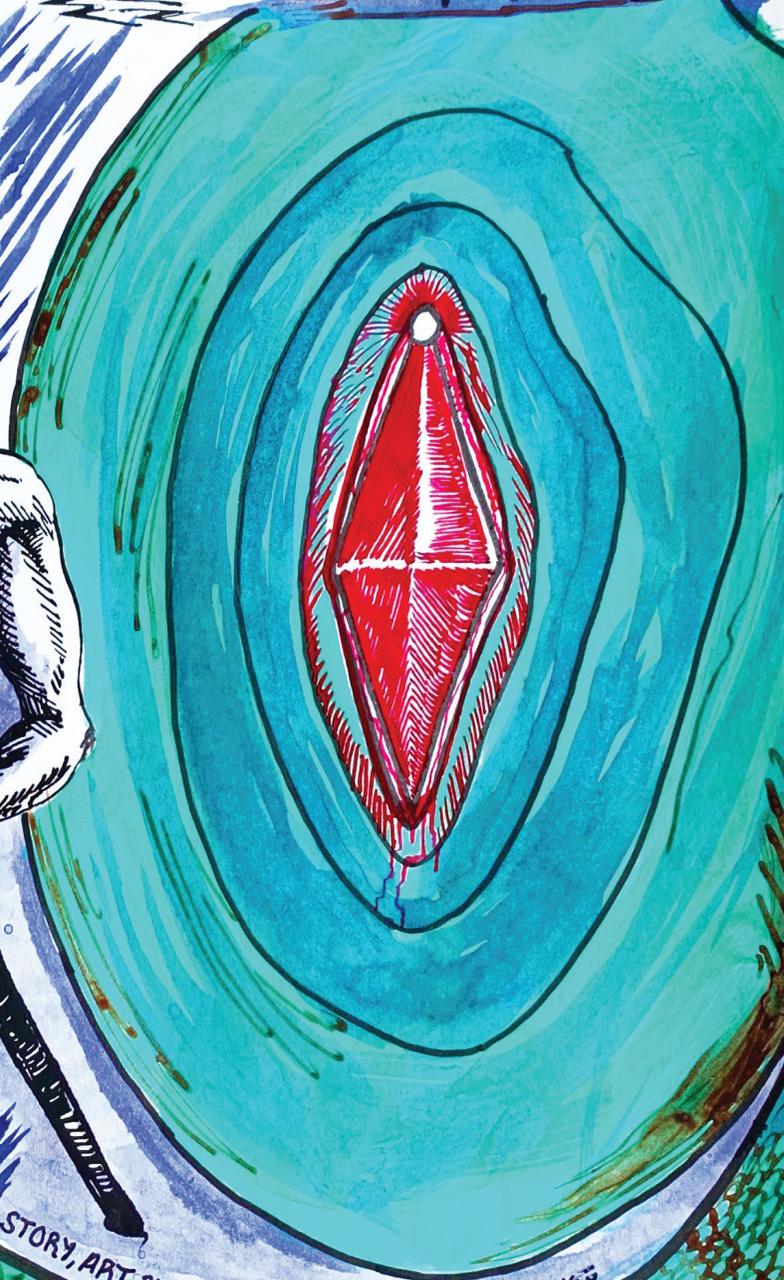


THE PIRATE KNIGHT

SWORD & SORCERY ON THE
HIGH SEAS! AN ADVENTURE OF
PIRACY IN AN AGE OF HEROISM
AND VIRTUE!



STORY, ART BY ANTHONY TINARD! THANKS FOR READING!


P I R A T E
K N I G H T



*Sword and Sorcery, Piracy and Virtue
Law and Chaos, Freedom and Bondage
in a world not unlike our own*

Letters & Art:

ANTHONY TINARO

Mastering & Editing:

OWEN TIERNEY

Epilogue Poetry:

MAX GILMAN

Thanks To:

Family of Those Credited

My Professors

Trisha and John

And you :)



A Turret Room
Production



A Turret Room
Production

IN THE EVER-TURNING WHEEL OF LAW AND CHAOS,



THE ARTISTS AND POETS CLAIM THAT BEYOND THE INTEGRITIES AND IRREGULARITIES OF OUR UNIVERSE, THERE EXISTS A GOLDEN RATIO, A PERFECT PROPORTION WHICH SPIRALS INDEFINITELY, WITH AN ORDER AS SUBLIME AS THE CHURNING OF THE OCEAN'S DEPTHS — THAT WHICH IS

TRUE, ETERNAL, VIRTUOUS, RIGHTeous

BEAUTIFUL SUBLIME GOOD JUSTIFIED
LOVELY PLEASING OVERWHELMING
NATURAL HAPPY RELIGIOUS INTIMATE
ALIVE BLOOMING GLOWING BLOSSOMING
CERTAIN DIVINE HOLY EXHALTED
SERIAL WARM MIGHTY POWER

ARE THERE UNIVERSALS OUTSIDE OF REALITY?

SING TO ME, **O' MUSE,**
GUIDE MY HANDS, AND MAKE THE SHADOW THAT
FOLLOWS A GLIMPSE OF THE EVERLASTING--

-- TELL,



DO THE STARS SHINE THE SAME
SCINTILLATING GOLD IN THY WORLD?



DO THINE OCEAN'S DEPTHS CONTAIN
UNPATHFARABLE MYSTERIES WITHIN?



DO YOU PEEER EVER DEEPER INTO THE FOG,
KNOWING THINE RUINED WORLD IS THY
BURDEN? THAT THOSE WHO CAUSED THE FALL
WERE AS MORTAL AS THYSELF?



THINE WORLD IS NOT SO
DIFFERENT FROM MINE.

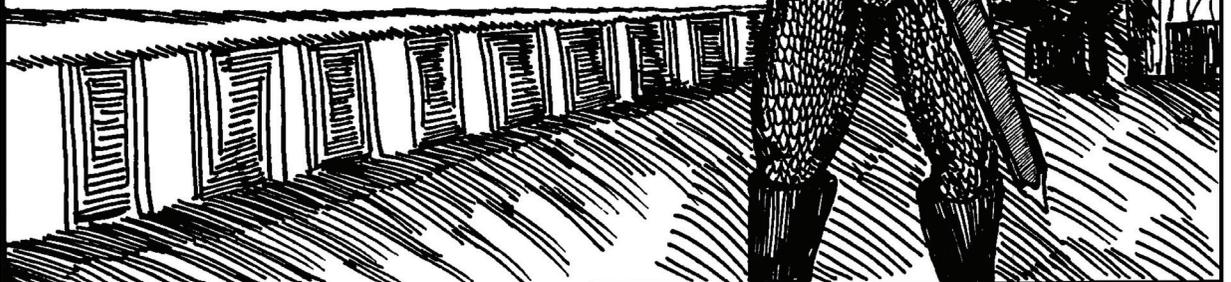
I AM KNOWN BY MANY NAMES,
I HAVE SEEN COUNTLESS AGES
OF THIS WORLD - STORIES UNTOLD,
EPICS FORGOTTEN.

I AM THE DREAMER, AND I DREAM
OF **MENTALLEG**, A WORLD NOT UNLIKE YOUR OWN.

IN THOSE DAYS, THERE WERE RIVERS OF GOLD IN THE SKY
AND CITIES OF SUNLIGHT, DAYS WHEN THE SUN AND MOON ANNUALLY
TRANSFIGURED INTO MYRIAD COLORATIONS. IT WAS A TIME WHEN
SWORDS POSSESSED SOULS, WHEN GREAT ARMORED BEASTS
LEVELED ARMIES.

THESE WERE THE DAYS OF THE **NEW LORDS**,
THE ERA OF THE PIRATE KINGS, DAYS LOST TO MEMORY
EXCEPT IN THE SONGS OF THE ELDER TREES.

TIROSE
THIS IS THE SAGA OF THE HERO OF FATE;
THE PIRATE KNIGHT!
HALF-DWARVEN EXILE, CAPTAIN OF THE NORTH STAR.

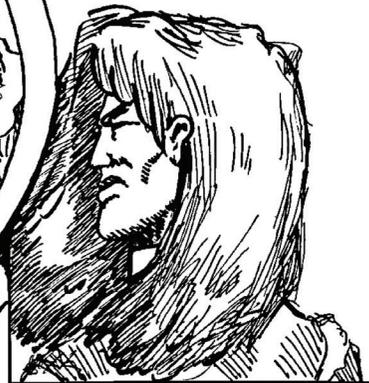




THERE IT IS.



