

# NIGHTS DOMINION

ISSUE 5

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**F**or the first time in his life, the Magus did something unselfish—he doused a few Blacksheares agents in liquid fire when they demanded payment from the bankrupted temple where the Acolyte lived. Unfortunately, the flames soon spread throughout the temple, and the Magus himself was seriously injured. Before long, the whole company was back together: Emerane, Asp, Magus, Bard, and Acolyte. But it seemed too late to save the temple. At least until the citizens of Umber began picking up buckets of water, working together under the Bard's leadership to douse the flame.

Their bigger worry, however, was the undead army approaching from the Tower of Uhlume.

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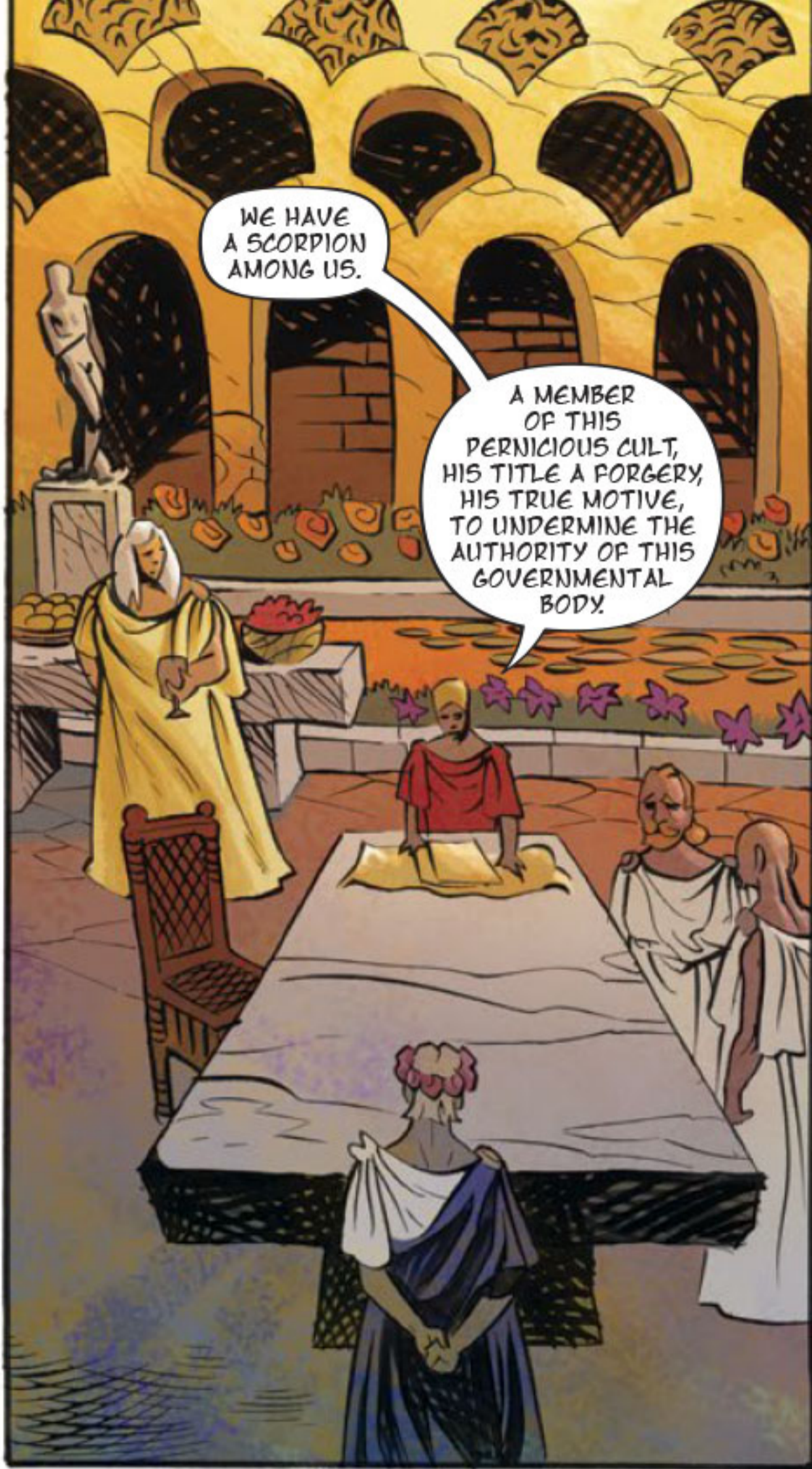
PUBLISHED BY ONI PRESS, INC.

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Printed in the U.S.A



WE HAVE A SCORPION AMONG US.

A MEMBER OF THIS PERNICIOUS CULT, HIS TITLE A FORGERY, HIS TRUE MOTIVE, TO UNDERMINE THE AUTHORITY OF THIS GOVERNMENTAL BODY.



ENOUGH. WE DID NOT ASSEMBLE TO HEAR YOUR PETTY ATTEMPTS TO SLANDER MY NAME.

WE MUST SELECT A NEW PRIME MINISTER. I NOMINATE MYSELF.



