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# WONDER WOMAN

OUTLAWS... VICTIMS?



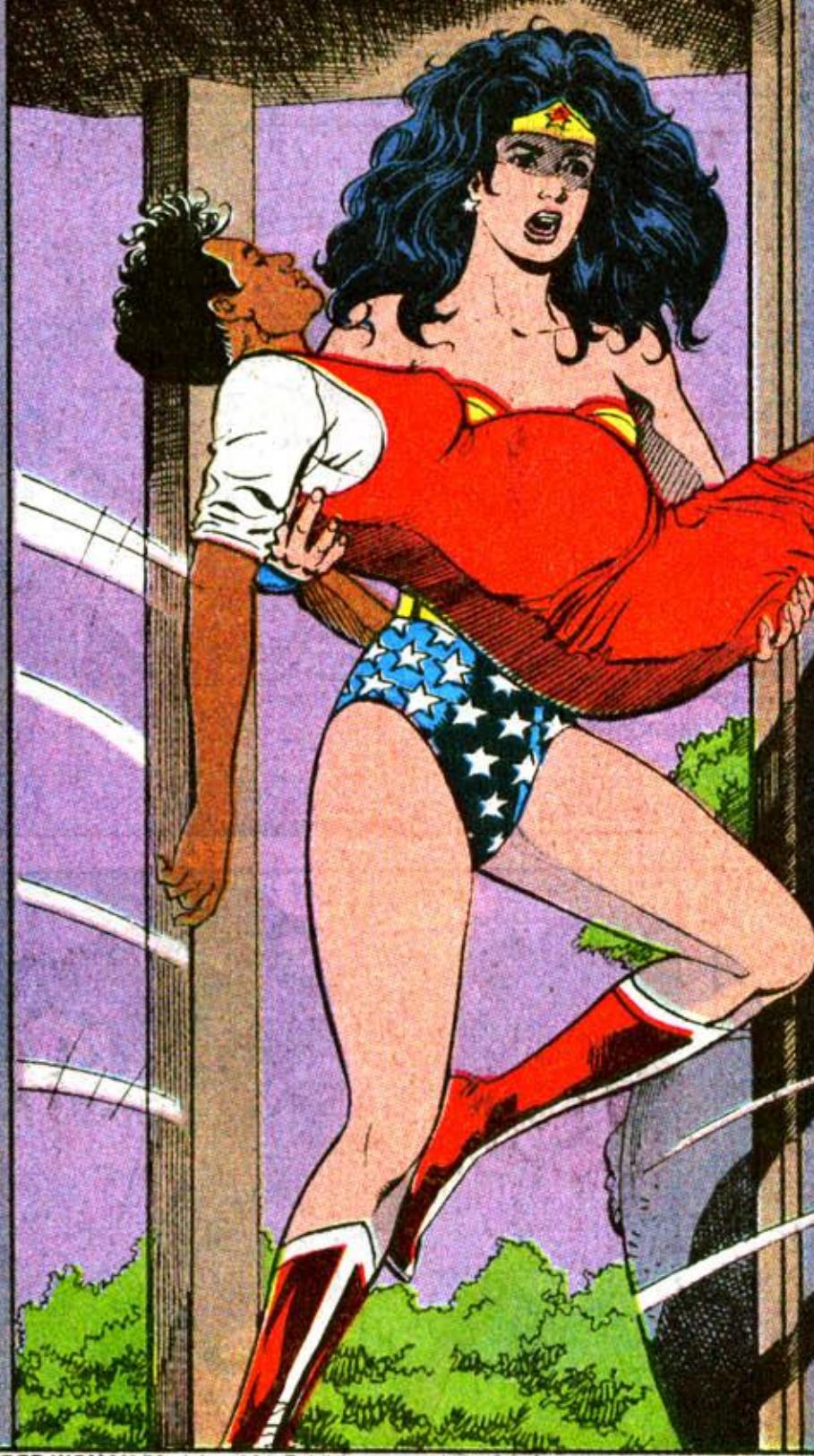
GEORGE PÉREZ  
JOE PHILLIPS  
ROMEO TANGHAL

FOR THE DOCTORS AND NURSES OF THE  
EMERGENCY ROOM AT TITUS-DOYLE  
MEMORIAL CLINIC, THE TYPICAL GRAVE-  
YARD SHIFT INCLUDES THE USUAL MISHAPS  
IN THE HOME, AUTOMOBILE ACCIDENTS  
AND OCCASIONAL FARMING CALAMITY.

BUT SUCH COMMON-  
PLACE MISFORTUNES CANNOT  
PREPARE THE PHYSICIANS OF  
QUINCY, MASSACHUSETTS FOR  
THIS NIGHT--

--WHEN THE CLINIC  
BECOMES A FIELD  
HOSPITAL--AT THE  
ONSET OF WAR!

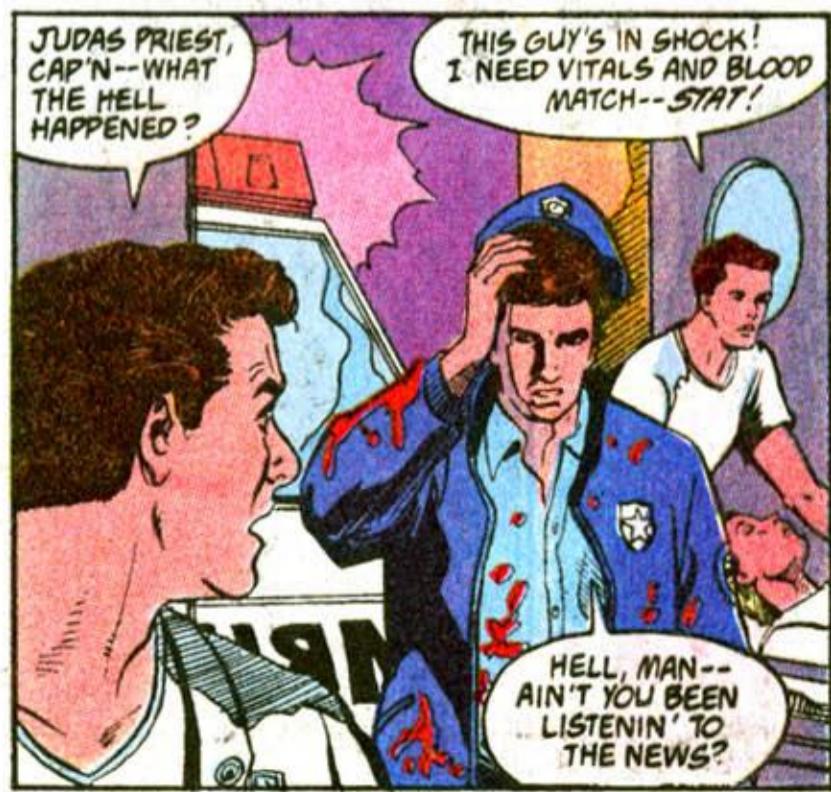
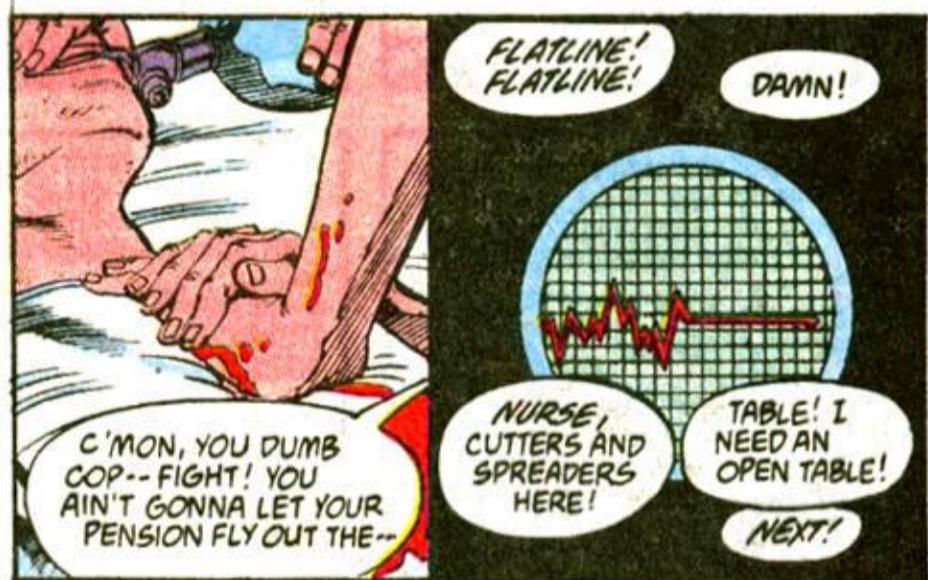
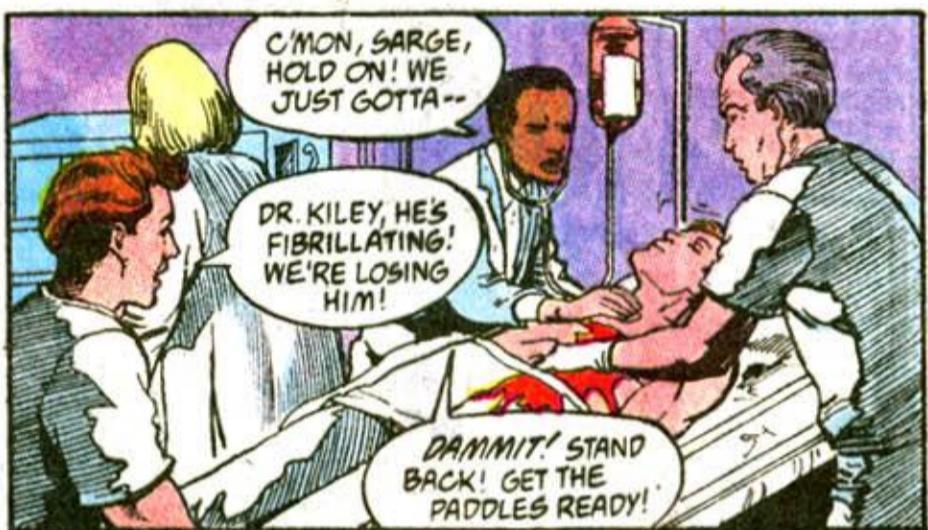
# VICTIMS



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"I'M SORRY, SIR, BUT NO ONE OTHER THAN IMMEDIATE FAMILY IS ALLOWED IN THIS AREA AFTER VISITING HOURS."

"IT'S OKAY, NURSE. I'M HERE ON OFFICIAL BUSINESS."

INSP. INDELICATO, BOSTON PD. I'M LOOKING FOR MRS. JUNE SHANDS?

OH...YES... THE WIFE OF ONE OF THE POLICE OFFICERS. I'M SORRY, INSPECTOR. SHE'S IN WAITING ROOM E. IT'S RIGHT--

THANKS-- I KNOW THE WAY.

JUNE... I-I'M SO SORRY... I DON'T KNOW WHAT--

YOU! NOW YOU TURN UP!? NOW YOU FINALLY SHOW UP? NOW, WHEN IT'S TOO DAMN LATE!?

WHERE WERE YOU!? WHY WEREN'T YOU WITH HIM?

