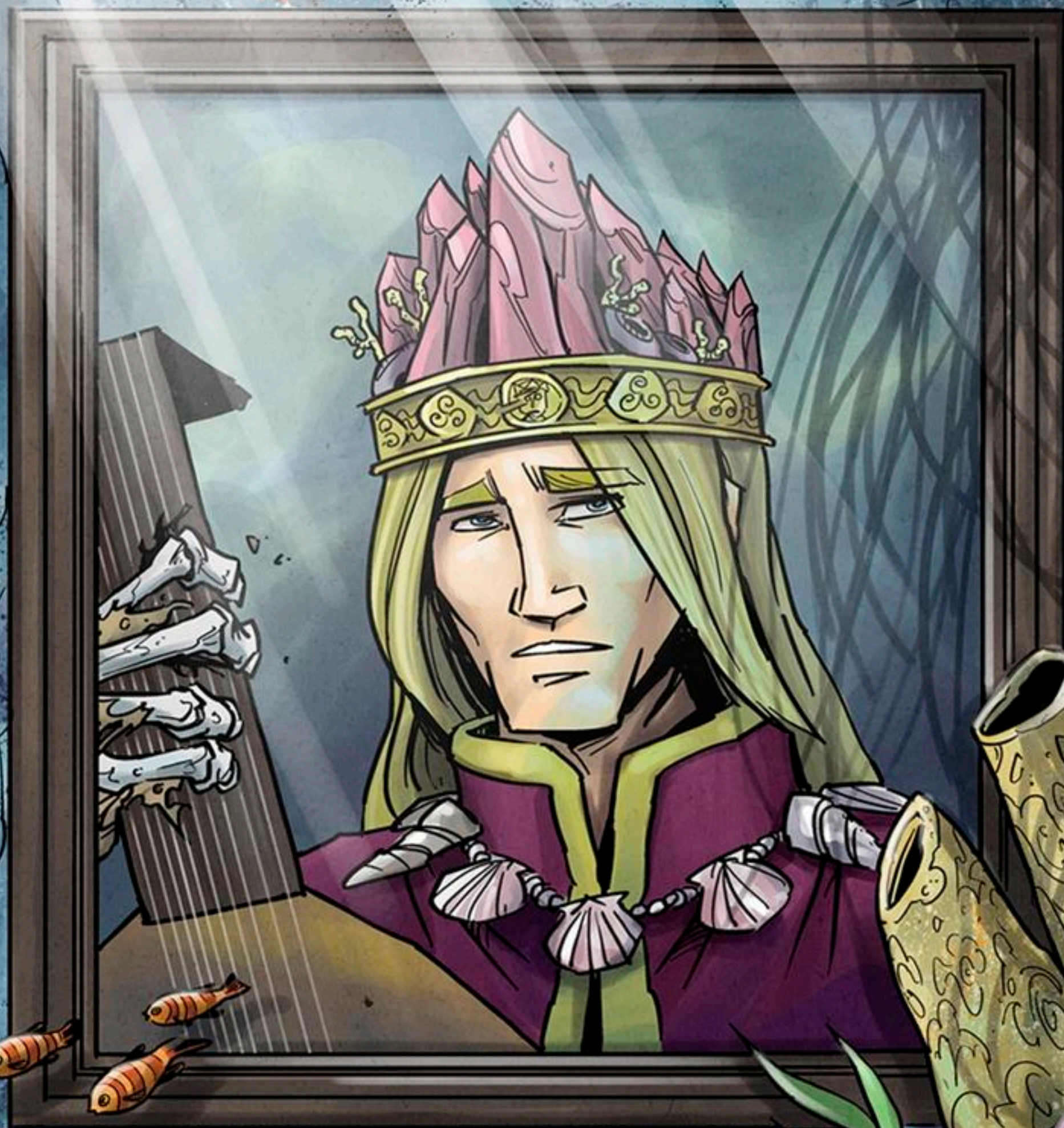


DUSTY HIGGINS AND RON WOLFE

KNIGHTS of the LIVING DEAD



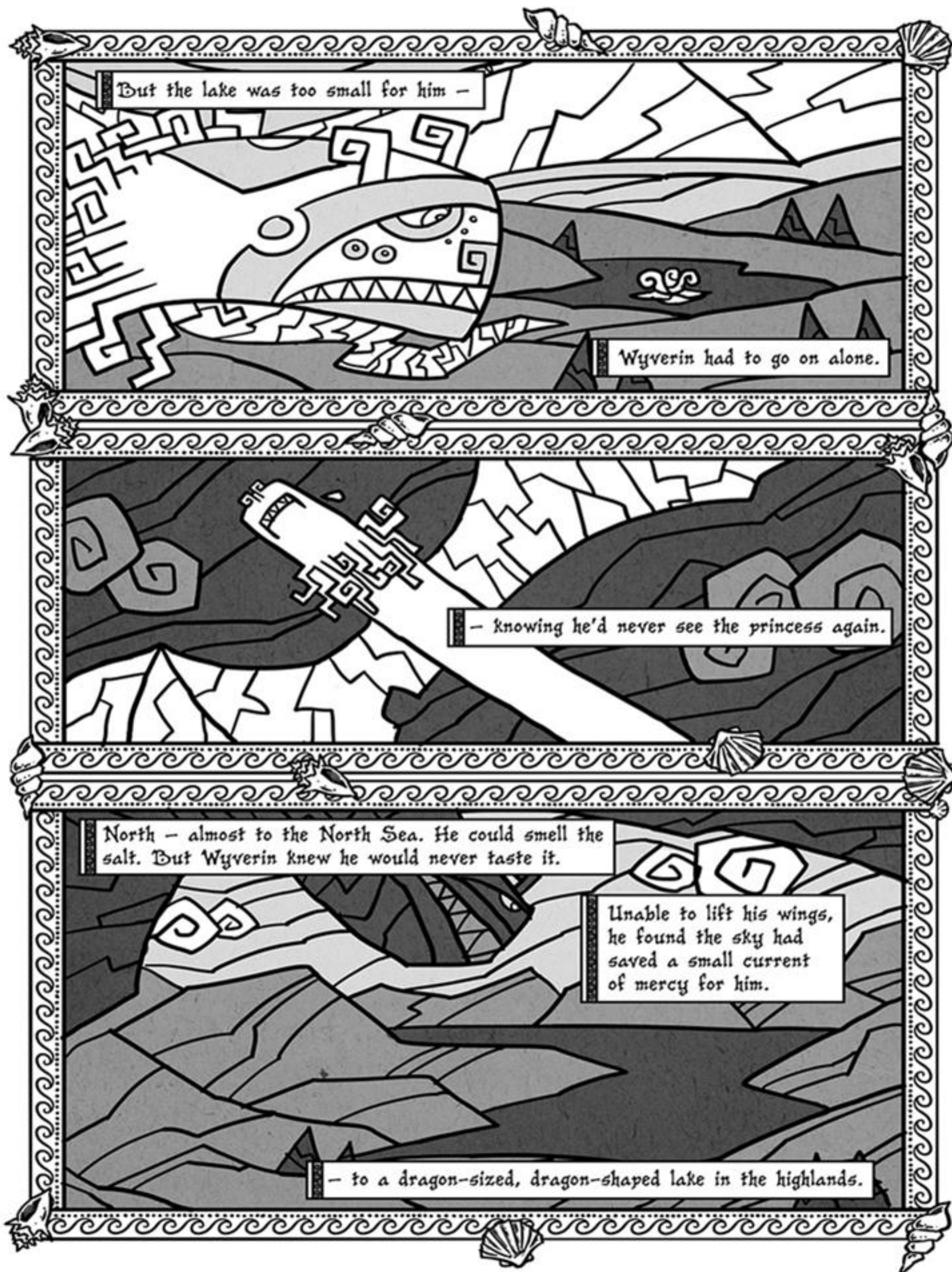
