



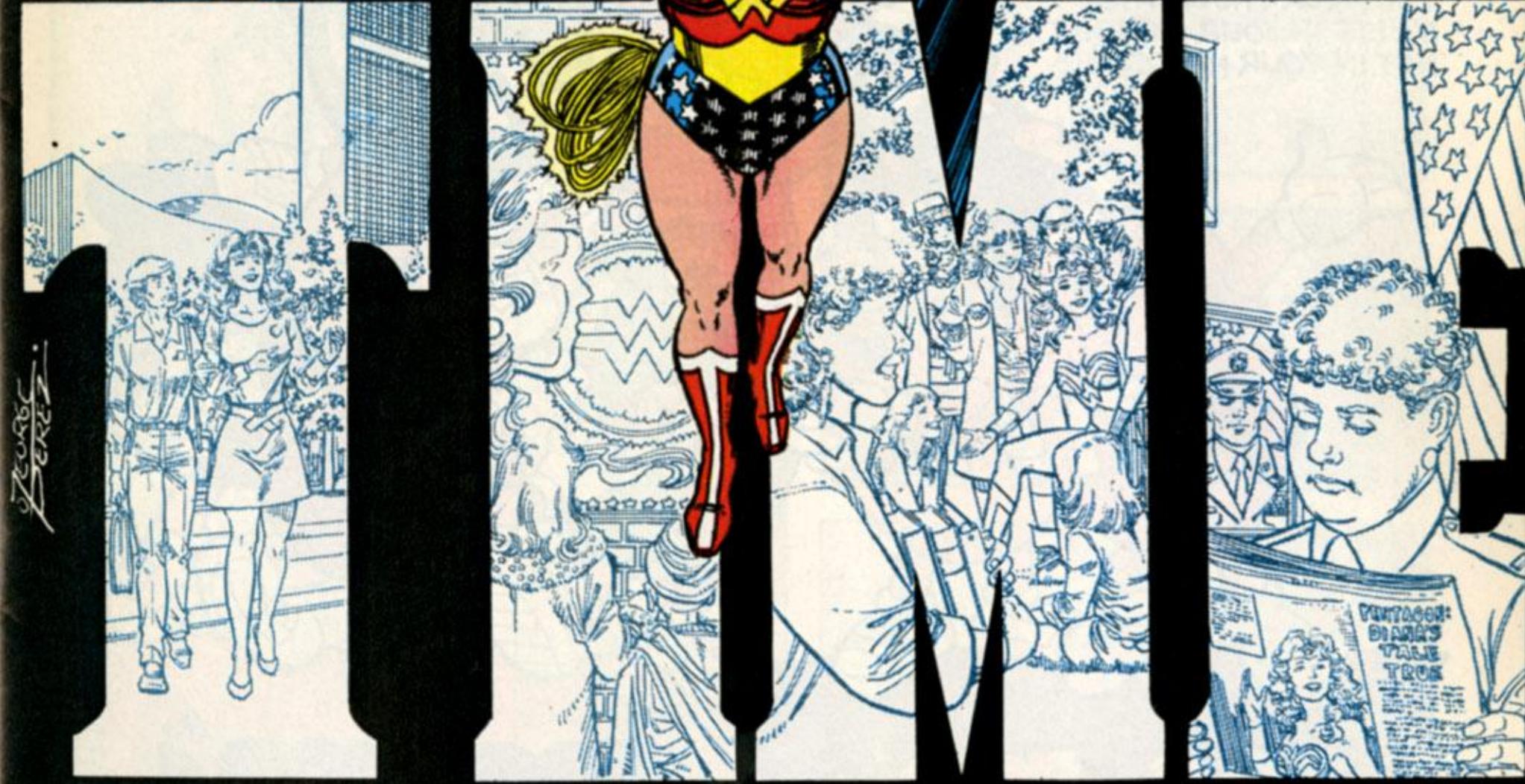
8 75¢ CAN. \$1.00 U.K. 40p SEPT. 87

APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE C.C. AUTHORITY

WONDER WOMAN

PEREZ • WEIN

PATTERSON



WHO
watches
the
WATCHMEN?

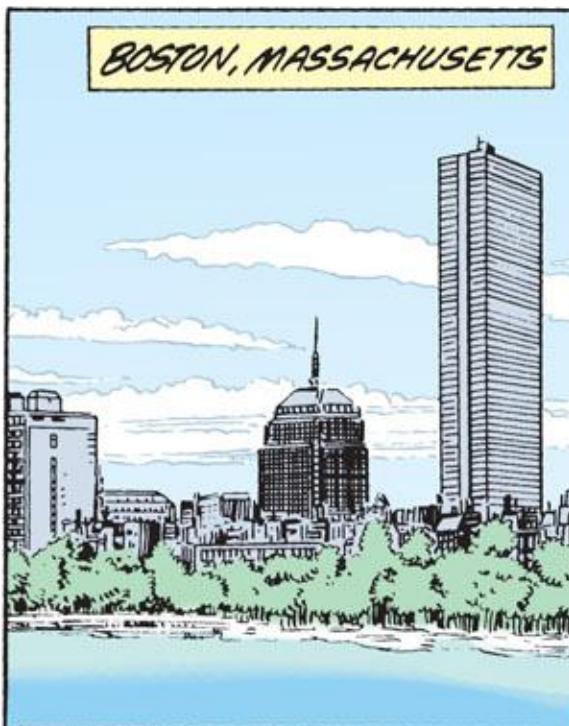
PASSAGES

DC Comics Proudly Presents

WONDER WOMAN®

created by
William Moulton
Marston

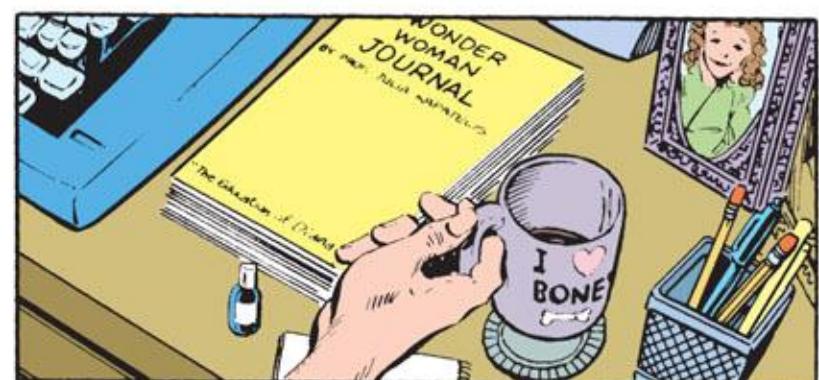
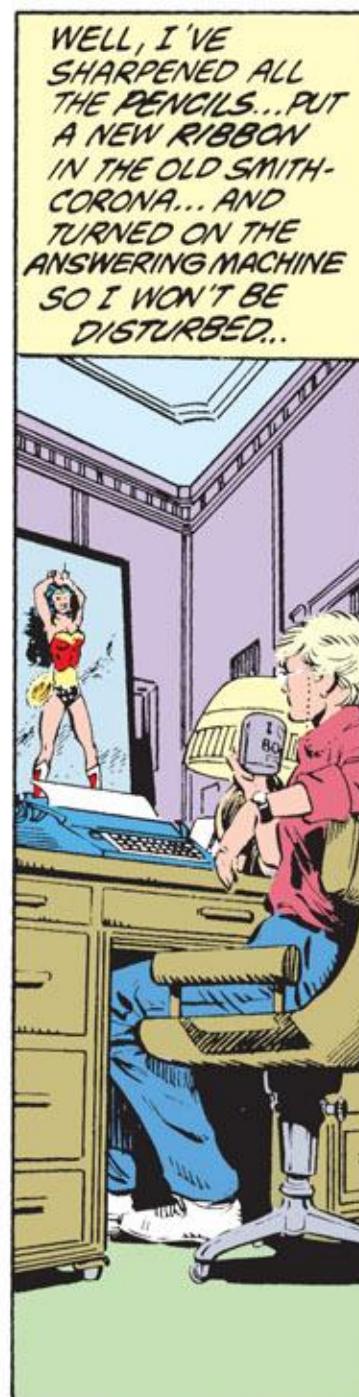
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS



GEORGE PÉREZ
Plotter/Penciller
LEN WEIN/
GEORGE PÉREZ
Scripters
BRUCE PATTERSON
Inker

TIME PASSAGES

JOHN COSTANZA &
L.S. MACINTOSH
letterers
TATJANA WOOD
colorist
KAREN BERGER
editor



JOURNAL

APRIL, 1987

I have walked the sands of the Kalahari, inhaled the dust of Tutankhamon's tomb, published four definitive volumes of Greek history, borne a daughter, buried a husband, but nothing I've ever done before has been as difficult as this. There is so much to say about the Princess Diana, so little time to say it.

I sit here studying the stunning poster of Diana that her publicist, Myndi Mayer, commissioned for the Wonder Woman speaking tour. Despite my initial reservations about Ms. Mayer, I have to admit she has done an admirable job of promoting Diana's mission to Man's World (as the Amazons are wont to call it).

It has been a rather intense time for Diana, what with the untold hours we spent in my library to prepare the Princess for her appearance before the United Nations General Assembly. I would have preferred more hours of rehearsal, but the time limit imposed on Diana by her mother, Queen Hippolyte, made that practically impossible. Despite the pressure, I'm still astonished by Diana's ability to assimilate so much information so quickly.

