





















HEARING THE CREATURE'S DEATHCRY, THE SURVIVORS BREAK DOWN THEIR BARRICADE



One refuses to leave his bedroom and before long dies of thirst.

A prolonged and painful suicide.

But the other two carry on. Though it takes them three lonely years, they drag all the corpses outside into a pile, and clean all the blood out of the fortress. Three caravans come, and each time jewel-encrusted stonecrafts are wheeled out from the old Bronzemurder stockpiles and loaded on.

The two dwarves don't need the trade, but they are sending a message to the outside world.



BRONZEMURDER IS ALIVE