



THE NEW 52!

DC  
COMICS™

14

BRIAN  
**AZZARELLO**  
TONY  
**AKINS**  
DAN  
**GREEN**

# WONDER WOMAN



ANTARCTICA.

"WHAT'S HE DOING?"

NOTHING.  
HE HASN'T  
MOVED IN OVER  
SIX HOURS.

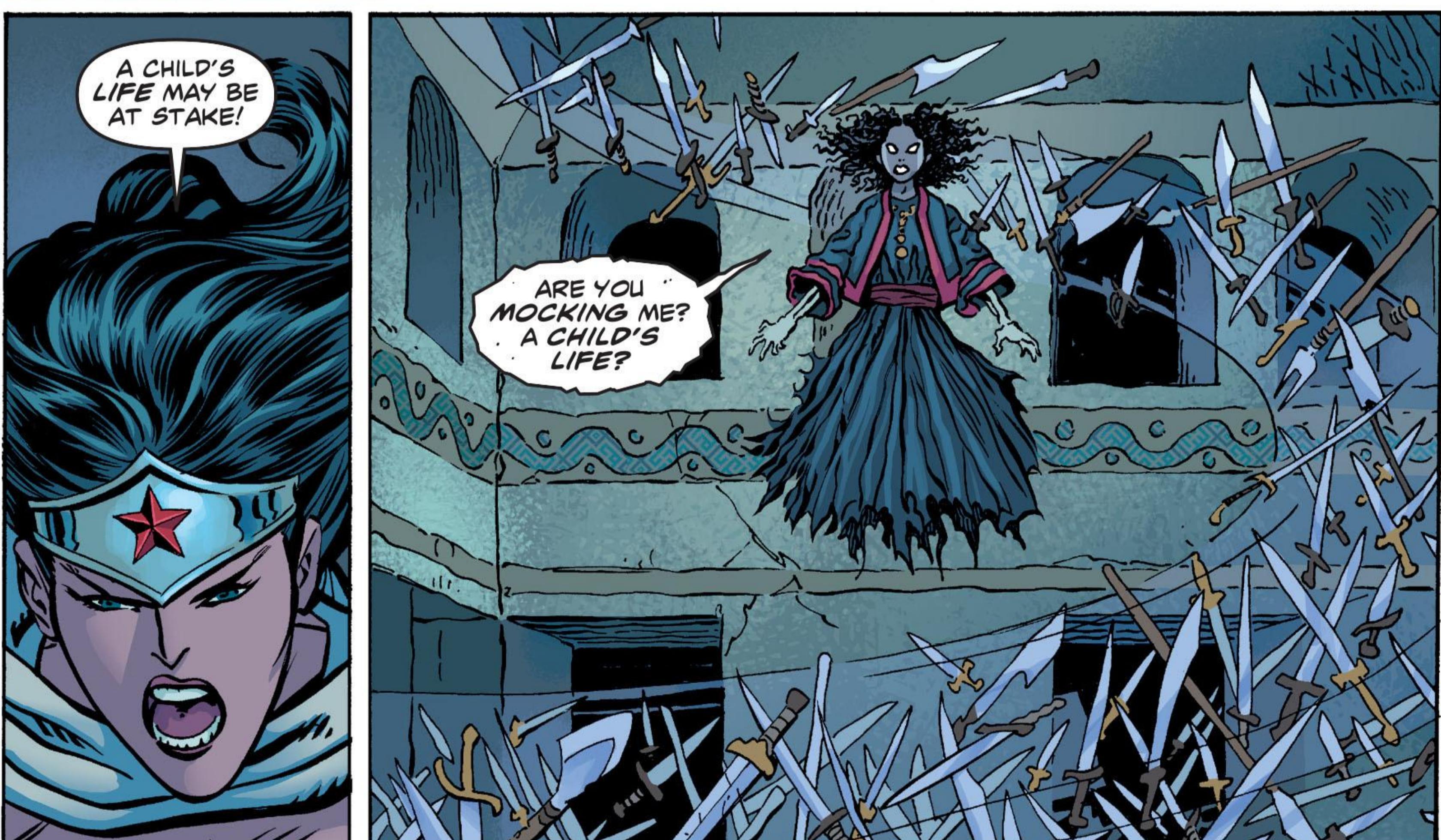
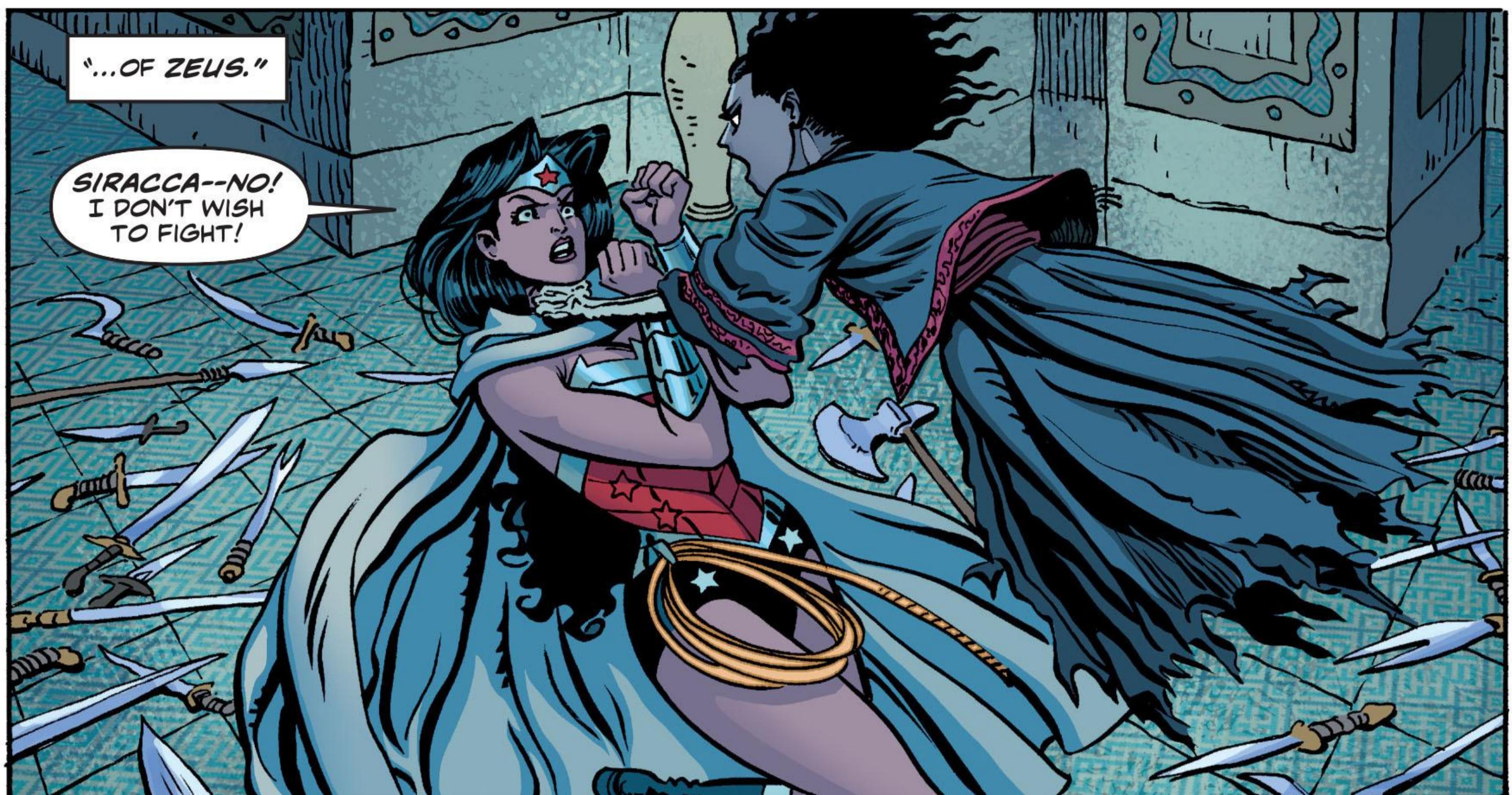
CASSANDRA...  
IS IT TRUE THAT  
HE ATE DOCTOR  
DUERSON'S  
BRAIN?

TO LEARN  
OUR LANGUAGE,  
MR. BUTLER.

IS THAT  
POSSIBLE?

IT HAPPENED.  
HE SAID HE  
DIDN'T NEED  
OUR HELP.





PALESTINE. 1917.

# JUST DESERTS

BRIAN AZZARELLO writer

TONY AKINS layouts

DAN GREEN finishes (pgs 1-7, 10-12)

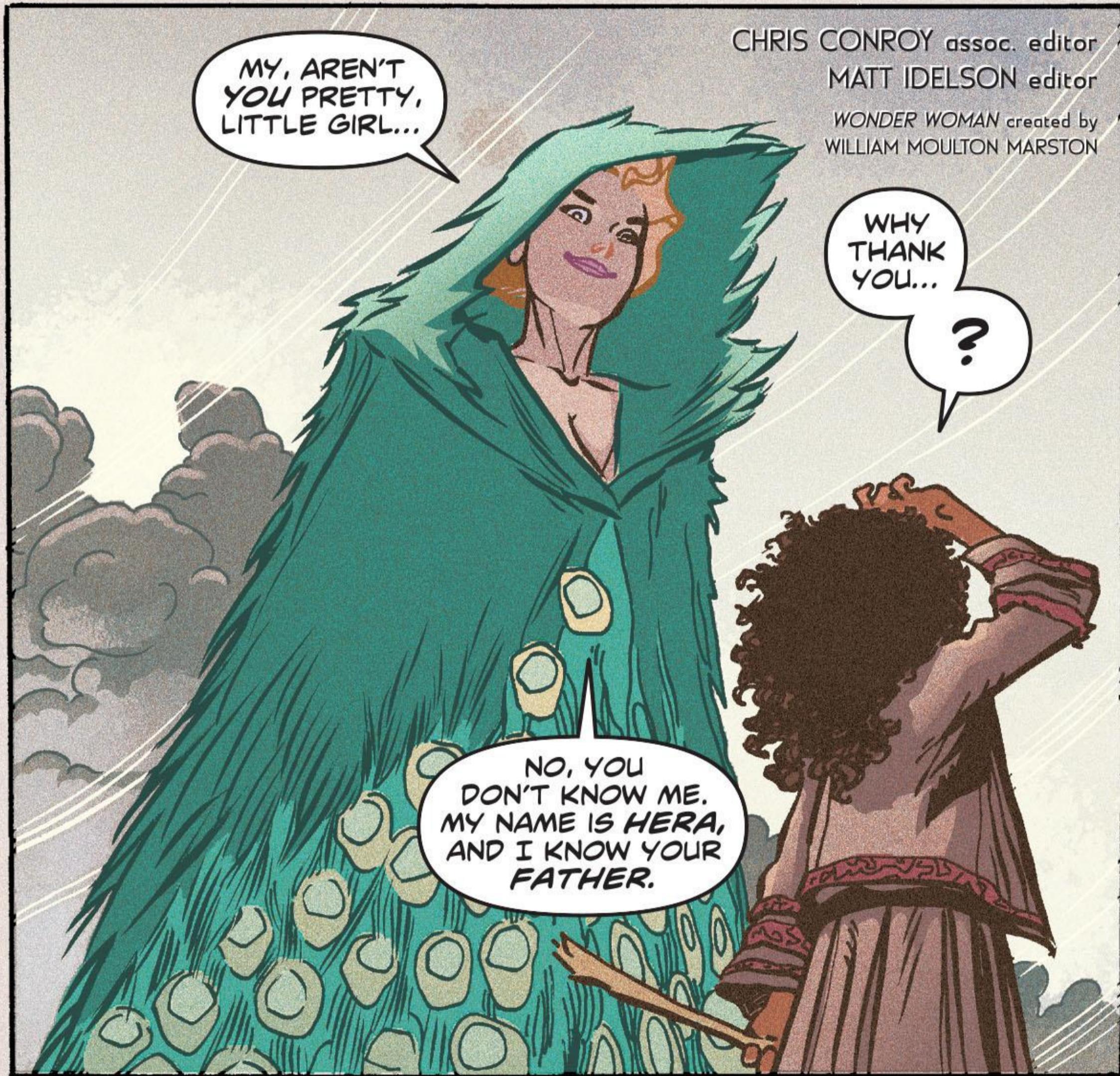
RICK BURCHETT finishes (pgs 8-9, 13-20)

"...MY LIFE."



