

WARCRAFT



LEGENDS™

VOLUME FOUR

KNAAK • JOLLEY • BEEDLE • GOLDEN • KIM • FURUKAWA • KAWAKAMI • KIM



Warcraft: Legends Vol. 4

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This book contains material originally published by TOKYOPOP Inc.

First Blizzard Entertainment printing: October 2017

ISBN: 978-1-4278-0830-1

10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

Printed in China

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LEGENDS™

VOLUME FOUR

BILZARD
ENTERTAINMENT

WARCRAFT

LEGENDS™

VOLUME FOUR

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WARCRAFT

LEGENDS™ VOLUME FOUR

FATE

WRITTEN BY RICHARD A. KNAAK

ART BY JAE-HWAN KIM

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STORY SO FAR

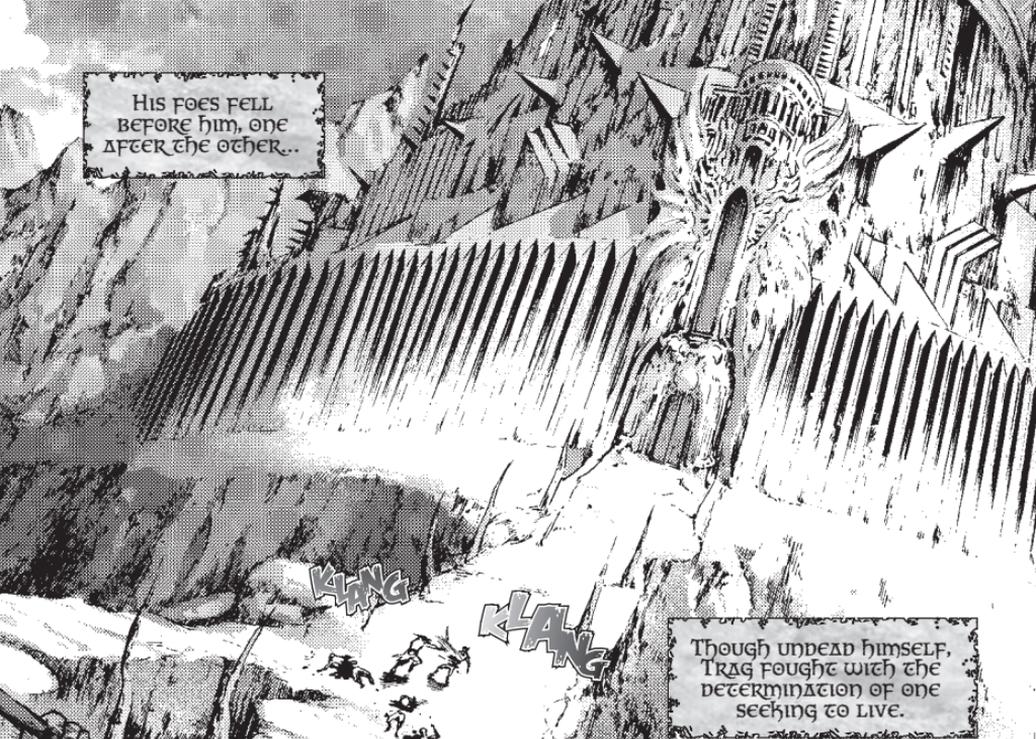
The undead walk the lands of Azeroth as rotting nightmares, vicious and unyielding in their brutality. They are broken into two factions: the Forsaken, led by the Dark Lady, Sylvanas Windrunner; and the Scourge, commanded by the dark lord of the dead, the Lich King. For the living of Azeroth, to become undead is to be damned for all eternity.

Trag Highmountain, the courageous tauren who sacrificed his life in *Warcraft: The Sunwell Trilogy – Shadows of Ice*, found himself reanimated as one of the undead. However, Trag's condition was unique: his mind rebelled against the carnal bloodlust typical of other undead. Nevertheless, his thoughts were clouded with visions of a foreboding kingdom of ice and snow, and his ears were filled with the Lich King's rancid whispers urging him to kill...

In Trag's desperate search for answers, he sought help from the tauren shaman Sulamm. However, unbeknownst to Trag, Sulamm was conspiring with his kinsmen to kill the undead tauren, and Trag barely escaped the flames in which he was thrown. Betrayed and alone, Trag could no longer control the Lich King's incitement to mindless mayhem...until Thrall, warchief of the Horde, sensed Trag's suffering and shared his own story of triumph in the face of the dark urge to kill. Thrall's words and noble intentions helped Trag regain control of his mind, and with renewed resolve Trag journeyed to the frozen tundra of Northrend. He befriended a taunka named Akiak, who agreed to lead Trag to the Dragon Wastes. It was there that Trag found a bone fragment from the ancient proto-dragon Galakrond. Trag hoped to harness the fragment's mysterious power as a weapon against the Lich King.

Yet Trag's victory was short lived, because the anub'ar--fierce undead minions of the Lich King--attacked Akiak's village. During the ensuing battle, Trag fell into the anub'ar's underground tunnels and managed to stop the fiends from sinking the taunka village. Although separated from his allies by the resulting cave-in, Trag pressed on through the tunnels beneath the tundra, finally emerging aboveground outside the gates of his final destination: Icecrown.

His long journey at an end, Trag must now confront the Scourge's maleficent ruler...or risk losing his soul forever.



His foes fell
before him, one
after the other...

KLANG

KLANG

Though undead himself,
Trag fought with the
determination of one
seeking to live.



Yet, despite each
victory... the Lauren
knew that, in the
end, he would lose...



SMASH



...and that these
foul adversaries
were merely a test
by their master...



...to see if Trag was
worthy of serving him...

KREEAK

...worthy of serving
the Lich King.



FATE



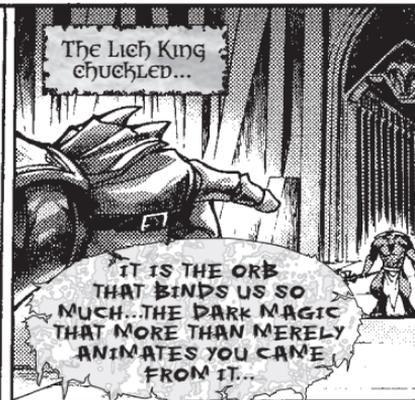
WELCOME...
SAVAGE
CHAMPION...

The words struck Trag both
audibly and in his head, but
that was not what caused
him to hesitate...

Rather, it was the
sensation that,
more than ever...



...he and the Lich King
shared some inner link
that went beyond
Trag's undead state.



The Lich King
chuckled...

IT IS THE ORB
THAT BINDS US SO
MUCH...THE DARK MAGIC
THAT MORE THAN MERELY
ANIMATES YOU CAME
FROM IT...



JUST AS PART
OF WHAT I AM
COMES FROM WHAT
WAS THE SPIRIT OF
ITS CREATOR...



A name came
unbidden to Trag's
lips...a name that he
had cursed since his
resurrection...

NERZHAU...



NER'ZHUL IS NO MORE. HE IS CONSUMED. THERE IS ONLY ARTHAS NOW... ARTHAS, WHOM YOU SHALL SERVE FOR ALL ETERNITY.

YOUR QUEST TO REACH ME HAS PROVEN YOUR WORTHINESS...

YOU WILL MAKE A UNIQUE CHAMPION FOR ME, A COMMANDER FOR MY EAGER WARRIORS...



ALREADY THEY AWAIT YOUR COMMAND.



I COME NOT TO SERVE YOU... BUT TO DESTROY YOU!!



NO... YOU COME TO SERVE... AND SERVE WILLINGLY.

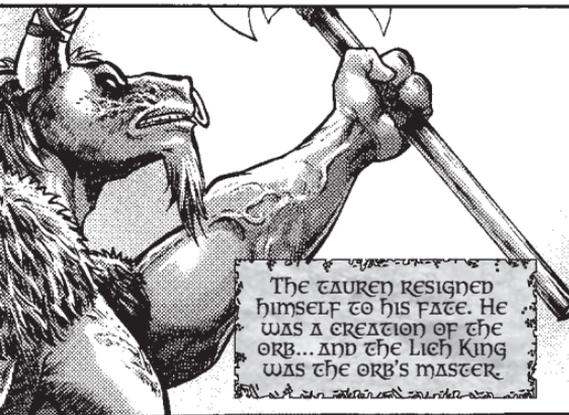
FRRRSSH

UNNNGH!!



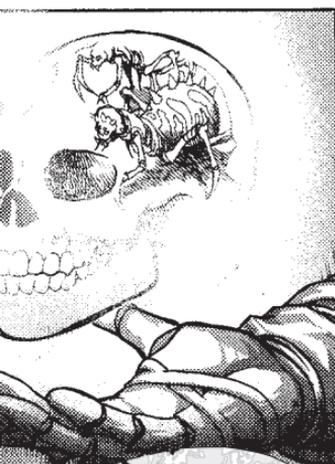
IT WAS OVER. WHAT TRAG
HAD KNOWN WOULD HAPPEN
HAD, DESPITE HIS FAINT HOPES
OTHERWISE, COME TO PASS.

RISE, MY LOYAL
WARRIOR.



YOU ARE NOW
READY FOR YOUR
COMMAND.

YOUR
WARRIORS
AWAIT YOUR
LEADERSHIP FOR
THIS TASK...



THEY WILL RESUME
UNDERMINING THE
VILLAGES' FOUNDATIONS...
AND WHEN IT IS NO MORE,
MOVE ON TO THE TAUNKA
CAPITAL, ICEMIST.

THE GLORIOUS
BEGINNING TO
SCOURING THE LIVING
FROM NOT MERELY
NORTHREND... BUT
ALL AZEROTH.



AAH! BUT WE
HAVE OTHER
VISITORS IN OUR
MIDST... WOULD
YOU CARE TO SEE
THEM, TOO?



A BAND OF BRAVE
LITTLE TAUNKA...LED
BY YOUR FRIEND...



WE SHALL
GREET THEM
PROPERLY.



BE WARY... THEY
MUST KNOW OF OUR
PRESENCE.



CERTAINLY,
THEIR **MASTER**
MUST.

THERE'S STILL A
SLIGHT CHANCE FOR
ANY WHO WANT TO
TURN BACK...



WE ARE AS
SET AS YOU, AKIAK.
WE CANNOT AVOID THE
DARK ONE... NOT AFTER
WHAT HE HAS DONE.



AND, LIKE YOU,
WE DO THIS AS MUCH
FOR THE **LIFE DEBT** WE
OWE TO TRAG AS WE DO
FOR **OURSELVES...**



HE SACRIFICED HIMSELF FOR OUR VILLAGE... I CAN'T FORGET THAT...

NOR WILL WE. WE WILL FOLLOW YOU TO ICECROWN ITSE--

VZK

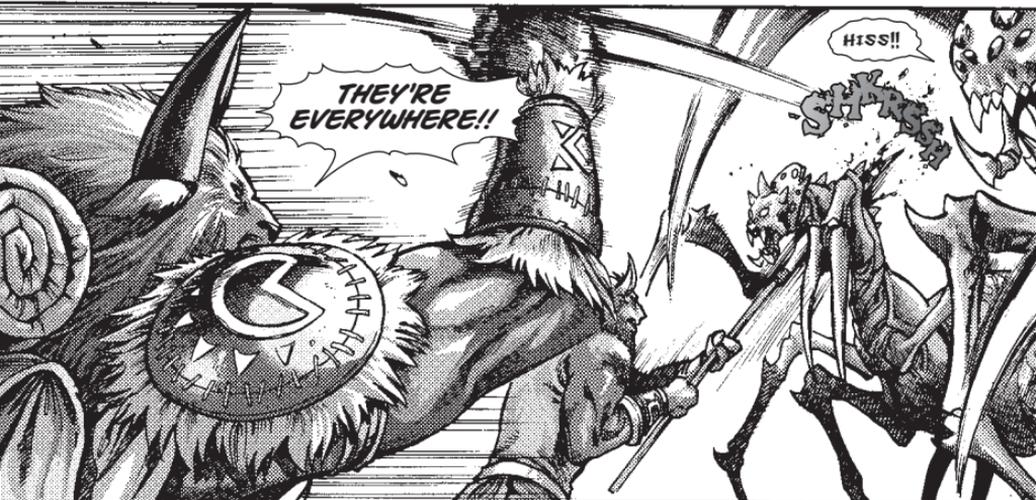
KRAAK



ANUB'AR!!

KLAK!!

KLAK!!



THEY'RE EVERYWHERE!!

HISS!!

SHIKSS

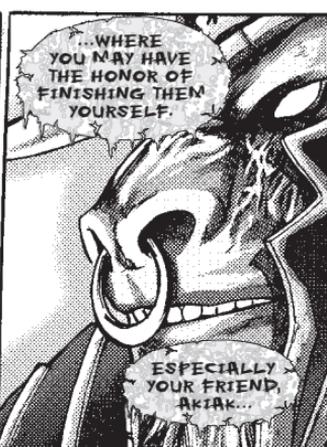


SUCH A JEST. YOU HAVE NEW ORDERS, MY TAUREN CHAMPION.



TAKE YOUR WARRIORS AND LEAD THEM TO THIS BATTLE.

I SHALL LET THE ANUB'AR PLAY WITH THEM FOR AWHILE, UNTIL YOU ARRIVE...



...WHERE YOU MAY HAVE THE HONOR OF FINISHING THEM YOURSELF.

ESPECIALLY YOUR FRIEND, ANUB'AR...



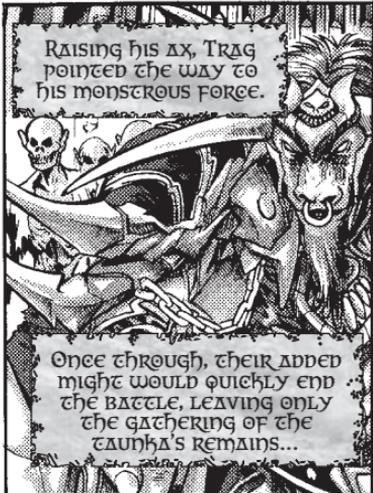
THEIR BODIES
WILL BE BROUGHT
BACK TO ME, TO ADD
TO MY LEGIONS OF
THE UNDEAD.



YOU AND YOUR
TAUNKA COMRADE
WILL SOON FIGHT
SIDE-BY-SIDE
AGAIN...FOR ME...



LET THERE BE
MUCH BLOOD, MY
CHAMPION...

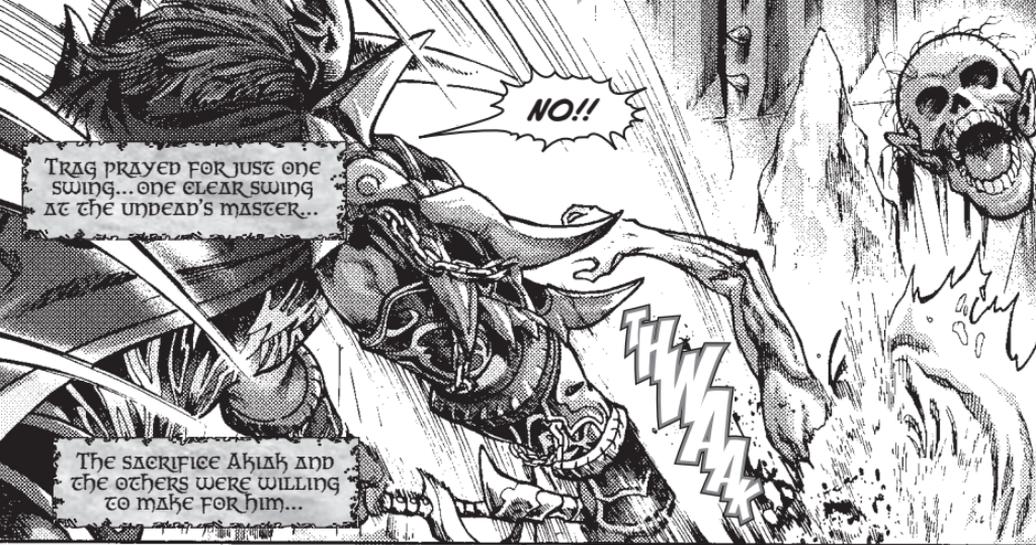


RAISING HIS AX, TRAG
POINTED THE WAY TO
HIS MONSTROUS FORCE.

ONCE THROUGH, THEIR ADDED
MIGHT WOULD QUICKLY END
THE BATTLE, LEAVING ONLY
THE GATHERING OF THE
TAUNKA'S REMAINS...



REMAINS USED
TO BUILD NEW,
FEARFUL WARRIORS
FOR THE SCOURGE...



NO!!

TRAG PRAYED FOR JUST ONE SWING... ONE CLEAR SWING AT THE UNDEAD'S MASTER...

THE SACRIFICE AHIK AND THE OTHERS WERE WILLING TO MAKE FOR HIM...



...HAD SOMEHOW STURRED THE TAUREN'S WILL ENOUGH TO BREAK THE LICH KING'S HOLD.

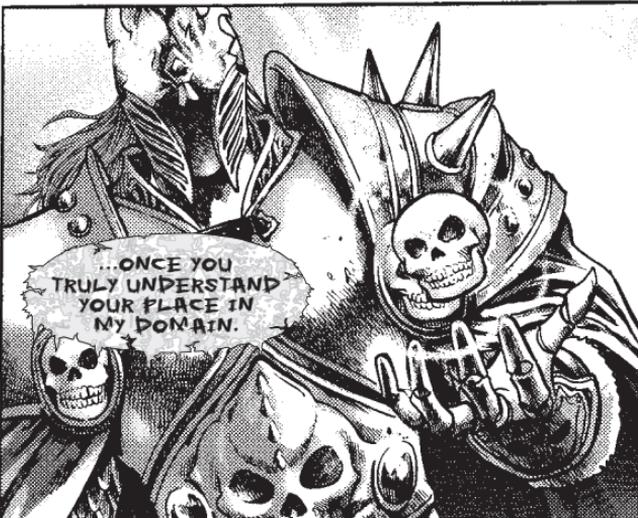


TRAG DID NOT EXPECT THAT BREAK TO LAST... BUT IF IT HELD FOR JUST A FEW MOMENTS MORE...



I... AM VERY IMPRESSED... TAUREN...

YES... YOU WILL SERVE VERY WELL INDEED...



...ONCE YOU TRULY UNDERSTAND YOUR PLACE IN MY DOMAIN.



The desire to bow, to kneel to the Lich King overwhelmed him again... yet, at the same time, he heard the words of the orc, Thrall...

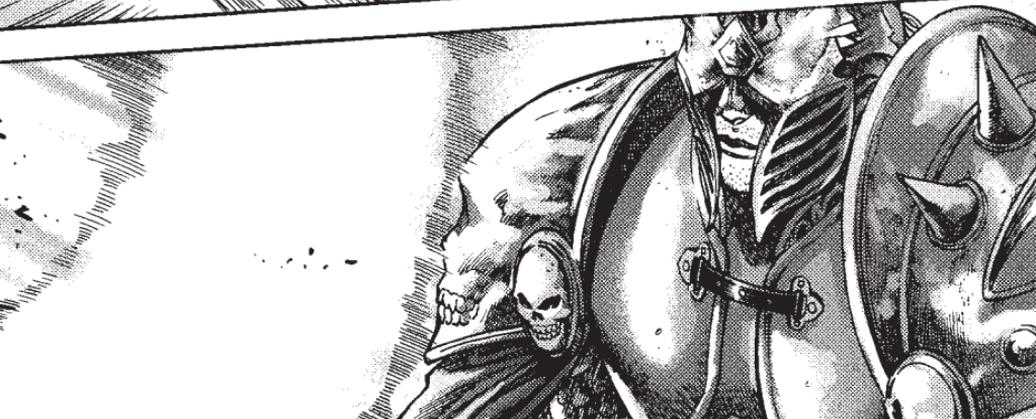
"HE CANNOT MAKE YOU WHAT YOU ARE NOT MEANT TO BE..."

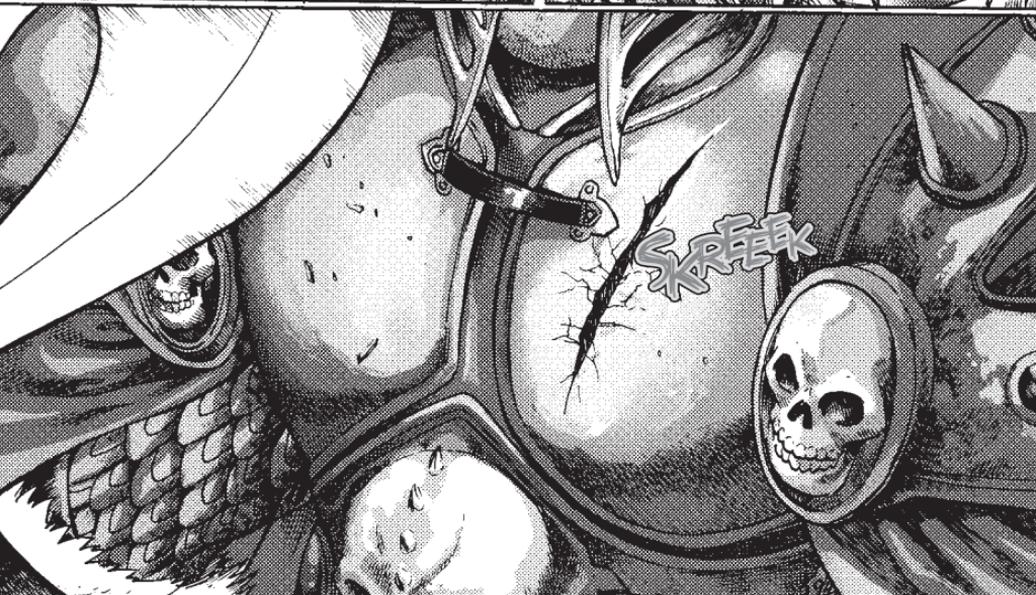
So near, Trag yee faltered, dropping down to one knee...

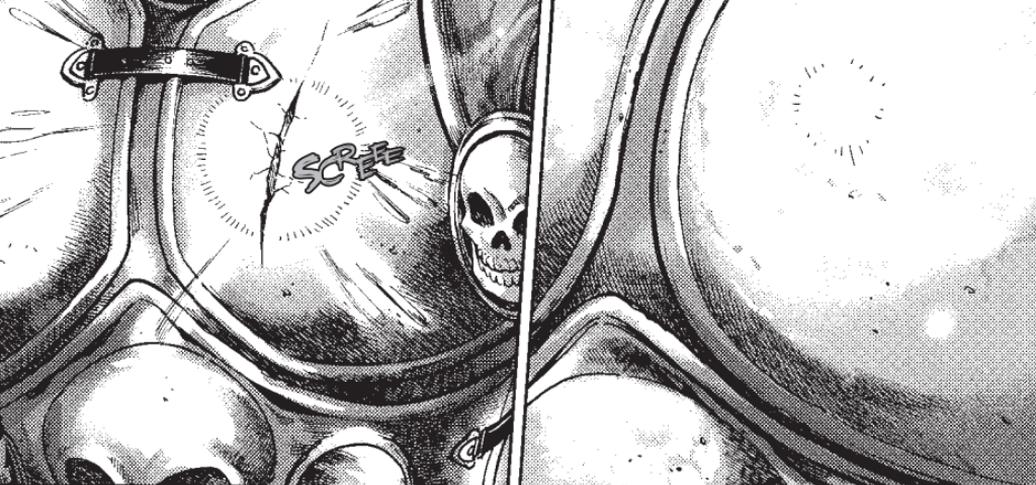
...where he once more raised his ax to the icy lord...

!!

...and suddenly found the renewed will to throw himself at the monstrous figure!









The tauren clutched it, not certain if the fragment offered him any hope, but unwilling to forego the slight chance that it might...

... for it was clear that the lich king sought to grant Trag a terrible, final punishment for his audacious attack.

The agony that filled the tauren was the most stunning sensation that he had felt since his death.

AAAARGH!!!

THWOOOON

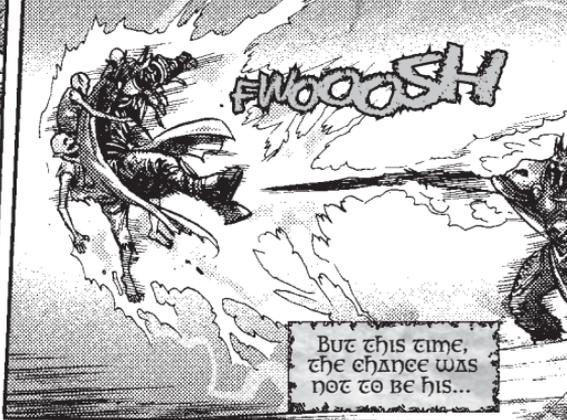


Yet, oblivion did not claim Trag, though it was clear the Scourge's master desired that...

And though he was not certain if his new attempt was anything more than folly, Trag readied the fragment like a missile...



...DRAWING UPON ALL
HIS STRENGTH SO THAT
HE MIGHT PIERCE WHAT
THE AX COULD NOT.



FWOOOSH

BUT THIS TIME,
THE CHANCE WAS
NOT TO BE HIS...



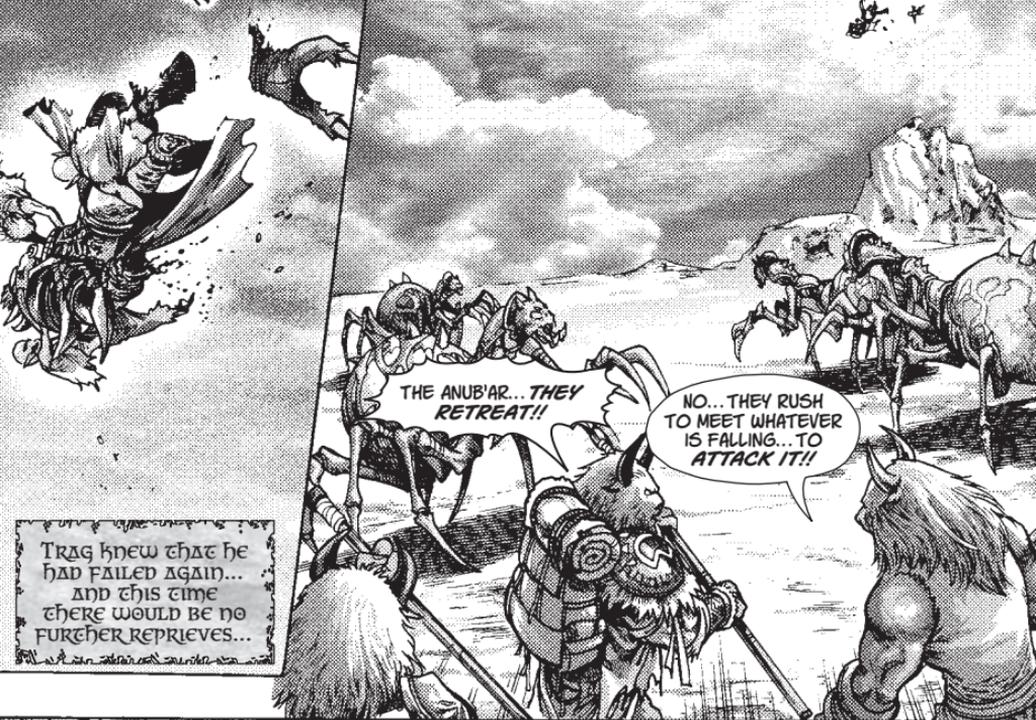
KRAAK



KA-THOOM



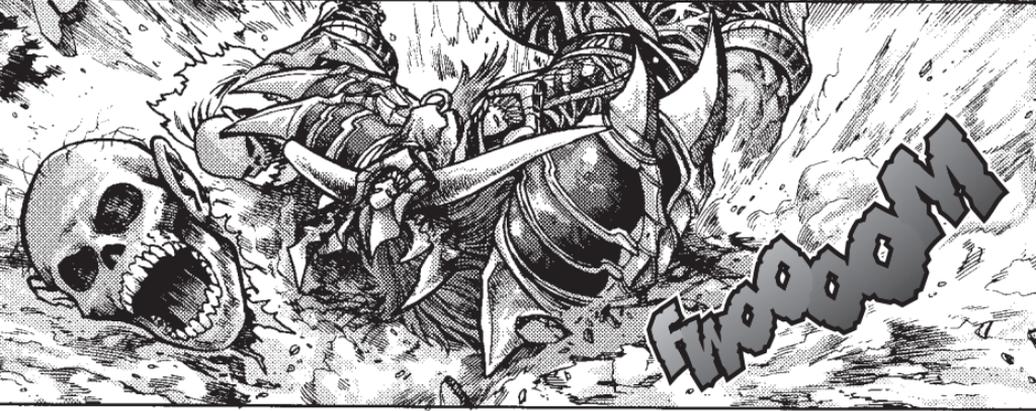
WHAT IS
THAT?!



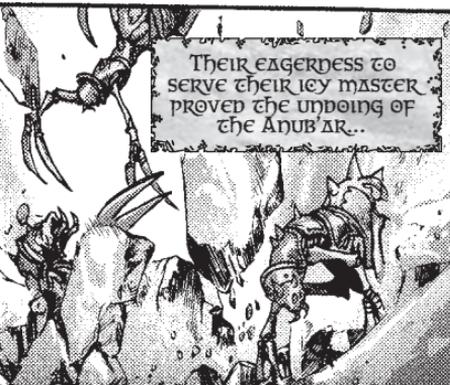
THE ANUB'AR... THEY
RETREAT!!

NO... THEY RUSH
TO MEET WHATEVER
IS FALLING... TO
ATTACK IT!!

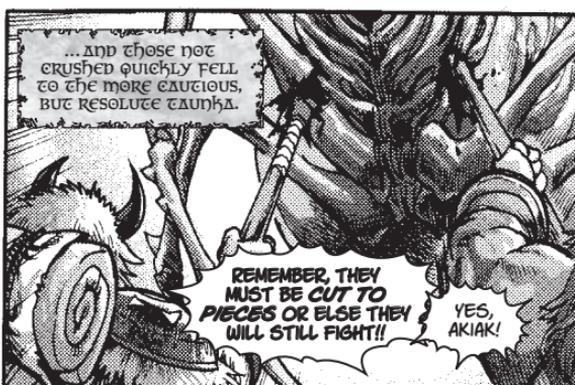
TRAG KNEW THAT HE
HAD FAILED AGAIN...
AND THIS TIME
THERE WOULD BE NO
FURTHER REPRIEVES...



FWOOOM



THEIR EAGERNESS TO
SERVE THEIR LAY MASTER
PROVED THE UNWING OF
THE ANUB'AR...



...AND THOSE NOT
CRUSHED QUICKLY FELL
TO THE MORE CAUTIOUS,
BUT RESOLUTE CAUHDA.

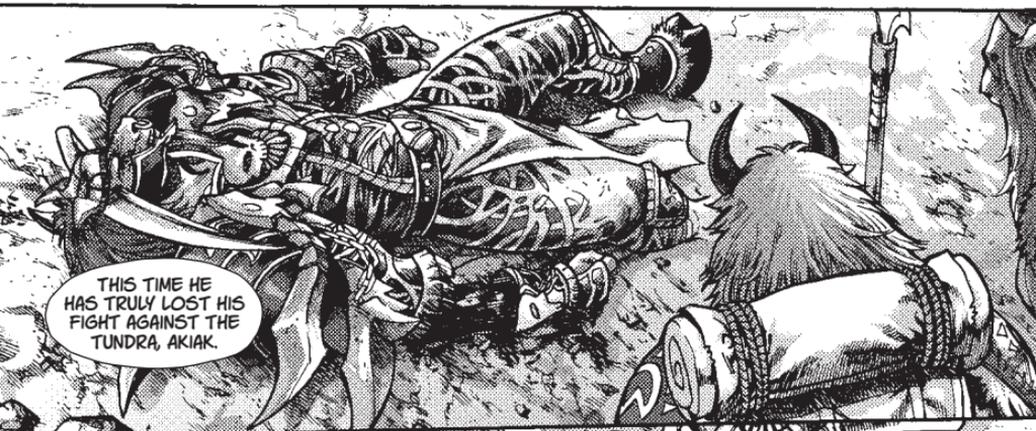
REMEMBER, THEY
MUST BE CUT TO
PIECES OR ELSE THEY
WILL STILL FIGHT!!

YES,
AKIAK!



TRAG... IT'S
TRAG...

HE MADE IT
TO ICECROWN
AFTER ALL...



THIS TIME HE
HAS TRULY LOST HIS
FIGHT AGAINST THE
TUNDRA, AKIAK.



KRAK



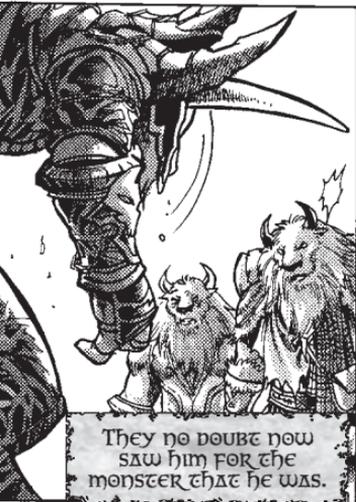
SHRACK

KRAK





TRAG SAW THE SHOCK
IN THE NORMALLY-
STOIC TAURINHA'S FACES.



THEY NO DOUBT NOW
SAW HIM FOR THE
MONSTER THAT HE WAS.



BUT THEN...

LEAN ON ME IF
YOU NEED TO...

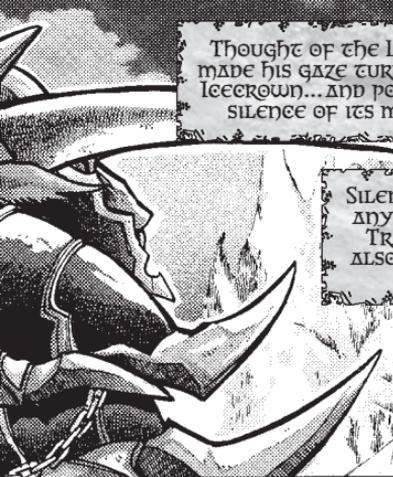


I-I AM...
RECOVERED
ENOUGH...



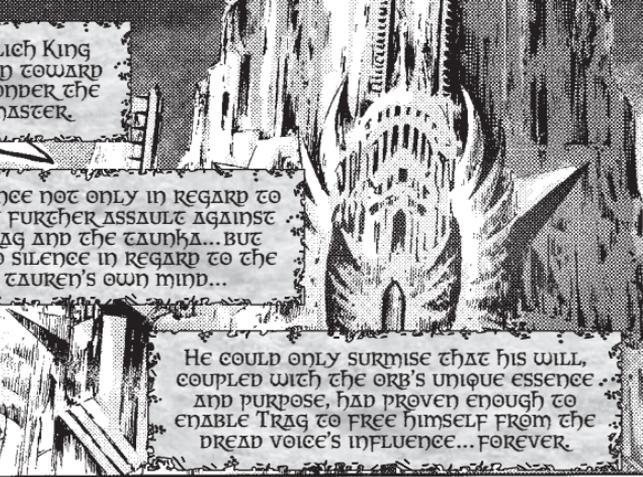
THE ESSENCE OF THE ORB
HAD RECONSTRUCTED HIM...A
RECONSTRUCTION THAT MADE
THE TAUREN REALIZE THAT HE
WAS MORE THAN EVEN THE
LICH KING HAD ASSUMED.

INDEED, THAT MISAPPREHENSION ON THE
LICH KING'S PART WAS ALSO PERHAPS
WHY TRAG HAD COME AS CLOSE AS
HE HAD IN SERVING—IF NOT TRULY
HARMING—THE LORD OF ICECREW.



Thought of the Lich King made his gaze turn toward Icecrown... and ponder the silence of its master.

Silence not only in regard to any further assault against Trag and the taunha... but also silence in regard to the tauren's own mind...



He could only surmise that his will, coupled with the orb's unique essence and purpose, had proven enough to enable Trag to free himself from the dread voice's influence... forever.



And in that was a victory neither the tauren—nor the Lich King—could ever have imagined gaining.



But even still, it was not wise to press matters...

TAKE YOUR PEOPLE HOME, AKIAK. THEY MUST KEEP GUARD OVER THEIR VILLAGE.

I THANK YOU ALL FOR YOUR AID... AND TRUST.



YOU SPEAK OF LEAVING... BUT WE OFFER YOU A PLACE... OUR HOME IS YOUR HOME.

HE SPEAKS TRUTH.



TRAG SCARED AGAIN AT them... these taunha would have risked attacking Icecrown for his sake...



Tears were not possible for an undead... so the tauren knew that the moisture had to come from the ice on him...

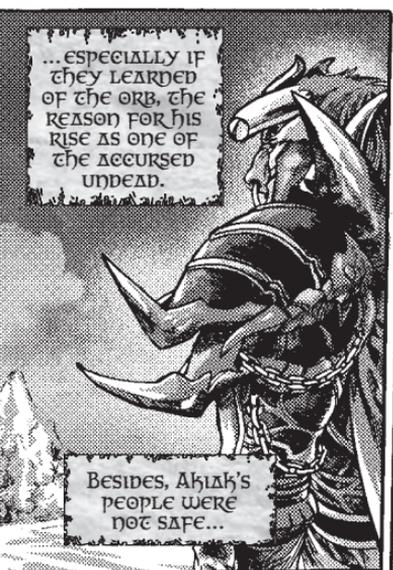


THANK YOU... FRIENDS.



The TAUREN AND HIS NEW COMRADES HEADED OFF FOR THE VILLAGE. HERE, AMONG THE TAUNHA, HE COULD CARVE OUT A PLACE FOR HIMSELF.

