
DD COMIC
Divine Desstiny comic
19/10/2026
ISSUE ONE
ZOVA
THE LIGHTNING STRKES!
I PROMISE TO SAVE ALL.
CREATED & WRITTEN BY DHIVAGARNATH

CHARACTERS

ZOVA: THE LIGHTNING STRIKES!



ZOVA

KARTHIK | HERO

Karthik, an architect of Neo-Madras, becomes a living source of electricity after an unnatural storm. As Zova, he battles The Grid and learns that true heroism demands courage, control and sacrifice.

"I PROMISE TO SAVE ALL."

THE CONDUCTOR

DR. ALOK SHARMA

A disgraced electro-physicist and the mastermind behind The Grid. Obsessed with control, he turns the city's electrical network into a weapon and builds machines that drain or turn Zova's power against him.





DR. SHANTI RAO

SCIENTIST | ALLY

Behind Rao Electronics, Dr. Rao helps Karthik understand his unstable powers. She develops the Faraday Weave and trains him to use precise electrical discharges, proving that knowledge and control can be stronger than brute force.

THE GRID

POWER SYNDICATE

A sophisticated crime syndicate that steals more than money: it steals power. Led by The Conductor, its masked enforcers use sonic disruptors, engineered blackouts and threats to hold Neo-Madras in fear.



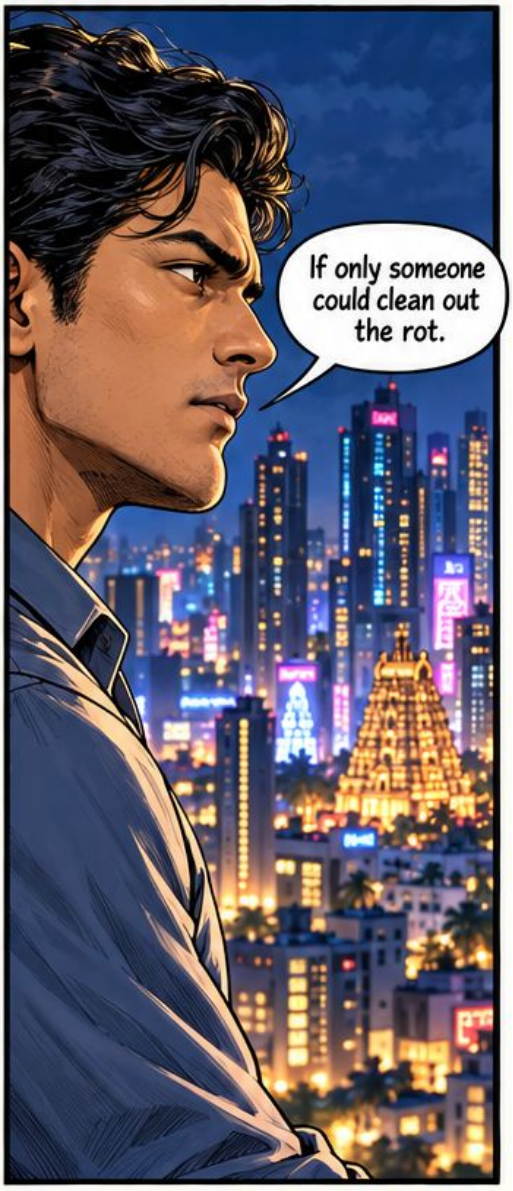
ZOVA: THE LIGHTNING STRIKES!

CHAPTER ONE: ELECTRIC PROMISE





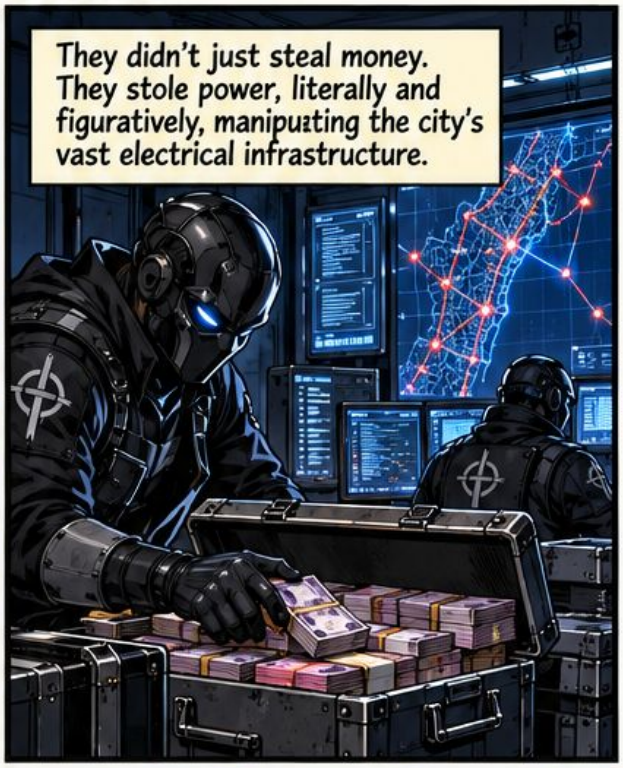




ZOVA: THE LIGHTNING STRIKES!

CHAPTER ONE: ELECTRIC PROMISE



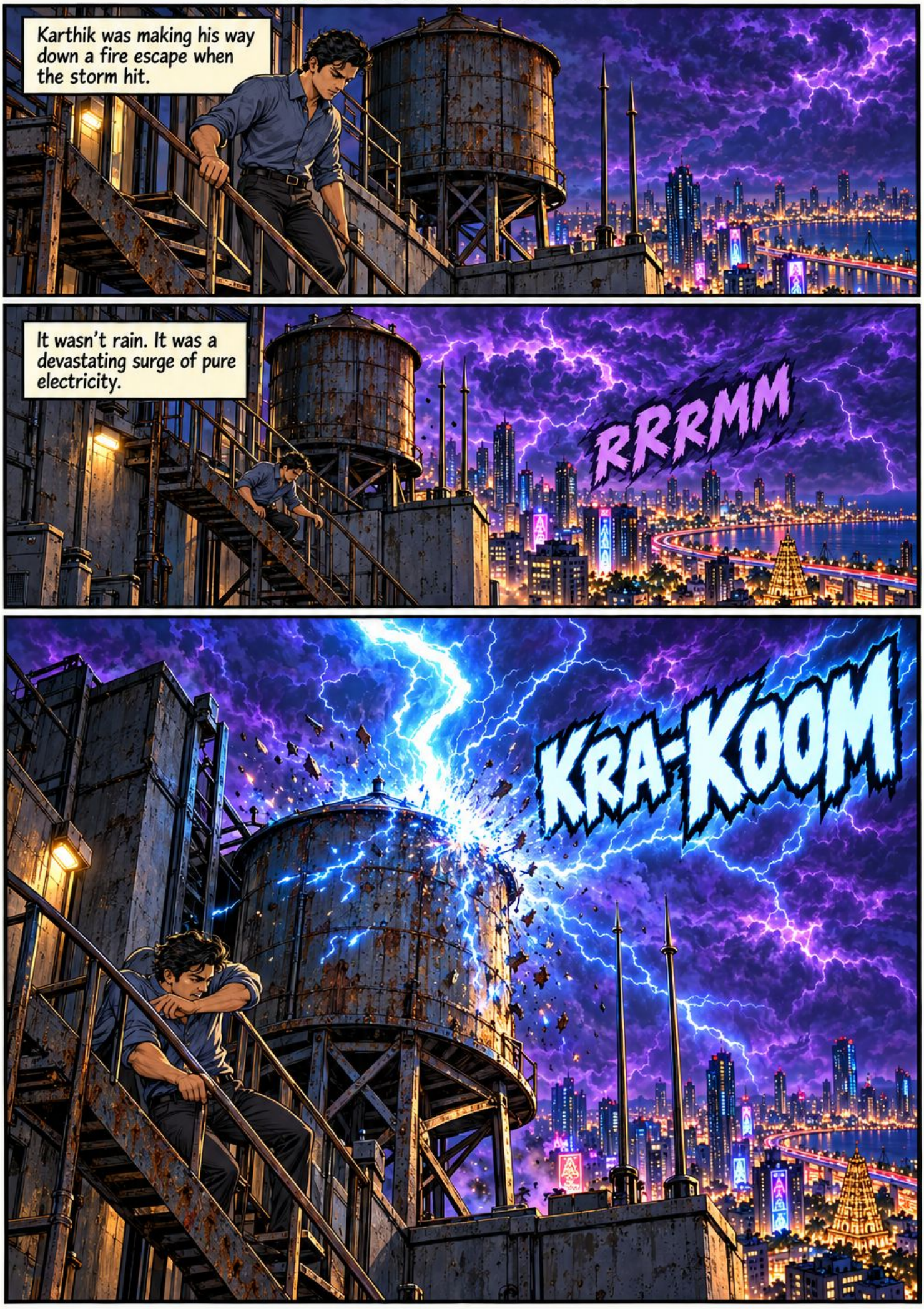






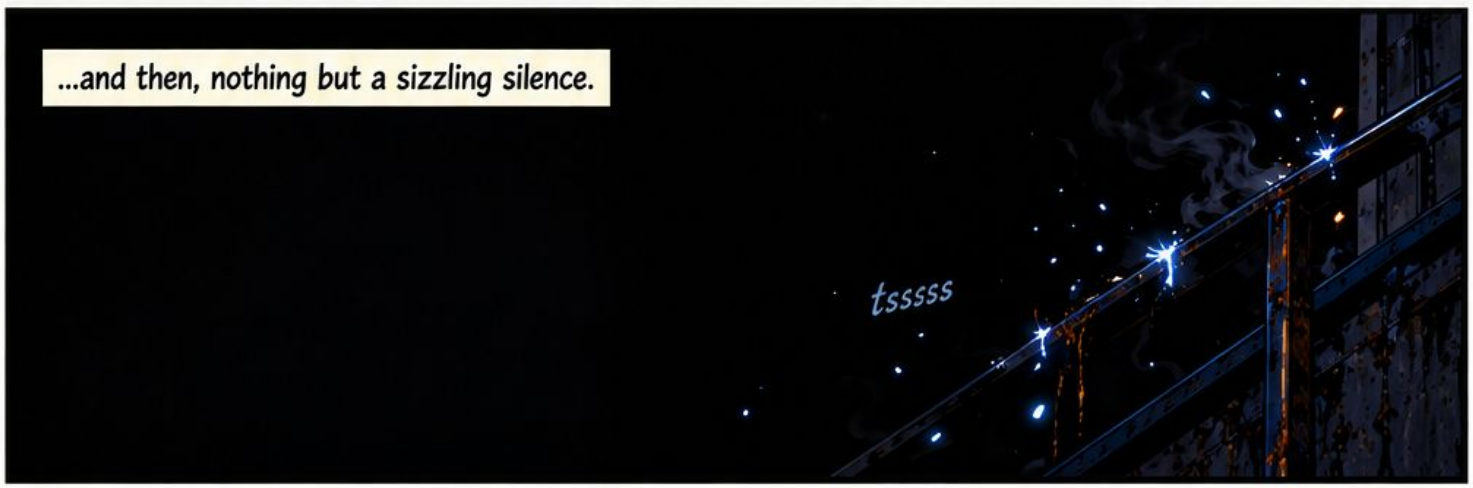
ZOVA: THE LIGHTNING STRIKES!

CHAPTER ONE: ELECTRIC PROMISE




A wave of concussive force and raw voltage slammed into Karthik.
KRRRSH!

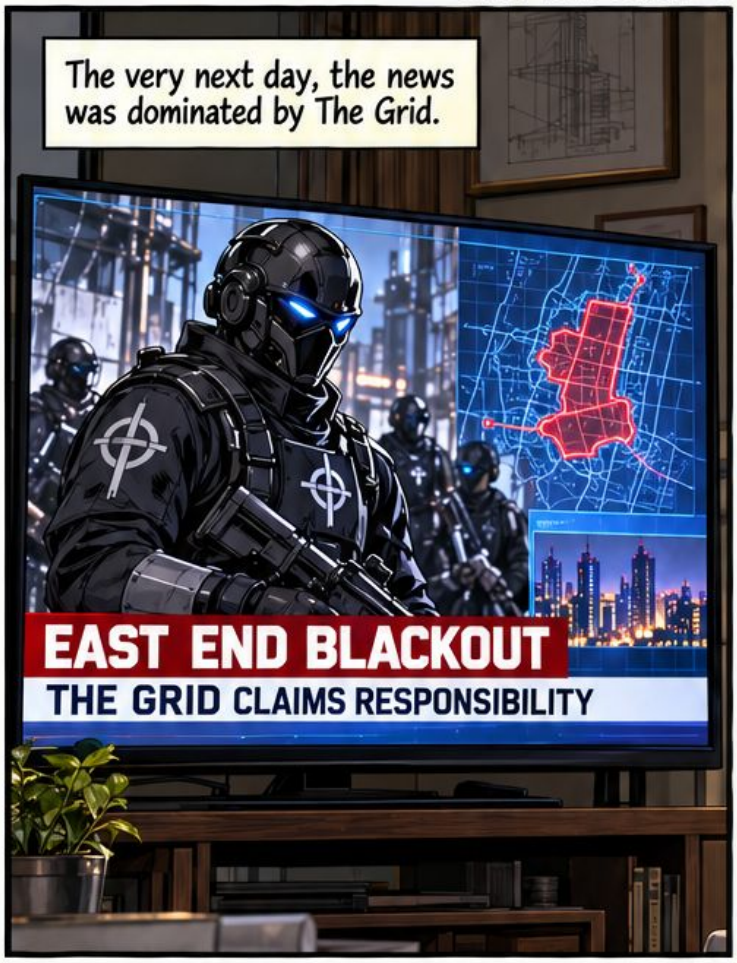

There was a sound like tearing fabric, a scream swallowed by the roar of the storm...

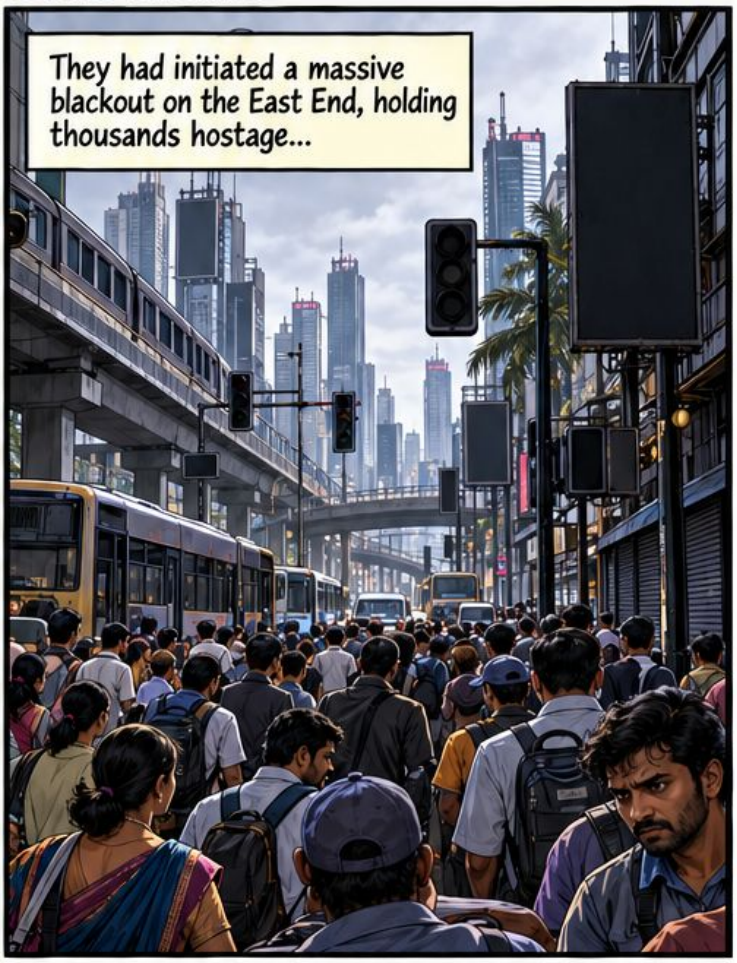

...and then, nothing but a sizzling silence.
tsssss

ZOVA: THE LIGHTNING STRIKES!

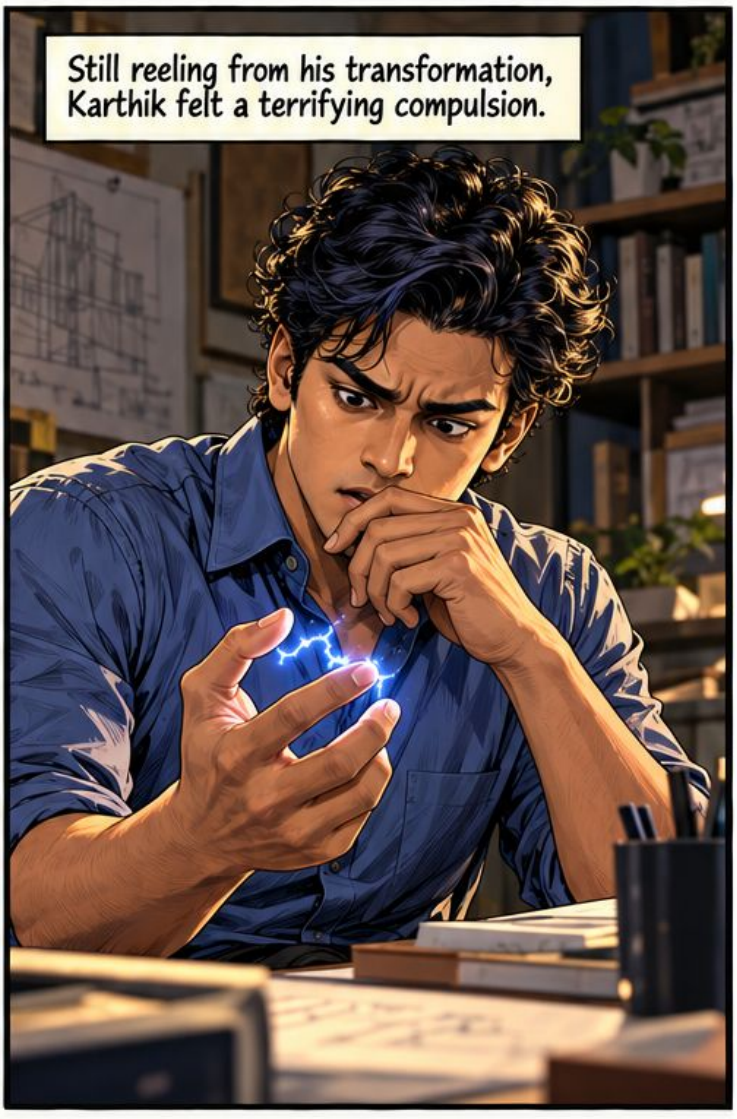
CHAPTER ONE: ELECTRIC PROMISE




The very next day, the news was dominated by The Grid.
EAST END BLACKOUT
THE GRID CLAIMS RESPONSIBILITY


They had initiated a massive blackout on the East End, holding thousands hostage...


...until the mayor met their demands.


Still reeling from his transformation, Karthik felt a terrifying compulsion.


He had the power to stop this.
EAST END BLACKOUT
THE GRID CLAIMS RESPONSIBILITY


He had the ability to challenge the darkness suffocating his city.


He had to try.
STRUCTURES
SUSTAINABLE CITIES
URBAN DESIGN
MODERN INDIA
ARCHITECTURE

ZOVA: THE LIGHTNING STRIKES!

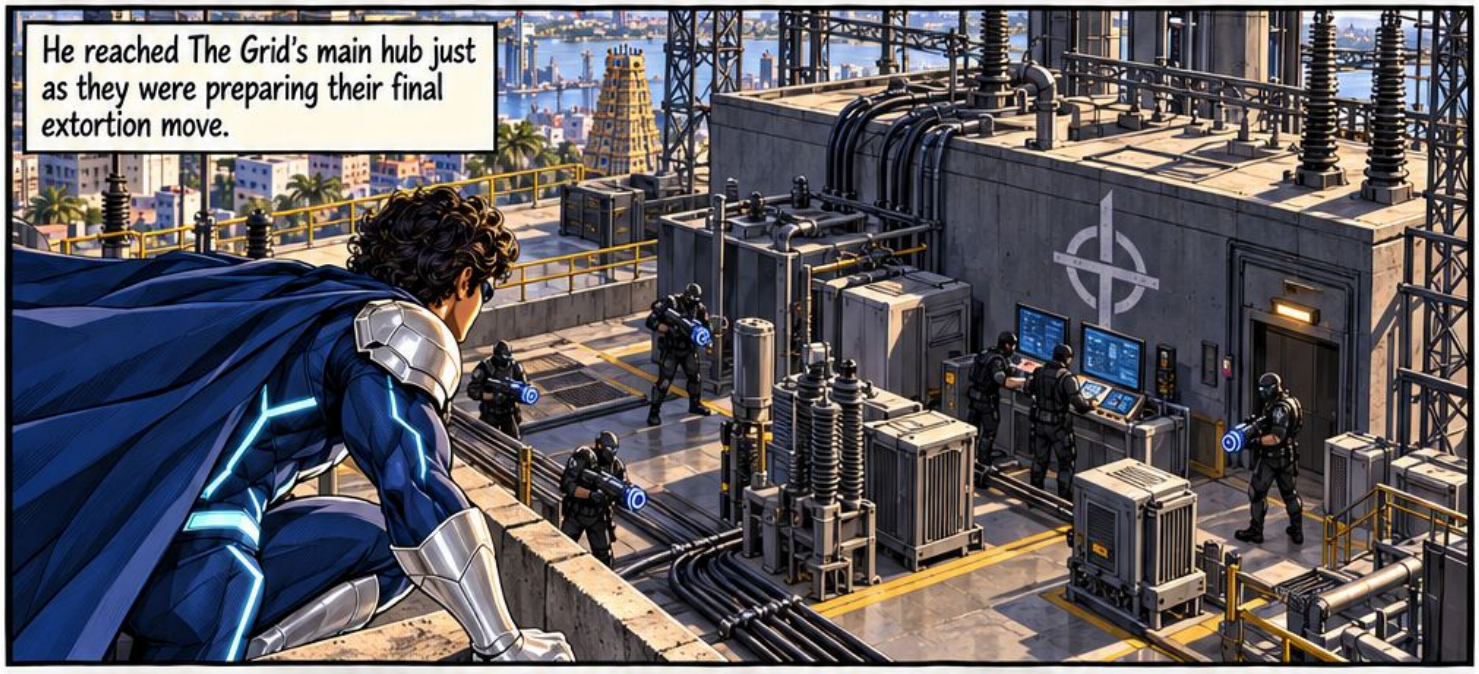
CHAPTER ONE: ELECTRIC PROMISE



ZOVA: THE LIGHTNING STRIKES!