#6



In the Deep,
Deep Shallows







But the lake was too small for him –

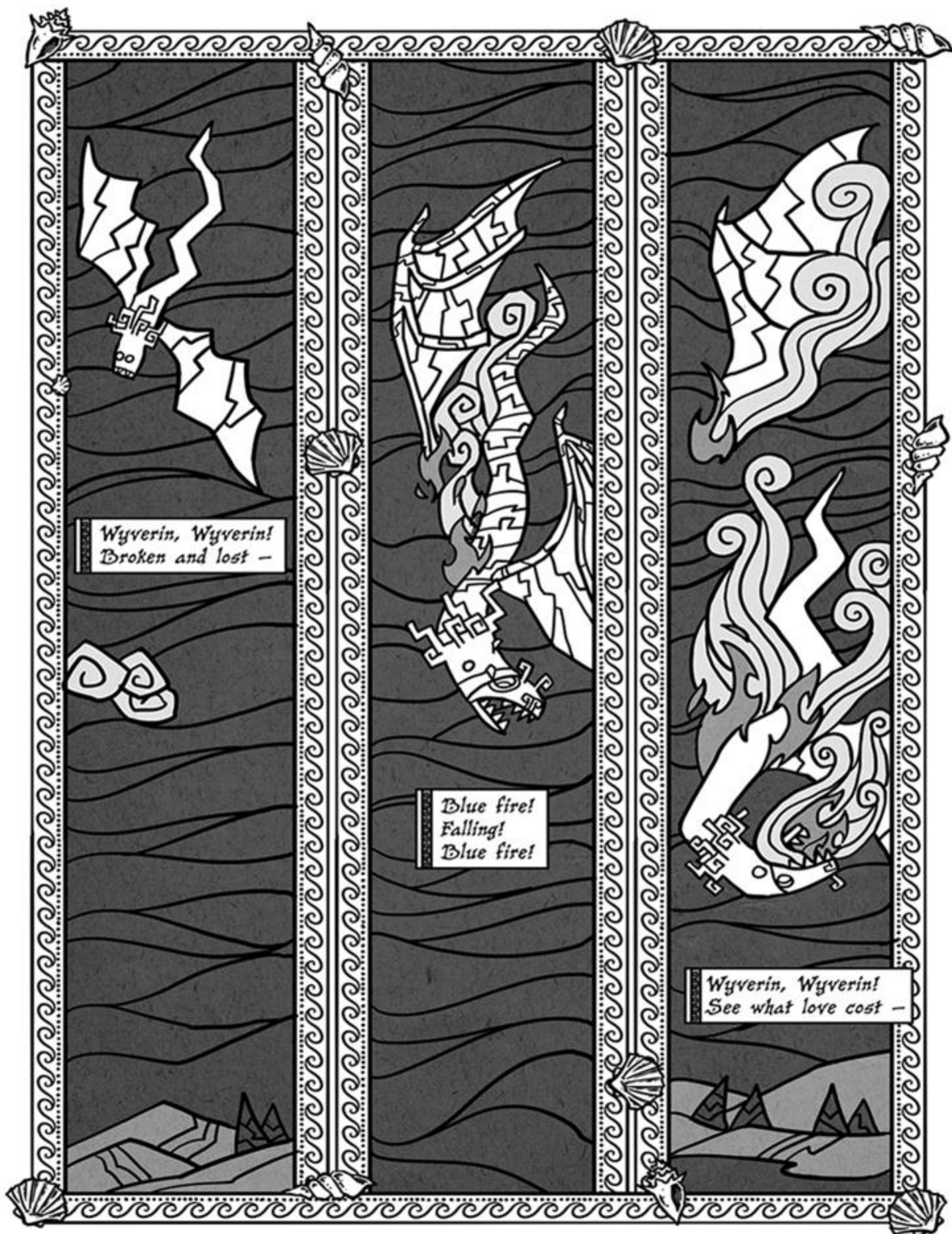
Wyverin had to go on alone.