I SECOND THE NOMINATION.

I...



...NOMINATE LADY MADRAS.



I NOMINATE MYSELF

YOU DARE!



OF COURSE YOU DO, LORD DRUMPE

THEN IT'S A RUN-OFF BETWEEN YOU AND I, MY LADY. WE'LL SEE WHO--

SOLEDAD HAS NOT VOTED.





BY THE GODS!



OYA, WINDCHANGER, IF YOU'VE EVER TOUCHED THE FATE OF THIS WORLD, YOU MUST DO SO NOW.

IF THERE WAS EVER A LAST, DESPERATE NEED, THIS IS IT.



IF UHLUME HAS HIS WAY, THIS BEAUTIFUL, DESPERATE WORLD, THE WORLD YOU CREATED, WILL HAVE MEANT NOTHING AT ALL. HE DOESN'T JUST WANT OUR END. HE WANTS YOURS!

PLEASE, LISTEN!





SEVEN HELLS, WHAT A SICKLY SENSATION.

HOW DID YOU DO THAT?



A NIGHT STONE. LEGEND SAYS THEY COME FROM THE SHORES OF UHLUME'S REALM.

MY OLD MASTER LEFT IT TO ME. HE NEVER DARED USE IT.



NOR DID I, TILL NOW. HE CALLED IT NECROMANCY, A LOST ART BEST LEFT FORGOTTEN.

BUT SOMEONE STILL PRACTICES IT. THESE REVENANTS...



YOUR TIME IS AT AN END, OLD POOL!

SPEARS UP, MEN!

SIR, LOOK OUT!!

**AAERGH!**





INTO THE TEMPLE! LIKE IN OLDEN TIMES. ITS STRONG WALLS SHALL BE OUR REFUGE!

THIS AIN'T OLDEN TIMES, SIRRAH.



LOOKS LIKE THE DAMNED THING'LL FALL IN ON US.



ARE YOU HERE? ARE YOU LISTENING? PLEASE...



WE'RE SO SMALL AND HELPLESS. WE NEED YOU.



AND THE GODS? WHAT OF THEIR NEEDS?





YOU ABANDONED THEM. WHY WOULD THEY LINGER HERE?

MY MASTER DEVOTED HIS LIFE TO THIS TEMPLE. HE BELIEVED. HE...WE... RISKED EVERYTHING TO KEEP THESE DOORS OPEN.



THOSE PEOPLE SAVED THIS PLACE FROM THE FIRE. IS THAT NOT WORTH SOMETHING?



BRING THEM IN.

IT MAY PROTECT THEM. OR IT MAY NOT.

THAT'S NOT MUCH OF A PROMISE.



ONLY ONE GOD MAKES PROMISES, BOY. AND HE ONLY PROMISES ONE THING.



WE NEED TO BARRICADE THESE DOORS. LET'S GET THOSE BENCHES OVER HERE.

LET US THANK THE GODS FOR THIS CHANCE.

I AIN'T MUCH DISPOSED TO PRAYING, OLD MAN. DON'T RECKON THE GODS'D CARE TO HEAR WHAT I GOT TO SAY TO EM.



OF COURSE THEY WOULD. EVEN IF YOU'RE ANGRY. EVEN IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE. JUST OPEN A DIALOG IN YOUR HEARTS.



THE GODS OF OLD AREN'T LIKE UHLUME. THEY NEVER DEMANDED BLIND DEVOTION, MERELY TO BE ACKNOWLEDGED.

NO ONE LIKES TO BE MADE TO FEEL THEY DON'T EXIST.



HOW ARE YOU FEELING, WIKAN? AFTER LAST NIGHT--

I'M SURPRISINGLY WELL, THANKS. PERHAPS YOUR LITTLE TALISMANS WORK AFTER ALL. OR ELSE THERE'S SOMETHING IN THAT WATER.



YOUR GUESS IS AS GOOD AS MINE, FRIEND.



ARAM! WHAT WORD FROM NORTHGATE?

THE ARMY IS FIVE DAYS AWAY. WHAT FEW RESERVES WE HAVE ARE DISPATCHED TO THE SQUARE. IT'S DIRE, SIR.

WHAT NOW?

THE REST OF THE CITY CAN GO TO HELL, BUT I'M DEFENDING THE ROOKERY. THIS IS MY HOME.



WHEN THE FIRE REACHES YOUR DOORSTEP, IT'S TOO LATE. FAREWELL, FRIENDS.

THEY'RE COMING AGAIN!



PROTECT THE WOMEN AND CHILDREN!

HOLD THE LINE!

MEN OF UMBER! SURRENDER YOUR LEADER AND REJOICE!



FOR UHLUME IS COME TO END YOUR SUFFERING.



HE WANTS YOU, SIR.

SO IT SEEMS.



NO!

THIS IS MY STREET, DEATH WORSHIPPER. YOU WOULD TAKE IT? IT WILL COST YOU DEAR.

WHO THE DEVIL IS SHE?



YOU KNOW ME WELL, OLD MAN.