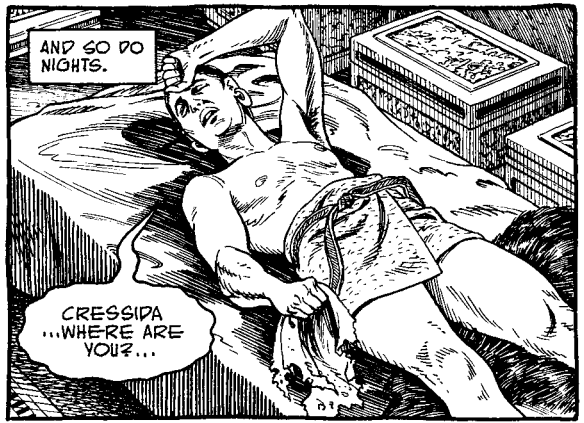


DAYS PASS.



AND SO DO NIGHTS.

CRESSIDA
...WHERE ARE YOU?...



GO ON IN. YOU SAY THIS WINE IS FROM YOUR FATHER'S STOCK?

OF COURSE. DON'T DRINK IT ALL AT ONCE.



UH... KASSANDRA?

KASSANDRA?

...THE MOON'S ORB WHEELS, AND TIME WILL BRING TO PASS THAT PITIFUL, PITIFUL DAY FULL OF BLOOD, CROWN OF DESPAIR, WOE FOR MY EYES--



LION WHELP! HAVE YOU COME EAGER FOR BATTLE?



NO! NO, KASSANDRA. I'M HERE BECAUSE, WELL...

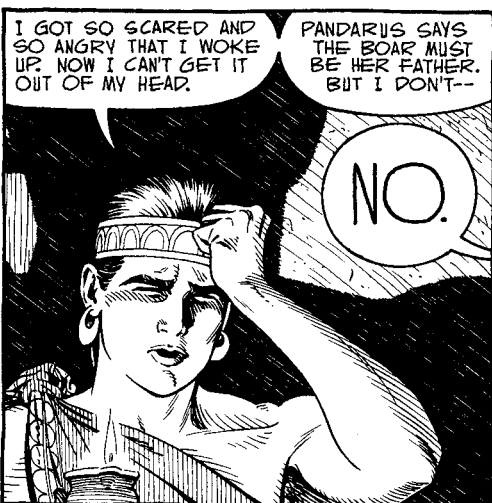
I HAVEN'T BEEN SLEEPING MUCH, BUT A FEW NIGHTS AGO I HAD THIS DREAM--NOT A BAD ONE, NOT REALLY--BUT...

I'M JUST A MIRROR, LITTLE LION.



BUT I CAN'T STOP THINKING ABOUT IT. IT WON'T LET ME GO.

YOU DON'T RECOGNIZE WHAT I REFLECT.

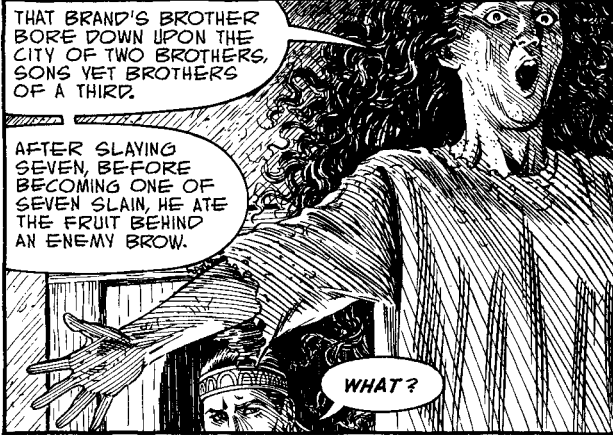




ONCE THE MOON, IRE RISING, SENT THE TUSK OF OETA TO RAVAGE RIPENED VINES-- TO DEVOUR--

--A BOAR BUTCHERED NOT BY OUR BURNING BRAND BROTHER, BUT BY AN UNBURNED BRAND.

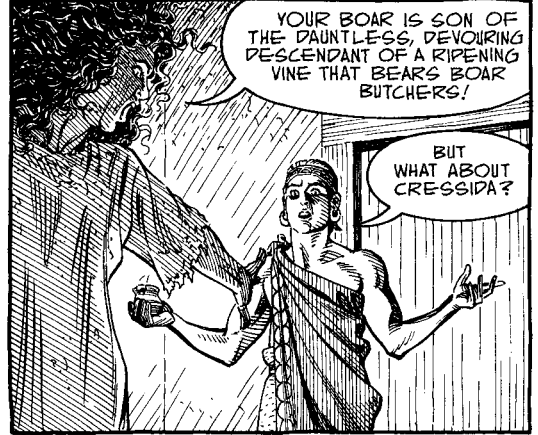
WAIT, I DON'T UNDERSTAND--



THAT BRAND'S BROTHER BORE DOWN UPON THE CITY OF TWO BROTHERS, SONS YET BROTHERS OF A THIRD.

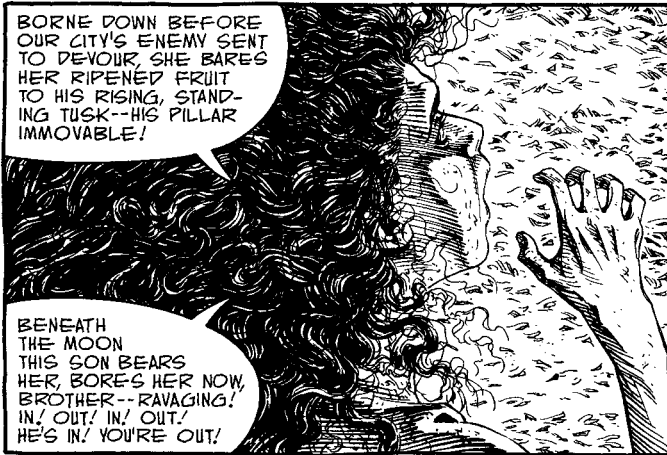
AFTER SLAYING SEVEN, BEFORE BECOMING ONE OF SEVEN SLAIN, HE ATE THE FRUIT BEHIND AN ENEMY BROW.

WHAT?



YOUR BOAR IS SON OF THE DAUNTLESS, DEVOURING DESCENDANT OF A RIPENING VINE THAT BEARS BOAR BUTCHERS!

BUT WHAT ABOUT CRESSIDA?



BORNE DOWN BEFORE OUR CITY'S ENEMY SENT TO DEVOUR, SHE BARES HER RIPENED FRUIT TO HIS RISING, STANDING TUSK--HIS PILLAR IMMOVABLE!

BENEATH THE MOON THIS SON BEARS HER, BORE'S HER NOW, BROTHER--RAVAGING! IN! OUT! IN! OUT! HE'S IN! YOU'RE OUT!



NO!

SHE WOULDN'T!

YOU'RE WRONG!



WRONG! WRONG! WRONG!

WUH? YOU'RE MAKING ME SPILL--

OH, FAIR-FOSTERED FLOWER! YOU LOSE YOUR HEAD!



YOUR FIERY SHAFTS OF CHARM SMITE THE DRAGON--HE SEIZES YOU A LITTLE LOVELESS WHILE--YOUR FATHER'S ALTAR BLOODY--YOU LOSE YOUR HEAD!



YOU LOSE YOUR HEAD!