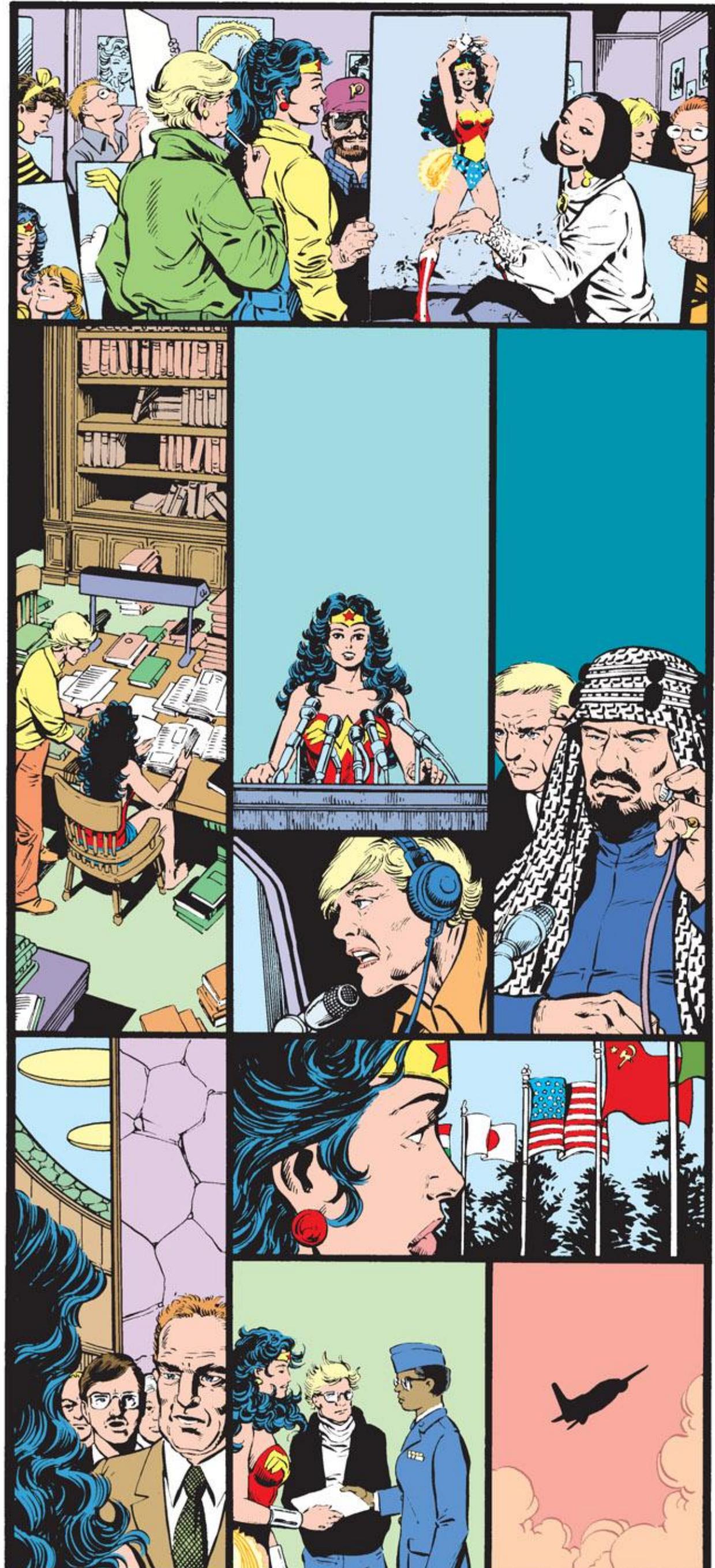
At the UN, Diana insisted I act as her interpreter, since she spoke in her native Themysciran, the Amazon dialect derived from ancient Greek. Diana felt the English language was still too new to her, and she wanted no possible misinterpretation of her message of love and peace.

Unfortunately, Diana soon discovered that, in some backward countries of this supposedly "enlightened" world, the words of a woman, no matter how meaningful or true, simply will not be heard.

To make matters worse, the Russian delegate protested that Diana's star-spangled uniform belied her true political leanings and thus her involvement in the Ares Affair. He casually dismissed the mythological aspects of the Affair as patently absurd and denounced Diana as an American propagandist. This left the Princess more perplexed than ever regarding the strange political problems her costume seemed to generate in Man's World, and she was determined to discover the cause.

Thus, despite my protestations, Diana accepted an invitation from the military to prove that the Ares Assault had been much more than an attempted military coup. The Government requested I not attend this meeting, and I couldn't really blame them, considering how I'd ruined their plans to keep the matter quiet. Still, I accompanied Diana to the airfield to see her off.

It would be a week before I saw her again.





Something happened to Diana while she was away, something that changed her attitude completely. She returned to Boston quite subdued, determined to dedicate herself to quiet, contemplative study. Despite her little time remaining in our world, Diana asked me to call Myndi Mayer and cancel all further public appearances. It seemed the Princess was finally becoming aware of how different this new, troubled world was from her beloved Paradise Island.

In retrospect, I have begun to wonder if Diana has clairvoyant powers as well. For her self-imposed exile came at almost precisely the same moment that the self-styled savior of the Human Race, that fanatical Psychologist who called himself G. Gordon Godfrey, began his nationwide campaign to outlaw all of America's so-called "super-heroes."

Though his one-man campaign seemed almost ludicrous at first, it quickly picked up steam. Suddenly, some of America's foremost political figures were siding with Godfrey, as if all the collective good that these supremely gifted beings had accomplished over the years was being erased from the public consciousness by some form of mass hypnotism.

In my own classroom, I watched helplessly as my students divided themselves into opposing factions. Violent factions. Though the effects of Godfrey's tirades were not universal, it was obvious they were still painfully far-reaching.

Suddenly, because of my relationship with Diana, I found myself under public scrutiny. It reminded me all too much of the infamous Red Scare of the 1950s, an era I had absolutely no desire to relive. I was suddenly considered a subversive by some for harboring a supposed "super-hero" in my home, and they did not hesitate to make their displeasure known.

When the new house that I had rented was brutally attacked, it was more than Diana could tolerate. After weeks of self-imposed silence, the Amazon Princess known to our world as "Wonder Woman" decided the time had finally come for her to fight for her unalienable rights.

Before I could even begin to dissuade her, Diana was once again gone.

Despite her many public appearances, Diana was still very much an enigma to most of the world. Thus, Guy Gardner, the newest -- and, so Diana tells me, the most irritating -- member of the intergalactic Green Lantern Corps, had no idea what to make of the Amazon Princess when she first crossed his path in Washington, D.C., during the height of Gordon Godfrey's anti-heroic madness.

Finally though, G. Goraon Godfrey met his inevitable downfall. When his own arrogance caused him to lose control of the raging mobs he himself had created, Godfrey donned the gleaming golden helmet of the mysterious Doctor Fate -- a helmet purportedly possessed of incredible mystic power -- and, unable to endure such power, Godfrey was reduced to a gibbering mound of flesh.

Suddenly, Diana found herself standing among many of the other costumed heroes who had suffered because of Godfrey's madness, other super-powerful beings such as she. Now, for the first time, it seemed as if Diana might finally find some sense of belonging in Man's World. But, despite their warm welcome, Diana fled this company of heroes even as she was invited to join the newly re-formed Justice League.

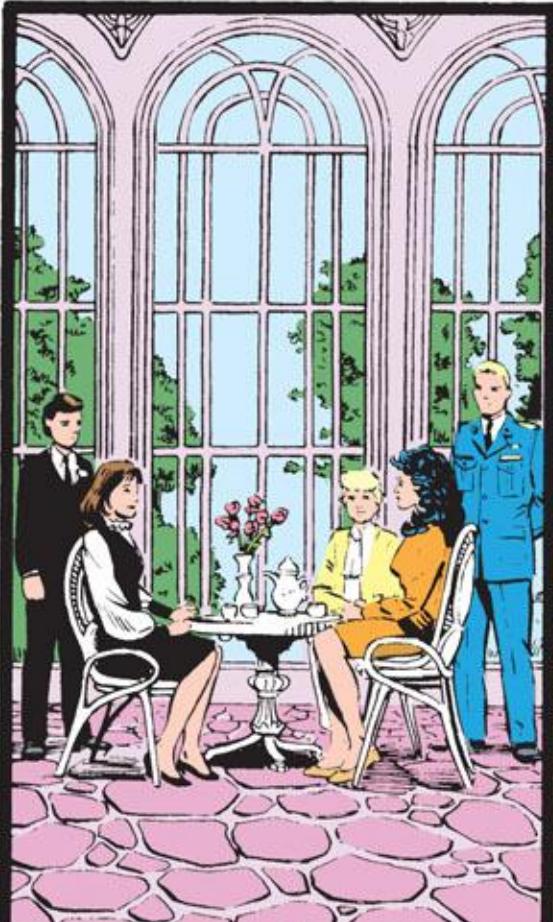
Later, I asked Diana why she had refused such an incredible invitation. She told me she did not believe the point of her mission to Man's World was to become a costumed crimefighter. That, she said, implied violence condoned by society in the name of order. Apparently, crime is unknown on Paradise Island, and order there is a state of mutual respect and love. Diana believed her true destiny was to teach the world the Amazon way.

However, from that day forward, Diana was constantly discussing these unique beings. The Black Canary was the first female crimefighter the Princess had ever seen. On Paradise Island, Diana said, the Canary would have been hailed as a great gladiator. Then there was J'onn J'onzz, the Manhunter from Mars, the proud, emerald-skinned alien from that bright red planet named for a god who was Ares in all but name. Diana found the irony most amusing. And, of course, Diana was fascinated by the militarily named Captain Marvel, whose own powers were supposedly derived from the gods of various pantheons. Who were all these others who claimed to be gods, Diana wondered? Now, for the first time, it seemed Diana had begun to better understand the widespread skepticism regarding her own mythic origins.

Most interesting was the strange silence that would come over Diana whenever I mentioned Superman. She would not talk about him -- as if some unspoken secret existed between them.

Maybe some day she'll tell me about it.





Diana's time here is growing short, and there is still so much to do. And, frankly, I have begun to despair. The Amazon Princess is the closest thing I will ever know to a Goddess; the woman Diana is the closest thing I will ever have to a true friend.

God, how I'm going to miss her.

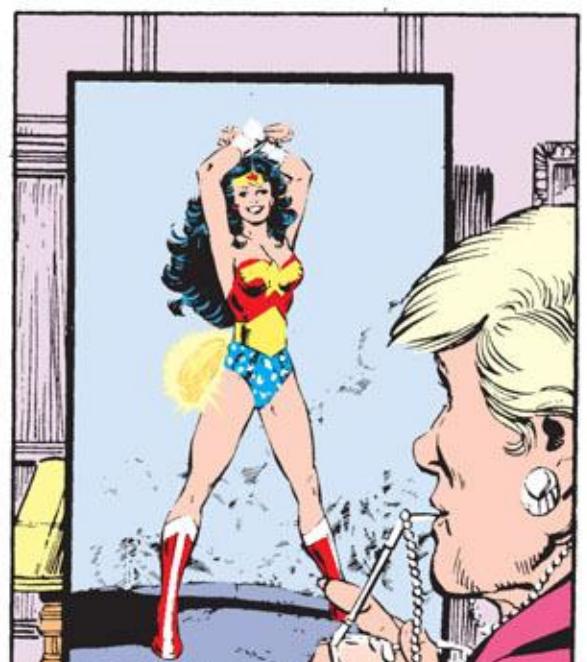
It was a day or two after the official announcement by the Pentagon Chiefs, acknowledging the veracity of Diana's various claims regarding the Ares Affair, that we received a call from Colonel Matthew Michaelis' widow, Angelina.

