



MARCH 2015

I of V

GORDON  
RENNIE  
LEIGH  
GALLAGHER



# AQUILA



I OF V

# AQUILA

Script  
**GORDON  
RENNIE**

Art  
**LEIGH  
GALLAGHER**

Colours  
**DYLAN GARY  
TEAGUE CALDWELL**

Letters  
**SIMON  
BOWLAND**

## REBELLION

Creative Director and CEO  
**JASON KINGSLEY**

Chief Technical Officer  
**CHRIS KINGSLEY**

Publishing Manager  
**BEN SMITH**

2000 AD Editor in Chief  
**MATT SMITH**

Graphic Novels Editor  
**KEITH RICHARDSON**

Graphic Design  
**SIMON PARR & SAM GRETTON**

Reprographics  
**KATHRYN SYMES**

PR & Marketing  
**MICHAEL MOLCHER**

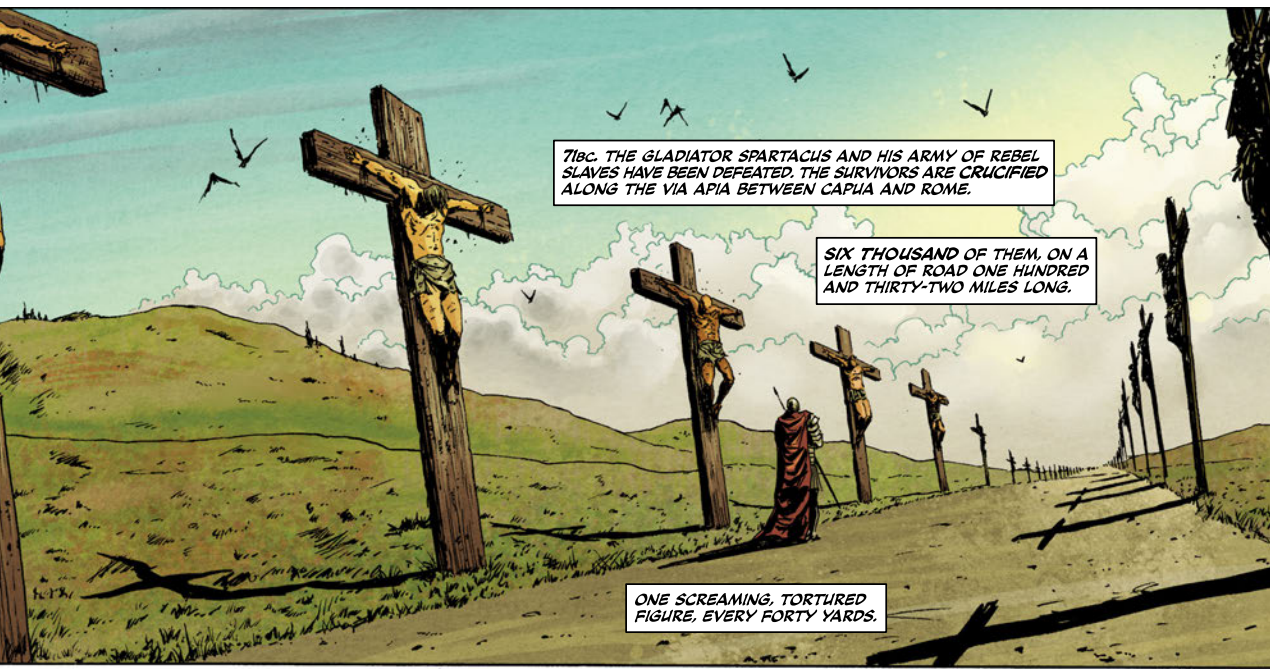
Aquila #1 published by Rebellion, Riverside House, Osney Mead, Oxford OX2 0ES. All contents © 2013, 2014, 2015 Rebellion A/S. All rights reserved. Aquila is a trademark of Rebellion A/S. Reproduction, storage in a retrieval system or transmission in any form or by any means in whole or part without prior permission of Rebellion A/S is strictly forbidden. No similarity between any of the fictional names, characters, persons and/or institutions herein with those of any living or dead persons or institutions is intended (except for satirical purposes) and any such similarity is purely coincidental. Printed in Korea by TriVision Inc, 3807 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 1109, Los Angeles, CA 90010.











71BC. THE GLADIATOR SPARTACUS AND HIS ARMY OF REBEL SLAVES HAVE BEEN DEFEATED. THE SURVIVORS ARE CRUCIFIED ALONG THE VIA APPIA BETWEEN CAPUA AND ROME.

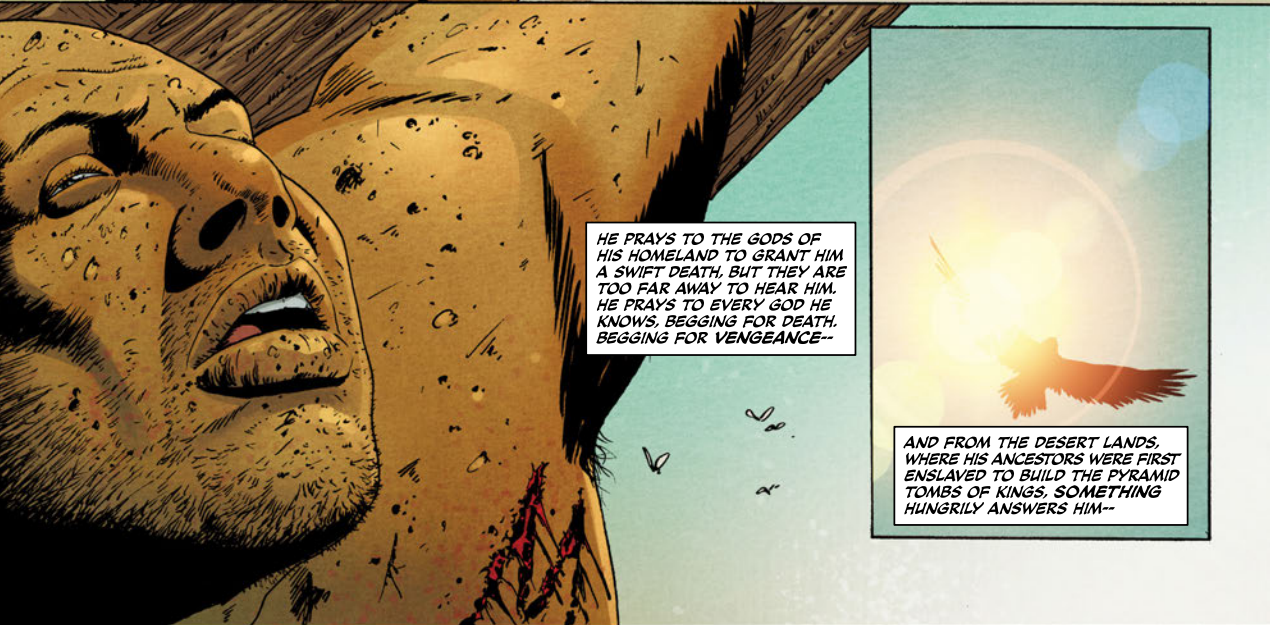
SIX THOUSAND OF THEM, ON A LENGTH OF ROAD ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-TWO MILES LONG.

