



DICE THRONE



ISSUE ZERO

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CHAPTER ZERO

THE GREAT CHARTER

CREATED BY

NATE CHATELLIER

AND **MANNY TREMBLEY**

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY

MANNY TREMBLEY

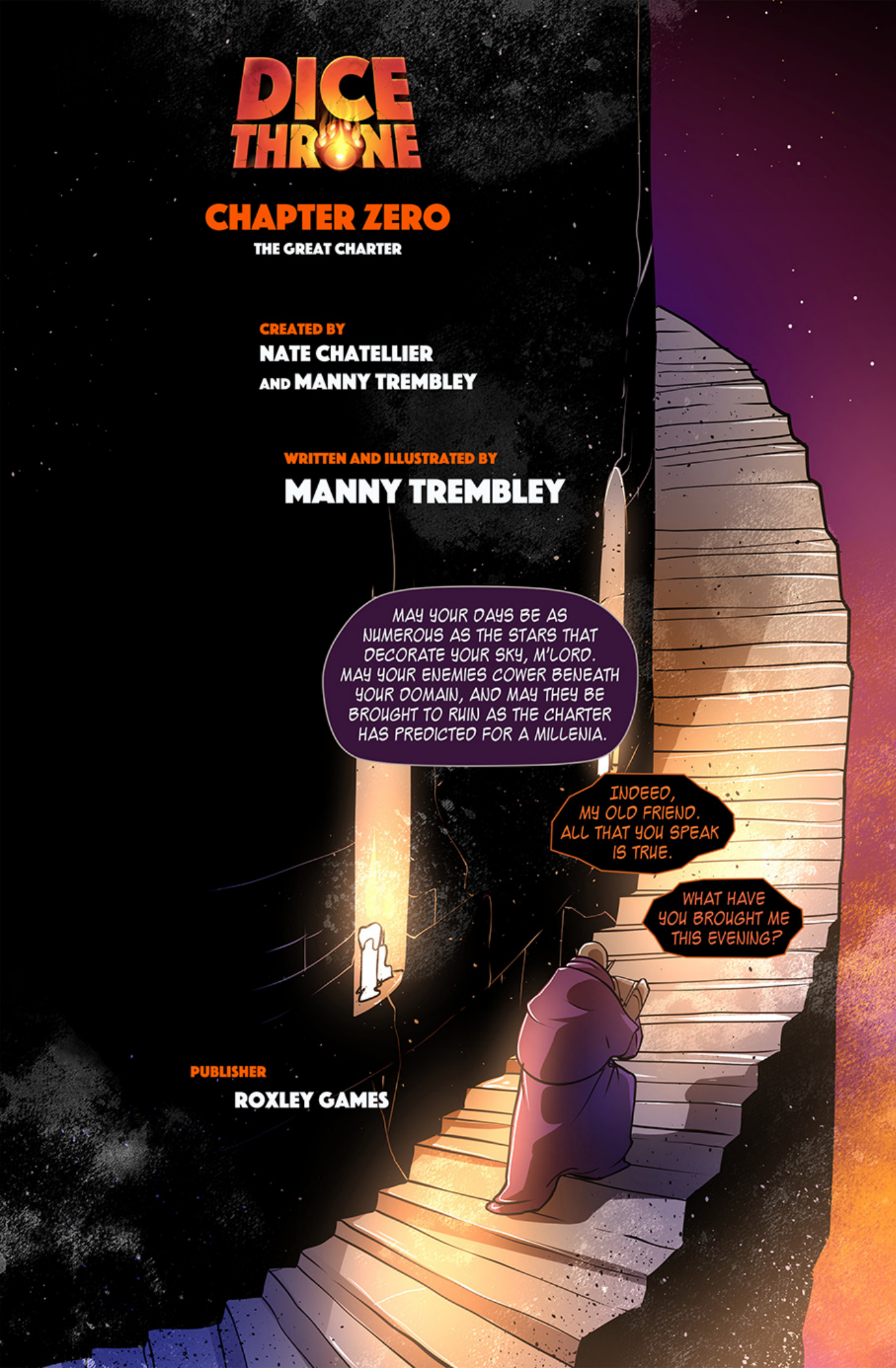
MAY YOUR DAYS BE AS
NUMEROUS AS THE STARS THAT
DECORATE YOUR SKY, M'LORD.
MAY YOUR ENEMIES COWER BENEATH
YOUR DOMAIN, AND MAY THEY BE
BROUGHT TO RUIN AS THE CHARTER
HAS PREDICTED FOR A MILLENNIA.


