



THE REVIVAL

CHAPTER 9
THE GREAT EYE

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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"WITHIN THE WOODS A CAVE OPENED UP, SWALLOWING ME INTO DARKNESS. THE HEARTBEAT QUICKENED. MY TORCH CAST DANCING SHADOWS UPON THE WALLS, LIKE DEMONS AROUND A FIRE, BUT I KNEW NOT IF THE TORCH CREATED THEM OR MERELY REVEALED THEM. BLIND AND GROPING, THE HEARTBEAT HASTENED STILL, UNTIL I FOUND MYSELF UPON THE PULSE OF THE WORLD."

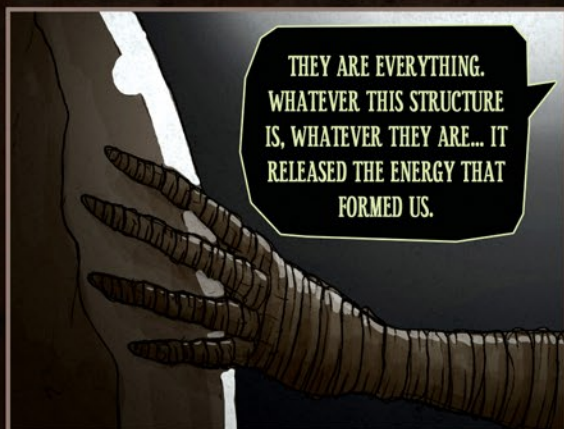
-Spellbook of The Patriarch

CHAPTER NINE
THE GREAT EYE



I... I NEVER WOULD HAVE IMAGINED SOMETHING OF THIS NATURE AWAITED US.

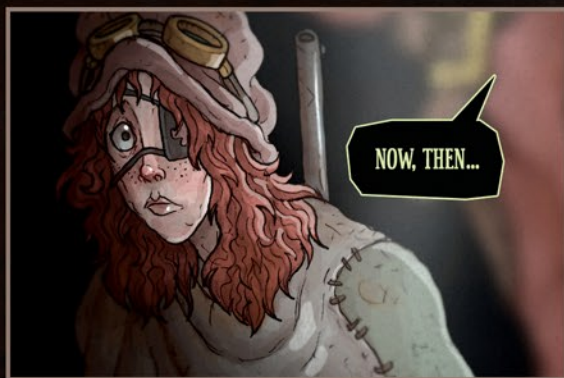
WHAT ARE THEY?



THEY ARE EVERYTHING. WHATEVER THIS STRUCTURE IS, WHATEVER THEY ARE... IT RELEASED THE ENERGY THAT FORMED US.



THEY ARE OUR ANCESTORS, IN A WAY. AND NOW, THEY ARE THE LIGHT IN OUR DARKEST HOUR! THEY SHALL AWAKEN TO DELIVER THEIR CHILDREN FROM SORROW!



NOW, THEN...



LET US LOOK UPON THE FACE OF THE GODS.



NO...



NO... IMPOSSIBLE!

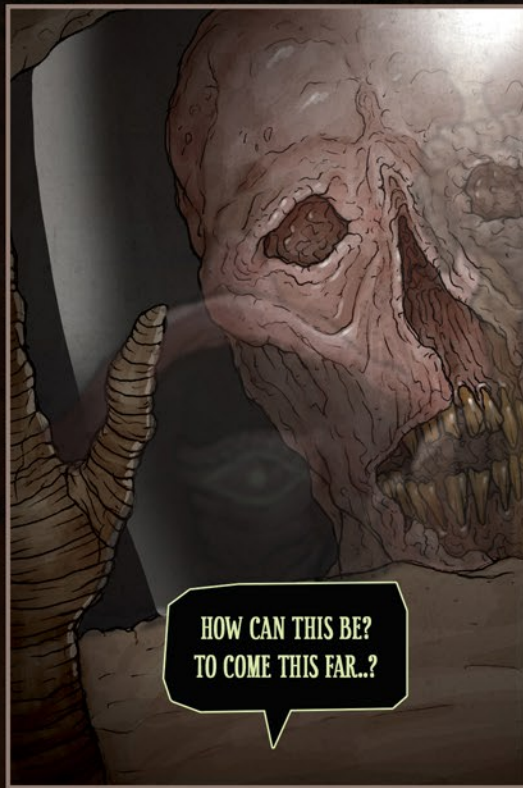


...THE OTHERS!



...NO!

