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ROTHLAHA

RESTLESS FOR AFRICA



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| 7 Westbourne roads, Hillingdon Uxbridge UB83AZ , Tel: +44 7730 324485 email: comics@vortex247.com.

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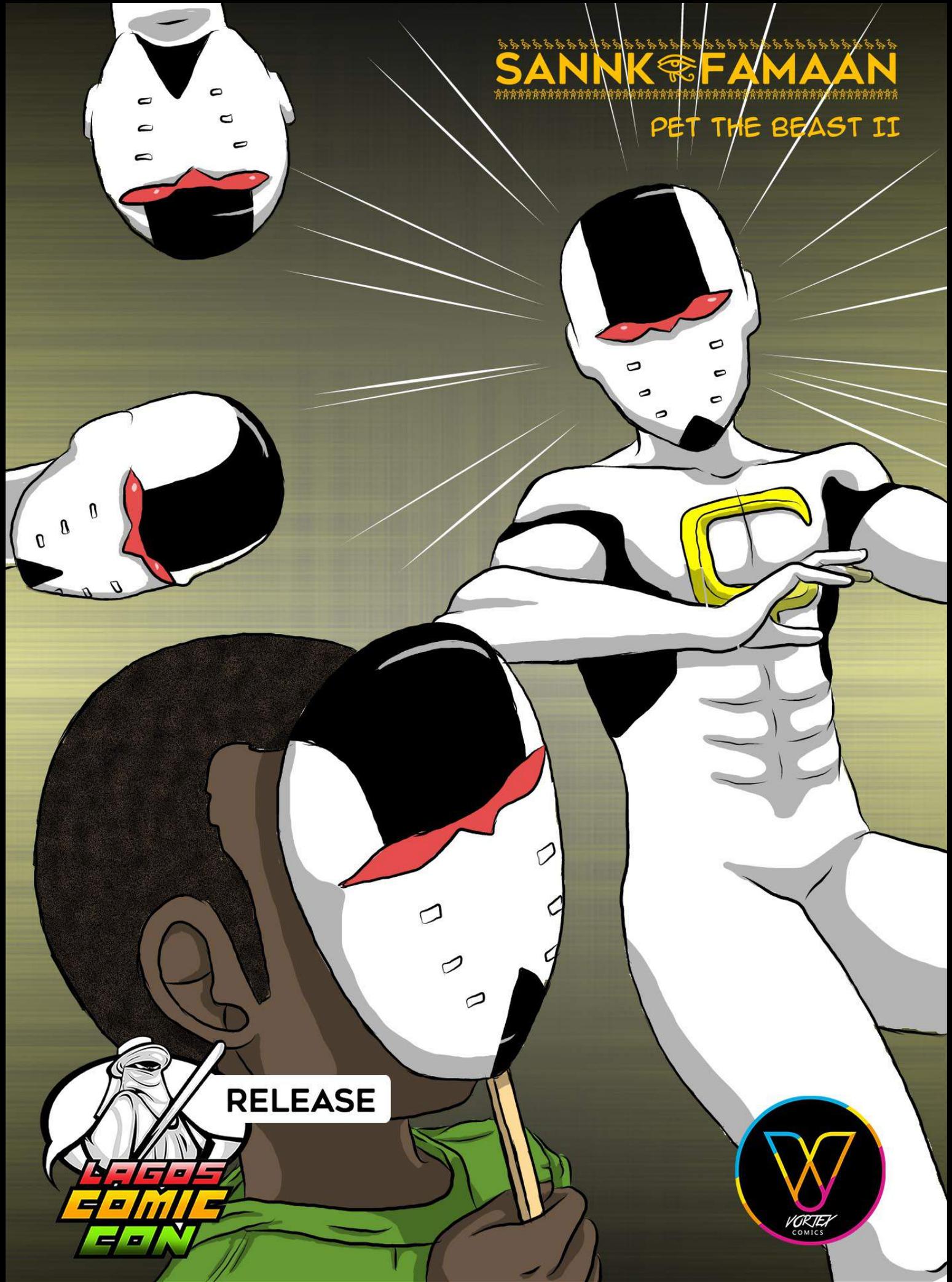
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SÀNNKŌFÀMAÁN

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SANNK FAMAAN

PET THE BEAST II



RELEASE





Pet The Beast II

Akinseye Brown's



SANNK FAMAAN



SEPT
2016



Akinseye Brown
Ugo Ezeani
Bamidele Sobbesan
Somto Ajuluchukwu
Mike Kayode

VORTEX
COMICS



Awon Ibere

STRIKE GUARD

OCTAVE RELEASE



#10



ELEGBA
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**THE
CREATIVE
TEAM**

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**Pet The Beast
II**

**CREATED & WRITTEN
AKINSEYE BROWN**

**EDITOR
UGO EZEANI**

**EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
BAMIDELE
SOGBESAN**

**AUXILARY:
EGUANO /
ARC LIGHT**

**LINES
AKINSEYE
BROWN**

**EXEC. PROD
SOMTO
AJULU -
CHUKWU**

**HOP
MIKE
KAYODE**

**COVER
NOA ALIYU**

**COLORS
RAPHAEL
KAZEEM**

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People often ask if I own more than one mind about things, if I, on occasion, ever hear voices in my head. I gathered that these were questions aimed at my abilities, the ones that allow me to perfectly, duplicate myself into numerous selves. When using this ability my “selves” and I work together as an inter-connected team or unit. They work in accordance with my every thought, while surprisingly at other times they can seem independent, offering varied perspectives on the subjects I face. Maybe it is my refusal to see myself as being any more unique than any other person, but I believe all people have inner voices that assist them in decision-making. We just have different ways of hearing and interpreting those voices. I claim the voices in my head, just as I would claim ownership of the blood in my arm. Where they come from? I don’t know. But since gaining my abilities, there hasn’t been a time when I have felt alone. Neither in times of pain, despair or darkness have they left me. They are always here supporting me, showing me the way of hope and victory. It is because of these voices that I now know, that while surrounded by darkness, it is hard to see the light, and even harder to see, that we are the light.

(One hour outside Orin State, Nigeria)

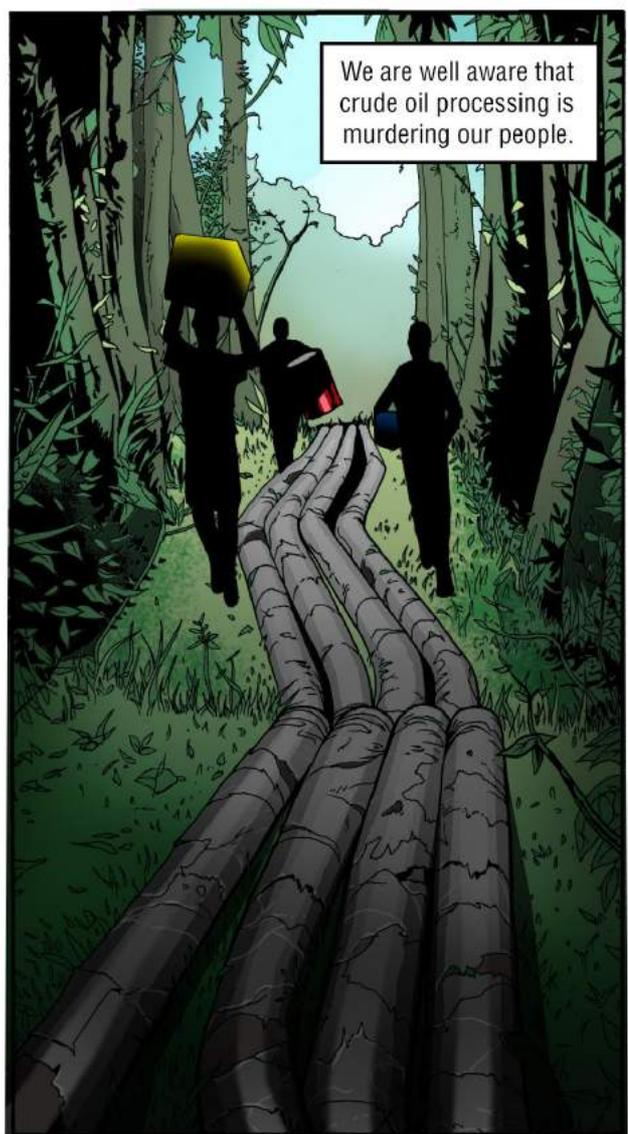
It is warm today.



Making it easy to smell
the ever-present toxic
gas in the air.



We are well aware that
crude oil processing is
murdering our people.



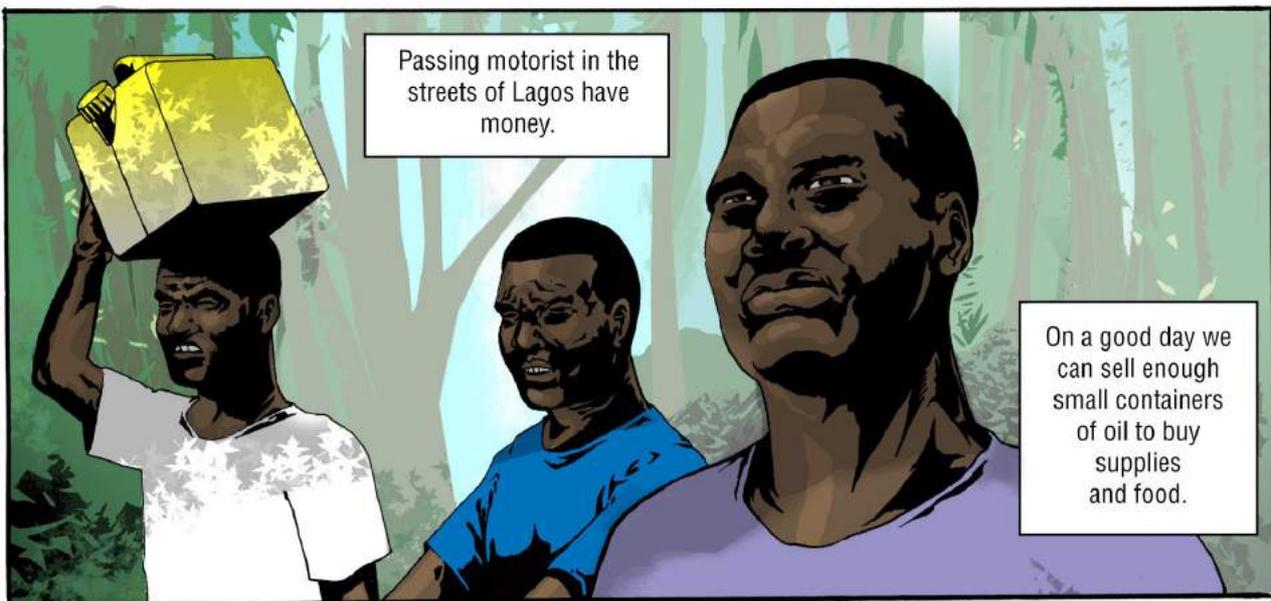
But on days like today, when so many of us are hungry for lack of food;