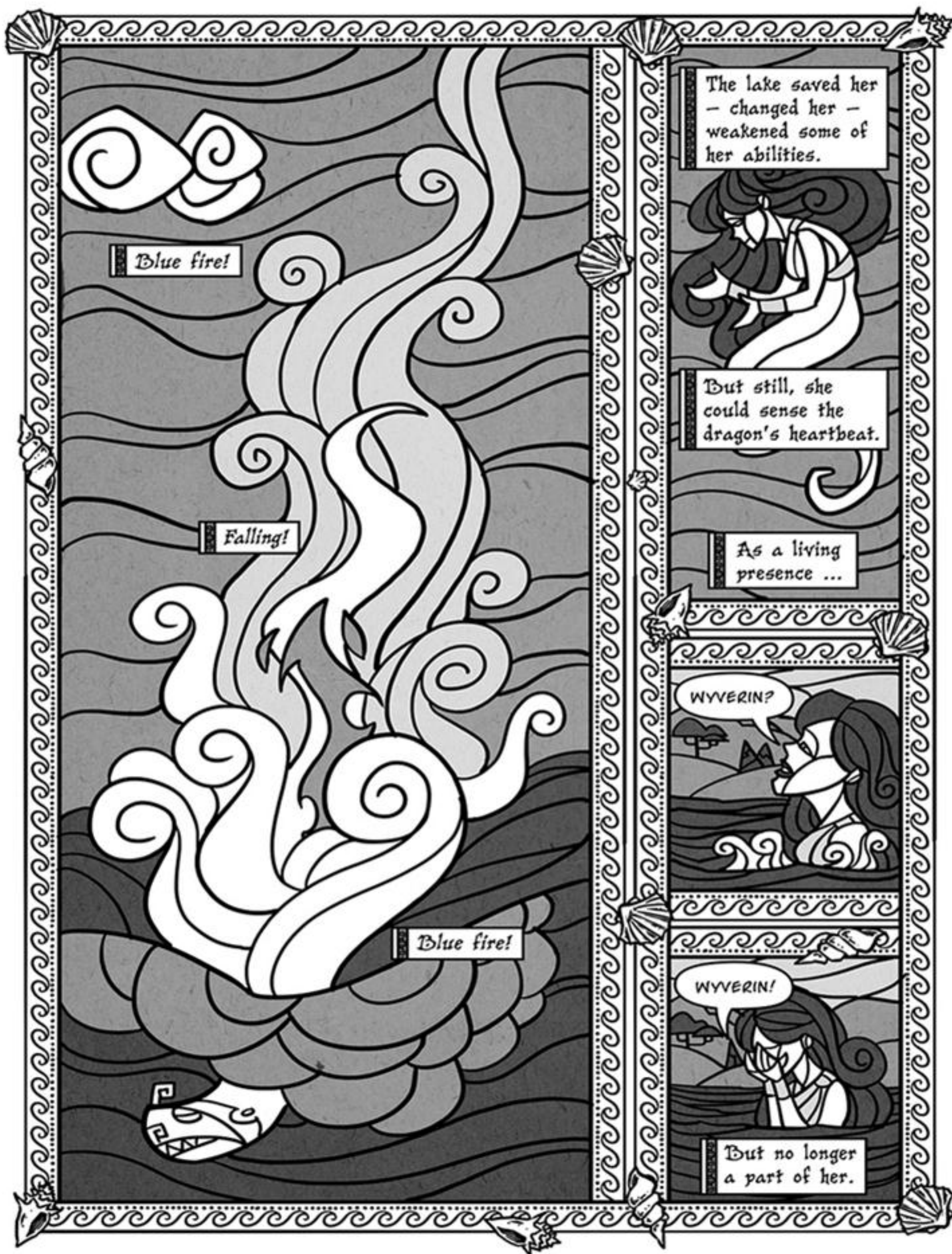
– knowing he'd never see the princess again.

