Engel Pandoramicum

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Feder & Schwert
THERE IS A STORY CUMULUS TOLD ME

IT ALL BEGAN WITH THE FIRST DEITY, THE CREATOR, WHO SAID, "I AM."

HE HAD BARELY SPOKEN THE WORDS WHEN HE FELT FEAR.

HE THOUGHT, "WHAT AM I AFRAID OF? I AM, AND THIS IS ALL THERE IS."

THE REASON WAS THAT HE WAS LONELY AND WISHED THERE WAS ANOTHER.

THUS, THE GOD FELT A CRAVING.

HE SWELLED AND PARTED AND BECAME MAN AND WOMAN.

THEY CREATED THE WORLD FOR HIM.

THEN I ASKED CUMULUS, "WHAT DOES THAT STORY MEAN?"

HE LOOKED AT ME FOR A LONG TIME. "FEAR WAS THE FIRST EXPERIENCE," HE FINALLY SAID.

"FEAR WAS THE FIRST EMOTION."
THE RAGUELITES' HIMMEL, ONE OF THE LARGE CASTLES OF THE ANGELS.

MY NAME IS LALE. I AM FOURTEEN.

STILL A CHILD, CUMULUS SAYS.

I KICKED HIS HOLY BUTT FOR IT.
RAVEN KNOWS THAT I AM HERE, BUT HE WON'T SHOW IT. SMALL WONDER; IN THE BEGINNING, HE DIDN'T EVEN REMEMBER ME, AND HE'S IGNORED ME SINCE LAST WE TALKED... HOW MANY? FOUR YEARS AGO?

OLDER BROTHERS CAN BE DAMN MEAN. AND BITTER.

THE BOUNTY RIDE RS CAME TO OUR VILLAGE FIVE YEARS AGO. THEY TOOK RAVEN AND A FEW OTHER BOYS TO THE HIMMEL. MY FATHER PUT ON HIS TALISMAN, WENT THROUGH THE DOOR AND NEVER RETURNED. MY MOTHER DIED FROM GRIEF. ONLY I REMAINED.

SO I WENT TO THE HIMMEL. THE GUARDIANS THOUGHT I WAS ONE OF THE SCULLIONS. I WENT IN AND HAVEN'T LEFT THE CASTLE SINCE. NO ONE KNOWS THAT I AM HERE. NO ONE EXCEPT FOR CUMULUS AND RAVEN.

IT IS WARM, IN SPITE OF THE WIND. IT COMES FROM THE WEST, BUT IT CANNOT CHASE THE HEAT OF THE INFERNO. THEY WILL SOON START HARVESTING THE CABBAGE IN THE CASTLE GARDENS.

THE INFERNO WILL PASS THE HIMMEL. NO ONE WILL BE HURT.

MYRIEL... WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

THAT'S NOT IT. IT IS SO... BIG. BIGGER THAN EVERYTHING THAT'S Ours.

WHY IS LUCIFER'S TOOL MIGHTIER THAN THE LORD'S TOOLS?

NOT MIGHTIER. MORE CRUEL. THAT'S THE DIFFERENCE.

KADIEL FORMS AN ASSAULT DETACHMENT. HE WANTS YOU TO BE PART OF IT!

HE ASKED FOR ME?

EXPLICITLY.

CABBAGE IN AUTUMN, AND SUDDENLY, EVERYONE WANTS TO BE A HERO.
AT SOME POINT, HE HAS TO TALK TO ME. HE OWES ME AS MUCH.

AT SOME POINT...

DO YOU THINK THE INFERNO WILL TOUCH US?

CUMULUS IS THE RAGUELITES' CARTOGRAPHER. HE KNOWS MORE ABOUT THE FIRES THAN ANYBODY ELSE.

AND ABOUT GIRLS HIDING IN VENTILATION TUBES AND LARDERS.

WHO TALKS SUCH NONSENSE?

