







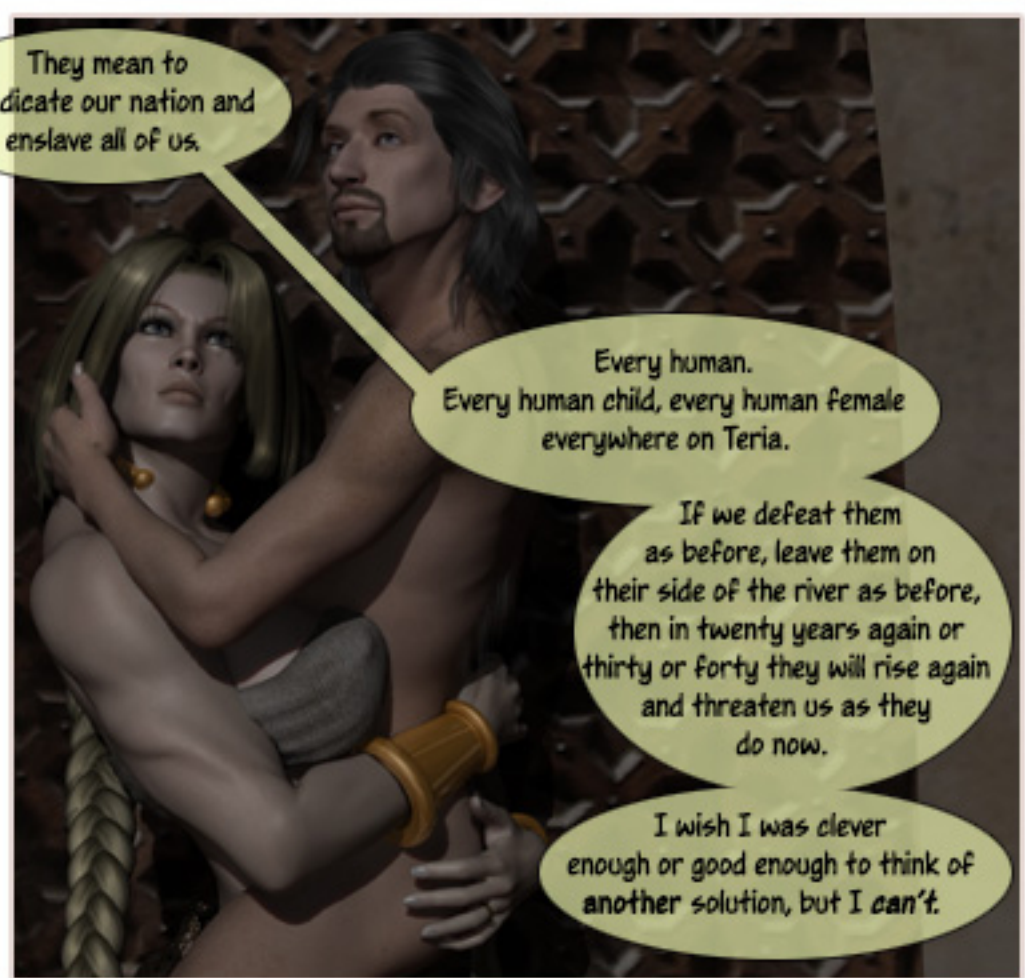
It was an oath
I had hoped never to need to fulfill,
but the choices of the Urtts
have forced it on me.

You still intend
that this is the end of your
war now? To annihilate the
Urtt people?

I can
see no other
way.



We let them in peace for twenty years,
and all they did with the time was to arm and grow stronger and
more vicious. And now, with the return of Shuach's power
and the dragons, their own intent is very clear.



They mean to
eradicate our nation and
enslave all of us.

Every human.
Every human child, every human female
everywhere on Teria.

If we defeat them
as before, leave them on
their side of the river as before,
then in twenty years again or
thirty or forty they will rise again
and threaten us as they
do now.

I wish I was clever
enough or good enough to think of
another solution, but I *can't*.



I see.

I will go to my people
and see what our own wisdom can offer.
But know that there are many who
look at this solution of yours with horror.
The brutality and coldness of it is not something
that they can support with all their own cha,
regardless of its seeming
necessity.

They will say that
the Erogenians of today are not as different
from their ancient ancestors as they
wish to appear.