North – almost to the North Sea. He could smell the salt. But Wyverin knew he would never taste it.

Unable to lift his wings, he found the sky had saved a small current of mercy for him.

– to a dragon-sized, dragon-shaped lake in the highlands.





Blue fire!

Falling!

Blue fire!

The lake saved her
— changed her —
weakened some of
her abilities.

But still, she
could sense the
dragon's heartbeat.

As a living
presence ...

WYVERIN?

WYVERIN!

But no longer
a part of her.

Myrrin's Song







Oh, my beautiful Ethna.
Why did I never write a
song about you?

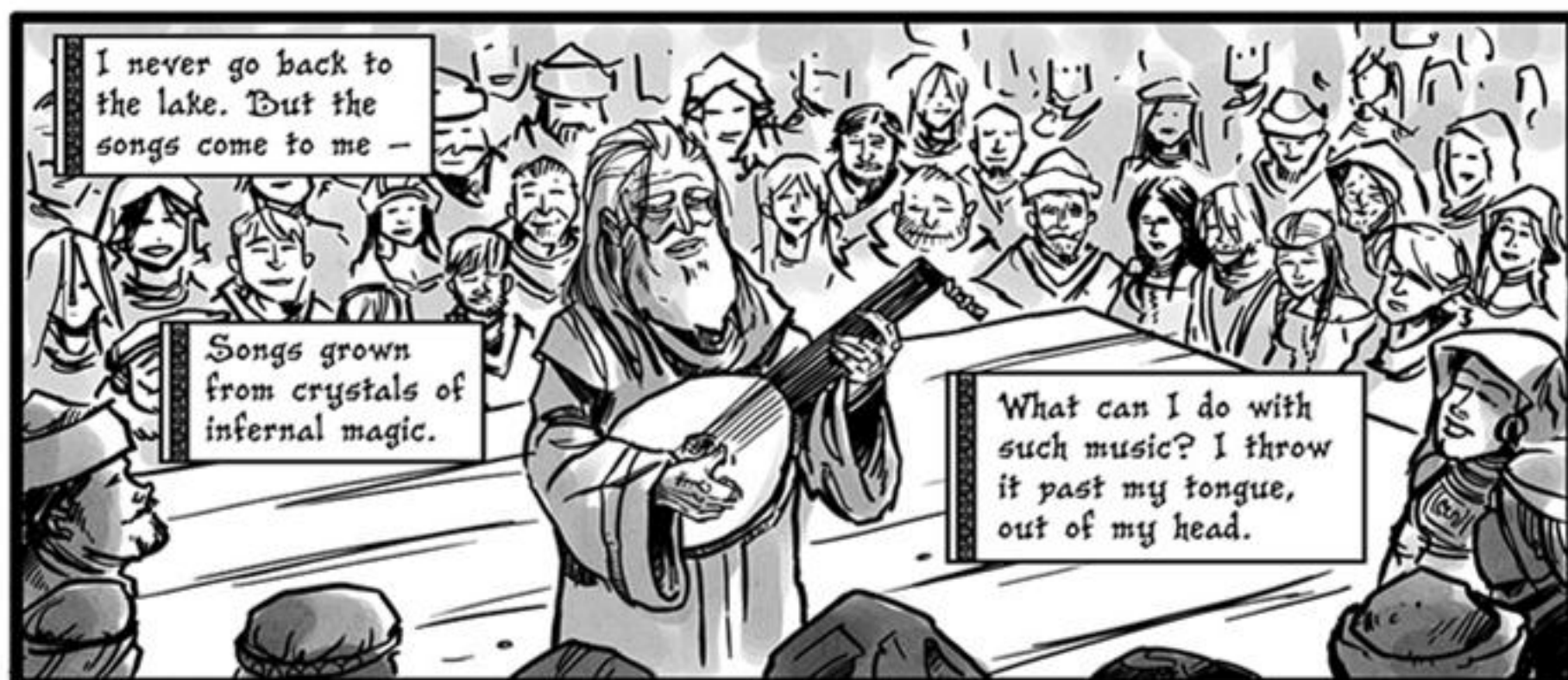
The answer is my damnation.

It never occurred to me.

I wonder if I've
ever had a
thought of my
own, or only
those of a muse
that wants to
drown me.

Well, here's a
thought, princess -

Damn the both of us.



I never go back to the lake. But the songs come to me —

Songs grown from crystals of infernal magic.

What can I do with such music? I throw it past my tongue, out of my head.



People should tire of my voice. Why don't they?



They should see me as the fraud I am. They should despise me. Why am I still here?




ANEIRIN!

THE KING IS WAITING. THE CELEBRATION CAN'T START WITHOUT YOU.








NOW, THEN.
WHEN ARE YOU
EVER GOING TO
SHOW ME WHERE
THAT LAKE IS?

I'D LIKE TO
MEET THAT
LADY OF
YOURS.




WE'LL MAKE IT
THE DAY ROBIN
GOODFELLOW
GIVES BACK MY
YOUTH.



