

DYNAMITE
2

WITCHBLADE

RED SONJA



It's Anzozzi
Vinicius
Andrade

WITCHBLADE®

RED SONJA®

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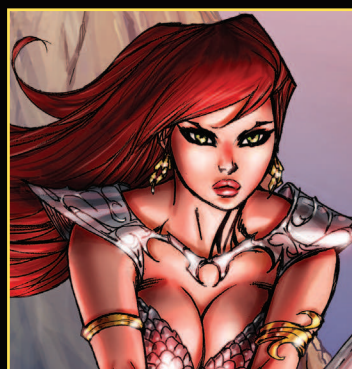
letters by
TROY PETERI

cover by
ALÉ GARZA

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



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.

See the back inside cover for
all variant covers

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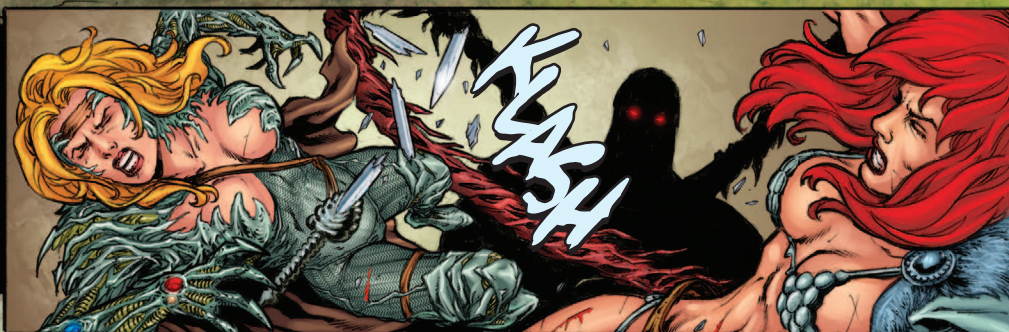


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The age of
Red Sonja
and the
Hyborian
kingdoms.





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



NISSA!

DOWN!



THUK

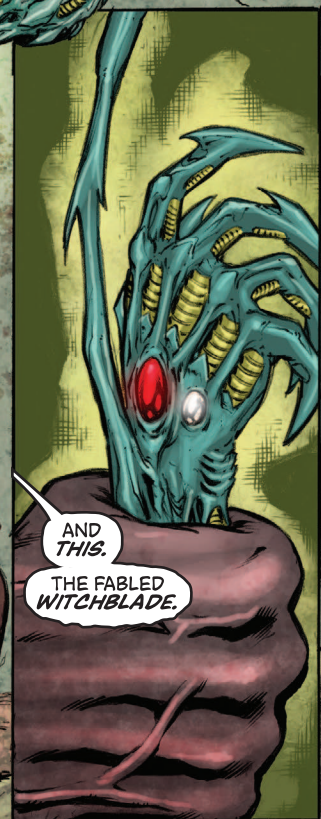
THUK



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.



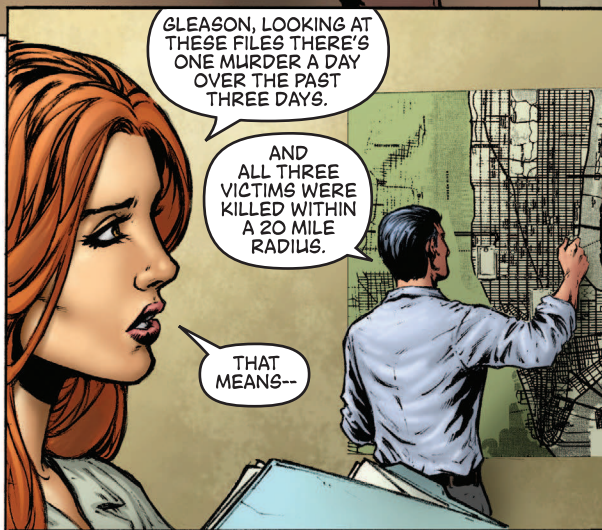
WELL, WE'VE GOT TWO OTHER CARVED UP PRIESTS IN THE MORGUE.

