SO, HERE'S THE OVERVIEW. ME, MY WIFE SERKA, AND OUR FOUL-TEMPERED STABBYHORSE.

WE LIVE A QUIET LIFE, LITTLE GAP. NO MORE ADVENTURES. IT'S IMPORTANT TO SEE THINGS IN THAT CONTEXT.

FOR INSTANCE. THERE'S A NEW MOON IN THE SKY. PLAGUES OF VERMIN, SIGNS AND OMENS. WE COULD GET OUR KNICKERS IN A TWIST ABOUT WHAT IT ALL MEANS.

OR WE CAN WORRY ABOUT CROP PESTS, DODGY TIDES AND STOCKING UP FOR WINTER.

FOCUS ON THE PRAGMATIC STUFF, YOU KNOW?

SEEK HIM! IN ALL THE CITIES OF THE STEPPE-- JOIN HIM!

JOOOOOIIIINNN HHHHHIIIIIMMMMM

NOW, IT'S TRUE THAT--FROM TIME TO TIME--SERKA LIKES TO TAKE A DAY OR TWO AWAY FROM THE FARM, TO TEND TO HER SPIRITUAL NEEDS.

THIS IS BY COMMON CONSENT. I DON'T MIND. I'M FINE WITH IT.

HRRR... WHAT'S ALL THE COMMOTION...?

JOOOOOIIIINNN HHHHHIIIIIMMMMM

ANOTHER POOR SPRIGGAN, SISTER, SENT TO DIE DELIVERING A MESSAGE. WE DON'T KNOW WHO'S SENDING THEM. THEY ARE MOST DISTRACTING.

WOULD YOU LIKE OUR ASSISTANCE, CHILD, RE-ENTERING THE CLEANSING RAGE?

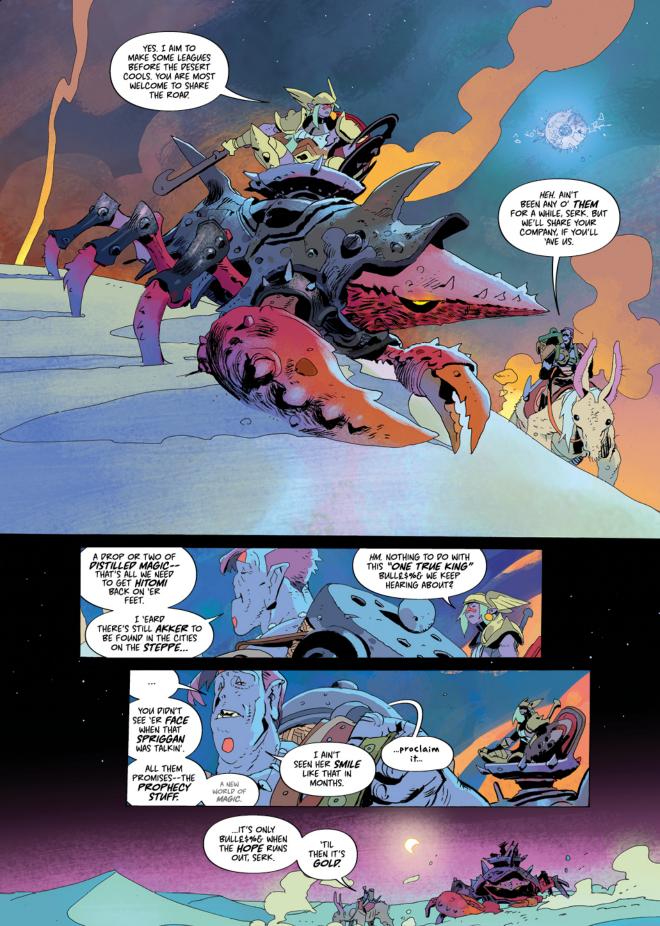...NO, HRRR. NO, IT'S FINE. I THINK I'M DONE BERSERKING.

Coda #1
Art by Matías Bergara • Color Assists by Michael Doig
Letters by Jim Campbell

YES. I AIM TO MAKE SOME LEAGUES BEFORE THE DESERT COOLS. YOU ARE MOST WELCOME TO SHARE THE ROAD.

HEH. AIN'T BEEN ANY O' *THEM* FOR A WHILE, SERK. BUT WE'LL SHARE YOUR COMPANY, IF YOU'LL 'AVE US.

A DROP OR TWO OF *DISTILLED MAGIC*-- THAT'S ALL WE NEED TO GET *HITOMI* BACK ON 'ER FEET.

I 'EARD THERE'S STILL *AKKER* TO BE FOUND IN THE CITIES ON THE *STEPPE*...

HM. NOTHING TO DO WITH THIS *"ONE TRUE KING"* BULLE$%& WE KEEP HEARING ABOUT?

...

YOU DIDN'T SEE 'ER *FACE* WHEN THAT *SPRIGGAN* WAS TALKIN'.

ALL THEM PROMISES--THE *PROPHECY STUFF*.

A NEW WORLD OF MAGIC.

I AIN'T SEEN HER *SMILE* LIKE THAT IN MONTHS.

...proclaim it...

...IT'S ONLY BULLE$%& WHEN THE *HOPE* RUNS OUT, SERK.

'TIL THEN IT'S *GOLD*.