INDEED,
MY OLD FRIEND.
ALL THAT YOU SPEAK
IS TRUE.

WHAT HAVE
YOU BROUGHT ME
THIS EVENING?

PUBLISHER

ROXLEY GAMES





I CAME AS QUICKLY AS I COULD MY KING. I SEARCHED FAR AND WIDE AND HAVE GATHERED ONLY THE MOST WORTHY OF CONTENDERS.

SADLY, NONE ARE TRULY WORTHY, VIS'EER. ALL HAVE BEEN FOUND... WANTING.




I AM SURE THIS NEW ASSORTMENT WILL BE MORE TO YOUR LIKING MY LIEGE.



GET ON WITH IT, THEN. I GROW WEARY...

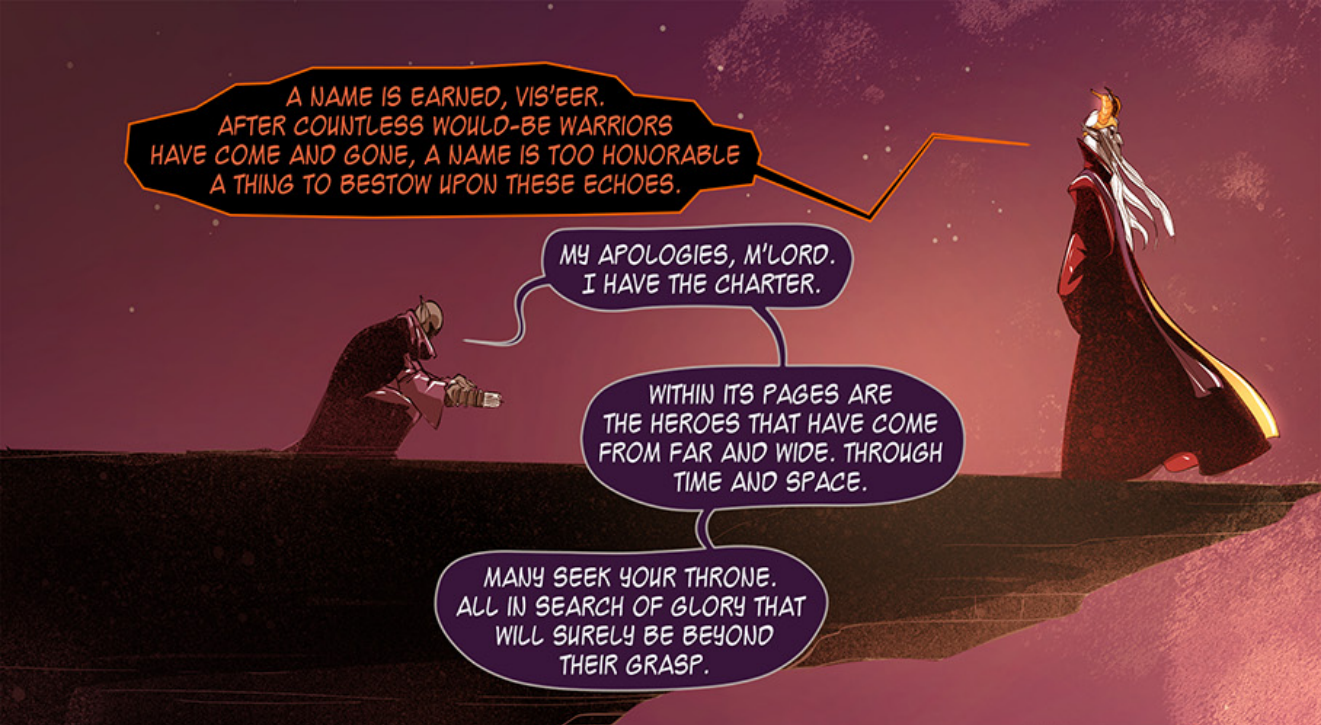
THE FIRST ONE IS NAMED...

NAMED!?



THEY HAVE NO NAME.

NOT UNTIL I DEEM THEM WORTHY OF A NAME.



A NAME IS EARNED, VIS'EER.
AFTER COUNTLESS WOULD-BE WARRIORS
HAVE COME AND GONE, A NAME IS TOO HONORABLE
A THING TO BESTOW UPON THESE ECHOES.

