

DUNGEONS & DRAGONS®

FORGOTTEN REALMS™ CLASSICS





DUNGEONS & DRAGONS®

FORGOTTEN REALMS CLASSICS

Forgotten Realms #19–25

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FORGOTTEN
REALMS

19 US \$1.75
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U.K. £1

FORGOTTEN REALMS™



RAGE



ALL HAIL KING AGRIVAR!

MASTER OF THE
WESTERN REALMS!



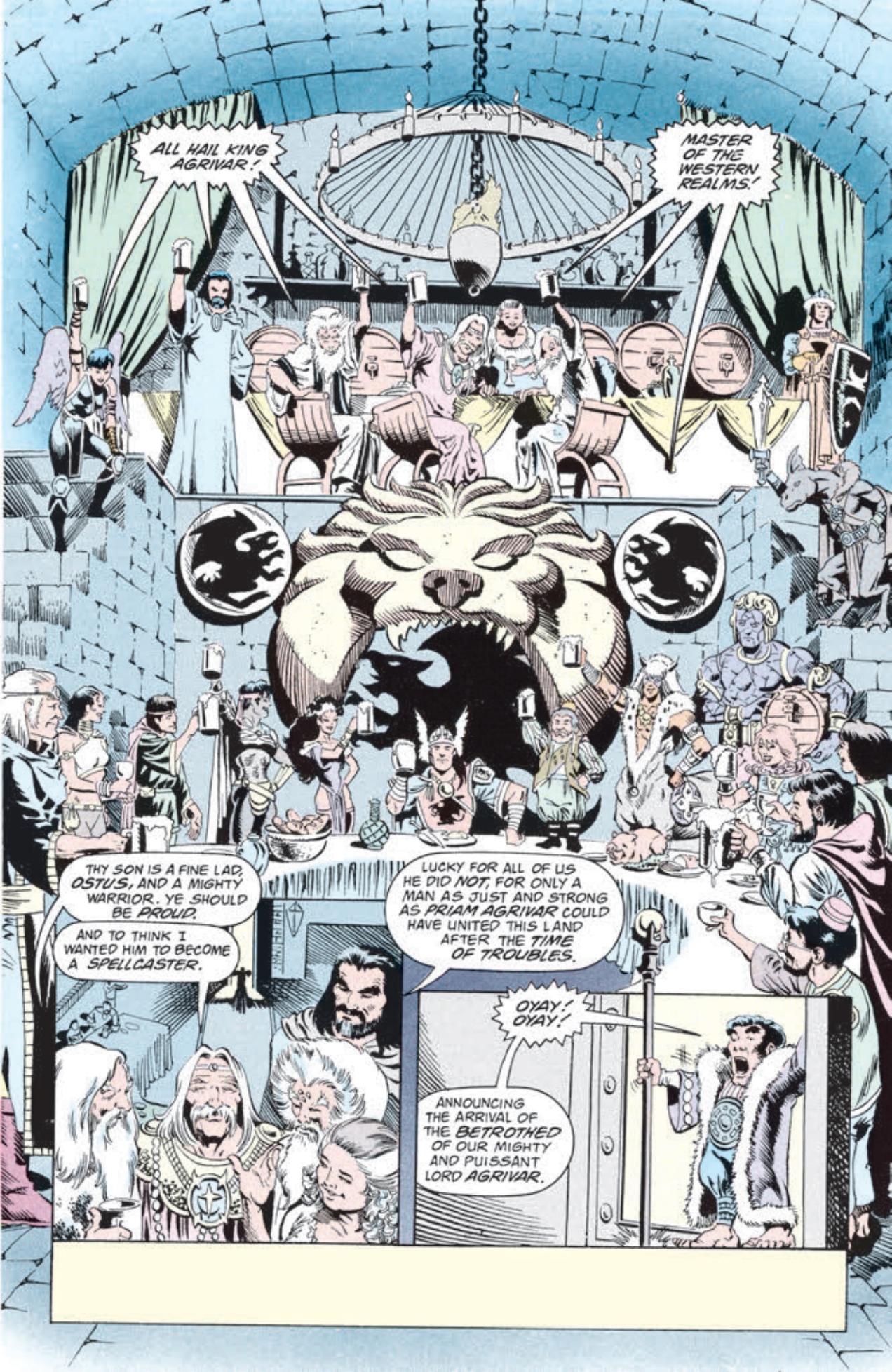
ANNOUNCING
THE ARRIVAL OF
THE BETROTHED
OF OUR MIGHTY
AND PUSSANT
LORD AGRIVAR.

OYAY!
OYAY!

THY SON IS A FINE LAD,
OSTUS, AND A MIGHTY
WARRIOR. YE SHOULD
BE PROUD.

AND TO THINK I
WANTED HIM TO BECOME
A SPELLCASTER.

LUCKY FOR ALL OF US
HE DID NOT, FOR ONLY A
MAN AS JUST AND STRONG
AS PRIAM AGRIVAR COULD
HAVE UNITED THIS LAND
AFTER THE TIME
OF TROUBLES.



THE EMPRESS
OF THE EAST!

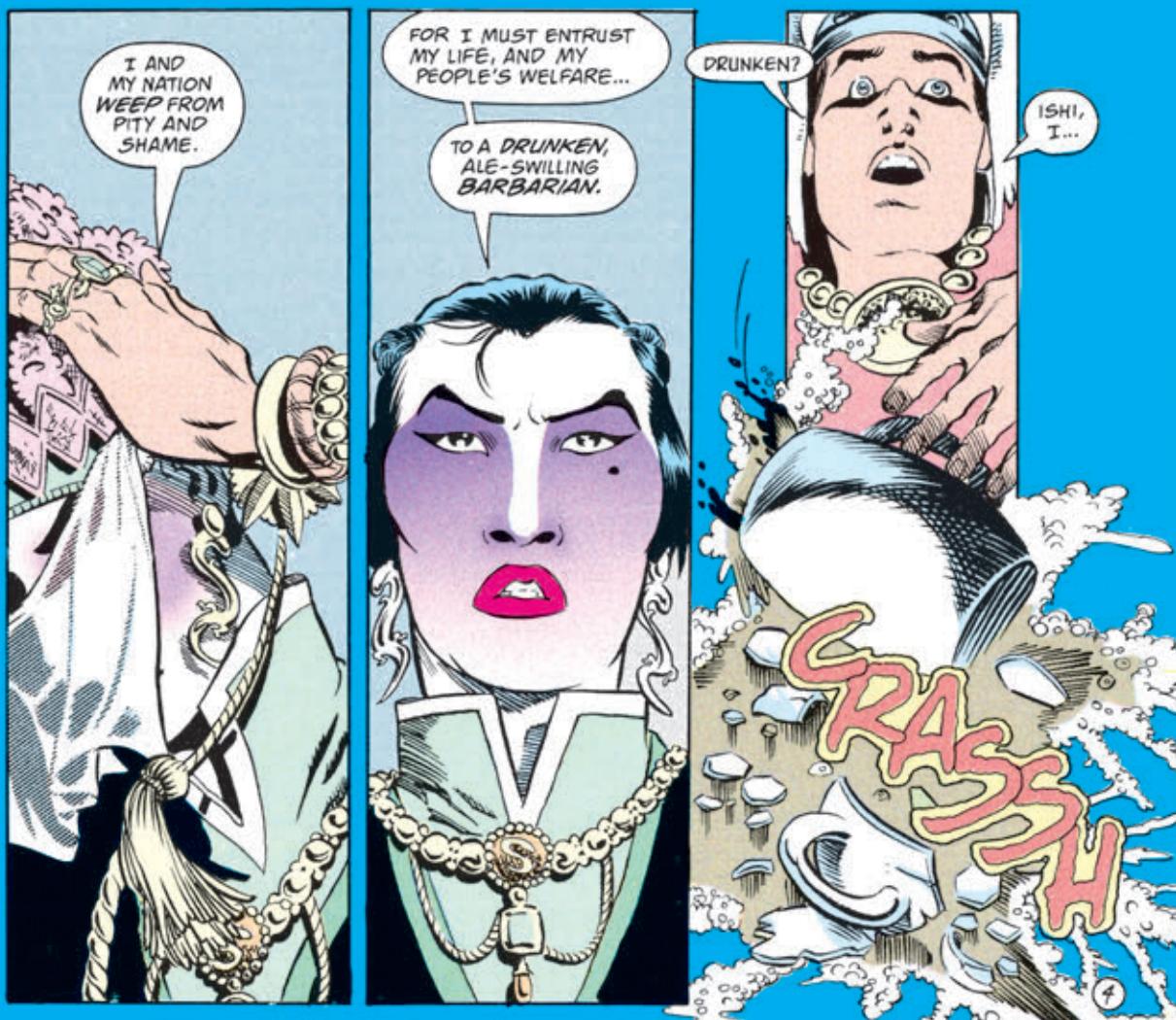
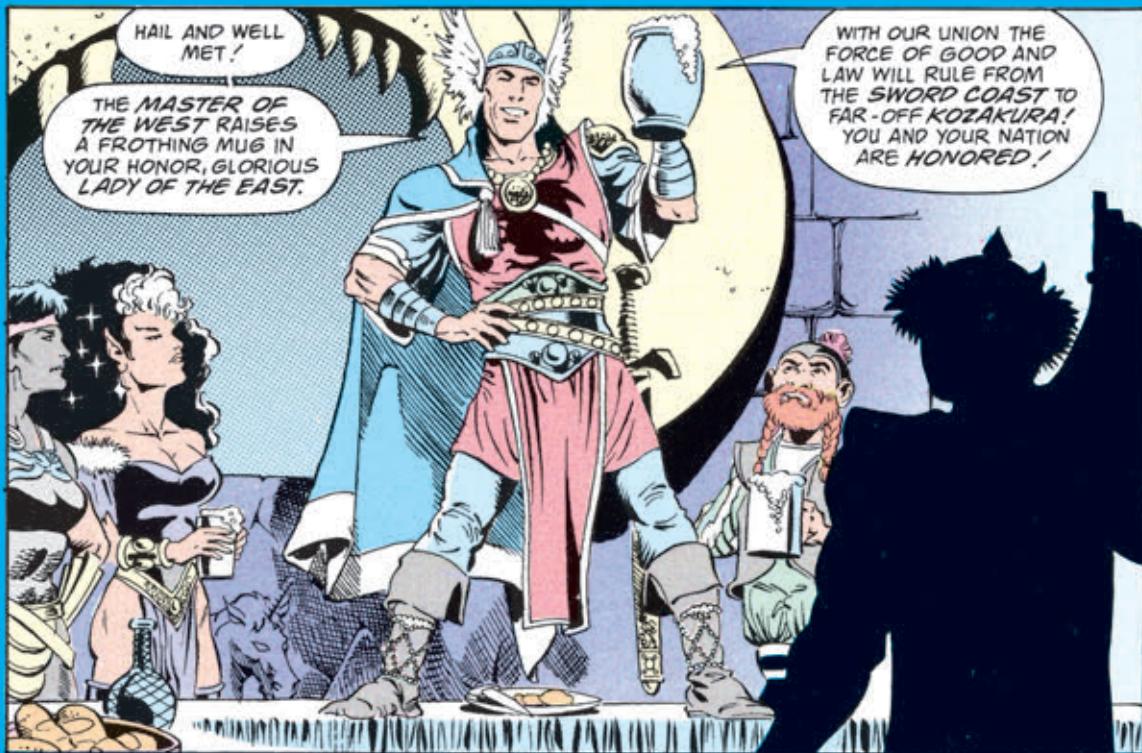




SHE'S...
BEAUTIFUL!

7SIGH

HUZZAH!



ISHI?

ISHI?

IT'S
ALL RIGHT,
PALADIN.

PICKING up the PIECES

JEFF
GRUBB
WRITER

RAGS
MORALES
PENCILLER

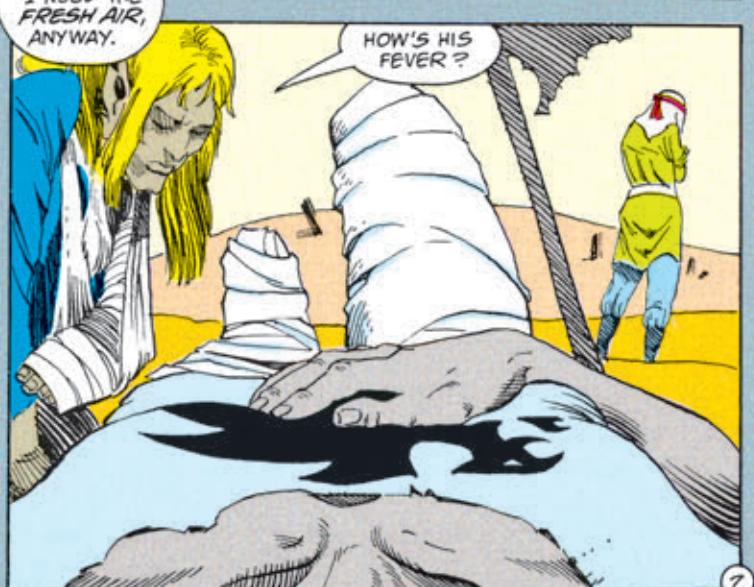
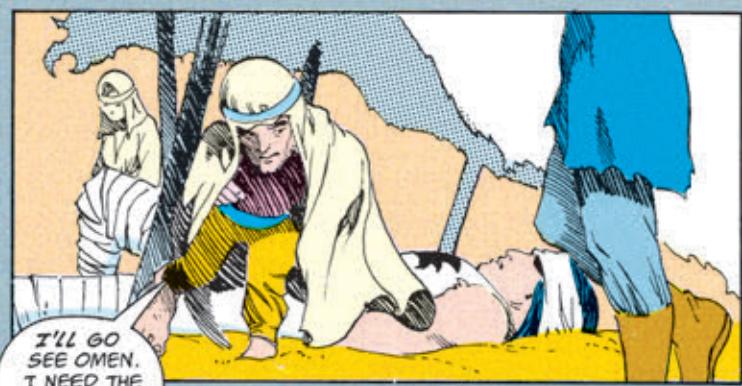
DAVE
SIMONS
INKER

TIM
HARKINS
LETTERER

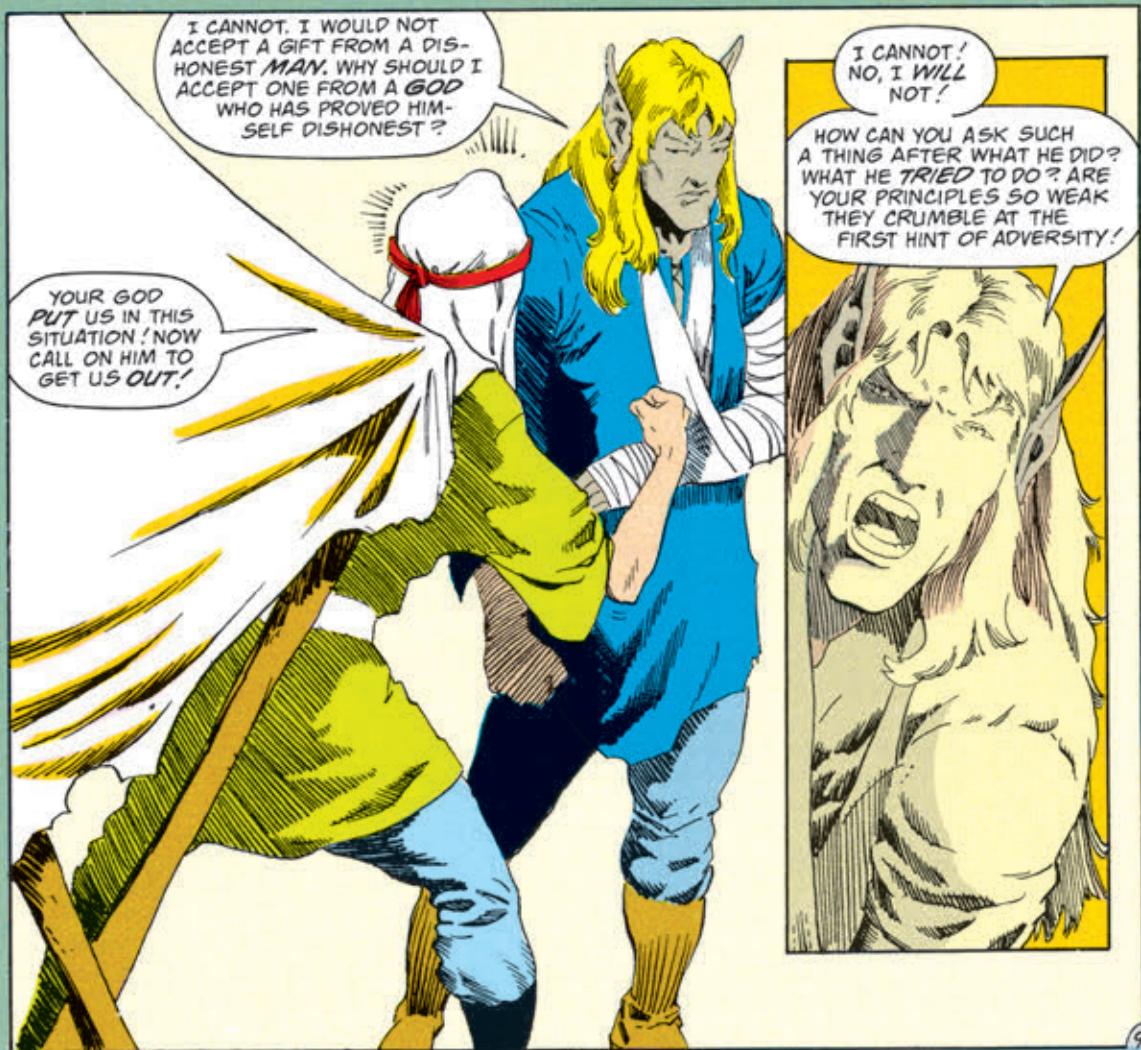
GENE
D'ANGELO
COLORIST

KIM
YALE
EDITOR

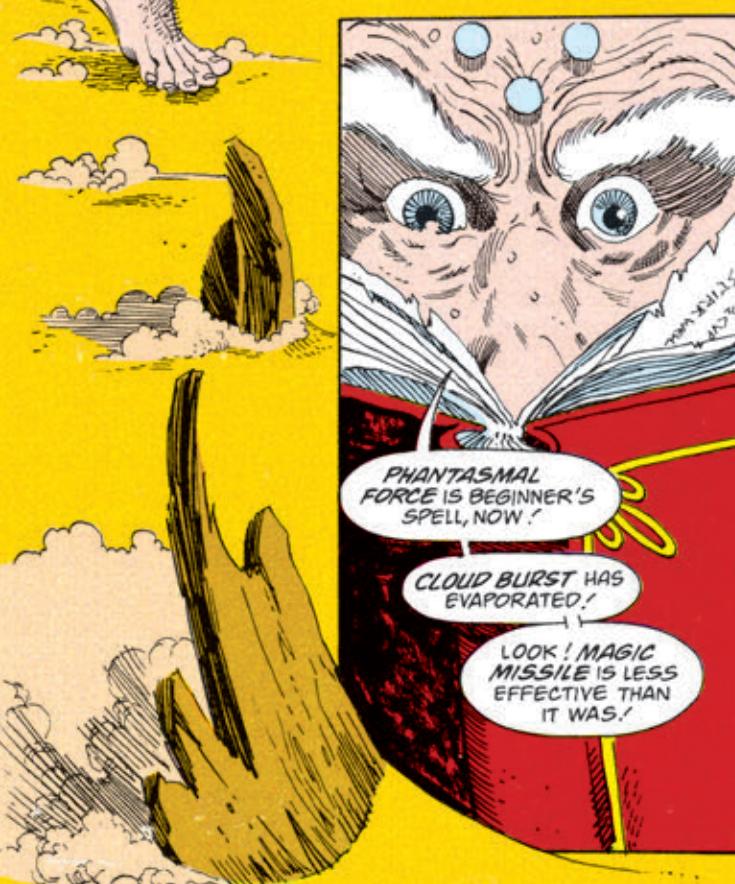
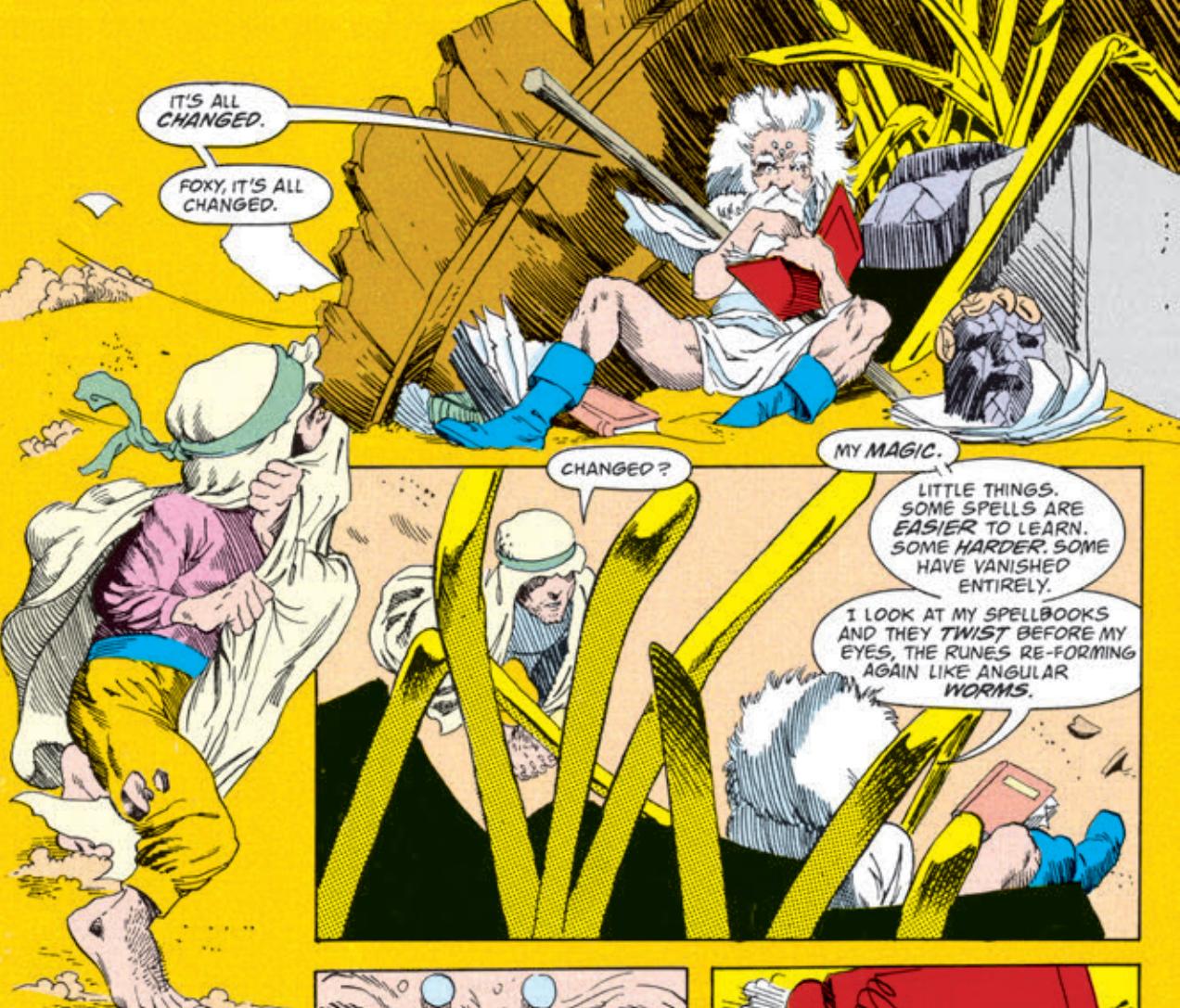


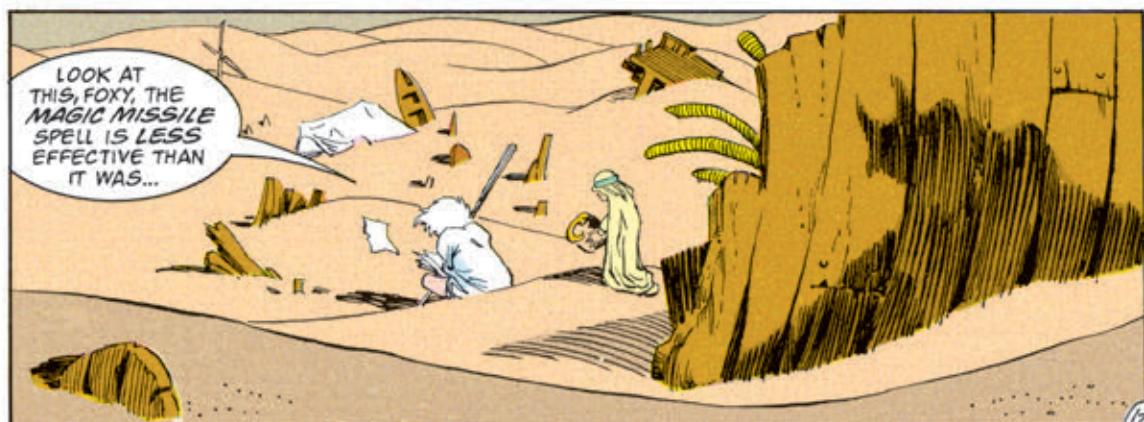
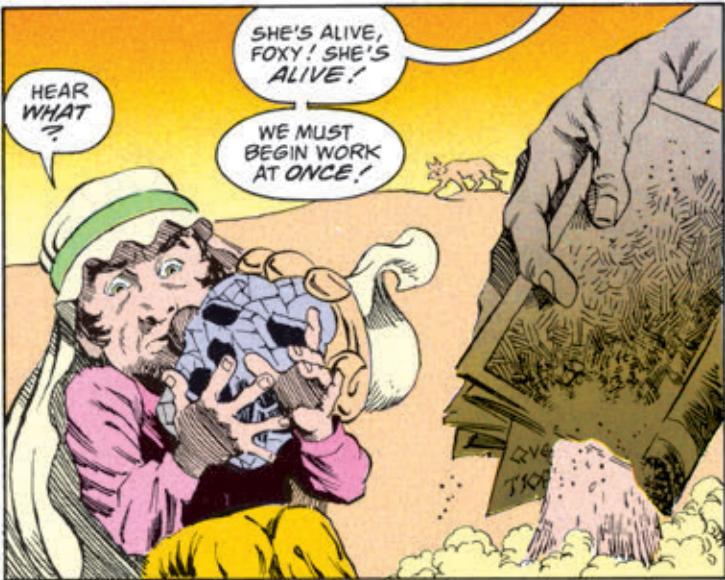
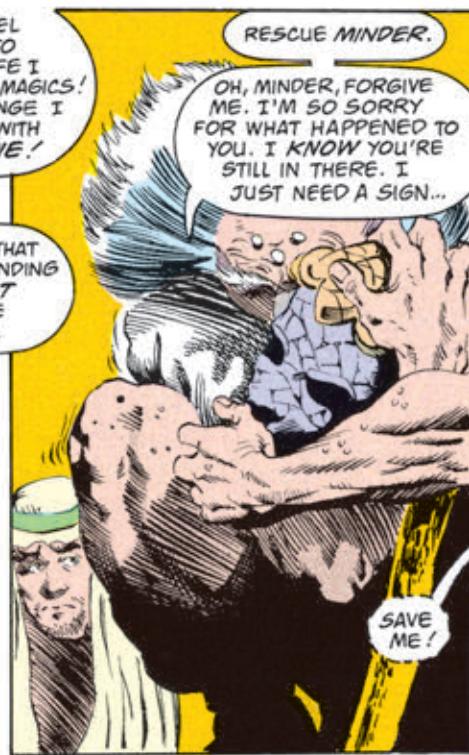








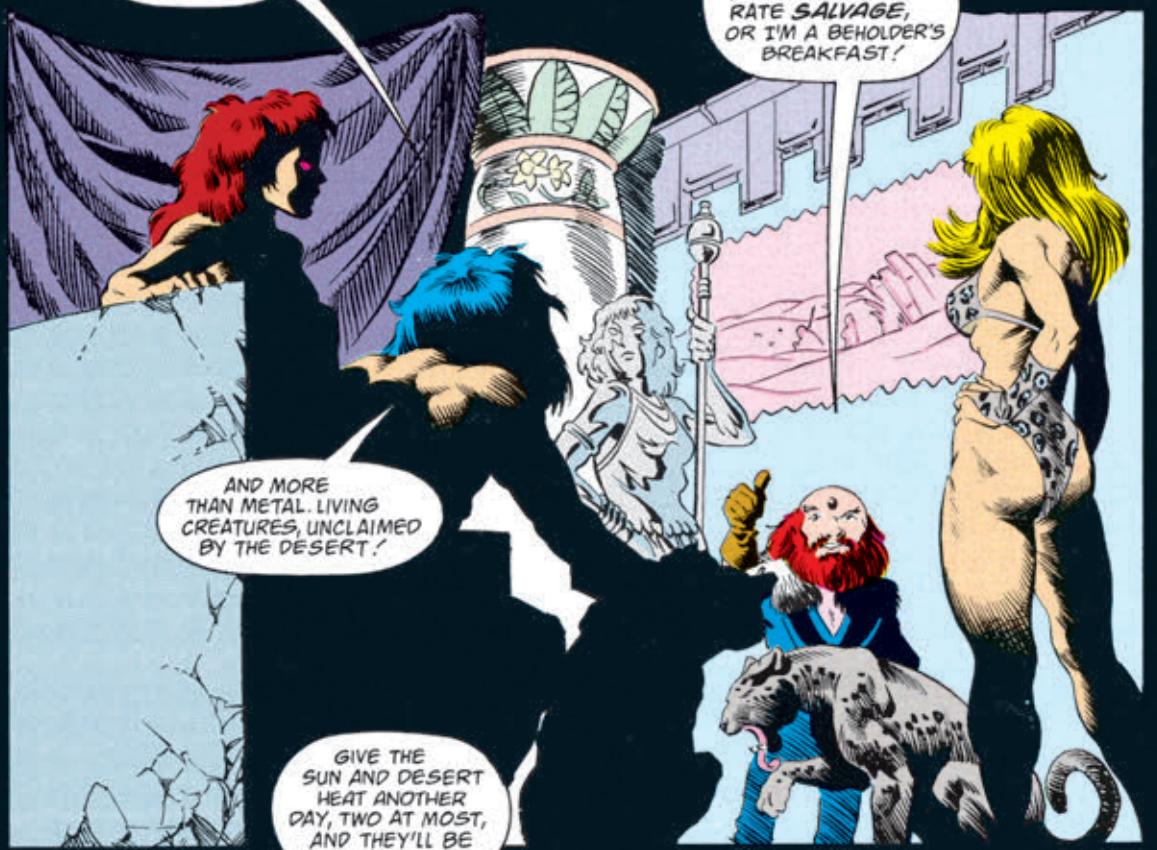






WE HAVE
NEW ARRIVALS
ABOVE.

AYE, AND
GOOD METAL
AT THAT! FIRST-
RATE SALVAGE,
OR I'M A BEHOLDER'S
BREAKFAST!

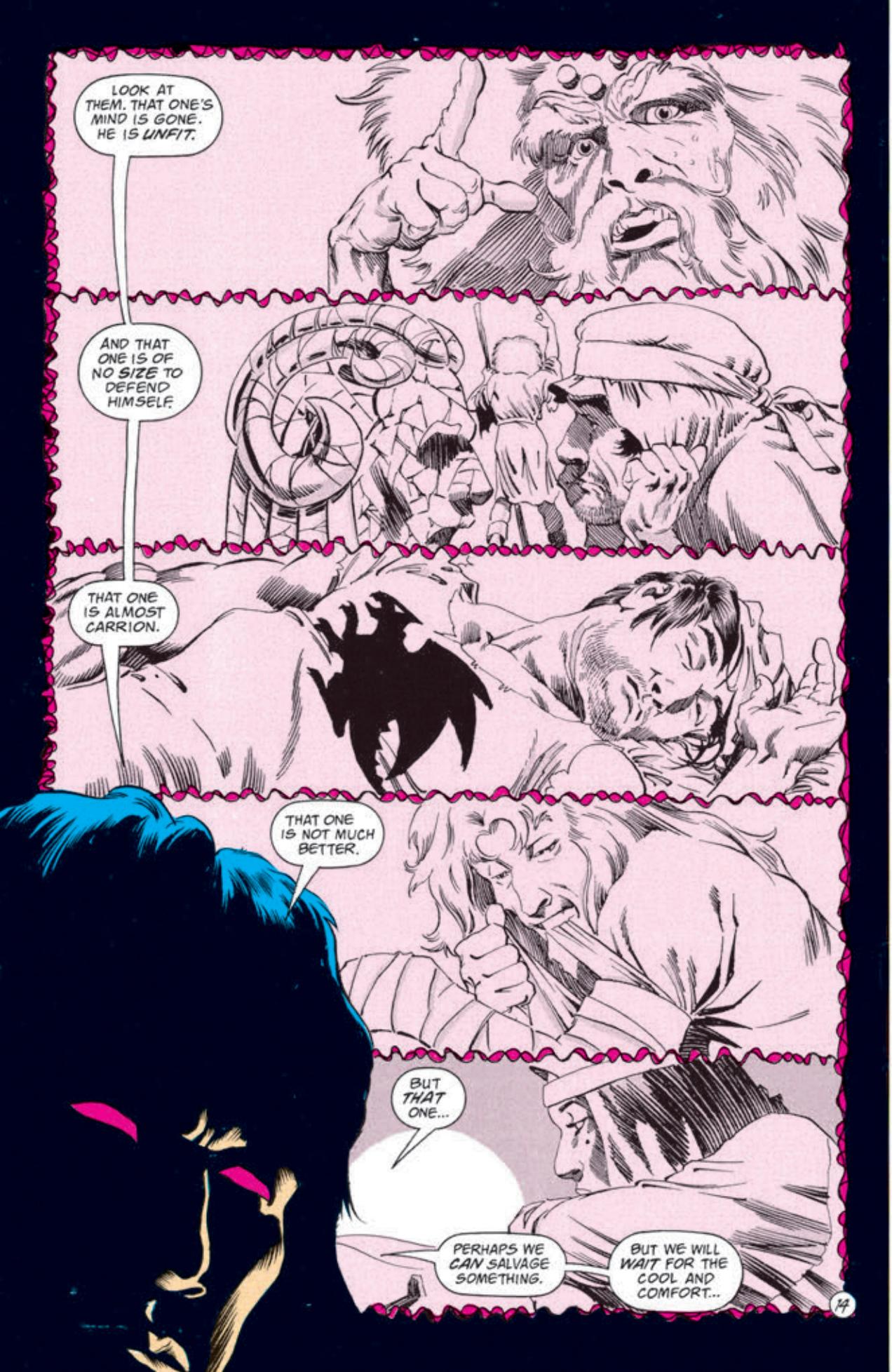


AND MORE
THAN METAL. LIVING
CREATURES, UNCLAIMED
BY THE DESERT!

GIVE THE
SUN AND DESERT
HEAT ANOTHER
DAY, TWO AT MOST,
AND THEY'LL BE
CARRION.



TRUE ENOUGH.
PERHAPS OUR
SALVAGE SHOULD
INCLUDE LIVING
FLESH AS WELL
AS UNLIVING
METAL.



LOOK AT
THEM. THAT ONE'S
MIND IS GONE.
HE IS UNFIT.

AND THAT
ONE IS OF
NO SIZE TO
DEFEND
HIMSELF.

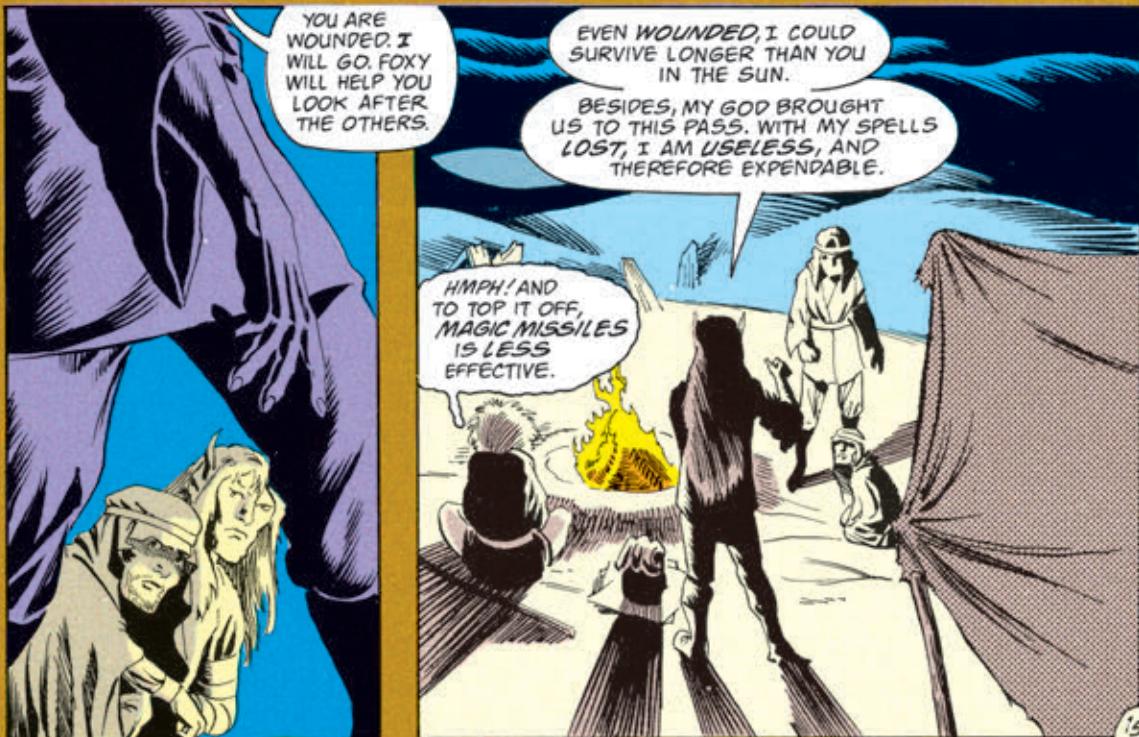
THAT ONE
IS ALMOST
CARRION.

