



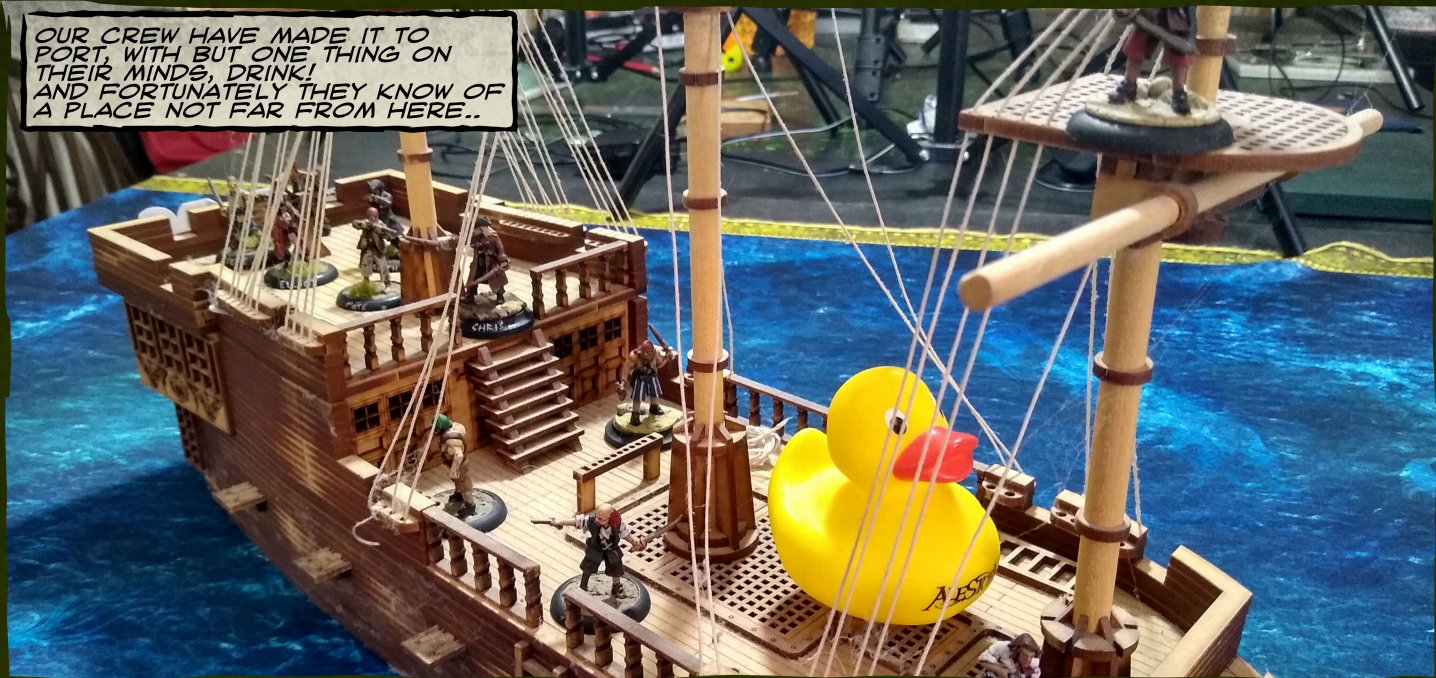
VOYAGES OF THE



ALESTORM



OUR CREW HAVE MADE IT TO PORT, WITH BUT ONE THING ON THEIR MINDS, DRINK! AND FORTUNATELY THEY KNOW OF A PLACE NOT FAR FROM HERE..



WHERE THEY CAN GET A MIGHTY FINE BEER!

IT'S THE GREATEST DAMN BAR IN THE WHOLE OF THE CITY!



AND THERE'S NANCY

HELLO BOYS!

OUR LOVELY BARMAID, SHE MAY BE OLD BUT THEM TITTIES AINT FADING!



PISTOL PETE, MASTER GUNNER GARETH AND GUNNERS MATE BOBO!



