

OH NO.

SHADELINGS!

SKRAWN!

SKRAWN!

TRAITOR!

SPY!

SPY!

SKRAWN!

SKRAWN!

SPY!

GET OFF ME!
GET AWAY!

OUTSIDER!

SPY!

PRISONER!

SKRAWN!

SPY!

TRAITOR!

SKRAWN!

SPY!

SKRAWN!

MISTY!



Lair of the Thrawgg
The most dangerous place
in Grimoire

OH DEAR.
I THINK THERE'S
BEEN A TERRIBLE
MISUNDERSTANDING.

YOUR
PLEAS FOR
MERCY FALL ON
DEAF EARS.

YOUR REIGN
OF TERROR
IS OVER,
THRAWGG.

I'M
REALLY
NOT THE
THRAWGG.

I DON'T LOOK
ANYTHING LIKE
A THRAWGG.

WELL...
YOU'RE A
MONSTER, AREN'T
YOU? AND THIS IS
HIS LAIR.

THAT'S RUDE.
I THOUGHT YOU
WERE BETTER
THAN THAT,
PETE.

UH...
YOU WHAT?

THE THRAWGG
IS A GIANT
INDESTRUCTIBLE
FROG-BEAST THAT
DEVOURS MEN
WHOLE. IF I HAD MY
BESTIARY, I'D
SHOW YOU A—

WROWBURROWBURROW!!

OH, SEE;
THAT'S THE
THRAWGG.

THRAWGG.
MEGARANA
ABOMIPHIBII

THE MOST FEARED
CREATURE IN THE
SEVEN-OR-SO
KINGDOMS.

THRAWGG IS A GIANT
FROG MONSTER WITH
CORROSIVE SPIT,
CRUEL EYES, SKIN AS
TOUGH AS STEEL—

RUN!

OH
CRUMBS!

AND THE ABILITY TO
SUCK THE FLESH FROM
A MAN'S BONES IN THE
BEAT OF A HEART.

TERRITORY: THE BONE PITS,
THE SUBTERRANEAN
ENTRANCE TO GRIMOIRE.

UNGH!

DIET: LIVESTOCK;
ROCKS; BOYS WHO
ARE RUDE TO THEIR
MOTHERS—

KNIGHTS.

—APPROACH
WITH CAUTION.

DO NOT APPROACH.
EVER.

—BESTIARY
ATTENBORGIA.



SO, TELL ME ABOUT THIS PETE GUY. IS HE HANDSOME?

WHAT?

YOU HAVE TO MARRY HIM, RIGHT? SO IT HELPS IF HE'S HANDSOME.



I DON'T KNOW. I DON'T CARE ABOUT THINGS LIKE THAT.

AND I DON'T HAVE TO DO ANYTHING.

BESIDES, YOU DON'T LIKE ROYALTY.

NO, BUT I LIKE HANDSOME.



MAYBE WE SHOULD TALK ABOUT YOU.

WHY DID YOU AND FOGMOTH BREAK UP?

UGH!

HE TOOK THAT JOB AT THE PALACE. HE BECAME A JAILOR!



HE SAID THERE WEREN'T ANY PRISONERS, AND HE NEEDED MONEY TO OPEN HIS BAKERY.

BUT HE'S STILL PART OF THE SYSTEM.

THANKS, AUNTIE.

HE'S ALSO IN THE RIGHT PLACE TO HELP ME BRING IT DOWN.



THAT'S NOT WHY HE TOOK THE JOB.

IT'S WHAT HE CHOSE WHEN HE HAD A CHOICE.

YOU CAN STAND ON THE OUTSIDE AND DEMAND CHANGE, OR YOU CAN STAND ON THE INSIDE AND TRY TO MAKE IT.

I DON'T THINK ONE IS WRONG AND ONE IS RIGHT.



YOU'RE NOT GOING TO CONVINCE ME TO TAKE THE THRONE.

SOMEONE HAS TO DO IT.

