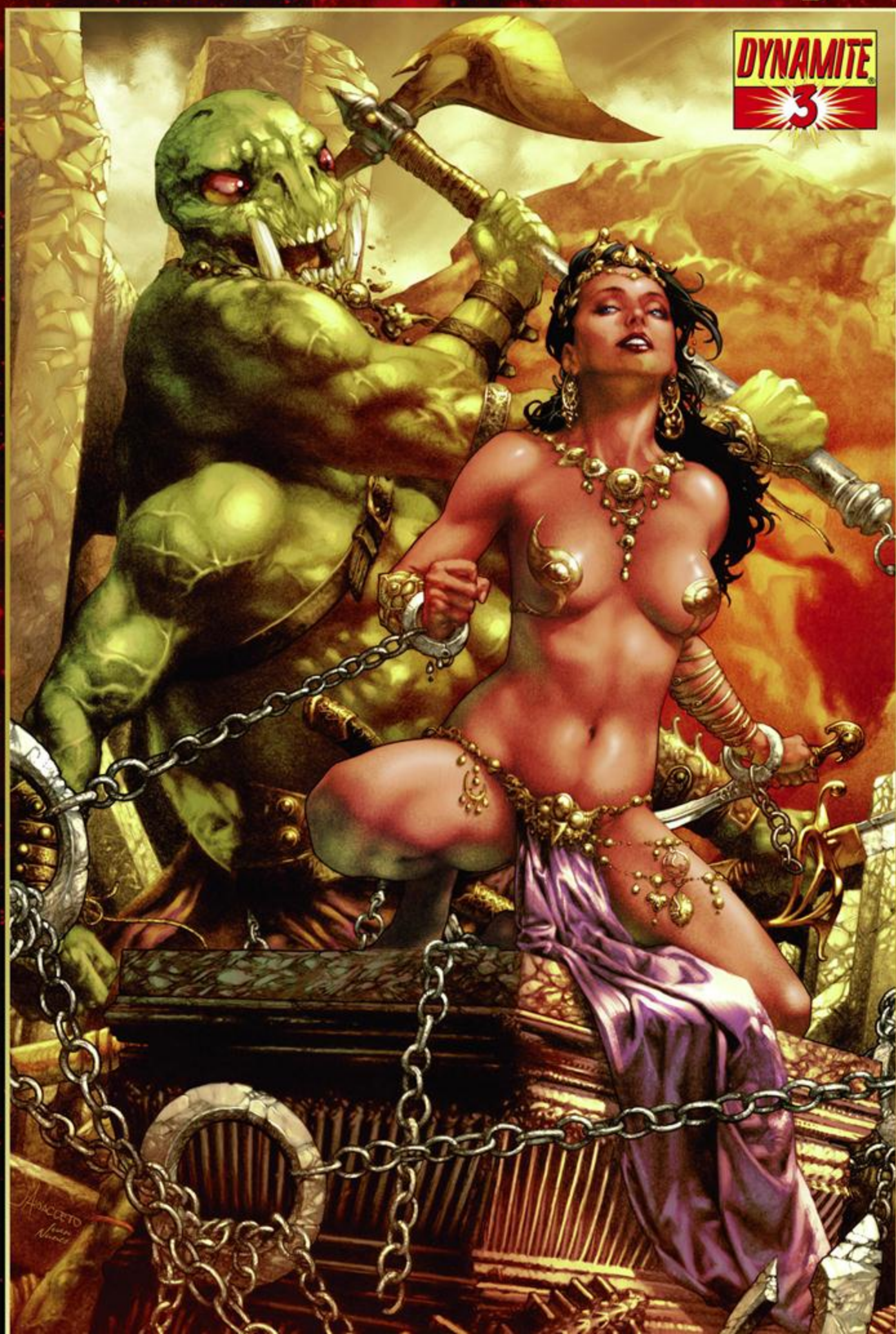


FROM THE PAGES OF **WARLORD OF MARS**™

# Dejah Thoris™

AND THE GREEN MEN OF MARS

**DYNAMITE**  
**3**







VORO,  
I MUST TELL YOU  
THAT WHAT YOU  
ARE DOING IS  
DISGUSTING.



