THE FORGOTTEN QUEEN

ISSUE #2 PREVIEW

BEGIN RECORDING.

DR. SARNAI OYUUNCHIMEG, ONBOARD THE *R.V. LOHENGRIN*, DAY THREE.

AS I'VE SAID BEFORE, I HAVE A VESTED INTEREST IN THE HISTORY OF THIS, THE FIGHTING AND DYING FOR A SCRAP OF LAND.

I'VE NEVER CARED TO OWN LAND. MAYBE IT'S IN MY BLOOD.

"WHEN LAND IS ALL YOU CAN SEE FOR A THOUSAND MILES IN EVERY DIRECTION...

"YOU LEARN THAT THE ***REAL*** GIFT...

"IS BLOOD."

MEIN GOTT.

TAK TAK TAK

ETIENNE!

LOOK!

OH, DO YOU GET RECEPTION OUT HERE?

IT'S NOT A JOKE--I TURNED IT ON TO USE THE CAMERA.

I WENT TO WATCH SARNAI...THAT WOMAN SCARES ME. I HAD A FEELING SHE WAS DOING SOMETHING STRANGE WITH ERIK'S REMAINS AND THE ARMOR. BUT THAT *ARMOR...*

IT'S ALL THE SAME SIZE, CLEARLY MADE FOR THE SAME PERSON--

BUT THE *MATERIALS!* LEATHERS FROM ANIMALS THAT AREN'T FROM THE GOBI DESERT, ORES THAT CERTAINLY AREN'T UNCOVERED THERE. I'VE BEEN STUDYING ARTIFACTS LIKE THESE MY WHOLE LIFE, BUT I NEEDED TO CONFIRM.

I TOOK A PHOTO OF HER NOTES, ABOUT THE ARMOR, THE TOOLS, THE DESIGNS.

DIFFERENT CRAFTSMEN. DIFFERENT *MATERIALS.*

DIFFERENT *METHODS.*

DIFFERENT *TIMES.*

SO IF THE SAME PERSON IS MEANT TO WEAR THESE THINGS THAT ARE SEVERAL HUNDREDS OF YEARS APART--

THEN SARNAI IS LOOKING FOR SOMEONE *VERY OLD.*

THE BREAST-PLATE SEEMS TO COME FROM CIRCA 1260 AD, DURING THE REIGN OF *KHUTULUN,* DESCENDANT OF TEMUJIN...

THIS DOESN'T ADD UP AND I DON'T LIKE IT. IN THE MIDST OF THIS COMMUNICATION EMERGENCY...I THINK WE NEED TO DETERMINE WHAT'S GOING ON.

BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE...

MONGOLIA
ca. 1280 C.E.

I ASK YOU, WITCH.

WHO *ARE* YOU?

SHOULD I SHOW YOU WHAT IT IS THAT I DO? MAKE YOUR MEN TURN ON ONE ANOTHER, AGAIN AND AGAIN?

IT DOESN'T EXHAUST ME A DAMN BIT. IT'S NOT LIKE RIDING, OR WALKING, OR EVEN *THINKING.*

IT COSTS ME *NOTHING.*

I DON'T *SLEEP.*

I JUST *DO.*

AAAAHHH!

KLANK

HHHHH--

ENOUGH!!

WHY ARE YOU *HERE?*

THAT'S A *GREAT* @#$%ING QUESTION.

ONE I'VE NEVER REALLY THOUGHT OF, IF I'M BEING HONEST.

BUT I HEAR AROUND YOUR CAMPFIRES THAT YOU WRESTLE ANYONE WHO WANTS YOUR HAND IN MARRIAGE, AND I *DO* LOVE TO WRESTLE.

THAT'S A *DETERRENT,* WITCH.

MOST *MEN* TAKE IT AS A CHALLENGE, TOO. YOU'LL NOTICE I REMAIN UNWED.

LOOK, YOU WANT ME TO STOP MAKING YOUR MEN FIGHT EACH OTHER?

FIGHT ME YOURSELF.

WHUMP

SO WHAT DO I GET IF I WIN?

THE STANDARD PRIZE IS MY HAND IN MARRIAGE.

MEH. WHAT IF *YOU* WIN?

I'LL GET YOUR HORSE.

WELL, I DON'T HAVE A HORSE, BUT...

I BET I CAN FIND YOU SOMETHIN' TO RIDE.

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