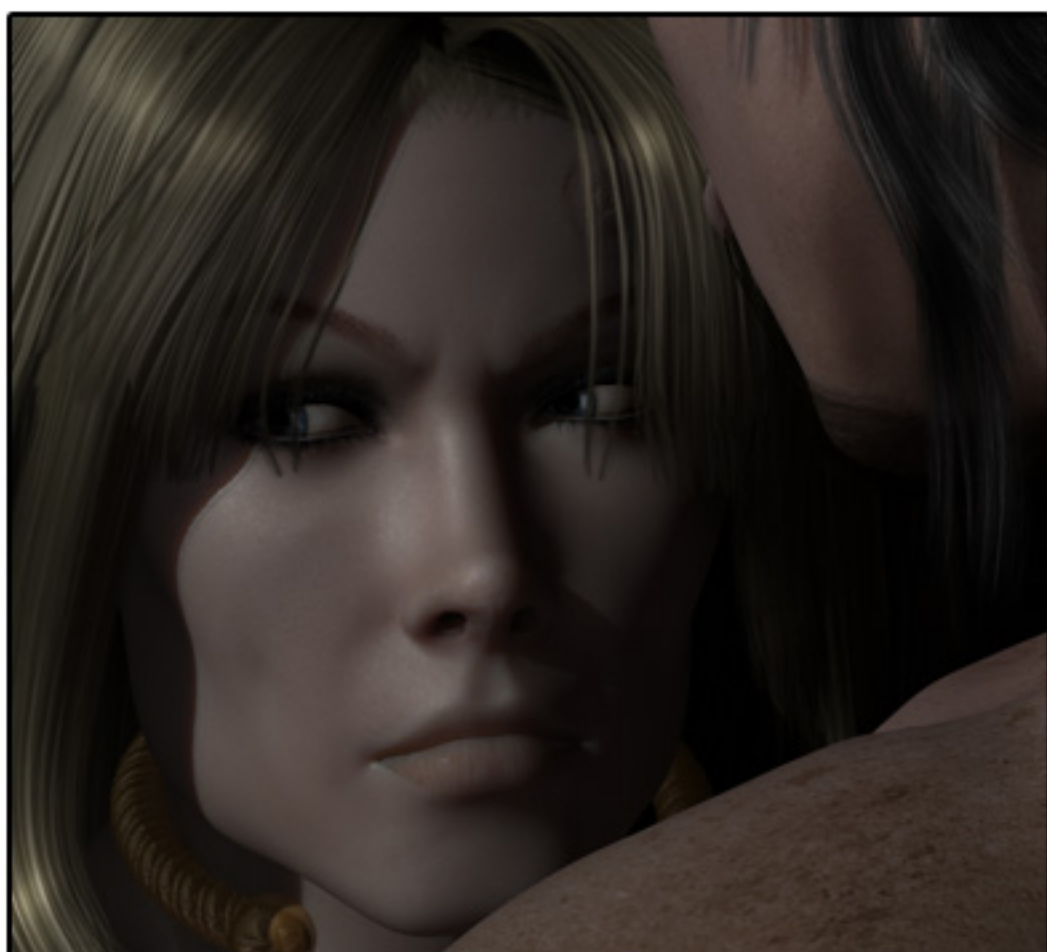
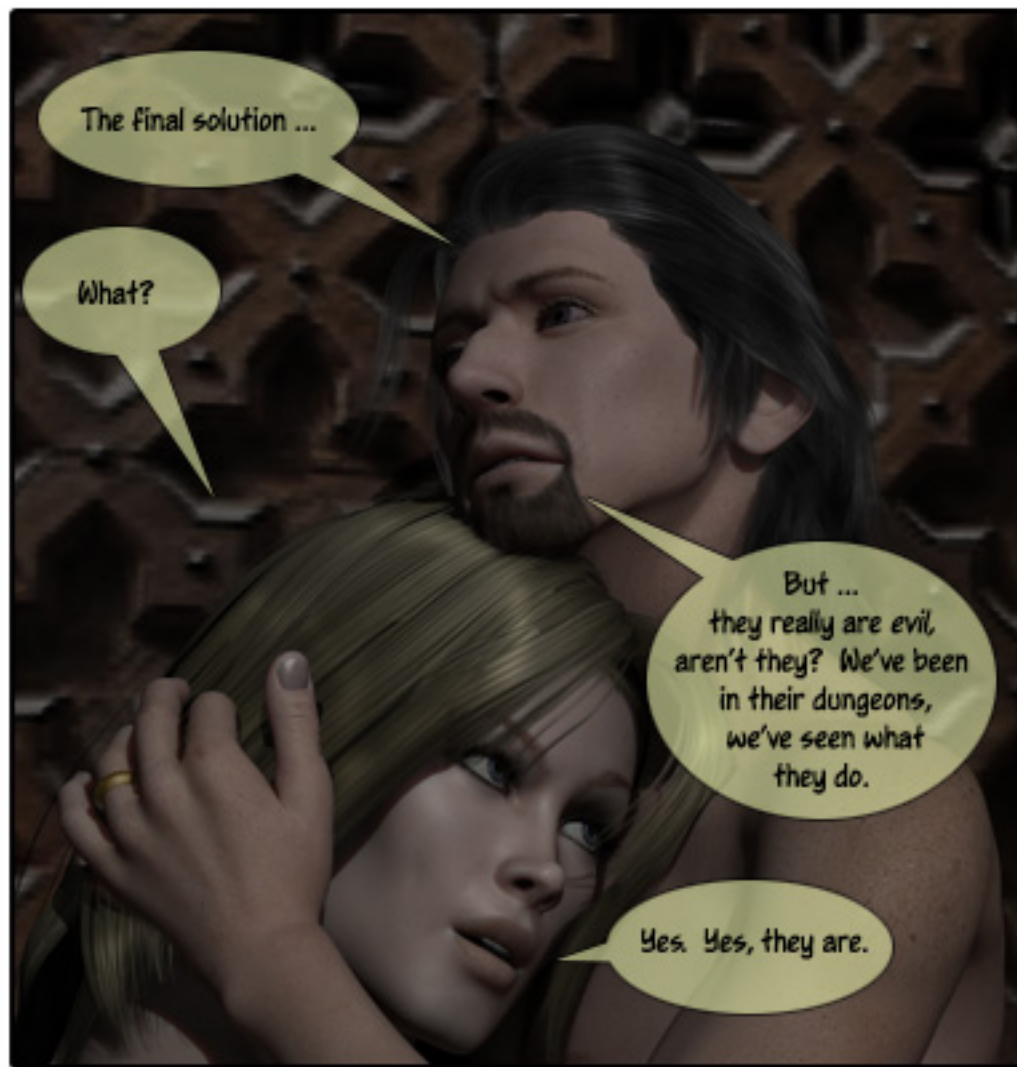


I understand.

