

# SAINT BAKHITA OF SUDAN

With  
trading  
cards!



# SAINT BAKHITA OF SUDAN



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The place? Darfur, in the Sudan  
in Africa. The year? 1869...

Bakhita's family lived in the  
village of Olgossa ...

COME, BABY.  
LET'S CHECK  
THE FIELDS.

YOU ARE SO  
BEAUTIFUL, MY  
DAUGHTER!

PAPAA!

OKAY,  
MAMA!

Later, screams echo  
from the village...

HELP!  
HELP!

OH NO!  
OH NO!

WHAT IS  
IT, MAMA?

Afterward, back in  
the village...

THEY TOOK HER!  
OUR DAUGHTER!  
AND OTHERS, TOO. THOSE  
SLAVE TRADERS HAVE  
GOT TO BE STOPPED!

AFRICA

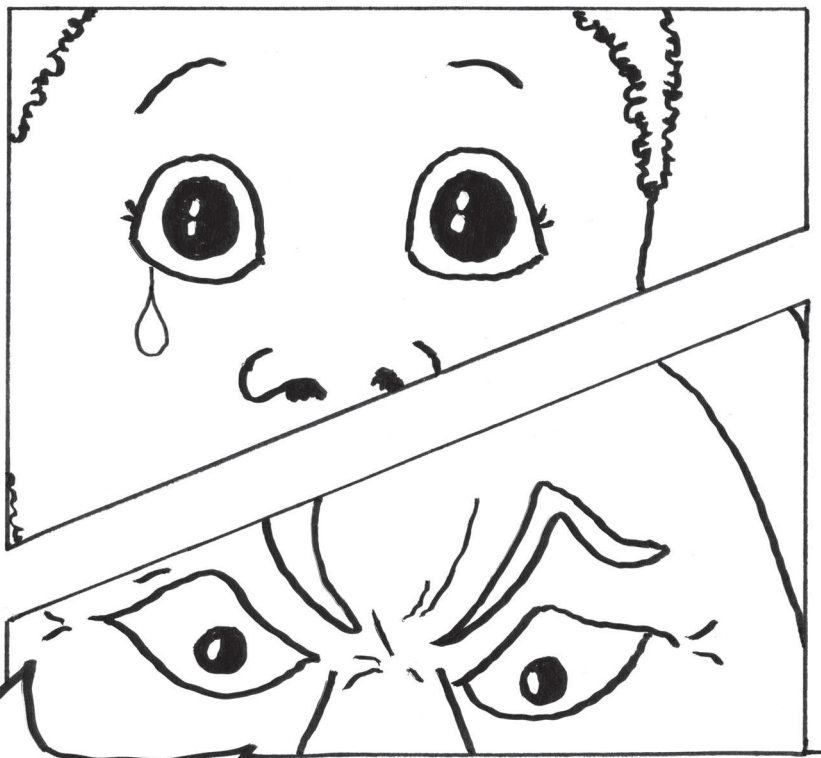


But the raids continued. Two years later, the village was still on the alert.  
One day, Bakhita and a friend went berry-picking...



Suddenly two men appear.





Later...



LET'S CALL HER BAKHITA!

YEAH! THE "LUCKY ONE"!



HA HA

Left in a hut with no escape ...



Later, other people were captured, too. Sadik, a girl about Bakhita's age, became her best friend. But then...

WORK! DO IT, OR ELSE!



The two girls worked hard every day. Then one day—a lucky break.

HE FORGOT TO CHAIN US THIS TIME.



I'LL SELL THEM BOTH TO YOU FOR THE RIGHT PRICE!

It was the chance of a lifetime!



They ran all day.

