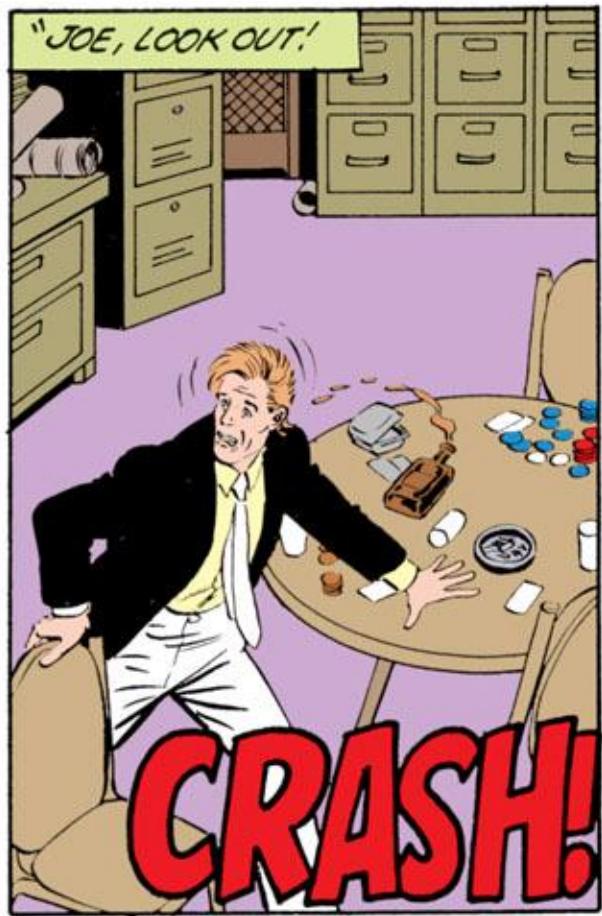
She was a goddess, or what a goddess ought to look like. Firm, round curves packed into a tiny, tight, armor-plated American flag. Her hair was a cascade of lustrous black curls bouncing gently off her smooth, tanned shoulders down to the small of her bare, muscular back. Her eyes were shimmering blue pools that you ached to dive into. From her moist, shiny lips came a gentle, sultry voice, flavored with an accent both exotic and musical.

INSPECTOR INDELICATO?

It was like hearing my name for the first time.
"Eddie," I thought, "you are definitely having the best dream of your life."









The Princess' eyes pleaded for answers. She and her companion, Prof. Julia Kapatelis, had been in Greece at the time of the murder. Trying to maintain an air of professionalism despite my ogling, I proceeded to tell her the facts of the case. Don't know why, really. I just couldn't say "no" to her.

Her blue eyes welled up with iridescent tears, the first genuine sign of sadness over Mayer's death that I had seen so far.

