

WARCRAFT®



LEGENDS™

VOLUME ONE

KNAAK • JOLLEY • LEWTER • WELLMAN • KIM • NO • KIM • OLIVARES



Warcraft Legends Vol. 1

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WARCRAFT®

LEGENDS™

VOLUME ONE



WARCRAFT

LEGENDS™

VOLUME TWO

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WARCRAFT

LEGENDS™ VOLUME TWO

FALLEN

WRITTEN BY RICHARD A. KNAAK

ART BY JAE-HWAN KIM

EDITOR: TIM BEEDLE

CONTRIBUTING EDITOR: HYUN JOO KIM

ASSOCIATE EDITOR: SHANNON WATERS

LETTERER: MICHAEL PAOLILLI



TAUREN WERE NOMADS AND, THUS, NOT ALWAYS SIMPLE TO LOCATE. IT TOOK OFTEN THE PATIENCE OF ONE OF THEIR OWN TO FOLLOW A PARTICULAR TRIBE'S TRAIL FROM ONE PLACE TO THE NEXT...

FALLEN

AND THOSE SEEKING A TAUREN SHAMAN HAD TO HAVE MORE THAN PATIENCE...

A COMPLETE AND UNFORUNATE IGNORANCE OF FEAR, PERHAPS...

THERE IS NO GUARD WITH ME, SHADOW THAT IS NOT! IF YOU WOULD SPEAK WITH SULAMM, YOU HAVE BUT TO ENTER...

OR REASON TO FEAR
NOTHING MORE THAN
THEY FEAR THEIR
VERY SELVES...

SHAMAN...I
NEED YOUR
HELP.

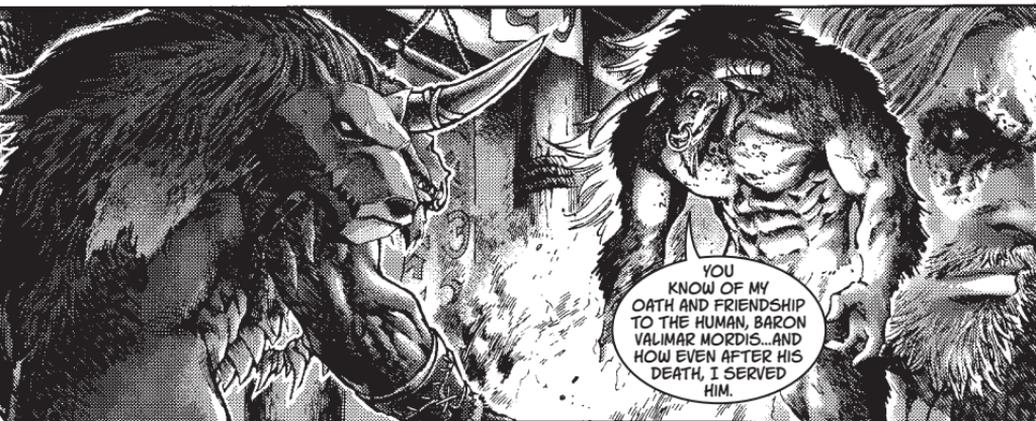




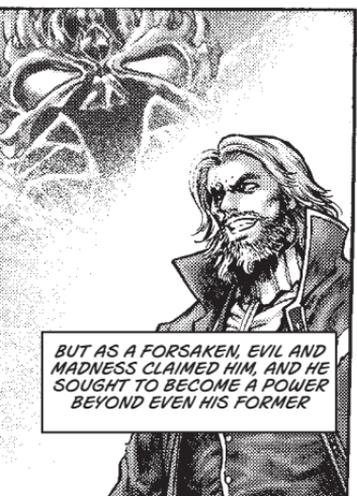
TRAG, SON OF GORN...THE WINDS HAVE LONG WHISPERED OF YOUR DEATH.



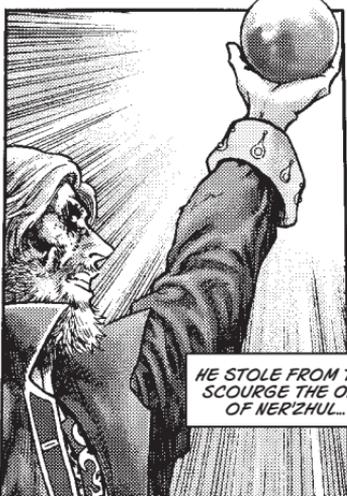
AS YOU CAN SEE...THE WINDS WHISPERED TRUE, SULAMM.



YOU KNOW OF MY OATH AND FRIENDSHIP TO THE HUMAN, BARON VALIMAR MORDIS...AND HOW EVEN AFTER HIS DEATH, I SERVED HIM.



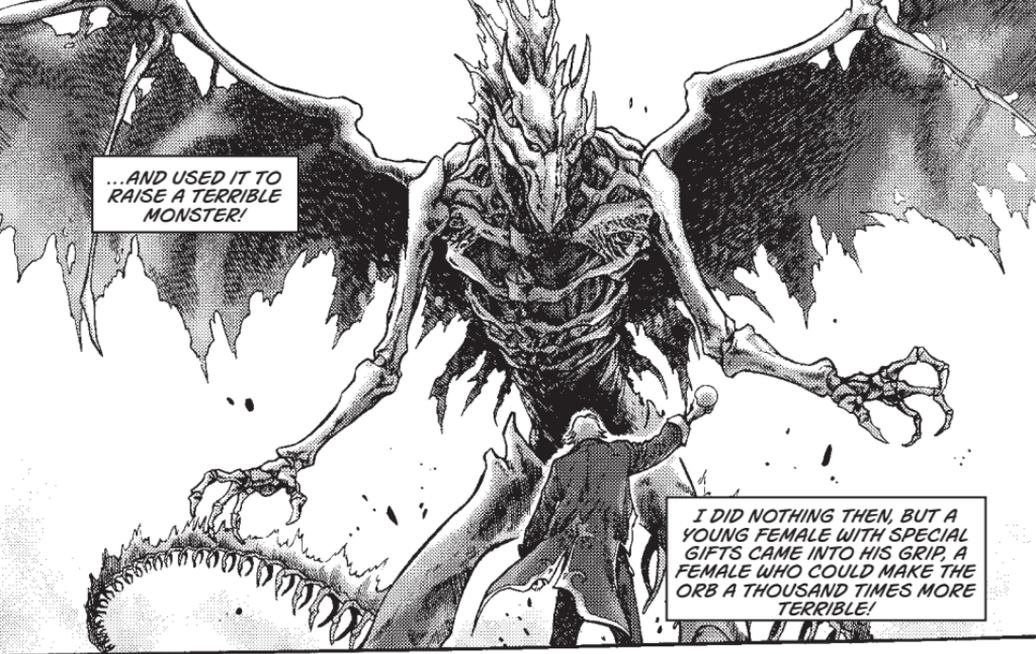
BUT AS A FORSAKEN, EVIL AND MADNESS CLAIMED HIM, AND HE SOUGHT TO BECOME A POWER BEYOND EVEN HIS FORMER



HE STOLE FROM THE SCOURGE THE ORB OF NER'ZHUL...

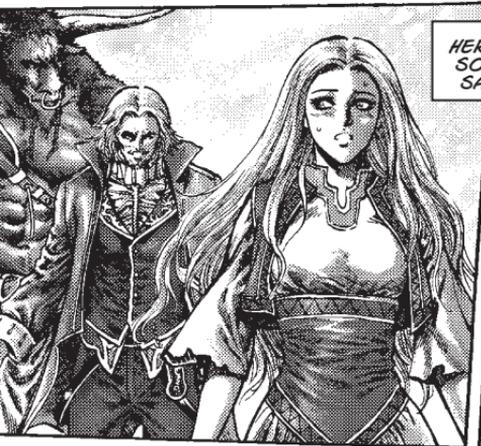


AHH!



...AND USED IT TO
RAISE A TERRIBLE
MONSTER!

I DID NOTHING THEN, BUT A
YOUNG FEMALE WITH SPECIAL
GIFTS CAME INTO HIS GRIP, A
FEMALE WHO COULD MAKE THE
ORB A THOUSAND TIMES MORE
TERRIBLE!



HER FRIENDS
SOUGHT TO
SAVE HER...



ONLY THEN DID I TURN
ON THE BARON! WE
STRUGGLED! WITH MY HAND
OVER HIS THAT HELD THE
ORB, I CRUSHED BOTH...



...AND BROUGHT
DOOM DOWN
UPON US!



OR SO I
THOUGHT...



THE ORB
PLAYED A LAST AND
TERRIBLE JEST ON
ME, AS YOU SEE,
SHAMAN!

RAVAGED ME
AND MADE ME INTO
A LEGACY OF ITS
DARKNESS...



THE LINE
BETWEEN LIFE
AND DEATH IS MUCH
BLURRED THESE DAYS,
YOUNG TRAG. THIS, AS A
SHAMAN, I DO KNOW
TOO WELL.



BUT WHAT I DO
NOT KNOW IS WHAT
EXACTLY YOU WOULD
HAVE OF ME.



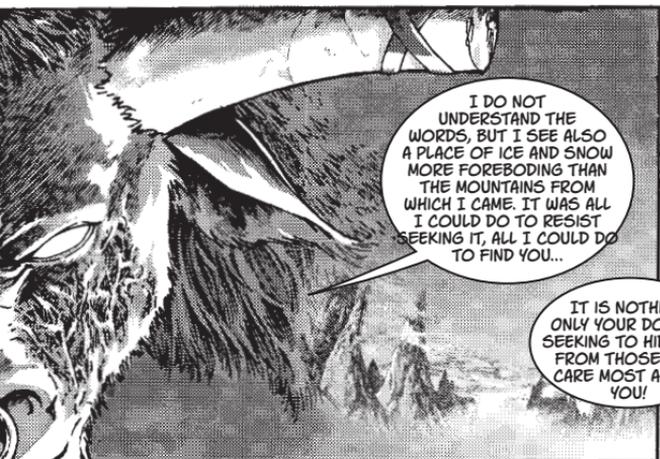
IS IT NOT
OBVIOUS? THERE
MUST BE A WAY TO
REVERSE THIS! THERE
MUST BE A WAY TO
MAKE ME WHOLE
AND BREATHING
AGAIN!

THIS IS A CURSE,
NOT TRUE DEATH! IT
CANNOT BE! IF I WAS
NOT MEANT TO BE DEAD,
THEN I WILL LIVE!



YOU ASK MUCH OF A SIMPLE SHAMAN, YOUNG TRAG. THE ACCEPTANCE OF YOUR FATE IS SOMETHING--

THERE IS MORE, TOO... A VOICE I KEEP HEARING, A VOICE CALLING ME...



I DO NOT UNDERSTAND THE WORDS, BUT I SEE ALSO A PLACE OF ICE AND SNOW MORE FOREBODING THAN THE MOUNTAINS FROM WHICH I CAME. IT WAS ALL I COULD DO TO RESIST SEEKING IT, ALL I COULD DO TO FIND YOU...

IT IS NOTHING. ONLY YOUR DOUBTS SEEKING TO HIDE YOU FROM THOSE WHO CARE MOST ABOUT YOU!



YOU ARE OF THE HIGHMOUNTAIN TRIBE! HERE, YOU ARE HOME... AND HERE, YOU WILL LIVE AMONG YOUR OWN AS AN HONORED WARRIOR AGAIN!



LIVE? DO YOU MEAN THAT AS I HOPE? CAN YOU HELP ME AFTER ALL?



THERE IS SOMETHING... SOMETHING THAT CAN BE DONE TO END THIS...

BUT I WILL NEED TIME TO PREPARE! YOU MUST COME TO ME AGAIN TOMORROW NIGHT, WHEN NO OTHER STIRS!

NOT HERE, THOUGH, BUT TO THE HENGE OF THE EARTH MOTHER! MEET ME BY THE CROOKED TREE ON THE RIDGE TO THE NORTH SIDE! THERE, WE SHALL SEE TO THIS PROBLEM...

UNTIL THEN, THERE IS A CAVE
BEYOND THE WESTERN HILLS,
WITHIN AN ANCIENT BURIAL
LAND OF OUR PEOPLE..

TRAG WOULD HAVE PREFERRED TO STAY
IN THE TENT, FOR IT WAS THE FIRST
PLACE HE HAD ENCOUNTERED WHERE
THE VOICE DID NOT CONSTANTLY
MURMUR TO HIM.

HE COULD ONLY ASSUME
THAT THE REASON HAD TO
DO WITH SULAMM'S CALLING,
AND THAT GAVE HIM TRUE
HOPE FOR THE FIRST TIME
SINCE HE HAD DUG FREE OF
THE RUINS OF THE CASTLE.

BUT HERE, IN THE CAVE, WITH
THE DEAD SO NEAR, THE
VOICE GAINED STRENGTH.
TRAG COULD HEAR IT BETTER
THAN EVER, THOUGH THE
WORDS WERE NEVER CLEAR.

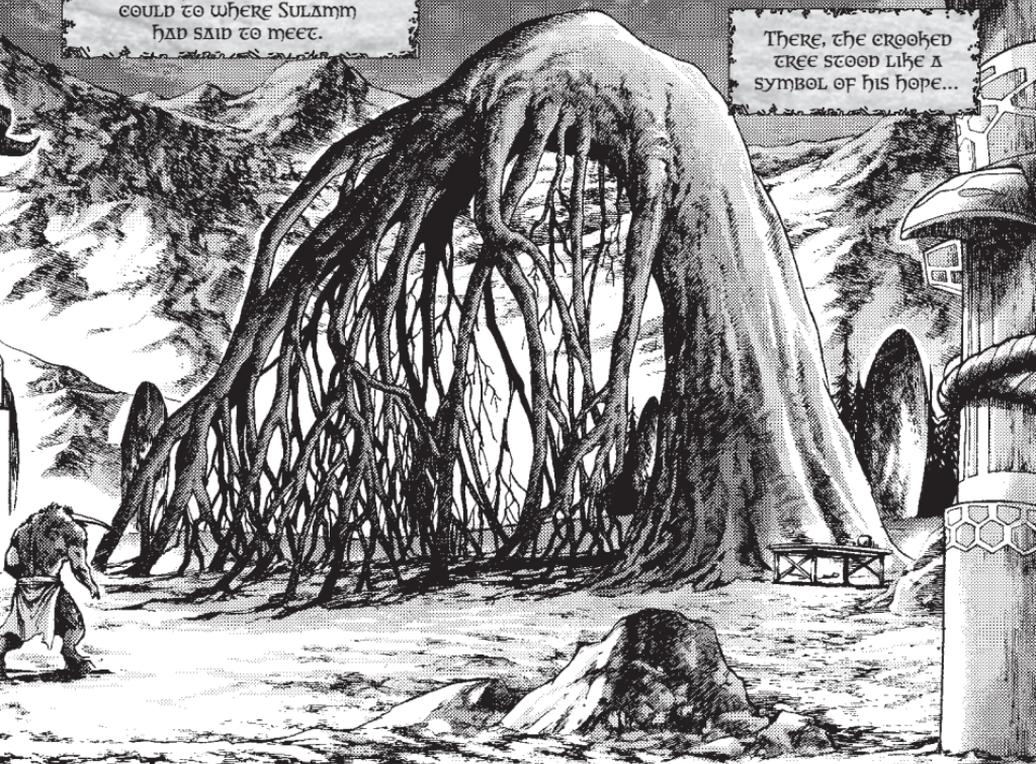


THE YEARNING GAINED STRENGTH AS
WELL—THE YEARNING TO RUN BLINDLY
UNTIL HE REACHED THE SINISTER
REALM HAUNTING HIS MIND. TRAG HAD A
NOTION WHERE THAT REALM LAY
AND WHOSE VOICE HE HEARD...

...AND THAT DREAD KNOWLEDGE
MADE HIM PRAY TO WHATEVER
SPIRITS WOULD LISTEN THAT THE
NIGHT WOULD HURRY...AND SULAMM
WOULD BE ABLE TO REMOVE THE
TERRIBLE CURSE UPON HIM.

AND WHEN AT LAST NIGHT DID
COME, TRAG RUSHED AS SOON AS HE
COULD TO WHERE SULAMM
HAD SAID TO MEET.

THERE, THE CROOKED
TREE STOOD LIKE A
SYMBOL OF HIS HOPE...



... AND THERE, THE SHAMAN
SEEMED TO FORM FROM THE
DARKNESS BENEATH ITS GRASPING
BRANCHES...

SO, YOUNG
TRAG, IS THIS
STILL A THING
YOU WISH TO
DO?



YES, SHAMAN, I
MUST! THE VOICE
GROWS MORE
PERSISTENT! I KNOW
IT WILL LEAVE ME IF
YOU DO THIS FOR

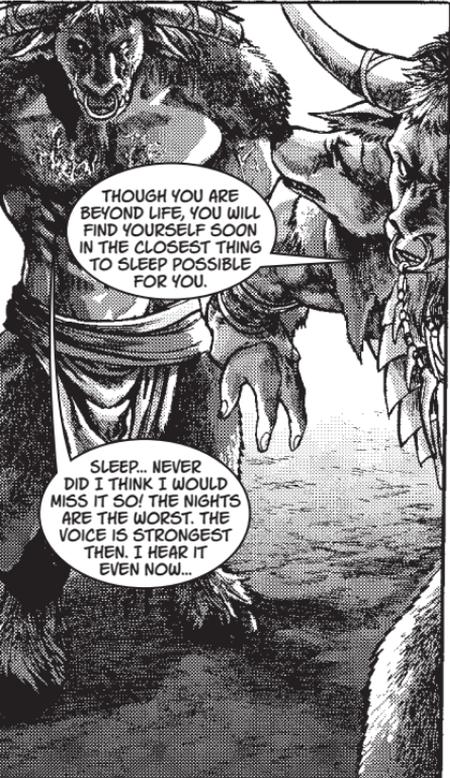
THIS VOICE...
AND ALL YOUR
CONCERNS, WILL
SOON BE DEALT
WITH! COME...





WHAT'S THIS?

YOU MUST KNEEL IN THE MIDDLE OF THIS PATTERN WITH YOUR EYES SHUT. I WILL SIT BEYOND YOUR HEAD.



THOUGH YOU ARE BEYOND LIFE, YOU WILL FIND YOURSELF SOON IN THE CLOSEST THING TO SLEEP POSSIBLE FOR YOU.

SLEEP.. NEVER DID I THINK I WOULD MISS IT SO! THE NIGHTS ARE THE WORST. THE VOICE IS STRONGEST THEN. I HEAR IT EVEN NOW...



BE AT EASE... I WILL SOON END YOUR SUFFERING...



TO LIVE AGAIN...



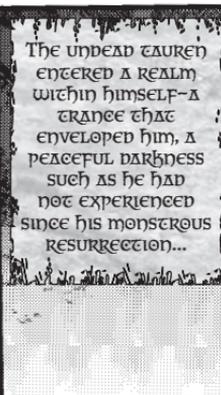
CLEAR YOUR MIND OF ALL THINGS...OF EVEN THE VOICE. IT CANNOT REACH YOU IN THE PATTERN.

WHEN I SAW YOU NEARING, I DRANK OF THE POTION THAT WILL ELEVATE MY SENSES FOR THIS TASK! I FEEL IT ALREADY STIRRING.

SHUTTING HIS EYES, THE SHAMAN MUTTERED UNDER HIS BREATH AND HIS VOICE BECAME THE ONLY ONE THAT TRAG HEARD IN HIS HEAD.



THE WORLD REEDED FROM TRAG...OR HE FROM IT.



THE UNDEAD TAUREN ENTERED A REALM WITHIN HIMSELF-A TRANCE THAT ENVELOPED HIM, A PEACEFUL DARKNESS SUCH AS HE HAD NOT EXPERIENCED SINCE HIS MONSTEROUS RESURRECTION...



A PEACEFUL DARKNESS BEYOND WHICH SOMETHING ELSE HID...



THERE!
JUST AS
SULAMM
SAID!



BOTH ARE DEEP
IN A TRANCE! THERE'LL
BE NO RESISTANCE
FROM THE CREATURE!
BIND HIM QUICKLY AND
LET'S BE GONE!



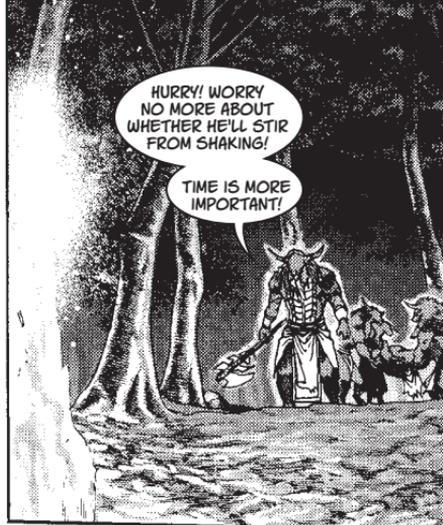
HIS FLESH IS
AS COLD AS THE
DEEP FROST!

IT'LL BE WARM
ENOUGH
SOON!



QUICKLY!
BRING IT
THIS WAY!

AS YOU
COMMAND,
ORNAMM!





HE WILL REMAIN IN HIS TRANCE...



FWOMP



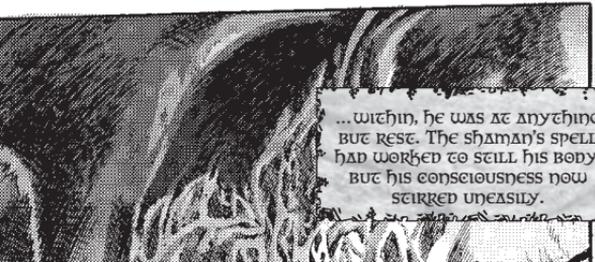
The flames licked eagerly at dried flesh and bone.

CRACKLE



CRACKLE

But although on the outside Trag lay as one of the dead...



...within, he was at anything but rest. The shaman's spell had worked to still his body, but his consciousness now stirred uneasily.



SOMETHING-- SOMETHING IS WRONG...

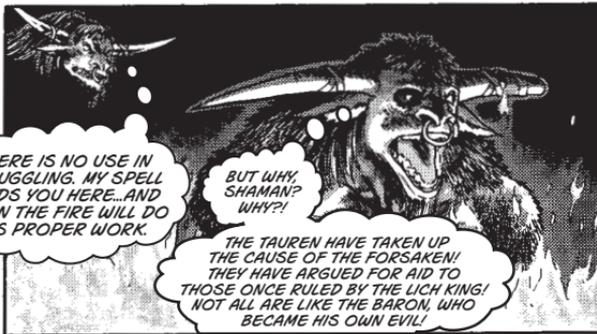


SOMETHING IS HAPPENING TO MY BODY... BUT NOT WHAT SULAMM PROMISED!

I MUST WAKE UP! WHY CAN I NOT WAKE UP???



SULAMM!
SULAMM!



THERE IS NO USE IN STRUGGLING. MY SPELL BINDS YOU HERE... AND SOON THE FIRE WILL DO ITS PROPER WORK.

BUT WHY, SHAMAN? WHY?!

THE TAUREN HAVE TAKEN UP THE CAUSE OF THE FORSAKEN! THEY HAVE ARGUED FOR AID TO THOSE ONCE RULED BY THE LICH KING! NOT ALL ARE LIKE THE BARON, WHO BECAME HIS OWN EVIL!



BUT YOU ALREADY HEAR THE VOICE OF THE LICH KING! ALL TOO WELL! YOUNG TRAG, AND SOON HIS WORDS WILL BECOME NOT ONLY SO VERY CLEAR, BUT UTTERLY IRRESISTIBLE!

THERE IS NO SALVATION FOR YOU! AS I HAVE CHOSEN IN THE PAST, SUCH AS YOU CAN ONLY BE SAVED BY THE ULTIMATE CLEANSING OF FIRE! YOUR SPIRIT WILL MOVE ON, AND THE ABOMINATION YOU ARE BECOMING WILL NEVER SERVE THE LORD OF



NO! YOU HAVE NO RIGHT!

I AM SULAMM, SHAMAN OF THE HIGHMOUNTAIN! WHAT IS RIGHT IS WHAT I DECREE!



DECEIVER! I CAME TO YOU FOR HELP!

I WILL BE FREE OF YOU! I WILL!



IT IS FUTILE, YOUNG ONE! THE SPELL CREATES A BARRIER THAT KEEPS YOU TURNED WITHIN YOURSELF! ONCE CAST, IT CANNOT BE SHATTERED! IT MUST FULFILL ITS INTENTION! YOU HAVE NOT--

NO!

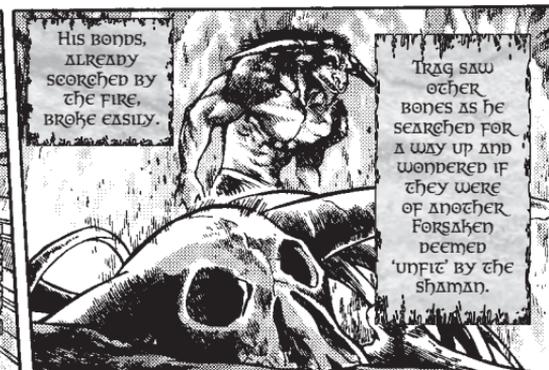


WHAT IS THAT? I SENSE--NO! IT IS NOT POSSIBLE! THAT POWER CANNOT LIE WITHIN YOU! IT CANNOT--



NO!