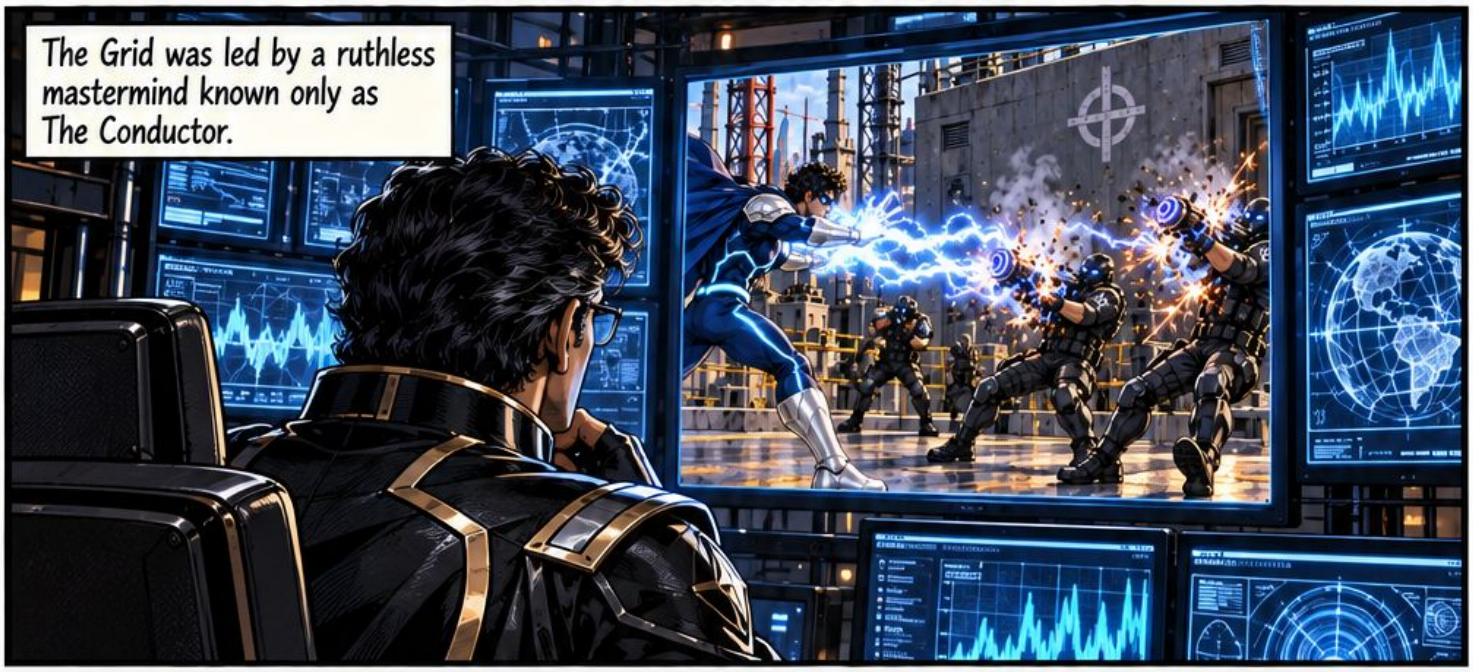
CHAPTER ONE: ELECTRIC PROMISE








WHUM!
WHUM!
Instead of dodging, he drew on his power.
ZZZT
Twin bolts of brilliant white energy shot from his palms.
KRAZZT


The Grid was led by a ruthless mastermind known only as The Conductor.


Impossible! A power surge of that magnitude!


The city lights began to recover.


He felt the weight of the city on his shoulders, and with it the unwavering resolve of his new destiny.


He spoke the oath that would define his life as a hero.


I PROMISE TO SAVE ALL.


Neo-Madras now flashed with Zova's image: a symbol of hope, and to The Grid, a symbol of defiance.


Being Zova meant constant vigilance.

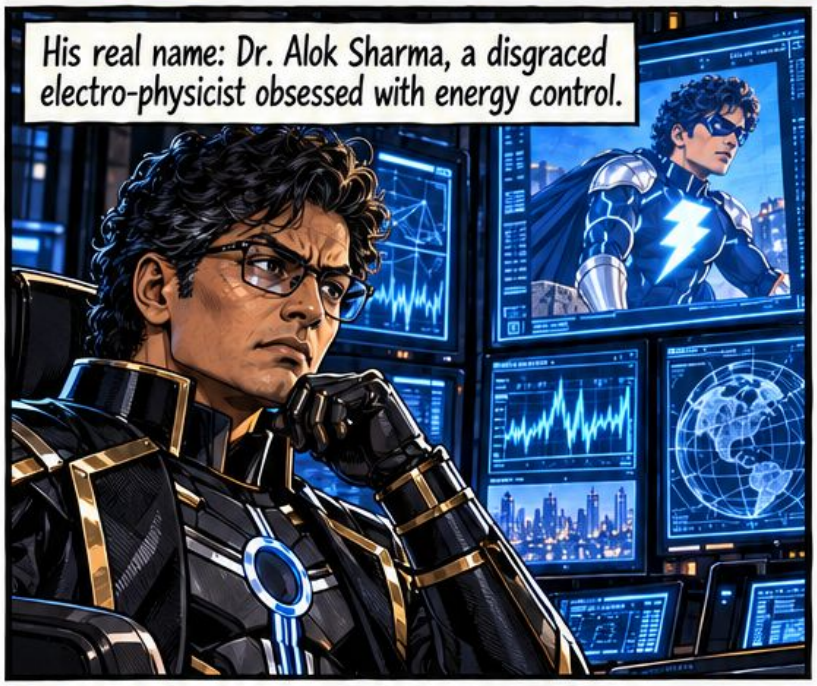

Every cry for help, every flickering light, felt like a personal failure if he couldn't reach it.


He was fast, but the city was vast.

ZOVA: THE LIGHTNING STRIKES!

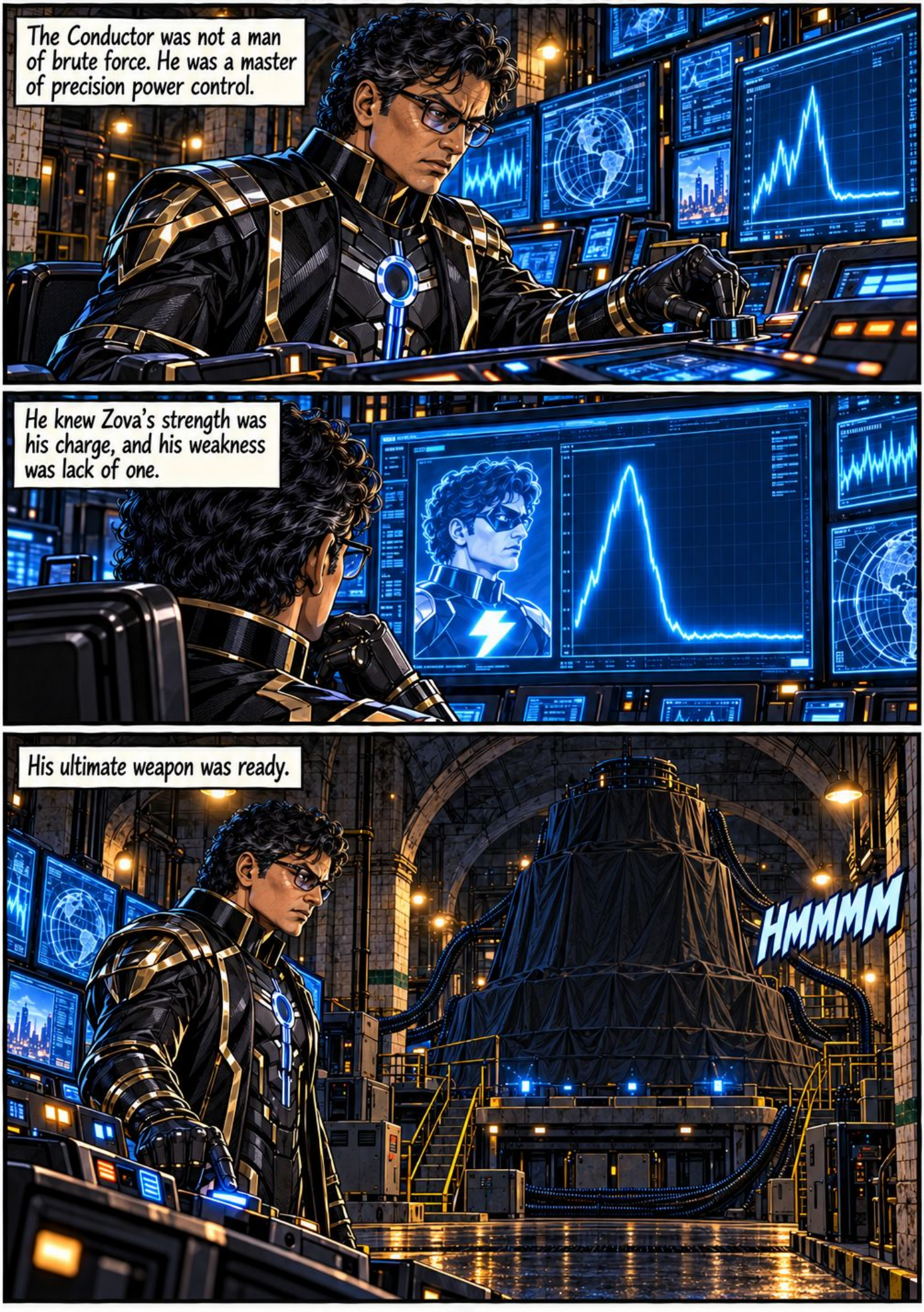
CHAPTER TWO: THE STATIC COIL

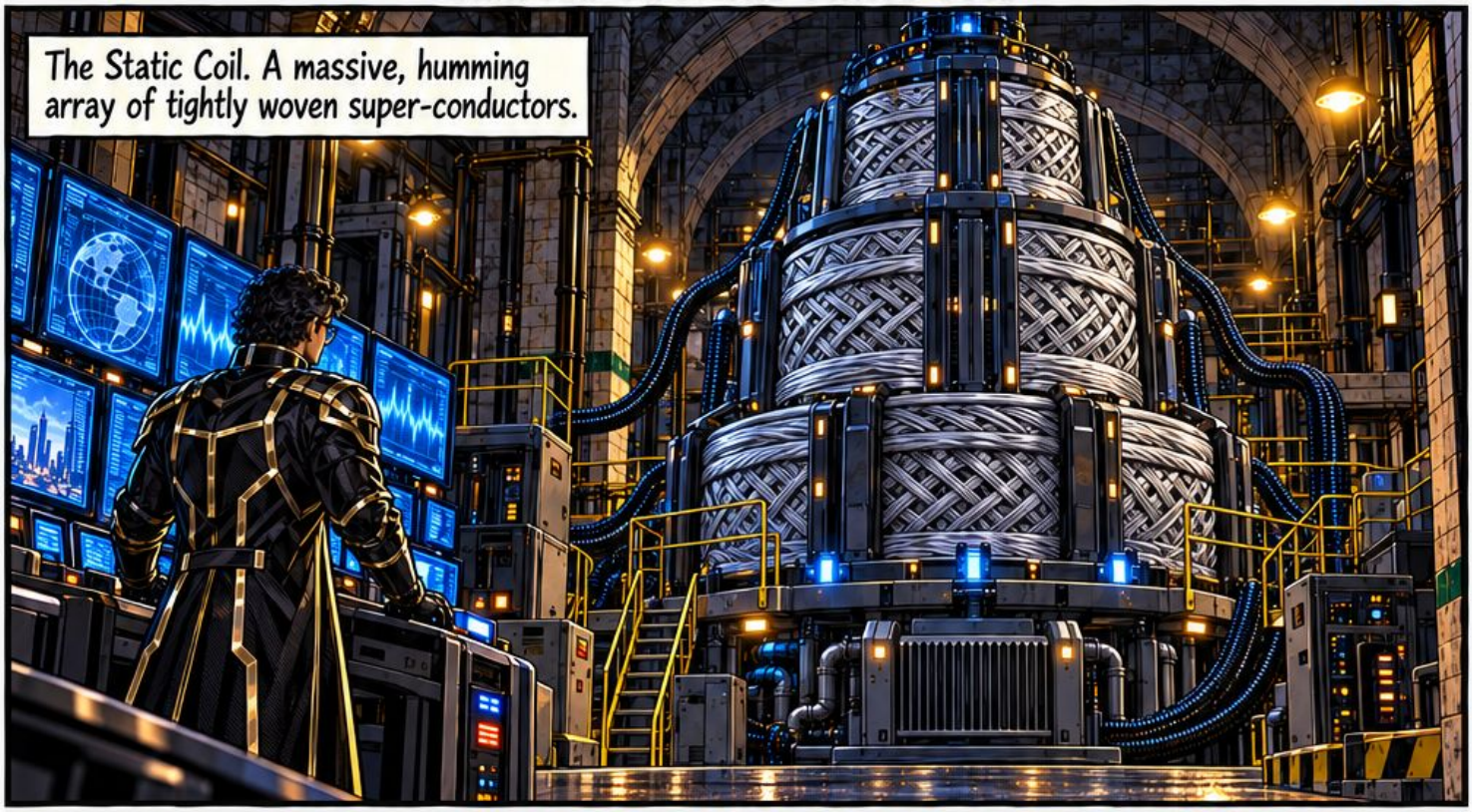


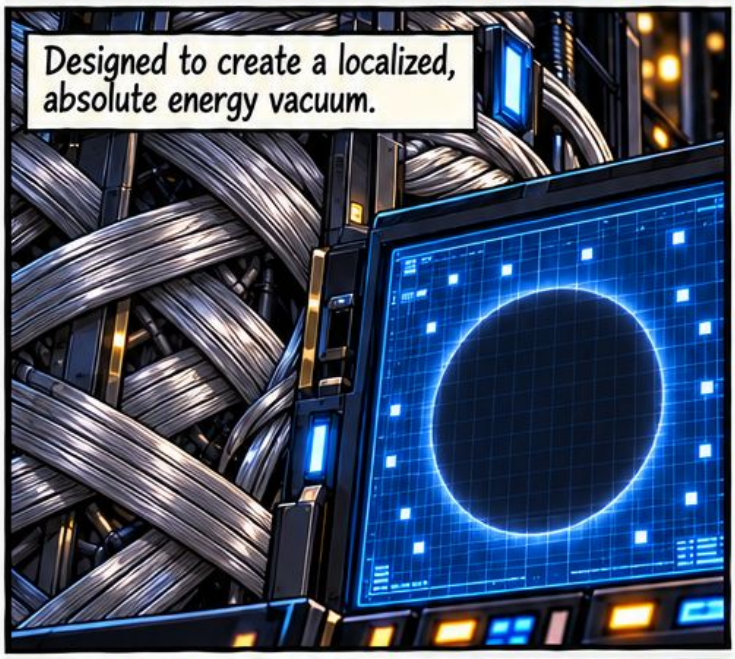


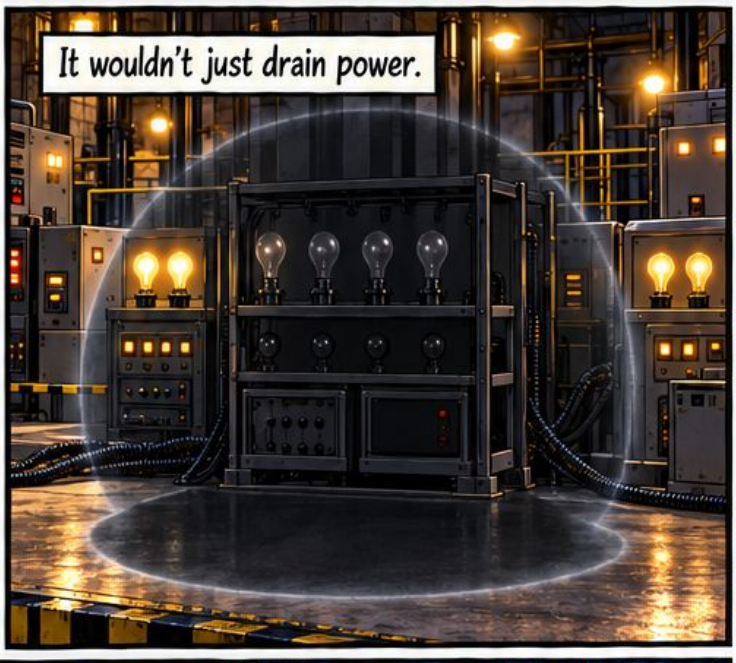


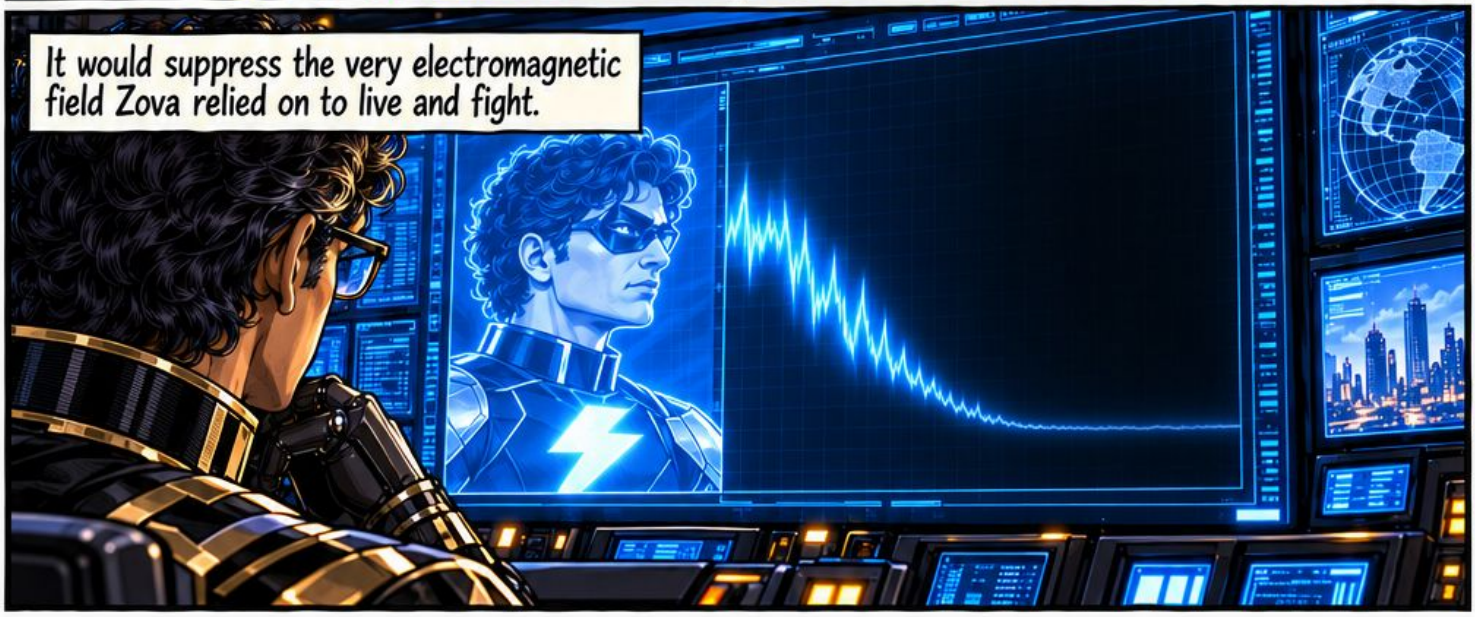



The Conductor was not a man of brute force. He was a master of precision power control.
He knew Zova's strength was his charge, and his weakness was lack of one.
His ultimate weapon was ready.
HMMMM

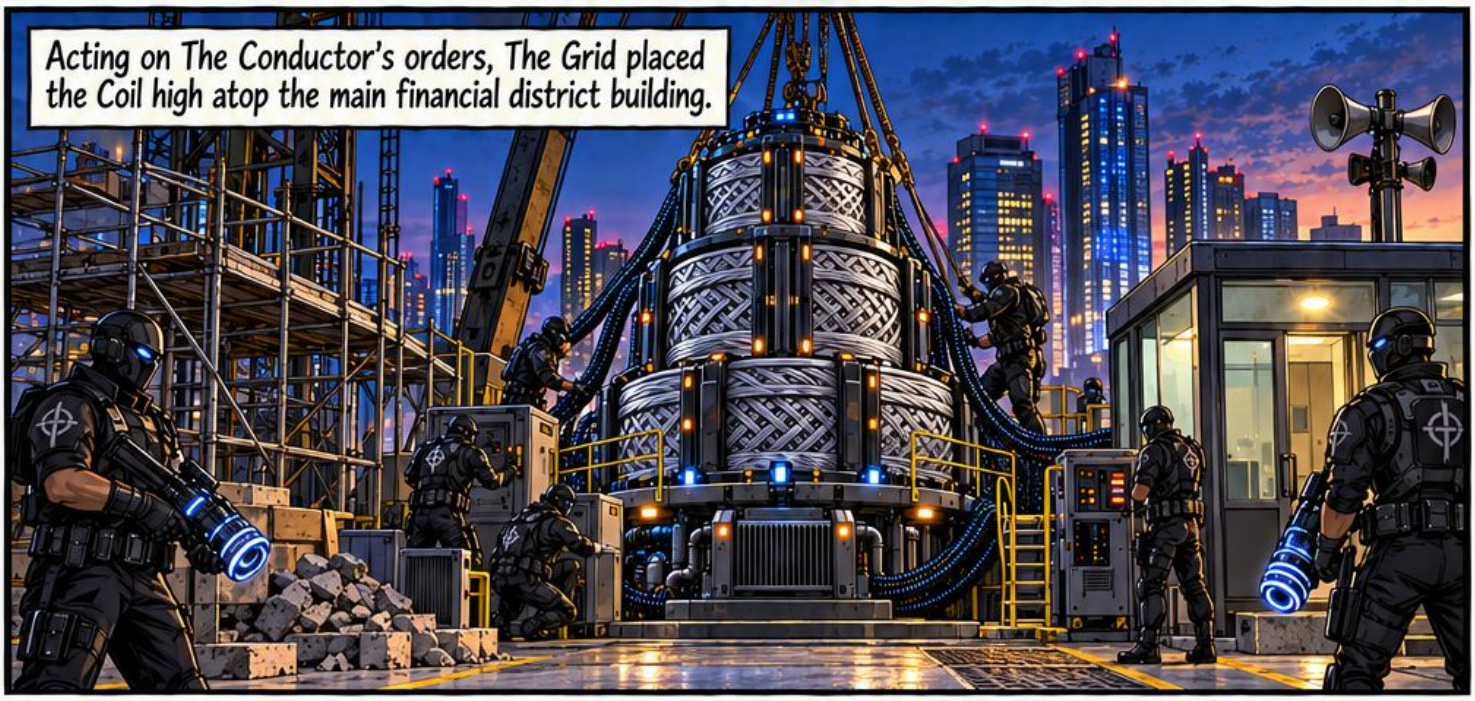

The Static Coil. A massive, humming array of tightly woven super-conductors.

