



Both runaways, we're reaching the North. Now, that the Flood has washed away the dead... At the bottom of the sea, I can see it move. Pyramid of ice shows clearly the path. Norway is a little behind us, don't worry, the situation's not that dangerous ! Both runaways, who cares anyway ? Oblivion and pain have long gone with the dead... All of a sudden, the South disappears. Amber and red fade into the dark. Norway is so far behind us, don't you worry cause tomorrow is glorious ! No way, we fall back to division ! Don't worry, the situation's not that dangerous ! Les arbres sont ivres quand l'Ogre danse...