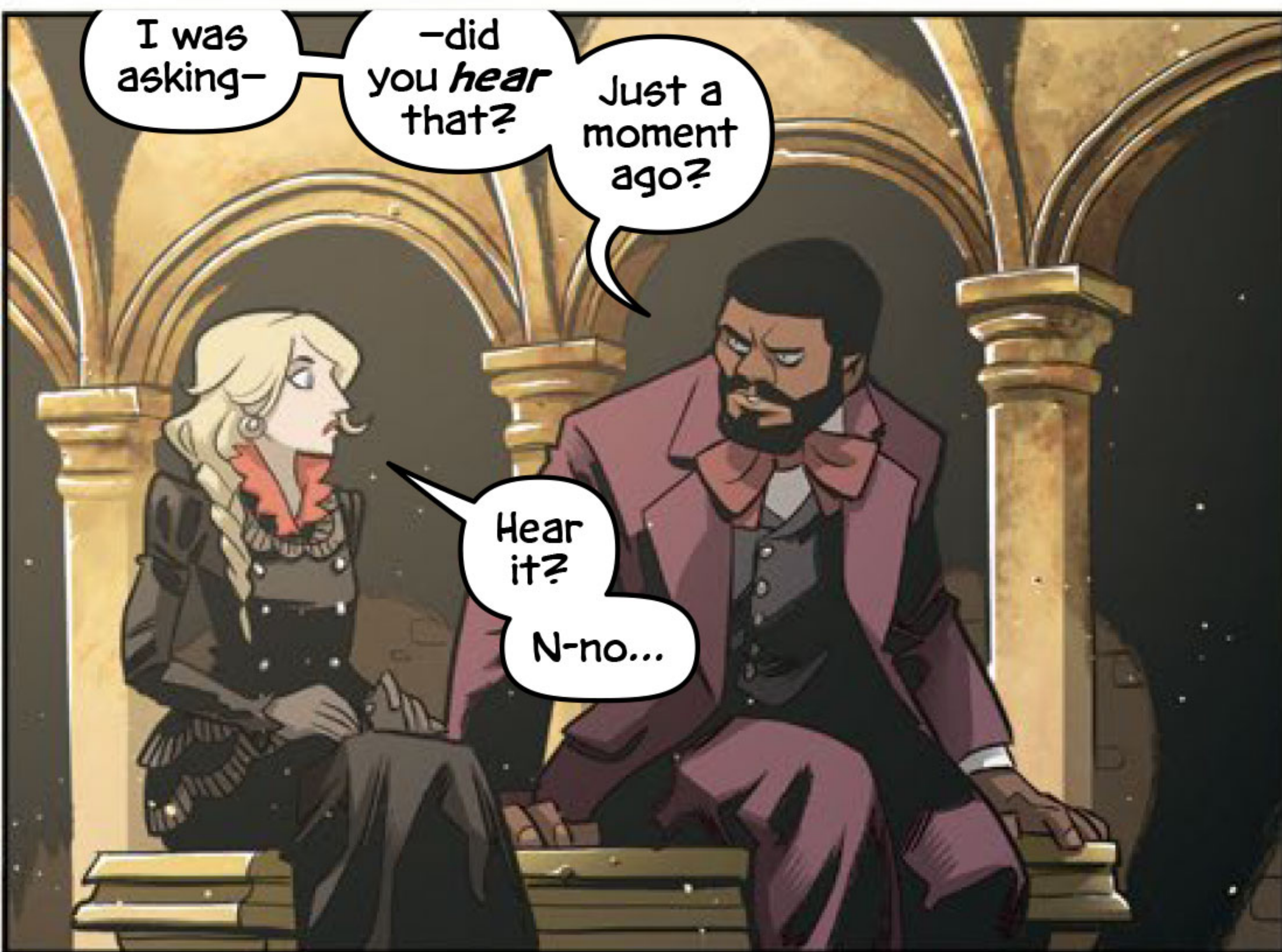






...and it is a pleasure to make your acquaintance, Miss Abigail Redmayne.

How do you-?



I was asking-

-did you *hear* that?

