

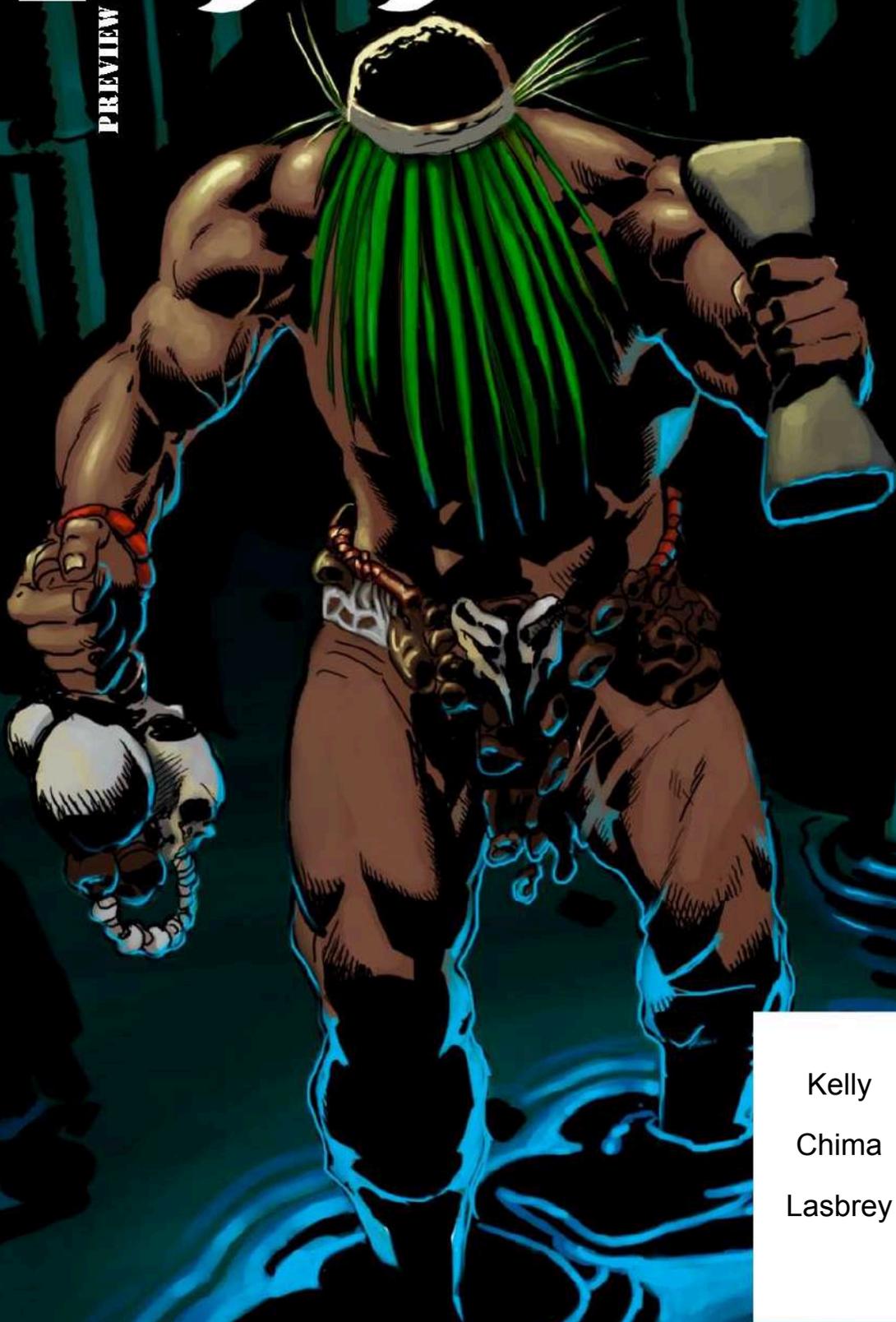


JUMANJUNGLE

:THE NOIR CHRONICLES

P

PREVIEW COPY



Kelly
Chima
Lasbrey

Hide and Seek

Gather at the temple
Baron Samedi summons in
mysteria
Things will not be simple
When you are caught by
Dibia

Hear, listen closely ...
As you move to the beat
Presence of Agbara and
Alusi,
Talk to us in the temple on
the side of the street

Do you doubt the
blackness of the night?
Have you never heard
voices out of sight?

