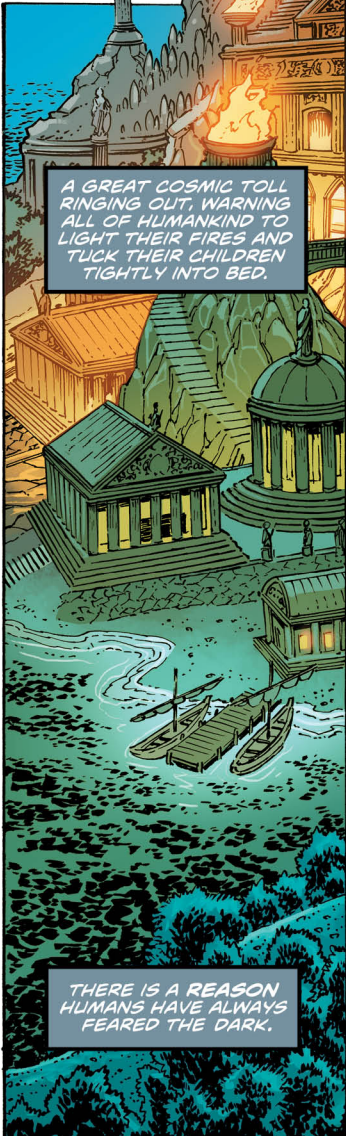


THERE IS A TUGGING ONE FEELS ON THEIR HEART AS THE MOONLIT SHADOWS GROW EACH NIGHT, A FEARFUL ANTICIPATION.



A GREAT COSMIC TOLL RINGING OUT, WARNING ALL OF HUMANKIND TO LIGHT THEIR FIRES AND TUCK THEIR CHILDREN TIGHTLY INTO BED.

THERE IS A REASON HUMANS HAVE ALWAYS FEARED THE DARK.

DIANA, YOUNG PRINCESS OF THEMYSKIRA, LEARNED IT AS SHE RAN FROM THE CROSSROADS UNDER THE FALSE LIGHT OF THE FULL MOON.

SHE WANTED TO SCREAM FOR HELP, SCREAM LOUD ENOUGH THAT HER MOTHER, QUEEN HIPPOLYTA, WOULD HEAR AND COME TO HER RESCUE.



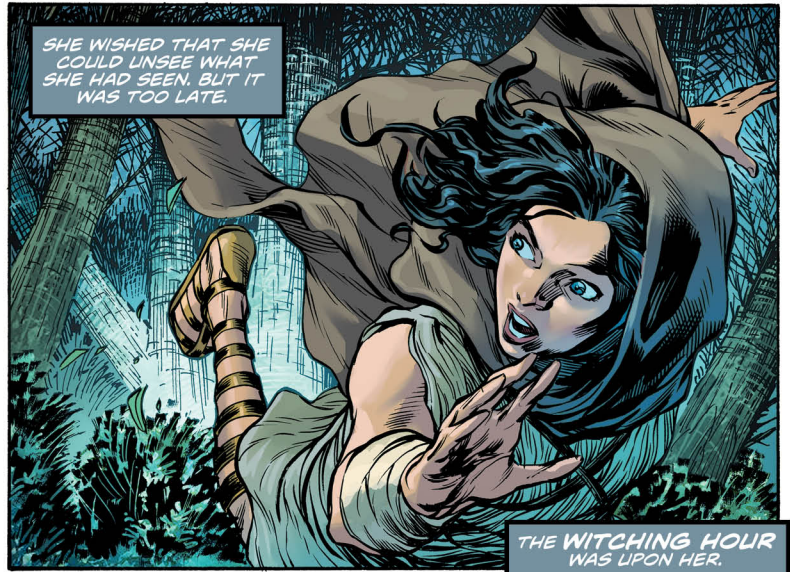
BUT NO SOUND ESCAPED HER THROAT, ONLY A HOARSE, RASPING BREATH.

SHE PRAYED TO HER GODS FOR DELIVERANCE, BUT IT WAS NOT A TIME FOR GODS.

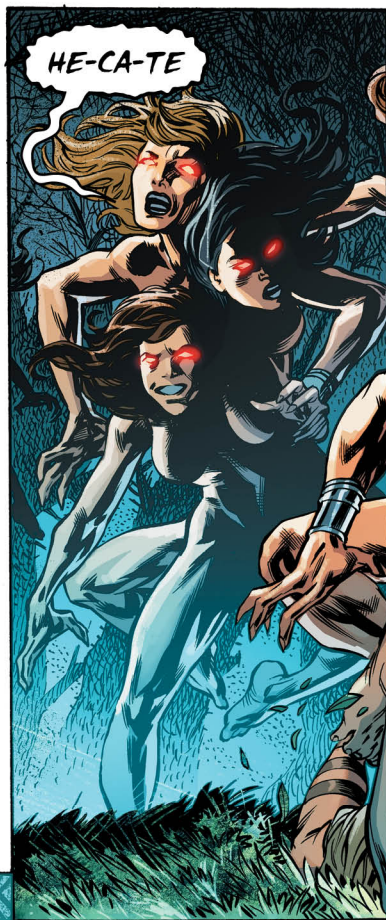


DEEP DOWN, SHE KNEW THIS. SHE KNEW THAT THE DARK BELONGED TO THE WITCH WOMEN SHE HAD FOLLOWED INTO THE FOREST THAT FATEFUL NIGHT.