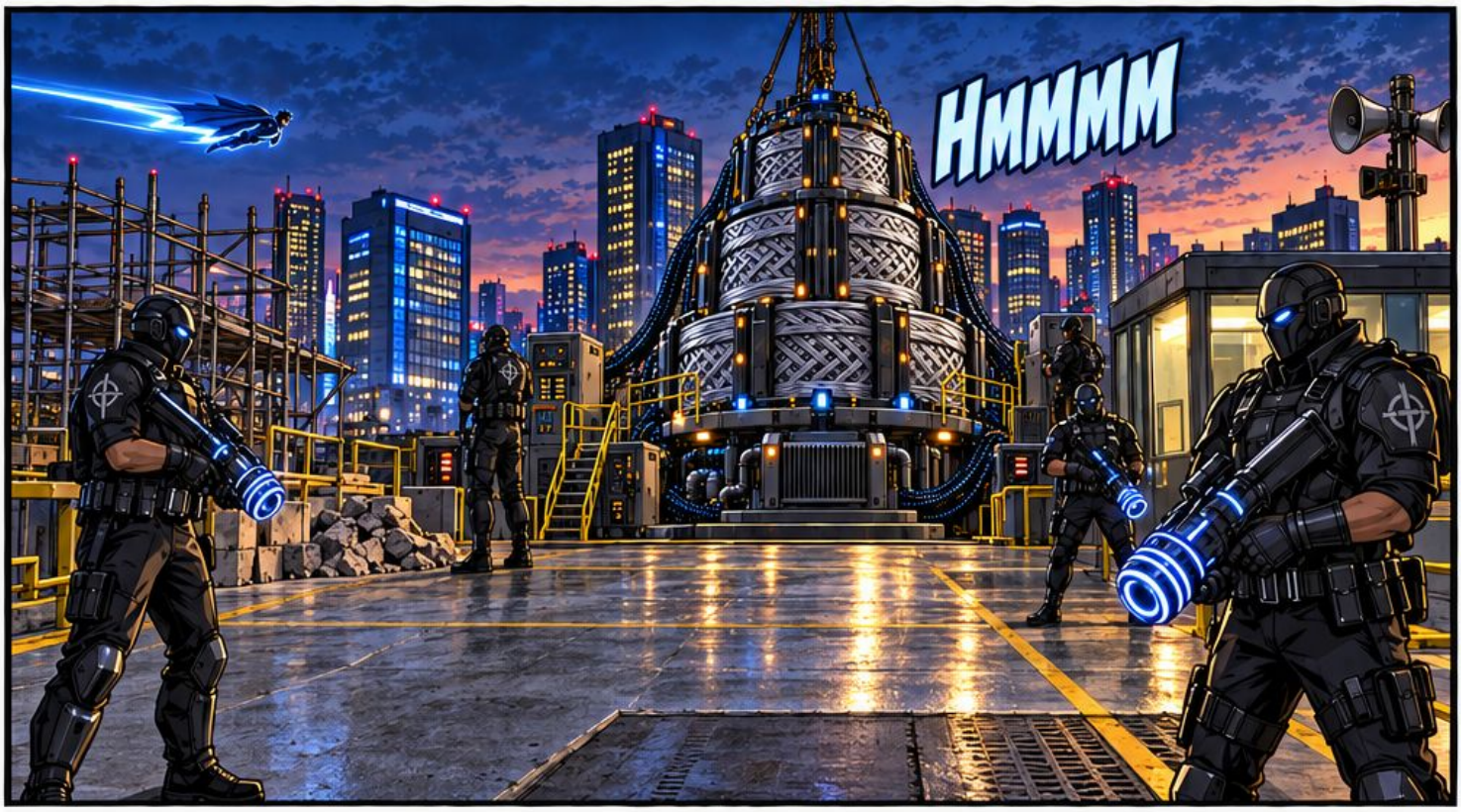

Designed to create a localized, absolute energy vacuum.


It wouldn't just drain power.


It would suppress the very electromagnetic field Zova relied on to live and fight.


The attack came at rush hour.


Acting on The Conductor's orders, The Grid placed the Coil high atop the main financial district building.


HMMMM


FZZAAT
A dozen armed Grid operatives surrounded the device.
But nothing happened.

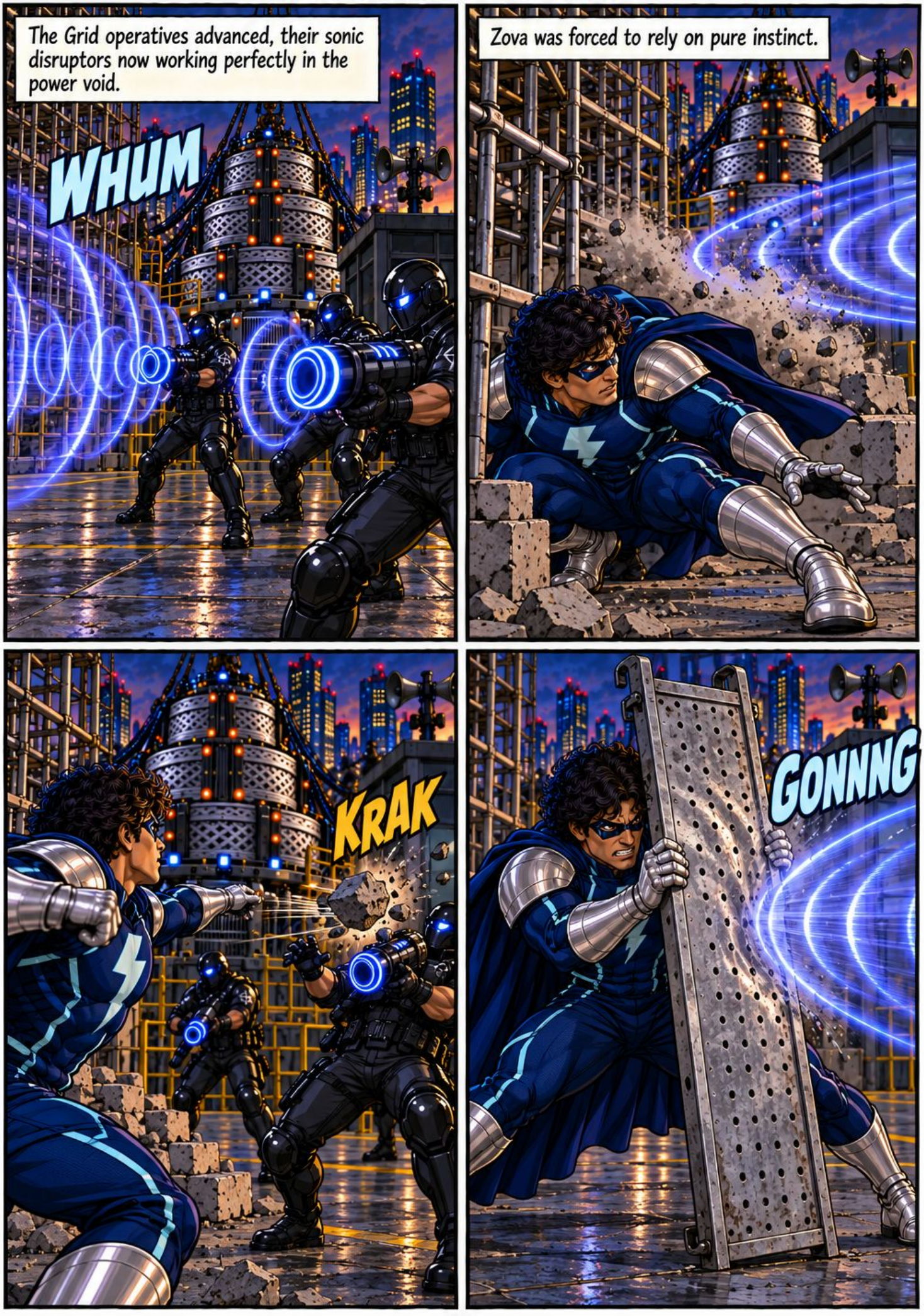

Instead of the usual THUMP of power in his chest, there was a dead, hollow silence.

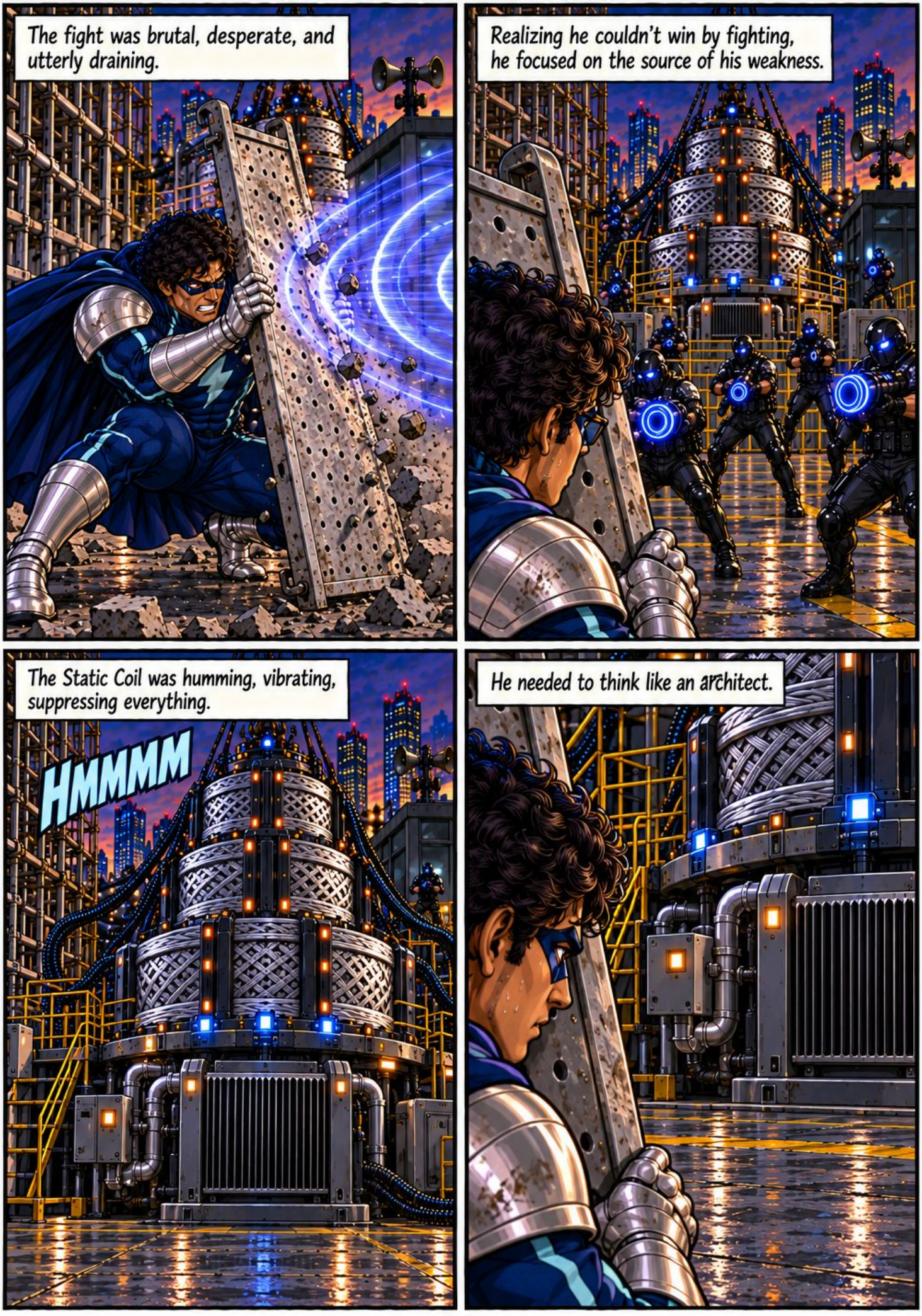

The Static Coil had created a five-block power nullification zone.


The lights were out. The cars were silent. Zova was trapped.


He was just Karthik, standing in an empty field of kinetic energy, facing armed enemies.

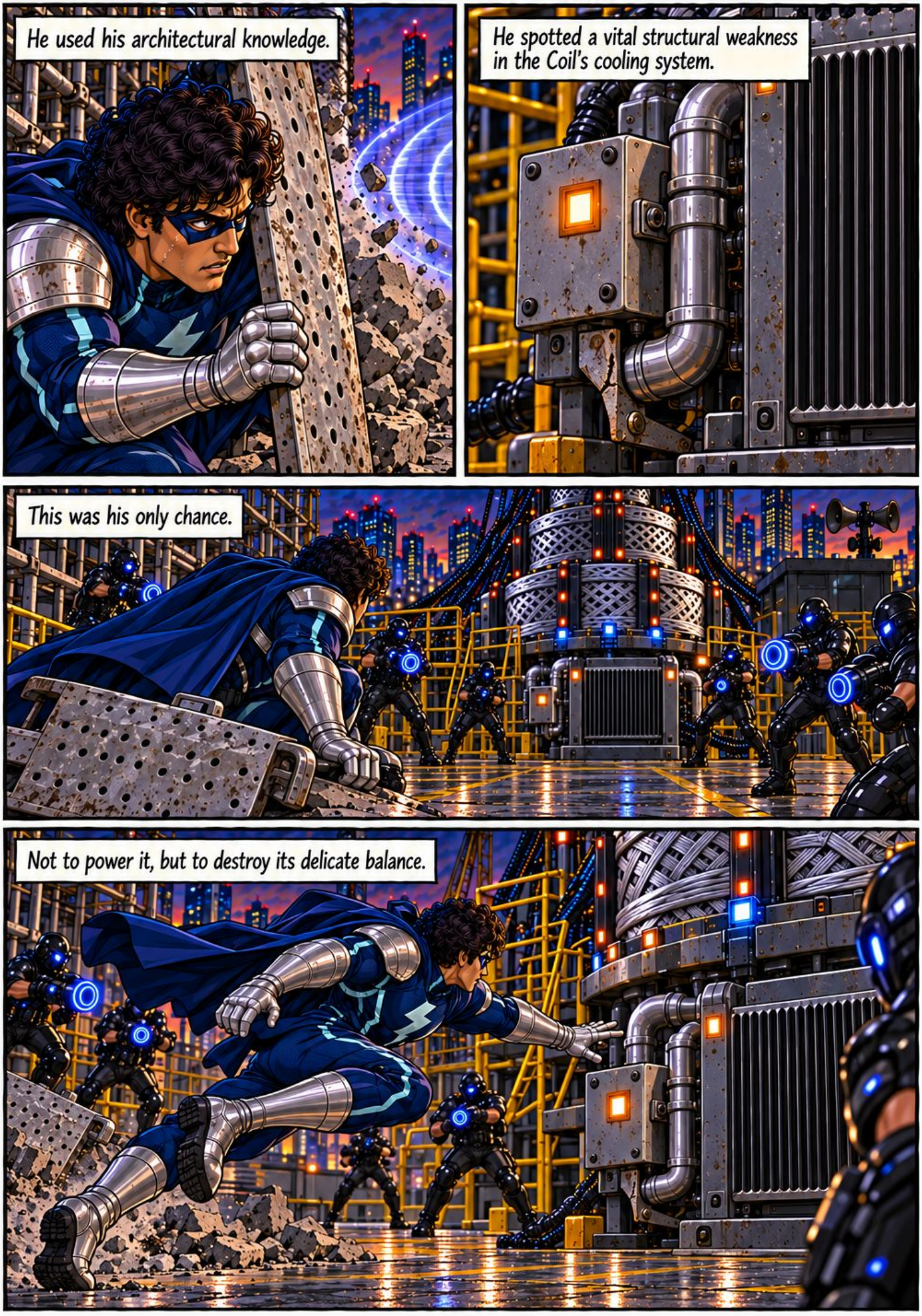

Look at the hero.
Reduced to flesh and bone.
Without your power, you are nothing but a promise waiting to be broken.


The Grid operatives advanced, their sonic disruptors now working perfectly in the power void.
WHUM
Zova was forced to rely on pure instinct.
KRAK
GONNNG


The fight was brutal, desperate, and utterly draining.
Realizing he couldn't win by fighting, he focused on the source of his weakness.
The Static Coil was humming, vibrating, suppressing everything.
HMMMM
He needed to think like an architect.

ZOVA: THE LIGHTNING STRIKES!

CHAPTER TWO: THE STATIC COIL



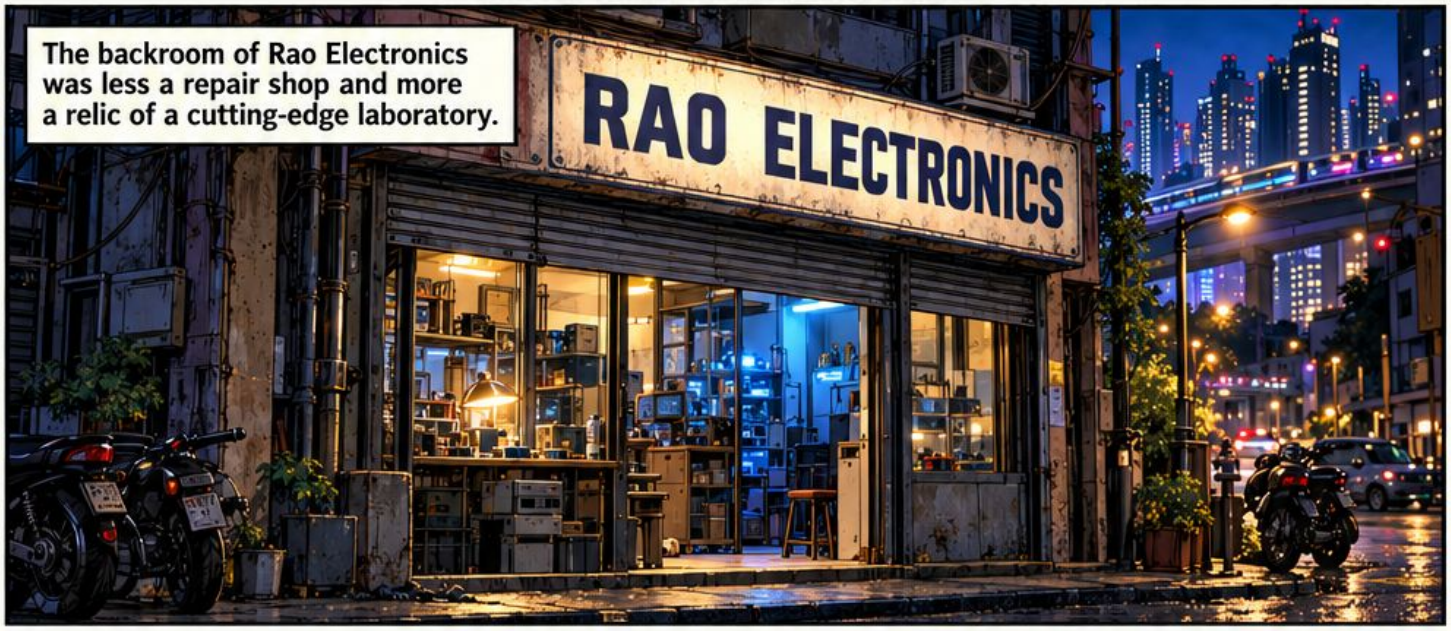


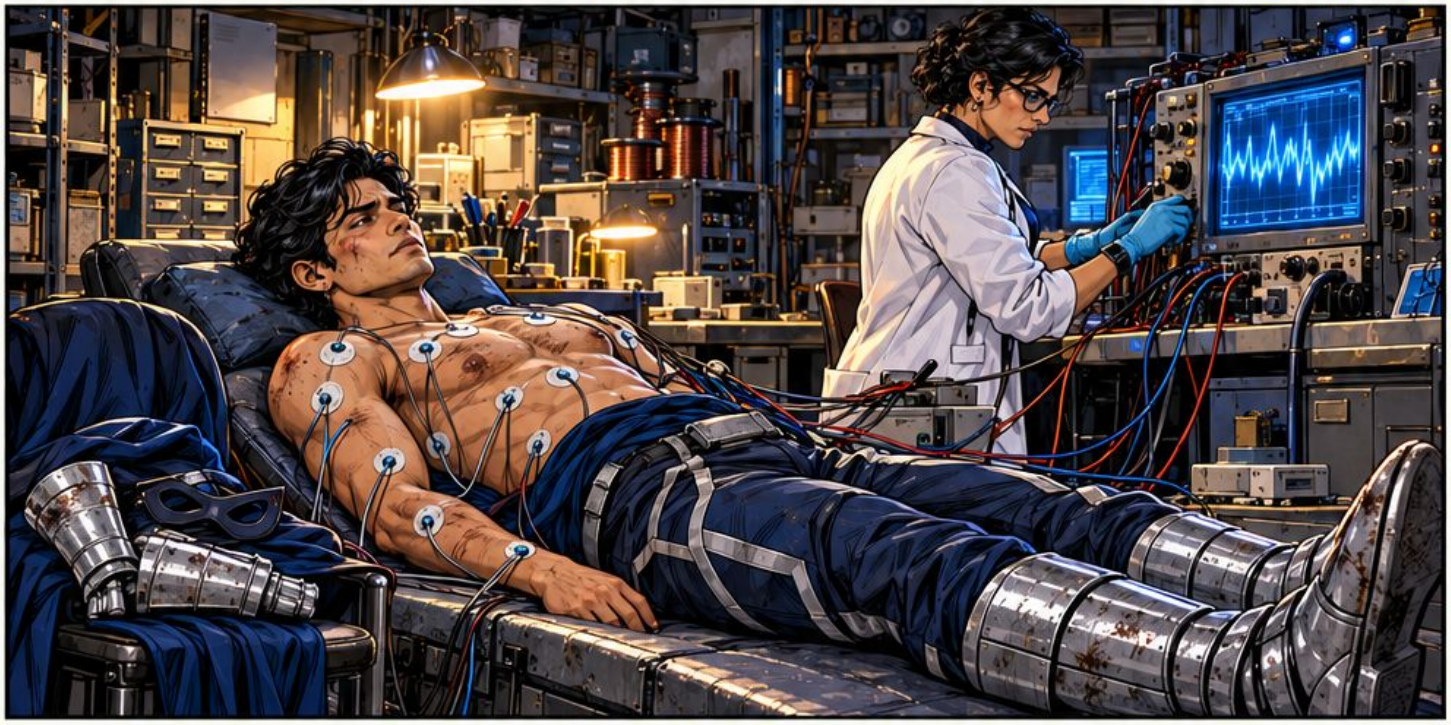

He used every ounce of his remaining strength, not electrical, but physical.
KRAK


The Coil screamed, overloading and sparking.
KREEEE

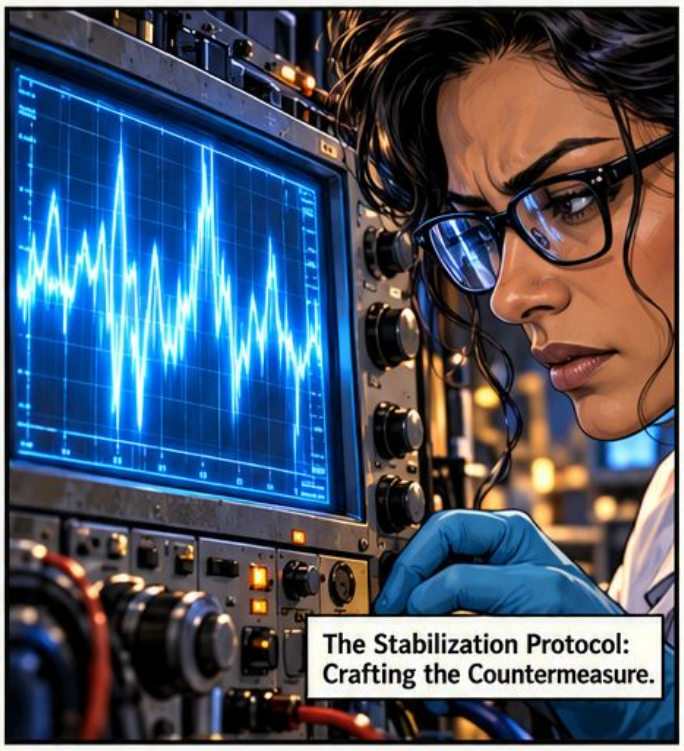

The power nullification field collapsed.
For one agonizing moment, Zova was hit by the sudden, massive rush of ambient electricity flooding back into the zone.
The surge was overwhelming, almost killing him, but he managed to absorb it.
KRAZZZT
The Conductor's voice cut out.

