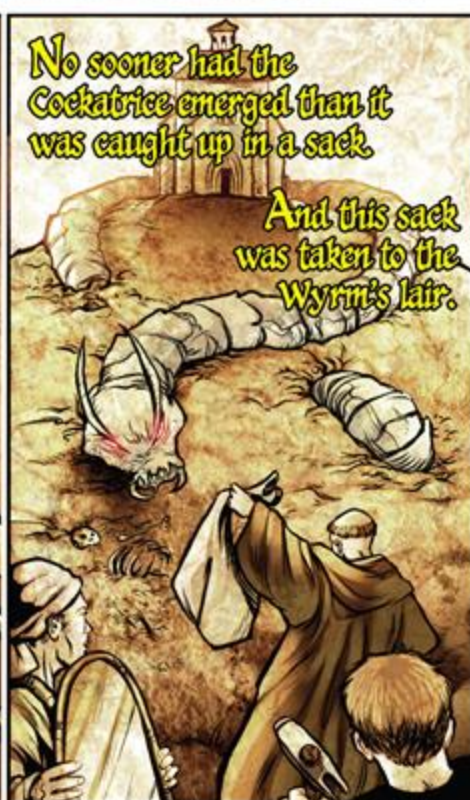
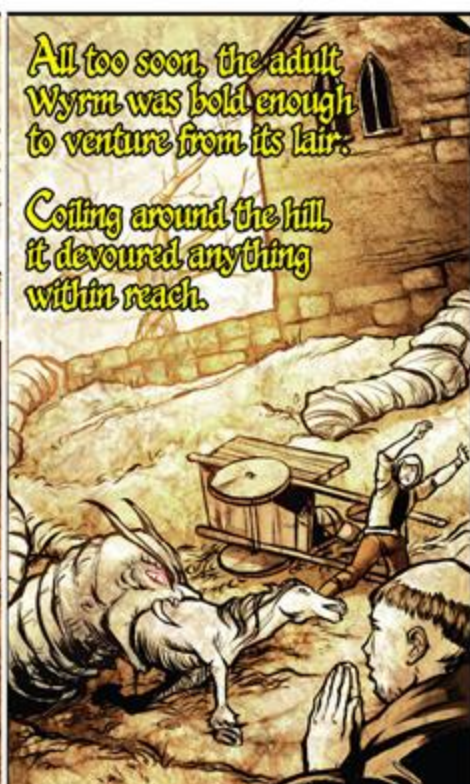
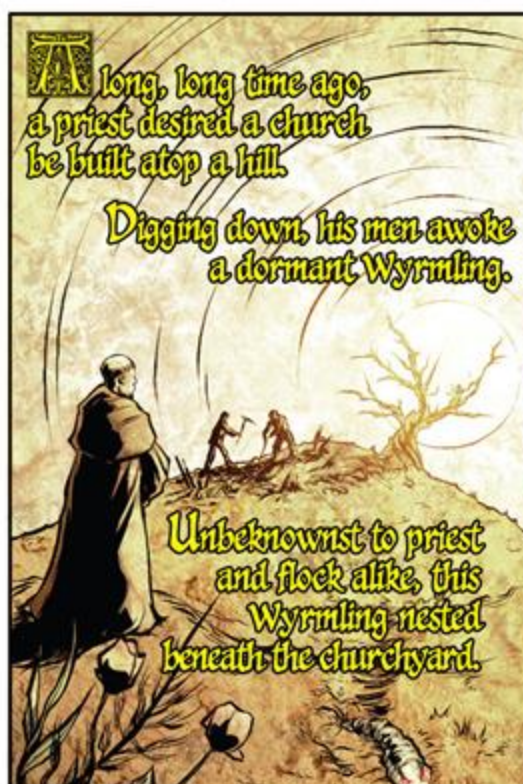


# DAMSELS

DYNAMITE  
2









...where he stood for centuries beside the altar, watching over his flock; frozen in perpetual triumph over the monster he had bested.

ISN'T THAT A BIT... WELL... CANNIBALISM OR SOMETHING?

AREN'T THEY YOUR... COUSINS, OR SOMETHING?

OR AM I MISUNDERSTANDING THE WHOLE *TAIL* SITUATION?

I'M NOT A FISH.

BUT MOST THINGS IN THE SEA DO EAT FISH. INCLUDING MANY OTHER FISH.