THAT ONE
IS NOT MUCH
BETTER.

BUT
THAT
ONE...

PERHAPS WE
CAN SALVAGE
SOMETHING.

BUT WE WILL
WAIT FOR THE
COOL AND
COMFORT...





YOU'VE REJECTED YOUR SPELLS, NOT LOST THEM. IN YOUR STATE OF MIND, YOU'D GET A HALF-MILE AWAY, LIE DOWN, AND WAIT FOR YOUR GOD TO CLAIM YOU. YOU CAN'T BE TRUSTED!

TRUSTED?
YOU'RE A FINE ONE TO TALK ABOUT TRUST. YOU WANT ME TO CALL ON A BEING THAT NEARLY DESTROYED US?



DO YOU REALLY WANT LABELAS BACK IN YOUR LIFE? DO YOU REGRET MISSING YOUR CHANCE TO "DALLY" WITH A GOD? DO YOU HATE US FOR SPOILING YOUR CHANCE?



YES, THAT'S RIGHT. STRIKE OUT IN HATE. THAT'S THE ONLY EMOTION I CAN WRING FROM YOU. HATE AND ANGER.

YOU ALMOST CHOPPED OFF MY WRIST IN THAT FINAL BATTLE.

LABELAS LET ME FEEL, MADE ME FEEL THE PAIN.



YOU HATE ME FOR WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO ALL OF YOU. YOU WANT ME TO GROVEL BACK TO LABELAS SO YOU CAN HATE HIM THROUGH ME.



BUT I ACCEPT THAT HATRED, AND UNDERSTAND IT. IT IS A PRIEST'S DUTY TO REPRESENT HIS GOD, TO REAP THE BENEFITS AND THE PENALTIES OF THAT DUTY.

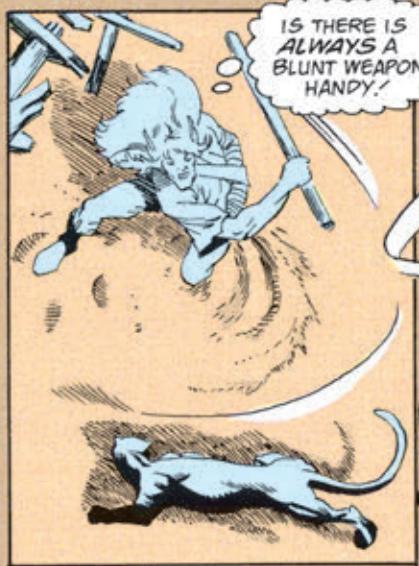
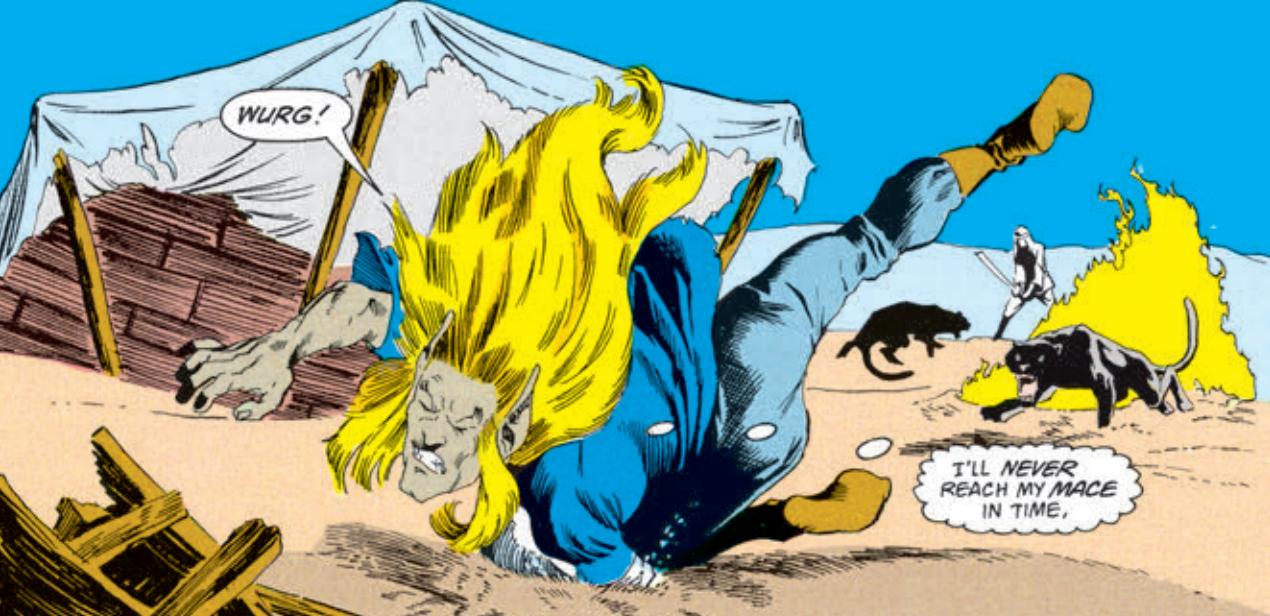


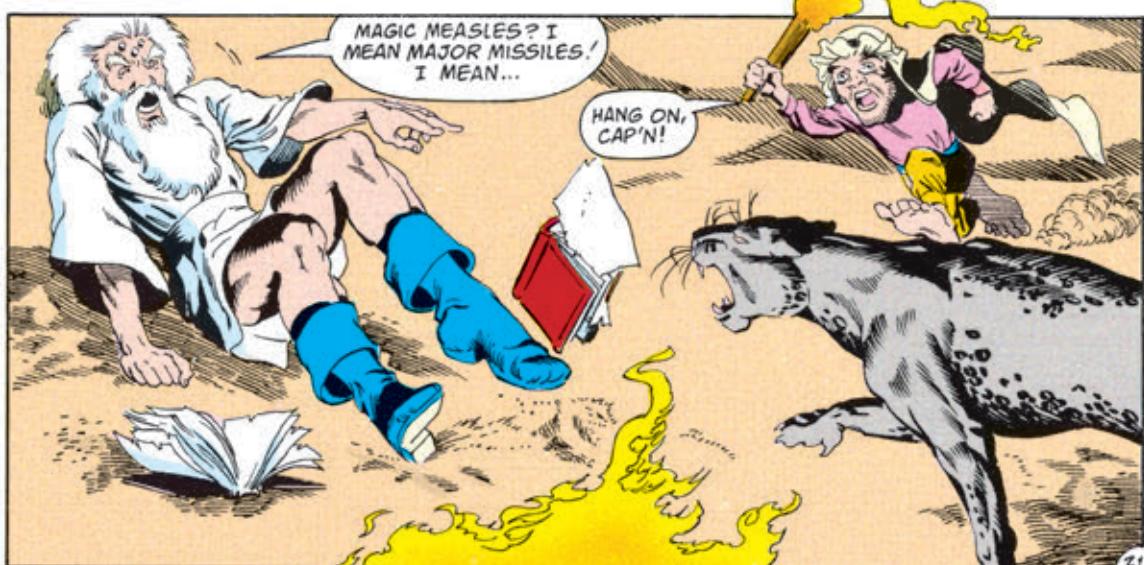
YOU CANNOT KILL LABELAS.
THE BEST YOU CAN DO IS KILL ME!

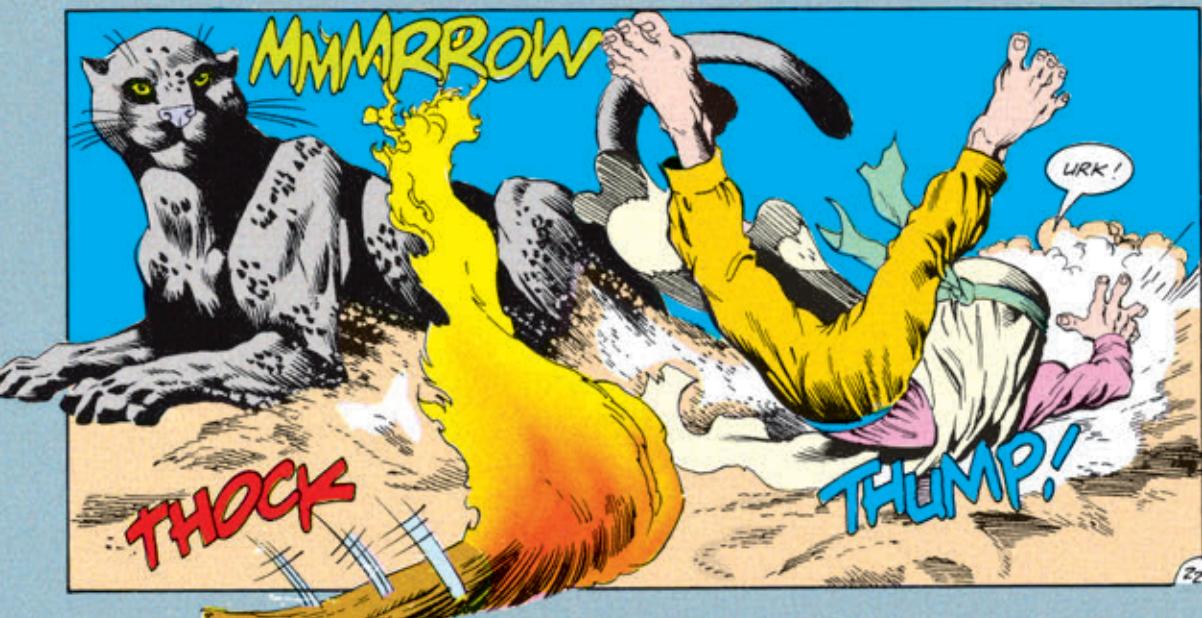
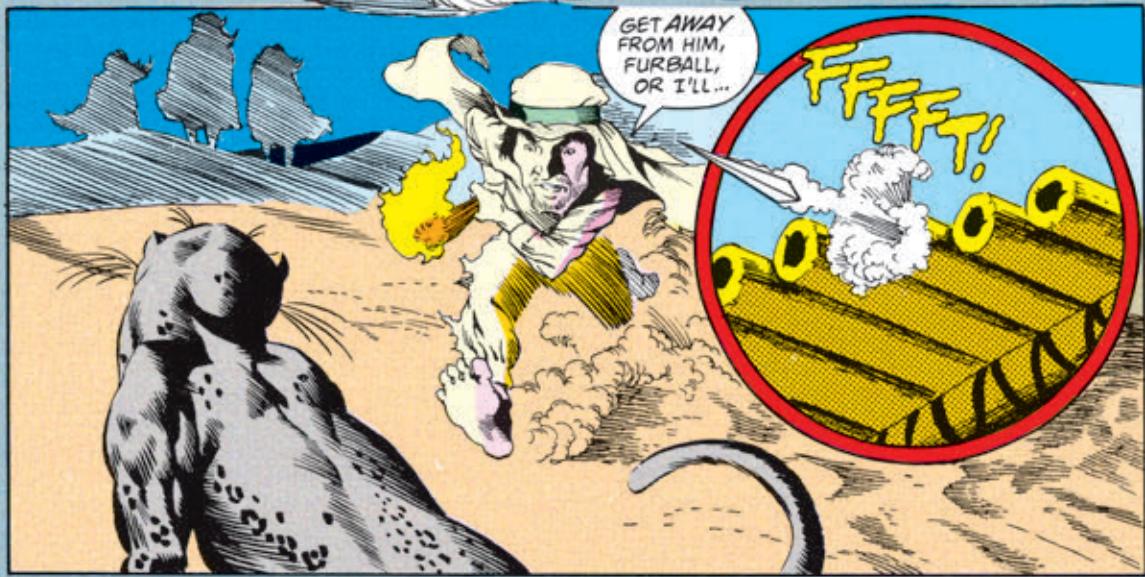
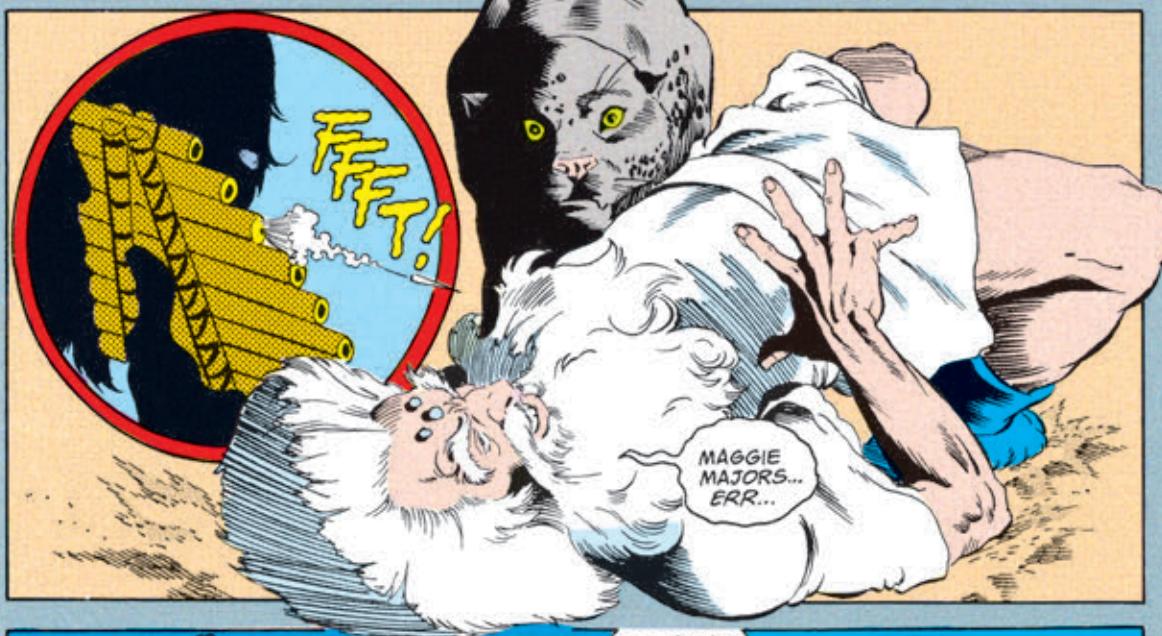












YOU DO NOT SEEM
TO FEAR MY
STEEL, CAT.

NO WORRY.
I HAVE OTHER
WEAPONS.

NOW TO
HELP THE
OTHERS...

FFFFT!

A DART?
THOCK

Poisoned,
but...?

YOU!

WHO ARE
YOU?

WHO...
ARE...?

WUMPH!



YOU MAY
CALL US...
↑
SALVATION.

TO BE CONTINUED...

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CODE
SAF
AUTHORITY

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COLD.

BLISSFUL,
BEAUTIFUL
COLD.

THE TYPE OF COLD THAT
FREEZES THE SOUNDS OF
THE FOREST, WRAPPING
THEM IN A HEAVY MUFFLER
OF SNOW.



THE TEMPLE STANDS OUT LIKE
A BEACON. COLOR AGAINST THE
WHITE, A GAUDY STRUMPT
FRAMED BY PALE SHEETS.

THE MUSIC WITHIN CUTS THROUGH
THE SILENCE LIKE A SWEET HAMMER
BREAKING GLASS.

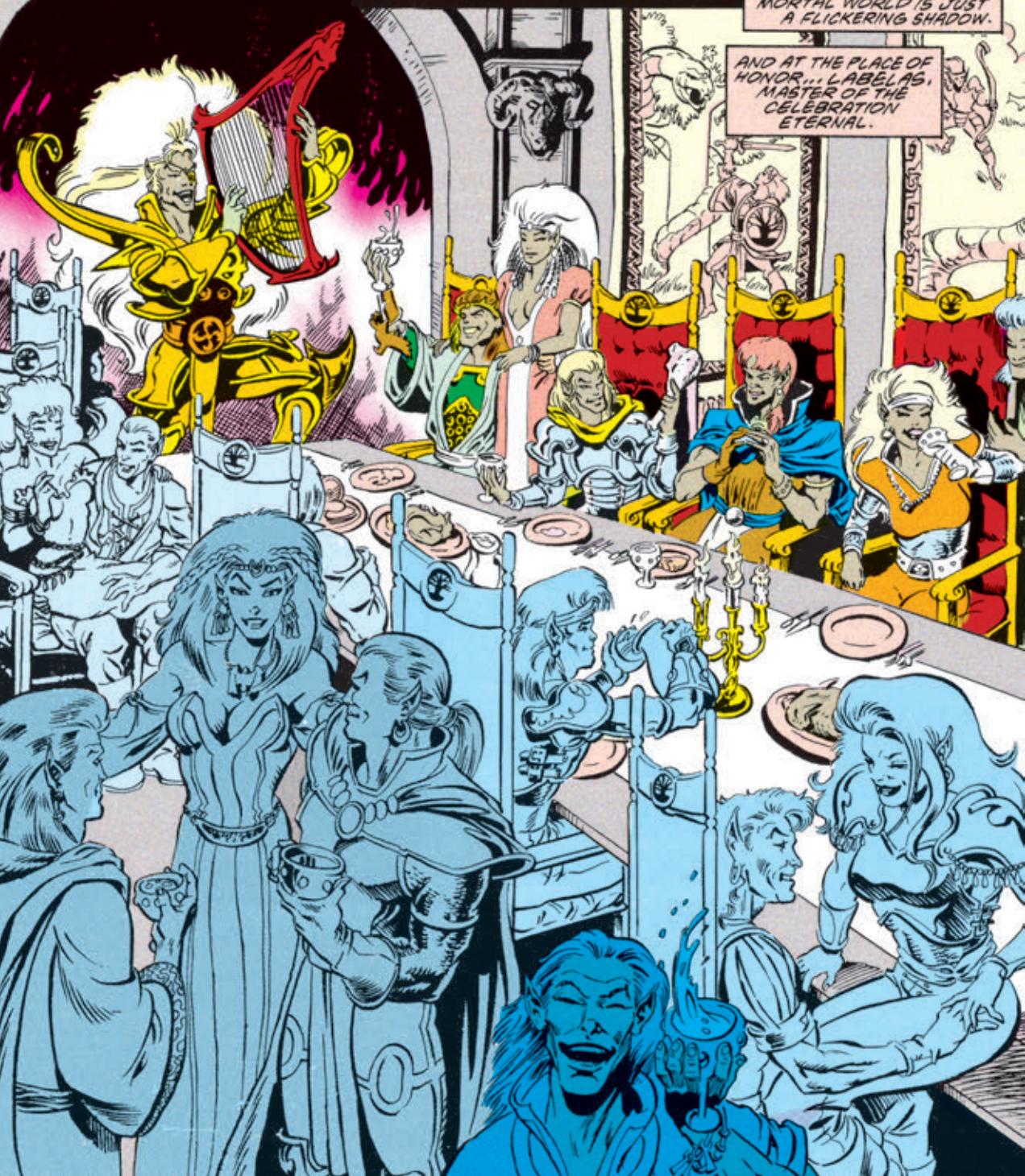
I HEAR THE CRYSTALLINE
SPARKLE OF THE HARPS, THE
DELICATE CLATTER OF GOLDEN
KNIVES AND JEWELED GOBLETS.

AND VOICES.

THE SHARP LILT,
THE FLOWING
CADENCE -- I KNOW
BEFORE I LOOK.

A REVEL FOR IMMORTAL
ELVES, OF WHICH THE
MORTAL WORLD IS JUST
A FLICKERING SHADOW.

AND AT THE PLACE OF
HONOR... LABELAS,
MASTER OF THE
CELEBRATION
ETERNAL.



HOW DOES
IT FEEL,
GOD?

TO BE LOVED
FOREVER, HAPPY
FOREVER, YOUNG
FOREVER?

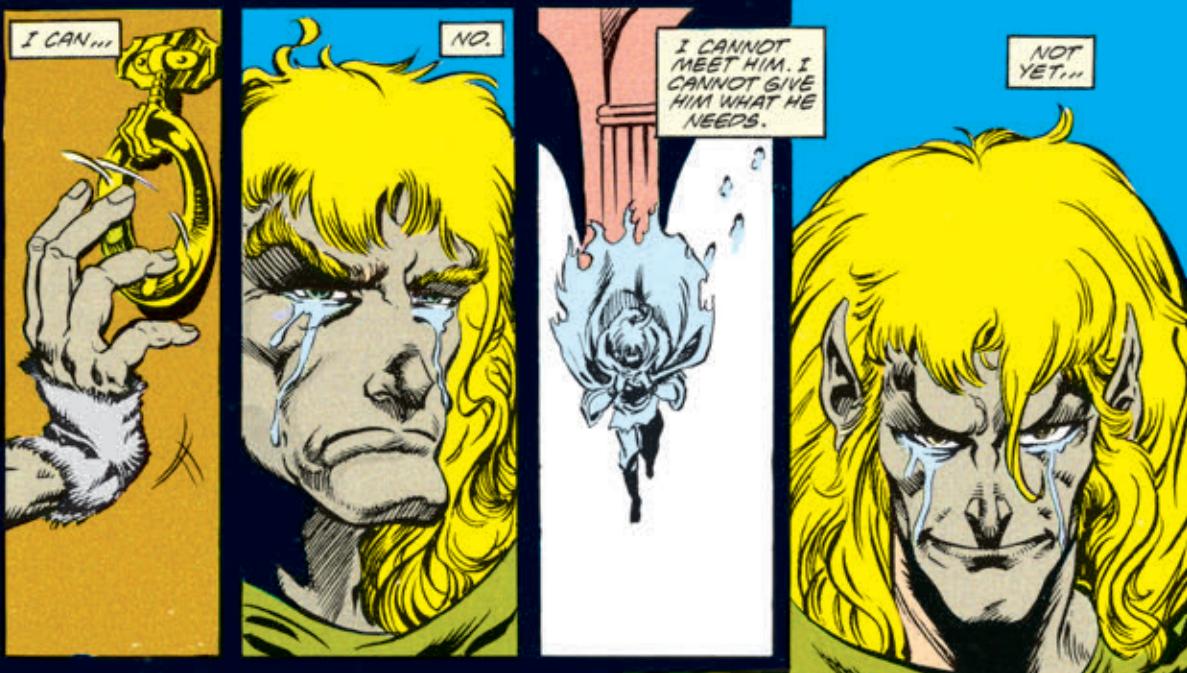
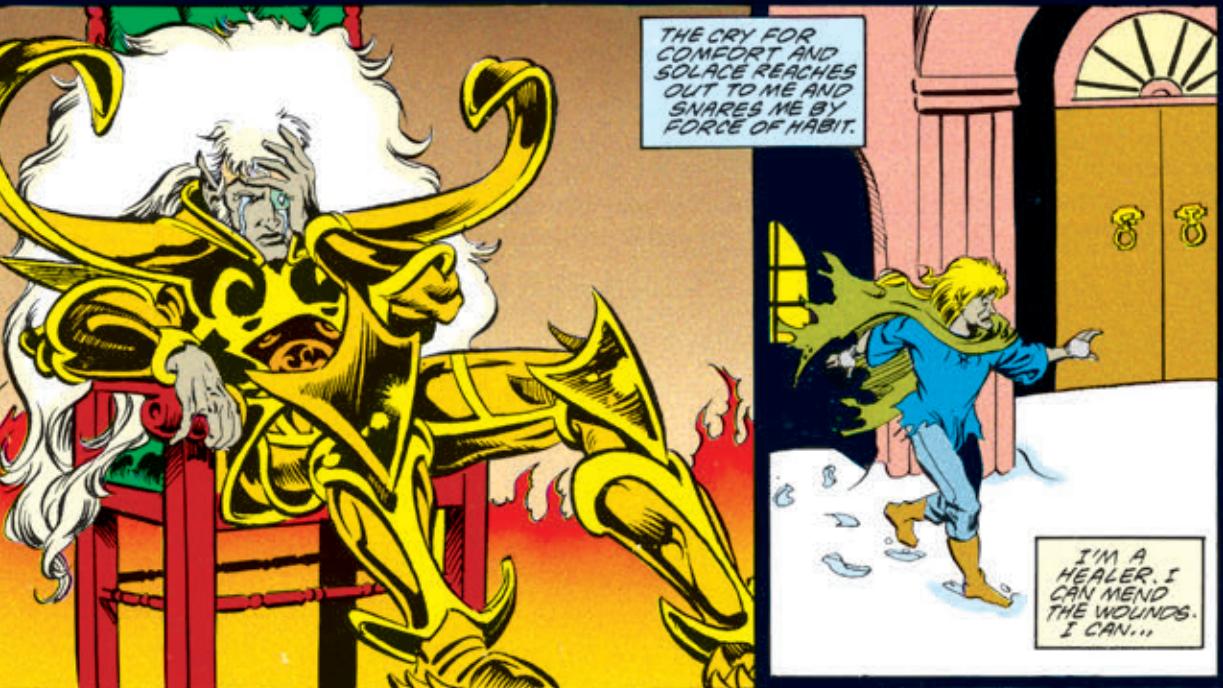


WHEN
EVERYTHING ELSE...

...PASSES
FROM THIS
LIFE...

...LIKE A
DESERT
SNOWFALL?

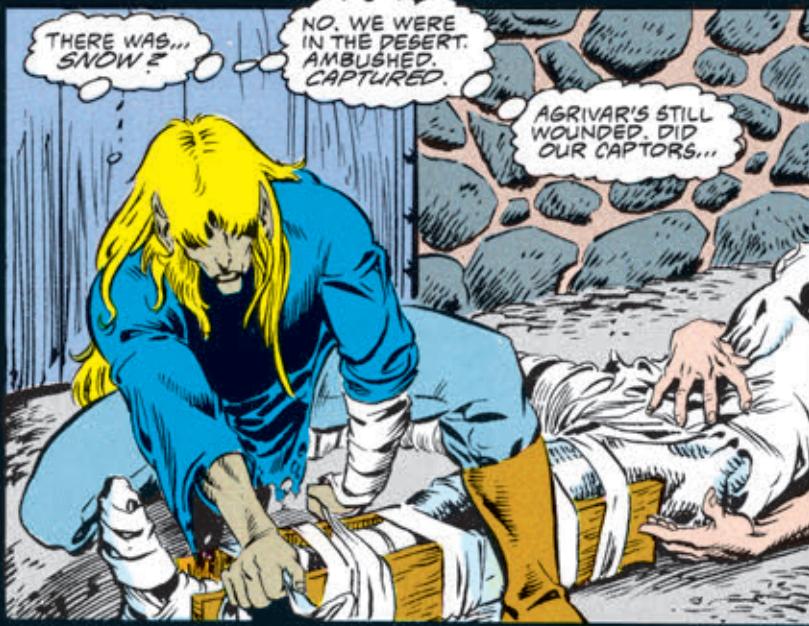


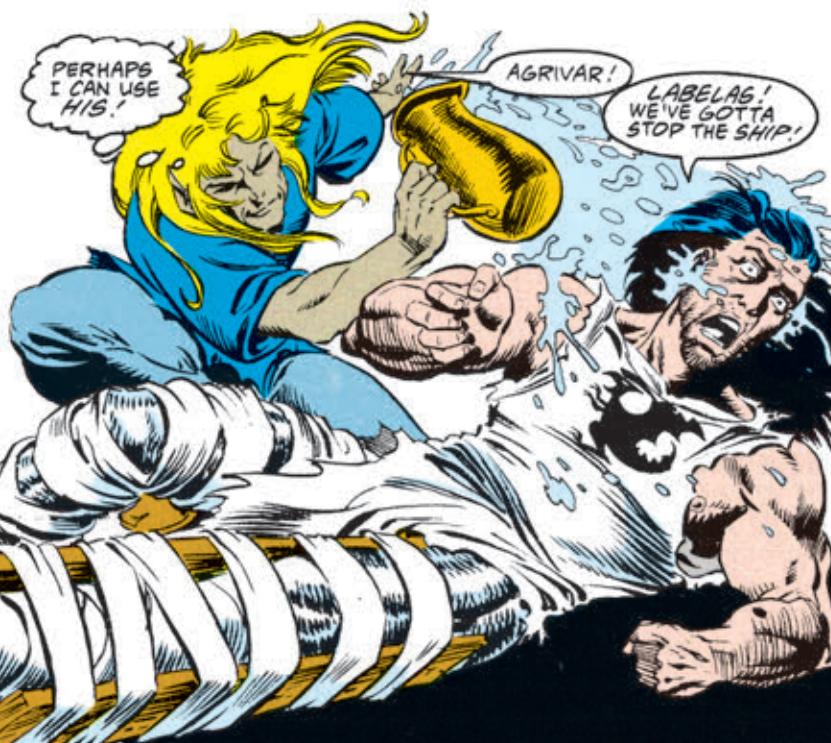




TEMPTATIONS

JEFF GRUBB - WRITER * TOM RANEY - ART
DAVE SIMONS - INKS * GENE O'ANGELO - COLORS
ALBERT DE GUZMAN - LETTERS * KIM YALE - EDITING





THERE'S BEEN A BATTLE.
THERE ARE WOUNDED. WE
NEED YOUR HEALING
ABILITIES, PALADIN.

I'M... TAPPED OUT. WE
NEED YOUR ABILITIES OR...
THE WOMAN WILL DIE.

HERE. EASY.
LET ME GUIDE
YOUR HANDS.



SHUT YOUR EYES.
SHUT OUT THE PAIN.
JUST CONCENTRATE
ON HEALING.

...CONCENTRATE...

VERY...
GOOD.

LET'S THROW IN A
CURE DISEASE
WHILE YOU'RE
AT IT.





SILENCE, PRISONER! WE ARE TO DELIVER YOU TO THE MASTER, BUT HE SAID NOTHING ABOUT DELIVERING YOU IN ONE PIECE.

EASY, LONGERRA. A HEALTHY CURIOSITY IS A POSITIVE SIGN.

NO, WARRIOR, WE DID NOT BUILD THIS UNDERGROUND LAIR. OTHERS, MORE ANCIENT THAN OURSELVES, CREATED THIS PLACE.

THEY HAVE SINCE PASSED ON.

DID THIS "PASSING ON" OCCUR BEFORE OR AFTER YOUR ARRIVAL?

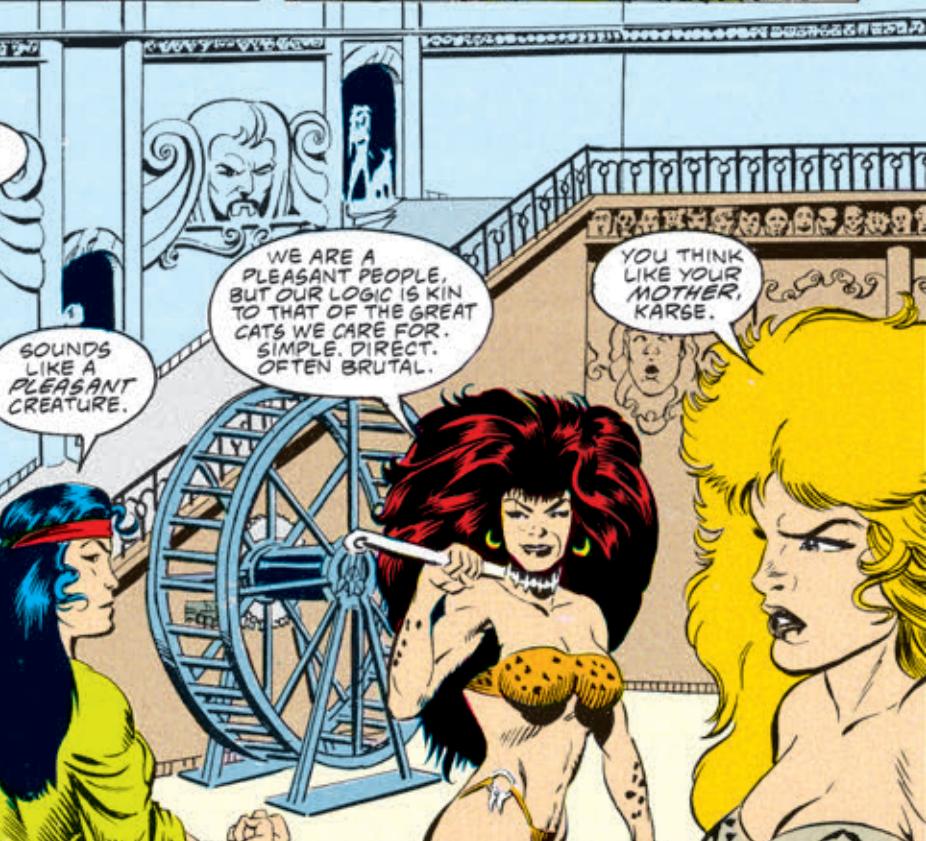
KARSE, LET ME SILENCE HER MOCKING TONGUE!

AND DENY KNOWLEDGE TO ONE WHO MIGHT JOIN OUR SISTERHOOD? YOU SHOW YOUR INEXPERIENCE, LONGERRA.

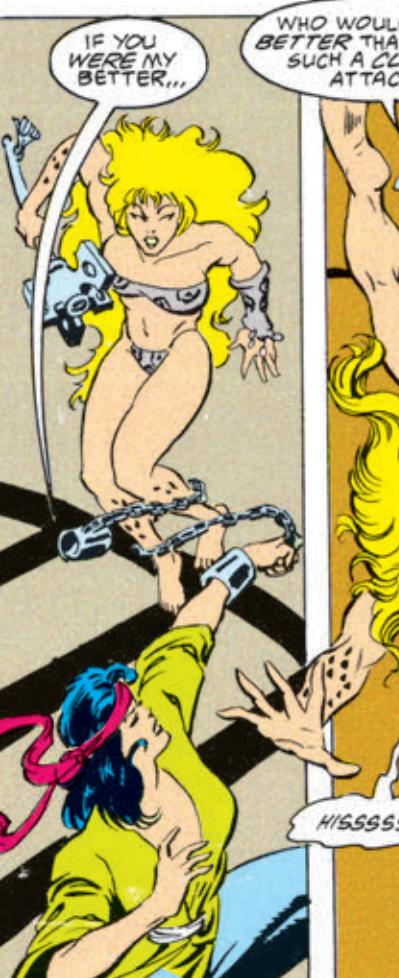
HMPF!

THIS "SISTERHOOD"? WHAT IS THAT?

WE ARE THE AKRI. WE ARE LED BY LOS, THE MASTER.





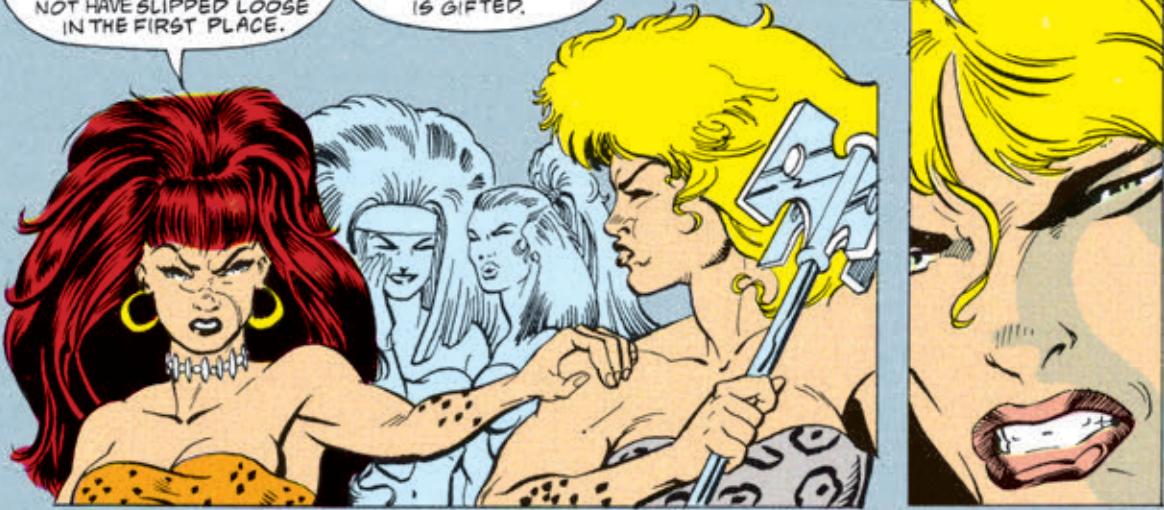




NO, YOU HAD A CHANCE,
AND SHE BESTED YOU FAIRLY.
IF WE HAD BOTH BEEN
OBSEVIANT SHE WOULD
NOT HAVE SLIPPED LOOSE
IN THE FIRST PLACE.

TREAT HER WITH
RESPECT, FOR IF SHE
JOINS US, HER RANK
WILL BE HIGH. SHE
IS GIFTED.

GIFTED Z PHAUF!
SHE CANNOT EVEN--



WHAT SHE CAN AND
CANNOT DO HAS YET TO
BE DETERMINED. IN THE
MEANTIME YOU WILL
TREAT HER WITH RESPECT
UNTIL LOS OR I SAY
OTHERWISE. UNDERSTOOD?

GRRRRR!
LOS WILL NOT APPRECIATE
OUR TARRYING. COME ALONG,
WARRIOR.



CALL ME ISHI. I TAKE IT
YOUR FRIEND DOES NOT
LIKE ME.

YOU THREATEN HER POSITION.
SHE IS EMBARRASSED BY THE
LOSS.

