





Memories.
Memory of our past is how we remain who we are in the present.

It is how we create the future,
endow our existence with meaning.
Memories are the building blocks
of consciousness itself, of spirituality
in the physical plane of existence.

Some memories, some moments,
of course, are so precious
to me that I return to them
again and again, like luminous
jewels. A pure pleasure just
to think upon

**NORMOS:
THIRTY-FIVE YEARS AGO.**



The chambers of LAEMUL,
the court Mystick of the
King of Kivalia

sighhhhhhh



Laemul?

Mm-hmmh?



Do you ...
think I have any talent?



What?
Gods and monsters, girl,
you're amazing!

Noooo!
I mean ... like ...
magick?



CRASH!

YOU BASTARD!



Fake! Fraud!
And to think I ...

AUGH!

I never want
to see you again!

Astria, it's -



Ahh ... well, all right.

So very sorry.

The course of true love,
eh, Laemul?



Ah - your Highness.

I do apologize
for that unfortunate
display ...

Oh, poor, poor Astria.
What in particular -
if I may ask -
was the reason for her
rather undignified departure
from your chambers?



Ahh .. she ...
she asked me to
test her for magickal
aptitude.

May we
assume she failed
the test?

Rather completely,
I'm sorry to say.

She needn't
have felt so very
disappointed.



It's a tiny
fraction of people
that actually
show any talent
at all.

Quite so.
I tried to tell her
that, but ...
ah ...

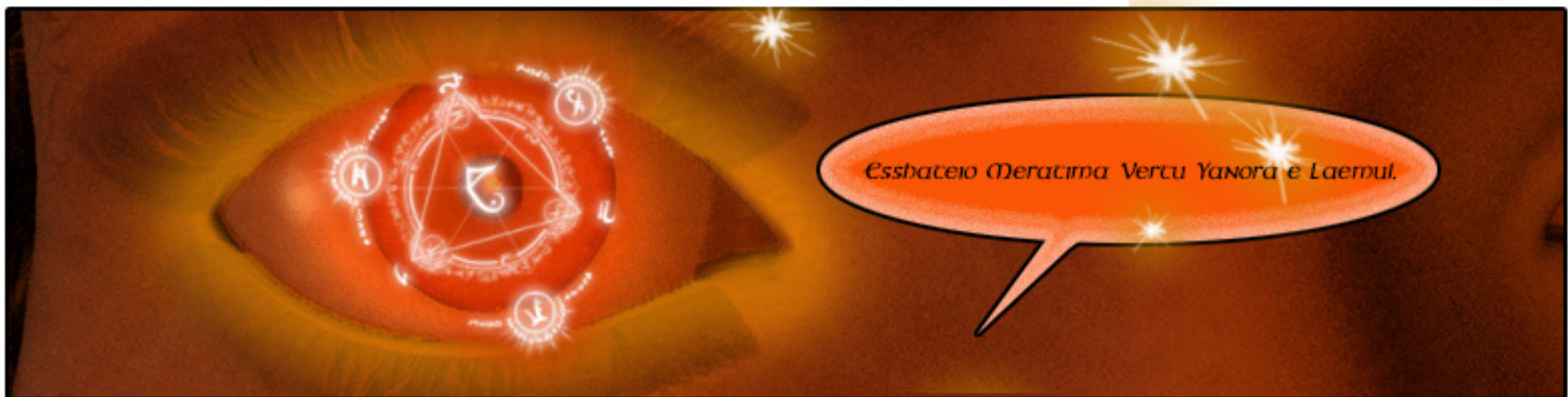
Let us discuss
this further in your chambers,
you and I.