Now that the whole insane Affair was finally a matter of public record, she sincerely needed to know the details of how fiercely her husband had fought to save the world, how bravely he had died. And, with both Colonel Steve Trevor and Lieutenant Etta Candy away on special assignment, I was the last person on earth who had seen her husband alive.

That brave woman, still wearing black, smiled proudly through her tears as Diana and I told her of her husband's unwavering loyalty and heroism. He had been gunned down while shielding Lt. Candy and myself from a withering hail of bullets. As Mrs. Michaelis and her young son, Andrew, took some small comfort from our words, I noticed Diana was weeping as well. She would later confide that she had never before experienced the loss of a loved one and that she now understood the terrible fear that must have gripped her mother's heart when Diana was called upon to face almost certain death in battle against Ares. As a widow myself, I knew exactly what she meant.

Some nights thereafter I would awaken to find Diana standing nude on the lawn behind the house, praying to her Amazon gods. I realized then what an amazing contradiction she is. On the one hand, nature's innocent, her very voice like a warm, comforting breeze. On the other hand, desperate energy, forever searching for proper outlets. She is, in short, the living seed of change.

However, despite all her determination and energy, even Diana must eventually face her own humanity. Some nights Vanessa and I have found her sprawled in my library amidst a mountain of books. I suppose even Amazons must sleep.



BRITISH
AIRWAYS
FLIGHT
#1236:

BOUND FOR BOSTON'S
LOGAN INTERNATIONAL
AIRPORT FROM LONDON'S
HEATHROW...

I DISLIKE BEING FORCED
TO TRAVEL -- BUT TAM IS
EXPECTING US IN BOSTON!
AND THOUGH I
DISLIKE TAM--HE IS
THE PERFECT CANDIDATE!

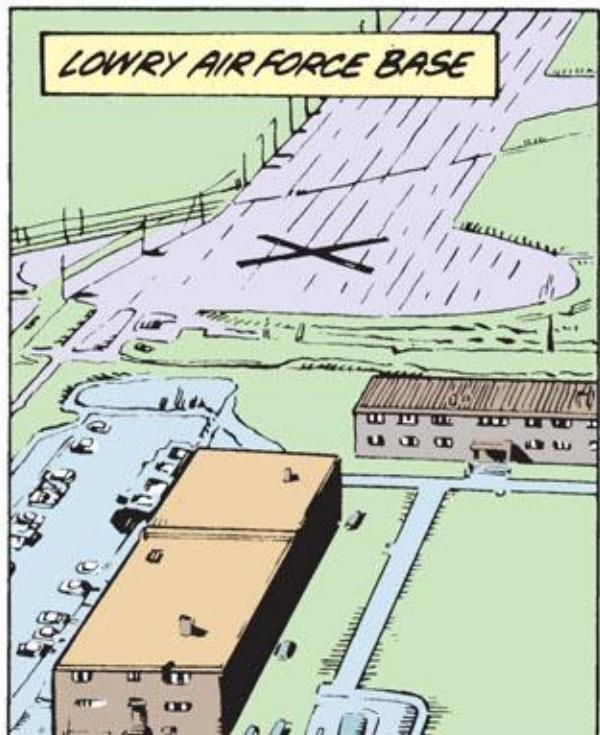
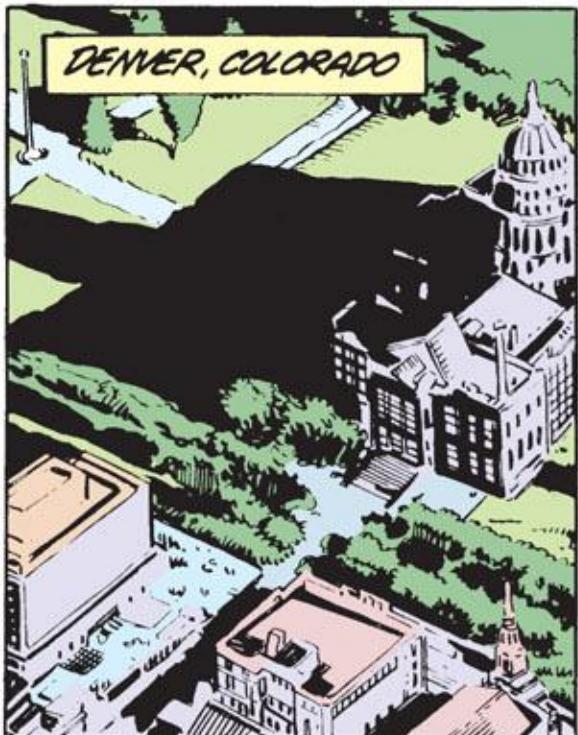


BUT, AS THE
SEEMINGLY
ENDLESS
FLIGHT
CONTINUES...

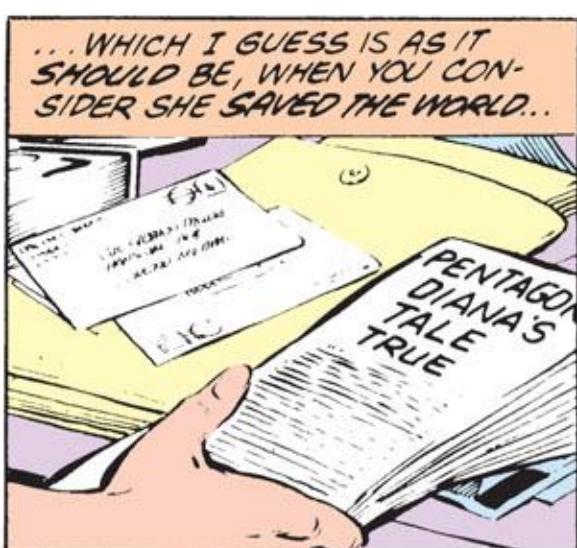
STEWARDESS!

TAKE THIS--THIS
ABOMINATION
AWAY AT ONCE!





TIME PASSAGES



Dispatch

Dear Colonel Trevor,

Enclosed with this personal dispatch you'll find the Tribunal's findings and recommendations regarding the so-called "Ares Project / Wonder Woman Affair." Though most of the enclosed information is already public knowledge, I thought you might be interested in my own opinions on the matter.

With your own current duties taking you so far away, I was ordered to serve as an official observer during the now-famous "Wonder Woman Maneuvers." Since the Brass was aware that Princess Diana both knew and trusted me, I guess it was only logical that I attend. Of course, it was under the stipulation that I not voice any personal opinions which might in any way affect Diana's decision to cooperate.

After they had completed taking all of her vital statistics and some photos (see enclosed), General Hillary delivered the Princess into the capable hands of Major Dennis Warren and his research team.

By this point, Diana's English was good enough for her to understand the meaning and necessity of the tests. Nevertheless, an interpreter, a MSgt. Lodicos, was assigned to the Princess in the event of any unforeseen problems. As you may or may not already be aware, the Brass wouldn't approve of Prof. Kapatellis being there because of, quote, the risks to civilian personnel, unquote.

Yeah. Sure.

At any rate, Diana was briefed as to the potential dangers of these tests, but the Amazon was determined to prove her claims in the hope that this would also prove and validate the respective reports you and I filed regarding the various events, natural and otherwise, that culminated at that Missile Base. She was also interested in perhaps learning whether the amazing similarities between our flag and her costume did indeed indicate that an alliance with the U.S. was part of Diana's destiny.

As the transport chopper carried us to the Arizona testing site, I noticed the Princess quietly composed in prayer. I later learned it was a prayer common to the Amazons when they were preparing for contest or battle.

Maybe it was just the intensity of the moment, but I could have sworn the sky suddenly opened then, as if somehow it was actually answering her.





When we got to the test site, preparations had already been made. At the Princess' request, the cameras had been set up in the observation building. Since the first test was going to be "The Flashing Thunder," as Diana called it (military code name: Bullets and Bracelets), she was afraid the equipment might be damaged by ricochets.

The volunteer marksmen were all wearing protective clothing and had been armed with specially modified Uzis. I couldn't believe it. I considered lodging a formal protest against Major Warren for putting the Princess in such danger, but Diana talked me out of it, assuring me she was at no risk.

(A curious aside here: while discussing the impending Bullets and Bracelets tests, Diana mentioned that a simpler version of "The Flashing Thunder" was a test she had faced on Themyscira when competing for the right to challenge Ares. From her description, it sounds like she was shot at with a .45 Magnum, though how such a weapon had come to be on Paradise Island, Diana either couldn't or wouldn't explain. In any case, the Princess said that this particular test had been given specifically to prepare her for possible combat with modern military weaponry. Still, I'd sure love to learn more about that gun.)

Suddenly, at a radioed command, the three marksmen opened fire on Diana -- point blank. I nearly screamed then, but I needn't have worried.

In a frantic flurry of motion even a frame-by-frame playback had difficulty catching, Diana deflected the barrage with her bracelets. I don't know what strange alloy those things are made of, but the bracelets weren't even scratched.

As the bullets flew, the Princess quickly, unexpectedly, charged the riflemen, and not only disarmed them, but also crushed their weapons with her bare hands.

