

ON GAIL, A SPY,
AN 'EYE OF NIGHT'
SPEAKS TO HIS MASTER,
IRIAM MERENNEN...
THE MADMAN...

PRINCE. AN 'UNKNOWN'
HAS ARRIVED ON SAINT
MARIE. HIS NAME -- SLOANE!
AND NOT ONE INSPECTION
FOUND HIM INSANE!

HIM? HE'S BACK... AFTER
ALL THIS TIME! HE'S A
REMARKABLE KILLER. I
WANT HIM BEFORE SHAAN
FINDS OUT ABOUT THIS AND
EXECUTES HIM! SLOANE...

WITH THAT ACCURSED ONE
COMMANDING MY TROOPS, THE
HAMMER OF AIRAIN WILL
SHATTER THIS EMPIRE... WITH
SWIFT, DECISIVE STRIKES!





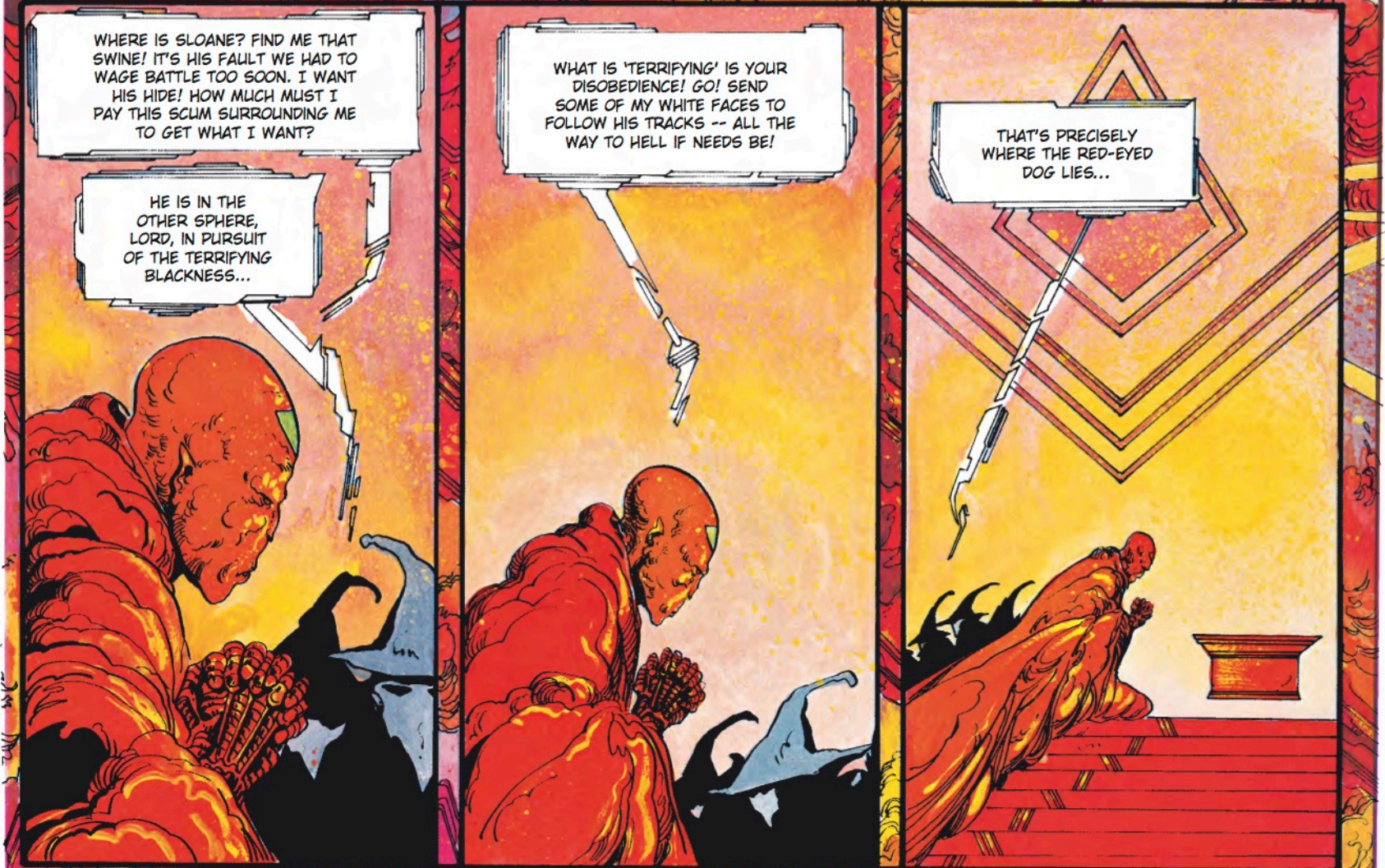


WHERE IS SLOANE? FIND ME THAT SWINE! IT'S HIS FAULT WE HAD TO WAGE BATTLE TOO SOON. I WANT HIS HIDE! HOW MUCH MUST I PAY THIS SCUM SURROUNDING ME TO GET WHAT I WANT?

HE IS IN THE OTHER SPHERE, LORD, IN PURSUIT OF THE TERRIFYING BLACKNESS...

WHAT IS 'TERRIFYING' IS YOUR DISOBEDIENCE! GO! SEND SOME OF MY WHITE FACES TO FOLLOW HIS TRACKS -- ALL THE WAY TO HELL IF NEEDS BE!

THAT'S PRECISELY WHERE THE RED-EYED DOG LIES...



A CEREMONY FOR COMPUTERS,
SCANNERS, ELECTRONIC FINGERS
THAT SEEK OUT THE OTHERS, TO
KILL, IN THE SILENCE OF THE
VOID... LIGHTS... BEAMS...

THEY'RE FIRING
AT EACH OTHER.

BUT THEY'RE
FIRING OVER OUR
HEADS. HEY, YOU,
WIZARD! YOU DIDN'T
FORESEE THAT!



FIRE AT ANYTHING IN RANGE, WARN THE
RESISTANCE NETWORKS THAT THE HOUR
TO FIGHT HAS COME, THE HOUR TO SCREW
OVER SHAAN, MERENNEN, AND ALL THE
OTHERS! POX! WE WON'T KNOW WHERE TO
AIM! SLOANE, YOU MUST KNOW...

HEY! WHERE
HAS HE GONE?



DROP IT, HE'S A SORCERER.
NOT OUR PROBLEM!

SHUT IT. WE OWE
HIM A HECK OF A
LOT... AND AS
FAR AS I CAN
TELL, HE HAS NO
LOVE FOR SHAAN!



WHO CAN KNOW WHAT SHAAN DID TO HIM? IT'S
BEEN SO LONG. WHAT SECRETS LINK THEM?
SUCH HATE, SUCH FURY FOR SLOANE'S HIDE...
ALL THIS IS LEGEND...

ENOUGH,
DREA-
MER.
TO
WORK!



EXIT THE SPHERE. OPEN
THE DOOR... GO... I
WISH TO
KNOW.