His body was in flames, but he felt no pain, only rage and regret at being betrayed.



His bonds, already scorched by the fire, broke easily.

Trag saw other bones as he searched for a way up and wondered if they were of another forsaken deemed 'unfit' by the shaman.

The flames continued to burn Trag as he pulled himself to the top...but not, he discovered, to safety.

...AND, FOR THE FIRST TIME, THE VOICE IN HIS HEAD COULD BE—IF BUT BRIEFLY—PERFECTLY UNDERSTOOD.

LOOK!

RISING FROM THE PIT!

At sight of his own people—his own tribe—who had so readily and brutally turned upon him, Trag's rage swelled...

LET THE LIVING JOIN THE DEAD...

Though he had no ax, Undebeh had its advantage in battle.

THWAK

PSHH!

AAARGH!

STOP HIM!
STOP—

AAAAAH!!

YOU WISH ME STOPPED? TRY SO YOURSELF!

THWUNK!



CONSIDER YOURSELF FORTUNATE THAT IT IS ONLY YOUR WEAPON I TAKE!

UNGH...
UNGH...



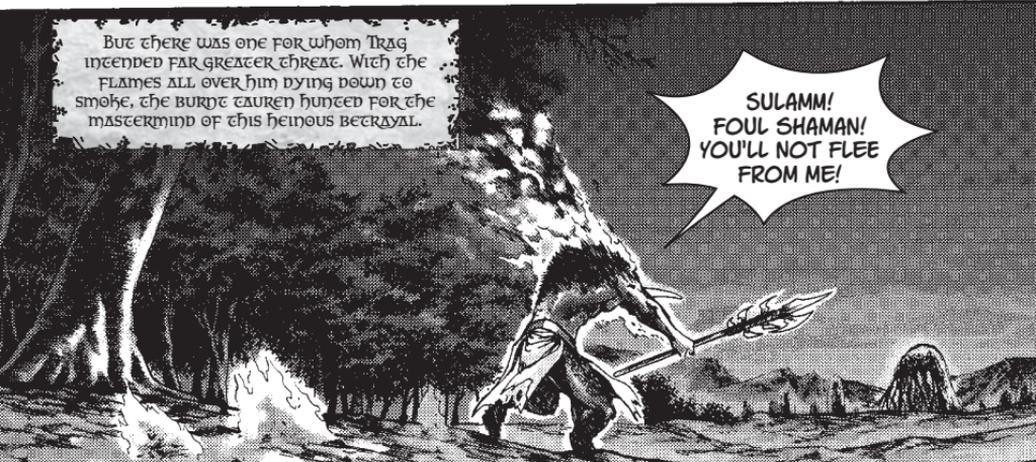
ALL OF YOU SHOULD CONSIDER YOURSELVES VERY FORTUNATE!

FWAP!

UMMPH!

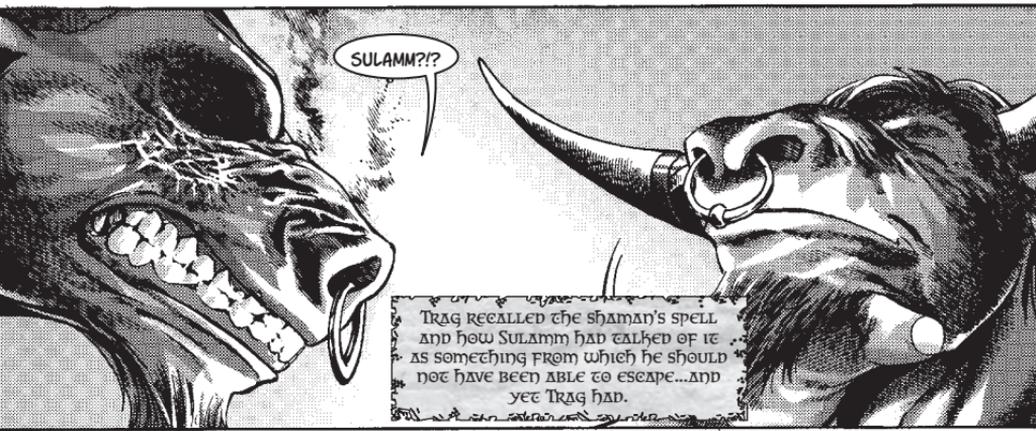
But there was one for whom Trag intended far greater threat. With the flames all over him dying down to smoke, the burly Tauren hunted for the mastermind of this heinous betrayal.

SULAMM!
FOUL SHAMAN!
YOU'LL NOT FLEE FROM ME!





DO NOT
PRETEND TO
IGNORE ME!
I--



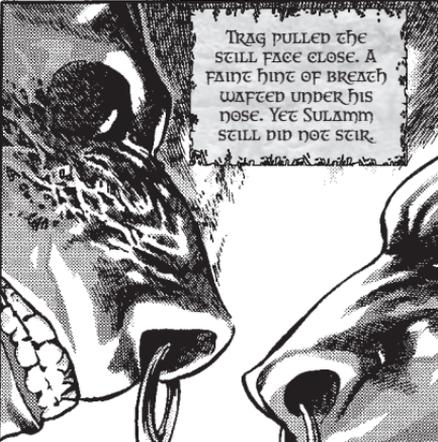
SULAMM?!?

TRAG RECALLED THE SHAMAN'S SPELL AND HOW SULAMM HAD TALKED OF IT AS SOMETHING FROM WHICH HE SHOULD NOT HAVE BEEN ABLE TO ESCAPE...AND YET TRAG HAD.



THE TAUREN SUDDENLY REMEMBERED THE GLOW AND A SENSATION THAT HAD FILLED HIM AT THE SAME TIME. A SENSATION HE ALSO REMEMBERED FROM ONE OTHER MOMENT.

THE MOMENT WHEN HE HAD CRUSHED THE ORB OF NERZHUL.



TRAG PULLED THE SCULL FACE CLOSE. A FAINT HINT OF BREATH WAVED UNDER HIS NOSE. YET SULAMM SCILL DID NOT STEIR.



TAKEN BY
YOUR OWN
SPELL...

TRAG DID NOT KNOW IF IT WAS
SOME LINGERING MAGIC OF THE
ORB THAT HAD TURNED SULAMM'S
POWER BACK UPON HIM OR SIMPLY
THE FACT THAT THE WARRIOR
HAD BROKEN FREE.

WHAT DID MATTER
WAS THAT SULAMM
WAS HELPLESS AND
MIGHT BE SO FOR AS
LONG AS HE LIVED.

A LIFE WHICH COULD PROVE
VERY SHORT. AS ONCE MORE,
THE DREAD VOICE BECAME
MOMENTARILY CLEAR...



SLAY...
HIM...SLAY...
HIM...

BUT WITH TITANIC
EFFORT, TRAG
STRUGGLED AGAINST
THE VOICE AND HIS
OWN HATRED.



UNLIKE YOU,
SHAMAN, I WILL NOT
SLAY ONE WHO CANNOT
EVEN MOVE TO DEFEND
HIMSELF...THOUGH I AM
SORELY TEMPTED.



AT THAT MOMENT, THERE
CAME CRIES FROM THE
DIRECTION OF THE PIE-
ANGRY CRIES...



THESE WERE FOES WHO COULD
DEFEND THEMSELVES, HOWEVER
INEFFECTIVELY. HIS ANGER STILL
SMOLDERING, TRAG TURNED TOWARD
THE CRIES...



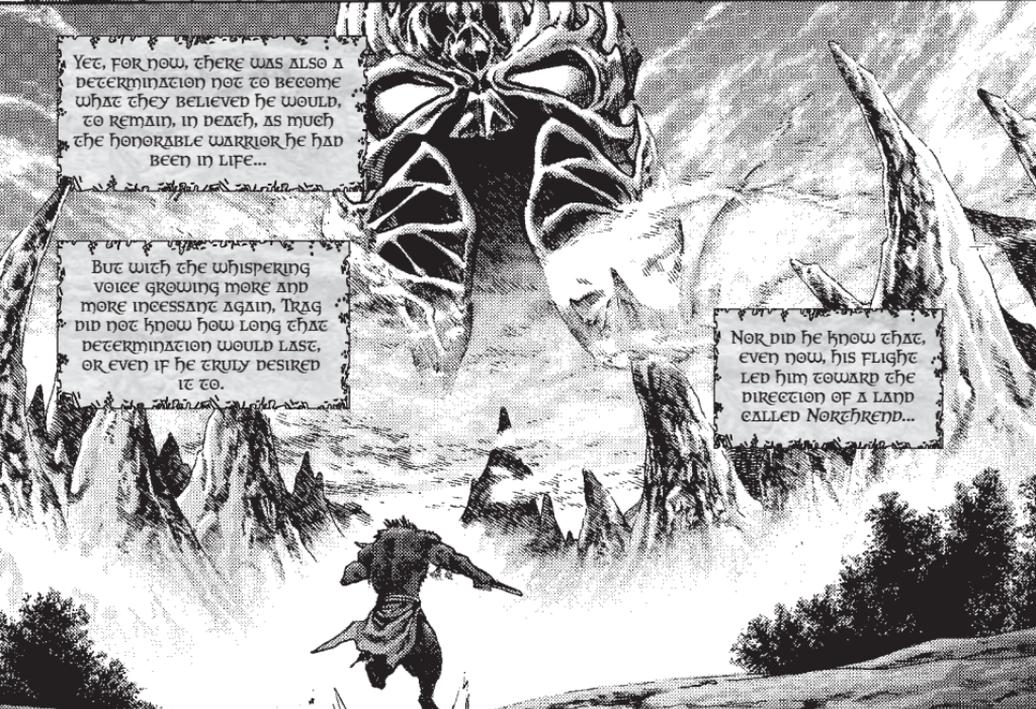
...AND THEN JUST AS QUICKLY TURNED AWAY.

NO...NO...NOT EVEN FOR WHAT THEY HAVE DONE!

THERE WAS NO CHOICE BUT TO RUN, THOUGH NOT BECAUSE OF ANY THREAT TO HIM, BUT RATHER THE THREAT HE COULD BECOME TO THEM.



THE RAGE WAS STILL THERE AND GROWING, THE RAGE AT WHAT THOSE WHOM HE HAD MOST TRUSTED TO HELP HIM HAD ATTEMPTED.



YET, FOR NOW, THERE WAS ALSO A DETERMINATION NOT TO BECOME WHAT THEY BELIEVED HE WOULD. TO REMAIN, IN DEATH, AS MUCH THE HONORABLE WARRIOR HE HAD BEEN IN LIFE...

BUT WITH THE WHISPERING VOICE GROWING MORE AND MORE INCESSANT AGAIN, TRAG DID NOT KNOW HOW LONG THAT DETERMINATION WOULD LAST, OR EVEN IF HE TRULY DESIRED IT TO.

NOR DID HE KNOW THAT, EVEN NOW, HIS FLIGHT LED HIM TOWARD THE DIRECTION OF A LAND CALLED NORTHERN...

CONTINUED IN NEXT VOLUME



WARCRAFT

LEGENDS™

VOLUME TWO

THE JOURNEY

STORY BY TROY LEWTER & MIKE WELLMAN

WRITTEN BY TROY LEWTER

PENCILS BY MI-YOUNG NO

BACKGROUNDS BY MI-JUNG KANG

INKS BY MI-YOUNG NO & MI-JUNG KANG

TONES BY HYUN-HONG YOOK & SOON-SHIK HONG

EDITOR: TROY LEWTER

CONTRIBUTING EDITOR: HYUN JOO KIM

ASSOCIATE EDITOR: SHANNON WATTERS

LETTERER: MICHAEL PAOLILLI





BE WARY, CHILD,
OF PLAGUELANDS
PLAIN...

BE MINDFUL,
CHILD, OF THE
INFECTED GRAIN...



FOR IF THROAT IS PARCHED
AND OF INFECTED WATER SIP...



FOREVER
YOUR SOUL WILL
BE IN CURSED
SCOURGE GRIP.

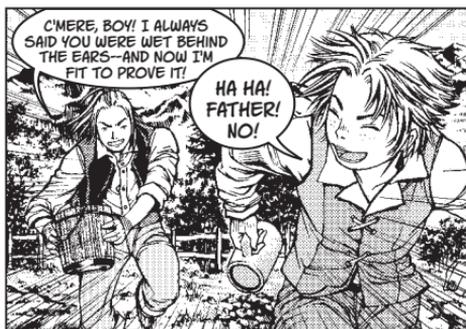


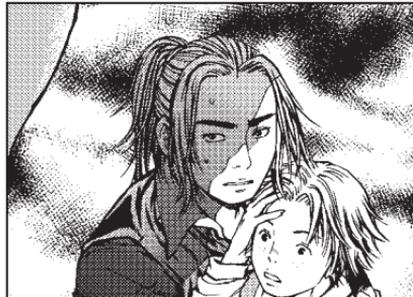
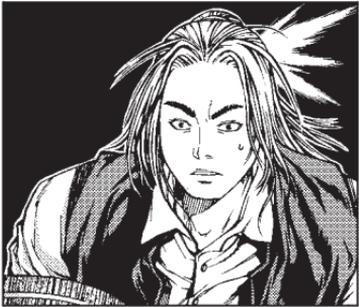
SO HEED THIS
WARNING, CHILD,
AND IF FAR FROM
MOTHER STRAY...

LET
LIGHT FROM
HOME'S HEARTH
GUIDE YOU BACK
YOUR WAY.



FATHER,
MOTHER SAID
YOU NEED TO
DRINK...





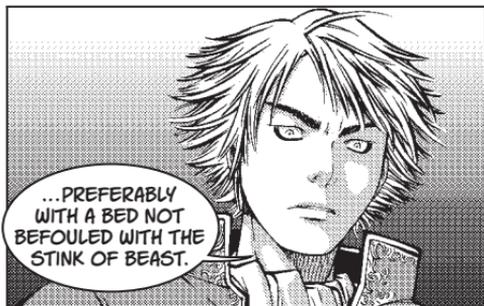


YOU THERE!
WE'RE LOOKING
FOR THE OWNER OF
THIS... "ESTATE!"

THAT WOULD
BE ME.



INDEED...
WE HAVE
TRAVELED LONG
AND FAR, AND
REQUIRE LODGING
FOR THE NIGHT...



...PREFERABLY
WITH A BED NOT
BEFOULDED WITH THE
STINK OF BEAST.



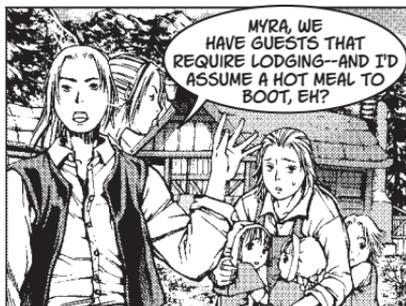
I THINK HE
MEANS YOU,
CIARIN.

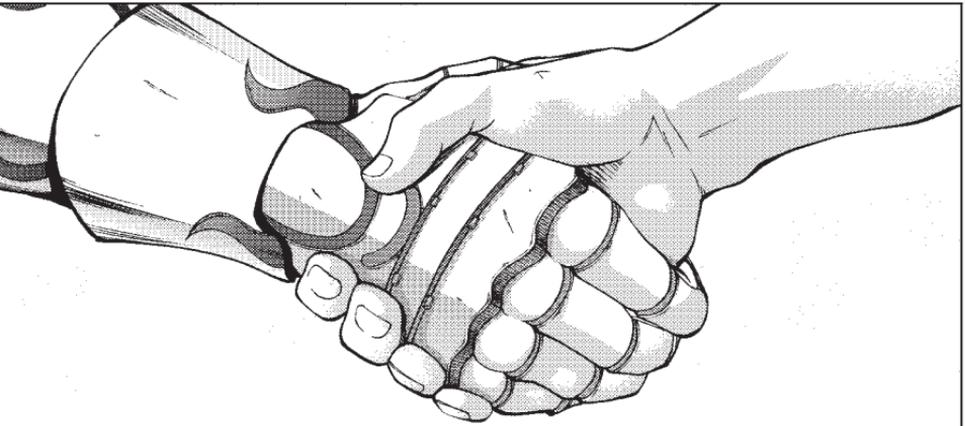
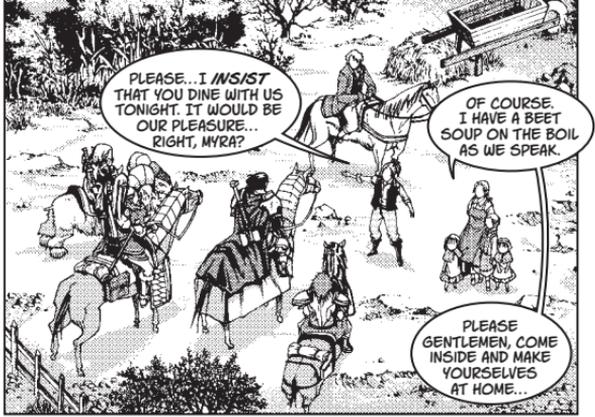


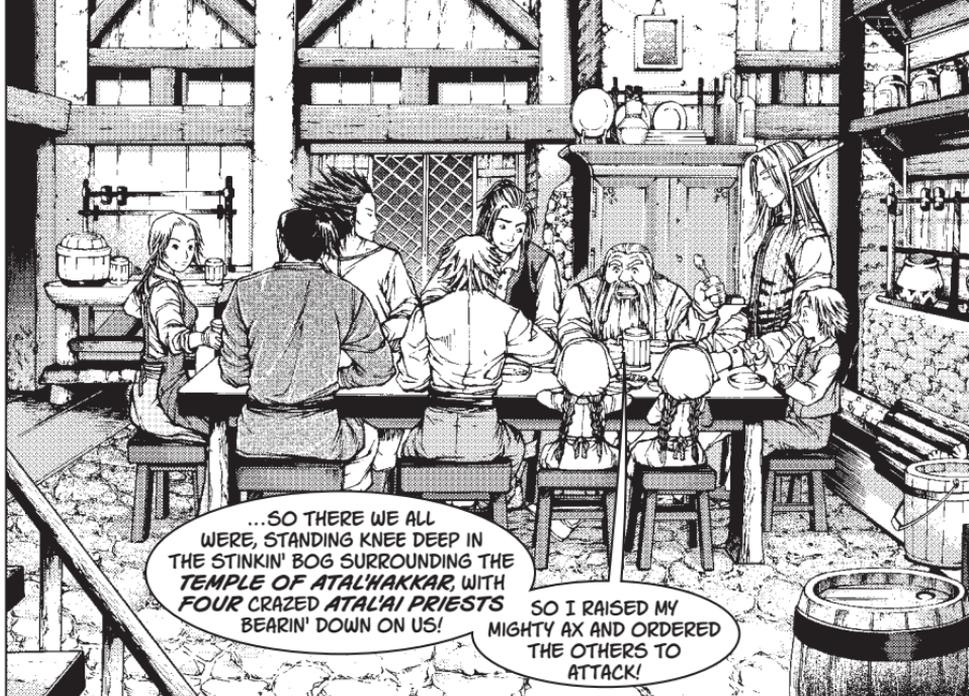
I'M AFRAID
MY LODGINGS ARE
QUITE MEAGER...

I HAVE ONLY
A BED FOR ME AND
MY WIFE, AND A
SINGLE COT FOR MY
YOUNG ONES.

OTHER THAN
THAT, THERE'S
THE STABLE FOR MY
OX... YOU'RE MORE
THAN WELCOME
TO THAT...







...SO THERE WE ALL WERE, STANDING KNEE DEEP IN THE STINKIN' BOG SURROUNDING THE TEMPLE OF ATAL'HAKKAR, WITH FOUR CRAZED ATAL'AI PRIESTS BEARIN' DOWN ON US!

SO I RAISED MY MIGHTY AX AND ORDERED THE OTHERS TO ATTACK!



AYE... THOUGH I DON'T RECALL THE COMMAND BEING QUITE SO BRAVE... OR ELOQUENT.

IT WAS MORE LIKE "SAVE ME, LELIOR, THE BIG BAD TROLLS ARE GOING TO EAT ME!"



HA HA!

WHAT WAS THAT?! WHY YOU SLANDEROUS LITTLE GRUB!



HE'S JUST MAD 'CAUSE HIS MOTHER WAS HALF-TROLL...! LOOKIT THOSE EARS AND TELL ME HE'S NOT THE SPITTIN' IMAGE OF ONE OF THOSE MARSH STOMPIN' MONGRELS!

AT LEAST I HAD A MOTHER, YOU SPAWN OF--



THAT'S ENOUGH, LELIOR.

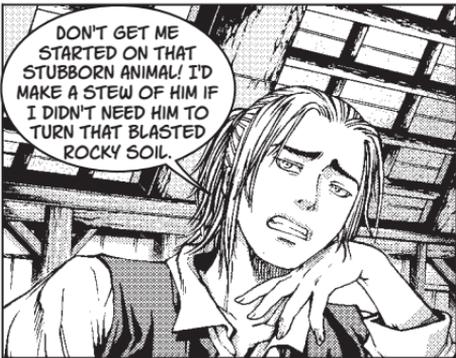
TEE HEE!



I'M SURE THESE GOOD FOLK WOULD RATHER US NOT FILL THEIR CHILDREN'S EARS WITH SUCH "COLORFUL" WORDS...

OH, PISH POSH!

I'M AFRAID THEY'VE HEARD WORSE FROM THEIR FATHER PUSHING THAT OX OF OURS.



DON'T GET ME STARTED ON THAT STUBBORN ANIMAL! I'D MAKE A STEW OF HIM IF I DIDN'T NEED HIM TO TURN THAT BLASTED ROCKY SOIL.



ABOUT THAT... FORGIVE MY FORWARDNESS, HALSAND... BUT THE LAND SEEMS A BIT... LACKING.

THAT'S PUTTING IT TOO KIND, I'D SAY. **BARREN** IS WHAT IT IS.

I'D HAVE A FIGHTING CHANCE IF I COULD BUY A DECENT PLOW...



... BUT SO FAR, ATTEMPTS TO SAVE UP MONEY FOR ONE HAVE BEEN THWARTED BY PATCHING LEAKY ROOFS AND KEEPING BREAD ON THE TABLE.

IT'S LIKE TRYING TO FIX A CRACKED DAM... PLUG ONE HOLE, AND THREE MORE SPRING



MAYBE WE SHOULD TELL THEM...

QUIET! IT'S NOT FOR HIM TO KNOW!



BUT IF WE SUCCEED, SKILLED FARMERS LIKE HIM WILL BE IN HIGH DEMAND AS THE LAND WILL NEED TO BE RE-CULTIVATED!

SO THIS AFFECTS HIM, TOO!





NAY. SUICIDE IS A COWARD'S WAY OF RUNNING FROM PROBLEMS.

I, FOR ONE, AM FINISHED RUNNING.

WE ALL ARE.



WHAT HE MEANS IS--WITH THORN'S HELP--I'VE MANAGED TO ENLIST THE AID OF THE ARGENT DAWN, AS WELL AS HUNDREDS OF OTHER WARRIORS FROM ACROSS THE LAND.

TOGETHER, WE WILL ACHIEVE WHAT THE SCARLET CRUSADE HAS NOT--TO LAY SIEGE TO ANDORHAL AND TAKE IT BACK, ONCE AND FOR ALL!



WE'RE ALL TO RENDEZVOUS AT CHILLWIND CAMP TO LAY OUT BATTLE PLANS. FRANKLY, I'D BE SURPRISED IF OUR ARMY WILL EVEN BE ABLE TO FIT THROUGH THE GATE AT SORROW HILL!

FOR TOO LONG, HAVE WE ALLOWED THE SCOURGE HORNET'S NEST TO GROW, USING ANDORHAL AS BASE OF OPERATIONS FOR FIRST DISTRIBUTING INFECTED GRAIN...

...AND NOW THE PLAGUE THROUGH THOSE CAULDRONS OF THEIRS. THE END OF THEIR REIGN OF TERROR BEGINS WITH THE RETAKING OF ANDORHAL!



UNFORTUNATELY, NOT ONE OF US IS FAMILIAR WITH THE PLAGUELAND TERRAIN...NOT TO MENTION UNFORESEEN DELAYS HAVE LOST US PRECIOUS DAYS...

OH, YOU MEAN WHEN SOMEONE ATE SPOILED BERRIES FROM A BUSH AND HAD TO SQUAT IN A HOLE FOR TWO WHOLE DAYS?

WOULD THAT BE THE "DELAY" IN QUESTION?



HOW WAS I SUPPOSED TO KNOW IT WOULD DO THAT TO ME? CHARIN ATE THEM, TOO-- AND HE WAS PERFECTLY FINE!

HA HA HA!



BUT OF COURSE HE WAS! I'VE SEEN THIS ONE EAT A ROTTEN ARAKKA EGG-- AND ASK FOR SECONDS!

WHAT CAN I SAY, LAD? A DWARF'S CONSTITUTION IS A FINELY OILED MACHINE.



I KNOW
THOSE
LANDS.

I KNOW
THEM WELL.