MATTHEW WILSON colorist  
JARED K. FLETCHER letterer  
CLIFF CHIANG cover

CHRIS CONROY assoc. editor  
MATT IDELSON editor  
WONDER WOMAN created by  
WILLIAM MOULTON MARSTON



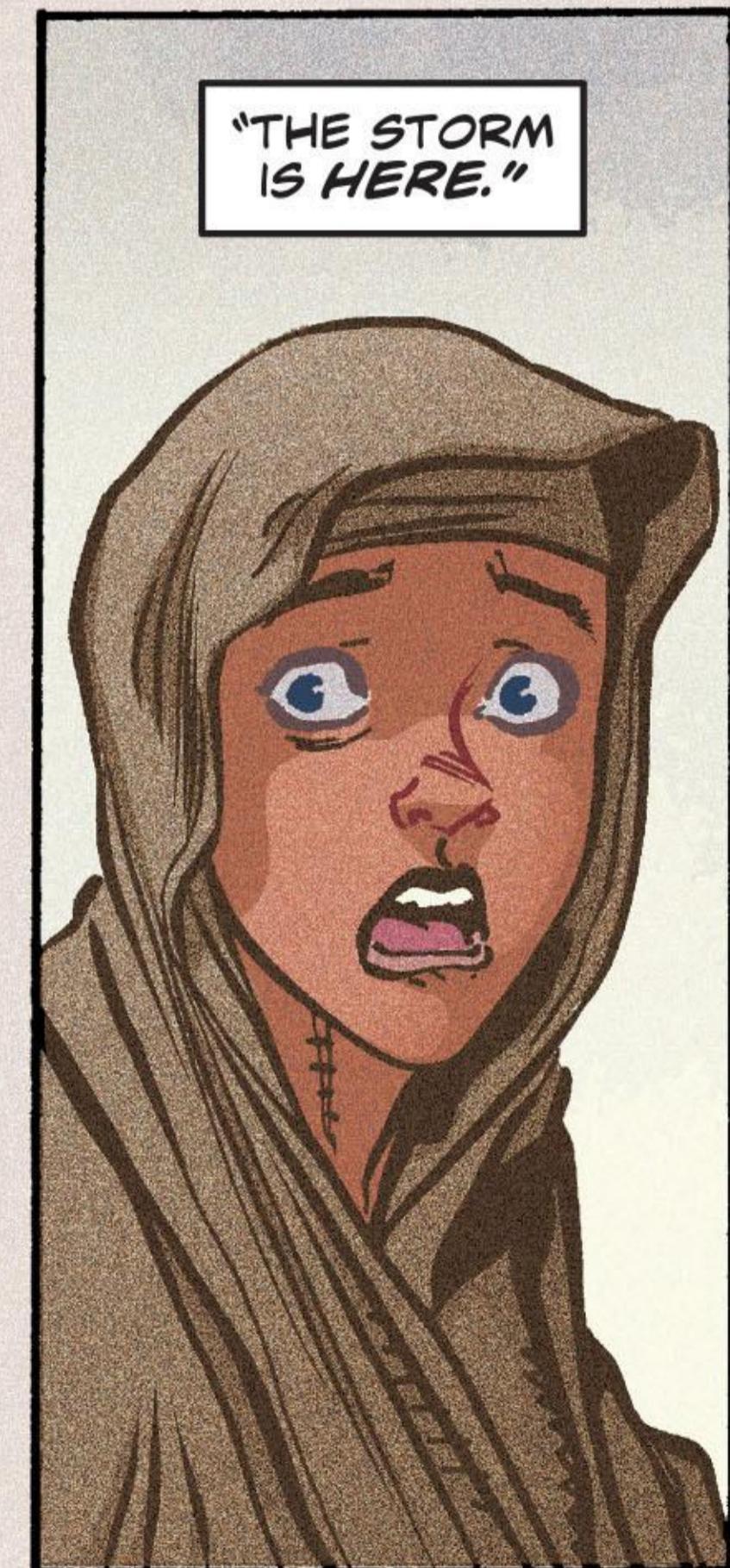
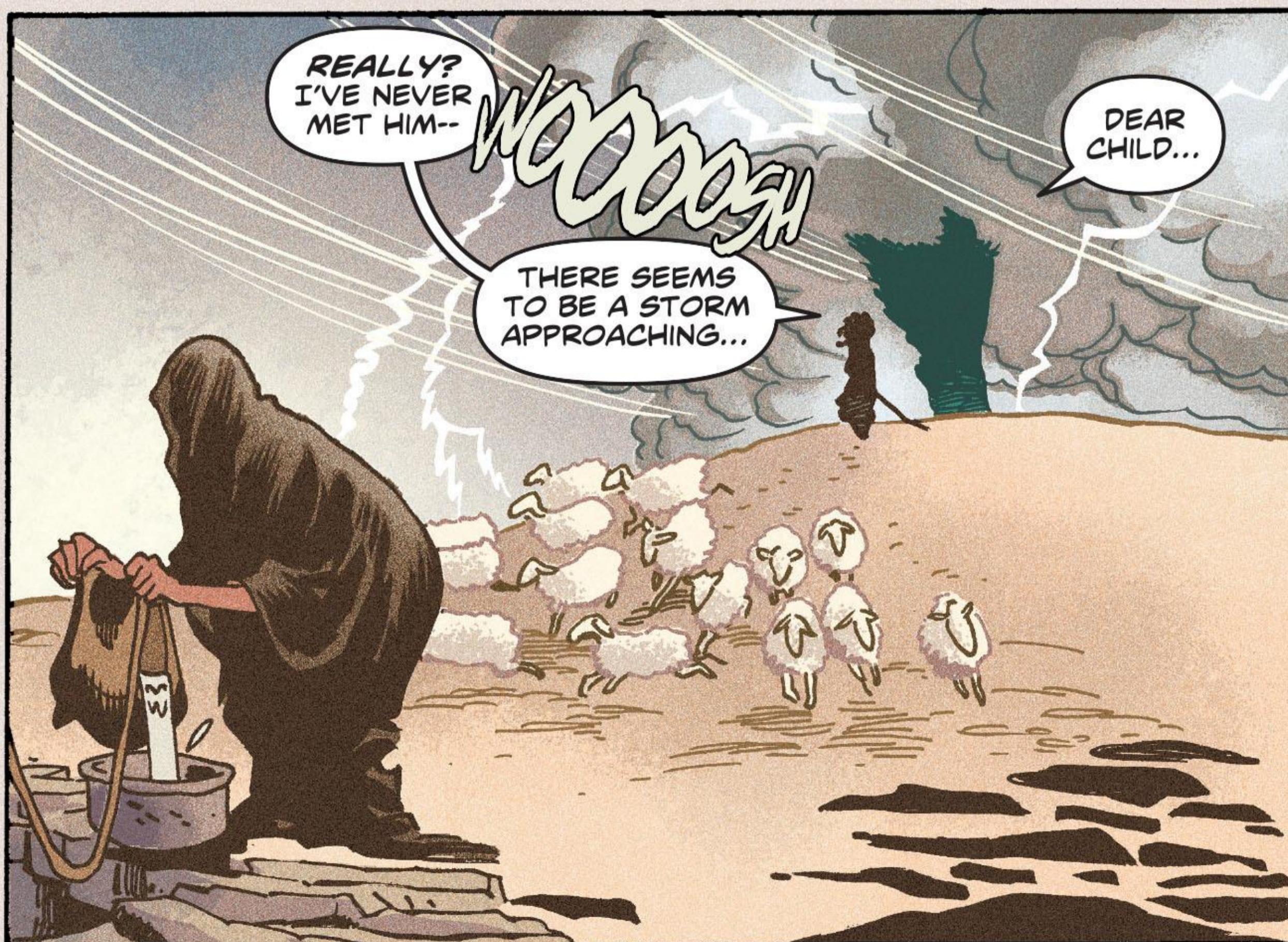
REALLY?  
I'VE NEVER  
MET HIM--

Wooooosh!

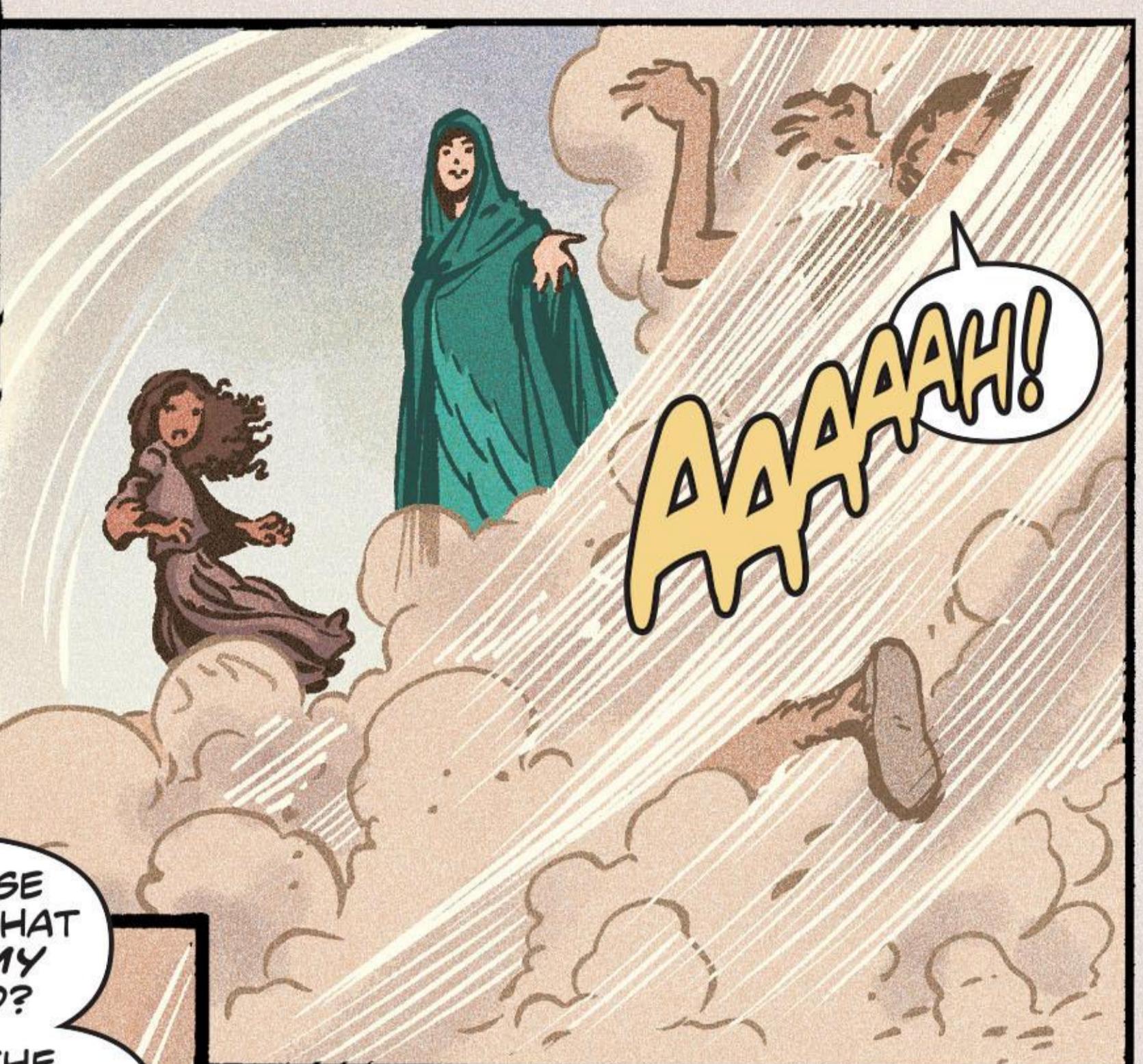
THERE SEEMS  
TO BE A STORM  
APPROACHING...

DEAR  
CHILD...

"THE STORM  
IS HERE."



SIRAC--



ARE THOSE  
THE LIPS THAT  
KISSED MY  
HUSBAND?