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.

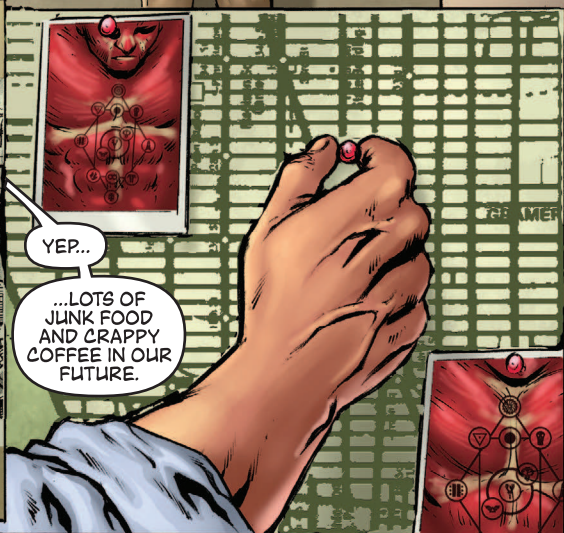
OUR DEAD FRIEND'S PROBABLY JUST THE COURIER.



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

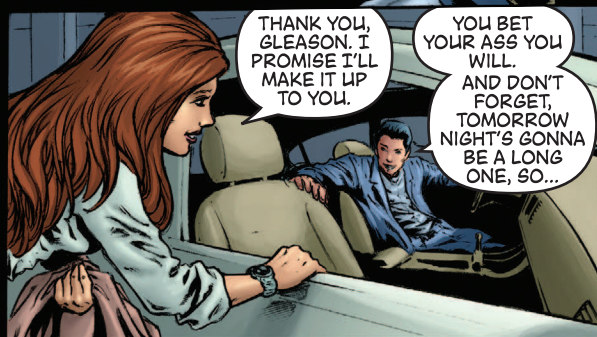
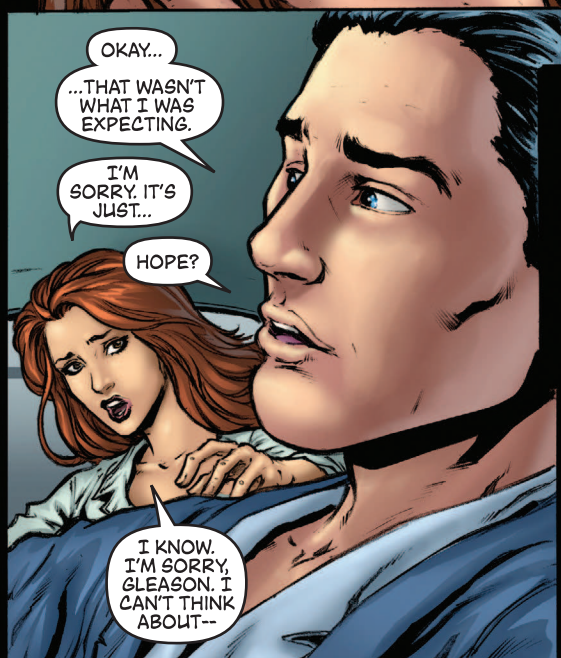
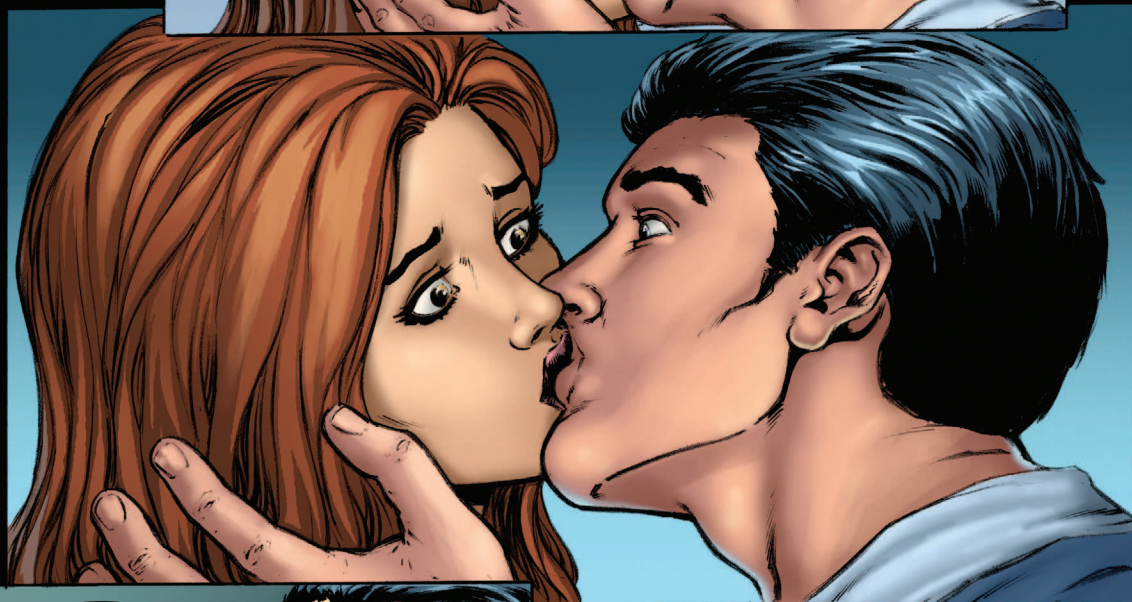
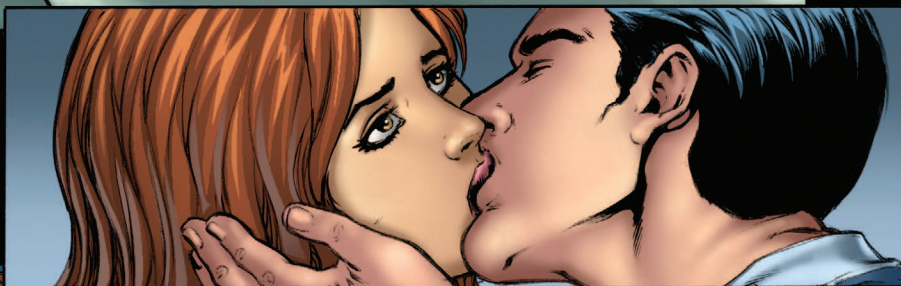
AND ALL THREE VICTIMS WERE KILLED WITHIN A 20 MILE RADIUS.

