

SPAWN

THE DARK AGES



SHARP



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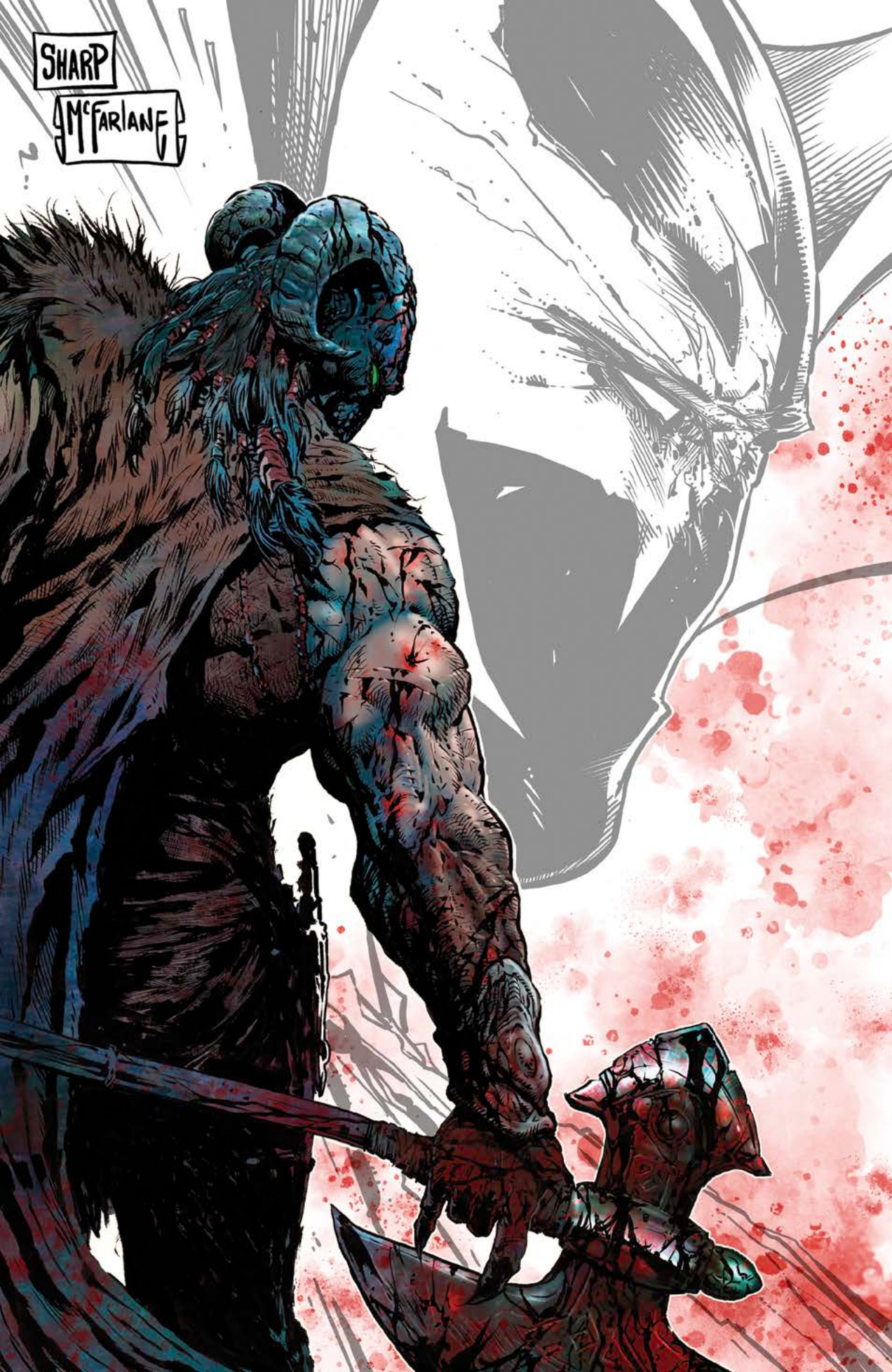
1 OF 6
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US

SHARP



SHARP

McFARLANE



LONDINIUM, 479AD

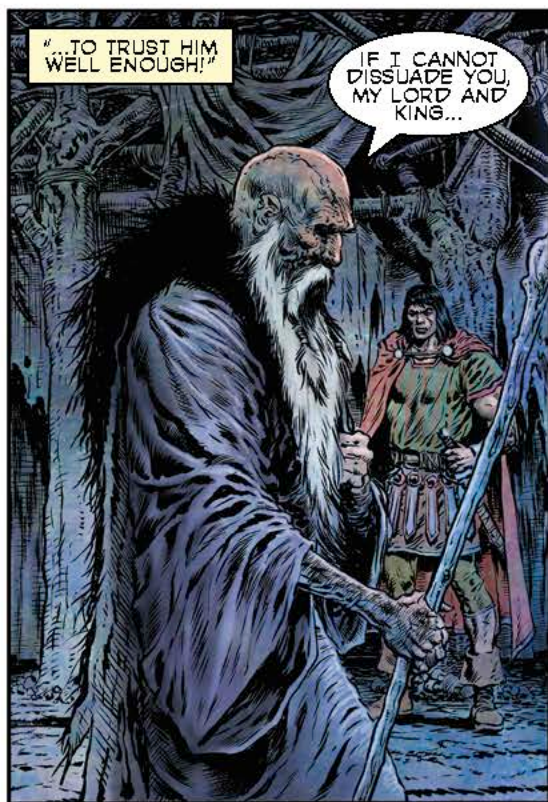
ARE YOU CERTAIN YOU WISH TO DO THIS ALONE, LORD AURELIANUS?