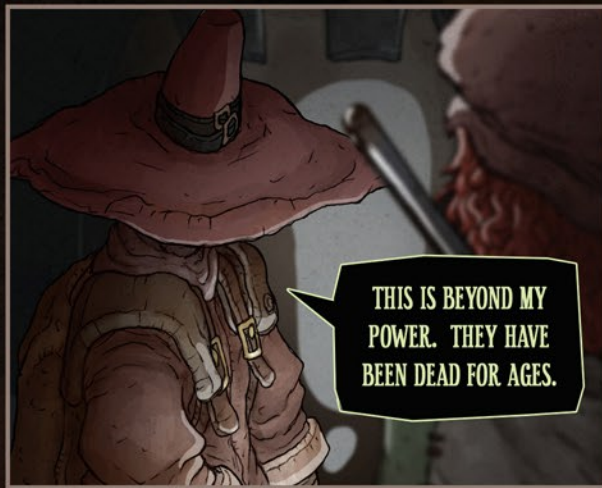
NO.



HOW CAN THIS BE?
TO COME THIS FAR..?



YOUR MAGIC..?

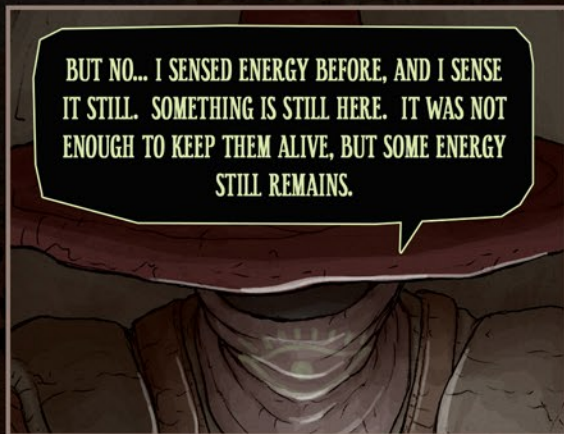


THIS IS BEYOND MY
POWER. THEY HAVE
BEEN DEAD FOR AGES.



IT WAS ALL FOR
NOTHING. OUR
LAST HOPE ROTTS
BEFORE US.

IF EGO AWAKENS THE
BEHEMOTH, WE ARE
TRULY AT HIS MERCY.



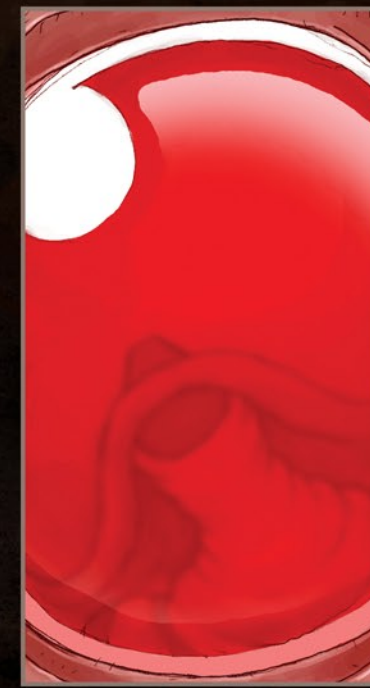
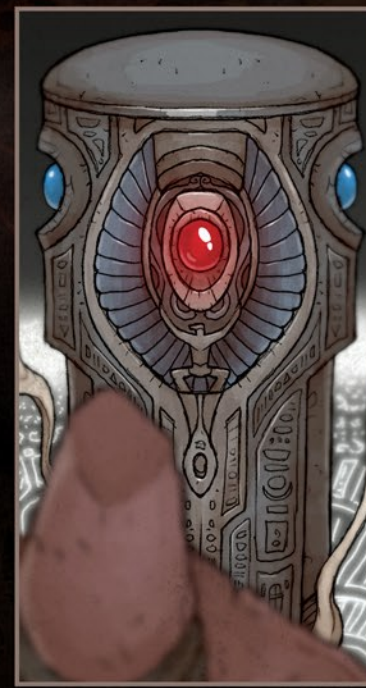
BUT NO... I SENSED ENERGY BEFORE, AND I SENSE
IT STILL. SOMETHING IS STILL HERE. IT WAS NOT
ENOUGH TO KEEP THEM ALIVE, BUT SOME ENERGY
STILL REMAINS.



I SENSE IT IN
THIS ROOM...
HERE...



SHOW ME... SHOW
ME EVERYTHING...

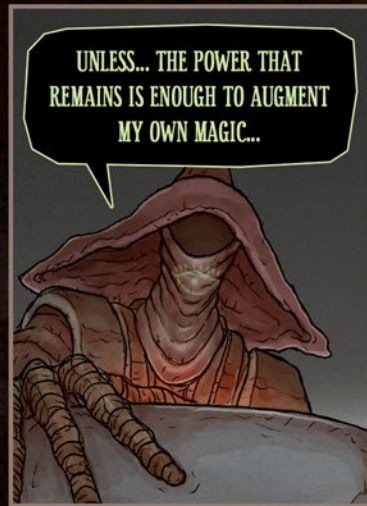




THIS IS IT. I CAN SENSE THE ENERGY... BUT IT IS FAINT. COULD THIS BE THE GREAT EYE AT LAST..?



