

СИМОНЕ МУЖУИНЫ
THE WINTER MEN
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IN SEARCH OF THE WINTER KING

---BY MAREK KREMER
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WINTER SPECIAL
FEBRUARY 2009
RESTRICTED FOR MATURE READERS

PERFECT SALES






THAT WINTER SEEMED
TO LAST FOREVER---




THE LAST SUPPLIES
WERE EATEN---



AND STARVATION BEGUN
TO DEVASTATE OUR
BODIES AND SOULS-



IT WAS THEN THAT
A FEW BRAVE
WERE CHOSEN
AND SENT FOR A
QUEST, UPON
WHICH DEPENDED
THE FATE OF ALL
THEIR KINSMEN-

A black and white photograph of a bearded man, likely the Winter King, standing in a snowy forest. He has a long, dark beard and is looking upwards with a concerned expression. His arms are raised, and he appears to be holding something. A large, thick black diagonal line runs from the bottom left to the top right, bisecting the image. The background shows snow-covered trees and a bright, overexposed sky.

IN A DEEP MIRK WOOD
ON A PEAK THAT IS
REACHING THE SKY
LIVES THE WINTER
KING - THE ONE WHO
HAS THE POWER OVER
COLD AND WINDS -
SAID THE ELDERS. YOU
MUST FIND HIM
BEFORE THIS COLD
DEVOURS ALL LIVING.

AND THICK SNOW
BURIES OUR WORLD
FOREVER..

THERE WERE NO GOOD OMENS
NOR SIGNS TO GUIDE OUR WAY...

THE DEATH WAS
ALWAYS SOMEWHERE
NEAR US

HUNGRY FOR MEN'S FLESH!



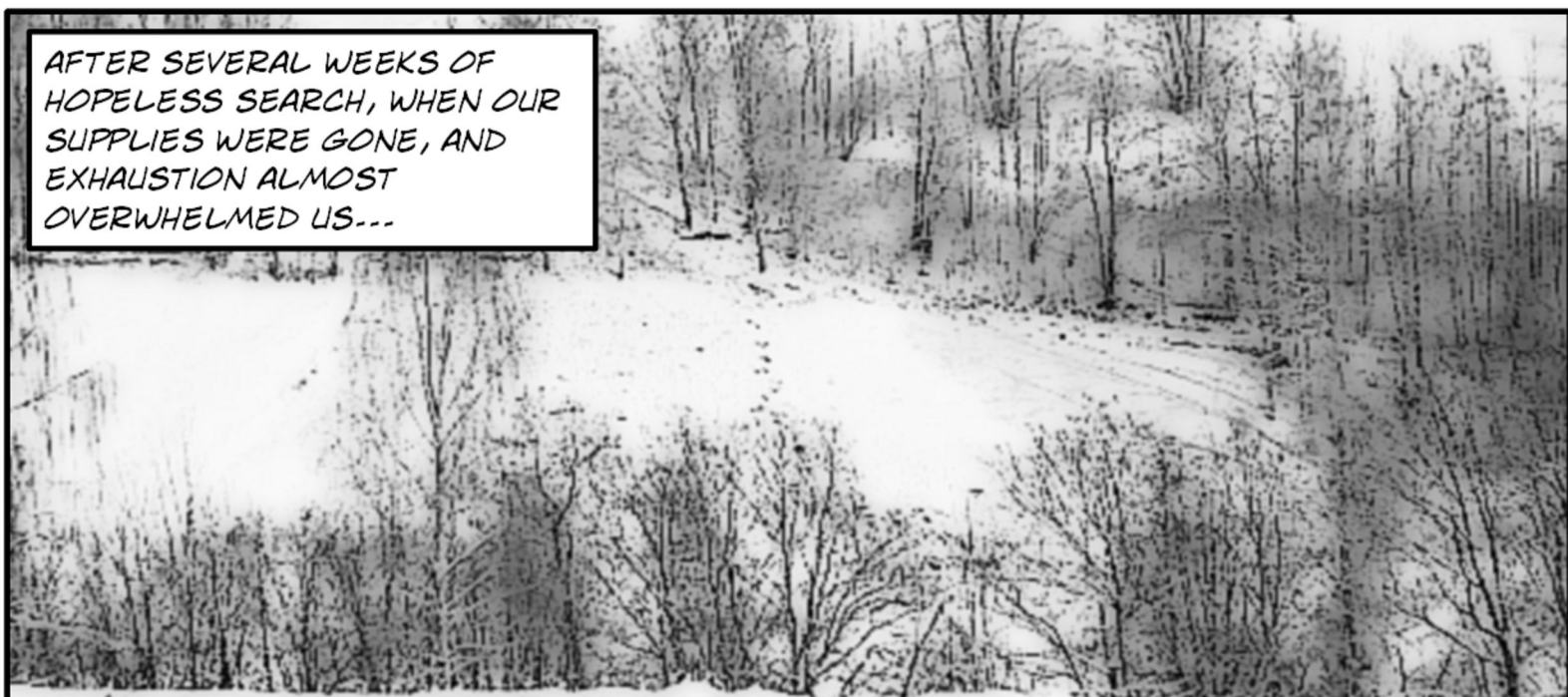
WITH ALL OUR STRENGTH
GATHERED, WE EXPLORED
SNOW COVERED HILLS AND
DEEP UNWELCOMING
FORESTS.

