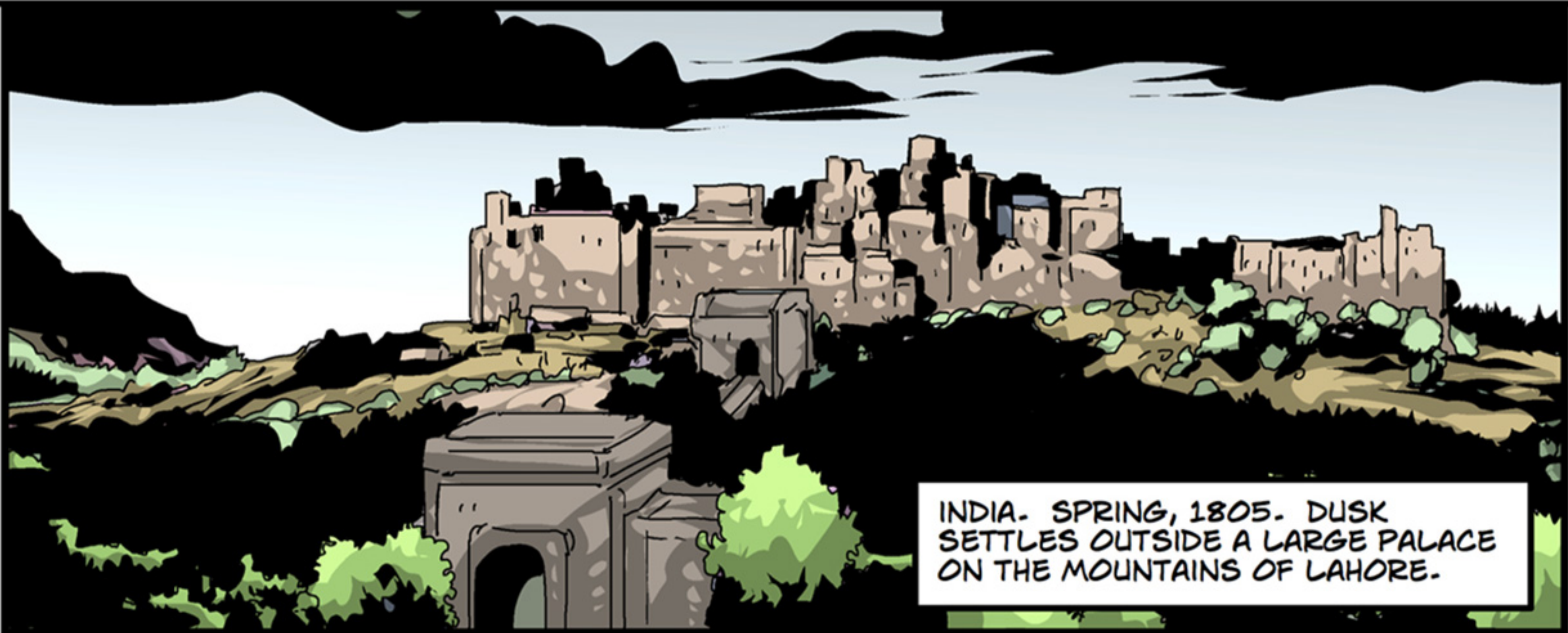


THE MAKO COLLECTION presents

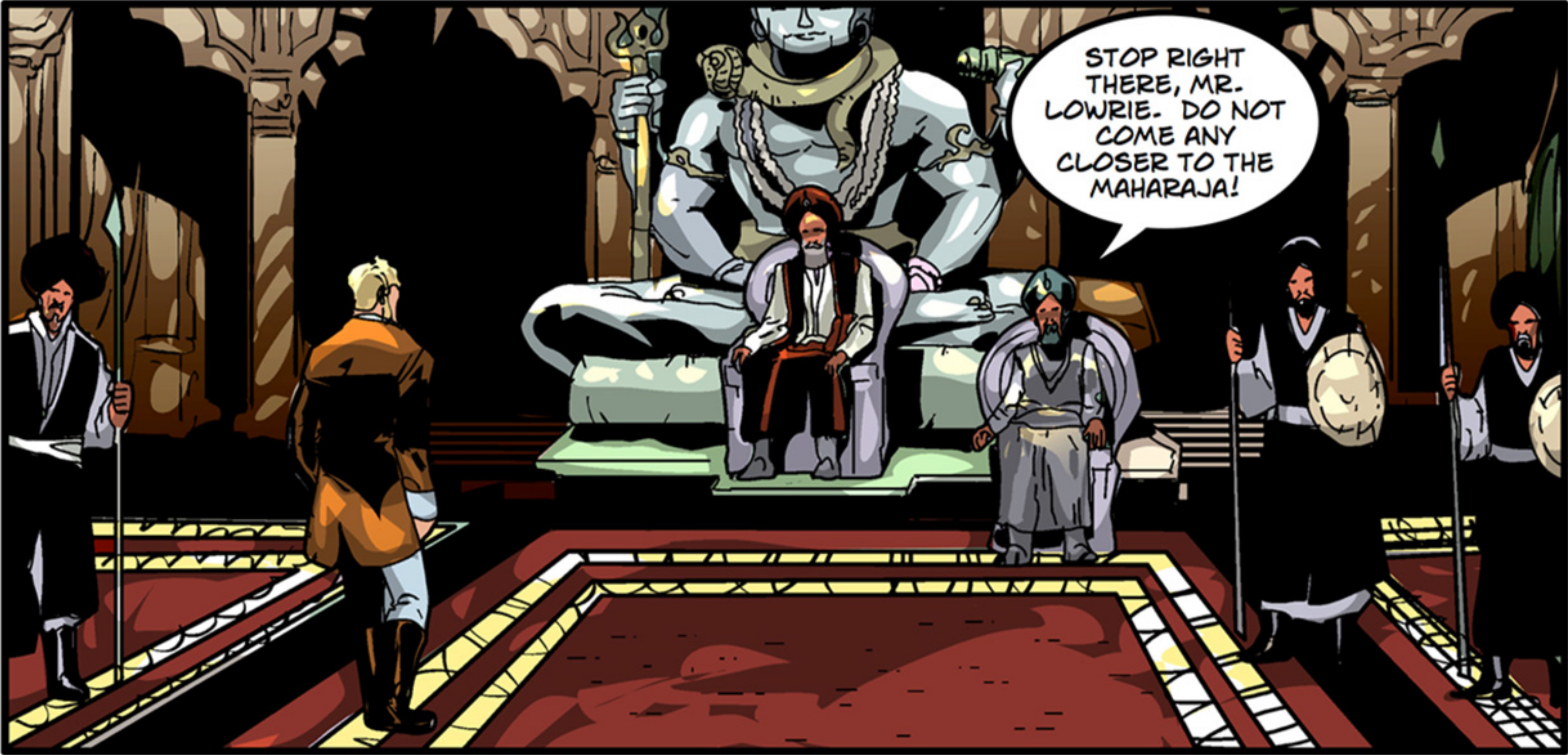
# “The Five Thieves”

