



®  
**WONDER  
WOMAN**

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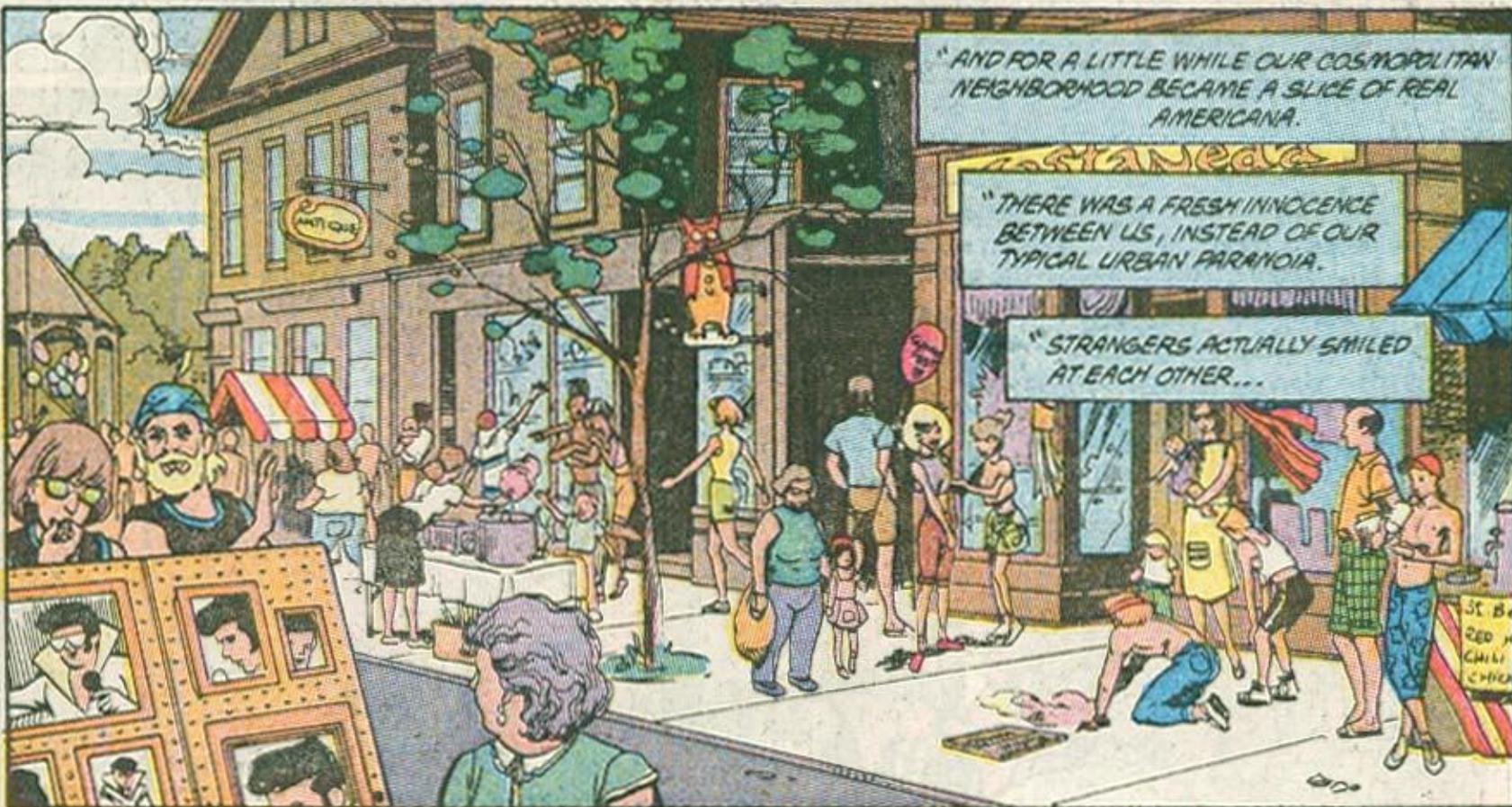
# WONDER WOMAN.

**suicide** ('sü-i-sid) *n* 1. The act of taking one's own life.  
2. a person who commits suicide.

APPROVED  
BY THE  
COMICS  
CODE  
C  
AUTHORITY



BY GEORGE PEREZ,  
MINDY NEWELL,  
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"OR THAT WE SIMPLY  
MADE IT UP."

"SOMETHING  
TO MAKE US  
FEEL BETTER."

"SOMETHING TO  
LIGHTEN THE  
HEAVY BURDENS  
AND RESPON-  
SIBILITIES OF  
LIFE."

"BUT SOMETIMES  
THE SUMMER'S  
NOT ENOUGH."

SOMETIMES THE LONG WINTER BECOMES  
TOO LONG. THE COLD DAYS BECOME TOO  
COLD. THE DARK NIGHTS, TOO DARK.

DEATH CAN NEVER BE A HAPPY AFFAIR,  
EVEN AFTER A LONG AND ANGUISHED ILLNESS,  
WE STILL RAGE AT THE DYING OF THE LIGHT.  
BUT WE CAN MAKE PEACE WITH IT.  
ACCEPT IT.

BUT WHEN A CHILD DIES -- WHEN A  
YOUNG WOMAN ON THE BRINK OF ALL  
THE GLORIES AND WONDERS OF  
ADULTHOOD TAKES HER OWN  
LIFE --