YOU KNOW HOW MANY TIMES HE STUCK BY YOU, TOOK THE FALL WITH YOU-- EVEN WHEN I WARNED HIM NOT TO!?! EVEN WHEN IT WASN'T EVEN HIS FAULT!

AND EVERY TIME HE'D SAY HOW HE COULD NEVER TURN HIS BACK ON HIS OWN PARTNER!

SO WHERE WERE YOU, PARTNER-- WHERE WERE YOU WHEN HE NEEDED YOU!?

MY HUSBAND IS DEAD-- DO YOU HEAR ME!?! MICHAEL IS DEAD! DEAD!!

# St. Eligius Hospital of Boston Emergency Entrance

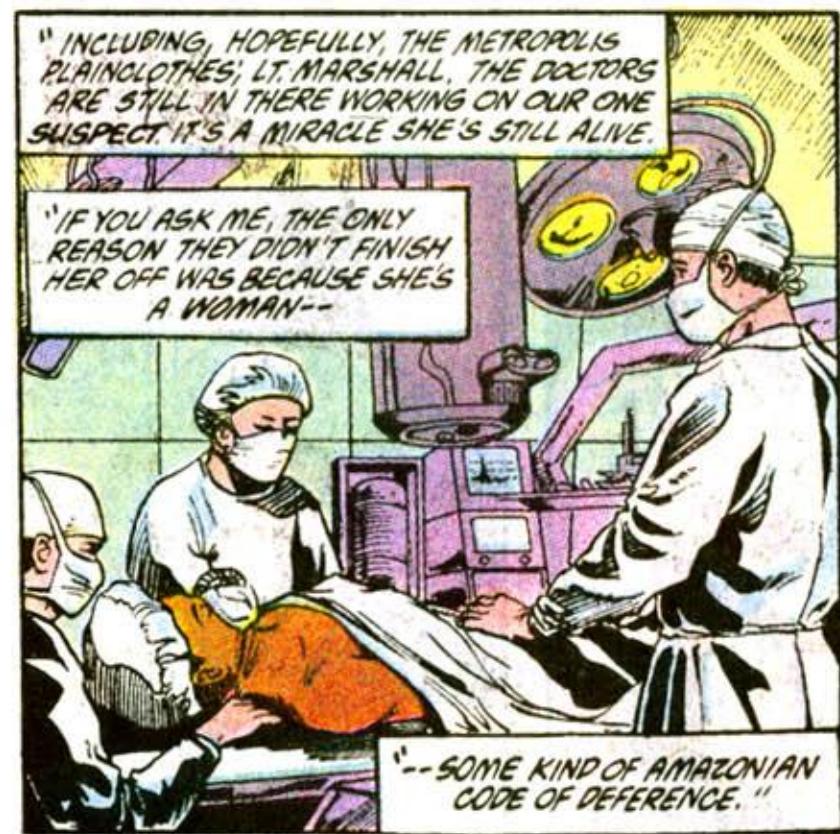
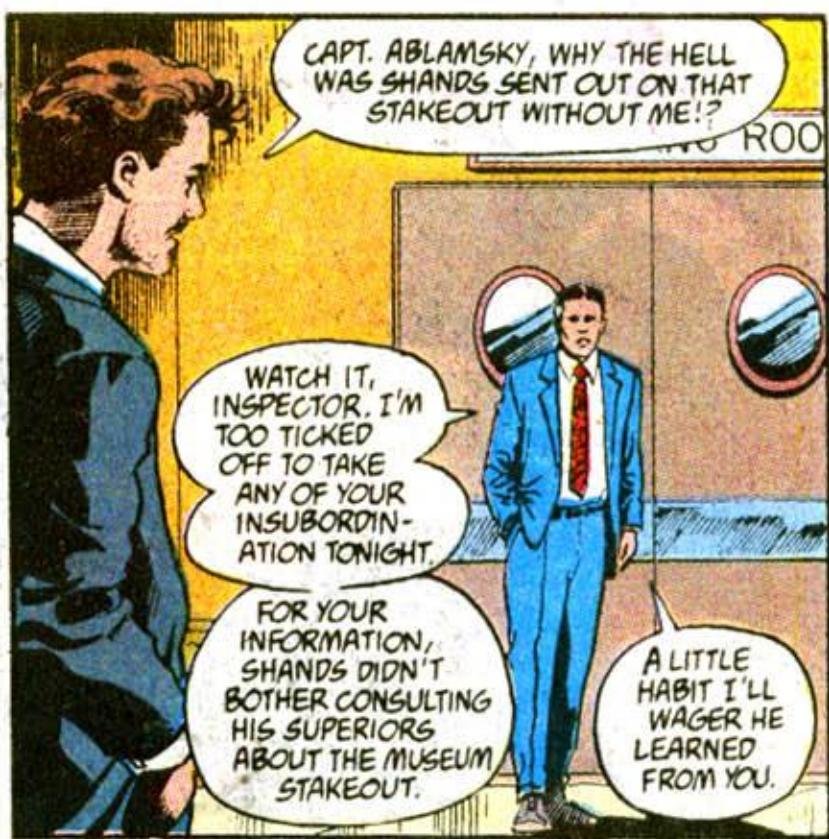
OH, GOD, HOW HE TRUSTED YOU... YOU AND HIM... LIKE BROTHERS, HE SAID.

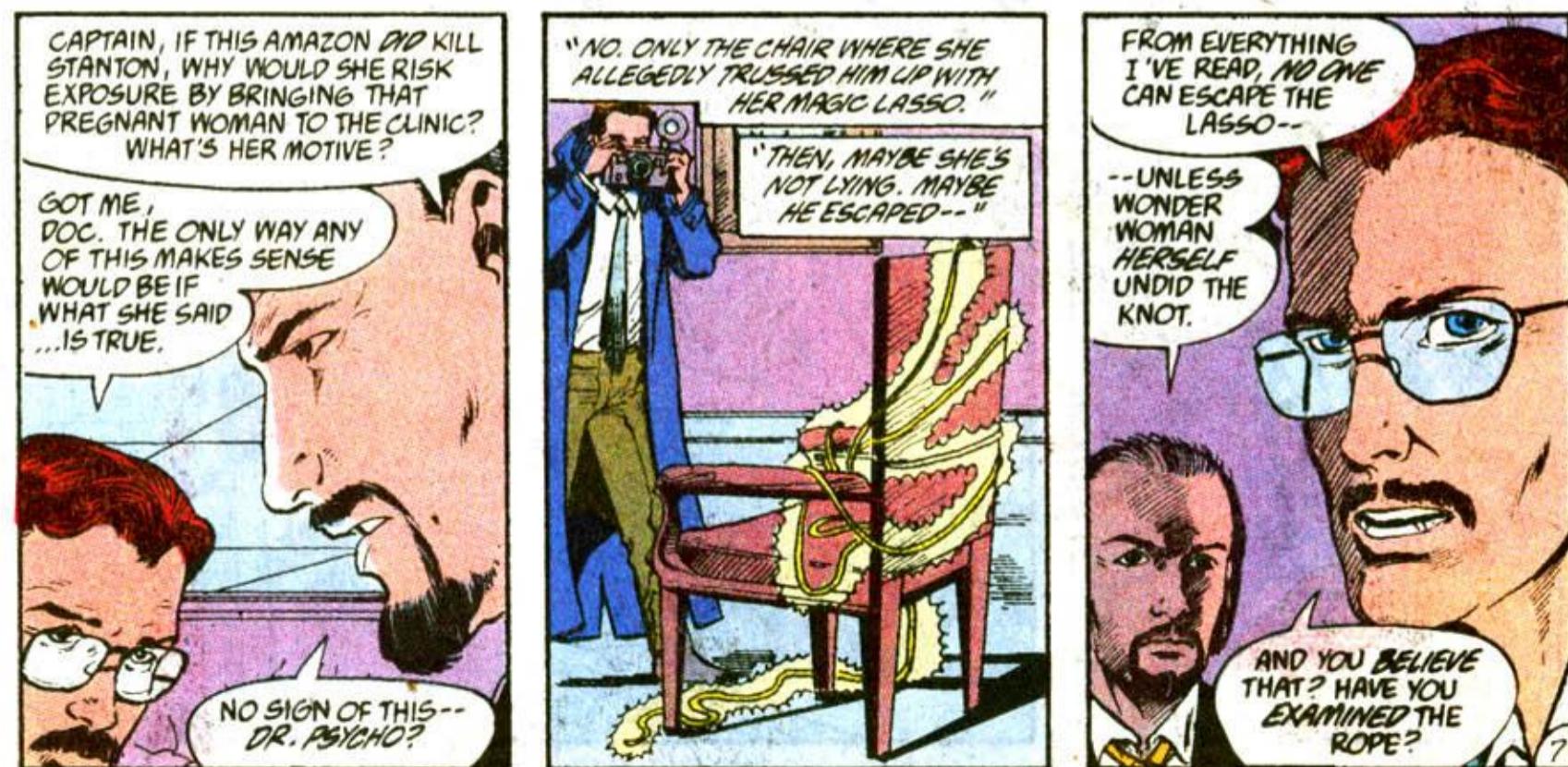
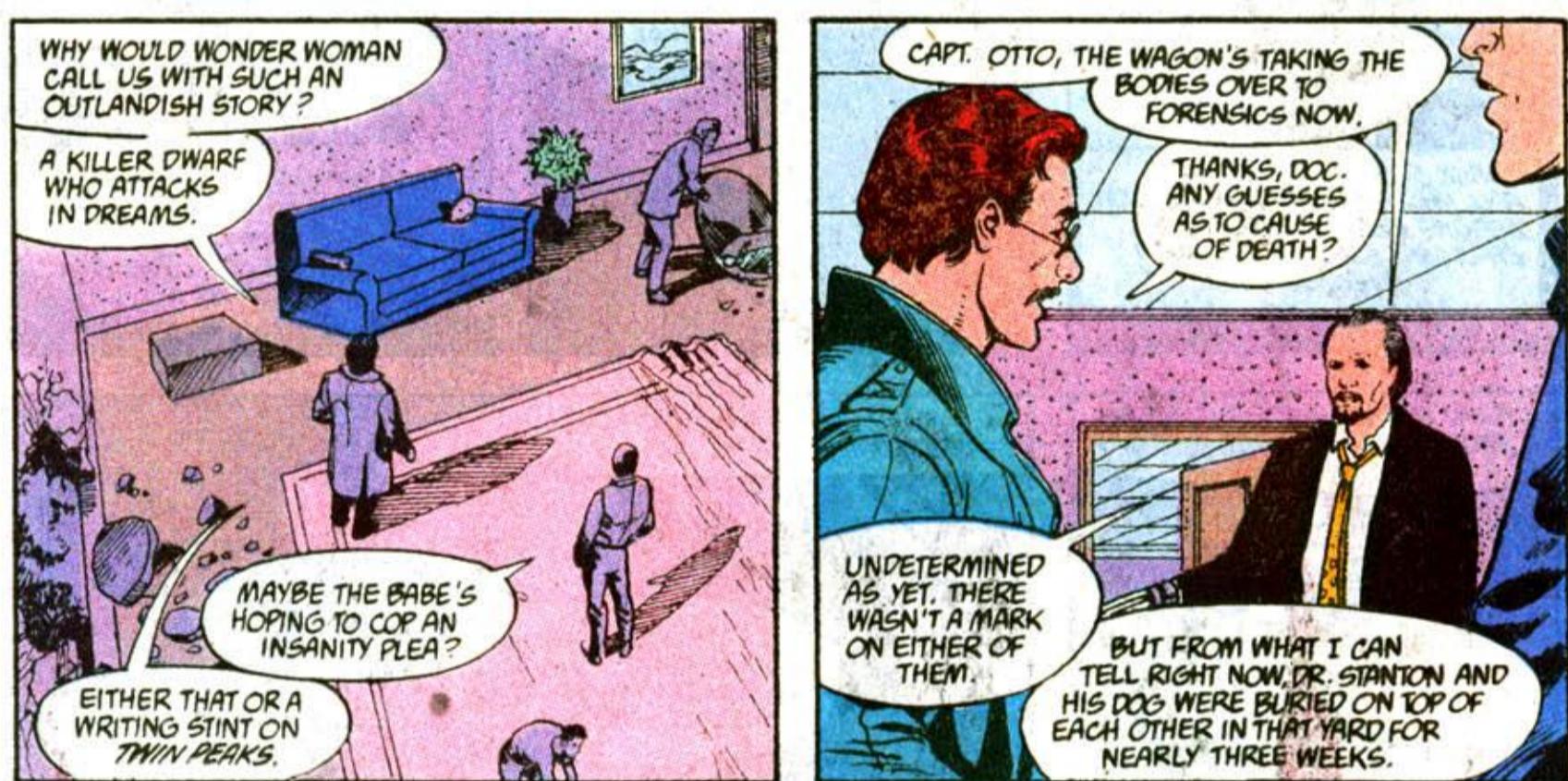
H-HE LOVED YOU, EDDIE. GOD FORGIVE HIM... HE LOVED YOU.

