

"Journalists are detectives for the people."
—WAYNE BARRETT

Abbott™

CHAPTER FIVE SOMEDAY WE'LL BE TOGETHER

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MY
LOVE.

MY
LIGHT.



SAMIR?
H-HOW...

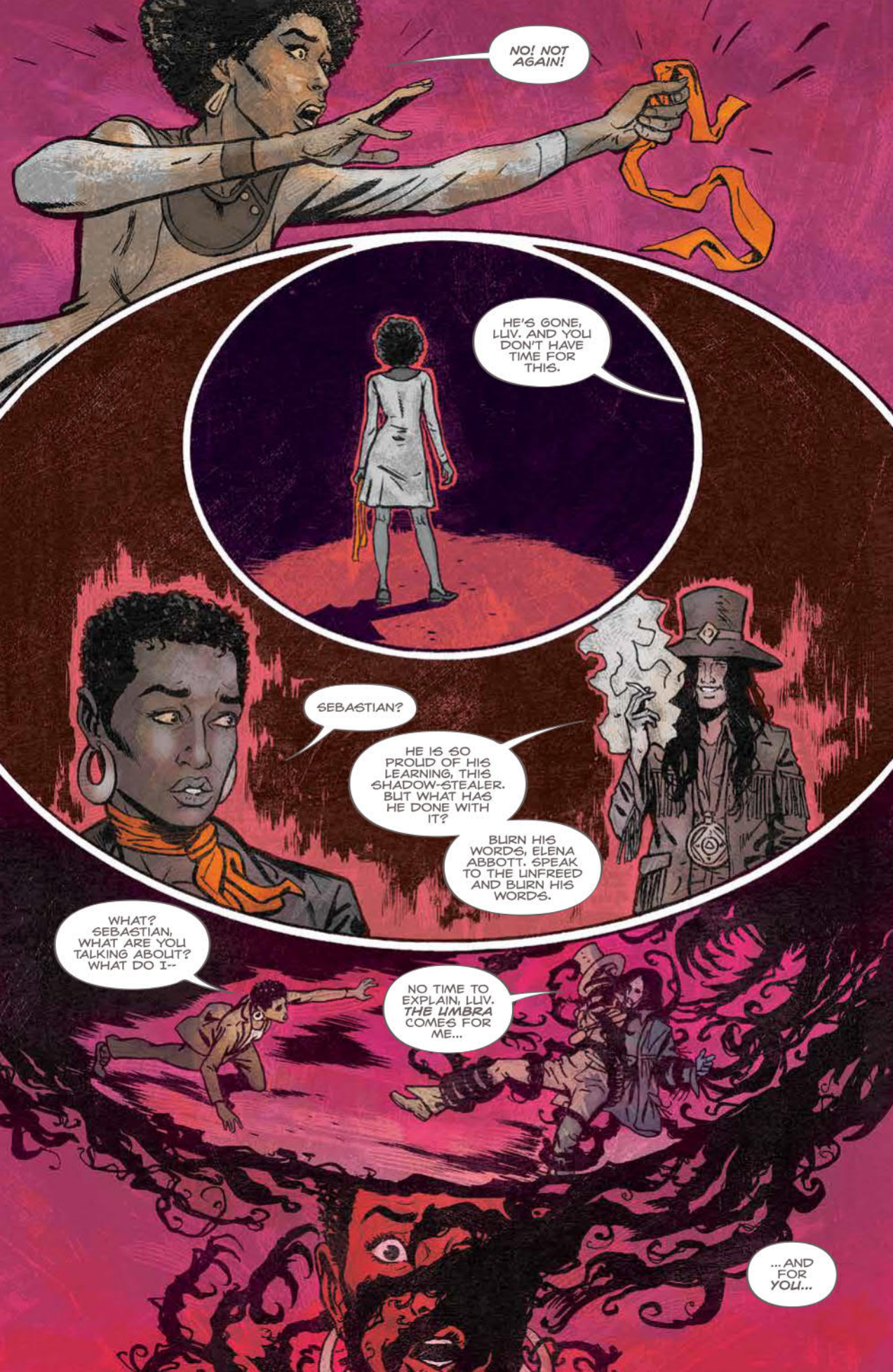
YOU STILL
SMOKE? SUCH
A HIDEOUS HABIT,
BUT YOU ALWAYS
MADE IT LOOK
BEAUTIFUL.

