



THE REVIVAL

CHAPTER 14
OUTLOOK HAZY

THE REVIVAL

Ego has gone mad.

The blue pygmy, leader of the industrial complex known as The Engine, has laid waste to the world in pursuit of power. But he won't rest at complete control of the lands. In his metal tower, something else drives him. Something sinister.

The only ones left to oppose him are a handful of survivors from the war, led by a stalwart woman they call Red. No longer content with merely scraping by, they now aim to put a stop to Ego's madness before it chokes out their very breath.

They are The Revival, and they're in for one *berry* rough day.

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"BUT OUTSIDE THE WALLS,
WHERE THE FACES VANISHED,
ALL I COULD SEE WAS RED. RED
SKY, RED SOIL, AND RED EYES.

"I COULD NOT SEE THE
WORLD FOR WHAT IT WAS.
I ONLY SAW RED."

-Spellbook of The Patriarch

CHAPTER
FOURTEEN
OUTLOOK **HAZY**



"THAT'S ANOTHER SIDE DONE! IT WON'T BE LONG NOW, INSPECTOR."

IT TOOK A WHILE, BUT WHAT DID I SAY? THERE'S NO ARCHITECT TRINKET I CAN'T DECODE!

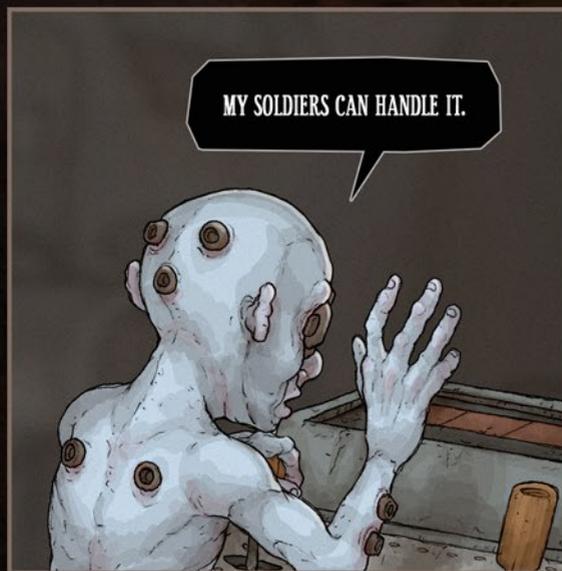
YES, SIRE.



...IF I DIDN'T KNOW BETTER, I'D THINK YOU WERE *POUTING*. WHY ARE YOU STILL FIDDLING WITH THAT THING? DON'T TELL ME YOU'RE WORRIED ABOUT A HANDFUL OF STRAY DOGS--WE'RE ON THE BRINK OF AWAKENING THE *BEHEMOTH*!



FORGIVE ME, SIRE! BUT I FEAR THESE INSURGENTS MAY COMPROMISE YOUR VICTORY IN SOME WAY.



MY SOLDIERS CAN HANDLE IT.

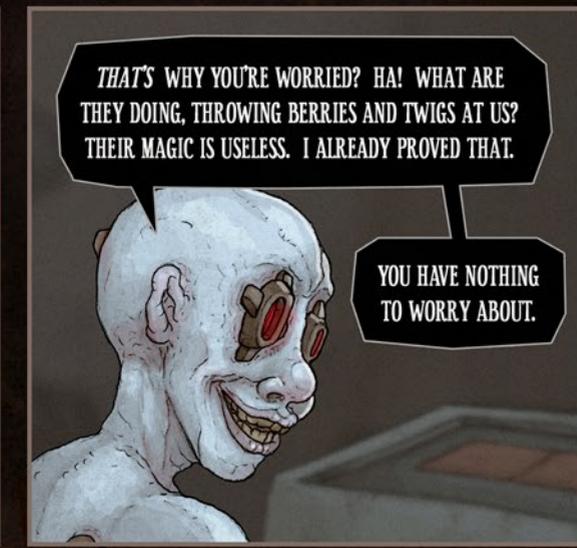


INDEED, SIRE. BUT... REPORTS HAVE COME IN FROM OUR UNITS OUT IN THE BATTLE...

YEAH? WHAT?