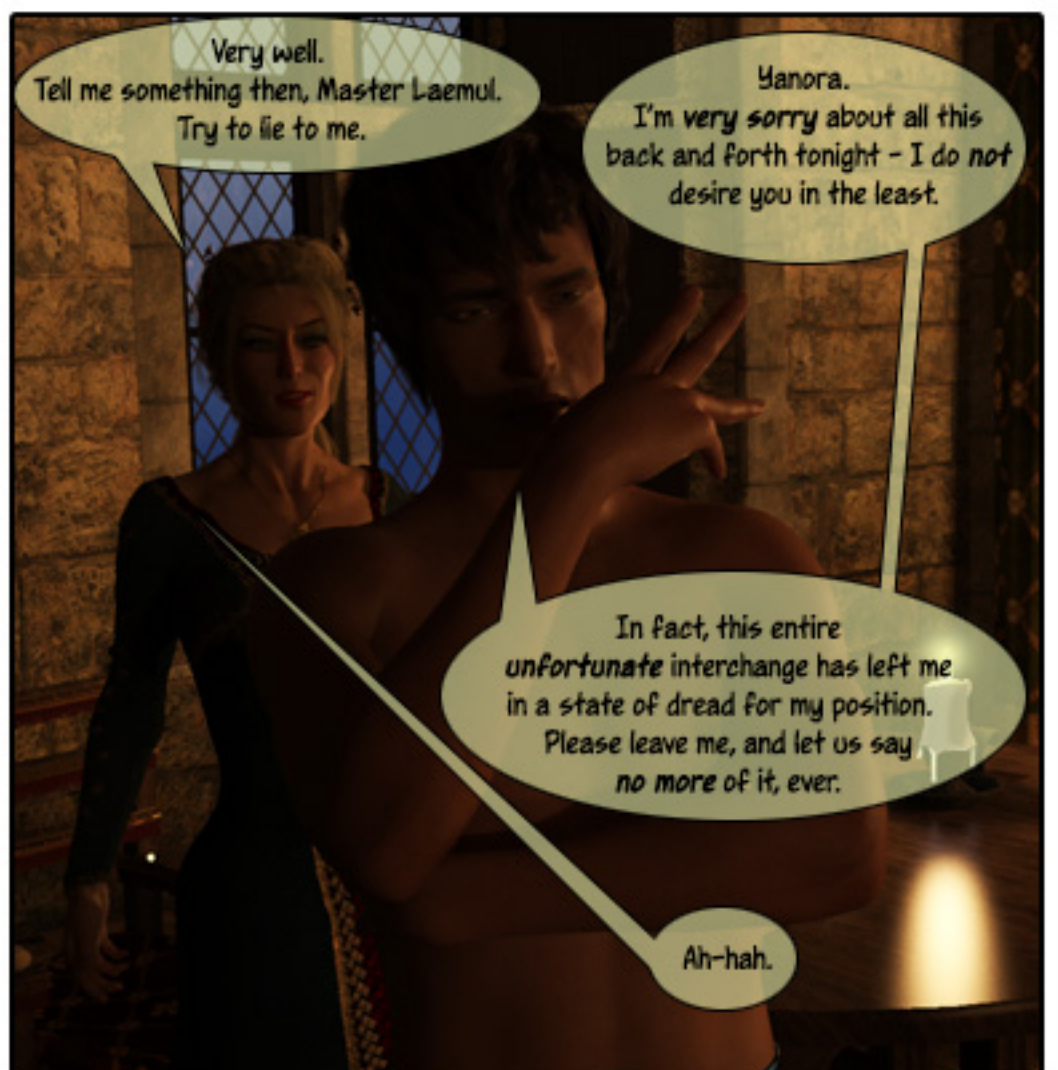
NICE CHEST HAIR ...

