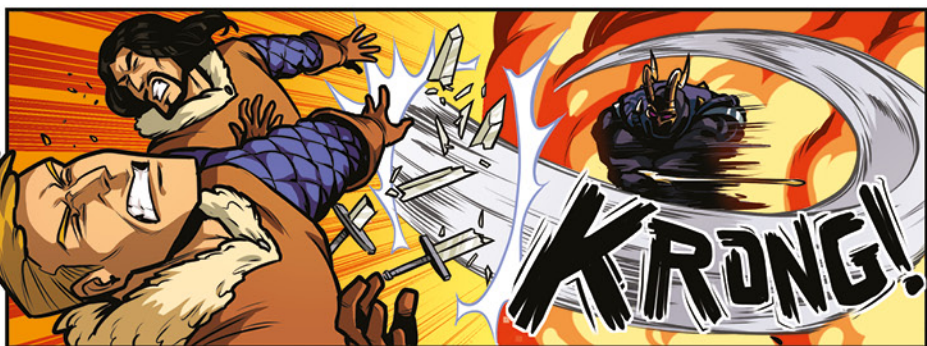
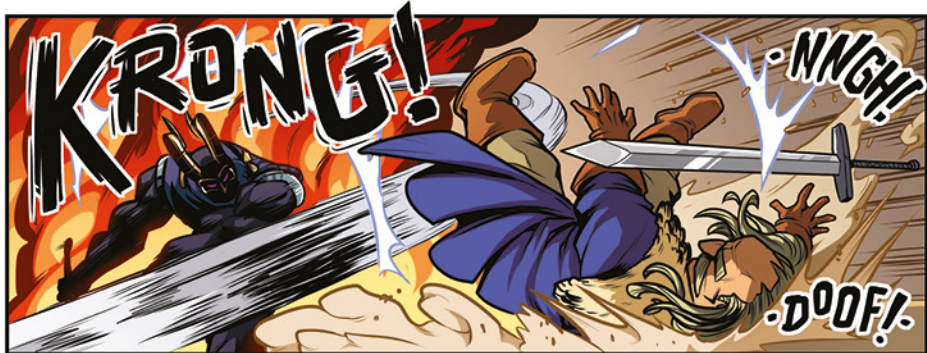
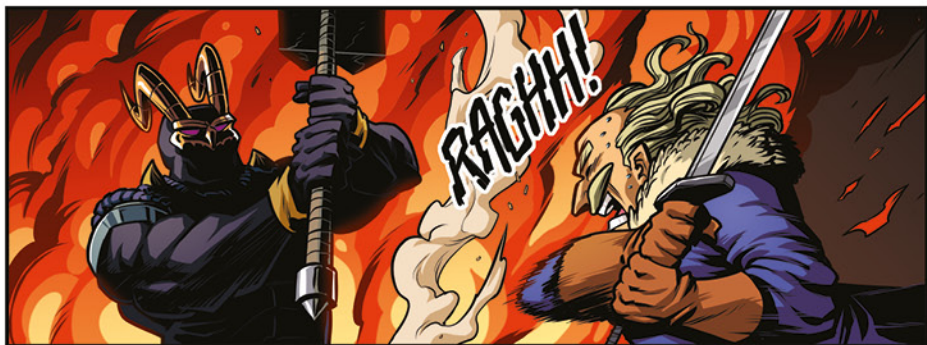




Wait a minute...  
No... it can't be!









RIGA'S  
FLAMES!

FWOOOM



I must get word  
to the Council of  
Flowers.



NO...



SHF!

SHF!



Lord  
Edar...