EVEN BY *THARK*  
STANDARDS, IT  
IS WRONG.



OF COURSE, GROTE.  
I DEFER TO YOU.

RED MEAT  
OF THE CALIBER  
I AM SELLING  
DOES NOT *NEED*  
CONDIMENTS...



OBSCENE.

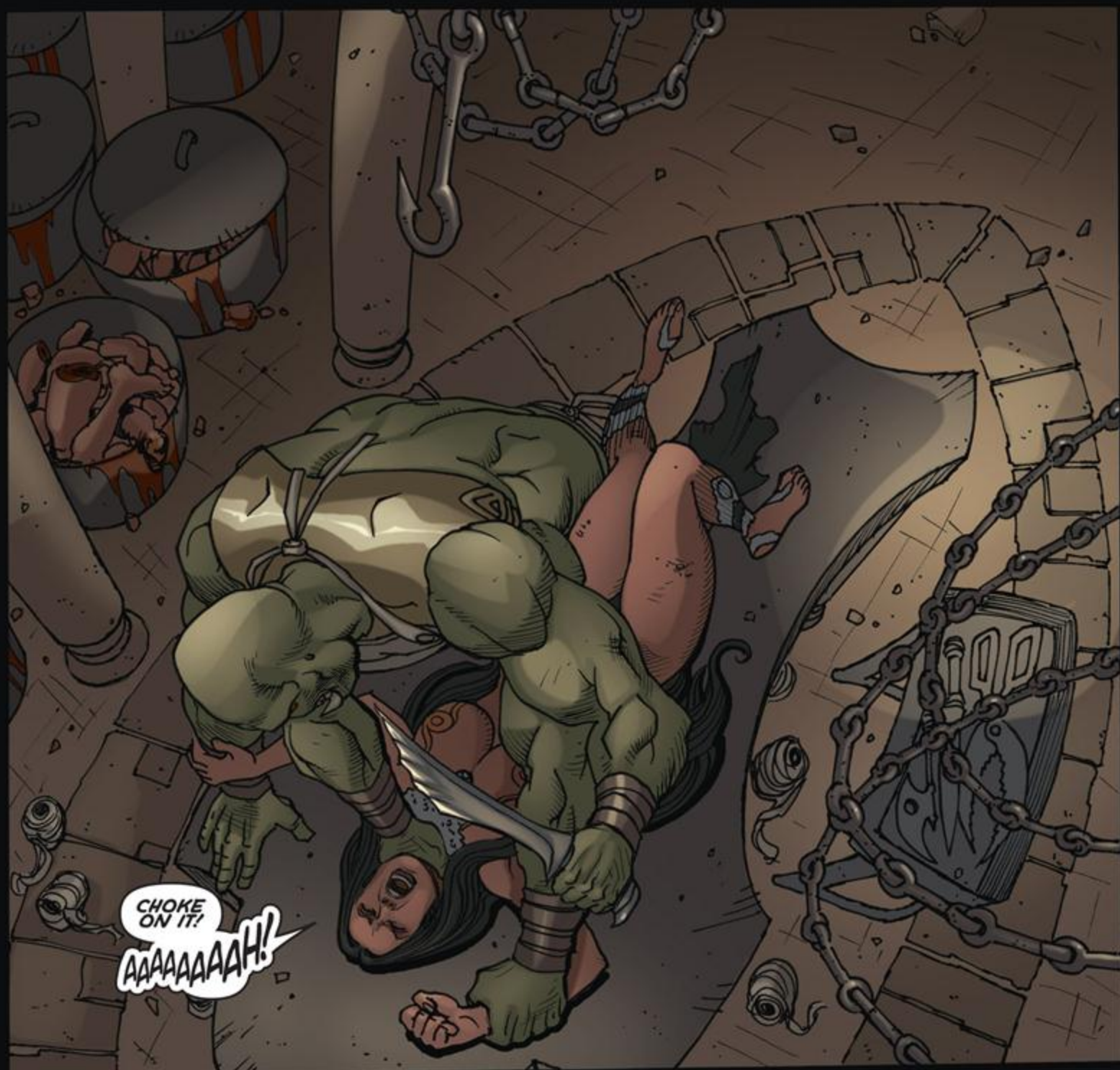


NOW,  
HOW MUCH  
FOR YOUR  
*SPECIAL*?









