





Thirty Years Past—  
The Age of Olvargolad

"...AND WHEN  
THE TWO OF YE BE  
WED, HE'LL BRING  
YE BACK TO ME."



WHAT IS *THIS*  
MADNESS?

BATTLEFIELDS  
WHERE MAGIC HAS  
BEEN DONE OFTEN  
LOOK THIS WAY.

I'VE  
SEEN DEAD MEN  
FLOAT AWAY OR SINK  
INTO THE GROUND, FIRES  
THAT  
NEVER BURN OUT, BIRDS  
AND BEASTS THAT SING  
OR SPEAK LIKE MEN.

*GREY*  
DOESN'T LIKE  
IT HERE.

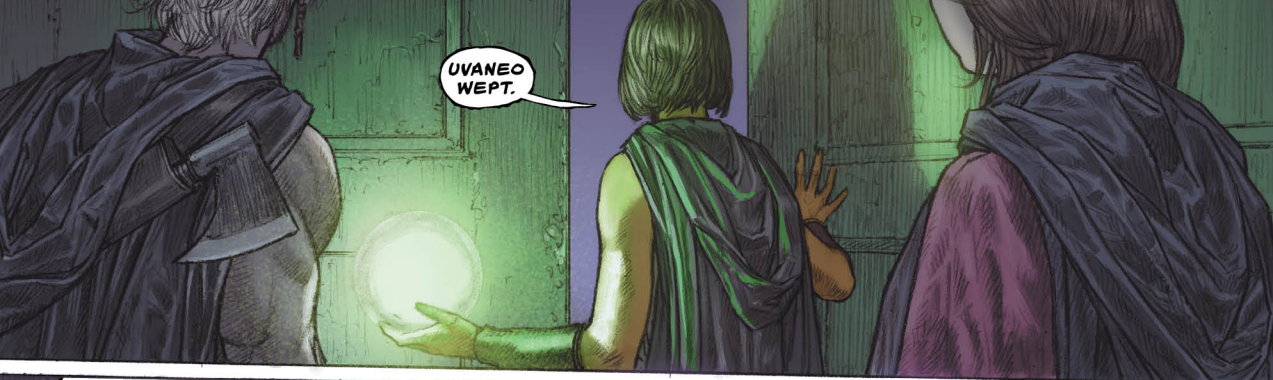
"*GREY*?"

THAT'S HIS  
NAME. HE'S MY  
BIG, BEAUTIFUL  
*GREY*.

AREN'T  
YOU, LOVE?





