

5
ANNIVERSARY
YEARS

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BIGFOOT

SWORD OF THE EARTHMAN

HUNTED
BY THE
RED
DEMON!



HENAMAN

TAYLOR

BONVILLAIN

WOLLET

*HIS NAME IS KNOWN THROUGHOUT
THE HALLOWED HALLS OF
THE GREATEST UNIVERSITIES.*

SPOKEN ONLY IN WHISPER.

MENTIONED ONLY WITH RESPECT.

*THE ACHIEVEMENTS HE HAS MADE WILL BE STUDIED
FOR A THOUSAND CYCLES. THE BARREN DESERT ESCAPE.
THE RETURN OF THE DELUGE. AND THE GREAT
AGRI-REVOLUTION. HIS PIVOTAL ROLE IN HISTORY
IS UNQUESTIONED. HIS NAME... CHISELED IN THE
FOUNDATIONAL STONE OF ANTIQUITY ITSELF.*

*AFTER THE DRUMS OF WAR FALL SILENT AND THE
TRUMPETS OF VICTORY SOUND, WHEN THE PARADES
AND FESTIVITIES OF CELEBRATION SWELL AND
WHEN THE ORGIES OF DELIGHT BECKON...
SONGS WILL BE SUNG ABOUT HIM.*


HE IS LEGEND.

*HE IS THE EXTRAORDINARILY PROLIFIC,
GREATEST SCRIBE THIS SIDE OF THE FLOW.*

AND HE... PROBABLY GLOSSED OVER A FEW THINGS.

HE IS...


BAGWORM
~~BOOFT~~
SWORD OF THE EARTHMAN



MY NAME IS
CASTOR...AND I AM
A BAGWORM...

THE LOWLIEST OF THE
LOWS, THE SCUM OF
THE SCRIBE CASTE, AN
ELABORATE NETWORK
OF CHRONICLERS,
POETS, PHILANDERERS
AND THIEVES.

TASKED WITH SPREADING
LIES, STARTING WARS AND
CORRUPTING THE INCORRUPTIBLE.
MY SPECIALTY IS MORALE. GIVEN
ENOUGH COIN, I COULD SPREAD
DISSENT BETWEEN A MOTHER AND
HER MEWLING NEWBORN...



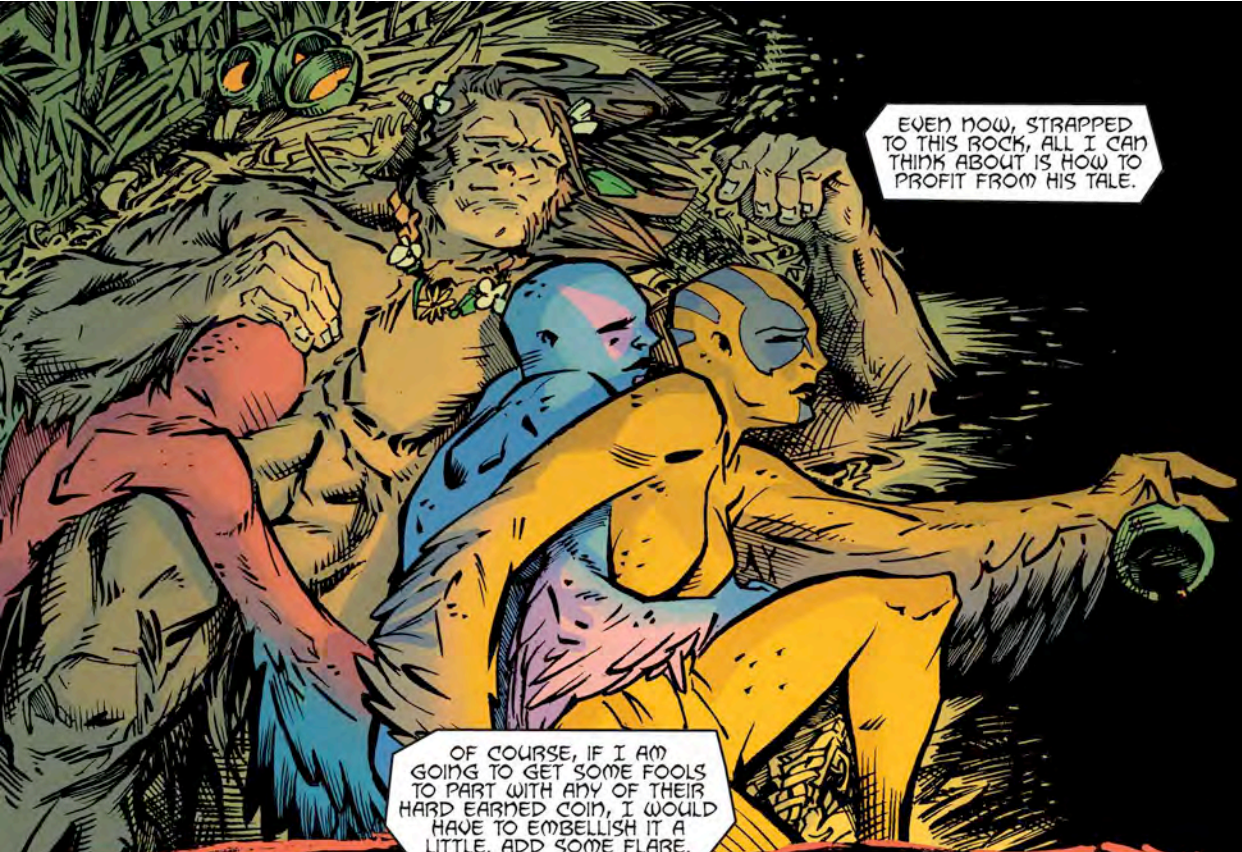
I'VE NEVER BEEN MUCH
OF A STORYTELLER. NEVER
STROVE FURTHER THAN
DUPLICITY IN ALL OF THE
SCRIBE'S TEACHINGS.

