

# NO SOVEREIGN



A TALE ABOUT A BOY LIKE MOST, BUT UNLIKE THE FEW.

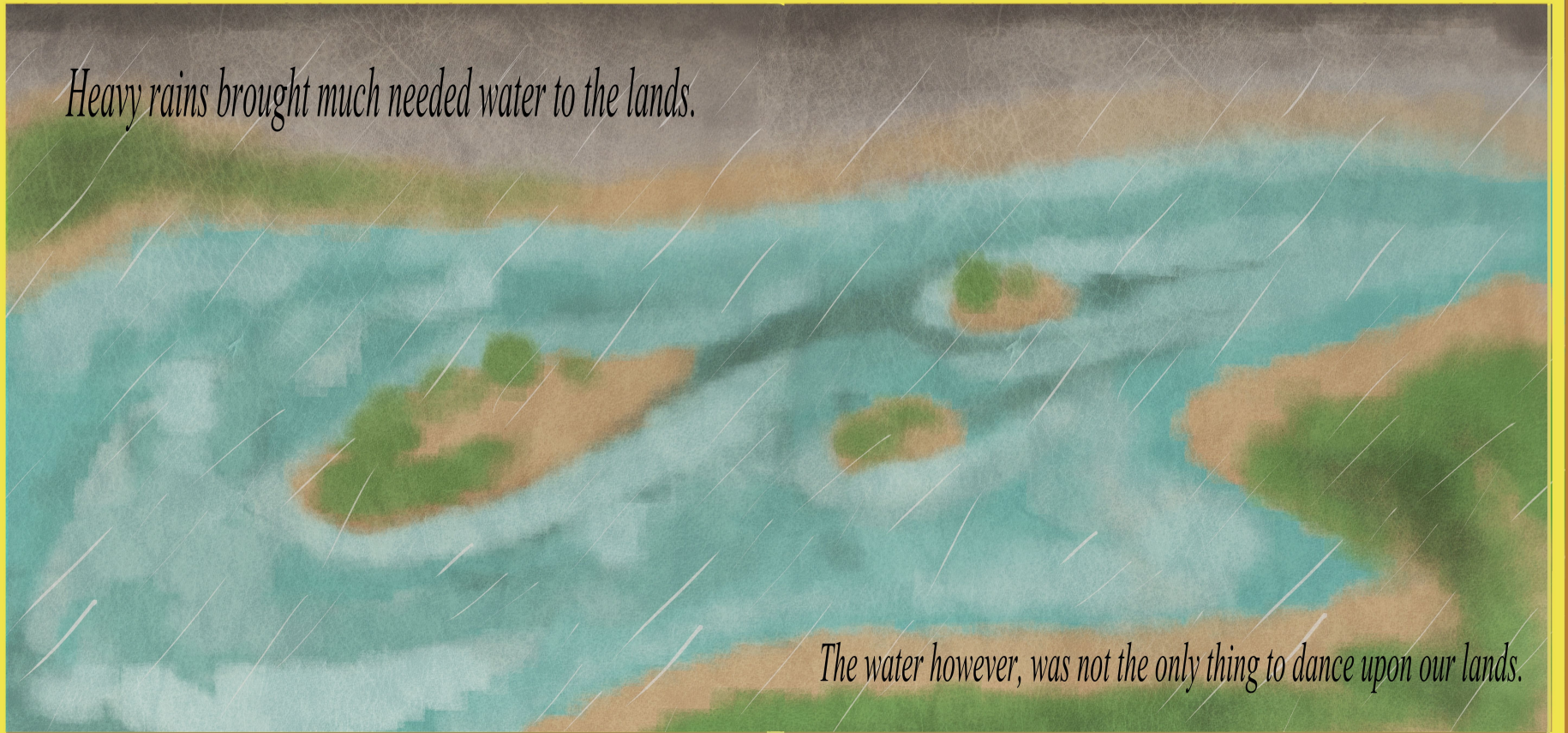
CHAPTER THREE!