THAT MEANS--

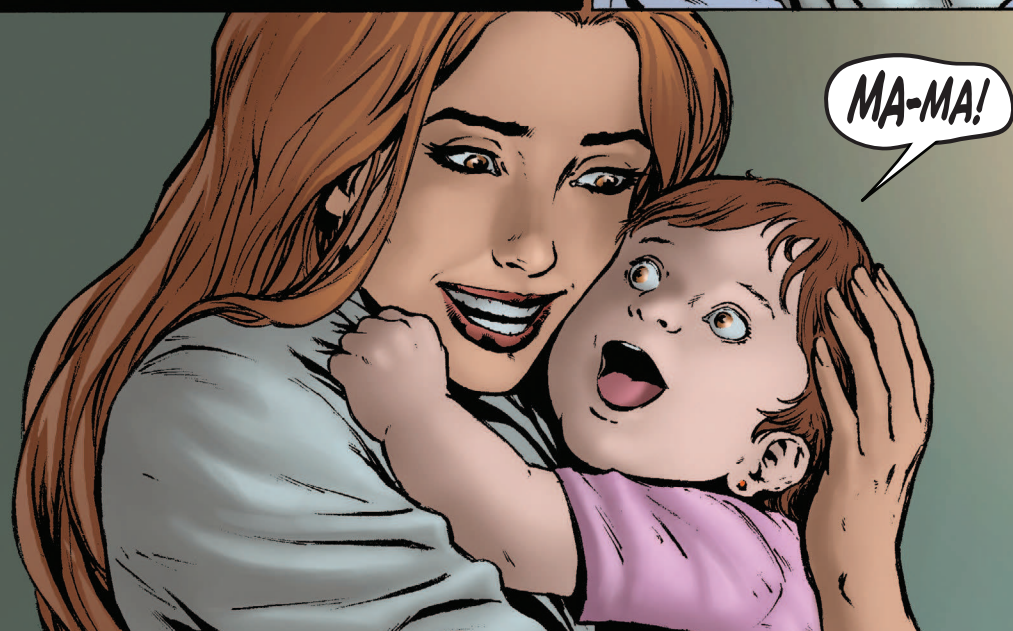
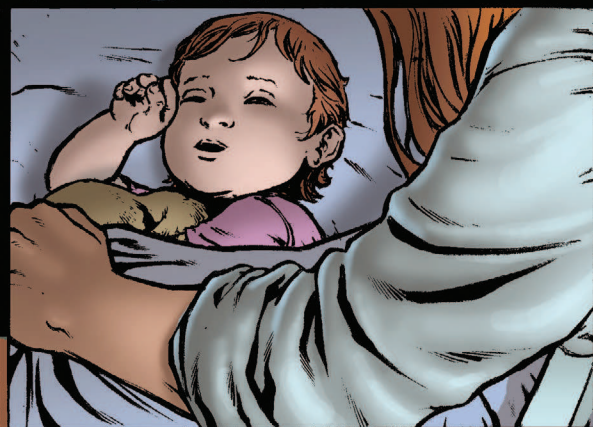
