

COMIC REPUBLIC
#

FOLK



EZEQGU

EZEQGU

COMIC REPUBLIC

FEAR



EZEUGU

EZEUGU

F O L K T A L E S

ERU

COMIC REPUBLIC



EZEQU

EZEQU



FERU

ALL THE KING'S MEN

CREATED BY TOBE MAX EZEOGU
PENCILS OZO EZEOGU
COLORS TOBE MAX EZEOGU
WRITER OZO EZEOGU YUSUF
EXTRA PAGE(COLORS) ADELEYE YUSUF
EXTRA PAGE(COLORS) MICHAELBALOGUN
ZENTANGLE MARTIN AVWENEGHA
LETTERING MICHAEL BALOGUN
CHIEF EXECUTIVE OFFICER JIDE MARTIN
C.O.O/CREATIVE DIRECTOR TOBE MAX EZEOGU
VICE PRESIDENT (COMIC PRODUCTION) MICHAEL BALOGUN
ART DIRECTOR OZO MICHAEL EZEOGU
STORY AND CONTENT DIRECTOR WALE AWELENJE
HEAD CONTENT CREATION AND DIRECTIONAKINTOBA KALEJAYE
HEAD ONLINE OPERATIONS MARK ONEWO



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REPUBLIC™**



MAR

#4



ERU

ERIC KUKOYI IS NOT A NORMAL MAN. HE DOESN'T AGE OR SLEEP. HE LECTURES AT THE UNIVERSITY OF LAGOS, ALSO DOUBLING AS A PART TIME PSYCHIATRIST AND PARAPSYCHOLOGIST. WHEN NIGHT DAWNS, WHERE CREATURES HAUNT CORNERS AND CRIME REARS ITS HEAD, HE BECOMES THE ONE THING ANY OF THEM WILL EVER FEAR, HE BECOMES FEAR ITSELF. BOUND BY OATH TO HAUNT THE NIGHT AS A FORCE OF RETRIBUTION. THE PEOPLE OF THIS CITY HAVE CALLED HIM MANY NAMES, BUT ONE ECHOES THE LOUDEST... ERU FEAR ITSELF, WALKS AMONG US.



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DICTATES FROM THE
ASABIE ASHRA* CREED:

THE PRIMORDIAL OF
LIGHT: WAAQ*.

THE PRECURSOR OF
HUMANITY: AADAMAHA*.

IN AADAMAHA'S DEFIANCE HE
BEAT THE DRUM OF THE ALL
FATHERS WRATH, DANCED INTO
THE FLOORS OF HIS ANGER,
AND HE WILL BE TORMENTED IN
THE PRESENCE OF THE PRIMORDIALS
AND IN THE PRESENCE OF THE ALL.

AND WAAQ WILL JUDGE HIM. IN
HIS LIGHT HE WILL BIND HIM.
IN HIS TERROR HE WILL CUT HIM
IN HALVES, BUT CAN NEVER KILL
HIM. AND WHOEVER BRINGS HIS
PIECES WHOLE WILL FREE HIM.

*ASABIE ASHRA: TEN FINGERS

IN HIS RIGHTEOUSNESS, WAAQ MANDATED US TO GUIDE THE HALVES. HE ANOINTED ON OUR HEADS JARUMI.*

THE HALVES, THE FORMULA FOR HUMANITY: FEAR, LOVE, ANGER, SADNESS, JOY, SURPRISE AND THEIR EMPATHY.

PRISON OF THE EIDOS OF JOY, THE LOUD CRYING KING OF ABUNDANT CLUSTERS.

PRISON OF THE EIDOS OF ANGER, THE MADNESS OF SPITEFUL EYES.

PRISON OF THE EIDOS OF FEAR, THE COMPOSER OF SCREAMS.

PRISON OF THE EIDOS OF LOVE, THE EVER LUMINOUS SHINING STAR.



NOTE: THE NAMES 'WAAQ AND AADAMAHA' REFER TO THE SOMALI COUNTERPARTS OF WHAT WE KNOW TO BE 'OBATALA AND ENIYAN' RESPECTIVELY IN YORUBA CULTURE. JARUMI- WARRIOR> EIDOS- FROM THE WORD EIDOLON: MEANING INCARNATE

-OZ



PRISON OF THE EIDOS OF SADNESS, THE RIVER THAT DROWNS EYES.