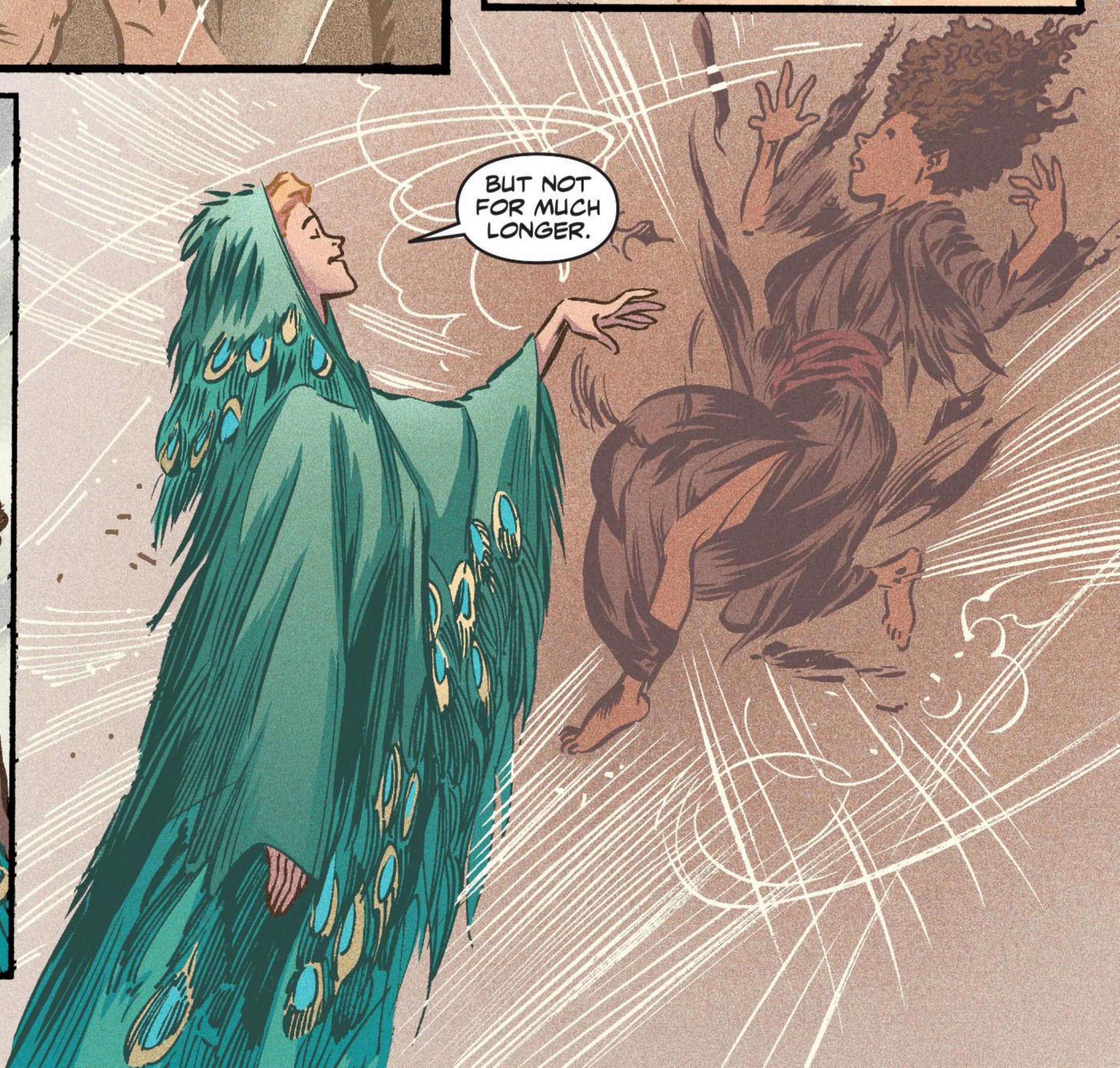
THE  
EYES THAT  
SEDUCED  
HIM?

THE  
LUNGS THAT  
BREATHED  
HIS SCENT?

PITY  
THAT.

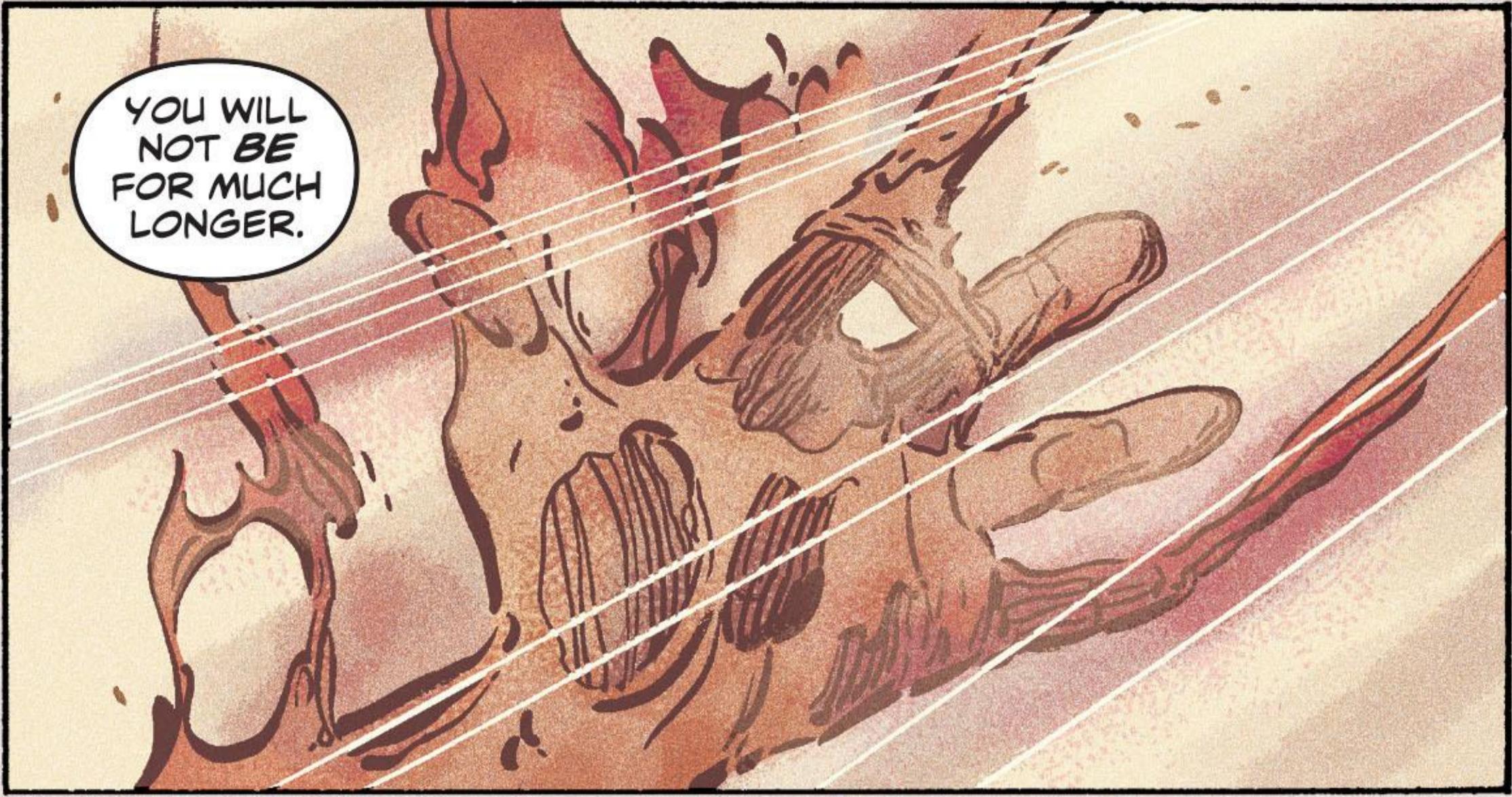
YOU  
KNOW, YOU  
HAVE YOUR  
FATHER'S  
NOSE...

BUT NOT  
FOR MUCH  
LONGER.

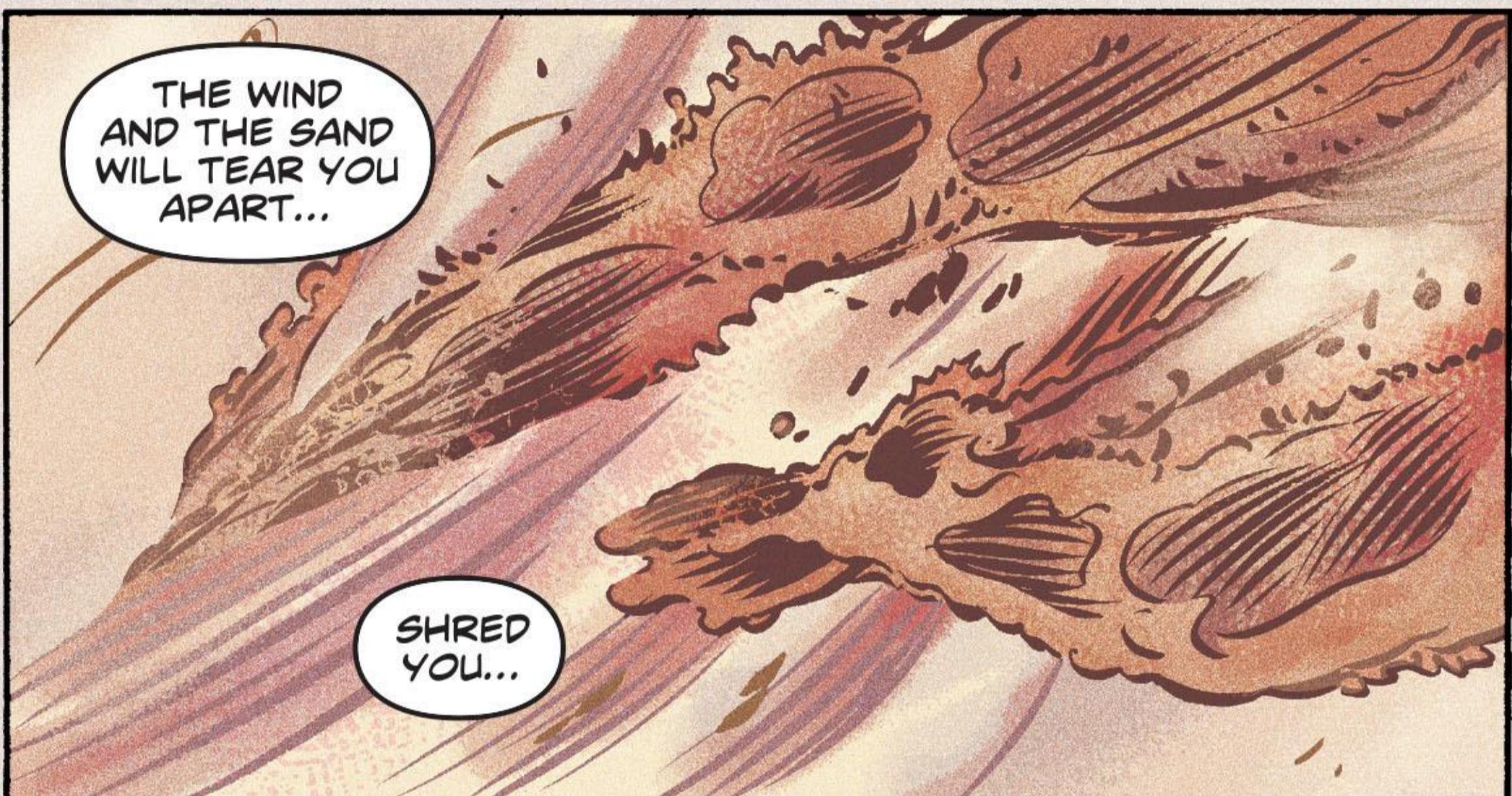




NO, NO.  
NOT YOUR  
NOSE, NOR  
THE REST  
OF YOU.