I MEAN, I HAVEN'T
DARED VENTURE NEAR
ANDORHAL SINCE I WAS
A TEENAGER WORKING IN
THE GRAIN SILOS...

...BACK
BEFORE
THE SCOURGE
ARRIVED, OF



HAL... YOU
NEVER TOLD
ME THAT.

IN ALL
HONESTY, I HAD
PUT IT OUT OF
MY MIND... 'TIL
NOW.



ANDORHAL WAS
BEAUTIFUL BACK
THEN, TEEMING
WITH LIFE AND
OPPORTUNITY.

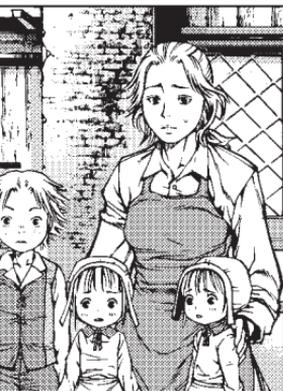
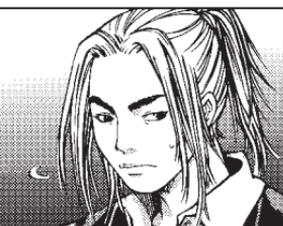
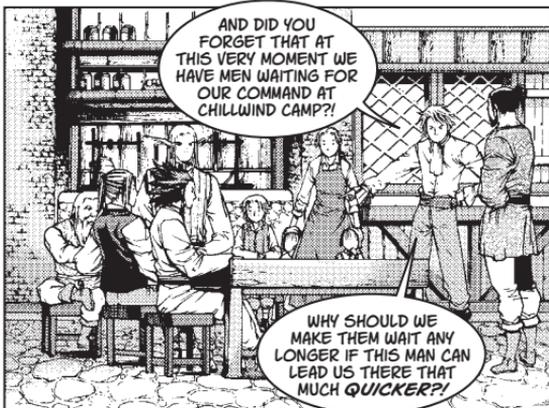
AND THOUGH
ONLY SIX YEARS HAVE
ACTUALLY PASSED SINCE
IT FELL, IT FEELS LIKE
A HUNDRED...

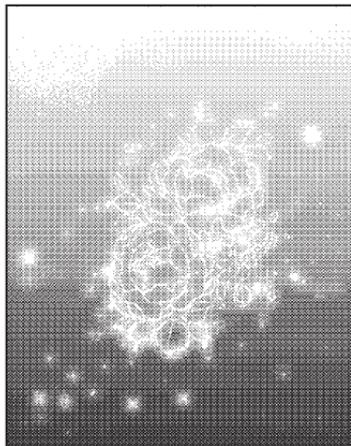


TELL ME,
HALSAND... WHAT'S
YOUR YEARLY
TAKE HERE ON
THIS FARM?



NO!
I KNOW WHAT
YOU'RE THINKING,
MADDOX...







HE AND I HAVE OUR DIFFERENCES, YES...IS HE A PAMPERED RICH SNOB CONTENT TO LIVE IN HIS FATHER'S COIN PURSE? YES. BUT NEVERTHELESS, HE IS STILL TRYING TO DO SOMETHING GOOD.

SURE, HE MAY BE DOING IT FOR THE GLORY OF BEING THE "ONE THAT SAVES ANDORHAL"...BUT IF HE CAN GET IT DONE, I CARE NOT WHAT HIS TRUE MOTIVATIONS ARE.



BUT YOU...TRUE, YOUR OXEN MAY BE OLD, YOUR LAND BARREN, YOUR CUPBOARDS SPARSE...

...BUT YOU HAVE A WIFE AND CHILDREN WHO LOVE YOU... AND THAT MAKES FOR RICHER SPOILS THAN MADDOX WILL EVER HAVE.



YOUR WORDS ARE MOST KIND... AND YES, I AM FORTUNATE IN THAT I HAVE A LOVING FAMILY...

...BUT YOU SEE...IT'S BECAUSE OF THEM THAT I



DO YOU SEE THIS PIPE?

THIS IS ALL THAT'S LEFT OF MY FATHER'S LEGACY.



HE WAS A POOR FARMER LIKE I... AND HE, TOO, TOILED AWAY IN HIS FIELDS, WAITING FOR THAT MIRACLE RAINSTORM OR BOUNTIFUL CROP— ANYTHING THAT WOULD TURN HIS LUCK AROUND.



FORTY-FIVE YEARS HE LIVED, AND THIS CHIPPED WOODEN PIPE WAS ALL HE HAD TO SHOW FOR IT.

IT WAS THE ONLY LEGACY HE HAD TO GIVE ME.



AS I LOOKED INTO MY CHILDREN'S EYES TONIGHT, I REALIZED I WANTED TO LEAVE THEM SOMETHING MORE THAN JUST A WOODEN PIPE... OR A FARM FERTILIZED WITH SWEAT, TEARS AND BROKEN DREAMS.

NAY... I WANT TO LEAVE THEM A **NEW WORLD, FULL OF HOPE, PROMISE AND OPPORTUNITY!**

THAT'S WHY I MUST HELP. THAT'S WHY I MUST DO MY PART IN HELPING TO TAKE BACK ANDORHAL. I WANT TO RETURN TO MYRA AND THE CHILDREN WITH NEWS OF A BRIGHTER FUTURE...



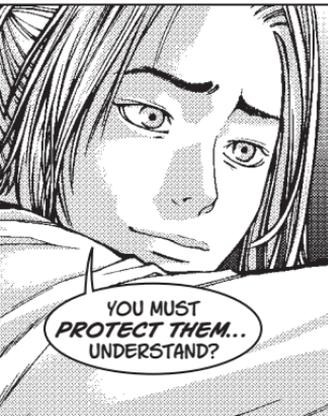
...A FUTURE THAT I HELPED TO MAKE **HAPPEN!**

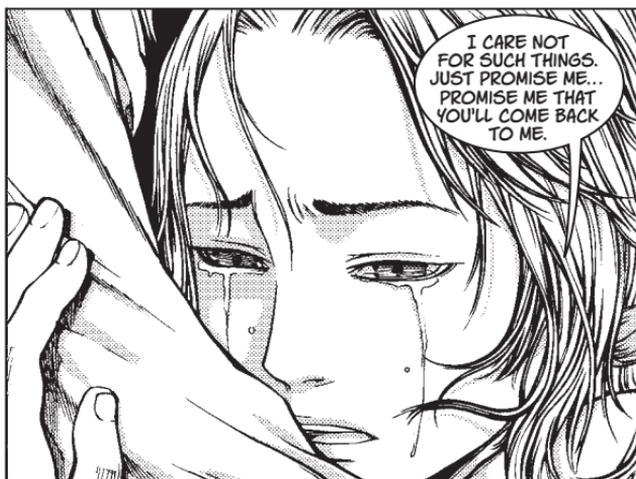


YOU ARE A GOOD MAN, HALSAND, OF THAT I HAVE NO DOUBT. BUT HEED MY WARNING...

...THE BATTLEFIELD IS A FICKLE MISTRESS, AND WILL JUST AS QUICKLY SPILL THE BLOOD OF THE **PURE OF HEART** AS IT WILL THE **SOUR OF SOUL.**













YOU SPEAK TO ME OF RESPECT?!

HOW WILL I GAIN THE RESPECT OF MY FATHER IF I RETURN, TAIL TUCKED AND HIS MONEY SPENT, WITH NOTHING TO SHOW FOR IT BUT SADDLE RASH AND BAD BREATH?!



AH, SO THE LEOPARD FINALLY REVEALS ITS SPOTS...

YOU RISK BRAVE WARRIORS' LIVES... JUST BECAUSE YOU WANT A HUG FROM DADDY?!



Y-YOU... I... OKAY, SO WE DON'T HAVE THE NUMBERS WE ANTICIPATED...

BUT WE HAVE SOMETHING THEY HAVEN'T ANTICIPATED AS WELL...



...THE FARMER! HE KNOWS ANDORHAL LIKE THE BACK OF HIS HAND!



BUT I WAS ONLY TO TAKE YOU HERE, NOT TO--

I'LL TRIPLE THE COIN I WAS GOING TO GIVE YOU, HALSAND! AND THAT GOES FOR THE REST OF YOU...

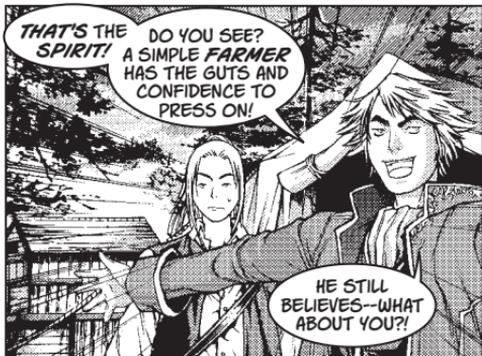


...ANY WARRIOR THAT MARCHES BY MY SIDE INTO ANDORHAL WILL BE GIVEN MORE GOLD THAN HE OR SHE CAN CARRY!



YOU NEED ALL THE HELP YOU CAN GET...

...SO I'LL STAY AND FIGHT.



THAT'S THE DO YOU SEE? A SIMPLE FARMER HAS THE GUTS AND CONFIDENCE TO PRESS ON!

HE STILL BELIEVES--WHAT ABOUT YOU?!



LATER...

SO, THIS IS THE WESTERN ROUTE...



... AND THIS EASTERN ONE BEGINS...

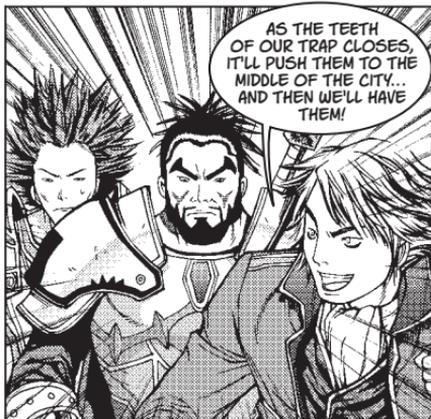


...HERE, AT SORROW HILL.



THEN OUR BEST STRATEGY IS TO SPLIT OUR FORCES...

...ONE GROUP WILL ATTACK FROM THE EAST, THE OTHER FROM THE WEST!



AS THE TEETH OF OUR TRAP CLOSES, IT'LL PUSH THEM TO THE MIDDLE OF THE CITY... AND THEN WE'LL HAVE THEM!



SO YOU WANT TO REDUCE OUR ALREADY THIN FORCES BY HALF?

THAT'S MADNESS!

WE WOULDN'T BE REDUCING ANYTHING. WE'RE STILL 100 STRONG-- JUST NOT ALL IN THE SAME PLACE AT THE



LOOK, ALL YOU NEED TO KNOW IS THAT THIS IS MY MISSION, MY MONEY, MY RULES!

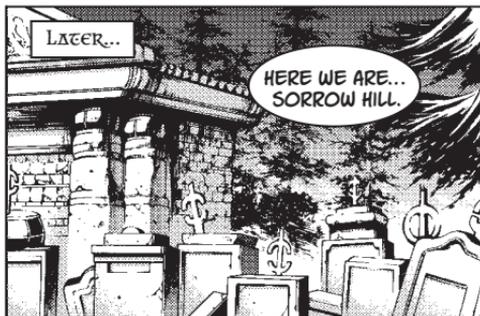
ANYONE WHO DOESN'T LIKE IT CAN GO HOME RIGHT NOW!



AS CRYSTAL.



ARE WE CLEAR?





TODAY IT MATTERS
NOT YOUR RACE...

TODAY IT MATTERS
NOT YOUR GENDER!

WHETHER YOU BE MAGE, PALADIN,
NOBLEMAN OR FARMER--WE ARE ALL
CHILDREN OF THE LIGHT! WE SHALL
FIGHT AS ONE TO **CAST OUT THE
DARKNESS!**



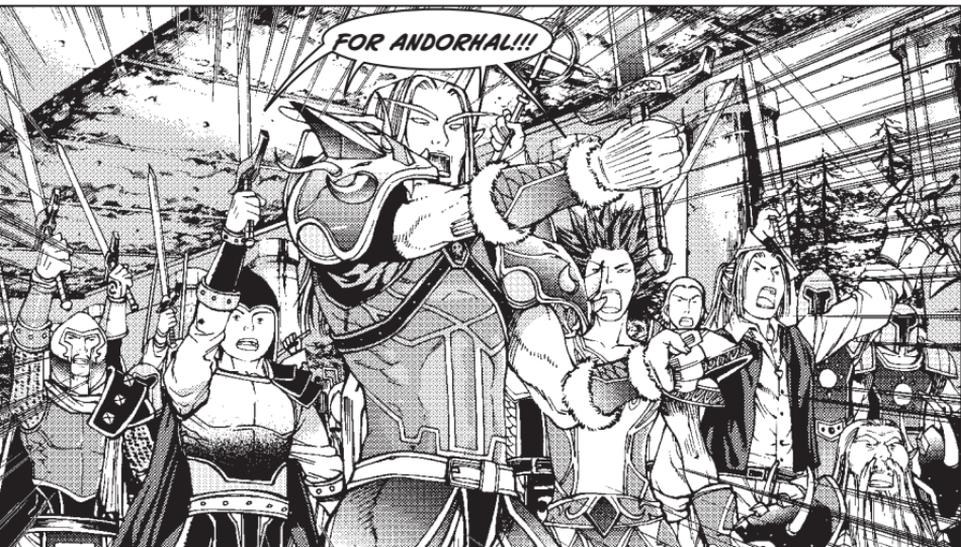
WHAT WE
DO NOW...



...WE DO FOR
**ALL THAT LIVE IN
THE LIGHT!**

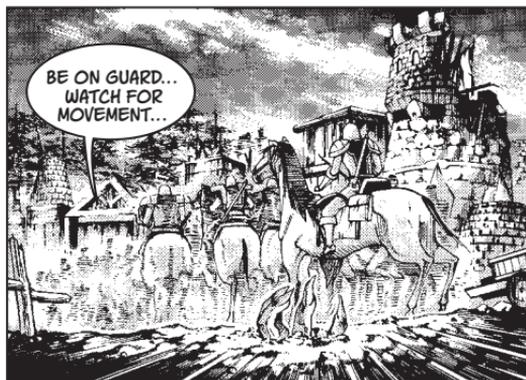


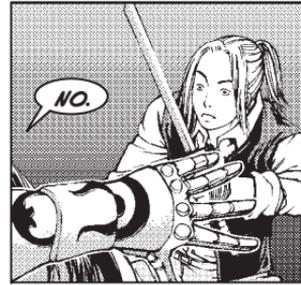
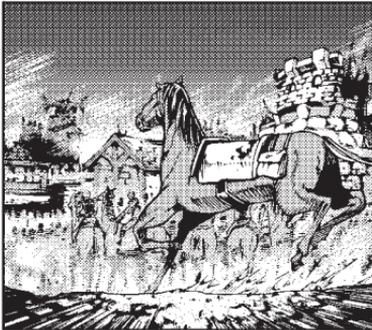
WE DO IT FOR
UTHER... AND FOR
ANDORHAL!!!

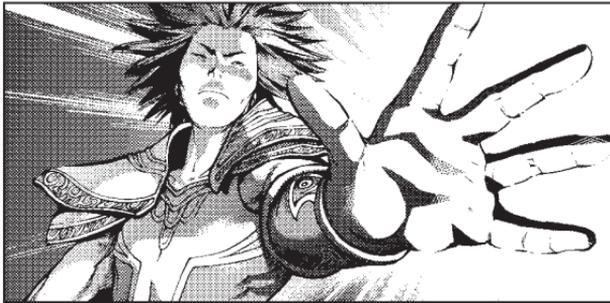
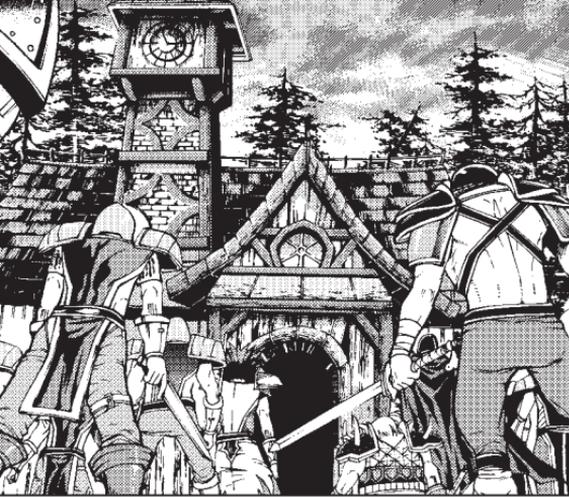


FOR ANDORHAL!!!

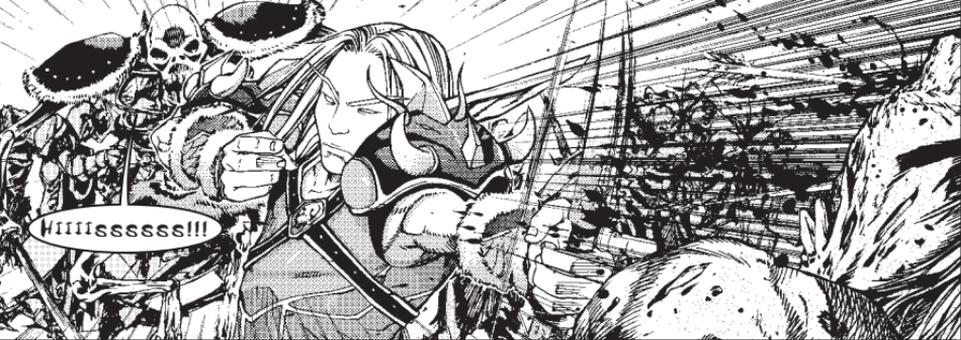








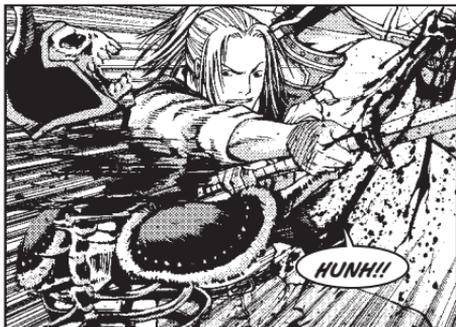






NOOOOO!!!

TO ME!
WE NEED A
HEALER!



HUNH!!



OH NO...
NO!!

THE WOUND IS
TOO GRAVE TO BE
UNDONE!!



YOU STUBBORN
MULE... DON'T YOU
DARE DIE ON
ME...!!

AT L-LEAST
NOW... I WON'T H-HAVE...
TO LOOK AT Y-YOUR...
UGLY F-FACE...



YES... YES!

KEEP IT
UP, MEN! THOUGH
THE ARGENT DAWN
HAVE FALLEN...



...THE SCOURGE
ARMY CONTINUES TO
SHRINK WITH EVERY
SWING OF YOUR--



...SWORD...?

RUUUUMBLE

GKRRRRRRRRRR...







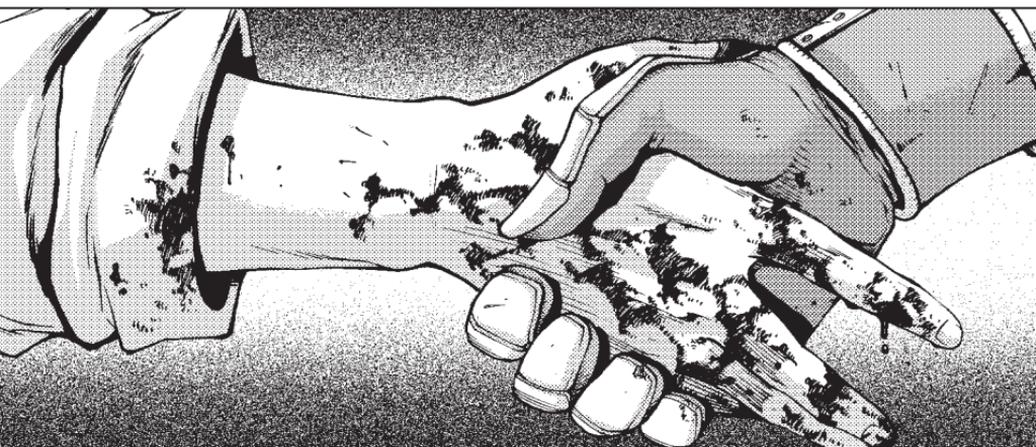
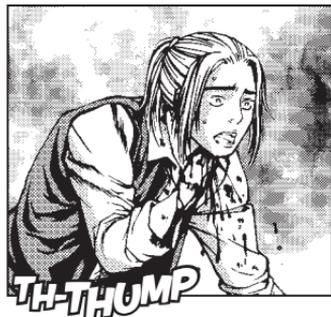
LET THIS
NIGHT ELF
SHOW YOU HOW A
REAL WARRIOR DIES
FIGHTING!!!



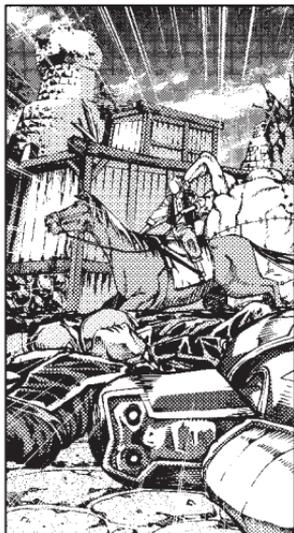
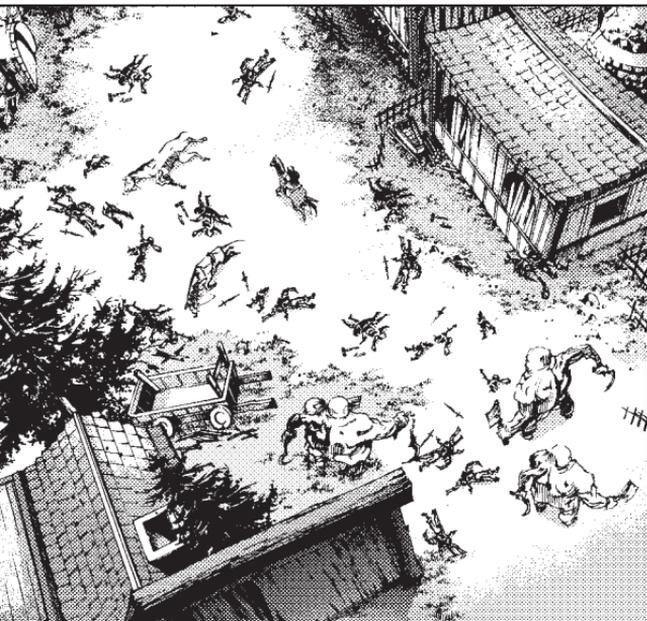
GYAAAAH!!!



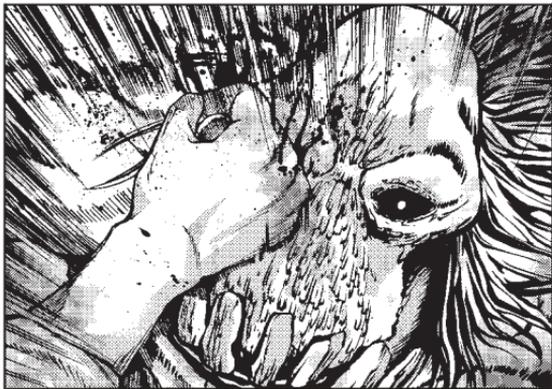
UHH!!!













I-I MUST HURRY!

I DON'T HAVE MUCH TIME BEFORE... BEFORE...



TULIP, ROSE, TIME FOR SUPPER. GO INSIDE AND WASH UP.

YES, MAMA.



HELLO...?

IS SOMEONE THERE...?

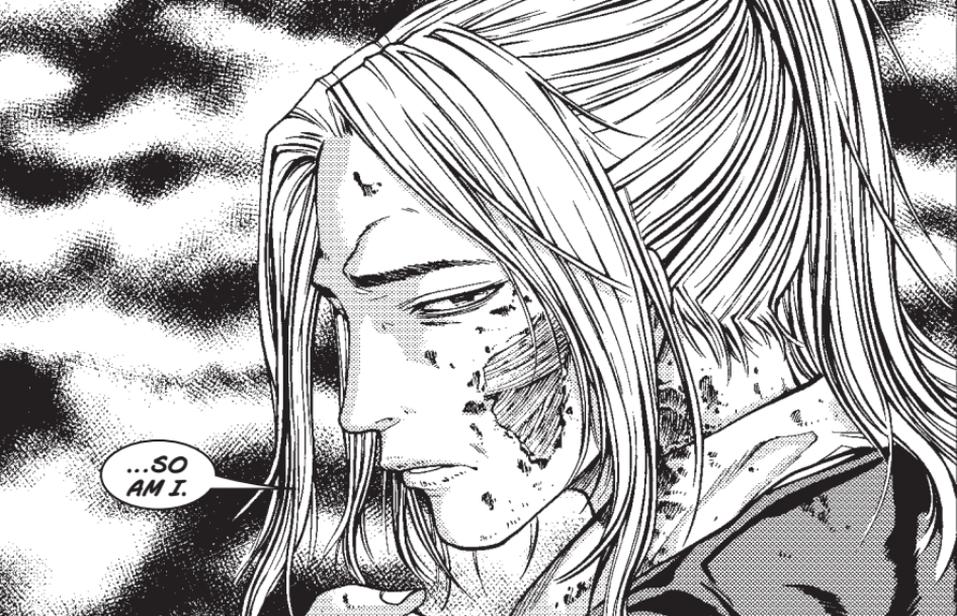


N-NO... STAY BACK... PLEASE... I DIDN'T M-MEAN FOR YOU TO SEE...

