



I was told about my past,  
about what I am, or what  
I was supposed to be.



I was told about the massacre From eons past.  
What my people supposedly did.



Looking into my own  
past has told me nothing.  
It's time I ask someone else...





Hi, you don't know me.  
My name is Faith and I...



Sorry,  
I'm not interested...



Wait! Mister Cleese!  
You might have answers  
for me!



... You seem familiar,  
do I know you?




Uh, you probably don't...  
I'm looking for information  
about my family...






I KNEW IT!



Millenia ago,  
your kind extinguished  
mine...



And now you  
have come to finish  
the job...








It seems he's not  
willing to listen...




You must be wondering  
how I am so much stronger...  
at least compared to  
the other old gods...

Back during  
the purge, that is.







I wouldn't know about that.



Of course you wouldn't...




My kind draws strength from the devotion and worship of our Followers.




Centuries of my story being told and retold, adapted in different forms...






I admit, it's not  
as pure as worship,  
but it is immense...



It will do in a pinch.




Now, the executioner  
shall become the executed.  
What say you, oh  
being of light?




Listen to me!  
I am not here  
to fight!



You could  
have fooled me!  
For millennia,  
I ran, I hid!

A black and white illustration of a hand gripping a sword hilt. The hand is shown from the side, with the fingers wrapped around the hilt. The sword blade is visible, extending from the hilt towards the top right corner of the panel.

I am not here to  
complete the slaughter!

A black and white illustration of a man in a long, flowing robe. He is holding a large, round shield in front of his chest. The shield has a circular emblem on it. The man has a beard and is looking towards the viewer. The background is simple, with some lines suggesting a landscape or interior.

I have been  
told what I am, but  
I am not a killer







I am not  
here to trick you,  
Heracles!



Enough!  
No more words!















Twenty three years ago,  
I was found as a baby,  
dropped off at a  
hospital doorstep.




I only recently  
found out what I am,  
or what I'm supposed to be.




You could have slammed  
my club into my head,  
yet you didn't.






Who told you  
what you are?

The man with  
the sword.



HA! I knew it was him!  
The second I heard tales  
about a warrior  
with the sword.



So you believe me?

I am willing to listen.



Alright, I will tell you  
what little I know.



The Fall... I still  
remember it.



There were so many of us.  
It was easy for one of yours  
to slip in. Your kind's camouflage  
was impressive.

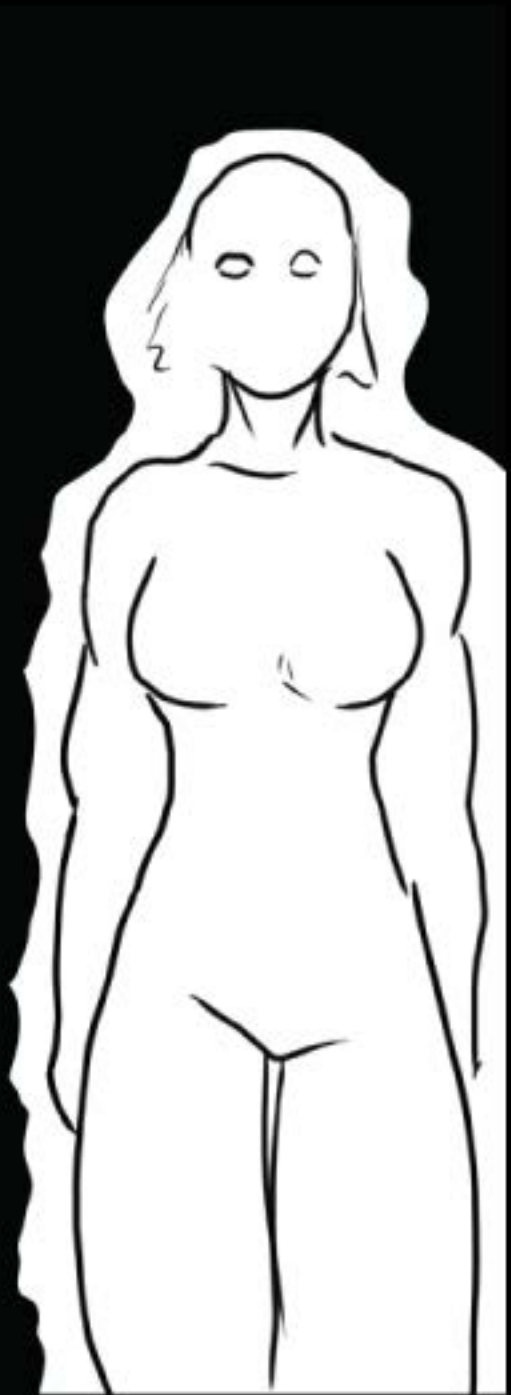


However, when it got that close,  
it didn't bother hiding much longer





Your kind in it's natural Form  
is quite Frightening.




Even my Father  
Felt the Fear in him.




It happened quick.






I knew what I should have done.  
I was considered a champion!



But... the fear took hold of me...



And it held on to me ever since.



