



The roar of battle and gunpowder fills the Grand Dining Hall of the forest's favorite children, the Elves. At the heart of the ruckus stands three Dwarves:

Oligi the Bastard - His father be a Dwarf King, but his mum certainly isn't the Queen.

Hobart the Horse hater - the only good horse to Hobart is one that is dying and leading Hobart to its friends.

and Ugly Pete - Believe it or not, it's a prestigious Dwarven name.

What series of events led these sons of the mountain to get so riled up and be such bad guests to their host, the Elf King.

Earlier at the Sacred Elven Pond where fishing is forbidden!



COUSIN LOOK!
THE GUARDS FROM
THE ELF KING'S PALACE
ARE APPROACHING!



AND TODAY
WAS GOING TO
BE SUCH A
NICE DAY.

The Elves have sacred everythings, and almost everything fun is illegal in their territories.



FRIEND DWARVES I
GREET YOU, LONG MAY YOUR
BEARDS GROW, LONG MAY YOU...



IT'S ALRIGHT FRIEND
ELF, NO NEED FOR SUCH
FORMALITIES. TIS THIS ABOUT US
FISHING IN THE ONLY POND
WITH DECENT SIZE FISH IN
THE FOREST?

Having very long life spans the Elves are very traditional and long winded. They have greetings that can last up to four days.



WHILE THAT IS A GRAVE
OFFENSE TO OUR PEOPLE, FOREST
AND FRIENDS. THAT IS NOT WHY WE
APPROACH THEE AS ROYAL HOSTAGES
FROM THE DWARVEN LANDS. I AM
TO SUMMON YOU TO THE HIGH ELF
KING'S PALACE TO DISCUSS SOMETHING
OF UTMOST IMPORTANCE. TO SAY
ANYTHING MORE WOULD BE
OUT OF PLACE FOR SOMEONE
OF MY STATION.

OF COURSE,
OF COURSE.
ALTHOUGH YOU
HAVE ALREADY
REVEALED
A LOT.



Royal hostage taking is a tradition from the days of old. Offspring of the elite are taken in the custody of another nation to guarantee observations of obligations and traditions.

The High Elf King's Summer Palace



AS IS ACCORDANCE WITH OUR LAWS MY DWARF FRIENDS YOU MUST FULFILL THE PROPER RITUALS BEFORE MEETING OUR HIGH KING. YOU MUST BATH THRICE, ANOIT OIL THRICE, AND BE PERFUMED THRICE.

UH \$#!@

Bath number one



INDEED UGLY PETE. THERE ARE MANY BAD OMENS AS OF TODAY. I FEAR SOMETHING BAD IS HAPPENING AT HOME.

AH, DON'T LIKE THIS, COUSIN. NOT ONE BIT.

WHAT MAKES YOU SAY THAT?

THE ELVES ARE A PREDICTABLE LOT. THEY APPROACHED US IN FULL ARMOR AND ARMED, WHICH IS FORBIDDEN IN THEIR HOMELANDS EXCEPT IN TIMES OF WAR.



MY BROTHER THE KING ALSO TOLD ME OF ~~SOME~~ HOSTILITIES WITH ELVES BEFORE WE CAME TO THE ELVEN FOREST. THEY SEND ARMIES THROUGH OUR LANDS ON THEIR QUEST TO "CIVILIZE" THE GOBLINS IN NEARBY MOUNTAINS.

FAT LOAD THAT'LL DO THEM!

INDEED. AND NOW THE ELF KING MOST LIKELY WANTS TO TELL US WE'RE EITHER TO BE EXECUTED OR BE RANSOMED TO OUR KING.

I'M NO ELF'S BARGAINING CHIP! I'D RATHER MARRY A HORSE!

AS WOULD I. HERE'S WHAT WE'RE GOING TO DO.....

