

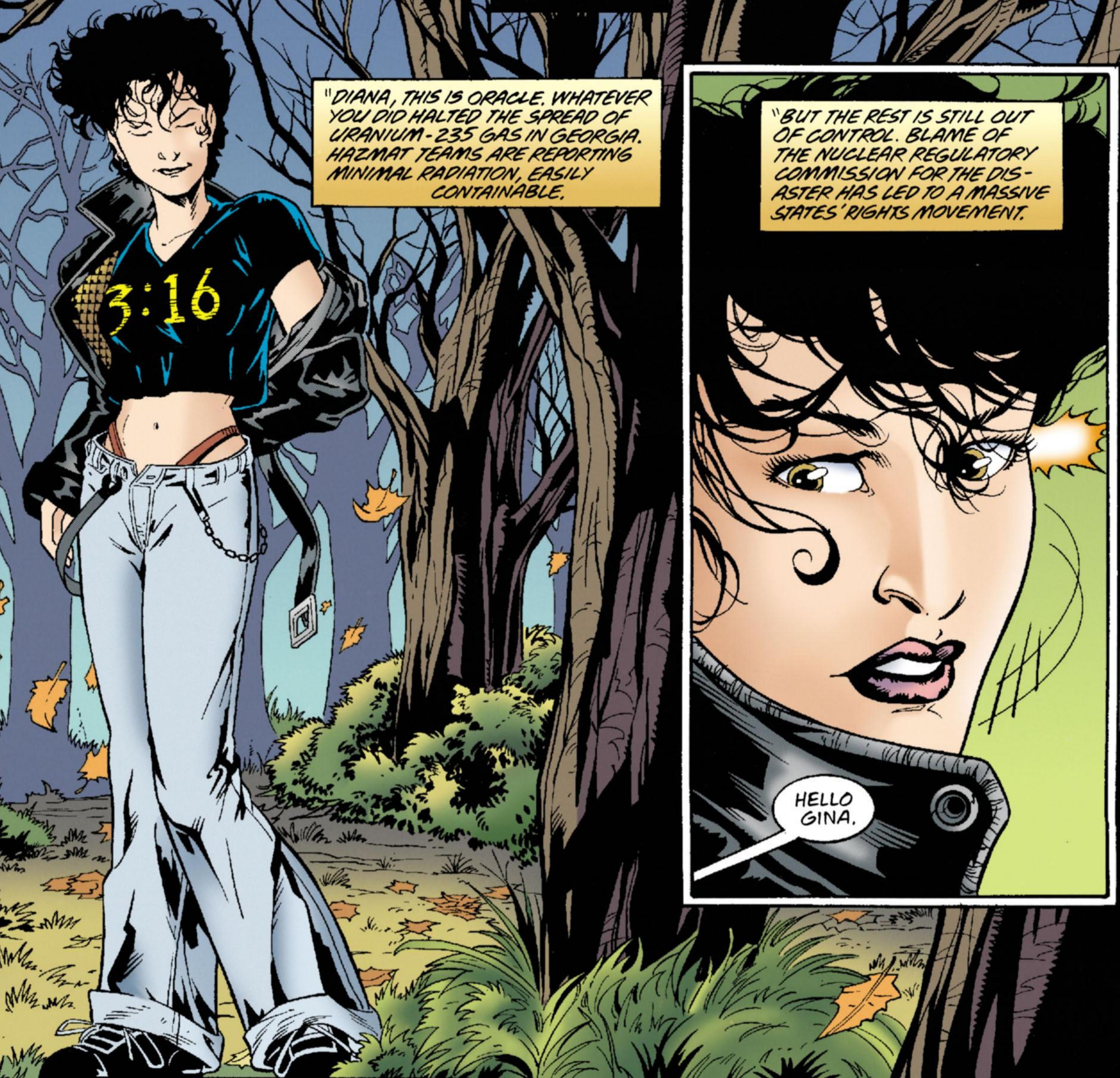


# WONDER WOMAN

APPROVED  
BY THE  
COMICS  
CODE  
CARTOON  
AUTHORITY

145 JUN 99





"AMERICA IS GOING UP IN FLAMES."

"Our birth is nothing but our death begun."  
--Edward Young (1683-1765)

## DEVASTATION II: DEATH BEGUN

ERIC LUKE story  
MATTHEW CLARK pencils  
BOB MCLEOD inks

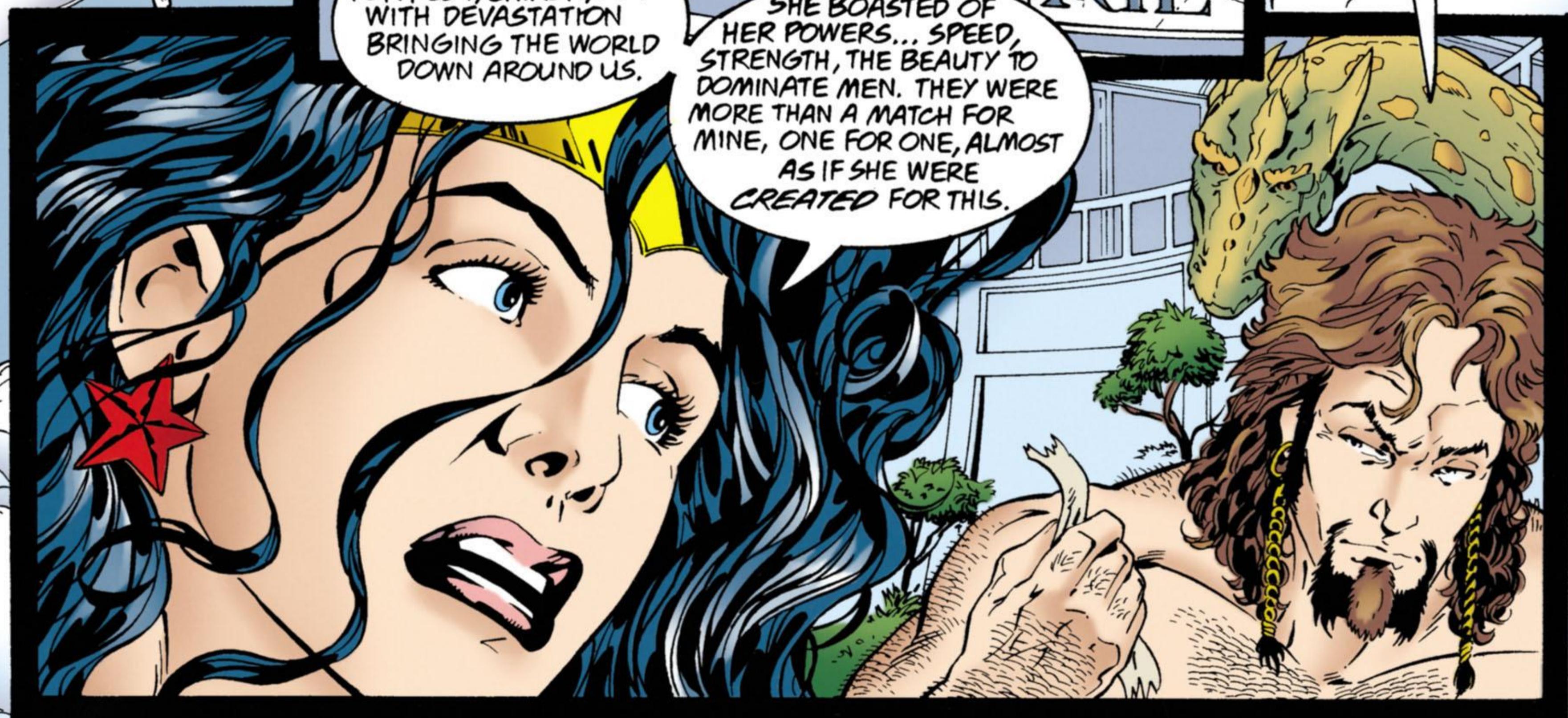
JOHN COSTANZA letters  
PATRICIA MULVIHILL colors  
MAUREEN MCTIGUE editor

WONDER  
WOMAN  
created by  
WILLIAM Moulton  
MARSTON

THERE'S NO TIME  
FOR REST, CHIRON, NOT  
WITH DEVASTATION  
BRINGING THE WORLD  
DOWN AROUND US.

SHE BOASTED OF  
HER POWERS... SPEED,  
STRENGTH, THE BEAUTY TO  
DOMINATE MEN. THEY WERE  
MORE THAN A MATCH FOR  
MINE, ONE FOR ONE, ALMOST  
AS IF SHE WERE  
CREATED FOR THIS.

HOLD STILL.  
THE BULLET WOUND  
HAS OPENED AGAIN.  
I WARNED YOU,  
DIANA.



SHE KNOWS EVERYTHING ABOUT ME, AND I KNOW NOTHING OF HER. FOR SOME REASON, MY MIND IS UN-CLEAR.

IT COULDN'T POSSIBLY HAVE SOMETHING TO DO WITH THE FACT THAT YOU'VE BEEN SHOT?

BUT YOU SSSSSSHOULD KNOW, SSSSSHOULDN'T YOU? YOU TWO WERE CONNECTED BY THE LASSSSSO OF TRUTH, WERE YOU NOT?

OF COURSE, LADON! SHE BOASTED CONTROL OF MEMORY! SHE MUST HAVE SLIPPED IN THROUGH THE LASSO AND CLOUDED MY MIND!

SHE ISSSSS CUNNING! ONE MUST ADMIRE SUCH CHESSSSS-PLAY!

PRINCESS! I IMPORE YOU! YOU ARE IN NO CONDITION TO--

SHE IS INSIDE MY HEAD, CHIRON, AND I WANT HER OUT!

TWENTY MILES  
FROM THE SOUTH  
CAROLINA BORDER,  
THE SONS OF  
FREEDOM MEET.

I'LL TELL YOU  
WHAT! NO DAMN FED  
IS GONNA STAGE A NUCLEAR  
"ACCIDENT" TO WIPE OUT  
FREE SPEECH IN THIS  
COUNTRY!

TOMORROW, WE'LL JOIN  
OUR BROTHERS IN ARMS --  
THE INDEPENDENCE PARTY,  
THE SOLDIERS OF TOMORROW,  
AND SEVEN OTHER  
GROUPS!

WE'LL TAKE THE TOWN  
OF GLADIOLA, OUR FIRST  
FOOTHOLD IN THE ESTAB-  
LISHMENT OF A NEW  
TERRITORY.

TOMORROW THE FEDS WILL  
BOW TO OUR DEMANDS, OR LIKE  
THE BUMPER STICKER SAYS, THEY'LL  
HAVE TO PRY THIS FROM MY STIFF,  
DEAD FINGERS!

