

Heavy Metal Presents:

Michael Moorcock's

The Swords of Heaven,

the Flowers of Hell

By Howard V. Chaykin



©1979 J.F.

Heavy Metal Presents:

*The Swords of
Heaven,
the Flowers of
Hell*

By Howard V. Chaykin
Conceived by Michael Moorcock

The Swords of Heaven, the Flowers of Hell

The Swords of Heaven, the Flowers of Hell, copyright © 1979, Howard V. Chaykin and Michael Moorcock.
All rights reserved. Nothing may be reprinted in whole or in part without written permission from the publisher.

Published by HM Communications, Inc., 635 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022.

In the United Kingdom, *Swords of Heaven, the Flowers of Hell*, is a Star Book.

Published in 1979 by the paperback division of W.H. Allen and Co. Ltd., a Howard
and Wyndham Company, 44 Hill Street, London, W1X 8LB, England.

ISBN 0352-306-815

Edited by Julie Simmons

Design Director: John Workman

Copy Editor: Sheila Feldman

Art Assistant: Mimi Maxwell

For Leslie, for the best reasons.

An enormous thank-you to Peter Kuper, whose assistance on this project was invaluable.

Introduction

by Michael Moorcock

Readers who have followed the long Eternal Champion cycle will know that I completed it several years ago with a sequence of books known as *The Chronicles of Castle Brass*. That sequence was designed to bring all the threads together. Since then, however, I have had a good many letters asking me for another book dealing with John Daker/Erekosë/Urlik Skarsol, hero of *The Eternal Champion* and its sequel, *Phoenix in Obsidian* (retitled in the US *The Silver Warriors*). I believed that there was little fresh material I could add to the saga, so I resisted the idea. It is all too easy for writers to be lured into self-parody; and on past occasions I have come either dangerously close or succumbed, depending on your point of view. Then came the opportunity to produce a detailed outline for Howard Chaykin, one of the very few illustrators associated with comics whom I admire. The chance to offer Chaykin something that would enable him to employ his considerable gifts of dramatic action and narrative skill was far too tempting for me. Moreover, it meant that I could add to the Eternal Champion cycle, could produce the third John Daker volume, and not fall into the trap of stylistic self-parody or simple weariness that one finds in so many long-lasting series.





I have not written a lot in the way of comic strips for many years. Much of my early free-lancing (from the age of fifteen) was for comics. I wrote rafts of scripts for the English weekly and monthly magazines, doing everything from Westerns to SF. Among the characters I wrote about were Dogfight Dixon, RFC, Dick Daring of the Mounties, Buck Jones, Kit Carson, Buffalo Bill, Captain Condor of the Space Patrol, Jet Ace Logan, Danny Jones and his time machine, The Spider, Dick Turpin, Karl the Viking (drawn by the great Don Lawrence), Olac the Gladiator; and among my finest moments, a comic strip "Life of Constantine, the First Christian Emperor" and a comic strip "Life of Alexander the Great." I also did a great deal of scripting for a weekly called *Bible Story*, which was one of the best-paying markets at the time, and was distinctive in that everyone who worked on it became, after a while, a thoroughgoing atheist. I worked with some excellent artists including Frank Hampson (of "Dan Dare" fame) and the Embleton brothers. With photogravure, the English comics at that time were far more ambitious than their US counterparts and tended to go for good drawing rather than the sensationalism associated with, for instance, many of the Marvel artists. As a result, though, I became sick of comics. When people began to dignify perfectly respectable comic work with titles like "graphic narrative art" (French intellectuals, who can't leave anything alone, started that stuff in the sixties), I found myself turning my back on it. I wrote part of the "Jerry Cornelius" strip for *International Times*, largely in order to send up the more idiotic aspects of the alternative society; and that was about all I would do.

My reaction against the more elaborate and ambitious forms of comic books (whether in hardcover or not) remained with me for many years until I began to notice the work of Howard Chaykin, who seemed to me to be superior both in his draftsmanship and his composition. I am a great admirer of the so-called Golden Age illustrators—Howard Pyle, Charles Robinson, W. Heath Robinson, Willy Pogany, and several others—and I thought that Chaykin, in a very different way, was developing this tradition rather than merely imitating it as so many lesser draftsmen seemed to be doing. I enjoyed, as well, the powerful and concentrated romanticism of his short-lived "Iron Wolf" comic, his "Cody Starbuck" stories in *Star*Reach*; and I was delighted by his ability to pack an enormous amount of action into a single frame. When I at last met Chaykin a few years ago in New York, I was pleased to learn that he showed a sophisticated familiarity for the work of the Golden Age illustrators (most American artists are not at all familiar with them). It was a relief to talk to Chaykin because he used none of the earnest bullshit one had come to expect from some of his contemporaries in the comic book field. In short, I took to him instantly. He had a good idea of what he wanted to do, a good idea of what value to place on his own work, a clear-sighted understanding of the possibilities of his chosen medium. It was at this time that I began to consider the idea of asking him if he would like to collaborate with me on an illustrated narrative. Admiring his narrative skill as I did, I thought it would be better if I provided a detailed outline of the story and he took off from there. Far too many editors in the comic book world have far too little imagination, and screw themselves by never allowing a good artist their head. As an editor, myself, I had a policy of never dictating how an artist should go about interpreting a subject. This paid off for me—you pick good artists, and they'll almost invariably do a better job if left to themselves, simply because they tend to know far better than you do what can be done. Give a good professional illustrator a chance to stretch and the chances are you'll be astonished.

I knew the frustrations Chaykin was facing with some of the commissions he had; I knew how much commitment he was capable of putting into a job; I knew the enormous potential he possessed and his impatience with the kind of restrictions placed upon him. I felt that if I handed him an idea, he would make far more of it than I could. What you see is a result of true collaboration—ideas fed back and forth, with one sparking the other. I think it is Chaykin's best work to date, and I think it is, too, only a beginning. He produces well-drawn, finely realized pictures that acknowledge the standard set by the Golden Age of illustration but develop from that. He achieves his best effects through original and well-controlled draftsmanship, rather than through hugeness and elaborate attention to minutiae. And he maintains a respect for older narrative values, which makes him a very approachable illustrator. If Chaykin is self-indulgent, then his self-indulgence lies in his facility rather than in any attempt to dress up a bad drawing with flimflam and exotic buttons and bows. But he is rarely self-indulgent when he has his teeth into a subject that interests him. He has a respect for the audience, a strong interest in the objective world, a considerable intelligence, and an excellent eye. He is a professional in a world that has begun to celebrate amateurism, and that is why I feel such a strong affinity with him and why I was so glad of the chance to work with him.

I think you will find the quality of illustration in this book superior to most currently available, and I hope that my final tale of the Eternal Champion will afford you some reasonably interesting entertainment.

Michael Moorcock
Los Angeles, 1979

ERMIZHAD.

IT IS A PRAYER...

ERMIZHAD, QUEEN OF THE
ELDREN, MY BELOVED. FOR
HER LOVE, I SLEW MANKIND.
I WAS EREKOSÉ, THE ETERNAL
CHAMPION.

I AM URLIK SKARSOL
OF THE SOUTHERN
ICE... TORN BY MY
DESTINY FROM
ERMIZHAD, BROUGHT
TO THIS DYING GLOBE
OF BLOOD AND ICE...





CORUM, ELRIC, HAWKMOON... ARFLANE,
CORNELIUS, JHARY-A-CONEL... I KNOW
THESE NAMES WELL... BLOOD... FIRE...
GLORY... DESPAIR...

THESE ARE *my* NAMES...
I AM ALL THESE MEN...

AND NOW, AGAIN,
I AM DRAWN
AWAY. BUT WHERE
EREKOSE RESISTED,
NOW SKARSO!
SUCSUMBS GRATE-
FULLY.

THE AURORA DIMS...
I AM FALLING...

THESE ARE NOT THE
GRACEFUL SPIRES OF
THE ELDREN CAPITAL,
NOR THE MISTY STREETS
OF TANELORN...

ETERNAL CHAMPION,
INSTRUMENT OF
FATE...

THEN, FORMS EMERGE--FANTASTI-
CALLY DRESSED MEN, MARCHING
IN RHYTHMIC CADENCE, ARMED FOR
WAR... ALL ARE STRANGERS, YET...
I KNOW THEIR NAMES.

IT IS DARK... AS I REMEMBER.
THROUGH THE ROAR OF BLACK
NOISE, I HEAR AN INFINITY OF
VOICES, SPEAKING IN AS MANY
TONGUES...

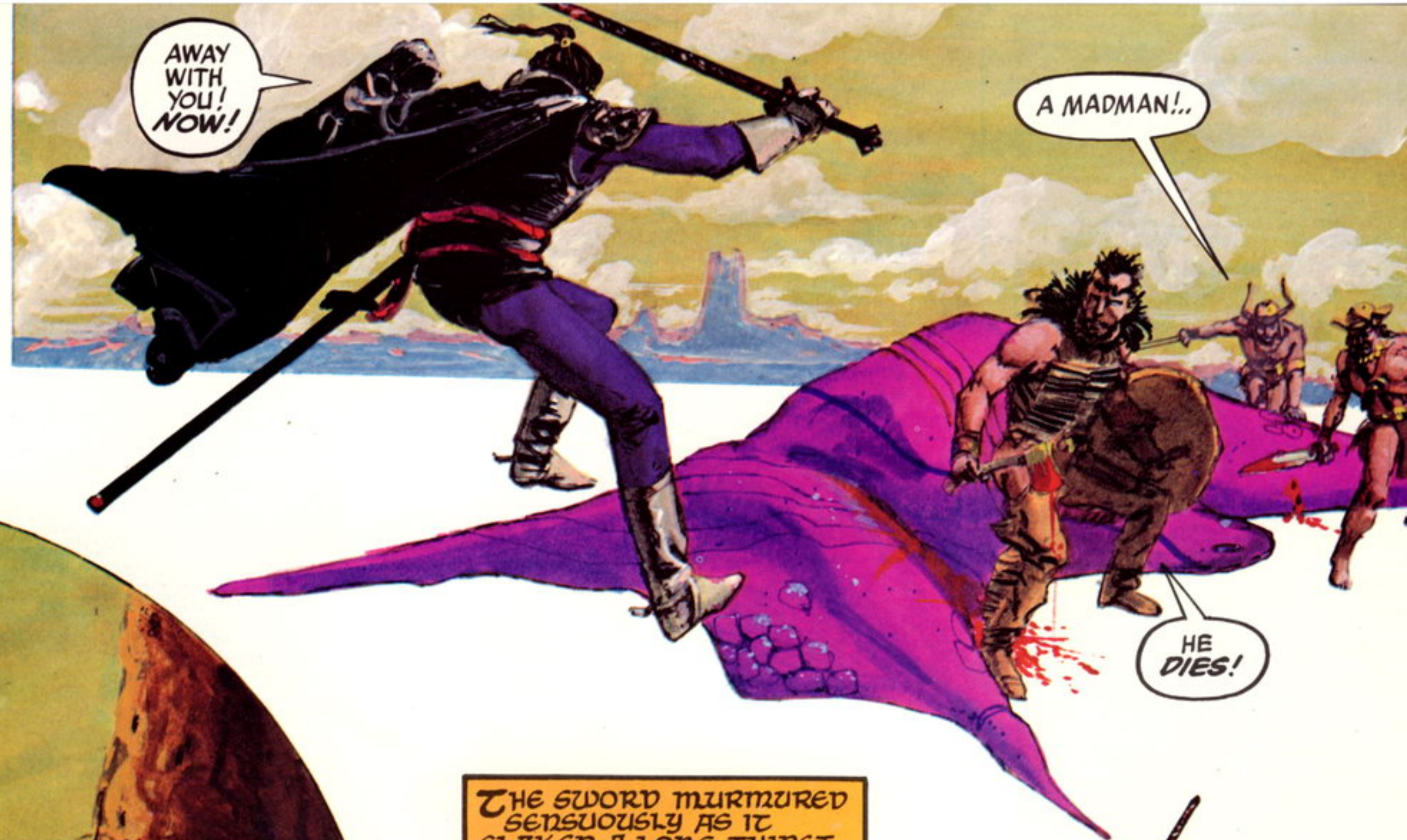
A CYNICAL VOICE RINGS IN MY
HEAD, SINGING OUT THESE NAMES
IN A ROLL CALL...

ONCE MORE, THE BLACK SWORD IS TO
BE DRAWN. AGAIN, AS BEFORE, IT IS A
TIME FOR BLOOD AND IRON...

MY VISION CLEARED, MY FEET
FOUND SOLID EARTH...

THEY DID NOT SEE
ME, THESE COARSE-
CLAD MEN, THEIR
ATTENTION DEVOTED
TO THEIR CRUEL TASK.

THE STRANGELY
BEAUTIFUL
CREATURE
WRITHED AS IT
BLED. MY FURY
GREW UNTIL...



A MADMAN!..