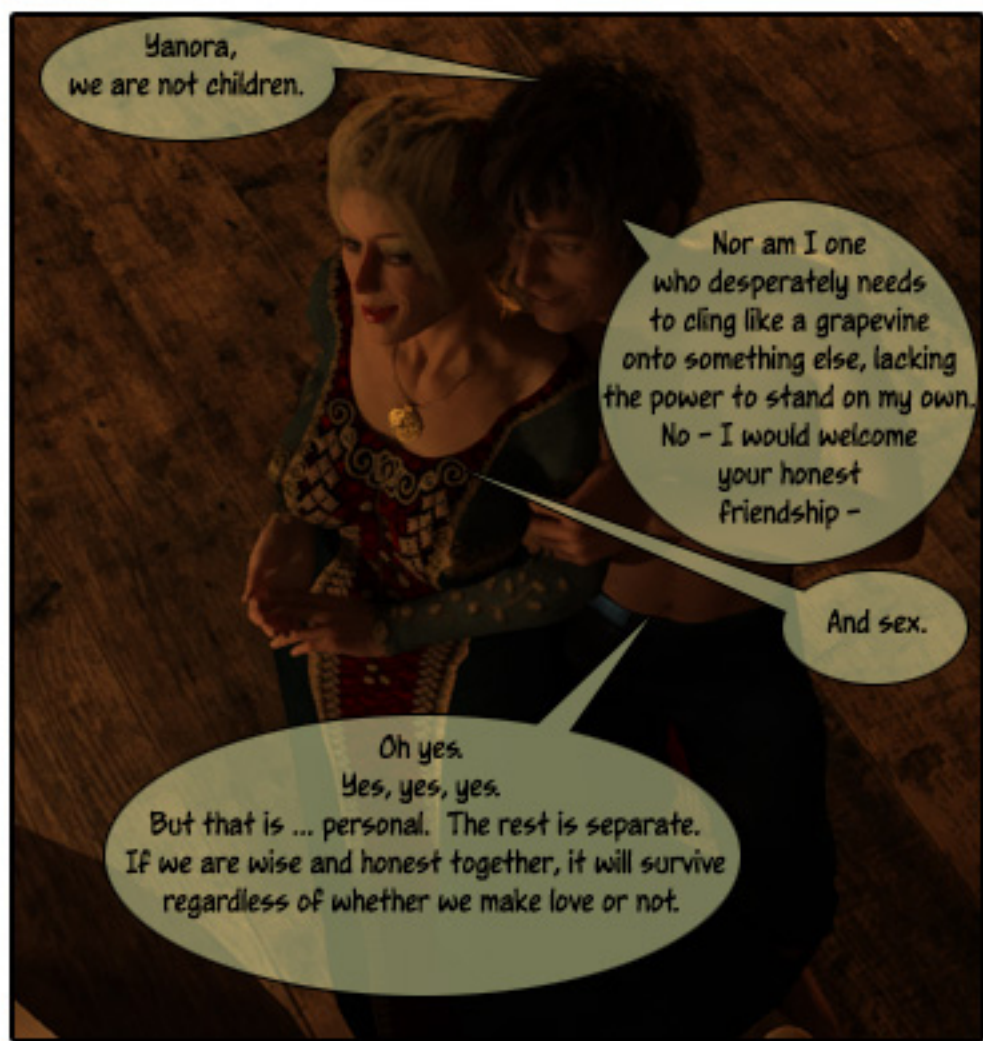














The Fire Tribe.
A feast night to welcome the return of prince Pontagar
and the other Fire Tribe champions.

First Dance.
One young person's heart is hurting.



Cirina?
What are you
just sitting there for?
Are you not feeling
well?

Porcha.
I ... I just don't feel
like dancing.



Doesn't seem like you
to miss First Dance. Surely
at least five or six people must
have asked you ...

Well ...
not the one I
wanted.

Ah. Pontagar?