W-WHAT
IS THIS?

A DREAM. A
VISION. A GLIMPSE
OF THE WORLD
BEYOND. I DO
NOT HAVE THE
ANSWERS.

I AM
HAPPIER THAN
I CAN SAY TO SEE
YOU, MY LOVE.
BUT I CANNOT
STAY.

SAMIR!
NO!



NO! NOT AGAIN!

HE'S GONE, LLIV. AND YOU DON'T HAVE TIME FOR THIS.

SEBASTIAN?

HE IS SO PROUD OF HIS LEARNING, THIS SHADOW-STEALER. BUT WHAT HAS HE DONE WITH IT?

BURN HIS WORDS, ELENA ABBOTT. SPEAK TO THE UNFREED AND BURN HIS WORDS.

WHAT? SEBASTIAN, WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? WHAT DO I--

NO TIME TO EXPLAIN, LLIV. THE UMBRA COMES FOR ME...

...AND FOR YOU...



=>MMPHH<=



=>MMPPP#!<=



Ah.

THE TAWDRY SPARK OF YOUR SPIRIT STILL SPLITTERS. WAKE, THEN, FACE YOUR FATE.



B-BELLCAMP? WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS?



BECAUSE IT MUST BE DONE. THIS IS A FALLEN AGE. WATCHING TELEVISION. EATING TELEVISION DINNERS. WE HAVE LOST TOUCH WITH THE PRIMAL FORCES THAT MOVE THE WORLD.

THE GLEAMING STORIES OF THUNDERBOLTS AND SILVER WINGS AND HEAVENLY SONGS ARE GONE.

BUT OTHER STORIES STILL HOLD POWER FOR THOSE WHO KNOW HOW TO TELL THEM.

THE GODS OF WORM AND ROT STILL ANSWER PRAYERS. THE SHADOW-FATHERS STILL LOVE TO HEAR THEIR NAMES CALLED. THEIR CRUEL INFLUENCE STILL TOUCHES OUR WORLD.



CAN YOU FEEL IT, ILLUMINATOR?

THE UMBRA.



IS THAT WHAT THAT GIRLISH WIZARD WITH THE TWO-BIT LITTLE MAGIC SHOP TAUGHT YOU TO CALL IT?

IT DOESN'T MATTER. YOU ARE UNWORTHY OF THE TRUE NAMES. THE NAMES THAT FLAY TONGUES.



WHEN THE VESSEL OF THE LIGHT WAS REVEALED, I COULDN'T BELIEVE IT--A FEMALE! A NEGRO. IT COULDN'T BE--I HAD TO SEE FOR MYSELF.



THAT FIRST TIME WE MET, YOU BURNED ME. I BARELY ESCAPED. THE TEST OF THE CENTAUR ONLY CONFIRMED IT--YOU WERE BORN TO RUIN THESE GLORIOUS STORIES I TELL.



IS THAT WHAT YOU CALL THESE MONSTERS YOU'VE CREATED? STORIES?

THE OLD TALES TELL US THAT MAGIC HAS ITS LAWS.

IF I SIMPLY KILL YOU, THE LIGHT FROM YOUR SACRIFICE COULD DESTROY ALL MY WORK.



BUT THERE ARE OTHER WAYS... WHEN THE GODS COULDN'T KILL, THEY CURSED. TWISTED THE SHAPES OF THOSE THAT DEFIED THEM.

WH-WHAT?

SOON,
ILLUMINATOR,
THE SOFT DAYS
OF JET AIRPLANES
AND LAWSUITS WILL
WITHER AND DIE,
AND A NEW AND
BLOODY AGE OF
HEROES WILL
OVERRUN THIS
EARTH.

I WILL
REMAKE YOU
INTO MY *HARPY*.
AND THEN YOU WILL
HELP ME LINGER IN
THAT AGE--AN ERA
OF SWORDBLADES
AND ZEAL AND
DRAGONS AND...
SATYRS.

