THIS CITY IS AS MUCH MINE AS YOURS.
I HAVE PAID MY TAX.

MY CHILDREN WILL HAVE NO PARENT.

MY SWIFT CLAY BOATS SO FRIGHTEN THE EMPEROR THAT HE KILLS ME.

THESE RIVERS BELONG TO THE GRISH.
SO SHALL IT BE FOR-EVER.

ON ORDER OF ARRIUS THE SEVENTH,
...MORTAL HAND OF TARRUS AND EMPEROR OF SAHTA...

YOU, SHAKKIZ THE RED,
BUILDER OF SHIPS IN THE DISTRICT GRISHET...
...ARE CONDEMNED TO DIE.

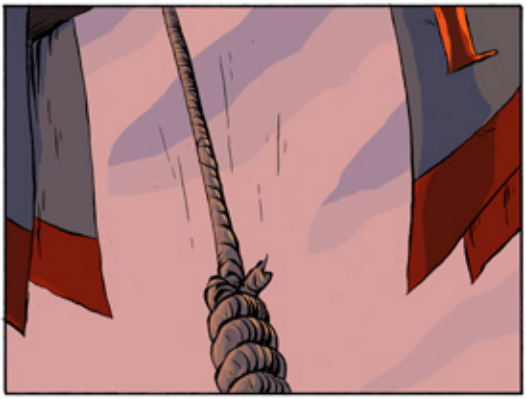
YOUR CRIMES INCLUDE:
FAILURE TO PAY TAX AS A RESIDENT OF GRISH KIND.
SALE OF WARES TO KNOWN ENTITIES HOSTILE TO SAHTA.

FAILURE TO OFFER A PORTION OF WARES TO THE EMPEROR.
I SPIT ON YOUR EMPEROR!

WE SPIT ON ALL THE GRISH!

NO.

YOU SIMPLY KILL US.



GOOD.
GOOD ENOUGH.
THANK YOU, FATHER.
IT'S OUR GREATEST ADVANCEMENT IN YEARS...
...IT'S IMPORTANT THAT YOU IMPRESS HIM, MARRIA.
AND THE REST OF THEM.
HOW...
HOW MANY PEOPLE ARE OUT THERE?