



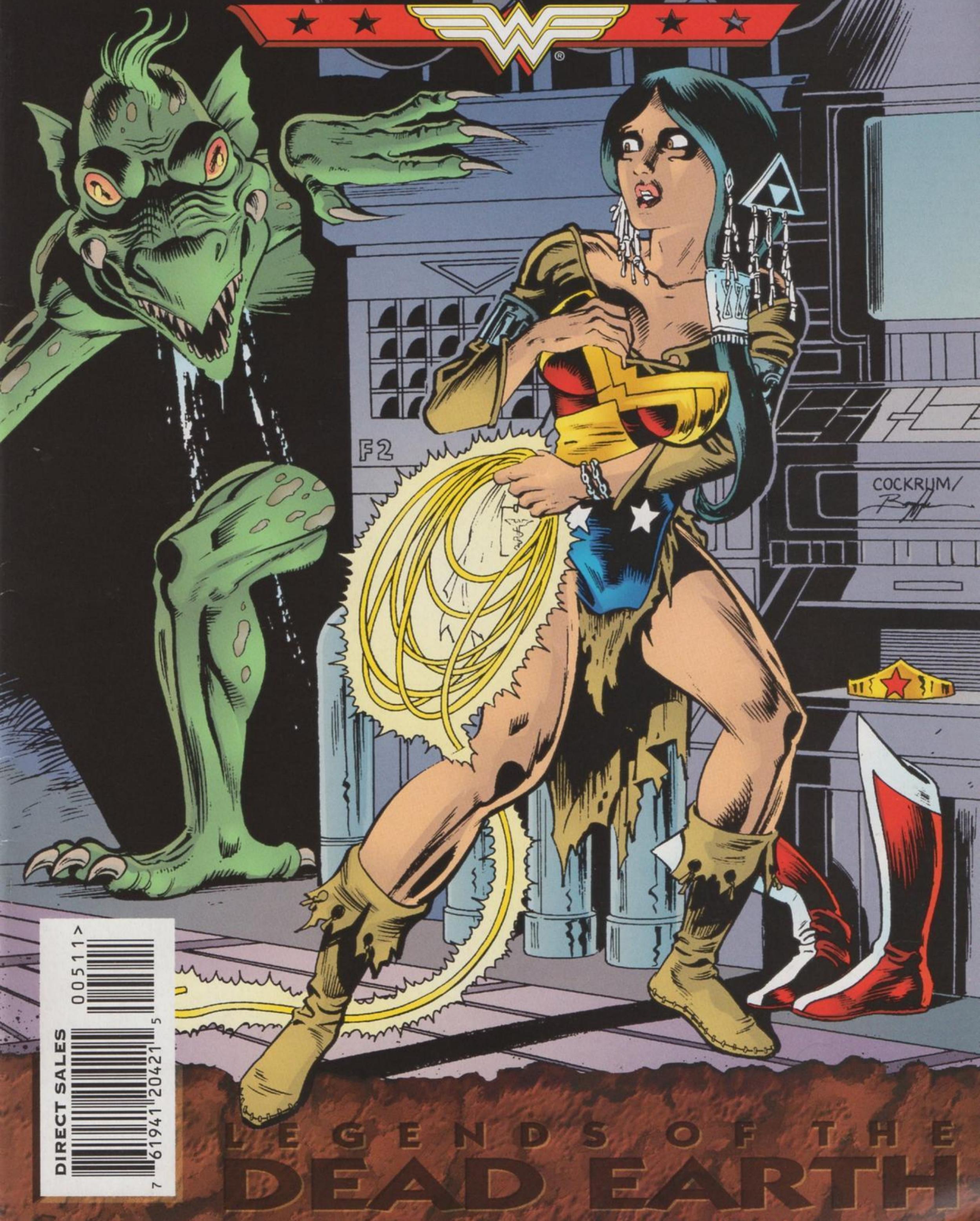
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WONDER WOMAN

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COCKRUM
BREYFOGLE

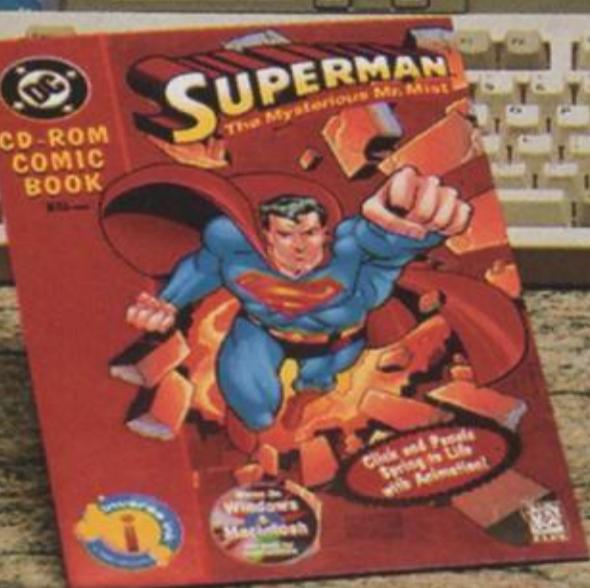
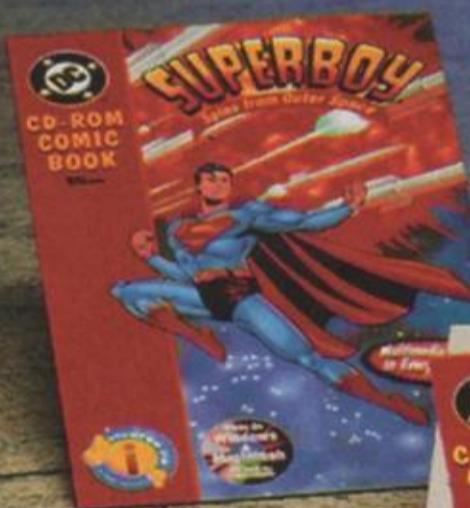
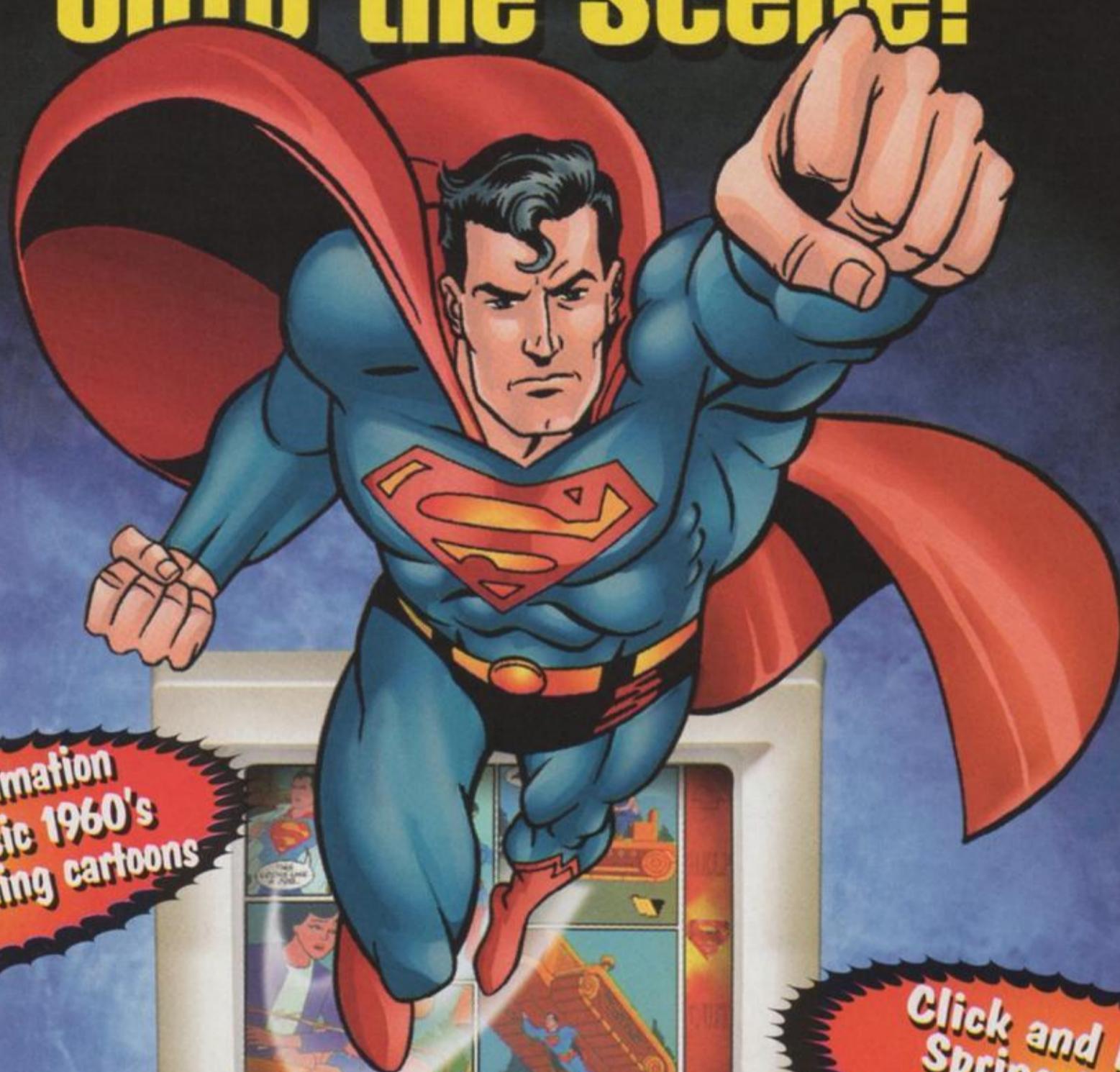
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EARTH IS DEAD.

THOSE WHO ONCE MIGHT
HAVE CALLED IT HOME
ARE LONG SCATTERED
TO THE ENDLESS STARS.

BUT IN THAT SCATTERING,
ON A THOUSAND
DIFFERENT WORLDS,
BY A THOUSAND
DIFFERENT WAYS . . .
EARTH'S GREATEST
LEGENDS LIVE ON.

LEGENDS OF THE
DEAD EARTH

LEGENDS OF THE
DEAD EARTH

WONDER WOMAN



THE UNREMEMBERED

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THE WORLD HAS
NO NAME.

THERE WAS A TIME, THE LEGENDS TELL, WHEN IT DID, WHEN THE PEOPLE COULD REFER TO THE STEEL WOMB IN WHICH THEY LIVE, AND KNOW IT, AND NAME IT.

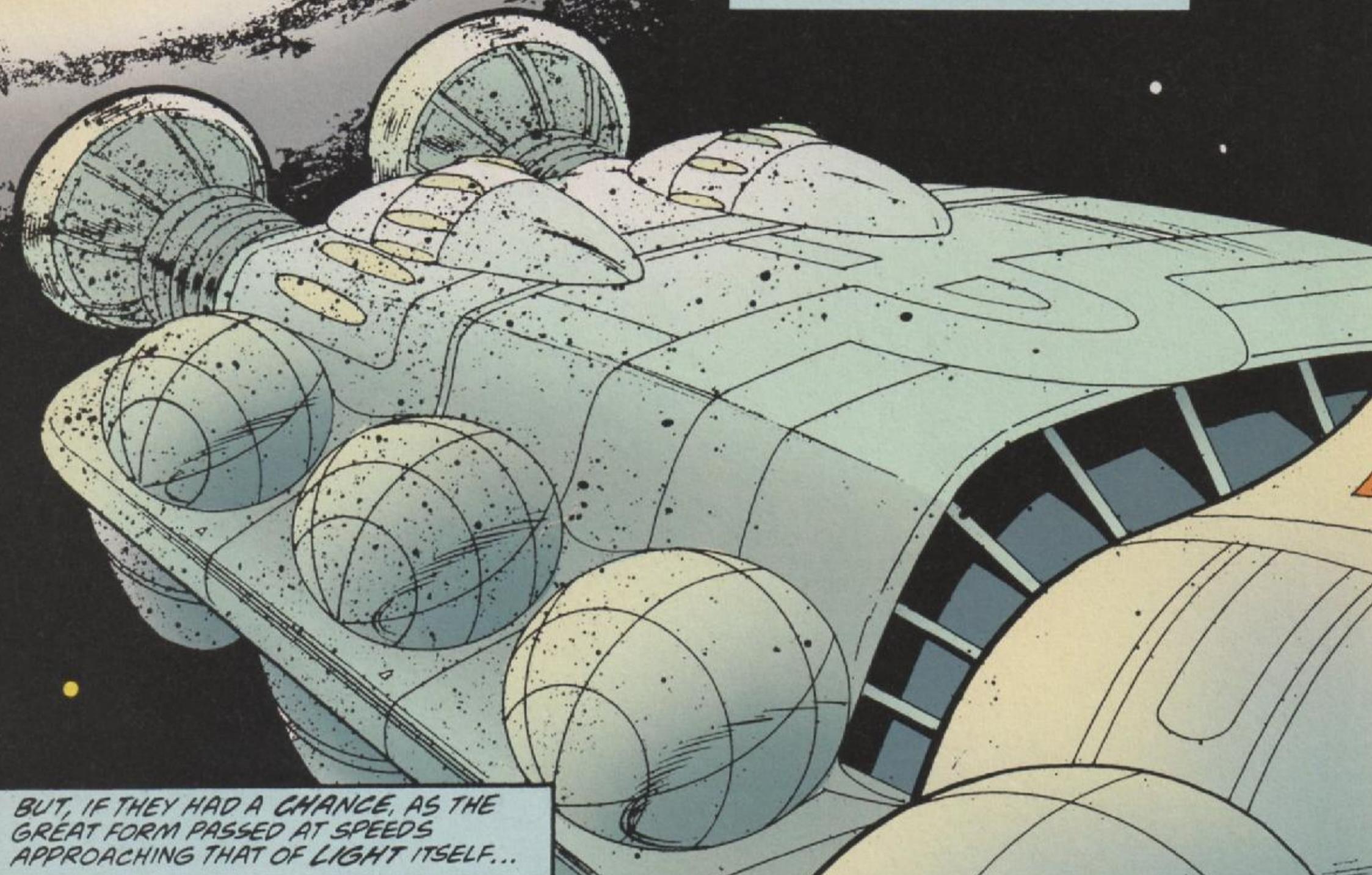
BUT THAT WAS LONG AGO, IN WHAT SOME SAY WERE BETTER TIMES, WHEN THERE WAS UNDERSTANDING, WHEN THERE WAS PURPOSE.

NOW, TO NAME THE WORLD IS TO BE AT ONCE REMINDED OF THE EMPTINESS THAT LIES BEYOND, AND THE GREATER EMPTINESS THAT FILLS THE SOUL.

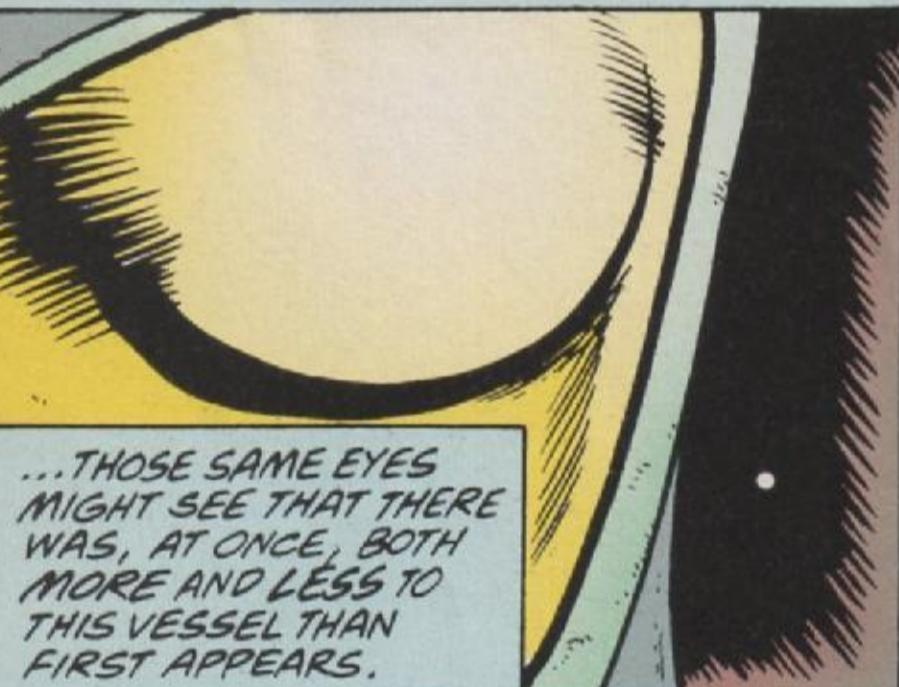
IT IS THE NATURE OF THE HUMAN SPIRIT TO STRIVE, BOTH FOR THE BETTERMENT OF ITS PHYSICAL CONDITION AND THE COMPREHENSION OF ITS PROPER PLACE IN THE UNIVERSE.

BUT HOW MUCH COMPREHENSION CAN THERE BE, WHEN THE UNIVERSE ITSELF IS CLOSED?

WHEN IT IS A FINITE SHELL BOUNDED ALL AROUND BY STEEL AND THE UNFORGIVING VOID OF SPACE?



BUT, IF THEY HAD A CHANCE, AS THE GREAT FORM PASSED AT SPEEDS APPROACHING THAT OF LIGHT ITSELF...

