

# X-O MANOWAR®

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As the fires of war currently burn across the modern world, Aric finds himself looking back on his past life. Before Shanhara, before Planet Gorin, before he was Earth's most powerful hero—he was simply Aric, prince of the Visigoths. A native of the now lost civilization of Dacia, where the cycle of war was just as vicious then as it is today...



## ARIC OF DACIA

In his youth, centuries before coming to wield the might of the fabled X-O armor, Aric was always eager to rush into the fight. A skilled, albeit disobedient, Visigoth soldier, Aric had no idea of the power that he would one day wield. A power that gives him introspection.



## GAFTI

Aric's closest friend and a trusted ally.



## SABBAS

A cunning laborer from the copper mines of Zambia. Sabbas has an optimistic mind and a knack for storytelling, though his truest desires and motivations remain a mystery.



## SHANHARA

The sentient alien armor that is bonded to Aric in modern day, granting him his incredible power.











"Meanwhile, in a distant copper mine, an unlikely story unfolds."

I DON'T UNDERSTAND YOU, SABBAS. HOW CAN YOU BE SO OPTIMISTIC? YOU'VE BEEN TOILING WITH ME IN THIS DUSTY MINE FOR AS MANY WEEKS AS I HAVE. WE'RE AS GOOD AS SLAVE LABOR. BUT YOU...ALWAYS SMILE.

SOME SAY IT IS MY *TALENT*, RAJAMAN. I HAVE A FANTASTICAL VISION OF THE FUTURE! EVERYTHING HAPPENS FOR A REASON, MY FRIEND.

IT IS FATE!

"IT..."

IS ANNOYING.









TELL ME  
ANOTHER OF  
YOUR TALES,  
SABBAS.



THEY'RE NOT  
TALES. THEY ARE  
VISIONS, MY FRIEND.  
AND IT JUST SO  
HAPPENS THAT I HAD  
ONE THE NIGHT  
PREVIOUS.

I WAS ON  
A SHIP, SAILING THE  
WINE-DARK SEA. DAWN  
WAS STRETCHING HER  
ROSY FINGERS ACROSS  
THE SKY. TURNING THE  
SKY PINK.



I WAS TRADING  
TALES WITH A GREAT  
POET AND WRITER WHO,  
IN TURN, TOLD ME THAT  
ONE DAY I WOULD MEET  
A GOD OF TOMORROW.  
A GOLDEN  
WARRIOR.



AND  
THE STORY  
I WOULD TELL  
HIM. THE STORY  
OF US, DEAR  
RAJAMAN, OF OUR  
STRUGGLE AND OUR  
TRAVELS. IT WOULD  
BE IMMORTALIZED  
AND STORED IN A  
GREAT LIBRARY, NOT  
OF PAPYRUS AND  
LEATHER. BUT OF  
LIGHTNING AND  
AIR...IN THE  
HEAVENS!



AND THEN  
THERE WAS ANOTHER  
VISION OF ME AS A GREAT  
WARRIOR FIGHTING GREAT  
BEASTS OF THE JUNGLE IN  
FRONT OF A THEATRE IN  
FRONT OF THOUSANDS!



BUT,  
IT GROWS LATE  
AND THE MEMORY OF  
MY VISION BEGINS TO  
FADE. PERHAPS IF YOU  
WOULD SHARE A BIT OF  
YOUR SWEET *CHARAS  
LEAVES* IT WOULD  
STIMULATE MORE  
TALES...

RAJAMAN?