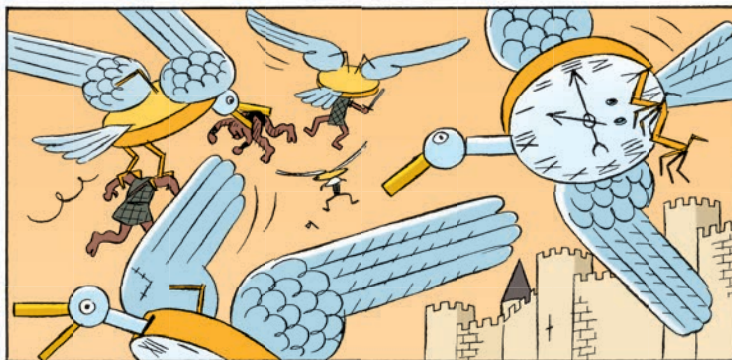
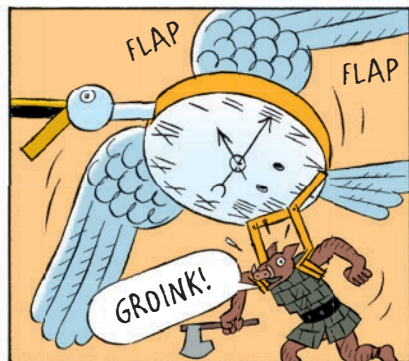
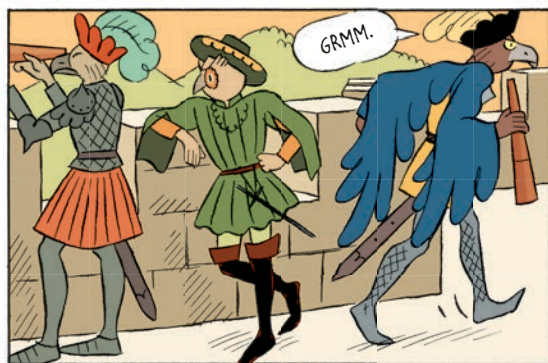
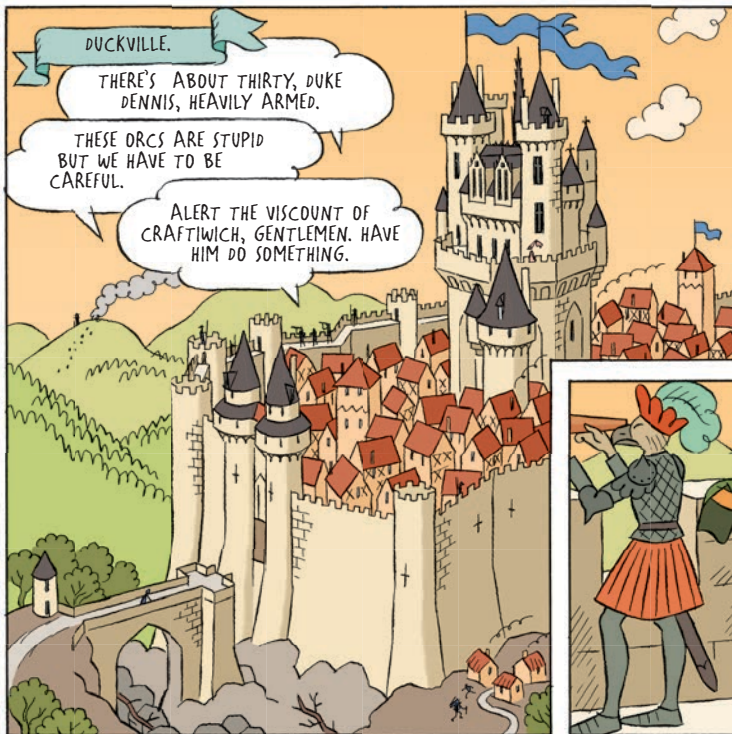


THE INVENTOR'S GRIMOIRE

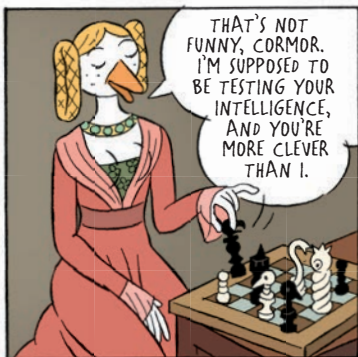








LADY CRAFTWICH, YOU SHOULD MOVE YOUR DEVIL OR ELSE YOU'LL BE CHECKMATED IN TWO MOVES.



THAT'S NOT FUNNY, CORMOR. I'M SUPPOSED TO BE TESTING YOUR INTELLIGENCE, AND YOU'RE MORE CLEVER THAN I.



NO DOUBT IT'S MERELY AN INTELLIGENCE FOR TALKING, MILADY. I'M INCAPABLE OF FEELINGS, IT SEEMS.



DON'T TAKE ME FOR A FOOL. A SOULLESS MACHINE WOULDN'T DO SUCH INSPIRED PAINTING.

WHO KNOWS, MILADY?



I AM ENTIRELY IGNORANT ABOUT THE EXISTENCE OF THE SOUL, MY FRIENDS. WHAT CAN BE AFFIRMED, HOWEVER, IS THAT, WITH THE FIRE BURNING IN YOU, CORMOR, ONE CAN ATTAIN THE HEIGHTS OF POETRY.



DON'T MENTION ALOUD THE SECRETS WITH WHICH WE'VE BEEN CREATED, PROFESSOR. PEOPLE WOULDN'T BE HAPPY TO LEARN THERE'S MAGIC IN OUR MECHANICAL HEARTS.



MICHAEL, YOU WERE PERFECT EARLIER. I'M SORRY FOR MAKING YOU PLAY SUCH A ROLE, BUT WE NEED A RIDICULOUS ENEMY.

IT CASTS DISCREDIT ON OUR OTHER OPPONENTS.



ANYTHING NEW AT THE COUNCIL, DARLING?

WAR, DEAREST. A GREAT WAR.



