

**CLASSIFIED**

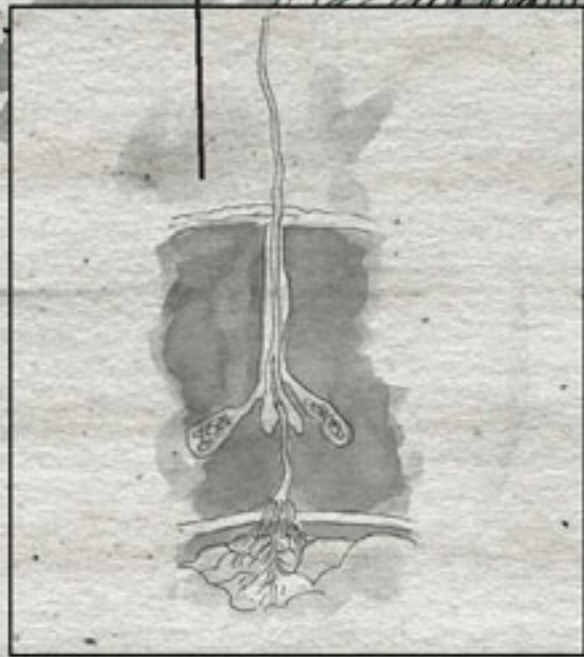
# Psychokinetic Hair

## FOLLICLE DETAIL

Only one strand of hair has been recovered to date but the lab is theorizing that the follicles have migrated through the skull and into the brain. This gives each section of hair different and unique capabilities.

**DOCUMENTED CAPABILITY**  
Intense heat/fire generation.

**DOCUMENTED CAPABILITY**  
Enhanced strength/durability.



**DOCUMENTED CAPABILITY**  
Razor sharp.

**MATT KINDT - WRITER • JUAN JOSÉ RYP W/CLAY MANN & SETH MANN AND MARGUERITE SAUVAGE - ART  
ULISES ARREOLA - COLOR ART • DAVE SHARPE - LETTERER • JELENA KEVIC DJURDJEVIC, DAVE JOHNSON,  
RAFA SANDOVAL, JODI TARRAGONA & DAVID GARCIA CRUZ, RAUL ALLEN & MARGUERITE SAUVAGE - COVER ART  
TOM BRENNAN - ASSOCIATE EDITOR • WARREN SIMONS - EDITOR**

## PREVIOUSLY IN NINJAK...

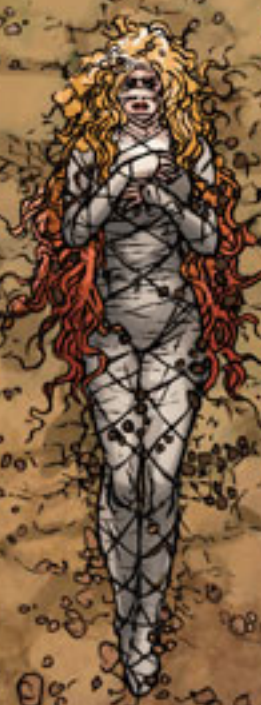
His name is Ninjak - spy and mercenary for hire. He is also Colin King, wealthy son of privilege.

British espionage organization MI-6 tasked Colin with infiltrating and destroying Weaponeer, a criminal empire that designs weapons for the highest, most illicit bidder. Disguised as businessman Henry Collins, Ninjak ingratiated himself to the group's imposing leader, Kannon. He also met Kannon's right-hand woman, Roku, an assassin so feared that skilled warriors have taken their own lives rather than face her razor-sharp locks of hair and her deadly skills.

Unbeknownst to Colin, Roku knows there's a spy in Kannon's midst and the two expose "Henry Collins" as Ninjak. It's out in the open - Weaponeer knows who he is. Kannon knows who he is. Roku knows who he is.

...but who is Roku?

I WOKE UP TO THE  
TASTE OF MY BLOOD...  
MIXED WITH HUNDREDS OF  
OTHER LOST SOULS.