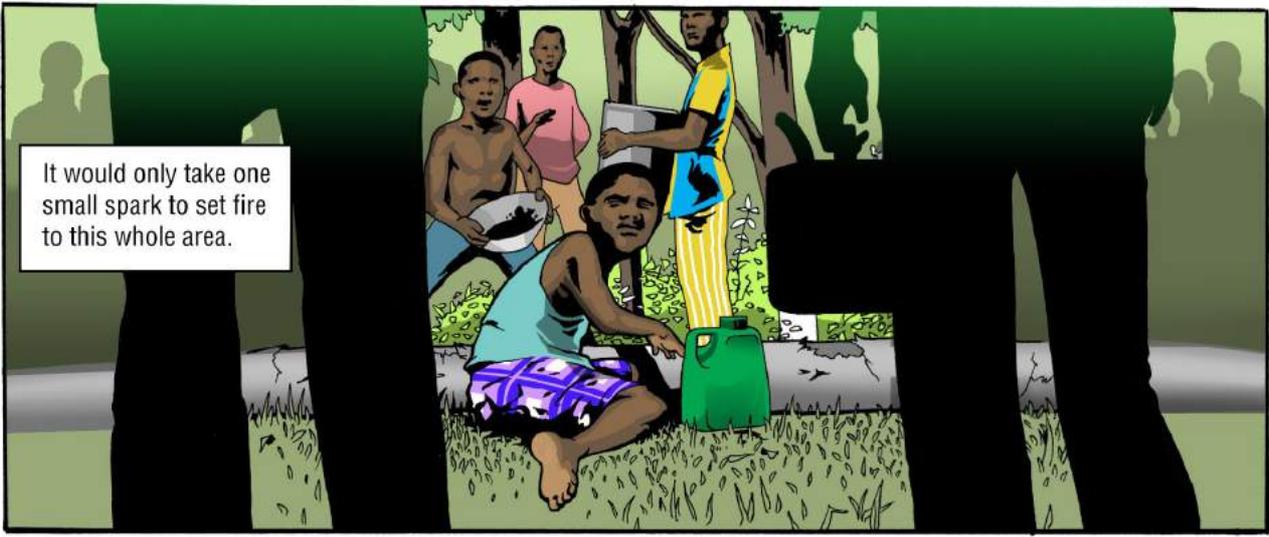
When so many of us long for uncontaminated water;

When so many of us are sick and need medicines, crude oil is our only hope.

Passing motorists in the streets of Lagos have money.



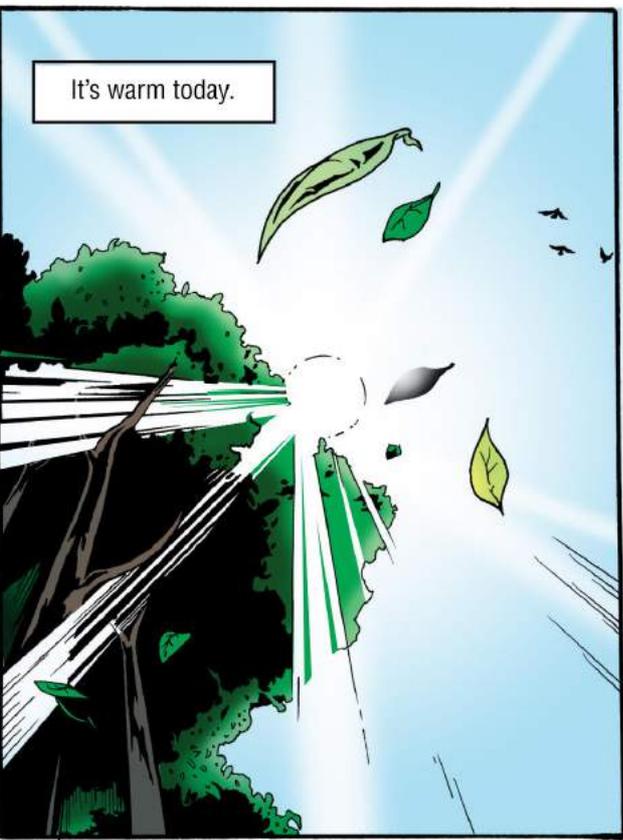
On a good day we can sell enough small containers of oil to buy supplies and food.



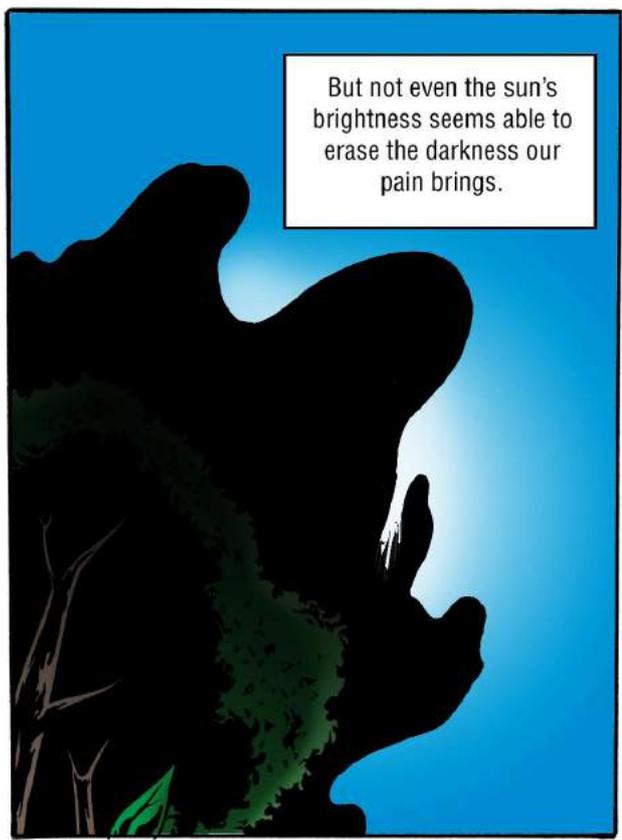
It would only take one small spark to set fire to this whole area.



But we would rather that, than have to deal with the Oil Militias and armies that would surely kill us if we were caught stealing oil.



It's warm today.



But not even the sun's brightness seems able to erase the darkness our pain brings.

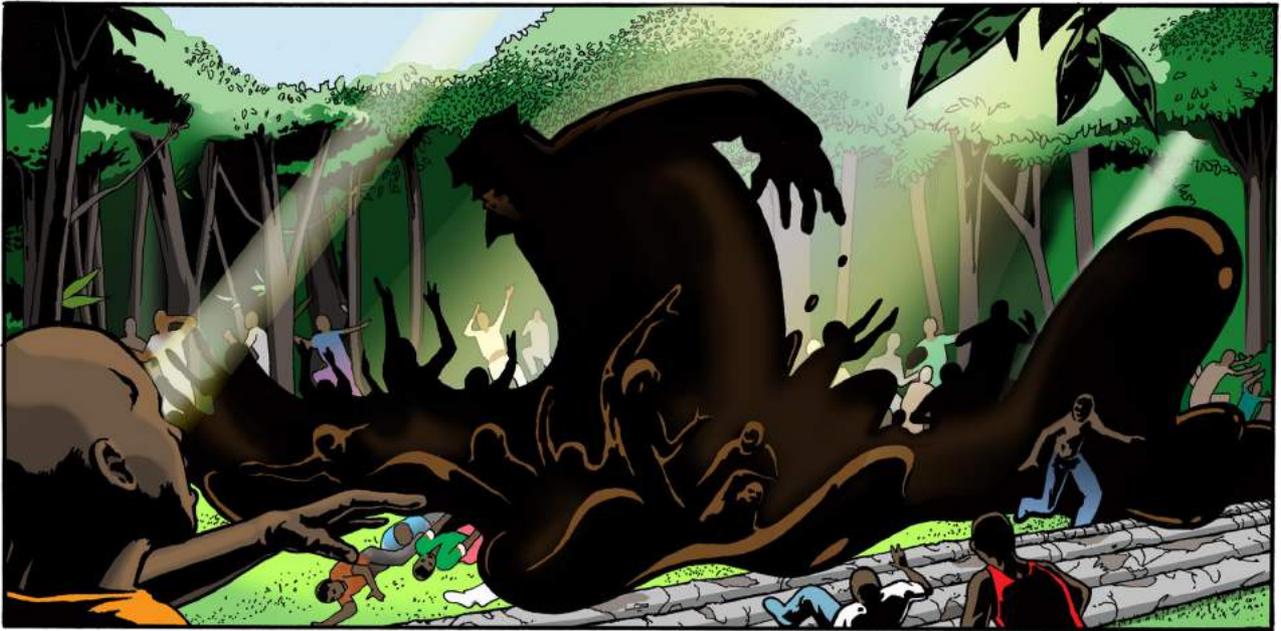
ARE YOU
AFRIAD OF THE
DARK??