# chalk drawings

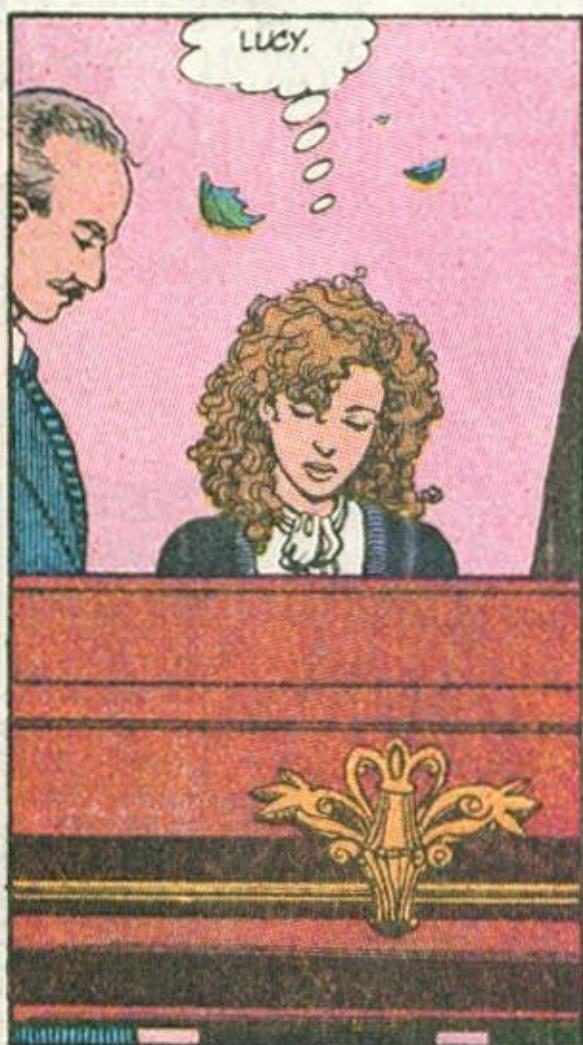
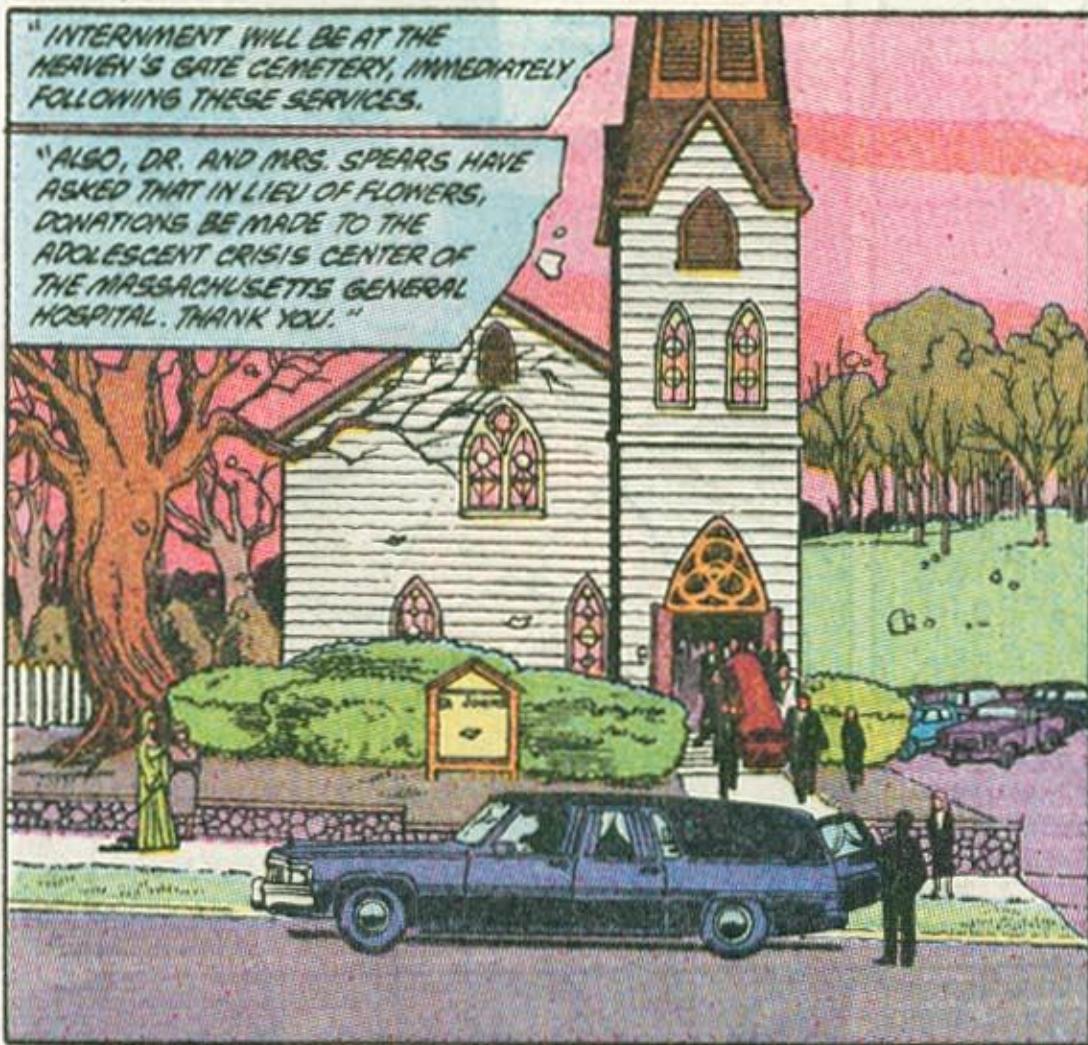
LET THE TEARS  
COME. THEY WILL  
HELP TO WASH AWAY  
OUR PAIN.

BUT THEY WILL NEVER,  
CAN NEVER, WASH  
AWAY OUR MEMORIES  
OF LUCY SPEARS.

STORY BY GEORGE PEREZ AND MINDY NEWELL • ART BY JILL THOMPSON AND ROMEO TANGHAL  
JOHN COSTANZA, letterer • CARL GAFFORD, colorist • TOM PEYER, assist. editor • KAREN BERGER, editor

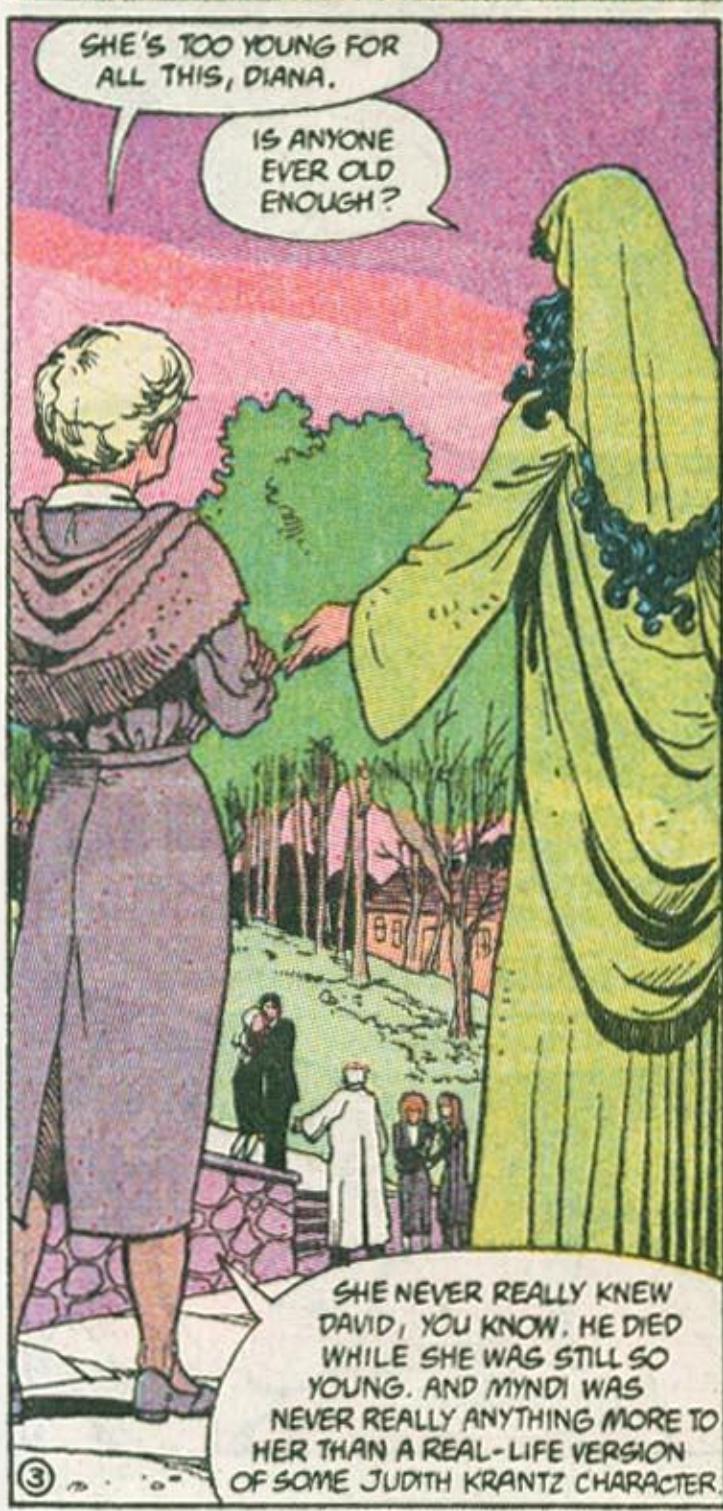
"INTERMENT WILL BE AT THE HEAVEN'S GATE CEMETERY, IMMEDIATELY FOLLOWING THESE SERVICES."

"ALSO, DR. AND MRS. SPEARS HAVE ASKED THAT IN LIEU OF FLOWERS, DONATIONS BE MADE TO THE ADOLESCENT CRISIS CENTER OF THE MASSACHUSETTS GENERAL HOSPITAL. THANK YOU."



SHE'S TOO YOUNG FOR ALL THIS, DIANA.

IS ANYONE EVER OLD ENOUGH?



GOD, I CAN'T WAIT FOR THIS DAMN SUMMER TO BE OVER! JUST FOR IT TO BE WINTER AND ALL THIS JUST A TERRIBLE MEMORY!

JULIA, I'M SO SORRY.