BUT... WHAT GOOD COULD IT DO NOW? ITS POWER IS SPENT... RELEASED INTO THE WORLD, TO LEAVE ITS APPARENT GUARDIANS TO DECAY.



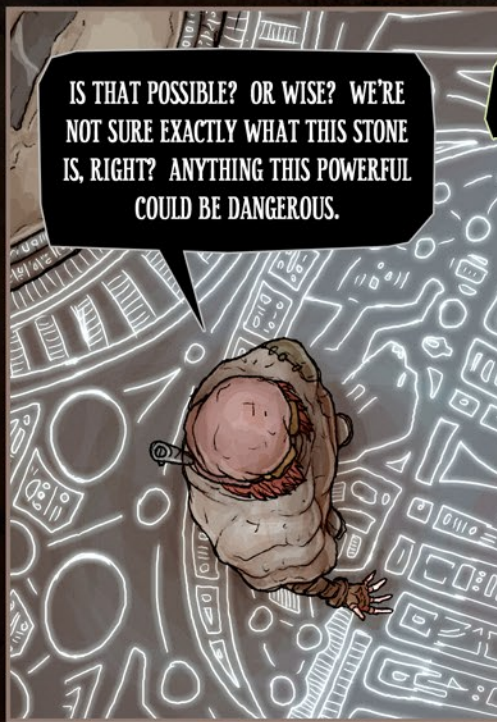
UNLESS... THE POWER THAT REMAINS IS ENOUGH TO AUGMENT MY OWN MAGIC...



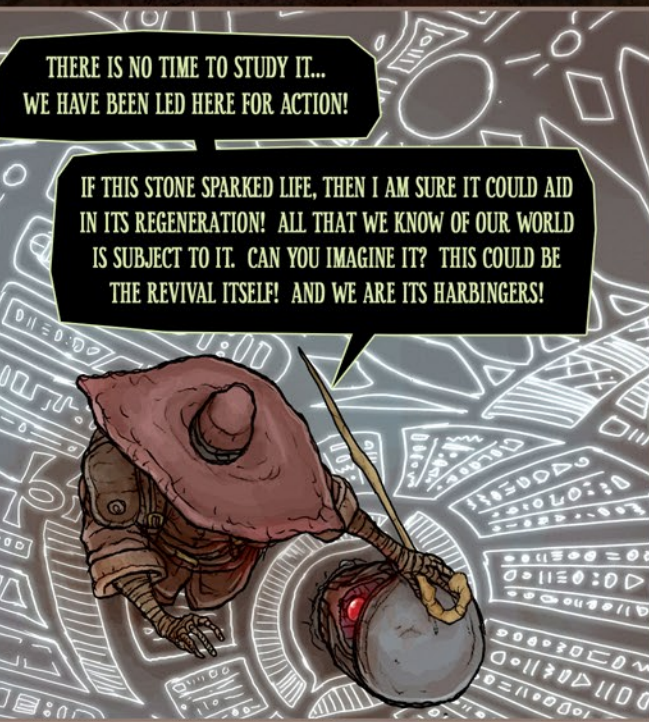
WHAT DO YOU MEAN? WHAT COULD YOU DO?



PERHAPS I COULD BRING THEM BACK! THAT MUST BE WHY RENAISSANCE LED US HERE!



IS THAT POSSIBLE? OR WISE? WE'RE NOT SURE EXACTLY WHAT THIS STONE IS, RIGHT? ANYTHING THIS POWERFUL COULD BE DANGEROUS.



THERE IS NO TIME TO STUDY IT... WE HAVE BEEN LED HERE FOR ACTION!

IF THIS STONE SPARKED LIFE, THEN I AM SURE IT COULD AID IN ITS REGENERATION! ALL THAT WE KNOW OF OUR WORLD IS SUBJECT TO IT. CAN YOU IMAGINE IT? THIS COULD BE THE REVIVAL ITSELF! AND WE ARE ITS HARBINGERS!



WAIT, ARE YOU SURE--



GAH!



NECROMANCER!



STAY... BACK! CANNOT... LET GO... BUT I... CAN... FREE... IT!



