



Elgyr, City of Tiggvants, was the richest trading hub along Uten's border with Siggia.




The city's merchants thanked the gods for their wealth by erecting massive pyramids in their honor and living every waking moment in their shadow.




From all directions across the known world every race and nation came to trade spices, furs, precious gems, animals, human beings, weapons, and the soldiers to wield them.

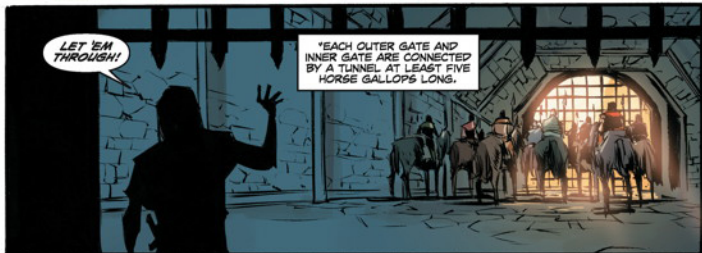


and so eight gates Elgyr had in her mighty walls, one for each point on the compass rose.



The best mercenary companies money could buy manned the twin cracks of each portcullis.







"THE CEILING IS COVERED
IN MURDER HOLES..."



"...WATCHED OVER BY
TIRELESS ARCHERS PLIED
WITH AN ENDLESS SUPPLY
OF RED LOTUS."



AN
ARMY IS A
DIFFICULT
THING TO
HIPE.



EVEN IF WE COULD BREACH THE
OUTER GATES, THEY WOULD HAVE
THE INNER GATE CLOSED OFF, AND
WE'D BE TRAPPED LIKE FISH
IN A CHANNEL, BRISTLING
WITH ARROWS.



AYE.

"AYE"?
SMITH'S
SON SAYS,
"AYE"?
ALREADY
GIVING UP,
ARE WE?

NO.



YOU FORGET
A THING, PRINCE
ALMURIC.

AND
WHAT IS THAT,
MATAK?

WE ARE
MEN OF
KUSH.

