

ALKAMA FIELDS, HIDEOUT FOR THE PEOPLE

I AM THE
PANTHER-KING...



...WHO STALKS
THE SOUL...



...ACROSS
OCEAN, DESERT,
AND PLAIN.



I DRINK IN THE
MALICE OF
BLINKERED MEN...



...AND BREAK
THEM UNDER
MY REIGN.

ARRRGHHH!



HIT ME.



YOU MURDER
OLD WOMEN AND
CHILDREN, YET
TREMBLE BEFORE
ME? HIT ME!



YES.



YES.



I AM DAMISA-SARKI,
AND THERE IS NO
ESCAPE.



NOT FOR MY
ENEMIES.



NOT FOR
MY PEOPLE.



NOT FOR
MY MOTHER.



NOT FOR
ME.



SO MUCH RAGE.
SO MUCH HATE.
SO MUCH SHAME. I
MUST MASTER ALL
OF IT. I MUST NOT
LET IT MASTER ME.

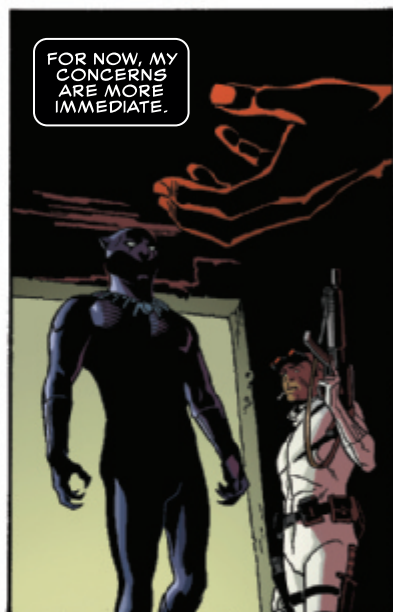


I HAVE EARNED
THE TRUST OF
GOOD MEN...

EDEN FESI
THE FORMER
AVENGER KNOWN
AS MANIFOLD

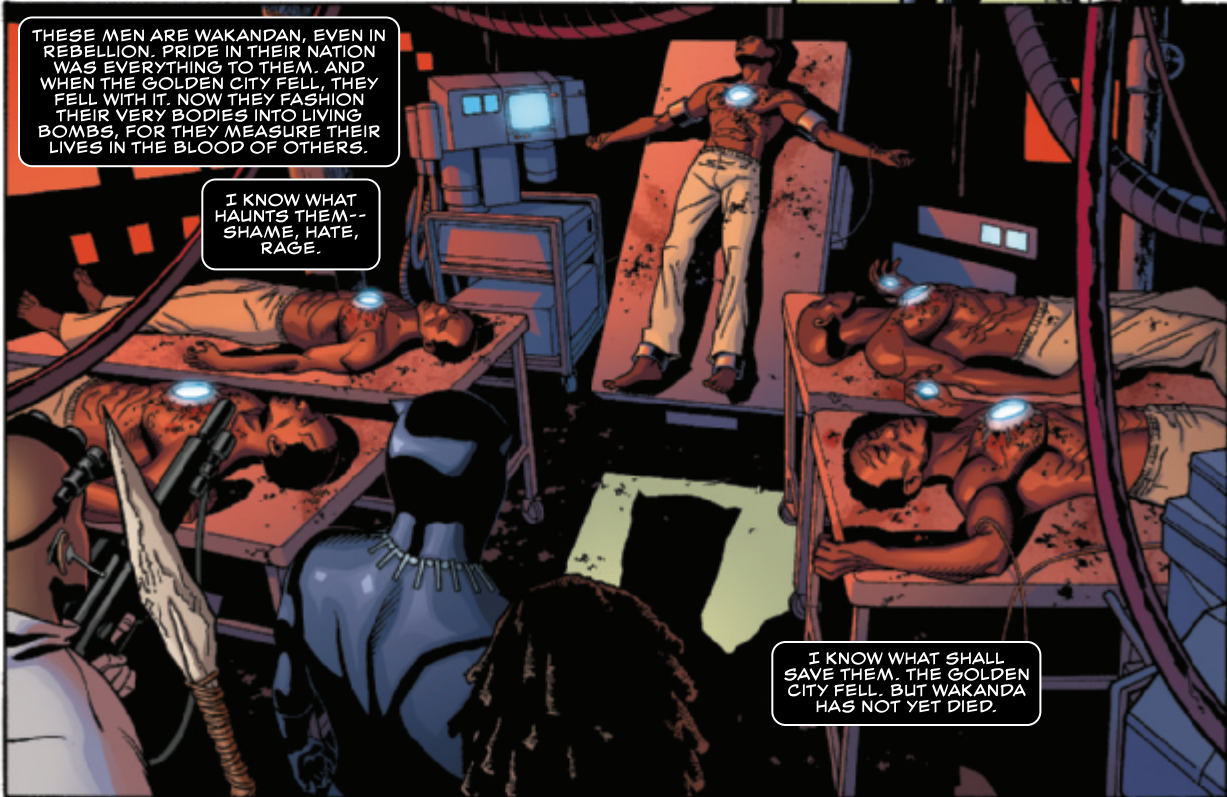


EDEN IS BRAVER THAN HE
KNOWS. ONCE, HE DIED
SO THAT THE WORLD MIGHT
LIVE. PERHAPS SOMEDAY
I SHALL TELL HIM THIS.



FOR NOW, MY
CONCERNS
ARE MORE
IMMEDIATE.

THESE MEN ARE WAKANDAN, EVEN IN
REBELLION. PRIDE IN THEIR NATION
WAS EVERYTHING TO THEM. AND
WHEN THE GOLDEN CITY FELL, THEY
FELL WITH IT. NOW THEY FASHION
THEIR VERY BODIES INTO LIVING
BOMBS, FOR THEY MEASURE THEIR
LIVES IN THE BLOOD OF OTHERS.



I KNOW WHAT
HAUNTS THEM--
SHAME, HATE,
RAGE.

I KNOW WHAT SHALL
SAVE THEM. THE GOLDEN
CITY FELL. BUT WAKANDA
HAS NOT YET DIED.