

Wonder Woman vs. Fausta

How it should have happened

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Author's Note

Everyone knows about “Fausta: The Nazi Wonder Woman.” The classic TV episode cemented the sleepy peril fetish in, let’s be honest, probably millions of people worldwide. The Wonder Woman costume, Lynda Carter’s acting, and the writers’ decision to add a chloroform capture, created a perfect storm in TV history.

The actual chloroform capture sequence in question is strange though, from a writing perspective. The war bonds rally just kind of starts, with very little foreshadowing. Wonder Woman appears out of nowhere; we never see her transform. Steve and Etta look completely clueless about the events unfolding before their eyes. Wonder Woman barely puts up a fight when she falls through the trap door. I’m not nitpicking or anything...it’s just a very bizarrely written scene.

Enter me. I’m here to put a new fun spin on this classic scene. It starts off with Diana Prince at the infamous War Bonds rally, and events just unfold from there. Use Lynda Carter and Lyle Waggoner’s voice when reading the dialogue. The centered italic sentences represent a short thought in Wonder Woman’s mind.

Enjoy everyone.

Story

Diana Prince watched, as an imposter dressed in a Wonder Woman costume walked up the stage, underneath a giant banner that said ‘BUY BONDS’. A crowd of people gathered outside the War Department building to watch the spectacle, during a warm summer afternoon. The stage was embellished with patriotic red, white and blue decorations.

“Good to see you here, Diana,” a man said, walking up behind her.

Diana turned and touched his arm, greeting him with a warm smile. “Steve!”

Steve Trevor wore a brown U.S. War Department uniform, decorated with colorful badges and shiny medals. An armed forces service cap was fitted over his sandy brown hair, giving the handsome man a distinguished look.

“You look gorgeous today, Diana,” Steve said, placing his hand over her shoulder. Diana looked down at her own War Department uniform. She was dressed in a black suit with a line of gold buttons down the center. A white collar folded neatly around her neck and her dark brown hair was tied in a bun. A matching black skirt hugged her hips, ending at her knees. Dark pantyhose covered Diana’s legs, giving her a feminine yet professional appearance. She looked back up at Steve, a pair of kind and beautiful eyes beaming through round rimmed glasses.

“Thank you Steve. How are things going at the War Department?”

Steve straightened his back. “Oh, very well. Our campaign in North Africa is putting the Nazi’s on the back foot. We’re at a turning point in the war, Diana. This is all thanks to the heroic efforts of...”

Steve gestured at the stage, as the costumed woman posed.

“...Wonder Woman.”

Diana turned to look at the stage.

How adorable. Steve hasn't seen through my disguise yet.

The imposter on stage raised her wrists, showing off a pair of fake bracelets, while kids in the audience ran over to get a closer look.

“So Steve, you took a whole day off just so you could see Wonder Woman?”

Steve smiled and blushed a little. “Oh don’t be silly Diana. Wonder Woman’s vital to our war effort. I’m here to thank her in person, for all that she’s done.”

Diana raised an eyebrow, then smiled teasingly at Steve, a pair of cute dimples appearing in her cheeks. “Oh but Steve, what about all the wonderful men and women in our armed services?”

Steve chuckled. “Of course! The war wouldn’t be going so well if it weren’t for our boys in uniform.” He placed a hand on Diana’s shoulder. “And our lovely secretaries too!”

Diana’s smile disappeared and she looked at the stage again. The costumed woman raised her forearms and pointed to a bicep. Men in the crowd cheered and hollered. Diana flexed her own bicep, and thought to herself:

Imposter! What is she doing up there, pretending to be me?

“Hey Steve and Diana!” A young woman’s voice called from behind.

Diana turned and saw Etta Candy walking through the crowd. “I thought you were going to donate blood today, Diana.”

Etta wore a dark brown suit and skirt, similar in color and style to Steve’s. An insignia on Etta’s shoulder indicated a slightly higher military rank than Diana’s own. Etta had short curly sandy blonde hair, and deep lines around her nose as she grinned. Etta’s face, while adorable, lacked the elegance and refinement of Diana’s.

“I was going to Etta, but I canceled my appointment when I heard you and Steve were going to be at this rally.”

Etta stared in awe at the stage. “This is such a great way to help the war effort. They’re probably selling thousands of war bonds. It must have been Wonder Woman’s idea!”

Steve looked at the stage with warm loving eyes. “She sure is something, that Wonder Woman.”

Diana rolled her eyes. Steve’s obliviousness, while cute, could be frustrating at times.

Hera, help me.

Diana touched Steve’s arm. “Steve. Wonder Woman has saved you countless times. Surely, you must know what she looks like,” she said with a hint of seductiveness.

“Oh, I do, Diana. I remember the first time Wonder Woman rescued me, after I got chloroformed and kidnapped by that Nazi cell—”

“I’m sorry...*chloroformed*?” Diana asked inquisitively.

“Yeah, chloroformed, you know,” Steve replied, hovering his hand over Diana’s mouth and nose.

“Ohhhh, right right.”