Let me take you to an
empty space
Enter the mind of entity
But i must warn it is a dark
place
An intruders's black serenity

See me in the dark
Eyes with a cutting glow
Be prepared to face the
black,
And a blood that is still to
flow

Realism to a point where
it's altered
A dark change of all that is
centered

Learn to look within
The spirit is parted now
We can decide goodness
from sin,
And cure the illness
somehow

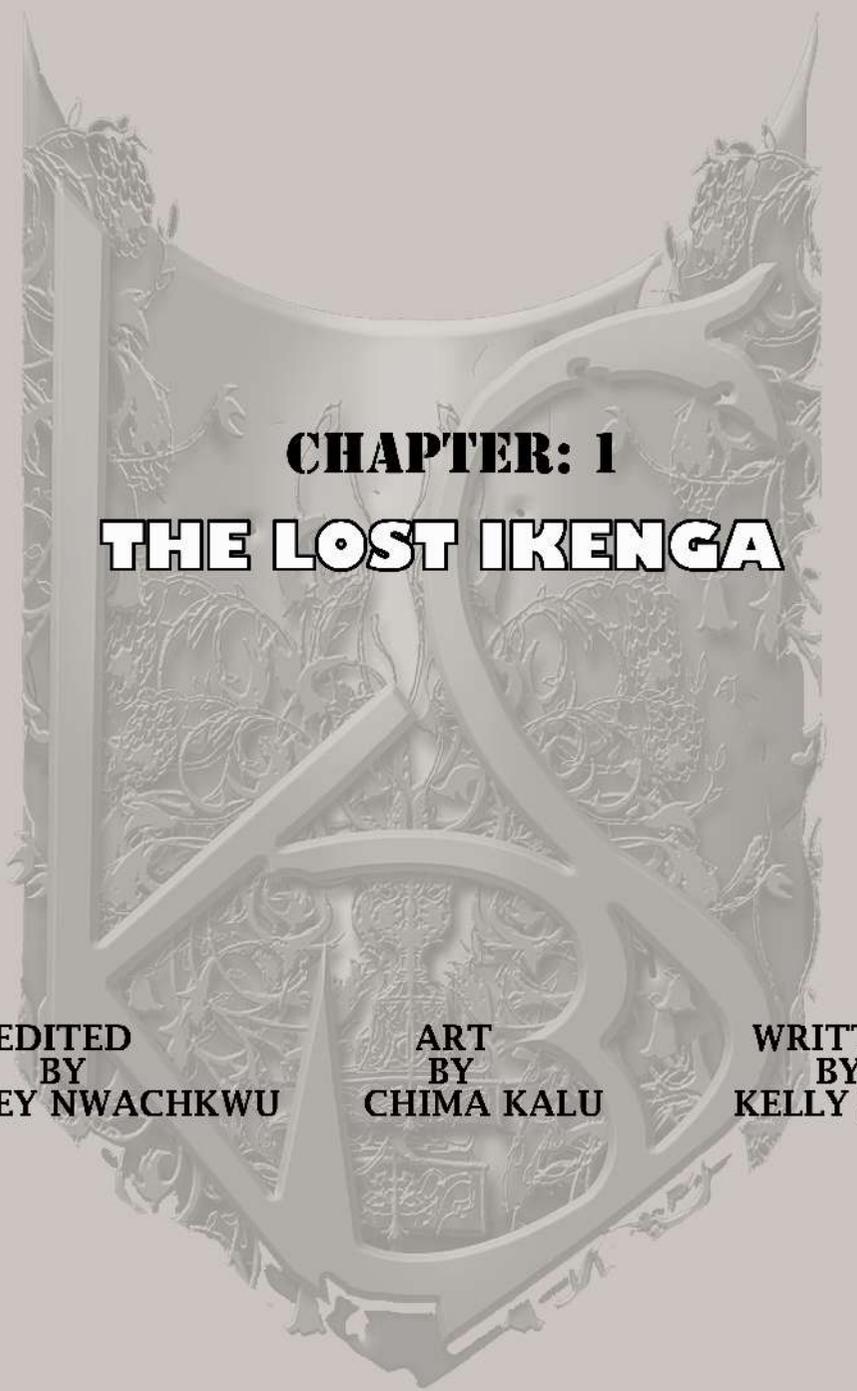
The dolls tell no lies
To believe all there is now
is civil,
Is to play Hide and Seek with
the Devil
Deny not what you see with
your eyes

Dance and hop with me
I can see what you do not
wish for me to see

My body a vessel
Wherein wisdom and
knowledge rest
Shh, let the spirits settle
To mettle of man this is
a test

Here you name your
nemesis,
Let me help...
I will work in exchange for
your innocence,
Of your soul let me help
you strip
Hear, hear voices
speak ...
Just like a black game of
Hide and Seek.

