

THE SLATE-SKINNED HULKING BRUTES ARE TROLLS. TUSK-MOUTHED MAN-EATERS THAT WILL FEED ON ANYTHING THAT DRAWS BREATH, BLEEDS, AND SCREAMS WHEN DEVoured ALIVE.

WE
ARE IN NO
CONDITION
TO *FIGHT*.

TODAY, IT IS AMAZONS WHO
WHET THE TROLLS' RAVENOUS
APPETITES. AND THE SCREAMS
ARE WHAT TROLLS LIVE FOR.

ARE WE
IN A BETTER
CONDITION
TO *DIE*?

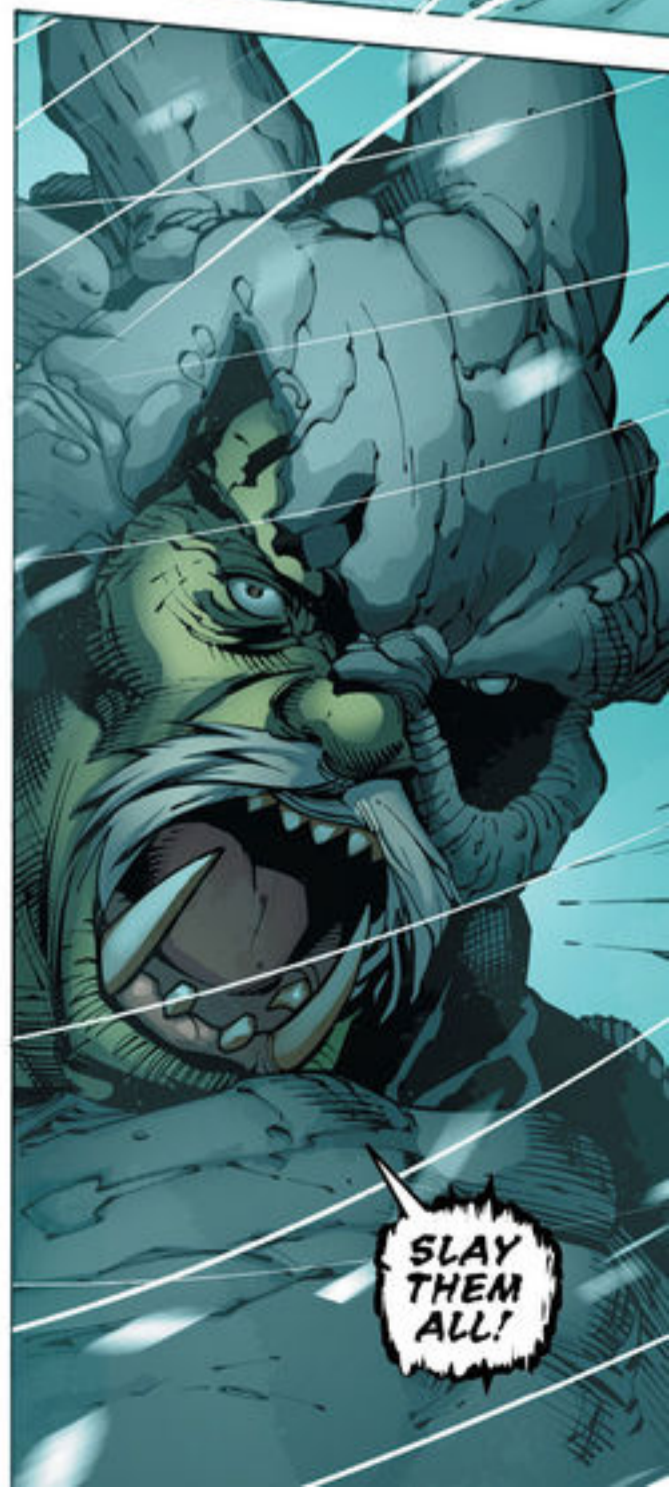
WOMEN
WHO WEAR
ARMOR AND
WEAPONS??


I AM HESSIA,
LEADER OF THE
AMAZONS FROM
THEMYSCIRA.
WE COME IN
PEACE!

YES. PEACE
OR PIECES,
YOU WILL GO
THE WAY OF
ALL HUMAN
FLESH...

...MORSELS
TO ROAST LIKE
BOAR OVER OUR
FIRE PITS AND
TO FILL OUR
BELLIES!

WE ARE
INJURED AND COLD
FROM OUR JOURNEY.
IF YOU WOULD BUT
GRANT US LEAVE
TO--







THE TROLLS ATTACK THE
HAPLESS AMAZONS IN
AN OBSCENE DISPLAY OF
MURDEROUS FRENZY...




...AND
UNRELENTING
FURY.



BUT COLD AND EXHAUSTED
OR NOT, THE SISTERS OF
BLOOD AND SHIELD WILL
NOT LIE DOWN EASILY.



THEY WILL NOT GO
GENTLY INTO THE NIGHT.



