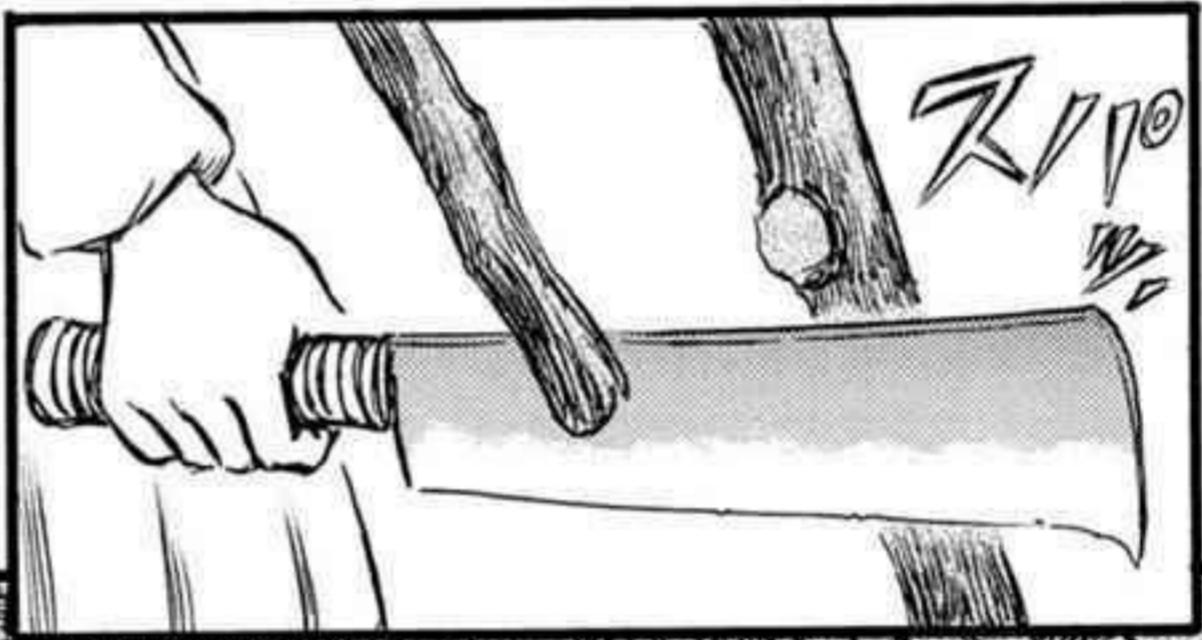
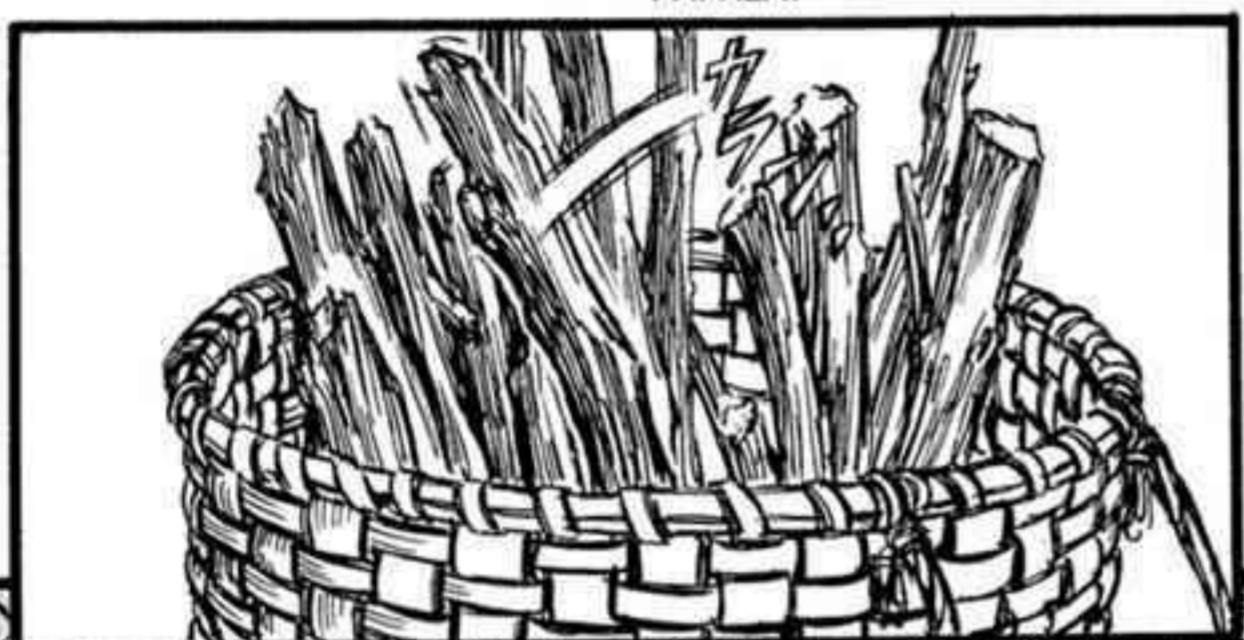




