

Terres de Légendes

CORBEYRAN ♦ PICARD ♦ BRANTS

Wœœna

4. UNION



DEL COURT





CHARGEEEEEEE!



GROAAAARRR...



RHA!



WOOOOOOOO!



DAWN LOOKS UP AT THE RED FLAG ON THE MOUNTAIN



GET UP,
LAZY!

HUH?



LAMRELS ARE LIKE WOMEN.
THEY DON'T LIKE TO BE LEFT
WAITING! I WANT THEM TO BE
BRUSHED! I WANT THEM TO
SHINE FOR EMPERORS VISIT!

ON YOUR
ORDERS,
SERGEANT!

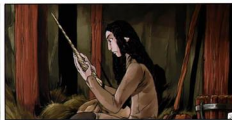


AND DON'T FORGET
TO CLEAN A TON OF
DUNG FROM THE
STABLES! SMELLS LIKE
SHIT IN THERE!

YES,
SERGEANT!



?



HOW MUCH
FURTHER?

WE'RE
APPROACHING...



WE NEVER STOP APPROACHING!
YOU'RE SYSTEMATICALLY GIVING
ME THE SAME RESPONSE SINCE
WE LEFT NYM-BRUYN!

PROBABLY BECAUSE YOU'RE CONSTANTLY
RAISING THE SAME QUESTION...



THIS SINISTER LANDSCAPE
IS MAKING ME SICK! I'M NOT
SUPPORTING THEM ANYMORE!

THE SURFACE OF CONQUERED LANDS DOESN'T HAVE
TO BE PLEASANT TO LOOK ON. EDA... THE SOIL IS
RICH AND EASY TO EXPLOIT...



WHY DO YOU
NEED TO CONTINUE
THIS WARFARE?
HAVEN'T YOU RAISED
ENOUGH WEALTH?
HAVEN'T YOU CON-
QUERED ENOUGH
SPACE TO LIVE IN?

THE CARTOGRA-
PHERS DON'T KNOW
ANYMORE HOW TO
REPRESENT OUR
VAST AND SPRAWL-
ING COUNTRY ON
OFFICIAL MAPS...
YOU HAVE THE
WORLD AT YOUR
FEET, OTSKOOR.
WHAT ARE YOU
STILL WAITING FOR?



INDEED, I DON'T
HAVE TO WAIT FOR
ANY LONGER... BUT
YOU KNOW AS WELL
AS I DO, EMPIRE RAISED
BY WEAPONS MUST
BE MAINTAINED BY
WEAPONS...

IF I LOOSENED MY EF-
FORTS OF CONQUEST,
MY ALLIES WOULD TURN
AGAINST ME AND COME
DOWN ON NYM-BRUYN
LIKE A SWARM OF
GRASSHOPPERS!





YOUR POLICY RESEMBLES TO A FORWARD RUSH MORE AND MORE. OTSKOOR... THERE WILL COME A FATAL TIME WHEN YOU WILL HAVE NO MORE LAND TO CONQUER.

THEN IT'S TIME TO INVENT OTHER ENEMIES!



YOU WILL STOP AT NOTHING!

IT'S TRUE. I NEVER BACK UP. I RUSH HEADLONG TOWARDS MY DEATH...



I HATE IT WHEN YOU SAY SUCH THINGS!

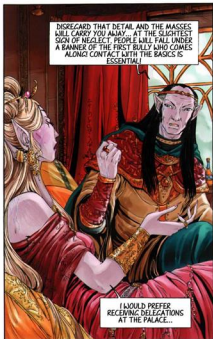
BUT WE MUST THINK ABOUT IT, EDAL... DESPITE OUR DAILY BATHS IN THE SACRED SOURCES, WE ARE NOT ETERNAL... THE BLUE BLOOD FLOWING IN OUR VEINS WHICH GIVES US VIGOR... WILL ONE DAY STOP NOURISHING OUR HEARTS...



ALL THE MORE REASON NOT TO WASTE TIME COMING TO INHOSPITABLE NEIGHBOURHOODS. WHY ARE YOU EXPOSING YOURSELF TO UNNECESSARY DANGER? WHAT ARE WE SUPPOSED TO DO IN THIS DUMPY MAKE IT WORSE?



REIGNING IS A COMPLEX TASK MADE OF MANY STRESSES, EDAL... WE CAN'T GO ON WITH OUR LIVES SITTING ON A THORNE WITHOUT MAKING MAJOR DECISIONS FOR THE NATION... WE HAVE TO SACRIFICE A LITTLE OF OUR TIME TO ALSO WORRY ABOUT OUR PALMS...



DISREGARD THAT DETAIL AND THE MASSES WILL CARRY YOU AWAY... AT THE SLIGHTEST SIGN OF NEGLECT, PEOPLE WILL FALL UNDER A BANNER OF THE FIRST BULLY WHO COMES ALONG! CONTACT WITH THE BASICS IS ESSENTIAL!