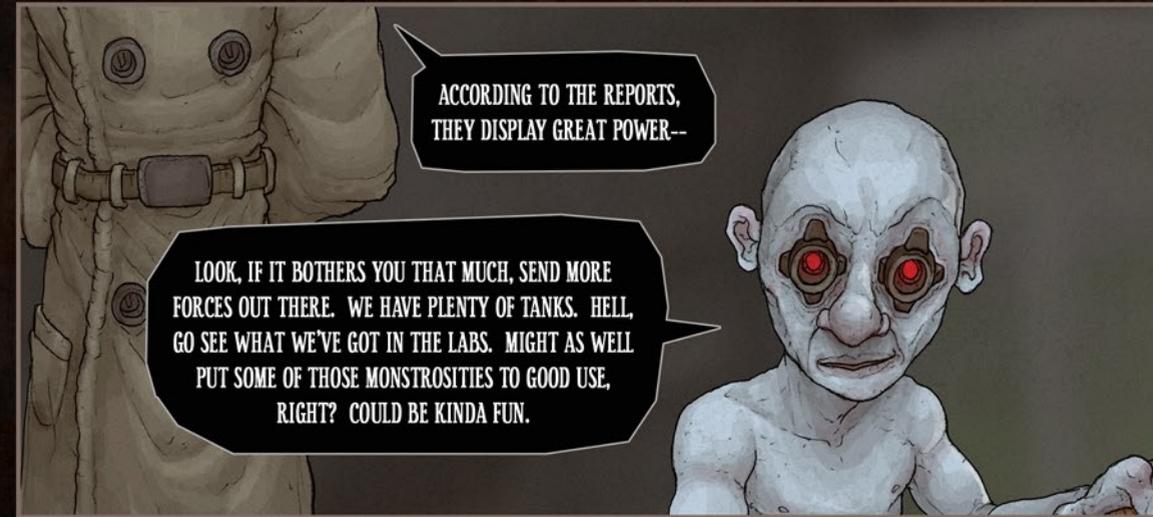


SOME OF THE ATTACKERS APPEAR TO BE... *SYLPH* IN NATURE.



THAT'S WHY YOU'RE WORRIED? HA! WHAT ARE THEY DOING, THROWING BERRIES AND TWIGS AT US? THEIR MAGIC IS USELESS. I ALREADY PROVED THAT.

YOU HAVE NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT.



ACCORDING TO THE REPORTS, THEY DISPLAY GREAT POWER--

LOOK, IF IT BOTHERS YOU THAT MUCH, SEND MORE FORCES OUT THERE. WE HAVE PLENTY OF TANKS. HELL, GO SEE WHAT WE'VE GOT IN THE LABS. MIGHT AS WELL PUT SOME OF THOSE MONSTROSITIES TO GOOD USE, RIGHT? COULD BE KINDA FUN.



YES, SIRE! I SHALL GIVE THE ORDER AT ONCE!



...THERE.



THAT SHOULD HEAL OKAY.



...I'M SORRY. I SHOULD HAVE KEPT A CLOSER WATCH ON YOU.

DURING THE BATTLE, I MEAN. I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE ATTACKED.



WHEN WE SAW THOSE CABBAGE HEADS, SOMETHING CAME OVER ME. I JUST LOST—



...JEN, DID YOU THINK BACK? DO YOU REMEMBER ANYTHING?



DO YOU REMEMBER HOW YOU ESCAPED? DID YOU GO THROUGH THE WALL? IS THERE A GATE?



...WE... HAVE TO GO BACK?



YES. TO STOP EGO. WE CAN STOP HIM.



CAN'T GO BACK... DON'T WANT TO GO BACK...



JEN... I'VE SEEN HIM, TOO. I'VE SEEN THE GIANT.





WE GOTTA FIGURE SOMETHING OUT, RED. THE HORSEMEN ARE LOSING IT. ...IF THEY EVER HAD IT.

I KNOW. I MIGHT HAVE A PLAN. I'VE BEEN TALKING TO JEN--



...WHO?