PRISON OF THE EIDOS OF SURPRISE, THE ONE THAT CAN STARTLE STONE.

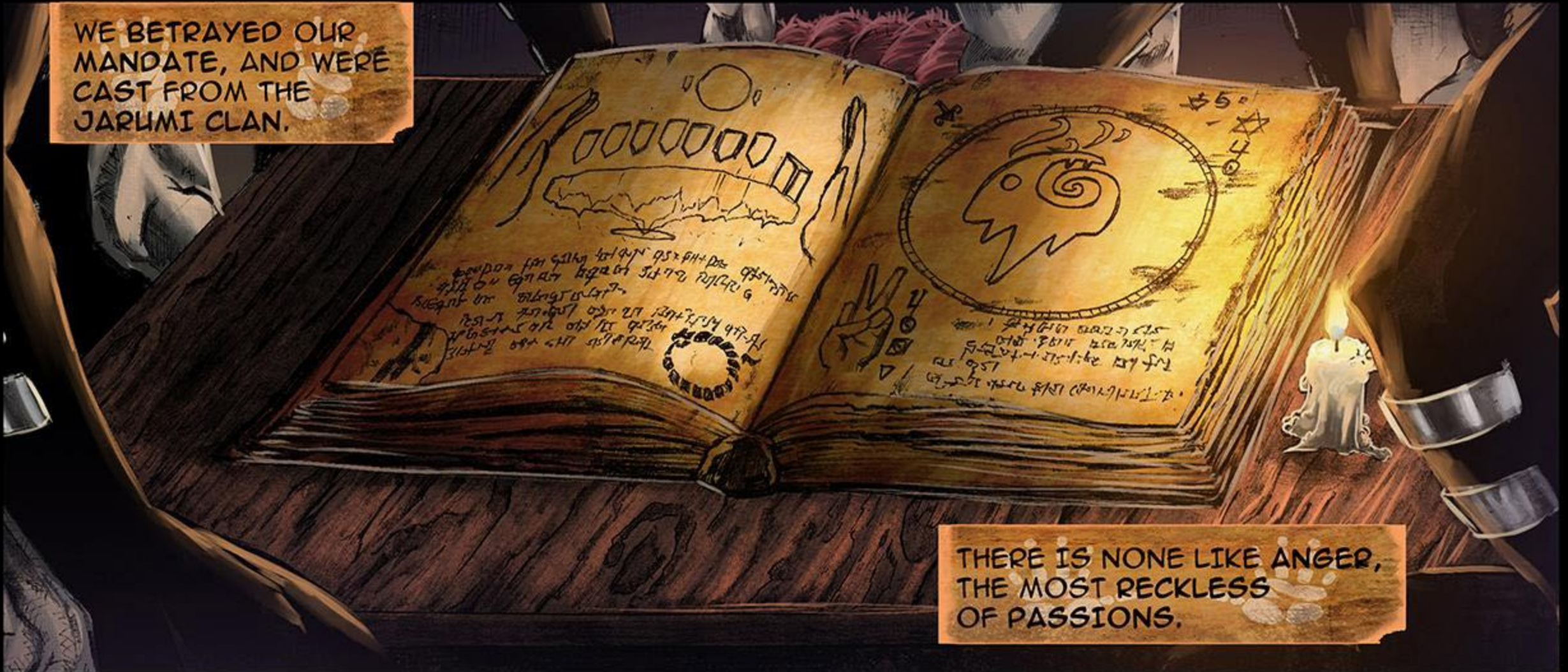
PRISON OF THE EIDOS OF EMPATHY, THE MARE WHO DESTROYS MERCIFULLY.

BUT NOT FOR THIRTY PIECES OF SILVER, BUT FOR THE POTENTIAL THAT WAS PAINTED INTO OUR PUPILS.

WHAT WE COULD NOT SEE BUT FEEL, THE BRAIL PRINTS DANCED ON OUR FINGERTIPS, THE SHROUDED WORD SPELT POWER.

SO WE SOUGHT TO FREE AADAMAHA'S ASPECTS, HIS EIDOS.