I WOULD PREFER RECEIVING DELEGATIONS AT THE PALACE...



THERE IS TIME FOR FESTIVITIES AND TIME FOR ASCETICISM, EDAL... WHAT IS THIS LITTLE TRIP AGAINST THE CONFIDENCE OF YOUR SUBJECTS?



SUBJECTS? WHERE DO YOU SEE SUBJECTS IN THIS DISASTROUS DESERT?

YOU WILL SEE THEM SOON...

THERE IS ONLY A HANDFUL OF SOLDIER POSTED IN THE MOST MISERABLE PLACES OF THE EMPIRE... BUT THE IMPACT OF OUR APPEARANCE WILL BE HUGE! YOU CAN'T IMAGINE HOW AN OFFICIAL VISIT CAN BOOST CAPITAL SYMPATHY...



CAPITAL SYMPATHY? IM DREAMING! YOU'RE OTSKOORI EMPEROR OF ALL RACES! HEIR TO THE MAIN BRANCH! SOVEREIGN OF NYM-BRUMHI! DESCENDANT OF THE LEGENDARY SKOORI LIVING SYMBOL OF THE STRAIN LAST REPRESENTATIVE OF ZAMBOOR DYNASTY! PACIFIER OF THE UNIVERSE! WHAT MORE DO YOU NEED?



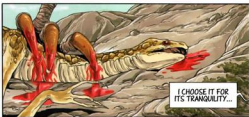
TITLES DON'T BRING GREAT THINGS... PEOPLE QUICKLY FORGET! THE KING WHO IS RELUCTANT TO SHOW HIMSELF... ALWAYS ENDS UP BECOMING A GHOST... HIS AURA TARNISHES THEN DISAPPEARS... HE DIES FOREVER...



THESE MEN WILL WORSHIP ME BEYOND ALL WHEN THEY ARE IN MY HAND! THEY ARE WILLING TO GIVE THEIR LIVES TO SAVE OURS... ISN'T THIS A FORTUNATE PERSPECTIVE?



I AGREE... BUT YOU COULD HAVE CHOSEN A MORE DESIRABLE LOCATION...



I CHOOSE IT FOR ITS TRANQUILITY...



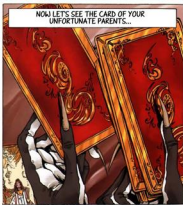
WE ABSOLUTELY WON'T RUN INTO ANY DANGER HERE...



...THE BEHRS AROUND HERE ARE RATHER PEACEFUL AND DISCREET...



...WE ARE SAFE!



AND WHAT DO YOU HAVE
RESERVED FOR YOUR IN-
VOLUNTARY FATHER?



ALSO
DEATH...



HMMM... VERY TROUBLESOME...



RASHNESS OF YOUNG PRINCE OFTEN LEADS TO
BOLDNESS, BUT HE IS NO MATCH FOR THIS ADVERSARY...



IF MONSTER WILL GO AFTER MORCKOOR,
EVERYTHING WE'VE DONE SO FAR WILL BE
FOR NOTHING...



AND IF THIS CREATURE ELIMINATES THE
SOVEREIGNS OF NYM-BRUYN, MORCKOOR
WILL NOT BE ABLE TO CHALLENGE
OTSKOOR ACCORDING TO OLD RITUALS
AND THRONE WILL BE INACCESSIBLE!



AND IN THIS CASE MY
OWN AMBITIONS WILL
FLY OFF IN SMOKE!



THIS CAN COMPLICATE MY
ORIGINAL PLAN...



I MUST JOIN MORCKOOR AS SOON
AS POSSIBLE!



ON FAR SOUTH OF
NYM-BRUYN KINGDOM,
BEYOND THE ICY WATERS
OF HUN, LAYS MOTOMPLIC,
IMPREGNABLE CONVENT OF
SISTERS OF THE ICE.

FIRST SOFTNESS
ACCOMPANYING THE
GOLDEN PERIOD MELTS
THE FRAGILE TURRETS
ON THE BUILDING.



YOU ASKED TO SEE
ME, SISTER KEE THAT?

APPROACH,
WEENA...

ICE IS A LIVING MATERIAL. EVERY DAY
NOVICES OF THE CLOISTER, LED BY THEIR
ELDERS, APPLY TO RENOVATE RELIEFS
ON THE WALLS, AS WELL AS MAINTAIN THE
COLUMNS AND FRAMEWORK TO SUPPORT
THIS IMPRESSIVE ARCHITECTURE...



YOU HAVE BEEN
ENJOYING OUR
HOSPITALITY FOR
ONE PERIOD, ISN'T
THAT SO?

THAT IS TRUE... I
AM GRATEFUL TO
YOU EVERY DAY...



