



VALIANT

ETERNAL WARRIOR

DAYS OF STEEL

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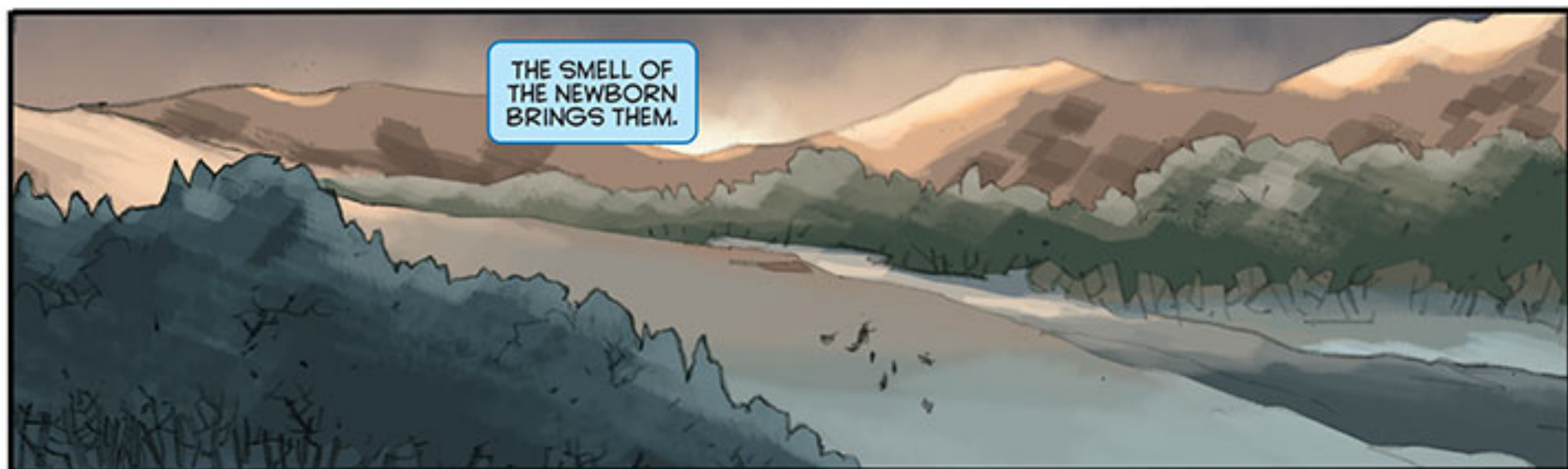
The story so far..



Gilad Anni-Padda is an immortal...and he has spent millennia in combat. Serving at the behest of the Geomancer—who hears the voice of the Earth, and relays its commands—Gilad is the Eternal Warrior.

Fed up with countless lifetimes of warfare, Gilad has eluded the Geomancer in search of inner peace. But when the Magyars invaded the land of the Franks, the Geomancer took the form of a talking crow to track down the Eternal Warrior and give him a mission...a Frankish child, born under a blood moon and carrying its mark, will grow to become the savior of his people. The Eternal Warrior must guard that child.

But when Gilad finds him, a Magyar soldier is terrorizing the child's parents. And when Gilad fights back, the blade-wielding Magyar threatens to kill both mother and baby!



THE SMELL OF THE NEWBORN BRINGS THEM.