BLAM!

BLAM!

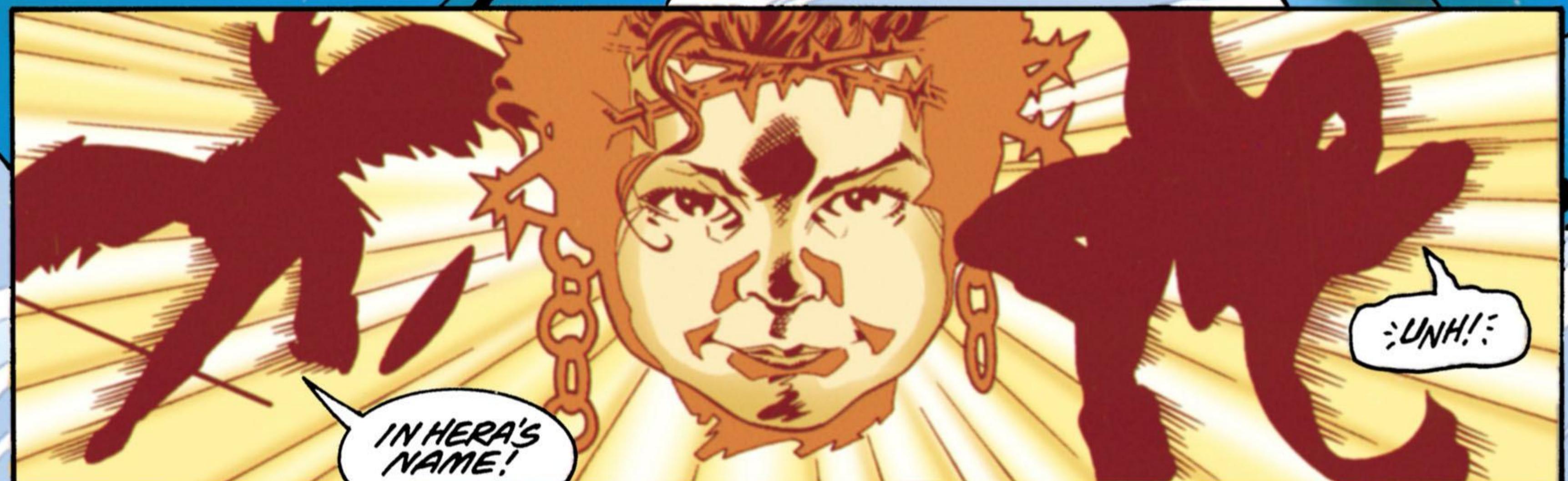
BLAM!

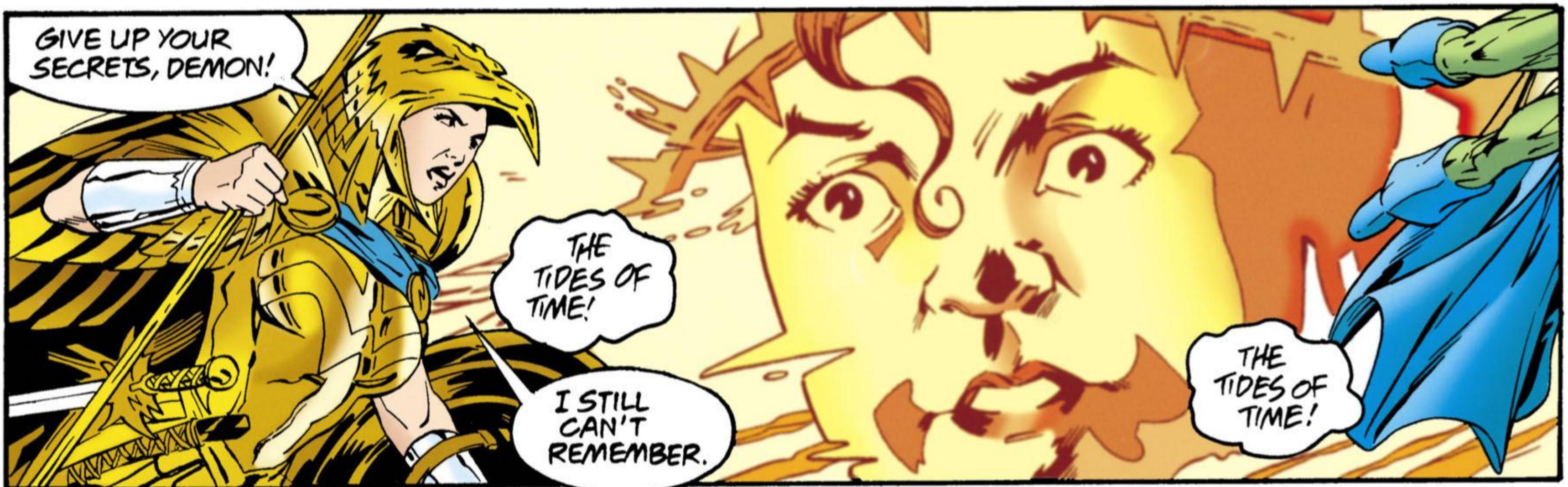
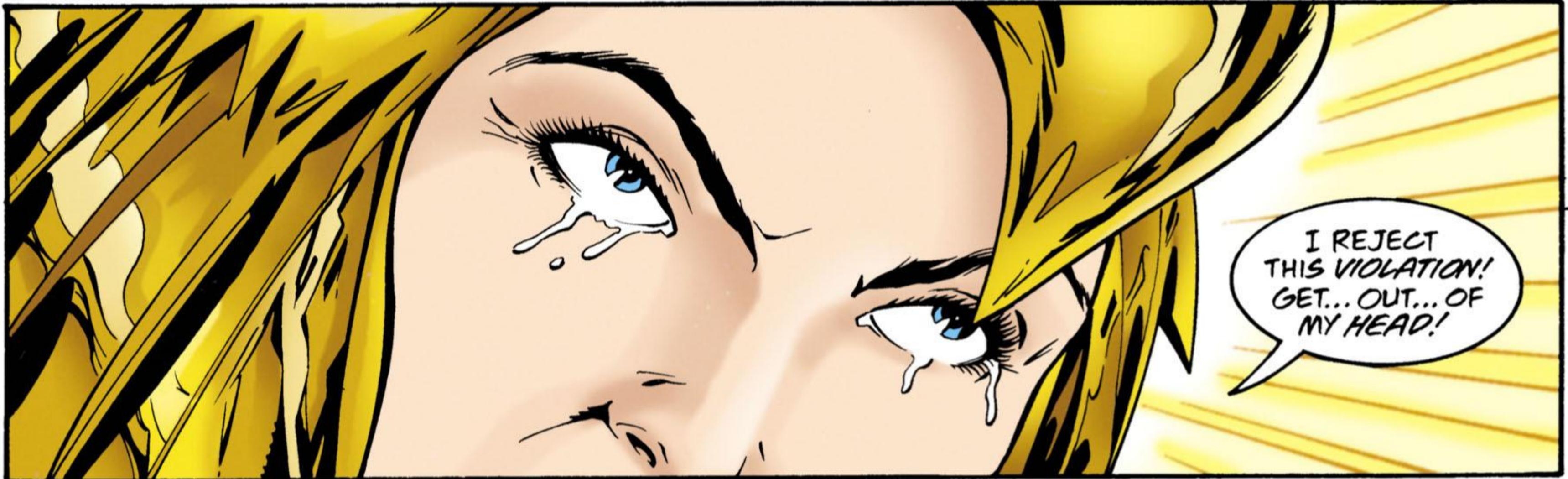
BLAM!