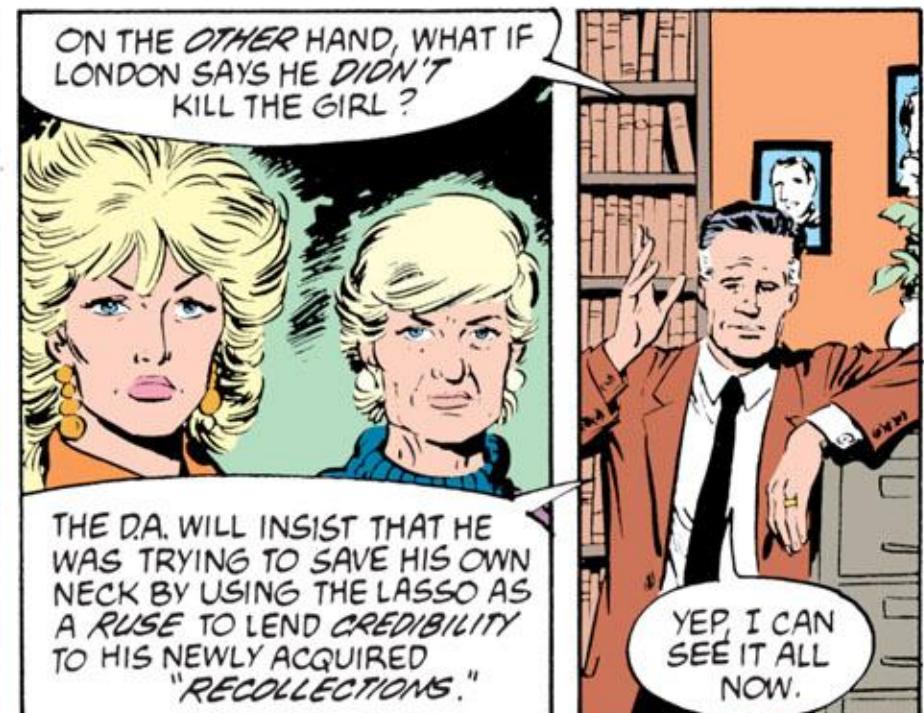


The Princess claimed that the lasso was the reforged girdle of the earth-goddess Gaea and anyone snared by it would be forced to tell the truth. Supposedly the "Fires of Hestia" (the goddess who allegedly gave her the lariat) would burn away even insanity-- and most likely alcoholic blackout--to reveal the truth, without harming the subject.

That was something I had to see.

Unfortunately, Capt. Ablamsky didn't share my driving curiosity.





The Princess' tenacity paid off. Even a curmudgeon like Ablamsky couldn't turn down those eyes. I took Diana and her friends where London was being held.



His wife, the public defender and Deni Hayes were already with him.

At first, London seemed willing but I wasn't going to get the chance to see the lariat in action after all. Ivy London and the P.D. talked him out of it. Just like the captain predicted.



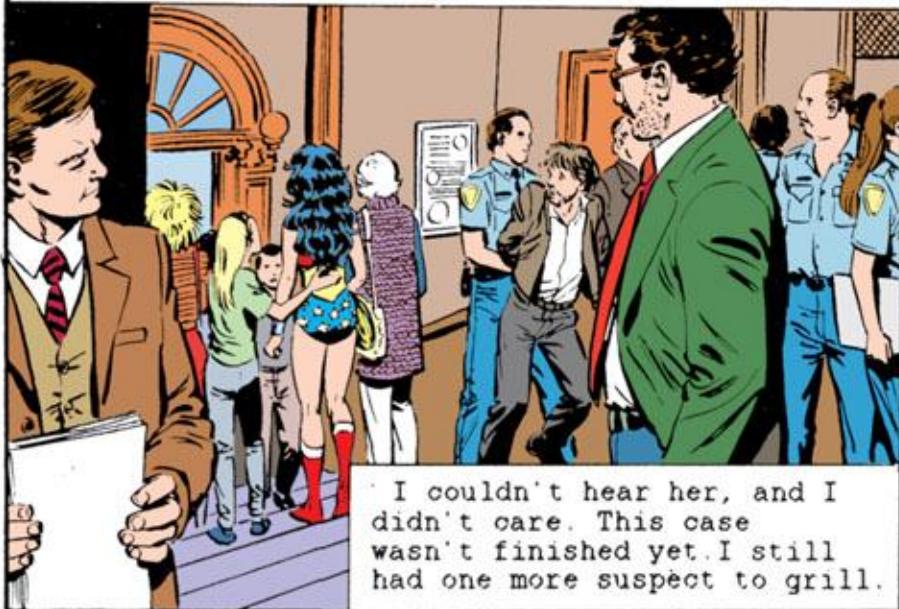
Diana pleaded her case again, but Mrs. London wouldn't back down. I guess I couldn't blame her.

After all, she'd already learned that her husband was a cheat. She was too afraid to find out that he may also be a murderer.



Those luminous blue orbs turned to me for assistance, but there was nothing I could do. My big chance, and I blew it.

I stood there like a bag of dirty laundry as that gorgeous Amazon walked toward the exit. Deni Hayes had gotten her attention with something.



