



YOU HAVE SURVIVED!



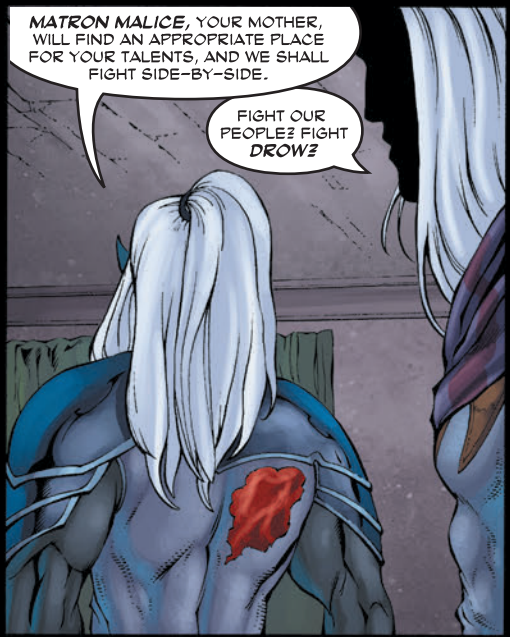
YOU HAVE NOT BECOME A HEARTLESS MURDERER LIKE THE REST OF OUR PEOPLE. YOU STILL HAVE COMPASSION-- INNOCENCE! YOU'VE WON!

DRIZZT DO'URDEN! MY SON!



ZAKNAFEIN-- FATHER, I DON'T UNDERSTAND.

BUT YOU WILL! IN TIME YOU WILL, AS I DID. WE ARE SO MUCH THE SAME...



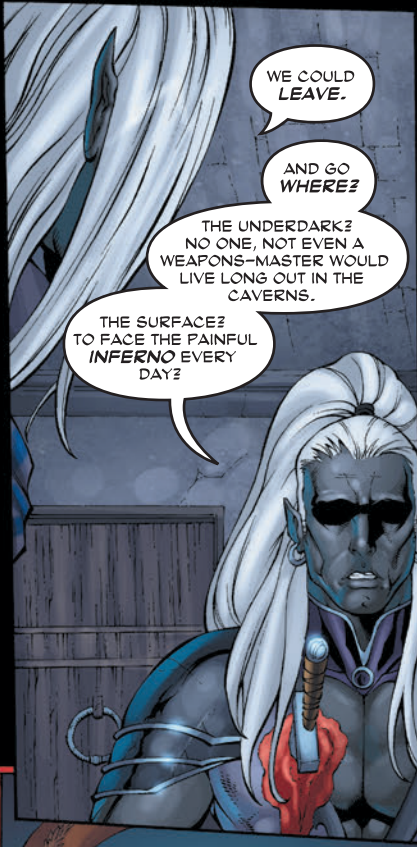
MATRON MALICE, YOUR MOTHER, WILL FIND AN APPROPRIATE PLACE FOR YOUR TALENTS, AND WE SHALL FIGHT SIDE-BY-SIDE.

FIGHT OUR PEOPLE? FIGHT DROW?



THE IDEA SICKENS YOU, I KNOW. BUT WHAT OTHER CHOICE DO WE HAVE?

IN MENZOBERRANZAN YOU WILL KILL OR BE KILLED.



WE COULD LEAVE.

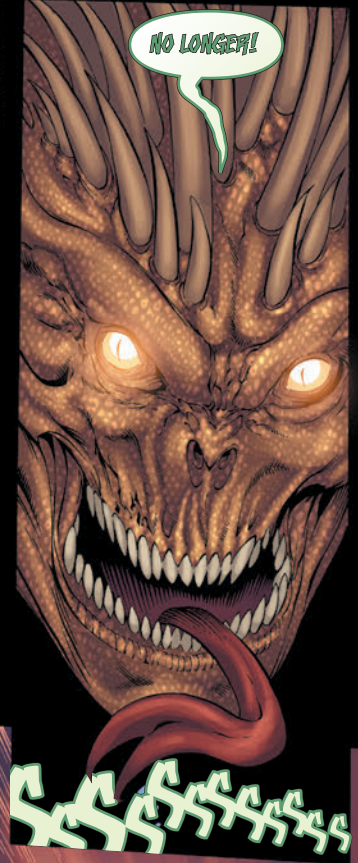
AND GO WHERE?

THE UNDERDARK? NO ONE, NOT EVEN A WEAPONS-MASTER WOULD LIVE LONG OUT IN THE CAVERNS.

THE SURFACE? TO FACE THE PAINFUL INFERNO EVERY DAY?



NO, MY SON, WE ARE TRAPPED. BUT AT LEAST WE ARE NOW TRAPPED TOGETHER. ALL YOUR LIFE YOU'VE WALKED ALONE BUT NO LONGER.



NO LONGER!