P-PLEASE... DON'T C-COME ANY C-C-CLOSER... I JUST WANTED TO LOOK AT YOU... AND THE CHILDREN... ONE M-MORE TIME...

I NEVER SH-SHOULD HAVE W-WENT... CURSE MY FOOLISH PRIDE...

THEY'RE ALL DEAD, MYRA! THORN, LELIOR, CIARIN... EVERYONE... TH-THEY'RE ALL DEAD... AND...



...SO
AM I.



HAL...?!

I DR-DRANK
THE INFECTED
WATER, MYRA...

THAT FOUL
TH-THING FORCED ME
UNDER...AND I DRANK
THE WATER...

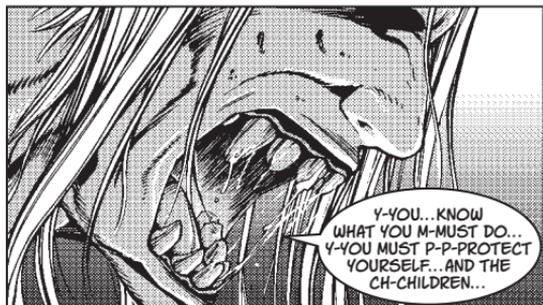


TH-THOUGHT I
C-COULD SEE YOU
JUST ONCE MORE
AND THEN LEAVE...

...GO FAR AWAY
FROM YOU AND THE



BUT NOW... I F-F-FEAR
IT'S T-TOO LATE... I F-FEEL ITS
MADNESS... CRAWLING
UNDER MY SK-SKIN...



Y-YOU... KNOW
WHAT YOU M-MUST DO...
Y-YOU MUST P-P-PROTECT
YOURSELF...AND THE
CH-CHILDREN...

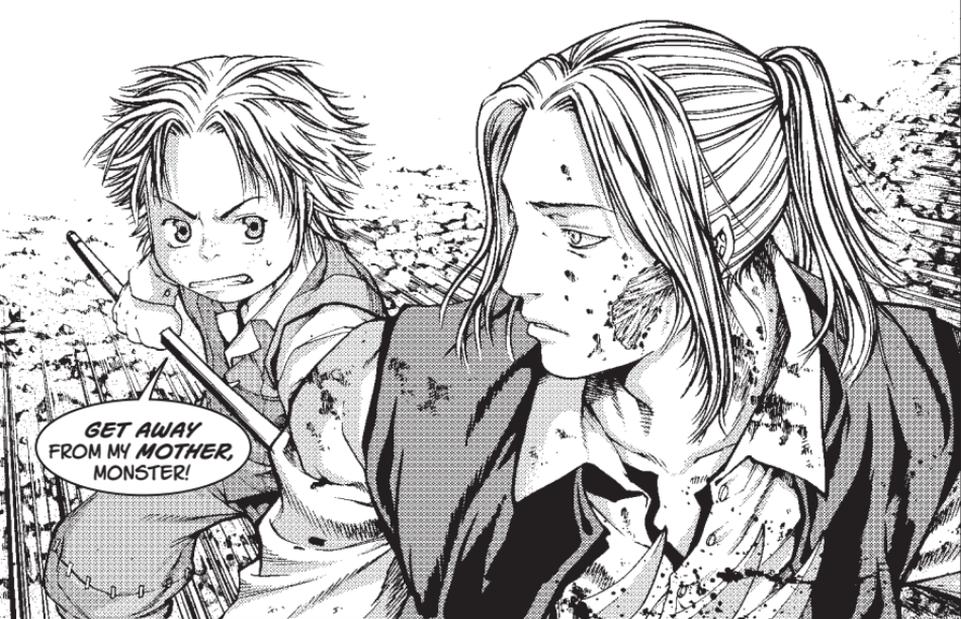


NO, HAL!! I...
I CAN'T!!

OH, BUT YOU
MUST!!

KILL ME,
MYRA!!





GET AWAY
FROM MY MOTHER,
MONSTER!



FATHER?!

NOOOO!!
HALSAND!!!



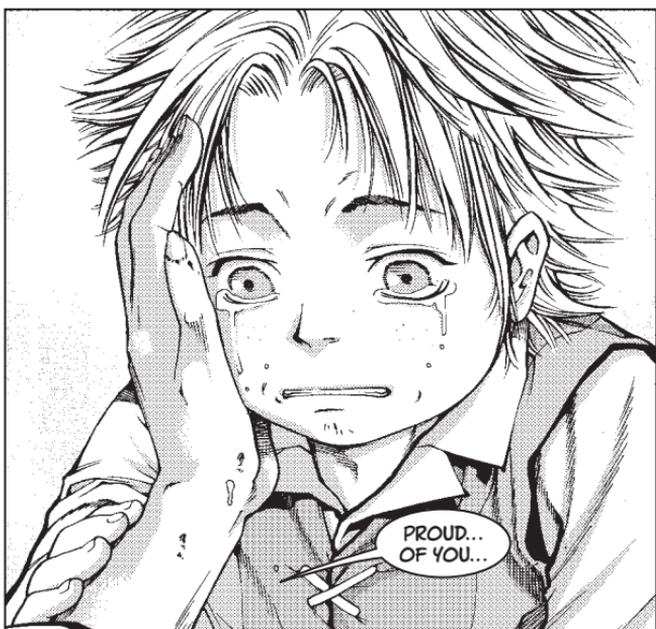
PAPA!!!



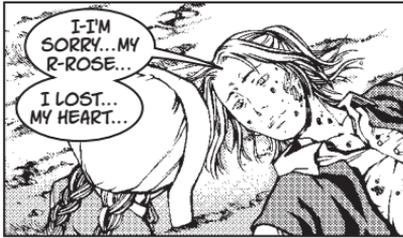
FATHER,
I-I DIDN'T KNOW...
SOB... IT WAS YOU...!
I THOUGHT YOU
WERE... WERE...

IT'S... ALL
RIGHT... S-
SON...

...TOLD YOU
TO PR-PROTECT
YOUR FAMILY... AND
TH-THAT'S WHAT
YOU DID...



PROUD...
OF YOU...



WARCRAFT

LEGENDS™

VOLUME TWO

HOW TO WIN FRIENDS

WRITTEN BY DAN JOLLEY

PENCILS BY CARLOS OLIVARES

INKS & TONES BY CARLOS OLIVARES, MARC RUEDA
& JANINA GORRISSEIN

EDITOR: TROY LEWTER

ASSOCIATE EDITOR: SHANNON WATTERS

LETTERER: LUCAS RIVERA



KBARANOS, DÚN MOROGH

FOR CORRIGAN,
THE STOUT OF ARM,
TO HIM WE RAISE A FLAGON!
THE ONLY DWARF AS EVER LIVED
WHO'S SUCKER-PUNCHED
A DRAGON!

THE BEAST CAME
ROARIN' INTO TOWN
A-SMASHIN' LEFT AND RIGHT,
BUT CORRIGAN, HE KNEW THE SCORE
AND HOW TO WIN THE FIGHT!

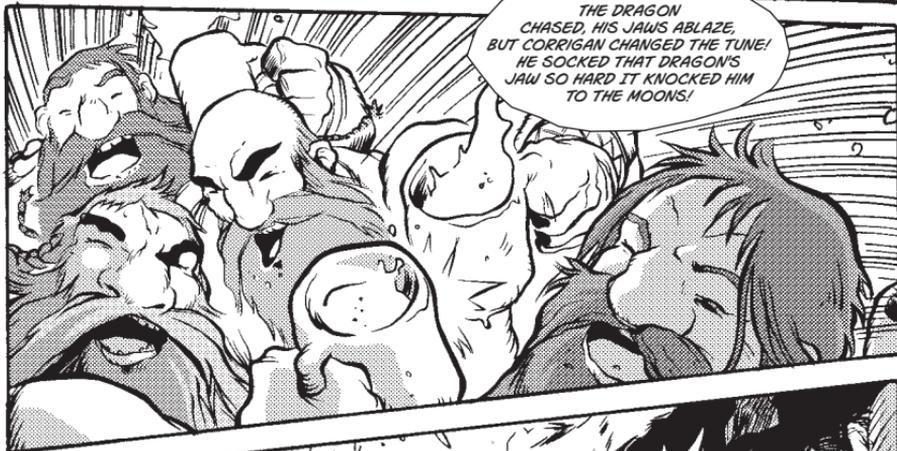
HE DRESSED HIMSELF
IN DRAGON'S HORNS
AND DREW THE DRAGON'S IRE!
TAUNTED AND DARED,
HIS REAR HE BARED
AND LAUGHED AT
DRAGONFIRE!



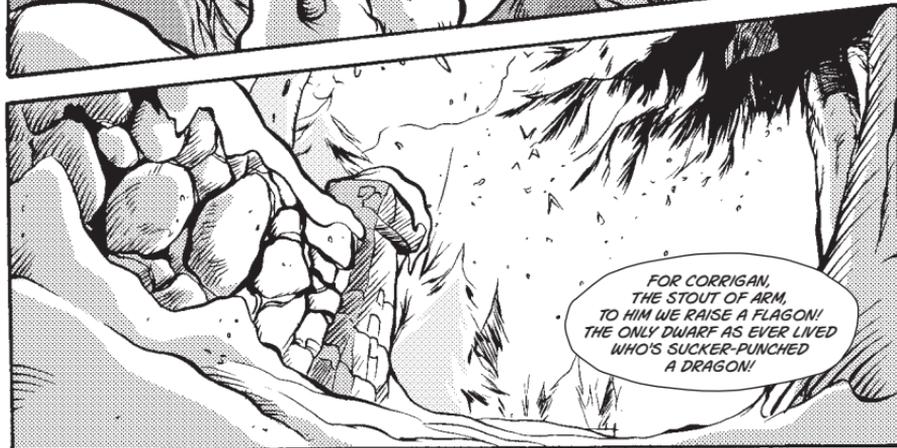
HE GOT
THE DRAGON HOPPIN' MAD
SO MAD ITS BLOOD WAS STEAMIN'
THE THOUGHTS THEY FLED
RIGHT FROM ITS HEAD
BUT CORRIGAN WAS
SCHEMIN'!



HE HAD AN ACE
UP IN HIS SLEEVE,
BRASS KNUCKLES HE
WAS PACKIN'
COULD ROCK A GIANT
IN HIS BOOTS
AND SET BIG BONES
TO CRACKIN'!



THE DRAGON
CHASED, HIS JAWS ABLAZE,
BUT CORRIGAN CHANGED THE TUNE!
HE SOCKED THAT DRAGON'S
JAW SO HARD IT KNOCKED HIM
TO THE MOONS!



FOR CORRIGAN,
THE STOUT OF ARM,
TO HIM WE RAISE A FLAGON!
THE ONLY DWARF AS EVER LIVED
WHO'S SUCKER-PUNCHED
A DRAGON!



I JUST WISH I WEREN'T SO NERVOUS ALL THE TIME.

GRAND OPENING



IT'S NOT EVEN AS IF I'M WORKING WITH EXPLOSIVES. I JUST MAKE FUSES, Y'KNOW? WHAT COULD BE MORE RELAXING THAN FUSES?

OF COURSE, IT'S NOT THE WORK THAT MAKES ME NERVOUS. YOU KNOW THAT, AND I KNOW THAT.

I JUST... IT'S JUST SO DIFFERENT HERE FROM BACK IN GOLDSHIRE. WHY DID I COME HERE?



WHY DID I EVER THINK I COULD COMPETE WITH TOGGLEVOLT AND SPRYSROCKET?

I THINK IT'S SAFE TO SAY THEY'VE GOT THE MARKET CORNERED ON GNOMISH GOODS IN KHARANOS.

STILL... I HAVE TO TRY, RIGHT? ...RIGHT?

ATTEMPT TO FIT IN? AT LEAST MAKE THE EFFORT. I SANK ALL MY SAVINGS INTO THIS PLACE, AFTER ALL.



KHARANOS IS MY HOME NOW...



... LIKE IT
OR NOT.



OH!
H-H-HOW
DO YOU DO,
MISS?

EVENING.



THAT WAS
GOOD. STUTTER
WHEN YOU'RE
TALKING TO A
LADY...

HOPE THAT
HASN'T SET THE
TONE FOR THE
WHOLE EVENING.



ALL
RIGHT.

HAPPY
FACE...!



WOW...
SURE IS
CROWDED...



... TIME I GOT THERE,
SOME STINKING UNDEAD
WARRIOR'D MADE OFF
WITH ALL THE LOOT

... YOU EVER EVEN SEEN
A NAGA? I SWEAR, IF
YOU DON'T LEARN TO
THINK BEFORE YOU
SPEAK...

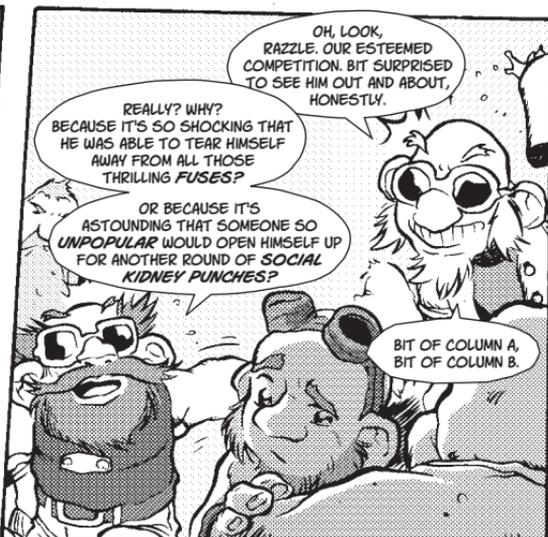
... EVER SINCE I GOT
THIS KNIFE, I'M TELLING
YOU, I JUST DON'T GET
AS TIRED ANYMORE...

... UNLOADED A SACK
FULL OF COPPER ORE,
BOUGHT THE WIFE A
NICE NECKLACE...

... DANCING ON
A MAILBOX! RIGHT
THERE IN THE TOWN
SQUARE...!



PARDON ME...
EXCUSE ME...
PARDON ME...

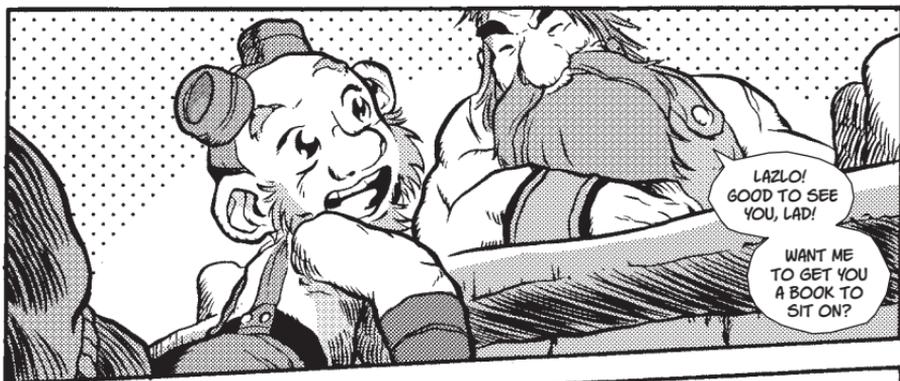


OH, LOOK,
RAZZLE. OUR ESTEEMED
COMPETITION. BIT SURPRISED
TO SEE HIM OUT AND ABOUT,
HONESTLY.

REALLY? WHY?
BECAUSE IT'S SO SHOCKING THAT
HE WAS ABLE TO TEAR HIMSELF
AWAY FROM ALL THOSE
THRILLING FUSES?

OR BECAUSE IT'S
ASTOUNDING THAT SOMEONE SO
UNPOPULAR WOULD OPEN HIMSELF UP
FOR ANOTHER ROUND OF SOCIAL
KIDNEY PUNCHES?

BIT OF COLUMN A,
BIT OF COLUMN B.



LAZLO!
GOOD TO SEE
YOU, LAD!

WANT ME
TO GET YOU
A BOOK TO
SIT ON?



NO THANKS,
BELM...



... I'VE GOT
IT COVERED
THIS TIME.



I STILL SAY IT'S
LITTLE TRINKETS LIKE THAT
YOU SHOULD BE SELLING. JUST
NEVER MIND ABOUT ALL THIS
FUSE OUTLANDISHNESS.

WHAT,
THIS STOOL
JACK? THIS
IS NOTHING!



WHY, JUST LAST WEEK I INVENTED A LITTLE SOMETHING THAT'S GOING TO REVOLUTIONIZE THE WAY PEOPLE ORGANIZE THEIR KITCHENS!

...AYE? DO TELL.



OH!



UH... EVENING THERE, STRANGER! HOW'RE YOU DOING TONIGHT?

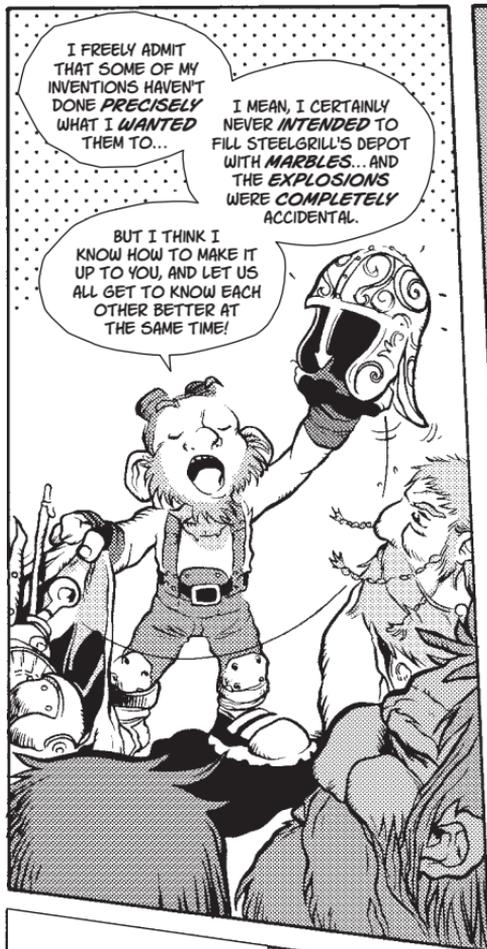
SURELY I COULDN'T'VE BORED HIM TO SLEEP THAT QUICKLY.

SNKKH...
ZZZZ...

NAH, DON'T TAKE IT TO HEART. THESE MINERS COME IN, LOT OF THE TIME THEY'RE SO TIRED THEY CAN'T EVEN ORDER A DRINK.

'S NOT A BIG THING. YOU JUST HAVE TO KNOW 'EM.





I FREELY ADMIT THAT SOME OF MY INVENTIONS HAVEN'T DONE *PRECISELY* WHAT I *WANTED* THEM TO...

I MEAN, I CERTAINLY NEVER *INTENDED* TO FILL STEELGRILL'S DEPOT WITH *MARBLES*...AND THE *EXPLOSIONS* WERE *COMPLETELY* ACCIDENTAL.

BUT I THINK I KNOW HOW TO MAKE IT UP TO YOU, AND LET US ALL GET TO KNOW EACH OTHER BETTER AT THE SAME TIME!

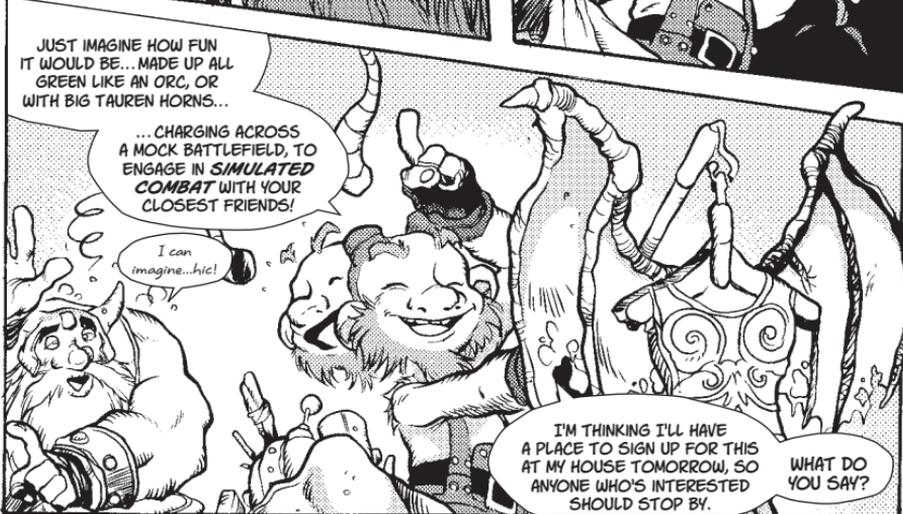


THE NAME OF THE GAME IS *LIVE ACTION RE-ENACTMENT PAGEANTS!*

WE GET SOME OF THE PEOPLE HERE TO PLAY, WELL, UH, DWARVES...AND WE GET OTHER PEOPLE TO PLAY GREAT FIGHTERS OF THE HORDE!



I'VE ALREADY GOT ALL THE COSTUMES.



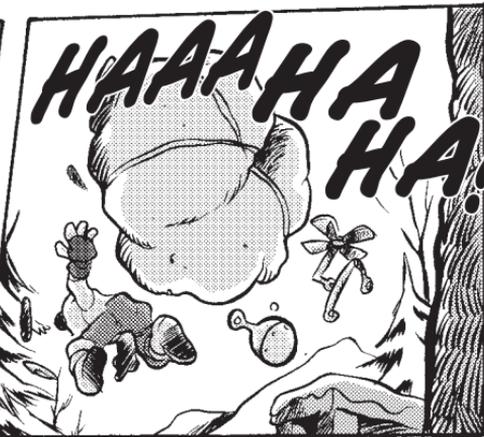
JUST IMAGINE HOW FUN IT WOULD BE...MADE UP ALL GREEN LIKE AN ORC, OR WITH BIG TAUREN HORNS...

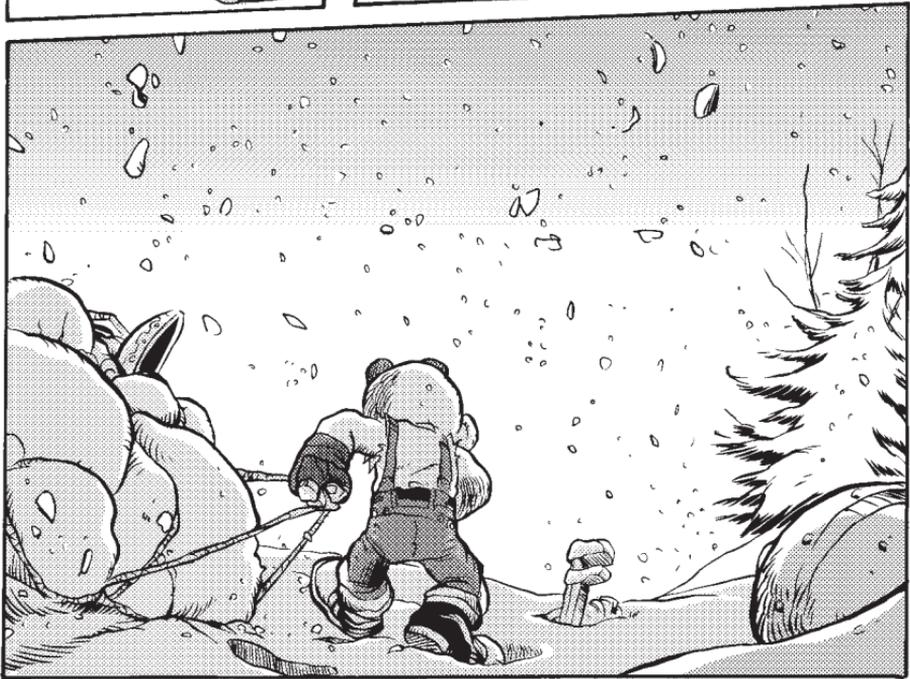
...CHARGING ACROSS A MOCK BATTLEFIELD, TO ENGAGE IN *SIMULATED* COMBAT WITH YOUR CLOSEST FRIENDS!

I can imagine...hic!

I'M THINKING I'LL HAVE A PLACE TO SIGN UP FOR THIS AT MY HOUSE TOMORROW, SO ANYONE WHO'S INTERESTED SHOULD STOP BY.

