







And this intelligence will have some bearing on the realm? Or just me in particular?



Both, as it happens.



Well, do spit it out, dear.

Mummy has things to do and if you're just going to stand there, puffing your chest up ridiculously ...



Your friend, the princess of Erogenia has been ...

... well, there's no easy way to say it - she's been murdered, it seems.

Really.

Really.

Zona. Murdered. Dead.

I see.

And does this intelligence of yours give us a clue as to who the murderer is?



Actually, it seems part of a conspiracy. I'm investigating fully, but - well, all indications point to the perpetrators being anti-Erogenian Kivalians doing it on orders from someone in this very castle.

Really.

Really. I don't want to believe it, personally, but the source is reliable. And as the regent I need to take action immediately against that party.



Of course.

Fortunately, as far as I know no one else has heard this dreadful news, yet, but they will.

Ah - rumor. Always rumor.

Yes. Why, I don't know what the Erogenians might do in retaliation. They might even seek to harm a member of our royal family - to balance their ... whatever it is.

"Cha," dear. It's called "cha." And that's true, Zona's people don't do things halfway when it comes to family.

So, don't keep me in this dreadful suspense, lamb. Tell Mother who is the party at the head of this conspiracy?



I'm shocked, Mother, shocked to find that YOU

Ah, of course.

Yes, Mother, how could you

Well, then, I suppose I'm to go to the White Tower, am I?

Uh - yes, and you'll

Naturally. Won't be the first time. Your father locked me up there twice - no, three times, now I recall. There was that absurd affair with Count Gilnek right after we were married.



Be a dear and have my books and papers sent ahead for me? And I hope I'll be allowed my spinnet and my favorite pillow.

- or is it to be bread and water and a straw palette?

You - You're going to the Tower!!

Yes, we'd established that, already, Maldik. Do try to keep up.



Oool You -- you - you're just bound and determined to take all the fun out of this, aren't you?!



Oh, it's supposed to be fun, is it?

Now, that is one of the important little differences between us, my son. I have never chosen to kill innocent people as one of my leisure activities.

Tell me one thing: Have you seen the body?

Of c - the what?

Zona's body. Who discovered it? Have we brought it here in honor, as befits her station?

I've gotten rather good at it over time, true, but to me it's simply one of the occasionally necessary things that goes along with power. To actually enjoy it is in very bad taste.

That reminds me, I will have to write Ipola a particularly eloquent letter of condolence. Especially as I am, supposedly, the murderer ...

Well - the body's ... uh ...

Oh, dear.

You mean you believed a mere report that Zona Zonn Ipola is dead?

She's dead. I know she is.

Maldik - and I say this with a mother's love - you are a perfect idiot. If nothing else, you've excelled at that.

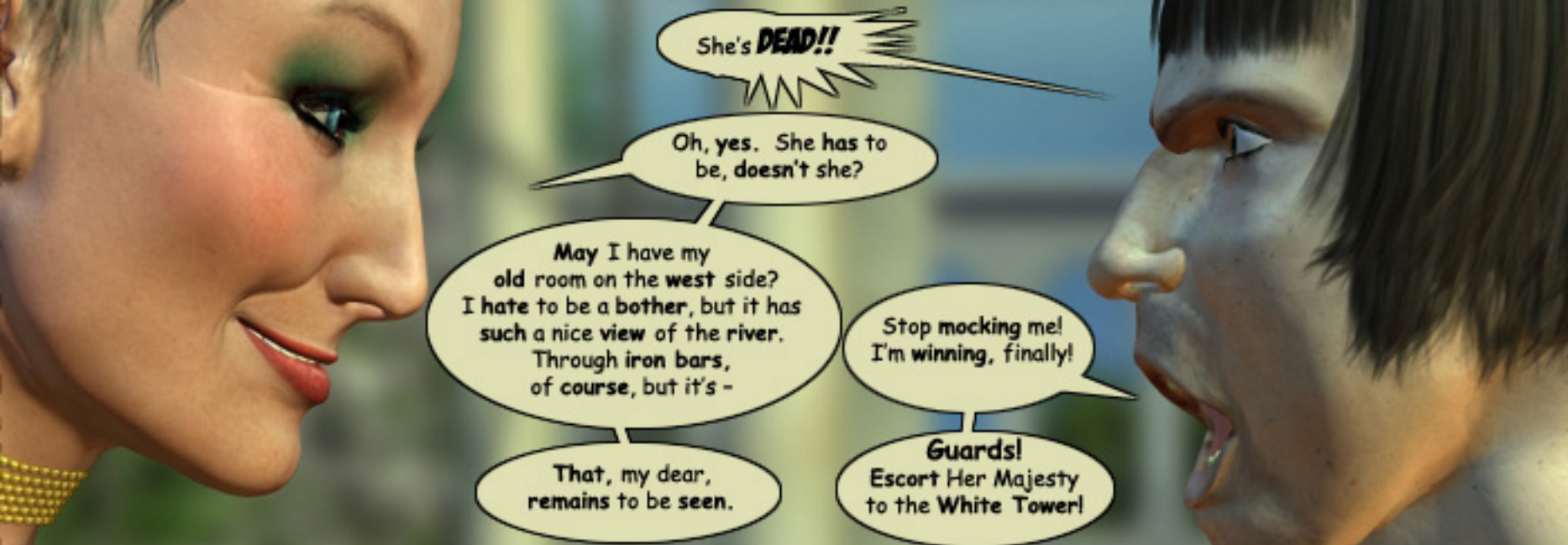
Don't you --

You've blathered your whole scheme to me, revealed your master stroke which hinges completely on Zona's murder - all without knowing for certain that the princess is actually dead?

Thrasu's broken bones, child, don't you know how many times we've had a report that that girl was killed in places from Sandakar to the oceans of the Moon?! She always seems to turn up a fortnight later completely unscathed and with a new drinking mug made from the skull of her enemy.

I remember her father, Zonn. He's supposed to be dead, too - I still don't believe it. He should have been killed a hundred times over by gonthargs, wolves, urtts or avalanches, and yet, even if he had to climb out of a bottomless pit with broken arms, fighting off demons from the Deeps he still survived. By all the Spirit Kings that man was magnificent. His daughter is just as hard to kill.





She's **DEAD!!**

Oh, yes. She has to be, doesn't she?

May I have my old room on the west side? I hate to be a bother, but it has such a nice view of the river. Through iron bars, of course, but it's -

Stop mocking me! I'm winning, finally!

That, my dear, remains to be seen.

**Guards!**  
Escort Her Majesty to the **White Tower!**



Good day, darling. Do try to clean up those loose ends in your scheme, can you? Remember, the demon's in the details. Ta-ta!