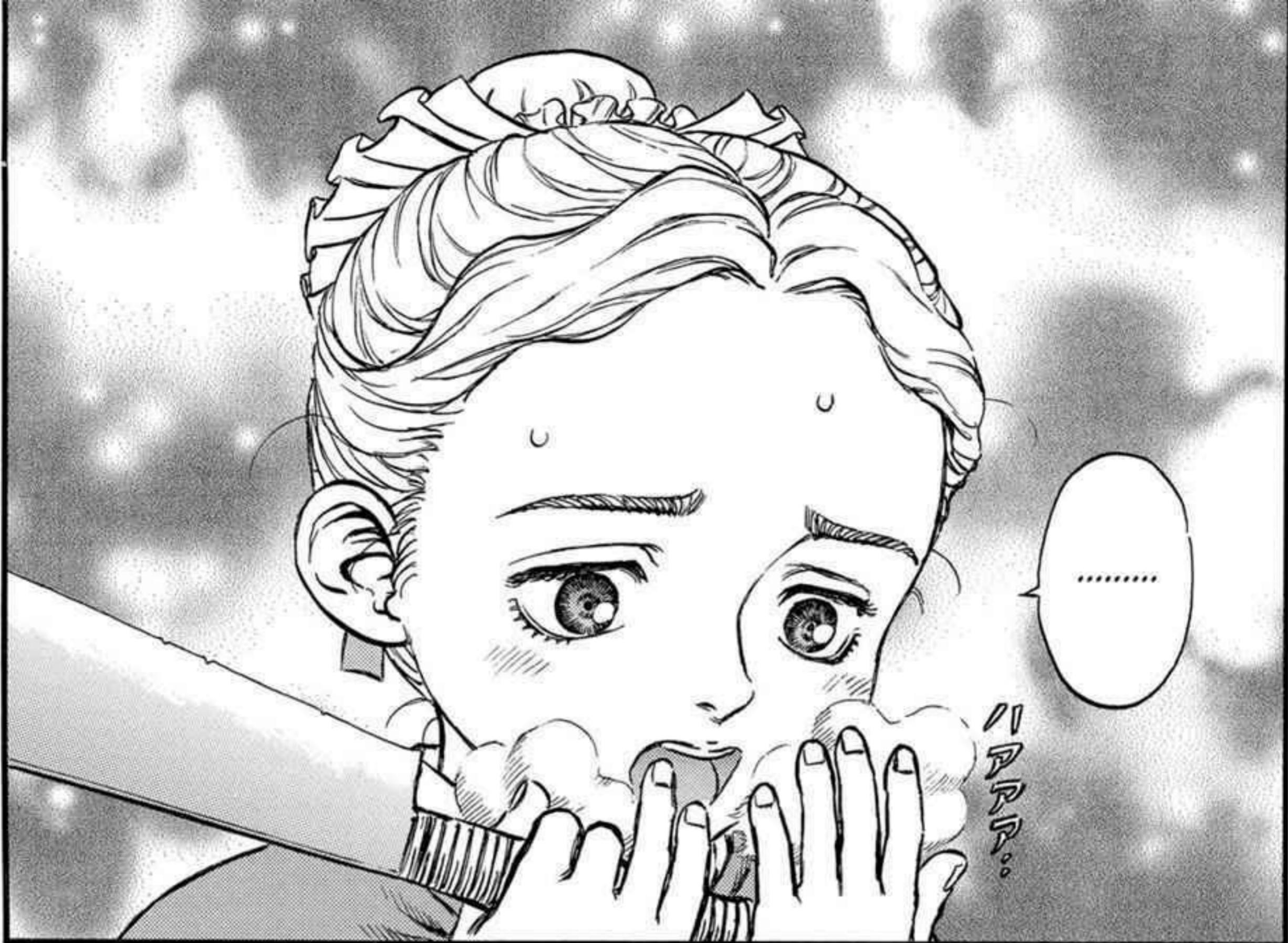
*FX: CHP CHP

*FX: KLAT



*FX: CHMP



