



## THE PEOPLE LIVED IN FEAR OF THE NIGHT.

ONCE THE SUN DESCENDED, INSECT-LIKE HORDES OF MOTH-VAMPIRES SWEPT OVER THE LAND. WOMEN AND CHILDREN WERE SLAUGHTERED IN THEIR BEDS. GROWN MEN WERE STOLEN AWAY, NEVER TO RETURN. NOTHING COULD PREVENT THE COMING OF THE DARK. NOTHING COULD PREVENT THE ONSLAUGHT.

SO THE PEOPLE BUILT A BEACON. DESIGNED BY THE GREATEST SCIENTIFIC SCHOLARS, THE BEACON WOULD BECOME THEIR TORCH IN THE NIGHT. A SIREN'S SONG OF DIVINE FIRE BECKONING TO A LEGION OF LOCUST CREATURES THAT KNEW NO MASTER.

AND LIKE MOTHS TO A FLAME, THE HORDE WAS DRAWN INTO THE LIGHT ONLY TO BURN. SO THE GREAT MINDS BUILT ANOTHER... AND ANOTHER.

SOON, THE FEAR OF DARKNESS DIMINISHED AND AS THE YEARS BECAME DECADES AND THE DECADES TURNED INTO CENTURIES, THE PEOPLE FACED A NEW PROBLEM. FAR FROM THE NEAREST SETTLEMENT, SOMEONE WOULD NEED TO KEEP THE GREAT BEACONS ALIGHT. WITH THE GLORY OF THE BEACON SOLDIERS A DISTANT MEMORY, THE PEOPLE TURNED TO THE CRIMINALS TO FILL THE RANKS. THEY TURNED TO THE OUTCASTS THAT WANDERED THE BARREN DESERT.

EVENTUALLY, THEY TURNED TO ...



