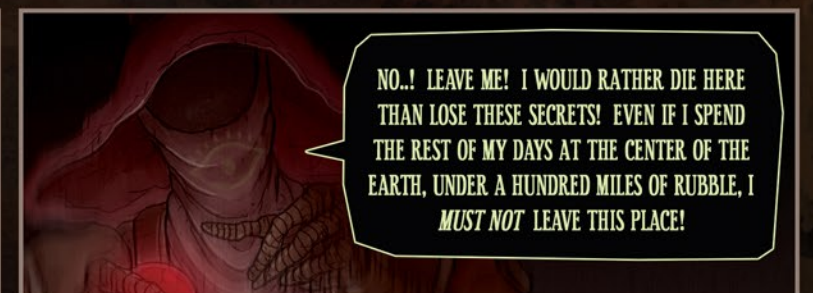
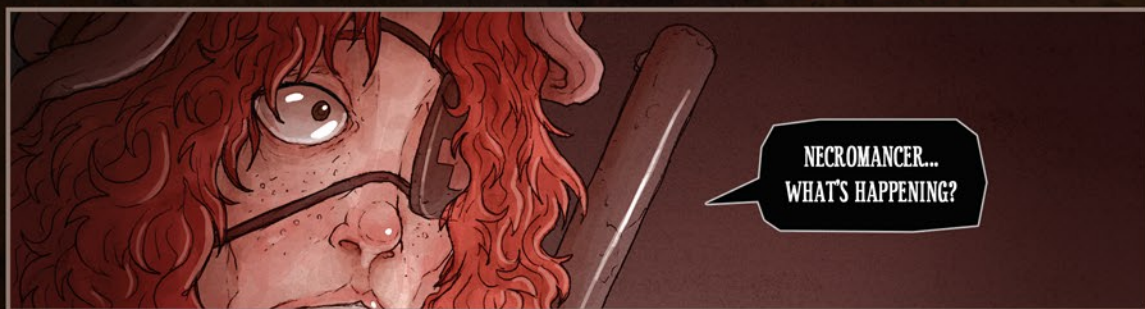
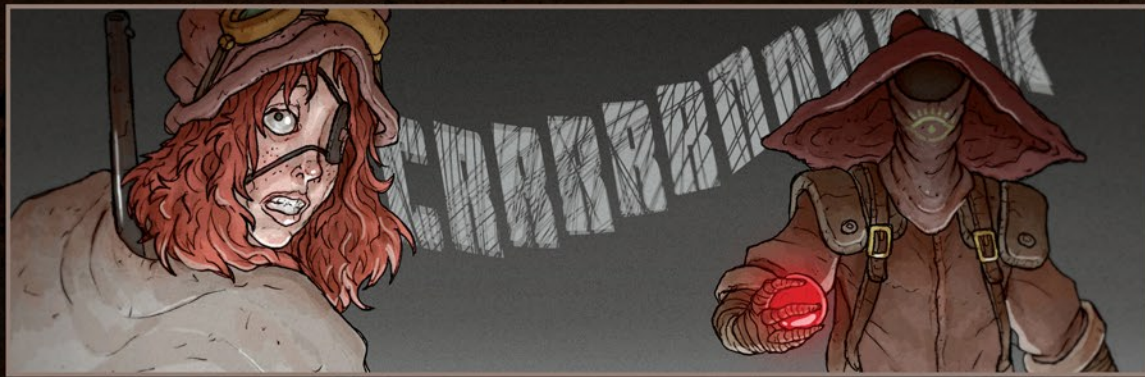
RRRARGH!

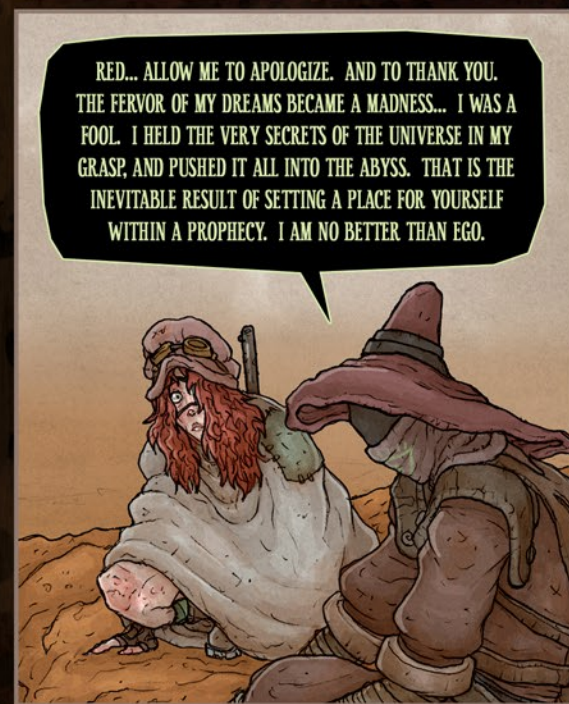


AMAZING... I CAN FEEL ITS POWER COURSING THROUGH MY ARM.



