

DYNAMITE
2

WITCHBLADE



RED SONJA



15-ANZZZ
Vinicius
Andrade

WITCHBLADE®

RED SONJA®

written by
DOUG WAGNER

art by
CEZAR RAZEK
colors by
MARLON ILAGAN

color assists by
RAYMOND LEE

letters by
TROY PETERI

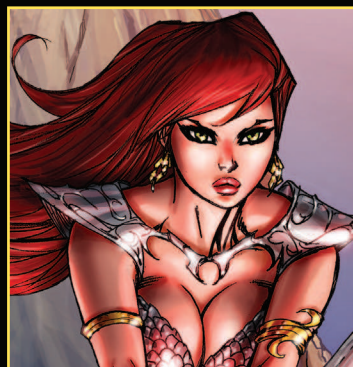
cover by
ALÉ GARZA

Red Sonja based on the
heroine created by
ROBERT E. HOWARD

See the back inside cover for
all variant covers



Sara Pezzini is an NYPD homicide detective whose life changed when she came into contact with a powerful ancient weapon known as the Witchblade, which bestows its wielder with supernatural powers.



Red Sonja was born of fire and tragedy... blessed by the Goddess Scáthach and became the greatest warrior of the Hyborian Age in an age undreamed of.

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The age of Red Sonja and the Hyborian kingdoms.





CHILD, I DOUBT YOU KNOW THE TRUE MEANING OF THAT WORD.



NISSA!

DOWN!



THUK

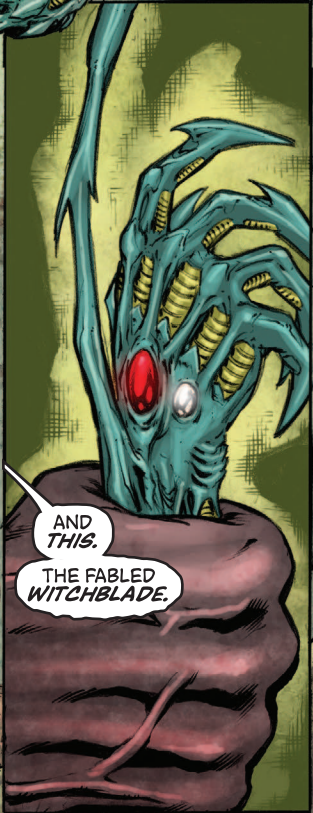
THUK



THE ARROGANCE!

MAN WAS ALWAYS HIS MOST PETULENT CREATION.

AND YET HIS LEAST IMPRESSIVE.



AND THIS. THE FABLED WITCHBLADE.



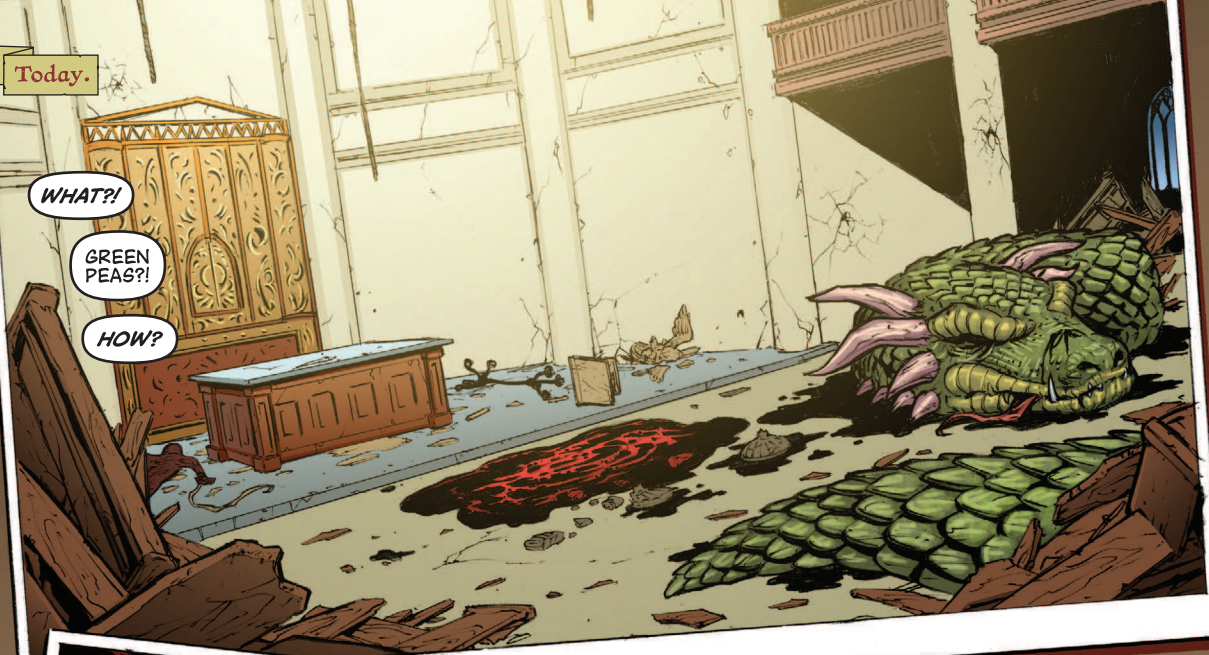
EVEN
MORE
SO.

Today.

WHAT?!

GREEN PEAS?!

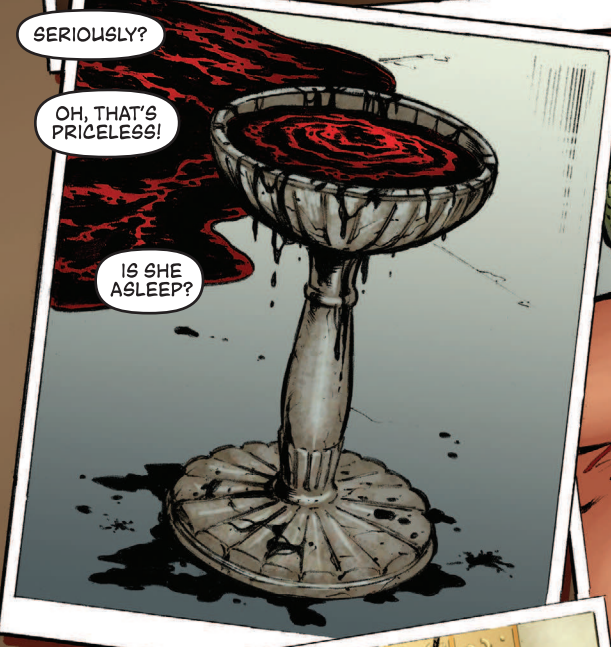
HOW?



