

JUST TWELVE SUMMERS, AND CONAN HAD NEVER KNOWN GRIEF.

NOT LIKE THIS.



WHERE EVERY BREATH FELT LIKE AN OPEN WOUND.

WHERE EVEN CALLING OUT HER NAME REMINDED HIM OF THE TIME SHE TAUGHT HIM OF ECHOES.

YANNA!

ENDLESS ECHOES THAT NOW THREATENED TO DRAIN THE COLOR FROM THE WORLD.




FOR TWO DAYS, WITHOUT SLEEP, WITHOUT FOOD, HE SEARCHED FOR HER.

TO HEAR HER LAUGH, OR SEE HER WALK, OR, EVENTUALLY, INEVITABLY...




...TO FIND HER BODY.

AND IT WAS SAID BY HIS TRIBESMEN THAT WHEN HE RETURNED, WITHOUT ANSWERS, AND WITHOUT YANNA...



...THAT HE RETURNED OLDER, SOMEHOW, IN HIS SOUL.

AND THAT HE WAS NEVER AGAIN THE CHILD HE HAD BEEN, NOT COMPLETELY.



AND, FOR YOUNG CONAN, THE LONG WALK BACK ALONE FELT LIKE AN ETERNITY IN THE DARK.



MUCH LATER, AND NEARLY AS FAR AWAY AS IT IS POSSIBLE TO GET...
...THERE IS A CITY OF LIGHT.

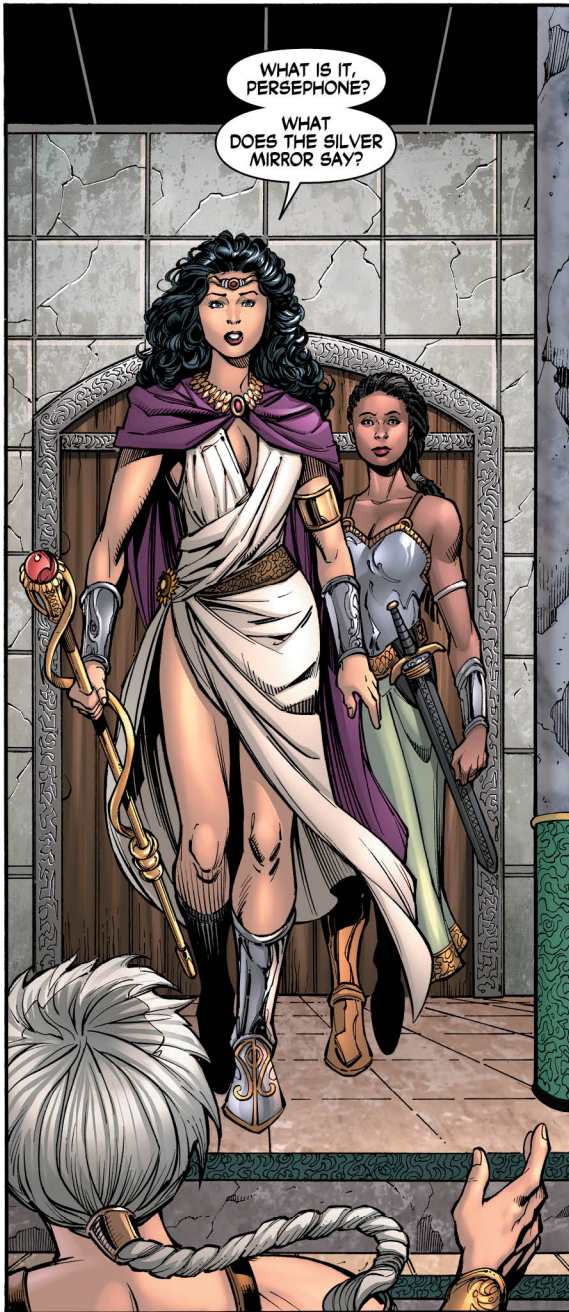
MY QUEEN.

HIPPOLYTA!