THAT IS GOOD.
IT'S THE EXACT
RECOGNITION WE'RE
DEMANDING...



IF THE RIGHT
FOR ASYLUM IS
ONE OF THE
FOUNDATIONS
OF OUR
DOCTRINE, OUR
ORDER HOW-
EVER FORESEES
A POSSIBILITY
TO INTEGRATE
THE RECIPIENTS
IN CASE OF
PROLONGED
WELCOME...

I'M AFRAID I
DON'T UNDER-
STAND...



IT IS VERY SIMPLE. THE CHOICE IS
YOURS. EITHER YOU MARRY WITH OUR
FAITH OR YOU GIVE UP ON MOTOMPLAC!





LEAVE THE CLOISTER?
BUT, SISTER KEETHA... YOU
VERY WELL KNOW THE RISK
I'M TAKING IF I PASS THE
THRESHOLD OF THESE DOORS...



PRINCE MORCKDOOR HAS NUMEROUSLY
ATTEMPTED TO BARGAIN MY RETURN
FROM THE MONASTERY, AND...

I AM AWARE... AND SO FAR WE HAVE
REFUSED ALL HIS OFFERS... EVEN THE
MOST GENEROUS!



PLEASE UNDERSTAND... MORCKDOOR
WANTS ME FOR HIS WIFE! HE'S
WAITING ME OUT THERE LIKE A
HUNGRY WOLF WITHOUT YOUR
PROTECTION HE ONLY HAS TO
STRETCH HIS ARM TO GRAB ME...



I'M SORRY! OUR RULES ARE
STRICT. NO MAN IS ALLOWED TO
CROSS THE VERGE OF OUR CLOISTER!
BUT ON THE OTHER HAND, WHAT
TAKES PLACE OUTSIDE IN THE SUR-
ROUNDING, IS NOT OUR CONCERN!



WHEN I ARRIVED, THE SUPREME
MOTHER ASSURED ME I COULD STAY
AS LONG AS I PLEASE...

I KNOW, BUT SHE
CHANGED HER OPINION.
SHE HERSELF PUT ME IN
CHARGE OF MAKING YOU
THIS PROPOSAL, JUST
BEFORE SHE DEPARTED
ON HER PILGRIMAGE...



I THOUGHT YOUR AID
TO THE DEPRIVED AND
SHELTER TO THE NEEDY
WERE SACRED AND IN-
ALIENABLE BASICS OF
YOUR INSTITUTION!



TIMES CHANGE,
MY DEAR
FRIEND... WHAT
WAS VALUED
ONCE IS NOT
TODAY...



JOIN OUR RANKS
OR LEAVE THE
CLOISTER... I LEAVE
YOU ONE DAY
TO DECIDE...



OPERA?



OPERA!
WAKE UP!



WHA
WHAT'S
GOING ON?

YOU HAD ENOUGH REST.
IT'S NOT NECESSARY TO
SLEEP TOO LONG. YOU
CAN EASILY SLIP INTO
DEATH IN YOUR SLEEP
WITH THESE TEMPERA-
TURES OF THE ICE.



I'M COLD...
VERY COLD... I CAN'T
FEEL MY BODY
ANYMORE...



COVER YOURSELF AND
TAKE SOME STEPS. THAT
WILL WARM YOU UP.

THANK YOU.



YOU NEVER TOLD
ME HOW LONG
YOU'VE BEEN
HERE...

YOU WERE NOT
YET BORN WHEN
THEY LOCKED
US IN THESE
GALLERIES...



WHY DO THEY STILL KEEP
YOU IMPRISONED HERE?



YOU KNOW
THAT'S A VERY
OLD STORY!

AND NOT VERY
HAPPY...



IT WILL KEEP ME
AWAKE...



IT BEGINS LONG BEFORE OUR BIRTH, WITH RISE OF ZAROOK AND TOOLJA TO POWER...



UNDER THEIR REIGN, THE NEW EMPIRE OF NYMBRYN EXTENDED DOMINATION ON THE WORLD AND QUICKLY ESTABLISHED POLITICS IN PLACE OF REFORMS ON THE INSIDE AS OUTSIDE...



THE SHATTERING AND MOST IMPORTANT LETTER OF THE ROYAL COUPLE WAS THE DISSOLUTION OF THE COUNCIL OF THE THIRTY AND THE GUARDSHIP OF AUTONOMOUS BORDER TERRITORIES...

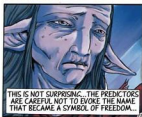


THE POWER WAS MORE AND MORE CENTRALIZED. ZAROOK AND TOOLJA GOVERNED ALONE AND MADE ALL DECISIONS... PROGRESS ACCORDING TO SOME, BOUNDLESS AMBITION FOR OTHERS, HOWEVER THAT MAY BE, A KIND OF CHANGE CAME TO THE UNIVERSE...