DID YOU  
HEAR DURIC'S  
TAVERN CLOSED?  
PERMANENTLY  
I MEAN?



REALLY?  
GONE? BUT  
DURIC'S HAS  
BEEN THERE  
FOR YEARS!

SEEMS  
SO. IT'S ALL  
BOARDED UP,  
AND NOBODY'S  
SEEN HIM.



MAYBE  
TRADE WAS SLOW.  
I SEE FEWER  
DWARVES ON THE  
STREET EVERY  
WEEK.

BUT IT  
WASN'T JUST  
A DWARF  
PLACE!

DURIC SAID  
HE'D SERVE  
ANYONE WHO  
COULD PAY  
THEIR TAB.



MAYBE FOLK  
WON'T MIX WITH  
FAE NO MORE,  
GNOMES AND  
SUCH.

MAYBE.  
I NEVER MET  
A GNOME  
COULD HOLD  
ITS ALE.

GODS  
IT'S SLOW  
TODAY.



I WAS  
THINKING IF YOU  
WON'T MISS ME,  
I'LL HEAD OVER  
TO SEE WHAT THIS  
PROCLAMATION'S  
ALL ABOUT?

I WANTED  
TO HEAR THAT  
AN' ALL.

I'LL COME  
OVER WITH  
YOU. KEEP YOU  
COMPANY.



AYE, IT'S  
NOT 'TILL TWO, SO  
WE'LL GO ONCE  
YOU'VE DONE THE  
LUNCH RUSH. WISH  
THEY'D BLOOMIN'  
RUSH US...





DO YOU KNOW WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT THEN?

THERE WAS SOME KIND OF ATTACK LAST NIGHT AT THE PALACE.

A THIEF, OR AN ASSASSIN, OR SOMETHING. MAYBE THEY CAUGHT HIM?



THEY'D BE FOOLS TO TRY IT DURING THE ROYAL VISIT THOUGH, WOULDN'T THEY?

DID YOU SEE QUEEN TALIA'S GUARDS YESTERDAY IN THE PARADE? THEY LOOKED LETHAL!

I WOULDN'T SAY LETHAL... SHINY, CERTAINLY!

THAT'S FIGHTING TALK!

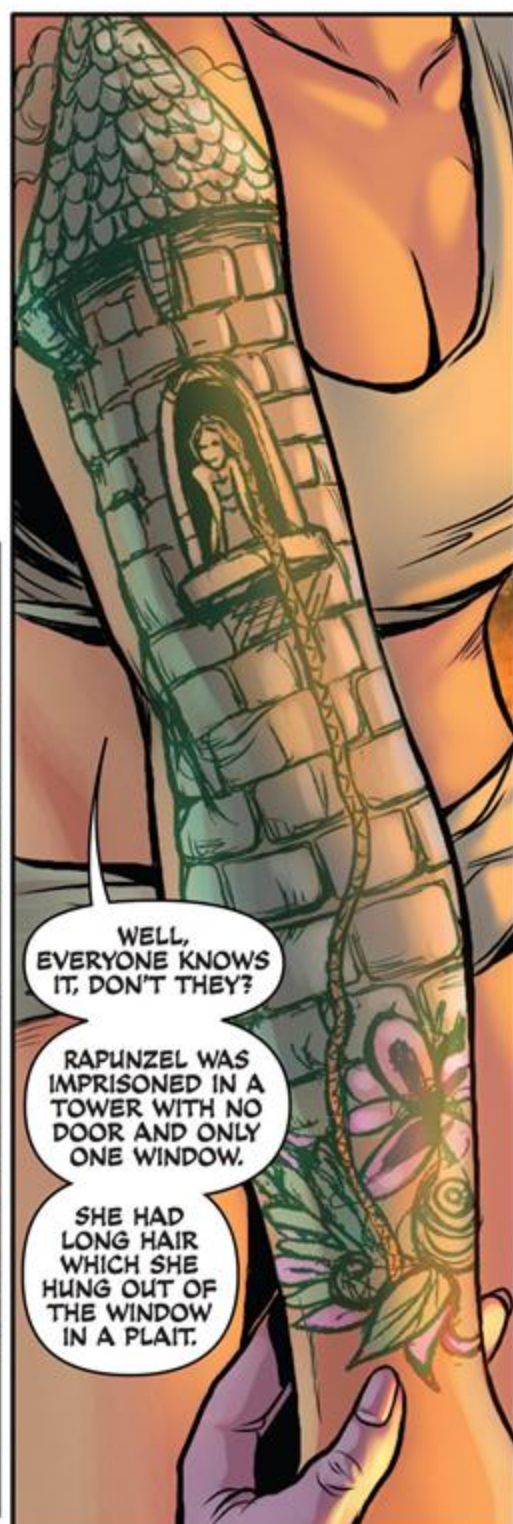
RECKON YOU COULD TAKE THEM, DO YOU? THE LEGENDARY BRÖKK AGAINST TALIA'S ELITE COTERIE?