MY APOLOGIES, M'LORD.
I HAVE THE CHARTER.

WITHIN ITS PAGES ARE
THE HEROES THAT HAVE COME
FROM FAR AND WIDE. THROUGH
TIME AND SPACE.

MANY SEEK YOUR THRONE.
ALL IN SEARCH OF GLORY THAT
WILL SURELY BE BEYOND
THEIR GRASP.

INDEED.
I SEEK ONE THAT
MIGHT BE WORTHY.

BUT ALAS, MY FRIEND,
I FEAR NONE EXIST IN THIS WORLD
OR ANY OTHER THAT CAN STAND UNDER
THE BURDEN OF MY KINGDOM.

THE WEIGHT
OF THE CROWN
IS HEAVY.

HOW CAN THERE
BE ONE AS GLORIOUS
AS YOU MY KING?

FOR ONE
THOUSAND YEARS
ALL HAVE FALLEN
BEFORE YOUR
MAGNITUDE.

YOUR VISAGE
IS SECOND TO
NONE.

I COULD ONLY
HOPE THAT THE
NEXT KING IS AS
BENEVOLENT
AS YOU MY
MAGNANIMOUS
MASTER.

THE
NEXT ONE,
VIS'EER?!

YOU WOULD
BE RID OF ME
SO SOON?

YOU IMAGINE
YOUR NEW MASTER
WOULD SWIFTLY USURP ME?
FEH. I SEE YOUR
HEART, COWARD.




NEVER,
M'LORD.

FOR MORE THAN ONE
THOUSAND YEARS I HAVE
SERVED YOU AND
ONLY YOU.

I AM HERE TO LAY
DOWN MY LIFE FOR THE
CROWN AND YOU THAT
WEAR IT.



WOULD YOU HEAR ABOUT
THOSE THAT APPROACH YOUR
GRAND CHAMPIONSHIP?



I WOULD,
VIS'EER.

I CAN SEE
MY VICTORY
CLEARLY NOW.

I SEE A WIDE SWATH
OF DEFEATED CHAMPIONS.

ALL FACING A CHOICE SO
DELICIOUS IT WARMS THE
DEPTHS OF MY HEART.



SERVE ME OR PERISH.

PROCEED MY FRIEND.
LET ME HEAR WHO WILL
BE JOINING THE RANKS OF
MY FALLEN.

AT ONCE,
M'LORD.

START WITH THE TOKEN ELF, VIS'EER.

I KNOW NOT WHY, BUT THE ELVES ARE A PERSISTENT THORN IN MY SIDE. PERHAPS MY PEOPLE WANT ME GONE WITH MORE VERVE THAN ANY OTHER RACE.

IS IT THE UNDER ELVES? DUSK DANCERS? THE WOODKIN? OR IS IT THE MOON ELVES?

INDEED MY KING. THE MOON IS FULL THIS TOURNAMENT AND THE ELVES FROM THE LIGHT SIDE OF THE MOON HAVE SENT THEIR CHAMPION.

SHE WILL DRAW UPON THE SOLEMN MOON, TRAINED FOR 500 YEARS, I'M SURE. HER VICTORY WILL NO DOUBT BE WRITTEN IN THE TOMES OF HER PEOPLE.

AS YOU SAY M'LORD. BUT UNLIKE PAST CHAMPIONS THIS ONE IS YOUNG, A MERE 156 YEARS YOUNG.



BUT THEY SAY SHE HAS FORSAKEN THE OATH OF HER PEOPLE, THAT HER HEART IS NOT CALM, THAT WHEN THEY MARCH ANNUALLY IN THE LUNAR PROCESSION SHE LOOKS BACK AWAY FROM THE MOON.

NOT IN DISHONOR BUT POSSIBLY DISCONTENT.

