

TOIL AND TROUBLE™

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...MADNESS. HOW CAN A DAGGER MADE OF AIR SEEM SO SOLID TO MY EYES?

OH, SMERTAE. HAVE YOU COME TO CRY AGAIN?

YOU SWORE AN OATH TO PROVE MACBETH UNWORTHY WITHOUT INTERFERENCE. BUT YOU NEVER COULD STAND TO LOSE; COULD YOU, RIATA?

RIATA'S MEDDLING FORFEITS HER ARGUMENT. MACBETH MUST BE DEEMED WORTHY TO BE KING.

SMERTAE, THIS MAN HAS NOT BEEN BLAMELESS. HE MAY YET COMMIT MURDER THIS NIGHT.

UNDER HER INFLUENCE! SHOW ME THE MORTAL THAT CAN STAND AGAINST THAT.

I CAN'T IN GOOD FAITH--

GOOD FAITH?!



YOU WON'T DO IT, WILL YOU?

YOU'LL CAST NO JUDGMENT EITHER WAY. YOU NEVER INTENDED TO.

I HAD HOPED YOU WOULDN'T NEED ME TO. I WANTED YOU BOTH TO COME TOGETHER. TO SEE HOW MUCH OUR FAMILY MEANS.

SHE EXILED ME! PUSHED ME INTO THE SEA! WHERE WAS YOUR 'TOGETHERNESS' THEN?



WHERE WAS OUR 'FAMILY' WHEN YOU HAD ME KILL MY SON!



SON? YOU WERE HIS NURSEMAID, HIS SHADOW. YOU OVERSTEPPED YOUR BOUNDS, CROWNING HIM IN YOUR MIND LONG BEFORE CONSULTING US.

YOU GLUED HIS WINGS TOGETHER AND CRIED WHEN THEY MELTED.




LULACH WAS NO BLOOD OF YOURS.

NO...



BUT
NEITHER
ARE YOU.




...THE BELL INVITES
ME. GRUOCH WILL HAVE
DRUGGED DUNCAN'S
GUARDS, AND NONE OF
THEM WILL ESCAPE
THEIR SLUMBER.

I CALL YOU AN
OATHBREAKER.
I DEMAND A
HARROWING.

NO! RIATA,
DON'T--

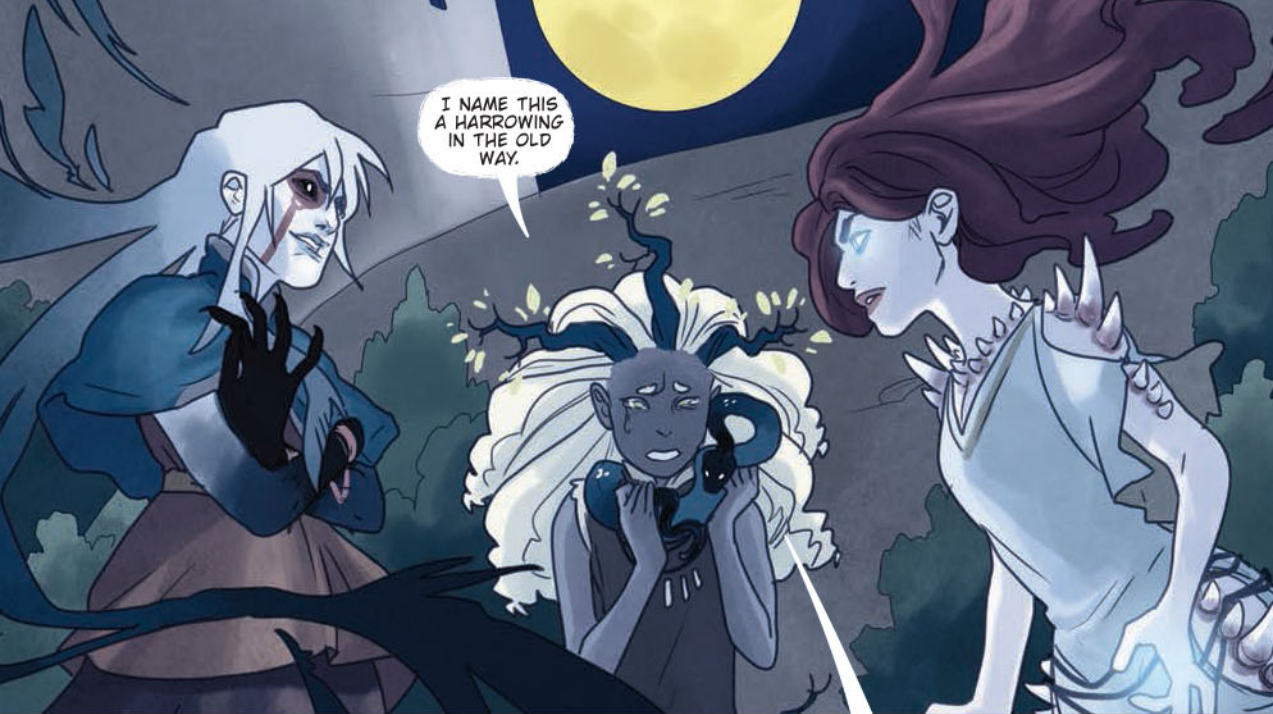
AND I
ACCEPT.