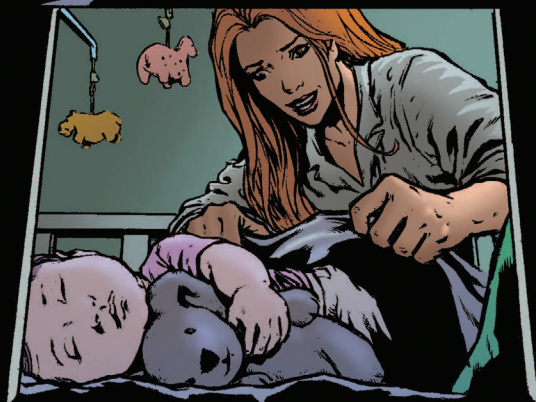
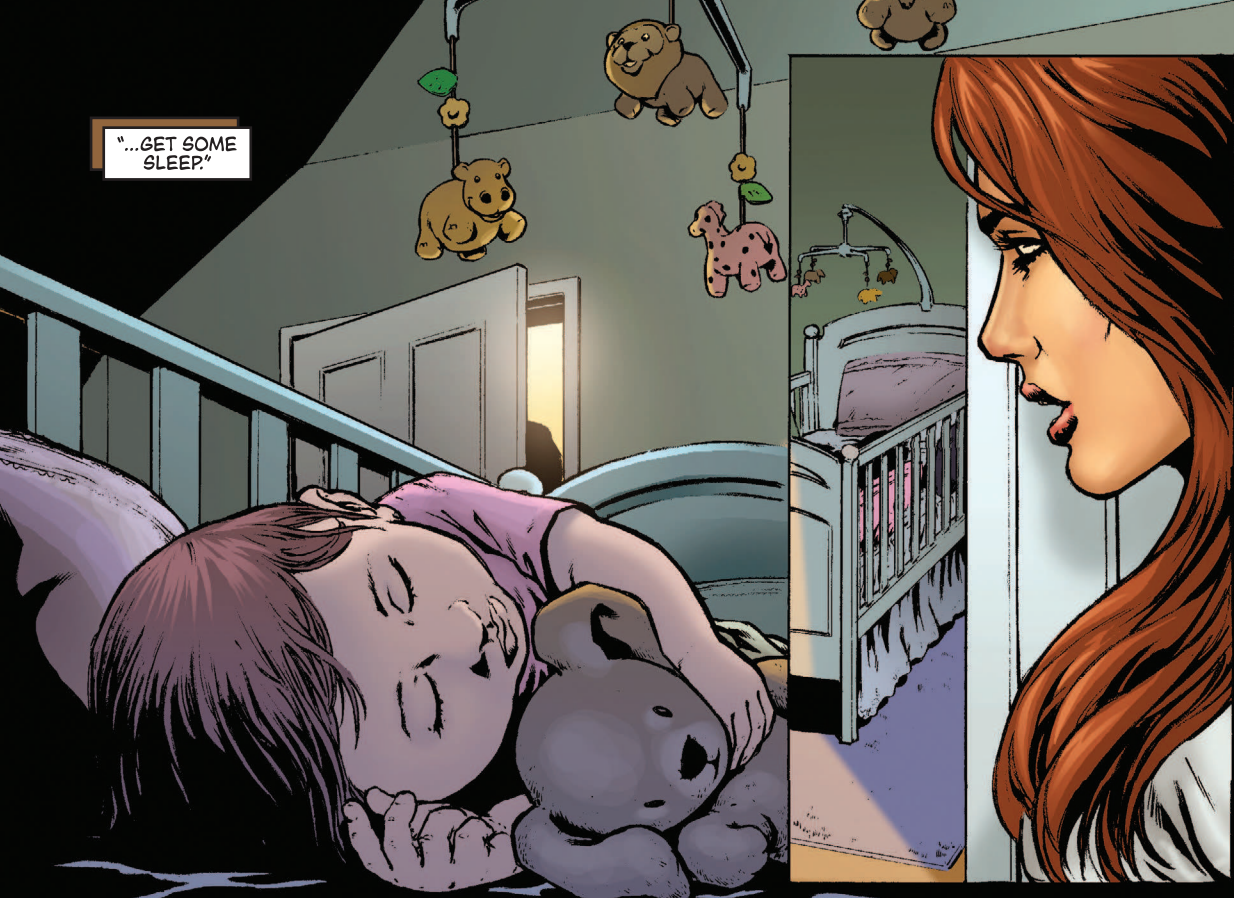


