

# THIS IS HOW THE DAY BEGAN...



I'M SORRY, SIR, IT LOOKS LIKE WE'RE ALL BOOKED

-WAIT-

WE DO HAVE A ROOM, BUT IT'S THE **PRESIDENTIAL SUITE.**

IS IT FIT FOR MY KING?



THE ROOM IS \$4000 PER NIGHT WITH A 2 NIGHT MINIMUM. I THINK I CAN GET YOU A DISCOU--

UNNECESSARY, M'LADY.

AND HOW WILL YOU BE PAYING?



MAGIC.











--YOU JUST  
NEED THE COURAGE  
TO FACE YOUR  
FEARS.

OH, SHIT! THE  
BARGARADOOM!







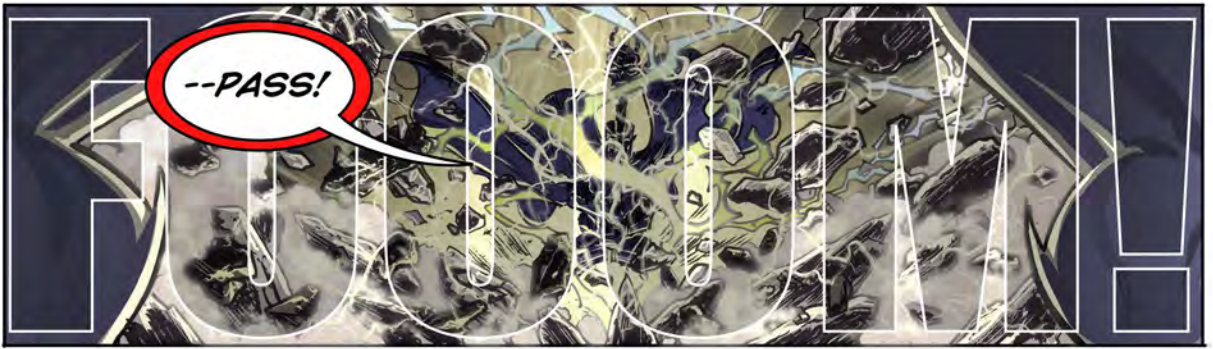




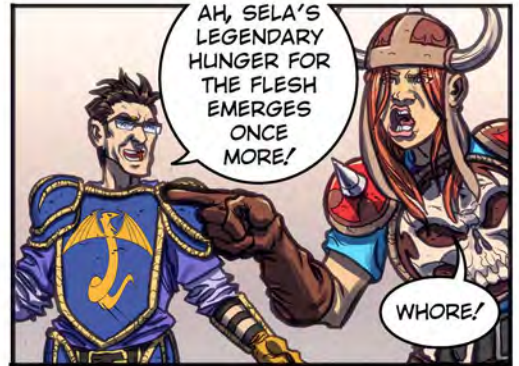
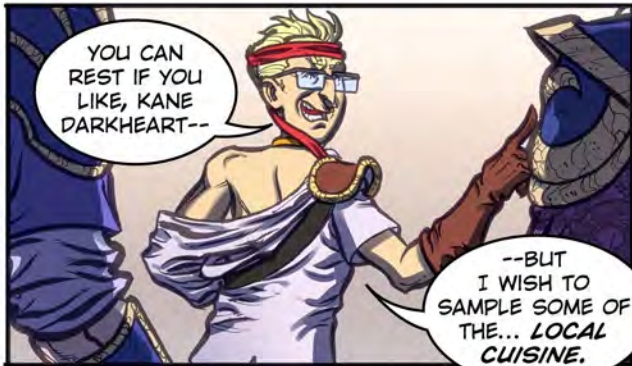
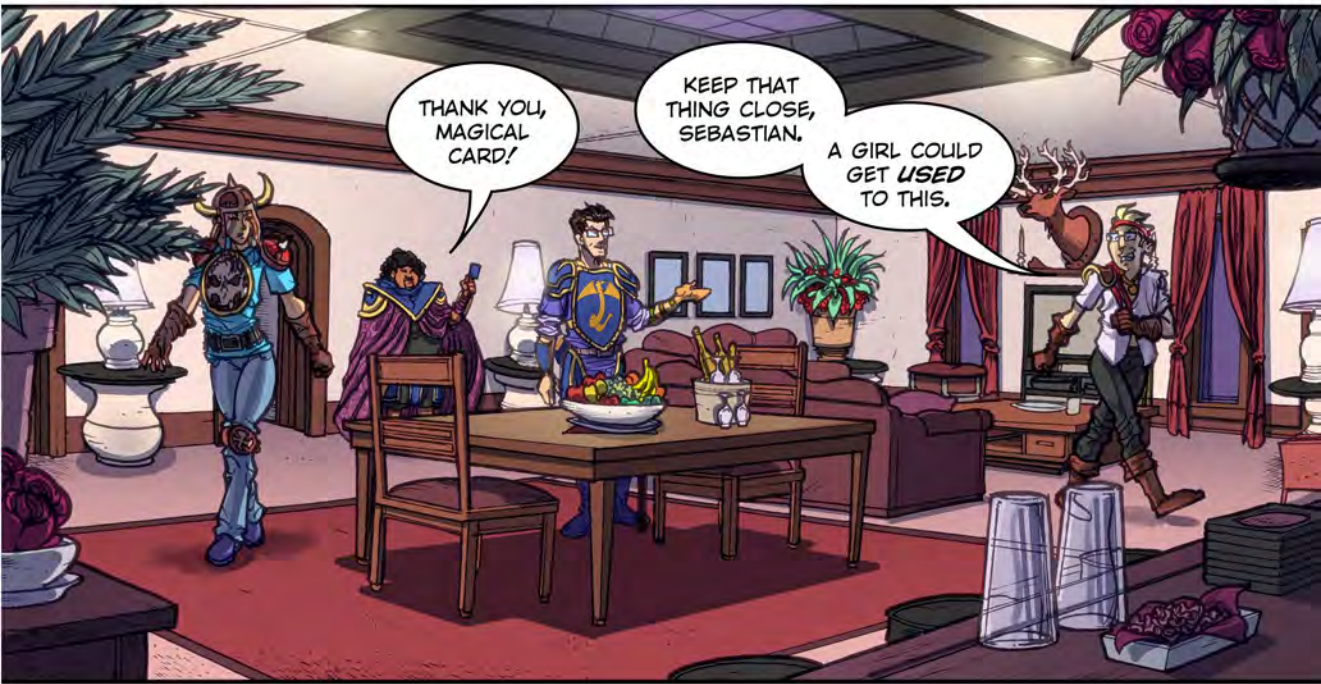