WE BETRAYED OUR MANDATE, AND WERE CAST FROM THE JARUMI CLAN.



THERE IS NONE LIKE ANGER, THE MOST RECKLESS OF PASSIONS.

ALL THE GODS
ALL THE HEAVENS
ALL THE HELLS
ARE WITHIN YOU
-JOSEPH CAMPBELL



**MOGADISHU, SOMALIA,
EAST AFRICA, 1993...**

Sid ...AND TO THINK IT WAS ALL ON
FIRE, 23 YEARS AGO.



HMMM... AND THEY
STILL DON'T KNOW
THE REAL CAUSE.



THEY DON'T KNOW
WE DID THIS...



WELL, NOT 'WE'...

MORE LIKE,
'HER'.



نور
NOW, LOOK AT MOGADISHU TODAY... IT LOOKS GOOD.



MOGADISHU IS BACK TO THE WORLD ?

BAHDOON, YOU ARE MY CHIEF OF SECURITY AND PERSONAL ADVISER. AND CHIEF JARUMI.* DO YOU THINK I CAN EXTEND THIS CONTROL I HAVE, OVER THE REST OF THE COUNTRY?

WRITTEN BY OZYMANDIAS GHEIST
MOGADISHU, SOMALIA — BRIGHT SUN, SKY SCRAPER
KIDS PLAY WITH SOCCER BALLS
PORTS

PHOTO CREDIT BY HARLEQUIN.S.MARK © MAXJAEGER PHOTOGRAPHY

*JARUMI: HAUSA FOR WARRIOR.

ROYAL PALACE TO THE SULTAN OF HAWOYE, MOGADISHU, SOMALIA.

SULTAN XAWAAL MUHAMMADU ADEER. (ALNNAR MIN ALSSALI-HIN)

I MEAN I HAVE CARRIED IT FOR SO LONG NOW, I KNOW HOW TO USE IT. IT'S NOT LIKE THEY CAN OPPOSE ME IF I DIDN'T WANT THEM TO.

I HAVE HAD THIS DISCUSSION WITH YOU BEFORE, MY LORD--

OH YES, YOU HAVE.

<FIRE OF THE RIGHTEOUS>

THERE'S NO WAY THAT COULD POSSIBLY HAPPEN. YOU CAN RULE THIS CLAN DESPITE YOUR FOURTEEN YEAR OLD APPEARANCE BECAUSE YOUR TIES WITH THE FORMER SULTAN, MADE YOU THE NEXT IN LINE DURING THE COUP.



BUT WHAT SEEMS LIKE A FOURTEEN YEAR OLD PRESIDING A COUNTRY!

IT'S NOT LIKE HERE, WHERE THE LAWS OF TRADITION, DEVIATE. IT IS NOT LEGAL.

I AM THIRTY SEVEN, BADHOON.

BUT THE FORCE INSIDE YOU IMMORTALIZES YOU LIKE THIS.





BESIDES, DO YOU PLAN ON TAKING IT BY FORCE WHEN YOU ARE EVENTUALLY DENIED? THERE ARE CONSEQUENCES...

FINE. GUARD, LET THE ELDERS IN, AND LET US BEGIN THIS MEETING.



SOONER OR LATER, WE MUST ADDRESS THIS ISSUE OF YOU NOT BEING ABLE TO AGE, BEFORE THE PUBLIC NOTICES.



THAT'S WHY THE MOST LOGICAL THING TO DO, EVEN IF IT MAY SEEM TYRANNICAL, IS TO RULE WITH POWER. AFTERALL, I AM A KIND KIN--









<*ALSSALAM
EALAA HADHA
ALBAYT.>

<*PEACE BE UPON THIS HOUSE>



GUARDS!

WE HAVE
COME TO KILL THE
SULTAN, WE HAVE COME
TO RAISE HIS
EIDOS.



YOU KNOW WHAT
I AM, YET YOU
YOU COME HERE.
TELL ME, BECAUSE
NOW I AM CURIOUS,
WHO SENT YOU?

HOW DID
THEY CLOAK
THEIR
MAGIC?

*ASABIE ASHRA: TEN FINGERS

...SOON THIS PLACE WILL BE SURROUNDED WITH GUARDS, YOU HAVE NO WAY OF ESCAPING.

