

# UNHOLY RELIC

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It was officially a state visit but we all knew that it was really yet another attempt to negotiate for the return of their people's most sacred relic. An artefact which had nestled in our museum for a thousand years.

We, of course, knew that there was not a chance. As long as we held the relic we were safe from this troublesome race.



The reality was that his party's arrival was preceded by a gagging stench of wet dog and faeces. Decended from Lycans, these strange creatures evolution had encouraged guile but not apparently any charm







Kneeling before the  
smashed cabinet, the girl  
held the Relic in her hands



Without a moment's hesitation The Devine strode towards her...



...and with a vicious sweep of his blade took the  
acolyte's head from her body



We watched in  
stunned silence  
as he lifted the  
severed head...



and kissed his errant servant farewell

GOODBYE MY LOVE,  
MY LIGHT,  
MY MISGUIDED FOOL