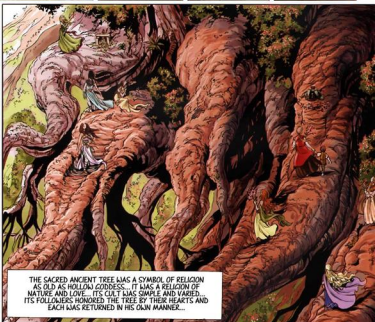


BUT THE MOST SPECTACULAR DECISION OF THE SOVEREIGNS CONCERNED THE DESTRUCTION OF THE ANCIENT SACRED TREE...

ANCIENT SACRED TREE I NEVER HEARD ABOUT IT...



THIS IS NOT SURPRISING... THE PREDICTORS ARE CAREFUL NOT TO EVOKE THE NAME THAT BECAME A SYMBOL OF FREEDOM...



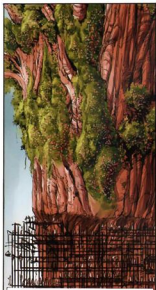
THE SACRED ANCIENT TREE WAS A SYMBOL OF RELIGION AS OLD AS HOLLOW CADDISSES... IT WAS A RELIGION OF NATURE AND LOVE... ITS CULT WAS SIMPLE AND VARIED... ITS FOLLOWERS HONORED THE TREE BY THEIR HEARTS AND EACH WAS RETURNED IN HIS OWN MANNER...



EVERYONE DREW THE STRENGTH OF THEIR FAITH OUT OF RESPECT THAT THIS GIGANTIC TREE INSPIRED...



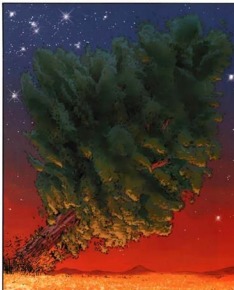
IN THEIR DESIRE FOR AN ABSOLUTE CONTROL OF ALL ZABOOR AND TOOLJA COULD NOT BEAR THE SUPREMACY OF A PREEMINENT SYMBOL LIKE ANCIENT SACRED TREE TO OVERSHADOW THEIR LITTLE TERRESTRIAL AND TRANSIENT AUTOCRACY...



WITH THE HELP OF POWERFUL MAGIC FROM WIZARD OLDYORK, THEY'VE CUT DOWN THE TREE BY HUNDRED SLAVES ESPECIALLY IMPORTED FROM PACIFIED LANDS.



SLAUGHTERING OF THE ANCIENT SACRED TREE WOULD SPREAD ON FOUR PERIODS. IN THE SAME TIME OTHER SLAVES WERE ORDERED TO DIG A GIGANTIC PIT TO BURY THE REMAINS OF THE GIANT.



THE ANCIENT SACRED TREE FELL ON A BEAUTIFUL STARRY NIGHT IN THE GOLDEN PERIOD.



OLDYORK HIMSELF SET IT ON FIRE...



THE TREE CONSUMED ITSELF FOR SEVERAL DAYS BEFORE IT WAS COVERED WITH EARTH. IN SPITE OF PASSED CENTURIES, THERE STILL REMAINS A STRONG ODOR OF BURNING OVER THIS HUGE TOMB.

THE SOVEREIGNS RAISED A
MAGNIFICENT PALACE ON THE
STUMP OF THE ANCIENT
SACRED TREE.

AND AROUND THE PALACE
THEY BUILT A NEW CITY OF
NYM-BRUNT, WHICH TODAY IS
THE CAPITAL OF THE EMPIRE.



I KNEW NOTHING
ABOUT THIS TRAGEDY...

THAT'S NORMAL
OPERA... EVERYTHING
HAS BEEN DONE TO
ERASE THESE EVENTS
FROM THE MEMORY
AND TO NEVER PASS
THIS HISTORY ON TO
NEW GENERATIONS...



AND THEY SACRIFICED
ALL SLAVES WHO
PARTICIPATED IN
THE WORK!

ZABOOR EVEN THREW
OLDORK IN THE DUNGEON
AS A THANK YOU FOR
HIS HELP!



WHAT HAPPENED NEXT?

THE SYMBOL WAS DEJECTED.
PRACTICES OF THE CULT OF AN
ANCIENT SACRED TREE FORBIDDEN...
AS IT WAS ALSO FORBIDDEN TO
REVEAL ITS EXISTENCE UNDER
PENALTY OF HEAVY SANCTIONS...

PEOPLE BECAME DOCTILE WHEN
THEY'RE PROMISED A STICK...

THE ANCIENT SACRED TREE SANK
INTO OBLIVION IN FAVOR OF NEW
STATE RELIGION... BUT THE RITUALS
ASSOCIATED WITH ITS WORSHIP
PERSISTED DESPITE THE BAN...