WELL, EVERYONE! EVERYONE IN THE CASTLE IS SCARED.

LOOK... THE INFERNO WILL PASS US BY IN A STRAIGHT LINE, AT LEAST 30 KILOMETERS AWAY.

IT'S NOT ONE OF THE BIG ONES. THIRTEEN KILOMETERS' DIAMETER AT MOST.

THIRTEEN KILOMETERS? THAT'S PRETTY BIG!

FURTHER SOUTH THEY SUPPOSEDLY SAW ONES THAT WERE 30 KILOMETERS WIDE. COMPARED TO THOSE, OURS IS JUST A JET OF FLAME.

CUMULUS IS THE WISEST MAN I KNOW. HE LIVES FOR HIS MAPS. I DON'T THINK HE EVER LOVED ANYTHING MORE THAN THEM.
NO ONE KNOWS WHEN THE FIRST INFERNOS APPEARED.

CUMULUS SAYS, ONE DAY THEY BURST THROUGH THE POLAR CAPS AND MELTED THE ICE.

THEN, MANY LANDS WERE FLOODED.

SINCE THEN, THE INFERNOS HAVE CRUISED THE WORLD LIKE GIANT TWISTERS MADE OF FLAMES AND HEAT.

SOME ARE QUICK, OTHERS ARE SLOW. THERE ARE NO RULES, NO REGULATIONS. YOU CAN FEEL THE HEAT FROM AFAR, LIKE A SPRING DAWN AT FIRST. FLOWERS BLOOM — AND WITHER WITHIN DAYS. FRUIT RIPENS — AND ROTS ON THE BRANCH.

THE INFERNOS ARE THE TOOLS OF THE ADVERSARY, THE ANCIENT LORD OF THE FLIES. THEY OBEY HIM, IT IS SAID, AS HIS MOBILE HELL ON EARTH.

UNFORTUNATELY, THIS IS NOT ALL.
DREAMSEED!

Creatures from the burnt land, the black corridor of smoke and destruction that lies in the infernos' wake.

The fires' trail remains shrouded in darkness. Walls of smoke, high as the sky, make it impossible to look inside. None who have gone in have ever returned.

What's it like there? What lives there? No one knows.

Only rarely does the lord of the flies grant a brief look at his creativity.

Not a sight to behold.
THE DREAMSEED IS THE LORD OF THE FLIES’ ARMY. THOSE WHO GAZE LONG ENOUGH INTO THE SMOKE OF THE BURNT LANDS THINK THEY CAN SEE THOUSANDS AND THOUSANDS OF THESE CREATURES WRITHING WITHIN.

BUT MAYBE THAT’S JUST AN ILLUSION. LIKE THE FACES WE SEE IN CLOUDS.

UGLY FACES.

DEADLY FACES.

MYRIEL!!!
WHERE TO, STRANGER?

I HAVE A MESSAGE FOR THE RAGUELITES’ AB.

GIVE IT TO US, THEN. WE WILL MAKE SURE THAT IT IS PASSED ON TO HIS EMINENCE.

I AM NO ERRAND BOY,TEMPLAR. I WILL BRING THE MESSAGE TO THE AB PERSONALLY.

YOU WILL LET ME PASS.

WE WILL LET YOU PASS.

LET THE MAN PASS!
ALL THE HIMMEL KNOWS WHAT HAS HAPPENED.

I SAW MY BROTHER CARRY MYRIEL HOME IN HIS ARMS. THEY LAID HIM OUT IN ONE OF THE CHAPELS AND DRAPED A CLOTH OVER HIS SHOULDERS.

I HAVE TO TALK TO RAVEN. HE NEEDS ME NOW MORE THAN EVER BEFORE, EVEN IF HE DOESN'T REALIZE IT.

AND I NEED HIM.

NO ONE DARES IMAGINE WHAT WILL HAPPEN WHEN THE DREAMSEED ATTACKS THE HIMMEL.