“Anyway, Wonder Woman carried me out of that Nazi hideout like I was a feather. I remember her long dark hair, gorgeous smile and her large bosom—”

“Okay that’s enough, Steve,” Diana interjected, blushing.

Steve laughed and looked back to the stage. “Sorry. Anyway, that Wonder Woman is truly special, one of a kind.”

Open your eyes, Steve! She’s not the real one!

“AND NOW LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, WONDER WOMAN WILL TEST HER STRENGTH AT THE BARBELL!!”

The crowd around the stage gave a light applause at the host's pronouncement. Diana watched as the imposter on stage strolled over to a barbell, fitted with four metal round weights on each side, and lifted it with one arm. The hosts on stage exchanged strange, suspicious looks with each other. The audience oohed and aahed as the imposter lifted the barbell over her head.

"Wow! Wonder Woman's so strong!" Etta said.

Steve gazed at the stage. "Incredible."

Diana rolled her eyes again, astonished that the audience fell for such an obvious trick.

It's a fake barbell!

Diana surveyed the audience and then looked back at the stage. The hosts whispered in each other's ears and then looked at the imposter.

Something's not right.

WHAM!! RINGGGGG!!

The imposter on stage slammed a wooden mallet, causing a high striker bell to ring. The audience clapped again, as the host announced the day's war bond quota.

Diana turned to Steve and Etta. "You know what, I think I need to head to that blood donation appointment now."

"Awwwww, Diana. You're going to miss the rest of the show," Etta replied.

"Sure you don't want to stick around?" Steve asked.

Diana gave a warm smile, and replied in her kind voice. "It's important that we do whatever we can for the war effort. Enjoy the rest of the show. I'm sure it will be—" Diana paused and grinned slyly. "Interesting."

Steve and Etta waved goodbye and turned their attention back to the stage, as Diana walked through the crowd.

Diana jogged over to a corner of the War Department building and removed her glasses. She found a quiet spot and observed her surroundings. She waited for the area to clear.

Time for the real Wonder Woman to make an entrance, and find out what's going on.

She closed her eyes and focused her thoughts on the training she received from her homeland, Paradise Island. Diana recalled the first time her mother, Queen Hippolyta, taught her the ability to transform into a powerful and courageous Amazon warrior. She took a deep breath, raised her arms and started to spin.

As Diana turned in a pirouette, a red glow formed in her center. The glow was joined by blue and white sparkles of light as it grew brighter and brighter. The light around Diana flashed and disappeared just as suddenly. Diana slowed her spin and looked down at her outfit, gently touching some of her garb's fabric. She flexed her bicep again, and felt Amazonian strength coursing through her.

Hera, give me strength.

Diana had transformed into Wonder Woman, the heroic identity humanity adopted for her. A red satin corset covered her bosom; adorned with a golden eagle pattern, it was held together with a golden belt. She wore blue star-spangled satin briefs, adding a patriotic flair to her look. Her red boots each had a white stripe down the center, and were crafted from Paradise Island's finest leather. Diana's dark hair flowed down to her shoulders, with delicate curls at the bottom. A golden crown sat stylishly on her forehead, with a red star in the center.

Wonder Woman looked down suddenly and saw a young girl staring back. The child wore a small bow in her hair, and was holding a blue balloon with the words 'BUY BONDS' on it. Wonder Woman smiled at the girl and

raised a finger to her lips, making a quiet “shhh” sound. The girl giggled and mimicked Wonder Woman’s playful behavior.

Keep it between us now!

Wonder Woman turned her attention to the rally and started jogging back toward the stage. She adjusted each of her bracelets, which were made from Paradise Island’s strongest metal. A golden lasso dangling from her magic belt bounced, as she made her way to the crowd.

A commotion built in the audience, as some members turned to look at the Amazon warrior gracing their presence.

“Look! Is that Wonder Woman?”

“Is this part of the show?”

Wonder Woman arrived at the side of the wooden stage, which stood a few feet above her head. A staircase led to the stage floor, where she noticed the high striker apparatus and the fake barbell. She started to walk up the stairs when someone stopped her.

“Um, ma’am, are you part of the show?” A stagehand asked.

Wonder Woman smiled and picked up a gold cardboard mask nearby, placing it over her eyes. “Yes. I’m featured in this next part.” She gave the stagehand a pat on the back, then walked up the stairs.

The imposter and two hosts noticed Wonder Woman’s entrance, and welcomed her to the stage. The hosts smiled, almost as if they expected Wonder Woman’s arrival. She was greeted with applause and cheers from the crowd. Someone in the audience even whistled at her.

Men.

Wonder Woman eyed the imposter and two hosts carefully, watching for any sudden moves. One of the male hosts had a mustache and wore a dark gray suit. The other host appeared to be an older colonel, and wore a brown

ceremonial military uniform. The imposter Wonder Woman wore a cheaper, less distinguished version of Diana's Amazonian garb. The star spangled briefs lacked shine, and the red corset fit loosely around the woman's body. A gold cardboard mask covered the imposter's eyes, hiding her true identity.