**SHUT UP!**  
**SHUT UP! YOU --**

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Hah! She's dead. The Erogenian's dead. I know she's dead, that's what the message said.



They wouldn't ... lie ...





Out of the night that covers me,  
Black as the Pit from pole to pole,

I thank whatever gods may be  
For my unconquerable soul.

«Ngagh!! Bastard! You cheat!»

«Ahhh, you stupid idiot!  
They're your dice, how can I cheat?!»

In the fell clutch of circumstance  
I have not winced nor cried aloud.  
Under the bludgeonings of chance  
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears  
Looms but the Horror of the shade,  
And yet the menace of the years  
Finds, and shall find, me unafraid.

K-SHINK!

K-SHINK!

«Give it up, urtt - you're  
just havin' a real run of bad luck.»

It matters not how strait the gate,  
How charged with punishments the scroll,  
I am the master of my fate:



*I am the **captain** of my soul.*

**SH-KRANG!!**



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**<SHIT! FUCK SHIT FUCK!>**



**<IT'S BUSTIN' LOOSE!>**



<I got it!>

<NO! Don't get in its reach! You stupid ->

**WHUNG!!**

**AAAUGH!!**

**SNA-AP!**

**THUD!**

<SHOOT IT!  
Shoot it quick, before it  
breaks the ankle chains!>

**TWANG!**

**SNAG.**

<You asshole! How  
could you miss?!>

<It fucking caught  
the fucking bolt in  
its fucking hand!>

<Reload!! Reload!!>

**SNAP!**

**SPTANG!**

<FUCK! I'm gettin' outta here!>

<Nnnnaaaaaughh!!!!>

<HELPI! HELPI! It's got m-->

**CRACK!**

**WHAM!**

**WHAM!**

**WHAM!**

**CRACK!**

**CRACK!**

**CRUNCH!!**

<HELPI! HEL-->

All right.

I feel  
a little better,  
now.



So - she's pawing at me like I was a piece of meat. Frankly, to her, I am. Literally. She's going to play around, do kinky, perverted things to me and then she's going to kill me.

And then eat me.

I think if you look up the definition of "Big Trouble" in the dictionary, this is the picture next to it. So - how do I get out of it?

I'm supposed to be able to do some kind of magick, but I can't make a love song - I have no idea what that would do to her. Like Vito said: Not human.

Need something that cuts through everything - not compassion, not love -

No.  
Not love.  
Hunger.

Okay, then.  
Here we go.

Snap!  
Snap!  
Snap!  
Snap!

Snap!  
Snap!  
Snap!  
Snap!

What - what are you doing?

Why are you making that noise??

Snap!  
Snap!  
Snap!  
Snap!

Snap!  
Snap!  
Snap!  
Snap!

K  
L  
A  
P!  
!

GIVE ME -

K  
L  
A  
P!  
!

-YOUR BODY.

K  
L  
A  
P!  
!



GIVE ME -

What is this?!  
Tell me!

**KLAP!**

-YOUR BODY.

**KLAP!**

GIVE ME -

**KLAP!**

YOUR BODY!

**KLAP!**

Where is that  
sound coming from?

You can't do this!  
Stop it!  
I am owner!  
You -

DON'T TALK  
DON'T TALK  
DON'T TALK  
DON'T TALK

**BABY DON'T TALK!!**

...





HEY! HEY!

HEY! HEY!

GIVE ME YOUR BODY



JUST GIVE ME  
YEAH

YOUR BODY

Wh-what --



DON'T TALK.

HUH-HUH-





YOU GOT RED LIPS

SNAKES  
IN YOUR EYES

LONG LEGS

GREAT THIGHS

YOU GOT THE CUTEST ASS I'VE EVER SEEN  
KNOCK ME DOWN FOR A SIX ANY TIME

Look at meee-i got a case of body language..

Look at meee-i got a case of body language..

Look at meee-i got a case of body language..

Look at meee-i got a case of body language..



I  
WANT  
YOUR  
BODY!!



Please ... wannnt ... you! ...  
Nnnnnnnnn-aaaah-hhhnnnhhhh...  
Do me! PleaseIneedyouinmeeeee ...  
PLEASE, MASTER!!

BABY  
YOU'RE HOT!



Can't do it with these  
irons on, I'm afraid.



Oh ..  
I take them off!  
See!



Please!  
SO ... hungry!  
Need you!!

Okay.  
Just close  
your eyes.



Yes!  
Yes, I close my eyes,  
master ...

No peeking!





Pleeeeeeaaase!!  
I burn!! Want you!  
Want --



Yessss...  
**PLEASE!**  
Neeeed... Please, more, Master!  
**MORE!**  
So hungry!!!



Oh, Jesus ...

What ...

What did I ...?

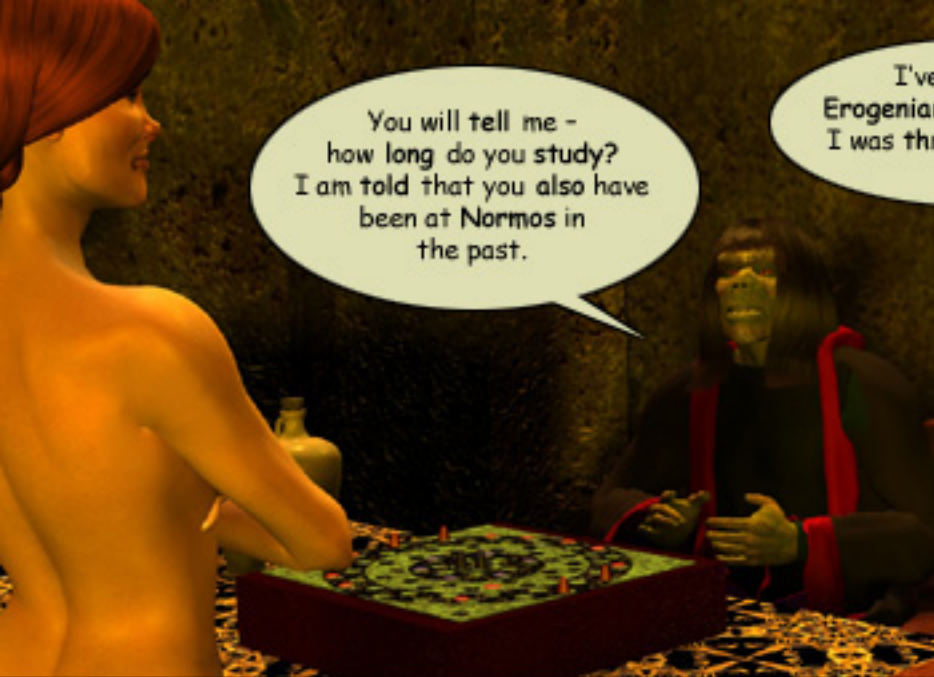


No!  
No! Can't take  
a chance!