YEP...

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



"...GET SOME SLEEP."

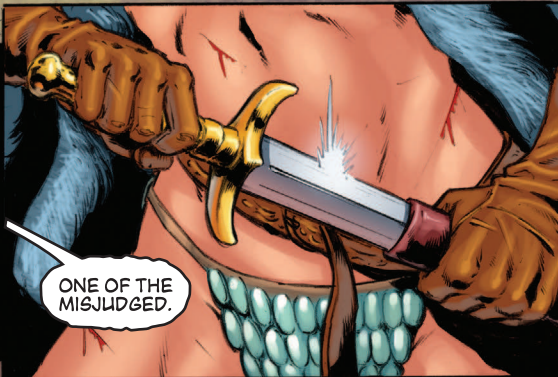




DO YOU KNOW
WHOM YOU FACE,
WOMAN?

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.





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.



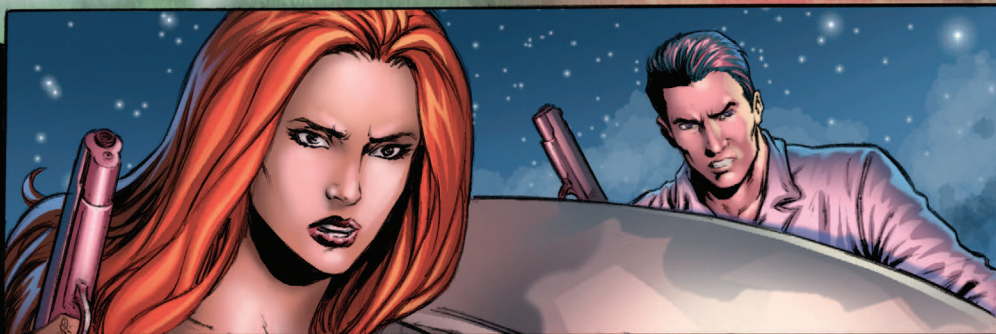
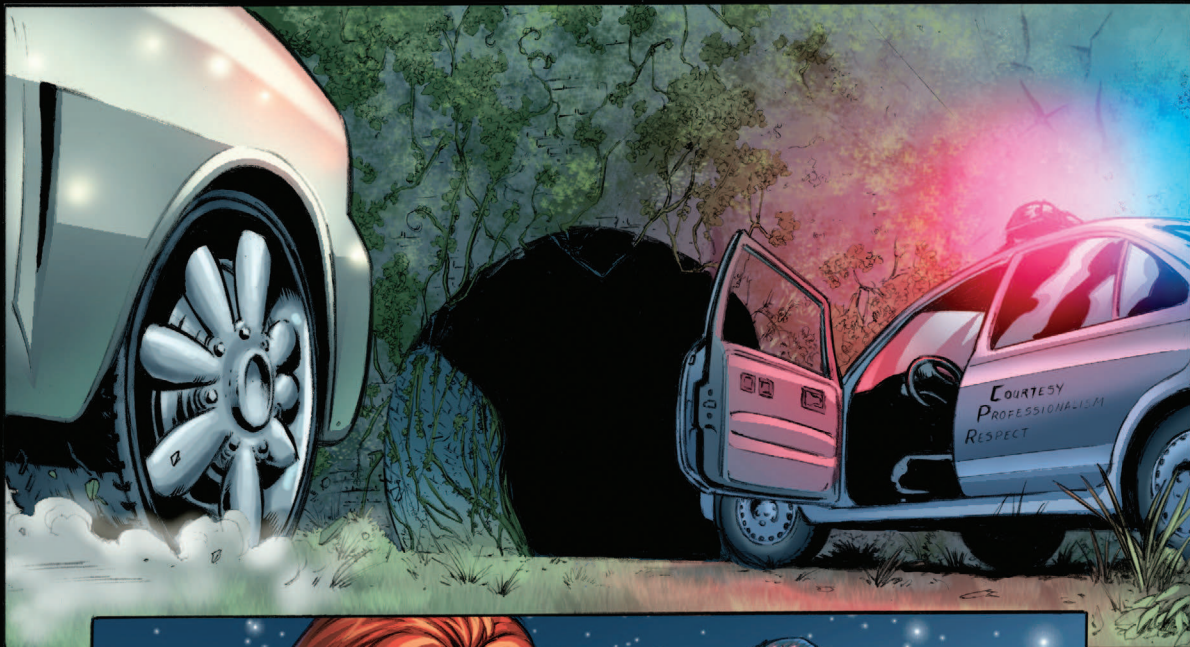
PEZZINI, THIS IS
WEAVER... WE'RE IN
PURSUIT.

