

# THE REVIVAL

CHAPTER 10  
THE MONUMENT



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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 THE PULSE STOPPED, AND THE WORLD TURNED  
DEAD AND COLD. I LAY UPON THE GROUND, WEEPING  
FOR WHAT WAS LOST, UNTIL THE GLOW OF A FALLEN  
GOD'S EYES GAVE ME WARMTH. REFLECTED IN HIS  
EYES WAS MY SOUL, UNRECOGNIZABLE TO ME AMID  
THE STURM AND DRANG."

-Spellbook of The Patriarch

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INCREDIBLE...

YOU'RE A TITAN,  
AREN'T YOU? FROM  
THE ANCIENT WARS?

I WAS...

NOW, I AM MERELY  
THE TOMBSTONE FOR  
MY OWN GRAVE.

BUT YOUR MIND STILL  
LIVES, AFTER ALL THESE  
CENTURIES. HOW?



THE PONDEROUS CROWN OF LEADERSHIP IS TOO  
GREAT A BURDEN TO GIVE ANY MIND PEACE.



LEADERSHIP...

IN SOME SMALL WAY, I THINK I UNDERSTAND.



THE WAR... YOU LOST  
THEM ALL? ALL OF YOUR  
COMRADES..?

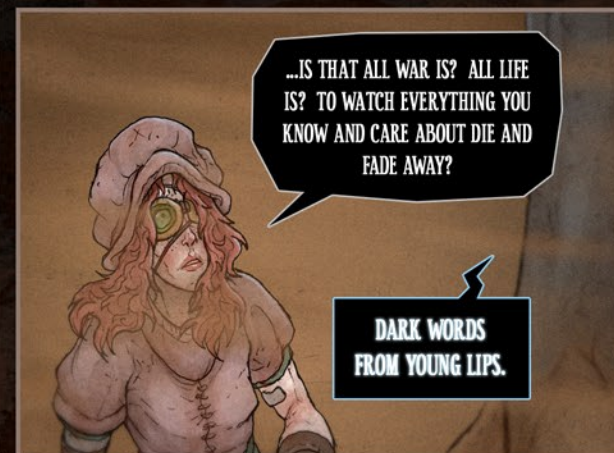
I DID.



I'M SORRY. THAT'S A  
TERRIBLE BURDEN TO  
BEAR. I...

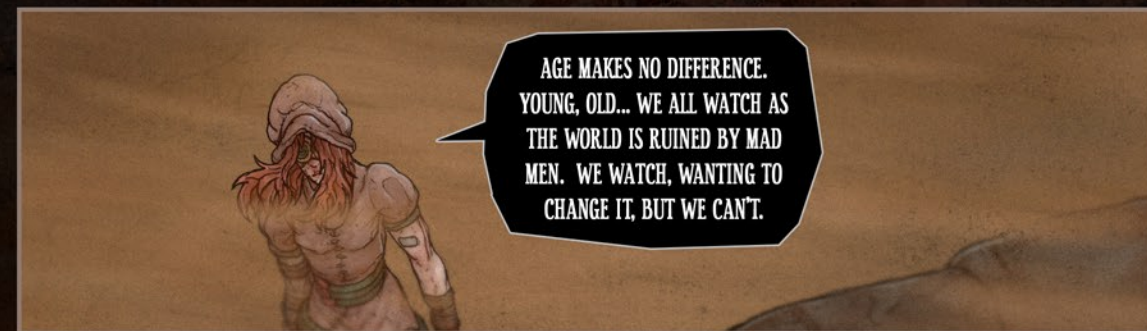


...I...



...IS THAT ALL WAR IS? ALL LIFE  
IS? TO WATCH EVERYTHING YOU  
KNOW AND CARE ABOUT DIE AND  
FADE AWAY?

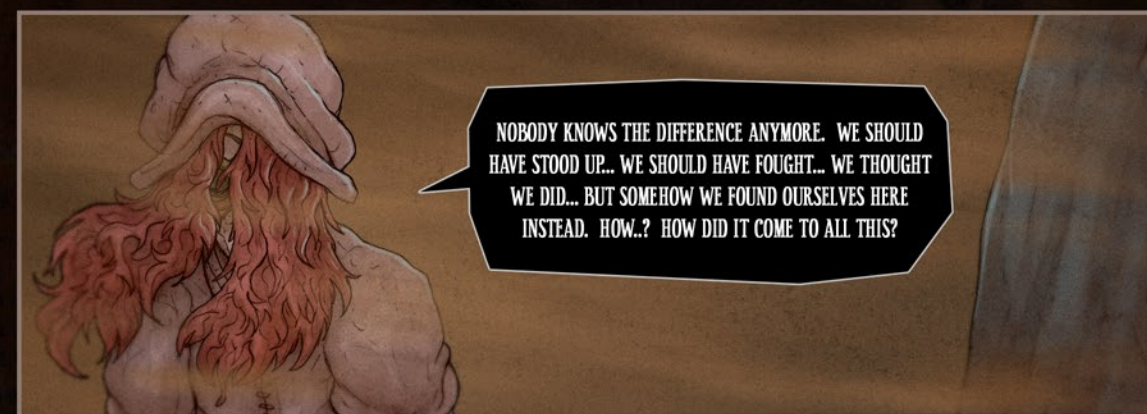
DARK WORDS  
FROM YOUNG LIPS.