HAH!

YOU WIN
AGAIN,
ANEIRIN.



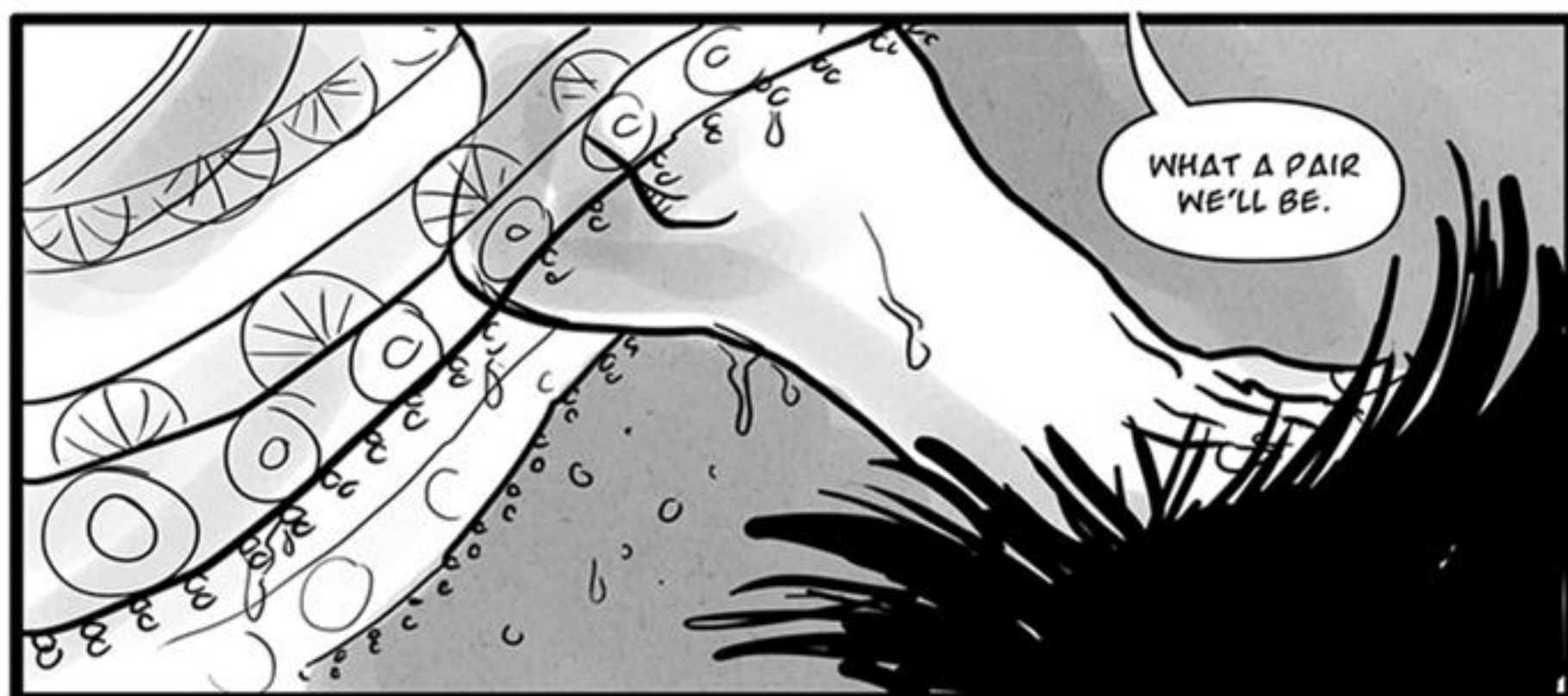
I decline the king's clattering escort,
knowing a private way home.

Crowds follow me all too
easily these days -

I make sure
I'm alone.

