IT FELL FROM THE STARS
IT FELL FROM THE STARS.
AND WHEN THE DUST FINALLY SETTLED...
CITIES FELL...

...EVERYTHING DIED.

HEROES FROM DISTANT LANDS CAME TO KILL THE BEAST...

...BUT NO WEAPON COULD PIERCE ITS SKIN.
IT WAS A WISE SCHOLAR WHO SOLVED THE RIDDLE.

HE JOURNEYED TO THE GREAT HOLE IN THE EARTH...

...WHERE THE BEAST WAS BORN.

DOWN INTO DARKNESS...

...HE FOUND LIGHT.
THE LAST REMAINS OF A FALLEN STAR!

HE TOOK IT TO THE BEST WEAPONSMSITH IN ALL THE LAND.

...A MIGHTY SWORD!

AND FROM THE LARGEST WAS FORGED...

FROM THE SMALLEST OF THE SHARPS...

...HE CRAFTED ARROWS.
THE FOUL CREATURE HAD MADE ITS HOME ATOP THE HIGHEST PEAK.

SO THE SCHOLAR LED A SMALL BATTALION OF SOLDIERS TO CONFRONT THE BEAST.

THE CLIMB TOOK DAYS.

SUNRISES AND SUNSETS...

...BLURRED TOGETHER.
ONE BY ONE THEY FELL...

...SO THE SCHOLAR COULD MAKE THE KILLING BLOW.

BUT THE BEAST WAS CUNNING.

THE SCHOLAR WATCHED IN HORROR AS THE BLADE FORGED FROM A STAR...

...WENT SAILING OVER THE EDGE OF THE MOUNTAIN...

...LOST TO TIME.
MOMENTS FROM DEATH...

...THE MAN HAD ONE LAST HOPE.

HE PLUNGED THE ARROW INTO THE BEASTS NECK...

...AND TURNED THE BEAST TO STONE.
HE RETURNED A HERO...

...AND THE BEAST STOOD FROZEN ATOP THE MOUNTAIN FOREVER.

...WAS CROWNED KING OF ALL THE LAND...

OR SO IT SEEMED...
A CENTURY HAD PASSED.

THE LAND WAS AT PEACE.

BUT SOMEHOW THE BEAST HAD RETURNED!

IT HAD CHANGED.

IT HAD GROWN.

THE HERO WAS NOW A VERY OLD MAN...

...BUT HE CAME TO THE AID OF THE PEOPLE ONCE AGAIN.
THE BEAST WAS ONCE AGAIN STOPPED...

...AND THE MYSTERY OF ITS RETURN SOLVED.

ONCE USED, THE ARROW SHARDS CRUMBLE TO DUST.

SO THE HERO INSTITUTED A NEW LAW.

AT THE DAWN OF EVERY NEW CENTURY...

...FIVE CHILDREN WERE CHOSEN.
They were trained.

They stood guard.

And eventually, when the beast returned...
OVER THE YEARS
MANY WENT
IN SEARCH...

...OF THE FABLED
BLADE THAT
WAS LOST.

NONE EVER
RETURNED.

PEOPLE WERE
SCARED. THEY
PRAYED TO
THE SKIES...

...BEGGING FOR
ANOTHER STAR
TO FALL.

THEY MADE
SACRIFICES.

IDIOTS.

ANOTHER STAR MEANT
ANOTHER BEAST.
BUT EVERY HUNDRED YEARS
IT AWOKE AGAIN.

BIGGER.

EVOLVED.

AND EVERY
HUNDRED YEARS...

...THEY PUT IT
BACK TO SLEEP.
ON THE FIVE-HUNDREDTH YEAR ANOTHER FIVE CHILDREN WERE CHOSEN.

I WAS NOT ONE OF THEM.

ONLY ONE ARROW REMAINED: ONE LAST HOPE.

NOBODY SPOKE OF IT. NOBODY WANTED TO ADMIT IT. NOBODY WAS WILLING TO ASK: WHEN THAT LAST ARROW WAS USED...

...WHAT THEN?
I spoke of it. I asked the question. Nobody answered.

I was not chosen. But I wanted to help.

So I studied. I trained. And when I was ready...
...I WENT IN SEARCH OF THE BLADE THAT WAS LOST
THE JOURNEY TOOK ME FURTHER FROM HOME THAN I HAD EVER BEEN.

IT WAS BEAUTIFUL.

IN THE SHADOW OF THE MOUNTAIN THERE WAS A FOREST. A DARK FOREST.

EVERY CHILD GREW UP HEARING THE STORIES...

...OF WHAT LURKED THERE.
A PLACE OF NIGHTMARES...
...Horrors far worse than any child could imagine.

But then in the darkness...

...Light!
THERE IT HAD SAT FOR
SIX HUNDRED YEARS.
The LAST HOPE.
IT ALMOST SEEMED TOO EASY...

...AND IT WAS.
THOUGH I WAS NOT CHOSEN, I HAD TRAINED MY WHOLE LIFE...

...FOR A MOMENT...

SPLAT

...SUCH AS THIS.
FOR CENTURIES THEY POKED AND PROPPED THE BEAST.

THOUSANDS DEAD.
I’ll cut its damn head off.
ALL IS QUIET.

THE GUARD HAS BEEN AT HIS POST ALL DAY.

HE IS VERY TIRED.

SHIFT CHANGE SOON. BUT HIS REPLACEMENT DOESN'T SHOW.

HE IS VERY TIRED.

NOT LONG NOW.

DON'T FALL ASLEEP.

DON'T FALL ASLEEP.

ASLEEP.

DON'T FALL ASLEEP.

DON'T FALL ASLEEP.

ASLEEP.
HE HOPES HE IS DREAMING.

BUT HE IS NOT.
THE CITY WILL FALL.

EVERYTHING.

SHLIK

WILL.

DIE.

GRRRR
THOUGH I WAS NOT CHOSEN...

...I HAD TRAINED MY WHOLE LIFE...

...FOR A MOMENT...

...SUCH AS THIS.
I CUT ITS DAMN HEAD OFF.
@benjis.stories