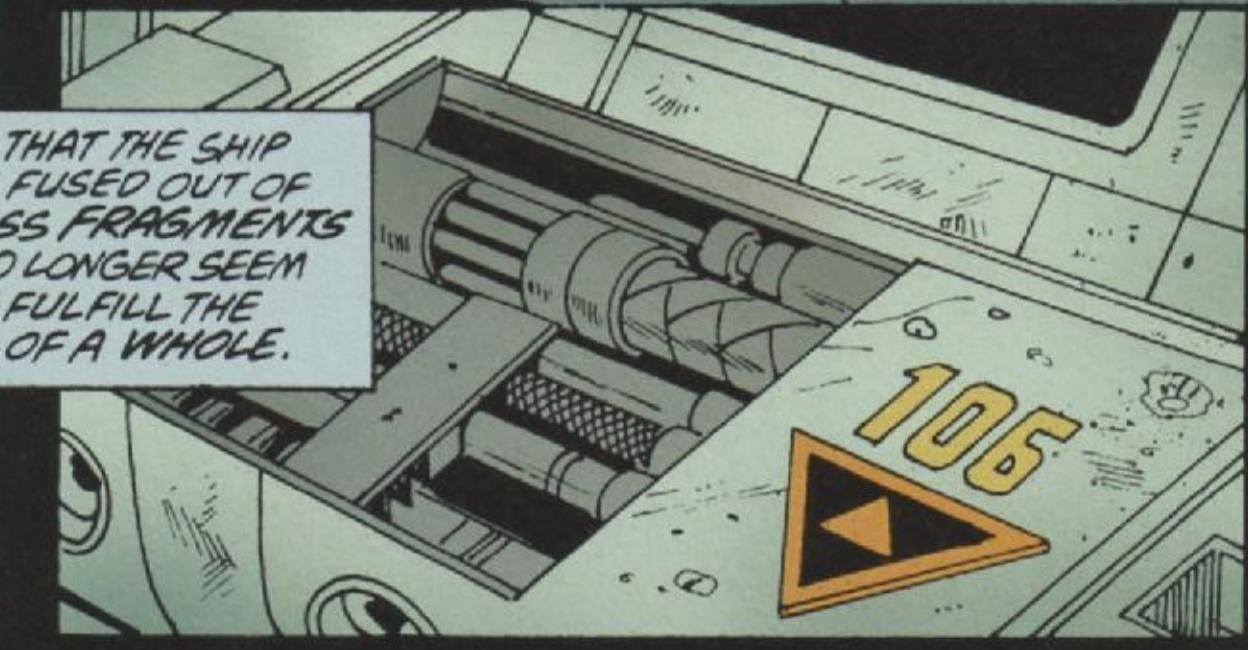


...THOSE SAME EYES MIGHT SEE THAT THERE WAS, AT ONCE, BOTH MORE AND LESS TO THIS VESSEL THAN FIRST APPEARS.

SEE THAT THE GLEAMING HULL IS, ON CLOSE INSPECTION, SCARRED AND PITED WITH THE RAVAGES OF UNCOUNTED GENERATIONS OF MICROMETEOR IMPACTS.

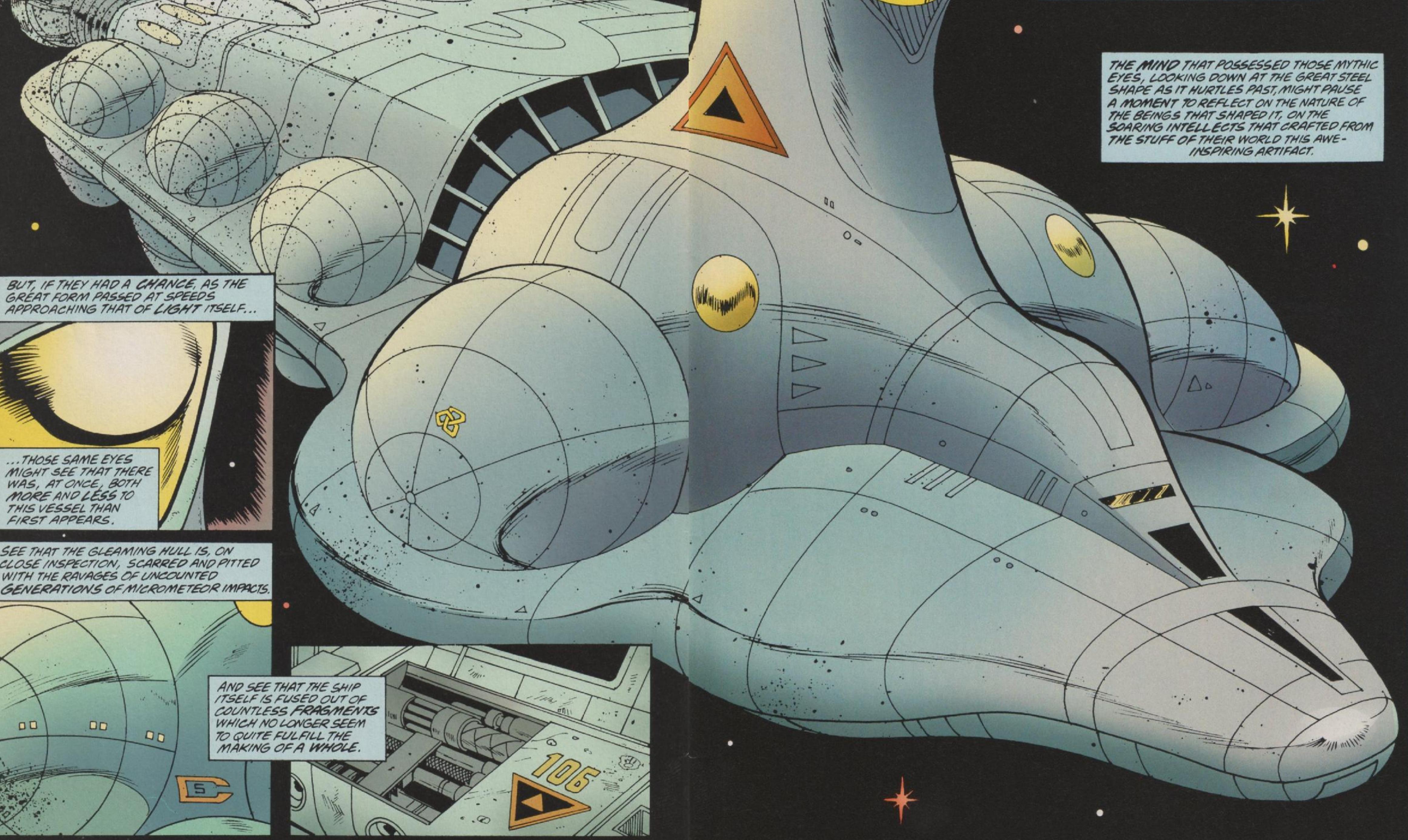


AND SEE THAT THE SHIP ITSELF IS FUSED OUT OF COUNTLESS FRAGMENTS WHICH NO LONGER SEEM TO QUITE FULFILL THE MAKING OF A WHOLE.



IF THERE WERE EYES TO SEE IT, THE GREAT FORM OF THE WORLD MIGHT SEEM, AT FIRST, SLEEK AND POWERFUL, AN ENGINE OF MASSIVE SIZE, OF NEARLY INFINITE BULK, HURLING ITSELF ACROSS THE STARLESS REACHES THAT STRETCH BETWEEN THE SWIRLING ISLANDS OF THE GALAXIES.

THE MIND THAT POSSESSED THOSE MYTHIC EYES, LOOKING DOWN AT THE GREAT STEEL SHAPE AS IT HURLES PAST, MIGHT PAUSE A MOMENT TO REFLECT ON THE NATURE OF THE BEINGS THAT SHAPED IT, ON THE SOARING INTELLECTS THAT CRAFTED FROM THE STUFF OF THEIR WORLD THIS AWE-INSPIRING ARTIFACT.



TO LOOK INSIDE WOULD BE TO
FIND A JUMBLED CONTINUATION
OF THIS GRIM MOTIF.

AND AS ONE WANDERED,
DISEMBODIED, THROUGH THE
DARK, SILENT CORRIDORS, ONE
MIGHT SURELY, SADLY COME
TO THINK THIS ONCE-PROUD
BEHEMOTH WAS LIFELESS,
EMPTY AND ABANDONED.

ONE WOULD
BE WRONG.



... ADAPTED, EACH IN THEIR OWN WAY, TO THE SLENDER NICHES WHICH THE LIMITED RESOURCES OF THE SHIP ALLOW.

AND IF OUR PHANTOM OBSERVER HAD THE WHEREWITHAL TO CHECK, HE MIGHT LOOK DEEP INTO THE GENETIC STRUCTURE OF THESE STRANGE, UNPLEASANT FORMS, AND FIND TO HIS SURPRISE THAT THERE IS A COMMONALITY AMONG THEM.

TWISTED AND warped they might be by the necessities of their existence, but our explorer would be amazed to realize all the life that flies, crawls, leaps or scurries through this forbidding place descends from a single, very different lifeform.

AND HE MIGHT ASSUME, AS WOULD WE ALL, THAT THE PARENT FORM WAS THEREFORE LONG SINCE GONE, LOST IN THE MIASMA OF TEN THOUSAND GENERATIONS OF MUTATION.

AGAIN, HE
WOULD BE
WRONG.

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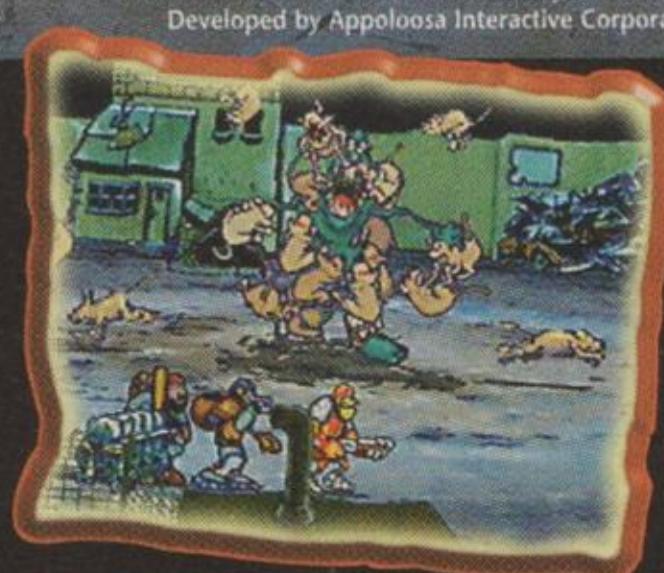
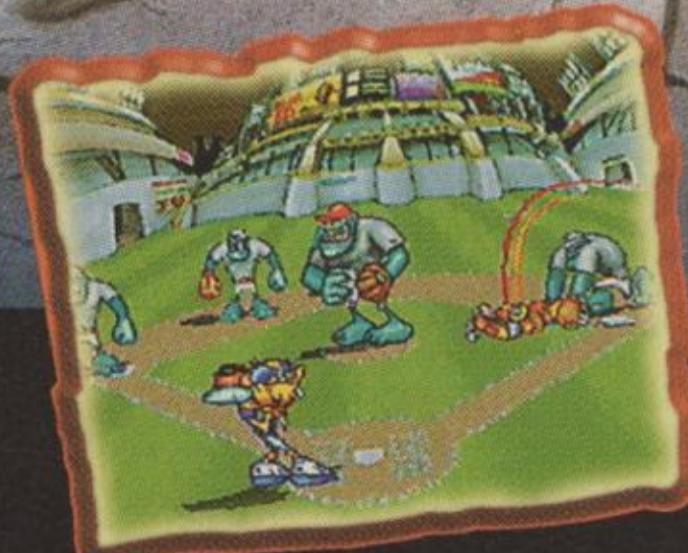


Three Dirty Dwarves™ for
Sega Saturn™ and
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CALL HER ALYXA. SHE IS ONE OF THE UNREMEMBERED.

FOR THOSE WHO CONCERN THEMSELVES WITH SUCH DETAIL, SHE IS A FEMALE OF SOME EIGHTEEN YEARS, SHIP TIME. BY THE ANCIENT MEASURES SHE STANDS SOME SIX FEET IN HEIGHT, AND DISPLACES SOME ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY POUNDS.

SHE IS INTELLIGENT, CURIOUS, AND BRAVE.

OF THE THREE, IT IS THE LAST TWO WHICH HAVE TENDED MOST OFTEN TO GET HER INTO TROUBLE.

SHE IS IN TROUBLE NOW.

SHE IS FAR FROM
WHAT SHE THINKS OF
AS THE INHABITED
PARTS OF THE WORLD-
SHIP.

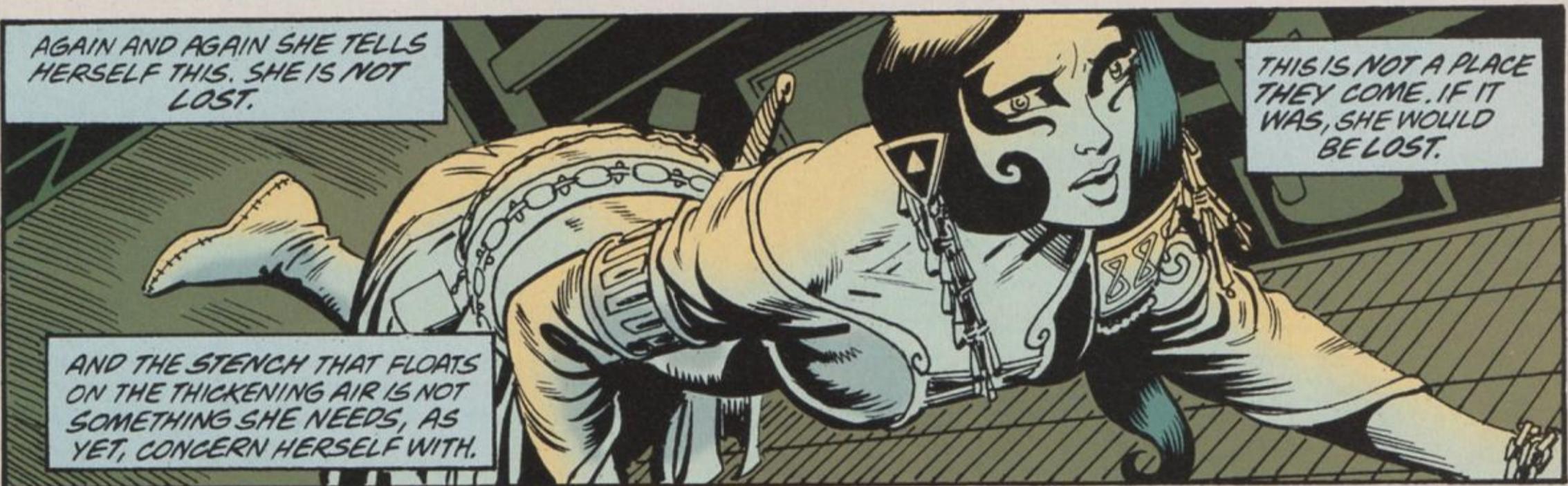
SHE IS
NOT LOST



AGAIN AND AGAIN SHE TELLS
HERSELF THIS. SHE IS NOT
LOST.

THIS IS NOT A PLACE
THEY COME. IF IT
WAS, SHE WOULD
BE LOST.

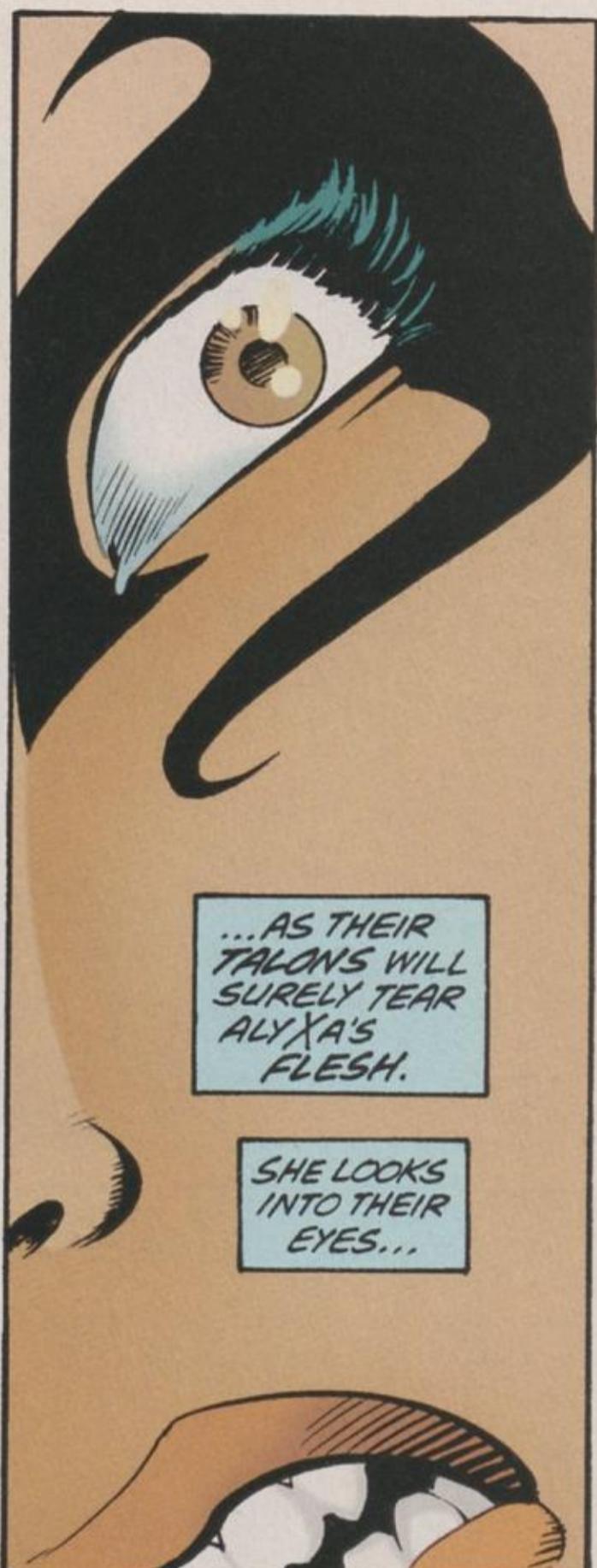
AND THE STENCH THAT FLOATS
ON THE THICKENING AIR IS NOT
SOMETHING SHE NEEDS, AS
YET, CONCERN HERSELF WITH.