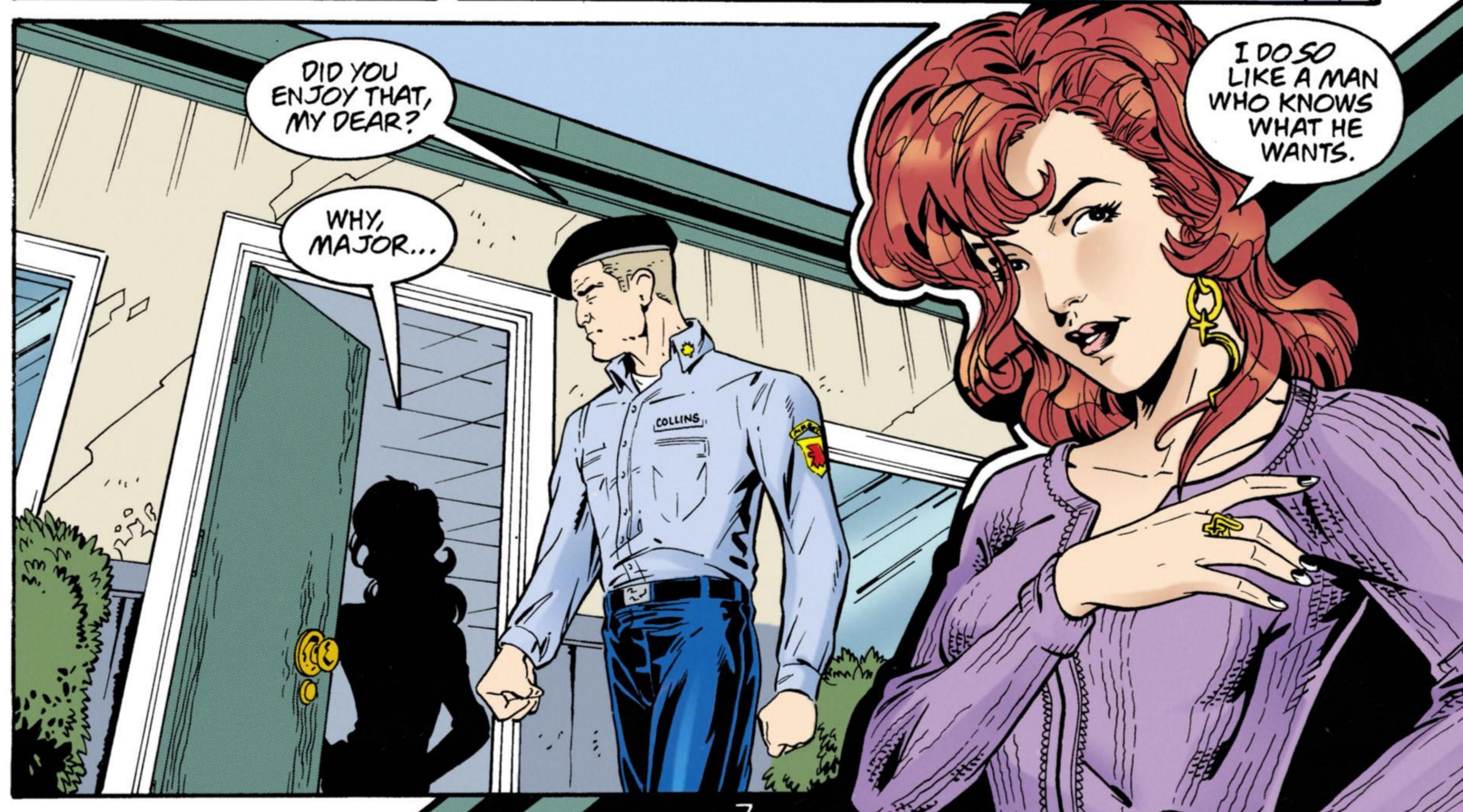
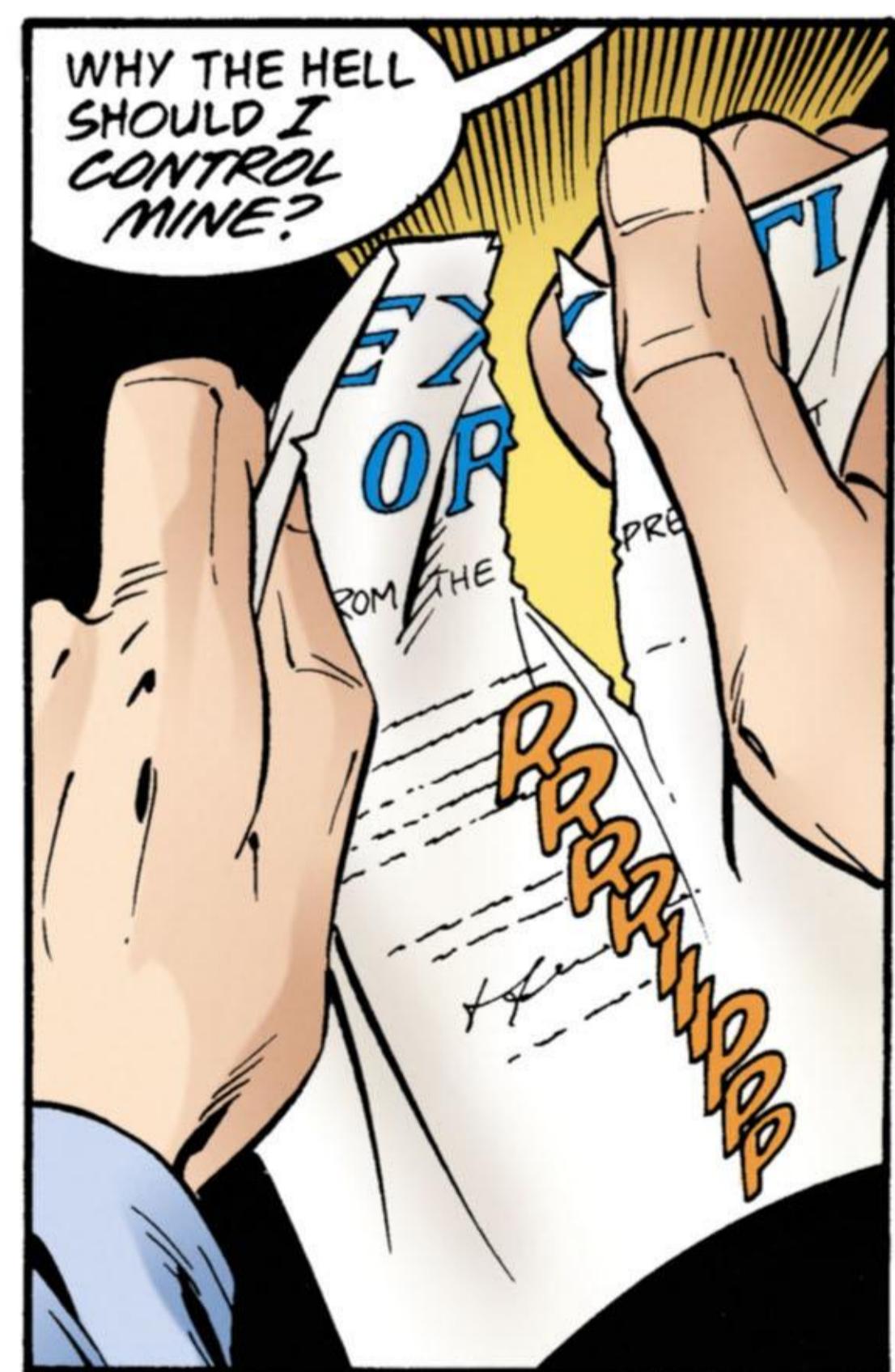
WE'RE READY  
TO ROLL.

VERY GOOD, RON.  
YOU HAVE FOLLOWED  
THE TEACHINGS  
WELL.

AS A  
REWARD, I  
HAVE A GIFT  
FOR YOU.







MY BIRTHPLACE, THEMYSCIRA,  
FLOATS GOLDEN AND ADRIET  
IN SPACE AND TIME.

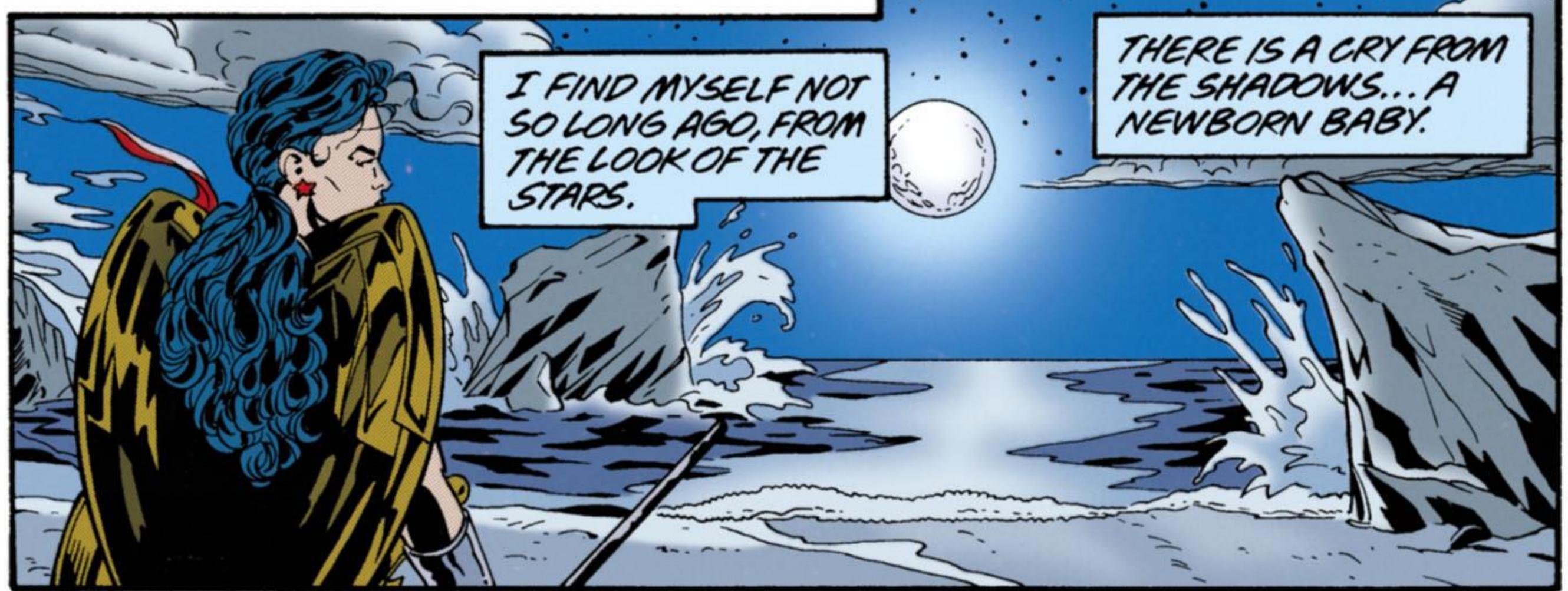
MY MOTHER WALKED  
THESE TIDES TO  
BECOME HISTORY'S  
FIRST WONDER  
WOMAN IN WORLD  
WAR II.