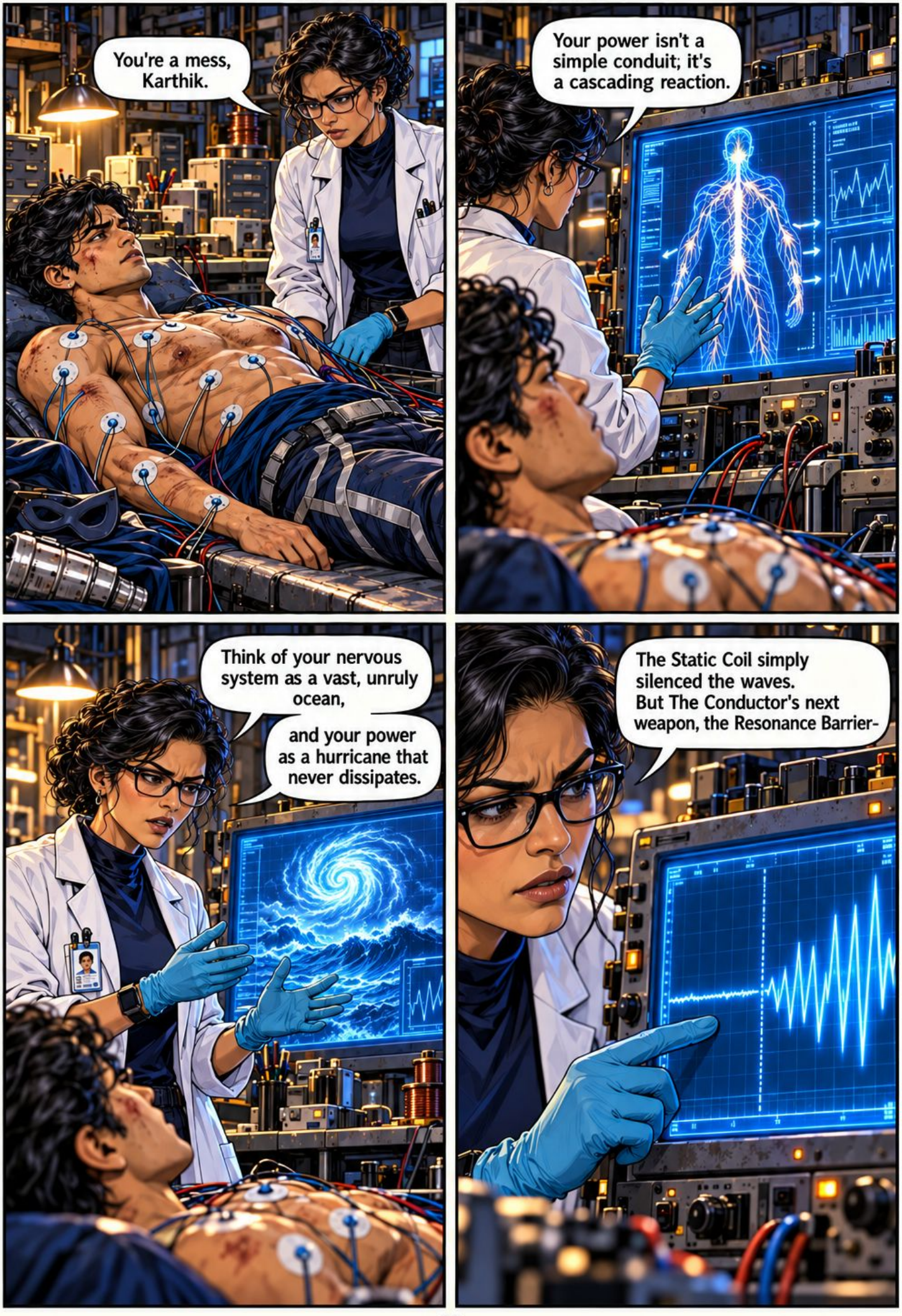

He had won the battle, but he had learned a terrifying truth: he was vulnerable.
His greatest strength was now his most exploitable weakness.
The weight of his promise felt heavier than ever.
WEE-OO
He now knew his enemy understood him better than he understood himself.

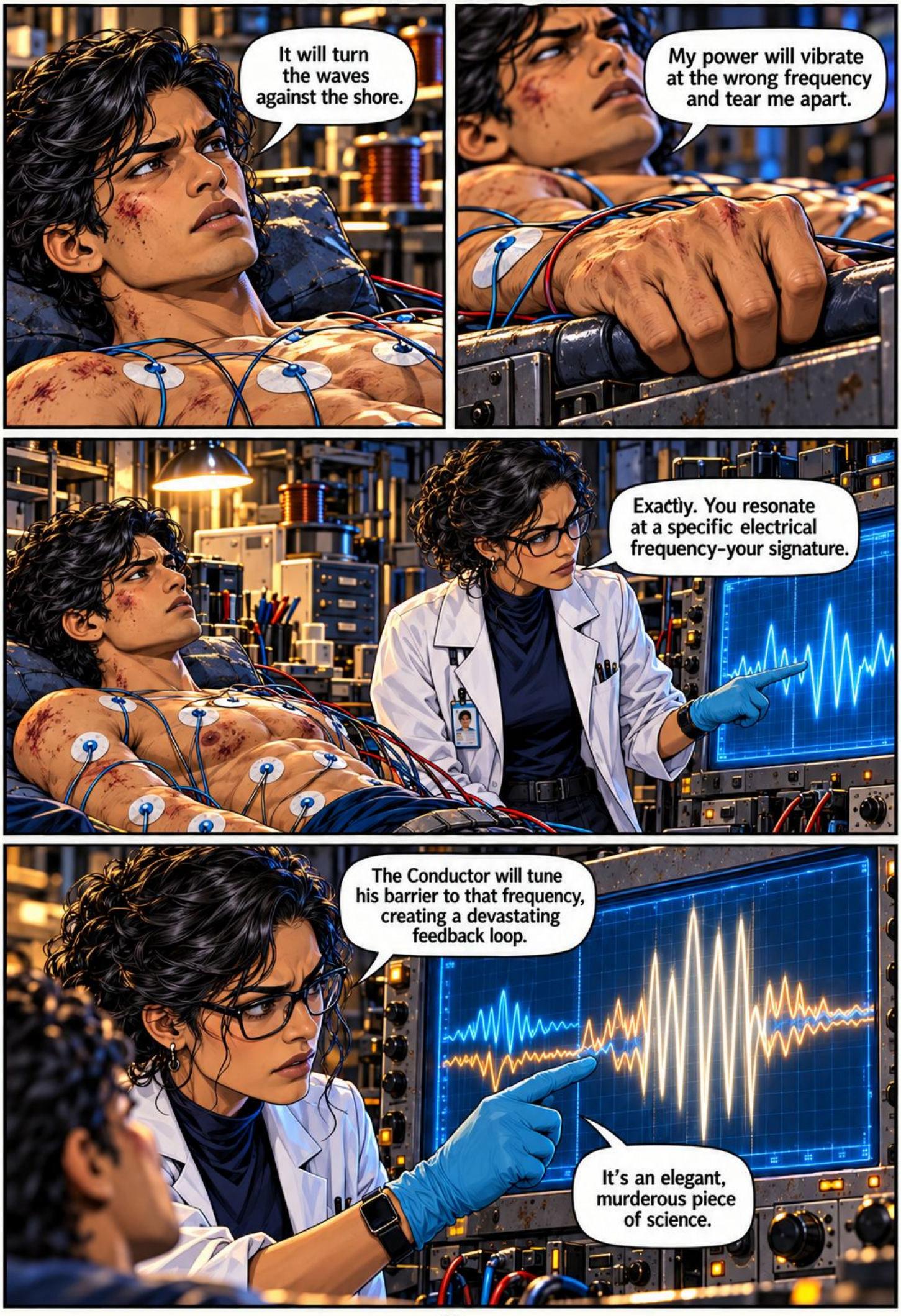

The backroom of Rao Electronics was less a repair shop and more a relic of a cutting-edge laboratory.
RAO ELECTRONICS





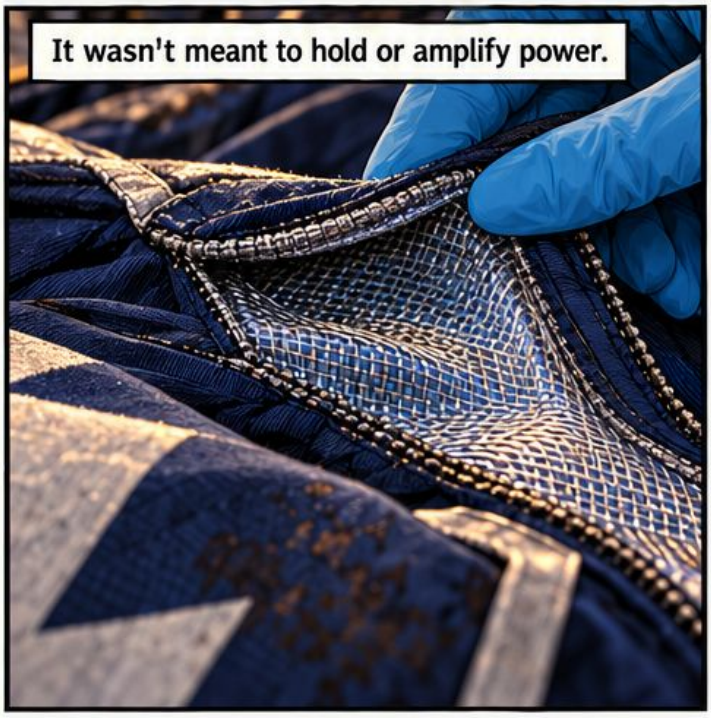

The Stabilization Protocol: Crafting the Countermeasure.

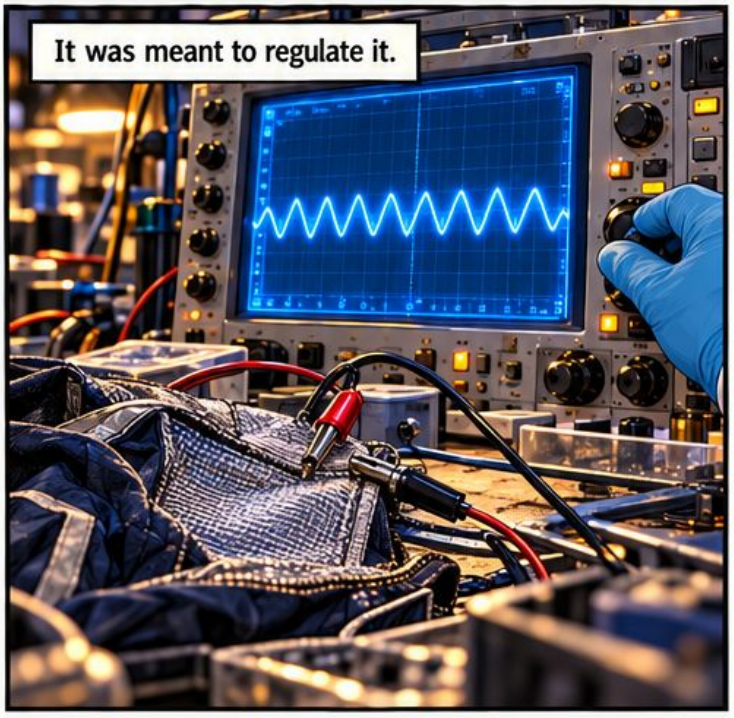

You're a mess, Karthik.
Your power isn't a simple conduit; it's a cascading reaction.
Think of your nervous system as a vast, unruly ocean,
and your power as a hurricane that never dissipates.
The Static Coil simply silenced the waves. But The Conductor's next weapon, the Resonance Barrier-


It will turn the waves against the shore.
My power will vibrate at the wrong frequency and tear me apart.
Exactly. You resonate at a specific electrical frequency-your signature.
The Conductor will tune his barrier to that frequency, creating a devastating feedback loop.
It's an elegant, murderous piece of science.

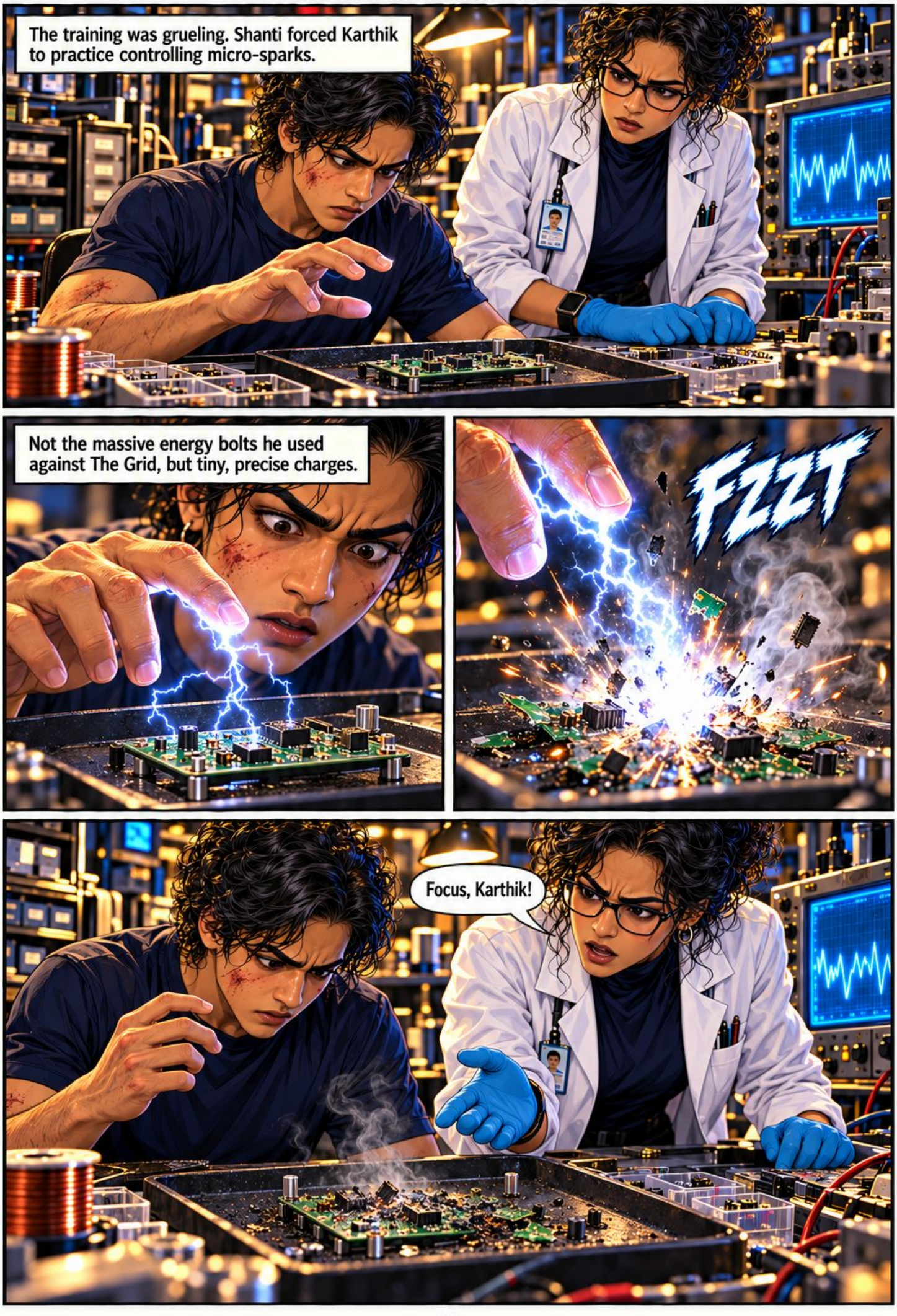

Their only chance lay in the Faraday Weave.


Using rare, customized nano-fibers and superconductors, Shanti began meticulously integrating a new lining into Zova's suit.


It wasn't meant to hold or amplify power.


It was meant to regulate it.

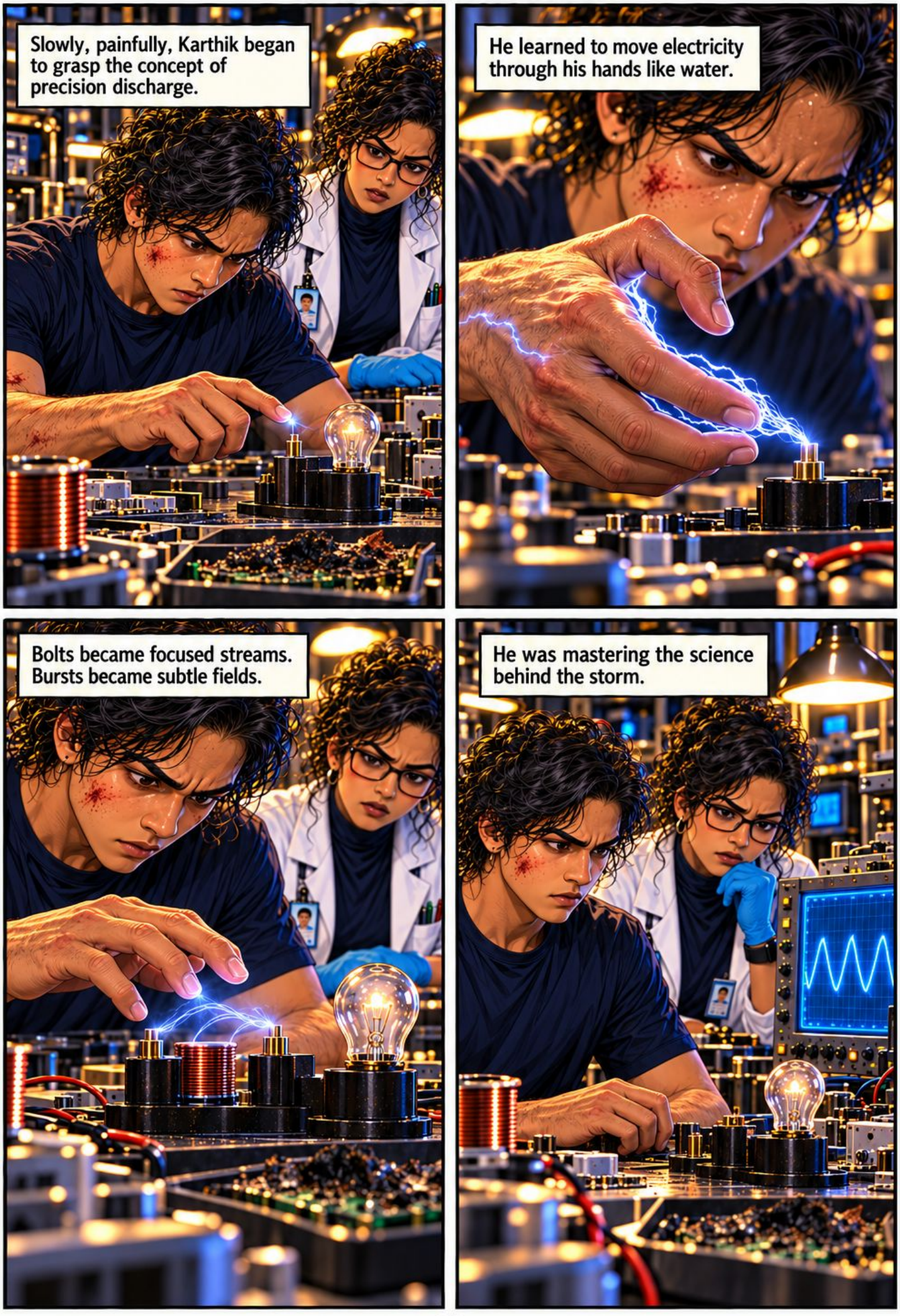

This 'Weave' acts as a frequency filter and dampener.
It will isolate your internal electrical signature from the ambient field, making you electronically 'invisible' to The Conductor's trap.
But you have to learn control. The Weave is a filter, not a failsafe.
You need to channel power with the precision of a surgeon, not the brute force of a storm.