NOTHING COULD STOP US...

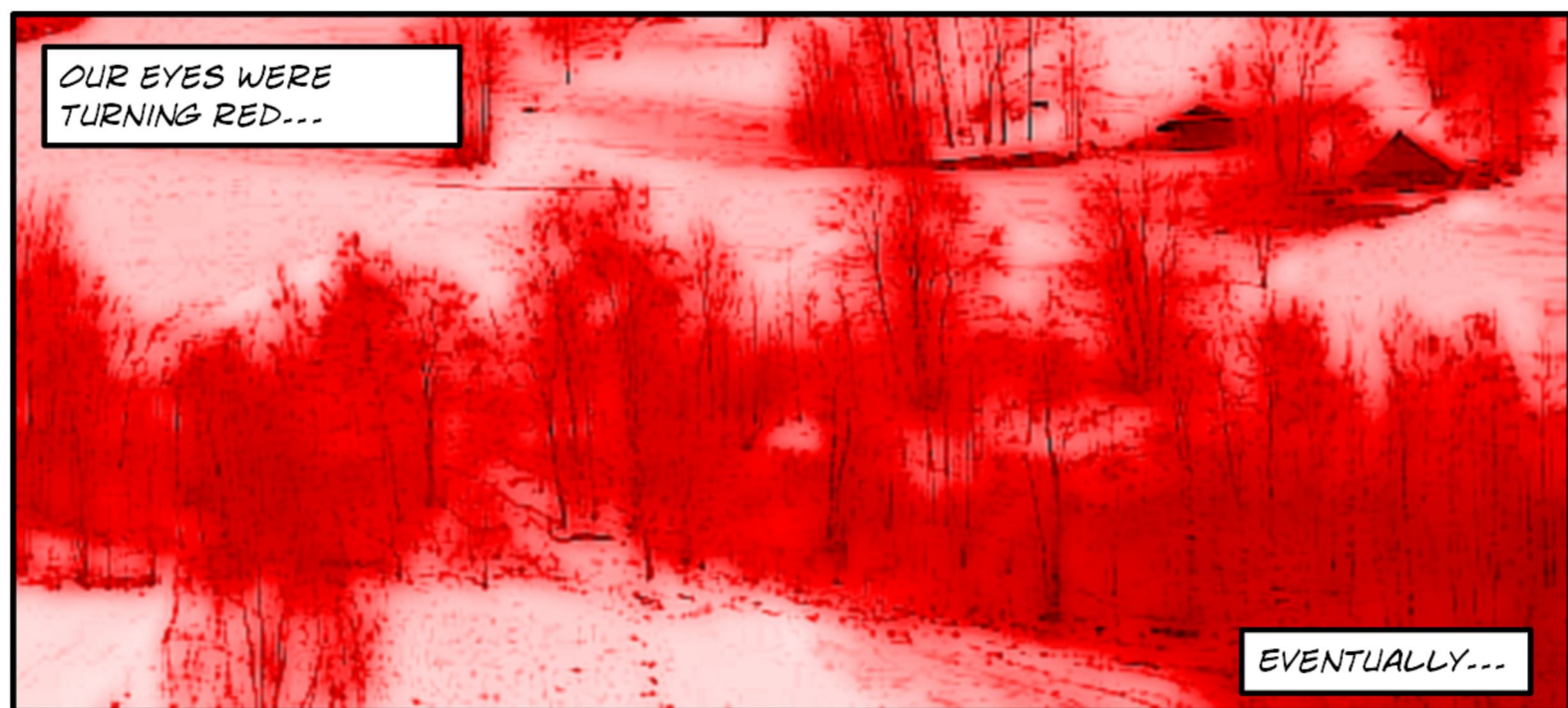
IF YOU STOP, YOU
WILL DIE.

