

BOSTON 1944

COME ON, COME WITH, TIME TO GO TO TOWN,
GOTTA SING, GOTTA JIVE, GOTTA BUY A NEW GOWN

SO BUCKLE UP N' GET READY,
'CUZ WE DON'T DRIVE TOO STEADY,

WATCH OUT, THEY SAY,
WHEN THE HOLLIDAY GIRLS
COME YOUR WAAAAAY!



PART 5 OF 9

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KEEP YOUR TWIRLS AND FANCY RIBBONS,
ALL THAT JUNK IS USELESS LEAVINS
'CUZ WE'VE MORE BRASS WHEN WE'RE WALKIN'
AND THEN THE BOYS'LL START THEIR GAWKIN'
WOWEE, THEY SAY,
WHEN THE HOLLIDAY GIRLS
COME YOUR WAAAAAY!

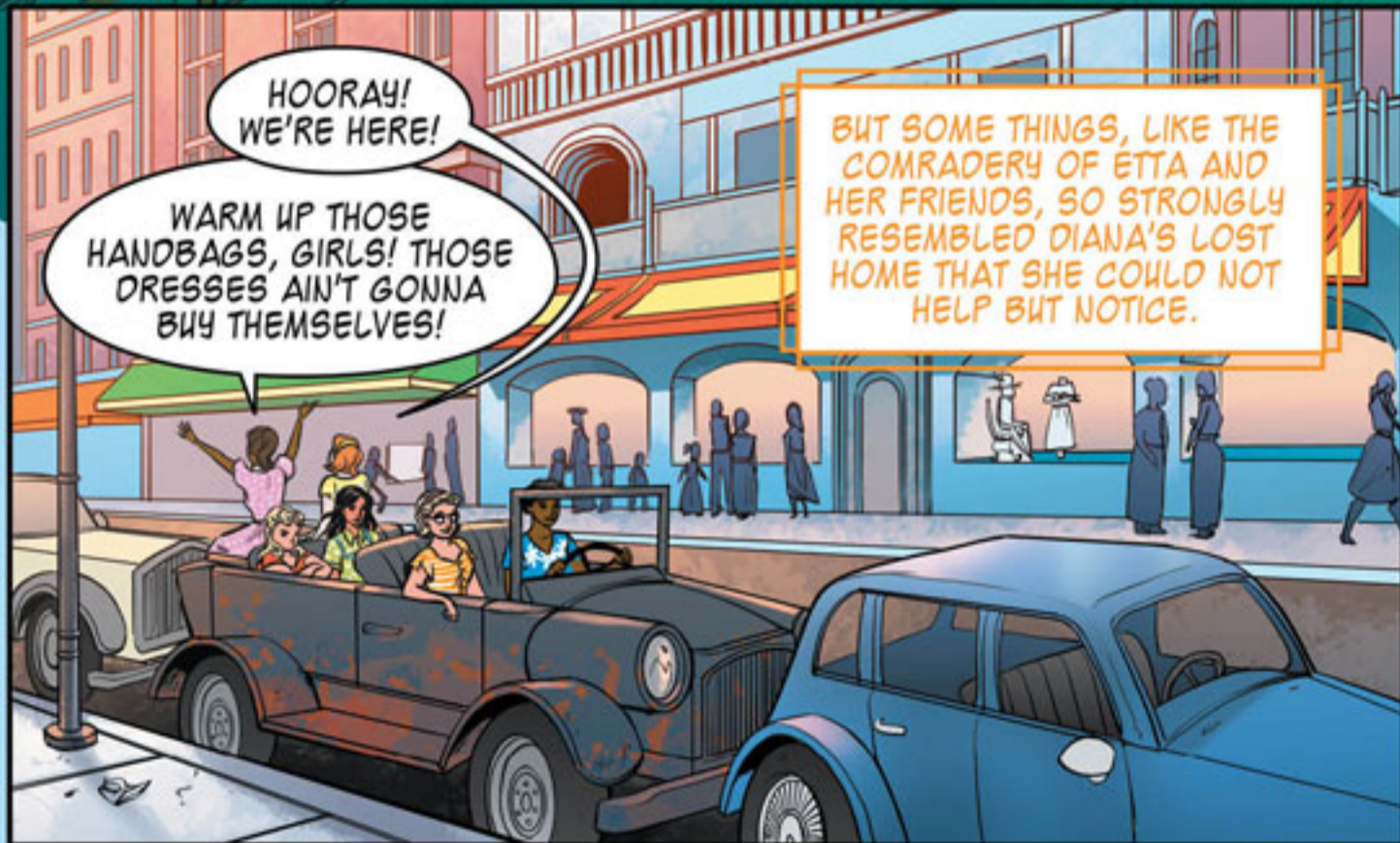


IN SILENT LOYALTY
TO THEMYSKIRA,
DIANA REFUSED TO
ACKNOWLEDGE THE
OUTSIDE WORLD
AROUND HER.

THIS PLACE WAS NOT HER
HOME AND SHE DID
NOT WANT TO KNOW IT.

HOORAY!
WE'RE HERE!

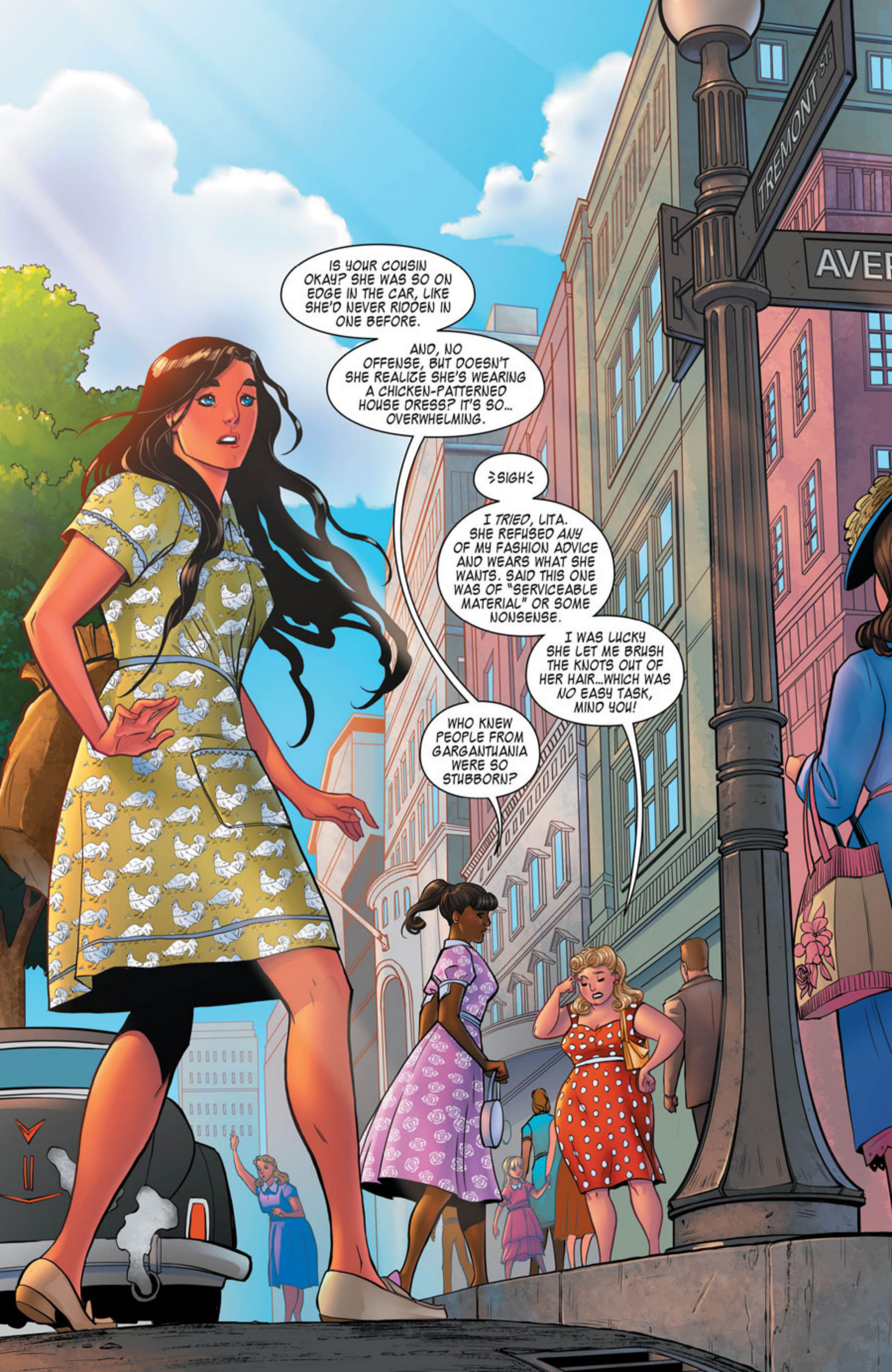
WARM UP THOSE
HANDBAGS, GIRLS! THOSE
DRESSES AIN'T GONNA
BUY THEMSELVES!