I CALL UPON THE POWERS OF OUR ANCIENT ANCESTORS! I CALL UPON THE LIFEBLOOD ICHOR! GRANT ME--





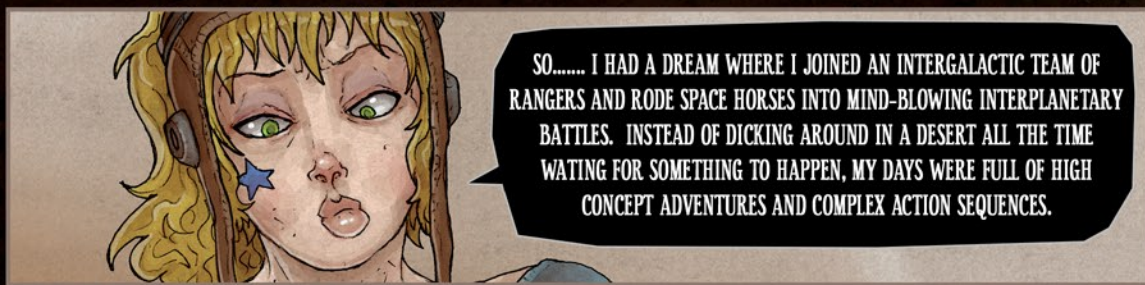
RED... ALLOW ME TO APOLOGIZE. AND TO THANK YOU. THE FERVOR OF MY DREAMS BECAME A MADNESS... I WAS A FOOL. I HELD THE VERY SECRETS OF THE UNIVERSE IN MY GRASP, AND PUSHED IT ALL INTO THE ABYSS. THAT IS THE INEVITABLE RESULT OF SETTING A PLACE FOR YOURSELF WITHIN A PROPHECY. I AM NO BETTER THAN EGO.



NONSENSE. WE'RE ALIVE. THAT'S ALL THAT MATTERS. LET'S GET BACK TO THE OTHERS. WE'LL REGROUP AND FIGURE ALL THIS OUT.



YES... YES, PERHAPS YOU ARE RIGHT.



SO..... I HAD A DREAM WHERE I JOINED AN INTERGALACTIC TEAM OF RANGERS AND RODE SPACE HORSES INTO MIND-BLOWING INTERPLANETARY BATTLES. INSTEAD OF DICKING AROUND IN A DESERT ALL THE TIME WAITING FOR SOMETHING TO HAPPEN, MY DAYS WERE FULL OF HIGH CONCEPT ADVENTURES AND COMPLEX ACTION SEQUENCES.



...THANK GOD I WOKE UP, RIGHT?



UNLESS IT CAN DIG THIS WELL FOR US, PUT IT AWAY.

I BET IT CAN! GIMME A SEC...



BINK



SEE? IT WORKS!



RRGHH!!! ENOUGH! NOT EVERYTHING'S A DAMN JOKE!

IT IS IF YOU'RE THE COMIC RELIEF..!



UGH... JUST KNOCK IT OFF AND GET TO WORK. BAD ENOUGH WE GOT RED RUNNING AROUND WITH THAT STUPID WIZARD, NOW I GOTTA DEAL WITH THIS CRAP...



WILL YOU SHUT UP AND GET TO WORK? YOU'VE BEEN FIDDLING WITH THAT STUPID THING ALL DAY. PUT IT DOWN AND HELP US.



STUPID? YOU'RE JUST JEALOUS OF MY...

SPOILS OF WAR!

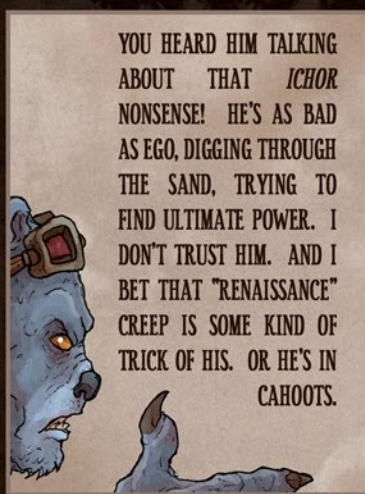


STOP MESSING WITH IT BEFORE YOU HURT YOURSELF. THAT'S A SCIENTIFIC INSTRUMENT. ...AND YOU BARELY KNOW HOW TO USE A FORK.

YEAH, WELL, YOU'RE A TALKING BEAR.



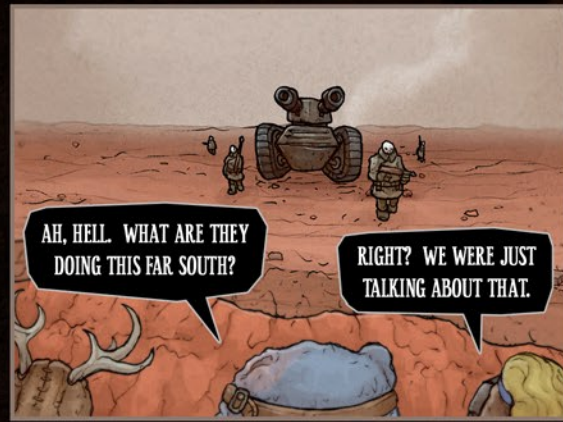
YA DON' THINK SHE SHUDDA GONE?





