



VALIANT

X-O MANOWAR

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The story so far..



Aric of Dacia—a Visigoth warrior from the fifth century—was kidnapped by a merciless, imperial alien race known as the Vine. For years, he lived worlds away, a slave to their nefarious whims. But when Aric bonded with the Vine's sentient relic, the Manowar armor, he led a slave revolt and escaped to Earth...only to discover centuries had passed, and the Earth he knew was now ancient history. His life, his people, and his wife Deidre were all gone.

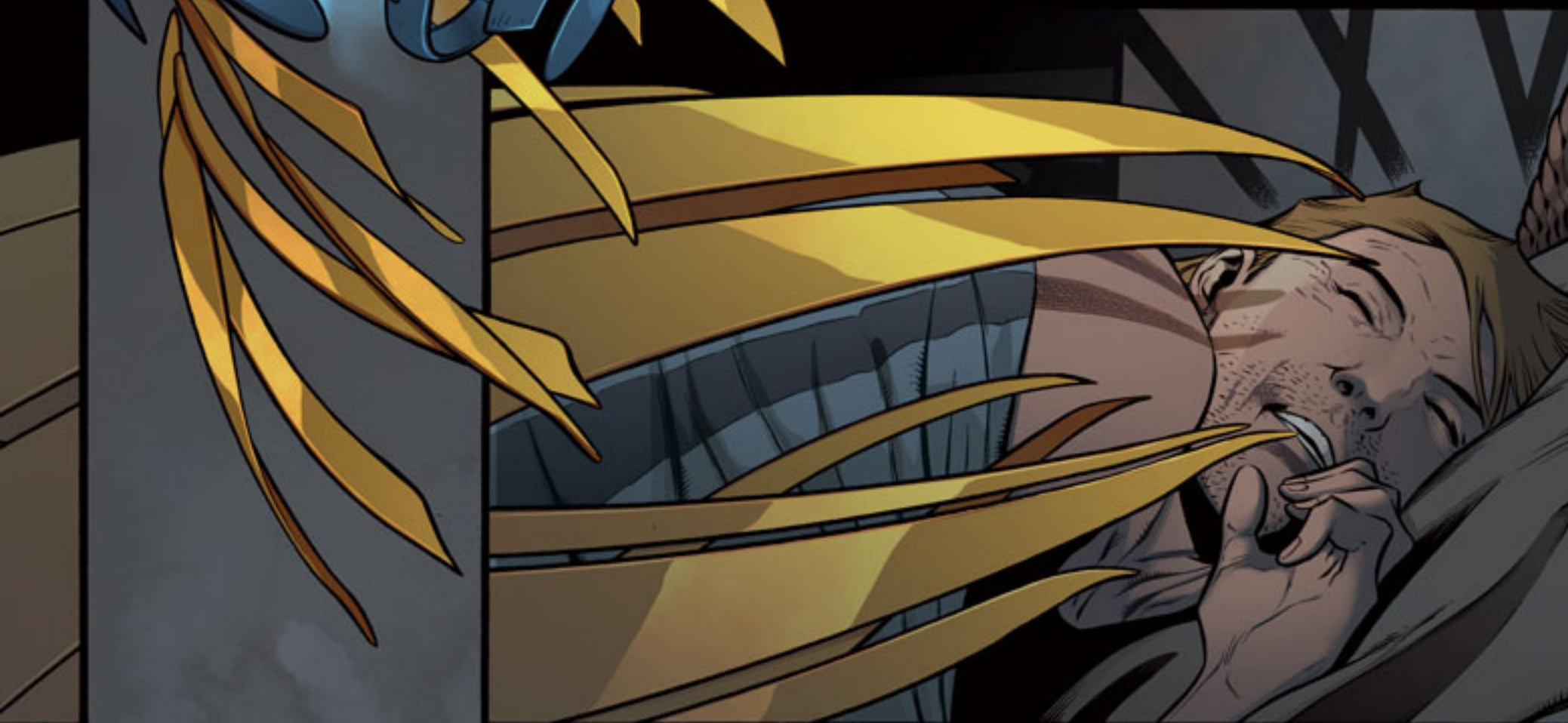
With nothing more than his suit of armor and a small group of his fellow slaves, Aric begins life anew as Earth's most unlikely hero, a mix of machine and man, of great power and great conscience...
X-O MANOWAR!