IN MOTORPLAC, LIKE MANY OTHER HOLY PLACES, THE ANCIENT SACRED TREE CONTINUED TO COLLECT THE DEVOTION OF INNUMERABLE FOLLOWERS...

FOR ITS EXTREME GEOGRAPHIC LOCATION AND HARDSHIP OF ITS CLIMATE, THE CLOISTER OF SISTERS OF THE ICE DREW A CROWD OF SUPPORTERS...

THE SUPREME MOTHER HERSELF DIDN'T HIDE HER SYMPATHY TOWARDS OLD FAITH AND CLOSED HER EYES DURING CEREMONIES.

ONE DAY A YOUNG NOVICE SURPRISED US...

A SCANDAL EXPLODED AND SHE SENT A COMPLAINT TO THE COUNCIL OF OUR ORDER...

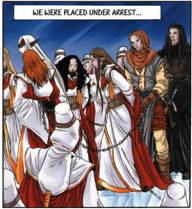
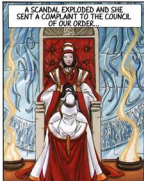
WE WERE ASKED TO DISOWN OUR FAITH IN FRONT OF THE EXCEPTIONAL TRIBUNAL, IF WE WOULD REFUSE...

FOR HER PART, SUPREME MOTHER RENOUNCED AND PROMISED TO BETTER LOOK AFTER THE CONVENT IN THE FUTURE...

WE WERE PLACED UNDER ARREST...

... MARKED WITH FIRE...

...AND LOCKED IN GALLERIES...







SHE WAS
A LAMBEETEEEL... AND SCRUB
AND SCRUB LITTLE BRISTLE...



SHE WAS A LAMBEETEEEL
GRAZING ON THISTLEEEEEE...

YOU'RE IN A
GOOD MOOD
THIS MORNING,
GUYLYM...



I'M GLAD... SINCE THE
ANNOUNCEMENT OF WEEA'S
DISAPPEARANCE, NO WORDS
CROSSED THE THRESHOLD OF
YOUR MOUTH...

I HAVE A
NEW REASON
FOR HOPE, MUREALT!
I'VE DREAMED
I BECAME
A GREAT WARRIOR!



I HOPE IT IS A
PREMONITORY
DREAM...

IT COULD BE
DIFFERENT... LISTEN...



I WAS ON THE
BATTLEFIELD,
ALONE... FACING
THE ENEMY...



WHEN SUDDENLY
THE RANKS OF MY
ADVERSARIES
PARTED AND GAVE
WAY TO A HID-
EOUS MONSTER...



I WAS GOING TO
DRAW MY SWORD,
BUT IT DISAPPEARED...

MY HANDS
COULD ONLY FIND AN
UNICORN HORN IN MY
SHEATH...



I COURAGEOUSLY CHARGED
THE BEAST... AND I PLANTED
MY WEAPON IN HIS CHEST.
STRAIGHT IN THE HEART!



?!



WHOPSI



I SEE... SINCE THEN
YOU AND YOUR SECRET
WEAPON ARE THE
TERROR OF THE BEHRS!



MURREAL,
YOU ARE JUSTA
HUMBLE SEAM-
STRESS! YOU
KNOW NOTHING
ABOUT THE ART
OF WAR!

YOU ARE RIGHT,
GREAT WARRIOR.
I LEAVE YOU TO
YOUR NOBLE
ACTIVITIES!



AND DON'T FORGET TO WIPE THE
BEHINDS OF YOUR LAMBELS! IT
SEEMS LIKE THE EMPEROR IS ARRIV-
ING TONIGHT FOR AN OFFICIAL VISIT!



ALL HURRY FOR
THE EMPEROR!



CONVOY OF
THE EMPEROR IS
APPROACHING!



ALREADY? BUT...
HE'S AHEAD OF
SCHEDULE!



THIS IS A GREAT HONOR, YOUR HIGHNESS...

AND IT IS A JOY FOR ME...



AS IT IS A TRADITION OF OFFICIAL VISIT, WOULD HIS HIGHNESS BE WILLING TO CUT THE CORD BEFORE ENTERING...

GRANTED... GIVE ME THE SCISSORS...



THE... THE SCISSORS?



WELL WHAT? I WILL NOT CUT THIS CORD WITH MY TEETH...



OF COURSE... BUT... WE DON'T HAVE THE TIME FOR...

IT WOULD BE MORE CONVENIENT IF I LEND MY SAJORD TO HIS HIGHNESS...

DON'T THINK OF IT!



YOU WANT TO BRING BAD LUCK ON YOUR MEN?

EDA IS RIGHT... SLICING THE CORD WITH THE SWORD IS A BAD OMEN... AN OMEN COULD COME BADLY IN YOUR DAYS OF BATTLE...