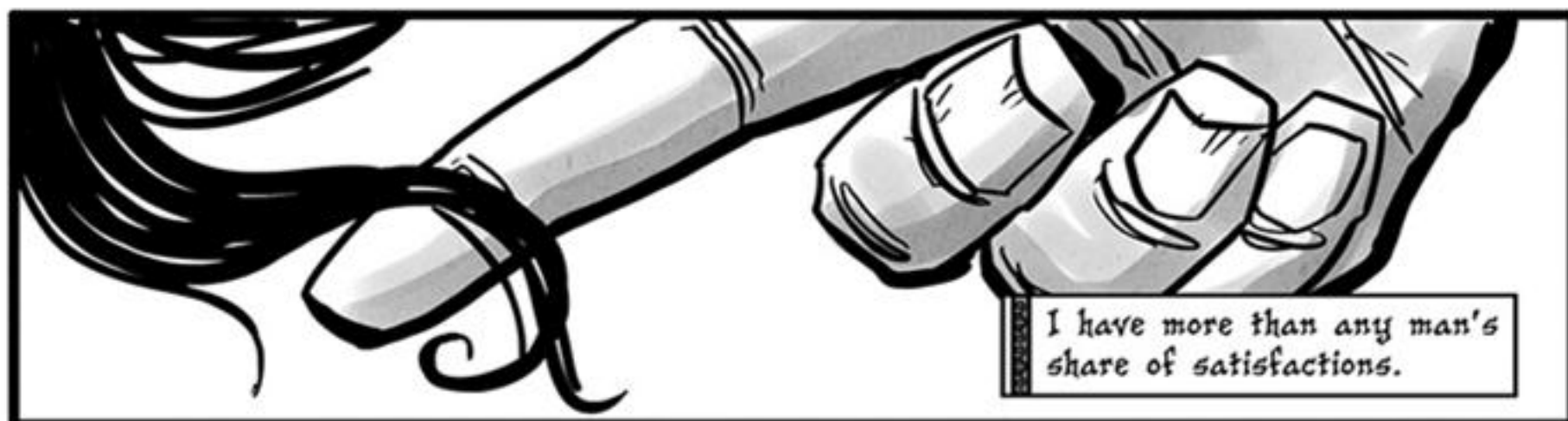


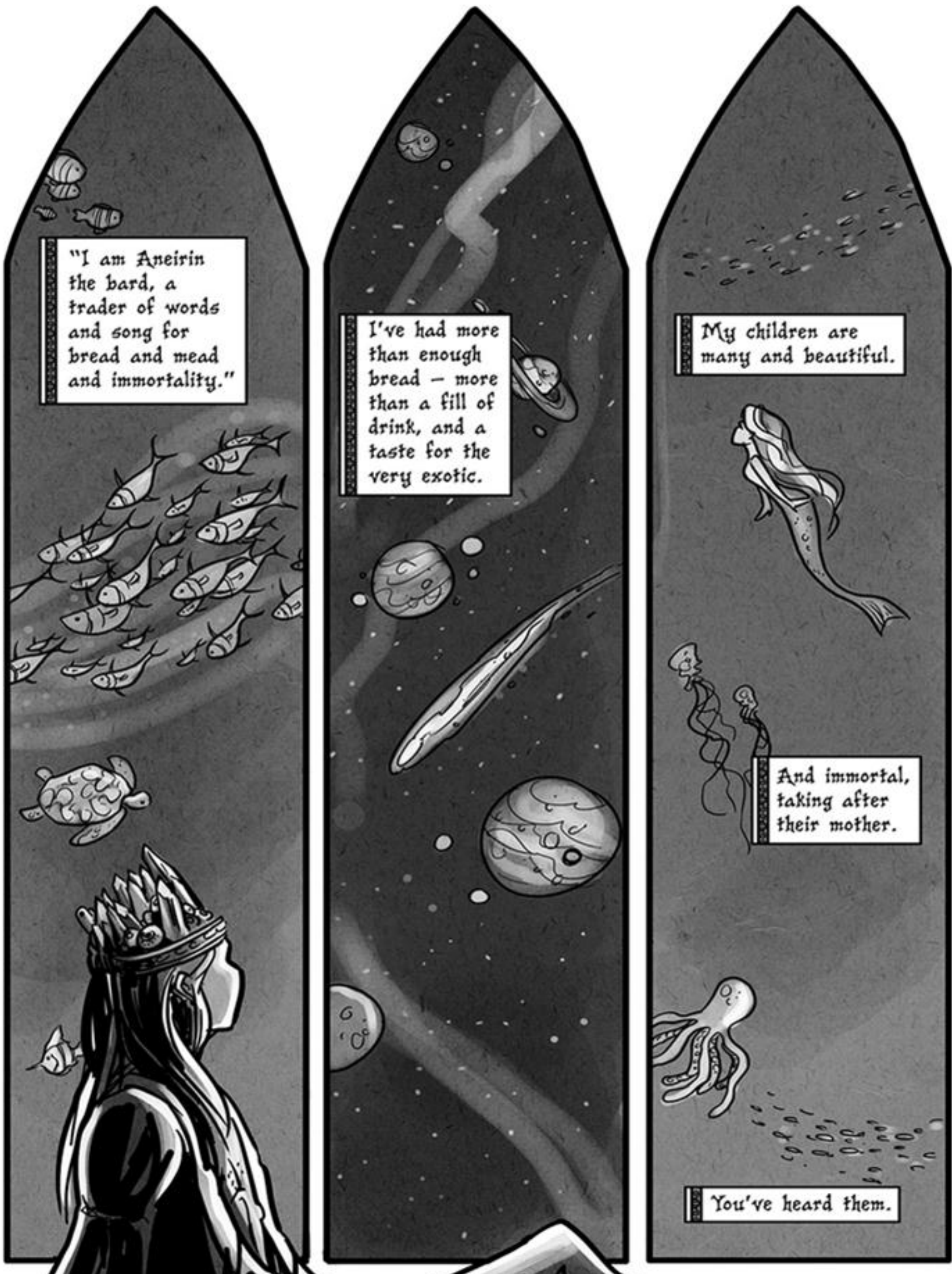












"I am Aneirin
the bard, a
trader of words
and song for
bread and mead
and immortality."

I've had more
than enough
bread — more
than a fill of
drink, and a
taste for the
very exotic.

My children are
many and beautiful.

And immortal,
taking after
their mother.

You've heard them.



