

THAT TELEGRAM  
YA WERE WAITIN' FOR IS  
HERE, THOMAS.

NOW CANNAE YOU  
GO AND BREAK FROM  
CARVING THAT WALKING STICK  
OF YOURS? YOU'VE BEEN  
AT IT ALL NIGHT!

FEEL THE PAIN,  
THOMAS.

POST OFFICE  
TELEGRAM

PLEASE TO INFORM  
OTHERS WILL  
OUR DEEP  
SINCERE.

GUID MORNIN',  
THOMAS! GETTIN'  
TANNED A WEE  
EARLY IN THE DAY,  
ARE YE?

LET IT DIG  
AND FESTER.

AH, THERE YE  
ARE! YE NEVER  
RANG LIKE YE  
PROMISED!

MY COMP'NY  
NO LONGER GOOD  
ENOUGH, EH, YE  
SCUNNIE?

HE'S ACTING  
STRANGELY

HA! KNOWING THAT  
ROGUE, PROBABLY SAKED  
OFF HIS ARSE AND GONE  
TO WALK IT OFF!

WAS THIS LIFE  
WORTH ABANDONING  
HIM? THE GAMBLING?  
THE WOMEN?



NOW HE  
IS DEAD...



...AND  
YOU MUST  
ATONE.



NOW.



GOOD. NOW  
YOU ARE MINE,  
THOMAS BYDE.



THE  
TIME HAS  
COME.

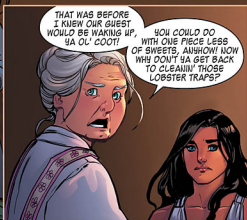
TIME TO  
KILL.


TIME TO  
DECEIVE.

TIME TO  
DESTROY OUR  
ENEMIES!

## PART 4 OF 9

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THAT'S MY HUSBAND. HE FOUND YOU FLOATING UNCONSCIOUS ON DEBRIS NEAR BOSTON HARBOR WHILE HE WAS OUT FISHERY. YOU POOR DEAR!

TOLD HIM HE WAS AN IDIOT FOR BRINGING YOU HERE INSTEAD OF THE POLICE OR THE HOSPITAL, BUT MY HUSBAND, HE DOESN'T TRUST THE GOVERNMENT, OR ANYONE ELSE FOR THAT MATTER.

BUT I MUST SAY, ONCE I SAW YOU, I KNEW YOU SHOULD BE SAFELY KEPT AWAY, THOUGH I COULDN'T SAY WHY. JUST A FEELING, I S'POSE.

PLEASE EAT. YOU MUST BUILD UP YOUR STRENGTH.




YOU SLEPT AWAY THE PAST FEW DAYS, AND SPOKE OUT ONCE OR TWICE IN SOME FOREIGN LANGUAGE. MAYBE FRENCH. BUT WHAT DO I KNOW? IT'S ALL GREEK TO ME.



I RECKON YOU MUST NOT BE FROM THIS COUNTRY, BUT YOU SEEM TO UNDERSTAND ME ALRIGHT.

ARE YOU A REFUGEE FROM THE WAR?



EVEN IF YOU CAME FROM A WAR-TORN COUNTRY, IT'S UGLY BUSINESS TO TALK ABOUT WITH A GUEST, AND I AIN'T ONE TO PRY.

THE WHOLE WAR'S A CONSPIRACY! SOMETHIN' UNCLE SAM COOKED UP TO PASS STRICTER FISHERY LAWS!



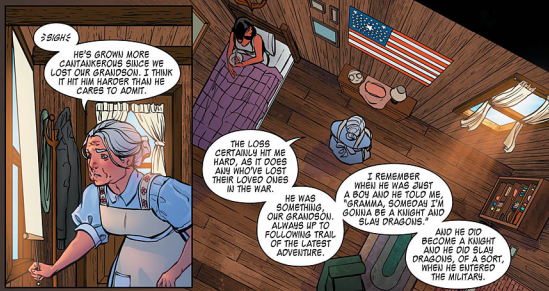
OH, FOR PETE'S-- AIN'T NOBODY AFTER YOUR DANG FISH! NOW GET BACK TO WHAT YER DOIN' AND LET US ALONE TO CHAT.



DON'T MIND THAT OLD GOAT.

HARD TO BELIEVE HE WOODED THIS HAPLESS MAIDEN WITH HIS OUTLANDISH WAYS DURING THE FIRST WORLD WAR. BACK THEN HE WAS ALWAYS ON ABOUT FINDING ATLANTIS AFTER A SHIPWRECK OR SOME OTHER NONSENSE. I THOUGHT IT WAS CUTE BACK THEN--

I DID FIND THE SUNKEN CITY! AND THE PEOPLE LIVING IN THE CASTLE HAD ENOUGH TREASURE TO KEEP US IN THE BEST FISHERY LURES FOR THE REST OF OUR LIVES!



SIGH

HE'S GROWN MORE CANTANKEROUS SINCE WE LOST OUR GRANDSON. I THINK IT HIT HIM HARDER THAN HE CARES TO ADMIT.

THE LOSS CERTAINLY HIT ME HARD, AS IT DOES ANY WHO'VE LOST THEIR LOVED ONES IN THE WAR.

HE WAS SOMETHING, OUR GRANDSON. ALWAYS UP TO FOLLOWING TRAIL OF THE LATEST ADVENTURE.

I REMEMBER WHEN HE WAS JUST A BOY AND HE TOLD ME, "GRAMMA, SOMEDAY I'M GONNA BE A KNIGHT AND SLAY DRAGONS."

AND HE DID BECOME A KNIGHT AND HE DID SLAY DRAGONS, OF A SORT, WHEN HE ENTERED THE MILITARY.



HE WAS SO PROUD OF HIMSELF WHEN HE SHOWED UP IN HIS UNIFORM. I'D NEVER SEEN SUCH A TWINKLE IN HIS EYE.

I MADE THIS FLAG TO GIVE HIM WHEN HE RETURNED HOME, BUT OF COURSE, HE NEVER DID COME BACK.



PLEASE FORGIVE AN OLD WOMAN HER RAMBLINGS. WHAT A LONELY OL' BAT I MUST BE TO UNLOAD SUCH THOUGHTS ON A STRANGER!

I THINK...IT'S BECAUSE I SENSE MUCH OF THE SAME SPIRIT IN YOU AS I DID IN MY GRANDSON. I CAN SEE HIS COURAGE WHEN I LOOK IN YOUR EYES.

AHH, I SEE YOU HAVE FINISHED YOUR COBBLER. I WISH I HAD ANOTHER PIECE FOR YOU.

AIN'T NO MORE 'CAUSE SHE ATE THE LAST OF IT! I HOPE SHE ENJOYED IT, THE LOBBY--

NOW YOU GET YOUR HEAD OUTTA THAT CAT HOLE! I'LL MAKE YOU TEN COBBLERS IF YOU JUST HUSH UP!

HEAVENS, HOW I LOVE THAT MAN.