IT WAS THE TASTE  
OF HOPELESSNESS.



I WAS OUTSIDE  
MYSELF--  
A CURIOUS  
ONLOOKER,  
WATCHING THIS  
NEW STRANGER.



AND THEN  
SUDDENLY I WAS  
BACK INSIDE,  
BUT DIFFERENT.  
I COULD FEEL  
EVERY PART OF  
MY BODY.  
EVERYTHING WAS...  
CONNECTED.



WHATEVER HE  
DRILLED INTO  
MY SKULL...

FOR THE FIRST TIME  
I FELT MY BONES...  
EVERY MUSCLE,  
EVERY TENDON...



FOR THE FIRST  
TIME I FELT EVERY  
FOLLICLE...  
EVERY CELL...

FOR THE  
FIRST TIME...



...I FELT COMPLETE CONTROL.



NO IDEA WHERE I WAS OR HOW TO GET HOME.



WHAT WAS "HOME"?



I COULD NOT EVEN REMEMBER MY NAME.



BUT LIKE A SHADOW ON A CAVE WALL...A MEMORY FROM SOMEWHERE DOES COME BACK TO ME...

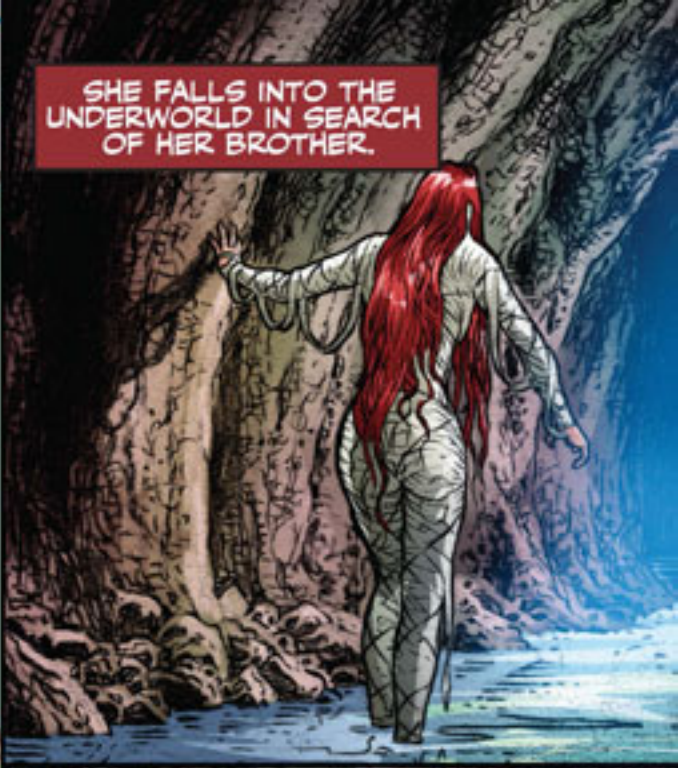


A CARING MOTHER'S ARMS...AND A CHILD'S STORY...AN OLD STORY...

A GIRL IN SEARCH OF HER FAMOUS BROTHER...BUT HER BROTHER HAS THE LONGEST NAME IN THE WORLD...AND THE GIRL CANNOT REMEMBER HIS NAME.



SHE FALLS INTO THE UNDERWORLD IN SEARCH OF HER BROTHER.



BUT WHEN CONFRONTED BY AN ONI WHO GUARDS HER BROTHER...



TELL ME THE NAME OF THE ONE YOU SEEK AND YOU MAY HAVE HIM!



...SHE CANNOT REMEMBER HIS NAME...IT IS TOO LONG...



WHO IS THIS? I THOUGHT THEY WERE GOING TO SEND ME A WORTHY OPPONENT TO TEST!

THE ONLY CHALLENGE YOU POSE... IS HOW QUICKLY YOU CAN BE DIGESTED.