A PLACE HE COULD NEVER HAVE IN THE HORDE OR THE ALLIANCE, FOR THERE WOULD ALWAYS BE SUSPICION FROM MANY THAT HE WOULD PROVE TO BE ONE OF THE LICH KING'S FIENDS...



... ESPECIALLY IF THEY LEARNED OF THE ORB, THE REASON FOR HIS RISE AS ONE OF THE ACCURSED UNDEAD.



THE LICH KING WOULD NOT LEAVE THEM BE, EVEN SHOULD TRAG DEPART...

BESIDES, AHIAB'S PEOPLE WERE NOT SAFE...

AND SHOULD THE MASTER OF ICECROWN OR ANY OTHER SEEK TO DENY THE TAUREN HIS HARD-FOUGHT NEW HOME... OR DARE TRY TO HARM HIS NEW FAMILY...



... THEY WILL VERY QUICKLY MUCH REGRET THEIR MISTAKE.

END

WARCRAFT

LEGENDS™ VOLUME FOUR

BLOODSAIL BUCCANEER

WRITTEN BY DAN JOLLEY

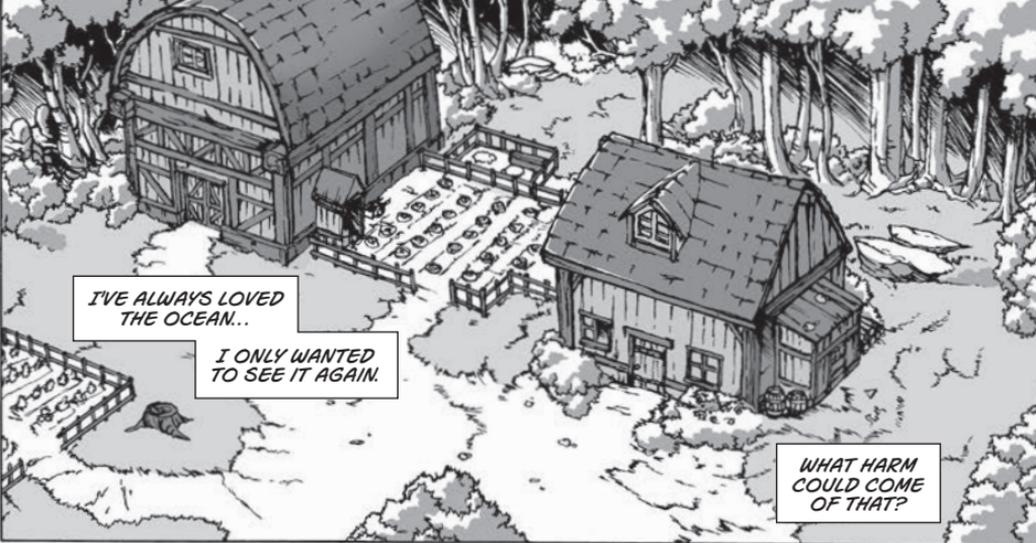
PENCILS BY FERNANDO HEINZ FURUKAWA

INKS BY GABRIEL LUQUE

TONES BY ARIEL IACCI, GONZALO DUARTE
& WALLY GOMEZ

LETTERER: MICHAEL PAOLLILI





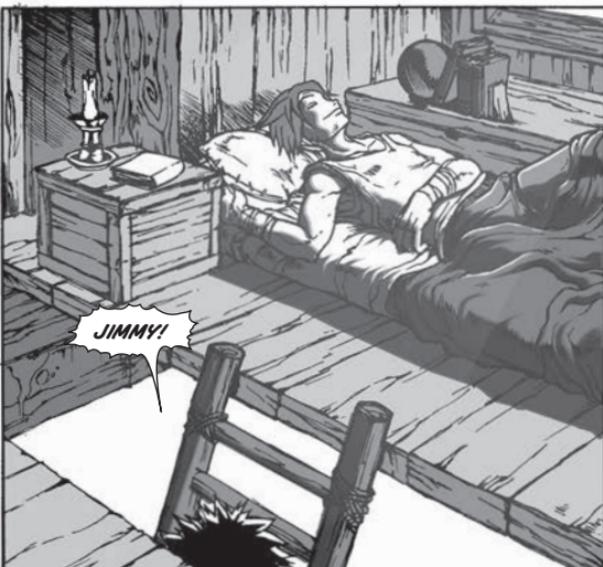
I'VE ALWAYS LOVED
THE OCEAN...

I ONLY WANTED
TO SEE IT AGAIN.

WHAT HARM
COULD COME
OF THAT?



JIMMY...!



JIMMY!



JIMMY
BLACKRIDGE!!

GET YOUR
NARROW
BACKSIDE OUT
OF BED RIGHT
NOW!

AAAH!!





GOT THE DAY...
OFF... GOT THE DAY...
OFF... BA DUM BUM
BUM BUM...

GOOD
MORNING,
JIMMY.

MORNING!



GONNA HAVE
FUN... TODAY...
MUNCH MUNCH
SHLURP!

GONNA HAVE
FUN... TODAY...
MUNCH MUNCH
SHLURP!



JIMMY...
... DID YOU SEE
THAT **ROCK** OVER
THERE ON THE
STOOL?

HUH?
UH... YEAH.
I GUESS. WHAT
ABOUT IT?

SIGH...



MOM? YOU
ALL RIGHT?

DO YOU KNOW
WHERE THAT **ROCK**
CAME FROM, SON?

UH, WELL...
NO.

IT CAME FROM THE GARDEN.

THE GARDEN YOU PROMISED YOUR FATHER THAT YOU'D CLEAR THE ROCKS OUT OF.

SON, I LOVE YOU DEARLY, BUT... I SHOULD TELL YOU... YOUR FATHER *ISN'T* GIVING YOU THE DAY OFF JUST SO YOU CAN HAVE FUN.

HE'S GIVING YOU THE DAY OFF SO HE CAN FINISH THAT JOB *RIGHT*... WITHOUT YOU *GETTING IN THE WAY*.

OH.

YOU PROMISED YOU'D GET THE NEW SUPPLY OF CHICKEN FEED. I HAD TO GO AND GET THAT WHEN YOU FORGOT.

YOU PROMISED YOU'D FIX THIS LOOSE FLOORBOARD HERE. AND IT *STILL* ISN'T FIXED.

YOU'VE GOT A PROBLEM WITH RESPONSIBILITY, JIMMY. I WANT YOU TO WORK ON IT. I WANT YOU TO SWEAR TO ME YOU WILL.

I'M SORRY, MOM. I REALLY AM. I'LL DO BETTER.

I SWEAR.

AND I'LL GET STARTED...*RIGHT* AFTER MY DAY OFF!

DON'T WORRY, MOM! I'LL MAKE YOU PROUD!

I PICKED UP
LIAM FIRST.

LIAM'S A LOT
SMARTER THAN I AM.

HE WANTS TO STUDY
MAGIC... COURSE HE'S A
FARM BOY, LIKE ME, SO
IT'S HARD TO FIND TIME.

THE FARM'S KEPT HIM
AWAY FROM STORMWIND,
WHERE HE COULDN'T BEEN
STUDYING. I THINK HE SORT
OF HATES BEING HERE.

LIAM?

HA HA HA! HOLY
CATS...! WHAT'RE
YOU DOING?

JIMMY. HEY,
FUNNY STORY.

MY DAD SAID I
COULD GO TO STORMWIND
TODAY, SPEND SOME TIME
IN THE LIBRARY...

... JUST AS
SOON AS I GET ALL
THE GOOD POTATOES
SEPARATED FROM THE
ROTTEN POTATOES.

I'VE BEEN
UP SINCE... WHAT
TIME IS IT? IS IT
MORNING?

I FAIL TO SEE
THE HUMOR IN
THIS, MYSELF.

HEH... YEAH,
IT'S MORNING.
HEE HEE HEE...

IT'S JUST...
HEH HEH... MY DAD GAVE
ME THE DAY OFF... HA HA
HA... SO I WAS GOING TO
SEE IF YOU WANTED TO
DO SOMETHING...

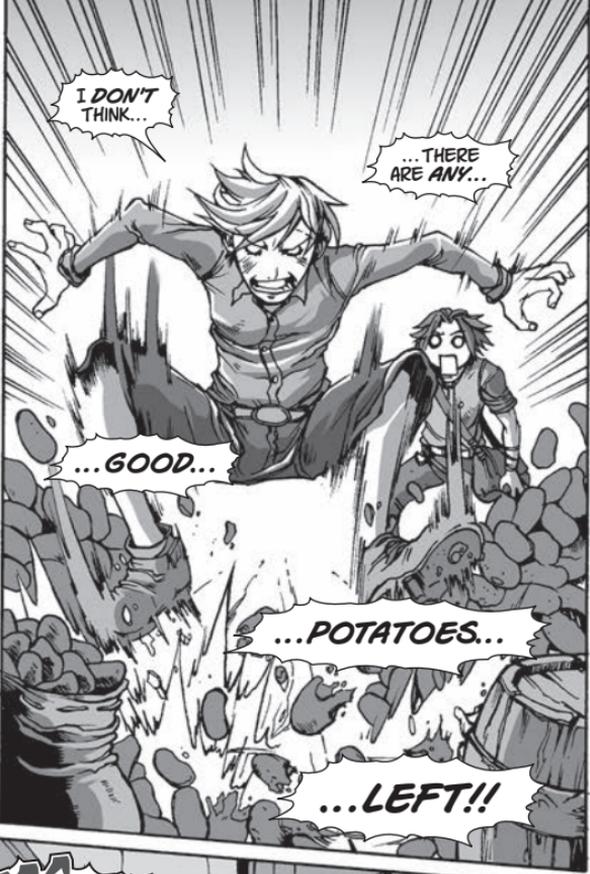


YOU GET THE DAY OFF?
SERIOUSLY?
...HUH.

IT SUDDENLY OCCURS TO ME HOW I COULD MAKE THIS JOB EASIER.

HEE HEE HEE... OH YEAH? HOW?

WELL...



I DON'T THINK...

...THERE ARE ANY...

...GOOD...

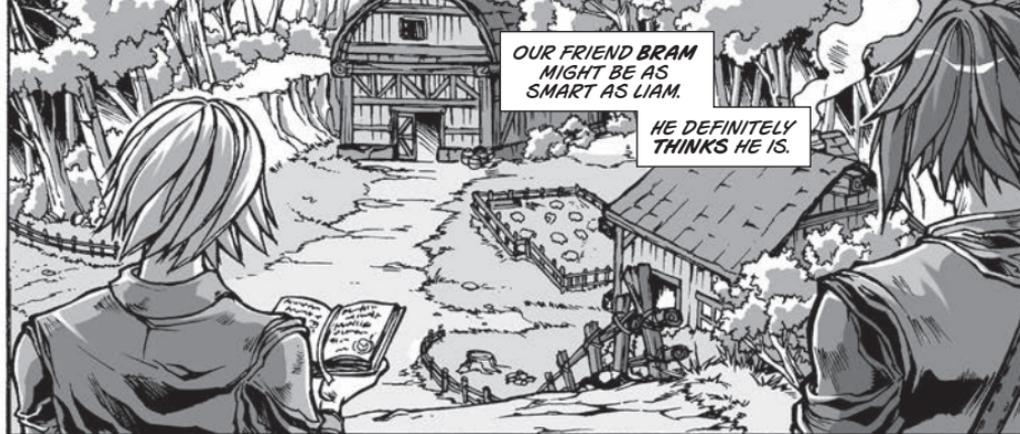
...POTATOES...

...LEFT!!



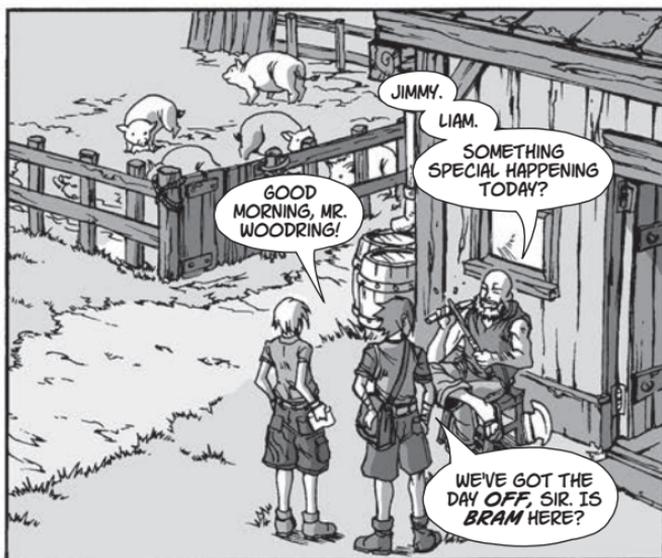
HAA AHA HA HA
HA HA HA HA

JUST LET ME GET CLEANED UP.
BE WITH YOU IN A MINUTE.



OUR FRIEND BRAM
MIGHT BE AS
SMART AS LIAM.

HE DEFINITELY
THINKS HE IS.



JIMMY.

LIAM.

SOMETHING
SPECIAL HAPPENING
TODAY?

GOOD
MORNING, MR.
WOODRING!

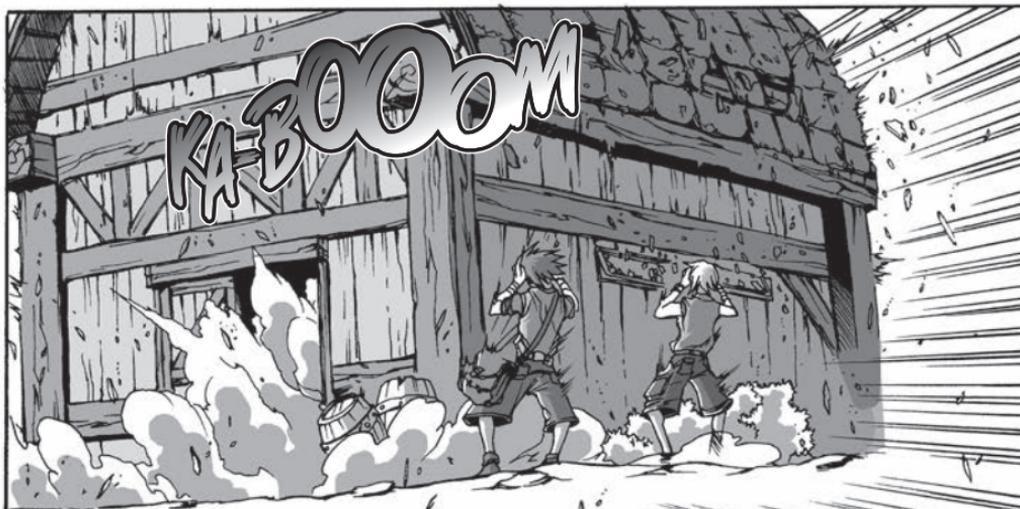
WE'VE GOT THE
DAY OFF, SIR. IS
BRAM HERE?



HE'S IN THE
BARN.

WHATEVER IT IS
YOU'VE GOT IN MIND,
TAKE HIM *WITH* YOU,
WOULD YOU?

BEFORE HE
BURNS THE PLACE
DOWN.



KA-BOOM



BRAM...? YOU ALL RIGHT?

STILL IN ONE PIECE...?



MORNING, FELLAS!!

YOU'D BETTER STAY BACK--MY LATEST EXPERIMENT IS ABOUT TO GO OFF!!



IT'S GONNA BE A BIG ONE!!

UH...BRAM?
HOW MANY EXPERIMENTS HAVE GONE OFF TODAY ALREADY?

WHAT?!



SPEAK UP, WOULD YOU?! THIS IS THE FOURTH ONE THIS MORNING!!

HEY... IT DIDN'T GO OFF ALREADY, DID IT?!

EVENTUALLY BRAM'S EARS QUIT RINGING AND HE STOPS SHOUTING AT US.

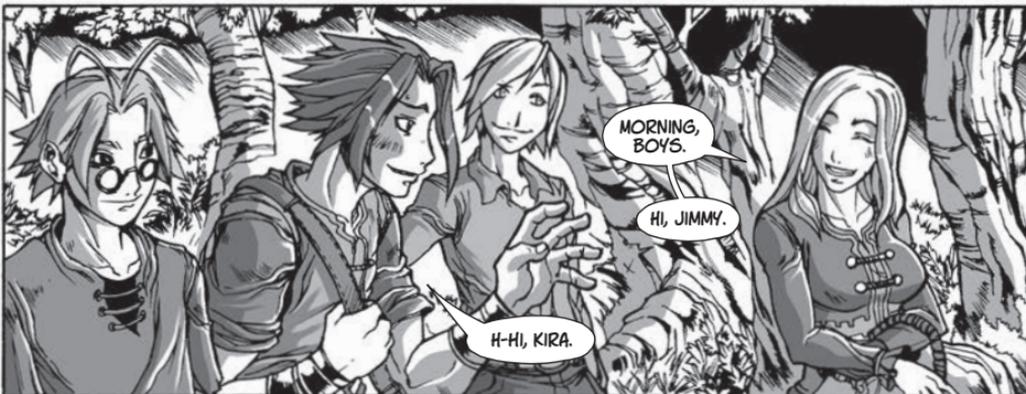
SO WE'RE GOING INTO STORMWIND?

THAT'S THE PLAN?

WELL, THAT'S WHERE DAD TOLD ME TO GO, SO I FIGURED WE'D BETTER--



OH... HEY, IT'S KIRA!



MORNING, BOYS.

HI, JIMMY.

H-HI, KIRA.

"H-HI, KIRA. I'M IN LOOOVE WITH YOU, KIRA."

"HI KIRA, YOU'VE KNOWN ME SINCE I WAS SIX, AND I DON'T STAND A CHANCE WITH YOU, BUT... COULD I HOLD YOUR HAND...?"

YOU CAN BOTH SHUT UP ANYTIME NOW...

MAYBE IT'S THE WHOLE "PROMISE TO BE MORE RESPONSIBLE" THING...OR MAYBE IT'S THE KIRA THING...

... BUT EITHER WAY, ALL OF A SUDDEN I'M NOT TOO INTERESTED IN FOLLOWING MY DAD'S SUGGESTIONS.

HEY...
HEY, LISTEN...!

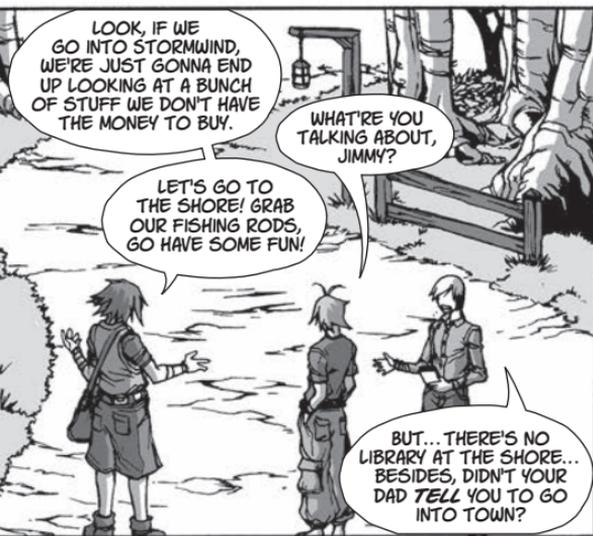


LOOK, IF WE GO INTO STORMWIND, WE'RE JUST GONNA END UP LOOKING AT A BUNCH OF STUFF WE DON'T HAVE THE MONEY TO BUY.

WHAT'RE YOU TALKING ABOUT, JIMMY?

LET'S GO TO THE SHORE! GRAB OUR FISHING RODS, GO HAVE SOME FUN!

BUT... THERE'S NO LIBRARY AT THE SHORE... BESIDES, DIDN'T YOUR DAD TELL YOU TO GO INTO TOWN?



ALL RIGHT! COUNT ME IN!

WHY NOT?

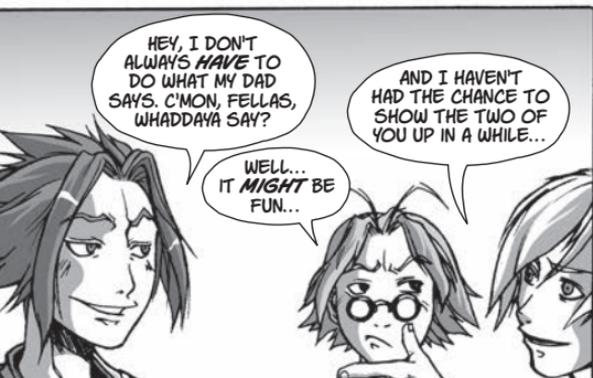
YES!
LET'S GO!



HEY, I DON'T ALWAYS HAVE TO DO WHAT MY DAD SAYS. C'MON, FELLAS, WHADDAYA SAY?

AND I HAVEN'T HAD THE CHANCE TO SHOW THE TWO OF YOU UP IN A WHILE...

WELL... IT MIGHT BE FUN...



IT'S A WALK, TO BE SURE, BUT IT'S NOT BAD.

OF COURSE WE HAVE TO AVOID THE WILDLIFE...AND THE GNOLLS...AND THE MURLOCS... AND THE DEFIAS BANDITTS...

... BUT THAT'S NOTHING UNUSUAL.

WHAT IS UNUSUAL IS HOW LITTLE THE FISH ARE BITING.

STARTING TO REGRET GIVING UP A DAY AT THE LIBRARY...

WANT TO TRY A DIFFERENT SPOT?

CAN WE FIND A SPOT THAT *ISN'T* CRAWLING WITH MURLOCS?

THE LIGHTHOUSE!!

LATER...



THINK ANYBODY'S THERE? I DON'T WANT TO GET IN TROUBLE...

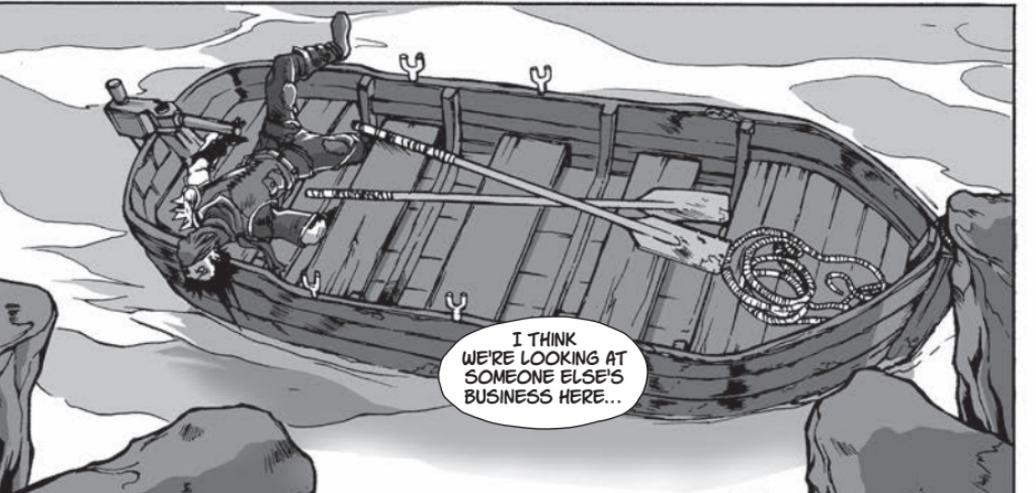


NAH, I'VE HEARD THERE'S *NEVER* ANYBODY HERE.

EXCEPT *GHOSTS*. AND I BET THEY WON'T MIND IF WE DO A LITTLE FISHING. THIS IS THE *PERFECT*--

...SPOT...

UH... FELLAS?



I THINK WE'RE LOOKING AT SOMEONE ELSE'S BUSINESS HERE...



YEAH... YEAH,
DEFINITELY SOMEONE
ELSE'S.

I'D L-LIKE
TO GO MIND MY OWN
BUSINESS NOW.

GOOD IDEA...

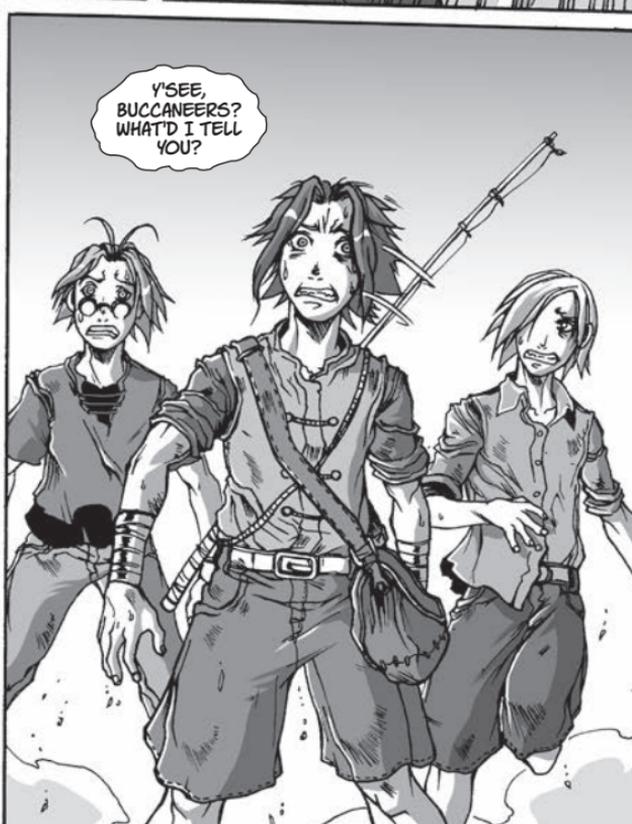
LET'S GET OUT
OF HERE!



WE SHOULD REPORT
THIS... MAYBE GO OVER
TO SENTINEL HILL,
LET THEM KN--



SHUNK



Y'SEE,
BUCCANEERS?
WHAT'D I TELL
YOU?

THE FATES
HAVE SMILED
UPON US.

JUST AS THE
CURSED DEFIAS
CLAIMED PART OF
OUR CREW...

...SO THESE
STRAPPING YOUNG
LADS HAVE BEEN
DROPPED IN OUR
LAPS.



BLOODSAIL BUCCANEERS.
AS VICIOUS A BUNCH OF
PIRATES AS YOU CAN FIND.

I'VE HEARD ABOUT
THEM, BUT THEY'RE
NOT SUPPOSED TO
BE AROUND HERE!

THEY'RE DOWN
AROUND THE CAPE--
NEAR BOOTY BAY!

YOU'RE ALL...
DEAD... ALL OF
YOU... DEAD!

VANCLEEF WILL...
KILL YOU ALL...

FOUR
WON'T FIT IN
THE BOAT.

MR. SEVERANCE,
YOU MAY DISPOSE OF
OUR MASK-WEARING
BAGGAGE NOW.

SNAP HIS NECK
AND FEED HIM AND
THE OTHER ONE
TO THE FISH.

AYE,
CAP'N.

NO...NO,
DON'T

WHAT'S YOUR
NAME, PUP?

JUH-JIMMY
BLACKRIDGE SIR
I'M *NOBODY* I'M JUST
A FARMBOY I LIVE ON
A FARM OUTSIDE
GOLDSHIRE AND--

SST. I DIDN'T
ASK FOR YOUR
LIFE STORY.

ALL OF
YOU... GET IN
THE BOAT.



TAKE A GOOD
LOOK, PUPS. 'TIS THE
GARROTE... FINEST
VESSEL EVER TO SAIL
THE GREAT SEA.



YOU THREE
CAN CALL IT
HOME.



**HA HA HA
HA!!**

**NOT
SCARED
ARE YOU?**

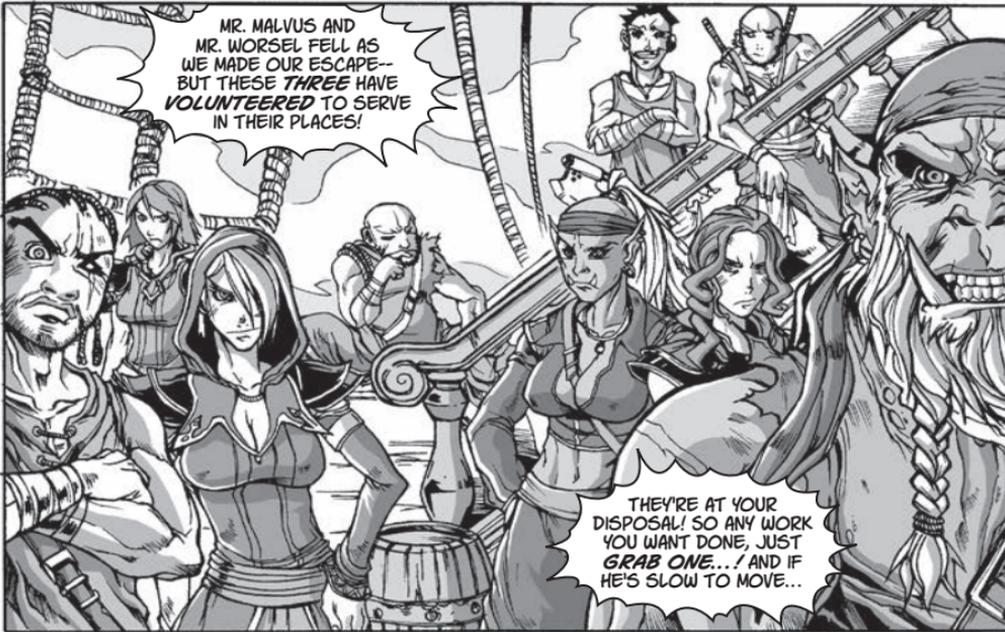
UP YOU GO, PUPS!
AND GET A MOVE ON,
OR YOU'LL FEEL MY
BLADE!

**HA! I THINK
THIS ONE'S WET
HIS PANTS!**



MISSION ACCOMPLISHED, LADS AND LASSES! WE KNOW WHERE OUR QUARRY IS!

NOW WE SIMPLY WAIT FOR THE RIGHT TIME TO STRIKE!



MR. MALVUS AND MR. WORSEL FELL AS WE MADE OUR ESCAPE-- BUT THESE *THREE* HAVE VOLUNTEERED TO SERVE IN THEIR PLACES!

THEY'RE AT YOUR DISPOSAL! SO ANY WORK YOU WANT DONE, JUST GRAB ONE...! AND IF HE'S SLOW TO MOVE...



... YOU'VE GOT MY LEAVE TO GUT 'EM.

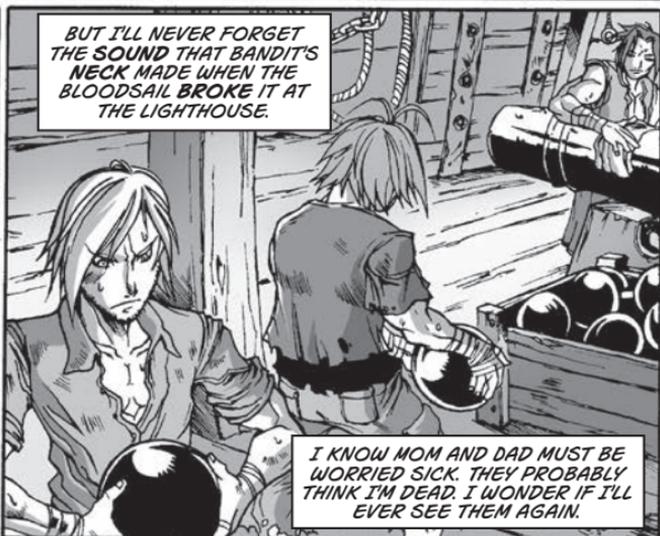


I CAN'T BELIEVE I
THOUGHT CHORES BACK
HOME WERE HARD.

THE BLOODSAILS WORK US
FROM BEFORE DAWN TO NEARLY
MIDNIGHT, EVERY DAY, AND
BARELY GIVE US ANY FOOD.

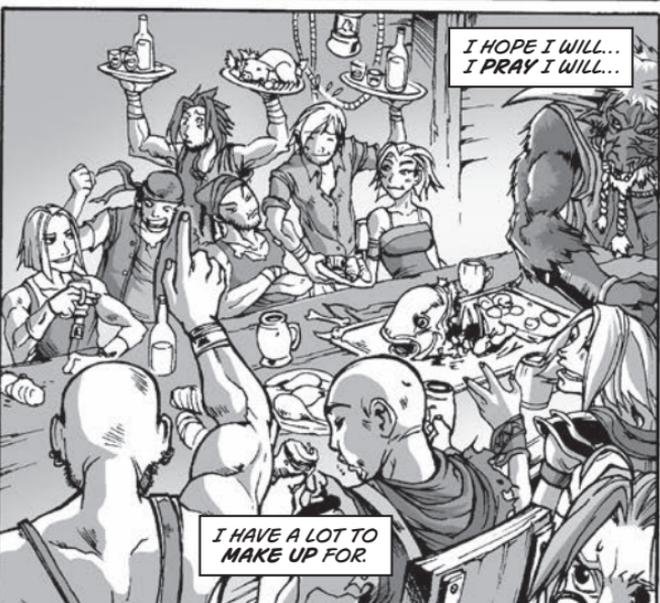


BUT I'LL NEVER FORGET
THE SOUND THAT BANDIT'S
NECK MADE WHEN THE
BLOODSAIL BROKE IT AT
THE LIGHTHOUSE.



I KNOW MOM AND DAD MUST BE
WORRIED SICK. THEY PROBABLY
THINK I'M DEAD. I WONDER IF I'LL
EVER SEE THEM AGAIN.

THEY MAKE IT VERY CLEAR,
TOO—THE SECOND ONE OF
US TRIES TO GET AWAY, ALL
THREE OF US GET SKEWERED.



I HOPE I WILL...
I PRAY I WILL...

I DON'T KNOW WHAT
THEIR ISSUE IS WITH
THE DEFIAS. I'D
ALWAYS THOUGHT THE
DEFIAS WERE JUST
LOCAL BANDITS.

I HAVE A LOT TO
MAKE UP FOR.

AT FIRST I THINK
WE'RE DOOMED TO
A LIFE OF SLAVERY.

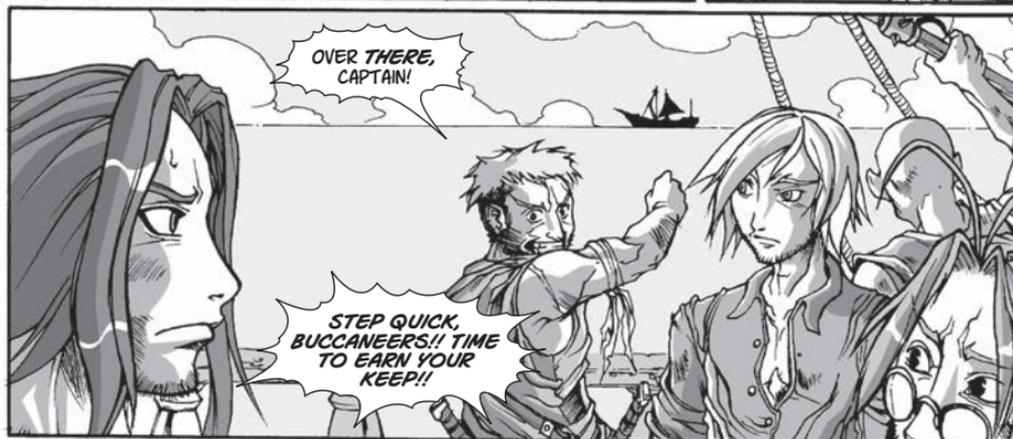
TURNS OUT IT'S
WORSE THAN THAT.



OFF THE
STARBOARD
BOW!!



ALL HANDS
ON DECK!!



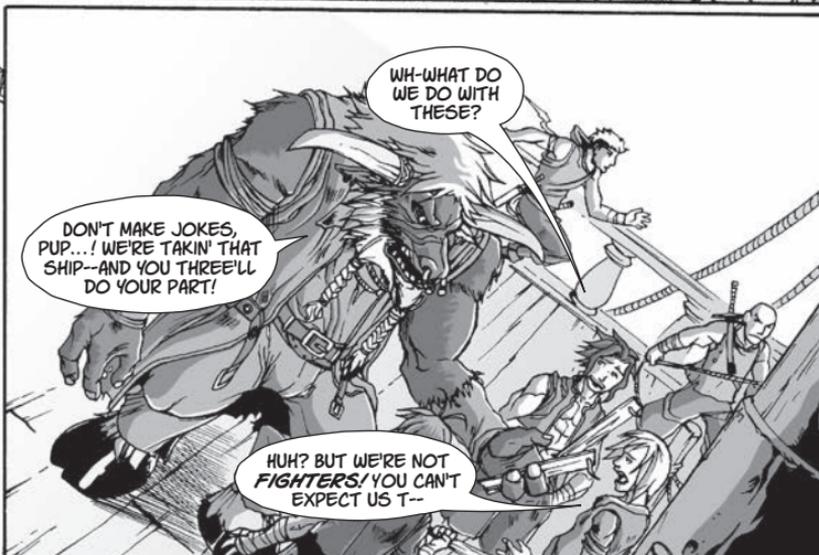
OVER THERE,
CAPTAIN!

STEP QUICK,
BUCCANEERS!! TIME
TO EARN YOUR
KEEP!!



YOU HEARD
THE CAPTAIN!

HERE!



WH-WHAT DO
WE DO WITH
THESE?

DON'T MAKE JOKES,
PUP...! WE'RE TAKIN' THAT
SHIP--AND YOU THREE'LL
DO YOUR PART!

HUH? BUT WE'RE NOT
FIGHTERS. YOU CAN'T
EXPECT US T--



IT'S A SIMPLE CHOICE, PUPS.

FIGHT...OR WE'LL KILL YOU.



IT'S HORRIBLE TO WATCH. THE BLOODSAILS HAVE DONE THIS SO MANY TIMES IT'S SECOND NATURE.