Tell them this for me:
If, in their wisdom, they can offer
a better solution that does not
sacrifice the future of my people,
I will listen with open
ears and heart.

Tell them that Ipola
says that the word of the Nassim,
especially in this, carries special weight
for me, even in the face of the
oath of my youth.







Ipola ...



Wha ...
it's morning already.

Yes.

You
look awful.

Not surprised.
It was a long meeting.
A lot was said.

And?



We are your subjects.



Ohh.



Thank you, Zonn.

Of course.
This ... this means a
great deal to me.

I'm so sorry
for the way I tried to bully you.
Cha na amanh.

It will be for a year at a time -
just like all the other tribes.

I know.
It means a lot to us, too.

It's balanced.
Cha nethron.





Is this real?

Hello, Yanora.
Yes, Zonn, it's
real.

We found
a cache of these in
the Tower of The Moon after the war.
I give them to important people
I really need to keep in
touch with.



Like me!

Hello, Zonn.
For a man who's been dead
for twenty-five years, you look
very good.



Yanora.
You look ... lovely,
as ever.

Flattery, from
Zonn The Wanderer?
You've gone soft while
you've been away.

I'm not one of
your Kivalian dandies
but I call it as
I see it.



Part of what
I always found so charming
about you.

So - another
piece on our side of the
Tuntach board, Ipola?

Yes.
We still have to work out how
to bring them to the game, but that
is just a problem, and I already
have ideas about
solutions.



Your Grace -
someone coming.

Must go now.
Lovely chatting.
Tat-ta!



That's ... handy.

I still prefer to use
the birds for most things,
but this is instant.

I can definitely
see the advantages.
So I will be able to
see you, then?

Yes,
when it's
important.

What if I
just miss you, and
want to see your
beautiful face?

Well, that
almost sounded like something
from a Kivalian courtier.



Oh, yes, Maldik!
Ohhh, it's so BIG! I ...

Oh, my love ...
I'm trying to be
gentle.

BUMP-SQUEAK!
BUMP-SQUEAK!
BUMP-SQUEAK!
BUMP-SQUEAK!

I wouldn't ever ...
want ... to hurt you ...

BUMP-SQUEAK!
BUMP-SQUEAK!

Never mind!
Harder! Just DO IT! I want
it ALL!

BUMP-SQUEAK!
BUMP-SQUEAK!

Oh Gods!
I can feel it in
my NECK!!
Oh!

BUMP-SQUEAK!
BUMP-SQUEAK!

Oh yes. Yes,
So good!

BUMP-SQUEAK!
BUMP-SQUEAK!









You ...
you just love seeing me ... *fail*.
You'd ... just ... Gah! No one ever really
gives shit for a shoenail about me,
they never did.

They ...
they just push me around,
they tell me what to do, how to live,
how to act, what to say, who
I'm gonna marry ...
everything.



And then ...
and ... you just - you always
have to be a *bitch*! Every time -
every time!

And when I'm dead you'll ...
you'll just say "I told you so" in
some nasty way that ... that ...
what the fuck, Mother.



Yes.

Yes,
I can readily
understand how I give that
impression.

Would you ...
like to hear what I can say
about it, or is this just you venting
at me about what an awful
person I am?

Because I could
just sit here and take the
abuse silently for awhile,
as a treat for you.

I didn't give
you anything for your
birthday this year,
after all.

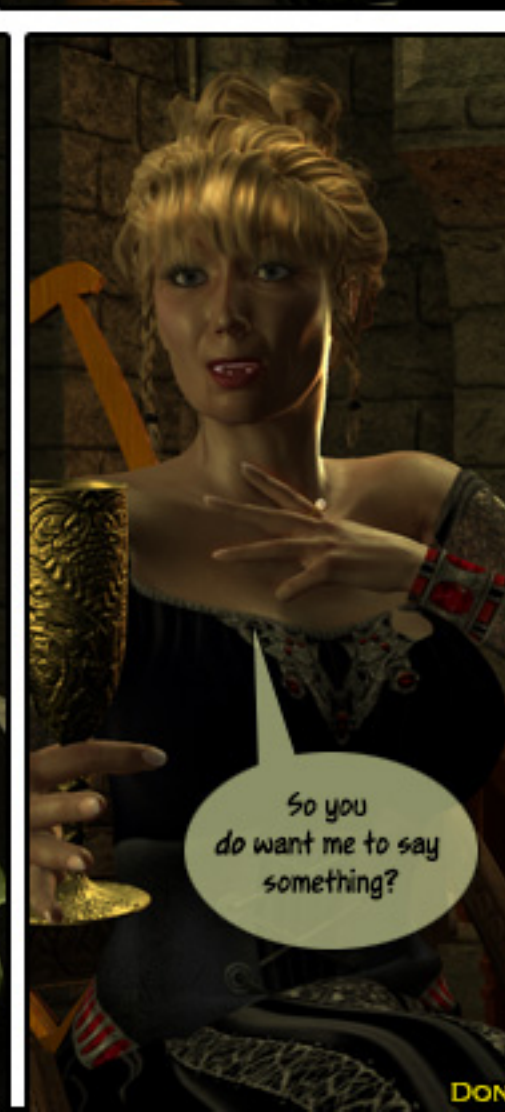


What can you say?
What can you say about yourself,
what lies are you going to tell me?
That you *love* me?

