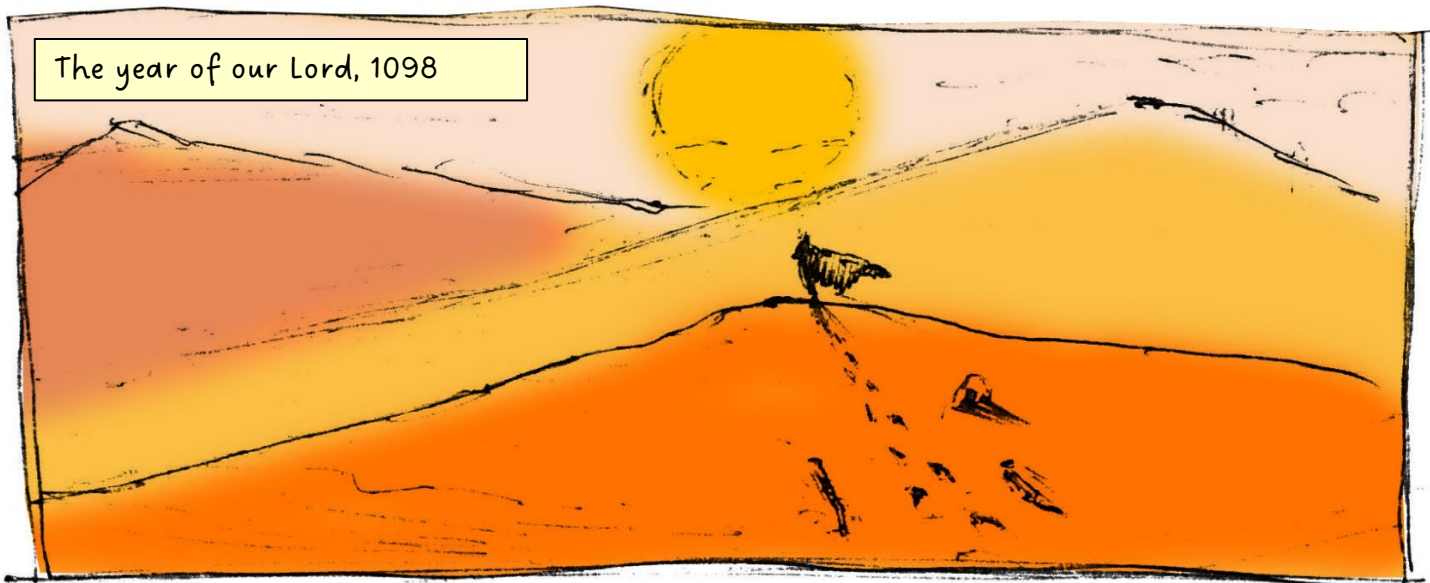


Dream  
COMICS



haqiqat

The year of our Lord, 1098



Beneath the eighth waning moon, the Syrian sands did whisper.



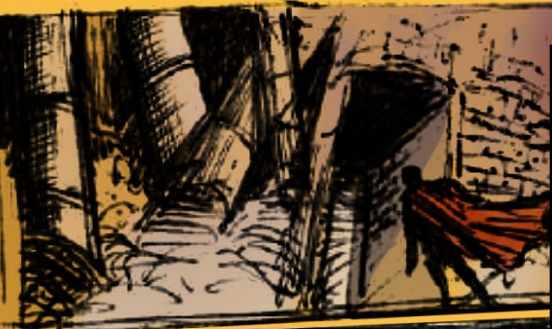
Sir Godric of Évreux, knight of the Cross, was sunder'd from his host amidst the burning waves near the forsaken stones of Palmyra.



His banner—broken.  
His blade—burden'd with  
the weight of penance.

The heat—  
Nay, not of this  
earth alone.  
It came as breath  
of wrathful god,  
Scorching flesh,  
Scorching faith,  
Scorching soul.

Each step he took did sink not only  
in sand, but in sin.



Three days with neither  
shade nor succor.  
at eventide—he beheld  
them:  
Columns black,  
stretch'd like cursed  
fingers toward the  
heavens.



"How many innocents fell 'neath my  
banner?" quoth he.  
Though the desert answer'd not.

Ruins of a temple, Older than writ,  
Colder than the grave of memory.



Godric crossed the threshold.  
The air grew still, thick with  
incense and ash.

Before him—stone steps,  
descending deep into  
the earth like the throat  
of some buried beast.

He descended.  
Each step echo'd with judgment.  
Torches wept green flame.

The stair gave way to  
a great hall—  
Wider than  
cathedrals, roof lost  
in blackness.



And there, on  
either side, stood  
the watchers:



Ancient kings with  
broken crowns, gods  
whose names hath  
been forbidden, and  
angels whose wings  
were not feather,  
but iron and bone.

They spake not aloud,  
yet spake still—  
A thousand whispers in  
a tongue before Babel.  
Each voice a challenge.



He who swingeth steel for Heaven oft  
finds Hell clingin' to its edge.

Each step Godric of Évreux taketh is laden with judgment, remorse, and woe.  
Godric contendeth not with the temple alone—but with the ruin that is himself.



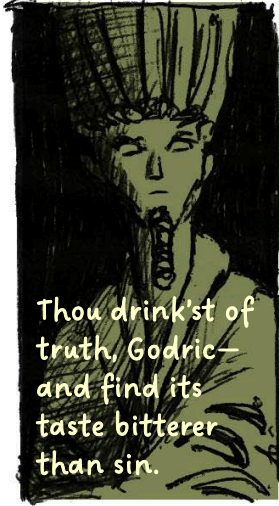
Thy prayers  
were not lost  
Godric—they  
were refused.

The stars heard  
thee, and  
turned their  
gaze away

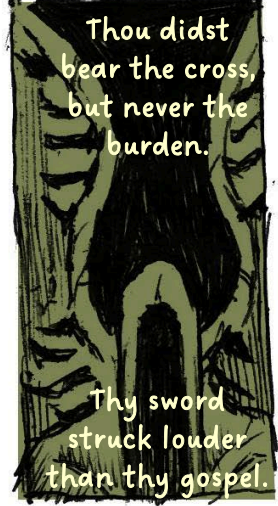


Thy crown was  
conquest, yet thy  
throne was shame.

Godric, who  
ruled with  
blood must  
bathe in it.



Thou drink'st of  
truth, Godric—  
and find its  
taste bitterer  
than sin.



Thou didst  
bear the cross,  
but never the  
burden.

Thy sword  
struck louder  
than thy gospel.



We merely gave  
thee what thou  
already craved.

Sin needs no  
horns—only a  
righteous mask

Then, in a shadowed  
corner where light  
dare not kneel, Godric  
hideth his face.



Oh Lord... if Thou  
still dwell above—  
turn not Thy gaze  
upon me.

Hope yet clingeth to  
thee, pilgrim of ash—  
though she be tatter'd  
and blind.



??

The Divine hath  
not fled thee...  
Thou fled Thyself.



Step forth from  
shadow, wraith—show  
thyself! Though my blade  
be unbles'd, 'tis yet keen  
enough to cleave thee!



Sheathe  
thy steel, brave  
Crusader, for no  
harm dwelleth  
in mine  
intent.

Though I  
dwell 'mongst  
shades and  
phantoms, they  
be flesh and  
bone—as art  
thou.



Walk with me,  
and we shall unearth  
the faith thou hast  
buried.

# ḥaḳīqa

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