I NEED YOUR CRANK WRENCH, WOODS. THE CROSSBOLT CAME LOOSE.

GET DOWN, BIG BLUE! PARTY CRASHERS!



AH, HELL. WHAT ARE THEY DOING THIS FAR SOUTH?

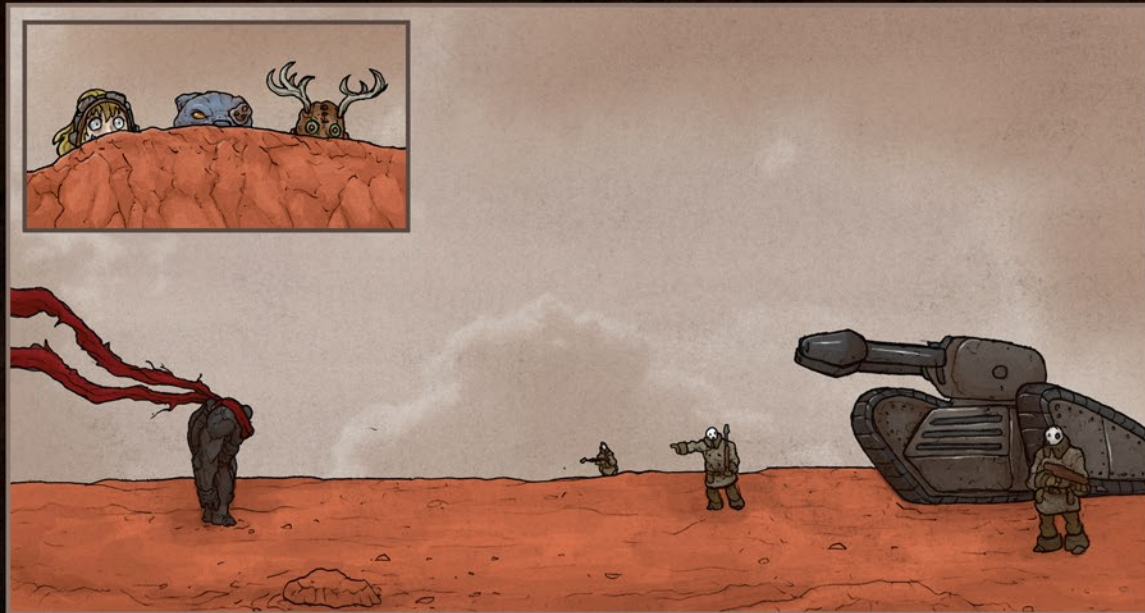
RIGHT? WE WERE JUST TALKING ABOUT THAT.



'ERE THEY COME! DID THEY SEE US? WE'RE DOOMED! WE CAN'T TAKE THEM ALL OUT... NOT W'TH A TANK! 'N' WE CAN'T RUN FER THE BASE R'LL FIND US OUT!

SHUT UP, WOODS! I'M TRYING TO THINK...

WAIT! WHAT'S THAT?



identify yourself or we will open fire.

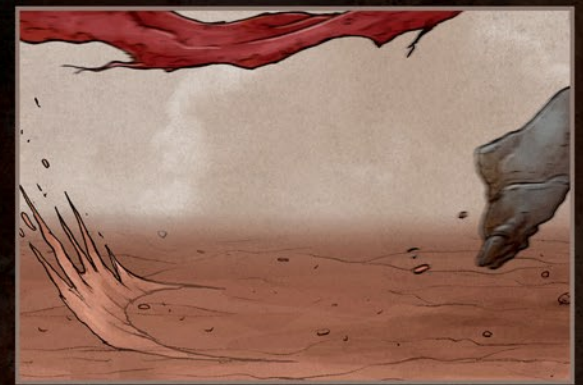


NO WAY! IS THAT THE TURTLE? HE'S HUGE!

TOO BAD HE'S ABOUT TO GET HIMSELF KILLED.



no response. open fire.



WELL, PESSIMIST?

THERE'S STILL A TANK.



YOU'RE SUCH A TROLL.





...RENAISSANCE.

I AM HE.



THANK YOU! THANK Y'SO MUCH!

I SUPPOSE YOU EXPECT US TO GROVEL IN OUR WEEPY-EYED GRATITUDE, HUH?



WELL, WE DIDN'T ASK FOR YOUR HELP. WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE, ANYWAY?

I HAVE JUST SHOWN YOU.

