

 **image**
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OBINTM



BENNETT

TYNION

CADONICI

BELLAIRE

NAPOLITANO

This cannot be real.

My name is *Adela*,
and I am a *journalist*.

I chose to follow an extreme wannabe cult
of *Neo-Nazis and white supremacists*
on their quest to *the great white north*
to meet *their great white god* to sanction
all *their great white fuckshit*.

But something
has gone *wrong*.

I thought we were
dehydrated, starving.
Hallucinating.

I thought we
were *drugged*.
Paranoid,
delusional.

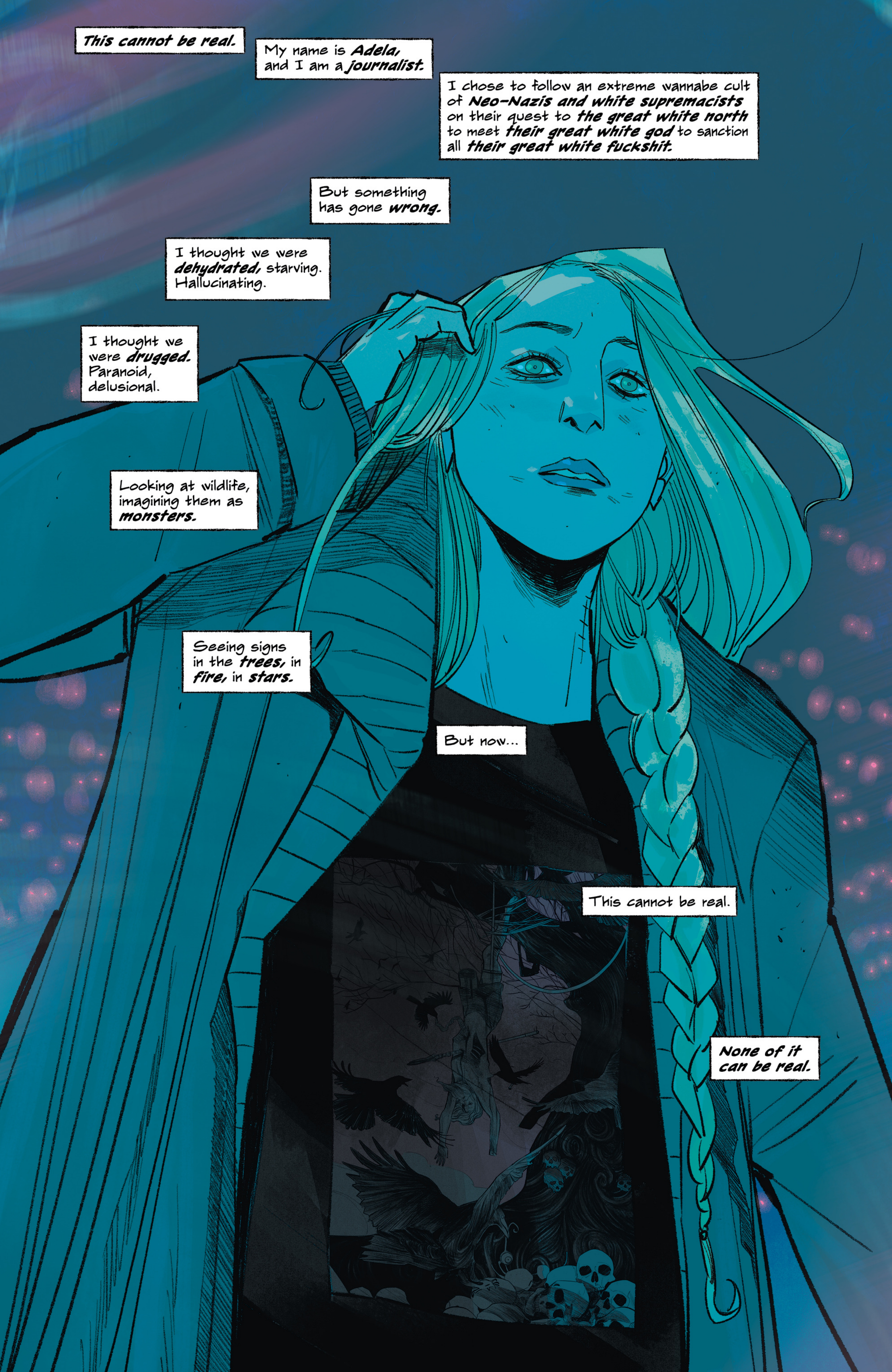
Looking at wildlife,
imagining them as
monsters.

Seeing signs
in the *trees*, in
fire, in *stars*.