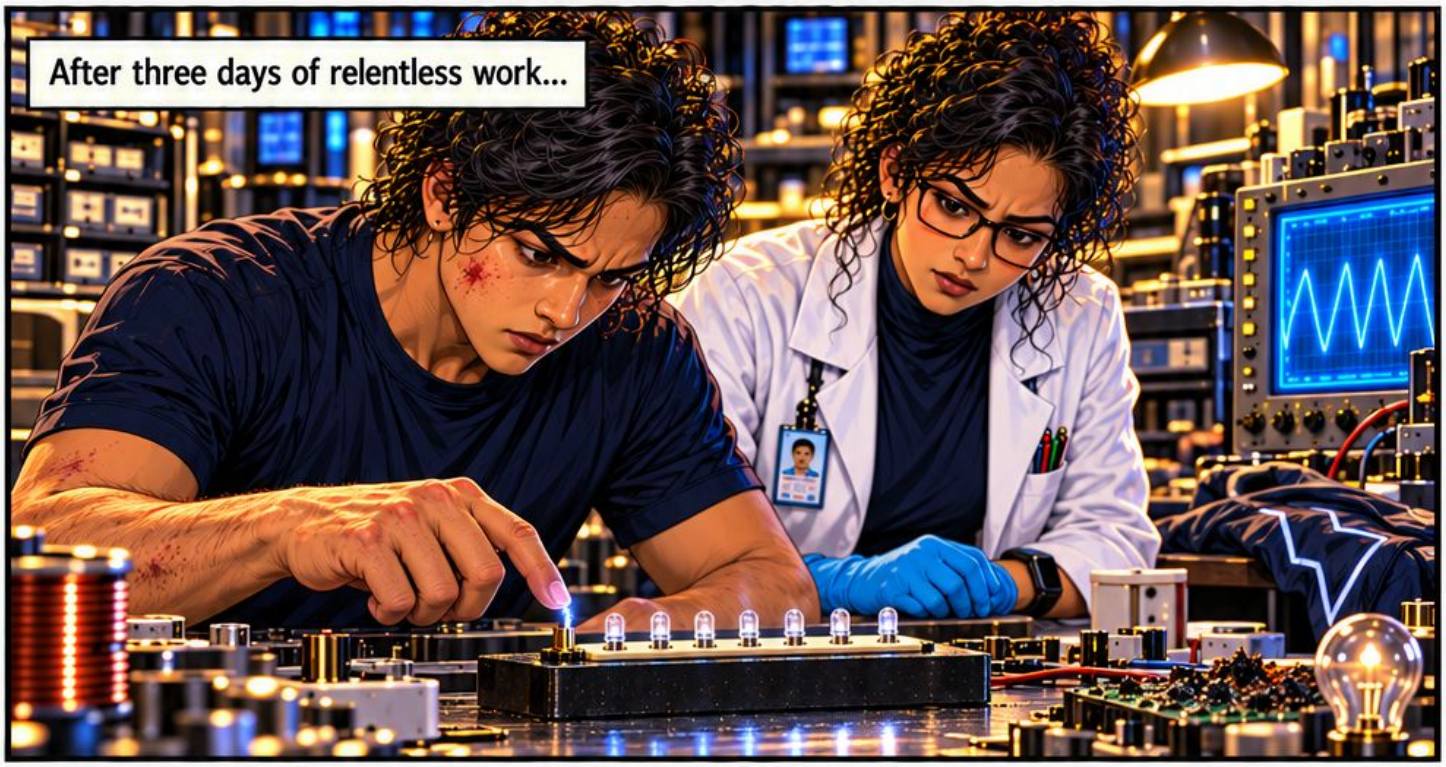

The training was grueling. Shanti forced Karthik to practice controlling micro-sparks.
Not the massive energy bolts he used against The Grid, but tiny, precise charges.
FZZT
Focus, Karthik!

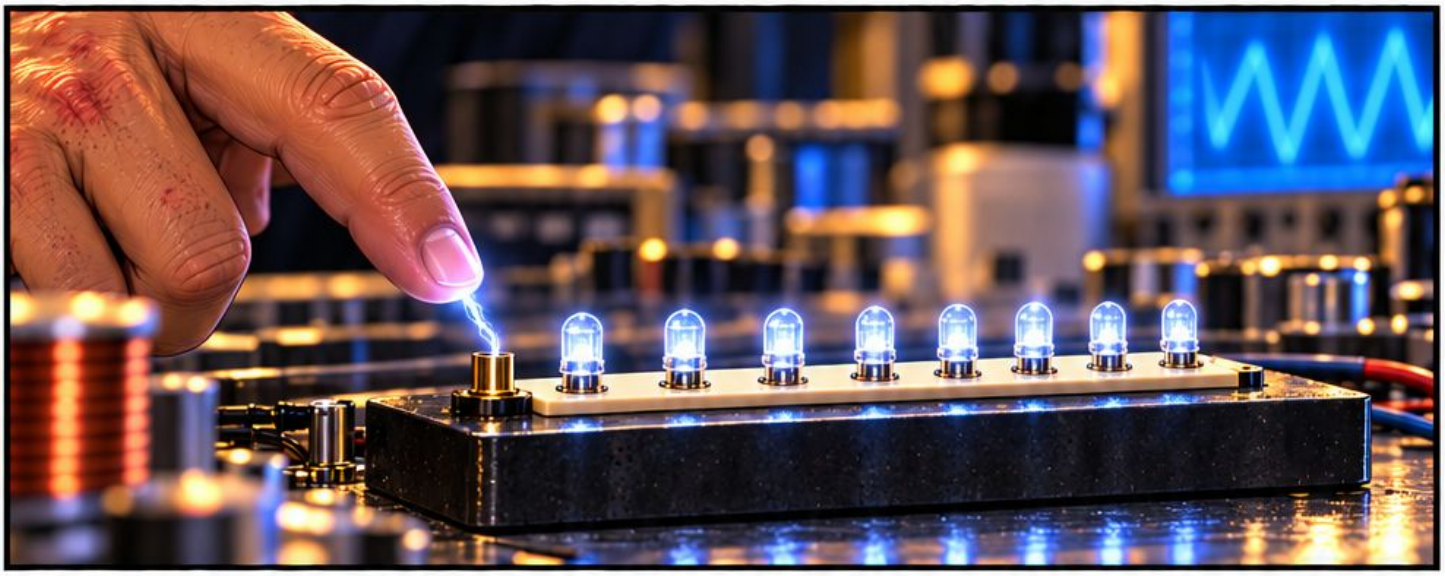

That was enough energy to power a block of apartments for an hour!

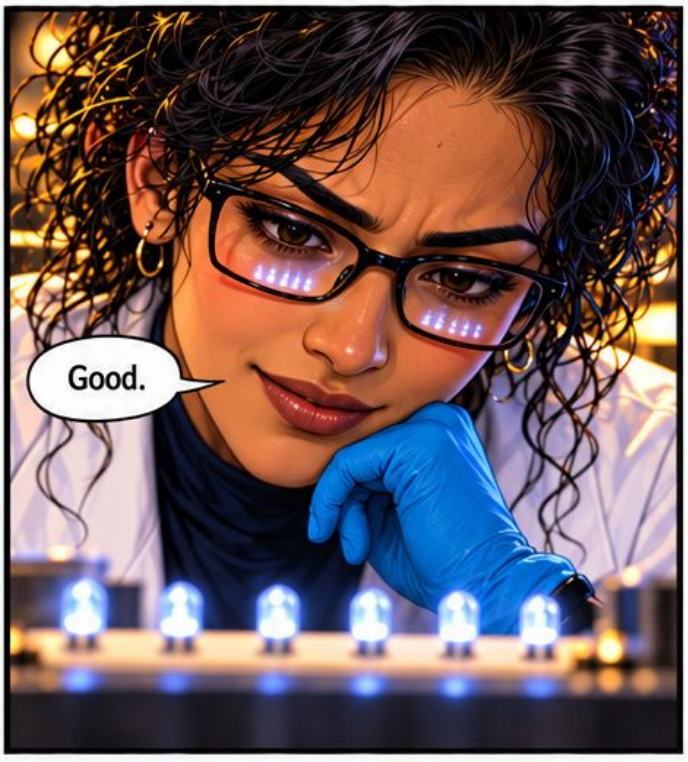

Do it again. Light the filament, but do not vaporize the glass!

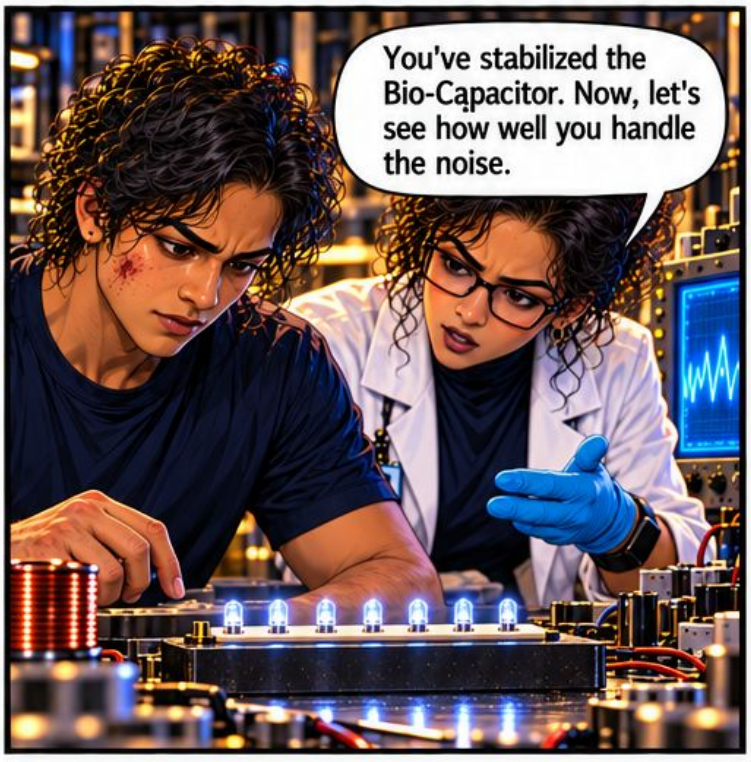



Slowly, painfully, Karthik began to grasp the concept of precision discharge.
He learned to move electricity through his hands like water.
Bolts became focused streams. Bursts became subtle fields.
He was mastering the science behind the storm.


After three days of relentless work...




Good.

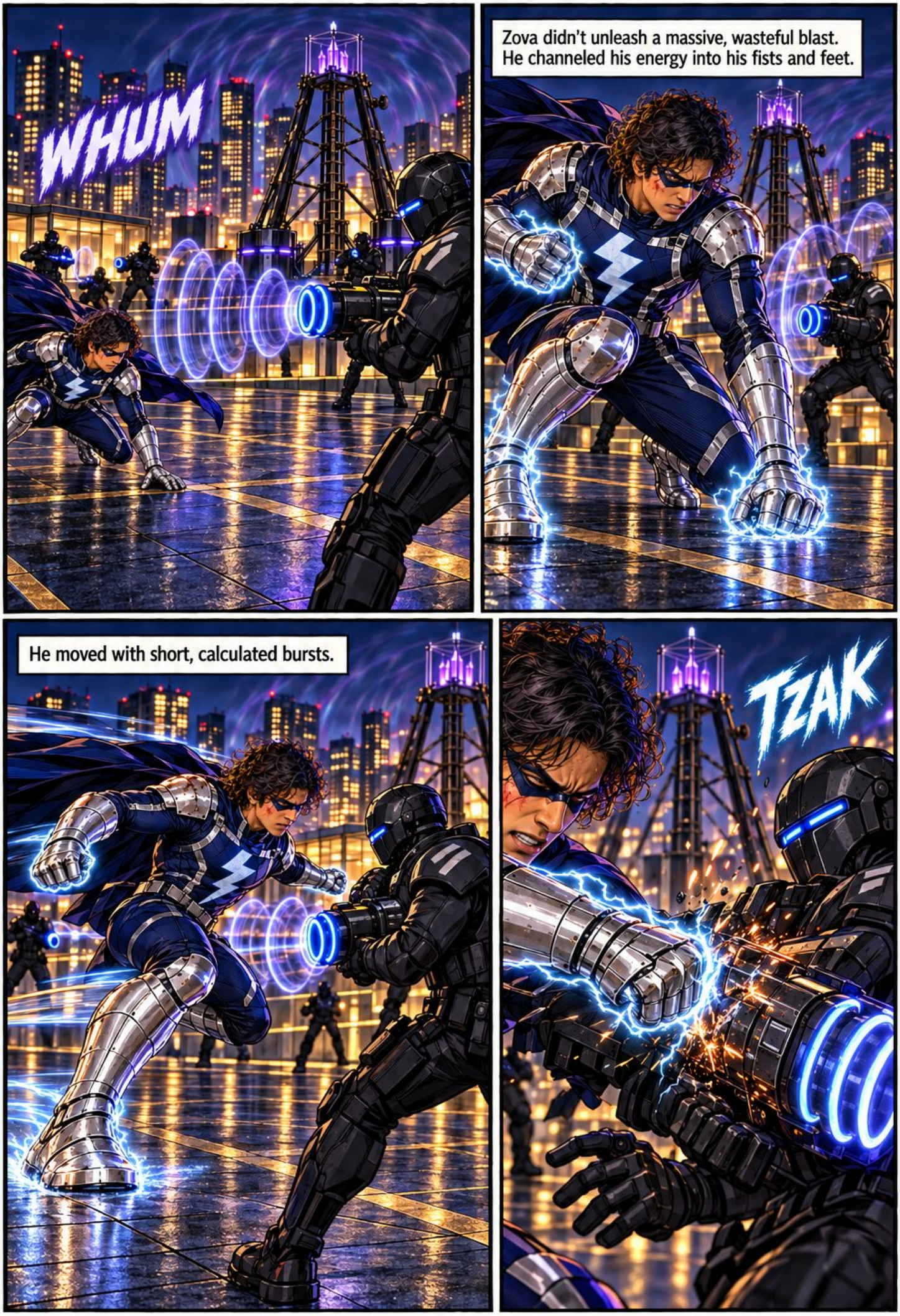

You've stabilized the Bio-Capacitor. Now, let's see how well you handle the noise.

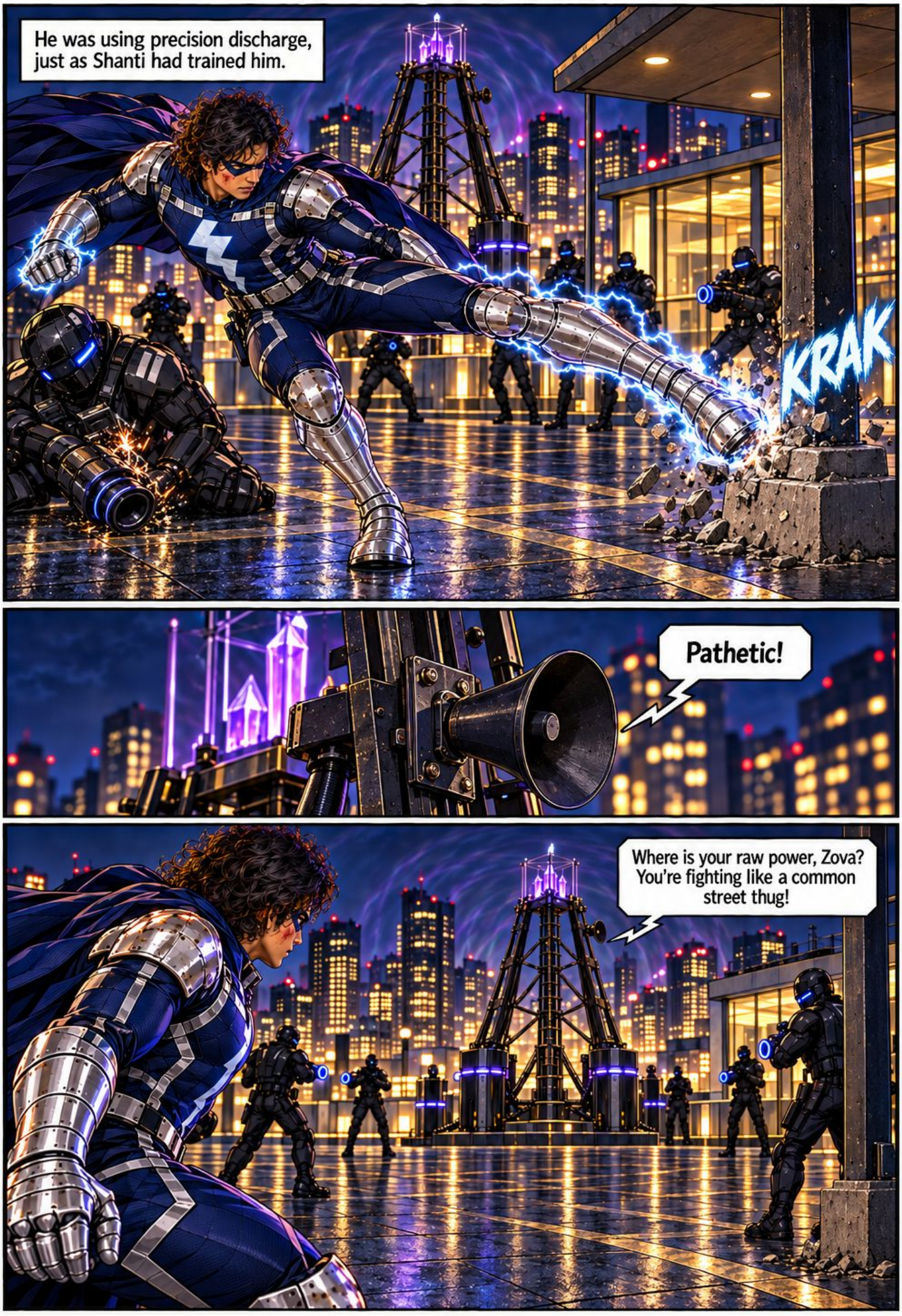

Suddenly, the city's power grid stuttered.
Your little project has taken too long, Zova.
The Resonance Barrier is activated. I suggest you stay home, little spark.
Unless you wish to fulfill your own destiny as a spectacular, five-block explosion.

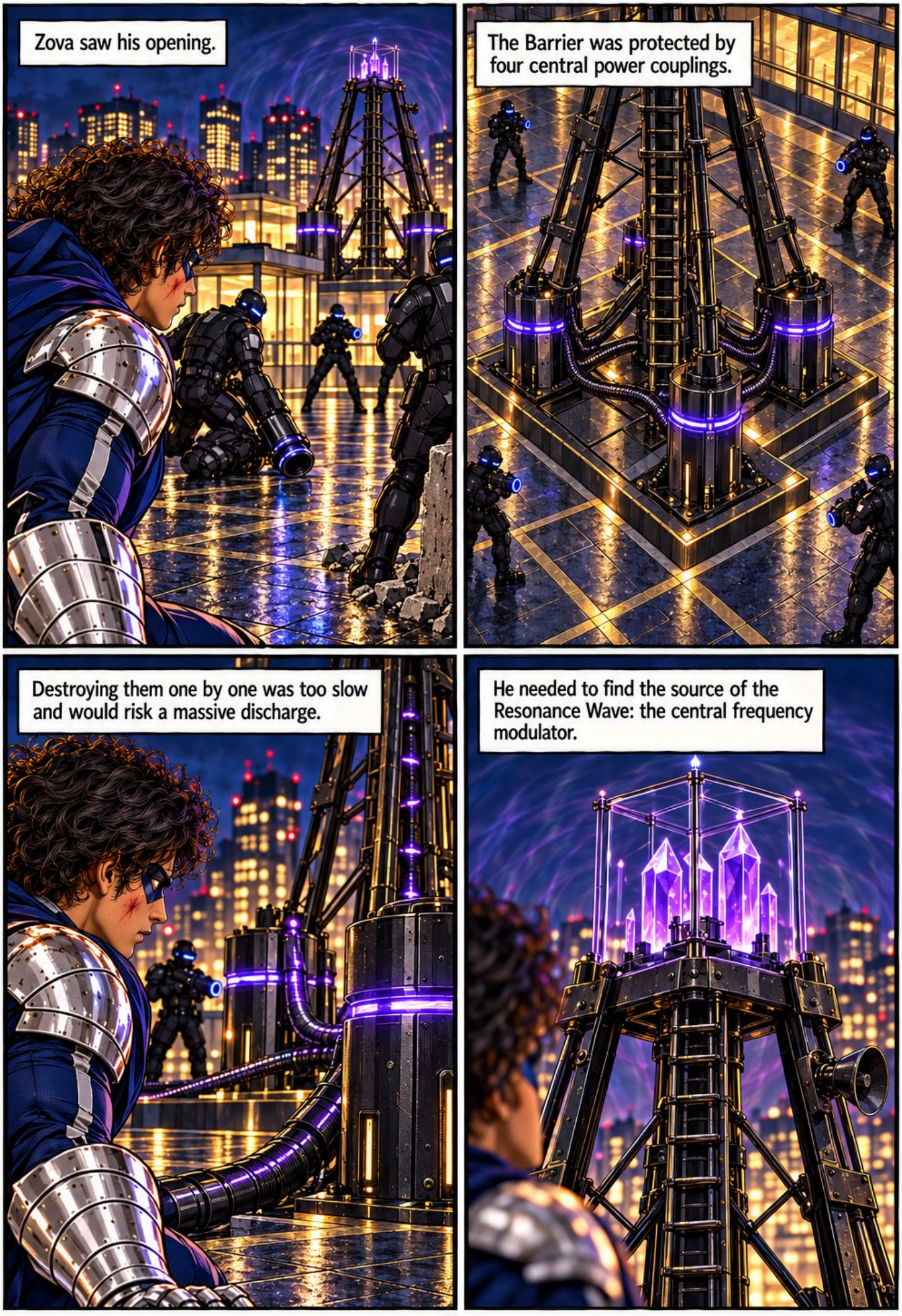

The time for practice was over. His movements were steady, precise.
I promised to save all.
And that includes my city from your elegant, murderous science.