That's a lot of balls.
You're cold as ... as ...
as the coldest cold thing
anyone ever heard of in
the history of ...
cold things.



Well?!



So you
do want me to say
something?



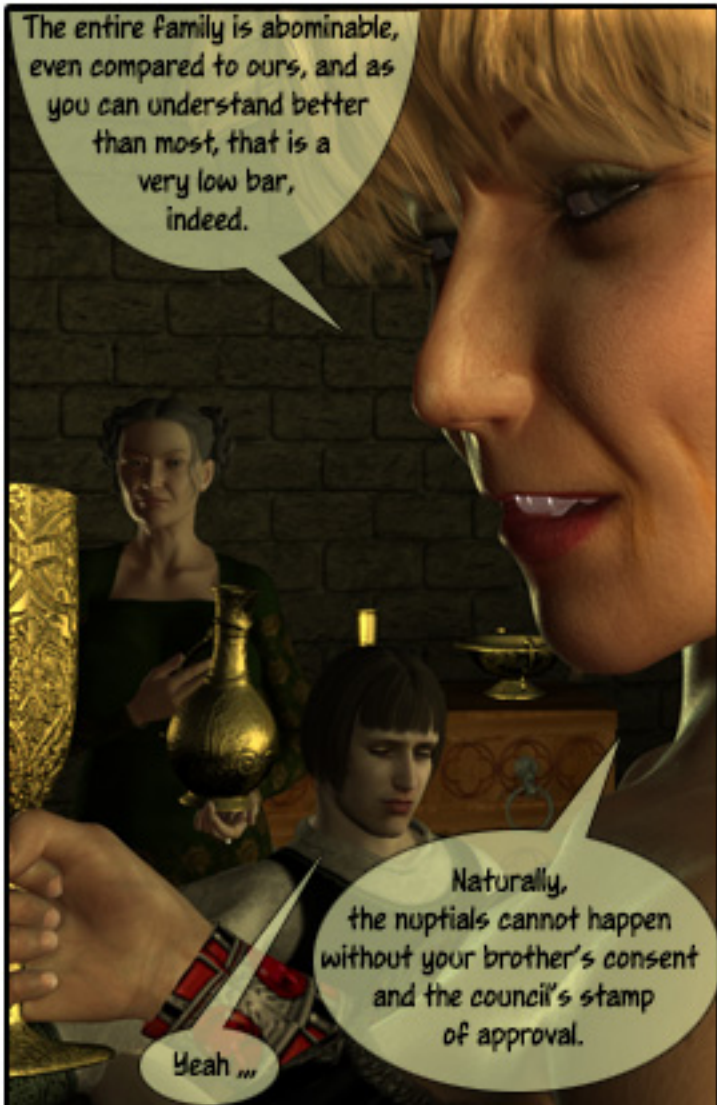
Yes!

No - I ...

Fuck it,
I don't care.

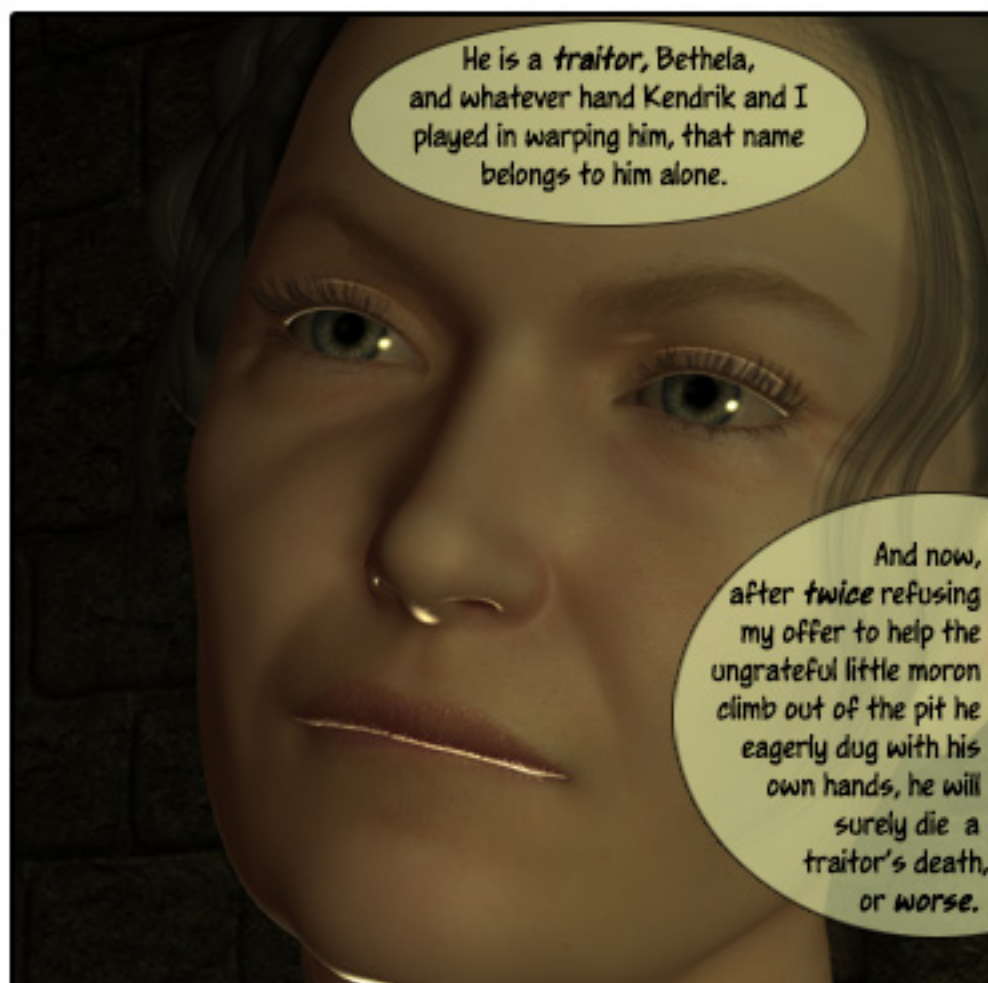
Let's hear
some of your horseshit,
why not.