story by  
**MAKO**

pencil and inking by  
**J.C. GRANDE**



INDIA. SPRING, 1805. DUSK SETTLES OUTSIDE A LARGE PALACE ON THE MOUNTAINS OF LAHORE.



STOP RIGHT THERE, MR. LOWRIE. DO NOT COME ANY CLOSER TO THE MAHARAJA!



YOUR HIGHNESS. ON BEHALF OF GOVERNOR-GENERAL RICHARD WELLESLEY, AND THE BRITISH EAST INDIA COMPANY, I HAVE COME SEEKING SOLIDARITY BETWEEN OUR PEOPLE.



A SIGN OF DESPERATION? ESPECIALLY WHEN YOUR GENERAL IS AT ODDS WITH HIS MOTHER COUNTRY?

THOSE ARE MATTERS THAT SHOULD NOT CONCERN YOU.

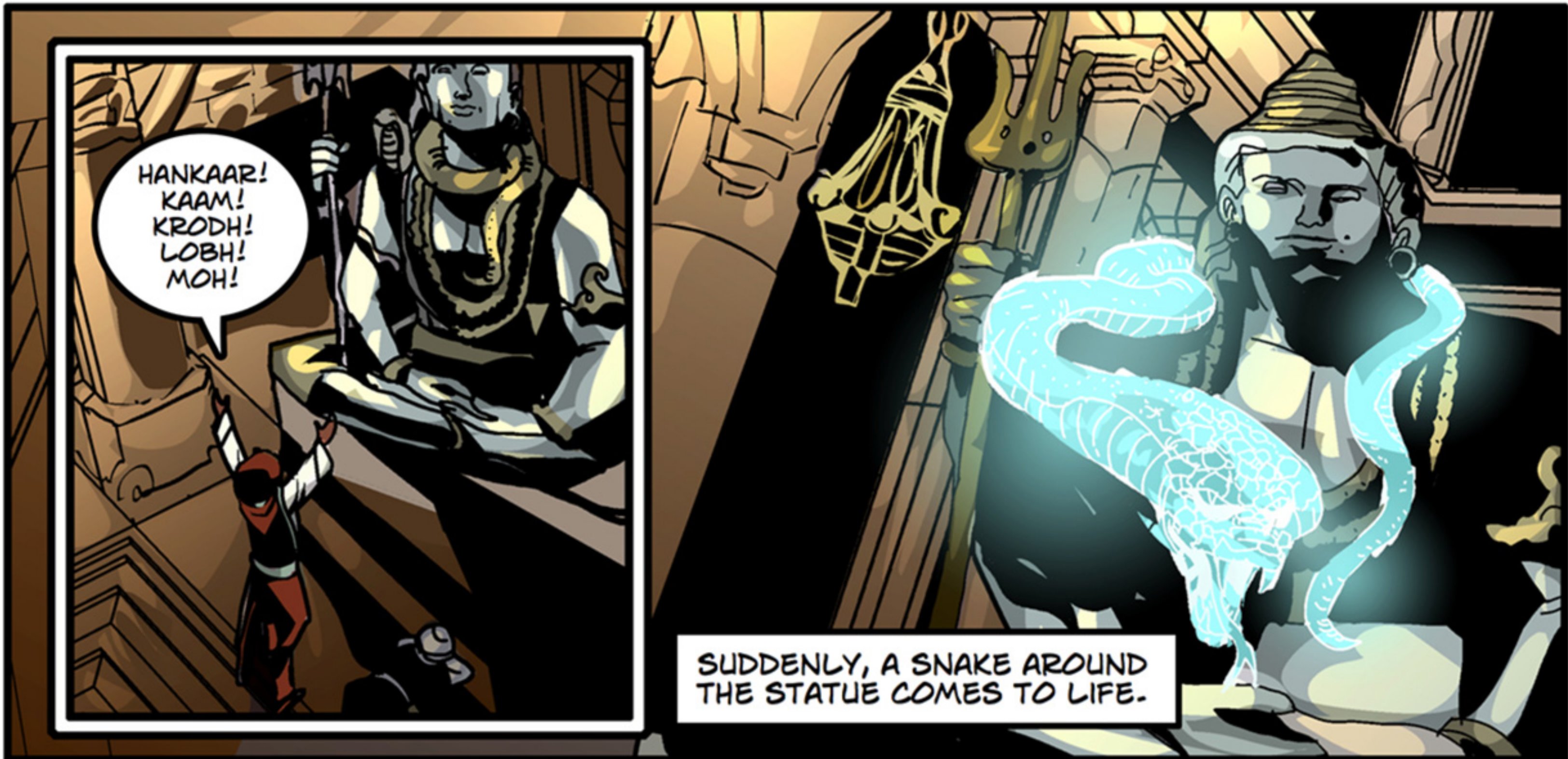


DO NOT INSULT ME, MR. LOWRIE! THE PUNJABI ARE NOT THE SHEEP YOU ARE USED TO HERDING! GUARDS!!

BY THE NAME OF KING GEORGE THE THIRD... I DEMAND TO BE SET FREE!

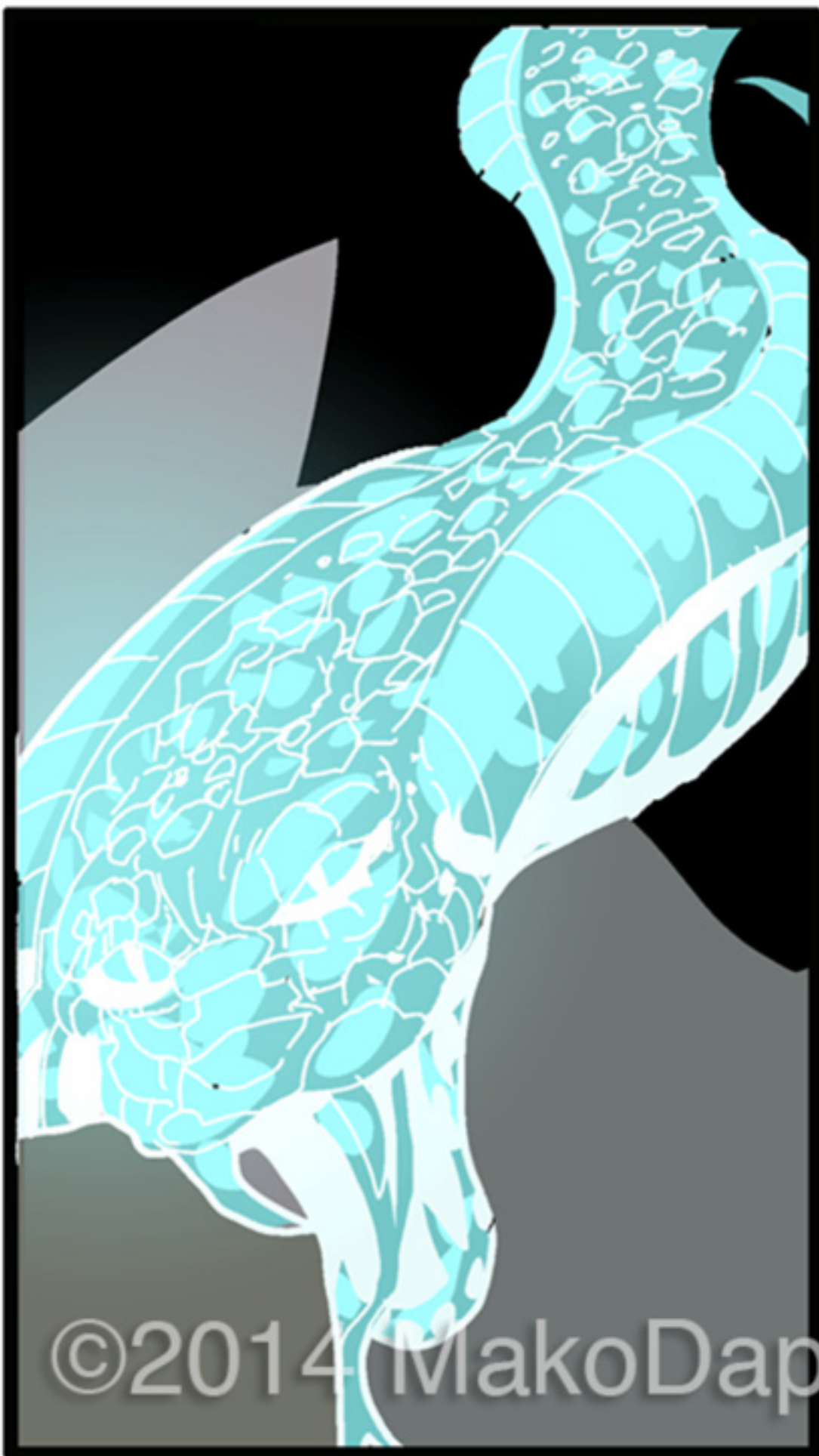


YOUR DESTINY RESTS NOT WITH A KING. BUT A GOD. SHIVA WILL DETERMINE YOUR FATE. SHIVA WILL DETERMINE WHICH OF THE FIVE THIEVES YOU ARE. AND YOU WILL BECOME A BELIEVER!