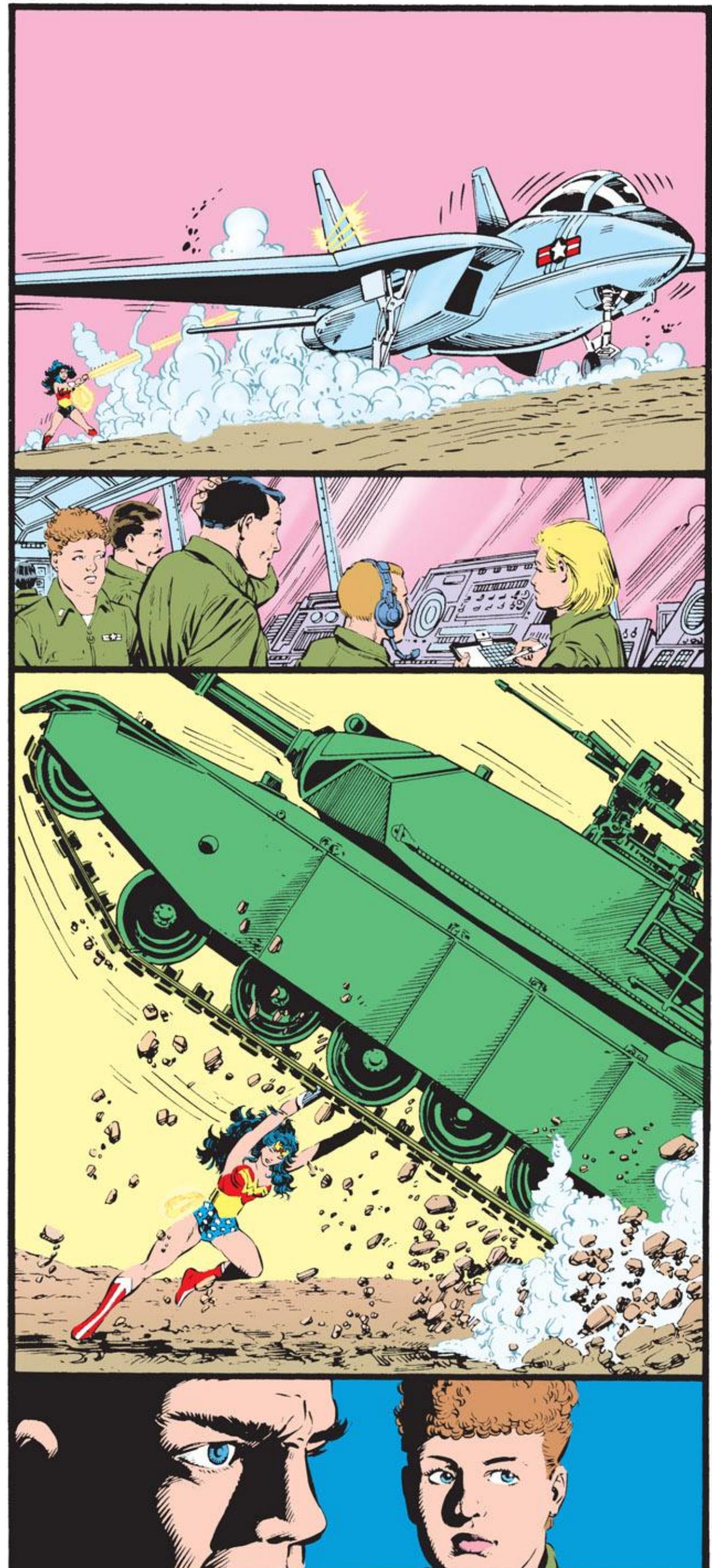
It was at this point, I think, that Major Warren finally started to be impressed.

To be honest though, as impressive as the results of the Bullets and Bracelets test were, even I was stunned at the extent of Diana's abilities that were demonstrated in subsequent tests.

I mean, at one point she actually prevented a Grumman F/A-18 Hornet -- one they'd commissioned from the Navy specifically for these tests -- from taking off from its runway. She simply lassoed the plane's tail fin with that incredible glowing lariat of hers (the one she says is actually the reforged girdle of the Earth-goddess Gaea), planted her heels firmly against the tarmac, and held her ground. The powerful jet fighter didn't move an inch. In fact, Major Warren finally had to order the pilot to shut down the engine before the bird was damaged from the strain.

When the Princess actually lifted and toppled the Army's new M1 MBT Tank, I knew the Major was certifiably stunned. Interestingly enough, Diana later told me her first instinct was to destroy both the jet and the tank, until she realized they were manned by human crews. Diana's reservations against harming another human being seemed visibly to annoy the Major, who was growing progressively more and more dumbfounded by this enigmatic woman warrior.

For myself, I find I'm growing to respect her more and more.





I just hope that past problems won't harden you against the career you once loved so much.

I'm also enclosing some letters from your family, and I hope all is well. I miss you, Steve. More than I can say.

Looking forward to your return.

Respectfully,
Etta

When Diana outperformed that same jet in aerial maneuvers, she actually smiled. She told me this was what she preferred -- a contest of skill which endangered no one -- and besides, she said, she adored the sensation of flying.

With that final test over, Major Warren summoned the Princess to his office. Although he was finally convinced of the truth of Diana's claims, he thought the U.S. should be permitted to examine and, if possible, duplicate the materials used to form her bracelets and lariat.

To say she did not take kindly to that concept is to put it mildly. What were perceived as weapons by the Major were, to Diana, gifts from the Gods and her sister Amazons, and she would permit no one to take them from her.

Frankly, it took all of my composure and military training to keep from telling off the Major myself. Even though Diana had proven herself beyond a doubt, he still seemed strangely ambivalent -- perhaps even antagonistic -- towards her. Nevertheless, he had no choice but to allow Diana to return to Prof. Kapatulis.

Overall, the whole affair seemed to unnerve the Princess, and I felt somewhat ashamed of how she must perceive us. She had come to our world to help us, and here she was, being treated like some sort of subversive. Beyond various televised appearances and such, I haven't seen or spoken to Diana since that day.

In fact, she seemed to disappear for a while, until that strange anti-hero business generated by G. Gordon Godfrey boiled over.

At least Diana's acceptance by the other heroes, including that Martian Manhunter who saved President Reagan's life, opened the way for the announcement by General Hillary, exonerating us and clarifying the events at that Missile Base for the general public.

Steve, this is my last week at Lowry. I'll be back at Hanscom when you return. I opened this letter with a formal greeting, hoping to reaffirm my belief that the Military life is still for you.



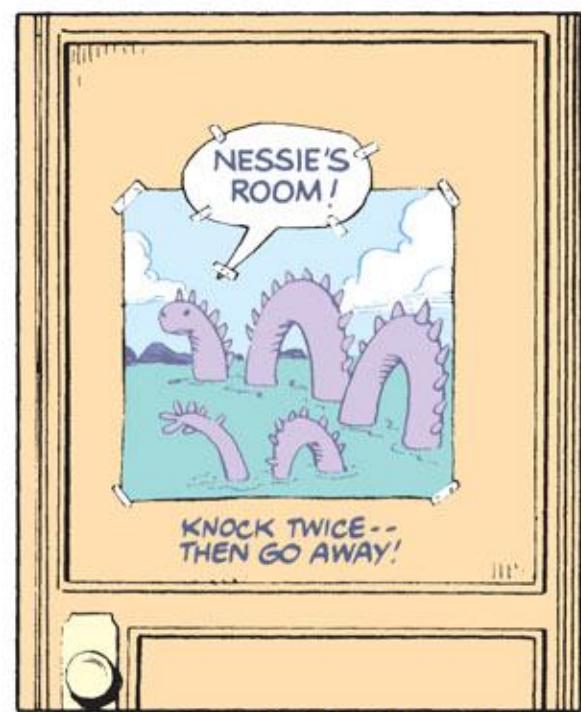
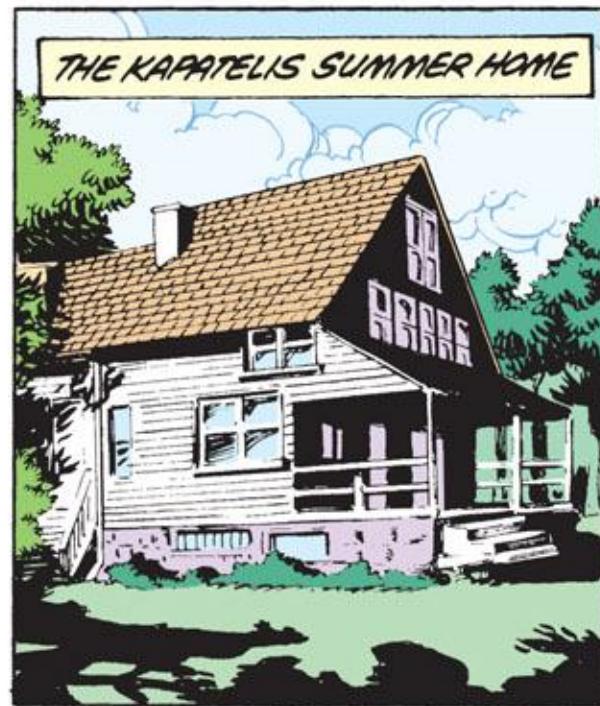
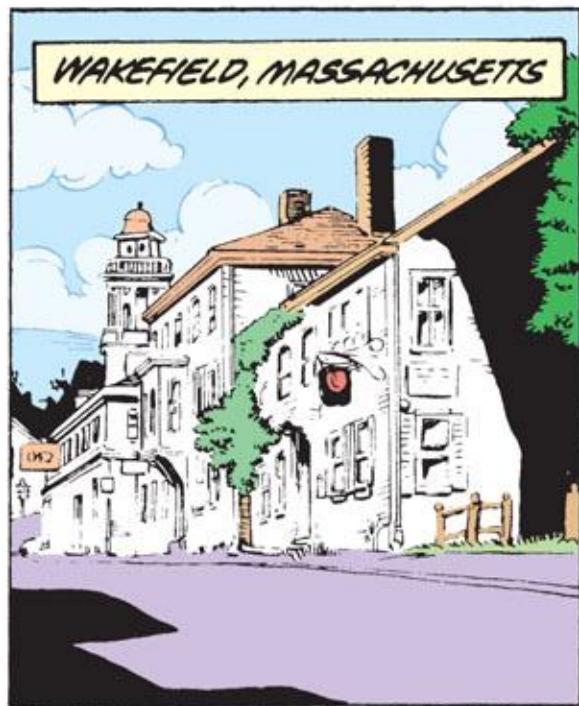
BOSTON,
MASSACHUSETTS:

LOGAN INTERNATIONAL
AIRPORT, SEVERAL MINUTES
AFTER THE ARRIVAL OF
BRITISH AIR FLT. #1236...