The arrival of Wonder Woman jolted Steve, who gazed at the stage with new found curiosity and interest.

The colonel exchanged another suspicious look with the imposter.

"Ladies and gentlemen! If I can give you TWO Wonder Women, surely you can give Uncle Sam more from your wallet!" The colonel announced. The audience clapped, with Steve and Etta joining in. Several people in the audience visited a booth to buy war bonds.

Wonder Woman's confidence rose as she settled onto the stage. The two hosts were ordinary men, whom she would have no trouble beating in a fight. The female imposter did not look very strong, and seemed to be getting nervous. Nothing on the stage looked out of place. In Wonder Woman's mind, this whole charade would be wrapped up in minutes. She imagined herself bowing to the cheering audience at the end.

This will be easy.

Wonder Woman faced the audience suddenly and removed her gold cardboard eye mask. She held her golden lasso, pointed at the imposter, and shouted:

"Imposter! She is not the real Wonder Woman folks, I am! This is all a Nazi plot, and I will prove it."

Wonder Woman tossed her golden lasso in the air, twirled it twice and landed it over the imposter. The imposter opened her mouth in shock, and struggled as Wonder Woman tightened the lasso. The sudden move startled the

two hosts, who stood frozen, unsure of their next move. Wonder Woman shouted toward the audience again:

“Folks! This is the Lasso of Truth. Whoever is bound by it, will be compelled to tell the truth and obey my command!”

The audience gasped at the sudden turn of events, and then cheered loudly.

Etta cheered along with a big grin.

“Wow! I’ve never seen this part of the show before Steve. Which one do you think will win?”

Steve looked at the stage and then replied to Etta in an incredulous tone. “Oh Etta, is there *any* doubt?”

Wonder Woman turned to look at her foe. “Imposter, what is your real identity and purpose here today?”

The imposter squirmed under the lasso and then looked up, shouting her answer in a thick German accent. “My name is Fausta von Grables! I am here with my Nazi agents to *capture* Wonder Woman, and bring her back to the Third Reich!”

The audience booed loudly at Fausta’s pronouncement. Several people threw pieces of food in Fausta’s direction.

“Fausta von Grables, where is the location of your Nazi hideout?”

Fausta twisted under the lasso and laughed. “Right under your nose, Wonder Woman!”

She nodded her head to the two hosts, who then lunged in Wonder Woman’s direction. Wonder Woman used one arm to punch mustache man, who then flew into the stage wall, causing the ‘BUY BONDS’ banner to fall. She ducked a punch from the colonel and then punched him back in the face. The colonel steadied himself, then reached into his pocket to grab something.

She snagged his jacket in response and lifted him with Amazon strength, throwing him into the fake barbells.

CRASH!

Etta jumped up and down, cheering along with the audience.

“Wow! This is so exciting. I can’t believe Diana isn’t here to see this!”

Steve’s expression turned to worry. “This doesn’t seem staged, Etta.”

“I now compel you, Fausta. Turn yourself in, to U.S. authorities!”

Wonder Woman said, turning her attention back to Fausta.

Fausta resisted the vague command and then smiled menacingly.

“Looks like you’ve let your guard down, Wonder Woman!”

The colonel stood up on the stage, and removed a small metal canister from his pocket. A young child in the audience noticed and started pointing.

“Behind you! Behind you, Wonder Woman!”

Wonder Woman turned suddenly. “What—”

FSSSSSSSSSS!

The colonel covered his mouth and pressed a switch on the canister, releasing a light-purple cloud of gas into Wonder Woman’s face. For a moment, it felt like she was inside a dense fog. She breathed in the gas and coughed loudly, using her hand to waft away the fumes. She bent forward slightly, and shook her head several times. A feeling of sleepiness started overtaking Wonder Woman’s mind, like storm clouds blanketing the sky.

Hera, what’s happening to me...

Wonder Woman loosened her grip on the lasso, as the gas dampened her strength. She steadied herself and then faced the colonel. He pressed on the canister again, sending another thick plume of gas into Wonder Woman’s mouth.

FSSSSSSSSSS!

She inhaled. “Ohhhhhhh...”

COUGH COUGH

So tired...can't...focus...

Wonder Woman released the lasso as she raised both hands to her face, trying to sweep the gas away. The cloud of gas surrounded her head like smog, choking her. Her knees started buckling and she stumbled under a wave of sleepiness enveloping her. Her vision started blurring, as if a layer of dewdrops formed over her eyes. The audience began cheering Wonder Woman on, chanting her name.

Fausta unwound the lasso, took a step forward and shouted with dramatic flair. “Feeling tired, Wonder Woman? It’s our newly developed sleeping gas! You can’t fight it!”

Fight the sleep gas, Diana! Show them who’s in charge.

The colonel raised the canister again, but Wonder Woman swung her fist, landing it on the colonel’s jaw. He staggered backward and tripped on a loose ribbon, tumbling off the stage. The audience laughed as they watched Wonder Woman land the punch.

