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WONDER WOMAN

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SOMEWHERE IN EGYPT,
DIANA'S SEARCH FOR
THE STOLEN LASSO OF
HESTIA HAS ENDED
AND THE CHEETAH
HAS BEEN FINALLY
DEFEATED.*

HOWEVER, SHE NOW FACES A
NEW MYSTERY--ONE THAT
MAY GREATLY AFFECT ALL
THAT THE AMAZON PRINCESS
HOLDS DEAR.

MEANWHILE...

...ON THEMYSCIRA.

"ALL RIGHT, MY
SISTERS. WE CAN
DISMOUNT HERE."**

"FROM THIS POINT,
WE SHALL CONTINUE
THE HUNT OF HONOR
ON FOOT."



* LAST ISSUE--KAREN.

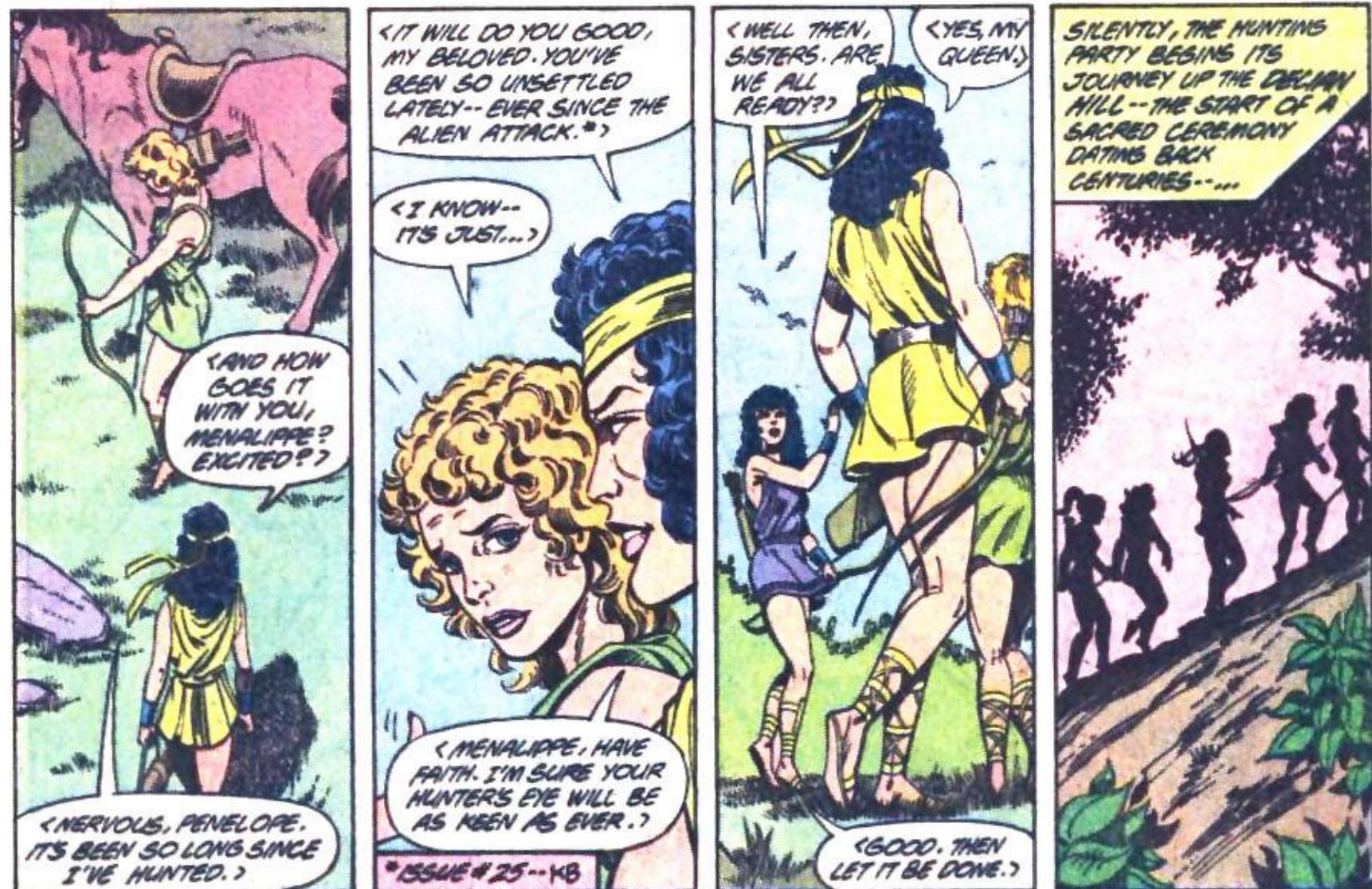
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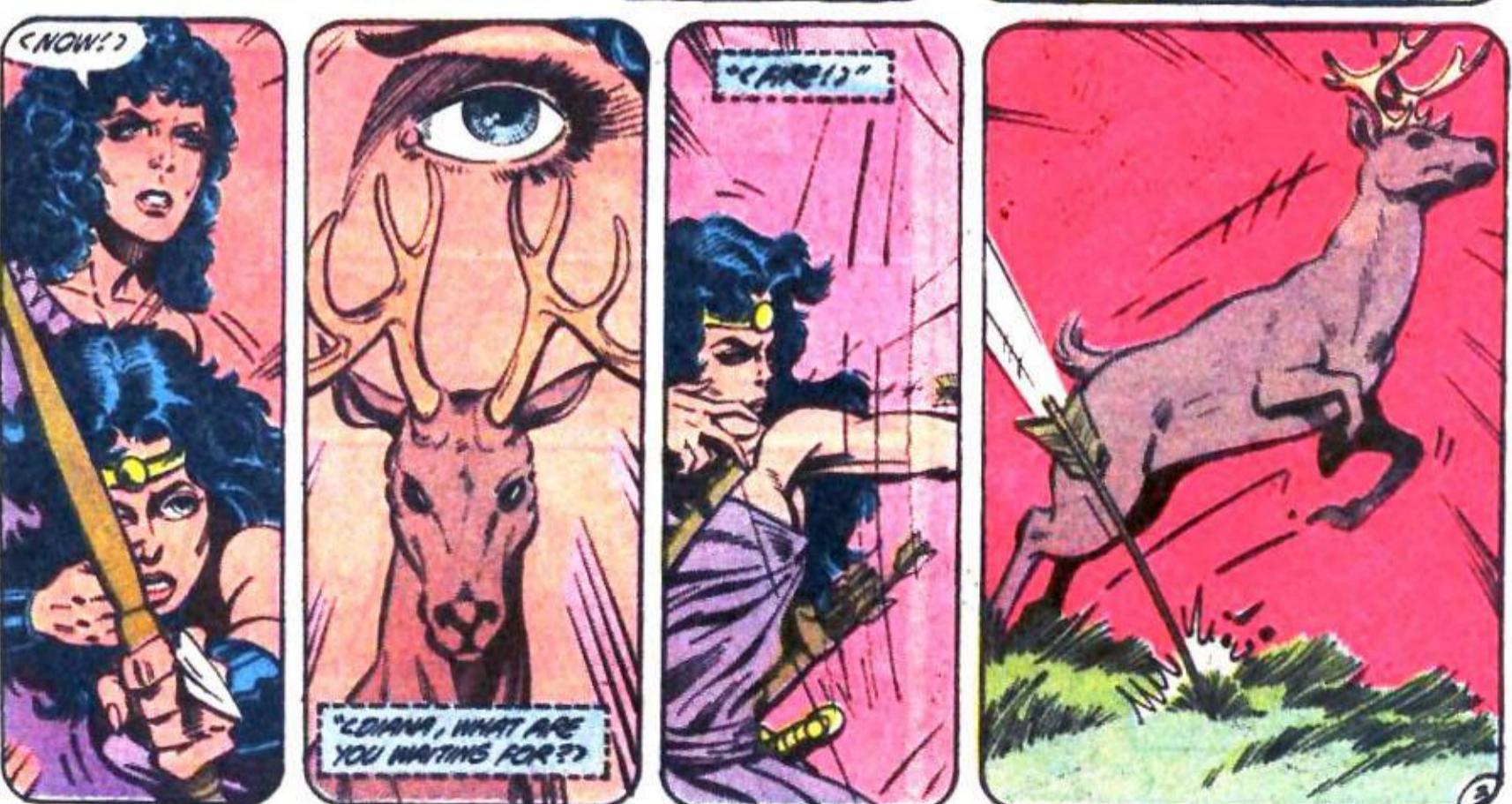
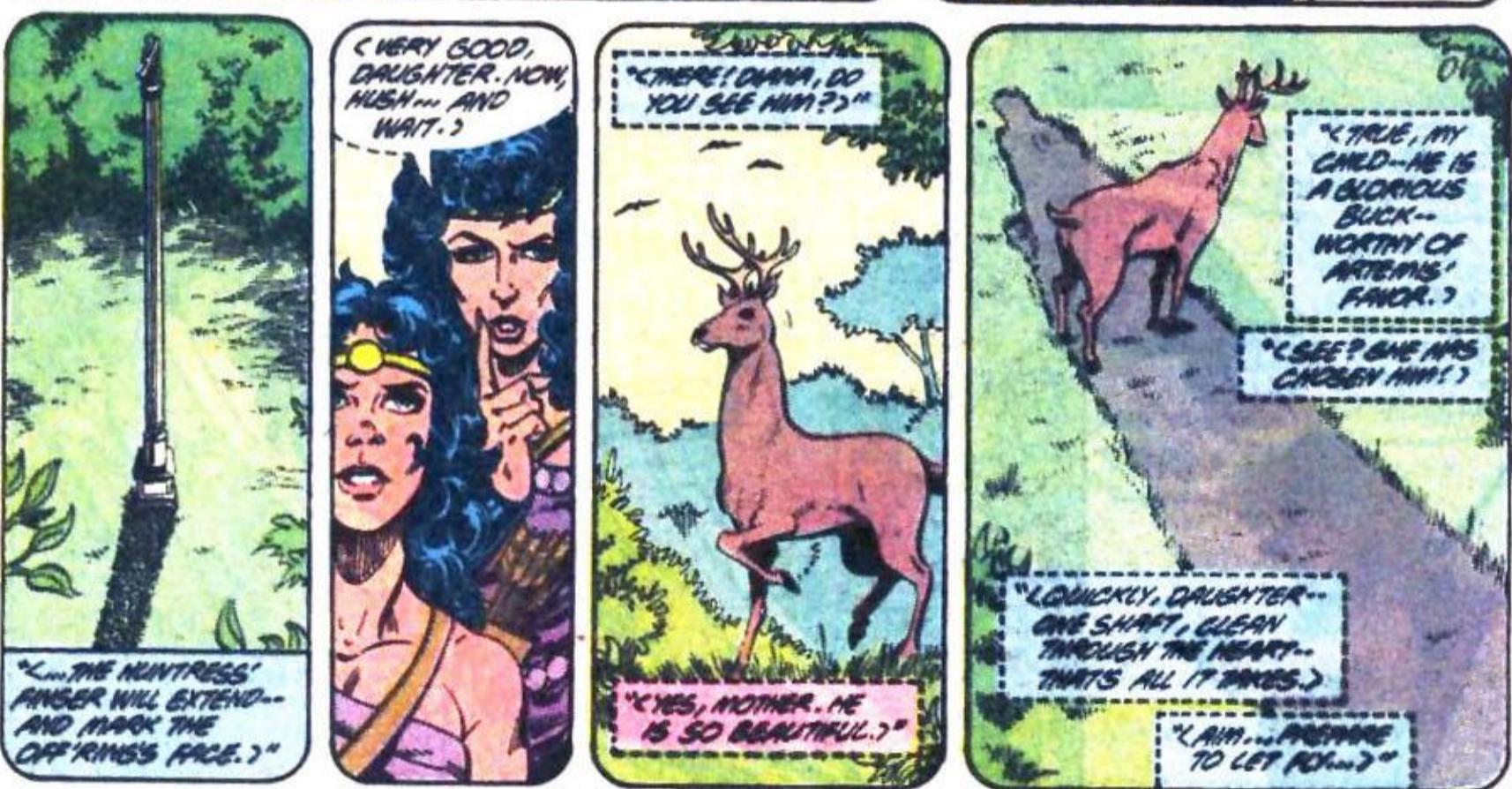
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"LATER I BEGGED DIANA'S PARDON FOR SPEAKING SO HARSHLY TO HER--FOR NOT CONSIDERING HER FEELINGS MORE.?"