I AM ASABIE ASHRA.*

OH I WOULD NOT WAIT ON THOSE MEN IF I WERE YOU...

...ALL PREPARATIONS HAVE BEEN MADE THAT WE ARE NOT INTERRUPTED.

GOOD, THEN WE CAN FINISH THIS QUICKLY. JARUMI CADHADII...*

LET'S US DANCE WITH THEM!

JARUMI (CADHADII) GUARDIANS OF WRATH.

*JARUMI CADHADII- GUARDIANS OF WRATH.



STOP THIS CEREMONIAL TALK. IF YOU WANT TO KILL ME, DO NOT DO IT WITH PATIENCE.

I AM XANAAG, THE MADNESS OF SPITEFUL EYES. YOU HAVE TEMPTED MY RAGE WITH INSOLENCE, I REBLIKE YOU.

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IS THIS
ALL YOU ARE?
NO! GIVE ME MORE,
GIVE ME MORE!

WEAKLINGS!



THIS IS
ALL YOU
BRING?

GIVE ME MRRRAAAAAAAGH!!!

MORE!
MORE! MORE!
MORE!



JARUMI,
DON'T FIGHT...
THEY WON'T BE
ENOUGH FOR ME.
THEY ARE MINE
TO BURN.

*SHAMSUN
DAAN!



OVER
MY DEAD
BODY!

WE ARE
PASSED THAT
POINT.

*<SHAMSUN DAAN IS THE ARABIC
WORD FOR 'SAMSON'S JAWBONE'>



YOUR AUDACITY ALARMS ME. I HAVE DANCED WITH EVERY SPIRIT OF ANGER, RAGE, AND MALICE IN THIS WORLD, AND THEIR TITLES ECHO IN MY PRESENCE. WHY DELUDE YOURSELF?

GNNNGH! LET--

I DID NOT WILL YOU TO SPEAK, SHEEP. SO TELL ME, BEFORE I SEND YOU TO SLAUGHTER, WHERE IS THE LAST ONE OF YOU... THE TEN FINGERS, YET ONLY NINE APPEAR?



WHERE IS HE HIDING, SHEEP? DON'T WORRY, WHISPER IT IN YOUR SHAME.

I AM A'SHIR 'IISBAE*, I WILL DIE WITH MY HON---

HONOR? ARE YOU TRYING TO PULL A SMILE FROM RAGE.