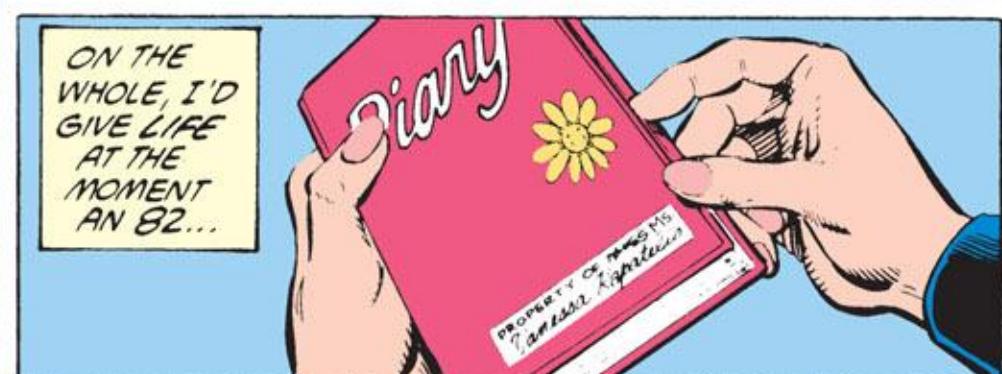


CHARLES
STREET,
TWENTY
MINUTES
LATER:





TIME PASSAGES



Dear Diary...

Dear Diary,

Well, just got that picture mom took of Diana and me the same day I got those special "Wonder Woman" bracelets and earrings from Myndi. The photo looks so excellent! Diana looks great! And so do I!

I know, Diary, I never did tell you all about that day. (I was so exhausted, since mom made me do all my homework and stuff before she would take the picture -- YUK!)

Anyway, that was the day Diana and me finally had a lo-o-o-onq talk about things, and I found out how really terrific she is. Did I tell you she thinks I'm beautiful? Really? She told me I was the first young girl she'd ever seen, 'cause when she grew up (on Paradise Island), she was the only child and all the other Amazons were all adults. That must have been the pits!

Anyway, she kept telling me what a beautiful place her home is and how the air there is so clean and how you can go swimming there every day and all. (Too bad it was too cold to use the pool!) The not-so-cool part is that they also spend a lot of time doing schoolwork, sort of. Diana says that learning is "part of growing." See, they don't age on Paradise Island -- they grow. Isn't that weird? Diana said she'd like to take me there someday, but I don't know. I mean, some of it sounds really neat and all, but there's no movies, no MTV, no clothing stores -- NO BOYS!!

Though it DOES sound like an excellent place to get a TAN!

By the way, it seems Diana is also the only Amazon with her special powers. She said they were a gift from the Gods she wor-shipped (seems the Amazons are really heavy



into their religion)! I told her we studied some about Zeus and the other Gods in school, but I never believed they REALLY existed! Now I do. The saddest part was when Diana asked me about daddy. She'd seen pictures of him around the house and wondered what it was like to have a father. Listening to her made me feel really lucky that I'd had him for even such a short time before he died.

I mean, we were really getting along, and it made me feel like a real DORK for the way I acted when we first met. Honest, I wouldn't have blamed her if she hadn't saved my life. Anyway, suddenly, Diana got this most excellent urge, and she picked me up in her arms, and we went flying! Really FLYING!!

Okay, I'll admit I was scared at first -- just a LITTLE scared -- but after a while it was really awesome.





I guess Diana and I flew all over the place for hours, talking about anything that popped into our heads. Diana told me she was nervous about talking at my school (more about that later). She said the English language still confused her some of the time. (Honestly, she speaks it better than me!) I tried talking Greek to her for a while, but my Greek stinks! (Just ask Mom--HA HA!)

Anyway, we came home really late 'cause we got so lost! Diana said this world was so much bigger than her tiny island and she thought I knew where we were. Boy, did we laugh. (Even Mom!)

Well, today was the big day! I got to school super-early so I could talk to Joanne, Charlene, and the other girls. I told them all about me and Diana flying over the city and stuff. Boy, were they impressed!

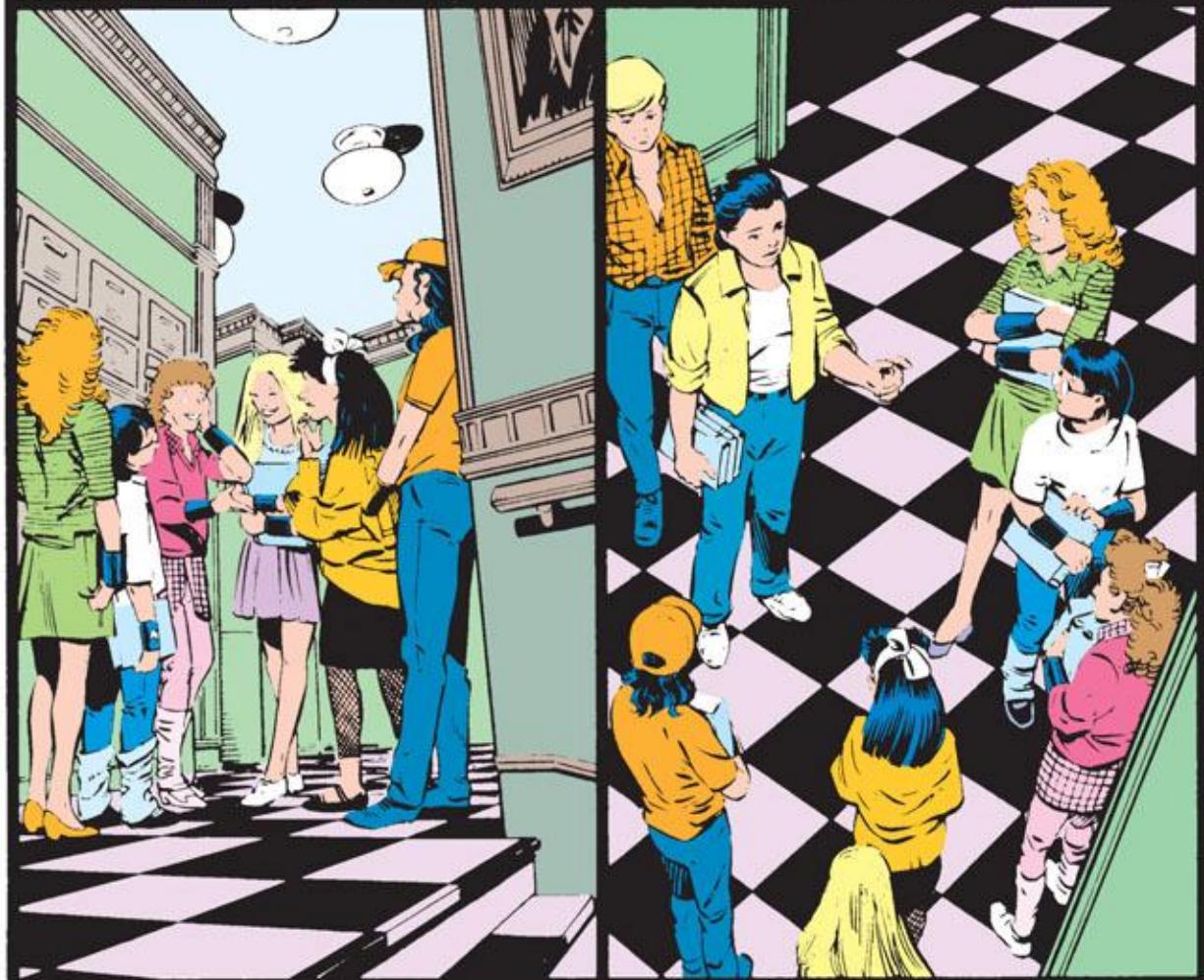
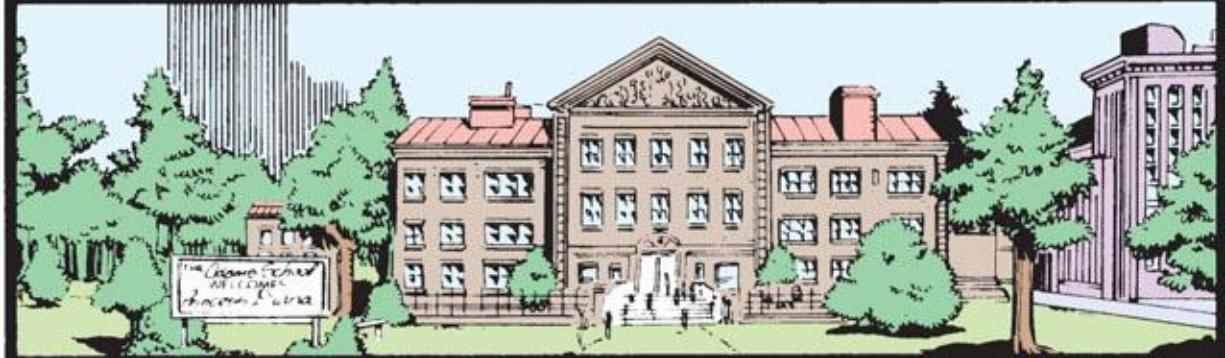
That's when HE walked in! BARRY LOCATELLI! Remember, Diary, how I told you about him? He is absolutely the cutest boy in the whole school! He actually came over to talk to me-- ME!! The other girls were so jealous! I just prayed I wouldn't do anything stupid-- like throw up or faint or anything.

I mean, until this morning I thought flying was the biggest thrill of my life! GOD! I couldn't stand it! Barry leaned towards me, backing my trembling body against the cold lockers. He stared at me with those Rob Lowe eyes of his.

Spoke to me with those Michael J. Fox lips. Smiled that Kirk Cameron smile. ("I was going to DIE, I just knew it!") He said he had admired me from afar for ages. He said he thought I was cute! (Nope, I wasn't going to die. I was already dead and in Heaven!)

If you don't believe me, just ask the other girls. They all heard him. He said he wanted to sit next to ME at Diana's lecture.

I mean, I tried to be cool. I didn't drool or anything. I think I just nodded my head, because I couldn't say a word. But when he finally walked away, I let out such a SCREAM!



Well, anyway, Diana gave her lecture in the auditorium that afternoon. She was wearing that weird red-white-and-blue costume she wears most of the time. I really wish Mom would let me help buy her some normal clothes.

