



LIFT EVERY VOICE AND SING TILL THEMYSKIRA RINGS WITH THE HARMONIES OF VICTORY

JOTUNHEIM. IN DAYS LONG PAST, THE SWEET CHIRPS OF SINGING BIRDS COULD BE HEARD--THE MELODIC SOUNDS OF NATURE THAT WOULD HERALD BOTH THE COMING DAWN.

BUT NOW, THE SOUNDS OF NATURE ARE DEAD, REPLACED BY AN IMPASSIONED DESPAIR--A SONG OF PROMISE AND HOPE THAT LONGS FOR BETTER DAYS.

THE AMAZON ANTHEM? NOW, IMANI??

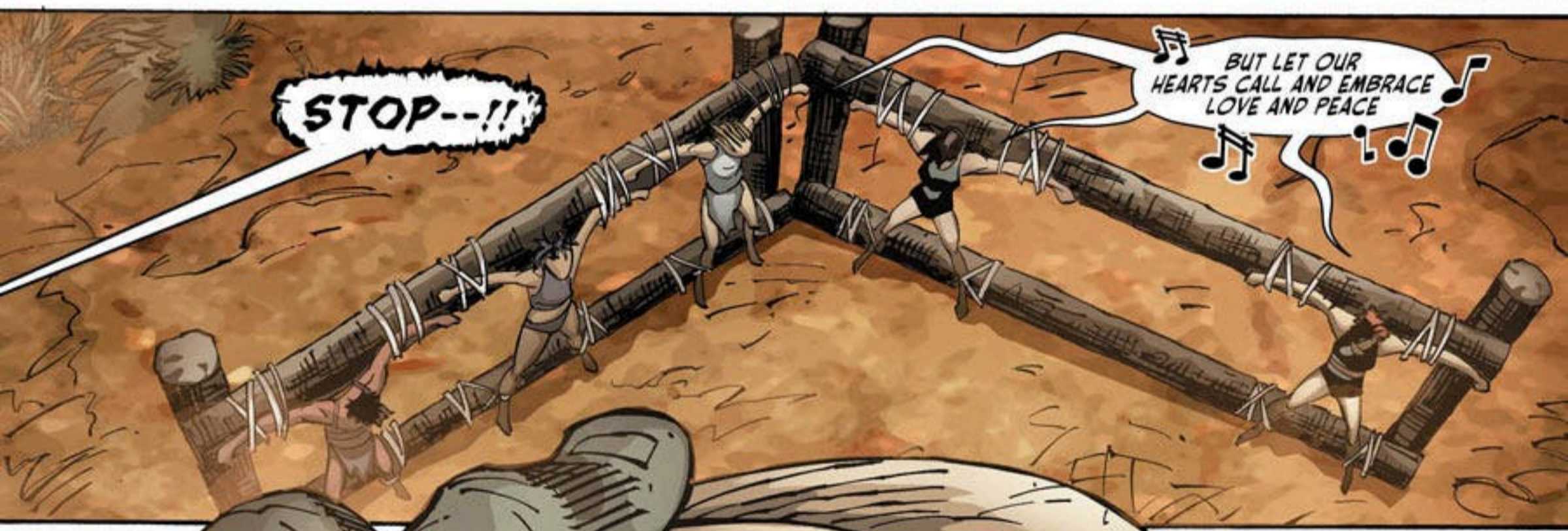
LET HER SING AS SHE WANTS, CHRISelda. PERHAPS IT WILL HELP US DRAW STRENGTH.

LET ARMS AND WEAPONS RISE HIGH AS THE OLYMPIAN SKIES



STOP--!!

BUT LET OUR HEARTS CALL AND EMBRACE LOVE AND PEACE



STOP THAT INFERNAL SCREECHING!! MY EARS ARE FIT TO BURST!!





IT IS A SONG OF HOPE, JOTUN. A HARMONIOUS CRIER OF THE FREEDOM TO COME!

HAHAHAH!!

NONE OF YOU WILL EVER LEAVE HERE, VALKYRIE WENCH. OF THAT YOU CAN BE SURE.



WAIT--
--THERE WERE SIX OF YOU HERE.
WHERE DID--?



HAI--!



-YAH!

AAHH!!



WELL DONE, DEMETRIA!

CRUNCH



UHH!

OH, HOW I HAVE WAITED FOR THIS MOMENT--

SSHHH

THANK HERA THAT DEMETRIA TOOK THE TIME TO WORK HER ARM FREE. IT WAS FORTUNATE THAT YOU JOTUNS WERE CARELESS AND DID NOT BIND HER AS TIGHTLY AS BEFORE.

NOT BAD FOR A "WENCH," EH, JOTUN?

MUSPELLHEIM.

BEFORE
THE ASSEMBLED
JOTUNS LOOMS THE
SCINTILLATING
BLACK SWORD.

IT IS THE "DRINKER
OF SOULS," THE "USHER OF
DEATH," THE "DESTROYER OF
REALMS," AND GROA, QUEEN OF
THE JOTUNS, COVETS ITS DARK
POWER FOR HERSELF.