*TENTH FINGER



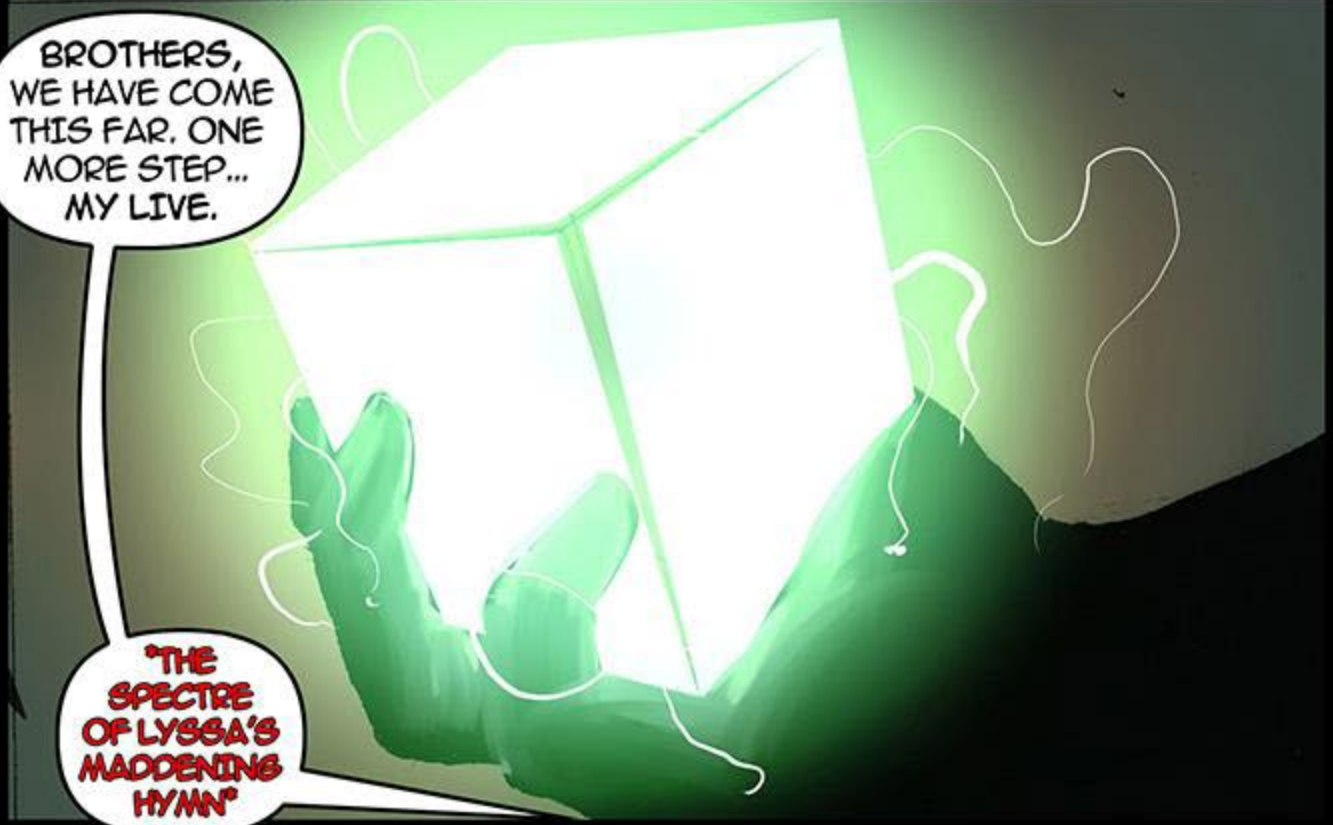
PATIENCE, BROTHERS. OUR DEATHS WILL NOT BE IN VAIN... I HAVE FINISHED DIVINING.



AH, THERE YOU ARE!

BROTHERS, WE HAVE COME THIS FAR. ONE MORE STEP... MY LIVE.

THE SPECTRE OF LYSSA'S MADDENING HYMN



♪ BEHOLD HIM!
SEE HOW EVEN NOW
HE IS WILDLY TOSSING HIS
HEAD AT THE OUTSET,
AND ROLLING HIS EYES
FIERCELY FROM SIDE TO
SIDE WITHOUT
A WORD.

