



WE OPEN
THE WELL
AND
ENTER.

BREATHE IN
ONE TASTE OF
THIS WORLD.
FOR
THOSE WHO
WRITHE IN THE
HORROR...

THERE
IS NO
RELEASE.

I KNOW WHAT
MY CHOICES
HAVE WROUGHT,
LADY TORGGA.



I KNOW MY
ESSENCE
BELONGS DOWN
BELOW THE
GREAT WELL.

THE
EXCELLENT
LIBRARIAN
WILL NOT
SEE ME.

I ACCEPT
THIS.



IT IS
INEVITABLE.

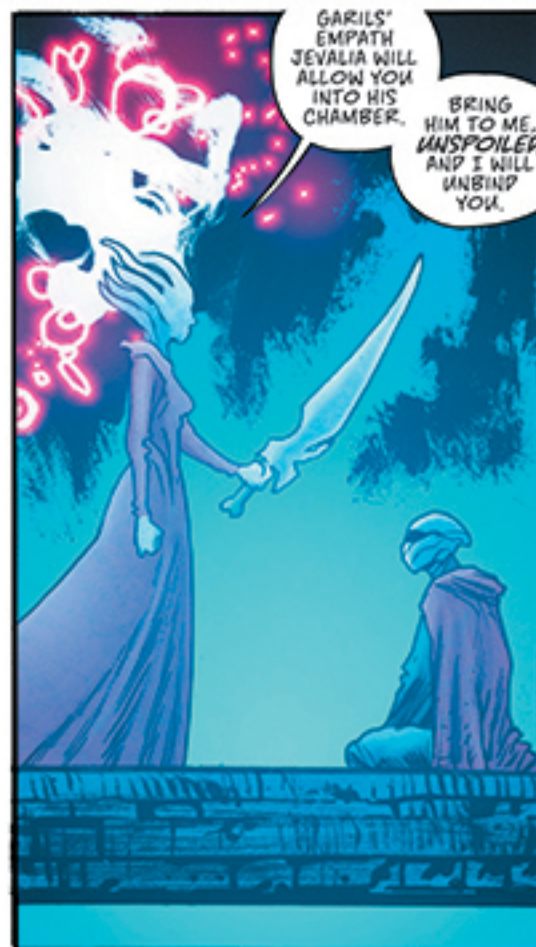
BUT THIS
WORLD, THE
PHYSICAL
PLANES OF
ZHAL... IT IS
WORSE.