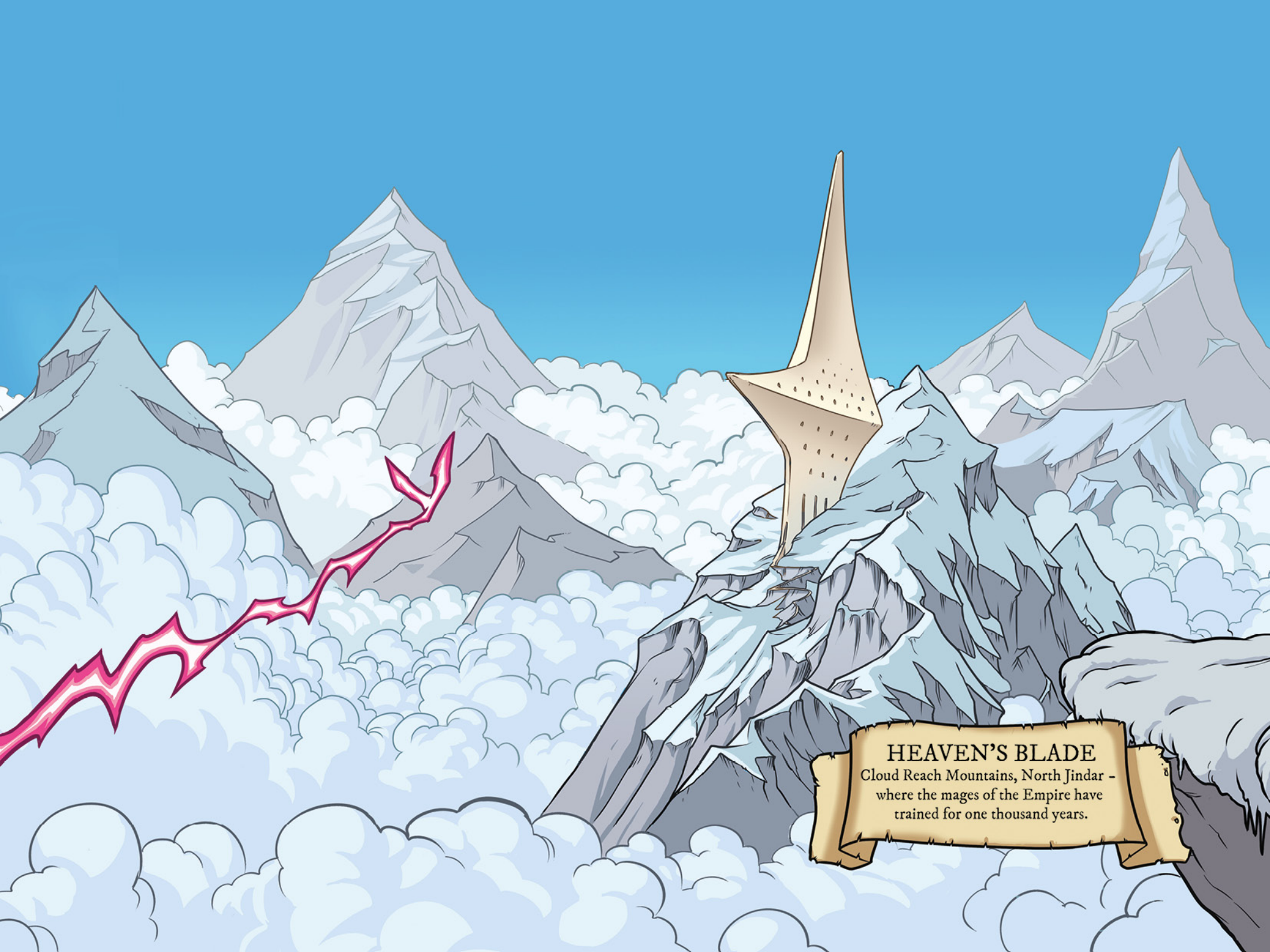
Tarik...  
Loban...



FENKIL'S  
MESSENGER!

