



ONCE I WAS
DEJAH THORIS,
PRINCESS OF
HELIUM.

NOW I
AM LARKA.

MY LIFE—MY BIRTHRIGHT—
WAS STRIPPED AWAY FROM
ME BY A MAN HUNGRY
FOR POWER.

VALORIS—A SNAKE WHO
SEEKS TO DESTROY ALL THAT
MY FAMILY HAS BUILT.

EXILED AND
BETRAYED BY MY OWN
PEOPLE, I FLED HELIUM
TO SEEK THE TRUTH,
TO UNCOVER THE SECRETS
OF MY PAST.



MY QUEST HAS LED
ME FAR INTO THE
WASTELANDS OF
BARSOOM, AWAY
FROM ALL THOSE
I KNOW AND LOVE.

MY OLD LIFE
LIES BEFORE
ME, FRACTURED
AND IN RUIN.

ONLY MY THIRST
FOR THE TRUTH
CARRIES ME
FORWARD.

BUT HERE, IN THIS
MOMENT, I SEEK
SOMETHING ELSE.



NOW I SEEK
REVENGE.

DEJAH THORIS IS
NO MORE. THERE
IS ONLY LARKA.

AND THOSE WHO
HAVE WRONGED ME
SHALL KNOW THE
FULL EXTENT OF
MY WRATH.



EARLIER

LARKA! YOU CANNOT GO ALONE--THIS IS MADNESS!

WE MUST RETURN TO THE MILITIA OUTPOST. YOU ARE EXHAUSTED. YOU NEED REST.



YOU KNOW *NOTHING* OF WHAT I NEED.

GO, SCURRY BACK TO YOUR OUTPOST. YOU WERE JUST MEANS TO AN END.



"I'VE GOT A DIFFERENT PATH AHEAD OF ME...ONE *OUTSIDE* THE MILITARY..."



"...AND IT ENDS
IN M'RKASSA."





THIS IS IT.
THE END OF
MY JOURNEY.

I'VE GIVEN SO MUCH...
PUSHED AWAY MY ALLIES,
LEFT MY GREAT CITY
IN A TIME OF NEED...



BY ISSUS, PLEASE
LET ME FIND
WHAT I SEEK.



MY MEMORIES... I
KNOW THIS PLACE,
THE FEEL OF IT.

BUT IS THERE ANY
TRUTH TO BE FOUND
IN ITS RUINS?



RUSTLE

WHO
GOES
THERE?!