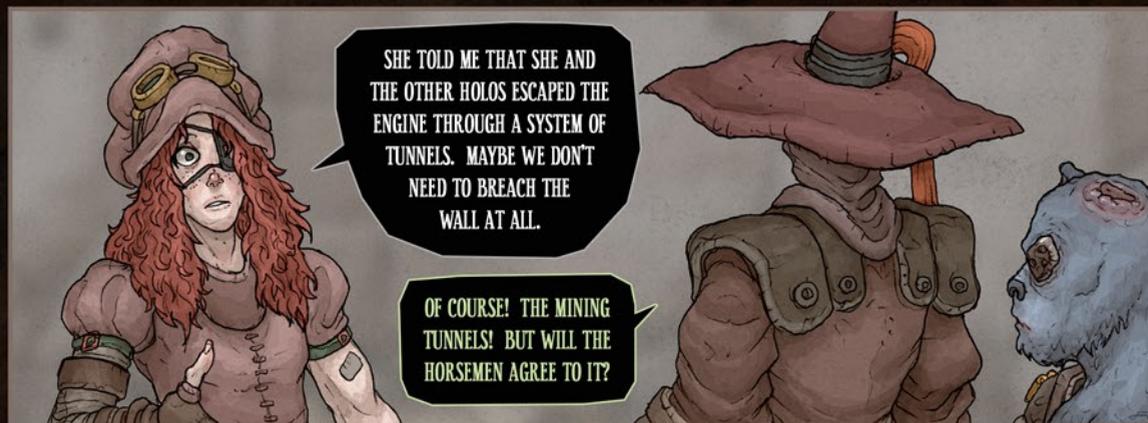
THE HOLO.



YOU NAMED IT JEN?

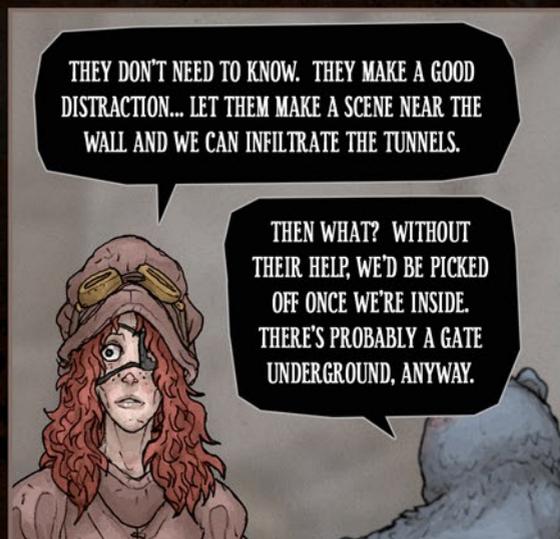


HER NAME IS JEN. NOW LISTEN--



SHE TOLD ME THAT SHE AND THE OTHER HOLOS ESCAPED THE ENGINE THROUGH A SYSTEM OF TUNNELS. MAYBE WE DON'T NEED TO BREACH THE WALL AT ALL.

OF COURSE! THE MINING TUNNELS! BUT WILL THE HORSEMEN AGREE TO IT?

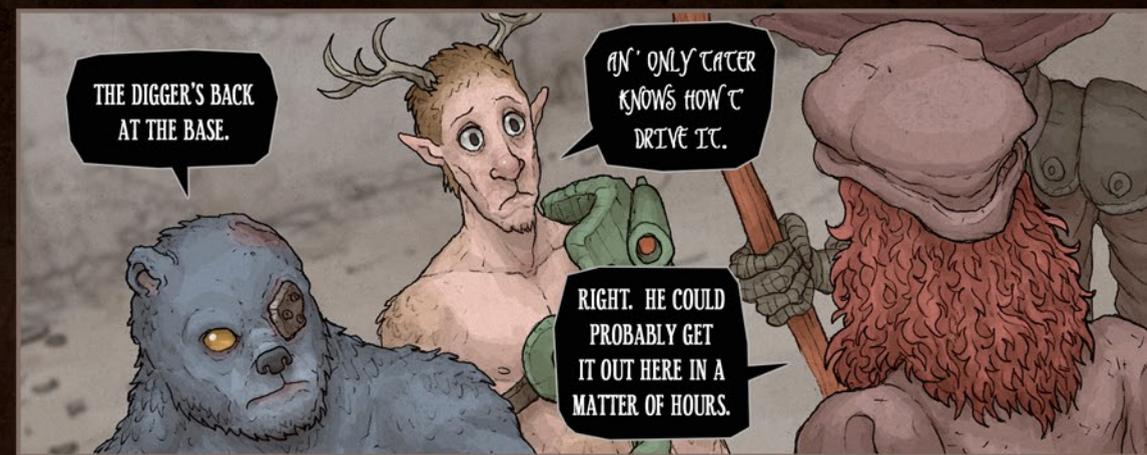


THEY DON'T NEED TO KNOW. THEY MAKE A GOOD DISTRACTION... LET THEM MAKE A SCENE NEAR THE WALL AND WE CAN INFILTRATE THE TUNNELS.