HANKAAR!  
KAAM!  
KRODH!  
LOBH!  
MOH!

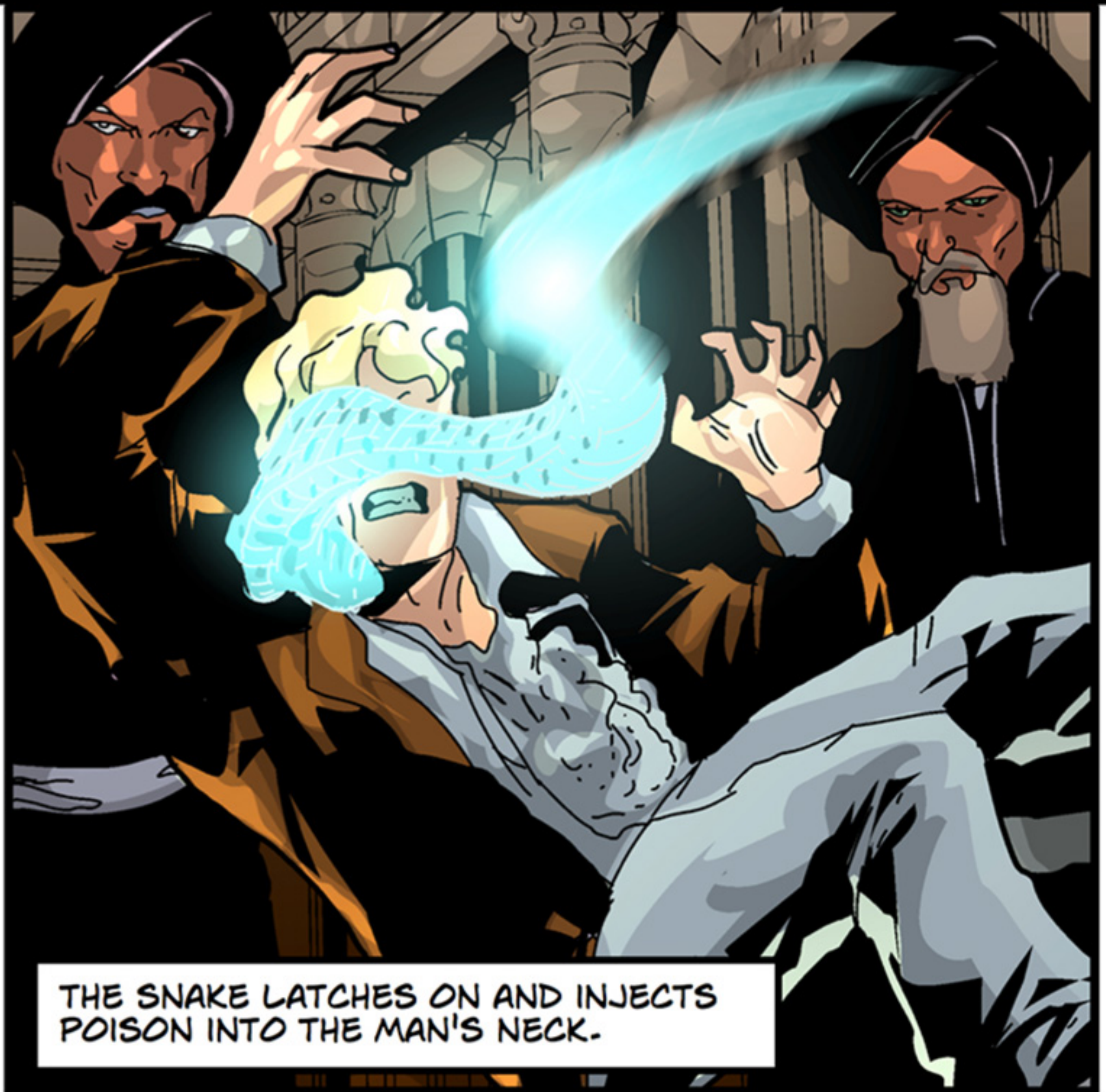
SUDDENLY, A SNAKE AROUND THE STATUE COMES TO LIFE.



