Based on the original ideas of a remarkable group of American and Syrian students

Brought to life by the Open Hands Initiative & Liquid Comics

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Come on, Bashir... your uncle almost has dinner on the table. I'm hungry, let's eat!

You can finish... well, whatever that is... later. Quiet Kamal. Food can wait...

...art cannot.
It's not right. There's something... missing.

You know what's missing? Dinner.

I fell... playing football.

Yeah, right... c'mon, tell me how you really got it?

Protecting you is not my problem, Kamal... you should toughen up.

Fine. It was Zuhair after school. He wants me to do his homework.

Not again! He's just a bully. You should fight back.

Easy for you to say, nobody dares make fun of you.

Maybe if you helped me...

Two more minutes, Uncle Tamim. I just need to finish this sculpture.

Your friend will finish your dinner if you're not here in the next few minutes.

Ugh, fine, I'm coming, Uncle!
Your uncle is an amazing cook. Not bad for a scrap metal dealer, I guess.

What else is there to do in this village full of rusty old junk.

Tell me something. Why are you always doing all these sculptures?

I guess I understand. What sort of piece are you looking for to finish that new one?

Nothing so far. Maybe there's something on the other side of the fence.

Not sure. But I'll know it when I see it.

Come on, Bashir, don't. That's a no-man's land out there. We're forbidden!

Bad idea! Seriously bad idea!

Stop being such a coward, Kamal. It's fine. Or maybe Zuhair is right about you after all.
That's not fair, Bashir. It's dangerous. I've heard the city's street gangs have left behind landmines and traps. Stay back if you're scared, but I'm going. No... wait for me.

This is what I need to finish the sculpture.

That's it.

Aah!

What is it?

Scorpion...

...or at least it used to be!

You're lucky that's all it was. This place gives me the creeps.

Just let me get this wheel out, and we're done.

Umff!

A whole wheel... chair?
Hey, check me out, Kamal! I’m a helpless cripple.

Just like you’re going to be if you don’t stand up to Zuhair soon!

That’s mean, Bashir.

It’s not so bad actually… you can be pushed around for the rest of your life!

No it’s not… I’m just—

Shocking explosion!
Two Weeks Later

Bashir is a very lucky boy...

...it’s frankly a miracle he survived the blast and only lost his legs. His friend was not so fortunate.

I doubt Bashir considers himself lucky, doctor.

I wish we could offer something better, but the hospital is already stretched thin with the violence this gang has brought down upon our heads recently.

Unfortunately so.

It’s a shame, this town is usually so peaceful, but there’s really nothing more we can do for him here.
THE DOCTOR IS DISCHARGING YOU, BASHIR. THAT'S FINALLY SOME GOOD NEWS, ISN'T IT?

BASHIR?

DID YOU HEAR ME? I SAID YOU CAN终于 GO HOME.

IT WOULD BE BETTER IF I HAD DIED!

IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN ME.

DON'T TALK LIKE THAT. THERE'S BEEN ENOUGH SADNESS IN THIS FAMILY.

THAT'S ALL THERE IS IN THIS FAMILY!

MY PARENTS DIED WHEN I WAS JUST A BOY! YOUR WIFE DIED! NOW KAMAL'S DEAD. IT'S NOTHING BUT TRAGEDY!

WE DON'T MEASURE OURSELVES BY OUR TRAGEDIES, BASHIR, BUT BY HOW WE RECOVER FROM THEM.

MY LEGS?

WE HAVE A FRIEND WHO MIGHT BE ABLE TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT THAT.
No charge for you and the boy.

Thank you.

It's the least I can do, considering his... well, what happened to him.

We don't need charity from some cab driver! Keep your sympathy!

That was rude, Bashir. He was just trying to be kind.

We don't need his pity. I hate the way people look at me.

I don't need his pity. I hate the way people look at me.

You'll see us again, Tarek. Have a better answer when you do.

Out of the way.

Hey! Who do you think you are, pushing my uncle?

Bra...
...maybe he wants to be a dead boy.

He meant nothing!

Please, sir, accept my humble apology for the boy.

Leave him. He's just a cripple.

He'll be a corpse next time.

What should I have done? They're part of the gang that left me like this.

Tarek!

So good to see you, my friend.

You as well, Tamim.

As you heard, he has a mind of his own.

This is the one you told me about?

As you heard, he has a mind of his own.

Tarek, meet my nephew, Bashir.

I like him already. He has fire in his belly.

This is the one you told me about?

As you heard, he has a mind of his own.

Tarek, meet my nephew, Bashir.

I like him already. He has fire in his belly.

Thanks. It's nice to meet you too.

Come in, come in, the tea is already brewed.
These are beautiful, Tarek, but I have to ask you…

…how can you create such things if you're blind?

Bashir is an artist too. He sculpts using what he finds in the scrap yard.

Not anymore. Not in this chair.

Well, we'll do something about that chair first. I can have something much more suitable for you by tomorrow evening.

When you lose one ability, it helps to focus on your others. You may have strengths you never knew you had.

…you'll see.

Come back tomorrow night...