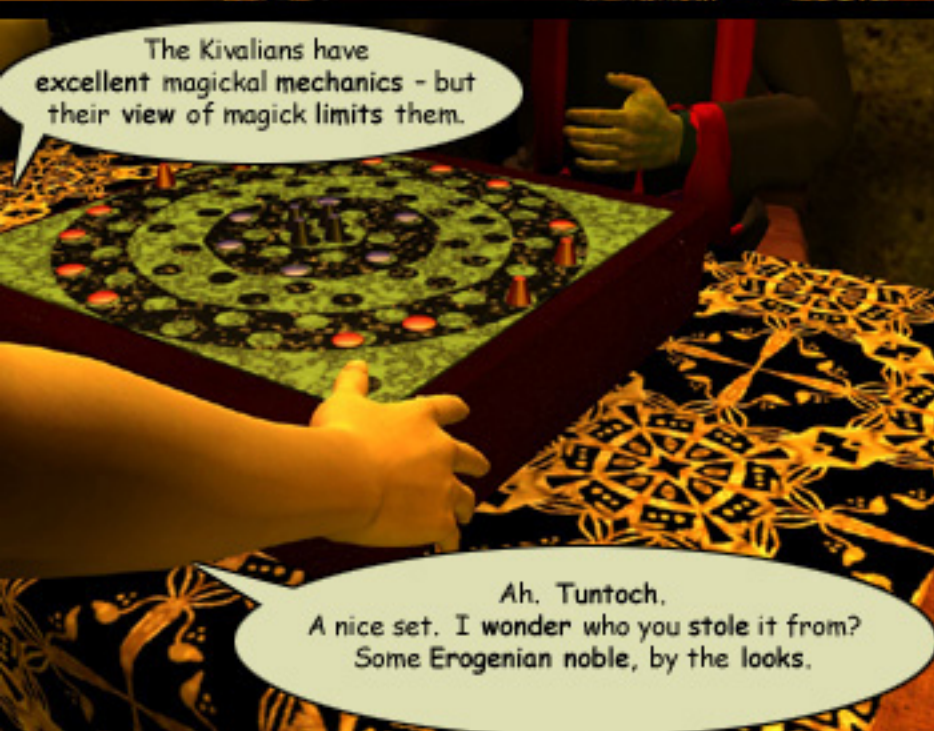


You will tell me -  
how long do you study?  
I am told that you also have  
been at Normos in  
the past.

I've studied  
Erogenian magick since  
I was three years old.



I went  
to Normos  
for two years to  
study the alchemy  
and ritual magick of  
the Kivalians, as well  
as historical  
documents  
that we no longer  
possess in my  
country.



The Kivalians have  
excellent magickal mechanics - but  
their view of magick limits them.

Ah. Tuntoch.  
A nice set. I wonder who you stole it from?  
Some Erogenian noble, by the looks.



It is an  
interesting thing,  
this human game of  
small war. Urdds do not  
have a thing like this.  
I begin to see, however,  
that it is useful for  
human to be learning  
things in small  
and applying the  
knowledge  
to the thing  
in large.

Urdds  
do not need  
such games, of course,  
but it pleases me to  
understand how you  
will play, and I will  
apply the knowledge to  
knowing how you will  
think.



Okay.



I'll be red, you blue.  
Will you defend or attack?

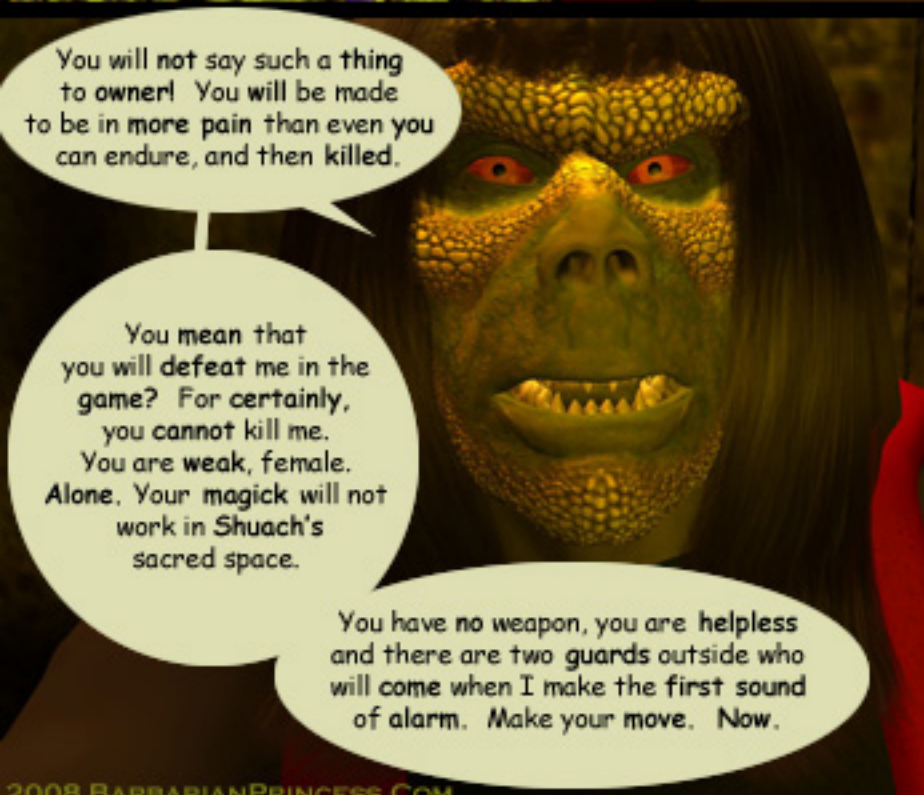


I wish to know  
what you will choose.

Very well  
I'll be the attacker.  
Red is on the outer rings,  
and blue is in the fortress.  
Mine is the first move.











Congratulations.  
You now have a little example  
of how I think, Gorshash.

Yes,  
I am female.  
I am alone.  
And it does seem as  
though my magick  
has taken a  
holiday.

Hhhhhh... hhhh...



But I am a  
princess of Erogenia.  
I am **not** weak.  
And I'm never helpless.

And you were  
stupid enough to put  
something in my  
hand I could use.



HHH!!



Although,  
there's the difference  
between Zona and me:  
She would have put the  
piece completely through  
your head without  
thinking.

**RIP!**

I had to make  
you open your ugly  
mouth wide enough  
to put one down  
your throat.

No objection  
if I take this,  
have you?

Thanks, so much.  
Only it is a little  
cold in here.

