







"...WHEN EVERYTHING FALLS AWAY."



WE'VE BEEN FIGHTING FOR YEARS.



PAZNINA VERSUS ROTO. OVER EVERYTHING. FOOD. LAND. WATER.

YOU NEVER KNEW YOUR GRANDFATHER.

HE TREATED THE ROTO WITH RESPECT. HE GAVE THEM A PORTION OF OUR WATER, HE EVEN LET THEM FARM ON OUR BEST PLAINS. BUT EVEN THEN, IT WASN'T GOOD ENOUGH.

HE WAS KILLED THE VERY FIRST DAY OUR TWO CLANS MET IN BATTLE.

AS I WATCHED THE LIFE LEAVE MY FATHER'S EYES, I *KNEW* HOW THE ROTO DESERVED TO BE TREATED. AND WHEN THEY HURT YOU...



...WHY DIDN'T YOU KILL THEM?

WHAT I DID TO THAT ROTO GIRL, TO *JEROME*... IT WASN'T JUST TO REPAY WHAT THEY DID TO YOUR BEAUTIFUL FACE.

THE MEN TELL ME STORIES. THEY SAY HE WAS A VALIANT WARRIOR.

INDEED. THE FINEST SWORDSMAN I'VE EVER SEEN.

BUT HE WAS GENEROUS AS WELL. FAIR. KIND TO A FAULT.