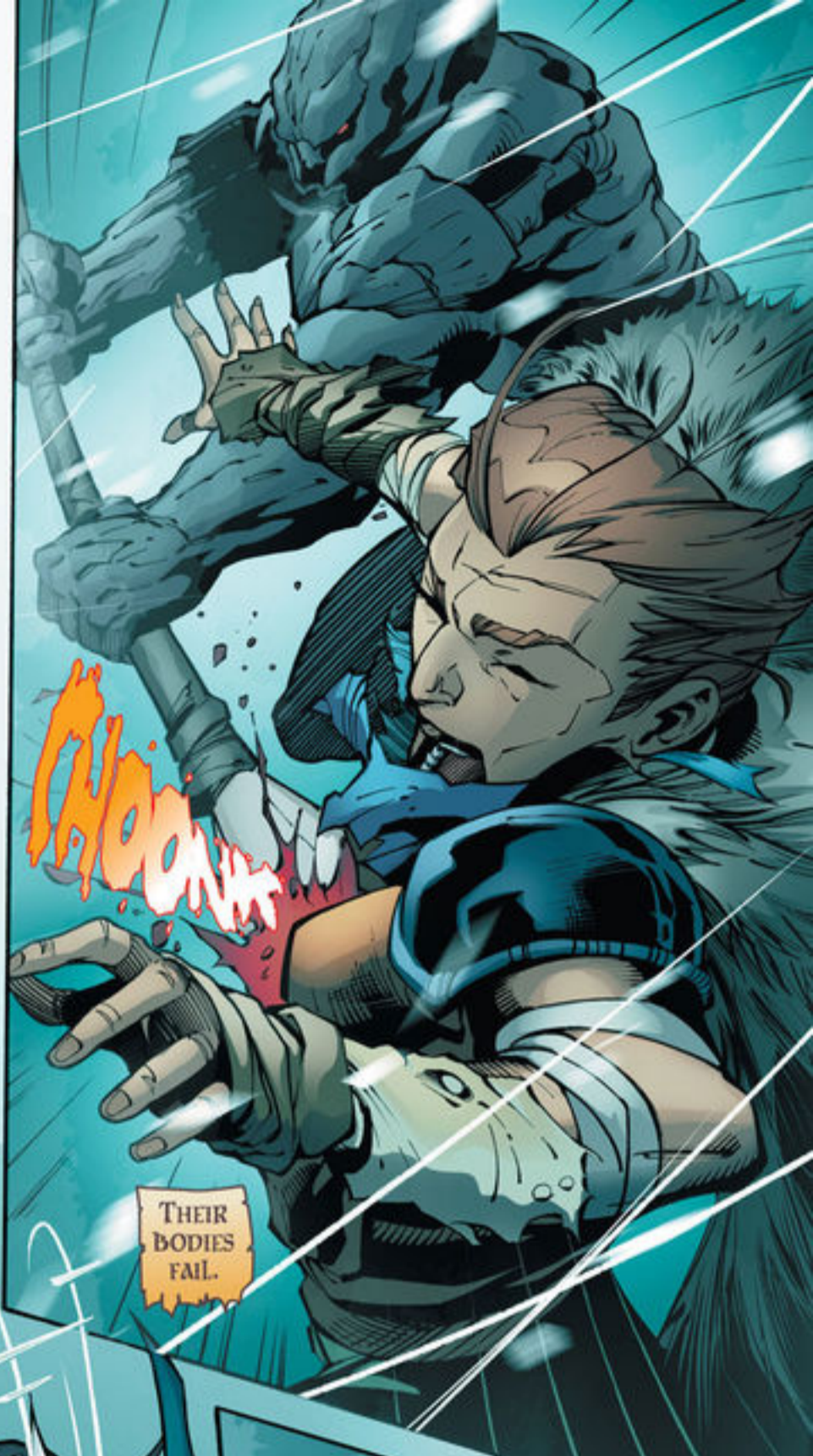
NOT WITHOUT
A FIGHT.

AGGK--!!

BUT ALAS, THE ARDUOUS JOURNEY HAS TAKEN A BITTER TOLL UPON THEM.



SLICE



CHOO

THEIR BODIES FAIL.



AND THOUGH THEY TRY TO DEFEND THEMSELVES...



SHUK

URRG...

...THEY ARE TOO WEARY TO BE EFFECTIVE.

ALL SEEMS LOST UNTIL...



THEY ARE CALLED VIKINGS.
TO SOME, THEY ARE VIKINGAR.
TO OTHERS, BERSERKERS.
VICIOUS, UNBRIDLED WARRIORS
BY ANY OTHER NAME.

REPUTED TO DRINK THEIR
OWN MUSHROOM-SPIKED
URINE TO INDUCE A FRENZIED
RAGE, THESE ICE-BORN
RAIDERS WADE INTO THE
TROLLS LIKE THE BATTLE
IS A SUMMER POOL—



—BATHING THEMSELVES
IN TROLL BLOOD
AS IF TO WASH THE
STENCH OF CIVILITY
FROM THEIR BATTLE-
STARVED LIMBS.

UP YOU
GO--!



I TAKE
IT YOU
KNOW WHAT
TO DO WITH
THIS?

AYE...

