

# THE UNITY OF RINGS

THE NAME OF THE PLACE IS *SIGIL*.

SOME CALL IT THE CENTER OF THE *MULTIVERSE*. OTHERS CALL IT THE *CASE*.

A GOLD RING, PLEASE, SUITABLE FOR USE AS A *PORTAL KEY*.

AH, WE HAVE A VARIETY OF SUCH WONDERS, ALL FOR THE *DISCERNING BUYER*.

PERHAPS *THIS* MEETS YOUR NEEDS.

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SEE, SIGIL'S  
ALSO CALLED THE  
CITY OF *DOORS*.

NOT ALL OF THEM LOOK  
LIKE DOORS. *MOST* LOOK  
LIKE ARCHES OR WINDOWS  
OR MANHOLES OR OTHER  
BOUNDED SPACES.

BUT NO PORTAL  
CAN BE OPENED  
WITHOUT A *KEY*.


A KEY CAN  
BE A *WORD*.  
A *GESTURE*.  
AN *OBJECT*. A  
*GOLDEN RING*.

AND WHEN A PLANEWALKER  
BRINGS THE RIGHT *KEY*  
TO THE RIGHT *PORTAL*...

THE CUTTER CAN GO...


ELSEWHERE!






THE *BERK*'S  
NAME IS VALEN  
LOREMASTER.

HE'S A  
WIZARD-AND A  
PLANEWALKER.



HE NEEDS THE  
RING TO OPEN A  
PARTICULAR *DOOR*.

A *MAGICAL DOOR*-  
A PORTAL TO  
ANOTHER PART OF  
THE MULTIVERSE.



IT'S THE  
*RING* THAT'S  
IMPORTANT,  
NOT THE  
LEATHERHEAD  
WHO HOLDS IT.




WANT TO KNOW  
ABOUT THE PLANES?  
JUST FOLLOW THE  
*RING*.



FOLLOW  
THE *RING*.






IN THIS CASE, *ELSEWHERE* IS  
THE OUTLANDS, JUST OUTSIDE  
THE GATE-TOWN OF *HOPELESS*.

EACH GATE-TOWN OF THE OUTLANDS  
HAS A MAGICAL *PORTAL* THAT LEADS  
TO ONE OF THE *OUTER PLANES*.

SOME BERKS COME  
TO THE GATE-TOWNS  
FOR *ADVICE* FROM  
POWERFUL *BLOODS*.



SOME COME TO  
*HIDE* FROM THOSE  
SAME *BLOODS*.



AND *VALIEN*?

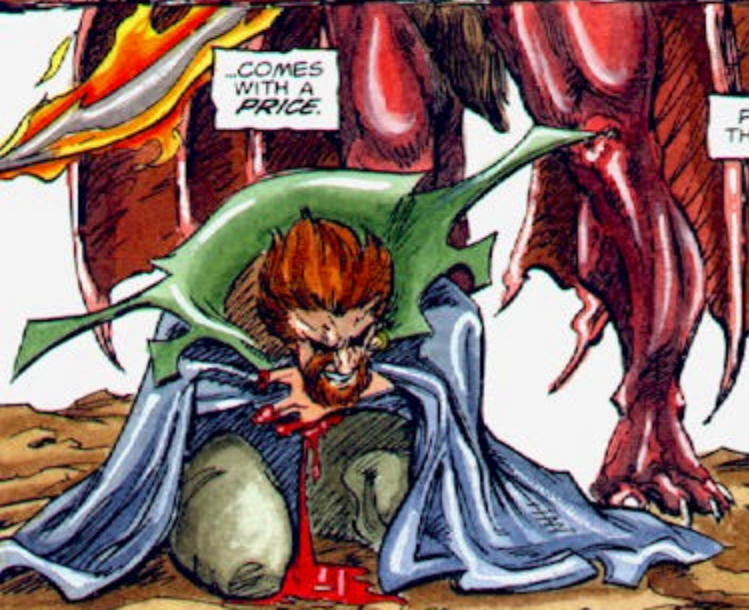


*VALIEN* HAS  
COME HERE  
FOR *POWER*.





BUT  
POWER...




...COMES  
WITH A  
PRICE.




FOLLOW  
THE RING.

FOLLOW  
THE RING.






SPELLSLINGERS  
AREN'T THE ONLY  
ONES WHO WALK  
THE PLANES.



A BERK'S GOT TO  
LOOK OUT FOR FIENDISH  
*TANAR'RI* (LIKE THE *BALOR*),  
FIERY ELEMENTALS, SHINING  
ARCHONS, THE INFERNALLY  
CUNNING *BAATEZU*.

AND SINUOUS  
FIENDS LIKE THE  
*MARILITH*.



THEY ALL HAVE  
THEIR OWN  
*REASONS*  
FOR BEING.

THEY ALL  
HAVE THEIR  
OWN *PLANS*.



THEY ALL HAVE  
THEIR OWN  
*DESIRES*.



FOLLOW  
THE *RING*.





PLINK!

PLANK!

ALL RIGHT,  
YOU MAGGOTS!  
GET YER SODDING  
TAILFEATHERS  
ON THE BOAT!

WHAT ARE  
YOU, LARVAE?  
WE GOT US A  
BLOOD WAR  
TO WIN!

MOVE IT!  
MOVE IT!  
MOVE IT!





ALL RIGHT,  
*MARGOTS*,  
LISTEN UP!

SOME OF YOU AIN'T  
*FOUGHT* IN THE BLOOD  
WAR BEFORE. LET ME  
TELL YOU, IT'S LIKE  
POKING OUT YOUR OWN  
EYES WITH A *FORK*, ONLY  
NOT AS *PLEASANT*.