SERIOUSLY?

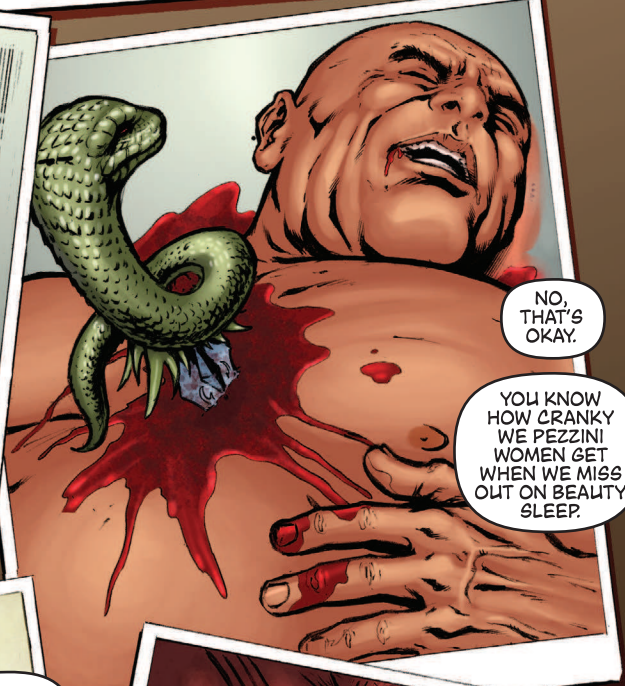
OH, THAT'S PRICELESS!

IS SHE ASLEEP?

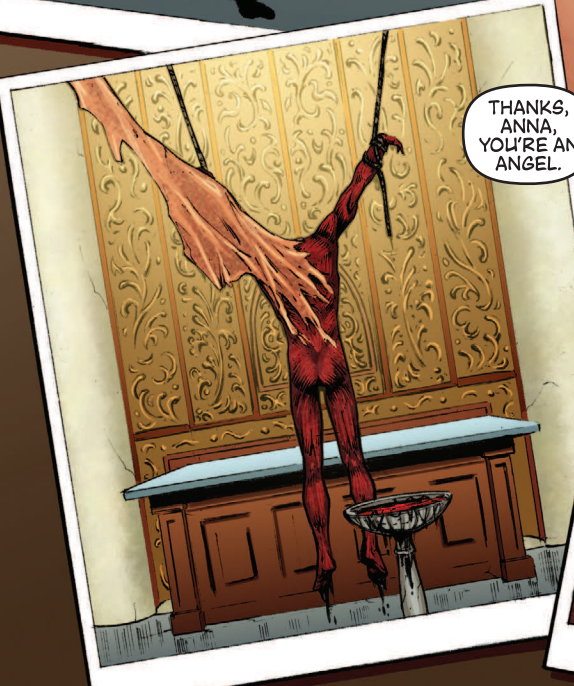


NO, THAT'S OKAY.

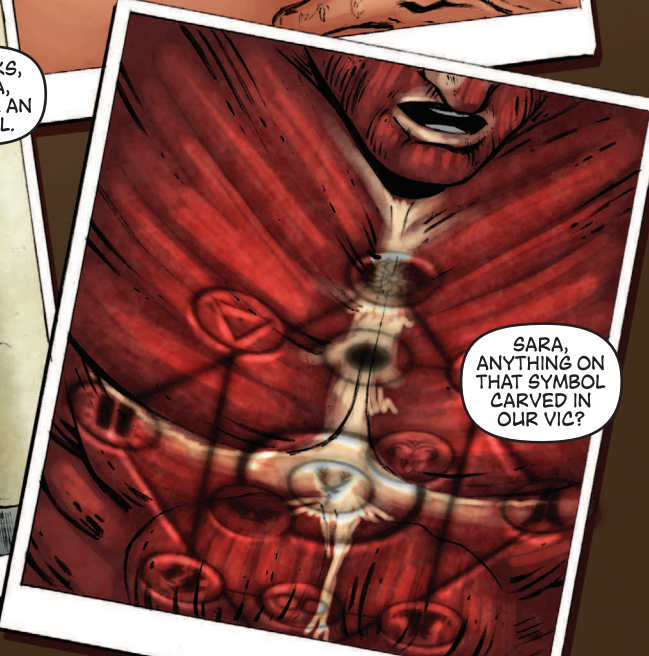
YOU KNOW HOW CRANKY WE PEZZINI WOMEN GET WHEN WE MISS OUT ON BEAUTY SLEEP.



THANKS, ANNA, YOU'RE AN ANGEL.



SARA, ANYTHING ON THAT SYMBOL CARVED IN OUR VIC?





'CAUSE IT JUST BECAME A MAJOR FACTOR IN THIS CASE.

I CAN'T FIND ANYTHING, AND THE WITCHBLADE DOESN'T SEEM TO HAVE ANY SPECIFIC MEMORIES OF IT EITHER.

ALL I CAN TELL YOU IS I'VE SEEN IT SOMEWHERE BEFORE.



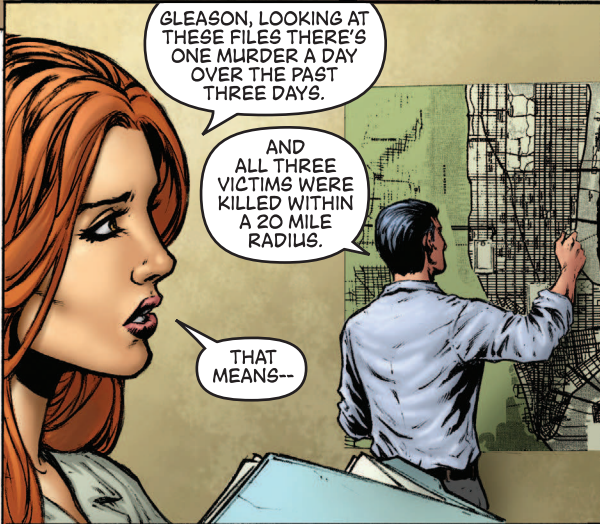
WELL, WE'VE GOT TWO OTHER CARVED UP PRIESTS IN THE MORGUE.