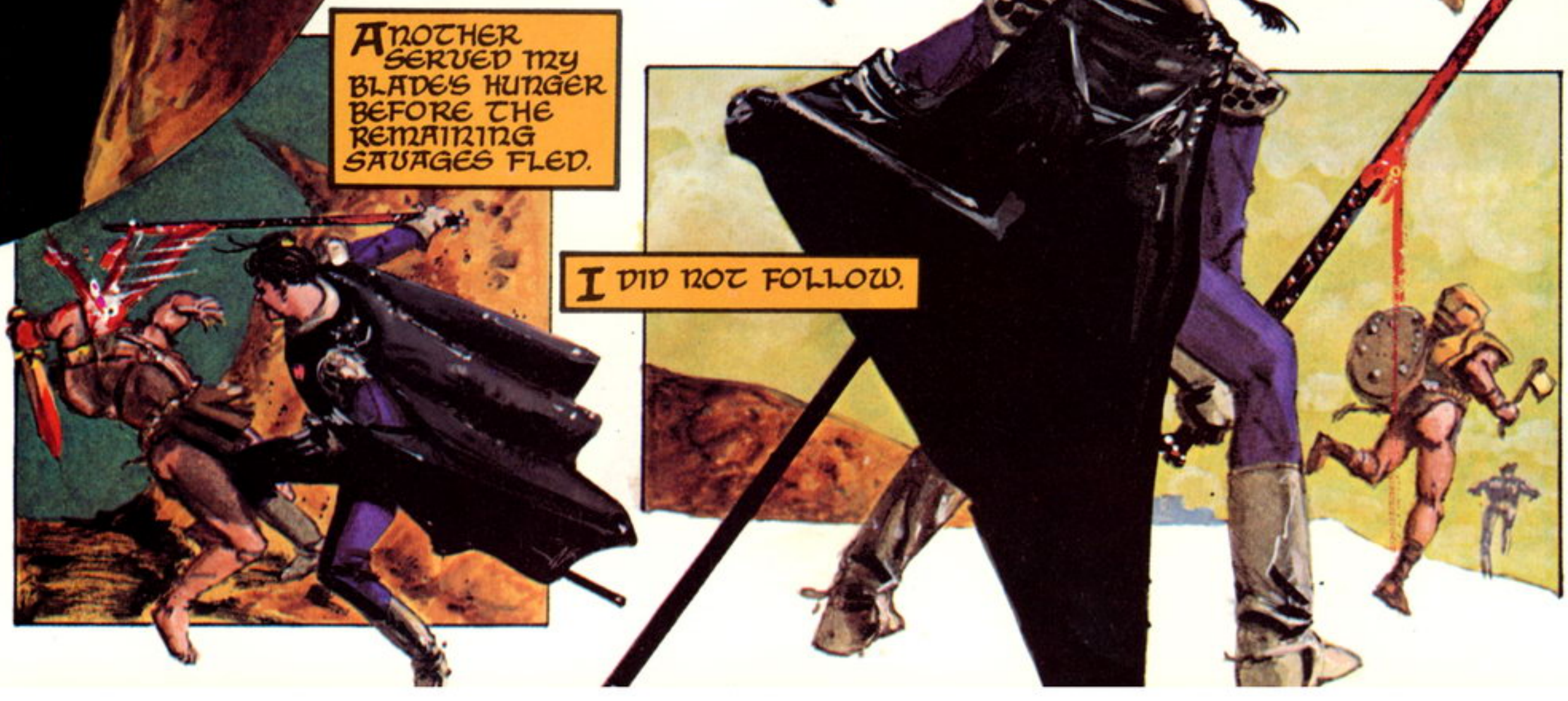
HE
DIES!

THE SWORD MURMURED
SENSUOUSLY AS IT
SLAKED A LONG THIRST...

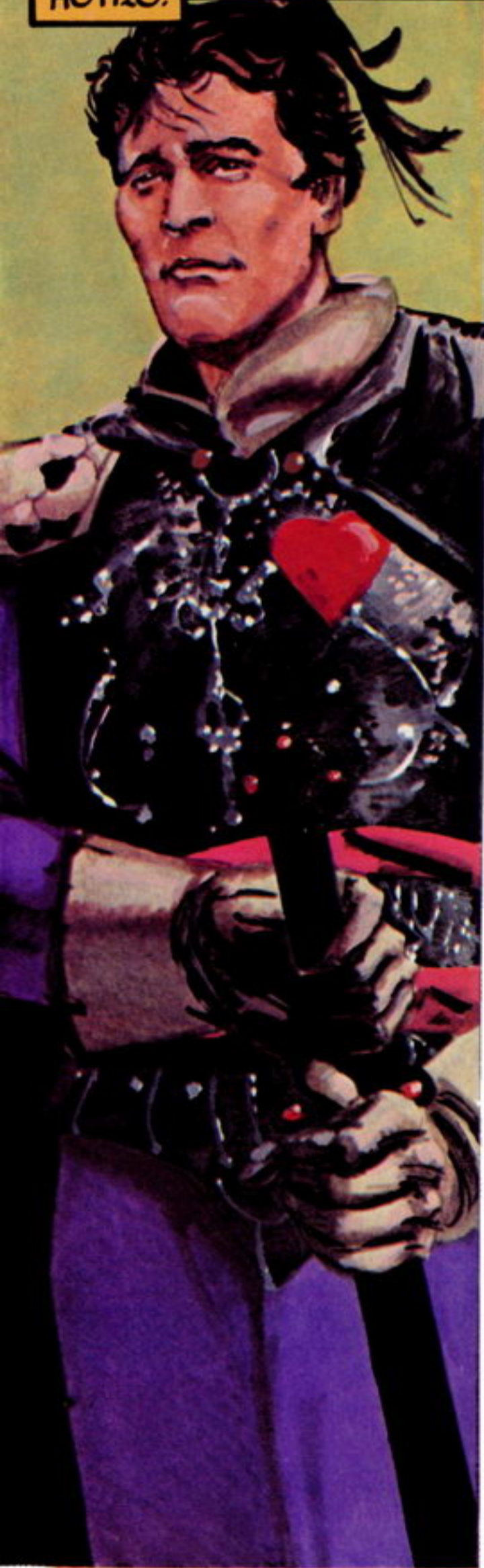


ANOTHER
SERVED MY
BLADE'S HUNGER
BEFORE THE
REMAINING
SAVAGES FLED.

I DID NOT FOLLOW.

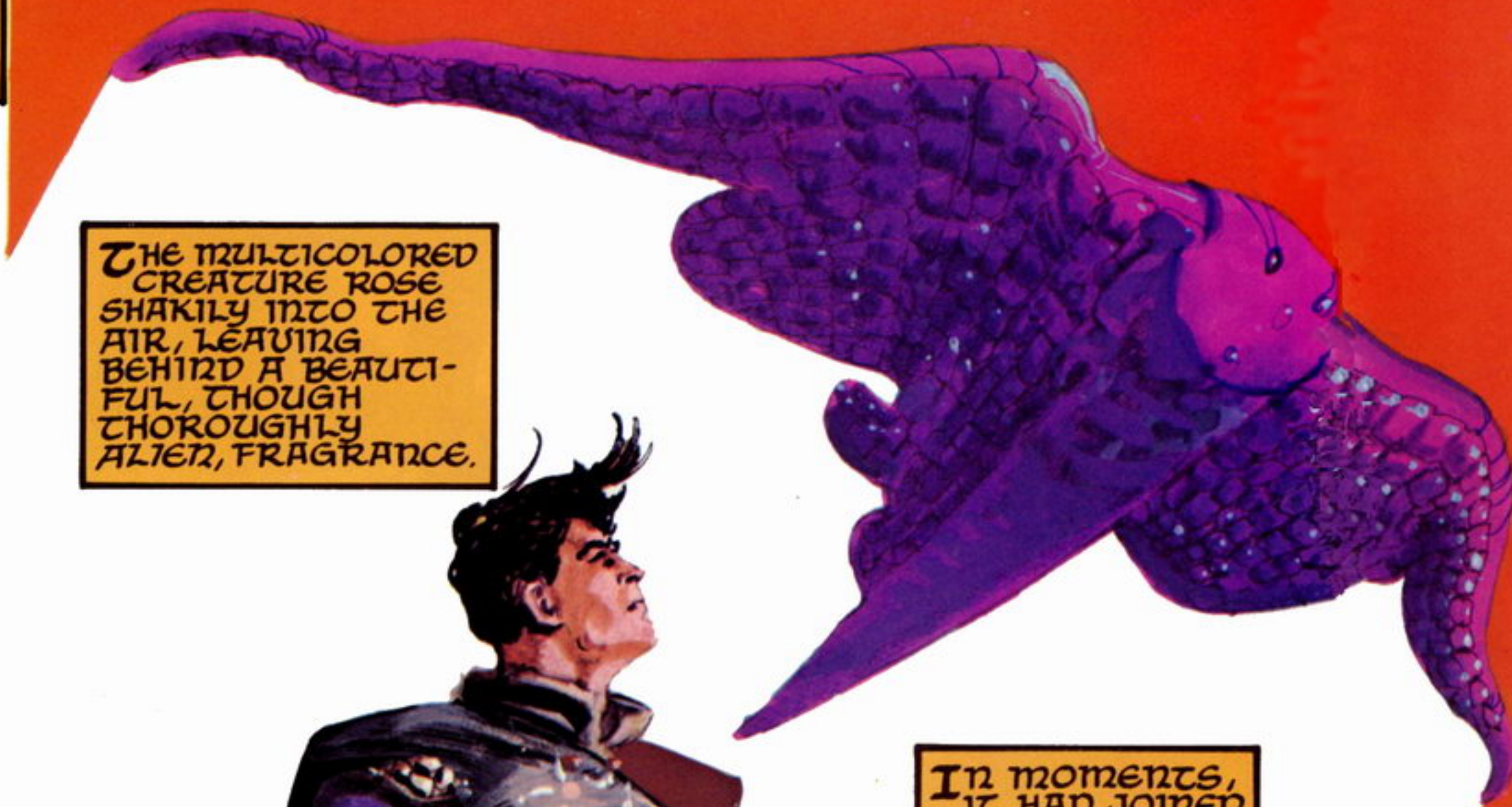


I EXAMINED MYSELF. MY ARMOR WAS LEATHER, WORKED IN SILVER. THE WEIGHT OF THE CLOTH AND CUT OF MY GARMENTS TOLD ME... THESE SUN-SCORCHED HILLS WERE NOT MY HOME.



A RUSTLING SOUND DREW MY ATTENTION, AND AS I TURNED...

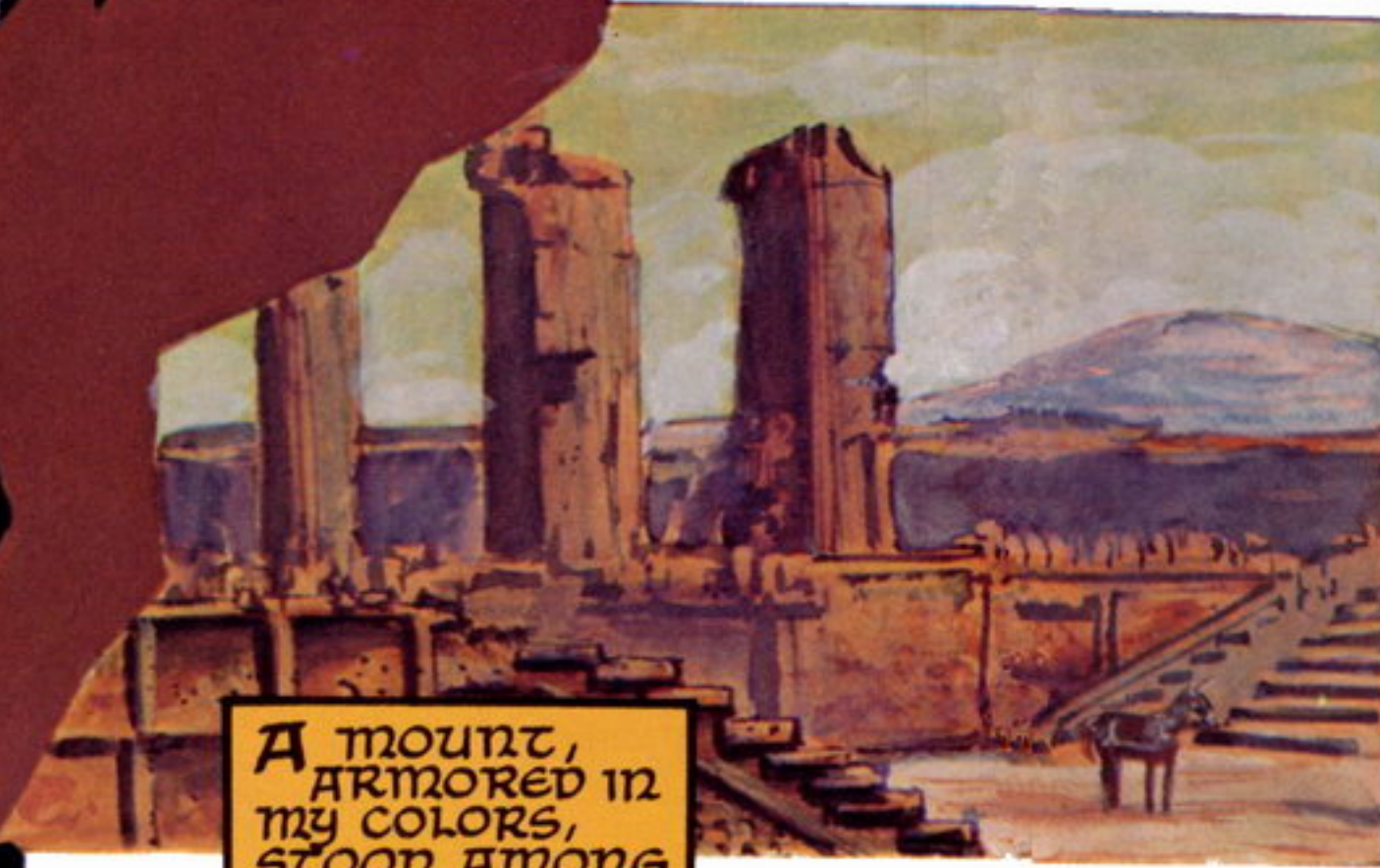
THE MULTICOLORED CREATURE ROSE SHAKILY INTO THE AIR, LEAVING BEHIND A BEAUTIFUL, THOUGH THOROUGHLY ALIEN, FRAGRANCE.



