



# THE REVIVAL

CHAPTER 12  
THE FALLEN CITY

# 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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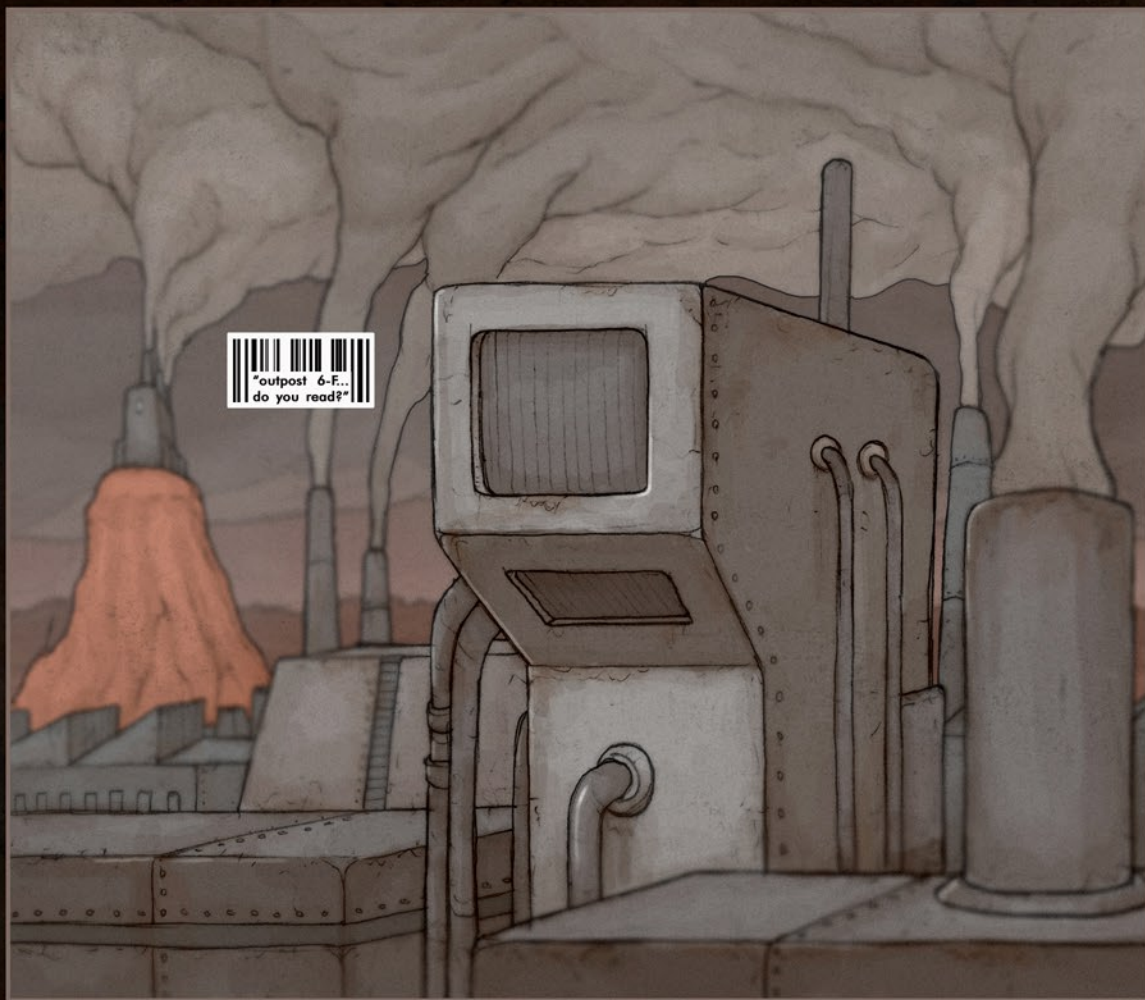
"THE CLOUDS BROKE..."



"AND BLOOD RAINED FROM THE SKY,  
SATURATING THE DRY, THIRSTY EARTH."

-Spellbook of the Patriarch

CHAPTER TWELVE  
THE  
FALLEN CITY







'NUTHER JOB WELL DONE, EH, WOODS?

I GUESS SO. I--



WUT'S THIS? ANOTHER COSTUME?



I'M GLAD YOU ASKED!

# ARCTIC ATTACK RAINBOW™



INTRODUCING...

SUPER GOOD SKIER AND HAND-TO-HAND HOT COCOA EXPERT!



ARCTIC? THAT MAKES EV'N LESS SENSE THAN TH' JUNGLE STUFF.