I USED TO THINK OLDER BROTHERS WERE A NUISANCE. TODAY I ONLY WISH HE'D FINALLY ACCEPT ME.

AND IF THERE REALLY WILL BE A WAR AGAINST THE DREAMSEED, THIS MIGHT BE THE LAST CHANCE FOR HIM TO DO SO.

THE AB'S CHAMBER. HE HAS A VISITOR.

MAYBE I CAN EAVESDROP HERE TO FIND OUT WHAT IS TO COME.

YOUR IGNORANCE WILL NOT BE YOUR DOWNFALL ALONE, AB Gundar!

THE DREAMSEED WOULDN'T DARE....

THE DREAMSEED, VENERABLE AB, IS NOT GUIDING THE INFERNOS. YOUR TRUE ENEMY IS SOMEONE ELSE.

I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU ARE AND WHAT YOU-

THERE IS NO TIME FOR THIS NOW, AB. AT THIS VERY MOMENT, THE INFERNO CHANGES ITS COURSE.

IT NOW HEADS STRAIGHT FOR YOUR CASTLE.
OUR SURVEYS SAY SOMETHING DIFFERENT.

YOUR SURVEYS ARE OLDER THAN AN HOUR. NOW, THE INFERNO CHANGES IT'S COURSE.

YOU MUST TRUST ME.

YOU SHOW UP HERE, DO... DO SOMETHING TO MY FLOOR AND EXPECT ME TO BELIEVE YOU IN SUCH A SITUATION? YOU MUST HAVE LOST YOUR MIND.

I KNOW YOUR SECRET, AB GUNDAR. YOUR ORDER'S SECRET.

YOU WOULD NOT DARE....

TO SAY IT? THAT IS NOT NECESSARY. I AM NOT INTERESTED IN YOUR IRE, ONLY YOUR TRUST.

THE RAGUELITES' HIMMEL WILL FALL.

BEFORE THE NEXT NIGHT.

THE INFERNO IS NOT QUICK ENOUGH.

NOT YET, BUT SOON.

BLOW THIS WHEN IT IS TIME. IT WILL STOP YOUR SECRET FROM FALLING INTO THE ENEMY'S HANDS.

THE LEGEND IS TRUE, THEN?

THE PANDORACUM.
THAT'S SORCERY!

YOU DARE CARRY SUCH BLASPHEMY INTO A HOUSE OF THE LORD!

YOU'RE A FOOL, AB GUNDAR.

YOU THREW AWAY FAR MORE THAN YOU WILL EVER KNOW.

I DON'T THINK ANYBODY REALLY KNOWS WHO HE IS. ONE OF THE RESTLESS WANDERERS, SOME SAY. A CHARLATAN, THE OTHERS SAY.

EVERYWHERE HE WALKS, PETRIFIED MUSSELS AND SNAIL-SHELLS AND BONES RISE FROM THE GROUND.

IF ANYBODY KNOWS WHAT THAT MEANS, IT IS CUMULUS! SOMETIMES I THINK HE KNOWS EVERYTHING. WELL, AT LEAST MORE THAN ALL OTHERS.

SOMEONE CALLED IT A STONY SPRING. THE TERM FITS QUITE WELL. SOMEHOW, THE PAST BLOOMS AS IF AFTER A LONG, LONG WINTER.

MORE THAN AB GUNDAR.

LOOKS LIKE THE AB HAS ALREADY SUMMONED HIM. SOMETIMES CUMULUS REACTS A LITTLE... UHMMM... FORCEFULLY TO CERTAIN NEWS.

RAVEN!
No one there. All angels are either on patrol or in briefings.

The angels' quarters are guarded. If I can meet him anywhere, it is here.

The wanderer was right. It has changed course.

Secretly, we all may have felt it.

You have to treat destiny like your body, cumulus once said. Enjoy it while it's good. Be patient while it's bad. And only apply cures in utmost emergencies.

Hey, girl!

