





YOUR SWORD, GLAUCUS.

MY...

YES. GIVE ME YOUR SWORD.



AS YOU COMMAND, MY LORD.

NOW, TELL ME, AT THIS MOMENT--



--IS *SURVIVAL* YOUR FOREMOST DESIRE?

NO, MY LORD. LOYAL SERVICE TO MY KING, THAT IS MY FOREMOST DESIRE.



PFPT. THAT'S YOUR ANSWER? *SERVICE?* SURELY YOU DESIRE MORE.

I AM JUST A SOLDIER, MY LORD.



IMAGINE FOR A MOMENT SOMETHING BEYOND SERVICE, BEYOND *SURVIVAL*.



WHEN MY SON... WAS TAKEN FROM ME, I LOST ALL HOPE. I LOST MY CONNECTION TO THE GODS.



"I WAS IN A DARK PLACE, HOUNDED BY MY OWN WEAK ANIMAL NATURE."



BUT THE GODS SAW ME FALL AND GAVE ME THE MEANS TO RISE UP! THEY GAVE ALL OF US THE MEANS TO RISE UP!



"WILL WE TURN FROM THIS PATH BECAUSE IT IS BLOODY? NO."



WHATEVER YOU THINK HUMANITY HAS ACHIEVED, WE REMAIN IMPERFECT. SMALL AND ALONE AND **BROKEN.**



"WE MUST MOVE FORWARD, AND SLOUGH AWAY OUR MORTAL FLAWS AS A SNAKE SHEDS ITS SKIN."



WE ARE ON THE BRINK OF A PROFOUND TRANSFORMATION, GLAUCUS. IT MAY SEEM VIOLENT, AND PAINFUL--

"...BUT THE END WILL BE BEAUTIFUL."

RUN!
DON'T LOOK
BACK!