Just a moment ago?

Hear it?

N-no...



...but I *felt* it.

A trembling... a shudder in the Firmament.

What was it?



You are familiar with *the Six*?

I... am.

They are timeless, magical artifacts of *great* destructive power.

Do you also know of their *Fabled* collective power?



I know only the legends. It is believed that...



Wait.

Was that...?



The End of the World. Yes.

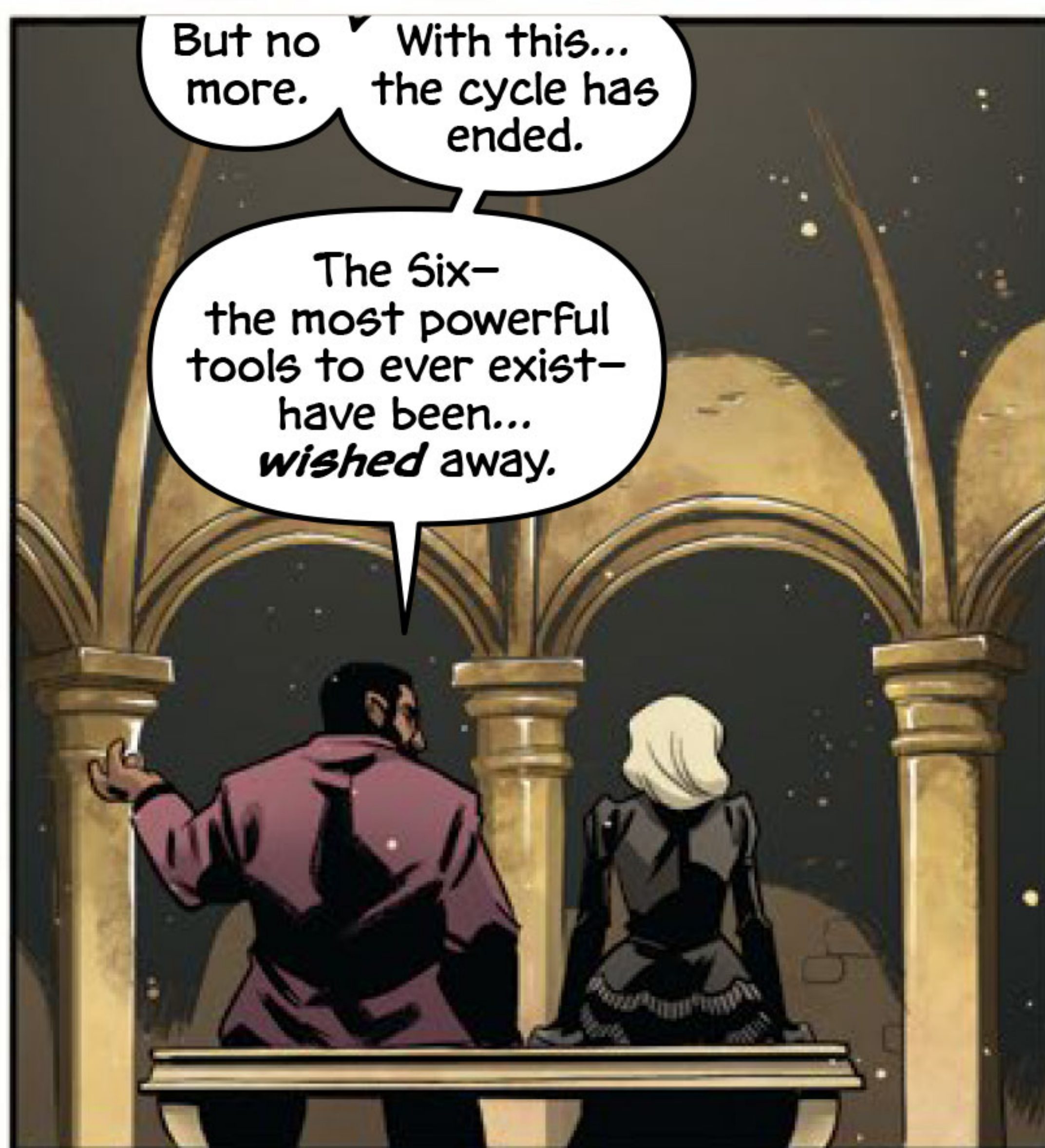
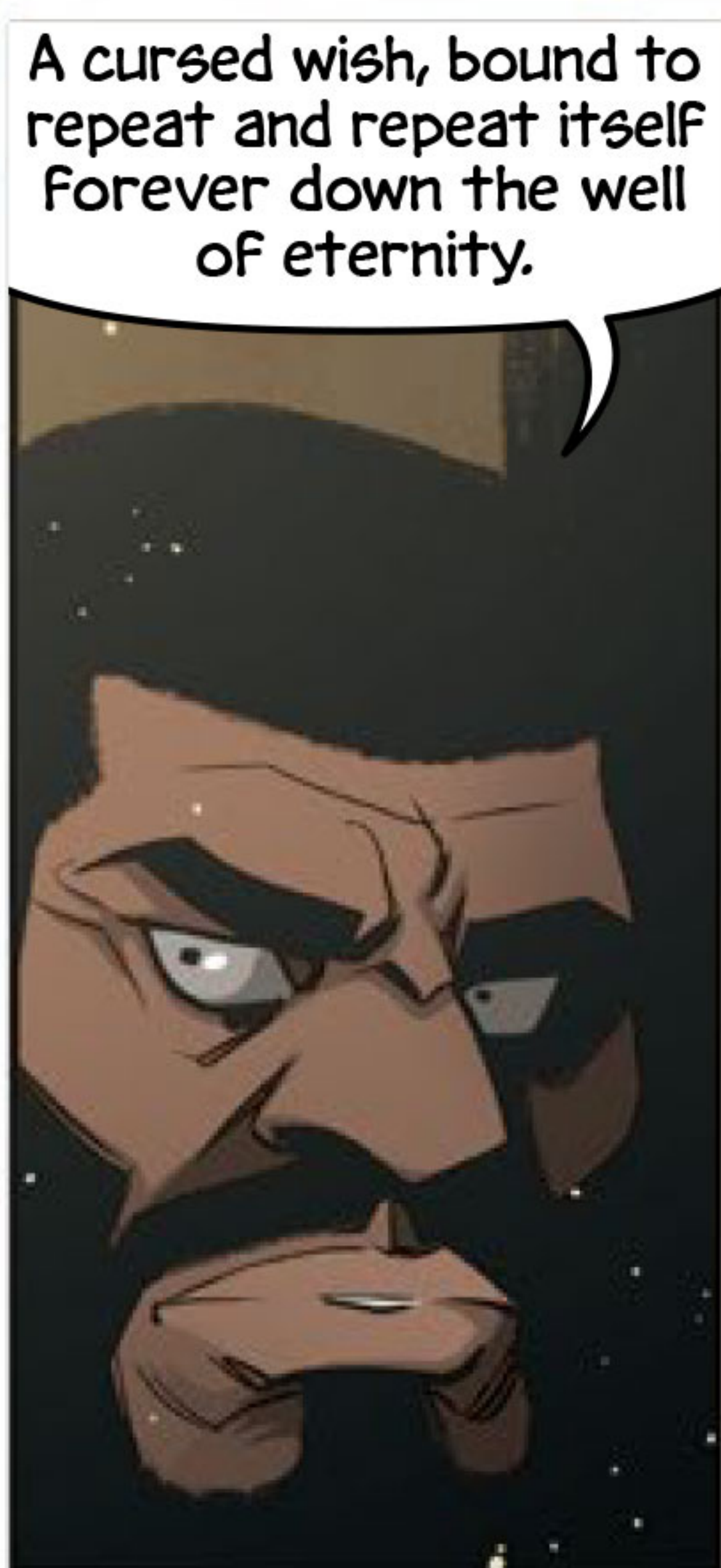
Another in a *long* string of Apocalypses.



There it is again!

There is a violence to all births...









The Six are gone forever.

But, their power—their *magic*—was not destroyed.

It was *scattered*...



...sown on the wind and carried to the four corners.

