

WARCRAFT®



LEGENDS™

VOLUME THREE

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Warcraft: Legends Vol. 3

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FIEND

BY RICHARD A. KNAAK & JAE-HWAN KIM

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I GOT WHAT YULE NEED

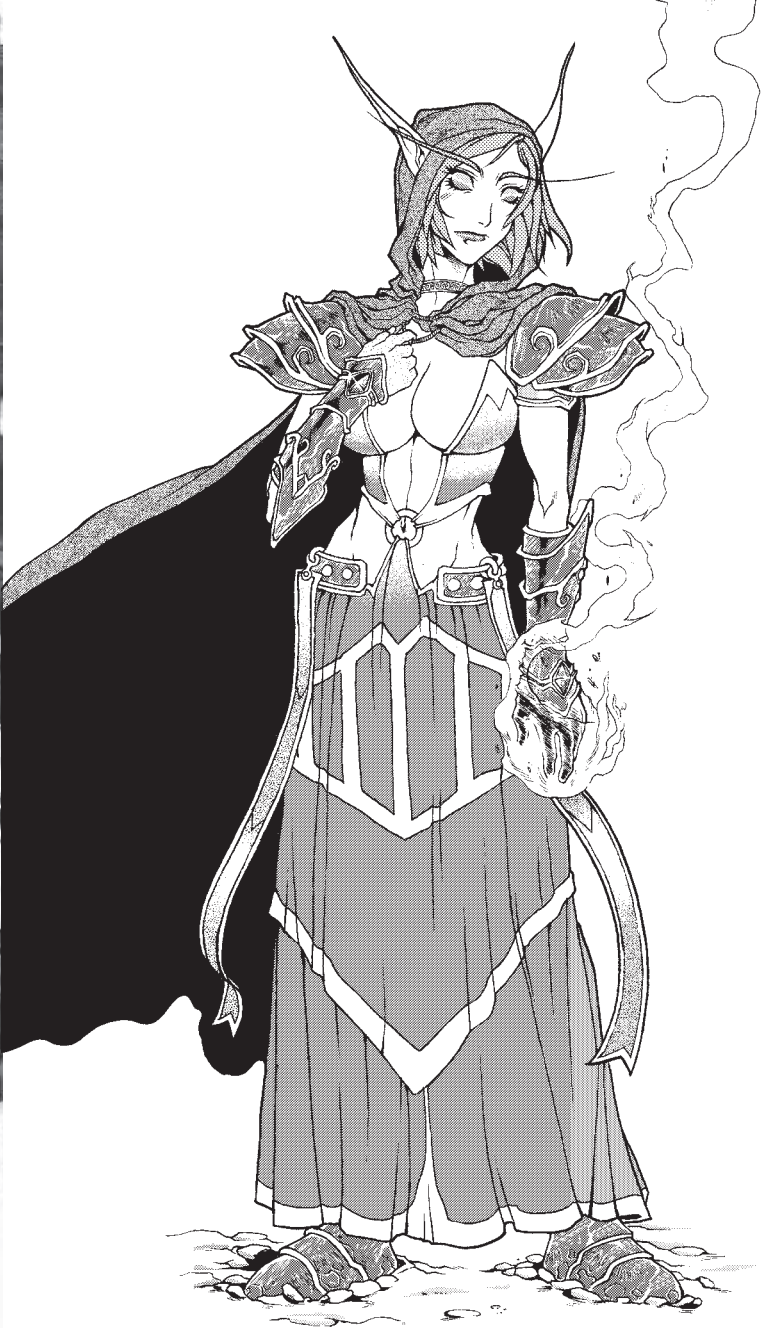
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FIEND

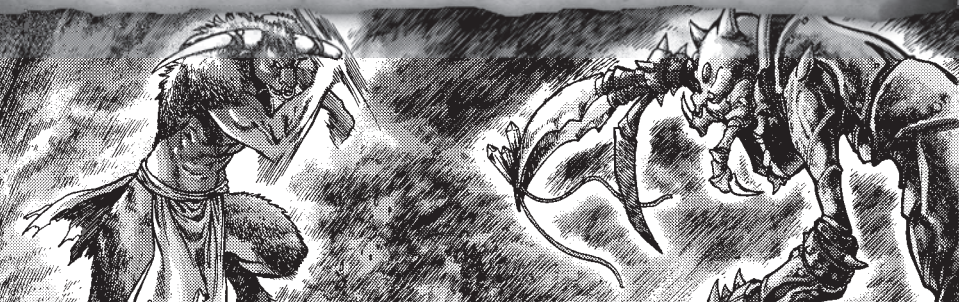
WRITTEN BY RICHARD A. KNAAK

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& LUCAS RIVERA



STORY SO FAR

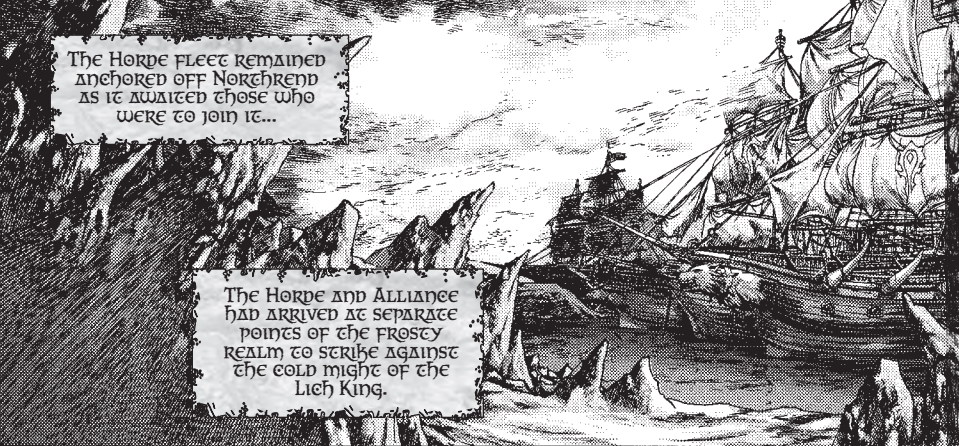
The undead walk the lands of Azeroth as rotting nightmares, creatures that are vicious and unyielding in their brutality. They are broken into two factions—the Forsaken (led by the Dark Lady Sylvanas Windrunner) and the Scourge (commanded by the Dark Lord of the Dead, the Lich King). For the living in Azeroth, to be born again 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*, finds himself reborn as one of the undead. However, Trag's form of undeath is unlike any other, as his mind struggles against the carnal bloodlust. His thoughts are clouded with visions of a foreboding place of ice and snow, his ears filled with the rancid whispers of the Lich King's urges to kill . . .

In his desperate search to understand the reasons and ramifications of his unnatural state, Trag sought help from the tauren shaman Sulamm. Sulamm agreed to help Trag and placed him into a deep meditative trance . . . but alas, Sulamm's tongue was forked, as he betrayed Trag to Ornamm and his tauren kinsmen. While Trag was unconscious, they thrust him into a pit of fire . . . However, Trag's mysterious new power enabled him to overcome the shaman's trance and fight his way through his would-be executioners and to freedom.


Betrayed and alone, the tortured tauren trekked through the unforgiving mountains of Durotar, his mind drowning in the Lich King's commands to mayhem. Trag's grasp on his free will was slipping . . . but his salvation came from the most unlikely of creatures, as Thrall, Warchief of the orcs, sensed Trag's suffering through his communion with the spirits and came to help. Thrall conveyed to Trag his own story of loss and suffering, and how he, too, once fought the urge to be nothing more than a mindless brute and triumphed in the end. Thrall's words and noble intentions opened the undead tauren's eyes and he was able to reclaim his mind . . . for the time being.

His self-control renewed, Trag's resolve to be free of his curse was stronger than ever. Trag thanked Thrall and stowed away aboard a Horde ship headed for the shores of Northrend, closing the distance separating Trag from his cruel master with every crashing wave . . .

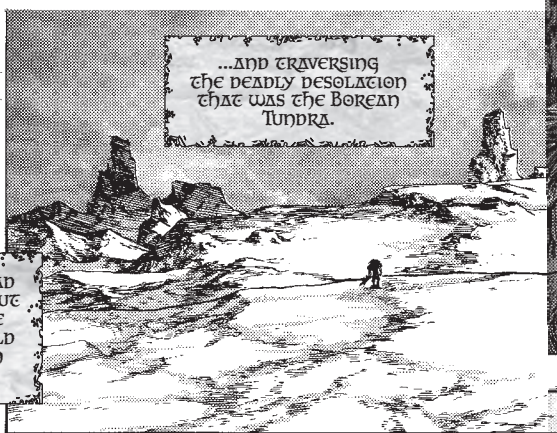


THE HORDE FLEET REMAINED ANCHORED OFF NORTHERND AS IT AWAITED THOSE WHO WERE TO JOIN IT...

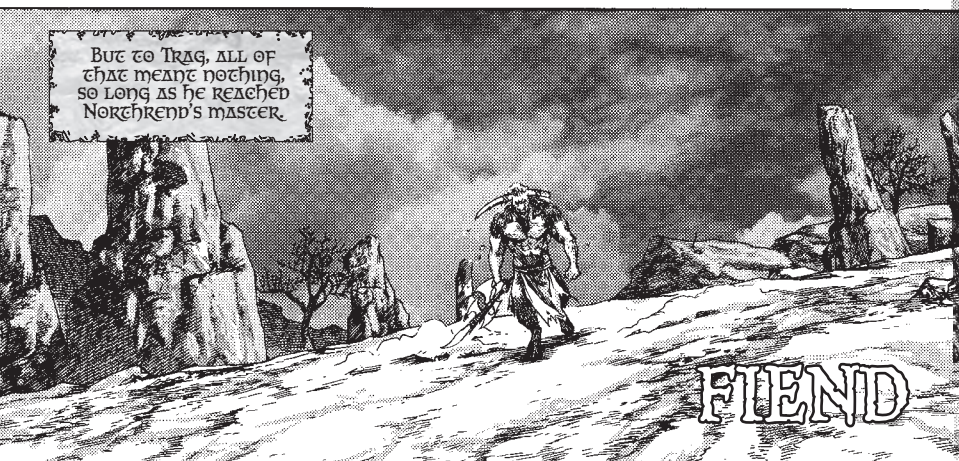
THE HORDE AND ALLIANCE HAD ARRIVED AT SEPARATE POINTS OF THE FROSTY REALM TO STRIKE AGAINST THE COLD MIGHT OF THE LICH KING.



SAILING TO NORTHERND HAD BEEN DIFFICULT ENOUGH, BUT REACHING ICEEROWN, THE LICH KING'S CITADEL, WOULD REQUIRE CLIMBING HARSH MOUNTAINS...

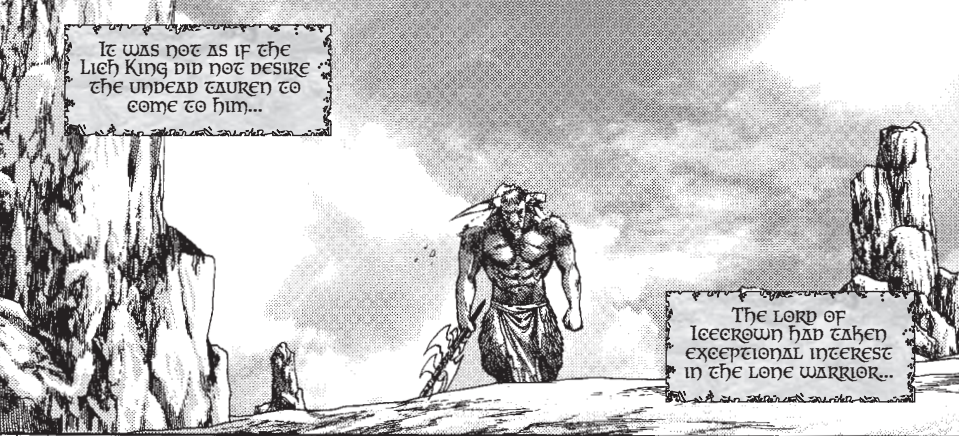


...AND TRAVERSING THE DEADLY DESOLATION THAT WAS THE BOREAN TUNDRA.




BUT TO TRAG, ALL OF THAT MEANT NOTHING, SO LONG AS HE REACHED NORTHERND'S MASTER.

FIEND



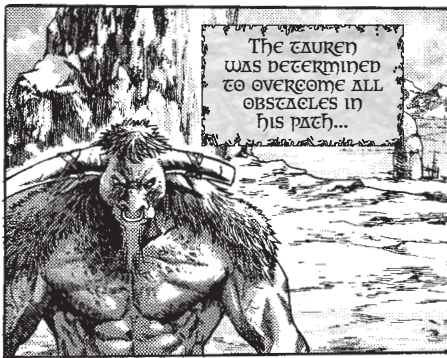
It was not as if the Lich King did not desire the undead tauren to come to him...

The Lord of Icecrown had taken exceptional interest in the lone warrior...

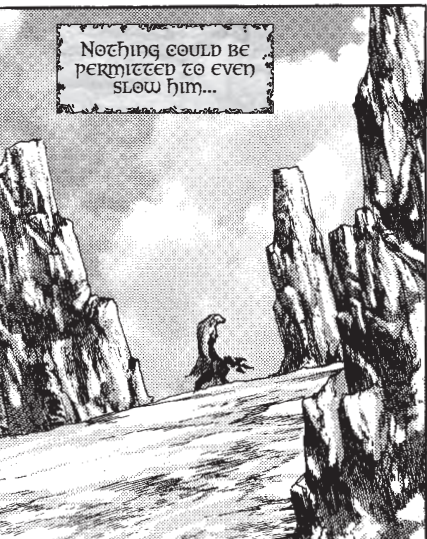


Why that was, Trag needed to know...

...but he was determined to face the Lich King on his own terms...if that was possible.



The tauren was determined to overcome all obstacles in his path...