THEN WHAT? WITHOUT THEIR HELP, WE'D BE PICKED OFF ONCE WE'RE INSIDE. THERE'S PROBABLY A GATE UNDERGROUND, ANYWAY.



BUT IF WE HAD THE P.A.C. DIGGER, WE COULD BUST OUR WAY THROUGH. WITH THE HORSEMEN KEEPING EGO'S FORCES BUSY UP HERE, IT'S UNLIKELY THEY'D NOTICE US UNTIL IT WAS TOO LATE. WE COULD CRASH THROUGH THEIR UNDERGROUND DEFENSES AND FORCE OUR WAY TO EGO.



THE DIGGER'S BACK AT THE BASE.

AN' ONLY TATER KNOWS HOW 'T DRIVE IT.

RIGHT. HE COULD PROBABLY GET IT OUT HERE IN A MATTER OF HOURS.



WUT?! HOW CAN WE EV'N THINK OF DRAGGIN' TATER INTO THIS? WE HAFTA THINK CLEARLY. THIS MARCH IS BRINGIN' OUT TH' WORST IN US...



YOU'RE THE FASTEST RUNNER, WOODS. YOU CAN GET BACK TO THE BASE IN NO TIME AND TELL TATER TO BRING THE DIGGER. WE CAN END THIS.



THE HULL ON THAT THING IS PRETTY THICK. I BET IT'S BULETPROOF.

NO! SNAP OUT'VE IT! EVER SINCE WE GOT T' THIS CITY--



FORWARD, BRETHREN!

BROTHERS, ALLIES, WE MARCH!
HELL SPAWN ADVANCE ON CHARIOTS.
THEY WILL QUENCH OUR BLADES!



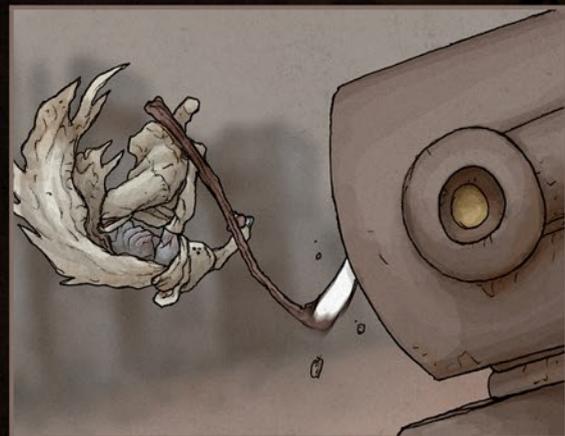
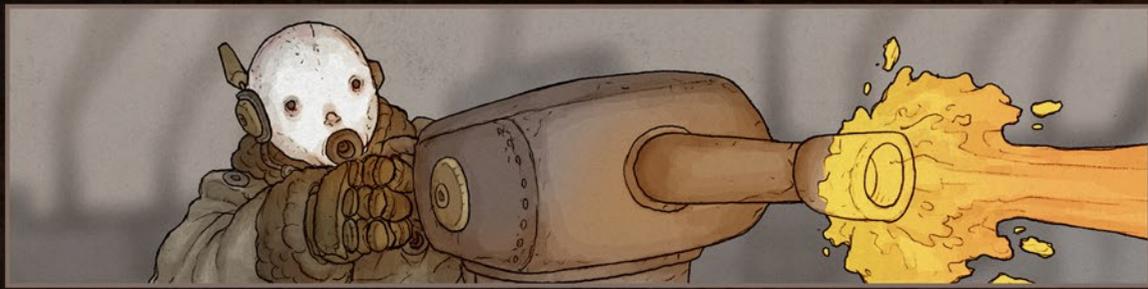
WE WILL NOT FEINT
BEFORE MONSTERS OF
IRON AND STEEL...



FOR THEY ARE
BUT FLESH ALSO...