AND IF SHE WERE
LOST, SHE WOULD BE...

...LOST...





"NOT TODAY!"
ALYXA THINKS.

NO PART OF THIS PLACE
IS FAMILIAR, BUT ONE
DANGER CAN BE SEEN
AS LESS THAN ANOTHER.

SHE CRAWLS
THROUGH
DARKNESS.

BUT SHE DOES NOT
NEED TO SEE IT...

...TO KNOW THE GRASPING,
COILING TONGUE OF HER
PURSUER IS SNAKING
DOWN THE CONDUIT AFTER
HER.

LONGER AND
LONGER, DEEPER
AND DEEPER.

AS ALYXA SQUEEZES HERSELF THROUGH
AN EVER NARROWING CHANNEL.

FREEDOM!
ESCAPE!

BOTH COME AS ONE,
AS ALYXA THRUSTS
HERSELF ONCE
MORE INTO OPEN
SPACE.

AND ALYXA HAS A MOMENT
TO CATCH HER BREATH...

...AND LOOK ABOUT,
TO WONDER WHERE
IT IS SHE HAS
FOUND HERSELF.

THE TONGUE IS GONE. SHE HEARS
ITS SLITHERING AND SLIDING BACK
DOWN THE PASSAGE OF HER ESCAPE.

SHE SNIFFS THE AIR. THE NATIVE STINK OF HER PURSUERS IS MUTED HERE. THIS IS NOT A PLACE THEY OFTEN COME.

FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE SHE FLED THE SAFETY AND RELATIVE COMFORT OF THE VILLAGE, ALYXA ALLOWS HERSELF A MOMENT TO RELAX

BUT THERE COMES, AT ONCE, UNWELCOME AND UNBIDDEN, A WAVE OF SADNESS.

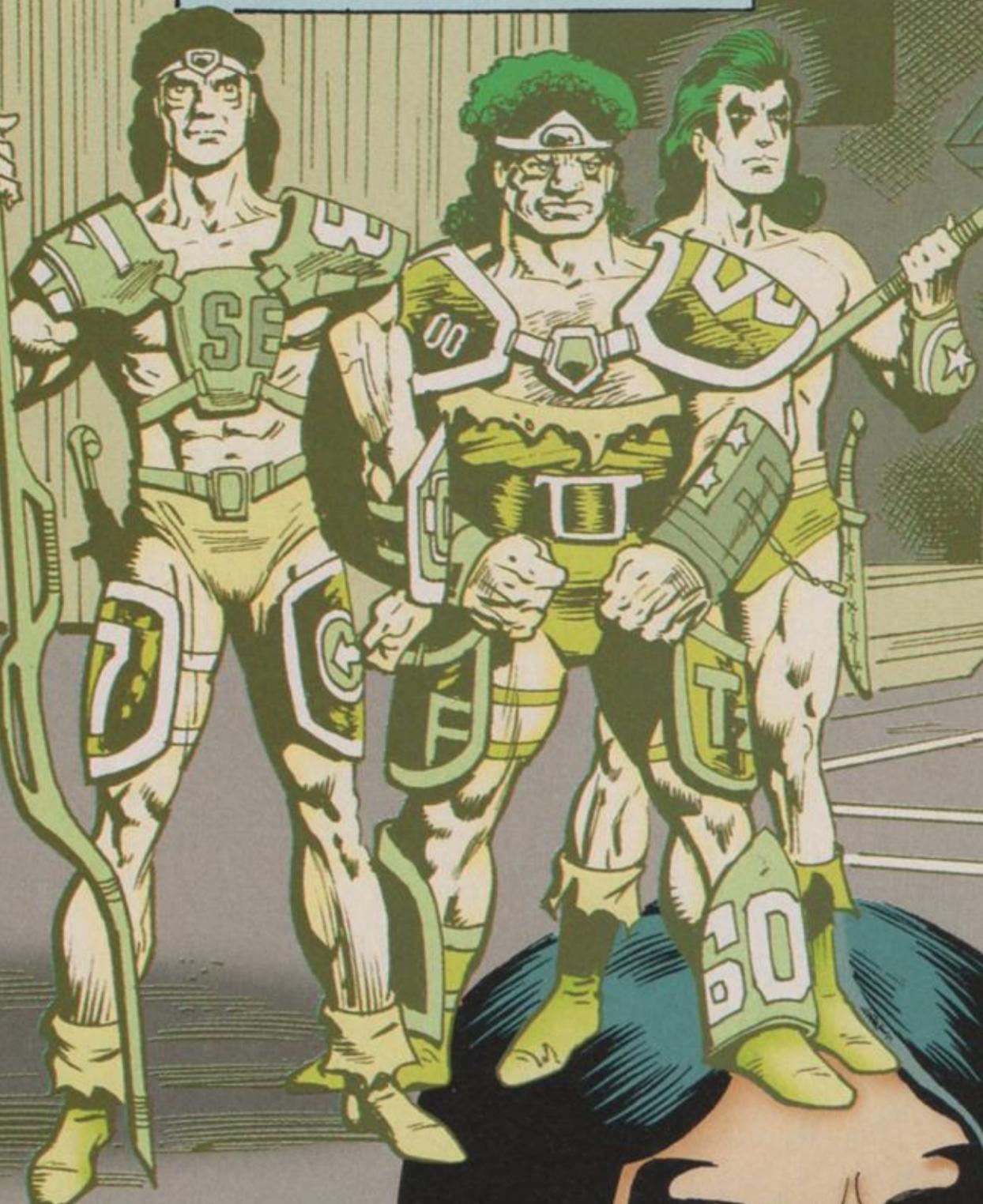
ALYXA THINKS OF HER HOME, HER PEOPLE...

.. AND FOR WHAT WILL BE THE FIRST TIME, TRULY CONSIDERS ALL SHE HAS LOST.

THEY CALL THEMSELVES THE UNREMEMBERED.

NO ONE KNOWS WHEN FIRST THIS NAME CAME TO BE APPLIED TO THIS PROUD PEOPLE.

STRONG THEY ARE, AND CUNNING WARRIORS.



BUT IN THEIR TALES AND LEGENDS THEY SEE THEMSELVES FORGOTTEN--BY THE MAKERS WHO CREATED THE WORLD-SHIP, BY THE GHOSTS OF THEIR ANCESTORS WHO PUT THEM HERE.

SOME OF THE ANCIENT TALES TELL OF A GREAT ADVENTURE, A BOLD ATTEMPT TO SPLIT THE SKY AND HURL SMALL, FRAIL HUMANS INTO THE ENDLESS NIGHT TO FIND NEW HOMES AMONG THE STARS.

THESE TALES HELP VERY LITTLE IN COMPREHENDING THE WORLD, SINCE "SKY," "NIGHT" AND "STARS" ARE WORDS WITH NO MORE MEANING TO THE UN-REMEMBERED...

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THE TUNNELS WHERE ALYXA WALKS NOW ARE FAR FROM THE VILLAGE, THE WETFIELDS, THE MEMORIES.

FAR IN MUCH MORE THAN PHYSICAL DISTANCE.

AND ALYXA HERSELF IS TOO CONCERNED WITH THE GROWING STRANGENESS ABOUT HER TO PAY LONG HEED TO MEMORIES OF WHAT SHE HAS ABANDONED.

SHE HAS LIVED ALL HER YEARS IN THE LONG HALLS, THE CHAMBERS AND THE CORRIDORS OF THIS PLACE, AND SHE HAS COME TO KNOW, EVEN TO EXPECT A CERTAIN SAMENESS.

YET AS SHE MOVES DEEPER AND DEEPER INTO THIS NEW PLACE, ONE THING AND ONE THING ONLY BEGINS TO OBSESS HER:

IT IS SO CLEAN!

EVEN THESE STRANGE STATUES, STANDING SILENT WITH THE WEIGHT OF AGE UPON THEM, HAVE NO FILM OF DUST ON THEIR SMOOTH SURFACES, NO CLUMPS OF SOIL AND WINDBLOWN FUNGUS IN THEIR FOLDS.



ALYXA LOOKS UPON THE IMAGE OF HER FACE FLOATING IN THE PERFECT SMOOTHNESS OF THE STATUE'S FORMLESS FACE...

...AND SEES IT AS SHE NEVER HAS BEFORE, WITHOUT THE POCKS AND SCRATCHES OF EVEN THE FINEST GLASS OF THE UNREMEMBERED.

MEANWHILE...

CLOSER THAN THEY MIGHT THINK, YET STILL QUITE FAR AS IS MEASURED THROUGH THE LAYERS OF THE SHIP...

... A PARTY OF WARRIOR HUNTERS OF THE UNREMEMBERED MOVE THROUGH PLACES AS STRANGE TO THEM AS TO ALYXA.

LEADING THEM, VALXAN...

... A YOUNG MAN WHOSE FURROWED BROW AND NARROWED EYES SPEAK MUCH OF THE BURDEN HE BEARS.

A BURDEN OF FAR LESS WEIGHT TO HIS COMPANIONS THAN TO VALXAN.

EVEN KARXYN, WHOM VALXAN NUMBERS AMONG HIS CLOSEST FRIENDS, CHUCKLES AS HE SEES HIS LEADER'S FACE.

"DON'T FRET YOURSELF, VALXAN," HE SAYS, HIS WORDS A QUICK SUCCESSION OF CLICKS AND POPS, GRUNTS AND WHISTLES THAT ECHO LOUDLY FROM THE BARE WALLS.

VALXAN'S REPLY IS SWIFT AND PAINFUL, HIS OWN VOICE A ROARING BELLOW.

"EVEN IF SHE DID RUN OFF ON THE DAY BEFORE YOUR WEDDING, THERE ARE PLENTY MORE WHERE ALYXA CAME FROM."

"YOU WILL NOT SPEAK AGAIN OF ALYXA IN SUCH A WAY," VALXAN BARKS. "SHE IS NOT LIKE THE OTHERS. SHE IS... SPECIAL."

UNDER ANOTHER CIRCUMSTANCE, KARXYN MIGHT LAUGH TO HEAR SUCH WORDS COMING FROM THE HULKING, SAVAGE VALXAN. NOW, THOUGH, HE MERELY NURSES HIS HURT AND WAITS FOR VALXAN TO BE DONE WITH HIS RANT.



"ALYXA IS NOT LIKE THE OTHERS," VALXAN SAYS, AND IN HIS EYES HIS FRIENDS CAN SEE THE FERVOR THAT BACKS UP HIS WORDS. "SHE IS NOT CARELESS AND SPITEFUL LIKE THE OTHERS OF HER KIND."

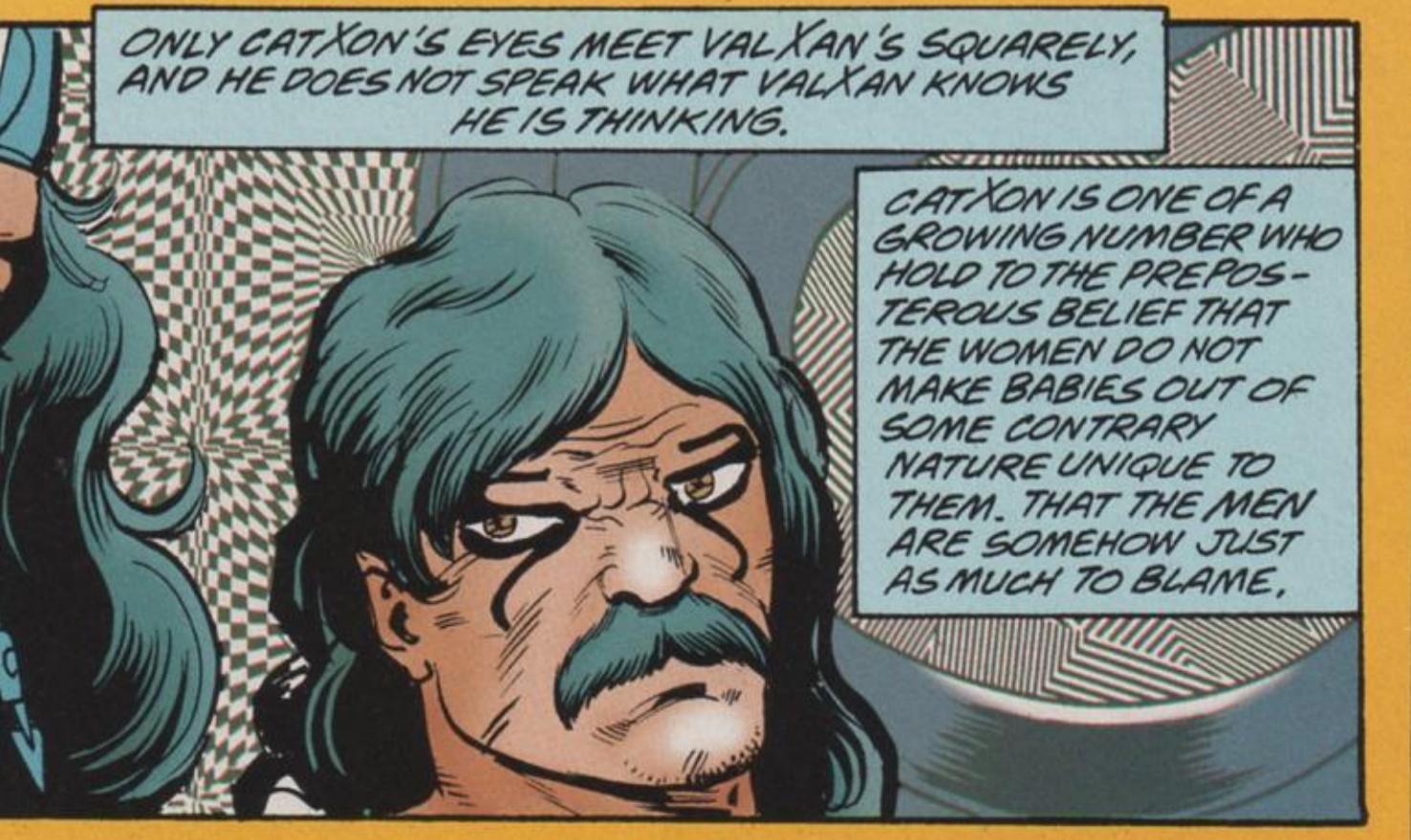


"SHE HAS LIVED SEVENTY CYCLES, AFTER ALL, AND NOT ONCE MADE A CHILD TO FURTHER DEPLETE OUR RESOURCES."

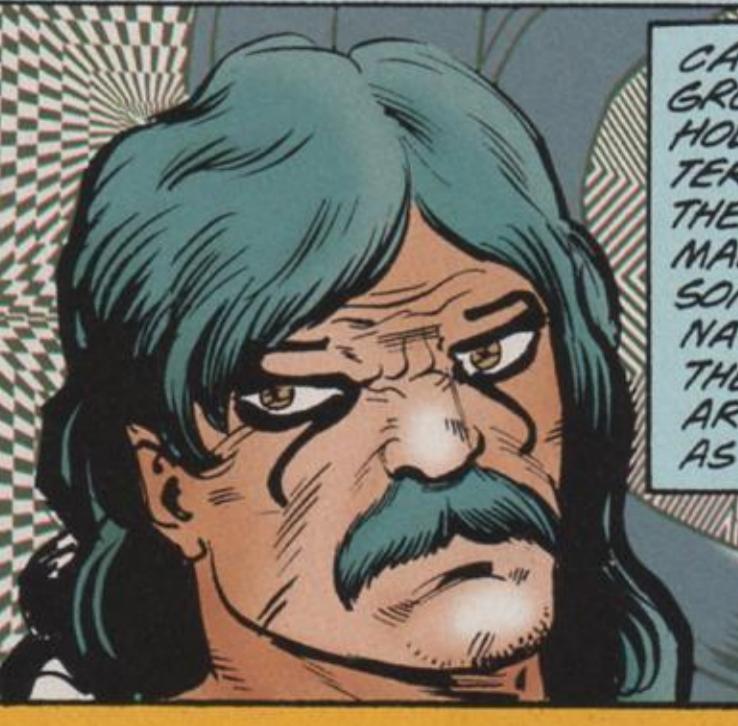
"SHE IS... DIFFERENT."



AS HE FINISHES, VALXAN LOOKS INTO THE FACES OF HIS FELLOWS, SEEKING UNDERSTANDING, SEEKING CHALLENGE.



ONLY CATXON'S EYES MEET VALXAN'S SQUARELY, AND HE DOES NOT SPEAK WHAT VALXAN KNOWS HE IS THINKING.



CATXON IS ONE OF A GROWING NUMBER WHO HOLD TO THE PREPOSTEROUS BELIEF THAT THE WOMEN DO NOT MAKE BABIES OUT OF SOME CONTRARY NATURE UNIQUE TO THEM. THAT THE MEN ARE SOMEHOW JUST AS MUCH TO BLAME.

VALXAN IS
RELIEVED.