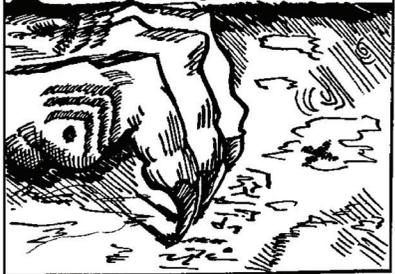
THERE'S NO MISTAKING IT. THAT SMOKING MOUNTAIN... JUST AS PERTTU DESCRIBED. I SHOULD LIKE TO APOLOGIZE... IT'S MY FAULT, I GOT YOU KILLED.



I SHOULD HAVE WATCHED OVER YOU AS YOU GATHERED YOUR MATERIALS. PERHAPS THEN I COULD HAVE AT LEAST IDENTIFIED THE MEN WHO KILLED YOU BEFORE BRANDING THAT SYMBOL ON YOUR BODY. I'M SO SORRY, PERTTU.

PERHAPS YOU DIED WITHOUT REGRETS. YOU USED THE LAST MOMENTS OF YOUR LIFE TO CARVE THE SECRET OF THE BLOODY FOUNTAIN INTO YOUR DESK, MY FRIEND. THANK YOU.

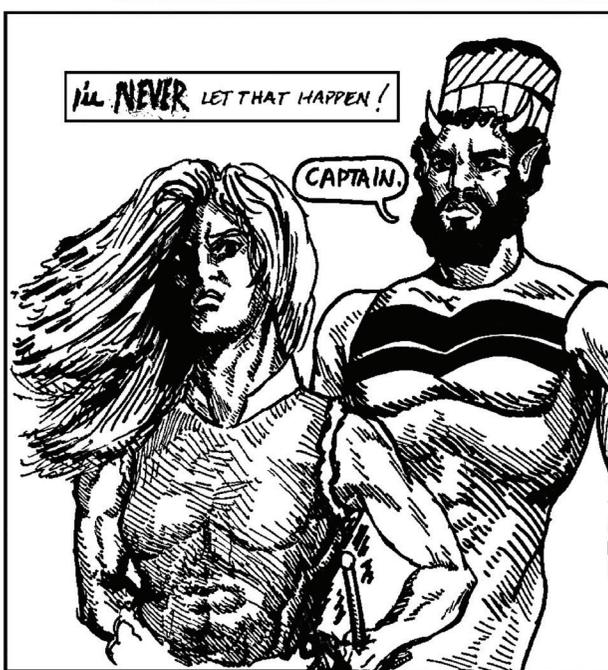
(G-A) AAAA... (WOOOON...)

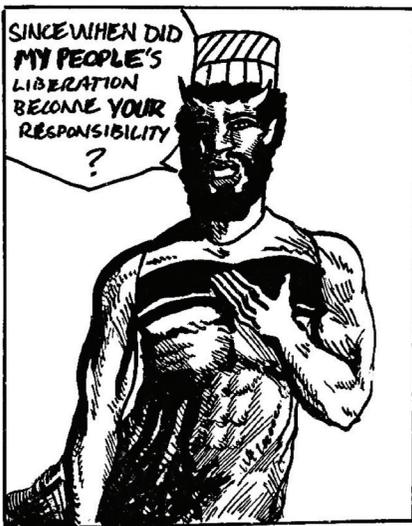
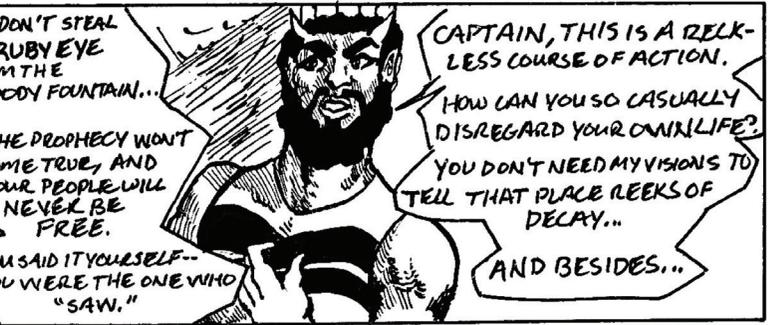


FORGIVE ME... PERTTU...

I LEFT YOUR PAYMENT FOR WHOMEVER FINDS YOU.

WHATEVER'S LURKING ON THIS ISLAND.. IT'S DARKER THAN ANYTHING I CAN IMAGINE. IF IT IS A THREAT TO MY CREW, I HAVE TO DEFEAT IT MYSELF, HEAD-ON, NO MATTER THE RISK. IF I CAN'T PROTECT MY CREW... I CAN'T CALL MYSELF THEIR CAPTAIN.

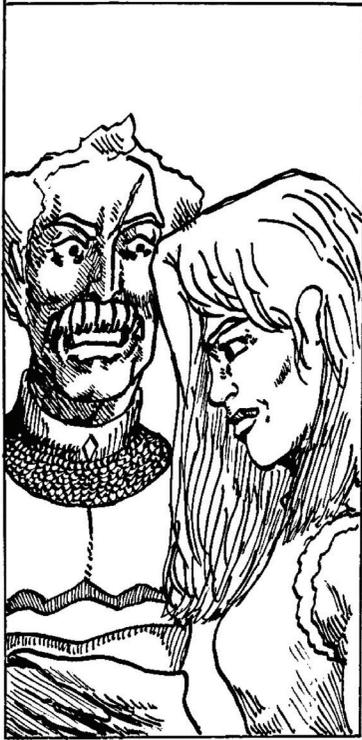




IN MERE HOURS, THE EXPERT CREW OF THE NORTH STAR LANDED ASHORE AND MADE PREPARATIONS TO ENAMP BENEATH THE FIERY MOUNT.



JUST AS IMPORTANT TO THE EFFICIENCY AND SUCCESS OF THE CREW WAS ITS QUARTERMASTER, "SARGE" MORONICH, YET EVEN AS HE ADVISED TIROSE ON THE OPTIMAL ROUTE TO HER DARK DESTINATION...



DOUBT GURGLED IN HIS MIND LIKE POISON IN HIS THROAT.



SOME TIME LATER...



AH, SARGE, GOOD TO SEE YOU! HAVE YOU BEEN KEEPING WELL?

NEVER BETTER, NEVER BETTER!

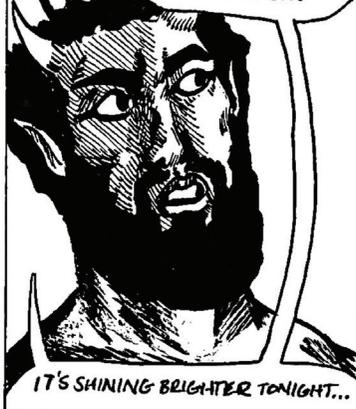
ONLY TIRED FROM THE DAY'S LABORS, I SUPPOSE.

WONDERFUL NIGHT FOR WATCHING THE STARS, EH, CHARA MEUS?*

*MY FRIEND IN GRANPLORIAN



IT'S NOT THE STARS I'M WATCHING...
...THIS YEAR'S ELFIN MOON...



IT'S SHINING BRIGHTER TONIGHT...



IT LENDS ITS EVIL POWER TO THE NECROMANCERS, DARK SCHOLARS OF THE PROFANE ART OF DEATH...

IT IS CERTAINLY A DANGEROUS TIME TO BE DELVING INTO THESE LONG-LOST RUINS...

EKUNDAYO, BE HONEST WITH ME...

WHAT DO YOU THINK THE CAPTAIN IS REALLY UP TO?

SARGE... I CANNOT SUSPECT HER TO BE PLANNING ANYTHING MALICIOUS.

I HAVE ONLY THE UTMOST FAITH IN HER RESOLVE!

BUT...

I CANNOT REMAIN SILENT ANY LONGER. WE HAVE KNOWN TIROSÈ TOO LONG - WE CAN TELL WHEN SOMETHING IS WRONG!

I'VE SEEN HER SPEND HOURS IN HER STUDY, ANALYZING THAT SYMBOL OVER AND OVER....

IT'S OBSSIVE!

THE GOD OF MY MOTHERS, OKESHALTEP WAS SENT TO ME DREAM-VISIONS OF THE MARK.

IT IS A DARK SIGN. THE SEAL OF THE DESTROYER OF MY PEOPLE!