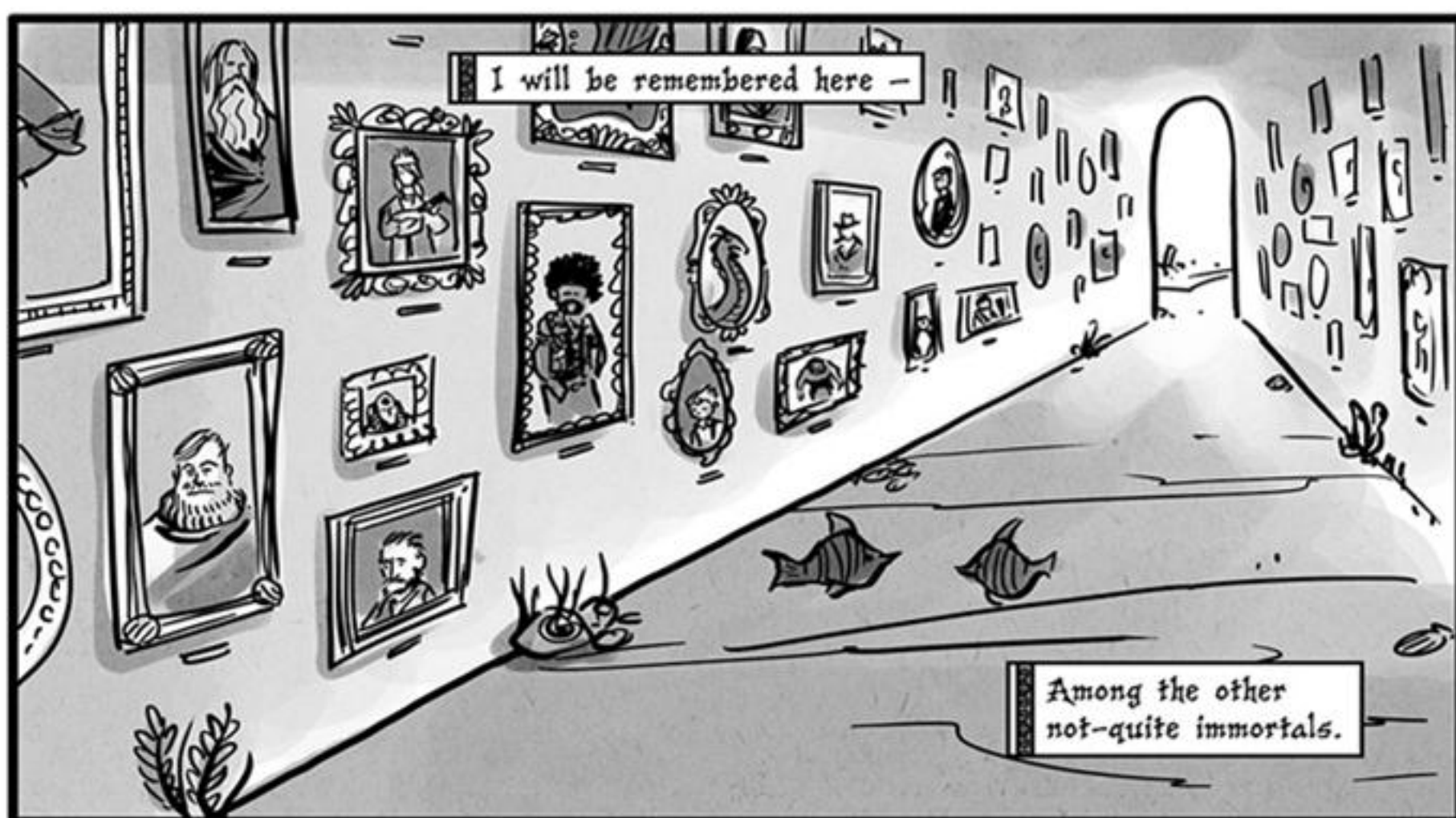
ED

HE WROTE

HE PAINTED

HE CIVILIZED

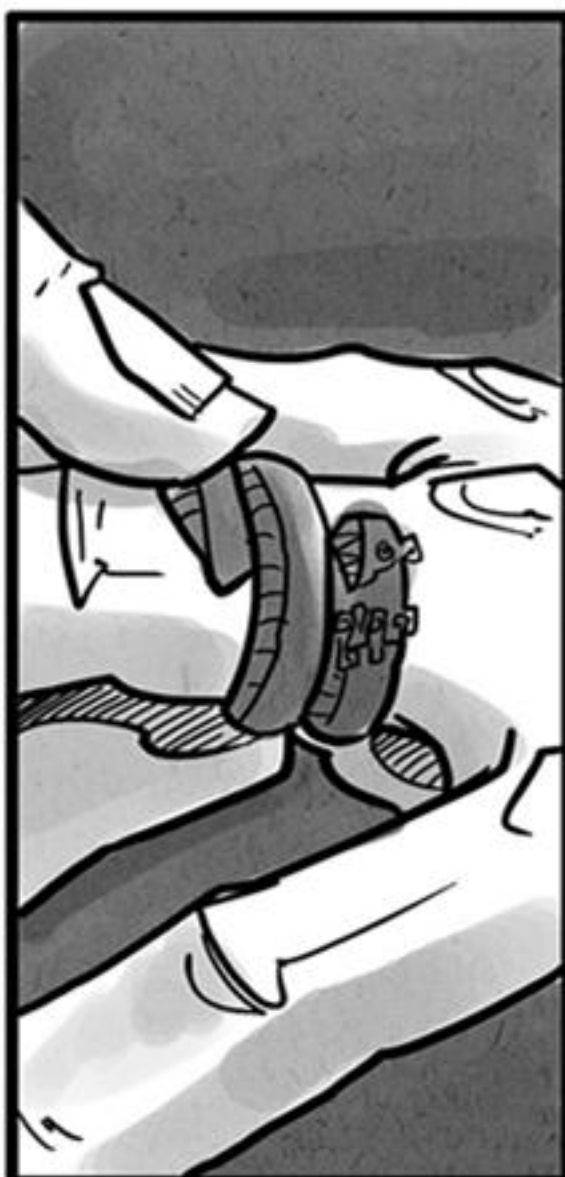
이것이 나의 삶이다



In the end, I've had what
you, my reader, have had
from birth to now.



I've had a