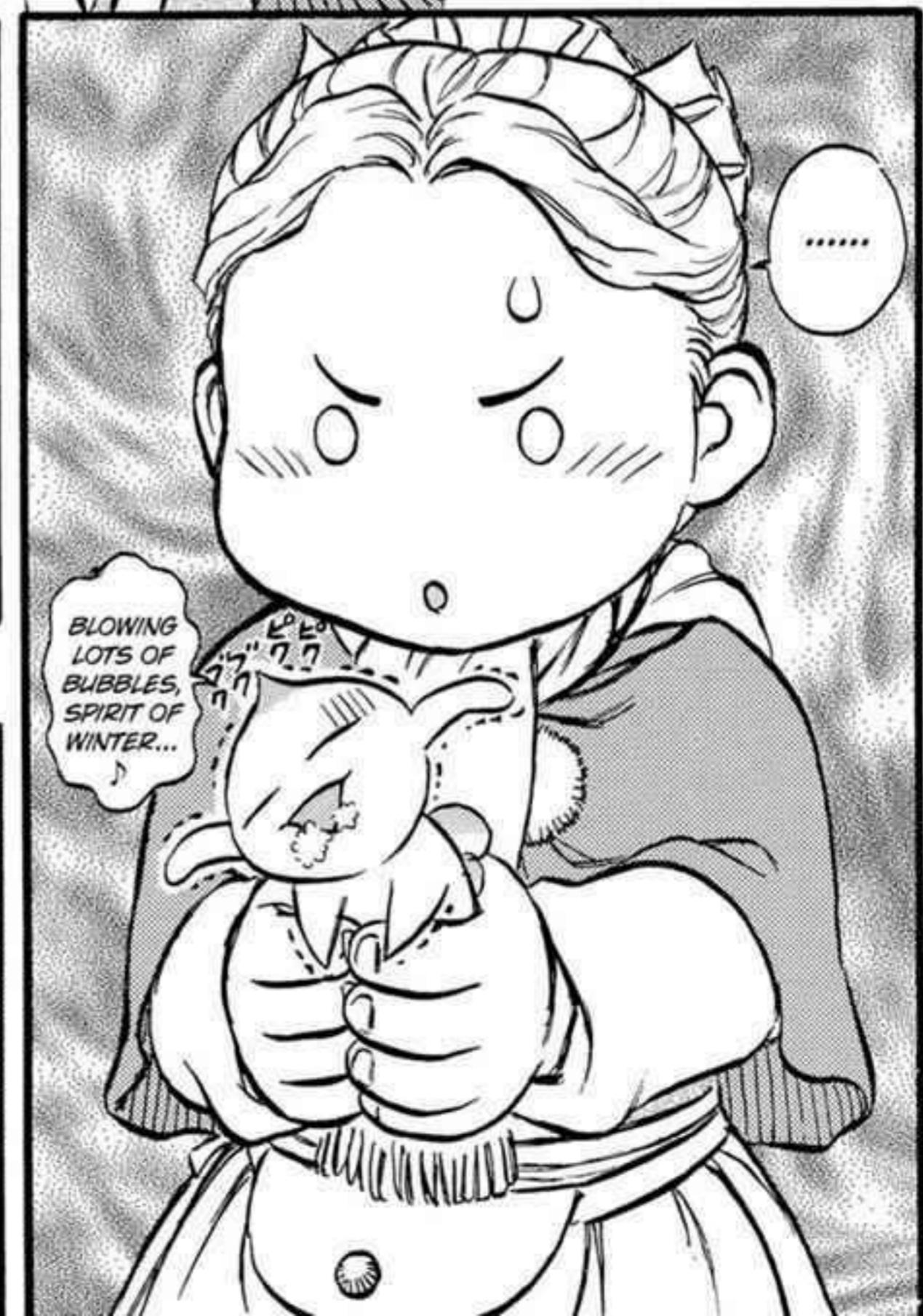
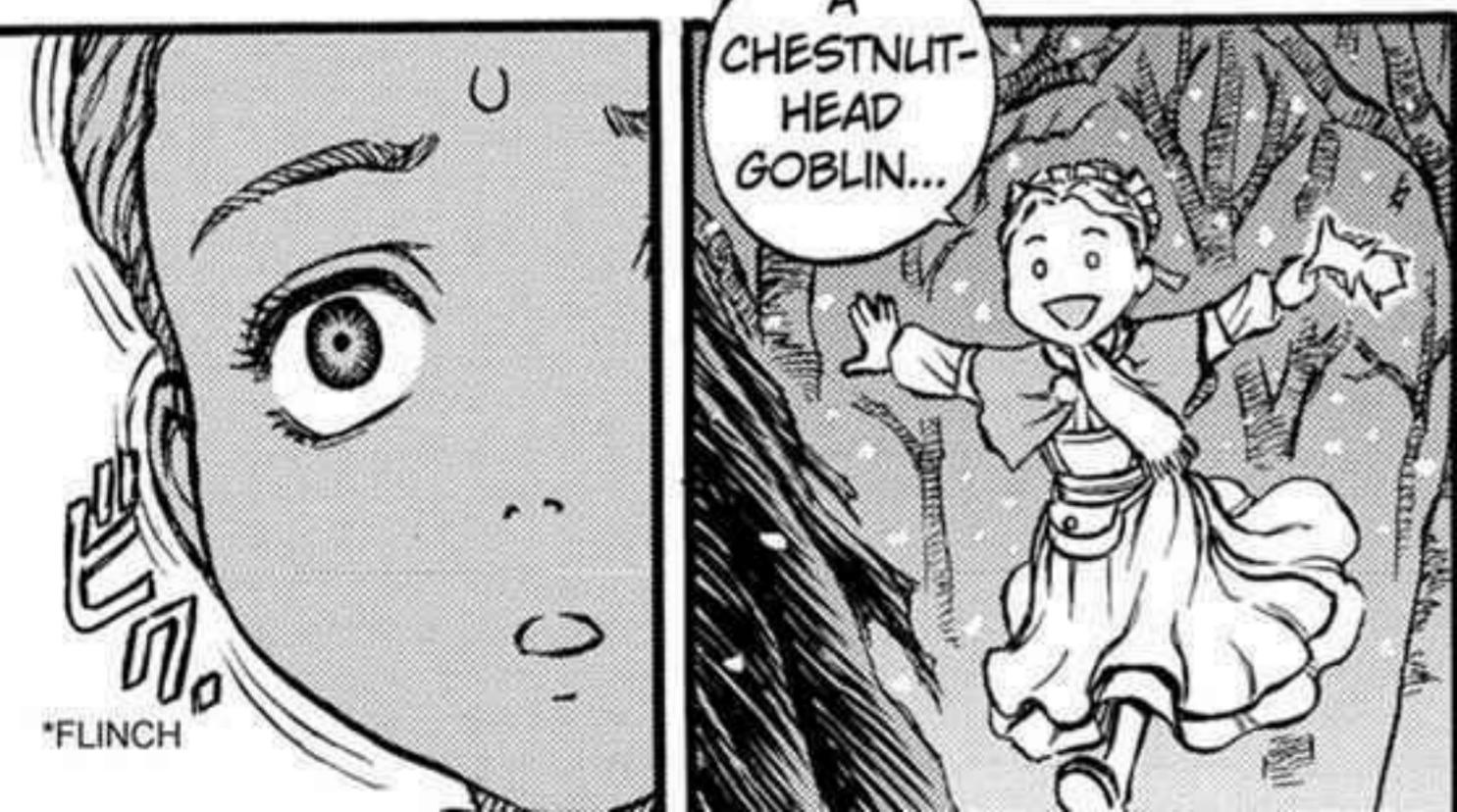