WELL, WHAT DO YOU WANT? I'M MOSTLY A REPAINT, WITH ONLY A MINOR RE-MOLD.



...M'HEAD HURTS.



THEIR POWER IS INCREDIBLE, IS IT NOT? TO SEE THEM IN ACTION... TO FIGHT ALONGSIDE THEM..!

...I FEEL UNWORTHY OF THE HONOR.

THAT'S THE LAST OF THE OUTPOSTS. LET'S SEE WHAT OUR NEXT MOVE IS.



IT HAS BEEN A TRIUMPHANT DAY, PILGRIM! OUR GRIP NOW TIGHTENS AROUND THE NECK OF THE UNCLEAN ONE. THE SILVERY TRUMPS OF VICTORY BECKON US EVER ONWARD!



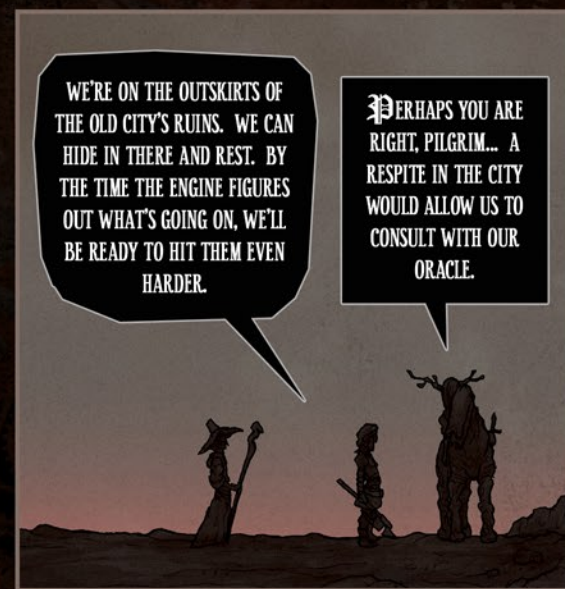
WAR, MY SOLDIERS ARE TIRED, AND IT'S GETTING DARK.

INDEED. THE GLORY OF OUR ONSLAUGHT WILL SHINE ALL THE BRIGHTER IN THE DARKNESS!



WHAT I MEAN IS, MAYBE WE SHOULD CAMP FOR THE NIGHT. REGAIN OUR STRENGTH.

OUR STRENGTH COMES FROM OUR MARTYR.



WE'RE ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE OLD CITY'S RUINS. WE CAN HIDE IN THERE AND REST. BY THE TIME THE ENGINE FIGURES OUT WHAT'S GOING ON, WE'LL BE READY TO HIT THEM EVEN HARDER.

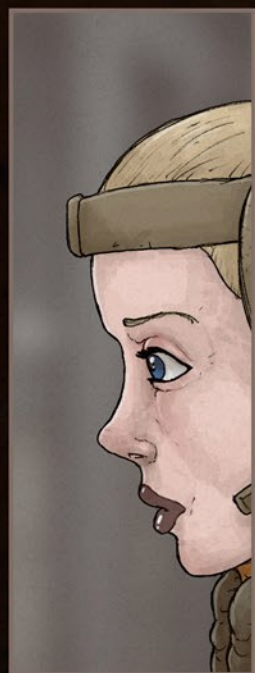
PERHAPS YOU ARE RIGHT, PILGRIM... A RESPITE IN THE CITY WOULD ALLOW US TO CONSULT WITH OUR ORACLE.



...ORACLE?



YOU DON'T HAVE TO KEEP COMING BACK DOWN HERE. JUST LET ME DIE.



...THERE HAS BEEN ENOUGH DYING. MUCH OF IT BY MY HANDS.

DOES MY BREATH WASH THE BLOOD FROM THOSE HANDS? MY HEARTBEAT DROWN OUT THE SCREAMS?



...NO.



THERE... MAY STILL BE SURVIVORS OUT IN THE WASTES.



WILL THEY BE HUNTED DOWN? KILLED?



I DO NOT WISH THAT. I... WISH TO HELP THEM, IF I AM ABLE. TO SAVE WHAT REMAINS OF MY...

MY PEOPLE.