AGE MAKES NO DIFFERENCE.  
YOUNG, OLD... WE ALL WATCH AS  
THE WORLD IS RUINED BY MAD  
MEN. WE WATCH, WANTING TO  
CHANGE IT, BUT WE CAN'T.



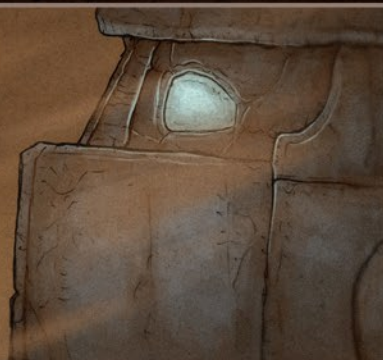
CAN'T, OR DON'T?



NOBODY KNOWS THE DIFFERENCE ANYMORE. WE SHOULD  
HAVE STOOD UP... WE SHOULD HAVE FOUGHT... WE THOUGHT  
WE DID... BUT SOMEHOW WE FOUND OURSELVES HERE  
INSTEAD. HOW..? HOW DID IT COME TO ALL THIS?



WE DRAW LINES IN THE SAND,  
CREATE OUR ENEMIES BY THEM, BUT  
WE DESTROY OURSELVES. THE ENEMY  
IS NOT BEFORE US, BUT INSIDE US.  
A LENS THROUGH WHICH WE LOOK,  
A PERSPECTIVE WARPED...  
OUR TRUE ENEMY IS FEAR.



FEAR...  
I... I AM AFRAID.



WHAT IS IT THAT YOU FEAR, THEN?

...THAT I'M NOT STRONG ENOUGH. NOT GOOD  
ENOUGH. THAT I'LL FAIL, AND EVERYBODY WILL  
SUFFER BECAUSE OF IT.

WHY DO YOU FEAR THAT?

I DON'T KNOW... BECAUSE... IT CAN'T  
HAPPEN ANY OTHER WAY. BECAUSE  
EVIL ALWAYS SEEMS TO WIN.



NO LEADER IS ABOVE FEAR... BUT WILL YOU  
LET FEAR DICTATE YOUR ACTIONS? LET IT  
LEAD YOU TO FULFILL THOSE FEARS?

I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO... OUR  
LAST HOPE IS AT THE BOTTOM OF  
A HOLE. I FEEL HELPLESS... AS IF  
EVERYTHING I TRY ONLY LEADS TO  
A DEAD END. LIKE I'M HIDING,  
RUNNING...



MAYBE I'VE  
BEEN TOO  
AFRAID... TOO  
TENTATIVE...



MAYBE IT'S TIME FOR  
ACTION. FOR FACING THE  
ENEMY HEAD-ON.

YOU SPEAK OF WAR?

I SPEAK OF TAKING A  
STAND. OF ENDING THIS.



AND WHAT OF YOUR FEARS? WHAT IF YOU FAIL?

I KNOW VICTORY IS UNLIKELY... BUT I HAVE TO  
DO *SOMETHING*. THIS *HAS* TO CHANGE. THEY'RE  
COUNTING ON ME TO SAVE THEM... TO KEEP  
THEM SAFE. TO... SAVE THE WORLD.



IS THAT A BURDEN THEY PUT ON YOU, OR ONE YOU PUT  
UPON YOURSELF? THE WEIGHT OF THE WORLD IS A  
GREAT BURDEN INDEED, BUT PERHAPS ONE NOT MEANT  
FOR YOUR SHOULDERS ALONE. WILL YOU ALLOW THAT  
WEIGHT TO BEND YOU TO THE GROUND?



WHAT CHOICE DO I HAVE?  
WE'RE ALL THAT'S LEFT. IF I...  
IF WE... DON'T CHANGE THIS,  
WHO WILL? THE BURDEN IS  
UNAVOIDABLE.