THE DIVINE BULWARK



*Heavy rains brought much needed water to the lands.*

*The water however, was not the only thing to dance upon our lands.*







*The rains also brought about the third and final deity.*







*I could see her approaching our cities along the river...*



*She stood,  
bracing the waters of the Nile in silent defiance.*

*As the surge of waves began to swell, she spoke,*



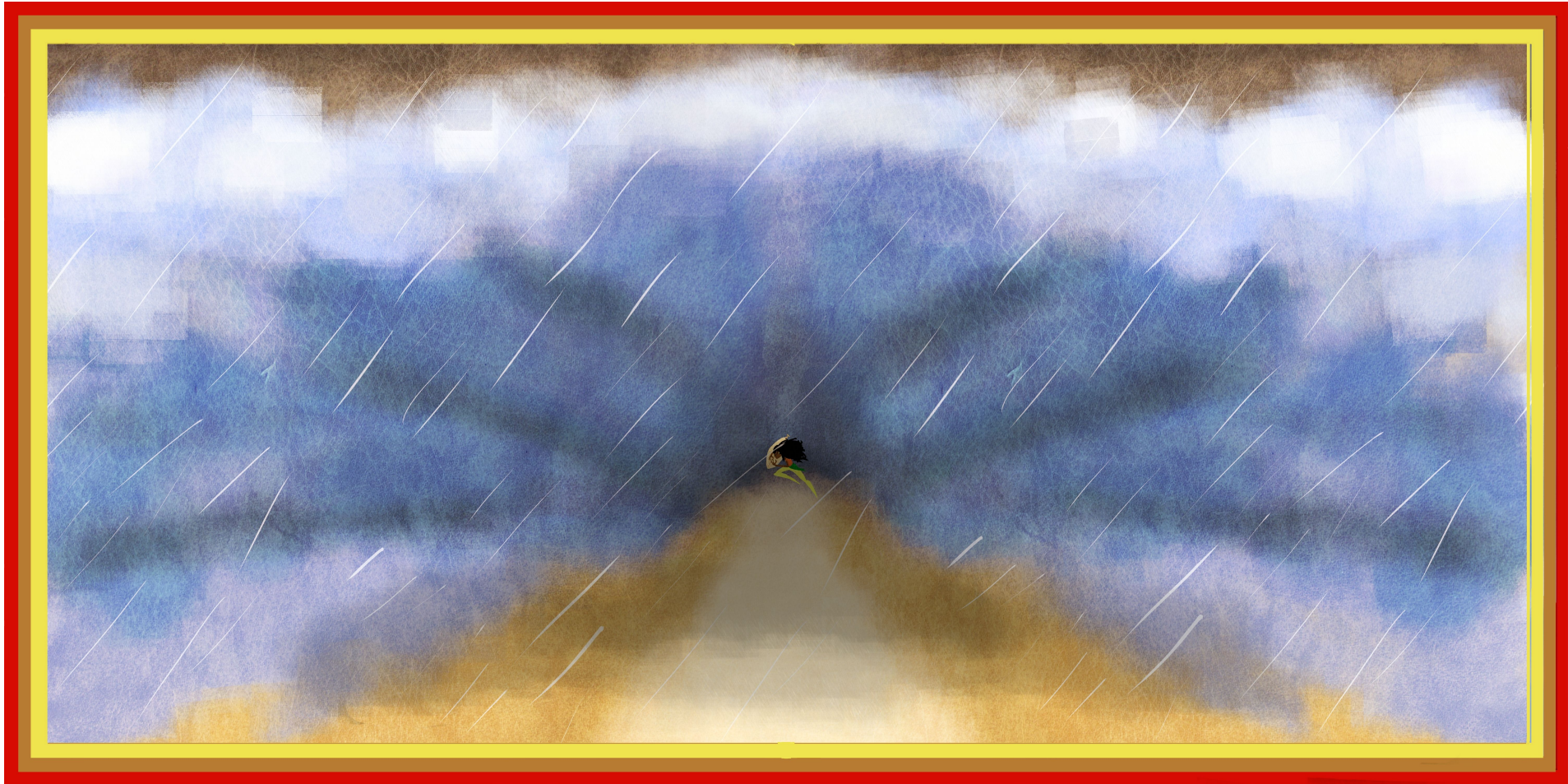


*"Behold my eminence, ant.*

*Witness the protection only a God can offer you."*

*She clutched her shield and rushed towards the approaching waves.*









*Swallowed whole, like our homes.*