SHE DONT CARE WHO COMES TO HER INN, SHE EVEN LETS IN THE ALESTORM CREW, CAPTAIN BOWES, FIRST MATE ELLIOT,



BUT THE ONE THING OL NANCY CANT ABIDE IS THEM BLOODY ZOMBIES! BUNCH OF UNDEAD PRICKS AFTER BRAINS AND TREASURE, ITS THEIR DESTINY. BUT TILL HER DYING DAY THESE ARE WORD SHE WILL SAY, "YOU COME IN MY BAR AGAIN AND I WILL MAKE YOU PAY!"

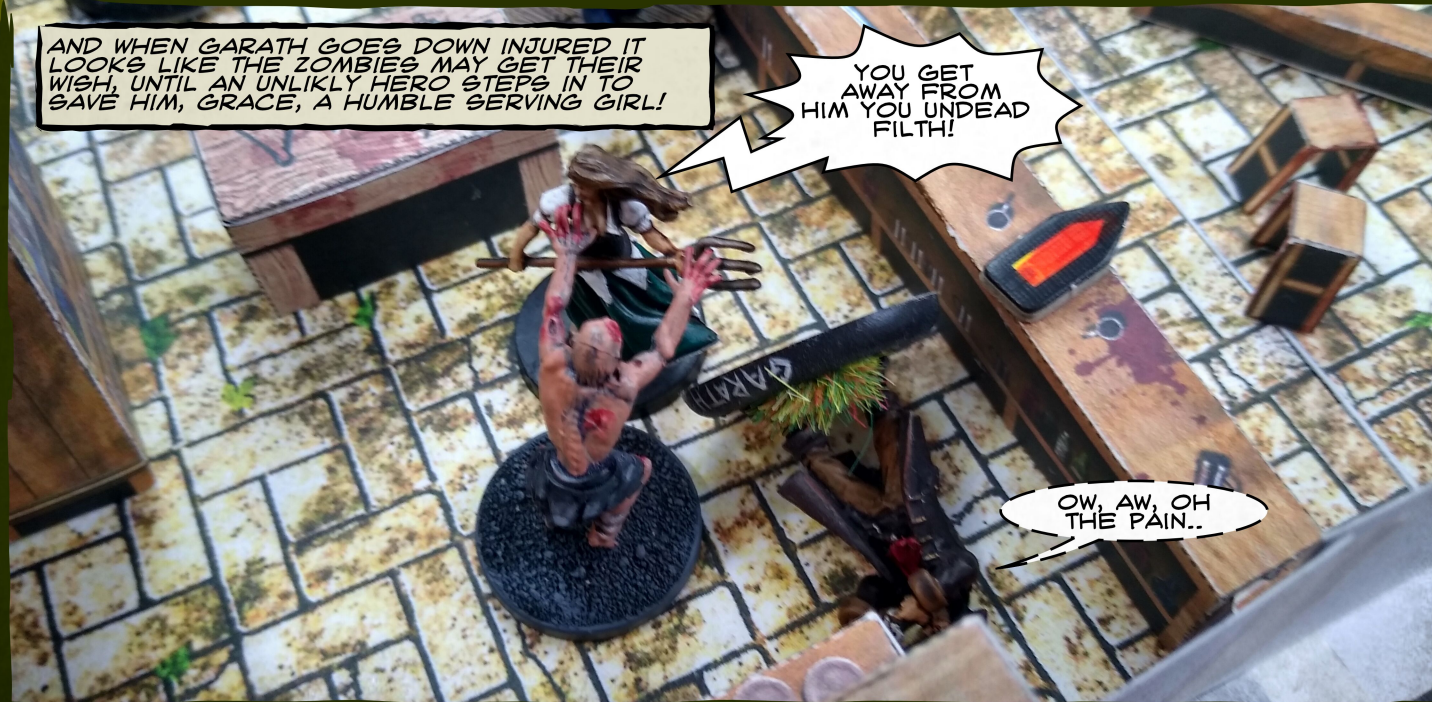


DIE YOU ZOMBIE BASTARD!!