COMING SOON



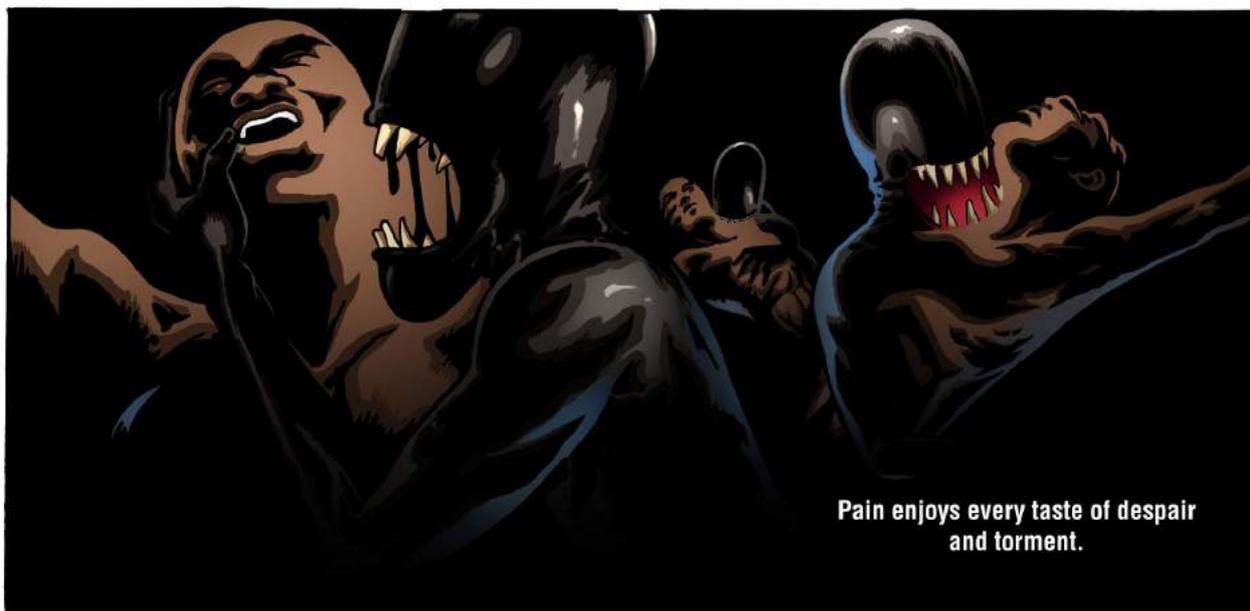
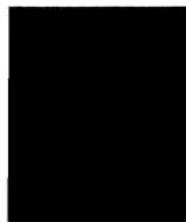
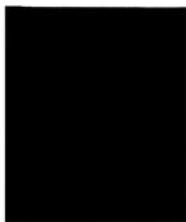
OJUJU



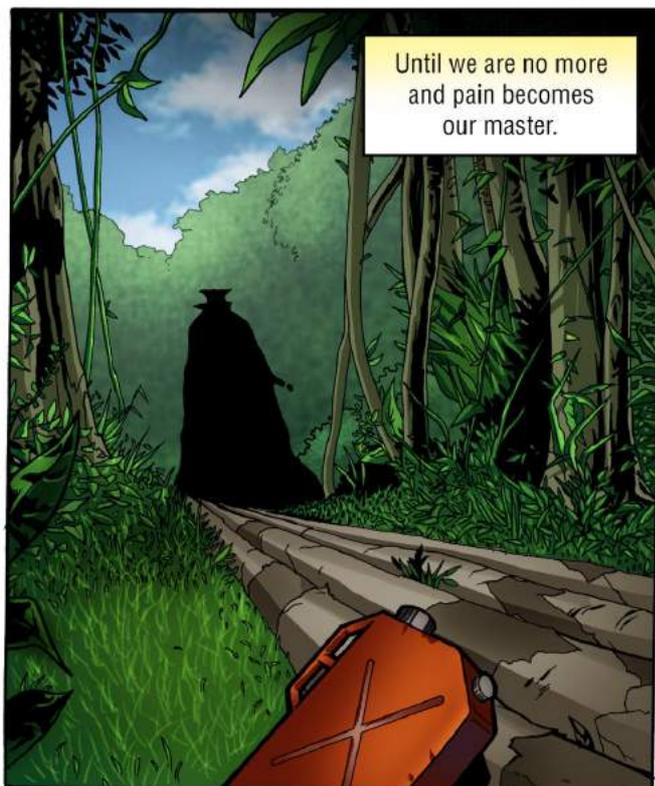




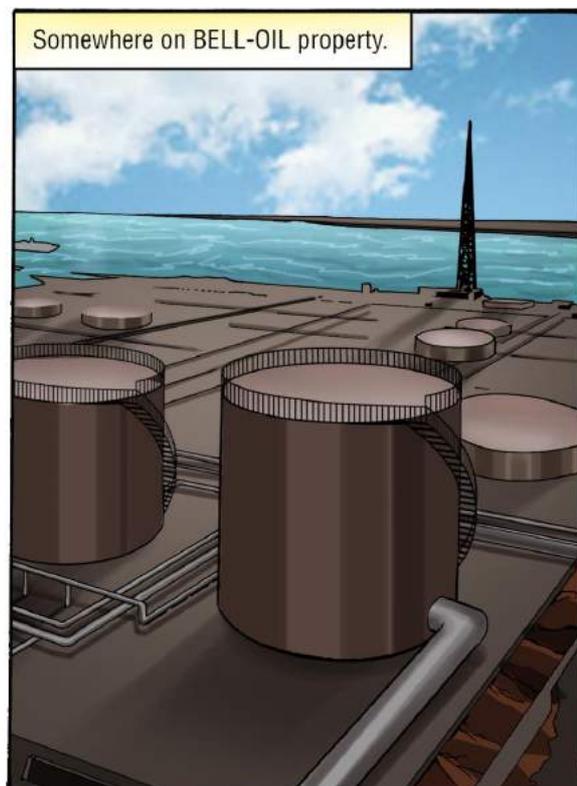
Our people are so enveloped by pain that it seems to feed on our very souls.



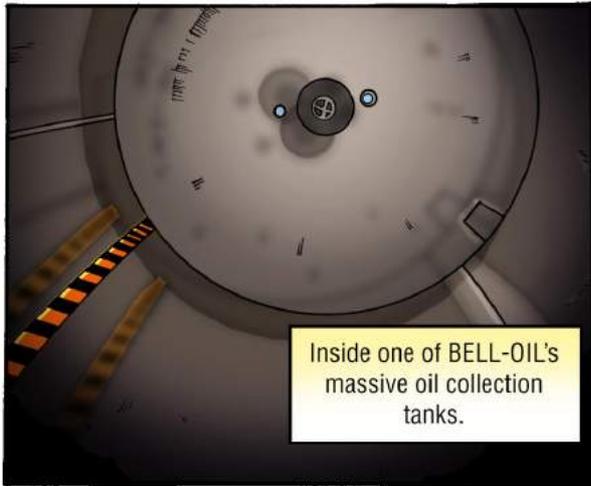
Pain enjoys every taste of despair and torment.



Until we are no more and pain becomes our master.



Somewhere on BELL-OIL property.



Inside one of BELL-OIL's massive oil collection tanks.



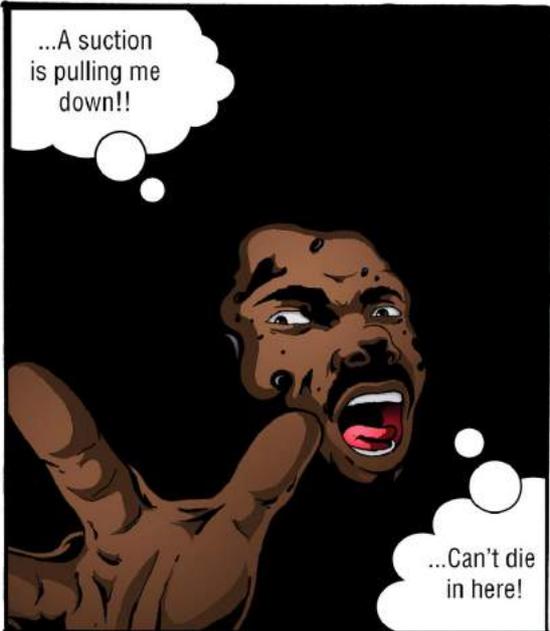
Hard...to...breath.
My... God..!



How did I get in here?
What happened? Was I hallucinating last night?
Did I run into some sort of monster?

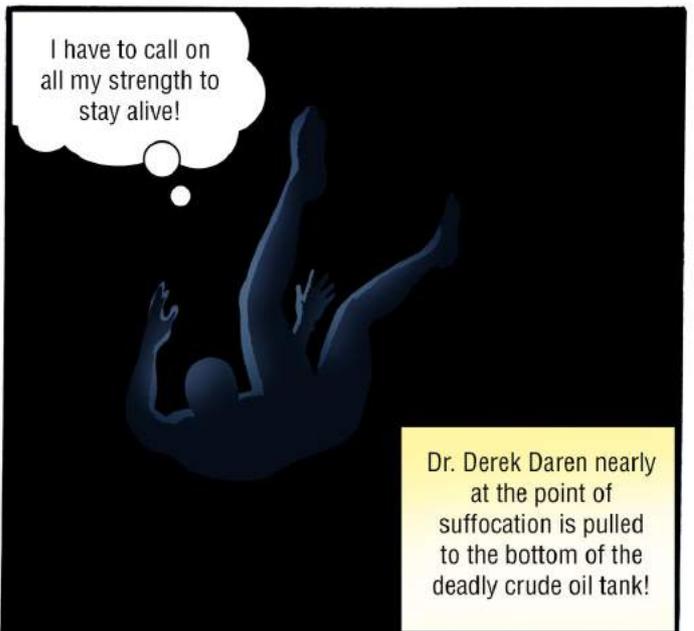
Was it real? What happened to my uniform?
I have to... have to get out of here.

I can't concentrate...
I'm too weak to use my powers...



...A suction is pulling me down!!

...Can't die in here!



I have to call on all my strength to stay alive!

Dr. Derek Daren nearly at the point of suffocation is pulled to the bottom of the deadly crude oil tank!

Elsewhere three men meet.



General Kala,
I shouldn't have to tell
you that this shipment is
bigger than the last.

Though it escapes me,
why we should fund
you when you
continue to bring us
poor results?

Meriwether, it's only been a few
bad circumstances. But I have
been given the authority to
guarantee your safety.



You will not have to worry about
troublemakers any more. Your
men will be found, their captors
punished and your business here
even more profitable.

Sounds like you
appreciate our
presence. That's
refreshing.

We all know how much help you have
been in getting rid of troublemakers
over the years. Believe me, all of your
dealings here will be protected and
backed by my people.



Besides you must
be aware of how frightened people
are becoming. No one wants to
come near you anymore. They
won't try anything.

So, our
"projects"
don't bother
you then?

Not in the least.
As far as I'm
concerned, what
you do on the
property you so
generously pay
for is your
business.



Well, if our project continues to make the great progress that it has been, we will all be very wealthy and our entire troublemaker issue will be a thing of the past. But in the mean time I would like you to collaborate with Mr. Jordan here. I'm sure you could put his experience to good use.

I've headed many tactical offensives during Operation Seeds of Justice.

I look forward to the opportunity.



Tell me, have there been any special problems I should know about?



Thanks this new shipment of guns Meriwether, my men will be ready for anything.

Then we shouldn't have any problems.

Kala.

Gentlemen it has been a pleasure



Like who, the African Union? Heavens no, they have their hands full dealing with the fighting in Darfur.

What are you really asking me Mr. Jordan?

Kilometers away, a very weak Derek Daren, wearing a found worker's uniform, inches out of the BELL-OIL compound unnoticed.



