

TWO NIGHTS.

TWO NIGHTS SINCE THE SHE-DEVIL CAME TO THIS IMPOVERISHED, NAMELESS LITTLE TOWN IN ARGOS.

SHE ARRIVED AS A SAVIOR.

BUT SHE LEFT AS A TERROR.

WELL.  
WHAT A GENIAL INN.

CROM.

NO.

COME,  
COME,  
CHILD.



SURELY A  
FRAIL OLD MAN  
IS WELCOME  
IN YOUR FINE  
ESTABLISHMENT  
ON A COLD, WET  
EVENING?



OH, NOW, LEAVING AS A NEW GUEST ARRIVES IS DISCOURTEOUS.

STAY, I BEG OF THEE, GOOD TOWNSMAN.



PLEASE, LORD. WE ARE NOTHING.

WE ARE LOWER THAN WORMS TO ONE AS MIGHTY AS YOU--

INTERESTING TURN OF PHRASE. DO GO ON.



PLEASE.

WE WANT ONLY TO LIVE.

YES.

I IMAGINE THAT'S WHAT MY BROTHER, THE MASTER OF THIS PILE OF FECES TOWN, MOST DESIRED.

AND YET, AND YET...



AND YET YOU CALLED A SAVAGE, A FEMALE SAVAGE, TO ATTACK HIM UNAWARES, AS A COWARDLY ASSASSIN WHEN YOU HAD NOT THE SACK TO DO SO YOURSELF.

FEAR NOT, CHILD.

I AM NOT ANGRY.

SO POWERFUL A WIZARD, AND YOU SEEK ONLY TO TERRIFY A YOUNG GIRL WHO DOES ONLY KIND DEEDS.

WE CALLED FOR SONJA THE RED. AYE.

YOUR BROTHER WAS MURDERING OUR KIN, FOR HIS BLOOD MAGIC.



AND SHE SQUASHED HIM *FLAT*, LIKE THE VERMIN HE WAS.

I SEE, BRAVE FELLOW.

AND WHERE IS THIS HEROINE WHO MURDERS DOTARDS FOR YOU?

IN YOUR BEST ROOM, I IMAGINE?



NO, LORD, I SWEAR!

SHE... SHE ATTACKED MY FATHER, THE OWNER OF THIS TAVERN, FOR NO KNOWN REASON.

HE'S NEARLY KILT, AND SHE SEEMED--

--POSSESSED, LORD.



AH, VERY GOOD.

MY FOOLISH BROTHER AND HIS *CURSES*, I IMAGINE.

WELL!

I'LL BE OFF, THEN!



A VERY GOOD EVENING TO YOU ALL.

YOU'RE...

YOU'RE NOT ANGRY, ABOUT YOUR BROTHER?



ANGRY? OF COURSE NOT.

WHY, I BID ONLY THAT YOU DRINK TO MY BROTHER'S MEMORY, GOOD TOWNSFOLK.

DRINK DEEPLY.



WHAT... WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

HOW ARE YOU MAKING ME DO THIS?



DRINK DEEP, KILLER OF MY KIN.

NO. NO!

PLEASE!

CHOKE!



DO YOU KNOW, DEAR FRADA, THAT WAS A MOST UNPLEASANT TAVERN, AFTER ALL.

YES, LORD. MAY I ASK WHERE WE GO NOW, LORD?



WHERE DO WE GO, FAITHFUL SERVENT?

I THOUGHT THAT WOULD BE OBVIOUS.