CHOKING ON IT!  
AAAAAAAH!



HA-HA-HA!  
WILL YOU PLEASE  
HOLD STILL?  
HA-HA-



AAAAAAAGHHH!





















I WOULD TELL YOU, JOHN CARTER, EVEN IF SHE IS MY BEST FRIEND. I AM NOT KEEPING ANY SECRETS FOR DEJAH THORIS.

SHE HAS NEVER SAID A CROSS WORD ABOUT YOU TO ME.

THANK YOU, MA'AM. WHEN DID YOU SEE HER LAST, THEN?



NOT FOR SEVERAL PADANS. PERHAPS LONGER.

BUT WE HAVE BEEN PLANNING TO TAKE A RELAXING TRIP TOGETHER SOMEWHERE FOR SOME TIME.

I HOPE IT WILL BE SOON.



UNFORTUNATELY, I BELIEVE YOU, MA'AM.

UNFORTUNATELY?



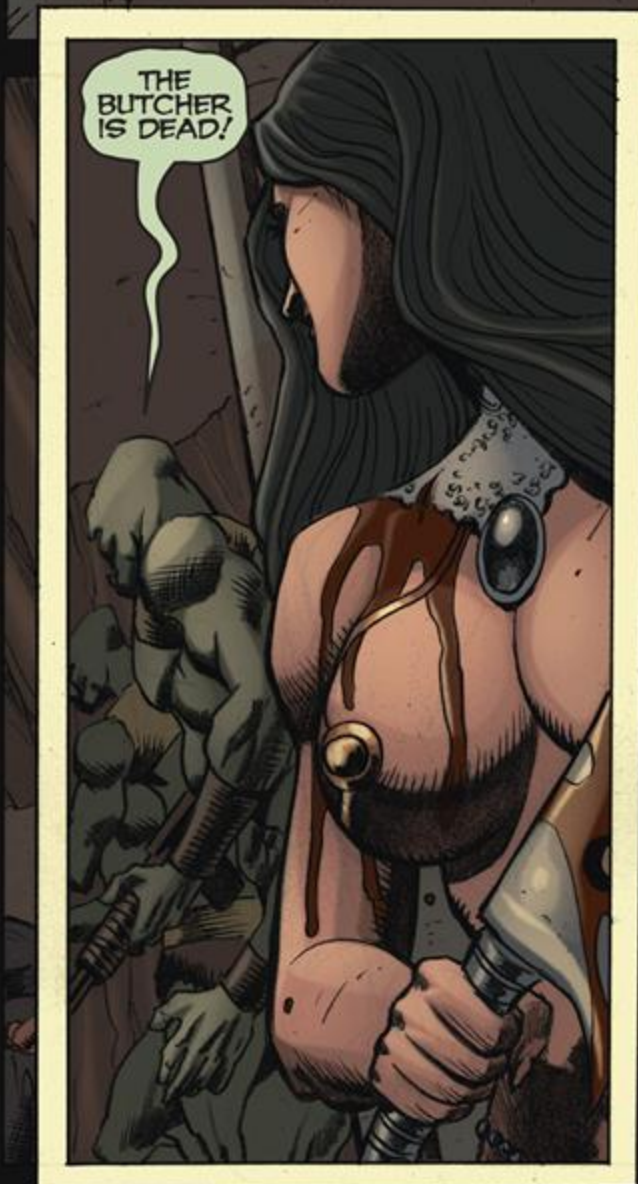
YES. BECAUSE I DON'T KNOW WHERE ELSE TO LOOK FOR HER.

BUT YOU'LL TAKE THAT TRIP SOMEDAY, YET.