♪ NOR CAN HE
CONTROL HIS PANTING
BREATH, LIKE A FEARFUL
BULL IN AN ACT
TO CHARGE ♪

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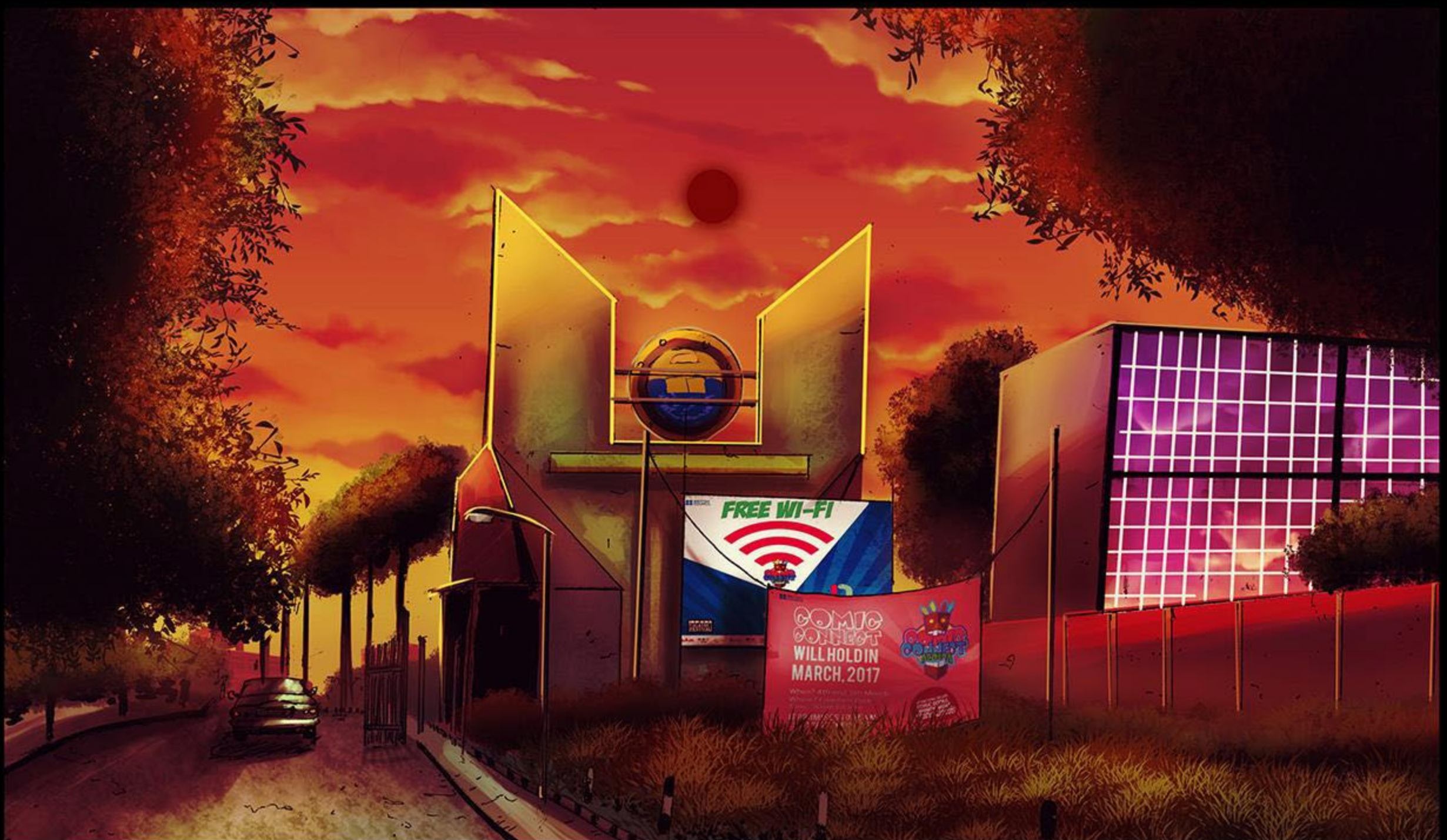
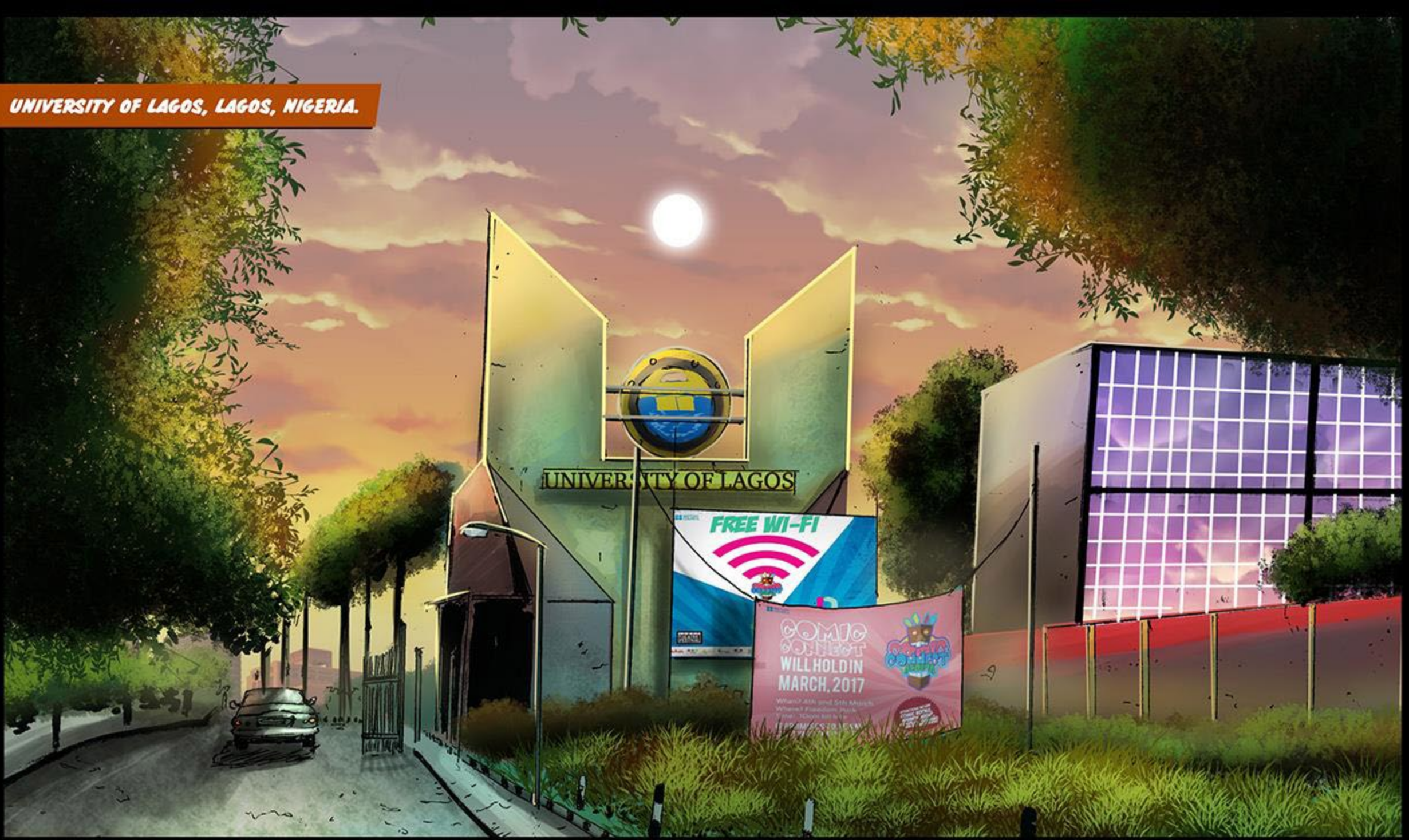
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XINWADQ IS COME!