ONE SCREAMING, TORTURED FIGURE, EVERY FORTY YARDS.



HIS NAME IS AQUILA. A GLADIATOR NAME, AND THE ONLY ONE HE HAS EVER KNOWN. BORN A SLAVE, AND TURNED INTO A KILLER IN THE GLADIATOR SCHOOLS OF CAMPANIA.

HE IS YOUNG AND STRONG, AND WILL BE DAYS YET IN THE DYING.



HE PRAYS TO THE GODS OF HIS HOMELAND TO GRANT HIM A SWIFT DEATH, BUT THEY ARE TOO FAR AWAY TO HEAR HIM. HE PRAYS TO EVERY GOD HE KNOWS, BEGGING FOR DEATH. BEGGING FOR VENGEANCE--



AND FROM THE DESERT LANDS, WHERE HIS ANCESTORS WERE FIRST ENSLAVED TO BUILD THE PYRAMID TOMBS OF KINGS, SOMETHING HUNGRILY ANSWERS HIM--



58AD. PORTUS DUBRIS, THE SOUTHERN COAST OF THE ISLE OF BRITANNIA:

DO YOU THINK YOU CAN FOOL ME? DO YOU THINK I DO NOT KNOW YOU ARE AWAKE?

I HAVE BEEN TOLD THE BURDEN OF SLEEP HAS BEEN REMOVED FROM YOU, JUST AS I HAVE HEARD THAT YOU CAN SURVIVE INJURIES THAT NO ORDINARY MAN CAN WITHSTAND.

GIFTS FROM YOUR MISTRESS? IN YOUR STAY HERE, I SHALL TEST BOTH THESE POSSIBLE TRUTHS TO THEIR FULLEST LIMIT.

YOU'RE SO SURE I AM THIS CREATURE YOU HAVE BEEN WAITING FOR?

WELL, LET US SEE, THEN...

THE MARK OF THE ROMAN EAGLE, CARVED INTO YOU BY THE MEN OF THE LEGIONS AS THEY NAILED YOU TO THE CROSS.

OH YES, SLAVE OF THE DEVOURER. I KNOW WHO YOU ARE.

BESIDES, WE'VE MET BEFORE. DON'T YOU REMEMBER?

NO, OF COURSE NOT. AFTER ALL, IT WAS SO VERY LONG AGO...





"YOU WERE THERE, HUNTER  
OF MEN. AND SO WAS I."



"WE WERE WAITING FOR  
THEM. WE LET THEM  
COME CLOSE TO THE  
SHORE. WE LET THEM  
COME WITHIN RANGE--"

"--AND THEN WE  
UNLEASHED OUR  
FURY UPON THEM."



"WE BOMBARDED THEM WITH  
THEIR OWN CATAPULT WEAPONS,  
SEIZED IN BATTLES AGAINST  
THE CAESAR IN HIS WARS IN  
GAUL. WE RAKED THEM WITH  
PITCH-COVERED FIRE ARROWS  
AND LEAD SLINGSHOT."



"I HAVE HEARD TELL OF SLINGERS OF THE BALEARIC  
ISLANDS, WHO SERVE IN THE LEGIONS, AND ARE FAMED  
FOR THEIR SKILL AT KILLING WITH A SINGLE SLINGSHOT."

**ONWARDS!**  
FOR THE GLORY  
OF THE SENATE,  
AND THE PEOPLE  
OF ROME--





55BC. JULIUS CAESAR'S  
FIRST EXPEDITION ACROSS  
THE GREAT OCEAN:



"WE SOWED THE SHALLOWS WITH SHARPENED  
STAKES AND IRON CALTROPS. BY THE DOZENS  
THEY FELL, DROWNING IN THEIR DOZENS  
ARMOUR, CRIPPLED AND TRAMPLED  
UNDERFOOT BY THEIR CHARGING COMRADES.

"AND STILL THEY CAME.



"I CONTENT THAT  
OUR SLINGERS, REARED  
AMONG THE FENS AND  
DOWNS OF THESE MIST-  
COVERED ISLANDS, ARE  
STILL SUPERIOR.



"WE KILLED THE MEN OF  
THE EAGLE STANDARD IN  
THEIR HUNDREDS, AND  
STILL THEY CAME.

"LIKE MY GRANDFATHER, I HAD THE GIFT OF *DREAM  
SIGHT*. THREE NIGHTS BEFORE THE ROMANS CAME,  
I SAW A WAVE OF STEEL RISING OUT OF THE SEA--





"I UNDERSTOOD  
THEN WHAT MY  
VISIONS HAD BEEN  
SHOWING ME."



"THERE WAS A POINT, THOUGH, AS  
THE WAVES FOAMED RED WITH BLOOD,  
WHEN WE FELT THE ROMANS' RESOLVE  
FALTER IN THE FACE OF OUR FURY,  
AND IT SEEMED AS IF THE CAESAR  
WOULD BE DENIED HIS CONQUEST--"



"THEN YOU APPEARED, TAKER  
OF MEN'S SOULS, AND THAT  
MOMENT WAS LOST TO US."





