

I AM ARIC  
OF DACIA.

LAST KING OF  
THE VISIGOTHS  
OF OLD.

MY REIGN HAS  
SPANNED *TIME*  
AND *DISTANCE*  
IMMEASURABLE.

NOW THE *GODS* OF  
ANOTHER WORLD  
HAVE COME FOR ME.

I BELIEVE  
THIS IS...

...MY END.

ALL THE DAYS I HAVE LIVED RUSH BY LIKE THE RIVER DANUBE.

MY MIND REACHES OUT, SEIZING ON A TIME WHEN I AM HOUNDED BY THE LEGIONS OF ROME. MY PEOPLE WANDER IN SEARCH OF A HOMETLAND.

YET, STRONG AND UNENDING AS THE ROMANS ARE, THERE EXIST ENEMIES FAR MORE POWERFUL.

THE VINE. CREATURES WHO SAIL IN THEIR VESSELS OF WAR THROUGH THE DEEP BLACK OF SPACE.

CAPTURED, I AND OTHERS LIKE ME ARE MADE SLAVES AMONG THE STARS.

YEARS PASS. I KNOW MY DAYS WILL ALWAYS BE THUS...

...BUT I ESCAPE WITH THE CREATURES' SACRED ARMOR OF SHANHARA, A WEAPON MIGHTIER THAN A THOUSAND ROMAN LEGIONS.

A MILLION.


MORE.

I MAKE WAR AGAINST THE VINE.

I TAKE THE HEADS OF THEIR OF LEADERS AND BECOME A CONQUEROR KING.

THE RIVER OF MY LIFE WINDS ON...





I REACH OUT AGAIN. I GRASP MY RETURN FROM CAPTIVITY. THE MANY HUMANS I FREED FROM THE VINE.

THOUGH WORLDS, TOO, CAN BE THREATENED. I WAS BORN INTO A DAY RULED BY INFANTRY AND ARCHERS. I DISCOVER NOW *OTHERWORLDLY BEINGS* CAPABLE OF FELLING A CITY WITH A SINGLE GAZE.

BUT THE WORLD IS NOT AS IT WAS WHEN THE VINE TOOK ME. *SIXTEEN CENTURIES* HAVE BEEN LIVED. DACIA, THE PLACE OF MY BIRTH, IS NOW CALLED *ROMANIA*.

THEY CALL THEMSELVES *ARMOR HUNTERS*. DRIVEN TO DESTROY ME AND ALL OF EARTH. I JOIN WITH UNITY, AND TOGETHER WE LAY THEM LOW.

I CLAIM IT ANYWAY, FOR MY PEOPLE ARE EVER IN NEED OF A KINGDOM.

THE WORLD HAS CHANGED IN MORE THAN JUST YEARS. THERE ARE *CHAMPIONS*, EACH GREATER THAN ANY I HAVE BATTLED BEFORE.

THEY FIGHT NOT FOR A SINGLE PEOPLE OR KINGDOM, BUT FOR *EVERY PEOPLE. EVERY KINGDOM*.

THEY ARE *UNITY*.

COMMON GROUND IS UNEVEN, BUT WE FIND IT. UNITY AND I RECOGNIZE OUR *REFLECTIONS* IN EACH OTHER. WE ARE WARRIORS SEPARATED BY *MISUNDERSTANDING*, NOT ENMITY.

THERE IS ENOUGH OF THE WORLD FOR US ALL.

AT LAST, I AND MY PEOPLE EARN A HOMELAND OF OUR OWN. IT IS SAFELY NESTLED IN A PLACE CALLED *NEBRASKA*.

I DO NOT MERELY SEE THESE MANY MOMENTS. I *RELIVE* EACH AND EVERY ONE.

TO BE CONTINUED IN X-O MANOWAR #50