

There was a witch who saw her fair share of the world, once.




There were too many battles...



...and too many losses.

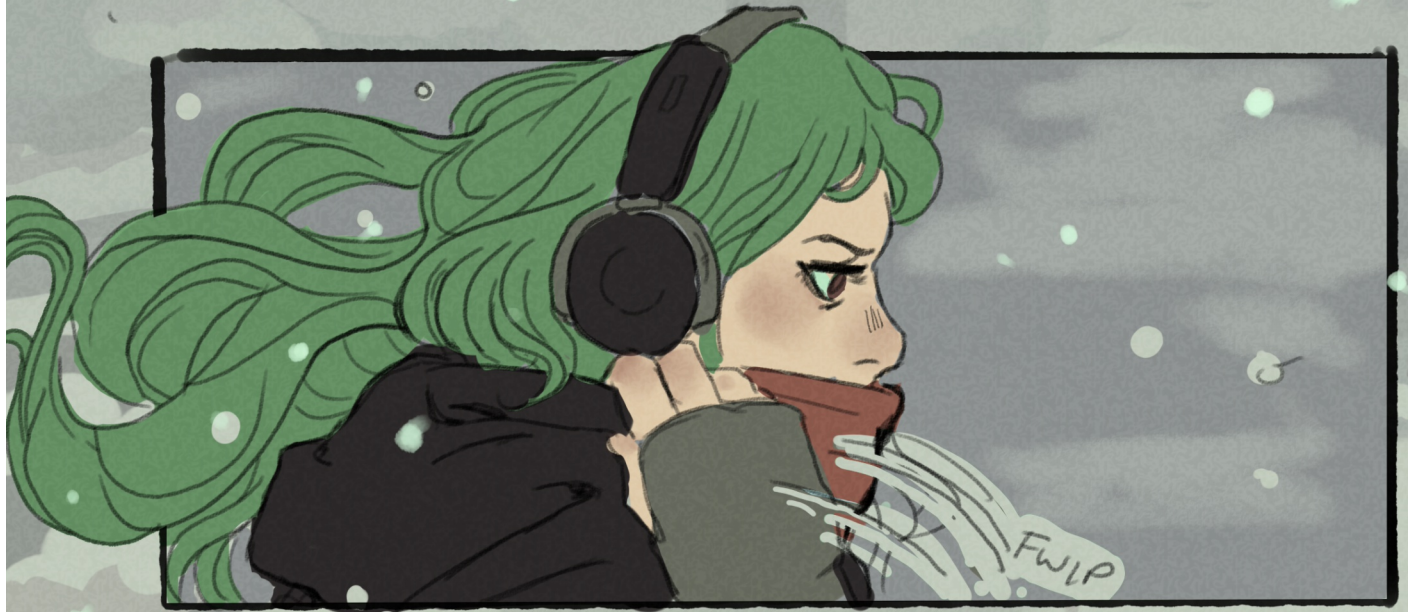
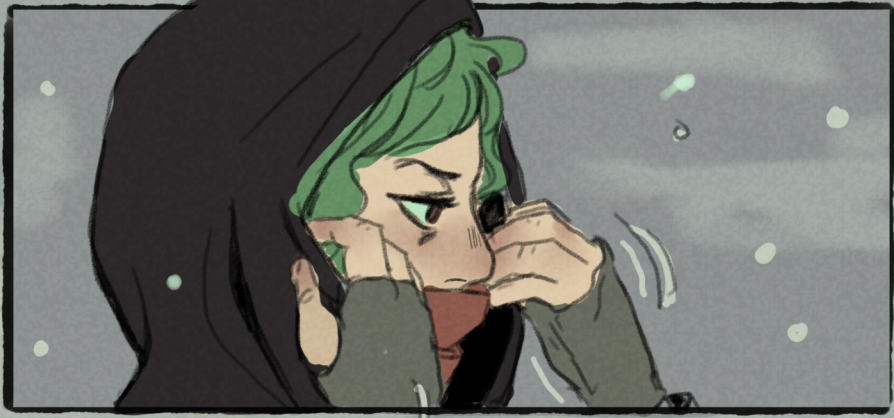


A person wearing a black hooded cloak and a grey skirt is walking away from the viewer on a path. The path is illuminated by a bright green light, and the surrounding landscape is dark and rocky. The sky is dark with several glowing green circles. The person is wearing black boots and has their hands in their pockets.