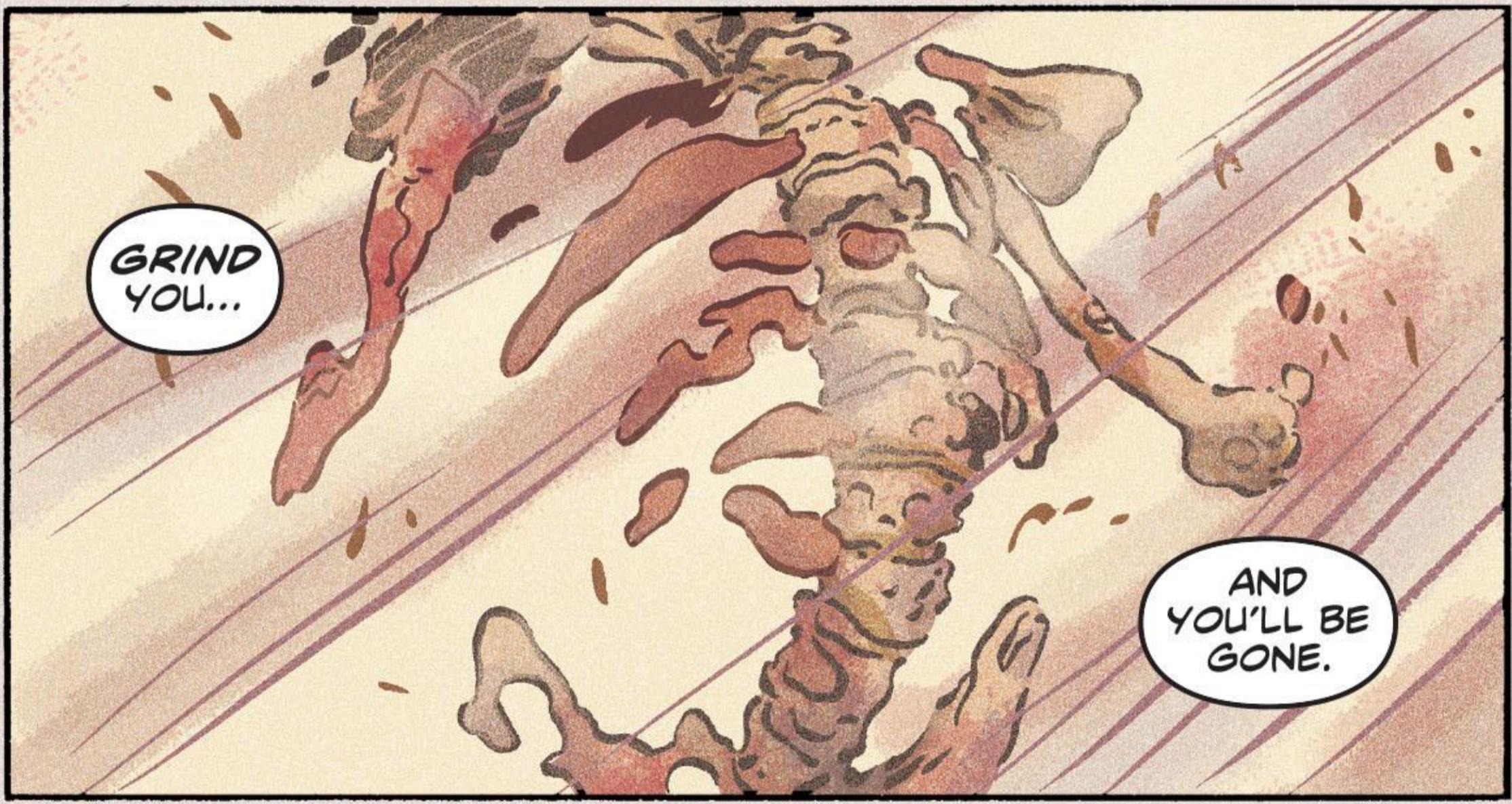


YOU WILL  
NOT BE  
FOR MUCH  
LONGER.



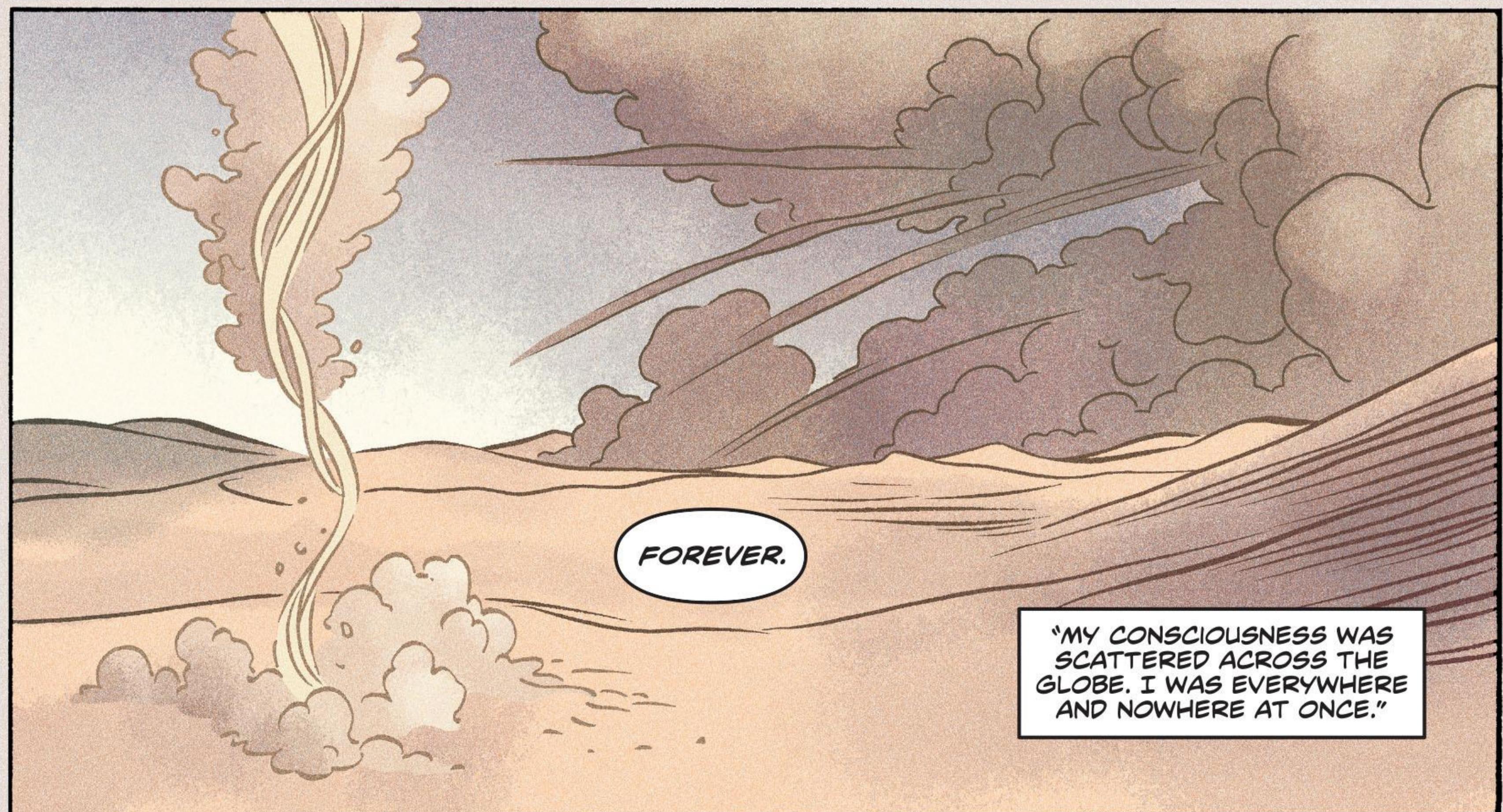
THE WIND  
AND THE SAND  
WILL TEAR YOU  
APART...

SHRED  
YOU...



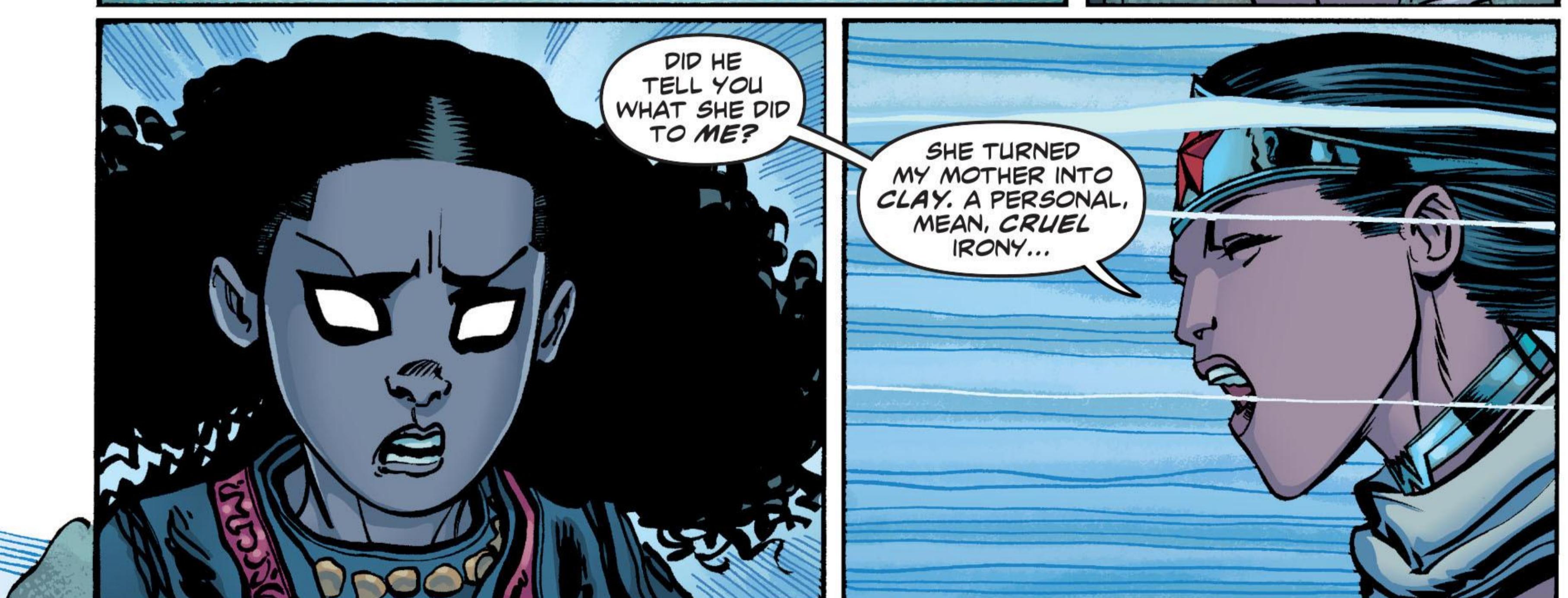
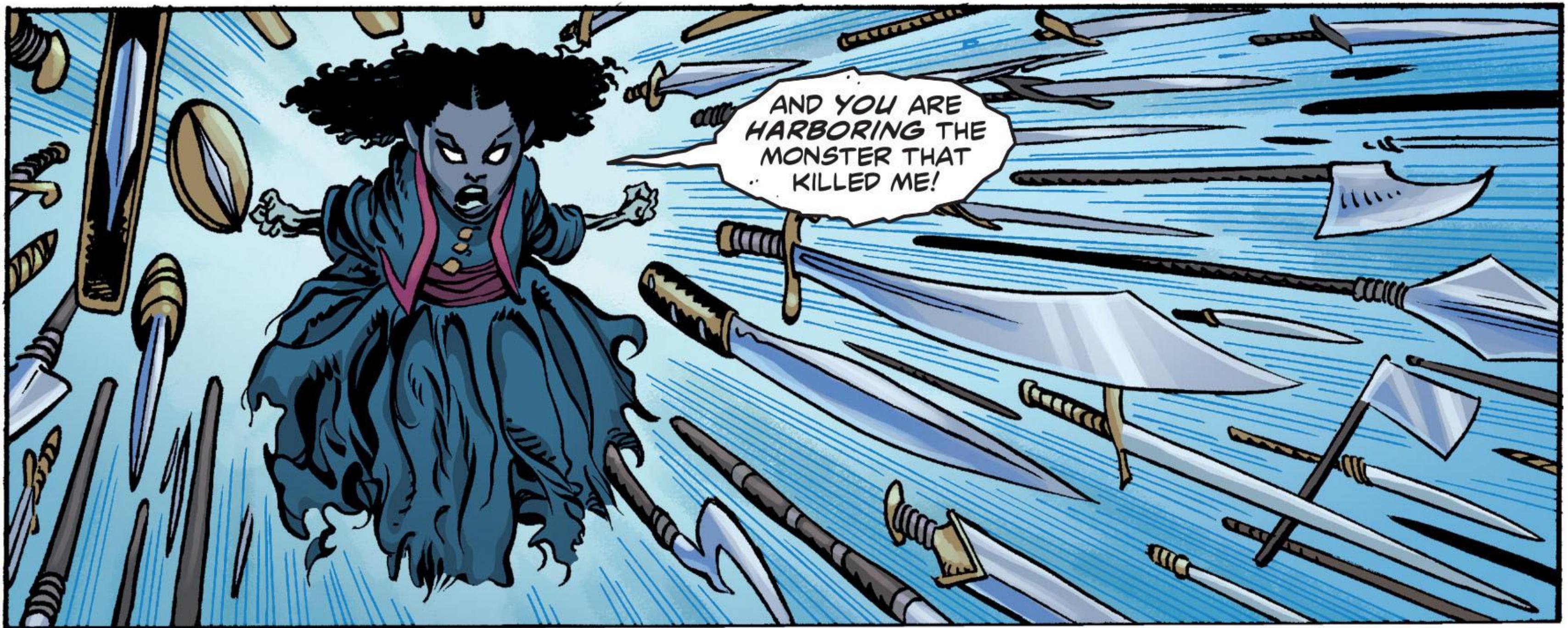
GRIND  
YOU...