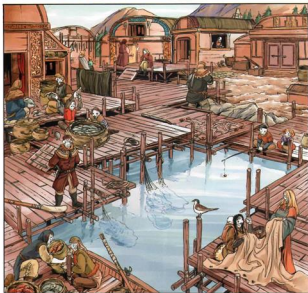
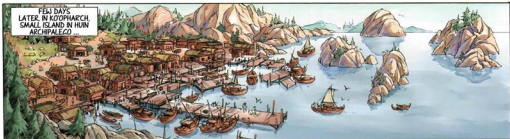


WELL THEN... ..

I HAVE THE SCISSORS, YOUR HIGHNESS!









MOTOPLUG NOT ACCEPT MAN COMING INSIDE... MORCKOOR NOT ENTER MOTOPLUG!

RIGHT, OLD MAN! I THINK I UNDERSTAND THE SITUATION... THERE IS NO NEED TO DRAW ME A PICTURE!



NOW, IF YOU HAVE NOTHING ELSE TO SAY, DON'T FEEL OBLIGED TO START A CONVERSATION!



MORCKOOR ALWAYS HERE...

DIDN'T YOU UNDERSTAND WHAT I JUST SAID?



MORCKOOR ALWAYS IN HOUSE OF KAAYCH. MORCKOOR SLEEP IN HOUSE... KAAYCH CATCH FISH... MORCKOOR EAT FISH...



RIGHT, I UNDERSTAND!



HERE IS THE RENT FOR THE ENDING DAY... AND FOR THE GARBAGE YOU'RE SERVING ME AS FOOD!



WELL? IS IT NOT ENOUGH? WHY DON'T YOU PICK IT UP?



KAAYCH NO PICK...



YOU'RE WRONG
TO TRY AND
HUMILIATE THIS MAN,
MORCKDOOR...



IF YOU TRY TO GET FISHERMEN
OF KOOLPHARCH ON THEIR BACK, WE
WILL HAVE TO RETURN BY SWIMMING...



...THAT'S A VERY
BAD IDEA!

HAGGRALI I'M
STARTING TO BE
DESPERATE!



HERE YOU ARE, MY
FELLOW! CAN YOU
FORGIVE MY FRIEND'S
BAD MANNERS AND
ACCEPT TO GIVE US
HOSPITALITY FOR
THE NIGHT...

KAAYCH FORGIVE...
KAAYCH ACCEPT...



WHAT GOOD NEWS ARE
YOU BRINGING?

GOOD NEWS...
AND NOT SO
GOOD...

START WITH THE BAD...



YOUR SISTER IS
DEAD... THE
MONSTER KILLED
HER BEFORE I
HAD THE TIME
TO CATCH UP...



OLM...



I'VE BURIED HER
REMAINS IN THE
MOUNTAINS...

AND... THE
MONSTER?

LOST WITHOUT
A TRACE... IT WAS
LONG GONE WHEN
I ARRIVED...



AND WHAT IS THE
GOOD NEWS?

UNFORTUNATELY, I'M NOT
FINISHED WITH THE BAD... THE
MONSTER HAS THE INTENTION
OF ALSO KILLING YOU...



HE ALREADY HAD A CHANCE...
HE DIDN'T MAKE IT...

IT IS NOT FOR ME
TO SAY... IT WAS
THE CARDS...



LIFE IS NOT ALWAYS
PREDICTABLE LIKE A GAME
OF CARDS, HAGGRALI!

I DO MY
BEST TO
SERVE YOU
MORKKODR.



OLJA IS DEAD BECAUSE
OF YOU! IS THIS WHAT
YOU CALL A SERVICE?



YOU DIDN'T MAKE
A RIC CASE OF
HER EXISTENCE
WHEN YOU ABAN-
DONED HER BY
HER FATHERS
CORPSE!



I FORBID YOU TO
JUDGE ME!

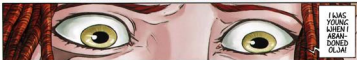
I BELONG TO
THE DEAD BRANCH
YOU KNOW! NOTHING
ABOUT THE SUFFER-
ING I HAD TO
ENDURE!



YOU DON'T KNOW THE PAIN OF BEING
DEPRIVED OF YOUR CHILDHOOD AND SEE
YOUR FUTURE OBSCURED BY PROPHECY
AND WRONG UNDERSTANDING...



YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE TO
LIVE DAILY WITH A MISTAKE, DRAGGING
BEHIND YOU LIKE A BALL ON CHAIN, AND
UNSPEAKABLE THREAT HOVERING OVER
YOUR HEAD.

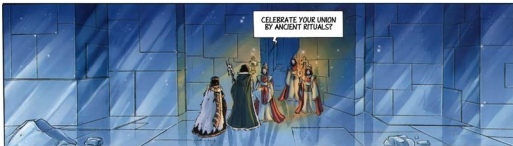


I WAS
YOUNG
WHEN I
ABAN-
DONED
OLJA!