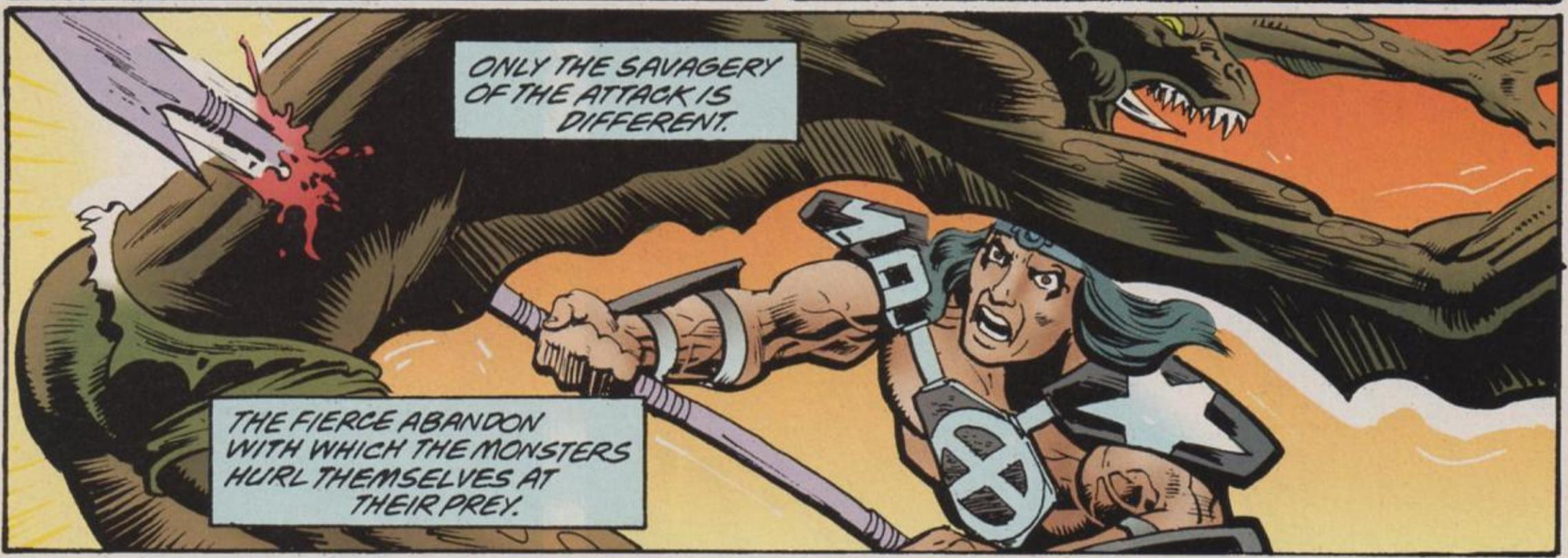
MORE THAN
ENOUGH.

HE HAS MORE THAN
ENOUGH ON HIS MIND
WITHOUT DEBATING
SUCH FOOLISHNESS.

... THE TENSION IS RIPPED
ASIDE BY MATTERS OF FAR
GREATER CONCERN.

THEN,
GANXUL IS
SUDDENLY
SHOUTING
THE
ALARM...

... AND IN
LESS TIME
THAN IT TAKES
TO TELL OF
IT...



QUESTIONS THAT HAVE
THEM ALL, AT END OF
MEAL, TURNING TO
KARXYN.

HE IS ONE OF THE SAYERS,
ONE OF THOSE TRAINED
FROM CHILDHOOD TO CARRY
IN HIS MIND THE LONG
TALE, THE TELLING OF
THE DAYS.

AND HE BEGINS IT
NOW, THE RHYTHMIC
CHANT THAT SPEAKS
OF THE LOST
PLACE, THE
ANCIENT HOME.

"GREAT WERE THE DWELLING PLACES
THERE," GOES THE CHANT, SYLLABLES
WRAPPING EACH AROUND THE OTHER
IN A COMPLEX RHYME THAT CALLS
FORTH IN THE MINDS OF THOSE WHO
HEAR THE SHADOWS OF LOST GLORIES.

"GREAT WERE THE HEROES," RUMBLERS
KARXYN, AND THE TRIBESMEN SEE THE
WORDS MADE PHANTOM FLESH IN
THEIR MINDS.

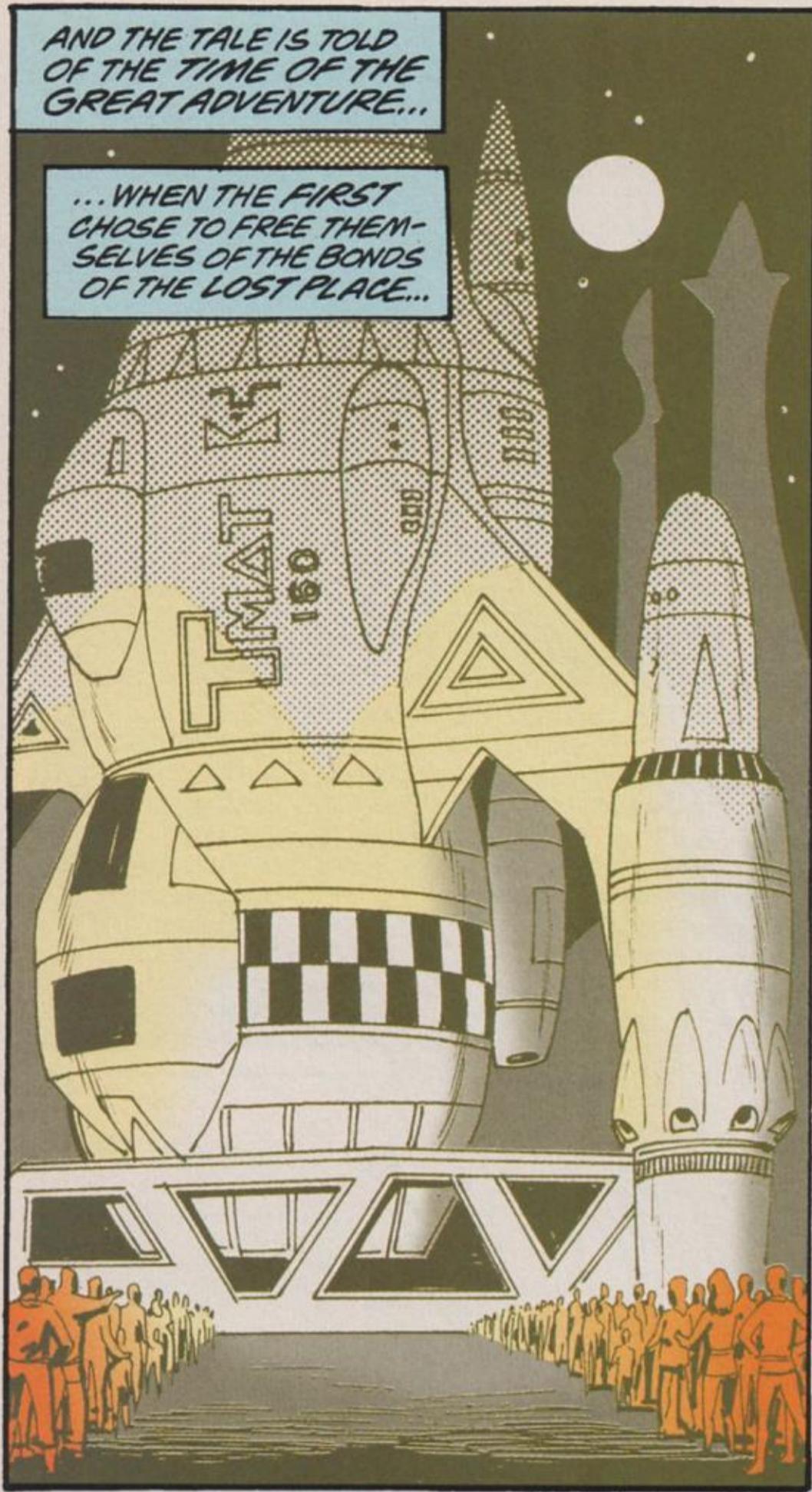
THE SHINING SHAPES OF
GODLINGS BOLD AND BRAVE
WHO WALKED THE WORLD
IN A DISGUISE OF FLESH.

THE STRONG, THE
SWIFT, THE SAVAGE
AND THE CHIVALROUS.

AND WOMEN COUNTED
EQUALS IN THEIR NUMBER!

AND THE TALE IS TOLD
OF THE TIME OF THE
GREAT ADVENTURE...

...WHEN THE FIRST
CHOSE TO FREE THEM-
SELVES OF THE BONDS
OF THE LOST PLACE...



... AND LIFT THEMSELVES ABOVE THE
ROUND, GREEN FACE OF THEIR STRANGE
WORLD...



... TO HURL THEMSELVES LIKE
ARROWS OF LIGHT INTO THE
DARKNESS OF THE ETERNAL
NIGHT.

ALL THESE WORDS KARXYN
SPEAKS, AS HE HAS BEEN
TAUGHT, MOUTHING THE
SOUNDS WHOSE MEANING
IS DIMMED AND DIS-
TANCED WITH EACH TELLING.



THE UNREMEMBERED
KNOW NOTHING OF
PLANETS, OF SPACE
VESSELS, OF STARS
AND UNIVERSES
CALLING OUT FOR
EXPLORATION.

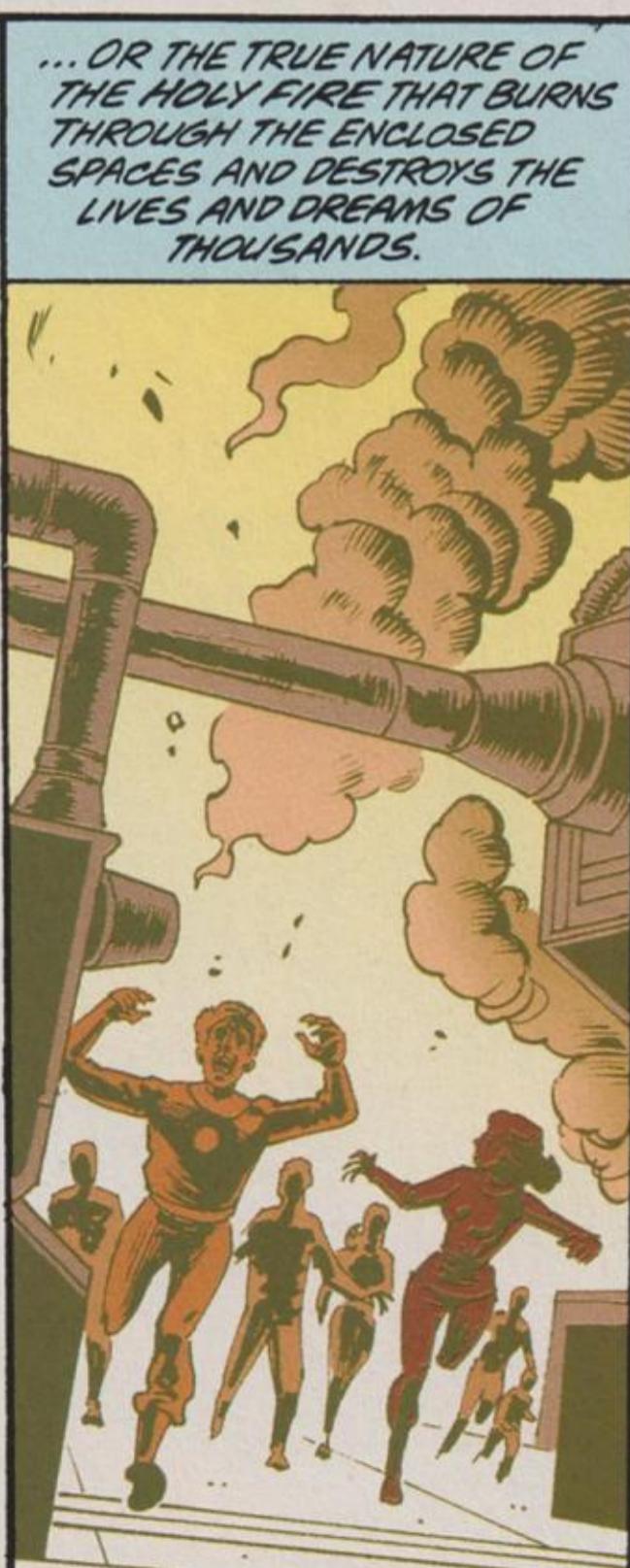
... OR THE TRUE NATURE OF
THE HOLY FIRE THAT BURNS
THROUGH THE ENCLOSED
SPACES AND DESTROYS THE
LIVES AND DREAMS OF
THOUSANDS.

BUT THEY UNDERSTAND ONLY
TOO WELL THE TIMES OF HAR-
SHIP AND DEPRIVATION WHICH
FOLLOW.

THE PAINFUL
EKING OUT OF
A PITIFUL
SUBSISTENCE
LIFE...

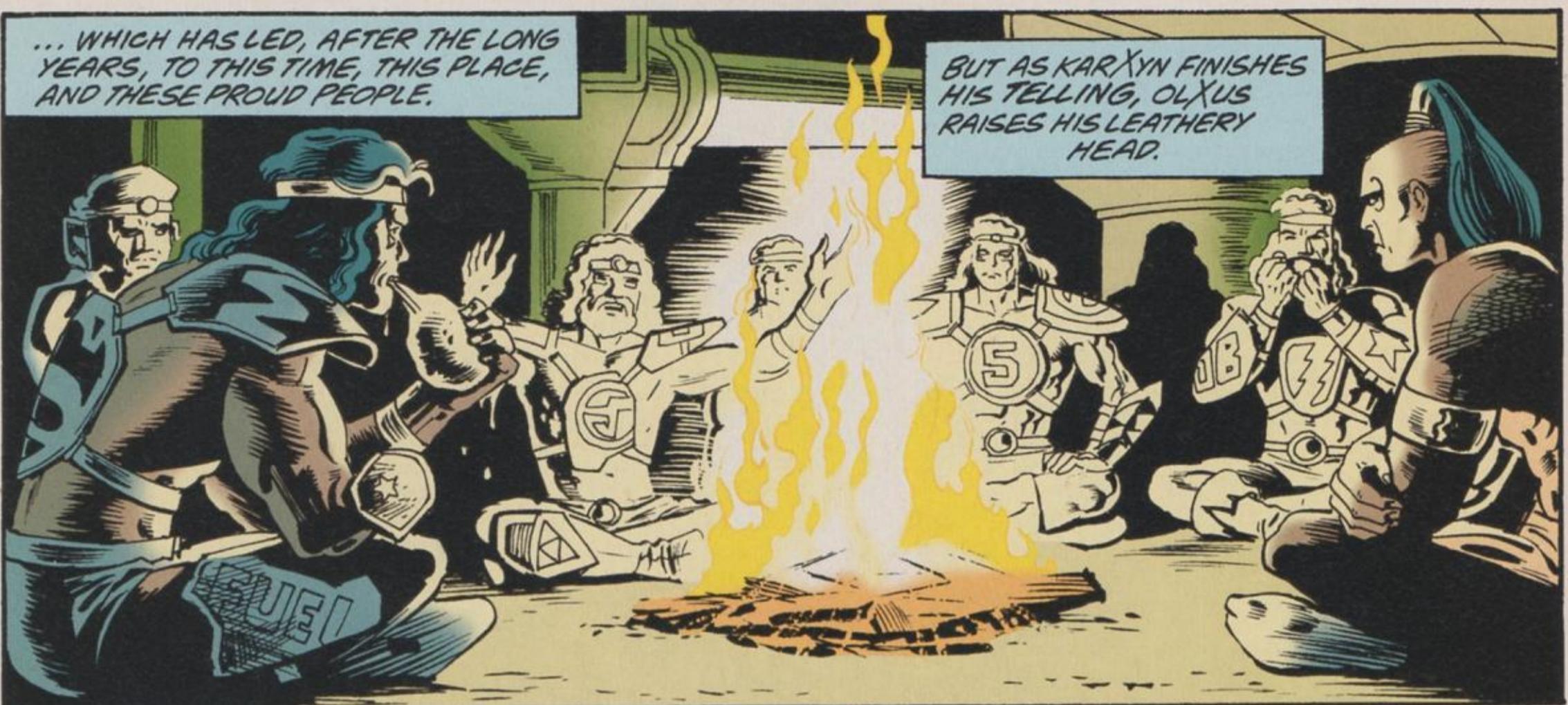


THEY CANNOT BEGIN
TO COMPREHEND A
WARP FIELD
BREACH...



... WHICH HAS LED, AFTER THE LONG YEARS, TO THIS TIME, THIS PLACE, AND THESE PROUD PEOPLE.

BUT AS KAR XYN FINISHES HIS TELLING, OLXUS RAISES HIS LEATHERY HEAD.



HE IS A RARE THING IN THE TRIBE, ONE OF THE UNREMEMBERED WHO HAS NUMBERED HIS DAYS AS MORE THAN TWO HUNDRED CYCLES...

... AND THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THIS ACCOMPLISHMENT ADDS WEIGHT AND VALUE TO THE WORDS HE ADDS TO KAR XYN'S RHYME.