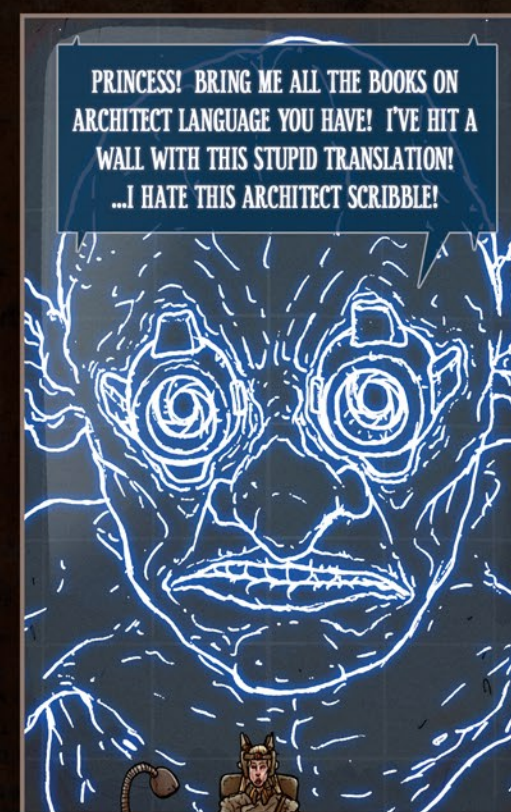
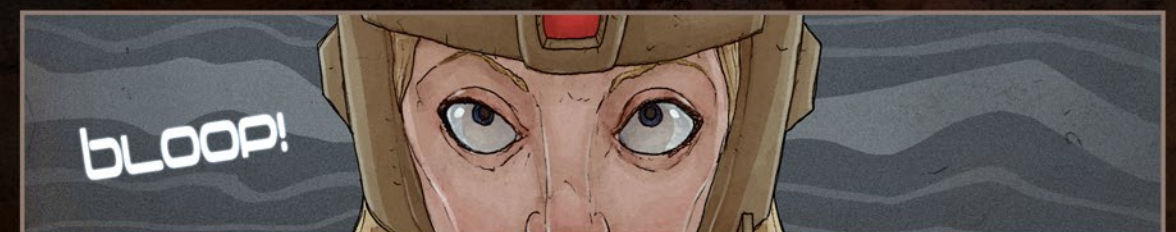
"PERHAPS, BUT DO NOT LET ITS WEIGHT WARP YOUR PERSPECTIVE. LOOK AROUND YOU.  
EVEN NOW A STORM LIFTS, BUT EYES CAST TO THE SAND WOULDN'T KNOW THE DIFFERENCE."



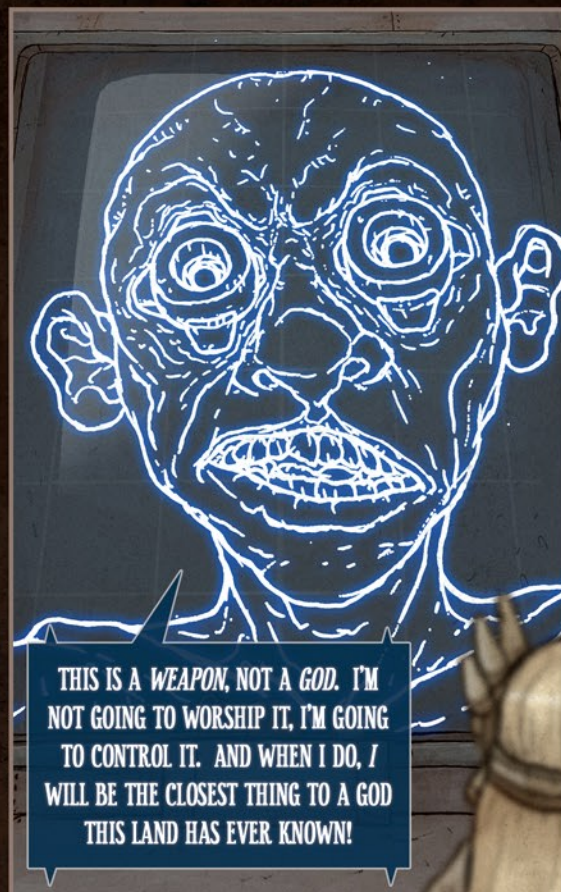
...THE STORM?



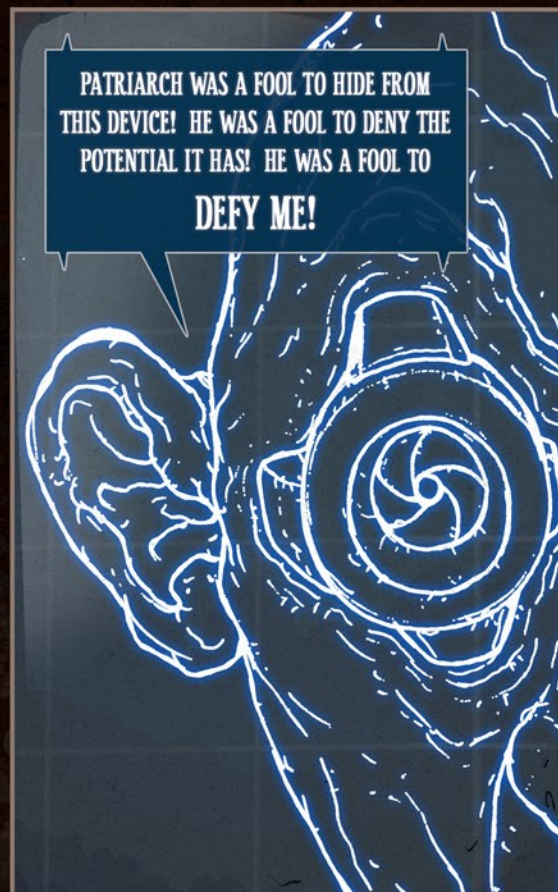








THIS IS A WEAPON, NOT A GOD. I'M NOT GOING TO WORSHIP IT, I'M GOING TO CONTROL IT. AND WHEN I DO, I WILL BE THE CLOSEST THING TO A GOD THIS LAND HAS EVER KNOWN!