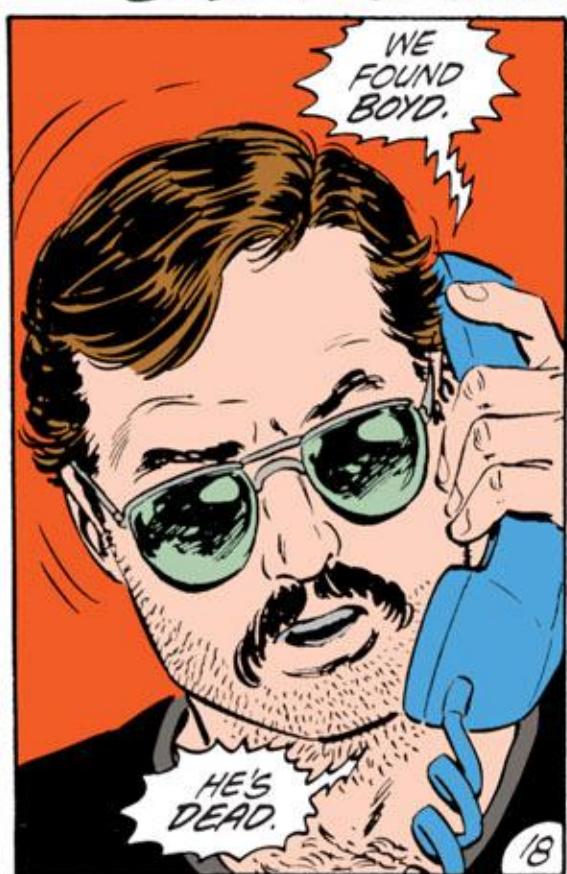
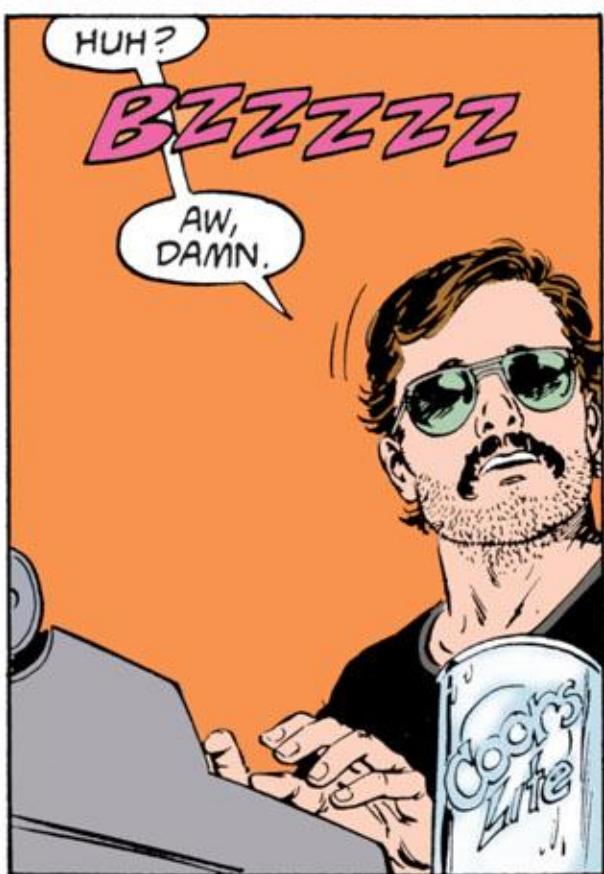
I couldn't hear her, and I didn't care. This case wasn't finished yet. I still had one more suspect to grill.

