



WONDER WOMAN

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AO
AUTHORITY



BY
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GATEWAY CITY.

THE DAMP AIR CLINGS COLD
AND CLAMMY AGAINST
EXPOSED SKIN.

THE WINTER NIGHT
INSINUATES ITS FRIGID
TENTACLES INTO THE
DEEPEST CORNERS OF THE
CITY.

SOME STIR FITFULLY IN
THEIR BEDS, REMEMBERING
IN HORRIFYING DREAMS
ANOTHER COLD, A DEEPER,
DARKER COLD.

SOME SNUGGLE INTO THEIR
BLANKETS AND SMILE IN
THEIR SLEEP, KNOWING
THAT THIS COLD WILL BE
BANISHED, AT LEAST A
LITTLE, WITH THE COMING
OF THE SUN.

NONE, OF ALL THE MANY
MILLION MODERN CLIFF-
DWELLERS, KNOW THERE IS
A STRANGE NEW FORCE
LOOSE IN THEIR FABLED
CITY BY THE BAY.

NONE HEAR THE SUBTLE,
FLEETING SCRAPE OF CLAW
ON STONE AND STEEL AND
ASPHALT.

Sanderson House

NONE SEE THE SHIMMER OF
MOONLIGHT ON SLEEK AND
SHINING FIR.

GATEWAY CITY.

WHERE A PREDATOR HAS
COME TO PREY.

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WONDER WOMAN
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WILLIAM Moulton
MARSTON



THERE WAS A TIME, AND
NOT SO LONG AGO, WHEN
THIS FERAL THING WAS A
WOMAN MUCH LIKE ANY
OTHER.

HER NAME WAS BARBARA
MINERVA -- AND IT IS
NECESSARY THAT WE SAY
"WAS," BECAUSE THAT
WOMAN IS NOT A PRESENCE
OF ANY MEASURE IN THE
STALKING BEAST THAT
HURLS HERSELF ACROSS
THE ROOFTOPS OF THE
CITY.

BARBARA MINERVA WAS A
WOMAN TRAPPED IN A
FAILING, FRAGILE BODY. A
WOMAN WHO WOULD HAVE
SOLD HER SOUL TO BE
FREE OF THE CRIPPLED
SHELL THAT CAGED IT.

SADLY, SHE HAS DONE
JUST THAT.

BELLOW, IN THE SHADOWED
VALLEYS OF THE STREETS,
THE LIFE OF GATEWAY CITY
CONTINUES AS IT DOES
EACH DAY AND NIGHT.

AND HERE, MOVING FROM
SHADOW TO SHADOW,
SHUNNING THE LIGHT AS
THOUGH IT PAINS HIM TO
FEEL ITS LIGHTEST TOUCH,
ONE WHO HANGS FROM THE
UNDERBELLY OF THE CITY
AS A LEECH HANGS FROM A
DYING DOG.

HIS NAME IS UNIMPORTANT.
IT IS NOT THE ONE HE WAS
GIVEN AT BIRTH, NOT THE
ONE HE HAD LAST YEAR, OR
EVEN LAST MONTH.

NOT THE ONE WHICH WILL
MARK HIS TOMBSTONE IN
POTTER'S FIELD...

AEEEEEEE
GAHNG

TWELVE HOURS LATER.