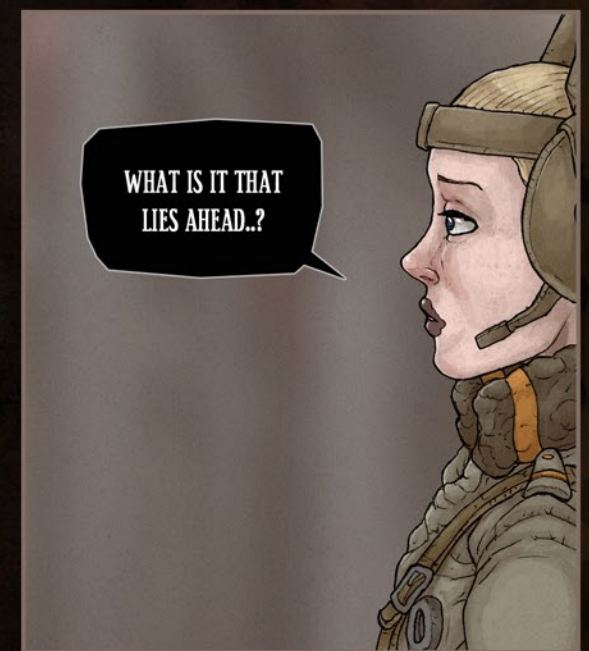
MY SUBJECTS.



...IF I EVEN DESERVE TO CALL THEM THAT.



REGRET WILL NOT BE ENOUGH FOR WHAT LIES AHEAD.



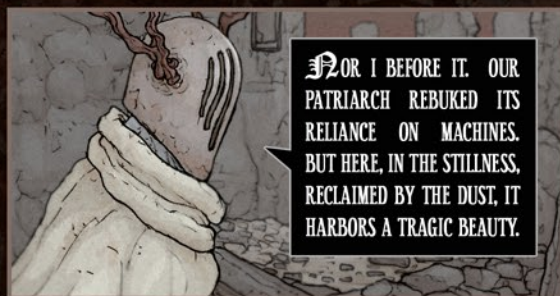
WHAT IS IT THAT LIES AHEAD..?



"...THE REVIVAL."



THE CITY... I HAVE NOT SET FOOT HERE SINCE THE WAR ENDED.



FOR I BEFORE IT. OUR PATRIARCH REBUKED ITS RELIANCE ON MACHINES. BUT HERE, IN THE STILLNESS, RECLAIMED BY THE DUST, IT HARBORS A TRAGIC BEAUTY.



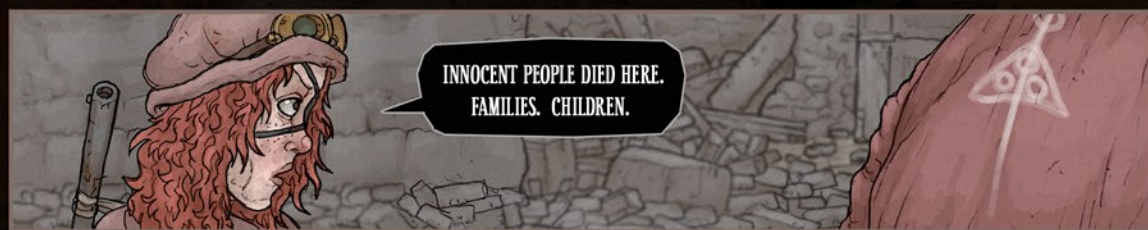
BAH! THE CONTRACTIONS IT SPAWNED LED THE UNSAVORY ONE ASTRAY. IT WAS FROM THIS SNAKE PIT THAT ROSE THE HORRID WYRM OF METAL AND GEARS.



IT WASN'T ALL BAD. EVER HAVE CHOCOLATE MILK?



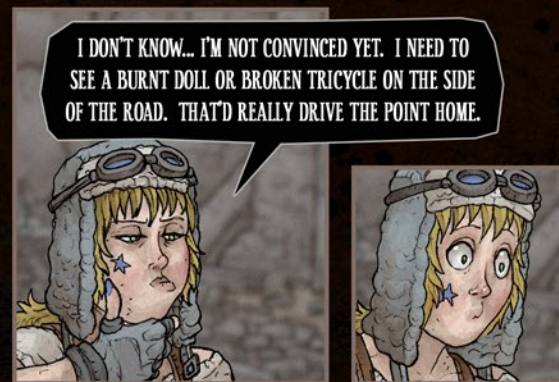
I HATE CITIES. THIS WAS A WICKED PLACE. ITS UGLY, CHARRED HUSK ATTESTS ITS TRUE NATURE.