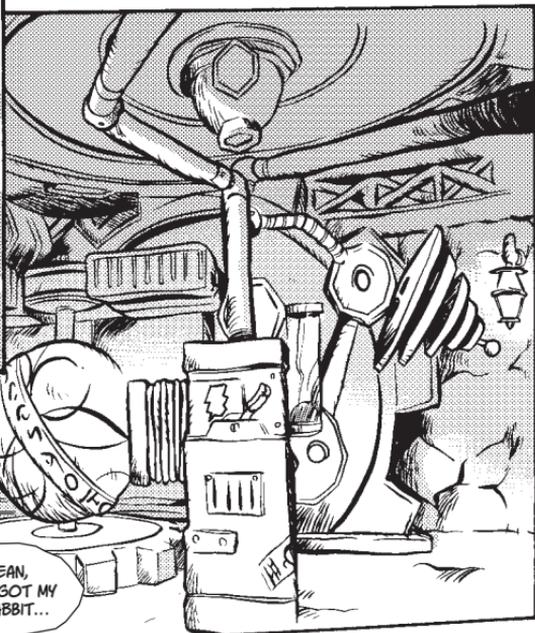
WHAT DO YOU SAY?







WELL,
AT LEAST I'VE
GOT YOU, RIGHT,
POOKA?



I MEAN,
IF I'VE GOT MY
PET RABBIT...



...WHAT ELSE
COULD I POSSIBLY
WANT?





HERE YOU GO,
JUST LIKE YOU
ORDERED.

ONE HUNDRED
FORTY-FOUR CASINGS,
WITH FUSES PRE-
ATTACHED.



THESE LOOK
GOOD, LAZLO. I CAN
ALWAYS COUNT ON YOU
FOR QUALITY WORK.

SIGH...

YEAH. I CAN
TWIST TWINE
TOGETHER WITH
THE BEST OF
THEM.

NOW, NOW,
DON'T SELL YOURSELF
SHORT. THESE
FUSES ARE--



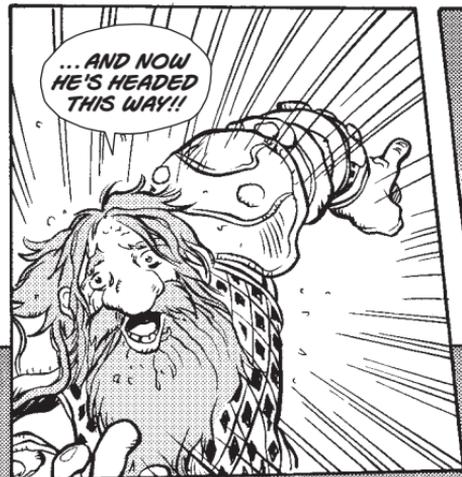
TRUH...
TRUH...

TROLLLL!!



THE BIGGEST TROLL
I EVER LAID EYES UPON...
ONE O' THE FROSTMANES-
BUT NOT ONE LIKE I EVER
SEEN BEFORE!

HE CAME AND
LAID WASTE TO
ANVILMAR...



... AND NOW
HE'S HEADED
THIS WAY!!



OVER
MY DEAD
BODY!

WE CAN'T
LET THIS
STAND!

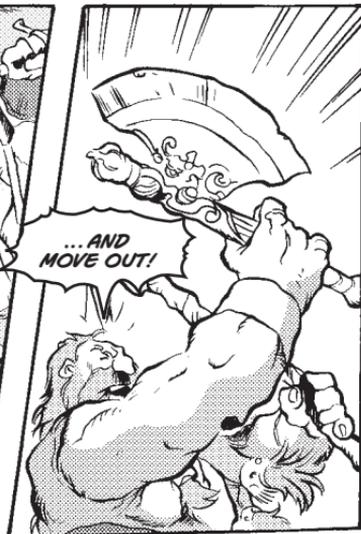
NOT
BLOODY
LIKELY!

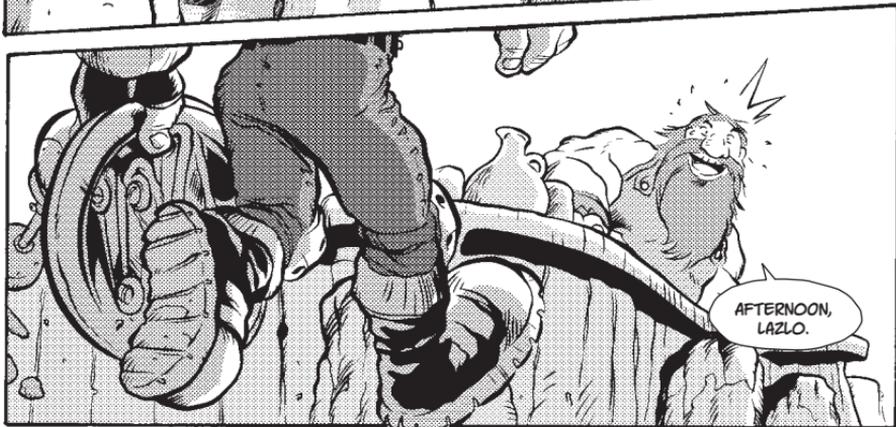
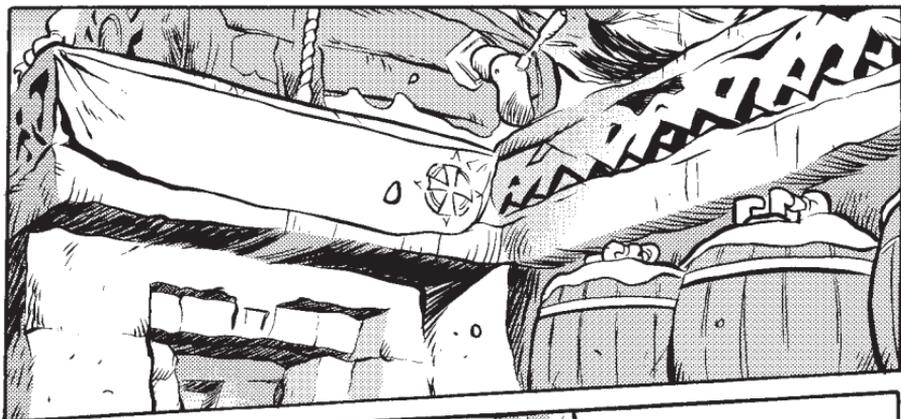


WE'LL HAVE NO
TUSK-BEARIN' BEASTIE
RUN RAMPANT THROUGH
OUR HOME!

FILL YOUR
HANDS, LADS!
WE'VE GOT US A
TROLL TO PUT
DOWN!









I BROKE MY LEG
LAST WEEK IN A LITTLE
INCIDENT INVOLVING A
RAM AND A SADDLE. GOT A
NICE SPLINT ON UNDER
MY TROUSERS.

HARD TO SWING AN
AXE WHEN YER LEGS
AIN'T STABLE.

BESIDES,
SOMEONE'S GOT TO
STAY AND MIND THE
PLACE, AYE?



GREAT. SO I'M
THE ONLY *HEALTHY*
PERSON IN TOWN
WHO'S NOT OUT
LOOKING FOR THE
GIANT TROLL.

LOOKS THAT
WAY. SHAME,
TOO.



HMM?
SHAME ABOUT
WHAT?



WELL, IT SEEMS
TO ME THAT THIS IS THE
OPPORTUNITY YOU'VE
BEEN LOOKING FOR.

YOU WANT TO
FIT IN? GET TO
KNOW PEOPLE? GAIN
THEIR RESPECT? I
CAN'T THINK OF A
BETTER WAY.



BUT I'M
NOT A FIGHTER! I
CAN'T EVEN LIFT
A SWORD!

WHAT AM
I GOING TO DO
AGAINST SOME
GIGANTIC TROLL?
GNAW ON HIS



THERE'RE OTHER
WAYS TO WIN
A FIGHT THAN
FIGHTIN', SON.

BESIDES, EVEN
IF YOU NEVER
ENTERED COMBAT
AT ALL...



... YOU THINK
THOSE FELLAS OUT
THERE WOULDN'T
APPRECIATE
SOMEONE HELPIN'
WITH BANDAGES? OR
COOKIN' MEALS?
OR CARRVIN'
MESSAGES?



GREAT. THIS
IS *GREAT*.

I FINALLY GET
THE POINT, TEN
MINUTES AFTER THE
TRAM HAS LEFT
THE STATION.

WHAT DO I DO
NOW? WAIT FOR
ANOTHER CRISIS
TO PITCH IN?



I DON'T KNOW, SON. I RECKON WHAT YOU DO NEXT... IS UP TO YOU.



TOGGLEVOLT?
SPRYSPROCKET?

WHAT'RE YOU DOING?



BEHOLD, RAZZLE. THE LEAST COMMON DENOMINATOR.



I SAY, GRINDWIDGET, WHY DON'T YOU RUN ALONG AND... I DON'T KNOW, *SOLDER* SOMETHING?

WE HAVE *REAL* BUSINESS TO ATTEND TO.



AND WHAT "REAL BUSINESS" WOULD THAT BE?

WHY, THIS NASTY TROLL AFFAIR, NATURALLY. WE PACKED UP AS MANY USEFUL THINGS AS WE COULD...

... BUT THOSE LONG-LEGGED DWARVES HAVE UNWISELY GONE OFF AND LEFT US. NOW IT'S A QUESTION OF PLAYING CATCH-UP.

NOTHING THAT CONCERNS YOU, THOUGH, REST

YOU... I...

YOU KNOW WHAT?
I'LL *SHOW* YOU!
I'LL SHOW YOU THAT
I'M NOT SOME...SOME
BUFFOON! I'M
COMING WITH YOU!

OH, *REALLY*, LAZLO,
THAT'S HARDLY
NECESSARY. WE--

WHERE
IS IT?!!

ME KNOW
IT BE HERE!!
GIMME IT!!



ME GONNA
KILL
EVERYBODY!!

GIMME IT
NOW!!





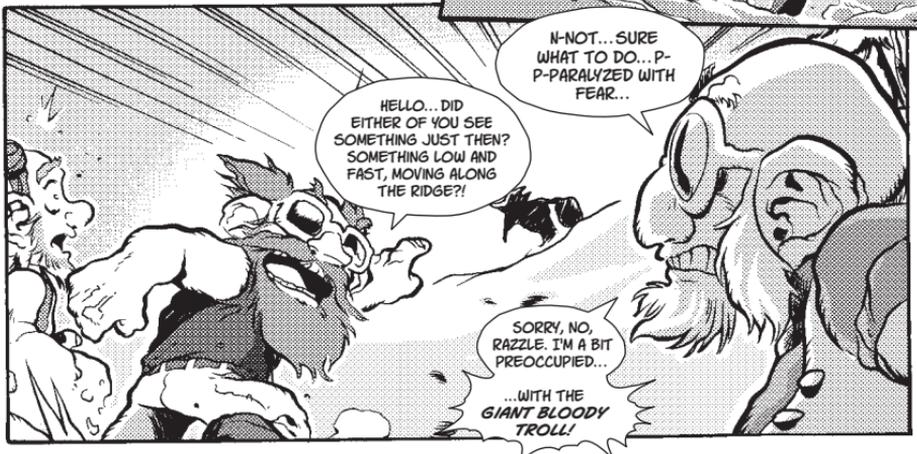
**ME
KNOWIN' IT
BE HERE!!**

HE M-MUST'VE
BEEN RIGHT OUT-
SIDE TOWN...

...AND HE ALREADY
TOOK OUT THE
WHOLE HUNTING
PARTY?



**ME GONNA
BREAK
HEADS TIL
SOMEBODY
HAND IT
OVER!!!**



HELLO... DID
EITHER OF YOU SEE
SOMETHING JUST THEN?
SOMETHING LOW AND
FAST, MOVING ALONG
THE RIDGE?!

N-NOT... SURE
WHAT TO DO... P-
P-PARALYZED WITH
FEAR...

SORRY, NO,
RAZZLE. I'M A BIT
PREOCCUPIED...

WITH THE
GIANT BLOODY
TROLL!



HUH?

ME
THOUGHT
ALL YOU
DEAD!



IT'S YOU THAT
BE DESTINED
FOR DEATH, YE
MONSTER!

KWAMM





OH NO...!



'TIS THE BLOODY
FIST OF THE
MOUNTAIN GIANT
HE'S HITTIN' US WITH!

BUT 'TIS ALL RIGHT.
HARKIN...S-SENT A MESSENGER
TO IRONFORGE...BEFORE
HE CAME HERE...HELPS
ON THE WAY...

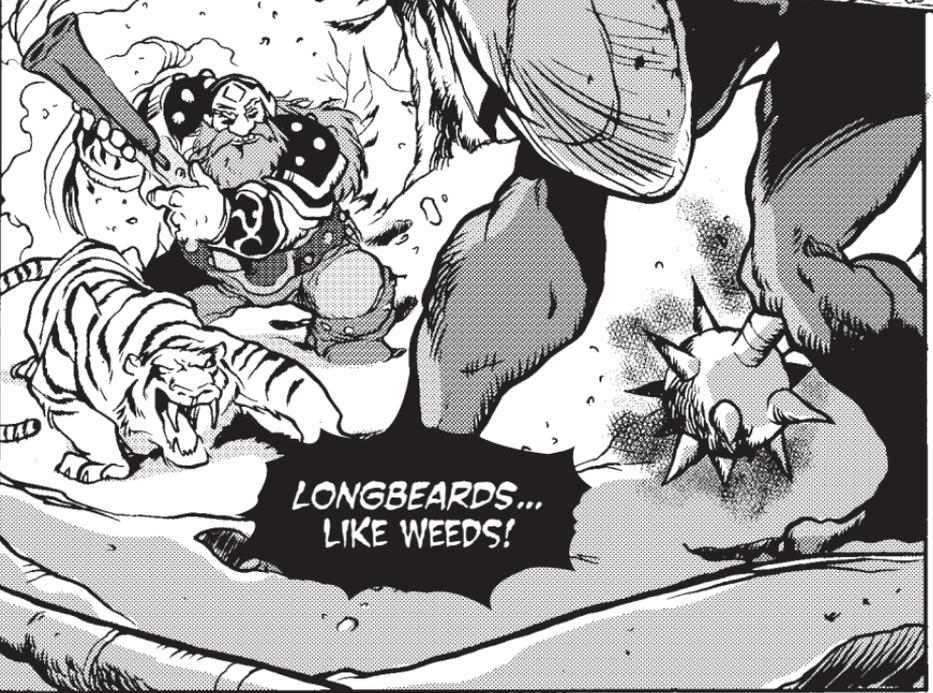


MR.
FORGESTONE!
ARE YOU ALL
RIGHT?

NAY...
I BE T-TEN KINDS
OF BROKEN... AND
OUR PRIEST F-FELL
FIRST...



GONNA
FIND IT FOR
SURE IN H--



LONGBEARDS...
LIKE WEEDS!



ME BE
KNOWIN'
WHAT TA
DO WITH
WEEDS.



CHOP 'EM
ALL DOWN!!



THINK

THINK

THINK

GAANGH!!

KILL YOU!
KILL YOU
ALL!!



I THINK NOT, FOUL CREATURE.

YOUR PATH ENDS HERE.



RRRHAAAAH!!



WHA--?!

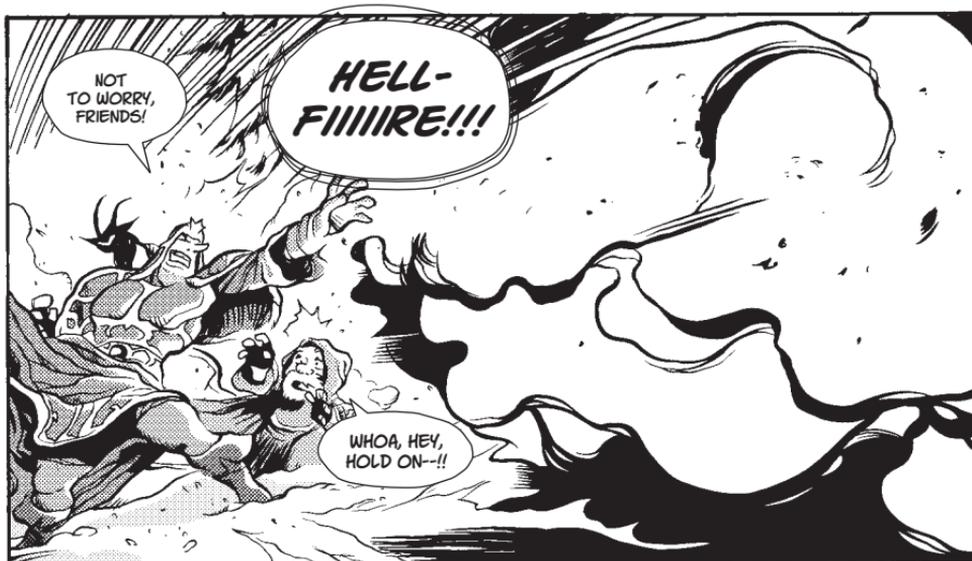
BAAAA!



UH OH.



WHUFF!!



NOT TO WORRY, FRIENDS!

HELL-FIIIIIRE!!!

WHOA, HEY, HOLD ON--!!



WE COULD REALLY USE SOME HEALING HERE!

THAT COULD'VE BEEN...TIMED... BETTER...

OH--HEALING? I, AH, I DON'T REALLY DO HEALING SO MUCH, PER SE. I HAVE MORE OF A FOCUS ON SHAPESHIFTING, SEE, AND--



POOF!!

WASN'T HE A SHEEP...?



ME 'TINK YOU BE TALKIN' TOO MUCH.

KRAK



S-SO...
IRONFORGE
IS SENDING MORE
REINFORCEMENTS,
YES?!

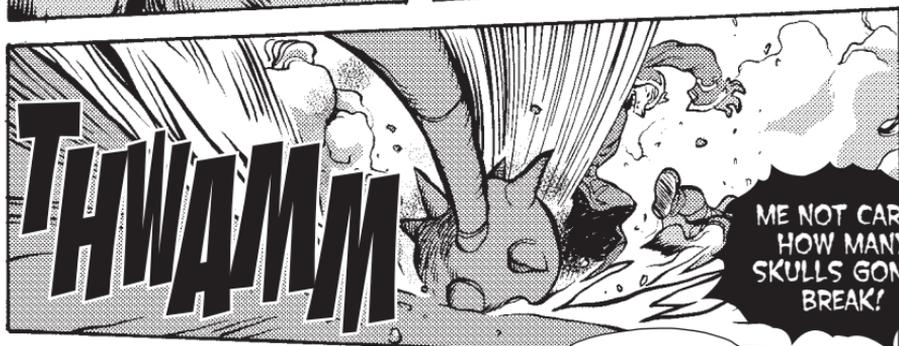
THOSE AREN'T ALL
THE FIGHTERS THEY
SENT, Y-YES?!

LAD...
I DINNA THINK
THEY KNEW...
HOW B-BAD THE
THREAT WAS...



YA GOTTA
BE JOKIN'
ME, MON!

ME GONNA
GET IT
BACK!



ME NOT CARIN'
HOW MANY
SKULLS GONNA
BREAK!



QUITE. READY
WITH THE
GRENADES?

W-WELL, RAZZLE,
OLD CHUM. UP TO US
NOW, ISN'T IT?

YES... ALL EXCEPT
THE PART WHERE WE HAVE
TO GET CLOSE ENOUGH
TO THROW THEM. STILL,
NOTHING FOR IT.

INDEED.



TIME TO LOB, OZZIE!

I... I CAN'T ARM IT, RAZZLE! SOMETHING'S WRONG!

GNOMES. PFEAH. NOT EVEN MAGIC GNOMES.

WAIT A MINUTE! THESE AREN'T GRENADES! THEY'RE TIME BOMBS!

WHAT?! YOU PUT TIME BOMBS IN THE GRENADE BOX?! WELL, WHEN WILL THEY GO OFF?!

I THINK THEY'RE SET FOR NEXT TUESDAY!

STUPID GNOMES.

THUNK



TH-THERE'S...**NO ONE LEFT...** SON. YOU'VE GOT TO... H-HOLD HIM... 'TIL MORE HELP CAN GET HERE...

YEAH, B-BUT--**BUT THERE'S--**



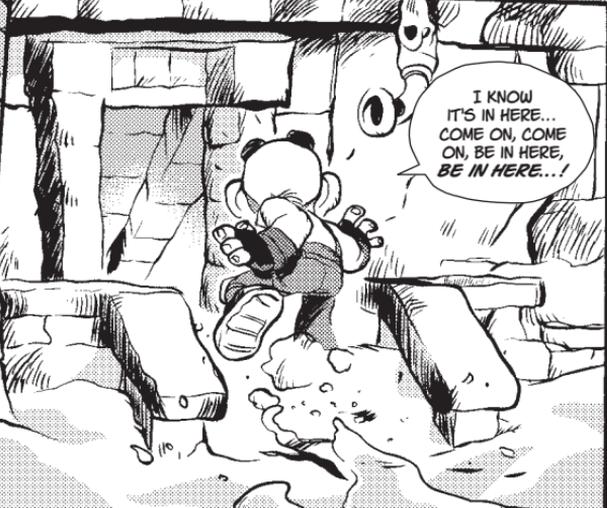
ALL RIGHT. ALL RIGHT, YES.

THERE'S **OTHER WAYS** TO WIN A FIGHT THAN FIGHTING.

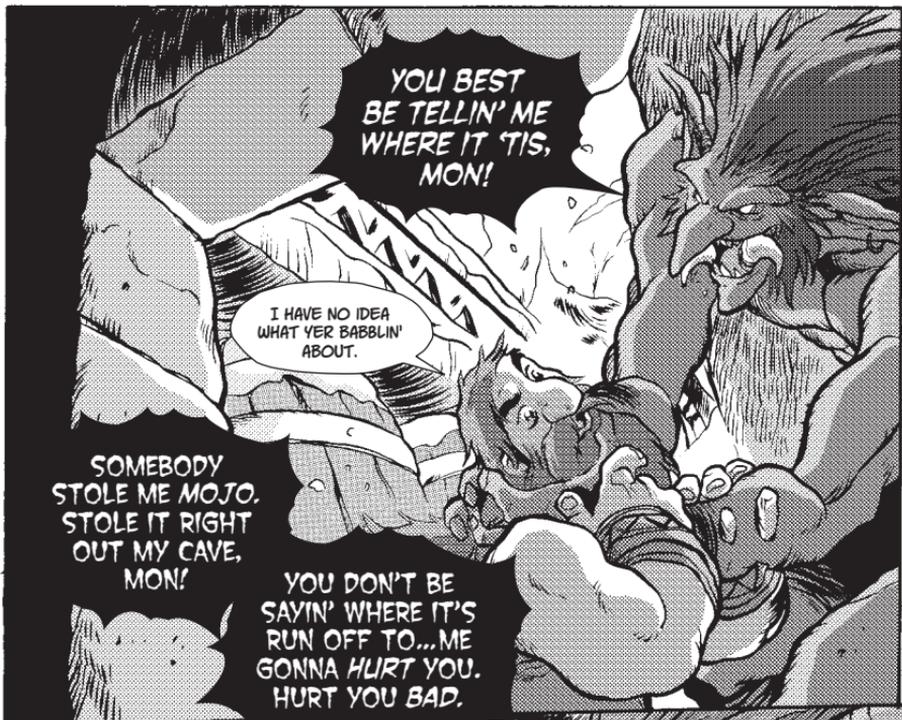
I JUST HAD AN **IDEA!**



IT COULD WORK, IT COULD WORK--**IT'S GOTTA WORK!!**



I KNOW IT'S IN HERE... COME ON, COME ON, BE IN HERE, **BE IN HERE...!**



**YOU BEST
BE TELLIN' ME
WHERE IT 'TIS,
MON!**

**I HAVE NO IDEA
WHAT YER BABBLIN'
ABOUT.**

**SOMEBODY
STOLE ME MOJO.
STOLE IT RIGHT
OUT MY CAVE,
MON!**

**YOU DON'T BE
SAYIN' WHERE IT'S
RUN OFF TO...ME
GONNA HURT YOU.
HURT YOU BAD.**



**DO YER WORST,
YA FLEA-BITTEN
TUSKER.**



**HEY!
HEY!**

**OVER
HERE!**



HEY, TROLL!
I GOT SOMETHING
FOR YOU!

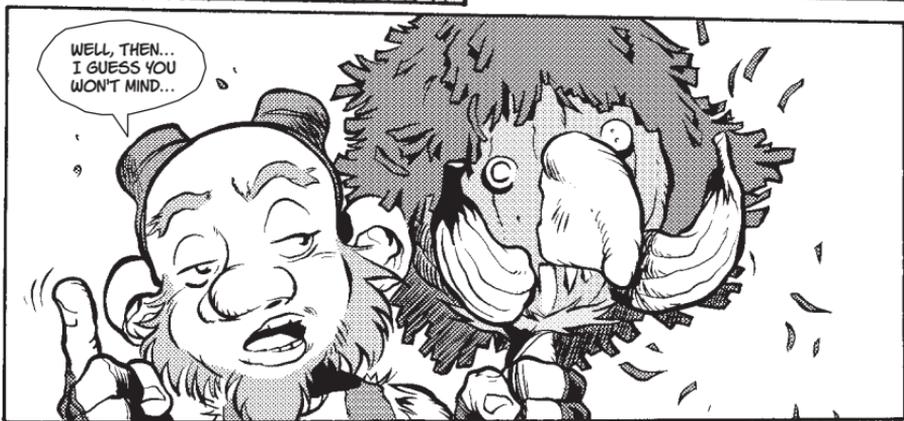
GO 'WAY,
GNOME.