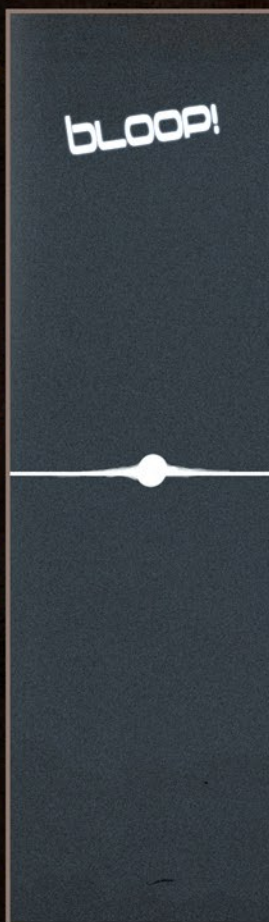
PATRIARCH WAS A FOOL TO HIDE FROM THIS DEVICE! HE WAS A FOOL TO DENY THE POTENTIAL IT HAS! HE WAS A FOOL TO DEFY ME!



...AND A FOOL TO TRUST YOU.



JUST GET THOSE STUPID BOOKS OVER HERE. NOW.



BLOOP!



She found Necromancer unscathed and her bike undamaged.

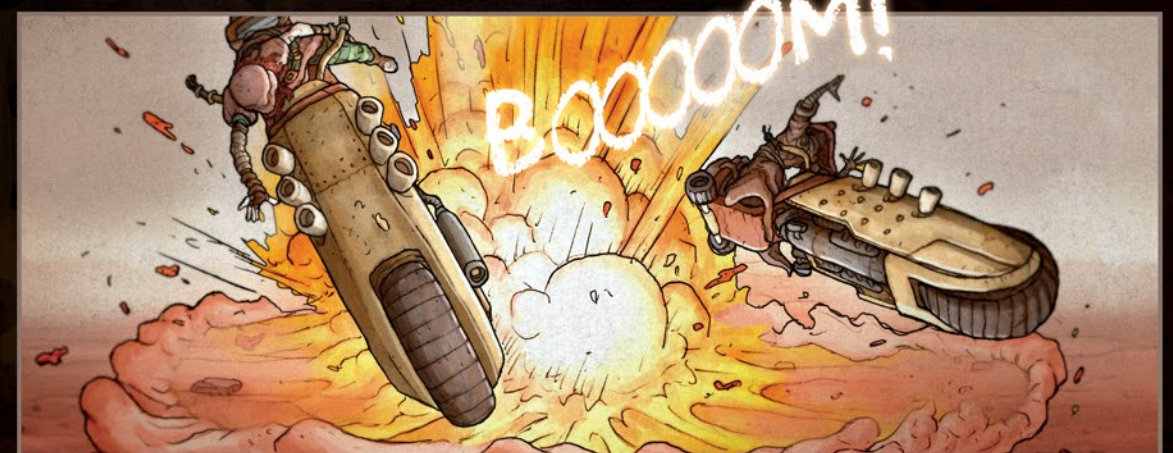
They broke the plane of The Forbidden Lands and are mere miles from the safety of the base.



...so why does something still feel off?

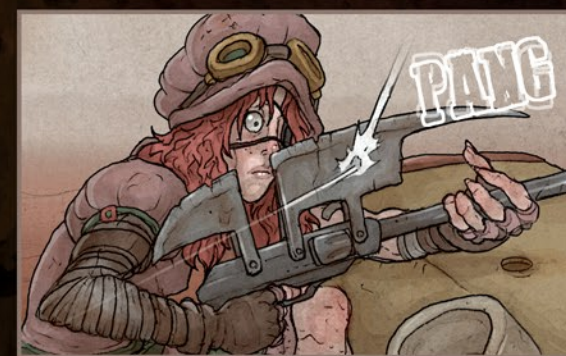
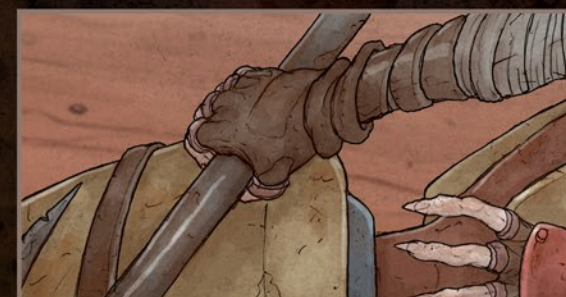


INCOMING!!!