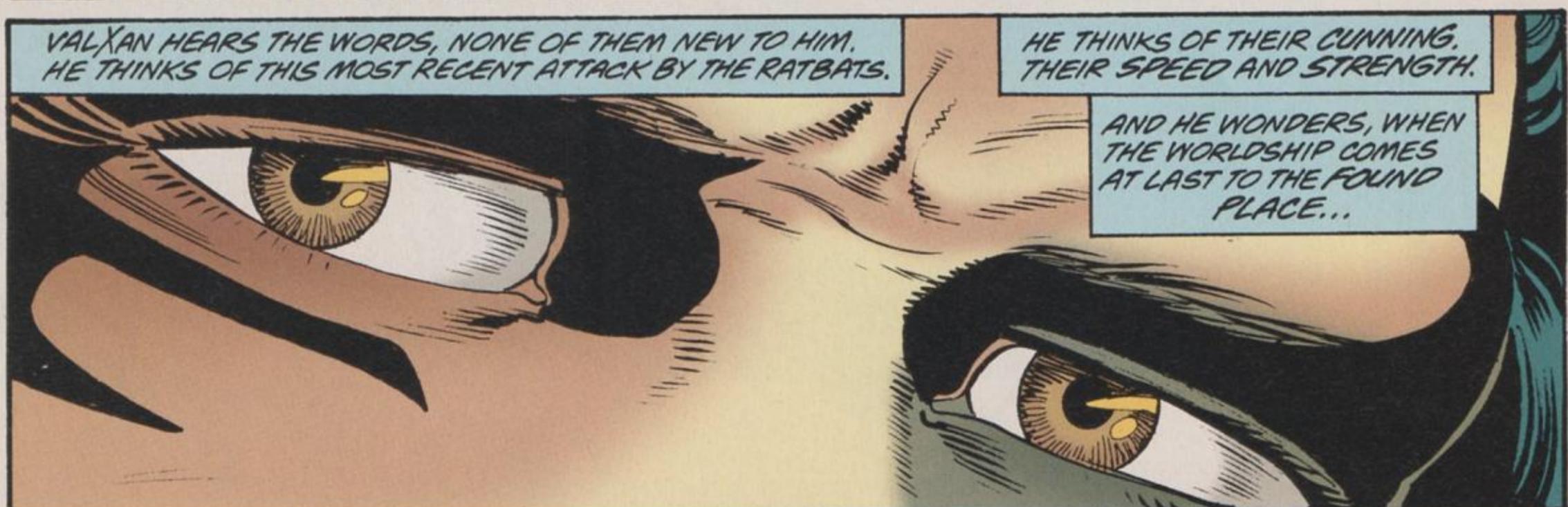
"TO BECOME DIFFERENT CREATURES, TO ANSWER THE DIFFERENT DEMANDS OF THE WORLD.
"SO THAT UNREMEMBERED AND RATBAT MIGHT CLAIM COMMON LINEAGE, IN THE LONG CORRIDORS OF TIME."



VAL XAN HEARS THE WORDS, NONE OF THEM NEW TO HIM. HE THINKS OF THIS MOST RECENT ATTACK BY THE RATBATS.

HE THINKS OF THEIR CUNNING, THEIR SPEED AND STRENGTH.

AND HE WONDERS, WHEN THE WORLDSHIP COMES AT LAST TO THE FOUND PLACE...



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... WILL IT BE MAN
OR MONSTER THAT
STEPS OUT TO CLAIM
THE FUTURE?

IF THERE IS
A FUTURE.

SUCH THINGS DO NOT
CONCERN ALYXA AS
SHE CONTINUES HER
EXPLORATIONS.

HER PATH HAS TAKEN
HER UP, AND EVER UP,
HIGHER AND HIGHER
INTO THIS STRANGE,
NEW LANDSCAPE.

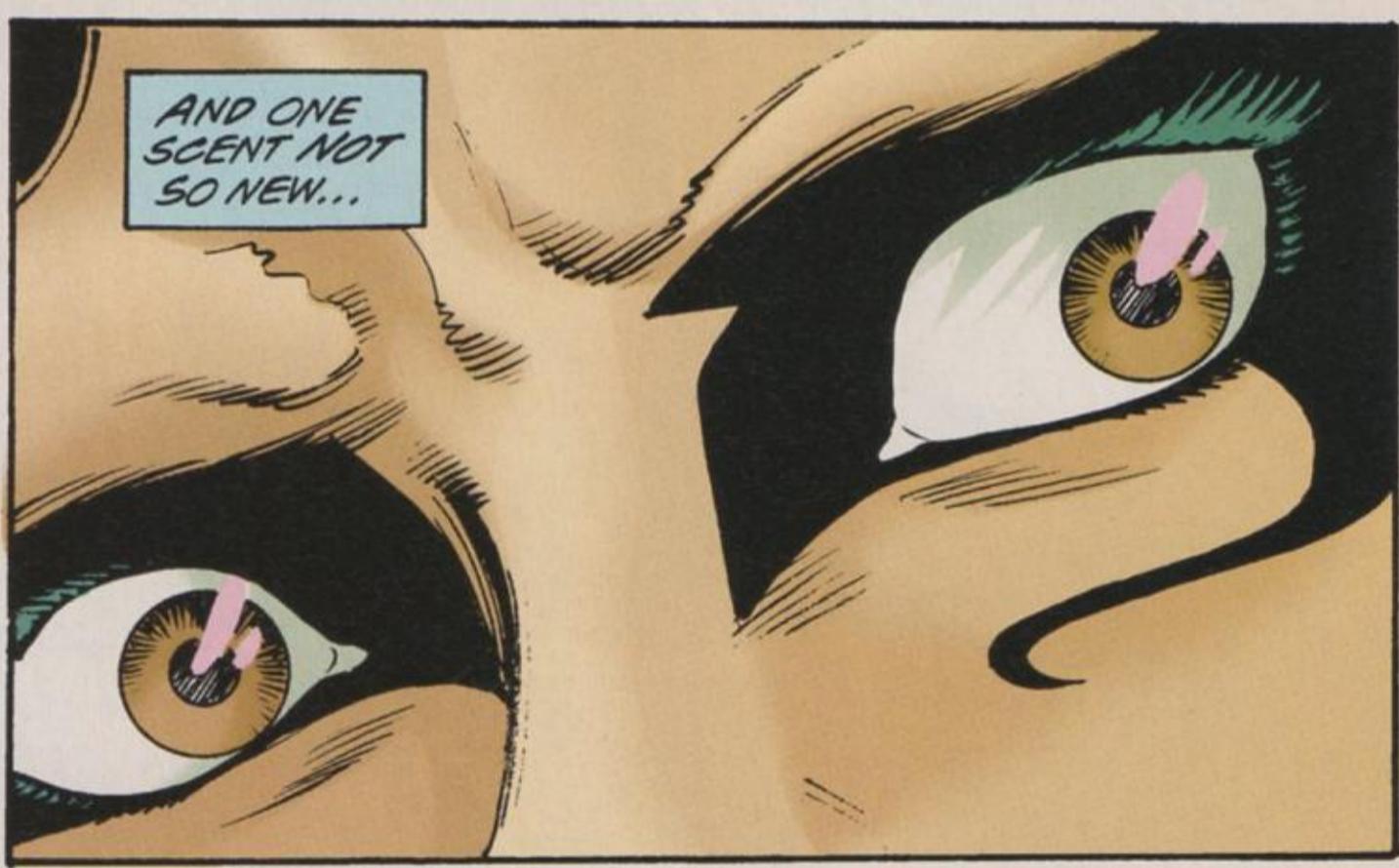
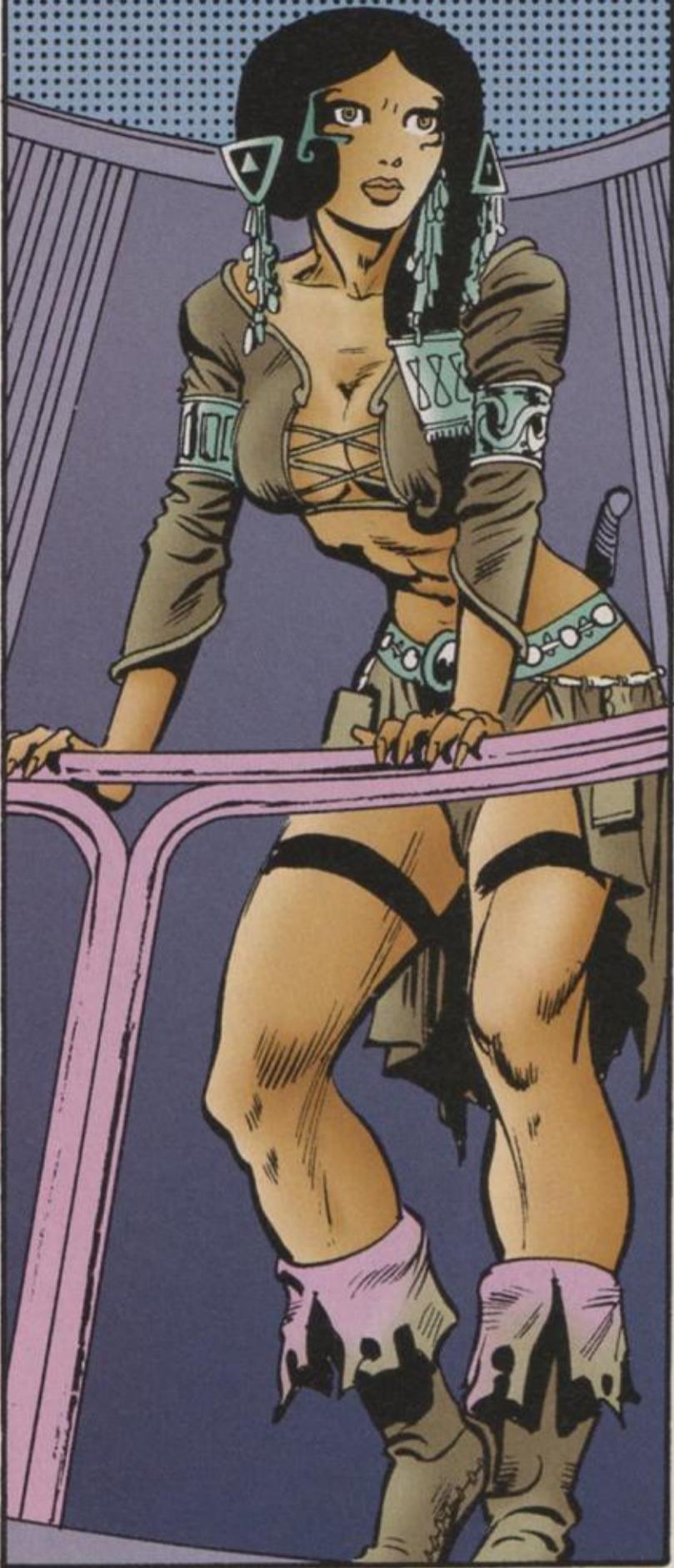
NOW SHE LOOKS DOWN FROM
A GLEAMING STEEL CATWALK
INTO A CHAMBER ALIVE WITH
SUBTLE SOUNDS AND PULSATING
ENERGIES.

SHE LOOKS, HER INSTINCTS
TELL HER, AT THE VERY
HEART AND MIND OF
THE WORLD.

THESE, THEN, MUST BE THE PLACES EVEN THE OLDEST OF THE UNREMEMBERED HAVE LONG SINCE FORGOTTEN.

PLACES THAT HAVE FALLEN OUT OF THE TALES, THE LEGENDS, AS THE MEANING OF THEIR NAMES AND FUNCTIONS BECAME MORE AND MORE ALIEN TO THE SURVIVORS OF THAT LONG-AGO DISASTER.

ALYXA MOVES THROUGH THE STRANGE SPACE, FEELING THE PRICKLE OF ENERGIES ON HER SMOOTH, BARE FLESH.





AND IN ONE TERRIFYING INSTANT, BEFORE SHE CAN RUN, BEFORE SHE CAN HIDE...

ALYXA REALIZES THE GRASPING RODS THAT REACH OUT TO ENCOMPASS THE BRAINCASE OF THE RATBAT...

... ARE RADIATING ENERGIES THAT FILL ALYXA'S OWN HORRIFIED MIND...

... AND HURL HER ACROSS THE ENDLESS GULFS OF TIME AND SPACE...

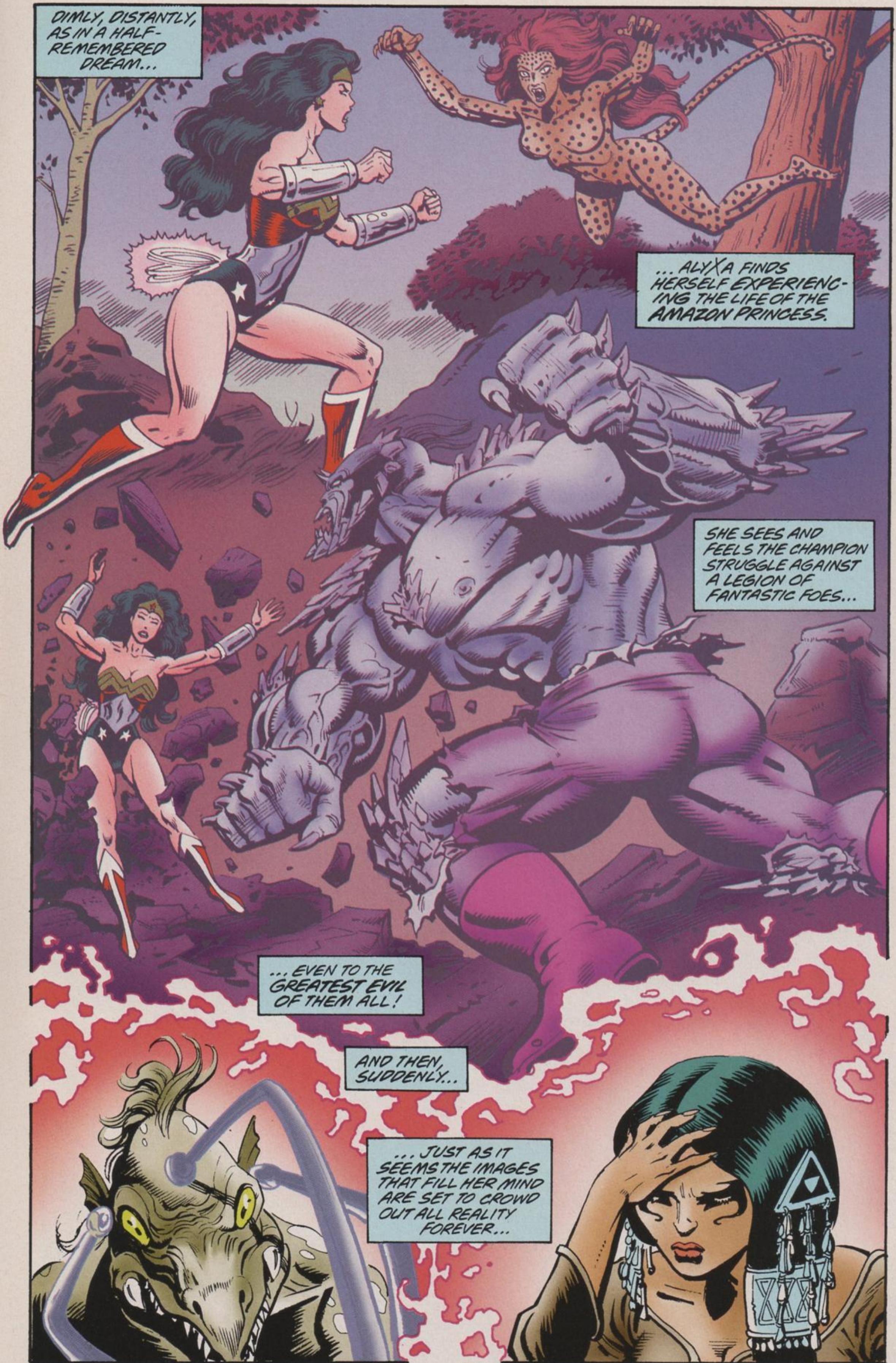
TO ANOTHER PLACE, ANOTHER WORLD!

THE FORMS ARE ALTERED, NOT QUITE AS THE CHANTING OF THE TELLING HAS PAINTED THEM IN ALYXA'S MIND...

...BUT SHE KNOWS THEM AT ONCE AS IMAGES OF THE LOST PLACE...

...AND OF THE MYTHIC CHAMPION KNOWN TO ALL WHO LIVED THERE AS WONDER WOMAN.

DIMLY, DISTANTLY,
AS IN A HALF-
REMEMBERED
DREAM...



...THE FEMALE RATBAT BREAKS THE CONNECTION WITH THE STRANGE MACHINES.



SHE RISES FROM HER SEAT AND TURNS AWAY, HER BODY TREMBLING, HER STEPS UNSURE.



ALYXA CAN UNDERSTAND FULL WELL HOW SHE FEELS.

IF THE TINY PORTION THAT SPILLED INTO HER MIND COULD BE SO POTENT...



...WHAT MIGHT IT BE LIKE TO FEEL THESE THINGS FIRSTHAND.



...ALYXA KNOWS AT ONCE THAT THIS IS PRECISELY WHAT SHE MUST NOW DO.



SOMEHOW, IN THE MOMENT THAT THEIR MINDS TOUCHED, ALYXA FELT THE THOUGHTS OF THE RATBAT.



UNDERSTOOD THE THINGS THE CREATURE DID.



KNEW WHAT SHE MUST DO.



PAIN IS A COLD KNIFE
SLICING DOWN THE LONG
FIBERS OF HER NERVES.



BLOOD AND FIRE MIX IN
HER BRAIN, AND IN THE
FURY OF THEIR JOINING,
ALYXA FINDS HERSELF...

...REBORN!



HER LITHE YOUNG
BODY SINGS WITH
THE POWER THAT
SURGES THROUGH IT.

