

SANCTUARY NIGHTMARES:
1. GOATMEN

AN UNREMARKABLE
VILLAGE.

NOTHING BUT
CRUMBLING HOUSES
AND OVERGROWN
FOOTPATHS.

BUT TODAY,
A HINT OF ENERGY
ENLIVEN THE AIR.

A WARRIOR
WHO DEFEATED A
MONSTER IN THE
RUINS NORTH OF
THIS TOWN...

...IS BEING TREATED
TO A BANQUET,
IF SUCH PALTRY
OFFERINGS CAN EVEN
BE CALLED THAT.

OH! THERE'S
STILL PLENTY OF
ALE THAT NEEDS
DRINKING!

AH, I
JUST NEED SOME
FRESH AIR.

HE RETREATS FROM
THEIR DESPERATE SMILES
AND GRUBBY HANDS.

FOR HIM, THIS IS
A DULL, POINTLESS
AFFAIR.

PHEW...AT LAST,
I CAN BREATHE.

THEY'RE
KIND, SURE,
BUT NOT
EXACTLY FINE
COMPANY.

SITTING OUTSIDE, THE
WARRIOR FINDS THIS
PEACE TO BE RATHER
PECULIAR.

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B
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A RUNDOWN
VILLAGE LIKE
THIS—NOT A SOLDIER
AMONG THEM—SHOULD
HAVE BEEN WIPED FROM
THE LAND LONG
AGO.

STRANGER STILL THAT
THEY HAVE FOOD AND DRINK
TO SPARE...AND SO MANY
GOATS GRAZING,
UNTENDED.

B
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A

BY ALL
ACCOUNTS THIS
VILLAGE IS BLESSED.
WOULDN'T YOU
AGREE, OLD
MAN?

HAHA. WELL, TENDING
GOATS DOESN'T MAKE
FOR THE MOST
EXCITING LIFE.

BUT AS
THEY THRIVE, SO
DO WE.

BAA

SHOULDN'T
THEY BE STABLED
BY NOW? MOST FOLK
DON'T KEEP THEIR
LIVESTOCK OUT
ALL NIGHT.

I SUPPOSE
THEY'RE CELEBRATING
WITH US AS WELL.
HAHA.

THEY'VE BEEN
PART OF MY LIFE
AS FAR BACK AS I
CAN REMEMBER.

?

HOW ABOUT
IT? LISTEN TO
THIS OLD MAN'S
RAMBLINGS...

...AND I'LL MAKE IT
WORTH YOUR WHILE.

THE LEAST I CAN DO,
WITH YOU HELPING OUR
VILLAGE.

THE WARRIOR IS NOT
AT ALL INTERESTED
IN THE OLD MAN'S
STORY.

BUT THE PENDANT
FROM HIS POUCH IS
SURELY OF VALUE.

SEEING THE WARRIOR EYE THE PENDANT
WITH INTRIGUE, THE OLD MAN WASTES
NO TIME IN TELLING HIS TALE.

BAA

BAA

IT WAS SO LONG
AGO I CAN HARDLY
RECALL WHEN IT
HAPPENED.

BUT IT WAS
DURING MY YOUTH. I WAS
YOUNGER THAN YOU ARE
NOW, SURELY.

ON THAT NIGHT, THE
GOATS WERE CRYING
JUST LIKE THEY ARE
NOW.

BUT UNLIKE YOU, I WAS
WARE OF THEIR CRIES.
WHY, YOU ASK?

BECAUSE OUR ELDERS
ALWAYS WARNED US...

BAA

BAA

"WHEN THE
GOATS CRY, STAY
OUT OF SIGHT."

WHETHER
THE WARNING
WAS WISDOM OR
SUPERSTITION
WAS IRRELEVANT...

BAA

...ESPECIALLY
IN A WORLD
LIKE THIS.

BAA

ALL SUCH
GUIDANCE
ARISES FROM
SOME OTHER
POOR SOUL'S
MISFORTUNE.

AND IGNORING
IT CAN COST YOU
YOUR LIFE.

THE MOMENT
THE GOATS CRIED
I SEARCHED FOR
SOMEWHERE
TO HIDE.

BAA

BAA

WE DIDN'T HAVE MUCH
TO CROUCH BEHIND OR
UNDER, SO I FLED TO
MY ROOM...

...IN A HOUSE JUST
LIKE THIS ONE,
FRANTICALLY
SEARCHING WITHOUT
SUCCESS.

IN THE END, ALL I
COULD THINK OF...

