

THE AUTHOR IMMORTAL



BARBIERE

BEEM

OTSMANE-ELHAOU

HEAD



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London, 1953.



*This will be
my final
entry. . .*

*The inevitable conclusion to
my strange, tragic story.*

*Fitting that I write
my own final chapter.*

*My enemies circle like vultures.
I should've been more careful,
should've run far, far away
and covered my tracks.*

*I never should've taken
the damn money.*



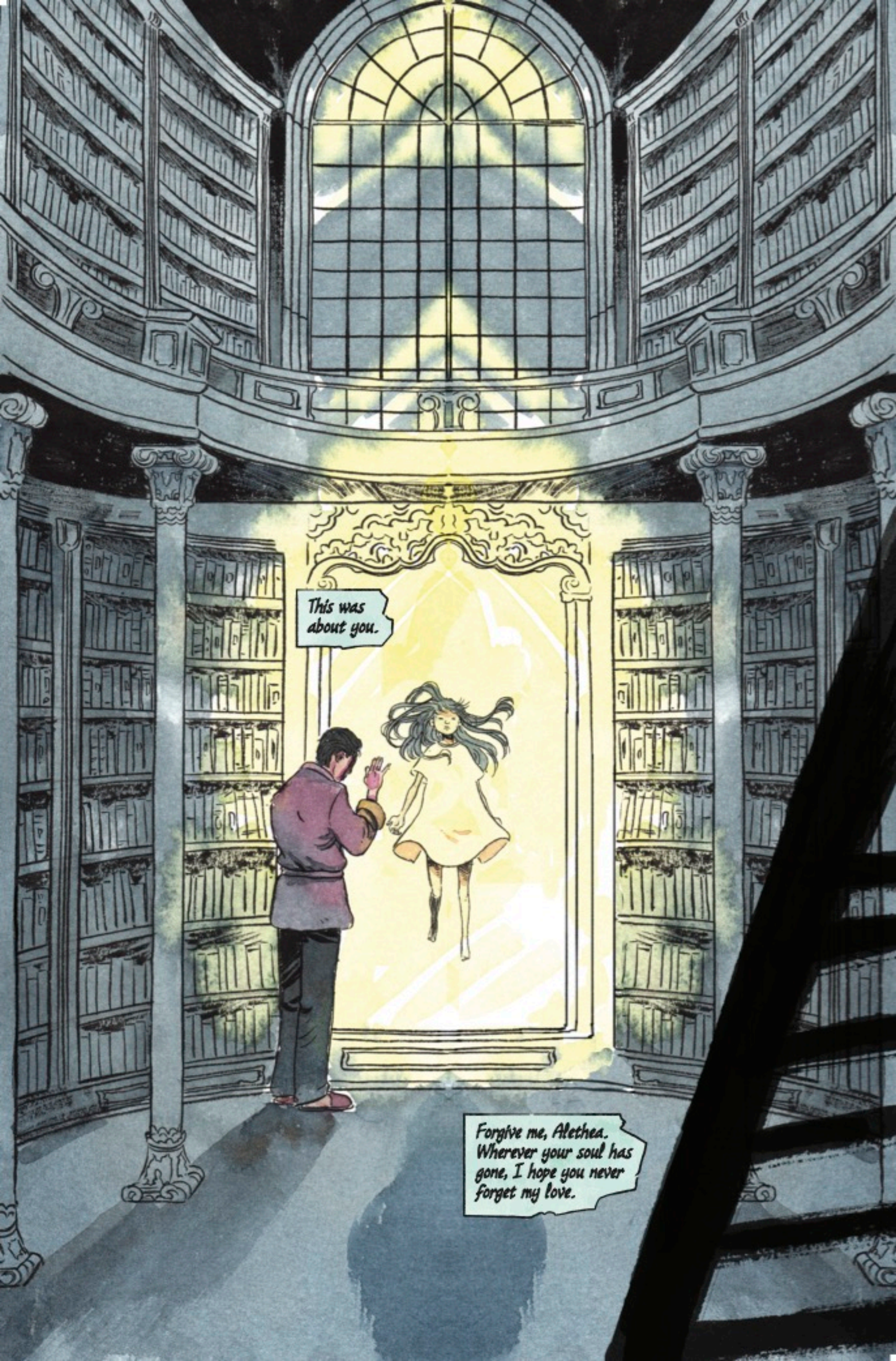
*Like ink on old
parchment,
I'm dried up. . .*