LIKE BLOOD FROM THE SKY

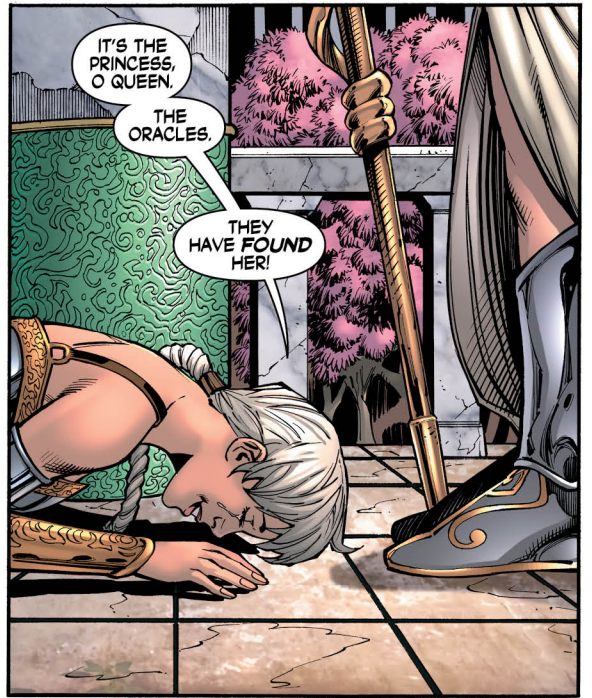
WRITTEN BY
GAIL SIMONE
PENCILLED BY
AARON LOPRESTI
INKED BY
MATT RYAN
COLORED BY
WENDY BROOME
WITH **TONY AVIÑA**
LETTERED BY
SAIDA TEMOFONTE
COVER BY
AARON LOPRESTI
VARIANT COVER BY
NEAL ADAMS
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WONDER WOMAN CREATED BY
WILLIAM MOULTON MARSTON
CONAN® CREATED BY
ROBERT E. HOWARD



WHAT IS IT, PERSEPHONE?

WHAT DOES THE SILVER MIRROR SAY?



IT'S THE PRINCESS, O QUEEN.

THE ORACLES.

THEY HAVE FOUND HER!



HERA BE PRAISED.



SISTERS OF THEMYSCLRA.

OUR DAUGHTER HAS BEEN FOUND.

SHE WAS TAKEN BY ENEMIES SO FIERCE AND CAPRICIOUS THAT EVEN THE GODS GIVE THEM WIDE SWAY.



OUR WINDOW TO HER IS SMALL AND FADING.

I'LL NEED FIVE VOLUNTEERS TO BRING HER HOME.



BLESS YOU. BLESS YOU ALL.

IF I CALL YOUR NAME, STEP FORWARD.



IO.



PHILOMELA.



ATONE.

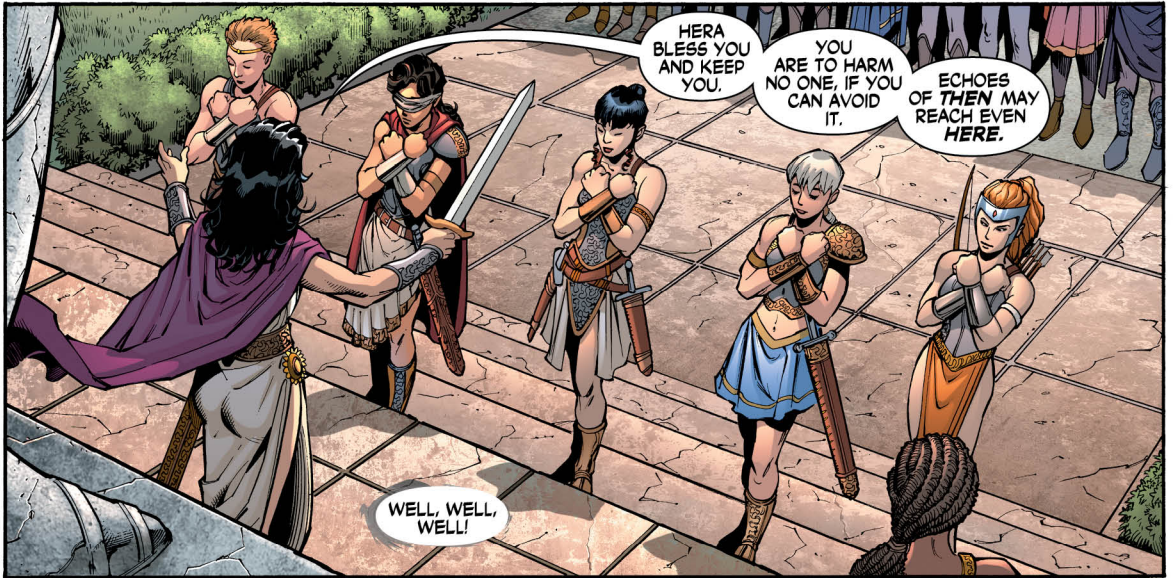


PERSEPHONE.



ARTEMIS.

YOU ARE CHOSEN. COME TO ME.



HERA BLESS YOU AND KEEP YOU.

YOU ARE TO HARM NO ONE, IF YOU CAN AVOID IT.

ECHOES OF THEN MAY REACH EVEN HERE.

WELL, WELL, WELL!



MY MISTRESSES, THE CORVIDAE, SENT ME TO WATCH YOU.

AND FOUL YOUR NEST, IF I AM ABLE.

SEND YOUR BEST, SEND YOUR WORST, IT MATTERS NOT.



THEY'LL ALL DIE AND FEED OUR YOUNG, ANYWAY.

FILTHY CREATURE.

HOLD YOUR ANGER, PHILIPUS.