AN EXTENSION OF
THE FALLEN ONE'S OWN
CORRUPTED BODY.







RED!
'ER YOU
OKAY?!



I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF THIS!!!
THEY'RE GOING TO KILL US IF
EGO DOESN'T! GO GET TATER.
WE'RE ENDING THIS!



RED, PLEASE...
WAIT...



THAT'S AN
ORDER!!!
GO!!!



RED..!



...WE'RE
ENDING THIS.
NOW.



WHAT NEW
TREACHERY IS
THIS..?



CLUNK





SHIT.



I SUGGEST WE FIND COVER WHILE THE HORSEMEN ADDRESS THIS.



UH... YEAH. I MEAN, IF YOU INSIST.

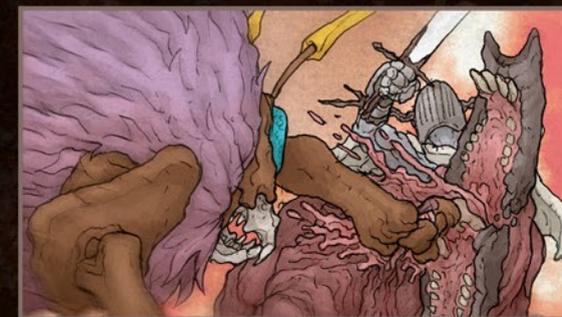


AN HOLY BEAST!

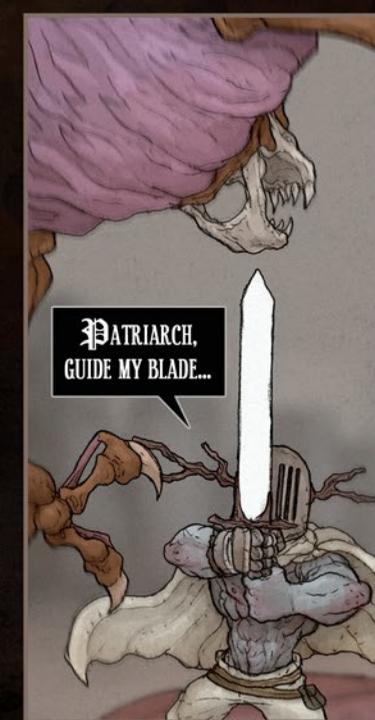
OUR WRATH WILL FALTER BEFORE THE MIGHT OF THE PATRIARCH!



FOR EVEN YOUR--



ABOMINATION!!!



PATRIARCH, GUIDE MY BLADE...





WRETCHED CREATURE!!!
I WILL END YOUR TWISTED LIFE!



YOU SAID THEY COULD HANDLE THIS..!

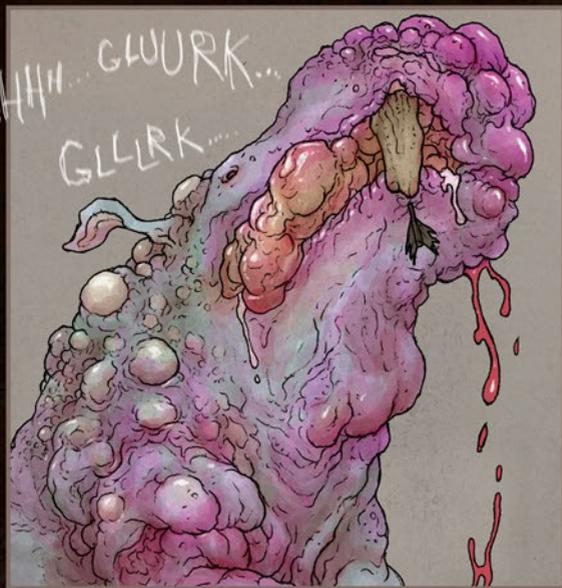


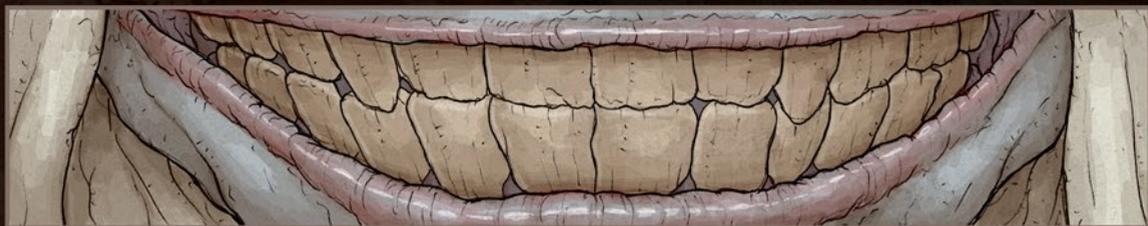
WICKED BEAST,
I RELEASE YOU
FROM YOUR
BLASPHEMOUS
BEING!