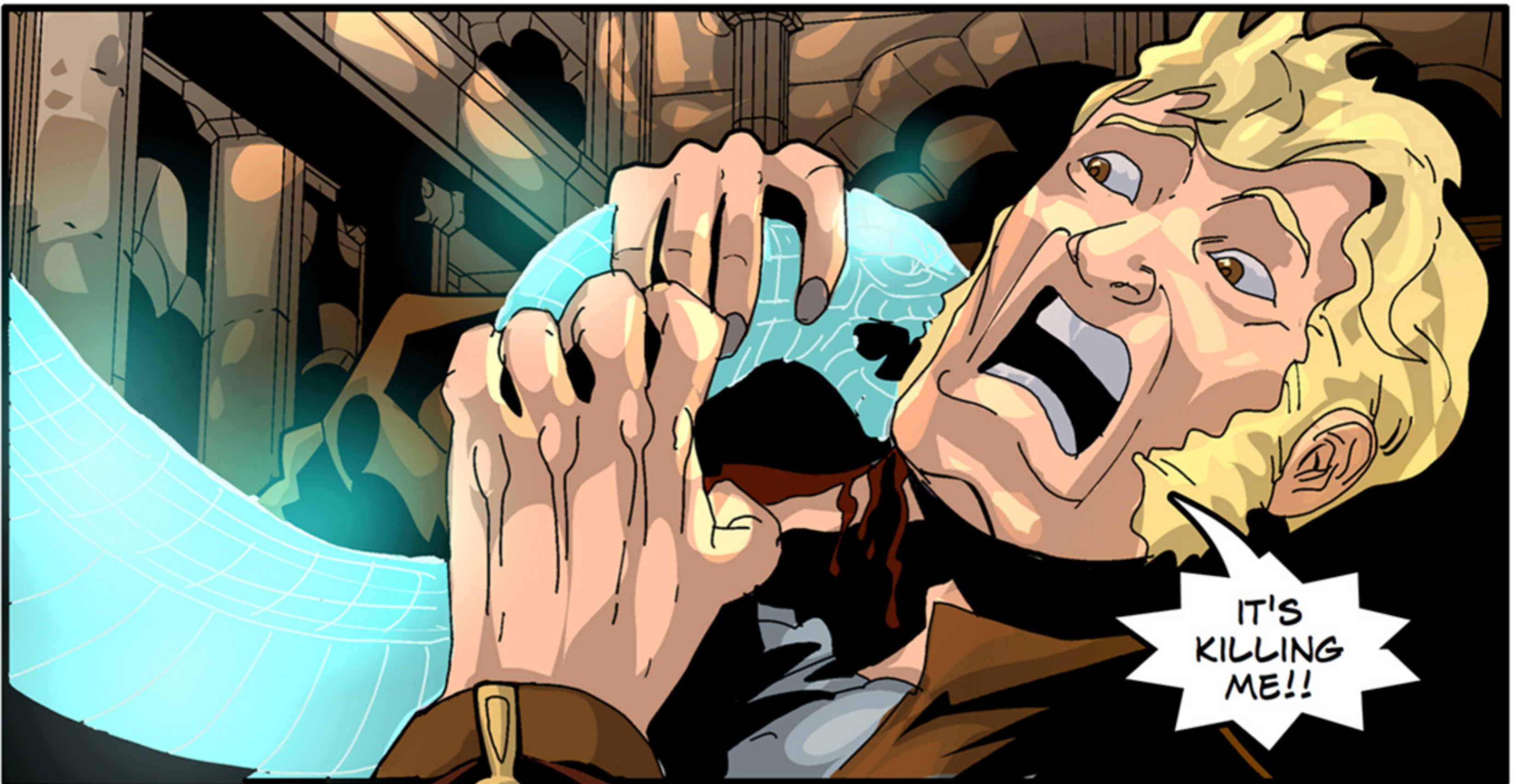
WHAT FORM OF WITCHCRAFT IS THIS?! GET IT AWAY!!



AHHHH!!!



THE SNAKE LATCHES ON AND INJECTS POISON INTO THE MAN'S NECK.



IT'S KILLING ME!!



AND YOU WILL BE RE-BORN, MR. LOWRIE. YOU WILL BECOME A CHILD OF SHIVA!



THE SNAKE FINISHES AND LEAVES IT'S VICTIM.



NO! WHAT IS HAPPENING TO ME?



HOW CAN THIS BE? HOW CAN YOU TURN A MAN INTO A WOMAN?