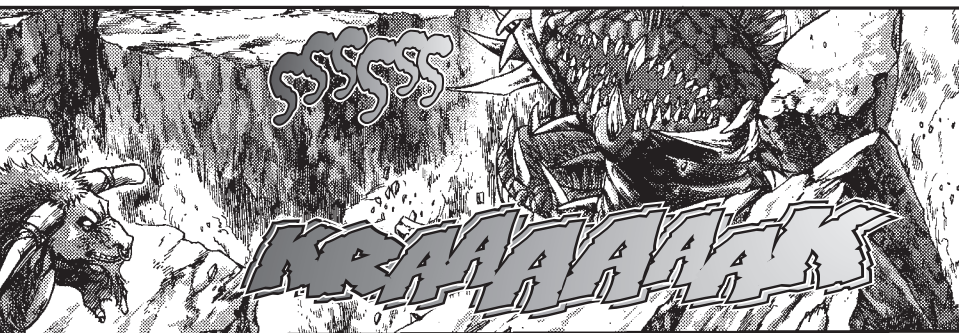
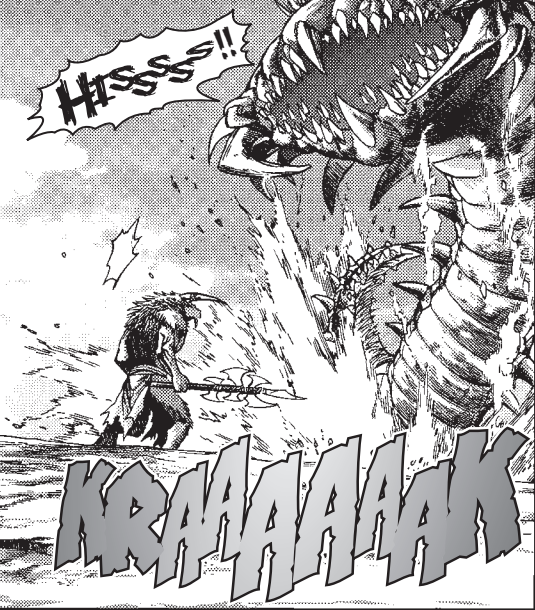


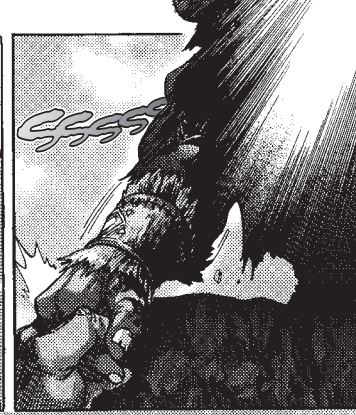
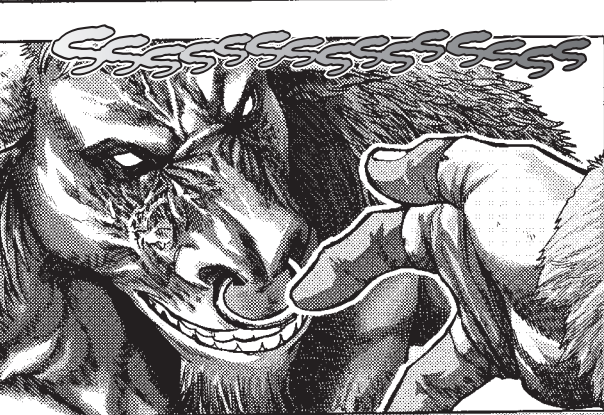
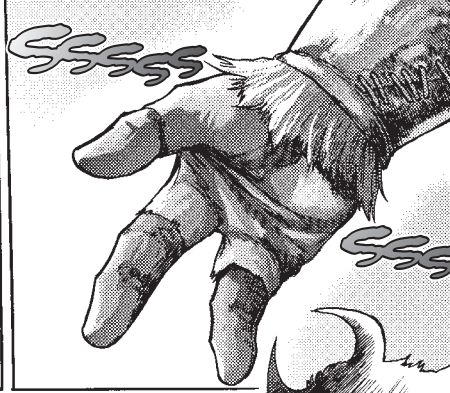
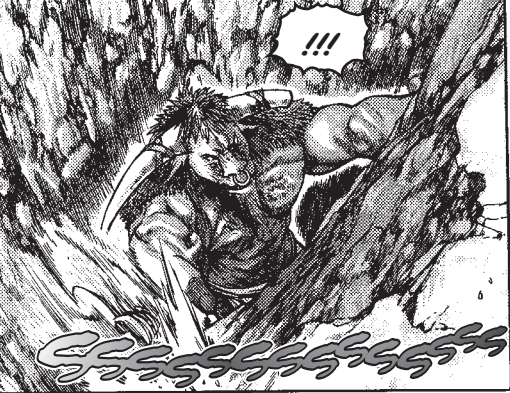
Nothing could be permitted to even slow him...



RUMBLE

Nothing...







YOU ARE NOT TAUNKA... YOU ARE... UNALIVE...

I AM WHAT I HAVE BEEN CURSED TO BE. AND THOUGH YOU CAME TO MY RESCUE...

...I WILL FIGHT--IF YOU DEMAND IT!

WHY WOULD WE FIGHT? TAUNKA KNOW WHAT IT IS TO STRUGGLE EACH DAY AGAINST DEATH...

THE JORMUNGAR IS A SMALL FOE COMPARED TO THE TUNDRA ITSELF.



WHAT HAPPENED THERE? THE BEAST SEEMED IN MORE DANGER THAN ME...



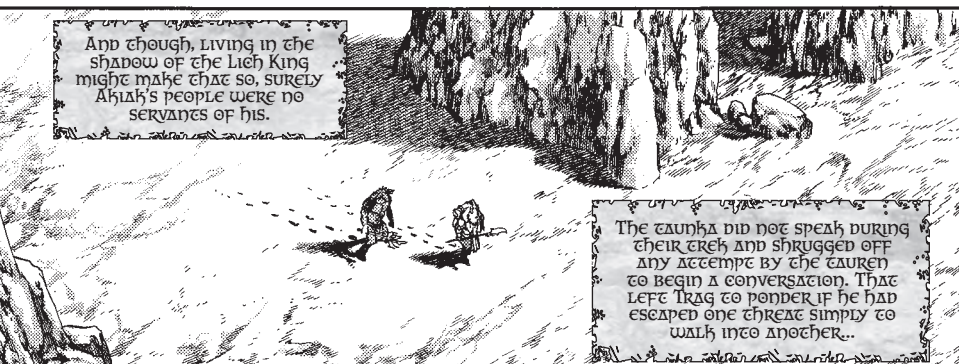
IT WAS NOT FULL-GROWN. THERE MUST HAVE BEEN A LARGER ONE HUNTING IT.



The mysterious warrior—the Taunha—spoke as calmly of the monstrous beasts as if they were no more concern than a rabbit or fox.

I AM AKIAK. MY VILLAGE, TAUNKA'LE, IS NOT FAR. COME.

The simple acceptance by Akiah of Irag's "condition" again left the Tauren confused. Akiah had accepted him as if Irag's undead state was something common.



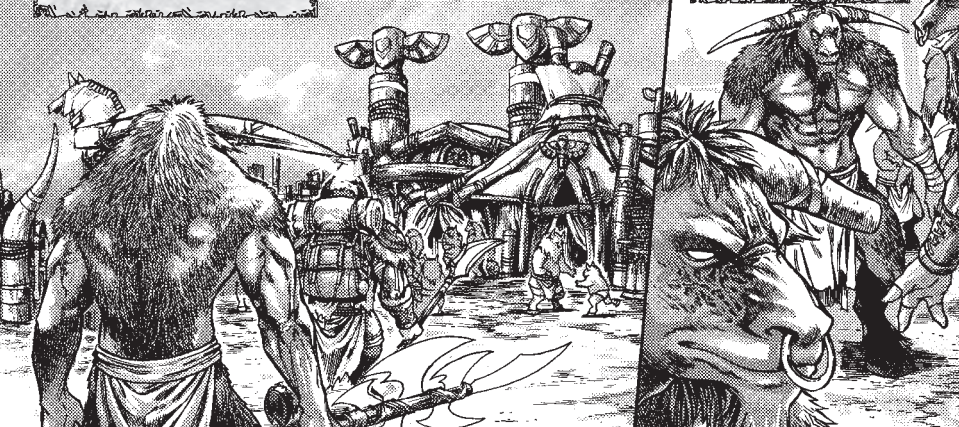
And though, living in the shadow of the Lich King might make that so, surely Akiah's people were no servants of his.

The Taunha did not speak during their trek and shrugged off any attempt by the Tauren to begin a conversation. That left Irag to ponder if he had escaped one threat simply to walk into another...

But the village to which Akiah led him could never have been the home of those serving the Lord of the Undead.

It showed too much a love of life, even in this harsh land...

...and reminded Irag of what he himself had long ago lost.





WHAT HAVE YOU BROUGHT US, AKIAK? YOUR SEARCH WAS FOR ANOTHER...

ONE WITH GREAT STRENGTH, AMASUQ... ONE WHO FIGHTS...

TRAG TOLD THEM WHO HE WAS AND ALL THAT HAD BEFALLEN HIM...AND, LASTLY, THAT IT WAS ICECROWN TO WHICH HE WAS ULTIMATELY HEADED.



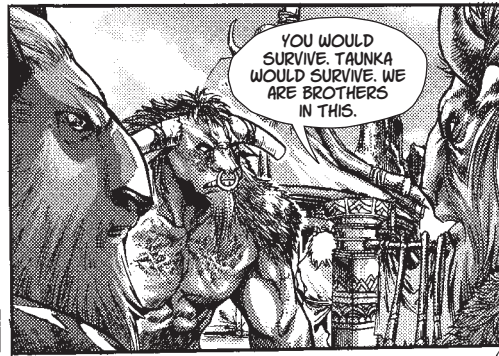
NOT OF US, BUT LIKE US. YOU FIGHT FOR LIFE AS WE DO...EVEN MORE...

YOU ARE WELCOME TO STAY AS LONG AS YOU NEED.



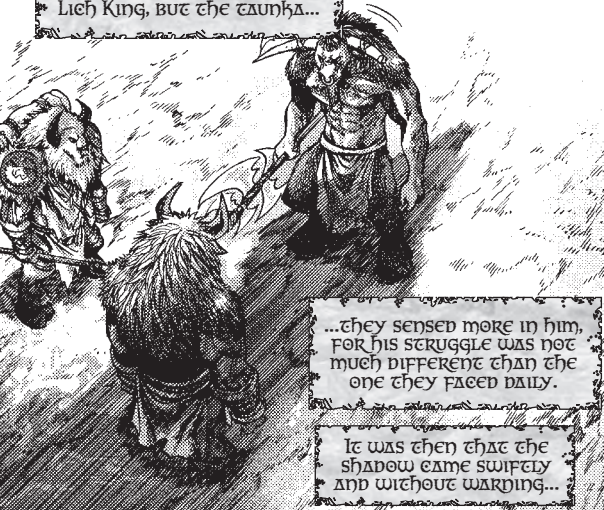
YOU WOULD LET ME STAY HERE... KNOWING WHAT I AM AND WHERE I GO?

YOU ARE NOT ONE OF THE EMPTY SHELLS THAT THE ICY LORD COMMANDS...THERE IS THE SPARK STILL WITHIN YOU. THE SPARK WE TAUNKA KNOW WELL...



YOU WOULD SURVIVE. TAUNKA WOULD SURVIVE. WE ARE BROTHERS IN THIS.

His own people had rejected him, seen him as a thing that would serve the Lieh King, but the taunka...



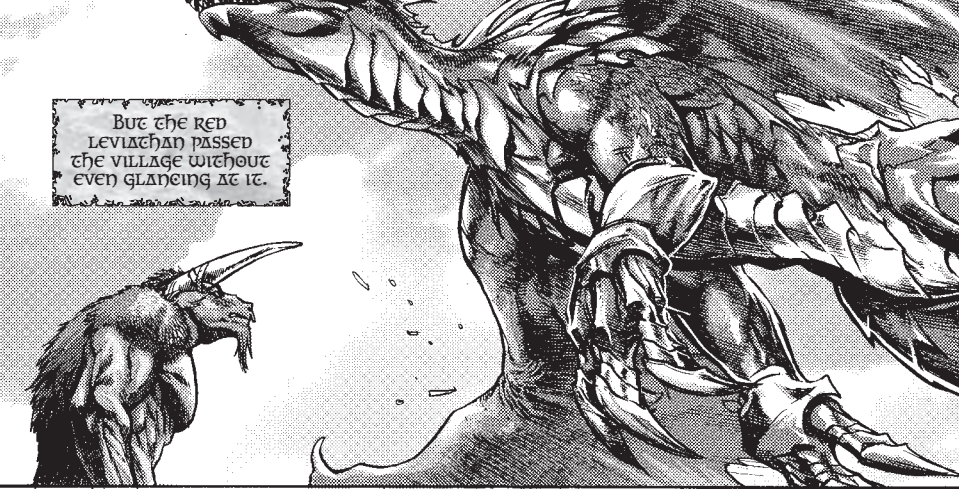
...they sensed more in him, for his struggle was not much different than the one they faced daily.

It was then that the shadow came swiftly and without warning...

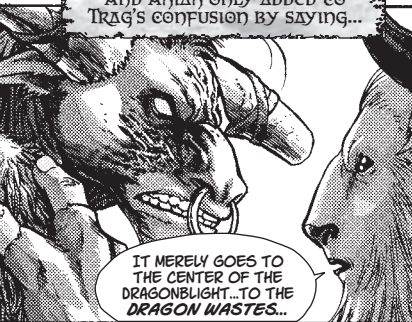


...but only Trag reacted with what to him made sense.

**BEWARE!!
DRAGON!!**



BUT THE RED
LEVIATHAN PASSED
THE VILLAGE WITHOUT
EVEN GLANCING AT IT.



AND AHLAK ONLY ADDED TO
TRAG'S CONFUSION BY SAYING...

IT MERELY GOES TO
THE CENTER OF THE
DRAGONBLIGHT...TO THE
DRAGON WASTES...




...TO DIE.



TO...
DIE?


YES.

AS ALL
DRAGONS
DO...

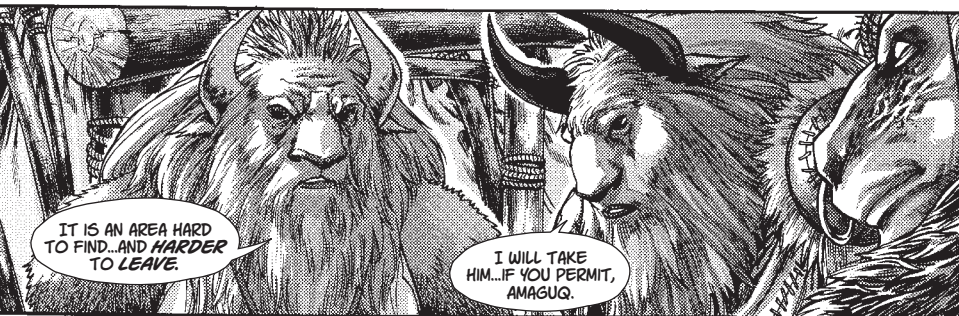
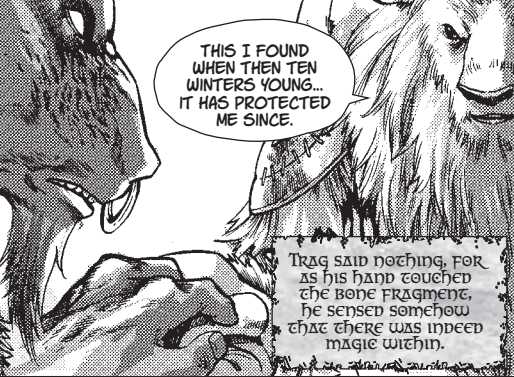


SO IT HAS BEEN AS
LONG AS THE TAUNKA
HAVE LIVED HERE.

