

I WAS JUST A SHEPHERD'S APPRENTICE WHEN IT BEGAN. I HAD DREAMS OF MOVING TO KELODIA AND BECOMING A SQUIRE, BUT NOT MANY PEOPLE EVER LEAVE GREEN VALLEY.

ALMOST EVERYONE HERE WAS BORN HERE, WE'RE ROOTED LIKE THE TREES.

UM, YES, YOU'LL FORGIVE ME, PERCIVAL, BUT WHAT ON EARTH IS THAT THING IN THE SKY?

THE TEARS IN THE SKY STARTED A MONTH OR SO AFTER CYRIL ARRIVED.

THERE ARE OTHERS, SMALLER ONES, IN THE WOODS. THEY KILL THE PLANTS AROUND THEM, AND DRIVE MEN WHO LOOK INTO THEM MAD.

BEG PARDON, BUT "CYRIL?"

CYRIL THE BLACK. THE SORCERER. HE CAME ONE NIGHT DURING A HUGE STORM. LIGHTNING AS YOU'VE NEVER SEEN IT.

PURPLE LIGHTNING.

SHEHE

SOMETHING FUNNY, "DRAGON-SLAYER?"

NO, I JUST--WELL, PERCIVAL, "PURPLE LIGHTNING," IT'S NOT--

HALT.