The speech was going just great and Diana had no problem with English like she was afraid she would. Of course, I'd heard it all before when we were flying, but that was okay since the lecture got me out of introductory physics class. All the other girls were really excited and started imitating Diana's Amazon salute (which is when you cross your arms like an X and have the bracelets touch each other). Boy, the local stores must have sold a lot of those bracelets just from our school alone.

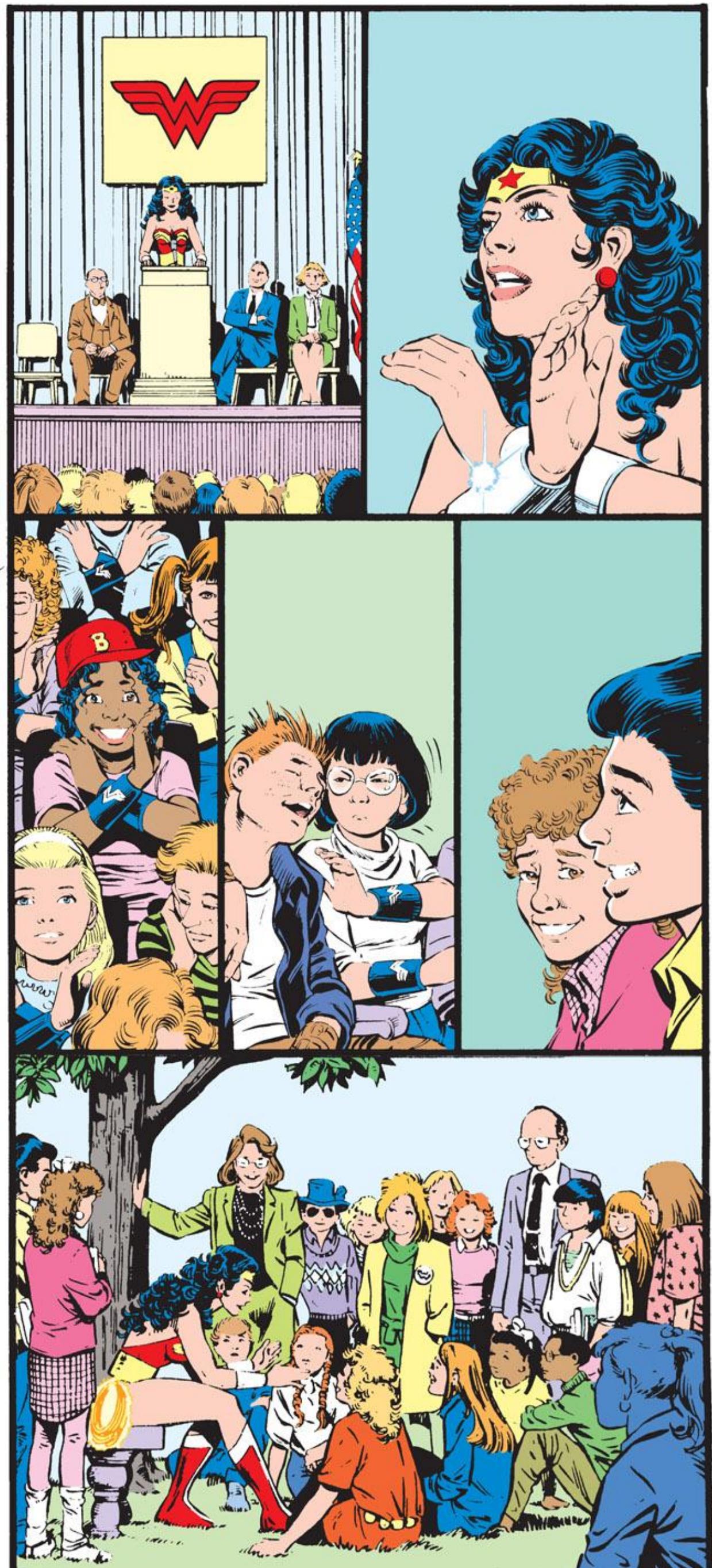
A lot of boys listened too, except for the usual jerks like Johnny Meekins. He just kept bothering Lisa Choi by pretending to fall asleep while Diana was talking. Honestly, if I was an Amazon, I'd hit him where it hurts!

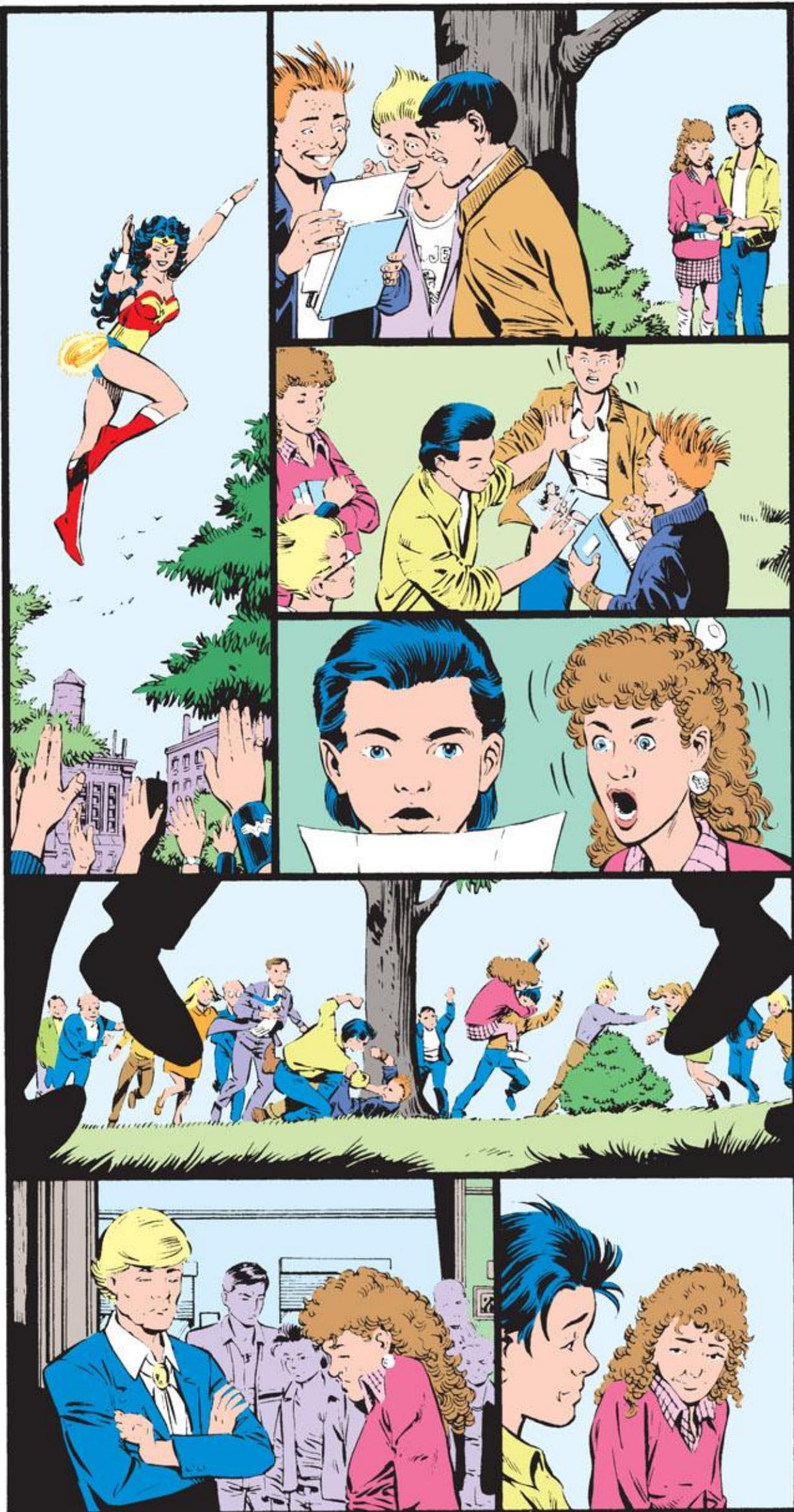
But then again, if I was an Amazon, I wouldn't have Barry. He was just so beautiful! He actually listened to Diana. I could tell how interested he was. He never took his attention off her for a second. I mean he's just so different from the other boys.

Even though I only just turned 13, he made me feel mature, like I was his equal. (He is 15 1/2, but I've always liked older men). Maybe -- oh, PLEASE, God -- maybe he'll even ask me to next month's dance. (I know; I'm going CRAZY, but isn't that what love is all about?)

Anyway, after school, Barry and I went to the yard, where Diana was still talking to some of the kids. Even some of the teachers, like Mr. Kettering from Algebra, were standing around listening.

I told Diana what a hit she'd been. Barry told her too. He's so gorgeous!





Well, at least I'll still see Barry in school. He thought I was really cool during the fight and he even gave me a picture of him. He said I was his "Wonder Woman"! Wow, grounded for a whole MONTH!

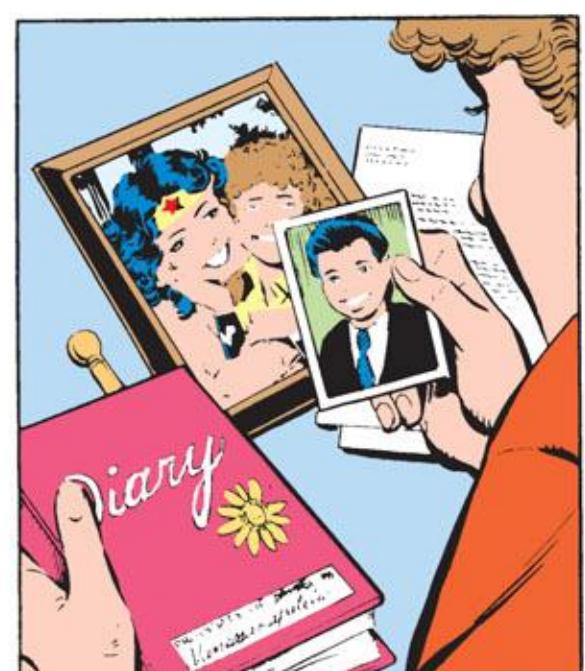
You know something, Dear Diary? It was WORTH it!

Around 3:30, Diana finally left and I was just kind of walking around with Barry when we saw Johnny Meekins, Louie Lucas, and Vinnie Cefola acting like real zoos behind a tree. They were looking at this picture and making all kinds of rude and disgusting noises.