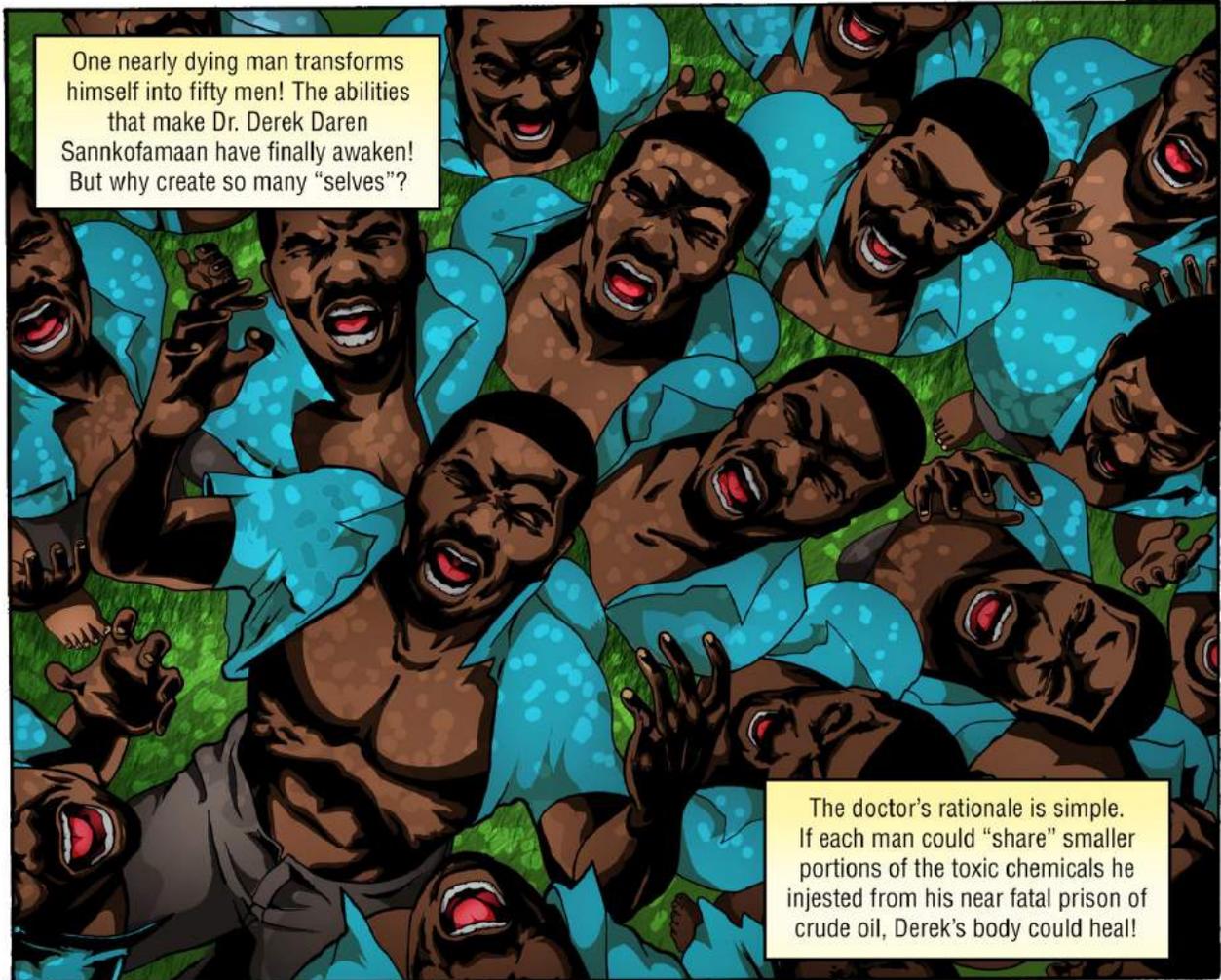
He soon makes his way into the forest, where a large area of new grass and foliage does its best to blossom amid the much older trees and brush.

Just then Dr. Daren feels the presence of familiar hands slowly touching his shoulder.

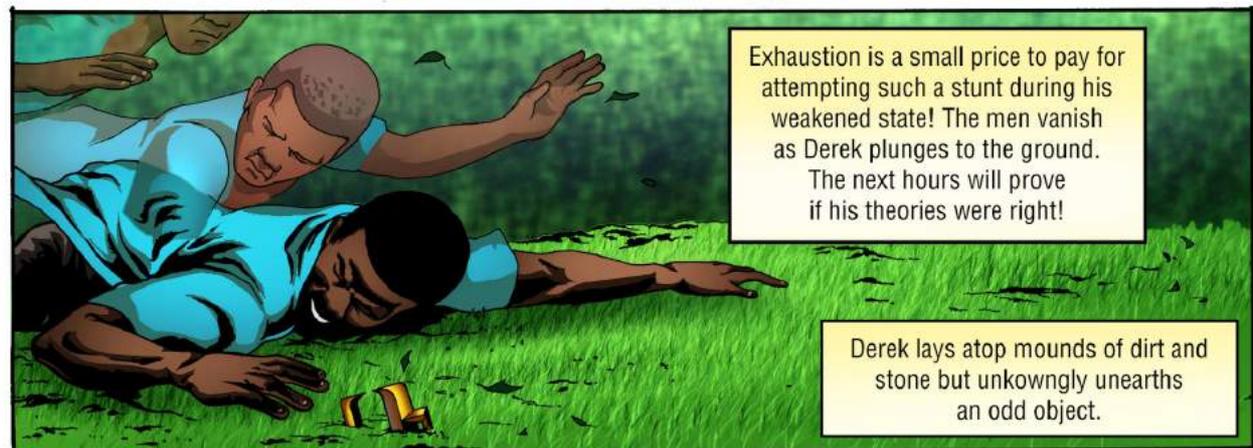


Desperately he beckons those feelings to become stronger until the unthinkable happens.

One nearly dying man transforms himself into fifty men! The abilities that make Dr. Derek Daren Sannkofamaan have finally awakened! But why create so many "selves"?



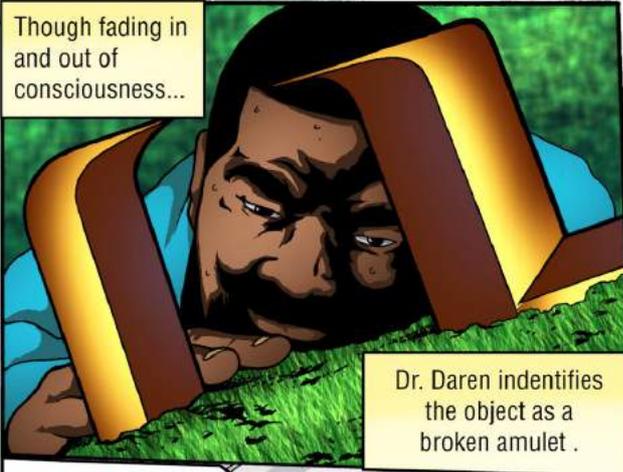
The doctor's rationale is simple. If each man could "share" smaller portions of the toxic chemicals he injected from his near fatal prison of crude oil, Derek's body could heal!



Exhaustion is a small price to pay for attempting such a stunt during his weakened state! The men vanish as Derek plunges to the ground. The next hours will prove if his theories were right!

Derek lays atop mounds of dirt and stone but unknowingly unearths an odd object.

Though fading in and out of consciousness...



Dr. Daren identifies the object as a broken amulet .

The first time he saw this amulet, it was around the neck of an old friend.



"Dr. Daren I would like to introduce you to Sannkofamaan."

How many times must I tell you Kwodjo that I'm retired? My name is Kwesi, good to meet you.

You too. But why are you retired, you're still young?

Maybe, but I feel old brotha. Nowadays my telepathic abilities have to be kept in check with this special amulet or I would go crazy and be no use to anyone. Besides we need young lions to take up the reins of bringing sovereignty to African people. I hear you are extremely talented young brotha.



I just do what I can for our culture to survive Mr. Kwesi.

Then we are all in good company.

Ok, we have six more hours before we arrive in Ghana ...



anybody care to lose at "Wari"?
HA HA!! HA HA!!

The men laugh as Derek's dream fades back into harsh reality.



WAKE UP!!

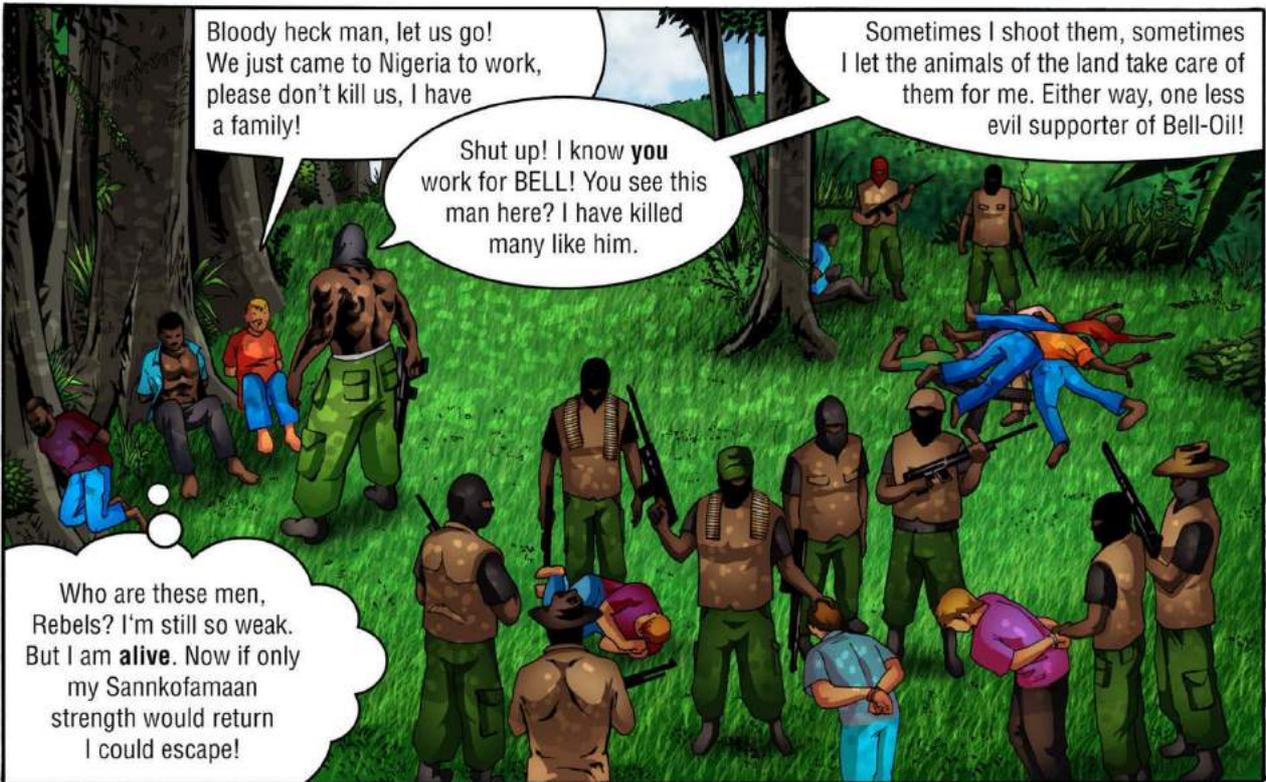


Who are you?! I won't ask again. You work for Bell right?