Hhhhhh....

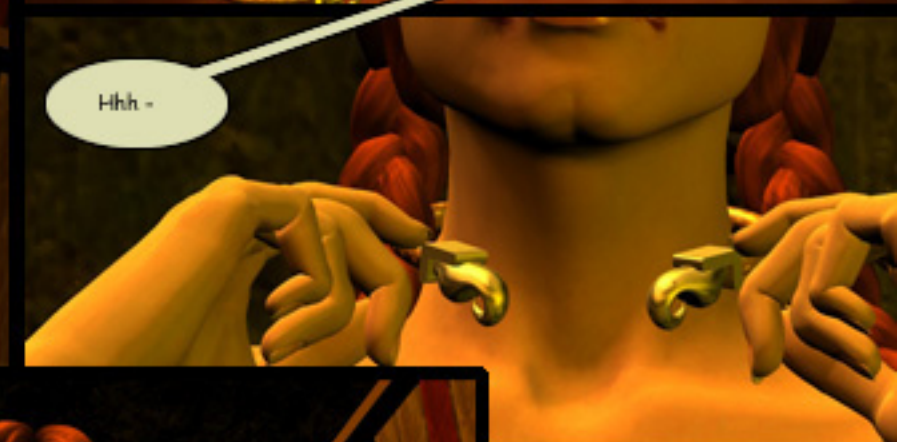


Ah-hal

And what were  
you going to do? Kill me  
with my own knife after  
you got what you  
wanted?



Hhhhhh ...



Hhh -



UNGAK!  
UNGAK SHOLO

**SWISH-CRACK!!**

**AGHHH!**

**THUD!**

And that will be Zona.





You ready to go?











They're coming.

UNGAK! UNGAK!

They're blocking the exit -  
at least the one that goes up.  
And they've got that gas.

Okay.  
Down it is.



There's got  
to be some kind of  
back door.

"Back door?"

Almost  
always is.



"Almost?"

"Almost?"

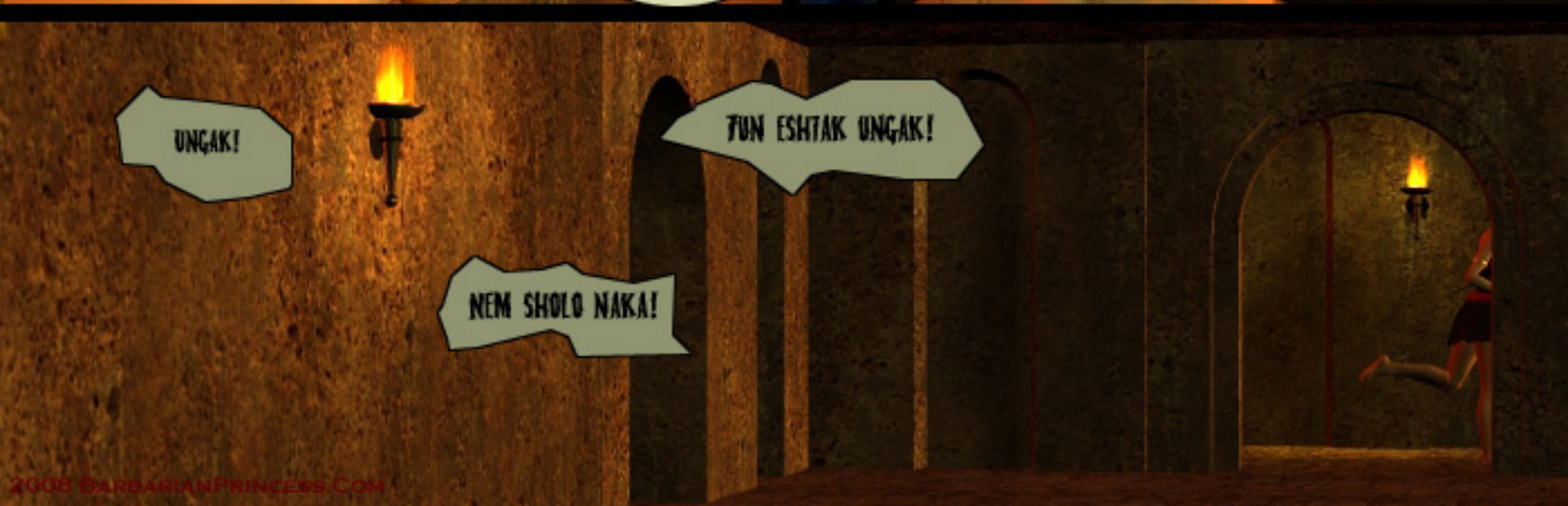


Trust us.

We do this  
kind of thing  
all the time!



Like,  
I got a  
choice?

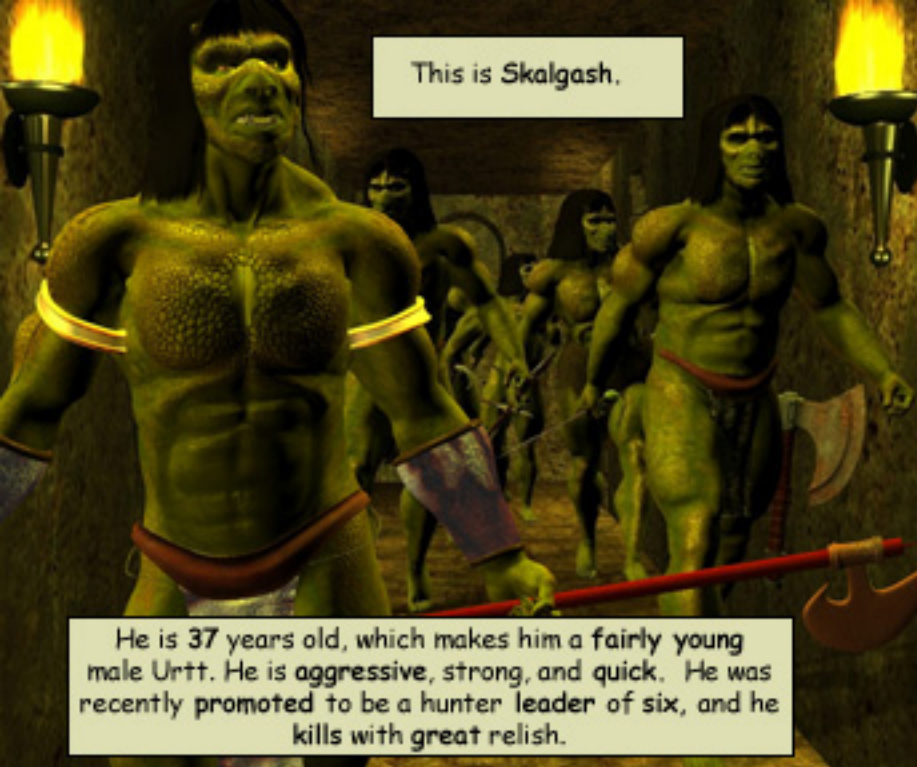


UNGAK!