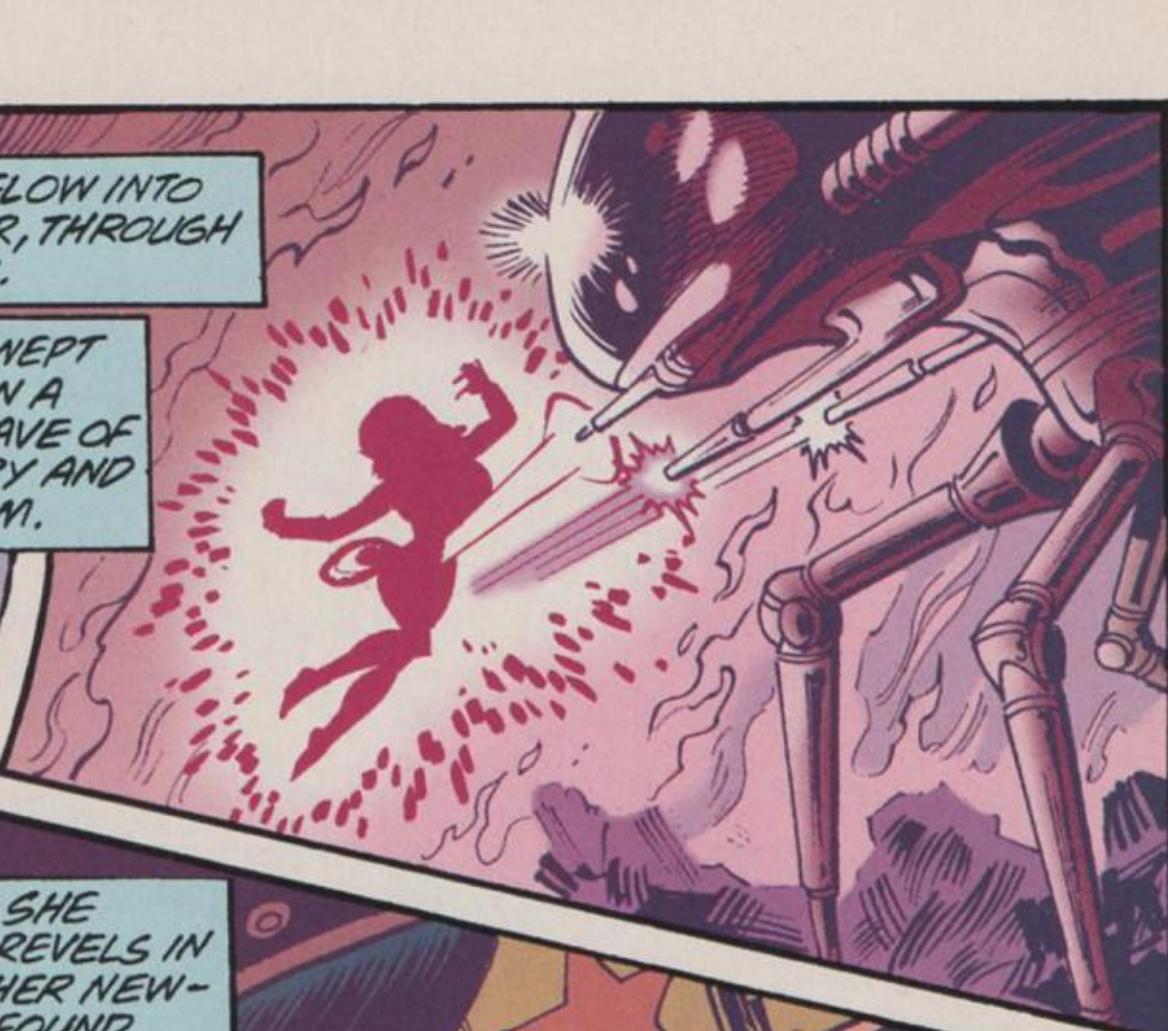
HERS IS THE
STRENGTH OF
A THOUSAND
MEN.



HERS IS THE
SPEED OF
THOUGHT
ITSELF.



THE IMAGES FLOW INTO HER, OVER HER, THROUGH HER.



SHE IS SWEPT ALONG ON A TIDAL WAVE OF MEMORY AND DREAM.



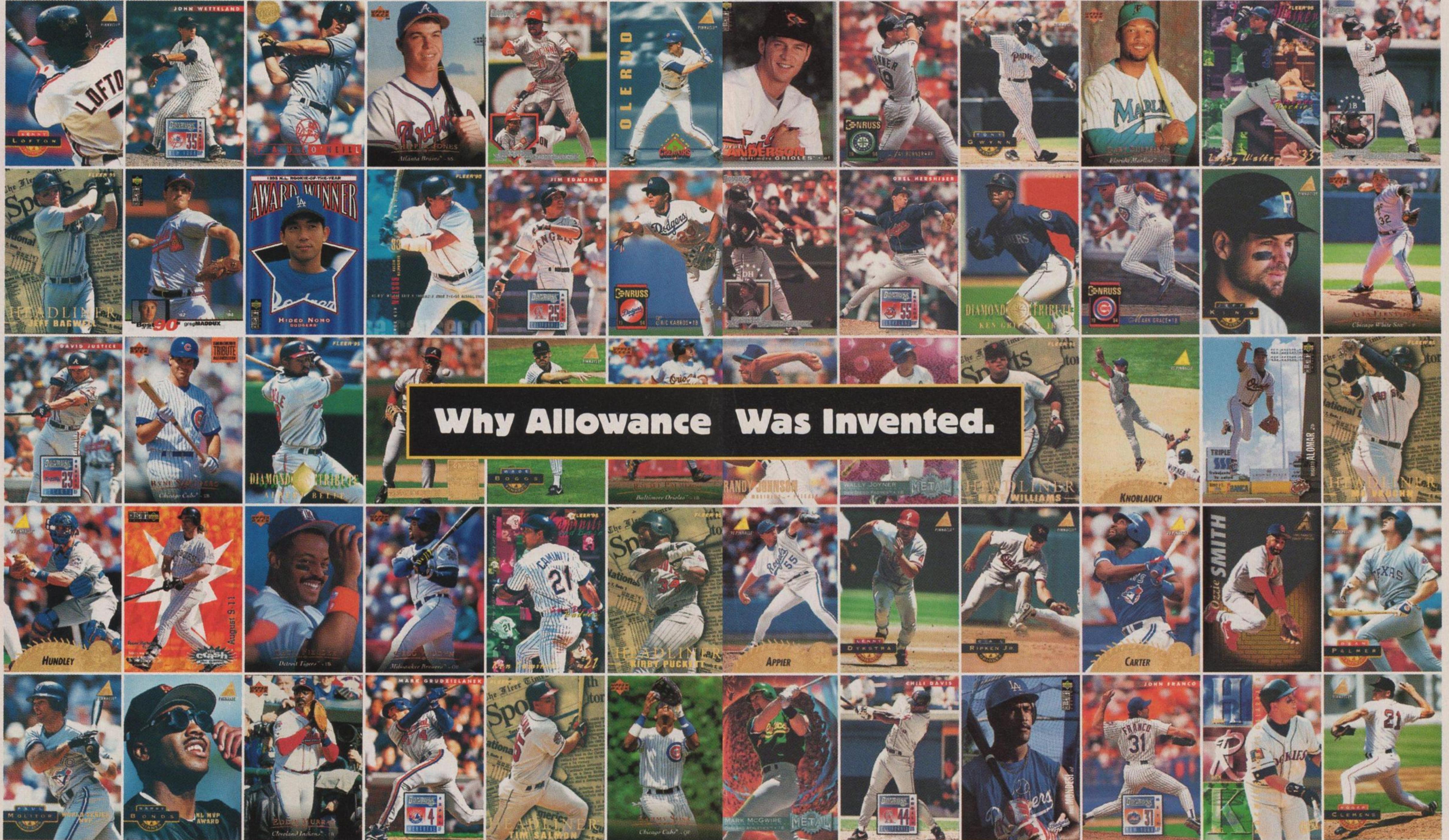
SHE REVELS IN HER NEW-FOUND POWER.



SHE REJOICES IN HER UNLIMITED FREEDOM.



AND SHE STANDS AMAZED TO FIND HERSELF ACCEPTED AS AN EQUAL BY THE MEN WHOSE POWER SHE RIVALS AND EXCEEDS!



Collect 'em. **DONRUSS** Trade 'em. **Fleer SkyBox International** Chase 'em. **Upper Deck** Or just look at 'em. But whatever you do, you've got to have 'em.

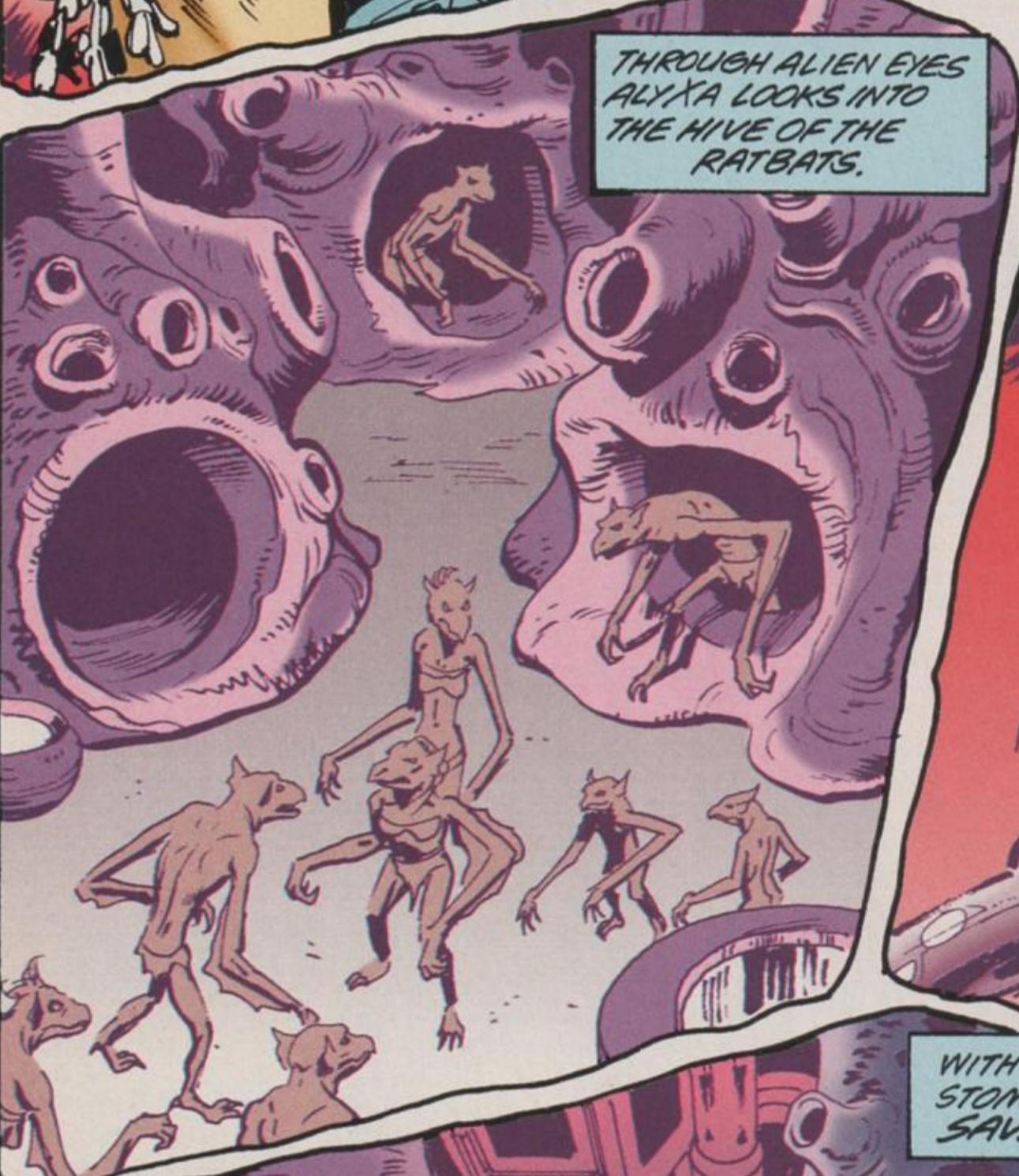
WHAT A GAME.



BUT, UNEXPECTEDLY,
THE VISIONS TURN,
BEGIN TO TAKE ON
OTHER FORMS.

AND ALYXA REALIZES
IT IS NO LONGER THE
STORIES OF LONG LOST
EARTH SHE IS
EXPERIENCING...

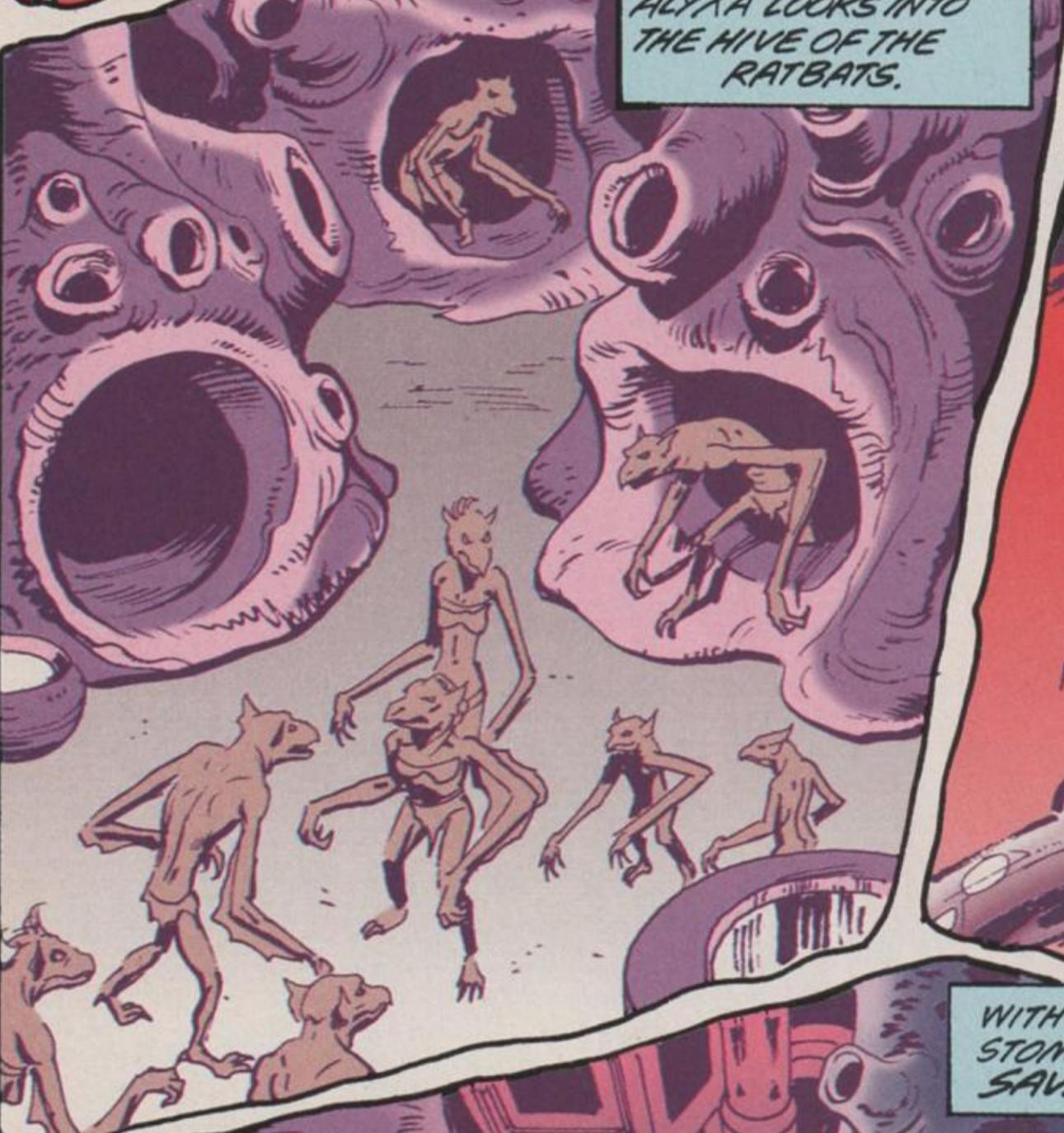
...BUT A RESIDUAL
MEMORY DRAWN FROM
THE MIND OF THE
FEMALE RATBAT!