DAMN YOU TO HELL! WHY COULDN'T IT HAVE BEEN YOU!?

SHARING THINGS THAT... THAT HE COULDN'T EVEN SHARE WITH ME.

YOU SON OF A... WHY COULDN'T IT HAVE BEEN YOU?





GOTHAM. A CITY THAT NEVER SLEEPS.

NOCTURNAL, FORBIDDING--  
A VAMPIRE OF A CITY.  
ITS FLICKERING, JUTTING  
TEETH SINK DEEPLY INTO  
THE DARK AND SUCKLE ON  
THE BLOOD OF TWILIGHT.

...SILENT PATRONS TO THE MUSIC OF  
GOTHAM'S NIGHT.

(I KNOW. THIS PLACE  
FRIGHTENS ME, TOO.)

JAZZ TRUMPETS HARMONIZE  
WITH THE WALES OF POLICE  
SIRENS. THE FOOTFALLS OF  
THE HUNTERS BEAT IN  
COUNTERTIME WITH THOSE  
OF THE HUNTED.

(HOW CAN WE  
EVER HOPE TO FIND  
DIANA IN THIS  
MAZE?)

(EUROEA, STOP.  
WE CAN'T GO ON  
LIKE THIS. WE  
HAVE TO THINK--)

(HUSH, PYTHIA.  
SOMEONE MIGHT  
HEAR YOU.)

(I'M SORRY. I  
DIDN'T MEAN TO  
SNAP AT YOU LIKE  
THAT.)

(FAITH, EUROEA. WE HAVE TO  
BELIEVE THAT THE GODS COULD  
NOT HAVE TAKEN US SO FAR  
JUST TO HAVE IT ALL END LIKE  
THIS.)

BLACK GHOSTS STUMBLE AND  
FALL INTO THE VAMPIRE'S SKELETON,  
SEEKING REFUGE FROM THE  
EFFULGENT STARE OF A MILLION  
ELECTRIC EYES...

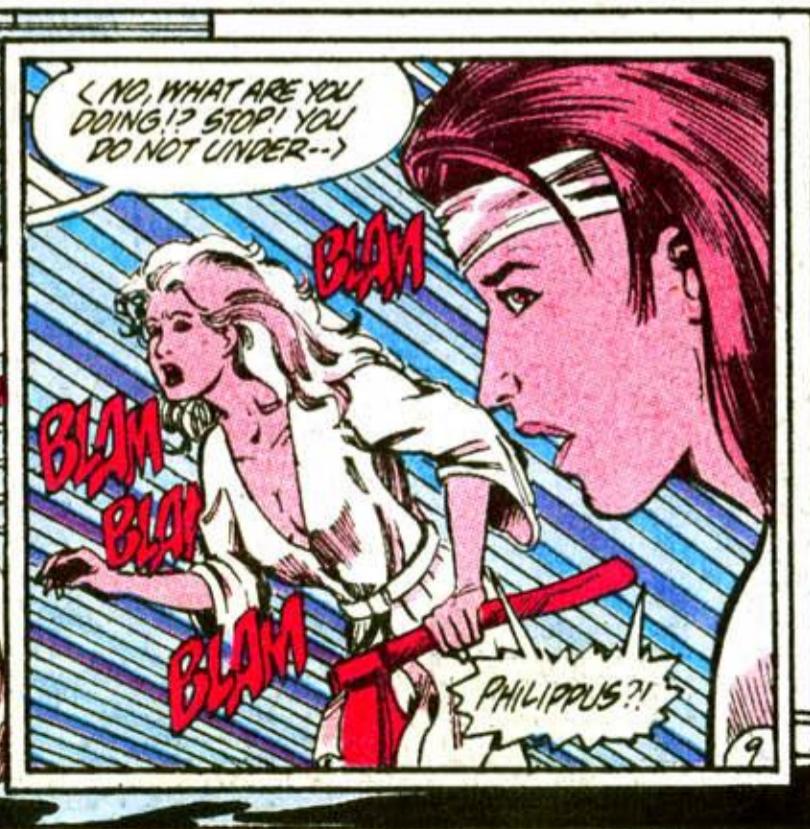
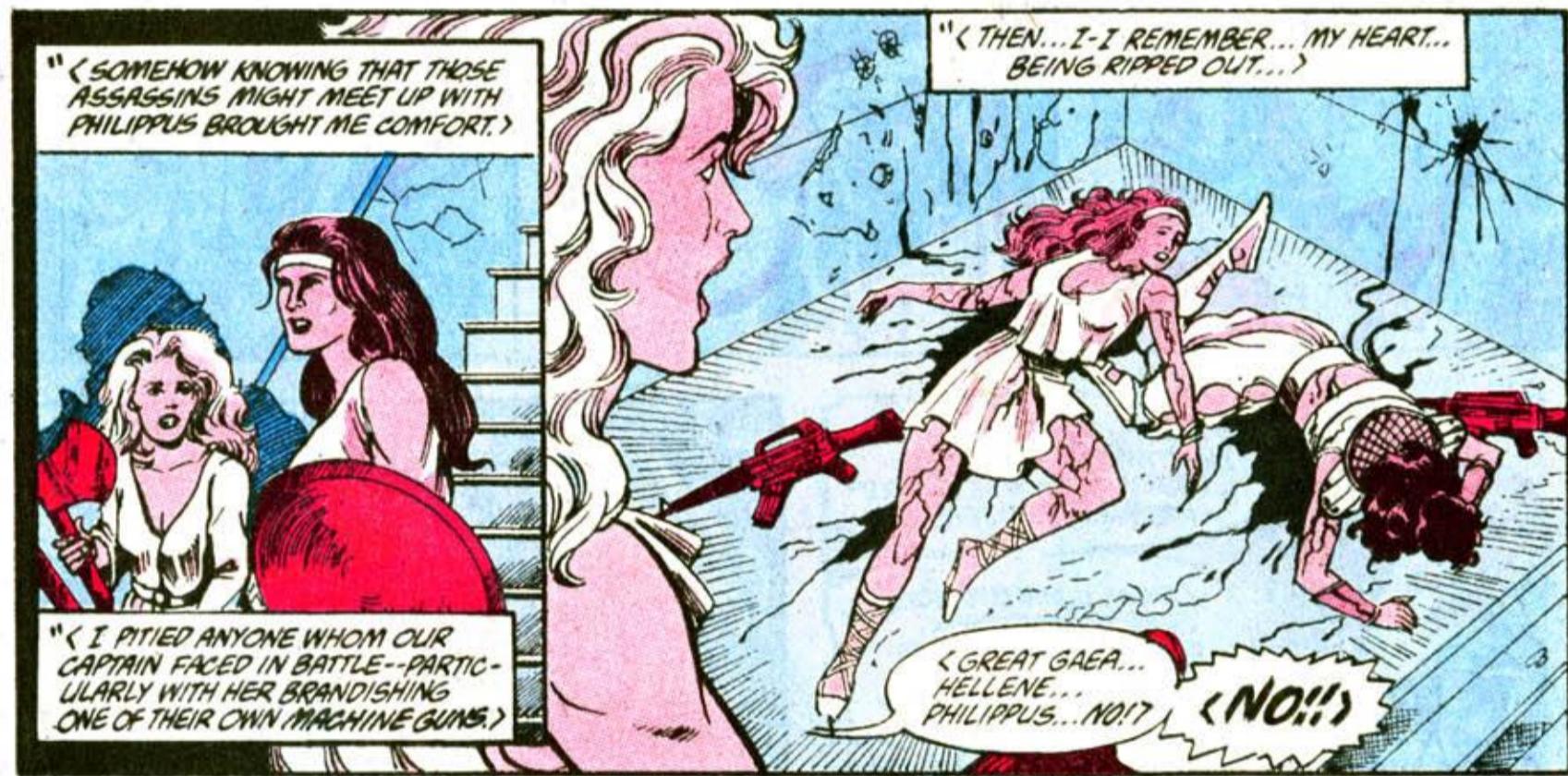
(N-NO MATTER HOW CONFOUNDING  
AND DESPERATE IT ALL SEEMS.)

(...PARTICULARLY AFTER WHAT  
HAPPENED AT THE HOTEL.)

(PYTHIA, I'VE SEARCHED  
EVERYWHERE! IT'S AS IF  
OUR QUEEN DISAPPEARED  
INTO THE NIGHT WIND.)