TUN ESHTAK UNGAK!

NEM SHOLO NAKA!

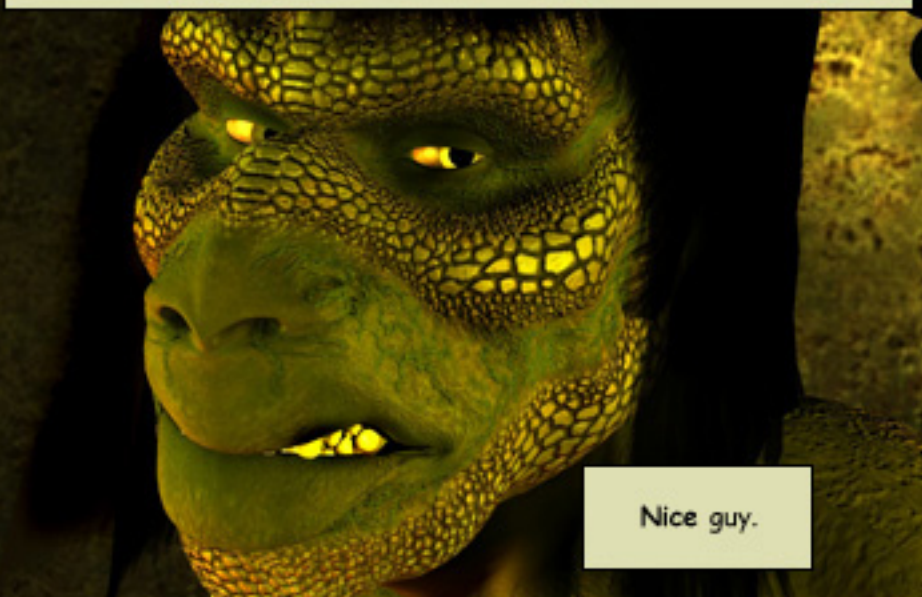




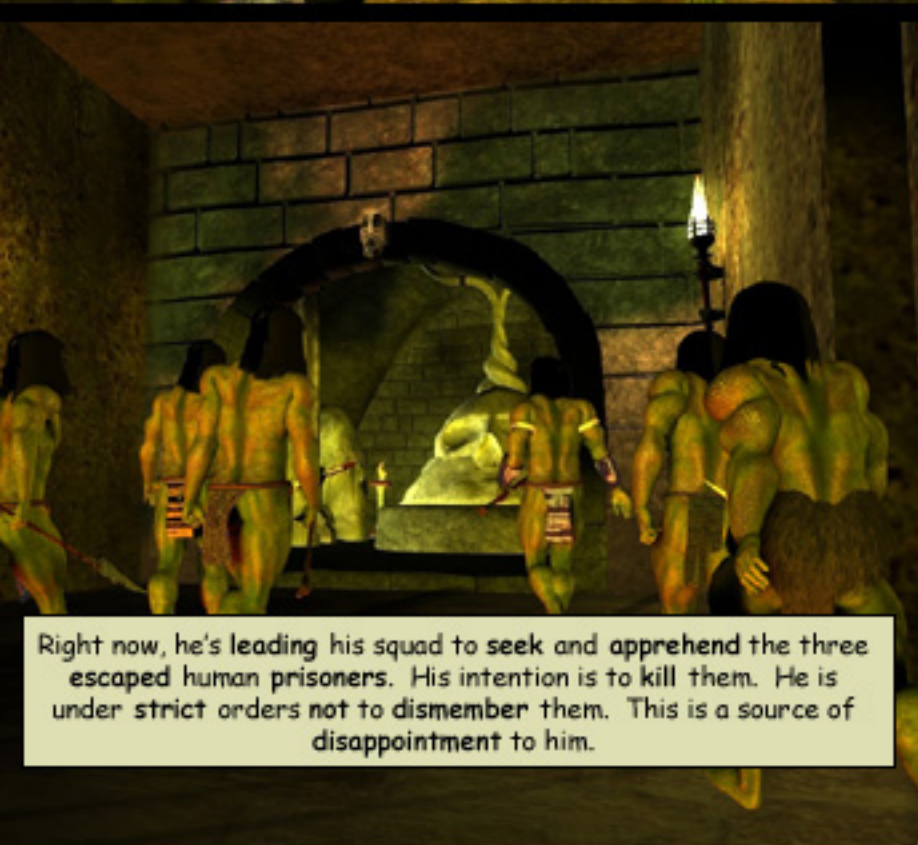
This is Skalgash.

He is 37 years old, which makes him a fairly young male Urtt. He is aggressive, strong, and quick. He was recently promoted to be a hunter leader of six, and he kills with great relish.

He rarely thinks about anything other than his job, which is hunting and killing whatever he is told to. His ambitions generally center around acquiring females and slaughtering humans, especially those who are chained and otherwise helpless. He enjoys making trophies from the skulls of humans, especially young children.



Nice guy.



Right now, he's leading his squad to seek and apprehend the three escaped human prisoners. His intention is to kill them. He is under strict orders not to dismember them. This is a source of disappointment to him.

If you could speak Urtt, and were to ask him about anything other than food, blood, killing and sex, he would not have an answer for you, because he would not understand the question.



This is the last thing Skalgash ever sees in this life.







MUST you?

I mean,  
EVERY time?

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What?



We're trying to  
get out as quickly and  
quietly as we can, not  
leave a bloody trail!



They were  
nearly on us.

So?  
What about "hiding?"  
Remember "hiding?"

Cover? Misdirection?  
Using the shadows? Any  
of this sound familiar?

It should - YOU were  
the one who taught ME  
stealth!



You're right.

I just want  
to make them  
all pay.





We will. We will.  
Later.

Right now  
my magick isn't even  
working, and we don't  
know how many more of  
them there are or what  
other strange weapons  
they might have.



Mentl?

`Mall right ...

Do you  
need -



I'm  
**ALL RIGHT,**  
I said!!



I don't need you ...  
**LOOMING** over me like some  
fucking mother hen with a  
pituitary condition,  
goddammit!



We gotta keep  
moving, don't we?

Yes.

Then I'm all right.  
Let's go.



Something happened.  
Whatever it is, whatever wound they put  
on him, I will return seven times seven a  
thousand times over.

They thought I was their enemy before?  
There are generations of Urts that  
haven't been born yet that will regret that  
this day ever happened!