SOMETHING SHARP.



THAT IS NOT WHAT I MEANT.
















WAS THAT YOUR  
KNIFE, PRINCESS?  
WE HAVE PLENTY  
MORE!



CURSE  
IT.



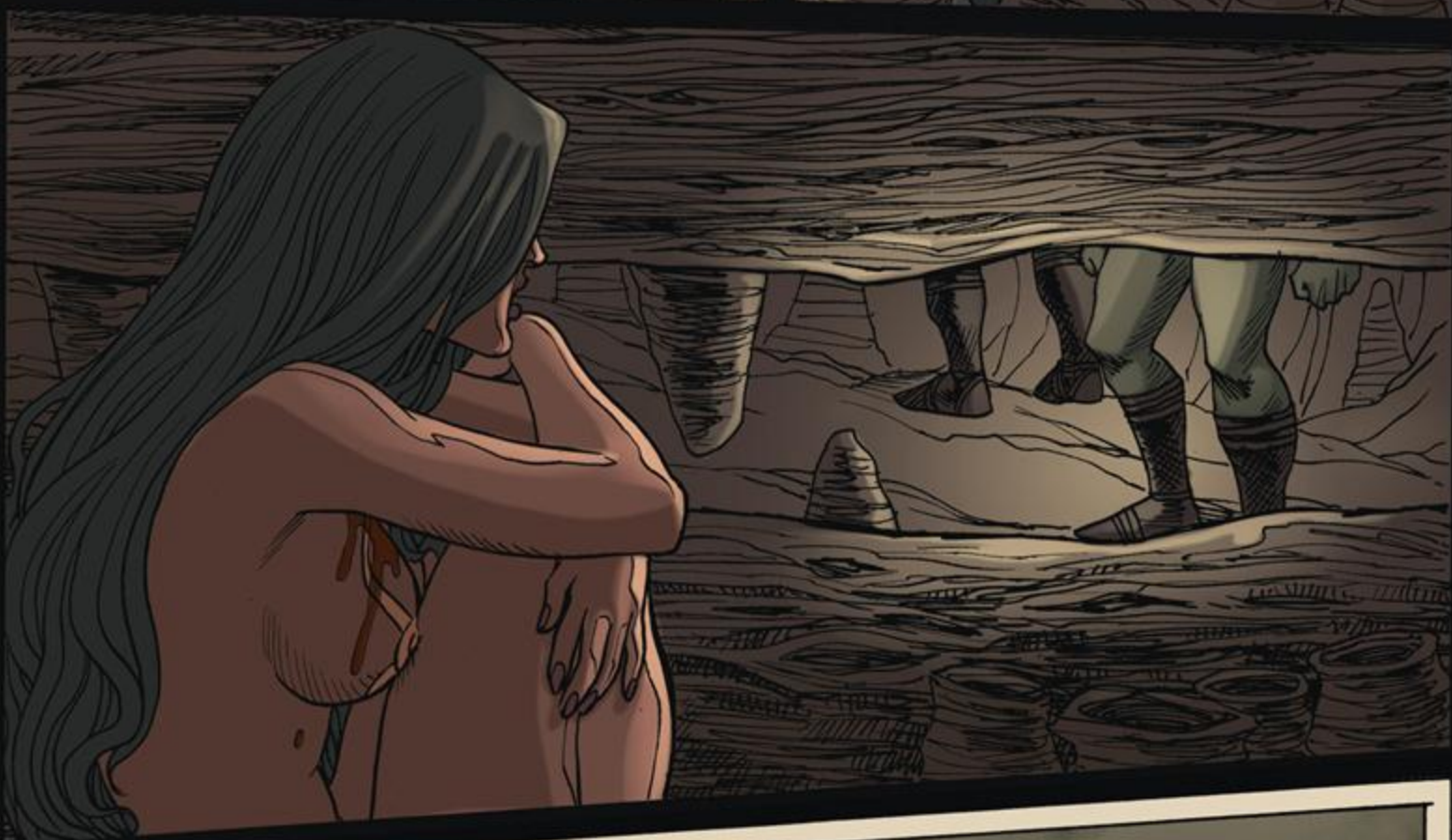
CAN'T EVEN  
CUT HER OWN  
WRISTS NOW.