"YOU LED THE CHARGE ONTO OUR SHORES, AND THE OTHERS RALLIED IN YOUR WAKE AND FOLLOWED YOU, BUT IT WAS NOT FOR THE *GLORY OF ROME* THAT YOU FOUGHT--

"WHAT SPURRED YOU ON, MAN WITHOUT A SOUL?



"WHAT LED YOU ACROSS THE OCEAN TO THE SHORES OF THESE COLD ISLANDS TO CLAIM THE PRIZE YOU SOUGHT?

"DID YOU HEAR THE IMPATIENT GROWL OF YOUR MISTRESS, HUNGRY TO BE FED, GUIDING YOU TO THOSE WHOSE SOULS SHE MOST DESIRED?



"OR WAS IT *SOMETHING ELSE*, SOMETHING UNKNOWN TO THE DEVOURER?





"I SAW YOU, THEN.  
MY FIRST ROMAN. AND  
EVERYTHING THAT I HAD  
IMAGINED THEM TO BE--

"TERRIFYING.  
UNSTOPPABLE. THE  
WAY OF THINGS TO  
COME."

SIGNAL  
GENERAL  
CAESAR.

TELL HIM  
THE BEACH  
IS OURS.







THE *BOY*,  
THAT WAS  
YOU.

AND YOUR QUARRY,  
MY GRANDFATHER. HE WAS  
A GREAT MAN, BUT A *CRUEL*  
ONE. I LEARNED MUCH FROM  
HIM, AND KNEW THAT ONE DAY  
YOU WOULD COME FOR  
ME TOO.

THAT  
WAS OVER A  
*CENTURY*  
AGO.



THE  
THING YOU SERVE  
GRANTS YOU GIFTS  
TO PRESERVE YOU,  
AND THOSE I SERVE  
DO LIKEWISE.

THE FIRST:  
THAT AGE OR  
DISEASE WILL NOT  
TAKE YOU, UNTIL  
YOUR SERVICE  
IS OVER.

THE SECOND:  
THAT YOU CAN BEAR  
WOUNDS THAT NO  
MORTAL MAN CAN  
SURVIVE.

THE THIRD: THAT  
YOUR SOULLESS EYES  
WILL SEE THE EVIL IN  
OTHERS, SO THAT YOU  
MAY BETTER FIND  
FEASTS FOR YOUR  
MISTRESS'S TABLE.

I DO  
NOT THINK  
ABOUT IT.

PERHAPS,  
IN ANOTHER  
HUNDRED YEARS,  
SOME *OTHER* OLD  
FOOL WILL ASK THE  
SAME QUESTION, AND  
I'LL BE BETTER  
ABLE TO REPLY.

MY MISTRESS'S  
*FOURTH* GIFT: THAT  
NO BINDS OR FETTERS  
WILL EVER HOLD  
ME LONGER THAN  
I WISH.


I HAVE STUDIED  
THE LEGENDS OF YOU,  
TAKER OF SOULS. YOU  
HAVE BEEN GRANTED  
*THREE* BOONS BY THE  
DEVOURER UNTIL YOUR  
DEBT TO IT IS PAID.

TELL ME: HOW  
DOES IT FEEL TO  
BE THE UNDYING  
PLAYTHING OF  
A GOD?

IF SO, I WILL  
SEARCH HADES  
AND GIVE YOU  
MY ANSWER.








I BEGGED THE GODS OF MANY LANDS FOR MERCY WHEN THE ROMANS PUT ME ON THE CROSS. ONLY **AMMIT THE DEVOURER**, WHO WAITS IN THE AFTERLIFE TO EAT THE SOULS OF THE WICKED, HEARD ME AND CAME TO MY AID.


SHE TORE MY SOUL FROM MY BODY, AND MADE ME HER SLAVE. SHE WILL RETURN IT TO ME ONLY AFTER I HAVE REPAID MY DEBT TO HER.



MY MISTRESS IS HUNGRY, AND REQUIRES MUCH FEEDING. I FED HER THE SOUL OF YOUR GRANDFATHER, OLD MAN, AND NOW I HAVE COME BACK FOR YOURS.


THE VOICES IN THE EARTH TALK OF A MAN FROM A LAND FAR FROM THIS ONE. THEY SAY HE DIED UPON A ROMAN CROSS, WAS REBORN BY HIS GOD AND THAT HE WILL ONE DAY CHANGE THIS WORLD FOREVER.

I HAVE HEARD THESE STORIES TOO.



THEY SAY HE IS SUPPOSED TO BE A MAN OF **MERCY** AND **FORGIVENESS**. IF THAT IS TRUE, THEN I AM NOT HIM.

MAKE YOUR PEACE WITH YOUR GODS, OLD MAN. THE DEVOURER GROWS RESTLESS.







FROM OUT OF REBELLION, A REAPER WILL COME.  
DOWN FROM CRUEL CROSS, AN AVENGER DESCENDS.  
SERVANT OF A DEMON, SLAYER OF KINGS,  
HUNTER OF GODS AND MEN.  
THE WORLD WILL BE THIS GLADIATOR'S ARENA,  
AND HE SHALL KNOW NO REST,  
UNTIL HIS TASK IS DONE.

--LOST FRAGMENT OF THE *SIBYLLINE PROPHECIES*,  
COMPOSED CIRCA 400B.C.





GIAD:

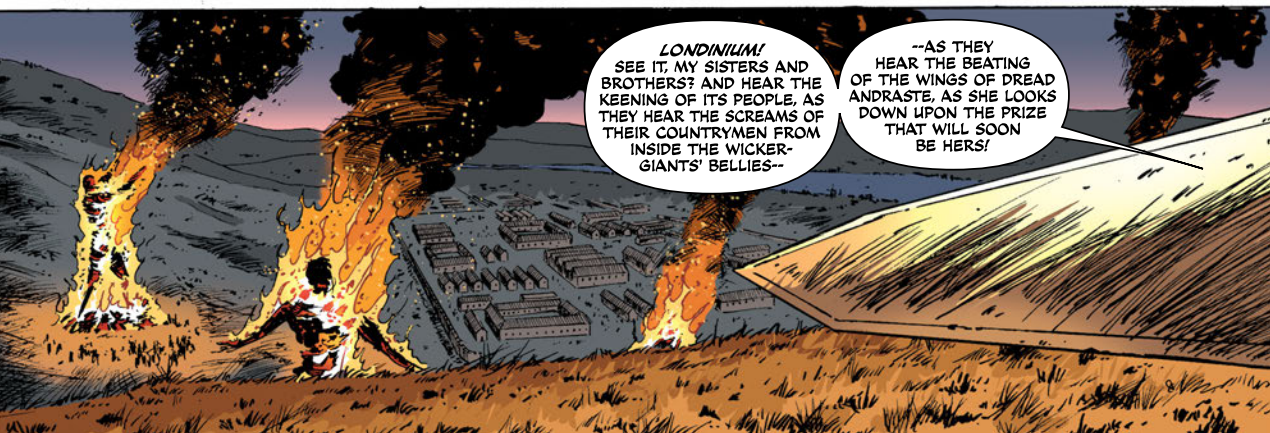
BRITANNIA BURNS. THE ICENI TRIBE LEADING AN OPEN REVOLT AGAINST ROMAN RULE. FIRST TO FALL IS CAMULODUNUM, OLDEST ROMAN TOWN IN THE PROVINCE.



