

THIS NIGHT, LIKE ALL NIGHTS ON MY PATH, IN DREAMS I SEE...

B'LINN! MY BELOVED HOME.

I WAS BORN HERE, BELOW THE HILLS OF STONE.

MY FATHER WAS CHIEF, THEN.

BUT NOW IT IS MY TIME TO LEAD THE KA'IL.

NO'MADD!

TARON SAYS HE WANTS TO HELP!

KA'SELL. MY WIFE.

TARON.
MY SON.

BLAST.

I AWAKE AHEAD OF TARON'S EMBRACE. AND AS I LOOK UPON TYON I AM GOLD AND ALONE.

AND I CRY TO DREAM AGAIN.

DAYS PASS.

A CARCASS.

THE WINGED SCAVENGERS
ARE SKREE HATCHLINGS.



ONE SKREE'S EYES
MEET MINE, AS IF TO
WARN: "YOU'RE NEXT."



THE HATCHLINGS ARE NO THREAT TO ME.

BUT THEY ARE NEVER
FAR FROM THEIR NESTS.





I KNOW...
LITTLE OF
THIS BRUTAL
BREED.



BUT IT IS SAID
THE Q'NATZ
SELDOM CONSIDER
KA'II AS FOOD...
OR THREAT.

THEY WALK BY ME,
HEEDLESSLY.



A BEAST OF STEEL. I COULD TELL IT WAS NOT ALIVE. NOT AS WE LIVE. BUT--IT LOOKED UPON US. WITH ITS SINGLE EYE.