YOU THINK IT'S OUR DEAD PERP?



I'D SAY YES IF IT WEREN'T FOR THIS DAMNED SYMBOL. SOMEBODY'S TRYING TO SEND A MESSAGE.

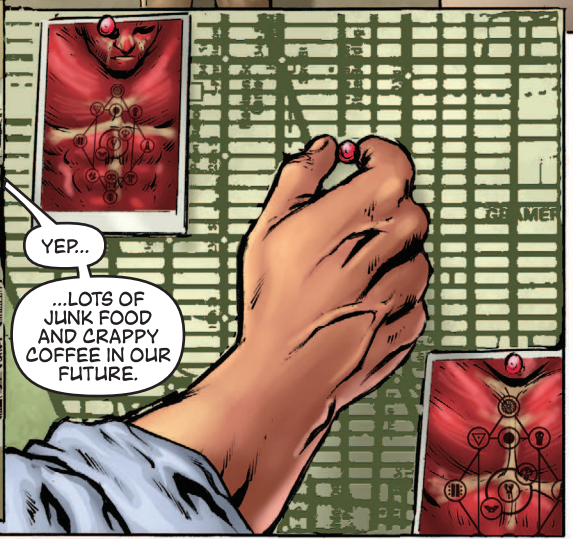
OUR DEAD FRIEND'S PROBABLY JUST THE COURIER.



GLEASON, LOOKING AT THESE FILES THERE'S ONE MURDER A DAY OVER THE PAST THREE DAYS.

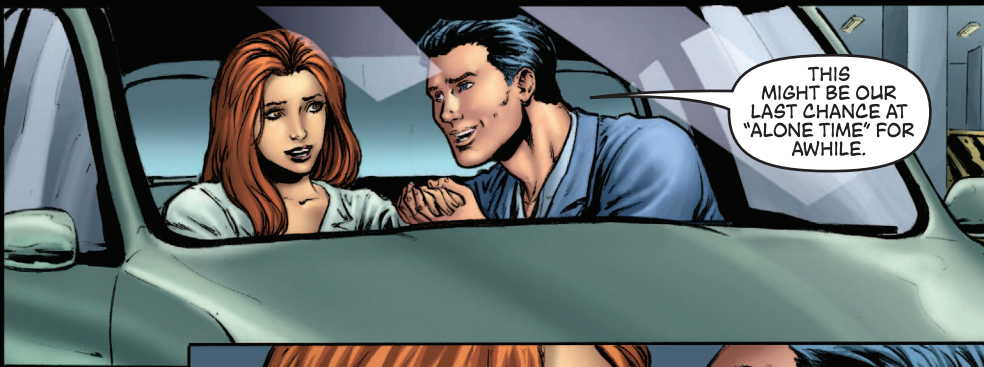
AND ALL THREE WERE KILLED WITHIN A 20 MILE RADIUS.

THAT MEANS--

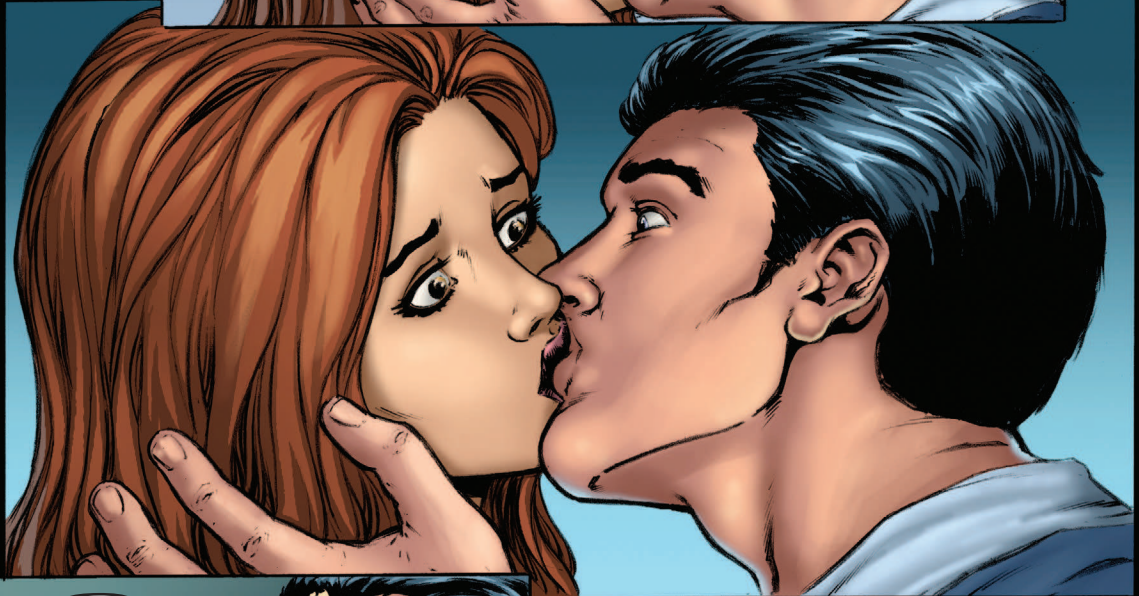
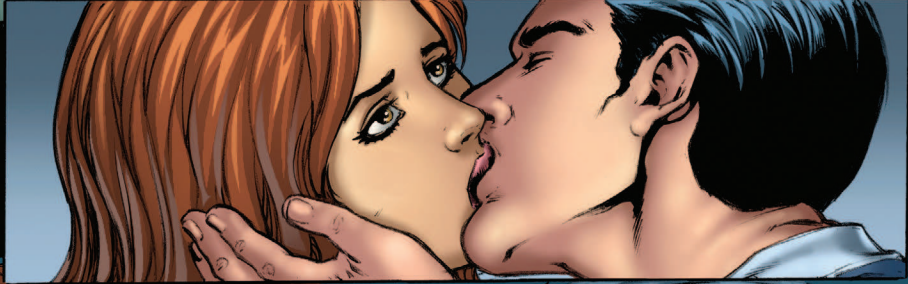


YEP...