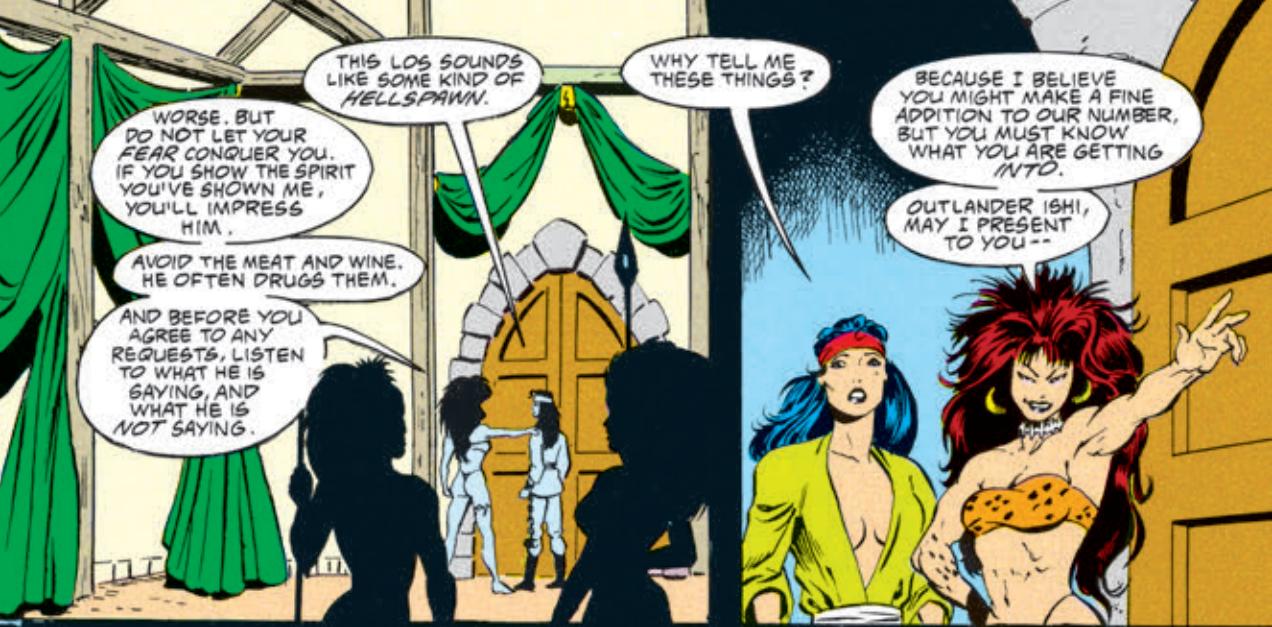
AND YOU, KARSE Z
ARE YOU THREATENED?

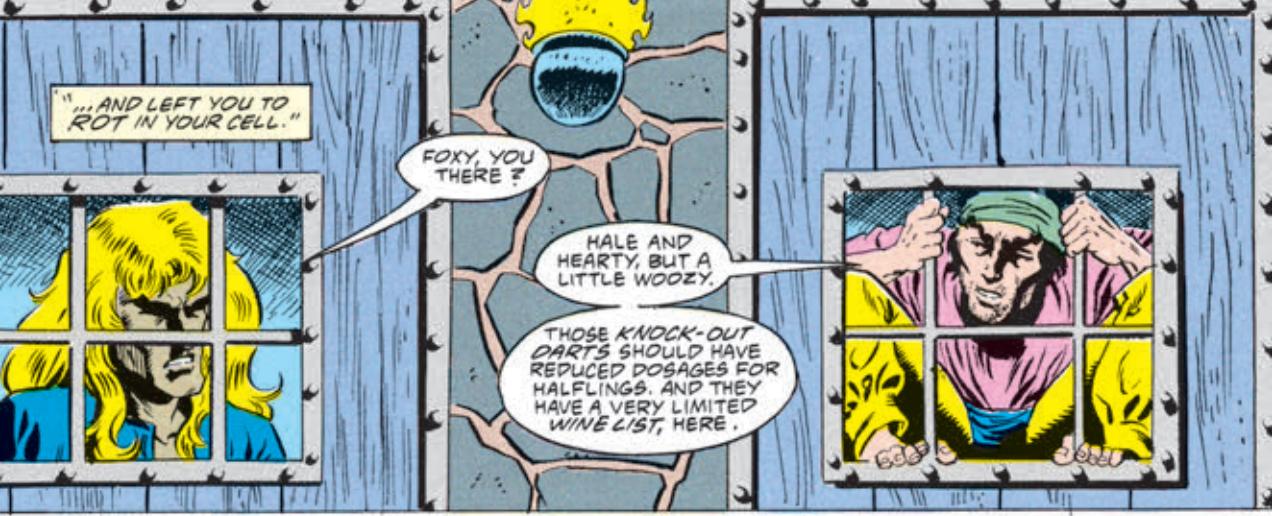
OUR FIGHT WAS A PLEASANT
DIVERSION. WE HAVE YET TO FULLY
TEST YOUR ABILITIES AGAINST
MINE, ISHI.

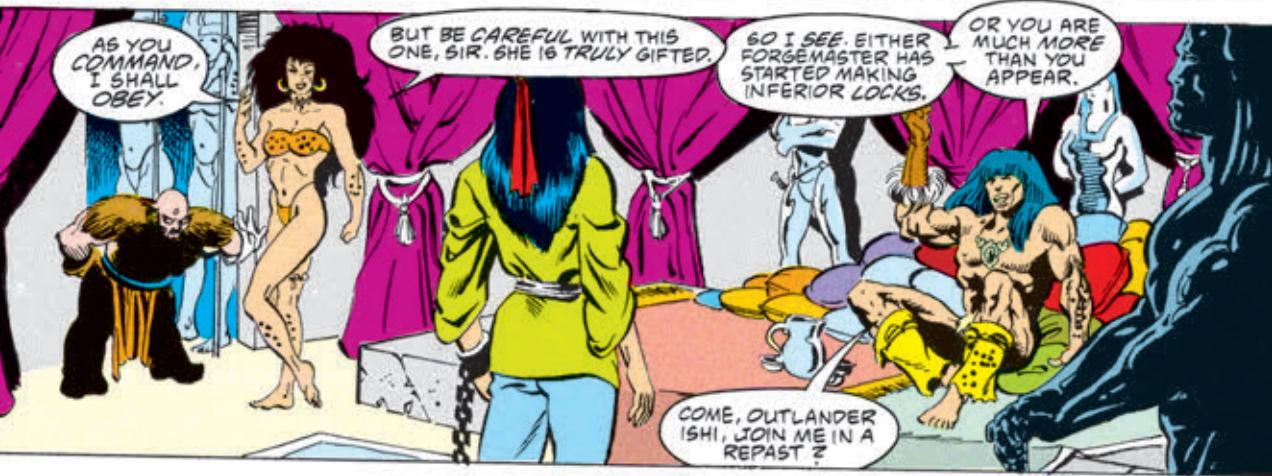
IN THAT CASE, DON'T
YOU THINK YOU SHOULD
LOCK ME UP AGAIN?

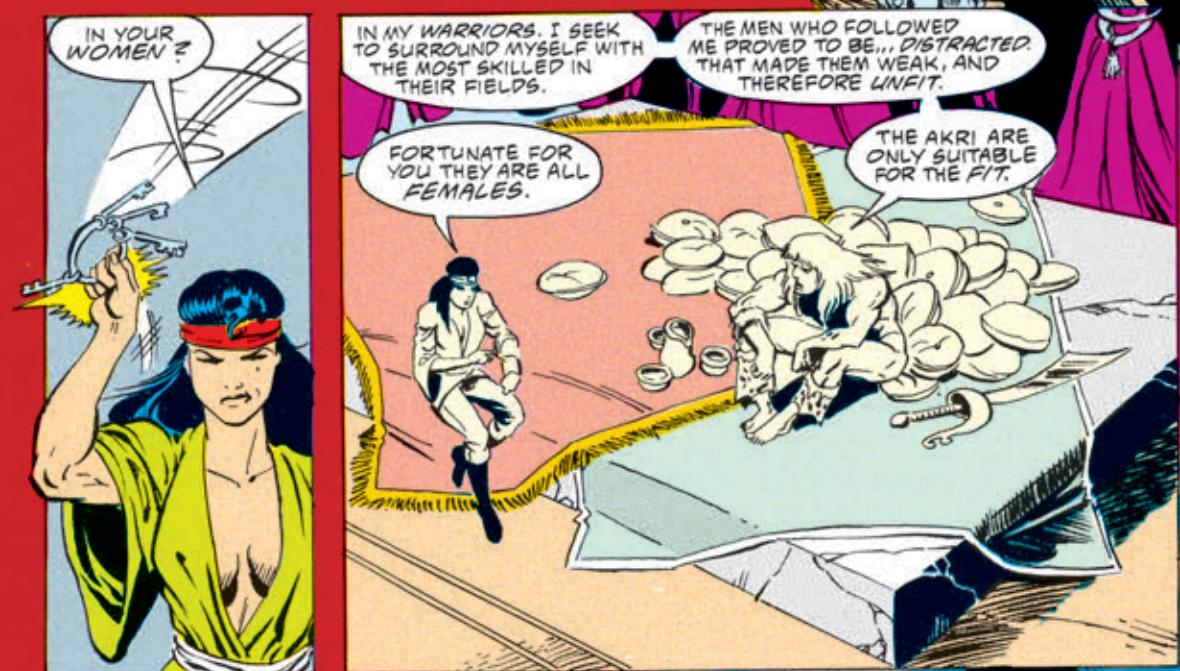
NO NEED.
BEST TO LET
LOS KNOW HE
IS DEALING
WITH A
HELL CAT.











TELL ME... AM I HERE, THEN, BECAUSE I AM A WARRIOR... OR BECAUSE I AM A WOMAN?



YOU ARE HERE BECAUSE YOU ARE THE MOST FIT. THE OLD MAN IS MAD. THE ELF AND OTHER HUMAN ARE WOUNDED.

AND THE HALFLING?

A BITE-SIZED SNACK FOR SCAVENGERS, NOTHING MORE. NO, WITHIN YOUR LITTLE GROUP YOU ARE THE LEADER, THAT IS OBVIOUS.



AN AMUSING CONCLUSION. IS THAT THE ONLY REASON FOR THIS AUDIENCE?



THAT, AND THE FACT YOU ARE DIFFERENT FROM MOST I HAVE MET HERE. YOU ARE AN EASTERNER?

FROM KARA-TUR, YES.

WHERE IN KARA-TUR?

YOU ARE FAMILIAR WITH THE LAND?

I FEAR NOT.



THEN IT DOES NOT MATTER, THEN, DOES IT?



I AM MERELY MAKING CASUAL CONVERSATION.

I KNOW. IT IS A HABIT IN THE WEST TO TALK AROUND THE SUBJECT AND NOT STRIKE AT ITS HEART.

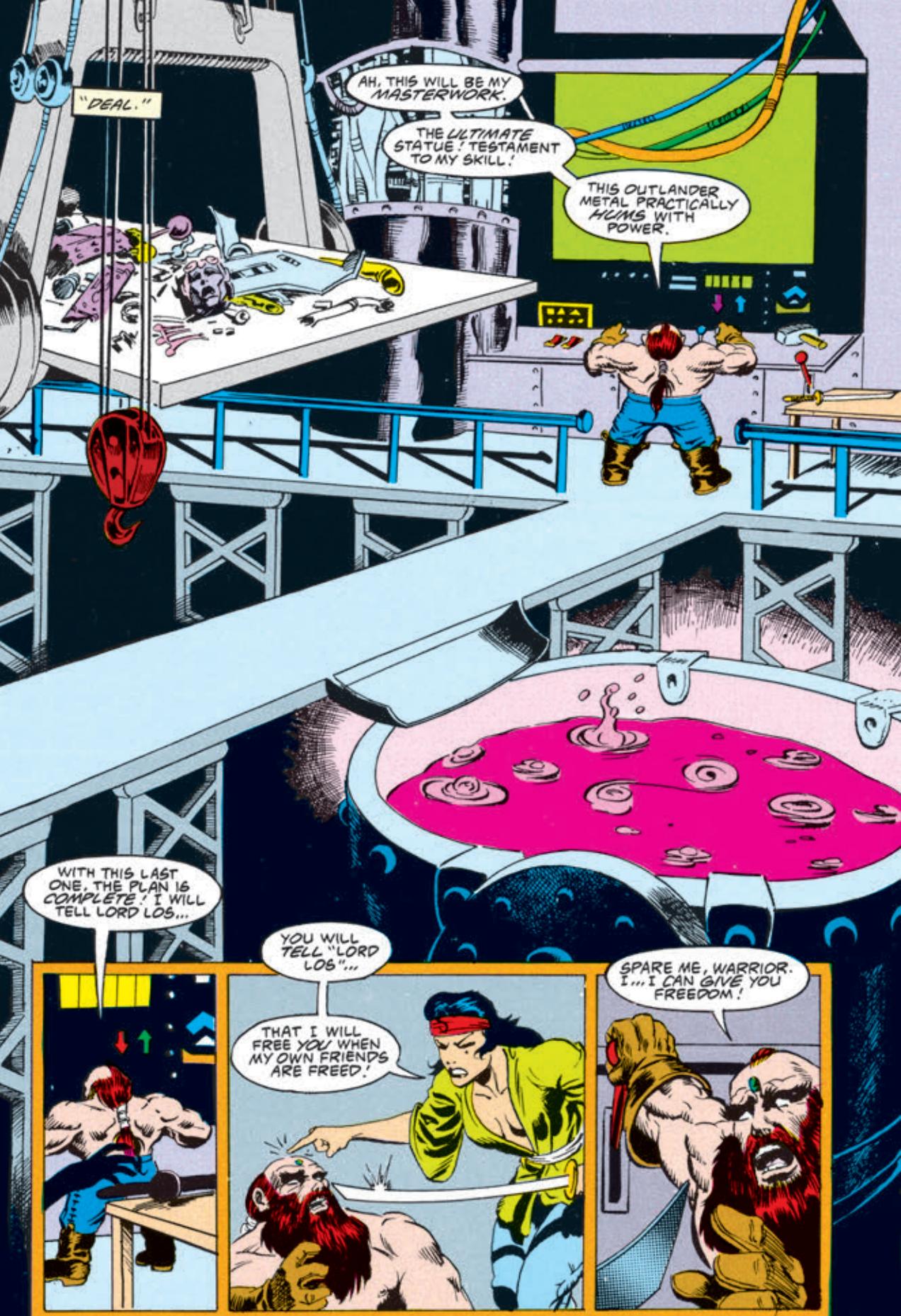














THE FINAL
FREEDOM--OF
DEATH!



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"QUICKLY, LET
ME EXPLAIN..."

"I AM ISHI BARASUME. IT MEANS
"STONE-ROSE-GIRL" IN MY NATIVE
TONGUE. IT IS WHAT MY FRIENDS
CALL ME."

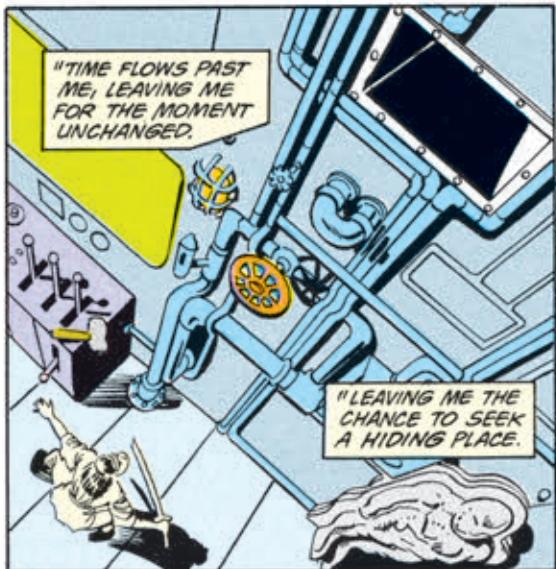
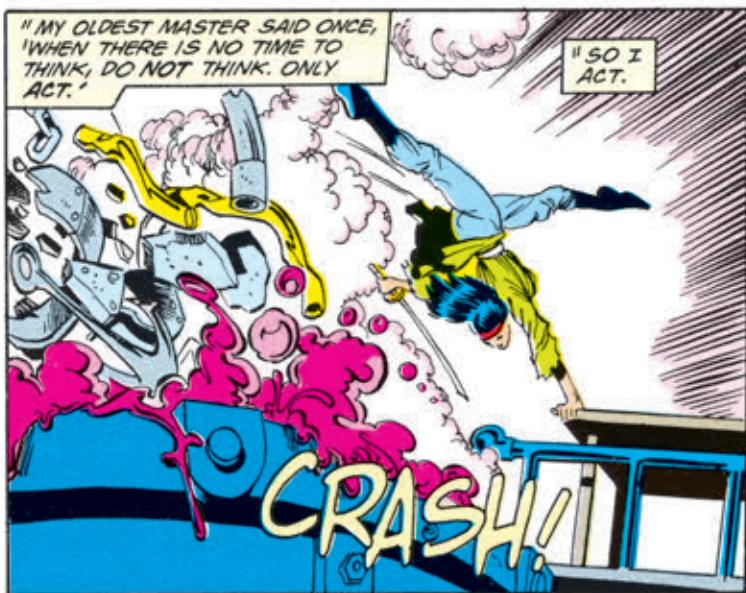
"MY FRIENDS ARE CAPTIVES OF THE
AKRI, CAT-LIKE PEOPLE WHO DINE
ON HUMAN FLESH. I ALONE
ESCAPED, FLEEING DEEPER
INTO THEIR UNDERGROUND
LAIR."

BR
MM
BB
LE

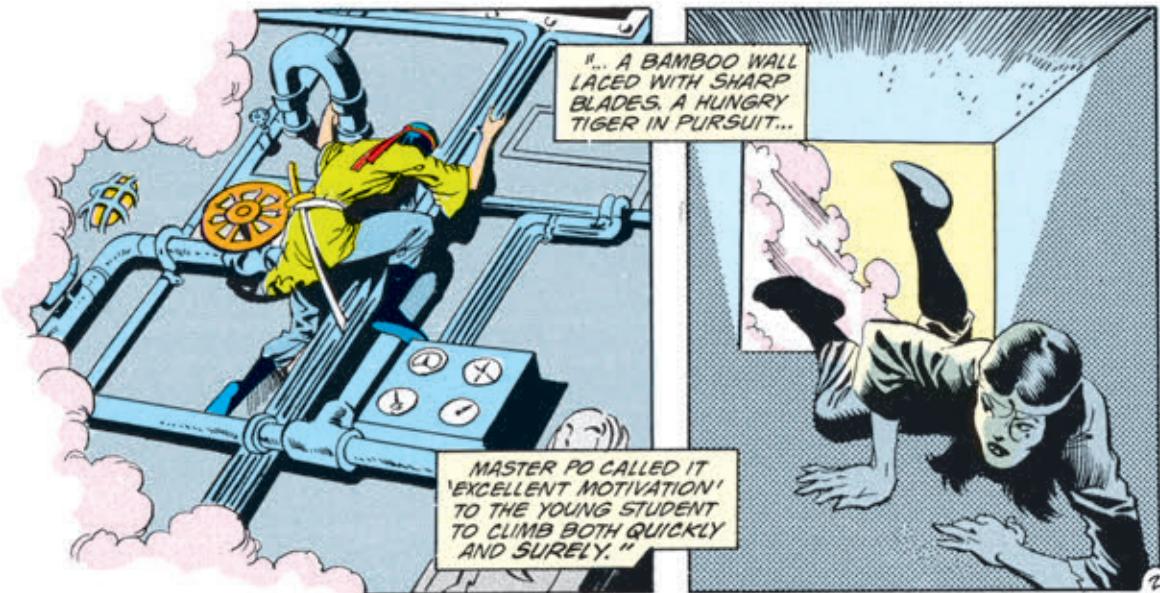
"I DISCOVERED A FOUNDRY, WHERE THE
DWARVEN SMITH FORGEMASTER CASTS
HIS STRANGE METAL STATUES FOR
LOS, LEADER OF THE CAT PEOPLE."

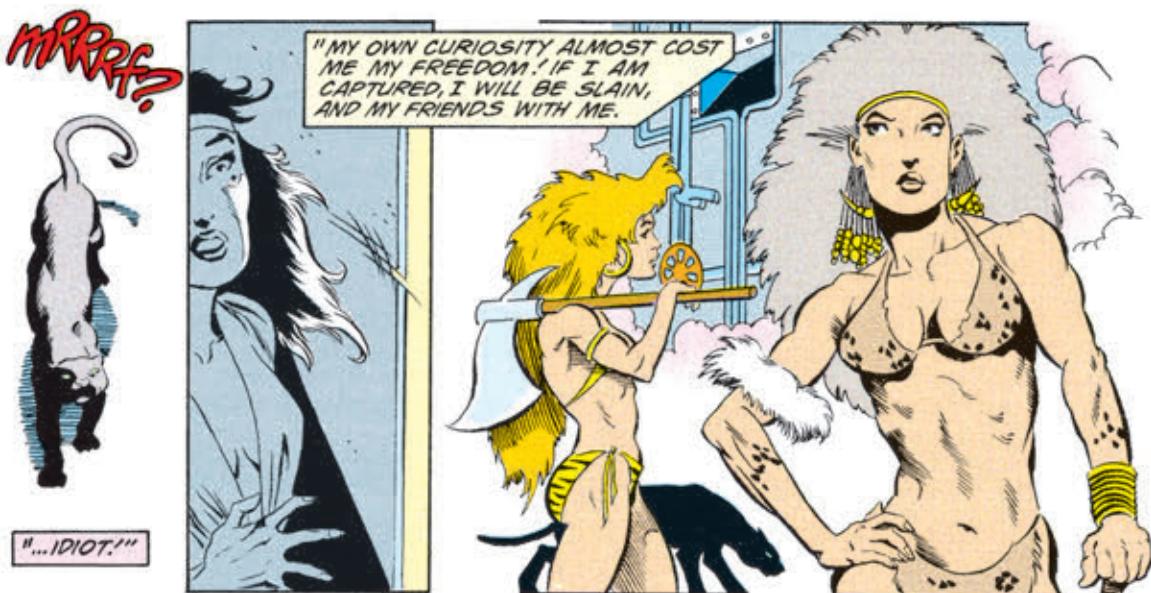
"I TRIED TO TAKE THE
DWARF HOSTAGE, BUT
HE TURNED THE TABLES
ON ME."

"AND NOW YOU
KNOW AS MUCH
AS I."



"MUSCLES KNOT, I LEAP
WITHOUT THINKING. THE
OLD TRAINING RETURNS
UNBIDDEN. OLD
MEMORIES...





Cannibal Girls

(WON'T YAH COME OUT, TONIGHT?)

"... AND MEAT."



?



MERRROWWW!



FLANK OF
JEFF GRUBB
IN A
MUSHROOM
SAUCE
-WRITER



RACK OF RAGS
MORALES
ROASTED
OVER A SLOW
FLAME-
PENCILS



DASH OF
DAVE SIMONS
WITH GARNISH
-INKS

MEAT PIE RECIPE

1-halfing (full
roasting size)
5-# standard
Pie Crust
1-cup Salt
1-cup Paprika
several
leaves
1-hndf/c
24-catt
2-heads
1doz
(choppo)





VARTAN, YOU
NOTICED THEY
NEVER FEED US
ANY MEAT?
NOR MEAD
>HEHC

IN WATERDEEP
AS A YOUTH, WE
DINED ON MEAT
AND MEAD!

IN WATERDEEP AS A YOUTH YOU
WERE A DRUNKEN BUM!

WHAZZAT?

NOTHING.
JUST CURSING
THESE PRISON
BARS.

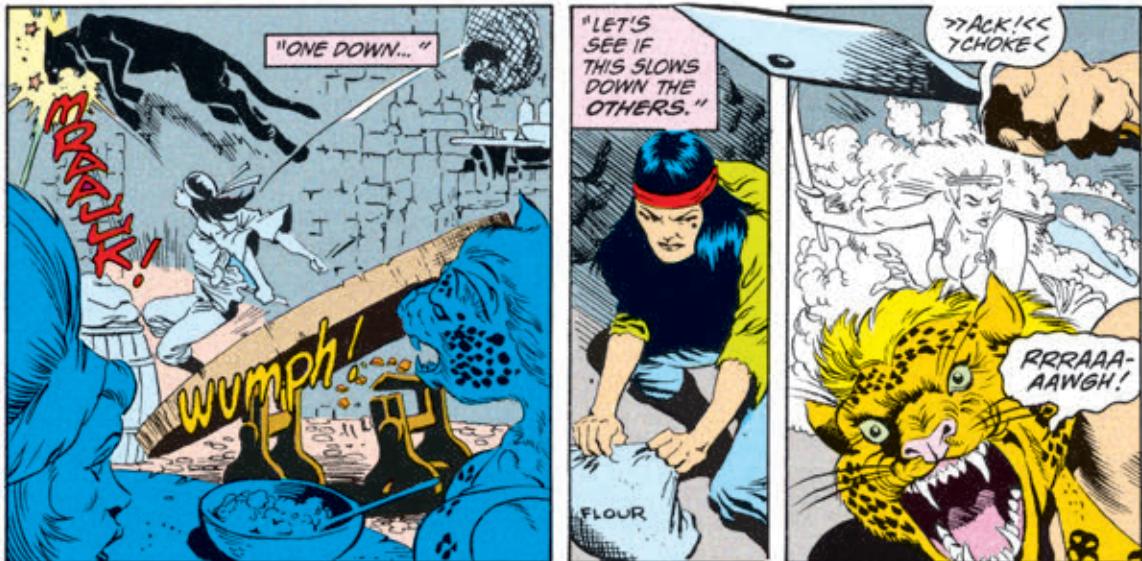
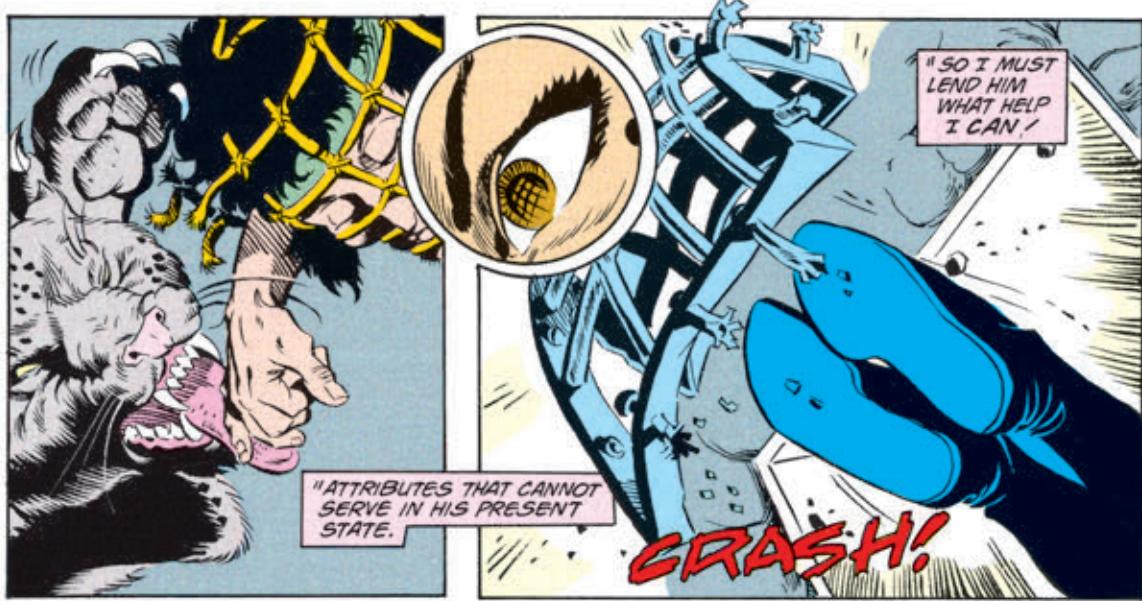


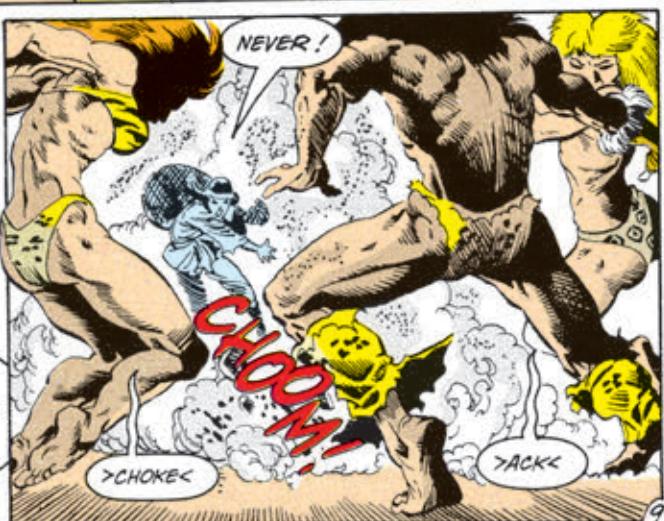
I MEAN, WE TRY.
WORK HARD, FIGHT
WELL, MAKE A NAME
FOR OURSELVES, AND
WHAT HAPPENS?

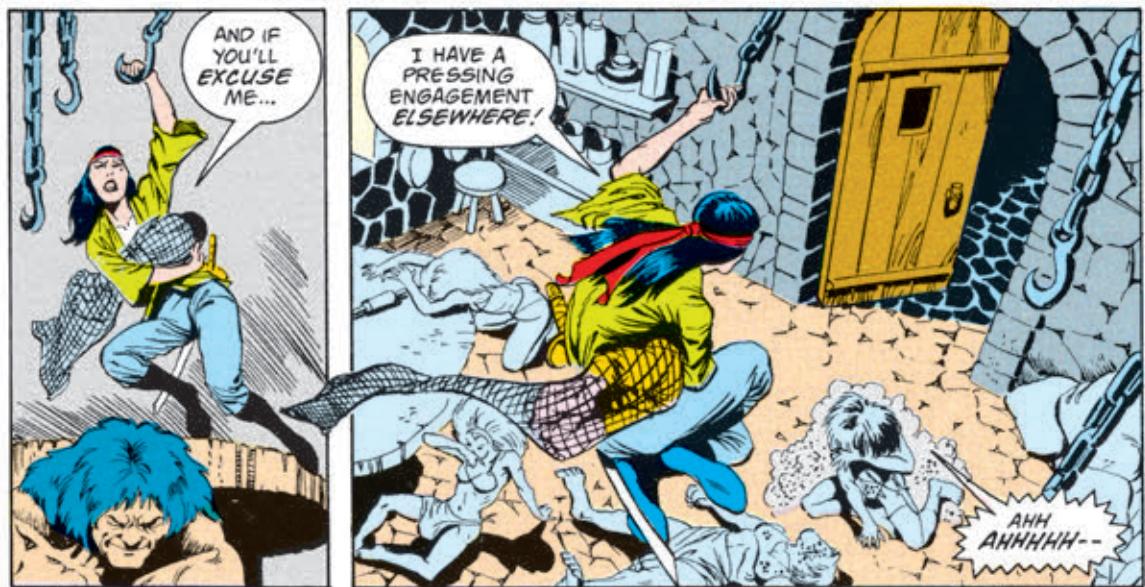
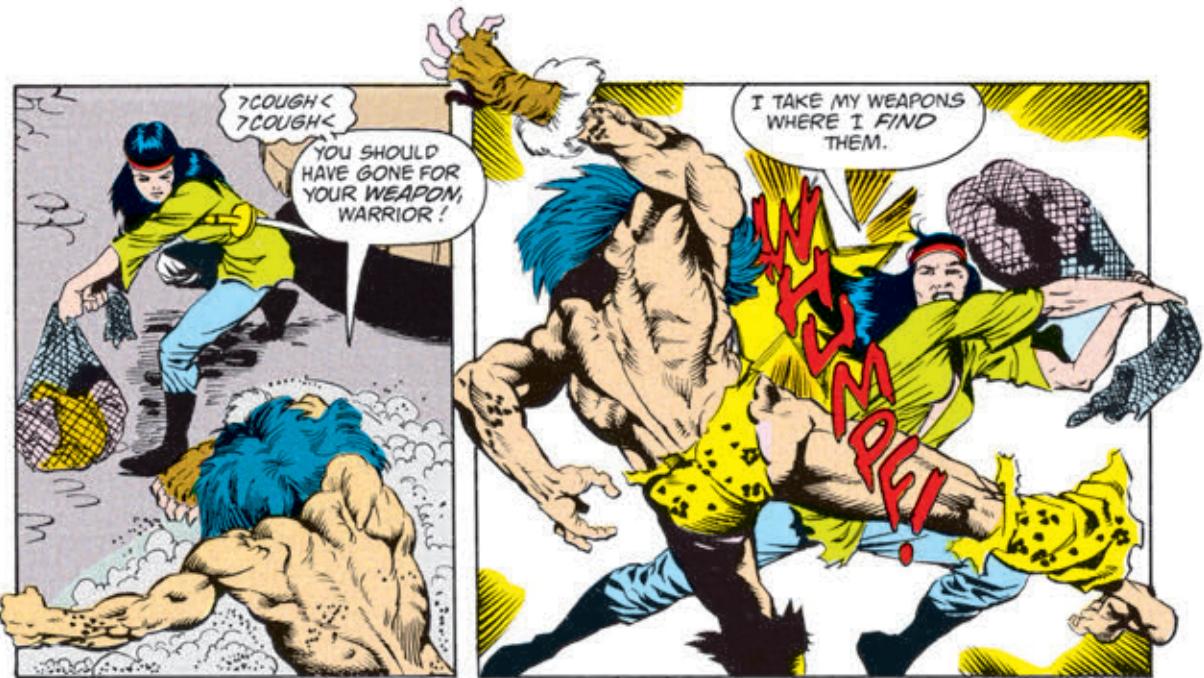
YOUR ELFISH
GOD BREAKS
US LIKE... LIKE
TOYS!











ELSEWHERE...

IS THAT TWO
I'VE KILLED? OR
TWO HUNDRED?

NO MATTER.
HALFLING WITH
A MISSION, A
PURPOSE--

--HUNT
THE SPIDERS
DOWN...

"FOXY?"

MAKE THEM
PAY, MAKE THEM
DEAD!

"FOXY?"

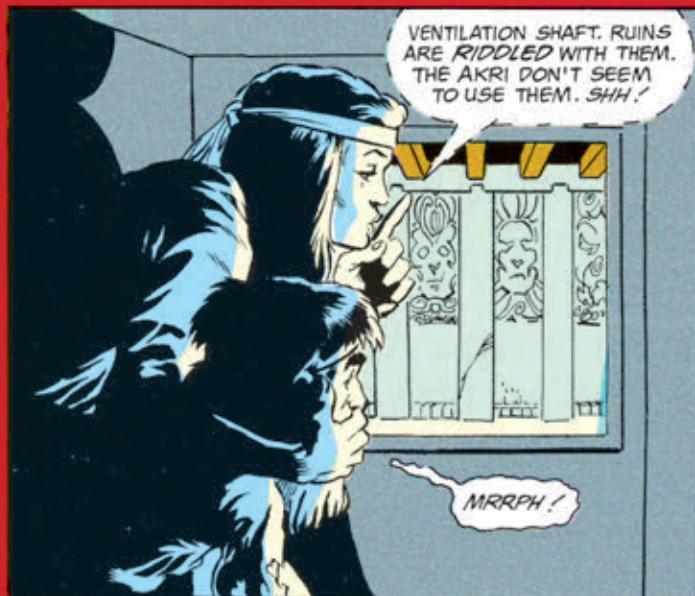
GO AWAY!
I'M NOT DONE
HERE!

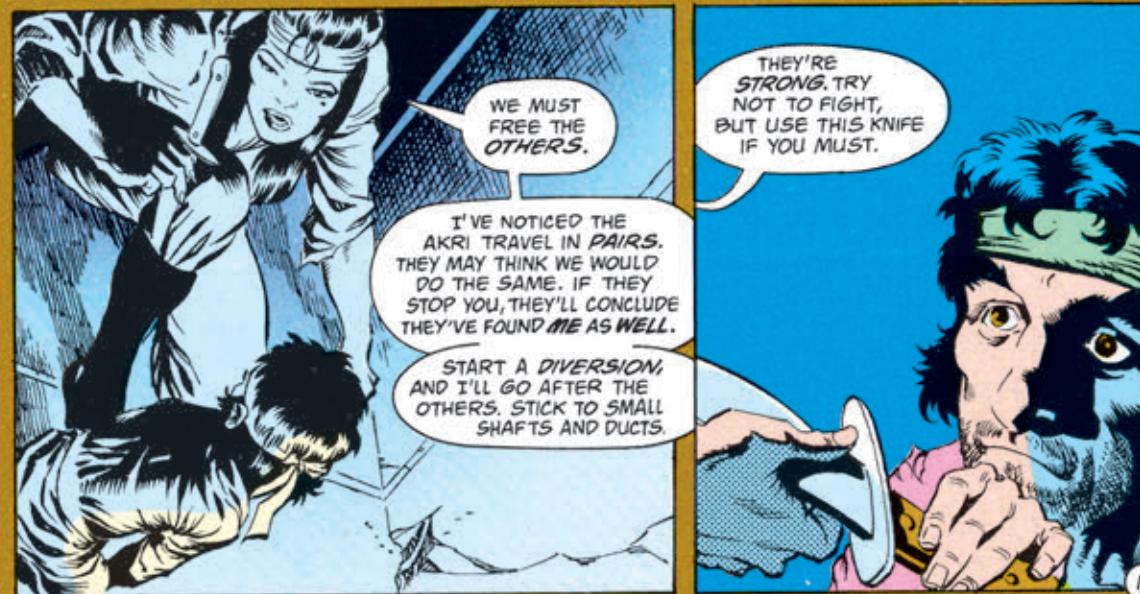
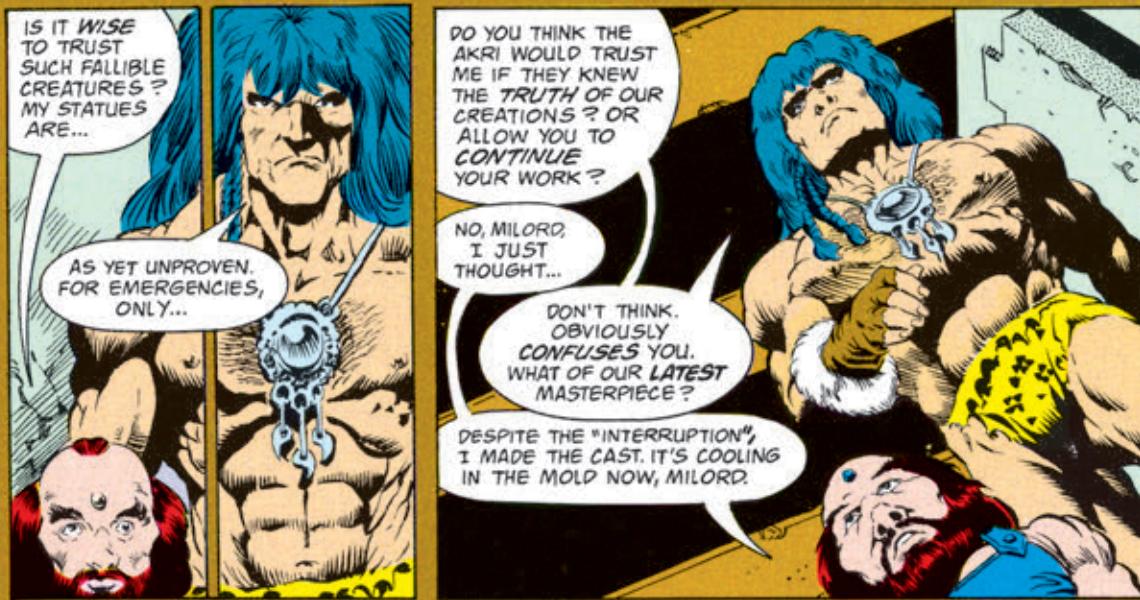
I'M NOT
DONE UNTIL
I KILL ALL
THE...