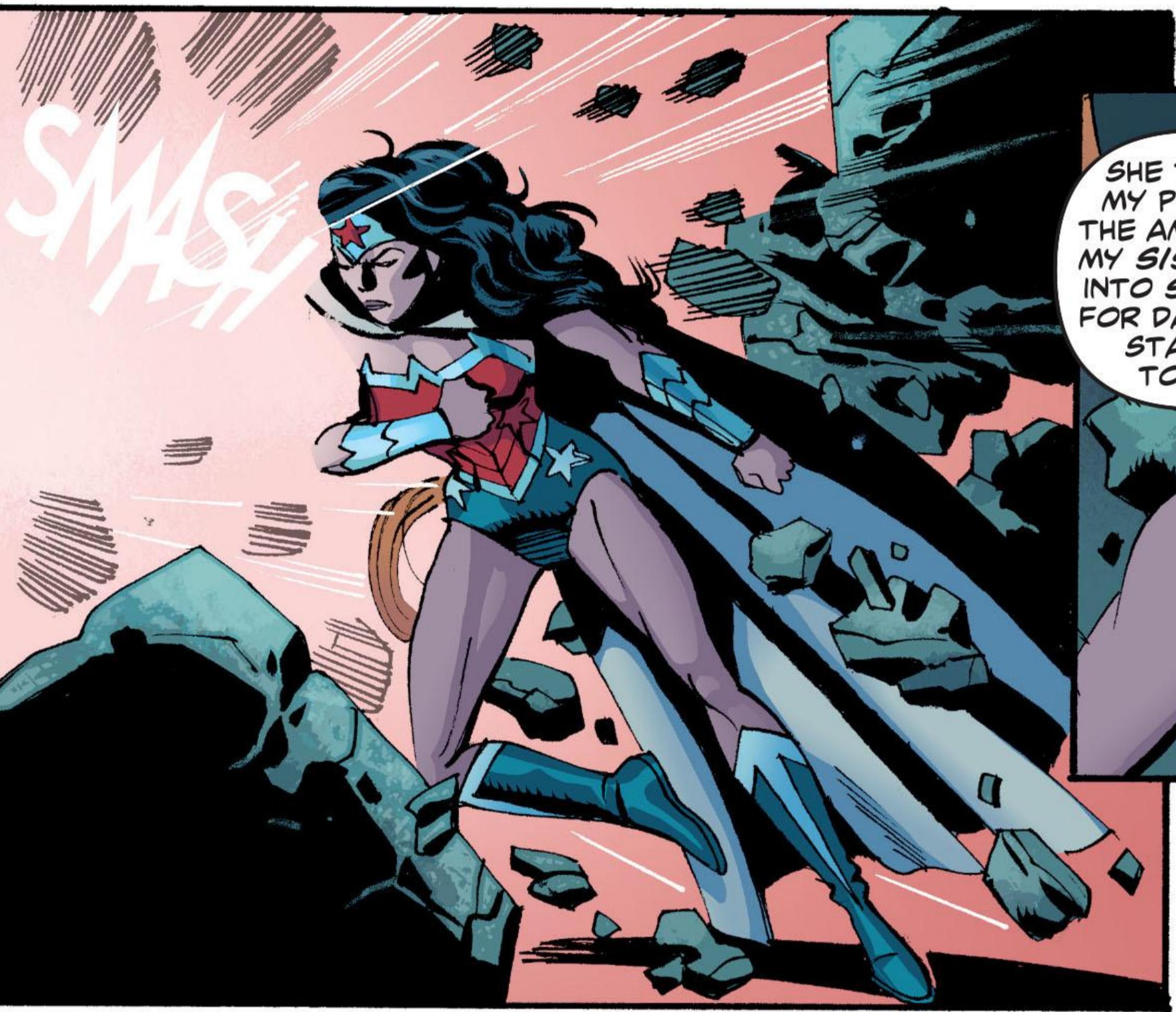
AND  
YOU'LL BE  
GONE.



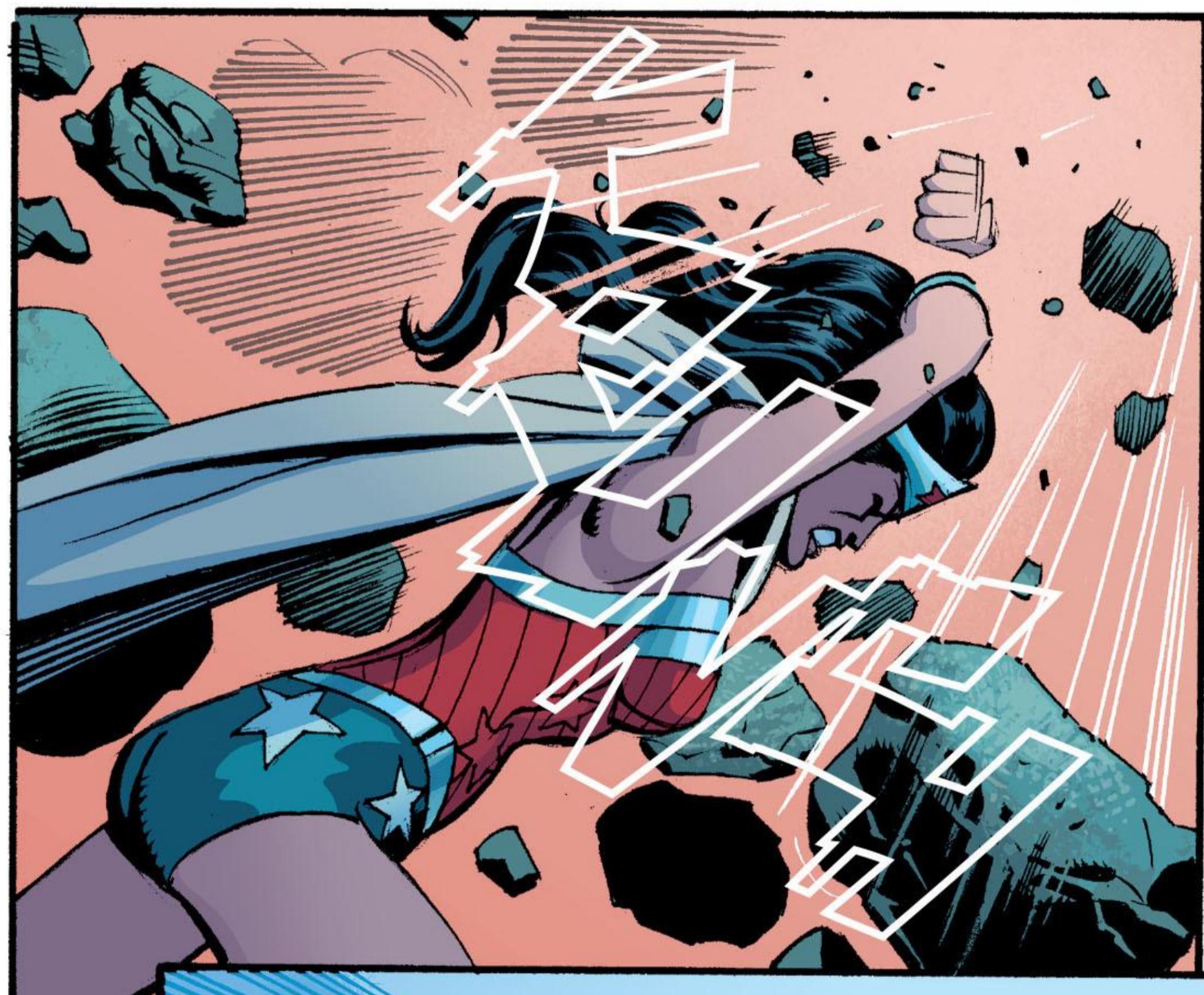
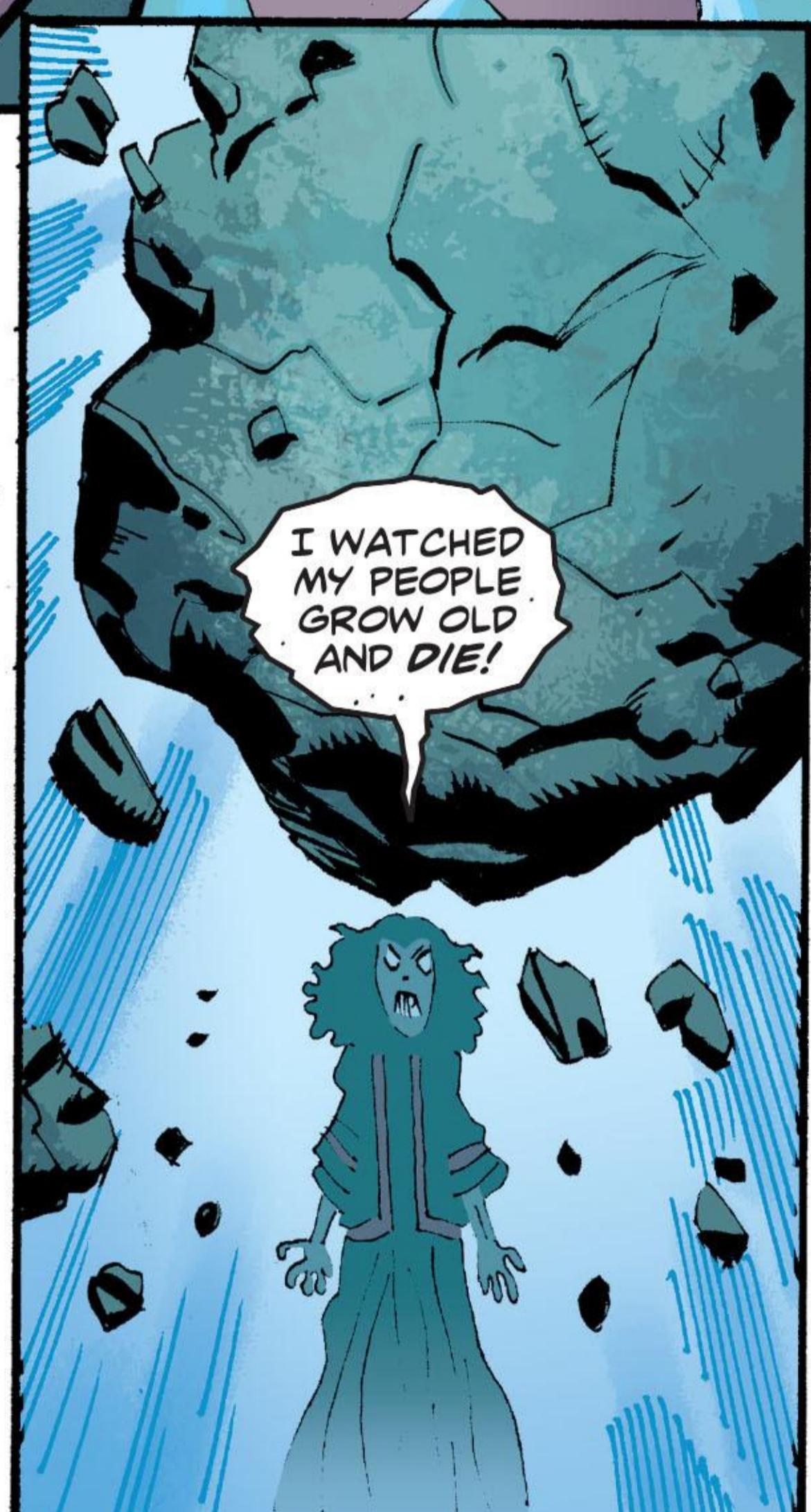
FOREVER.

"MY CONSCIOUSNESS WAS  
SCATTERED ACROSS THE  
GLOBE. I WAS EVERYWHERE  
AND NOWHERE AT ONCE."





SHE TURNED  
MY PEOPLE--  
THE AMAZONS--  
MY SISTERS--  
INTO SNAKES,  
FOR DARING TO  
STAND UP  
TO HER.