...LOTS OF JUNK FOOD AND CRAPPY COFFEE IN OUR FUTURE.



THIS MIGHT BE OUR LAST CHANCE AT "ALONE TIME" FOR AWHILE.



OKAY...

...THAT WASN'T WHAT I WAS EXPECTING.

I'M SORRY. IT'S JUST...

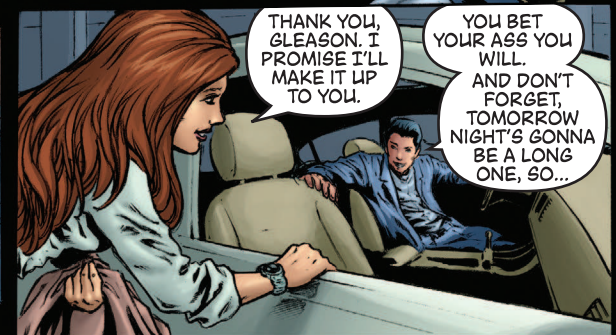
HOPE?

I KNOW. I'M SORRY, GLEASON. I CAN'T THINK ABOUT--



SARA, STOP.

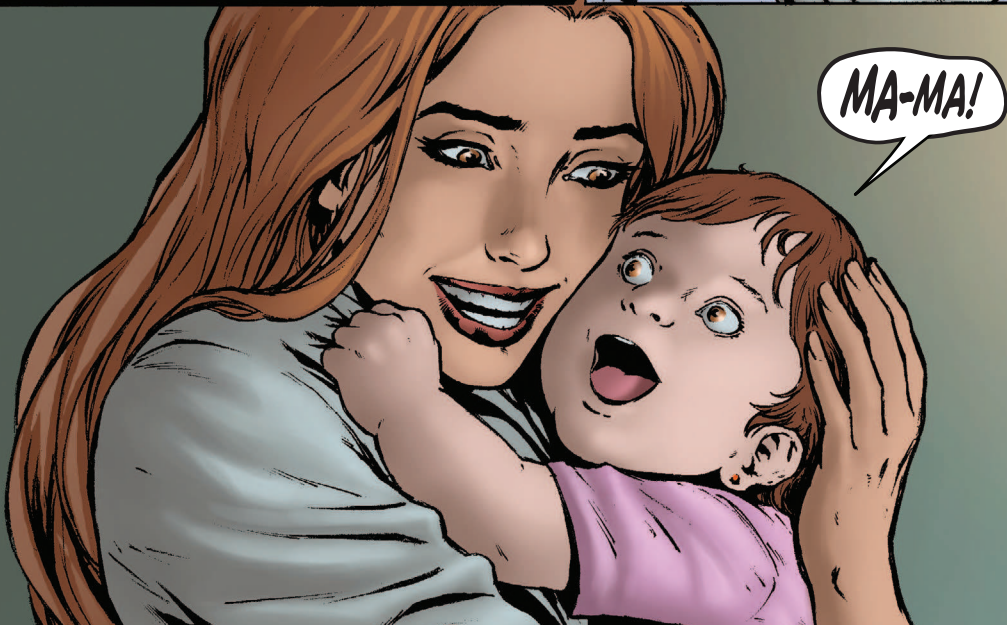
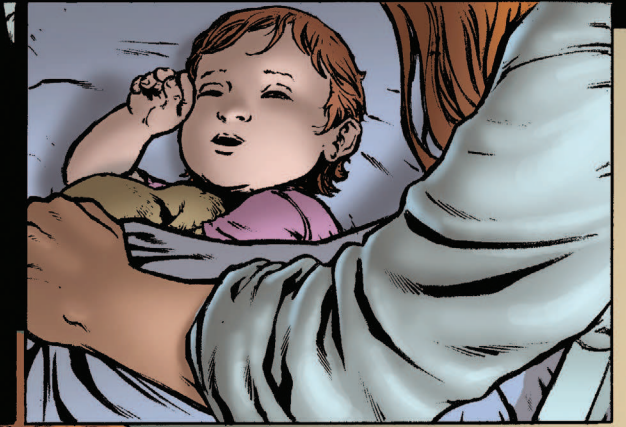
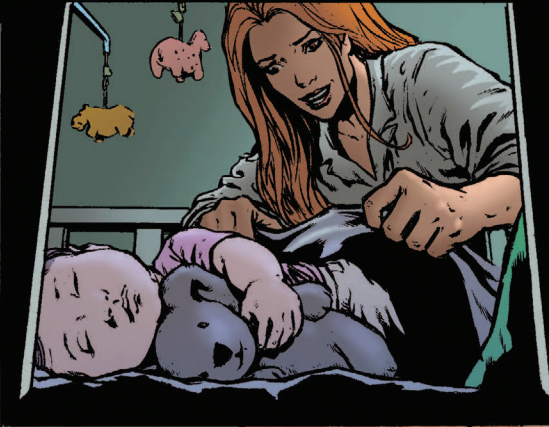
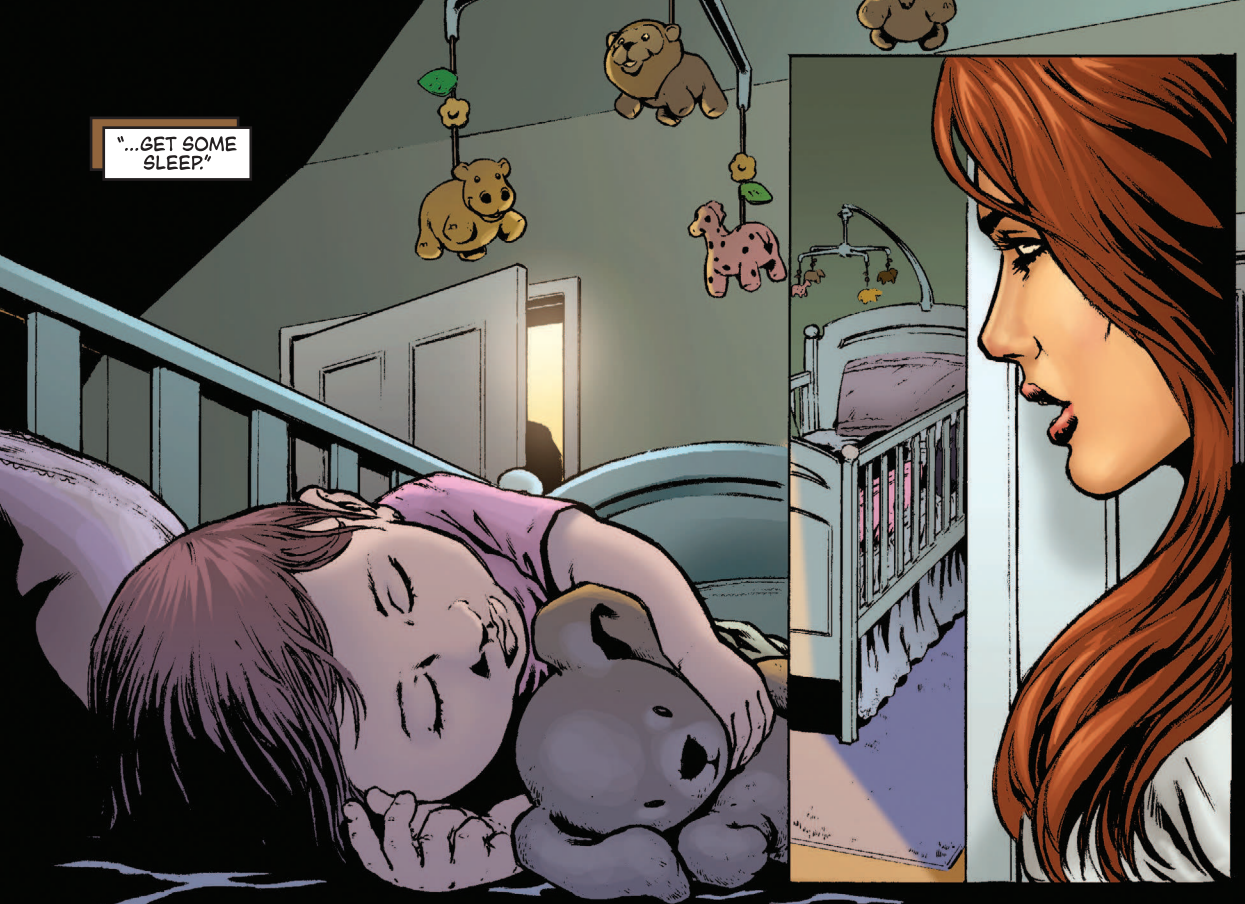
DON'T YOU *DARE* APOLOGIZE FOR BEING A MOTHER.



