





CHILD.

CHILD.

WHY HAVE YOU COME HERE?



YOU HAVE BEEN
WARNED NOT TO
CROSS THE RIVER.

AND
RIGHTFULLY
SO.



NONE OF THE LIVING
LINGER IN THESE
WATERS.

HERE,
LIFE CEASES TO BE
AND ALL MORTAL COILS
ARE SHED.



MAYBE THAT'S
NOT SO BAD...
I DOUBT ANYONE
WOULD MISS ME.

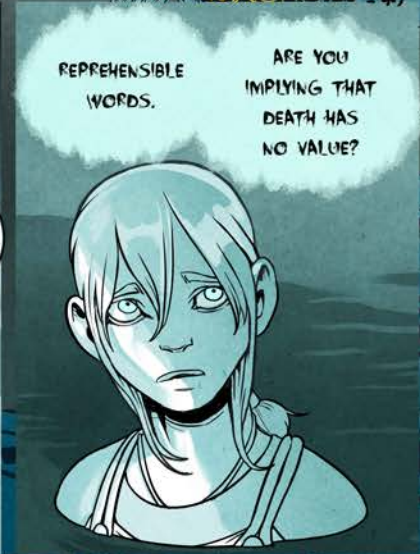
ALL I DO IS
TAKE ADVANTAGE
OF PEOPLE AND
ABUSE THEM.



ROOT AND RASTI DIED
FOR MY SAKE.
POOR GERD HAS ONLY FOUND
TROUBLE BY MY SIDE.

A WHOLE VILLAGE IS
BEING SLAUGHTERED
BECAUSE I PLAYED
WITH FIRE.

IT ALL
SEEMS SO
POINTLESS.



REPREENSIBLE
WORDS.

ARE YOU
IMPLYING THAT
DEATH HAS
NO VALUE?



DEATH IS THE ONLY SUSTENANCE OF LIFE.

HOW CAN YOU LIVE WITHOUT CAUSING DEATH?

YOU ...

YOU ARE ...



DO YOU NOT FEED IN LIFE, WHEN HUNGER CALLS?

DO YOU NOT SMOTHER THE LIVES OF OTHERS, BY EATING THE FOOD THAT COULD HAVE BEEN THEIRS?

DOES ALL THIS DEATH MATTER SO LITTLE TO YOU?

BUT THAT'S NOT IT ... NONE OF ALL THOSE PEOPLE HAD TO DIE!



THEY WERE BOUND TO, SOONER OR LATER. THEY DIED TO PAVE THE WAY FOR YOUR OWN SURVIVAL.



DO NOT THINK THESE PEOPLE WOULD NOT HAVE KILLED YOU MANY TIMES OVER, IF IT WOULD HAVE HELPED THEM AVOID THE TIDE OF DEATH.



BY THEIR DEATH, YOU HAVE KEPT ALIVE.

BY THEIR CORPSES, YOU STAY AFLOAT.

AH!

PEOPLE DIE
SO THAT OTHERS
MAY HARVEST THE
FRUITS OF LIFE.



IT IS UP
TO YOU
WHAT THIS
HARVEST
MAY ENTAIL.



WHAT
HARVEST?
THE GODS HAVE NEVER
SUFFERED ME ANY BOON
IN THAT REGARD!

GODS GRANTING BOONS? OH, YES.
WOVEN INTO A PREDECIDED TAPESTRY
ARE THE FATES OF MEN.

SOME THREADS
FATED TO BE GILDED,
OTHERS TO BE TUGGED,
SNAPPED AND FORGOTTEN.

BUT NO SUCH
TAPESTRY EXISTS.

WHY, IF MEN KNEW
THEY WERE IN CHARGE
OF THEIR OWN FATES...



... THEY WOULD SOON DISCOVER THAT
THE GODS OWN LIVES TOO ARE PROLONGED BY
THEM STEPPING ON THE CORPSES OF MAN.

THEY ARE ...
- BUT HOW?
WHY?



WHY
ASK SUCH
QUESTIONS?

WOULD
KNOWING MAKE
A DIFFERENCE?



GO BACK.

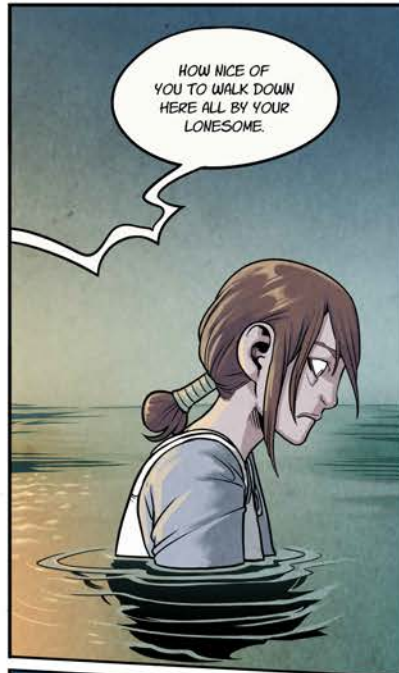
FRIENDS AND FOES
ARE WAITING FOR
YOU.

GO BACK,
LITTLE
WATERDROP.



WAIT ...!

RASTI?



HOW NICE OF YOU TO WALK DOWN HERE ALL BY YOUR LONESOME.



AND HERE I THOUGHT I MISSED OUT NOT TAKING PART IN THE RAID ON EAST ANGLIA. BUT FORTUNE SEEMS TO TURN MY WAY, THESE DAYS.



YOU ARE ONE OF THE FOES WAITING FOR ME, I TAKE IT?

FOES? NO NEED TO LOOK AT IT THAT WAY. LAST TIME I WAS SO VERY OCCUPIED WITH THE DARK ONE...



...AFTERWARDS, I SPENT TOO MUCH TIME CUTTING OFF HER HAIR.

I COMPLETELY MISSED OUT ON GIVING YOU A POKE AS WELL.



YOU CUT HER HAIR.



THERE'S A SPEAR BY THE TRUNK OF THE DEAD OAK.



HA HA. NO NEED FOR THAT.

I HAVE A COMPLETELY DIFFERENT SPEAR IN MIND.