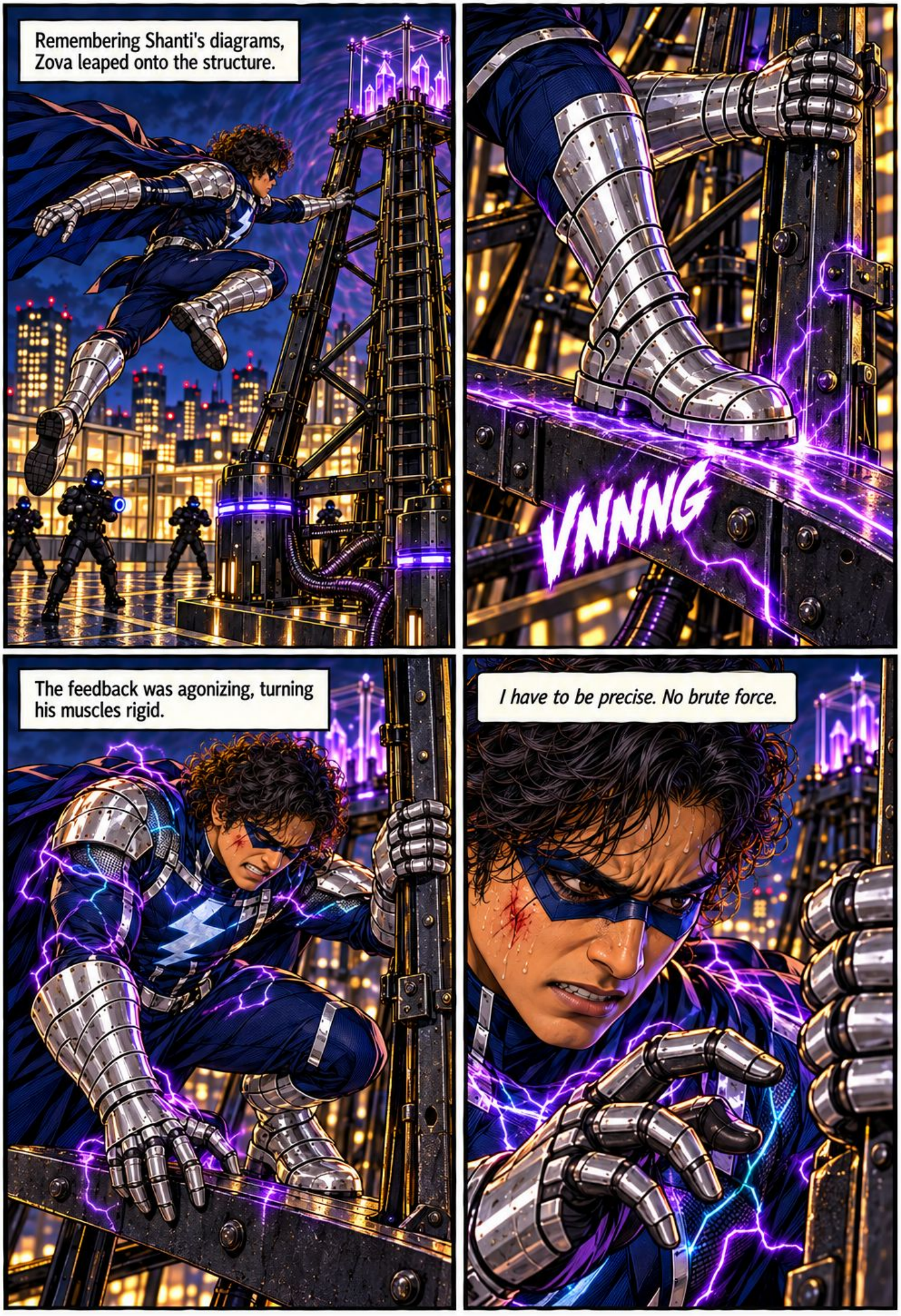

The activation point was the roof of the Neo-Madras Stock Exchange, a building symbolizing the financial power The Conductor sought to control.
NNNNNN
Unlike the Static Coil, this device didn't drain power. It emitted a calculated, invisible wave tuned to Zova's exact electrical signature.


Welcome, Zova. Try to channel your power. I promise the fireworks will be spectacular.
Without the Faraday Weave, he would already be writhing on the ground, his internal circuits ripping themselves apart.
Thanks to Dr. Rao's work, the dangerous resonance was being shunted and filtered.
He felt the hostile frequency, but the Weave gave him a critical, razor-thin buffer.


WHUM
Zova didn't unleash a massive, wasteful blast. He channeled his energy into his fists and feet.
He moved with short, calculated bursts.
TZAK


He was using precision discharge, just as Shanti had trained him.
KRAK
Pathetic!
Where is your raw power, Zova? You're fighting like a common street thug!

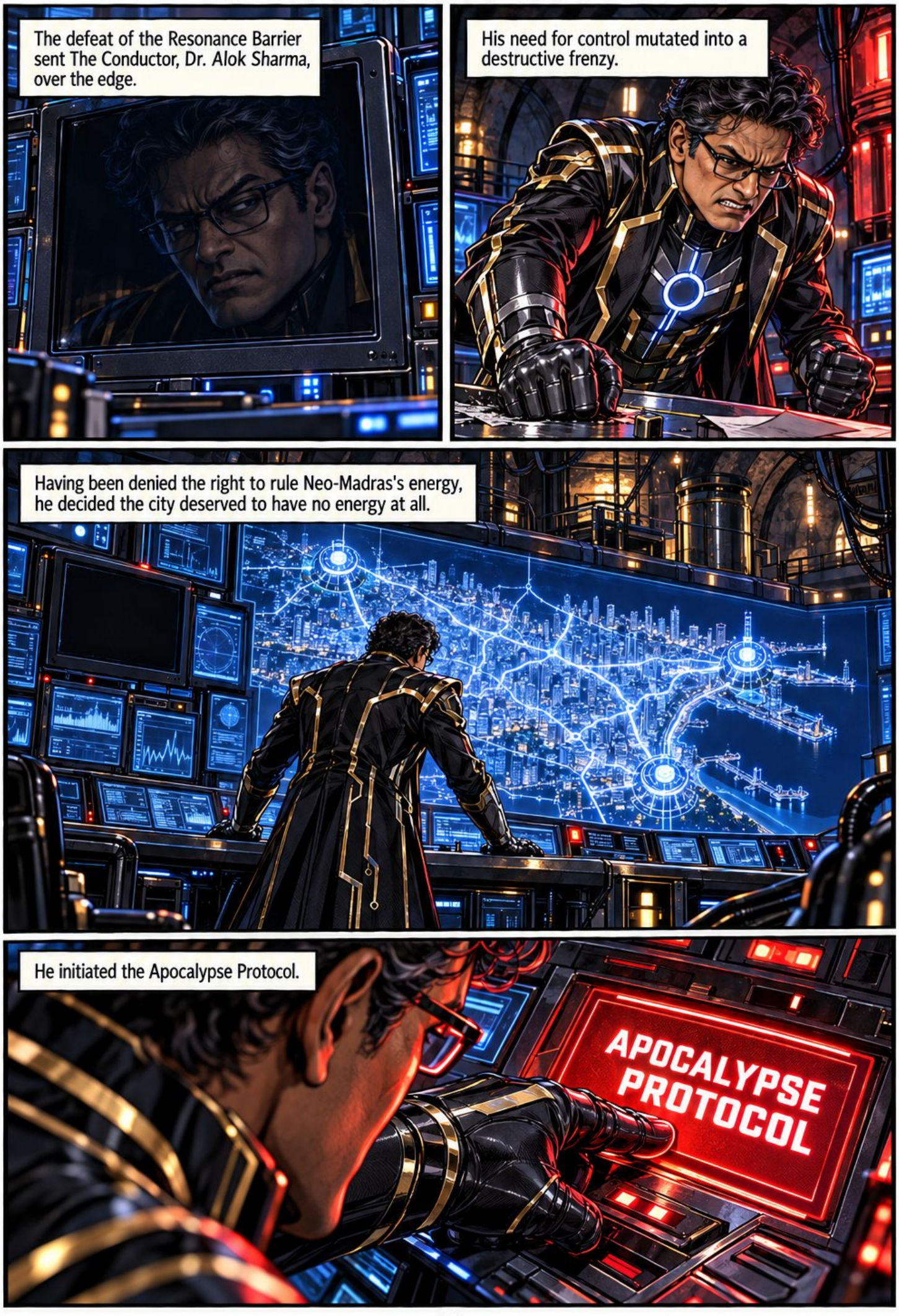

Zova saw his opening.
The Barrier was protected by four central power couplings.
Destroying them one by one was too slow and would risk a massive discharge.
He needed to find the source of the Resonance Wave: the central frequency modulator.


Remembering Shanti's diagrams, Zova leaped onto the structure.
VNNNG
The feedback was agonizing, turning his muscles rigid.
I have to be precise. No brute force.


At the peak: the modulator, a complex array of crystals.
A hair-thin stream. Delicate, visible only as a faint, white-hot line.
A controlled current that moved through the air like a needle.
He threaded it through the protective casing, bypassing the external shields and targeting the tiny regulator crystal.


Just like lighting the filament.
With a final, infinitesimal push of power, the crystal cracked.
tik
Instead of a catastrophic explosion, there was a sound like a tuning fork being muted.
The massive Resonance Barrier went instantly silent, its malicious humming gone.
SKKKT

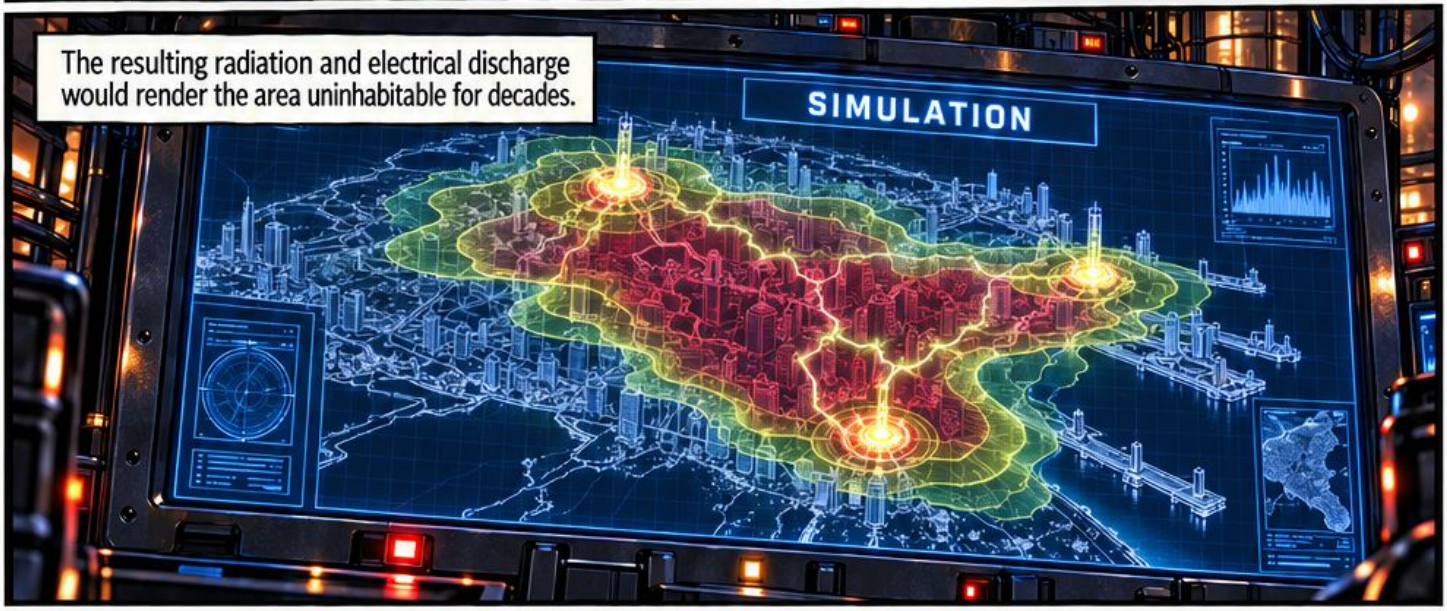

He hadn't just defeated the weapon. He had demonstrated mastery over his own power.
He was no longer just a spark. He was a controlled current.
The hero had kept his promise, not through strength, but through science.
With the successful defeat of the Resonance Barrier, Zova is now fully stabilized and prepared for his final confrontation with The Conductor!

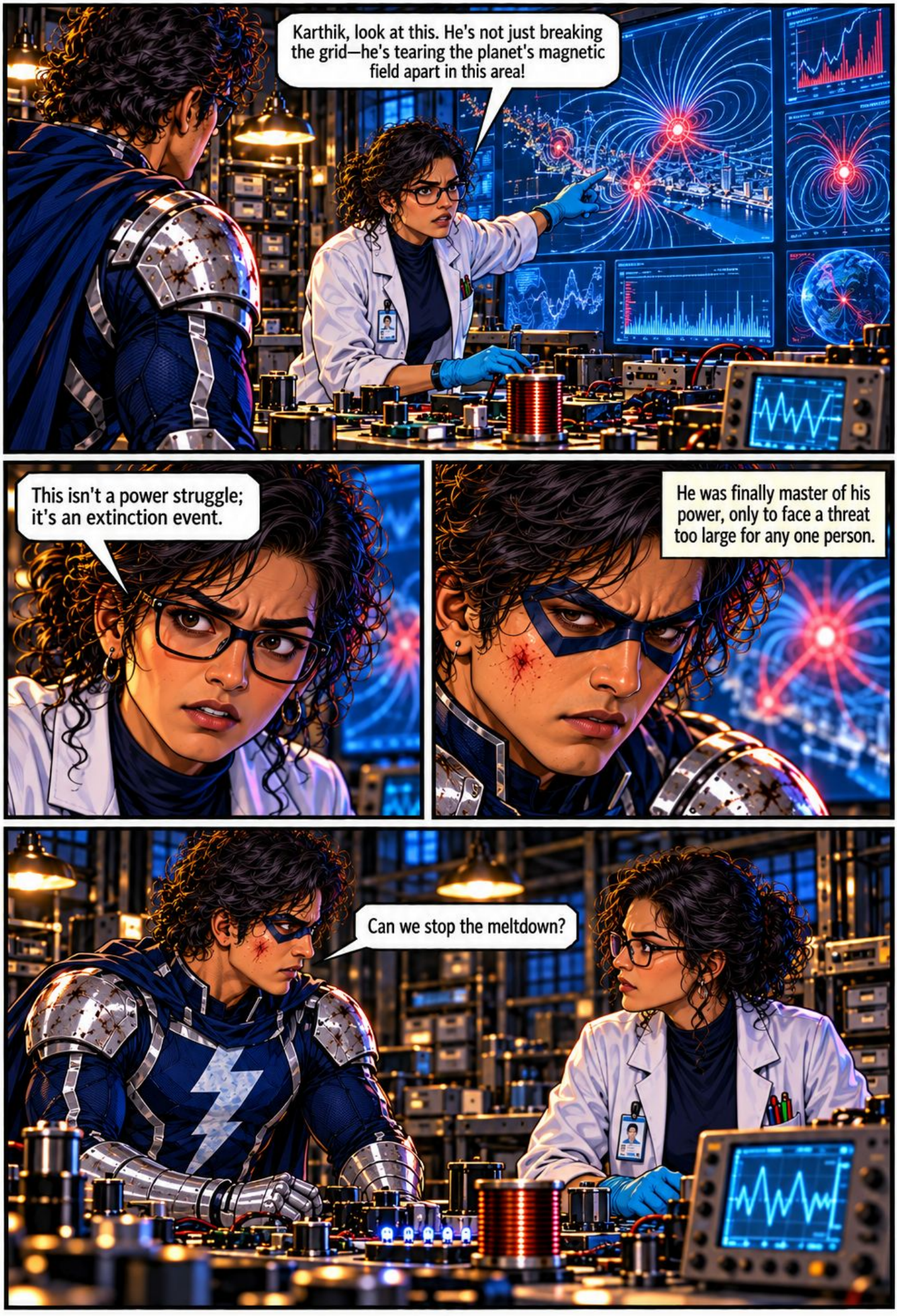

The defeat of the Resonance Barrier sent The Conductor, Dr. Alok Sharma, over the edge.
His need for control mutated into a destructive frenzy.
Having been denied the right to rule Neo-Madras's energy, he decided the city deserved to have no energy at all.
He initiated the Apocalypse Protocol.
APOCALYPSE PROTOCOL


He was overloading the city's three main geothermal power stations.

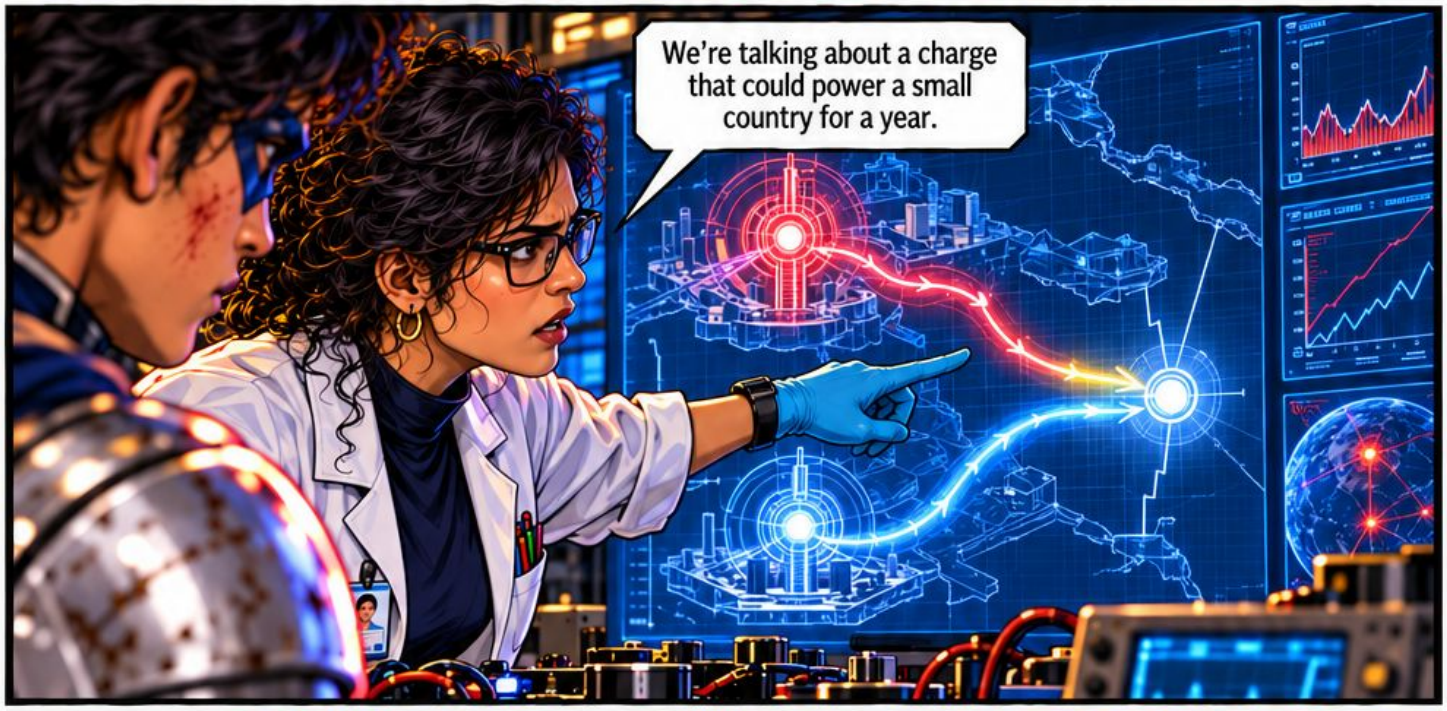

This wasn't a blackout. It was a planned, cascading system failure.

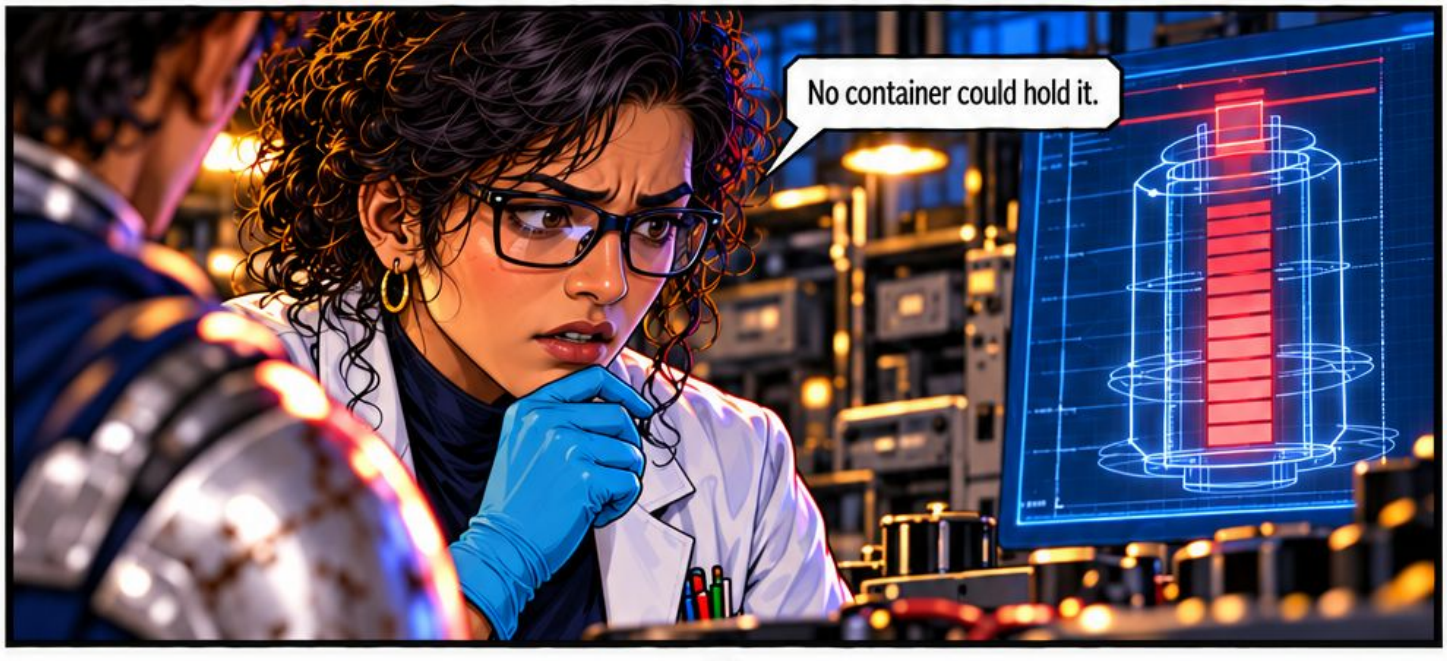

A synchronized core meltdown within hours.


