



YOU WERE SAYING SOMETHING ABOUT MY EYES?

I... I...



WHUFF!



WH... NO!



NNNNNGGGG!

KRRKK



SPLATCH

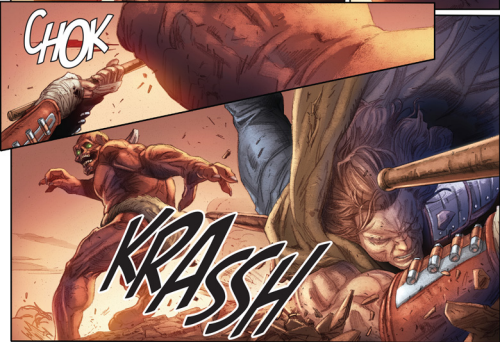


THERE
NOW WE CAN
STEAK IN
PEACE.



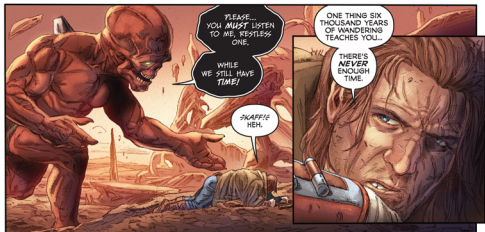
RAAAH!!

I MEAN
YOU NO HARM,
RESTLESS
ONE!!



CHOK

KRASHH



PLEASE... YOU MUST LISTEN TO ME, RESTLESS ONE.

WHILE WE STILL HAVE TIME!

SKAFFIE HEH.

ONE THING SIX THOUSAND YEARS OF WANDERING TEACHES YOU...

THERE'S NEVER ENOUGH TIME.



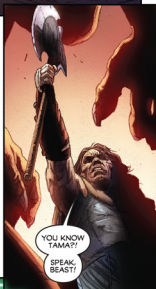
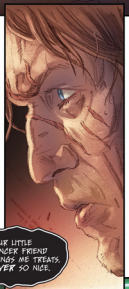
LONG SHOT, I KNOW, BUT YOU WOULDN'T HAPPEN TO HAVE A MANTICORIAN TRUFFLE ABOUT YOUR PERSON WOULD YOU?

NNFF!

I HAVE KNIVES AND EXPLOSIVES.

SHAME.

YOUR LITTLE GEOMANCER FRIEND ALWAYS BRINGS ME TREATS. SHE'S EVER SO NICE.



YOU KNOW TAMA?!

SPEAK, BEAST!



W—WE'RE FRIENDS! SHE FREED ME FROM MY CHAINS!

TAMA'S SICK ISN'T SHE.

SHE'S SICK AND SO IS YOUR WORLD AND YOU HAVE NO IDEA WHY.

AND MY NAME'S NOT 'BEAST', IT'S AMY.

IT'S THE NECROMANCER, IMPERATRIX VIKAGO.

SHE'S A PARASITE, RESTLESS ONE, A SCOURGE. SHE EATS ENTIRE PLANETS AND NOW SHE WANTS YOURS.

A WORLD LUSH ENOUGH TO PRODUCE A GEOMANCER MUST BE QUITE A FEAST.



AND WHAT DID THIS... PARASITE DO TO TAMA?

"VIRAGO? NOTHING. THAT WAS POOR SYNTILLA."

"POOR SYNTILLA?"

"OH YES. VIRAGO'S DRIVEN THE GIRL QUITE MAD! IT'S SYNTILLA'S CURSE, YOU SEE..."

"SHE CONVERTS LIVING THINGS INTO NEKROMANTIC ENERGY, WHICH VIRAGO THEN HARVESTS TO SUSTAIN HERSELF."

"THINK OF SYNTILLA AS VIRAGO'S PERSONAL CHEF."



A CARRIONBLOOM. IT BUDS ONCE EVERY THOUSAND YEARS ON THE TONGUE OF THE FIRST TYRANT.

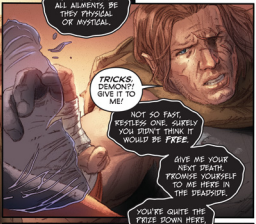
ITS PETALS CURE ALL AILMENTS, BE THEY PHYSICAL OR MYSTICAL.



THAT'S WHY TAMA WAS TARGETED...

WHY INFECT AN ENTIRE WORLD WHEN YOU CAN ACHIEVE THE SAME RESULT BY INFECTING ITS AVATAR?

QUITE. THE MEAL THAT PREPARES ITSELF. UNLESS...



TRICKS, DEMON?! GIVE IT TO ME!

NOT SO FAST, RESTLESS ONE. SURELY YOU DIDN'T THINK IT WOULD BE FREE.

GIVE ME YOUR NEXT DEATH. PROMISE YOURSELF TO ME HERE IN THE DEADSIDE.

YOU'RE QUITE THE PRIZE DOWN HERE, YOU KNOW.