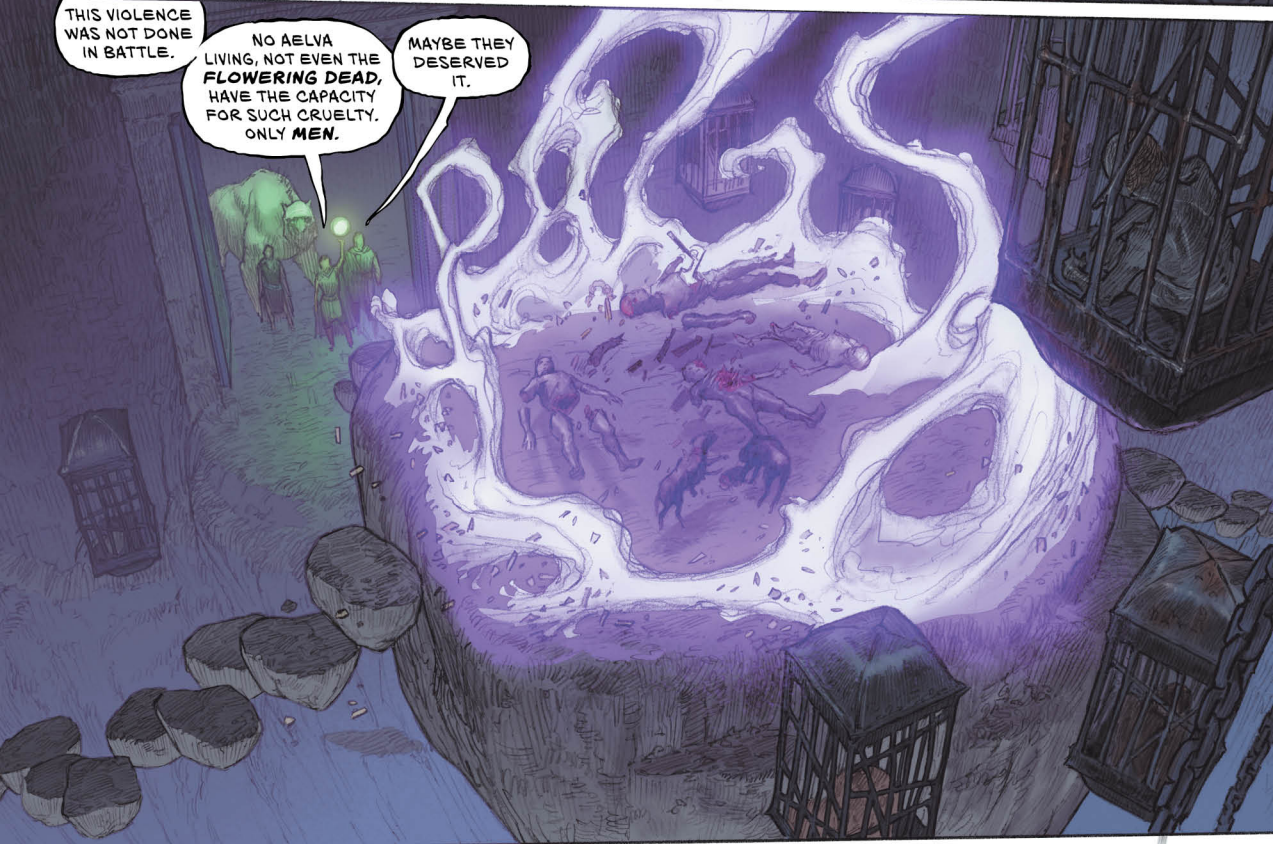


UVANEO  
WEPT.

THIS VIOLENCE  
WAS NOT DONE  
IN BATTLE.

NO AELVA  
LIVING, NOT EVEN THE  
**FLOWERING DEAD**,  
HAVE THE CAPACITY  
FOR SUCH CRUELTY.  
ONLY **MEN**.

MAYBE THEY  
DESERVED  
IT.



NOT EVEN  
A **GUILDSMAN**  
DESERVES TO  
DIE IN THIS  
WAY.

FREYTH'S BALLS.  
THAT AXE IS SOLID  
**TEMBERSTEEL**.



DO NOT  
TOUCH IT.  
THE SPELL  
THAT--

YOU DON'T  
COMMAND ME,  
WITCH.



I WON'T TELL  
MY SONS I HAD A  
CHANCE TO SACK  
**THE PINNACLE**  
AND DIDN'T  
TAKE--





MRRRRRH...

HUHH...  
HUUGH...

YAAAAAUGGGH!

AAAUGH!  
THESE THINGS  
ARE STILL  
ALIVE!!

HOW...HOW  
CAN THEY  
BE?!

ONE OF OUR  
NECROMANCERS  
DID THIS.



SLAUGHTERED  
US...TRAPPED US IN  
OUR OWN DEAD  
FLESH.

PLEASE...  
DON'T LEAVE ME  
LIKE THIS. I CAN  
HELP YOU.



I WAS BECKER...  
GRANDMASTER OF  
THE GUILD ELDRITCH,  
MASTER OF THE  
PINNACLE.

YOU CAME  
LOOKING FOR  
PLUNDER,  
YES?

FREE MY SERVANT AND  
ME, AND I WILL LEAD YOU  
TO THE ONLY WEAPON  
THAT CAN DESTROY  
THE FLOWERING  
DEAD.