Barry pushed Louie and Vinnie aside and took the picture from Johnny, who looked really scared that Barry was gonna hit him.

When we looked at the picture, I nearly wanted to barf. It was a shot of Diana that those morons had drawn all over to make it look really gross and disgusting. It reminded me of what Diana had said during the lecture, about how the Amazons had been treated by the Greek armies.

Well, I didn't get sick--I just got fighting mad! And so did Barry! We really piled into those creeps like Sigourney Weaver in "Aliens". While Barry beat on Johnny, I jumped on Vinnie and hit him in the head with my bracelets. I don't know how long we were fighting, but Mr. Nanco stopped us before we clobbered those idiots. Thankfully, Mom used her influence to keep us from getting suspended, but, boy, was she MAD! Mom never yells, you know--she just cooks at you. I swear, you can positively feel her eyes blistering your skin! Mom made me apologize to Johnny and the others. She said that Diana wouldn't have acted that way, and she was right. Diana never uses violence except as a last resort. Mom also grounded me for a whole MONTH!!



BOSTON
AFTER
MIDNIGHT:

BLAST IT, LAD--YE CAN'T DO
THIS T'OL' TAM!

AH WANT T'SPEAK
T'YUIR MISTRESS--
AN'AH MEAN NOW!

IT TOOK SOMETHIN' BIG
T'BRING BARBARA MINERVA
HALFWAY 'ROUND THE WORLD
FROM HER PRECIOUS IVORY
TOWER--

--AN' I MEAN
T'KNOW WHAT
IT IS!



I HAVE
TOLD YOU,
SIR--DE
MISTRESS
WILL CONTACT
YOU SHORTLY!

NOT BLOODY
GOOD
ENOUGH!) NOW STEP
ASIDE,
LAD--AH
DON'T WANNA
HURT YE!



WHUMP



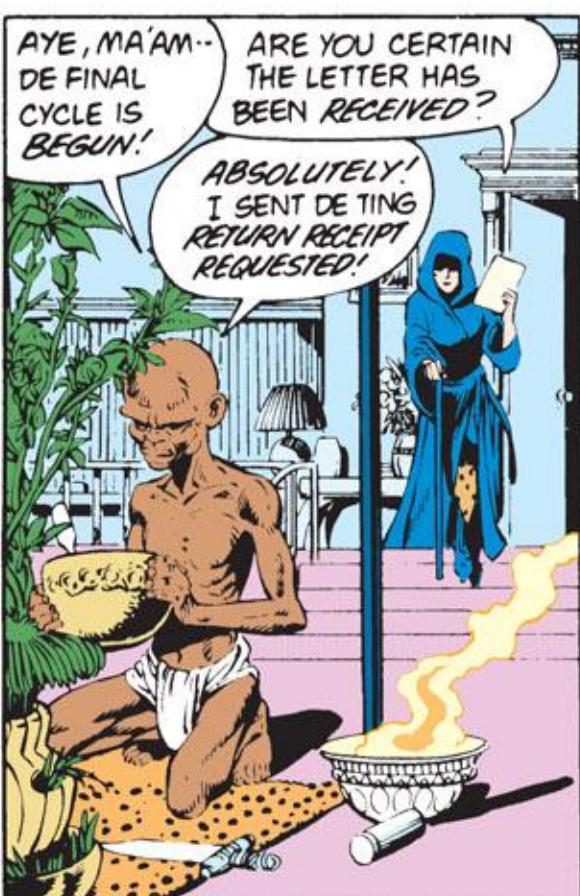
CURSE YE BOTH--WHO D'YE
THINK YUIR DEALIN' WITH
HERE?!? AH KNOW ENOUGH
T'GO T'THE FEDS--
T'FARADAY HIMSELF!

AH WANT MUH
CUT, LASSIE--OR
AH'LL BURY YE!



BOSTON
BEFORE
DAWN:

CHUMA,
IS IT
READY?



AYE, MA'AM--
DE FINAL
CYCLE IS
BEGUN!

ARE YOU CERTAIN
THE LETTER HAS
BEEN RECEIVED?

ABSOLUTELY!
I SENT DE TING
RETURN RECEIPT
REQUESTED!



BY DE WAY,
MA'AM-- I
APPROVE OF
YOU' CHOICE
OF MISTER
TAM--!

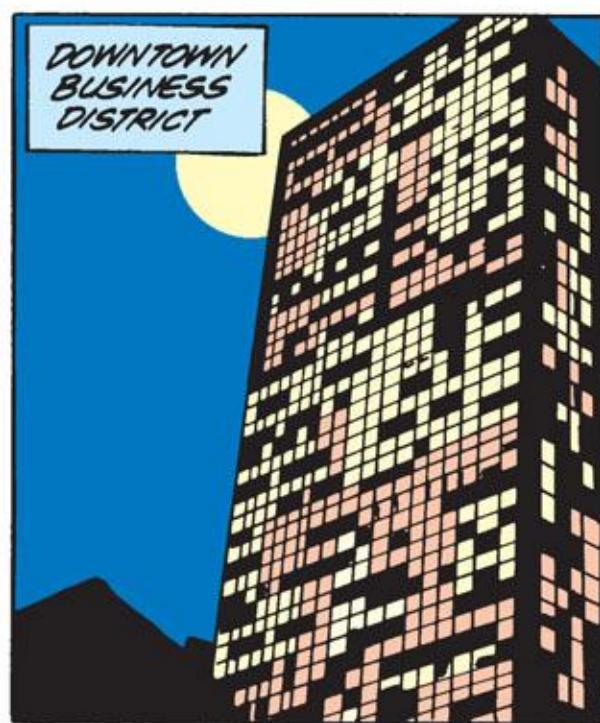
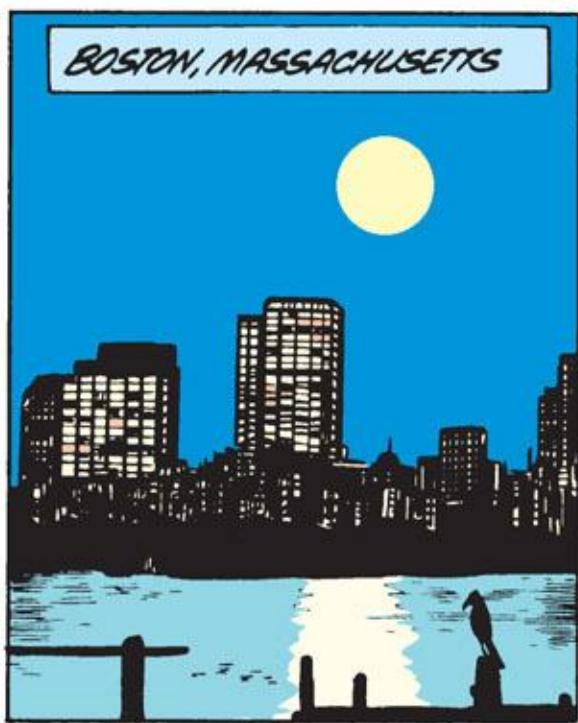
JUST
STIR,
OLD MAN!
IT WAS
NOT MY
CHOICE!

THE CURSED
PLANT IS FAR
MORE IMPAR-
TIAL THAN I!

BUT I WILL
NEED ALL MY
STRENGTH,
SHOULD THE
AMAZON
PRINCESS
PROVE
DIFFICULT!

ALL SHE HAS
TO DO NOW IS
BELIEVE MY
CLAIM!

An Amazonian
Architect, I have followed
the results of your great
endeavor with great interest
and admiration. Your
work has been done well.
I have no doubt that your
plan will be successful.
I am particularly impressed
by the way you have
utilized the available
resources to create
such a unique and
functional structure.



TIME PASSAGES

DIANA'S FINAL U.S. APPEARANCE
THE WONDER WOMAN FAREWELL TOUR

CALL 1-800-555-8487
FOR TOUR DETAILS



"TOUR UPDATE"

dear Julia,

Just to bring you up to date ...

With that horrid G. Gordon Godfrey problem finally dealt with, and the military's public acknowledgement of Diana's claims regarding the "Ares Affair," our Wonder Woman Tour couldn't have been better-timed. Especially since the princess' brief period of seclusion had whetted everyone's appetite to learn more about her.

Being all too well-aware of the time limits imposed upon us by Diana's mother, I knew the only way to accomplish Diana's goals was with a peppermint media blitz. The press coverage I arranged of Boston's Mayor Flynn presenting the princess with the key to the city was an overwhelmingly positive and her subsequent appearance on the Carson show was a ratings blockbuster. The audience reaction to Diana lifting the entire Tonight show set, complete with Johnny, Ed, Doc, and even -- God help us -- Tommy Newsome still sitting on it, was nothing short of spectacular.

Of course, arranging Diana's meeting with the President was the crowning touch. Because of her hectic schedule, Diana was the only super-hero who had not yet been honored by the Big Man for her participation in the Godfrey affair. By arranging a separate audience for Diana, we assured she wouldn't have to share the spotlight with anyone else.

On the merchandising front, it seems that stores nationwide can't seem to stock enough Wonder Woman material. Add to that the licensing of Diana's own monthly comic book to be published by DC Comics Inc., as well as licensing her likeness to various Wonder Woman clothing and notions lines, huge profits are being projected across the board for the final two fiscal quarters of this year.

Since Diana claims she'll no longer be with us by year's end, her share of the profits will be channeled toward a "Wonder Woman Foundation" whose principal aim will be to publicize, promote, and encourage the contribution of various women over 40 years old toward equality and advancement.





Though I'll miss her, it may be just as well that Diana's stay here on "Man's world" is temporary. There has been increasing pressure from various religious spokespeople over the past few weeks, demanding they be allowed to question the Princess regarding her religious beliefs. In a round-table discussion with prominent Christian and Judaic leaders, great concern was expressed regarding the "Pagan" aspects of the Mythic Greek philosophy Diana expounds. While meetings such as these have generally been civil, a growing number of Fundamentalists and even Atheists have called me at all hours of the day to lodge formal complaints.



As you remember that day up at your summer place, I finally had no choice but to tell the princess about the problem, and it became obvious that the strain of the tour was finally beginning to take its toll. though I tried to emphasize the potential positive responses we could make, Diana seemed lost in thoughts of male chauvinism, political polarization, anti-heroic prejudice. and now religious persecution, all still so new to her.

