

The Lost Valley.

The Thornhusk Road.

On the way to the Terminal Market prison in the Varanid Empire.



I'M
TELLING
YOU, THAT'S
HIM.

AND I'M
TELLING YOU,
PIGBLOOD, I
DON'T CARE.

AND I'M
TELLING YOU,
STUBBORN HUMAN,
YOU SHOULD
CARE.

MARAK, THIS
HAS BEEN A LONG
ENOUGH SLOG WITHOUT
YOU GABBLING ON AND ON
AND ON IN MY EAR. JUST
LET ME ENJOY THE RIDE
AND THINK OF AN ESCAPE
PLAN, YEAH?



NETTLE,
MY DEAR, I
THINK HE IS
OUR ESCAPE
PLAN...



"THAT IS TUROK, THE
HERO OF RAILTOWN."



I SEE THEM STARING AT ME.

I CAN HEAR THEM TALKING ABOUT ME, TOO. I PICK OUT THEIR VOICES THROUGH THE NOISE.

THEY THINK THEY KNOW WHO I AM.

THOSE WORDS, "TUROK, HERO OF RAILTOWN."

THEY'RE ONLY PART RIGHT.

WHAT HAPPENED AT RAILTOWN HAPPENED, AND MY NAME IS TUROK, THAT MUCH IS TRUE.

EXCEPT, I'M NOBODY'S HERO, NOBODY BUT ONE.

HEEEELLLLLL!



BULL\$*@\$#.

I'M TELLING YOU, IT'S HIM.

MAYBE HE IS, MAYBE HE ISN'T, BUT HE LOOKS LIKE HE'S READY FOR THE TAR PITS.

BUT YOU'RE SO SURE, GO TALK TO HIM, SEE HOW HE'S GOING TO GET US OUT OF THIS MESS.

MEANWHILE, I'LL THINK OF OUR ACTUAL ESCAPE PLAN.



HERE THEY COME.

FINE, DARLING NETTLE, I WILL.

--GRK! HEY!

BUT I THINK THE LENGTH OF OUR CHAINS DEMANDS YOU COME ALONG FOR THE RIDE.

DAMNIT, MARAK.



GOOD SIR, HELLO, HELLO.

JAHEM! HELLO.

MY NAME IS MARAK--NO LAST NAME BECAUSE, AH-HA, I AM BUT A MERE PIGBLOOD, THE CHILD OF AN ILLICIT DALLIANCE BETWEEN MY SAURIAN MOTHER AND MY HUMAN FATHER.

THIS IS MY COHORT, MY COMPATRIOT, MY COMRADE--

NETTLE MIDTHUNDER.

GRUNT

AND YOU ARE, GOOD SIR?

THEY KNOW WHO I AM. THEY THINK THEY CAN USE ME. BUT MAYBE I CAN USE THEM, TOO.

WE'RE THIEVES. WE STOLE SOMETHING RATHER PRECIOUS FROM ONE OF THE VARANID SATRAPS-- AN EROCHITE CRYSTAL THE SAURIANS USE TO, AHM, INCREASE THEIR LIBIDOS?

SATRAP GIZZARDO WAS QUITE INCENSED. HE HAS SOME...DIFFICULTY IN THE BREEDING CRADLE, YOU SEE.

I'M NOBODY.

WHAT DID YOU GET YOU FOR, MISTER NOBODY?

NOTHING. THIS IS JUST A LITTLE VACATION FOR ME.

I THINK I KNOW THAT GIRL.

I THINK... I KNOW WHERE THEY TOOK HER.

SEE? ~~APSSHK~~ TOLDYA, MARAK. IT'S NOT HIM. LET'S GO. HE SMELLS.

LET'S SAY I WAS SOMEBODY.

OOH. DO TELL.

LET'S SAY MAYBE I WANTED TO GET OUT OF THIS BOX.

GO ON.

YOU THINK MAYBE YOU COULD DO YOUR PART?

FOR RAILTOWN. WHATEVER YOU NEED.

UGGGH.

WHEN WE GET TO THE TERMINAL MARKET PRISON--

--WHICH SHOULD BE SOON--

--I NEED YOU TO DISTRACT THE GUARDS. MOMENT THEY OPEN THIS CRATE UP, YOU DO YOUR THING.

AND WHAT WILL YOU DO?

I'LL DO A MAGIC TRICK.



SEE THESE BONES IN MY BEARD? MISDIRECTION. THE REPTILES NEVER THOUGHT TO CHECK IT.

WELL, NOW, LOOK AT THIS.

RABBIT OUT OF A MOTHER(*4)@ HAT.

Terminal Market.

R Prison.





I SSSMELL YOU THERE, ADMINISTRATOR SSSSILM.

OVERSEER NAGYAKKA, I DIDN'T MEAN TO DISTURB--

SSSSILENCE YOUR SSSQUAWKING, YOU GREASSSSY LITTLE TUMOR, AND REPORT.

MOVE, PIG!

NYAAAAH!



ALL IS WELL, OVERSEER--WE REMAIN CLOSE TO CAPACITY AND--

I CARE ONLY ABOUT EFFICIENCY. HAVE WE UPPED OUR EFFICIENCY?

YES, FIVE PERCENT--

AND YET, I RECALL ASSKING FOR-- DEMANDING-- TEN.

WE WILL GET THERE, IT JUST TAKES TIME--



FIVE ISSSSS NOT ENOUGH, YOU CHARNEL-SSSSUCKING BARROW-WORM!