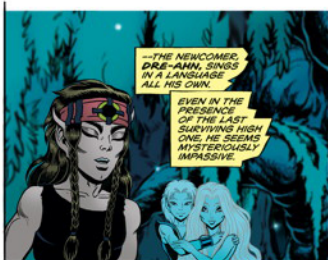




**I** IN A VOICE THAT BLEND'S EVERY BIRDSONG, EVERY FLUTTERED CREATURE'S CRY, AND EVERY BREEZE THAT EVER SIGHED—



—THE NEWCOMER, DRE-ANN, SINGS IN A LANGUAGE ALL HIS OWN.

EVEN IN THE PRESENCE OF THE LAST SURVIVING HIGH ONE, HE SEEMS MYSTERIOUSLY IMPASSIVE.



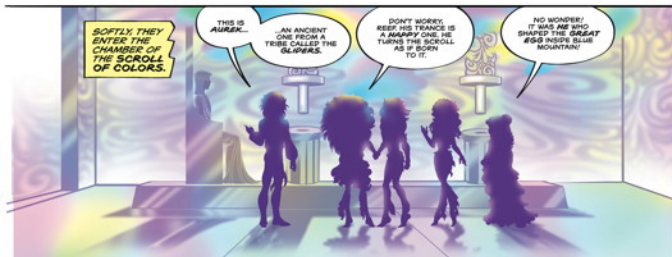
BUT FOR HIS ENRAPTURED LISTENERS, UNITE THIS SULTRY SUMMER'S EVE FOR THE GATHERING OF CHIEFS, HIS SONG EVOKES TEARS AND MEMORIES...

NIGHTFALL! HIS VOICE BRINGS THE SPIRITS OF PAST CHIEFS FROM THE FATHER TREE!

DARING TO EMBRACE THE SHAPE-CHANGED TIMMAIN, STARGAZER SKYWISE WONTERS...

WHERE DOES DRE-ANN'S CHANT END AND THE FOREST'S MANY WHISPERS BEGIN?

OR... IS IT ALL ONE?





UNSURPRISINGLY, MATTERS ARE FAR LESS ETHEREAL AROUND KING PICKNOSE'S RECENTLY ASSUMED THRONE.

THAT'S IT! FEED 'EM BETTER'N THEY'VE EVER BEEN FED AND WATCH-- THESE MISCREANTS'LL COME AROUND!

**BWAAAAAAAH!**

HAMMERS AND TONGS! WHAT NOW?!

WHY CAN'T I SEE MENDER?!



BE OFF, GRANDCHILD! WHAT YOUR MOTHER WANTS WITH THE HEALER ELF IS HER OWN AFFAIR!



YOU GOT WORD TO ME OPDBIT WAS AILING, BUT SHE SEEMS FINE.

FINE?! BUUUU-HUUUH-HUUUH!

JUST-- JUST LOOK AT ME!



ONCE I WAS FAR FAIRER THAN TRINKET!

BUT PICKY NEVER TOUCHES ME NOW! <sup>SNIFFLE</sup> HE BARELY EVEN SPEAKS TO ME!



YOU...UM...WANT TO LOOK YOUNGER, EHP? NOT AS BEAUTIFULLY HIPEOUS AS OLD MAGGOTY?

YOU SHOULD TALK, PINK SKIN!

YOU'RE THE MOST REPULSIVE OF THE LOT!



IF SOMETHING PRASTIC'S NOT PONE, PICKY WILL FORGET ME! YOU CAN HAVE ANY TREASURE IF ONLY YOU'LL--

WHAT I WANT, YOU CAN'T GIVE ME.