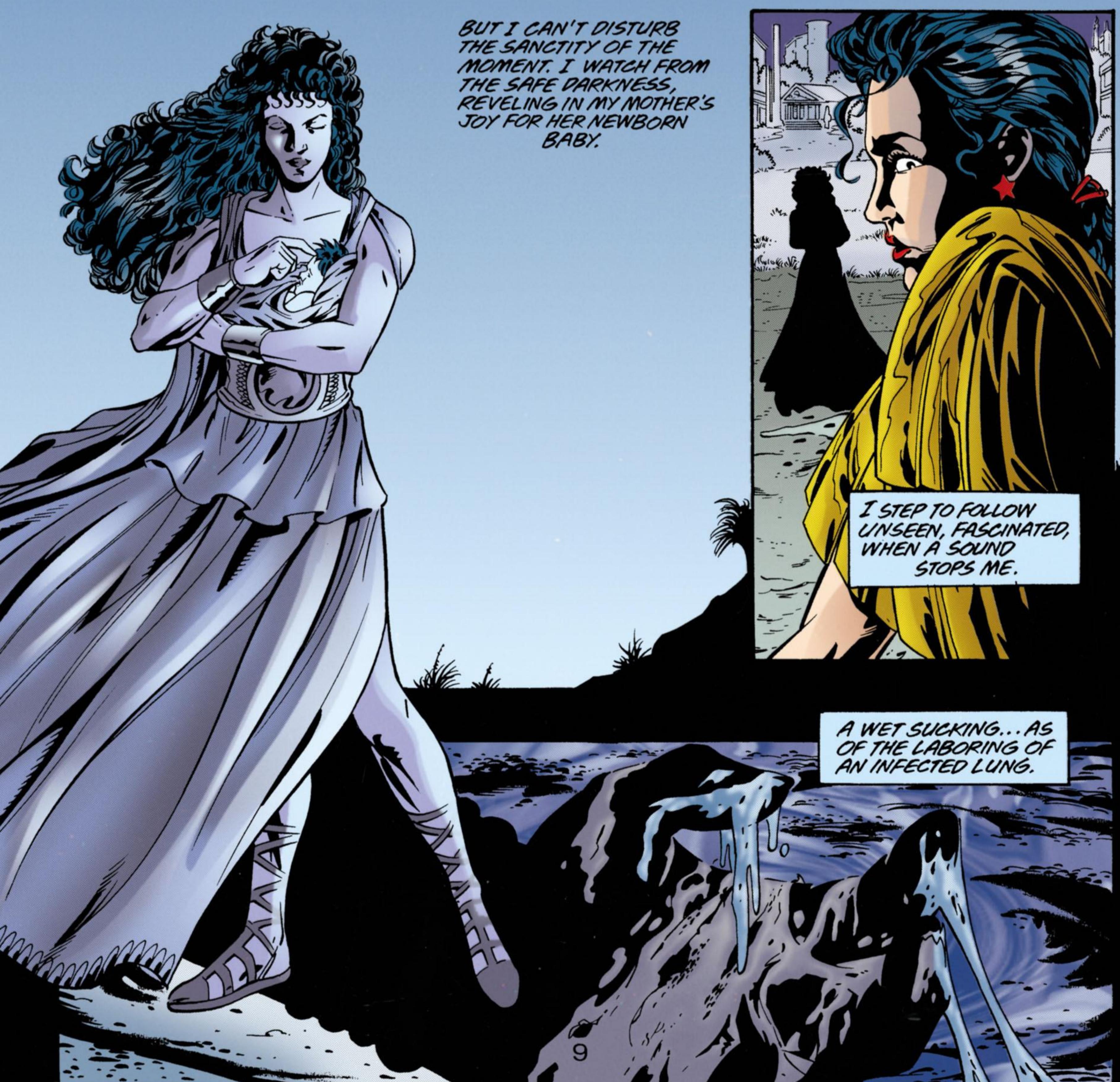
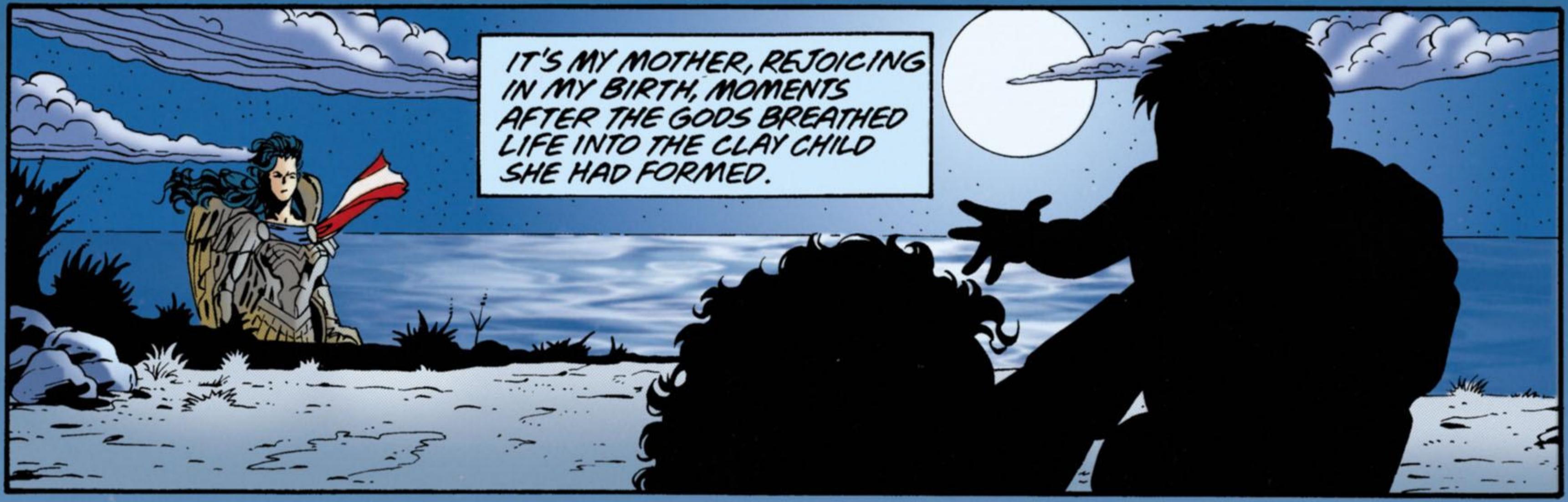
ONE MUST SIMPLY LET  
GO SOMEWHERE IN THE  
BACK OF ONE'S MIND,  
TO BECOME...UNSTUCK.



EVENTS FLASH BY IN  
THE PEARLY GRAY LIKE  
GHOSTS...FLITTING LIKE  
THE PAGES OF AN UN-  
IMAGINABLE BOOK.

THE FLOW  
CANNOT BE  
CONTROLLED.  
YOU TRUST IT  
TO TAKE YOU  
WHERE IT  
SHOULD.





A GOD STANDS IN THE NIGHT...  
SO MUCH THE CENTER OF EVENTS  
THAT IT TAKES MY BREATH  
AWAY.

KNOWING WITHOUT KNOWING...  
I FEEL IN MY BLOOD THIS IS  
CRONUS, ZEUS'S FATHER, WHOSE  
COMING WAS FORETOLD BY TITAN.\*

SURROUNDING HIM ARE HIS  
CHILDREN, SOME OF WHOM I  
RECOGNIZE... STANDING IN  
OBEISANCE... WAITING ON  
CEREMONY.

SOFT AND GLISTENING  
IN CRONUS'S HAND IS  
THE SAME CLAY BY  
WHICH I WAS FORMED.

\*SEE ISSUE 139.

HIS VOICE IS COLD AND ANCIENT AS THE VOID BETWEEN THE STARS.

MY CHILDREN, LAY YOUR BLESSINGS UPON HER, FOR SHE SHALL BECOME CENTRAL TO THE EVENTS OF HISTORY.



I, DISDAIN, GIVE THE BEAUTY TO CONTROL EMOTION, TO BECOME THE PERFECT WOMAN TO BEND MAN TO HER WILL.

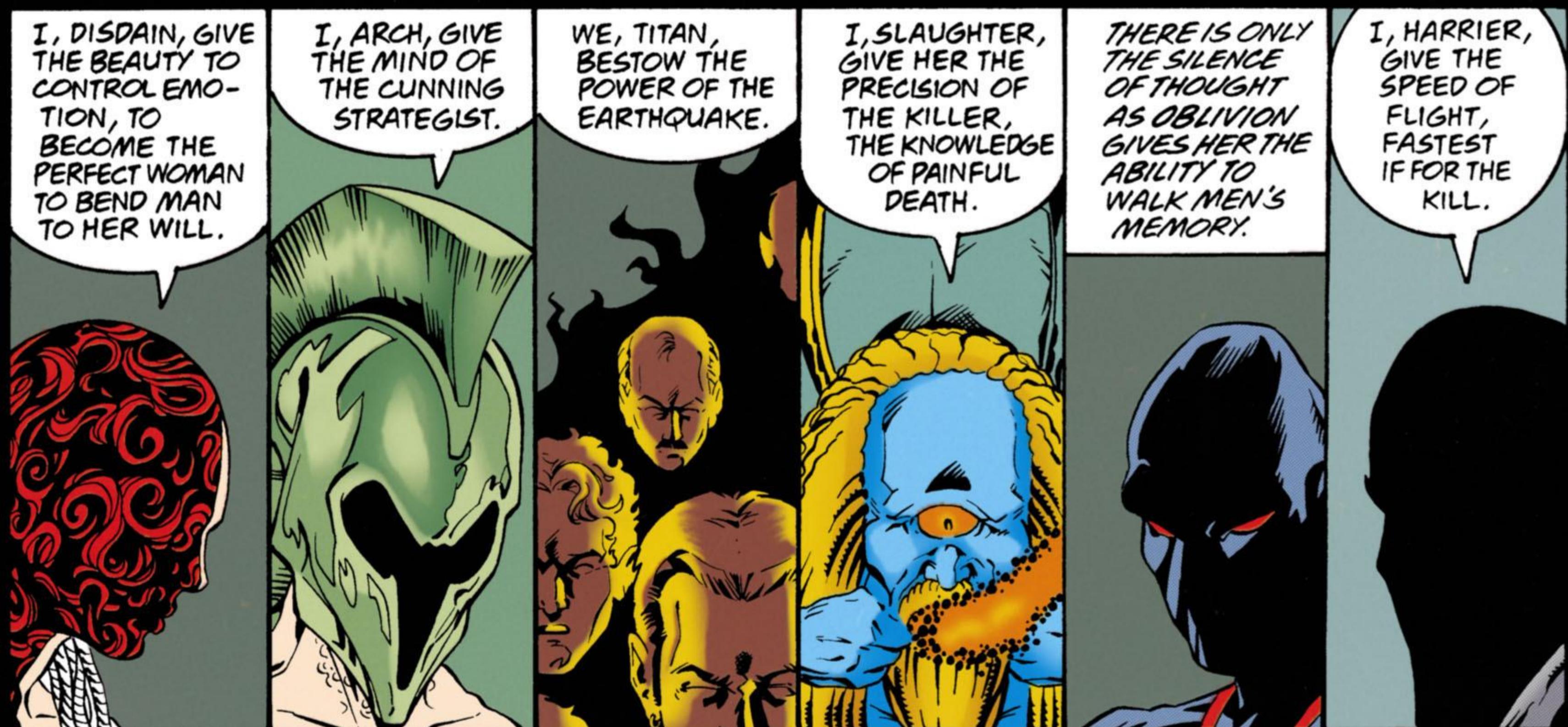
I, ARCH, GIVE THE MIND OF THE CUNNING STRATEGIST.

WE, TITAN, BESTOW THE POWER OF THE EARTHQUAKE.

