

WILLINGHAM • DAVILA

LEGENDERRY

A STEAMPUNK ADVENTURE

DYNAMITE 6



SIX MONTHS LATER...

Day 137. I woke up as Sonja today, just as I spent all day yesterday.

WHISKEY IN A JAR. WHISKEY IN A JAR--

You warned me about relapses over the coming year, but I think they're finally over. I think Magna's gone at last.

DROP ME IN THE GUTTER, WHEN I'VE GONE TOO FAR--

Oddly though, I think I'll miss her. She could navigate the ways of city life better than I ever could.

HUH?

BARBARIAN DAZE

Chapter Six of **LEGENDERRRY**

I never learned how to properly read a wine list, or even a menu for that matter.

Unless you count loudly demanding "Meat! Grog!" when I enter a bar - which was usually a low dive.

PUMANOID!
DAMMIT!

RRRRRRRAAWWRRR!



And someday I'm going to have to deal with the fact that I might possibly have gotten slightly engaged during my year of being Magna.

I HATE YOU
GODS-CURSED
THINGS!

FREAKS OF
NATURE!

Not sure what I'm going to do there. Kit Walker seems a fine fellow, and he's certainly brave enough.

A CREATURE
CAN BE BIG OR IT
CAN BE QUIET!

BUT NOT
BOTH!

*But has he really even met me?
Sonja isn't Magna and vice versa.*

BOTH IS
CHEATING!

Ironically enough, I mostly miss Magna as if she were a long lost sister - exactly the way she remembered me, when I was her.

LOVELY.

Next time I run into The Phantom do I tell him it was my sister he fell in love with, but she died six months ago?

MY FAVORITE WAY TO SPEND THE DAY-TRACKING CLOVER THE COWARDLY WARHORSE.

Side note. I killed another pumanoid today. They're getting bigger.

MY FAULT, I SUPPOSE, FOR BUYING A WARHORSE IN A CIVILIZED TOWN, WITH NO MEMORY OF WHAT WAR ACTUALLY IS.

Then I spent the next three hours tracking Clover. She'd let me approach almost close enough to grab her reins, then run off again.

THERE NOW. THERE NOW.

NICE GIRL.

I think she was purposely screwing with me.

SONOFABITCH!

What kind of panky-assed name is Clover anyway? Warhorses should be named Fury, or Thunder, or Vengeance.



THAT'S RIGHT, GIRL.

I'M GOING TO SKEWER YOU ON A HUGE SPIT, AND SLOW ROAST YOU OVER AROMATIC OAKEN WOOD CHIPS, CUT DOWN FROM HUNDRED-YEAR-OLD BRANDY CASKS.

When this is all over, I swear by all the gods and most of the demons, I'm going to kill her, then cook her.

THEN I'M GOING TO FEED STEAKS AND CHOPS AND ROASTS OF YOU TO EVERY MAN, WOMAN AND CHILD IN A POOR VILLAGE.

FOR FREE—WHICH IS EXACTLY WHAT YOU'RE WORTH.



SONOFABITCH!



Day 138. I haven't slept since yesterday, so I can't precisely claim I woke up as Sonja again today. But I'm still her.

So then, if Magna's gone for good, as it seems she is, do I still have to keep up with this daily journal you foisted on me?

CLOVER! CLOVER!

—YOU FOX RIDDEN MONKEY WHORE—