THEY'RE LIKE ANTS SWARMING OVER A DEAD RABBIT.

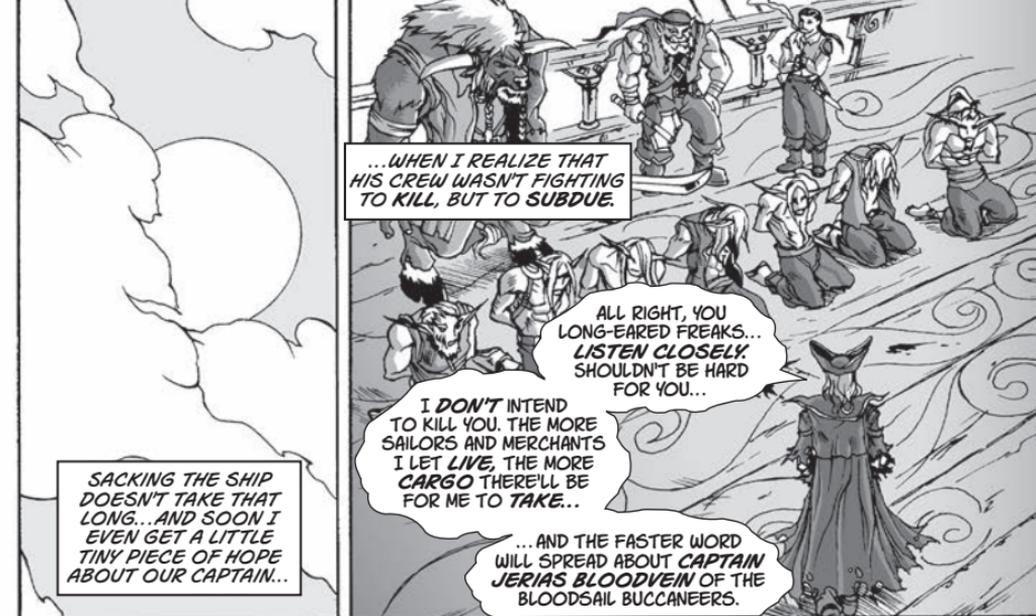


MY FRIENDS AND I DON'T WANT TO DIE...

...BUT LIAM WASN'T LYING. WE'RE NOT FIGHTERS.

BESIDES...THESE ARE HONEST SAILORS, ATTACKED BY A BUNCH OF PIRATES! HOW CAN WE EVEN THINK ABOUT HURTING THEM?





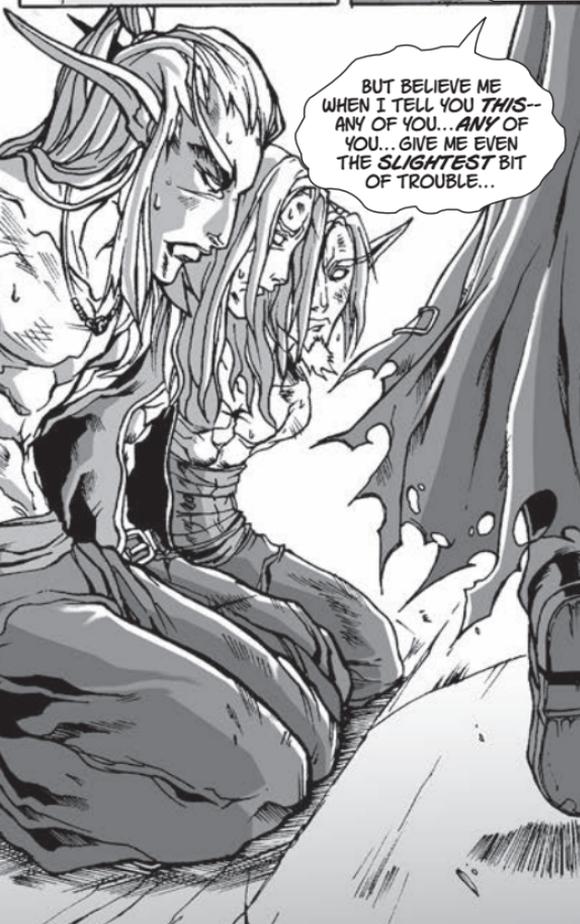
...WHEN I REALIZE THAT HIS CREW WASN'T FIGHTING TO KILL, BUT TO SUBDUED.

ALL RIGHT, YOU LONG-EARED FREAKS... LISTEN CLOSELY SHOULD'NT BE HARD FOR YOU...

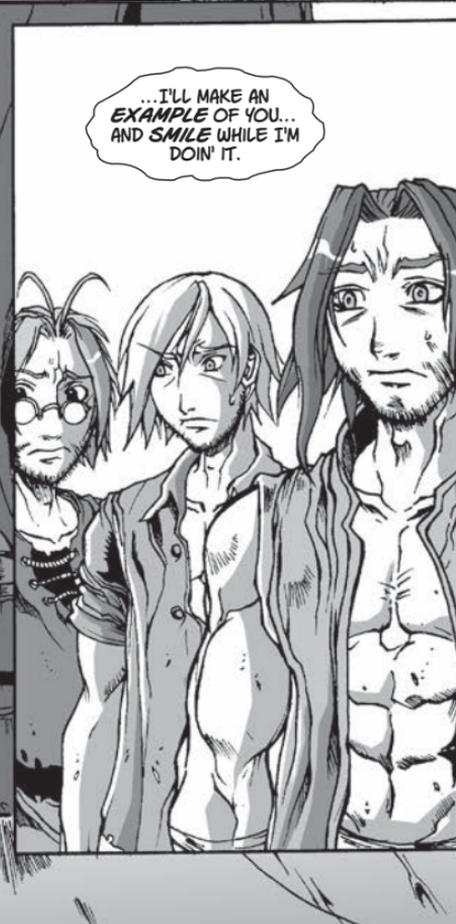
I DON'T INTEND TO KILL YOU. THE MORE SAILORS AND MERCHANTS I LET LIVE, THE MORE CARGO THERE'LL BE FOR ME TO TAKE...

...AND THE FASTER WORD WILL SPREAD ABOUT CAPTAIN JERIAS BLOODVEIN OF THE BLOODSAIL BUCCANEERS.

SACKING THE SHIP DOESN'T TAKE THAT LONG... AND SOON I EVEN GET A LITTLE TINY PIECE OF HOPE ABOUT OUR CAPTAIN...



BUT BELIEVE ME WHEN I TELL YOU THIS-- ANY OF YOU... ANY OF YOU... GIVE ME EVEN THE SLIGHTEST BIT OF TROUBLE...



...I'LL MAKE AN EXAMPLE OF YOU... AND SMILE WHILE I'M DOIN' IT.





IT MAKES ME SICK TO BE PART OF THIS... BUT WE HAVE NO CHOICE. IT'S THIS...



...OR GO OVERBOARD.



AT FIRST I THINK MAYBE WE CAN GET BY WITH JUST NOT FIGHTING.

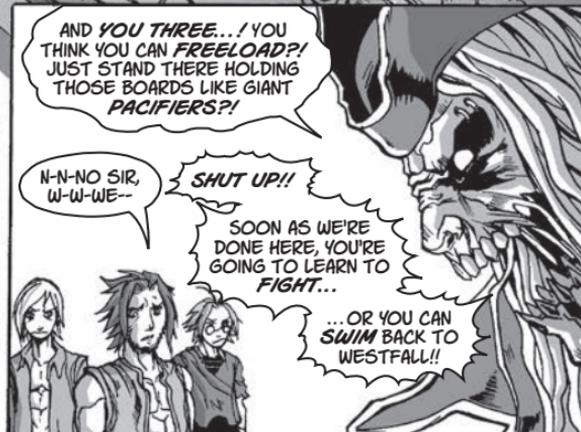


WE'D GO WITH THE PIRATES, BUT NOT ACTUALLY HIT ANYONE.

THAT DOESN'T WORK OUT AS WELL AS I'D HOPED.



YOU TROLLS SHOULD BE THANKFUL YOU'RE JUST ON YOUR KNEES, AND NOT ON YOUR BACKS. YOUR CARGO IS NOW MINE.



AND YOU THREE...! YOU THINK YOU CAN **FRELOAD**?! JUST STAND THERE HOLDING THOSE BOARDS LIKE GIANT PACIFIERS?!



N-N-NO SIR, W-W-WE--

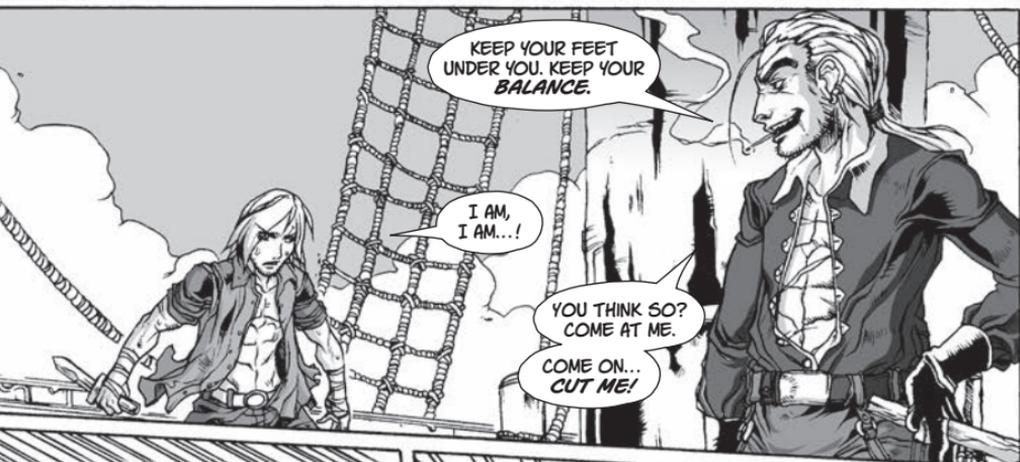
SHUT UP!!

SOON AS WE'RE DONE HERE, YOU'RE GOING TO LEARN TO FIGHT...

...OR YOU CAN SWIM BACK TO WESTFALL!!



CAPTAIN BLOODVEIN IS AS GOOD AS HIS WORD. LIAM'S THE FIRST ONE TO GET HIS "EDUCATION" STARTED.



KEEP YOUR FEET UNDER YOU. KEEP YOUR BALANCE.

I AM, I AM...!

YOU THINK SO? COME AT ME.

COME ON... CUT ME!



HUNH!

PITIFUL.

LISTEN TO ME, PUP... IF YOU DON'T GET A LOT LESS PATHETIC, AND FAST, I'M THE ONE GETTING FORTY LASHES.

SO PAY ATTENTION!



FWAP



Y-YESSIR! YESSIR!



IT'S JUST GETTING WORSE. I'VE ACTUALLY MET THE NEXT SHIP'S CAPTAIN--KOR'WINN RAITHERUN.

FIGHT! FIGHT!!

I'LL NOT LOSE MY VESSEL TO A BUNCH OF MANGY PIRATES!!



WITH MY FATHER, ONCE, ON A TRIP TO STORMWIND... HE AND HIS CREW BOUGHT SOME VEGETABLES FROM US.

AND NOW I'M A PART OF HIS DEATH.

IF I HADN'T HAD BEEN SHOED OFF THE FARM...

I'VE GOT TO MAKE THIS RIGHT...!

IF I HADN'T TALKED MY FRIENDS INTO GOING FISHING...



NEXT IT'S BRAM'S
TURN TO GET
PUT THROUGH
THE WRINGER...

THIS AIN'T *PLAY-*
FIGHTING, BOY. I'M
NOT AIMING FOR YOUR
SWORD. I'M AIMING
FOR YOUR HEAD.

AWDASH

WHAH!

THERE--
GOOD.

BUT
NOT GOOD
ENOUGH.

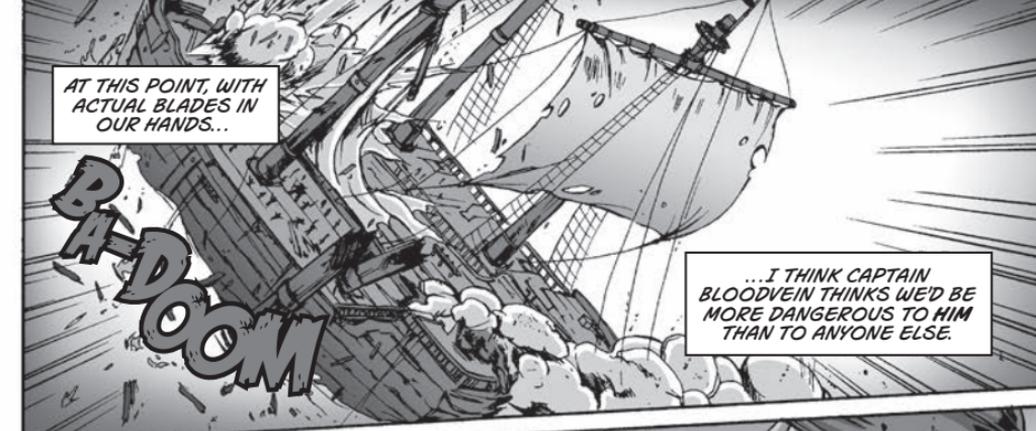
KLAW

ATTACK
AND DEFEND, SLASH
AND BLOCK... THEY HAVE
TO BE PARTS OF THE
SAME MOVEMENT.

DO YOU
UNDERSTAND?

URK!

I-I THINK
SO...



AT THIS POINT, WITH
ACTUAL BLADES IN
OUR HANDS...

BA-DOOM

...I THINK CAPTAIN
BLOODVEIN THINKS WE'D BE
MORE DANGEROUS TO HIM
THAN TO ANYONE ELSE.



MAYBE THAT'S WHY
HE PUT BRAM ON
ARTILLERY DUTY.

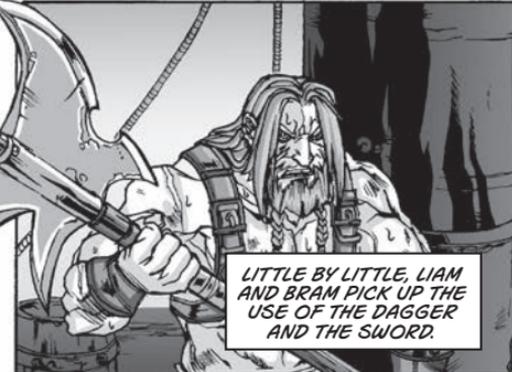
KRACK



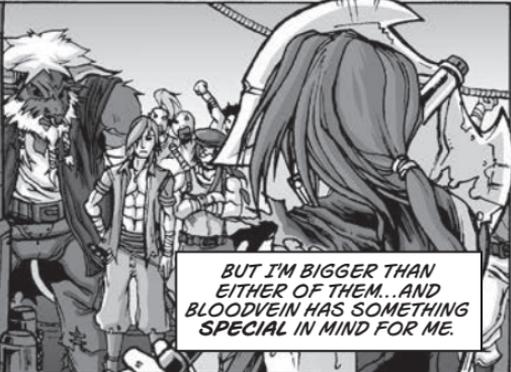
THE PROBLEM
IS...THE THING I'M
SCARED OF MOST...

HRGH...!!

...IS THAT I THINK
IT'S GETTING EASIER.
FOR ALL OF US.



LITTLE BY LITTLE, LIAM AND BRAM PICK UP THE USE OF THE DAGGER AND THE SWORD.



BUT I'M BIGGER THAN EITHER OF THEM...AND BLOODVEIN HAS SOMETHING SPECIAL IN MIND FOR ME.



HNH!!

KTAANG



SQUEEE

HURK...

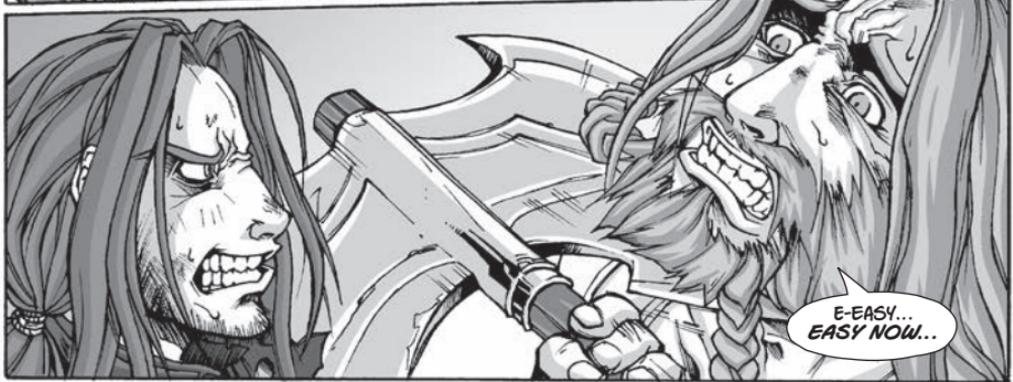


KRAAH!!

GNNH!

THOCK

RAAANG



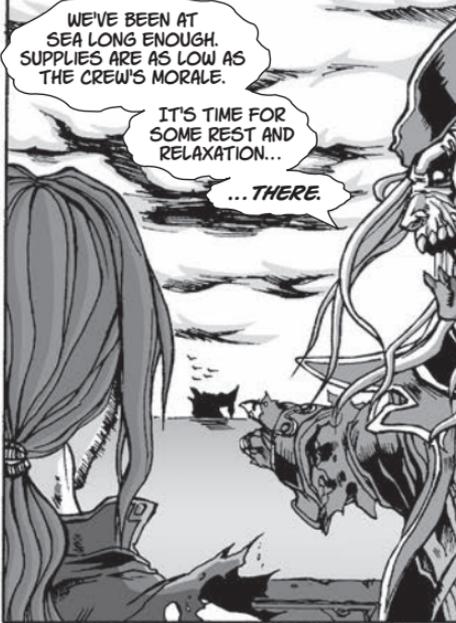
E-EASY... EASY NOW...



YOU'VE COME
A LONG WAY, BOY... YOU
AND YOUR FRIENDS.

THINK YOU'RE
READY TO SEE HOW A
BLOODSAIL BUCCANEER
REALLY LIVES?

UH... EXCUSE
ME, SIR?



WE'VE BEEN AT
SEA LONG ENOUGH.
SUPPLIES ARE AS LOW AS
THE CREW'S MORALE.

IT'S TIME FOR
SOME REST AND
RELAXATION...

... THERE.



PLUNDER
ISLE, HOME
OF BLOODSAIL
HOLD.

IN YEARS TO COME
YOU'LL LEARN TO LOVE
THE SIGHT OF IT...

... ASSUMING
YOU LIVE THAT
LONG.



MOVE IT!!
DOUBLE-TIME,
BUCCANEERS!!



THE
SOONER YOU'RE
DONE, THE SOONER
THE RUM STARTS
A-POURIN'!!



YOU,
LIAM, IS IT?

Y-YES
SIR...?

YOU'RE GOOD
WITH *NUMBERS* AND
WORDS, ARE YE NOT?
THE *BOOKISH* TYPE, IF I
READ YOU CORRECTLY...

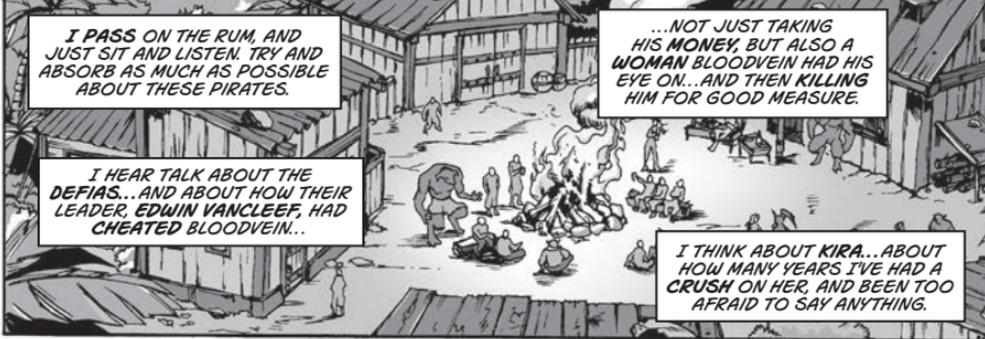
WELL, I, UH,
I SUPPOSE SO, SIR.
≡AHEM≡ WHY DO
YOU, UH, ASK?



GIVEN THAT
OUR LAST CLERK WOUND UP
WITH A CANNONBALL THROUGH
HIS BRISKET... *YOU'RE*
GOING TO CATALOGUE
OUR TREASURE.

AND IF I FIND
OUT ANYTHING TURNS
UP *MISSING*... AND
BELIEVE ME, PUP, I
WILL FIND OUT...

... I'LL STRING
YOU UP FROM THE TOP
OF THE MAINSAIL AND
LET THE *BUZZARDS*
HAVE YOU.



I PASS ON THE RUM, AND JUST SIT AND LISTEN. TRY AND ABSORB AS MUCH AS POSSIBLE ABOUT THESE PIRATES.

...NOT JUST TAKING HIS MONEY, BUT ALSO A WOMAN BLOODVEIN HAD HIS EYE ON... AND THEN KILLING HIM FOR GOOD MEASURE.

I HEAR TALK ABOUT THE DEFIAS... AND ABOUT HOW THEIR LEADER, EDWIN VANCELEEF, HAD CHEATED BLOODVEIN...

I THINK ABOUT KIRA... ABOUT HOW MANY YEARS I'VE HAD A CRUSH ON HER, AND BEEN TOO AFRAID TO SAY ANYTHING.



WHAT AM I DOING OUT HERE? IS THIS WHERE I'M GOING TO DIE?

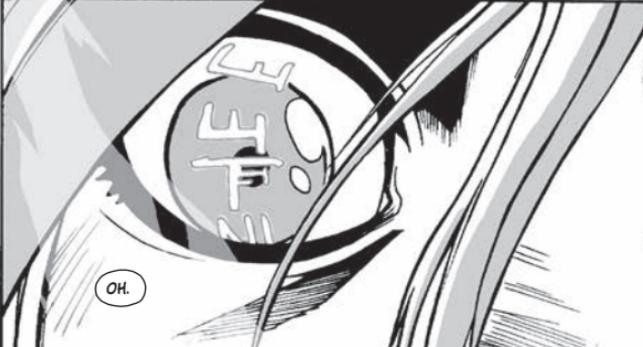
STRING ME UP FROM THE MANSAIL... LET BUZZARDS HAVE ME...

I'M NOT A BANKER! I WANT TO STUDY MAGIC, NOT MATH!

WHAT IF I MISCOUNT?!
WHAT IF I--



WHAT IF I...

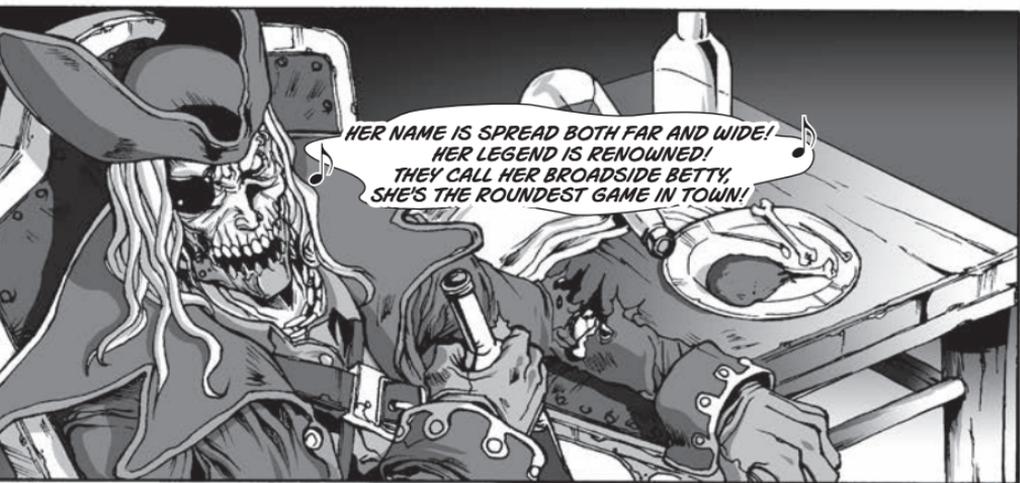


OH.

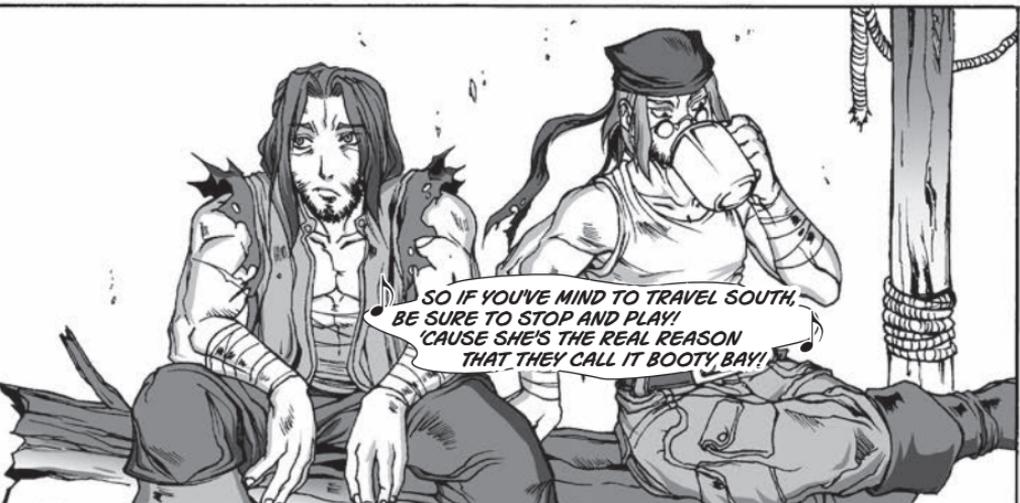




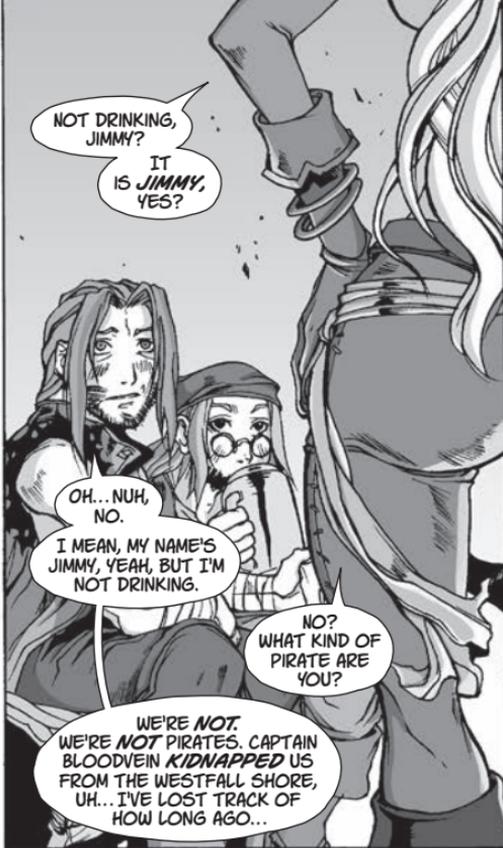
♪ WELL WE HATE TO SEE HER GO,
• BUT WE LOVE TO WATCH HER LEAVE!
• SHE'LL DO HER BEST FOR WILLIAM
• AND WES AND MIKE AND STEVE!



♪ HER NAME IS SPREAD BOTH FAR AND WIDE!
• HER LEGEND IS RENOWNED!
• THEY CALL HER BROADSIDE BETTY,
• SHE'S THE ROUNDEST GAME IN TOWN!



♪ SO IF YOU'VE MIND TO TRAVEL SOUTH,
• BE SURE TO STOP AND PLAY!
• 'CAUSE SHE'S THE REAL REASON
• THAT THEY CALL IT BOOTY BAY!



NOT DRINKING,
JIMMY?

IT
IS JIMMY,
YES?

OH... NUH,
NO.

I MEAN, MY NAME'S
JIMMY, YEAH, BUT I'M
NOT DRINKING.

NO?
WHAT KIND OF
PIRATE ARE
YOU?

WE'RE *NOT*.
WE'RE *NOT* PIRATES. CAPTAIN
BLOODVEIN *KIDNAPPED* US
FROM THE WESTFALL SHORE,
UH... I'VE LOST TRACK OF
HOW LONG AGO...



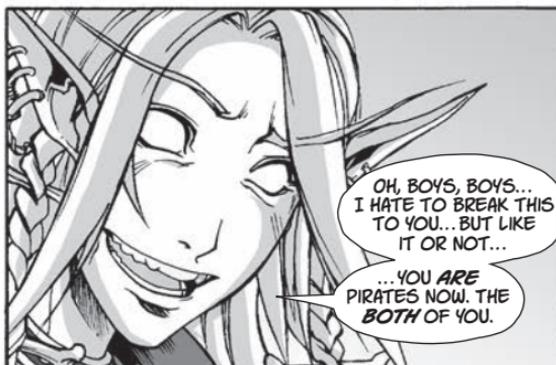
AH, I
SEE...

SO YOU HAVEN'T
BEEN ON THE GARROTE
WITH THE REST OF THE
CREW? YOU HAVEN'T BEEN
SACKING SHIPS?

YOU HAVEN'T
BEEN *SEEN* BY ANY
SURVIVORS, WHO MIGHT
HAVE REPORTED YOUR
INVOLVEMENT
WITH THE *BLOODSAILS*?



WELL,
WE... I M-MEAN,
WE *HAVEN'T*...
UH...



OH, BOYS, BOYS...
I HATE TO BREAK THIS
TO YOU... BUT LIKE
IT OR NOT...

... YOU ARE
PIRATES NOW. THE
BOTH OF YOU.



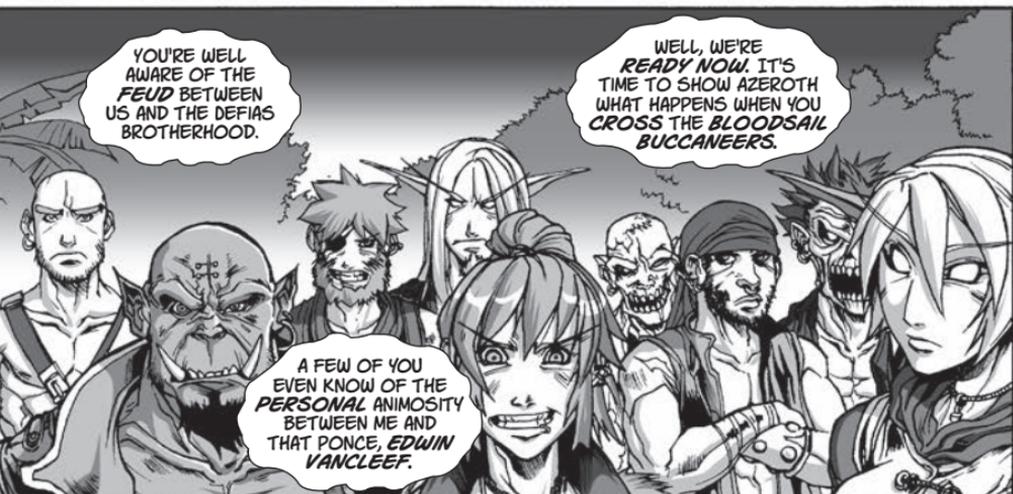
BUCCANEERS!!

*LISTEN TO
ME!!*



YOU'VE ALL
SERVED ME
WELL...

... AND IT'S TIME
YOU GOT SOME REAL
REWARD FOR IT.



YOU'RE WELL
AWARE OF THE
FEUD BETWEEN
US AND THE DEFIAS
BROTHERHOOD.

WELL, WE'RE
READY NOW. IT'S
TIME TO SHOW AZEROTH
WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU
CROSS THE BLOODSAIL
BUCCANEERS.

A FEW OF YOU
EVEN KNOW OF THE
PERSONAL ANIMOSITY
BETWEEN ME AND
THAT PONCE, EDWIN
VANCLEEF.



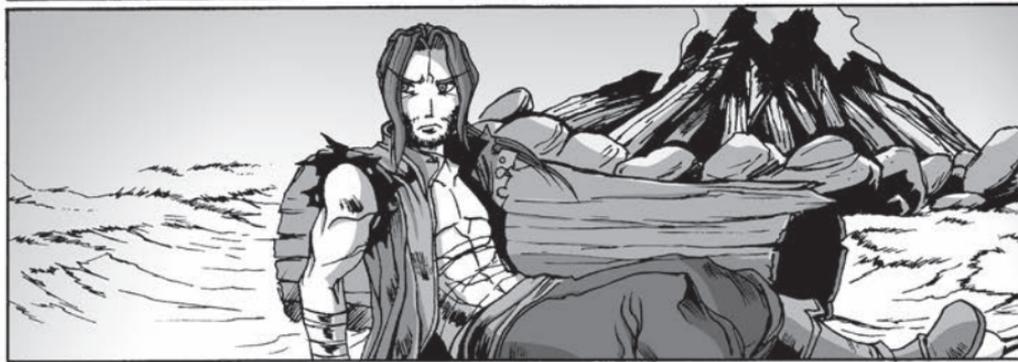
WE'RE GOING TO
WESTFALL.

WE'RE GOING TO
CHEW OUR WAY INTO
HIS "HIDEOUT."



AND WE'RE GOING
TO CUT DOWN EVERY
LAST DEFIAS CRETIN
WE FIND—VANCLEEF
INCLUDED.

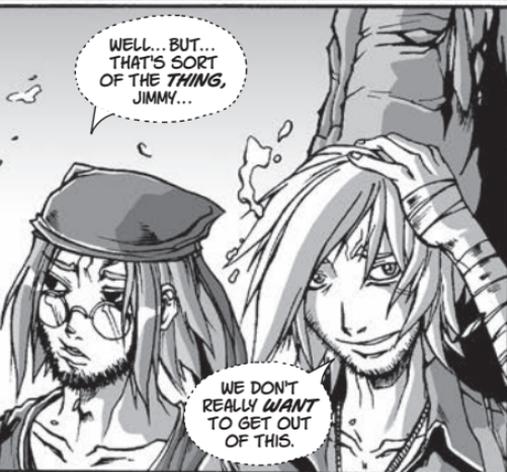
A FEW HOURS LATER...





FOR CRYING OUT LOUD, JIMMY, DO YOU KNOW WHAT THEY'LL DO TO US IF THEY CATCH US OFF LIKE THIS?!

YEAH. BELIEVE ME. BUT WE *HAVE* TO DO *SOMETHING!* WE'RE IN WAY OVER OUR HEADS AND WE'VE GOT TO FIGURE A WAY OUT OF THIS!

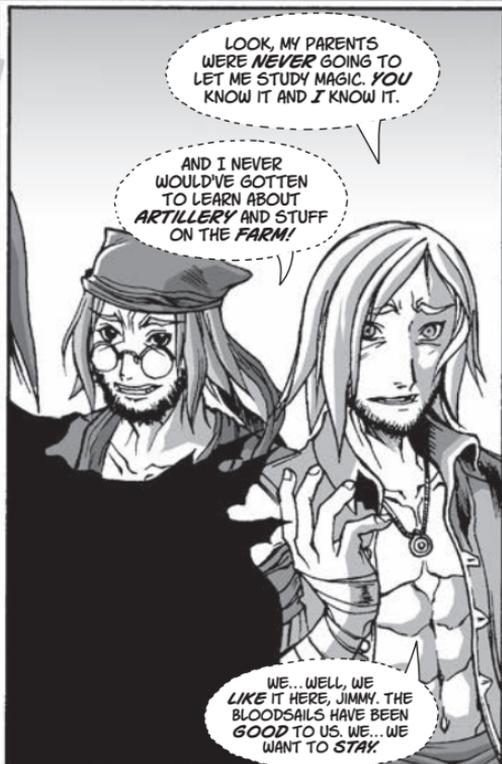


WELL... BUT... THAT'S SORT OF THE *THING*, JIMMY...

WE DON'T REALLY WANT TO GET OUT OF THIS.



WHAT?!



LOOK, MY PARENTS WERE *NEVER* GOING TO LET ME STUDY MAGIC. YOU KNOW IT AND I KNOW IT.

AND I NEVER WOULD'VE GOTTEN TO LEARN ABOUT *ARTILLERY* AND STUFF ON THE FARM!

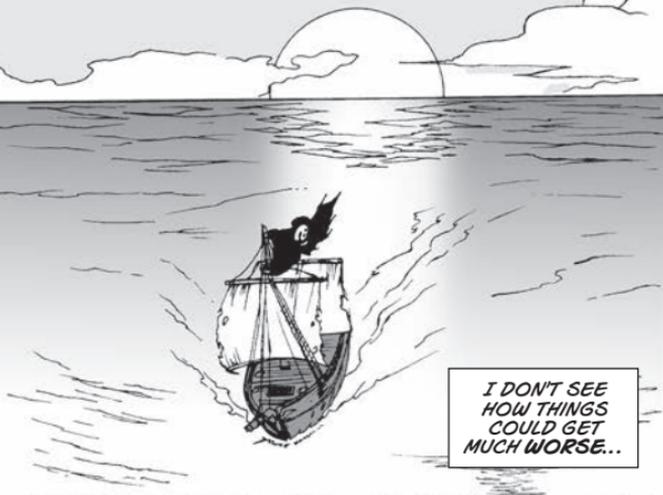
WE... WELL, WE LIKE IT HERE, JIMMY. THE BLOODSAILS HAVE BEEN GOOD TO US. WE... WE WANT TO STAY!



I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! I GREW UP WITH THESE TWO! WE'VE BEEN BEST FRIENDS FOREVER!