I WOULDN'T GO THAT FAR. I'D SCUFF THEIR BREASTPLATES, SO THEY RAN OFF TO POLISH 'EM UP AGAIN!

OR PART THEIR HAIR ON THE WRONG SIDE, IF I WAS FEELING NASTY.









"A HANDSOME PRINCE  
CLIMBED UP HER HAIR..."

"...AND THEY FELL  
IN LOVE...OR...OR  
WAS IT NOT THAT?"



"DID HE  
FALL? DID HE  
FALL FROM  
THE TOWER  
INSTEAD?"



AND  
THEN...  
THEN...

WHO DID IT?  
WHO LOCKED  
HER IN THE  
TOWER?



I CAN'T  
REMEMBER, ALRIGHT?  
NOT EVEN A SIMPLE  
STORY, A CHILDREN'S  
TALE...

YOU CAN!  
LOOK HERE!  
SEE FOR  
YOURSELF!



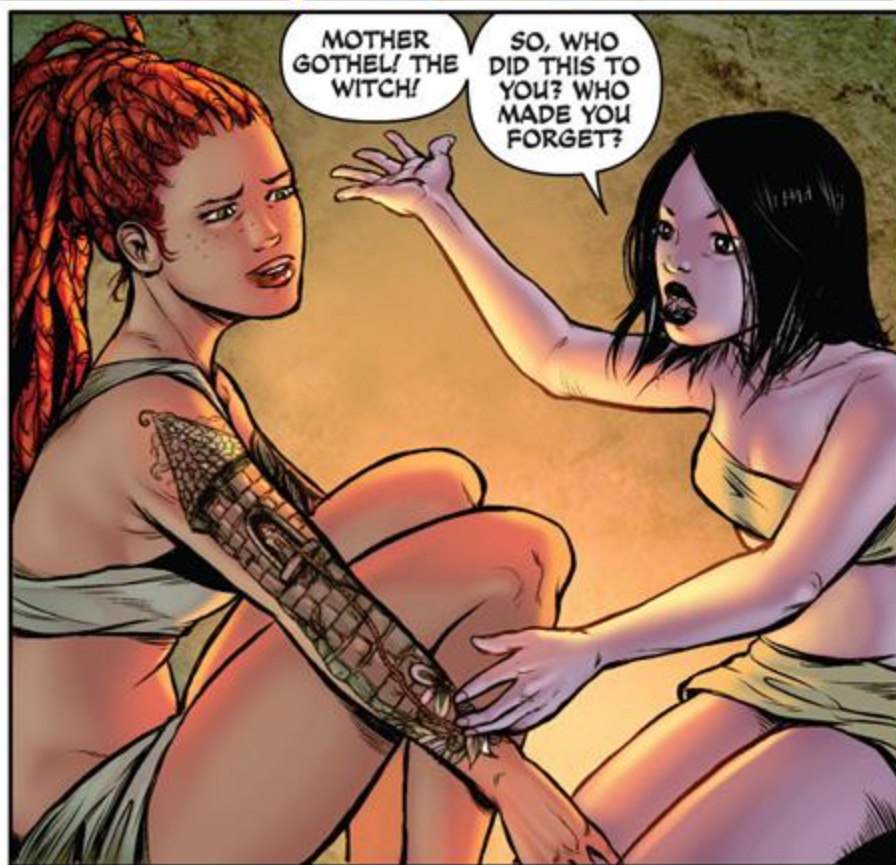
IT--IT'S A  
WITCH, ISN'T  
IT? A WITCH  
TRICKED THEM  
BOTH.

GO ON! WHO  
IS SHE? THE  
WITCH? WHAT'S  
HER NAME?



"SHE'S JUST  
A WITCH! YOU  
KNOW, THE WICKED  
WITCH, THE EVIL  
OLD WITCH...  
MOTHER...MOTHER  
SOMETHING.