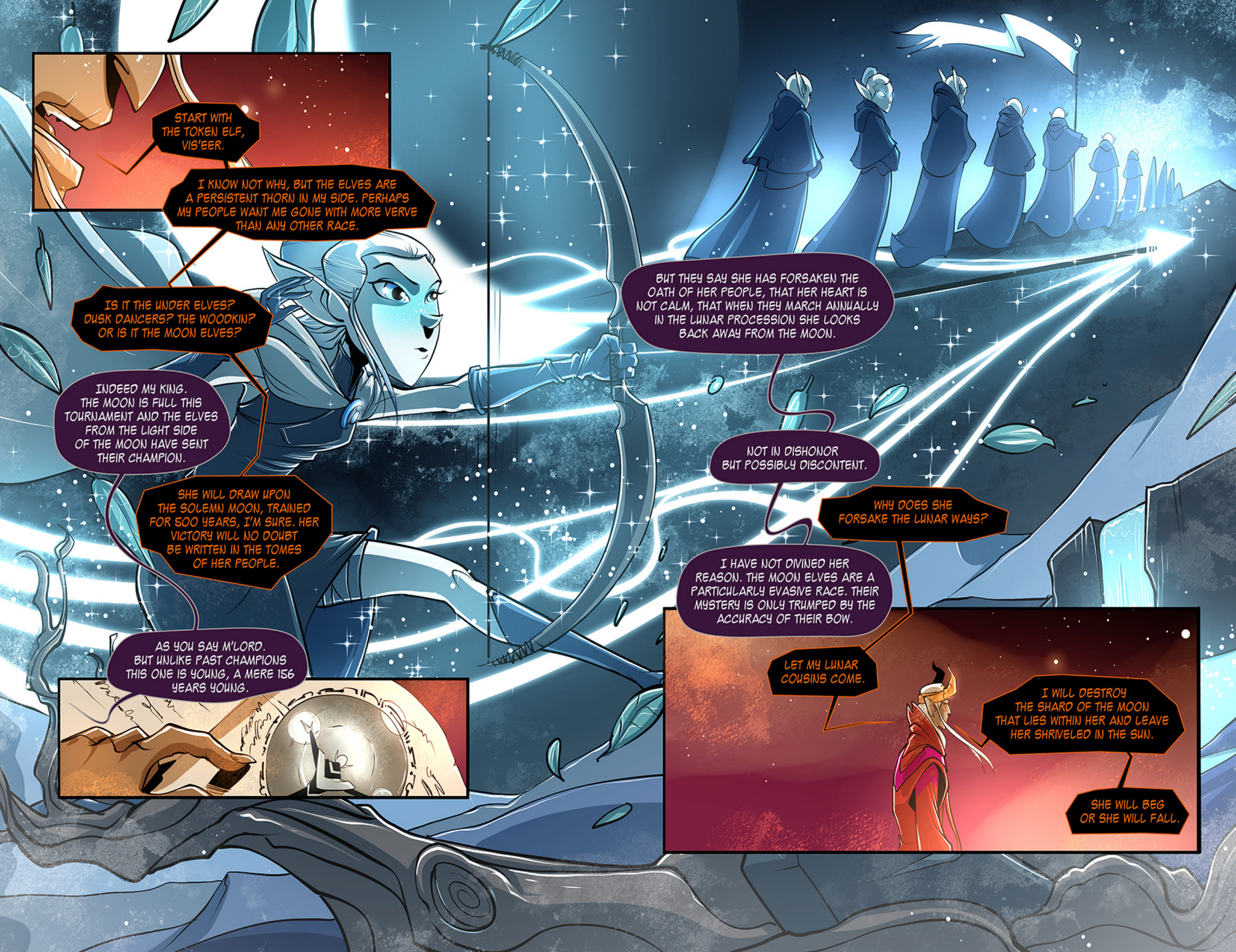
WHY DOES SHE FORSAKE THE LUNAR WAYS?

I HAVE NOT DIVINED HER REASON. THE MOON ELVES ARE A PARTICULARLY EVASIVE RACE. THEIR MYSTERY IS ONLY TRUMPED BY THE ACCURACY OF THEIR BOW.

LET MY LUNAR COUSINS COME.

I WILL DESTROY THE SHARD OF THE MOON THAT LIES WITHIN HER AND LEAVE HER SHRVELED IN THE SUN.

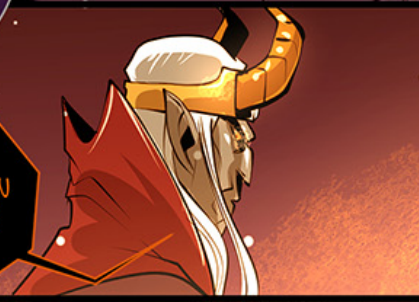
SHE WILL BEG OR SHE WILL FALL.





THE BARBARIAN FROM THE WEST PLAINS, M'LORD.

STILL AS SAVAGE AND FILLED WITH CONTEMPT. THEY HAVE NOT FORGOTTEN YOUR EFFORTLESS DEFEAT OF THEIR KING 70 YEARS AGO.