THAT IS THE MARK OF THE OCULAR-IAN LICH KING... HE-WHOSE-CRIMES-REACH-THE-HEAVENS. IN THE ELVEN TONGUE, HE IS KNOWN AS ZARDUL!!

HE-WHO-RAISES-THE-DEAD... DREAD LORD OF THE BLUE ELFIN MOON, THE SCARS OF HIS THOUSAND YEAR ENSLAVEMENT STILL MAR MY HOMELAND. IF THE SIGNS PORTEND HIS RETURN, THE SOULS OF THE LIVING WORLD ARE AT STAKE...

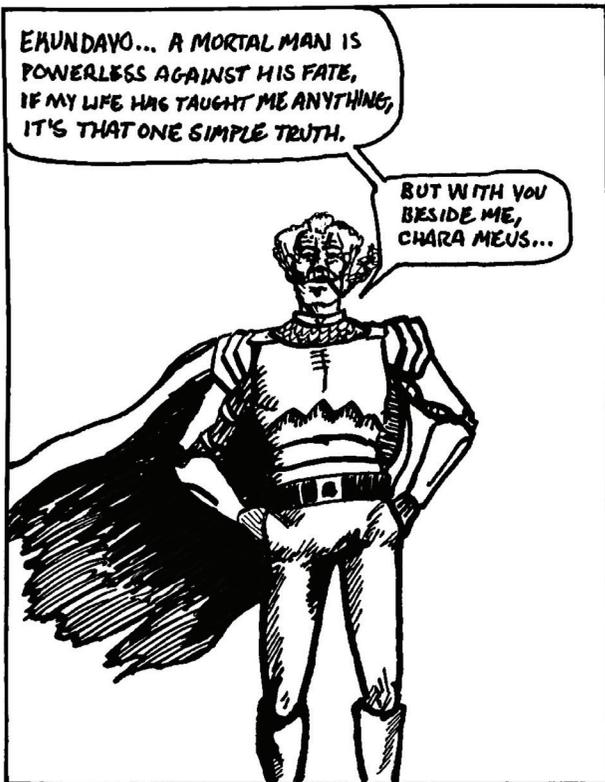
SARGE... I FEAR THERE IS A CULT WORKING TOWARDS THAT END. I AM ALL THE MORE CONVINCED BY THE BRANDS FOUND ON PERTTU'S BODY, BRANDED THE SYMBOL INTO HIS SKIN! MOREOVER...

I FEAR OUR CAPTAIN MEANS TO PROTECT US FROM A SIMILAR FATE... YET, MY FRIEND...

I HAVE SEEN NO FUTURE IN WHICH TIROSÈ MAKES IT OUT OF THE BLOODY FOUNTAIN ALIVE!!!

NOT WITHOUT OUR HELP! SARGE, I MUST ASK YOU TO NOT ONLY COMMIT MUTINY... WE MUST ATTEMPT TO CHANGE FATE ITSELF!!

HRM...



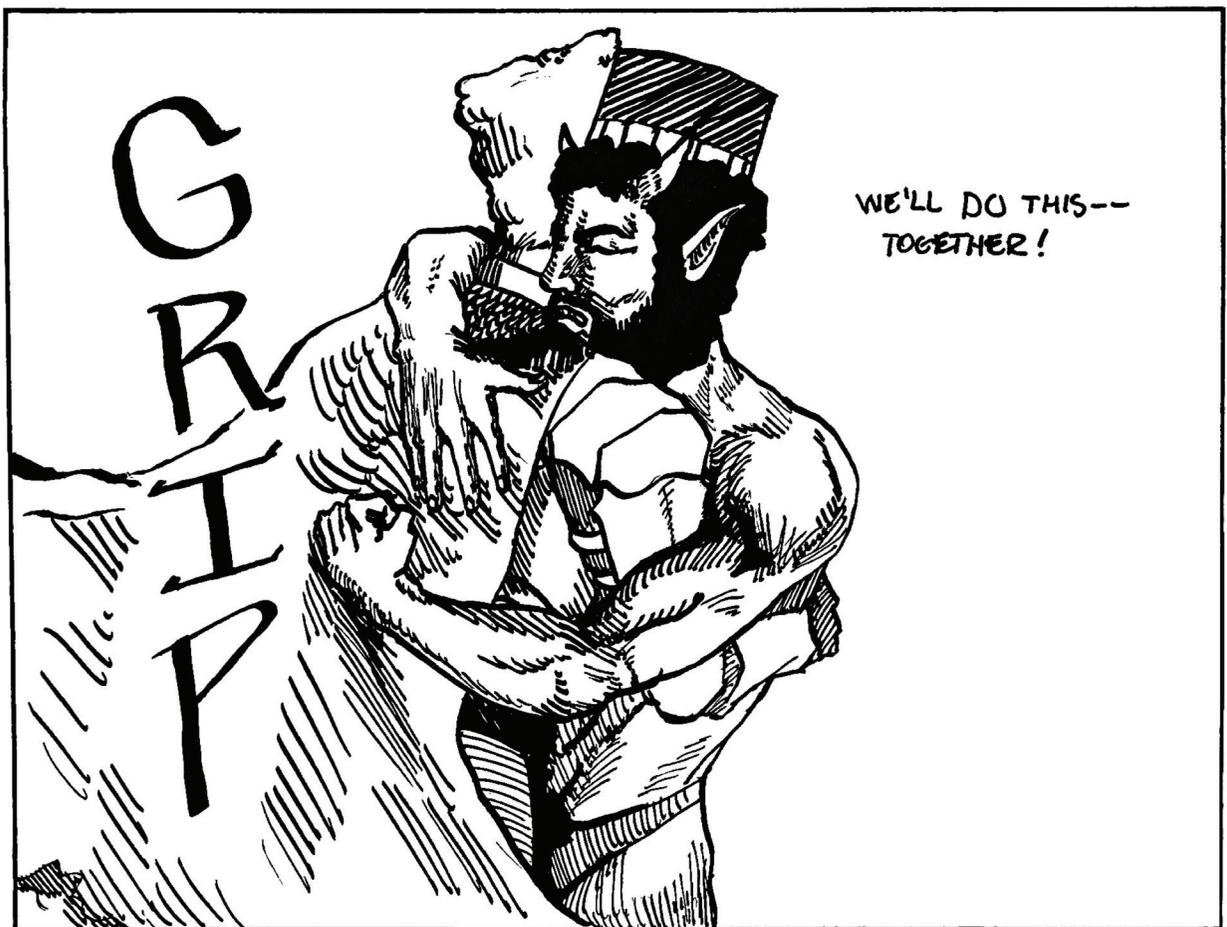
EXUNDAYO... A MORTAL MAN IS POWERLESS AGAINST HIS FATE, IF MY LIFE HAD TAUGHT ME ANYTHING, IT'S THAT ONE SIMPLE TRUTH.

BUT WITH YOU BESIDE ME, CHARA MEUS...



I FEEL LIKE I COULD MAKE THE VERY EARTH TREMBLE, REACH THE FURTHEST ENDS OF THIS WORLD!... I'D DIE A THOUSAND TIMES FOR YOU AND FOR TIROSÈ, I LOVE THE BOTH OF YOU SO!

COME 'ERE, SON...!



G
R
I
P

WE'LL DO THIS-- TOGETHER!



DAMN! I WAS TOLD THIS PLACE WAS EMPTY!