"--A GIRL DESERVES A LITTLE FUN!"

THIS TOTALLY BLOWS. I SWEAR, ANDREW, WHEN YOU DESIGNED THIS LEVEL...

...YOU REALLY BROKE THE MOLD ON BORING.

SERIOUSLY, MAN, NOT EVEN A TINY GOBLIN TO KILL?

I RESENT THAT!

DON'T GET ME STARTED ON YOU, STINKY TOM...

WHAT? CAT GOT YOUR TONGUE?  
YOU GO ALL GANDALF AND YOU THINK YOU CAN GIVE ME THE SILENT TREATMENT?



IF YOU WOULD TAKE A *SECOND* TO THINK ABOUT ANYTHING BUT YOURSELF, YOU'D BE JUST AS CONCERNED AS ME, MILO--

WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT, ANDREW?  
--YOU'D REMEMBER THAT THIS IS THE PLACE WHERE THE PLOT TWISTS.

CLAP!  
CLAP!  
CLAP!

CLAP!  
CLAP!  
WELL DONE, DUNGEON LORDS. WELL DONE.



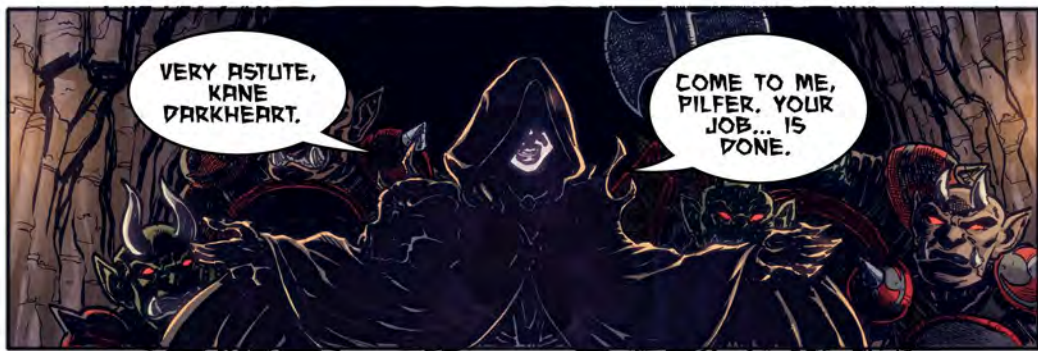


TO MAKE IT THIS FAR INTO THE MINES... IS QUITE... COMMENDABLE. BUT GETTING TO THIS CAVERN... THAT TOOK... **GUIDANCE.**



WHAT'S SHE TALKING ABOUT, JASON?

THIS IS THE PLACE WHERE YOU... WHERE *PILFER*... BETRAYS US.



VERY ASTUTE, KANE DARKHEART.

COME TO ME, PILFER. YOUR JOB... IS DONE.



GIVE YOURSELVES UP.

TO FIGHT... TO FLEE... WOULD SURELY MEAN... **DEATH.**