THOUSANDS ARE PUT TO THE SWORD BY THE VENGEFUL BRITONS. THOUSANDS MORE--ROMAN CITIZENS AND SOLDIERS--ARE TAKEN ALIVE...



...TO BE BURNED ALIVE IN GIANT WICKER MAN EFFIGIES, AS A WARNING TO THE POPULATION OF THE REBELS' NEXT TARGET, AND AS A SACRIFICE TO ANDRASTE, THE ICENI'S BLOODY-HANDED GODDESS OF VICTORY.



LONDINILUM!  
SEE IT, MY SISTERS AND BROTHERS? AND HEAR THE KEENING OF ITS PEOPLE, AS THEY HEAR THE SCREAMS OF THEIR COUNTRYMEN FROM INSIDE THE WICKER-GIANTS' BELLIES--

--AS THEY HEAR THE BEATING OF THE WINGS OF DREAD ANDRASTE, AS SHE LOOKS DOWN UPON THE PRIZE THAT WILL SOON BE HERS!





DO YOU HEAR  
THE AIR HOLD ITS BREATH  
AT HER PASSING, MY SISTERS  
AND BROTHERS? DO YOU  
FEEL THE ROMANS QUELL  
UNDER HER MERCILESS  
GAZE?

SHE IS  
HERE AMONG US,  
BLOOD-SHARED OF  
THE ICENI! THIRSTING  
FOR VENGEANCE,  
HUNGERING FOR  
VICTORY--

ALL SHE  
REQUIRES IS A *SIGN*  
THAT HER CHILDREN  
ARE STRONG, AND  
READY TO DO HER  
BIDDING!





THE ROMANS  
TRIED TO KILL ME  
BY NAILING ME TO  
A CROSS!

YOU THINK A  
RABBLE OF CATTLE-  
BOTHERING SAVAGES  
CAN SUCCEED WHERE  
THE GREATEST POWER  
IN THIS WORLD HAS  
ALREADY FAILED?

YOU SQUAT IN  
YOUR WOODEN HUTS,  
BABBLING PRAYERS  
TO YOUR WOODLAND  
GODS. YOU PRAY FOR  
VENGEANCE.

I TELL YOU  
NOW, THOSE  
PRAYERS HAVE  
BEEN ANSWERED.



BRITONS,  
COME MEET THE  
VENGEANCE YOU  
HAVE BEEN ASKING  
FOR!







GUTLESS  
ISLAND APES!  
AFRAID TO FIGHT  
A MAN, EVEN ONE  
ALREADY HALF-  
COOKED?

WHERE ARE  
YOUR MIGHTY  
GODS NOW?

STILL WAITING  
FOR YOU TO BUILD  
ANOTHER MAGIC  
STONE CIRCLE TO  
THEIR HONOUR?

UHNN!

IN A FEW  
MOMENTS, THOSE  
TALONS WILL HAVE LAID  
BARE EVERYTHING  
BENEATH THE MEAT  
OF YOUR BACK.

TELL ME, MAN  
WITH NO SOUL--WILL  
YOU STILL SEEM QUITE  
SO FEARSOME WHEN  
YOU ARE ALSO MAN  
WITH NO SPINE?

ENOUGH, ERYRI.  
THE GODDESS  
AND I HAVE NEED  
OF THIS ONE.

SKREEE!





SERVANT OF  
THE DEVOURER, I  
AM **BOUDICCA** OF  
THE ICENI.

I PRAYED TO  
DARK-EYED ANDRASTE  
FOR A SIGN, AND NOW  
SHE HAS SENT ME  
YOU.



THE AUGURS  
ARE...**MIXED**,  
MY LORD-  
GOVERNOR.

THE **BARRIER**  
I HAVE ERECTED WILL  
HOLD. THE BRITONS  
CANNOT ENTER  
THE CITY.



BUT?

BUT THE  
OTHER AUSPICES  
ARE ALSO  
**CORRECT--**

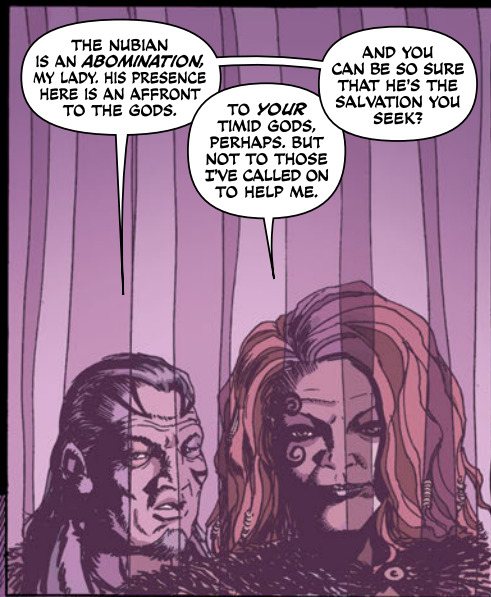
--THE BITCH-QUEEN  
OF THE BRITONS HAS  
FOUND HERSELF A NEW  
**CHAMPION**: THE ONE  
THAT BEARS THE  
EAGLE MARK.



I SEE...

JUST AS  
WELL, THEN, THAT WE  
ALREADY HAVE OUR  
OWN **SOULLESS** AND  
**UNKILLABLE FREAK**  
TO STOP HIM.