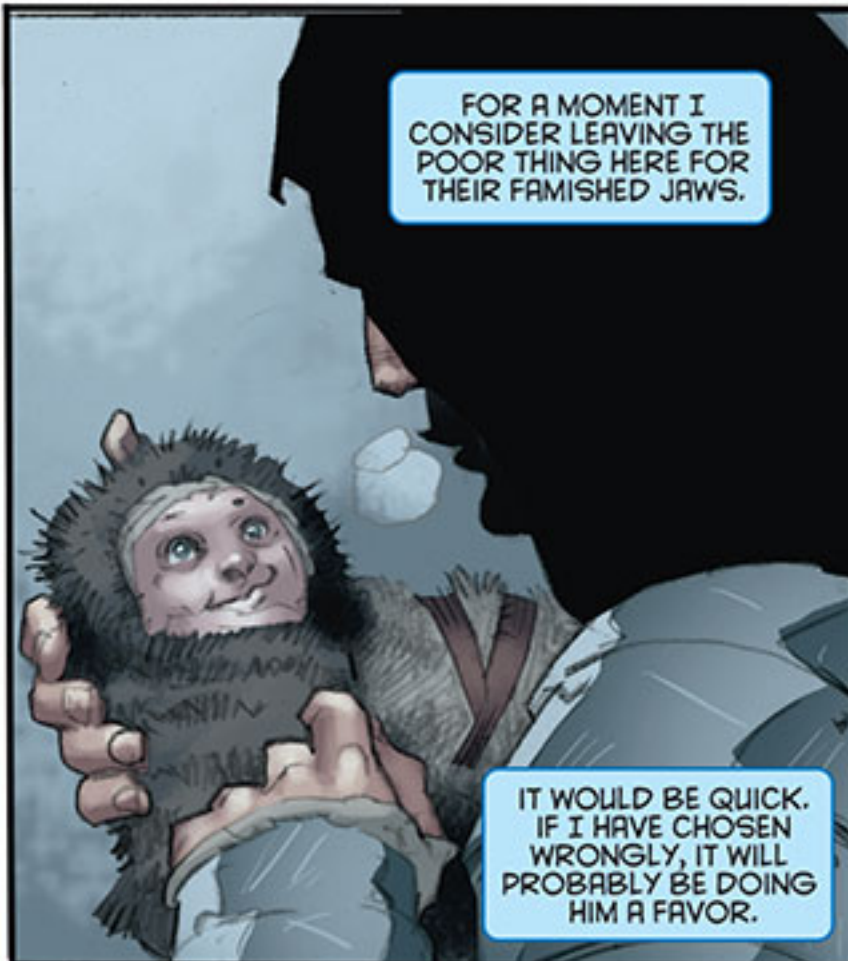
WOLVES, WINTER-HUNGRY. PERHAPS SENSING THE BABY'S *WEAKNESS*.

I CHOSE THE FIRSTBORN.

THE ONE WITH THE CLEARER MARK.



MAYBE THE WOLVES SENSE THAT I CHOSE THE *RUNT*.



FOR A MOMENT I CONSIDER LEAVING THE POOR THING HERE FOR THEIR FAMISHED JAWS.

IT WOULD BE QUICK. IF I HAVE CHOSEN WRONGLY, IT WILL PROBABLY BE DOING HIM A FAVOR.