*FX: HAHHHH

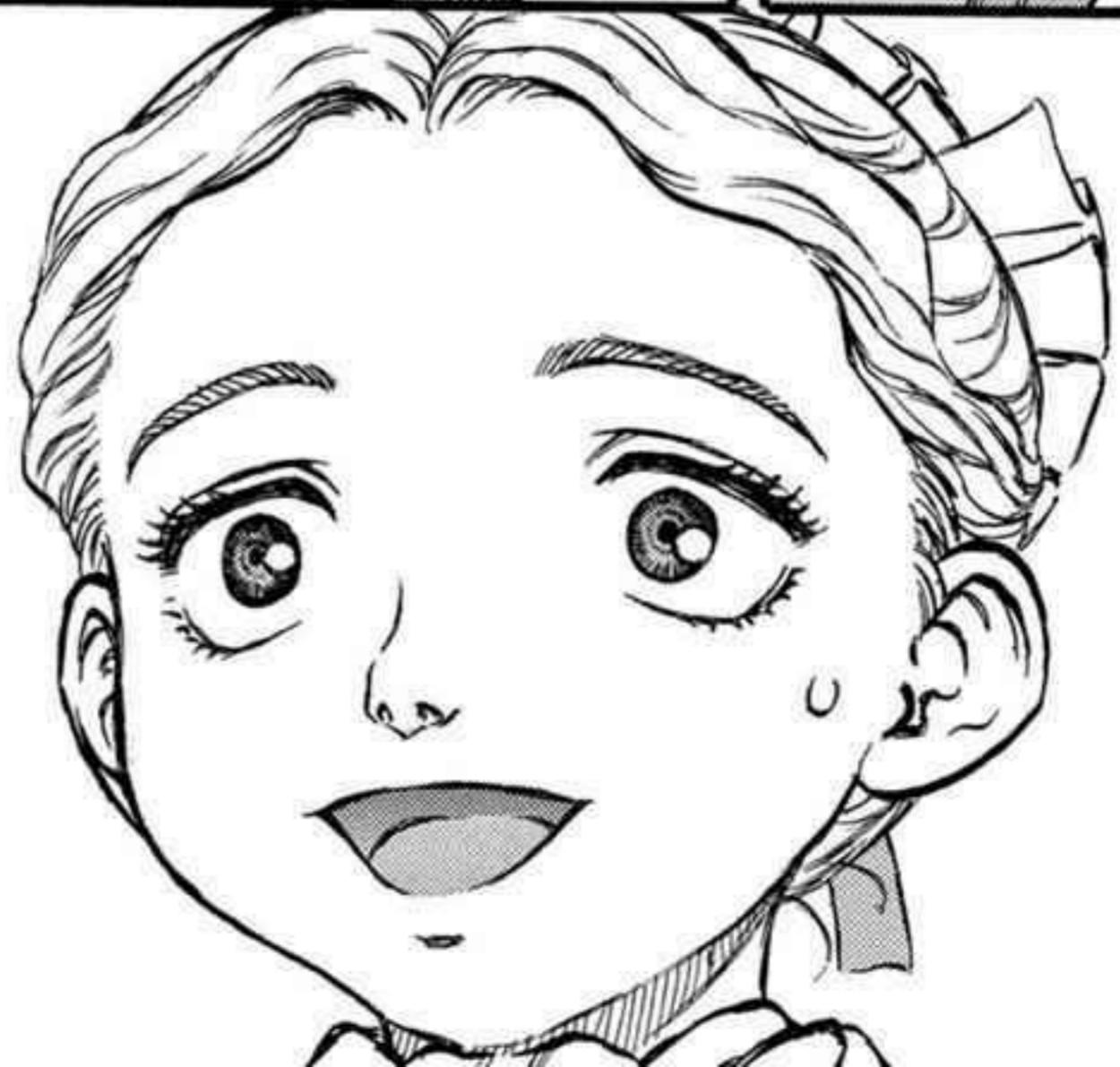


*FX: SPIN SPIN SPIN





*FLINCH

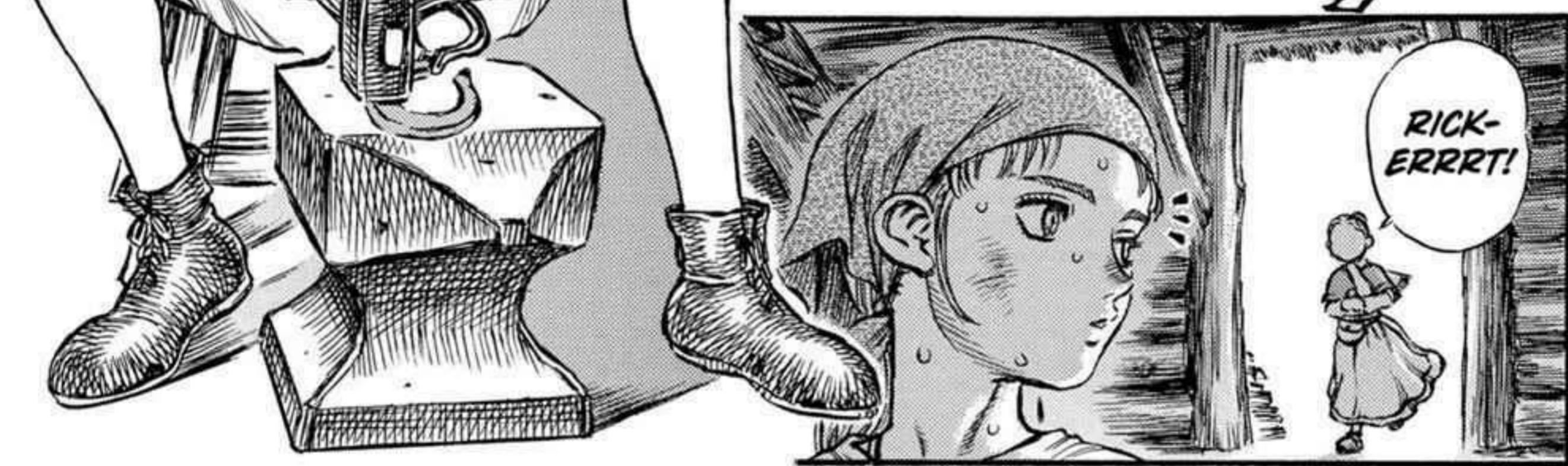




*FX: CLANNNG CLANNNG



*FX: CLANNNG CLANNNG

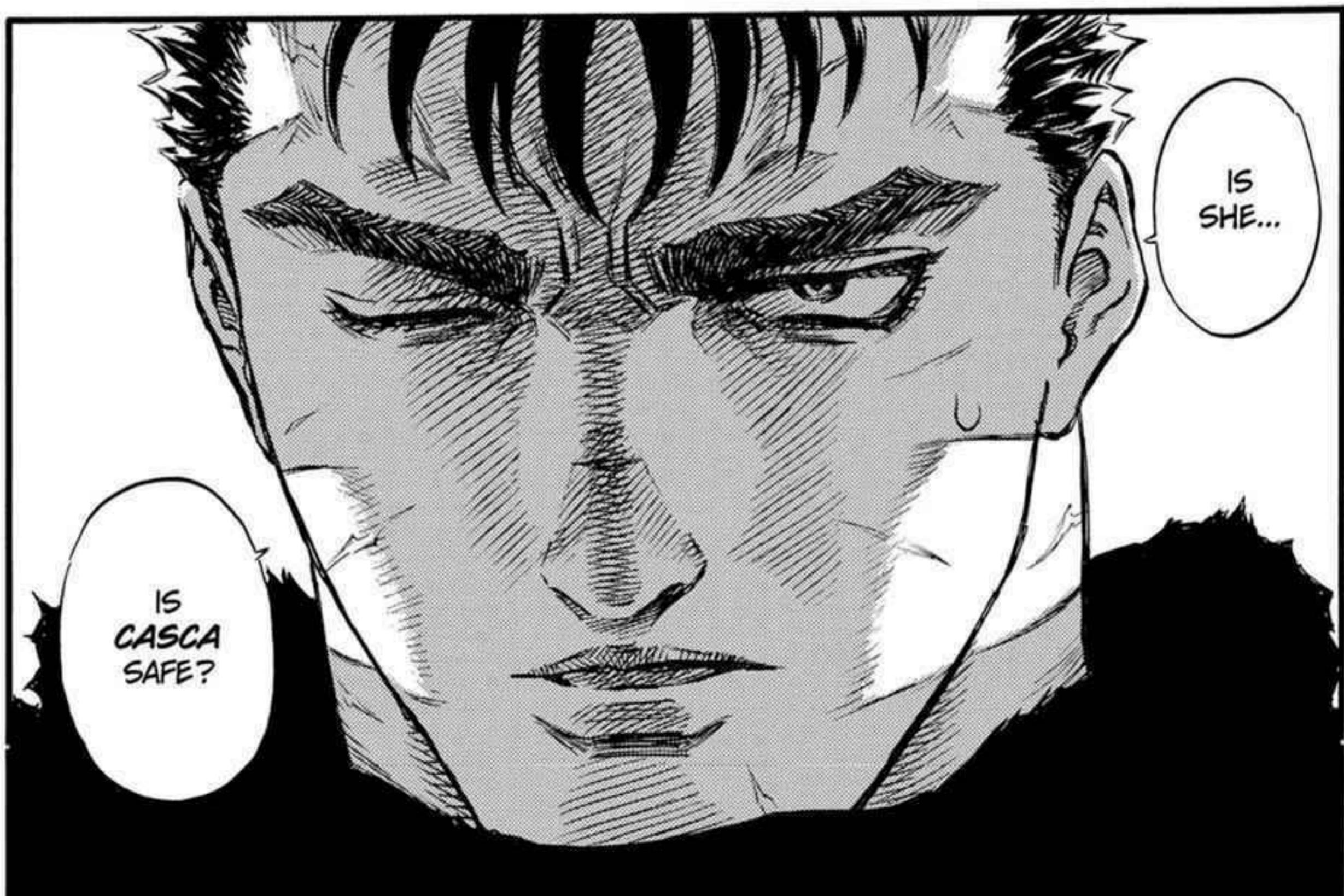