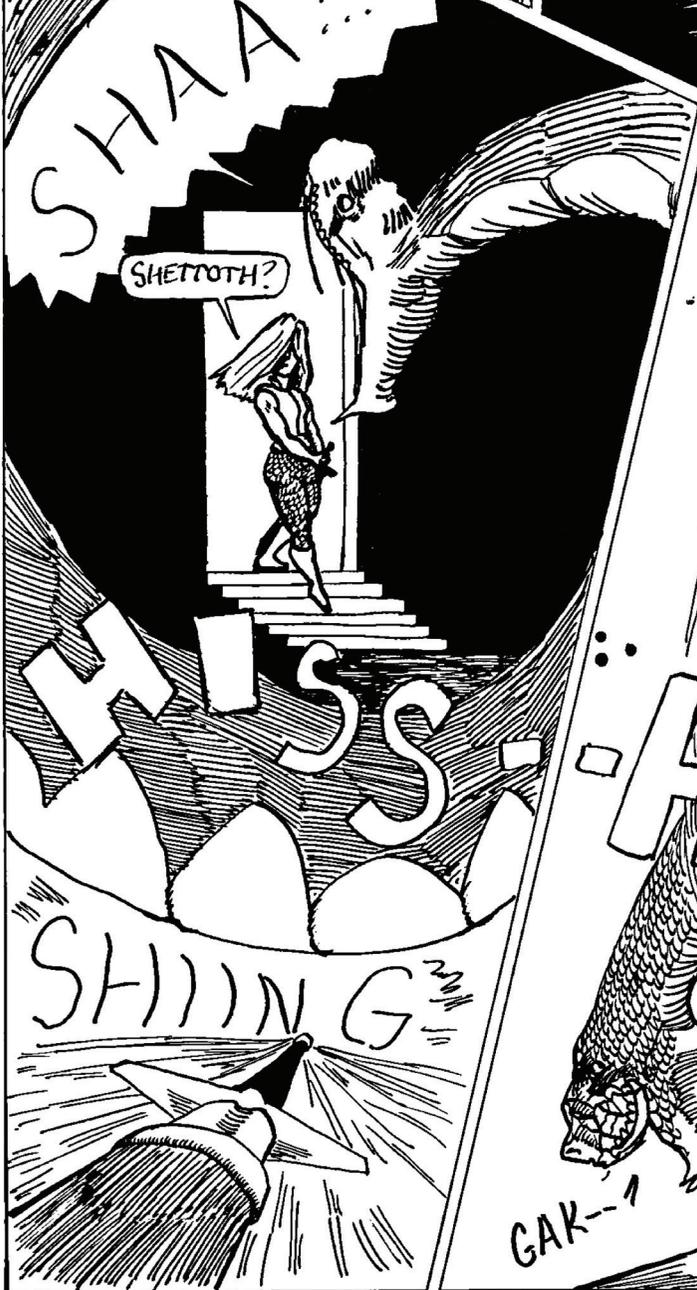
TELL ME, SERPENT. CAN YOU SPEAK? AND FROM WHICH HELL - PIT DID YOUR MASTER SUMMON YOU?



SHETTOSH!! SHETTOSH!!

BLOOD AND SOULS FOR MY LORD SHETTOSH!!

AMMMMMMMMM

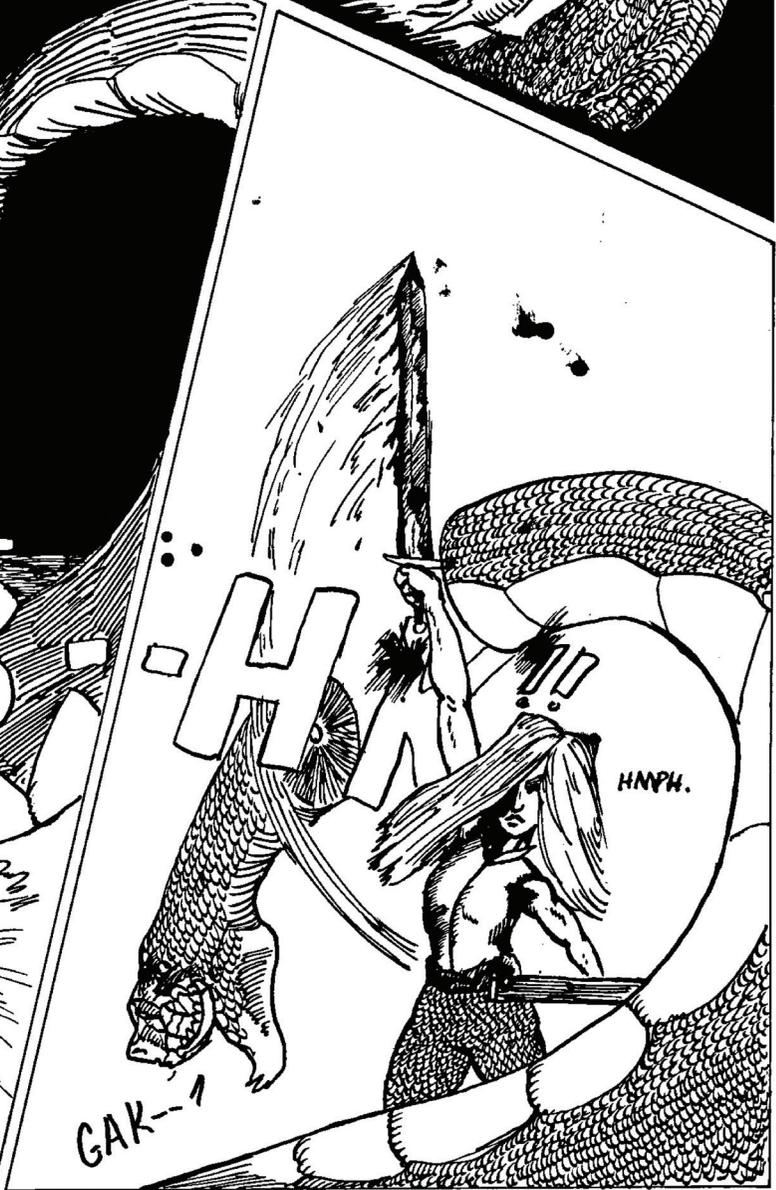


SHAA!!!

SHETTOSH?

WHISS-SH

SHIING

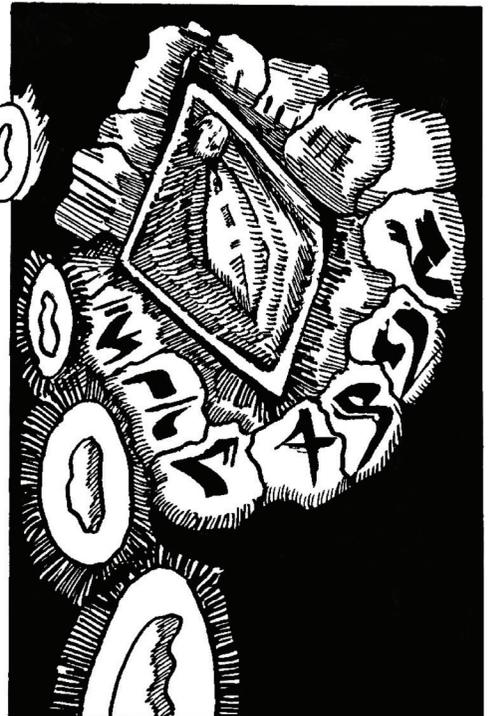
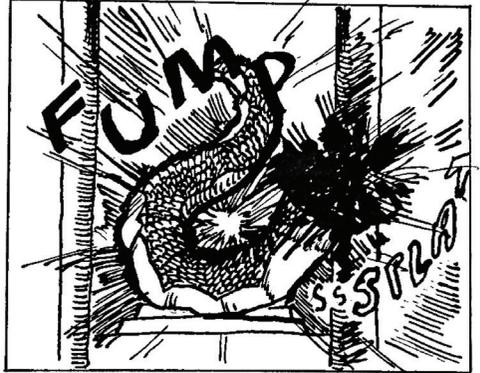
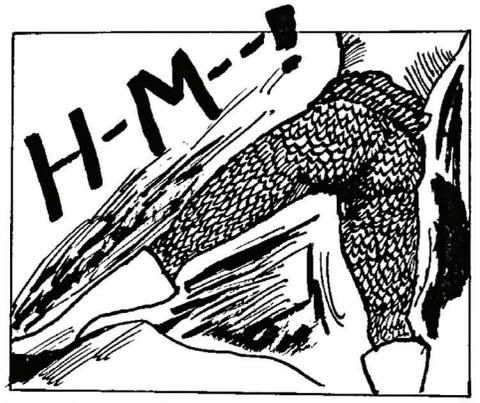


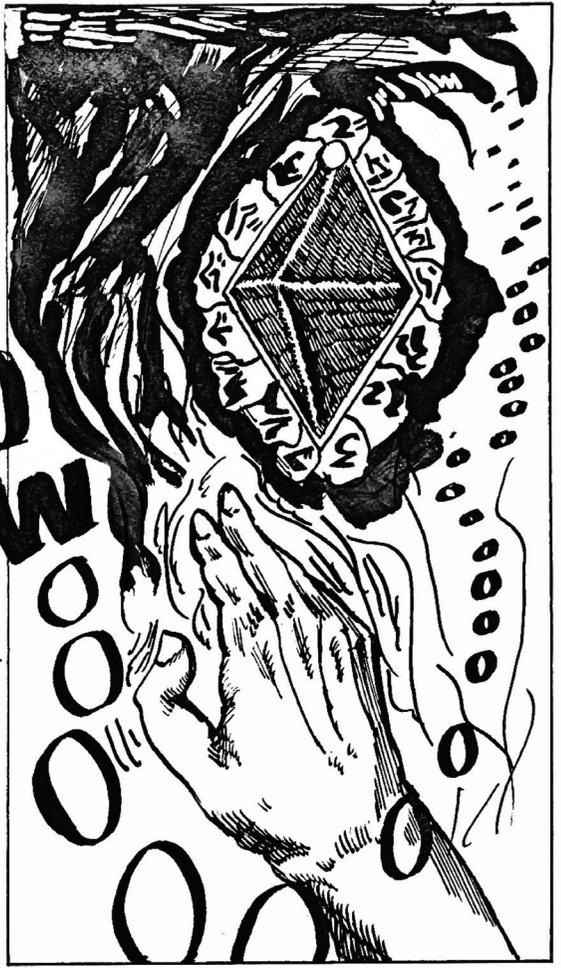
H

HMPH.