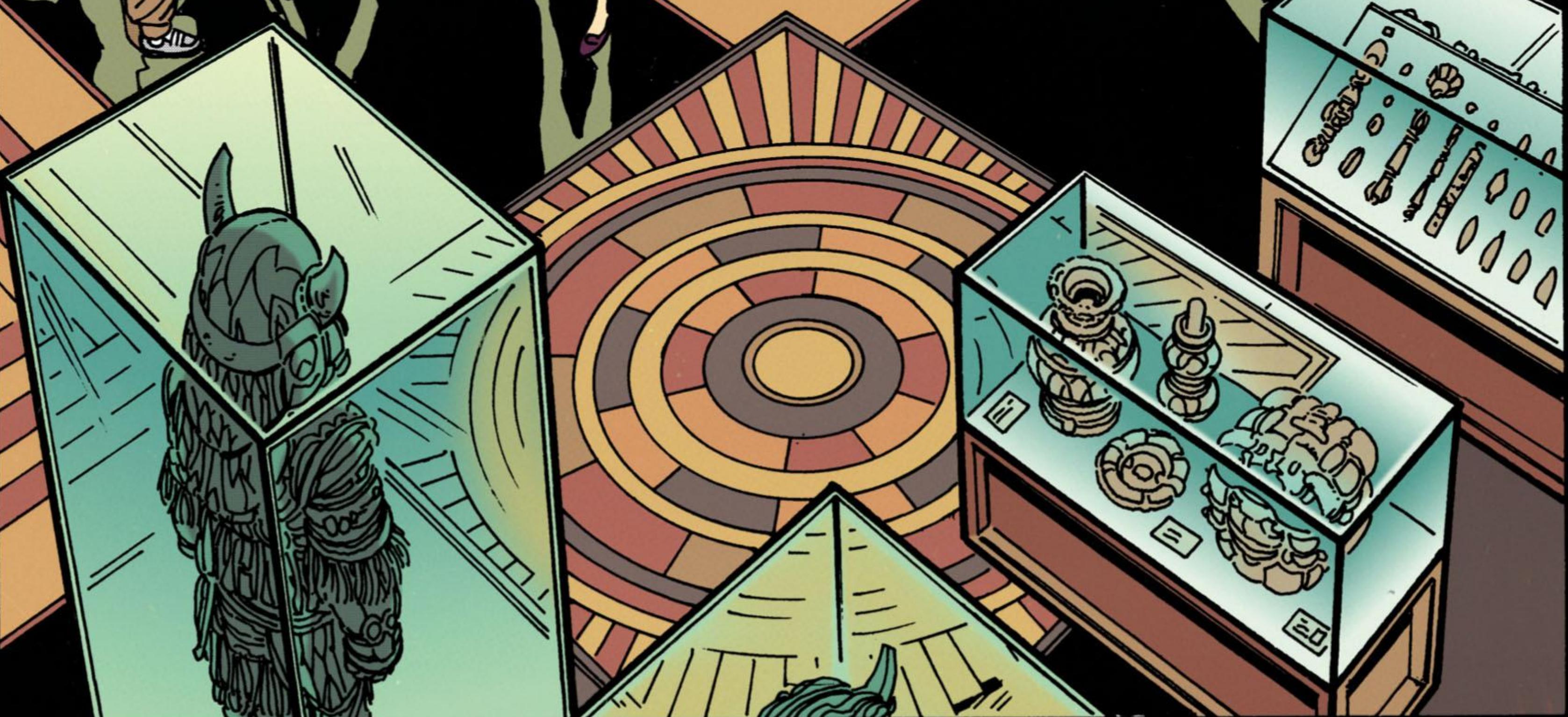
WELL, THERE MUST BE SOMETHING YOU CAN DO THAT WOULD LOOK MORE DYNAMIC ON CAMERA.

HOW ABOUT IF YOU LIFT UP THIS DISPLAY CASE, LIKE YOU WERE GOING TO MOVE IT TO ANOTHER HALL.

THAT SEEMS UNWISE. THE CONTENTS ARE VERY OLD AND MIGHT BE FRAGILE.

THAT'S A WORD AND A HALF, DIANA!

WHAT ARE YOU PEOPLE DOING TO MY MUSEUM?



NOTHING YOU NEED WORRY ABOUT, PROFESSOR SANDSMARK. YOU DID GIVE US PERMISSION TO FILM IN HERE, AFTER ALL.

I KNOW I DID-- BUT I DIDN'T THINK YOU'D BE CLOSING OFF WHOLE HALLS AND DISRUPTING THE FLOW OF TRAFFIC THROUGH THE MUSEUM!

THIS IS MY FAULT, HELENA.

WHEN I AGREED TO ALLOW MS. HARDMAN TO FILM ME AS PART OF HER "DAY IN THE LIFE..." SERIES...

...IT DID NOT OCCUR TO ME THAT EVEN A MOST UNOBTRUSIVE FILM CREW COULD NOT HELP BUT BE MOST INTRUSIVE HERE.

PERHAPS WE SHOULD ADJOURN TO THE PARK ACROSS THE STREET. I KNOW FROM PAST EXPERIENCE THAT YOUR VIEWERS WOULD NO DOUBT BE MORE INTERESTED IN SEEING WONDER WOMAN THAN DIANA PRINCE.