BY MAHMOUD MOKHTAR TARBA
LIBYA



CHAPTER: 1
THE LOST IKENGA

**EDITED
BY
LASBREY NWACHKWU**

**ART
BY
CHIMA KALU**

**WRITTEN
BY
KELLY KALU**

IT ISN'T ONCE UPON A TIME. THE RECORDED DATE IS JULY 17, 1803. THE GIRL'S NAME WAS ORIEMMA, A FASTIDIOUS IGBO NATIVE WHO HAD A HABIT OF MAKING SURE SHE DOESN'T RUN OUT OF WATER.

THIS TIME OF YEAR SEES LOTS OF RAIN BUT THE VILLAGE STREAMS IN NRI PRESENTED THE MOST CLEAN WATER
...



...
ACROSS THE KINGDOM.

NRI IS DIVINITY AND PURITY EPITOMISED FOR IT IS THE HOLY LAND TO THE IGBOS; KNOWN FOR IT'S SANCTIMONIOUS PEACE AND HARMONY.



THE LUSH VEGETATION, THE SACRED RIVERS, THE CLEAN STREAMS AND LOW OVER-HANGING HILLS ALL ALUDE TO A DIVINE BALANCE,



SO TUMULT WAS NEVER ALWAYS AN OSTENSIBLE OCCURENCE.



THEREFORE IT IS UNCANNY FOR A LIGHTNING BOLT TO CROSS A YOUNG GIRL'S PATH.



"BOLTS FROM THE BLUE" ARE INFREQUENT BUT THEY COULD STRIKE AT ANY TIME AND AT WHATEVER THEY CHOSE.



WHEN THEY DO BUILD REPEATEDLY INTO A FRENZY AT A PARTICULAR SPOT...



WITH A LITTLE GIRL CUDDLED UP IN FRIGHT.



LEGENDS HAVE IT THAT EITHER THE GODS ARE AT WAR OR HAVE CHOSEN THE ONE

WHOM SO MUCH ATTENTION IS BESTOWED UPON.

ODIESHI HAD THEREFORE BECOME ENVIOUS OF HIS BROTHERS, AMADIOHA AND ANYANWU.

LORD ODIESHI, A GOD IN HIS OWN RIGHT HAS SOUGHT TO ESTABLISH A PRESENCE FOR SO LONG AMONG THE DESCENDANTS OF ERI, THE PATRIARCH FOUNDER OF THE IGBO TRIBE.

I AWAIT YOU, AMADIOHA

SO FAR, CHUKWU, THE ALMIGHTY HAS NOT GRANTED HIS REQUEST.



AMADIOHA, THE THUNDER
GOD REVERED ACROSS ALL
IGBOLAND BY THE
DESCENDANTS OF ERI ;
HUSBAND TO ALA, THE
EARTH GODDESS WHO
SHELTERS THE ANCESTORS
IN HER BOSSOM AND MAKES
THE LAND FERTILE; BROTHER
TO ANYANWU THE SUN GOD
WHO GIVES LIGHT TO ALL
AND TO ODIESHI, AN UNRULY
WAR GOD OF JUJU WHO MUST
SEEK AN END TO ALL MEANS.





THE BALANCE ACHIEVED BY NATURE CAN BE UNPREPARED FOR AN UNPRECEDENTED UPHEAVAL.



MORTALS DO NOT HAVE ALL THE ANSWERS.



PREPARING COCOYAM FOR PLANTING DOES NOT MEAN THEY ARE ALREADY PLANTED.

YOU INTERFERE DIRECTLY WITH THE AFFAIRS...

... OF MEN, THAT CANNOT BE ALLOWED.

BECAUSE AS SOON AS YOU SHAKE HANDS WITH A LEPER HE WANT'S AN EMBRACE!