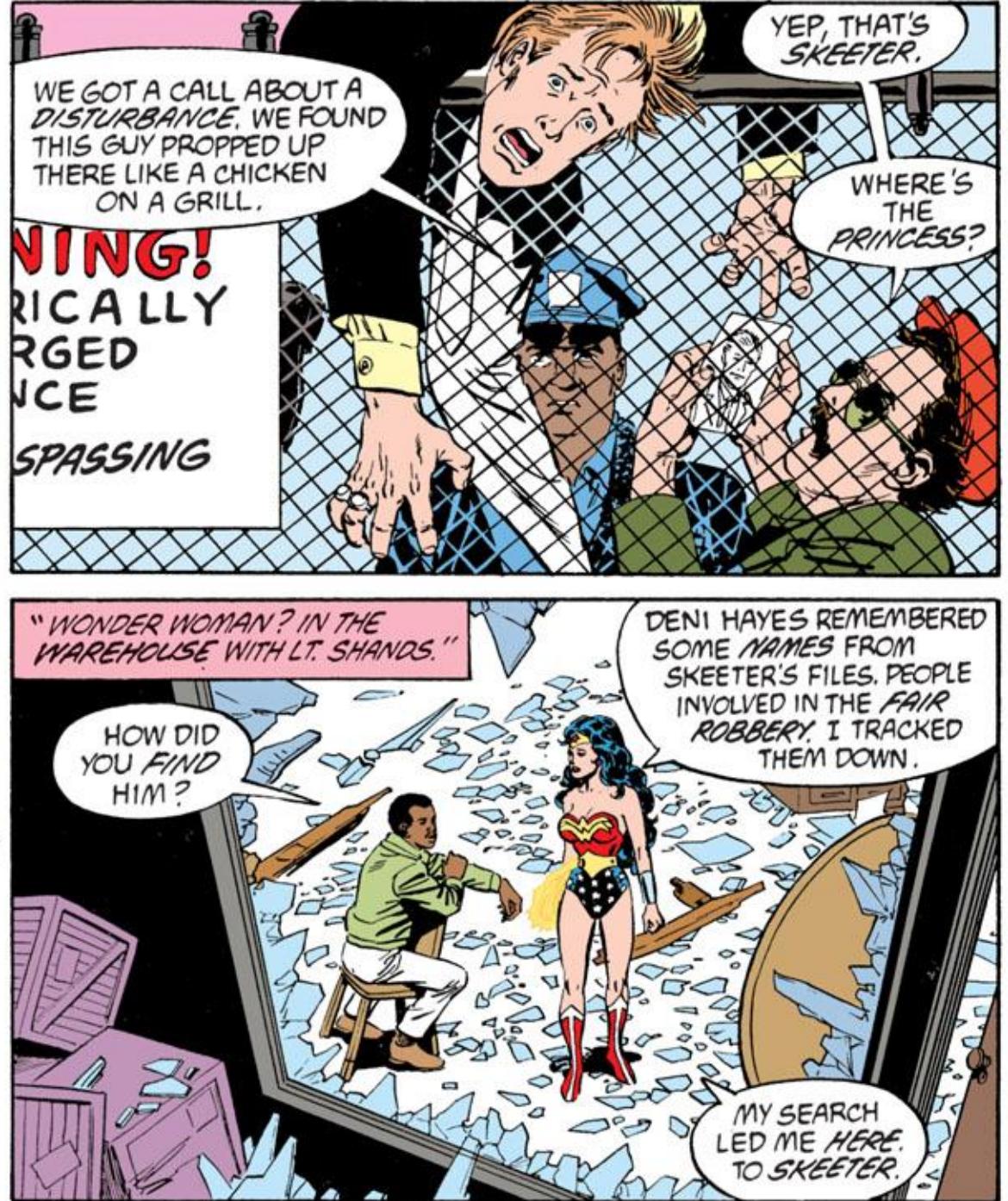
Unfortunately, when Lt. Shands returned, it was without the infamous sleaze bag. The Boyd had flown the coop.