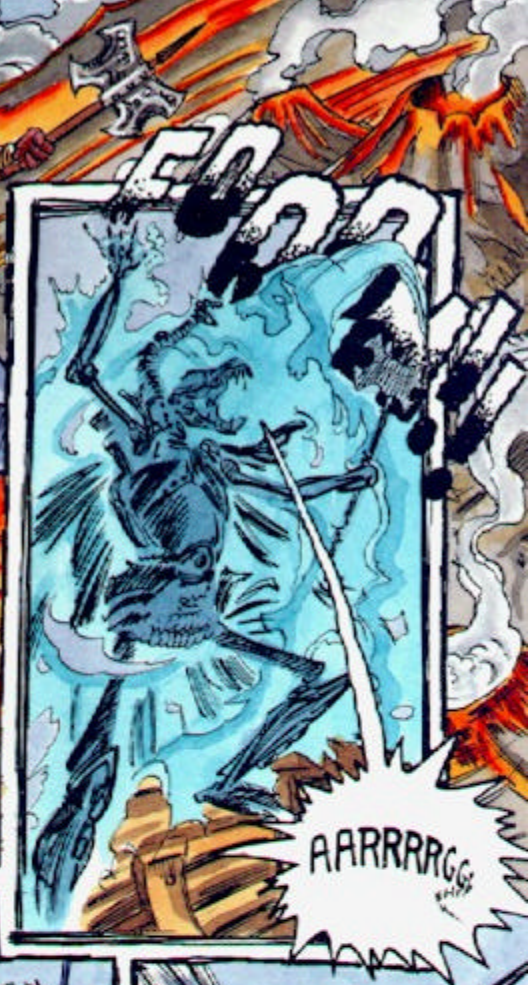
WE'RE SAILING THE *STYX*  
TO GEHENNA-TO A SODDING  
*BAATEZU* ENCAMPMENT. OUR  
SCOUTS SPIED THOUSANDS OF  
THEM, EACH LOOKING TO HANG  
A *TANAR'RI* HIDE ON ITS BELT!

THINK THEY'LL SHOW  
YOU ANY MERCY? HAH!  
THEY'LL *SLICE* YOU APART  
AND DRINK ALE FROM  
YOUR *SKULLS*! THEY'LL  
RIP OUT YOUR *HEARTS*  
AND EAT THEM! THEY'LL  
GRIND YOUR *BONES*  
INTO DUST!

MOST OF YOU  
ARE GOING TO *DIE*.  
YOUR JOB IS TO  
TAKE OUT AS MANY  
*BAATEZU* AS  
YOU CAN *FIRST*.

AND IF ANY OF  
YOU BERKS THINK  
ABOUT *RUNNING*,  
I'LL MAKE YOU WISH  
THE *BAATEZU* HAD  
SKINNED YOU ALIVE!









THE BLOOD WAR  
HAS NO *BEGINNING*.

IT HAS  
NO *END*.

IT HAS NO  
HOPE OR  
*VIRTUE*.

IT HAS NO  
MERCY,  
NO *PITY*,  
NO  
CHIVALRY.

ALL IT HAS  
IS *VICTIMS*.

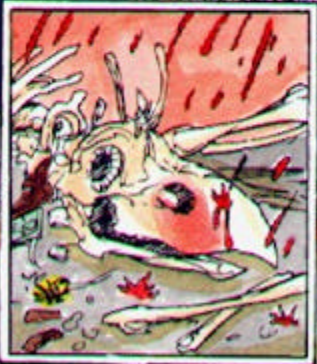
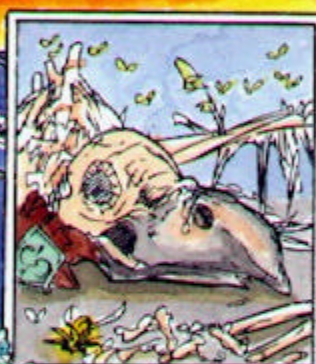
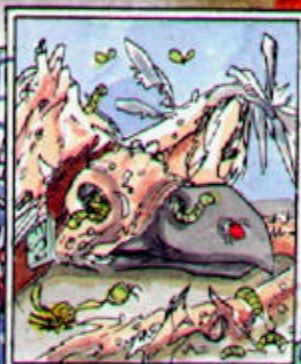
AND *THOSE* IT  
HAS IN *GREAT*  
ABUNDANCE.



THIS BATTLE HAS  
NO VICTORS.



NO ONE TO  
LOOT THE  
DEADERS.



UNTIL...

LOOK, ALL!





I FOUND A RING!

WHAT DOES IT DO?

TIEFLINGS.

THE OFFSPRING OF HUMANS AND... SOMETHING *ELSE*. TOUCHED WITH THE BLOOD OF SOMETHING *FIENDISH*-BAATEZU, TANAR'RI, OR YUGOLOTH.

I DON'T KNOW, I JUST FOUND IT. IT'S PROBABLY *MAGIC*!

MAGIC? GIVE IT HERE!

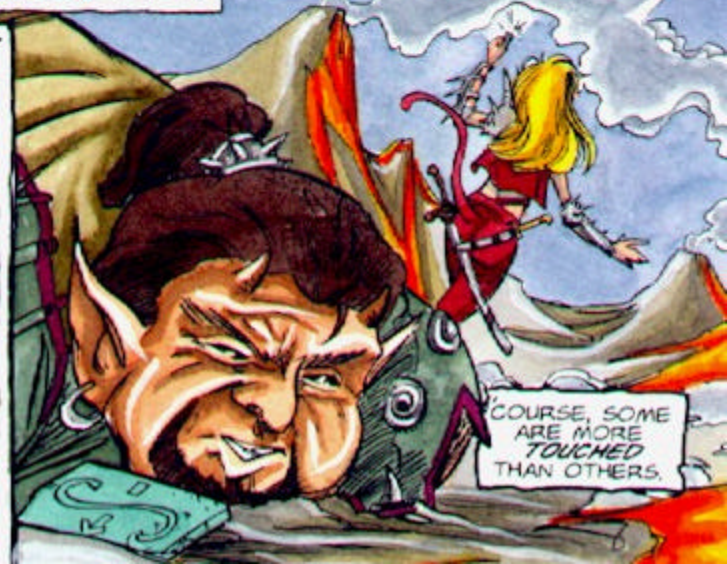
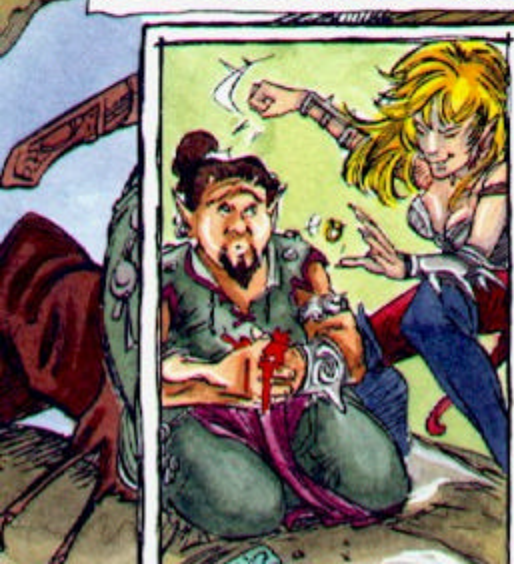
IT'S MINE, I FOUND IT!