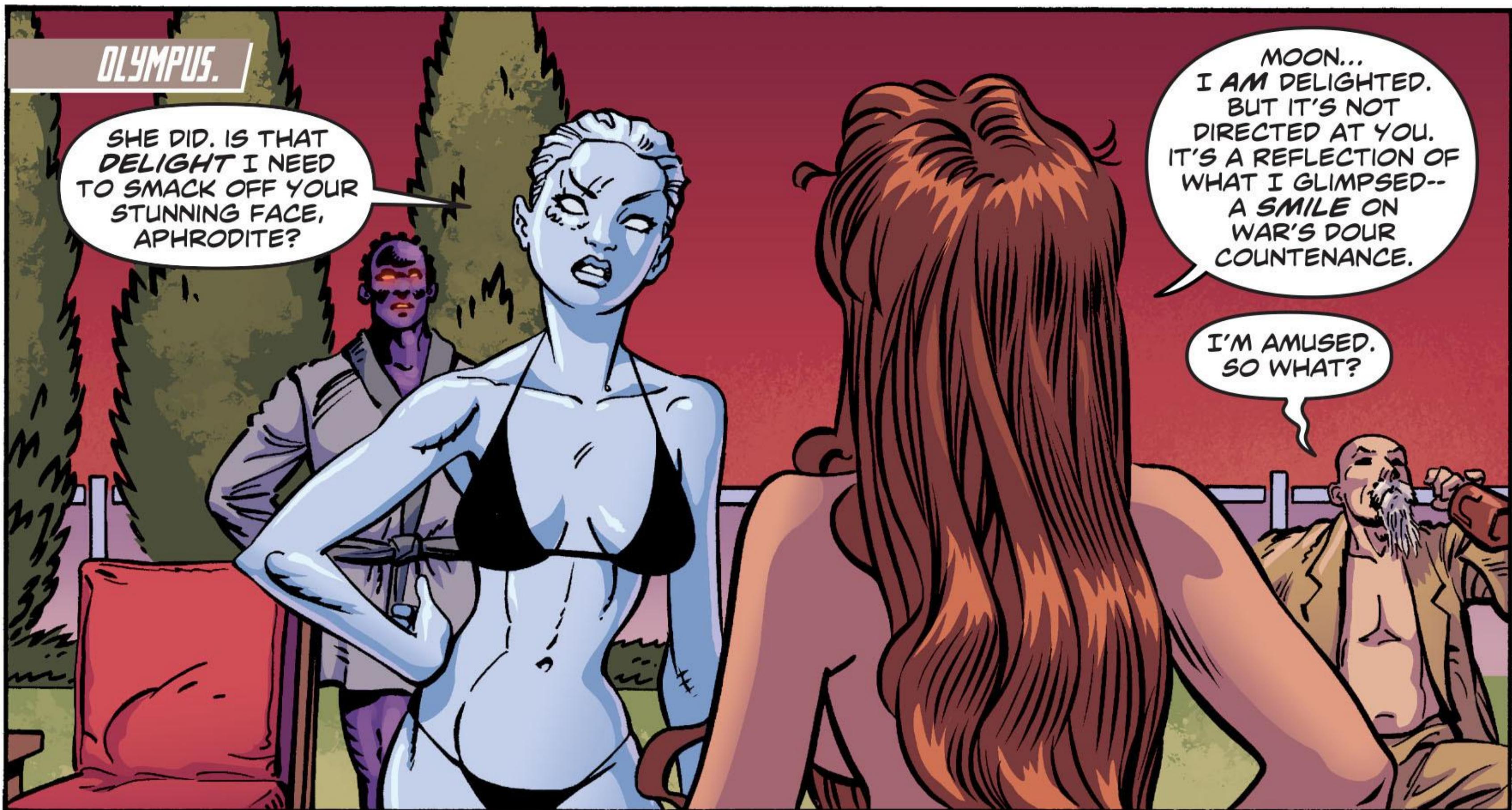
TO PUNISH ME.  
FOR SOMETHING  
ZEUS HAD DONE.

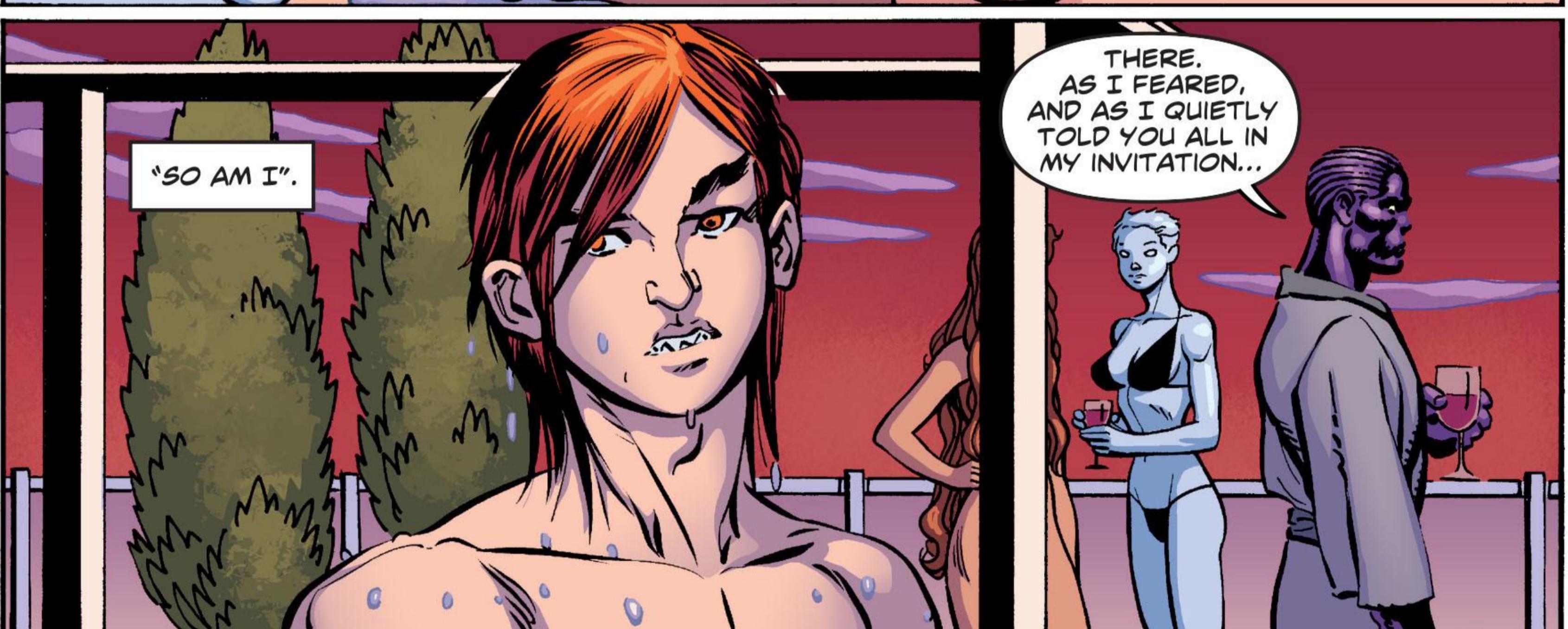
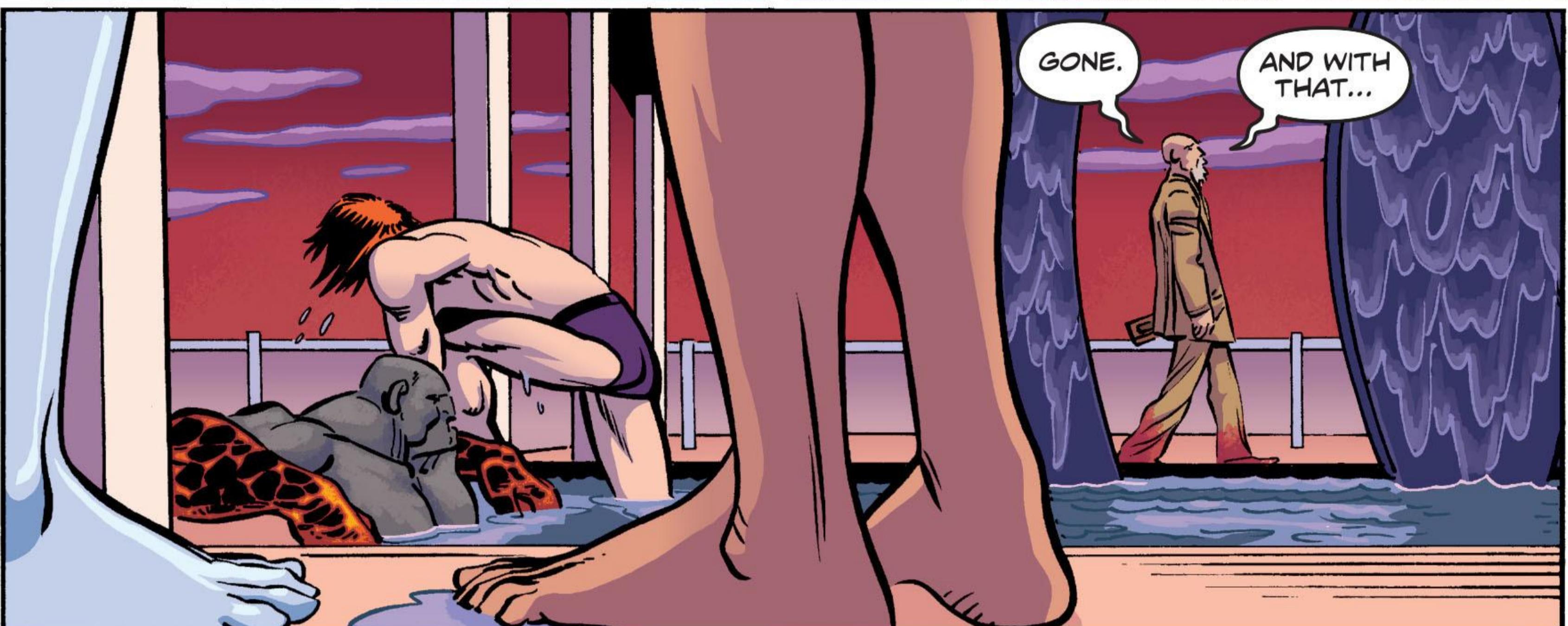
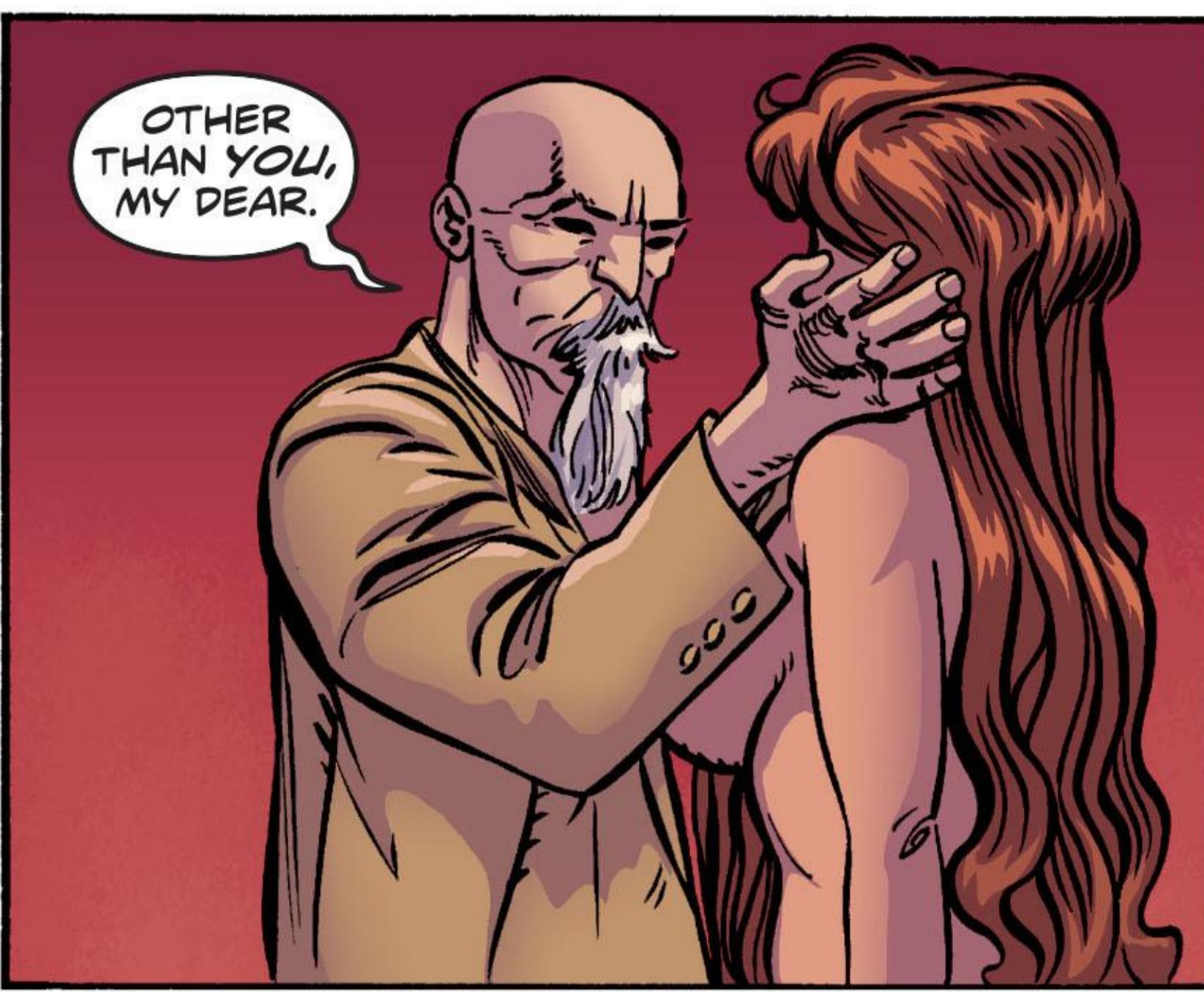