"IT HAD BEEN SO LONG, THAT I'D ALL BUT FORGOTTEN JUST HOW TRAUMATIC A FIRST KILL COULD BE...?"

"QUEEN HIPPOCYTE! SHH. DOWN BY ARTEMIS' STATUE.?"

"DO YOU SEE IT?!"



"OH YES, DION. I DO SEE IT.?"

"IT'S COMFORTING TO KNOW THAT EVEN THE FATES HAVE A SENSE OF HUMOR.?"

"CYNTHIA PREPARE ARE YOU READY?!"



"I THINK SO, Y MY QUEEN. I MAY ARTEMIS GUIDE MY AIM.?"

"FRET NOT, SISTER--JUST REMEMBER YOUR TRAINING...?"



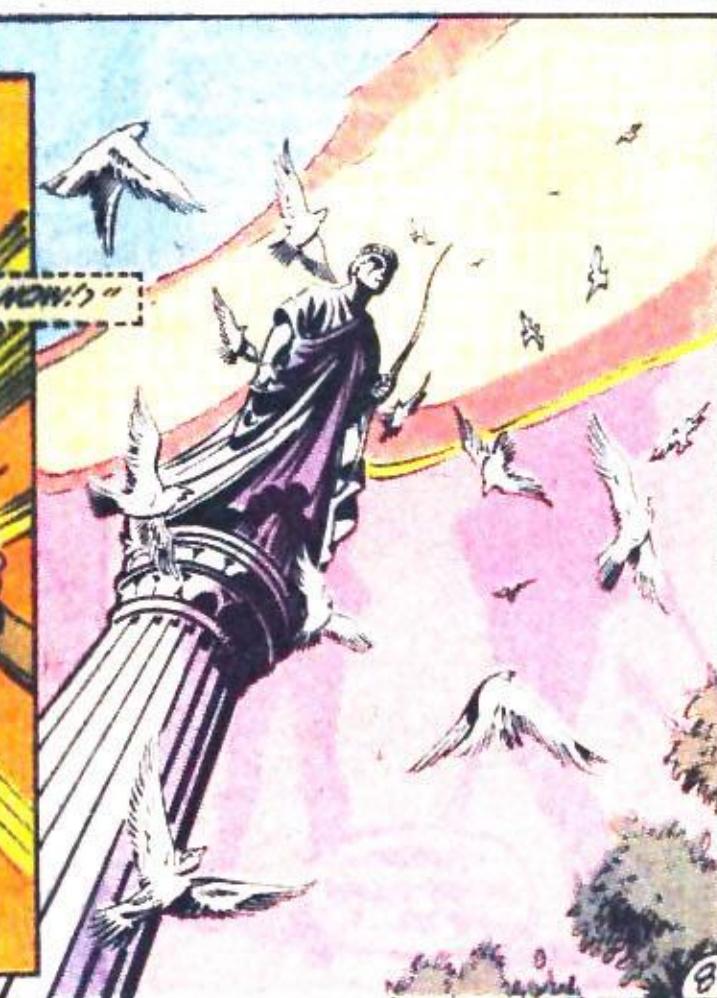
"PREPARE TO LET FORTH..."

"NOW!"

"YES. ONE SHOT, CLEAN THROUGH THE HEART...?"

"THAT'S ALL IT TAKES...?"

"AM...?"



MEANWHILE...

...IN CAMBRIDGE,
MASSACHUSETTS.

AND
REMEMBER:
I EXPECT
YOUR REPORT
OUTLINES ON
MY DESK NO
LATER THAN
WEDNESDAY.
CLASS
DISMISSED.

HAVE A
GOOD WEEKEND,
PROFESSOR.

THANK YOU,
MR. WATANABE.
YOU TOO.

HARVARD
UNIVERSITY.

PROF.
KAPATELIS.

MR. VICKS.
WHAT CAN I DO
FOR YOU?

THIS LETTER WAS ERRONEOUSLY
SENT TO MY OFFICE, SO I
THOUGHT I WOULD PERSONALLY
RECTIFY THAT ERROR.

PERHAPS
YOUR RESEARCH
GRANT HAS BEEN
APPROVED?

THANK YOU,
MR. VICKS. I'LL
READ IT IN MY
OFFICE.

I COULDN'T HELP
BUT NOTICE THE RETURN
ADDRESS -- IT'S FROM THE
FOUNDATION.

SUCH NONCHALANCE,
IF MY RECOLLECTION
SERVES ME WELL --
AND IT ALWAYS
DOES -- YOU WERE
POSITIVELY
IMPASSIONED
ABOUT IT A
MONTH
AGO.

IS EVERYTHING
ALL RIGHT,
JULIA?

WHAT? OH -- I'M
SORRY, HALLIWELL.
MY MIND'S JUST
PREOCCUPIED --
THAT'S ALL.

IT'S WONDER
WOMAN AGAIN,
ISN'T IT? STILL
NO WORD FROM
HER?

BY THE WAY, I PASSED YOUR
OFFICE ON MY WAY HERE AND
THERE WERE TWO RATHER
SUSPICIOUS-LOOKING
GENTLEMEN WAITING
FOR YOU IN THERE.

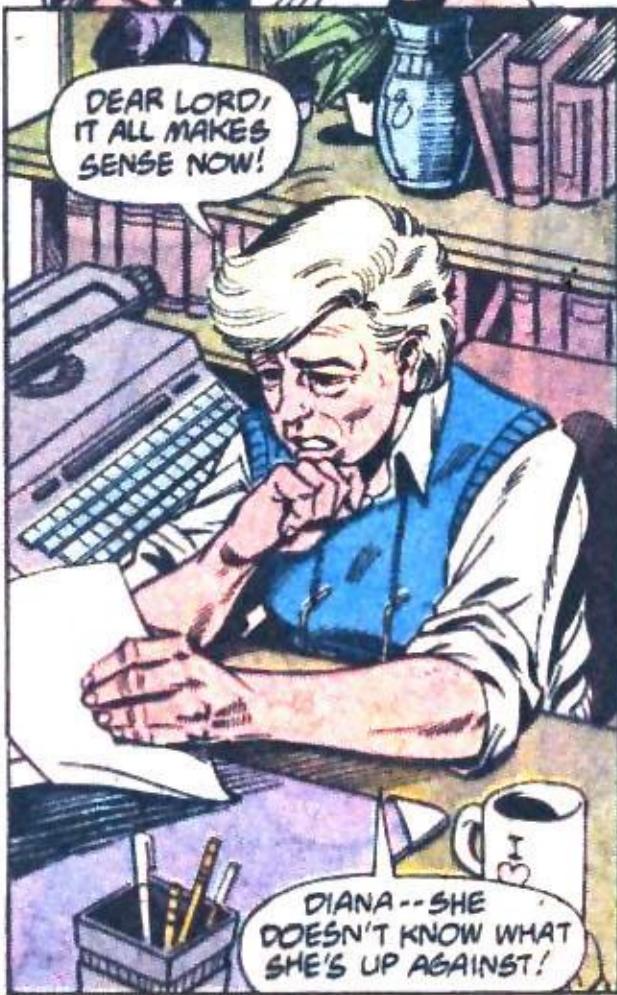
I BELIEVE
THEY SAID IT WAS
A POLICE
MATTER.