But if the pandoramicum is a cure, why did the AB throw it away? And what secret did the wanderer speak of?

Stop!

Dame! Call the guards!

That was an order!

But she's just a child...
FOR FOUR YEARS I HAVE BEEN CAUTIOUS. AND TODAY OF ALL DAYS, IT HAPPENS. GREAT!

BUT WHO KNOWS, MAYBE ALL OF THIS IS UNIMPORTANT NOW. IF THEY HAVE ALREADY STARTED EVACUATING THE Himmel, THEY'LL SURELY LOSE INTEREST IN ME SOON.

IT WOULD BE MOST SENSIBLE TO DISAPPEAR AS FAST AS POSSIBLE ANYWAY. IT CANNOT BE HEALTHY TO HANG AROUND HERE WHEN THE INFERNO REACHES THE CASTLE.

NO ONE EXCEPT FOR THE ANGELS HAS EVER ENCOUNTERED THE DREAMSEED - AND LIVED TO TELL THE TALE. IF THE Himmel FALLS, THE SPAWN WILL SOON BE CRAWLING ALL OVER THE PLACE.

THE ONLY QUESTION IS: WHOM SHOULD I RATHER FLEE?

HI, BIG BROTHER.

HE NEVER LIKED IT WHEN I CALLED HIM THAT.

I SHOULD THROW YOU FROM THE BATTLEMENTS.
Hi Raven.

I am called Rabel now.

That's what your newfound friends call you?

My brothers, Lal, that's a difference.

I remember a time when you only had a sister.

That was long ago.

Why didn't you want to talk to me?

In the Himmel? Nonsense! Plus, that's not the true reason.

Tell me, Raven, what's up?

Do you think it was simple? The first months were... hard. But then I started to cope. Until you showed up. You told me what happened to father and mother... and... and I...

You had no business here, in the Himmel.

No?

Sorry.
I HAVE BEEN LIVING IN THIS CASTLE FOR MORE THAN FOUR YEARS. I NEVER ASKED YOU FOR ANYTHING—I ONLY WANTED TO TALK TO YOU. I HAVE LEARNED TO GET BY ON MY OWN.

YOU STILL DON'T GET IT, DO YOU? I AM A RAGUÉLITE NOW, LALÉ! THIS ENCOUNTER SHOULD NEVER HAVE TAKEN PLACE, NOT UNDER THESE CIRCUMSTANCES.

BUT I AM HERE! YOU CANNOT SIMPLY SEND ME AWAY.

YOU WERE JEALOUS.

JEALOUS?

BECAUSE THE BOUNTY RIDERS TOOK ME, NOT YOU.

I AM SUPPOSED TO BE JEALOUS—OF THIS?... GOOD LORD, RAVEN.

I SAW WHAT THEY DO TO YOU. HOW DESIRABLE DO YOU THINK THIS IS FOR SOMEONE WHO HASN'T BEEN BRAINWASHED?

YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND.

YOU DON'T PROBABLY NOT.

THE INFERNO APPROACHES EVER FASTER.
YOU NEED TO GET AWAY.

I WON'T GO WITHOUT YOU. YOU'RE MY BROTHER.

THE RAGUELITES WILL GO TO BATTLE.

THEN I WILL WAIT HERE FOR YOU!

NO, YOU WON'T! THE HIMMEL WILL FALL.

I'M NOT GOING ANYWHERE WITHOUT YOU.

YOU WILL NOT HAVE TO GO.

GET HER TO THE GROUND. AND DANIÉL - SEE TO IT THAT SHE JOINS THE REFUGEE TREKS!

WHAT?

NO!
YOU KNOW THAT IS IMPOSSIBLE.
WHAT DO YOU CARE IF I LIVE OR DIE?
IN BATTLE, WE WILL SACRIFICE OUR LIVES FOR PEOPLE LIKE YOU.
NONE OF US EXPECTS TO COME BACK FROM THIS FIGHT.