No.



Of course you do, why else would you have on Bell work clothes? I can even smell the oil on you!

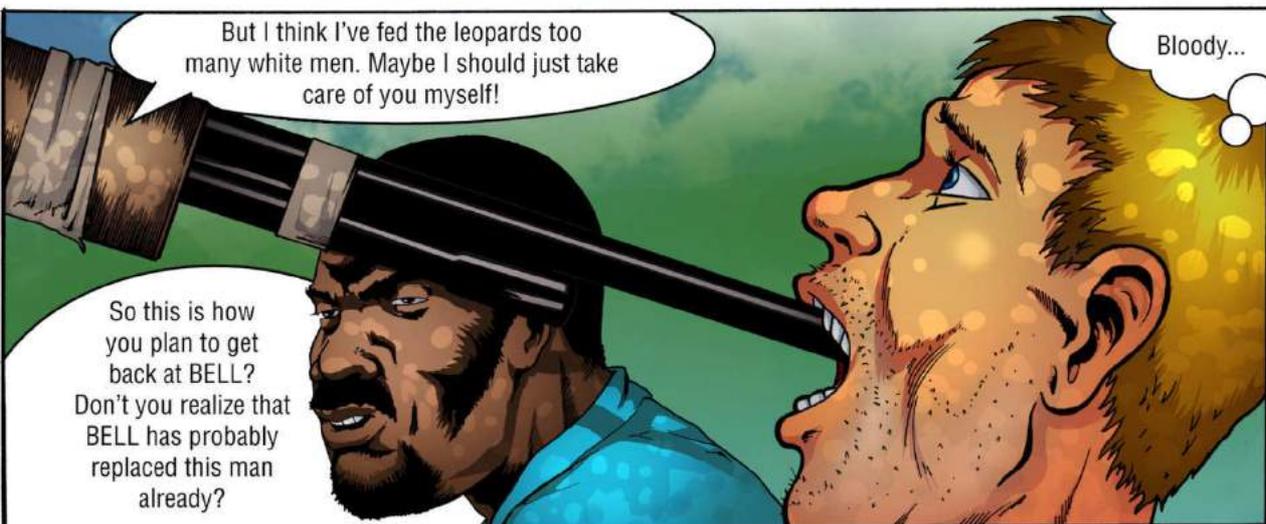


Bloody heck man, let us go! We just came to Nigeria to work, please don't kill us, I have a family!

Shut up! I know **you** work for BELL! You see this man here? I have killed many like him.

Sometimes I shoot them, sometimes I let the animals of the land take care of them for me. Either way, one less evil supporter of Bell-Oil!

Who are these men, Rebels? I'm still so weak. But I am **alive**. Now if only my Sannkofamaan strength would return I could escape!



But I think I've fed the leopards too many white men. Maybe I should just take care of you myself!

Bloody...

So this is how you plan to get back at BELL? Don't you realize that BELL has probably replaced this man already?

Companies like BELL don't care about workers or people- only how much money they stand to make while watching Nigerians die!

How long are you going to delude yourself into thinking you're making changes by killing BELL-OIL hostages? You are not fighting one company here, you're fighting the powers that support them! You can't win like this!



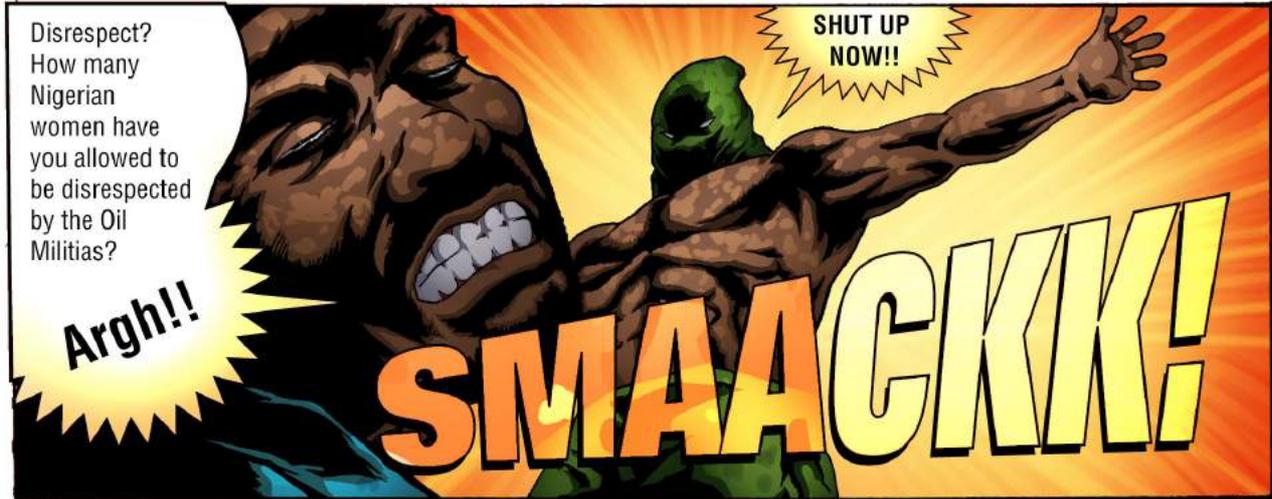
How **dare** You! Who are you to tell us what we can not do! We are the most feared rebels in Nigeria! No one can touch us, not Britain not even President Oluwole. We are the Ghosts of the East! And your disrespect ends now!

Disrespect? How many Nigerian women have you allowed to be disrespected by the Oil Militias?

Argh!!

SHUT UP NOW!!

SMAACKKK!



Every battle has its casualties! But soon Nigerians won't have to suffer casualties anymore! Just as BELL has it's secret weapons, so do we!



Khari, this man may not work for BELL-OIL, but he knows too much of our dealings, and I'm getting tired of his mouth!



So am I!



WHY DOES THE
RITUAL DANCER WEAR
A MASK & GARB?
BECAUSE IT IS MORE
IMPORTANT FOR PEOPLE
TO FOCUS ON HIS
ACTIONS THAN HIS
PERSONAL
IDENTITY.

- Dr. Dallen



EGUANO x ARC LIGHTS



The strength of the man only known as Khari is amazing.



But as Dr. Daren's own strength returns to its maximum level...



The word "amazing" seems too small to describe what happens next!



Derek's abilities are indeed unique.



His powers to multiply himself,

Budda!
Budda!
Budda!
Budda!
Budda!



Does not diminish the strength of each man he creates,

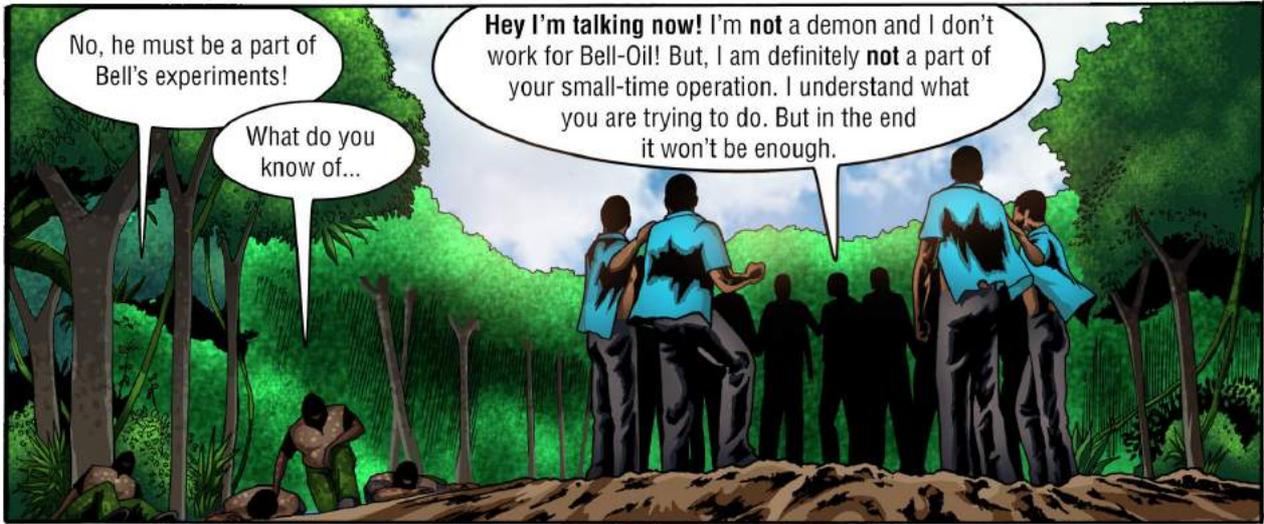


Wasn't there ...

Yes..

One more?

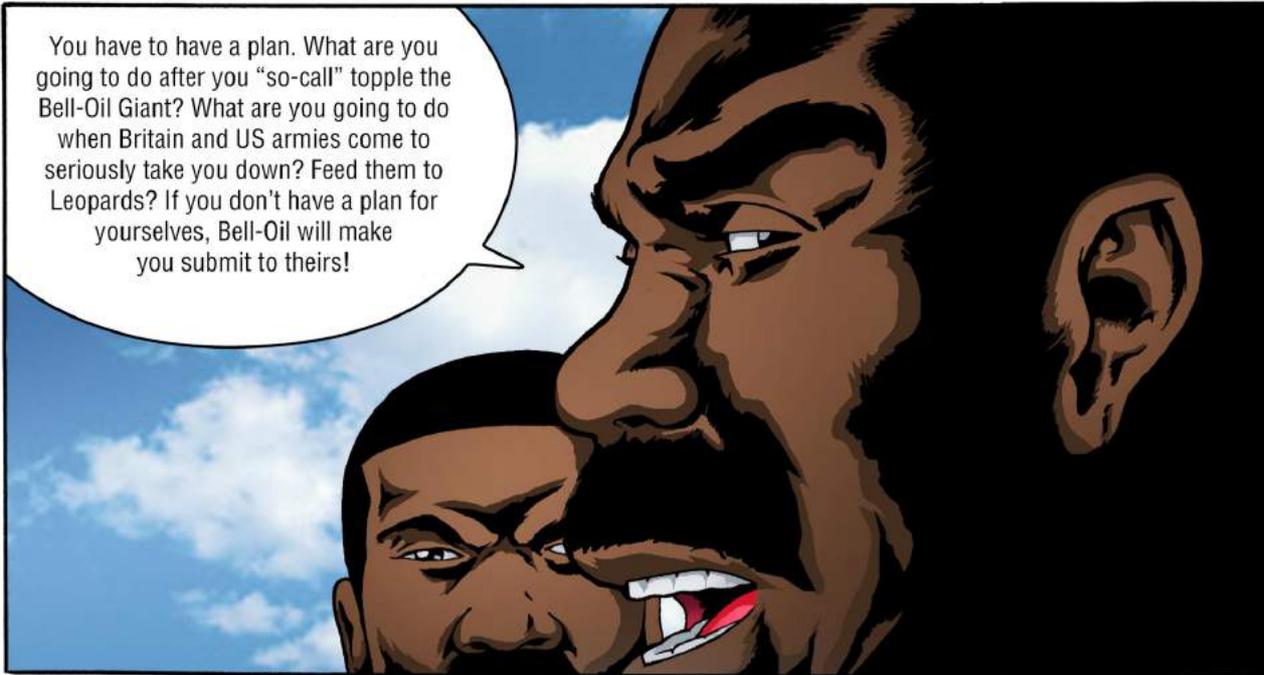




No, he must be a part of Bell's experiments!