Though the tour is finally drawing to a close, the fan mail just keeps pouring in. One letter in particular caught my eye, and I thought I should forward it to you.

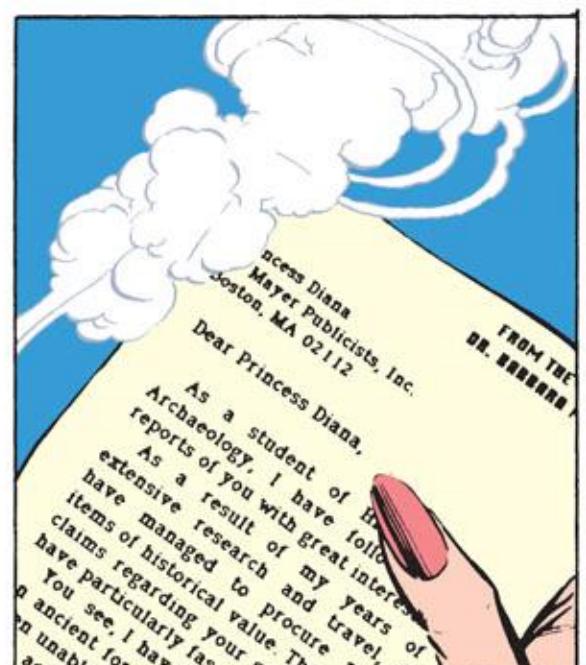
It's from a Doctor
Barbara Mineura, and it
strikes me as just the
tonic Diana needs right
now.



Besides, if Minerva's claims are valid, we've got a nifty new piece of publicity here.

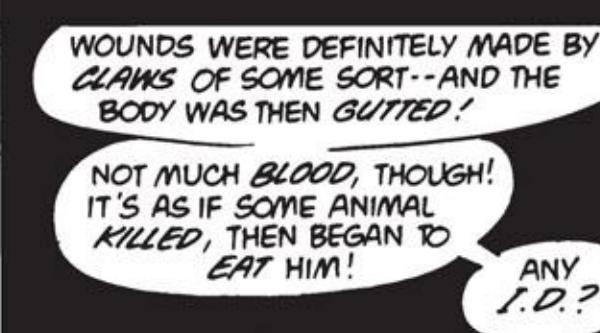
Take care of our Princess,
Professor.

Myndi Mayer



FROM THE DESK OF
DR. BARBARA MINERVA

To: Princess Diana
c/o Mayer Publicists, Inc.
Boston, MA 02112



As a woman myself, I am excited by these possibilities and hope you will agree to contact me at the above address.

Very truly yours,
Dr. Barbara Minerva

Dear Princess Diana,

As a student of History and Archaeology, I have followed all reports of you with great interest.

HE HAD ENOUGH ENEMIES!

TAKE YOUR PICK!



As a result of my years of extensive research and travel, I have managed to procure many items of historical value. Thus, your claims regarding your golden lasso have particularly fascinated me.

SO? WHAT IS IT THIS TIME?

BETTER SEE FOR YOURSELF, DOC.

You see, I have in my possession an ancient forged relic that I have been unable to identify, until I read your account of your lasso and its supposed origins.

I now believe that I possess the second girdle of Gaea, the prize once given your mother by the Goddesses themselves. I am so certain of its authenticity that I felt obliged to inform you before I make this information public.

With this new discovery, I am certain new insights as to the true fate of your Aunt Antiope and the Amazons she led can finally be learned. I firmly believe that several of them survive to this day. Perhaps this can also help explain your true destiny in this world.

GUESS THAT WON'T BE A PROBLEM ANYMORE.

WELL, LET'S JUST SAY HE WON'T BE MISSED.





Wonder Woman 101

For centuries, the race of warrior women known as the Amazons secluded themselves on the remote island of Themyscira. Their leader, Queen Hippolyta, prayed to the gods for a daughter that would embody the Amazon spirit and they granted her wish. Diana was born and gifted with powers and abilities equal to that of the Grecian deities. After winning a competition with all of her Amazonian sisters, she was chosen to be the ambassador of her people in the modern world and took on the code-name **Wonder Woman**.

Since embarking on her mission, Princess Diana has grown to become one of the World's Greatest Super Heroes and battles evil as a member of the Justice League of America alongside Superman, Batman, Green Lantern, The Flash and Aquaman.

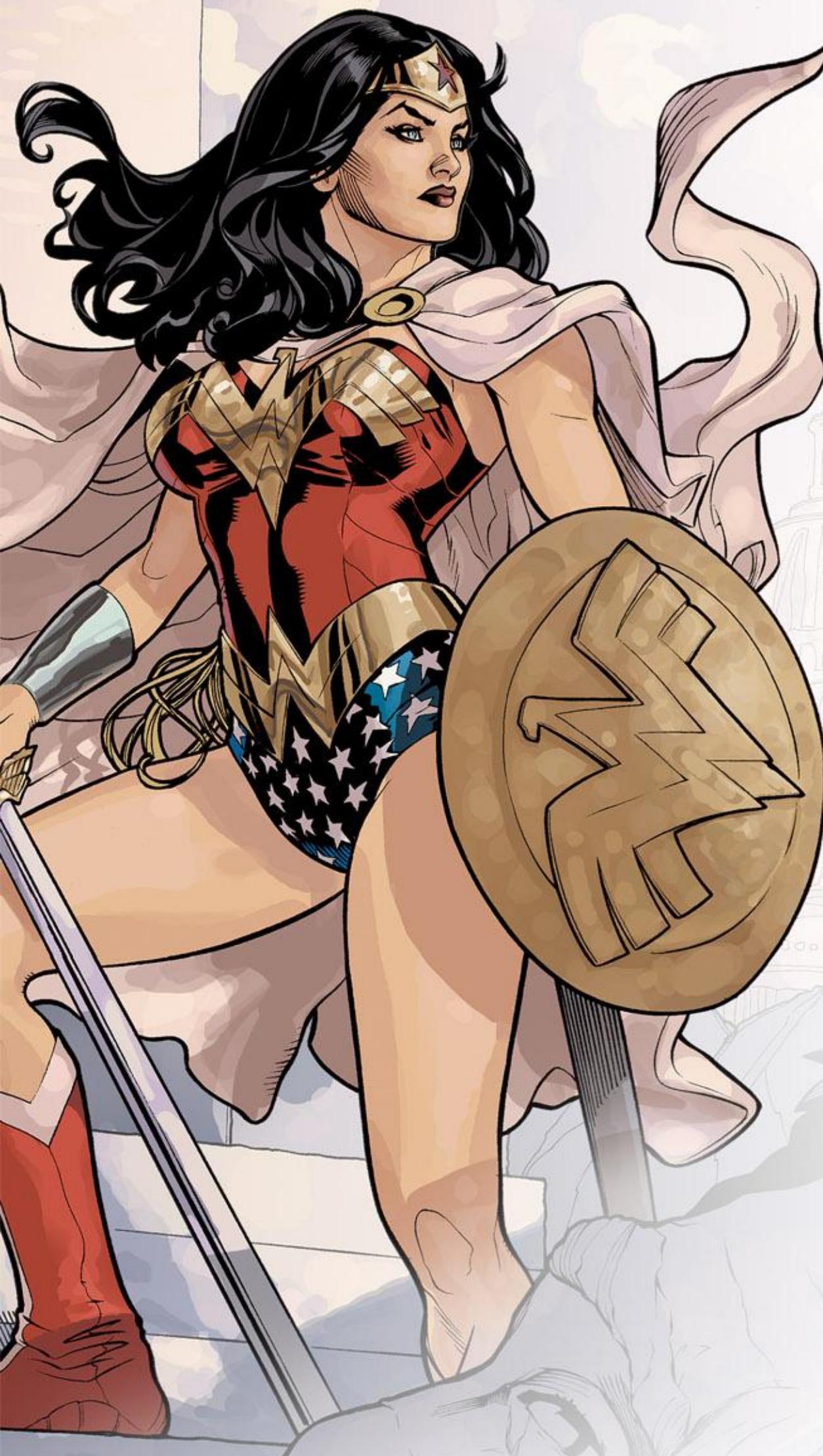
The Amazon Warrior possesses godlike strength, speed, invulnerability and the ability to fly. She uses her unbreakable magic Lasso of Truth and bullet deflecting bracelets to take on an astounding array of villains including the Cheetah, Giganta and Ares, God of War.

To this day, **Wonder Woman** remains a pop culture icon across the globe and serves as an inspiration to fans young and old. From the classic Wonder Woman live-action television series starring Lynda Carter to her appearances in the **Super Friends** and **Justice League**, she has been spotlighted in all forms of media. Now you can read all about her in these 101 Wonder Woman digital comics.

Want even more? Be sure to check out the Wonder Woman offerings in our digital library, as well as your local comics shop, bookstore or library!



THE *Wonder Woman* 101 SALE



CHECKLIST

CLASSIC EARLY APPEARANCES!

ALL-STAR COMICS #8

SENSATION COMICS #1-9

WONDER WOMAN VOL. 1 #1-7

THE 1980s REIMAGINATION!

WONDER WOMAN VOL. 2:

GODS AND MORTALS (#1-7)

CHALLENGE OF THE GODS (#8-14)

BEAUTY AND THE BEASTS (#15-19)

DESTINY CALLING (#20-24)

CRITICALLY-ACCLAIMED RECENT ADVENTURES!

WONDER WOMAN VOL. 3:

WHO IS WONDER WOMAN? (#1-4)

LOVE AND MURDER (#5-10)

AMAZONS ATTACK (#11-13)

THE CIRCLE (#14-19)

ENDS OF THE EARTH (#20-25)

RISE OF THE OLYMPIAN (#26-33)

WARKILLER (#34-39)

CONTAGION (#40-44)

WONDER WOMAN #219

WONDER WOMAN #600-602

ADVENTURES WITH THE JUSTICE LEAGUE!

JLA #1

JLA/PLANETARY

KINGDOM COME #1

DC: THE NEW FRONTIER #1-6

SUPERMAN/BATMAN/WONDER WOMAN:

TRINITY #1-3

DIGITAL COMICS FOR \$.99 EACH

SALE RUNS 48 HOURS STARTING ON 6/25/11

EXPERIENCE THE WONDER!



novus
Distributions