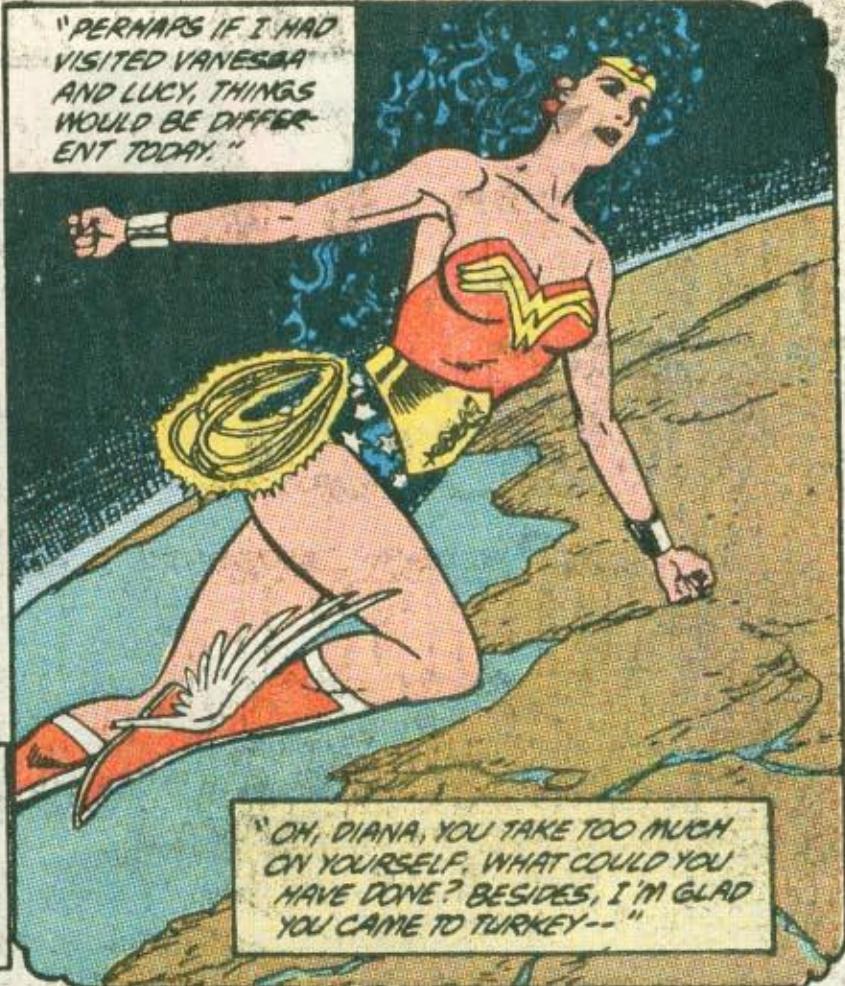
(3) SHE NEVER REALLY KNEW DAVID, YOU KNOW. HE DIED WHILE SHE WAS STILL SO YOUNG. AND MYNDI WAS NEVER REALLY ANYTHING MORE TO HER THAN A REAL-LIFE VERSION OF SOME JUDITH KRANTZ CHARACTER.



"I NEVER  
SHOULD  
HAVE GONE  
TO TURKEY."



"PERHAPS IF I HAD  
VISITED VANESSA  
AND LUCY, THINGS  
WOULD BE DIFFER-  
ENT TODAY."



"YOU ARE DOING IMPORTANT  
WORK THERE, JULIA. I THINK  
I AM THE ONE WHO WAS  
SELFISH, THINKING ONLY OF  
MY OWN LONELINESS,  
INVITING MYSELF TO TURKEY--"

"OH, DIANA, YOU TAKE TOO MUCH  
ON YOURSELF. WHAT COULD YOU  
HAVE DONE? BESIDES, I'M GLAD  
YOU CAME TO TURKEY--"

JULIA--!

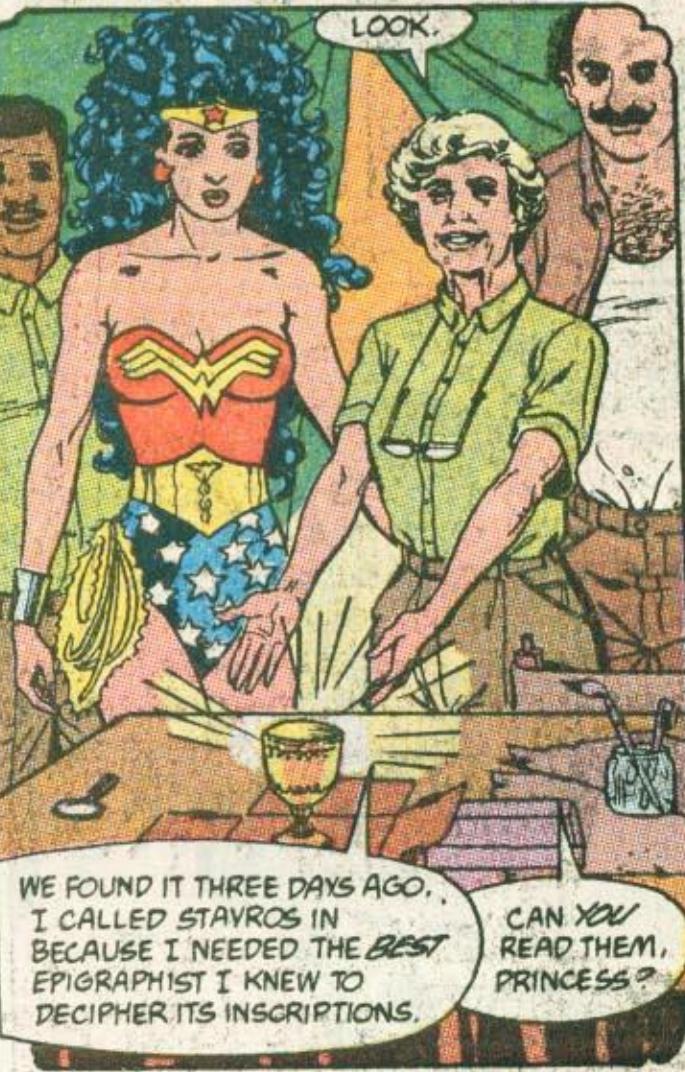
AND DR. CHRISTADOULOU?  
WHAT A WONDERFUL SURPRISE!  
I DID NOT KNOW YOU WERE  
PART OF JULIA'S ARCHAEO-  
LOGICAL TEAM.

PLEASE, PRINCESS.  
REMEMBER? IT'S STAVROS.  
AND I'M NOT, AT LEAST,  
NOT OFFICIALLY.

COME OVER HERE AND GIVE ME A  
KISS, DIANA, THEN I'LL SHOW YOU WHY  
STAVROS IS HERE. AND THIS IS CURTIS  
BLANCHARD.

LOOK.

LET ME TRY TO DECRYPT IT, JULIA.



WE FOUND IT THREE DAYS AGO.  
I CALLED STAVROS IN  
BECAUSE I NEEDED THE BEST  
EPIGRAPHIST I KNEW TO  
DECIPHER ITS INSCRIPTIONS.

CAN YOU  
READ THEM,  
PRINCESS?



NO, SWEETIE. YOU  
NEED TO RELAX  
AFTER THAT SILVER  
SWAN THING.

THE CHALICE IS SET TO BE  
EXAMINED UNDER ULTRA-  
VIOLET AND CARBON-DATING  
IN BUDAPEST AND--

..THERE'S  
AN URGENT  
MESSAGE FOR YOU  
FROM THE STATES. ON THE SMART-WAVE.

FROM YOUR DAUGHTER.

VANESSA?



WHAT ARE THEY GONNA DO?  
ALL WE DID WAS GET  
CAUGHT RAIDING THE BOYS'  
BUNKS.

I THINK YOU'RE  
OVER REACTING,  
LUCE. IT'S NOT  
LIKE WE HIJACKED  
A 747.

LUCE?

BE RIGHT BACK.

HI.  
GOOD  
BOOK?

I HOPE THEY  
GROUND YOU FOR  
A YEAR.

THERE IS ABSOLUTELY  
NOTHING BETWEEN ME  
AND DENNIS DUNN.

OH YEAH?  
THEN HOW COME YOU  
WERE FLIRTING WITH  
HIM ON THE  
BUS THE  
OTHER DAY?



OUT-  
RAGE-  
OUSLY!!