What do you know of...

Hey I'm talking now! I'm not a demon and I don't work for Bell-Oil! But, I am definitely **not** a part of your small-time operation. I understand what you are trying to do. But in the end it won't be enough.

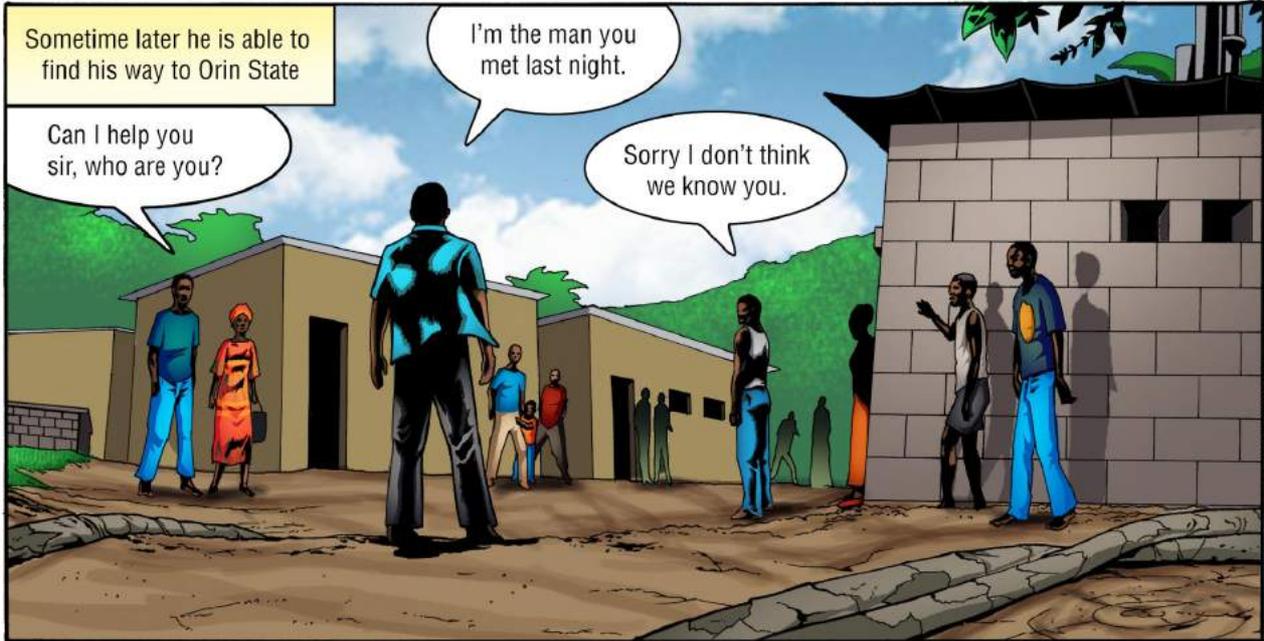


You have to have a plan. What are you going to do after you "so-call" topple the Bell-Oil Giant? What are you going to do when Britain and US armies come to seriously take you down? Feed them to Leopards? If you don't have a plan for yourselves, Bell-Oil will make you submit to theirs!



I hope your "secret weapon" is a good one, but if I find out you are endangering innocent African people, I will be back.

The rebels stand in disbelief as Dr. Daren propels himself into the bright sky. Derek wonders if these rebels realize how much of an ally he could have been to their mission?



Sometime later he is able to find his way to Orin State

Can I help you sir, who are you?

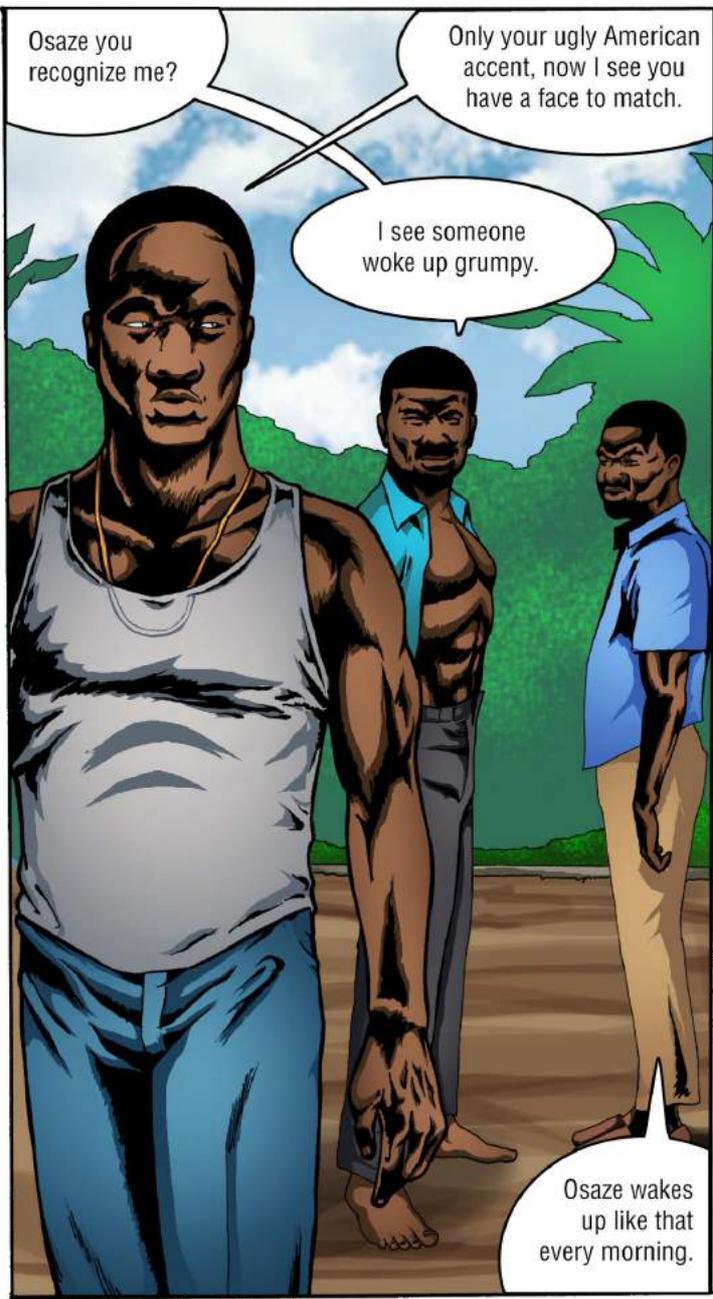
I'm the man you met last night.

Sorry I don't think we know you.



Please let me explain...

ah, Sannkofamaan... you return to smother us with more of your "help"?



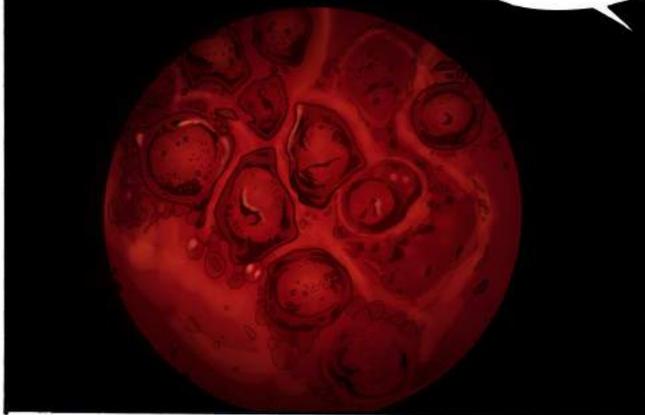
Osaze you recognize me?

I see someone woke up grumpy.

Only your ugly American accent, now I see you have a face to match.

Osaze wakes up like that every morning.

In a medical room, Dr. Daren and an Orin physician talk about the death of a sick man.



So I get to see you without the costume.

Does this mean you have come out of hiding?

It's only a uniform.

But why do you cover your face with that mask?



Why does the ritual dancer wear special masks and garb? Because, it is more important for people around him to focus on his actions, his goals, his spirit and reason for being. Not so much on his personal identity.

Good point. So, are these masks that you wear special for you?

The Sankofa Bird insignia is; it was given to me by a good friend.



Well in any case, I would like to say that it is good to finally meet you. Not only Sannkofamaan, but you doctor. You are a good man. I can tell.

"A good man" still puzzled by this autopsy. I've found toxic levels of Benzene within his remains. That alone could have killed him, but it wouldn't have degraded his corpse. The only thing that would cause this type of affect on his body is either fire or time.





But he wasn't on fire. This man walked into our compound fully conscious. We watched him die.

Obviously he was sick and infected before he arrived. But if fire is out, then we are dealing with an agent that manipulates time, something chemical perhaps.



The only thing we have around here that is chemical are the chemicals from BELL's gas flaring and crude oil processing.

But if this was the result of casual contact, specific to this area, then why haven't more decayed people turned up? This man must have been through extraordinary pain as his body went through this degradation.



He was in pain initially, great pain if I remember correctly. Could he have been poisoned on purpose?

Murder? If this was a weapon of some sort, it surely is a very tortuous and drawn out way to get rid of someone.

Why would someone want his or her victim to die in such a way?



I'm beginning to think that this poor man was right, that there was some devil chasing him, who else but a Devil would torture someone so?

And why would they?



Why indeed?

The creature from last night?

What are you thinking?

We don't know if it was real?

We know ending up in an oil tank was real.

Devil creature or not, we know every "spirit" has a cause or job, a reason for being.

