

## 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...





SHHHHHHHHHHH

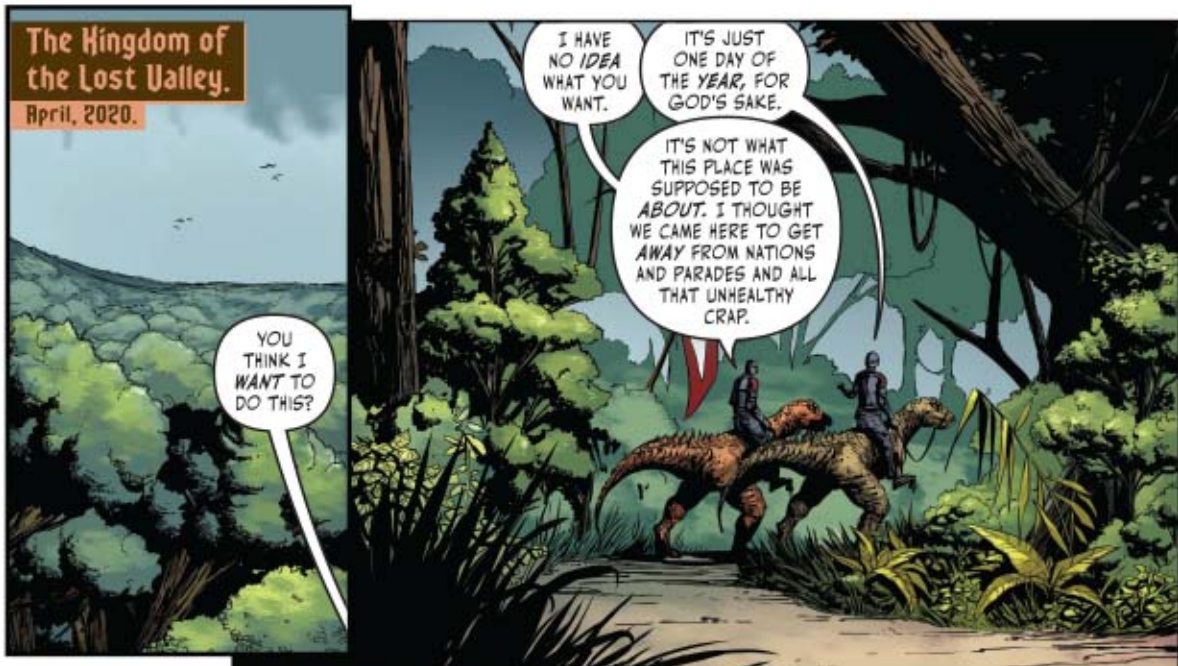
...AND HE KNOWS  
WHAT HE MUST DO.





# The Kingdom of the Lost Valley.

April, 2020.



I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT YOU WANT.

IT'S JUST ONE DAY OF THE YEAR, FOR GOD'S SAKE.

IT'S NOT WHAT THIS PLACE WAS SUPPOSED TO BE ABOUT. I THOUGHT WE CAME HERE TO GET AWAY FROM NATIONS AND PARADES AND ALL THAT UNHEALTHY CRAP.

YOU THINK I WANT TO DO THIS?



YOU DID, MAYBE...


...BUT THIS IS THE ANNIVERSARY OF CORONATION DAY AND IT MEANS A LOT TO THE PEOPLE HERE.

IT MEANS A LOT TO ME. I FOUGHT AT THE KING'S SIDE ON THAT DAY. YOU DIDN'T SEE WHAT HE SACRIFICED FOR THIS PLACE--FOR ALL OF US.



HE'S A GREAT MAN. ONE OF THE GREATEST IN HISTORY.





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*...