THE LAND THERE
IS A PLACE OF POWERFUL
MAGICAL ENERGIES LEFT BY
THE SPIRITS OF THE GREAT
WINGED ONES.

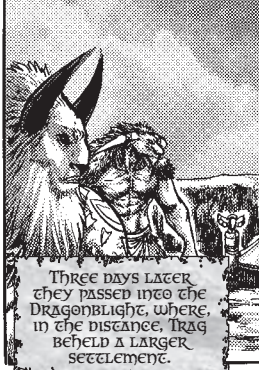
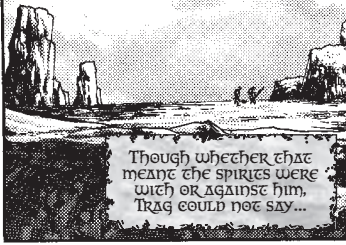


AND THE BONES OF
SOME STILL HOLD THAT
MAGIC, WHICH CAN BE
WIELDED BY THOSE THEIR
SPIRITS DEEM WORTHY.





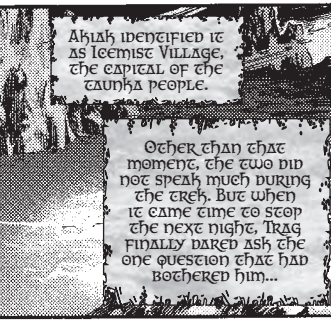
The weather proved sufficiently settled enough to let the pair embark on their journey.



TRAG WAS GIVEN A PLACE TO REST UNTIL MORNING... OR AT LEAST WAIT WHILE AHIASH SLEPT.

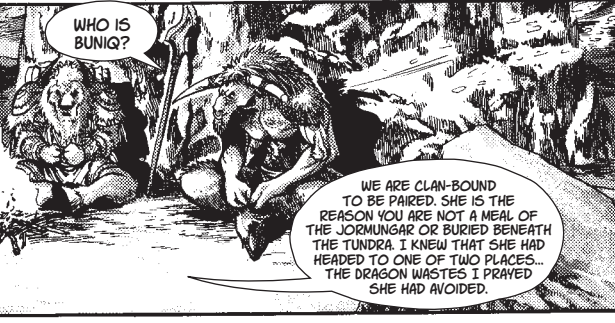
Though whether that meant the spirites were with or against him, TRAG COULD NOT SAY...

THREE DAYS LATER they passed into the DRAGONBLIGHT, where, in the distance, TRAG BEHELD A LARGER SETTLEMENT.



AHIASH IDENTIFIED IT AS IEMIST VILLAGE, THE CAPITAL OF THE TAUNHA PEOPLE.

Other than that moment, the two did not speak much during the trek. But when it came time to stop the next night, TRAG FINALLY DARED ASK THE ONE QUESTION THAT HAD BOOTHERED HIM...

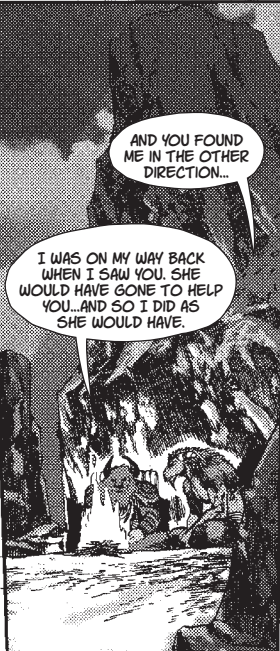


WHO IS BUNIQ?

WE ARE CLAN-BOUND TO BE PAIRED. SHE IS THE REASON YOU ARE NOT A MEAL OF THE JORMUNGAR OR BURIED BENEATH THE TUNDRA. I KNEW THAT SHE HAD HEADED TO ONE OF TWO PLACES... THE DRAGON WASTES I PRAYED SHE HAD AVOIDED.



I KNEW THAT SHE WISHED TO FIND A RELIC OF HER OWN TO PROVE HERSELF WORTHY OF ME...EVEN THOUGH I COULD NEVER BE WORTHY OF HER...



AND YOU FOUND ME IN THE OTHER DIRECTION...

I WAS ON MY WAY BACK WHEN I SAW YOU. SHE WOULD HAVE GONE TO HELP YOU...AND SO I DID AS SHE WOULD HAVE.



AMAGUQ HAS SAID SHE HAS LOST THE BATTLE AGAINST THE TUNDRA...BUT I MUST BE CERTAIN...

AHIASH SAID NO MORE, BUT TRAG ALREADY UNDERSTOOD THAT THE TAUNHA WERE A PEOPLE WITH HEARTS IN SOME WAYS EVEN GREATER THAN THOSE OF HIS OWN KIND...

FIVE MORE DAYS THEY JOURNEYED, PASSING THROUGH A FROSTY FOREST...

THE LANDSCAPE AHEAD WAS A STUNNING COLLECTION OF MACABRE MOUNDS, GREAT BONES AND FROZEN DRAGON FLESH THAT STRETCHED BEYOND THE HORIZON.



AND THEN, AT THE TOP OF JAGGED RIDGE AT THE OTHER EDGE OF THAT FOREST...

WINGED SEAVENGERS--CONDORS--FLED IN THE DUO'S PRESENCE.

THE DRAGON WASTES.

THE RED...

THE CRIMSON LEVIATHAN LAY MOTIONLESS, ANOTHER ADDITION TO THE VAST BURIAL GROUNDS.

AN ADDITION NOT TOO FAR FROM THE FOCUS OF AKIAK'S OWN SEARCH...

THE GIANT ARROW HAD AT LEAST LIKELY KILLED HER INSTANTLY...

BUNIQ...

BUNIQ... I WARNED YOU OF MAGNATAUR IN THE WASTES...

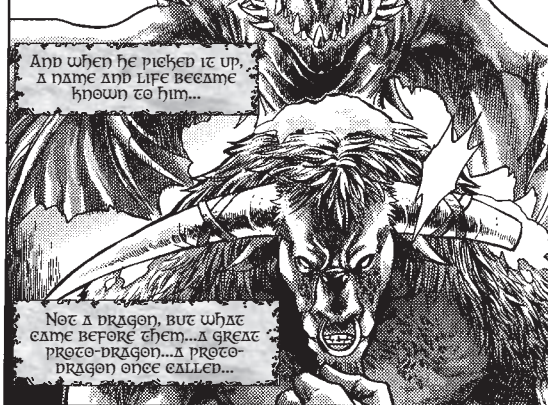
I AM SORRY, AKIAK. I...

SHE HAD CLEARLY BEEN TRYING TO CLIMB AROUND ONE OF THE GREATS OF THE FROZEN CORPSES, A GARGANTUAN SKELETON THAT TRAG SENSED FAR OLDER THAN THE REST...

BUT TRAG WAS SUDDENLY DRAWN FROM AKIAK TO THE SKELETON... DRAWN BY WHAT HE COULD ONLY IMAGINE SOME TIE BETWEEN HIMSELF AND THE CORPSE...



The power that animated him urged him to reach for a broken piece of the skull... a piece no greater than his palm...



And when he picked it up, a name and life became known to him...

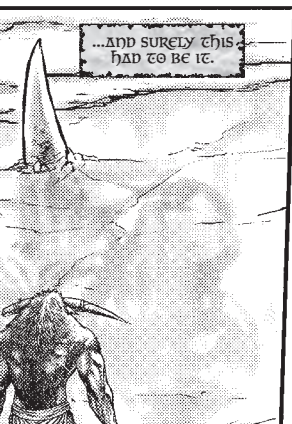
Not a dragon, but what came before them... a great proto-dragon... a proto-dragon once called...



GALAKROND.

Trag almost dropped the fragment there and then, aware that the quest for it had been what had cost Bunio her life... but something within him urged the Tauren to keep it.

He, too, had come here desperately seeking what the Taunha spoke of, a bone fragment with power... power he might use against the Lich King...



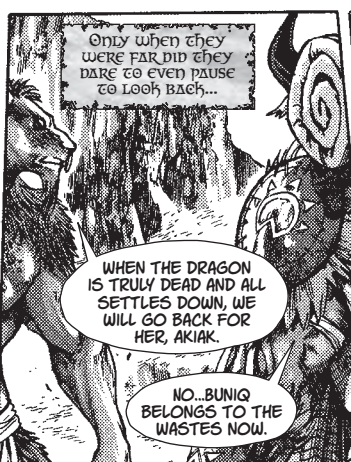
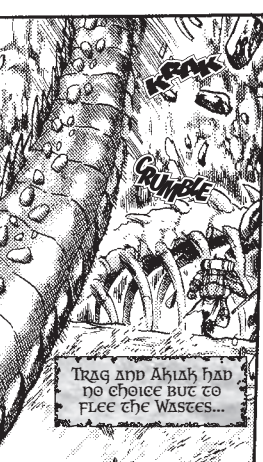
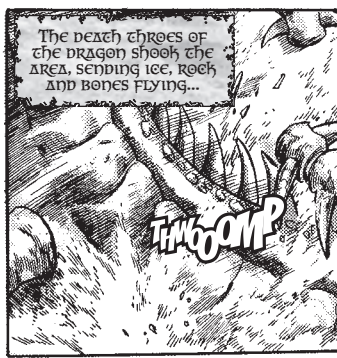
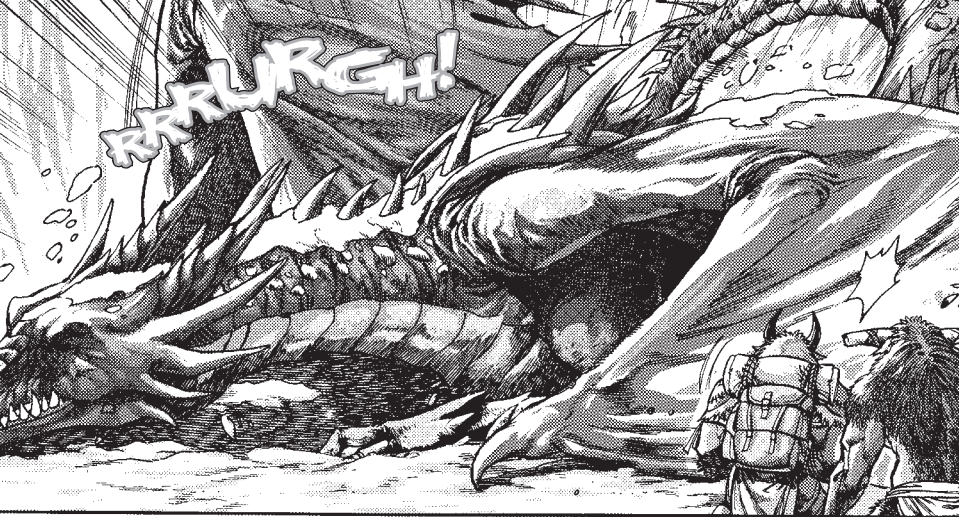
...and surely this had to be it.



Then, guilt over leaving Akiak to mourn alone one who had clearly been his love made Trag return to the Taunha.



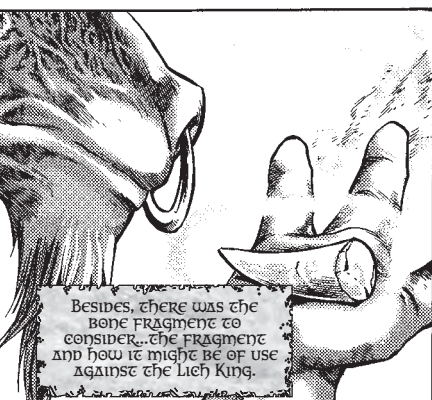
AKIAK, LET ME HELP YOU TAKE HER FROM HERE AND--



TRAG AND THE
TAUNKA BEGAN THEIR
JOURNEY BACK.



AKIAK SAID NOTHING THE
ENTIRE WAY AND TRAG DID
NOT INTERJECT HIMSELF INTO
THE TAUNKA'S THOUGHTS.



BESIDES, THERE WAS THE
BONE FRAGMENT TO
CONSIDER...THE FRAGMENT
AND HOW IT MIGHT BE OF USE
AGAINST THE LICH KING.

INDEED, THE PAIR REACHED
THE VICINITY OF TAUNKA'LE
WITHOUT EITHER HAVING
MUCH NOTICED THE
PAST DAYS' CREK.

AND ONLY THEN DID
AKIAK BEGIN TO SHOW
EVEN AS MUCH SIGN OF
LIFE AS TRAG...



HOME...BUNIQ'S
HOME...

THEN...AS IF THEY WERE
BACK IN THE WASTES, THE
GROUND BEGAN TO SHAKE...



...AND TRAG BEHELD
A FRIGHTENING AND
FAMILIAR SIGHT.

THE
VILLAGE!! THE
GROUND GIVES WAY
NEAR THE CLOSEST
EDGE!!

THE GROWING SINKHOLE
WAS IDENTICAL TO THAT IN
WHICH TRAG HAD FALLEN
SAVE FOR ITS IMMENSITY...



AND SURELY NO
COINCIDENCE...



NO!!

Both warriors reacted instinctively...



KLAKKLA!

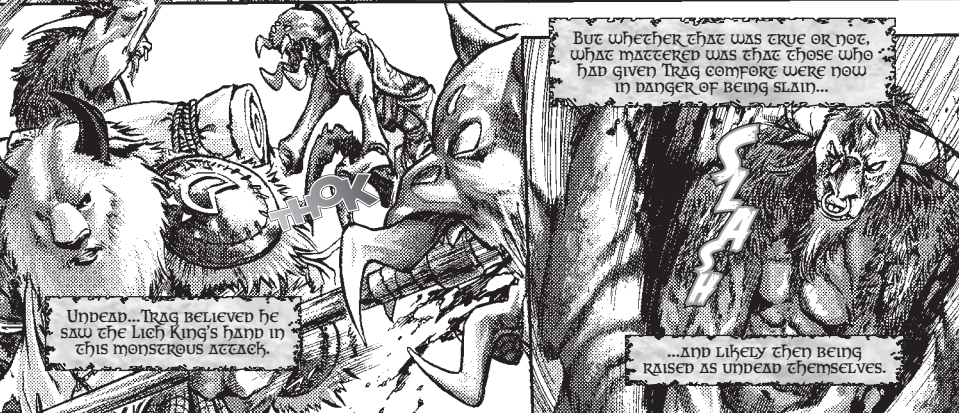
...BUT NEITHER WERE PREPARED FOR WHAT FOLLOWED THE SINGHOLE'S COMING.