...WAS TO
COWER IN AN
OLD WARDROBE
AGAINST THE
WALL.

SOUNDS
FOOLISH, HMM?

BUT IT WASN'T
SO BAD.

NOT LONG AFTER
I HID MYSELF, THE
GOATS' BLEATING
DIED DOWN.

AND AS I WAITED,
MY TERROR
WANED, MY PULSE
SLOWED...

SO MUCH SO
THAT I FELL ASLEEP
RIGHT THEN AND
THERE, INSIDE THE
WARDROBE.

IT'S WHAT ANY
CHILD WOULD
HAVE DONE.

FLASH

UNTIL A NOISE
WOKE ME.

THE SOUND...
OF SOMETHING
MOVING.

THERE COULD
BE NO DOUBT.

SOMETHING WAS
IN MY ROOM.

I TRIED TO PEEK
THROUGH A HOLE,
A KNOT IN THE
WOODEN DOOR...

...ALL I COULD
SEE WAS PITCH
BLACK. IT WAS
STILL NIGHTTIME,
I ASSUMED.

WHETHER DAY OR
NIGHT, I STILL COULDN'T
SUMMON THE COURAGE
TO OPEN THE DOOR.

SO I STAYED
HIDDEN, COVERING
IN THE CLOSET.

WHEN MY EYES
FINALLY ADJUSTED
TO THE DARKNESS...

...I REALIZED IT
WASN'T THE ROOM
THAT WAS DARK.

IT WAS...

...THE EYE OF A
GOAT STARING
INSIDE THE
WARDROBE.

NO, THE EYE
OF A DEMON.

IF I HAD A MIND TO THINK,
I WOULD'VE THOUGHT MY
DEATH WAS IMMINENT.

BUT BOTH MY MIND
AND BODY WERE
MIRRED IN HORROR.

WHEN THE SUN ROSE,
I FINALLY MUSTERED
THE COURAGE TO
OPEN THE DOORS.

THERE WAS
NO GOAT IN
SIGHT.

INSTEAD, THERE
WAS A PENDANT
ON THE FLOOR.

HAVE YOU
HEARD OF THE
KHAZRA?

THAT OLD MYTH
OF THE MAGE
CLANS CURSING
PEOPLE, TURNING
THEM INTO
GOATS?

IT'S NOT
ALL MYTH.

THE MAGE
CLANS THOUGHT
TO CREATE A
POWERFUL
ARMY OF THE
CREATURES...

BUT IN THE END
THEY OVERPOWERED THE
MAGES, AND THE KHAZRA
SPENT THEIR DAYS
HUNTING THEM.

THIS PENDANT MUST
HAVE BELONGED TO THE
KHAZRA I SAW, A DARK
PRIZE FROM SOME
FALLEN MAGE.

GLANCE

HMM?

THAT MUST BE WHY IT
WAS LEFT IN MY ROOM.

WHEN...DID
EVERYONE
LEAVE?

OH.

DID THEY CALL IT
A NIGHT ALREADY?

WELL, THERE'S
WORK TO BE DONE
TOMORROW. BEST
THEY GET A GOOD
NIGHT'S SLEEP.

HERE. YOUR
PENDANT, AS
PROMISED.

CLINK

A REWARD
FIT FOR A
GREAT HERO, AND
FOR PATIENTLY
LISTENING TO
MY TALE.

ALTHOUGH...
THAT PENDANT
REPRESENTS
UNTOLD VALUE.

MIGHT YOU OFFER
ME SOMETHING TO
EVEN THINGS UP A
LITTLE?

SOMETHING LIKE...

...YOUR
OLD SWORD,
PERHAPS?

FINE BY ME.
IT'S JUST A HUNK
OF METAL AT THIS
POINT.

I'VE BEEN
MEANING TO GET
A NEW ONE.

THANK YOU,
WARRIOR.

WELL THEN,
GOOD NIGHT.

CREAK

CREAK

BAA

YAWN

BAA

I SHOULD
GET SOME
REST AS
WELL.

BUT MAN, THESE
STUPID GOATS JUST
WON'T SHUT UP.

IT'S A WONDER
THESE VILLAGERS
GET ANY SLEEP.

BAA

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BAA

EH FORGET
TODAY'S
MY LUCKY DAY.

THIS PENDANT'S
GOTTA BE WORTH
MORE THAN ITS
WEIGHT IN COIN.

I COULD EASILY
BUY A DOZEN NEW
SWORDS IF I
SELL THIS...