IN MOMENTS, IT HAD JOINED THE OTHERS OF ITS KIND, AND DISAPPEARED.



A MOUNT, ARMORED IN MY COLORS, STOOD AMONG THE RUINS. I HOPED THE SADDLEBAGS COULD OFFER SOME CLUE TO MY WHEREABOUTS, MY IDENTITY...



MOMENTS LATER, FINDING NO ANSWER, I PREPARED TO RIDE... WHERE, I HAD NO IDEA... WHEN...



WHORES SPAWN! WE WILL GUT YOU--

IN ANTICIPATION, THE SWORD WRITHED IN ITS SCABBARD...



AND KEENED LIKE A BANSHEE WHEN I BARED ITS EDGE.



AS THEIR EYES FELL ON MY SHIELD, THE BARBARIANS FROZE IN HORROR...

SPARE US, LORD
OF THE DREAM
MARCHES, FOR-
GIVE US... WE
DID NOT KNOW
YOUR FACE...

ONLY
FORCE
OF WILL
HELD THE
BLOOD-
THIRSTY
BLACK
SWORD
AT BAY,
AS...

YOU
KNOW
ME?

ALL MEN OF
HELL KNOW
YOU--

WHEN YOU
DEFENDED
THE ANGEL...
WE SHOULD
HAVE KNOWN...

YOU ARE *CLEN*
OF CLEN GAR, LORD
OF THE DREAM
MARCHES, BORDER-
LANDS OF HEAVEN
AND HELL,
*PROTECTOR OF
HEAVEN...*

THE ANGEL...
A CREATURE
OF HEAVEN?

CAN
ANYONE
REACH
HEAVEN?

YOU SHOULD KNOW,
LORD.

IF A
STRANGER
ASKED, WHAT
WOULD YOU
SAY?

WE ARE TOLD THAT SOME
WHO ENTER THE DREAM
MARCHES LOSE THEM-
SELVES FOREVER, AND
THUS, FIND THEMSELVES.
WE KILL THOSE WHO
PRESENT US WITH
SUCH PARADOXES...

AND WE
AVOID
THE
DREAM
MARCHES...

YONDER
MID THE
TEMPLE--
LOOK!



AS THE GUTTURAL
SHOUTS AND WAR
CRIES REACHED US,
THE SAVAGES TREM-
BLED IN TERROR...

...THEN BOLTED,
IGNORING ME.

STAND BY
ME! DAMN
YOU! I
COMMAND
IT!

THE SWORD
HAD TASTED
WOMAN'S
BLOOD
BEFORE...

BUT ONCE MORE
IT WAS
DISSAPPOINTED.

SEE, ONARA-- THE
SUN HAS AFFECTED
HIS HEAD. HE **DOESN'T**
KNOW US.

STAY YOUR HAND,
LORD CLEN. WE
HAVE **RESCUED**
YOU...

WHO
ARE
YOU?

I AM ORANA--
THIS IS MY SISTER,
ONARA. CAPTAINS OF
YOUR GUARD.
BLOODED VIRGINS,
ALL.

WE HAVE
COME TO
RECALL
YOU TO
YOUR
DUTY.

MY MIND WEARY
WITH MYSTERIES
AND TOO MANY
QUESTIONS, I
MOUNTED AND
FOLLOWED.

WE RODE HARD, THROUGH
MILES OF SHATTERED
RUINS, SOME BUILT, IT
SEEMED, BY OTHER THAN
HUMAN HANDS. IN ALL THIS
PARCHED COUNTRY, NOTHING
GREW.


OVERHEAD, ANGELS
DRIFTED, SCINTIL-
LATING IN THE
BRIGHT SUNSHINE.
MY CAPTAINS TOOK
THIS AS A COMMON-
PLACE AND PAID NO
HEED, WHILE I STARED,
FASCINATED AT THEIR
STRANGE BEAUTY.

WE TRAVELED IN
SILENCE, UNTIL
DUSK, WHEN....

WE WILL SPEND
THE NIGHT THERE.
THE ROOF IS
STURDY, AND WE
CAN SEAL UP
THE WALL.

HER VOICE BESPOKE
AN URGENCY I DID
NOT COMPREHEND.





TELL ME,
ONARA...

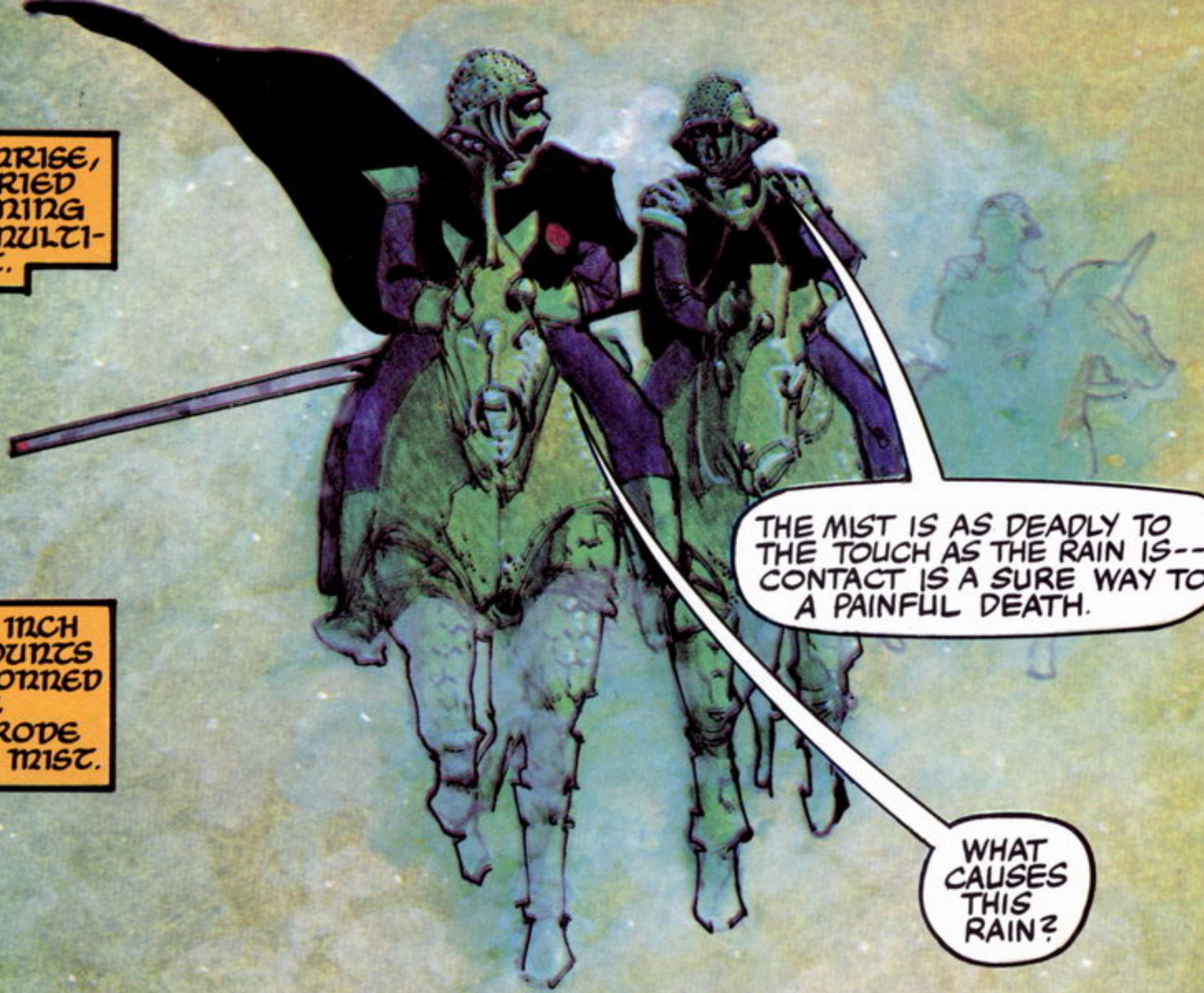
ORANA.

ORANA,
WHY DO WE
NEED SO
FORTIFIED
A CAMPSITE...
AND WHY A
ROOF?

BECAUSE,
LORD CLEN,
IT WILL
RAIN.

In moments,
I under-
stood. As
night fell,
the rain
followed. A
corrosive,
acid rain.

THROUGH
THE BRIEF
NIGHT, I
WATCHED
AS THE RAIN
ATE AWAY
AT THE
BEDROCK OF
HELL.



WITH THE SUNRISE,
THE RAIN DRIED
RAPIDLY, STEAMING
UPWARD IN A MULTI-
COLORED MIST.

WITH EVERY INCH
OF OUR MOUNTS
SEALED, WE DONNED
CRYSTAL FACE
MASKS AND RODE
THROUGH THE MIST.

THE MIST IS AS DEADLY TO
THE TOUCH AS THE RAIN IS--
CONTACT IS A SURE WAY TO
A PAINFUL DEATH.

WHAT
CAUSES
THIS
RAIN?




IT IS
HEAVEN
PISSING
ON
HELL.

SUDDENLY, THE MIST
WAS BEHIND US, AND
WE RODE ON A WIDE
PLAIN. BEFORE US
ROSE A RANGE OF
GENTLY ROLLING HILLS.



WE RODE
THROUGH
A CONCEALED
PASS, AND ON
THE OTHER
SIDE...



HA! CAPTAIN
BAKTHI'S SHIP,
KRAKEN. HE'LL
SHIT BLOOD
WHEN HE SEES
US!

HE NEVER HAS
FORGIVEN US FOR
PAINTING HIS ASS
AND HANGING HIM
UPSIDE DOWN
FROM HIS OWN
TOPMAST AS WE
SAILED INTO
PORT.

TO MY LOOK OF
QUESTION ORANA
HAD A SIMPLE
EXPLANATION...

WE WERE
DRUNK,
OF
COURSE...



YOU ARE
MOST WELCOME,
LORD CLEN, BUT
COULD YOU...
PLEASE...
CONTROL YOUR
CHANGES?

WE SET SAIL.
MINUTES LATER,
THE SKY, SO CLEAR
SECONDS BEFORE,
WAS BLACKENED. A
STORM OF MON-
STROUS PROPORTIONS
RACKED THE SAILS.

THROUGH THE
TEMPEST, THE
ANGELS DRIFTED
OVERHEAD.

OVER THE
SIDE,
DARLING,
IT'S FOR
THE BEST...

CAPTAIN,
WE MUST
MAKE AN
OFFERING.

OF COURSE,
CAPTAIN. I
*UNDER-
STAND*.

AYE, BRING FIVE
COWS ON DECK.
THE *SMALLEST*
ONES.

THE ANGELS
DRIFTED DOWN,
AND SUDDENLY THE
WATERS CALMED.

AS THE SUN
RETURNED, WE
WATCHED CATTLE
DISSOLVE WITHIN
THE TRANSLUCENT
FORMS OF THE
ANGELS.

THE STORM, AS
SUDDENLY AS
IT APPEARED,
VANISHED, AND WE
SAILED ON.

ABOVE THE
CRIES OF THE
MERCHANTS,
SAILORS, AND
DOCKHANDS
PLEADING
VOICES COULD
BE HEARD...


PLEASE,
GOOD
CAPTAIN...



TAKE
US
HOME.


ALL I OWN
FOR PASSAGE
TO HELL...
PLEASE.

I KEPT MY PEACE...
BUT, I WORRIED.




WHEN I SAW THE
NATURAL BEAUTY
OF THE DREAM
MARCHES... THE
GENTLE MANNER
OF HER PEOPLE... I
COULD BE SILENT
NO LONGER.


ONARA, WHY
WERE THOSE
PEOPLE IN THE
PORT SO
ANXIOUS TO
RETURN TO
HELL?



THEY DO NOT ALWAYS
SEE OUR LAND AS WE
SEE IT. THAT IS OUR
GREATEST DEFENSE.