LET ME GUESS, HIS SON, THE NEW KING MARCHES UPON MY CITADEL, SEEKING RAGE FUELED VENGEANCE?

THAT IS NOT WHOLEY TRUE MY LORD. I AM SURE THEIR CONTENDER HAS NO LIMIT TO HIS ANGER AND HIS POWER IS SURELY GREAT, BUT HE HAS NO RELATION TO THE LATE KING.



HE MUST BE A CHAMPION OF NOBILITY IN HIS TRIBE?

UNKNOWN SIRE.




HE IS AN ENIGMA M'LORD. UPON INSPECTION HIS RAGE IS ONLY SURPASSED BY HIS SEEMING LOVE OF HIS PEOPLE.

HE IS WITHOUT VENDETTA OH GREAT KING.

THEY SAY HE FIGHTS FOR SOMETHING CLOSER TO HOME.

ALL THE SAME TO ME.



THE BARBARIAN PUP MIGHT PUSH HARD AGAINST MY RAMPARTS BUT HE WILL BREAK AS ALL HAVE BEFORE HIM.





THE WIND FROM THE EAST HAS UNEARTHED A CHAMPION THAT BRINGS WITH HIM THE VERY TEMPESTS.

HIS CALM SEEMS TO BE BUT A PRECURSOR TO THE STORM THAT SURGES BEHIND HIM.

HIS LINEAGE IS RICH AND LOVED BY THE PEOPLE OF THE MOUNTAIN. THE MONKS INSPIRE THE MASSES.

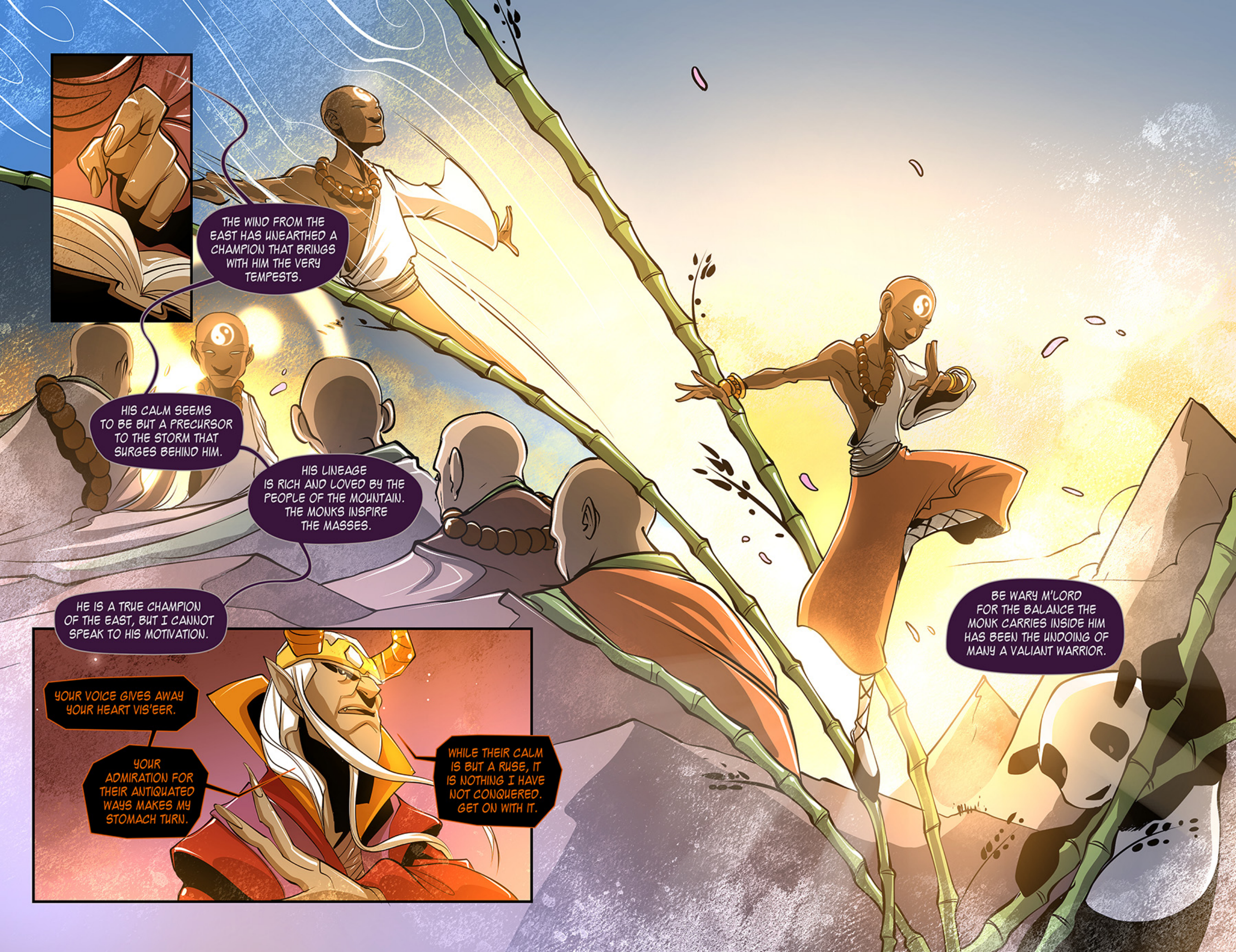
HE IS A TRUE CHAMPION OF THE EAST, BUT I CANNOT SPEAK TO HIS MOTIVATION.