It’s not an act, people! That man’s probably really hurt.

“Stop...the tricks Fausta...and fight fair and square!” Wonder Woman shouted, as she struggled to stand straight. While much of the sleeping gas had dissipated by now, she had breathed in enough to disorient her. She fought hard to stay awake, and made small progress in regaining her senses.

Fausta watched as Wonder Woman resisted the sleeping gas, admiring the Amazon warrior’s prowess. Fausta trained her eyes on Wonder Woman’s red boots, following them as they wobbled over the wooden boards of the stage. Her boots stepped over a wooden seam that was unusually wider than the others. Fausta smirked, and tapped her heel three times on the stage floor.

TAP TAP TAP

The wooden floor under Wonder Woman fell open suddenly, plummeting her under the stage. The audience let out a collective gasp at the surprise trap, with many members still unsure if the show was an act or not.

Fausta laughed loudly, exaggerating her movements to appear more dramatic than necessary. The colonel and mustache man scrambled back on stage. The colonel held his jaw as he spoke. "Alright folks! We're going to take a fifteen minute break! Stay tuned for the conclusion of our Wonder Woman versus Fausta show! And don't forget to buy those bonds!"

"Come on folks! Help win the war!" The mustached man chimed in with a smile, gesturing the audience to applaud along.

A marching band near the stage started blaring a John Philip Sousa piece as the audience clapped. The patriotic music drowned out all other noise in the area.

Steve's suspicion grew, and he grabbed Etta's hand. "Come on Etta. Something's not right here. Let's go check things out."



A trapdoor! How humiliating!

Wonder Woman landed on her red heels and fell back on her star-spangled rear, after plummeting through the trapdoor. She rolled forward to a kneeling position and observed her surroundings. Long wooden planks angled in different directions above her, and black curtains covered all sides of the stage walls. The area had a dusty, damp smell. The darkness, combined with her exposure to sleeping gas, made Wonder Woman disoriented. She shook her forehead several times to fight off her drowsiness.

Get a hold of yourself Diana. Don't let your guard down.

She heard a rustling movement, footsteps, and what sounded like a glass bottle clinking.

Someone's here!

The rustling sound got closer. The marching band started to play music suddenly, startling her with its loudness.

Scream for help Diana!

A pair of arms emerged from the darkness and grabbed Wonder Woman from behind, right as she opened her mouth to scream.

“STE—MMMMMPPHHH!”

A white handkerchief clamped over Wonder Woman's mouth, silencing her screams, while another hand grabbed her bosom and yanked her back. She slumped backwards into the lap of her attacker, who then adjusted the handkerchief upward so that it covered Wonder Woman's nose. She inhaled through the cloth several times with deep panicked breaths, smelling a sickly sweet odor. Her surroundings started spinning, and her mind turned foggy. Wonder Woman lifted her arms to pry the handkerchief away, but dropped them as her strength faded.

“Mmmpphhh...mmmph...”

Her brief conversation with Steve flashed through her mind. She suddenly realized what was happening.

Chloroform! Fight back Diana!

A mental countdown clock started in Wonder Woman's mind. Every breath she took from now on would make her weaker and sleepier. Her attacker had the advantage. She needed to break free—now.

She raised her fists and used her remaining strength to strike the attacker's arms. When the punches failed, she clutched the attacker's sleeves with her fists. The attacker responded by pressing Wonder Woman's abdomen, causing her to breathe a larger lungful of the chloroform fumes. She dropped

her arms to the ground again, as the potent anesthetic absorbed into her bloodstream.

“Mmmphh...”

Too late, I breathed too much. Stay awake Diana...

With her mind struggling to remain conscious, Wonder Woman focused her eyes on the person chloroforming her. She felt profound disbelief and humiliation as the man’s appearance materialized.

A man. An ordinary, middle-aged man.

The Nazi goon had a wrinkly face and big nose. A simple brown cap covered his short dark hair. The goon looked as if he was a mechanic, or a simple foot soldier—certainly not a person who should be capable of subduing an Amazonian warrior. The stark contrast destroyed Wonder Woman’s pride.

She felt the goon reach around her waist, touching her golden belt and blue satin briefs. The goon patted her waist several times, then slid his hands across her red corset’s fabric. Wonder Woman moaned helplessly through the chloroform rag, as the goon violated her dignity. She shuffled her red boots, kicking up some dust. Her cheeks flushed pink.

Get your hands off me...

“Mmmphh...”

The goon was looking for something.

He’s searching for my lasso!

“Looking for this, soldier?” A woman with a thick German accent said suddenly.

The Nazi goon released pressure from the chloroform rag as Fausta appeared under the stage, holding the Lasso of Truth. Wonder Woman used the distraction to wiggle her nose out of the handkerchief slightly, giving her airways fresh oxygen.

“How is she doing, soldier?” Fausta asked.

Fausta's commanding voice sent a shiver down Wonder Woman's spine. Fausta's arrival accelerated Wonder Woman's urge to break free. She took rapid breaths through her nose, hoping the fresh oxygen would rejuvenate her.