EVEN THE BARBARIAN SAXONS BELIEVE THE OLD CITY IS CURSED AND OVER-RUN WITH SPIRITS AND MALIGN WIGHTS! IT IS MY DUTY TO ATTEND YOU...

THANK YOU, BUT NO, FRIEND ATILIUS. I'FAITH, TRUST 'PON MY RETURN AND AWAIT ME HERE ON THE MORROW.

I DEPART AT DUSK. THE DRUID, DIVICIACUS, SAID I ALONE MAY ENTER LONDINIUM THIS DAY. THE HEATHEN OAK-KNOWER MIGHT NOT APPROVE OF YOU, BUT I'VE LEARNED...





"...TO TRUST HIM WELL ENOUGH!"

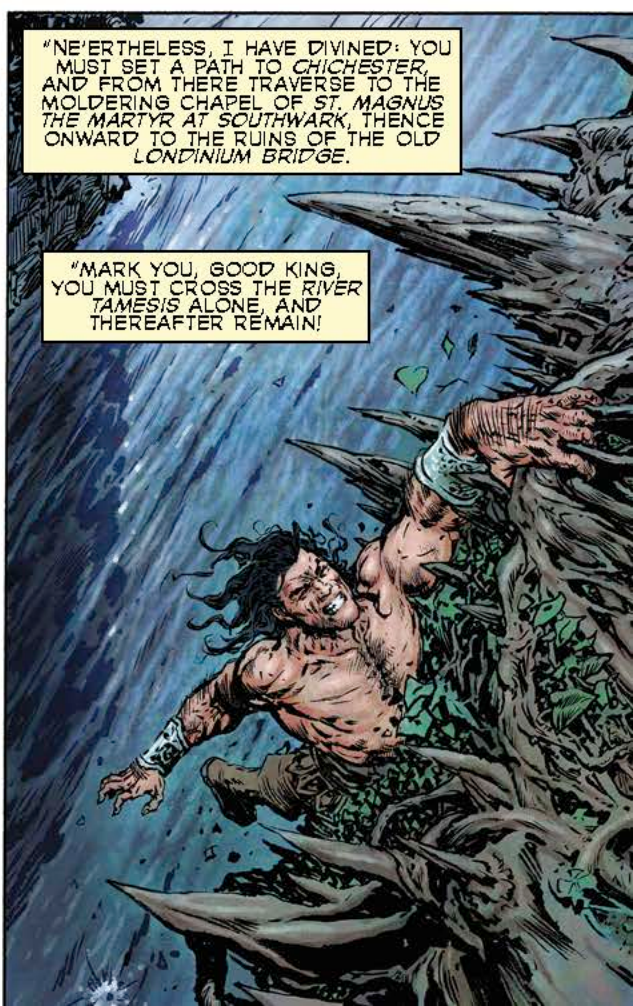
IF I CANNOT DISSUADE YOU, MY LORD AND KING...



"...GIVEN THAT NEITHER THE SANEST OF MORTAL MEN NOR THE MOST BRAZEN OF GODS WOULD DEIGN TO SO WILLINGLY CAST E'EN A SHADOW O'ER HIS PRESCOLD..."



"...THIS MUCH I CAN SAY: ONLY THE SPARE WHISPERS OF THE FAE GIVE HINT HOW ONE MIGHT ATTAIN SUCH AN AUDIENCE AS YOU SEEK—YET ARE THEY NOT, THIEVES AND LIARS ALL?"



"NE'ERTHELESS, I HAVE DIVINED: YOU MUST SET A PATH TO CHICHESTER, AND FROM THERE TRAVERSE TO THE MOLDERING CHAPEL OF ST. MAGNUS THE MARTYR AT SOUTHWARK, THENCE ONWARD TO THE RUINS OF THE OLD LONDINIUM BRIDGE.

"MARK YOU, GOOD KING, YOU MUST CROSS THE RIVER TAMESIS ALONE, AND THEREAFTER REMAIN!"



"AT THE FARTHER BANK YOU SHALL
REACH THE CORRUPTED CITY GATES,
WHERE HANGS THE FETID HEAD OF AN
ELK 'NEATH A BLOOD-STAINED STRAW
CROSS-NAMED FOR THE HOLY
DAUGHTER OF DUBHTACH, ST. BRIGID.

"HERE, THE DEPARTED
ALONE SHALL GUIDE YOU
O'ER DARK EARTH TO
YOUR DESTINATION..."