ALL THE...!

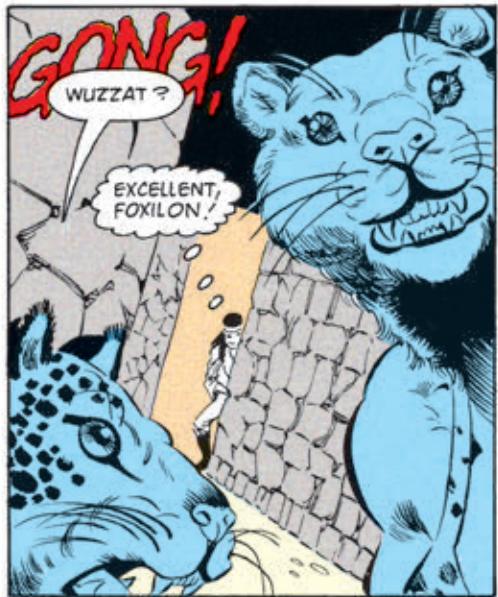
SWEET
BRANDOBARIS!

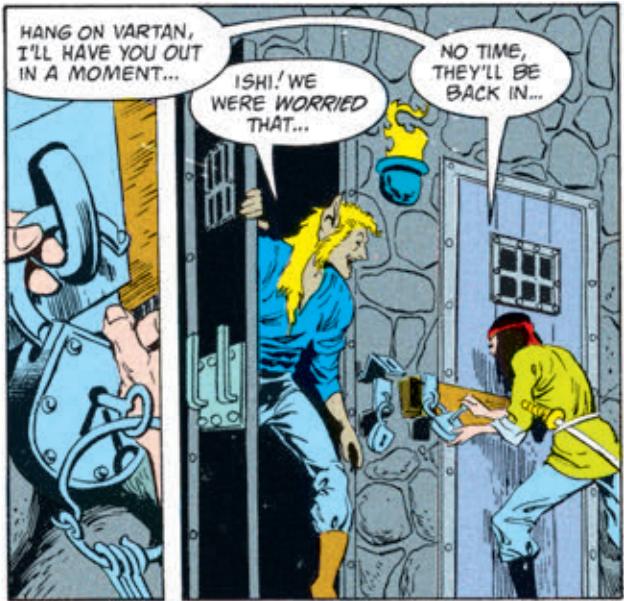
FOXY!

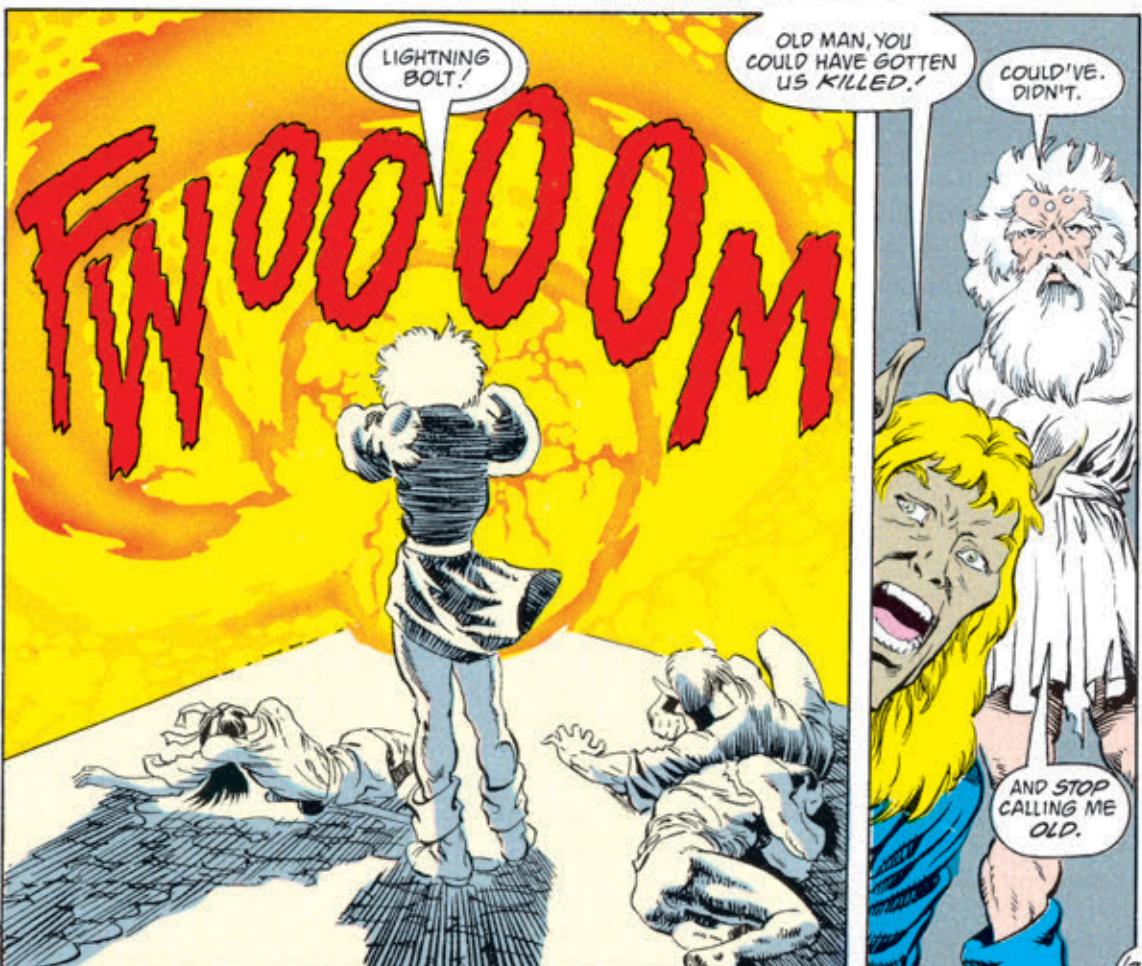
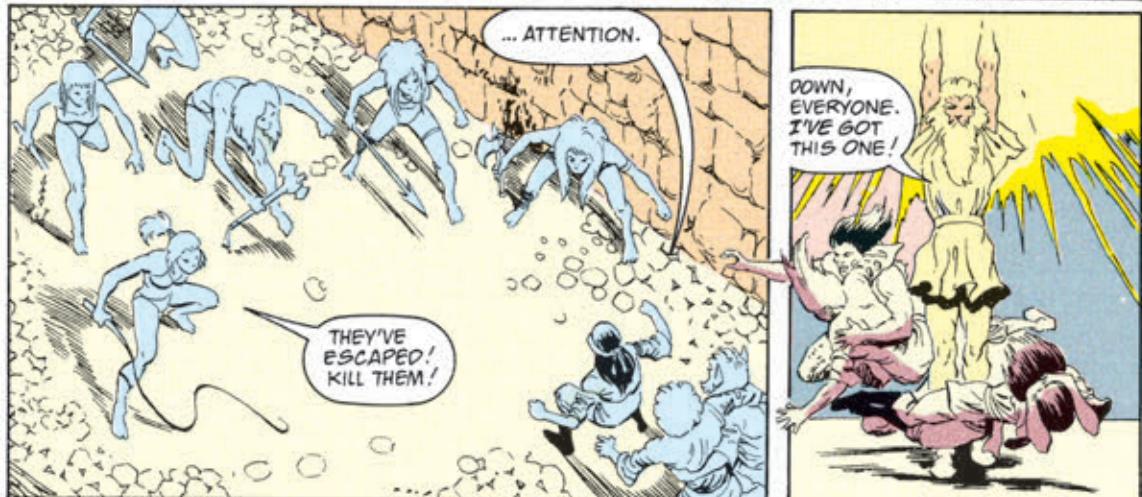


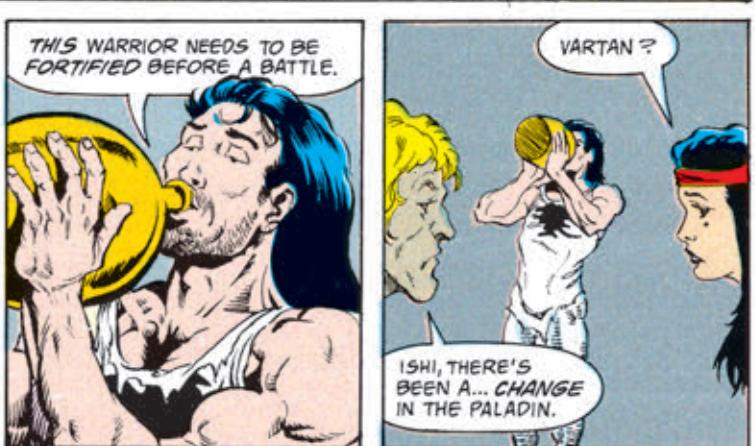
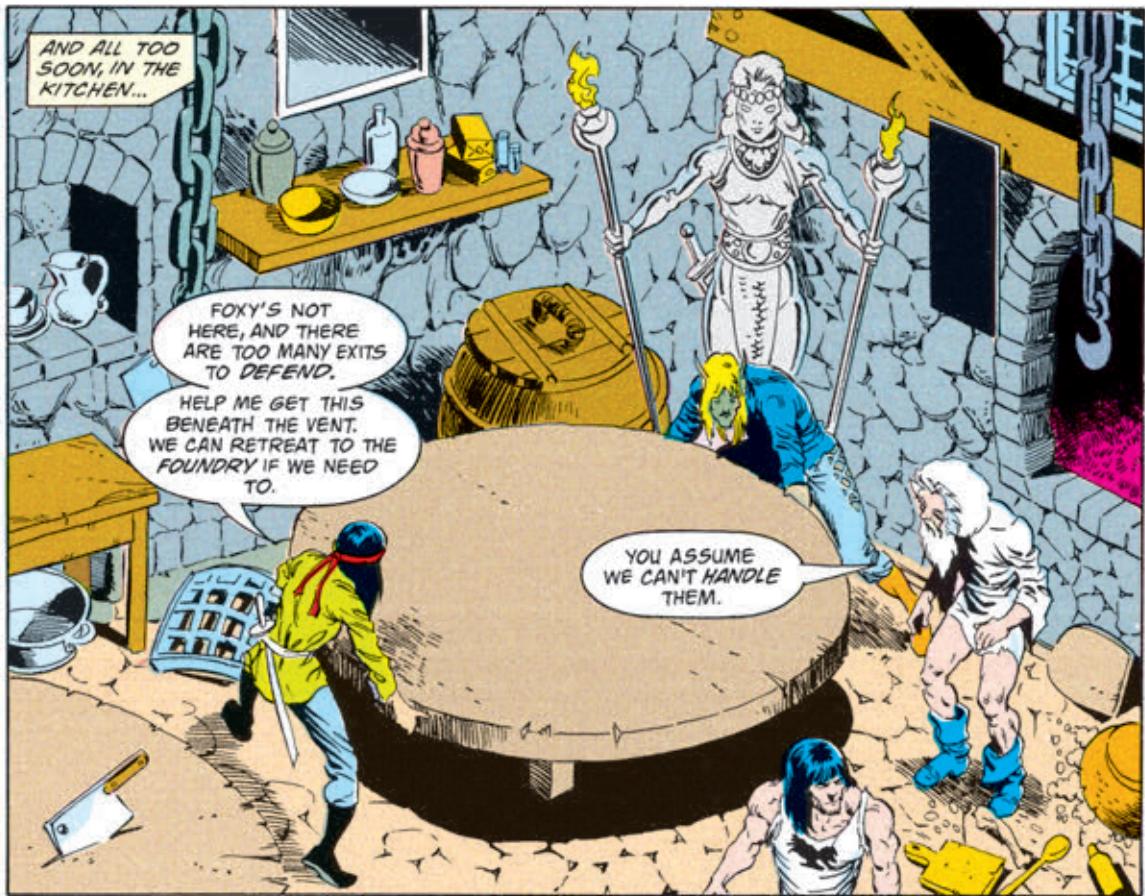


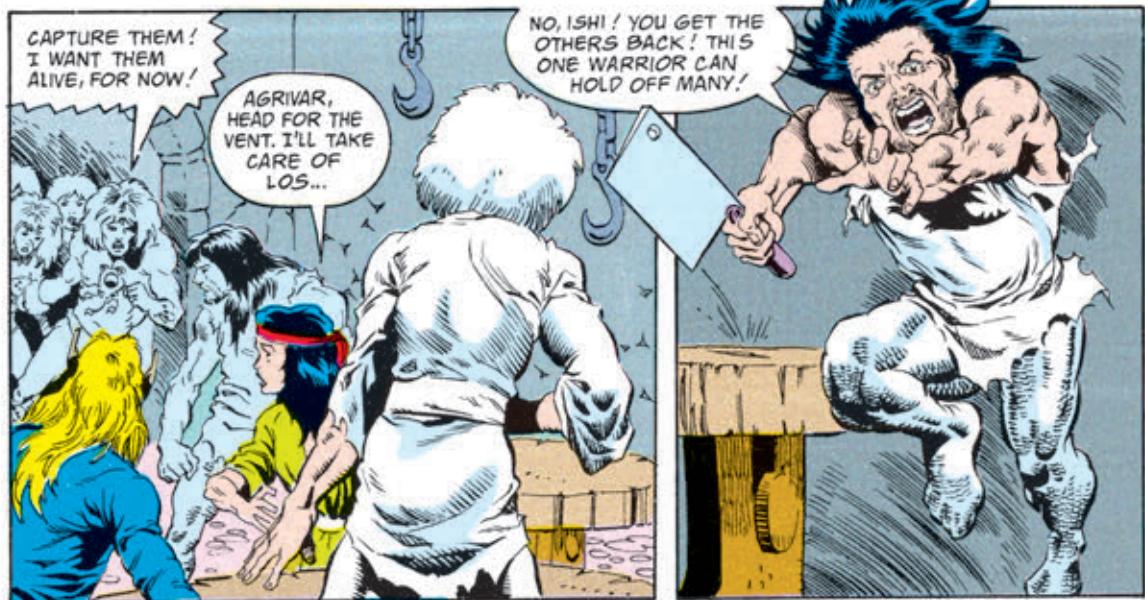




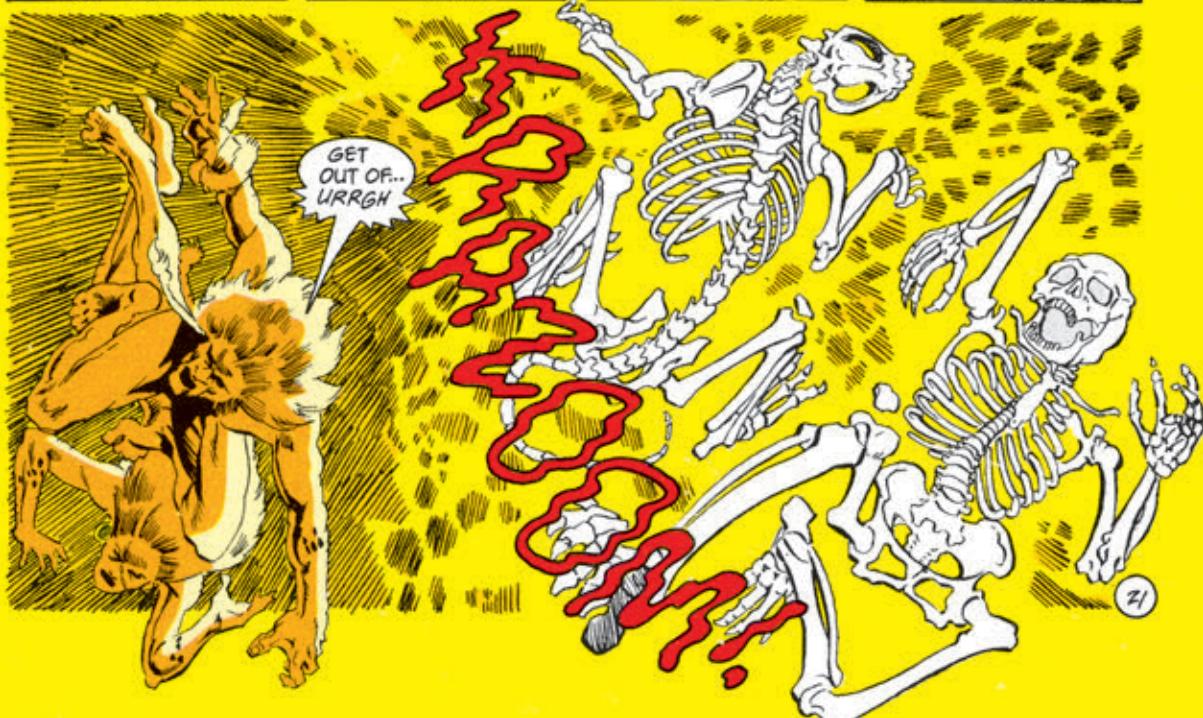


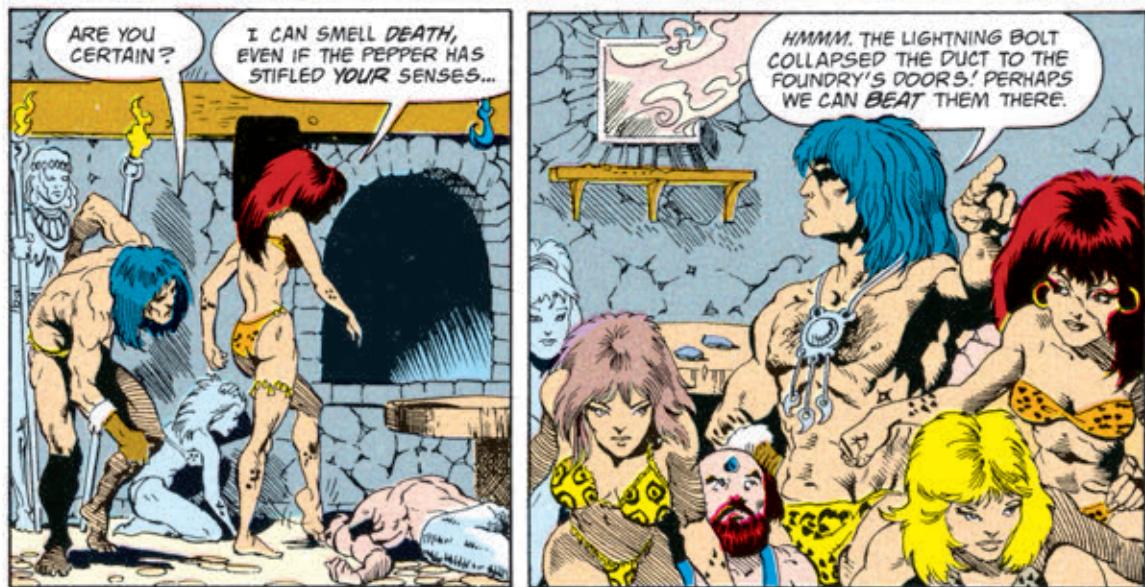
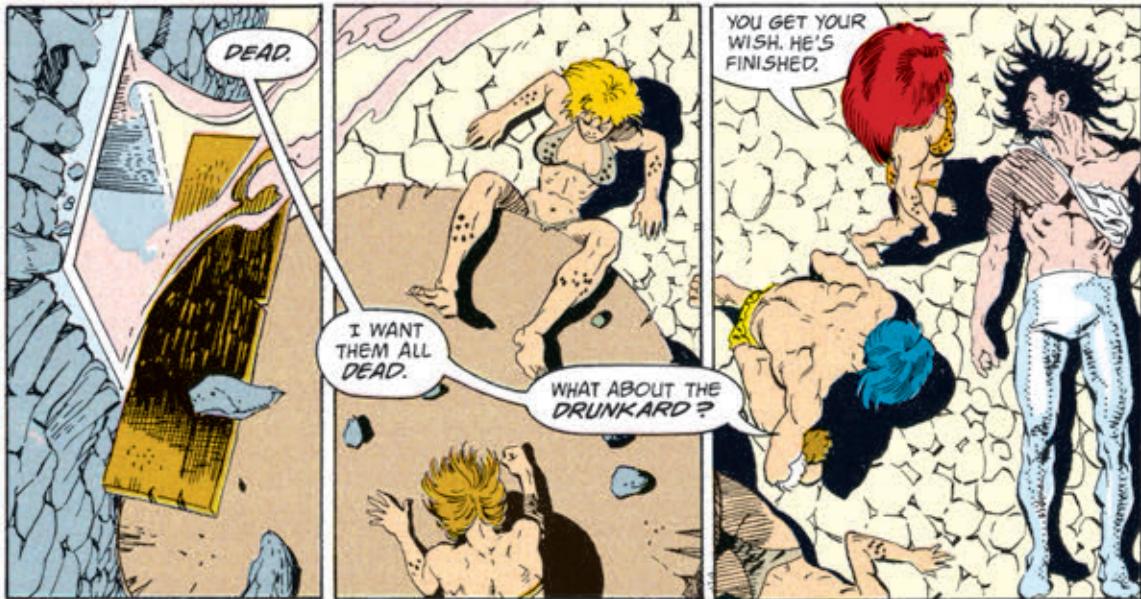


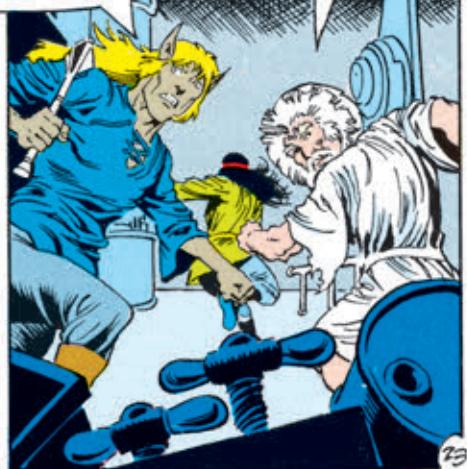
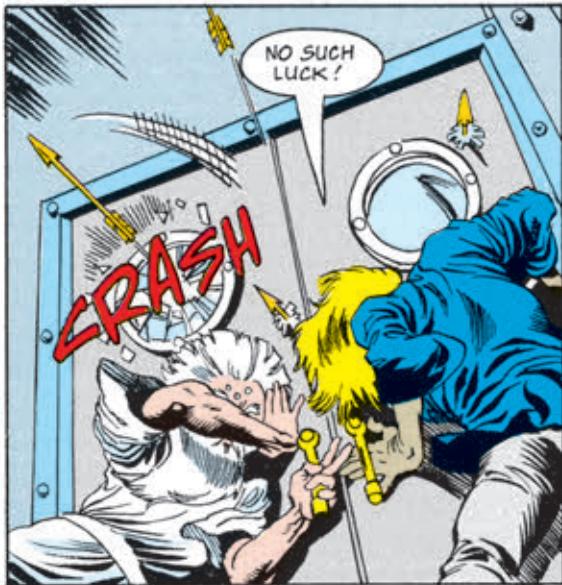
















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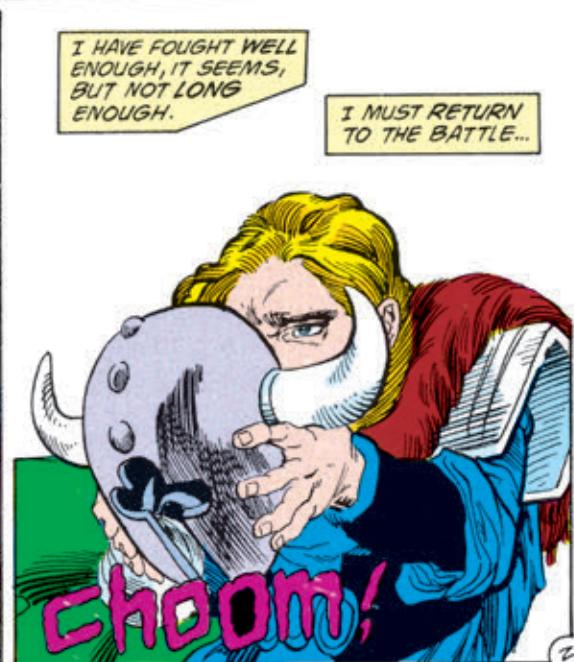
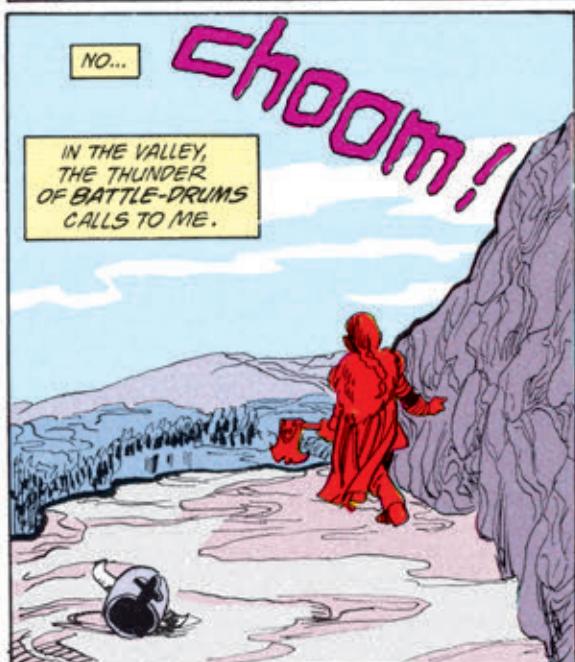
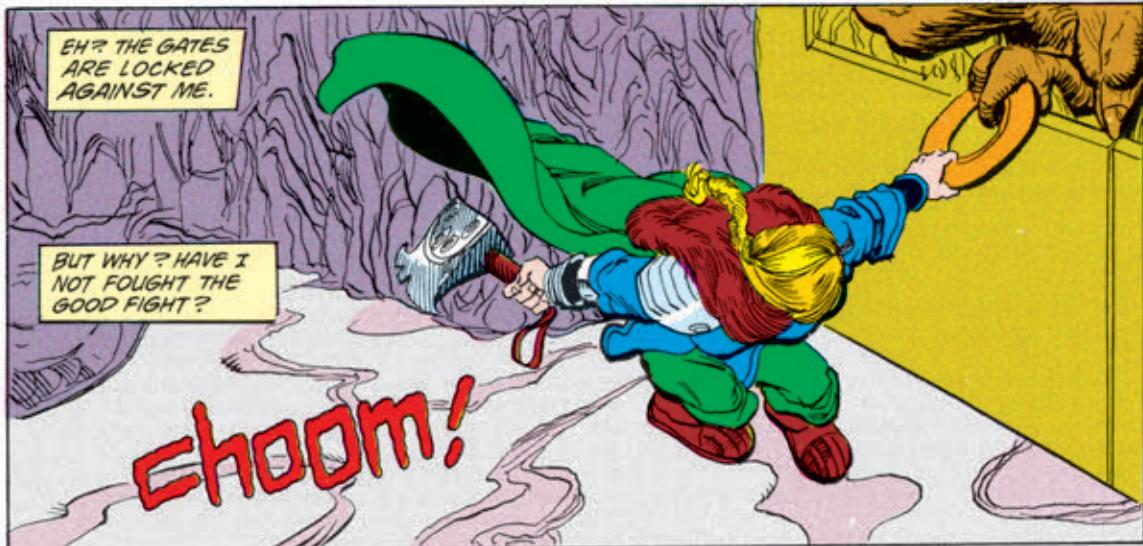


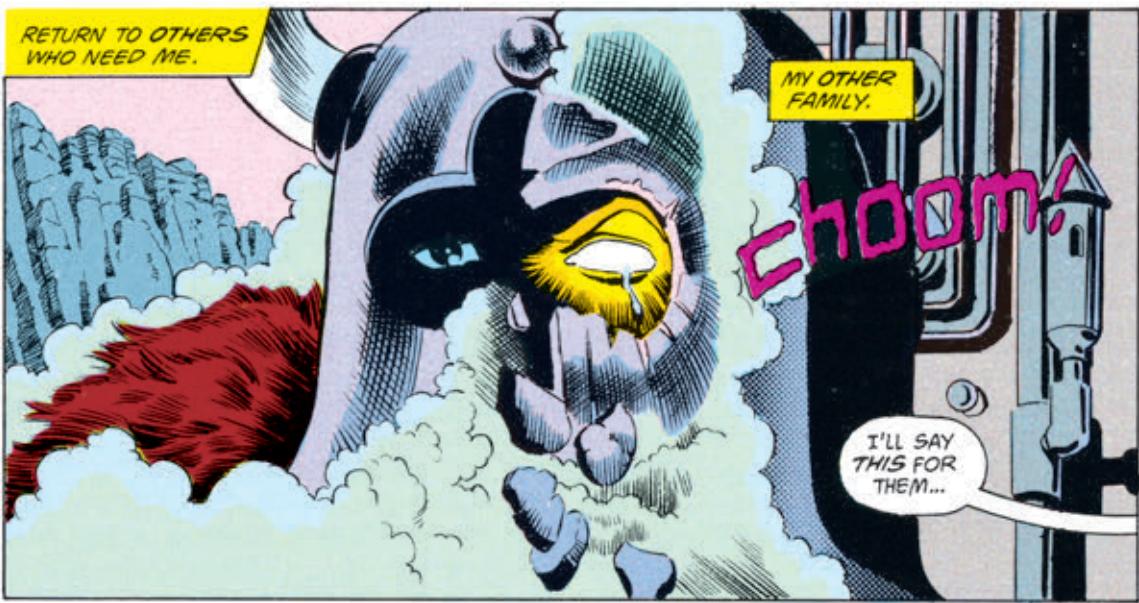
I'M HOME.

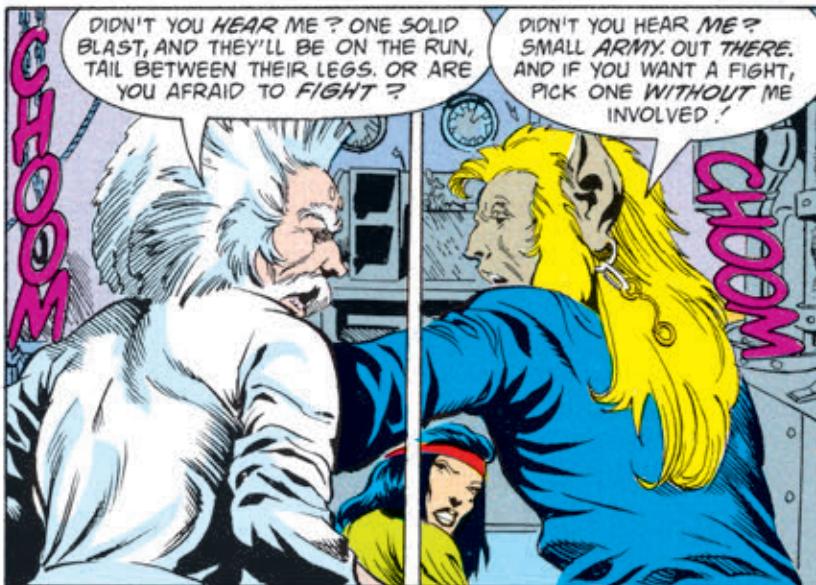
THE AIR IS A RIBBON OF ICY STEEL DRAWN THROUGH MY THROAT. MY LUNGS ACHE AND PUMP LIKE WHEEZY BELLows WITH EACH BREATH.

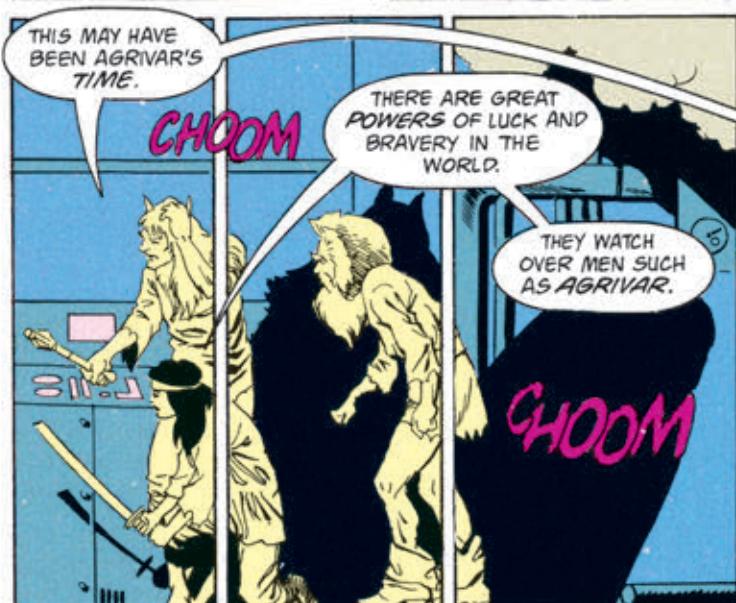
IT HAS BEEN SO LONG SINCE I HAVE FELT THE AIR, I FEEL GIDDY. SCENTS AND SENSATIONS SWIRL AROUND ME - THE TANG OF JUNIPER AND PINE CARRIED ON THE FRIGID BREEZE.

IT FEELS...WONDERFUL.









CHOOM

AGAIN!

READY!

STEADY!
> UNK<

HEAVE!

THE DOORS
ARE NOT
GIVING.

WHY, THANK
YOU, KARRSE.
I WOULD NEVER
HAVE NOTICED THAT
OTHERWISE!

AYE, THEY'RE
GOOD METAL, THOSE
DOORS, COLD-FORGED
IRON, AND DWARVEN-
MADE! INSTALLED
THEM MYSELF.

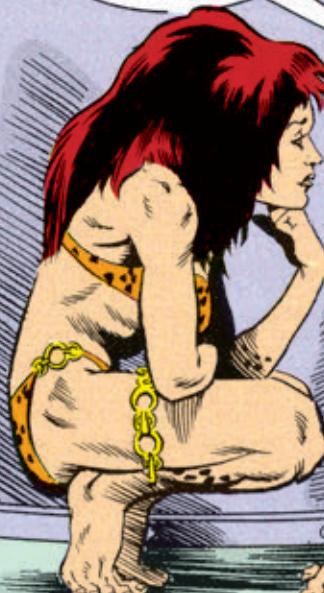
WHEN THEY'RE
LOCKED, IT'D TAKE
A PURPLE WORM
TO BATTER THEM
DOWN.

