



"THEY ARRIVED THREE HOURS AGO."

"DEFEATED OUR TROOPS AT THE HARBOR."



"DEFEATED OUR TROOPS IN THE GREAT SQUARE."

"DEATH TO CLEOPATRA!"

"OCTAVIAN IS COMING CLOSER. HE WANTS YOUR HEAD ON A PIKE."

"I WILL NOT BE TRIUMPHED OVER!"

"DEATH TO CLEOPATRA!"



Alexandria, Egypt. 30 B.C.E.

HIS  
TROOPS  
ARE GETTING  
STRONGER.

NO, IT SEEMS  
AS THOUGH YOU  
AND YOUR MEN  
ARE GETTING  
WEAKER.

IF WE  
SEND OUR  
TROOPS TO  
DROMOS --



THEY WILL BE  
SLAUGHTERED.

EGYPT IS  
STILL MINE  
TO RULE, MY  
SON.



I HAVE DONE  
EVERYTHING I  
CAN SINCE A  
CHILD TO BRING  
IT GLORY.

AND I WILL  
NOT ALLOW  
THAT GLORY TO  
BE SEIZED.



STOP!!!

AGGGHHH!!!

NO!!

THE ROMANS ARE HERE!



**BANG**

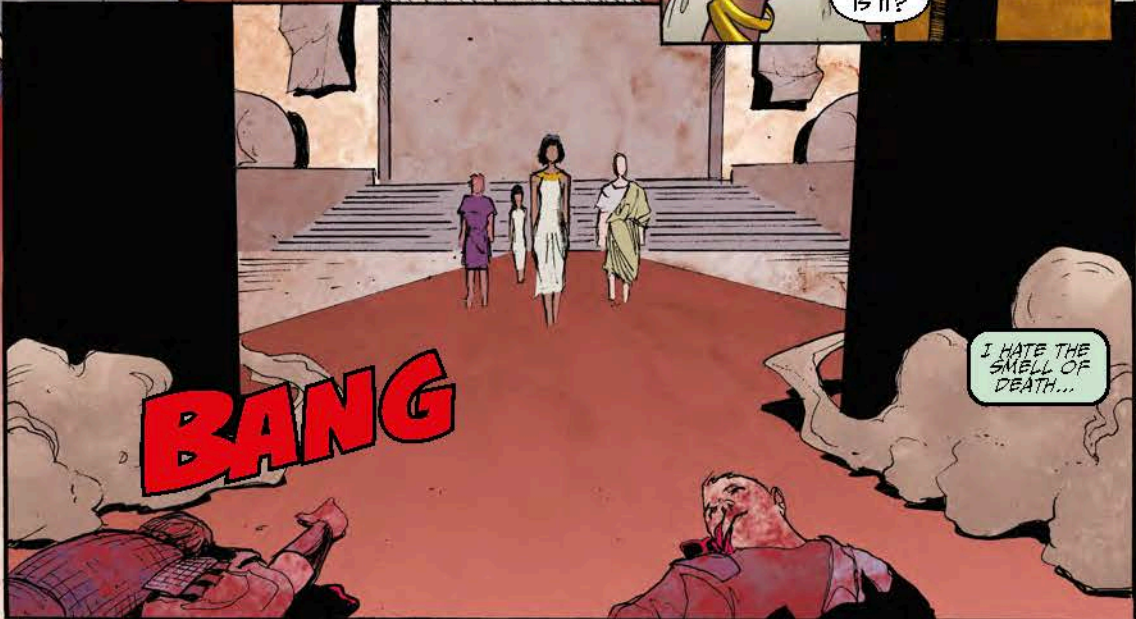
ALL HAIL ROME!



IT IS TOO LATE, MY PHAROAH...

ALL HAIL -

WHAT IS IT?



**BANG**

I HATE THE SMELL OF DEATH...

Rome, 44 B.C.E. Fourteen years earlier.

... ESPECIALLY WHEN  
IT'S YOUR OWN DEATH.

I FIGURED  
YOU WOULD  
SURVIVE,  
AYA.



BUT  
I DID NOT  
EXPECT YOU,  
BRUTUS.



THESE MEN  
ARE HAPPY TO  
SEE CAESAR'S  
ASSASSIN  
RETURN.

MARK ANTONY HAD SAID  
THESE MEN DIDN'T  
WANT ME.

BUT I KNEW ALL ALONG  
THEY WERE LYING.

SO I MIGHT  
AS WELL...