WHAT ARE THEY?!!

ANUB'ARI!

THEY ARE THE UNDEAD OF THE LOST EMPIRE OF THE NERUBIANS!!



But whether that was true or not, what mattered was that those who had given Trag comfort were now in danger of being slain...



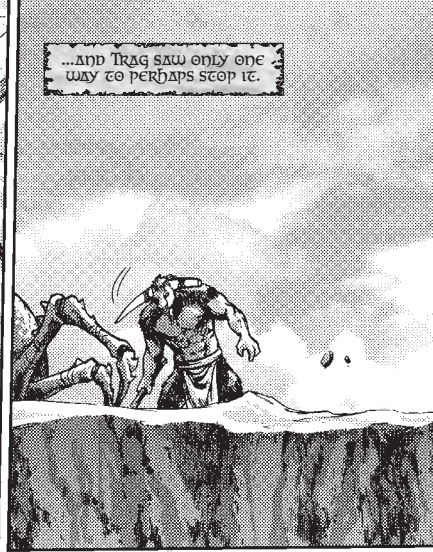
ZZZZ

Undead... Trag believed he saw the Lich King's hand in this monstrous attack.

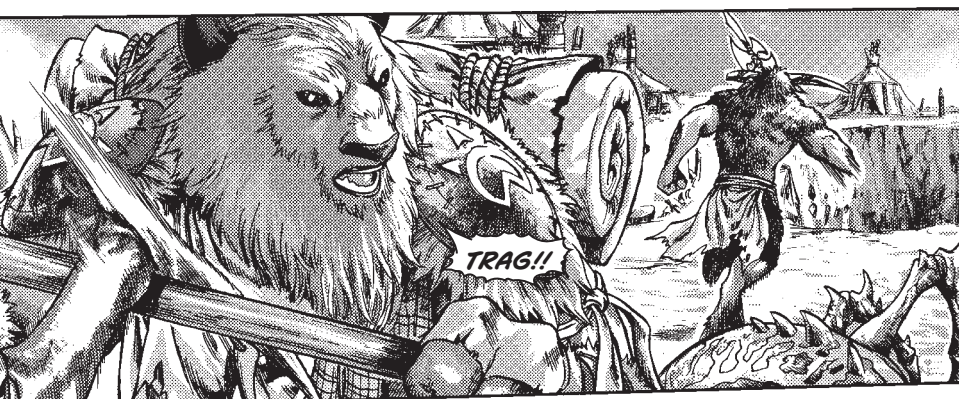
...and likely then being raised as undead themselves.



Even as the pair battled their way to the village, the excavator spread...



...and Trag saw only one way to perhaps stop it.



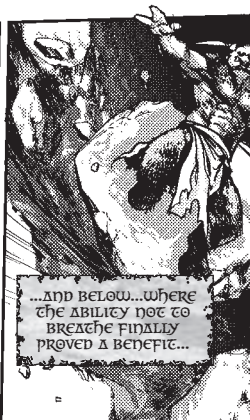
TRAG!!




Throwing the tanka to safety, Trag allowed the collapsed ground to take him down to his foes...




KRAK




...and below...where the ability not to breathe finally proved a benefit...



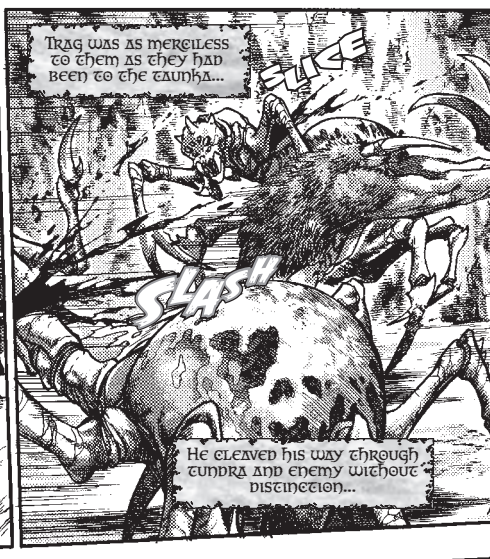
The diggers—the cause of the sinkhole—came as no surprise to Trag.



And aware that each second was crucial to the taunha, the tauren gave his foes no quarter.




Though undead like him, they seem no chance against his fury.



Trag was as merciless to them as they had been to the taunha...

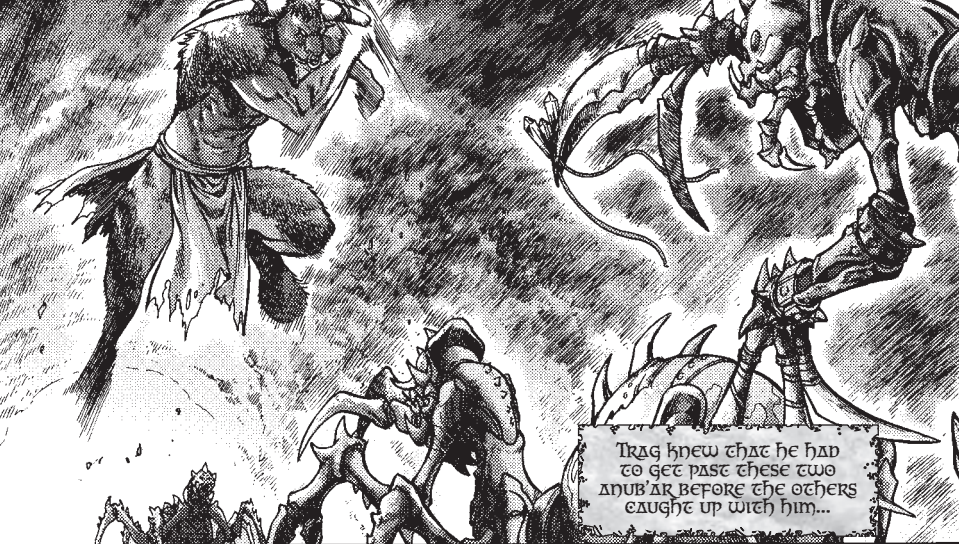
He cleaved his way through cundra and enemy without distinction...



...sending them back into death.

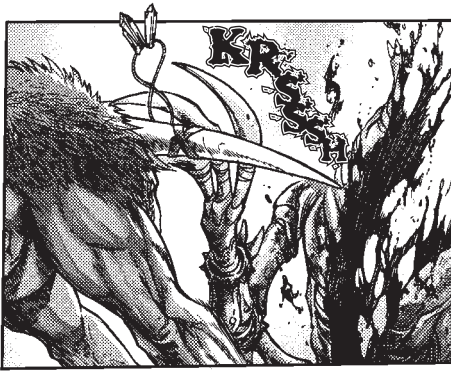
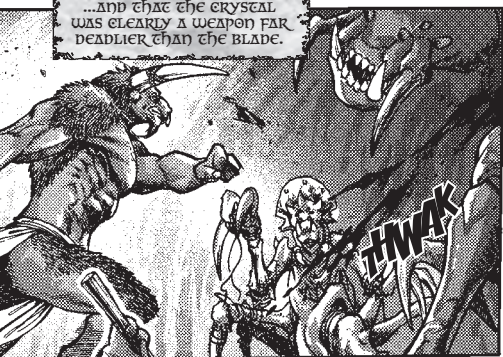


And then...

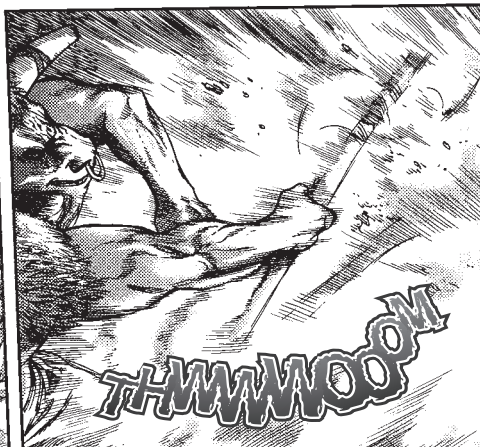


IRAG knew that he had to get past these two and the others before the others caught up with him...

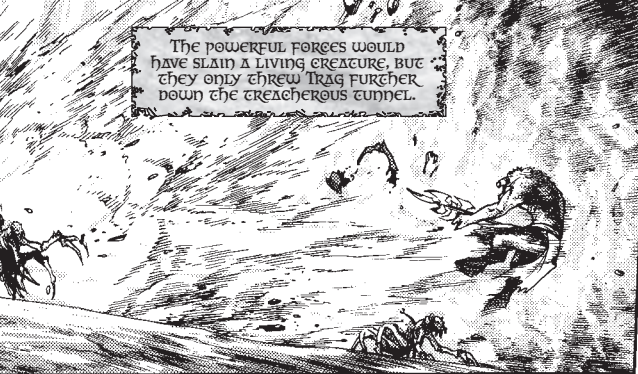
...and that the crystal was clearly a weapon far deadlier than the blade.



There were too many foes now converging on Irag... leaving the Tauren with only one chance... one hope...



The powerful forces would have slain a living creature, but they only threw Trag further down the treacherous tunnel.



While above...

IT HAS CEASED!



The tauren sensed the tundra finally still, but there was no going back now... only forward... ever forward...



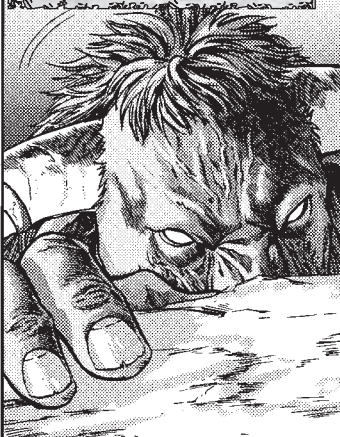
TRAG DID THIS...



Finally, when days had surely passed above, he at last came across an exit... an exit at the bottom of a great pit.



For Trag also sensed—through the dark forces animating him—that his underground creek had taken him to where he had intended to go all along...



There was no choice—no other desire—but to climb up, no matter how arduous the effort.



...ICECROWN.

TRAG HAD AT LAST
REACHED THE CHILL
CITADEL OF THE
LICH KING...



CONCLUDED IN NEXT VOLUME

WARCRAFT

LEGENDS™ VOLUME THREE

CRUSADER'S BLOOD

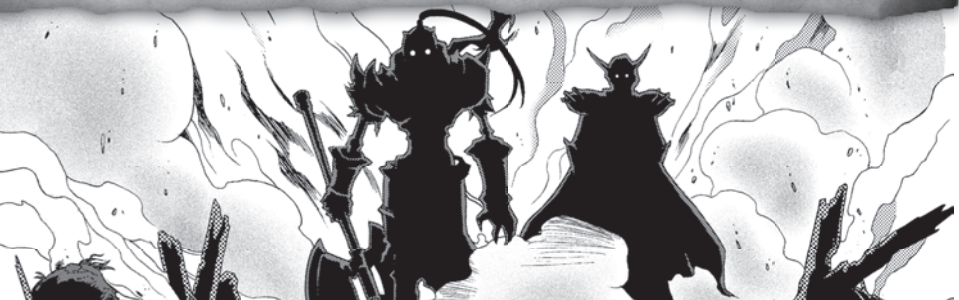
WRITTEN BY DAN JOLLEY

PENCILS BY FERNANDO HEINZ FURUKAWA

INKS BY ROCIO ZUCCHI

TONES BY JAN MICHAEL ALDEGUER

LETTERERS: LUCAS RIVERA
& MICHAEL PAOLILLI



BRIEE--TIRISFAE GLADES

NOT SO LONG AGO...

UNLESS YOU'VE BROUGHT
SOME **FOOD**, I'LL THANK YOU TO
GET **AWAY** FROM ME, YOU PIECE
OF FILTH. I'M **STARVING**.

I'LL THANK YOU TO KEEP A
CIVIL TONGUE IN YOUR HEAD
WHILE UNDER MY ROOF, SIR.

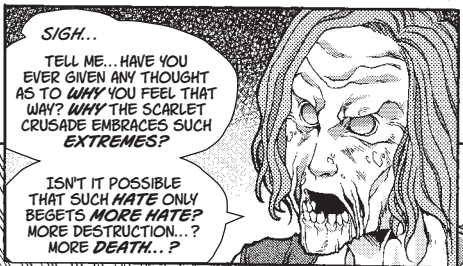
I'M NOT UNDER YOUR
ROOF BY **CHOICE**. IF MY
PEOPLE KNEW WHERE I WAS,
THEY'D HAVE ME OUT OF
HERE IN A **HEARTBEAT**.

AH, YES...
YOUR **PEOPLE**.



LET'S TALK ABOUT THEM, SHALL WE?

THERE IS NOTHING TO TALK ABOUT. THE SCARLET CRUSADE WILL CLEANSE AZEROTH OF SCUM LIKE YOU...!



SIGH...
TELL ME... HAVE YOU EVER GIVEN ANY THOUGHT AS TO WHY YOU FEEL THAT WAY? WHY THE SCARLET CRUSADE EMBRACES SUCH EXTREMES?

ISN'T IT POSSIBLE THAT SUCH HATE ONLY BEGETS MORE HATE? MORE DESTRUCTION...? MORE DEATH...?

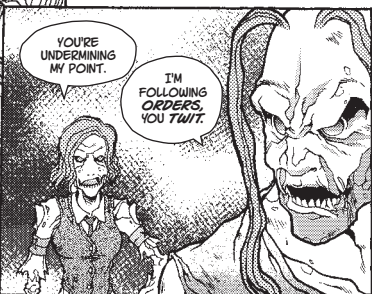


I NEED ONLY GAZE INTO YOUR MAGGOT-RIDDLED FACE TO KNOW WHY MY BRETHREN AND I FEEL THE WAY WE DO.



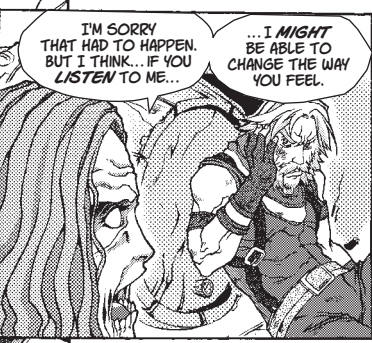
KRAAK

GUH!!



YOU'RE UNDERMINING MY POINT.