BUT SOME THINGS, LIKE THE
COMRADERY OF ETTA AND
HER FRIENDS, SO STRONGLY
RESEMBLED DIANA'S LOST
HOME THAT SHE COULD NOT
HELP BUT NOTICE.

AND THERE WERE SOME
THINGS SO WONDEROUS
EVEN THE CHAMPION OF
THEMYSKIRA COULD NOT
HELP BUT STARE IN AWE.





IS YOUR COUSIN OKAY? SHE WAS SO ON EDGE IN THE CAR, LIKE SHE'D NEVER RIDDEN IN ONE BEFORE.

AND, NO OFFENSE, BUT DOESN'T SHE REALIZE SHE'S WEARING A CHICKEN-PATTERNED HOUSE DRESS? IT'S SO... OVERWHELMING.

>SIGH<

I TRIED, LITA. SHE REFUSED ANY OF MY FASHION ADVICE AND WEARS WHAT SHE WANTS. SAID THIS ONE WAS OF "SERVICEABLE MATERIAL" OR SOME NONSENSE.

I WAS LUCKY SHE LET ME BRUSH THE KNOTS OUT OF HER HAIR...WHICH WAS NO EASY TASK, MIND YOU!

WHO KNEW PEOPLE FROM GARGANTHANIA WERE SO STUBBORN?