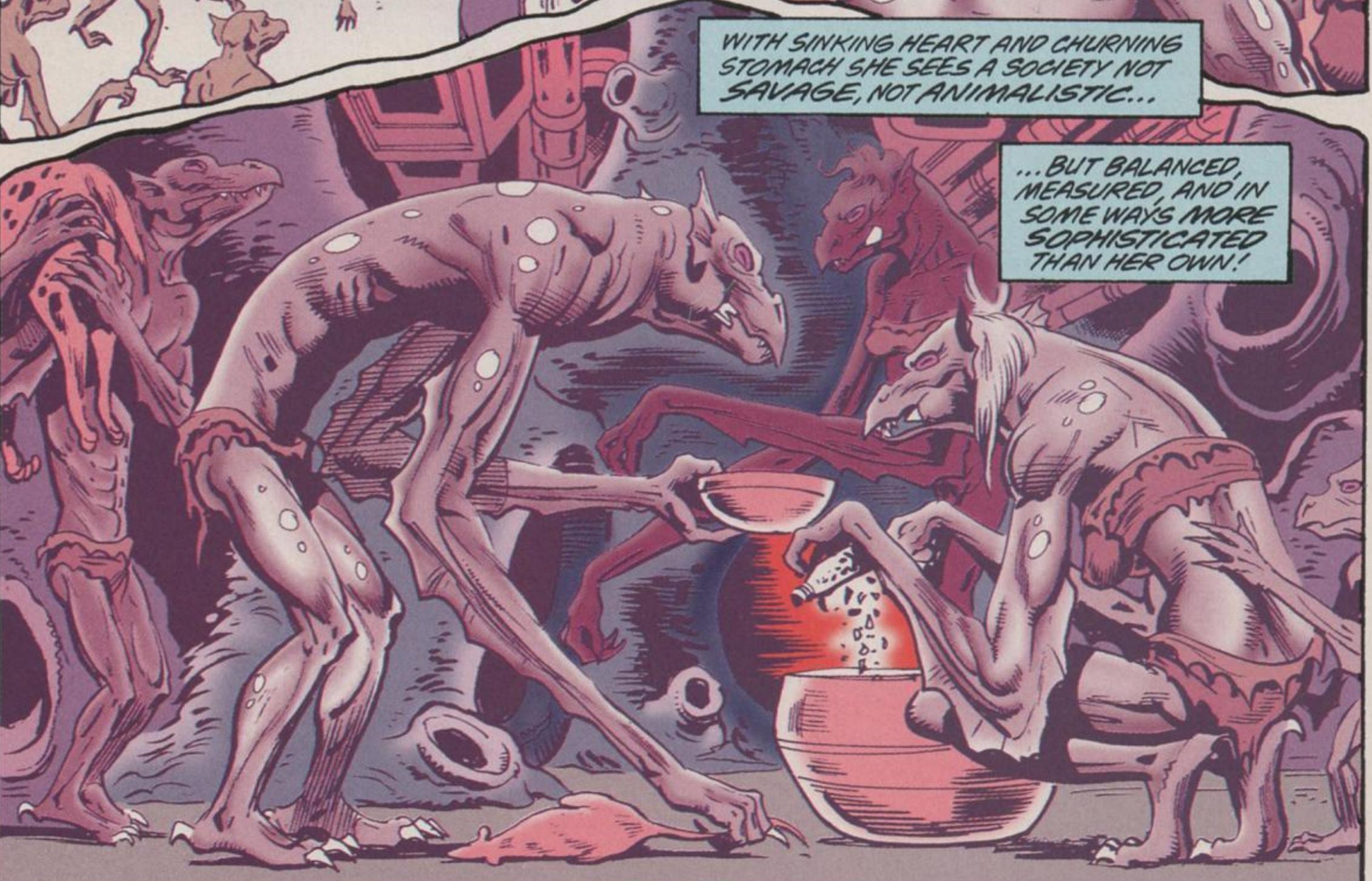
THROUGH ALIEN EYES
ALYXA LOOKS INTO
THE HIVE OF THE
RATBATS.



WITH INHUMAN EARS
SHE HEARS AND
COMPREHENDS THE
SQUEAKS AND CLICKS
OF THEIR SPEECH.



WITH SINKING HEART AND CHURNING
STOMACH SHE SEES A SOCIETY NOT
SAVAGE, NOT ANIMALISTIC...



...BUT BALANCED,
MEASURED, AND IN
SOME WAYS MORE
SOPHISTICATED
THAN HER OWN!

SHE HEARS THE TELLINGS OF THE RATBATS' OWN LORE-MASTERS...

SHE LEARNS THE COMPLEXITY OF THEIR CULTURE AND HERITAGE.

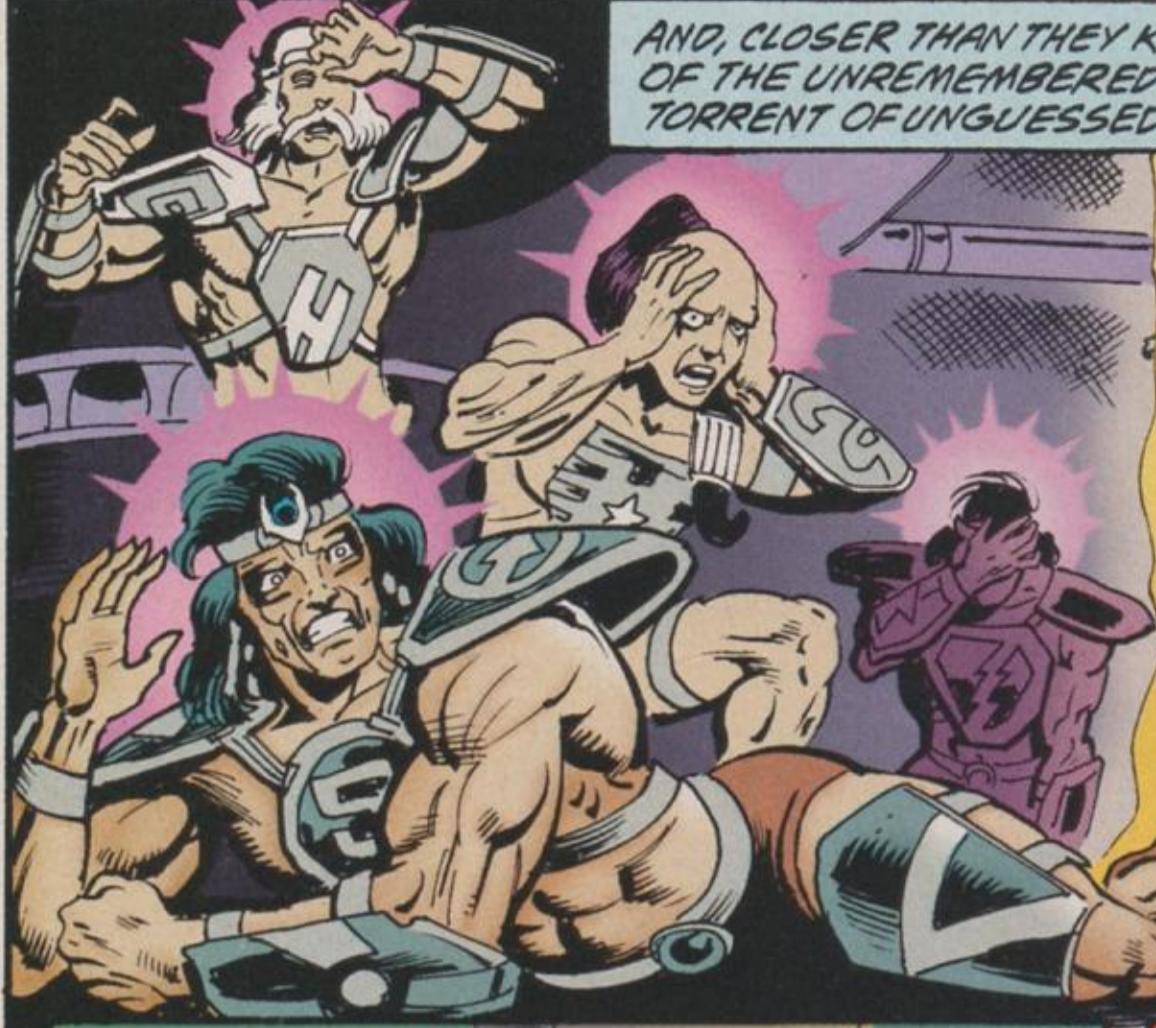
SHE SEES A WORLD IN WHICH THE FEMALES ARE EQUALS, NOT THE PROPERTY OF THE MALES.

AND IN THE END THE POTENT IMAGES OVERWHELM HER.

HER MUSCLES SPASM, UNCONTROLLABLE.

SHE FINDS THE CIRCUIT BROKEN, AND HERSELF HURLED HARD AGAINST THE DUSTY FLOOR.

A SUDDEN EMPTINESS DRAINS HEART AND HOPE FROM HER, AS ALYXA'S OWN, MUCH SMALLER MEMORIES FLOOD IN TO TAKE THEIR PROPER PLACES IN HER MIND.



AND, CLOSER THAN THEY KNOW, THE MENFOLK OF THE UNREMEMBERED REEL BEFORE A TORRENT OF UNGUESSED EMOTION...

...THEIR OWN MINDS HAVING BEEN INVADED, IF ONLY IN A SMALL WAY, BY THE FORCE OF THE MEMORIES ALYXA HAS EXPERIENCED.

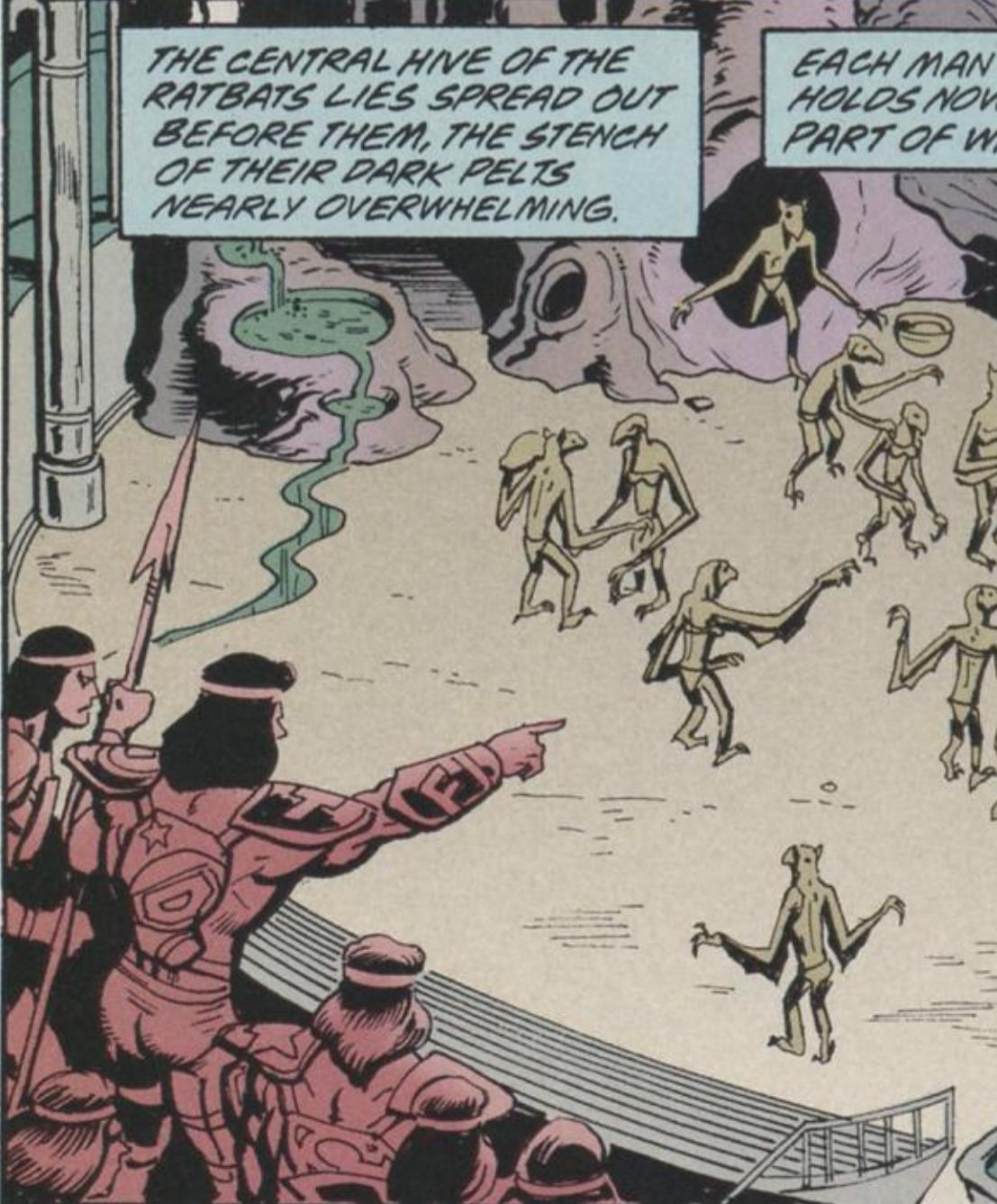


THEIR REACTION IS BORN OF A LIFETIME OF NARROW THOUGHTS AND MARTIAL TRAINING.



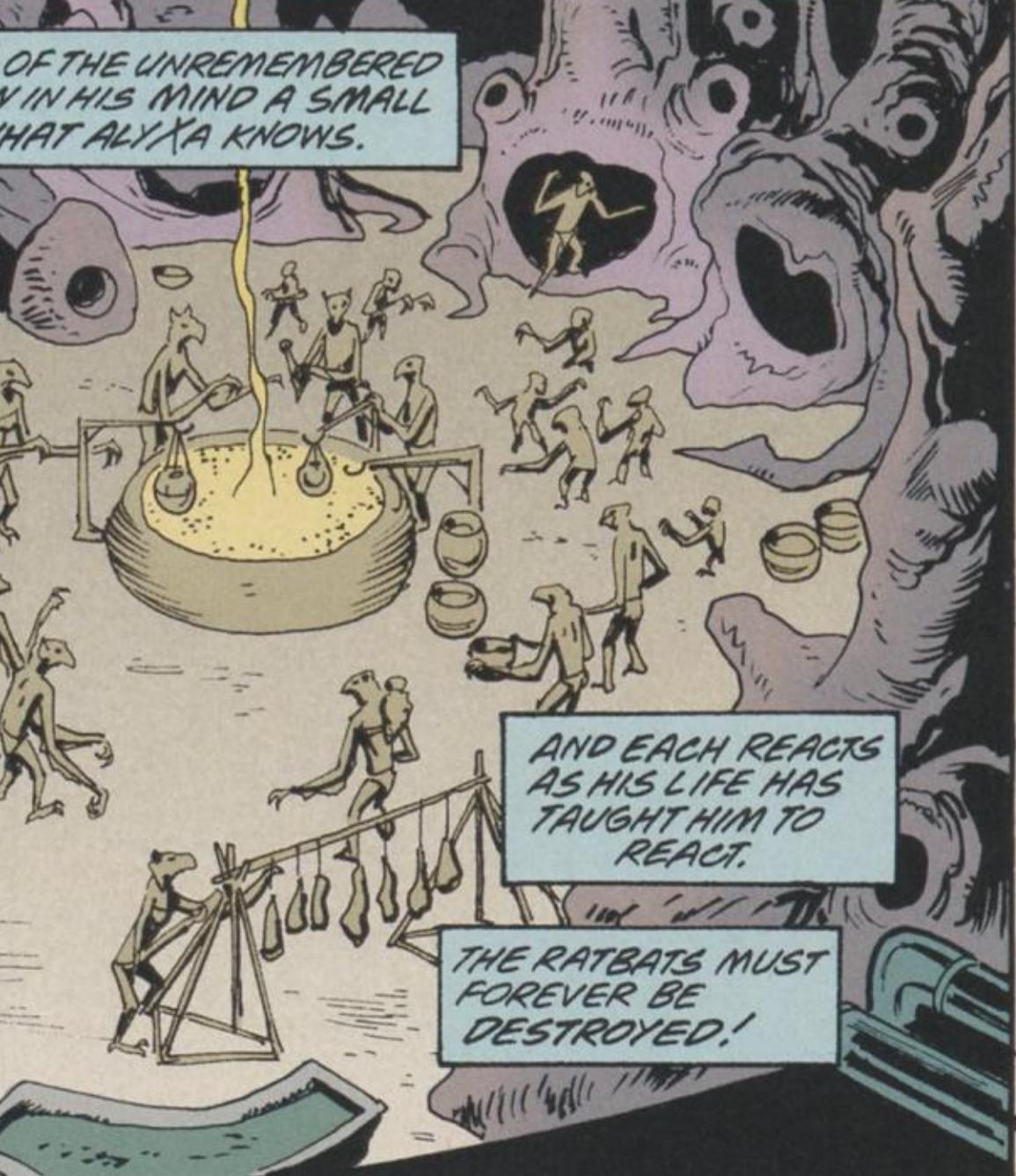
ATTACK!

THERE IS NO ROOM FOR ANY OTHER THOUGHT.



THE CENTRAL HIVE OF THE RATBATS LIES SPREAD OUT BEFORE THEM, THE STENCH OF THEIR DARK PELTS NEARLY OVERWHELMING.

EACH MAN OF THE UNREMEMBERED HOLDS NOW IN HIS MIND A SMALL PART OF WHAT ALYXA KNOWS.



AND EACH REACTS AS HIS LIFE HAS TAUGHT HIM TO REACT.

THE RATBATS MUST FOREVER BE DESTROYED!

THE DECISION HANGS FOR A MOMENT ON THE FETID AIR.

THE TABLEAU LIES FROZEN, AN INSTANT OF TIME, TRAPPED BETWEEN ONE HEARTBEAT AND THE NEXT, AS UNREMEMBERED AND RATBAT LOOK INTO EACH OTHER'S EYES..

