NO MORE STORIES OUT OF YOU, WEISS, UNLESS YOU KNOW ONE WITH A HAPPY ENDING.

Don't be absurd, Nier. No good story has a happy ending.

I know a story, one with a happy ending.

Then no more stories, I will be perfectly happy to continue on in silence.

I'm sure Kaine knows many stories about children with lollipops and rainbows, but can she tell one with that petty mouth of hers?
“FUCK YOU, WEISS.”

“TELL YOUR STORY, WEISS. BEFORE WEISS REMEMBERS ANOTHER ONE.”

“Oh, yes please, Raine, tell us your happy, happy story.”

“A WARRIOR... A REAL KICK-ASS WARRIOR, TRAVELED ALONE IN THE WASTES. HE JUST LOST SOMEONE CLOSE TO HIM AND WAS TRYING TO FIGHT HIMSELF TO DEATH.”

“HE’D BEEN FOLLOWING A GROUP OF SHADES WHEN HE CAME ACROSS AN ABANDONED VILLAGE.”

“The last thing this guy was looking for was a little girl, but that’s what he found.”

“Shut your cover, book. I didn’t say it was a happy story, just that it had a happy ending.”

“WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING OUT HERE BY YOURSELF?”
YOU CAN FOLLOW ALONG BEHIND ME IF YOU'RE QUIET AND DON'T BOTHER ME.

THE SHADES!

SHIT!

DIE, YOU BASTARDS!

"You and this warrior obviously share an inability to communicate without vulgarity."

"SHUT UP, WOOGS, I LIKE THIS STORY!"

"THE GUY WAS OUT-NUMBERED, BUT HE Fought THE ASHOLES ANYWAY."
I’LL KILL EVERY ONE OF YOU!

COME ON! COME ON!

“IT DIDN’T TAKE LONG FOR THE SHADES TO BEAT HIM DOWN. THE WARRIOR THOUGHT HE WAS FINALLY IN FOR IT.”

“HE WAS READY TO DIE.”

“IF HE GAVE UP NOW, THE SHADES WOULD ATTACK THE GIRL. HE DIDN’T REALLY CARE ABOUT HER, BUT HE REALLY HATED THE SHADES.”

GET UP!
FUCK YOU!

“SO THE WARRIOR GOT BACK UP AND KICKED THEIR ASSES.”

AAAAARGH!

YOU SHIT-DOGS THINK YOU CAN TAKE ME?

THE SLICED THROUGH THE SHADES LIKE THEY WERE TOOTHLESS WOLF PUPS.”
"But the fight wasn’t over."

"Run, girl!"

"Cooooomme to mee!"

"It was the biggest, meanest-looking shape the warrior had ever seen."

"Fwoomf!

"Nooooo!"

"The warrior knew he’d only have one chance to kill the fucker."
“SO HE SWUNG WITH THE LAST OF HIS STRENGTH!”

“THE WARRIOR POURED ALL OF HIS RAGE AND HATE INTO THAT ONE STRIKE AND KILLED THE BASTARD.”

“AHHH!”

“THE WARRIOR HAD GONE TO THE WASTELAND’S LOOKING FOR DEATH.”

“What he found was a reason to live.”

“COME ON. BUT NO TALKING. AND NO CRYING. YOU FIND YOUR OWN FOOD AND WATER. IF I HAVE EXTRA, I MIGHT LET YOU HAVE SOME, BUT ONLY IF YOU’RE REALLY, REALLY GOOD.”
NICE STORY.

Good, sweet lord. That is the most unbelievable narrative I’ve ever heard.

Take it from a book who knows.

MORE BELIEVABLE THAN A STORY ABOUT SOME SOUL-STEALING SHT OF A SORCERER.

One lone warrior annihilating dozens of shades and save the girl? I’d believe you joined a convent first.

TRUE OR NOT, I LIKED THE ENDING.

NOW IF WE COULD ONLY FIND THE SHAPED WE’RE LOOKING FOR.

TO BE CONTINUED...
NOTHING IS AS IT SEEMS

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