DON'T GET CUTE WITH ME, FREAK. JUST LEAVE US ALONE. WE DON'T NEED YOU.

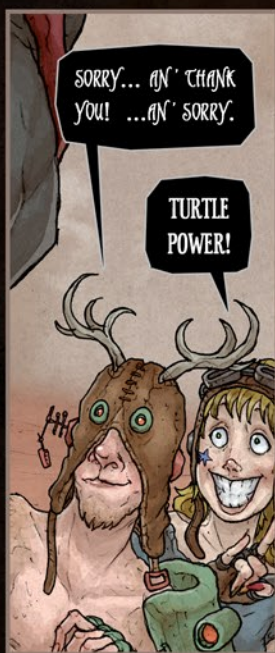


IT IS NO LONGER SAFE, EVEN OUT HERE.

WOW, THANKS FOR THE INSIGHT. I BET WE'D BE A LOT SAFER IF YOU'D STOP FOLLOWING US AROUND, DRAWING ALL SORTS OF ATTENTION.

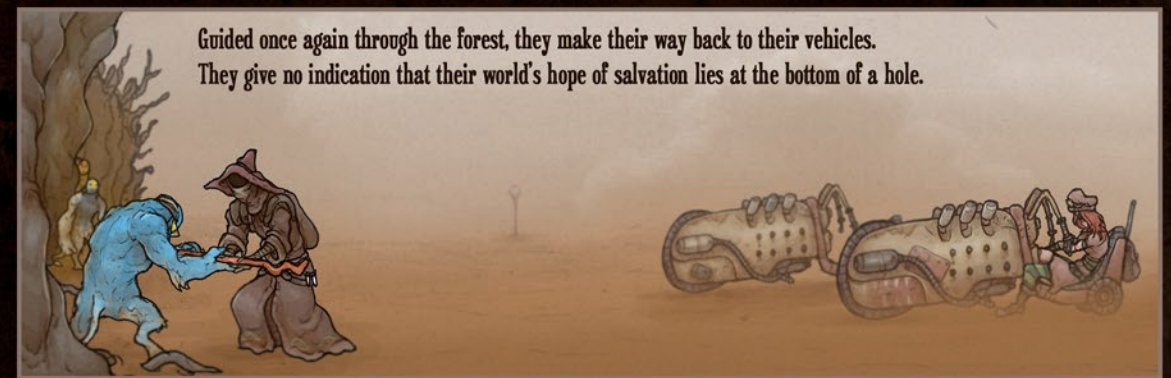


LET US THROUGH! YOU CAN'T INTIMIDATE ME. AND DON'T FOLLOW US.



SORRY... AN' THANK YOU! ...AN' SORRY.

TURTLE POWER!



Guided once again through the forest, they make their way back to their vehicles. They give no indication that their world's hope of salvation lies at the bottom of a hole.



A NEW STAFF... THEIR ELDERS PRESENTED ME WITH IT.

IT IS BEAUTIFULLY CARVED, CRAFTED BEFORE THE FOREST DIED... I FEEL UNWORTHY.

...ARE YOU READY?

READY.



ALL HOPE CAN'T BE LOST, CAN IT?

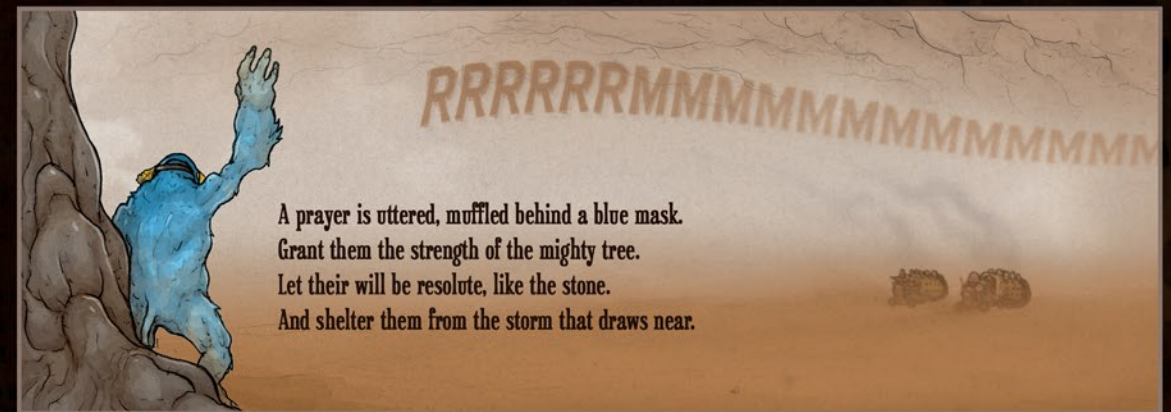


...HRM?