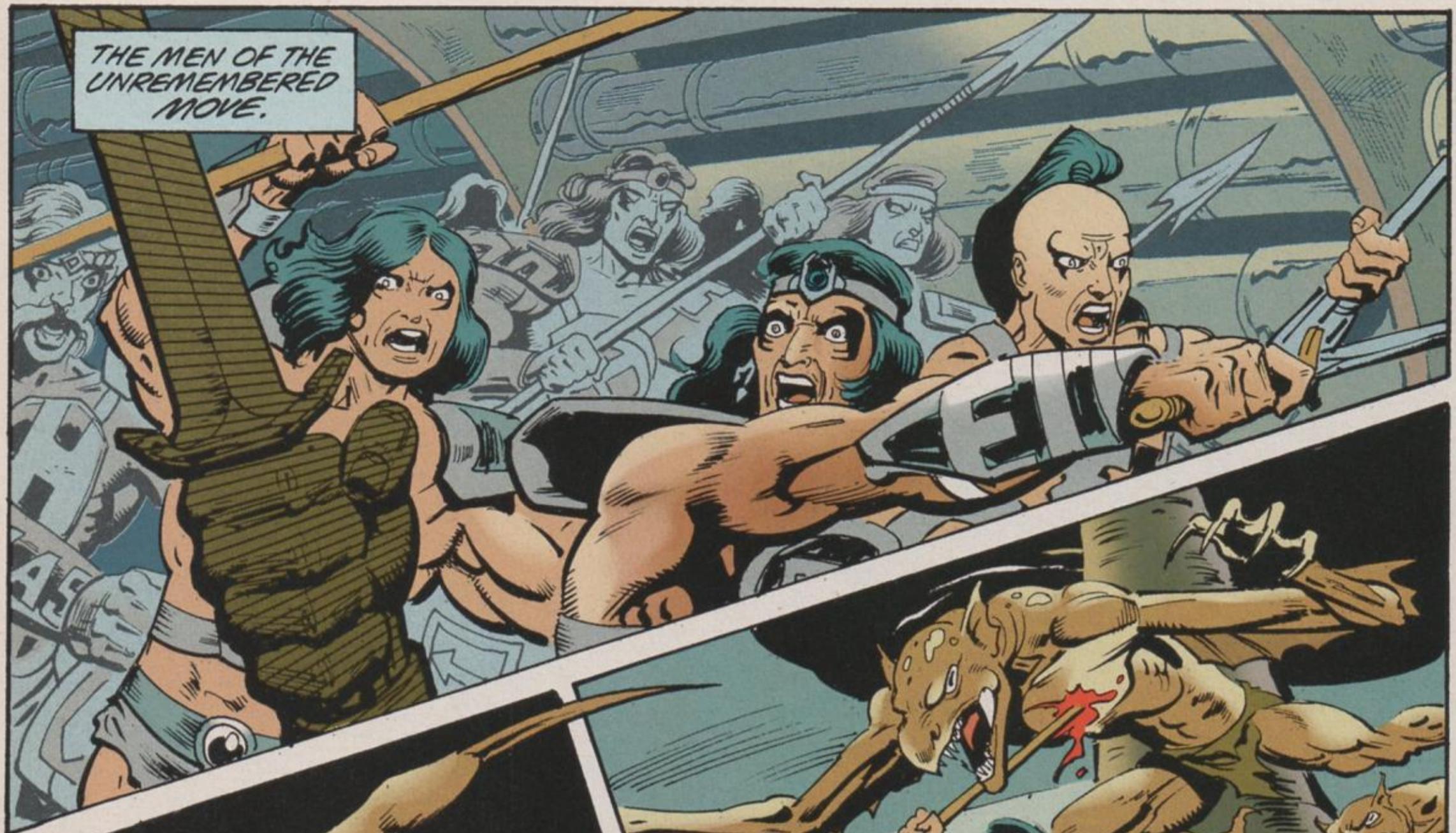
... SEE THE FEAR

... SMELL THE FEAR...

... AND KNOW THAT IN THE NEXT FEW MINUTES THE FUTURE OF TWO DIVERGENT RACES WILL BE DECIDED FOR THE REST OF TIME!



THE MEN OF THE
UNREMEMBERED
MOVE.



THE
WARRIOR
S OF THE RAT-
BATS
RESPOND.



TWIN WAVES
OF FLESH
CRASH HARD
AGAINST EACH
OTHER...



... AND BROTHERS SEPARATED BY
UNCOUNTED GENERATIONS OF
ENFORCED EVOLUTION SET THEM-
SELVES TO THE GRISLY TASK OF
GENOCIDE.



THERE ARE NO WORDS THAT CAN DESCRIBE WHAT FOLLOWS.



THERE IS NO HEROISM HERE, NO GLORY TO BE ADDING TO THE TELLING.



THERE IS ONLY RAGE AND FEAR.

FEAR THAT FILLS VALXAN'S HEART AS HE PURSUDES A SWARM OF INFANT RATBATS.



CONSUMING TERROR THAT SHAKES HIS WARRIOR'S SOUL, BREAKS THE FRAIL FOUNDATIONS OF HIS BELIEFS

...AS HE LOOKS UPON THE SHEER NUMBER OF THE CHILDREN IN THE HIVE...



... AND REALIZES HOW MUCH BETTER THESE CREATURES HE THINKS NO MORE THAN ANIMALS MUST BE AT SHEPHERDING AND HUSBANDING THEIR OWN LIMITED RESOURCES, IF THEY CAN BREED SO FREELY.

HE HAS ONLY A MOMENT FOR SUCH THOUGHTS, HOWEVER.

WATCH this space

NO. 31

THE SUPER-WEDDING OF THE CENTURY! Fill the bottle city of Kandor with champagne — it's time to celebrate! After a courtship of almost 60 years, Clark Kent is tying the knot with his one true love — Lois Lane! Not a Dream! Not a Hoax! Not an Imaginary Story! This is the **Real Deal** — and it happens next week in the **SUPERMAN: THE WEDDING ALBUM!**

"Ever since we killed Superman a few years back, people have been asking what we can do to top that historic storyline," says Superman Editor **Joey Cavalieri**. "With this wedding story, I think we've come up with a storyline the cynics of the world could label a fate **worse** than death!" Joey quips, cynically. But there're no "wedding bell blues" here — the 96-page special is filled with the biggest **celebration** in the history of comics!

THE BEST PART OF BREAKING UP: The WEDDING ALBUM covers it all! From the resolution of the Clark/Lois breakup through the proposal, the plans, the tux, the wedding dress (designed by Jeanette Kastenberg), the bridal shower, the bachelor and bachelorette parties, trouble with the in-laws, the big fight, the visit from the Dark Knight... you know, the usual stuff that happens with any wedding! Oh, yeah — Lois and Clark get married too (with a faboo ring redesigned by Ronald Winston of Harry Winston Jewelers fame!).

All of the regular Super-Team creators worked on sections of the WEDDING ALBUM, with special contributions by some of the top Superman creators from the past, including **John Byrne**, **Terry Austin**, **Jerry Ordway**, **George Pérez**, **Jackson Guice**, **Art Thibert** and featuring the fabulous return of some folks that haven't worked on The Big "S" in a longer while — including the legendary **Al Plastino**, **Nick Cardy** and **Murphy Anderson**! But the real coup was the inclusion of a few pages from the Dean of Superman artists, **Curt Swan** (as if we could do a Superman Wedding Special without Curt!).

Using pages from an unpublished inventory story (plotted by Cindy Goff), the happy task of "retro-fitting" a Curt Swan-pencilled action sequence into the WEDDING ALBUM fell to regular ACTION COMICS writer **David Michelinie**. "I grew up reading the exploits of Superman as illustrated by Curt and Murphy," explained David. "I'd always wanted to work with Curt Swan on a project, and was saddened to learn that I never would after he passed away. I was **very** pleased to find out that there were "some pages in the drawer." David indicated that the sequence was a labor of love as "a monumental story should include a monumental Superman artist."

And what about the legendary creators of Superman — **Jerry Siegel** and **Joe Shuster**? Unfortunately, no unpublished work of theirs exists that could be used for the WEDDING ALBUM, but the men themselves (or at least their immortal Earth-DC versions) appear in the story, along with many of the other Superman writers and artists. (See WTS next week for a complete guide to the Wedding party).

SIGNING THE WEDDING ALBUM: What do some of the other members of the Super-Team think of being a part of the Wedding of the Century? Some thoughts:

MIKE CARLIN: Hope my tux fits! And if it don't... I'm still going to this wedding! I've been waiting almost as long as Lois and Clark have for this! This is the ultimate comic-book team-up! And it only took nearly 60 years!

ROGER STERN: Ah, the Wedding! I've been waiting about six years to write this story — ever since Lois and Clark got engaged! But what I'm really looking forward to — even more than the wedding — is a chance to write the two of them as newlyweds! I can't wait!

DAN JURGENS: Working on Superman is special no matter how you cut it, but the chance to contribute something to a major development in the evolution of Superman is double the honor! It was a real treat to draw the wedding scene between Lois and Clark — a very special moment.

LOUISE SIMONSON: Cool! Fun! Exciting! It was interesting to do an entire wedding from bridal shower to vows in the short amount of time we did it in — in the real world, it usually takes a year! There were several challenges, especially since Superman has no powers in the story (an aftereffect of THE FINAL NIGHT), so it was difficult to include the standard super-hero stuff."

KARL KESEL: It's unbelievably lucky to be a part of such a pivotal moment of Superman history. Sometimes it's strange thinking of him as a married guy, but I'm already having fun exploring the Clark and Lois team. They're the Nick and Nora Charles of the Super-Hero set! The thing to remember is that "this is forever, kids!" I cannot conceive of Superman ever getting divorced!

Mike Carlin agrees that's not gonna happen. "I myself have been divorced. But you can check with my ex-wife — I was no Superman! Lois and Clark are the kind of people who can solve **any** problem. **This one is for good!**"

Joey Cavalieri adds, "We're basically going to be telling the same kinds of Superman stories — just with a married guy. Lois was already a partner in Superman's life, and that's a role she's going to continue — maybe even more so, now."

And what will be the **next** Super-Story? Joey's not tellin' but there already been speculation in fan circles as well as among the creators about the prospects for a Super-Baby. "Well, who knows? We are going to need a big story for next year," says Joey slyly. "But first let's just get them through the honeymoon!"

A NOVEL IDEA! Can't get enough of Lois and Clark? Then check out **Lois & Clark: A Superman Novel**, a just-released hardcover novel by Hugo Award-winning author **C.J. Cherryh**. If her take on the classic couple seems especially informed, it could be because she's been reading Superman comics since she was six. "I read Superman and Batman," she says, "but I **always liked Superman** the best, partly because I liked the storyline and also because **there was a prominent female character**." C.J. does have a few opinions on whether Lois and Clark should tie the knot: "I think as per my own storyline that they've got a lot of important things to work out that wouldn't necessarily be helped out by their being married. **There's an awful lot of unfinished business** that would add to the stress," C.J. says. Pausing for a moment, she adds, "On the other hand, that could lead to a lot of interesting stories." So is that a vote for or against?

THE TV RECEPTION: The wedding of Lois and Clark is so big a deal that it really couldn't be contained in **only** 96 pages. Don't miss the television wedding of **Teri Hatcher** (Lois) and **Dean Cain** (Clark) **this Sunday night** (October 6) on **ABC** (Truth, Justice and the American Broadcasting Company?!). As was planned from the beginning of the show four seasons ago, the wedding of the century will be presented in the comics and on national television but don't expect one to be an adaptation of the other. (Hey, after nearly 60 years, who cares how we get there — let's just get there!)

SEE Y'ALL AT THE RECEPTION!

NEXT WEEK: ANIMANIACS #20 ■ AZRAEL #24 ■ BATMAN #537 ■ IMPULSE #20 ■ GREEN ARROW #115
LEGIONNAIRES #43 ■ LOBO/DEMON: HELLOWE'EN #1 (Boo!) ■ NIGHT FORCE #1 (They're BAAAACK!) ■ NEW GODS #13
SOVEREIGN SEVEN #17 ■ SUPERGIRL #4 ■ SUPERMAN: THE WEDDING ALBUM ■ SUPERMAN/WONDER WOMAN: WHOM GODS DESTROY #1 ■ TEMPEST #2 and SUPERMAN/DOOMSDAY Bookends (Superman protects YOUR books from the threat of Doomsday!)





THE SOUND EXPLODES ON THEM,
SUDDEN, SHRILL, FIERCE.

YET NOW, WITH THE
LINGERING ECHOES OF
ALYXA'S VISIONS STILL
REVERBERATING IN
THEIR MINDS, THEY
SOMEHOW RECOG-
NIZE THE SOUNDS
AS SPEECH...

... AND WHILE THEY DO NOT
UNDERSTAND IT, FULLY,
ITS TONE, ITS INTENT
IS FAMILIAR TO THEM.

AS FAMILIAR AS THE
PATTERNS ON THE
CRUDELY CRAFTED
GARMENTS THE
RATBAT WEARS.

SHE HURLS HERSELF INTO THEIR MIDST, AND THE MEN OF THE UNREMEMBERED
WOULD BE HARD PRESSED TO TELL WHICH IS THE GREATER SHOCK TO THEM.





ONE BY ONE THE PROUD
MEN OF THE UNREMEM-
BERED FALL.



RALLYING TO THE CALL
OF THEIR CHAMPION,
THE RATBATS MOVE
QUICKLY TO MAINTAIN
THIS SUDDEN TURN OF
THE TIDE.

...THE BLOOD OF HUMANS MIXES FREELY
WITH THE BLOOD OF FALLEN RATBATS...

...AND IF ANYONE WERE TO
PAUSE, TO LOOK...



THEY WOULD MOST CERTAINLY NOTICE
THAT BLOOD IS EVERYWHERE THE
SAME BRIGHT COLOR.



THE BATTLE
ENDS.

WHAT FOLLOWS NEXT CAN ONLY
BE THE SLAUGHTER.

BUT AS THE RATBATS
MOVE TO SLAY THEIR
LIFELONG ENEMIES...

...IT IS THE STRANGELY GARBED
FEMALE WHO MOVES TO STOP THEM.

AND THE
SURPRISE
OF VALXAN
AND THE
OTHERS
COMES
AS MUCH
FROM
THIS...

...AS FROM THE
REALIZATION SHE
IS PLEADING ON
THEIR BEHALF!

AND IN THIS
MOMENT, VALXAN
SEES HIS CHANCE.

HE MOVES WITH ALL
THE SPEED HIS
TRAINING HAS GIVEN
HIM.

THAT SAME TRAINING WHICH
DRIVES HIM TO DESTROY THIS
ABOMINATION BEFORE
SHE CAN CONTAMINATE THE
MINDS OF OTHERS OF THE
UNREMEMBERED.

BUT BEFORE
THE SPEAR
CAN THRUST,
THERE IS
ANOTHER
FEMALE
FORM
BETWEEN
VALXAN
AND THE
RATBAT

... AND IT IS ALYXA'S
CLEAR, STRONG VOICE
THAT DOES THE CUTTING,
THROUGH THE SHROUD
OF MINDLESS HATRED
THAT BLOCK ALL THOUGHT
FROM VALXAN'S BRAIN.

"THIS FEMALE
IS NOT OUR ENEMY,"
ALYXA SAYS.
"NONE OF THE
RATBATS ARE!"

"THEY ARE SO
MUCH LIKE US,"
ALYXA SAYS. "THEY
ARE BORN OF THE
SAME ANCE-
STORS, SPAWNED
BY THE SAME
LOST HOME."

"THEY FIGHT ONLY TO PRESERVE
WHAT THEY THINK IS THEIRS,"
ALYXA SAYS, AND THE WORDS
STRIKE DEEP CHORDS IN VALXAN'S
HEART, DESPITE HIMSELF.

"THEY ARE OUR
BROTHERS. AND THEY
ARE OUR SISTERS."

"I HAVE SEEN THE OLD MEMORIES, AS THEY ARE STORED IN THE WORLDSHIP," ALYXA SAYS. "I HAVE LEARNED MUCH. BUT THE RATBAT FEMALE HAS LEARNED MORE."

"WE MUST LEARN THIS NOW, MY BROTHERS. THE WAYS WE HAVE WALKED ARE WRONG."

"THE CREATURES WE THOUGHT MONSTERS ARE MORE CIVILIZED THAN US. THEY CAN HELP US."

... IT WILL BE A WORLD SHARED BY ALL, WITHOUT THE FALSE DISTINCTIONS OF SPECIES, RACE OR GENDER.

THE WORDS CANNOT HELP BUT RING TRUE. THE MEN HAVE SEEN ONLY A SMALL PART OF WHAT ALYXA HAS SEEN, BUT IT IS ENOUGH.

THEY SEE NOW, FOR THE FIRST TIME, THE TRUE SHAPE OF THE FUTURE. THEY SEE THEIR PLACE IN IT.

AND THEY UNDERSTAND AT LAST, THAT WHEN AND IF THE WORLDSHIP EVER CARRIES THEM TO A PLACE THEY CAN TRULY CALL THEIR OWN...

A WORLD SUCH AS WAS PROPHESIED BY THE FIRST, TRUE
WONDER WOMAN.

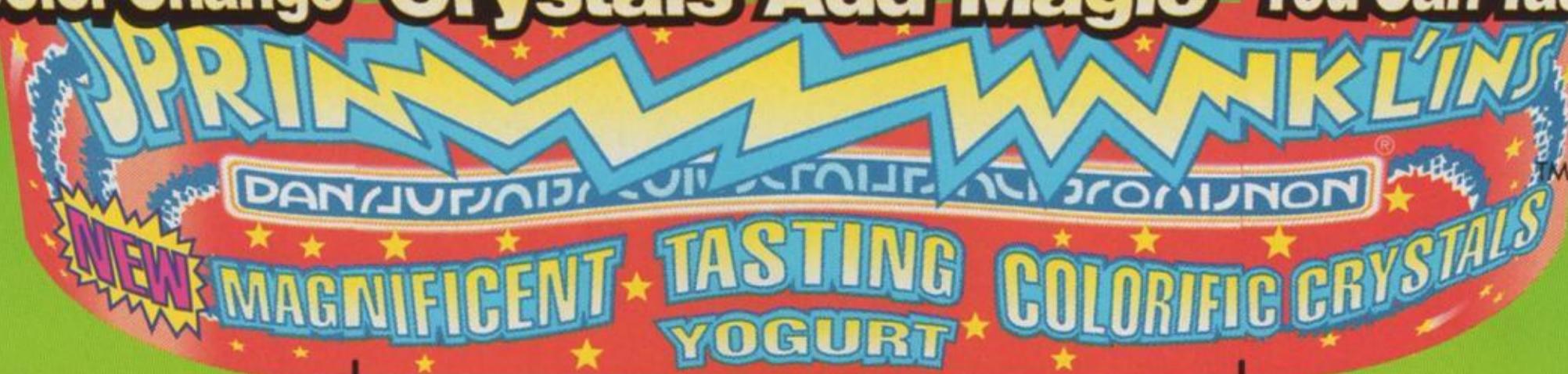
Try this
trick
and see
what magic
you can make



Fold page so
arrow B meets arrow A



Color Change Crystals Add Magic You Can Taste



Fold this section over left



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