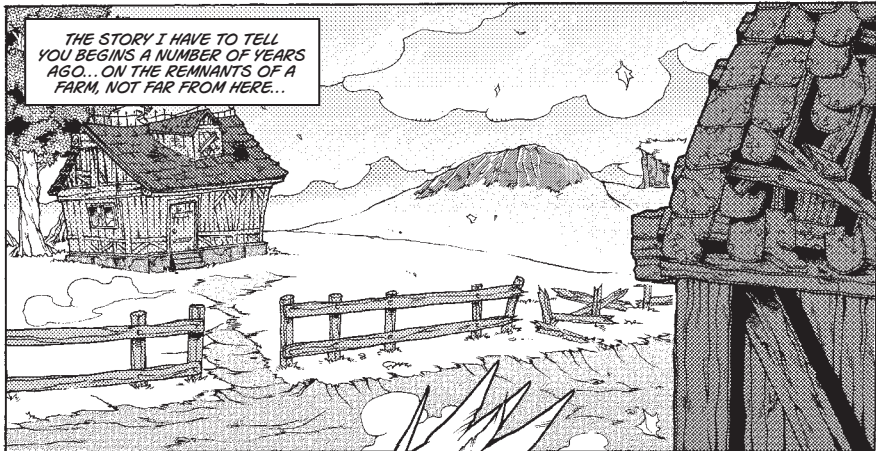
I'M FOLLOWING ORDERS, YOU TUIT.



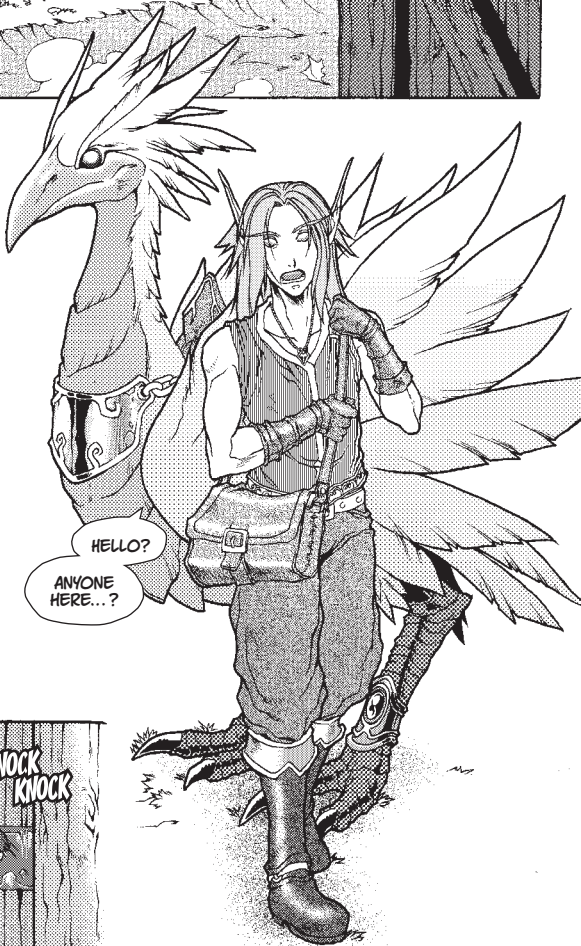
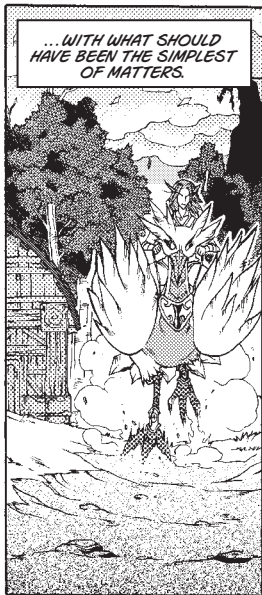
I'M SORRY THAT HAD TO HAPPEN. BUT I THINK... IF YOU LISTEN TO ME...

... I MIGHT BE ABLE TO CHANGE THE WAY YOU FEEL.

THE STORY I HAVE TO TELL
YOU BEGINS A NUMBER OF YEARS
AGO... ON THE REMNANTS OF A
FARM, NOT FAR FROM HERE...



...WITH WHAT SHOULD
HAVE BEEN THE SIMPLEST
OF MATTERS.



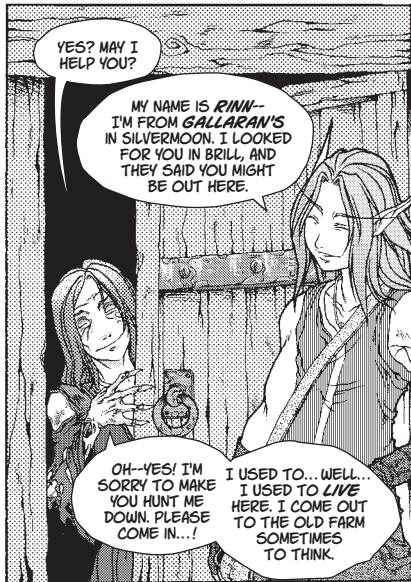
HELLO?

ANYONE
HERE...?

HELLO...?

I'M LOOKING
FOR A JILLIAN
GRELL.

**KNOCK
KNOCK**

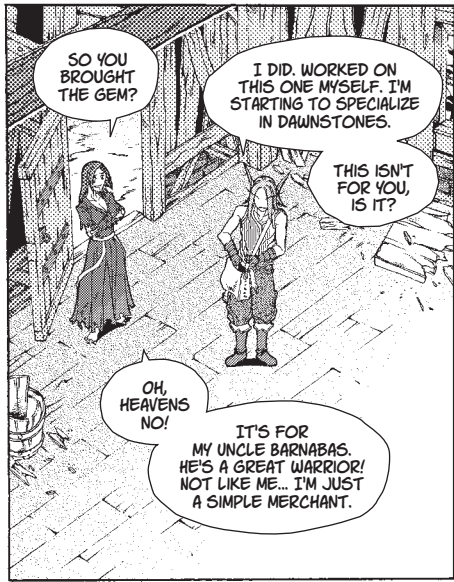


YES? MAY I HELP YOU?

MY NAME IS RINN-- I'M FROM GALLARAN'S IN SILVERMOON. I LOOKED FOR YOU IN BRILL, AND THEY SAID YOU MIGHT BE OUT HERE.

OH--YES! I'M SORRY TO MAKE YOU HUNT ME DOWN. PLEASE COME IN...!

I USED TO... WELL... I USED TO *LIVE* HERE. I COME OUT TO THE OLD FARM SOMETIMES TO THINK.



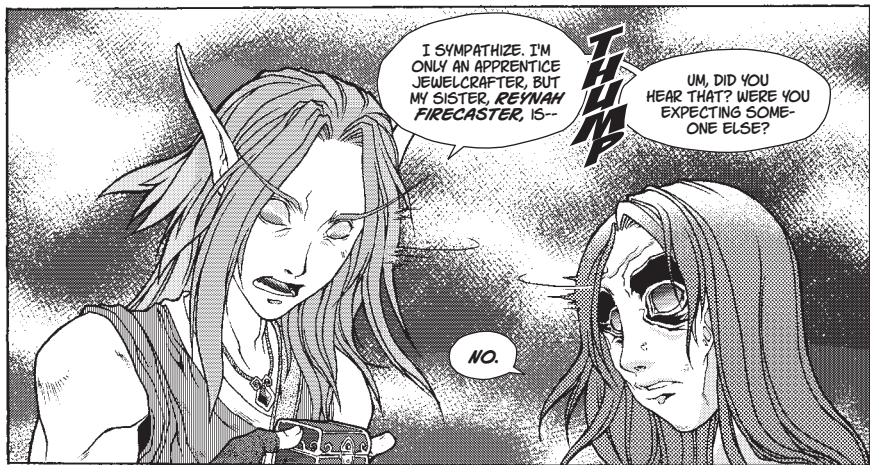
SO YOU BROUGHT THE GEM?

I DID. WORKED ON THIS ONE MYSELF. I'M STARTING TO SPECIALIZE IN DAWNSTONES.

THIS ISN'T FOR YOU, IS IT?

OH, HEAVENS NO!

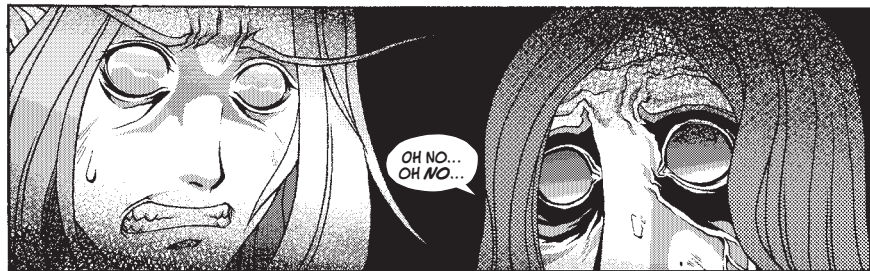
IT'S FOR MY UNCLE BARNABAS. HE'S A GREAT WARRIOR! NOT LIKE ME... I'M JUST A SIMPLE MERCHANT.



I SYMPATHIZE. I'M ONLY AN APPRENTICE JEWELCRAFTER, BUT MY SISTER, REYNAH FIRECASTER, IS--

UM, DID YOU HEAR THAT? WERE YOU EXPECTING SOMEONE ELSE?


NO.



OH NO... OH NO...



WE WERE
WONDERING
WHAT A BLOOD
ELF WAS DOING
AROUND HERE...

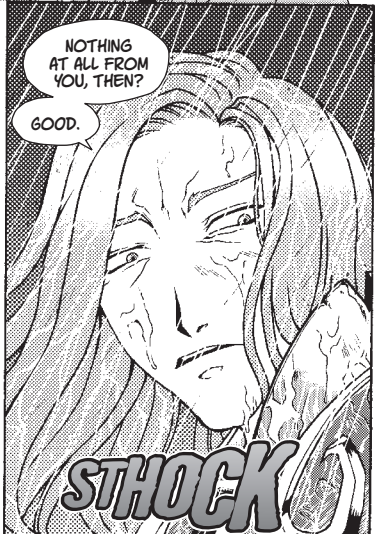
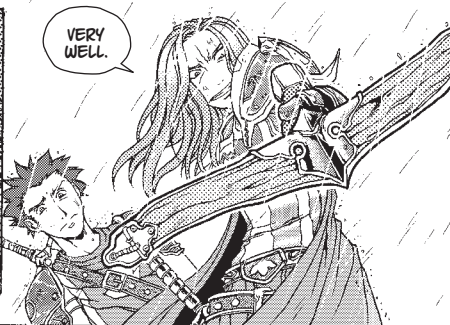
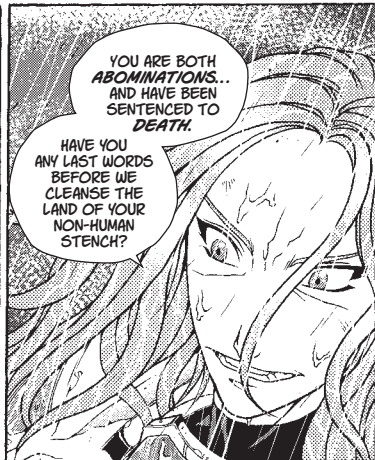
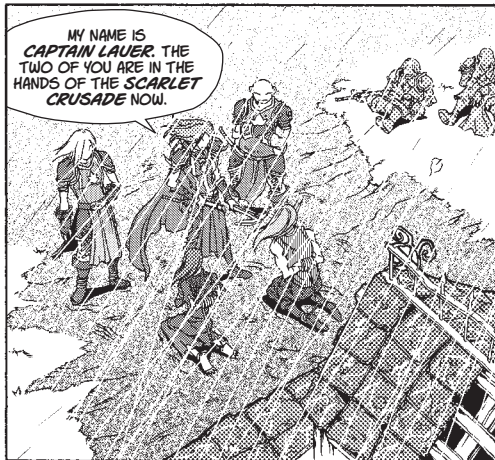


LOOK, WE'RE
MINDING OUR OWN
BUSINESS! WE
DON'T WANT TO
FIGHT!

OBVIOUSLY HE
WAS LEADING US
TO EVEN MORE
REWARDING
PREY.



I DON'T RECALL
ASKING WHAT
YOU WANTED.



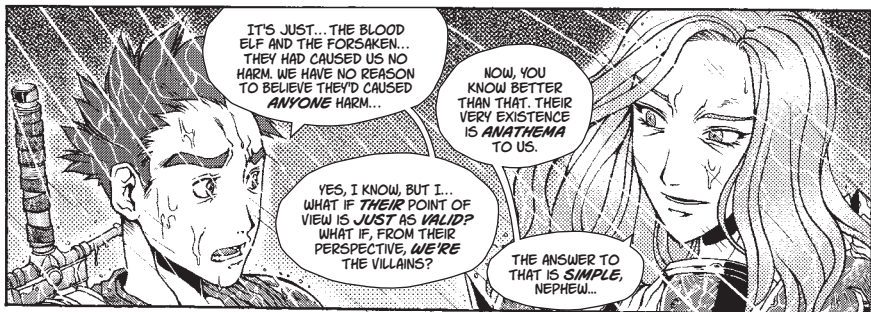


AUNT--

AH AH, STEFAN.
WHILE IN UNIFORM,
YOU SHALL ADDRESS
ME AS CAPTAIN.

MY APOLOGIES,
CAPTAIN. I... I WAS
JUST GOING
TO ASK...

YES?



IT'S JUST... THE BLOOD
ELF AND THE FORSAKEN...
THEY HAD CAUSED US NO
HARM. WE HAVE NO REASON
TO BELIEVE THEY'D CAUSED
ANYONE HARM...

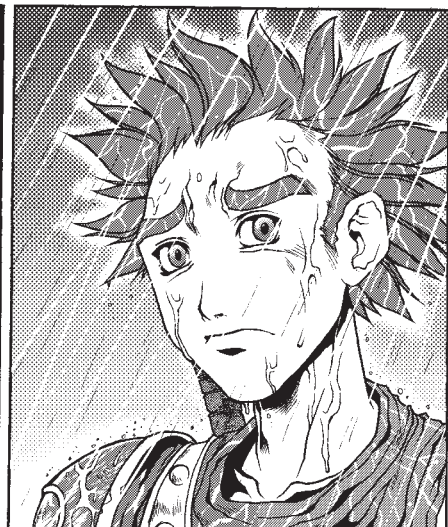
NOW, YOU
KNOW BETTER
THAN THAT. THEIR
VERY EXISTENCE
IS **ANATHEMA**
TO US.

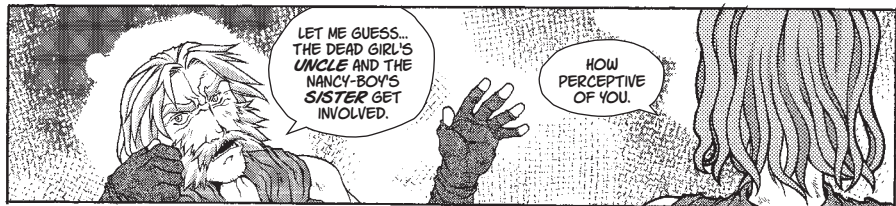
YES, I KNOW, BUT I...
WHAT IF **THEIR** POINT OF
VIEW IS **JUST** AS **VALID**?
WHAT IF, FROM THEIR
PERSPECTIVE, **WE**'RE
THE VILLAINS?

