

THE FESTIVAL OF
VALANIEI HAS COME.

A TRADITION FROM AN OTHERWISE FORGOTTEN
CIVILIZATION, THE FESTIVAL CELEBRATES THOSE
FEW DAYS OF THE YEAR WHEN SPIRITS ARE MOST
EASILY ABLE REVISIT THE WORLD OF THE LIVING.





TRADITIONS HAVE GROWN OVER THE CENTURIES.



SOME EXIST TO KEEP THE RETURNING SPIRITS AT BAY...



...AND SOME TO WELCOME THEM BACK.



THIS LAST DAY OF VALAHIE! IS WHEN THE VEIL BETWEEN THIS WORLD AND THE OTHER SIDE IS AT ITS THINNEST, AND SUPERNATURAL EVENTS ARE MOST COMMON.

RED SONJA HAS NO INTEREST IN DEALING WITH THE DEAD OR THE DAMNED THIS EVENING.



IF THE FATES ARE WITH HER, SHE THINKS, THE ONLY SPIRITS SHE'LL ENCOUNTER WILL BE THOSE FOUND IN A CUP.

THE FATES WILL NOT BE WITH HER.

LATER...







teight

TELL
ME WHAT I
CAN DO TO
HELP.



ARE YOU MAD? DID
YOU **NOT** HEAR WHAT I
SAID? THIS IS THE TIME OF
VALAHIE! THE THINGS THAT
ROOM IN THE SHADOWS
BEYOND THIS TOWN ARE
**NOT TO BE TAKEN
LIGHTLY!**



I DON'T
TAKE THEM
LIGHTLY.

BUT WHATEVER
CAN **TOUCH**
ME CAN ALSO BE
**TOUCHED BY MY
BLADE.** EVERYTHING
ELSE IS **MERELY
UNSETTLING.**



BUT
UNSETTLING IS
USUALLY ENOUGH
TO MAKE A
COWARD OUT OF
MOST MEN.



NOW, I ASK YOU
AGAIN--WHAT IS IT
YOU WOULD HAVE
ME DO?

AND WHAT
HAPPENED TO
YOUR SON?