The goon spoke up. "She's losing her strength. Her struggles are getting weaker, and her eyes are tired. Just a few more breaths, and she should be asleep," the goon replied in a deep German accent. He repositioned the cloth, covering Wonder Woman's nose again, forcing her to inhale another dose of chloroform. A wave of drowsiness crashed in. It felt like moving backwards in a board game. Her eyelids drooped, as if they had heavy barbells dragging them down.

"Hhhrmmph!"

I'm so weak...

"It looks like Wonder Woman is still fighting the effects of the chloroform, soldier. Here, I have an idea," Fausta said as she knelt down with the golden lasso.

Wonder Woman felt a pair of hands wrap the lasso around her shoulders, her breasts and around her belly. Fausta pulled on the lasso, causing Wonder Woman's breasts to push upward in her corset. An overwhelming feeling of obedience and shame filled her mind, as the lasso exercised its power.

No! She's putting me under the lasso's spell!

"Let her speak."

On Fausta's command, the Nazi goon removed the chloroform soaked handkerchief from Wonder Woman's mouth, hovering it a few inches away. Wonder Woman opened her mouth and gasped, breathing lungfuls of fresh air. The act granted her a temporary reprieve from the anesthetic's effects, and she savored it. The goon brushed away some of her hair, revealing her gasping and exhausted face.

Stall! Build your strength back Diana!

“The lasso compels whoever is bound by it, to tell the truth. No exceptions, even for you Wonder Woman.”

The lasso's spell. I have no choice...

“Uhhnn...yes...I must...obey,” Wonder Woman replied, with a weak, soft voice.

“How do we make you helpless and take you prisoner?” Fausta asked.

Resist...don't tell the Nazi's...

Wonder Woman's mouth moved on its own, her voice weak and hypnotic. “Re...remove...my magic belt.”

“Is that the key to your strength?”

Hera, I'm sorry...

“Y-yes...a-away from my home on, Para...Paradise Island.”

Queen, I'm sorry...

Fausta smirked at the docile Wonder Woman, now under her complete control.

“Will this chloroform keep you unconscious?”

I cannot lie.

Wonder Woman tried her hardest to avoid replying. The lasso's power was overwhelming, and she knew the truth. The chloroform was in fact working—quite effectively. She parted her red lips, and whispered: “...yes.”

Wonder Woman closed her eyes and breathed in a lungful of fresh air, knowing she would not get the chance again. Fausta looked at the Nazi goon, and nodded her head. The goon crumpled the handkerchief, rotating it so that a damper side faced outward. He then chloroformed Wonder Woman, placing the cloth first over her mouth and then pressing it snugly over her nose.

“Hmmmph.”

“Sleep peacefully, Wonder Woman,” Fausta said.

I must obey.

Wonder Woman inhaled the chloroform willingly, letting out a soft sigh through the handkerchief. Her eyes opened one last time, an act of defiance as her consciousness drifted away. Drowsiness won the battle, and her eyes closed slowly, like a feather drifting downward. Her neck muscles relaxed, causing her head to nod slightly into the goon's elbow. All her stresses and fears melted away, replaced with a feeling of pleasant tranquility.

"Mmm..."

So...tired. So sleepy...

"...you will awake in the Fatherland."

Wonder Woman's mind crossed the point of no return, and she fainted, drifting off to sleep. She slept peacefully in the arms of the Nazi goon, as Fausta planned their next move.

"Get the ropes, soldier."

* * * * *

"Let us through!"

"Uh, sorry, but I was told not to let anyone backstage," the stagehand replied to Steve and Etta.

"I'm from the War Department! Let us through or I'll have a word with your boss!" Steve replied.

"Boss is right there."

Steve and Etta turned to see the colonel standing behind them, smiling politely.

"Enjoying the show so far? How can I help you two?"

"Show me that canister you used up there colonel!" Steve asked sternly.

"Ohhh, this?" The colonel chuckled, pulling out the metal canister from his pocket. "It's just fake stage smoke. See?"

The colonel lifted the canister up and sprayed the gas at Steve and Etta.

FSSSSSSSSSS!

COUGH COUGH COUGH!

Steve and Etta bent down and coughed as they both inhaled the sleeping gas.

“Ohhh...Steve...I...I think I’m gonna...faint...” Etta said, her eyes crossing as they closed.

“Uhhnn! Etta!” Steve yelled, as he caught the fainting Etta. Steve started to faint himself as the gas took effect. He bent forward and fell to the ground, his body in a sideways crouching position.

“What just happened!?” The stagehand yelled in shock, as he watched the colonel run away from the scene.



Wonder Woman laid under the stage sleeping, while Fausta and the goon retrieved a coil of white ropes. Wonder Woman’s face was peaceful, her lips neither a frown nor a smile, her eyes closed delicately. Her chest rose and fell daintily, the gold eagle pattern shimmering from the small movements.