THE ANSWER TO
THAT IS **SIMPLE**,
NEPHEW...



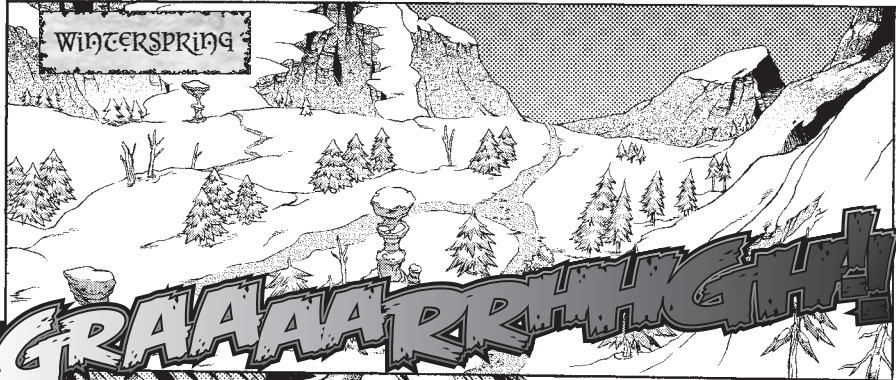
THEY'RE
WRONG.





LET ME GUESS...
THE DEAD GIRL'S
UNCLE AND THE
NANCY-BOY'S
SISTER GET
INVOLVED.

HOW
PERCEPTIVE
OF YOU.



WINTERSRING

GRAAAARRINGH!



Hrrrrhhh...



THOOOM



REYNAH!

SOVOK? WHAT'S
WRONG? DO YOU
NEED ME?

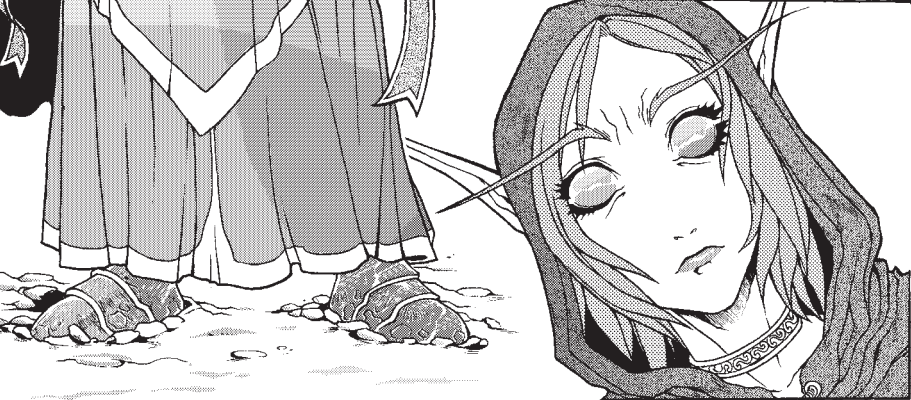
THE REST OF OUR
BROTHERS IN ARMS HAVE
GAINED THE UPPER HAND
IN ALTERAC VALLEY.
I COME TO YOU ON
ANOTHER MATTER.

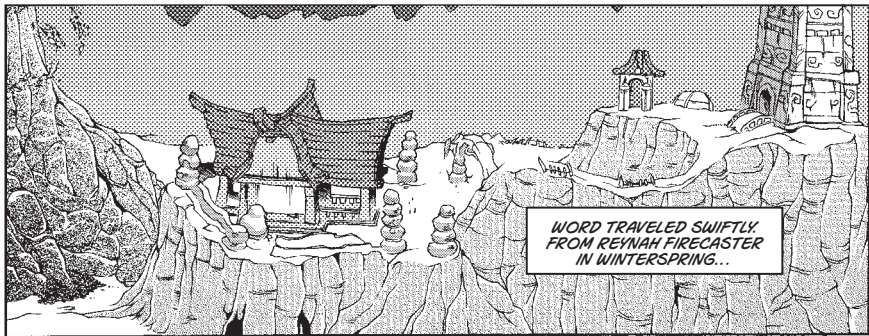
WELL?
SPIT IT
OUT!



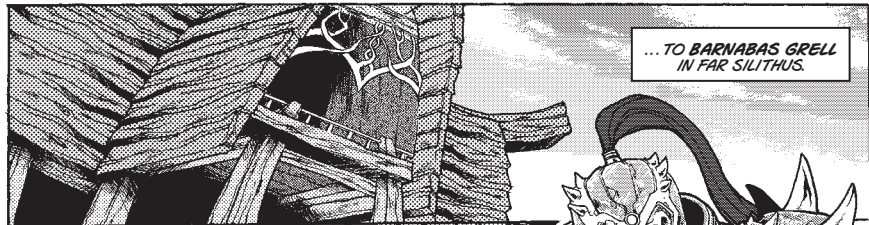
IT'S YOUR
BROTHER.
RINN.

HE'S BEEN
KILLED.

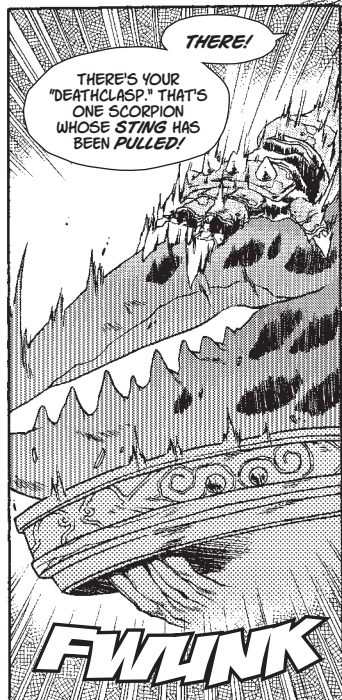




WORD TRAVELED SWIFTLY
FROM REYNAH FIRECASTER
IN WINTERSPRING...



... TO BARNABAS GRELL
IN FAR SILITHUS.



THERE!

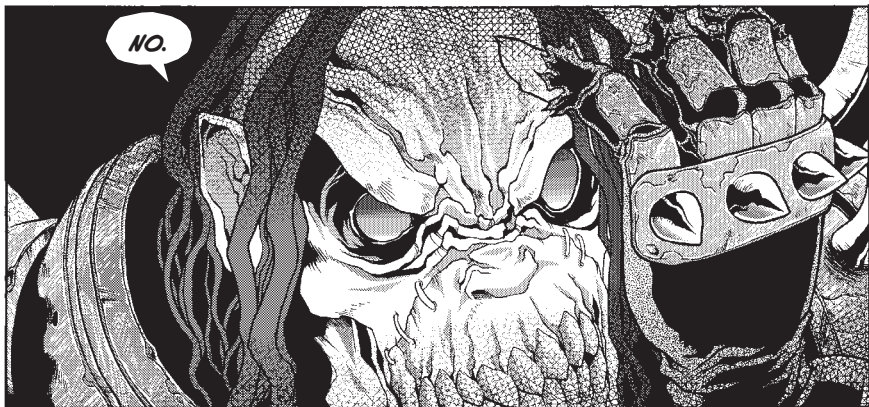
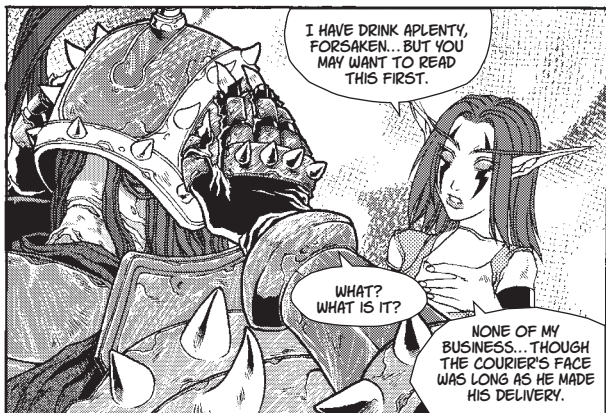
THERE'S YOUR
"DEATHCLASP." THAT'S
ONE SCORPION
WHOSE STING HAS
BEEN PULLED!

FWUNK



NOW WHO'S
GOT A DRINK
FOR ME?

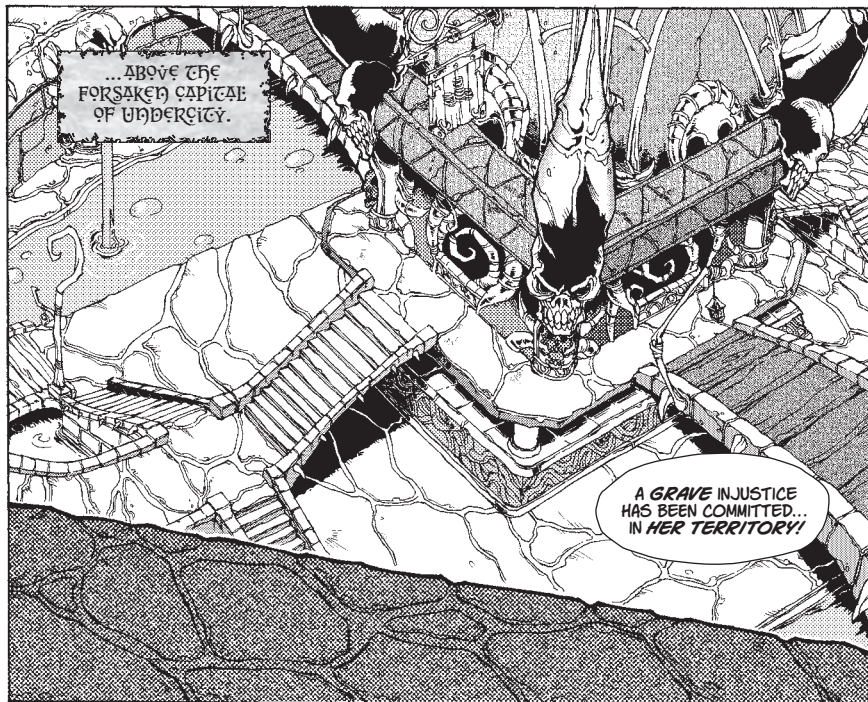
THE DUSTY WASTES
HAVE STRIPPED
AWAY WHAT LITTLE
FLESH I HAVE LEFT
IN MY THROAT.





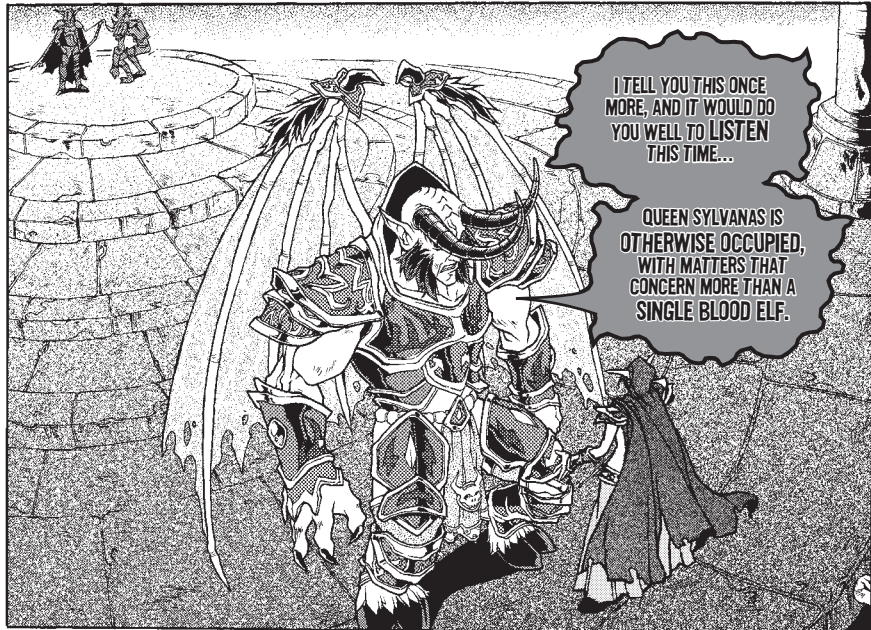
THE RUINS OF
LORDAERON...

BUT I
MUST SPEAK
WITH HER!



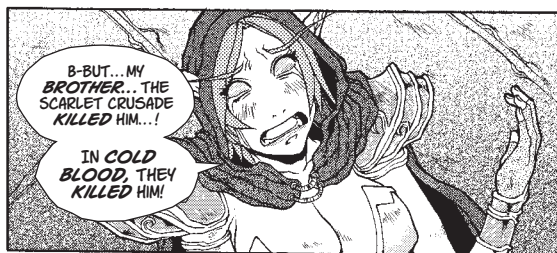
... ABOVE THE
FORSAKEN CAPITAL
OF UNDERCITY.

A *GRAVE* INJUSTICE
HAS BEEN COMMITTED...
IN *HER* TERRITORY!



I TELL YOU THIS ONCE MORE, AND IT WOULD DO YOU WELL TO LISTEN THIS TIME...

QUEEN SYLVANAS IS OTHERWISE OCCUPIED, WITH MATTERS THAT CONCERN MORE THAN A SINGLE BLOOD ELF.



B-BUT... MY BROTHER... THE SCARLET CRUSADE KILLED HIM...!

IN COLD BLOOD, THEY KILLED HIM!



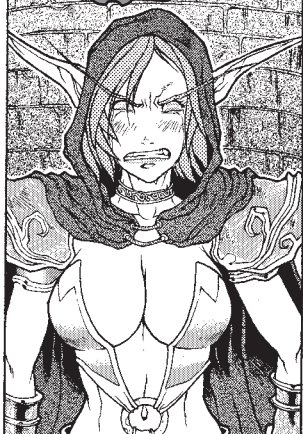
YOU APPEAR TO HAVE THE TOOLS. USE THEM.



AH, THE CRUSADE... YES, THEY HAVE BEEN MORE ANNOYING THAN USUAL OF LATE. RUMORS ABOUT A NEW CAPTAIN, A WOMAN NAMED LAUER.