Gods -
I've never been
this close to one of
them before.

Get a good look.
You probably never
will again.

Never say
"Never," Mother.

The future
is going to be very
interesting.



Prophecy, daughter?



Just calculating
all the variables, Mother.

Everything
we know is about to change -
and we'll be like a feather
in a windstorm.



<Greetings wind wandering
Hrraarch, Hanch-Daughter.
Ipola Ravonna-Daughter greets
you with gratitude.>

<Greetings,
Ipola Ravonna-Daughter.
Hrraarch, Hanch-Daughter comes
as agreed. We ride the wind now
back to our own eyries.>



<Honor follows you,
noble Hrraarch Hanch-Daughter, and
from us take gratitude for bringing
our Mother to us.>

<Honor-bibble Hrraarch
Daughter-Hanch, me is too
thanks also you as eldest
daughter's mother
child.>



You do me honor,
children of my friend.
But as the speech of
Aburor folk seems difficult
in your mouth, let me
return your greeting
in the tongue of
Erogenian folk.

Well met, though briefly.
You are Tula Ipola-Daughter,
and you are Zona Ipola-Daughter.
We know much of you from speech
with Ipola Ravonna-Daughter.
Respect to you.



Thank you ...

Thank you.

Welcome, Hrraarch,
daughter of Hanch, to the Sun Tribe.
I lead these people.
I am Zonn.



Of course you are.