THE SENTENCE 'IS COME' IS
ARCHAIC FORM OF ENGLISH.
IN MODERN DAY, 'HAS COME'
IS USED INSTEAD.

UNIVERSITY OF LAGOS, LAGOS, NIGERIA.



12-10-

PSY
120

FEAR

WE UNDERSTAND FROM OUR LAST CLASS, WHERE WE TALKED ABOUT THE AMYGDALA, WE SAID THAT FEAR IS AN INNATE EMOTION--

XINNAQ IS COME!

BROTHER!

TALKING DRUIT

TRIBUTE TO HISTORY:



THE JAWBONE LOOMS OVER ABOVE THEM
(CLENCHED INTO JUDGMENT OF HIS ACTIONS)
MAKING THE PHILISTINES SUBMIT
MAKING HIS MIGHT ECHO IN THEIR SILENCE
MAKING THE THOUSAND WITH EASE AS THE ONE
WAS XANAAQ NOT THERE?
WATCH THE PHILISTINE IN FUTILE EFFORT
HOLD ON TO A STONE IN A CHANCE
WITH A DONKEYS JAWBONE,
I HAVE MADE DONKEYS OF THEM
WAS XANAAQ NOT THERE?
WITH A DONKEYS JAWBONE
I HAVE KILLED A THOUSAND MEN
SO IN GIAMBOLOGNA'S SENSITIVE CARVING
IN MICHELANGELO'S COMPOSITION
XANAAQ WAS THERE, WHISPERING
TEMPTING THEIR TONGUES WITH RAGE
CARVED FROM ONE BLOCK OF MARBEL
SITTING WITH FRANCES DE' MEDICI
SITTING WITH KING CHARLES I
SITTING WITH THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM
XANAAQ WAS THERE
STARING WITH SPITEFUL EYES
AT THE WORK OF GIAMBOLOGNA
SAYING 'I AM THE TRUE SUBJECT OF THIS SCULPTURE'

