

Divine Reckoning

Part 1



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In the land where the ancient winds whisper secrets through the towering pines, there gathered a band of unlikely travelers, brought together by fate's unseen hand. Each hailing from distant lands, these souls, diverse in origin and skill, had come together with a shared purpose - to seek adventure and carve their names into the annals of history. Among them was Pyrra, the Amazon warrior with a heart as fierce as the fire in her veins; Ser Alaric, the solemn knight of a fallen kingdom, now wandering without a throne to defend; Durnar Forgefire, the gruff yet wise dwarf, whose hands had shaped weapons of legend; and Finnick Oakshadow, the quick-witted halfling rogue, ever eager for a challenge.

Yet it was Thalia, the timid elf cleric, who was the newest among them. Fresh from the sheltered groves of her homeland, she had joined this company in search of experience beyond the ancient oaks and serene glades she had long known. Together they embarked on a journey that would test their mettle and forge bonds unbreakable.

Their path now led them toward the distant and mysterious Ruins of Eldorath, where the past lay buried beneath stone and shadow. After a day of hard travel through rugged terrain and untamed wilds, the companions set up camp beneath the canopy of night. Ser Alaric stood vigilant, keeping watch at the edge of the camp, his eyes scanning the darkness for any sign of danger. Durnar Forgefire had already settled into a deep sleep, his heavy snores blending with the sounds of the night. Meanwhile, around the roaring fire, Pyrra, Finnick and Thalia began to share stories, their voices mingling with the crackle of the flames as they got to know one another better, weaving the first threads of camaraderie that would bind them together in the trials to come. Tomorrow they would press on, deeper into the unknown, bound by their shared quest for glory and the stories yet to be written.





IT'S STRANGE TO THINK...
107 YEARS OLD, AND I'M ONLY
JUST NOW STEPPING OUT BEYOND
THE BORDERS OF MY VILLAGE.

107? I WOULDN'T
HAVE TAKEN YOU FOR A DAY
OVER 21, LITTLE ONE!

WELL, WE ELVES DO
TEND TO AGE A BIT
SLOWER THAN OTHERS.
ALSO I MEANT TO SAY,
TRULY, THANK YOU FOR
THIS OPPORTUNITY. IT
MEANS A LOT.




I NEVER IMAGINED I'D MEET A
REAL AMAZON! MY FATHER TOLD
ME LEGENDS ABOUT YOUR PEOPLE.
IT MUST BE INCREDIBLE TO HAVE
SUCH STRENGTH AND PRESENCE.

THERE ARE MOMENTS,
SURE, BUT LET'S BE HONEST -
I WOULDN'T HAVE IT ANY
OTHER WAY.

I BELIEVE YOU.
WHAT ABOUT THE OTHERS?
I'D LOVE TO KNOW MORE
ABOUT THEM.

WE'VE BEEN AT THIS FOR
A FEW MONTHS, STILL FINDING OUR
STRIDE. A MAGIC WIELDER IS THE
PERFECT ADDITION WE'VE BEEN
NEEDING.






ALARIC IS PROBABLY
THE FINEST SWORDSMAN I'VE
EVER SEEN--

A knight in ornate, dark armor with intricate designs stands in a field at night. The knight is looking down with a somber expression. In the background, a large bonfire burns brightly, casting a warm glow. The scene is set in a dark, wooded area with tall grass in the foreground.

BUT I SWEAR, I'VE NEVER
SEEN HIM EVER GET ANY SHUTEYE,
NOT EVEN ONCE.

A man with a shaved head and a beard, wearing a dark tunic and a sash, is sleeping on a large, light-colored log. He is holding a long, dark staff or sword across his lap. The scene is set at night in a forest, with a bright campfire visible in the background. The lighting is warm and focused on the man and the log. A speech bubble is positioned above the man's head.

DURNAR, ON THE OTHER
HAND, SEEMS TO SLEEP WHENEVER
HE GETS THE CHANCE--

A man with a beard and a black cape is sleeping in front of a large fire. The fire is bright orange and yellow, with flames reaching up. The man is lying down, his head tilted back, and his eyes are closed. A speech bubble above him says "BUT GIVE HIM A FORGE AND HE'LL CRAFT ANYTHING, AND BELIEVE ME, YOU DON'T WANT TO FACE HIS HAMMER IN BATTLE." Another speech bubble above him says "≡ SNORE ≡".


BUT GIVE HIM A FORGE
AND HE'LL CRAFT ANYTHING, AND
BELIEVE ME, YOU DON'T WANT TO
FACE HIS HAMMER IN BATTLE.

≡ SNORE ≡



AND OF COURSE THERE IS FIN,
THE SCOUNDREL. FLIRTS WITH ANYTHING
THAT HAS A PULSE, BUT CAN SLIP IN AND
OUT OF ANYWHERE UNNOTICED.


I'VE GOT A FEW MORE TALENTS
THAN JUST SNEAKING AROUND... THALIA, IF
YOU'RE EVER CURIOUS WHAT IT'S LIKE TO
FEEL LIKE AN AMAZON, I'M YOUR GUY.




