

THREE SCORE AND FOUR YEARS BEFORE MEN OF THE OLD WORLD FIRST STAND UPON THE SHORES OF A BAHAMAN ISLE...

FAR WEST OF THE GREAT RIVER CALLED BY THE OJIBWE PEOPLE "MISI-ZIIBI," WHERE RUGGED MOUNTAINS GAZE DOWN UPON THE DESERT...



# AZTLAN PART ONE OUT OF TIME







FATHER...!



LET GO!  
I HAVE TO  
HELP HIM!

NO! HE IS  
FINISHED.



HE GAVE  
US A LITTLE  
MORE TIME.  
HONOR HIS  
GIFT.



MOMENTS  
LATER.

O GREAT  
MAXTLA, DIVINE  
HUEY TLATOANI,  
EMPEROR AND  
SPEAKER, WHAT  
SAY YOUR  
BRETHREN, THE  
GODS?

TO ALLOW A SACRIFICE  
TO ESCAPE IS TO STEAL  
HIS BLOOD FROM THEIR  
MOUTHS. THEIR THIRST  
MUST BE SLAKED...OR  
THEIR WRATH WILL  
BE TERRIBLE.



THEY'RE BURNING THE CAMP!

TORCHING PERFECTLY GOOD SHELTERS... I THINK THAT MEANS THEY'RE COMING AFTER US NOW. ALL OF THEM. WE'D BETTER KEEP MOVING.



YOU TALK FUNNY.

YOUR TALK IS A LITTLE LIKE THAT OF THE NA'ISHA I WINTERED WITH. I THINK THEY MUST BE YOUR COUSINS. I WILL LEARN TO SPEAK LIKE YOU AFTER A WHILE.



WHY ARE YOU HELPING ME?

YOUR FATHER SAVED MY LIFE. I OWE IT TO HIS SPIRIT.



BUT YOU SAVED US FIRST!

I LIVE. HE DIED. HIS GIFT WAS GREATER.

I AM CALLED TUROK. WHAT IS YOUR NAME?



YOU CAN'T SAY YOUR OWN NAME...!

Oh, I KNOW THIS LAW. MANY PEOPLES FOLLOWS IT. AND YOU CANNOT SPEAK YOUR FATHER'S NAME EITHER...?



IT MIGHT DISTURB HIS SPIRIT. I WOULD NEVER DO THAT.

I SEE. WELL, I WILL GIVE YOU A NAME, LIKE MINE, IN THE SECRET TONGUE OF THE SHAMANS. I WILL CALL YOU ANDAR. IT MEANS "STRONG ROOTS."

MY NAME MEANS "YOUNG HAWK," THOUGH YOU SEE I AM NOT A FLEDGLING ANYMORE.



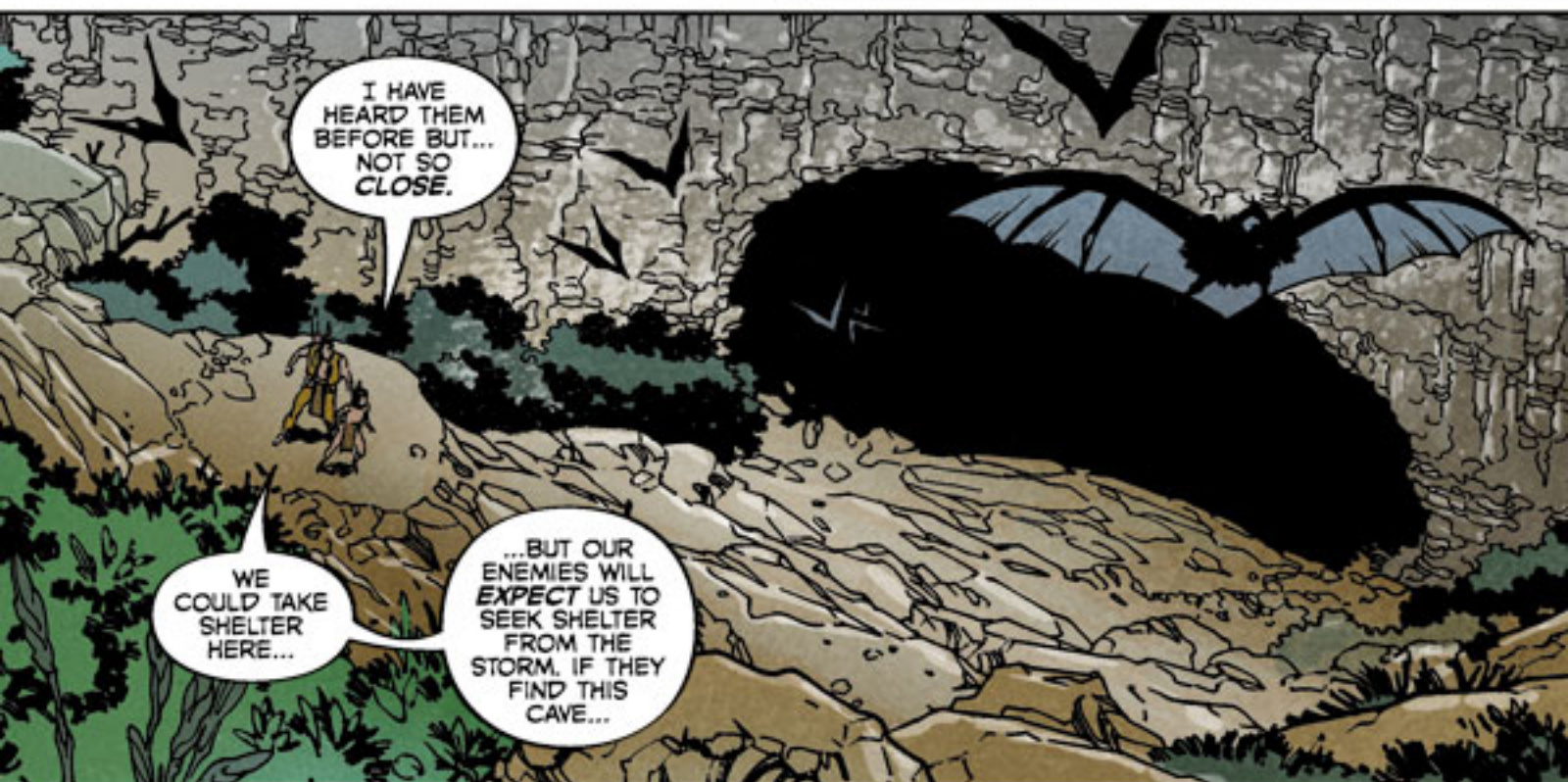
A STORM IS COMING.