THE NUBIAN  
IS AN **ABOMINATION**,  
MY LADY. HIS PRESENCE  
HERE IS AN AFFRONT  
TO THE GODS.

TO **YOUR**  
TIMID GODS,  
PERHAPS. BUT  
NOT TO THOSE  
I'VE CALLED ON  
TO HELP ME.

AND YOU  
CAN BE SO SURE  
THAT HE'S THE  
SALVATION YOU  
SEEK?



DO YOU HAVE  
EYES IN YOUR HEAD? DID  
YOU SEE HIM BORN OUT OF  
THE FURNACE BELLY OF THE  
WICKER-GIANT? DID YOU SEE  
MY **ERYR** FLAY THE FLESH  
FROM HIS BACK AND LAY  
BARE HIS SPINE?

HOW  
LONG AGO WAS ALL  
THAT? JUST A FEW  
HOURS? AND **NOW**  
LOOK AT HIM...



SO, YES, BLATHMAC,  
UNLESS YOU KNOW ANY  
OF OUR WARRIORS WHO  
CAN GROW THEIR SKIN  
BACK OVERNIGHT, THEN  
I AM SURE HE'S THE  
ONE WE NEED.

LEAVE US.  
ALL OF YOU.





HE FEARS ME, THAT ONE.

HE IS A GOOD MAN, BUT I HAVE NO NEED OF THE COUNSELS OF GOOD MEN IN THE *BLOODY BUSINESS* TO COME.

I NEED ONLY THE THINGS THAT ARE *YOUR* STOCK IN TRADE, MAN WITH NO SOUL.

*YOUR LATIN.* YOU SPEAK IT WELL, FOR A BRITON. YOU KNOW ROMAN WAYS?



MY HUSBAND WAS ANOTHER GOOD MAN, WHO KNEW TO DEAL ONLY FAIRLY WITH OUR NEW MASTERS. WHEN HE DIED, HE WAS CAREFUL TO LEAVE HALF OUR ESTATES TO THEIR EMPEROR, AND THE OTHER HALF TO HIS DAUGHTERS AND I.

DESPITE THAT, THEY STILL TOOK *EVERYTHING*. WHEN I COMPLAINED TO THEIR GOVERNOR, HE HAD ME *FLOGGED*, AND MY DAUGHTERS *RAPED* IN FRONT OF ME.



COME. WALK WITH ME AMONG THE ICENI.

SO, YES, SERVANT OF THE DEVOURER, I AM QUITE FAMILIAR WITH THE ROMANS AND THEIR WAYS.





YOU THINK YOU CAN DEFY THE ROMAN TIDE? I ONCE FOLLOWED A MAN WHO THOUGHT THE SAME.

ARMED WITH LITTLE MORE THAN FOOLISHNESS AND BRAVERY, WE FOUGHT AND DEFEATED ONE LEGION AFTER ANOTHER. AND YET STILL OUR ONLY REWARD WAS THE ROMAN CROSS.

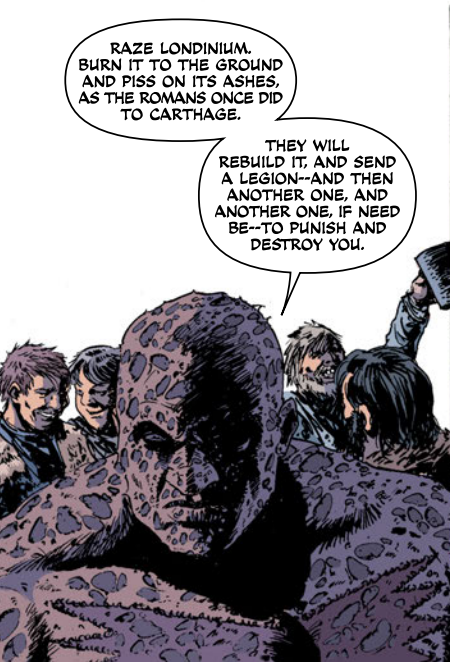


YOUR SLAVE-GENERAL SPARTACUS FOUGHT AND DIED FOR WHAT HE BELIEVED IN--  
*VENGEANCE AGAINST THE ROMANS*--

--AND LED ALL WHO FOLLOWED HIM TO *DISASTER* JUST AS YOU WILL TOO, QUEEN OF THE ICENI.

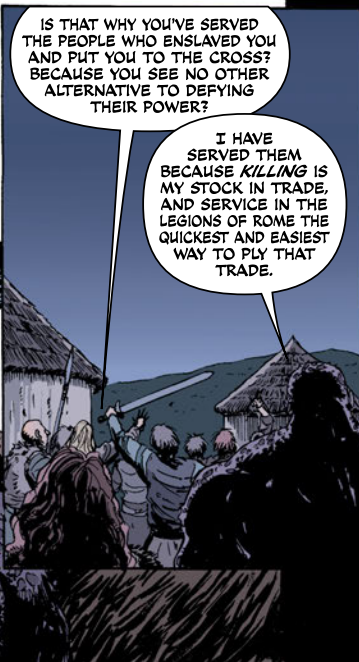


THE GODS WHO SWARM IN THE AIR ABOVE THE MARBLE TEMPLES AND GOLDEN PALACES OF THE SEVEN HILLS ARE GREATER THAN YOURS. THIS IS *THEIR* AGE, AND THEIR POWER CANNOT BE DEFIED.



RAZE LONDINIUM. BURN IT TO THE GROUND AND PISS ON ITS ASHES, AS THE ROMANS ONCE DID TO CARTHAGE.

THEY WILL REBUILD IT, AND SEND A LEGION--AND THEN ANOTHER ONE, AND ANOTHER ONE, IF NEED BE--TO PUNISH AND DESTROY YOU.



IS THAT WHY YOU'VE SERVED THE PEOPLE WHO ENSLAVED YOU AND PUT YOU TO THE CROSS? BECAUSE YOU SEE NO OTHER ALTERNATIVE TO DEFYING THEIR POWER?

I HAVE SERVED THEM BECAUSE *KILLING* IS MY STOCK IN TRADE, AND SERVICE IN THE LEGIONS OF ROME THE QUICKEST AND EASIEST WAY TO PLY THAT TRADE.