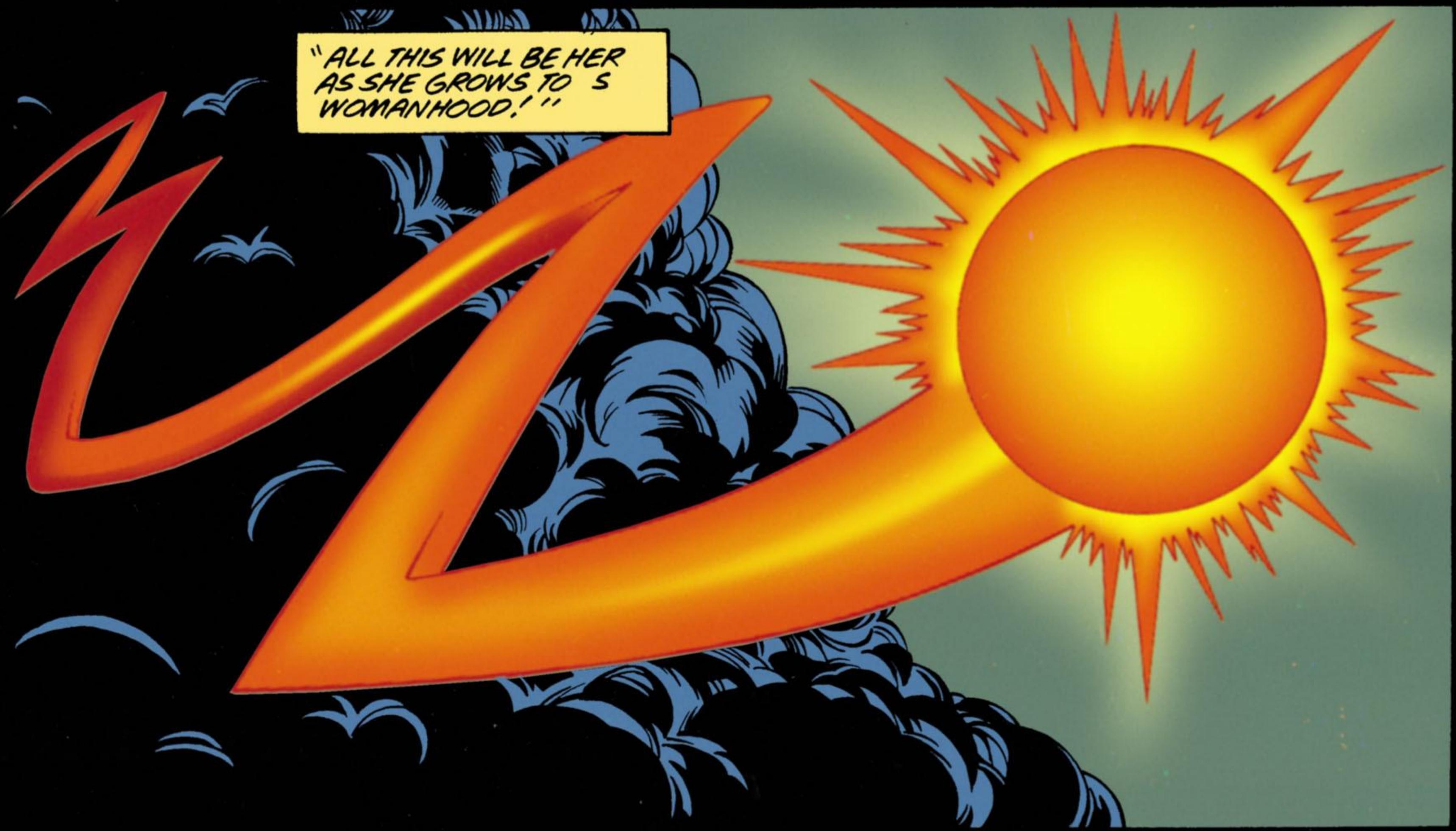
I, SLAUGHTER, GIVE HER THE PRECISION OF THE KILLER, THE KNOWLEDGE OF PAINFUL DEATH.

THERE IS ONLY THE SILENCE OF THOUGHT AS OBLIVION GIVES HER THE ABILITY TO WALK MEN'S MEMORY.

I, HARRIER, GIVE THE SPEED OF FLIGHT, FASTEST IF FOR THE KILL.

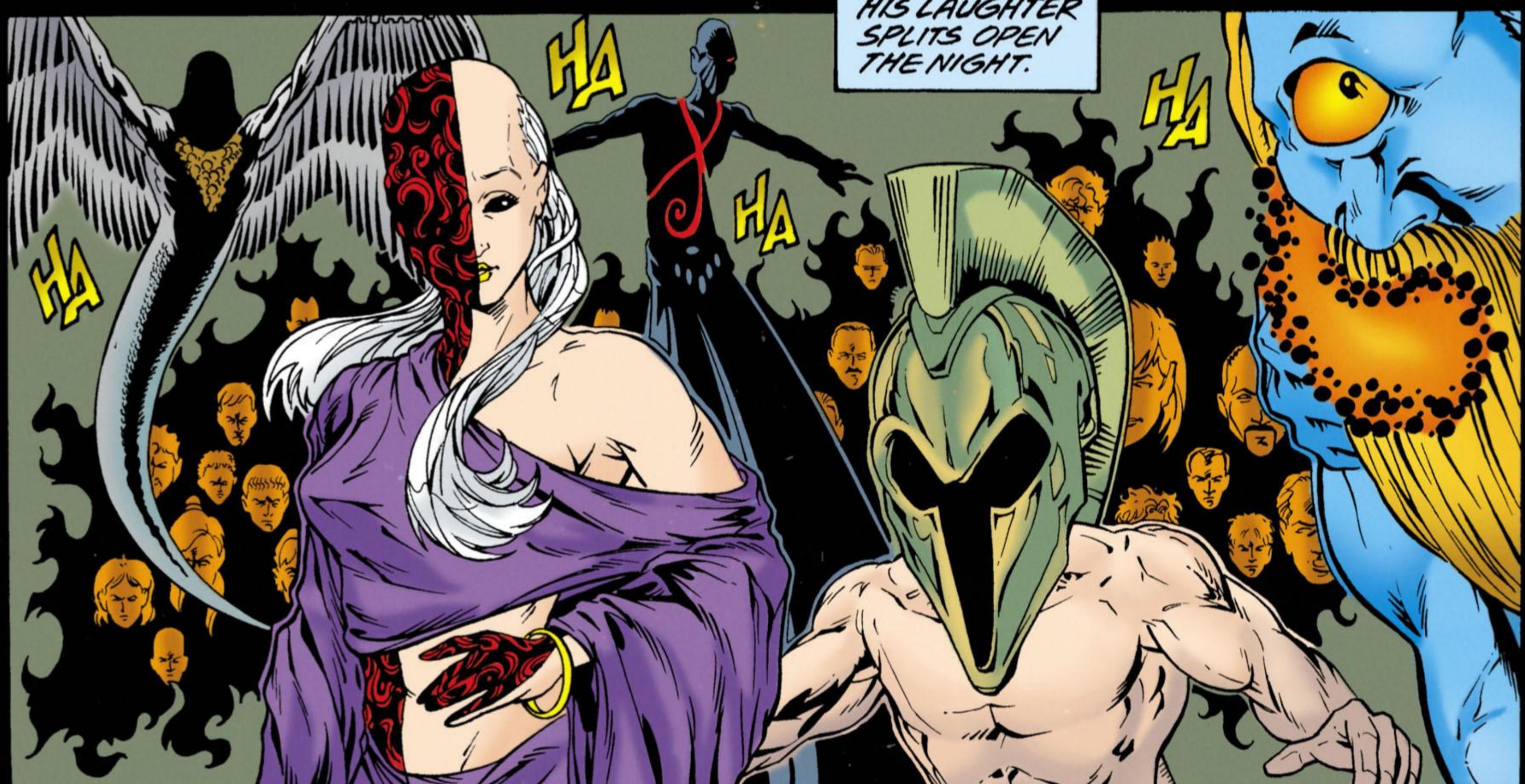
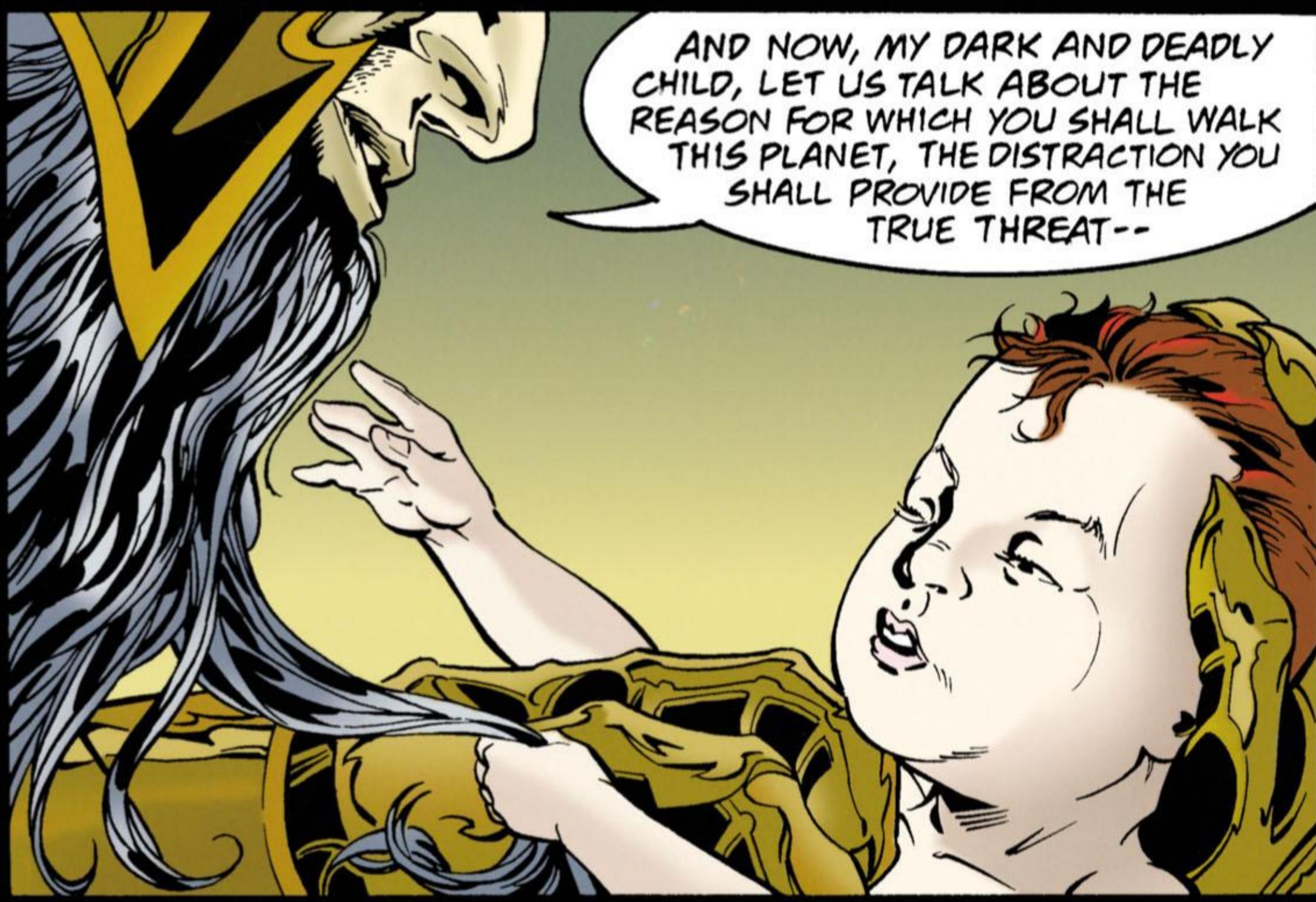