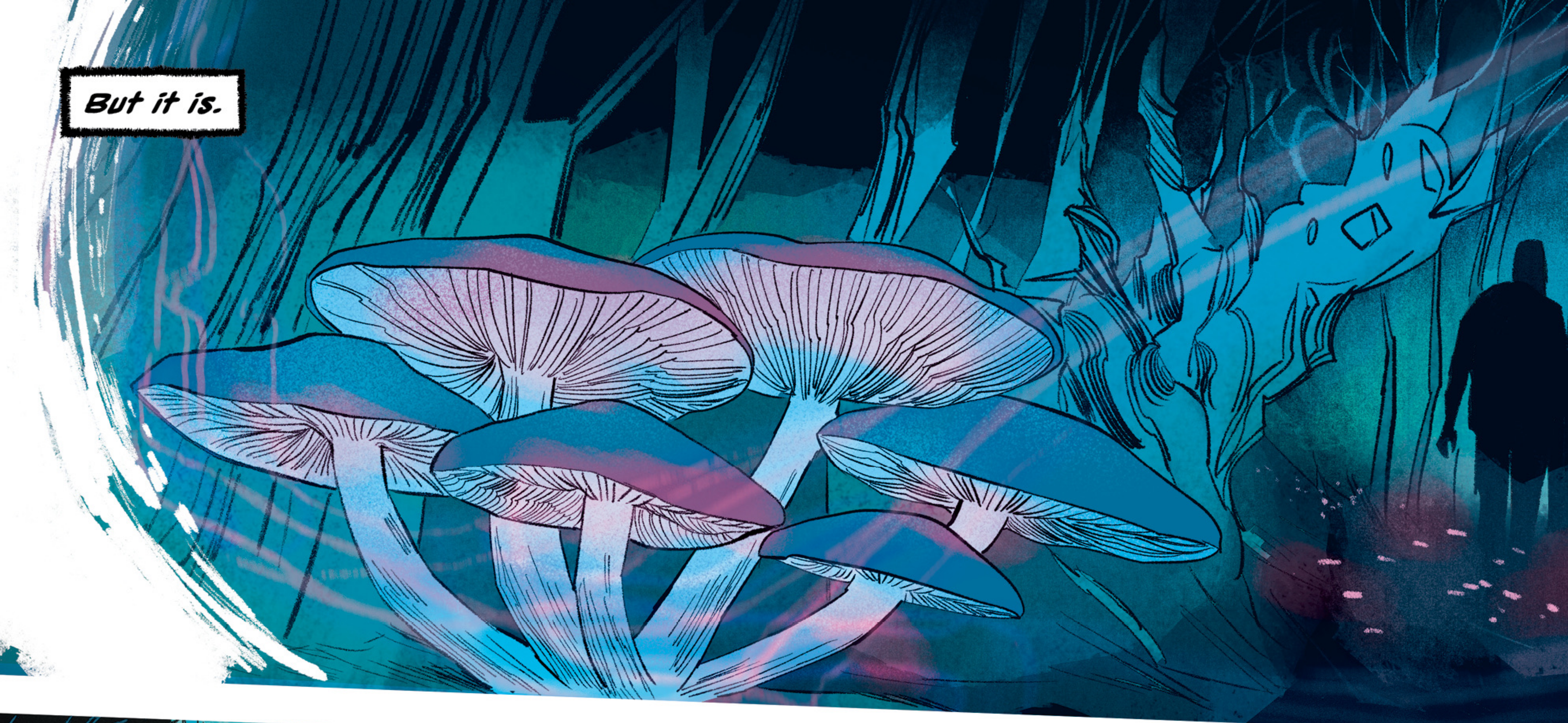
But now...

This cannot be real.

*None of it
can be real.*



But it is.



FRED...

ADELA.



FRED,
I...

FORGIVENESS
IS A HALLMARK OF
THE SLAVE-FAITH OF
THE CHRISTIANS--
NOT FOR GOOD
AND WORTHY
ODINISTS.



I have had pipes and guns
shoved in my face--pipes
and guns and **worse**.

And I came up laughing, spitting
blood, and had my **revenge** in black
and white on the printed page.