AND YOU KNOW  
IT, LUCY.

WELL... HE IS REALLY  
CUTE, VANESSA.

ALMOST AS  
CUTE AS JORDAN  
KNIGHT.

BUT HE'S  
A DWEEB.

AREN'T  
THEY  
ALL.



ARE WE ALL HERE?

THEN LET US  
BEGIN.  
ECCLESIASTES  
XII 2:

REMEMBER NOW THY  
CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF  
THY YOUTH, WHILE THE EVIL DAYS  
COME NOT, NOR THE YEARS DRAW  
NIGH, WHEN THOU SHALT SAY, I  
HAVE NO PLEASURE IN THEM;

WHILE THE SUN, OR THE  
LIGHT, OR THE MOON, OR  
THE STARS, BE NOT  
DARKENED, NOR THE  
CLOUDS RETURN AFTER  
THE RAIN:

EILEEN?

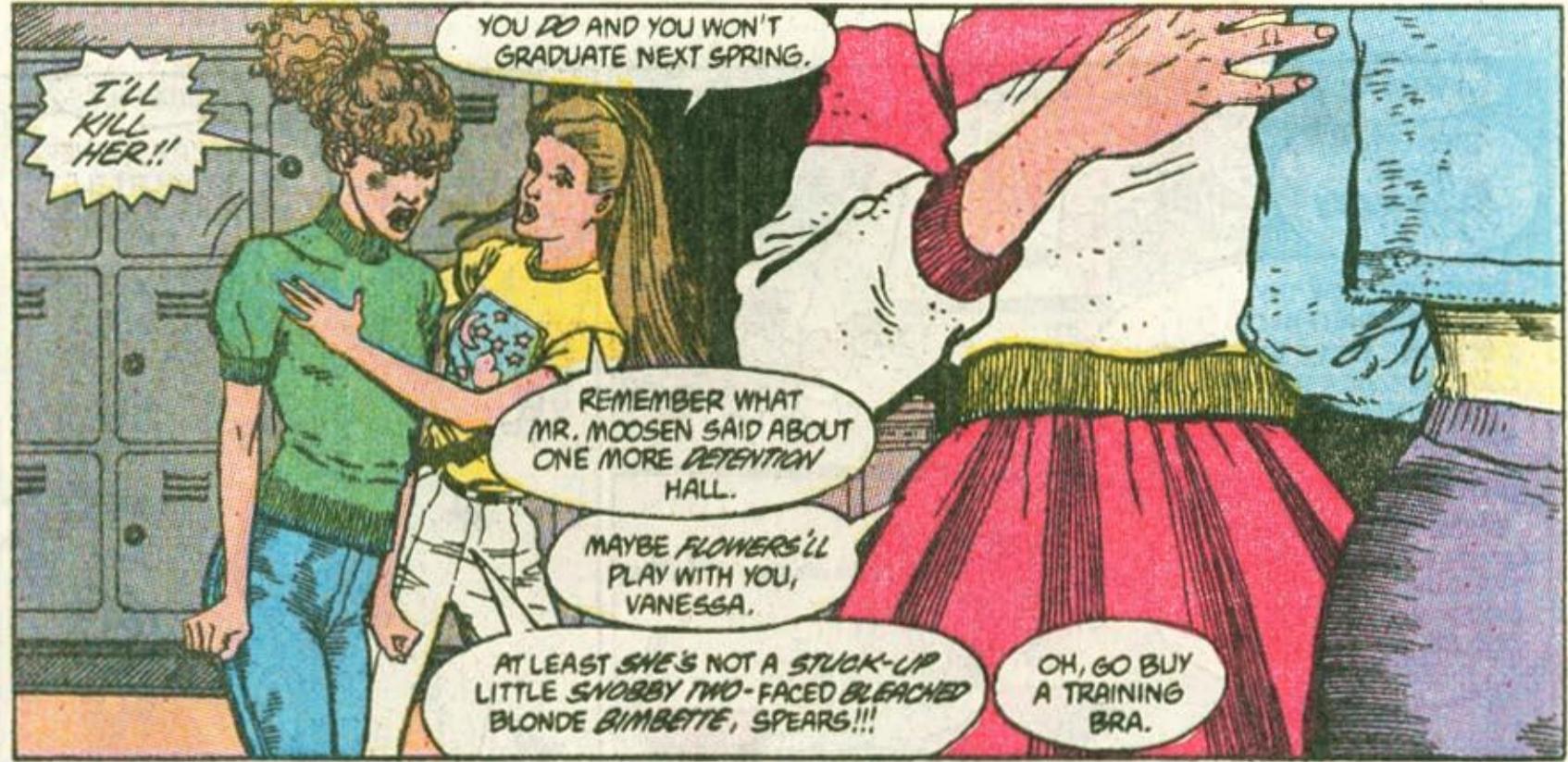
WHY'RE YOU HERE  
ALL BY YOURSELF?  
KEEP ME COMPANY,  
OKAY?

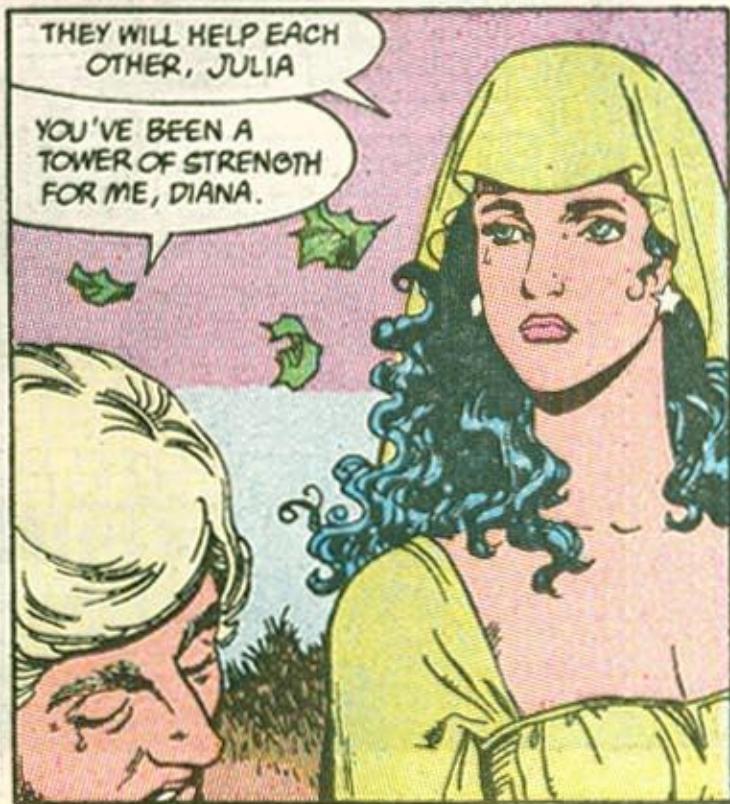
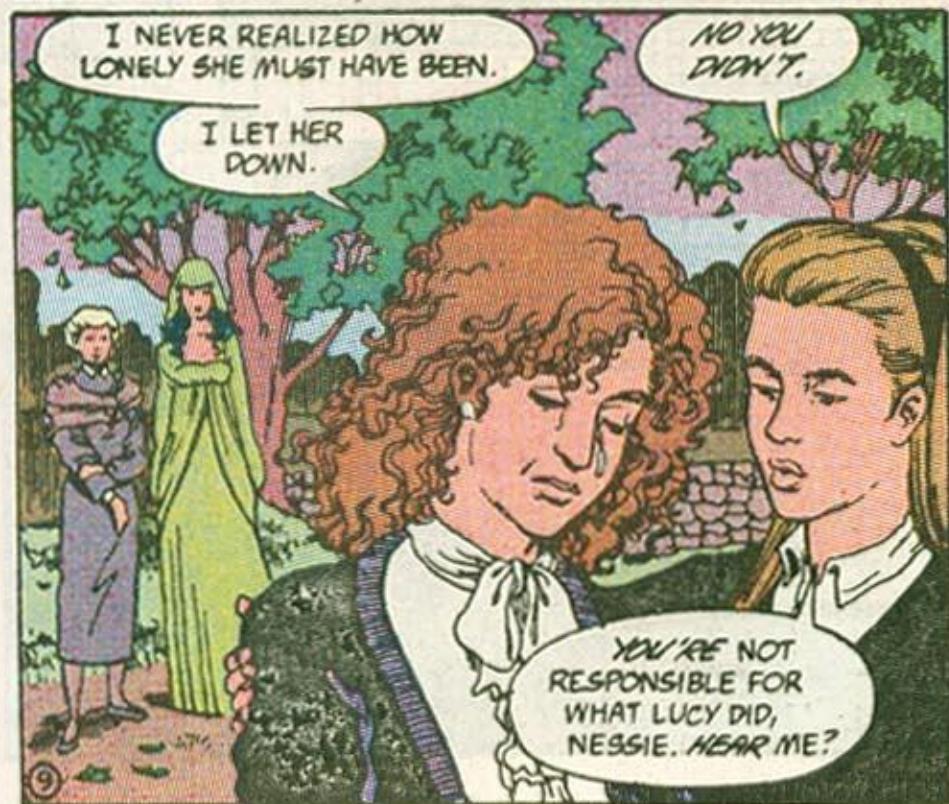
IN THE DAY WHEN THE  
KEEPERS OF THE HOUSE SHALL  
TREMBLE, AND THE STRONG  
MEN SHALL BOW THEMSELVES,  
AND THE GRINDERS CEASE...