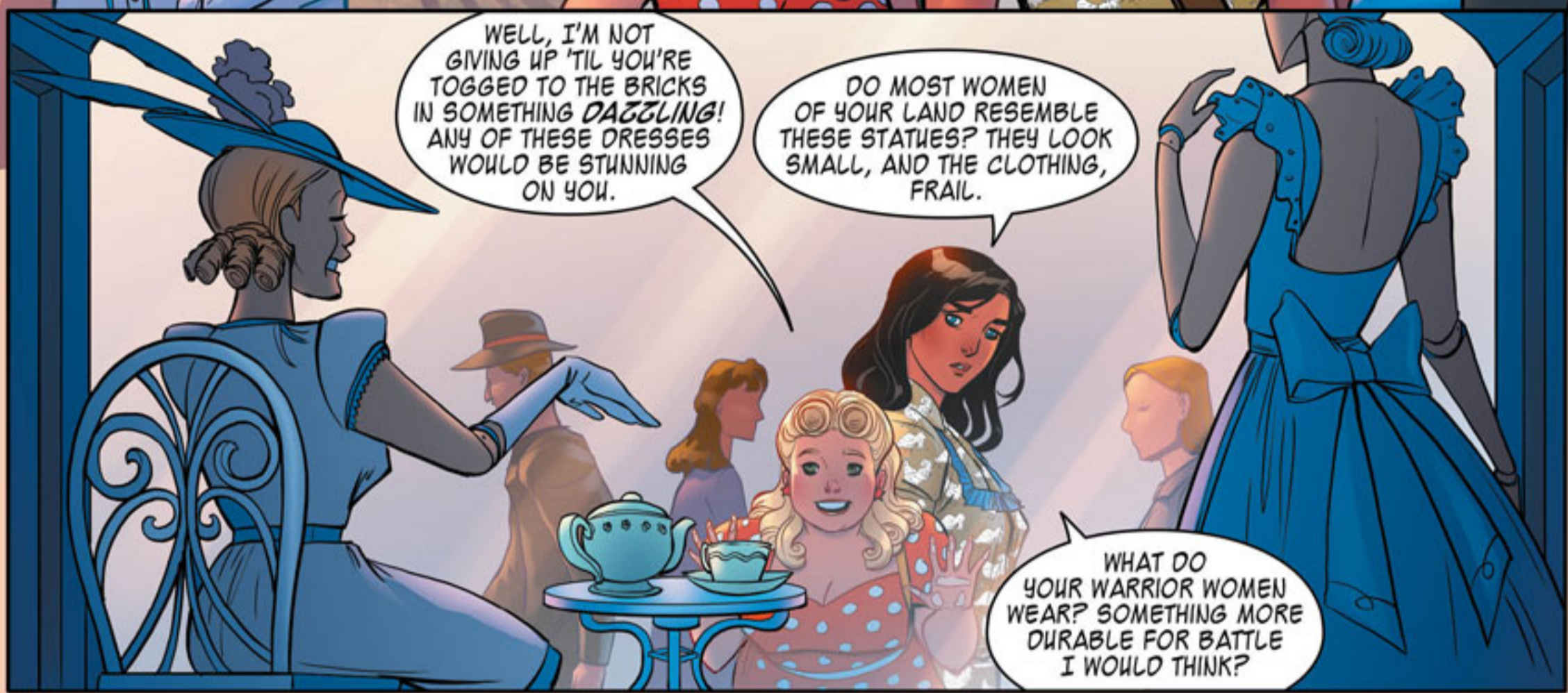
TREMONT ST
AVER



SEE YOU LATER!

YOU'RE KILLING ME, YOU KNOW! AT LEAST LET ME HELP YOU PICK A BETTER DRESS, OR APPLY A LITTLE MAKEUP...

THIS "MAKEUP" ...MANY WOMEN OF YOUR LAND SEEM TO USE IT, AS IF WEARING MASKS. IT MAKES ME WONDER WHAT THEY HIDE BENEATH IT.



WELL, I'M NOT GIVING UP 'TIL YOU'RE TOGGED TO THE BRICKS IN SOMETHING DAZZLING! ANY OF THESE DRESSES WOULD BE STUNNING ON YOU.