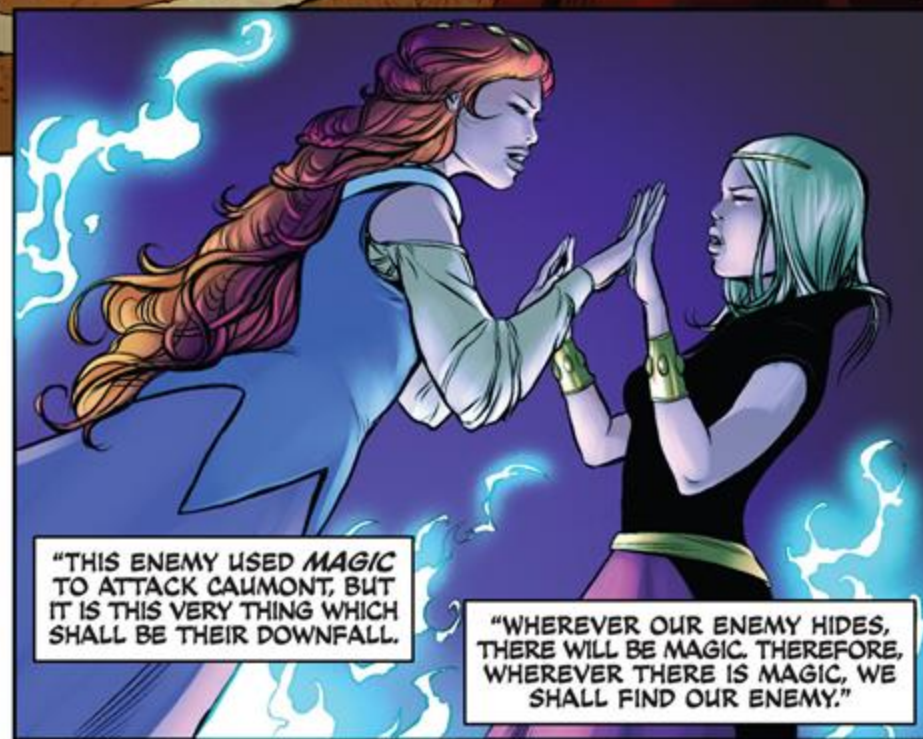
"MOTHER  
GOTHEL? IS  
THAT IT?"



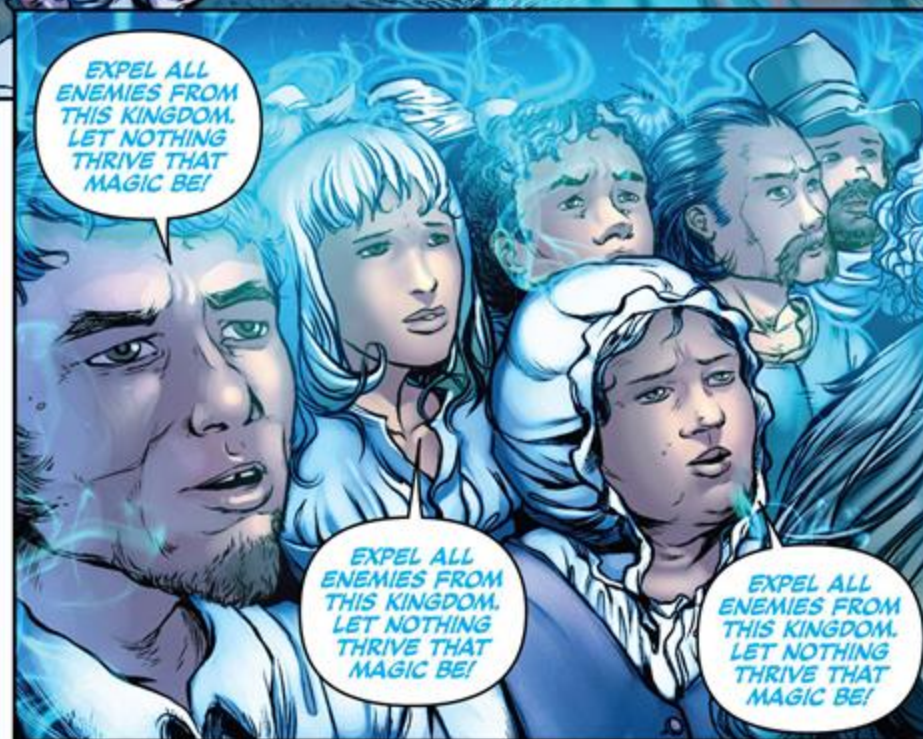
MOTHER  
GOTHEL! THE  
WITCH!