AND THE DOORS SHALL BE SHUT IN THE STREETS,  
WHEN THE SOUND OF THE GRINDING IS LOW,  
AND HE SHALL RISE UP AT THE VOICE OF THE  
BIRD, AND ALL THE DAUGHTERS OF MUSIC  
SHALL BE BROUGHT  
LOW;

ALSO WHEN THEY SHALL BE AFRAID OF THAT  
WHICH IS HIGH, AND FEARS SHALL BE IN THE WAY,  
AND THE ALMOND TREE SHALL FLOURISH, AND THE  
GRASSHOPPER SHALL BE A BURDEN, AND DESIRE  
SHALL FAIL: BECAUSE MAN GOETH TO HIS LONG  
HOME, AND THE MOURNERS GO ABOUT THE STREETS...







"I FEEL AS WEAK AND AS  
LOST AS A NEWBORN KITTEN  
CRYING FOR ITS MOTHER,  
JULIA..."

... "BUT IF I HAVE BEEN ABLE  
TO SUSTAIN YOU IN SOME WAY,  
THEN I AM GLAD I HAVE  
BEEN WITH YOU SINCE THE  
BEGINNING."

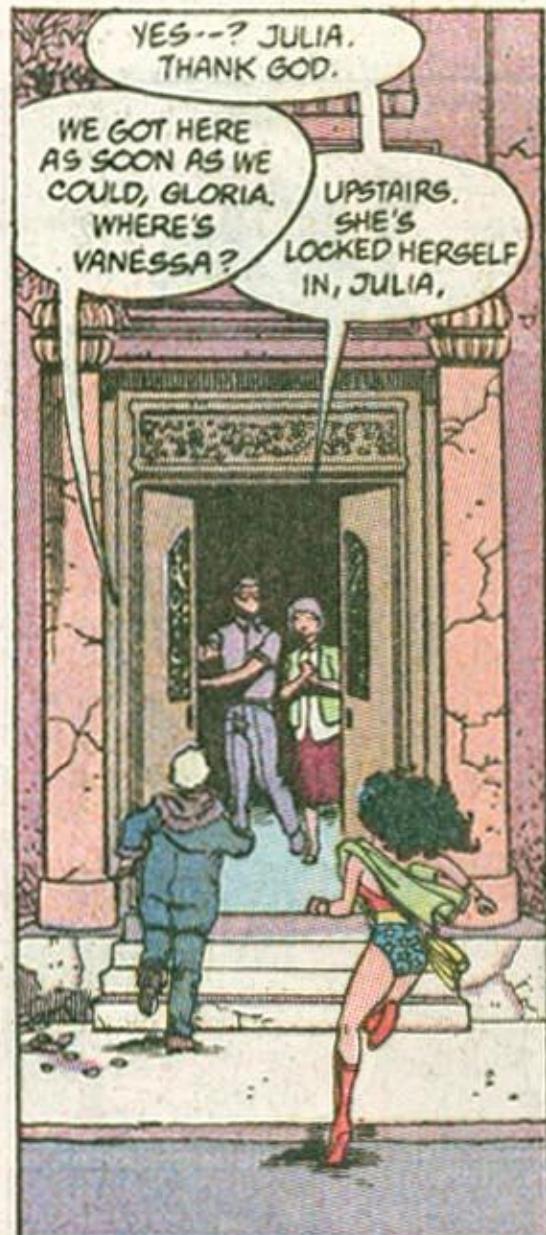
COLD?

NO.

HURRY,  
DIANA.

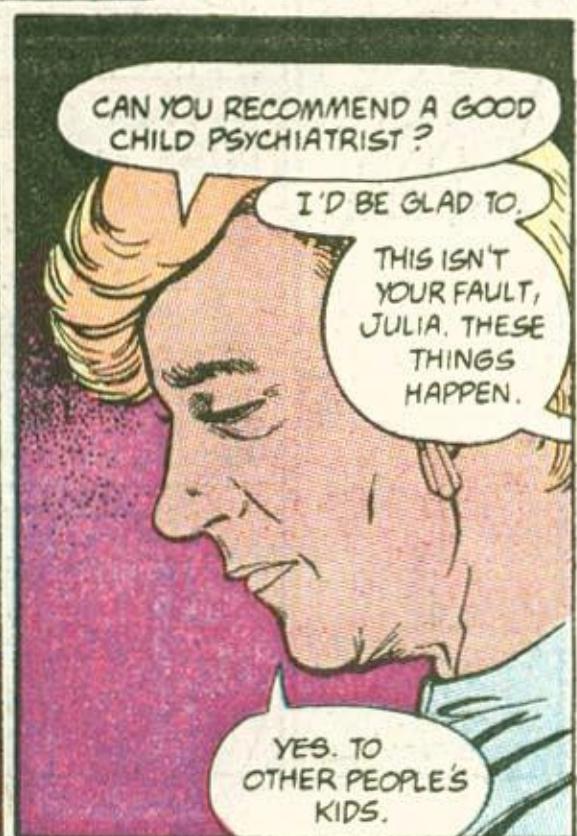
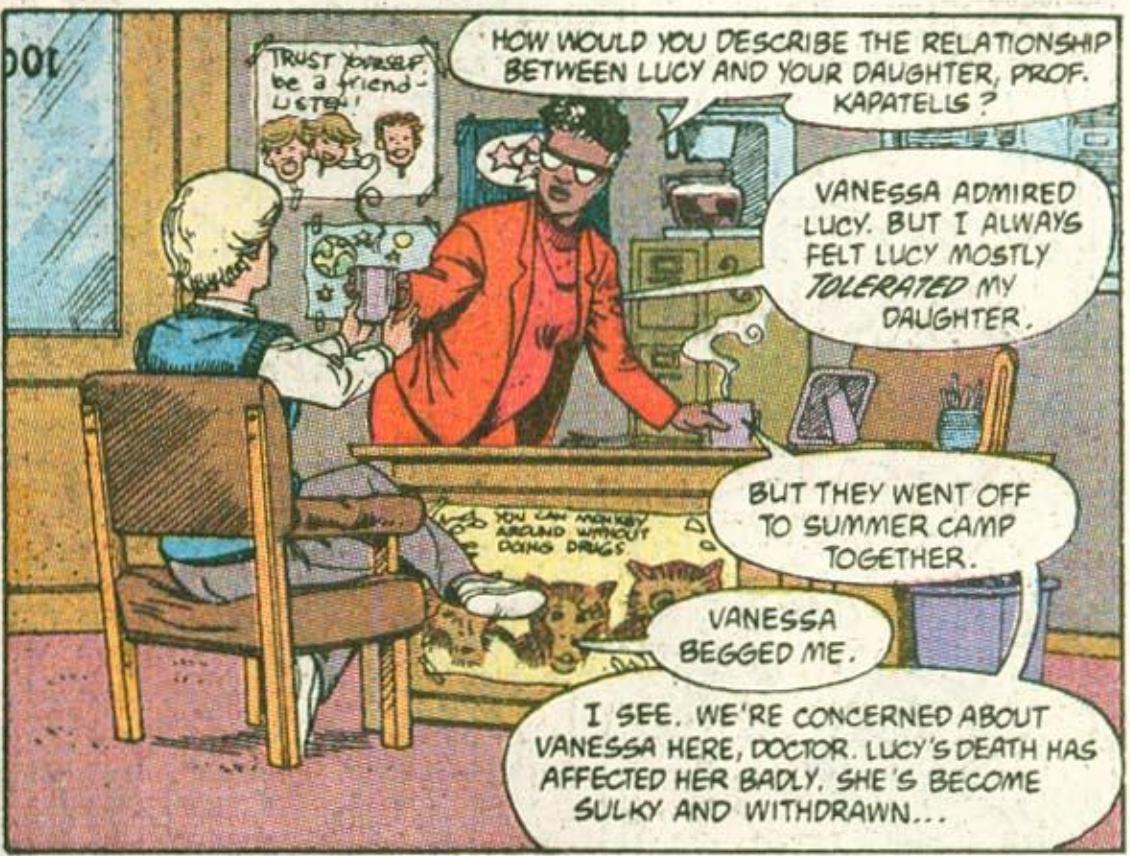
WE ARE  
ALMOST HOME,  
JULIA.