THERE IT IS,
BROTHERS...

...THE BLACK
SWORD.

TO HOLD IT
IS TO CARVE THE
NINE WORLDS LIKE
WOOD AND RULE AS
ONLY TRUE JOTUNS
CAN.

STRANGE...
THAT MUSPELL
WOULD SEEM SO
DESOLATE. DEVOID
OF LIFE.

NOT
DEVOID OF
LIFE, JOTUN-
SPAWN.

JUST
NOT "LIFE"
AS YOU
KNOW IT.

YOU ENTER
THE LAND OF
MUSPELL UNINVITED.
TREAD FARTHER
AT YOUR OWN
PERIL.

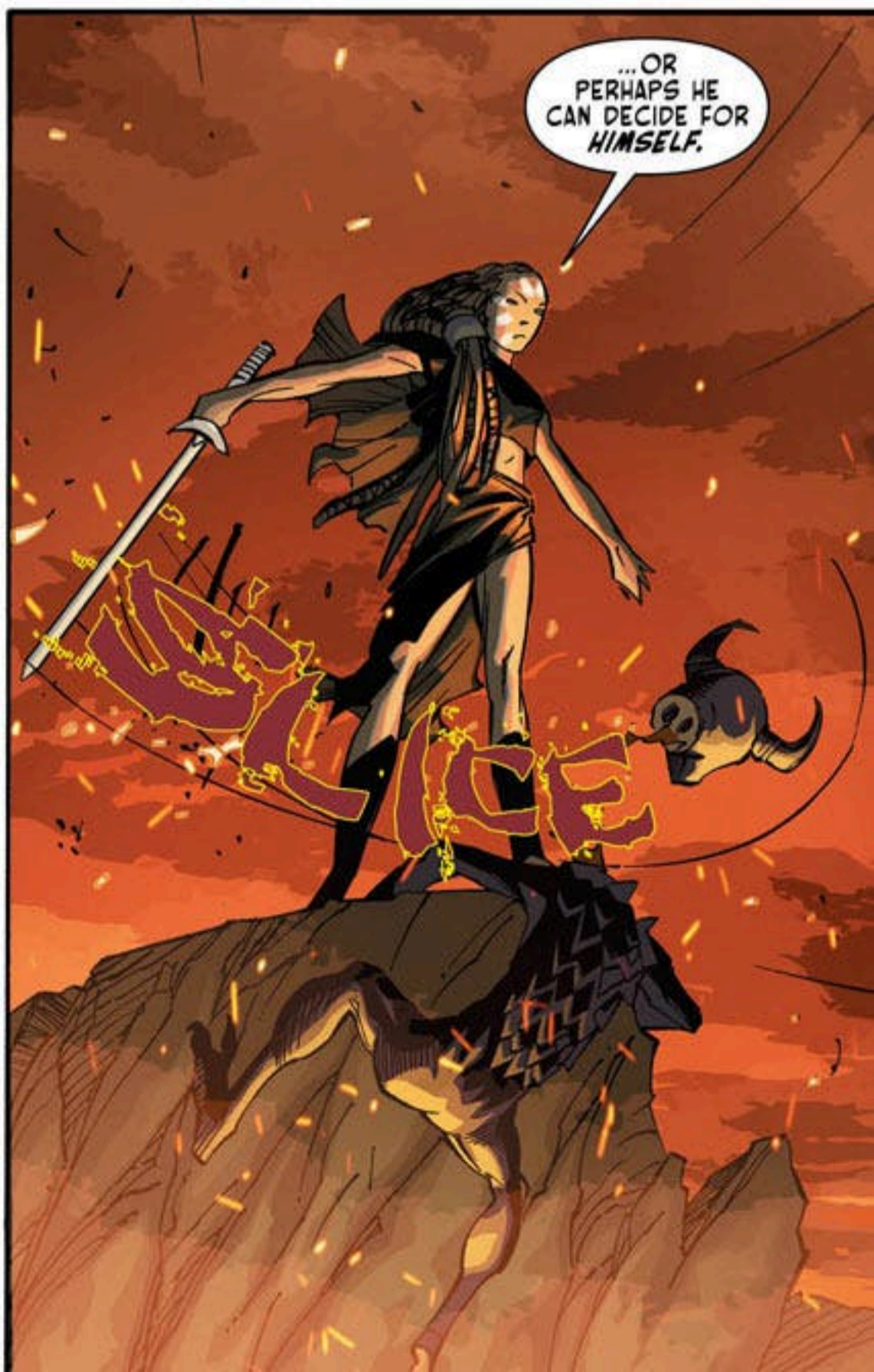


WE COME TO OFFER OUR SERVICES TO YOUR LORD AND MASTER.

HE WILL NOT SEE THE LIKES OF YOU.



PERHAPS...



... OR PERHAPS HE CAN DECIDE FOR HIMSELF.

REVENGE