CAT
LOG

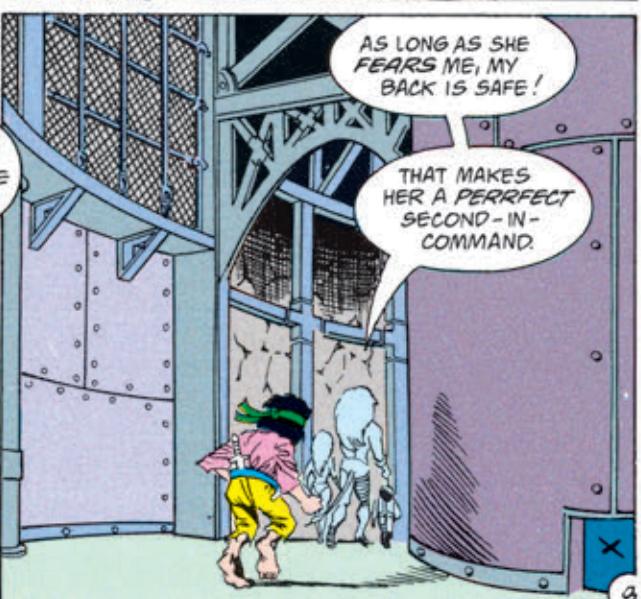
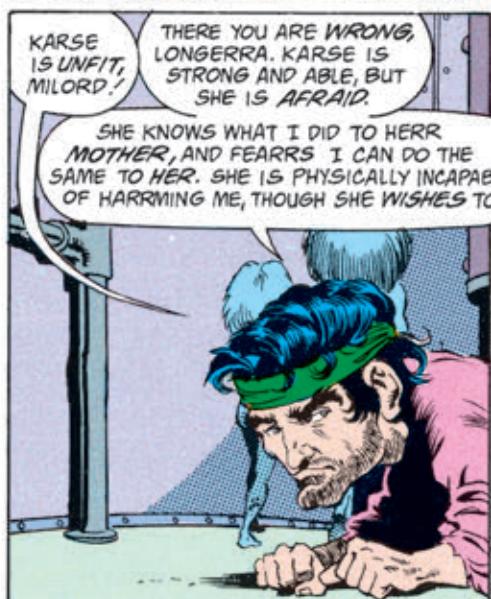
CHOOM

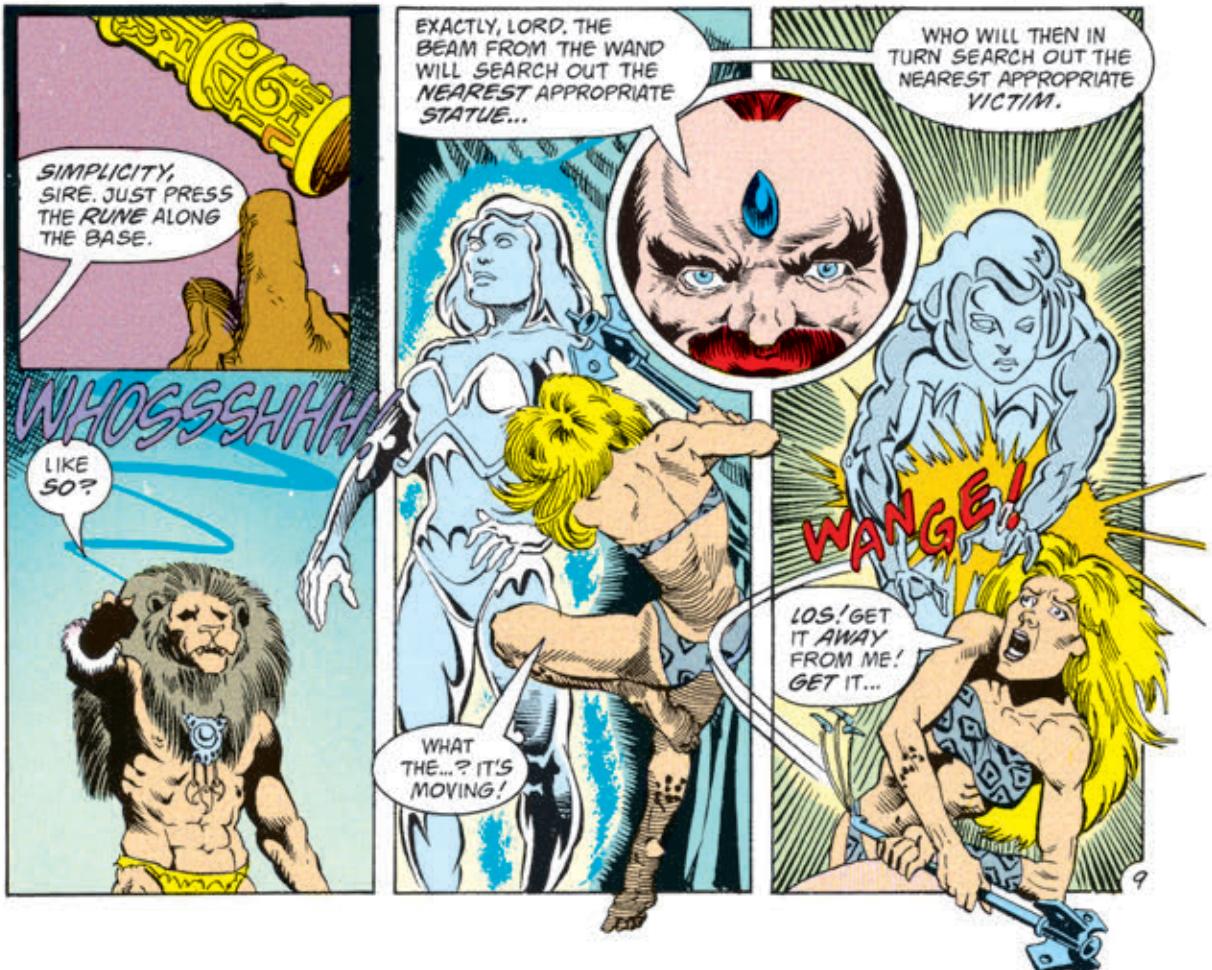
WRITTEN BY:
JEFF GRUBB
PENCILLED BY:
LINDA - PGS 1-2
SPOFFORD
RAGS - PGS 3-12
MORELLES
CHAZ - PGS 13-
TRUOG 24
INKS BY:
DAVE SIMONS
COLORS BY:
GENE
D'ANGELO
LETTERED BY:
TIM HARKINS

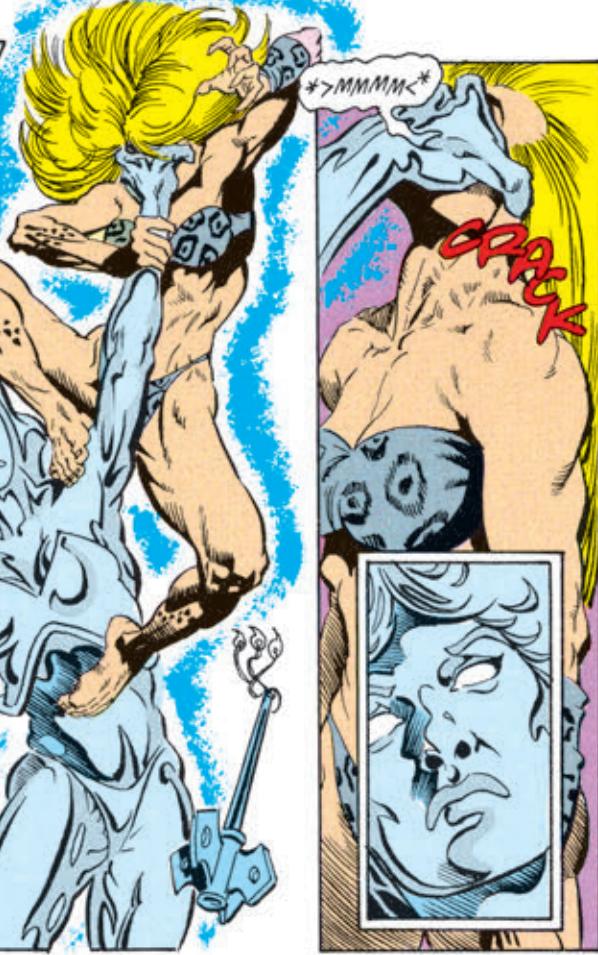
EDITED
BY: KIM
YALE











THE STATUE NOW GAINS THE VICTIM'S FEATURES AND ABILITIES BUT NONE OF THE VICTIM'S FREE WILL.



YOU, MILORD, THE HOLDER OF THE WAND.



whoshhhh



LORD LOS! LORD LOS! I...

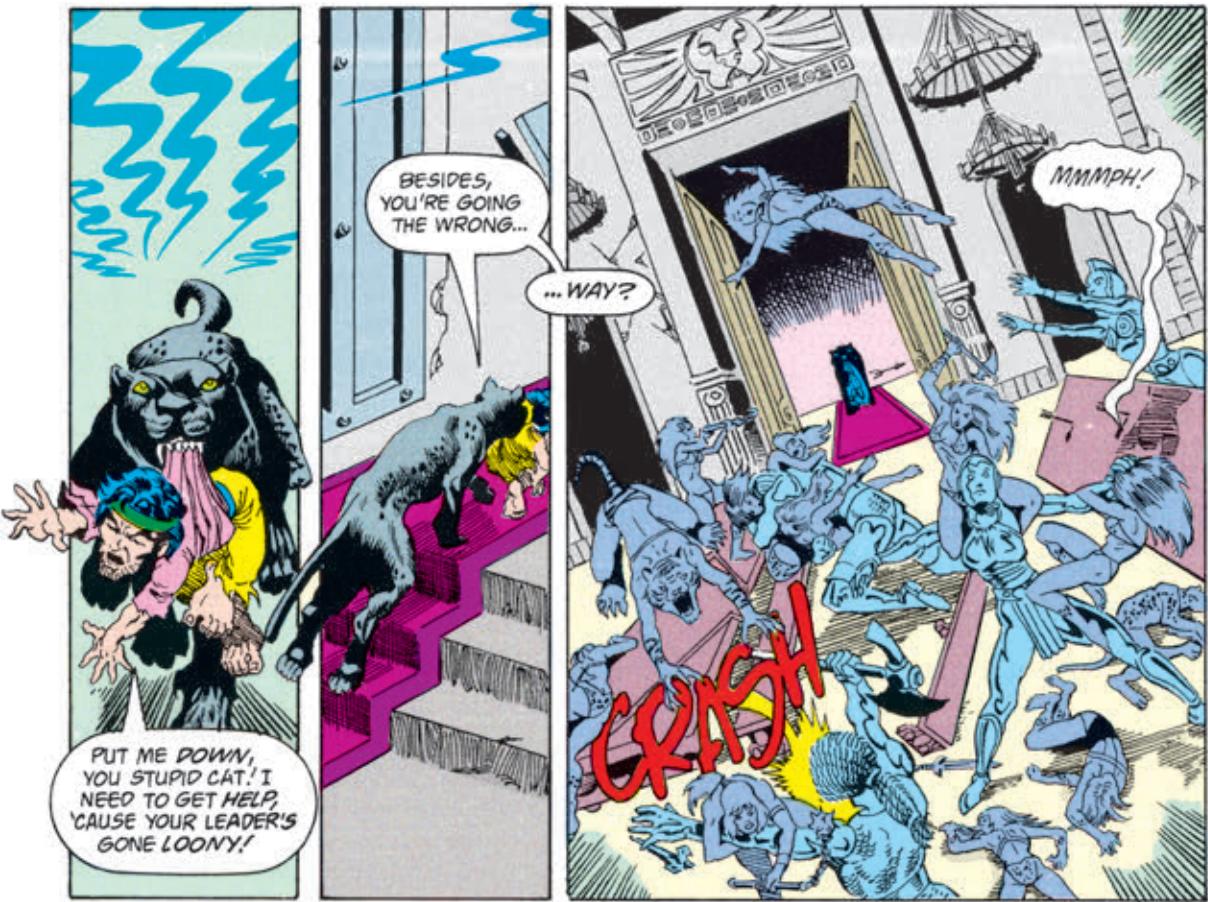
...MMmmppphhh

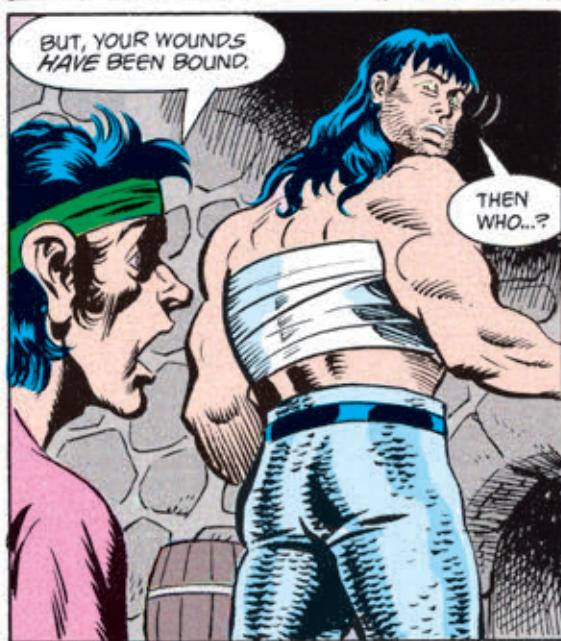
CRACK

THE DANGER OF WEAPONS, YET THIS WEAPON GIVES ME ENOUGH POWER TO DESTROY THE OUTLANDERS, AND TO TURNED AGAINST YOU!

YET THIS WEAPON GIVES ME ENOUGH POWER TO DESTROY THE OUTLANDERS, AND TO CAPTURE NEW LANDS!

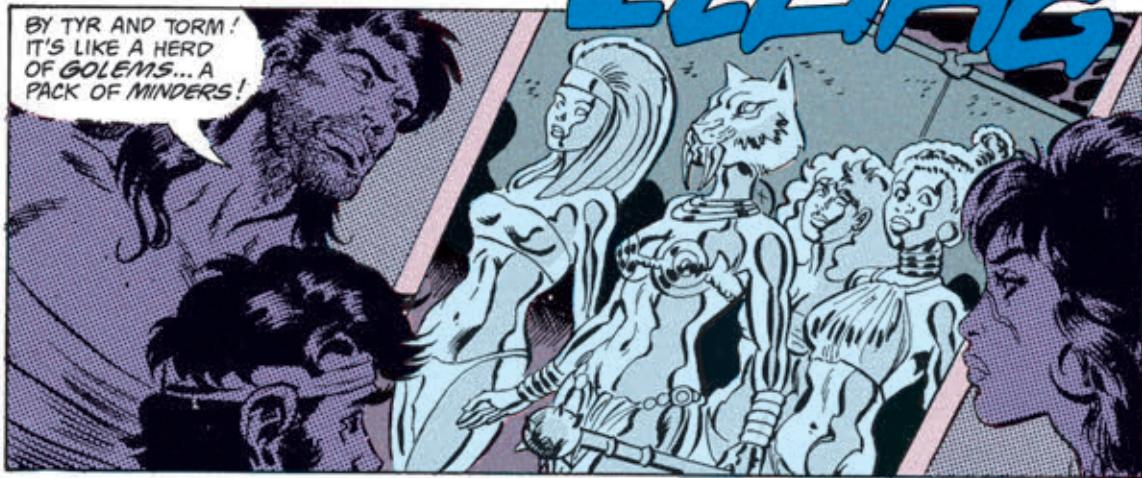






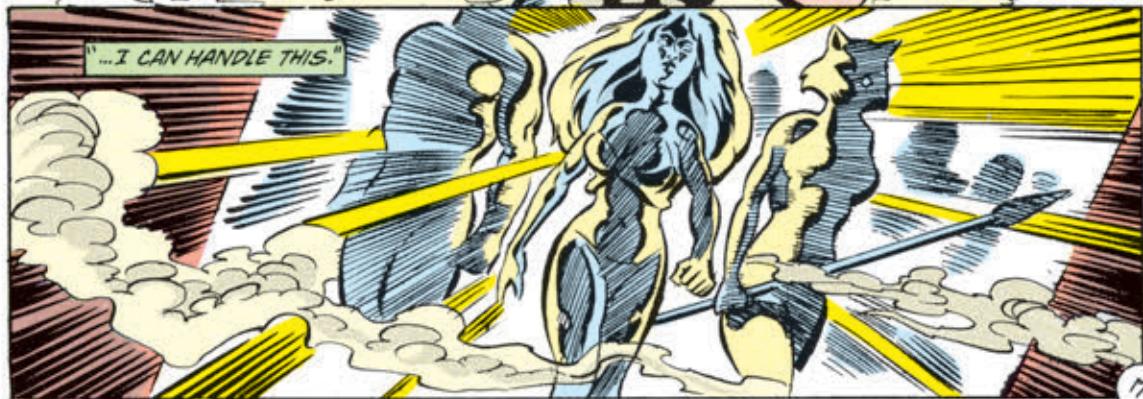


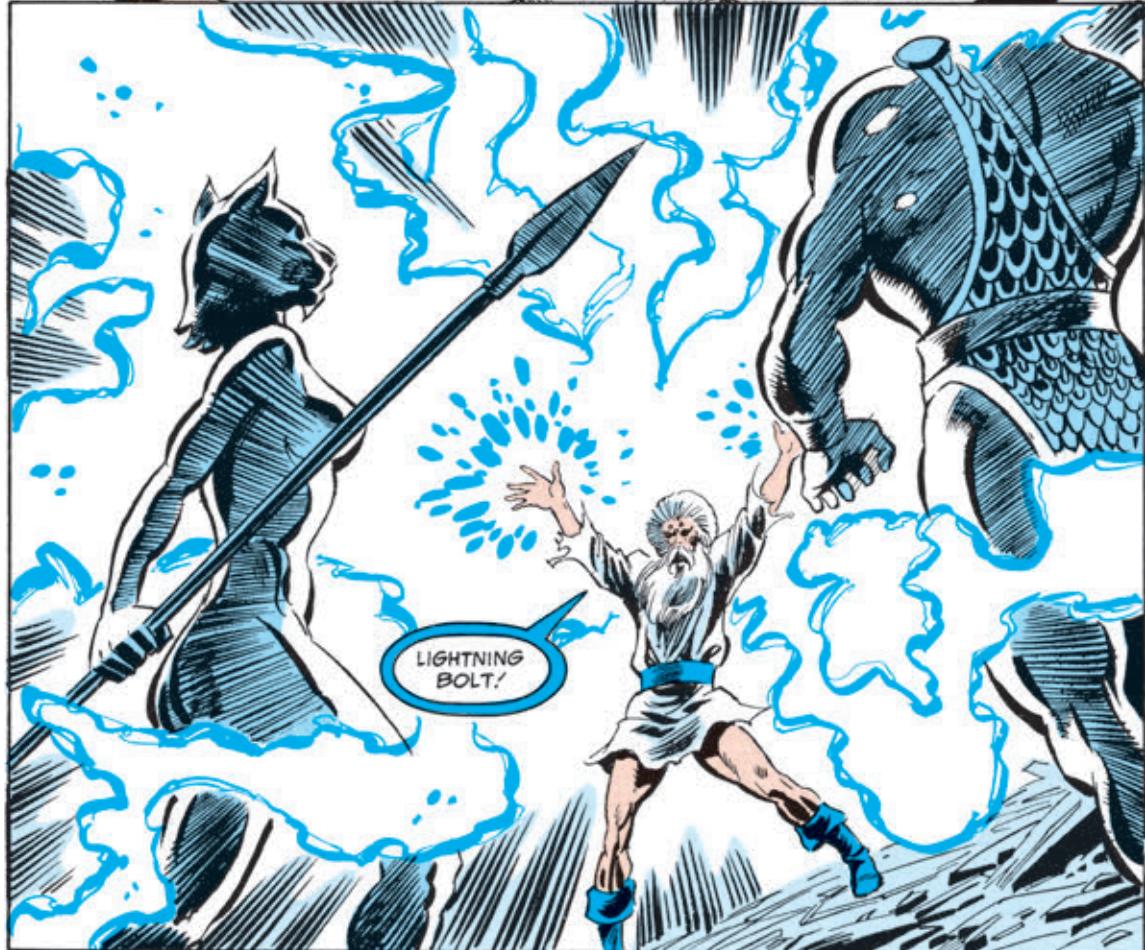
CLANG

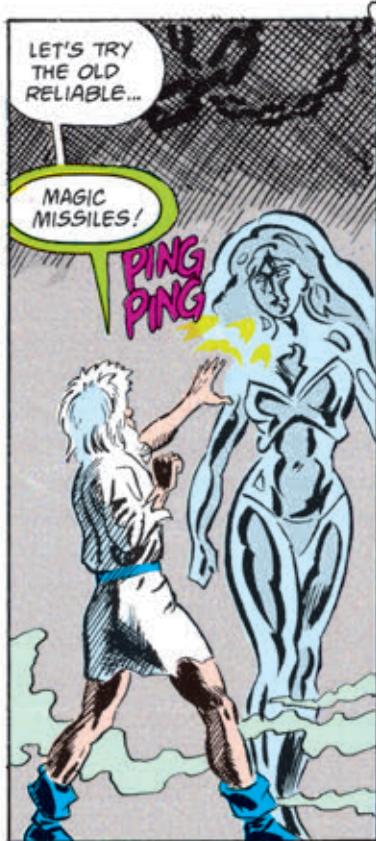


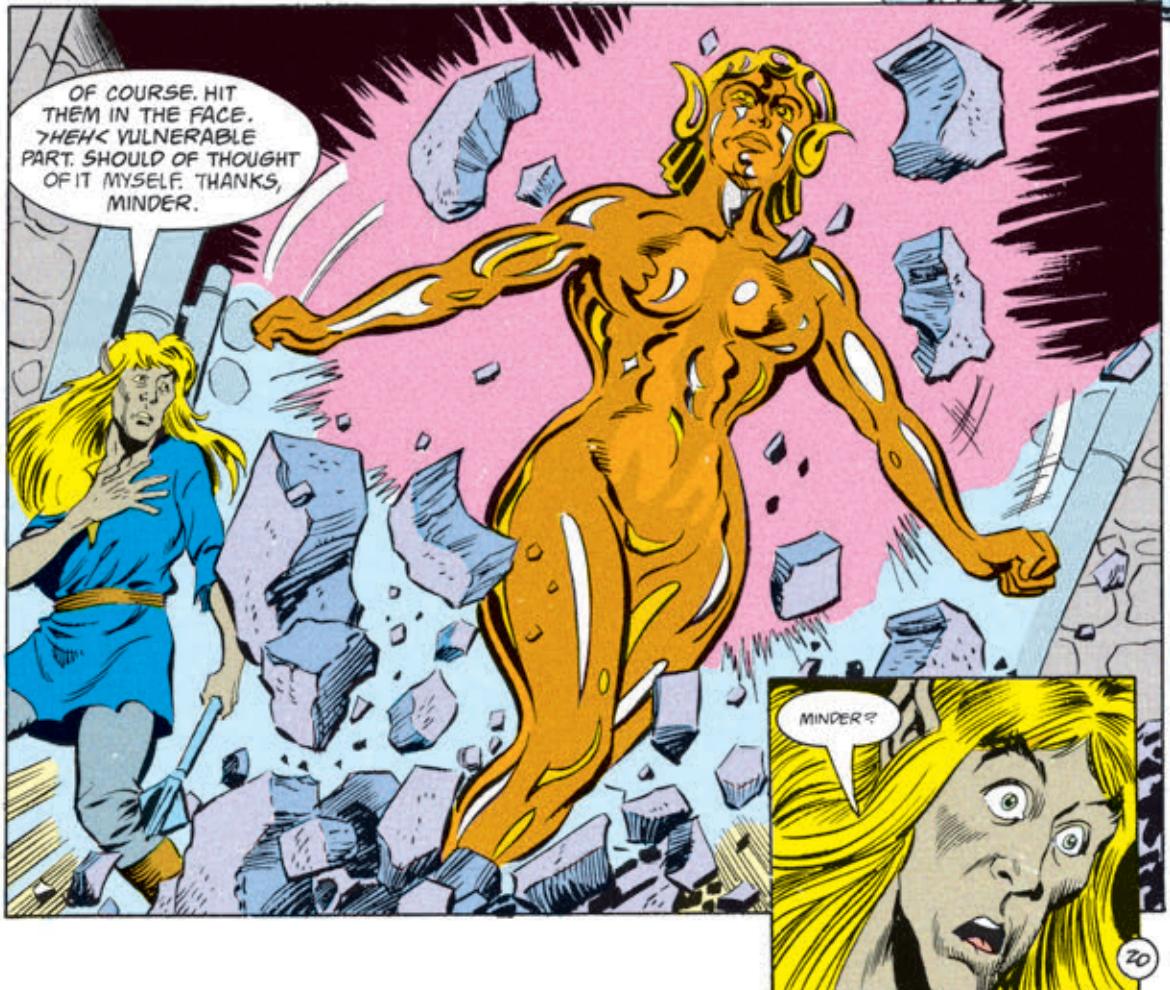
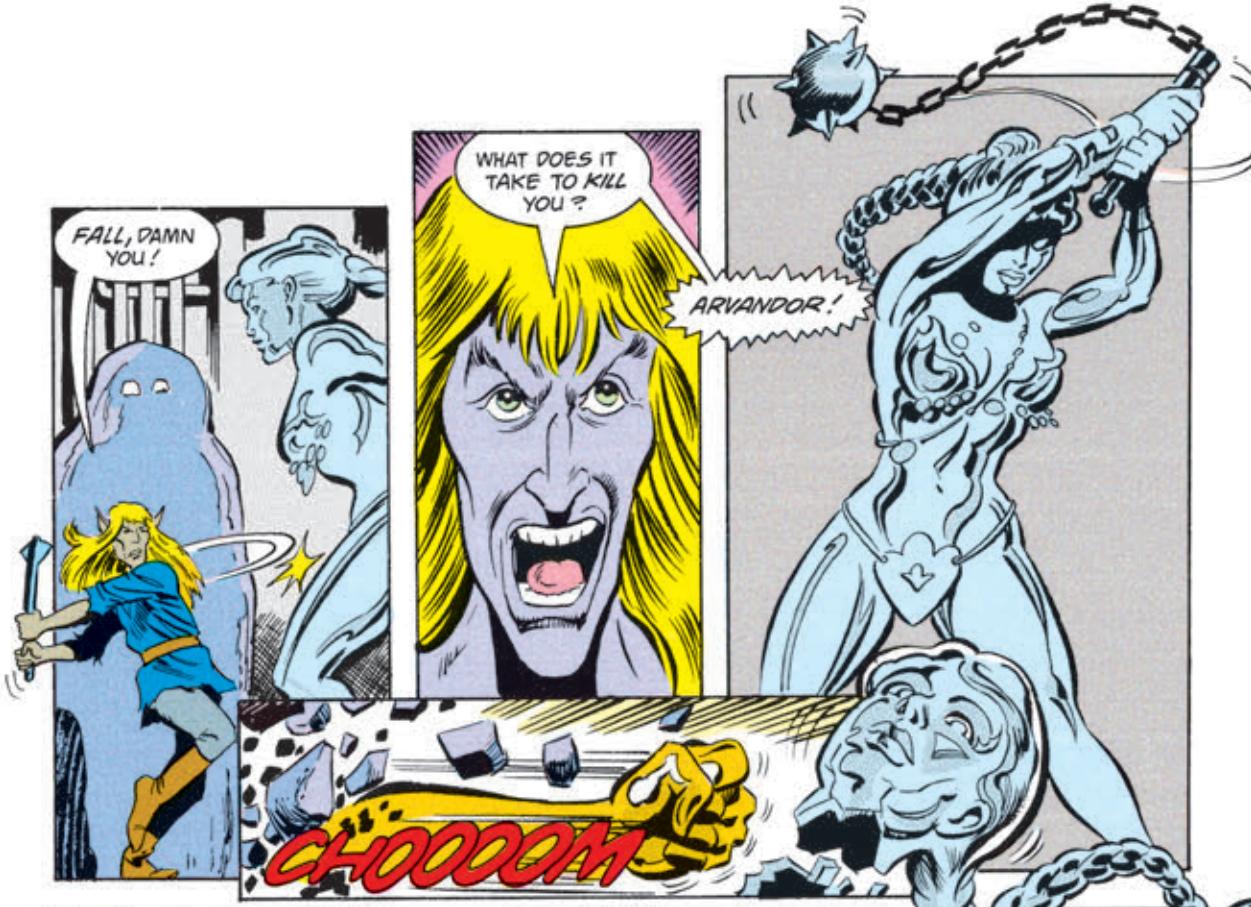




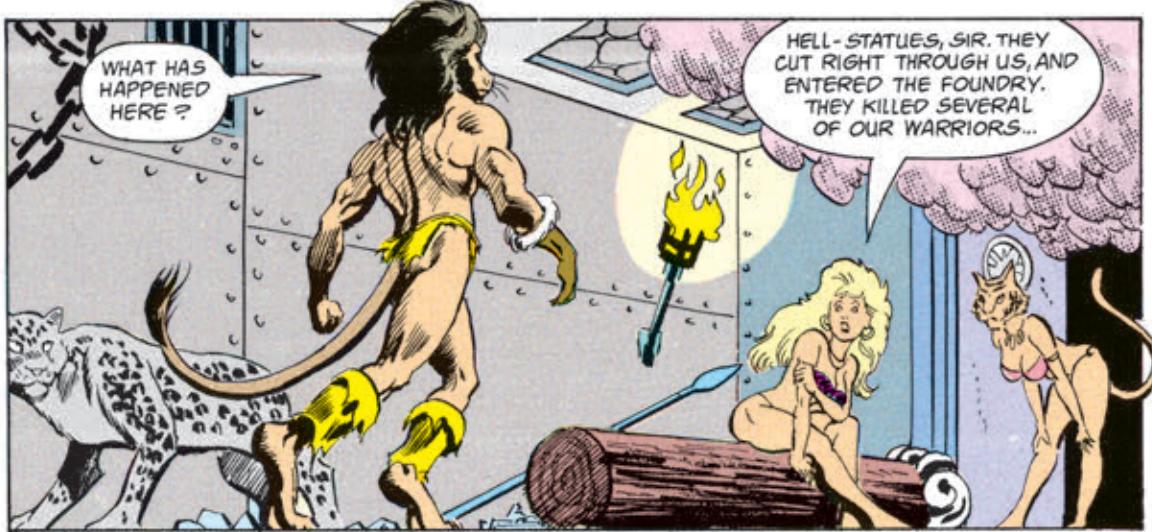














TAKE YOUR FOOD,
WEAPONS, AND
GO NOW!

KARSE? WHAT HAVE...

WHEN THE
LEADER IS
UNFIT, ANOTHER
STEPS FORWARD.
I HAVE CHANGED
SO I COULD
KILL LOS.

LOS IS DEAD,
OUTLANDER. KARSE
YOU KNEW IS DEAD.
I RULE.

GO, OR
BECOME
PRREY.

IF YOU ARGUE, ONE OF
YOU WILL DIE. WE HAVE
OUR FREEDOM. LET
US DEPART.

ISHI? ARE
YOU...

ALL RIGHT? YES. JUST
THINKING. THE AKRI
ARE SHAPE-SHIFTERS,
AND MEET WITH PROBLEMS
BY ADOPTING NEW FORMS.
KARSE HAD TO PHYSICALLY
CHANGE TO CHALLENGE
LOS AND TO LEAD HER
PEOPLE.

YOUR
POINT?

SHE DID NOT
WANT TO CHANGE.
SHE HAD TO. SURVIVAL
OF THE FIT. HER
WORLD FORCED
HER TO BECOME
MORE SAVAGE.

FOR ALL OUR
ABILITIES, ARE
WE ANY DIFFERENT?
ARE WE ANY
BETTER?

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IT'S NOT JUST REACHING A TOWN, VARTAN. IT'S WHAT HAPPENS AFTER THAT? WE'VE LOST OUR SHIP, AND WE'RE NOT IN THE BEST OF SHAPE OURSELVES.

...BUT OMEN NEEDS REST. THANK THE GODS THAT MINDER CAN CARRY THE MAGE.

...AND I DON'T KNOW HOW LONG FOXY CAN HOLD OUT...

"AND AGRIVAR?"



IF IT
SOUNDS
BAD...

IT
LOOKS
WORSE!





NOW YOU WILL PAY FOR YOUR
TRESPASS, INVADER!

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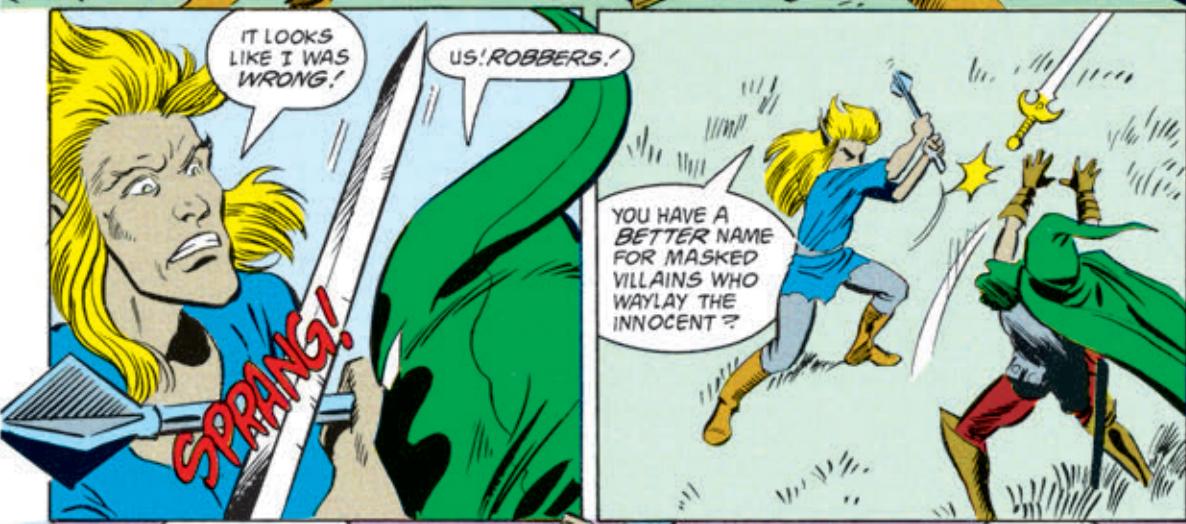
WRITER - JEFF GRUBB
PENCILS - CHAS TRUOG

INKS - DAVE SIMONS
LETTERS - TIM HARKINS
COLORS - GENE D'ANGELO

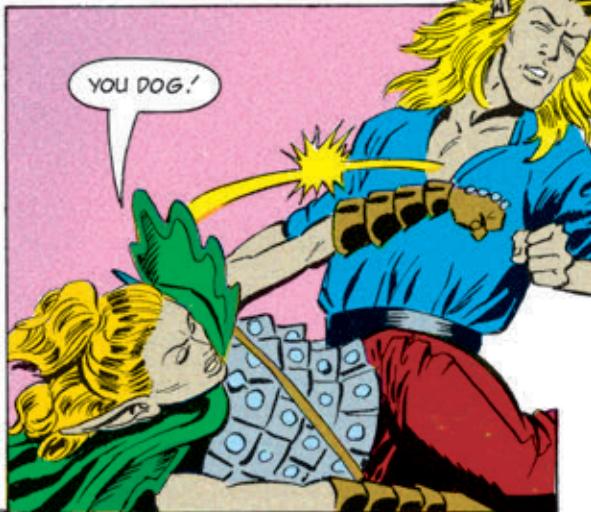
AND KIM YALE, EDITOR, WHO
HAS THIS NIFTY BRIDGE
SHED LIKE TO SELL YOU.



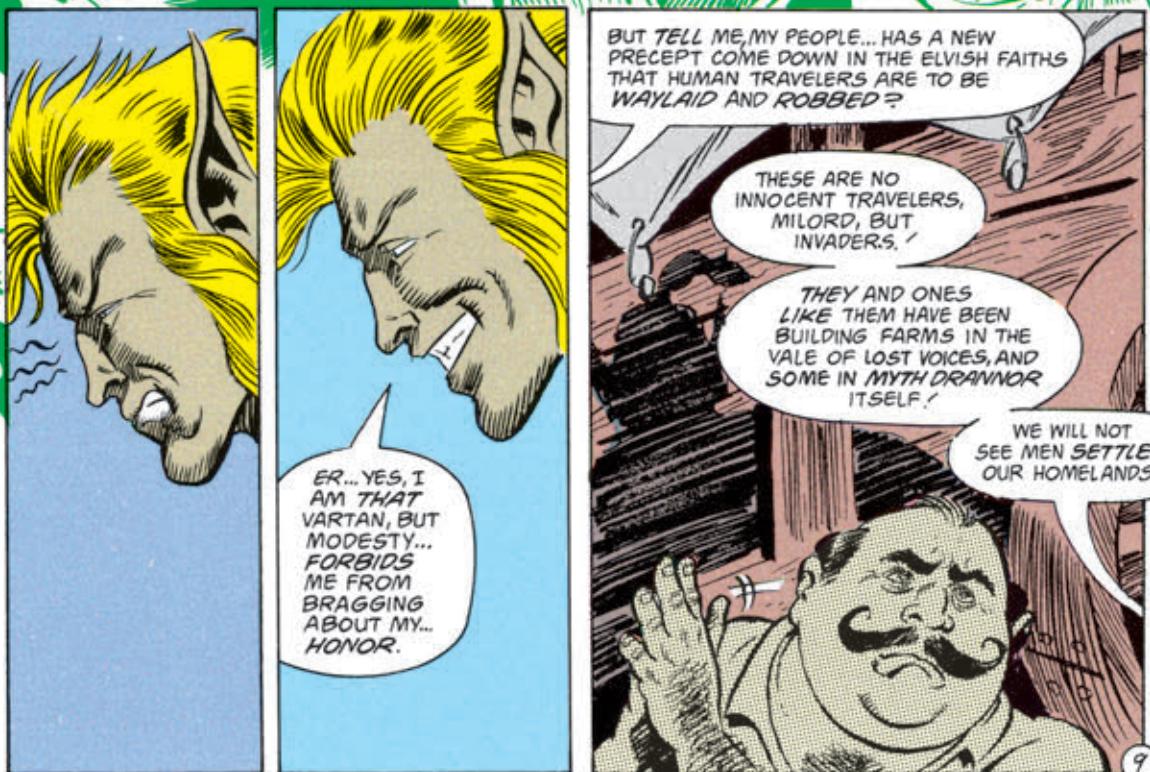












I'M AFRAID I DON'T
UNDERSTAND...

OF ALL THE ELVEN
CITIES OF THE NORTH,
MYTH DRANNOR WAS THE
GREATEST, THE MOST
POWERFUL, AND THE MOST
BEAUTIFUL.

"IT WAS ALIVE WITH LIFE, WITH GRACE.
THE VALES NEARBY RANG WITH THE
LILTING VOICES OF OUR PEOPLE.

THE MATTER
IS SIMPLE, ISHI, BUT
NO LESS SERIOUS
FOR ITS SIMPLICITY.