YOU HAVE WORK FOR ME. YOU WISH A MAN DEAD. THE GOVERNOR WHO SHAMED YOU?

HIM I WANT FOR MYSELF. BUT THERE IS ANOTHER WITH HIM--

A *SORCERER* IN HIS EMPLOY. *HIM*. I NEED DEAD.





HE HAS ERECTED A **MAGICAL BARRIER** AROUND THE CITY. AS LONG AS HE LIVES, THE BARRIER REMAINS, AND MY WARRIORS CANNOT ENTER THE CITY.

NONE BORN OF THESE ISLANDS CAN PASS THROUGH IT AND LIVE...

"THEIR SKIN BLACKENS AND ROTS. THEIR BLOOD THICKENS TO SLIME IN THEIR VEINS, AND SERPENTS HATCH OUT FROM INSIDE THEIR VERY BODIES.

"AS LONG AS THE BARRIER STANDS, LONDINIUM SURVIVES."



THERE ARE MANY EVIL MEN, WITH SOULS TO SEND TO THE DEVOURER. WHY SHOULD I CARE ABOUT ONE SORCERER?

BUT THEN I HAVE NOT TOLD YOU OF THE **BODYGUARD** HE HAS WITH HIM. THE ONE WHO IS JUST LIKE YOU.

THERE ARE NO OTHERS LIKE ME.

THEN THE SPIRITS WHO ALSO TOLD ME OF YOU MUST BE LYING, AND A CREATURE THAT CALLS ITSELF **THE DEVOURER** MUST ONLY TELL THE TRUTH TO THOSE IT MAKES ITS SLAVES.







THEY CALL HIM  
*THE SPARTAN*.  
OLDER EVEN THAN  
YOU, AND MORE  
EXPERIENCED...



"THE SPIRITS  
SAY HE IS--OR WAS--  
ANOTHER SLAVE OF  
THE DEVOURER..."



...EXCEPT  
HE FOUND A WAY  
TO *BREAK* THE  
CHAINS BINDING  
HIM TO YOUR  
MISTRESS.



HUH--?



CALL OFF YOUR  
HOUNDS, MISTRESS  
OF THE ICENI. THIS  
ONE, I NEED  
ALIVE.



I NEED TWO  
DAYS TO HEAL, AND HALF  
A DAY MORE TO PREPARE.  
THEN, WITH THIS ONE AS  
MY GUIDE, I WILL ENTER  
THE CITY AND KILL YOUR  
SORCERER.

AFTER THAT,  
LONDINIUM WILL  
BE YOURS...



BEYOND THE WALLS OF LONDINIUM:

SO WHAT  
ARE YOU, ANYWAY?  
MAURETANIAN?

NO?  
NUMIDIAN,  
THEN?

GOOD BLOKES, THE  
NUMIDIANS. SERVED WITH  
SOME OF THEIR CAVALRY  
AUXILIARIES. BLOODY MAD  
GAMBLERS, TOO, WHICH IS  
ALWAYS A PLUS POINT  
IN MY BOOK.

CYRENAICAN,  
MAYBE? NOT SUCH BAD  
TYPES, YOUR CYRENAICANS,  
LONG AS YOU REMEMBER  
TO KEEP YOUR BACK TO  
THE WALL WHEN YOU'RE  
AROUND THEM DOWN  
THE BATH-HOUSE.

MITHRAS'S  
ARSE, BUT THIS  
THING'S BLOODY  
ITCHY...

YOU KNOW  
THE SUBURA? JUST NORTH  
OF THE FORUM. BETWEEN THE  
VIMINAL AND ESQUELINE. SO  
ALL THE PISS AND CRAP FROM  
OUR SOCIAL BETTERS RUNS  
DOWNHILL ON TO US.

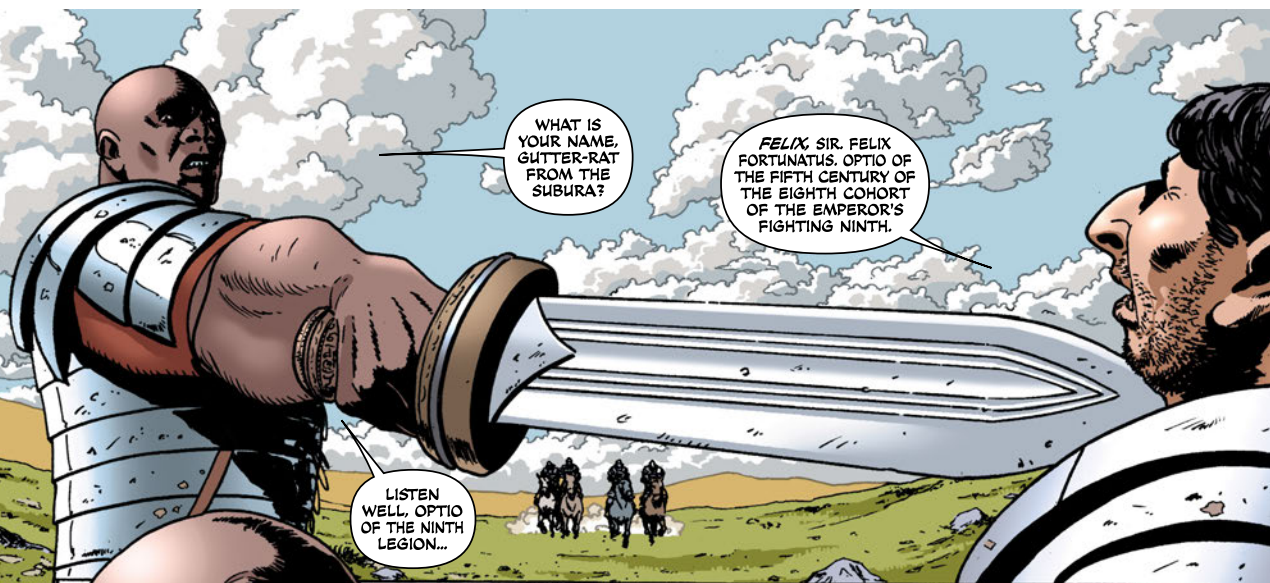
WE GET ALL  
TYPES THERE, ALL  
YOUR FOREIGNERS  
AND PROVINCIALS.  
SO--

WHAT IS IT,  
ANYWAY? SOME  
KIND OF LOCAL  
SPEAR-CHUCKER  
MUMBO-JUMBO,  
I BET.

