



IT WAS IN TANGIER.

<YOU SEE...?>

<I TOLD YOU MY BLADE FOUND ITS MARK!>

<HE CAN'T HAVE GOTTEN FAR! SPREAD OUT!>

<SEARCH THE WHOLE BAZAAR!>

# AS HIS MURDER RAGE



AFTER THE WAR, MOROCCO HAD BECOME A HIVE OF LAWLESSNESS AND CORRUPTION.

AS GANGS OF THIEVES AND BLACK-MARKETEERS FED ON THE MISERY OF EUROPE'S DEVASTATION.





<GEST!  
HERE...  
OVER  
HERE!>



<HA! HE IS LIKE A BOAR  
THAT IS ALREADY DEAD...  
AND DOESN'T KNOW TO  
STOP RUNNING!>



<WHAT  
THE--?!>



<IT ENDS! THE BLOOD JUST...  
ENDS HERE!!>

<IDIOT! YOU  
MUST'VE LOST THE TRAIL  
AT SOME POINT!>

<I DID NOTHING  
OF THE KIND!  
THE TRAIL LEADS  
HERE!>



<HEY! STEADY THERE...  
I CAN'T HOLD ON WHEN  
YOU DO THAT!>

<DO WHAT?!  
IT IS NOT ME  
THAT--!>





AHH--!

THINK

I WAS ON THE TRAIL OF AN HEIRLOOM NECKLACE THAT HAD BEEN BEQUEATHED TO THE CENTRAL CITY MUSEUM.



(WHAT...ARE YOU SUPPOSED TO BE SOME KIND OF DJINNI?!)

(RUG DEFILER! YOU OWE US MANY DIRHAM FOR THIS!)



(THERE HE IS!)

AFTER HIM!!

BUT I RAN INTO TROUBLE FROM A GROUP OF THUGS WHO CALLED THEMSELVES THE "PURGING WIND".









(NO...  
WAIT!)

(WHAT?!  
ARE YOU  
MAD??)

(HE IS IN  
THE GARDEN  
RIGHT OVER  
THIS WALL!!)



(YES, BUT...  
THE BOSS--I AM AWARE  
THAT HE KNOWS THIS  
HOUSE'S OWNER.)

(WE MUST  
TRY A DIFFERENT  
APPROACH!)



(YES?)

(WE WISH  
TO SPEAK TO  
YOUR MASTER...  
QUICKLY NOW,  
GIRL!)