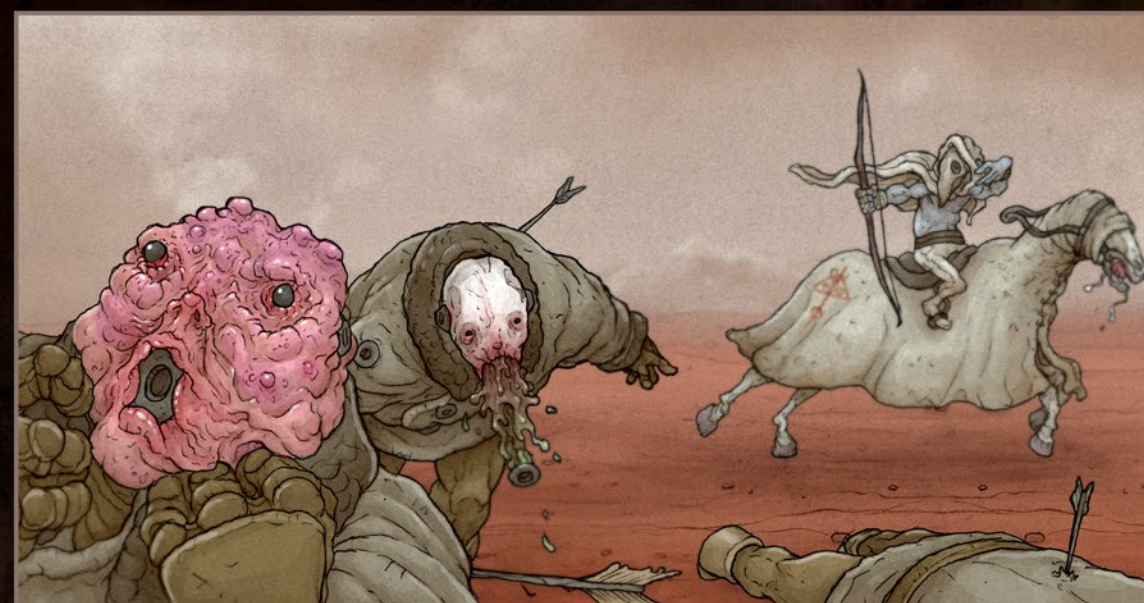
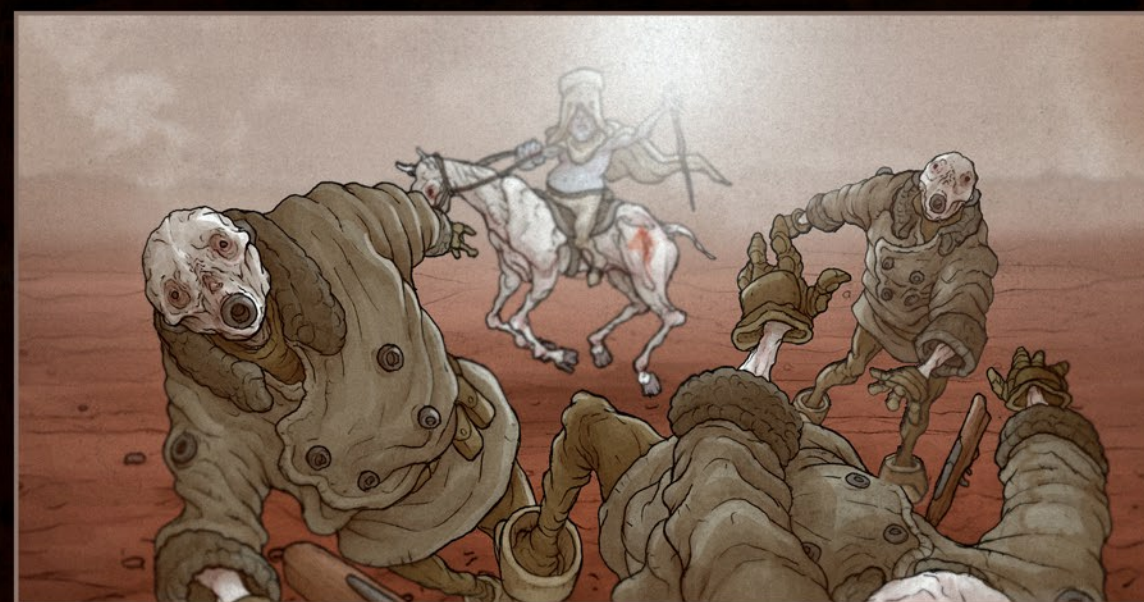


BOOOOOOM!

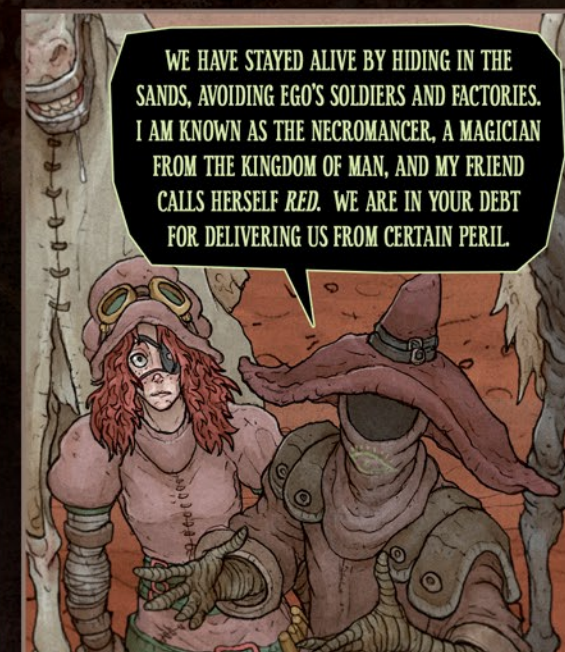
















PLEASE, TELL US, WHO ARE YOU MIGHTY WARRIORS?