ME NO BE
CARIN' 'BOUT
YOU.



IS THAT
RIGHT?



WELL, THEN...
I GUESS YOU
WON'T MIND...

...IF I DO THIS!

OOH, LOOK AT MEEE! ME A STUPID TROLL! ME GOT NO BRAINS IN MY HEAD!

ME JUST ALL HAIR AND TUSKS... WITH A SILLY, INAPPROPRIATE ACCENT... DUHHH!

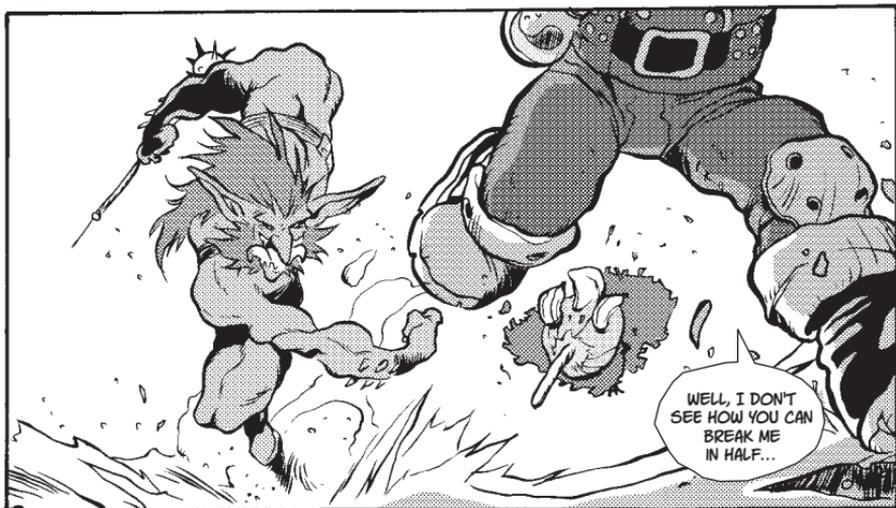
WONDER WHY NOBODY LIKES ME? MAYBE IT'S 'CAUSE ME SO UGLY AND STUPID!

Don't be makin' fun of me.

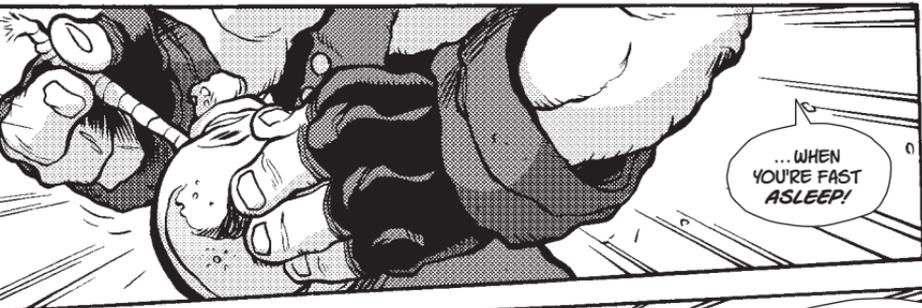
NOBODY BE MAKIN' FUN OF ME!!!

ME GONNA KILL YOU! BREAK YOU IN HALF!

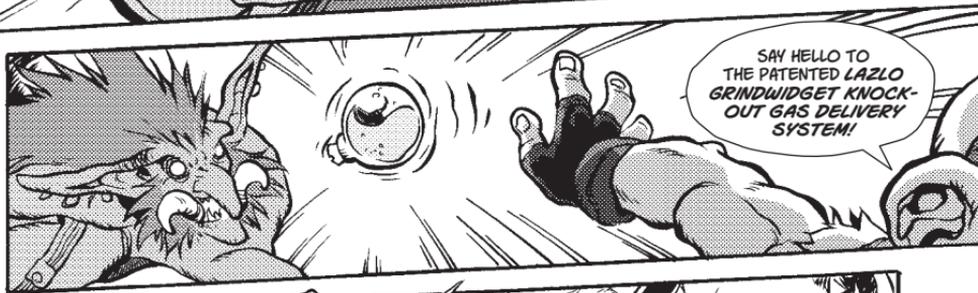
AAAAAH!!



WELL, I DON'T SEE HOW YOU CAN BREAK ME IN HALF...



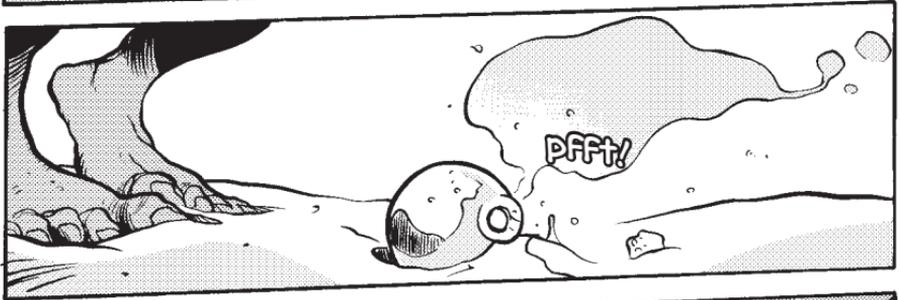
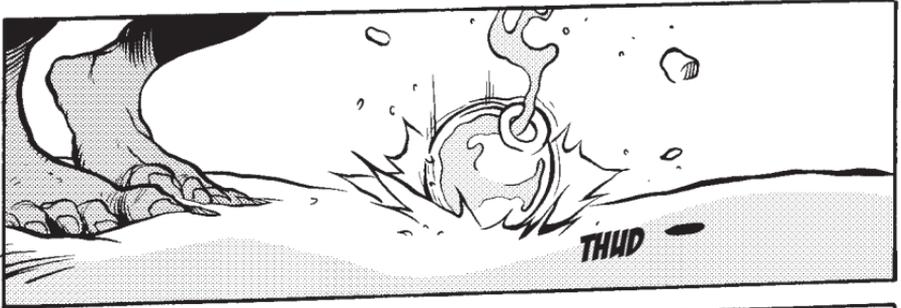
... WHEN YOU'RE FAST ASLEEP!

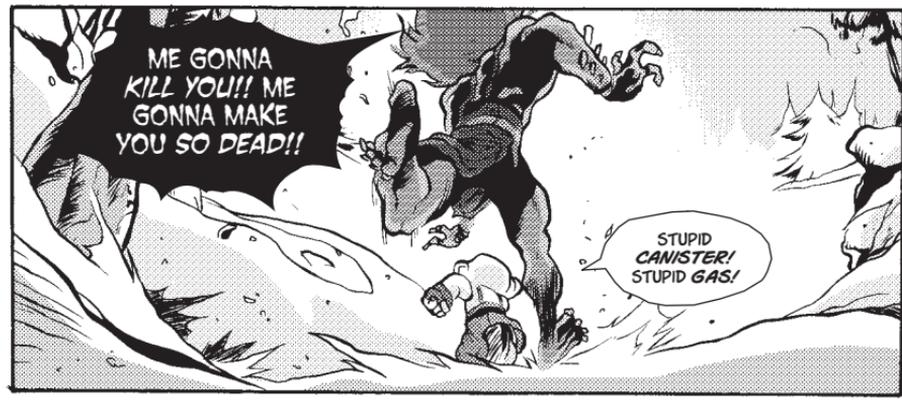


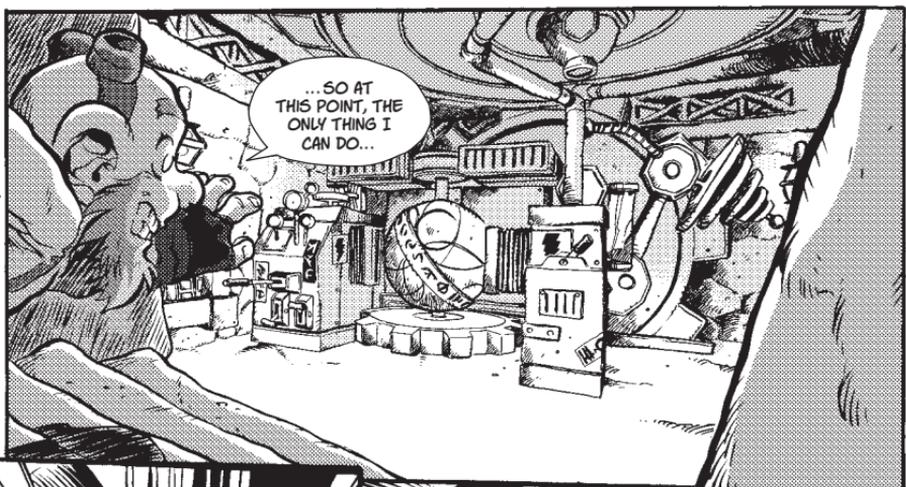
SAY HELLO TO THE PATENTED LAZLO GRINDWIDGET KNOCK-OUT GAS DELIVERY SYSTEM!

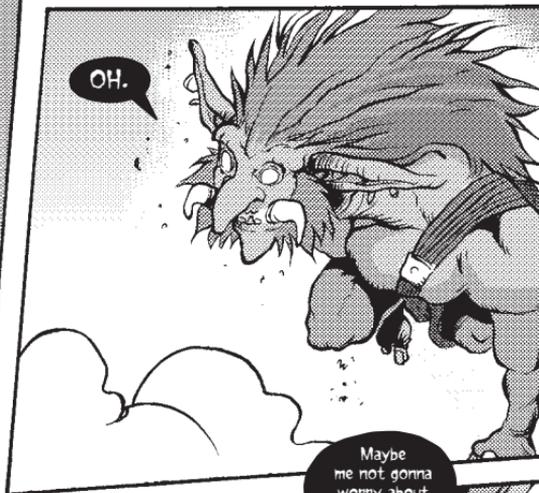


YEAH! THAT'S RIGHT! SAY GOODNIGHT, YOU BIG SACK OF UGLY!







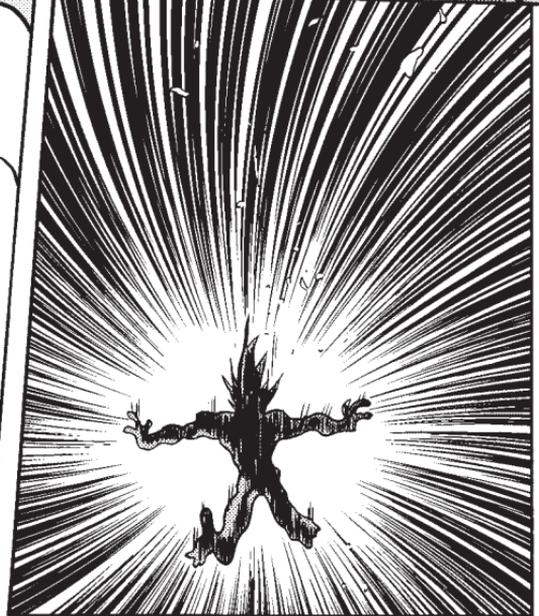


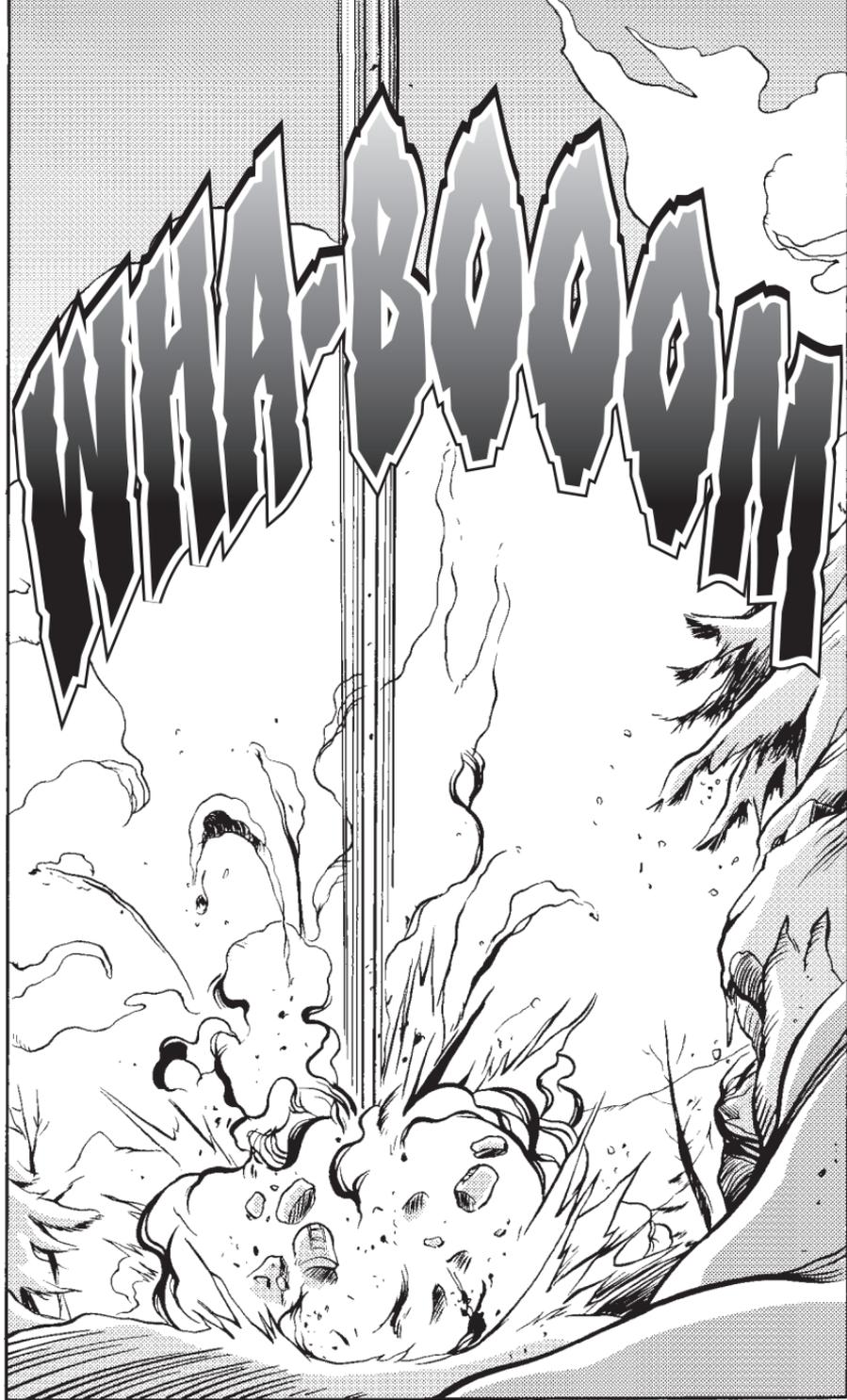
OH.

Maybe
me not gonna
worry about
mojo now...

**DIS NOT
A PANTRY.**

**WHAT DAT
PUNY GNOME BE
TALKIN' ABOUT?
WHERE DIS
PLACE BE?**

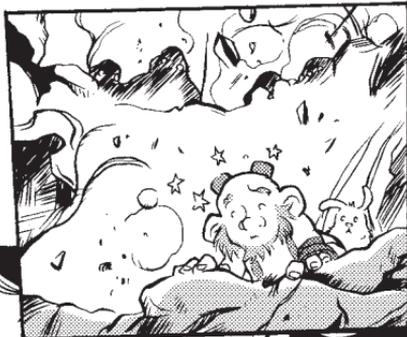






IS HE... IS HE DEAD?

I CAN'T TELL... CAN YOU TELL?



Me givin' up.

Just...keep dat gnome away...

...please.





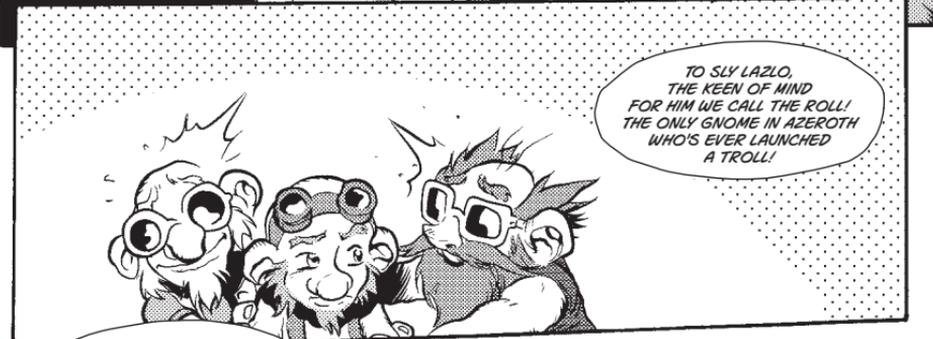
WELL, YOU KNOW THE TELEPORTER I USED? THE ONE THAT PUT THE TROLL WAY UP IN THE SKY?



YES, OF COURSE!

THE THING IS... I DESIGNED IT TO TELEPORT **GROCERIES** FROM THE KITCHEN TABLE TO THE **PANTRY**. I WAS GOING TO CALL IT "THE PANTRIFIER."

CAN YOU IMAGINE THE COMPLAINTS I WOULD'VE GOTTEN?



TO SLY LAZLO, THE KEEN OF MIND FOR HIM WE CALL THE ROLL! THE ONLY GNOME IN AZEROTH WHO'S EVER LAUNCHED A TROLL!

A FROSTMANE TROLL ROARED INTO TOWN A-SMASHIN' LEFT AND RIGHT! BUT SLY LAZLO, HE KNEW THE SCORE AND HOW TO WIN THE FIGHT!



HE DRESSED HIMSELF IN TROLLISH TUSKS AND DREW THE BLACKGUARD'S IRE! TEASED AND DARED, NOT A WHIT HE CARED THAT THE TROLL SWUNG MAGIC FIRE!



HE GOT THE
FROSTMANE HOPPIN' MAD,
SO MAD ITS BLOOD WAS STEAMIN!
THE THOUGHTS THEY FLED
RIGHT FROM ITS HEAD
BUT SLY LAZLO WAS A'SCHEMIN!



HE HAD AN ACE
UP IN HIS SLEEVE
A GIZMO HE HAD WAITIN!
COULD FLING A CREATURE
MILES AND MILES
'TIS NO EXAGGERATIN!!



THE FROSTMANE CHASED,
HIS JAW'S A-FROTH,
BUT LAZLO CHANGED THE TUNE!
HE SPRUNG HIS TRAP
AND WITH A SNAP THAT TROLL
SHOT TO THE MOONS!



TO SLY LAZLO,
THE KEEN OF MIND,
FOR HIM WE CALL THE ROLL!
THE ONLY GNOME IN AZEROTH
WHO'S EVER LAUNCHED
A TROLL!

END

WARCRAFT

LEGENDS™ VOLUME TWO

AN HONEST TRADE

WRITTEN BY TROY LEWTER

PENCILS BY NAM KIM & STUDIOIL

STUDIOIL STAFF: AJ FORD 3, BEN HARVEY & SHIWAH WONG

LAYOUTS BY J.M

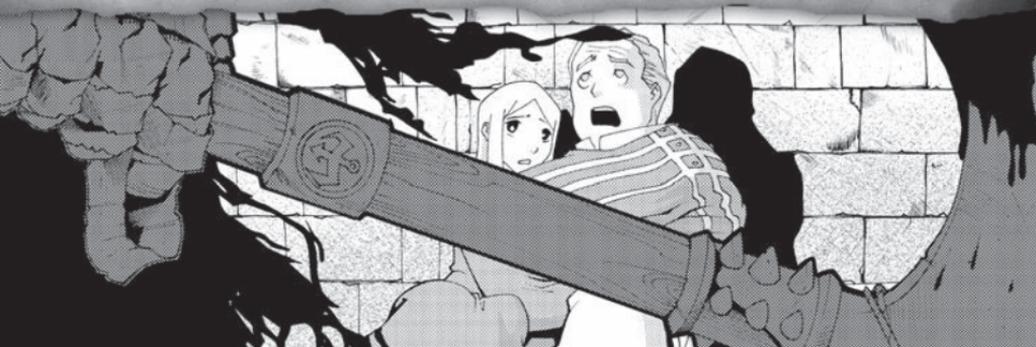
INKS BY MATT DALTON, KÖSEN & ALISON ACTON

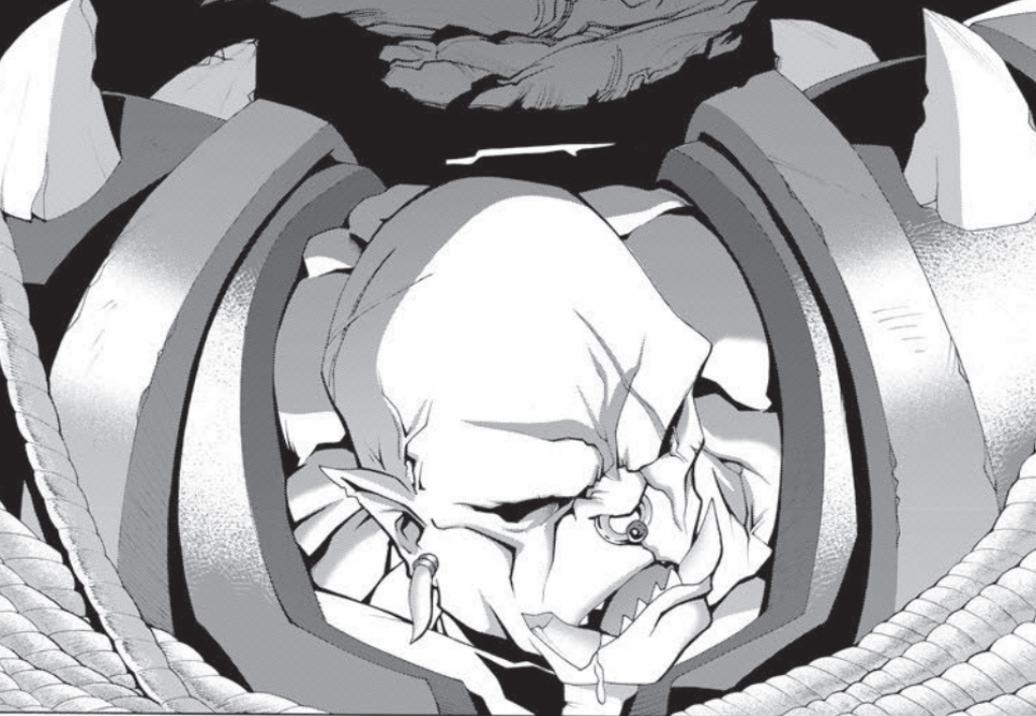
TONES BY CHOW HON LAM & MONICA KUBINA

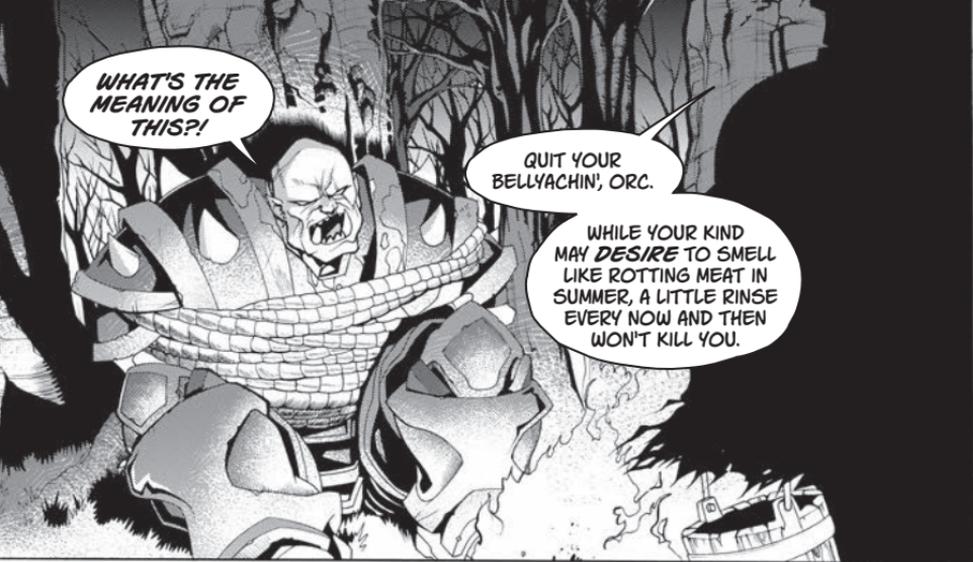
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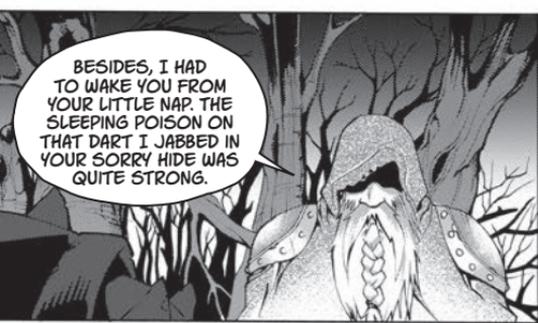
WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS?!

QUIT YOUR BELLYACHIN', ORC.

WHILE YOUR KIND MAY *DESIRE* TO SMELL LIKE ROTTING MEAT IN SUMMER, A LITTLE RINSE EVERY NOW AND THEN WON'T KILL YOU.



