



THE POND

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OUR STORY BEGINS WITH OUR HERO WATCHING HER FATHER'S SOLDIERS RETURN FROM WAR, DOWNTRODDEN WITH WHAT SHE ASSUMES IS DEFEAT.



Oh, FATHER.



DISGUSTING.

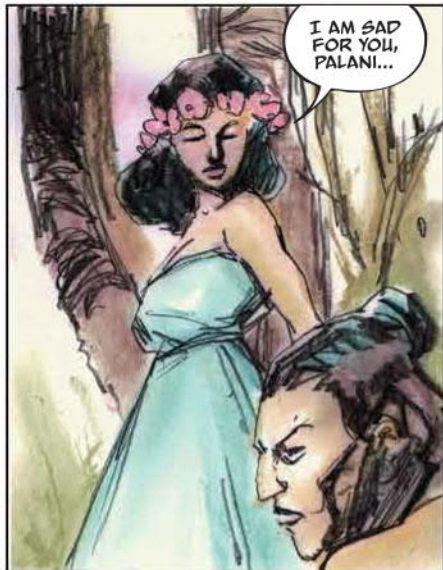
I BEG YOUR PARDON, BROTHER?



I AM TIRED OF WATCHING OUR ARMY RETURN BEATEN.



MAYBE IT IS TIME FOR FATHER TO RETIRE...



I AM SAD FOR YOU, PALANI...



SAD YOU ARE SO POISONED...



WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU?



LOOK AROUND YOU. THIS WAR DRAGS ON...

...OUR COWARD OF A KING... OF A FATHER... WON'T DO WHAT NEEDS TO BE DONE...

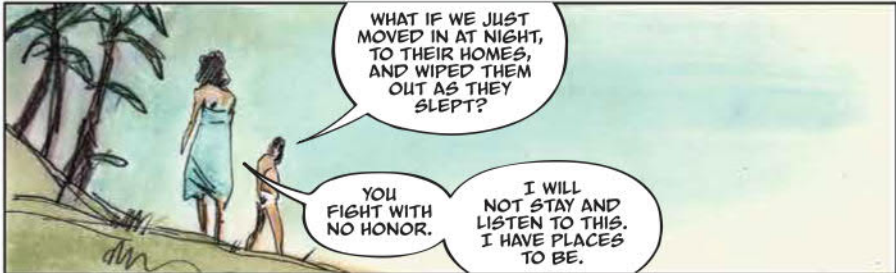
...THROWING AWAY THE FORTUNES OF OUR KINGDOM ON A WAR HE COULD END TOMORROW.



WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?



IT WOULD BE HARD TO EXPLAIN IT TO YOU, LITTLE SISTER... BUT LET ME TRY...



WHAT IF WE JUST MOVED IN AT NIGHT, TO THEIR HOMES, AND WIPED THEM OUT AS THEY SLEPT?

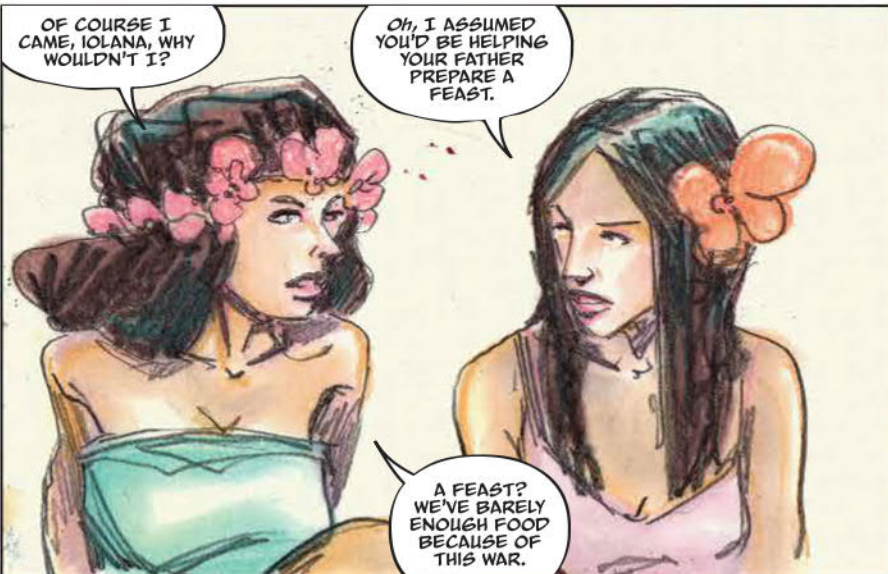
YOU FIGHT WITH NO HONOR.

I WILL NOT STAY AND LISTEN TO THIS. I HAVE PLACES TO BE.





I STARTED TO THINK YOU WEREN'T COMING.



OF COURSE I CAME, IOLANA, WHY WOULDN'T I?

Oh, I ASSUMED YOU'D BE HELPING YOUR FATHER PREPARE A FEAST.

A FEAST? WE'VE BARELY ENOUGH FOOD BECAUSE OF THIS WAR.



YOUR FATHER WON A MASSIVE VICTORY YESTERDAY, PUSHED MY FATHER'S WARRIORS COMPLETELY OUT OF THE GROVE.

PUSHED THEM RIGHT OUT OF THE HIGHLANDS ALL TOGETHER, IN FACT.



WHAT? MY FATHER CAME BACK SO SAD. THE WHOLE TROOP RETURNED DRAGGING THEIR SPEARS.

I THOUGHT THEY HAD LOST!



NO, THEY WON.

I THINK MY PEOPLE ARE SICK OF THIS WAR, SICK OF FIGHTING AND DYING.



WE USED TO BE FRIENDS.

WE ARE FRIENDS.



I MEANT OUR PEOPLE.

I KNOW WHAT YOU MEANT.