I HAD TIME TO REGRET THIS ACT
FOR THOUSAND TIMES EVER SINCE!







HAVE YOU
THOUGHT ABOUT
MY PROPOSITION,
WEDNA?

YOU HARDLY LEAVE
ME ANY CHOICE...



THE TIME HAS EXPIRED...
WHAT IS YOUR ANSWER?



I ACCEPT TO
MARRY YOUR
FAITH...



WISE DECISION...
THE CEREMONY WILL
BE HELD TOMMOROW
EVENING AT THE CHAPEL
OF SACRIFICE...



HER
IS YOUR
NOVICE
ROBE...



BE READY...





YOU GET UP
AND FOLLOW
ME!



WHAT DO YOU
WANT WITH ME?

I HAVE WORK
FOR YOU...



WHAT KIND
OF WORK?

YOU WILL
FIND OUT IN
RIGHT TIME...



WHERE ARE YOU
TAKING HER?

I DON'T HAVE TO TELL
YOU THAT! AN ADVICE,
HOWEVER... DON'T BE
SO IMPATIENT...



OW!

...YOUR
TIME WILL
COME!



THERE IS A SERVICE
I REQUEST
FROM YOU... A
SERVICE REQUIRING
SPECIAL
SKILLS IN YOUR
POSSESSION...

WHERE
IS THE
TRAP?



THERE IS NONE
ON THE OTHER
HAND. IF YOU DON'T
BLINDLY OBEY ME,
YOUR PRISON
COMPANIONS WILL BE
EXECUTED!



THEIR
LIVES ARE
IN YOUR
HANDS...



...AND EVERYONE KNOWS MY RIGOR
WITH WHICH I TREAT MY ENEMIES
IS MATCHED ONLY BY MY AFFEC-
TION I CARRY FOR MY SUBJECTS...



YOU, SOLDIERS, YOU ARE
MUCH MORE THAN THAT!
YOU ARE MY CHILDREN,
AND I LOVE YOU AS MUCH AS
A PARENT CAN LOVE!



OUR WAR AGAINST
THE BLOODTHIRSTY
BARBARIANS WHO
THREATEN OUR
BORDERS IS JUST
A WAR...



THE BATTLE WAITING FOR
YOU TOMORROW WILL BE ONE
STEP CLOSER TO FREEDOM!



WHEN YOU RETURN BACK HOME, YOU WILL
BE PROUD TO HAVE CONTRIBUTED TO THIS
DELICATE TRIAL WHICH REPRESENTS THE
ESTABLISHMENT OF PEACE...



...YOU WILL BE REWARDED!
LONG LIVE FREEDOM!

HOOOOOOOOORAY!











YOUR HIGHNESS! WHAT HAPPENED?

THIS THING SERCEANT... THIS THING TRIED TO DEVOUR ME!



...AND THIS BOY PREVENTED IT!



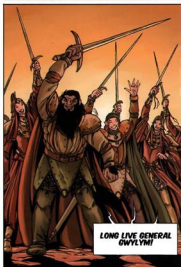
AS REWARD FOR YOUR COURAGE, YOUR STRENGTH AND YOUR LOYALTY I GRANT YOU THE RANK OF GENERAL! WHAT IS YOUR NAME, MY GOOD FELLOW?

GWYLYM, YOUR HIGHNESS.



GENERAL GWYLYM, TOMORROW YOU WILL LEAD YOUR MEN TO BATTLE!

MET BUT L



LONG LIVE GENERAL GWYLYM!



BY THE SPIRITS, GWYLYM... WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?





AT TWILIGHT, THE SUN'S
LAST RAYS TINGED THE
GLOSSY WALLS OF
MOTMPLUG WITH BLOOD...



CANDLES LIGHT UP THE ICE DARK IN
THE CHAPEL OF SACRIFICE...



THE RITUAL WILL END
WHEN THEY BURN OUT
AND THEIR BLACK
FLAMES ARE GONE...





WE CAN'T REMAIN
HERE AND DO
NOTHING! YOUR
SISTER IS LIKELY
IN DANGER!



SISTER KEETHA WAS SEARCHING
FOR A WAY TO GET RID OF US
FOR A LONG TIME... IT LOOKS
LIKE IT FINALLY ARRIVED!

SHE IS GOING TO ELIMINATE
US ONE AFTER THE OTHER! THIS
WOMAN IS THE WORST
POISON I EVER KNEW...



SHE ALREADY
DESTROYED
MY LIFE! I
WON'T LET
HER THIS
TIME! HOW
CAN WE
ESCAPE FROM
THE PRISON?