...BY THE NINE
SACRED WOODS, I
SWEAR YOU WILL
BOTH REGRET
THIS.



SO MOTE
IT BE.



I NAME THIS A HARROWING IN THE OLD WAY.



AND AS THIS MACBETH IS TO CULL ONE OF US FROM THE EARTH, LET HIM, TOO, BE HARVESTED.



THREE ROUNDS IN THREE REALMS SHALL YOU FIGHT.

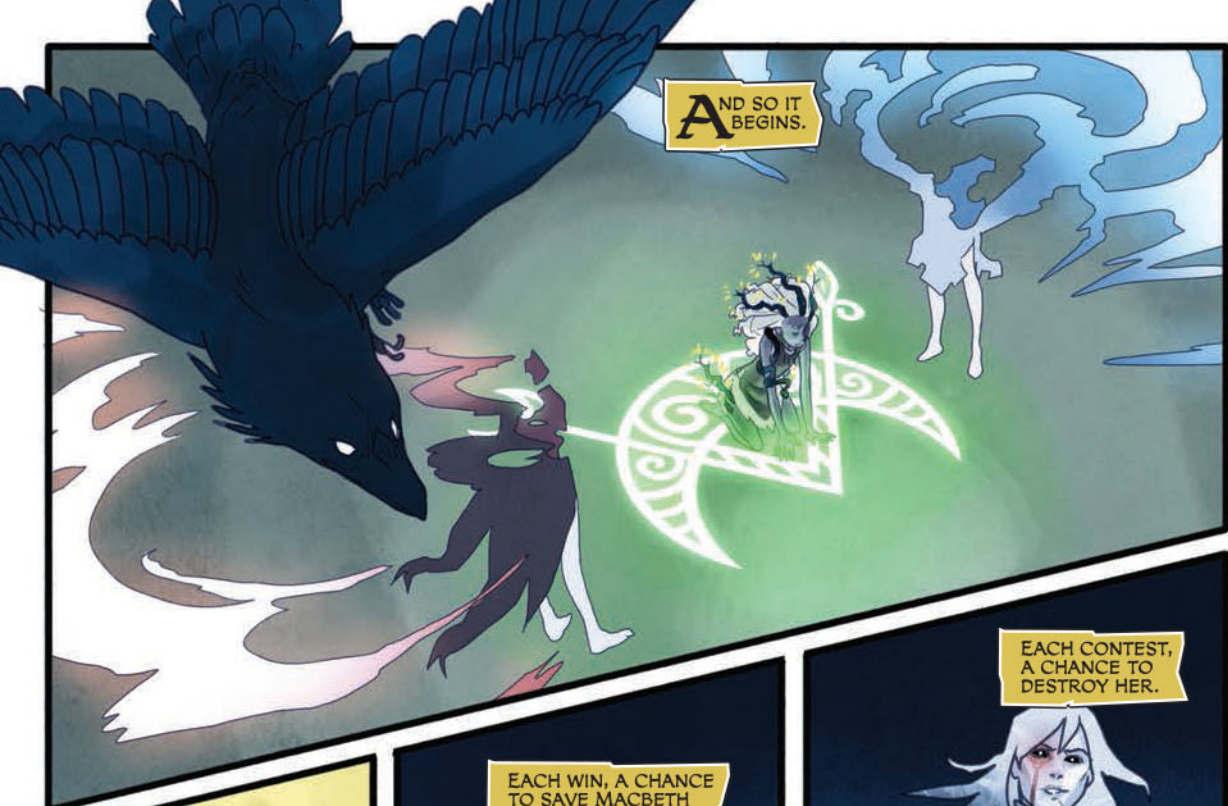


THE SEA BELOW SHALL HOLD HIS MEMORIES. THE SKIES ABOVE, HIS THOUGHTS. THE LAND ITSELF, HIS HEART.



WIN THE FIGHT, WIN THE MAN AND WIN THE FATE OF YOUR OPPONENT.

MAY THE GODS FORGIVE US ALL.



AND SO IT BEGINS.



THREE REALMS...AND THREE VICTORIES.



EACH WIN, A CHANCE TO SAVE MACBETH FROM RIATA.

YOUR REALM FIRST, SISTER.



EACH CONTEST, A CHANCE TO DESTROY HER.

BUT DON'T THINK THAT AN ADVANTAGE.