BUT ONE CAN NOT
LAST FOREVER...

AFTER SEVERAL WEEKS OF
HOPELESS SEARCH, WHEN OUR
SUPPLIES WERE GONE, AND
EXHAUSTION ALMOST
OVERWHELMED US---

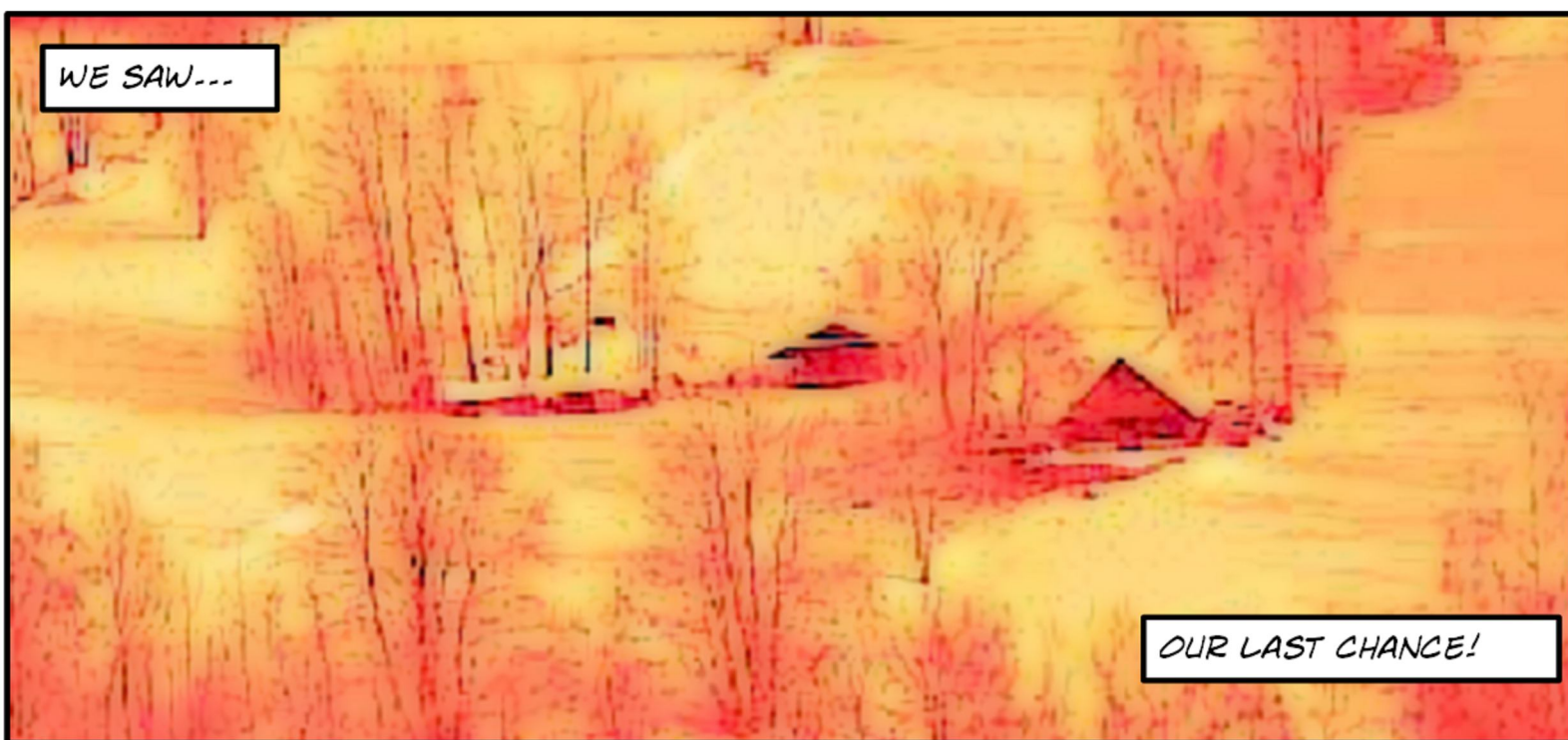


OUR EYES WERE
TURNING RED---



EVENTUALLY---

WE SAW---



OUR LAST CHANCE!



I DON'T LIKE THIS PLACE

LOOK, WE HAVE BEEN HERE BEFORE. THIS HOUSE HAS APPEARED OUT OF NOWHERE!

DON'T GET FOOLED BY ITS COSY LOOKS. BE PREPARED!

IT IS OUR ONLY HOPE, HOWEVER DREADFUL IT BE---



KNOCK!

KNOCK!



WELCOME BRAVE STRANGERS

WHAT BRINGS YOU TO OUR GOD FORSAKEN LAND?