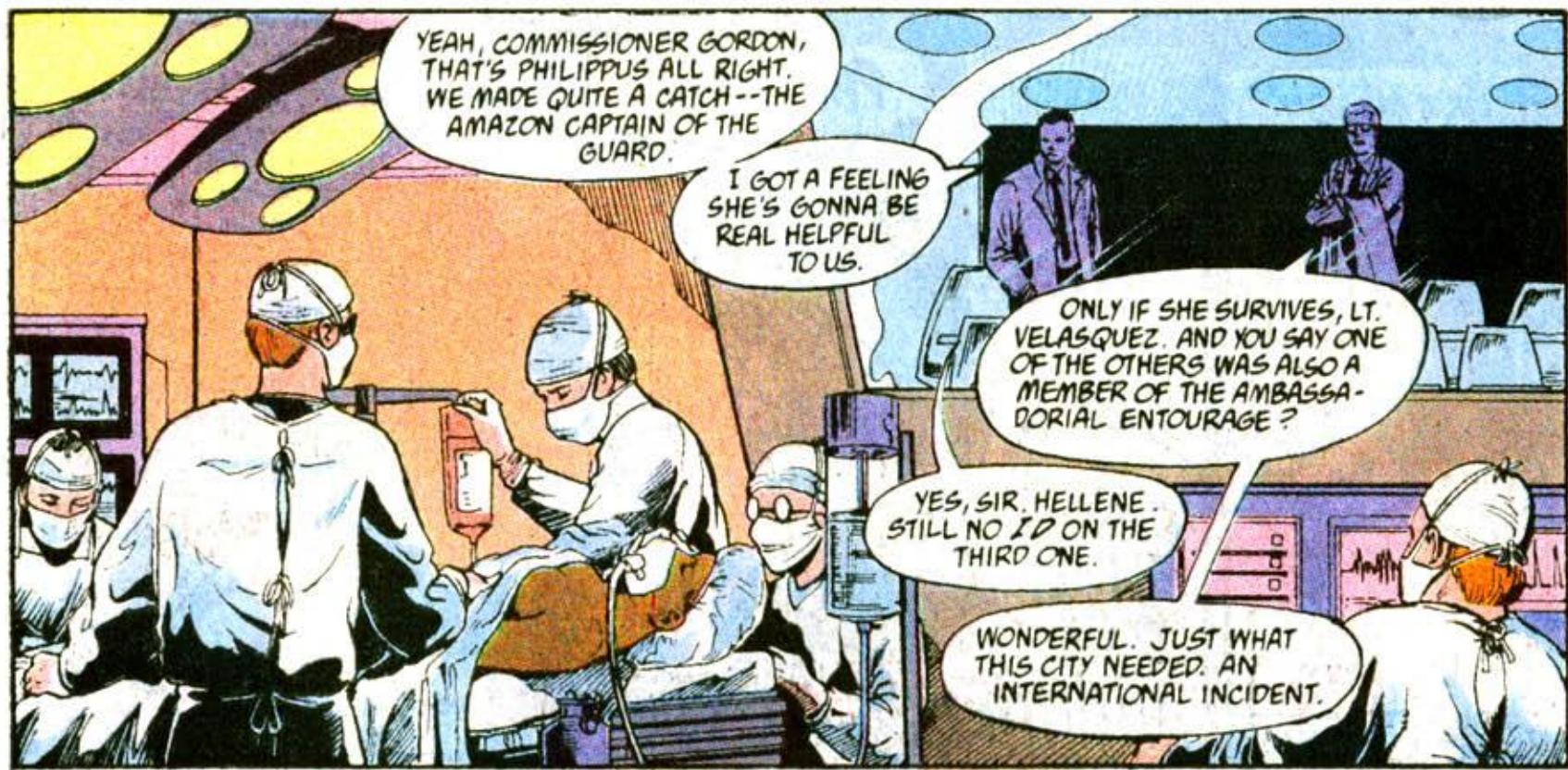
(THOSE ASSASSINS WE  
LEFT IN THE CORRIDOR--  
THEY MUST KNOW SOMETHING  
ABOUT THIS. IT'S THE ONLY  
ANSWER.)

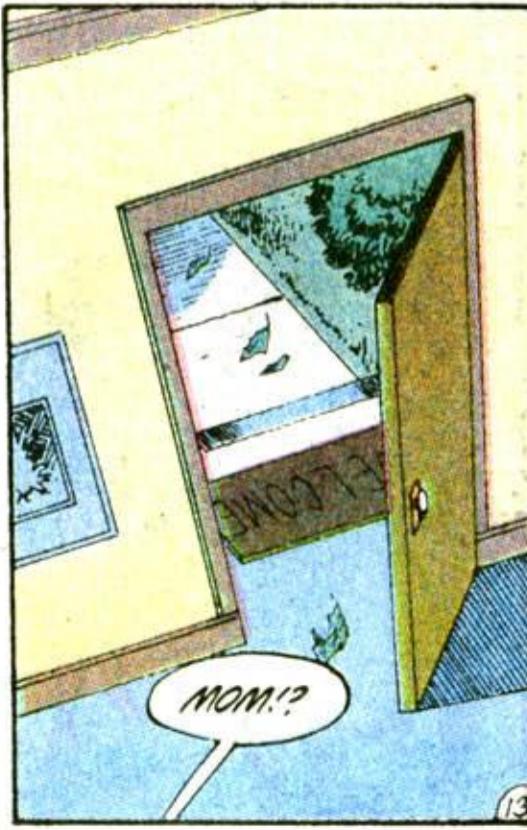
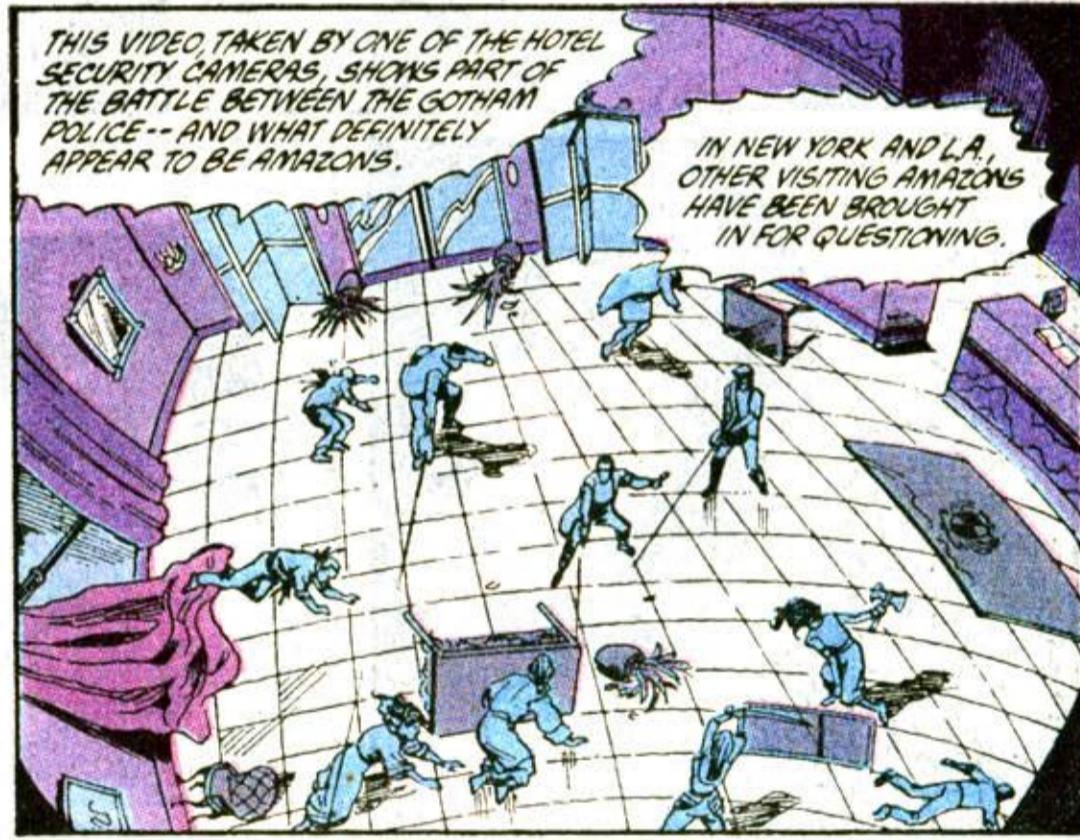
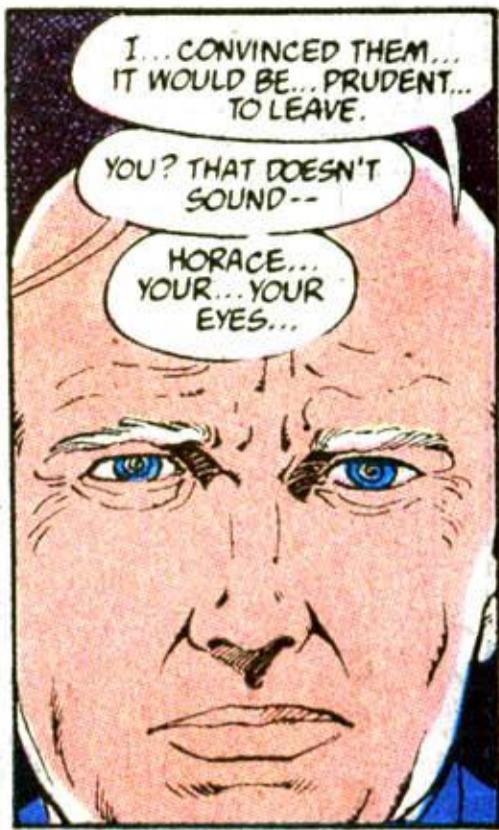
(PLEASE, SISTER.  
WE MUST BE STRONG  
FOR EACH OTHER...  
NOW MORE THAN  
EVER.)