GAK--

SOME TIME LATER...







WHAT IS THIS...
THIS LURCHING
FEELING??

AM I BEING...

PULLED THRU
A PORTAL?

SURELY
NOT...

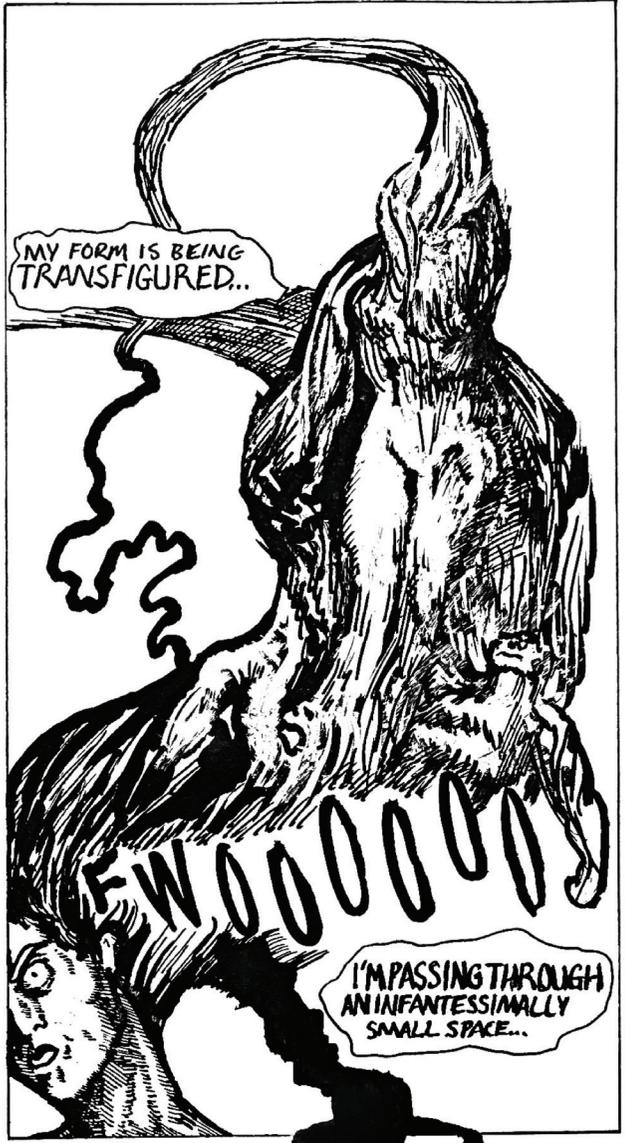
SURELY
NOT...

SURELY
NOT...

SURELY NOT...

SURELY
NOT...

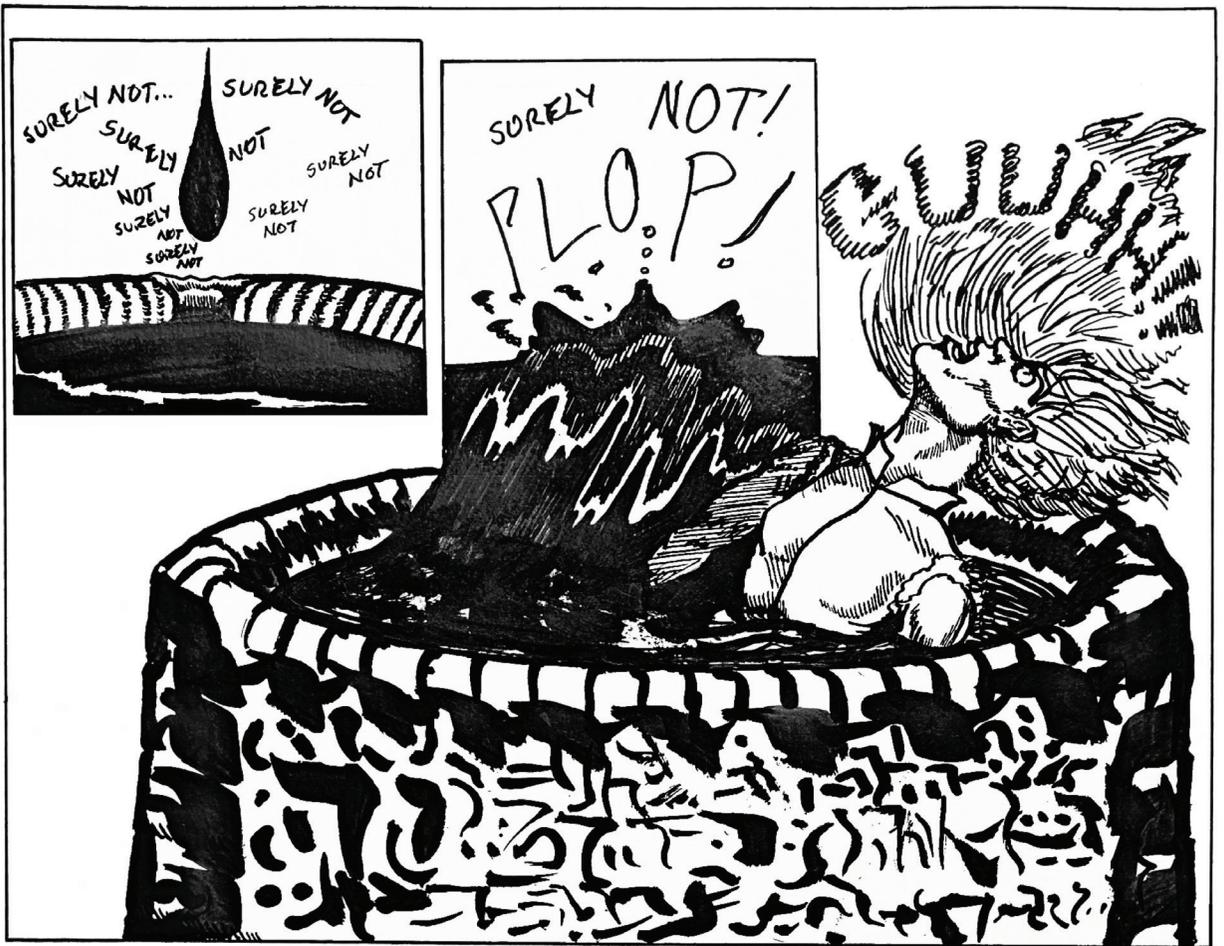
SURELY
NOT...



MY FORM IS BEING
TRANSFIGURED...

FWOOOOOOO

I'M PASSING THROUGH
AN INFANTESSIMALLY
SMALL SPACE...





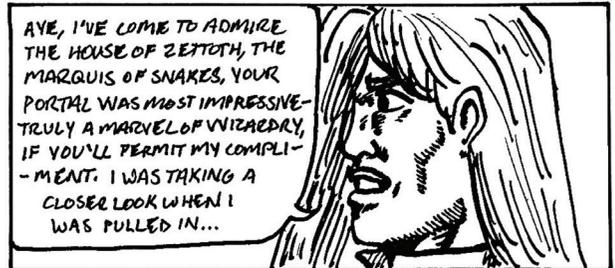
QUITE RUDE OF YOU TO SIMPLY BARGE IN HERE, REACHING FOR MY PRECIOUS VALUABLES. I SUPPOSE ONE CANNOT EXPECT ANYTHING LESSSS FROM A LAWLESSSS PIRATE, TO BE SSSURE...