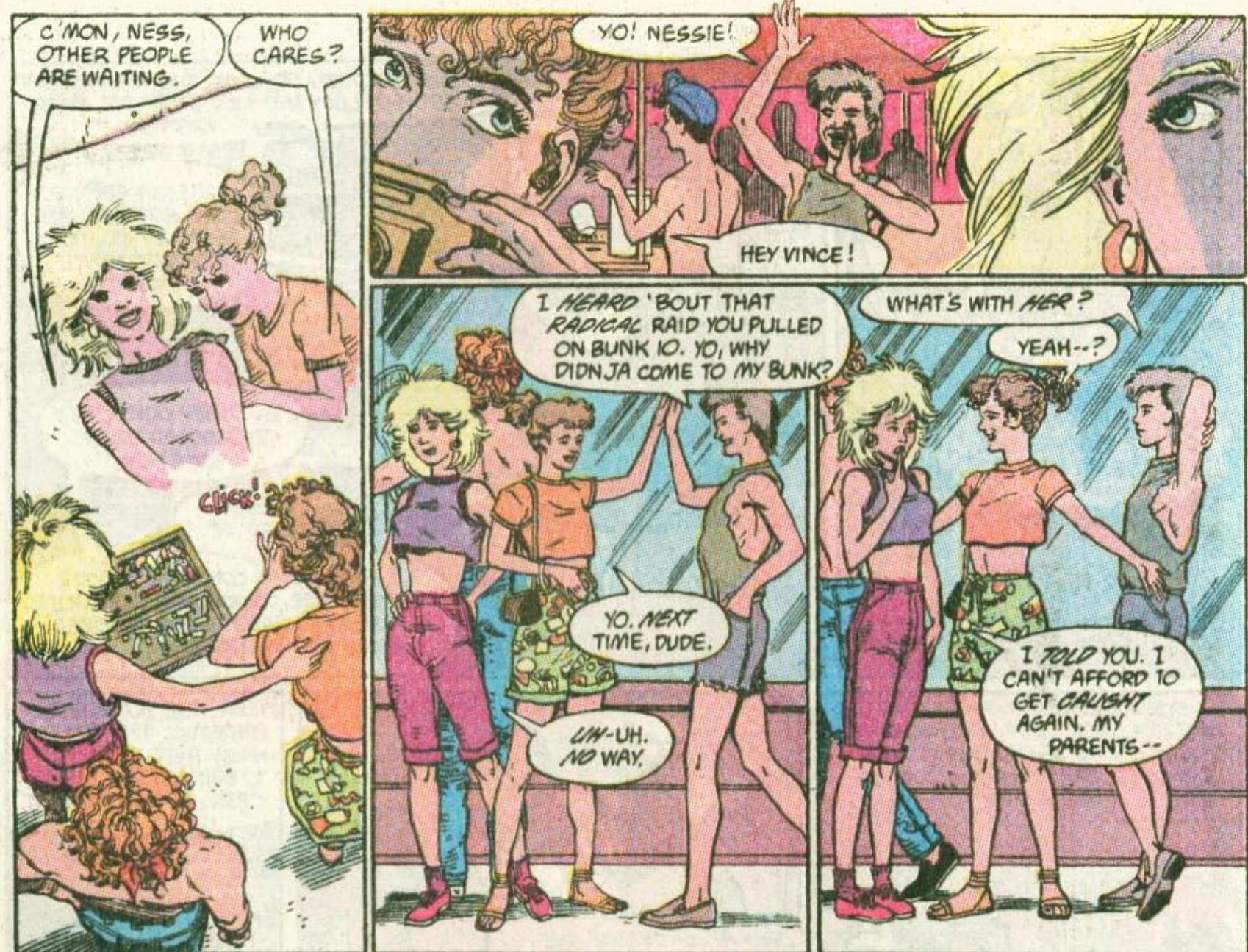




"*(WHEN IS THE CHILD BEING LAID TO REST, DIANA?)*"