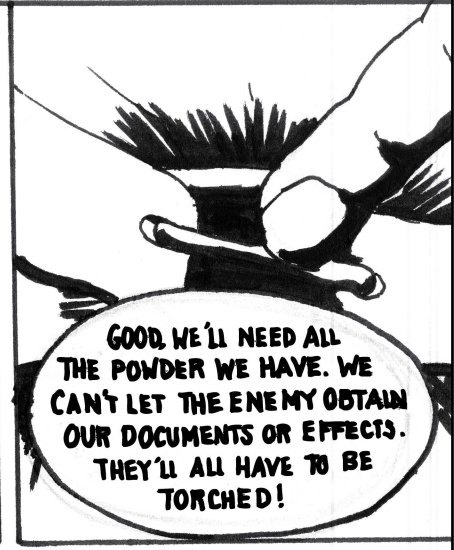
Before a second bath can be taken



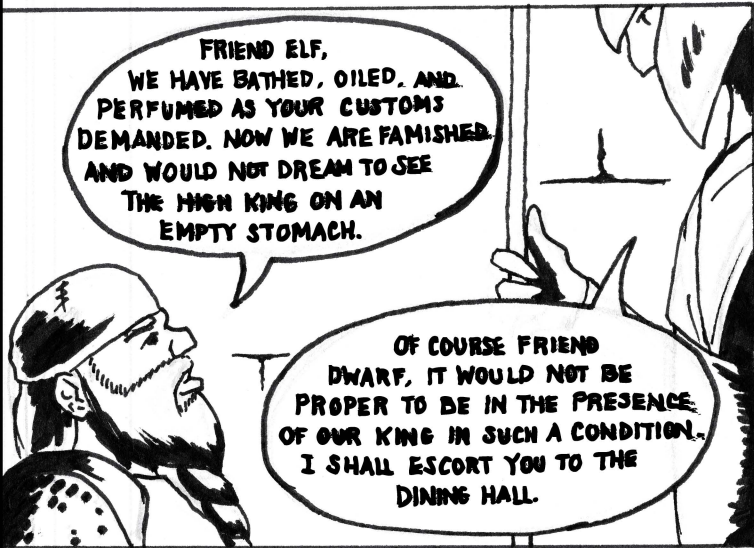
UGLY PETE,
HAVE YOU USED UP
ALL YOUR PETARDS AND
GUNPOWDER?



NYE. THE ELVES
DINNA LET ME EXPLODE
ANYTHING IN THEIR
"PPPPPPRECIOUS"
FOREST!



GOOD. WE'LL NEED ALL
THE POWDER WE HAVE. WE
CAN'T LET THE ENEMY OBTAIN
OUR DOCUMENTS OR EFFECTS.
THEY'LL ALL HAVE TO BE
TORCHED!