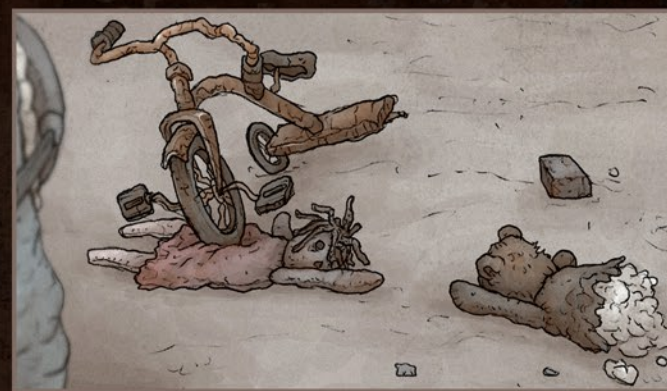
INNOCENT PEOPLE DIED HERE. FAMILIES. CHILDREN.



I FEEL IT STILL. THE AIR IS THICK WITH THE FOG OF THE PAST. VOICES, LIVES, SOULS... SNUFFED OUT BY A TERRIBLE DARKNESS.



I DON'T KNOW... I'M NOT CONVINCED YET. I NEED TO SEE A BURNT DOLL OR BROKEN TRICYCLE ON THE SIDE OF THE ROAD. THAT'D REALLY DRIVE THE POINT HOME.



YES... THAT'LL DO.



HERE! LOOK HERE. THE COURTYARD OF WISDOM... SCHOLARS USED TO MEET HERE BY THE POOL OF THE GUARDIANS TO DISCUSS THE AFFAIRS OF THE DAY.

THE GUARDIANS STILL STAND...



THE NIGHT DESCENDS. WE DISMOUNT.



...BUT WHAT IS THE WEAKEST POINT IN THE WALL? IT COULD TAKE DAYS JUST TO SCOUT IT OUT. I DOUBT THOSE LUNATICS WOULD WANT TO DO THAT.

WE'RE BETTER OFF HITTING THE WALL CLOSEST TO EGO'S TOWER, HERE ON THE EASTERN-MOST SIDE. SHORTER DISTANCE TO OUR GOAL, FEWER OBSTACLES FROM THERE. WE'LL RUN IT BY THE HORSEMEN TOMORROW.

WHERE ARE THEY, ANYWAY? THEY SHOULD BE GOING OVER THIS WITH US.

WAR SAID THEY'RE FASTING, AND CONSULTING WITH THEIR ORACLE. WE'RE NOT TO BOTHER THEM.



...SO THEN I'M LIKE, "IF THE TOASTER'S A BOY, THEN WHY DOES IT HAVE A GIRL'S VOICE?"

YEAH... THAT'S, UH... YEAH.





...HEY, STRETCH!  
HAVE A SEAT! THOSE  
TWO BORING YOU TO  
DEATH OVER THERE?

THANK YOU.



I HAVE HAD ENOUGH TALK OF WAR FOR ONE DAY.  
BEING IN THE CITY AGAIN HAS MADE ME  
SOMEWHAT... SOLEMN.

YEAH, THIS PLACE IS PRETTY  
ROUGH. GREAT PLACE FOR SOME  
ACTION SCENES, THOUGH!



I AM REMINDED OF BETTER TIMES...  
SWEET MEMORIES, WHOSE FLEETING  
NATURE IS ALL THE MORE CLEAR IN  
THE CURRENT MURK AND DREAR OF  
THESE BATTERED WALLS.

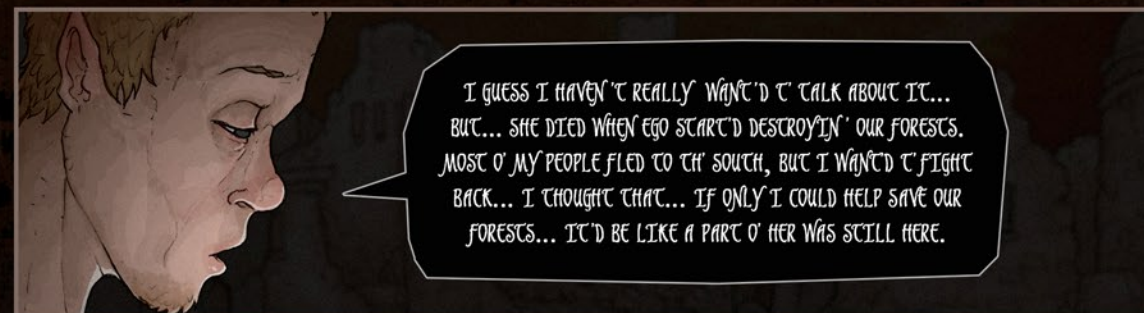
IT'S A BITCH,  
AIN'T IT?