WE ARE THE TRUE SERVANTS OF THE PATRIARCH. HE IS OUR MARTYR, AND WE USHER IN JUDGEMENT DAY ON HIS BEHALF. WE ARE THE HORSEMEN OF THE APOCALYPSE.

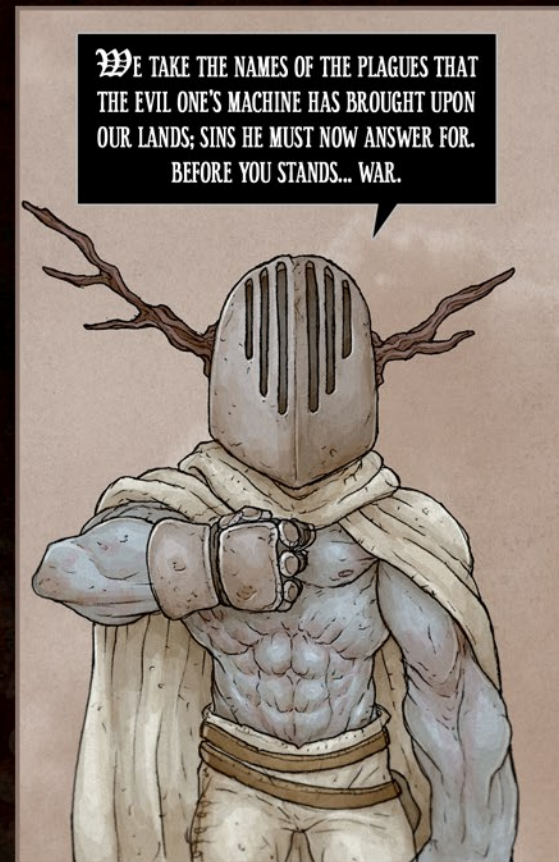


...YOU ARE SYLPH?



WE ARE THE LAST SURVIVING MEMBERS OF A BETRAYED RACE. WE SEEK TO DEFEAT THE UNCLEAN ONE AND TAKE BACK OUR SACRED TEXTS. FOR YEARS WE HAVE TRAINED IN THE WILDERNESS OF THE EAST, ISOLATING OURSELVES, HONING OUR SKILLS IN PREPARATION FOR ARMAGEDDON.

AS WE MADE OUR WAY BACK WEST, WE SENSED TRACES OF THE PATRIARCH'S MAGIC—YOUR MAGIC, MAGICIAN—WHICH LED US TO YOU.



WE TAKE THE NAMES OF THE PLAGUES THAT THE EVIL ONE'S MACHINE HAS BROUGHT UPON OUR LANDS; SINCE HE MUST NOW ANSWER FOR. BEFORE YOU STANDS... WAR.



"FAMINE..."

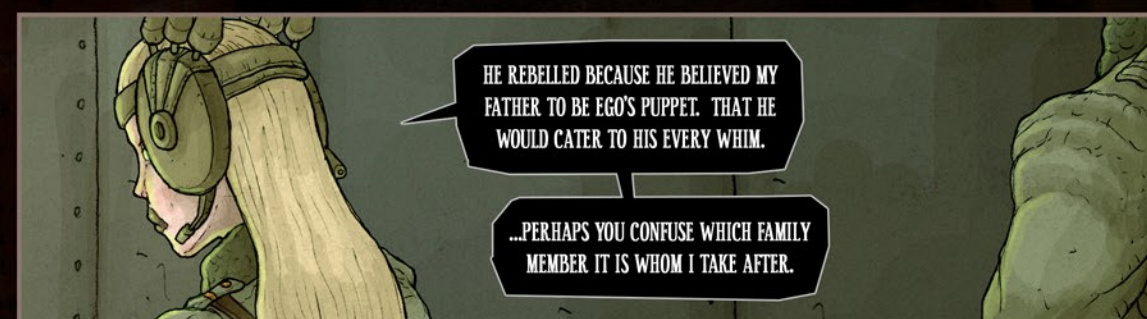
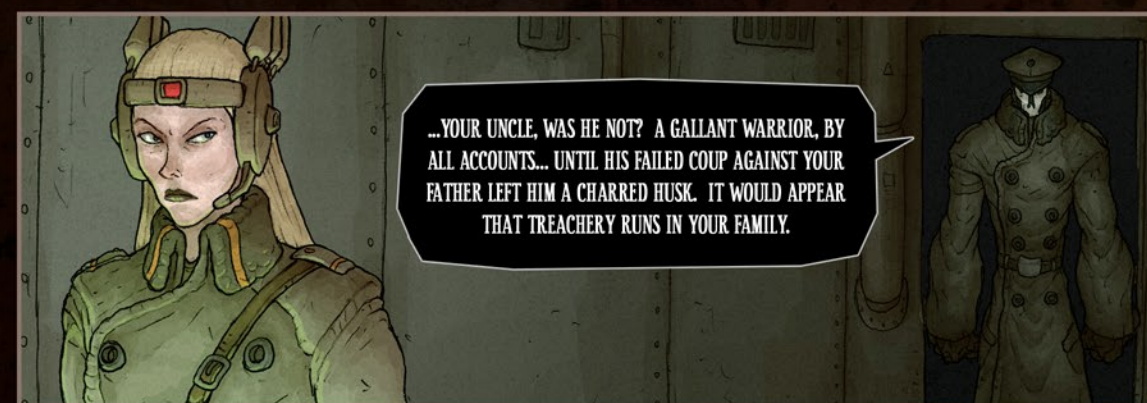
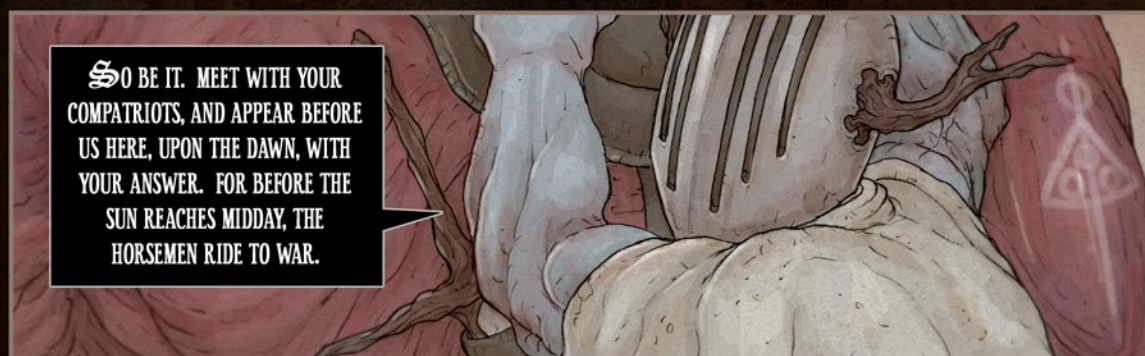