HOW CAN THEY DO THIS?! HOW CAN THEY ABANDON THEIR WHOLE LIVES?! HOW CAN THEY... ABANDON ME?

WE STAY ON THE ISLAND FOR TWO MORE DAYS BEFORE SETTING OUT AGAIN. I SPEND THE WHOLE TIME IN A KIND OF HAZE.



I DON'T SEE HOW THINGS COULD GET MUCH WORSE...

...BUT THEN CAPTAIN BLOODVEIN SHOWS ME.



JIMMY, MY BOY...

LET ME BEND YOUR EAR A MOMENT.



CAPTAIN?

YOU MAY RECALL, WE RECENTLY SACKED A NIGHT ELF SHIP, YES? WELL... IT SEEMS SOMEONE AMONG THAT CREW RECOGNIZED YOU

WORD GOT BACK TO THE DEFIAS, AND... AS I'M SURE YOU'RE AWARE, THE DEFIAS LOOM LARGE IN YOUR NECK OF THE WOODS.



THE DEFIAS HAVE TAKEN A COUPLE OF HOSTAGES, PUP... YOUR DEAR NUM AND DAD.

GOT 'EM IN THE BOWELS OF VANCELEP'S SHIP, NO DOUBT. TRYIN' TO PERSUADE THEM TO TALK...

...ABOUT HOW THEIR PRIDE AND JOY WOUND UP AMONG MY CREW.

JUST A BIT OF PERSONAL MOTIVATION, THERE, SON. WE MAKE LANDFALL SOON.



THE DEFIAS...HAVE
MY PARENTS?

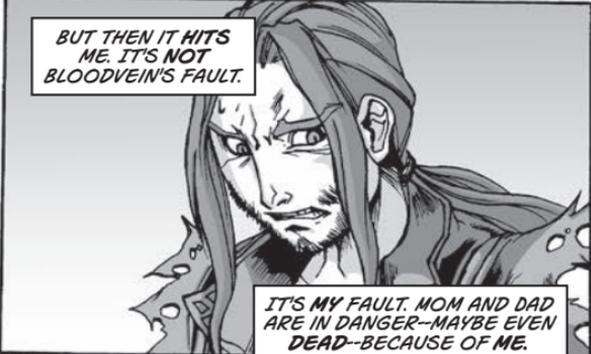


FOR A SECOND ALL
I CAN FEEL IS HATE.

THIS IS
BLOODVEIN'S
FAULT.



MY PARENTS
ARE IN DANGER
BECAUSE OF HIM.



BUT THEN IT HITS
ME. IT'S NOT
BLOODVEIN'S FAULT.

IT'S MY FAULT. MOM AND DAD
ARE IN DANGER—MAYBE EVEN
DEAD—BECAUSE OF ME.



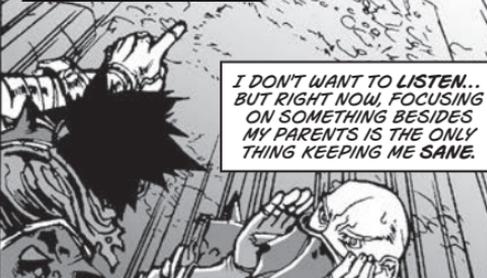
READY OR NOT,
VANCLEEF...



... HERE WE
COME.



RIGHT BEFORE WE
LEAVE THE SHIP,
CAPTAIN BLOODVEIN
FINALLY TELLS US WHAT
WE'RE GOING TO DO.



I DON'T WANT TO LISTEN...
BUT RIGHT NOW, FOCUSING
ON SOMETHING BESIDES
MY PARENTS IS THE ONLY
THING KEEPING ME SANE.



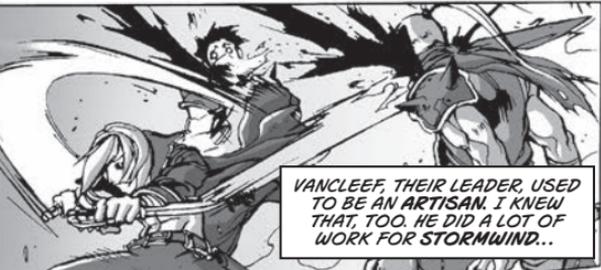
YAAAAAAAAAAH!!



RAAAAAAAAAAH!!



THE DEFIAS BROTHERHOOD
ARE BANDITS AND OUTLAWS.
I'VE ALWAYS KNOWN THAT.



VANCLEEF, THEIR LEADER, USED
TO BE AN ARTISAN. I KNEW
THAT, TOO. HE DID A LOT OF
WORK FOR STORMWIND...



...UNTIL THEY
CHEATED HIM.



...OR AT LEAST,
THAT'S THE STORY.



NOW BLOODVEIN TELLS US THEY HAVE A SECRET LAIR, DOWN IN THE BOTTOM OF A MINE IN MOONBROOK...



BUT THAT'S ALL I KNEW. MY KNOWLEDGE STOPPED THERE.



...AND THAT VANCLEEF'S IN LEAGUE WITH A BUNCH OF GOBLINS, BUILDING SOME SORT OF PIRATE FLEET.



IT'S LIKE A BAD DREAM...IT REALLY IS. I CAN'T BELIEVE THESE CREATURES, THESE THINGS ARE DOWN HERE...



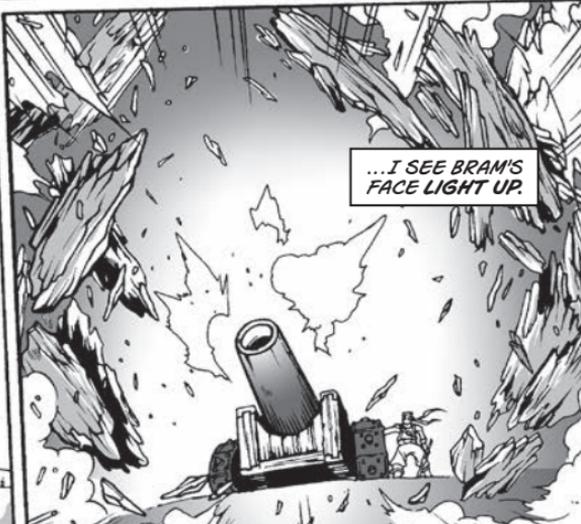
...OR THAT ALL THE
TRAINING THE BLOODSAILS
FORCED US THROUGH IS
PAYING OFF SO WELL.



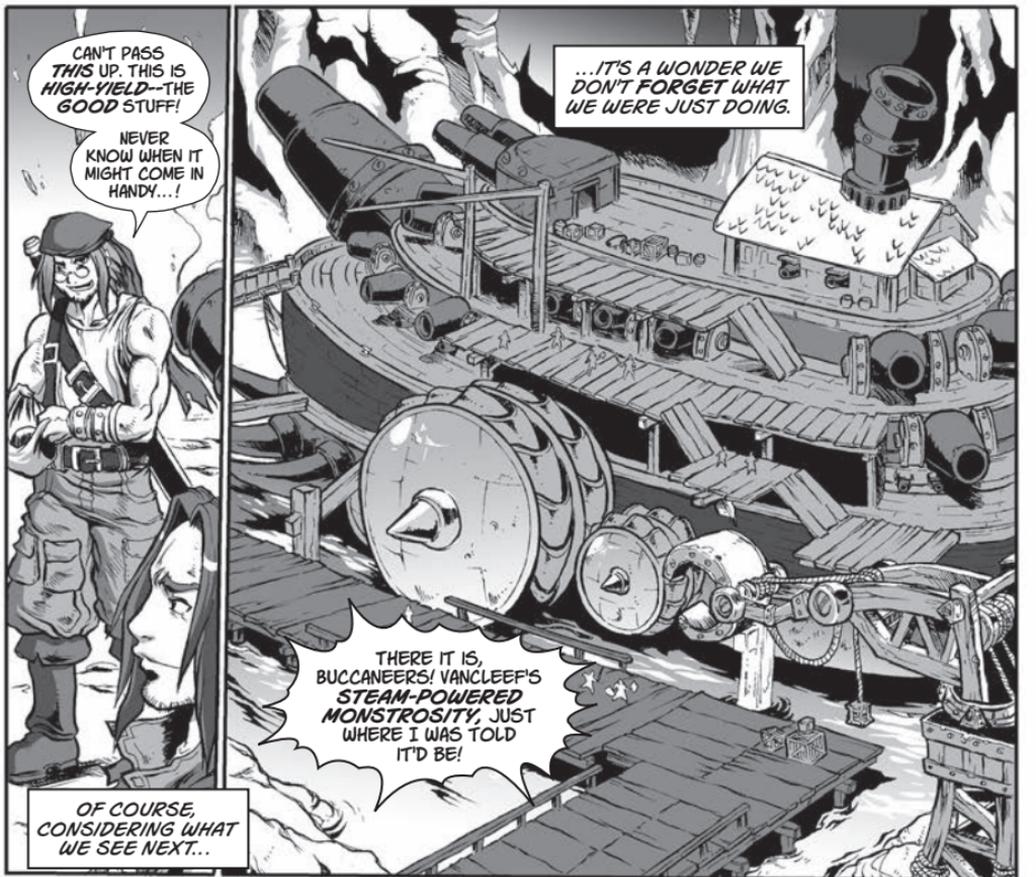
LIAM AND BRAM AND
I ARE ACTUALLY
HOLDING OUR OWN.



WHEN THE WHOLE RAIDING
PARTY STOPS TO MAKE USE OF
SOME GUNPOWDER TO OPEN A
BIG SET OF LOCKED DOORS...



...I SEE BRAM'S
FACE LIGHT UP.



CAN'T PASS THIS UP. THIS IS HIGH-YIELD--THE GOOD STUFF!

NEVER KNOW WHEN IT MIGHT COME IN HANDY...!

...IT'S A WONDER WE DON'T FORGET WHAT WE WERE JUST DOING.

THERE IT IS, BUCCANEERS! VANCLEEF'S STEAM-POWERED MONSTROSITY, JUST WHERE I WAS TOLD IT'D BE!

OF COURSE, CONSIDERING WHAT WE SEE NEXT...



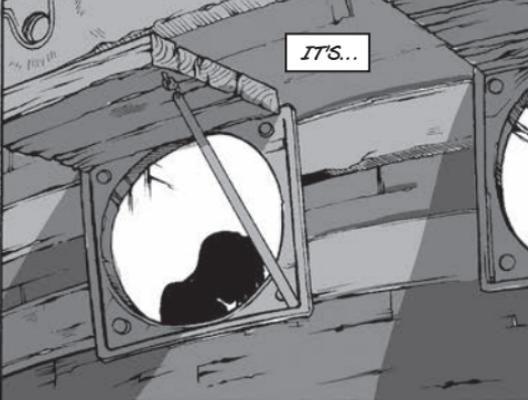
WAIT A SECOND... IS THAT...?

HE THINKS HE CAN RULE THE GREAT SEA WITH THAT THING...

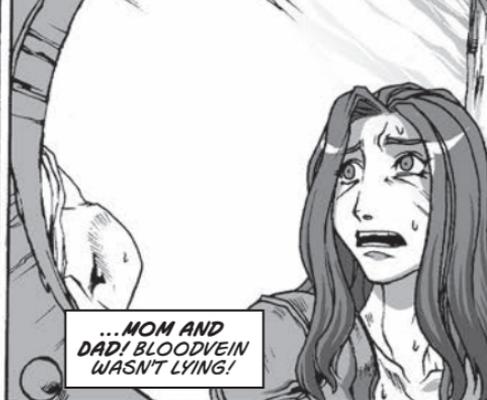
LET'S SHOW HIM DIFFERENT!



IT CAN'T BE!



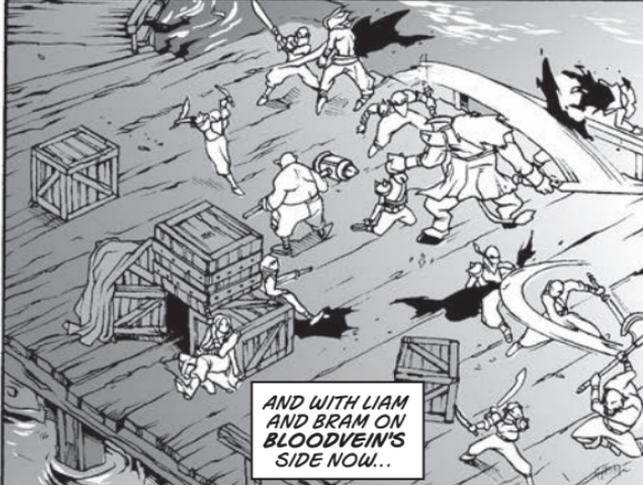
IT'S...



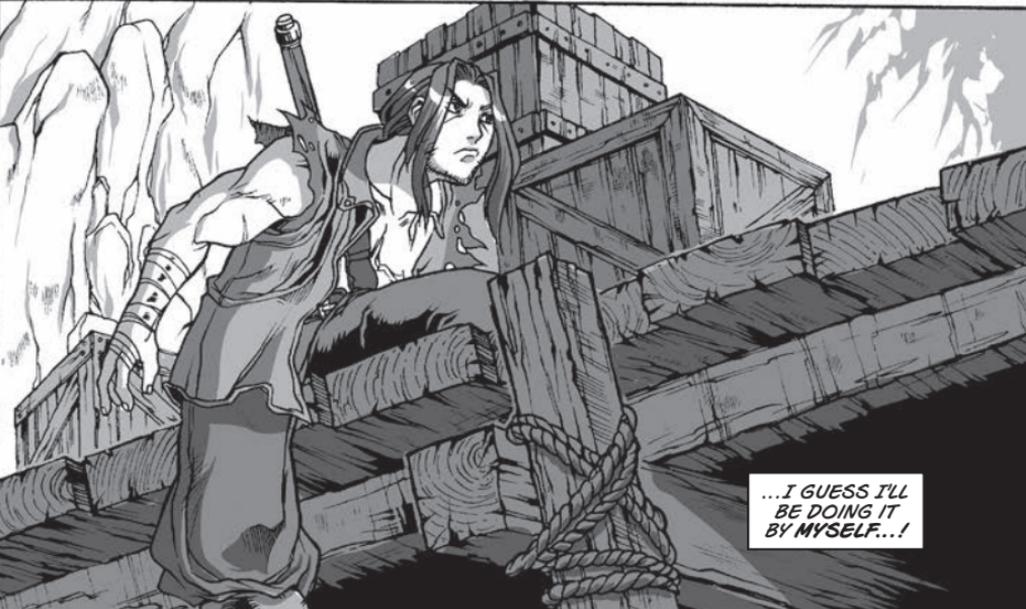
...MOM AND
DAD! BLOODVEIN
WASN'T LYING!



GOTTA GET
THEM OUT
OF HERE!!

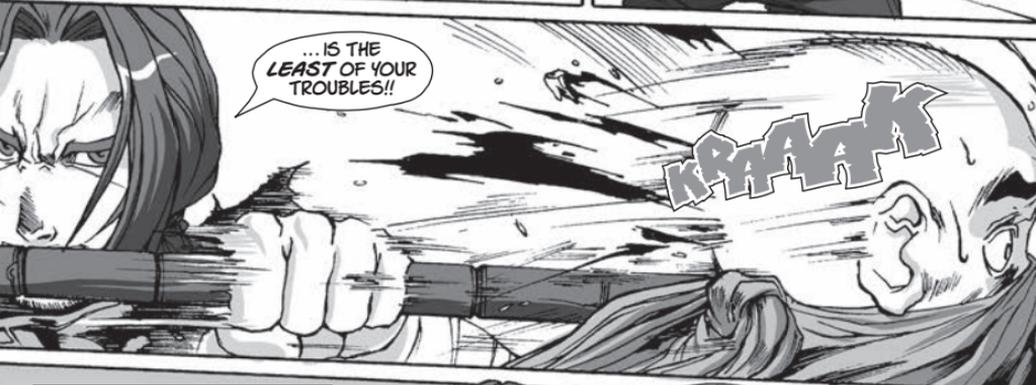


AND WITH LIAM
AND BRAM ON
BLOODVEIN'S
SIDE NOW...



...I GUESS I'LL
BE DOING IT
BY MYSELF...!





I HEAR THE SCREAMS AND GUNSHOTS FROM OUTSIDE THE SHIP. BLOODVEIN'S NEARING THE TOP.



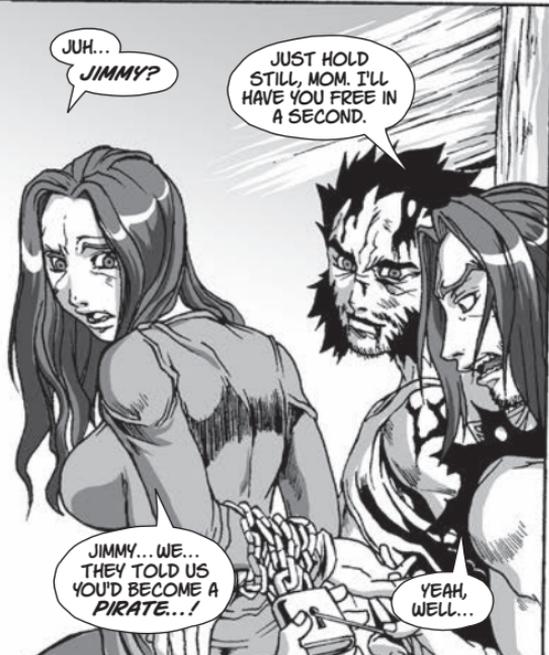


WH-WHO IS THAT?! WHO'S OUT TH-THERE?

WHAT DO YOU WANT?!



MOM.
DAD.



JUH...
JIMMY?

JUST HOLD STILL, MOM. I'LL HAVE YOU FREE IN A SECOND.

JIMMY... WE... THEY TOLD US YOU'D BECOME A PIRATE...!

YEAH, WELL...



...I ALMOST DID.



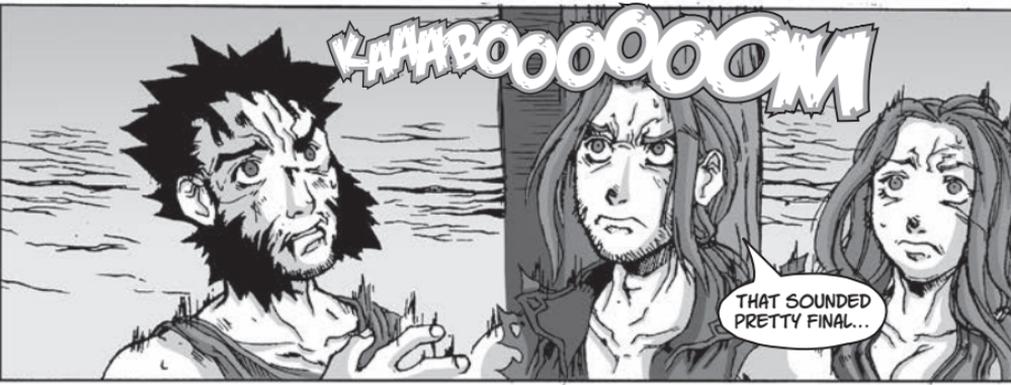
OH, MY BABY!
MY BABY BOY!



YOU, AH... YOU
HANDLE THAT AXE
WELL, SON.

THANKS,
DAD.
CAN THE
TWO OF YOU WALK?
ARE YOU HURT
TOO BADLY?

WE'LL CRAWL
IF WE *HAVE* TO!
LET'S JUST GET
GOING--



KAAAABOOOOOM



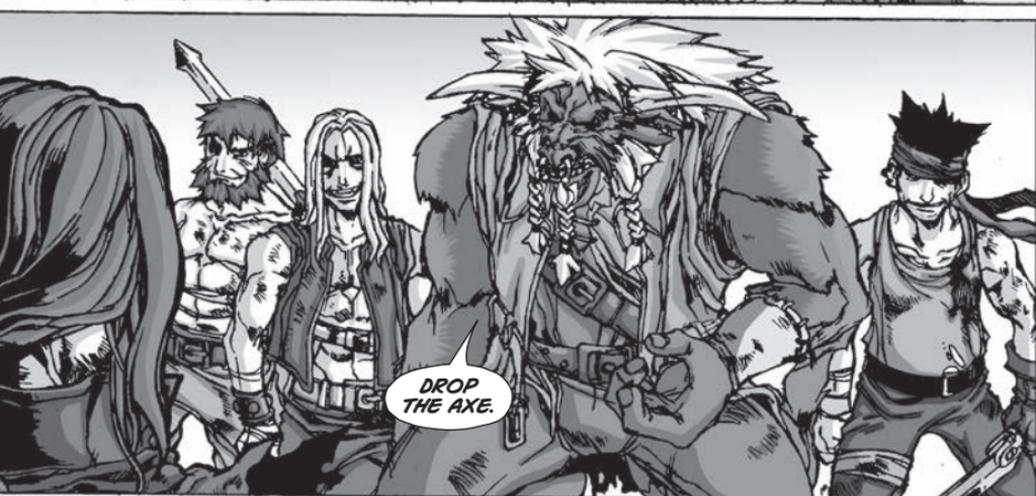
THAT SOUNDED
PRETTY FINAL...



IF WE'RE LUCKY,
WE CAN SLIP BACK OUT A
PORTHOLE BEFORE CAPTAIN
BLOODVEIN EVEN NOTICES
I'M GONE!!



COME ON!!





I'M TAKING
MY PARENTS
HOME.



NOT
WITHOUT MY
LEAVE, YOU'RE
NOT.



AND I'M GIVING
NO LEAVE.



YOUR PARENTS
MADE GOOD
HOSTAGES FOR
THE DEFIAS...

NO REASON
THEY CAN'T SERVE
THE SAME
PURPOSE FOR THE
BLOODSAILS.



SO, MR. BLACKRIDGE...



... YOU CAN EITHER FALL BACK IN LINE... AND *MAYBE* I'LL TAKE IT EASY ON YOU FOR ABANDONING OUR ASSAULT...



... OR I CAN KILL YOU FOR *MUTINY*.

WHAT'LL IT BE, PUP?



THERE IS NO CHOICE HERE. NOT IN MY MIND, ANYWAY. I MADE THIS MESS.

TIME TO CLEAN IT UP.



**FIGHT ME,
BLOODVEIN. ONE
ON ONE.**

**I WIN, MY
PARENTS AND I
WALK OUT OF HERE.
UNHARMED.**

**YOU WIN... I
SURRENDER TO
WHATEVER PUNISHMENT
YOU DEEM FIT.**



PLEASE.

**YOU DON'T MAKE
THE RULES HERE, PUP.
IF WE FIGHT, WE FIGHT
ON MY TERMS.**



**YOU'RE NOT...
SCARED, ARE
YOU?**

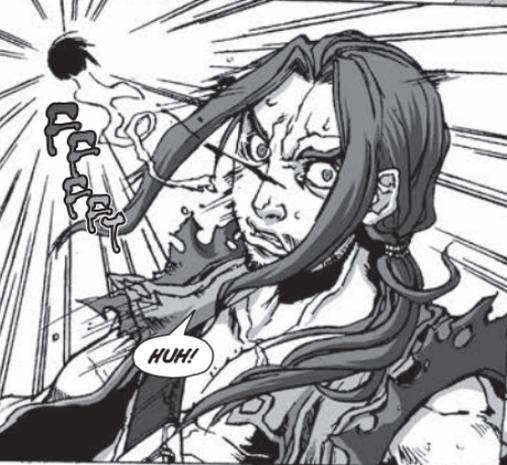


NO.

**I JUST HATE
TO WASTE A GOOD
CREW MEMBER.**



BOOOM



FLAT

HUH!



GHLK!!

STINE

FFFT



NOW NOW NOW!



RAAAAAAH!!!



PART OF ME—A BIG PART—KNOWS HOW STUPID THIS IS.



THIS IS POINTLESS, BOY! CHOPPING AT MY HIDE WILL AT WORST RUIN A FINE COAT!

I CAN'T FEEL PAIN... THOUGH I CAN'T SAY THE SAME...

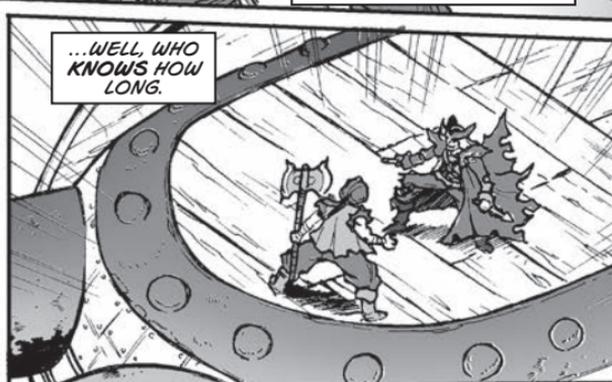


...FOR YOU!!

I'M A FARM BOY. CLOSEST THING TO A WEAPON I EVER PICKED UP USED TO BE A PITCHFORK.



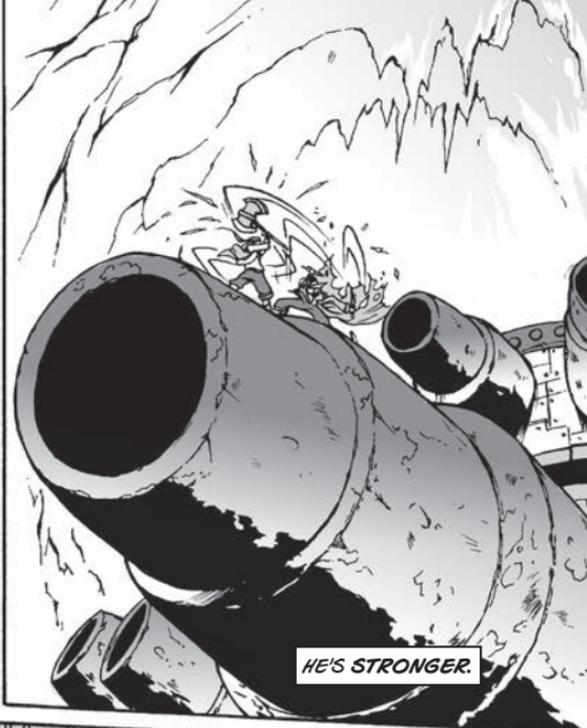
CAPTAIN BLOODVEIN, ON THE OTHER HAND, HAS BEEN A FIGHTER FOR...

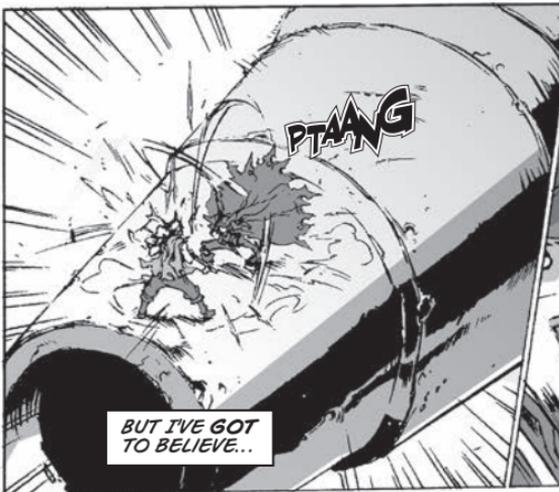


...WELL, WHO KNOWS HOW LONG.



MAYBE LONGER THAN I'VE BEEN ALIVE.





BUT I'VE GOT TO BELIEVE...



...THAT WHAT IT REALLY COMES DOWN TO...



...WHAT TRULY MAKES THE DIFFERENCE...



SHRIMP



...IS WHO WANTS IT MORE.

HA HA HA HA HA!!!



AND IF THAT'S TRUE...

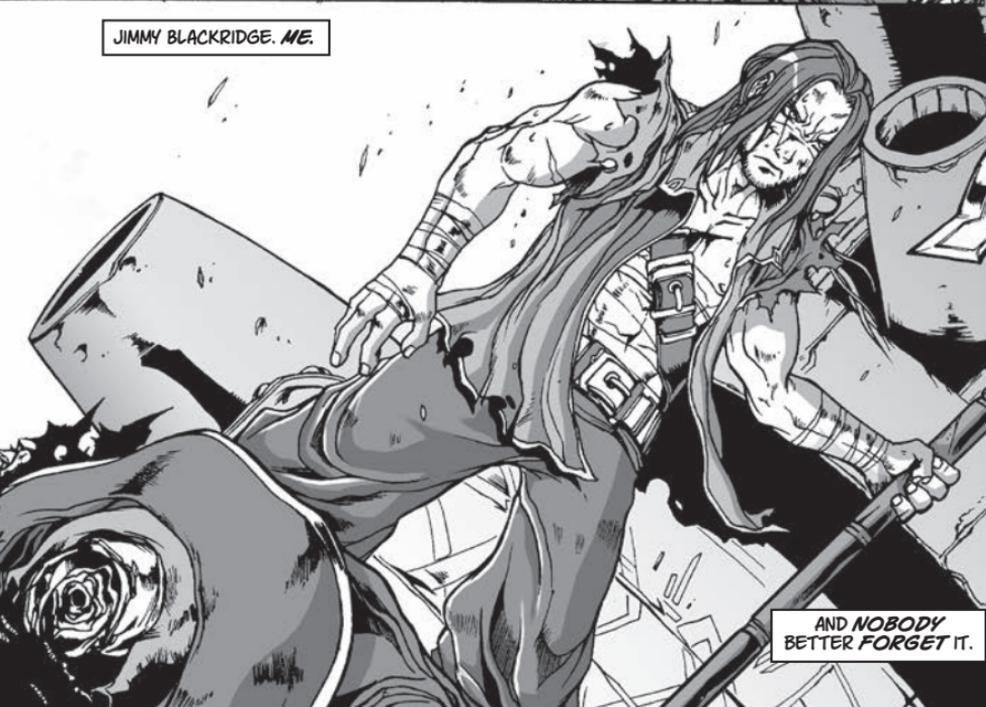
KAKAKAKA



... THEN I KNOW
THE ANSWER.



JIMMY BLACKRIDGE. ME.



AND NOBODY
BETTER FORGET IT.



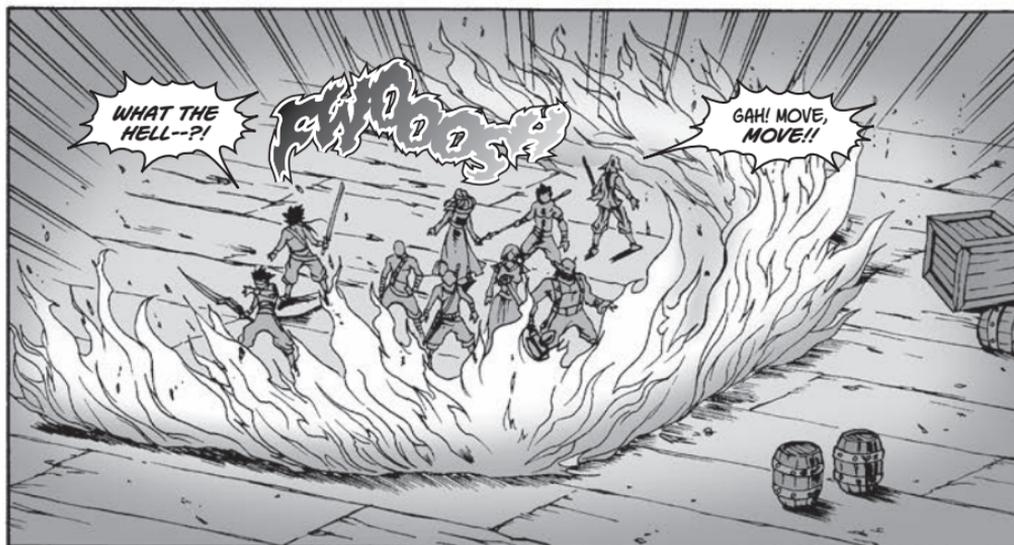
HE KILLED
THE CAPTAIN!!

GET
'EM!!

I SEE THE BUCCANEERS
COMING TOWARD ME, AND I
GET READY TO SAY MY LAST
GOODBYES TO MOM AND DAD...

NOW!!

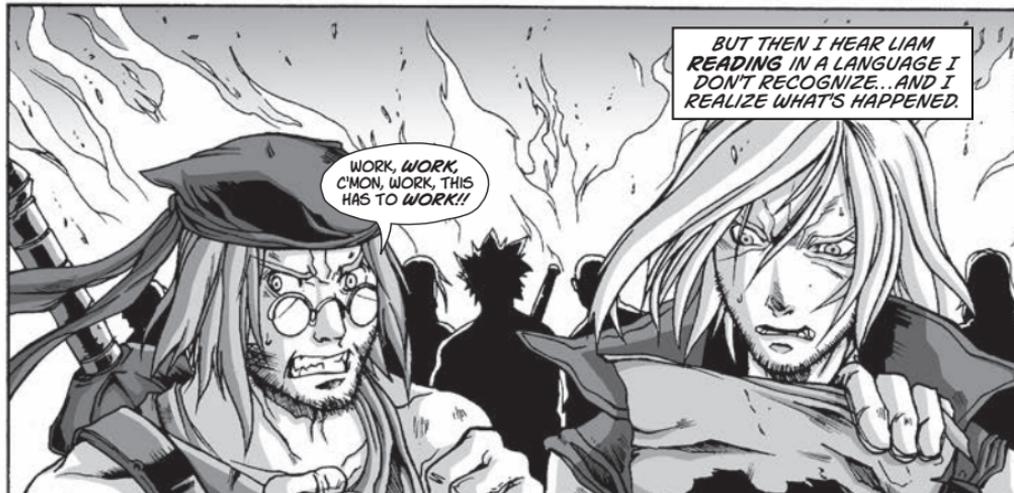
Fi
SS
SH



WHAT THE
HELL--?!

Whoa?

GAH! MOVE,
MOVE!!

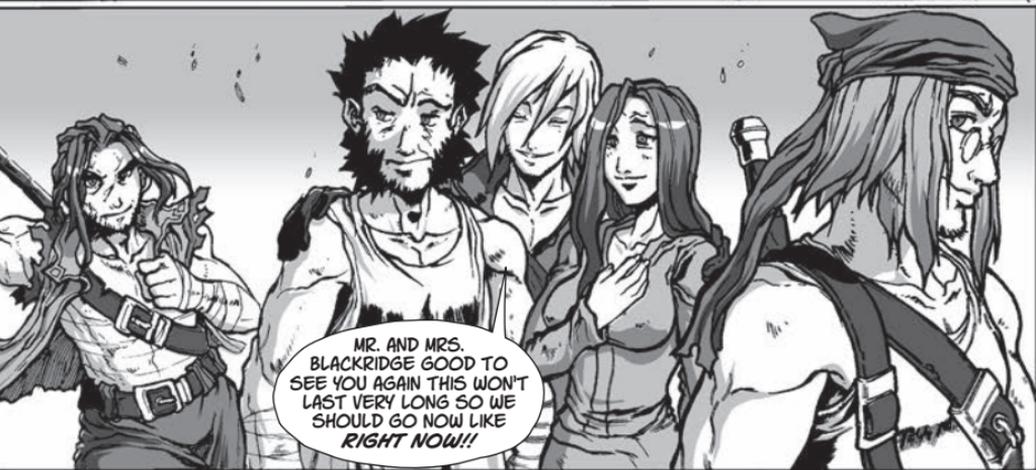


WORK, WORK,
C'MON, WORK, THIS
HAS TO WORK!!

BUT THEN I HEAR LIAM
READING IN A LANGUAGE I
DON'T RECOGNIZE... AND I
REALIZE WHAT'S HAPPENED.



LOOKS LIKE MY TWO
IDIOT FRIENDS HAVE
COME TO THEIR SENSES.



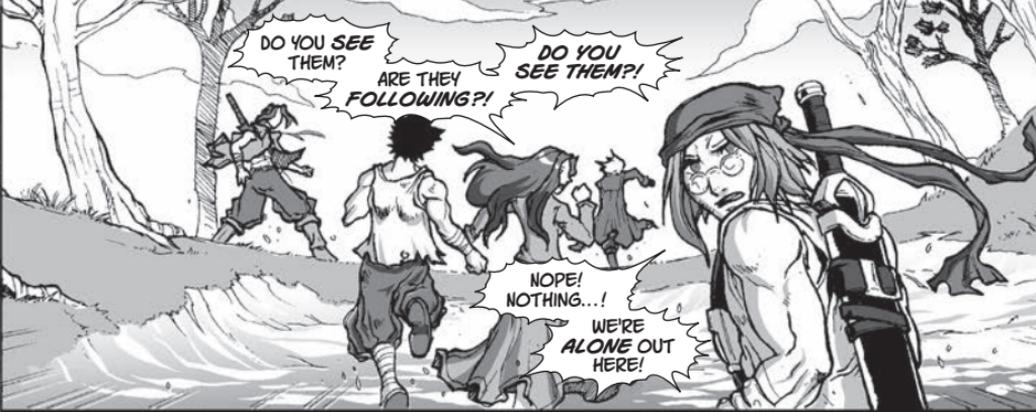
MR. AND MRS.
BLACKRIDGE GOOD TO
SEE YOU AGAIN THIS WON'T
LAST VERY LONG SO WE
SHOULD GO NOW LIKE
RIGHT NOW!!



WHAT MADE YOU
DECIDE TO LEAVE THE
BLOODSAILS?

CALL IT AN
IMPULSE CAREER
CHANGE...!

HEY, THAT COULDN'T
BEEN OUR PARENTS,
LOCKED UP AND BEATEN
HALF TO DEATH...!



DO YOU SEE THEM?

ARE THEY FOLLOWING?!

DO YOU SEE THEM?!

NOPE! NOTHING...!

WE'RE ALONE OUT HERE!