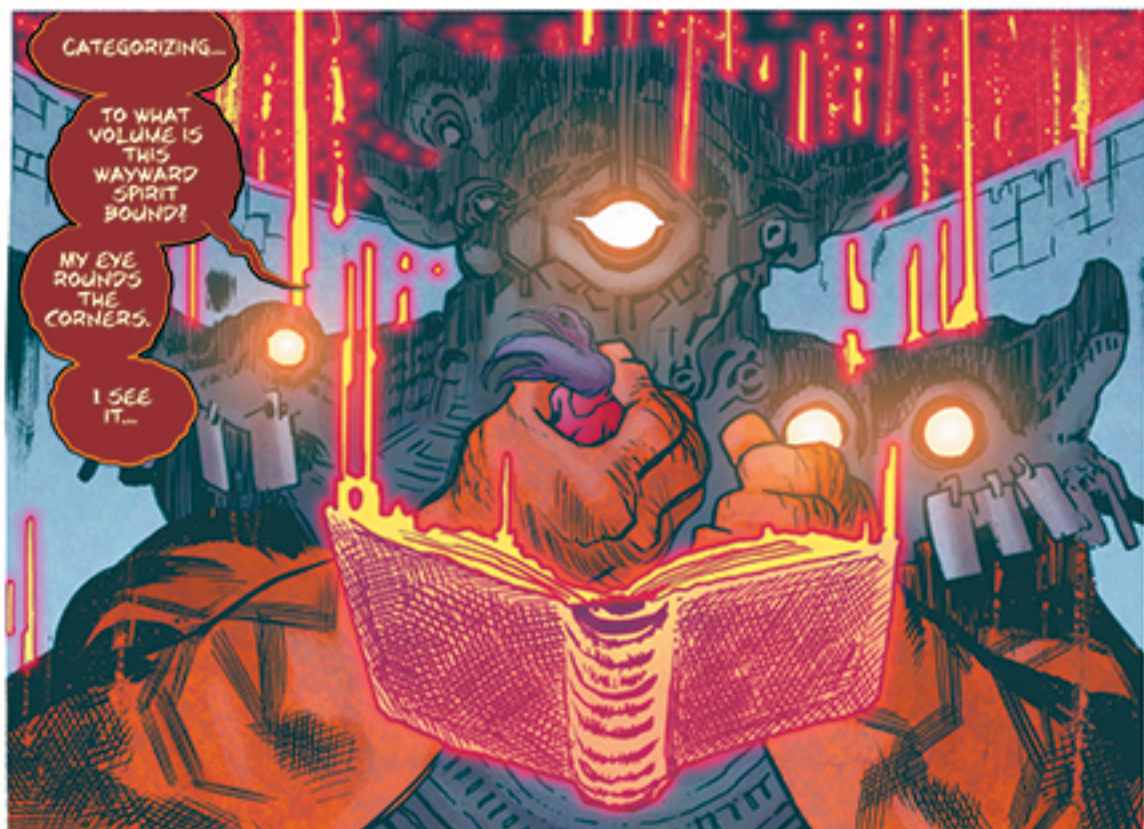
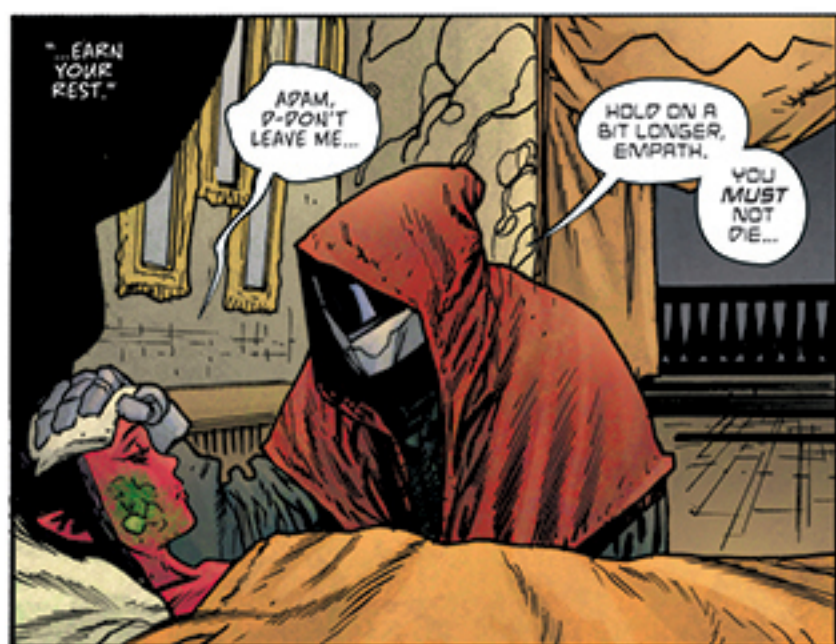
NOW THE
UNREDEEMABLE
GROVEL.



ONCE, IN
PRIDE, YOU
CURSED THIS
ARMOR.

THAT YOU WORE
SO WELL WHILE
SLAUGHTERING
BROTHER AND
SISTER.







YOU KNOW THAT MOSS.

YOUR OBSESSIVE GREEP WILL NOT BE SATIATED TODAY, LIBRARIAN.



SHE MUST WAKE UNTO THE SWAMP.



WHAT DO YOU HOPE TO DO?

IF I AM NOT TOO LATE I WILL DRAW THAT DANK PIT FROM HER HEART.

IF NOT...



"...SHE WILL BE FROZEN IN TERROR EVERMORE."

NOT ALL RESOURCES GO TO THE WELL, NEIGHBOR.

MINE IS THE HORROR OF ETERNAL RAGE...



"...AND HERS IS THE SUCULENT."

YERAGHH-!

OOF--!



YOU MEEDLE IN THIS?

YOU HAVE PONE YOUR DEAL.

PLAY NOT HERE, "BROTHER."

I'LL NOT LEAVE
MY NOBLE
BLOOD TO THIS
MOLD!

CRANK
THE DAMN
WHEEL,
GOSLOF!



SQUEAK
SQUEAK
SQUEAK
SQUEAK
SQUEAK
SQUEAK



REEG-LLOS-SHUGP



MOST...
BUT NOT
ALL.

A CURSE
LINGERS.



YOU'VE PUT
MY SISTER IN
DANGER.

AND
THOUGH I'VE
MANAGED TO
SAVE HER...



FIND
HIM.

"FIND THEM ALL."

NO--
PLEASE!



