



LET HIM GO!

YEAR ONE

Finale

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OH, PRINCESS OF AMAZONS...



... YOU HAVE FORGOTTEN YOURSELF.



HOLD YOUR FIRE!
HOLD YOUR FIRE!
HOLD YOUR FIRE!

DO YOU
KNOW WHO I AM,
MORTAL?

YEAH,
YOU'RE AN
ASSHOLE.



YOU HAVE
SOMETHING I
REQUIRE.



DO YOU
REALIZE HOW
TRULY UNIQUE
YOU ARE?

THE
FIRST MAN
TO SET FOOT ON
TERRA-SICRA?



BORN UNDER
A LUCKY SIGN, I
GUESS--



—GGGAAAAAHHH—



LEAVE
HIM BE!





YOU SUPPLICATE YOURSELF ON THEIR BEHALF?

YOU KNOW NOTHING OF THEIR WORLD OR THEIR WAYS, YET YOU WOULD PLEAD FOR THEM?



I PLEAD FOR PEACE, DIRE WAR.

I PLEAD FOR LIFE.



I WOULD HAVE SOMETHING IN RETURN.

I WOULD GIVE THEE ANYTHING TO SPARE THESE MORTALS THY BLOODY WRATH, WARBRINGER.



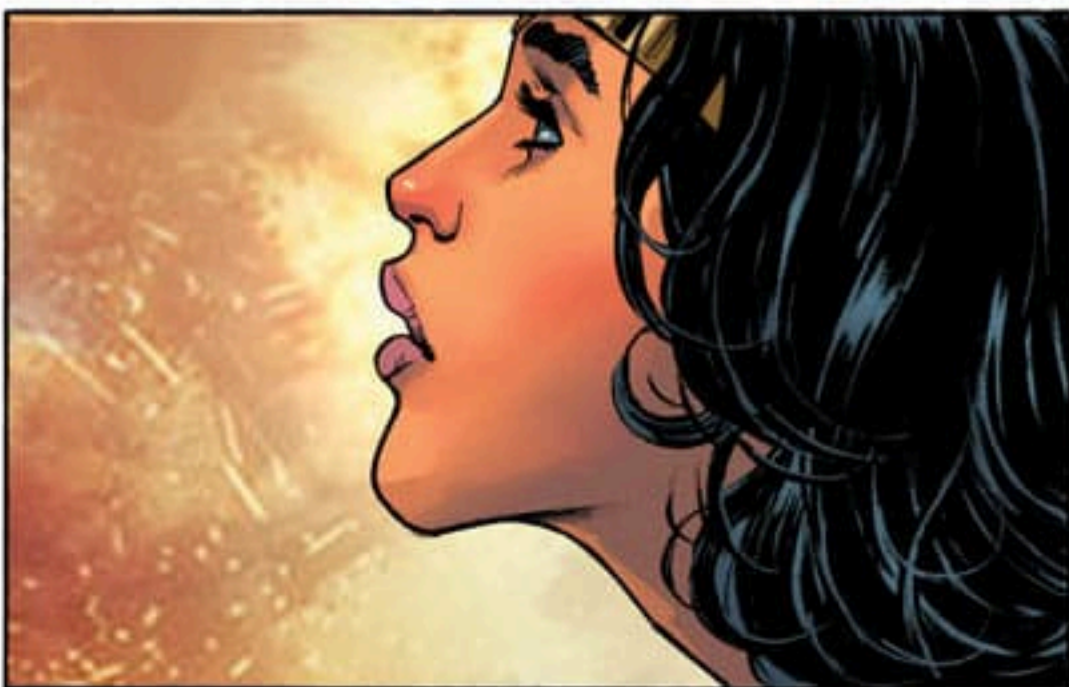
THEN I OFFER A TRADE, PRINCESS OF AMAZONS.

FOR IT HAS BEEN A GOD'S AGE SINCE I HAVE SEEN MY DAUGHTERS, AND I WOULD VISIT WITH THEM IN THEIR HOME.



YOUR SURVIVOR'S MIND DID NOT YIELD THAT WHICH I SEEK.

SO IT FALLS TO YOU, THEN, TO TELL ME WHERE I MIGHT FIND HIDDEN THEMYSKIRA.



IF IT IS MINE TO GRANT, GREAT GOD OF WAR, THAT KNOWLEDGE IS THINE.