The resulting radiation and electrical discharge would render the area uninhabitable for decades.
SIMULATION


Karthik, look at this. He's not just breaking the grid—he's tearing the planet's magnetic field apart in this area!
This isn't a power struggle; it's an extinction event.
He was finally master of his power, only to face a threat too large for any one person.
Can we stop the meltdown?

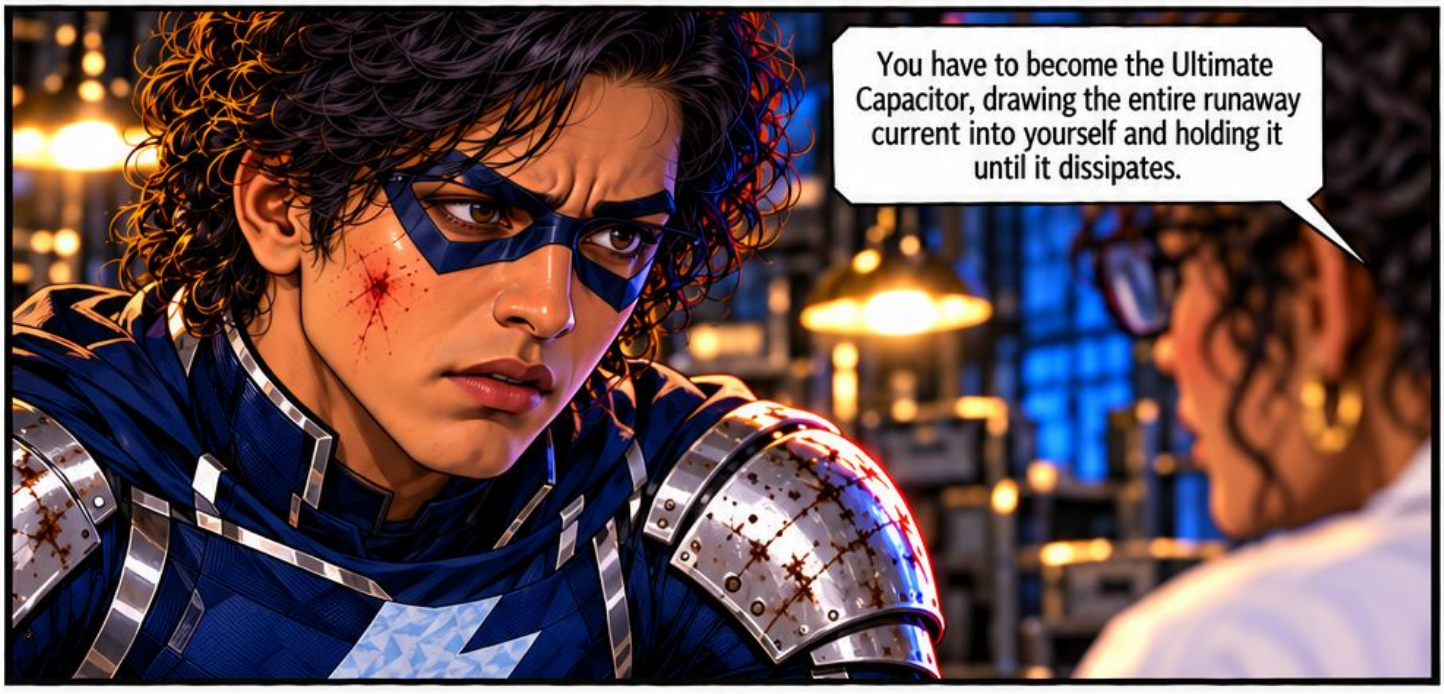

The only way to stop the three power cores from detonating is to absorb every single joule of that runaway energy simultaneously.


We're talking about a charge that could power a small country for a year.


No container could hold it.


Except you.

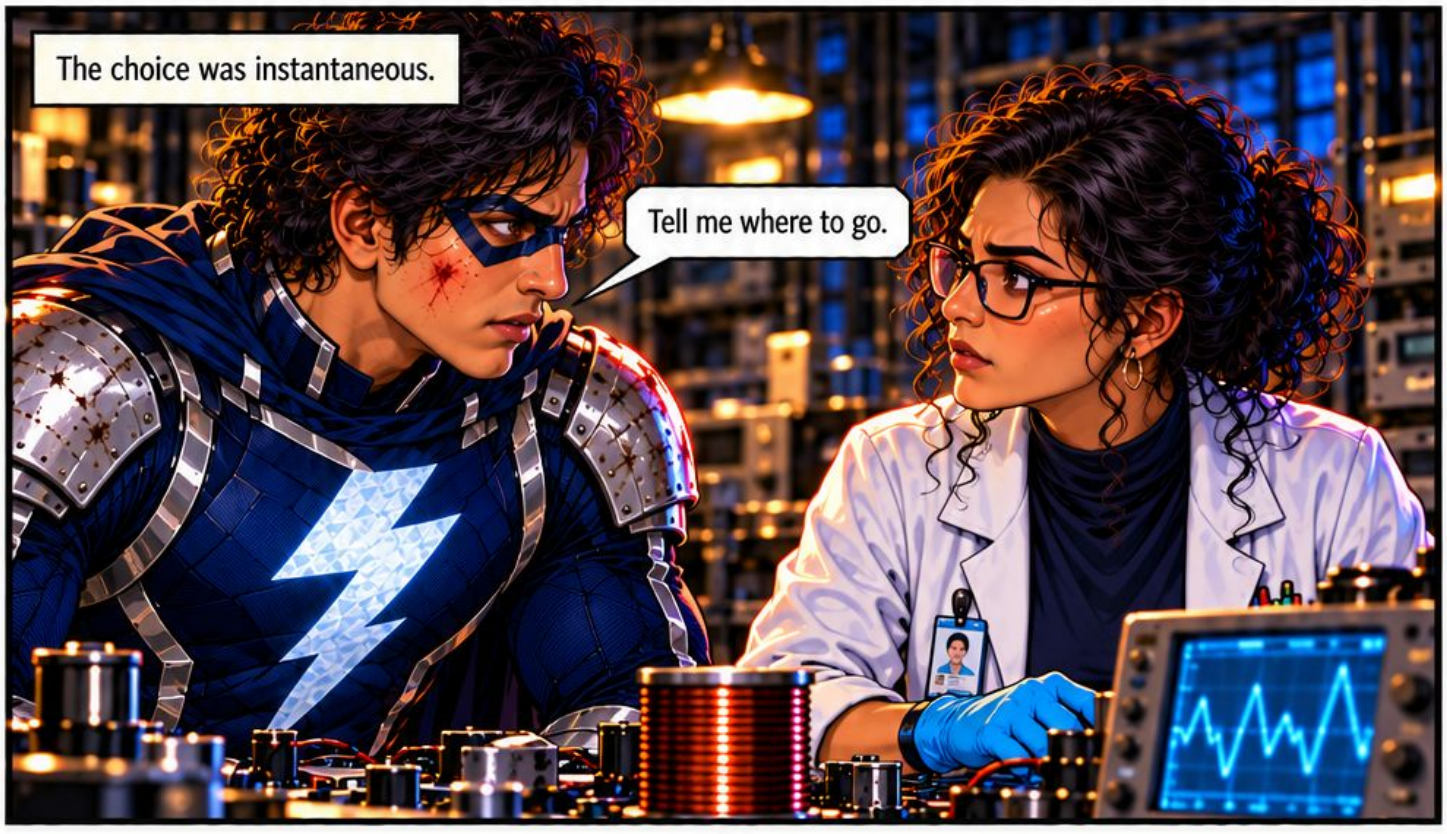

The only thing that can safely contain and neutralize that energy is your Bio-Capacitor—your body.


You have to become the Ultimate Capacitor, drawing the entire runaway current into yourself and holding it until it dissipates.

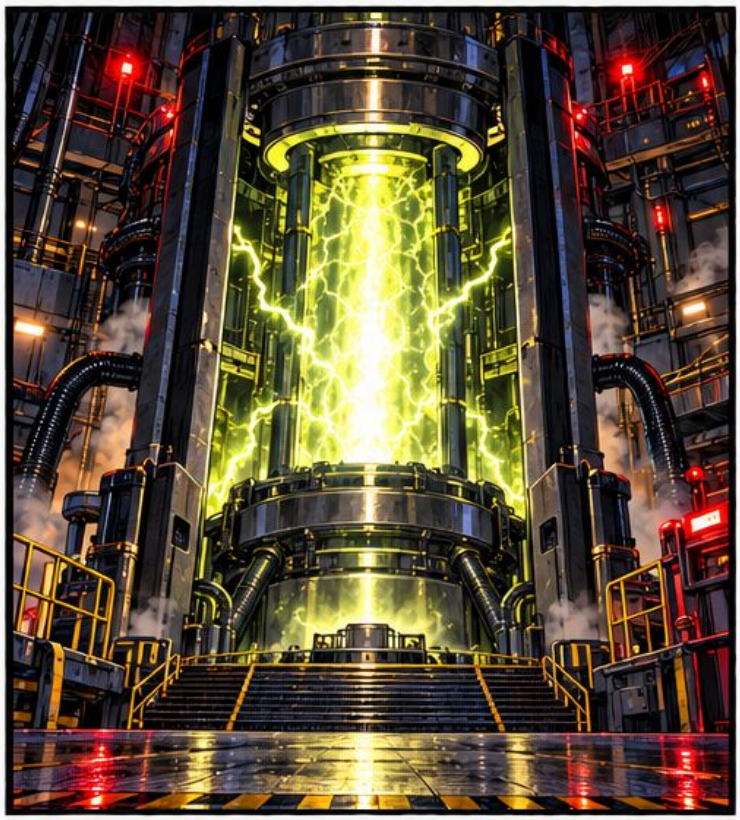

What happens to me?
Your system will overload.
The power, the lightning, Zova—it will all be drawn out of you.
You will survive, but you will be drained completely. You will be... ordinary.

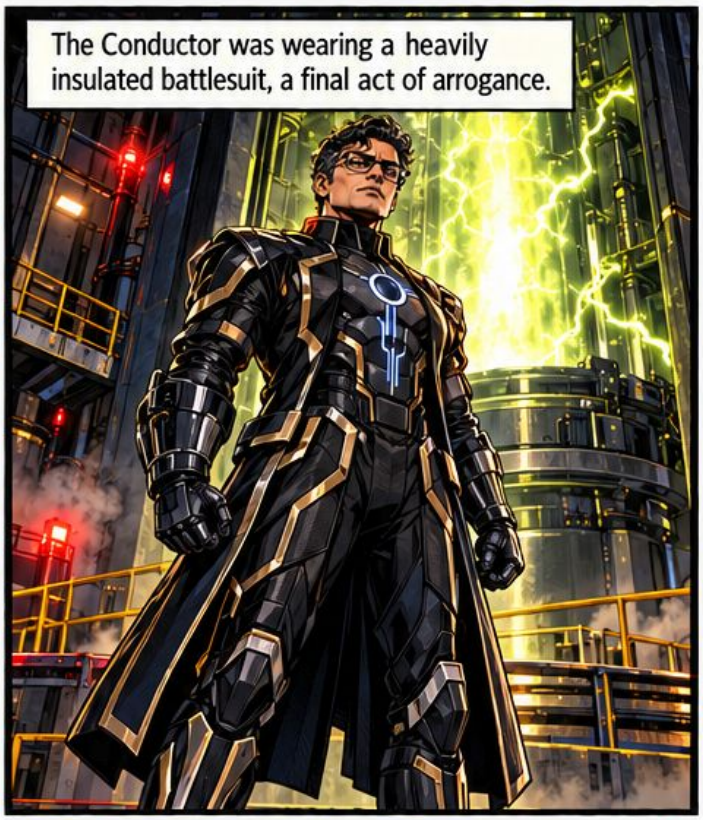



I promise to save all.

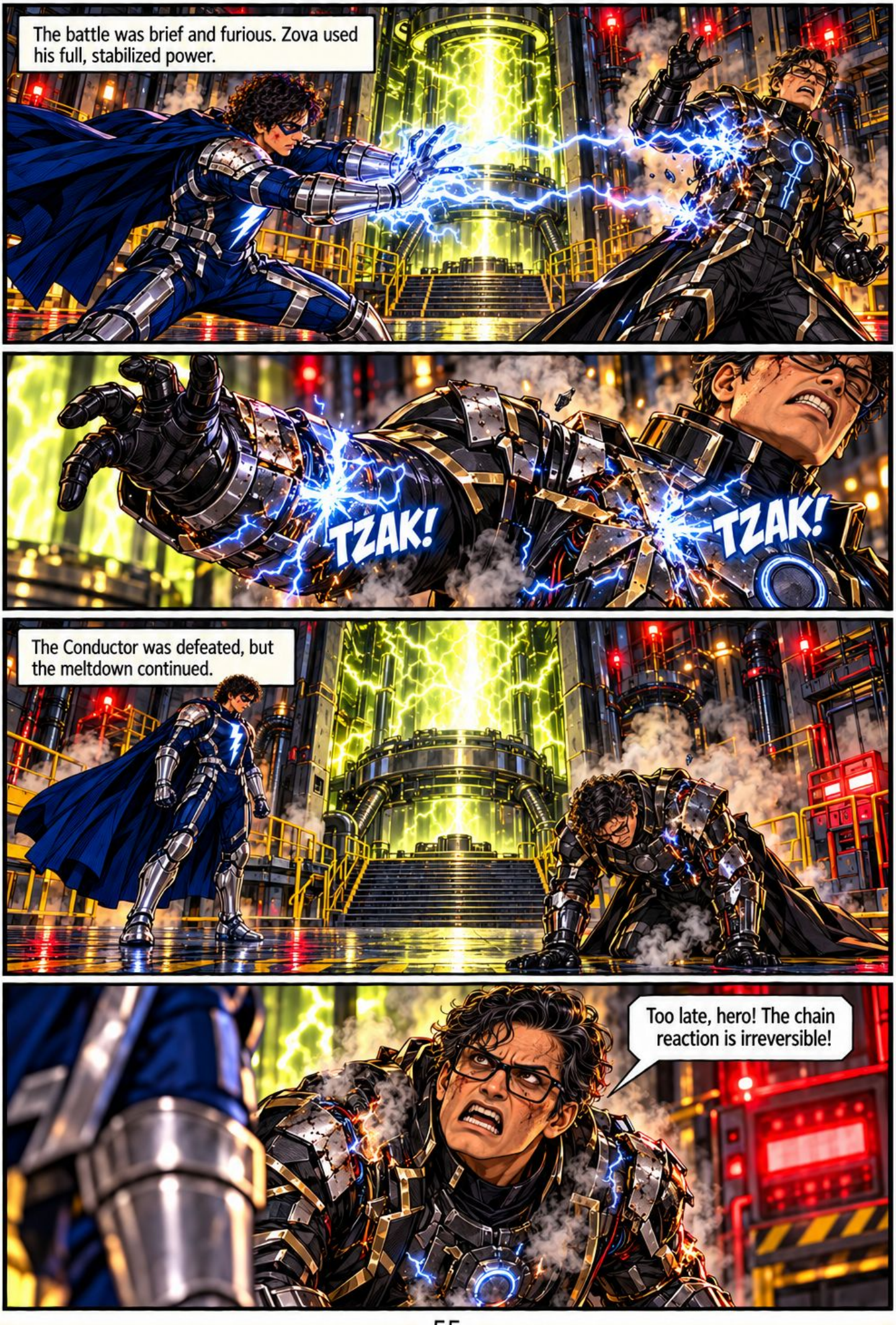

The choice was instantaneous.
Tell me where to go.

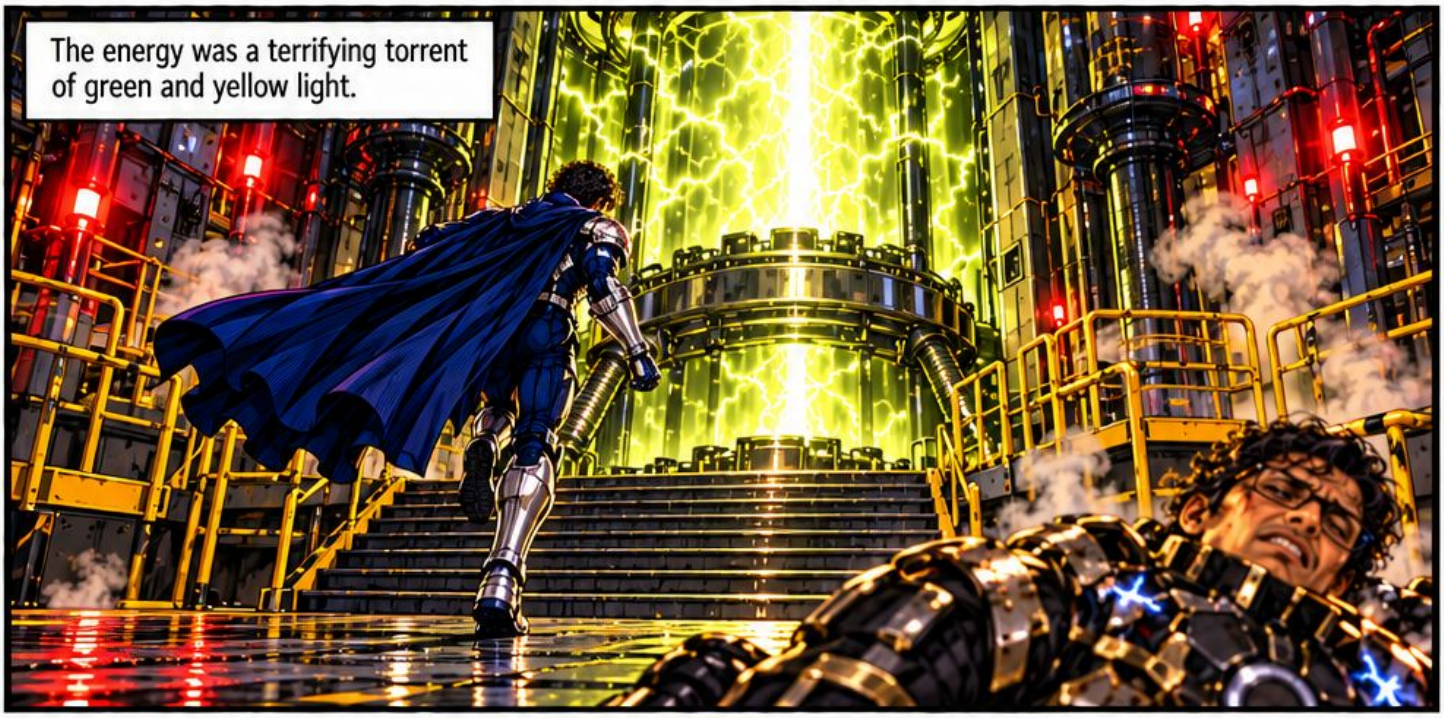

Zova raced toward the epicenter of the meltdown: the Neo-Madras Central Power Hub.

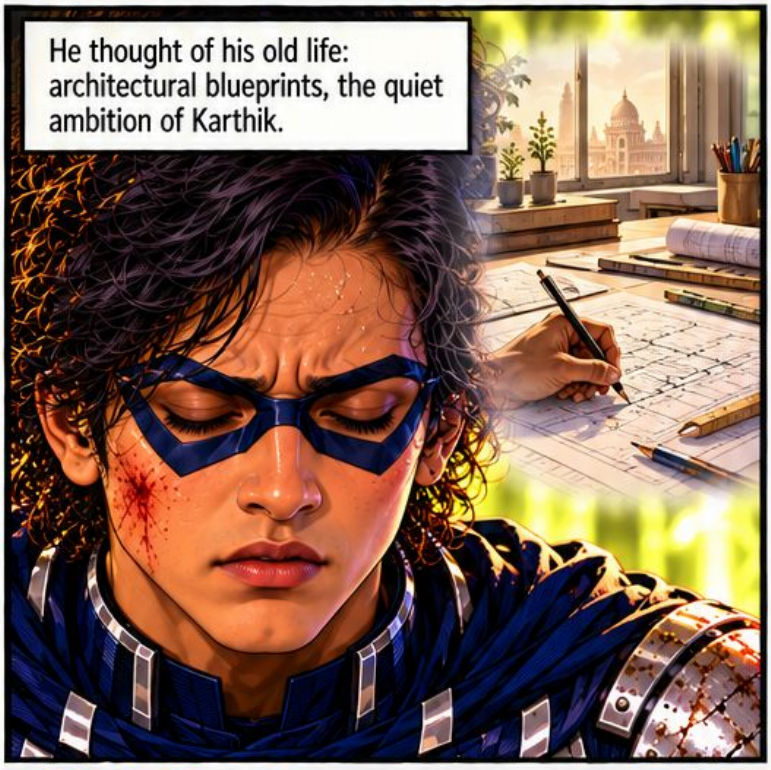



The Conductor was wearing a heavily insulated battlesuit, a final act of arrogance.


Here for the grand finale, Zova? You beat my toys, but you can't beat physics! This world belongs to the organized!

