

"A FINE MORNING,
LOTMASTER. I TRUST
YOU SLEPT WELL?"

C...COME
BACK...

"YOU'LL HAVE TO EXCUSE
ME OPENING THE MEETING
WITH A CLICHÉ, BUT I
THINK IT WORTH SAYING:

"THE PAST IS
IN THE PAST.

"ON A DAY AS
DELIGHTFUL AS THIS,
I PROPOSE THAT WE
LEAVE IT THERE.

"LET US INSTEAD LOOK
FORWARD, IN THE SPIRIT
OF CONCILIATION AND
MUTUAL BENEFIT.

"LET US SET ASIDE
OUR DIFFERENCES.
LET US FOCUS ON OUR
COMMONALITIES.

"LET US
COMPROMISE
WHERE HISTORY
WOULD
CONFOUND.

"LET US, IN
SHORT, BE
FRIENDS."

WHAT DO YOU SAY?



Huh.
I, BARONESS?

I SAY WE HAVE AN ANTIKI SUPER-WEAPON IN OUR CAMP, BY THE GRACE OF GOD.

I SAY THAT IN THE EVENT OF WAR, WE WOULD HAVE THE ADVANTAGE OVER YOU.

I SAY YOU KNOW THIS.

I SAY YOUR WEASEL WORDS ARE BUILT ON FEAR, MADAM, AND I SCOFF AT THE PRETENSE OF A BOLD NEW FRIENDSHIP.



...HA.

DAINTILY PUT.

VERY WELL, THEN. LET'S DEAL.



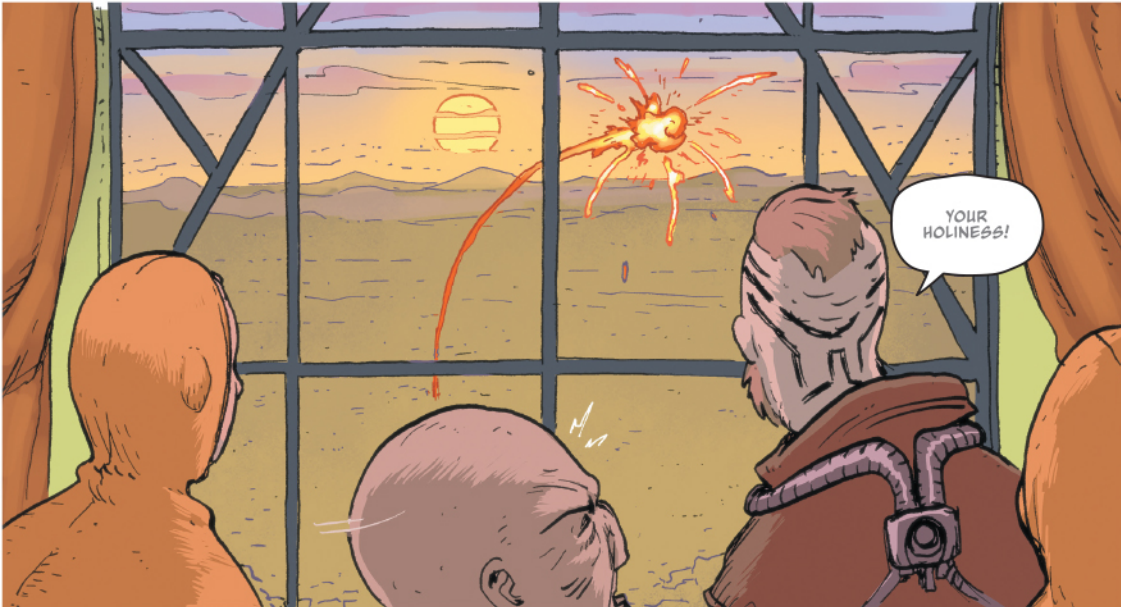
HALLELUJAH AND AMEN AND ALL THAT JAZZ.

THE STEEPLEKEEP: DIPLOMACY

YOU MAKE **MOCK** NOW? YOU'RE **AMUSED** BY THE **DESTRUCTION** OF THIS...THIS **CATARACT OF SINFULNESS**? WE COULD DO IT.

OH, I DON'T THINK IT'LL COME TO **THAT**, LOTMASTER.

WE HAVE A **LOT**--NO PUN INTENDED--WE HAVE A **LOT** TO TALK ABOUT TODAY, AND--



YOUR HOLINESS!



TH-THAT'S THE CAMP! AN EMERGENCY!

IS THIS **TREACHERY**? HAS YOUR FAMILY BROKEN THE PAX A **SECOND** TIME?

