







WELL,
YOU LOOK
TERRIBLE.



I TAKE IT
YOU DIDN'T
SPEND THE NIGHT
IN A ROOT
CELLAR?

I'M MEANT TO BE
A WITNESS. OAKENFORT'S
HEADED OUT TO KILL YOU WITH
THAT HOLY SWORD AND IN DOING
SO DEMONSTRATE HOW THE
OLD GODS ARE NO MATCH
FOR THEIR CHRIST.



GOT ANYTHING
TO SAY ABOUT THAT,
MAGNUS?

I HAVE
NO BONE TO
PICK WITH THE
CHRISTIAN
GOD.

HOW ABOUT
THAT BASTARD
IN THAT
CHURCH OVER
THERE?



HE'S
ALREADY
DEAD.



I was parched.
I was starving.
My bones felt
brittle from
sleeping on
frozen ground.
Everything hurt
to move. They
chained me to
the ground.

But no one
ever won a
battle by
whining.