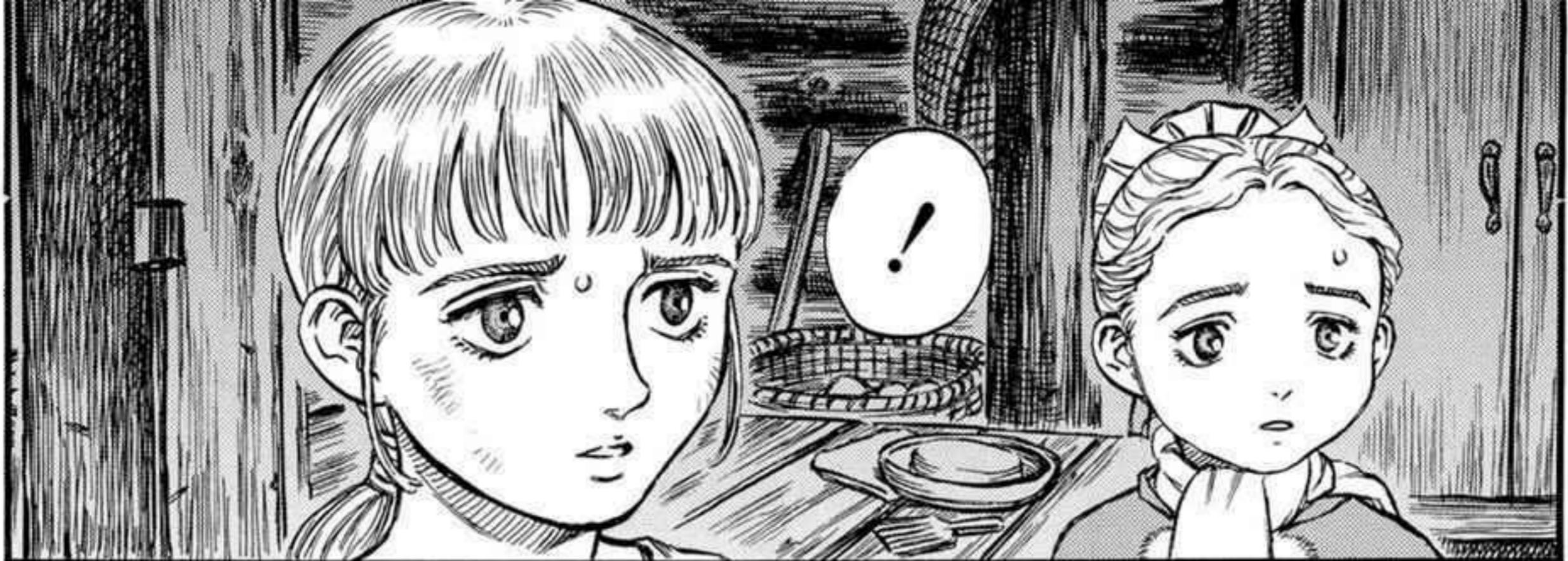
RICK-
ERRRT!

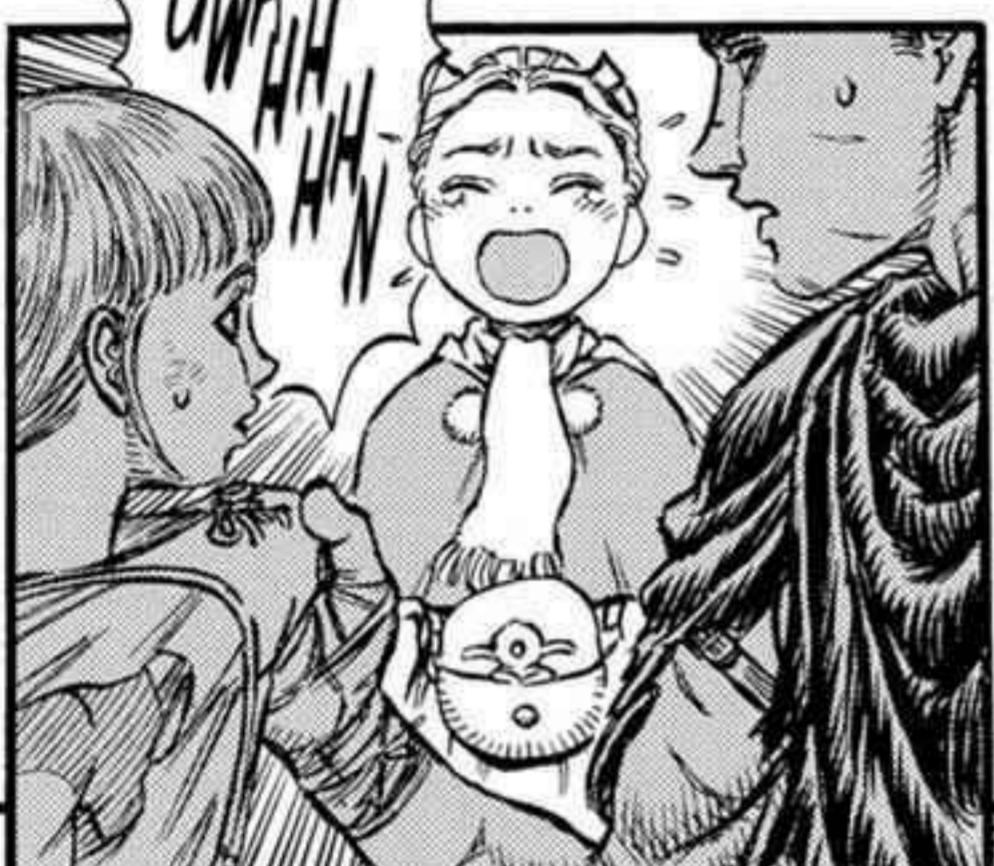


GOOD
WORK,
THANKS.

WELCOME
HOME,
ERICA.







ERICA COULDN'T STAND SEEING IT, SO SHE TOOK HER ALONG TO GO PICK FRUIT...



