

**THREE TURNS OF
THE SEASON PAST**

VICTORY.

VICTORY!





GLORY COMES AT A WET, CRIMSON COST, MY LIEGE.

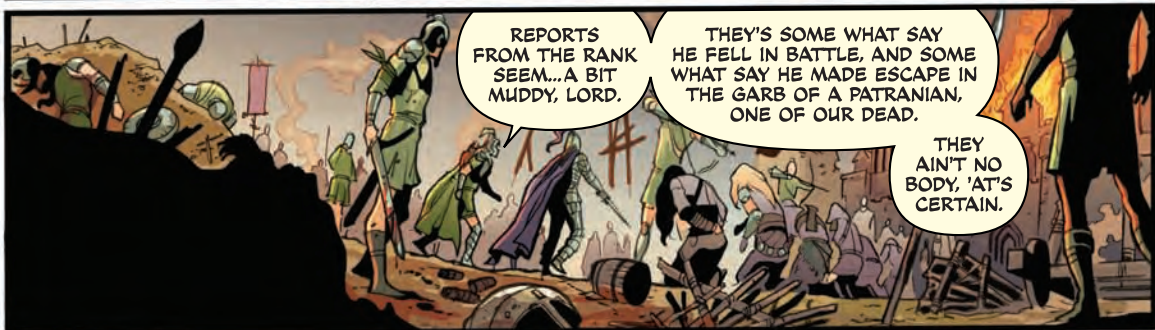
SORRY, SIRE.

I DOES GO ON A BIT AFTER A RED MORN.



IT IS NOT A DAY FOR DIPLOMACY, APOS. BE AT EASE.

WHERE IS THE BUTCHER, THE ZAMORAN KING?



REPORTS FROM THE RANK SEEM...A BIT MUDDY, LORD.

THEY'S SOME WHAT SAY HE FELL IN BATTLE, AND SOME WHAT SAY HE MADE ESCAPE IN THE GARB OF A PATRANIAN, ONE OF OUR DEAD.

THEY AIN'T NO BODY, 'AT'S CERTAIN.



AND MY SON, LIEUTENANT. WHAT OF TIATH?

PLEASE TELL ME MY SON SHOWED VALOR BEFITTING HIS STATION.

UH.

WELL.



NOT IN THE *TRADITIONAL* SENSE, KING DIMATH.

I HEAR AS HE... THAT HE...

SPEW THE WORDS SO POISONOUS TO YOUR TONGUE, SOLDIER.



HE WERE...

HE WERE HARASSIN' THE FALLEN, LORD.



FATHER.
FATHER!

PRAISE THE
STARS, YOU
YET LIVE.



YES. AND
WHERE WERE YOU,
SON, WHO SHOULD
HAVE BEEN AT
MY SIDE?

OH!
I WAS...

WELL, I WAS
COLLECTING
HUMORS AND
SPECIMENS,
FATHER.

I'M
SORRY.



TRUER
WORDS WERE
NEVER
UTTERED.

SURVIVORS
IN THE KEEP,
APOS?

WOMEN,
CHILDREN.
NO SOLDIERS,
NO MEN-AT-
ARMS.

WELL,
ONLY... YES?



ONE DAY, I
SHALL MAKE
YOU PROUD,
FATHER.

IT'S THE
DUNGEONS, SIR.
IT'S...IT AIN'T
PLEASANT.

THEY
KEPT EIGHTY
PRISONERS DOWN
HERE, LIKE DOGS
IN THE MUD.

WORKED
'EM AS SLAVES
ALL DAY, MADE
'EM FIGHT TO THE
DEATH AT NIGHT.
FOR SPORT.



ONLY
TWO STILL
STANDING.

THEY
AIN'T HUMAN
NO MORE,
LORD.

TWO
SURVIVED THE
DUNGEON AND
THE ARENA?

LET
ME SEE THESE
FIERCE MEN.



YES,
SIRE.

ONLY,
ABOUT
THAT...