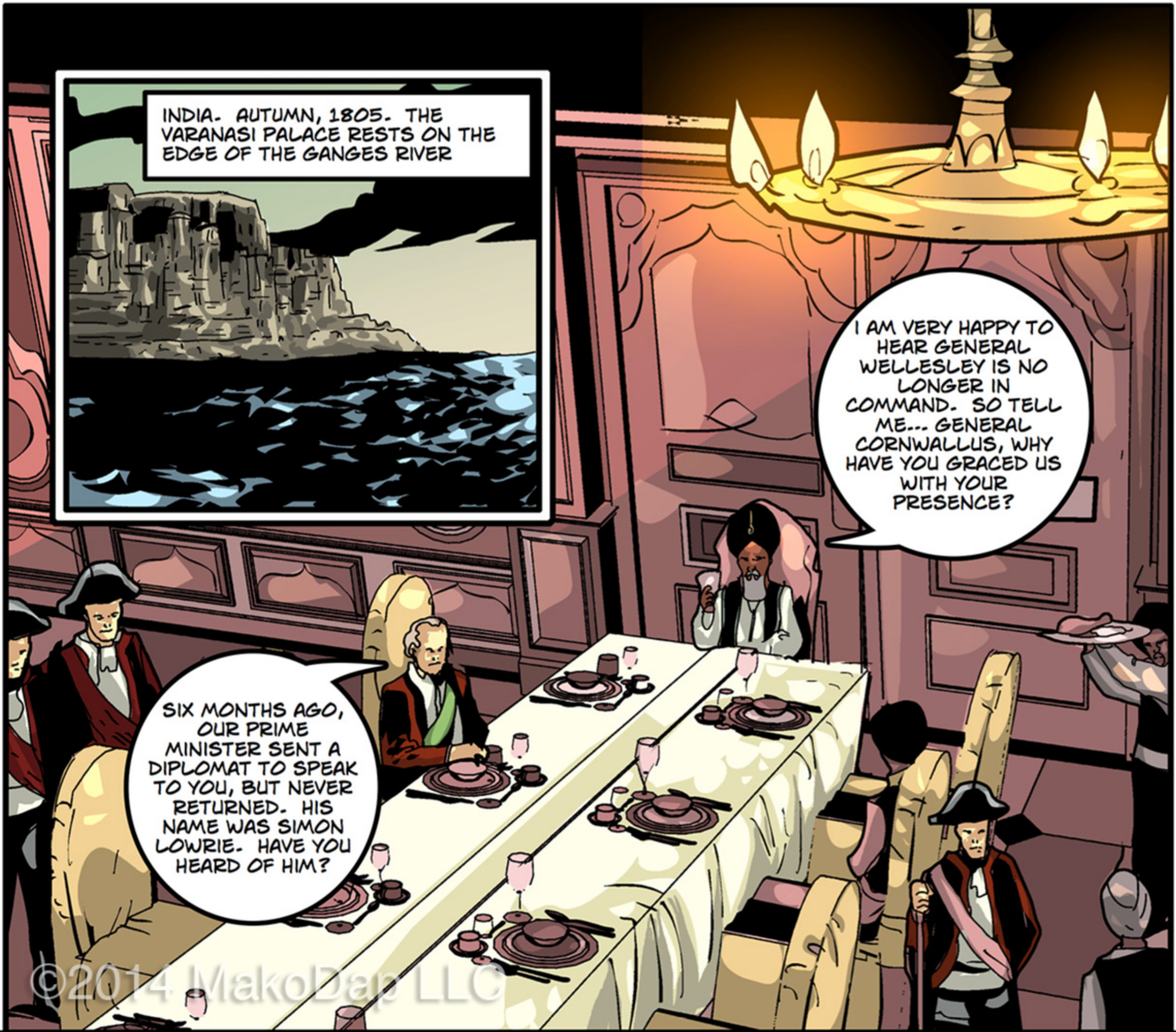


THIS IS THE WORK OF SHIVA. SHIVA CHOSE KAAM FOR YOU. LUST. YOU HAVE BECOME THE EMBODIMENT OF YOUR VERY NATURE. YOUR LUST FOR POWER. YOUR LUST FOR WOMEN.

I WOULD RATHER DIE THAN BE A PUNJABI WOMAN!!



GUARDS TAKE HER TO MY CHAMBERS! YOU WILL COME TO UNDERSTAND YOUR NEW ROLE AND PLACE AMONGST US, MORAN!!



INDIA. AUTUMN, 1805. THE VARANASI PALACE RESTS ON THE EDGE OF THE GANGES RIVER

I AM VERY HAPPY TO HEAR GENERAL WELLESLEY IS NO LONGER IN COMMAND. SO TELL ME... GENERAL CORNWALLIS, WHY HAVE YOU GRACED US WITH YOUR PRESENCE?

SIX MONTHS AGO, OUR PRIME MINISTER SENT A DIPLOMAT TO SPEAK TO YOU, BUT NEVER RETURNED. HIS NAME WAS SIMON LOWRIE. HAVE YOU HEARD OF HIM?



CAN'T SAY THAT I HAVE. MORAN, WOULD YOU PLEASE COME DANCE FOR US!!

BEAUTIFUL CREATURE. SHE QUITE LIKES YOU, GENERAL.



SHE IS VERY PRETTY, BUT I SHOULDN'T MIX BUSINESS WITH PLEASURE...



MORAN IS HERE TO SERVE YOU, MY LORD. HER BODY IS YOURS TONIGHT.



MORAN WISHES TO MAKE LOVE TO HANDSOME ENGLISH MAN.

WELL, I GUESS I COULD USE A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP.



YOU MAKE MORAN FEEL SO MUCH LIKE A WOMAN... SHE LOVES THIS FEELING.