NOT SINCE SHE
LEFT ENGLAND.
IT'S SO UNLIKE
HER...

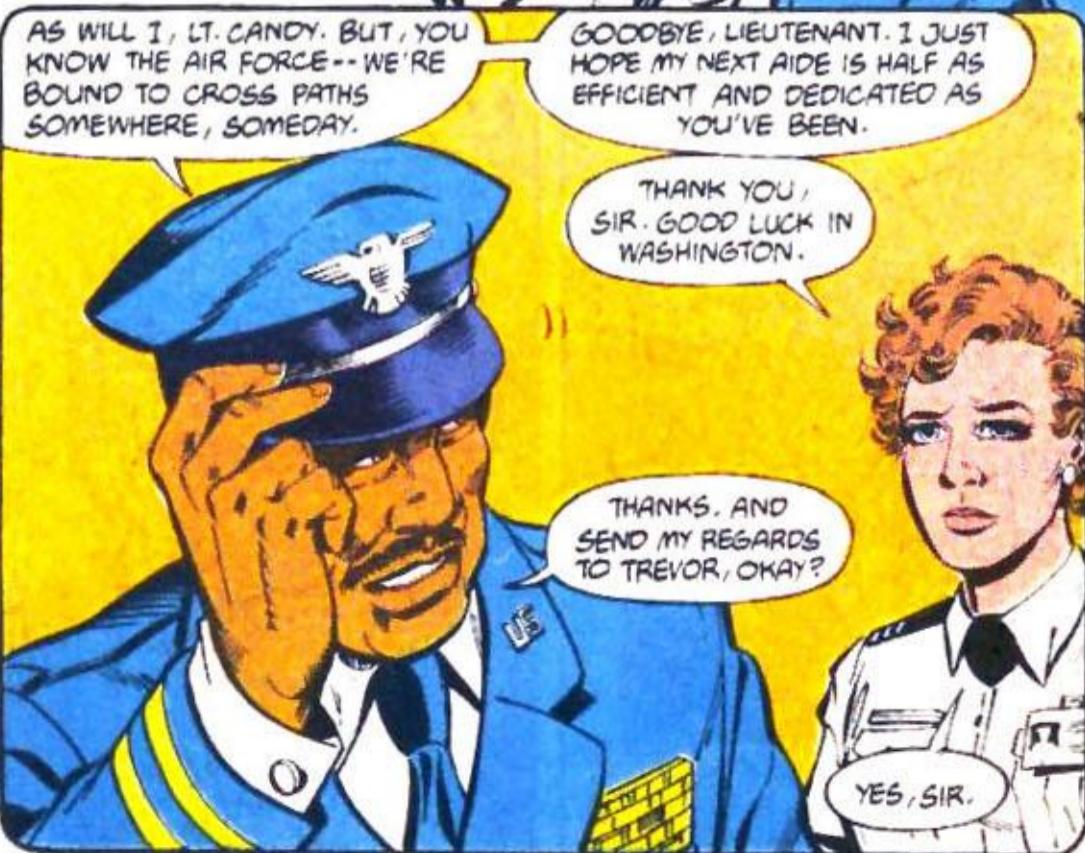
I WOULDN'T
WORRY, JULIA. FROM
WHAT YOU'VE TOLD ME,
THE AMAZON PRINCESS
IS QUITE CAPABLE OF
FENDING FOR HERSELF.

