



LAST
VARNING,
VALEROS.
SURRENDER.



I WON'T
AND I CAN'T,
IMRIJKA.



VALEROS IS
POSSESSED BY
THE SOUL OF A
THASSILONIAN
WIZARD, AND
IMRIJKA'S READY
TO CUT HIM
OPEN TO GET
IT OUT.

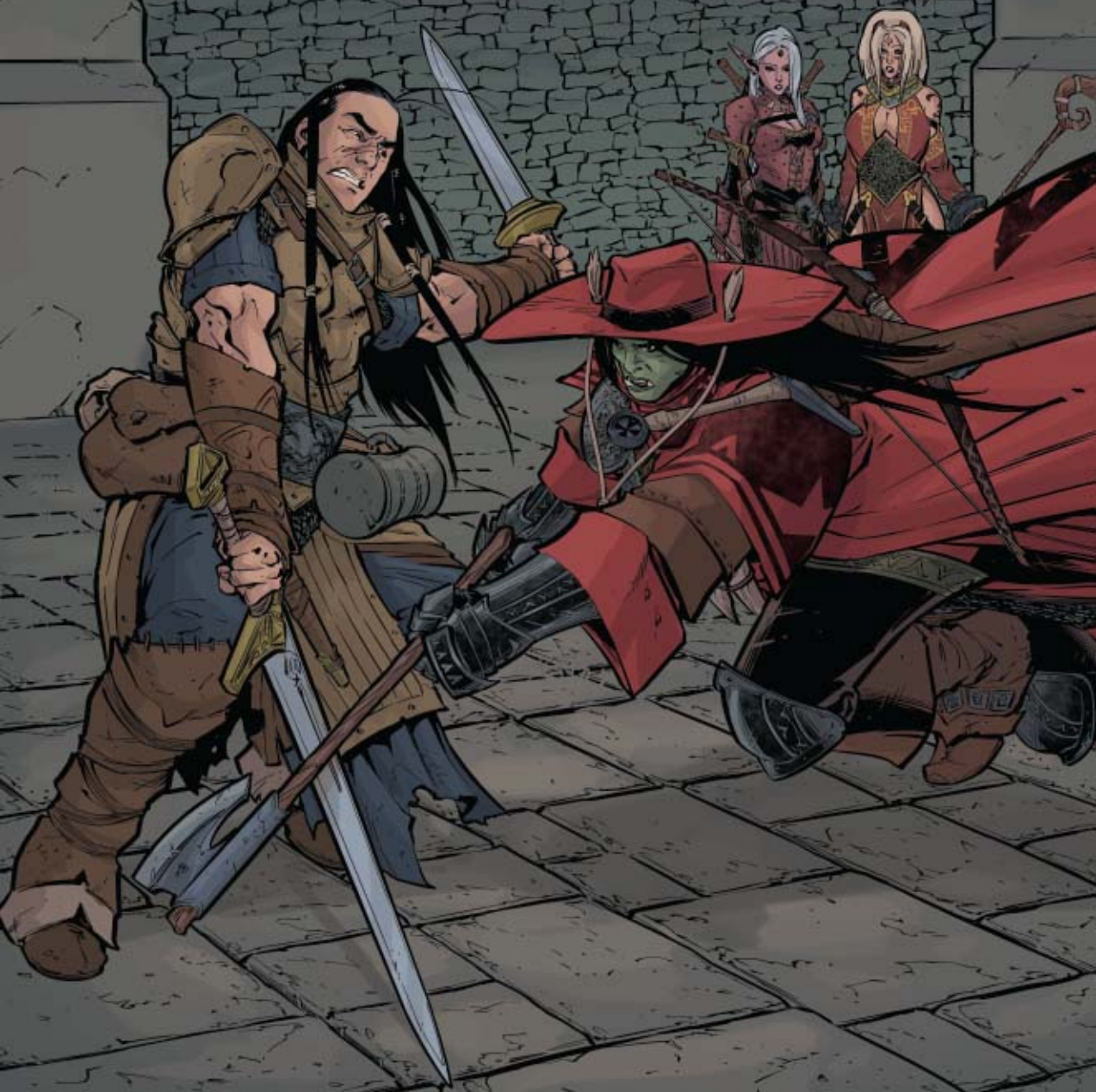
YOU'RE THE
BOSS, SEONI.
WHO'S SIDE ARE
WE ON HERE?



I--

VALEROS MUST DIE!

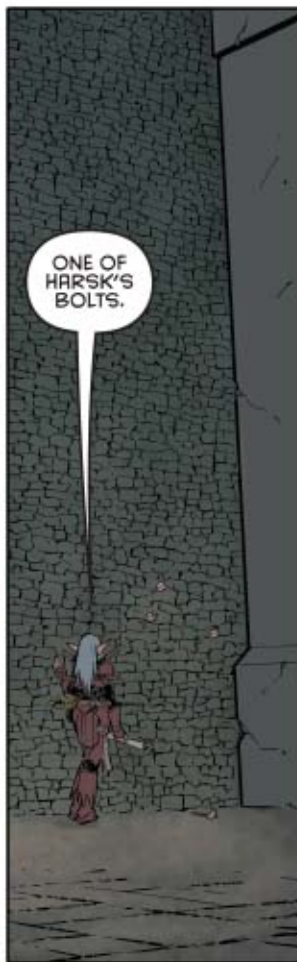
I
DON'T
KNOW.







FRESH
SCROLL...



ONE OF
HARSK'S
BOLTS.



A
GLASS ROD.
EZREN USES
THESE FOR HIS
LIGHTNING
SPELLS.



HARSK?
EZREN?
ARE YOU GUYS
IN THERE?

W



W

HARSK,
DO YOU HEAR
MERISIELP?

HURRAY,
WE'RE
SAVED.

PACK
UP THE
SCONES.

DAMMIT.



I HOPE
YOU BOYS
ARE DECENT
IN THERE...



"...BECAUSE WE SORT OF HAVE A SITUATION OUT HERE!"

תני, א-ת-נ + חזר

ש-ת-נ N ג-ח-ב ש-ח

"DAMMIT! STOP WITH THE SPELLS!"

"ONLY IF YOU STOP HOLDING BACK. FIGHT LIKE YOUR LIFE DEPENDS ON IT!"



"BETTER YET..."



"...FIGHT LIKE THEIR LIVES DEPEND ON IT."

KRAAHHCH



MUBBER FUP!

TH'CH