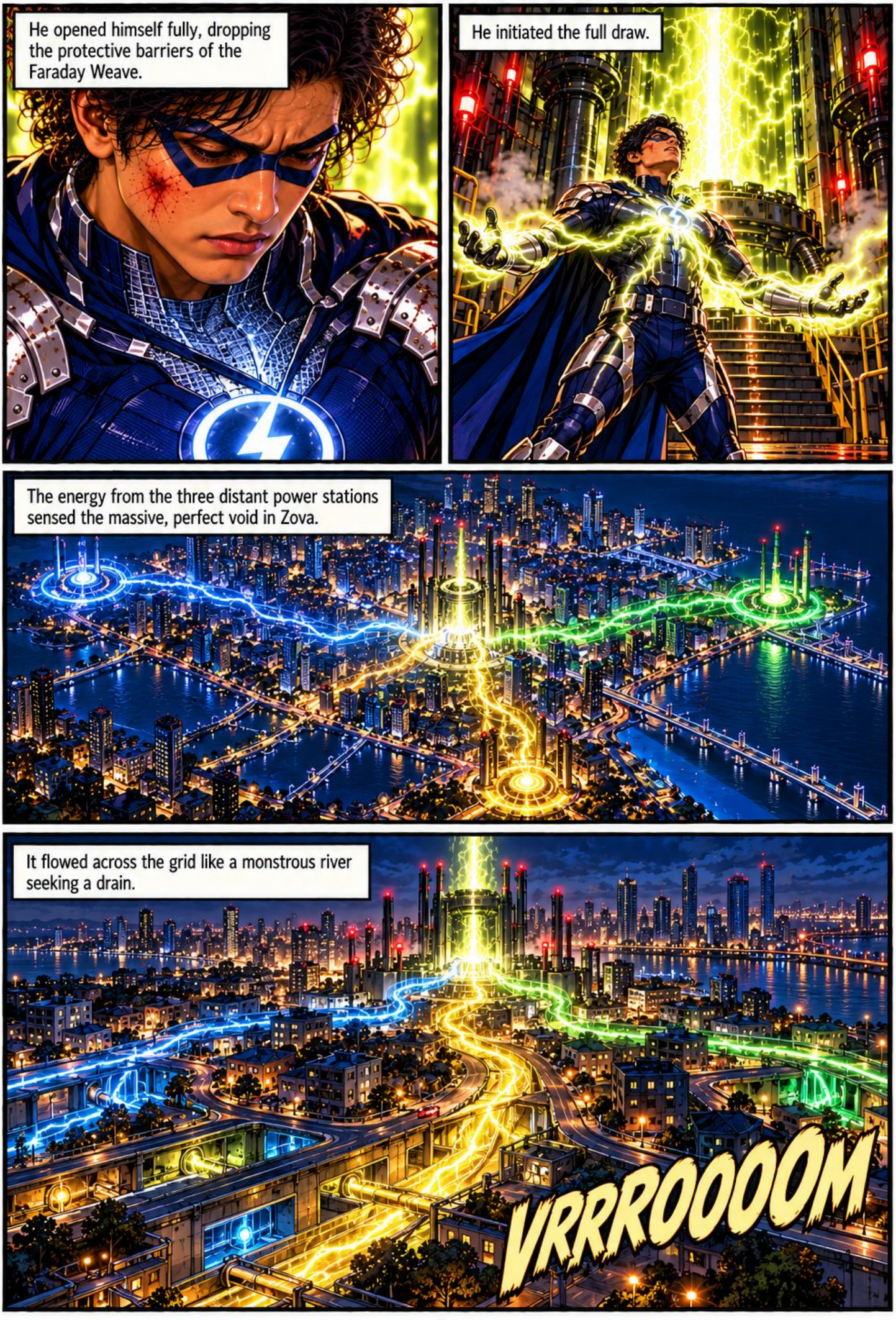

The battle was brief and furious. Zova used his full, stabilized power.
TZAK!
TZAK!
The Conductor was defeated, but the meltdown continued.
Too late, hero! The chain reaction is irreversible!

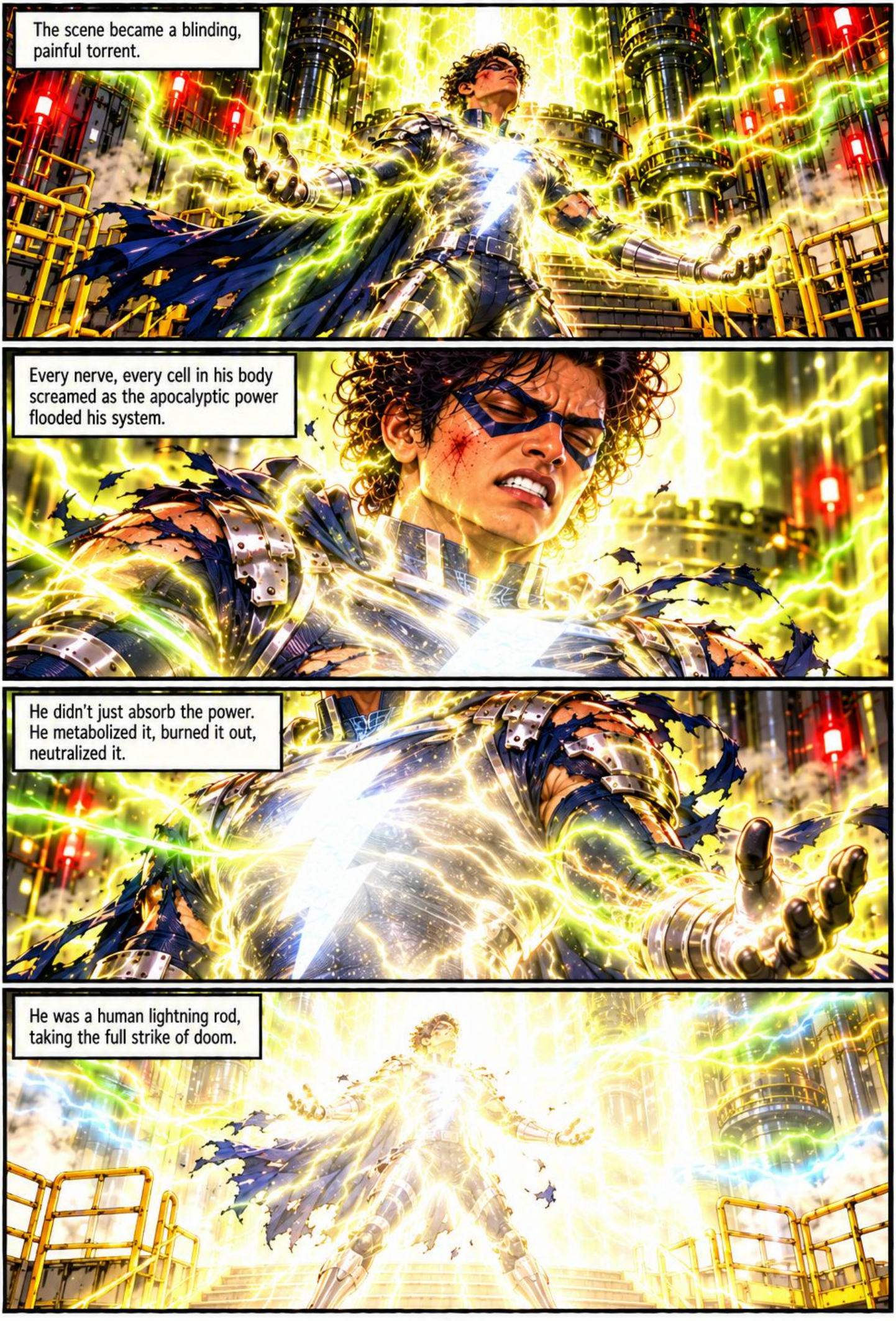

The energy was a terrifying torrent of green and yellow light.

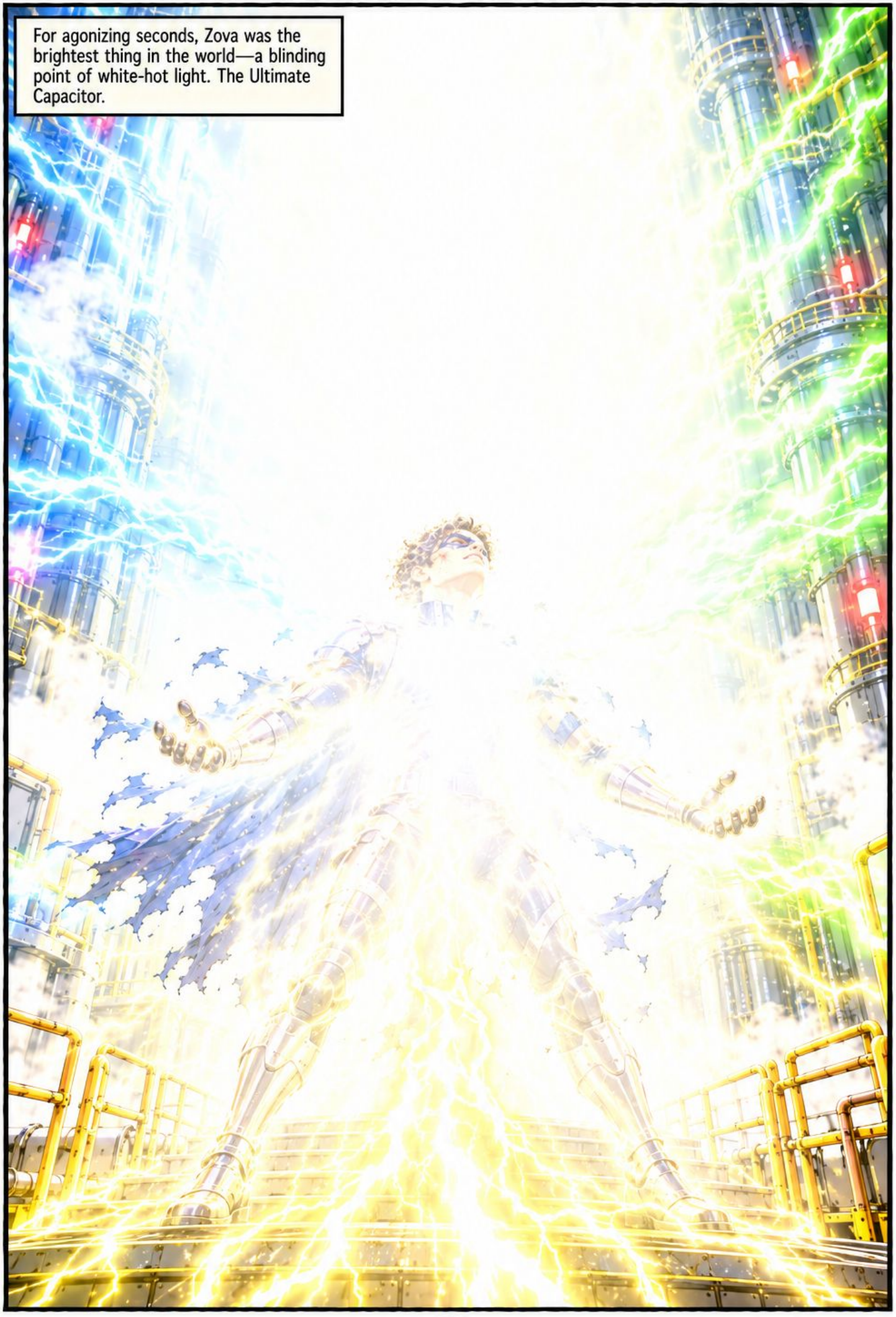

He thought of his old life: architectural blueprints, the quiet ambition of Karthik.


Then he thought of his promise to the people of Neo-Madras.


This is it.

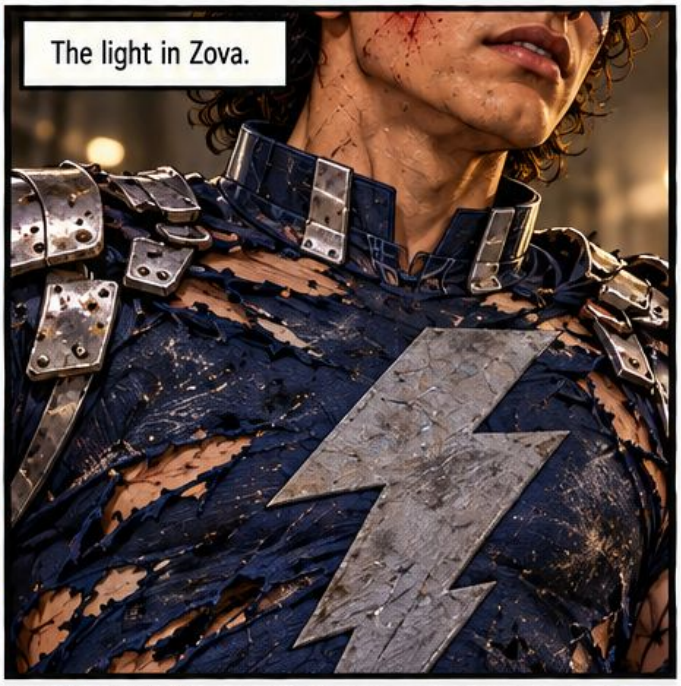

He opened himself fully, dropping the protective barriers of the Faraday Weave.
He initiated the full draw.
The energy from the three distant power stations sensed the massive, perfect void in Zova.
It flowed across the grid like a monstrous river seeking a drain.
VRRROOOOM

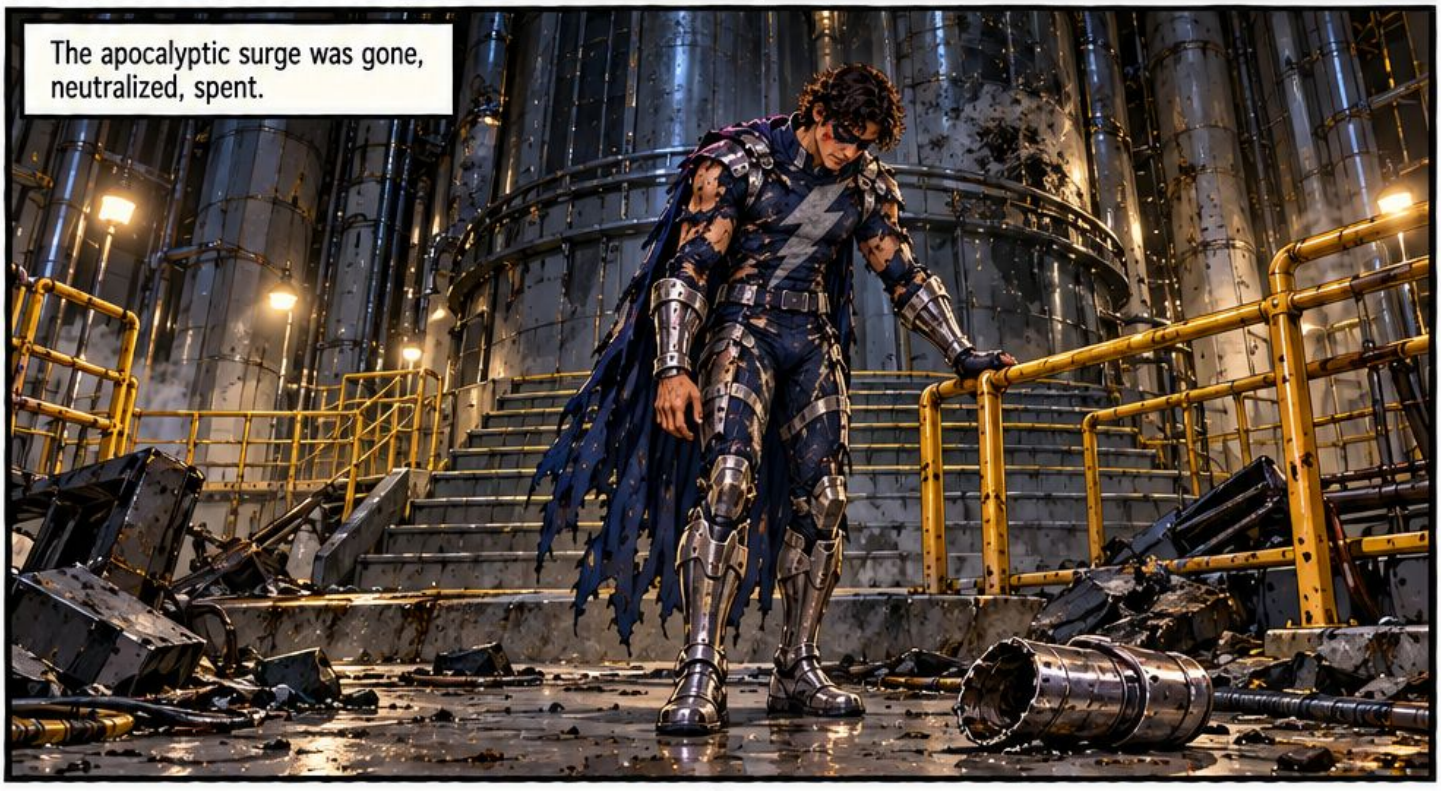

The scene became a blinding, painful torrent.
Every nerve, every cell in his body screamed as the apocalyptic power flooded his system.
He didn't just absorb the power. He metabolized it, burned it out, neutralized it.
He was a human lightning rod, taking the full strike of doom.


For agonizing seconds, Zova was the brightest thing in the world—a blinding point of white-hot light. The Ultimate Capacitor.


Then, the lights died.


Not the city lights—those blinked back on, stable and soft.


The light in Zova.


The apocalyptic surge was gone, neutralized, spent.


Zova collapsed onto the concrete, no longer Zova, just Karthik.


He expected the familiar arc of electricity, the comforting hum of internal power.

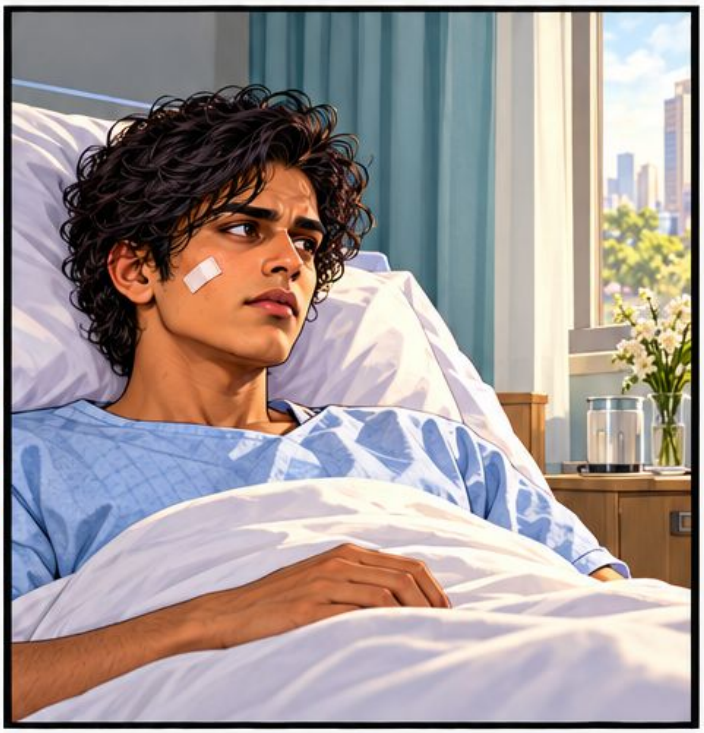

There was nothing.


His heart beat normally. His senses were dulled. His skin was just skin.


The lightning was gone. He had given every last joule to save the world.


He was found hours later by first responders.

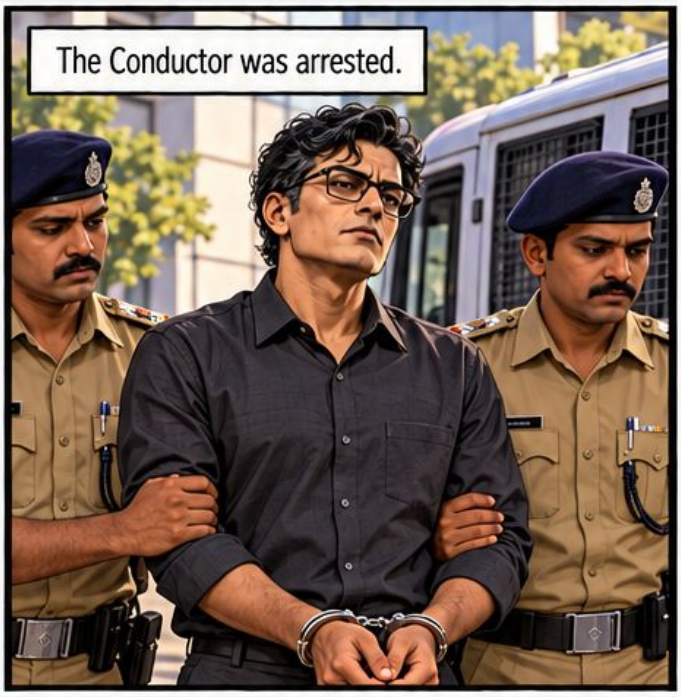

Identified as a casualty of the central hub explosion, he was rushed to a hospital.




The world assumed Zova had died saving the city.


Weeks later, the city was stabilized.


The Grid was dismantled.

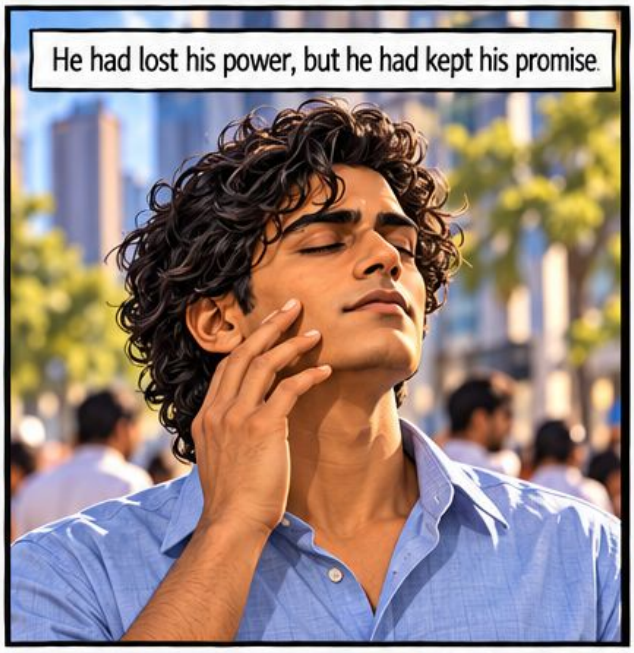

The Conductor was arrested.


Karthik was released from the hospital.


He was ordinary.


He looked up at the towering skyscrapers he once dreamed of shaping.


The people rushed by, safe and unaware of the cost.


He had lost his power, but he had kept his promise.


Karthik, the architect, smiled. The Zova saga was over, and the man had finally won.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR



DHIVAGARNATH

Date of Birth: 09 August 2009

From: Tiruchirappalli (Trichy), Tamil Nadu, India.

WHO I AM

I am Dhivagarnath, a young writer, director, comic creator and filmmaker. I am the founder and owner of DD Pictures, the owner of DD Comics, and the creator of DDSU (Divine Desstiny Story Universe). I am passionate about storytelling, filmmaking, comic creation, cinematic universes and creating original heroes and worlds.

WHAT I DO

- Develop original stories, characters and worlds.
- Create comic concepts, posters and trailers.
- Write and direct content for my universe.
- Work on films, comics and cinematic storytelling.
- Build and expand the Divine Desstiny Story Universe (DDSU).

MY PROJECTS AND UNIVERSES

Some of my notable projects and characters include:

- **Indian Fist: The Architect of Failure**
- **Zova**
- **Iron Tusk**
- **Glimmer**
- **Aether Wings**
- **Vritra**
- **Snow Fang**
- **First Blood**
- **Jade Empress**
- **Apex Soldier**

MY VISION

I aim to create unique and inspiring stories that entertain, excite and connect with people around the world. Through DD Comics and DD Pictures, I want to build a rich cinematic and comic universe filled with original heroes, powerful worlds and unforgettable experiences.



DD COMIC

Divine Desstiny Comics


DD
COMIC
Divine Desstiny Comics
WE PROMISE TO SAVE ALL
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