





PATIENCE?

IT'S BEEN THREE WEEKS!

PATIENCE, GID.

WE HAD THE SWORD WITHIN OUR GRASP!



AND NOW?

WE ARE LEFT WITH A SULKING ELF WHO DOES NOTHING BUT STARE UPWARDS,

A DWARVEN BARD FROM ANOTHER TIME,

A NOW VISIBLE ANCIENT CITY THAT WILL MOST LIKELY BE SACKED WITHIN THE YEAR

AND A SADISTIC WARLOCK WHO SPENDS HIS DAYS ATTEMPTING TO TRAIN SAND DRAGONS.



**SMASH**

WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE US DO?

WE ARE HUNTED YET HAVE MANAGED TO FIND A PLACE OF SANCTUARY HOWEVER TEMPORARY IT MAY BE.



**FWOOM**

IF WE CAN'T PLACATE AELLOON WITH THE SWORD OF TRUTH,



THEN LET US AT LEAST GATHER ENOUGH GOLD AND GEMS TO PURCHASE OURSELVES A TRUCE.

WE ARE WASTING OUR TIME HERE.



SHALL I LET THE OTHERS KNOW WE'LL BE SETTING OFF TOMORROW?

AYE, AND SET A FEW WARDING SPELLS AROUND THE CITY.



**CRASH**

THE SAND DRAGONS ARE HAVING ISSUES ACCEPTING ME AS THE ALPHA MALE.