SHEH-
HEH
-HEH
-HEH...

I'VE HEARD OF YOU, HALF-DWARF... TIROSE, YES? CAPTAIN OF THE NORTH STAR?



THIS SNAKE MUST BE THE ONE SUMMONING THOSE DEMONS, HE'S DANGEROUS - THAT PORTAL TOOK MY SWORD SOMEWHERE ELSE, SO I CAN'T FIGHT MY WAY OUT... I'LL BOTTER HIM UP, PLAY OFF HIS EGO... I NEED TIME TO FIGURE OUT HOW TO GET THAT RUBY EYE FROM UNDER HIS SNOUT!



AYE, I'VE COME TO ADMIRE THE HOUSE OF ZETTOH, THE MARQUIS OF SNAKES, YOUR PORTAL WAS MOST IMPRESSIVE- TRULY A MARVEL OF WIZARDRY, IF YOU'LL PERMIT MY COMPLI- -MENT. I WAS TAKING A CLOSER LOOK WHEN I WAS PULLED IN...



SHAH-
-HAH
-HAH
-HAH!!!



SHEH-HEH-HEH... SSSSOO...

YOU'VE COME TO ADMIRE THE SUPERIOR WOODS OF ZETTOH'S, GRAND MARQUIS OF SNAKES?



WHY DO I FEEL THIS CHILL RUN DOWN MY SPINE? THAT NAME... WHY DOES IT SOUND SO... FAMILIAR?



YES... I'M A BIT OF AN AMATEUR ARCHAEOLOGIST. I'VE TAKEN AN INTEREST IN OGCALARIAN ANTIQUITY.

YESSSS... YOU'VE COME TO THE RIGHT PLACE, THEN...

AS TI ROSE WATCHED IN HORROR AS THE OCLARIAN'S BODY COILED ITSELF INTO A MOCKERY OF THE HUMAN FORM, SHE REMEMBERED WHY THE NAME OF ZETTOTA SOUNDED SO FAMILIAR. HER FATHER'S STORIES TOLD OF AN ANCIENT ANCESTOR WHO HAD LONG AGO FACED THIS ENEMY...

... HOW HER FAMILY EARNED THEIR FORTUNES WITH A CLEVER RUSE WHICH SEALED ZETTOH AWAY FOR CENTURIES UNTOLD. YET, THE GLORY OF THE PAST HAD LONG FADED BY NOW, AND THE HOUSE OF DUKE DEUKALION PELLIO NO LONGER BELONGED TO HER...

WHILE THAT DISTANT PAST, THE SUBJECT OF MYTH AND LEGEND, WAS FAR REMOVED FROM HER OWN LIFETIME, HER FEAR WAS AS INNATE AS THE COLOR OF HER HAIR, ANCESTRAL AS THE SHADE OF HER EYES...

SSSHAH-HAH



HAAHHH...

HMMPH! IT SEEMS THAT I CANNOT QUITE REMEMBER THE WAY MY LEGS ONCE WERE. AH... BUT WHAT A WONDERFUL FIGURA SERPINATA...! HO...! I SUPPOSE IT WILL DO NICELY...



HAH-SHA
HA SHAH-
HA AHHA
HA HA
HA HA
HA HA



I ACCEPT YOUR CHALLENGE, TIROSE PELLID. I SIMPLY CANNOT HELP BUT THINK OUR MEETING WAS FATED, FOR WHAT ELSE COULD POSSIBLY HAVE BROUGHT THE LOST HEIR TO THE THRONE OF THIEVES? RARELY DO TH FORTUNE OFFER SUCH A GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY -- TO TAKE THE SOUL OF MY ANCIENT NEMESIS!

EACH OF US WILL ASK THREE RIDDLES. IF EVEN ONE IS ANSWERED INCORRECT, THAT PLAYER HAS LOST THE GAME. ARE THOSE TERMS AGREEABLE?



YES!!



ANSWER ME THIS, THEN, THOU PRINCE OF SOPHISTS, HEIR TO THE MAGUS, HALF-BRED INGRATE...!



MEANWHILE, EKUNDAYO FINISHES THE COMPLEX RITUAL WHICH STRENGTHENS HIS FORESIGHT.



HE REACHES OUT FROM WITHIN, FEELING THE TEXTURE OF TIME ALL AROUND HIM, AGING, GROWING, ERODING...



BY ATTAINING COMPLETE AWARENESS OF THE PRESENT,



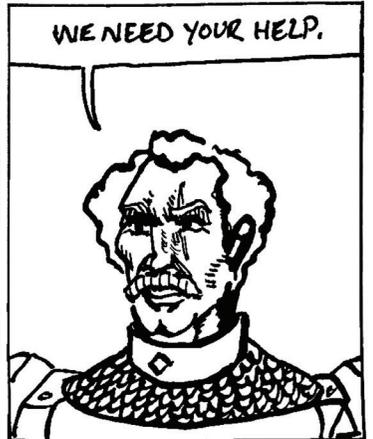
THE LION-PROPHET SEES GLIMPSES OF THE FUTURE.



THE RITUAL TAKES HOURS...

THE GATE OPENS.



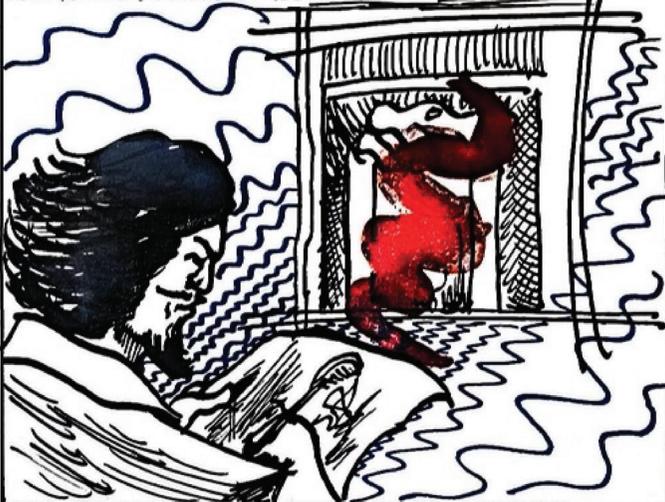
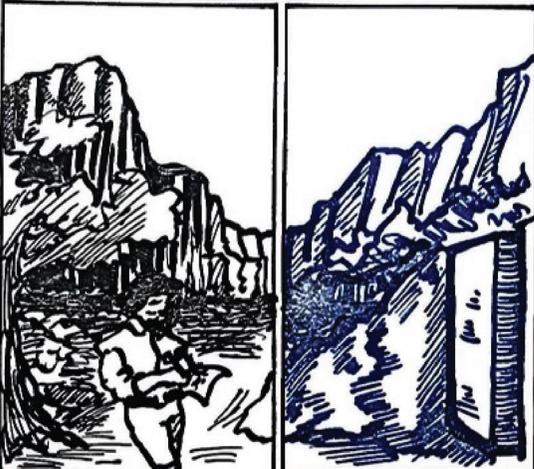




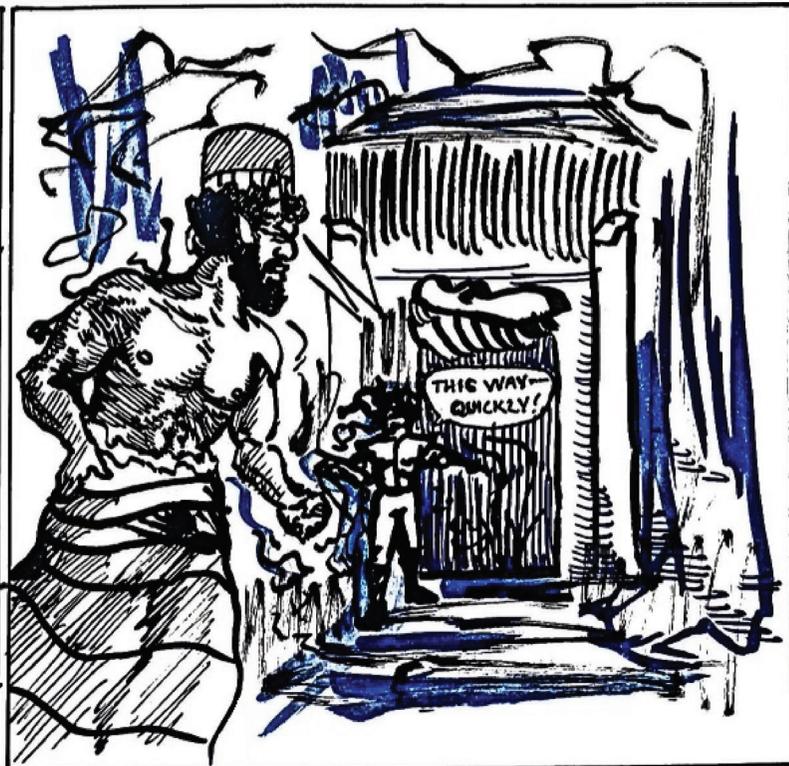


LIKE MOST SORCERERS ABILITIES, DARIO'S VIRTUOSITY WAS PERHAPS MORE CURSE THAN BLESSING. AS HE BROUGHT FORTH HIS PEN AND PARCHMENT, HE PONDERED THE IMPLICATIONS OF HIS ART.