BUT THAT'S WHAT EVERYBODY DOES, DIANA! I WANTED TO CAPTURE THE REAL YOU, THE EVERYDAY YOU.



THE "EVERYDAY" ME IS JUST AS MUCH WONDER WOMAN AS MY JOB HERE AT THE MUSEUM OF ANTIQUITIES, HOLLY.

AND IN THE PARK THERE ARE WAYS I CAN DEMONSTRATE MY POWERS THAT WILL NOT RISK THE DESTRUCTION OF TREASURED ARTIFACTS.

DIANA!

MAUREEN! WHAT IS IT?

IT'S MIKE. MOM SAYS HE DIDN'T COME HOME LAST NIGHT, AND NOW ONE OF HIS FRIENDS HAS FOUND HIS CAP IN THE GUTTER OUTSIDE OUR BUILDING...

...WITH BLOOD ALL OVER IT!

WHO'S THIS, DIANA?



"SHE IS MAUREEN SCHORR,
THE SISTER OF A CLOSE
FRIEND OF MINE. AN OFFICER
IN THE GATEWAY CITY
POLICE."

LOOK! HALF THE FORCE
MUST BE COVERING THIS!

I CANNOT LAND IN THAT
CONGESTION. HOLD ON,
EVERYONE. I'LL SEE IF I
CAN USE THE "MORPHING"
CAPABILITIES OF THIS
AIRCRAFT TO LOWER US
INTO THE STREET.



THIS IS AMAZING! WHERE
ON EARTH DID YOU GET THIS
AIRPLANE THING?

I ACQUIRED
IT ONLY A DAY
AGO, IN A
PLACE I AM
SWORN
TO KEEP
SECRET...*

MO! YOU
BROUGHT
WONDER
WOMAN!

WHAT HAVE
YOU FOUND,
OSCAR?

ONLY BAD NEWS, MO. THE
FORENSICS BOYS SAY THAT
IS MIKE'S BLOOD TYPE ON
HIS CAP.

I WAS KINDA HOPING...







THIS IS NOT PROCEEDING AT ALL AS YOU ASSURED ME IT WOULD.

IT WAS MY UNDERSTANDING MINERVA WAS MORE... TRACTABLE.

DAT SHE WAS, SIR, BEFORE SHE SOLD HER SOUL TO WAKE ME FROM DE FINAL SLEEP OF DEATH...



