



IF YOU THINK ABOUT IT, DEATH AND NON-EXISTENCE ARE THE NORMAL STATE OF THINGS.

I'M ALIVE?

WHAT IF LIFE ITSELF IS A STATISTICAL ABERRATION?



A DISORDER TO THE NATURAL STATE OF OBLIVION.

THE LIGHT.

WHAT IF ENTROPY IS TRYING TO SET THINGS RIGHT?

THE ANGELUS IS REBORN.



MY MOTHER, THE CHAIRWOMAN FRANCESCA TAYLOR, SOUGHT TO CONQUER DEATH WITH TECHNOLOGY POWERED BY THESE ANCIENT ARTIFACTS.

ALTHOUGH THEIR ORIGINS ARE UNKNOWN, THEIR PURPOSE IS CLEAR -- THEY'RE WEAPONS...AND WEAPONS FIND CONFLICT.

OR THEY CREATE IT.

I'VE BEEN USING THE WHEEL OF SHADOWS TO OBSERVE THE CHAIRWOMAN'S FINAL DAYS BUT CAN'T FIND WHERE SHE HID THE 13TH ARTIFACT...OR IF SHE EVER HAD IT.

THE ANGELUS HAS RETURNED. WE MUST ACT QUICKLY BEFORE THE BALANCE IS RESTORED.

WAIT.

WHAT IS IT? WHAT'S WRONG?

THE ANGELUS HAS FOUND A HOST. WE MUST FIND ONE OR WE WILL LOSE TOUCH WITH THIS REALM.

ARES. HE'S A CHILD OF THE ESTACADO LINE.

YOU KNEW THIS AND DID NOT TELL US?

THAT CANNOT BE FORGIVEN.



AS YOU FADE INTO OBLIVION, REMEMBER THAT YOU WERE THE ONE WHO ATTACKED ME.

DO IT.



ARES... AN ESTACADO.



RIGHTFUL HEIR TO THE DARKNESS.