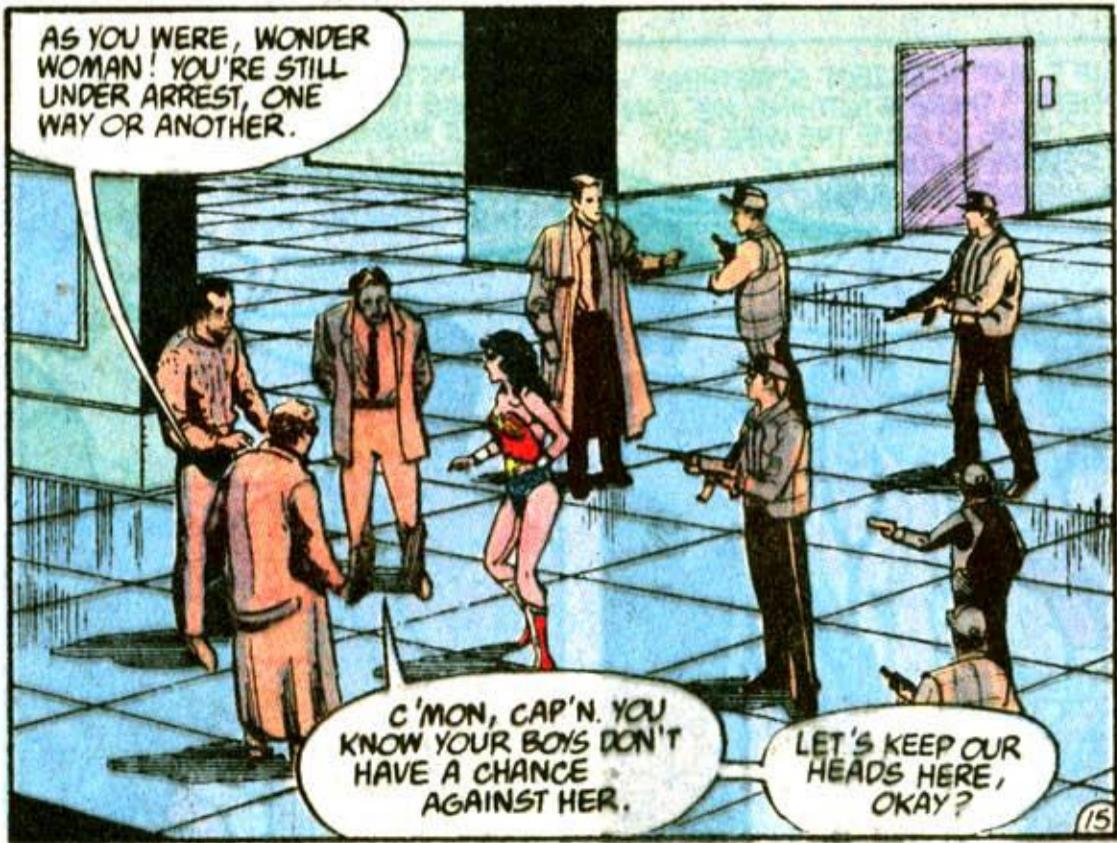
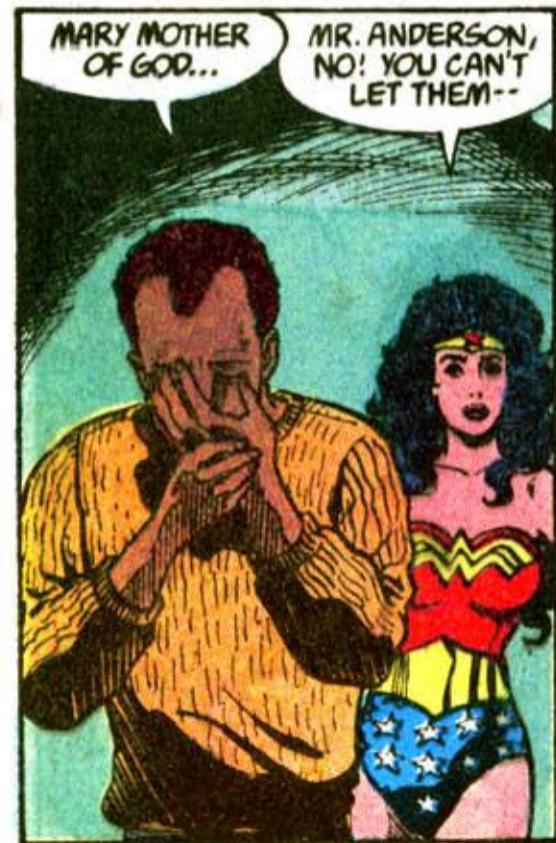
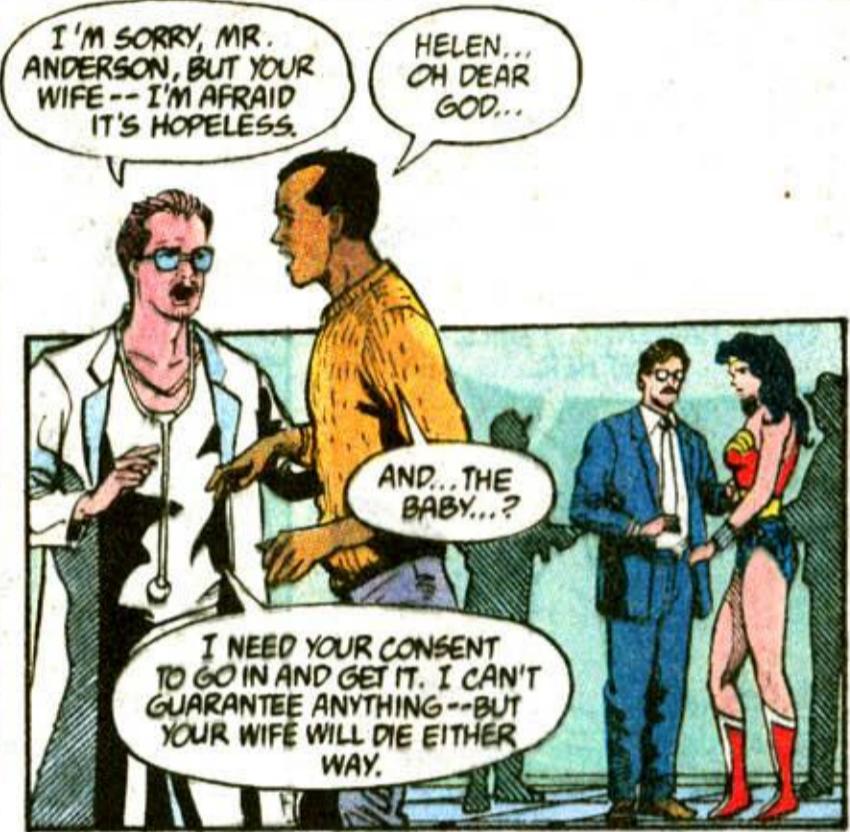
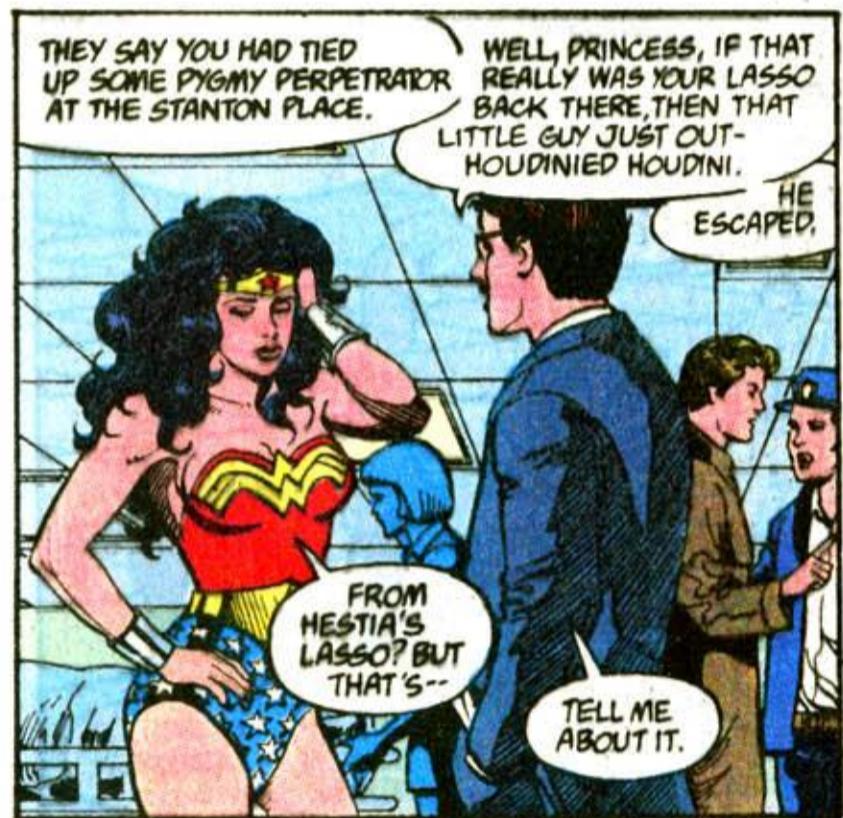
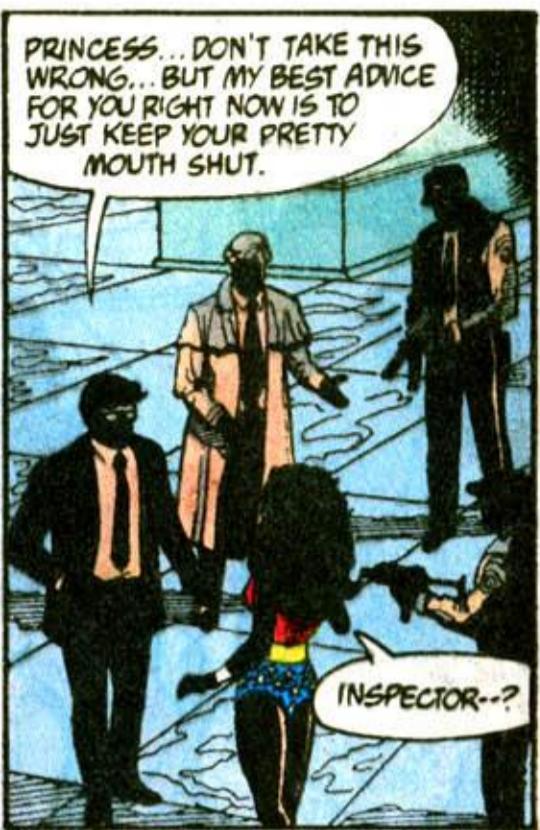
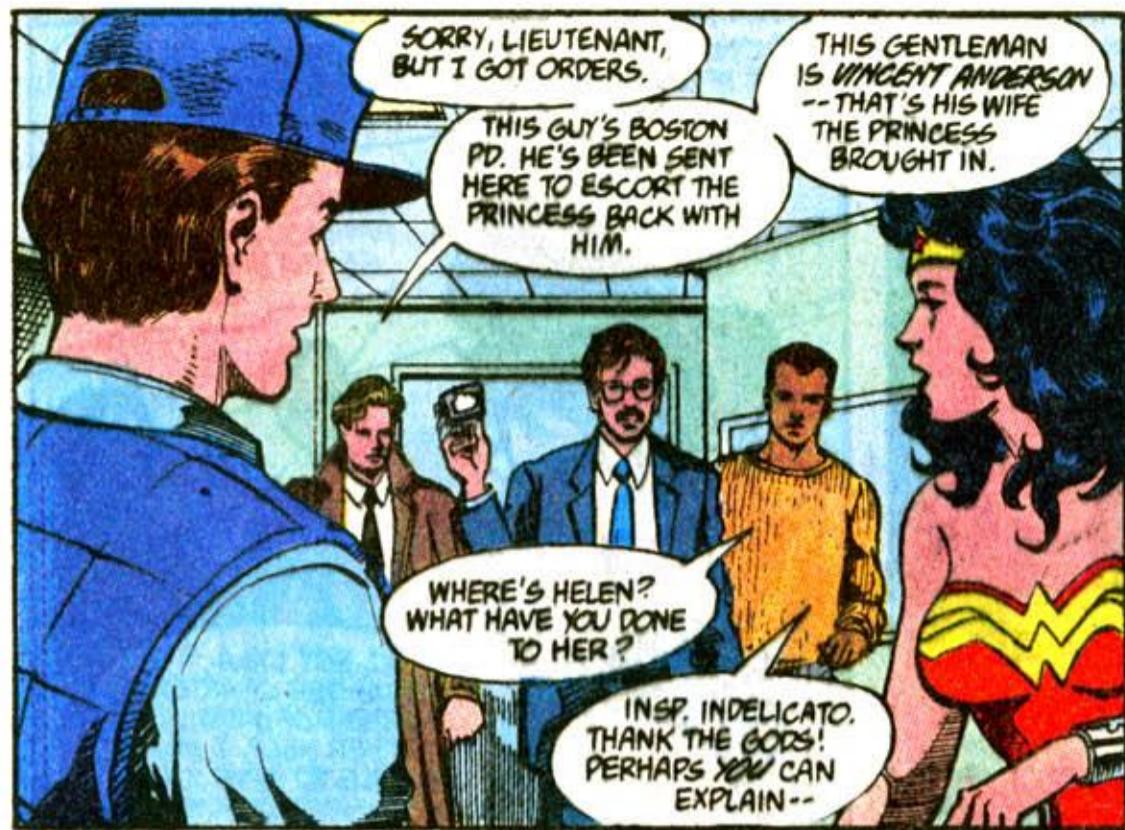