THANK YOU, GLEASON. I PROMISE I'LL MAKE IT UP TO YOU.

YOU BET YOUR ASS YOU WILL. AND DON'T FORGET, TOMORROW NIGHT'S GONNA BE A LONG ONE, SO...

"...GET SOME SLEEP."

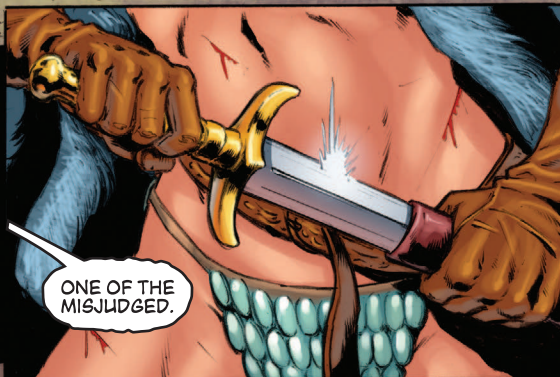




DO YOU KNOW
WHOM YOU FACE,
WOMAN?

ONE WHO WAS
CAST DOWN INTO
THIS BLACK TOMB AT
THE DAWN OF MAN.
FOR NOTHING MORE
THAN LOVING WHAT
HE LOVES ABOVE
ALL ELSE.

I AM RAGNIEL.
ONE OF THE
BETRAYED.



ONE OF THE
MISJUDGED.



ONE OF THE
FALLEN.



SHEATH YOUR
EARTHLY WEAPONS.
FOR I HAVE FOUGHT
THE WILL OF A GOD
AND SURVIVED.

SURELY
YOU SEE MAN
POSES ME NO
THREAT.

WE
SHALL SEE,
MONSTER.



ARRRGH!

WHY, WARRIOR?

UFF!





WHY DO YOU FIGHT WITH SUCH FURY?

SUCH HATE?



TELL ME OF YOUR PAIN, SONJA.

LET ME FEEL YOUR RAGE.



AAHHH, I SEE. WHAT MAN HAS DONE TO SUCH A FRAGILE CREATURE. LUST SHOULD NEVER TREAD WITH GLUTTONY.

YOU AND I ARE THE SAME, WARRIOR. WE WANT FOR NOTHING MORE THAN VENGEANCE AGAINST THOSE THAT HAVE SHAMED US.

JOIN ME. HELP ME EXACT MY REVENGE, AND I WILL ENSURE YOURS.



YOUR WORDS ARE EMPTY, DARK ONE. YOU SPEAK OF SHAME AND BETRAYAL, YET DO SO WHILE VIOLATING MY VERY THOUGHTS.

YOU AND I ARE **NOTHING** ALIKE.