WE HAVE TO FIND THE WINTER KING - THE ONE WITH A POWER OVER COLD AND WIND.





THE KING IS
GONE, HAVE NO
DOUBTS



BUT YOU CAN
REST AMONG US



YOUR HELP IS
WHAT WE NEED



WE'LL GIVE YOU
WINE AND
MEAT

YOU'LL CHEER UP AS
WE SING



YOU'LL SOON
GET BACK YOUR
DINT



AND JOIN OUR
DANCING RING!

WITH OUR MINDS STRANGELY CLOUDED WE ATE
DRANK AND DANCED---

WHO ARE YOU
FAIR LADY?

I COOL THE BLOOD AND
NERVE, GRACEFULLY I
PRESERVE
ALL HEARTS IN FROSTY
SHELL- IN ICE THEY EVER
DWELL-

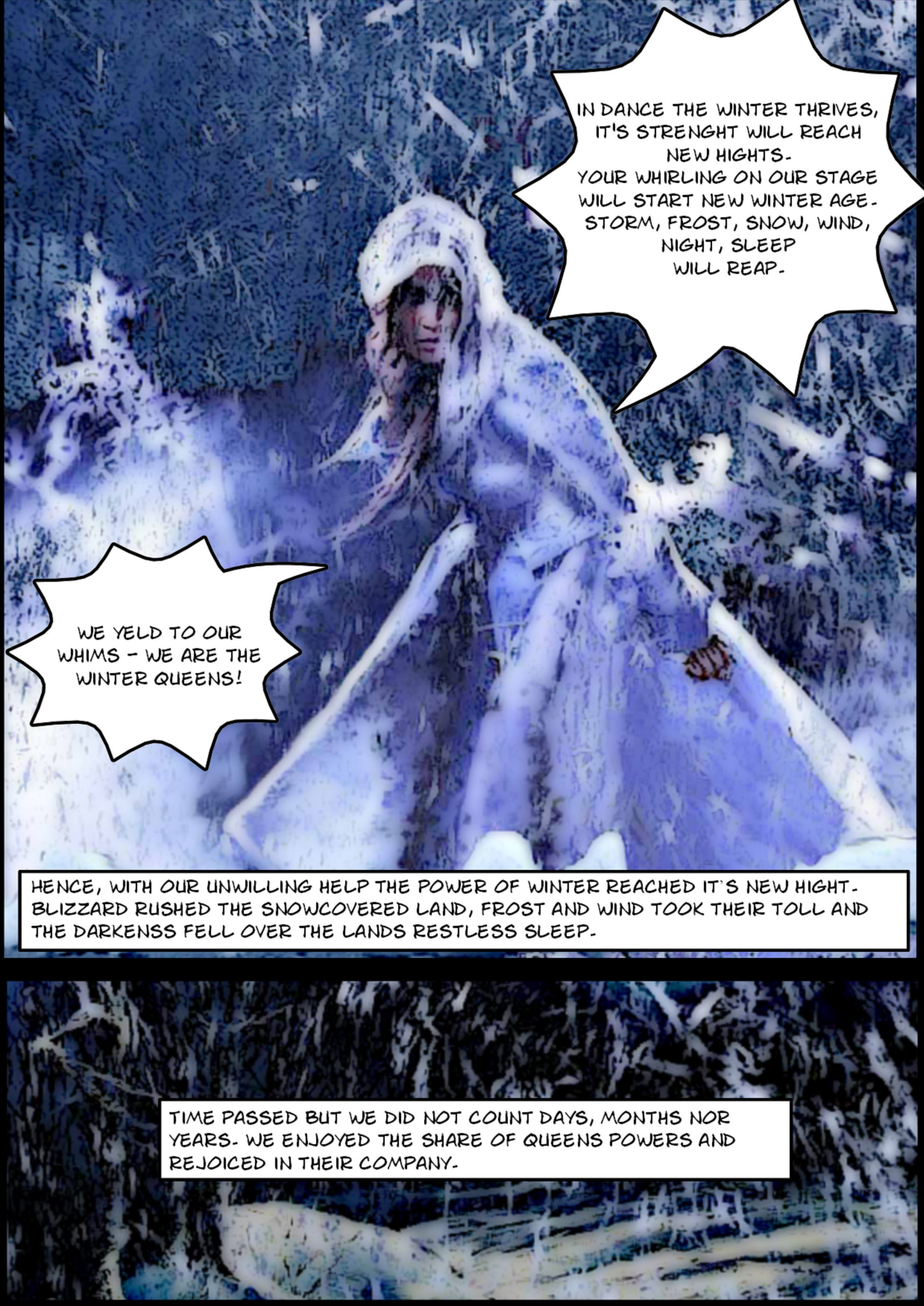
WITH NOTHING BUT
BARE HAND I'M
MIGHTIEST OF ALL
MEN-
BY LIFTING JUST ONE
BROW, I LET THE
BLIZZARD GO!