SO, WHO  
DID THIS TO  
YOU? WHO  
MADE YOU  
FORGET?





















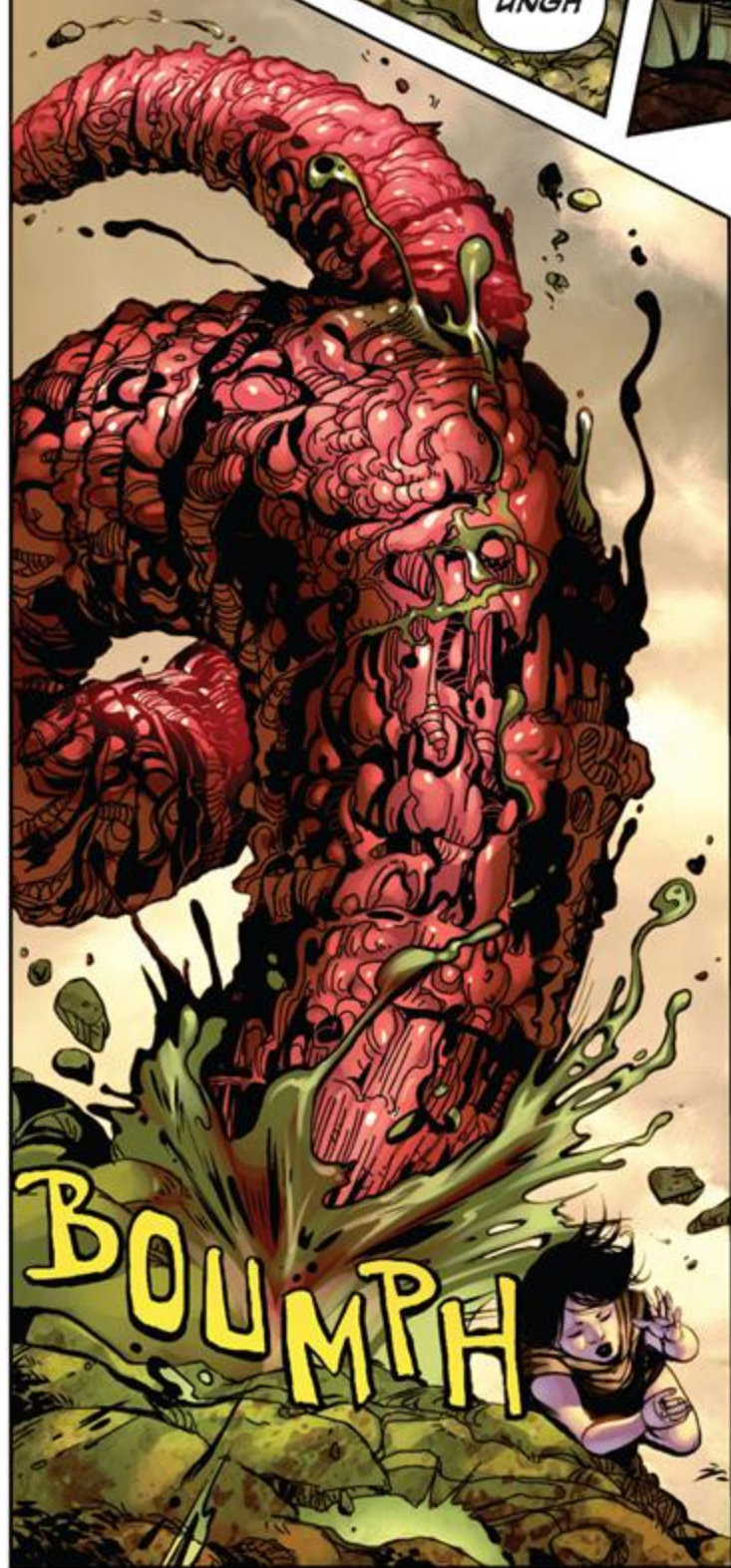
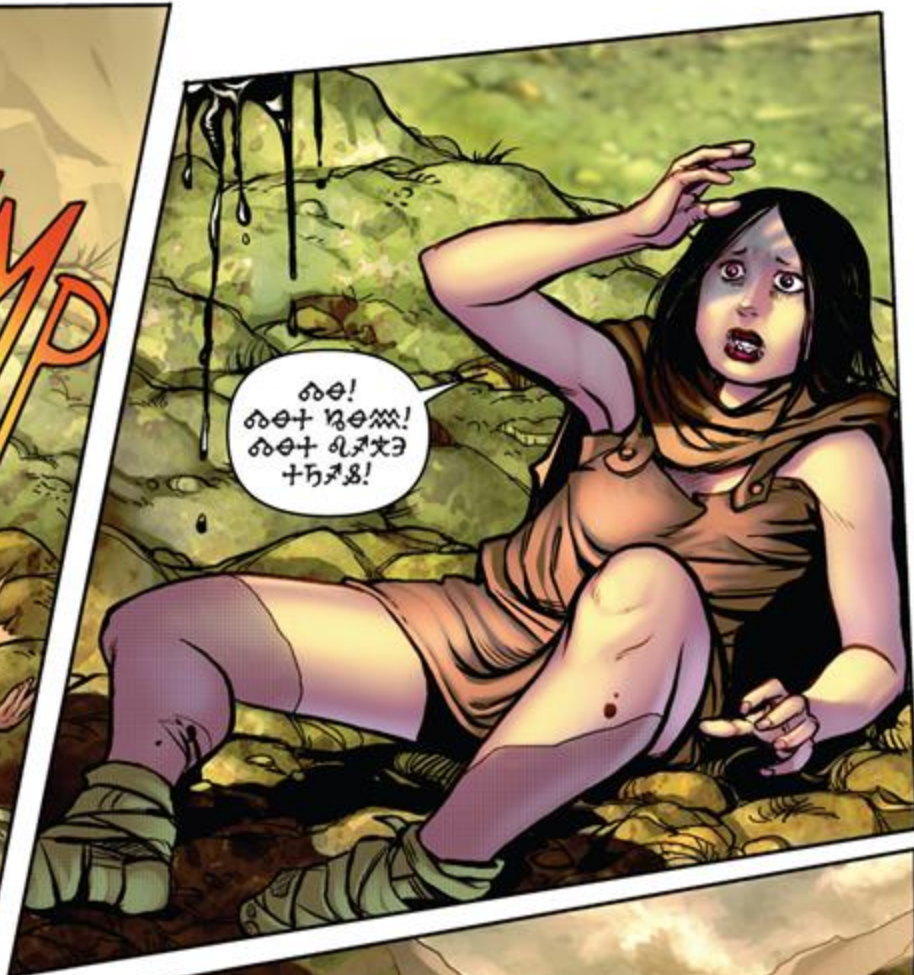
