The goon wrapped a coil of ropes around Wonder Woman’s wrists, tightening them with double knots. He wrapped another set of ropes across her stomach, under her breasts and around each arm. The goon wound the ropes five times around Wonder Woman’s body and tightened it with knots, his hands trembling as he did so.

“Make sure to gag her too, soldier. We can’t have Wonder Woman scream for help when we take her to the airfield.”

The goon ripped a piece of the stage curtain and twisted the cloth several times. He then shoved the cloth into Wonder Woman’s mouth, making

sure to press it deep between her lips. He tied a knot in the cloth behind her neck, pulling it tight so that the cleave gag pressed into her cheeks.

Fausta bent down and grabbed Wonder Woman's magic belt, removing it from her waist in one swift motion. "We can't have her fighting back if she wakes up."

The colonel appeared under the stage suddenly. "They're onto us! We need to hurry up and get her into the car!"

Fausta nodded to the Nazi goon, who then knelt down next to Wonder Woman. The goon placed one hand under her back and another arm under her thighs, and lifted her up in a bridal carry. Fausta then led the group to a black 1941 Chevrolet, idling just outside the side of the stage.

"Hurry, hurry!" Fausta whispered to her men. Fausta opened the vehicle's backdoor, where the goon shoved the unconscious Wonder Woman inside. Fausta followed, sitting right beside the bound and gagged Amazon. Wonder Woman's head leaned against Fausta's shoulder, and she continued to slumber, unaware of the dire situation.

The Nazi goon entered the driver's side, while the colonel sat in the passenger seat. The vehicle had special tinted windows installed, preventing outside observers from seeing inside.

"Give me the rest of the chloroform, soldier," Fausta called from the backseat. The goon opened his jacket and tossed a glass bottle to the back of the car.

"We'll need it in case Wonder Woman wakes up. Our plan must succeed! Now drive, soldier!"

The vehicle pulled away from the stage and entered the city's main thoroughfare.

* * * * *

Steve and Etta woke up surrounded by onlookers wafting hats and newspapers in their faces. “Thank goodness you guys are alright!” The stagehand exclaimed.

Steve stood up suddenly and pulled back a curtain next to the stage. “Where did they go?!” He shouted.

“I think I saw a black Chevy drive off from the side of the stage. It headed that way,” the stagehand pointed.

“Ohhhh...Steve...my head hurts. What’s going on?” Etta asked.

“The rally was a trap! The Nazi’s have kidnapped Wonder Woman! I have to go!”

Steve ran to the street and waved down a yellow taxi.

“Where to sir?” The cab driver asked.

“I’m going to need to commandeer your vehicle. It’s for official War Department business,” Steve said, holding up his identification papers.

“Oh, I’m sorry I can’t—WHOAAAA!”

Steve yanked open the cab door and pulled the driver out.

Etta ran over to the cab window in a panic. “Steve!”

“Sorry Etta, too dangerous. You wait here and alert the authorities!”

Steve yelled, as he floored the cab’s gas pedal.



The Nazi goon slowed the car down suddenly, as a line of other cars waited in front of them.

“What’s the matter, soldier?” Fausta asked from the backseat.

“It’s a security checkpoint. They put these up after all the Nazi cells were discovered,” the colonel explained. “Don’t worry, I’ll use my official government identification.”

“I’m amazed you would betray your country like this colonel. In Nazi Germany you would be executed by now.”

At the front of the checkpoint, an army officer with an M1 Garand service rifle stood at attention, while another officer inspected each vehicle.

“Mmmmmnnn...”

Wonder Woman moved her head suddenly and moaned through her gag.

...where am I?

“She’s waking up!” Fausta whispered with urgency. She took out the glass bottle and opened the cap, pouring some chloroform onto a neatly folded white cloth.

“Mnnnnnn...” Wonder Woman moaned again, a little louder.

...Steve...

The army officer waved at the 1941 Chevrolet, and the Nazi goon pulled forward.

“Stall!!” Fausta whispered from the back.

Wonder Woman opened her eyes slowly, and saw the Nazi goon and colonel at the front of the car.

...they’re taking me somewhere...

Fausta twisted the cap back on the bottle and then pressed the chloroform-soaked cloth over Wonder Woman’s nose.

“Mmmmmphhh...” The sickly sweet smell filled Wonder Woman’s senses. She breathed helplessly through the cloth, causing a rush of sleepiness to flow through her body.

No...I'm being chloroformed again...

Fausta kept the cloth firmly pressed against Wonder Woman's face, while the army officer approached the driver's side window. The officer tapped three times on the window.

The Nazi goon rolled the window down a few inches, preventing the officer from seeing inside the vehicle.

"Where are you guys headed?" the officer asked.

"We are going for a drive in the countryside. Lovely day," the goon replied, attempting to fake an American accent.

"Anyone else in the vehicle?"

The Nazi goon pointed to the passenger side, and the colonel smiled.

Scream Diana!

"MMMMPHH!"

Wonder Woman shouted as loud as she could through her gag, using up all her strength. Fausta shook Wonder Woman's head and pressed the cloth harder, panicking at the sudden noise. Wonder Woman breathed a lungful of chloroform and fainted in the backseat. Fausta focused intently on the situation, her hand still covering Wonder Woman's mouth with the cloth.