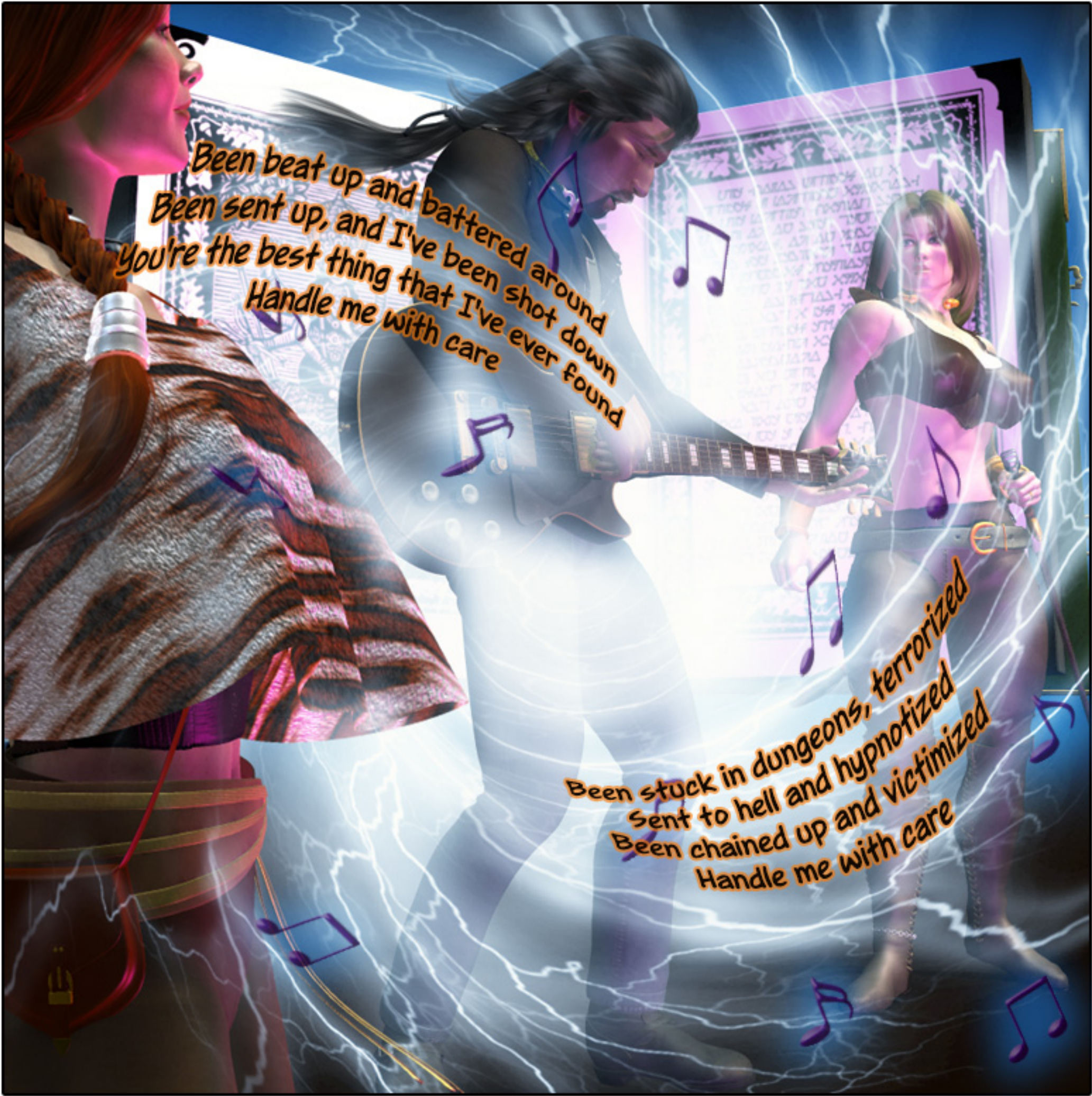
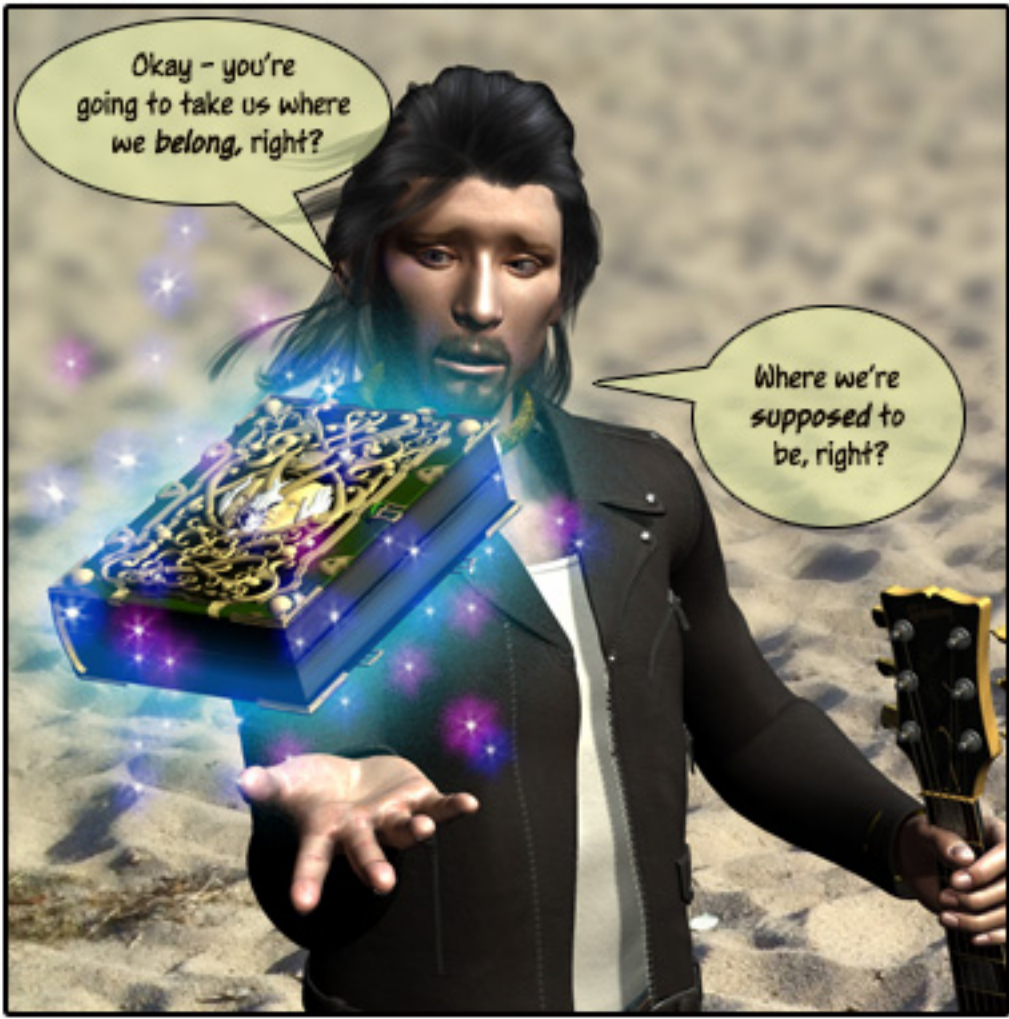
Ipola Ravonna-Daughter
has spoken much of you,
Zonn Tera-Son. .

Respect to you.