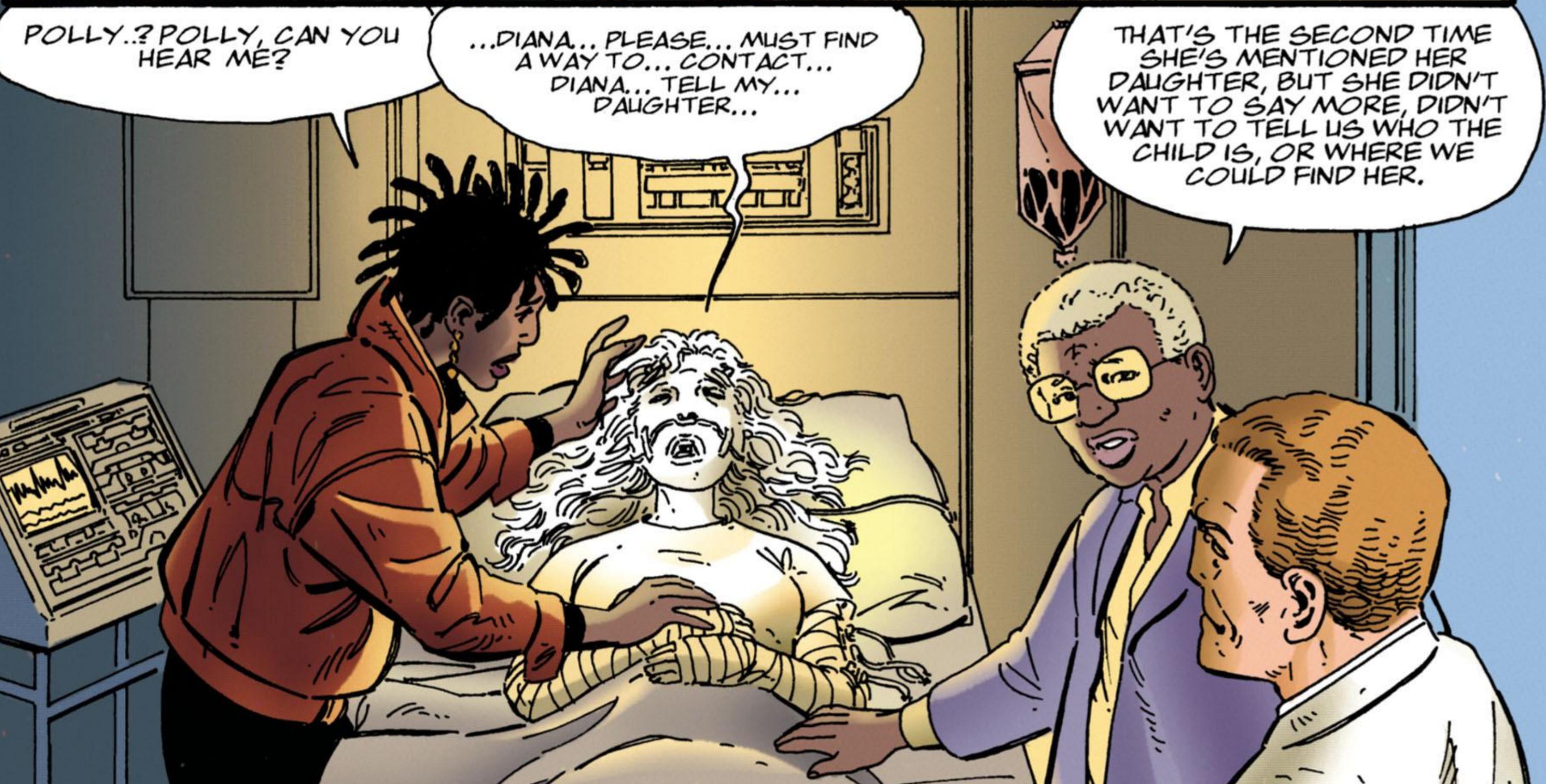
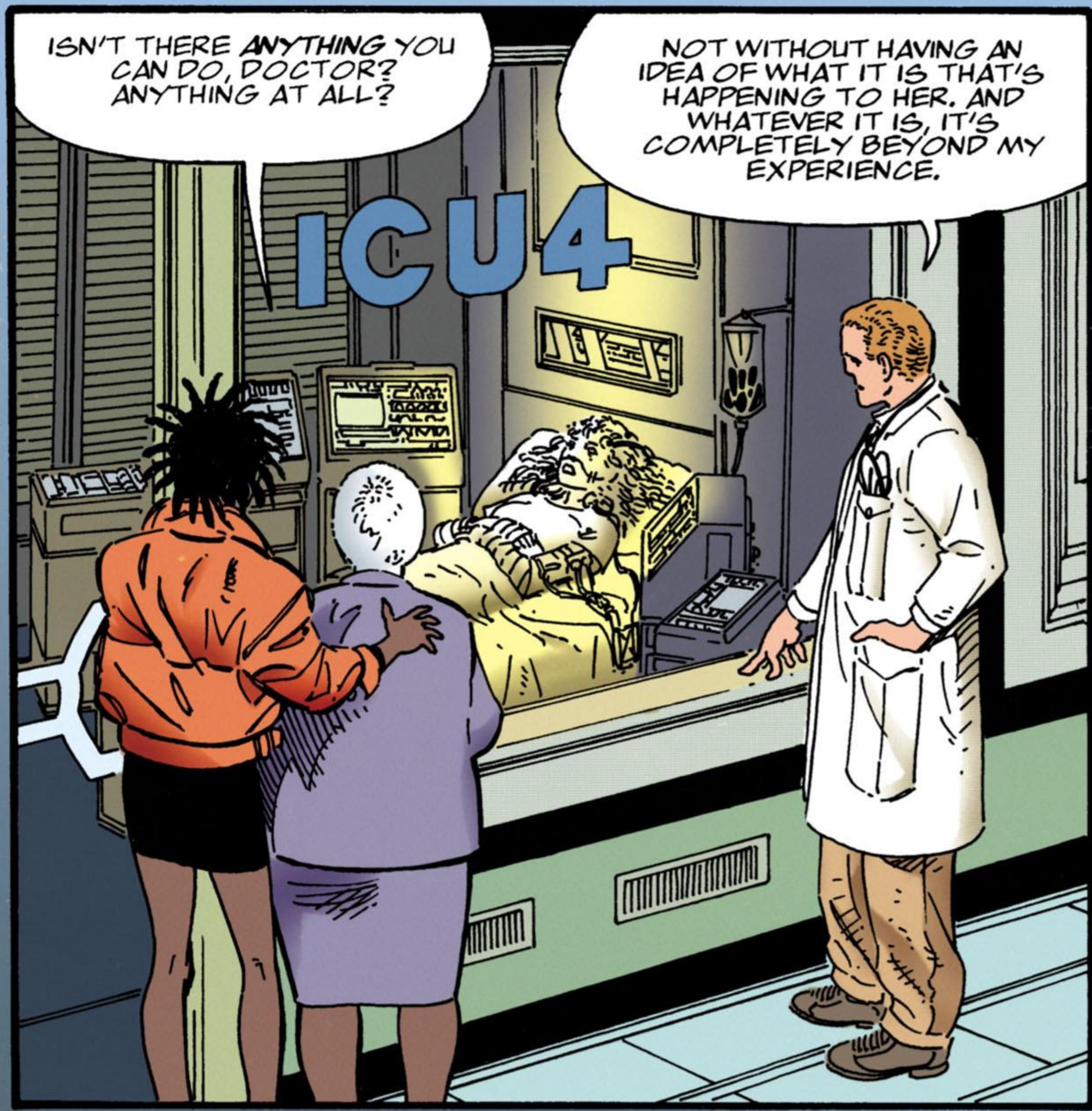
I WISH YOU'D STOP SAYING THAT. I'VE TOLD YOU I DON'T BELIEVE ANY OF THIS VOODOO YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT.