NOT THAT I'M  
JUDGEMENTAL,  
MIND. SEE, I'M  
FROM THE  
SUBURA.







WHAT IS YOUR NAME, GUTTER-RAT FROM THE SUBURA?

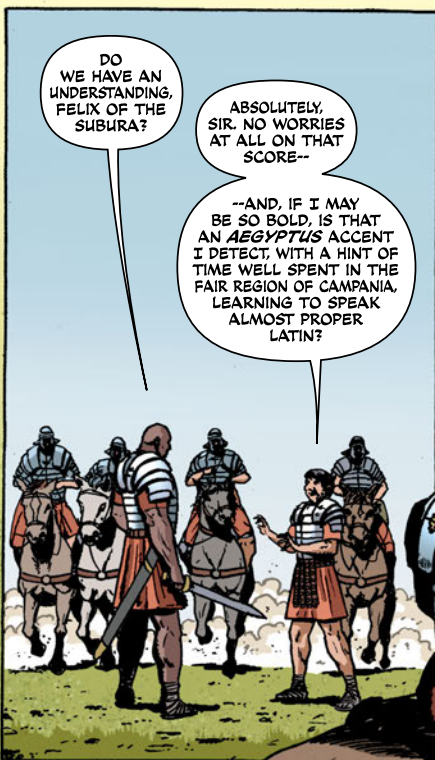
FELIX, SIR. FELIX FORTUNATUS. OPTIO OF THE FIFTH CENTURY OF THE EIGHTH COHORT OF THE EMPEROR'S FIGHTING NINTH.

LISTEN WELL, OPTIO OF THE NINTH LEGION...



THE TATTOO THEY HAVE GIVEN YOU IS A *SNAKE TORC*, MAGICALLY BINDING YOU TO ME. DISOBEY ME, BETRAY ME OR TRY TO FLEE ME, AND THE SERPENT WILL *TIGHTEN* ITS COILS, CHOKING THE LIFE FROM YOUR BODY.

WE ARE SURVIVORS FROM THE MASSACRE AT CAMULODUNUM, FLEEING THE WRATH OF THE BRITISH. ONCE WE ARE INSIDE THE CITY WALLS, YOU WILL DO AS I COMMAND.



DO WE HAVE AN UNDERSTANDING, FELIX OF THE SUBURA?

ABSOLUTELY, SIR. NO WORRIES AT ALL ON THAT SCORE--

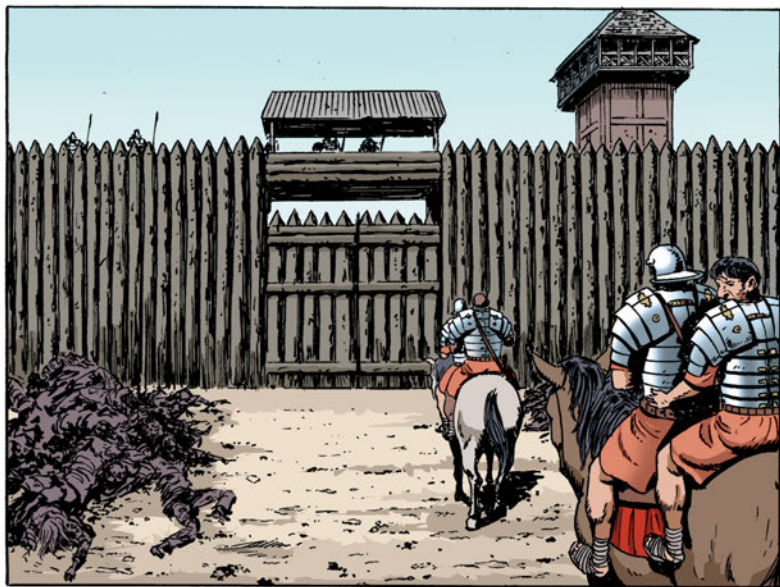
--AND, IF I MAY BE SO BOLD, IS THAT AN *AEGYPTUS* ACCENT I DETECT, WITH A HINT OF TIME WELL SPENT IN THE FAIR REGION OF CAMPANIA, LEARNING TO SPEAK ALMOST PROPER LATIN?



ALL RIGHT, LADS? TWO HEROES OF THE FIGHTING NINTH, REPORTING FOR DUTY. AND, BLOODY HADES, BUT DO WE HAVE A TALE OR TWO TO TELL...















I LEAVE  
YOU USE OF YOUR  
SWORD ARMS. YOU  
WILL HAVE NEED OF  
THEM. WHEN THE  
ICENI COME.



WE HAVE AN  
UNDERSTANDING?

"DISOBEY  
ME, BETRAY ME OR  
TRY TO FLEE ME,  
AND THE SERPENT  
WILL TIGHTEN ITS  
COILS."

NO WORRIES,  
CHIEF. I GOT  
THE MESSAGE.





The GRIEVOUS JOURNEY of *Q*  
**ICHABOD  
AZRAEL**  
(and the DEAD LEFT in His WAKE) *Q*



A STUNNING SUPERNATURAL WESTERN

from **ROB WILLIAMS** (*The Royals*) & **DOM REARDON** (*Caballistics, Inc*)

ISSUE TWO OF SIX ON SALE NOW

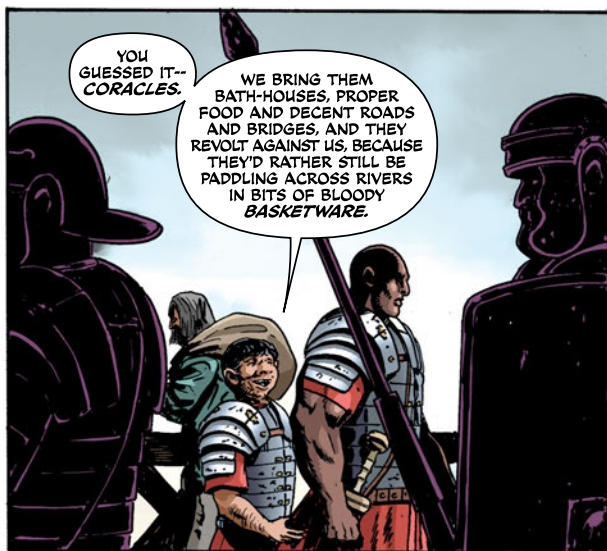






THIS IS  
THE *RIVER  
TAMESIS*?