GRAB  
IT.

IS SCURRYING  
INTO THE BOWELS  
OF BARSOOM THE  
WAY A NOBLE  
PRINCESS OF  
HELIUM DIES?

IS IT, DEJAH  
THORIS?





I WILL BARGAIN  
WITH YOU, DEJAH  
THORIS.

I AM A GREEN  
MONSTER TO YOU.  
GROTESQUE AND  
GREEN. BUT I WILL  
SHOW YOU I AM A  
REASONABLE  
MONSTER.

LET US  
PROCEED FROM  
WHAT WE BOTH  
KNOW. YOU ARE  
GOING TO DIE.



BUT DEATH  
CAN BE AWFUL  
OR QUICK.

IT CAN BE AN ABRUPT  
DISAPPEARANCE. UNEXPLAINED.  
UNRESOLVED. AGONIZING FOR  
THOSE LEFT BEHIND.

OR IT  
CAN BE...  
SOMETHING  
ELSE.

COME TO ME NOW,  
AND I WILL SPARE YOU  
THE PAIN AND TORTURE  
OF THE OTHER RED  
WOMEN! FROM THE  
INDIGNITY!

YOU WILL  
BE COMFORTABLE. YOU  
WILL GO TO ISSUS IN AN  
INSTANT AND YOU WILL  
FEEL NOTHING!

DO YOU  
HEAR ME, DEJAH  
THORIS?

AND I WILL  
OFFER YOU  
SOMETHING ELSE,  
BEFORE THAT.

I WILL ALLOW  
YOU TO WRITE A  
FAREWELL LETTER TO  
JOHN CARTER.

DOES HE  
NOT DESERVE  
TO SEE YOUR FINAL  
WORDS AND BE  
AT PEACE?

YOU HAVE  
MY WORD THAT  
HE WILL RECEIVE  
IT.

IF WE ARE  
MONSTERS, EVEN  
YOU KNOW THAT  
OUR WORD IS  
GOOD!





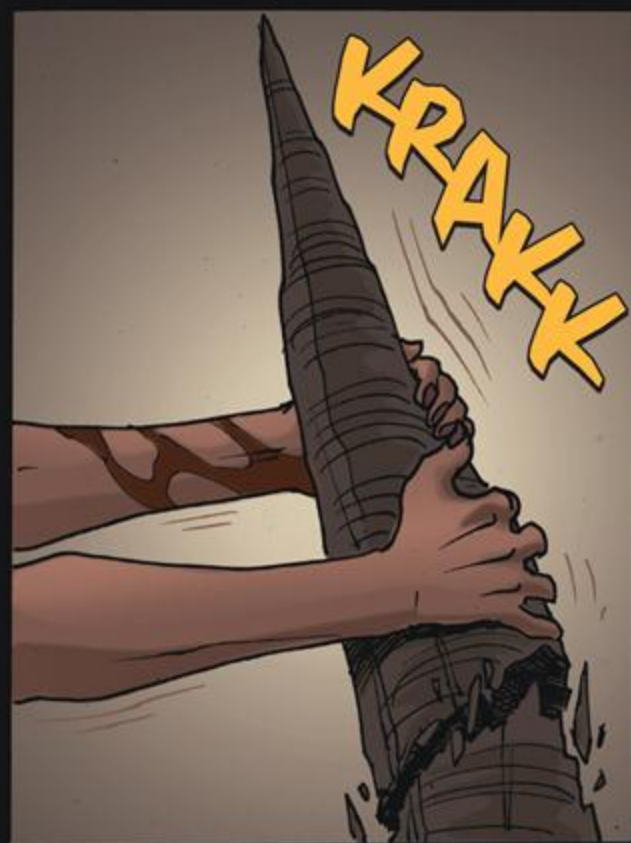












**NEXT: THE MAIN COURSE!**



**A SPECIAL LOOK AT MARK WAID'S GREEN HORNET #1!**

WE LIVE IN THE AGE  
OF INFORMATION.