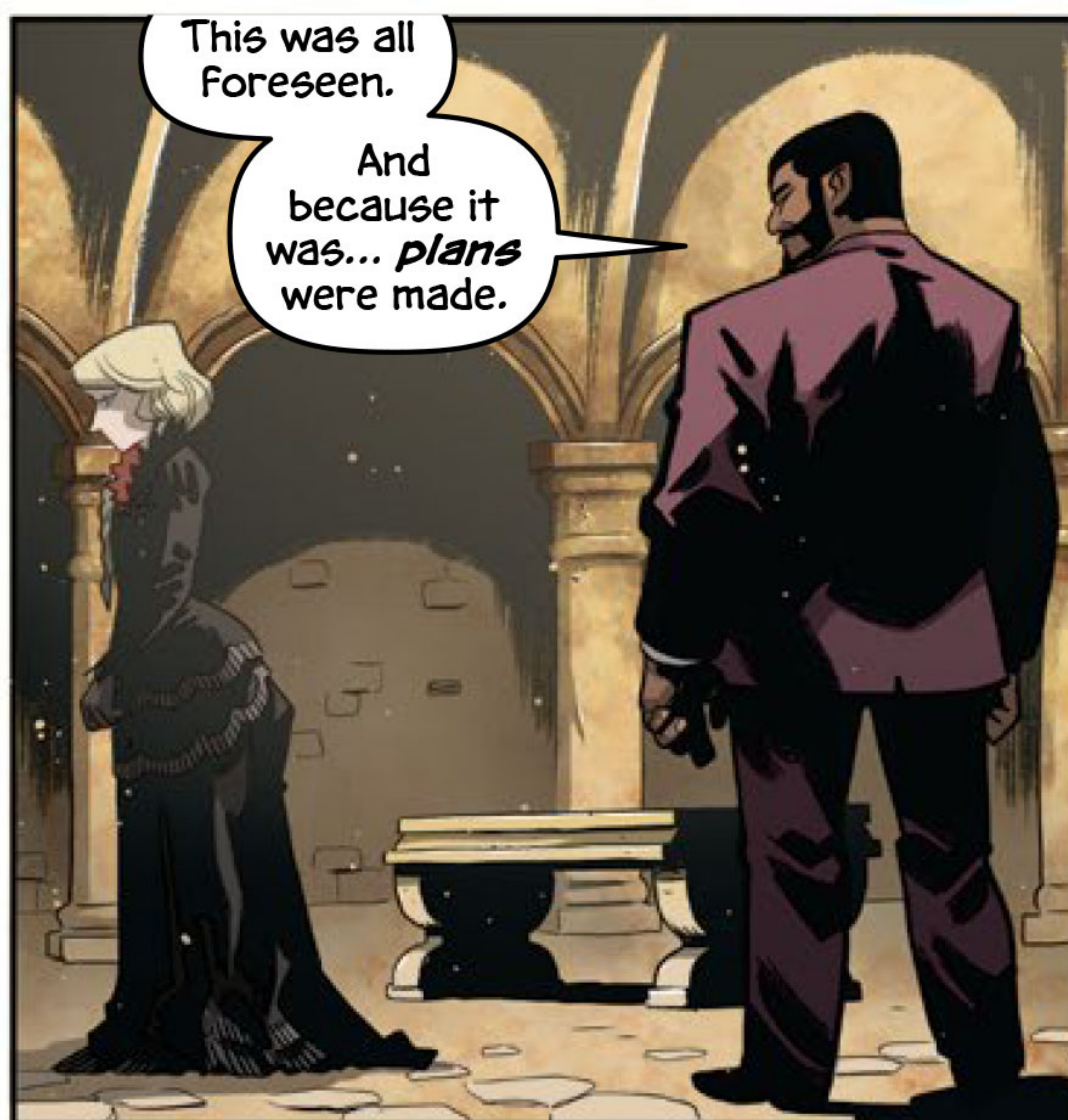


All that wild magic... it needs to be *protected* from people.

And they need to be protected from it.



I do not intend to be rude, but why are you telling *me* all of this?



