

THIRD
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01
MATURE READERS

IMMORTAL COIL





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STORY & ART
GERALD VON STODDARD

WRITTEN BY
FRANK MARTIN

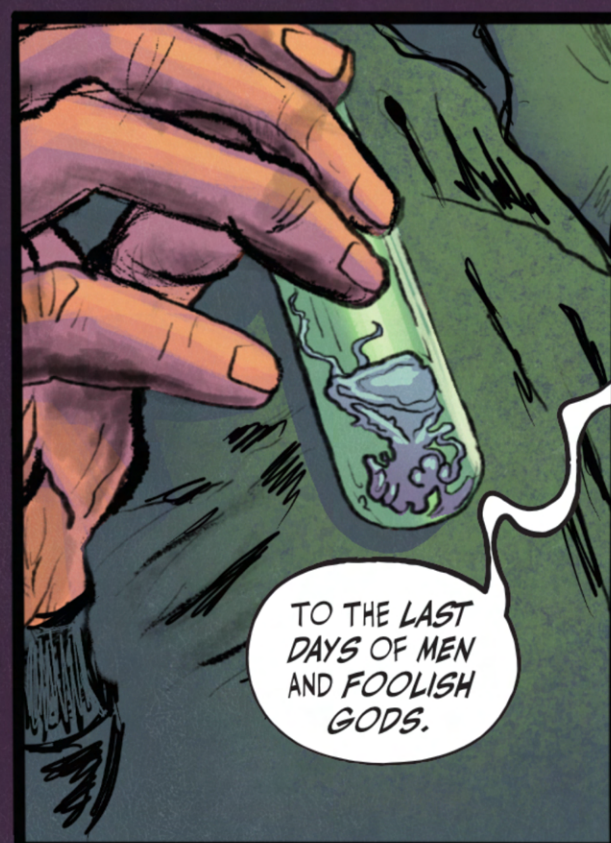
COLORS BY GUILHERME LINDEMBERG
LETTERS BY ROB JONES
ART (FLASHBACK PAGES) DAVE FOWLER &
GERALD VON STODDARD
EDITED BY SHAWN FRENCH

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PRANA







DID I *WAKE* YOU?
MY SINCEREST APOLOGIES
FATHER. I MUST SAY, I AM
IN AWE, *TRULY*.

IF I AM THE
PRINCE OF LIES, WELL,
THE APPLE DOESN'T
FALL FAR FROM THE
TREE.



DO YOU KNOW
WHAT'S YOUR GREATEST
WEAKNESS THOUGH?
YOUR *HUBRIS*.

WASN'T
HARD TO FIND AFTER
I *STRANGL*ED IT
FROM YOUR RAVEN'S
THROAT.

DON'T WORRY,
YOU STILL HAVE
ONE LEFT.

I'M NOT SURE *HOW* YOU DID IT AND I DON'T
MUCH CARE. HONESTLY, I THINK YOU HURT
MY *PRIDE* MORE THAN ANYTHING. FUNNY
ISN'T IT, I MEAN WHO AM I IF I AM THE ONE
SO EASILY DECEIVED?

I'VE HAD A
MILLENNIA TO SEE WHERE
I WENT WRONG BUT MY
EYES ARE *OPEN*, MAYBE
I HAVE YOU TO THANK
FOR THAT.

BUT BEFORE I'M
DONE *ALL* OF YOU
WILL SEE IT *TOO*,
JUST BEFORE THE
LAST BREATH OF
LIGHT FLICKERS
INTO THE *VOID* OF
BLACK.





BUT
BRAVO,
FATHER.

BRAVO.

YOU HAVE
TAUGHT ME THE
GREATEST
LESSON.



ALL THIS PLOTTING AND
WHERE HAS IT GOTTEN US?
IT'S INEVITABLE. WE'RE
RIGHT BACK WHERE WE
STARTED.

THAT'S WHAT
YOU TAUGHT
ME. NO MORE
TRICKS OR
GAMES.