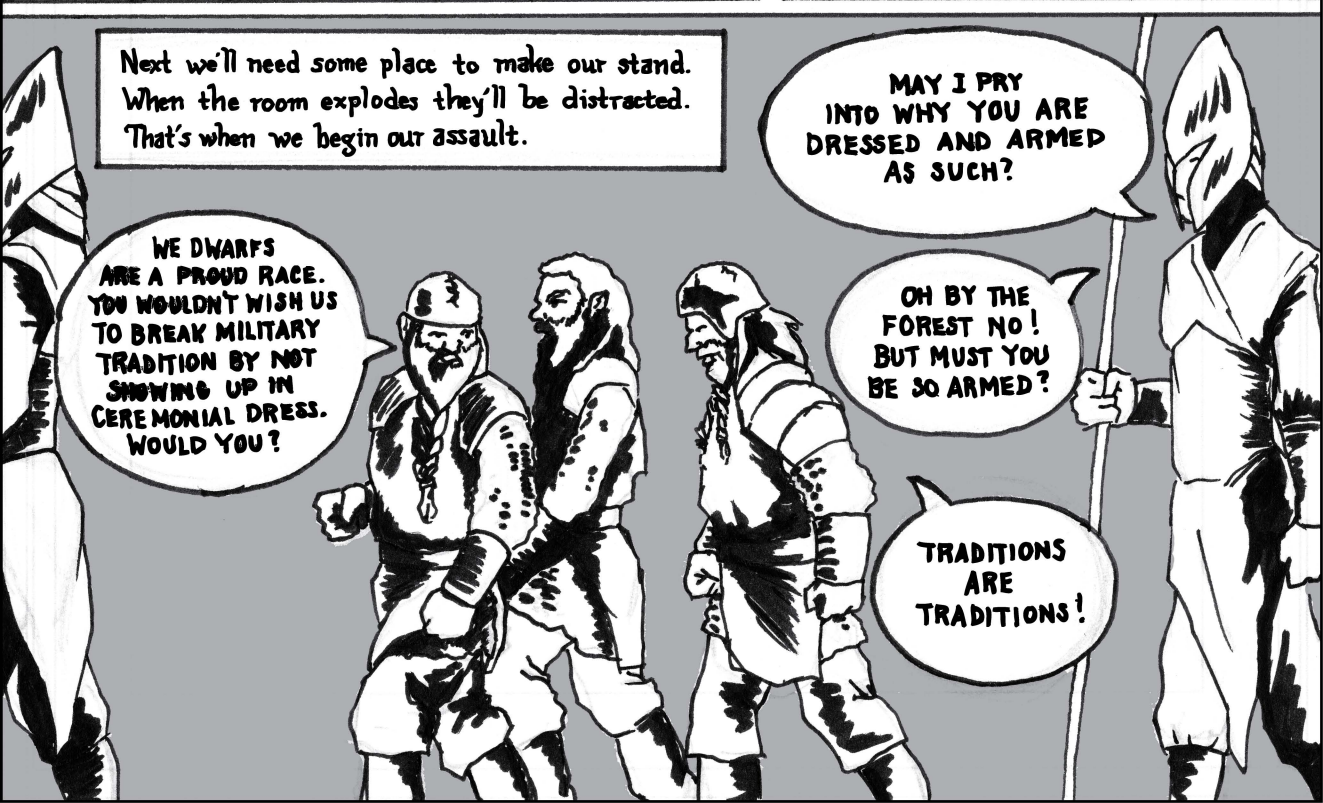


FRIEND ELF,
WE HAVE BATHED, OILED, AND
PERFUMED AS YOUR CUSTOMS
DEMANDED. NOW WE ARE FAMISHED
AND WOULD NOT DREAM TO SEE
THE HIGH KING ON AN
EMPTY STOMACH.

OF COURSE FRIEND
DWARF, IT WOULD NOT BE
PROPER TO BE IN THE PRESENCE
OF OUR KING IN SUCH A CONDITION.
I SHALL ESCORT YOU TO THE
DINING HALL.



Next we'll need some place to make our stand.
When the room explodes they'll be distracted.
That's when we begin our assault.



WE DWARFS
ARE A PROUD RACE.
YOU WOULDN'T WISH US
TO BREAK MILITARY
TRADITION BY NOT
SHOWING UP IN
CEREMONIAL DRESS.
WOULD YOU?

MAY I PRY
INTO WHY YOU ARE
DRESSED AND ARMED
AS SUCH?

OH BY THE
FOREST NO!
BUT MUST YOU
BE SO ARMED?

TRADITIONS
ARE
TRADITIONS!



I SAY, SHALL WE INVESTIGATE THIS MANIFESTATION OF SMOKE APPEARING FROM THE ROYAL HOSTAGES QUARTERS ?

I SHOULD THINK NOT. ENTERING THIS ROOM MAY CREATE A DIPLOMATIC INCIDENT. I WOULD NOT WANT TO BE THE ONE RESPONSIBLE FOR STARTING A WAR WITH THE DWARVES BY OPENING THIS DOOR.

I HADN'T THOUGHT OF THAT. HOW RUDE OF ME TO EVEN SUGGEST SUCH A THING.

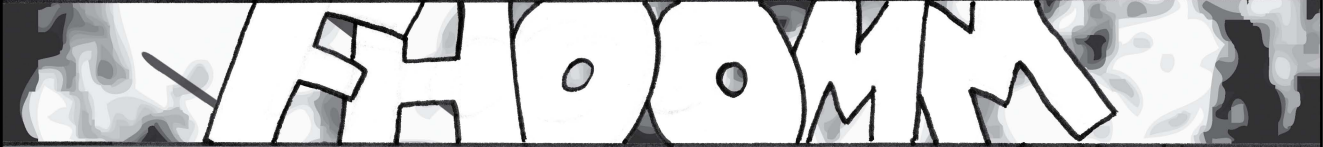
IT'S QUITE ALRIGHT.....

KABOOM



BUT THEY'RE SO FUNNY LOOKING!

DON'T STARE AT THEM DEAR, IT'S RUDE.



WHAT IN ALL THE FOREST WAS THAT?

THAT, FRIEND ELF, IS WHAT WE FROM THE MOUNTAINS CALL A DISTRACTION!


DISTRACTION?