I REMEMBER WALKIN' DOWN  
THESE PATHS... LONG AGO...  
WE'VE COME TO THE CITY  
OFTEN. I ALWAYS PREFERRED  
THE PEACE OF THE FORESTS, BUT  
MY WIFE... SHE LOVED THE  
CULTURE OF MAN.



YOU HAVE A WIFE?!  
NO WAAAAAAY! MAJOR  
BACKSTORY REVEAL!



I GUESS I HAVEN'T REALLY WANTED TO TALK ABOUT IT...  
BUT... SHE DIED WHEN EGO STARTED DESTROYING OUR FORESTS.  
MOST OF MY PEOPLE FLED TO THE SOUTH, BUT I WANTED TO FIGHT  
BACK... I THOUGHT THAT... IF ONLY I COULD HELP SAVE OUR  
FORESTS... IT'D BE LIKE A PART OF HER WAS STILL HERE.



WHAT WAS HER NAME?

ἡρώα.

"SEROWA?"

IT MEANS "FLEET OF FOOT" IN YER TONGUE. SHE WAS  
GRACEFUL, NIMBLE... AND FEARLESS. I WANTED TO BE  
STRONG... JUST LIKE HER. FER HER.



SHE SOUNDS GREAT!  
I MUST REMIND YOU  
OF HER, HUH?

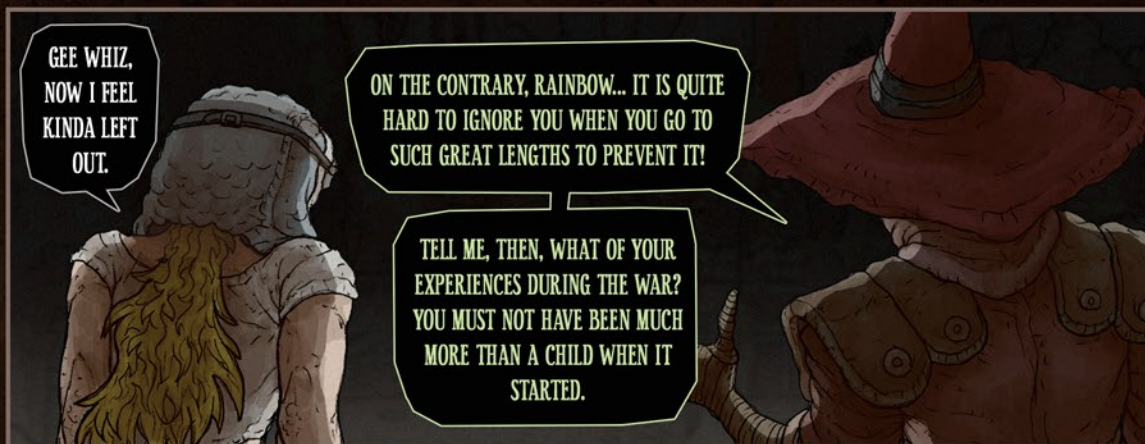
NO.



I AM TRULY SORRY, WOODS.  
ἡρώα ἡρώα ἡρώα,  
ἡρώα ἡρώα.



THANK YOU.



GEE WHIZ, NOW I FEEL KINDA LEFT OUT.

ON THE CONTRARY, RAINBOW... IT IS QUITE HARD TO IGNORE YOU WHEN YOU GO TO SUCH GREAT LENGTHS TO PREVENT IT!

TELL ME, THEN, WHAT OF YOUR EXPERIENCES DURING THE WAR? YOU MUST NOT HAVE BEEN MUCH MORE THAN A CHILD WHEN IT STARTED.



YOUNG MAN, I'LL HAVE YOU KNOW I WAS 17. AND A HALF.

AND YOUR PARENTS? WHERE WERE THEY?



PSHT. YOU'RE ASKIN' THE WRONG PERSON. MOM CARED MORE ABOUT HER STUPID PINK MANSION THAN ME. I WAS JUST ANOTHER ONE OF HER ACCESSORIES.



YOU DID NOT GET ALONG WITH HER? YOU REBELLED?

LET'S JUST SAY I DIDN'T "GO WITH THE SOFA".



AND YOUR FATHER?

MORE LIKE A MANNEQUIN. HOLLOW AND PLASTIC.



AND THAT STUPID SMILE...