BESIDES, I HAD TO WAKE YOU FROM YOUR LITTLE NAP. THE SLEEPING POISON ON THAT DART I JABBED IN YOUR SORRY HIDE WAS QUITE STRONG.

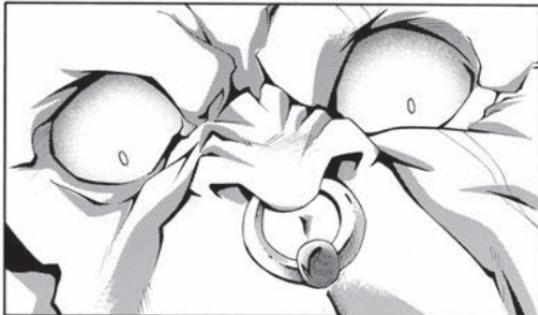


GOOD FOR NOTHING VERMIN...WHERE ARE THEY?! SHIVE! ZHUL'DAR! SPILL THIS FOOL'S BLOOD AT ONC--



THUNK

SPLUT





'FRAID THEIR SPILLIN' DAYS ARE OVER, LAD.

LISTEN, FRIEND...SEE THOSE SACKS OVER THERE? IN THEM I HAVE RUBIES AND JEWELS I'D BE MORE THAN WILLING TO SHARE WITH Y--

I CARE NOT FOR YOUR STOLEN BLOOD BOUNTY, ORC.



THEN WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR, COWARD?!

EITHER KILL ME LIKE A REAL WARRIOR, OR CUT ME LOOSE AND DIE LIKE ONE!!



IN DUE TIME.

FIRST...



...I WISH TO TELL YOU A STORY.



WHAT?!

ARE YOU
MAD?!

IT IS ONLY PROPER
CAMPFIRE ETIQUETTE, IS IT
NOT? I MAY BE RIGHTFULLY
ACCUSED OF MANY A THING,
BUT IMPOLITENESS ISN'T
ONE OF THEM.

WELL? WOULD
YOU LIKE TO
HEAR IT?

YOU AND
YOUR WAGGING
TONGUE CAN GO
TO HELL!!

WHEN I BREAK
FREE, I'LL PULL IT OUT
BY THE ROOTS AND
FEED IT TO THE FIRST
MANGY CUR I FIND!!



...I'LL TAKE
THAT AS A YES.

DON'T WORRY...I THINK
YOU'LL LIKE THIS ONE. IT
HAS ALL THE INGREDIENTS
OF A FINE TALE...ACTION,
MURDER, REVENGE...AND A
SURPRISE ENDING.

ONCE UPON
A TIME...

...DEEP WITHIN THE HARSH LANDS OF THE SEARING GORGE, THERE WAS A CAMP CALLED THORIUM POINT. AS YOU MAY KNOW, THORIUM POINT WAS—IS—THE BASE OF OPERATIONS FOR THE DWARVES OF THE THORIUM BROTHERHOOD.

RENOWNED THROUGHOUT THE LANDS AS THE VERY BEST FORGERS OF STEEL AND IRON, THE BLACKSMITHS OF THE BROTHERHOOD PRODUCE WEAPONS UPON WHICH LEGENDS ARE BUILT. ALL FED BY THE SEEMINGLY BOTTOMLESS WELL OF RAW MATERIALS PROVIDED BY THE SEARING GORGE.



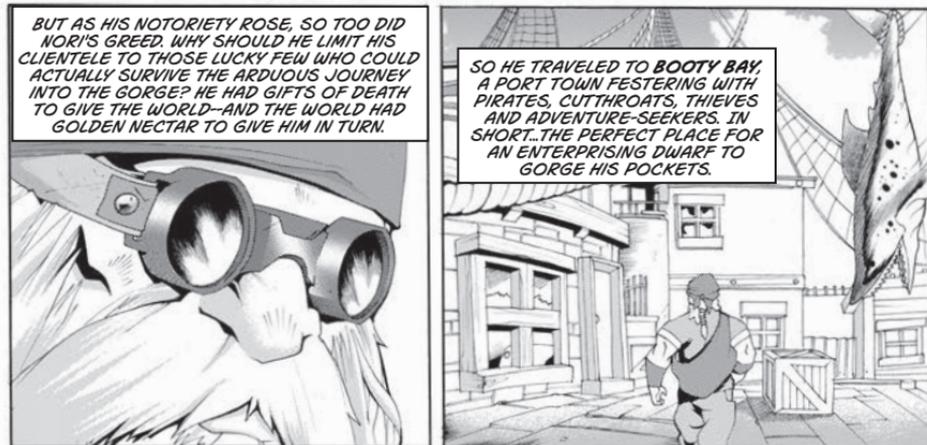
BUT THERE WAS ONE DWARF WHOSE SKILL STOOD OUT FROM THE PACK. TO HAVE HIS CREST ON A BLADE'S HILT ALL BUT GUARANTEED VICTORY OVER MAN OR BEAST ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE.

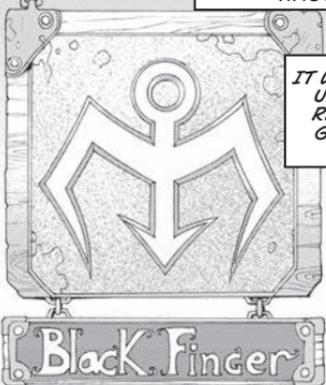
HIS NAME WAS MORI BLACKFINGER. AND HIS WEAPONS WERE VIRTUALLY UNBREAKABLE. WARRIOR PILGRIMS TREKED TO THE SEARING GORGE FROM ALL CORNERS OF THE LAND, JUST TO KNEEL BEFORE HIS ANVIL AND HAVE THEIR STEEL BLESSED BY HIS HAMMER.



BUT AS HIS NOTORIETY ROSE, SO TOO DID MORI'S GREED. WHY SHOULD HE LIMIT HIS CLIENTELE TO THOSE LUCKY FEW WHO COULD ACTUALLY SURVIVE THE ARDUOUS JOURNEY INTO THE GORGE? HE HAD GIFTS OF DEATH TO GIVE THE WORLD—AND THE WORLD HAD GOLDEN NECTAR TO GIVE HIM IN TURN.

SO HE TRAVELED TO BOOTY BAY, A PORT TOWN FESTERING WITH PIRATES, CUTTHROATS, THIEVES AND ADVENTURE-SEEKERS. IN SHORT, THE PERFECT PLACE FOR AN ENTERPRISING DWARF TO GORGE HIS POCKETS.





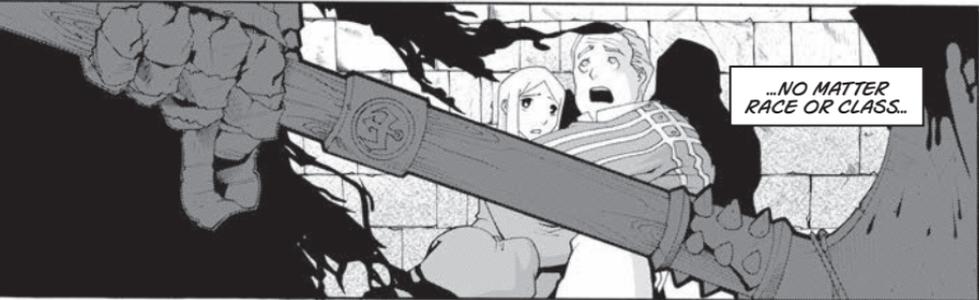
NORI SET UP SHOP, AND IN A FORTNIGHT EARNED THE EQUIVALENT OF A MONTH'S BOUNTY IN THE GORGE--TIMES TWO.

IT WAS THE PERFECT SET-UP, AS HE PURCHASED RAW MATERIALS FROM GOBLINS, AND AS FOR CLIENTS...

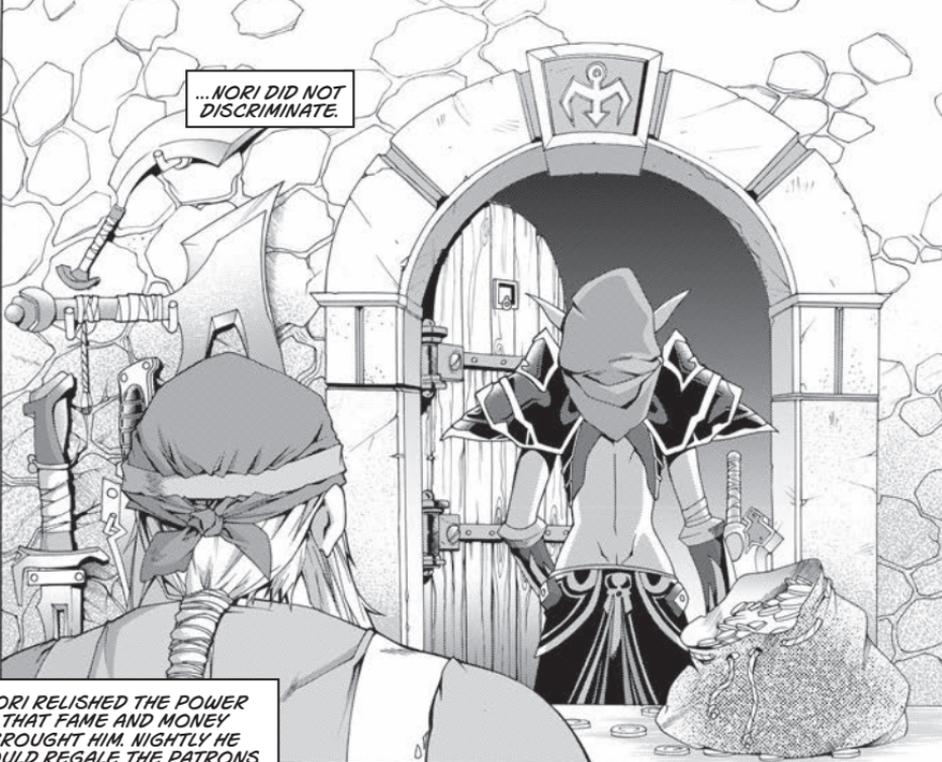


IT MATTERED NOT. BE IT MAN...

...OR WOMAN...

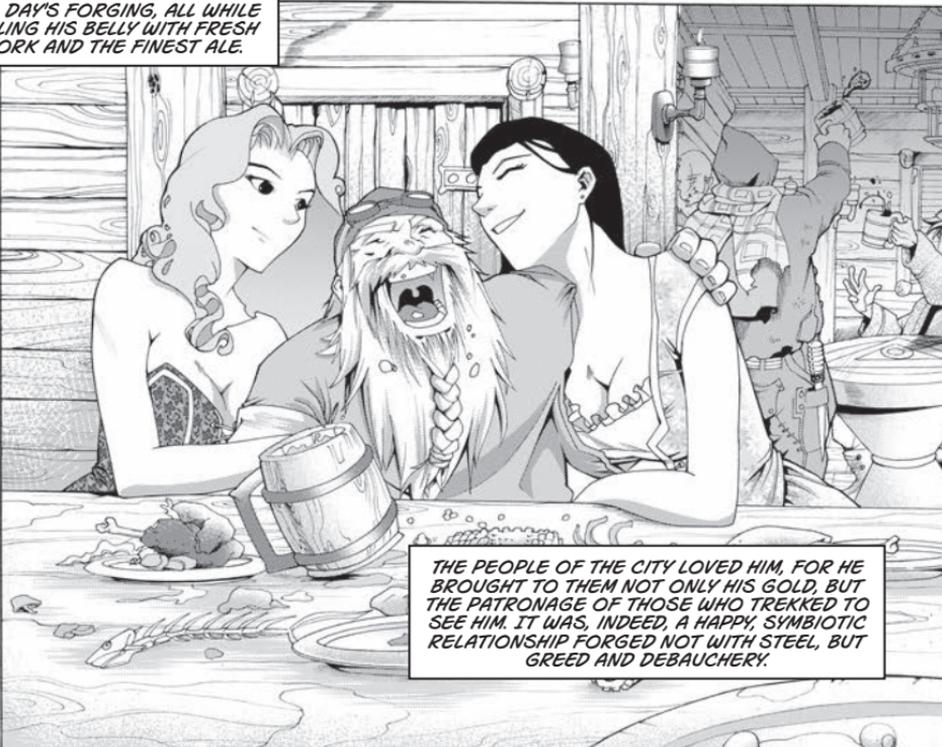


...NO MATTER RACE OR CLASS...



...NORI DID NOT DISCRIMINATE.

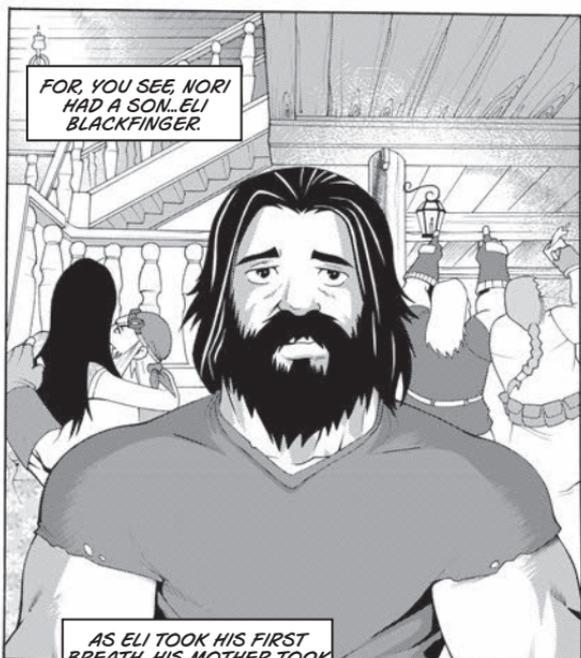
NORI RELISHED THE POWER THAT FAME AND MONEY BROUGHT HIM. NIGHTLY HE WOULD REGALE THE PATRONS OF THE TAVERN WITH TALES OF HIS DAY'S FORGING, ALL WHILE FILLING HIS BELLY WITH FRESH PORK AND THE FINEST ALE.



THE PEOPLE OF THE CITY LOVED HIM, FOR HE BROUGHT TO THEM NOT ONLY HIS GOLD, BUT THE PATRONAGE OF THOSE WHO TREKKED TO SEE HIM. IT WAS, INDEED, A HAPPY, SYMBIOTIC RELATIONSHIP FORGED NOT WITH STEEL, BUT GREED AND DEBAUCHERY.

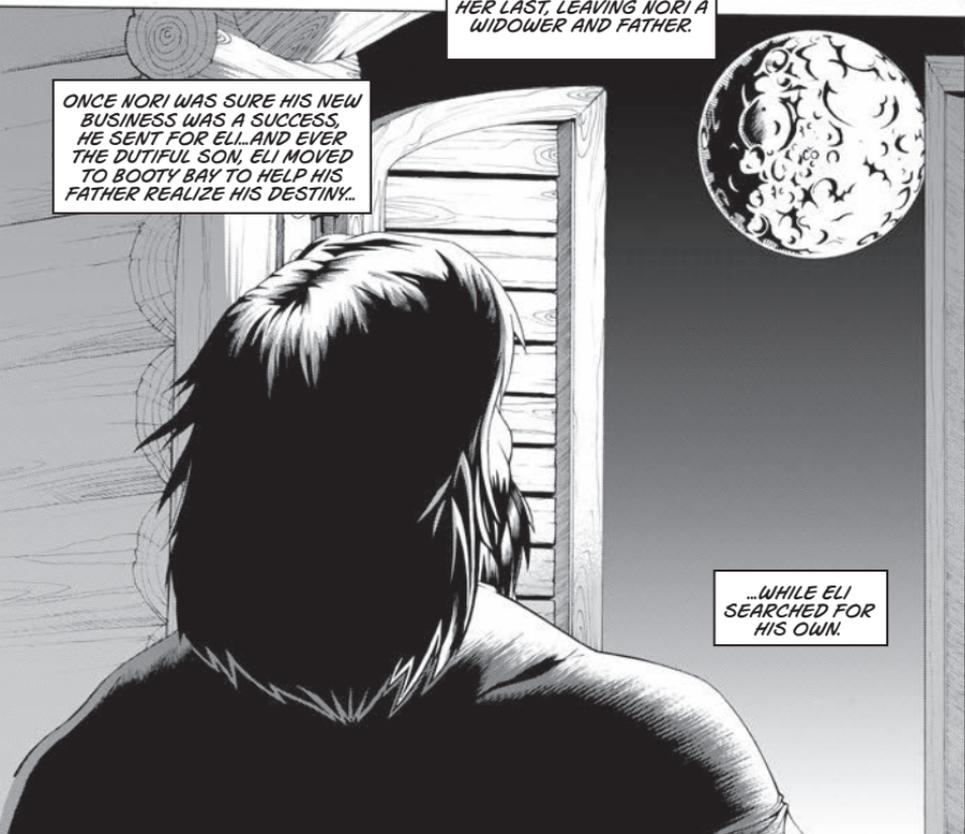


*BUT NOT EVERYONE
REVELED IN THE FRUITS
OF NORI'S LABOR.*



*FOR, YOU SEE, NORI
HAD A SON...ELI
BLACKFINGER.*

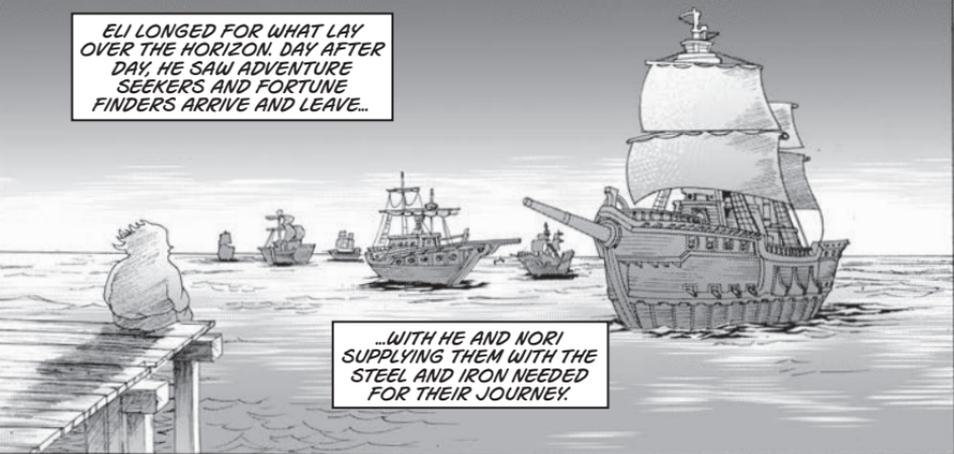
*AS ELI TOOK HIS FIRST
BREATH, HIS MOTHER TOOK
HER LAST, LEAVING NORI A
WIDOWER AND FATHER.*



*ONCE NORI WAS SURE HIS NEW
BUSINESS WAS A SUCCESS,
HE SENT FOR ELI...AND EVER
THE DUTIFUL SON, ELI MOVED
TO BOOTY BAY TO HELP HIS
FATHER REALIZE HIS DESTINY...*

*...WHILE ELI
SEARCHED FOR
HIS OWN.*

ELI LONGED FOR WHAT LAY OVER THE HORIZON. DAY AFTER DAY, HE SAW ADVENTURE SEEKERS AND FORTUNE FINDERS ARRIVE AND LEAVE...



...WITH HE AND NORI SUPPLYING THEM WITH THE STEEL AND IRON NEEDED FOR THEIR JOURNEY.

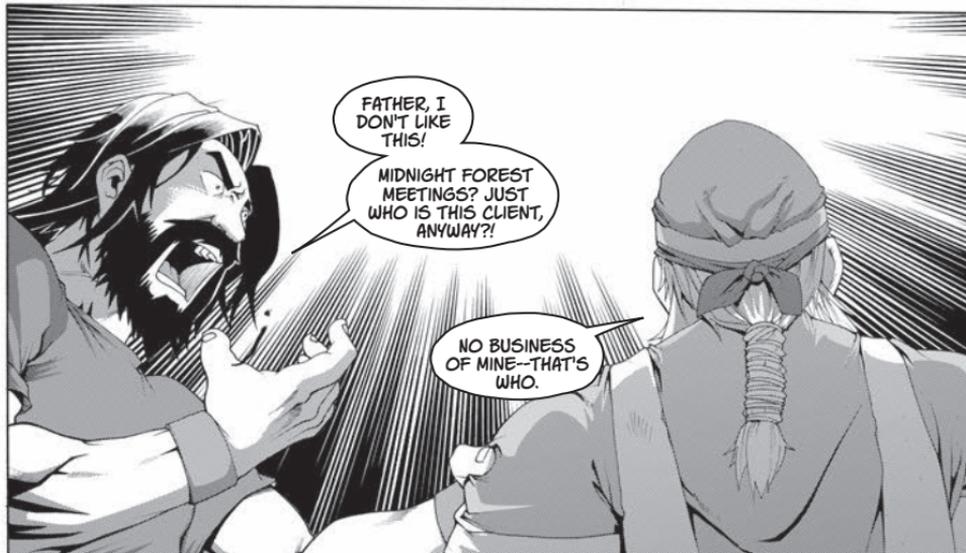
DAY AFTER DAY, HE LISTENED TO THEIR TALES OF DRAGONS FOUND, UNDEAD FOUGHT AND ADVENTURE SOUGHT.



ENOUGH CHATTER, BOY. THAT AXE AIN'T GONNA HAMMER ITSELF!

HAD NORI ACTUALLY TALKED TO AND NOT AT HIS SON, HE MIGHT HAVE NOTICED THE LONGING IN HIS EYES.







YOU'RE LATE.

AYE, NOR WAS I BAKING A PIE EITHER, FRIEND. QUALITY STEEL TAKES QUALITY TIME.



GOOD. NOW FORGET YOU SAW ME, BLACKSMITH.



WAIT...

BY THE GODS...
THAT ELF SERVES *HAVOC*
THE HEARTLESS—THE
THIEVING, MURDEROUS MONSTER
WANTED FOR THE DEATHS
OF MEN, WOMEN AND
CHILDREN!

Hahaha



ELI HAD SUFFERED IN SILENCE...UNTIL HE COULD TAKE IT NO LONGER.

BOY! WHERE ARE YOU?

COME STOKE THESE COALS! THEY'LL BE ICE CUBES IN MINUTES!

FATHER...

I'M LEAVING.



YOU'RE WHAT?

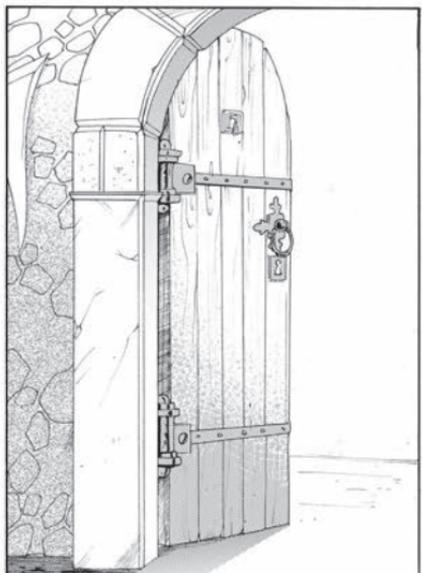
LEAVING, FATHER. I LONG TO JOURNEY TO LAKESHIRE, WHERE I HEAR OPPORTUNITIES FOR ADVENTURE ABOUND. IT'S TIME. LAST NIGHT SHOWED ME THAT.

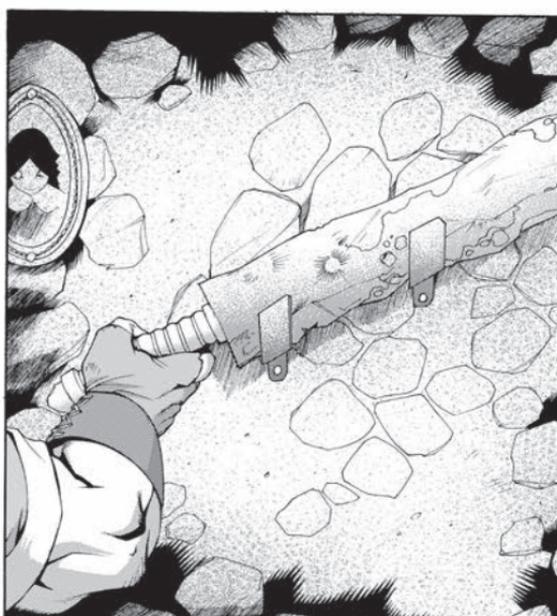


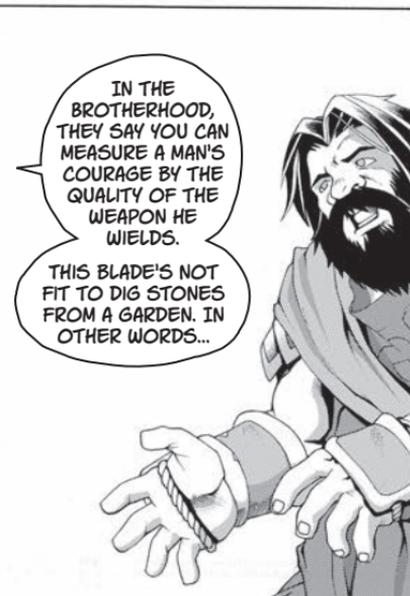
SON...IS THIS ABOUT THAT BANDIT? IF SO, THEN AYE, WE'LL SCREEN CLIENTS A BIT BETTER FROM NOW ON...