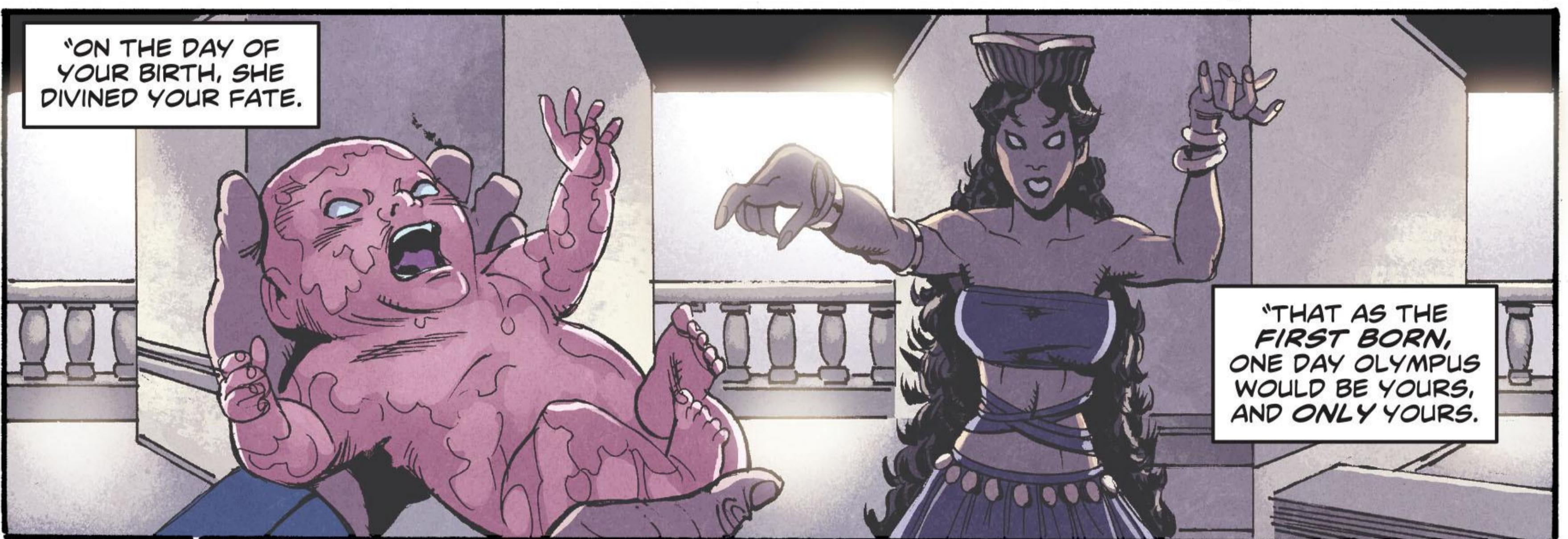




OLYMPUS.







"AND THOUGH THE  
WITCH COULDN'T  
DISOBEY YOUR FATHER..."

"SHE TOOK PITY ON  
YOUR MOTHER."

"SHE LEFT YOU IN THE DESERT,  
LEAVING THE CRUEL WORLD  
TO TAKE ITS COURSE."

"AND EVEN THOUGH  
YOU WERE FRESH  
TO NATURE...  
AS THE FIRST BORN,  
OF COURSE..."

"YOU TURNED IT  
INTO NURTURE."

"THIS IS AS IT HAPPENED.  
THE WITCH--SHE TOLD YOU?"

IN A WAY, YES.  
SIXTY YEARS AGO  
IN TURKEY HER  
MUMMIFIED BODY  
WAS FOUND.

YOUR STORY  
WAS TATTOOED  
ACROSS EVERY  
INCH OF HER  
SKIN.

IT TOOK NEARLY  
ALL THAT TIME  
FOR ME TO  
DECIPHER IT.

I KNOW  
OTHER THINGS  
AS WELL. THE  
WHEREABOUTS  
OF YOUR ARMOR  
AND WEAPONS...  
THINGS YOU NEED.

I NEED  
TO WAIT.

FOR  
WHAT?

A SIGN.  
THE ONE  
WHO HAS MY  
BIRTHRIGHT  
WILL BE  
REVEA--

HAH.

OF  
COURSE.

THE  
PRAGMATIST.  
THE COWARD.

APOLLO.

"IT'S TIME."

HERA IS NOT  
TO BE TRUSTED,  
WONDER WOMAN...



BUT YOU  
ARE.

SO YOU'LL  
HELP ME,  
SIRACCA?



IF HERMES  
SPEAKS OF THE  
CHILD YOU SEEK,  
I WILL HEAR  
HIM.



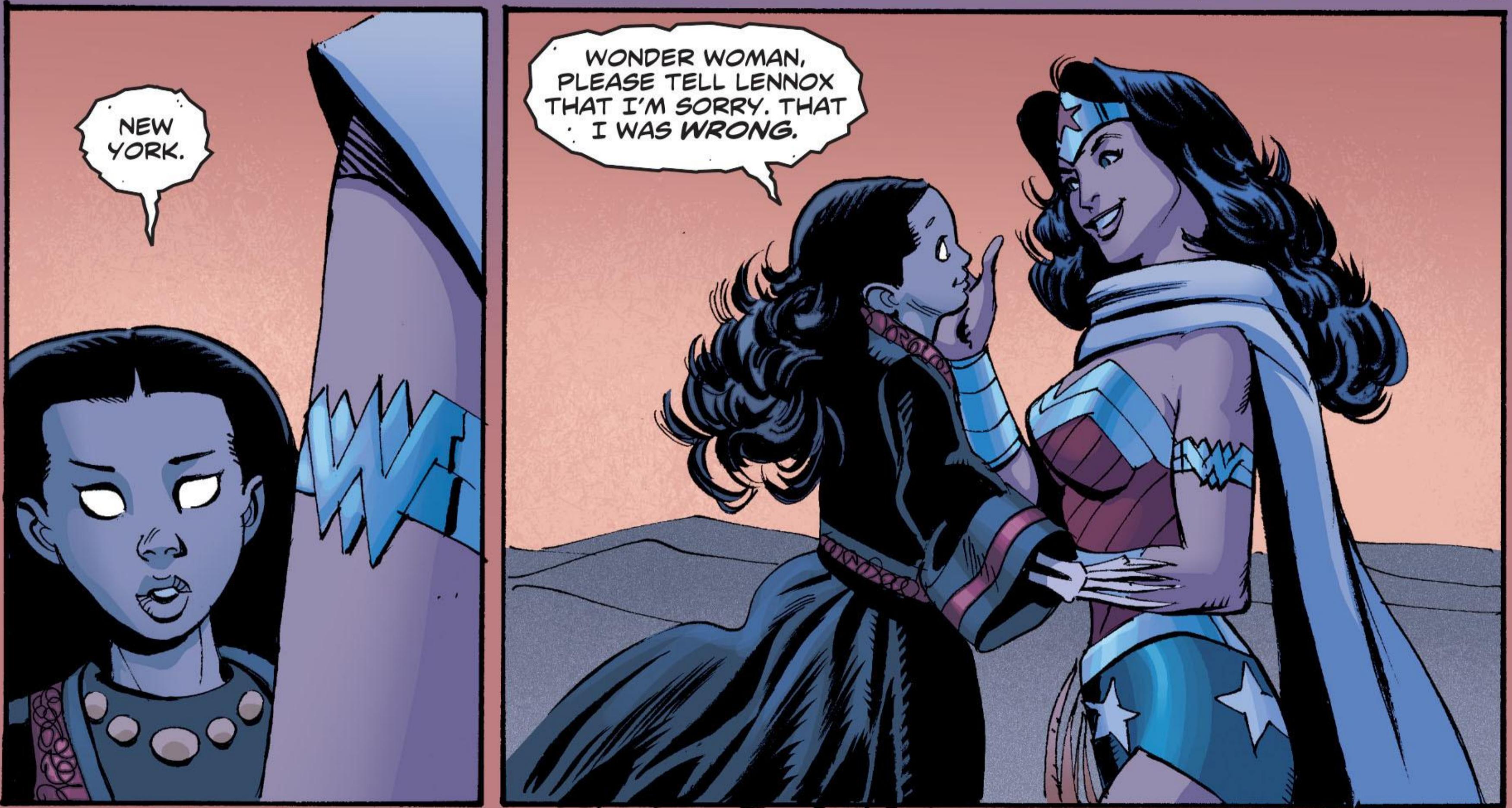
HOW IS THAT  
POSSIBLE?