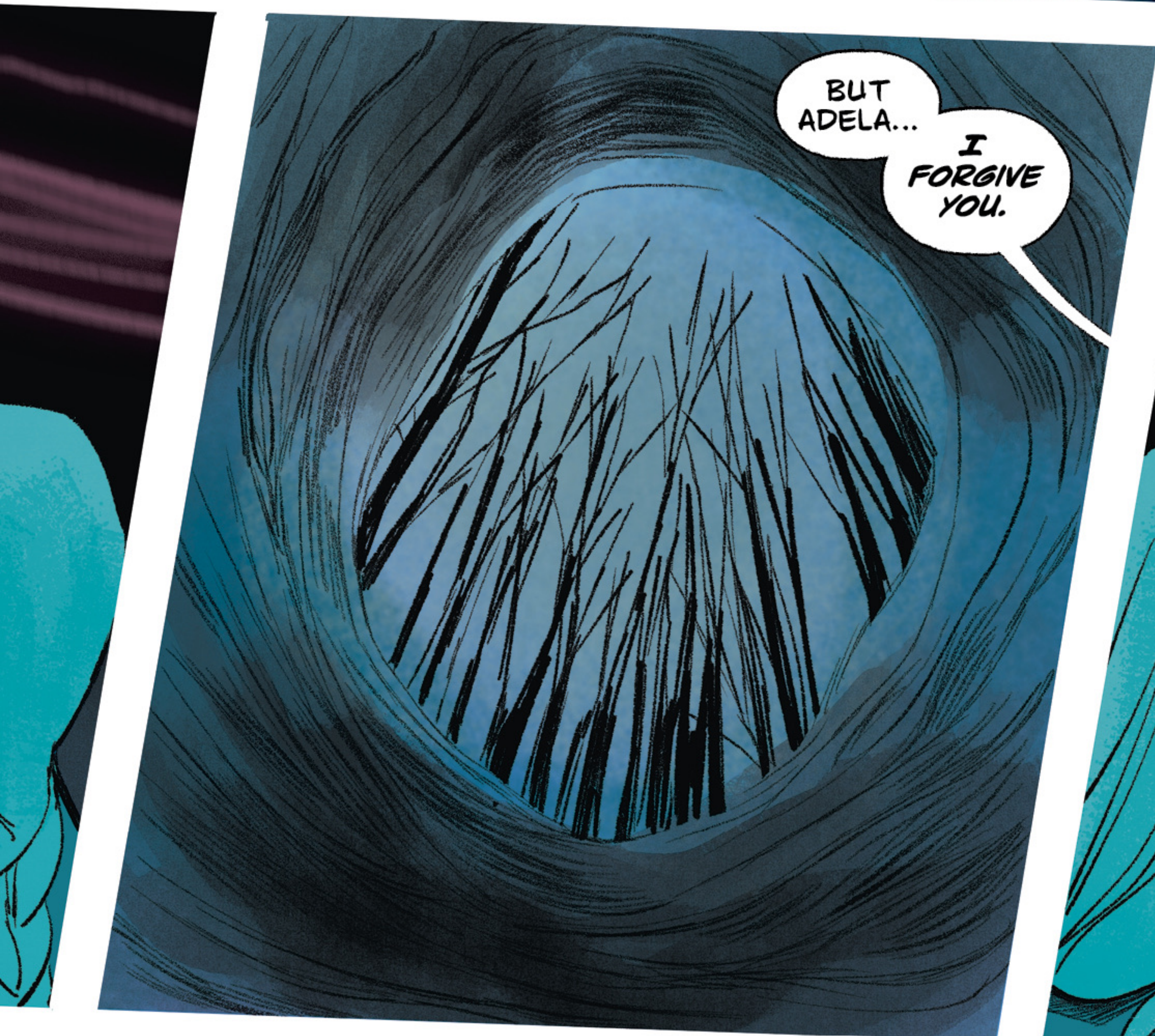
What makes me **flirt**
with death like this?

ADELA. FOR
WHAT YOU DID,
I HOLD YOU IN
EVEN GREATER
ESTEEM FOR
BEING WILLING
TO SPEAK.

THE
OTHERS
FOLLOWED
LIKE
LAMBS.