This was all foreseen.

And because it was... *plans* were made.



Plans that involve *you*.

*Me?!*



And what, pray you, could I possibly have to offer?

As I understand it, Miss Redmayne, in your previous... life... you were a woman of *many* talents.

A living catalogue of all things arcane, mystical, and magical.



A woman with the skills to *track* items and events of this nature and, most importantly—

—a woman with a talent for *retrieving* them.





I also happen to be a fantastic gardener and an internationally recognized soprano of some acclaim.

But... I take your point.



Unfortunately, no matter what talents I may possess, they are no good to you—or *anybody*—from here.

That is no longer an issue.

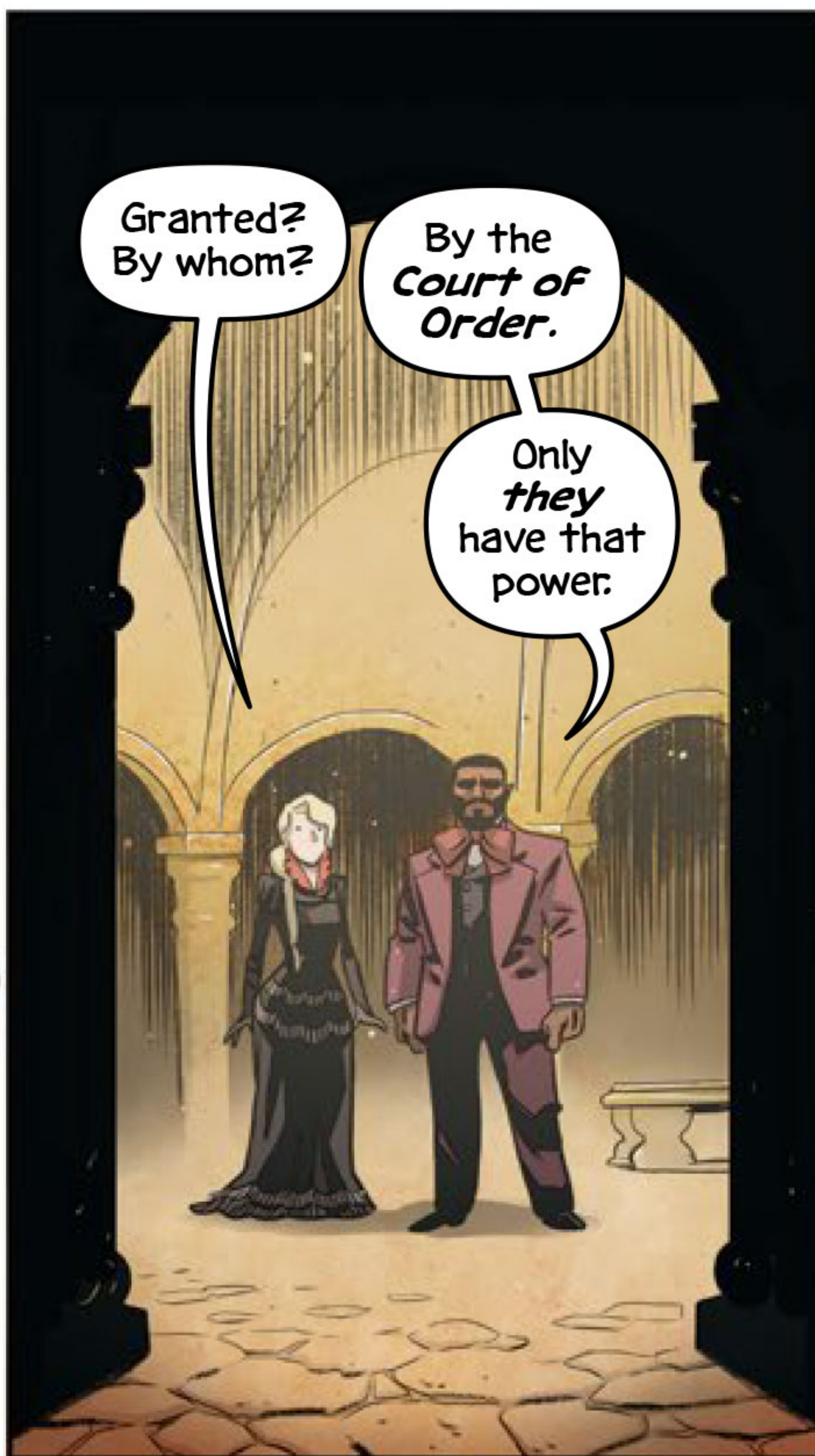


The door—

A door?