-0Z

SAMSON SLAYING A PHILISTINE BY GIAMBOLOGNA

THE SCULPTURE OF SAMSON SLAYING A PHILISTINE, SHOWING HIM WIELDING THE JAWBONE OF AN ASS IN ORDER TO SLAY ONE OF THE PHILISTINES WHO HAVE TAUNTED HIM. IT IS THE EARLIEST OF THE GREAT MARBLE GROUPS BY GIAMBOLOGNA, SCULPTOR TO THE MEDICI GRAND DUKES OF TUSCANY. THE DRAMATIC POSE IS BASED ON A COMPOSITION BY MICHELANGELO, WHO WAS IN HIS LATE SEVENTIES WHEN GIAMBOLOGNA MET HIM IN ROME. THE GROUP WAS CARVED FROM JUST ONE BLOCK OF MARBLE, SUPPORTED BY ONLY FIVE NARROW POINTS. ALTHOUGH THE MARBLE IS WEATHERED FROM THREE CENTURIES OUTDOORS, IT STILL SHOWS GIAMBOLOGNA'S SENSITIVE CARVING. IT WAS COMMISSIONED IN ABOUT 1562, BY FRANCESCO DE' MEDICI FOR A FOUNTAIN IN FLORENCE, BUT WAS LATER SENT AS A GIFT TO SPAIN. THE GROUP WAS PRESENTED TO THE PRINCE OF WALES, LATER KING CHARLES I, IN 1623 WHILE HE WAS IN SPAIN NEGOTIATING A MARRIAGE CONTRACT, AND IT SOON BECAME THE MOST FAMOUS ITALIAN SCULPTURE IN ENGLAND. ON ITS ARRIVAL IN ENGLAND IT WAS GIVEN TO THE KING'S FAVOURITE, THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, AND SUBSEQUENTLY CHANGED HANDS THREE TIMES BEFORE COMING TO THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM IN 1954.

IN TRIBUTE TO THIS GREAT WORK, THE ARTIST HAD MADE A REPRESENTATION OF GIAMBOLOGNA'S WORK IN THE COMIC, USING THE IMAGE OF XANAAQ ABOVE.



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TALKING DRUITT

CREATORS NOTE

August, summer. We had just returned from the middle of nowhere we called school, a place that drained our creativity to the brink. Sitting on the sidelines watching people claim the spot of the best. We had a plan, my brother and I, it was simple; We were going to make the baddest comic book the Nigerian comic scene had ever seen (in short, cause what we said was pretty extensive but I wont bore you with that) surviving the desolate land (the zanga/baba's lodge) we came home drained and weary only to hop from one project to another with barely no break in the middle. Plans for eru 4 came up and this time after writing the first draft of the script, which got buried by the writing team of CR (Comic Republic). I was distraught, so I decided to give the helm of writing the story to my brother Ozo, to me he was the most capable and the only person I knew who could take the story personally in a way I possibly couldn't but nothing -good comes easy or free. Our creative process was marred with multiple arguments and disagreements that even I couldn't wonder where it started, concluded or even the direction. To be honest looking at it objectively I guess the problem stemmed with my unwillingness to accept the fact that Eru/ Eric Kukoyi who I had developed a personal attachment to, who had become an extension of myself was being taken in a direction I hadn't imagined or possibly could deal with. But this wasn't really about me anymore, Eric kukoyi had taken a life of its own and I was boxing him up and limiting his potential stopping him from being who he needed to be; the myth, the legend, the thing the darkness feared. Dealing with that and the pressure of an ever increasing work load to pull something that no one had seen before, the sleepless nights, the good days and the really bad days. I guess in the end, looking back at the road that led us here, I wonder what's next beyond the next issue. Even I don't know but I know Eru will only get better as it begins to take on a life of its own. In this issue one thing we stressed ourselves to do was introduce the concept of the Eidos (Eidolon-incarnate of something) to the Eru mythos , further expanding the small world we built in issues 1-3, and the plans we have are creatively crazy to put it mildly-

Who are the Eidos? What are they really in the scheme of things? These godlike beings that define our reality. I'm hoping you stick along for the ride. Looking back at everything having Ozo take the helm of writing may have been the best idea yet, the unseen miracle that will set Eric Kukoyi on a path even I have no idea what it may behold for him or me i'm afraid, but fear can be a good thing,- the anticipation of the unexpected...

-MAX



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