It all bears down on  
your mind, after a  
good, long while.

Especially when you  
are as young as  
she was.  
You start thinking...







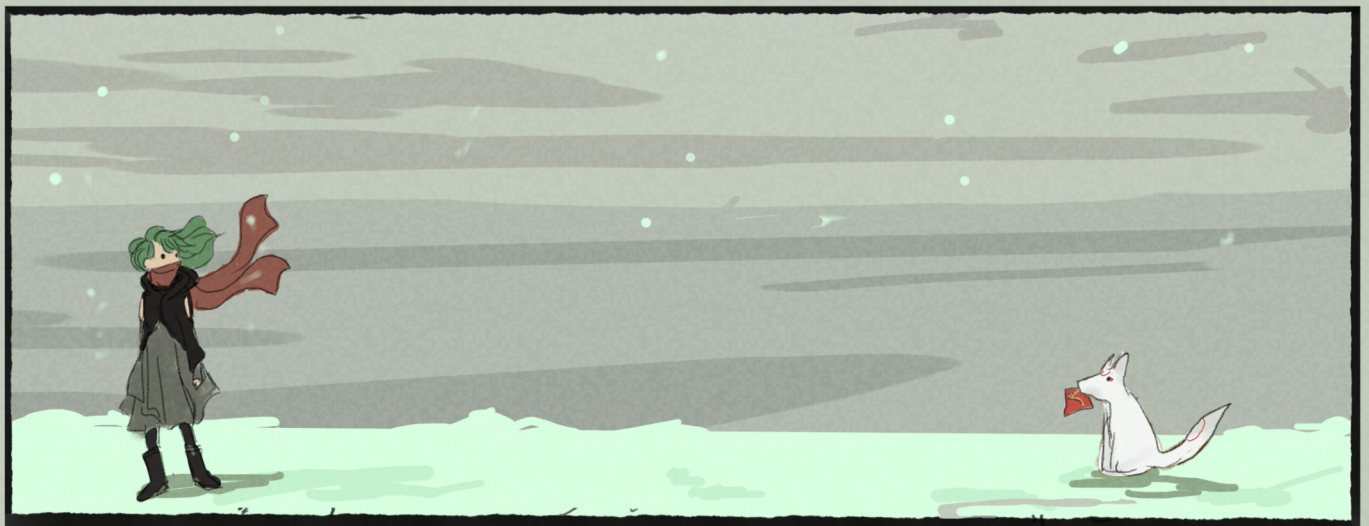


"Just a couple of steps..."

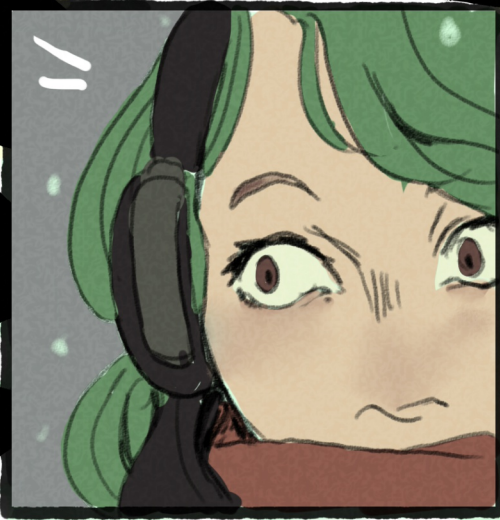


"and it'll all be"

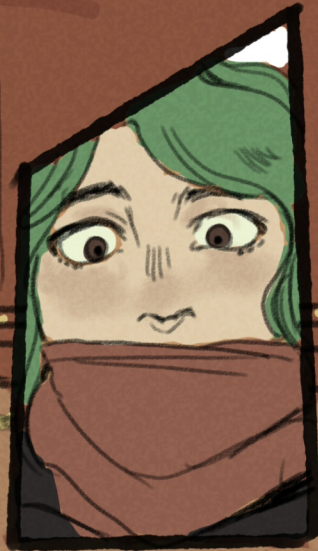
**YIP!**















Well-

-it took you long enough, no?