...TRULY  
STIRRING, YOUR  
MAJESTY. JUST THE  
KIND OF THING YOUR  
SUBJECTS NEEDED  
TO HEAR!

EVERY  
ABLE BODIED MAN  
WILL BE EAGER TO  
VOLUNTEER FOR OUR  
CAUSE NOW!



CAUSE?

AH,  
YOUR MAJESTY,  
FORGIVE ME. I  
WAS REFERRING  
SPECIFICALLY  
TO THE KING'S  
ARMY.

BUT, OF  
COURSE, I MEANT THE  
COMPACT BETWEEN OUR  
CAUMONT, YOUR OWN  
KINGDOM OF PERRAULT,  
AND SOON THAT OF  
VILLENEUVE.



YES  
NATURALLY, WE...  
NEED A STRONG  
MILITARY...DON'T  
WE?

AND  
YOUR ARMY IS  
HERE ALREADY  
OF COURSE,  
BROTHER-  
AURORE.



INDEED IT  
IS BROTHER-PERSINE.  
THE MIGHTIEST ARMY  
EVER RAISED BY  
PERRAULT.

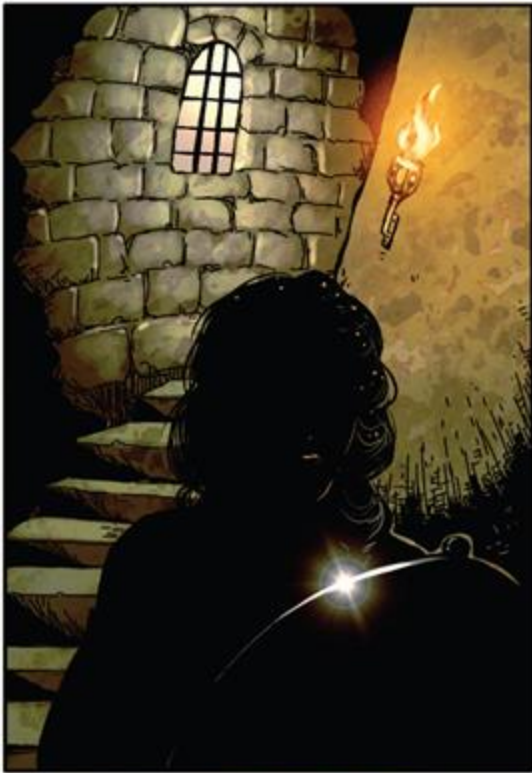
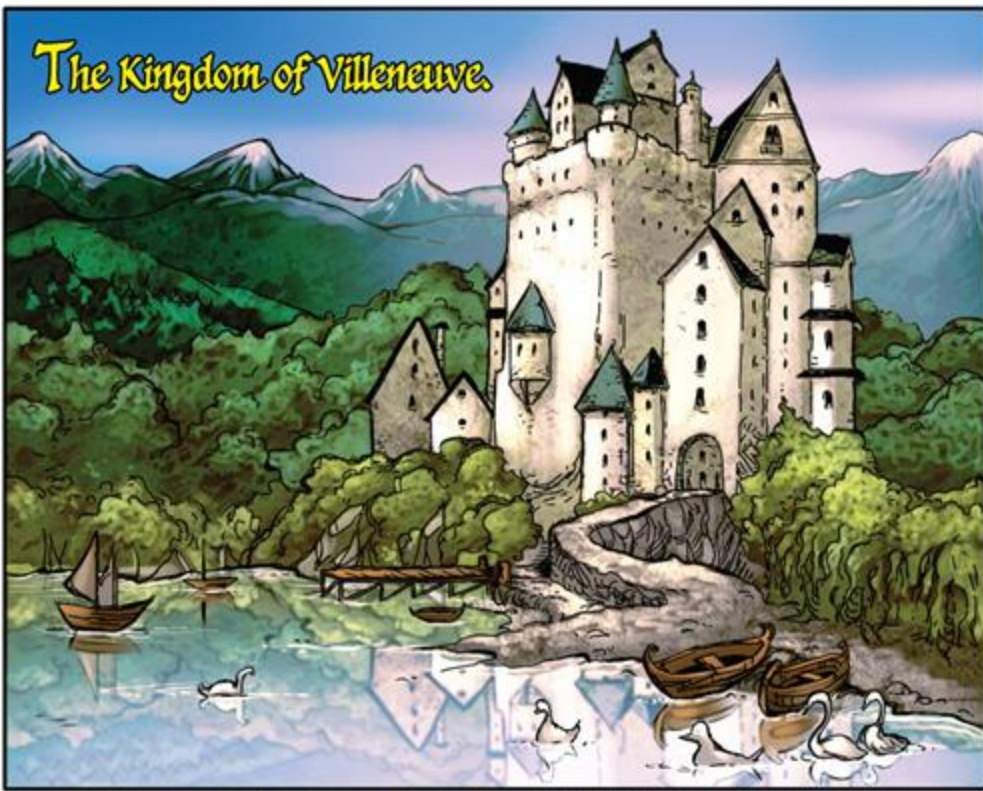
JUST IMAGINE THEIR  
COMBINED STRENGTH.  
YOUR HIGHNESSES.  
UNPARALLELED.  
UNSTOPPABLE!

I THANK THE  
GODS--THE *TRUE*  
GODS, NATURALLY--  
THAT I SHOULD LIVE  
IN SUCH WONDROUS  
TIMES, YOUR  
MAJESTIES.

























The great Wyrn was not dead however, merely frozen--spellbound in a prison of stone.

There it remained, coiled around Wyrn Hill for hundreds of years, until one day a powerful magic broke the Cockatrice curse.



And so, waked from its centuried slumber, the Wyrn turned its anger upon the church of the man who had bested it.

During this onslaught, a certain figure was smashed into a hundred pieces.



The creature lacked the intelligence to know the significance of that act of destruction.

Its appetite for destruction sated, the Wyrn burrowed down through fathoms of soil, returning to the bowels of the world without ever understanding.



For the figure was no statue after all, it was the petrified body of that self same priest.

But his curse had never been broken.

To be continued...