—is unlocked.

You have been granted release.



Granted? By whom?

By the *Court of Order*.

Only *they* have that power.

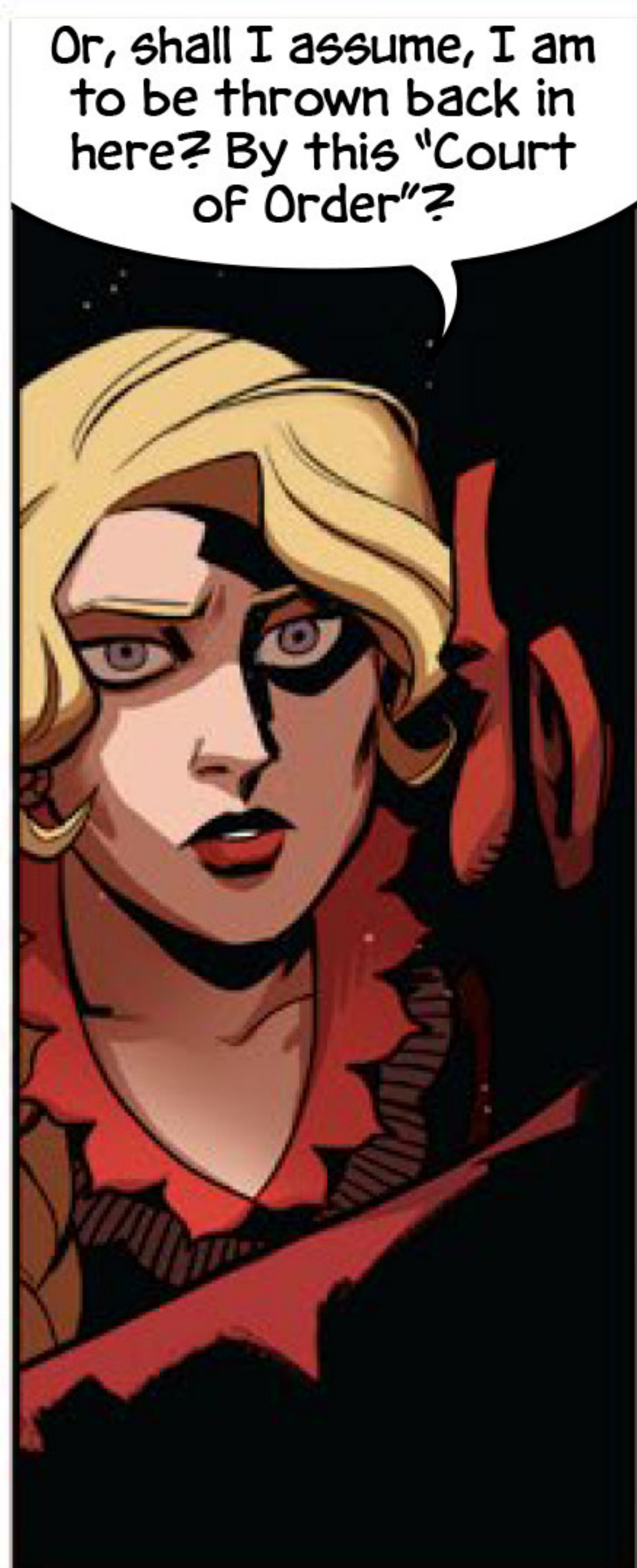


I see.

And in return for this gracious action I am to... what? To assist you in this *quest* of yours?

Not a quest. A *duty*.

And yes.



Or, shall I assume, I am to be thrown back in here? By this "Court of Order"?



Only they would have that power.