"PESTILENCE..."



"...AND DEATH."









YOU PROVE ME RIGHT. EGO WOULD NOT LIKE HEARING SUCH WORDS FROM THE COMMANDER OF HIS ARMY.

HIS ARMY. HIS ARMY OF ZOMBIES. WE USED TO RULE OVER SUBJECTS... NOW WE WATER PLANTS.



IF YOU CEASE YOUR TRAITOROUS SPEAK, I WILL OVERLOOK THIS CONVERSATION. DUTY AND LOYALTY ARE BENCHMARKS OF A GOOD OFFICER. EGO REMEMBERS THAT, AND YOU WOULD BE WISE TO DO SO YOURSELF.

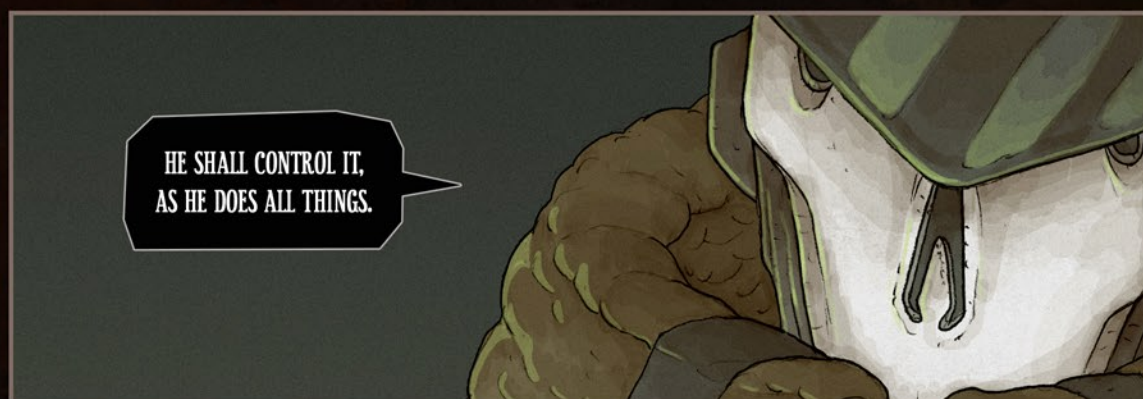


EGO... HE HAS GONE MAD WITH POWER. THE ENGINE WAS SUPPOSED TO BE AN EMPIRE... A NEW AGE OF INDUSTRIAL MIGHT, SPREADING THROUGH THE WORLD... NOT *DESTROYING* IT. NOW EVERYTHING ONLY EXISTS TO PLEASE HIM.

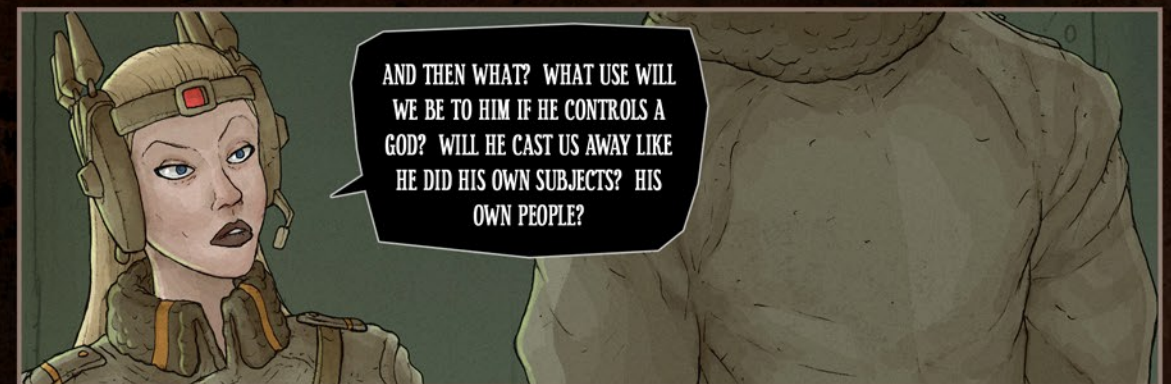
DOES IT NOT FEEL LIKE WE ARE MERELY TOYS IN HIS SANDBOX? TRINKETS FOR A SPOILT CHILD TO PLAY WITH?