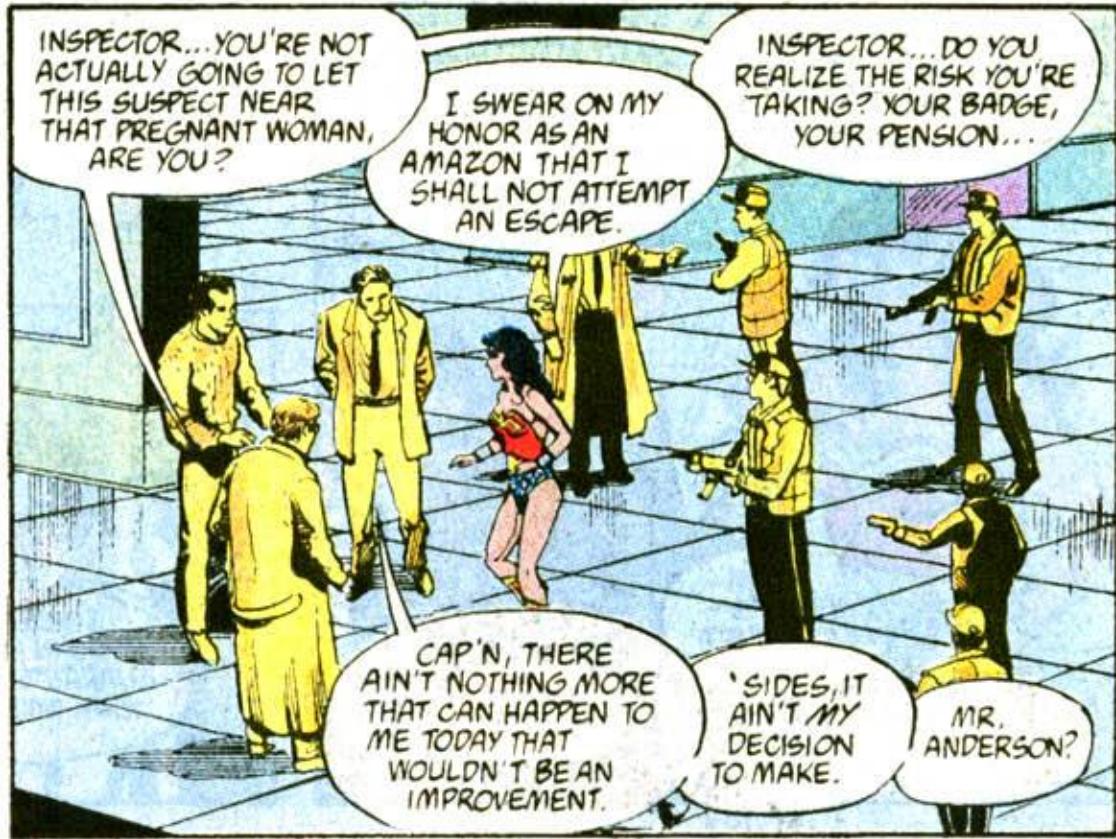
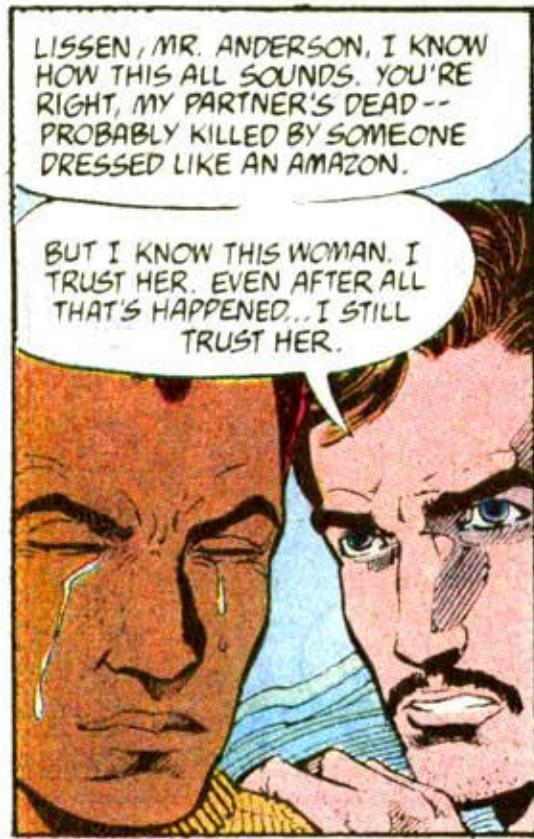
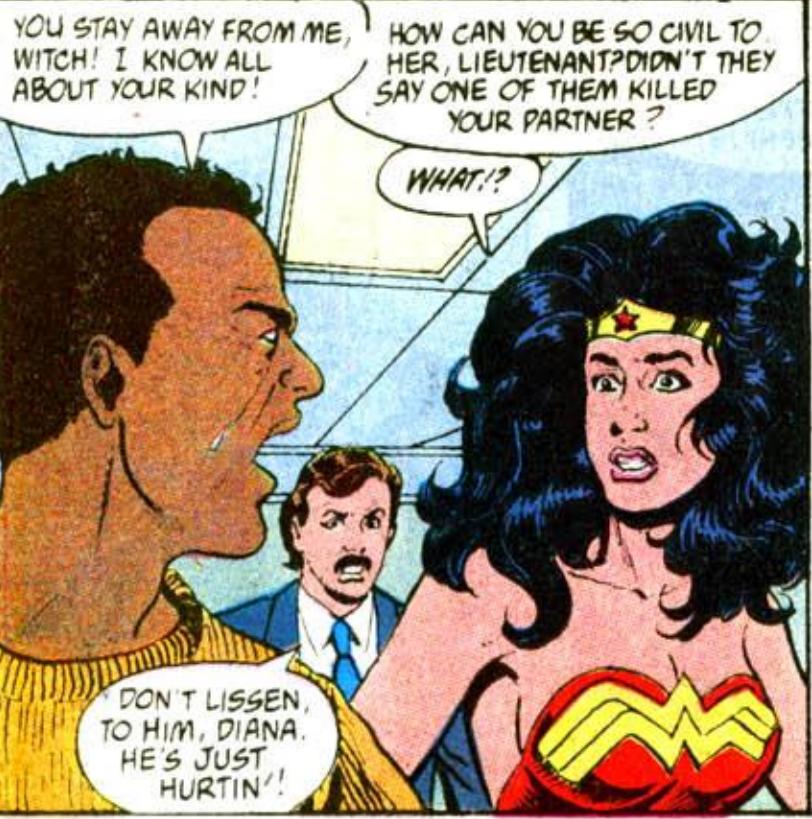












THE OLD AFRICAN MEETING  
HOUSE, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

"SO, DID YOU LEARN  
ANYTHING, LT. PUCILLO?"



NOT MUCH THAT'S NEW. ONE  
PIECE IS MISSING--A FORGED  
SPEAR HEAD DEDICATED TO  
SOME AFRICAN WAR GOD  
NAMED OGGUN.

MARKET VALUE PRETTY MUCH NIL.  
DOES JIBE WITH SHANDS' THEORY,  
THOUGH. THE PATTERN, THE MO,  
THEY ALL FIT.

YEAH, I ONLY  
WISH HE DIDN'T  
HAVE TO DIE  
TO PROVE IT.

"GOD, THEY MADE A  
REAL MESS, DIDN'T  
THEY?"



CORDIN' TO THE  
CURATOR, THE  
SPEAR HEAD WAS  
KEPT NEAR  
WHERE WE  
FOUND INSP.  
KAREN'S BODY."



FIGURE THAT'S  
WHY THEY CHOPPED  
OFF HIS HEAD?  
VICTORY RITUAL?

HOW THE HELL SHOULD  
I KNOW, ROSS? DO I  
LOOK LIKE AN AMAZON?

NAH, TOO FLAT-CHESTED.  
OFFICER FOGLIANO, ON  
THE OTHER HAND...

CAN IT! FOGLIANO,  
SHOW US AGAIN  
WHERE YOU FOUND  
LT. MARSHALL.

THIS WAY,  
BY THE ALARM  
BOX...

"JUDGING BY THE BLOOD  
TRAIL, SHE MUST HAVE  
DRAGGED HERSELF ALL  
THE WAY ACROSS THE  
GALLERY TO SET OFF  
THE POLICE CALL."

"OTHER THAN  
THE THREE COPS,  
THERE WASN'T  
ANY SIGN OF  
ANYONE ELSE."



"YEAH, BUT THERE'S  
NO DOUBTIN' WHO'S  
RESPONSIBLE."