CASCA HAD LIVED IN THE CAVE FOR SO LONG SHE WAS PRETTY SICK OF IT... LATELY SHE'D GOTTEN WHERE SHE WOULDN'T EVEN EAT MUCH.

AND YET HERE YOU ARE...

YOU KNOW FULL WELL HOW CASCA IS NOW!!

I LOOKED FOR HER UNTIL THE SUN WENT DOWN, BUT I COULDN'T FIND HER...

BEFORE I KNEW IT, SHE WAS GONE.

WHY AREN'T YOU OUT LOOKING FOR HER?!

WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

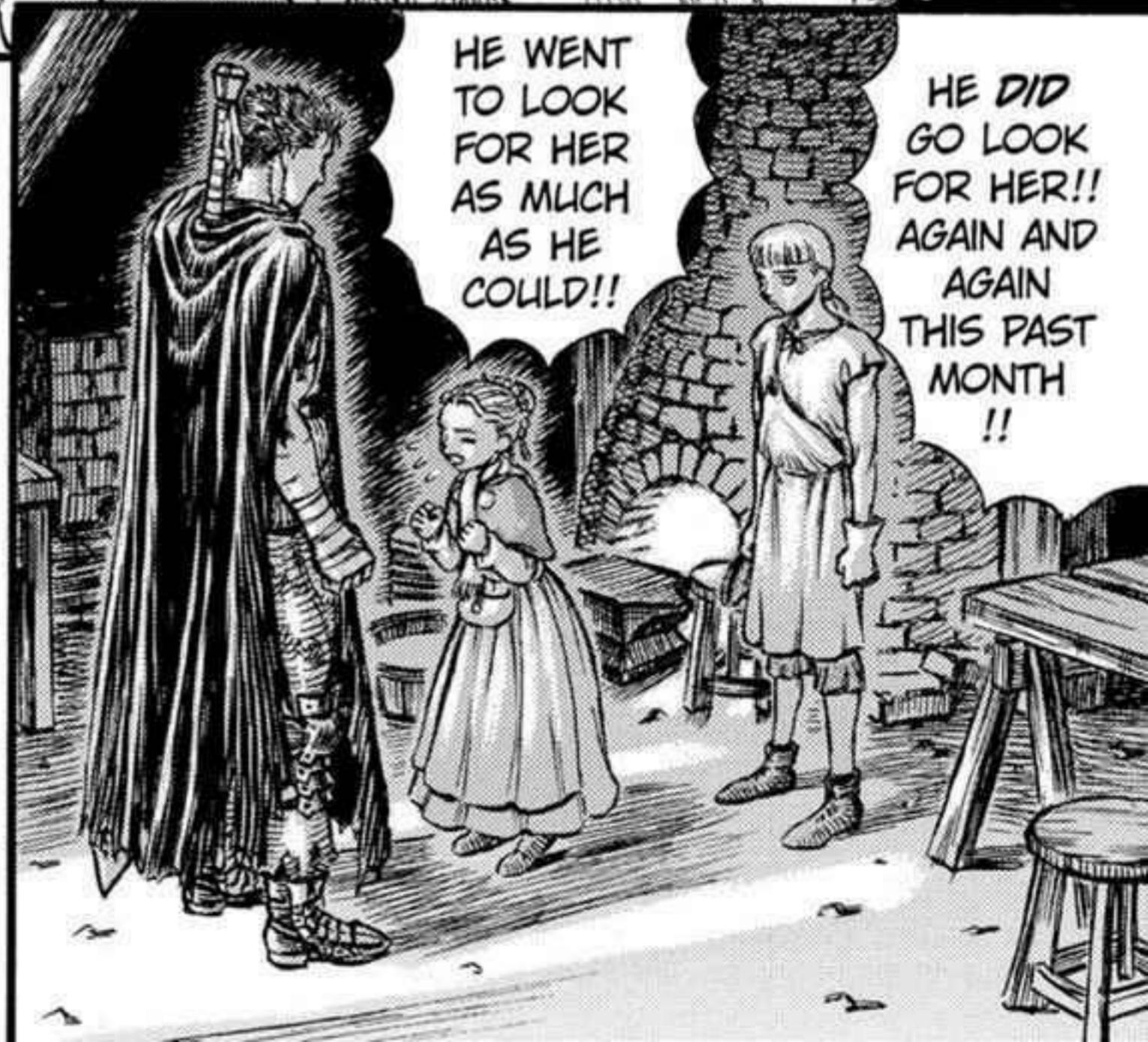
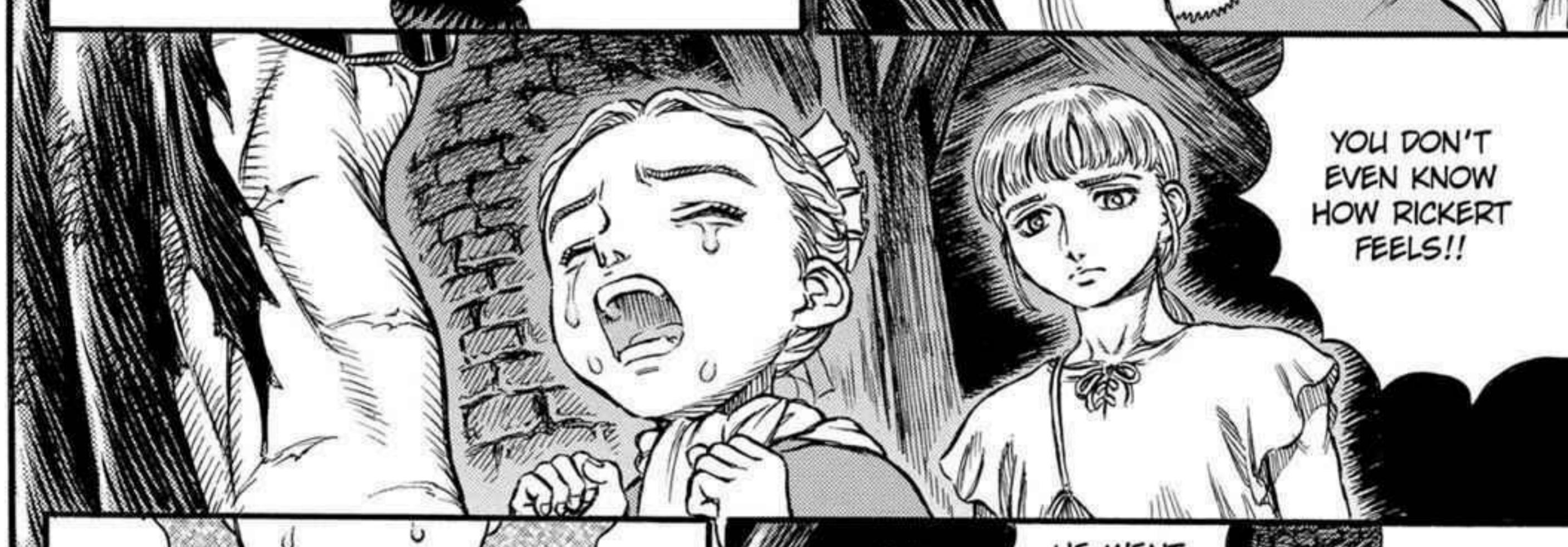
BUT RICKERT ...