MOSTLY, IT WAS
BECAUSE I NEVER
REALLY THOUGHT
I HAD A STORY
WORTH TELLING.



THAT IS...UNTIL
I MET THE
EARTHMAN.





EVEN NOW, STRAPPED TO THIS ROCK, ALL I CAN THINK ABOUT IS HOW TO PROFIT FROM HIS TALE.

OF COURSE, IF I AM GOING TO GET SOME FOOLS TO PART WITH ANY OF THEIR HARD EARNED COIN, I WOULD HAVE TO EMBELLISH IT A LITTLE. ADD SOME FLARE.



SNIFF-SNIFF

NO ONE RALLIES BEHIND A HERO WHO DOESN'T DO ANYTHING.



ONE WHO ONLY REACTS ISN'T MUCH FUN AT ALL.

GREETINGS... "EARTH-MAN."



IF YOU'VE SPOILED ANY OF THESE GOODS, I WILL SEE THAT YOU PAY FOR THEM TENFOLD.

NO, IN MY STORY, THE HERO WILL BE DIFFERENT...





THANK THE MOONS THIS WRETCHED LAND IS TOO DANGEROUS TO TRAVEL AT NIGHT. EVEN FOR A WELL-ARMED PLATOON OF SOLDIERS.



IT GIVES THE EARTHMAN TIME TO RECOVER. NO BOOTS, NO COVER AND NO WATER...



I DON'T KNOW HOW HE'S LASTED THIS LONG.

PSST! EARTHMAN...



I MANAGED TO SAVE A BIT OF GRUPIT MEAT.




IT'S NO BEASTEAK, BUT THERE'S ENOUGH MOISTURE TO CARRY YOU THROUGH THE NIGHT.




I CONVINCED THE GUARDS TO AT LEAST GIVE YOU THAT.

WHATEVER OUR PURPOSE, THEY'LL WANT TO GET US THERE WHOLE, RIGHT?





WHAT I WOULDN'T
GIVE TO BE STARING AT
THE MOONS FROM THE
COMFORT OF A WARM
QUAD.



MAYBE
ONE BACK IN
THE DORMS OF THE
CASTE'S UNIVERSITY.
IT WOULDN'T BE MUCH...
BUT IT WOULD
BE MINE.



I SUPPOSE
YOU HAVE SOMETHING
SIMILAR? BACK WHERE
YOU COME FROM?

A PLACE
TO CALL YOUR
OWN? A PLACE
WHERE NO ONE
BOTHERED YOU?
LEFT YOU
ALONE?

MAYBE EVEN
HAVE SOMEONE
WAITING FOR YOU
THERE? SOMEONE
YOU WOULD MOVE
MOUNTAINS TO
SEE AGAIN?

EVEN
IF IT WAS
JUST TO TELL
HER YOU WERE
SORRY FOR
LEAVING...

BUT LEAVING IS THE LIFE WE CHOOSE UNDER THE GUISE THAT WE'VE THOUGHT THINGS THROUGH...
SIGH



HMPH... TURNS OUT I'M NOT MUCH OF A THINKER...



OR MUCH OF A BAGWORM EITHER, I SUPPOSE.



I CAN'T BLAME YOU FOR LEAVING... I WOULDN'T HAVE COME BACK EITHER.



UNOFFICIAL BAGWORM RULE... NEVER GO BACK.