

I've faced trying times of late.



I was stranded in a cold world made of steel and glass.



I faced the hordes of the dead in hell.



And I hopefully, once and for all, witnessed the death of the greatest evil this world has ever known.



But the travel forwards and backwards through time, in and out of the underworld...I found out I have been absent from my homelands for years. **YEARS.**

My hard-won reputation was all but forgotten.

HEEEAAAHHH--



I found myself with the need to work through some *rage*...



SHHHHHHHHHHHH



...and so I have come to spar with *Adin the Unkillable*.



Adin was cursed with the ability to wake every morning, *perfectly healed*, no matter what injury had befallen him the day before. They say even *death* could not hold him, once the sun rose.



...A *cruel fate* for one whose people view *dying in battle* as the *highest honor*.



Still, he makes the best of things, spending his days sparring with adventurers who can never truly harm him.

HOLD, SONJA!
WAIT!



I BELIEVE
YOUR SWORD
IS OUT OF
BALANCE.



HUNH.
SO IT
IS.



THERE IS A TOWN A HALF DAY'S RIDE WEST OF HERE...GO THERE. ASK FOR *BELO*. NO MAN ALIVE CRAFTS BETTER STEEL THAN HE. HE SHOULD EASILY BE ABLE TO RESTORE YOUR BLADE...AND THEN, WE CAN *PROPERLY* SPAR.

MY THANKS,
ADIN.

GOOD JOURNEY, SHE DEVIL. IT WAS NICE TO SEE YOU AGAIN.

LATER...



ARE YOU
BELO, OLD
MAN?

JUST
A MINUTE,
WOMAN! CAN'T
YOU SEE I'M
BUSY?



I'M NOT
BLIND.

OH! I THOUGHT
YOU WERE MY WIFE!
EVERYONE SOUNDS
ALIKE TO ME THESE
DAYS...

I'M SURE.
MY NAME IS
SONJA.