MY INTEREST, AND THE INTEREST OF LEXCORP INTERNATIONAL, IS IN THE REGENERATIVE POTENTIAL OF THIS TRANSFORMATION PROCESS.



AND MY INTEREST, MR. DEPAUL, IS IN DE VAST RESOURCES OF DIS ORGANIZATION. RESOURCES WHICH MIGHT BE PUT TO USE FREEING BARBARA MINERVA OF DE CURSE TO WHICH SHE HAS SUBMITTED HERSELF ON MY BEHALF.

"HOW IS SHE, DOCTOR?"



ANGELICA... MAYBE YOU... I
MEAN, THOSE PSYCHIC
FLASHES YOU HAVE. IF YOU
COULD SOMEHOW REACH
INTO POLLY'S MIND...

IT DOESN'T WORK LIKE
THAT, MOM. YOU KNOW
THAT, I HAVE NO CONTROL
OVER MY SECOND SIGHT.

STILL, YOU HAVE BEEN WRITTEN UP
IN SEVERAL TEXTBOOKS ON THE
SUBJECT, MS. WALLIS.

AND AT THIS POINT I WOULD
BE WILLING TO TRY
ANYTHING THAT MIGHT GIVE
US SOME CLUE AS TO WHO
THIS WOMAN IS, AND WHERE
SHE MIGHT HAVE
CONTRACTED THIS
AFFLICTION.

I'LL TRY, BUT I DON'T
GUARANTEE ANYTHING...

POLLY... POLLY CAN YOU
HEAR ME? TRY TO RELAX.
TRY TO OPEN YOUR MIND
TO ME.

THERE'S... SOMETHING.
SHE'S... REACHING OUT TO
ME. I CAN FEEL...

OH-HHH!!!