SHE WISHED THAT SHE COULD UNSEE WHAT SHE HAD SEEN, BUT IT WAS TOO LATE.



THE WITCHING HOUR WAS UPON HER.



SHE COULD FEEL THE WITCH GODDESS APPROACH BEFORE SHE COULD SEE HER IN FULL.

WITH EVERY STEP, DIANA'S BODY SHUDDERED WITH REVULSION.



THE ARCAN E ENERGY OF THE BRANDING IRON BURNED THROUGH THE AIR.



HER LAST MEMORY WAS OF PAIN, AND A PRIMAL SOUND FINALLY ERUPTING FROM WITHIN HER CHEST.

A SOUND THAT WOULD CARRY TO THE OTHER SIDE OF DREAM.

THE WITCHING HOUR PART 1

JAMES TYNION IV WRITER JESUS MERINO ARTIST ROMULO FAJARDO JR. COLORS DAVE SHARPE LETTERS
MERINO & FAJARDO JR. COVER RICCARDO FEDERICI VARIANT COVER
DAVE WIELGOSZ ASSISTANT EDITOR CHRIS CONROY EDITOR JAMIE S. RICH GROUP EDITOR
WONDER WOMAN CREATED BY WILLIAM MOULTON MARSTON
SUPERMAN CREATED BY JERRY SIEGEL AND JOE SHUSTER. BY SPECIAL ARRANGEMENT WITH THE JERRY SIEGEL FAMILY.

DIANA RACED FROM HER BED TO HER MOTHER'S SIDE IN TERROR, REPEATING ALL SHE COULD REMEMBER.

THE QUEEN WASTED NO TIME BRINGING HER TORMENTORS TO THE PALACE.



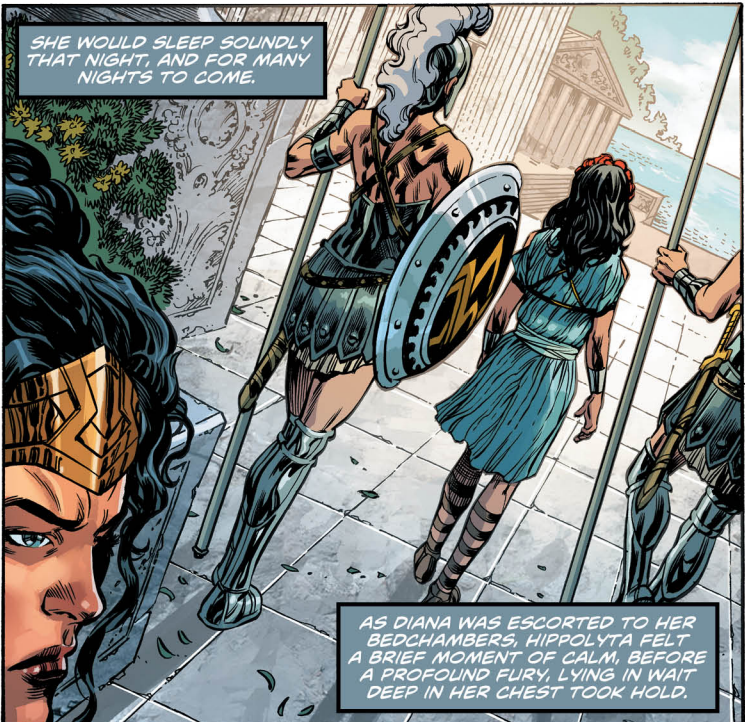
MY SISTERS AND I SERVE HECATE, THE TRIPLE GODDESS OF WITCHCRAFT. EACH MONTH WE WALK TO THE OLD CROSSROADS IN THE GREAT FOREST ABOVE US, AND PERFORM OUR RITES TO OUR PATRON.

THERE ARE SECRETS IN THOSE RITES. BUT NO MENACE.