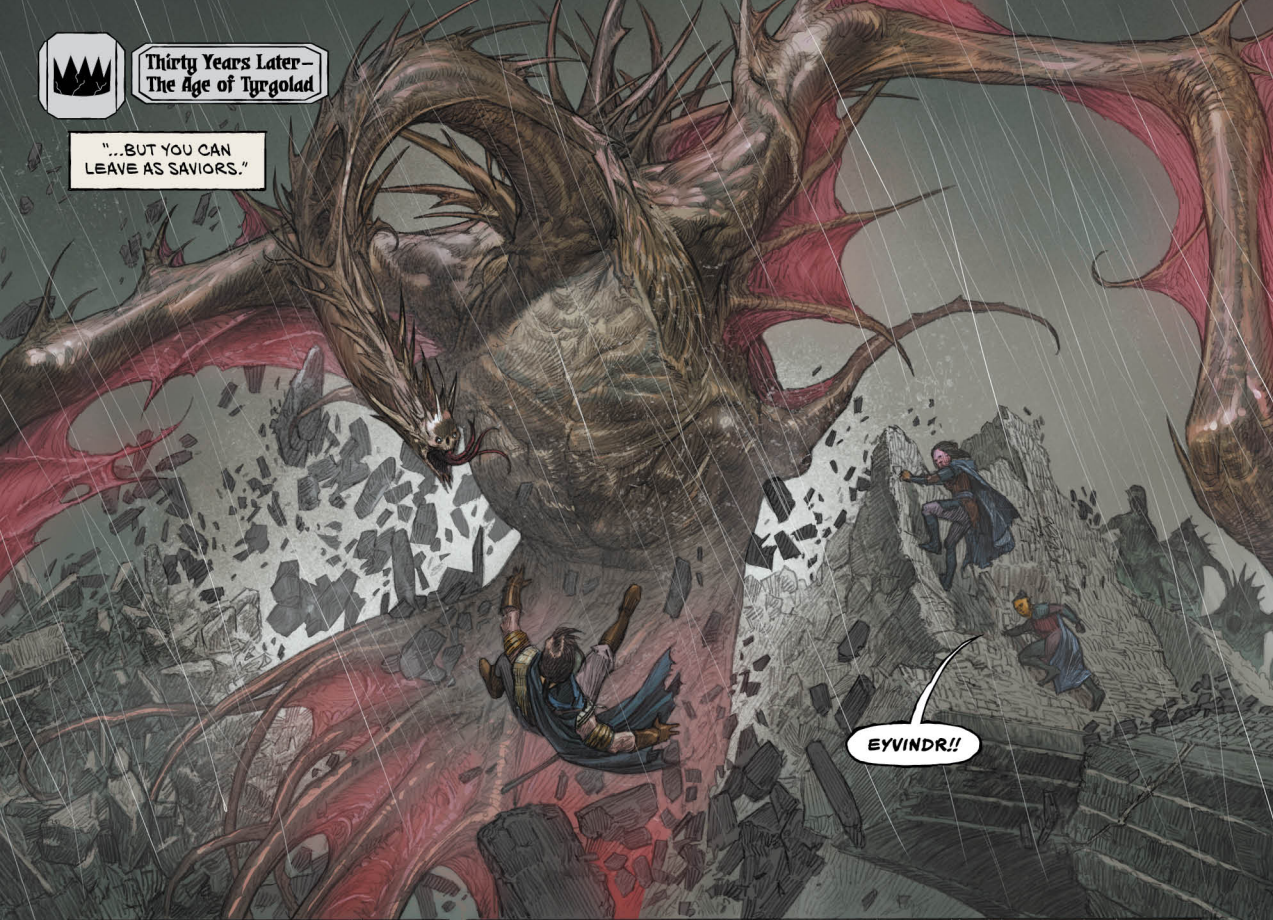
YOU MAY  
HAVE COME HERE AS  
SCAVENGERS...



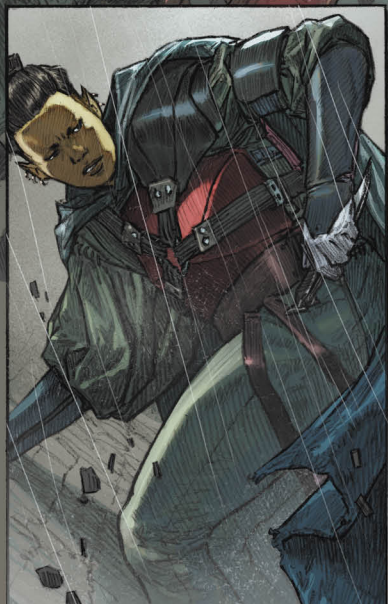


Thirty Years Later—  
The Age of Targolad

"...BUT YOU CAN  
LEAVE AS SAVIORS."



EYVINDR!!



YOU ARE  
BUT A CHILD  
TO ME, LITTLE  
WITCH...



SSSHLINK

...AND YOUR  
WEAPONS ARE  
BENEATH MY  
NOTICE.



