

Betrayed by the bullets of vengeance!

Suddenly, racked with pain, Stark appeared to submit.

Enough! Enough! Free me! I will tell you all I know.

A thousand Legionnaires await your raid on Ashala. Is not my knowing about the raid proof that I speak the truth?

Your knowing is no proof that the Legion know. No, I don't believe in your thousand Legionnaires, Sergeant. I shall tell you why.

Your rifle, Sergeant—and a clip with four bullets left. Foolish one! Do you think my spies have not told me of the sergeant who has sworn to kill me?

But what if he tells the truth, Lord? What if the Legion does wait for us at Ashala?

Then we die—but it does not, Cousin Kerim. Ashala is wide open for us. I know because that sergeant is one who would be torn apart before he betrayed the Legion.

Into the grain pit with him, brothers. He will find pleasant company there.

In the disused granary.

Urgh—snakes! Horned vipers!

The serpents slumber, infidel dog. The heat drugs them. But fret not. They will become lively enough to play with you when the cool of evening comes.

They are delightful companions, compared with you, Kerim.

That evening—

It is time, brothers. A night march and we will strike Ashala at dawn. Go, prepare your warriors. I shall join you after bidding our guest farewell.

Here is your rifle, Sergeant, and the bullets meant for me. Your failure should add to your bitterness as you die of the snakes' poison.