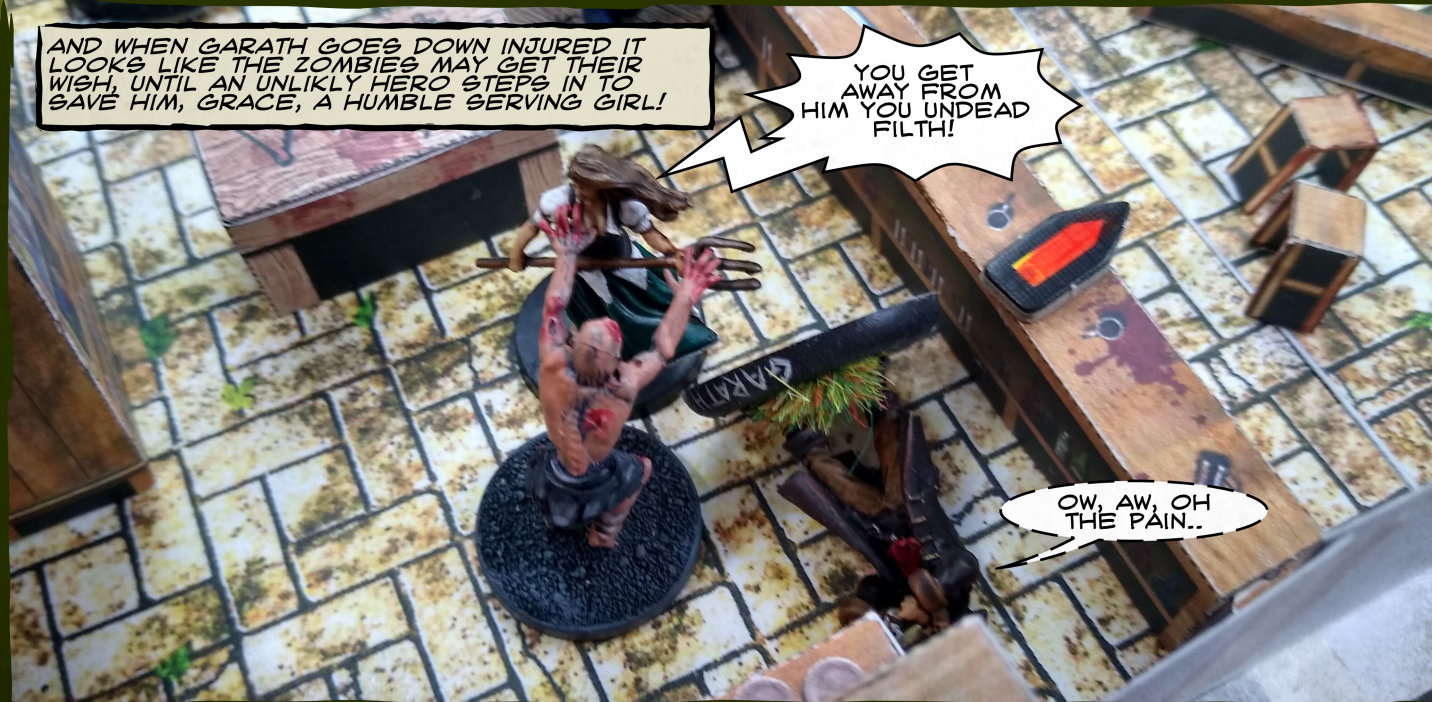
THERE MAY NOT BE MANY BRAINS HERE, BUT THE UNDEAD CARE NOT, THEY WANT TO DEVOUR FLESH..

AND WHEN GARATH GOES DOWN INJURED IT LOOKS LIKE THE ZOMBIES MAY GET THEIR WISH, UNTIL AN UNLIKELY HERO STEPS IN TO SAVE HIM, GRACE, A HUMBLE SERVING GIRL!



YOU GET AWAY FROM HIM YOU UNDEAD FILTH!

OW, AW, OH THE PAIN..

