









YOUR LOST GOLD BELONGS IN THE WAR CHESTS OF ALMURIC, TRUE PRINCE OF KOTH, TO RAISE AN ARMY OF SAVIORS--

OH, SHUT UP, YOU OOZING CORPSE'S



SKOF KOFKOF KOF!
YOU LICE DROPPING.

YOU PAMPERED, ARISTOCRATIC MAN-CHILD.



IF YOU ACTUALLY JUST ADMITTED YOU ARE A RICH COWARD WHO FLED YOUR HOMETLAND THE MINUTE KING STRABONUS DIDN'T FALL OVER BECAUSE YOU BREATHED ON HIM HARD--

--TO THE LAWLESS SOUTH, WHERE YOUR FAILURES WOULD NOT BE CONSTANTLY REFLECTED BACK AT YOU--

--THEN, AND ONLY THEN, ONCE YOU AVERRED YOU WERE NO BETTER THAN ME, AND WANTED THIS GOLD FOR ONE REASON ONLY--

--WHICH IS TO CURE ALL THE ILLS OF HAVING NO GOLD--



--THEN I MIGHT TRUST YOU WELL ENOUGH TO SHARE A TAVERN BENCH WITH ME--

--BUT NOT TO LEAD YOU TO BURIED TREASURE--



THE FINAL BLUSTER OF A DYING FOOL.

AS YOU CAN SEE, WE DON'T NEED TO TOUCH YOU TO KILL YOU, CORMAC.

AYE.



I'M SURE THEY FEEL THE SAME.