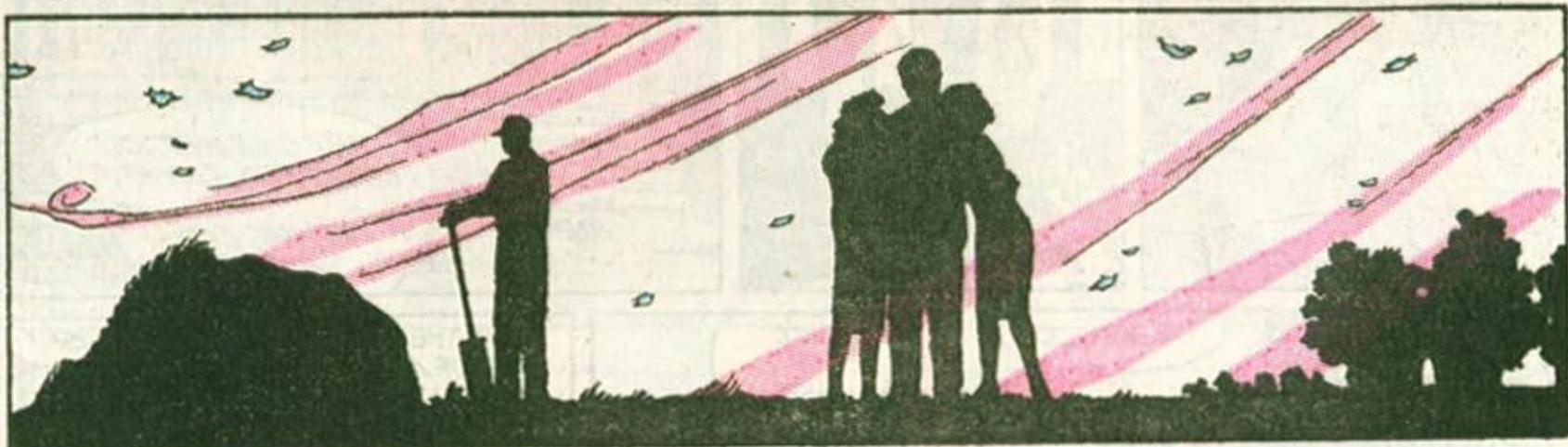
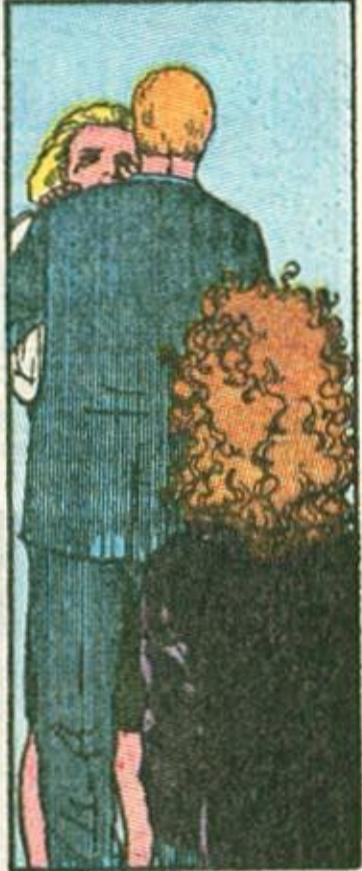
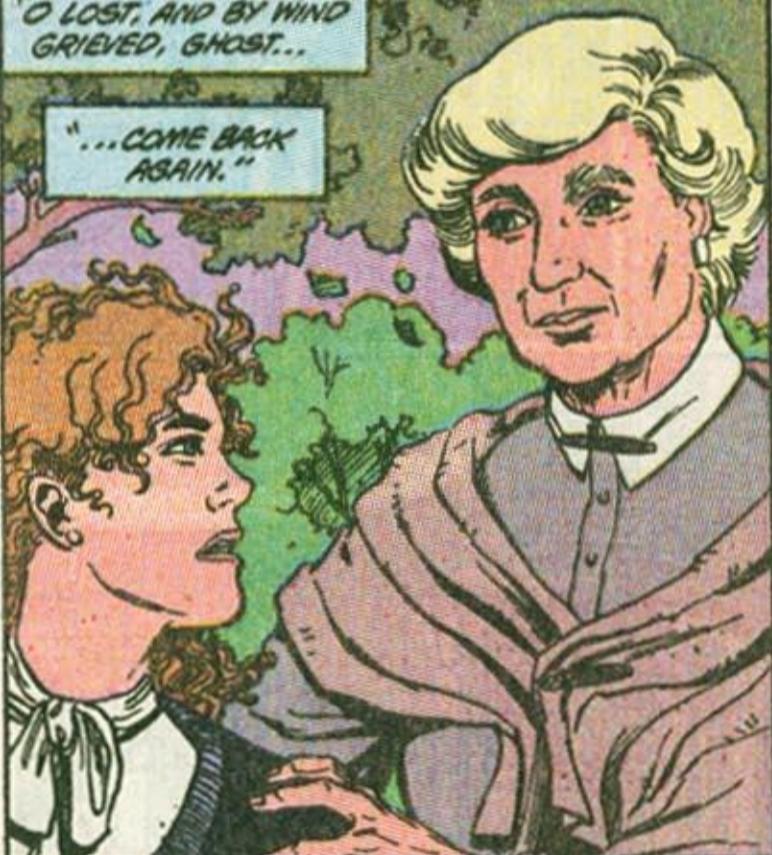


"O WASTE OF LOSS, IN THE HOT MAZES,  
LOST, AMONG BRIGHT STARS ON THIS  
MOST WEARY UNBRIGHT CINDER, LOST!"

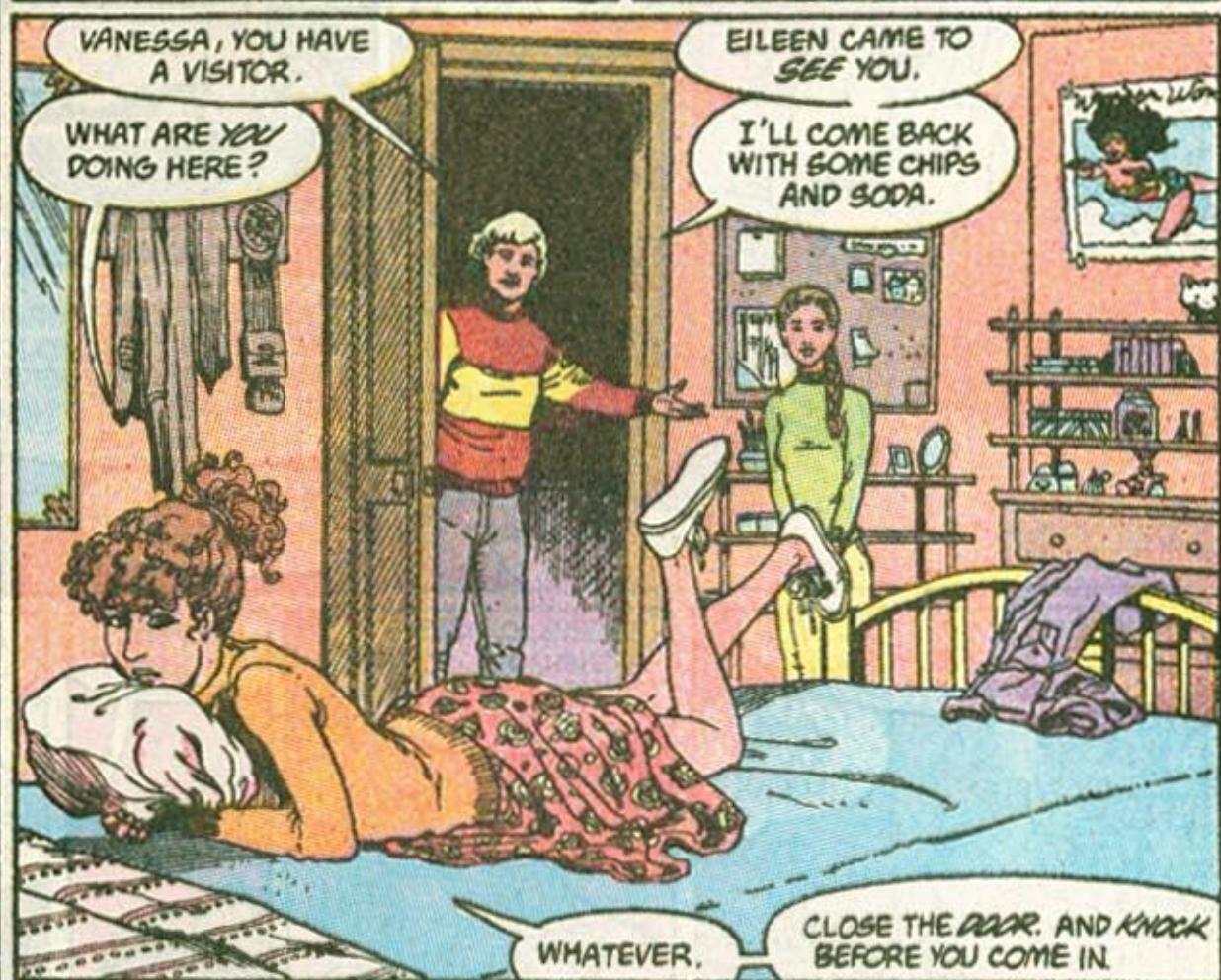
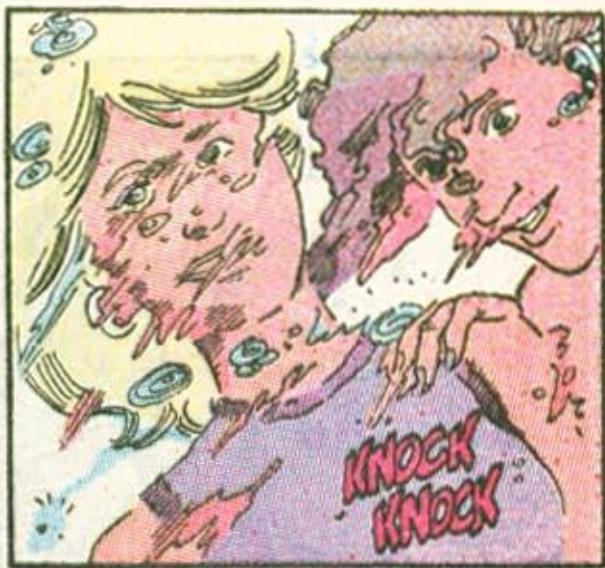
"REMEMBERING SPEECHLESSLY WE SEEK  
THE GREAT FORGOTTEN LANGUAGE, THE  
LOST LANE-END INTO HEAVEN, A SZONE,  
A LEAF, AN UNFOUND DOOR. WHERE?  
WHEN?"