Hhhhhhhhhhhh...



<Master Gorshashl They've - >

HHHHAAAAAH!!!

KOF!  
KOFF!

<Master - you -  
what happened  
here?>



<The  
Erogenians ... KOFF!  
have all broken free,  
haven't they?>



<We're hunting them now -  
they haven't escaped through  
the main entrance.  
It's well guarded. >



<They are to be caught alive if possible, but alive or  
dead, they are to be caught! >

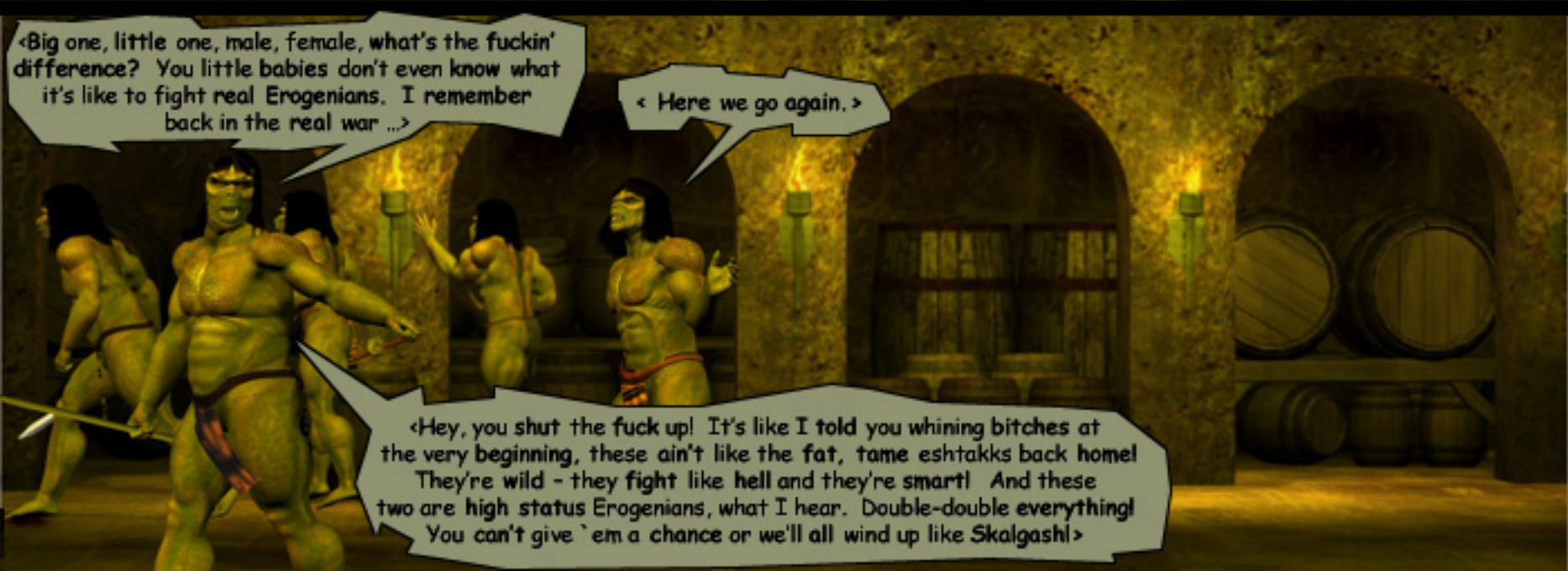
<If they escape,  
I will feed you both

**ALIVE** to the  
**ESHTAKKS!**













Aiii - lundadeia...

lizatah!



PIF!



Achl Still nothing.  
It feels like I'm drowning  
in quicksand ...

How nice  
for you.

It's the residual magick of  
Shuach in this place.- can't affect  
or even sense anything on the  
mystic planes. I've got to get  
away from it!

That is the plan.

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Uhh ...



Hey.



Hey.





I --

Sorry.

Really sorry.



OWW!

PUNCH!

That HURTS!

What was --



Oh, right.

Balance.

Got it.



Mm-hm!

PECK!

Let's move.



Fuckin' OW, man.





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I hate this part.

Always - always there seems to be some network of ancient underground passages that has to be slogged through.

Down, down we go, following the breath of outside air through dank, vermin-ridden tunnels and down flights and flights of stairs that have far too little wear on them for all their centuries of age. The torches on the walls disappear, and the signs of Urtts become fewer until we no longer see them, either.

I wish that made me feel better.

And ever there's the echo of our old, evil god, as though he's always looking over my shoulder, suffocating and blinding me.

Jealous Shuach. Greedy Shuach. Still furious and raging after three thousand years in his prison in the Otherwhen. How he hates us, now.

I can feel it.

I can feel the hate in this place, feel the rage, the love of death.



Sometimes I just know that this is the kind of place where I'm going to die.

And then there comes that old tickle in the back of my skull that has nothing to do with magick.





So, naturally,  
I turn around.























**GO!** The two of you!

Mentl, you take Tula and get as far away as you can - don't stop for anything!

REEEE!

REEEE! SKITTER SKITTER

REEEE!

REEEE! SKITTER SKITTER SKITTER

REEEE!

REEEE!

There's hundreds of them.

REEEEEEEEH!!!

They'll swarm over her just like piranhas and they'll tear her apart, no matter how many she kills.

**MENTL!!**  
Are you listening to me?!!

I don't care what goes on --

REEEE! SKITTER SKITTER REEEE! SKITTER

-- I just can't let that happen.





**MENTE!!!**

YOU SHAKE MY NERVES AND YOU RATTLE MY BRAIN!  
TOO MUCH LOVE DRIVES A MAN INSANE!



Zona, get back!  
He's --



YOU BROKE MY WILL,  
BUT WHAT A THRILL

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GOODNESS,  
GRAY-SHUSS!



**GREAT BALLS  
OF FIRE!**







KOFF!

KOFF!

KOFF-KOFF-KOFF!!

KOFF!

HEM!!

\*koff!\*  
uhh ... \*koff-koff!\*  
Um. MMH!!!  
That was ... pretty good.

I think  
I got `em.

\*koff!\* Ow.  
Well, I should  
BLOODY WELL hope so!  
\*hack!\* Ow.

You ...

\*Kof!\*

... you  
all right?

"All right?"

"All RIGHT?"

**NO!!**

I am NOT  
"ALL RIGHT!!"





I just - I mean, I just exploded super-napalm from my FUCKING hands, okay?

I just .. JESUS!

The whole fucking CEILING collapsed! There's lava!! Melted rock, for Chrissake!!

Well, nobody's going to follow us, that's for sure.



Oh, great!!

I just - I mean it was ...

... it was ... HUGE!!

It was a huge fucking EXPLOSION!!