IF THEY'RE NOT AFTER US NOW, THEY WON'T BE.

ESPECIALLY WITH THE CAPTAIN DEAD, THEY WON'T COME THIS FAR INLAND...!

I'VE GOT TO SAY, JIMMY... BECOMING A PIRATE'S DONE YOU PRETTY WELL!

COULD WE SAVE THE CONGRATULATIONS UNTIL WE'RE NO LONGER IN DANGER OF GETTING HORRIBLY KILLED?!



TAKE A LOOK...

I THINK WE'RE SAFE!



AND PLEASE... FROM NOW ON?

IT'S JAMES.



WHAT, WITH LIAM APPRENTICED TO AN ARCHMAGE...

... AND BRAM STUDYING ENGINEERING UP IN IRONFORGE.



AND SO HERE I AM. WITH YOU.

THAT'S QUITE A STORY, JAMES.

WELL, IT'S... NOT AN EXPERIENCE I WOULD RECOMMEND... BUT I DON'T REGRET IT.

I'M ACTUALLY THINKING OF WRITING A BOOK.

REALLY? AND... WOULD I APPEAR IN YOUR BOOK?



YOU'LL HAVE TO WAIT AND SEE.

HMM... PERHAPS I CAN JOIN YOU IN ANOTHER DRINK... AND WE CAN TALK ABOUT IT?

I'D LIKE THAT. BUT I CAN'T STAY FOR TOO LONG.

THE FARM WON'T RUN ITSELF.

END



WARCRAFT

LEGENDS™ VOLUME FOUR

BLOOD RUNS THICKER

WRITTEN BY TIM BEEDLE

PENCILS & TONES BY RYO KAWAKAMI
INKS BY FERNANDO MELEK

LETTERER: MICHAEL PAOLILLI





GREETINGS, FAIR TRAVELER, AND WELCOME TO THE WORLD FAMOUS DARKMOON FAIRE!

JOIN US FOR OUR FIRST VISIT TO THE BEAUTIFUL BEACHSIDE VILLAGE OF SOUTHSIDE, AND BE ENTERTAINED BY SOME OF THE MOST MYSTERIOUS, MAGICAL AND EXTRAORDINARY INDIVIDUALS IN ALL OF AZEROTH!



YOU ARE IN FOR A TREAT OF MIND, BODY AND SPIRIT...!



WE TRAVEL AROUND AZEROTH, NEVER STAYING LONG BEFORE MOVING ON TO THE NEXT SHOW.

WE LIKE IT BETTER THAT WAY. WE OF THE FAIRE MAY BE OF DIFFERENT RACES AND WALKS OF LIFE...

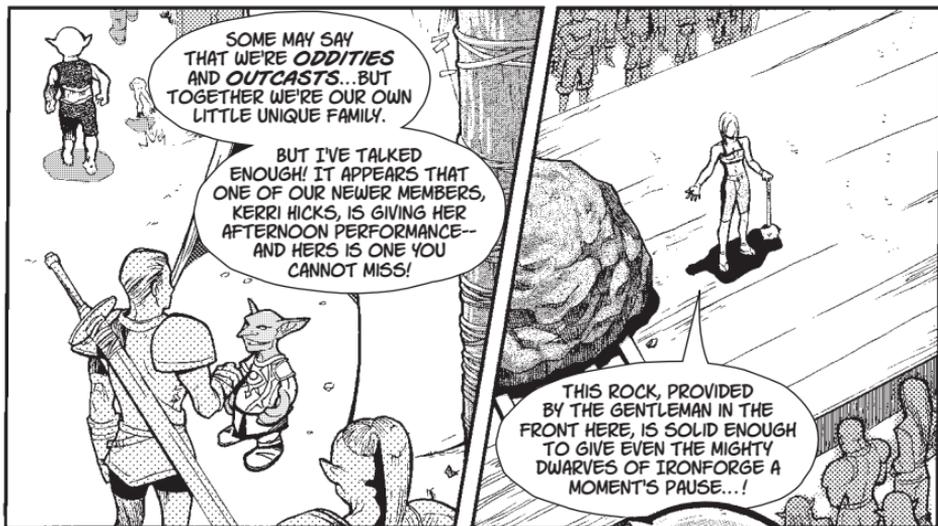


...BUT WE SHARE A LOVE OF FREEDOM, ADVENTURE... AS WELL AS GOOD DRINK!

OUR WAYWARD WAYS ALLOW US TO ENTERTAIN PEOPLE ALL ACROSS AZEROTH--AND EVEN OUTLAND. HORDE OR ALLIANCE, WE DO NOT CARE...



...AND SOMETIMES THAT ENTERTAINMENT ALSO ENLIGHTENS THEM.



SOME MAY SAY THAT WE'RE **ODDITIES** AND **OUTCASTS**... BUT TOGETHER WE'RE OUR OWN LITTLE UNIQUE FAMILY.

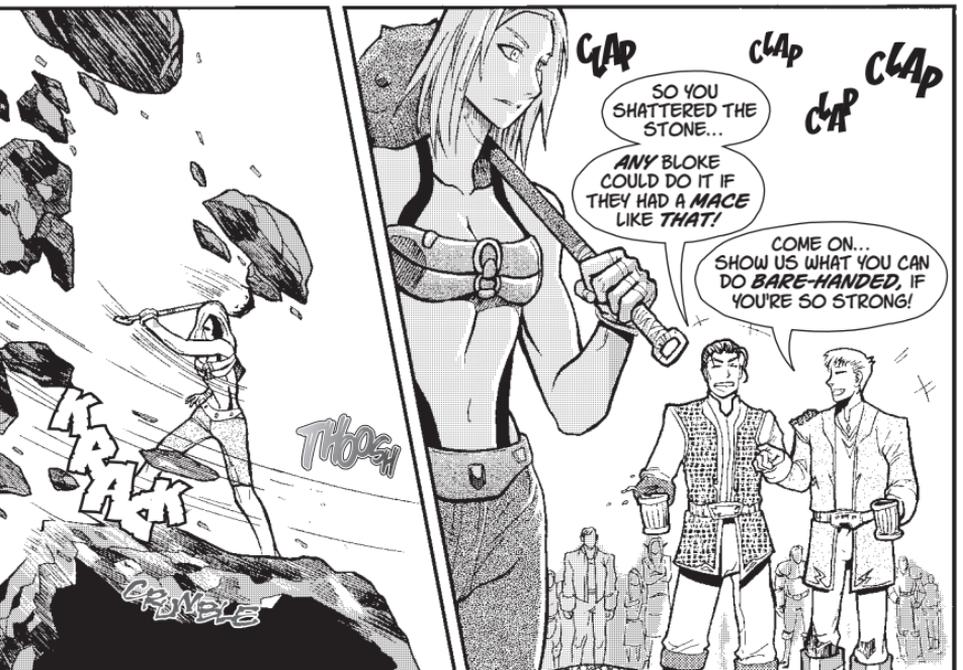
BUT I'VE TALKED ENOUGH! IT APPEARS THAT ONE OF OUR NEWER MEMBERS, **KERRI HICKS**, IS GIVING HER AFTERNOON PERFORMANCE-- AND HERS IS ONE YOU CANNOT MISS!

THIS ROCK, PROVIDED BY THE GENTLEMAN IN THE FRONT HERE, IS SOLID ENOUGH TO GIVE EVEN THE MIGHTY DWARVES OF **IRONFORGE** A MOMENT'S PAUSE...!



GOOD THING I'M **NOT** A DWARF OF **IRONFORGE**!

I WARN YOU ALL TO KEEP YOUR DISTANCE... BUT DO NOT FOR A **SECOND** TURN YOUR EYES AWAY!



CLAP CLAP CLAP

SO YOU SHATTERED THE STONE...

ANY BLOKE COULD DO IT IF THEY HAD A **MACE** LIKE THAT!

COME ON... SHOW US WHAT YOU CAN DO **BARE-HANDED**, IF YOU'RE SO STRONG!

KAKAK

THOSH

CRUMBLE

OKAY.

FAIRLY SPOKEN
AND FAIR ENOUGH! WE
HERE AT THE DARKMOON
FAIRE LOVE TO LIVE UP
TO OUR NAME...!

WOULD THAT
NAME BE FREAK
SHOW?

SOUNDS
ABOUT RIGHT TO ME,
BROTHER! HA HA
HA HA!!

FREAK SHOW,
YOU SAY? WELL, JUST
FOR YOU, FOR MY FINAL ACT
OF STRENGTH, I'LL SHOW
YOU SOMETHING REALLY
IMPRESSIVE! SOMETHING
FIT FOR A FREAK...

ANYONE
UNLUCKY
ENOUGH TO BE
STANDING BENEATH A
COCONUT TREE WHEN
ONE OF THESE FALLS
CAN ATTEST TO HOW
HARD THEY ARE.

MEN USE
HAMMERS, CHISELS
AND SAWS TO BREAK
THEM OPEN.

THEY'RE TASTY,
THOUGH!

CED, IS SHE
GOING TO TEACH US
HOW TO COOK? IS
THAT WHAT THIS IS?

MAYBE SHE
FINALLY LEARNED A
WOMAN'S PLACE
IS IN THE KITCHEN!

THAT'S
RIGHT, BOYS!

AND I
WOULDN'T WANT
YOU TO MISS A SECOND
OF THE "MEAL" I'M
COOKING UP...

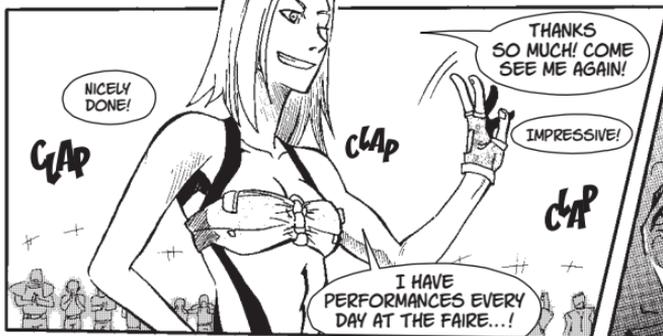
FWAP

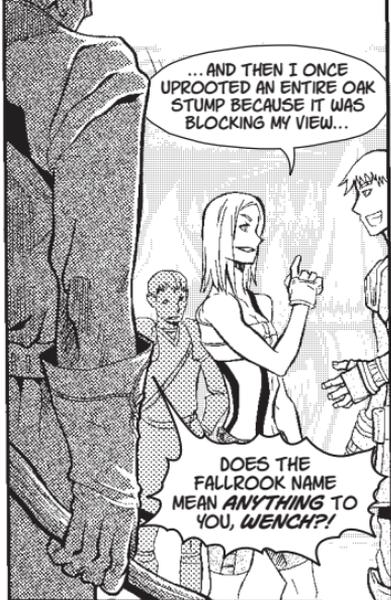


SINCE I AM A
WOMAN... AND SINCE
I'M PLACED ON AZEROTH
TO SERVE STRONG MEN
SUCH AS YOURSELVES...
THEN PERHAPS I SHOULD
SERVE YOU...



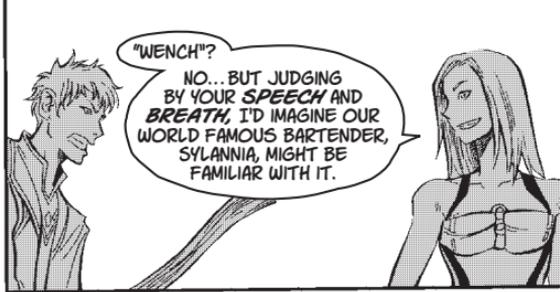
...A DRINK!!





... AND THEN I ONCE UPROOTED AN ENTIRE OAK STUMP BECAUSE IT WAS BLOCKING MY VIEW...

DOES THE FALLROOK NAME MEAN ANYTHING TO YOU, WENCH?!



"WENCH"?

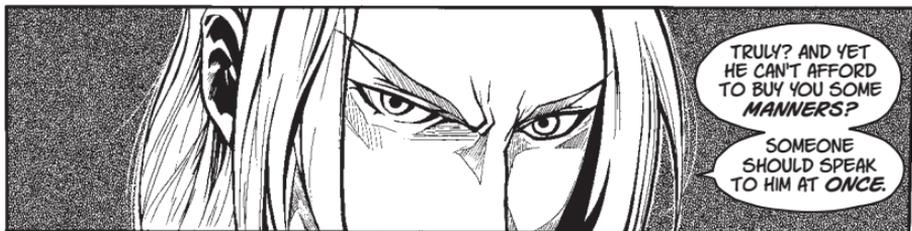
NO... BUT JUDGING BY YOUR SPEECH AND BREATH, I'D IMAGINE OUR WORLD FAMOUS BARTENDER, SYLANNIA, MIGHT BE FAMILIAR WITH IT.



WATCH YOUR TONGUE!!

YOU'RE LUCKY WE EVEN LET YOU COME HERE!!

MY FATHER COULD BUY THIS RICKETY OLD CARAVAN THREE TIMES OVER WITH WHAT HE EARNS IN A DAY!!



TRULY? AND YET HE CAN'T AFFORD TO BUY YOU SOME MANNERS?

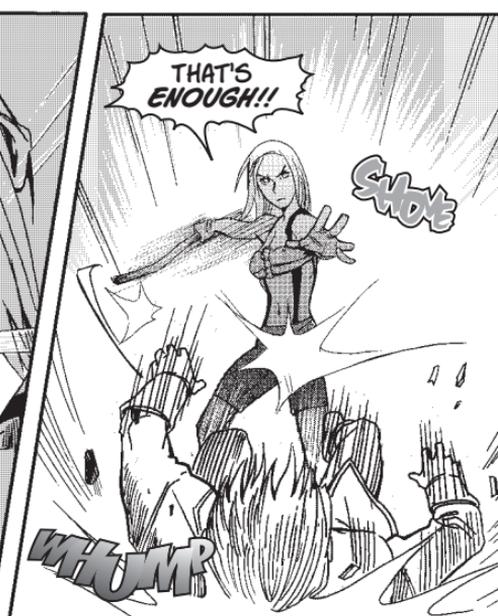
SOMEONE SHOULD SPEAK TO HIM AT ONCE.



YOU NEED TO LEARN YOUR PLACE, FREAK!!

YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS ARE WORTH LESS THAN THE DUNG I SCRAPE OFF MY BOOT!!

AND THAT'S ALL YOU'LL EVER BE WORTH!!



THAT'S ENOUGH!!

SHOVE

THUMP



LOOK HERE!!

A FAIRE MEMBER HAS ASSAULTED A PATRON!!

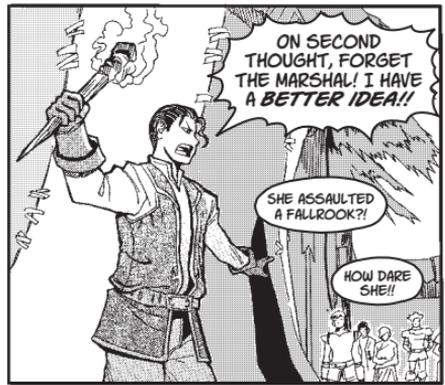


NO... NO! THAT'S NOT WHAT HAPPENED! I--

LIAR!! MY BROTHER WAS UNARMED!

SOMEONE CALL THE MARSHAL!! HAVING THEM HERE WAS A MISTAKE!!

WHAT?!



ON SECOND THOUGHT, FORGET THE MARSHAL! I HAVE A BETTER IDEA!!

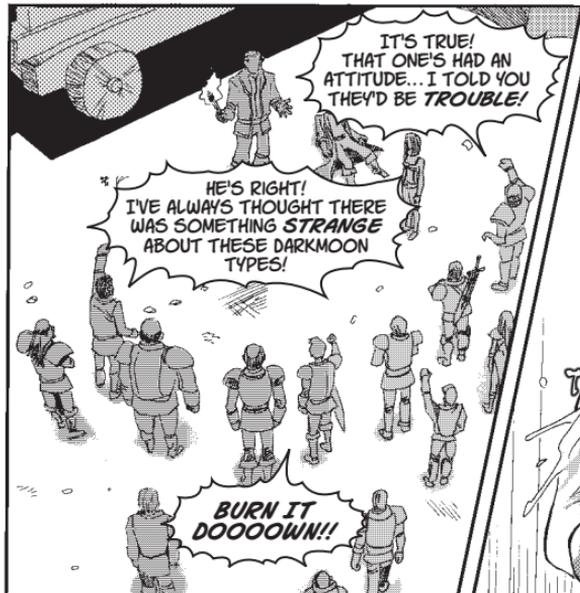
SHE ASSAULTED A FALLROOK?!

HOW DARE SHE!!



WOULD YOU ALLOW THESE FREAKS TO JUST WALTZ IN AND ACT LIKE THEY CAN DO WHATEVER THEY WANT?!

ARE WE TO ALLOW THIS DISRESPECT TO OUR TOWN AND KINGDOM?!



IT'S TRUE! THAT ONE'S HAD AN ATTITUDE... I TOLD YOU THEY'D BE TROUBLE!

HE'S RIGHT! I'VE ALWAYS THOUGHT THERE WAS SOMETHING STRANGE ABOUT THESE DARKMOON TYPES!

BURN IT DOOOOWN!!



GASP...!



THAT'LL BE QUITE ENOUGH FROM YOU, YOUNG MAN.



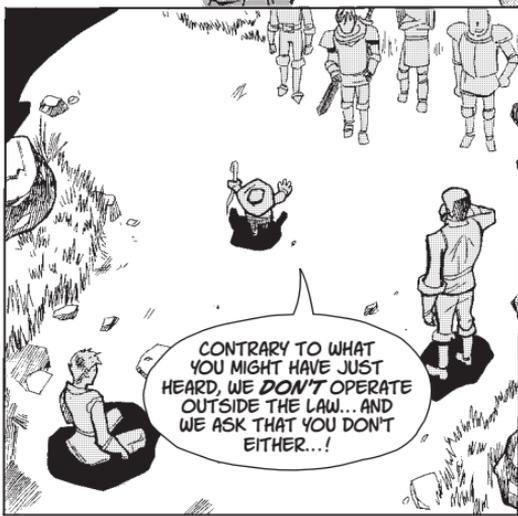
THERE WILL BE NO MOB JUSTICE AT THE FAIRE!



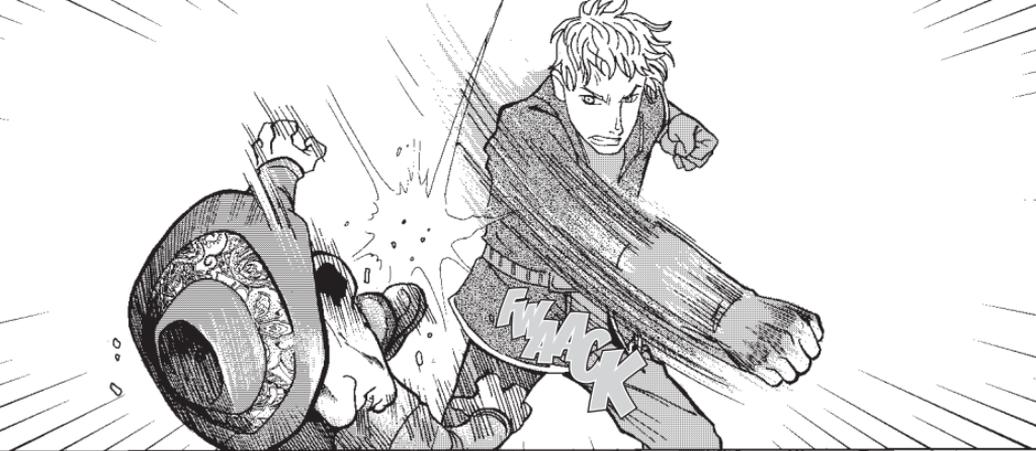
NOW, ENOUGH OF THIS... WE'RE ALL HERE TO HAVE A GOOD TIME... SO PLEASE, ENJOY YOURSELVES!

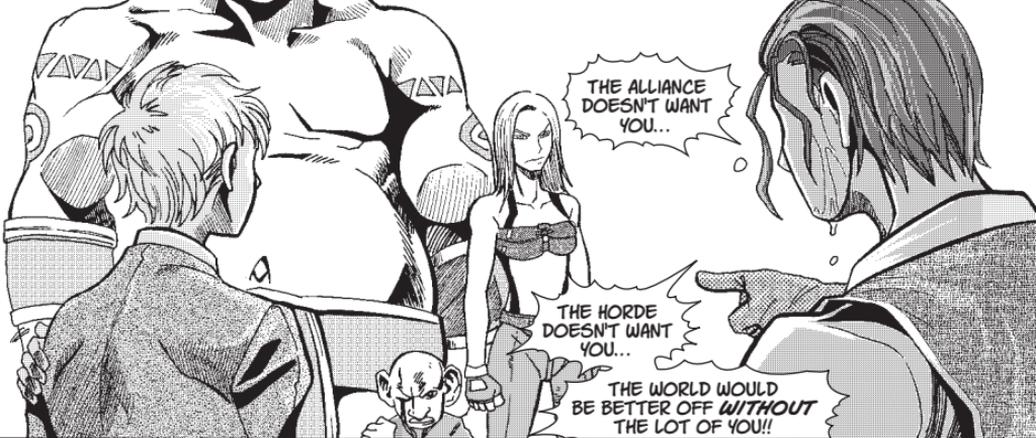


PLAY WITH THE TONKS. LET US SETTLE THIS PEACEFULLY.



CONTRARY TO WHAT YOU MIGHT HAVE JUST HEARD, WE DON'T OPERATE OUTSIDE THE LAW... AND WE ASK THAT YOU DON'T EITHER...!





THE ALLIANCE DOESN'T WANT YOU...

THE HORDE DOESN'T WANT YOU...

THE WORLD WOULD BE BETTER OFF WITHOUT THE LOT OF YOU!!



THIS ISN'T OVER, GNOME! NOT BY A LONG SHOT!!



MOVE ASIDE, PLEASE!

The faire will be closing for the rest of the day.

Please accept my apologies and come visit us again...



WE SHOULD SUMMON MARSHAL REDPATH! HE SHOULD HEAR OF THIS AT ONCE!



NO, KERRI. IF HE HEARS OF IT... IT WON'T BE FROM US.



THOSE RATHER UNPLEASANT LADS WERE ERIC AND CEDRICK FALLROOK. THEIR FATHER IS TERENCE FALLROOK.

HE'S A GOOD ENOUGH MAN--MUCH BETTER THAN HIS HEIRS-- BUT HE'S POWERFUL.



TERRENCE FALLROOK PROVIDES JOBS FOR MANY OF SOUTHSHORE'S RESIDENTS, AND HE HOLDS A MONOPOLY ON WINE IN THE REGION.

HE HAS FRIENDS IN HIGH PLACES. HE TRULY LOVES HIS MISGUIDED BOYS... AND HE'S NOT SOMEONE WE WANT AS AN ENEMY.

ENOUGH TALKING NOW, SILAS. DRINK THIS.

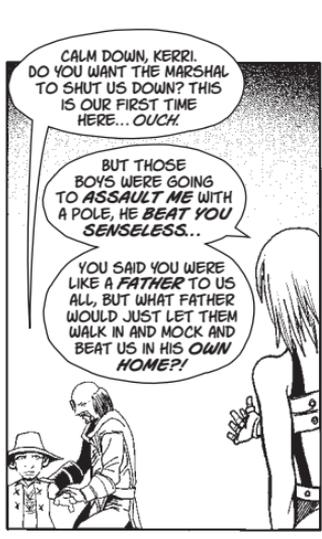


WHEN I JOINED UP WITH YOU, YOU SAID I'D NEVER BE ALONE AGAIN, THAT THIS **FAMILY** WOULD STICK UP FOR AND DEFEND EACH OTHER.



WELL, I'M STICKING UP FOR YOU--SO STICK UP FOR ME!

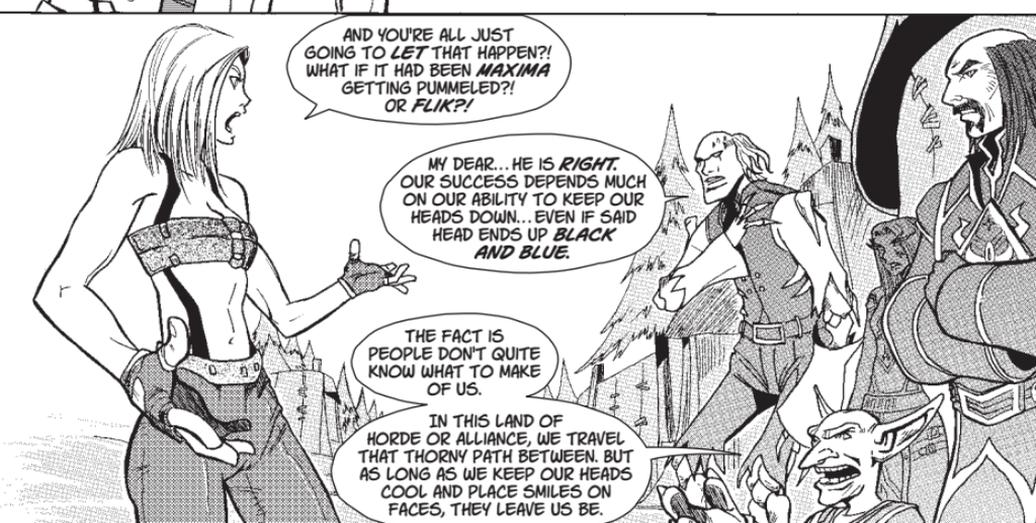
THEY CAN'T GET AWAY WITH THIS!!



CALM DOWN, KERRI! DO YOU WANT THE MARSHAL TO SHUT US DOWN? THIS IS OUR FIRST TIME HERE... OUCH.

BUT THOSE BOYS WERE GOING TO ASSAULT ME WITH A POLE, HE BEAT YOU SENSELESS...

YOU SAID YOU WERE LIKE A FATHER TO US ALL, BUT WHAT FATHER WOULD JUST LET THEM WALK IN AND MOCK AND BEAT US IN HIS OWN HOME?!

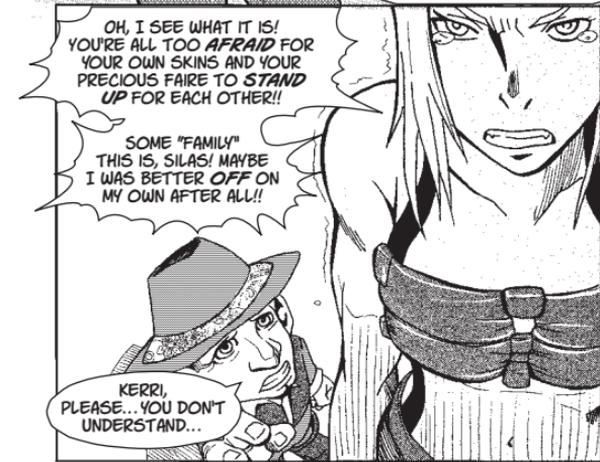


AND YOU'RE ALL JUST GOING TO LET THAT HAPPEN?! WHAT IF IT HAD BEEN MAXIMA GETTING PUMMELED? OR FLIK?!

MY DEAR... HE IS **RIGHT**. OUR SUCCESS DEPENDS MUCH ON OUR ABILITY TO KEEP OUR HEADS DOWN... EVEN IF SAID HEAD ENDS UP **BLACK AND BLUE**.

THE FACT IS PEOPLE DON'T QUITE KNOW WHAT TO MAKE OF US.

IN THIS LAND OF HORDE OR ALLIANCE, WE TRAVEL THAT THORNY PATH BETWEEN. BUT AS LONG AS WE KEEP OUR HEADS COOL AND PLACE SMILES ON FACES, THEY LEAVE US BE.

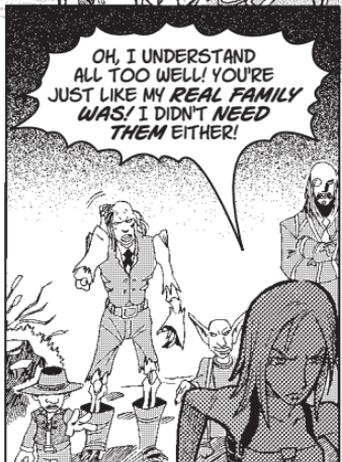


OH, I SEE WHAT IT IS! YOU'RE ALL TOO **AFRAID** FOR YOUR OWN SKINS AND YOUR PRECIOUS FAIRE TO **STAND UP** FOR EACH OTHER!!

SOME "FAMILY" THIS IS, SILAS! MAYBE I WAS BETTER OFF ON MY OWN AFTER ALL!!



KERRI, PLEASE... YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND...



OH, I UNDERSTAND ALL TOO WELL! YOU'RE JUST LIKE MY **REAL FAMILY WAS!** I DIDN'T **NEED THEM** EITHER!

THAT NIGHT...



THAT IS NOT TRUE, KERRI. YOU'RE NEW HERE...

YOU HAVEN'T KNOWN SILAS AS LONG AS I HAVE. HE KNOWS IT'S IMPORTANT THAT WE DON'T CREATE TROUBLE IN THE PLACES WE SET UP CAMP.

BUT SILAS LOOKS AFTER HIS FAMILY. I'VE SEEN THIS WITH MY OWN EYES.



YEAH, I'VE GOT A TEMPER! AND YOU KNOW WHAT? "FAMILY" IS SUPPOSED TO ACCEPT EACH OTHER'S FAULTS--NOT REMIND THEM OF IT!

A TEMPER CAN BE HELPFUL SOMETIMES... SILAS HAS GOT YOU ALL KISSING ARSES SO OFTEN THAT YOU CAN'T SEE WHAT'S RIGHT IN FRONT OF YOU!



SO WHAT IF I AM? I'M THE ONLY ONE THINKING CLEARLY HERE! SOMETIMES THE FREAKS NEED TO STAND UP FOR THEMSELVES--OTHERWISE WE'RE ALWAYS JUST THE LAUGHINGSTOCK!!



THE NEXT DAY...

ATTENTION!
WHERE IS SILAS
DARKMOON?!

I'M HERE,
MARSHAL.

WHAT
SEEMS TO BE
THE PROBLEM?

MORNING,
SILAS. WHERE IS
KERRI HICKS?

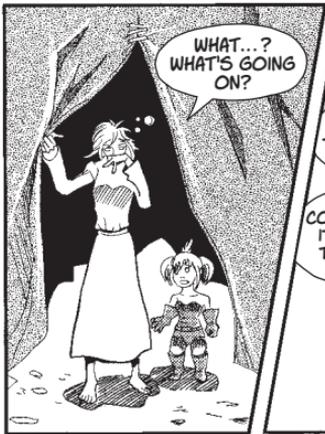
I'D IMAGINE
SHE'S IN HER TENT. HAS
SHE DONE SOMETHING
WRONG, MARSHAL?

HAS SHE *DONE*
ANYTHING *WRONG*?!
THAT OX YOU CALL A
WOMAN IS A *FILTHY*
MURDERER!!

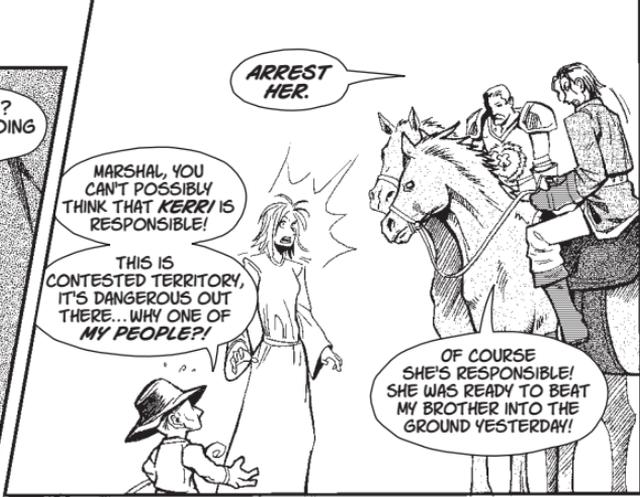
THAT'S
ENOUGH! TERRENCE,
CONTROL YOUR
BOY...!

ERIK FALLROOK
WAS FOUND *DEAD* THIS
MORNING. HIS HEAD...IT
WAS *CRUSHED*.

IT LOOKS
JUST LIKE ONE OF
THOSE *COCONUTS*
FROM YESTERDAY'S
SHOW!



WHAT...?
WHAT'S GOING
ON?



ARREST
HER.

MARSHAL, YOU
CAN'T POSSIBLY
THINK THAT KERRI IS
RESPONSIBLE!

THIS IS
CONTESTED TERRITORY,
IT'S DANGEROUS OUT
THERE... WHY ONE OF
MY PEOPLE?!

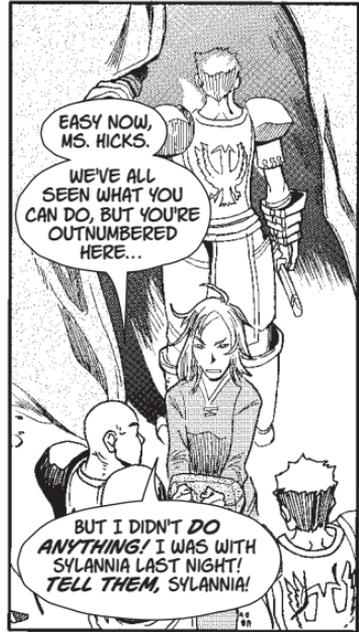
OF COURSE
SHE'S RESPONSIBLE!
SHE WAS READY TO BEAT
MY BROTHER INTO THE
GROUND YESTERDAY!



I'M SORRY, SILAS,
BUT HALF THE TOWN SAW
THE CONFRONTATION BETWEEN
KERRI AND THE FALLROOKS
YESTERDAY. FROM WHAT I HEARD
IT GOT PRETTY UGLY...

THEY WERE LEERY
ABOUT HAVING THE FAIRE
COME HERE IN THE FIRST
PLACE... BUT THIS... THIS
IS BAD. MY HANDS
ARE TIED.

THE MANNER OF
DEATH IMPLICATES
KERRI.



EASY NOW,
MS. HICKS.

WE'VE ALL
SEEN WHAT YOU
CAN DO, BUT YOU'RE
OUTNUMBERED
HERE...

BUT I DIDN'T DO
ANYTHING! I WAS WITH
SYLANNIA LAST NIGHT!
TELL THEM, SYLANNIA!

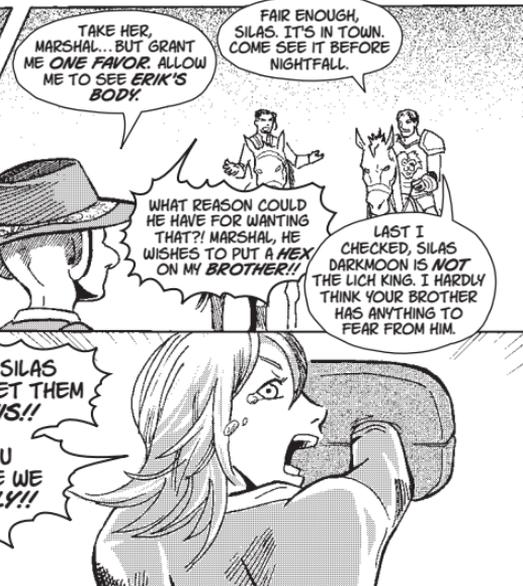
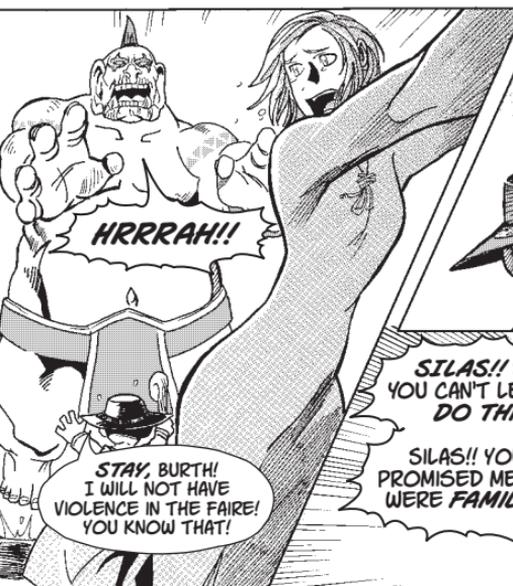
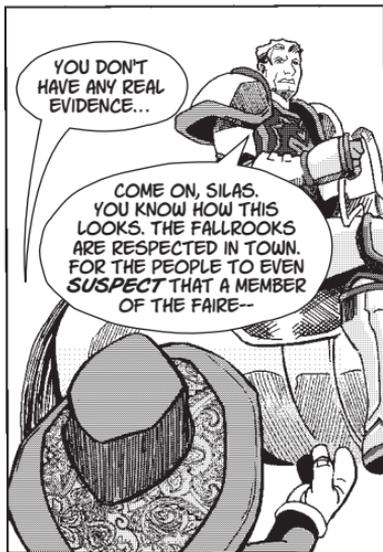


IT'S... UH...
TRUE, SHE
WAS.



YOU CAN'T TRUST
THE WORD OF HER FRIEND.
I KNOW THEIR KIND... THESE
CARNEYS WOULD SAY ANYTHING
TO HELP EACH OTHER. I CAN'T
FAULT THEM FOR IT...

... BUT YOU
CAN'T TRUST
THEM.







LATER AT THE
FALLROOK WINERY...

WELL, WELL...
LOOKS LIKE SOMEONE
NEEDS TO REPLACE
THE TRAPS BECAUSE IT
APPEARS WE HAVE A RAT
IN OUR MIDST.



WHAT BUSINESS
HAVE YOU HERE,
GNOME?