I'LL FLIP YOU FOR IT. CALL IT.

HEADS.

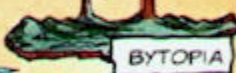
BELLY!

SSHHHHKK!!



COURSE, SOME ARE MORE TOUCHED THAN OTHERS.





BYTOPIA

ELYSIUM

MOUNT CELESTIA



SIGIL

ARCADIA

MECHANUS

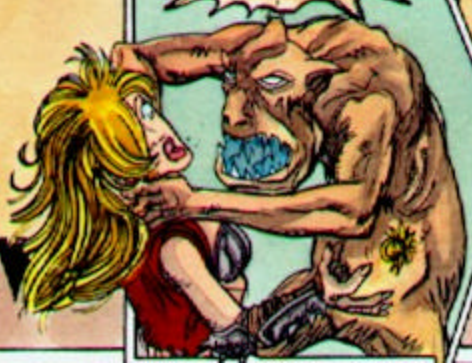
ACHERON

BAATOR

GEHENNA

THE GRAY WASTE

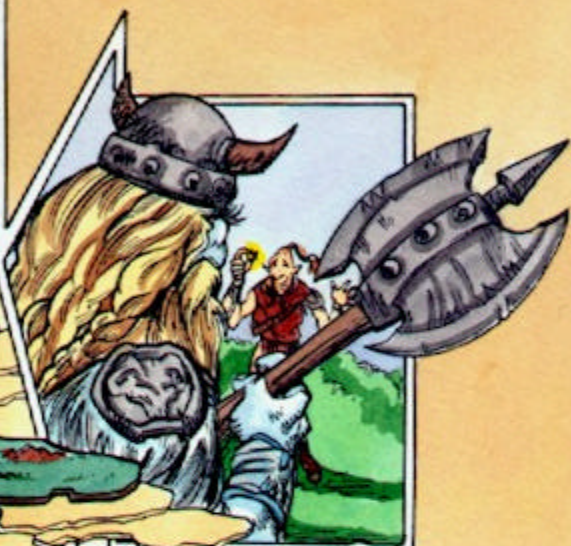
THE OUTLANDS



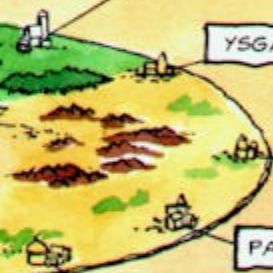




BEASTLANDS



ARBOREA



YSGARD



LIMBO



PANDEMONIUM



THE ABYSS

RCERI






MOUNT CELESTIA-  
WHAT SOME CALL  
THE SEVEN HEAVENS.

HALT!

YOU  
MAY NOT  
PASS!









WHAT?  
WHY, IF YOU  
KNEW HOW  
LONG WE  
HAVE  
TRAVELED-

BE CALM, BES,  
MOUNT CELESTIA IS  
MY GOAL. IT WOULD  
NOT DO TO START  
TROUBLE HERE.



GUARDIAN PER, SERVANT  
OF THE FORCES OF GOOD.  
I AM THE PALADIN ROBERT  
THE JUST. I SEEK ONLY  
THE ENLIGHTENMENT OF  
THE MOUNT. WHY MAY I  
NOT PASS?

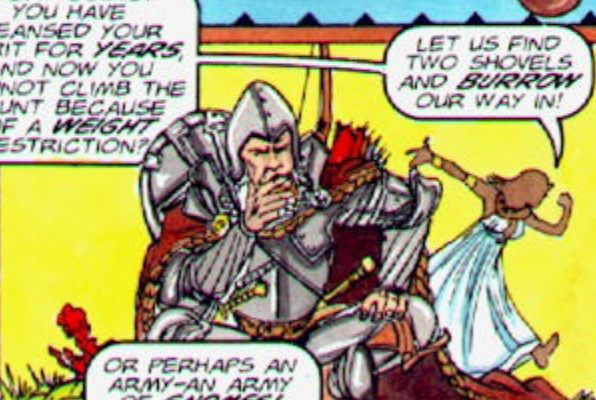
YOU ARE  
UNSUITABLE!



I HAVE LIVED A  
SOLENN AND  
NOBLE LIFE.  
I HAVE STOPPED  
MANY CROSS-  
TRADERS FROM  
ROBBING AND  
HARMING OTHERS.  
I HAVE GONE ON  
MANY QUESTS FOR  
YOUR CELESTIAL  
MASTERS. WHY  
AM I UNSUITABLE?

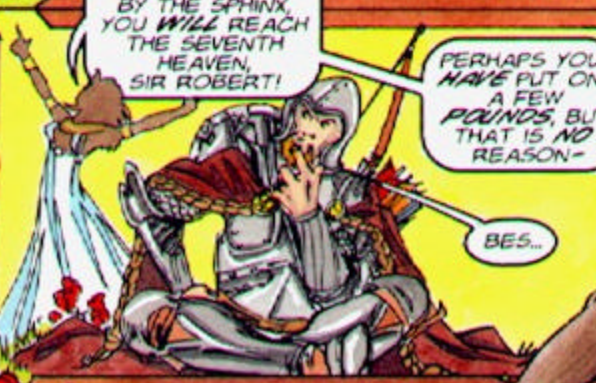
YOU ARE...

TOO HEAVY!



GREAT OSIRIS!  
YOU HAVE  
CLEANSED YOUR  
SPIRIT FOR YEARS,  
AND NOW YOU  
CANNOT CLIMB THE  
MOUNT BECAUSE  
OF A WEIGHT  
RESTRICTION?

LET US FIND  
TWO SHOVELS  
AND BURROW  
OUR WAY IN!



OR PERHAPS AN  
ARMY-AN ARMY  
OF GNOMES!  
BY THE SPHINX,  
YOU WILL REACH  
THE SEVENTH  
HEAVEN,  
SIR ROBERT!