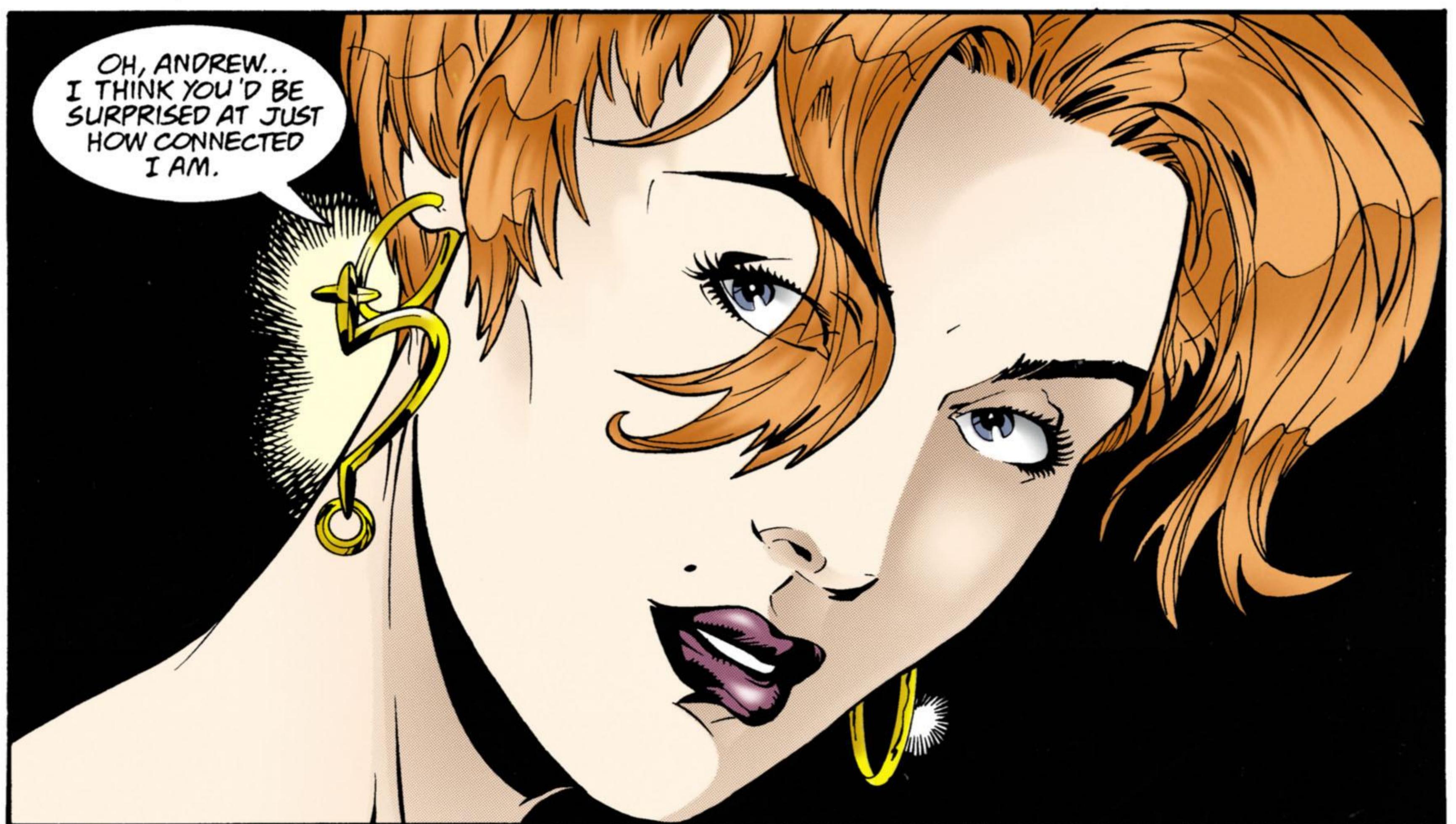
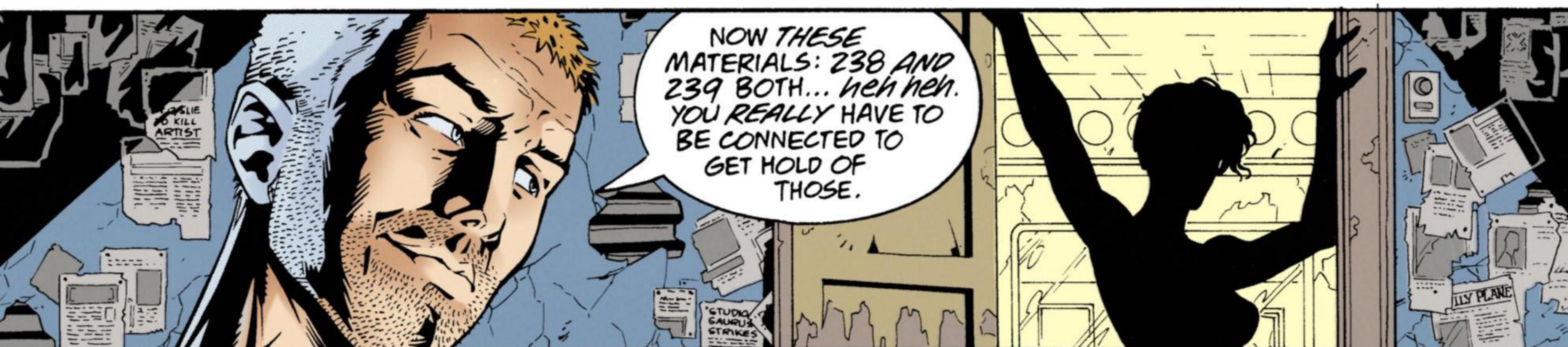
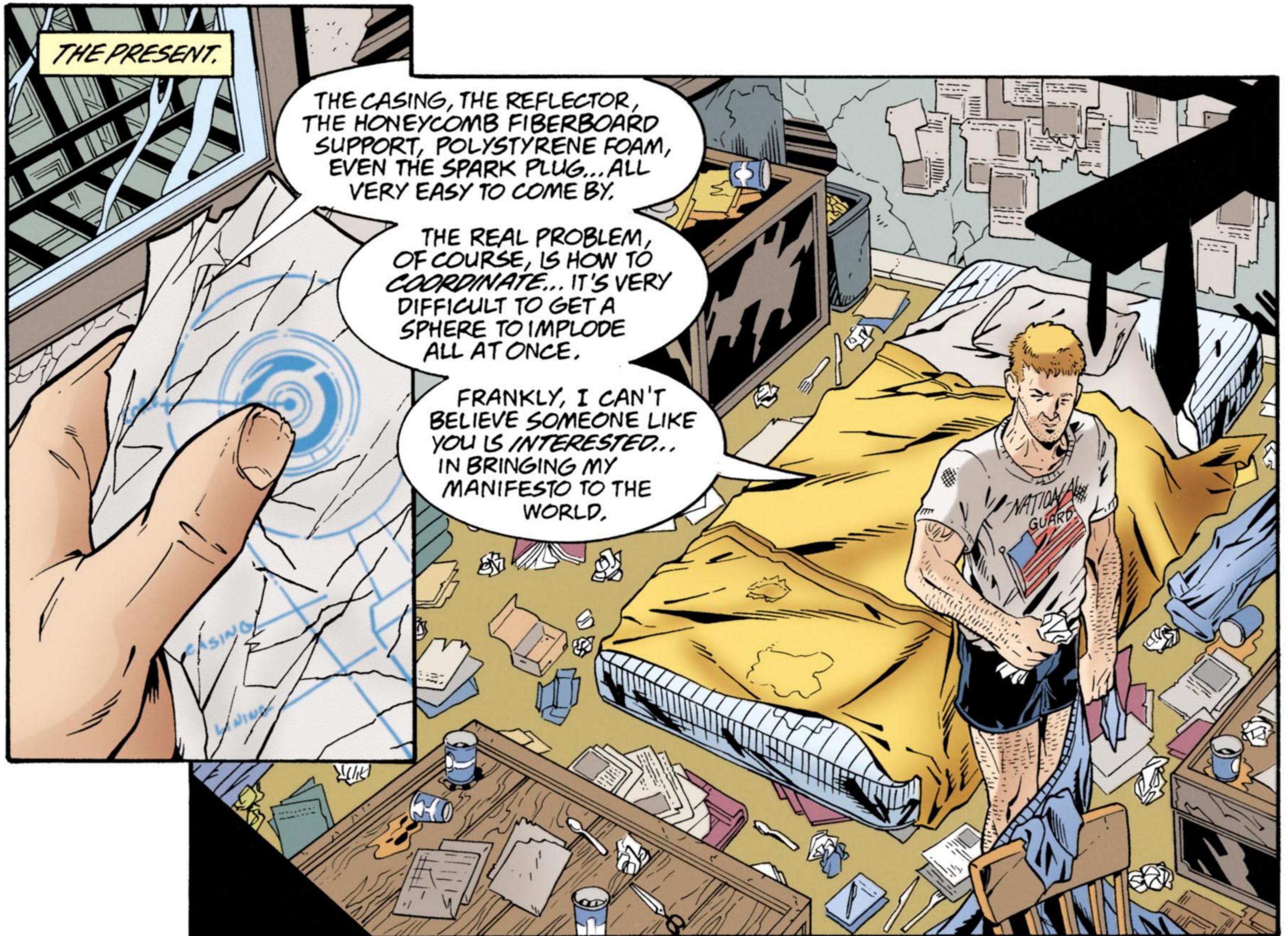
"ALL THIS WILL BE HER AS SHE GROWS TO WOMANHOOD!"