I've been working with metal for years, Bashir.

You can make an entire wheelchair that quickly? How is that even possible?
It's not finished. And it never will be.

Not tonight. I've got a truck full of scrap coming in and it has to be unloaded.

When can we leave to get my new chair from Tarek?

I'm not making you do anything. You want to go, go. Tarek's shop isn't that far and you can do anything you put your mind to.

I'll do it myself.

Tarek?

Hello? Is anyone here?
How can that be?

Hm?

AHHH!

You thought you could sneak up on me in a metal chair, boy?
This isn't for your eyes!

I'm sorry!

I won't tell anyone!

No. I swear I'll keep your secret, but please...

Tell me what this is.

They're back.

Tarek! Come out!

Stay here, Bashir. Whatever you do, don't make any noise.

Who's back? Those men?

What you see has remained hidden from the world for centuries.

“This" is what makes things such as your new chair possible.

They're back.
Yesterday you told my men no. I’ll ask one last time, will you make the weapons we want?

So today I came myself, to see if you had gained any wisdom. You may be the best, but I’ll find another metalsmith if I have to.

Ask as many times as you like…

...the answer will always be no.

You may be the best, but I’ll find another metalsmith if I have to.

You can die knowing this city is going to suffer for your defiance.

I’ll teach them all that no one denies me what I ask for.

Tarek! I can try to get you to the hospital…

But… but the things you can do with metal…

…can’t you just take the bullet out?

I could remove… the bullet…

...but not the damage it’s done…

Too late… for that…

…better to die than let them learn of the power…

Pity.
Bashir, come here...
...time is short.

You must take my gift... for you own...

You'll be able the control all metals with your merest thought...

But... what am I supposed to do with it?

But not for your own benefit... only for others. You must not reveal or abuse the gift by making yourself fake legs... or riches...

Keep it secret! No one...

Crown of Zenobia? What did he mean?

...the crown of Zenobia.

This is one piece of it... there are others...

...guarded in secret... just as you must now hide this piece...

...must ever know...

You must take my gift... for you own...
And what's with the scorpion on the...

WHAT IS THIS?!

...HEY!
Please, we've done nothing...

Gah!

Burn it down. Let the flames be a warning to all who would dare stand against us.

Yes, Boss.

How can it be sealed?

STOP!

Burn, you— CRUMP!

Wait!

How can it be sealed?

STOP!
All of you stop what you're doing.

Or the... uhhh... Silver Scorpion will stop you.

You must be joking. Kill him!

BRAKKA BRAKKA BRAKKA

Huh?
Awesome!

Metal really does whatever I want…

…And there’s a lot of metal around.

What is he doing?

But that’s…

…Impossible.
Now it's a fair fight.
You like pushing people around? Let’s see how you like… getting pushed around? OWWW!

You two! Get those gas cans up here! We’ll torch it back to hell!
Hah! Look at it burn!

Hey!

You can't just...

...leave me...

No!

Pluh!
The leader of the gang got away. But at least the city is safe.

Tarek kept this power hidden his whole life, but why hide something that can do so much good.

Those killers won’t escape me next time…

...and there will definitely be a next time.
This is what I was missing. I knew it before...

...but I didn't know why.

It needed a wheel...

Do you know what makes a wheel so important?

No, what?

A wheel is a circle, and a circle is equal in all directions. In all religions, it's a symbol for justice.

A great gift has been placed in your hands. You must use it for justice.

If I had only listened to Kamal, he would still be alive.

We can't change the past, Bashir. We can only learn from it and shape the future.

That's what I'm going to do. The gangsters will never hurt innocent people like Tarek and Kamal again.

Soon, all the criminals in this city will fear the name, Silver Scorpion.
ELSEWHERE...

Forgive me, my lord...

The metal smith was uncooperative, so I slew him to serve as an example to the town.

But shortly after, my men were attacked by a metal monster...

...Seemingly at the command of a boy who could control metal.

Control metal?

Yes, my lord. He called himself the Silver Scorpion.

Could it be... after all this time? Has a piece of the crown finally reappeared...

...it must be.

I will have it. I will have all of them...

...and then Zenobia’s power will finally be mine.

The end... for now.
ARTIST

SKETCHBOOK
“The comic book will help to establish trust and understanding between cultures, to empower young people with disabilities.”

- President Bill Clinton, at the 2010 Clinton Global Initiative

As seen in The New York Post, USA Today, Fox News, NPR and more, experience the origin story of a new disabled superhero, “Silver Scorpion.”

Based on the creative ideas of a group of disabled students from America and Syria, the Silver Scorpion tells the story of an Arabic teenager, Bashir Bari, who loses his legs in a tragic accident triggered by violent gangsters. Consumed with anger and grief, Bashir retreats into a world of isolation, resentful of the pitiful looks and whispers of strangers. When he accidentally witnesses the murder of Tarek, a mysterious local metal smith, Bashir is unwittingly chosen as the new guardian of an ancient power that has remained hidden for centuries.

With new abilities allowing him to manipulate the metal around him, Bashir must now decide how to use this gift and balance the line between justice and revenge.