STUPID STUPID STUPIID!!

STUPID GUTS!!

.....

S...

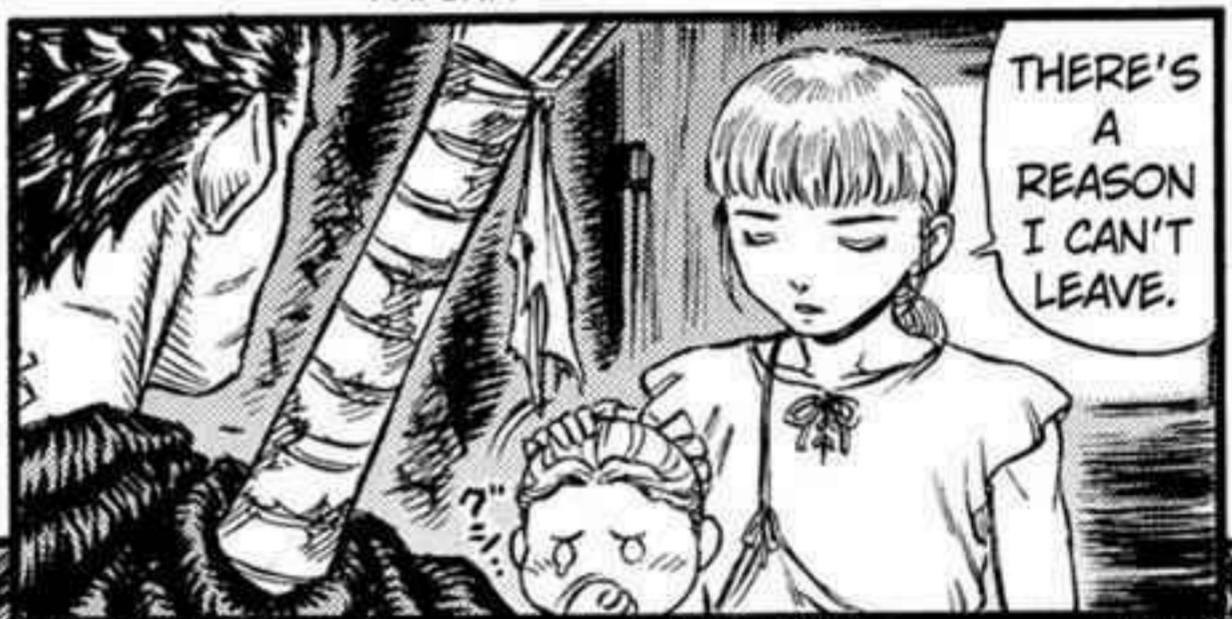




*FX: GREE



*FX: SNFF



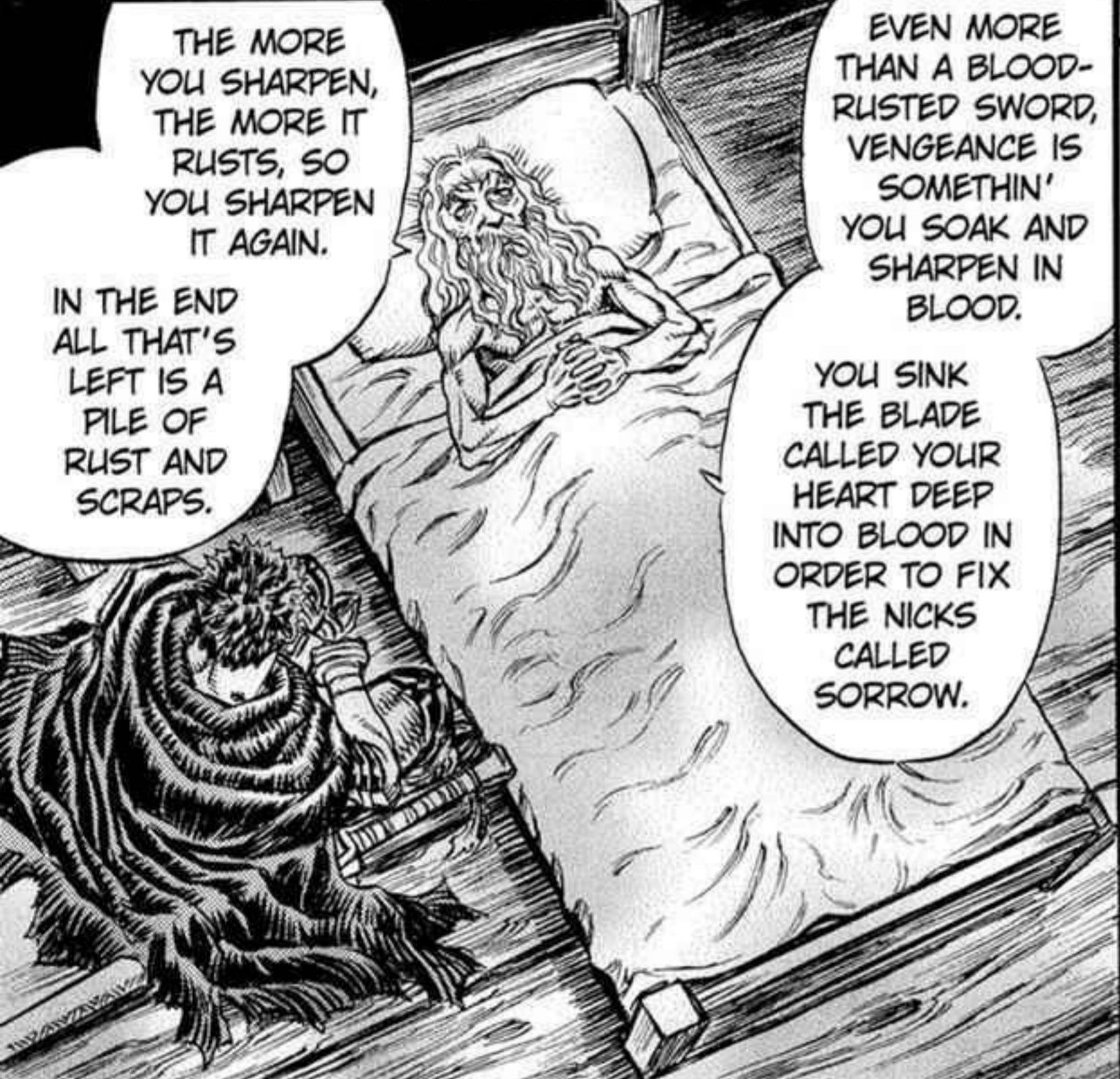








...WHAT?



