



ARE YOU  
NEARLY READY,  
DEAR SISTER?



THE SUN IS  
RISING, LITTLE  
DOE.



PATIENCE,  
BROTHER, THE MORE  
OFTEN YOU ASK IF  
I AM READY...



...THE  
LONGER IT  
WILL TAKE  
ME.

*TOS'UN ARMGO*, THE DROW RENEGADE, HAS LIVED THE PAST CENTURY BENEATH THE BOUGHS OF THE MOONWOOD. CRIPPLED BY AN ORCISH SPEAR IN A SKIRMISH WITH SOLDIERS FROM THE *KINGDOM OF MANY-ARROWS*, THE OLD VETERAN CAN NO LONGER FIGHT.

BUT HIS BLOODTHIRSTY SWORD, *KHAZID'HEA*, THE *CUTTER*, WILL NOT BE CONTENT HANGING ON TOS'UN'S MANTELPIECE. THE TIME HAS COME FOR THE SWORD TO CHANGE HANDS.

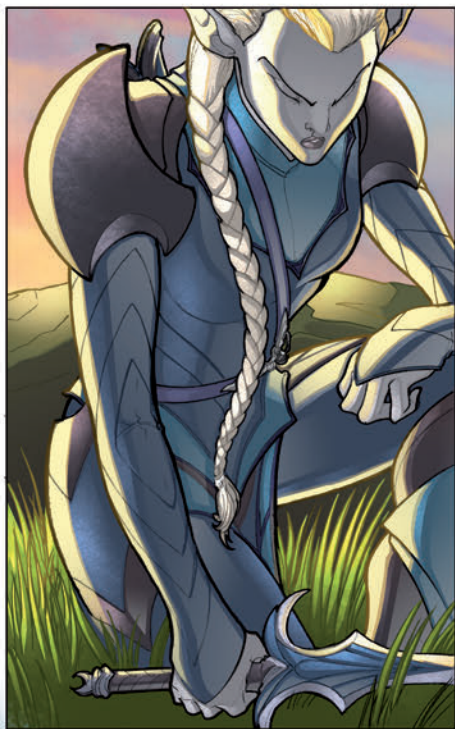
BUT WHO SHALL BE HIS HEIR?

*TEIRFLIN*, THE ELDEST SON OF TOS'UN AND HIS WIFE SINNAFAIN?

OR *DOUM'WELLE*, THEIR DAUGHTER, WHO HAS ALWAYS BEEN THE APPLE OF HER FATHER'S EYE?

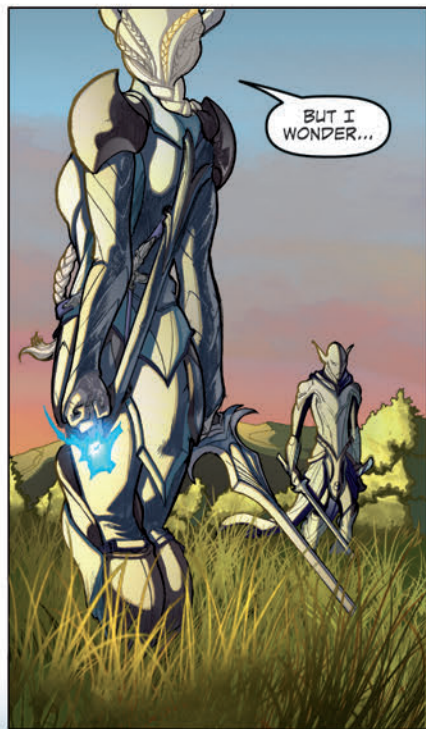
# BIRCHRIGHT





ALRIGHT,  
BROTHER.

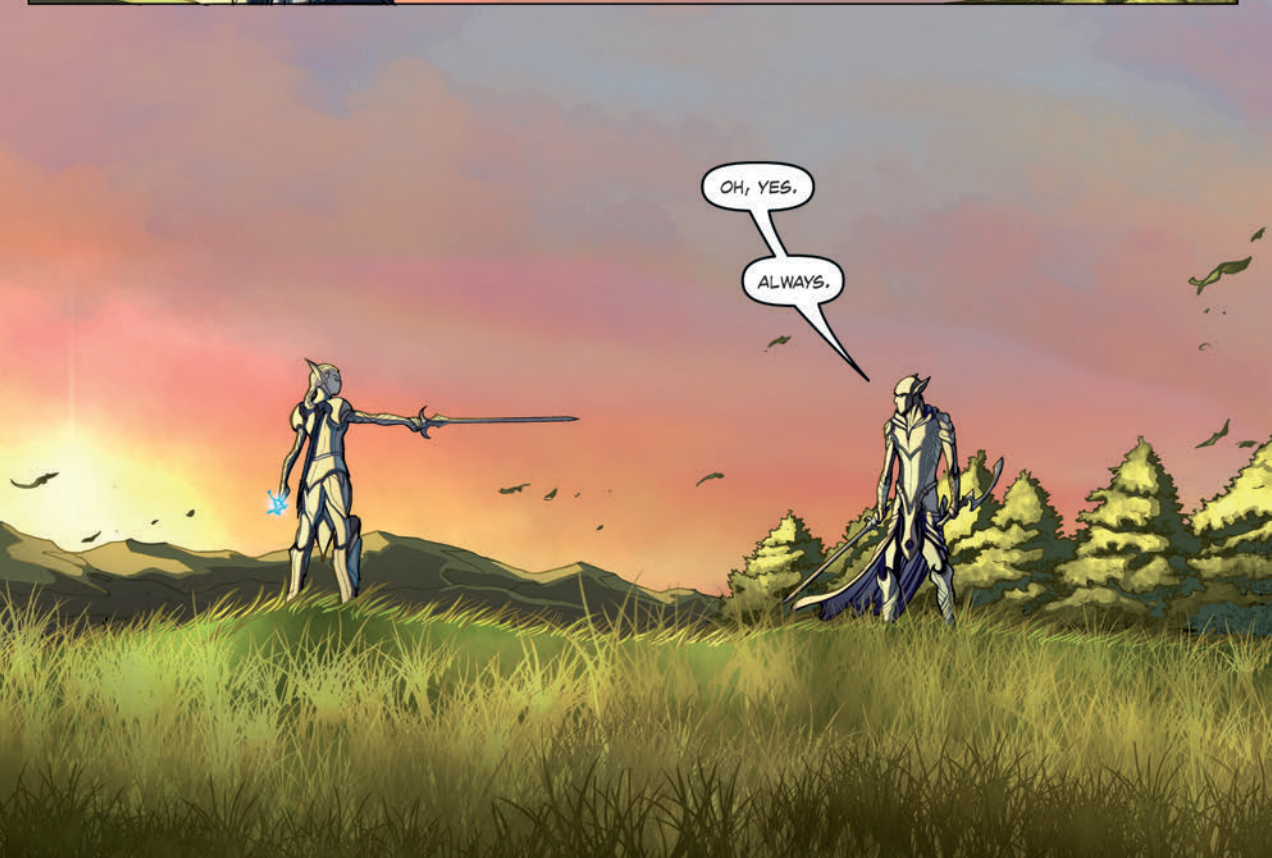
I AM  
PREPARED.



BUT I  
WONDER...



...ARE YOU?



OH, YES.

ALWAYS.