Guentwyvar's roar jarred Drizzt awake, breaking the hypnotic dream-trance brought on by the basilisk's gaze.

RRRRRAWR



He was not with Zaknafein, not in the treacherous confines of the great drow city of Menzoberranzan.

No, Drizzt was in a far more dangerous place.

Ten years?  
Had it really been  
that long?



Yet Drizzt's memories  
of his previous life, fractured  
though they were, remained.



He remembered killing  
Masoj Hun'ett and Alton  
De'Vir, then vowing to never  
spill drow blood again.

He remembered forsaking  
his family and leaving  
Menzoberranzan, with the  
magical panther Guenhwyvar  
at his side.

He remembered discovering  
that Matron Malice had  
murdered Zaknafein, his  
father and only friend.

A sacrifice to  
the dark elves' vile  
goddess Lolth, the  
Spider Queen.





And after that, there was...  
nothing, just darkness and fear.

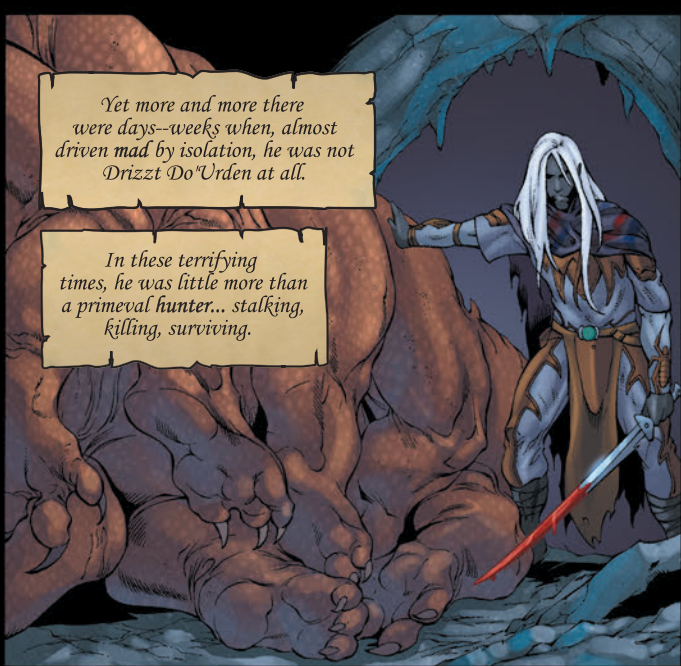


Over time, Drizzt  
had come to know the  
dangers of the hushed  
Underdark.



To become a predator,  
rather than prey.

He had escaped  
the cursed bonds of his  
people as Zak never  
could.



Yet more and more there  
were days--weeks when, almost  
driven mad by isolation, he was not  
Drizzt Do'Urden at all.

In these terrifying  
times, he was little more than  
a primeval hunter... stalking,  
killing, surviving.



But perhaps, Drizzt  
thought, survival is  
not enough.

MENZOBERRANZAN,  
CITY OF THE DROW...

IT SHOULD  
BE **FINISHED**  
BY NOW.

PATIENCE,  
MY DAUGHTER,  
**JARLAXLE** IS A  
CAREFUL ONE.

THEY SERVE US  
WELL, **BRIZA**. WITHOUT  
**BREGAN D'AERTHE**, WE  
COULD NOT TAKE ACTION  
AGAINST OUR  
ENEMIES.

USING  
THEM ALLOWS  
US TO WAGE WAR  
AGAINST **HOUSE  
HUN'ETT** WITHOUT  
IMPLICATING OUR  
HOUSE AS THE  
PERPETRATOR.

HE IS A  
HOUSELESS  
ROGUE, MATRON  
MALICE, HE AND  
ALL HIS BAND OF  
**PATHETIC  
MALES!**

WE SHOULD  
HAVE **ATTACKED**  
THEM OPENLY, TEN  
YEARS AGO, ON THE  
NIGHT **ZAKNAFEIN**  
WAS SACRIFICED!

DO YOU FORGET HOW  
THE ACTIONS OF YOUR **YOUNGER  
BROTHER** STOLE **LOLTH'S FAVOR**  
FROM US THAT NIGHT?!

NO, NOR DO  
I FORGET THAT WHEN  
HE KILLED TWO OF **THEIR**  
WIZARDS, **DRIZZT** TOOK THE  
SPIDER QUEEN'S FAVOR  
FROM **HOUSE HUN'ETT**  
AS WELL!

AND BECAUSE  
NEITHER YOU NOR  
**MATRON SINAFAY**  
WILL ATTACK WITHOUT  
THE GODDESS'S  
BLESSING...

...WE HAVE SPENT  
A DECADE DOING  
**NOTHING**, SAVE EMPTY  
OUR COFFERS TO ENRICH  
A BAND OF LAWLESS  
MERCENARIES!

GREETINGS,  
MATRON  
MOTHER.