



ANOTHER FINE TALE, I'M BEGINNING TO UNDERSTAND WHAT YOU SEE IN THIS GROUP, EZREN. I'D BE INTRIGUED TO SEE HOW YOU'D HANDLE A MISSION FOR THE PATHFINDER SOCIETY—



—BUT I DON'T EMPLOY THIEVES.



EXCUSE ME?

YOUR REPUTATION PRECEDES YOU, ELF. YOU STOLE THE MASK OF ESCHORI FROM OUR AGENTS AFTER TWO OF THEM DIED RETRIEVING IT!

WHAT, THAT BAT-FACED THING? THAT WAS YEARS AGO!



YOU'RE A THIEF. A COMMON THUG.

AND YOU'RE NOT?

THE WAY I RECALL IT, YOUR PATHFINDERS ROBBED THAT TOMB.

I TOOK THE MASK FROM THEM AND SOLD IT TO SOMEONE ELSE. YOU WANT TO SPLIT HAIRS? I'LL LEND YOU A KNIFE.



BUT IF YOU'RE DONE BEING A HYPOCRITE, IT JUST SO HAPPENS THAT I HAVE A STORY EVEN YOU WOULD CALL HEROIC.

FINE. GO AHEAD.



THANK YOU. THIS STORY STARTS WHERE A LOT OF MINE START...



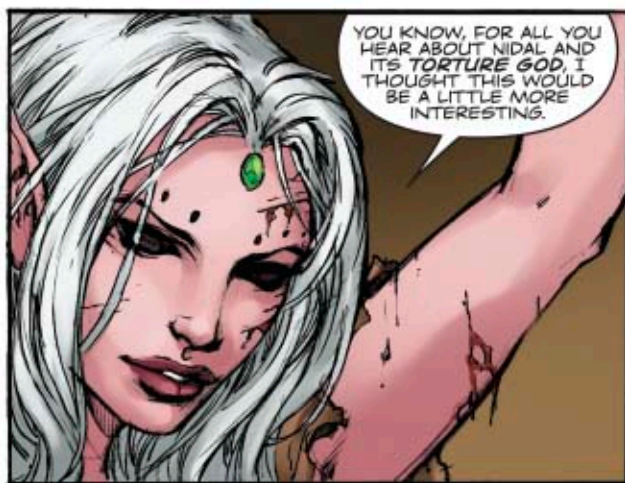
...IN
JAIL.

PATHFINDER

ORIGINS

BLOOD TRAILS

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WHAT?

YOU SAID YOU'D TALK WHEN WE WERE SAFE. I'M FEELING PRETTY GOOD RIGHT HERE.



THE GUARDS COULD WAKE UP ANY MINUTE!

THEN YOU'D BETTER TALK FAST.

FINE. CAN WE AT LEAST WALK WHILE WE TALK?



I NEED TO BREAK INTO A NOBLE'S MANOR.

I ASKED AROUND AND HEARD THAT A NOTORIOUS BURGLAR NAMED MERISIEL HAD BEEN ARRESTED, SO I CAME TO GET YOU OUT. NOW YOU CAN HELP ME.

AND WHY WOULD I WANT TO DO THAT, EXACTLY?



WHAT?!

YOU SAY THAT A LOT.

BUT I RESCUED YOU! YOU OWE ME!

RESCUED ME? THINK AGAIN, BALDY.