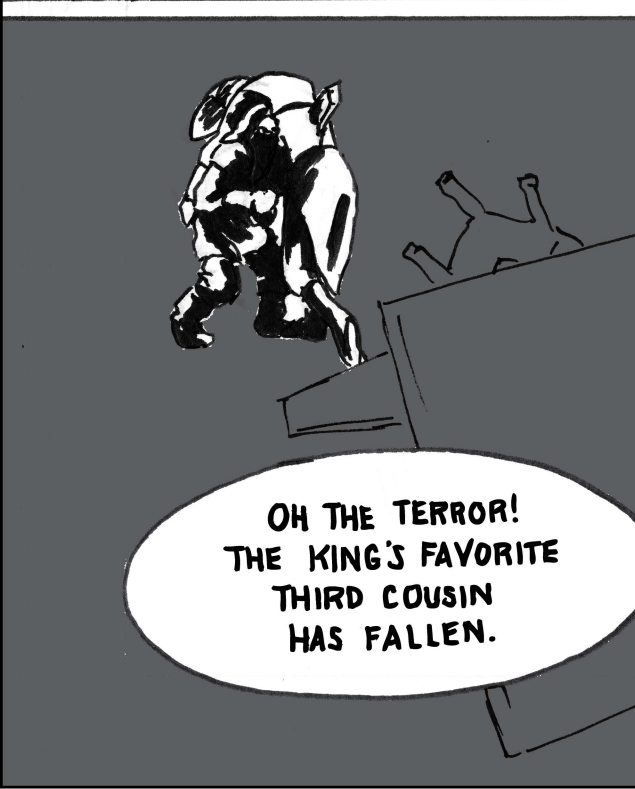
In half a moment, the Elves learn a lesson they keep forgetting: Dwarves are only good at two things: drinking and fighting!