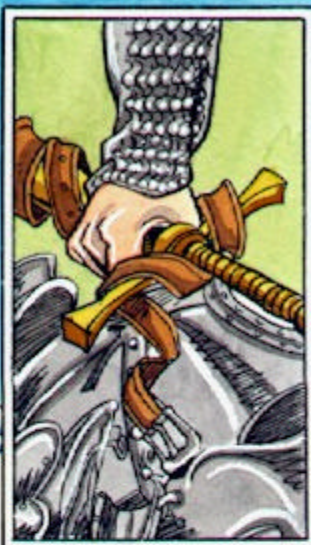
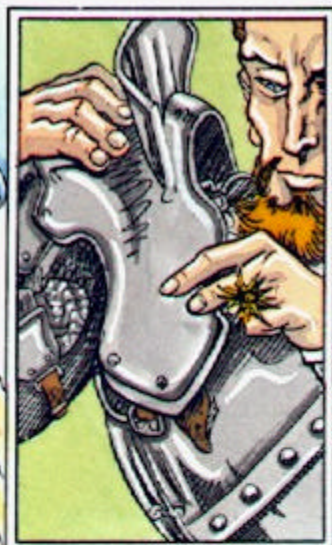
PERHAPS YOU  
HAVE PUT ON  
A FEW  
POUNDS, BUT  
THAT IS NO  
REASON-

BES...



THAT'S  
NOT  
WHAT HE  
MEANS.





AM I STILL  
TOO HEAVY,  
NOBLE PER?

YOU ARE  
SUITABLE, NOW.  
YOU MAY PASS...

FRIEND.







AND YOU, YOUNG  
PRIESTESS?

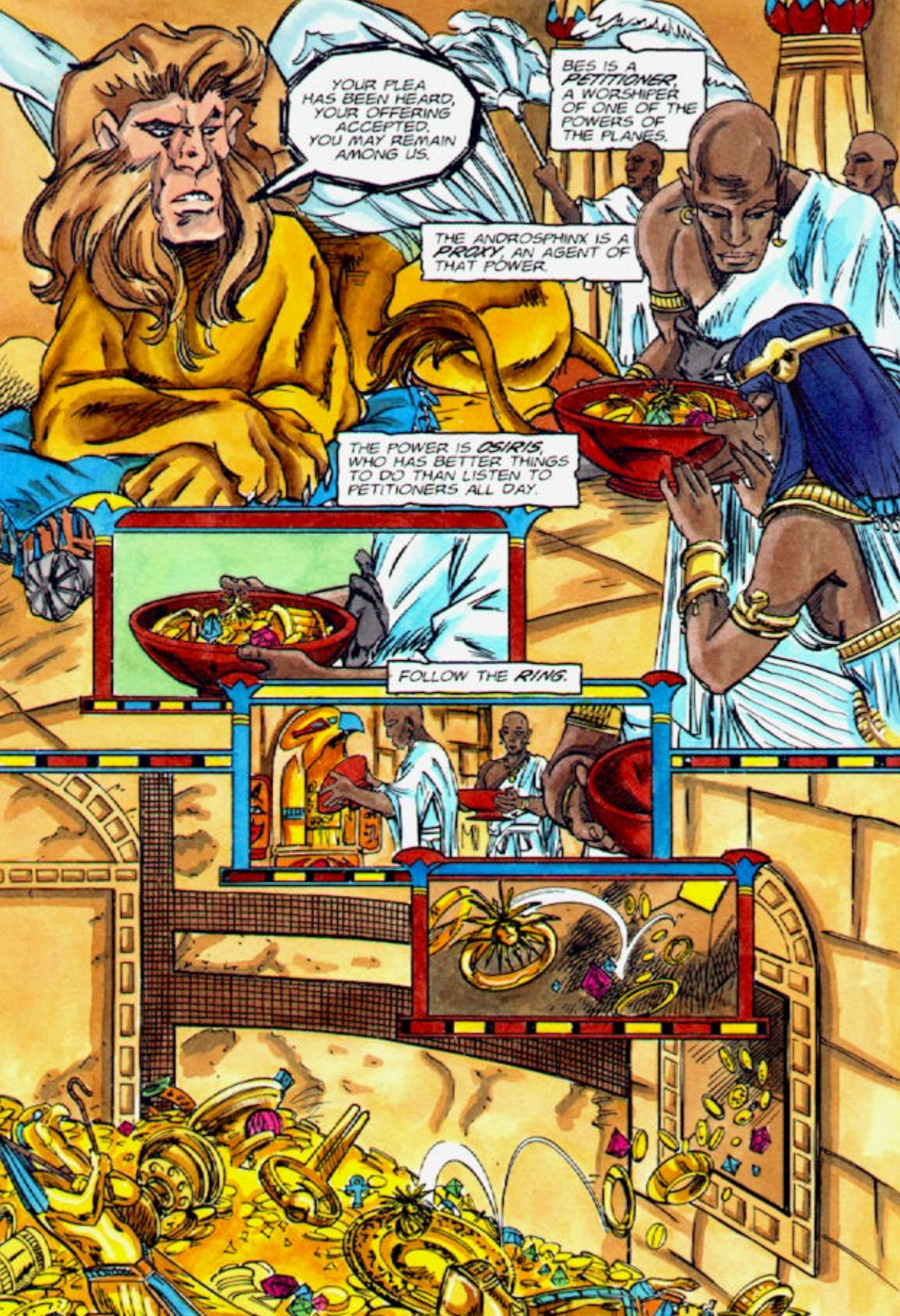
NO, GOOD PER,  
I SHALL FIND MY  
**OWN TRUTH**—  
THAT OF MY  
OWN FAITH.

BUT YOU,  
ER, **CAN** POINT  
ME TO THE  
NEAREST PORTAL  
TO **ARCADIA**.

DO YOU SEEK  
THE HIGHEST  
REACHES OF  
FURY AND  
TRUTH?

HEAR MY FLEA,  
OH SERVANT OF  
HOLY OSIRIS.





YOUR PLEA  
HAS BEEN HEARD,  
YOUR OFFERING  
ACCEPTED.  
YOU MAY REMAIN  
AMONG US.

BES IS A  
*PETITIONER*,  
A WORSHIPER  
OF ONE OF THE  
POWERS OF  
THE PLANES.

