

The inn was dark and empty.

Time and invasion and the undead
had all taken their toll, and other
buildings had long since fallen.

But the inn
still stood.

Waiting.

Waiting for
someone to
find it.

And though there were
no lights, the inn on
the hill rose above the
sea of grasslands like
a lodestar.

And drew the traveler to it.



In every world, the inn was a gathering place.

Somewhere to meet, to rest, a point along travels, the inn's hearth was a beacon to all...



... including the weary...



... the hungry...



... the desperate.



But this inn was dark, and hope faded in the traveler's chest.

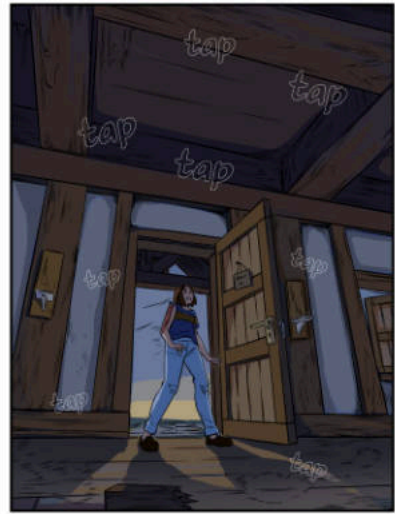
H-HELLO?

IS ANYONE...



EMPTY.

OF COURSE.



UM...I
THINK I'LL FIND
SOMEWHERE
ELSE TO--



I JUST
WANTED TO
GO TO THE
BATHROOM.