BUT THE CLOUDS LOOK STRANGE.



THAT NOISE...!

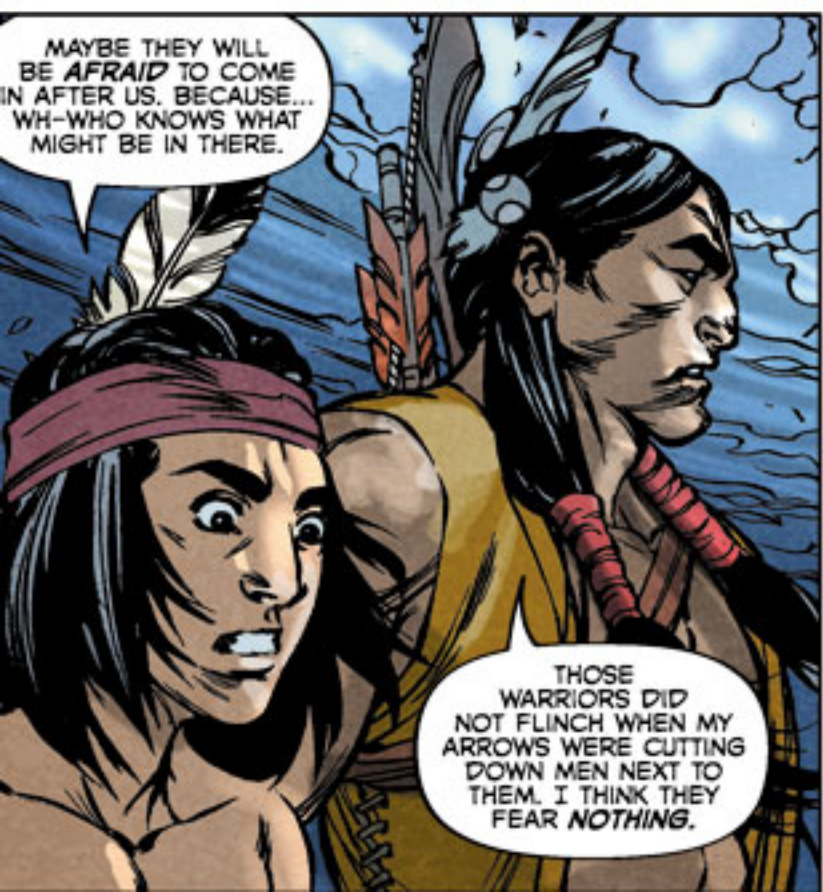
BATS. THEY SHOW US THE WAY TO A CAVE.



I HAVE HEARD THEM BEFORE BUT... NOT SO CLOSE.

WE COULD TAKE SHELTER HERE...

...BUT OUR ENEMIES WILL EXPECT US TO SEEK SHELTER FROM THE STORM. IF THEY FIND THIS CAVE...



MAYBE THEY WILL BE AFRAID TO COME IN AFTER US. BECAUSE... WH-WHO KNOWS WHAT MIGHT BE IN THERE.

THOSE WARRIORS DID NOT FLINCH WHEN MY ARROWS WERE CUTTING DOWN MEN NEXT TO THEM. I THINK THEY FEAR NOTHING.



STILL, I HAVE NEVER SEEN A SKY LIKE THIS. THIS IS NO ORDINARY STORM.

LET US GO INSIDE. IF THEY FOLLOW US, MAYBE WE CAN HIDE FROM THEM UNTIL WE CAN FIND ANOTHER WAY OUT.

I WISH I HAD MY BOW.



THE SACRIFICE PAUSED HERE. I SEE NO SIGN OF THE BOWMAN. THEY TOOK DIFFERENT PATHS...OR HE WALKS LIKE A GHOST.

FIND THE SACRIFICE AND WE WILL FIND THE BOWMAN. IF HE IS A GHOST, HE WILL BE FORCED TO RETURN WHEN WE STRIP AWAY THE FLESH HE WEARS.



DIVINE EMPEROR, THIS STORM...!

IN HIS GODLY ANGER, MEXTLI HAS SENT THIS STORM TO SCOURGE US. BUT IT WILL HELP US, TOO. THEY WILL TRY TO HIDE FROM THE STORM'S WRATH.



THE FLASHING CLOUDS WILL LIGHT OUR WAY. WE WILL FIND THEM COVERING UNDER A TREE OR IN SOME HOLE.

ON!



LET US HIDE HERE, ANDAR, WHERE WE CAN WATCH THE MOUTH OF THE CAVE. IF THEY COME, WE CAN RETREAT DOWN THIS SHAFT.

DOWN THERE...?