YOUR VOICE GIVES AWAY YOUR HEART VIS'EER.

YOUR ADMIRATION FOR THEIR ANTIQUATED WAYS MAKES MY STOMACH TURN.

WHILE THEIR CALM IS BUT A RUSE, IT IS NOTHING I HAVE NOT CONQUERED. GET ON WITH IT.

BE WARY M'LORD FOR THE BALANCE THE MONK CARRIES INSIDE HIM HAS BEEN THE UNDOING OF MANY A VALIANT WARRIOR.



I NEARLY LEFT
OUT THE PALADIN
MY KING.

THEY BLASPHEME
ALL THAT IS HOLY IN OUR
KINGDOM.

WORSHIPPING A
HEAVENLY HOST THAT
CLAIMS DOMINION OVER
YOU MY FOREVER LORD.

YES.
THE HOLY WARRIOR.
SO DEVOUT.
SO LOYAL.

SO
MISGUIDED.

THEY ARE TRULY
FASCINATING VIS'EUR.
FOR THEY MAKE THEMSELVES A
BLANK SLATE, AN EMPTY VESSEL
TO BE FILLED TO OVERFLOWING
WITH THEIR "GOD'S" VERY SPIRIT.

THEY ARE AS ADMIRABLE
AS THEY ARE WORTHLESS.

ONE THING I MUST
CONFESS IS THAT ALTHOUGH NONE
HAVE USURPED MY THRONE I HAVE
YET TO BRING ANY OF THEM
LOW TO POINT OF
SUBSERVIENCE.

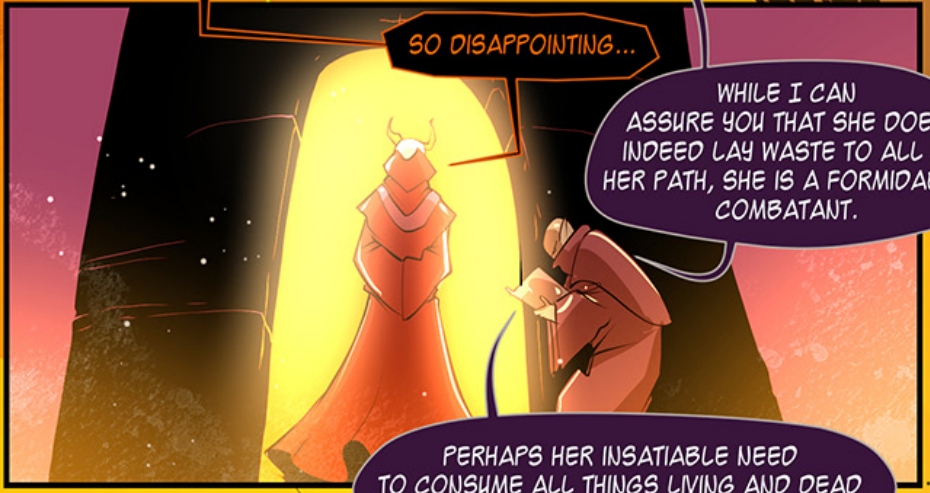
I WILL HAVE A
FALLEN PALADIN
SOMEDAY.



I KNOW YOU HAVE TOLD ME NOT TO ALLOW ANOTHER OF HER KIND BUT...