I could have KILLED us all!



You didn't.

By the grace of GOD knows WHAT!



What IS it with you people??

Am I the only one here who saw that I melted ROCK?!

I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT I'M DOING!!

We could have all died!

Yes, and that's why you need training -



Oh, and I DON'T need a LECTURE from YOU!!

I MELTED ROCK!!!



And before that, I ... I ... had to ... had to ...

Oh, GAAHD!

Mentl, calm down -



NO! I will NOT calm down!

I have been HOLDING it TOGETHER since I woke up in this fucking absurd, unreal, EVIL situation, and I just would like to have a total breakdown for a couple minutes, then maybe I'll feel better!

Is this against the rules?! I mean, the passage is melted shut - MELTED shut! Jesus!

We got a ... just a little break here where nobody's trying to kill and eat us -- Haven't I earned the right to just freak out?! Is that all right with you?!



Sure.

Carry on, by all means.





And I'll tell  
YOU something for nothing, lady!  
DON'T you EVER tell me to run away while you  
stay behind and get killed by  
something awfull

Don't you EVER do that again!  
You do, and I'll ... I'll ...  
I'll do ...

... SOMETHING!!!

I ... don't know what  
it is, but I GUARANTEE you  
WILL NOT LIKE IT!!

Mentl ...

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NO!

Nol

I love you, Zonal

I love you  
more than I've ever  
loved anyone in my  
whole life!

You --  
you taught me how  
doing the right thing can be as  
important as your own life -  
sometimes even  
more.

I've  
never had anything  
worth dying for, ever ...  
until I met  
you.



So, if you have to  
stay behind to get killed,  
so do I!

If you're gonna die,  
I'm gonna die right there  
with you!

You got that?!

Are YOU listening to ME?!



Mentl, I ...

I ...

... yes.



Yes, my love.









It's a strange relationship,  
but I think they're good for each other.

That is unless ... unless ...

... what was I thinking?  
Something unhappy ...

Wow! ... lot of pain  
... hard to think ...

Oh, great.  
The tourniquet's coming loose  
and I'm bleeding out again ... tired.  
So tired. Too weak to fix it myself.



Hey, guys!  
Zona! I need some ...  
hey, help over here ...  
why can't they hear me?

Hey, maybe because  
I'm not actually  
talking, and ...



Oh, okay.

I'm passing out.  
At least it won't hurt for awhile.

Unless of course ... I'm dying.

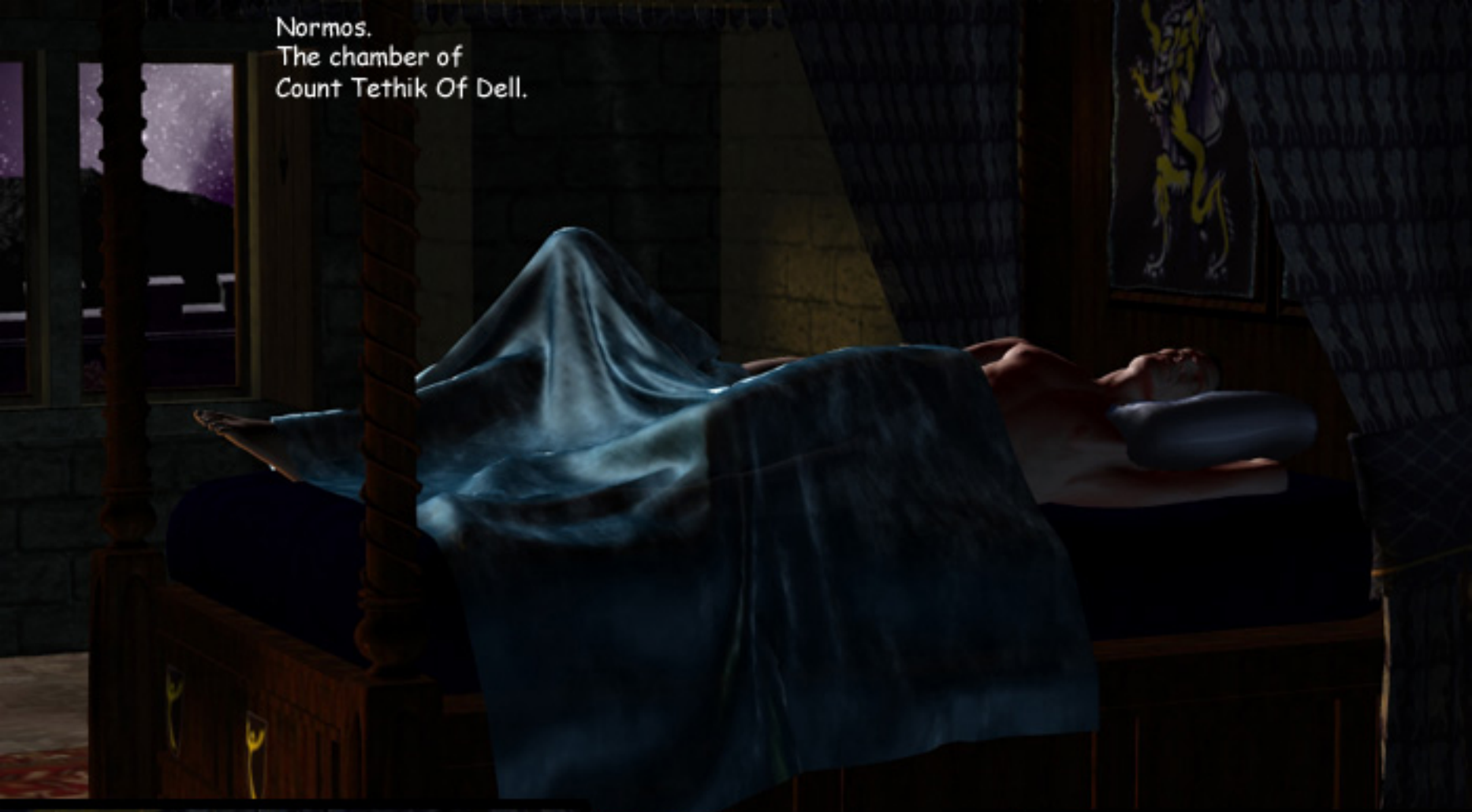
That would really ...

... suck.





Normos.  
The chamber of  
Count Tethik Of Dell.



This is very disappointing.







# KICK!!

AAAAHHH!!!
















What the ---?!

What is it boy?!  
Some sort of fit -

AAAAUUUUO!!!  
NO!!!! NO!!!!

AH -

Poison?  
And yet, I'm still well.  
If it works that quickly --

Painted on the  
inside of the goblet,  
so I'd use my own wine  
without suspecting.  
They should not have been  
able to do that in  
my own chamber.  
Impressive.