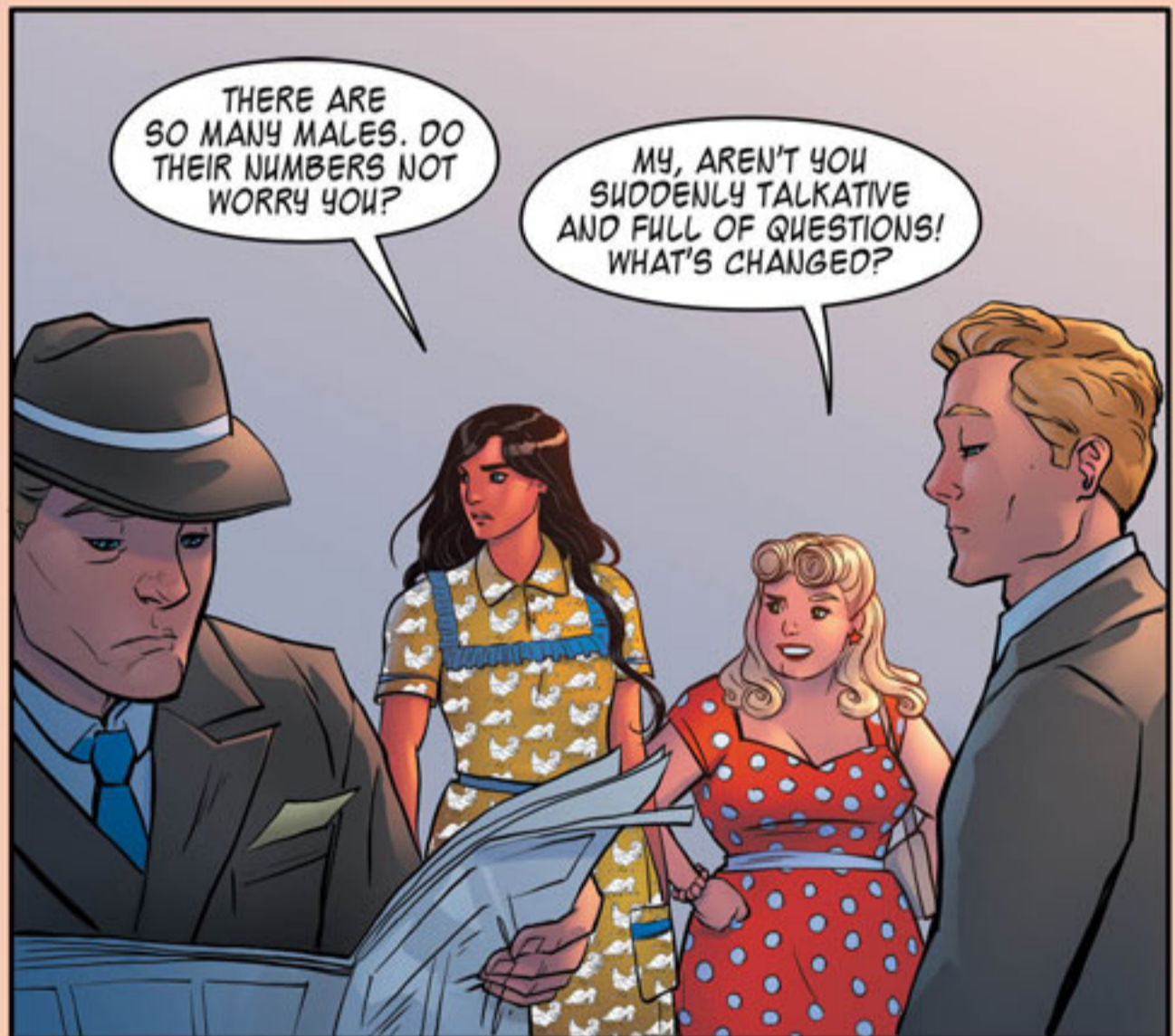
DO MOST WOMEN OF YOUR LAND RESEMBLE THESE STATUES? THEY LOOK SMALL, AND THE CLOTHING, FRAIL.

WHAT DO YOUR WARRIOR WOMEN WEAR? SOMETHING MORE DURABLE FOR BATTLE I WOULD THINK?



HA! WELL THOSE MANNEQUINS DON'T RESEMBLE ME, HONEY.

AND THESE CURVES HAVE WON ME MANY BATTLES, THANK YOU!



THERE ARE SO MANY MALES. DO THEIR NUMBERS NOT WORRY YOU?

MY, AREN'T YOU SUDDENLY TALKATIVE AND FULL OF QUESTIONS! WHAT'S CHANGED?



I SUPPOSE I FEEL... CURIOUS.

WELL, I LIKE IT! A GIRL'S GOT TO UNDERSTAND THE WORLD TO BE ABLE TO SURVIVE IT. ASK ME ALL THE QUESTIONS YOU WANT.

C'MON, THE PUBLISHER IS JUST RIGHT DOWN THE STREET.







≧COUGH≦
≧COUGH≦

CIGAR SMOKE.
NASTY HABIT, IF
YOU ASK ME!



HULLO,
GENTLEMEN.

WHAT CAN I
DO FOR YOU TWO
BROADS?