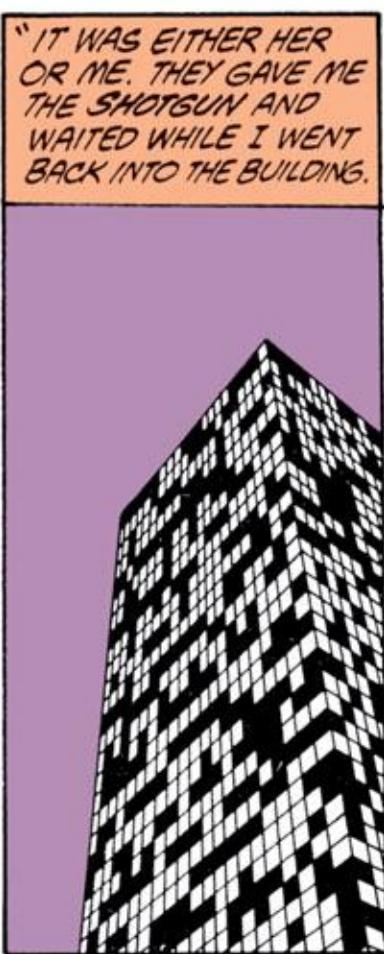


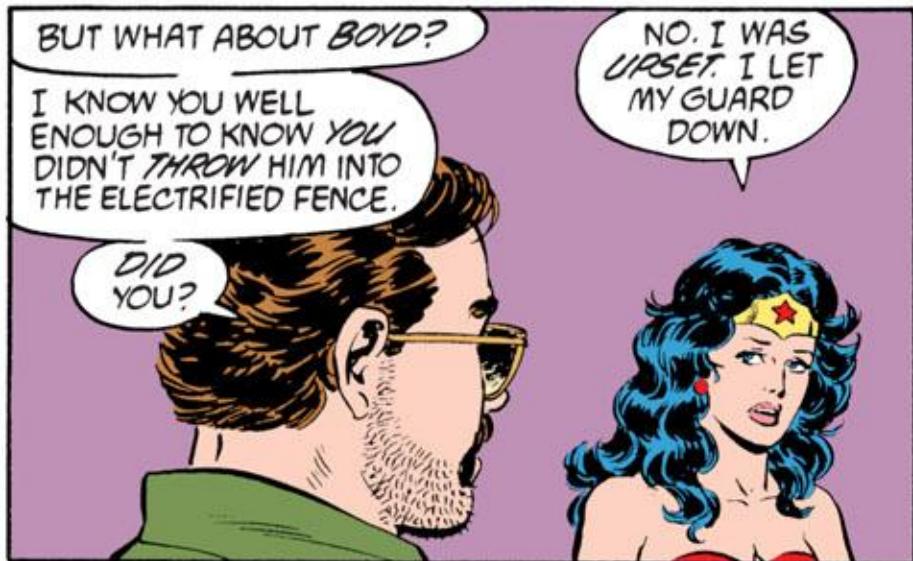
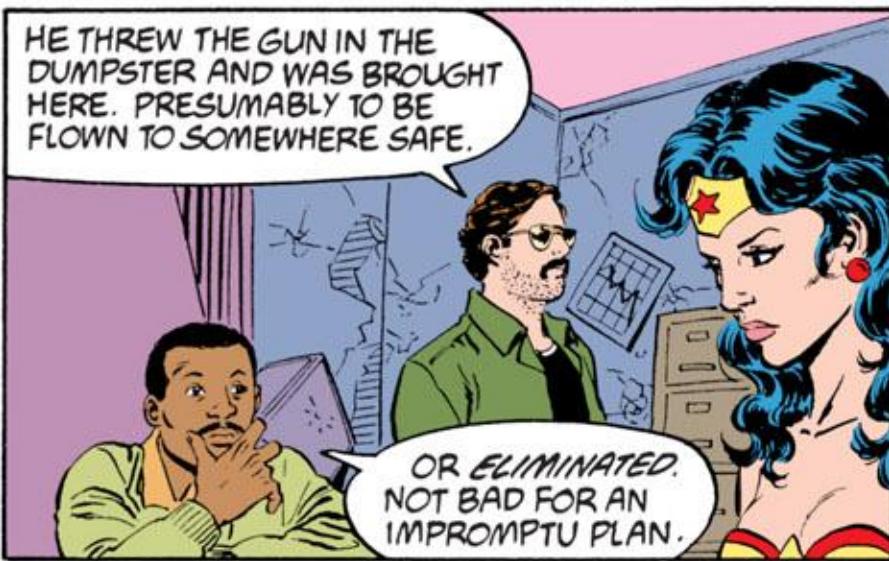
Boyd's disappearance added some new twists to this maze. Although not as many as the coroner's rep

