



TELL ME
AGAIN--HOW
WERE YOU MADE,
BISHAN?



HAVING CONCEIVED THE EARTH,
THE AIR AND SKY, THE ALL-SEER
SLEPT. AND FROM HIS SIGH
THE FIRST OF MY KIND
WERE BORN.

SUCH HUNGER
WE HAD AT BIRTH
THAT WE DEVoured
EVERYTHING IN SIGHT
UNTIL WE HAD BEGUN
TO CONSUME
THE ALL-SEER
HIMSELF.

SWARMED
BY HIS OWN CHILDREN,
HE CRIED FOR HELP AND
WERE IT NOT FOR THOSE
WHO ANSWERED HIS CALL,
WE MIGHT HAVE EATEN
GOD HIMSELF.



WE WERE
SENT IN PENANCE,
TO THIS PLACE,
TO LIVE AMONG
ITS MORTAL
CREATURES.

WHAT
SORT OF
THING HAVE
I FALLEN
FOR?



A BEAST THAT
WOULD EAT HIS
OWN MAKER?

MAYBE THAT'S
WHY I'M HERE.
A SAVAGE THING
TO BE CIVILISED
BY YOUR HAND.



AND WHAT
DO I KNOW OF
CIVILISATION?



"HERE, IN CALICUT,
WHERE ALL SHIPS MUST
COME TO SHORE.

"PRINCE VIKRAM OF
THE ZAMORIN HAS
GRACIOUSLY
AGREED TO HOST
YOU AT THE PALACE
DURING YOUR STAY.



"BEFRIEND HIM,
PIERREFONT. HE
IS ONLY A BOY,
NOW MADE PRINCE
BEFORE HIS TIME.

"HIS FATHER SET FIRE
TO HIMSELF AND THEIR
HOME, RATHER THAN
SURRENDER TO HYDER
ALI OF MYSORE, WHOM I
AM TRAVELLING TO MEET.

"ALTHOUGH DIMINISHED,
THE ZAMORIN STILL WIELD
POWER HERE. THE BOY
COULD USE A FRIEND RIGHT
NOW AND SO COULD WE."



This new land may yet prove to be more accepting of who I truly am.



It speaks to my nature, this place.



LORD
PIERREFONT?