I WISH TO
SPEAK TO YOUR
FATHER.

MY BELOVED
BROTHER IS NOT EVEN
TWO HOURS IN THE
GROUND AND ALREADY
YOU WISH TO DISTURB MY
FATHER'S GRIEVING?!

WHATEVER YOU
WOULD SAY TO HIM,
YOU CAN SAY TO
ME!

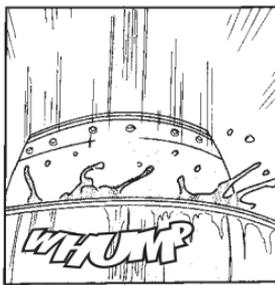
VERY WELL. I WISH TO
OFFER MY CONDOLENCES,
AS WELL AS THOSE OF THE
FAIRE OVER THE DEATH OF
YOUR BROTHER.

YES YES, I'M
SURE MY FATHER
WILL BE HAPPY
TO--
AGH! HOLD
ON...!

IT'S A TRAGIC
THING TO LOSE A
MEMBER OF ONE'S
FAMILY

YES, SIR!

BLAST IT ALL!
IT'S FULL! PULL
THE LEVER!!

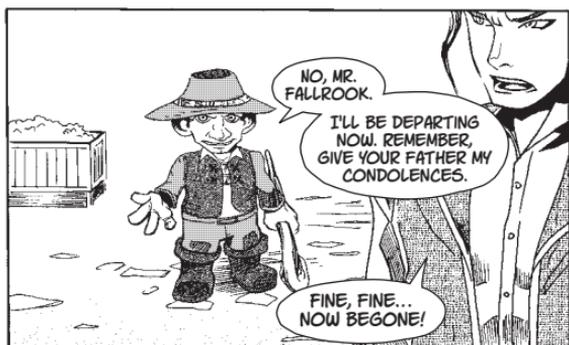
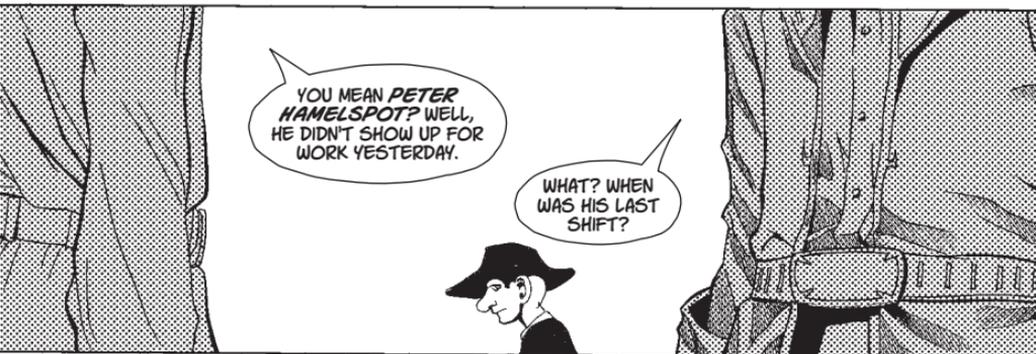


I DIDN'T
REALIZE THAT THE
SAME GUARDS WHO SERVE
SOUTHSHORE'S MILITIA
ALSO CATER TO YOUR
WINERY, CEDRICK.

THE FALLROOK
FAMILY IS IMPORTANT TO
SOUTHSHORE'S ECONOMY,
SO I'VE BEEN ASSIGNED TO
AID IN THE WINERY FROM
TIME TO TIME.

MAKE SURE NONE
OF THOSE FORSAKEN GET
ANY FANCY IDEAS... LIKE
TRYING A LITTLE ECONOMIC
TERRORISM.







MS. HICKS?



YOU COME TO RELEASE ME, MARSHAL?

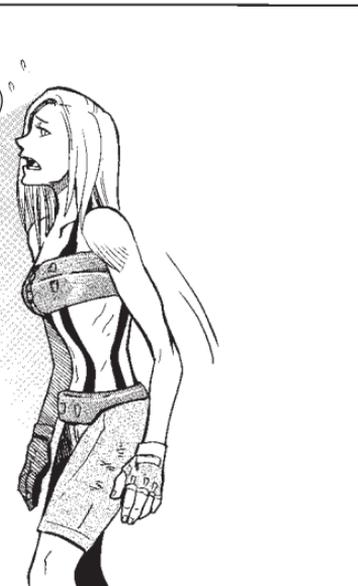


I'M AFRAID NOT, MS. HICKS. I'M... THE SOUTHSHORE TRIBUNAL HAS COME TO A DECISION.

YOU'VE BEEN SENTENCED TO DEATH. YOUR EXECUTION WILL BE HELD TOMORROW.

MY... MY WHAT...?

YOU WILL BE HANGED FOR THE CRIME OF MURDER.



EXECUTED... NO! EXECUTED?!



LET ME GUESS-- CEDRICK'S FATHER'S ON THIS TRIBUNAL?

I CANNOT SPEAK TO THAT.

BUT WHAT ABOUT... THIS IS WRONG... WHERE'S SILAS?! DOES HE KNOW?!

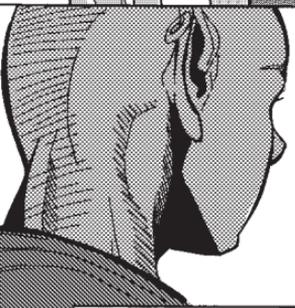
I COULDN'T TELL YOU. GOOD NIGHT, M'LADY.

LACER...



**KERRI HICKS
DIDN'T KILL ERIK
FALLROOK!!**

**I BELIEVE CEDRICK FALLROOK
MURDERED HIS BROTHER IN
A MANNER THAT HE KNEW WOULD
IMPLICATE KERRI--AND I THINK
THAT GUARD OF HIS HELPED
PLANT EVIDENCE!**



BUT WHY WOULD CEDRICK KILL HIS OWN BROTHER? SILAS, I KNOW IT'S HORRIBLE TO ADMIT... BUT WE ALL KNOW KERRI'S TEMPER.

ENOUGH WITH HER TEMPER! WE ALL HAVE FAULTS... BUT FAMILY LOOKS PAST THEM! BESIDES, TEMPER'S ONE THING, KILLING A MAN'S ANOTHER!

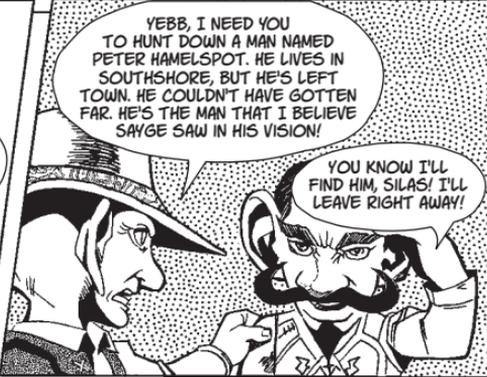


WHO KNOWS WHY HE DID IT? IT COULD BE FOR A DOZEN OTHER REASONS FOOLISH MEN DO FOOLISH THINGS! REGARDLESS, THAT'S NOT OUR PROBLEM.



WHAT IS OUR PROBLEM IS THAT I JUST FOUND OUT THAT TOMORROW MORNING THE RUBES ARE GOING TO HANG HER FOR A CRIME SHE DIDN'T COMMIT...

... AND RIGHT NOW, I DON'T HAVE A BLASTED WAY TO PROVE IT!



YEBB, I NEED YOU TO HUNT DOWN A MAN NAMED PETER HAMELSPOT. HE LIVES IN SOUTHSHORE, BUT HE'S LEFT TOWN. HE COULDN'T HAVE GOTTEN FAR. HE'S THE MAN THAT I BELIEVE SAYGE SAW IN HIS VISION!

YOU KNOW I'LL FIND HIM, SILAS! I'LL LEAVE RIGHT AWAY!



BUT SILAS, WHY SEND YEBB ALONE?

YES! IF THIS MAN CAN FREE KERRI, WE SHOULD ALL BE HUNTING FOR HIM!

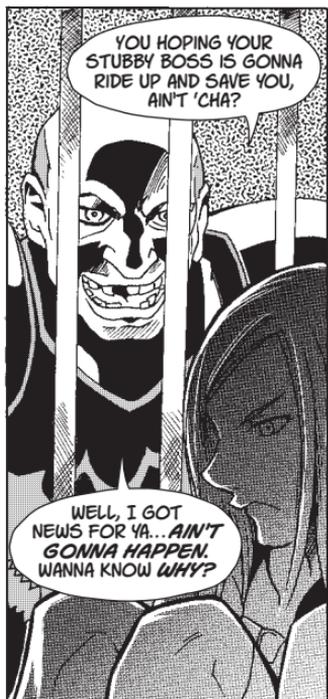
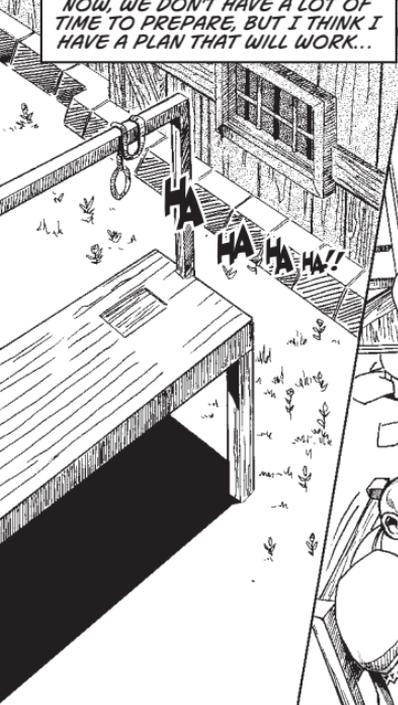
BELIEVE ME, I'D SEND YOU ALL IF I THOUGHT WE HAD MUCH CHANCE OF FINDING HIM.

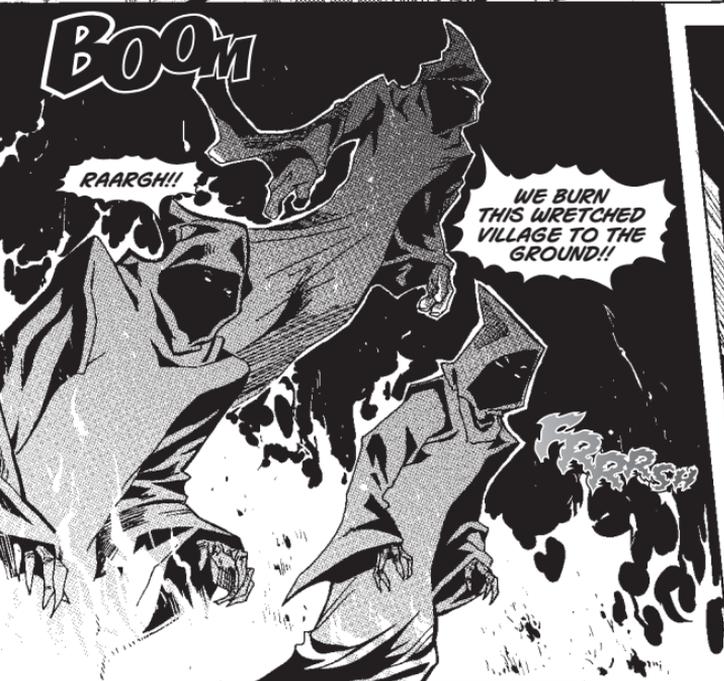
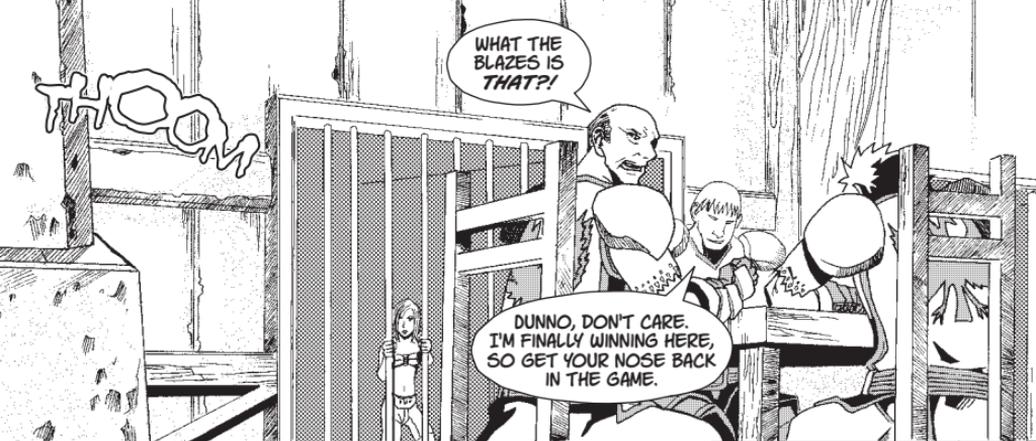
NO, THE TRUTH IS THAT I EXPECT YEBB TO FAIL BUT I MADE A PROMISE TO THAT WOMAN WHEN SHE JOINED UP--AND I'M NOT ABOUT TO BREAK IT AND LET HER HANG. SHE'S MORE IMPORTANT THAN BUSINESS AT SOUTHSHORE.

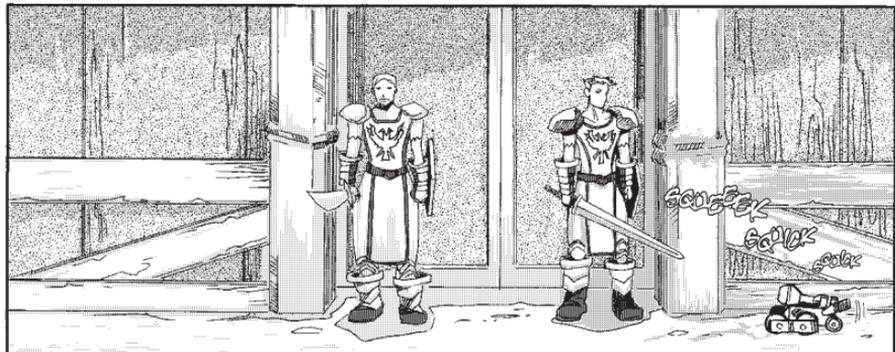


WE'RE GOING TO RESCUE HER.

NOW, WE DON'T HAVE A LOT OF TIME TO PREPARE, BUT I THINK I HAVE A PLAN THAT WILL WORK...







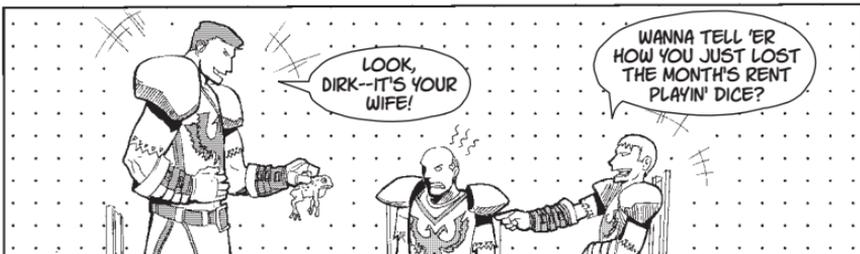


THIS ROUND GOES TO ME... BUT DON'T WORRY, I WON'T LET IT GO TO MY HEAD.

CAN'T SAY THE SAME ABOUT THE WINE, THOUGH! HAW HAW HAW!!!

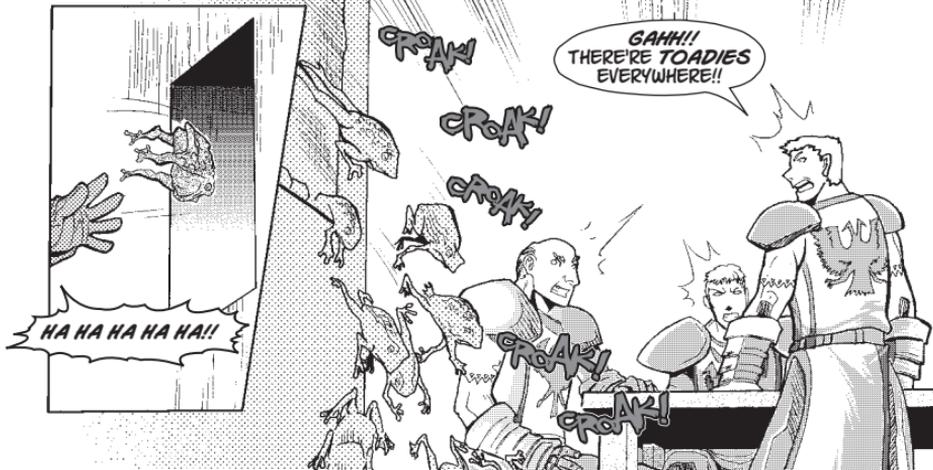


HUH?



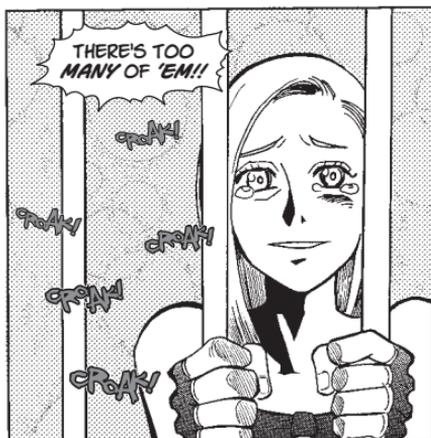
LOOK, DIRK--IT'S YOUR WIFE!

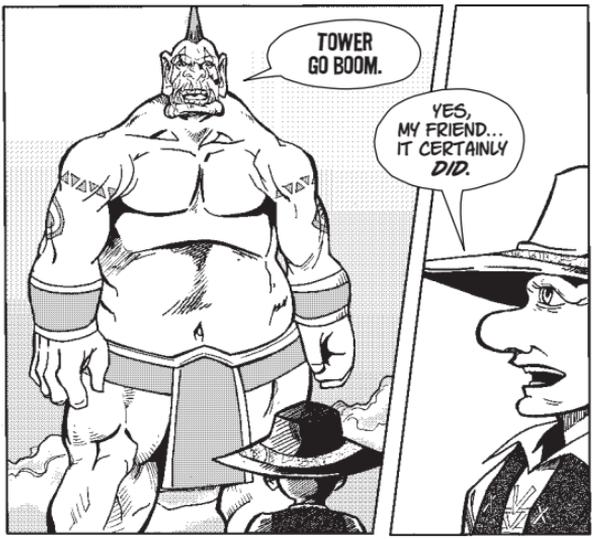
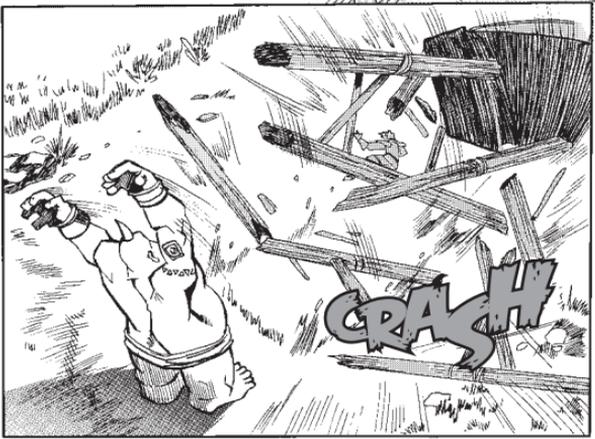
WANNA TELL 'ER HOW YOU JUST LOST THE MONTH'S RENT PLAYIN' DICE?

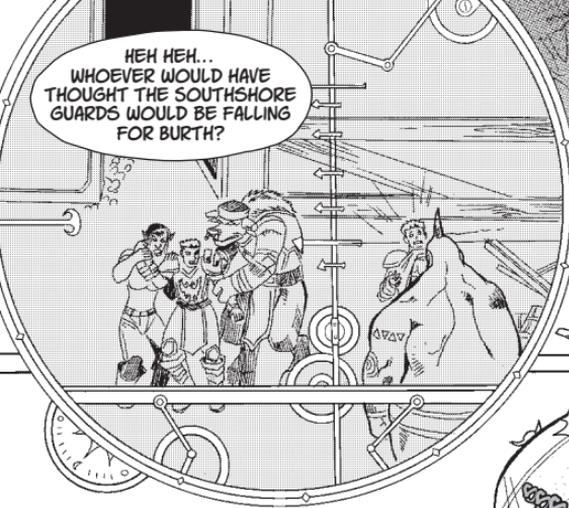


HA HA HA HA HA!!

GAHH!! THERE'RE TOADIES EVERYWHERE!!







HEH HEH...
WHOEVER WOULD HAVE
THOUGHT THE SOUTHSORE
GUARDS WOULD BE FALLING
FOR BURTH?

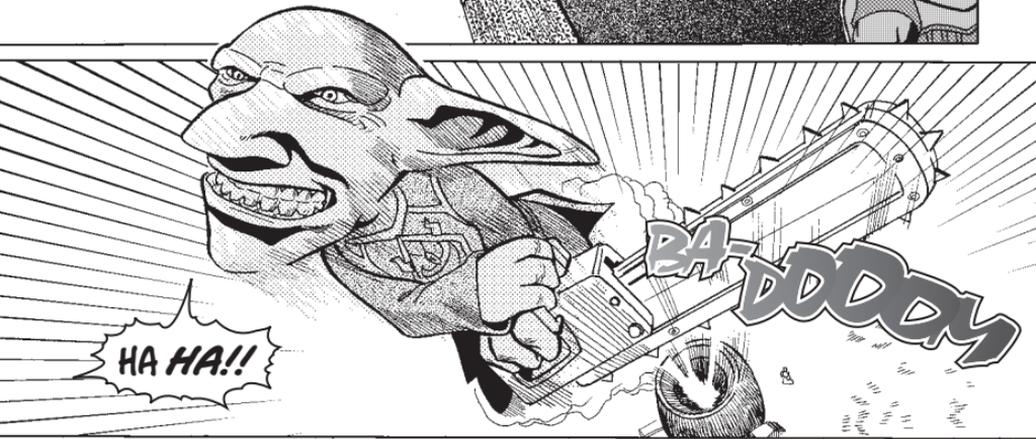


MAXIMA, LOOKS
LIKE WE'RE A GO
FOR LAUNCH!

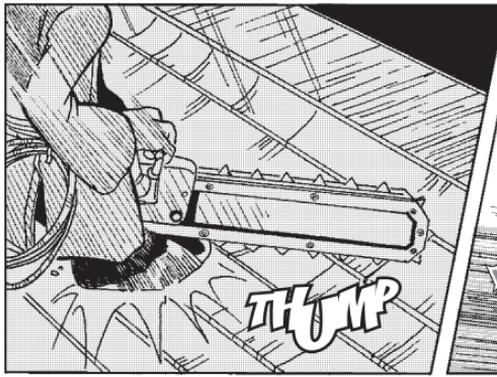


GOT IT!

LET'S GET
OUR GIRL OUT OF
THERE...



HA HA!!



THUMP

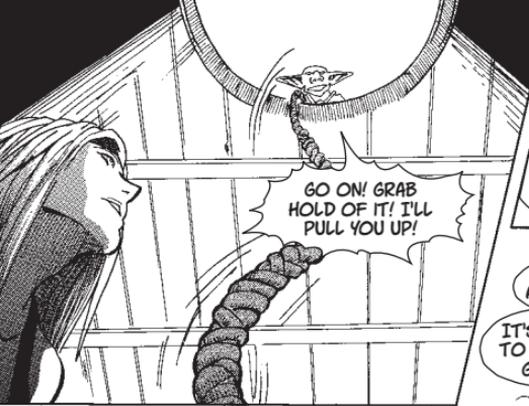


VROOM

WHIGH

VRIEER

PERFECT!



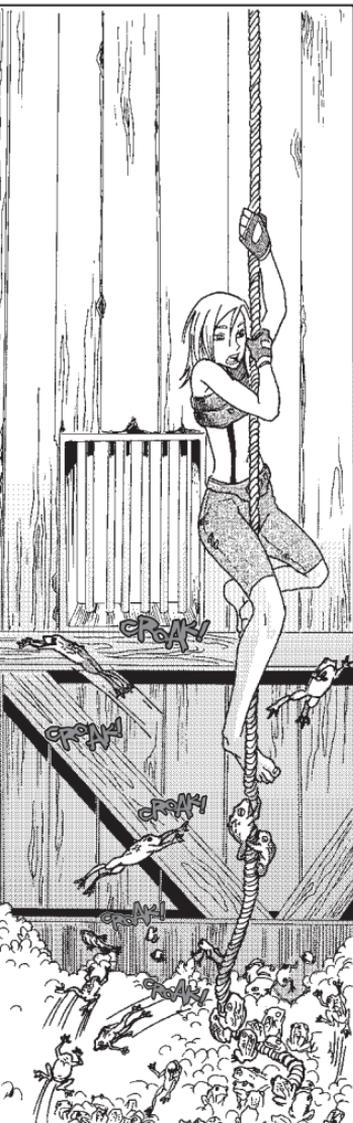
GO ON! GRAB
HOLD OF IT! I'LL
PULL YOU UP!



WELL,
COME ON...! YOU
DIDN'T THINK WE'D
JUST LEAVE YOU,
DID YOU?



WELL,
ACTUALLY...
IT'S GOOD
TO SEE YOU,
GELVAS.



I DIDN'T THINK I
WOULD SEE YOU
AGAIN...!

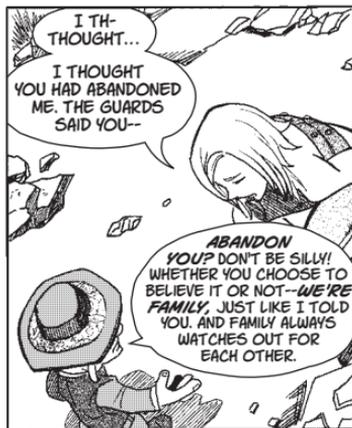
OOF!

WE MUST HURRY,
THOUGH! THE GUARDS
WILL BE BACK ANY
MINUTE!

OVER THE
SIDE! BURTH'S
DOWN THERE TO
CATCH YOU!



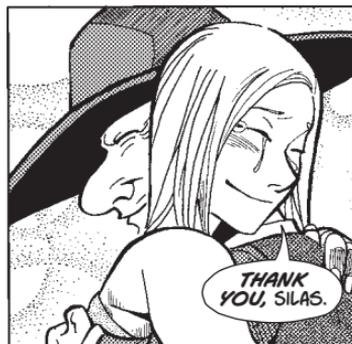
THANKS,
BIG GUY!



I TH-
THOUGHT...

I THOUGHT
YOU HAD ABANDONED
ME. THE GUARDS
SAID YOU--

ABANDON
YOU? DON'T BE SILLY!
WHETHER YOU CHOOSE TO
BELIEVE IT OR NOT--WE'RE
FAMILY. JUST LIKE I TOLD
YOU. AND FAMILY ALWAYS
WATCHES OUT FOR
EACH OTHER.



KERRI! ARE
YOU OKAY?!

THANK
YOU, SILAS.

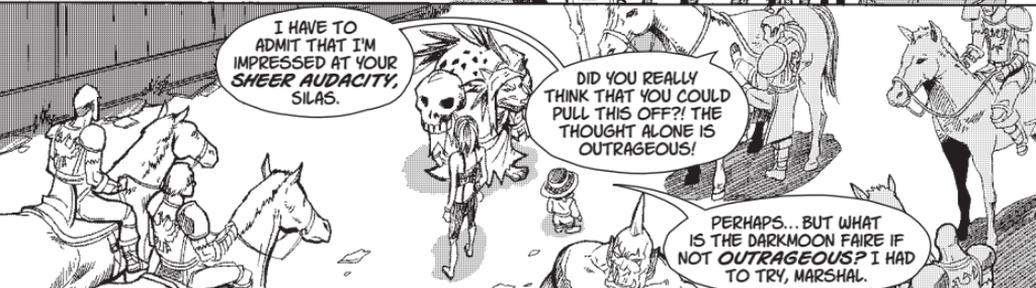


QUICKLY! WE MUST ESCAPE TO THE WOODS!

RIGHT! LET'S GO!



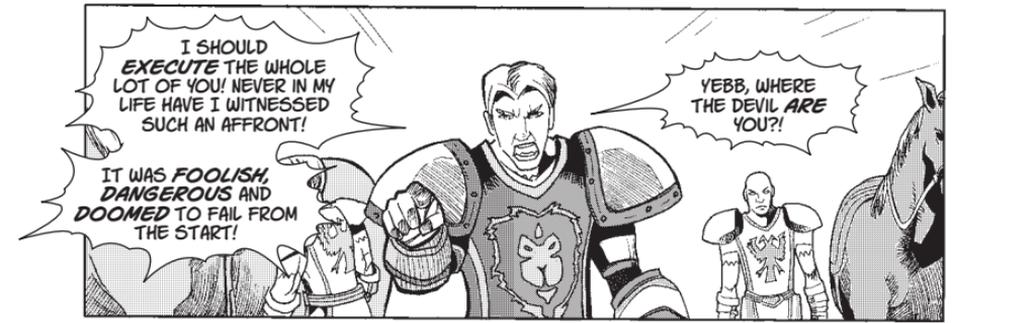
HALT RIGHT THERE!!



I HAVE TO ADMIT THAT I'M IMPRESSED AT YOUR SHEER AUDACITY, SILAS.

DID YOU REALLY THINK THAT YOU COULD PULL THIS OFF?! THE THOUGHT ALONE IS OUTRAGEOUS!

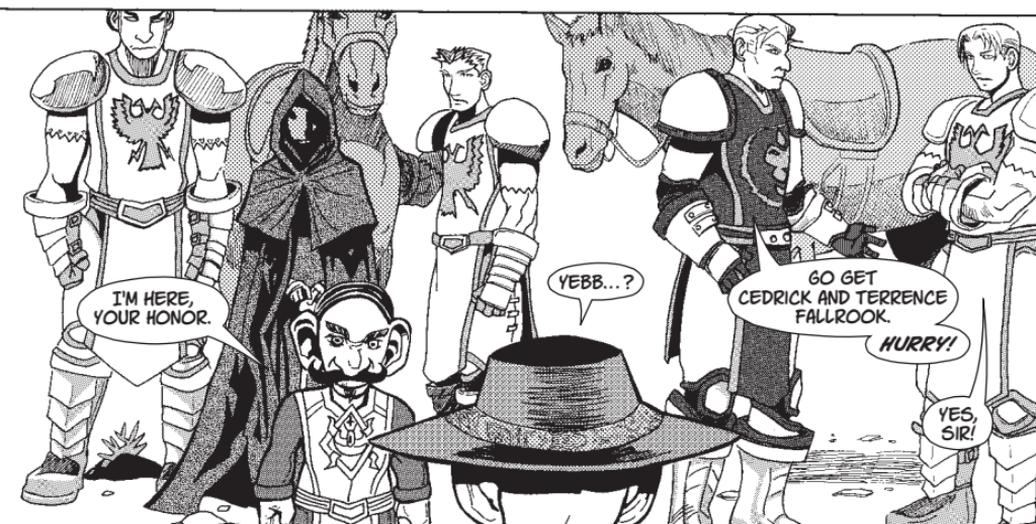
PERHAPS... BUT WHAT IS THE DARKMOON FAIRE IF NOT OUTRAGEOUS? I HAD TO TRY, MARSHAL.



I SHOULD EXECUTE THE WHOLE LOT OF YOU! NEVER IN MY LIFE HAVE I WITNESSED SUCH AN AFFRONT!

YEBB, WHERE THE DEVIL ARE YOU?!

IT WAS FOOLISH, DANGEROUS AND DOOMED TO FAIL FROM THE START!

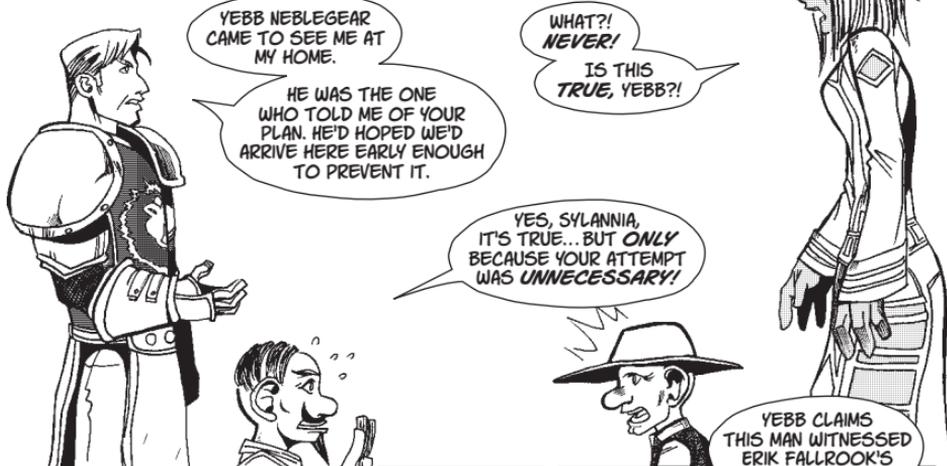


I'M HERE, YOUR HONOR.

YEBB...?

GO GET CEDRICK AND TERENCE FALLROCK. HURRY!

YES, SIR!



YEBB NEBLEGEAR CAME TO SEE ME AT MY HOME.

HE WAS THE ONE WHO TOLD ME OF YOUR PLAN. HE'D HOPED WE'D ARRIVE HERE EARLY ENOUGH TO PREVENT IT.

WHAT?! NEVER!

IS THIS TRUE, YEBB?!

YES, SYLANNIA, IT'S TRUE... BUT ONLY BECAUSE YOUR ATTEMPT WAS UNNECESSARY!

YEBB CLAIMS THIS MAN WITNESSED ERIK FALLROOK'S MURDER.



THIS IS PETER HAMELSPOT.

YOU FOUND HIM?!

NOT QUITE. HE GOT WORD THAT I WAS LOOKING FOR HIM... AND HE FOUND ME.



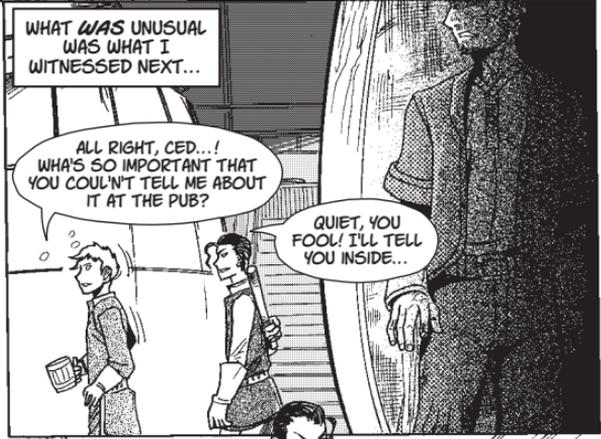
IT'S TRUE, SIR. I-I DIDN'T WANT TO SAY ANYTHING AT FIRST.

AFTER TWENTY-EIGHT YEARS OF WORKING FOR THE FALLROOKS, I KNOW WHAT CAN HAPPEN IF YOU CROSS THEM... ESPECIALLY CEDRICK.



CEDRICK AND ERIK LEFT WORK EARLY THAT DAY TO HAVE SOME PINTS AT THE INN... THOUGH THAT'S NOT UNUSUAL.

NOR WAS IT UNUSUAL THAT I FOUND MYSELF WORKING LONG PAST DARK THAT EVENING.



WHAT WAS UNUSUAL WAS WHAT I WITNESSED NEXT...

ALL RIGHT, CED...! WHAT'S SO IMPORTANT THAT YOU COULDN'T TELL ME ABOUT IT AT THE PUB?

QUIET, YOU FOOL! I'LL TELL YOU INSIDE...

A SIGHT SO TERRIBLE THAT I'LL BE RELIVING IT IN NIGHTMARES FOR YEARS TO COME...

A SIGHT MADE ALL THE MORE WRETCHED BY THE REALIZATION THAT WHAT I WITNESSED...



TWACK

HGK!!



THE WOMAN YOU'VE BEEN HOLDING IS *INNOCENT*, MARSHAL. ERIK FALLROOK WAS MURDERED BY HIS BROTHER... *CEDRICK*.

... WAS BEING DONE BY ONE BROTHER TO ANOTHER.

YOU SAID YOU WERE AFRAID TO COME FORWARD AT FIRST. WHAT CHANGED YOUR MIND?

SUNK



THE REALIZATION THAT WE *OUTSIDERS* NEED TO STICK TOGETHER... OR WE'LL ALWAYS BE PERSECUTED.



CEDRICK FALLROOK, THIS MAN ACCUSES YOU OF *MURDER!*

THAT *MONGREL?* HE LIES!!

PETER HAMELSPOT IS A *WORTHLESS* CUSTODIAN WHO'S BITTER THAT AFTER A LIFETIME OF WORK, HE HAS NOTHING TO *SHOW* FOR IT!



HE'S *JEALOUS* OF MY FAMILY'S GOOD FORTUNE, SO HE'S SCHEMED WITH HIS FELLOW *FREAKS* IN AN ATTEMPT TO BRING ME DOWN!!

AND ALL OF THIS WITHIN *HOURS* OF MY OWN BROTHER'S DEATH!