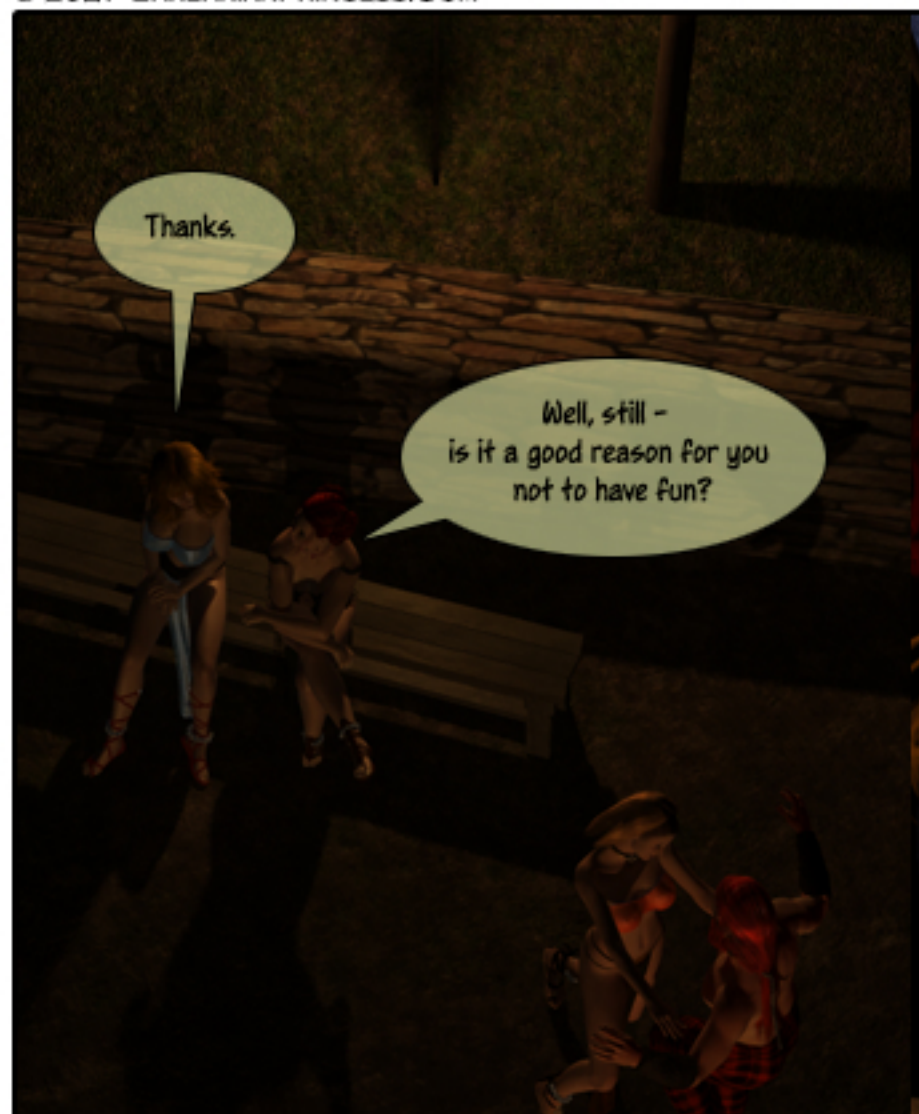


Yeah ...
he chose Lentik ...



Oh.

Well, that is
disappointing for you.
I'm sorry.



The next morning ...



WHAT A CHARMER ...