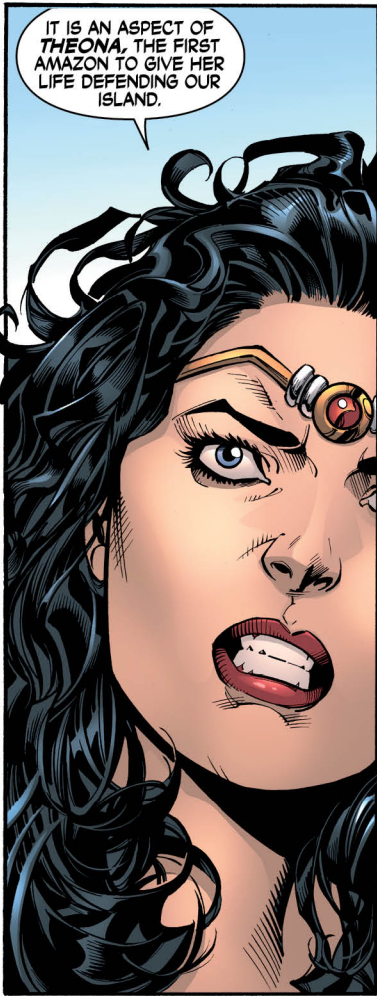
CROW. CAN THERE BE NO PEACE WITH YOUR MISTRESSES?



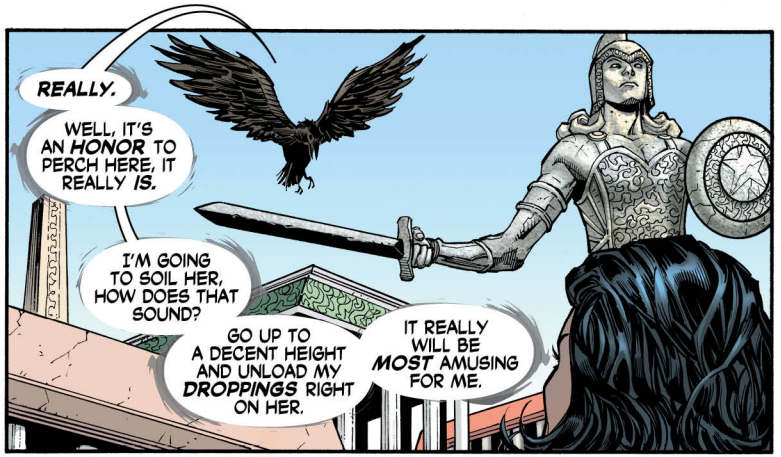
NONE. THEY INVENTED BLOOD SPORT, YOU KNOW.

I'M NOT SURE THEY LOVE ANYTHING ELSE.

BY THE WAY, WHO IS THIS STATUE MEANT TO REPRESENT?



IT IS AN ASPECT OF THEONA, THE FIRST AMAZON TO GIVE HER LIFE DEFENDING OUR ISLAND.



REALLY.

WELL, IT'S AN HONOR TO PERCH HERE, IT REALLY IS.

I'M GOING TO SOIL HER, HOW DOES THAT SOUND?

GO UP TO A DECENT HEIGHT AND UNLOAD MY DROPPINGS RIGHT ON HER.

IT REALLY WILL BE MOST AMUSING FOR ME.



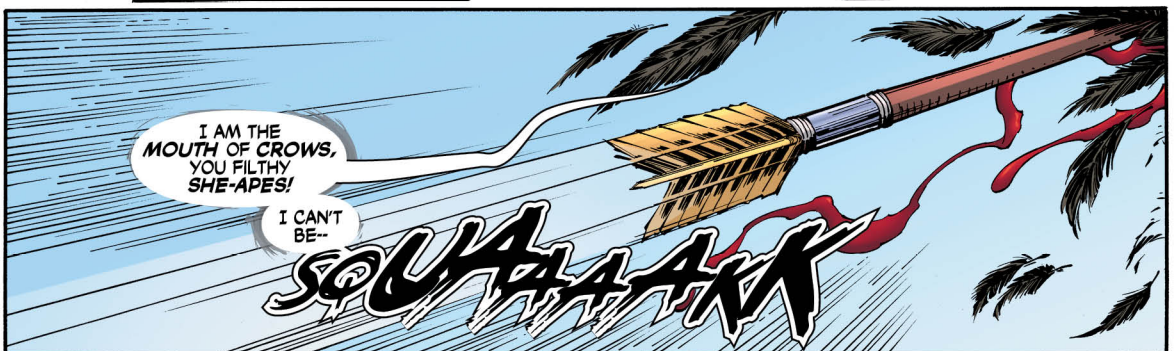
ARTEMIS, DO YOU THINK YOU COULD--?

OH, DEAR, DEAR HIPPOLYTA.



IT REALLY WILL BE MOST AMUSING FOR ME.

WAIT.
I AM AN EMISSARY OF THE CORVIDAE!
YOU CAN'T... YOU CAN'T DO THIS!



I AM THE MOUTH OF CROWS, YOU FILTHY SHE-APES!

I CAN'T BE--

SQUAAAAAK