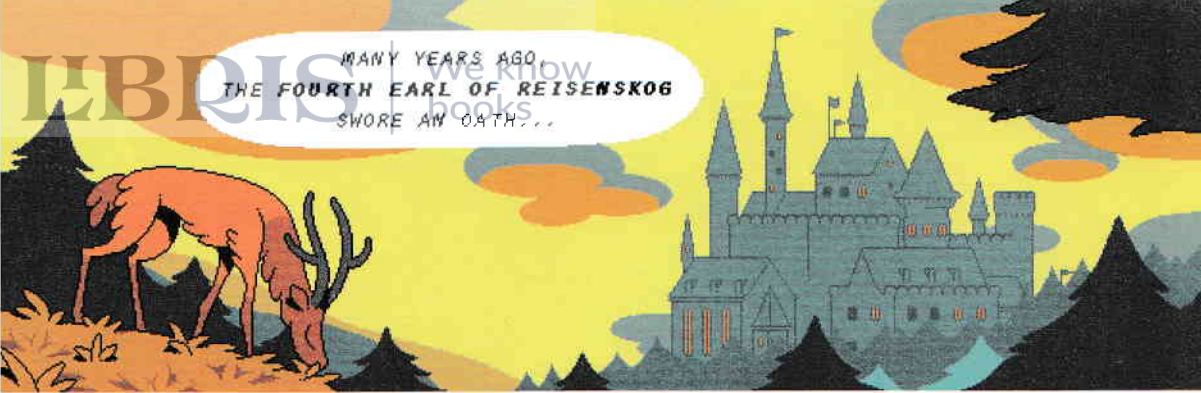


LIBRIS We know books

MANY YEARS AGO,
THE FOURTH EARL OF REISENSKOG
SWORE AN OATH...



...TO KILL ONE OF EVERY
CREATURE ALIVE.

...I HEREBY SWEAR
TO KILL ONE OF EVERY
CREATURE ALIVE!

HAHA!

MY DEAR
EARL, YOU'RE
TOO MUCH!

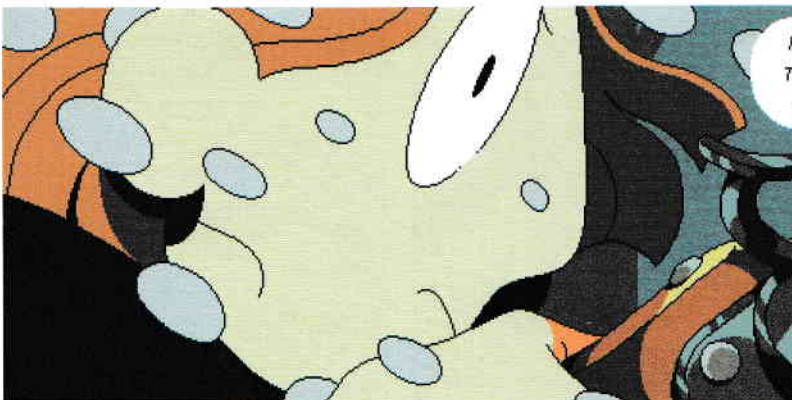


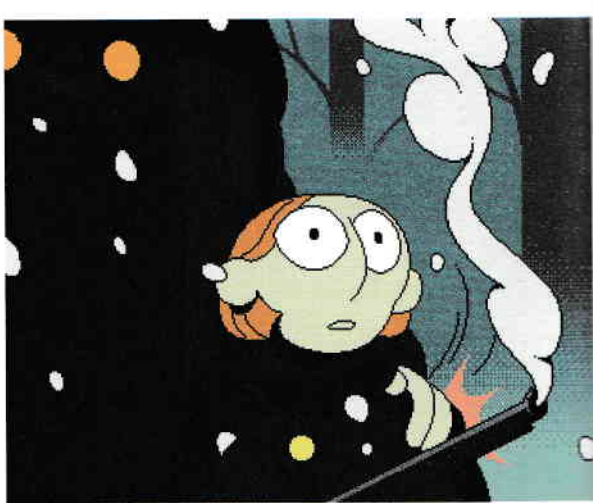
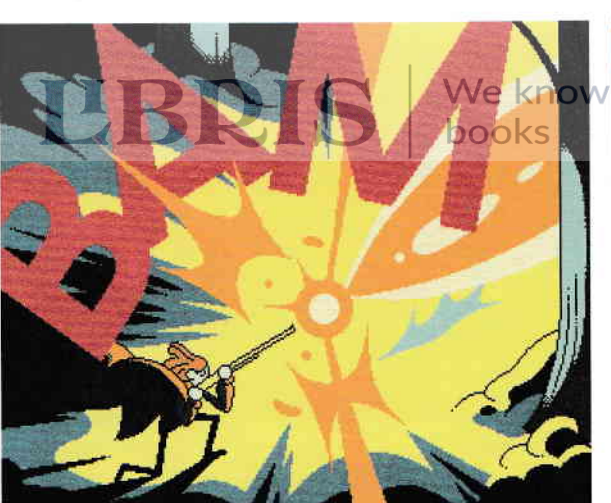
(HE WAS QUITE SERIOUS.)