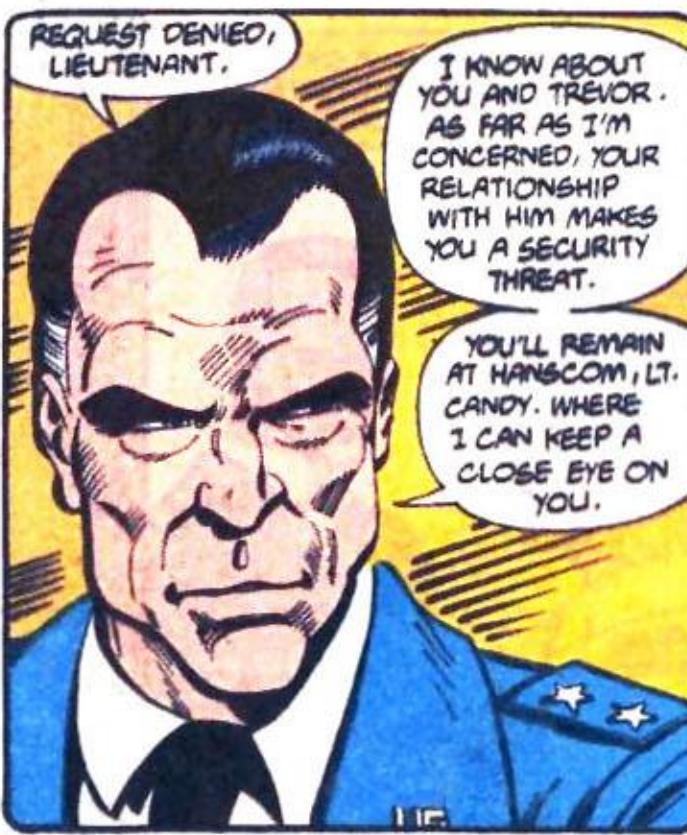
POLICE?