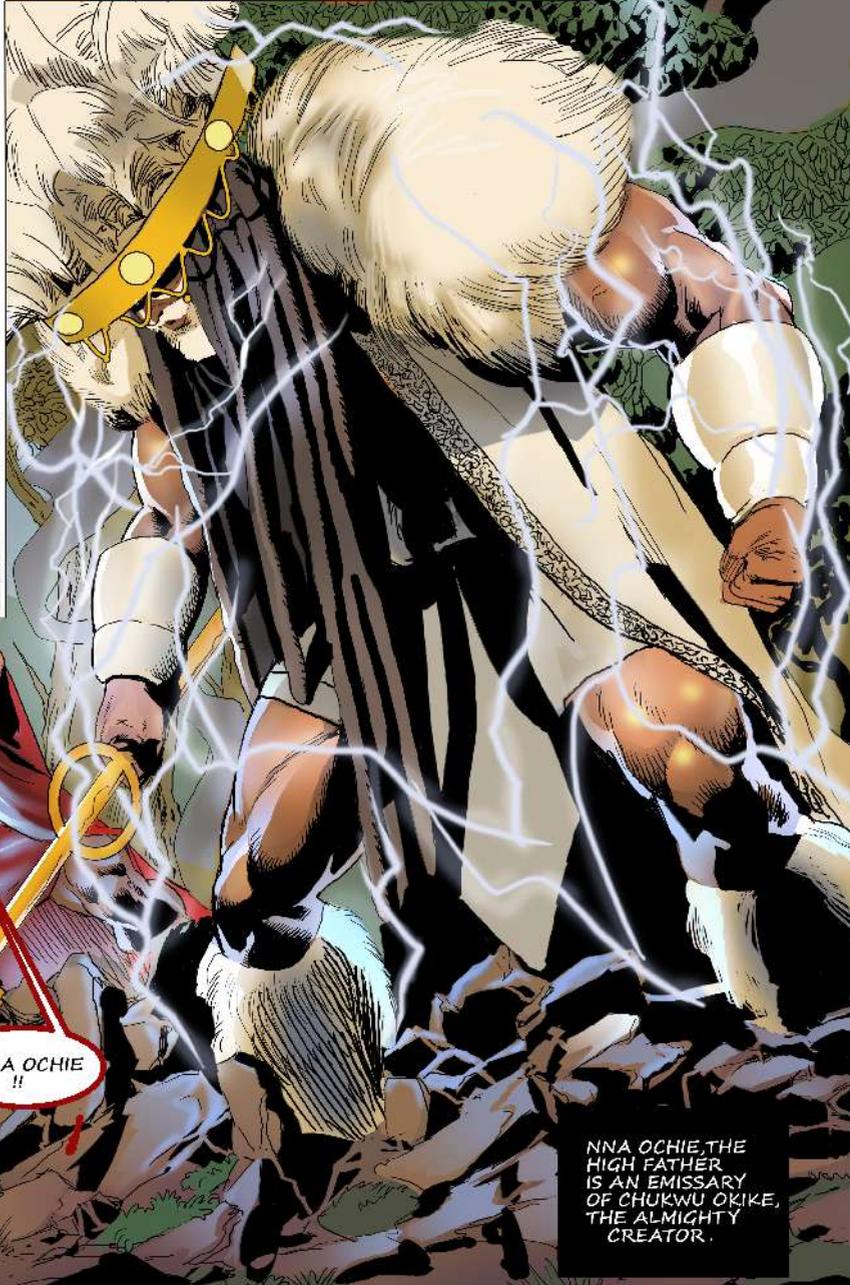
IT IS THE IKENGA THAT I WANT!



WHEN CHUKWU
CREATED ERI, HE
GAVE HIM THE
CUSTODY OF IKENGA
AND CALLED IT
THE RIGHT
HAND

MEN ARE
UNWORTHY TO
HANDLE IT ON
THEIR OWN.

YET ANOTHER
BOLT OF FURY
DESCEND.



NNA OCHIE
!!

NNA OCHIE, THE
HIGH FATHER
IS AN EMISSARY
OF CHUKWU OKIKE,
THE ALMIGHTY
CREATOR.



ORIEEMMA'S HAPLESS STATE IN THE ENSUING PANDEMONIUM IS NOT JUST ABOUT LOOSING A WATER POT TO A THUNDEROUS BOLT.