WE ENTERED
THE GATES
OF THE CAPITAL,
TO FRIENDLY
GREETINGS AND
FAMILIAR SMILES.



A SHORT CANTER
THROUGH THE CITY
SQUARE BROUGHT US
TO MY HOME,
ADJOINING THE
COUNCIL CHAMBERS.

WE'LL LEAVE YOU
NOW, LORD. ARGRAVAL
AND THE OTHER
KNIGHTS ARE IN
YOUR PARLOR.

ARGRAVAL.

LORD CLEN,
IT IS A JOY
TO HAVE
YOU BACK.

LORD PIERRO...BARON SKARAMUTCH...
EARL HARLAKIN...OLD COUNT
PANDALONE, AND ARGRAVAL, WISE
OLD MAN...STRICKEN WITH IMMOR-
TALITY, HIS FLESH SLOWLY CRYSTAL-
LIZING. ALL PALADINS OF THE DREAM
MARCHES, WITH WHOM I SHARE
POWER.

I RECALLED
MORE, I
KNEW THESE
MEN.

WE WELCOME YOU
WITH *MISERABLE*
NEWS. THE THOUSAND-
YEAR PEACE IS
SHATTERED.

SLOWLY,
BARON.
LET THE
MAN CATCH
HIS BREATH.



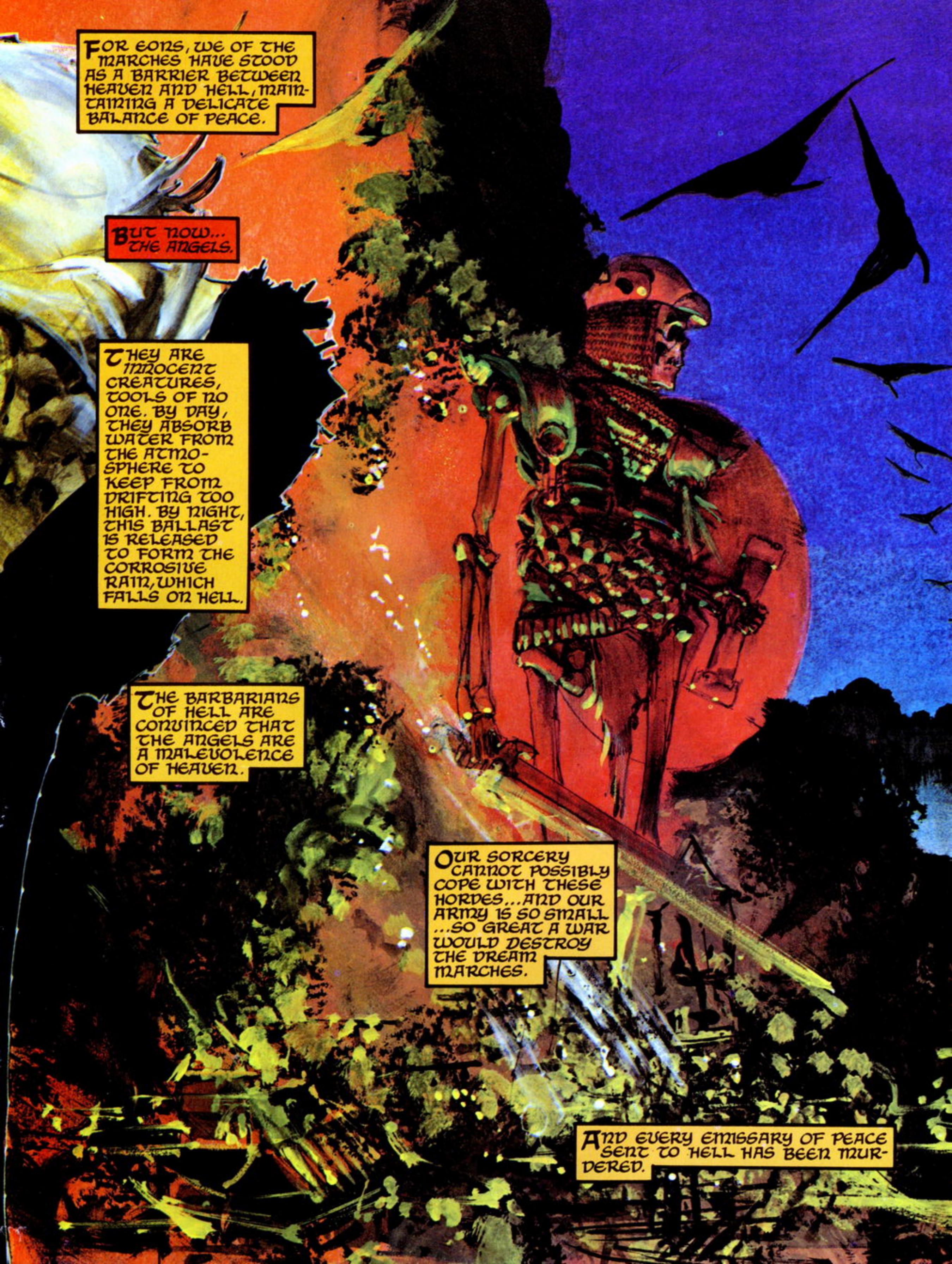
WELL SAID,
PANDALONE. IT
IS TOO EARLY
FOR DESPAIR.

YOU
REMEMBER
MY WIFE,
LADY
GRADESMOR.

AS THIS WOMAN
TOOK MY HAND, AN
ENTIRELY UNEXPECTED
FLUSH OF DESIRE SLID
THROUGH MY LOINS.
I AVERTED MY EYES,
ASTONISHED AT MY
OWN CARNALITY...
FOR ERMIZHAD
REMAINS IN MY
HEART AND MIND.

BEFORE MY FEELINGS COULD
BECOME OBVIOUS, ARGRAVAL
DREW ME AWAY AND SPOKE.

IT IS WAR. THE VARIED
TRIBES OF HELL WILL
ATTACK HEAVEN... WILL
USE OUR DREAM MARCHES
AS A BATTLEFIELD. THE
OLD DEFENSES, OUR
HALLUCINATORY MAGICS,
WILL BE USELESS
AGAINST SUCH A COM-
BINED ONSLAUGHT.



FOR EONS, WE OF THE
MARCHES HAVE STOOD
AS A BARRIER BETWEEN
HEAVEN AND HELL, MAIN-
TAINING A DELICATE
BALANCE OF PEACE.

BUT NOW...
THE ANGELS.

THEY ARE
INNOCENT
CREATURES,
TOOLS OF NO
ONE. BY DAY,
THEY ABSORB
WATER FROM
THE ATMO-
SPHERE TO
KEEP FROM
DRIFTING TOO
HIGH. BY NIGHT,
THIS BALLAST
IS RELEASED
TO FORM THE
CORROSIVE
RAIN, WHICH
FALLS ON HELL.

THE BARBARIANS
OF HELL ARE
CONVINCED THAT
THE ANGELS ARE
A MALEVOLENCE
OF HEAVEN.

OUR SORCERY
CANNOT POSSIBLY
COPE WITH THESE
HORDES...AND OUR
ARMY IS SO SMALL
...SO GREAT A WAR
WOULD DESTROY
THE DREAM
MARCHES.

AND EVERY EMISSARY OF PEACE
SENT TO HELL HAS BEEN MUR-
DERED.



MY LORDS! A
RAIDING PARTY
AT THE
WESTERN
WALL!

I RAN WITH
THE OTHERS
TO THE PARAPET,
AND SAW THE
SAVAGES BELOW...

THE BLADE, SENSING
THIS PRESENCE,
BEGAN TO MEWL,
WRITHING OUT OF ITS
SCABBARD, WHEN...



NO, CLEN.
GRADESMOR AND
HER WOMEN WILL
DEAL WITH THIS
RAID. YOU MUST
LEAVE *NOW*.



MINUTES LATER, AS MY
CHARGER BORE ME
TOWARD THE EASTERN
BORDER, THE SCREAMS AT
MY BACK TOLD ME OF THE
BARBARIANS' FATE.



BUT THE MADNESS-
CREATING ILLUSIONS
OF THE WOMEN OF
THE DREAM MARCHES
COULD BE BUT A
STOPGAP.

I SPURRED ONWARD
WITH A DARK SENSE
OF URGENCY.



THE RHYTHMIC SWAY OF
MY MOUNT LET MY
MIND WANDER...

TO THOUGHTS
OF MY
ERINZIHAD.


FOR HER
LOVE I HAD
SLAID
HUMANITY,
AND WAS
HAPPY.

NO MAN
AND WOMAN
WERE MORE
JOYFUL...
TAKING
PLEASURE IN
THE HEALING
OF OUR
SCARRED
WORLD.

AND STILL, AS MY THOUGHTS
WERE FILLED WITH LONGING
FOR ERINZIHAD... FOR THE QUEST
FOR CANELORIN... GRADESIMOR...
HER BEGUILING FACE AND BODY,
LONG-LIMBED AND SENSUOUS...
INVADED MY CONSCIOUSNESS.

ABRUPTLY, WE
REACHED A
PRECIPICE. I
DISMOUNTED...
MY MOUNT
FED ON THE
WILD GRASSES
AMONG THE
TREES... AS IN
THE VALLEY
BELOW...


YET EVEN AS WE
RULED THE
PEOPLE OF ELDREN,
MY HEART AND
MIND WERE EVER
DRAWN TO THE
ETERNAL QUEST...
FOR CANELORIN...
LOST CITY... CITY
OF CHAMPIONS.



THE PEOPLE OF
HEAVEN POSSESSED,
ALMOST UNIFORMLY,
AN UNCOMMON
BEAUTY...

YET THEIR GLANCES
BETRAYED A
CYNICAL DECADENCE
THAT CHILLED ME.


SPRAWLED THE
CITIES OF HEAVEN,
SCINTILLANT IN THE
TWILIGHT. THE DUSTY
TRAIL LEADING TO
HER MAIN GATE
SHIMMERED CRYSTAL-
LINE, LIKE THE TRAIN
OF A VIRGIN BRIDE.



AT CLOSE
QUARTERS,
THE SILVERY
SHIMMER
BECAME THE
SEQUINS OF
A WELL-
USED WHORE.

SWALLOWING
MY
FEELINGS OF
UNEASE, I
RODE ON TO
THE PALACE
OF PRINCE
FEUROR, THEIR
RULER.

FEUROR'S
HOME WAS
A RAMBLING
VILLA, EACH
ROOM A
LABORATORY
FILLED
WITH HALF-
COMPLETED
EXPERIMENTS.



I HOPED HIS
WELL-
DOCUMENTED
INTERESTS
IN THE
NATURAL
SCIENCES
HAD TOUCHED
HIM WITH
MORE
HUMANITY
THAN HIS
PEOPLE
POSSESSED.

I COULD NOT HAVE BEEN MORE WRONG.

FRANKLY, THE FATE OF THE DREAM MARCHES INTERESTS ME NOT ONE WHIT. LET THE SAVAGES OVERRUN YOUR LITTLE LAND... EXPEND THEIR ENERGIES ON *YOUR* PEOPLE. THEY'LL BE THAT MUCH EASIER TO ELIMINATE WHEN THEY ARRIVE HERE.

NOW I *MUST* ASK YOU TO LEAVE. MY DAY IS FILLED WITH AUDIENCES, AND I HAVE NO TIME FOR YOUR SENTIMENTAL FOOLISHNESS.

SENTIMENTAL FOOLISHNESS! ARE YOU *MAD*? WE OF THE DREAM MARCHES HAVE STOOD BETWEEN HEAVEN AND HELL FOR ALL TIME ... PROTECTING YOUR PEOPLE BY OUR VERY *PRESENCE*.

ARE YOU SO BESTIAL TO CONDEMN MY PEOPLE WITHOUT A SECOND THOUGHT?

I AM AFRAID YOUR MANNER HAS BECOME ABUSIVE. SINCE YOU HAVE NOT LEFT OF YOUR OWN FREE WILL, YOU WILL BE ESCORTED OUT BY DUCHESS PO...

...THE PROGENY
OF A MOST
UNUSUAL MIXED
MARRIAGE.