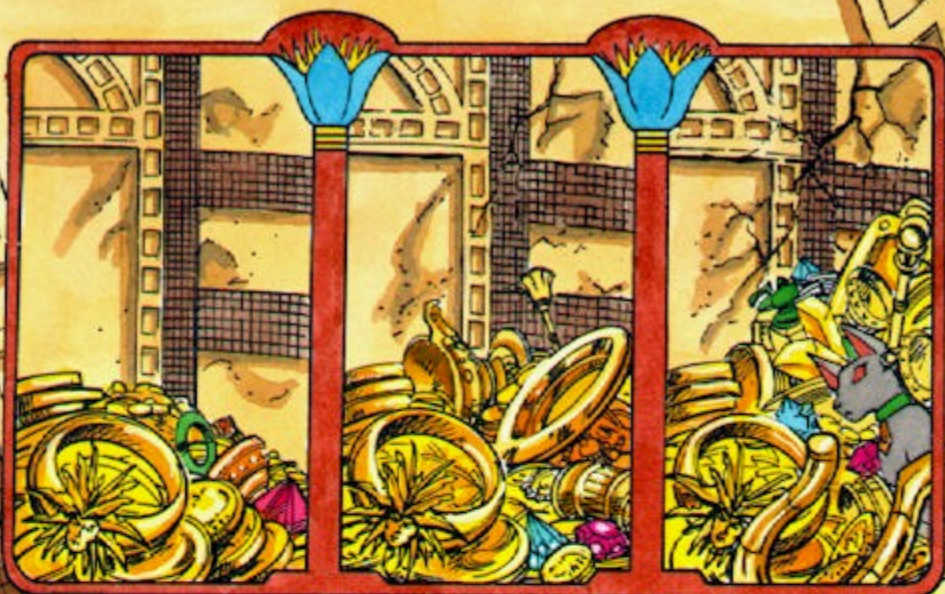
THE ANDROSPHINX IS A  
*PROXY*, AN AGENT OF  
THAT POWER.

THE POWER IS *OSIRIS*,  
WHO HAS BETTER THINGS  
TO DO THAN LISTEN TO  
PETITIONERS ALL DAY.

FOLLOW THE RINGS.







CAREFUL,  
EASY NOW.

LOOK OUT  
FOR TRAPS AND  
WARDS.



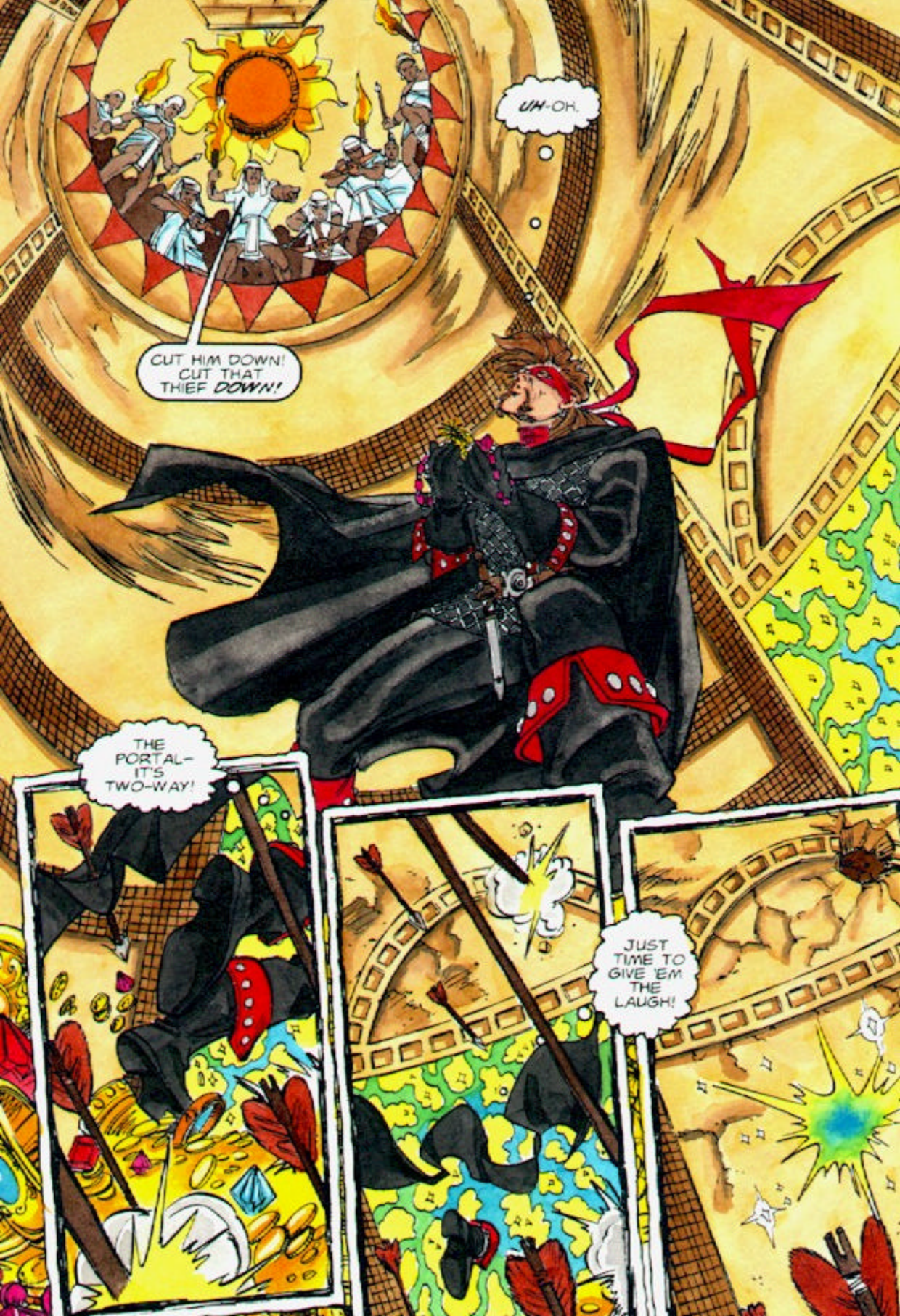
HAH!  
JUST LIKE  
TAKING CANDY  
FROM A...

SA-FOOOSH!!

BABY?







UH-OH.

CUT HIM DOWN!  
CUT THAT  
THIEF DOWN!

THE  
PORTAL-  
IT'S  
TWO-WAY!

JUST  
TIME TO  
GIVE 'EM  
THE  
LAUGH!