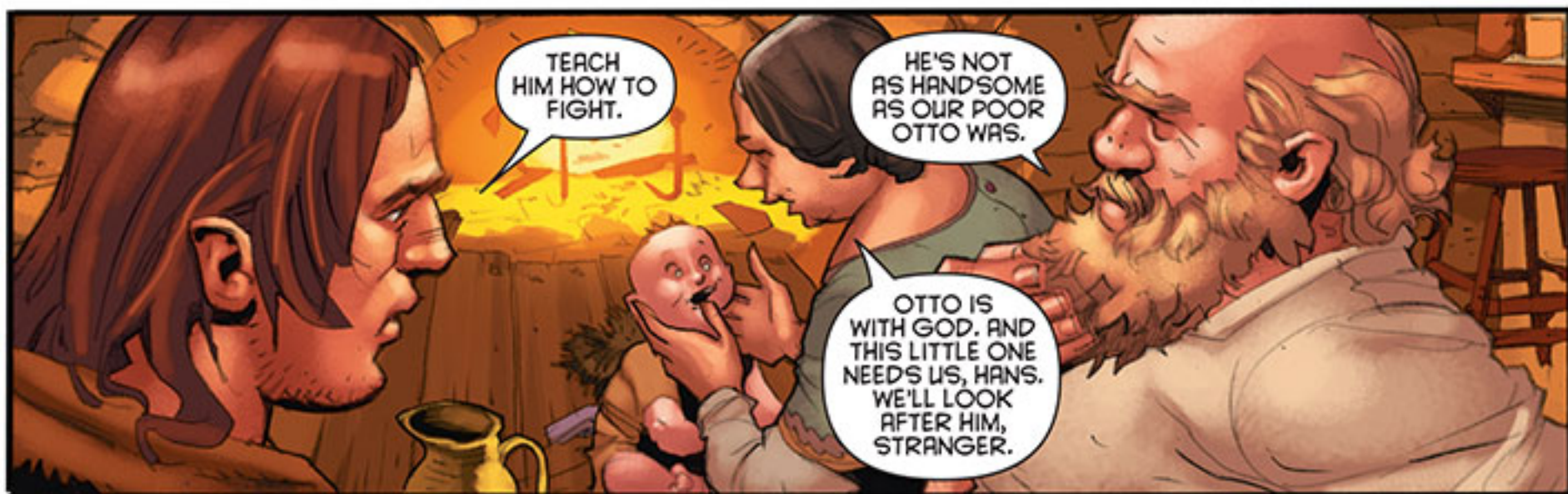


THE MOMENT
PASSES.

BUT THE BABE WILL
NEED A STABLE HOME.
SOMEWHERE I CAN VISIT.

AND WATCH OVER
FROM AFAR.

RAISE
THE CHILD AS YOUR
OWN. BUT RAISE HIM
STRONG.



TEACH
HIM HOW TO
FIGHT.

HE'S NOT
AS HANDSOME
AS OUR POOR
OTTO WAS.

OTTO IS
WITH GOD. AND
THIS LITTLE ONE
NEEDS US, HANS.
WE'LL LOOK
AFTER HIM,
STRANGER.



OVER THE
YEARS I RETURN
AND TRY TO HELP
THE CHILD.

WHEN I WAS FOUR MY
FATHER TAUGHT ME HOW
TO KILL A MAN WITH ONE
THRUST OF A SWORD.



WAHHHHH!

I TELL MYSELF HE MIGHT
CHANGE. THE MAMA'S
BOY MIGHT YET GROW TO
BE A FIERCE WARRIOR.

HE MIGHT YET BE THE
SAVIOR OF HIS PEOPLE.

I'D INTENDED SPENDING TIME
IN THE WARMER CLIMES OF
MY ANCESTRAL HOMELANDS.

I HAD INTENDED FORGETTING
ALL ABOUT THE WAR-RAVAGED
LANDS OF THE FRANKS.



BUT I FIND I'VE BECOME
INTERESTED IN THE PLIGHT
OF THESE PEOPLE.