IT WASN'T  
ALWAYS  
THAT WAY.

BACK BEFORE YOU  
COULD WHIP OUT YOUR  
**SMARTPHONE** TO  
SETTLE ANY BAR BET...

...BEFORE CABLE  
AND SATELLITES  
ALLOWED THE  
BABBLE OF A  
HUNDRED MEDIA  
OUTLETS TO SHOUT  
AT US 24/7...



...BACK WHEN  
**FACTS** WERE THE  
PROVINCE OF  
LIBRARY BUILDINGS  
AND EXPENSIVE,  
FAST-OUTDATED  
ENCYCLOPEDIAS...



...THE JOB OF  
INFORMING THE  
PUBLIC BELONGED  
TO THE *DAILY*  
*NEWSPAPER*.  
WHAT IT *SAID*,  
YOU *BELIEVED*.

# Daily Sentinel

CHICAGO'S MOST NOTORIOUS  
DAILY WAS THE *SENTINEL*. IT DIDN'T  
JUST REPORT THE NEWS...  
IT *WIELDED* IT LIKE A *CUDGEL*.

Thursday, October 16, 1941

THREE CENTS PAY NO MORE

# MAYOR REFUSES TO ANSWER QUESTIONS

ITS PUBLISHER, ON A WHIM  
AND WITH THE RIGHT  
HEADLINE, COULD TURN A  
GOOD SAMARITAN INTO  
A **HERO**--OR UTTERLY  
**CRIPPLE** A CORRUPT  
POLITICIAN.

IT WAS A GREAT AND TERRIBLE POWER.

It obviously with great emotion, saying, "My thought, my only thought, was to come with the people of France as I promised to do of abandoning them in their agony."

"Whatever happens, they will know that I defended them as a dedicated Worker. Members of the jury, my life and liberty are in your hands. My future belongs to your verdict. You may condemn me to death, you may judge me unworthy to live, or you may acquit. I am a man, but I am not a criminal."



AND I TOOK IT  
SERIOUSLY.



AS **BRITT REID**, I USED  
THE SENTINEL RELENTLESSLY  
TO WAGE **WAR** AGAINST  
MY ENEMIES...

...BUT IT WAS  
HARDLY THE ONLY  
ASSET AT MY  
**DISPOSAL**.

SOMETHING  
INTERESTING IN  
THE CLASSIFIEDS,  
KATO?

A CODED  
MESSAGE FOR YOU  
FROM **WATERFRONT  
EDDIE**. IT SAYS PIER  
23 WILL BE ACTIVE  
TONIGHT.



I HAD **INSPIRATION**.  
MY **GREAT-UNCLE**  
WAS A DARING AND  
RESOURCEFUL MASKED  
RIDER IN THE OLD WEST.



I HAD **MONEY**.  
MY FATHER HAD  
LEFT ME HIS  
FORTUNE...

THEN  
LET'S  
**GO**.



...WHICH I USED  
TO BUILD A  
**HIDDEN LAIR**...

WE  
HAVE **WORK**  
TO DO.







...A UNIQUE  
ARSENAL...

SUIT UP  
WHILE I RUN  
A WEAPONS  
TEST.



KNOCKOUT  
GAS,  
CHECK.

SSSSSSSS



ELECTROSTUN,  
CHECK.