WE ARE ANGELS. WE HELP.

OH, SURE.

DOES RAVEN KNOW THAT?
EVERYONE KNOWS. EVERYONE KNOWS HIS DESTINY.

YEAH... YOU CANNOT SIMPLY MARCH TO CERTAIN DOOM.
WE ARE ANGELS. WE SERVE THE LORD IN EVERY CONCEIVABLE WAY.

BUT YOUR DEATH SERVES NOBODY!

GO WITH THE OTHERS. YOU'LL BE SAFE IN THE SOUTH.

NO ONE EXPECTS YOU TO UNDERSTAND THIS.

WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

TAKE ME BACK TO RAVEN!

LALE.

FAREWELL, LALE. GOOD LUCK!

WAIT!
I don't know what to do now. I managed to creep into the Himmel once. But a second time? And not one day before a war erupts!

There's no one who would help me. No one except for Cumulus. And as it stands, I probably won't see him again.

But maybe there is someone else.

I cannot simply run now...

He cannot treat me worse than the Dreamseed would. And maybe he knows a few answers.

Cumulus says I tend to be overconfident.

We'll see.

Whatever it is — it seems to be waiting for someone.
WELCOME, LITTLE LALE.

YOU... KNOW ME?

MANY LIKE YOU.
WHAT DO YOU MEAN — MANY LIKE ME?

HEROES.

I AM NO HERO.

YOU SOON WILL BE. THE CHOSEN ONES WERE ALWAYS THE LAST TO KNOW THAT THEY WERE CHOSEN.

BUT THAT IS —

BUT THERE ALWAYS WERE ANGELS.

WHAT DOES THAT MEAN?

LISTEN, AND THEN DECIDE.

A WORLD WITHOUT ANGELS.

NOT IN THE ERAS BEFORE THE GREAT SAINT VITUS' DANCE.

THE WORLD WAS NOT ALWAYS AS IT IS TODAY. THERE WERE OTHER ERAS. ERAS WITHOUT THE INFERNO AND THE TERRORS OF THE BURNT LAND.

BILLIONS DIED WHEN SAINT VITUS' DANCE HIT THE WORLD. IT KILLED ALL ADULTS, ALL WHO HAD CROSSED THE THRESHOLD FROM ADOLESCENCE. ONLY THE CHILDREN SURVIVED, THOSE WHO WERE EVEN YOUNGER THAN YOU. ON THEIR SHOULDERS RESTED THE BURDEN TO CREATE A NEW WORLD.

AND THIS IS WHAT THEY CAME UP WITH?

THEY DID THEIR BEST, BUT THEY NEVER HAD A CHANCE.
SAINT VITUS' DANCE DIED DOWN AS SOON AS IT HAD BEGUN, BUT SOON PEOPLE NOTICED THAT THE OCEANS ROSE AND THAT STRANGE LIGHTS ILLUMINATED THE NORTHERN AND SOUTHERN SKIES. THE INFERNOS ROSE FROM WITHIN THE POLES, MELTED THE GIANT ICE MASSES AND STARTED MEANDERING ACROSS THE WORLD.

THEM REALLY CAME FROM WITHIN THE EARTH?

YES, FROM WITHIN THE EARTH. AND FROM WITHIN A MAD MIND.

WITHIN A FEW DAYS, THE OCEANS FLOODED THE COASTAL AREAS. AGAIN, MILLIONS DIED.

BUT THE REST RETREATED INTO THE WORLD'S HIGHEST BUILDINGS...

... AND CREATED A CULT OF CHILDREN.

THE ANGELS' CASTLES WERE FOUNDED, AND WITH THEM THE SIX GREAT ORDERS - MICHAELITES, GABRIELITES, RAPHAELITES, URIELITES AND RAGUELITES.