"What was that sound?" The officer asked. Another army officer walked over holding a rifle.

"Nothing sir," the goon replied, a hint of urgency in his voice. His fake American accent disappeared.

"Step out of the vehicle and open the back door."

"Sorry, can't do that."

"I said step out of the vehicle!" The officer shouted, racking the slide on his firearm.

"Sorry, sir I—"

"DRIVE!!!!" Fausta shouted at the top of her lungs.

The Nazi goon floored the gas pedal, causing the back wheels of the vehicle to spin on the gravel. The car sped forward and rammed through the security gate.

VROOMMMM!!!

SMASH!

“STOP THAT CAR!”

The army officer raised his service rifle and fired a round.

BANG!!

A bullet struck a taillight sending glass flying. The car sped away from the checkpoint, leaving the army officers scrambling.

Steve arrived at the security checkpoint in his stolen yellow cab, in time to see the army officer yelling loudly into a telephone.

“Officer! Did you see a black Chevy drive past here?” Steve asked through his window.

“We did! They drove right through the gate and went that way!” the army officer shouted back, pointing down the road.

“Thank you officer!”

Steve pressed the gas pedal and drove over the broken gate.

“Hey, he didn’t show his ID!” the army officer yelled, as Steve drove away.

* * * * *

The black Chevy maneuvered its way out of city limits and into the countryside. City buildings were gradually replaced with barns and grassy fields. Steve followed closely behind in his yellow cab, catching up eventually as he chased them through the countryside. They were the only two cars driving over the rough gravel pavement.

Fausta looked out the back window at the approaching yellow cab.

“Faster! He’s gaining on us!”

“Almost there!” The goon shouted back, turning the steering wheel.

The black Chevy swerved, kicking up dust on the road.

Steve shifted gears and pressed the gas pedal, with smoke rising from his engine.

“There! Turn!” Fausta shouted.

The goon braked and turned the steering wheel all the way left, causing the car to skid down a hill.

The sudden movements and shouting jolted Wonder Woman awake, who began opening her eyes. She made small muffling sounds through her gag.

“Hrmmmp?”

“She’s waking up!”

The occupants inside were violently jostled up and down, as the car tumbled down the hill. Fausta retrieved the chloroform bottle, but it slipped from her hand after the car encountered a large bump. As the car reached the bottom of the hill, the goon spun the steering wheel, causing the vehicle to collide with a rock. They came to an abrupt stop.

“Hrmmmp!”

Wonder Woman watched wearily as Fausta reached under the seat to look for the bottle of chloroform. As Wonder Woman’s awareness returned, she attempted to break free from the ropes, but found that she lacked her Amazonian strength.

They took my belt! My strength is gone...

“Hrmmmp!”

Fausta found the bottle and looked Wonder Woman in the eyes. “Time to go back to sleep, Wonder Wo—”

VROOOOOM!

Fausta stared through the window of her car as Steve's yellow cab barreled down the hill at breakneck speed, headed straight towards them.

"GET OUT!!" Fausta shrieked.

Shouting erupted in the car as the goon and the colonel tried to get out. From the backseat, Wonder Woman watched helplessly as the cab rapidly approached. She could see Steve's determined, panicked face behind the cab's windshield.

Oh Steve...Steve, Steve, Steve...STEVE!!

Steve wasn't slowing down. Shouting continued as the colonel tried to escape through the driver's side. Fausta opened the car's backdoor.

"BRACE YOURSELVES!"

"HRMMMMPH!!"

Steve's cab rammed into the Chevy's front engine.

CRAAAAAAAAAASH!!!!!!

BUMP!!!!

"OWMPH!"

Glass, smoke and metal exploded from the collision. The impact jolted Wonder Woman violently and she struck her head against the window. As she sat in the vehicle losing consciousness, the last sound she could hear was Steve's voice shouting.

* * * * *

The yellow cab had collided with the Chevy in the front, destroying the engines of both cars, and creating a mess of twisted metal, glass and smoke. All was quiet in the grassy field, save for the ambient sound of dying car engines.

Wonder Woman opened her eyes slowly and saw Steve Trevor's face looking back, full of cuts and bruises. She felt a soft breeze blowing, and the warmth of the afternoon sun on her face. She no longer felt the cleave gag's disgusting texture in her mouth. Steve cradled Wonder Woman's head in his lap, and gazed into her eyes.

Steve, you're hurt.

"Hello," Steve said.

"...mmm..."

Wonder Woman nodded her head several times as consciousness returned to her. She had a splitting headache, and took several breaths to clear her mind.

"Are you alright?" Steve continued.

Wonder Woman gazed up at Steve, and gave a slight smile. She saw Steve's injuries and wanted to help. Memories of her kidnapping flooded back to her.

"...I...I think so. The Nazis used...*chloroform* on me. It smells terrible," Wonder Woman replied, her voice still weak.

