

I KNOW WHERE
THEY'VE GONE--TO
CONSULT WITH THE
OLD FOOL.

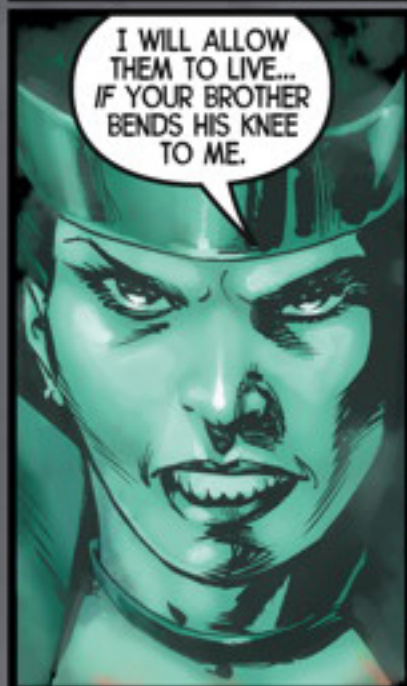
THEN YOU
WILL TELL ME IN
WHICH DIRECTION
THEY INTEND TO
JOURNEY...

...AND WE
WILL END
THIS GAME.



YOU
GAVE YOUR
WORD.

MY FAMILY
WILL NOT BE
HARMED.



I WILL ALLOW
THEM TO LIVE...
IF YOUR BROTHER
BENDS HIS KNEE
TO ME.



SO
UNLESS YOU
WISH TO SPEND
ALL YOUR LIFE
DRINKING FROM
A BOWL...

...I SUGGEST
YOU CONVINCHE
HIM.



I WILL
DO AS YOU
SAY.



PRINCESS...?







OF COURSE,
IT'S JUST...

I WASN'T
EXPECTING ANY
OF THIS TO
HAPPEN, SO I
DON'T EXACTLY
HAVE A SPEECH
PREPARED...


*...BUT I GUESS I
SHOULD START
AT THE BEGINNING...

"IT ALL STARTS WITH
YOUR ANCESTOR QUENTIN
GARRETT, NEARLY THREE
HUNDRED YEARS AGO...

"HE WAS OUT STALKING DEER ONE
DAY, IN A FOREST IN VERMONT,
AND HE FOLLOWED A YOUNG
DOE INTO A GROVE OF TREES.


"THEN A STRANGE MIST
CAME DOWN. THE DEER
VANISHED INTO IT...

*...AND SO DID
QUENTIN.



"WHEN THE MIST CLEARED,
HE FOUND HIMSELF IN
ANOTHER WORLD..."

"...WHERE CREATURES OUT
OF MYTH DWELT IN PEACE
ALONGSIDE THOSE WHO HAD
STRAYED THERE FROM
OUR WORLD, AS HE HAD."




"LONG STORY SHORT,
QUENTIN MARRIED THE
QUEEN OF THAT WORLD.

"HE RENAMED THE PLACE AVALON,
AFTER THE MYTHOLOGICAL LAND
OF THE BLESSED. HIS DESCENDANTS
HAVE RULED THERE EVER SINCE."




YOUR
UNCLE MICHAEL
WAS THE LAST
KING...

...AND
BECAUSE HE
JUST DIED--AND
SINCE HE DIDN'T
HAVE ANY KIDS--
THE THRONE HAS
NOW PASSED
TO ME.



BUT...MOM SAID...
YOU DON'T WANT TO
BE KING, SO...

...WHY ARE
YOU DOING
THIS?



SOMETIMES
YOU DON'T GET
WHAT YOU
WANT.

SOME
THINGS ARE
BIGGER THAN JUST
ONE PERSON...AND
SOMETIMES YOU
JUST HAVE TO DO
WHAT'S NEEDED
OF YOU.