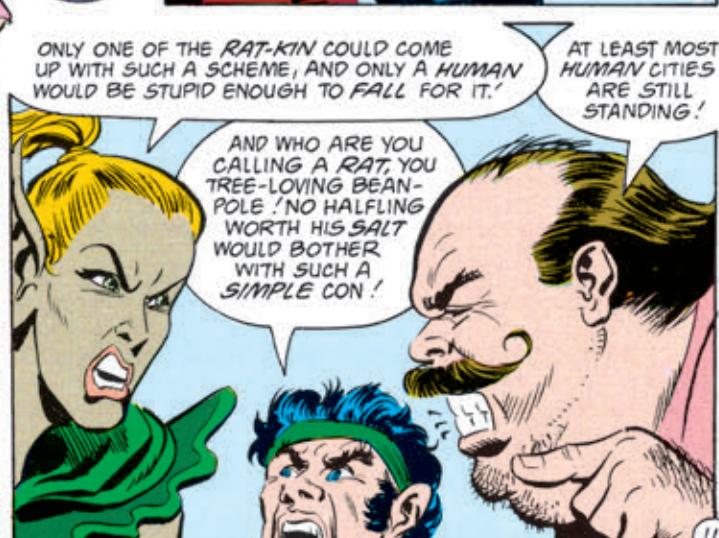
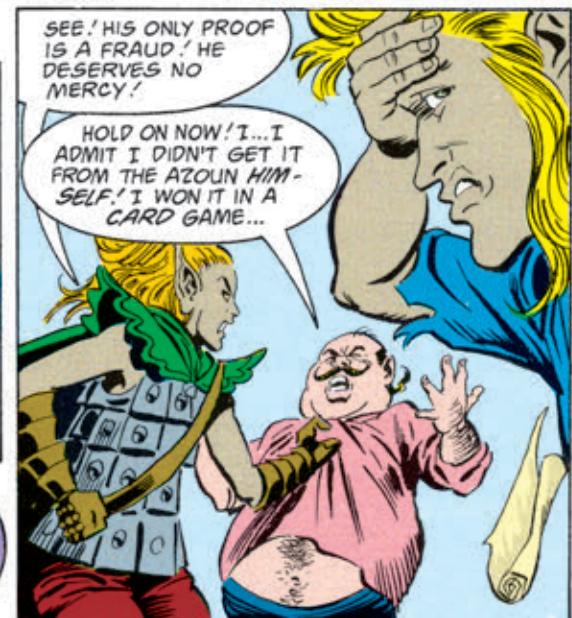
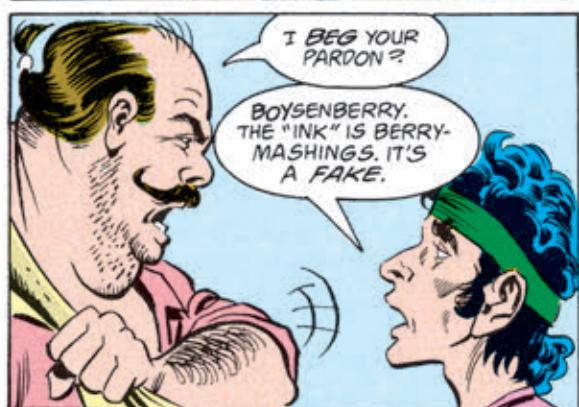
"BUT THERE CAME A TIME WHEN THE FORCES OF
SHADOW INVADED THE LANDS OF LIGHT, AND
FOUGHT THE ELVES. MYTH DRANNOR BECAME
A BATTLEGROUND.

"THE ELVES CONTAINED THE EVIL BUT DID NOT
DESTROY IT. TO THIS DAY, WE ELVES ARE THE
GUARDIANS OF THAT CURSED, RUINED CITY.

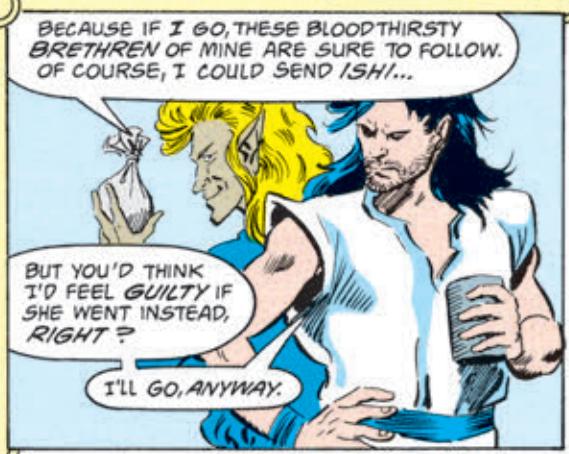
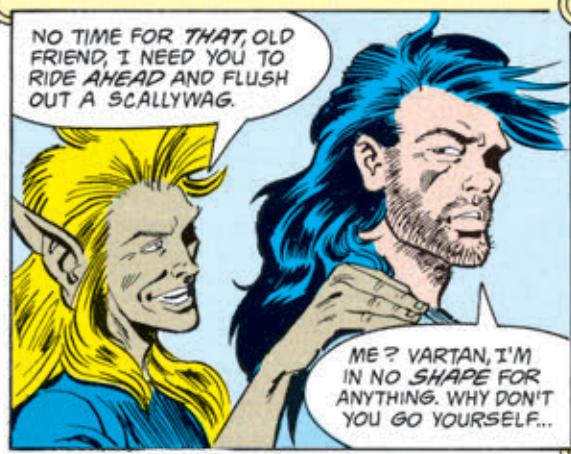
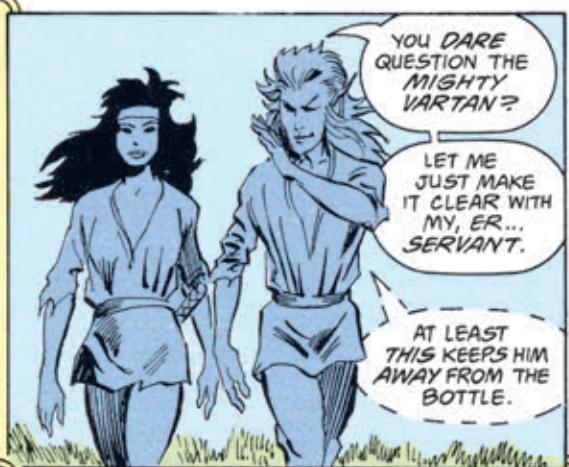
"THE ELVES SCATTERED, AND WHILE BRAVE
ADVENTURERS ARE ALLOWED TO HUNT IN
MYTH DRANNOR, ALL HUMAN SETTLEMENT
IS FORBIDDEN BY THE ELVES."

TREATIES WITH THE
DALESMEN, CORMYR,
AND SEMBIA GUARANTEE
THAT RIGHT...

AND NOW THESE RIGHTS HAVE
BEEN TRAMPLED! WE WILL
FIGHT THE KING OF CORMYR
HIMSELF TO STOP THESE
SETTLERS!







SOMETIME LATER...

WHAT WISDOM,
OH, "GREAT
VARTAN"?

WHAT COULD I DO? "SORRY, AGRIVAR, I
CHANGED MY MIND. IT'S TOO DANGEROUS
TO SEND YOU TO A BAR"? BESIDES,
FOXY WILL LOOK OUT FOR HIM.

THAT IS EXTREMELY
REASSURING.

LOOK, ISHI, WE CAN'T WATCH
HIM EVERY MOMENT. EVENTUALLY
HE'LL HAVE TO WORK THIS PROBLEM
OUT FOR HIMSELF.

AND IT WILL BE UP TO
US TO PICK UP THE
PIECES. IF I WEREN'T
SO TIRED, I SWEAR
I'D...

HOW ARE YOU
HOLDING UP,
MINDER?

EXHAUSTION IS
IMPOSSIBLE IN THIS
FORM. IF YOU NEED
TO REST FOR THE EVENING,
I COULD REMAIN AWAKE...

YES, WE'LL NEED TO REST,
BUT YOU CAN HELP BY
PRESSING ON...

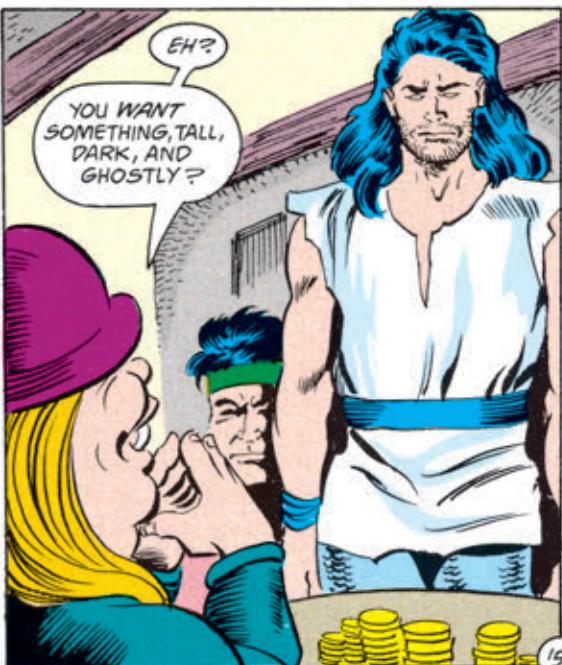
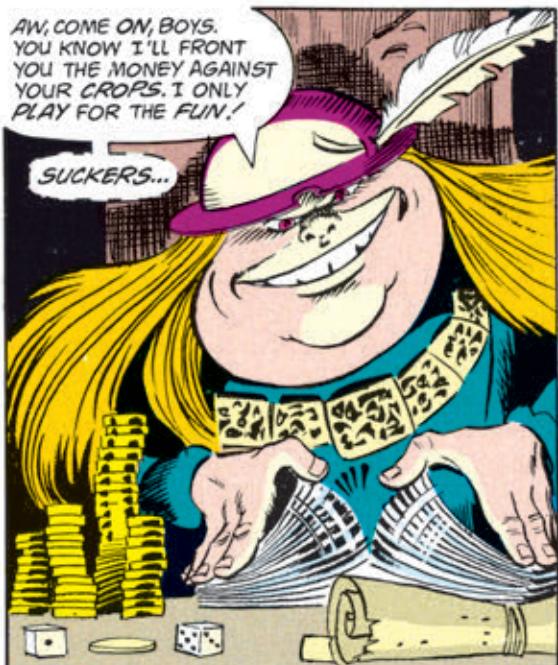
"... JUST IN CASE OUR PALADIN STRAYS
FROM HIS VIRTUOUS PATH."

TOWNSMAN!
I SEEK THE BLACK
CROSS!

YOU'VE
FOUND IT,
STRANGER.

I ALSO SEEK AN INDIVIDUAL
SIMILAR TO MY COMPANION,
WHO IS DEALING IN LANDS
AND TITLES.

OH, YOU MEAN
SANDUSK. HE'S INSIDE,
THOUGH FOR YOUR
SAKE...



I AM LOOKING FOR A... BEING NAMED SANDUSK.

YOU FOUND HIM. MASTER OF CARDS, DICE AND OTHER GAMES OF CHANCE. TRADER OF GOODS AND INFORMATION. MAGICIAN OF MINOR REPUTE...

... AND SELLER OF REAL ESTATE IN MYTH DRANNOR?

SAY, YOU BOYS DON'T WORK FOR KING AZOUN, DO YOU?

NO, WE ARE... INDEPENDENTS. WE RAN INTO A PAIR OF SATISFIED CUSTOMERS ON THE ROAD, AND THEY RECOMMENDED YOU. YOU'RE NOT A HALFLING, ARE YOU?

SWEET BELLING HELLS, NO! I'M JUST ONE OF THE MANY "LITTLE FOLK" YOU FIND ANYWHERE IN THE REALMS.

JUST TRYING TO SURVIVE IN A WORLD WHERE EVERYTHING IS BIGGER THAN US. I'M SURE YOUR FRIEND UNDERSTANDS ME.

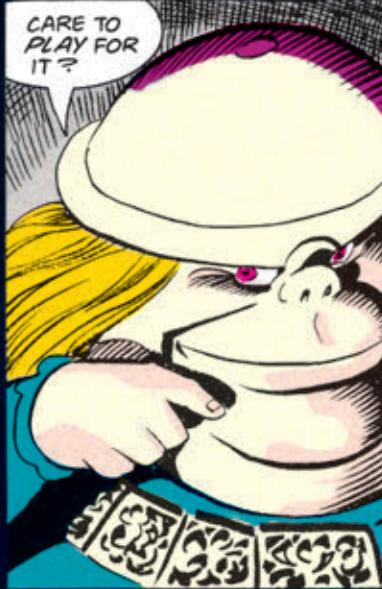
YOU BOYS CARE FOR A DRINK?

I... I'M SORRY, I DON'T...

WE'RE ON A TIGHT BUDGET.

YEAH, AIN'T PRICES A KICK IN THE HAY?

I GOT JUST THE THING FOR YOU. TOOK IT FROM MYTH DRANNOR MYSELF FROM A BULL TENAR'RI. A MUG OF EVERFILLING MEAD.





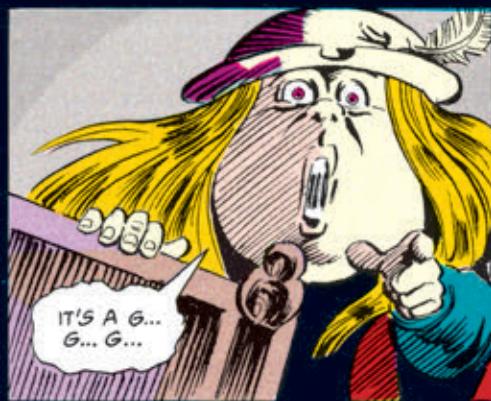
WELL, IT'S ABOUT TIME
I WON A HAND HERE,
PILGRIM...

WELL, WHADDAYA
KNOW! I WON
AGAIN!

THIS JUST ISN'T
TURNING OUT TO BE
YOUR NIGHT,
STRANGER.

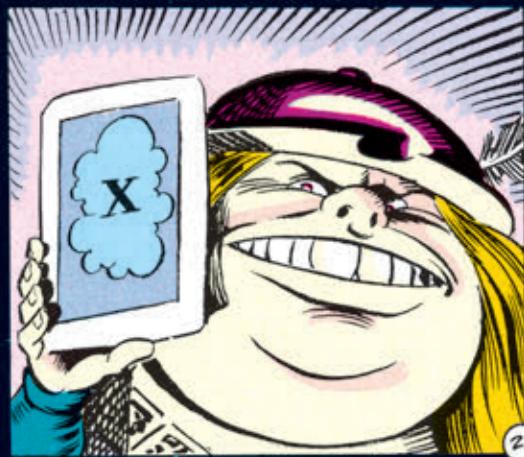






NOW, LET'S DO ONE LAST GAME, SHALL WE? SAME AS THE FIRST. HIGH CARD WINS. YOU WIN, YOU GET EVERYTHING, INCLUDING THE GOLEM.

I WIN, YOU LEAVE NOW AND NEVER PEDDL PHONY DEALS AGAIN IN CORMYR, CLEAR?

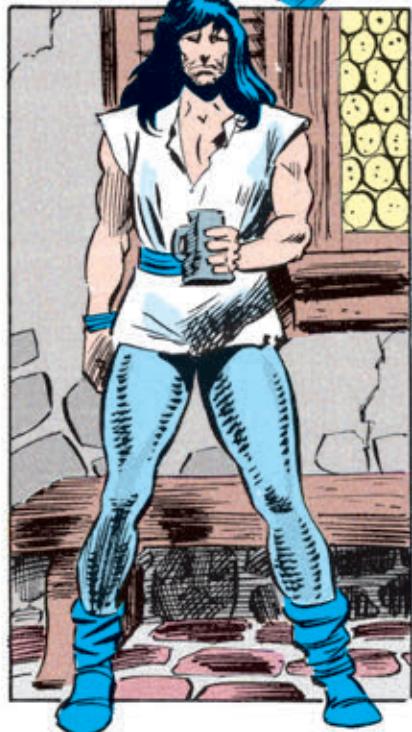




FOUND HIM, BUT HE HAD
TO LEAVE SUDDENLY. HE
WAS IN SUCH A RUSH
THAT HE LEFT A FEW
THINGS BEHIND.











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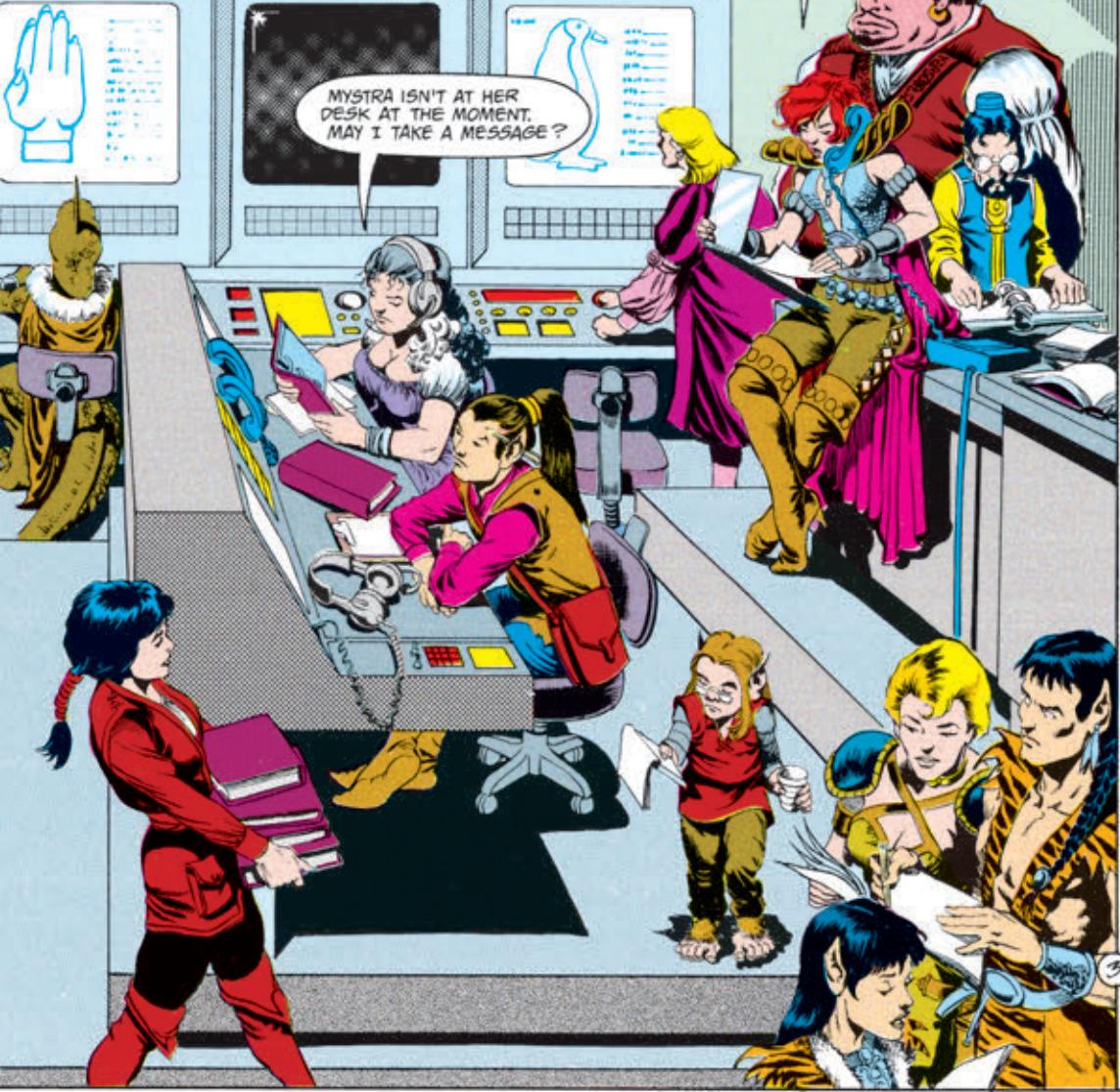
EVERYBODY WANTS TO RUN THE REALMS

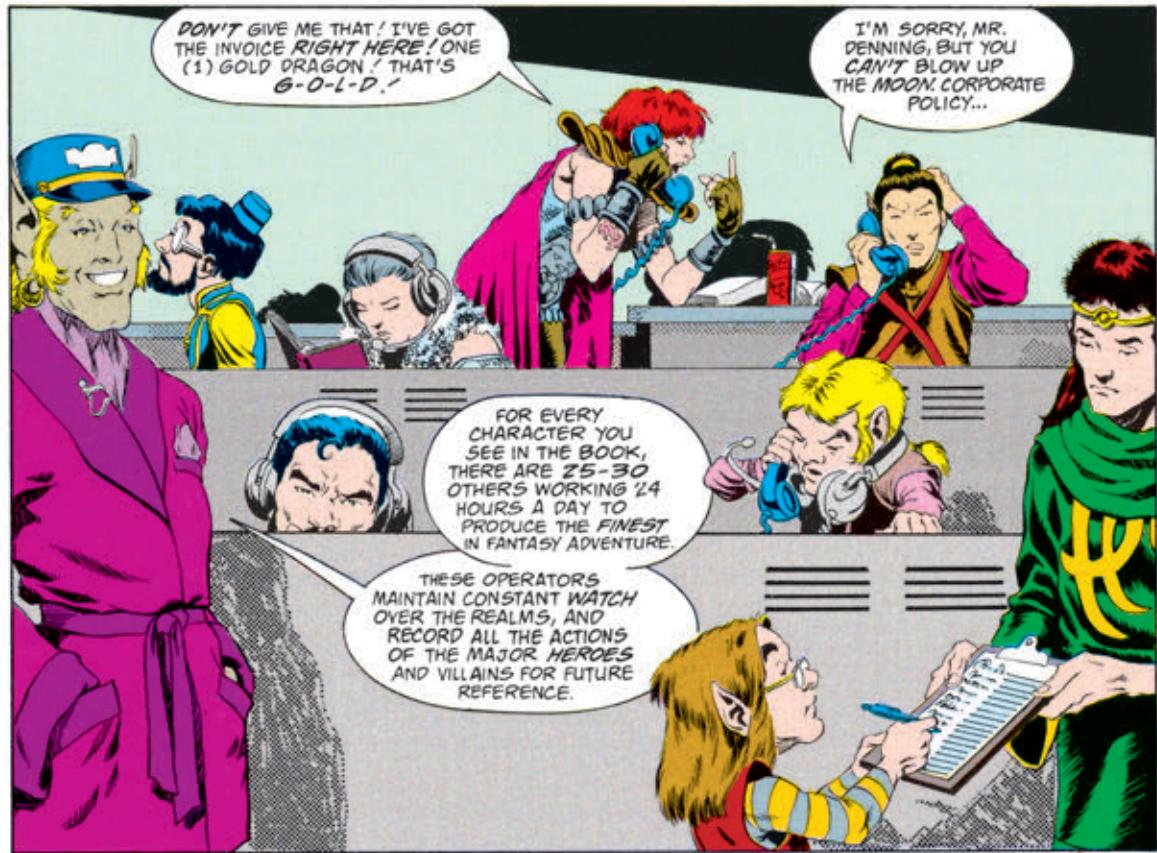


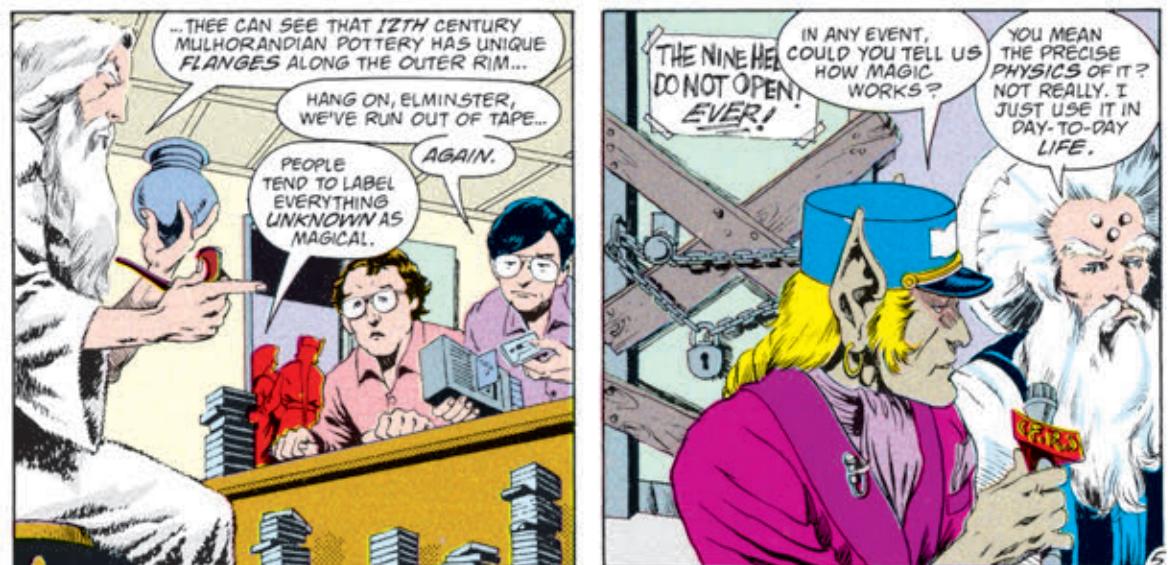
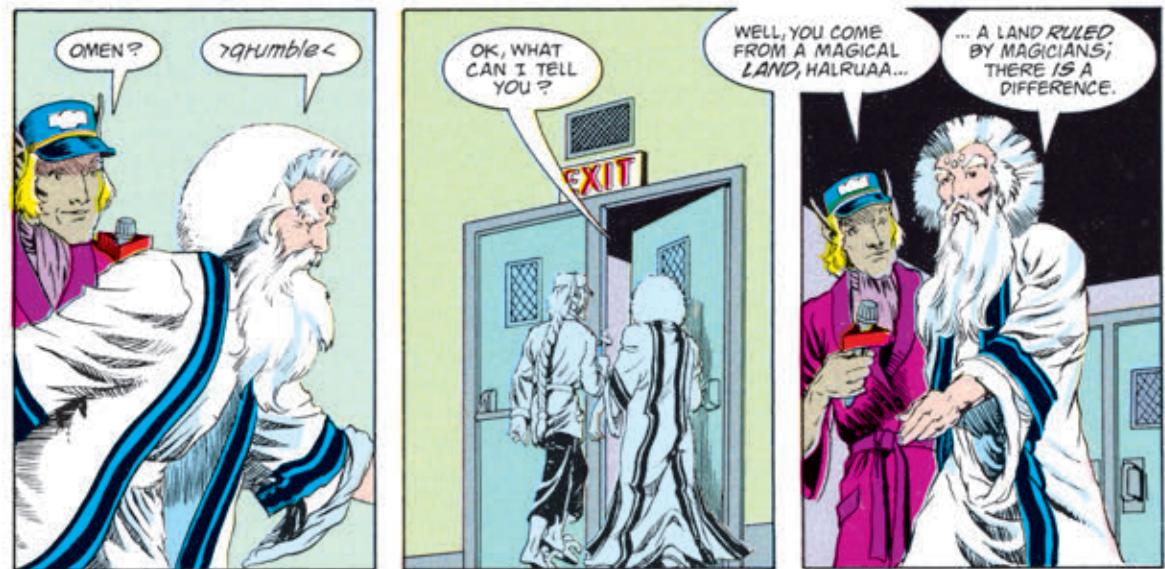
AUTHOR: JEFF GRUBB
ARTIST: RAGS MORALES
COLORIST: GENE D'ANGELO
LETTERER: TIM HARKINS
EDITOR: KIM YALE

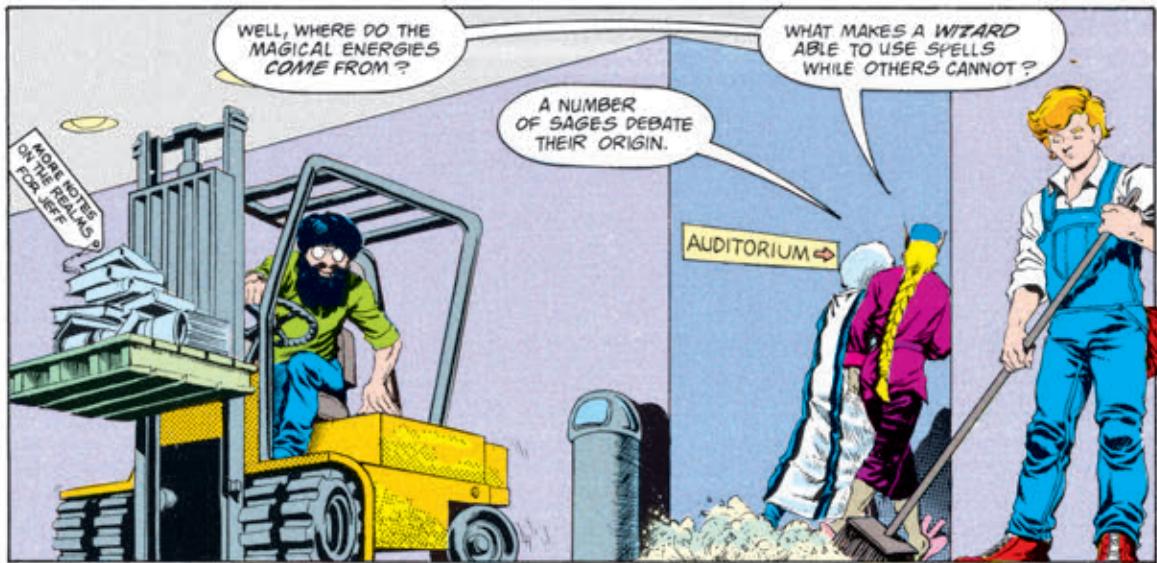
WE ORDERED A GOLD
DRAGON FOR THAT TOURNAMENT,
AND YOU SENT US A RED.
DON'T YOU FOLK KNOW
YOUR ALIGNMENTS?

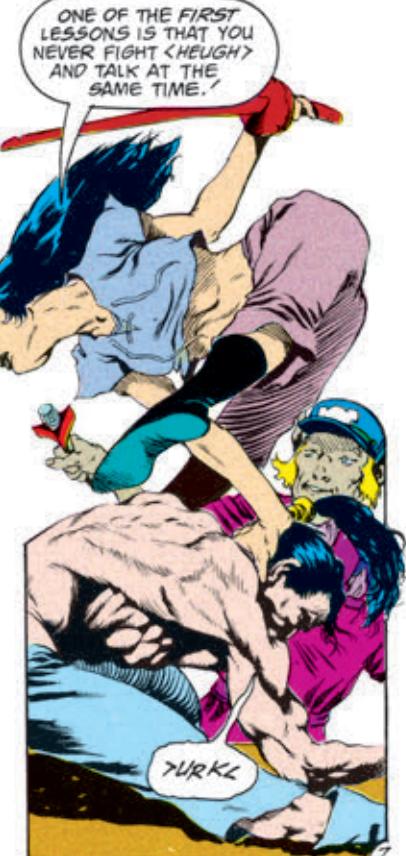
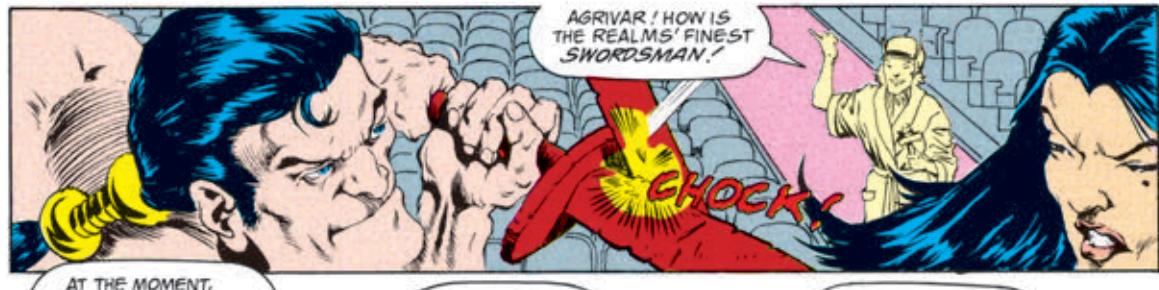
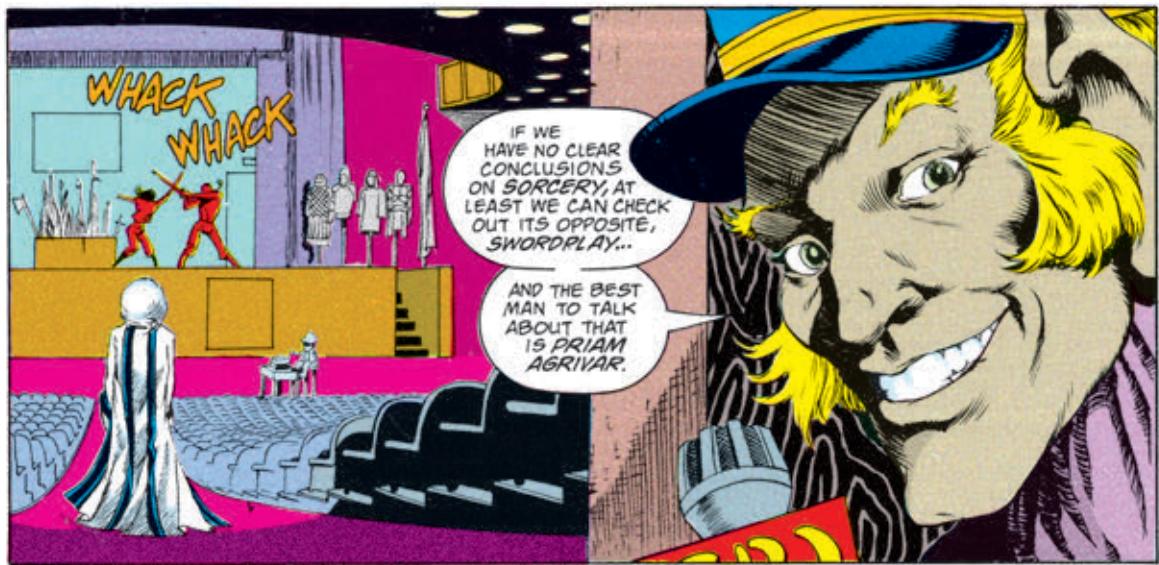
MYSTRA ISN'T AT HER
DESK AT THE MOMENT.
MAY I TAKE A MESSAGE?