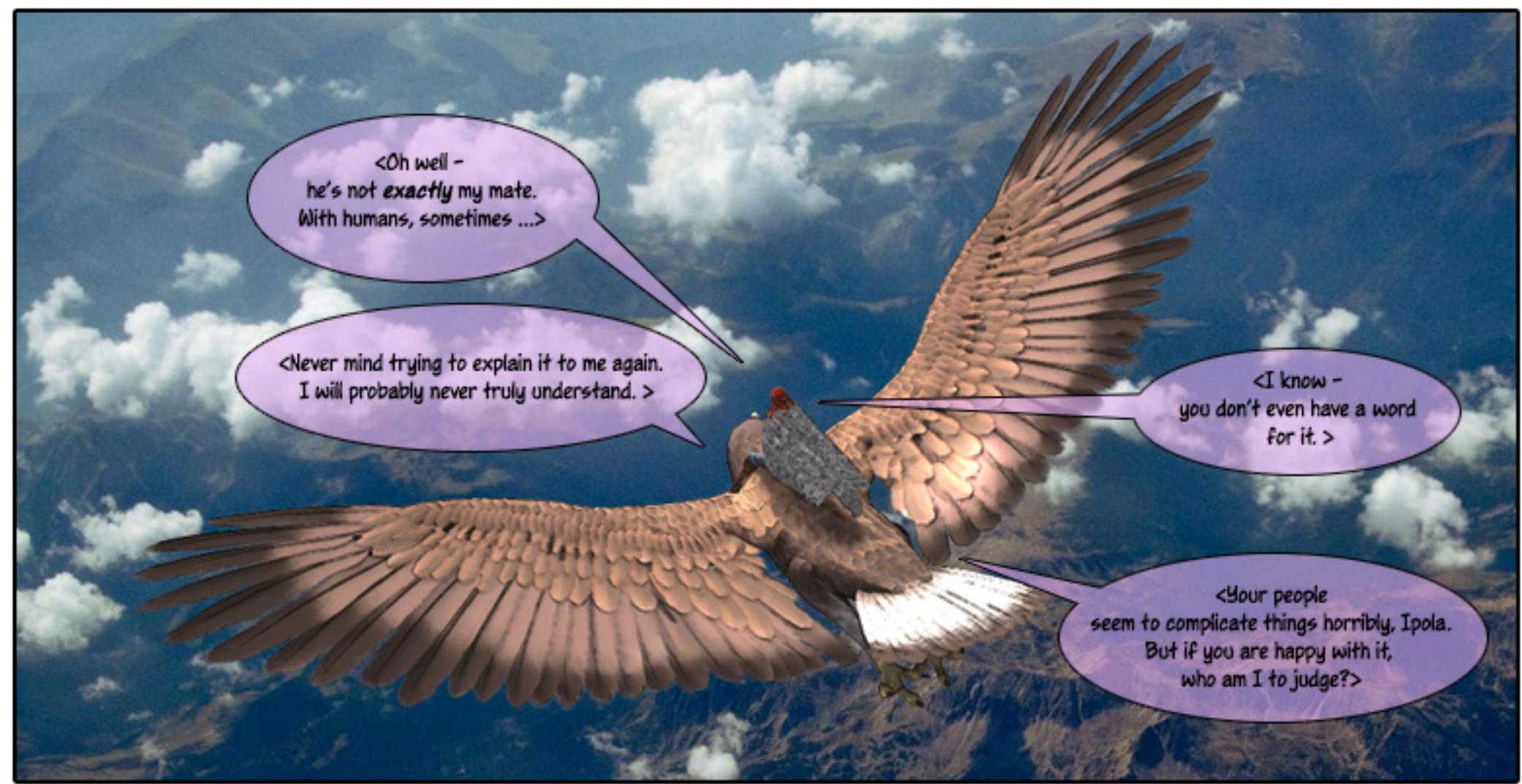














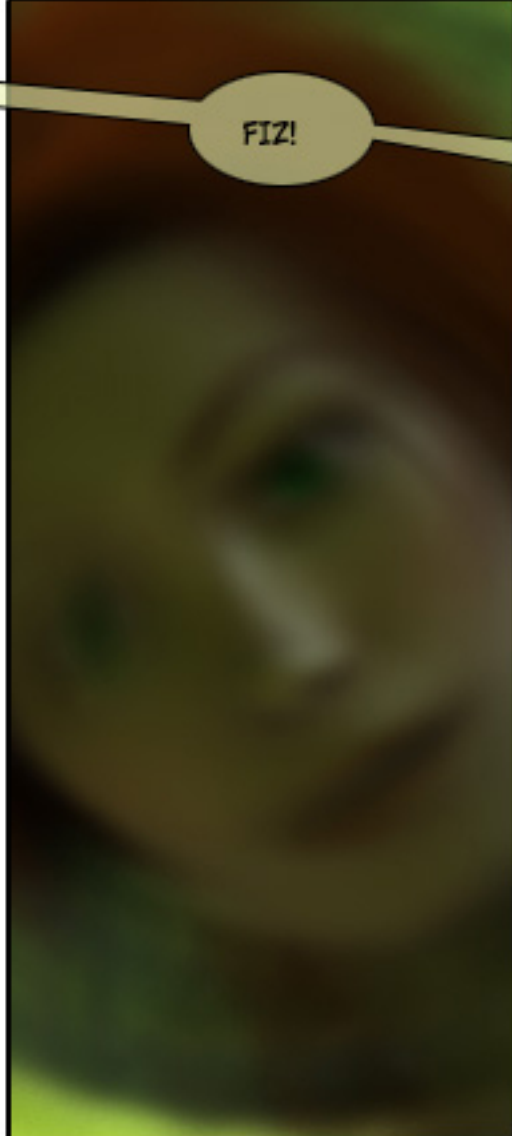




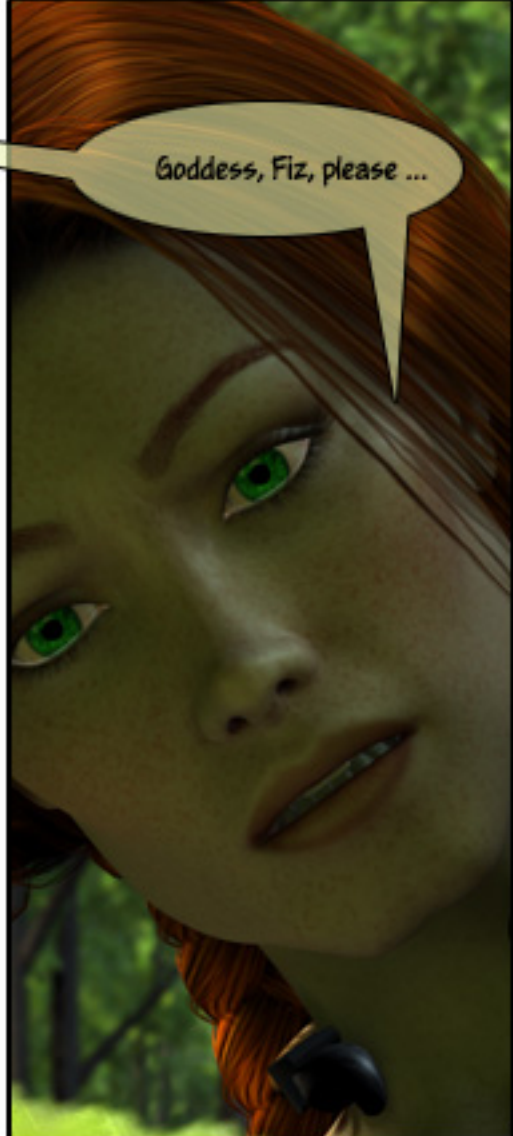




Fiz?



FIZ!



Goddess, Fiz, please ...



Puh - princess ...

... your face ...
is as beautiful
as the sky ...



Ohhh you're
a sweetie! ...

Looks like
you could use some help.

Oh ... I suh-seem to be ... dying ...



NOT

Today.

Äll LUNADELUX - ÄMANACORPEXIA ...



Hey, Stud.

Yup.

"Mentl" - right?

I am ... Rannik.

Of course
you are.



With a
busted wing,
no less.

Ohh -
just a ...
scratch.

Crap -