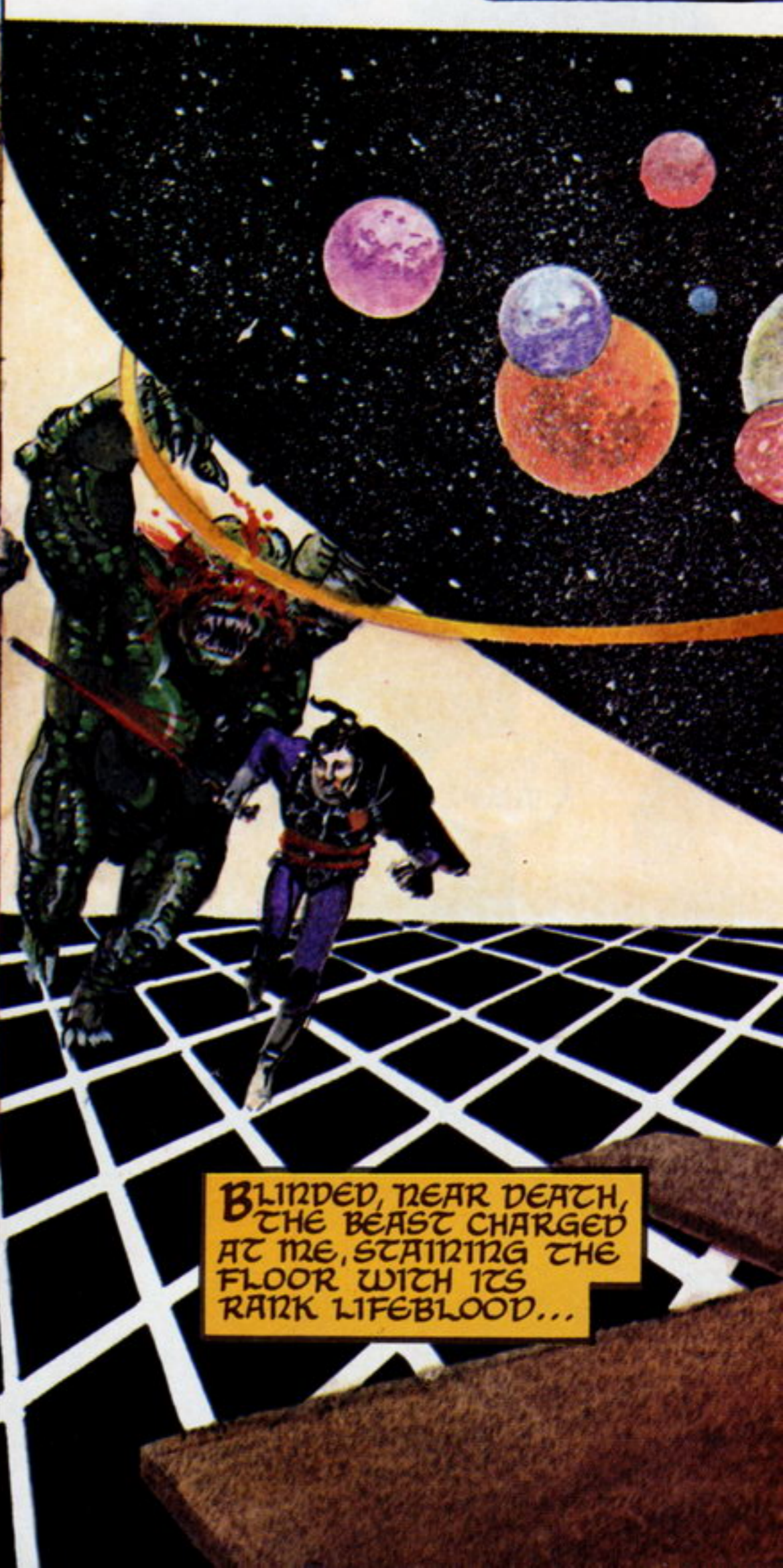
THE DUCHESS'S
FETID BREATH
SCORCHED MY
EYES AS SHE
CHARGED.





DON'T TREMBLE
SO, LITTLE LARK...
IT WILL **ALL** BE
DONE WITH
SHORTLY.

MY BLADE FOUND
BONE BEHIND THE
THE DEMON'S EYES...
THE FORWARD THRUST
OF ITS HEAD NEARLY
WRENCHING THE HILT
FROM MY HAND.



BLINDED, NEAR DEATH,
THE BEAST CHARGED
AT ME, STAINING THE
FLOOR WITH ITS
RANK LIFEBLOOD...



UNTIL ITS VIOLENT
EXISTENCE CAME TO
AN ABRUPT END.



CHAMPION!
COME
QUICKLY!

THIS WAY!
THERE IS
LITTLE
TIME!

TAKE
THEM!

HURRY, THEY
WILL NOT
FOLLOW!



JUST
FOLLOW.

WHERE
ARE YOU
TAKING
ME?



THE DARK FOREST
SWALLOWED US, AND
THE GIRL'S PACE SLOWED
TO A WALK.

SHOULDN'T
WE HURRY?
THEY'LL BE
BEHIND US
SOON.

NO ONE
WILL
FOLLOW
HERE. ALL
OF HEAVEN
AVOIDS MY
SWAMP.



I THANK
YOU FOR
YOUR HELP,
BUT WHY?

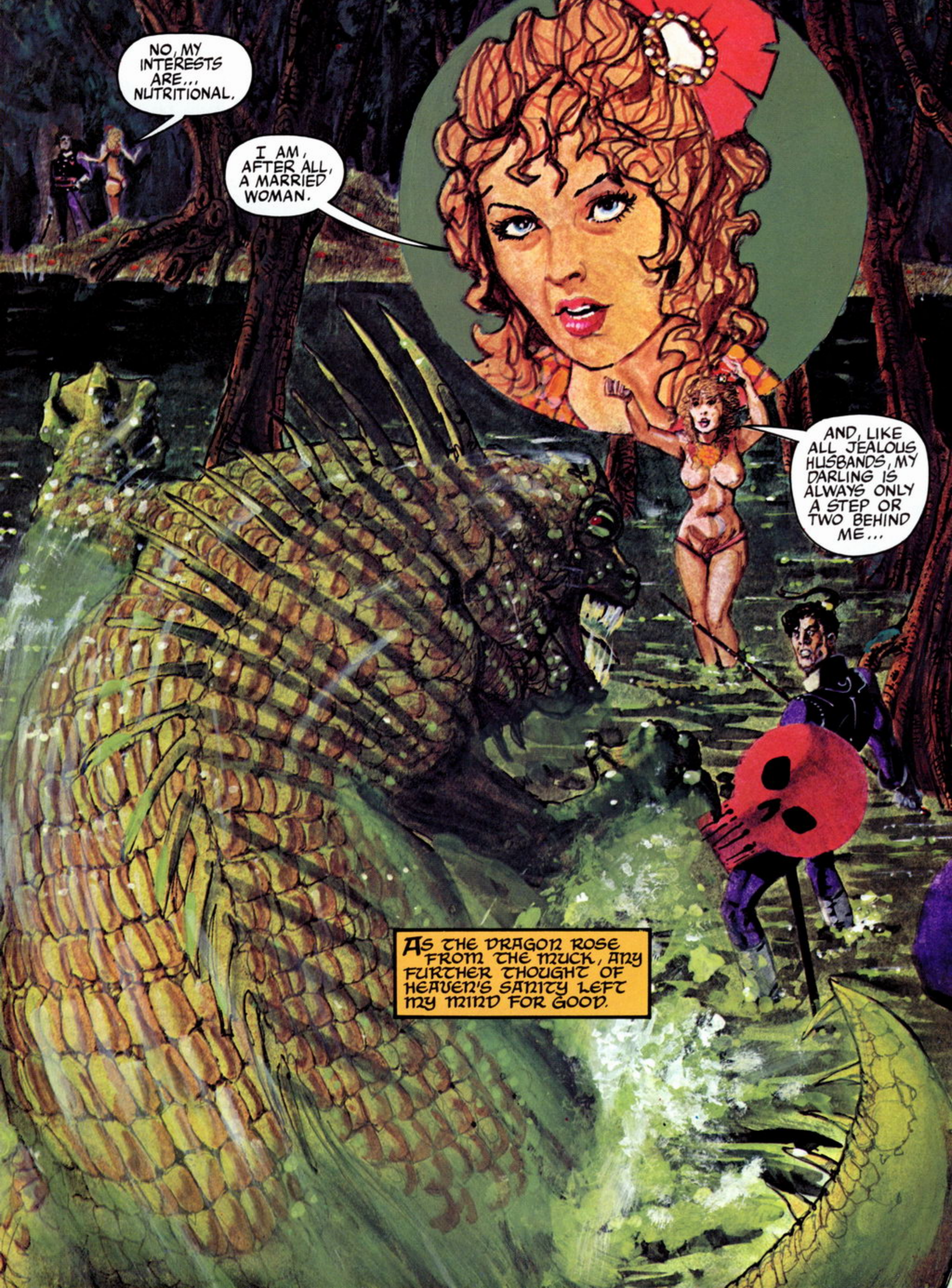
A WHIM.
I AM A
CREATURE
OF FREE
SPIRITS...



THIS IS NEITHER
THE TIME NOR THE
PLACE FOR SUCH
THINGS, GIRL.

YOU
MISTAKE
ME,
CHAMPION.

MY
INTENTIONS
ARE HARDLY
CARNAL...



NO, MY
INTERESTS
ARE...
NUTRITIONAL.

I AM,
AFTER ALL,
A MARRIED
WOMAN.

AND, LIKE
ALL JEALOUS
HUSBANDS, MY
DARLING IS
ALWAYS ONLY
A STEP OR
TWO BEHIND
ME...

AS THE DRAGON ROSE
FROM THE MUCK, ANY
FURTHER THOUGHT OF
HEAVEN'S SANITY LEFT
MY MIND FOR GOOD.




THE SLAVERING
JAWS GRIPPED
MY SHIELD AND
LOCKED BRIEFLY.

AS THE
WOOD AND
IRON BEGAN
TO BUCKLE,
MY BLADE
FOUND ITS
TINY BRAIN...

AND THREE TONS
OF DEAD SWAMP-
BEAST PITCHED
FORWARD INTO THE
BRACKISH POOL,
STAINING THE MOSS
A DULL CRIMSON.

YOU ARE
WIDOWED, YOU
TREACHEROUS
BITCH! NOW...
SHOW ME SAFE
PASSAGE FROM
THIS HELL-
HOLE, OR...




OR WHAT,
YOUNG MAN?
GENTLY,
MY SON...

FEVROR?

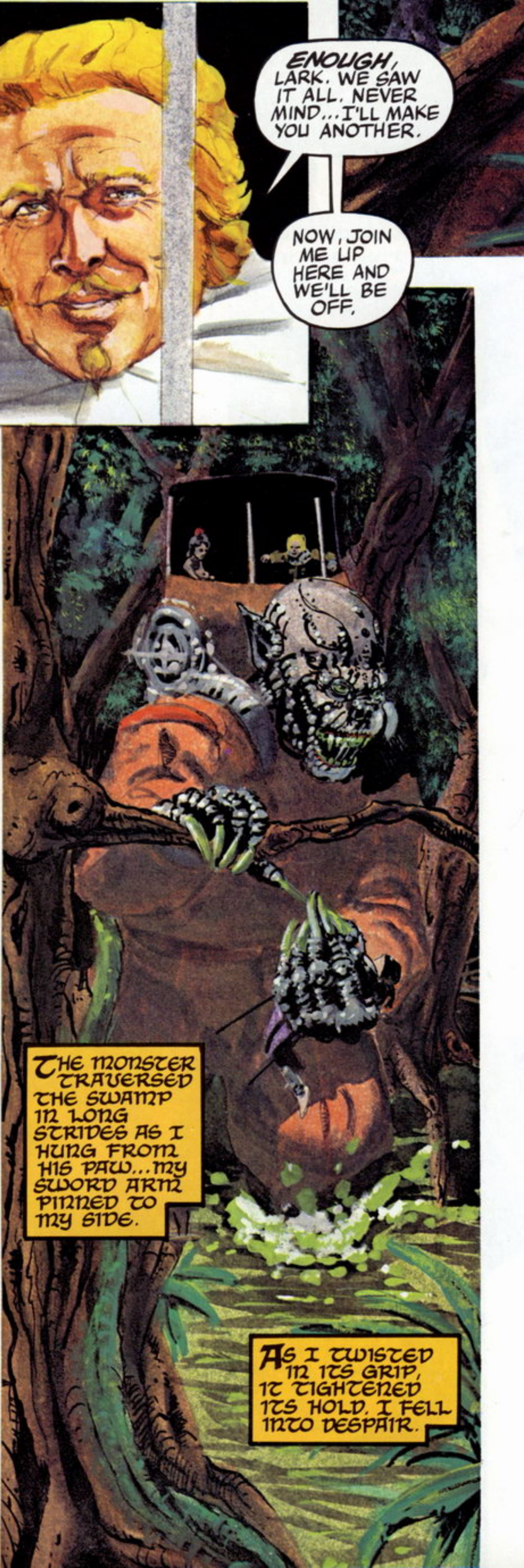
OUR GUEST
SHOULD
REMAIN
UNDAMAGED
FOR THE
TIME
BEING.

HE KILLED
MY DARLING,
AND...




ENOUGH,
LARK. WE SAW
IT ALL. NEVER
MIND...I'LL MAKE
YOU ANOTHER.

NOW, JOIN
ME UP
HERE AND
WE'LL BE
OFF.




THE MONSTER
TRAVERSED
THE SWAMP
IN LONG
STRIDES AS I
HUNG FROM
HIS PAW...MY
SWORD ARM
PINNED TO
MY SIDE.

AS I TWISTED
IN ITS GRIP,
IT TIGHTENED
ITS HOLD. I FELL
INTO DESPAIR.



AFTER AN HOUR OF
DIZZYING TRAVEL,
WE CAME TO A
CLEARING, FILLED WITH
MEMBERS OF FEVROR'S
COURT. SEVERAL
GUARDS LASHED ME TO
MY SWORD AND LAID
ME OUT ON AN ALTAR.