*Gasping for breath.*

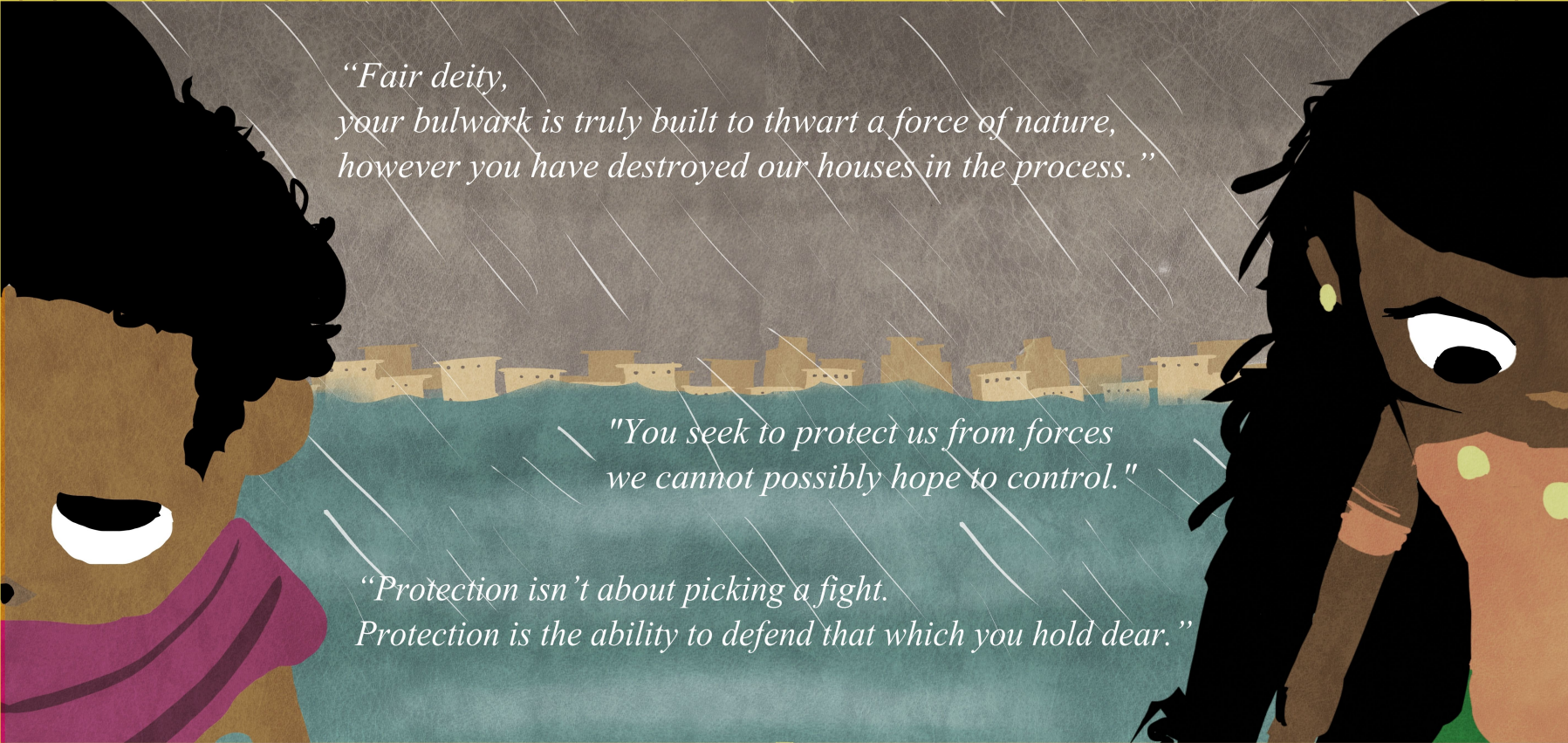






*Slowly drifting to shore.*



An illustration depicting a scene during a storm. Two women are shown in profile, facing each other. The woman on the left has dark, curly hair and is wearing a purple garment. The woman on the right has dark hair with a yellow earring and is wearing a brown garment. In the background, a town with several buildings is visible across a body of water. The sky is dark and filled with white diagonal lines representing rain. The entire scene is framed by a yellow border, which is itself inside a red border.