number of days.



Enough.





Believe were in
I do not believe her



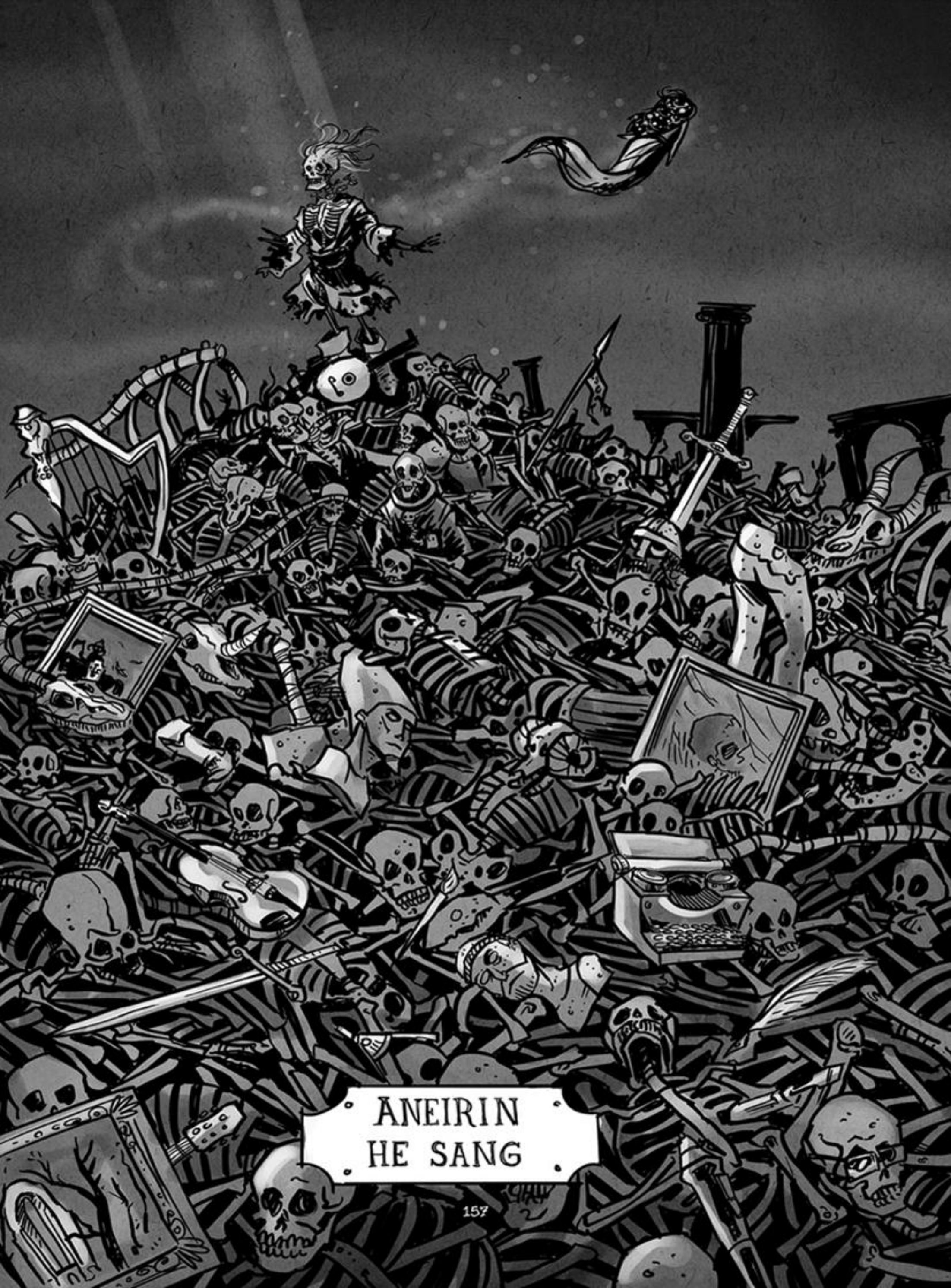




CAN'T SLEEP I HAVE CHOIRS IN MY HEAD SING IT OUT OF ME SING SING







• ANEIRIN •
• HE SANG •