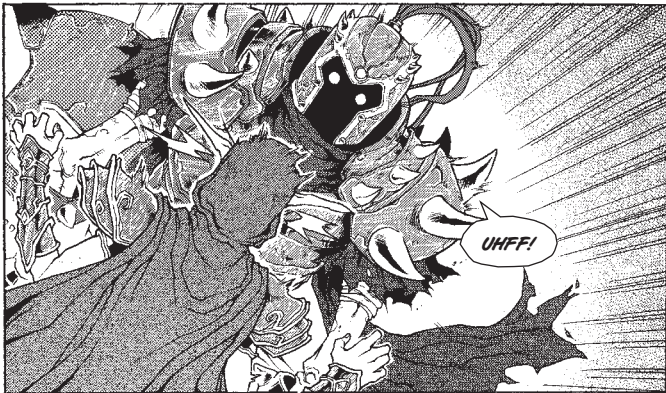
I SHALL DELIVER YOUR MESSAGE TO THE QUEEN AT HER EARLIEST CONVENIENCE...

...BUT UNTIL THEN, IF YOU WANT JUSTICE DONE... I SUGGEST YOU SEEK IT OUT YOURSELF.





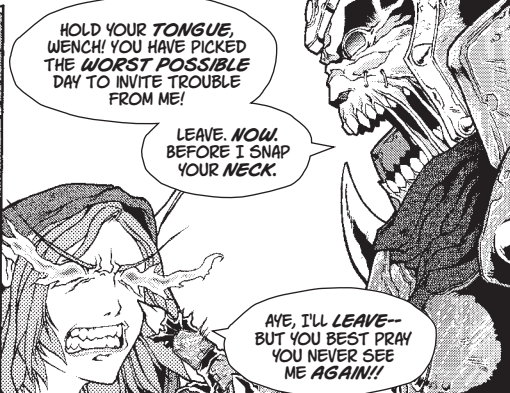
SOB...
SNIFF...



UHFF!



WATCH WHERE
YOU'RE GOING, DEAD
MAN, OR I'LL BURN
A HOLE THROUGH
YOU!

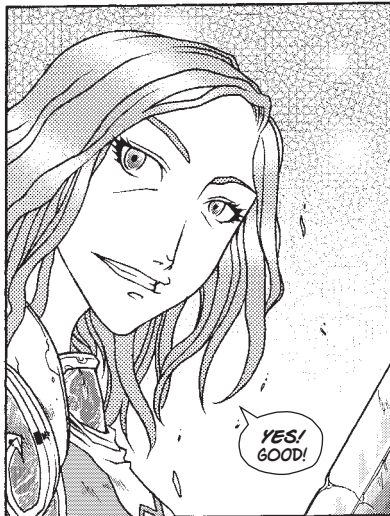
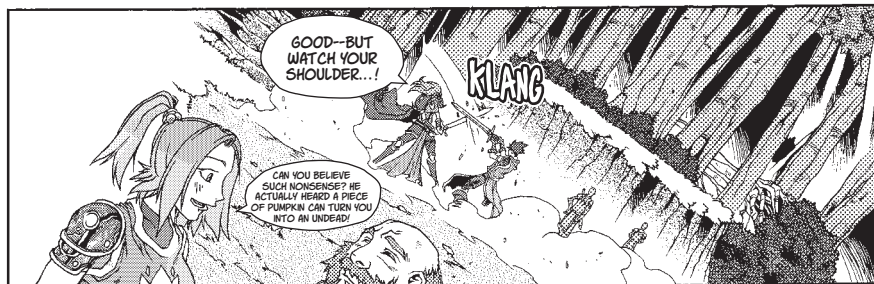
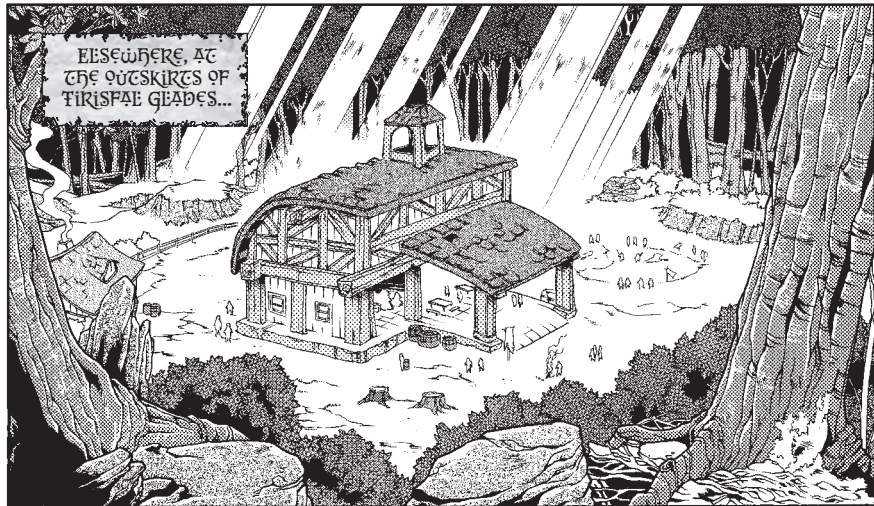


HOLD YOUR TONGUE,
WENCH! YOU HAVE PICKED
THE WORST POSSIBLE
DAY TO INVITE TROUBLE
FROM ME!

LEAVE. NOW.
BEFORE I SNAP
YOUR NECK.

AYE, I'LL LEAVE--
BUT YOU BEST PRAY
YOU NEVER SEE
ME AGAIN!!



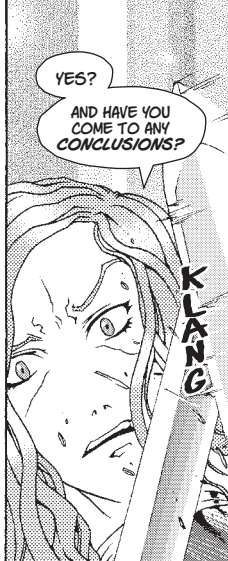




I'VE BEEN THINKING--
UNH!

ABOUT WHAT YOU SAID BEFORE...
ABOUT HOW WE'RE
RIGHT--AND
EVERYONE ELSE
IS **WRONG**.

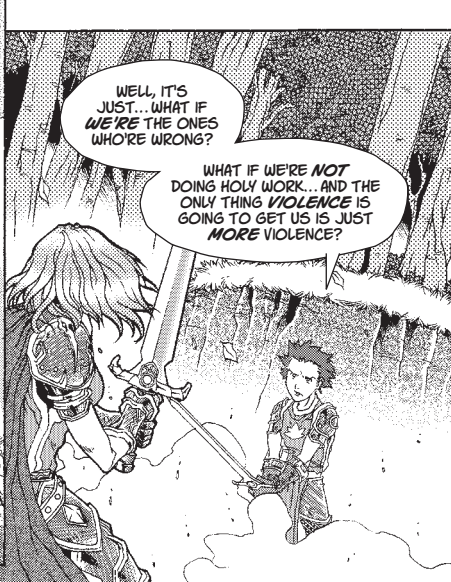
SHING



YES?

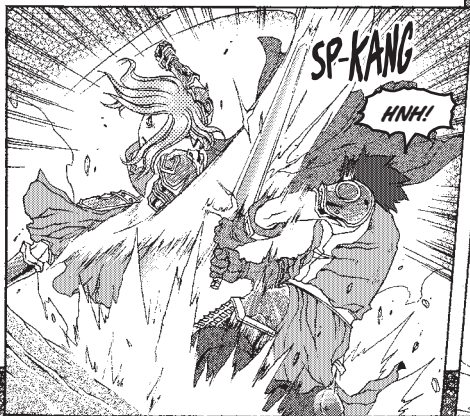
AND HAVE YOU
COME TO ANY
CONCLUSIONS?

KLANG



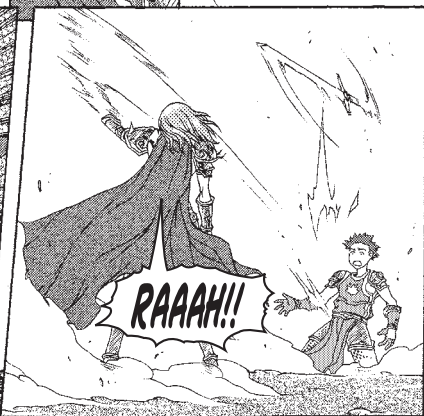
WELL, IT'S
JUST...WHAT IF
WE'RE THE ONES
WHO'RE **WRONG?**

WHAT IF WE'RE **NOT**
DOING **HOLY WORK**...AND THE
ONLY THING **VIOLENCE** IS
GOING TO GET US IS JUST
MORE VIOLENCE?

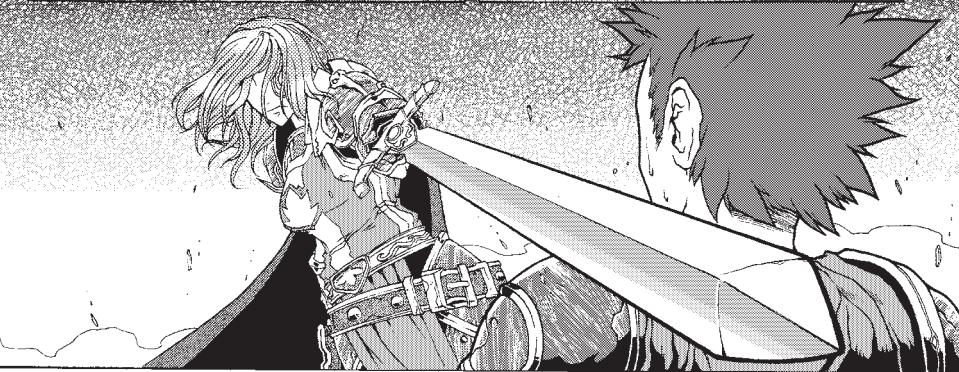


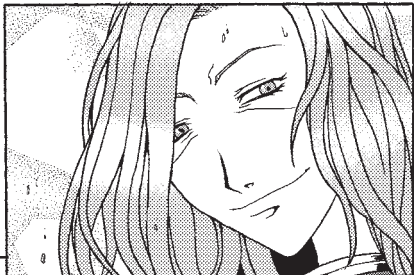
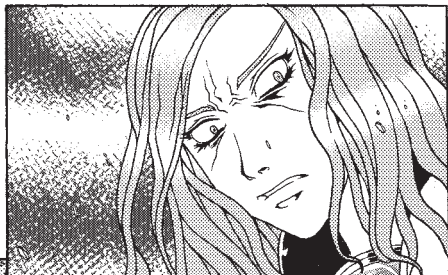
SP-KANG

HNH!



RAAAH!!





GOOD LESSON.

HERE.

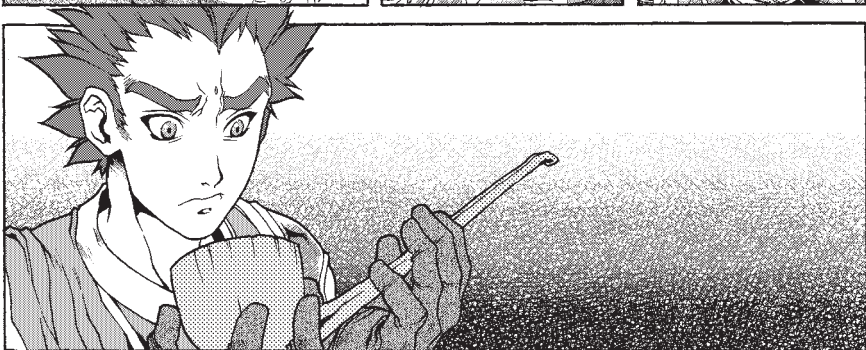
THIS IS EXACTLY WHY YOUR MOTHER, MY DEAR SISTER, SENT YOU TO ME, STEFAN.

WE'RE RIGHT BECAUSE WE HAVE FAITH.

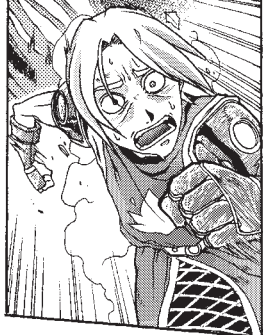
AND THE MORE TIME YOU SPEND WITH US... THE MORE YOU SEE THE WRETCHEDNESS AND DEPRAVITY THE REST OF AZEROTH HAS TO OFFER...

... THE SOONER YOU'LL SEE THINGS OUR WAY. THE RIGHT WAY.

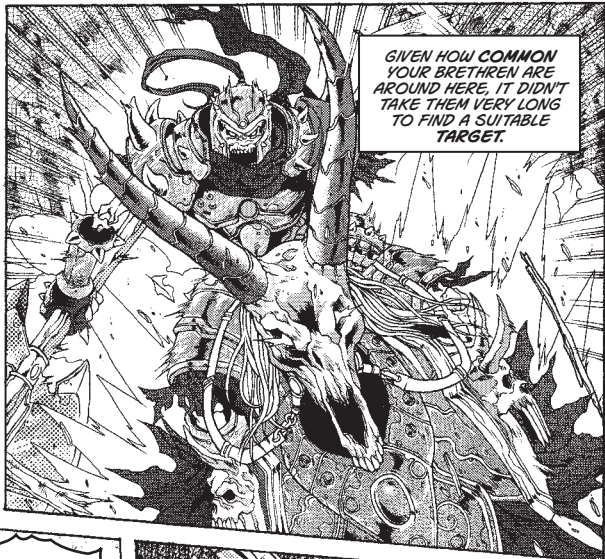
DRINK UP.



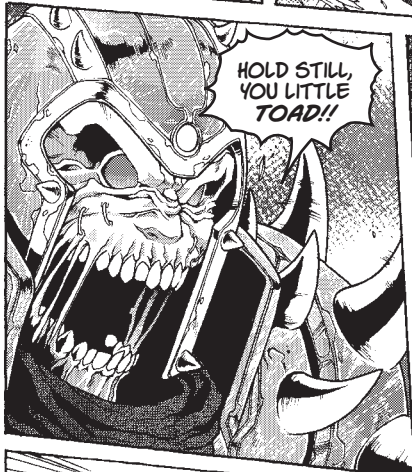
UNAWARE OF THEIR MUTUAL GOAL, BARNABAS GRELL AND REYNAH FIRECASTER BEGAN SEARCHING THE WOODS OF TIRISFAL GLADES.



GIVEN HOW COMMON YOUR BRETHREN ARE AROUND HERE, IT DIDN'T TAKE THEM VERY LONG TO FIND A SUITABLE TARGET.