YOU FOOL. WOULD YOU HAVE MY CITY LEFT IN RUIN?

I HAD NO CHOICE M' LORD.



SO DISAPPOINTING...

WHILE I CAN ASSURE YOU THAT SHE DOES INDEED LAY WASTE TO ALL IN HER PATH, SHE IS A FORMIDABLE COMBATANT.

PERHAPS HER INSATIABLE NEED TO CONSUME ALL THINGS LIVING AND DEAD IS THE SOURCE OF HER POWER.

WE CANNOT KNOW WITHOUT PROPER STUDY. THE PYROMANCER IS AN ELUSIVE CREATURE. I HAVE YET TO DIVINE IF THEY SEEK VICTORY OR SIMPLY MUTUAL DESTRUCTION.

THE JOY WITH WHICH SHE CALLS FORTH A SHOWER OF DEATH AND FLAME IS...INSPIRING.



THEN YOU WILL BE EQUALLY INSPIRED TO CLEAN UP AFTER SHE HAS DECIMATED MY COLISEUM. A NUISANCE.


EVERY LAST ONE OF THEM.



I SOUGHT GUIDANCE
FROM THE VERY SHADOWS THEMSELVES
TO ASCERTAIN THE ORIGIN OF OUR
LAST COMBATANT.

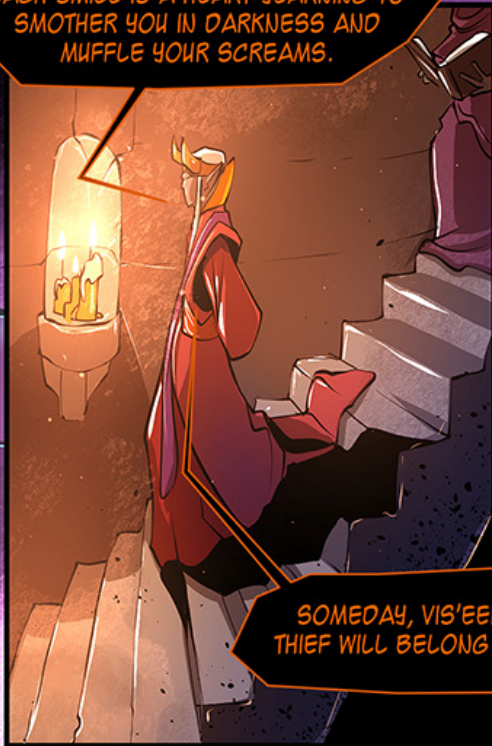
BUT THE SHADOWS
WOULD NOT GIVE HIM UP.

I SAW IN
HIM A SPARK OF MISCHIEF,
ENCLOSED IN POISON.



I COULD NOT TELL IF HE
CAME FROM A TRIBE OR FROM THE
ALLEYS BETWEEN BUILDINGS.

HE LOOKED AT HOME WREATHED IN
DARKNESS. AND BEFORE I COULD
TASTE HIS AURA...HE WOULD VANISH.



THE SHADOW
THIEF IS ELUSIVE INDEED.
NEVER TO BE UNDERESTIMATED. BEHIND
EACH SMILE IS A HEART YEARNING TO
SMOTHER YOU IN DARKNESS AND
MUFFLE YOUR SCREAMS.

SOMEDAY, VIS'EER THE
THIEF WILL BELONG TO ME.

ARE WE QUITE
DONE, VIS'EER?



DONE?
NEVER M'LORD.

YOUR REPUTATION HAS
SPREAD THROUGH TIME AND
SPACE. THERE ARE HEROES FROM
A DISTANT FUTURE THAT HAVE HEARD
OF YOUR PROWESS.

SAVAGES, SAMURAI,
GUNSLINGERS FROM THE WEST.
EVEN THE HEAVENS THEMSELVES
HAVE SENT AN EMISSARY TO BRING
LOW MY LORD. AND THE EMBODIMENT
OF DARKNESS HERSELF IS KNOCKING
ON THE DOOR.

YES, YES.

AS MANY AS THE
STARS IN THE SKY DESIRE
TO TAKE WHAT IS MINE.

I HAVE LOOKED
WITHIN AND I HAVE
SEEN IT.

MY VICTORY IS AS
ASSURED TODAY AS IT WAS
A THOUSAND YEARS AGO.



LET THEM
COME.

TO BE CONTINUED...