**DRAGONS!
ARE WE BEING
ATTACKED BY A
DRAGON?**



**SEND WORD
TO THE REST OF THE
GUARD! THE DWARVES
HAVE GONE
BERSERK!**



**OH THE TERROR!
THE KING'S FAVORITE
THIRD COUSIN
HAS FALLEN.**

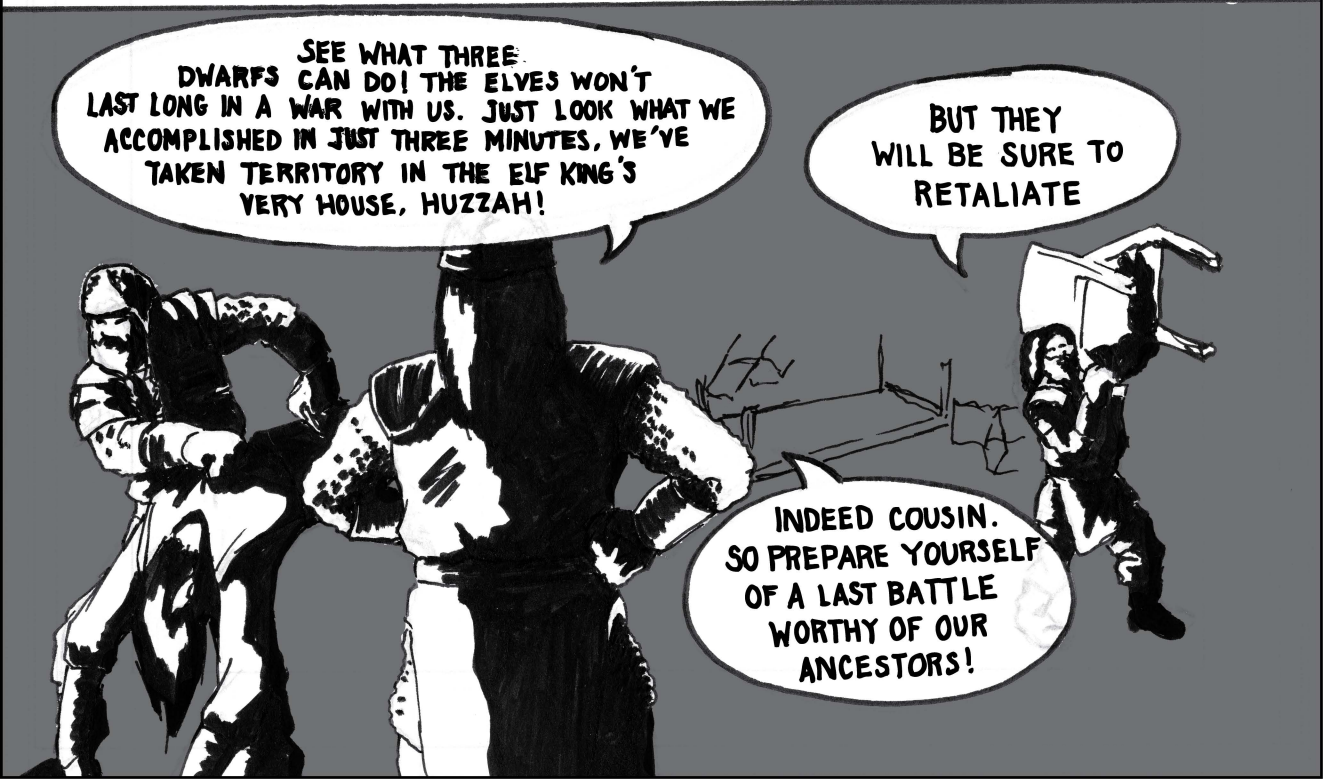


**HURRY COUSINS!
WE MUST BARRICADE THE
DINING HALL DOORS BEFORE
THE WHOLE OF THE HIGH ELF KING'S
PALACE GUARDS DESCEND
UPON US!**



THUD

**I KNEW
THESE ELVES DIDN'T
HAVE ANY FIGHT
IN THEM!**



**SEE WHAT THREE
DWARFS CAN DO! THE ELVES WON'T
LAST LONG IN A WAR WITH US. JUST LOOK WHAT WE
ACCOMPLISHED IN JUST THREE MINUTES, WE'VE
TAKEN TERRITORY IN THE ELF KING'S
VERY HOUSE, HUZZAH!**

**BUT THEY
WILL BE SURE TO
RETALIATE**

**INDEED COUSIN.
SO PREPARE YOURSELF
OF A LAST BATTLE
WORTHY OF OUR
ANCESTORS!**



I SAY HERE,
WHAT IS THE CAUSE
OF THIS RUCKUS?

THE DWARVES!
THEY'VE TAKEN
THE DINING
HALL.

THEY'VE
MURDERED THE
KING'S FAVORITE
THIRD COUSIN!

QUICK! FLEE BEFORE
THEY COME THIS WAY

FLEE FROM
DWARFS? NOT LIKELY!
YOU PAGE, ALERT THE KING.
SARGENT, GATHER EVERY GUARD
IN THE PALACE AND BE SURE TO
BRING THE BATTERING RAM. BY
MEET ME AT THE DINING
HALL DOORS. BY THE FOREST.
I WILL NOT LET THIS
OUTRAGE GO
UNPUNISHED!

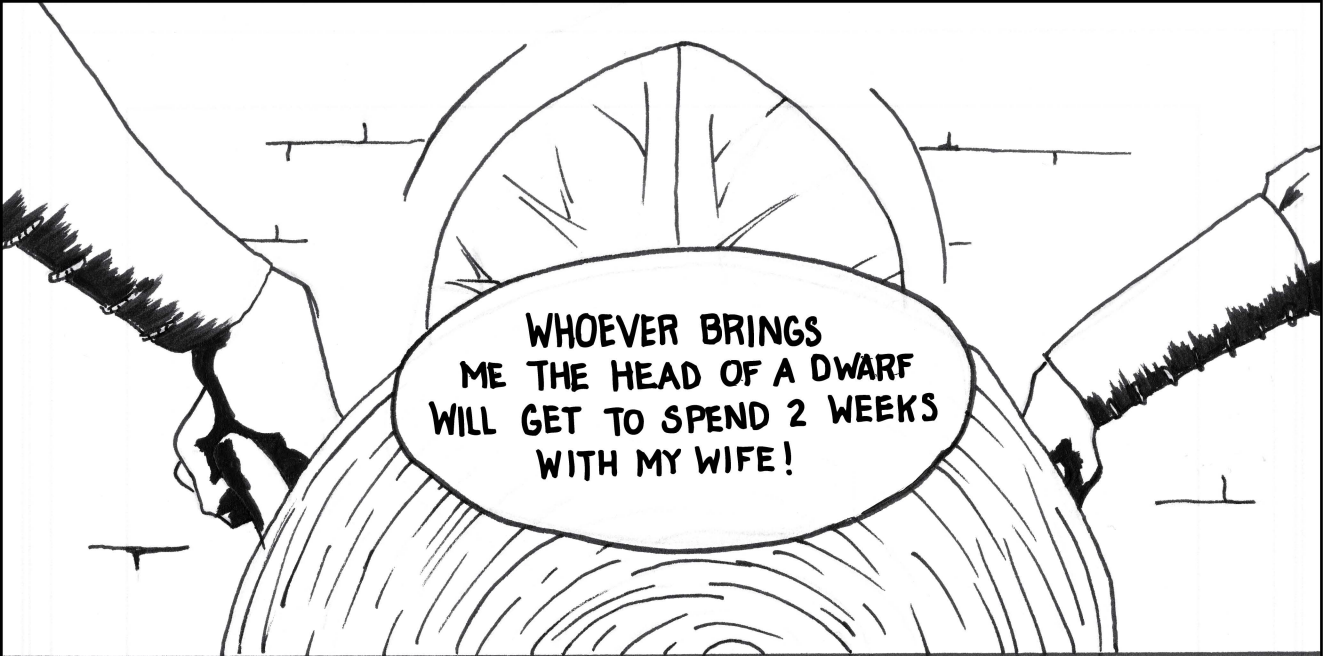
ON BEHALF OF MY KING, MY FOREST, AND
ALL ELFDOM I DEMAND YOU OPEN THE DOORS AND
SURRENDER!