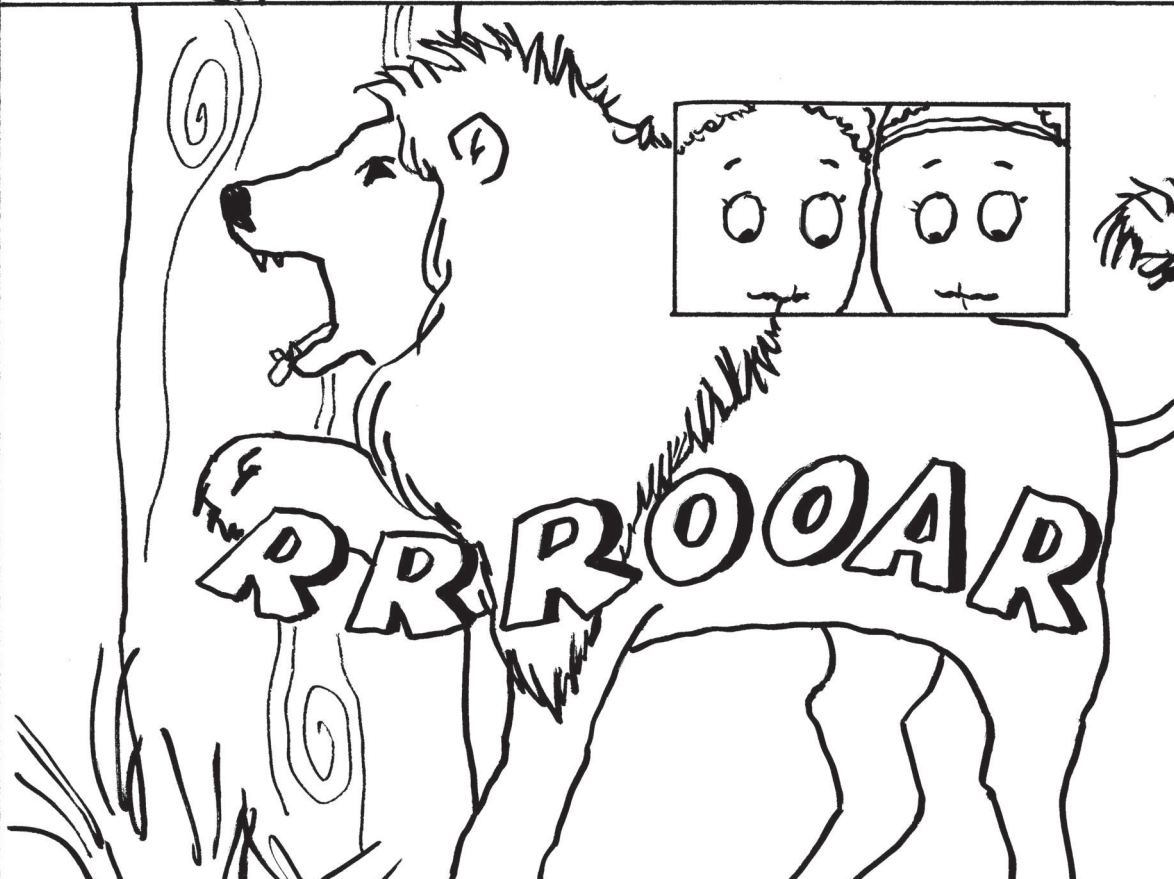


By nighttime ...

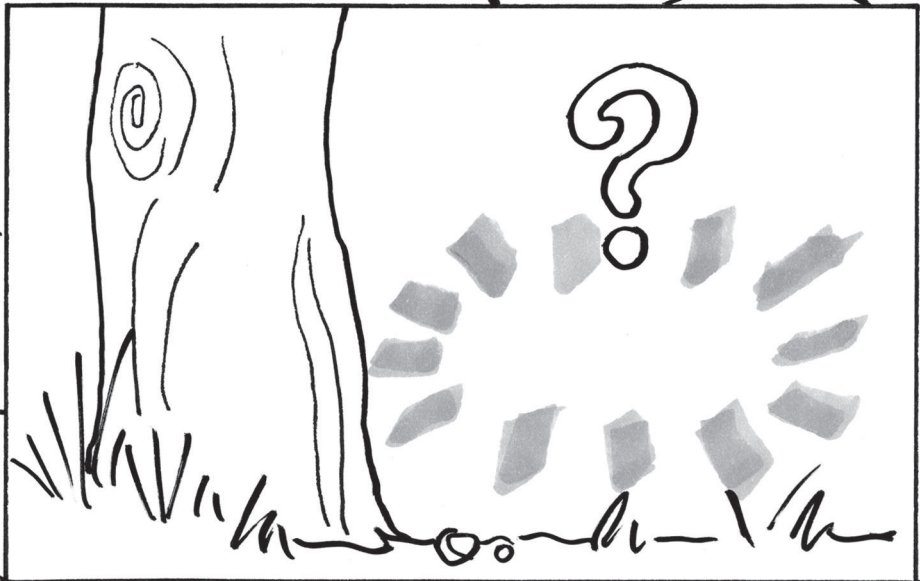


SADIK!  
DON'T  
STOP!

**GRRRR!**



**RRROOAR**



WHERE'D HE GO, SADIK?



WHO CARES, BAKHITA?



LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!



But the girls were again captured—and sold to a wealthy Arab chief to be servants to his daughters.



And then the girls were sold yet again. This time, a Turkish general bought them to serve his mother and his wife.



This was a terrible time for Bakhita. She was treated badly by the family. Later, she went to Khartoum with the general and other servants, only to find that she was to be sold once more!



MR. LEGNANI  
WILL BE GOOD  
TO YOU.

BUT I'LL  
STILL BE  
A SLAVE...

BAKHITA,  
YOU WILL BE  
SERVING MY  
FAMILY.

FAMILY?  
I USED TO HAVE A  
FAMILY. I HARDLY  
REMEMBER THAT...

Mr. Legnani was the Italian vice consul.  
Life really did become better for Bakhita  
for two years ...

I'M GOING BACK TO ITALY,  
BUT I CAN'T TAKE YOU ALL  
WITH ME.

Then ...

Poor Bakhita!

