



THAT CURSED
WIZARD HAS
POISONED YOUR
MINDS AGAINST
ME--

--THOSE
OF YOU WITH
MINDS TO
TURN.

THE GOLD
IS NOTHING MORE
THAN WOMEN'S
RUMORS.

ANYONE
WHO'S TOLD YOU
OTHERWISE
IS--



ENOUGH,
ENOUGH
DISSEMBLING,
CORNAC.

YOU
TALK,
OR YOU
DIE.



WAIT--!
LOOK
AT HIS
HAND--



THAT'S
RIGHT! STAY
BACK! OR
I'LL--







YOUR LOST GOLD BELONGS IN THE WAR CHESTS OF **ALMURIC**, TRUE PRINCE OF KOTH, TO RAISE AN ARMY OF SAVIORS--

OH, SHUT UP, YOU OZZING CORPSE'S TIT.



SKOF KOFKOF KOF!
YOU LICE DROPPING.

YOU PAMPERED, ARISTOCRATIC MAN-CHILD.

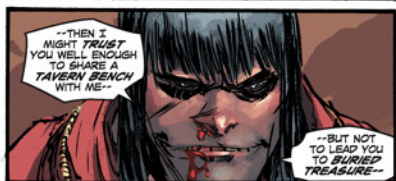


IF YOU ACTUALLY JUST ADMITTED YOU ARE A RICH **COWARD** WHO FLED YOUR HOMETOWN THE MINUTE KING STRABONUS DIDN'T FALL OVER BECAUSE YOU **BREATHED** ON HIM HARD--

--TO THE LAWLESS **SOUTH**, WHERE YOUR FAILURES WOULD NOT BE CONSTANTLY REFLECTED **BACK** AT YOU--

--THEN, AND **ONLY** THEN, ONCE YOU AVEREPT YOU WERE NO BETTER THAN **ME**, AND WANTED THIS GOLD FOR ONE REASON ONLY--

--WHICH IS TO CURE ALL THE ILLS OF **HAVING NO GOLD**--



--THEN I MIGHT **TRUST** YOU WELL ENOUGH TO SHARE A **TAVERN BENCH** WITH ME--

--BUT NOT TO LEAD YOU TO **BURIED TREASURE**--



THE FINAL BLUSTER OF A DYING FOOL.

AS YOU CAN SEE, WE DON'T NEED TO **TOUCH** YOU TO **KILL** YOU, **CORNAC**.

AYE.



I'M SURE THEY FEEL THE SAME.