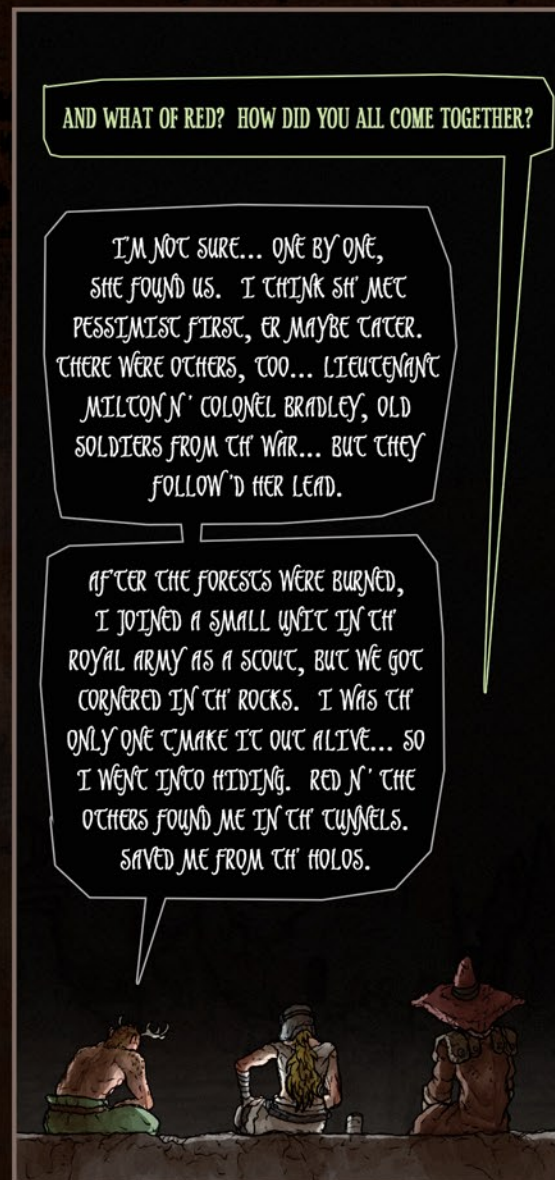
SURELY YOU MISS THEM... YOUR OWN PARENTS?

OF COURSE! LIKE I MISS CLEAN SOCKS!



...THIS EXPLAINS A LOT, DOESN'T IT, NECROMANJER?

HEY WOODS, IF I WANT COMMENTARY I'LL BUY THE DVD, OKAY?



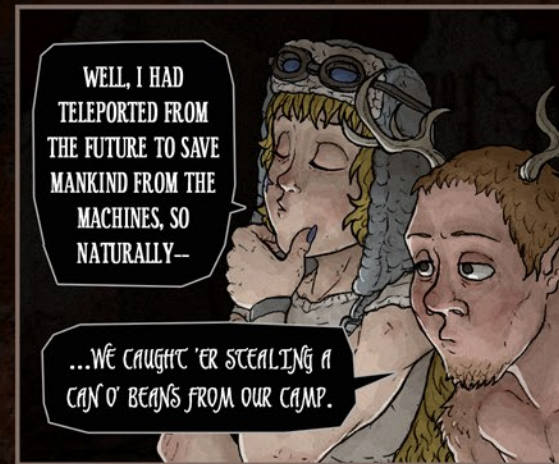
AND WHAT OF RED? HOW DID YOU ALL COME TOGETHER?

I'M NOT SURE... ONE BY ONE, SHE FOUND US. I THINK SH' MET PESSIMIST FIRST, ER MAYBE TATER. THERE WERE OTHERS, TOO... LIEUTENANT MILTON N' COLONEL BRADLEY, OLD SOLDIERS FROM TH' WAR... BUT THEY FOLLOW'D HER LEAD.

AFTER THE FORESTS WERE BURNED, I JOINED A SMALL UNIT IN TH' ROYAL ARMY AS A SCOUT, BUT WE GOT CORNERED IN TH' ROCKS. I WAS TH' ONLY ONE T' MAKE IT OUT ALIVE... SO I WENT INTO HIDING. RED N' THE OTHERS FOUND ME IN TH' TUNNELS. SAVED ME FROM TH' HOLOS.



AND YOU, RAINBOW?



WELL, I HAD TELEPORTED FROM THE FUTURE TO SAVE MANKIND FROM THE MACHINES, SO NATURALLY--

...WE CAUGHT 'ER STEALING A CAN O' BEANS FROM OUR CAMP.