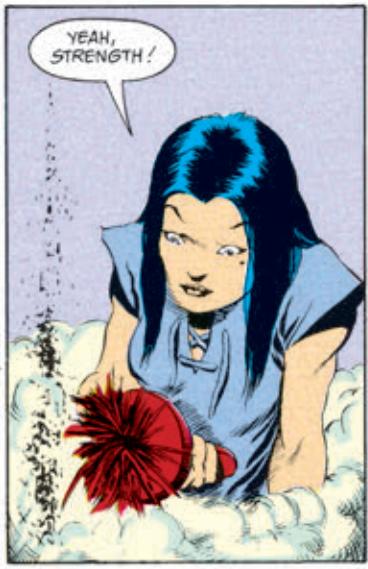


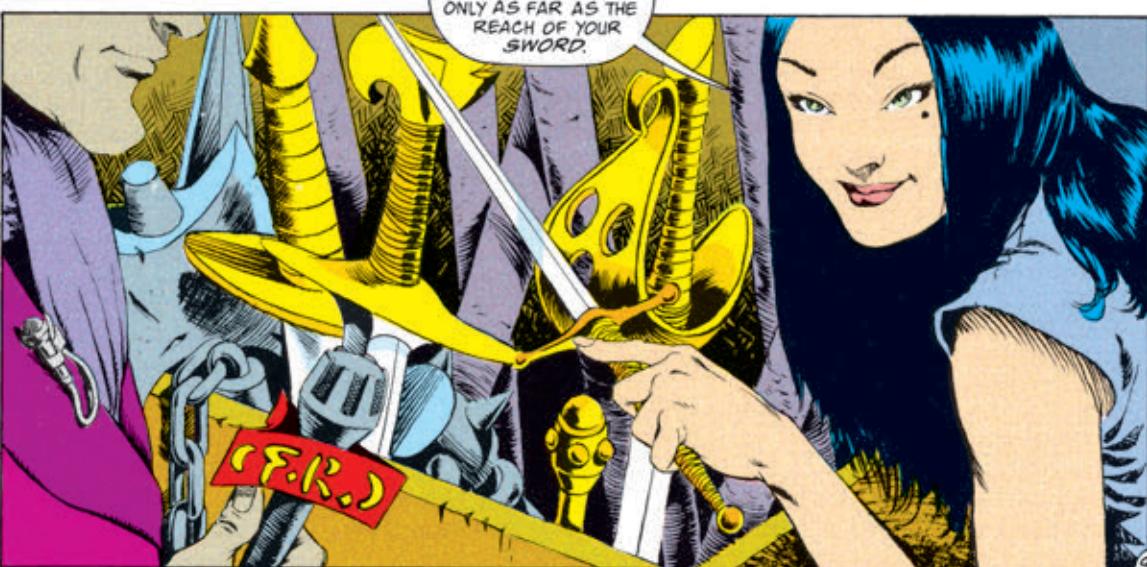
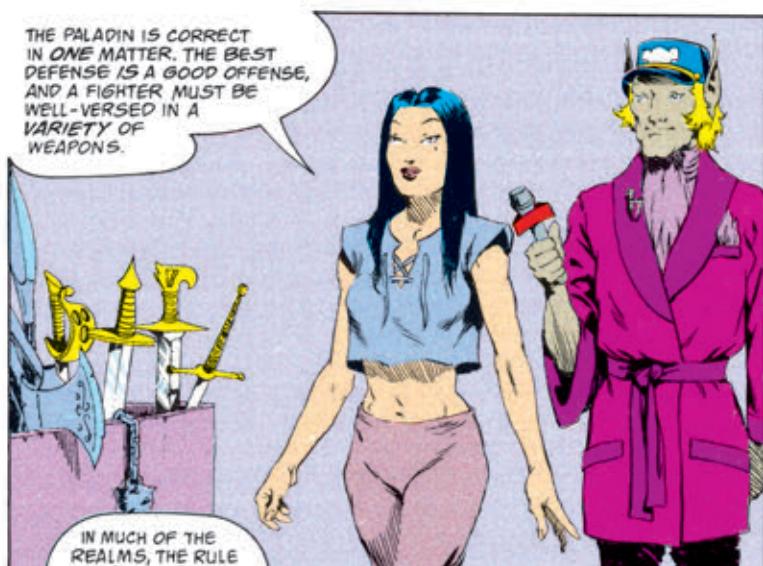
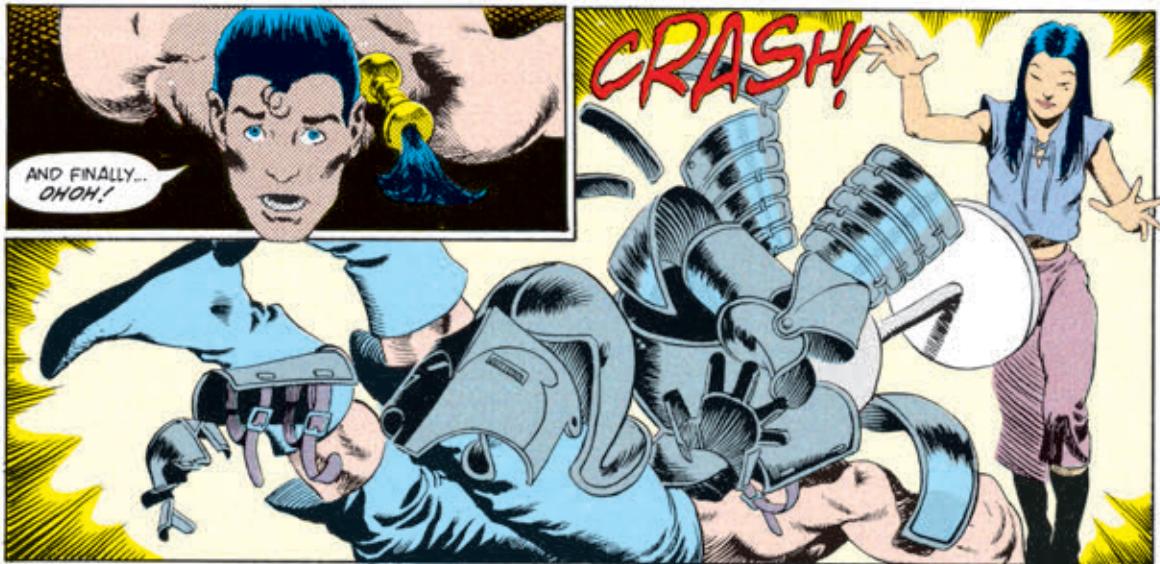


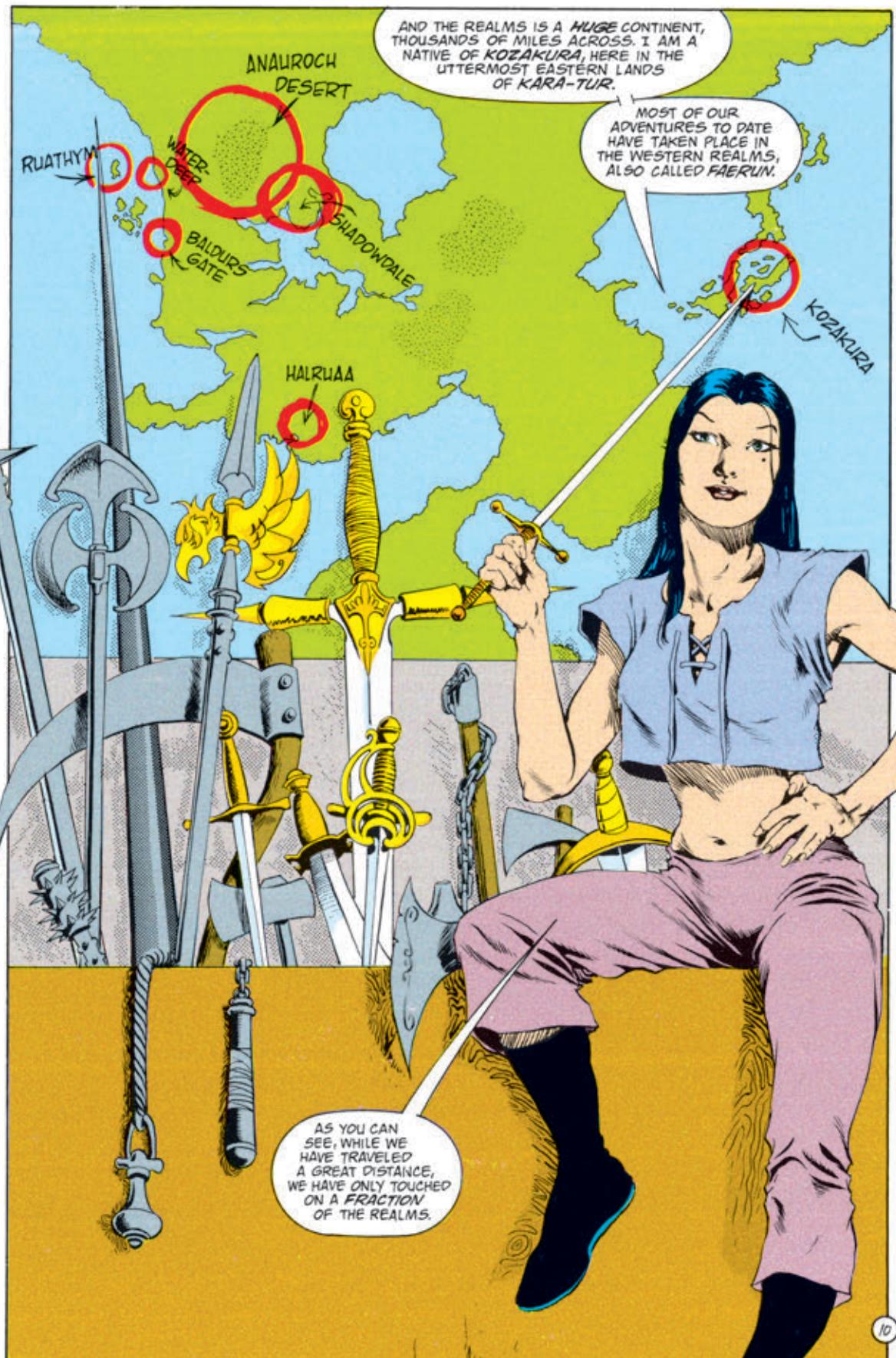








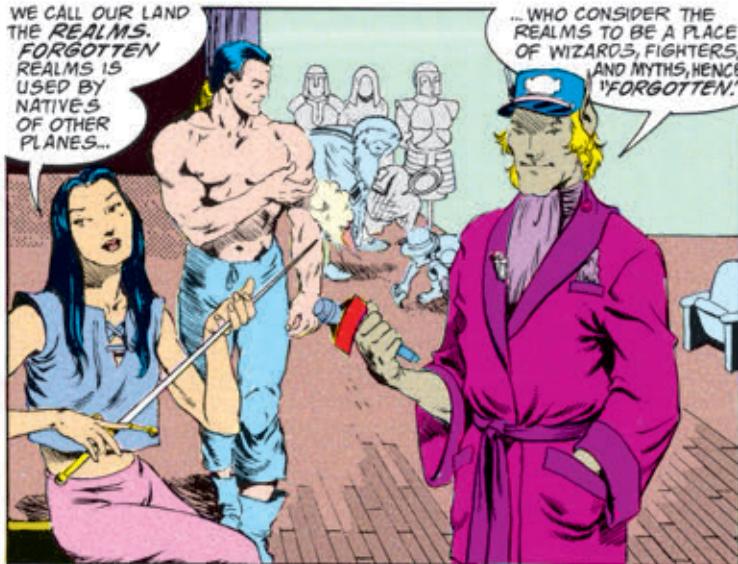


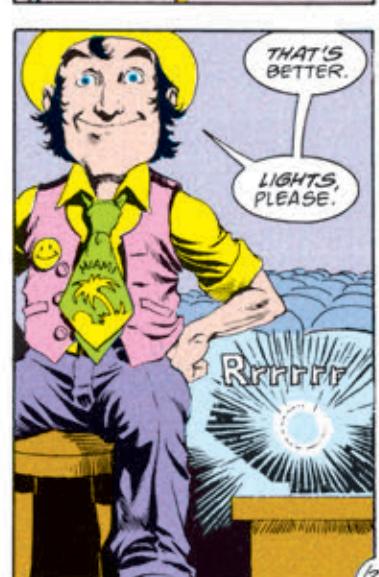


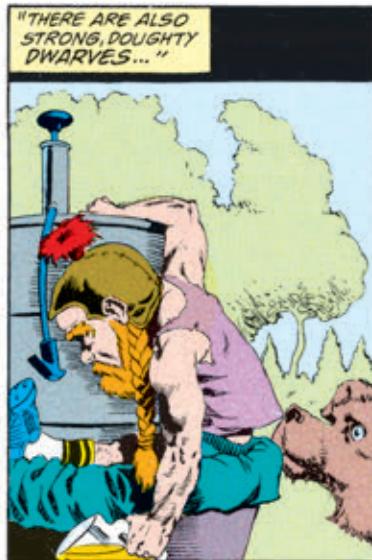
WE CALL OUR LAND
THE REALMS.
FORGOTTEN
REALMS IS
USED BY
NATIVES
OF OTHER
PLANES...

... WHO CONSIDER THE
REALMS TO BE A PLACE
OF WIZARDS, FIGHTERS,
AND MYTHS, HENCE
"FORGOTTEN."

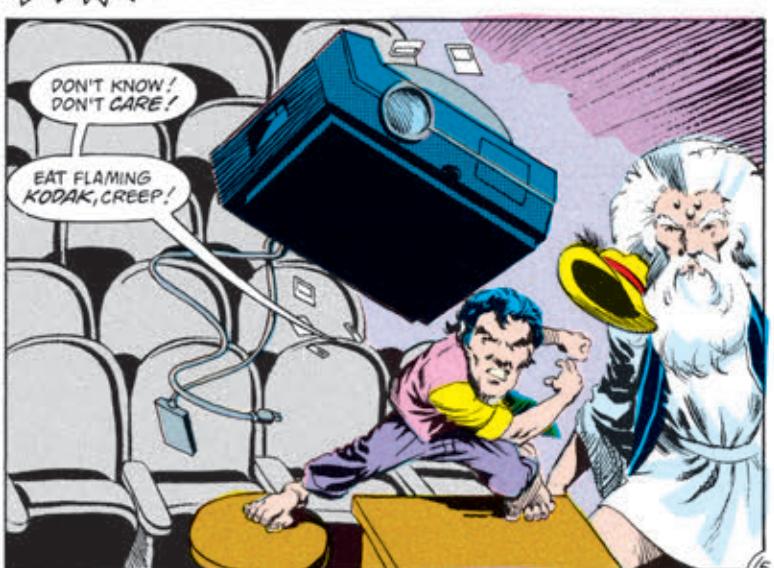
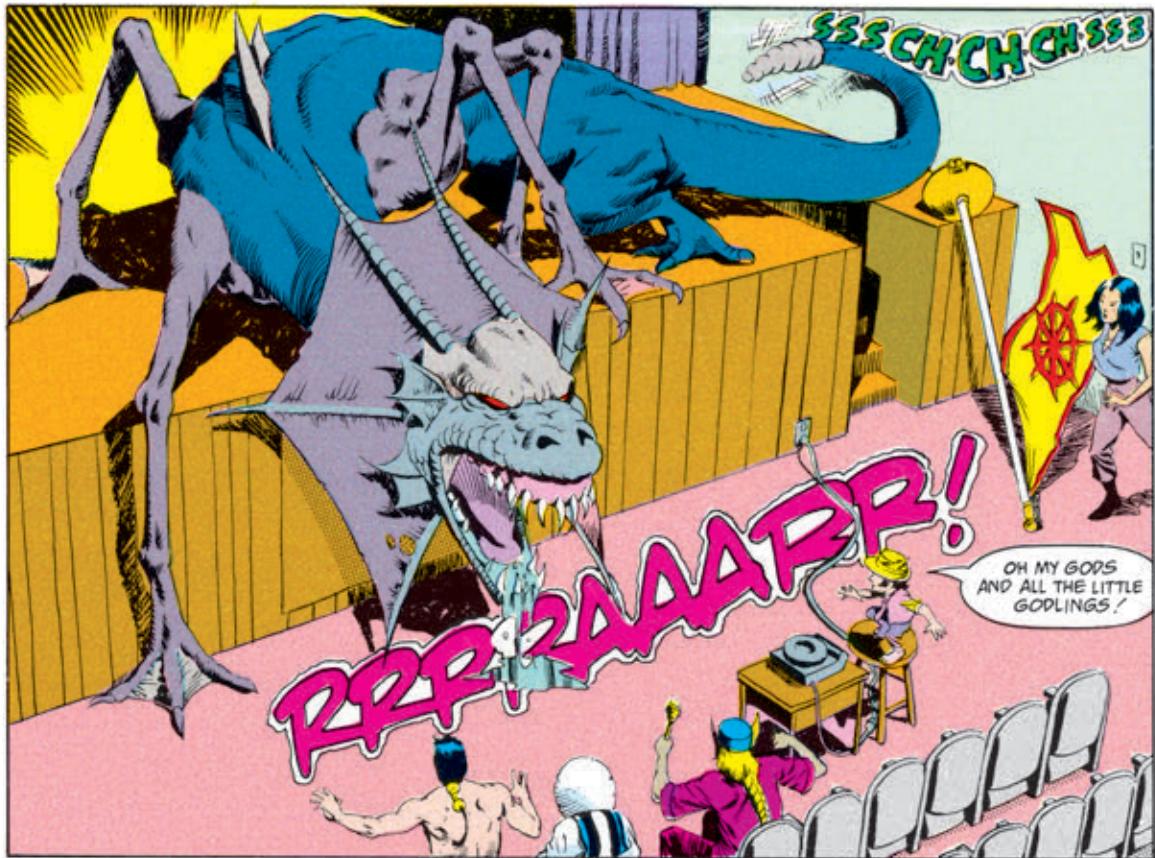
THAT'S RIGHT, THOUGH NOT
ALL THOSE WHO FIGHT WITH
WEAPONS ARE PROPERLY
FIGHTERS.

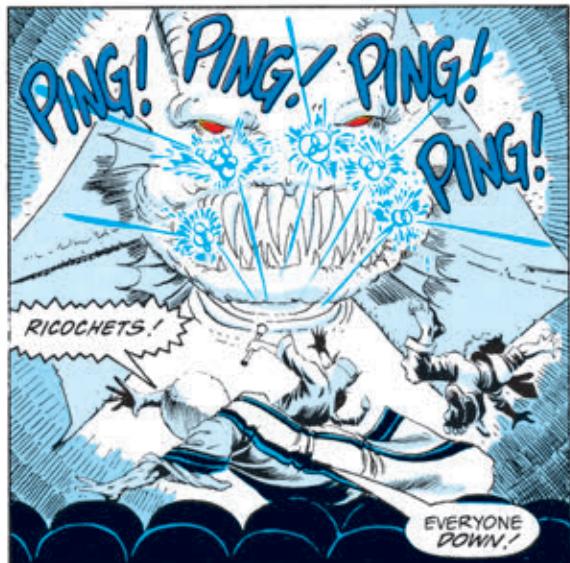


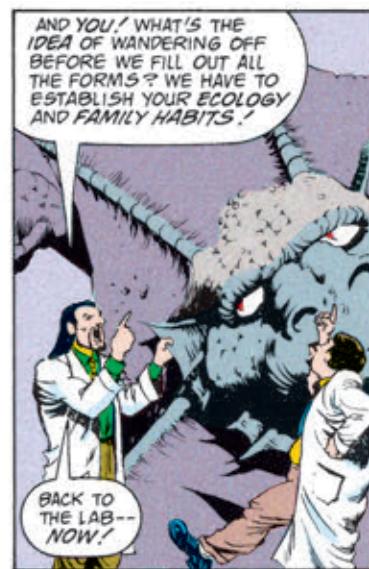
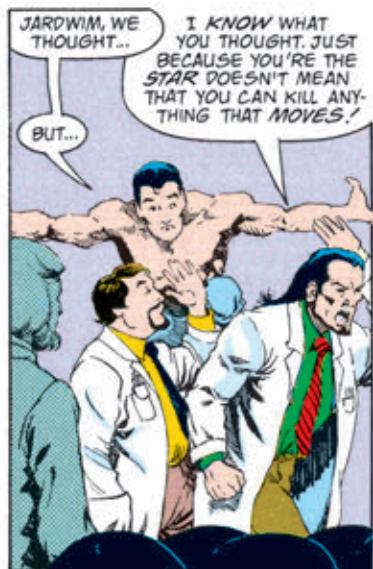


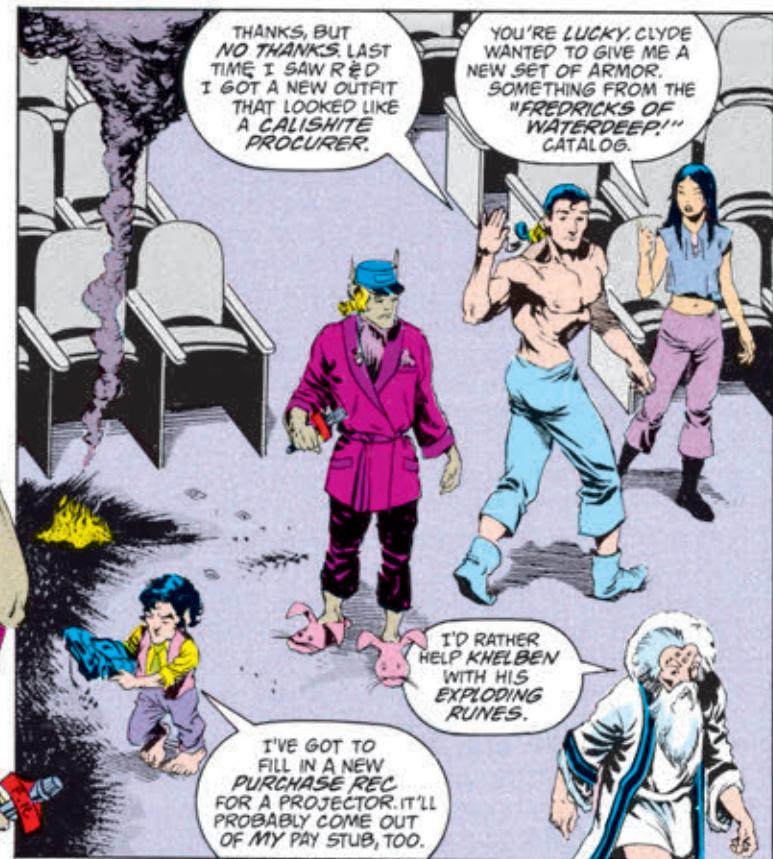




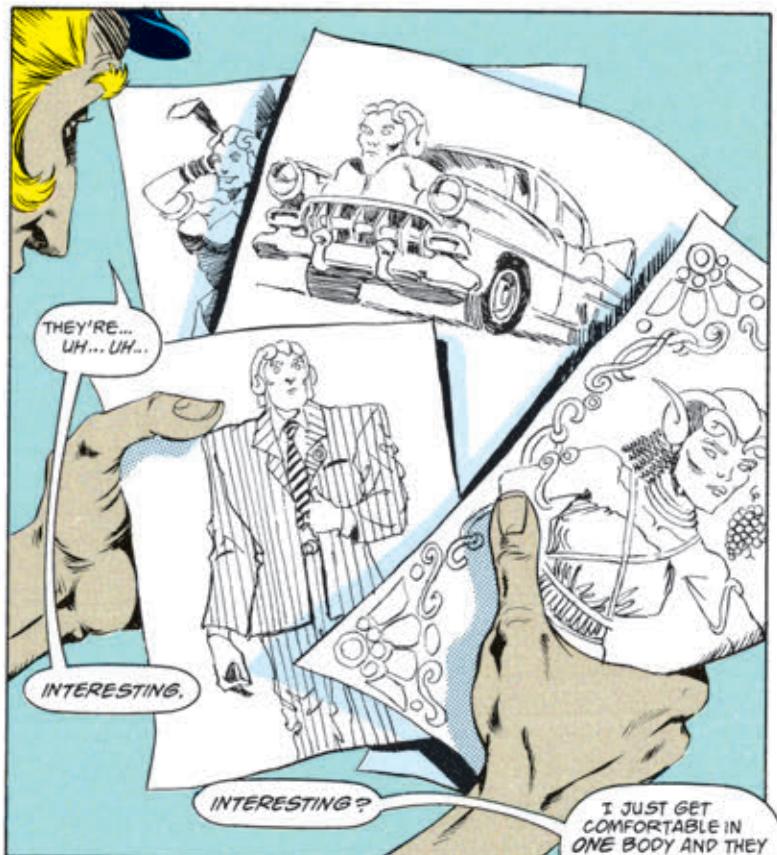


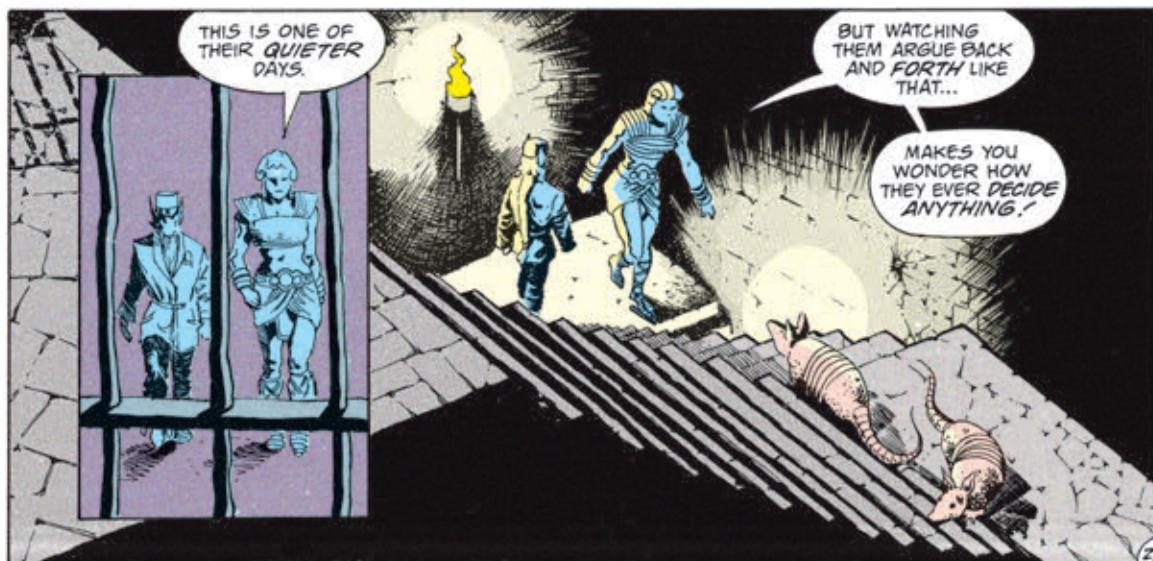
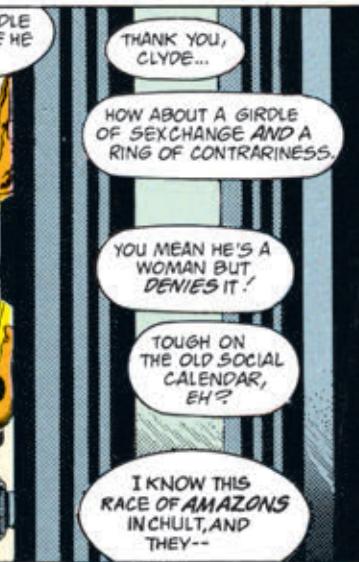




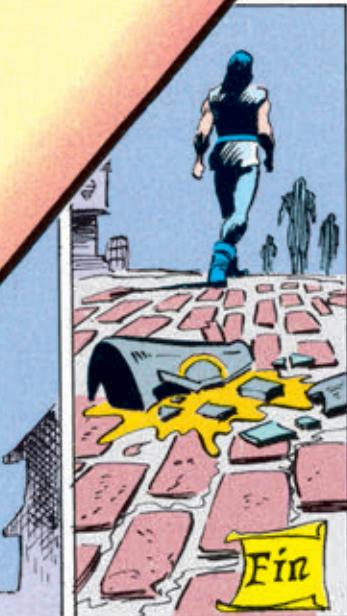
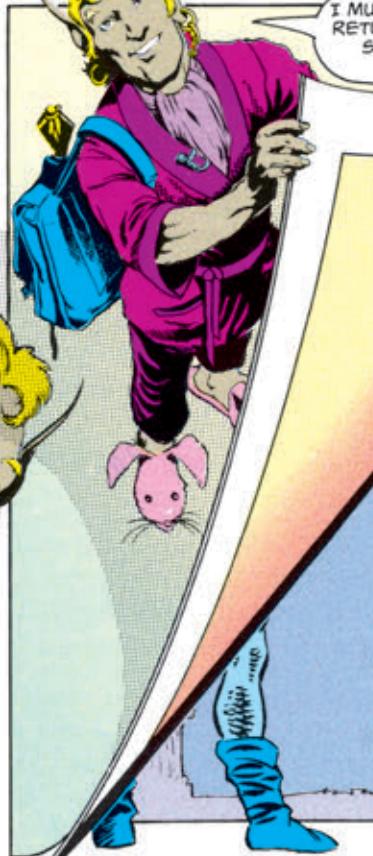












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SEP 81 CAN \$2.25
UKE1

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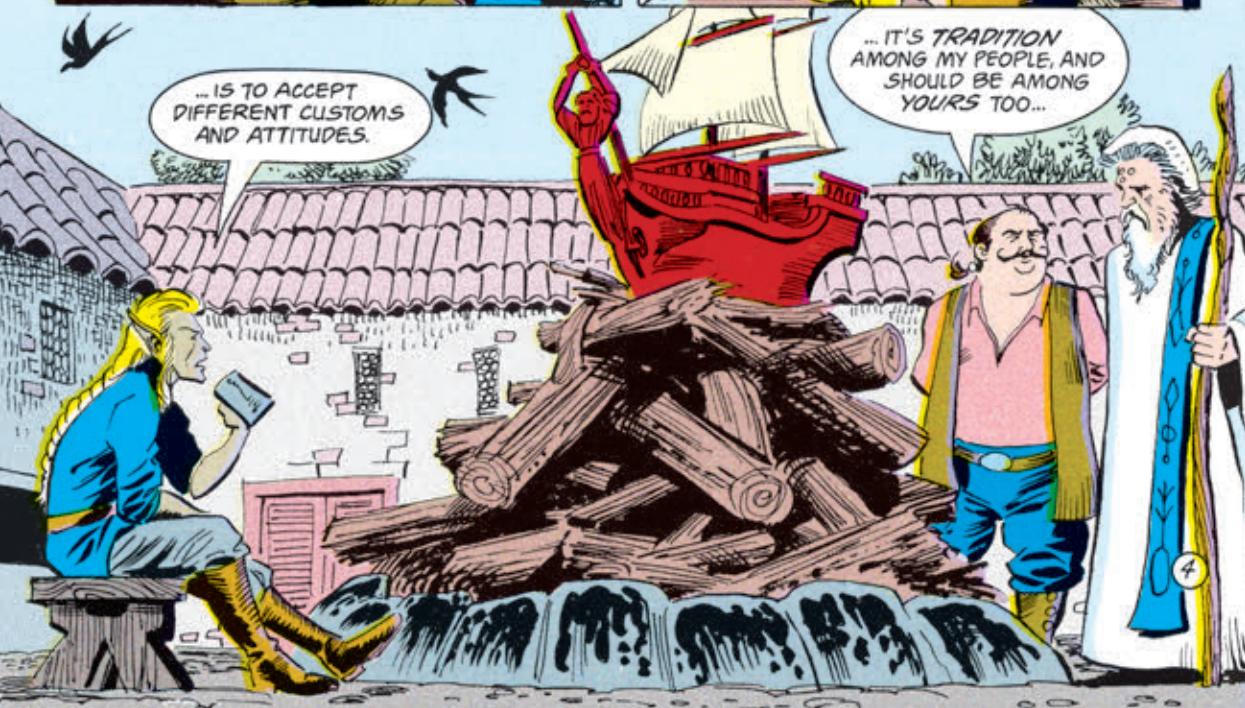






WAKE OF THE REALMS MASTER

JEFF GRUBB - AUTHOR
CHAS TRUOG - ARTIST
DAVE SIMONS - INKS
MATT WEBB - COLORS
TIM HARKINS - LETTERS
KIM YALE - EDITS



...A SHIP IS LIKE ANY OTHER MEMBER OF THE FAMILY. A FAMILY MEMBER DIES, YOU HAVE A WAKE. VIEW THE BODY AND SEND THE SPIRIT ON.

YOUR SHIP WAS WRECKED MILES FROM HERE, SO A STAND-IN WILL DO.

JOBAR, IF YOU WILL...

NO, JOBAR.

SHE WAS MY SHIP. AS CAPTAIN I WILL DO THE HONORS.



IT HAD SERVED ME WELL IN ALL MY TRAVELS. IT WAS A PART OF ME. WHEN IT DIED, PART OF ME DIED.

IT GAVE US WINGS OF MAGIC, TOOK US FROM ONE END OF THE REALMS TO THE OTHER. WHEN IT DIED, IT LEFT US WITHOUT COMPASS OR DIRECTION.

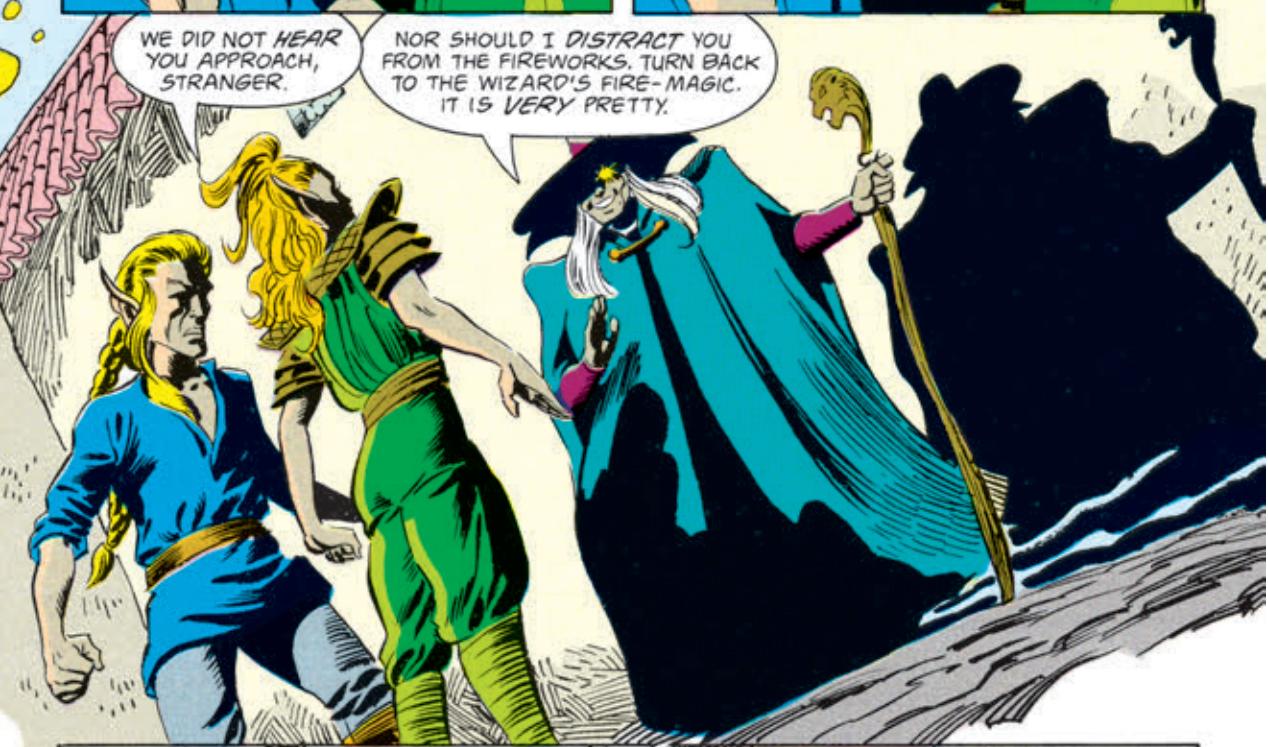
IT HAD SEEN BOMBARD SHOT AND DRAGON FIRE, FOUGHT MONSTERS OF AIR, AND SEA, AND LAND. ONLY THE HAND OF A GOD COULD LAY IT LOW.

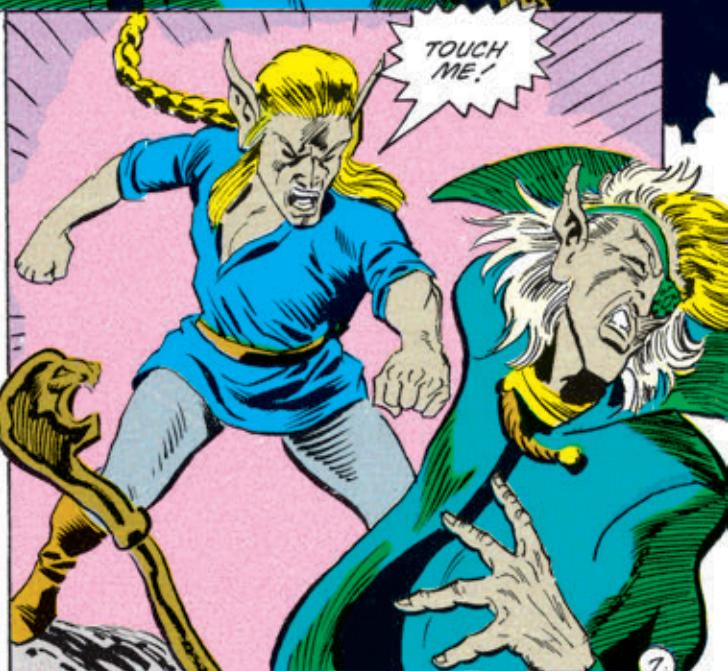
IT NOW LIES WRECKED IN A WATERLESS SEA, YET WILL ALWAYS SURVIVE AS A PART OF US ALL IN OUR MEMORIES...

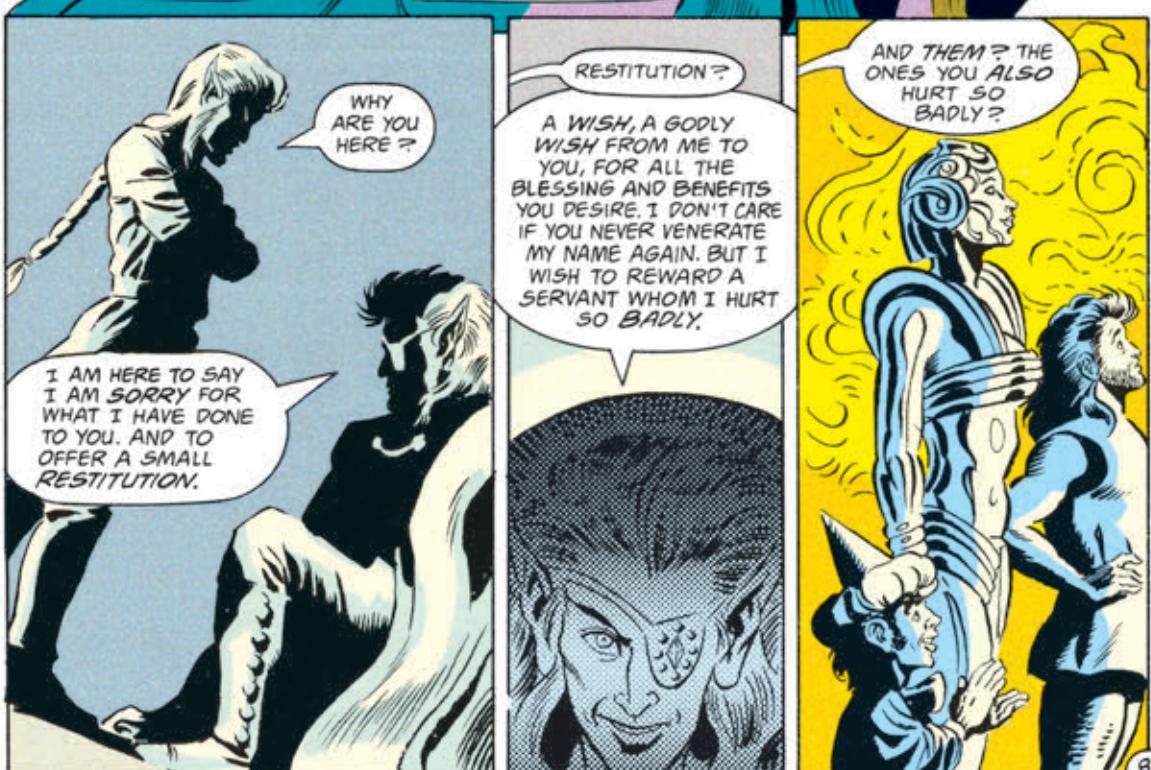
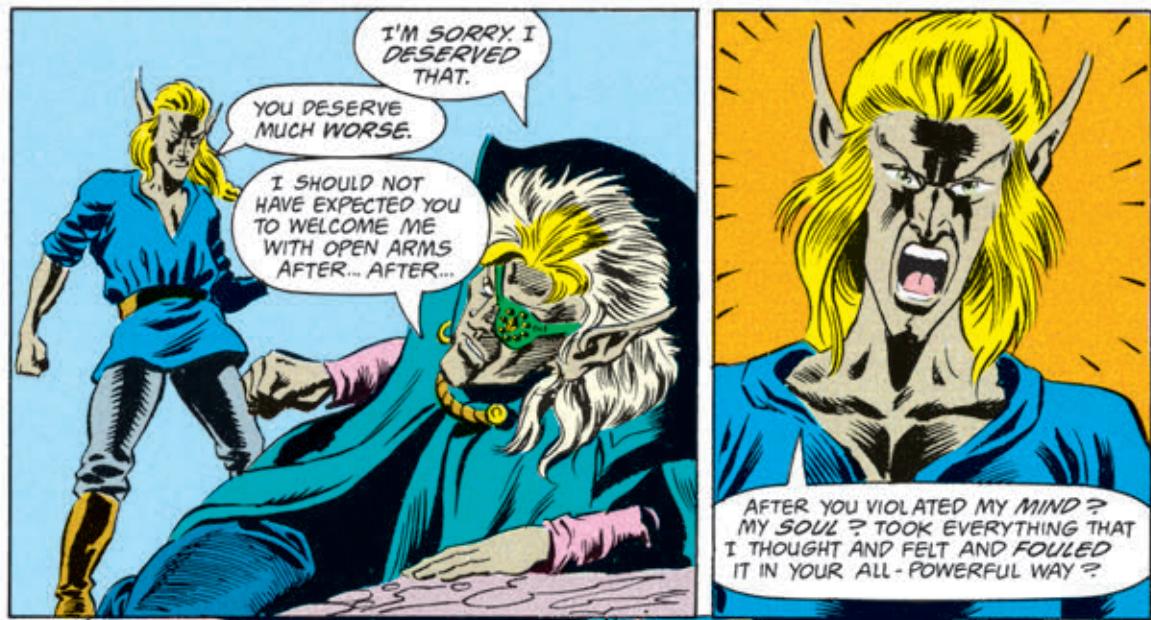
FAREWELL, REALMS MASTER!