Dr. Daren multiples and talks to himself to the Orin doctor's amazement!

So, what would a spirit gain from consuming biodegradable material?



Maybe it's the creature's food. We could be dealing with a new type of life form.



But how can we protect ourselves from such a predator?



Find what eats him.



Excuse me doctor, Sannkofamaan...

... There is something you need to see..

2017

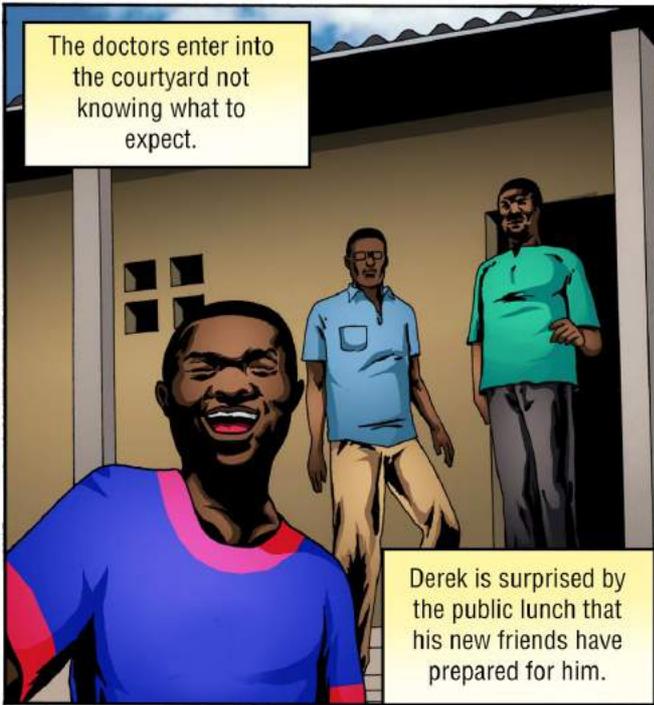
FEBUARY

“THE ETERNALS KNOW HIS VOICE,
ONLY HIS VOICE”



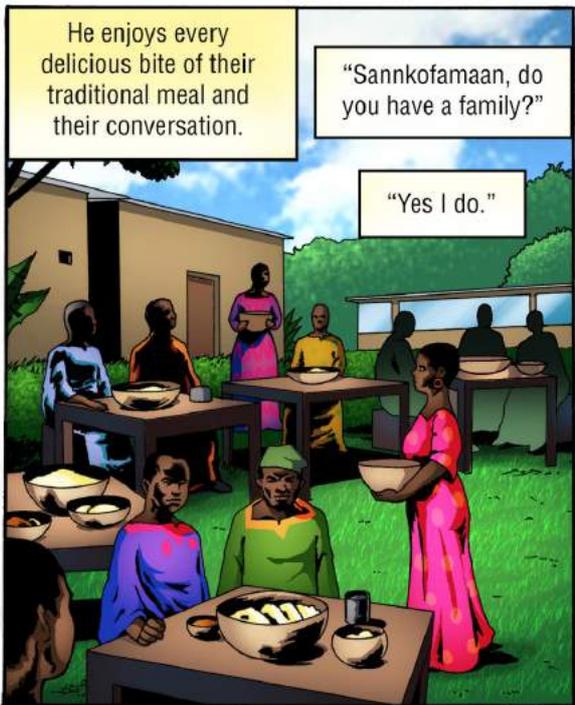
CREATED BY SEUN KUTI
WITH ORIGINAL MUSIC





The doctors enter into the courtyard not knowing what to expect.

Derek is surprised by the public lunch that his new friends have prepared for him.



He enjoys every delicious bite of their traditional meal and their conversation.

"Sannkofamaan, do you have a family?"

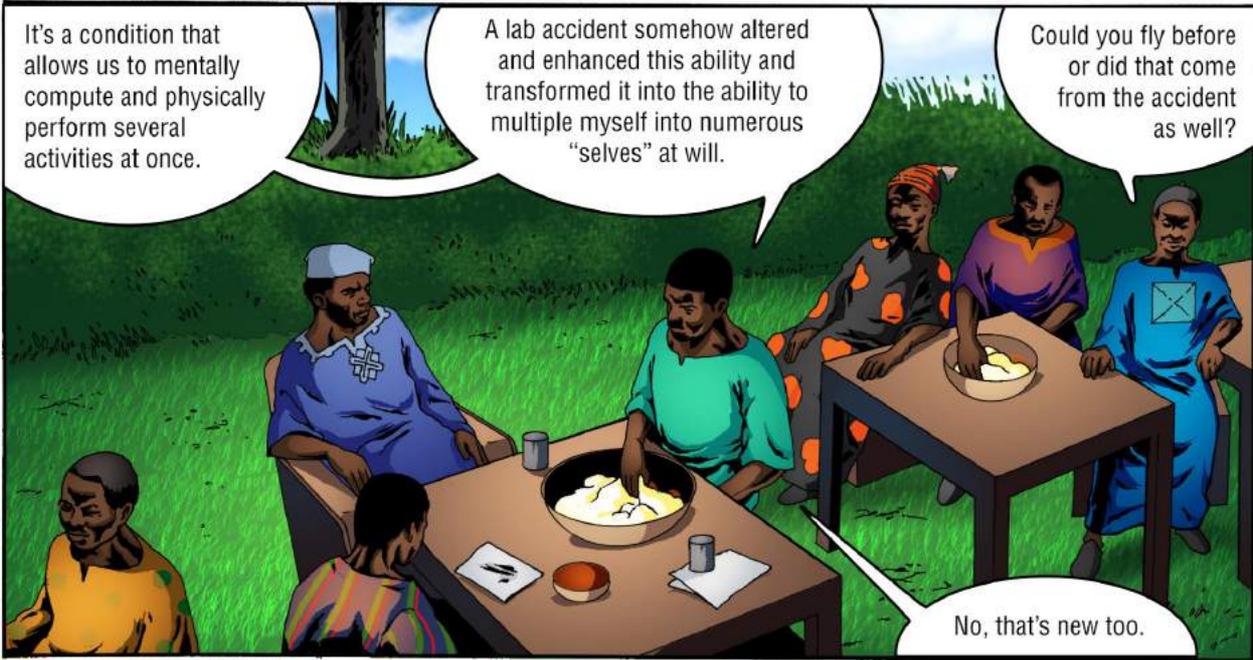
"Yes I do."



So you got your abilities from your parents.

Can they do what you do?

Well, yes and no. My parents are normal but my three brothers and I were diagnosed with Polyadroitism when we were born.



It's a condition that allows us to mentally compute and physically perform several activities at once.

A lab accident somehow altered and enhanced this ability and transformed it into the ability to multiple myself into numerous "selves" at will.

Could you fly before or did that come from the accident as well?

No, that's new too.

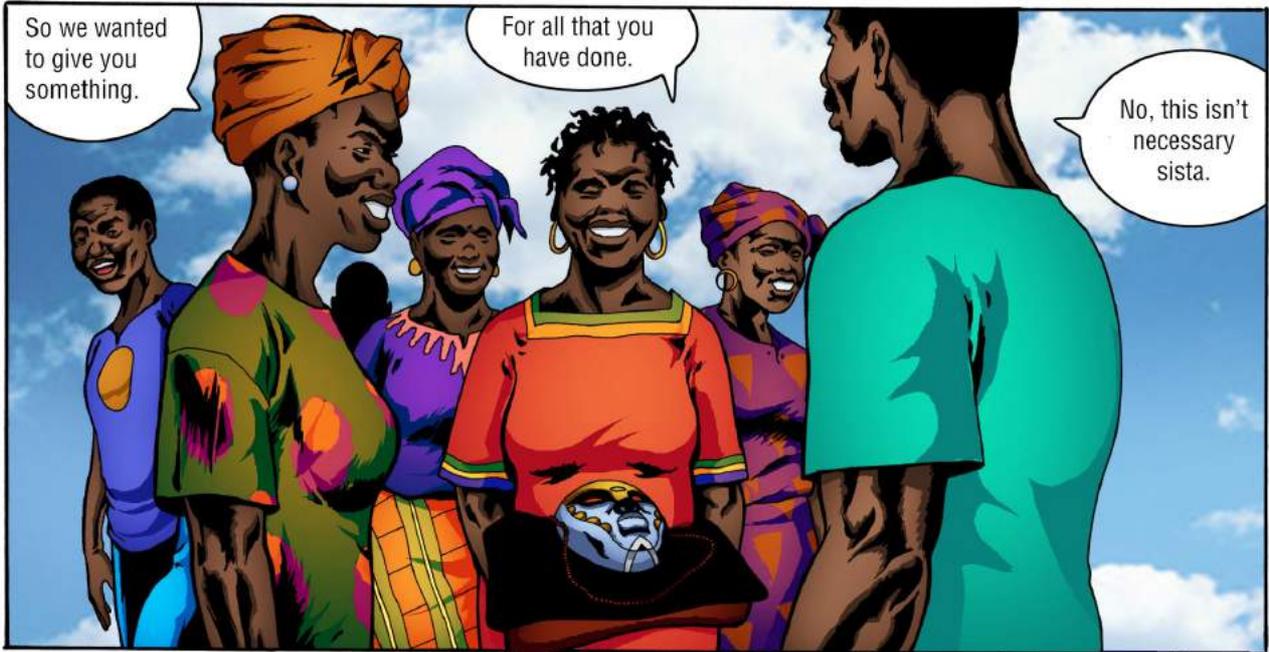


What happened to your mask?

Well I didn't like it anyway.

Sannkofamaan, we have many talented people here.

Um, I guess I lost it.



So we wanted to give you something.

For all that you have done.

No, this isn't necessary sista.



Our sculpture and jewelry are known throughout Nigeria. We wanted you to have this to remember us by and to say thank you Sannkofamaan.

We think you should have a handsome African face, not that other one.