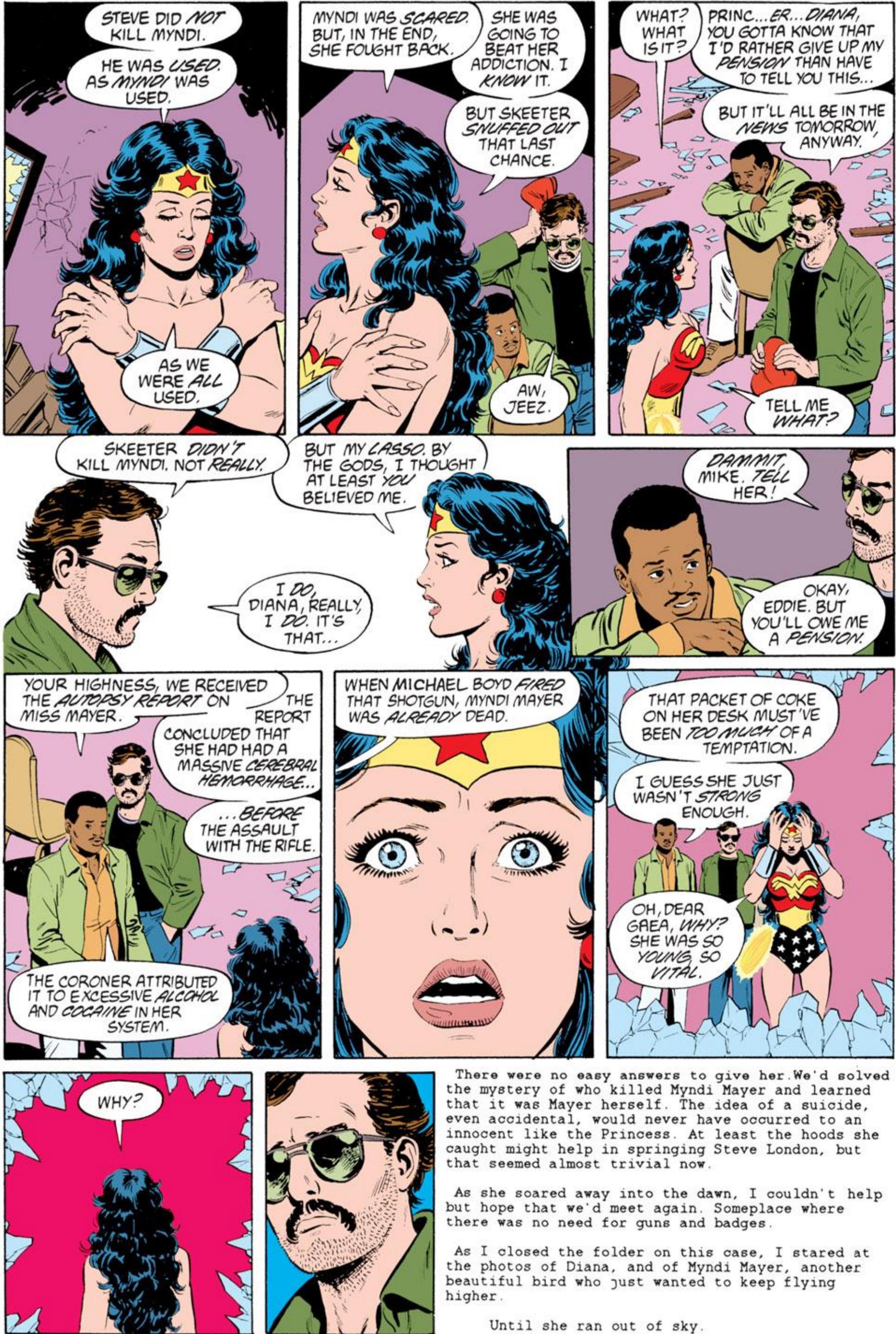
BZZZZZZ











There were no easy answers to give her. We'd solved the mystery of who killed Myndi Mayer and learned that it was Mayer herself. The idea of a suicide, even accidental, would never have occurred to an innocent like the Princess. At least the hoods she caught might help in springing Steve London, but that seemed almost trivial now.

As she soared away into the dawn, I couldn't help but hope that we'd meet again. Someplace where there was no need for guns and badges.

As I closed the folder on this case, I stared at the photos of Diana, and of Myndi Mayer, another beautiful bird who just wanted to keep flying higher.



Wonder Woman 101

For centuries, the race of warrior women known as the Amazons secluded themselves on the remote island of Themyscira. Their leader, Queen Hippolyta, prayed to the gods for a daughter that would embody the Amazon spirit and they granted her wish. Diana was born and gifted with powers and abilities equal to that of the Grecian deities. After winning a competition with all of her Amazonian sisters, she was chosen to be the ambassador of her people in the modern world and took on the code-name **Wonder Woman**.

Since embarking on her mission, Princess Diana has grown to become one of the World's Greatest Super Heroes and battles evil as a member of the Justice League of America alongside Superman, Batman, Green Lantern, The Flash and Aquaman.