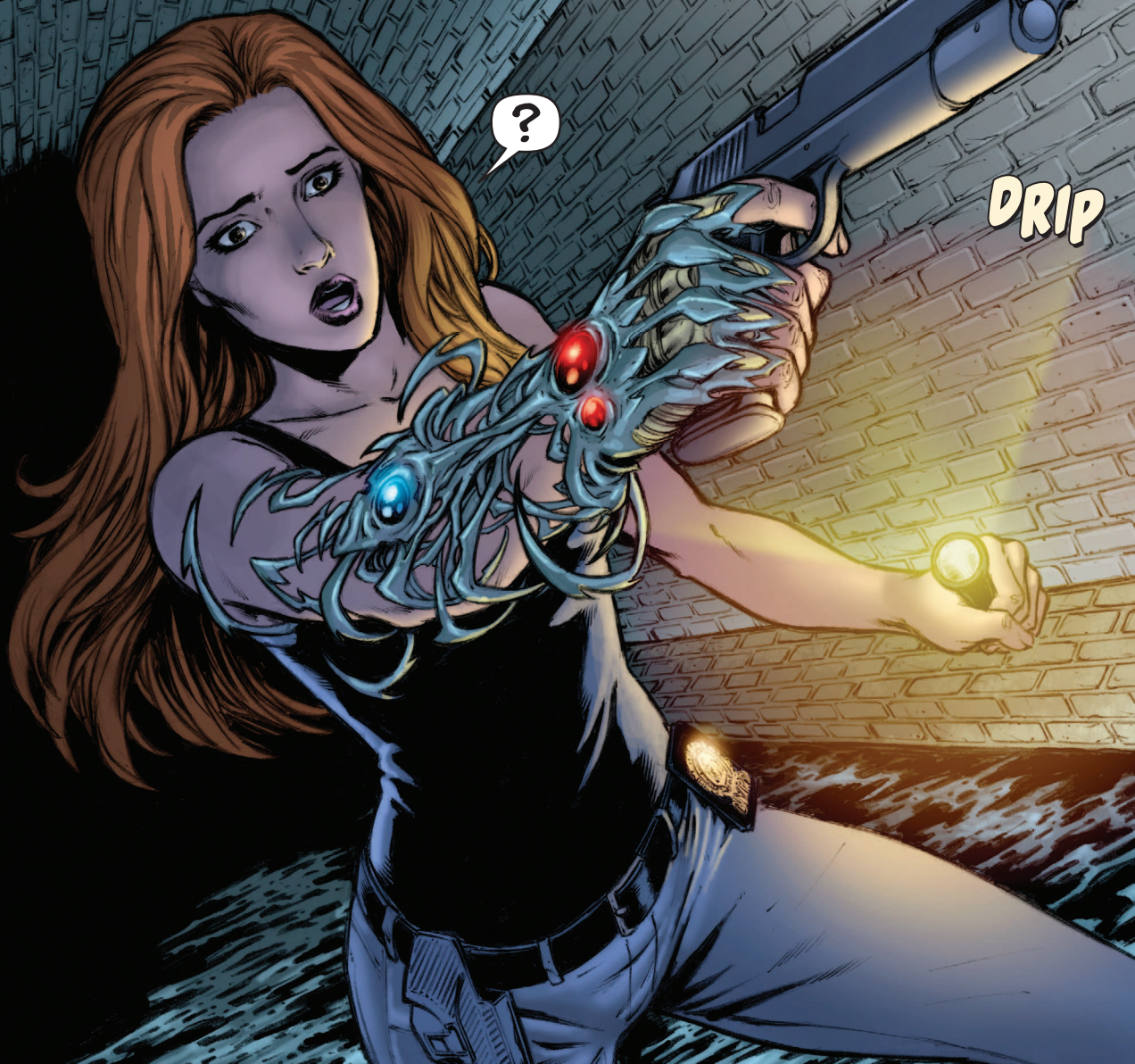
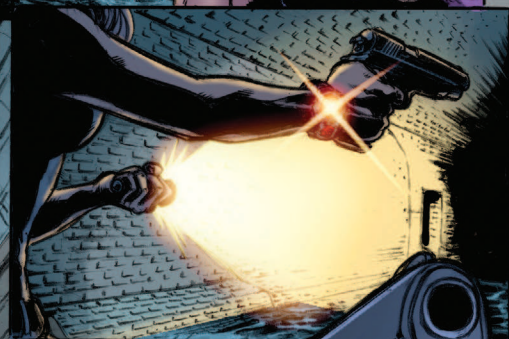
SOUTH OF THE
CHURCH... ON
CRAWFORD.