Well, hurry on.

You're letting the cold in!







The first time we see each other in so long -



- and you're annoyed with me?

Well, I see the **invitation** found its way to you, either way.







Oh, that is not from me, darling.

This cute little thing is a messenger from the gods.



It has come to fetch a certain someone.

I'm a champion in a special tournament, you see.

I fought gracefully, **elegantly**, taking the win -

-and the one most wonderful prize.



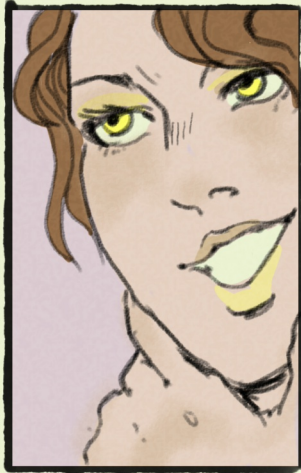




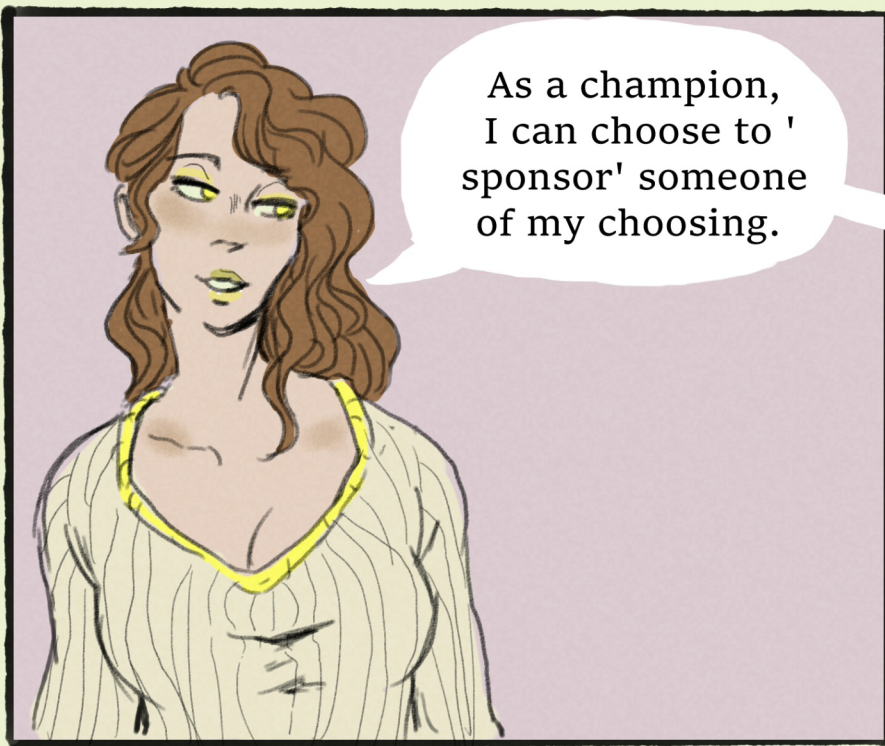
Not **too** surprising,  
I know,

since you should  
know quite well  
how skilled I am.

But, this one has  
not come for me...



It's come for you.



As a champion,  
I can choose to 'sponsor'  
someone of my choosing.

And who better  
than you,

hmm?







I suggested you since the prize would be quite to your liking.





A chance to move on  
from the past, Marta

To be able to put what  
happened behind you .

