



I AM A
WARRIOR,
LIKE YOU!



SO I
CAN GO
WITH
YOU...



The KAHL warrior
leaders look on as...

TO HELP YOU
ON YOUR SECRET
MISSION.

TO DEFEAT
THE VEKKER
MACHINE!



ACROSS the desert, two youth from another tribe, the **RASNA**, spar playfully.

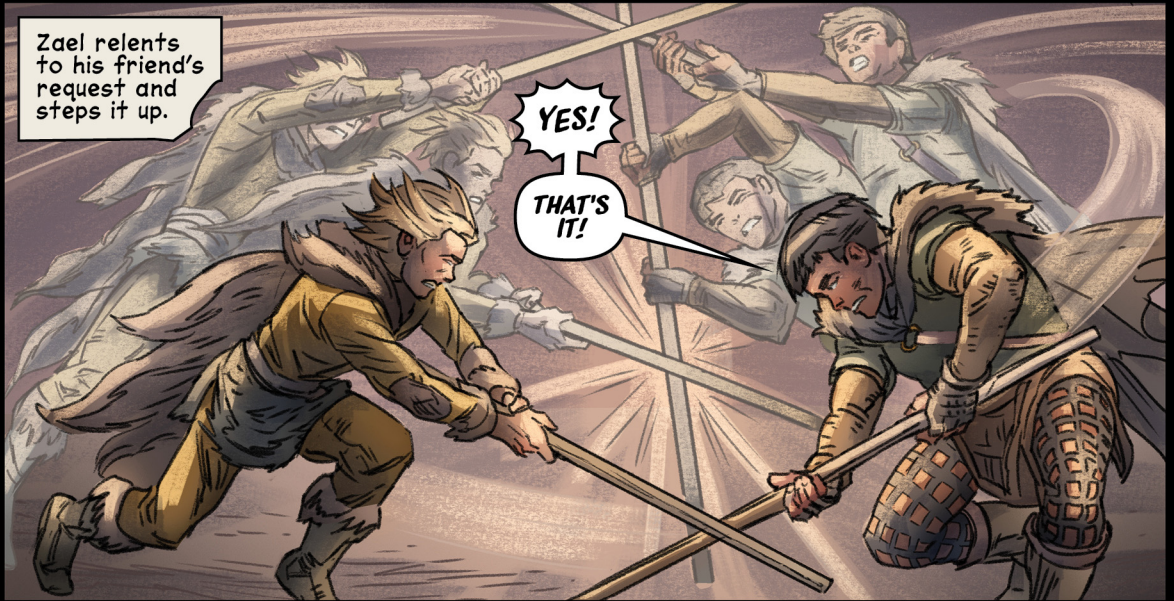
COME ON, ZAE! FIGHT LIKE A KAHL WARRIOR!

WE'RE NOT KAHL, WE'RE RASNA! WE'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO FIGHT!



RASNA ARE SUPPOSED TO SUPPORT ONE ANOTHER!

YOU SHOULD SUPPORT MY NEED TO FIGHT LIKE A KAHL.



Zael relents to his friend's request and steps it up.

YES!

THAT'S IT!



BONK!

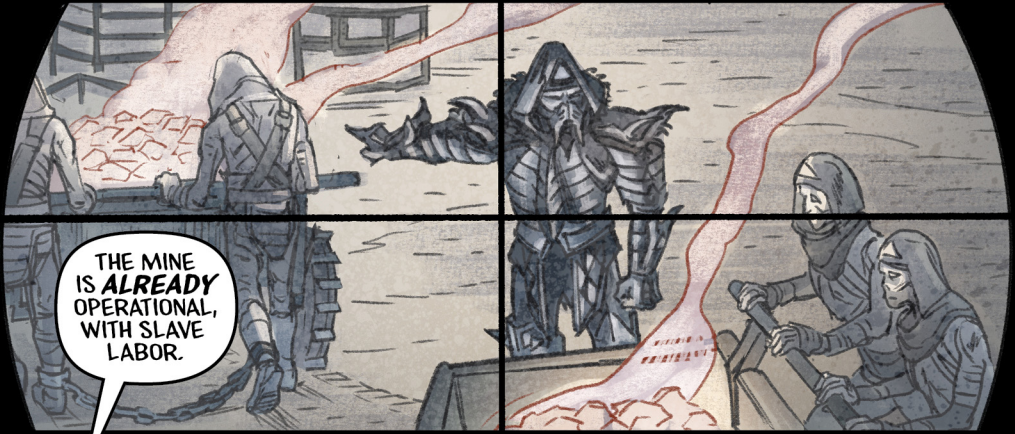


SORRY, TOG.

At that very moment,
on the cliffs above
the Vekker outpost...



D'ira, along with
the other fresh
recruits, joins the
battle-hardened
Kahl warriors.



THE MINE
IS **ALREADY**
OPERATIONAL,
WITH SLAVE
LABOR.



WE
ATTACK
NOW!



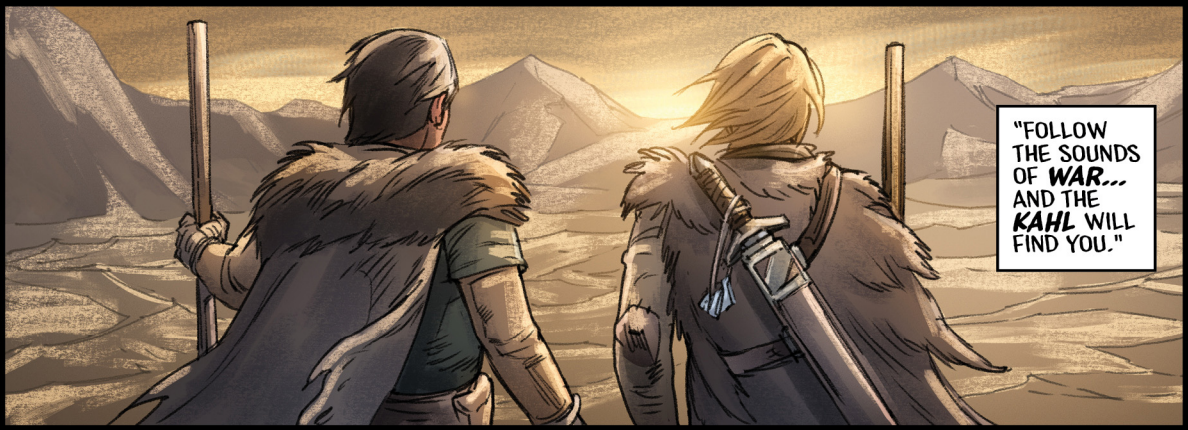
I CAN
FIGHT.

STAY
HERE,
MEDIC.



Reluctantly,
D'ira remains
behind.





"FOLLOW THE SOUNDS OF WAR... AND THE KAHL WILL FIND YOU."