GO FIND
SOME OTHER PLACE TO
MENSTRUATE YOU DAFT
PANSY!

MENSTRUATE!?

WHAT IS HE
IMPLYING!?!

TEAR THIS DOOR DOWN
NOW!



WHOEVER BRINGS
ME THE HEAD OF A DWARF
WILL GET TO SPEND 2 WEEKS
WITH MY WIFE!



DO IT!

FOR THE
FOREST!

FASTER!

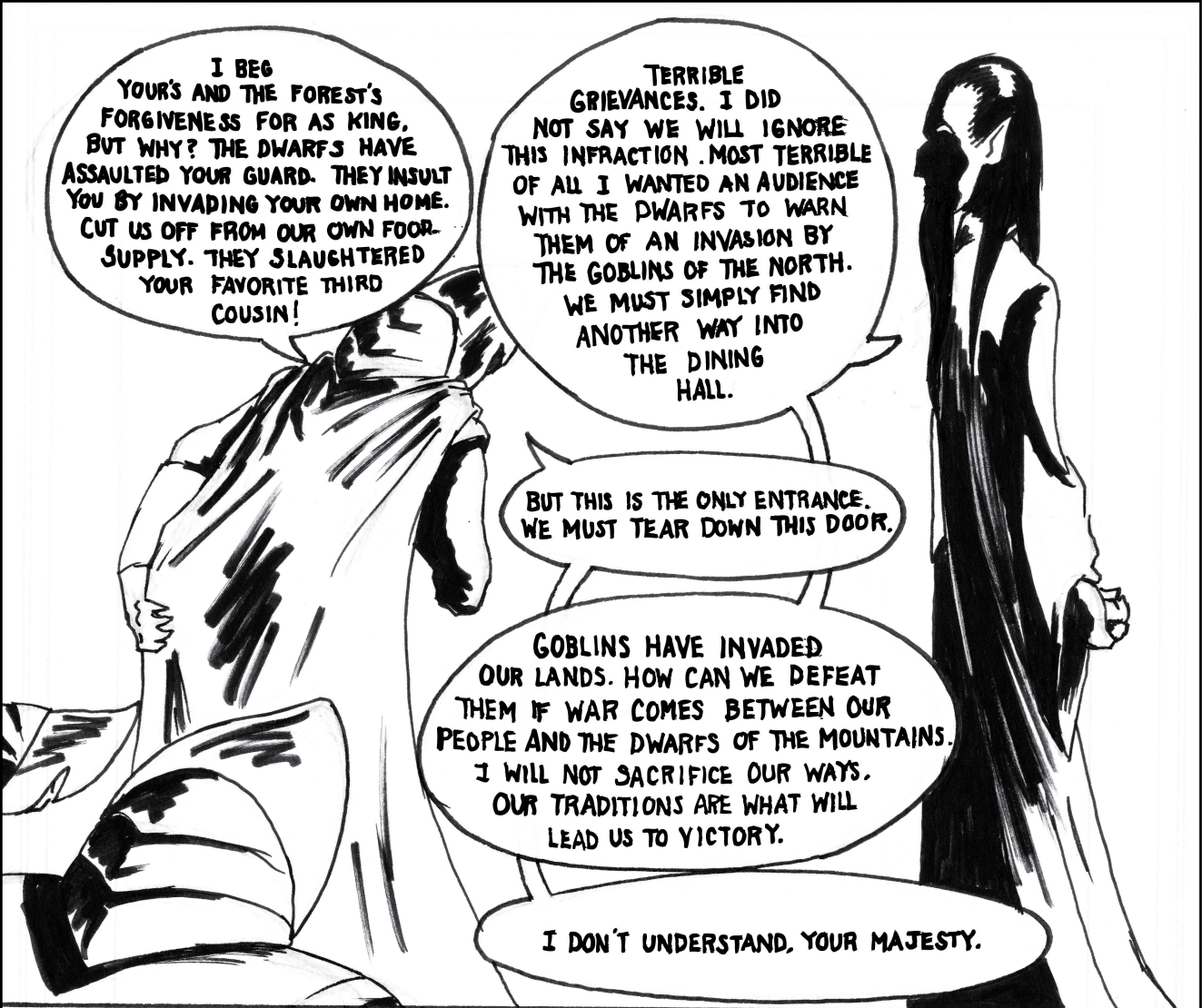
HAVE YOU SEEN
HIS WIFE?