BUT LORD
FEVROR, THE
ANGELS EAT
NO *HUMAN*
FLESH.



TRUE, MY CHILD...
UNDER *MOST*
CIRCUMSTANCES.

THEY WILL
FOR ME,
HOWEVER.
THEY WILL
FOR ME.

FROM AN APER-
TURE IN THE
ALTAR, FEVROR
WITHDREW A PIPE
...CLOSING HIS EYES
IN CONCENTRATION,
HE WHISTLED A
STRANGE SERIES
OF NOTES.

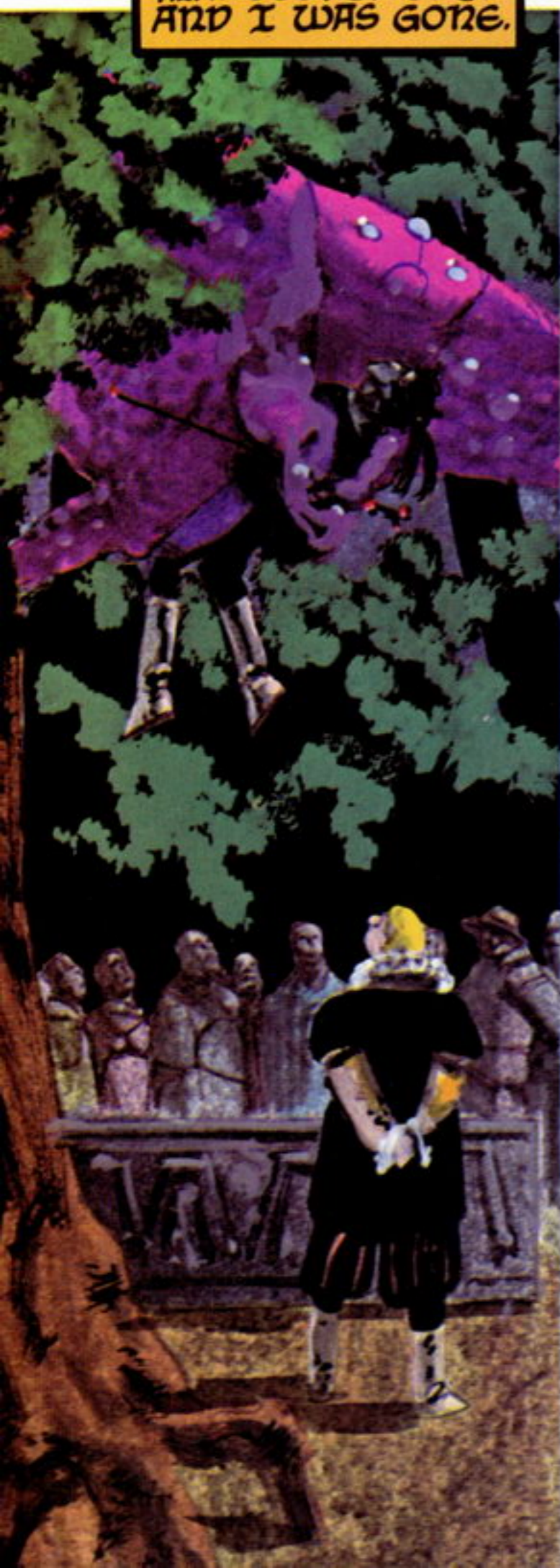


SEVERAL MINUTES
PASSED...



A DARK SHAPE
PASSED THROUGH
THE SHAFT OF
MOONLIGHT.

FEUROR'S EYES
GLITTERED
MALEVOLENTLY,
AND I WAS GONE.




THE ANGEL
SOARED HIGH,
BEARING ME, I
KNEW NOT WHERE,
AND CARED LESS.
I WAS, FOR ALL
INTENTS AND
PURPOSES, A DEAD
MAN.

THE LONG DAY HAD
TAKEN ITS TOLL;
THE GENTLE GLIDING
SOON LULLED ME
INTO A DEEP SLUMBER.



I AWOKE TO SUNLIGHT, IN A BEAUTIFUL GARDEN, DESIGNED, IT SEEMED, BY A RACE OTHER THAN MAN. THE ANGEL SET ME DOWN GENTLY, BESIDE A POOL.



ALREADY MYSTIFIED, I WAS DUE FOR A GREAT SHOCK.

NOW WE CAN SPEAK, MAN.

I STARED, STRUCK MUTE, AT THIS TRANSFORMATION. ITS... HIS VOICE CHIRPED AS HE CONTINUED...



YOU RESCUED ONE OF **OUR** FOLK FROM THE MEN OF HELL... FOR THIS WE THANK YOU AND SPARE **YOUR** LIFE.

COME CLOSER. I WILL REMOVE YOUR BONDS.

WHO ARE YOU? FROM WHERE...



WE ARE FROM **ANOTHER** PLANE, COEXISTING WITH THIS ONE.

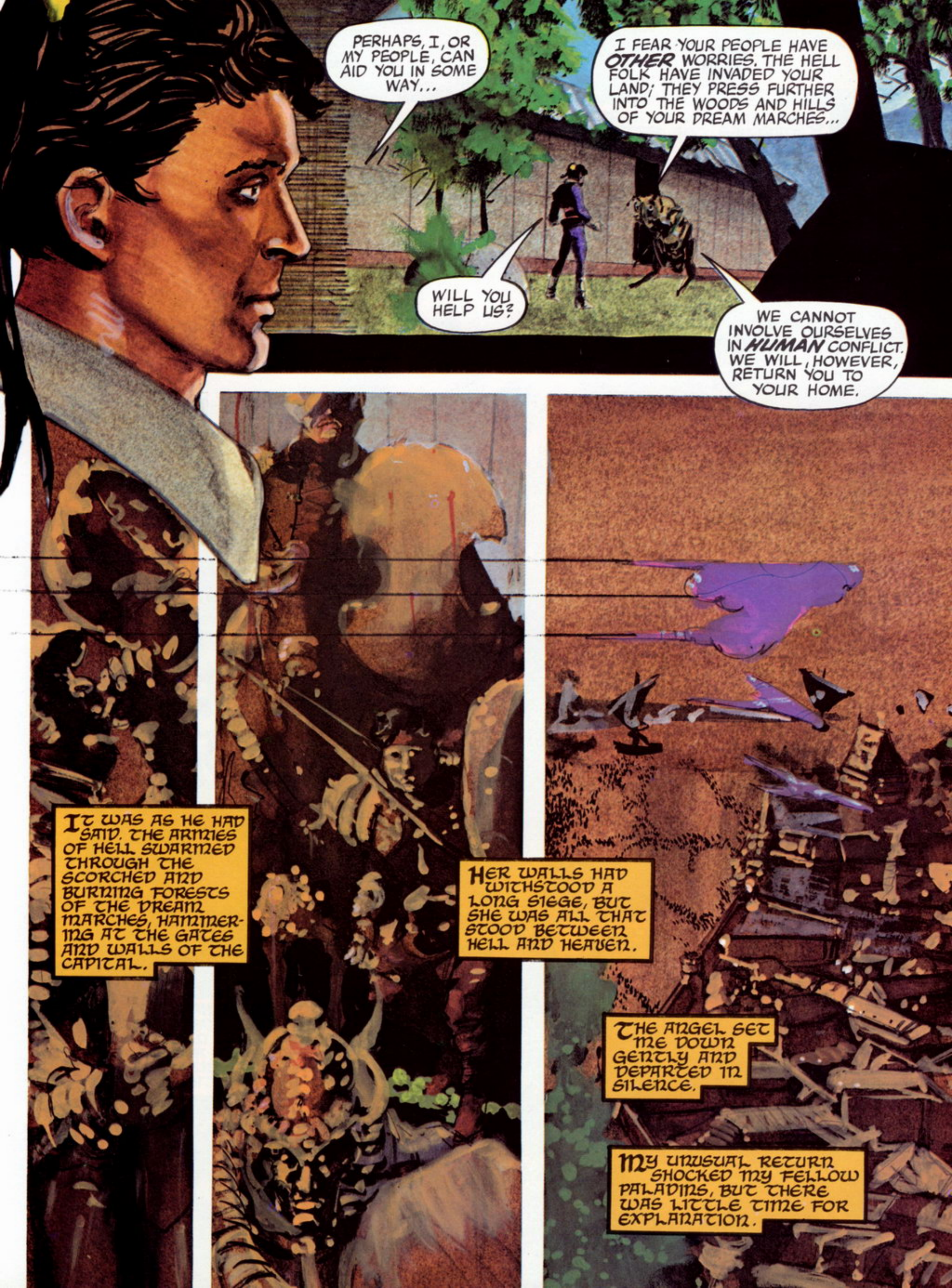
WE HAVE CONCEALED OUR SENTIENCE FROM HUMANITY, FOR MAN IS A **HATEFUL** BEAST.

FOR MORE TIME THAN BE COUNTED, WE HAVE SOUGHT TO RETURN HOME, BUT WITH **NO** SUCCESS.

IN THE DARKER
CORRIDORS OF MY
MIND, HIS WORDS
STRUCK A CHORD.

NOW, HOWEVER,
THE TIME HAS COME
FOR THE CONJUNCTION
OF THE MILLION
SPHERES. IF WE
COULD FIND A
BREACH, WE
COULD RETURN...





PERHAPS, I, OR
MY PEOPLE, CAN
AID YOU IN SOME
WAY...

I FEAR YOUR PEOPLE HAVE
OTHER WORRIES. THE HELL
FOLK HAVE INVADDED YOUR
LAND; THEY PRESS FURTHER
INTO THE WOODS AND HILLS
OF YOUR DREAM MARCHES...

WILL YOU
HELP US?

WE CANNOT
INVOLVE OURSELVES
IN **HUMAN** CONFLICT.
WE WILL, HOWEVER,
RETURN YOU TO
YOUR HOME.

IT WAS AS HE HAD
SAID. THE ARMIES
OF HELL SWARMED
THROUGH THE
SCORCHED AND
BURNING FORESTS
OF THE DREAM
MARCHES, HAMMER-
ING AT THE GATES
AND WALLS OF THE
CAPITAL.

HER WALLS HAD
WITHSTOOD A
LONG SIEGE, BUT
SHE WAS ALL THAT
STOOD BETWEEN
HELL AND HEAVEN.

THE ANGEL SET
ME DOWN
GENTLY AND
DEPARTED IN
SILENCE.

MY UNUSUAL RETURN
SHOCKED MY FELLOW
PALADINS, BUT THERE
WAS LITTLE TIME FOR
EXPLANATION.

AT DAWN, WE
ATTACKED.

SHOUTING THE DARK AND SINISTER WAR SONGS OF THE
MARCHES, OUR PITIFULLY SMALL ARMY CHARGED THROUGH
THE HORDES OF HELL.

MANY WERE LOST THAT
NIGHT. OLD ARGRAVAL,
WEAK WITH DISEASE,
BARELY ABLE TO HOLD A
SWORD, FOUGHT WITH US.
HE FELL, AN ARROW IN
HIS THROAT.

IN DESPAIR, WE
RETRACTED.

AND STILL, THE
BARBARIANS CAME.

LATER, IN BLACK
MISERY, I SAT AT
MY WINDOW,
WATCHING IMPOTENT-
LY AS THE HELL FOLK
BURNED THE
OUTLYING FARMS.

WE FOUGHT FIERCELY IN
DEFENSE OF LIFE AND
COUNTRY, BUT GOOD CAUSE
WAS NOT ENOUGH.

BY NIGHTFALL, HALF OUR
NUMBER LAY DEAD...YET
THERE SEEMED NO END
TO THE SAVAGE ARMY OF
MEN AND WOMEN COME
TO RAZE OUR CITIES TO
THE GROUND.

THE SOFT
FOOTSTEPS
BEHIND ME WENT
UNNOTICED.



LORD
CLEN.

LADY
GRADESMOR.
I... I'M
SORRY.

I SHOULD HAVE
COME TO YOU
IMMEDIATELY, BUT
... I HAVE NO
JUSTIFICATION.

PLEASE.
DON'T
STAND.

MY HUSBAND WAS A
VERY OLD, TERRIBLY
SICK MAN. HE WEL-
COMED DEATH, AS A
BLESSING. AFTER
HUNDREDS OF
YEARS, HE IS
FINALLY AT
PEACE.

SHE SAT DOWN BESIDE
ME. SHE HAD GIVEN
ARGRAVAL TWO SONS
OLDER THAN I, YET
HER BEAUTY STILL
TOUCHED ME.

SHARE
YOUR
THOUGHTS,
CHAMPION.

YOU ARE
IMMORTALLY
BEAUTIFUL,
GRADESMOR.

AND I AM
PLEDGED TO
ERMIZHAD. IF
IT TAKES
FOREVER, I
WILL FIND
HER.



ALL THIS
I KNOW,
AND CARE
NOTHING
FOR.



LATER, FOR LONG MOMENTS, WE SAT IN SILENCE, PEERING AT EACH OTHER. AT LAST SHE SPOKE.