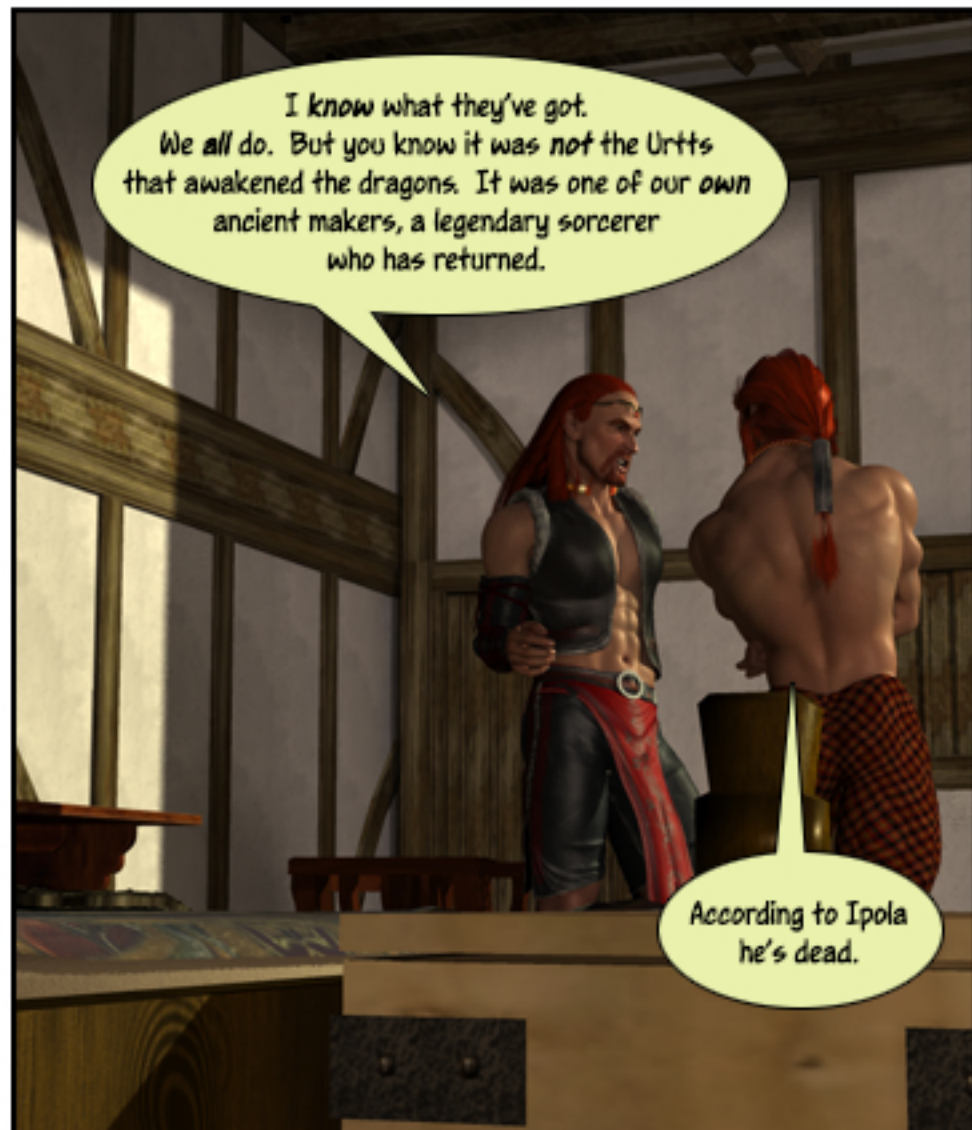


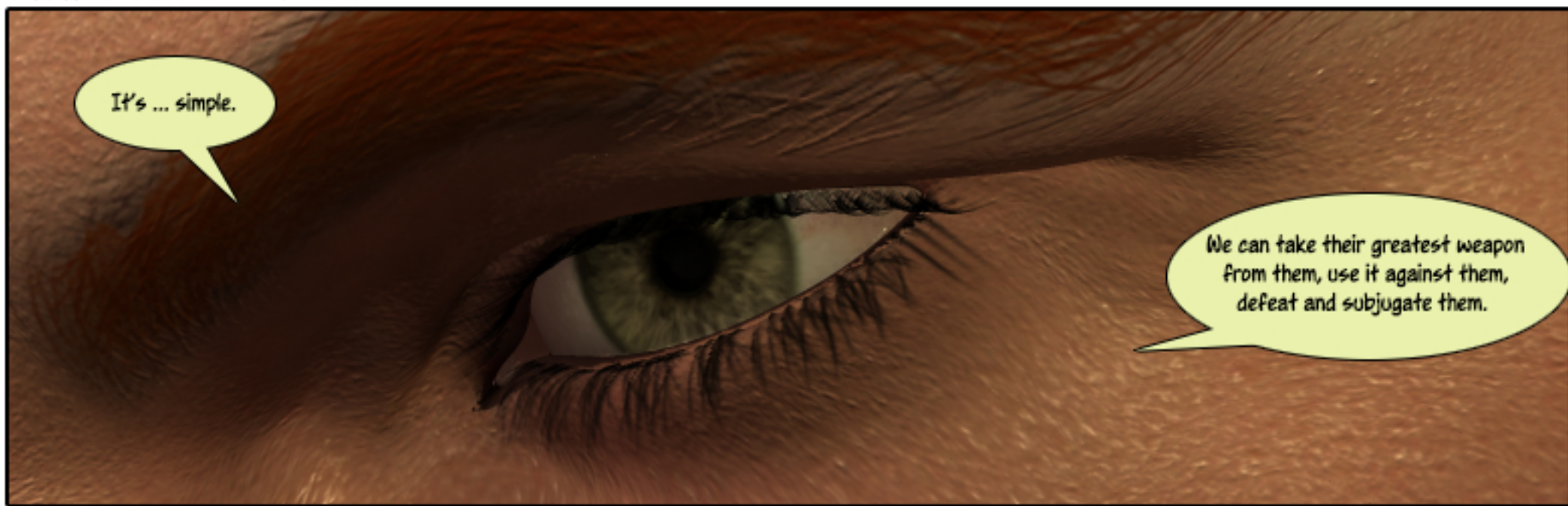


WELL, IT MIGHT HAVE A "LITTLE" BIT TO DO WITH IT ...









It's ... simple.

We can take their greatest weapon from them, use it against them, defeat and subjugate them.



Subjugate? Why not destroy them?

Waste of resources!

And a lot more effort than it's worth, trying to eradicate all of them everywhere. It would be like getting rid of ants.

This way they can serve us as they were meant to, and when they're under our control, rather than running wild like they are now, we won't have to worry about them.

They'll be more *content* as slaves, you'll see.



Of course you've shared this with the Moon queen ...

No. No, she'd never agree to it. It involves using the *old magick*, and she doesn't have the *stomach* for that.

You mean ... Shuach.

Yes.

Worshipping him. Again.



Well - Yes, I suppose it would. How much different would our lives be? The ceremonies, the sacrifices would be different, but we'd be *better off*, if anything.

And we would survive, as *Erogenians*!



We would have to *depose* Ipola, and eliminate all the opposition from the other tribes. That would mean ... *killing* them, I suppose.



All within our power if we only have the *strength* and *will* to do it.

Pontagar, don't you see? We can make this world work again the way it's meant to.

We can make Erogenia *great* again.