DIE
DWARFS
DIE!



CEASE THIS
AT ONCE!

HIGH
KING!




I BEG YOURS AND THE FOREST'S FORGIVENESS FOR AS KING, BUT WHY? THE DWARFS HAVE ASSAULTED YOUR GUARD. THEY INSULT YOU BY INVADING YOUR OWN HOME. CUT US OFF FROM OUR OWN FOOD SUPPLY. THEY SLAUGHTERED YOUR FAVORITE THIRD COUSIN!

TERRIBLE GRIEVANCES. I DID NOT SAY WE WILL IGNORE THIS INFRACTION. MOST TERRIBLE OF ALL I WANTED AN AUDIENCE WITH THE DWARFS TO WARN THEM OF AN INVASION BY THE GOBLINS OF THE NORTH. WE MUST SIMPLY FIND ANOTHER WAY INTO THE DINING HALL.

BUT THIS IS THE ONLY ENTRANCE. WE MUST TEAR DOWN THIS DOOR.

GOBLINS HAVE INVADDED OUR LANDS. HOW CAN WE DEFEAT THEM IF WAR COMES BETWEEN OUR PEOPLE AND THE DWARFS OF THE MOUNTAINS. I WILL NOT SACRIFICE OUR WAYS. OUR TRADITIONS ARE WHAT WILL LEAD US TO VICTORY.

I DON'T UNDERSTAND, YOUR MAJESTY.



THE CREATION OF THIS DOOR WAS COMMISSIONED BY MY GRANDFATHER, THE FIRST HIGH ELF KING. HE SUMMONED THE GREATEST DOOR MAKER, WHO TO THIS DAY HAS YET TO BE SURPASSED IN SKILL AND MASTERY. THE WOOD ITSELF IS SACRED, COMING FROM A GROVE OF TREES THAT ONLY GREW IN THE LOST LANDS OUR GRANDFATHERS CAME FROM. WE WILL NEVER SEE A DOOR LIKE THIS EVER AGAIN. IT IS TOO HEAVY A SACRIFICE FOR SUCH A SMALL TRIUMPH.



WHAT'S THAT THEY SAID?

THEY SAID THEY DON'T HAVE THE DECENCY TO GIVE US A GLORIOUS LAST STAND! THEY'RE NOT EVEN GOING TO BOTHER BREAKING THE DOOR. SOMETHING ABOUT SACRED WOOD BEING TOO OLD.



BWAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA



So this ends this story of how the ill mannered Dwarven guests were able to outwit their traditional hosts, the Elves, and gain the first victory in what will later be known as The Misunderstood War.

The Elves, bond by their heritage, chose to live with belittlement and starvation, as the Dwarves, bond by their heritage, ate glutinously and drank excessively!