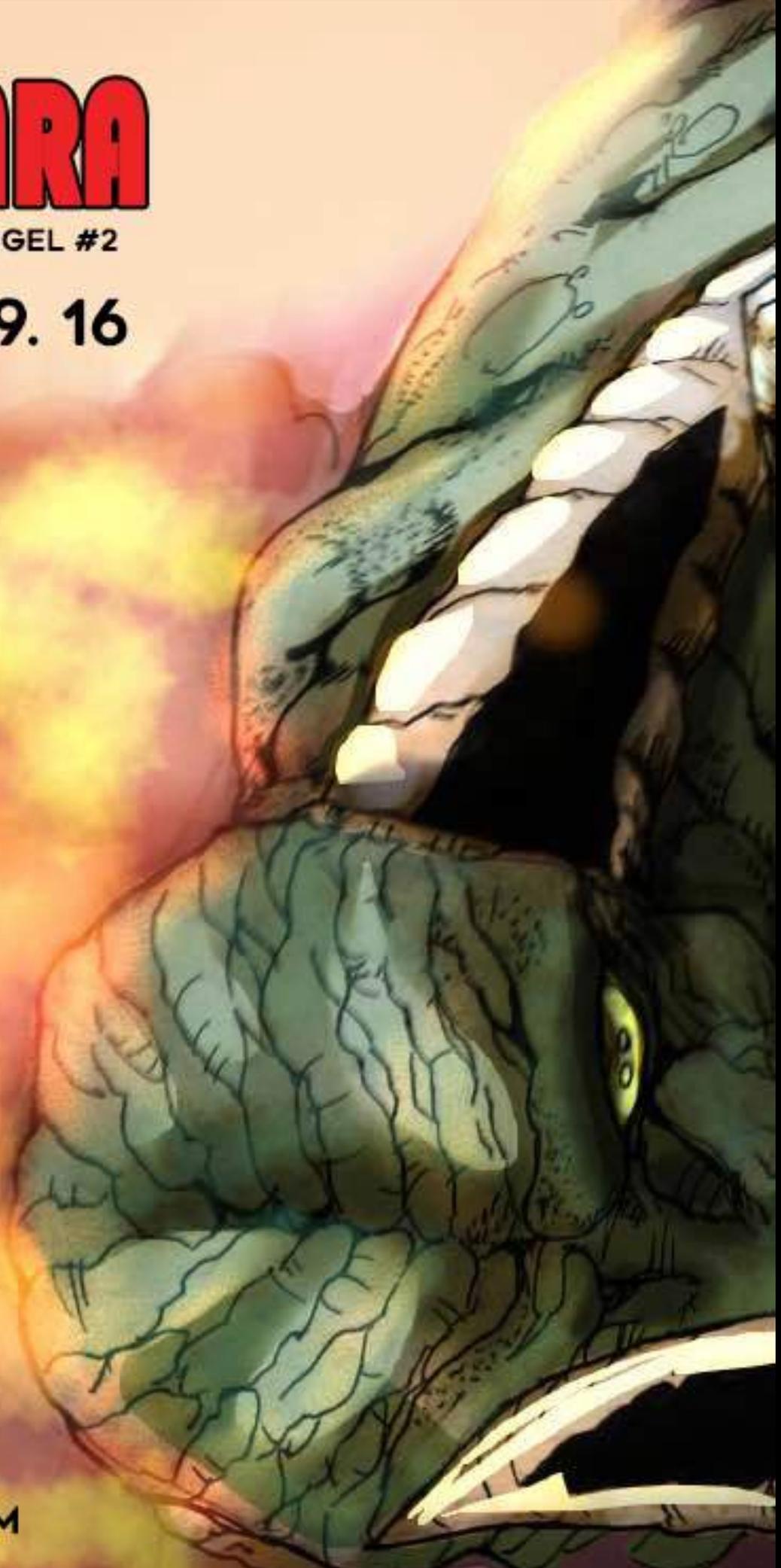


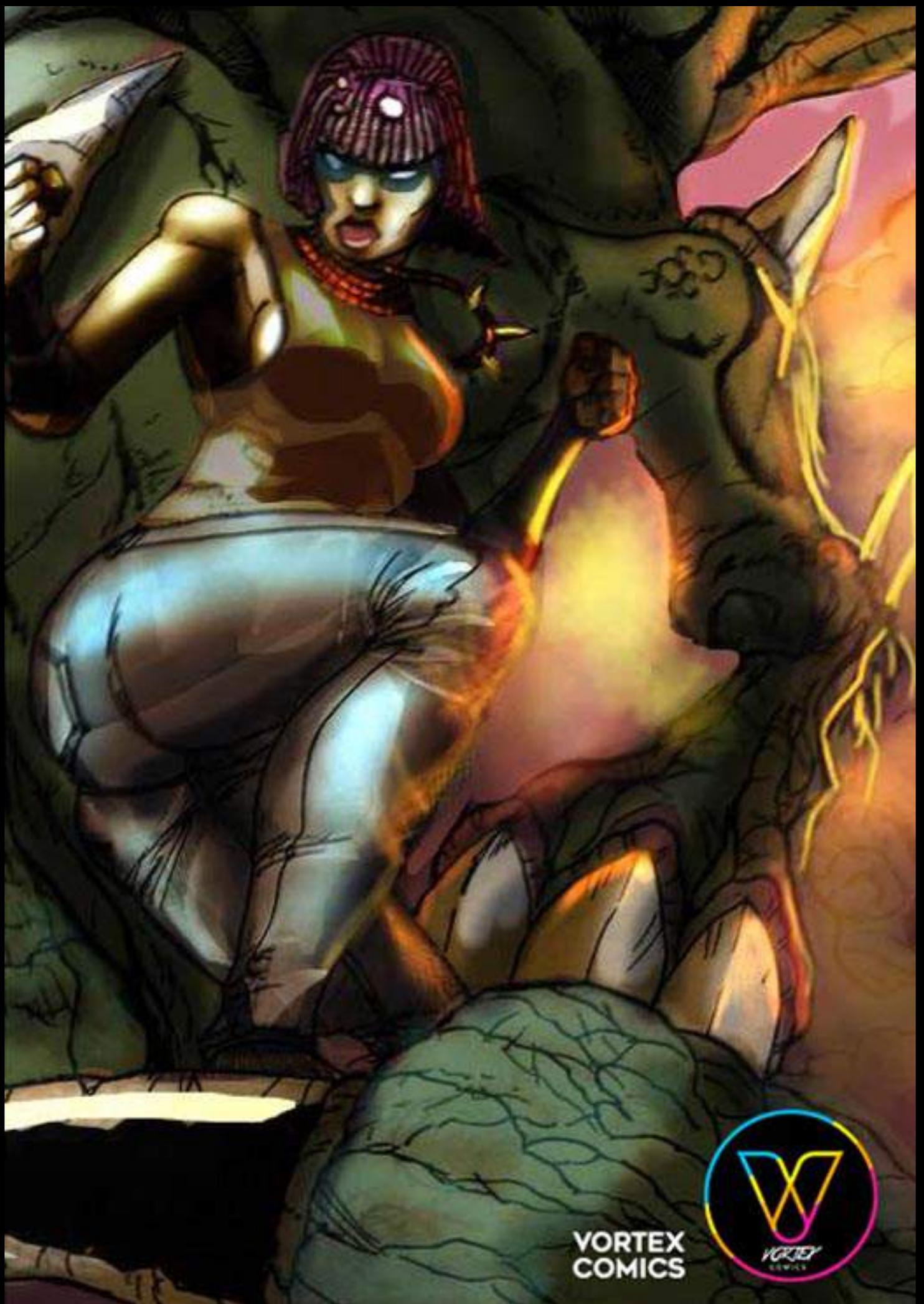
AGBARA

FALLEN ANGEL #2

30. 09. 16

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COMICS





AGBARA





**YES WE KNOW
THIS IS
PUNISHMENT!**

**NOPE YOU CAN'T
SEE THIS YET!**

AGBARA



KAKAKI



#2



What is SANNKOFAMAAN?

THE SANNKOFAMAAN* are a semi-secret organization made up of para-normal African people from around the world. The mission of the Sannkofamaan is to defend and promote justice in an effort to ensure peace for African people everywhere. The head of the Sannkofamaan is Dr. Afoakwa

SANNKOFAMAAN and society:

Sannkofamaan is a comic that affects society from a whole new dimension, as it travels back into contemporary issues and shines light from a different angle, Sannkofamaan stands for African consciousness and call to roots. Enjoy the accounts of Dr. Daren

When is the collectors Edition Out

First we said on the 14th, then we said on the 29th and here we are about to give you yet another glorious date for the release of the print collectors edition, with out crossed fingers and doubt we would be bring prints to your hands by the end of March. Also look out for the cool sticker collections with each comic.

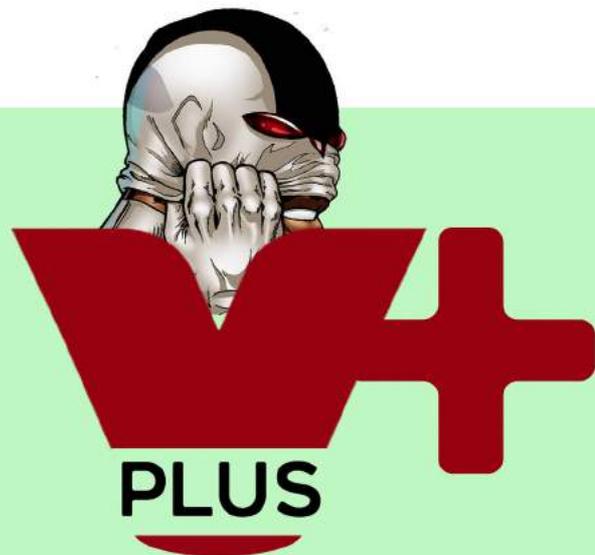
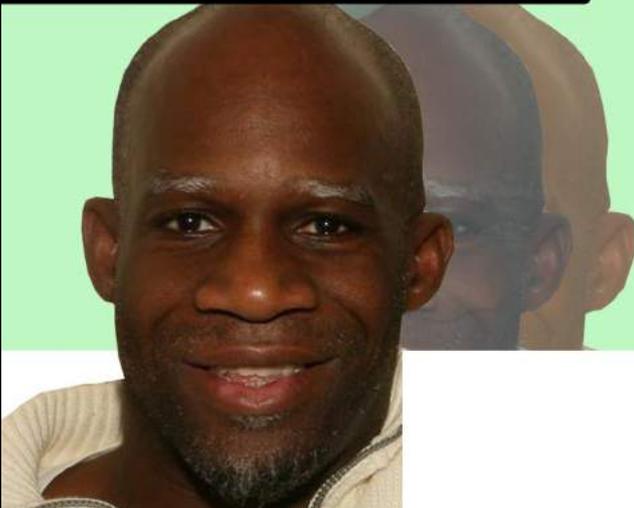
Who's the Antagonist?

MALIGNANT is described as an evil spirit that devours human beings for sustenance. Code named THE GENERAL, this beast has a purely liquid form, is hard to capture, and virtually impossible to destroy. The General has immeasurable strength and grows stronger with every human it consumes.

Red, Yellow & Blue

Raphael Kazeem, A popular Nigerian Colorist crosses colors with the lines of a Pan African art diety, "this might be one of 2016 memorable issue in the African sphere!"

AKINSEYE BROWN
CREATOR SANNKOFAMAAN



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COMIC PANEL AWARDS



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