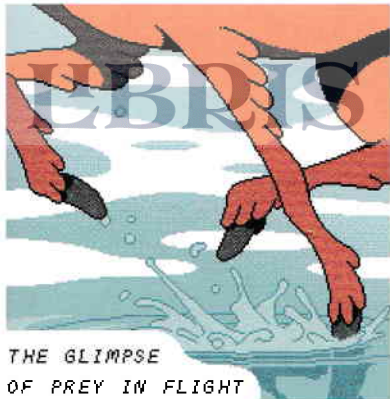
HE WAS **TWELVE** WHEN HIS
FATHER FIRST TOOK HIM
STALKING.



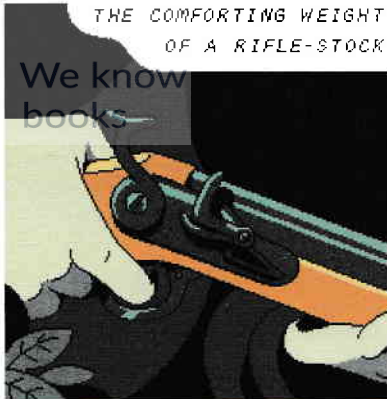
HE RECALLED
THE SMELL OF
GUNPOWDER,
AND THE ROARING
OF THE WIND





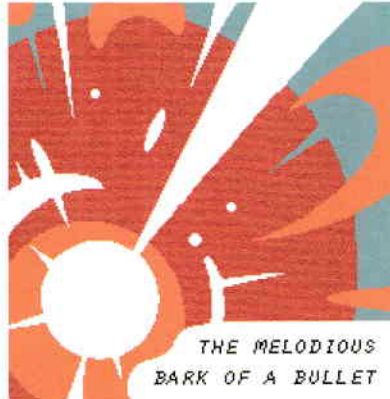


THE GLIMPSE
OF PREY IN FLIGHT



THE COMFORTING WEIGHT
OF A RIFLE-STOCK

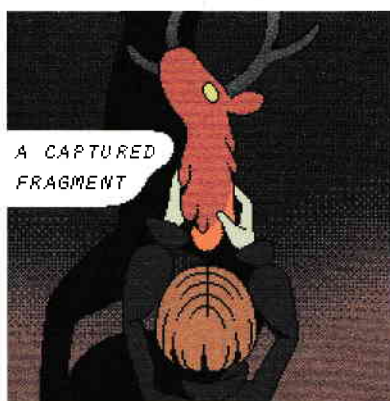
We know
books



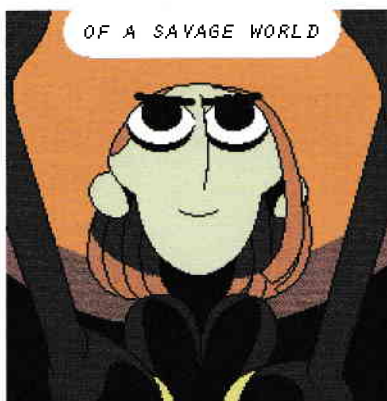
THE MELODIOUS
BARK OF A BULLET



EACH KILL
WAS A VICTORY



A CAPTURED
FRAGMENT



OF A SAVAGE WORLD

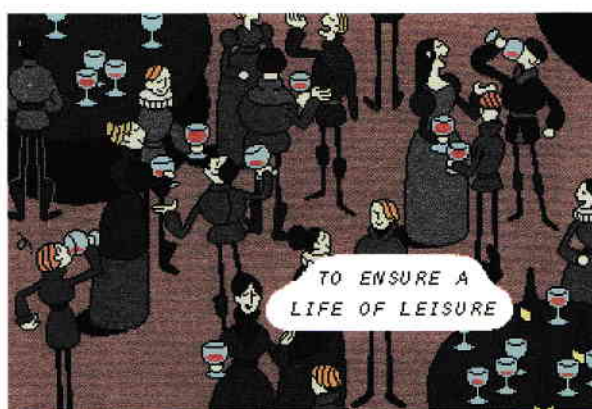


LOVINGLY RETURNED
TO ORDER.



HIS INHERITANCE,
WHEN IT CAME,

WAS
SUFFICIENT



TO ENSURE A
LIFE OF LEISURE