EVEY ORDER HAD ITS OWN JOB, ITS OWN WEAKNESSES AND ABILITIES. THE RAGUELITES THAT YOUR BROTHER BELONGS TO BECAME THE KEEPERS OF THE PAST, HEIRS TO ALL THINGS TECHNICAL FROM THE TIME BEFORE SAINT VITUS' DANCE.

BUT EVERYONE USES TECHNICAL THINGS! WATER WHEELS AND MILLS AND... AND... MY FATHER HAD HIS OWN PLOW MADE OF STEEL THAT HE USED TO TEND HIS FIELDS!

WHAT THE RAGUELITES KEEP DEEP WITHIN THEIR CASTLES IS SOMETHING ENTIRELY DIFFERENT, LULE. IT IS BIGGER AND MORE DANGEROUS. IT MUST NEVER FALL TO THE ENEMY'S HANDS, NO MATTER THE COST.

THIS IS WHY YOU WENT TO SEE THE AB?
THE AB IS A FOOL. YOU'D NEVER GUESS HOW HE TRIES TO STOP THE INFERNO IN THIS VERY INSTANT.

THE RITUAL OF LIVE HUMANIFICATION WILL SHOW IF HE HAS MERCY ON US.

WE ALL THANK THE LORD FOR THESE THREE VOLUNTEERS.

LORD, OUR FATHER, SHOW YOUR FAITHFUL SERVANTS MERCY. THESE CHOSEN THREE WILL HEAL TO THEE, HALF IN THIS LIFE, HALF IN THE NEXT, TO BRING YOU OUR PLEA FOR LENIENCY.

START THE RITUAL.
ADMINISTER THE CEDAR OIL TO THEM. IT WILL DECOMPOSE THEIR ORGANS AND SLOW DOWN THE PASSAGE FROM THIS WORLD INTO THE NEXT ONE.

SEDATE THEM WITH SODIUM CHLORIDE. IT WILL DRY THEIR SKIN AND PREPARE THEM FOR THE AFTERLIFE.

DRENCH THEM IN RESIN. IT WILL KEEP THEIR BODY IN THIS WORLD WHILE THEIR SPIRIT FLEES INTO THE ARMS OF THE LORD.

AND? HAS THE LORD ACCEPTED OUR SACRIFICE?

ARE YOU SURE? IS THE MEASURING CORRECT?

THE MEASURING IS CORRECT. THERE IS NO DOUBT.

THEN, THERE IS ONLY ONE WAY.

THE INFERNO STILL APPROACHES.

THE LORD HAS NOT GIVEN US A FAVORABLE HEARING.
There will be a battle, won't there?

War is inevitable. Ab Gundar is too proud to order his angels to flee.

You told me I was chosen.

You will recover it. You will fulfill the legend of the Pandoramicum when the fire approaches the castle. That's the only way to stop the Rasuelites' heritance from falling into the hands of the Dreamseed.

But they couldn't use it anyway. They're only animals!

No, they aren't! And their masters are clever strategists with the old technical science. The Dreamseed could create its own angels. Dark, destructive angels!

But... I don't know how!

What will the Pandoramicum do?

In all the millennia it was only used a few times — in the old days, in the old world. Once it toppled the walls of a city called Jericho, and it is said that the archangel Michael blew it when Sodom and Gomorrah fell.

And now go!
I should get away from here, away from the sea, away from the castle, away from all this goddamn madness.

But that's the way we heroes are. Brave. Clever. Stupid.

And cynical, especially cynical. They say that helps.

And how it helps.

Heroes!

Chosen ones!

Sure!

Good Lord!
Raven! Come back!

Please!

I don't want to lose you a second time.

Damael!

Don't mourn your brother, Lale.

It is all so... hopeless.

Why do you not fly in the formation?

I was charged with guarding the flanks.

Yes, maybe it is.

Now, can you do me a favor?

No. Take me back to the castle as high up as possible.

I will not take you to your brother, Lale.

The heaven will fall. You will die there.

Please!
MAYBE WE CAN
CONQUER THE
DREAMSEED AND
STOP THE DOWNFALL.