YOU MUST... KEEP FIGHTING... YOU AND MY BROTHERS...

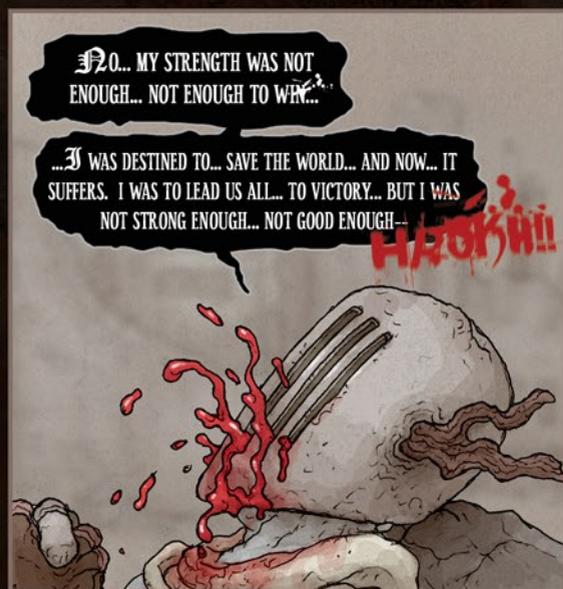
YOU... MUST DEFEAT THE UNCLEAN ONE...

YOU MUST HAVE STRONGER FAITH... THAN DID I...



...I HAVE FAILED PATRIARCH... I HAVE FAILED THIS WORLD. WAS... I NOT... FAITHFUL ENOUGH? WHENCE DID... I FALTER...?

NO, YOU... YOU HAVEN'T FAILED... YOU FOUGHT WITH STRENGTH AND COURAGE... PATRIARCH WOULD BE PROUD.



NO... MY STRENGTH WAS NOT ENOUGH... NOT ENOUGH TO WIN...

...I WAS DESTINED TO... SAVE THE WORLD... AND NOW... IT SUFFERS. I WAS TO LEAD US ALL... TO VICTORY... BUT I WAS NOT STRONG ENOUGH... NOT GOOD ENOUGH...



WHENCE... DID I FALTER, PILGRIM..?

NOT... GOOD ENOUGH....

NOT... STRONG.....



OUR BROTHERS WILL BE MISSED. THE FALLEN ONE OWES A HEAVY DEBT FOR THIS LOSS... A DEBT WE WILL CARVE FROM HIS HIDE.



...DO YOU FEEL IT, DEATH? POWER COURSEING THROUGH THE BODY...



WITH THEIR DEATHS, OUR POWERS INCREASE. OUR SACRED OATH... THE SHARED MIGHT OF THE PATRIARCH...



BROTHER, DO YOU REALIZE WHAT THIS MEANS..?



YES.



WHAT'S HAPPENING?
WHAT ALWAYS HAPPENS?



EVERY KING, EVERY TYRANT...



EVERY SELF-RIGHTEOUS
PARADE OF FOOLS...

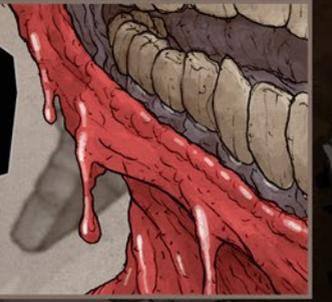
DEATH FINDS THEM ALL.



DEATH WAITS. DEATH WATCHES.
DEATH LISTENS TO YOUR PLANS,
YOUR HOPES, YOUR DREAMS, AND
DEATH GRINS...



WHEN THE TIME IS RIGHT, DEATH
ACTS. AND DEATH IS HERE NOW,
TO END YOUR PAIN.



DON'T YOU SEE? LIFE IS A CRUEL JOKE...