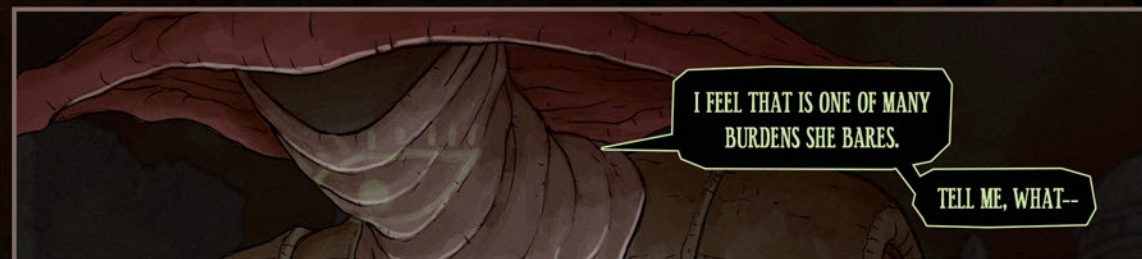


NO! I WAS JUST BORROWING THEM!

...I WAS GONNA GIVE THE CAN BACK.



...WE HAD CAMP'D OUT WHILE LOOKIN' FER SURVIVORS. RED INSIST'D WE DO THAT AFTER TH' WAR. THAT'S HOW WE FOUND KITTY. EVENTUALLY IT BECAME TOO DANGEROUS, 'SPECIALLY AFTER MILTON WAS KILL'D BY CABBAGE HEADS, AN' BRADLEY BY HOLOS. RED NEV'R FORGAVE HERSELF FER THAT.



I FEEL THAT IS ONE OF MANY BURDENS SHE BARES.

TELL ME, WHAT--



WHAT'S GOING ON?!  
WHAT WAS THAT?

BOOGEYMAN?

GRIFFIN?

...MOM?

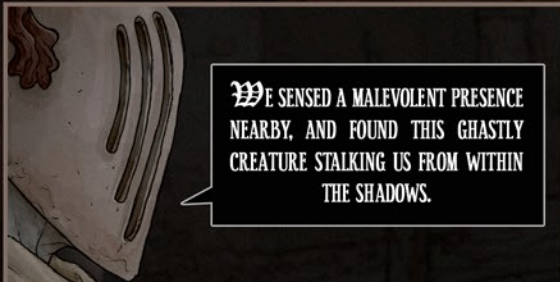
...IT SOUNDS LIKE THE HOLOS,  
BUT THAT WOULD BE IMPOSS--



THE DARKNESS LURES THE  
WRETCHED TO JUDGMENT,  
PILGRIM.



WHAT IS..?



WE SENSED A MALEVOLENT PRESENCE  
NEARBY, AND FOUND THIS GHASTLY  
CREATURE STALKING US FROM WITHIN  
THE SHADOWS.



**NO!**  
NO NO NO!  
HIDING! ONLY HIDING!



CEASE YOUR DEMONIC CANT,  
WHELP! ON YOUR KNEES.



...YOU.



JUDGMENT IS UPON THIS VILE WIGHT.  
SHE IS A DEMON, TRANSFORMED BY THE  
POISONS OF THE UNHOLY FORGES. HER  
SOUL MUST BE PURGED.



DIBS.

SHUT UP.

SCREW YOU,  
I ALREADY  
CALLED IT.

YOU KILLED COLONEL BRADLEY...  
YOU TRIED TO KILL US... YOU  
WANTED TO... EAT US.



...BUT YOU'RE NOT AS BRAVE  
WITHOUT YOUR HORDE, ARE YOU?



RED..!



YOU'RE A LUNATIC. A JUNKIE.  
GIVE ME ONE GOOD REASON NOT TO  
SLIT YOUR THROAT RIGHT HERE.



DON'T... DON'T HAVE ONE. I'M A  
MONSTER... DISGUSTING MONSTER.



THE EYES... THE EYES STARE  
AT ME... THEY KNOW WHAT I'VE  
DONE... WHAT I AM. THE GIANT  
WATCHES ME IN THE DARKNESS...  
I STILL FEEL IT.



GIANT?



THE SHADOW... HE WATCHES  
ME WITH GLOWING EYES.  
THEY GO IN MY HEAD AND  
THEY SEE... INSIDE.



KNOW WHAT I WAS BEFORE THE  
POISONS? I SANG... MADE MUSIC.  
NOW LOOK. LOOK AT WHAT I AM.



MY LIFE IS ALREADY OVER. IT WILL  
ALWAYS BELONG TO THE METAL  
CITY... AND TO THE SHADOW.

DO IT.



YOU CAN CHANGE  
IF YOU WANT TO.