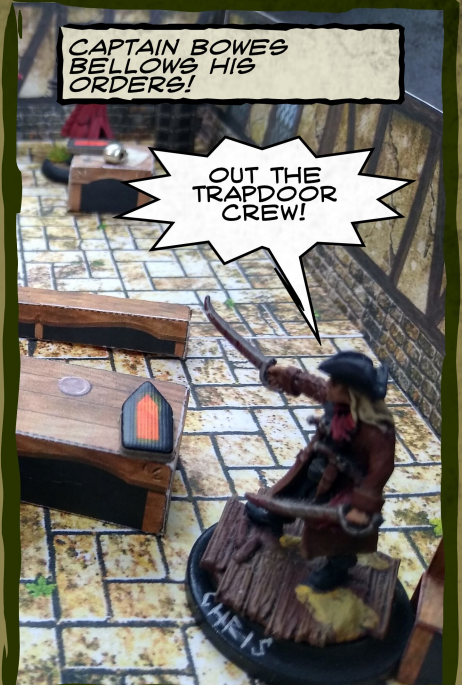


MORE OF THE UNDEAD FORCE
THEIR WAY THROUGH THE FRONT
DOOR!



CAPTAIN BOWES
BELLOWES HIS
ORDERS!

OUT THE
TRAPDOOR
CREW!



NANCY DEALS WITH
THE ZOMBIES IN THE
WAY



OUT THE WAY
BASTARDS!

WHAT ABOUT
THE TREASURE?



LEAVE IT!

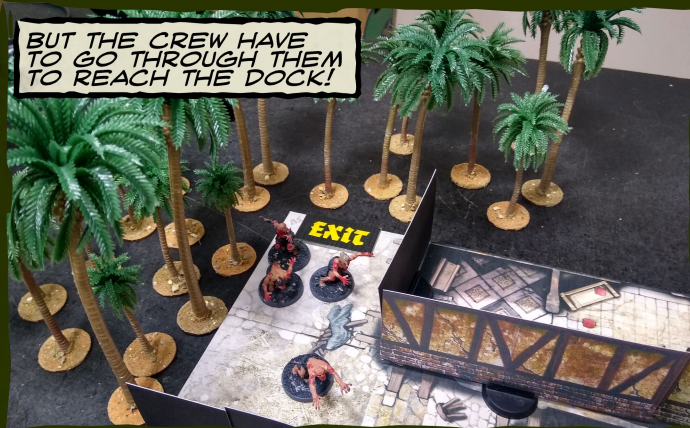


QUICKLY OVERCOMING THE ZOMBIES THE CREW ESCAPE INTO THE SEWERS. THEY EMERGE A LITTLE LATER TO FIND THE TOWN HAS BECOME OVERRUN BY THE UNDEAD!



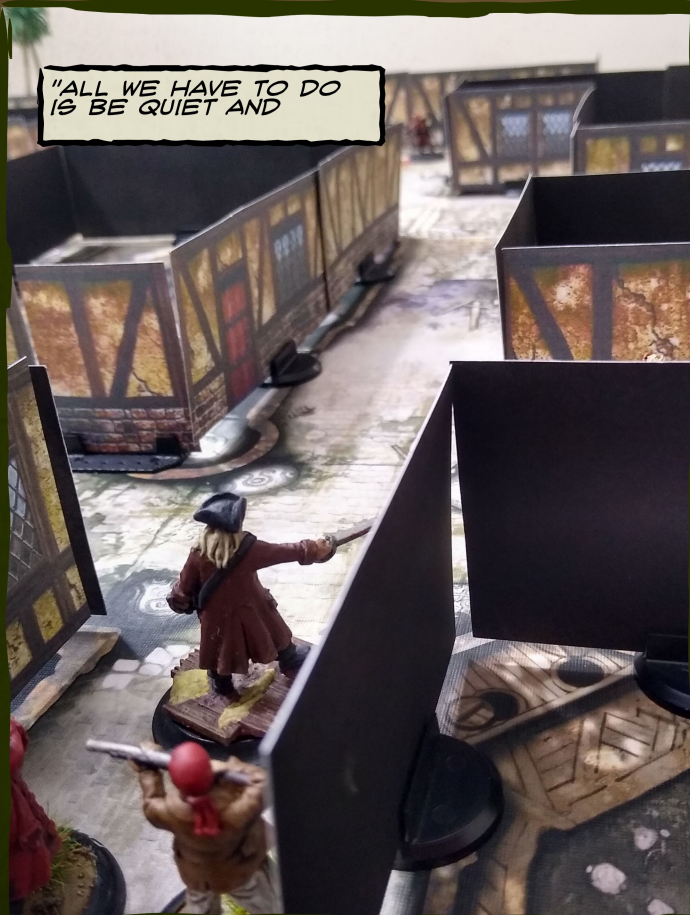
IN EVERY STREET THE UNDEAD SHAMBLE..