PYROTECHNICS!









THEY ARE NOT ELVES, VARTAN. LET THEM PETITION THEIR OWN GODS FOR ALL THE GOOD IT WILL DO.

I MEAN, WHY SHOULD I...



NO! THAT ISN'T FAIR! YOU WOULDN'T!

I WOULD. LABELAS ENORETH, IN RECOMPENSE FOR THE MISERY YOUR PRESENCE HAS CAUSED US, GRANT THE WISHES OF EACH OF MY COMPANIONS.

AND IF YOU DO THIS, AND IF YOU DO NOT HARM MY FRIENDS IN THE GRANTING, AND IF YOU GRANT THEIR DESIRES WILLINGLY...

THEN I MIGHT THINK OF YOU AS MORE THAN A DANGEROUS FOOL WEARING THE MASK OF A GOD.

LOOK INTO MY HEART. YOU KNOW I SPEAK THE TRUTH.



I KNOW, AND I AM BOUND TO MY PROMISE.

THOUGH IT FILLS ME WITH DEEP MISGIVINGS, I WILL AID YOUR FRIENDS.

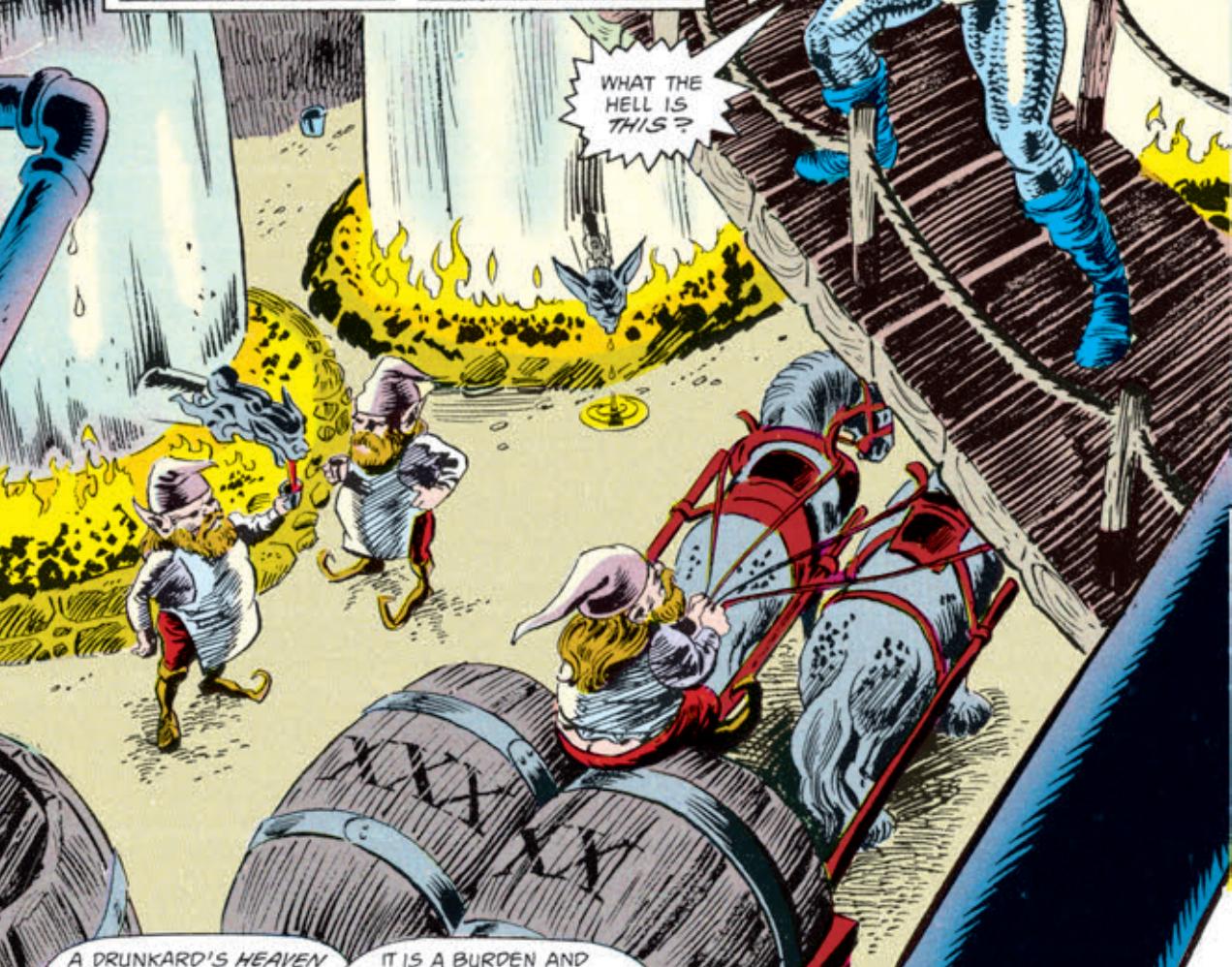
LET ME UNDO SOME OF THE DAMAGE THAT I CAUSED. LET ME PROVE MY WORTH AS A GOD. WITNESS AS I WORK MY MIRACLES.

LET ME START WITH THE LEAST OF ALL PROBLEMS. LET ME START WITH...



...AGRIVAR!"

WHAT?
WHERE
AM I...?

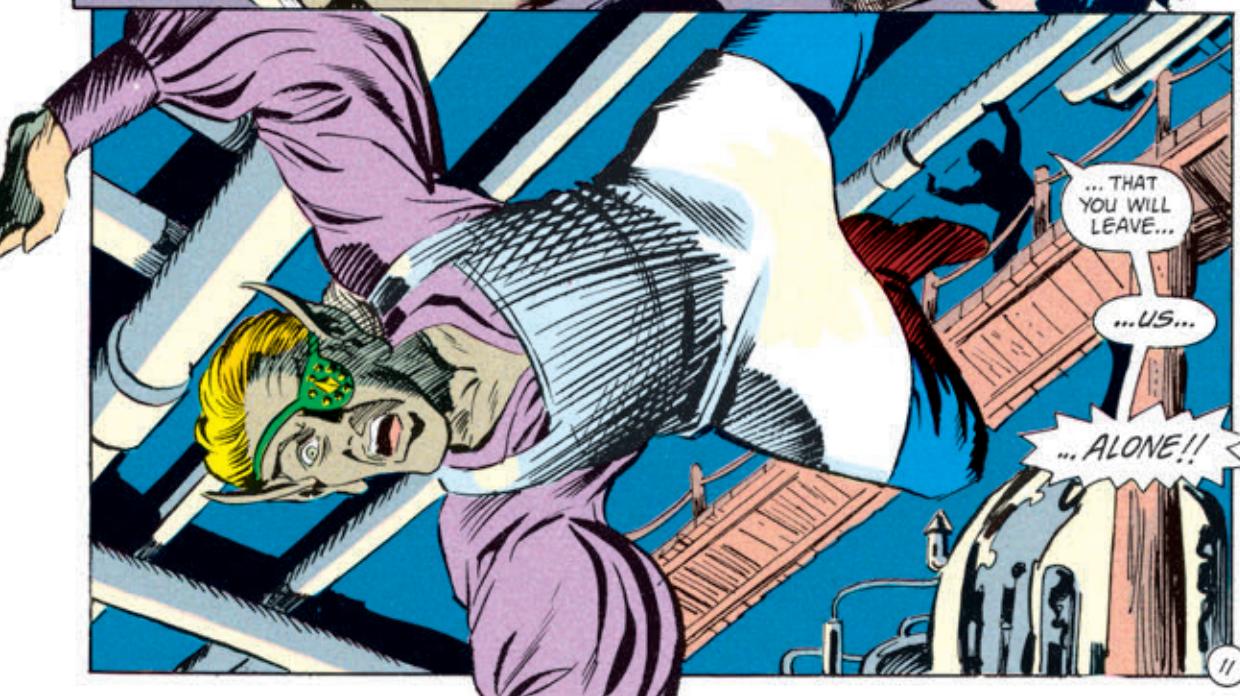


IT IS A BURDEN AND
A TEMPTATION THAT I
AM MOST PREPARED TO
RELIEVE YOU OF.

A DRUNKARD'S HEAVEN
AND A FORMER
DRUNK'S HELL.

LABELAS!





HARDLY A RINGING
SUCCESS FOR THE
LEAST OF OUR
PROBLEMS.

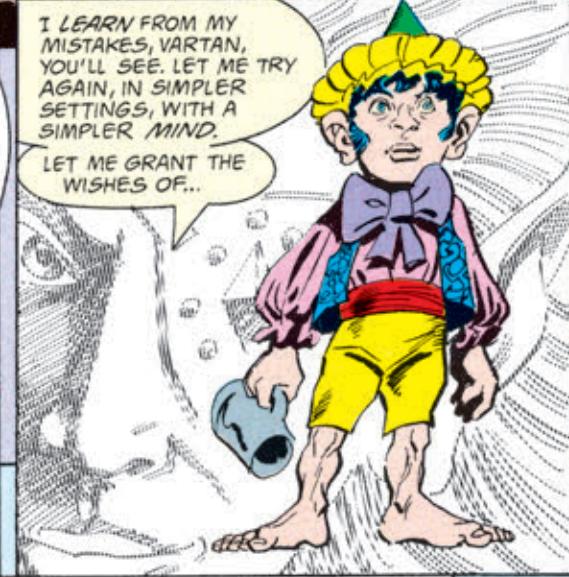
ANY ELF WOULD HAVE JUMPED
AT THE CHANCE.

AGRIVAR IS NOT AN ELF. HE
IS A PALADIN, AND THE MOST
STRONG-HEARTED AND BULL-
HEADED OF THE LOT.

I HAVE EVERY BELIEF THAT HE
WILL BEAT HIS PROBLEM, MORE
BELIEF THAN I HAVE IN YOU.

I LEARN FROM MY
MISTAKES, VARTAN,
YOU'LL SEE. LET ME TRY
AGAIN, IN SIMPLER
SETTINGS, WITH A
SIMPLER MIND.

LET ME GRANT THE
WISHES OF...



"FOXILON
CARDLUCK!"

WHO-

WHAT-
WHERE?

LABELAS!
AND...

...THE ORIGINAL
FIGUREHEAD
FROM THE REALMS
MASTER.

I REMEMBER
YOU COMPLAINING
WHEN I FOOLISHLY
REMOVED IT, AND
NOW I RETURN IT
TO YOU, AS A PEACE
OFFERING.

IN ADDITION,
I COME TO
GRANT YOU
A WISH.



WELL, I REALLY
SHOULD GET RID
OF THIS CHEESE-
THING. GOOD
RIDDANCE.

WHY JUST A
SHIP? A HOUSE?
A CASTLE! BIG
ENOUGH FOR
EVERYONE, AND
WITH HIGH CEILINGS
FOR MINDER.

BUT WAIT, WHAT'S HEALTH
WITHOUT MONEY TO ENJOY IT.
A MAJOR LONG-TERM LOAN,
SAY ABOUT WAIST-DEEP
IN GOLD COIN...

COIN? NO,
GEMS, AND
A NEW SHIP
TO CARRY
THEM.

LET'S SEE. HEALTH, GEMS, CASTLE.
GOOD HEALTH FOR EVERYONE, OF
COURSE, BUT AGRIVAR WOULD
PROBABLY WISH FOR THAT ANYWAY...

REGRETTABLY, NO.
AGRIVAR HAS
SPURNED MY
OFFER OF
WISHES.

I'M NOT AFRAID!
SHOO! AMSRAY!
I DON'T WANT
YOUR HELP!

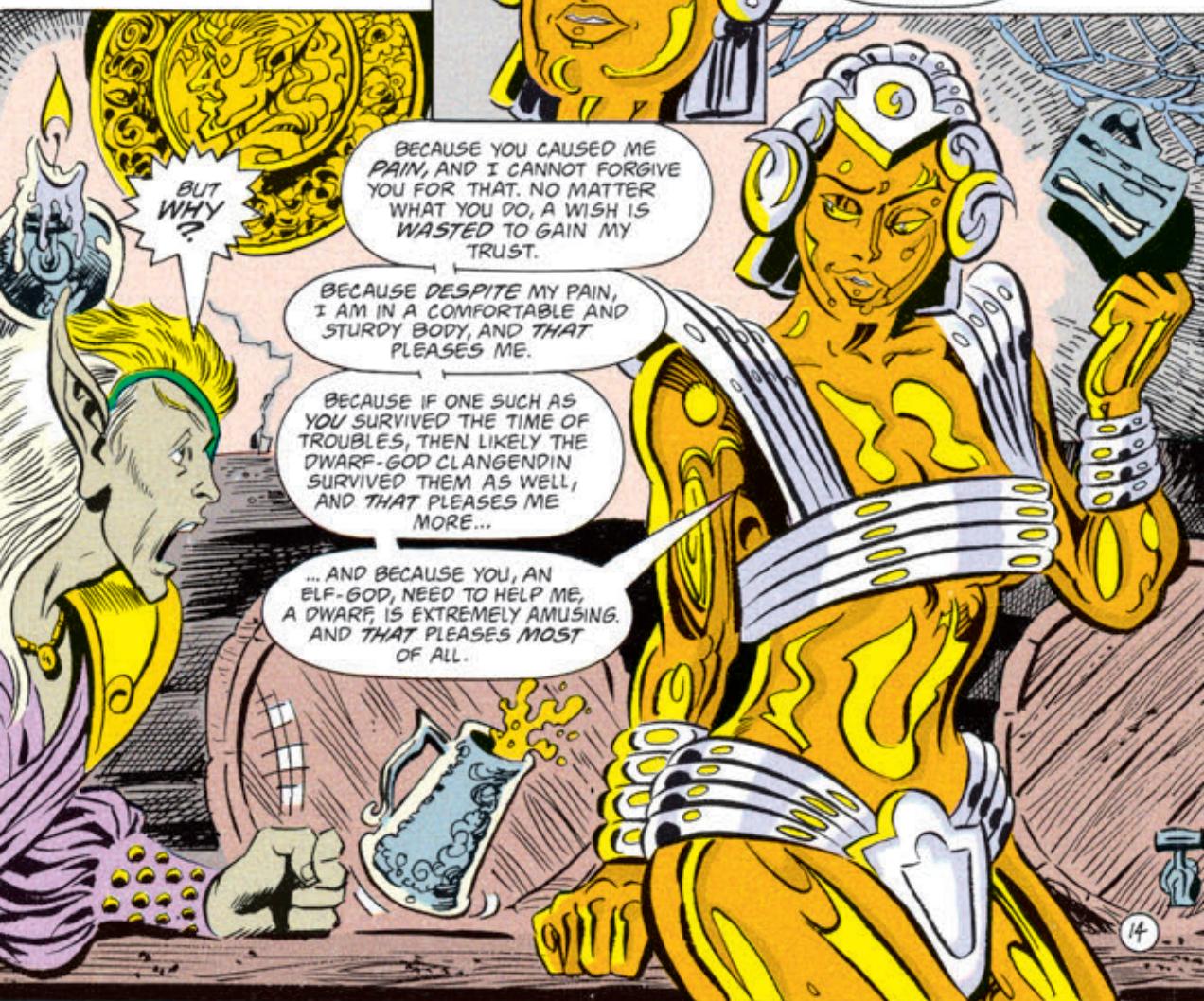
I TRUST AGRIVAR,
AND IF HE PASSES,
I'LL PASS. NOW GO!

FOXY,
I...

UH-UH! AGRIVAR'S A LOT
SMARTER THAN I AM, AND IF
HE SMELLS A RAT HERE,
THERE'S LIKELY A NEST
OF THEM.

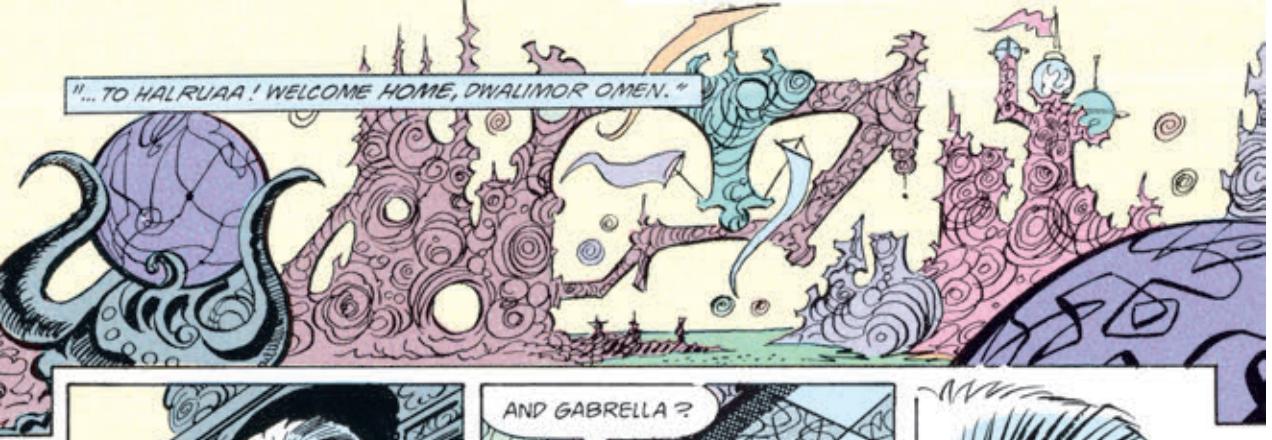
BUT WHAT
ABOUT YOUR
WISH?

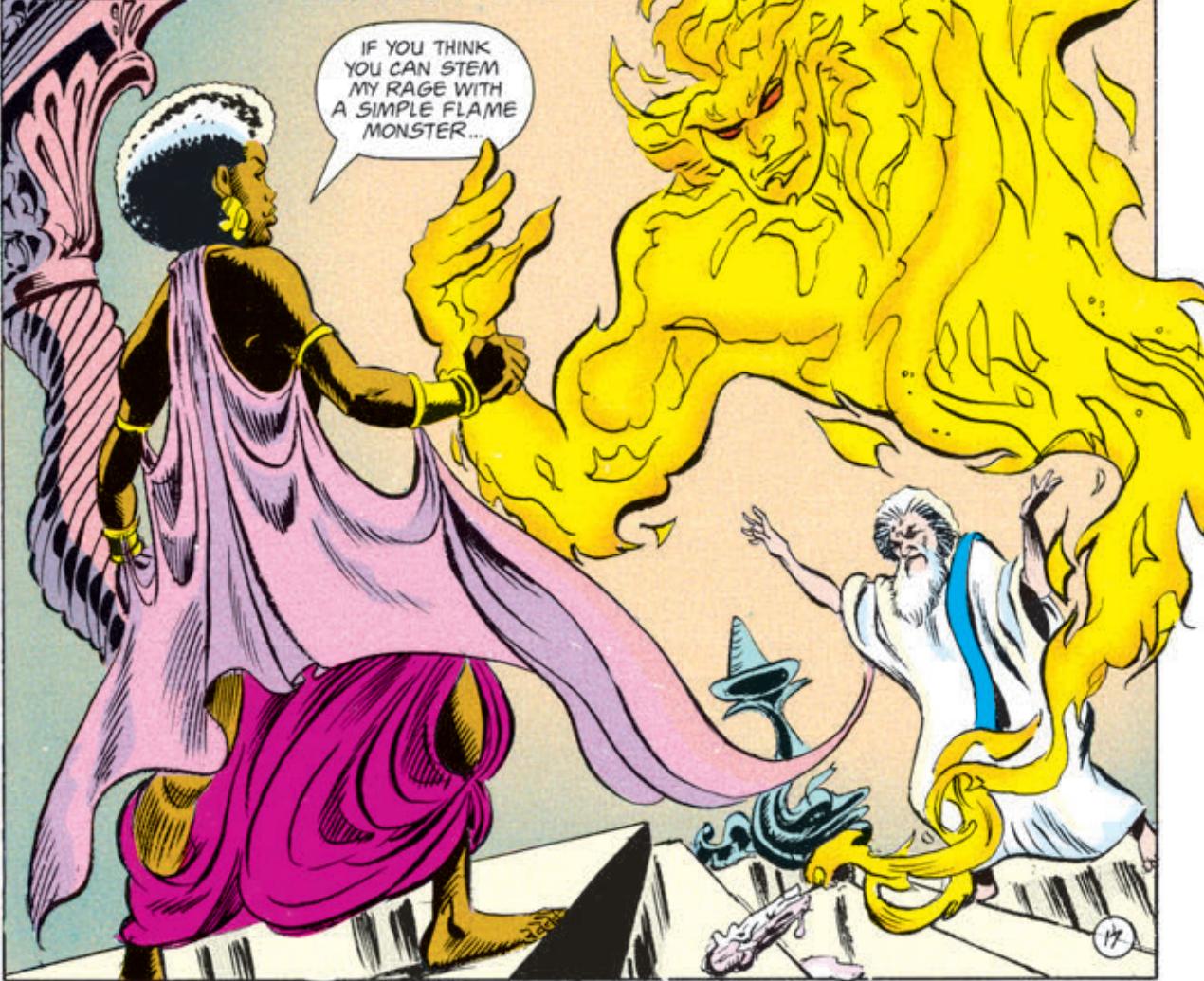
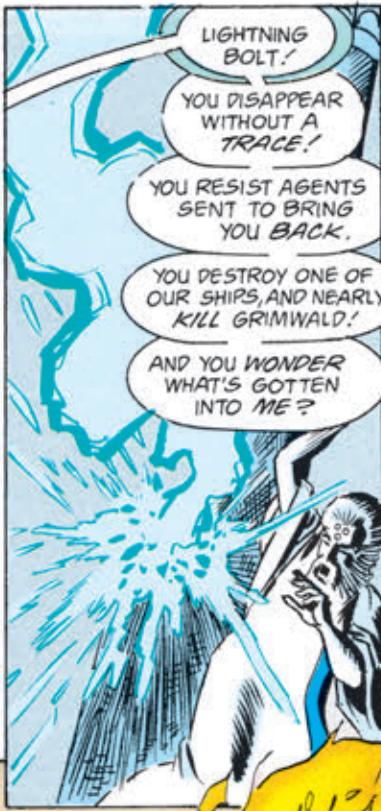
FOXILON,
THERE'S NO
NEED TO BE
AFRAID...





"...TO HALRUAA! WELCOME HOME, DWALIMOR OMEN."







...YOU ARE
SADLY
MISTAKEN.

CONJURE WATER
ELEMENTAL!

YOUR SUDDEN
DEPARTURE HURT
ME, DWALIMOR.

I SENT POOR
GRIMWALD AFTER
YOU, AND YOU HURT
HIM AS WELL.

WHAT DO YOU SAY
FOR YOURSELF
NOW?





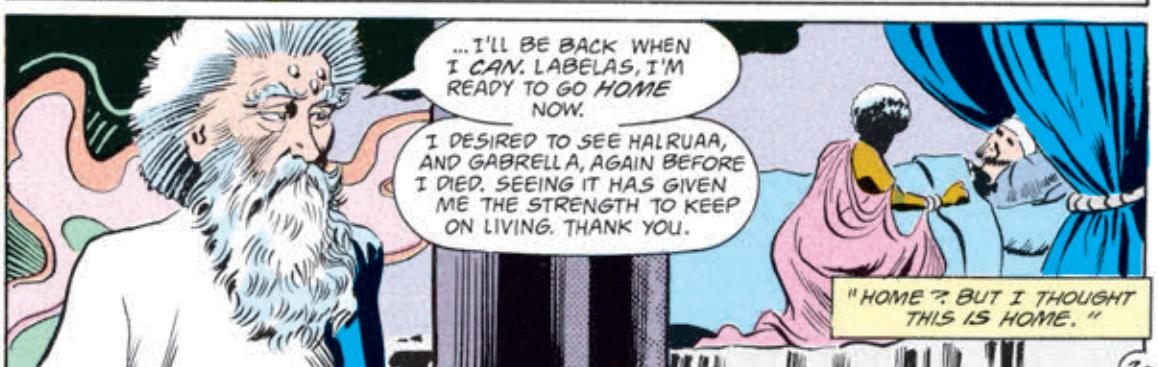
DAMNATION!
HAVE TO KEEP
CONCENTRATION
UP...

OR ELSE LOSE
CONTROL...

SO DIFFICULT...
STILL FEEL OUT
OF SHAPE...

NO! NOT
NOW!

ARRRGH!





YOU CAN'T CONJURE UP WHAT PEOPLE REALLY NEED OR WANT. IT IS ONLY VALUABLE IF THEY EARN IT.

ALL MY FRIENDS' PERSONAL BATTLES ARE RENDERED VALUELESS IF THEY ARE SOLVED WITHOUT RISK. THEY KNOW THIS, INSIDE. IT IS THE REASON THAT I LOVE THEM ALL.

VARTAN, YOUR COMPANIONS ARE MORE VALUABLE THAN ALL THE PANTHEONS OF THE PLANES. THEY ARE TRULY WORTHY OF YOUR LOVE.

AND NOW I UNDERSTAND WHY I AM NOT. I HAVE FAILED YOU, VARTAN HAI SYLVAR.

HAVE YOU, LABELAS?

YOU HAVE SHOWN YOURSELF PATIENT, EVEN UNDERSTANDING AFTER EACH REJECTION. NO THREATS. NO BOASTS. NO MAGICAL MANIPULATION.

YOU MADE THE ATTEMPT, AND THE ATTEMPT IS ALL I ASKED FOR.

CHOSSEN OF LABELAS! WILL YOU RETURN TO THE FOLD?

I WILL ACCEPT THAT WHICH IS OFFERED, AND NO MORE. IS THERE NOTHING ELSE I CAN DO FOR YOU?

NOT YET. I JUST DON'T HATE YOU ANYMORE. WE'VE A LONG WAY TO GO BEFORE I FULLY TRUST YOU AGAIN.

WELL... YOU CAN STOP WITH THIS "CHOSSEN OF LABELAS" STUFF.

I'VE GOT A REPUTATION AS A FAILLIBLE MORTAL TO MAINTAIN.

VERY WELL, MY CHOSSEN... FRIEND.

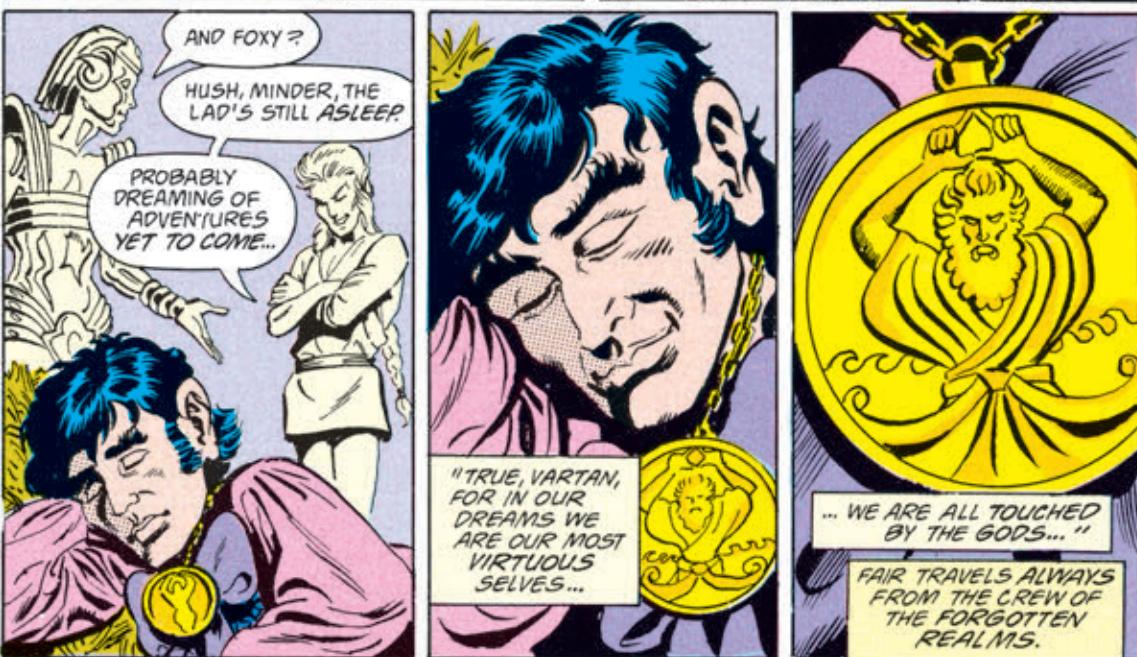
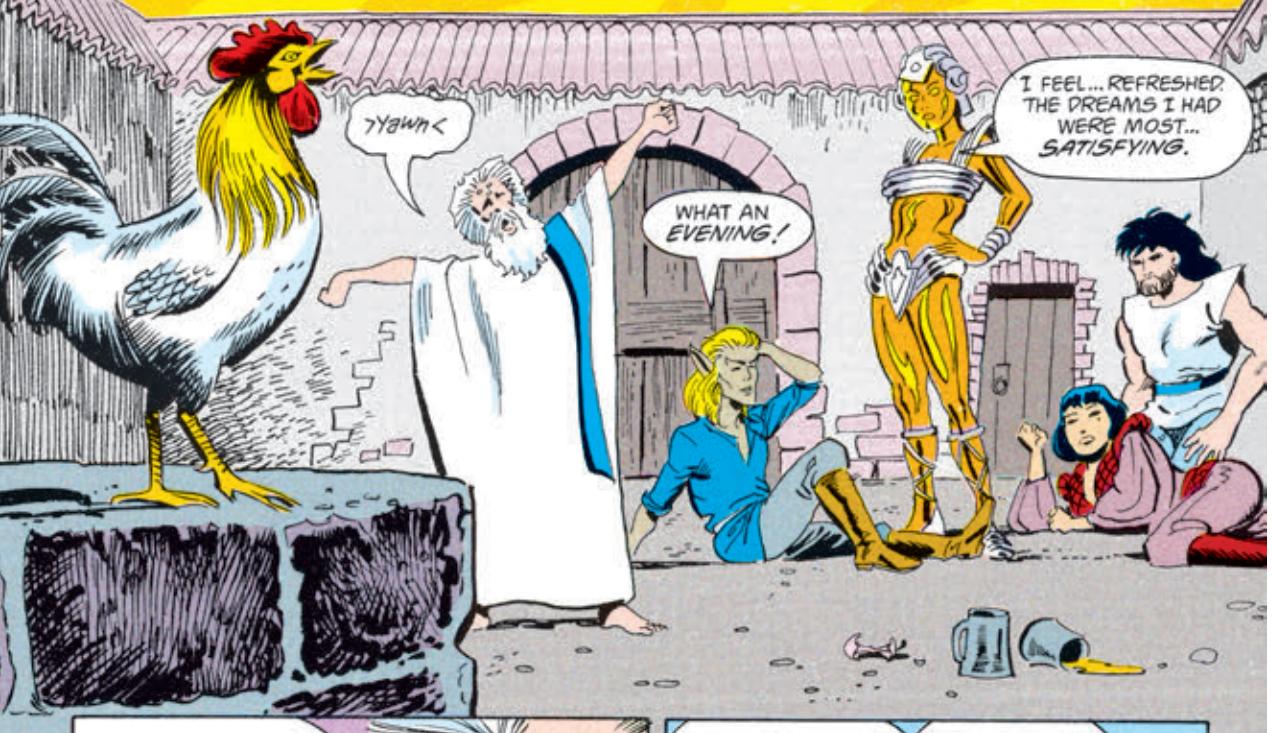
IF I CAN EVER EARN YOUR RESPECT, YOUR LOVE, A TEAR OF CARE, AS YOUR COMRADES HAVE SO ABLY DONE...



I SHALL BE...

REDEEMED!

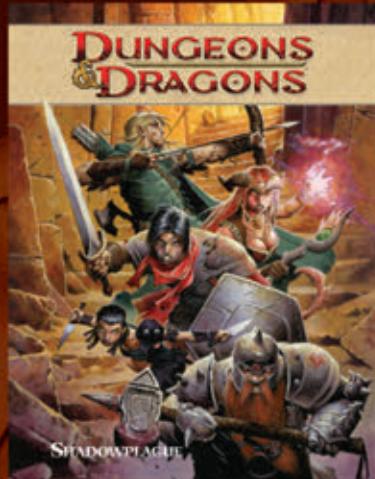






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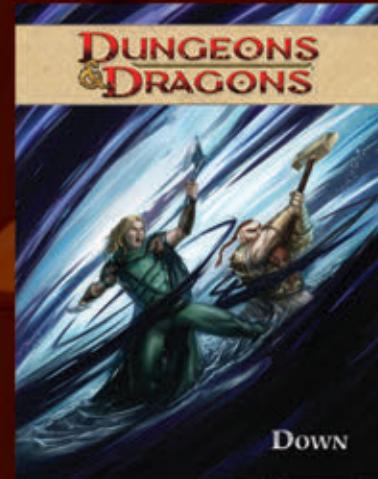
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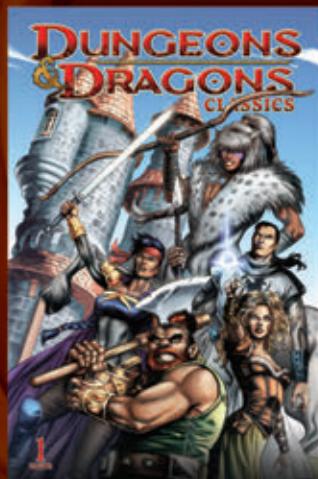
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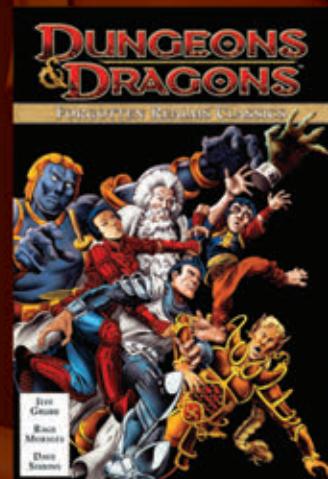
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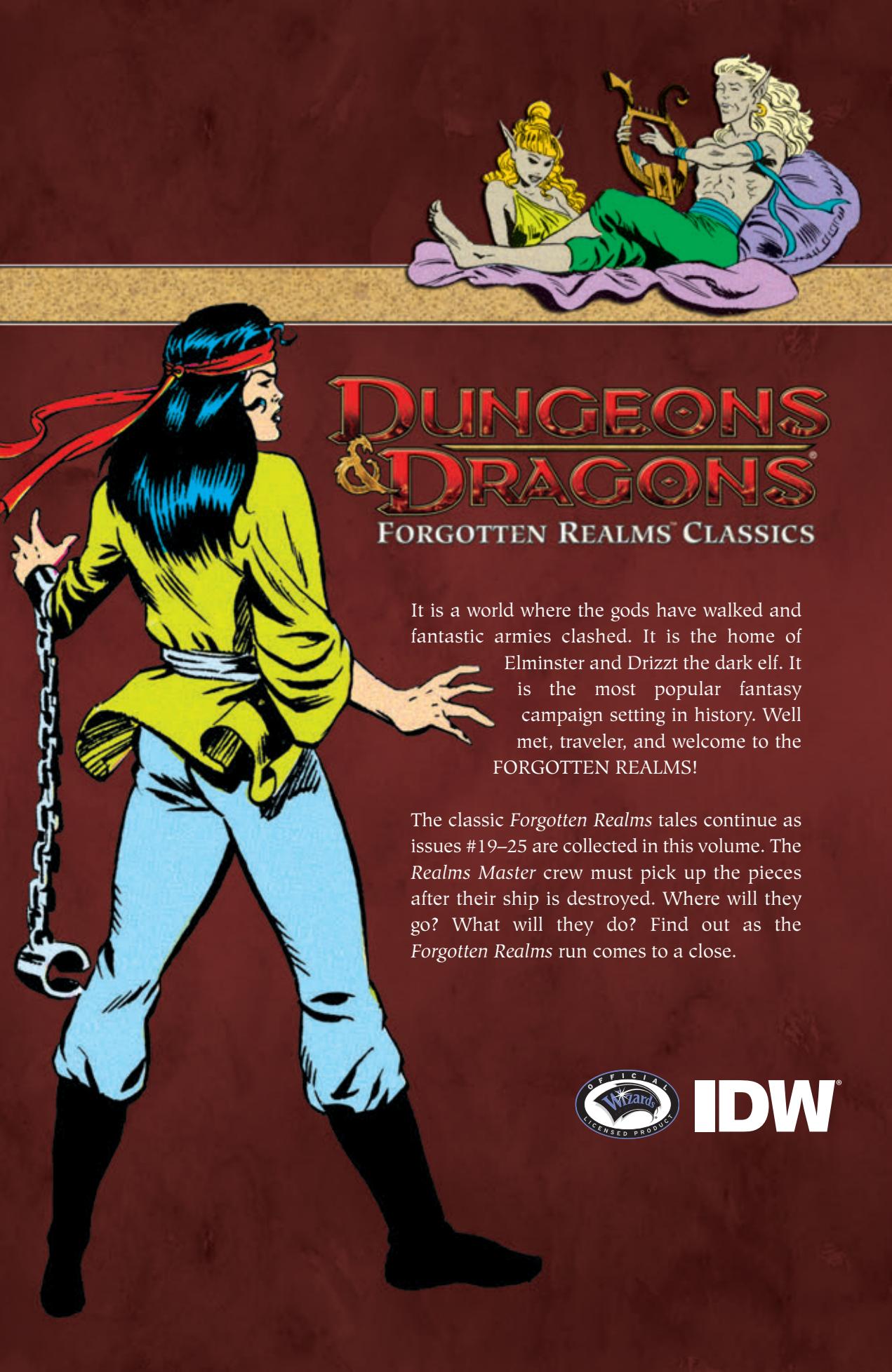
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