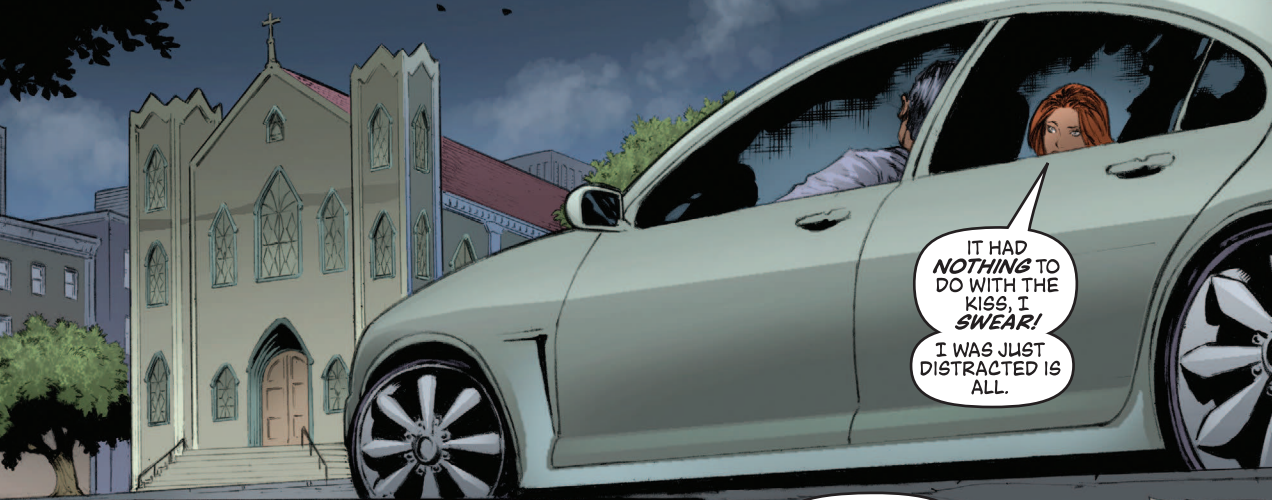


VERY WELL.

IF YOU WILL NOT JOIN ME, THEN YOU WILL BE MADE TO SUFFER.

zzzzzz





IT HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH THE KISS, I SWEAR!
I WAS JUST DISTRACTED IS ALL.



THERE'S TROUBLE.
HUH?



NOT EVERYONE THAT WEARS A HOODIE IS HIDING SOMETHING.

C'MON, SARA.
EVERYONE'S HIDING SOMETHING.



HA! HE WALKED RIGHT ON BY.
EVER GET TIRED OF BEING WRONG?

I'M TIRED OF SITTING IN THIS DAMNED CAR,
THAT'S FOR SURE.

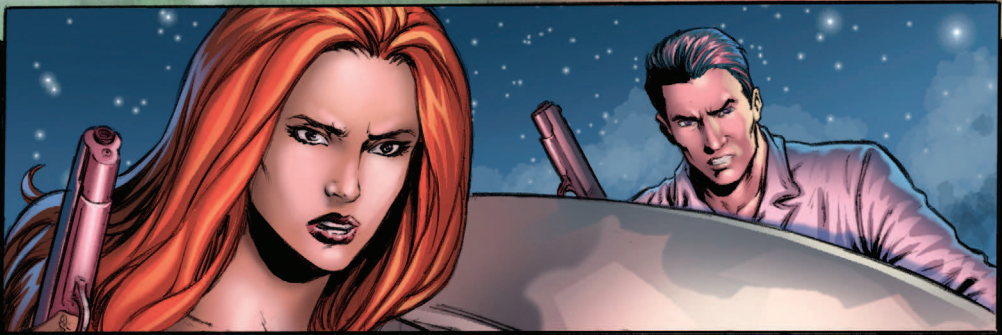
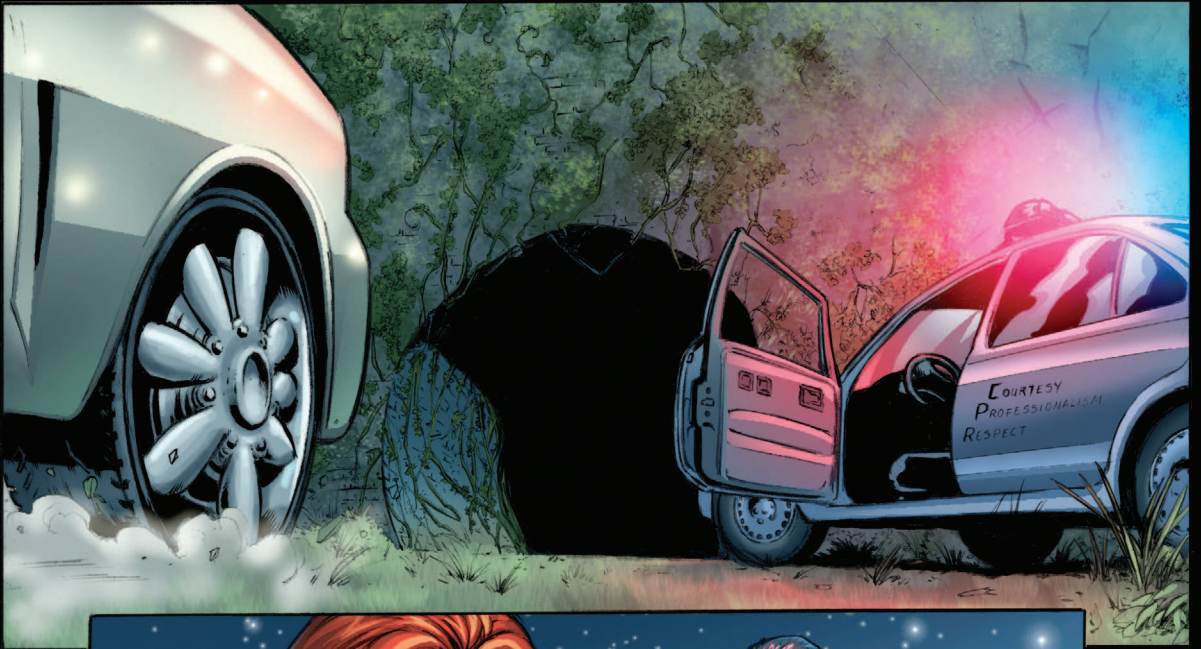


PEZZINI, THIS IS WEAVER... WE'RE IN PURSUIT.
SOUTH OF THE CHURCH... ON CRAWFORD.



STAY ON HIM, WEAVER. WE'RE ON OUR WAY.

FINALLY!

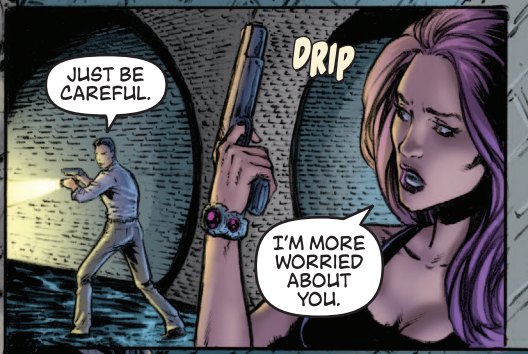




I GOT A BAD FEELING ABOUT THIS.