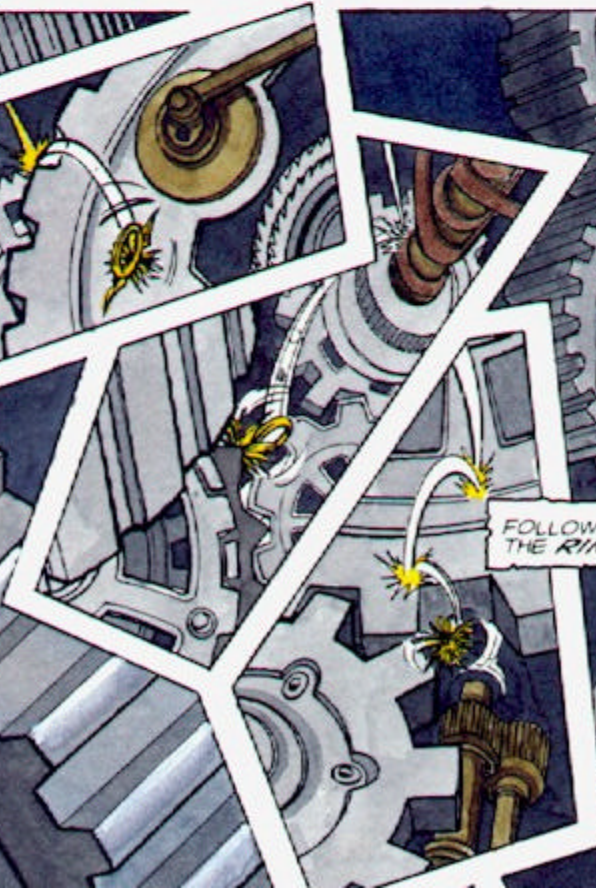
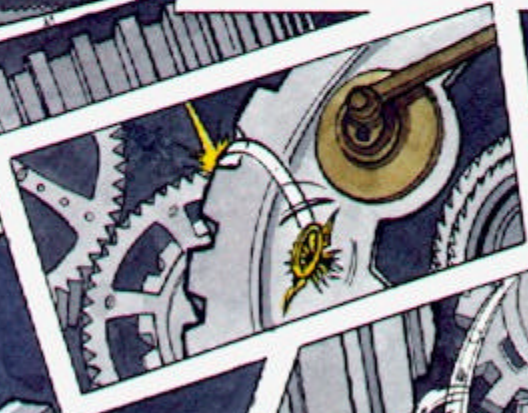
THE CLOCKWORK  
PLANE OF MECHANUS.

HAH!  
I DID  
IT!

I DID WHAT NO  
OTHER PEELER  
COULD DO!

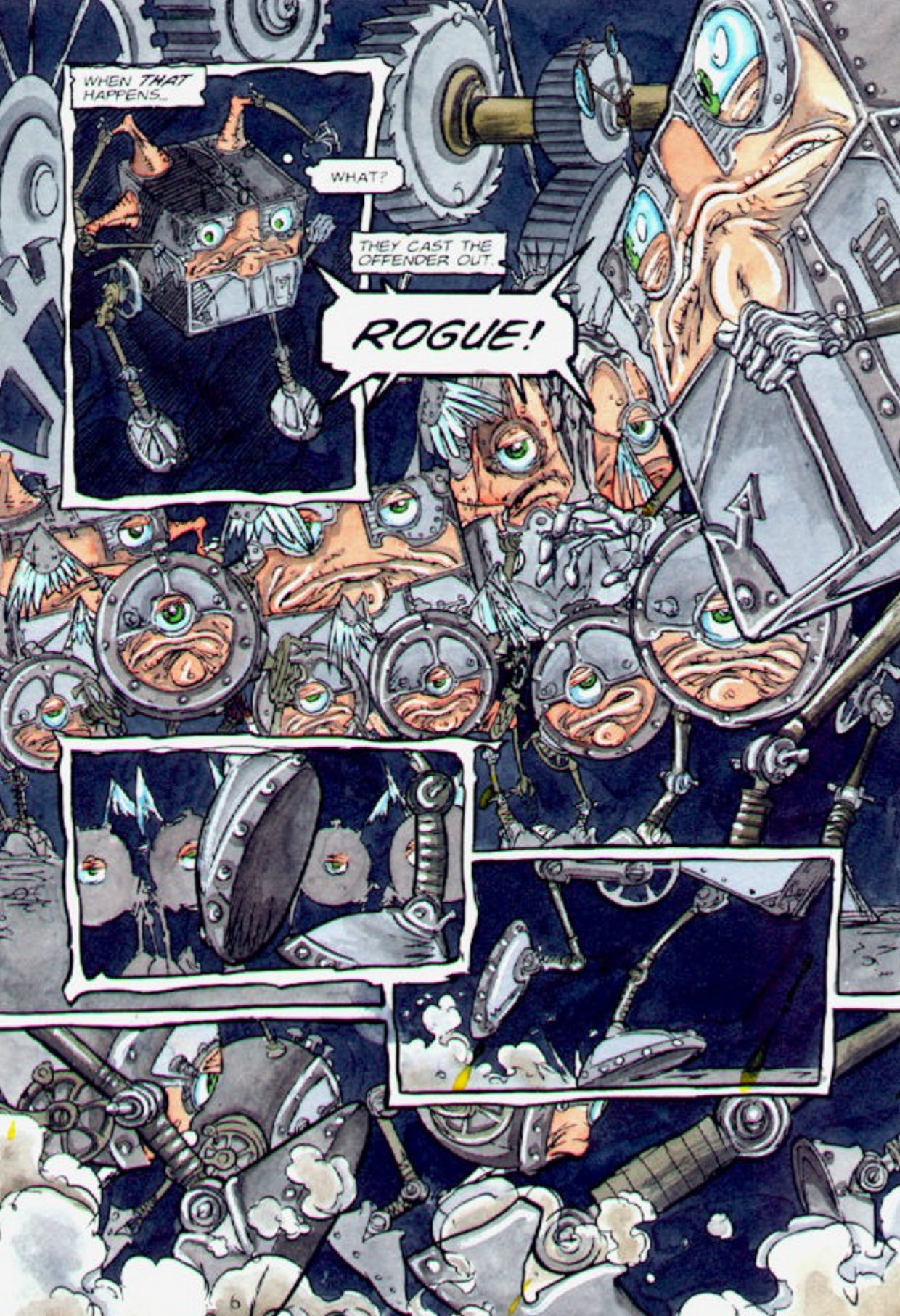
I LOOTED  
THE TREASURY  
OF OSIRIS  
HIMSELF!

AND I GOT  
OUT ALIV...



FOLLOW  
THE RINGS.





WHEN *THAT*  
HAPPENS...

WHAT?

THEY CAST THE  
OFFENDER OUT.

**ROGUE!**



IN SUCH CASES,  
A ROGUE MODRON  
HAS TWO CHOICES.