THE MORE
YOU SHARPEN,
THE MORE IT
RUSTS, SO
YOU SHARPEN
IT AGAIN.

IN THE END
ALL THAT'S
LEFT IS A
PILE OF
RUST AND
SCRAPS.



EVEN MORE
THAN A BLOOD-
RUSTED SWORD,
VENGEANCE IS
SOMETHIN'
YOU SOAK AND
SHARPEN IN
BLOOD.

YOU SINK
THE BLADE
CALLED YOUR
HEART DEEP
INTO BLOOD IN
ORDER TO FIX
THE NICKS
CALLED
SORROW.



IT'S THE
RAMBLINGS JUST
LISTEN.
OF A DYING
OLD MAN.



THE
THING
ABOUT
HATRED...



IT'S THE PLACE
WHERE PEOPLE
WHO CAN'T LOOK
SORROW IN THE
EYE WITHOUT
WAVERIN' RUN
OFF TO.



...RUNNIN'
ALL
THROUGH
IT.

DAMN
CRACKS
CALLED
FEAR...



YOU
TELLIN'
ME TO
BECOME A
BLACK-
SMITH
OR SOME-
THIN'?

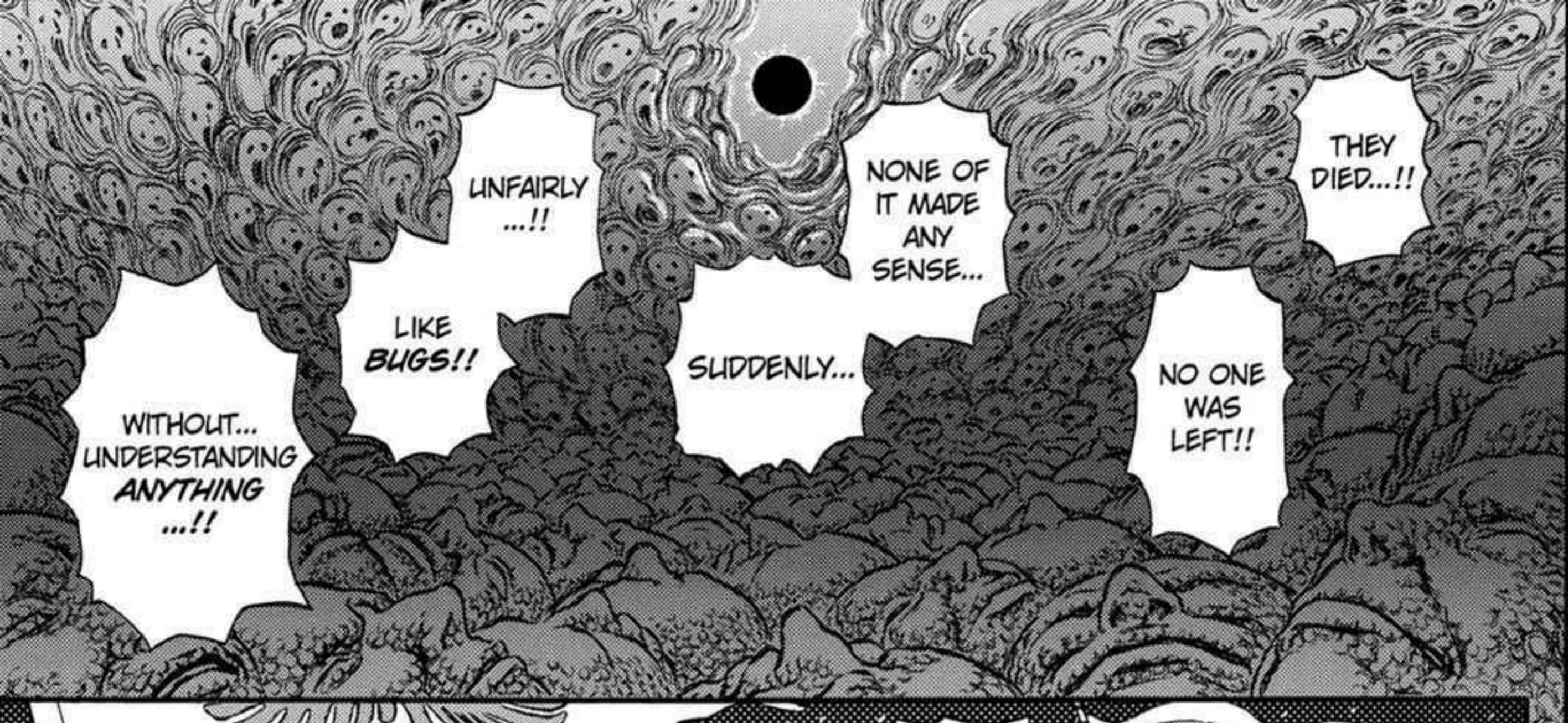
AH,
C'MON.
IT AIN'T
LIKE
YOU TO
LECTURE.



YOU'VE
GOT
SOME
HUGE
NICKS IN
YOUR
HEART...

I
WOULDN'T
BLAME
YOU
IF YOU
WANTED
TO.







DO YOU HAVE
ANY PLACE
TALKING
ABOUT
REVENGE
FOR YOUR
FRIENDS...

...WHEN
YOU'RE THE
ONE WHO
WENT OFF,
ABANDONING
THAT GIRL
HERE?

DO YOU
HAVE ANY
PLACE
CRITICIZING
RICKERT,
WHO YOU
LEFT HERE?

...AND
RELY ON
FIGHTING.

...YOU
GO AND
CHOOSE
YOURSELF...

AT THE
CRITICAL
MOMENT...

ONE WITH
COUNTLESS NICKS,
SOAKED IN BLOOD
AND RUSTING.

YOU'RE LIKE A
DRAWN SWORD
ON THE
BATTLEFIELD.

A SWORD
THAT'S BEGUN
TO BREAK.

...WITH A
LETHAL
CRACK IN
IT.

BERSERK