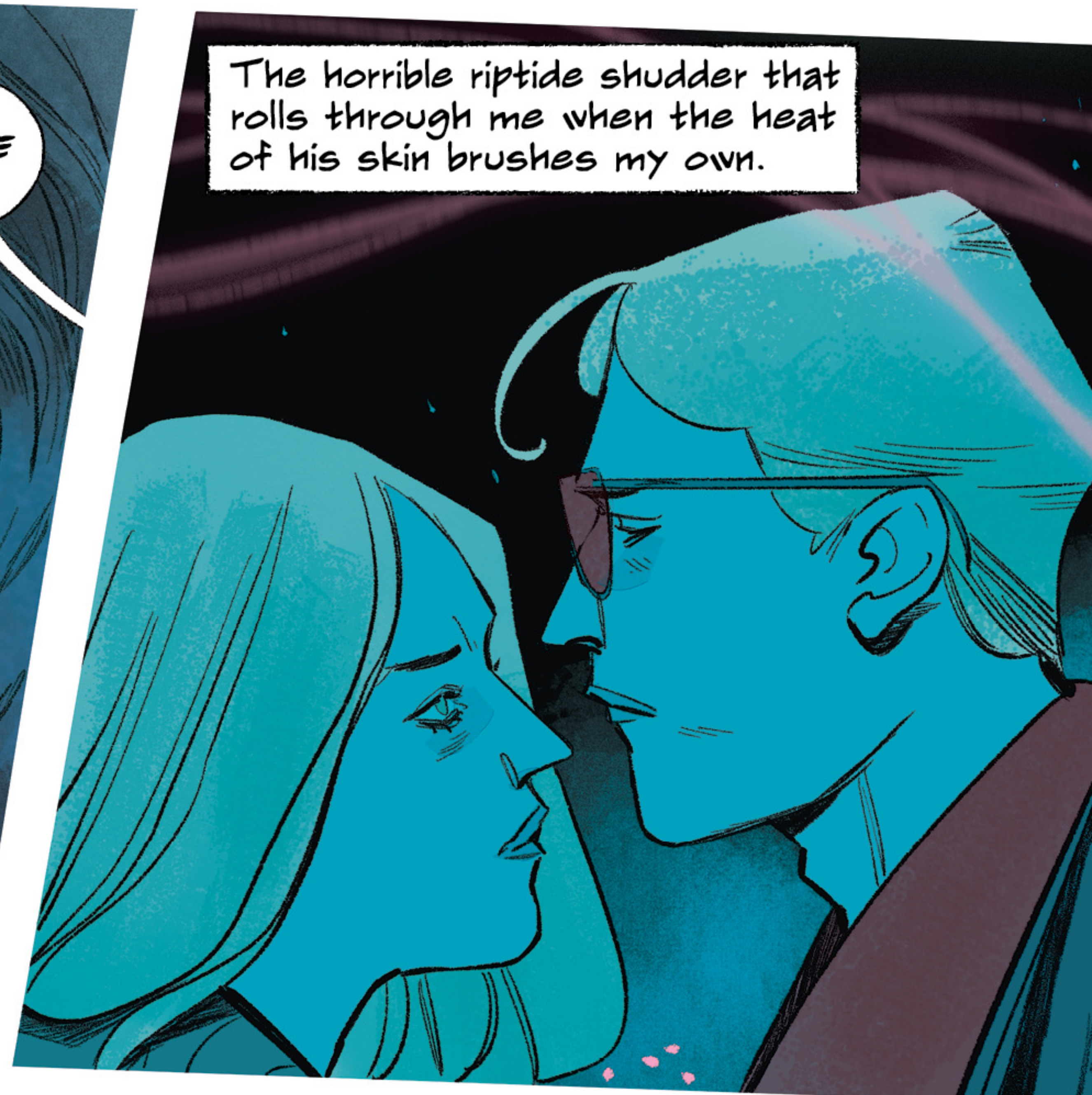
YOU
CHALLENGED
ME LIKE A
STAG.





BUT
ADELA...

**I
FORGIVE
YOU.**



The horrible riptide shudder that
rolls through me when the heat
of his skin brushes my own.



"FRED'S
BEHIND THIS.
HE'S PICKING YOU
OFF ONE BY ONE!
HE'S SACRIFICING
YOU!"



YOU KNEW
WHAT COULD HAVE
HAPPENED IF YOU'D
JUST STAYED SILENT.
FALLEN IN LINE.
**LET ME TAME
YOU.**



BUT YOU
**FOUGHT
ME.**



YOU
MIGHT BE
ONE OF THE
WORTHY.



WE ARE
CHOSEN.

SPECIAL.

WE CAME
AND LOOKED
FOR ODIN.

AND
NOW HE--HE'S
GOING TO MAKE
THE WORLD
PERFECT FOR
OUR PEOPLE
AGAIN.



THAT'S
RIGHT,
AUSTIN.

YOU
DID IT.



WE'RE IN
THE REALM
OF THE
GODS.

WE'RE
HERE BECAUSE
OF YOU.



SO WHAT? S-SO
KEVIN WASN'T
W-WORTHY?

YOU'LL
HAVE A
NEW MAN,
KAITLYN.

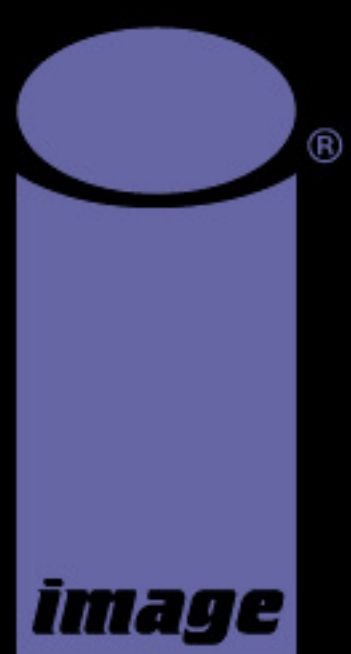
A
WORTHY
MAN. A
WARRIOR
IN ODIN'S
ARMY.




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ISSUE 05


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Chloe '26