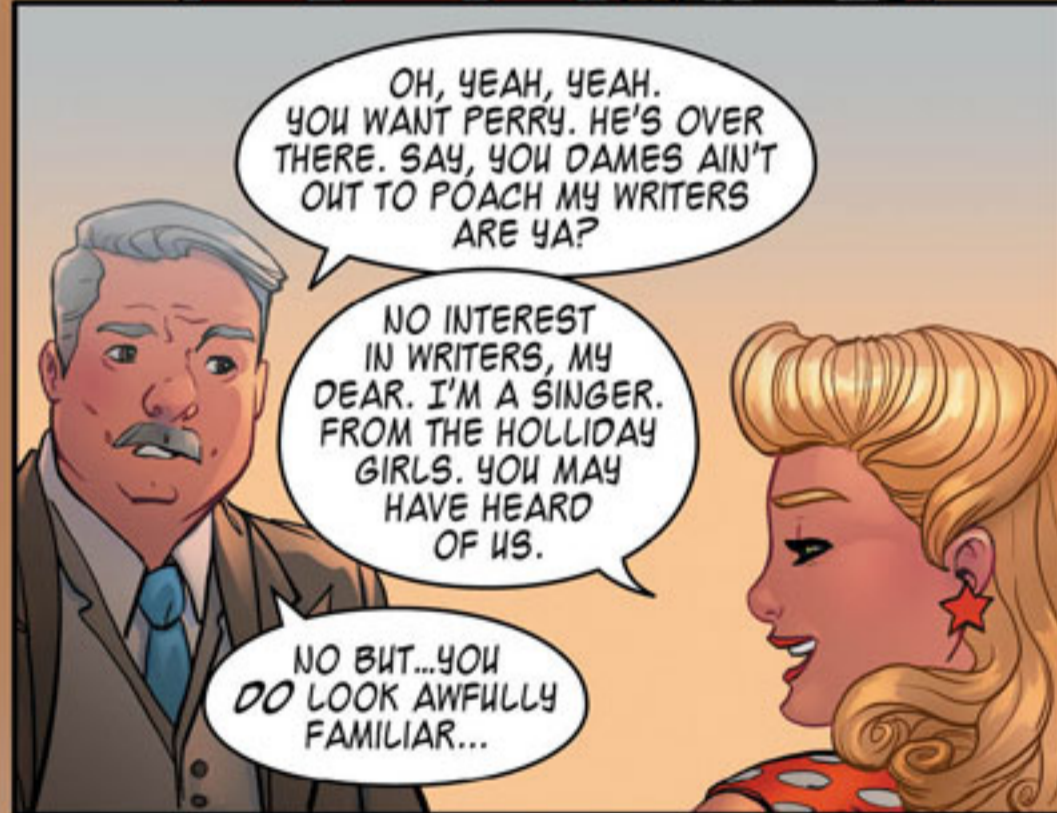
ETTA,
WHAT ARE
BROADS?



WE HAVE SOME
QUESTIONS ABOUT
AN ARTICLE YOU RAN...
THE ONE ABOUT NAZIS
USING CREATURES
IN THE WAR.

YOU'RE GONNA
HAVE TO GET MORE
SPECIFIC, TOOTS. ARE
YOU TALKING ABOUT THE
NAZI WEREWOLVES,
VAMPIRE ASSASSINS,
OR TORPEDO
MERMAIDS?