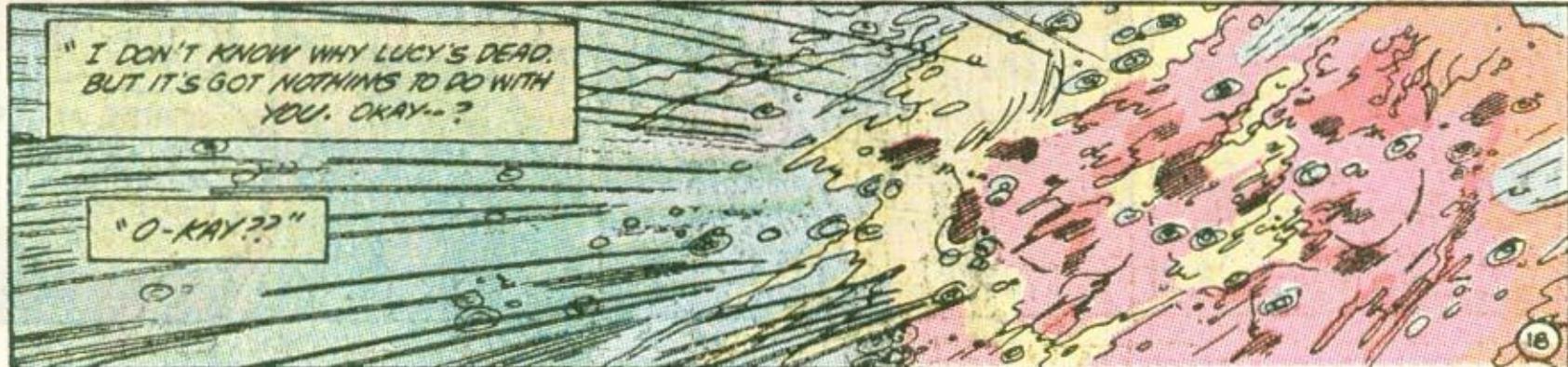
"O LOST, AND BY WIND  
GRIEVED, GHOST..."

"...COME BACK  
AGAIN."









IS IT ALL GARAGES, WONDER WOMAN,  
OR IS THERE SOMETHING ABOUT MINE  
WHICH YOU FIND PARTICULARLY  
FASCINATING?

I AM HERE TO OFFER  
MY CONDOLENCES, DR.  
SPEARS. AND MY HELP.

PLEASE, DR.  
SPEARS, IF  
YOU'D JUST--

I DON'T HAVE TO JUST  
ANYTHING! THIS IS MY  
HOUSE, THAT'S MY  
LAWN YOU'RE STANDING  
ON, AND LUCY WAS MY  
DAUGHTER!

THANKS.

NOW GET  
OFF MY  
PROPERTY.

SO BEAT IT! AND  
TELL KAPATELIS SHE'S  
LUCKY I CAN'T  
BRING HER BRAT UP  
ON MURDER CHARGES!

STOP IT,  
LOU.

COME  
IN, WONDER  
WOMAN.

THANK  
YOU.

WE'VE BOTH  
BEEN A LITTLE  
CRAZY LATELY.

THE WAY I  
SPOKE TO  
VANESSA. IS SHE  
ALL RIGHT?

THAT IS  
WHY I'M  
HERE.

LUCY WAS  
JEALOUS OF  
HER.

WHY?

THIS IS...WAS...  
LUCY'S ROOM.

SHE SAID THAT IF VANESSA  
COULD HAVE THE REAL THING  
LIVING IN HER HOUSE, SHE  
COULD AT LEAST HAVE A DOLL.

SEE THIS DOLL? COST \$150. LUCY  
BEGGED US TO BUY IT. I SAID SHE  
WAS TOO OLD FOR DOLLS.

BUT  
SHE  
KEPT ON.

SHE SAID IF  
WE LOVED HER,  
WE'D UNDERSTAND.

WE LOVED HER.

HOW COULD  
SHE THINK  
WE DIDN'T?

"YOU THINK WE SPOILED HER. THAT WE GAVE OUR KID EVERYTHING BUT LOVE."

"WELL, WE GAVE LUCY EVERYTHING AND LOVE. FROM THE MOMENT SHE WAS BORN. WE NEVER FORCED HER TO DO ANYTHING."

"SHE WAS THE ONE WHO WANTED TO ENTER ALL THOSE BEAUTY CONTESTS. I TOLD HER THEY WERE STUPID AND DEGRADING. SO DID LOU."

"BUT SHE SAID THE PRIZE MONEY WOULD HELP FOR COLLEGE. LAUGH ALL THE WAY TO THE BANK, SHE SAID."

MY POOR BABY. MY LITTLE LUCY.

LOU WON'T GO NEAR THE GARAGE, YOU KNOW. SAYS HE'S GONNA BURN IT DOWN.

IT'S MY FAULT REALLY. THEY WERE MY CAR KEYS SHE USED. TOOK THEM RIGHT OUT OF MY PURSE.

WENT IN THE GARAGE. CLOSED THE DOOR. TURNED ON THE ENGINE...

LUCY STEALING MY KEYS. CAN YOU IMAGINE?

SORRY ABOUT BEFORE, WONDER WOMAN.

THE PEACE OF HESTIA WILL COME BACK TO THIS HOUSE, DR. SPEARS. YOU MUST BELIEVE THAT, AND NOT GIVE UP.

TELL JULIA AND VANESSA WE'RE SORRY.

TELL THEM WE WANT THEM TO COME TO THE FUNERAL. ALL OF YOU.

WE WILL BE THERE.

THIS IS A PICTURE OF  
ME AND LUCY.

WE HAVE PLENTY  
OF PICTURES, VANESSA.  
KEEP THAT FOR  
YOURSELF.

WE'LL PUT  
IT ON THE  
MANTLE  
IN THE  
LIVING  
ROOM.

I MADE  
COPIES. THIS  
ONE'S FOR  
YOU.

PLEASE?

OH, MRS. SPEARS!  
PLEASE FORGIVE  
ME! PLEASE!

THERE'S  
NOTHING TO  
FORGIVE,  
VANESSA.

I LOVED  
HER SO  
MUCH!

WE ALL  
DID.

"AND I'M SO SCARED!"

"WE ALL ARE, VANESSA."

BUT YOU'RE NOT, ARE  
YOU. EVEN AFTER THE  
SUN GOES DOWN,  
YOU'LL STILL BE  
LYING THERE.

YOU'D'VE MADE A LOUSY  
VAMPIRE ANYWAY.

I GOT SOME-  
THING FOR  
YOU.

THIS IS SCARY,  
LUCY. I KEEP  
WAITING FOR  
YOU TO WAKE  
UP.

CAME OUT A LITTLE  
BLURRY, BUT IT'S A  
PRETTY GOOD  
PICTURE OF US.

YOU STUCK-UP  
LITTLE SNOB.

YOU'D BETTER  
NOT FORGET  
ME.

VANESSA, WHAT DO  
YOU THINK GOD  
LOOKS LIKE?

I DUNNO, BART  
SIMPSON?

VA-NESSA!!  
I'M SERIOUS!

OKAY, OKAY...  
LESSEE... I THINK...  
GOD LOOKS LIKE...  
PATRICK SWAYZE.  
AND I LOOK LIKE  
JENNIFER GREY,  
PROVING GOD LIKES  
FLAT-CHESTED  
WOMEN.

GAH!, VANESSA, STOP  
OBSESSING ON YOUR  
BREASTS ALREADY. IT'S  
GETTING TO BE A REAL  
DRAG.

ME?  
OBSESSED?

YOU'RE THE ONE  
WHO KEEPS TALKING  
ABOUT GOD AND DEATH  
AND DYING ALL THE  
TIME.

WHAT'S WITH  
YOU THESE DAYS,  
ANYWAY?