I HAVE A GENTLE HEART,
FORGIVING FOR ITS PART-
I CLOSE YOUR EYES I
SOFTEN LIMBS AND BRING
YOU DREAMS-

I LOVE TO TWIST AND SPIN,
LIKE SNOWFLAKE IN THE WIND-
THOUGH SUBTLE I CAN SAY
THAT ART IS WHAT I CLAIM

I TRAVEL ROUND THE
WORLD, UNSEEN AND
BOLD-
I TOUCH ALL THINGS
AND MOVE, GET
INVOLVED - STAY
ALOOF-

I AFFECT
EVERYTHING,
END MOST,
YET SOME
BEGIN-
IN REALM OF
THE GLOOM I
RULE WITH
BROTHER
MOON-

A woman with long, flowing white hair and a white, crystalline, icy dress stands in a snowy, blue-tinted landscape. She has a serious expression. The background is a dense, snowy forest with blue lighting.

IN DANCE THE WINTER THRIVES,
IT'S STRENGTH WILL REACH
NEW HEIGHTS.
YOUR WHIRLING ON OUR STAGE
WILL START NEW WINTER AGE.
STORM, FROST, SNOW, WIND,
NIGHT, SLEEP
WILL REAP.

WE YIELD TO OUR
WHIMS - WE ARE THE
WINTER QUEENS!

HENCE, WITH OUR UNWILLING HELP THE POWER OF WINTER REACHED IT'S NEW HEIGHT.
BLIZZARD RUSHED THE SNOWCOVERED LAND, FROST AND WIND TOOK THEIR TOLL AND
THE DARKENSS FELL OVER THE LANDS RESTLESS SLEEP.

TIME PASSED BUT WE DID NOT COUNT DAYS, MONTHS NOR
YEARS. WE ENJOYED THE SHARE OF QUEENS POWERS AND
REJOICED IN THEIR COMPANY.

SNIFF,
SNIFF....

ONE DAY, THE ODD
SMELL WOKE ME UP...

THE SPRING CAME...

WHERE ARE
WE?

WHERE IS THE
HOUSE?

WAS IT ALL
JUST A
DREAM?

IT WAS CERTAINLY NOT. WE NEVER
FOUND OUR VILLAGE AGAIN. THE
WORLD HAS CHANGED AND IT WAS NOT
AS WE KNEW IT ANY MORE.

THE END...