THAT IT IS, AND  
KNOW HOW THE LOCALS  
USED TO CROSS IT BEFORE  
OLD EMPEROR CLAUDIUS  
DID THEM THE FAVOUR OF  
INVADING THEIR POXY ISLAND  
AND BUILDING THEM THIS  
FINE BRIDGE?



YOU  
GUESSED IT--  
*CORACLES*.

WE BRING THEM  
BATH-HOUSES, PROPER  
FOOD AND DECENT ROADS  
AND BRIDGES, AND THEY  
REVOLT AGAINST US, BECAUSE  
THEY'D RATHER STILL BE  
PADDLING ACROSS RIVERS  
IN BITS OF BLOODY  
*BASKETWARE*.



BUT THAT'S YOUR  
BARBARIANS FOR YOU.  
NO APPRECIATION FOR  
EVERYTHING WE'VE  
DONE FOR 'EM. NO  
OFFENCE, MIND...

"THE RIVER  
TAMESIS. I SEE IT  
IN MY DREAMS."



ANDRASTE HERSELF  
HAS SHOWN ME IN THE VISIONS  
SHE SENDS ME. I SEE A *GREAT  
PALACE* STANDING ON THE RIVER  
BANKS. FROM THIS PALACE, THE  
PEOPLE OF THIS ISLAND WILL ONE  
DAY RULE OVER AN EMPIRE FAR  
GREATER THAN THAT OF  
THE ROME.

I SEE  
*MYSELF*  
THERE  
TOO...





IS THAT HOW PEOPLE OF THIS FUTURE LAND WILL KNOW ME? A **WARRIOR GODDESS**, VENGEFUL AND VICTORIOUS, REMEMBERED FOREVER AS THE ONE WHO DROVE THE ROMANS FROM THESE ISLANDS?

I BELIEVE SO, MAN WITH NO SOUL. WE WILL TAKE LONDINIUM, RAZE IT TO THE GROUND, AND ON ITS ASHES BUILD THE CAPITAL OF THIS EMPIRE THAT WILL ONE DAY ECLIPSE THAT OF THE HEIRS OF AUGUSTUS.



YOU DO NOT BELIEVE ME? BUT *YOU* ARE THERE ALSO, IN THE VISIONS THE GODDESS SENDS--

LONDINIUM DIES, BY YOUR HAND. YOU WILL SUCCEED IN THE TASK I GIVE YOU, AND, IN A RIVER OF BLOOD AND FIRE, YOU WILL FIND THE ANSWERS YOU SEEK.



**AAHH!**

CERES'S WITHERED TEATS! GET THESE BLOODY BARBARIANS AWAY FROM ME!



WHAT ARE THEY DOING TO HIM?

THE ONE YOU CHOSE TO HELP YOU?



"JUST A LITTLE **ENSLAVEMENT MAGIC**, TO PROPERLY BIND HIM TO YOUR SERVICE."



...ANYWAY, SO I ASKED AROUND A BIT, AND EVERYONE RECKONS THE **TEMPLE OF SATURN** IS YOUR BEST BET.

WHAT YOU LOOKING TO FIND THERE, ANYWAY?







ANSWERS.  
BOUGHT WITH A  
MAN'S DEATH.

AND HERE HE  
IS. THE WHORE-QUEEN'S  
ASSASSIN. HIS ARRIVAL  
FORESEEN BY THE VERY  
MAN HE WAS SENT  
TO KILL.

IN THE DUST OF  
WHAT MISERABLE LAND  
DID YOUR MOTHER SQUAT  
DOWN AND PUSH YOU OUT,  
SAVAGE? WOULD THEY  
EVEN KNOW THE TERM  
/RONY/ THERE?



LORD-GOVERNOR  
SEUTONIUS...

REMOVE  
ALL FEAR.  
MAGUS.

HAVEN'T YOUR OWN  
SIGN-DELVINGS AMONG  
THE GUTS OF BIRDS AND  
BRITON CHILDREN ALREADY  
FORETOLD ALL THIS?



"NO, THE SAVAGE  
KNOWS HE IS BEATEN."



EASY  
THERE,  
LADS.

HE BLOODY  
MADE ME,  
DIDN'T HE?

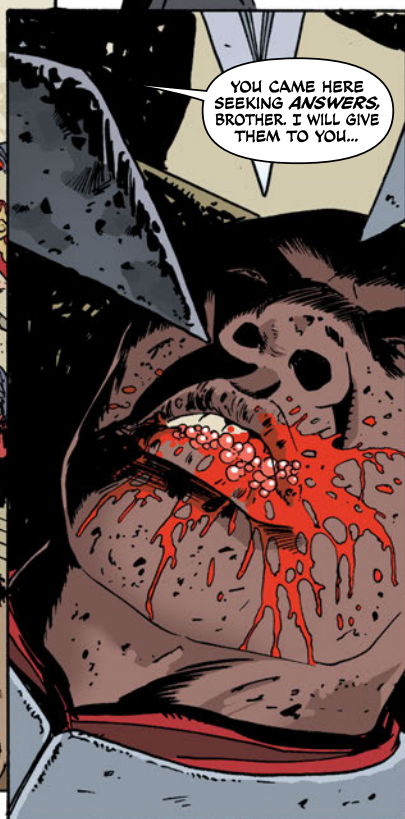
GOT HIS  
BRITISH MATES  
TO PUT SOME  
KIND OF HEX  
ON--











NEXT  
ISSUE **A HISTORY OF VIOLENCE!**



# AQUILA



ISSUE II OF V ON SALE 29 APR 2015



THE GALAXY'S GREATEST COMIC  
JUDGE IT FOR YOURSELF!



2000

AVAILABLE IN SHOPS AND ONLINE EVERY WEDNESDAY

W W W . 2 0 0 0 A D O N L I N E . C O M

Aquila #1  
\$3.99