BUT BEING TRAPPED IN FLURRY OF REPEATED LIGHTNING BOLTS AROUND HER ...



... WHICH SHOULD CHURN UP ...



AN APPRECIABLE HEAT ENOUGH TO CHAR HER ULI* OILED SKIN.

BUT THEY DO NOT.

*ULI IS A KIND OF LOTION OILMENT.



HEAR ME, YE GODS! RANCOR DO NOT BEGET A HAPPY ENDING.

ENVY IS DEVASTATING.

JUJUMAN





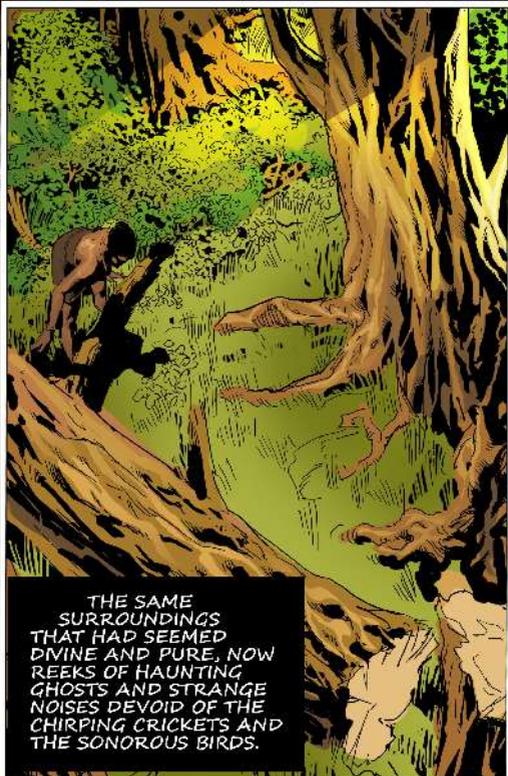
THE IKENGA OF ERI WILL CEASE TO BE IN NRI. WITHER SPACE AND TIME IT GOES IS NOW THE DESTINY OF HIS CHILDREN!



CALM.



AS SUDDEN AS THE EERIE PHENOMENON CEASED DID ORIEMMA REMEMBERED SHE WAS IN A BUSH PATH ALL ALONE.



THE SAME SURROUNDINGS THAT HAD SEEMED DIVINE AND PURE, NOW REEKS OF HAUNTING GHOSTS AND STRANGE NOISES DEVOID OF THE CHIRPING CRICKETS AND THE SONOROUS BIRDS.



A FRIGHTENED GIRL WHO IS YET TO COMPREHEND FULLY THE ENIGMATIC HAPPENING, HURRIEDLY SCURRIED TO HER FEET.



AND HEADED TOWARDS HOME IN A STAGGERING RUN.



NNA ANYI!*
ARE YOU THERE,
FATHER?



NO
RESPONSE.
HE MUST BE IN
HIS OBI*.



NNA ANYI!
IS THAT YOU
ON THE
GROUND?



HORROR HAS
AN OMEN, THE
HAUNTING GHOSTS
AND THE STRANGE
VOICES ARE THE
OMEN.



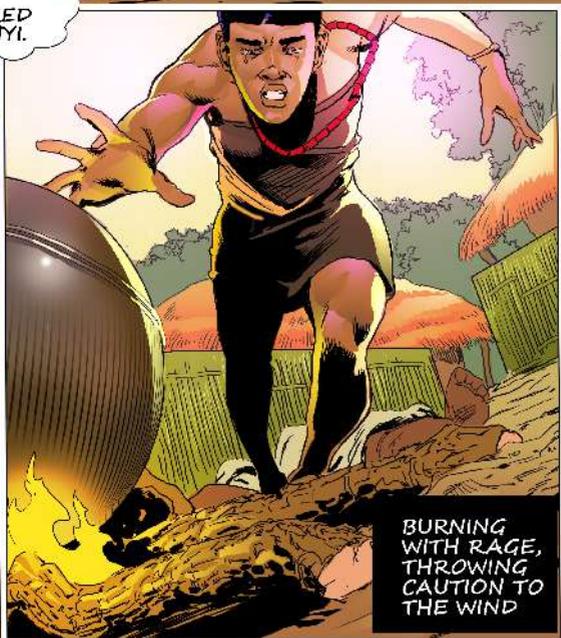
DEATH
HAS NO
RESPONSE
TO THE
LIVING.