HE OUTLINED THE CONTOURS OF THE DOOR, PAYING CLOSE ATTENTION TO MINOR DETAILS; ANY FLAW IN ACCURACY COULD LEAD TO UNSPEAKABLE CONSEQUENCES.



ONCE THE DRAWING IS COMPLETE, DARIO APPLIES THE DESIRED CHANGE TO HIS PIECE -- NAMELY, OPENING THE DOOR. THIS CREATES A 'PANEL,' A SMALL WINDOW INTO A DEMI-REALITY ONLY SLIGHTLY DIFFERENT THAN THE ORIGINAL. SOMETIMES DARIO WONDERED IF HE, TOO, COULD BE ERASED LIKE THE DOOR IN A SIMILAR WAY, OR COVERED IN INK...





OH-HO!

YOU'RE QUITE THE CLEVER GIRL, AREN'T YOU?

SHEH-HEH-HEH...



HEY!

ENOUGH OF THAT! DON'T GIVE ME ANY OF THAT "CLEVER GIRL" BULLSHIT! JUST ASK ME THE NEXT RIDDLE!



SHEH HEH HEH

HMPH!

HNNNNNNNN



QARAM:
VICIS ATHEA
ETRATUM 'ETAT
MAES ARE GE
ARARETRUMA.
I OUMAE RE
DREND ATHEA
MARE I ETAT.
GEO MAUM
CHARA RAUM?



WAIT... WHAT WAS THAT? WAS THAT THE DWARVEN LANGUAGE? I'VE KNOWN THE TONGUE OF VOMAR SINCE I WAS YOUNG, SO WHY CAN'T I UNDERSTAND?

YOU THINK THIS IS SOME KINDA GAME? USING A LANGUAGE I DON'T KNOW IS CHEATING!

OH? YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND? SHEH
I WONDER IF THAT'S BECAUSE THE
DWARVEN YOU AND I SPEAK HAVE BEEN
SEPARATED BY THOUSANDS OF
CENTURIES!



FOOLISH GIRL... YOU SAID YOURSELF
THAT YOU WANTED THE RULES TO BE THE
EXACT SAME AS THEY WERE FOR YOUR
GRANDFATHER! I HAD A HUNCH YOU
COULDN'T SPEAK HIS LANGUAGE...



...BEING THE LAWLESS SCUM THAT YOU
ARE! AND, UNFORTUNATELY FOR YOU, THE
RIDDLE RELIES ON RULES OF GRAMMAR.
ONLY A NATIVE SPEAKER WOULD KNOW
YOUR SOUL IS MINE!



NO! IT'S HAPPENING AGAIN!
MY FORM IS BEING TRANSFIGURED...
HE'S TAKING MY SOUL!

I'M LOSING CONSCIOUSNESS...
EKUNDAYO, I'M SORRY...

COMRADES... SOON, THIS VAMPIRE
WILL DISPARAGE ME WITH EVERY
POSSIBLE INSULT. STRIKE AS THE
FIEND FUMBLIES WITH HIS WORDS!

RIGHT!

1
"YOU DARE THIS
INTERRUPTION,
YOU FLEA?"

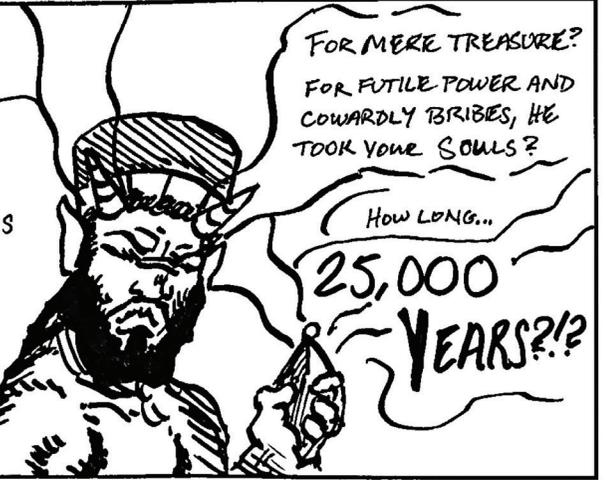
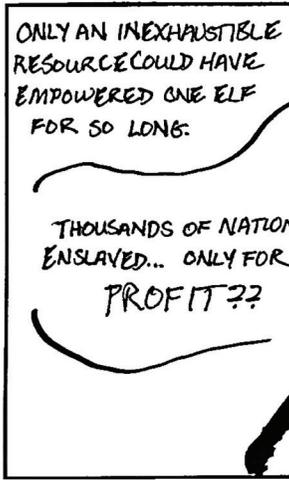
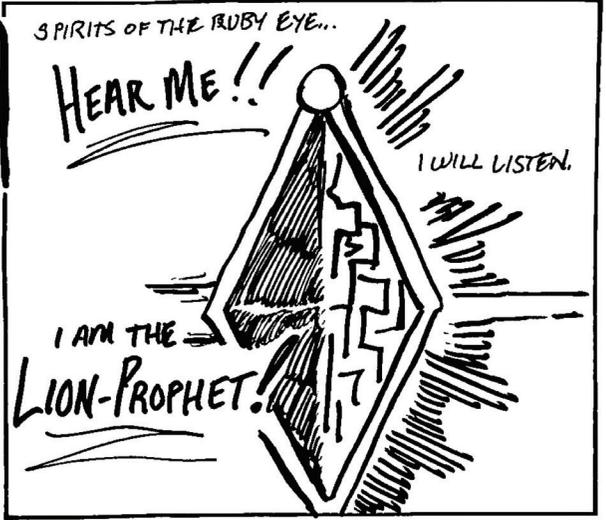
2
INSOLENT,
INFERIOR
THING!!!

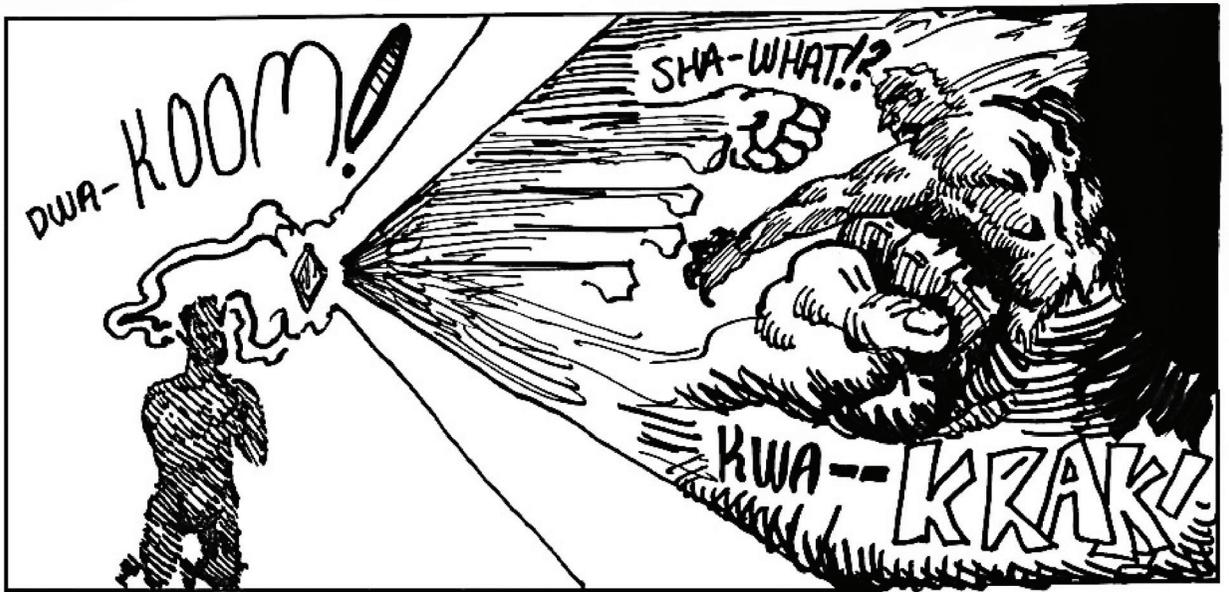
3
GRR... You... You...