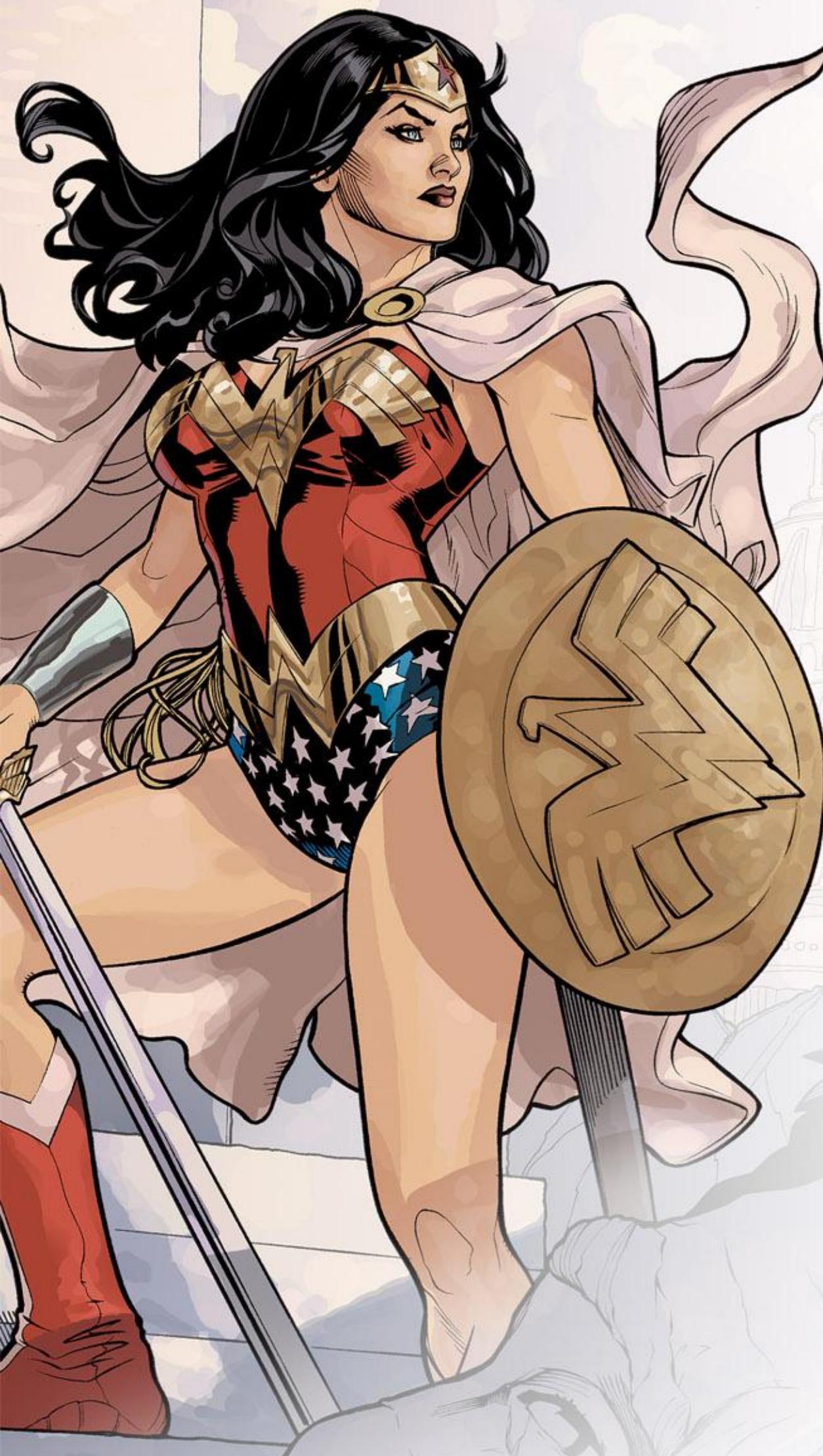
The Amazon Warrior possesses godlike strength, speed, invulnerability and the ability to fly. She uses her unbreakable magic Lasso of Truth and bullet deflecting bracelets to take on an astounding array of villains including the Cheetah, Giganta and Ares, God of War.

To this day, **Wonder Woman** remains a pop culture icon across the globe and serves as an inspiration to fans young and old. From the classic Wonder Woman live-action television series starring Lynda Carter to her appearances in the **Super Friends** and **Justice League**, she has been spotlighted in all forms of media. Now you can read all about her in these 101 Wonder Woman digital comics.

Want even more? Be sure to check out the Wonder Woman offerings in our digital library, as well as your local comics shop, bookstore or library!



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