that's nasty.
Bet it smarts,
too.

Your gift
for understatement is ...
impressive.

Can you heal it?





WELL, ALL THE ONES I SEE AREN'T GONNA TELL ANYBODY...

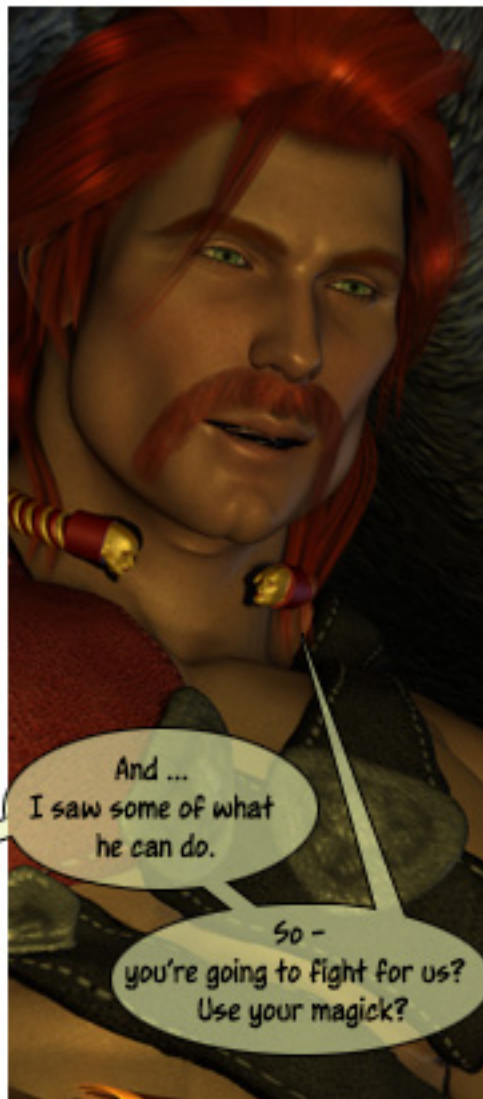


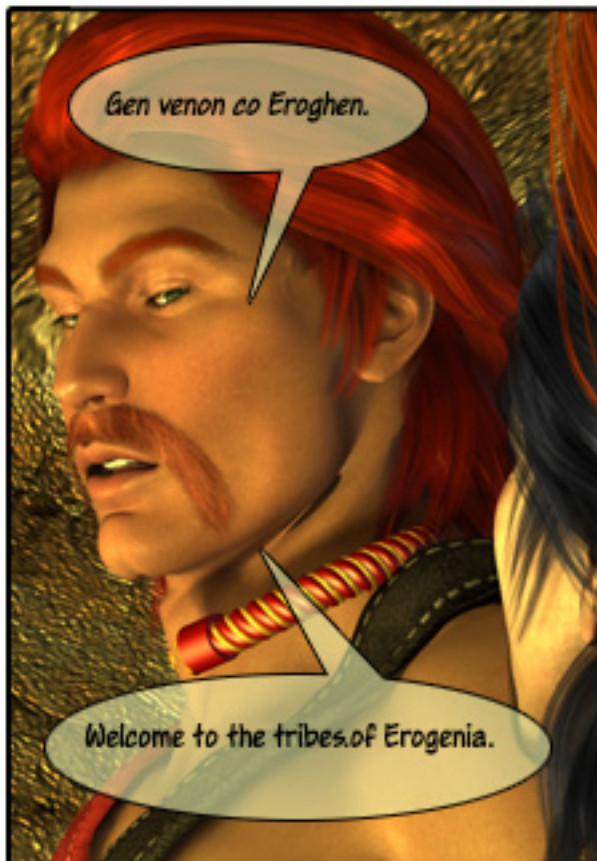














Yes, Zonn is alive -
and very well, indeed..

And he will fight for Erogenia when we call.

You'll all hear
that story in full soon.

But the word and the order is this:
It is time for all of us to go back home, and quickly.



This mission is over.

The War
is about to begin
in earnest.