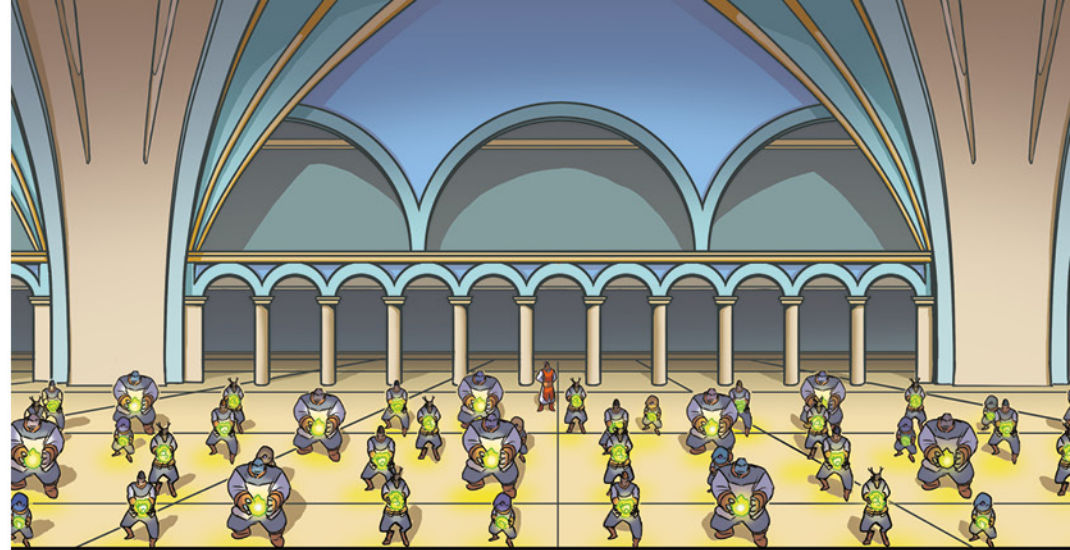
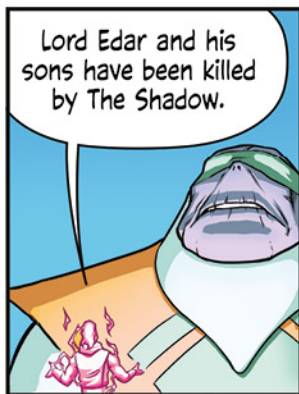
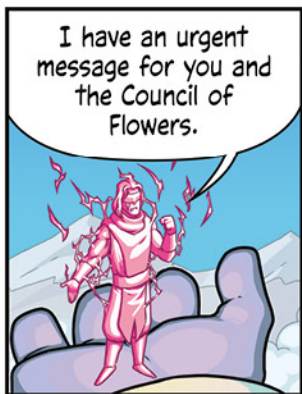
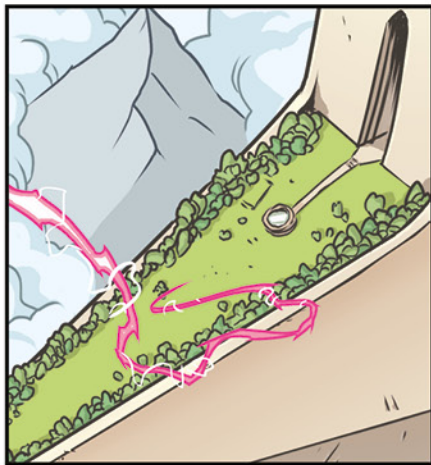
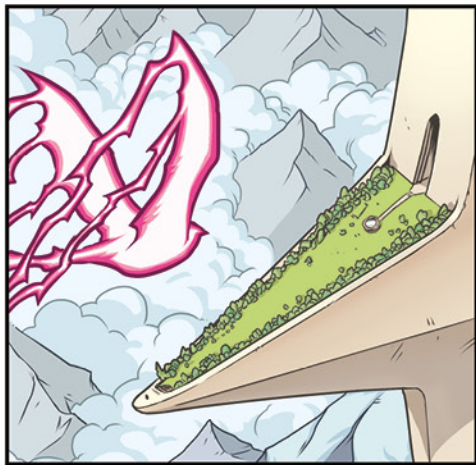
NOOSH

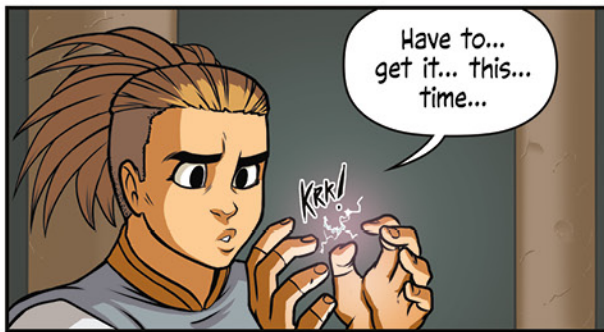




## HEAVEN'S BLADE

Cloud Reach Mountains, North Jindar -  
where the mages of the Empire have  
trained for one thousand years.





There, she pledged service to The Ancients.



The source of all magic.



And learn how to use powerful magic.



Life was hard.



Over years she would train her body.



Sharpen her mind.



And unforgiving.



But the pain was worth it.



Becoming a mage  
of the Empire was all  
she cared about.