NO, FATHER. YOU SAY THAT... BUT YOU *WON'T*. YOU KNOW THAT.

EVEN BEFORE LAST NIGHT, I THOUGHT I WANTED MORE THAN A BLACKSMITH'S LIFE...BUT LOOKING AT YOU NOW... WHAT YOU'VE *BECOME*...I'VE NEVER BEEN MORE CERTAIN OF ANYTHING.









MANY MOONS PASSED, WITH NO WORD FROM ELI. NORI REFUSED TO EVEN SPEAK HIS SON'S NAME...



...BUT THE SAME CAN'T BE SAID OF HIS MIND, WHICH DID OFTEN DRIFT, WONDERING WHERE HIS ONLY SON WAS AND IF HE WERE WELL.

NORI!
HERE—COME QUICK!

HE SOON GOT HIS ANSWER.



THE FARMER'S WAGON WAS FILLED NOT WITH POULTRY AND FRUIT...



...BUT WITH THE CORPSE OF THE BLACKSMITH'S SON.



M-MY...
S-SON...

YOU...YOU MUST BE NORI BLACKFINGER. I CAN SEE THE RESEMBLANCE...

HAD THE NAME BLACKFINGER STENCILED INSIDE HIS TRAVEL BAG, HE DID. I HAPPENED UPON A CLIENT OF YOURS WHO RECOGNIZED THE NAME AND TOLD ME I SHOULD BRING HIM HERE.

I'M SO SORRY... THIS...THIS IS ALL MY FAULT! THREE DAYS AGO IT WAS, WHEN I WAS ON A REMOTE TRAIL CONNECTING THE REDRIDGE MOUNTAINS TO ELWYNN FOREST...

I WAS ON MY WAY
BACK FROM SELLING MY
GRAIN AND PRODUCE AT
STORMWIND, AND THIS
ROUTE PROMISED TO CUT
MY JOURNEY IN HALF.

CURSE ME, I
SHOULD HAVE KNOWN
BETTER! RUMORS OF
BANDITS IN WAIT THERE
WERE WHISPERED TOO
OFTEN TO BE
UNTRUTHS.



THEY CAME
OUT OF
NOWHERE...

WE'LL BE
TAKING THE
GOLD, OLD



I TRIED TO
FIGHT THEM
OFF...



...BUT I WAS
NO MATCH.



THEY WERE LED BY
NONE OTHER THAN
THAT FIENDISH
MURDERER—HAVOC!

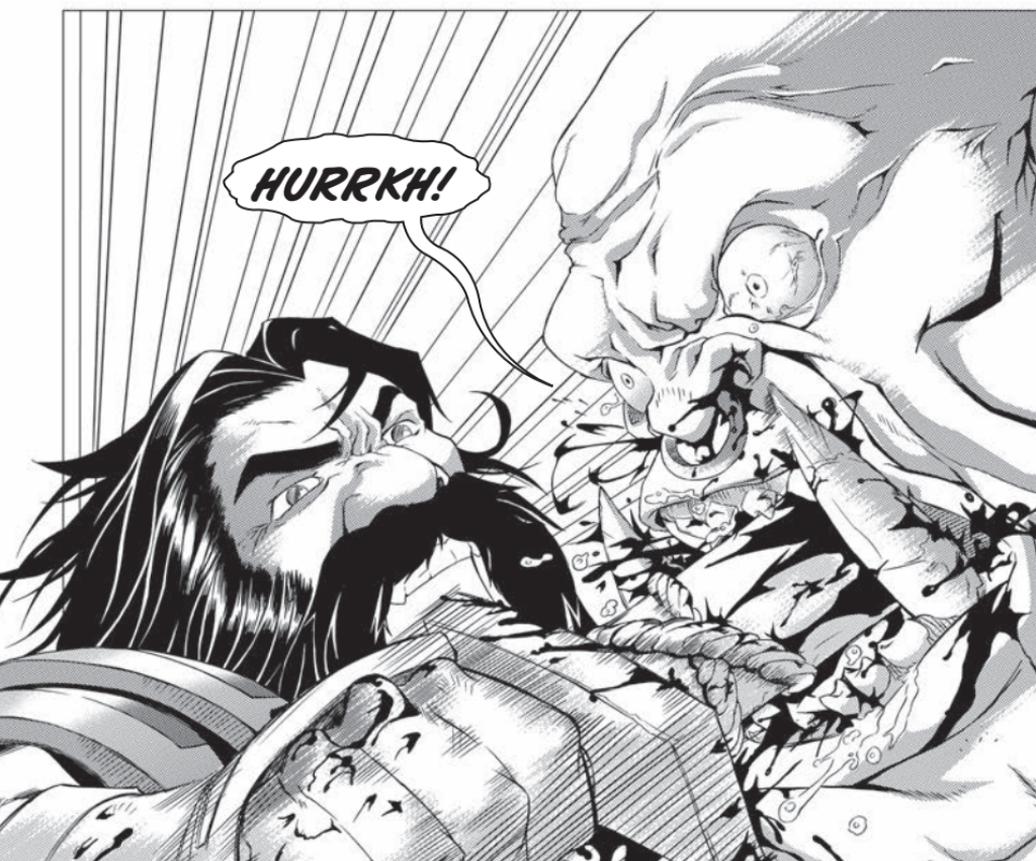


RAAARGH!!

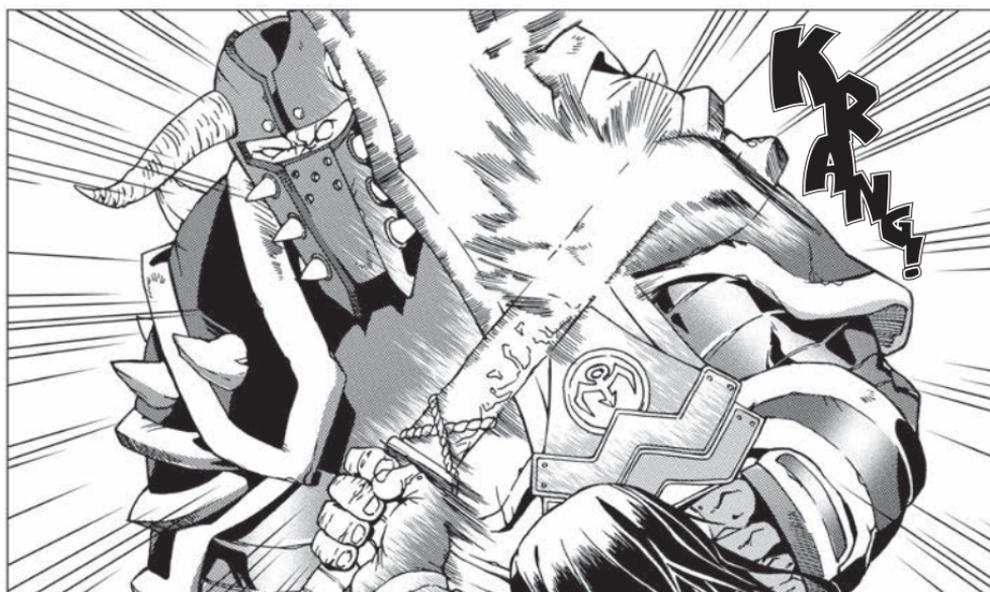
IT WAS
YOUR SON!

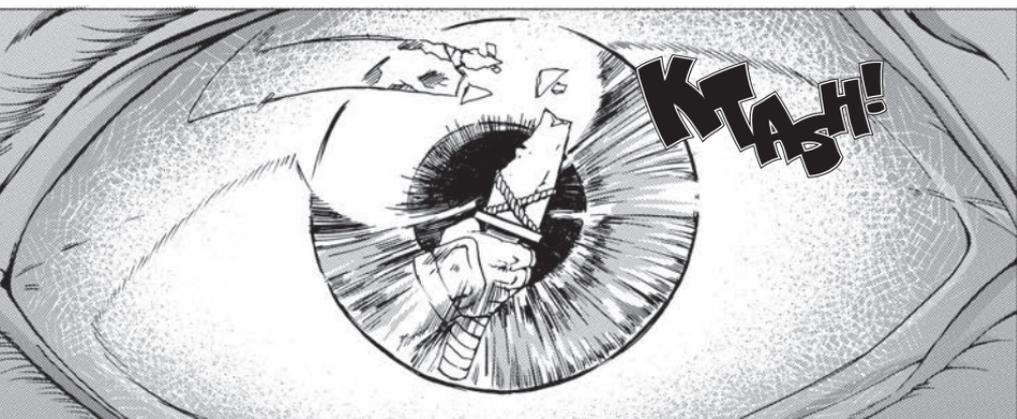
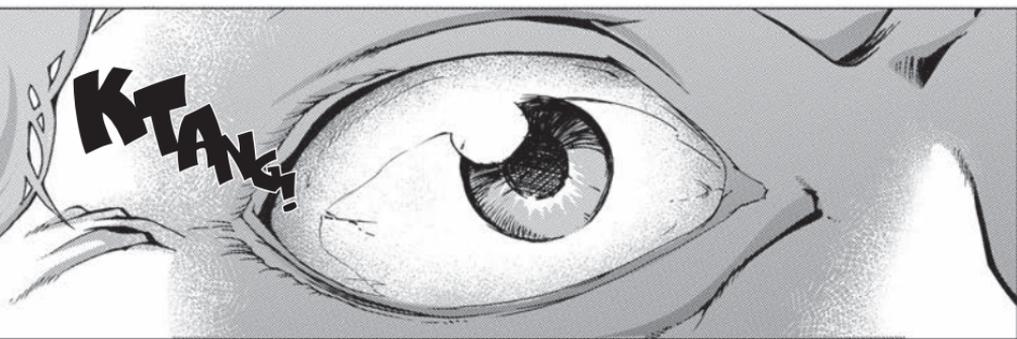


HUNH!!







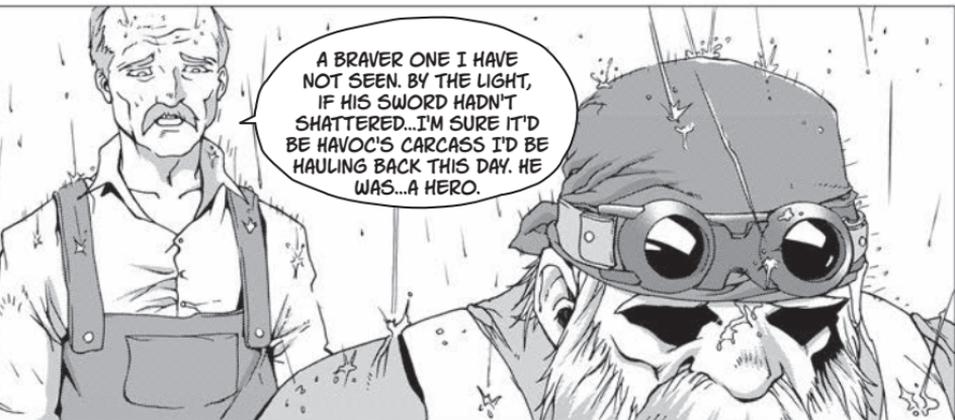






SO I RAN, THE MISERABLE COWARD THAT I AM. I LEFT THAT BRAVE BOY IN THE HANDS OF THAT MONSTER.

IT WAS HOURS BEFORE I COULD MUSTER THE COURAGE TO GO BACK. BY THEN, HAVOC WAS GONE...AND YOUR SON WAS DEAD.



A BRAVER ONE I HAVE NOT SEEN. BY THE LIGHT, IF HIS SWORD HADN'T SHATTERED...I'M SURE IT'D BE HAVOC'S CARCASS I'D BE HAULING BACK THIS DAY. HE WAS...A HERO.



AYE, HE WAS INDEED A HERO...



...WITH A VILLAIN FOR A FATHER.



**NORI WAS DIZZY WITH THE
IRONY OF IT ALL. HAD HE
NOT SOLD AN UNBREAKABLE
SWORD TO HAVOC...**

**...HAD HE NOT TAKEN
AWAY AN UNBREAKABLE
SWORD FROM HIS SON...**

**...HAD HE NOT BEEN
SO GREEDY AND
PIGHEADED..**

**...HIS SON
WOULD BE
ALIVE.**

**HAVOC HAD NOT
KILLED HIS SON..
NORI HAD.**

WAS IT MERE COINCIDENCE?
WAS IT BLIND LUCK THAT ELI
HAPPENED UPON HAVOC?

OR WAS HE TRACKING
HIM, TRYING TO ATONE
FOR THE SINS OF THE
FATHER? ELI TOOK THE
ANSWER TO HIS GRAVE.

AS NORI WATCHED HIS SON'S FUNERAL
BARGE BECOME ASH, HE REMEMBERED
HOW ELI ONCE ASKED HIM IF IT BOTHERED
HIM TO KNOW THAT HIS STEEL WOULD BE
TAKING LIVES, GOOD OR BAD.

BACK THEN, NORI
JUST LAUGHED AT
THE NOTION.

HE LAUGHED
NO LONGER.

NOW...HE KNEW WHAT
MUST BE DONE.

HE WOULD FORGE ONE
LAST SWORD...PERHAPS HIS
GREATEST SWORD EVER.

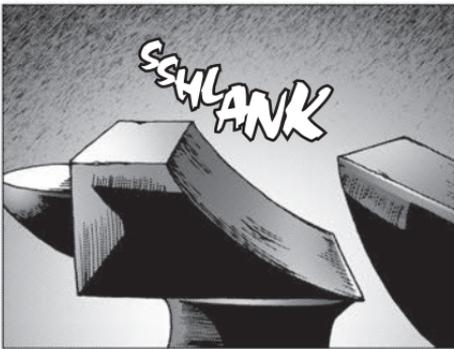
BUT THIS
SWORD WASN'T
FOR SALE. NAY,
THIS ONE WAS
TO BE WIELDED
BY HIM, FOR
HIM.

EACH SWING OF HIS MIGHTY
MALLET FILLED THE BLADE
WITH HIS SADNESS, HIS
LOVE, HIS FURY...

CHANG
CHANG
CHANG
CHANG
CHANG



AND WITH THIS LAST
MAGNIFICENT BLADE, HE
VOWED TO GOUGE OUT
THE CANCER HE HAD
BROUGHT TO THIS LAND.

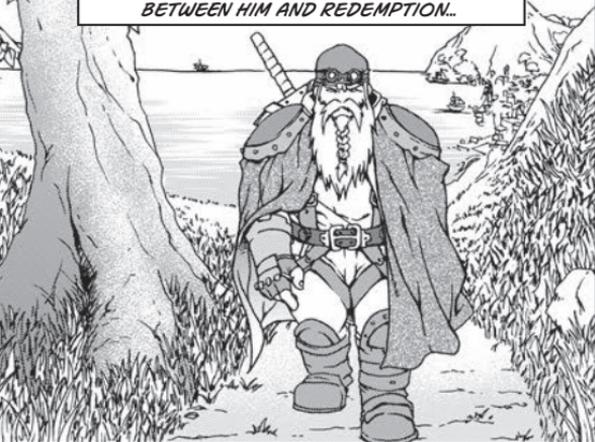


AND SO THE BLACKSMITH
SET OFF TO FIND ALL THE
SWORDS, ALL THE WEAPONS
OF DEATH AND DESTRUCTION
HE HAD FORGED...



...AND DESTROY
THEM.

NEEDLESS TO SAY, THIS WAS NO EASY FEAT. DURING HIS YEARS SPENT IN BOOTY BAY, HE HAD FORGED ENOUGH BLADES FOR A SMALL ARMY. BUT IF AN ARMY STOOD BETWEEN HIM AND REDEMPTION...



...THEN AN ARMY WOULD FALL.

BUT BLOODLETTING WAS ONLY A LAST RESORT. WITH THE EXCEPTION OF ONE, NORI WOULD ALWAYS FIRST SEEK A PEACEFUL RESOLUTION.



WHEN HE TRACKED DOWN THE "CLIENTS," HE WOULD EXPLAIN HIS MOTIVATIONS. HE EVEN OFFERED GENEROUS MONETARY COMPENSATION.



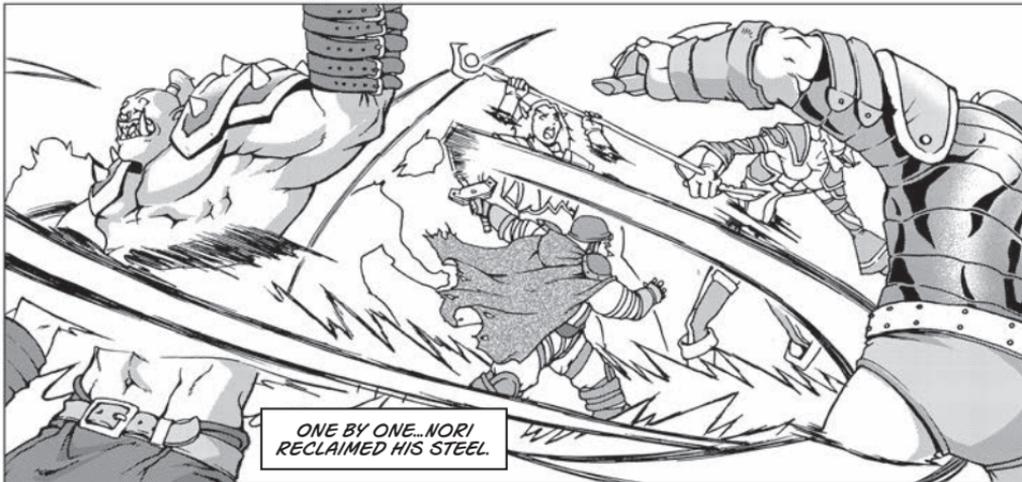
THOSE WITH KIND HEARTS AND NOBLE SOULS UNDERSTOOD, AND GLADLY TOOK THE GOLD OFFERED FOR THEIR TROUBLE. AS FOR THE OTHERS...

NEGOTIATIONS WERE LESS SUCCESSFUL.

AND SO IT WENT FOR
THREE LONG YEARS...



BATTLE
AFTER
BATTLE...



ONE BY ONE...NORI
RECLAIMED HIS STEEL.

AND THOUGH HIS BODY OFTEN
PAID VICTORY'S TOLL...

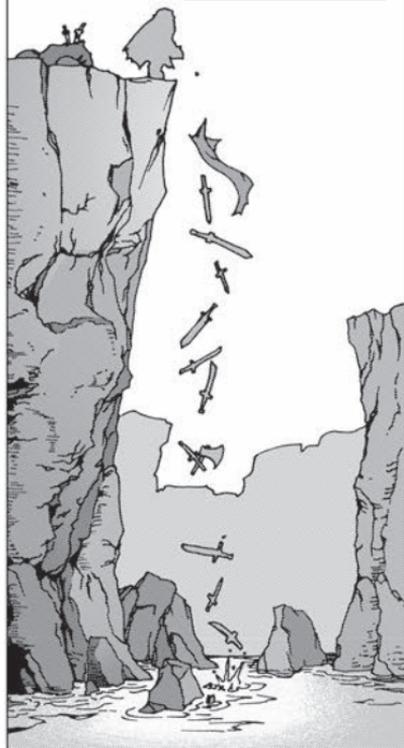


...NORI NEVER
RELENTED.

UNTIL, FINALLY, HE WAS LEFT WITH ONLY ONE SWORD TO FIND. THE SWORD THAT HAD BROKEN HIS HEART AS IT CLEAVED HIS SON'S IN TWO.



HE HAD SAVED HAVOC FOR LAST.







YOU..YOU'RE THE
BLACKSMITH...



IT'S TIME TO
END THIS.





WHAT?

I DON'T...?



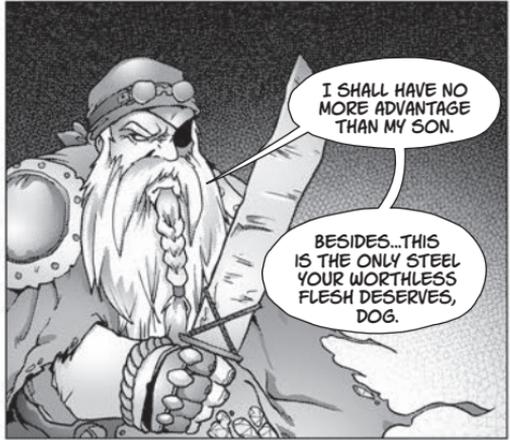
PICK IT UP, ORC.

STRIKE ME DOWN WITH A SWORD FIT FOR A GOD...IF YOU CAN.



WHAT FOLLY IS THIS?

YOU GIVE ME YOUR SWORD TO FIGHT WITH, DWARF? AND WHAT SHALL YOU USE FOR BATTLE?

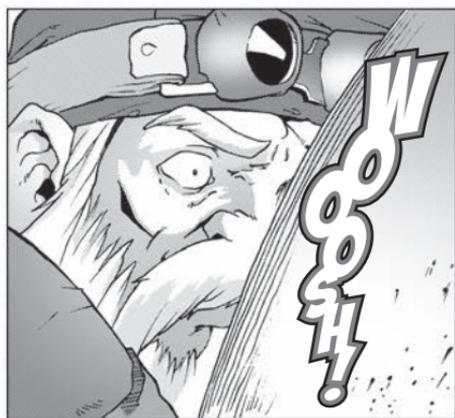


I SHALL HAVE NO MORE ADVANTAGE THAN MY SON.

BESIDES...THIS IS THE ONLY STEEL YOUR WORTHLESS FLESH DESERVES, DOG.



IF YOU SO DESIRE YOUR BRAT'S FATE...







YOU'VE BEEN TRACKING ME ALL THIS TIME, DREAMING OF THIS MOMENT...AND THIS IS THE BEST YOU CAN MUSTER?

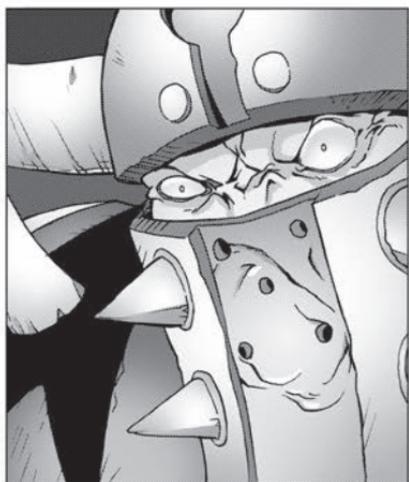
PATHETIC.

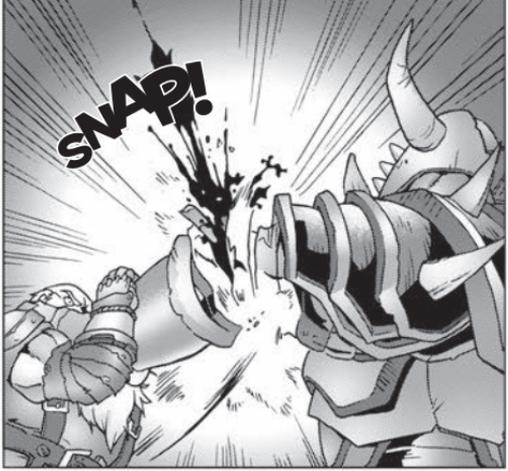


THE FARMER MISSED THE BEST PART... WHEN YOUR WHELP SON BLUBBERED LIKE A WOMAN TO GO HOME TO SEE HIS DADDY! HEH HEH HEH...



UNH?!







FOOL! YOU REALLY THINK YOU CAN WIN?!

YOU'RE NOTHING WITHOUT YOUR SWORD!!



I ONCE THOUGHT YOU COULD MEASURE A MAN'S GUTS BY THE STEEL IN HIS HAND.

I WAS WRONG.

SENTIMENTAL FOOL!!

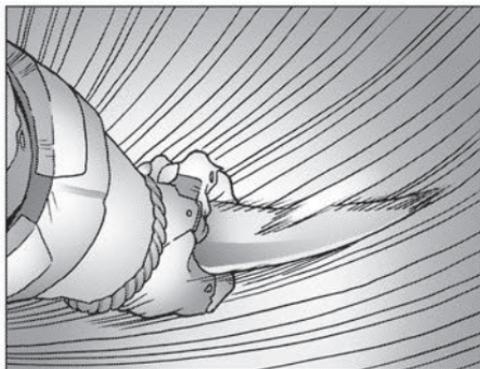


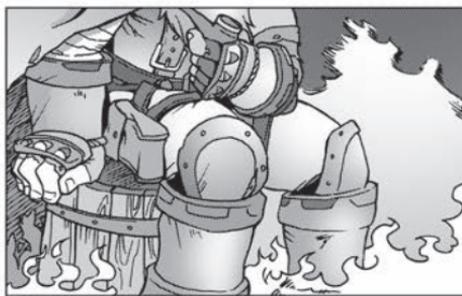
KLOK-TAR OGAR!!*

* VICTORY OR DEATH !!



swoosh!







END

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