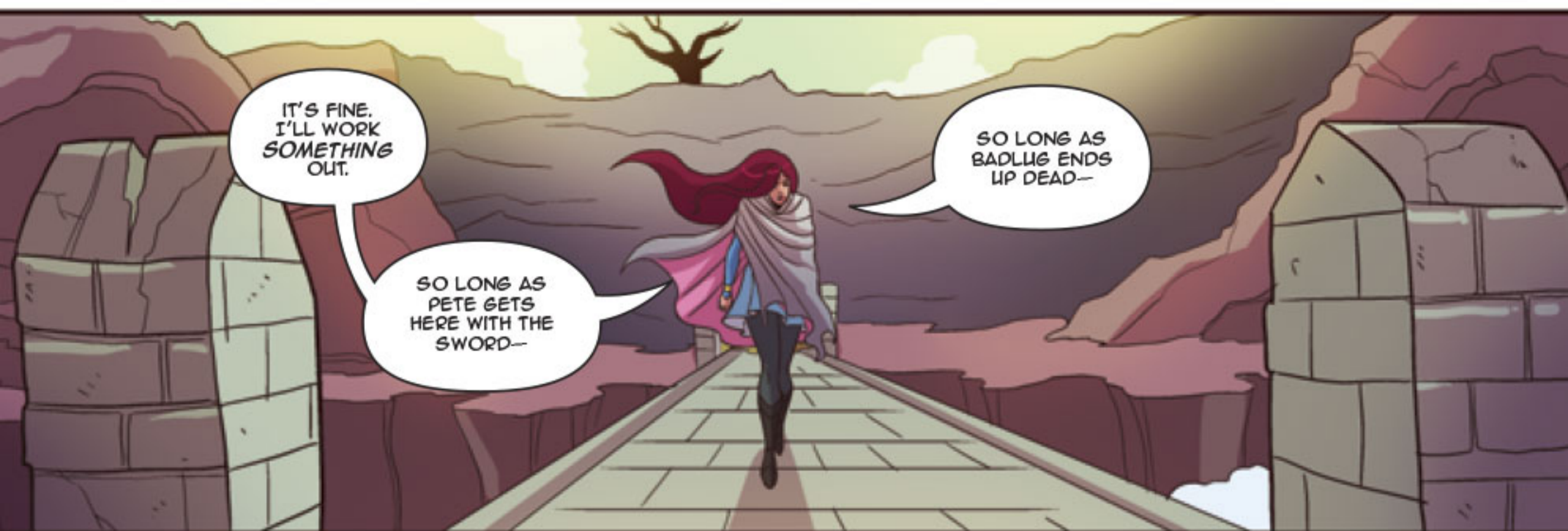
NO THEY DON'T. NO-ONE NEEDS A THRONE.



I KNOW THE WAY FROM HERE.

I'LL COME FIND YOU WHEN BADLUG IS DEAD.

I HOPE YOU GET THE CHANCE. GOOD LUCK, PRINCESS.



IT'S FINE. I'LL WORK SOMETHING OUT.

SO LONG AS PETE GETS HERE WITH THE SWORD—

SO LONG AS BADLUG ENDS UP DEAD—



BAD NEWS,
MY DEAR.

NO!

IT'S NOT
FINE. NOTHING
IS FINE.

WYRMOTHER
TOLD ME MY
BRIDE WAS
MISBEHAVING.

I THOUGHT
SHE WAS
MISTAKEN, BUT
HERE WE ARE.

WHAT HAVE
YOU BEEN UP TO,
LITTLE ONE? DID
YOU PLUNDER MY
TREASURY?



WYRMOTHER,
FIND AND EXECUTE
HER ATTENDANTS.
CHAIN HER UP IN
THE THRONE
ROOM.

WE WILL
BE MARRIED
AT DUSK.



AND DISPATCH
A MAN TO THE
BONE PITS. BRING
ME THE SWORD.