*One day, I hope you'll
come to understand
why this all happened.*

*I know the stories
I've left behind
will eventually lose
their luster.*

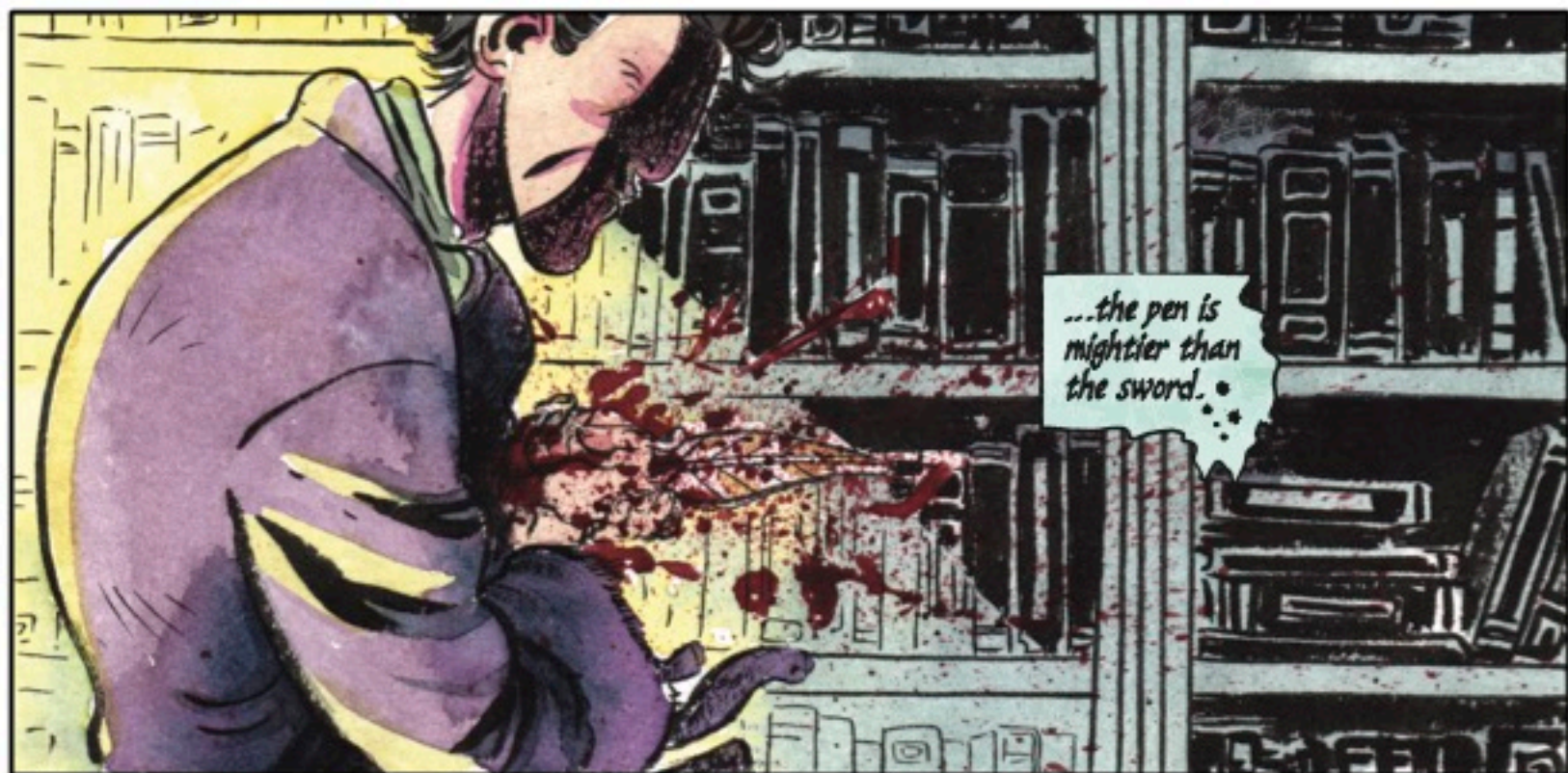


*But this was never
about the stories.*



*This was
about you.*

*Forgive me, Alethea.
Wherever your soul has
gone, I hope you never
forget my love.*





"ONE MORE
CHAPTER,
MAMA!"

"OKAY, OKAY,
BUT THEN
IT'S TIME
FOR BED!"

As Alethea clutched
the Stone of Truth in
her careful hands, she
thought of the Great
Wizard's words:

"There is no power in
this universe greater
than Truth."

All the secrets and shadows of the
cavern shriveled before her. In that
moment, she became a beacon.

She had never believed
in her spell-casting
ability, but here, now,
she saw the honest,
fragile shape of things.

In the darkness of
this cavern, her
hope was the light.

And even the deepest
dark could no longer
overcome her glow.

"...AND AS
THE SHADOWS
RETREATED,
ALETHEA STOOD
VICTORIOUS. A
REAL MAGE AT
LAST."