YES, MAYBE...

FAREWELL,
LILE, SISTER
OF ANGELS.

NOT YOU
AS WELL,
CUMULUS!

OH PLEASE,
NOT YOU AS
WELL!

CUMULUS!

YOU MUST
HELP ME.

I AM...
TIRED.

POISON!

I DIE WITH MY
MAPS, LILE.
THAT'S ALL I
EVER WANTED.

YOU
SHOULDN'T
BE HERE...

DANGEROUS...

THE AB... HE...
HE'S CRAZY...

ALL...
DYING.

NO LIFE...
WITHOUT MY
MAPS...

YOU COULD HAVE LIVED!
DAMN, CUMULUS...

YOU MUST
GO, GO AWAY
FROM HERE.

FAREWELL, CUMULUS.
I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY HE DID THAT. WHAT ARE MAPS TO HIM ANYWAY?

MAYBE ALL THE WORLD, ALL HE KNOWS, HIS MIND ON PAPER.

IS THAT ANSWER ENOUGH?

HOW LONG WILL IT TAKE HIM TO NOTICE ME?

I KNOW WHAT THAT IS. I HAVE SEEN AB GUNDAR USE ONE OF THEM. THAT WAS MORE THAN THREE YEARS AGO.

REMEMBER, LALE, YOU ARE NOW A HERO. VERY REASSURING.

I DON'T THINK HE HAS EVER TRIED SINCE.

WHAT...

WHO ARE YOU?

OF COURSE, THE WANDERER SENT YOU.

DAMN FLIES.
IT MAKES NO SENSE. FOUR YEARS OF SECRETLY WATCHING THE ANGELS TRAIN WAS NOT HELPFUL AS FAR AS DIPLOMACY GOES.

ANGELS LEARN OTHER THINGS.

MORE USEFUL THINGS.

NO! I AM NOT ONE OF THEM.

IT WORKS! JUST LIKE THAT OTHER TIME, THAT’S WHAT THE WANDERER MUST HAVE REFERRED TO WHEN HE TALKED OF THE OLD TECHNICAL SCIENCE.

I CANNOT DO SUCH A THING.

NOT ME.
THE RAGUELITES’ SECRET.
WHATEVER IT IS, IT IS IMPRESSIVE.

AND DAMN BIG.

THERE IT IS.

COMpared to the Pandoramicum, all the rest is modern junk. No matter how many centuries all this has seen – the Pandoramicum is older. Inconceivably older.

WHAT...?
OOMPH!

THAT HURT.

THE THING SWALLOWED ME. LET'S HOPE LITTLE GIRLS DO NOT AGREE WITH HIM AS WELL AS STEEL DOES.

"LITTLE GIRLS?" I AM COQUETING. JUST AT THE RIGHT TIME.

MY GUARDIAN ANGEL — HE'S GONE.

I WONDER IF THE INFERNO IS POWERFUL ENOUGH TO BURN ALL THIS DOWN HERE, TOO.

WHAT DID THE WANDERER SAY? THE ARCHANGEL MICHAEL BLEW IT WHEN... WHAT? NO MATTER.

YOU GET USED TO A LOT OF THINGS. NOT TO THIS, THOUGH.

IT BURNS AND ITCHES, AND IT CAUSES STITCHES IN THE SIDE, HEAVEN KNOWS WHY.
SO THAT IS WHAT MUSTN'T FALL INTO THE DREAMSEED'S HANDS. NOTHING BUT A HEAP OF STEEL JUNK.

DARK ANGELS, THE WANDERER SAID, DREAMSEED ANGELS, AS IF THE WHOLE ANGEL CULT WASN'T ALREADY INHUMAN ENOUGH IN ITSELF.

IT IS AS IF THE AB CALLED ME.

"COME, LAFE. USE THE PANDORAMICUM, AND SOON WE WILL MEET AGAIN."

THANKS FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT.