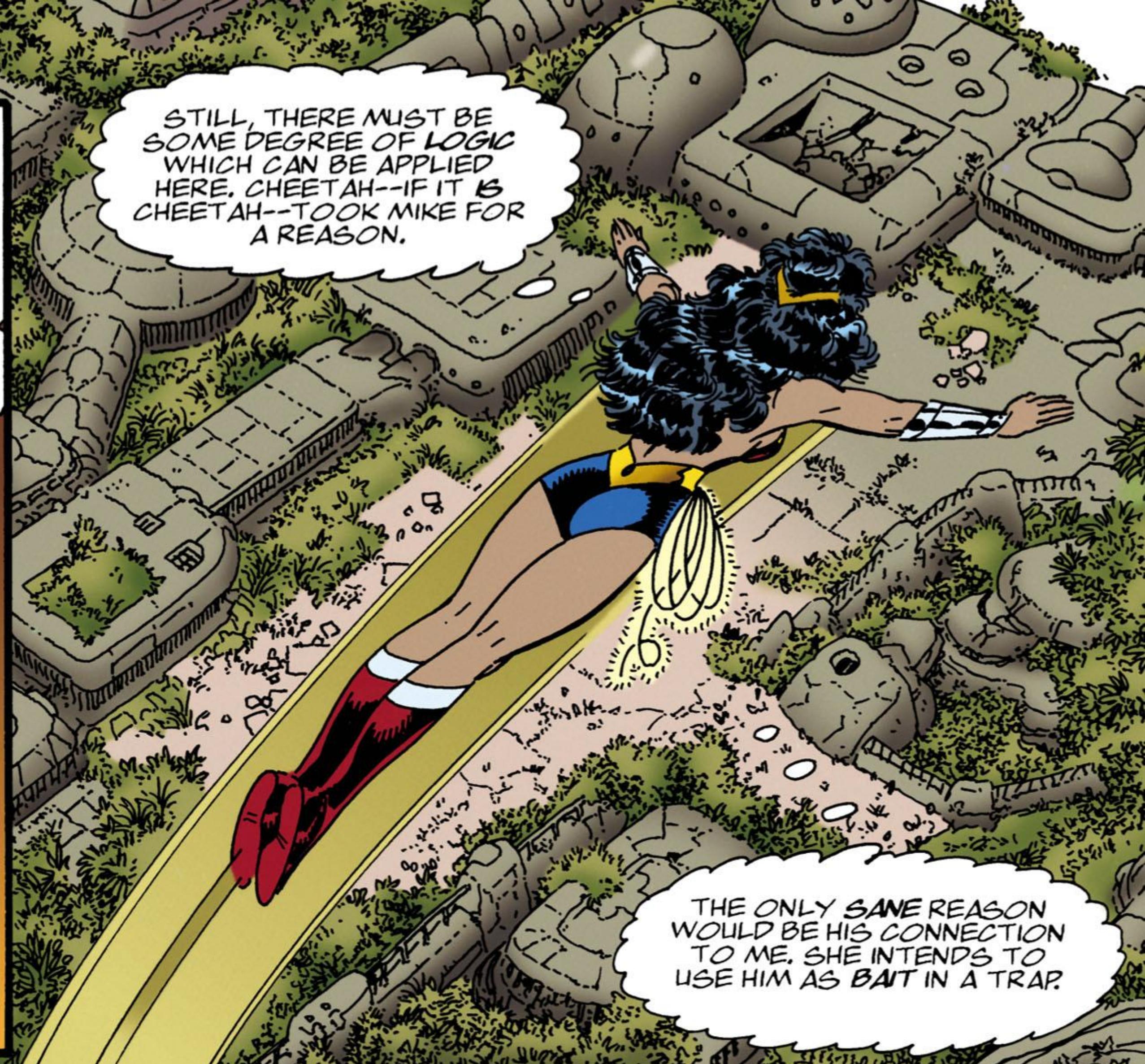
APRÈS GEORGE!



I AM SUDDENLY MADE AWARE OF JUST HOW BIG GATEWAY IS! THE URBAN SPRawl COVERS LITERALLY HUNDREDS OF SQUARE MILES, AND CHEETAH HAS ALL THE INSTINCTS AND CUNNING OF A JUNGLE CAT. SHE WILL NOT BE EASY TO FIND, UNLESS SHE WISHES TO BE!



STILL, THERE MUST BE SOME DEGREE OF LOGIC WHICH CAN BE APPLIED HERE. CHEETAH--IF IT IS CHEETAH--TOOK MIKE FOR A REASON.



YET, WHY WOULD SHE WISH TO TRAP ME, SINCE THE LAST TIME WE HAD CONTACT WE PARTED IN A STATE OF UNEASY FRIENDSHIP.

SOMETHING MUST HAVE HAPPENED TO HER. SOMETHING THAT SENT HER BACK ONTO THE PATHS WHICH SHE WALKED WHEN FIRST WE MET...*

AND IN THAT ASSUMPTION, I BEGIN MY SEARCH HERE, IN THE ONE PLACE IN GATEWAY WHICH MOST RESEMBLES THE JUNGLES TO WHICH HER POWERS BEST ADAPT HER.