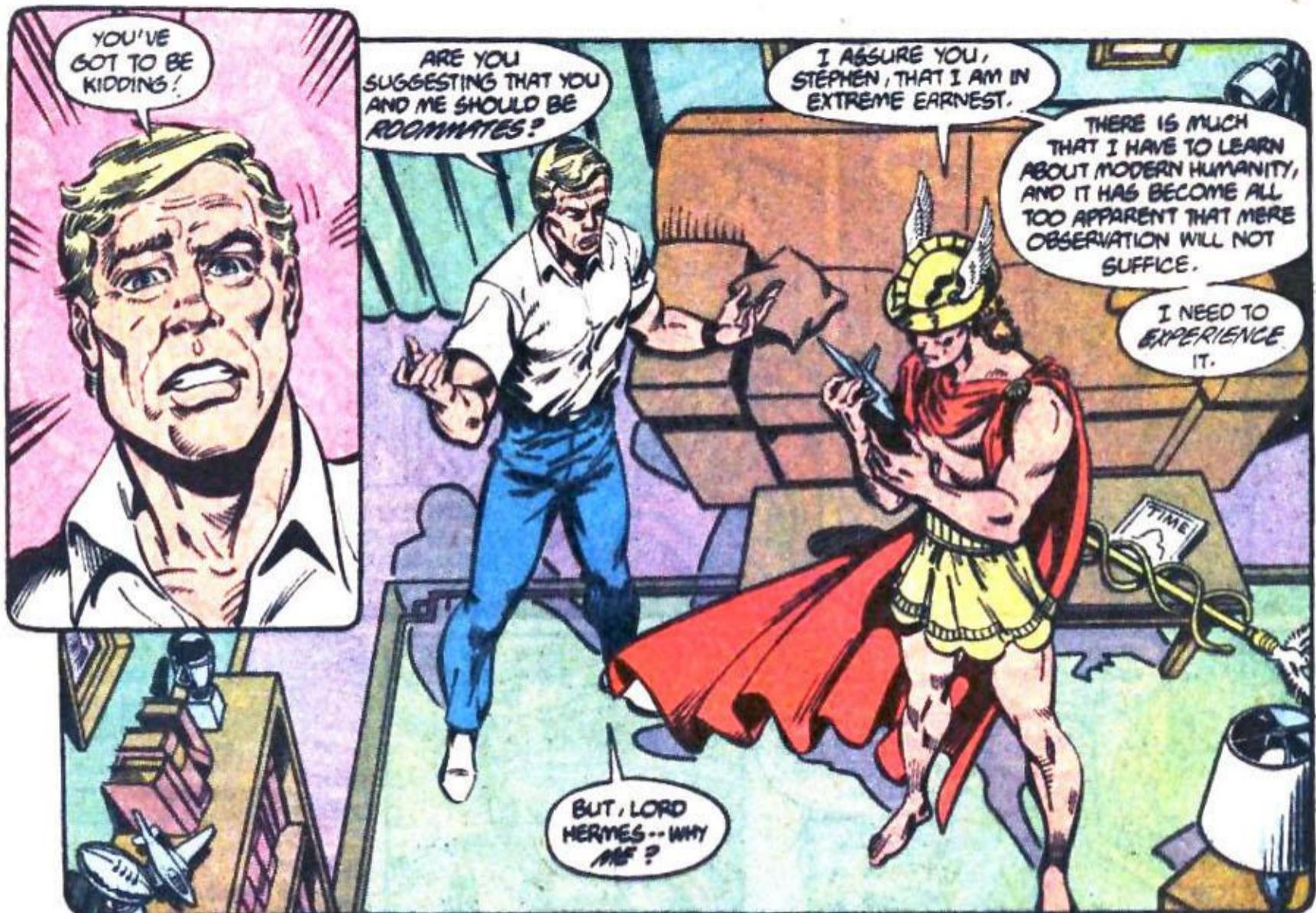




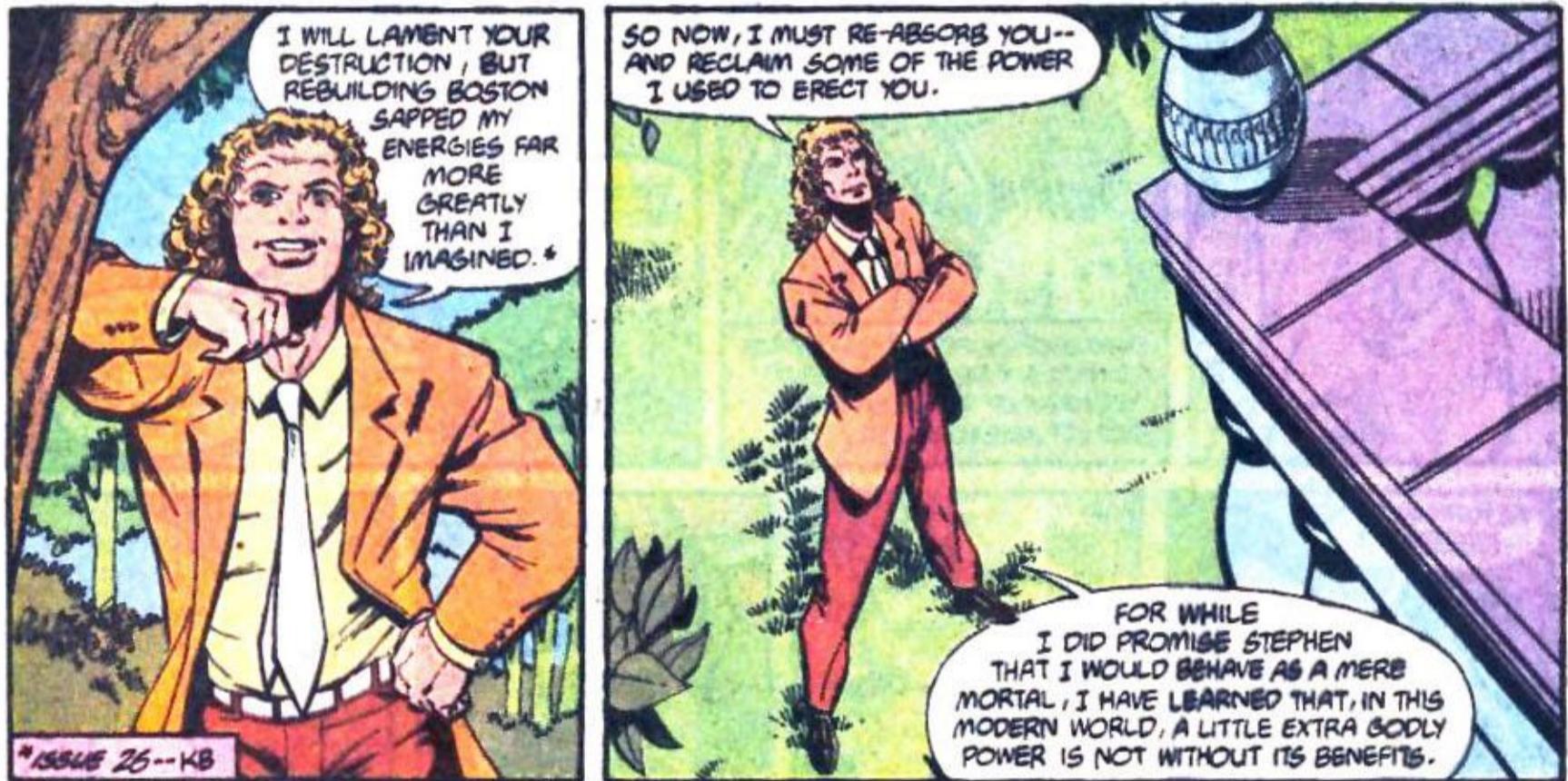












"THOUGH SHE WAS EVER ATTENTIVE, SHE COULDN'T SEE THE ALL TOO HUMAN YEARNING WITHIN ME. HER HEART WAS OUT THERE--BEYOND YOUR TEMPLE WALLS.