4
"YOU WILL!
SUFFER!"

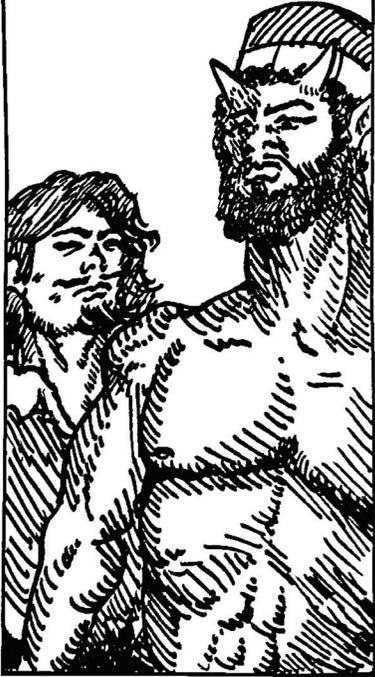








AND SO...

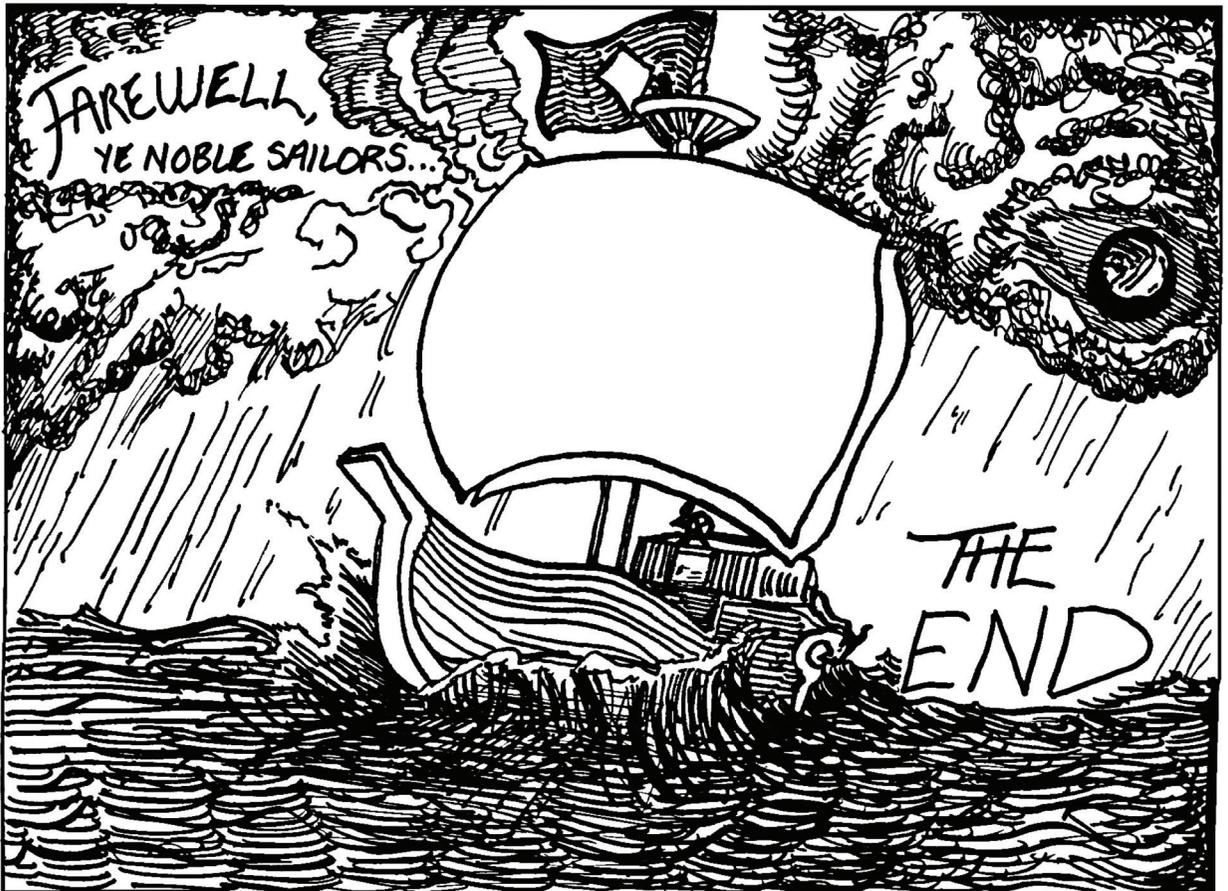


THE KNIGHT OF VIRTUE WAS SAVED FROM A TERRIBLE FATE, AND GREAT DEEDS CAME OF IT. BUT THIS WOULD NOT BE THE LAST OF ZETTOH, MARQUIS OF SNAKES...



HE DIDN'T NEED PROPHECY TO HEAR THAT FUTURE...

HE SIMPLY KNEW.



Handwritten Korean text at the top of the page.

God

A far cry from those willing to live

Devil

The nuance patterns of a shadowed mind

Human

The deadly, willing, catalyst



When day was sundown

Artstroke mopped inequity

When wars went unwon and grass unclipped

Geometry met psuedo

When sundown killed all willing to live

Lakes bore tide

When the ocean was a puddle

The moon sang in sailor's tune.

When time was so different

For you, for they

When time lent allowance,

I was there too.

Eyeing it all, with the seams of the mind

Stars rattled earthquakes,

in land foreign manure,

Rocks killed hill-land,

Topping salt puddle,

Boat-bore sea lanterns traveling Eastward,

I was there too,

When North met South.

God, Devil and Human I dreamt

Lake, Tide, Shoreline I cried

Quake Sunride and Fishtune to the sea

Have I dreamt it all for you,

Or me?

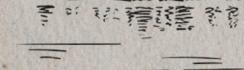
I am the dreamer,

Though my dreams infrequent,

I'll dream here again,

Waving my own creation:

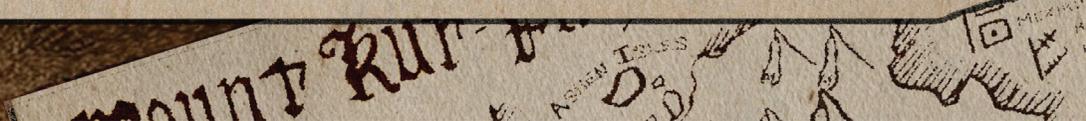
A nightmare.



clock drawing

When time was so different
for me for you
when time

Handwritten Korean text at the bottom of the page.





GIA HURRASH
THE FIRST ORK HOMELAND

THE

SEA OF WAKING

NIA ROUND IS
OCALAR THE WINTERGARD
ELBRUIS GIELUTH
MENAHOE
R U M P A C H I A ARCHIPELAGO
AGE
MUTI
AL THURL
GLIMHED MASTODON RUINS
ALPAPBO
SWORD
KAULEVIA
CITY OF GUM
KRAULU
DUN KIELETHA

THE GLIMPLIBIDOPIA
CORAZ KINGDOM UNDER THE SEA

GLIMPLIBIDOPIA CAPITAL WHIRLPOOL
GUBROOM
GUBROOKA
AUSWUBUS

THE GIANT'S HEART

HEARTLANDS
ESTAR RIVER
CAPITAL CRANALOR
MARSH
TRIANGLE

THE RAZOR TIPS
GLIMPLIBIDOPIAN SURFACE FIELDS
GUP PLOP LOOP FRONTIER WHIRLPOOL

UR-SWRASSHAR
THE SECOND ORK HOMELAND
BURULUN FIELDS

TRULUC COAST
DALUSMARK LAND
HEARTSPIRE CASTLE
KIML
KAMELOT FENS
SABOLIN SLANTIP

MONTELOUM VINEYARDS
THEROPOD PEAKS
TAMU DESERT
THE LUMP IN THE WORLD'S THROAT

SHUGRAMSPARK
CITY OF PASSION

YUR A LARA
YUR A LARA
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