THE RUINS OF THE GATEWAY CITY ZOO, ABANDONED FOR MORE THAN A DECADE, SINCE THE CITY CUT ITS FUNDING.

*WHICH WOULD BE WAY, WAAAY BACK IN WONDER WOMAN #9 - LITTLE OL' HISTORIAN PAUL

CASSIE SANDSMARK TOLD ME OF THIS PLACE--OF HOW THE MAYOR CUT OFF MONEY TO THE ZOO, AND THE CHIEF ZOO KEEPER, IN A FIT OF PROTEST AND MADNESS, UNLEASHED ALL THE ANIMALS.

MOST WERE CAPTURED OR KILLED, BUT URBAN MYTHS PERSIST. ANIMALS BOTH REAL AND GHOSTLY ARE SAID TO STALK THESE BROKEN PATHWAYS.

ACCORDING TO CASSIE, IT IS SOMETHING OF A RITE OF PASSAGE FOR OLDER TEENAGERS TO SPEND A NIGHT HERE, ALONE.

AND SOME, IT IS SAID, NEVER RETURN FROM SUCH A VIGIL.

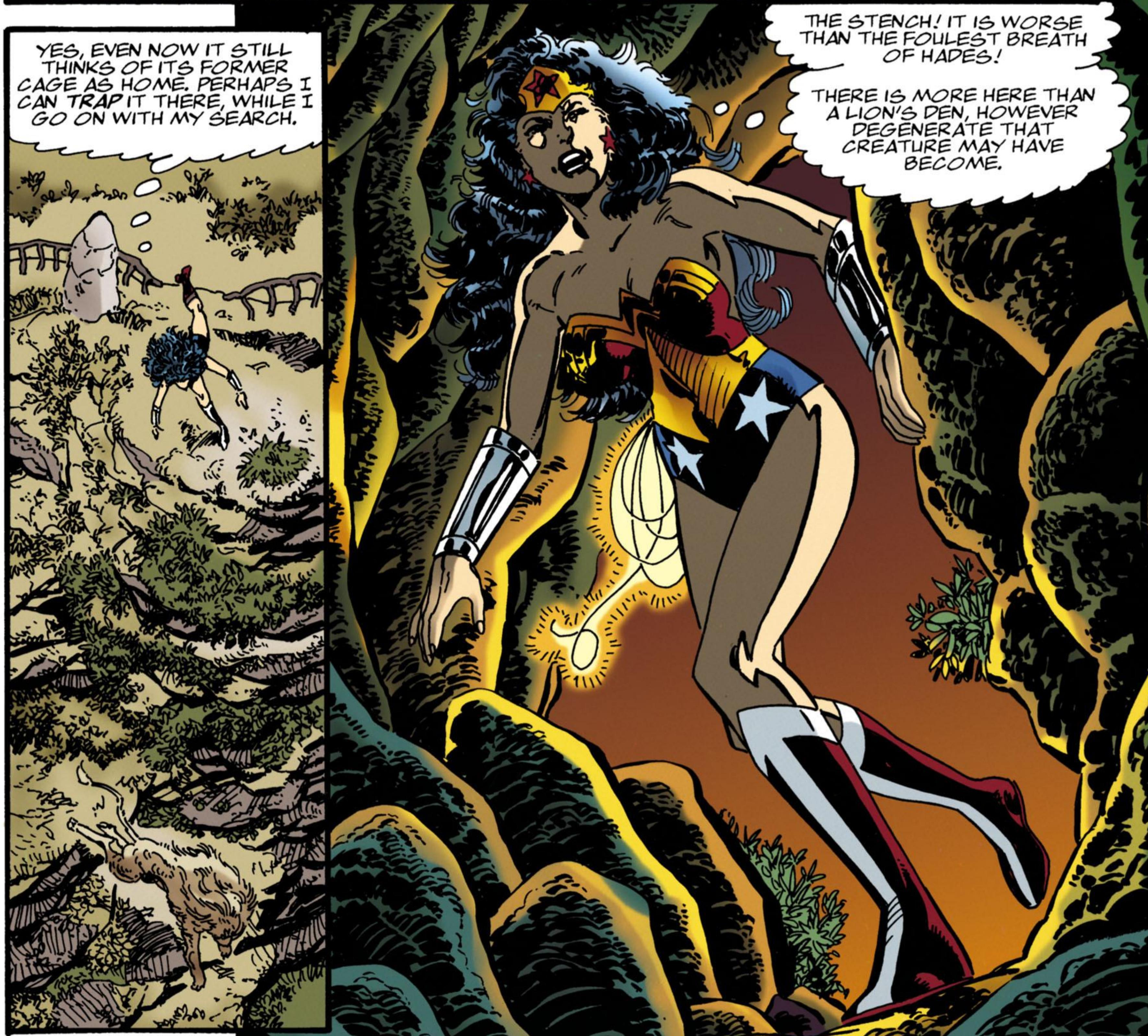
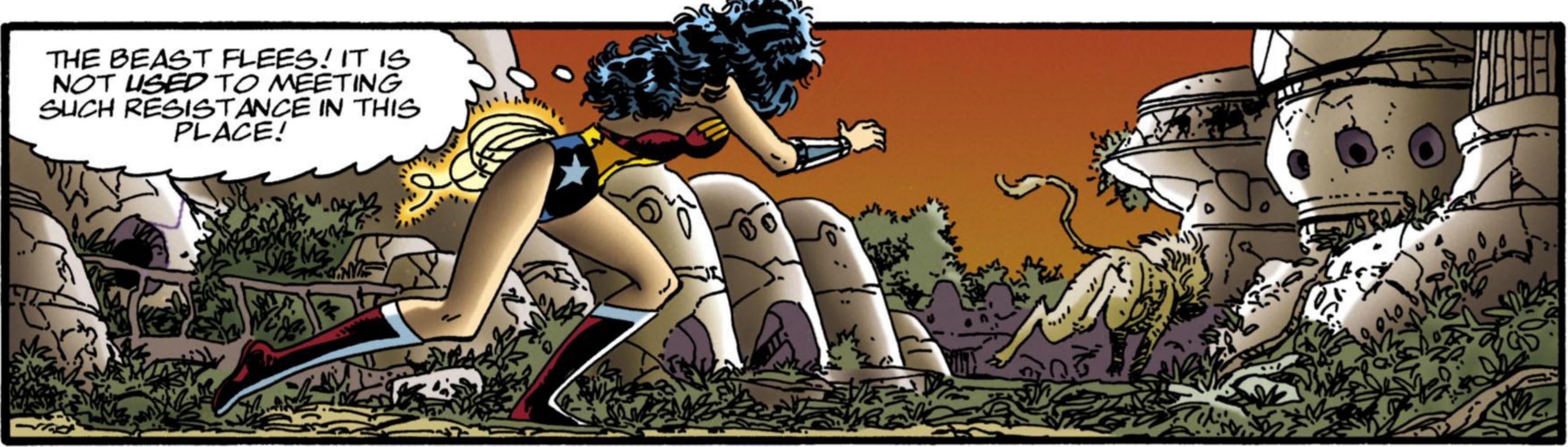
GREAT HERA!