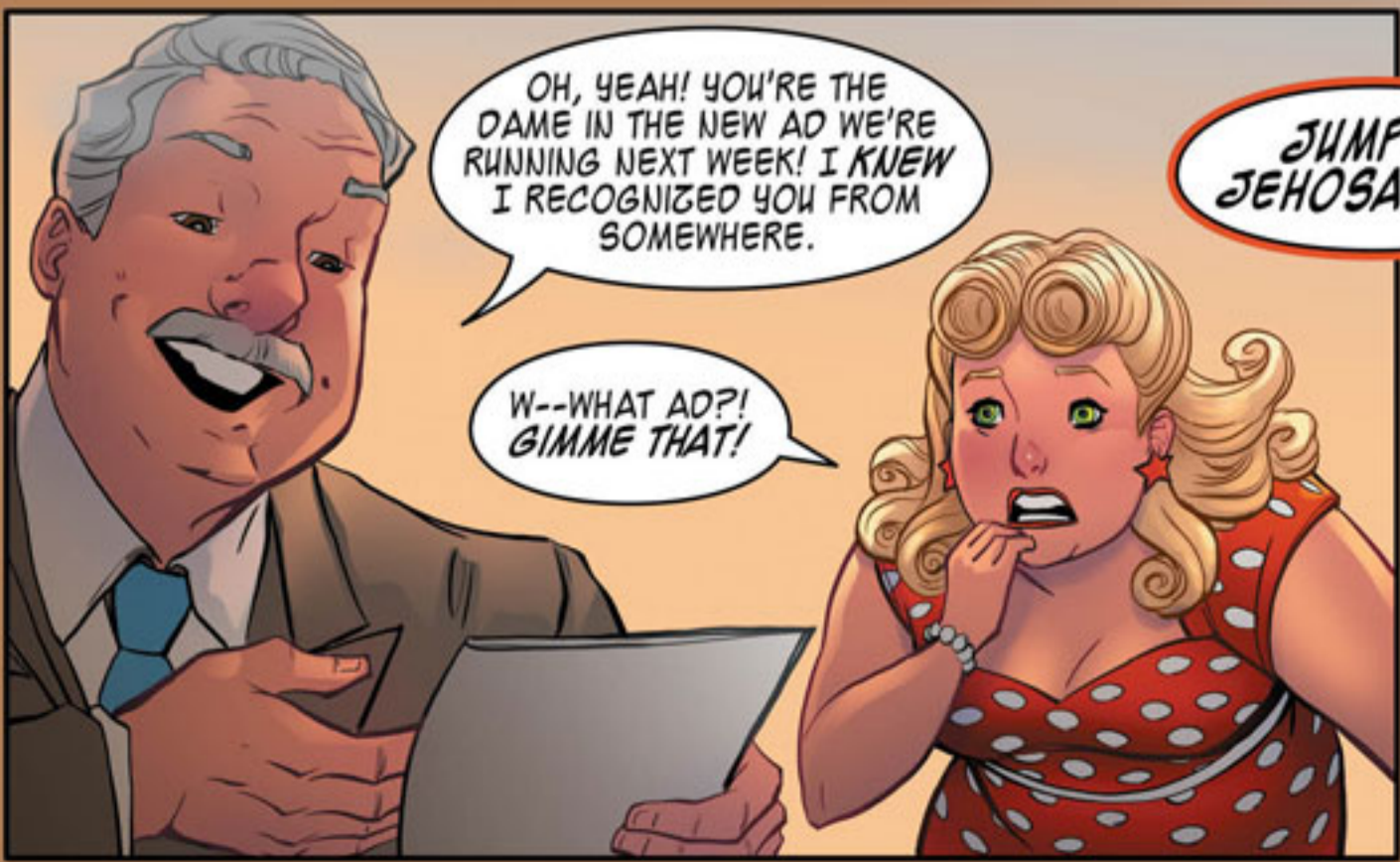
NONE OF
THOSE. THE ONE
ABOUT THE "DUKE
OF DECEPTION."



OH, YEAH, YEAH.
YOU WANT PERRY. HE'S OVER
THERE. SAY, YOU DAMES AIN'T
OUT TO POACH MY WRITERS
ARE YA?

NO INTEREST
IN WRITERS, MY
DEAR. I'M A SINGER.
FROM THE HOLLIDAY
GIRLS. YOU MAY
HAVE HEARD
OF US.

NO BUT...YOU
DO LOOK AWFULLY
FAMILIAR...



OH, YEAH! YOU'RE THE
DAME IN THE NEW AD WE'RE
RUNNING NEXT WEEK! I *KNEW*
I RECOGNIZED YOU FROM
SOMEWHERE.

W--WHAT AD?!
GIMME THAT!

**JUMPIN'
JEHOSAPHAT!**