BECAUSE OF THE PROPHECY? SURELY WE CAN MAKE A DIFFERENCE OURSELVES.

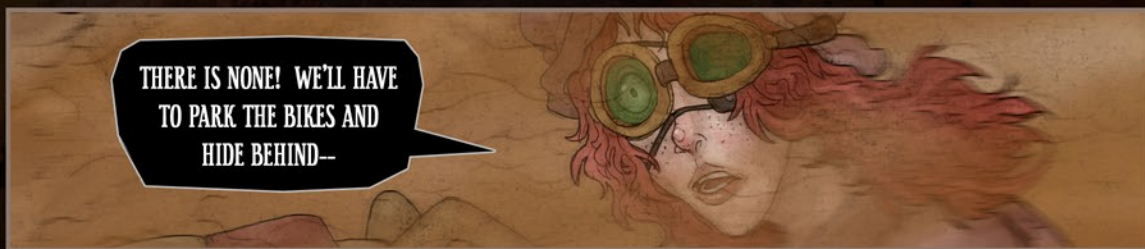
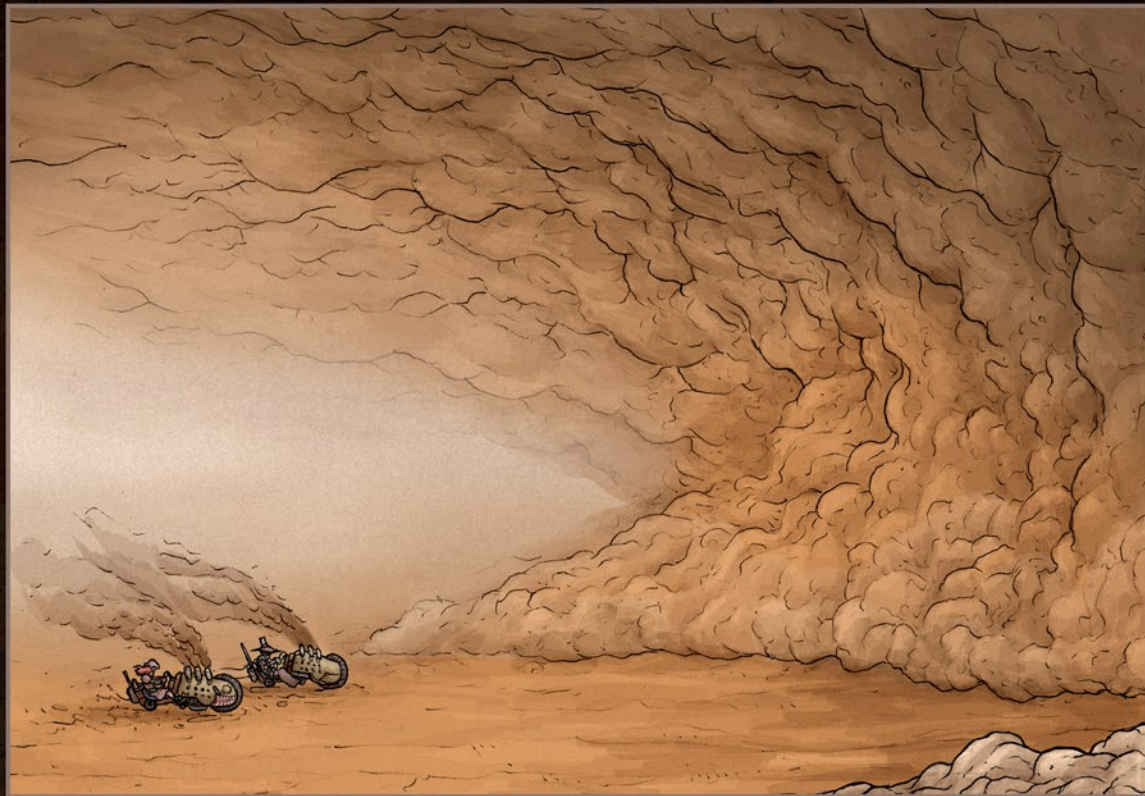


I SUPPOSE WE SHALL FIND OUT.



RRRRRRMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM

A prayer is uttered, muffled behind a blue mask. Grant them the strength of the mighty tree. Let their will be resolute, like the stone. And shelter them from the storm that draws near.





NEXT CHAPTER: THE MONUMENT

BEAT

THE KINGDOM WITH

THE ENGINE

WEDGE

1:0/2:0/3:0/4:0/5:1/6:1/7:1/8:0/9:1/10:0/11:0/12:0/13:0/
14:0/15:0/16:0/17:0/18:0/19:1/20:0/21:0/22:1/23:1

All hail The Engine!
All hail Lord Ego!

Live for Ego. Die for Ego.
All hail Ego!