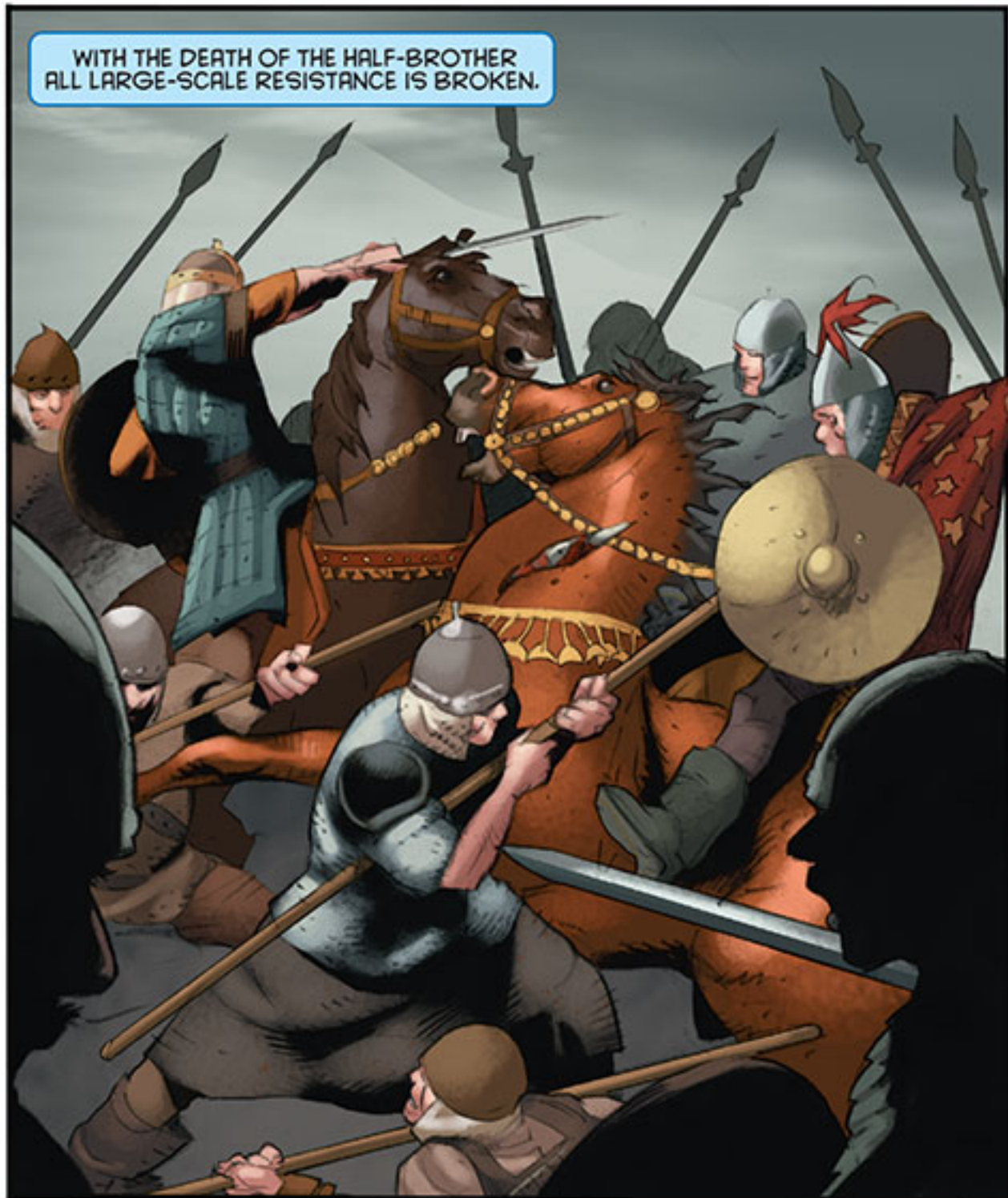
AND WHEN A HALF-BROTHER
OF A DISPOSED FRANKISH
PRINCE STAGES A FIGHT
BACK, I'M DRAWN INTO
THE BATTLE.



AT LEAST, I STOP IT
TURNING INTO A
COMPLETE MASSACRE.



WITH THE DEATH OF THE HALF-BROTHER
ALL LARGE-SCALE RESISTANCE IS BROKEN.



STILL, OVER THE YEARS
I CONTINUE TO FIGHT.



A SKIRMISH HERE, A
RETRIBUTION THERE.

I DON'T WISH TO
CHANGE HISTORY SO MUCH
AS *SLOW IT DOWN*.

I WANT MY BOY
TO HAVE A *CHANCE*
WHEN HE GROWS.



I WANT THERE TO BE A PEOPLE
AND CULTURE *LEFT* TO BE SAVED.



MANY TIMES AS I REST
WEARY BONES AND CLEAN
MAGYAR BLOOD FROM MY
AXE I THINK ABOUT HIM.

I THINK OF HIM LEARNING
TO FIGHT. HIS MUSCLES
HARDENING. HIS RAGE AT
WHAT'S HAPPENED TO HIS
PEOPLE GROWING...



IF I WERE A FALCON HIGH, I'D SOAR THROUGH WEeping SKY--

O'ER GRAVEYARD, BATTLEFIELD AND--

WHAPP



ENOUGH!

LIGNH!



POETRY? POETRY IS FOR GIRLS.

H-HOMER WAS NO GIRL.

TO HELL WITH HOMER, WHOEVER HE IS. POETRY WON'T PAY THE *BILLS*. OUR MAGYAR GUESTS WANT ALE.

P-PERHAPS... PERHAPS...



PERHAPS I CAN PLAY THEM AN *AIR*.

GIVE THEM BEER, CHILD, NOT SONG.

IT MIGHT SOOTHE THEIR ILL TEMPER.



BEER!!