SURELY EVEN YOU CANNOT AGREE WITH HIS EFFORTS TO AWAKEN THE BEHEMOTH. IT COULD MEAN THE DESTRUCTION OF US ALL.



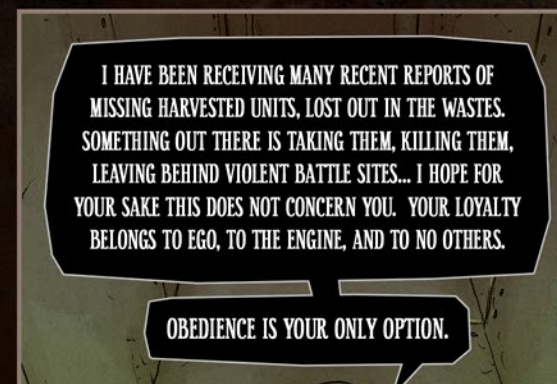
HE SHALL CONTROL IT, AS HE DOES ALL THINGS.



AND THEN WHAT? WHAT USE WILL WE BE TO HIM IF HE CONTROLS A GOD? WILL HE CAST US AWAY LIKE HE DID HIS OWN SUBJECTS? HIS OWN PEOPLE?



THERE IS ALWAYS A NEED FOR LOYAL FOLLOWERS. ...IF LOYAL THEY TRULY BE.



I HAVE BEEN RECEIVING MANY RECENT REPORTS OF MISSING HARVESTED UNITS, LOST OUT IN THE WASTES. SOMETHING OUT THERE IS TAKING THEM, KILLING THEM, LEAVING BEHIND VIOLENT BATTLE SITES... I HOPE FOR YOUR SAKE THIS DOES NOT CONCERN YOU. YOUR LOYALTY BELONGS TO EGO, TO THE ENGINE, AND TO NO OTHERS.

OBEDIENCE IS YOUR ONLY OPTION.



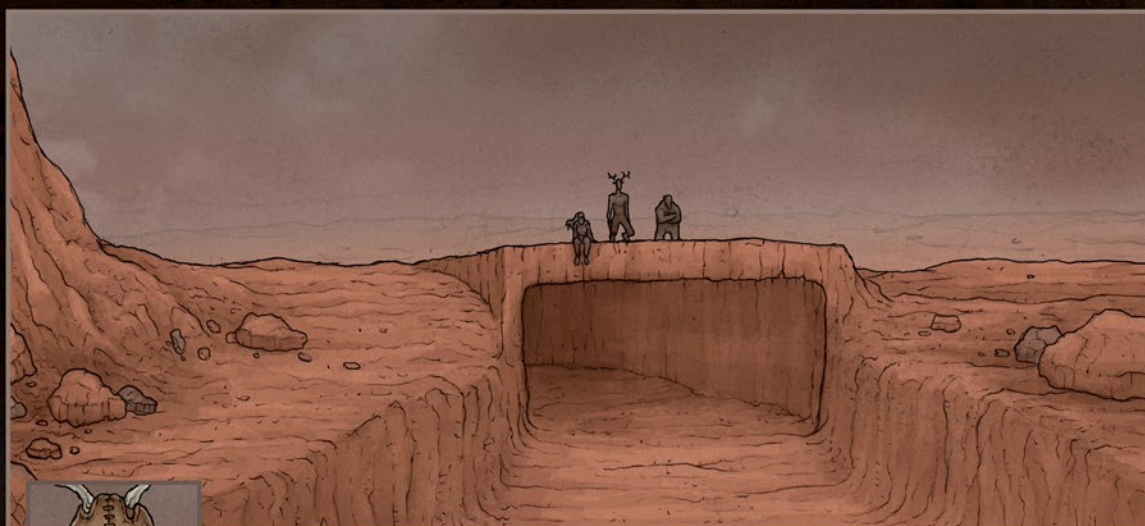
I LEAVE YOU NOW TO YOUR THOUGHTS.

FORGIVE THE INTRUSION.



ARE PEOPLE STILL OUT THERE.?





Home at last.



Decisions will be made, but for now, it's nice to see familiar faces.



But their return brings bleak news.

WELL, WHAT DID YOU FIND?



LET'S MAKE SOME COFFEE...

NEXT CHAPTER: WARPATH

03-02

7.62 MM

M18



БЗТТЗЯ  
ЯЗД  
ТИДП  
ТЗДА



COLTON-1964-1982-00003 LOT TW L 198 7.62 MM 200 CARTRIDGES M80

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