NOT MUCH CHOICE, GLEASON.

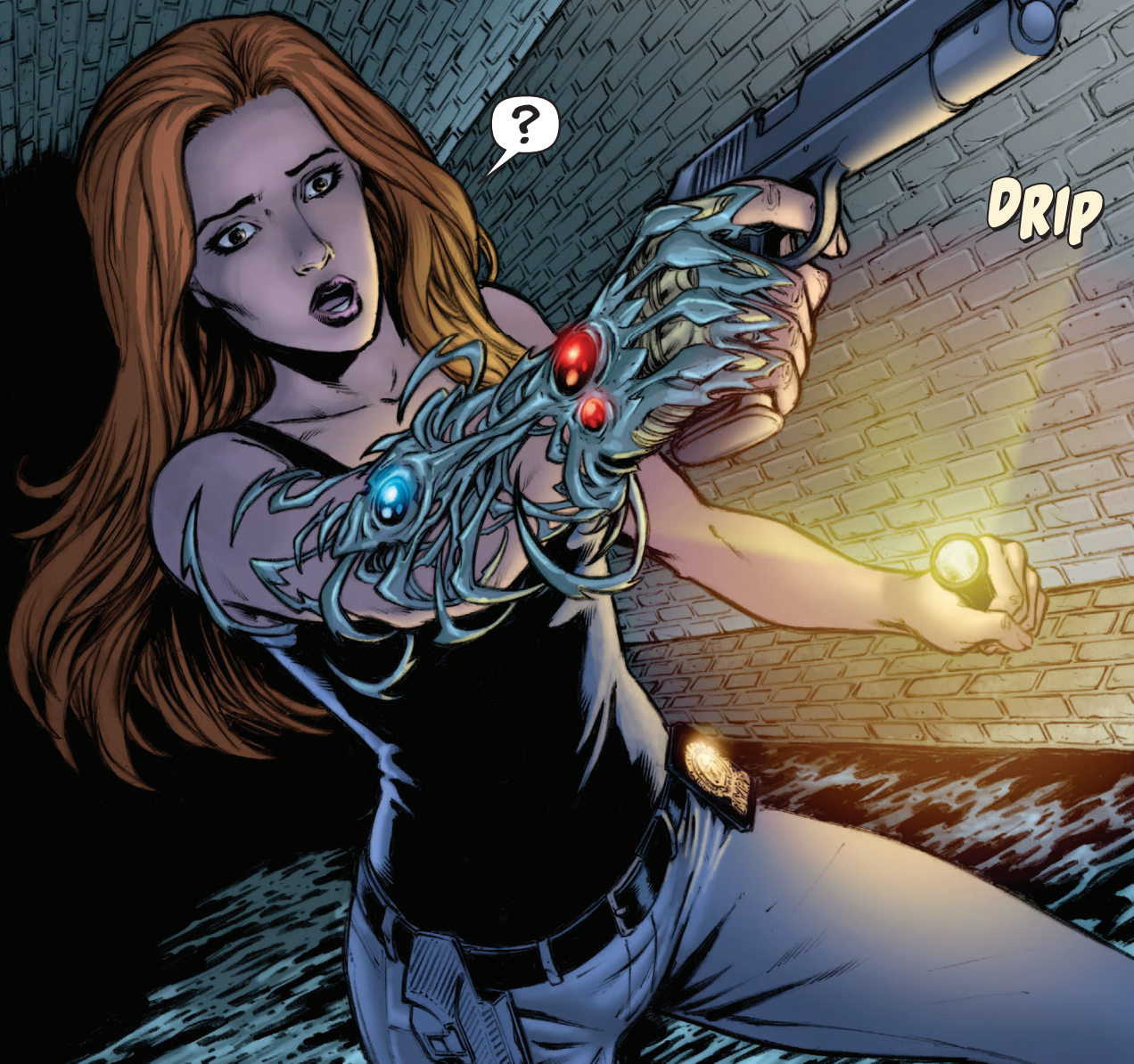
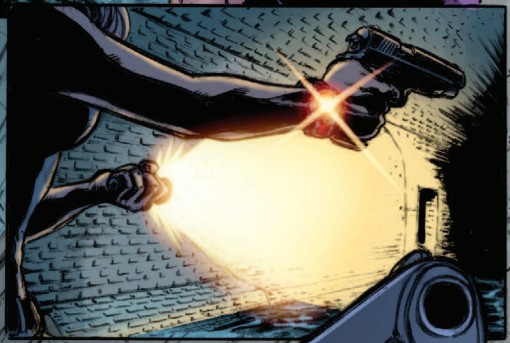
TWO TUNNELS, TWO OF US.



JUST BE CAREFUL.

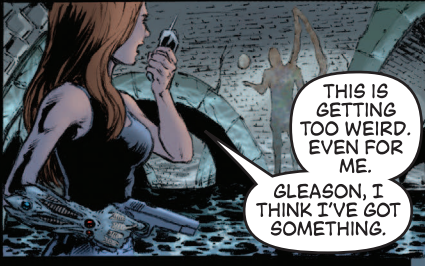
DRIP

I'M MORE WORRIED ABOUT YOU.



?

DRIP



THIS IS GETTING TOO WEIRD. EVEN FOR ME.

GLEASON, I THINK I'VE GOT SOMETHING.

DRIP

GLEASON?

CAN YOU HEAR ME?