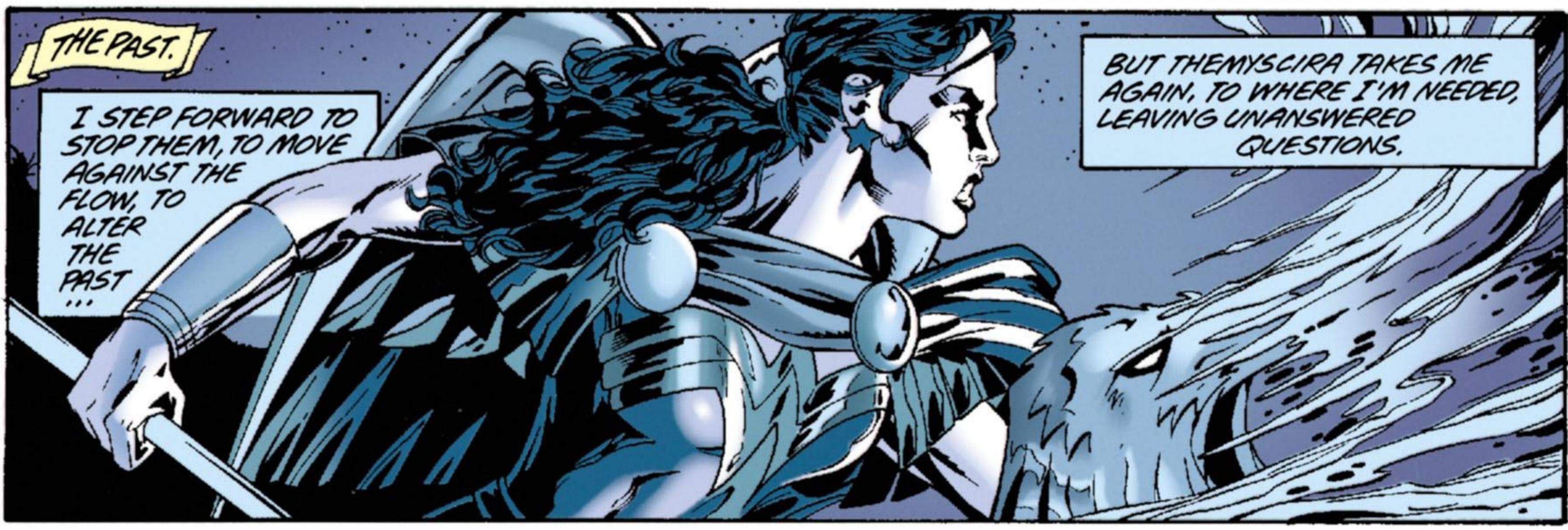


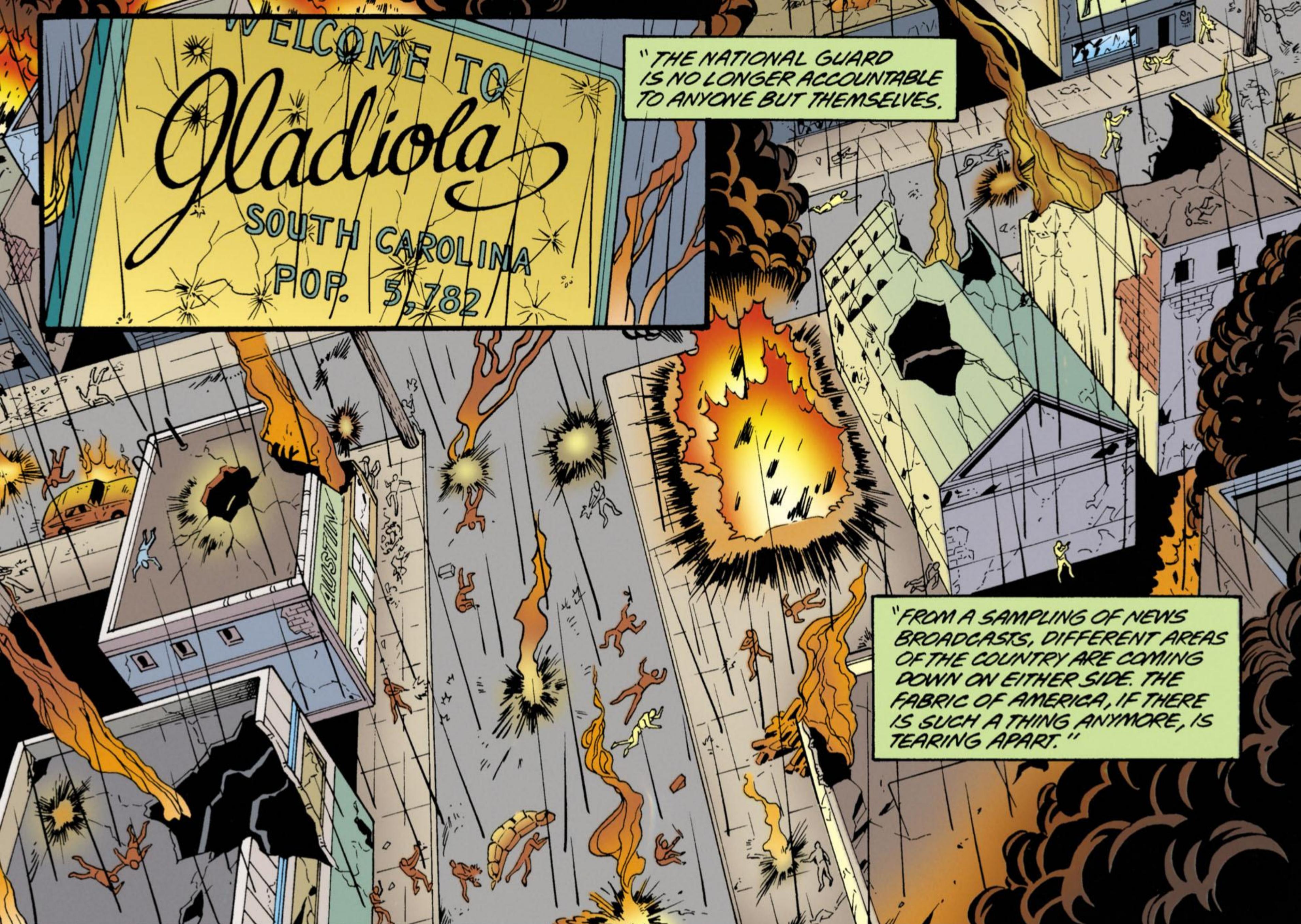


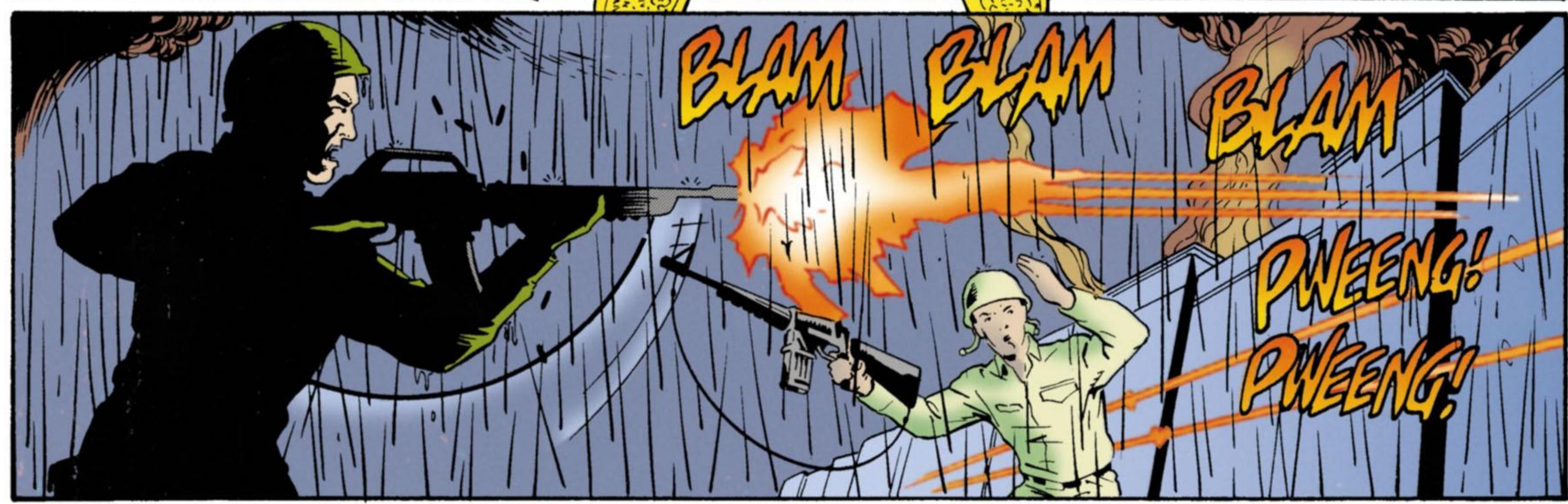
NO CRY. NO INTAKE OF AIR.  
THOSE BLACK EYES OPEN  
AND OBSERVE THE WORLD.  
REACHING OUT AS IF FOR  
A TOY... THERE FOR THE  
BREAKING.

