



ANTIVA CITY, ON THE COAST OF RIALTO BAY. THE THIRTY-EIGHTH YEAR OF THE DRAGON AGE.

WHERE THEY SAY EVERY MAN IS A POET OR A MERCHANT PRINCE, AND TREACHERY IS THE COIN OF THE REALM.

I'M GUESSING "POET" IS ANTIVAN FOR "ASSASSIN."

CHAPTER 1



ALL I KNOW IS THAT EVERY STREET CORNER SMELLS LIKE SEAWATER MIXED WITH WINE AND SPICE --

-- OR MOLD MIXED WITH ROTTING FISH.

HEH. SO SHE PULLS OUT A DAGGER, AND I PULL OUT MINE...



I SHOULDN'T BE HERE, OF COURSE.

ENOUGH.

YOU! GIVE A NAME OR START RUNNING.



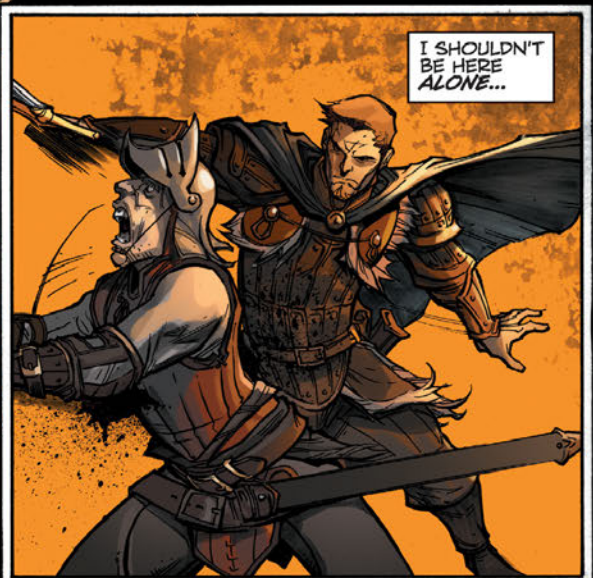
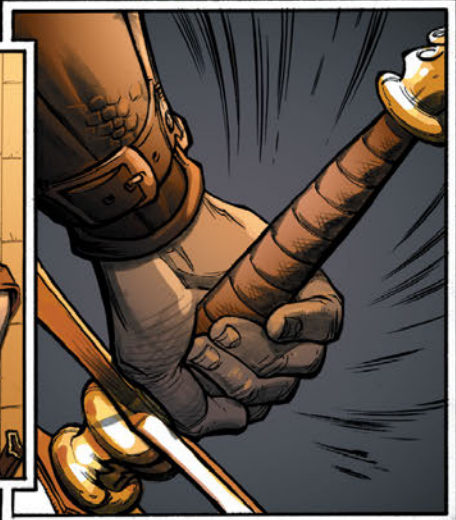
MY NAME IS ALISTAIR THEIRIN, AND I'M KING OF FERELDEN.

SON OF MARIC THE SAVIOR?

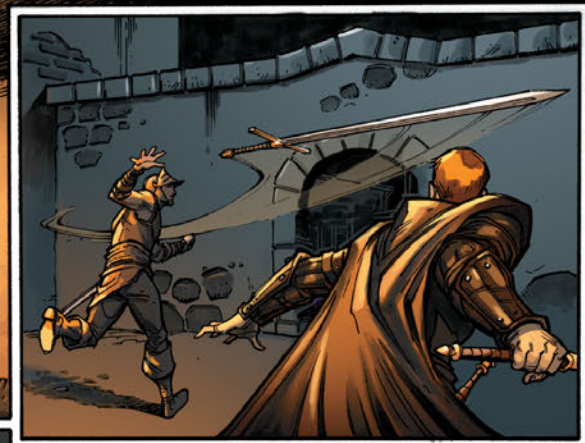
YOU'RE... REALLY NOT CONVINCED, ARE YOU?



CONVINCE THE DEAD.



I SHOULDN'T BE HERE ALONE...



...AND I CERTAINLY SHOULDN'T BE HERE WITH *HIM*.



THREE NIGHTS IN ANTIVA, AND ALREADY THE SHOOTING STARTS.
IF ONLY I COULD BE SURPRISED.



CROWS WILL GUT THEM.

CROWS WILL SCATTER THEIR GUTS ON THE STREET--

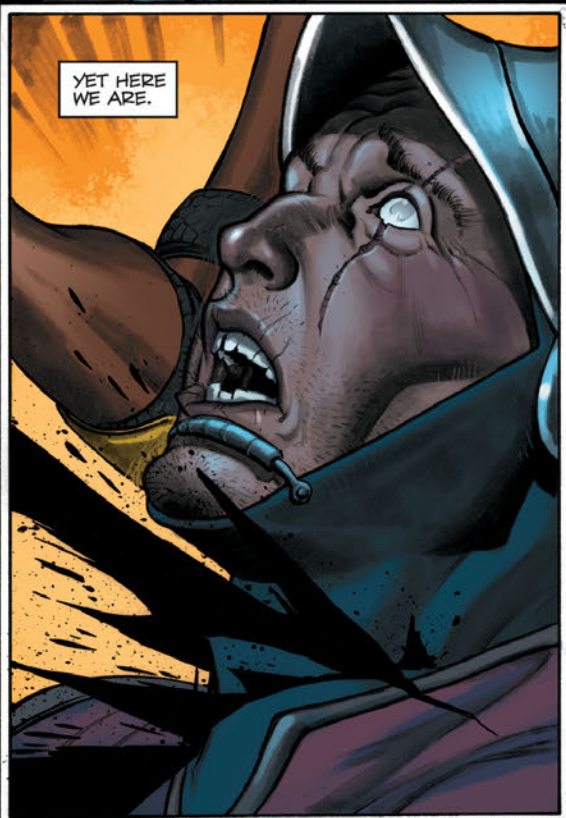


WHAT AN ADORABLE IMAGINATION.

I KNEW AN ENTERTAINER WHO PERFORMED WITH DOG INTESTINES -- TERRIBLE MESS AT THE BAZAAR, THOUGH HE LOVED THE WORK.



OR WITH HER.



YET HERE WE ARE.

SHE CALLS HERSELF ISABELA. PIRATE. THIEF. SHARPEST BLADE IN RIVAIN, AND AN OLD... ACQUAINTANCE, OF SORTS.

SHE KNOWS ANTIVA -- AT LEAST THE PARTS I NEED TO VISIT.

YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO KILL HIM.

YOU KILLED HIM -- THE MOMENT YOU GAVE HIM YOUR NAME.

WHO DOES THAT?

CUT HIM SOME SLACK, RIVAINI.

MOST KINGS CAN'T SPEAK A WORD WITHOUT A SCRIPT FROM THEIR ADVISORS.

THE DWARF IS VARRIC TETHRAS -- A MERCHANT WHO ACTS LIKE A BARKEEP OR A SPYMASTER, DEPENDING ON THE HOUR.

ISABELA'S TRAVELING COMPANION...AND NOW MINE, APPARENTLY.

FINE, FINE.

LET'S GET THIS OVER WITH --

YOU THINK THAT WAS HIS COMMANDING VOICE?

-- BEFORE THE CROWS FIND US RAIDING THEIR ARCHIVE, PLEASE?

I'M SURE IT WORKS IF YOU'RE FROM FERELDEN.