IT'S NOT US.



THERE WILL BE **REPERCUSSIONS!** UNCLEAN **BLOOD** WILL FLOW! THE **WEAPON** WILL BE TURNED UPON YOUR WALLS!

LOOK, WHATEVER IT IS...WE CAN **RESOLVE** IT.

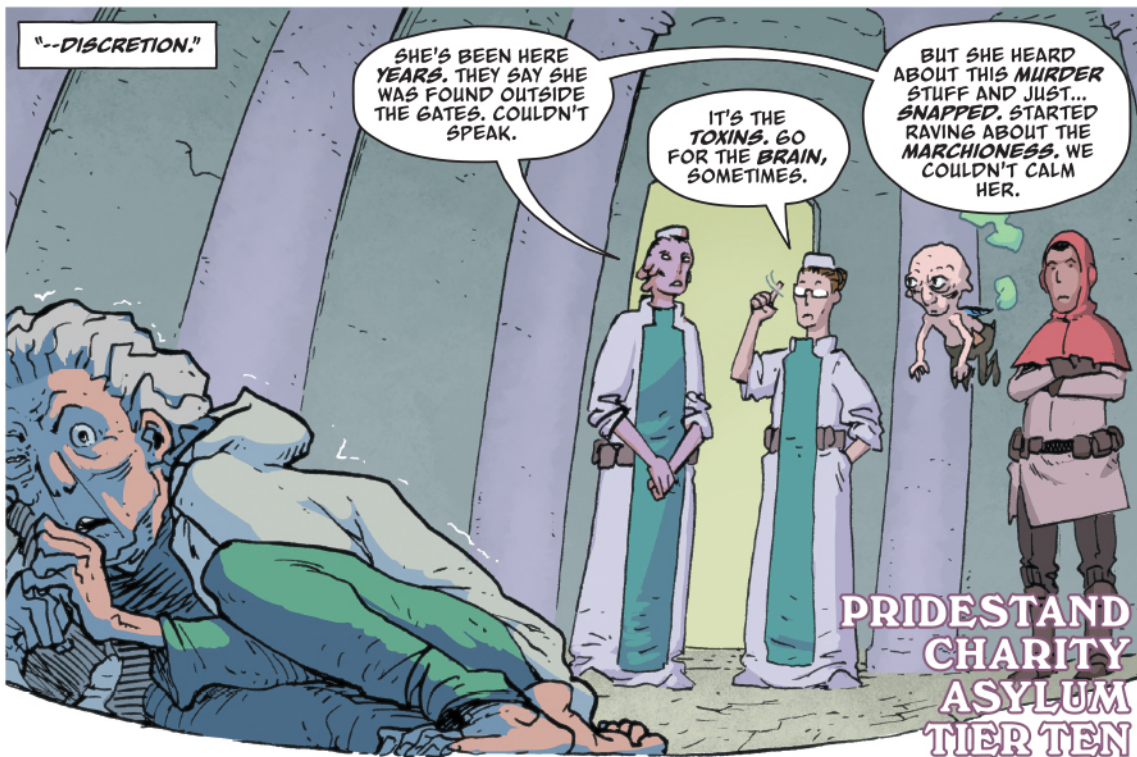
YOU NEED TO **CALM** DOWN.



TAVI, HOW CAN YOU BE SO **CAVALIER**? HE'S THREATENED THE CITY ITSELF! HE'LL--

MOTHER... PERHAPS YOU WOULDN'T MIND **LEAVING** US FOR A MOMENT?

THE LOTMASTER AND I HAVE ONE OR TWO **POINTS** TO DISCUSS WHICH REQUIRE SOME...AH...



"--DISCRETION."

SHE'S BEEN HERE YEARS. THEY SAY SHE WAS FOUND OUTSIDE THE GATES. COULDN'T SPEAK.

IT'S THE TOXINS. GO FOR THE BRAIN, SOMETIMES.

BUT SHE HEARD ABOUT THIS MURDER STUFF AND JUST... SNAPPED. STARTED RAVING ABOUT THE MARCHIONESS. WE COULDN'T CALM HER.

PRIDESTAND
CHARITY
ASYLUM
TIER TEN



THAT'S WHEN I CALLED GILBERT HERE.

SEE? A MAD OLD BROAD GETTING SHOUTY. DON'T MATTER WHO THE CAPTAIN TOLD YOU TO KEEP AN EYE ON, PUG--IT'S A WASTE OF POLICE TIME.



WELL?

SAY SOMETHING.



that's your wife?