*“Fair deity,  
your bulwark is truly built to thwart a force of nature,  
however you have destroyed our houses in the process.”*

*“You seek to protect us from forces  
we cannot possibly hope to control.”*

*“Protection isn’t about picking a fight.  
Protection is the ability to defend that which you hold dear.”*

*"Your words ant, much like your gestures, are empty."*

*"You sit atop ruins and preach morality to me, a God."*

*"My divinity ill needs a creature such as yourself."*



*"Consider my blessing being able to  
continue your pitiful existence."*





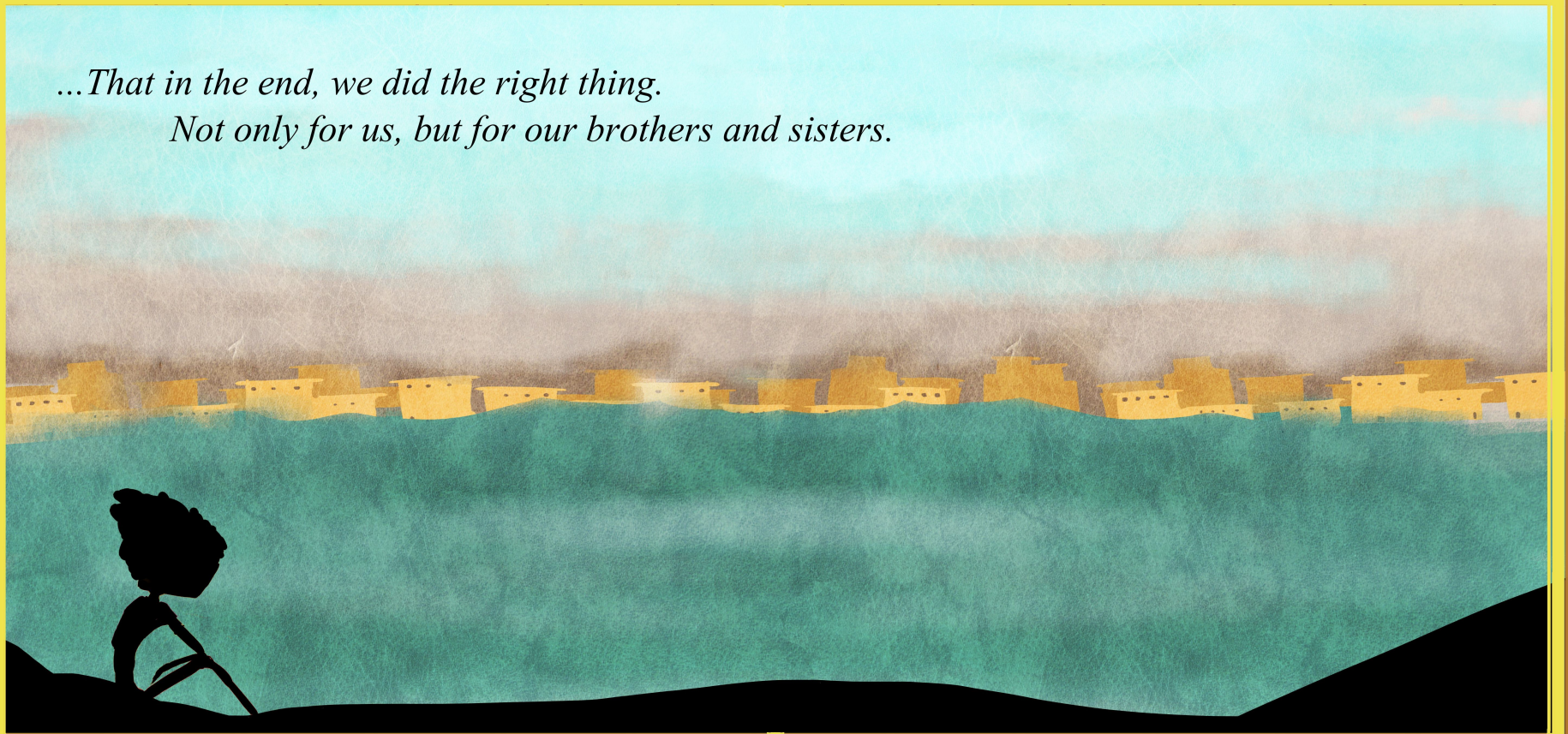


*Sometimes, the night seems to last forever,*

*And the tyrants are knocking at our doors.*

*All we can really do is hunker down,  
stand our ground and hope  
just hope...*

*...That in the end, we did the right thing.  
Not only for us, but for our brothers and sisters.*





NO SOVEREIGN

END?

A GRAPHIC NOVEL BY BYRON GRAMBY

THANK YOU FOR READING!