


WHO'S RIDING SO LATE WHERE WINDS BLOW WILD?
IT IS THE FATHER GRASPING HIS CHILD;
HE HOLDS THE BOY EMBRACED IN HIS ARM,
HE CLASPS HIM SNUGLY, HE KEEPS HIM WARM.

"MY SON, WHY COVER YOUR FACE IN SUCH FEAR?"
"YOU SEE THE ERL-KING, FATHER? HE'S NEAR!
THE KING OF THE ELVES WITH CROWN AND TRAIN!"
"MY SON, THE MIST IS ON THE PLAIN."


"SWEET LAD, O COME AND JOIN ME, DO!
SUCH PRETTY GAMES I WILL PLAY WITH YOU;
ON THE SHORE GAY FLOWERS THEIR COLORS UNFOLD,
MY MOTHER HAS MANY GARMENTS OF GOLD."

"MY FATHER, MY FATHER, O CAN YOU NOT HEAR
THE PROMISE THE ERL-KING BREATHES IN MY EAR?"
"BE CALM, STAY CALM, MY CHILD, LIE LOW:
IN WITHERED LEAVES THE NIGHT-WINDS BLOW."

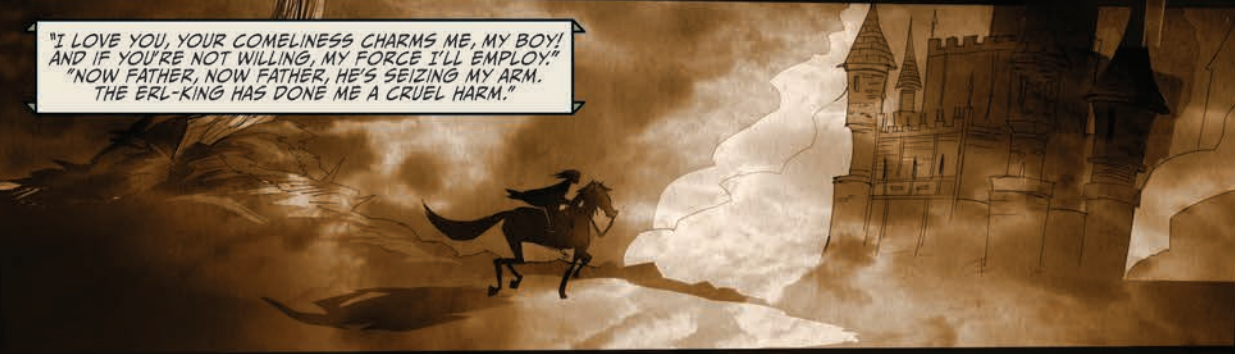





"WILL YOU, SWEET LAD, COME ALONG WITH ME?
MY DAUGHTERS SHALL CARE FOR YOU TENDERLY;
IN THE NIGHT MY DAUGHTERS THEIR REVELRY KEEP,
THEY'LL ROCK YOU AND DANCE YOU AND SING YOU TO SLEEP."



"MY FATHER, MY FATHER, O CAN YOU NOT TRACE
THE ERL-KING'S DAUGHTERS IN THAT GLOOMY PLACE?"
"MY SON, MY SON, I SEE IT CLEAR
HOW GREY THE ANCIENT WILLOWS APPEAR."



"I LOVE YOU, YOUR COMELINESS CHARMS ME, MY BOY!
AND IF YOU'RE NOT WILLING, MY FORCE I'LL EMPLOY."
"NOW FATHER, NOW FATHER, HE'S SEIZING MY ARM.
THE ERL-KING HAS DONE ME A CRUEL HARM."



THE FATHER SHUDDERS, HIS RIDE IS WILD,
IN HIS ARMS HE'S HOLDING THE GROANING CHILD,
REACHES THE COURT WITH TOIL AND DREAD.
THE CHILD HE HELD IN HIS ARMS WAS DEAD.



BOOF



WOW. I FORGOT HOW GORGEOUS OTHER DIMENSIONS COULD BE.

AND DANGEROUS... KEEP YOUR WITS ABOUT YOU.

SHELLS. LUCAS WAS HERE.



HOPEFULLY HE HASN'T WANDERED TOO FAR.





WHAT IS THIS PLACE?

COULD BE ANY PLACE. THERE ARE NO RULES TO OTHER DIMENSIONS.

THIS COULD BE AN ALTERNATE WORLD OR SOMETHING STRAIGHT FROM THE IMAGINATION.



DO YOU THINK WE DID THE RIGHT THING LETTING VIVIAN AND DANTE GO AFTER THE VAMPIRES ALONE?

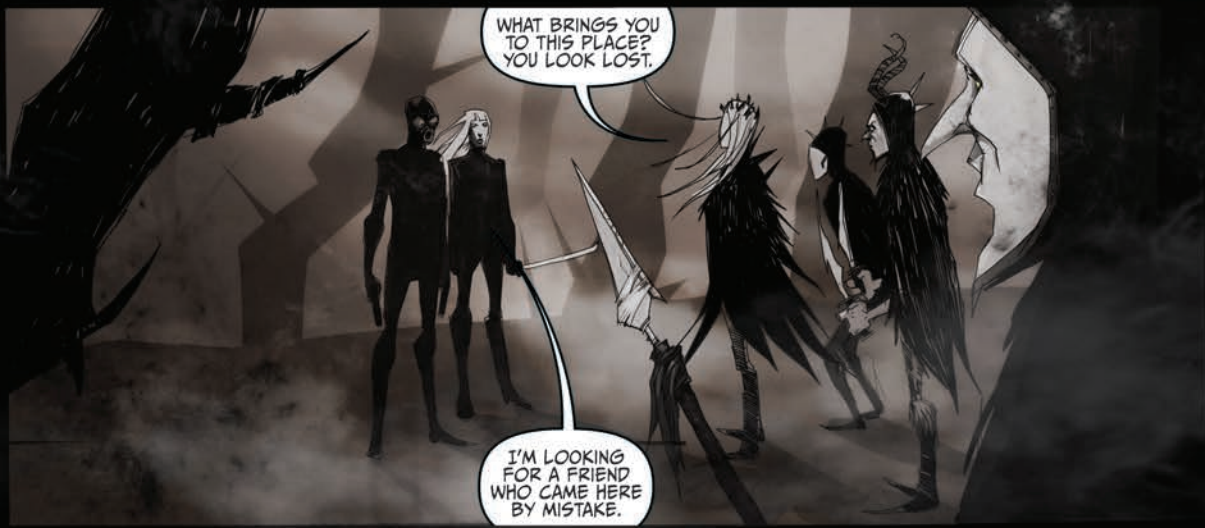
THEY'VE BEEN TRAINING HARD. SOONER OR LATER, WE HAVE TO TRUST THEM.

BESIDES, WE HAVE PLENTY TO DEAL WITH OURSELVES.

LOOK.



WELCOME TO OUR REALM, STRANGERS.



WHAT BRINGS YOU TO THIS PLACE? YOU LOOK LOST.

I'M LOOKING FOR A FRIEND WHO CAME HERE BY MISTAKE.



IS HE A CHILD? THIS IS A REALM FOR CHILDREN.

HE'S A MAN... SOMETIMES A WEREWOLF.



COME WITH ME TO MY FATHER'S HOME, AND WE WILL SEE ABOUT YOUR FRIEND.



I DON'T LIKE THE FEEL OF THIS. KEEP YOUR TRIGGER FINGER ITCHY.



ALWAYS DO, DEAR.