

IT PROMISES TO BE THE LONGEST WINTER IN DUNSLANDER MEMORY, A NUMBING CHILL PERVADES THE REBUILT HALLS OF THE CASTLE FORTRESS ATOP CITAPEL MOUND.

HIS HEALTH PRECARIOUS SINCE HIS GRUESOME WOUNDING, ANGRIF DJUN REVIEWS ELABORATE PLANS FOR A FLEET OF MIGHTY WARSHIPS.

IT WILL TAKE TEN YEARS TO ACCOMPLISH, DOMINANCE, AND THE COST IS BEYOND CALCULATION.

A YE...BUT WHEN LAUNCHED, THIS ARMADA WILL BE INVINCIBLE! NOT EVEN DEMONIC SORCERY WILL STOP IT!

THE BEAST-EYED ONES WHO SLEW MY SONS FLED TO—AND NOW INFEST—INACCESSIBLE MOUNTAIN HEIGHTS, BUT NOT FOR LONG, I THINK!


IN MY DREAMS THERE IS STRANGE AGITATION... MOVEMENT...

THE DJUN'S FEVERISH IMAGINATION IS MORE CANNY THAN HE KNOWS—



--FOR SUSPENDED IN A  
TIMELESS TRANCE--

--SUNSTREAM  
CONTINUES TO  
SEND OUT THE  
CALL THAT WILL  
BRING TOGETHER  
ALL ELVES ON  
THE WORLD OF  
TWO MOONS.



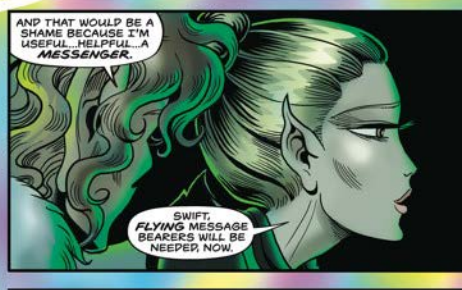
THE SWIFTEST TO RESPOND ARE  
THE GO-BACKS, TRAVELING DEEP  
UNDERGROUND.

I'M GLAD  
YOU DID IT,  
AROREE.



IF NOT FOR YOU,  
I WOULD HAVE KEPT  
MY DROP OF WOLF  
BLOOD.

IT MIGHT  
HAVE ENDED  
MY LIFE BY NOW.



AND THAT WOULD BE A  
SHAME BECAUSE I'M  
USEFUL...HELPFUL...A  
MESSENGER.

SWIFT,  
FLYING MESSAGE  
BEARERS WILL BE  
NEEDED, NOW.



SO YOU SEE, YOU  
NEED NEVER AGAIN  
APOLOGIZE FOR  
CHANGING THE  
COURSE OF  
MY LIFE.

YOU ARE  
MOST KIND,  
WINDKIN.

LED ONWARD BY  
THE HALF-BREED  
MASTER SMITH  
TWO-EDGE, WITH  
NO WAY TO RECKON  
THE DAYS--

--THE WARRIOR BAND  
OF EIGHT-TIMES-THREE  
COMES UPON A SIGHT  
NEVER BEHELD, SAVE  
BY TROLLISH EYES.

DAUNTER, FOR  
TRAVELING BY  
WATER IS NEW TO  
THEM, THEY LOOK  
TO THEIR LEADER,  
VENKA.

CALM AND STEADY AS THE UNDERGROUND  
RIVER'S FLOW, SHE TURNS TO TWO-EDGE,  
WHO IS ONLY TOO PROUD TO REVEAL...

CHIEFTESS!  
HIDDEN BEHIND  
THESE STONES!  
WHAT...?

A USEFUL  
LITTLE CRAFT THAT  
TOOK OLP TWO-EDGE  
BUT "LITTLE CRAFT" TO  
HAMMER TOGETHER,  
HEH HEH!

WITH AROREE AND WINDKIN  
SCOUTING AHEAD, THE FIRST  
FEW PASSENGERS SEAT  
THEMSELVES UNEASILY...

TWICE MORE MUST SOMEONE ROW  
AGAINST THE CURRENT TO BRING  
ALL TO THE NEXT PROPER  
FOOTPATH.

EKK!

EKK!  
EKK!

HAH! THEN,  
WHILE WE WAIT  
ON SHORE FOR THE REST, AT  
LEAST WE'LL  
EAT!

SON OF  
WINNOWILL...  
HOW TRULY DISTANT  
ARE YOU FROM THE  
PARKNESS YOU  
GUIDE US  
THROUGH?

WHILE VENKA  
WONPERS--



--IN THE WOLFRIDERS' STILL-FAR-OFF HOLT, THE FIRST FLURRIES OF THE WHITE-COLD SWIRL IN EARNEST.

AND WITHIN THE PALACE OF THE HIGH ONES...

SEE! SUBTLE NEW PATTERNS FORM AS THE SCROLL OF COLORS TURNS! HOPES AND YEARNINGS, LONG ASLEEP, NOW AWAKEN AND STIR THE HUES!

WITHIN ELFIN MINDS, DOORS SHUT BY FEAR AND HARDSHIP ARE OPENING.

ALL THE LOST AND SCATTERED CHILDREN OF THE HIGH ONES ARE RECEIVING SUNSTREAM'S VAST, OPEN SENDING.

BUT...HE LOOKS...

DO NOT WORRY, LITTLE COUSIN, HE WAS WELL PREPARED HE WON'T BE TRAPPED FOREVER IN THIS SPELL.