BUT THE CREW HAVE TO GO THROUGH THEM TO REACH THE DOCK!



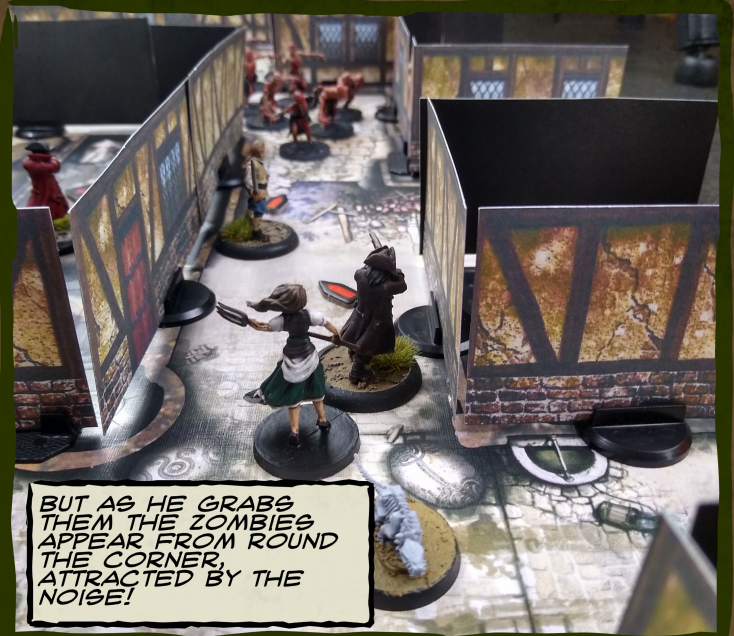
"IT'S NOT THAT FAR" MUTTERS THE CAPTAIN

"ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS BE QUIET AND



LET'S GO!





MEANWHILE THE REST OF THE CREW HAD ENCOUNTERED MORE OF THE WRETCHED UNDEAD.



HURRRRGH

THERE'S TOO MANY!!



BRAAINS



IT WAS NO GOOD. THEY WERE NEVER GOING TO GET BACK TO THE SHIP THIS WAY, THEY WOULD HAVE TO FIND ANOTHER WAY!

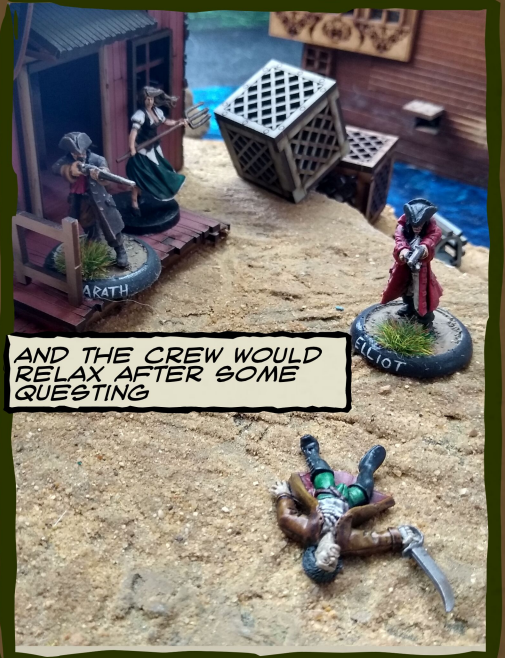
PIRATE COVE, PART OF THE TOWN'S DOCKS, USED TO BE A BUSTLING PLACE OF ACTIVITY..



AND WHENEVER THE ALESTORM WAS IN PORT SHE WOULD DROP ANCHOR HERE



AND THE CREW WOULD RELAX AFTER SOME QUESTING



SOME SAID MASTER GUNNER GARETH HAD A WENCH HIDDEN AWAY THERE



IT WAS A GOOD PLACE