FIREFLIGHT

NOT MUCH TIME LEFT.

OFF WITH IT!

OH NO!
IT HAS BEGUN.

medita hor in mandatis tu is que dilexi
valde et levabo manus meas ad mandata
tu a que di
SOON THE FIRE WILL REACH THE CASTLE.

IT HAS BECOME HOT.

WHO RULED THAT HEROES HAVE TO DIE FOR THEIR GOAL?

IT WOULD BE SO MUCH SIMPLER TO LET GO. WHO WANTS TO MAKE SUCH CHOICES?

IT IS TEMPTING.

SO EASY...

LÂLE!
IT IS TIME. THEY’LL BE HERE SOON.

IF THE PANDORAMICUM REALLY BELONGS TO ONE OF THE ARCHANGELS, IT IS BLASPHEMY JUST TO LOOK AT IT.

BUT WHO CARES? YOU DON’T DESTROY ONE OF THE ANGELS’ CASTLES EVERY DAY.

IN HELL, THEY’LL DANCE FOR JOY WHEN I KNOCK ON THE DOOR.

IT ALL STARTED WHEN THE RAGUEILITES’ BOUNTY RIDERS SHOWED UP IN OUR VILLAGE. THAT WAS FOUR YEARS AGO. IF THEY HADN’T TAKEN RAVEN AND THE OTHERS, I WOULDN’T BE HERE NOW.

I WOULDN’T HAVE TO MAKE SUCH DECISIONS.

THESE BASTARDS!

THEY NEVER GAVE ME A CHOICE.

NEVER...

... A...

... CHOICE.
PLEASE, NO!

WE... LOSE.

DON'T THINK OF THE BATTLE NOW.

NO!

THE DREAMSEED... THEY'LL ALL...

THE HIMMEL... THEY MUSTN'T...

THEY WON'T.

THERE WILL BE NO DARK ANGELS.
WHAT... WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
COME, LITTLE SISTER.

THE HIMMEL BURNS AROUND US.

RAVEN CALLED ME SISTER.
THE INFERNO BURNS THE HIMMEL'S RUINS.

THEN IT CONTINUES SOUTH.

THERE'S A RITUAL FOR AN ANGEL'S FUNERAL.

A CERTAIN WAY OF SPREADING THE WINGS.

IT'S IMPORTANT, SO THAT THEIR SOULS CAN SOAR ABOVE THE CLOUDS.

RAVEN LOOKS DOWN UPON ME FROM UP THERE NOW.

I FIRMLY BELIEVE THAT.

THE SKELETON MUST BE ANCIENT. THE WANDERER'S TRACKS HAVE WASHED IT FROM THE STONE.

IT MUST HAVE RESTED DOWN THERE SINCE THE WORLD WAS VERY YOUNG.

WHEN REAL ANGELS DOMINATED THE SKIES.
the author

Best selling author Kai Meyer was born in 1969. He has published more than 30 fantasy and horror novels. Additionally, he has written a series of books for young people and several movie scripts. His first cooperation with Dieter Judt was an illustrated novel called "Das Gelübde."

the illustrator

Dieter Judt, artist and illustrator, born in 1963, has published three graphic novels before this. He works as a freelance artist for several publishers and magazines and paints posters on a regular basis. For the storytelling game "Engel", he created the visuals of a whole world.
The Fate of a Heaven

The mysterious Wanderer appears to warn the Raguelites of imminent catastrophe: a massive swarm of the horrific Dreamseed approaches. But only Lâle, a little girl who grew up under the Raguelites' wings, heeds the warning. Armed with nothing but the ancient Pandoramicum and her own courage, she must face down the onslaught.

...In a little girl's hands

This graphic novel, by two of Germany's most celebrated comic book and novel creators, ties into the Engel™ roleplaying game and depicts one of the turning points in the angelic orders' recent history— the aftermath of which can still be felt throughout the post-apocalyptic world of Engel.