A LION!





ZEUS AND
HERA PROTECT
ME!

THIS CANNOT BE THE
REMAINS OF ANY LION'S
FEASTS. THESE SKULLS
HAVE BEEN PICKED CLEAN.

NOT EVEN THE MOST
RAVENOUS LION COULD DO
SO THOROUGH A JOB.
AND... WHERE ARE THE
REST OF THE BODIES?

CHEETAH!



NO USE! THERE IS NO
TRACE OF BARBARA
MINERVA IN THIS THING!

BARBARA!
IF THERE IS ANY-
THING OF YOU LEFT
IN THIS WILD
BEAST...

...FIGHT THE ANIMAL
URGES! CALL UPON YOUR
HUMANITY!



AGH!

SHE IS MORE POWERFUL THAN BEFORE!
WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO HER?

THERE IS NO TIME TO
PONDER SUCH THINGS! I
MUST STOP HER.

NOW!

FORGIVE ME, BARBARA.
YOU LEAVE ME NO...

AH-HH!!

WHAK!

WRAK!

WRAK!





WHAT...
HAS...
HAPPENED...
TO...
ME...??

NEXT ISSUE: THE BEGINNINGS OF AN ANSWER, AS DIANA FIGHT TO SAVE FOUR SOULS AND FINDS HERSELF BECOMING MORE AND MORE THE VICTIM OF THE STRANGE MALADY WHICH HAS ALREADY CLAIMED HER MOTHER!