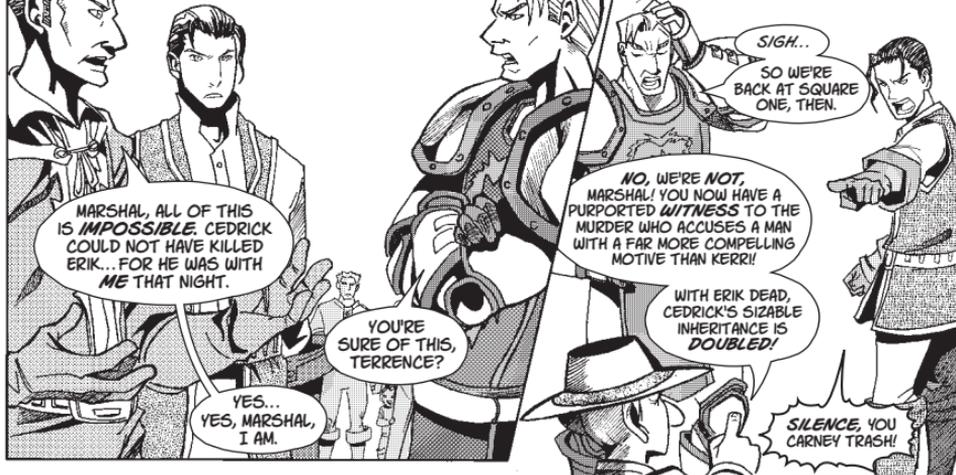
IT GETS EVEN WORSE. THAT GUARD THAT'S BEEN VISITING THE WINERY? HE HELPED HIM MOVE THE BODY. *I SAW IT.*



WHY, THIS IS *OUTRAGEOUS!*



THAT SAME GUARD FOUND THE BLOOD ON KERRI'S CLOTHING. HE MUST HAVE *PLANTED IT.*



THAT NIGHT AT THE FAEROOK ESTATE...

WHOLE STUPID TOWN'S GONE TO HELL! THOSE FEAKS OF NATURE HAVE TURNED OUR NEIGHBORS AGAINST US!

NO MATTER! THE MARSHAL WON'T--

YOU HAVE TURNED OUR NEIGHBORS AGAINST US, SON.

YOU... YOU BELIEVE THAT CRIPPLE'S STORY?!

THAT "CRIPPLE" HAS WORKED FOR ME FOR NEARLY THIRTY YEARS! I HIRED HIM WHEN HE WAS A MERE BOY AND HE'S BEEN A TRUSTWORTHY PART OF MY STAFF EVERY DAY SINCE!

HE SPEAKS THE TRUTH... AND MAKES A LIAR OUT OF ME IN FRONT OF THE MARSHAL!

YOU DID KILL ERIK, DIDN'T YOU?!

I'M DISGUSTED WITH YOU, YET... I CANNOT ALLOW MY ONE REMAINING SON TO HANG.

I KNOW THIS WAS ABOUT THE ESTATE. YOU NEVER COULD SHARE... GO.

THAT'S ENOUGH MONEY TO BUY YOURSELF PASSAGE OUT OF HERE.

I WILL HANDLE THE MARSHAL WHEN HE COMES. IF HE SEES YOU'VE LEFT, THAT SHOULD BE THE END OF IT.

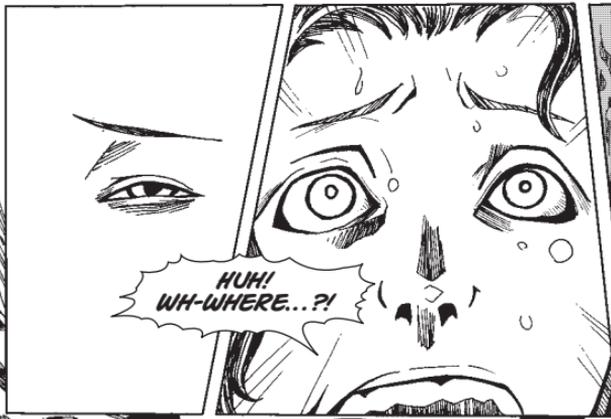
FAMILY MAY TAKE CARE OF EACH OTHER... BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN I MUST STOMACH THE SIGHT OF YOU!

HMPH. OLD FOOL.

FWACK

I WANT YOU OUT OF MY HOUSE BEFORE I WAKE TOMORROW! AND WHEREVER YOU GO, MAKE SURE IT'S SOMEWHERE THEY WILL NEVER FIND YOU!

DON'T WORRY, CEDRICK... THEY NEVER WILL FIND YOU...



HUH!
WH-WHERE...?!



I REALIZE
THAT YOU DON'T LIKE
US, CEDRICK... AND I
EVEN REALIZE WHY
THAT IS.

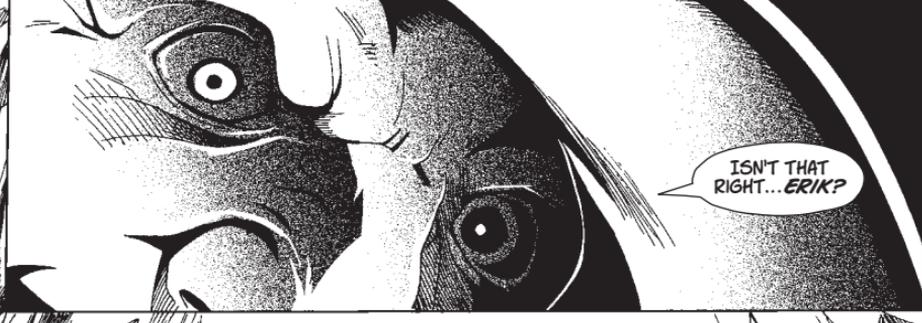
YOU'RE
SCARED OF
US.

THAT'S WHY
WE MAKE PEOPLE
UNCOMFORTABLE. THEY
FEAR WHAT THEY DON'T
UNDERSTAND.

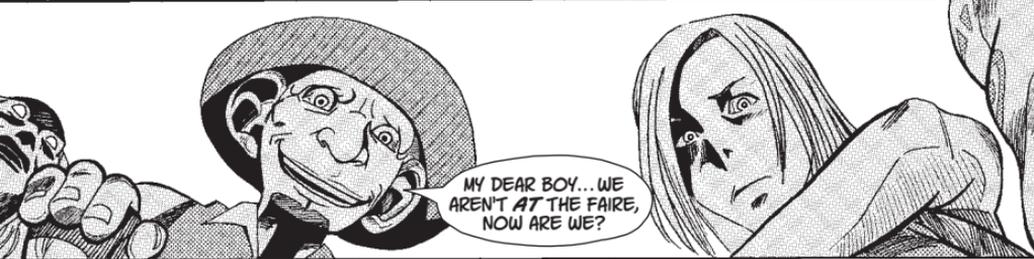
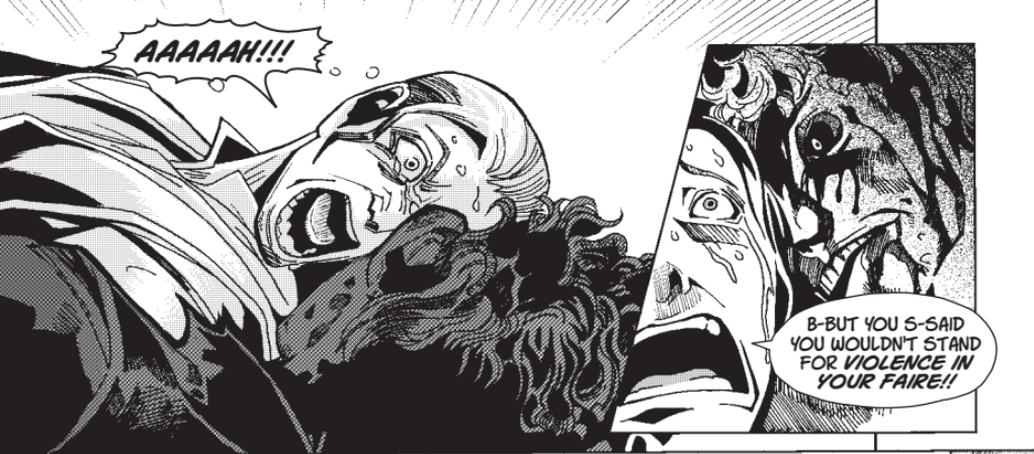
WELL, LET
ME HELP YOU TO
UNDERSTAND US,
CEDRICK.

WE MAY DRESS
DIFFERENTLY... OR SEEM ODD...
BUT WE'RE REALLY JUST LIKE
EVERYONE ELSE. WE VALUE THE
SAME THINGS YOU DO... MONEY,
HAPPINESS, FAMILY...

YES, WE'RE A FAMILY.
WE'RE A FAMILY THAT, LIKE
EVERY OTHER RUBE FAMILY OUT
THERE, TAKES CARE OF OUR
OWN. WE JUST DO IT IN
OUR OWN WAY.



ISN'T THAT
RIGHT...ERIK?





WARCRAFT

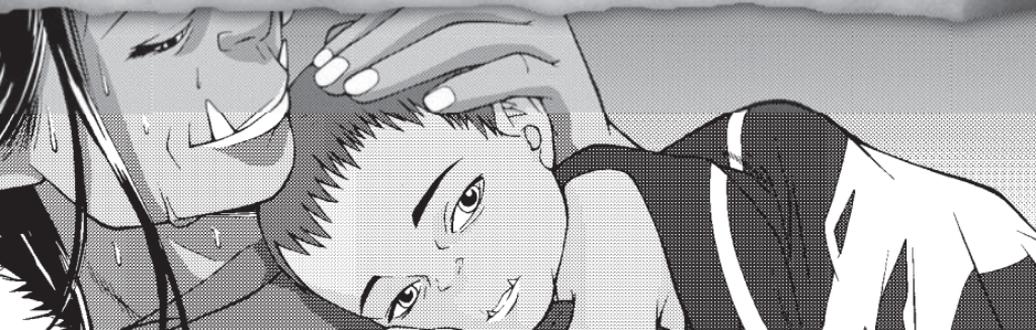
LEGENDS™ VOLUME FOUR

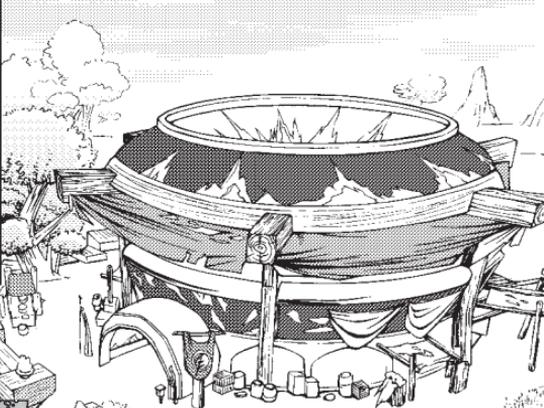
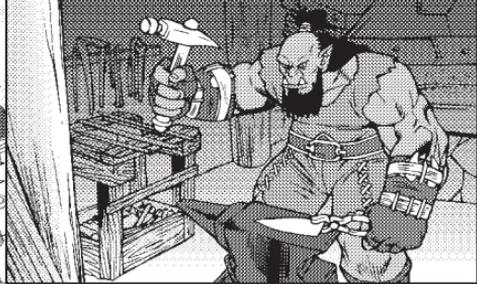
A WARRIOR MADE---PART I

WRITTEN BY CHRISTIE GOLDEN

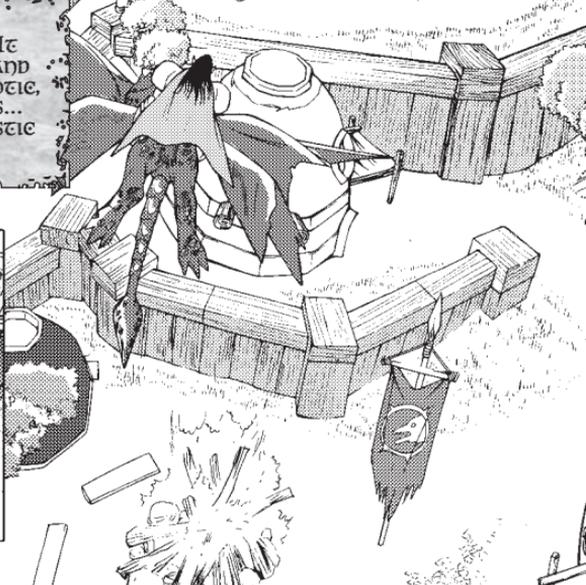
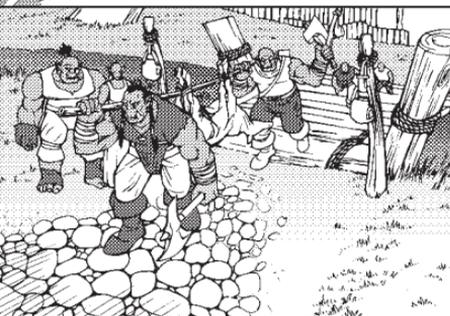
PENCILS BY IN-BAE KIM
INKS BY IN-BAE KIM & MI-JIN BAE
TONES BY MARA AUM

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS: HYUN JOO KIM & JANICE KWON
LETTERER: MICHAEL PAOLILLI



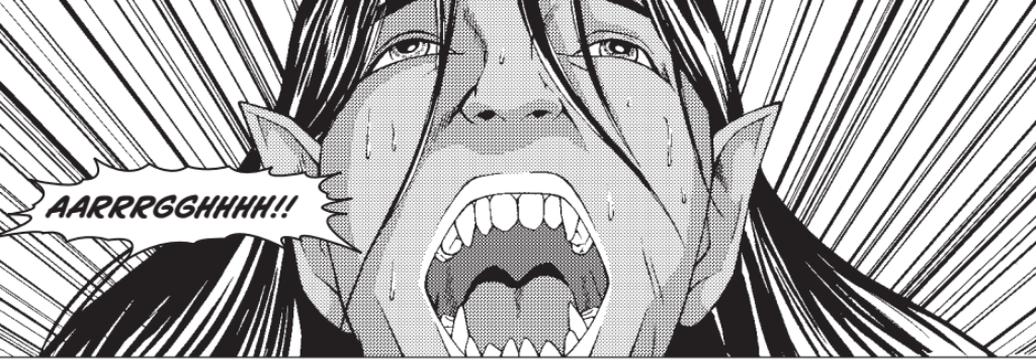


Many years ago, the world of Draenor was not as it is today. It was a beautiful world, healthy and thriving. It was home to many exotic, beautiful and dangerous animals... and home as well to the shamanistic orcs and the peaceful draenei.

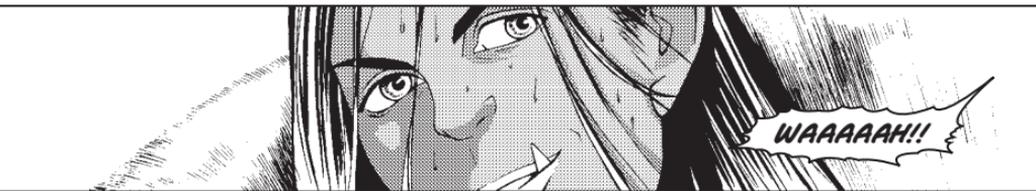


The orcs, too, were not as they are today. They were still fierce, proud warriors, but they lived in harmony with their world. They prayed to the spirits of their ancestors. They celebrated the turn of the seasons and honored rites of passages such as initiation ceremonies, unions, births...





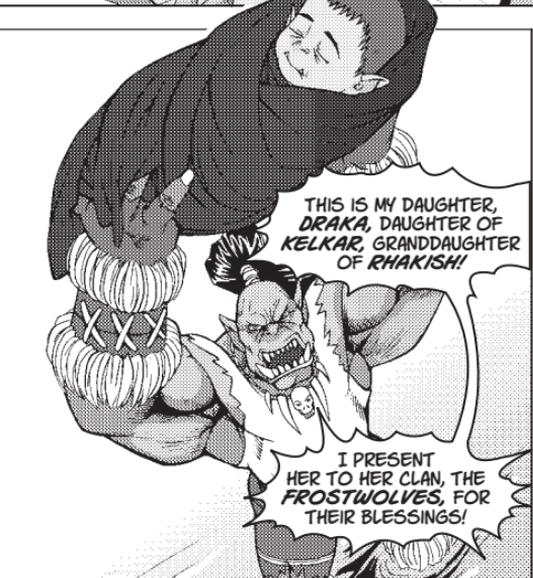
AARRRGHHH!!



WAAAAAH!!



...AND BIRCHS.



THIS IS MY DAUGHTER, **DRAKA**, DAUGHTER OF **KELKAR**, GRANDDAUGHTER OF **RHAKISH!**

I PRESENT HER TO HER CLAN, THE **FROSTWOLVES**, FOR THEIR BLESSINGS!



I, **GARAD**, CHIEFTAIN OF THE **FROSTWOLVES**, DO NOW DECLARE THAT **DRAKA** IS UNDER MY PROTECTION.

MAY SHE BRING **HONOR AND GLORY** TO THE **FROSTWOLF CLAN!**

COUGH



SHE'S...KINDA SCRAWNY, ISN'T SHE?

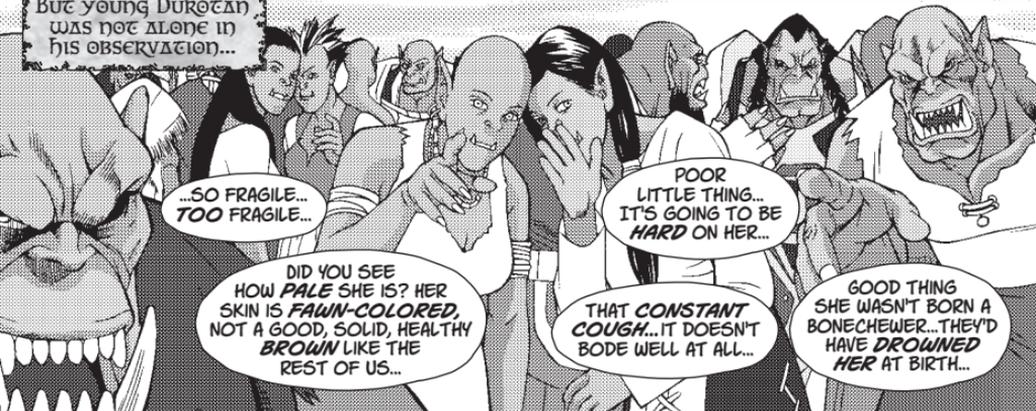
DUROTAN!
GIVE HER
A BLESSING,
SON.



UH...I HOPE THAT YOU GROW UP STRONG AND HEALTHY. AND FIGHT REALLY WELL!

COUGH COUGH

But young Durotan was not alone in his observation...



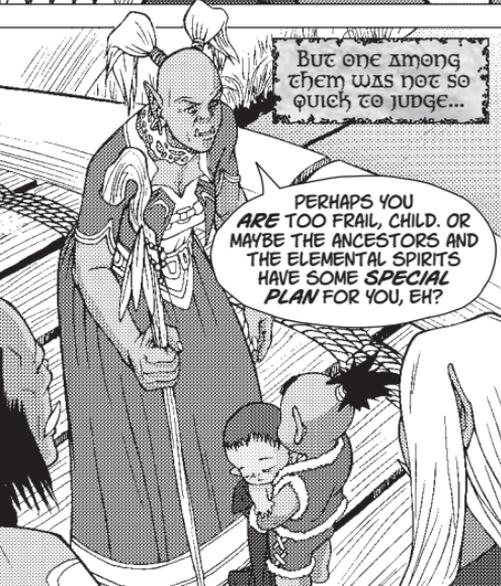
...SO FRAGILE...
TOO FRAGILE...

DID YOU SEE HOW PALE SHE IS? HER SKIN IS FAUN-COLORED, NOT A GOOD, SOLID, HEALTHY BROWN LIKE THE REST OF US...

POOR LITTLE THING... IT'S GOING TO BE HARD ON HER...

THAT CONSTANT COUGH...IT DOESN'T BODE WELL AT ALL...

GOOD THING SHE WASN'T BORN A BONECHEWER...THEY'D HAVE DROWNED HER AT BIRTH...



But one among them was not so quick to judge...

PERHAPS YOU ARE TOO FRAIL, CHILD. OR MAYBE THE ANCESTORS AND THE ELEMENTAL SPIRITS HAVE SOME SPECIAL PLAN FOR YOU, EH?



I ASK THE BLESSING OF THE SPIRITS OF EARTH, AIR, FIRE, WATER AND THE WILDS UPON THIS CHILD. MAY ANCESTORS WATCH OVER HER!



The seasons turned. Draka surprised many by surviving. Even so, she was thought of as "the sick one," unable to participate fully in elan life...



...although she did try.



**FIRE!!
FIRE!!**

**CRACKLE
POP**



UUNH...



**YOU'RE NOT
STRONG ENOUGH
TO HELP!**

**GET OUT
OF OUR WAY, SICK
LITTLE RABBIT!!**



COUGH
I CAN L-LIFT IT...
COUGH



≧COUGH≧
≧COUGH≧
≧GASP≧

WHAT IS THAT HORRIBLE NOISE?!

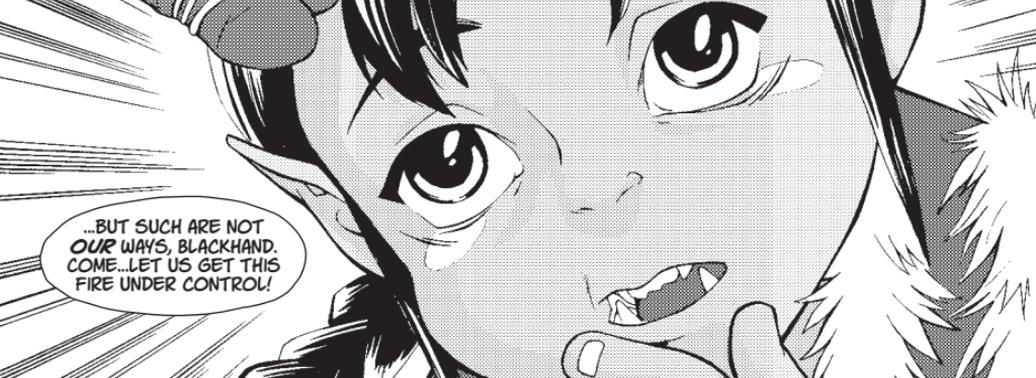


WAS THAT YOU, YOU RUNT?!

BLACKHAND... DO NOT MIND HER, SHE IS ONLY--

PAGH!! WHAT A SICKLY, WRETCHED THING YOU ARE! I ALWAYS SAID THE FROSTWOLVES WERE SOFT.

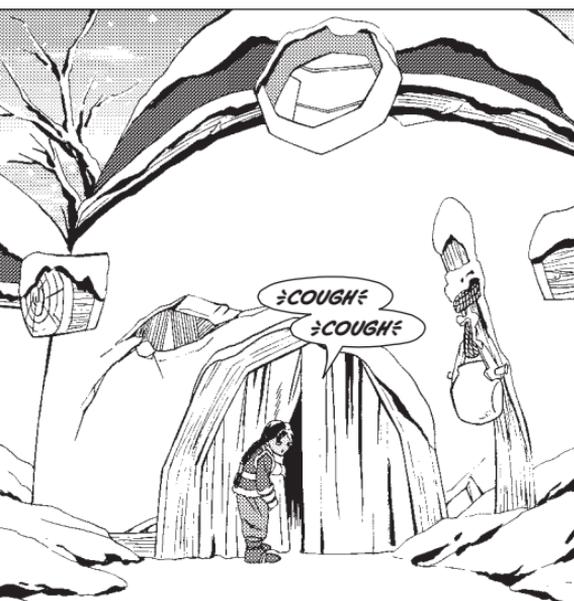
IF YOU HAD BEEN BORN TO THE BLACKROCK CLAN, RUNT, I'D HAVE DROWNED YOU AT BIRTH MYSELF!!



...BUT SUCH ARE NOT OUR WAYS, BLACKHAND. COME...LET US GET THIS FIRE UNDER CONTROL!



GET OUT OF MY SIGHT!! YOUR WEAKNESS DISGUSTS ME!!



COUGH
COUGH



COUGH
COUGH
COUGH



DRAKA! YOU SHOULD NOT STAND IN THE DOORWAY LIKE THAT! YOU'VE MADE YOURSELF SICK AGAIN... LISTEN TO THAT COUGH!

COME TO BED AND REST...



MOTHER, IT'S JUST THE SMOKE... I'M FINE! I HAVEN'T HAD COUGHING FITS FOR YEARS!

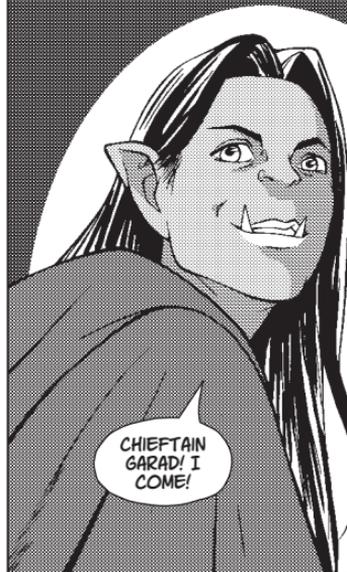
OF COURSE, LITTLE ONE.



I HATE HOW THEY LOOK AT ME--ALL OF THEM. I DON'T WANT THEIR PITY. I WANT THEM TO BE PROUD OF ME! I WANT YOU AND FATHER TO BE PROUD OF--



ZUURA! I WOULD SPEAK WITH YOU!



CHIEFTAIN GARAD! I COME!



REST, MY CHILD...

I WILL BE BACK SOON WITH SOME BROTH FOR YOU.



IS THE FIRE PUT OUT?

YES. NO ONE WAS INJURED, NO THANKS TO...

ZUURA, I HAVE TO TELL YOU...



...THAT YOUR FAMILY MUST MOVE. YOU WILL RELOCATE TO THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE ENCAMPMENT, NEAR THE POND.



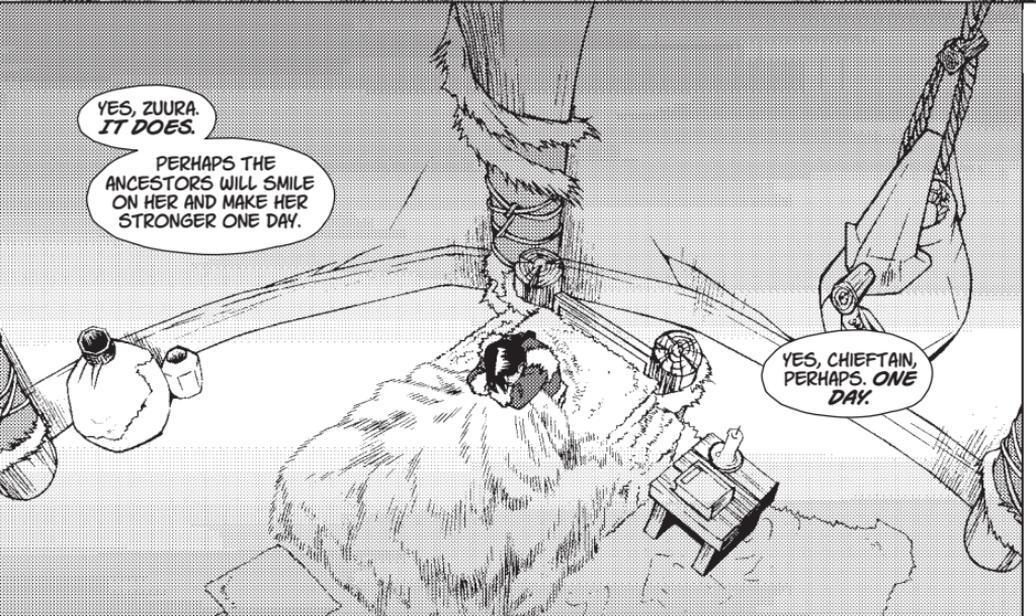
WHAT?
MOVE?

WHY?

YOU KNOW WHY.
THE CLOSER TO THE
CENTER OF CAMP, THE HIGHER
THE HONOR FOR OUR
WARRIORS. AND WITH DRAKA BEING
SO FRAIL... WELL, SHE GOT IN
THE WAY TODAY--HINDERED
OUR EFFORTS TO PUT
OUT THE FIRE.

IT WAS PARTICULARLY
UNFORTUNATE THAT WE
WERE HOSTING A RARE
VISITOR. BLACKHAND WAS
HERE TO DISCUSS HUNTING
RIGHTS. SHE... DID NOT MAKE
A GOOD IMPRESSION.

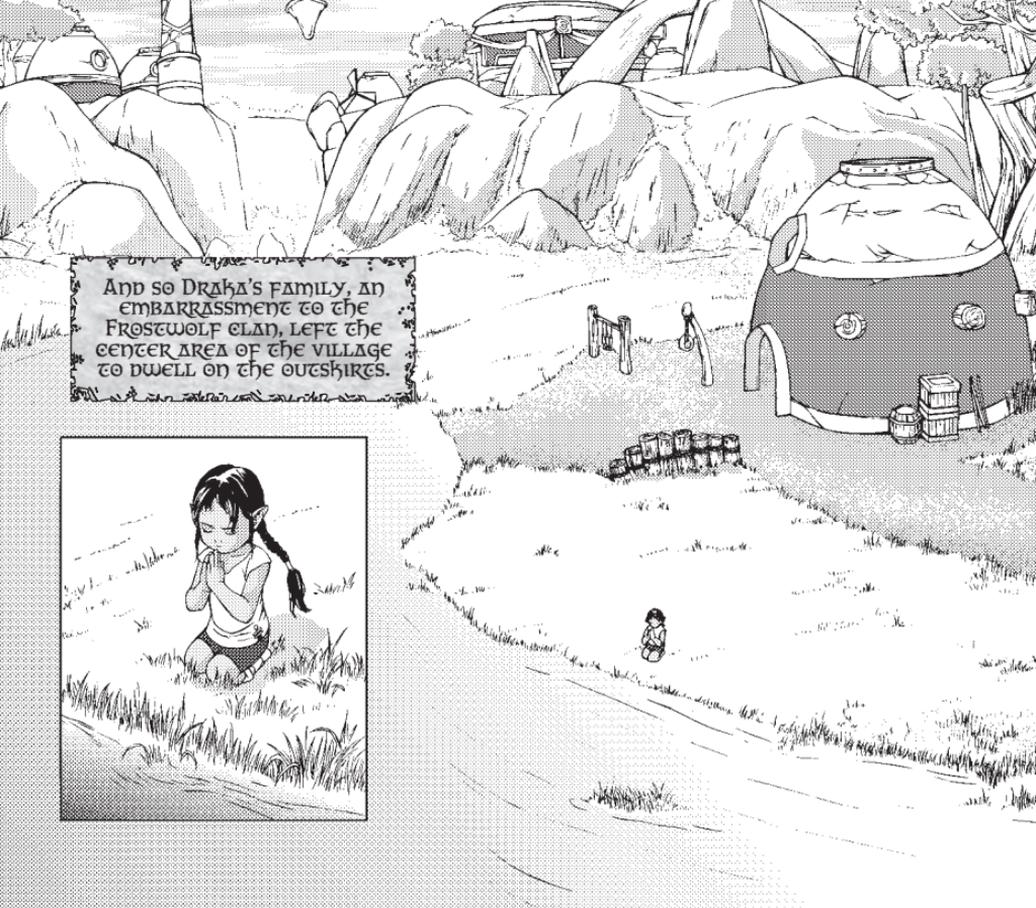
I SEE...
HER WEAKNESS
REFLECTS ON OUR
FAMILY... AND ON
THE FROSTWOLF
CLAN.



YES, ZUURA.
IT DOES.

PERHAPS THE
ANCESTORS WILL SMILE
ON HER AND MAKE HER
STRONGER ONE DAY.

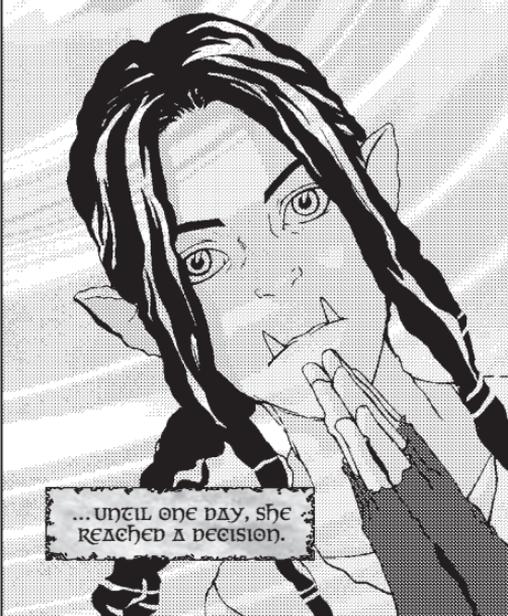
YES, CHIEFTAIN,
PERHAPS. ONE
DAY.



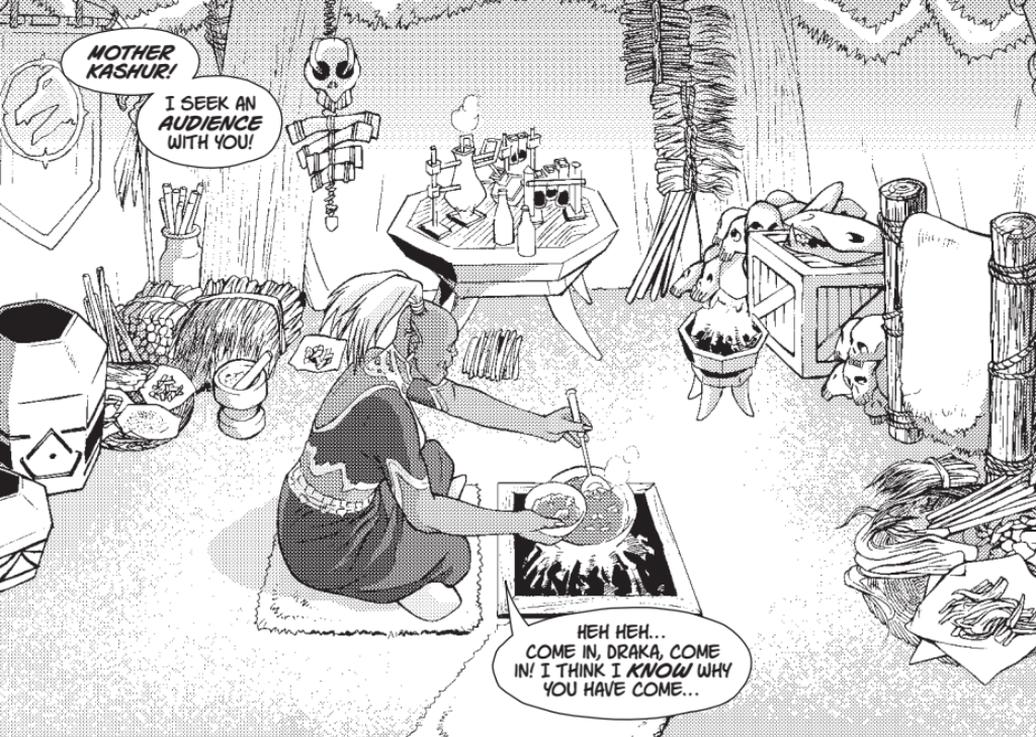
AND SO DRAKA'S FAMILY, AN EMBARRASSMENT TO THE FROSTWOLF ELAN, LEFT THE CENTER AREA OF THE VILLAGE TO DWELL ON THE OUTSHIRTS.



DRAKA KNEW IT WAS ALL BECAUSE OF HER. SHE SAT BY THE POND, ALONE, THINKING, PRAYING TO THE ANCESTORS...



... UNTIL ONE DAY, SHE REACHED A DECISION.

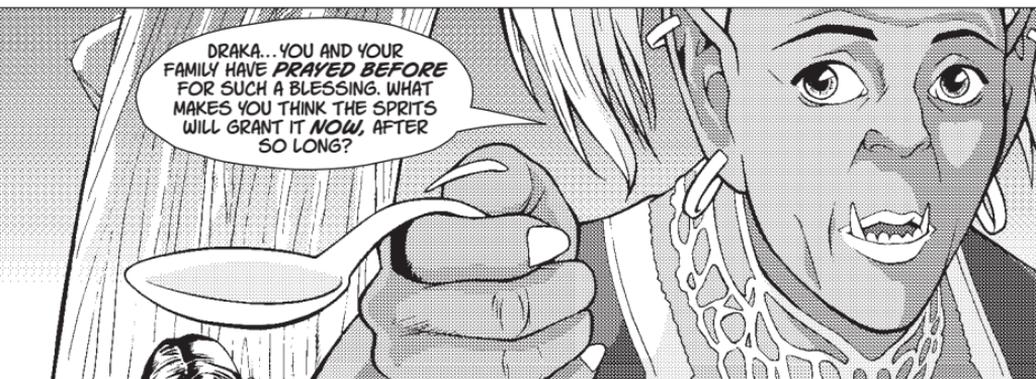




MY FAMILY IS **PUNISHED** BECAUSE OF THIS... THIS **FRAIL BODY** OF MINE. A FEW YEARS AGO, THEY WERE **FORCED TO MOVE** BECAUSE MY WEAKNESS **DISHONORED THE CLAN.**

AND NOW, CHIEFTAIN GARAD HAS TOLD THEM WE **CANNOT ATTEND THE KOSH'HARG FESTIVAL!**

SURELY THE SPIRITS, POWERFUL AS THEY ARE, CAN DO SOMETHING TO MAKE ME **STRONG AND FIT...** SOMETHING TO MAKE ME A **PROPER FROSTWOLF WARRIOR!**



DRAKA... YOU AND YOUR FAMILY HAVE **PRAYED BEFORE** FOR SUCH A BLESSING. WHAT MAKES YOU THINK THE SPIRITS WILL GRANT IT **NOW**, AFTER SO LONG?



BECAUSE... THIS LATEST SHAME TO MY FAMILY... **I CAN ENDURE BEING THE CAUSE OF SUCH SHAME NO LONGER!** I WILL DO **WHATEVER** THEY ASK OF ME!