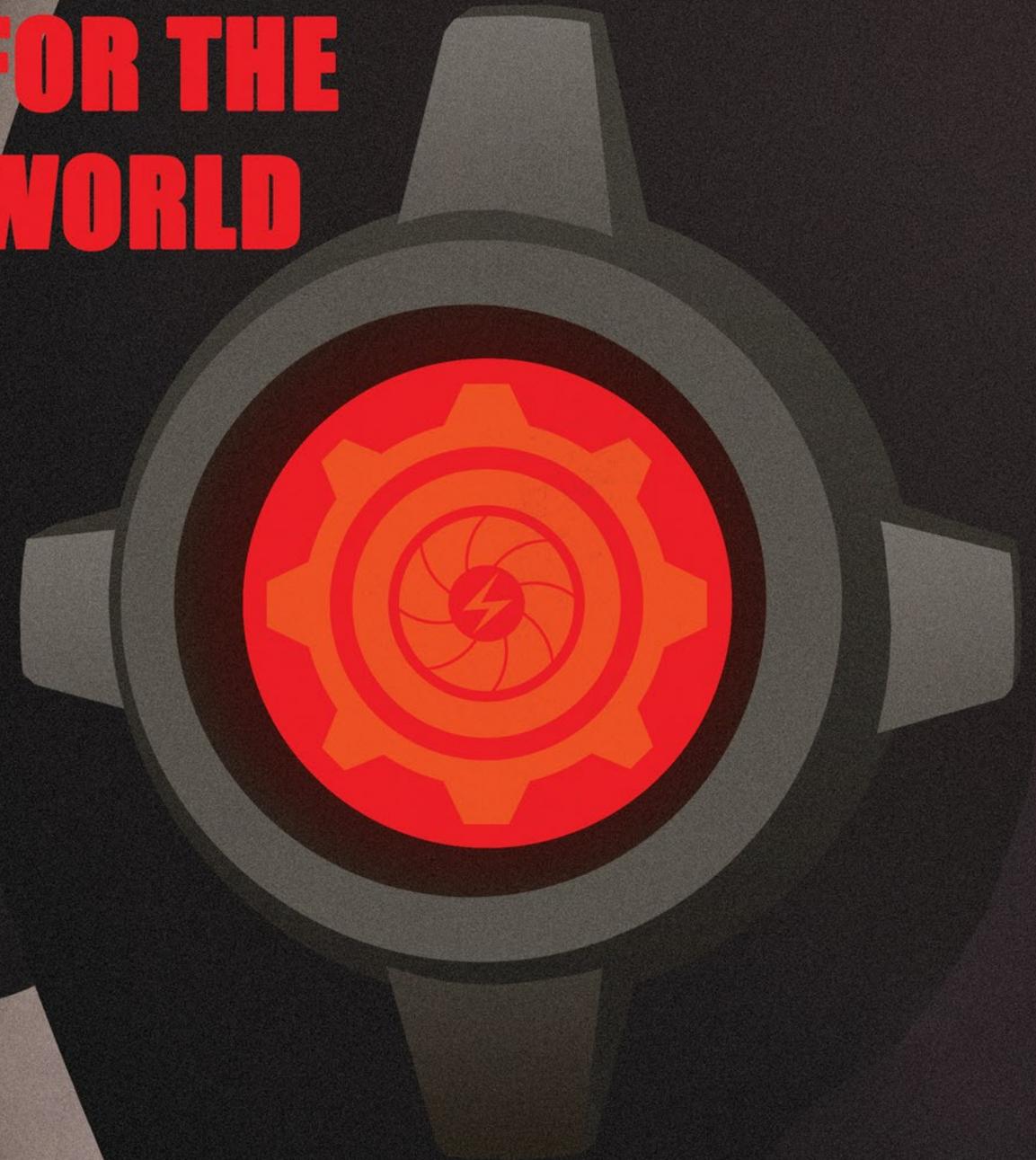




...AND DEATH IS
THE PUNCHLINE!

NEXT CHAPTER: CRIMSON ANGEL

EGO'S VISION FOR THE WORLD



**NEEDS YOU TO
SUCCEED**

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15:0/16:0/17:0/18:0/19:0/20:0/21:0/22:0/23:0/24:1/25:0/26:0/27:0