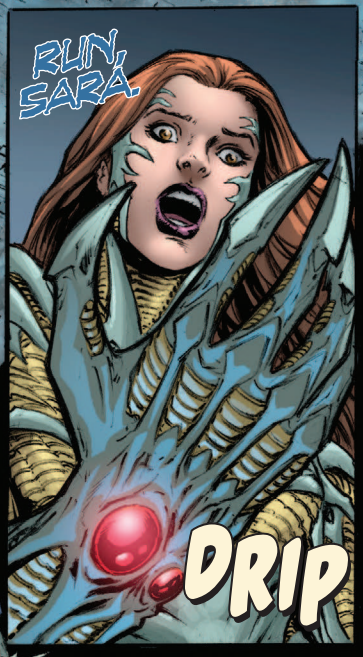


AAAAAAA



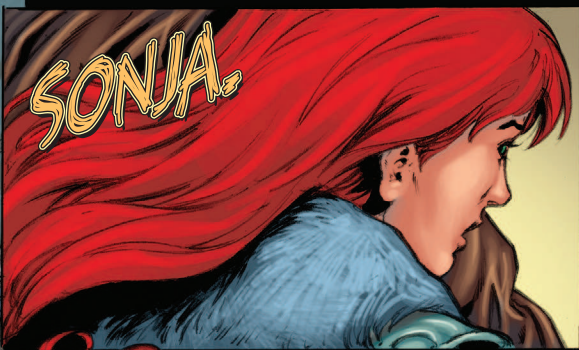
RUN.

WHAT?!



RUN, SARA

DRIP



FATHER--

--I WILL RETURN.

YOU WILL BE FREE.





I FIND YOUR CHILD *MOST* IMPRESSIVE, CORPSE.

SHE WOULD MAKE A RATHER *INTERESTING* CONCUBINE, DON'T YOU THINK?



"BRING HER TO ME."



COME,
SARA
PEZZINI.

I WISH YOU
NO HARM. MY
DISCIPLES GUIDED
YOU HERE SO THAT
I MAY OFFER YOU
SOVEREIGNTY.

ALL I ASK
IS THAT YOU
RELINQUISH THE
WITCHBLADE.

DO SO, AND
I WILL SPARE YOU
AND THOSE YOU
LOVE. UNLIKE THAT
ANCIENT CURIO YOU
BEAR, YOUR FUTURE
INVOLVES A
CHOICE.

DRIP



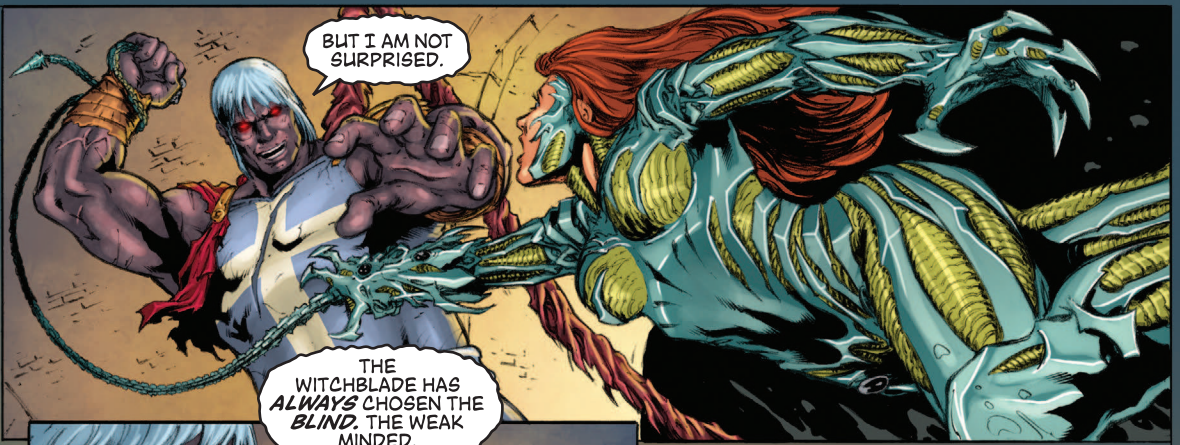


LET ME GUESS.
THE WITCHBLADE CAUSED THAT NICE LITTLE SCAR ACROSS YOUR CHEST AND RIPPED OFF THAT MISSING WING OF YOURS.

I THINK I'LL CHOOSE THIS "ANCIENT CURIO" OF MINE.



YOU HAVE CHOSEN POORLY, SILLY GIRL.



BUT I AM NOT SURPRISED.

THE WITCHBLADE HAS ALWAYS CHOSEN THE BLIND. THE WEAK MINDED.



HAS IT NOT TOLD YOU OF ME?
TOLD YOU OF OUR LAST ENCOUNTER?



HOW UNFORTUNATE.

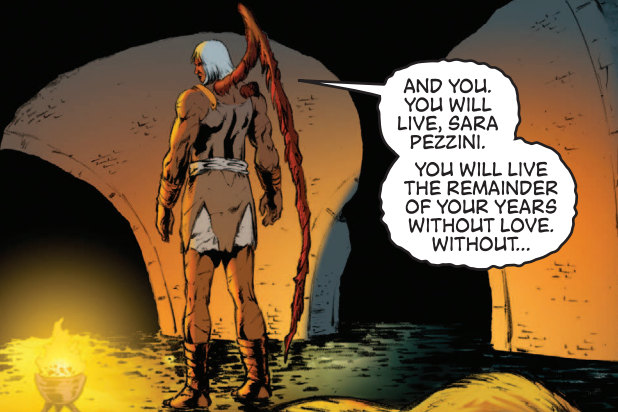


YOU HAVE MADE YOUR CHOICE, HUMAN, AND NOW YOU MUST FACE MY JUDGMENT.



I CAN FEEL ALL YOUR INNERMOST FEARS, SARA PEZZINI.

I SENSE YOUR FEELINGS FOR YOUR PARTNER... YOUR LOVER... PATRICK GLEASON. I SENTENCE HIM TO DIE IN AGONY, BELIEVING BEYOND DOUBT THAT YOU BETRAYED HIM.




AND YOU. YOU WILL LIVE, SARA PEZZINI.

YOU WILL LIVE THE REMAINDER OF YOUR YEARS WITHOUT LOVE. WITHOUT...



HOPE.



AH, YES.
I KNOW OF YOUR
DAUGHTER, SARA
PEZZINI.

YOUR FOOLISH
CHOICE HAS DAMNED
HER THE MOST. SHE
WILL BE THE BEARER
OF A NEW RACE.

A RACE THAT
WILL AVENGE MY
BETRAYAL ON MAN
AND GODS.

AND SHE WILL
LIVE OUT HER YEARS
KNOWING NOT HER
MOTHER'S LOVE.

TO BE CONTINUED