

## The Bay of SA'SFO.

April, 2S20.

EVERYTHING  
IS WRONG.

THE AIR IS FRIGID AND STILL,  
WHILE THE GROUND THRUMS  
WITH A WARM PULSE. THE  
FLOWERS TRILL LIKE BIRDS...

...AND OF COURSE THERE  
ARE NO BIRDS AT ALL. THIS  
IS THE LAST SICKNESS OF  
THE LIVING EARTH.

THEY WARNED HIM IT WOULD BE SO  
IN THIS FARAWAY PLACE, EVEN WORSE  
THAN HOME IN THE RUINS OF N'YARK.

THEY TOLD HIM HE WOULD  
BLEED ON HIS HUNDRED-  
DAY JOURNEY. HE WOULD  
SUFFER. AND HE HAS.

AT THE HANDS OF MADMEN  
AND THE CLAWS OF BEASTS.  
UNDER THE SCORCHING SUN  
AND THROUGH ICE, THROUGH  
STORM...

WHEREVER HIS BLOOD FELL, THEY SAID,  
MISSHAPEN, UNNATURAL WEEDS WOULD  
GROW. HE MUST NEVER GAZE UPON  
THEM, OR MADNESS WOULD TAKE HIM.

SO HE CAN  
NEVER TURN  
BACK ON HIS  
PATH.

THE LAST HERO OF THE HUMAN RACE  
TAKES A RAGGED BREATH AND FACES  
THE END OF EVERYTHING WITH A  
WARRIOR'S UNFLINCHING GAZE.

HE IS THE MIGHTY SAMSON,  
AND HE NOW KNOWS WHY  
THE WORLD IS DYING...

AND THE SICKNESS  
SENSES HIM, AND  
CALLS TO HIM...



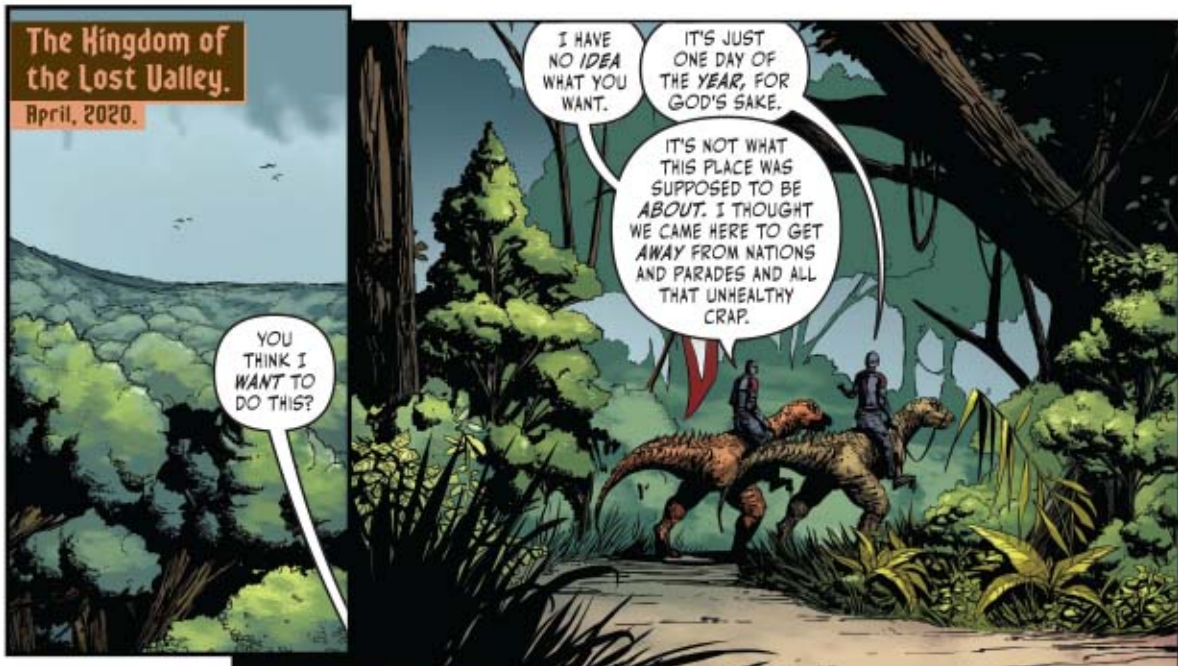
SHHHHHHHHH


...AND HE KNOWS  
WHAT HE MUST DO.



# The Kingdom of the Lost Valley.

April, 2020.





KING TUROK GAZES SILENTLY OVER HIS LANDS AND HIS PEOPLE.

WHERE ONCE THE LOST VALLEY ECHOED WITH THE ROARS AND SCREAMS OF PREDATORS AND THEIR PREY, NOW THERE IS *MUSIC* AND *LAUGHTER*. THAT IS *HIS* DOING.

A WILDERNESS OF TERROR HAS BEEN TRANSFORMED INTO A *SANCTUARY* FOR THE DISENFRANCHISED AND THE NEEDY. NONE WHO SEEK THIS PLACE ARE TURNED AWAY. ALL ARE CARED FOR, ALL ARE PROTECTED. THAT IS *HIS* DOING.