If me, then it eliminates me and the boy  
is a useful Erogenian scapegoat. If him, then -

Snif!

Mm. Faery slipper.  
Bloody painful stuff,  
poor boy, but at least  
it's quick.

But only  
one of them?

Ahh - clever. I  
might check one, but less  
likely to check both. And no  
matter who drank it,  
it's a murder.

Oh, dear.

I've just murdered  
an Erogenian princeling.  
This is not good.



**BAM!  
BAM!  
BAM!**

My lord!  
It's Kremnik!  
I heard screaming!  
Are you well!?  
Let us in!

**BAM!  
BAM!**

Oh, and of course,  
Maldik's personal guards just happen  
to be wandering the corridors nearby  
at three hours before dawn.

Break down  
the door!

Time, I think,  
to get some  
distance.

**WHAMM!!**

What - he ...

He's gone!

The young Erogenian  
is dead, Captain.

Look - the window!

Murder -  
and Tethik fled.

His Highness  
will want to  
hear this.

I'm off to  
the prince.

You lot organize  
a search.

And find that  
turd-burgling  
count!

"Turd-burgling  
count,"  
indeed.

I must remember to find  
something particularly unpleasant  
for that man to suffer through  
before all this is done.



What -

Oh!  
This feels like  
The Otherwhen ...

Got it in one!

You're quick, as I said before.

Welcome.

Have a drink!





This is an ... interesting little place.

Thank you.

I have to say, you must be pretty good to put me in this costume.

I usually visualize myself in my own clothes when I'm traveling outside the physical planes.



More comfortable for who?



I'm Vito.

And you can change the teddy to whatever you want, of course. I just like to have a little joke sometimes.



May I take it that I am not dead, Vito?



Undid my braids, too, I notice.

Eh. Like everything else, it's timing. I took advantage of your disorientation as you made the transition.

A little image planted here, a suggestion there.

Voilà! You're in something more comfortable.

So- What do I call you?

Oh-ho! My mind reels with double entendres ...



A real name would be better, especially if you're putting me in lace.



No, actually, it's nice.

Pretty.

I like a little satin and lace every now and then. We do wear things besides leather and chain in Erodenia, after all.

I know.



May I?!





**PFFT!**  
Aw, I can never keep  
a straight face!

Of COURSE  
you're not dead!



You think Zona and Mentl  
would let you just bleed to death  
right in front of them? Hal  
Boy, you should have  
seen your --

Vito --

I swear,  
if someone else  
hadn't already  
killed you ...

**FOOM**

Hey -  
hey, sorry!  
Really sorry.  
You're right -  
not funny.

I Apologize.  
As you folks say,  
"cha na amanh,"  
no bullshit.



I guess ... I've  
already been alone in  
this place too long.



Well, the Otherwhen  
is ... difficult, at best  
for anyone.. But -



You're  
gonna be fine - seriously.  
They stopped the bleeding and have  
you all bound up again, and they're  
taking good care of you  
until you wake up.

Mentl has his  
Red Cross certificate,  
didja know that?

I  
have no idea what  
that means, but I  
assume it's something  
good or useful.



Very useful.  
Means he knows how to apply pressure to an artery,  
how to make a proper bandage, how to set a broken limb --  
even how to do CPR.

He's a very good man.  
Very powerful magick, too. Just wish  
I could know if --

sip!

Whoahl

What is this?!

Back home  
we call that an  
"appletini."

y'like?

Not bad.  
Sweet but strong.

Just like you.

Uh-huh.

Are you  
trying to get  
me drunk?

Perish  
the thought!

Anyway, this is  
the Otherwhen,  
none of this is real.  
What difference  
does it make?



Well, since all of existence itself is basically just an illusion, --

-- you might think I would lose my illusory inhibitions under the illusory influence and you could get some illusory -

Do I look like the kind of man who would do such a thing to a young lady?!

Completely.

\*sigh\*  
I'm wounded.

Seriously, though, I know I can be an ass sometimes, but when have I ever given the impression that I am anything but a friend?

I do my best to steer the kid the right way, to give sage counsel and advice - I even made sure your cats and your horses will be okay.

You did that?

Sure.

Of course the cats can see me. What a pair of good guys you got, there. They were gonna protect that cave entrance, just like they were told to. And they'd have both died doing it.

I just talked a little sense to them and they'll meet you around back where you'll eventually come out.

So, there is a back door!

Almost always is.



I knew it.  
How do we  
get there?

Nuh-uh. Sorry.  
There's only so much  
I can tell you.

No, no. There are rules.  
As a technically dead person, I can  
only guide and influence so much.  
Especially you.

Oh, come on ...

Hey - I had to let you  
walk into this little tea party in  
the first place - you think I liked that?  
I've already pushed the envelope on  
some stuff because technically this  
isn't my home dimension, but  
you'll have to find your way out  
by yourself.

And you will.

We will.

Yep.  
You're that good.

We are,  
aren't we?

On the other hand,  
if I'm so good why did I  
let us just skip merrily  
right into an obvious  
trap?

Idiot! Idiot!

Give yourself  
a break.

You weren't  
alone, you were  
strong, - hell, you had a  
hostage, even, you thought.  
You couldn't have known  
they'd gas you  
like that.

How could I  
be so stupid?

You were trying  
to help someone. You took  
a chance. Sometimes that's  
what good people do, no  
matter how smart  
they are.

Still stupid.

Zona  
was right and  
I was wrong -  
I'll never live  
it down.





Actually, it's good for people like you to completely fuck up occasionally. Besides, you've been in worse scrapes before.

You know a lot about us.

I have a lot of free time for research.

I think it's something more.

Well, it is, but I'm not gonna tell you right now.

After all, not many people can say they've been to the Moon and back or saved whole kingdoms by destroying an evil magus - at 17, you little prodigy, you.



Hm.



Just out of curiosity -

-- as ... one intellectual to another --

-- what did you look like, oh -thirty-five or forty years ago?



Just for you.





Not too bad.

You know, that was a very nice thing you did, helping the cats like that.

I like cats. And horses.

They're our family, you know.

I know.

I should probably at least thank you for doing that. Just to ... balance the cha.

How nice are you going to thank me?

How nice do you want me to?

Don't ask questions you don't want the answers to.

I never do.

Oh -

Aww--

Maybe next time ...

Poop.



Hey - she's coming to.

Oh, thank the Goddess!

Good morning, Starshine.

He's ... he's ...  
actually pretty cute ...

Who is?

Uhh -- never mind.

How long  
have I been out?

A couple of hours.  
Are you okay?

Do I look...

... "Okay" ...

... to you?

No.