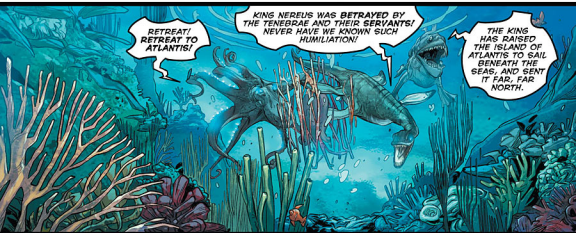


AFTER THE BATTLE OF BRITAIN, 1941



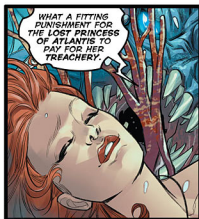
RETREAT!
RETREAT TO
ATLANTIS!

KING NEREUS WAS BETRAYED BY
THE TENEBRAE AND THEIR SERVANTS!
NEVER HAVE WE KNOWN SUCH
HUMILIATION!

THE KING
HAS RAISED
THE ISLAND OF
ATLANTIS TO SAIL
BENEATH THE
SEAS, AND SENT
IT FAR, FAR
NORTH.



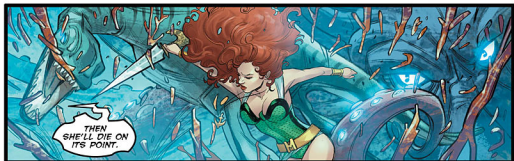
THE JOURNEY HOME WILL
BE BITTER, BUT SHOULD WE
STARVE, WE HAVE ONE
MORSEL YET...



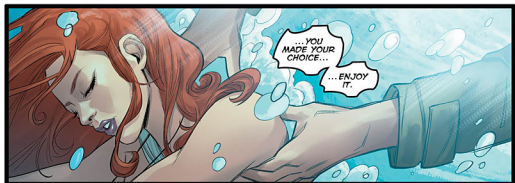
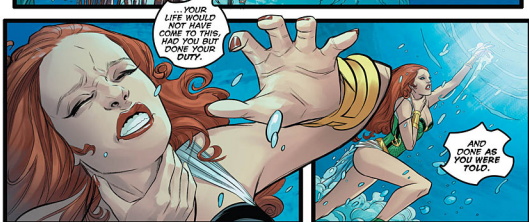
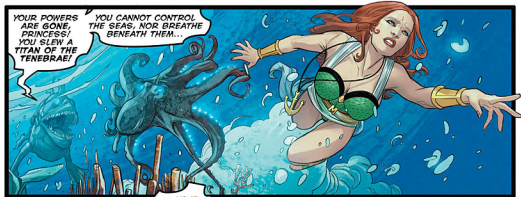
WHAT A FITTING
PUNISHMENT FOR
THE LOST PRINCESS
OF ATLANTIS TO
PAY FOR HER
TREACHERY.



NO!
SHE HAS MY
SPEAR--!



THEN
SHE'LL DIE ON
ITS POINT.

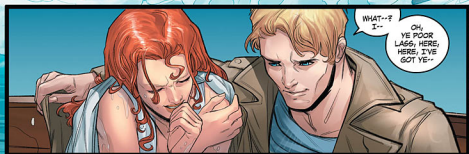


OFF THE COAST OF IRELAND.

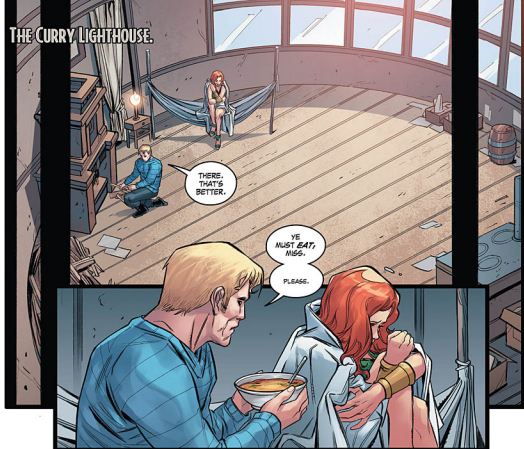
The Bombshells

LOVE STORIES

MARGUERITE BENNETT - WRITER
LAURA BRAGA AND MIRKA ANDOLFO - ARTISTS
J. MANIAN AND WENDY BROOME - COLORISTS
WES ABBOTT - LETTERER
ANT LUCIA - COVER ARTIST
JESSICA CHEN - EDITOR



THE CURRY LIGHTHOUSE.