HE IS *LOVED* BY THOSE WHO SHELTER UNDER HIS WATCH AND *FEARED* BY THOSE WHO WOULD SHED BLOOD IN HIS KINGDOM. HE IS KNOWN TO THE *WORLD*. HE HAS ACHIEVED EVERYTHING HE EVER DREAMED OF.

HE IS NOT *HAPPY*.

ANDAR, MY BROTHER.

IT VISITED ME AGAIN, IN MY SLEEP. I DREAMT OF A GREAT *DEATH*, TAKING ROOT IN MY *VALLEY* AND SPREADING THROUGHOUT THE *WORLD*. A ROARING *SHADOW*...



I KNOW. I HEARD YOU CRY OUT.

THESE ARE NIGHTMARES, BROTHER, NOT OMENS. FRANKLY, WITH ALL THE BATTLES YOU'VE FOUGHT, I'M SURPRISED YOU DON'T HAVE THEM EVERY NIGHT.

BUT NOW, PLEASE...THE ENIGMARS ARE HERE. LET THEM WISH YOU WELL.

AND THE KING TURNS TO ACCEPT THE GIFTS OF OLD FRIENDS.

A TRANSMISSION OF PEACE AND RESPECT FROM OSLO, THE HUB OF THE MACHINE CONSCIOUSNESS IN ALLIANCE WITH MAGNUS, ROBOT MESSIAH, THE MAN WHO BRIDGED THE RIFT OF UNDERSTANDING BETWEEN HUMANITY AND TECHNOLOGY TO THE BENEFIT OF ALL.

SELF-AWARE UNIT B151A, A SILICON ARTIST WITH A SPECIALTY IN SOLID HOLOGRAPHIC WEAVING, PRESENTS MAGNUS' RECORDED GREETING AND PLEDGES ITSELF TO TUROK'S ROYAL SERVICE.

A SONG OF GOODWILL AND ADMIRATION FROM THE HIDDEN TEMPLE OF GRANDMASTER SPEKTOR, THE ENLIGHTENED DOYEN OF A MILLION WITCHES.

THE LITING TUNE MASTERFULLY EVOKES THE IMPORTANCE OF THE LOST VALLEY AND ITS CONQUEST, HINTING AT TUROK'S BENEFICIAL INFLUENCE ON GLOBAL FATE.

THE SONG ECHOES THROUGHOUT THE VALLEY AND THOSE WHO HUM ALONG RESOUND WITH HEALING ENERGIES.

A BEAM OF LOVE AND PRAISE FROM THE SKIES ABOVE, WHERE SOLAR THE SAVIOR ORBITS THE EARTH, SENDING FREE ENERGY TO THE PEOPLE OF THE WORLD.

THE LIGHT SUFFUSES HIM, AND AS HE FEELS ITS REPLENISHING ENERGIES WASH OVER HIS SCARRED FLESH, HE HEARS SOLAR WHISPER, IN A HUMAN VOICE NOW RARELY USED, THAT TUROK IS THE VERY HEART OF THIS BETTER WORLD.





THERE WAS NO STORM PREDICTED TODAY. THE WEATHER SYSTEMS WOULD HAVE WARNED US--

SHHH.



RRRRROOOOAAAARRRRR

WHAT--WHAT IS THAT... I FEEL SICK... JUST HEARING IT...



AM I DREAMING?



THIS IS IT. IT IS THE MONSTER THAT CALLS TO ME--EXACTLY AS IT DOES WHEN I SLEEP. DON'T YOU HEAR MY NAME IN THE THUNDER? DON'T YOU HEAR IT ROAR?

T-TUROK...





BRING ME MY WEAPONS. PREPARE MY MOUNT. IT WANTS THIS PLACE, AND I WILL NOT ALLOW IT HERE. IT **MUST** BE DESTROYED!

TUROK, IT'S A **STORM**. YOUR DREAMS ARE JUST DREAMS.



YOU KNOW IT IS **NOT** A STORM.  
LISTEN.  
LOOK.



RRRRROOOOAAAARRRRR

IT'S BEEN YEARS SINCE THE KING OF THE VALLEY DRESSED FOR BATTLE, BUT IT IS AS IF NO TIME HAS PASSED AT ALL.

THE FEELING--THE FEAR--THAT GNAWED AT HIM. IT HAS A FORM NOW. HE'S SEEN IT. PRESUMABLY, IT LIVES, AND NO BEAST LIVES THAT TUROK CANNOT CONQUER.





MY KING. LET US RIDE FOR YOU.

WE CAN CHECK OUT WHAT'S THERE AND COME BACK TO YOU. JUST SO YOU KNOW WHAT IT IS.



NO, SOLDIER.

I WILL MEET THIS THING. I WILL DESTROY IT.



WE DON'T KNOW WHAT IT IS. HOW BIG IT IS, WHAT IT WANTS--

IT WANTS THE VALLEY. IT WANTS ME.



THEN WHY GIVE IT WHAT IT WANTS? IF IT TAKES YOU OUT, IF IT--

WELL, I MEAN...



NOBODY'S GOING TO TELL YOU NOT TO RIDE WITH ME.

BUT NOBODY RIDES AHEAD.