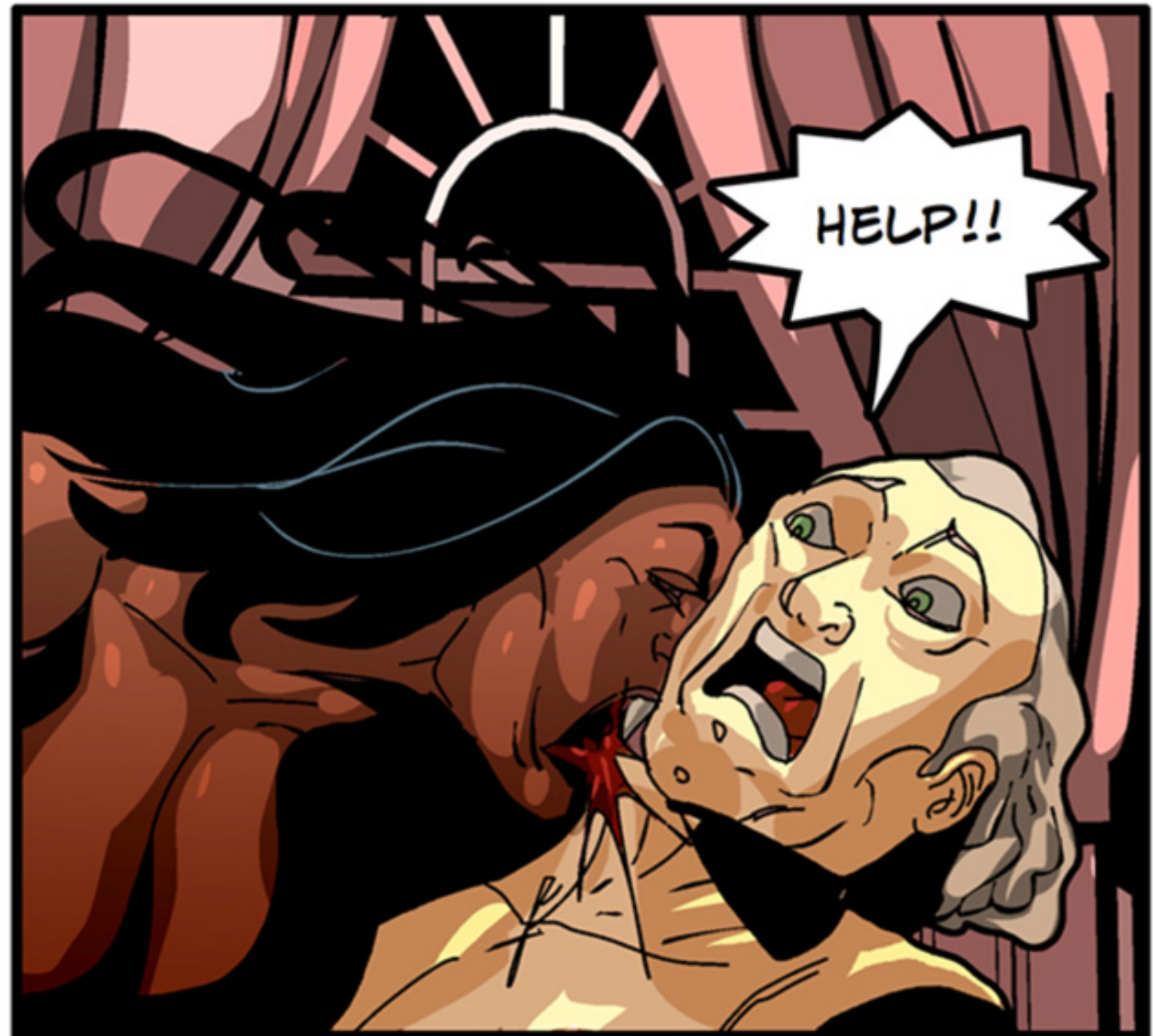
LATER THAT EVENING...



YES! TOUCHING MORAN FEELS SO GOOD...



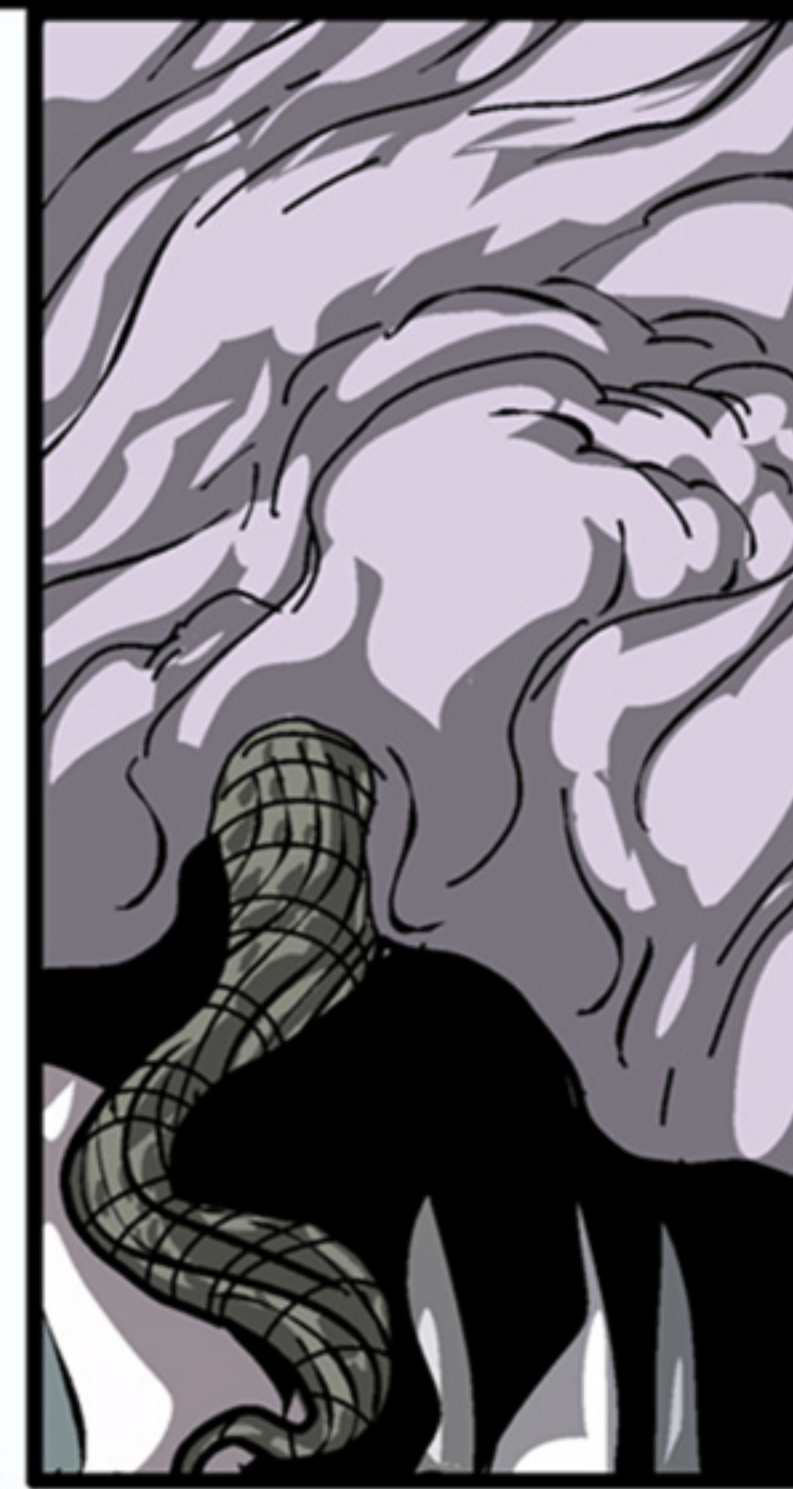
BUTSS NOWSSS MORANSS MUSST KILLSSS!!!!