SURE, I'M ONLY 3'8", BUT I'VE
GOT PLENTY TO OFFER AND I
LOVE A GOOD CHALLENGE.

OH... WELL,
I--I'M NOT SURE WHAT
TO SAY TO THAT...






WELL, WHENEVER
YOU'RE READY TO TAKE
A CHANCE, YOU KNOW
WHERE TO FIND ME.

A woman with long, wavy reddish-brown hair and blue eyes is flexing her biceps. She is wearing a dark, textured, halter-neck top with a large, ornate metal clasp at the center. She also has dark, metallic shoulder guards and dark leather arm bracers with metal spikes. The background is dark and out of focus, suggesting a forest or cave setting. A speech bubble is positioned above her right arm.

AND HOW MIGHT
YOU FARE AGAINST A CHALLENGE
LIKE THIS?



I... I... I'D STILL
CLIMB THAT TREE

YOU DO MAKE ME
FEEL EXTRA HUGE, HALFLING. PLAY
YOUR CARDS RIGHT AND I MIGHT
LET YOU TRY SOMETIME.

EVEN I
FEEL TALL RIGHT
NOW!






I... I...
WHAT?
REALLY?




YOU KNOW, PYRRA,
HE'S QUITE CUTE, IN
AN ANNOYING SORT
OF WAY



THAT HE IS,
THAT HE IS.

A man with short, light-colored hair and a beard is shown from the chest up. He is wearing highly detailed, dark-colored armor with intricate carvings and a high collar. He has two vertical red marks on his right cheek. He is looking directly at the camera with a serious expression. A white speech bubble is positioned to his right, containing three lines of text. The background is dark and out of focus.

ENOUGH OF YOUR GAMES.
THERE ARE MORE PRESSING MATTERS.
WE'RE NOT ALONE.



GOOD, I WAS
GETTING RESTLESS.

OH DEAR GODS...

WHERE DID I LEAVE
MY DAGGERS?




I DON'T THINK I'M
READY FOR THIS...




≡ SNORT ≡
WHAT? TIME TO SMASH
SOMETHING?




WHAT DO I DO? I... I
CAN'T... I DON'T KNOW IF
I CAN DO THIS...



STAY BEHIND US
AND CHANNEL YOUR MAGIC.
GIVE US WHATEVER ADVANTAGE
YOU CAN



THEY'RE GONNA
PAY FOR DISTURBING MY
BEAUTY SLEEP!



READY YOURSELVES.
THEY'LL ATTACK IN
WAVES.



**FOR THE
FALLEN!**

A large, muscular, bald man with a grey beard is shown in a crouched, ready position. He is wearing dark, fingerless gloves. The background is dark and blurry, suggesting an outdoor night setting. A speech bubble is positioned above his head.

≡ RARRR ≡




≡ KLANK ≡




DAGGERS
FROM THE
SKY!

PATHETIC.



YOU'D NEED TO BE AT
LEAST A HUNDRED STRONG TO
STAND A CHANCE



≡ SOB ≡
MOTHER WAS RIGHT, I'M NOT
READY FOR THIS... I JUST WANT
TO GO HOME...



≡ GROWL ≡



THALIA!



≈ RARGHHH ≈

≈ SCREAM ≈



NOT SO FAST!



I DIDN'T EVEN
SEE IT...!



THAT WAS
NEARLY THE
END OF ME!


≡ HIIII ≡



≡ YAAA ≡

A person in a black bikini is captured mid-backflip in a dark forest at night. A bright orange light is visible on their back. A speech bubble next to them contains the text "HURGHHHH". The background is filled with dark, out-of-focus trees and foliage.


≡ HURGHHHH ≡

A knight in ornate dark armor with a red cross on his forehead stands in a grassy forest clearing. He is surrounded by orcs. One orc on the left is lunging towards him, while two others on the right are in the background. The scene is lit with warm, golden light, suggesting sunset or sunrise. A speech bubble from the knight reads: IT'S NO TIME TO GET LOST IN THOUGHT!


IT'S NO TIME
TO GET LOST
IN THOUGHT!



MORE ARE ADVANCING
FROM THE TREELINE! I ESTIMATE THEY
ARE AT LEAST 500 STRONG.



WE HAVE TO RALLY IF WE
WANT TO SEE ANOTHER DAWN, BUT EVEN
THEN OUR CHANCES ARE SLIM.

A woman with long, wavy brown hair and a determined expression stands in a dark, forest-like environment. She is wearing a dark, form-fitting, low-cut top with a metallic collar and matching dark pants with a metallic belt. She has dark arm guards on her upper arms. In the foreground, a person with long blonde hair is out of focus, looking towards the woman. The background is dark with some green foliage and a few red heart-shaped icons floating in the air. A speech bubble is positioned above the woman's head.

THALIA, PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER!
WE NEED YOUR SPELLS -- CAST SOME
PROTECTION OR WHATEVER YOU CAN!



I... I DON'T
KNOW IF I CAN... I'M
SO SCARED...

TO BE CONTINUED