

Nowhere...yet.



I DON'T RECOGNIZE  
THIS PLACE.

O GREAT ASTERIA, IS  
THIS YOUR ORACLE?



...OR DID YOU ALSO  
FALL WITH OLYMPUS?



I CAN'T  
BELIEVE YOU  
LET ME  
THROW IT.



WHAT...?





XENA!







HUNT'S OVER.  
DROP IT.

CHILDREN FROM  
THOSE PLAINS ARE  
SAVAGES!

SAYS THE  
MAN STIRRING UP  
HATRED AT THE END  
OF A CLUB.

THEIR FOLK  
ALL BEAR THE MARK  
OF ARES, EVERYBODY  
KNOWS!

THEY'RE SLAVES  
TO THEIR GOD! THEY'LL  
BRING WAR UPON US!

THE  
GODS ARE  
DEAD.

IF YOU WANT AN  
EXCUSE TO HATE CHILDREN,  
YOU'LL HAVE TO THINK OF  
SOMETHING ELSE.







AND YOUR PARENTS, AYA?

DUNNO. MEN ATTACKED OUR CAMP TO STEAL LIVESTOCK - WE JUST RAN. MY AUNT LIVES A FEW DAYS EAST. WE'LL BE SAFE THERE.

AND NOWHERE ELSE.

LAILA, HUSH!



BUT WE'D WALKED A WHOLE DAY AND NIGHT, AND THIS MORNING LAILA HAD TO STOP - SHE'S YOUNG, SHE GETS TIRED...

AND THE VILLAGERS WERE CRUEL TO YOU.

NOTHING WE'RE NOT USED TO. NO ONE WILL HELP US. THEY TOOK OUR ANIMALS' GRAZING LAND AND NOW THEY CALL US THIEVES FOR BEING HUNGRY.



YES! AYA STOLE BREAD!

PLEASE DON'T SEND US -

WHAT DID YOU USE, TWO-POINT DISTRACTION OR SLEIGHT OF HAND?



HANDS! SHE'S SO FAST, YOU SHOULD SEE HER!

ONLY WHEN I HAVE TO - WHEN THERE'S NO KINDNESS AND MY SISTER'S STARVING.

I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN.



REALLY, CHAMPION OF THE PEOPLE? YOU WANT TO TALK TO A KID ABOUT HER PICKPOCKET TECHNIQUE?

SHE HAS MANY SKILLS. THAT'S GOOD.

I SEE.

WELL, I BET WE'RE ALL HUNGRY.

HOW ABOUT WE TEST SOME OTHER SKILLS?



SOMEPLACE NICER.

XENA  
STRUGGLED AGAINST  
THE BACCHAE CURSE—  
AND LEAPT FORWARD  
WITH HER DRYAD-BONE  
KNIFE!

WITH A SINGLE  
STROKE, SHE CUT  
BACCHUS'  
THROAT!

AND THUS WERE THE  
BACCHAE FREED FROM THEIR  
TORMENT, AND THE CURSE OF  
BLOOD ENDED...FOREVER.



HOPEFULLY  
THAT WAS GOOD  
ENOUGH TO PAY  
FOR *DESSERT*,  
TOO.

IT WAS  
ABRIDGED.

WELL, MY  
STEW WAS GETTING  
COLD.



DID YOU *REALLY*  
DO ALL THE THINGS FROM  
YOUR STORIES?

I DID...THE ONES  
THAT WON'T GET YOU IN  
TROUBLE WITH YOUR  
MOTHER.

BUT STORIES HAVE  
*LIFE*, AND THAT'S UP TO  
THE TELLER.



HELP!

MY VILLAGE—  
A DAY OVER THE PLAIN—  
BURNED—

BY THE  
HARPIES!



...YOU  
KNOW THEM.

I DID,  
*ONCE*.

WE'D  
BETTER  
GO.

SOUP'S  
COLD.









ILLYRIA. ANOTHER LIFE AGO.











ROME SHALL NOT CONQUER!



WHO--?

ASK LATER.



I SUSPECT THESE ROMANS WON'T PLAGUE YOU ANY MORE.



WHY DID YOU HELP US? WHAT DO YOU WANT?

WE TOOK IT; WE WANT ROME'S DEFEAT.

WHAT YOU WANT IS TO HAVE US OWE YOU! WHO ASKED FOR YOUR HELP?







"WE DID WARN PEOPLE.  
AND WE FOUGHT ROME."

"A GIFT FROM BORIAS,  
FOR WHO I WAS THEN."

"I GOT TO KEEP A  
PROMISE WITHOUT  
MAKING ONE."

"BUT THIS..."

