



...AND SO  
AR-RODEN  
CALLED UT TO  
THE T-TRY-  
TRANT-

"TYRANT."

...TO  
THE TYRANT  
\*BE-BEHILD I  
HAT LAD--\*

\*BEHOLD  
I HATH  
LAID,\*

\*I HATH LAID  
YUR AR-ARMIES...  
FRAGRANT?\*



ARE YOU  
EVEN TRYING,  
CHILD?

I AM,  
GRAMMA!  
BUT ALL THE  
LETTERS  
JIGGLE!



EASE UP,  
MA. VAL'S A  
GOOD BOY, HE'S  
JUST NOT A  
READER.

YOU'VE  
CODDLED  
THE CHILD,  
JAMEK.





JOKHAN HAD ALREADY LEARNED HIS FIRST SPELL BY THE TIME HE WAS VALEROS'S AGE.

AND YET HE COULDN'T MILK A GOAT.

VAL'S LEARNING ALL THE SKILLS HE NEEDS FOR LIFE.



LIFE? THIS ISN'T A LIFE. IT'S A HIDING PLACE.



DON'T START WITH THIS AGAIN, MOM. WE'RE HAPPY HERE.



YOU'RE HAPPY EATING TURNIPS AND SHOVELING CRAP?

YOU CAN'T TRY TO TURN OUR LIVES UPSIDE DOWN EVERY TIME YOU VISIT.

I CAN GIVE YOU A REAL LIFE IN ALMAS, SON. THE SON OF MY ONLY LIVING CHILD NEEDS A REAL LIFE AND A SHOT AT A MEANINGFUL CAREER.

CHANGE THE WORLD INSTEAD OF CHANGING DIAPERS?

OBVIOUSLY!



DID YOU EVER THINK THE REASON I'M THE ONLY SON YOU HAVE LEFT, MA, IS BECAUSE I *DIDN'T* LEARN MAGIC AND FOLLOW YOU ON YOUR DAMNED ADVENTURES?



YOUR BROTHERS *WOULD* LEAVE ME ALONE WITH YOU.







"...NO ONE  
WILL EVEN  
NOTICE."

WELL AREN'T  
YOU A PRETTY FIND  
FOR OLD MEG? YOU  
POSITIVELY REEK OF  
POWER... ENOUGH TO  
FETCH A FINE PRICE IN  
THE SOUL MARKETS  
OF ABADDON,  
I'LL BET.

YOU...  
YOU'RE NOT  
MERISIEL.

**NO BEER**  
IN THE  
**BONEYARD**





POUNCHING  
AGAIN,  
MEG?



FROM  
THE RIVER  
OF SOULS?  
OF COURSE  
NOT!

MY  
DEAR BOY,  
ER... *PICARDO*,  
SIMPLY WANDERED  
OFF. NEARLY  
FELL IN.

GUH?

I AGREE,  
CHILD, THAT  
RIVER IS A  
HAZARD.

PERHAPS THESE  
FINE PSYCHOPOMPS  
SHOULD KEEP A WATCH  
OUT, INSTEAD OF  
HARRASSING NICE  
FAMILIES.