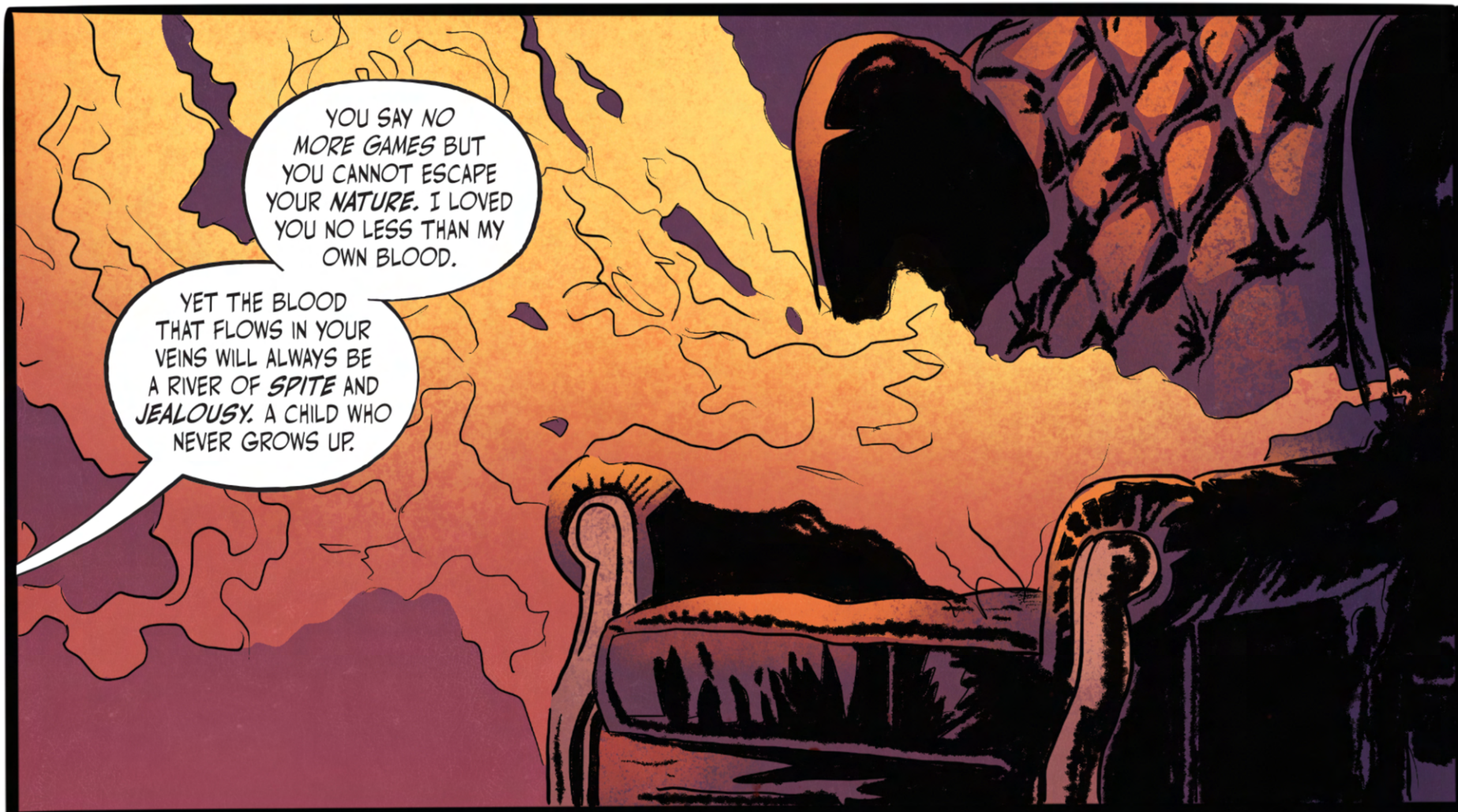
YOU HAVE
FORGOTTEN
YOUR PLACE, LOKA.
YOU HAVE TRIED
MY PATIENCE,
BOY.

PERHAPS YOU
HAVE MISTAKEN
ME FOR SOME
HELPLESS
OLD MAN.

YOU WOULD DO
WELL TO REMEMBER
I AM THE BREATH
OF THIS REALM AND
MY WRATH WILL
TAKE NO PITY
ON YOU.



KRAK
AK
OM



YOU SAY NO
MORE GAMES BUT
YOU CANNOT ESCAPE
YOUR *NATURE*. I LOVED
YOU NO LESS THAN MY
OWN BLOOD.

YET THE BLOOD
THAT FLOWS IN YOUR
VEINS WILL ALWAYS BE
A RIVER OF *SPITE* AND
JEALOUSY. A CHILD WHO
NEVER GROWS UP.



THIS IS ME AT MY
MOST HONEST. YOUR
LOVE WAS NO SWEETER
THAN THE *VENOM* IN MY
DAUGHTER'S MOUTH.

I DON'T WANT YOUR
PITY. BUT YOU HAVE MINE
BECAUSE THIS WORLD WHERE
YOU'VE JUST HIDDEN AWAY, HIDING
COMPLACENTLY WITH THESE,
THESE HUMANS. YOU HAVE
CREATED NOTHING BUT
MORE ILLUSION...

...THIS GIFT
I AM TAKING FROM YOU
WILL TEACH ALL OF YOU
WHAT TRUE OBLIVION
FEELS LIKE.

EVEN IF
YOU SURVIVE THIS,
I HAVE TO ADMIT I'M
GOING TO ENJOY
EVERY MOMENT OF IT.



SCHLICK



THIS *ISN'T*
RETRIBUTION.

IT'S
PROPHECY...
IT'S THE END
OF ALL
THINGS.



“Then went the gods. / The most holy gods, / Onto their judgment-seats,
And counseled together / Who all the air / With guile had blended
Or to the giant race / Oder’s may had given. / Broken were oaths,
And words and promises,— / All mighty speech / That had passed between them.”