

# TARYN VAELOR

ISSUE #1 — CHOSEN

Kings call him  
dragon master.

Kings are fools.

Some men seek to master monsters.

The smart ones learn the difference between mastery and trust.



Why does it follow you?



It doesn't.



Choose your next words carefully, little ranger.



We walk together.

That's enough.



Kings call him dragon master.

Kings are fools.



The dragon was never his weapon.

The dragon chose him.



South of the green borderlands, the world ends in fire.

Taryn Vaelor walks there by choice.



Three sets.  
Light. Fast.

Not beasts.  
Raiders.



They run  
toward my  
valley.

Bold.  
Or stupid.



Usually both.

Makes the job  
easier.



Something has  
stirred the  
dead place.

Then let's go  
disappoint it.



The shrine was built by people foolish enough to think dragons could be owned.



Finish the binding circle.

If the beast comes, I want him kneeling.



That's adorable.



Morvath.

Try not to vaporize the one with the spear.

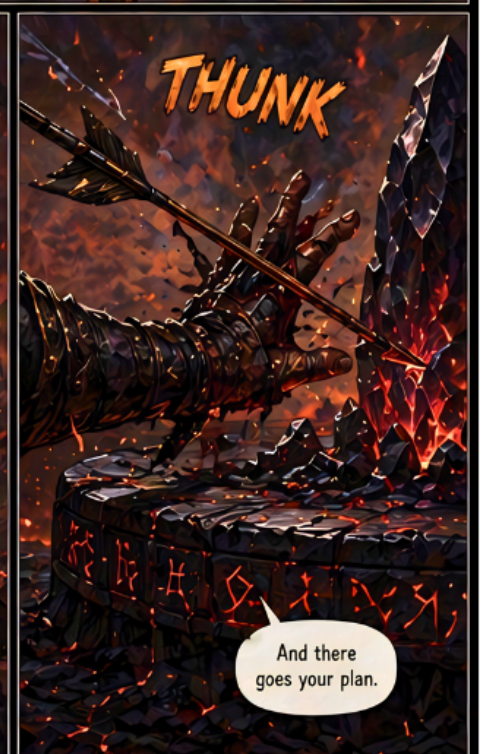


I make no promises.

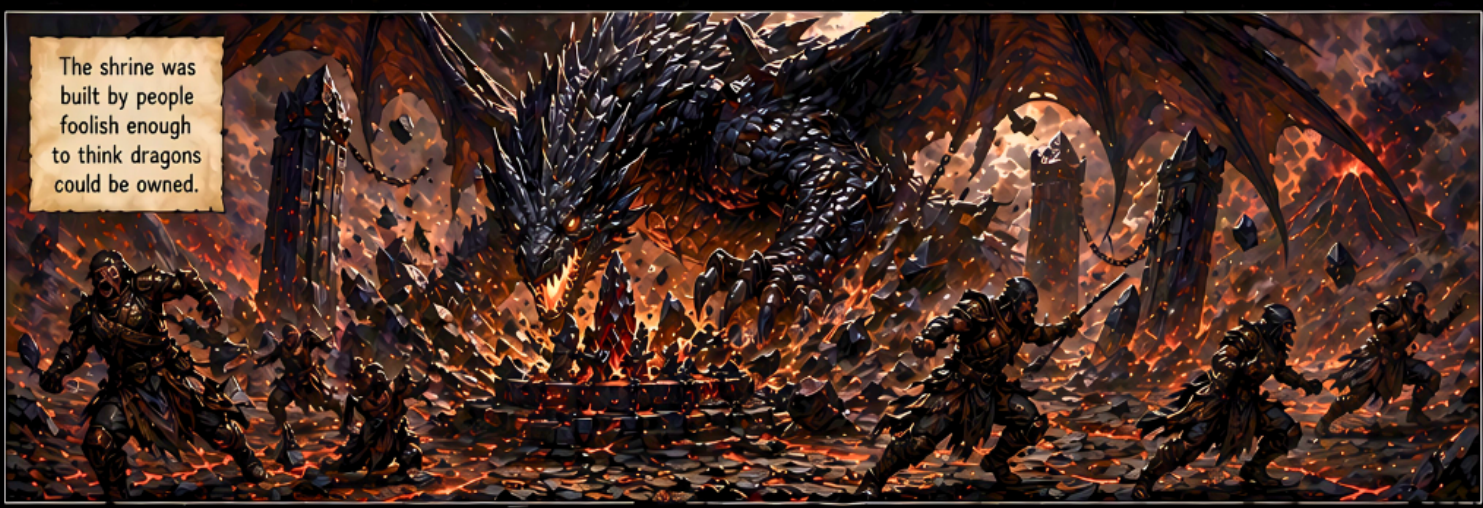


THUNK

And there goes your plan.



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DRAGON!

WHOOOM



THUNK

And there goes your plan.

Not rider and mount.

Hunter and dragon.

Side by side.