*OBI IS THE CUSTOMARY SOLITARY HUT DEDICATED TO ONLY THE PATRIARCH OF THE HOUSEHOLD IN THE COMPOUND CONSISTING OF OTHER LITTLE HUTS FOR THE FAMILY MEMBERS.
*NNA ANYI IS OUR FATHER.

RACING HEART BEAT, A CONFUSION OF GRIEF AND HORROR, THESE ARE THE DREADED SLAVE HUNTERS FROM ACROSS THE SEA. . .



THESE MEN MURDERED NNA ANYI.



BURNING WITH RAGE, THROWING CAUTION TO THE WIND



ORIEGMA SPRANG FORWARD, PROPELLED BY A VENGEANCE CLINCHED IN A TENSED NERVOUS GRIP.



ARRGH!

KRAACK!



LOOK OUT, ROGER!



IT IS A BLOODY LITTLE SAVAGE!

POW!



YOU STAY DOWN, LOUSY BEAST!

CRACK!



ROGER IS WOUNDED, MARK. THERE IS A LOT OF SPIRIT IN THIS HERE LITTLE SCOUNDREL.

YES, SHE TOO WILL BE WORTH A MERCHANDISE.



THEY WERE WORSE THAN SHE THOUGHT. THESE WERE RELICS AND TREASURE HUNTERS TOO.

HER FATHER'S DEATH BECAME CLEARER. HE WAS NOT GOING TO ALLOW THEM CART AWAY THE IKENGA WHICH HAD BEEN IN THE CUSTODY OF HIS FOREBEARS.



HELLO LOUSY LITTLE BEAST, THIS FIGURINE BELONGS TO US NOW AND SO ARE YOU.



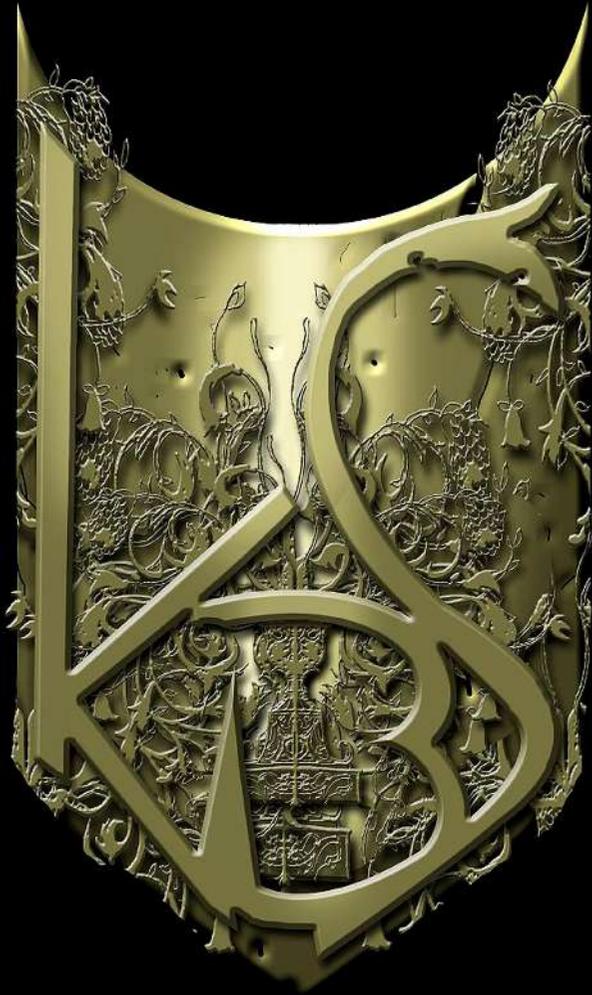
COUNT YOUR LUCK WE'RE NOT GONNA KILL YOU LIKE WE DID YOUR OLD MAN...



... WE HAVE ANOTHER USE FOR YOU.



HE WHO EATS PALM KERNEL IN THE MORNING UNDERSTANDS THE LANGUAGE OF THE FEMINE. THE IKENGA OF ERI WILL CHOOSE IT'S OWN PATH.



KAS
COMICS