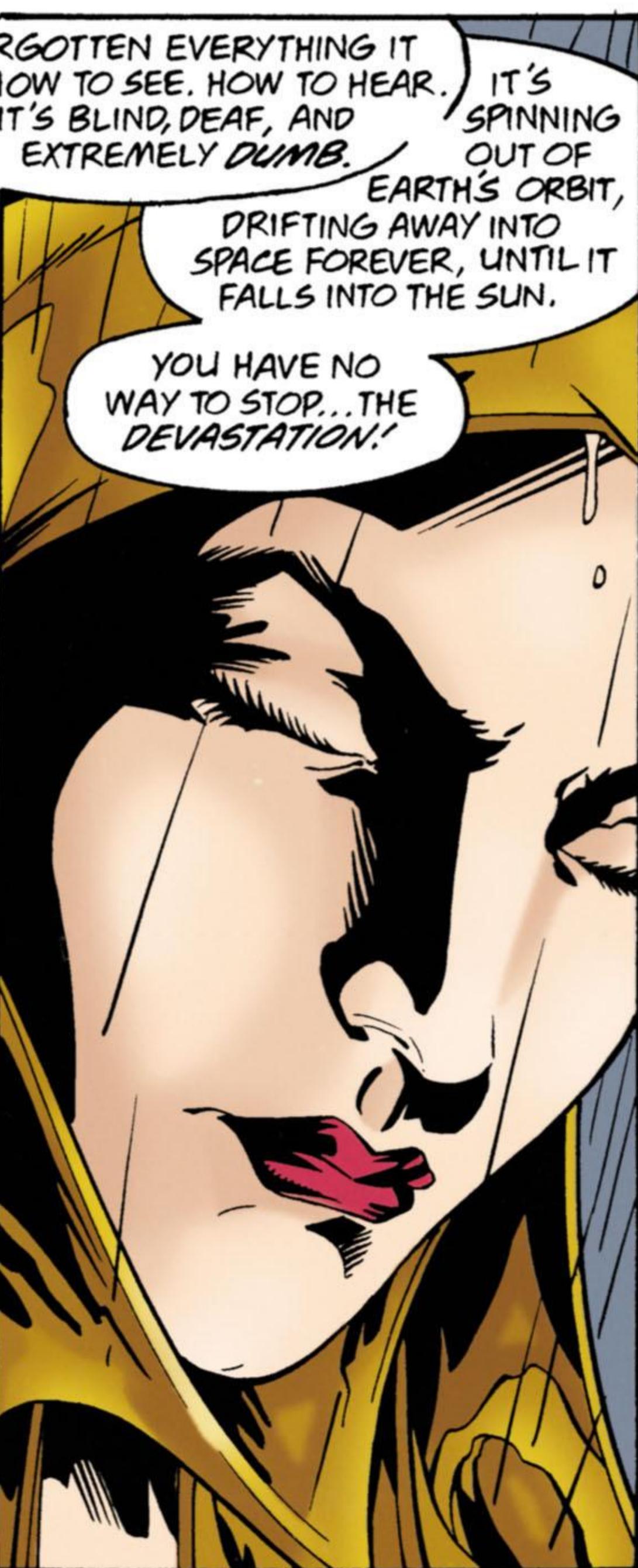
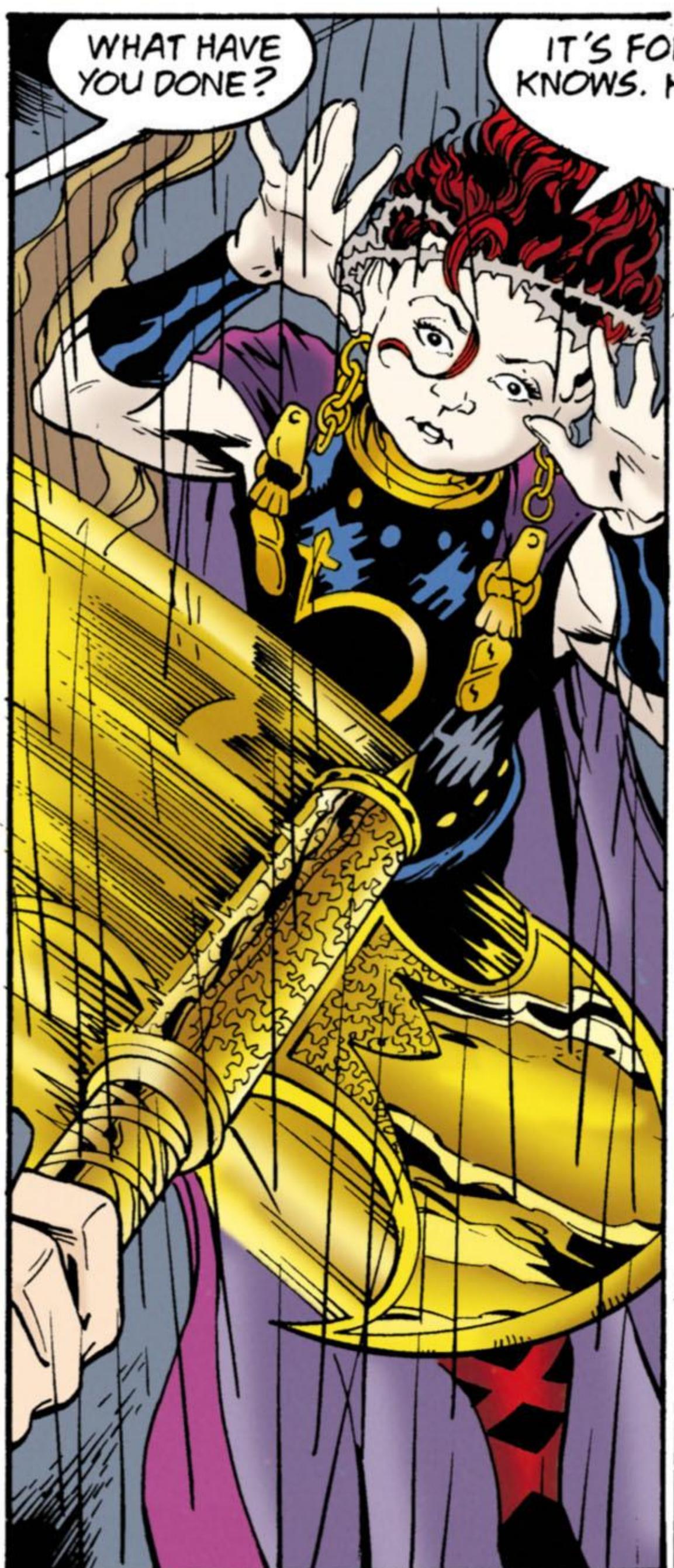
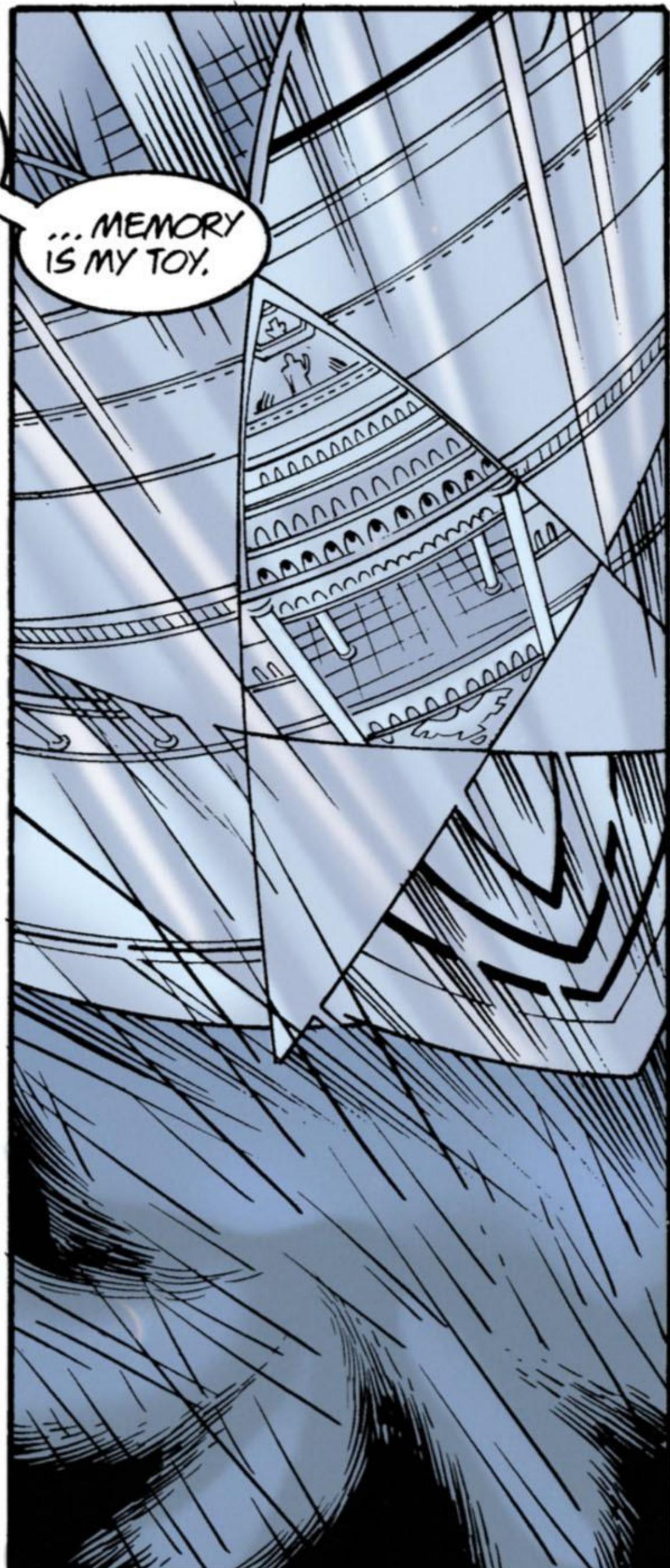











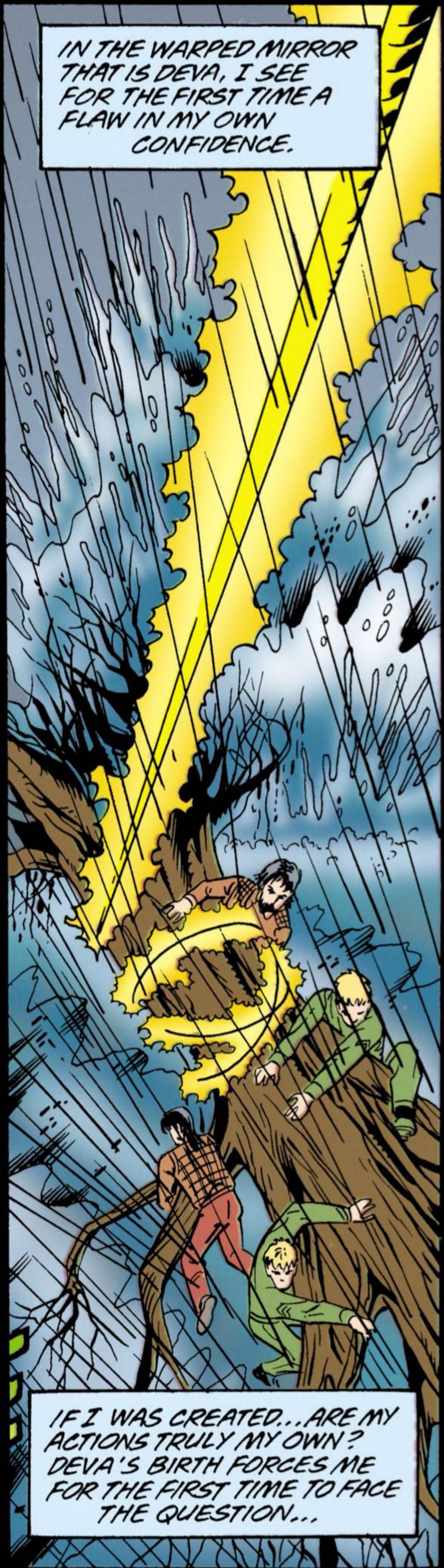




I AM SUDDENLY EVERYWHERE AT ONCE, DOING WHAT I WAS MADE TO DO.

AND WITH THE THOUGHT, DOUBT BEGINS TO CREEP IN. I WAS CREATED BY MY GODS THE SAME WAY THAT DEVA WAS CREATED BY HERS.

IN THE WARPED MIRROR THAT IS DEVA, I SEE FOR THE FIRST TIME A FLAW IN MY OWN CONFIDENCE.



IF I WAS CREATED... ARE MY ACTIONS TRULY MY OWN? DEVA'S BIRTH FORCES ME FOR THE FIRST TIME TO FACE THE QUESTION...



WHAT AM I?