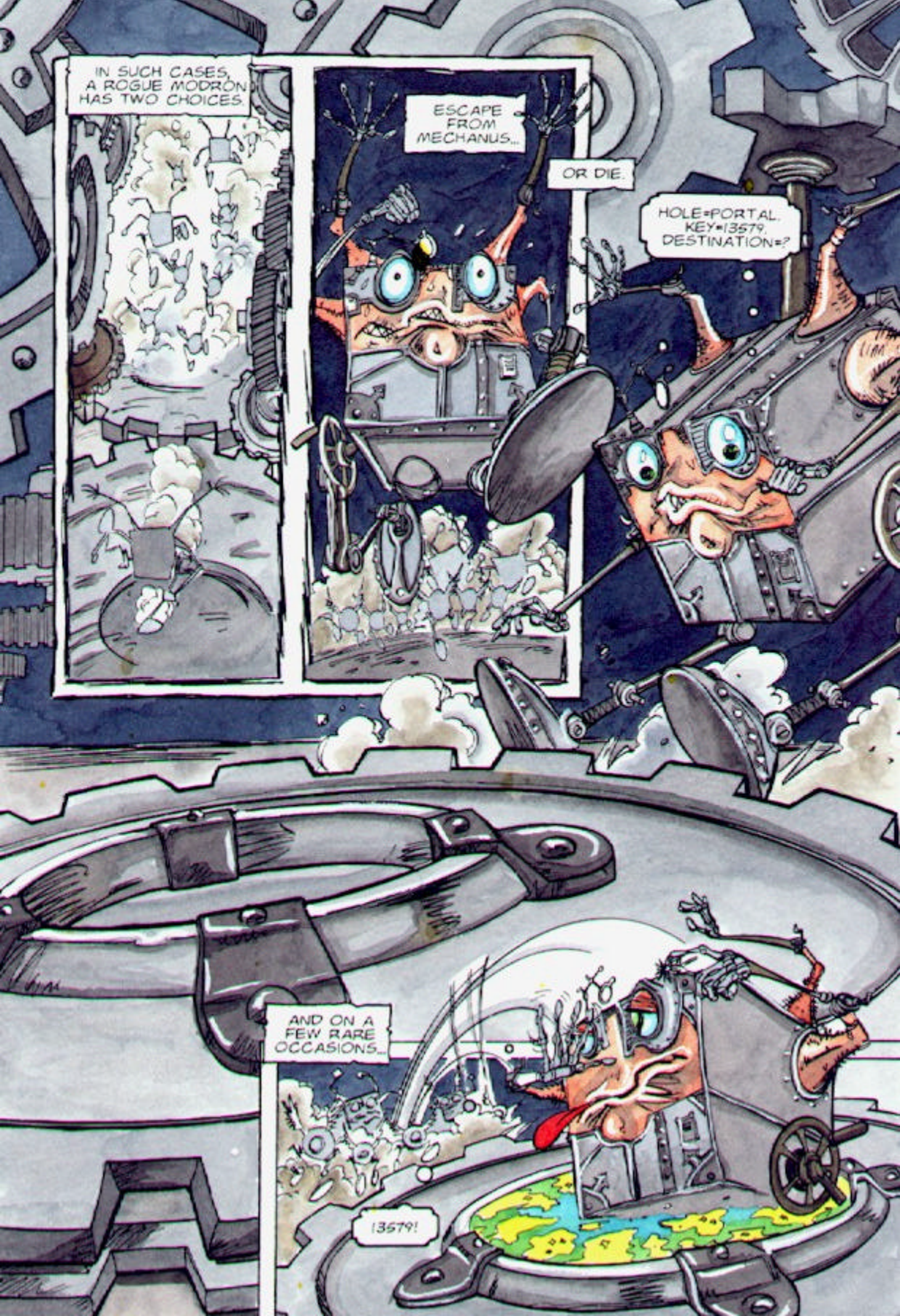
ESCAPE  
FROM  
MECHANUS...

OR DIE.

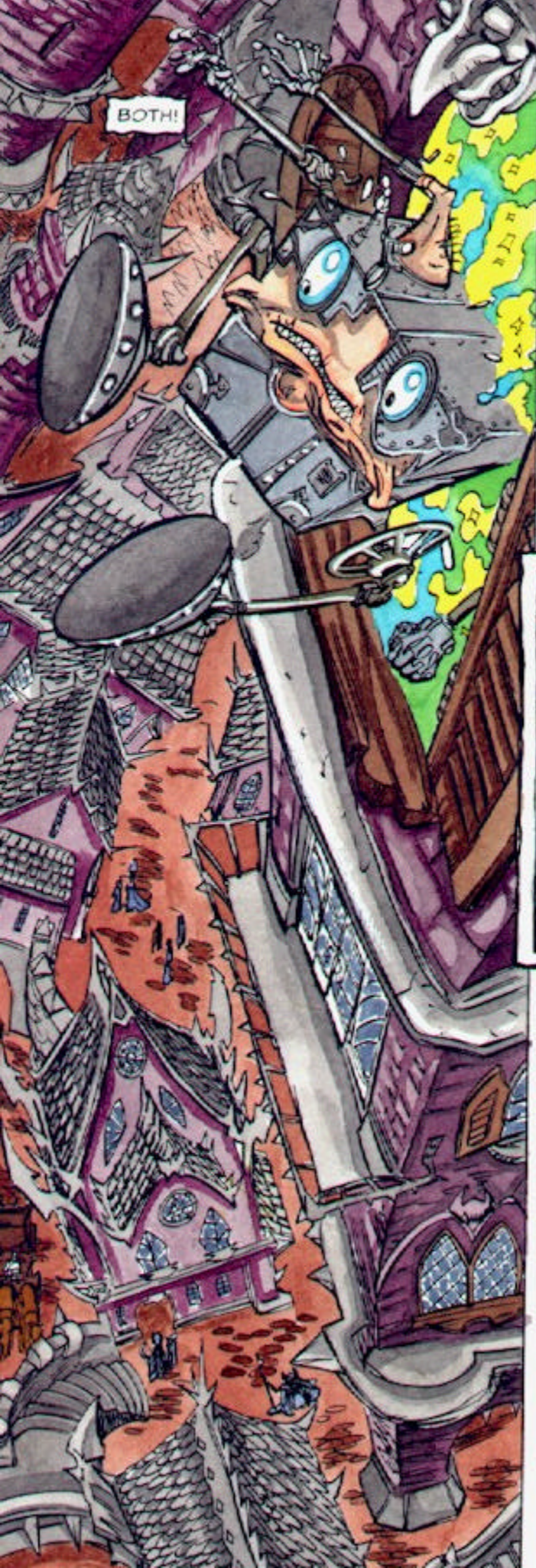
HOLE=PORTAL.  
KEY=13579.  
DESTINATION=?

AND ON A  
FEW RARE  
OCCASIONS...