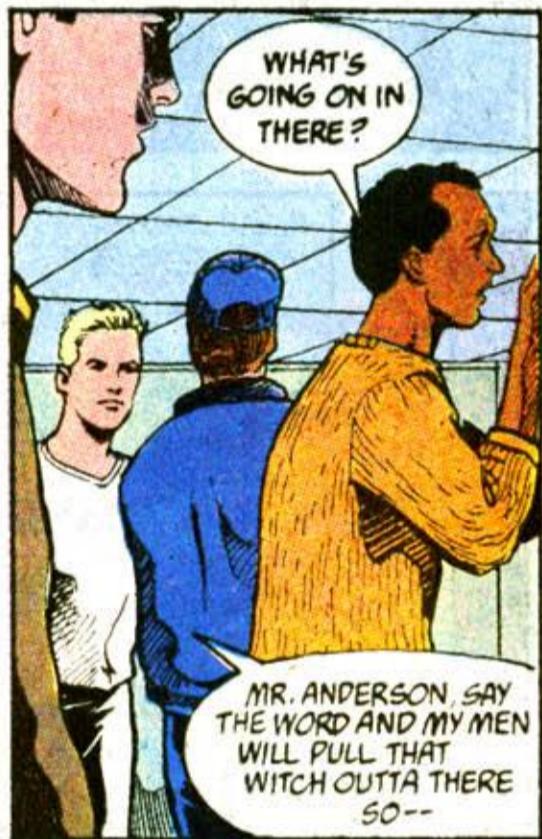
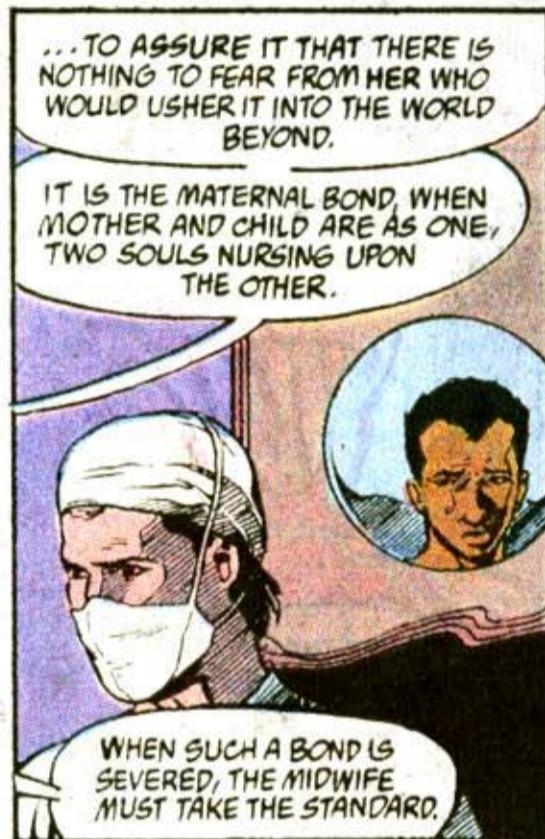
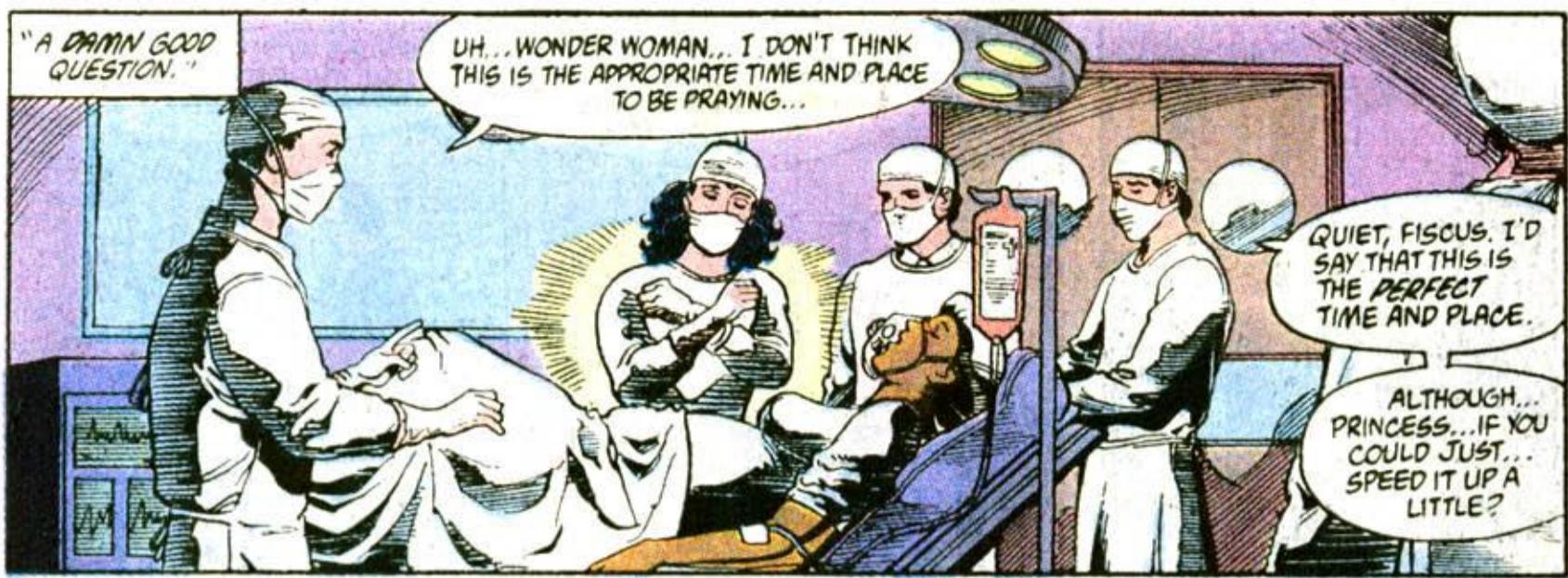
BUT, IT JUST DOESN'T MAKE ANY SENSE.  
EVEN IF THEY WERE AMAZONS, THOSE  
WOMEN BELIEVE IN THE GREEK GODS.

WHY WOULD THEY BE STEALING  
RELIGIOUS OBJECTS FROM  
OTHER FAITHS?

KNOW A LOT ABOUT  
THESE AMAZONS,  
EH, FOGLIANO?

SHUT UP, ROSS.  
IT'S A GOOD  
QUESTION.





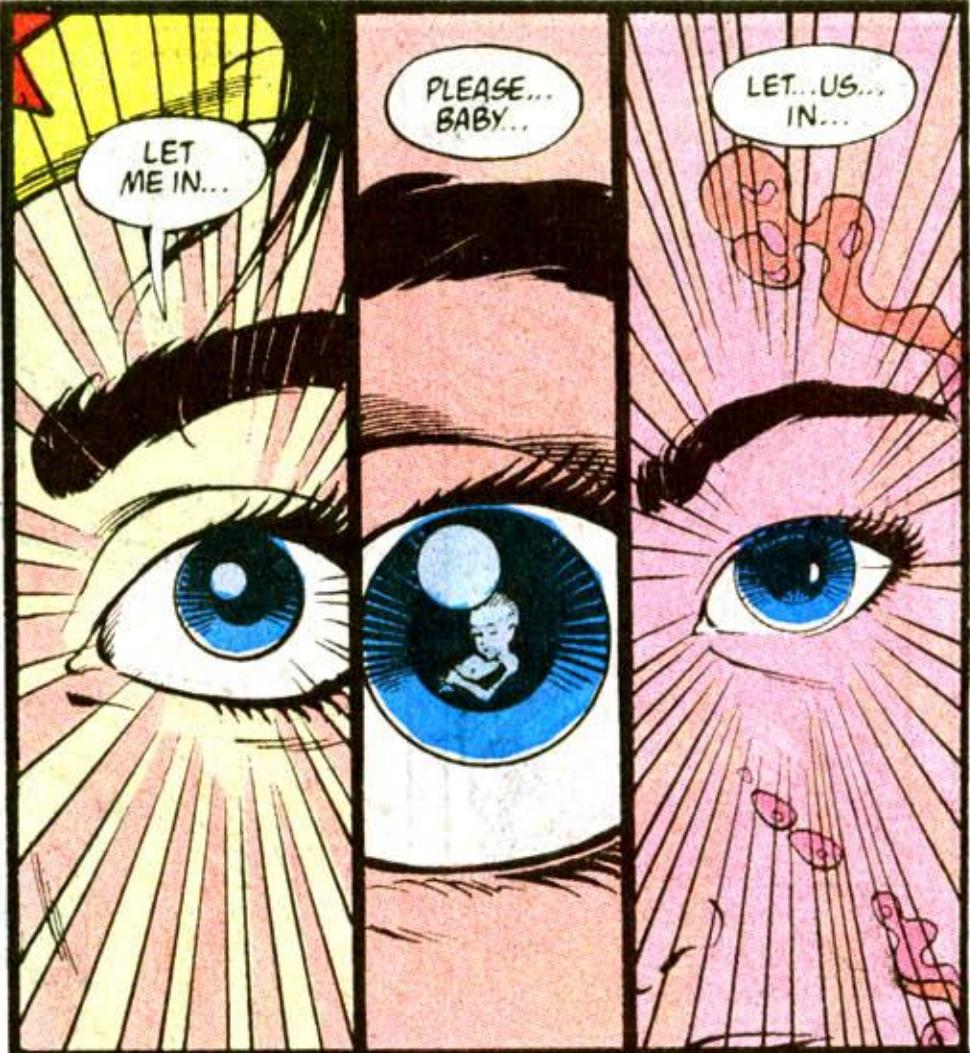
HAVE FAITH, INNOCENT ONE. LET ME IN. BY ARTEMIS MOST KIND, LET ME FIND YOU, SO THAT YOU MAY SHARE IN LOVE...

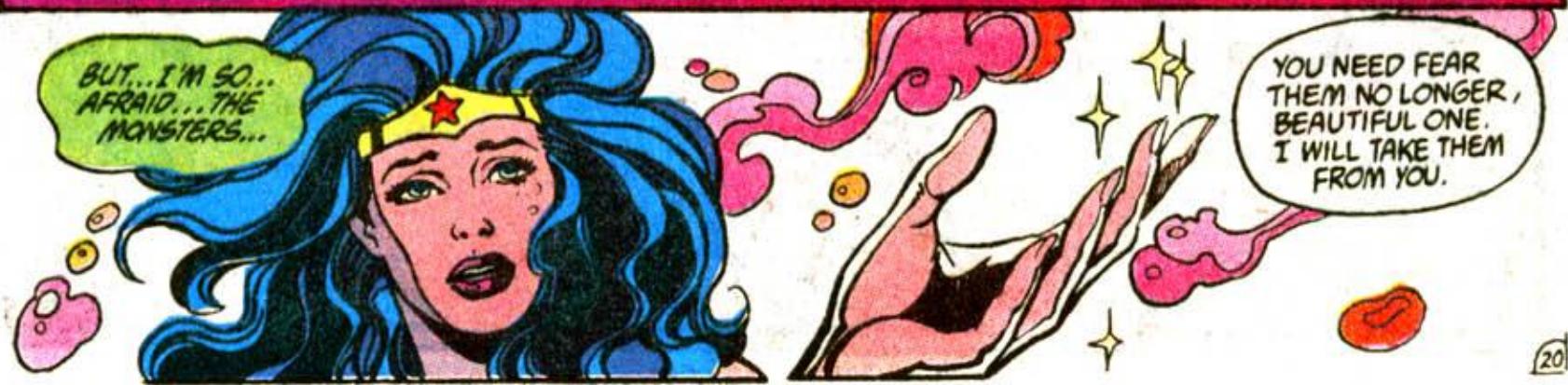
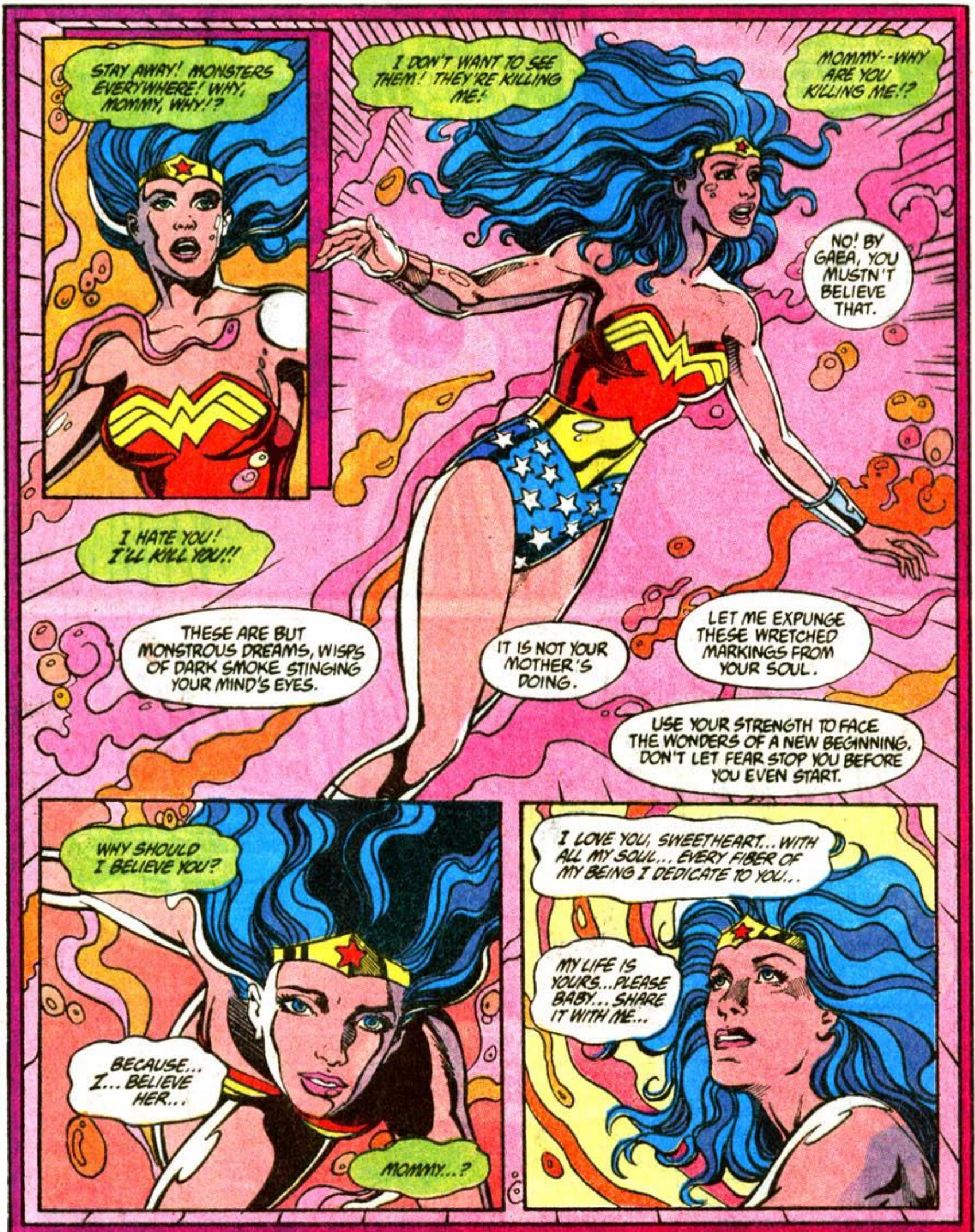
SO THAT YOUR SOUL MAY NURSE...