ESCAPED IF SUCH
MIRACLE COULD BE
POSSIBLE, WE WOULD
GET OUT A LONG
TIME AGO...



ALAS, NO ONE
CAN ESCAPE
THIS PRISON
OF GLASS!



THE DOORS
OPEN WITH A
LOCALIZED
HEATING
SYSTEM... THEN
THE ICE NATURALLY
REGROWS
BACK IN AN
INSTANT...



...IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO THAW
ANYTHING WITH
OUR THIN
CANDLES!



THAT'S THE ONLY
PERMANENT OPENING,
A VENTILATION SHAFT.
BUT IT'S TOO SMALL
AND TOO SLIPPERY TO
CONSIDER COMING
THROUGH...

YOU NEVER TRIED TO
ESCAPE FROM HERE?

SEVERAL OF US TEMPTED OUR LUCK BY
PASSING! BUT NO ONE MADE IT!

SOME EVEN BROKE
THEIR BONES!

I AM SLIM AND
UNDYING! I
WILL GET THERE!

GOOD LUCK!

I WILL RETURN
FOR YOU!

DON'T GIVE
TROUBLE YOURSELF
LITTLE ONE...

WE'RE NOT CERTAIN
IF WE COULD AGAIN FIND OUR
PLACE IN A WORLD WHICH DE-
STROYED THE SACRED TREE!







WHERE IS THE PRISONER?
WHERE HAVE YOU
TAKEN HER?

... I DON'T KNOW...



DON'T LIE!

CLAC!



I SAW YOU IN THE ROOM
WITH SISTER KEETHA
LAST NIGHT... SPEAK!

EVERYTHING I KNOW IS THAT
SOMETHING IS HAPPENING IN
CHAPEL OF SACRIFICE... AND SISTER
KEETHA TOOK THE GIRL WITH ASHY
HAIR OVER THERE...



WEENA? WHY WAS SHE
TAKEN THERE?

I DON'T KNOW...



VERY WELL... FORGIVE
ME FOR THIS, BUT...

COGN!

OW!



I WILL NEED
TO TAKE YOUR
CLOTHES!











MORCKDOOR, WHAT HAS HAPPENED?
WHERE IS WEENAT?

SHE ESCAPED
FROM OUR
HANDS. THAT
IS WHAT
HAPPENED!



AND IT WAS YOUR
OWN SLAVE WHO
HELPED HER!

YOU DIDN'T
PURSUE THEM?



HOW? BY WALKING? KAA'YCH
DISAPPEARED! I BET HE
WAS THEIR ACCOMPLICE!

NOTHING IS LOST... WE'LL RECOVER
THEM WITHOUT DIFFICULTY...



SHE WILL
PAY FOR
THIS!



YOU DON'T KNOW!
HOW HAPPY I AM TO
FIND YOU, WEENAT...

SAME HERE! THEY
MADE ME BELIEVE
YOU WERE DEAD!



PROMISE YOU'LL NEVER
LEAVE ME, OPERA!

I SWEAR TO ALWAYS
REMAIN BY YOUR SIDE FOR
AS LONG AS I LIVE!



I PREPARED YOU
SOME TEA...

THANK YOU, MU-
REAL... BUT... I'M
AFRAID I COULDN'T
SWALLOW IT...



THE DAY IS
ALREADY UP... WE'LL
HAVE TO GO...

ARE YOU
AFRAID?



DON'T SPEAK
NONSENSE,
MU'REAL! GE-
NERAL FEARS
NOTHING!



TRUE... I'M NOT
SPEAKING TO THE
GENERAL... BUT TO THE
SMALL HERDSMAN
FROM HALASQINE...



THAT ONE IS
DYING OF FEAR...

THEN I'M REASSURED...



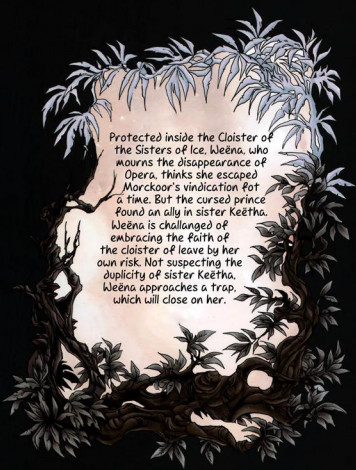
P. WHY?

BECAUSE
FEAR AVOIDS
DANGER...



...AND BECAUSE THE
AWARENESS OF DANGER
IS THE FIRST QUALITY OF
A GREAT WARRIOR!

Weëna



Protected inside the Cloister of the Sisters of Ice, Weëna, who mourns the disappearance of Opera, thinks she escaped Morckoor's vindication for a time. But the cursed prince found an ally in sister Keëtha. Weëna is challenged of embracing the faith of the cloister of leave by her own risk. Not suspecting the duplicity of sister Keëtha, Weëna approaches a trap, which will close on her.