



MY NAME IS ASH, AND I AM A SLAVE.

CLOSE AS I CAN FIGURE IT, THE YEAR IS 1300 A.D., AND I'M BEING DRAGGED TO MY DEATH.

AND BELIEVE IT OR NOT...



...THAT'S NOT THE WORST PART.

KEEP IT MOVIN', FLESHBAGS!
HAHAHAHA!

WH-KRAK

UNHH!



PROMISED ONE! I--

BACK OFF, WILL YA? I DON'T NEED YOU GIVIN' THOSE **BONEHEADS** ANOTHER EXCUSE TO DISH OUT PUNISHMENT. AND STOP CALLIN' ME THAT!

AS YOU WISH, PROMI-- ER, **STRANGE ONE.**



IT'S JUST THAT, WELL, I WOULD NEVER DOUBT THE PROPHECIES, BUT IF YOU'RE GOING TO DO SOMETHING TO SAVE US...



...WOULD IT NOT BE WISE TO DO IT SOON?

WHAT IN THE HELL HAPPENED HERE?



'TWAS THE ARMY OF DARKNESS, STRANGE ONE! YOUR, AH, DELAYED ARRIVAL ALLOWED THE POWER OF THE NECRONOMICON TO RUN UNCHECKED!

HENRY THE RED'S PEOPLE WERE FIRST TO FALL, AND WHILE ARTHUR AND THE LADY SHEILA FOUGHT VALIANTLY, THEY WERE NO MATCH FOR THE DEAD WHEN THEY MARCHED UPON US.



IT'S ALL FOR THE BEST, REALLY.

ALL THOSE YEARS SPENT ON CHIVALRY AND HONOR, BEARING THE WEIGHT OF YOUR PATHETIC LITTLE LIVES ON MY SHOULDERS?

YOUR LORD MUCH PREFERS THE TASTE OF FLESH AND SOULS, "WISE MAN."



YOU ARE NOT MY LORD, FOUL CREATURE, MERELY A MOCKERY CAST IN DEATH AND EVIL!

THE PROMISED ONE DOES NOT FEAR YOU, NOR DO I! YOUR POWER IS NOTHING COMPARED TO HIS!

HEY, WHAT ARE YOU TALKIN' --



YOU MAY DO YOUR WORST, DEADITE, AND WE SHALL FACE YOU WITH COURAGE.

SUBJECT US TO TORTURES BEYOND OUR MORTAL IMAGINING, AND WE WILL LAUGH!

REND US LIMB FROM LIMB, VISIT THE SWEETEST PAIN UPON US IN ENDLESS --

HEY!

WOULD YOU SHUT THE HELL UP?!



TORTURES BEYOND IMAGINING, EH?

RELEASE THEM!



HEH. WE SHALL SEE.

HEY, WHOA, HANG ON A SECOND, OKAY?



I GOT NO BEEF WITH YOU, OKAY? I'VE NEVER EVEN MET THIS A-HOLE BEFORE.

PROMISED ONE, USE YOUR--



I'M NOT YOUR DAMN PROMISED ONE! GET THAT THROUGH YOUR PRIMITIVE SKULL!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOUR STUPID PROPHECY TOLD YOU, BUT IT WAS *WRONG*, OKAY? TELL 'EM. TELL 'EM I'M NOT THE GUY, DAMMIT!



HE... SPEAKS TRUTH. HE IS CLEARLY NOT THE PROMISED ONE.