KZAAAKT



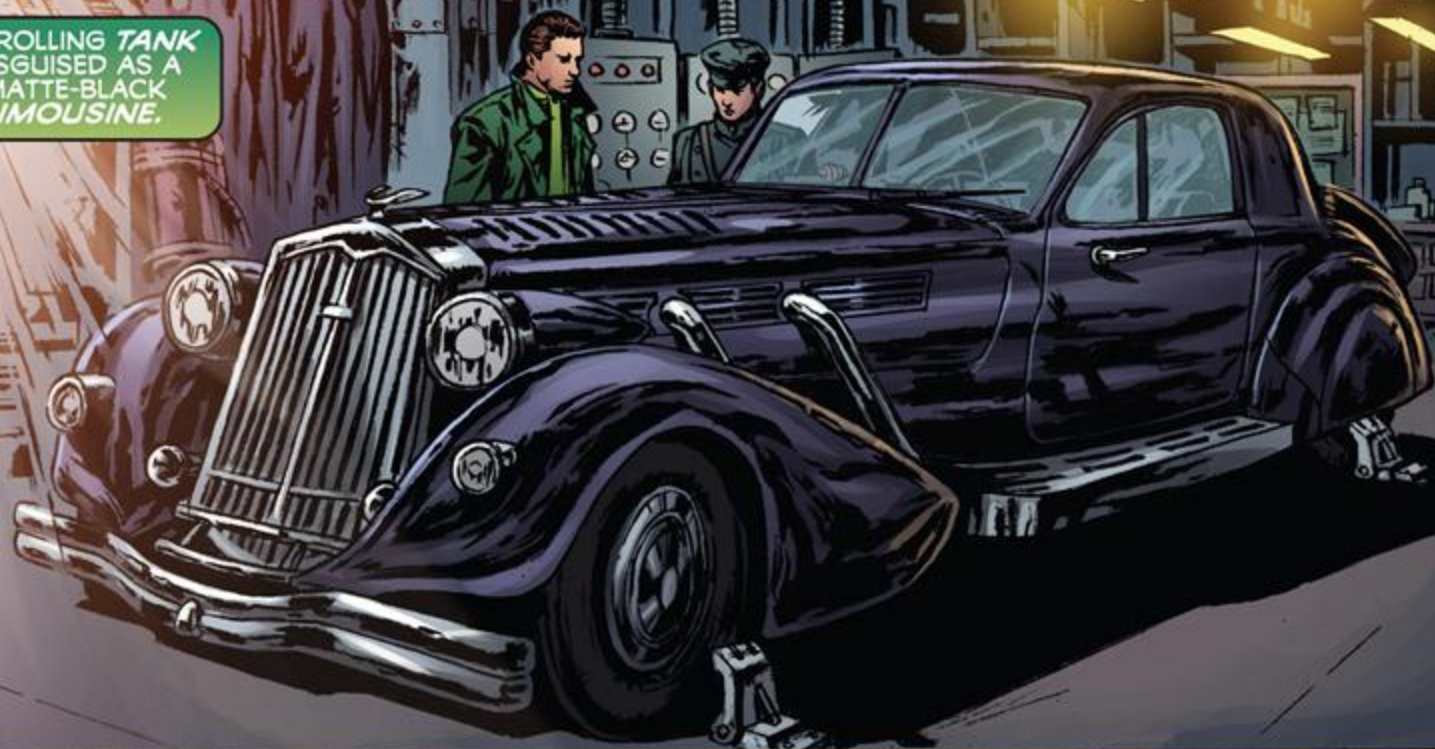
BRING  
THE CAR  
AROUND.



...AND BEST  
OF ALL...



...A ROLLING TANK  
DISGUISED AS A  
MATTE-BLACK  
LIMOUSINE.



LET'S  
ROLL.

"BEST OF ALL"?  
SCRATCH THAT.  
EDIT IT. I  
BURIED THE  
LEAD. REWRITE:

BEST OF  
ALL...



...I HAD A JAPANESE VALET  
WHOSE MASTERY OF  
SOMETHING CALLED THE  
"MARTIAL ARTS" MADE HIM  
A MATCH FOR ANY FIVE  
MEN, MAYBE TEN.

USING ALL OF THESE  
RESOURCES AND  
MORE, I BECAME THE  
GREEN HORNET...







...THE WORLD'S FIRST  
SUPER-CRIMINAL.



## THE STING

Written by Mark Waid  
Pencils by Daniel Indro  
Inks by Márcio Menyz  
Letters by Troy Peteri  
Edits by Joe Rybandt

**MARK WAID'S GREEN HORNET #1 - IN STORES NOW!**

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