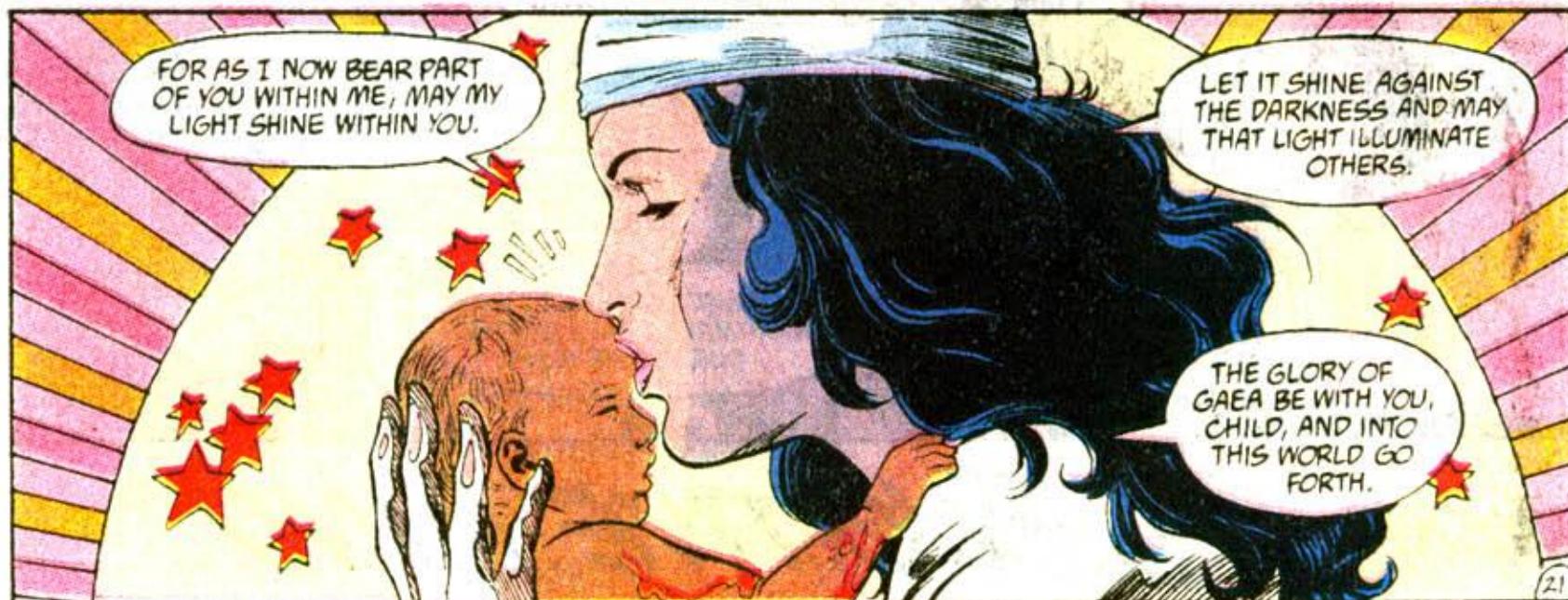
LET ME IN...

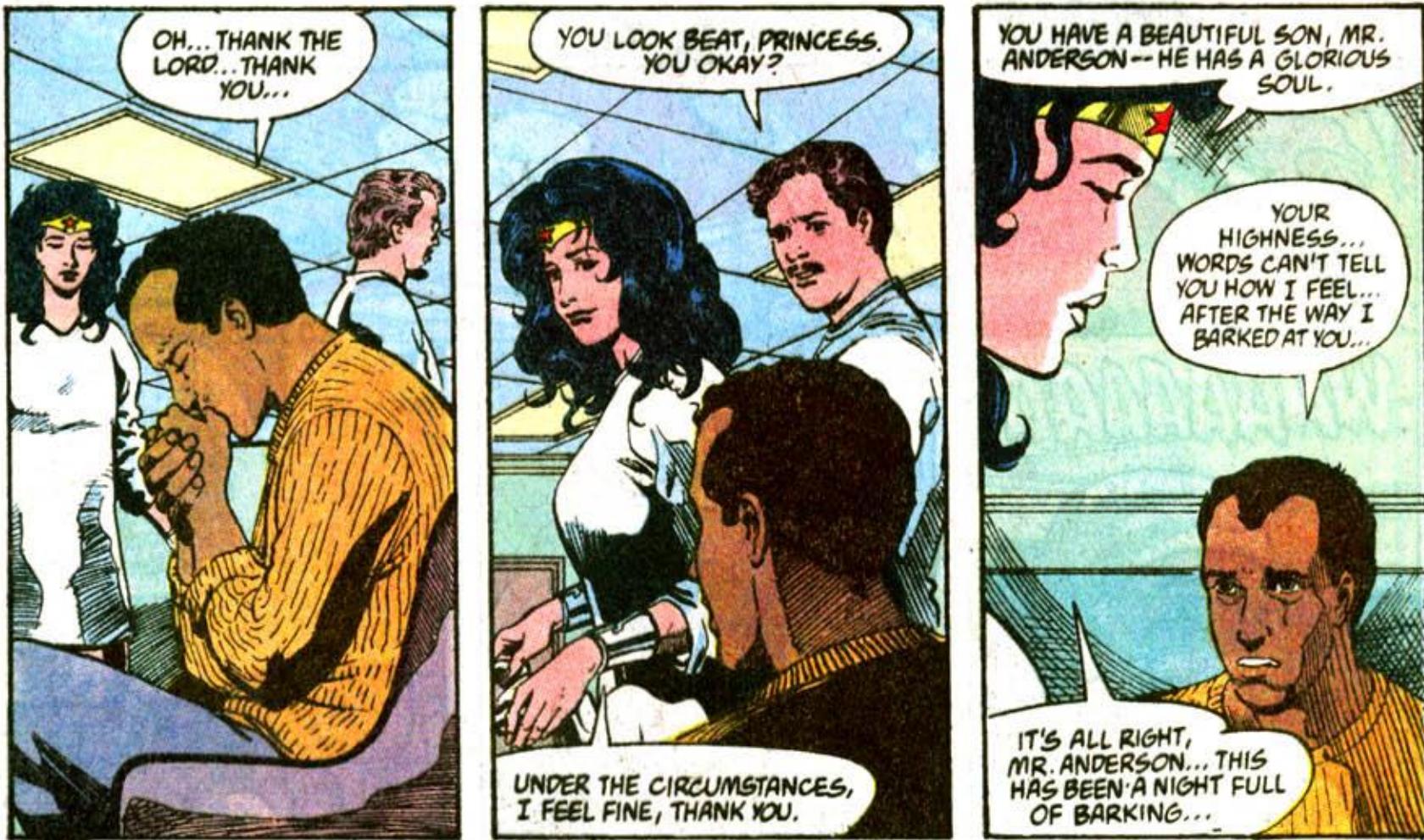
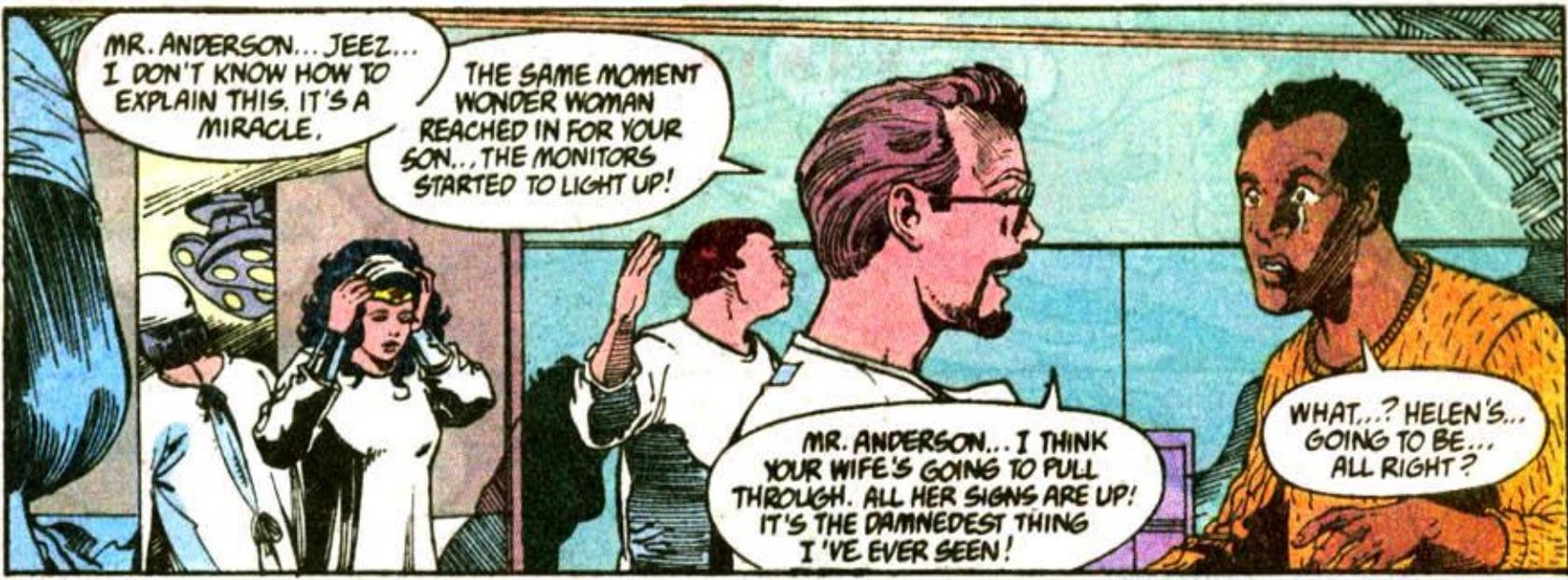
PLEASE... BABY...

LET... US... IN...









NEXT: THE FLIGITIVE KIND