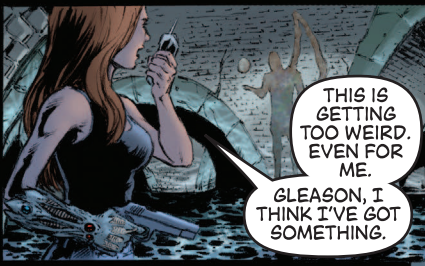


STAY ON HIM,
WEAVER. WE'RE
ON OUR WAY.

FINALLY!







THIS IS GETTING TOO WEIRD. EVEN FOR ME.

GLEASON, I THINK I'VE GOT SOMETHING.

DRIP

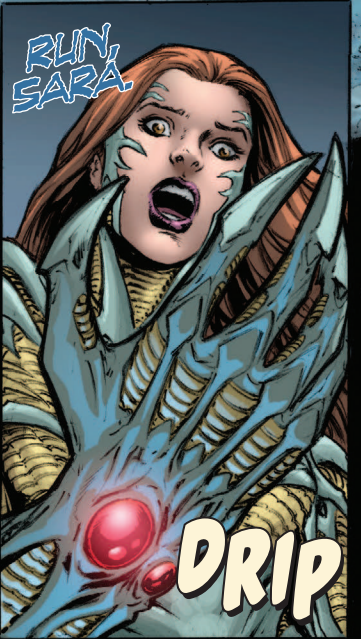
GLEASON?

CAN YOU HEAR ME?



RUN.

WHAT?!



RUN, SARA

DRIP



FATHER--
--I WILL
RETURN.
YOU
WILL BE
FREE.





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



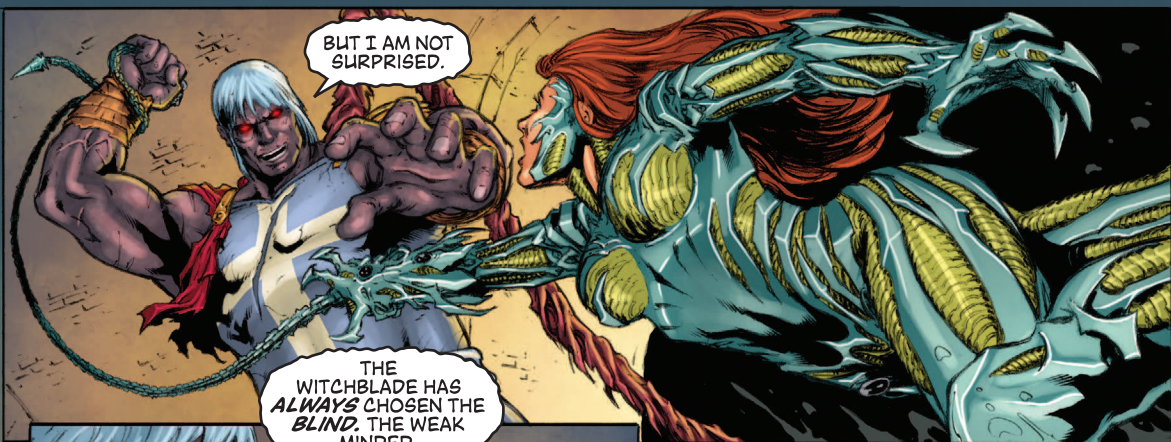


LET ME GUESS.
THE WITCHBLADE CAUSED THAT NICE LITTLE SCAR ACROSS YOUR CHEST AND RIPPED OFF THAT MISSING WING OF YOURS.

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



YOU HAVE CHOSEN POORLY, SILLY GIRL.





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