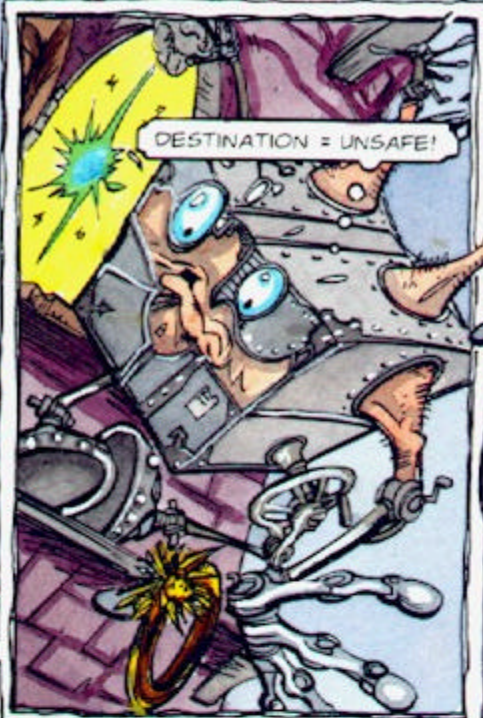
13579!







BOTH!



DESTINATION = UNSAFE!



PORTALS  
CAN BE  
TRICKY  
SOMETIMES,  
BERK.

THUNK!

CHOW!

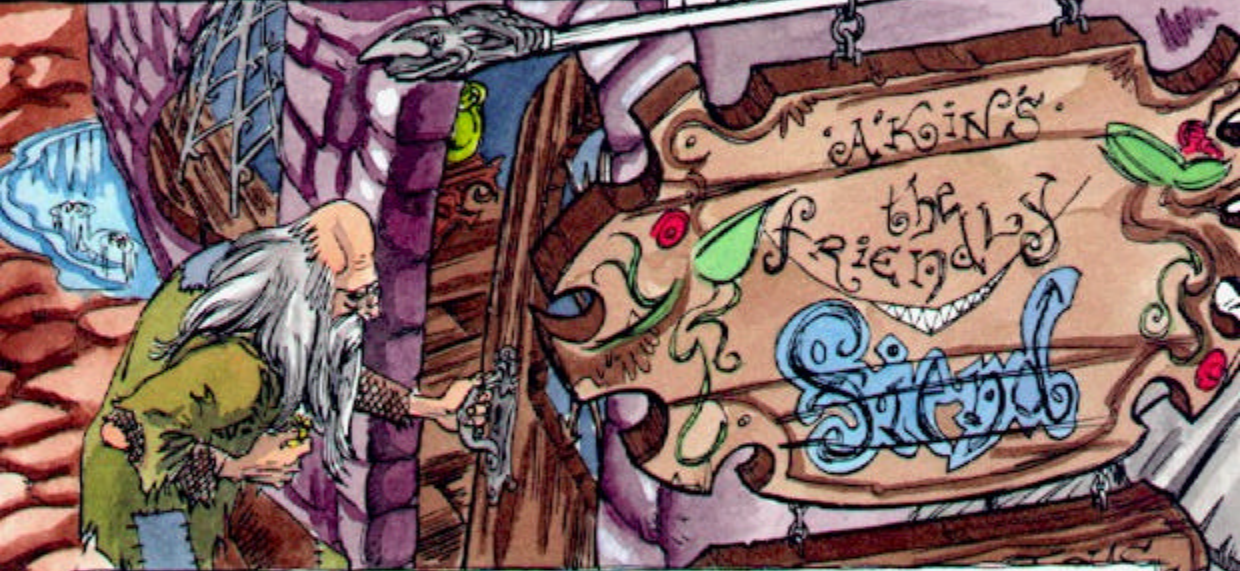
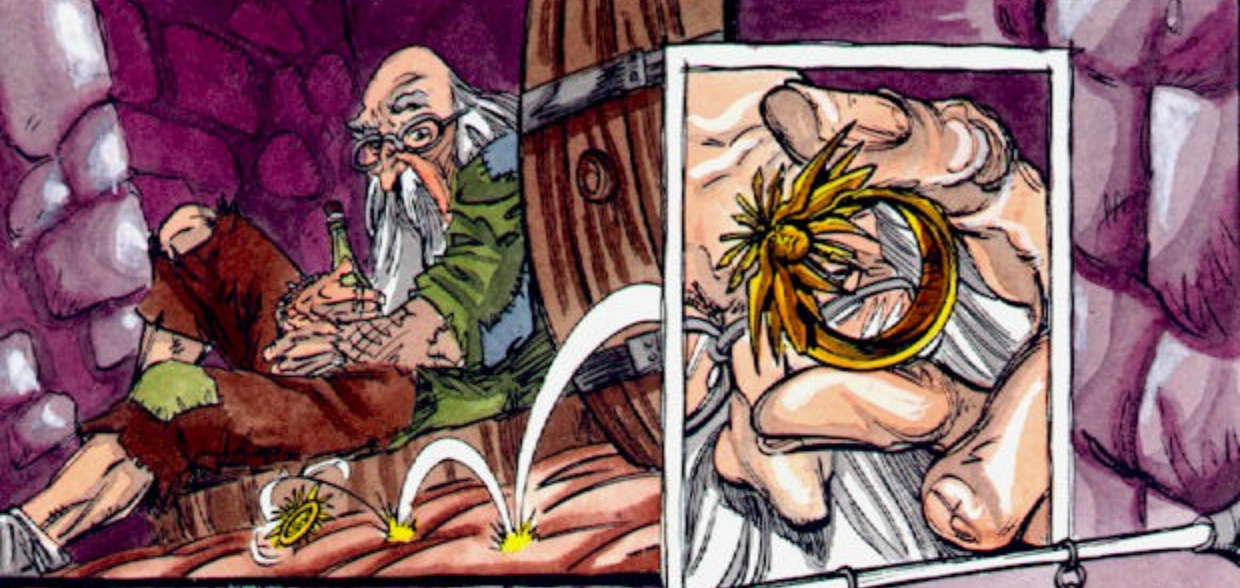


SMACK!


GRLING!!!

FOLLOW  
THE RING.









THE MULTIVERSE IS  
A UNITY OF RINGS.  
A REGULAR CYCLE  
OF LIFE.

A GOLD RING,  
PLEASE, SUITABLE  
FOR USE AS A  
PORTAL KEY.

AH, WE HAVE A  
VARIETY OF SUCH  
WONDERS, ALL FOR  
THE DISCERNING  
BUYER.

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END