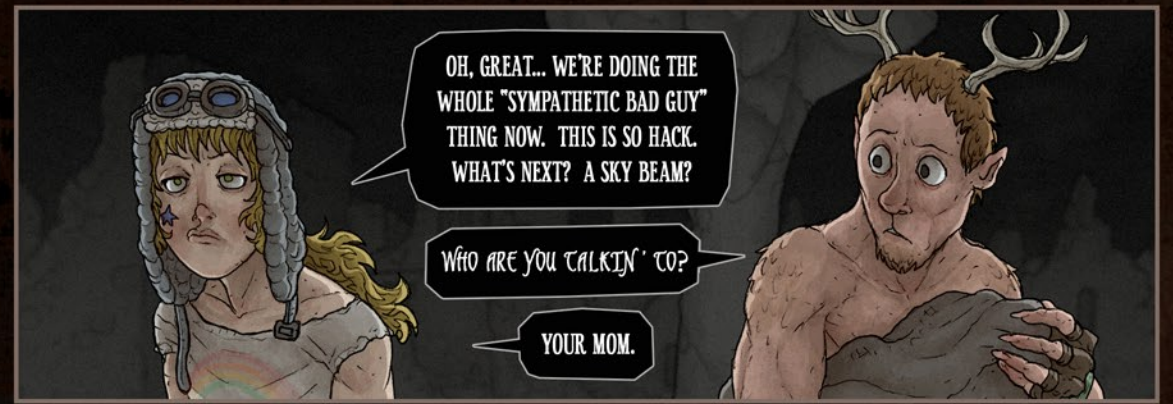


SHE CAN'T BE TRUSTED, RED. THIS IS  
NO TIME FOR MERCY. WE'RE AT WAR.



NOT WITH HER. WITH EGO.

...SOMEONE GET  
HER A BLANKET.



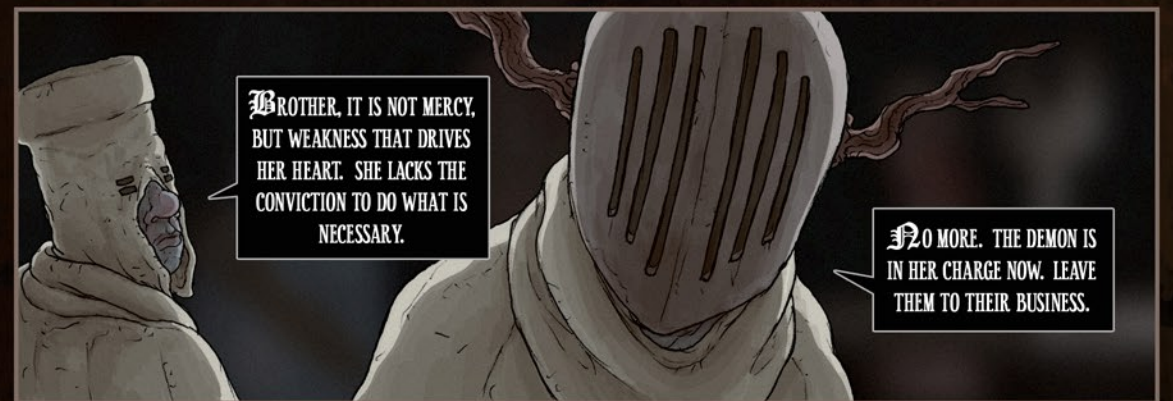
OH, GREAT... WE'RE DOING THE  
WHOLE "SYMPATHETIC BAD GUY"  
THING NOW. THIS IS SO HACK.  
WHAT'S NEXT? A SKY BEAM?

WHO ARE YOU TALKIN' TO?

YOUR MOM.



YOU SHOW TRAITS OF  
A REDEEMER, PILGRIM.  
WE HAVE CHOSEN OUR  
ALLIES WISELY.



BROTHER, IT IS NOT MERCY,  
BUT WEAKNESS THAT DRIVES  
HER HEART. SHE LACKS THE  
CONVICTION TO DO WHAT IS  
NECESSARY.

NO MORE. THE DEMON IS  
IN HER CHARGE NOW. LEAVE  
THEM TO THEIR BUSINESS.



THIS IS A MISTAKE. I KNOW IT.  
WE CAN'T TRUST HER.

TELL ME ABOUT IT.  
SHE DIDN'T EVEN  
SWEAR ON THE  
PRECIOUS.



NEXT CHAPTER: FACES IN THE DUST



All hail The Engine!  
All hail Lord Ego!

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

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