THOUGH YOU ADORE YOUR ERMIZHAD, I CAN SAVE US BOTH.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

ARGRAVAL POSSESSED THE SECRETS OF TRAVEL BETWEEN THE PLANES. I HAVE THEM NOW.

WE CAN USE IT AND SAVE OUR OWN LIVES.

IMPOSSIBLE, GRADESMOR.

I AM THE CHAMPION, MY CALLING... MY DUTY, IS TO REMAIN.

SHE STARED AT ME BALEFULLY FOR A MOMENT, THEN...

YOU ARE A GREAT FOOL, CLEN. BUT I WILL SHOW YOU THIS DEVICE, PERHAPS...


WHAT'S THAT YOU HAVE IN THAT CLIP, LADY?

IT IS ANGEL PISS.

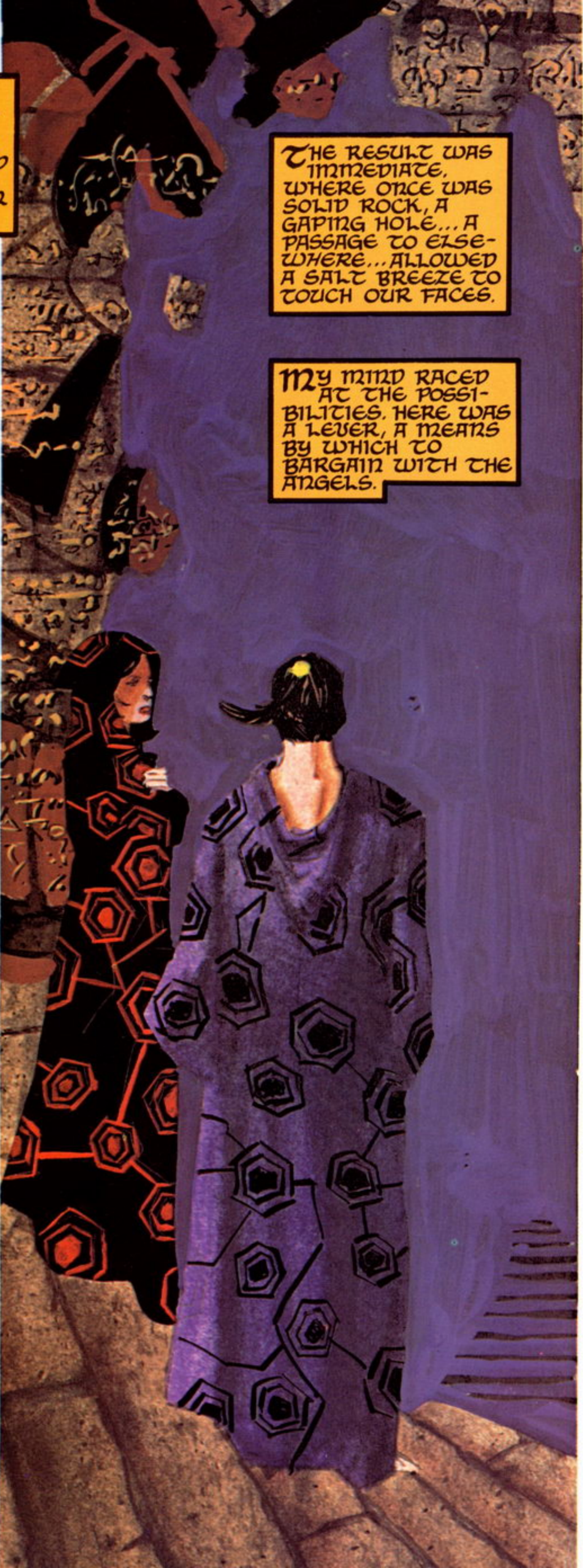
I DON'T...

JUST WATCH.

INSIDE, WE DESCENDED SEVERAL FLIGHTS OF STEPS TO A MUSTY CELLAR... THE WALLS OF WHICH BORE STRANGE AND ARCHAIC CARVED AND PAINTED RUINS...



CAREFULLY, SHE
DIPPED A METAL
BRUSH INTO THE
CORROSIVE LIQUID,
AND, WITH ASSURED
STROKES, ERASED
SEVERAL WORDS IN
THE RUNIC PANEL.




THE RESULT WAS
IMMEDIATE.
WHERE ONCE WAS
SOLID ROCK, A
GAPING HOLE... A
PASSAGE TO ELSE-
WHERE... ALLOWED
A SALT BREEZE TO
TOUCH OUR FACES.

MY MIND RACED
AT THE POSSI-
BILITIES. HERE WAS
A LEVER, A MEANS
BY WHICH TO
BARGAIN WITH THE
ANGELS.

THERE WAS
LITTLE TIME.



I
MUST
GO,
LADY.



AS I TOOK
LEAVE OF
GRADESMOR, A
ROAR ERUPTED
FROM A NEARBY
BARRICADE.

THE MIZIONS OF HELL HAD BREACHED THE WESTERN WALL.

THE MEN, WOMEN, AND CHILDREN OF THE MARCHES FOUGHT BACK, DRIVING THE INVADERS OUT... BUT THE DEFENSE COULD LAST BUT A SHORT TIME MORE.



WHAT ARE YOU *DOING*, CLEN? AS THE CITY IS SUFFERING A MORTAL SIEGE, YOU *RUN*?

THERE IS *NO* JUSTIFICATION FOR...



HARLAKIN, BEAR WITH ME.



I WILL RETURN *SOON*. BE WELL.



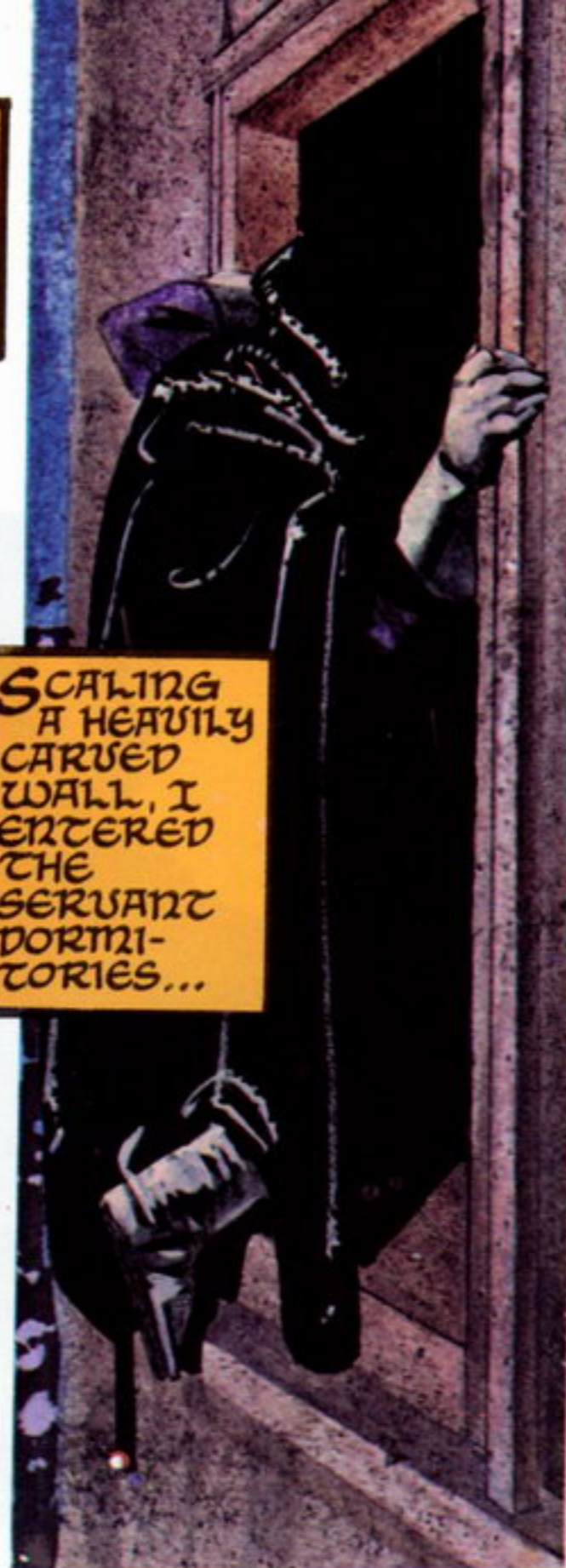
UNDER EARL HARLAKIN'S GLARE, I RODE OFF TO THE EAST.



THROUGH THE NIGHT,
I PUSHED ON,
FORCING THE STAL-
LION TO GREAT
SPEED. IN THE DEAD
OF NIGHT, I ENTERED
THE UNGUARDED
GATES OF HEAVEN.



SCALING
A HEAVILY
CARVED
WALL, I
ENTERED
THE
SERVANT
DORMI-
TORIES...



SHORTLY, WE
STOOD WITHIN
THE CLEARING...
LARK GAGGED,
HANDS TIED
BEHIND HER. I
REACHED INTO
THE HIDDEN
PLACE AMONG
THE CARVINGS.



WHERE SLEPT
THE OBJECT
OF MY SEARCH.



NOT A
PEEP, SLUT,
OR I'LL
DISSECT
YOU
HERE.



TAKE ME
TO THE ALTAR
IN THE
CLEARING,
NOW.

AND WITHDREW
THE PIPE.

HUSH, GIRL.
THERE'S NO
ONE TO
HEAR YOUR
GRUNTS--

I WAS MISTAKEN.
A SHORT CRACK
ENDED HER MUFFLED
PLEADINGS. SHE HAD
SEEN HER OWN
IMMINENT DEATH.

WELL, CLEN, YOU
MANAGED TO
CORRUPT A
LOYAL SERVANT...
BUT NO MORE.
YOU DIE, HERE.

NO SOLDIERS,
NO OFFSPRING,
PRINCE?
ALONE?

YOU'VE CAUSED ME SOME DISCOMFORT, BARBARIAN. IT ENDS NOW.

HIS EXCELLENCE, HOWEVER, WAS A STUDIED CRAFT--NOT THE KNOWLEDGE OF EXPERIENCE.

YOU REPEAT YOURSELF.

FEUROR'S SAVAGE ATTACK BELIED HIS APPEARANCE. HE HANDLED HIS TWO BLADES BRILLIANTLY.



NOW, SCUM, THE COUP.

...DE...



THIS PROVED HIS UNDOING.

PRINCE FEUROR DIED IN A
HEAP, BLOOD POURING
ONTO HIS BEAUTIFULLY
CUT HUNTING CLOTHES,
UNCARING.


I WIPED MY
BLADE CARE-
LESSLY ON HIS
COLLAR, WHEN...

THE
FALCON!


THE HUNTING
BIRD HAD
LED ANOTHER
OF THE LATE
PRINCE'S
CREATIONS
TO THE
CLEARING.

AT THE SIGHT
OF ITS DEAD
MASTER, THE
HOMUNCULUS
BELLOWED
SPEECHLESSLY.
I RAN.








I HOPED THE SWAMPY UNDERGROWTH MIGHT SLOW THE DEMON, BUT TO MY DISMAY, IT MERELY SHATTERED ANYTHING IN ITS WAY.



AS I BOLTED THROUGH THE WOOD, I BLEW WHAT BREATH I HAD INTO THE PIPE--UNTIL NEARLY BLIND IN THE DARKNESS, I RAN PELL-MELL INTO WHAT PROVED TO BE QUICKSAND.



MY ARMOR DRAGGED ME DOWN, RENDERING ME HELPLESS.



WITH A MUSCLE-
WRENCHING
JOLT, I WAS
ALOFT...

AS THE OTHER
ANGELS
SWOOPED DOWN
AND CONFOUNDED
THE SCREAMING
CREATURE.

OVER THE
RUSH OF
WIND I
SHOUTED--

I COME
WITH HELP--A
BARGAIN!
BUT THERE IS
NO TIME!


A FAMILIAR
CHIRPING
VOICE SPOKE.

WE WILL TALK
SOON, MAN.
THERE IS ALWAYS
TIME.




WELL,
ONARA,
WHAT...

I SEE THEM, LORD
PANDALONE. THEY'VE
RAZED THE OUTER
CITY.



THEY ARE
TORCHING
THE GRAIN
WARE-
HOUSES.


BASTARDS!
WHAT OF OUR
SNIPERS?



DEAD... OR
CRUCIFIED,
AND...

WHAT?
WHAT
IS IT?

THE SIEGE
MACHINES...
WE TORE
THEM DOWN
AFTER THE
RETREAT.
THEY'VE
REBUILT TWO.
CANNIBALIZED,
I GUESS.



THIS IS IT,
THEN.



YES, THE FINAL ASSAULT.

THESE BUILDINGS WILL NOT WITHSTAND A SUSTAINED BARRAGE FOR VERY LONG. THE CHILDREN **MUST** BE TAKEN TO THE FARMLANDS; THE FARMERS ARE READY TO MOVE INTO THE MOUNTAINS.



HERE IT COMES!



A **DIRECT** HIT! THEY'RE SWARMING UP THE PROMENADE. GO NOW, ONARA, TAKE THE **SECOND** TUNNEL.