THERE.
THAT'S
BETTER.

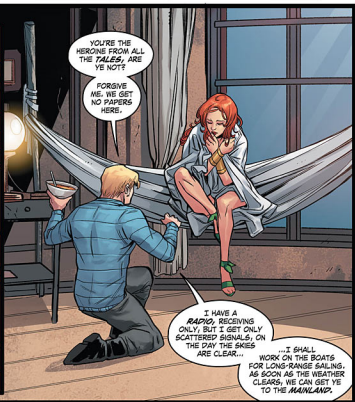
YE
MUST EAT,
MISS.

PLEASE.



I MUST--
MUST--GET
BACK TO THE
FRONT.

TO THE
MAINLAND,
AND TO MY
FRIENDS...

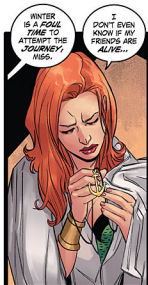


YOU'RE THE
HEROINE FROM ALL
THE TALES, ARE
YE NOT?

FORGIVE
ME. WE GET
NO PAPERS
HERE.

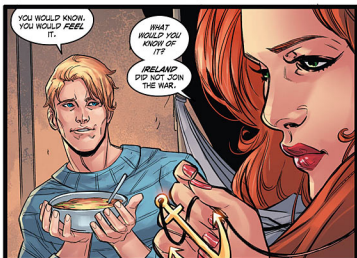
I HAVE A
RADIO, RECEIVING
ONLY, BUT I GET ONLY
SCATTERED SIGNALS, ON
THE DAY THE SKIES
ARE CLEAR...

...I SHALL
WORK ON THE BOATS
FOR LONG-RANGE SAILING.
AS SOON AS THE WEATHER
CLEARS, WE CAN GET YE
TO THE MAINLAND.



WINTER IS A FOUL TIME TO ATTEMPT THE JOURNEY, MISS.

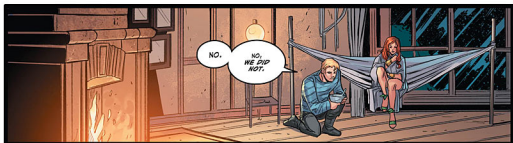
I DON'T EVEN KNOW IF MY FRIENDS ARE ALIVE...



YOU WOULD KNOW. YOU WOULD FEEL IT.

WHAT WOULD YOU KNOW OF IT?

IRELAND DID NOT JOIN THE WAR.



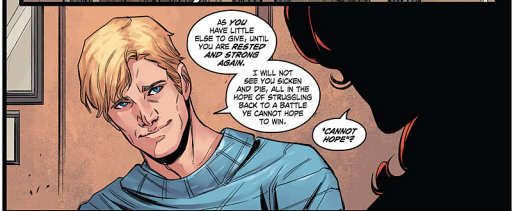
NO.

NO, WE DID NOT.



WE JOINED A DIFFERENT WAR. WE GAVE ALL WE HAD WHEN LAST WE WERE CALLED.

WE HAVE LITTLE ELSE TO GIVE, UNTIL WE ARE BETTER HEALED.



AS YOU HAVE LITTLE ELSE TO GIVE, UNTIL YOU ARE RESTED AND STRONG AGAIN.

I WILL NOT SEE YOU SICKEN AND DIE, ALL IN THE HOPE OF STRUGGLING BACK TO A BATTLE YE CANNOT HOPE TO WIN.

'CANNOT HOPE'?