Recently, Aric defended the Earth from the evil Armor Hunters, and his activities became the concern of the United Nations, which now has him under official watch. After a brief conflict with unscrupulous billionaire Phillip Zahn and his Armorines, Aric is now under more surveillance than ever by the world powers. He has taken up residence in the American Midwest with a village of fellow time-displaced refugees and found new love in the arms of the beautiful Saana.

Something from Aric's past, however, may be about to become his biggest concern...and the concern of the future of the Earth itself!

WESTERN NEBRASKA.

NOW.



POLLENTIA, NORTHERN ITALY.

402 A.D.

SIXTEEN CENTURIES EARLIER.

**RIDE
HARD,
CAIUS!**

**WILL THE
GENERAL ATTACK
THE VISIGOTHS,
OTHO? OR
HONOR THEIR
FESTIVAL?**

**STILICHO
DOES WHAT IS
BEST FOR ROME.
FESTIVALS BE
DAMNED.**



AGH!

THOK

OTOHO!

WNNNEEE!

NO--!

SHNNN MY LEGS!

EASE HIS PAIN, GAFTI.

GAK!

WHAT LIES BEYOND

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SCOUTS.

THE ROMAN
PIGS GROW
CLOSER.





SLAIN SCOUTS
CARRY NO MESSAGES,
MY LIEGE. YOU HAVE
PROTECTED YOUR
PEOPLE NOBLY.

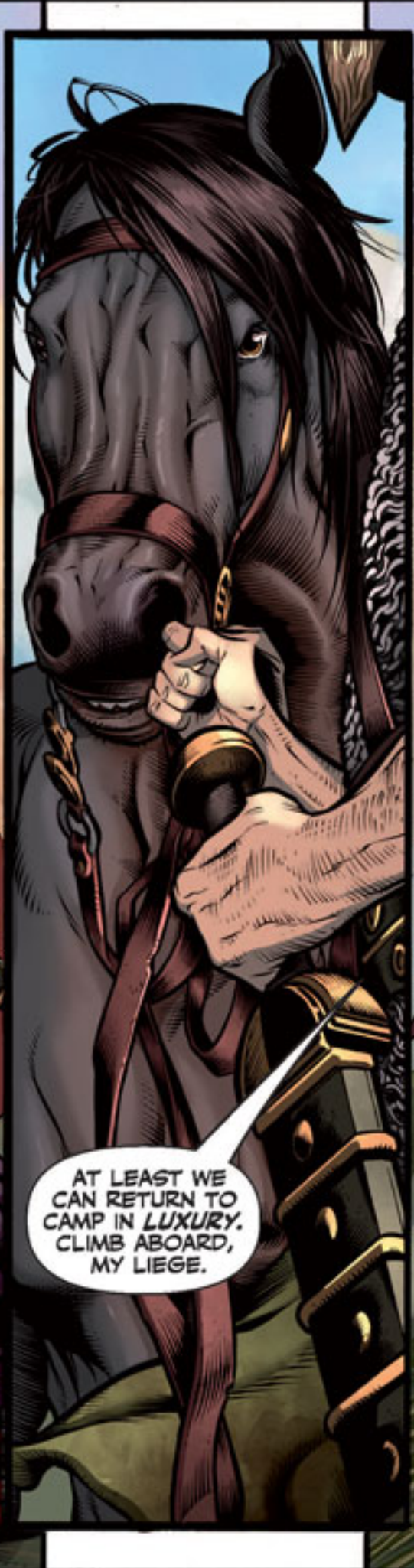
IT DOES
NOT SUIT YOU TO
PLAY AT FORMALITY,
GAFTI. AND IT GROWS
TIRE SOME.



JUST PRACTICING.
EVERYONE KNOWS
YOU ARE NEXT IN LINE
FOR YOUR UNCLE'S
CROWN.

I AM ARIC
OF DACIA. YOU ARE
MY BEST FRIEND, AND
A BASTARD.

CROWN
OR NO, THESE
THINGS WILL
NEVER
CHANGE.



AT LEAST WE
CAN RETURN TO
CAMP IN LUXURY.
CLIMB ABOARD,
MY LIEGE.



RIDING
SECOND IS
NOT BEFITTING
A KING.

HARDLY
BEFITTING
A QUEEN. SHOULD
HAVE CONSIDERED THAT
BEFORE YOU SKEWERED
THE OTHER MOUNT.



SPEAK
OF THIS TO
ANYONE, GAFTI,
AND IT IS YOU
WHO WILL BE
SKEWERED.