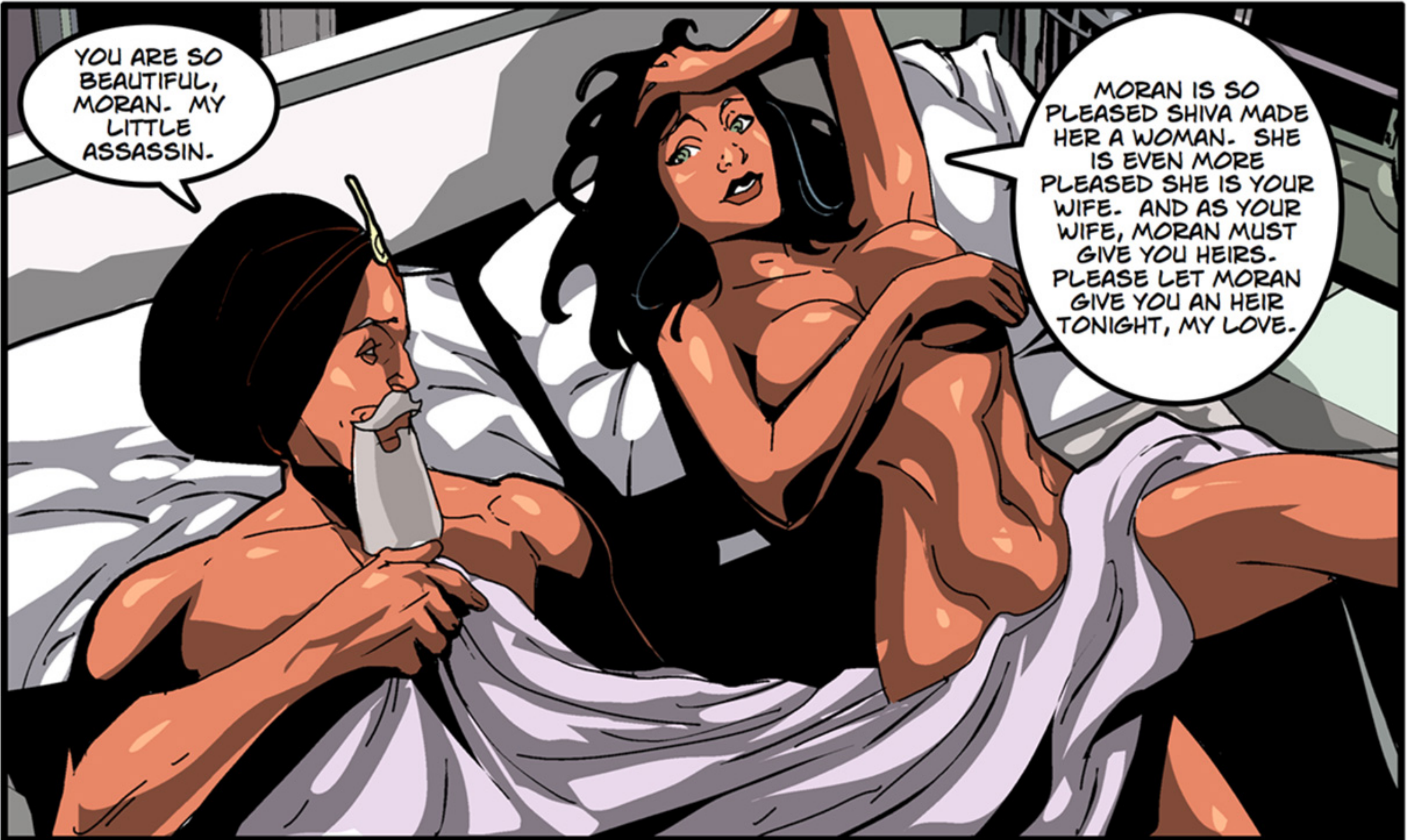
HELP!!



THE BRITISH GUARDS ENTER AND FIND THEIR DEAD GENERAL... JUST AS A LARGE SNAKE SLITHERS OUT.



IT IS DONE,  
MY LOVE.



YOU ARE SO  
BEAUTIFUL,  
MORAN. MY  
LITTLE  
ASSASSIN.

MORAN IS SO  
PLEASED SHIVA MADE  
HER A WOMAN. SHE  
IS EVEN MORE  
PLEASED SHE IS YOUR  
WIFE. AND AS YOUR  
WIFE, MORAN MUST  
GIVE YOU HEIRS.  
PLEASE LET MORAN  
GIVE YOU AN HEIR  
TONIGHT, MY LOVE.



VERY WELL,  
MORAN. LET  
SHIVA BLESS US  
WITH A SON  
TONIGHT. JUST  
DON'T BITE ME,  
OKAY?



I PROMISE,  
MY LOVE.