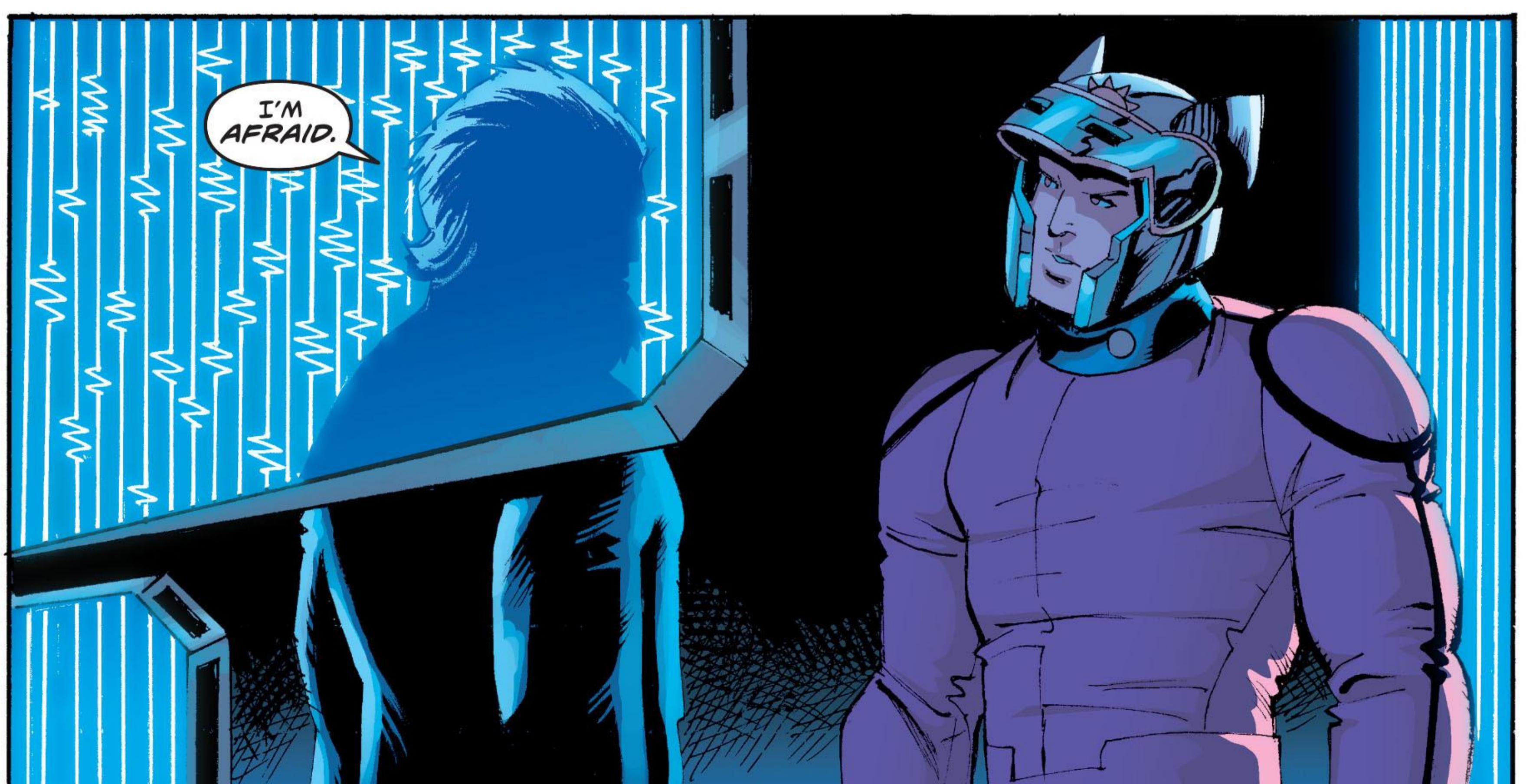
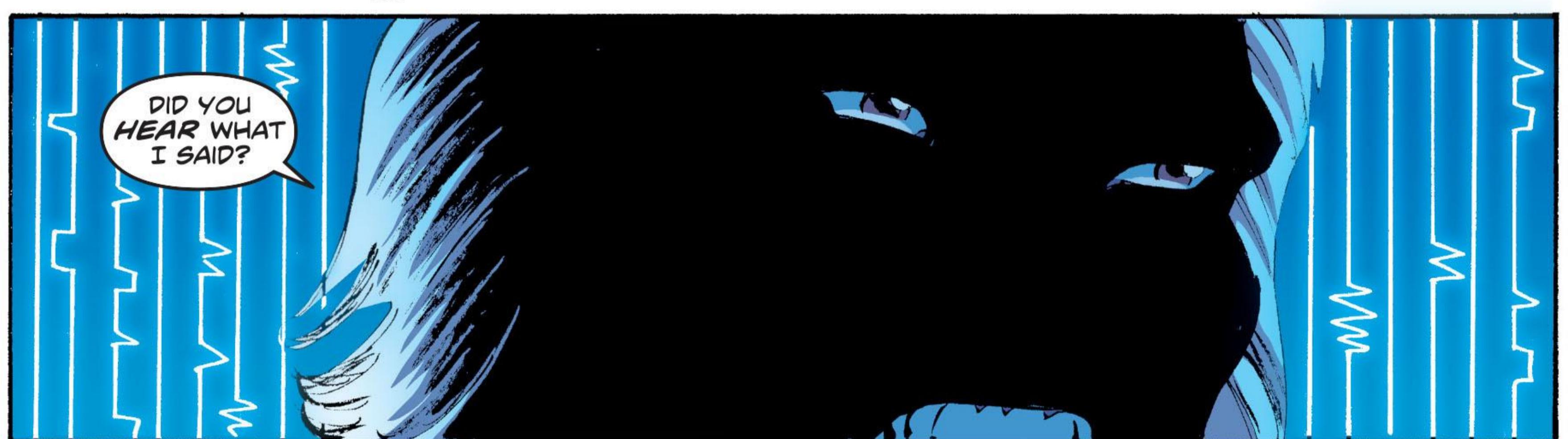
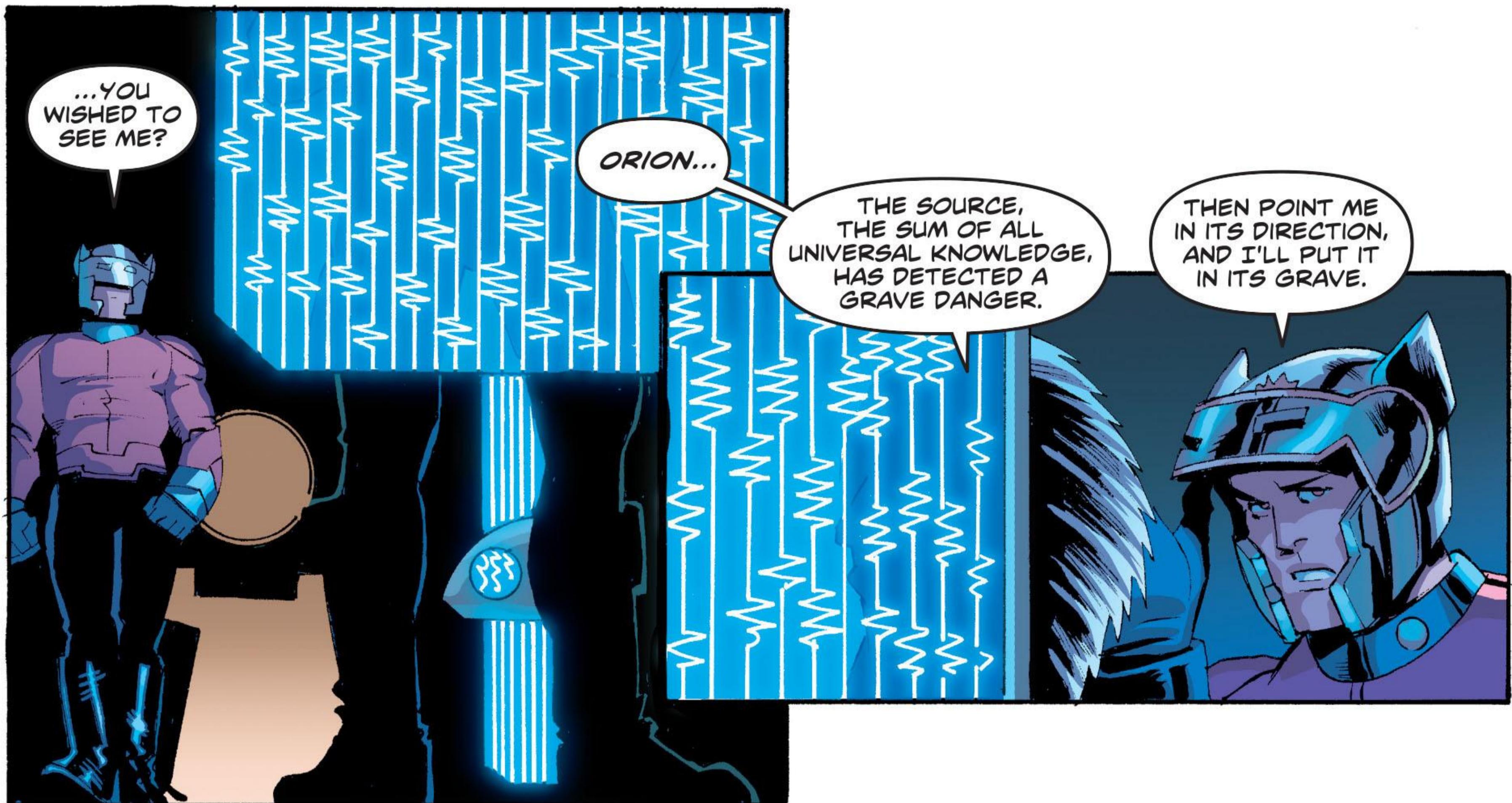


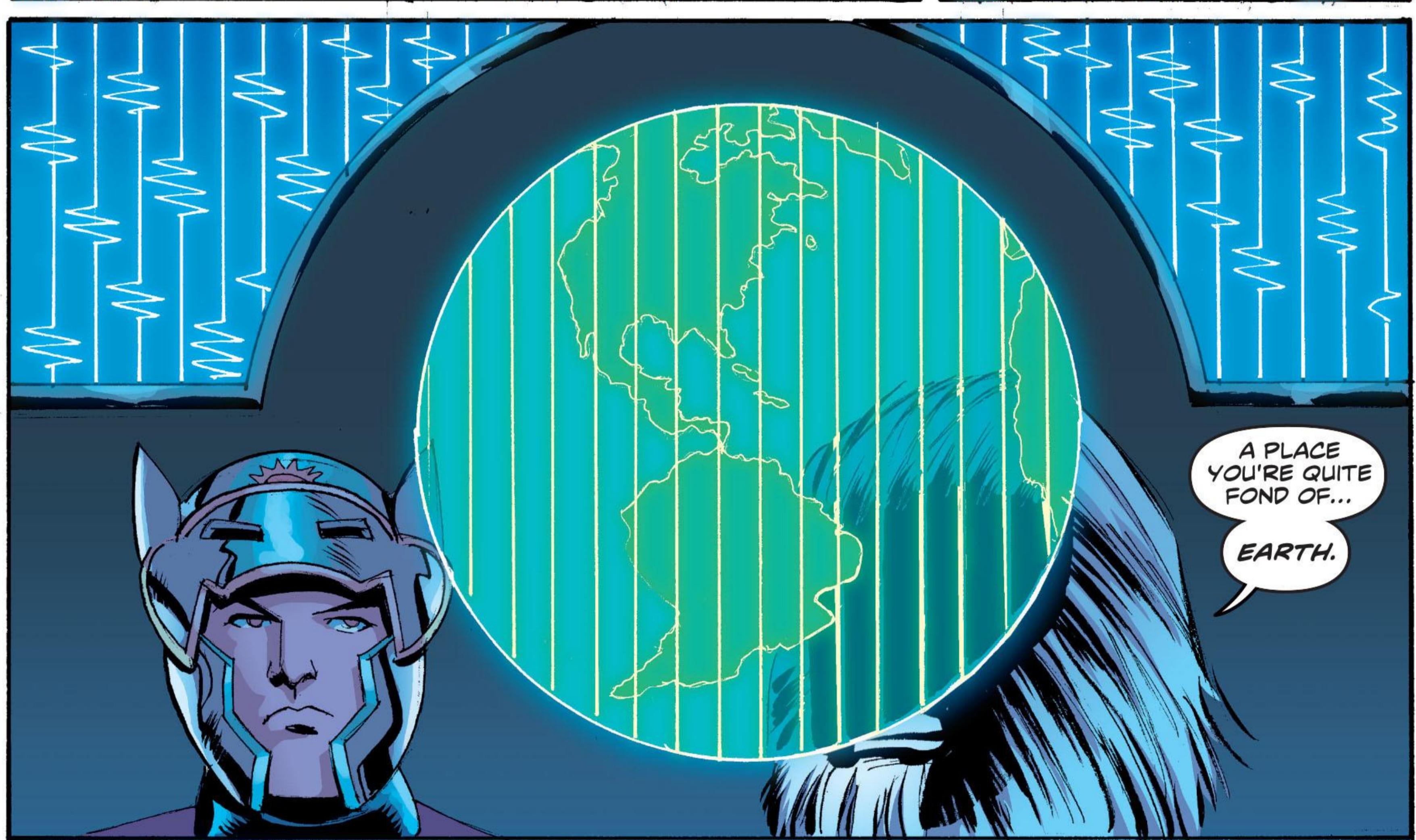
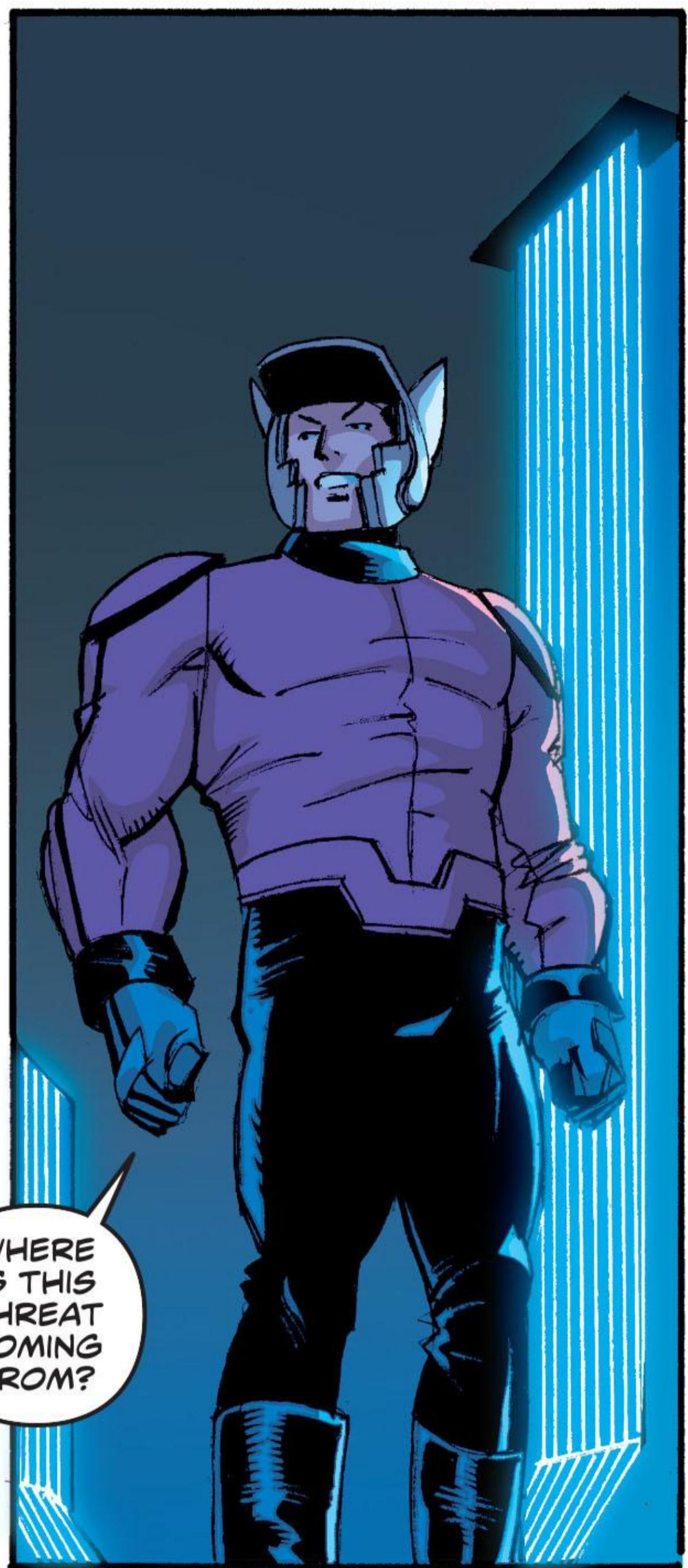
WORDS ARE  
CARRIED ON  
THE WIND,  
SISTER.













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No. 14

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