HURRY, FOLLOW THE SOUND OF THE RIVER; WE'LL BE FINE.




HERE'S A LUSTY-LOOKING BITCH.

FIRST WOMAN I'VE SEEN HEREABOUTS WITH HIPS...

GO BACK, CHILDREN...

I'LL GUT THE FIRST BASTARD COMES NEAR ME.

UNHEARD, ABOVE THE ROAR OF THE BURNING ROOF, DARK SHAPES GLIDE FROM THE CLOUDS...



ANGELS...SWOOPING LOW OVER THE BARBARIAN
HORDES...SCAVENGED WEAPONS IN SAVAGE HANDS...




NOW, MY
FRIENDS...
NOW!

ONE OF THE
ANGELS
RELEASED ITS
BALLAST...AND
THE RAIN
CAME.




MOST OF THE
SAVAGES DIED
INSTANTLY, NEVER
KNOWING WHY...


OTHERS DIED MORE
SLOWLY, A SHRIeking
HOWL OF PAIN ECHOING
THROUGH THE VALLEY...
AS THESE MEN WATCHED
THEIR VERY BODIES
DISSOLVE IN THE ACID
RAIN.




UNTIL THE ONLY
SOUND WAS THE
HISS OF CORROSION
AS ONCE LIVING
TISSUE AND BONE
TURNED TO DUST.



THE REAR GUARD
BEAT A HASTY
RETREAT BACK TO
THEIR SHIPS, PRESSED
BY THE ANGELS...
BEATING THEIR
WINGS, THEY DROVE
THE EVAPORATING
ACID MIST OVER THE
FLEEING HORDES.



THE WAR
WAS OVER.




MY ANGEL COMPANION
DEPOSITED ME UNCEREMO-
NIOUSLY IN THE RAVAGED TOWN
SQUARE... AS MY PEOPLE,
BATTLE WEARY, APPROACHED,
TOO TIRED TO QUESTION
THEIR SALVATION.

YOUR
SISTER...?


KILLED AN HOUR
AGO... DEFENDING
THE CHILDREN
FROM INVADERS
IN THE
CATACOMBS.

OUR BENEFACTORS
ARE HUNGRY.
FEED THESE
ANIMALS TO THE
ANGELS.



DO WE
BEHEAD
THESE FEW
HELLFOLK
WE TOOK
PRISONER?

I LOOKED
AT THESE
MINDLESS
BERSERKERS
AND SAID
SOFTLY...



THE BALANCE
IS *RESTORED*
... WE CAN ASK
FOR *NO* MORE.

OF MY FELLOW
KNIGHTS,
ONLY BLIND
PANDALONE
LIVED. WE
STOOD IN HIS
HALF-BURIED
FLAT AND
SPOKE...

THE HELLFOLK
WILL *NEVER*
AGAIN CONSIDER
WAR, FOR FEAR
OF THE
ANGELS.

THE ANGELS ARE LEAVING THIS PLANE, NEVER TO RAIN ON HELL AGAIN. IN TIME, HELL COULD BECOME A LESS HOSTILE COUNTRY.

THE MARCHES MUST DRAG THE PEOPLE OF HELL INTO A SEMBLANCE OF CIVILIZATION. IT IS A RESPONSIBILITY.

AS FOR ME--I HAVE SERVED THE COSMIC BALANCE; MY WORK IS DONE HERE.

I WILL ACCOMPANY THE ANGELS.

ONARA... YOU WILL RULE THE MARCHES.

LORD CLEN!

TRUST ME, THERE IS NO ONE MORE CAPABLE. GOOD LUCK.

GRADESMOR, WE HAVE A DEBT TO PAY...

THROUGH THE DUSK WE WALKED TO THE RUINS OF ARGRAVAL'S HOUSE, FOLLOWED CLOSELY BY THE ANGELS.

WHO, UPON TAKING
THEIR INSECT
FORM, WERE ABLE
TO FOLLOW US DOWN
THE DARK STEPS TO
ARGRAVAL'S HIDDEN
CATACOMBS.

TAKE FLIGHT,
MY FRIENDS...
THE SPHERES
ARE JOINED.

THE ANCIENT DUST
ON THE STEPS
SPIRALED AROUND
OUR LEGS, AND THE
ANGELS WERE GONE,
SOARING INTO THE
MISTY VOID.

GOOD-BYE, LADY
GRADESMOR.
REMEMBER ME
KINDLY.



WILL YOU
JOIN US,
CHAMPION?




NO, MY FRIEND,
I SEE THE
LIGHTS OF A
SHIP. IT COMES
FOR ME. I
WILL WAIT.



FAREWELL, THEN,
MAN... BE WELL.

A VOICE HAILED FROM
THE SHIP AS A BOAT
APPROACHED THE SHORE.

DO YOU SEEK
CADELORN,
CHAMPION?



I DO.

THEN SAIL WITH
US. WE'LL TAKE
YOU TO YOUR
FINAL DESTINY.

THE STEERSMAN
AT THE OARS OF
THE SMALL BOAT
WAS SILENT,
NEARLY IMMOBILE.
HE BROUGHT ME
QUICKLY TO THE
GENTLY ROCKING
SHIP.

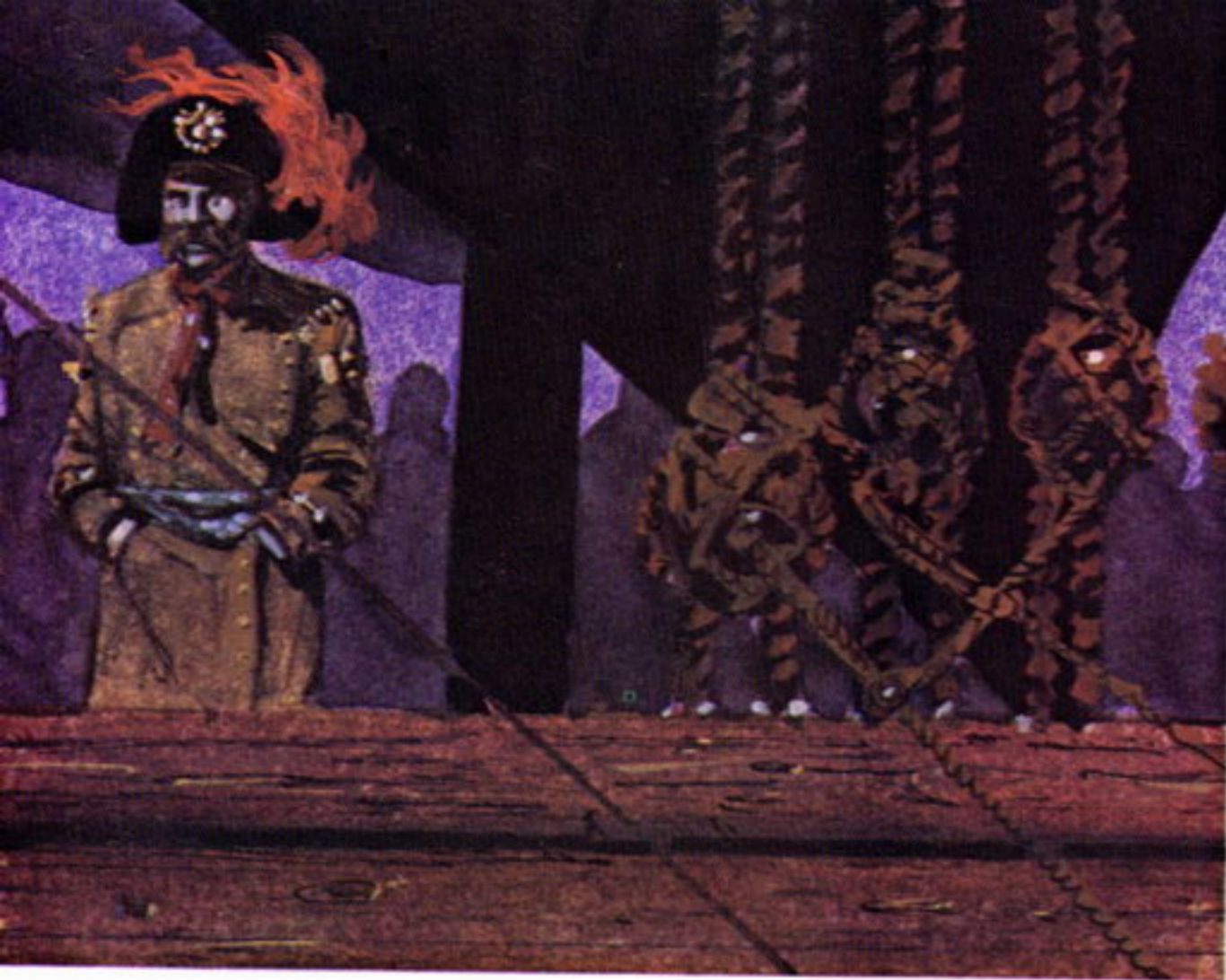


WELCOME,
CLEN OF
CLEN GAR.

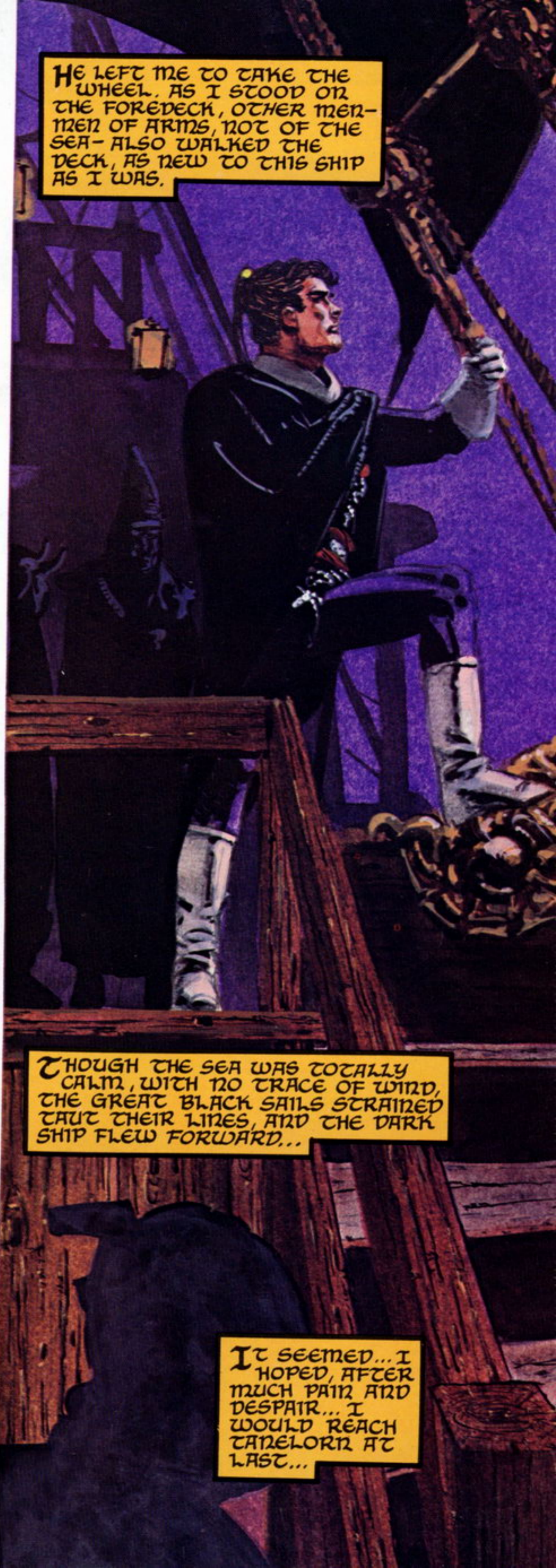
YOU
KNOW MY
NAME?

THE MAN, THE CAPTAIN OF
THIS MYSTIC VESSEL,
TOOK MY ARM AND WALKED
THE DECK WITH ME.

I KNOW
AS MUCH AS
POSSIBLE.



HE LEFT ME TO TAKE THE WHEEL. AS I STOOD ON THE FOREDECK, OTHER MEN—MEN OF ARMS, NOT OF THE SEA—ALSO WALKED THE DECK, AS NEW TO THIS SHIP AS I WAS.



WE MUST SAIL NOW. THERE WILL BE TIME FOR TALK LATER.

HIS MILKY WHITE IRISES, BLIND TO NORMAL SIGHT, SEEMED TO PEER INTO MY SOUL.



THOUGH THE SEA WAS TOTALLY CALM, WITH NO TRACE OF WIND, THE GREAT BLACK SAILS STRAINED TAUT THEIR LINES, AND THE DARK SHIP FLEW FORWARD...

IT SEEMED... I HOPED, AFTER MUCH PAIN AND DESPAIR... I WOULD REACH TANELORN AT LAST...

AND WOULD
AGAIN FIND
MY BELOVED
ERMIZHAD.



INTO THE DARK
NIGHT THE SHIP
SAILED ON.





ISBN 0-35230681-5

£2.95 in the united kingdom

\$9.95 in australia and new zealand

£3.00 in malta