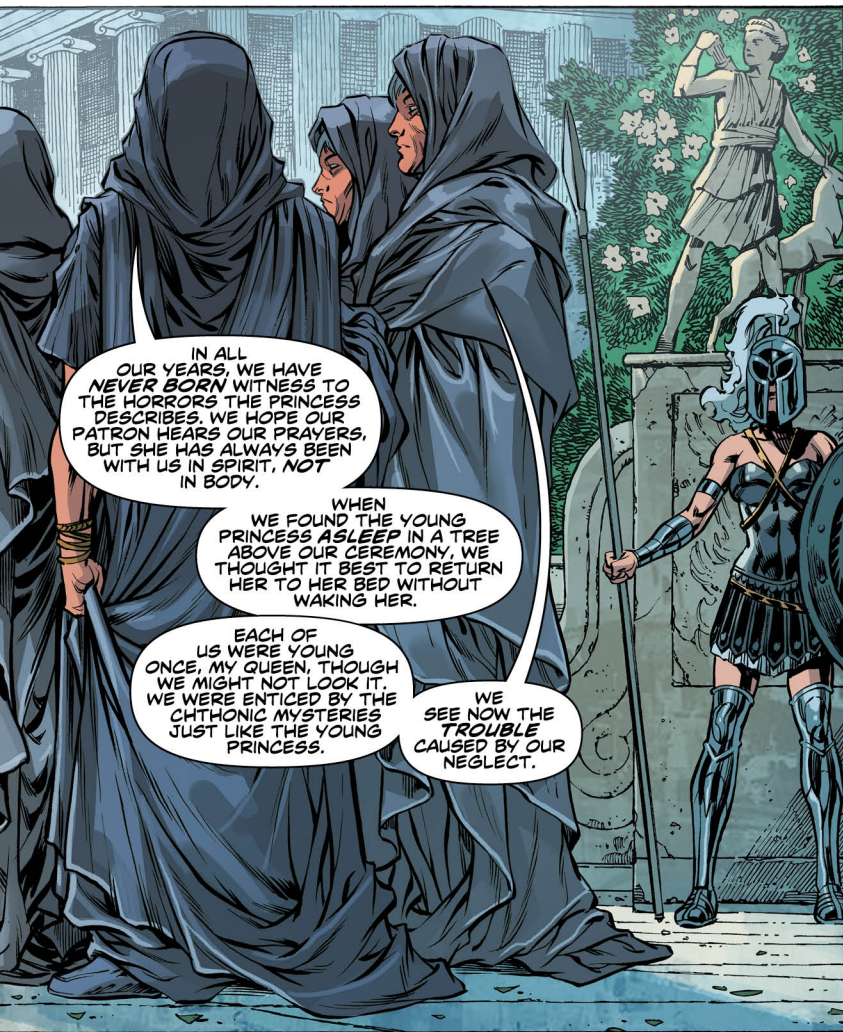
DOES THIS SATISFY YOU, DIANA?

IT DOES, MOTHER. I AM TERRIBLY SORRY FOR THE TROUBLE I CAUSED ALL OF YOU.



SHE WOULD SLEEP SOUNDLY THAT NIGHT, AND FOR MANY NIGHTS TO COME.

AS DIANA WAS ESCORTED TO HER BEDCHAMBERS, HIPPOLYTA FELT A BRIEF MOMENT OF CALM, BEFORE A PROFOUND FURY, LYING IN WAIT DEEP IN HER CHEST TOOK HOLD.

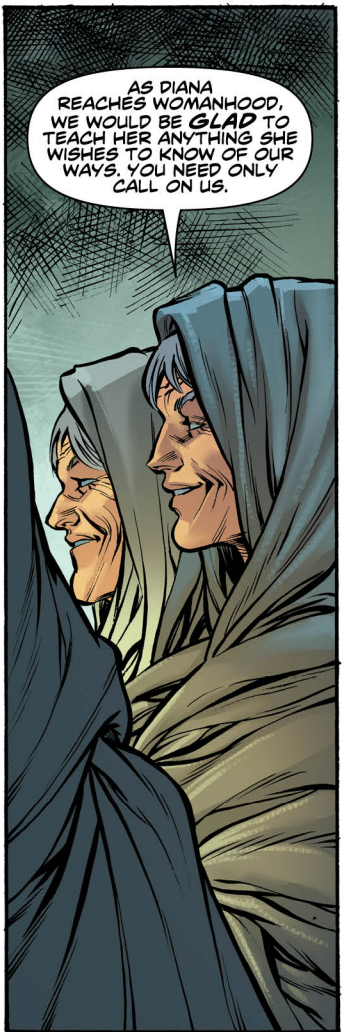


IN ALL OUR YEARS, WE HAVE NEVER BORN WITNESS TO THE HORRORS THE PRINCESS DESCRIBES. WE HOPE OUR PATRON HEARS OUR PRAYERS, BUT SHE HAS ALWAYS BEEN WITH US IN SPIRIT, NOT IN BODY.

WHEN WE FOUND THE YOUNG PRINCESS ASLEEP IN A TREE ABOVE OUR CEREMONY, WE THOUGHT IT BEST TO RETURN HER TO HER BED WITHOUT WAKING HER.

EACH OF US WERE YOUNG ONCE, MY QUEEN, THOUGH WE MIGHT NOT LOOK IT. WE WERE ENTICED BY THE CHTHONIC MYSTERIES JUST LIKE THE YOUNG PRINCESS.

WE SEE NOW THE TROUBLE CAUSED BY OUR NEGLIGENCE.



AS DIANA REACHES WOMANHOOD, WE WOULD BE GLAD TO TEACH HER ANYTHING SHE WISHES TO KNOW OF OUR WAYS. YOU NEED ONLY CALL ON US.



WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO MY DAUGHTER?



MY QUEEN, WE WOULD NEVER--

I HAVE HEARD YOUR BEDTIME STORY, SISTER. I THANK YOU FOR COMFORTING DIANA. BUT I WILL NOT ASK AGAIN.



YOUR QUEEN COMMANDS YOU TO SPEAK!