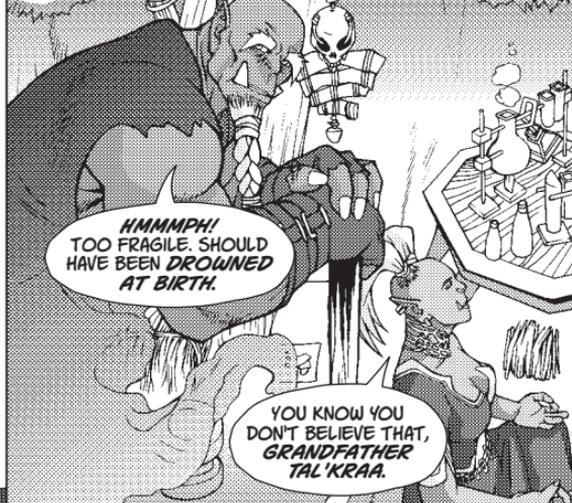
PLEASE, MOTHER KASHUR—YOU ARE A **WISE AND POWERFUL SHAMAN.** PLEASE TELL ME THERE IS A **POTION, AN ELIXIR, A SPELL, A PRAYER...** SOMETHING, ANYTHING, TO CAST OFF THIS **PAIN** FROM MY PARENTS' HEARTS!



VERY WELL, CHILD. I WILL ASK THE SPIRITS IF THEY CAN HELP YOU... BUT I MAKE **NO PROMISES.**



WAIT OUTSIDE UNTIL I CALL FOR YOU.



HMMMPH!
TOO FRAGILE. SHOULD
HAVE BEEN DROWNED
AT BIRTH.

YOU KNOW YOU
DON'T BELIEVE THAT,
GRANDFATHER
TAL'KRAA.



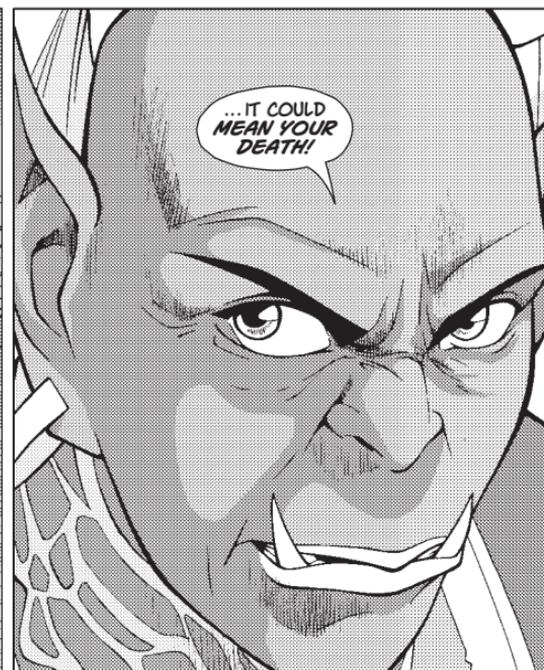
HRRMMM...
WELL, PERHAPS
NOT.

SO, SHE WISHES TO
BECOME STRONG... BECOME
A TRUE FROSTWOLF,
EH? THERE COULD BE A
WAY... LISTEN WELL...

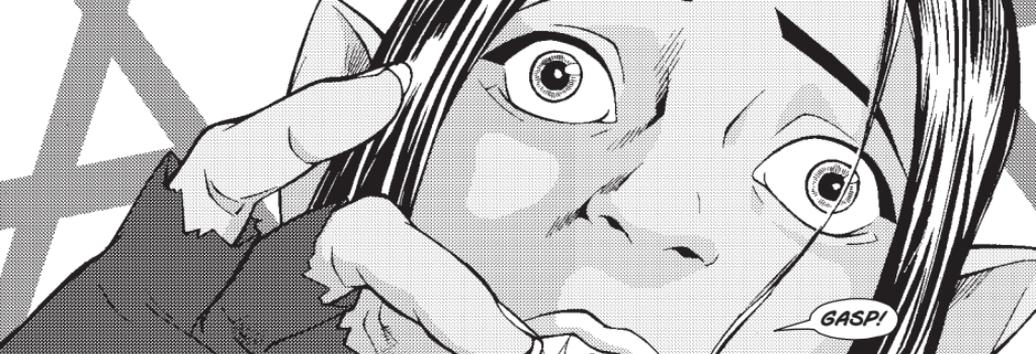


MOMENTS LATER...

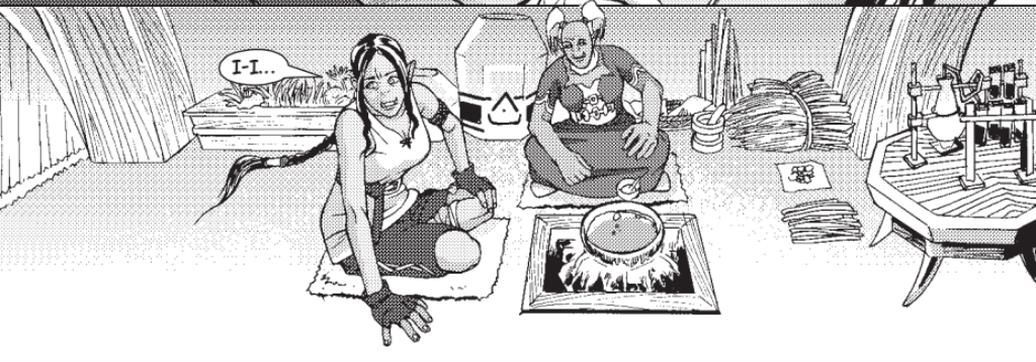
YES, DRAKA. THERE
IS A WAY FOR YOU TO
GET WHAT YOU HAVE ASKED
FOR. BUT YOU MUST DO IT
ALONE. AND IT WILL NOT
BE EASY. IN FACT...



...IT COULD
MEAN YOUR
DEATH!



GASP!

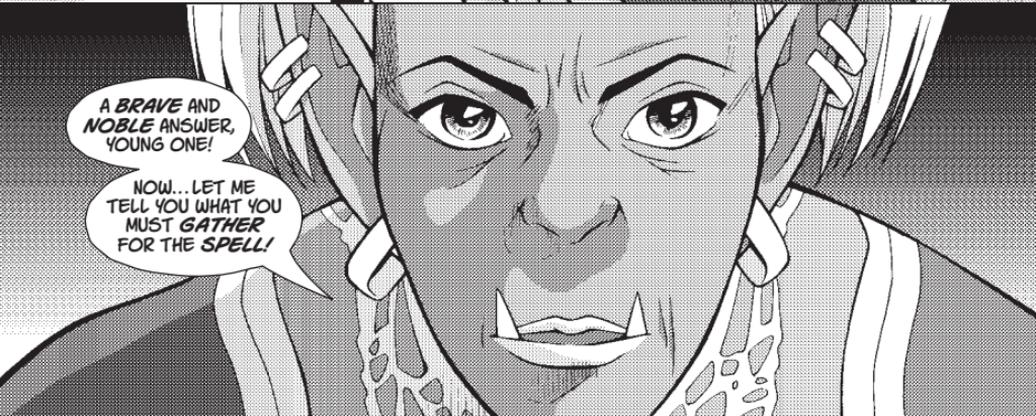


I-I...



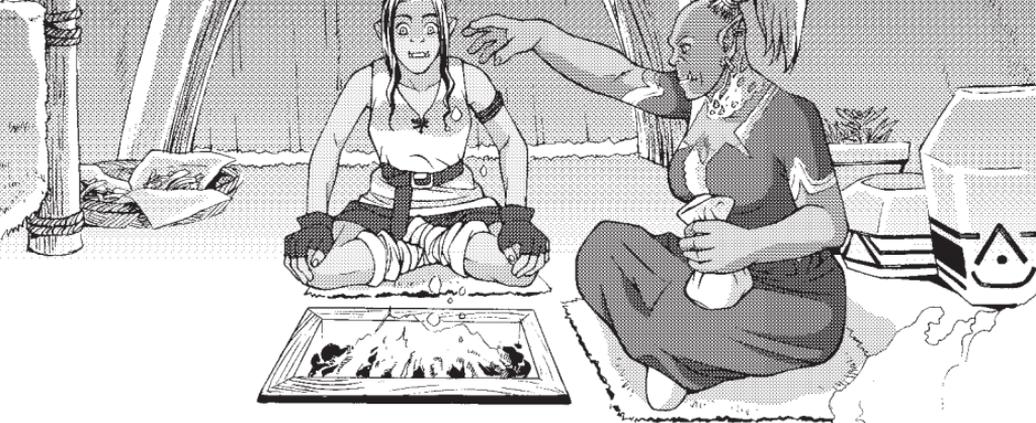
... THAN TO SIMPLY
EXIST AS I AM NOW...
OF NO HELP TO
ANYONE!

SO BE IT.
I WOULD RATHER DIE
TRYING TO BECOME SOMETHING
PROUD AND WORTHY, TRYING
TO RECLAIM MY FAMILY'S
HONOR...



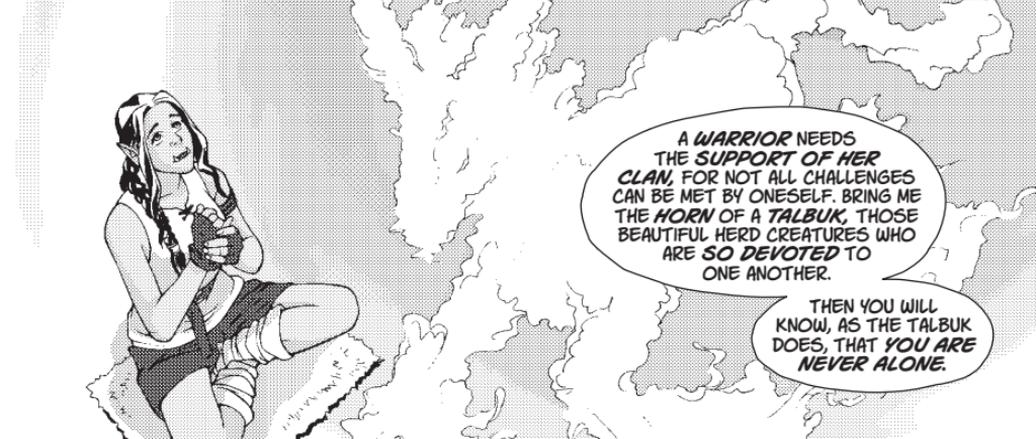
A BRAVE AND
NOBLE ANSWER,
YOUNG ONE!

NOW... LET ME
TELL YOU WHAT YOU
MUST GATHER
FOR THE SPELL!



A WARRIOR NEEDS SPEED AND GRACE! BRING ME THE WING FEATHER OF A WINDROC YOU HAVE SLAIN WITH YOUR OWN HANDS, AND THE SPIRIT OF THE WINDROC WILL GIFT YOU WITH THESE QUALITIES!

GASP!



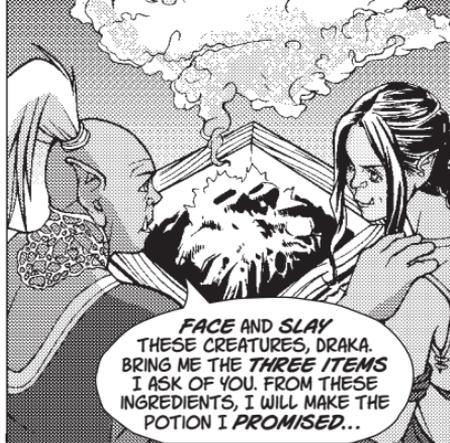
A WARRIOR NEEDS THE SUPPORT OF HER CLAN, FOR NOT ALL CHALLENGES CAN BE MET BY ONESELF. BRING ME THE HORN OF A TALBUK, THOSE BEAUTIFUL HERD CREATURES WHO ARE SO DEVOTED TO ONE ANOTHER.

THEN YOU WILL KNOW, AS THE TALBUK DOES, THAT YOU ARE NEVER ALONE.



AND FINALLY... THE LAST ITEM! A WARRIOR NEEDS STRENGTH AND DETERMINATION.

BRING ME THE FUR OF THE MIGHTY CLEFTHOOF, WHOSE SPIRIT SHALL BLESS YOU WITH HIS FEARLESSNESS!



FACE AND SLAY THESE CREATURES, DRAKA. BRING ME THE THREE ITEMS I ASK OF YOU. FROM THESE INGREDIENTS, I WILL MAKE THE POTION I PROMISED...



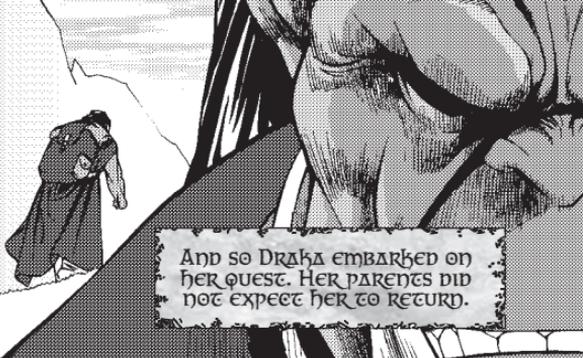
...AND YOU WILL BECOME A FAMED WARRIOR OF THE FROSTWOLVES!



ARE YOU CERTAIN, DRAKA? SUCH BEASTS ARE DANGEROUS QUARRY EVEN FOR EXPERIENCED HUNTERS, AND YOU ARE...

...NOT. I KNOW. BUT I HAVE TO TRY.

I HAVE TO WIN BACK THE HONOR I HAVE COST YOU... YOU DON'T DESERVE TO BE PUNISHED SO BECAUSE OF ME!



AND SO DRAKA EMBARKED ON HER QUEST. HER PARENTS DID NOT EXPECT HER TO RETURN.

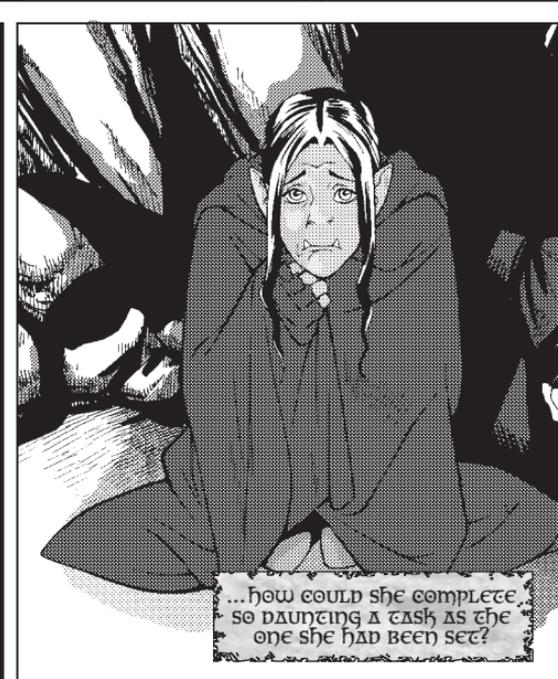
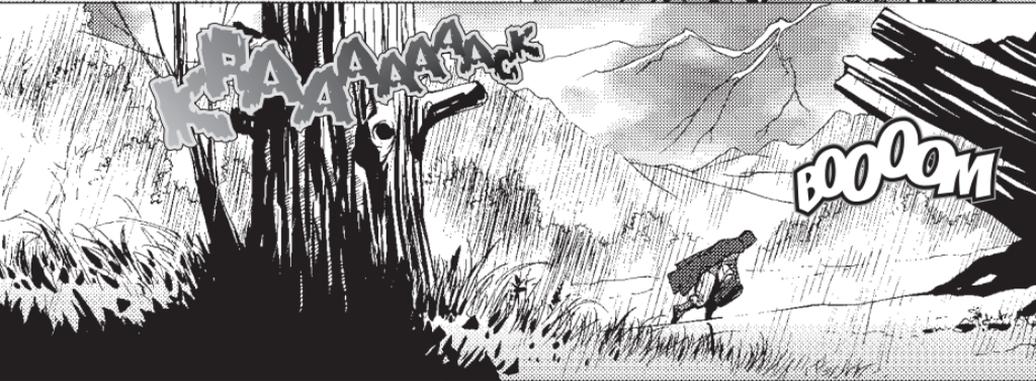
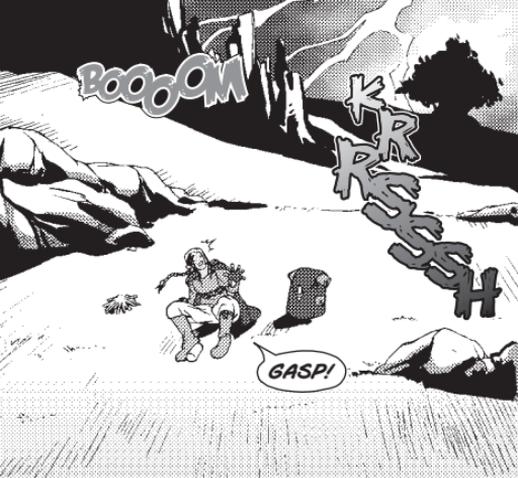


AND NEITHER, TRULY, DID DRAKA.

SHE HAD NEVER BEEN ALLOWED TO HUNT...



... HAD SELDOM BUILT A FIRE...





BUT THOUGH HER BODY
WAS WEAK, HER MIND
AND WITS WERE NOT.



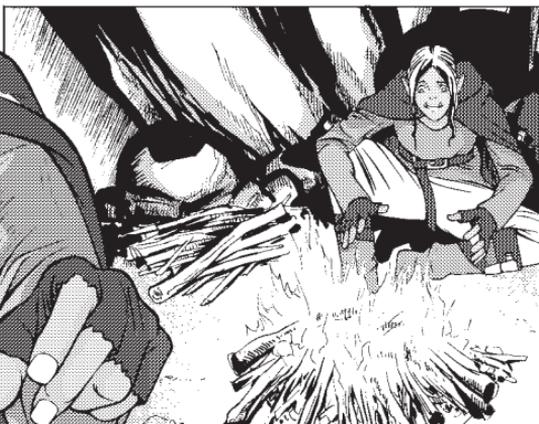
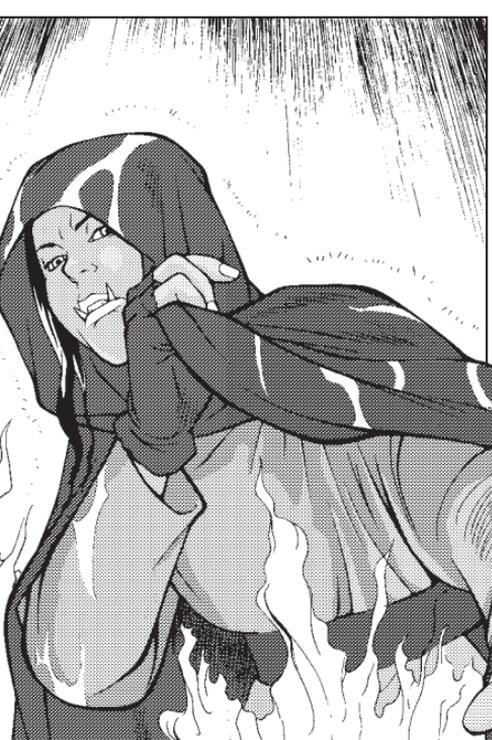
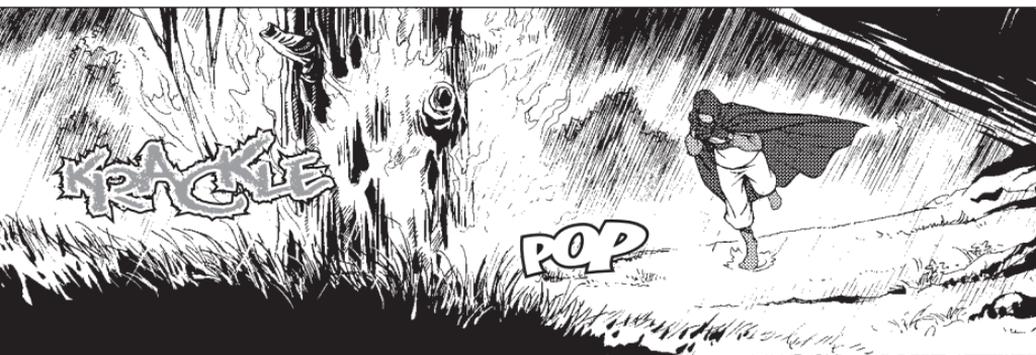
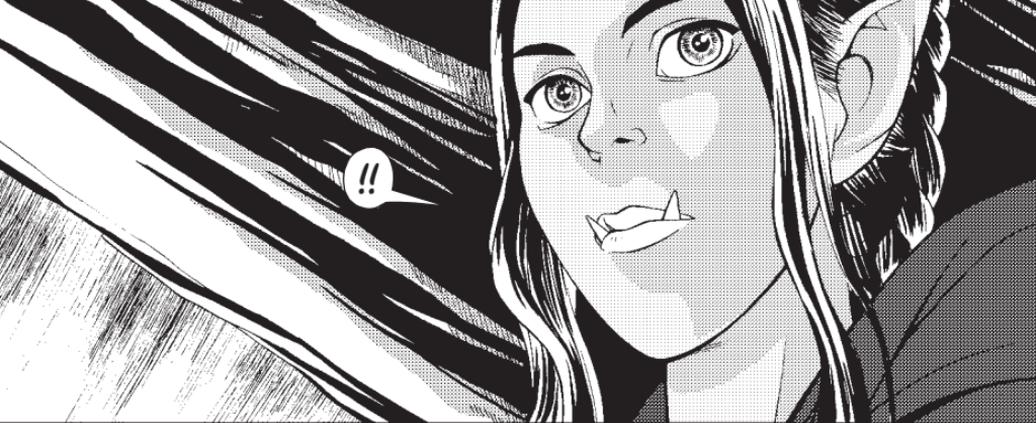
DRAHA WOULD LEARN
HOW TO DO WHAT SHE
NEEDED TO...SOMEHOW.

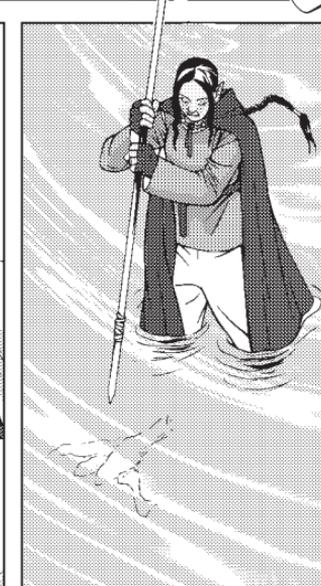
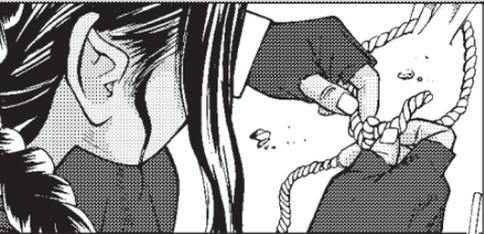


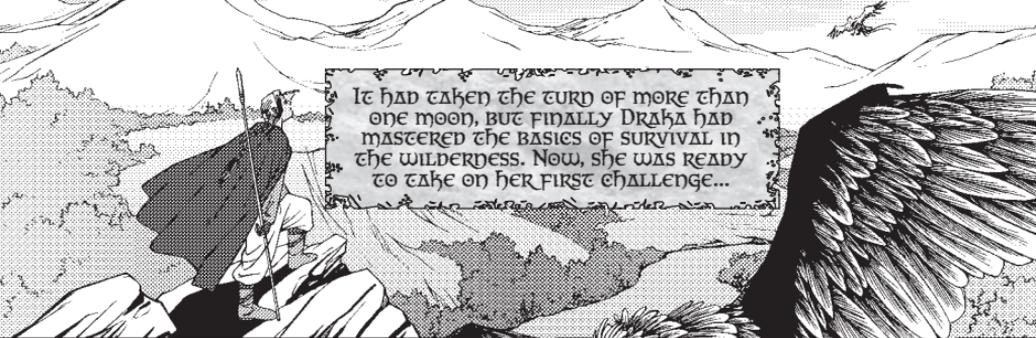
KRAAAAKK



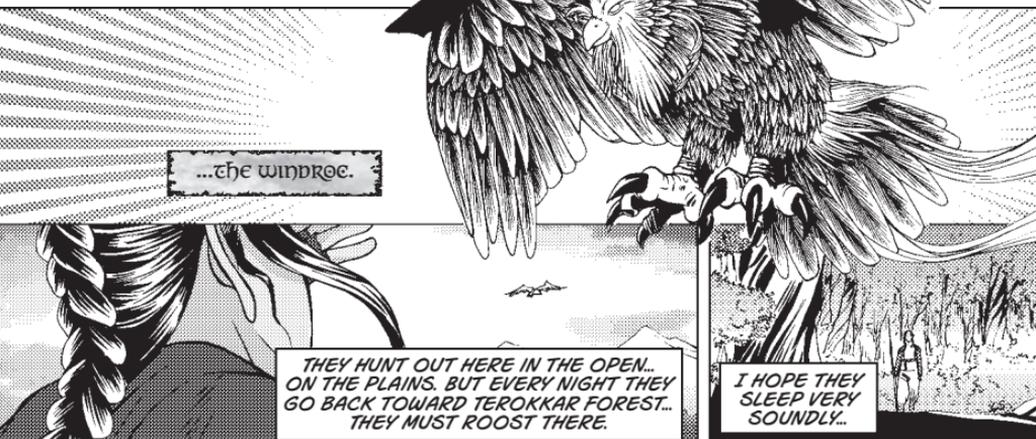
POOOSE







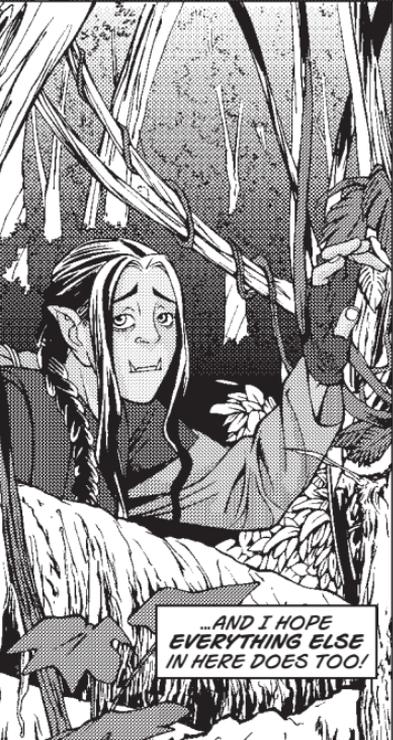
IT HAD TAKEN THE TURN OF MORE THAN ONE MOON, BUT FINALLY DRAKA HAD MASTERED THE BASICS OF SURVIVAL IN THE WILDERNESS. NOW, SHE WAS READY TO TAKE ON HER FIRST CHALLENGE...



...THE WINDROE.

THEY HUNT OUT HERE IN THE OPEN. ON THE PLAINS. BUT EVERY NIGHT THEY GO BACK TOWARD TEROKKAR FOREST.. THEY MUST ROOST THERE.

I HOPE THEY SLEEP VERY SOUNDLY..



...AND I HOPE EVERYTHING ELSE IN HERE DOES TOO!





I'M PROBABLY ONLY GOING TO GET ONE CLEAR SHOT... BETTER MAKE IT COUNT! ANCESTORS, GUIDE MY AIM!



TOK



KRAAAAAAAA!!



AAAAAAHHHH!!



SKREEEEEEEE!!

NNNGGUUHHHH!!



I...DID I...?



SPIRIT OF THE WINDROC...



...I THANK YOU FOR YOUR SACRIFICE, BECAUSE OF YOU...



...I AM ONE STEP CLOSER...



TO BECOMING A TRUE FROSTWOLF WARRIOR!

CONCLUDED IN NEXT VOLUME

ABOUT THE WRITERS

RICHARD A. KNAAK

Richard A. Knaak is the New York Times bestselling fantasy author of 40 novels and over a dozen short stories, including *The Legend of Huma & The Minotaur Wars* for Dragonlance and the *War of the Ancients* trilogy for *Warcraft*. In addition to the TOKYOPOP series *Warcraft: The Sunwell Trilogy*, he is the author of its forthcoming sequel trilogy, *Warcraft: Dragons of Outland*, as well as four-part short story featured in *Warcraft: Legends* Volumes 1-4 (concluded in this volume). Richard will also have a short story entitled "Nightmares" featured in the upcoming *Warcraft: Legends* Volume 5. His latest *Warcraft* novel, *Night of the Dragon*, is a sequel to the best-selling *Day of the Dragon*. He also recently released *The Fire Rose*, the second in his *Ogre Titans* saga for Dragonlance. To find out more about Richard's projects, visit his website at www.richardaknaak.com.

DAN JOLLEY

Dan Jolley is the author of multiple books for TOKYOPOP, including the young adult prose novel series, *Alex Unlimited*, and the bestselling *Warriors* manga trilogies based on the hugely popular Erin Hunter novels. Dan authored "How to Win Friends," "Miles to Go" and "Crusader's Blood," short stories for *Warcraft: Legends* Volumes 1-3, as well as the forthcoming TOKYOPOP manga *Warcraft: Death Knight*. Much more information about Dan can be found at his website, www.danjolley.com.

TIM BEEDLE

Tim Beedle is a writer, editor and comic book geek who once co-edited the very series you're reading. He was also the editor of such popular TOKYOPOP titles as *Return to Labyrinth*, *Legends of The Dark Crystal*, *Priest* and *East Coast Rising*. Currently, Tim is writing the *Muppet Robin Hood* miniseries for Boom! Entertainment and recently completed an issue of *Marvel Adventures Spider-Man*. He's also editing *The Color of Water* for First Second and finishing *Coin-Operated Boy*, an illustrated novella that he's collaborating on with artist Whitney Leith.

CHRISTIE GOLDEN

Award-winning author Christie Golden has written over thirty novels and several short stories in the fields of science fiction, fantasy and horror. She has written over a dozen Star Trek novels, several original novels, the *StarCraft: Dark Templar* trilogy and three *Warcraft* novels, *Lord of the Clans*, *Rise of the Horde*, as well as *Arthas: Rise of the Lich King*, which was released in April 2009. Christie is currently hard at work writing a yet-to-be titled *Warcraft* novel, as well as three of the nine *Star Wars: Fate of the Jedi* books (in collaboration with Aaron Allston and Troy Denning). *Omen*, her first book in the series, is slated for release in July 2009. Christie has also written two short manga stories, "I Got What Yule Need" and "A Warrior Made," for the TOKYOPOP manga *Warcraft: Legends* Volumes 3, 4 and 5.

ABOUT THE ARTISTS

JAE-HWAN KIM

Born in 1971 in Korea, Jae-Hwan Kim's best-known manga works include *Rainbow*, *Combat Metal HeMoSoo* and *King of Hell*, an ongoing series currently published by TOKYOPOP. Along with being the creator of *War Angels* for TOKYOPOP, Jae-Hwan is the artist for TOKYOPOP's *Warcraft: The Sunwell Trilogy*, as well as its sequel trilogy, *Warcraft: Dragons of Outland*, which will be available in 2009. Jae-Hwan is also the artist for Richard Knaak's four-part short story featured in *Warcraft: Legends* Volumes 1-4.

FERNANDO FURUKAWA

Born in Argentina, Fernando is the son of a German father and a Japanese mother. Fernando has been drawing since he was a small child and furthered his artistic education under the tutelage of local art professors, Pier Brito and Feliciano Garcia Zecchin. He began his professional artist career at age nineteen and was published in several local magazines. This led to him publishing his own series (along with writer Mauro Mantella and artist Rocio Zucchi) *TIME: 5*. His recent works include his job as lead artist for an online web series, drawing the TOKYOPOP manga *Tantric Stripfighter Trina*, drawing two stories for TOKYOPOP's *Warcraft: Legends* anthology series, as well as being the artist for the upcoming *StarCraft: Ghost Academy* series, also from TOKYOPOP.

RYO KAWAKAMI

Born in Miyako Island, Japan, Ryo he lived there until 1990, after which he and his family moved to the United States. Ryo currently resides in Greenville, N.C., where he studied Fine Art for two years at Coastal Community College. Ryo's first published work is the TOKYOPOP manga *Orange Crows*, which is available in stores now.

IN-BAE KIM

In-Bae made his Korean manga debut in 1998 with *Tong-hwa-joong* (On the Phone). He followed that with several webzine short manga including "Film Ggengin Nar" (The Day I Blacked Out Drinking) and "Call Me." His serialized manga, "Bbuggoogi" (Cuckoo Bird), has been featured in several newspapers. In-Bae was also the artist for "Family Values," a short manga story featured in *Warcraft: Legends* Volume 2.

FORGING A PAGE

If I said it once to the voice in my head, I'll say it again--creating manga art ain't like making a hamburger (though really bad art *can* give you indigestion). It is a complex process, in which the promise made by a script is brought kicking and screaming into the world. And even though developing the page can prove to be a daunting task, with proper nourishment and guidance it can grow into something quite beautiful.

The following is one such example of this...page 36 from "Blood Runs Thicker" was what I call "ninja art"--in that it was a seemingly easy page in the script, but quickly morphed into a stealthy schedule assassin, in that the dense text, limited space and shot selection all required several revisions to get just right. But it is also an example of how teamwork between the artist and editor can conquer any sequential mountain, no matter how steep.



PENCIL DRAFT 1



In this first version of the pencil, you can see a dramatic improvement from the thumbs. Obviously the designs are clearer and more fleshed out, but beyond that some of the shots have changed. But there are still problems with this page: in panel 1 and 2 the décor is too modern (do they even have tea cups in Azeroth?), in panel 2 Cedrick only has one line of dialogue yet he is the focal point of the panel, in panel 3 we need to see where that money bag actually came from (instead of magically flying in from seemingly nowhere) and in panel 5 while the angle is great, we need to lower the bag to see Cedrick's sneer (as well as make him look a bit more villainous). Which leads us to...

PENCIL DRAFT 2



...the final version of the pencil! All the issues have clearly been addressed, in that each panel is focused and conveys the right dramatic beat.

INKED PAGE



And now that the car has passed inspection, it's time to give it a bit of "detail"...in the form of inks...

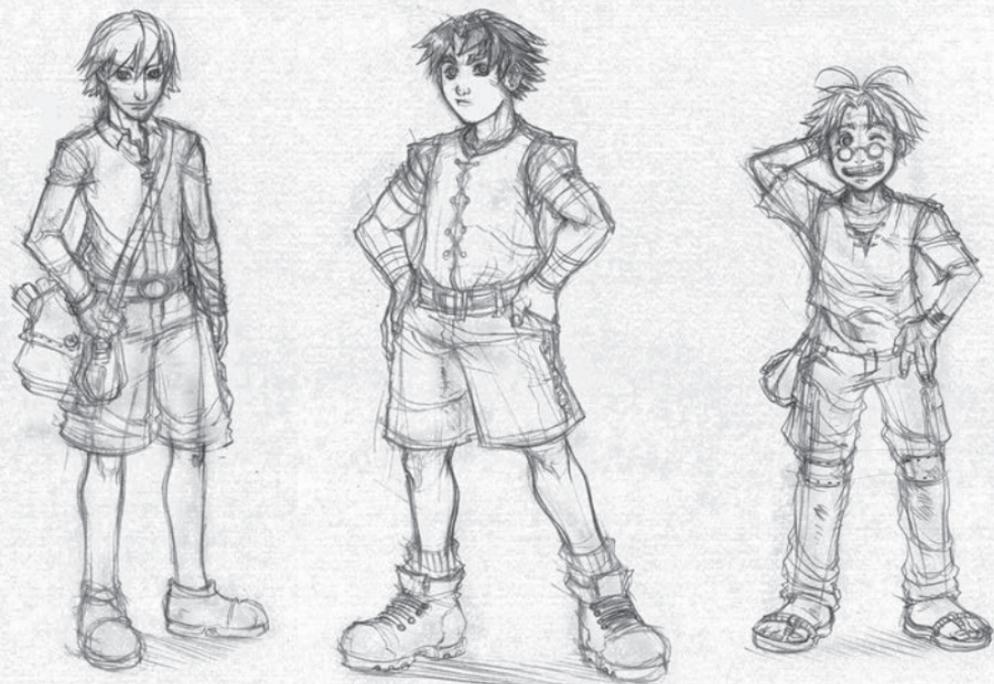
TONED PAGE



...and tones. Presto! A shiny new manga page, ready for print. Mr. Kawakami, take a bow, sir!

FORGING A HERO

But what would a page be without great looking characters to populate it? The process of creating the right character is often just as complex, if not more, than creating a single page of sequential art. Character is everything, since it's why you care about the story in the first place. The following is an example of how heroes can grow into men (literally in this case).



First up is Fernando's first pass at Jimmy, Liam and Bram. The script didn't specify an exact age, and only indicated that they were young adolescents. In this sketch Jimmy and co. are much, much younger than as they appear in the story...a bit *too* young, actually. Additionally, Jimmy's boots are too modern and not "Warcraft" enough.



Fernando tweaked the age of the boys here, but now they are a bit too old for the story. It was a tricky thing, as we needed to convey their gradual transition into men, but it had to be a bit more subtle, as they were with the Bloodsails for only a few months at best. On to the next draft...



Here's the final version, which is what appears in the story now (give or take a few muscles). It was decided that their body type should fall somewhere between the first and second drafts, and that their "growth" would be depicted via the muscle tone that hard labor and training would naturally give them. Nothing like "pirate pilates" to work off that baby fat!



And just so you know, not all character designs actually need revising. Fernando hit this one outta the park on his first try! Amazing work, brutha!

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