I WILL MISS YOU,
TEMPLE.

THOUGH YOUR
EXISTENCE WAS BRIEF,
YOU HAVE ENRICHED
ME WITH MEMORIES
TO SPAN
IMMORTALITY.

BUT, NOW...

LET THE
CONVERSION
BEGIN!

LET THAT WHICH
HAS BEEN BORN--
BE UNBORN!

AND THE CRYSTALLINE PEACE OF THE NEW
HAMPSHIRE SKY DARKENS AND ROARS
WITH THE FURY OF THE SUPERNAL STORM.

SHARDS OF ELDRITCH LIGHT RACE
DELIRIOUSLY FROM THE UPHELD
CADUCEUS OF THE OLYMPIAN
GOD OF MESSENGERS.

THY WOMB
AWAITST, O
CHILD OF
CREATION.

LET THY
BREATH BE
AS ONE WITH
MINE ONCE
MORE.

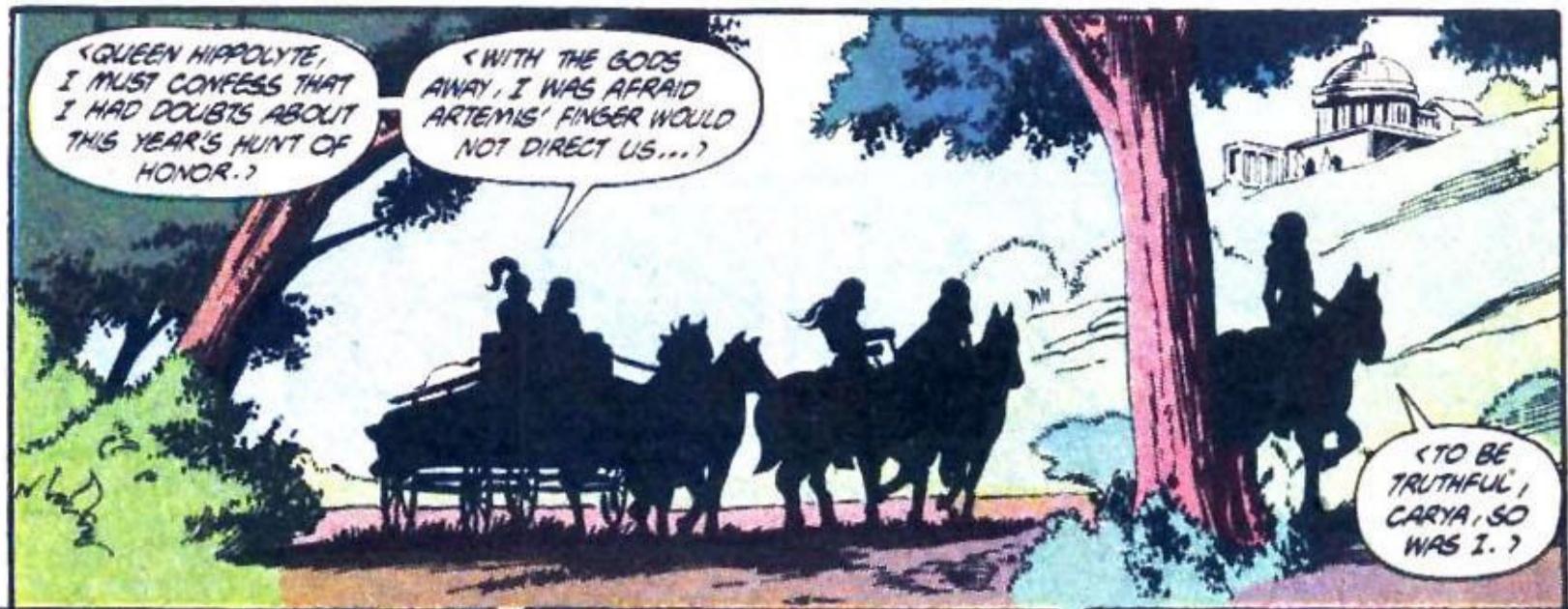
RETURN NOW TO
ESSENCE!

RETURN NOW
TO POWER!

RETURN NOW
TO ME!

ZOUNDS!
THE PAIN!
BUT... THAT'S
IMPOSSIBLE!

...IM...PO...SI...BL...



"DEAR GODS! IT'S
AS IF SHE WERE
STRUCK BY SOME
UNSEEN BOLT!"

"WHAT!
CYCLOPS IS
THE MIGHTY,
FOLCH?"

"HER SKIN--
IT BURNS WITH
FEVER!"

"SHE'S TRYING TO
SAY SOMETHING--"

"A WORD--
A NAME--?"

GAEA!!