Steve smiled back and remained silent.

Wonder Woman looked down at her wrists and noticed the ropes still binding them, raising an eyebrow at the curious sight. "Oh Steve...aren't you going to untie me?"

Steve frowned and began to shake.

"Steve...what's wrong?"

Steve clenched his teeth and formed an expression of pain. Wonder Woman lifted her head, and gasped as she saw the golden lasso wrapped around Steve's chest. She turned her gaze upward, following the lasso along, and saw a gloating Fausta standing behind Steve. Fausta was still wearing the dreadful fake Wonder Woman costume.

Oh no...Steve...they got Steve!

“I’m sorry Wonder Woman,” Steve said with a look of sadness and pain in his eyes.

Wonder Woman shook her head. “Steve...resist...”

“I’m sorry.”

“No, Steve...”

As Wonder Woman pleaded, Steve Trevor pulled out a white handkerchief and hovered it near her face.

“Quit stalling Mr. Trevor,” Fausta shouted, gripping the lasso tightly.

Steve brought the handkerchief closer. “I’m sorry.”

The sweet fumes tickled Wonder Woman’s nose. “No Steve...fight back..fight—mmmmphhh!”

Steve’s hand trembled violently as he pressed the chloroform soaked cloth over Wonder Woman’s nose and mouth. Wonder Woman could feel Steve resist, his hand pressure oscillating between hard and soft. She breathed in the chloroform fumes and slowly drifted back to sleep, gently nodding her head.

Resist, Steve...Steve...Steve...

Steve stopped resisting, and applied constant pressure to the cloth. Wonder Woman breathed one final time, and fluttered her eyes shut. Steve dropped the chloroform soaked cloth and looked longingly at Wonder Woman, who slept peacefully in his lap. He brushed away some of her hair, treasuring his last remaining moments with her.

“I’m coming to rescue you Wonder Woman. I promise,” Steve said quietly.

“Thank you Mr. Trevor.” Fausta took a step forward. “Wonder Woman will be coming back with us to the Third Reich. Your services are no longer needed.”

Fausta nodded to the Nazi goon, who walked over and struck Steve in the head with a sidearm, causing him to black out. The goon then carried the unconscious Wonder Woman to a prop plane, emblazoned with the Nazi swastika. Fausta and the Nazi goon hopped into the plane, placing the unconscious Wonder Woman in a backseat. The colonel stayed behind to help get the plane ready for flight—and mentally prepared himself for the inevitable court martial.

A swarm of army vehicles approached as the prop plane lifted off, with Fausta piloting it. The plane flew higher and higher into the sky, until it reached a cruising altitude. Fausta looked back at the sleeping Wonder Woman and smiled with satisfaction, as she charted a course for The Fatherland.

Afterword

So obviously this story doesn't end on a huge positive note, *but*, you can assume that the rest of the events play out fairly close to the original episode. Steve flies to Germany, rescues Wonder Woman, Fausta changes her ways, etc.

This story answers some questions I've always had about the Fausta Wonder Woman chloroform scene. For instance, why did Wonder Woman show up to the war bonds rally in the first place? In the original episode it just happens, with Fausta briefly mentioning that Wonder Woman had a penchant for competition. In my story, I state it outright: Wonder Woman watches the rally, sees Steve ogle the imposter on stage, and goes to find out what's going on.

In the original episode, Wonder Woman walks on stage, and just kind of goes along with the show. It's strange how she...doesn't suspect anything.

What exactly was her plan up there? In my story, I get straight to the point. Wonder Woman walks up stage, and immediately lassos Fausta and demands the truth. As you saw, however, things don't go according to plan because the audience has no clue if things are real or staged. Ask yourself: if Wonder Woman actually fought Fausta on that rally stage, wouldn't audience members think it was part of the act? Even if Wonder Woman gets gassed up there, it could still be seen as staged. Notice also how everything Fausta says on stage, while under the lasso's spell, is technically the truth.

Wonder Woman falls through the trapdoor just like the episode. And in both cases, the audience just claps, because they have no idea if things are staged or not. The chloroform sequence mostly stays the same, except Fausta involves herself in the questioning. I upped the peril factor by having Wonder Woman get bound and gagged as well. Steve, meanwhile, tries to go backstage but is gassed by the colonel. This is a bit of an improvement over the original episode, where Steve just sort of...watches Fausta drive away with Wonder Woman.

I added a roadblock in Fausta's plan with the security checkpoint scene. This created another opportunity to chloroform Wonder Woman again, and add some excitement. After that we jumped to the car chase scene, which I resolved much differently. Steve crashes his yellow cab into the Chevy, ending the chase in dramatic fashion. When Wonder Woman wakes up, she sees that Steve failed, as Fausta was able to tie him with the lasso. We then get the final gut wrenching chloroform scene.

With just some tweaks, we took the classic Wonder Woman episode and cranked it up a notch. We will always cherish the original episode, but now you have a new version to explore with your imagination. Appreciate all of you giving this a read, and look forward to hearing your thoughts!

—Sleepy Comics