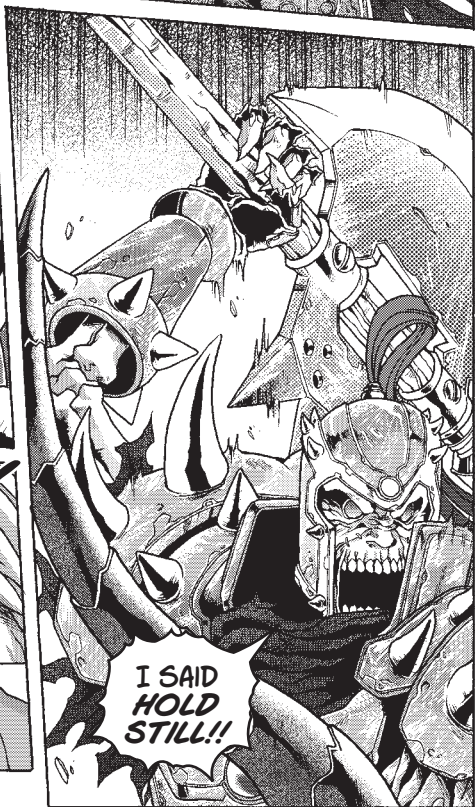
HOLD STILL, YOU LITTLE TOAD!!

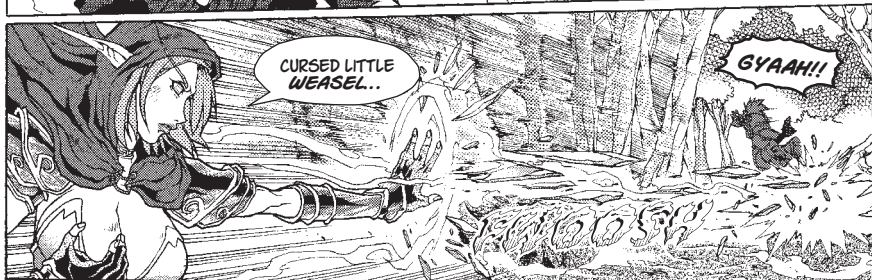
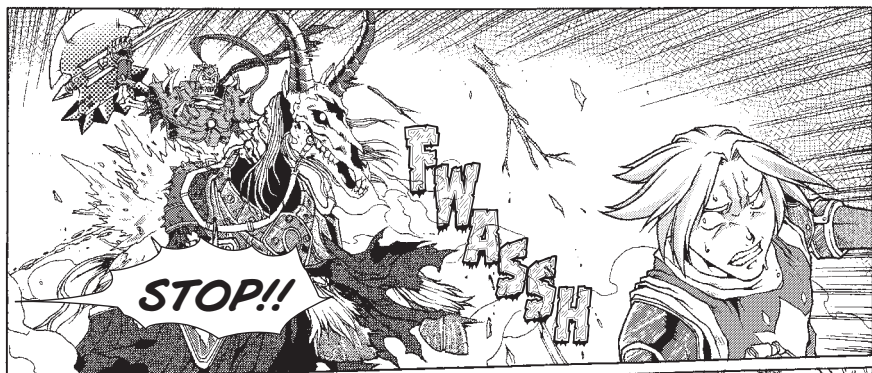


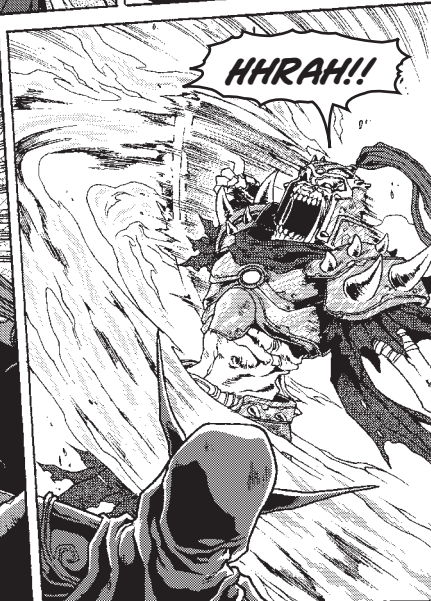
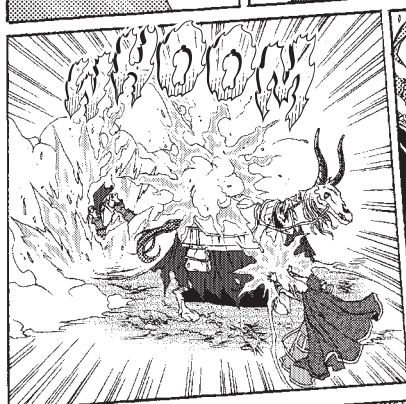
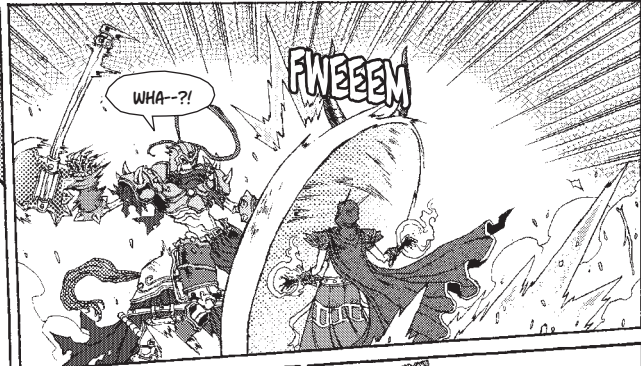
AAAAAHHH!!

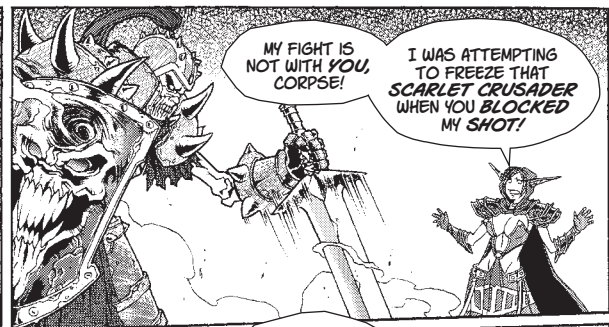
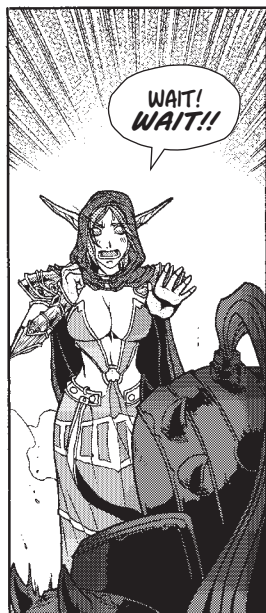
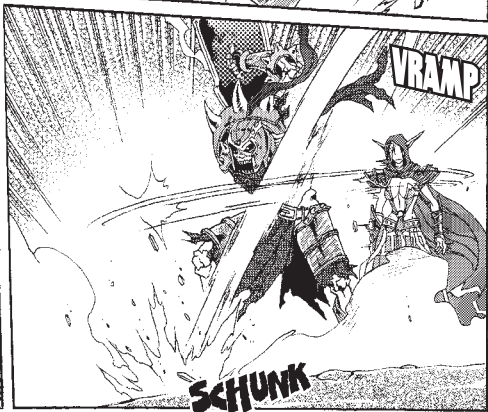
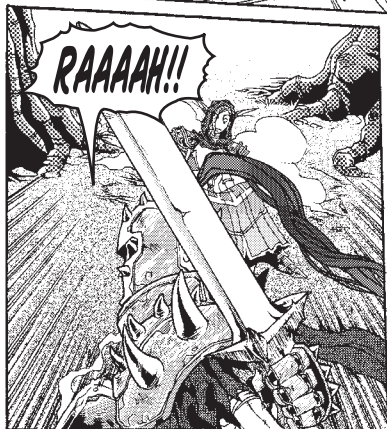


I SAID HOLD STILL!!



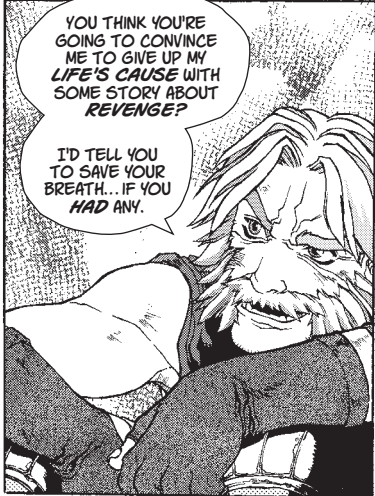








ALL THIS PRATTING ON IS POINTLESS.



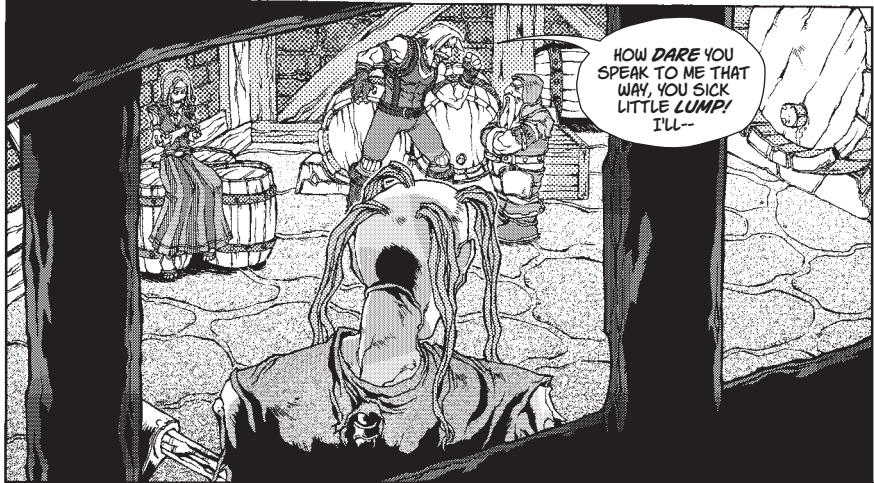
YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING TO CONVINCE ME TO GIVE UP MY LIFE'S CAUSE WITH SOME STORY ABOUT REVENGE?

I'D TELL YOU TO SAVE YOUR BREATH... IF YOU HAD ANY.

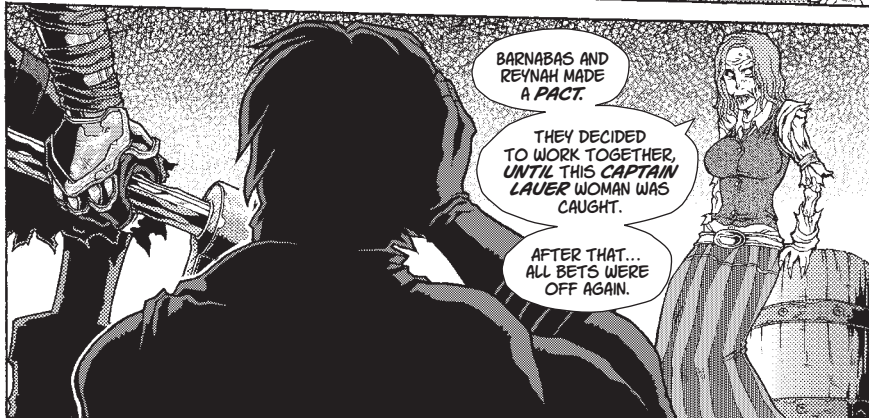
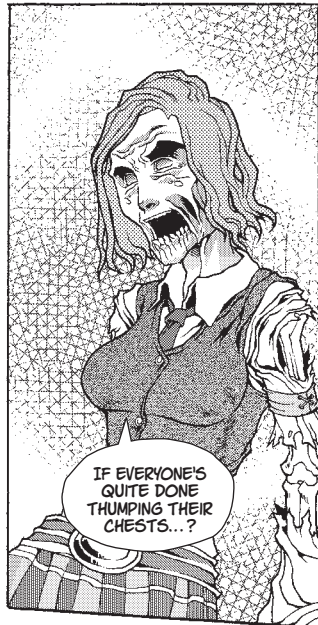
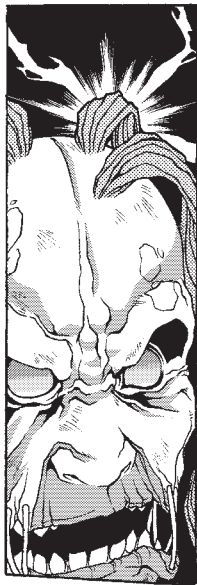


NAY... 'TIS A FINE TALE SHE TELLS.

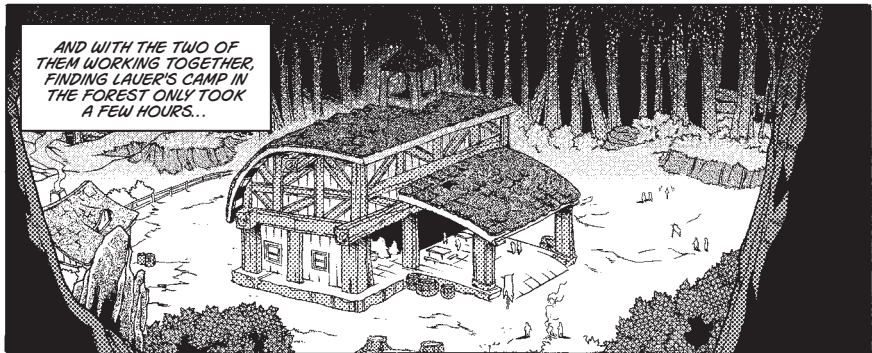
NOW LET HER TELL IT, YE SPOTTY TWIT, OR I'LL STAVE IN YOUR SKULL MESELF.



HOW DARE YOU SPEAK TO ME THAT WAY, YOU SICK LITTLE LUMP! I'LL--

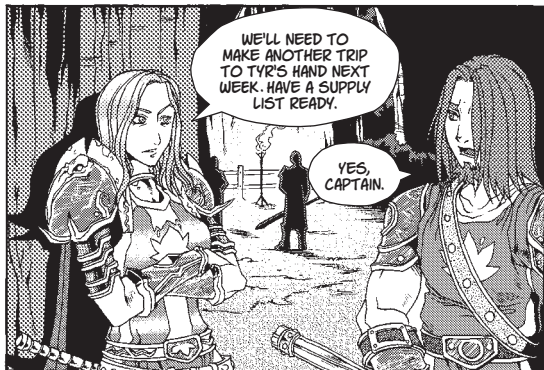


AND WITH THE TWO OF THEM WORKING TOGETHER, FINDING LAUER'S CAMP IN THE FOREST ONLY TOOK A FEW HOURS...



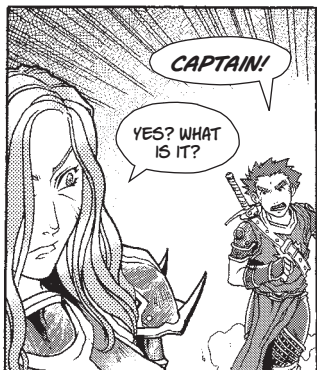
WE'LL NEED TO MAKE ANOTHER TRIP TO TYR'S HAND NEXT WEEK. HAVE A SUPPLY LIST READY.

YES, CAPTAIN.

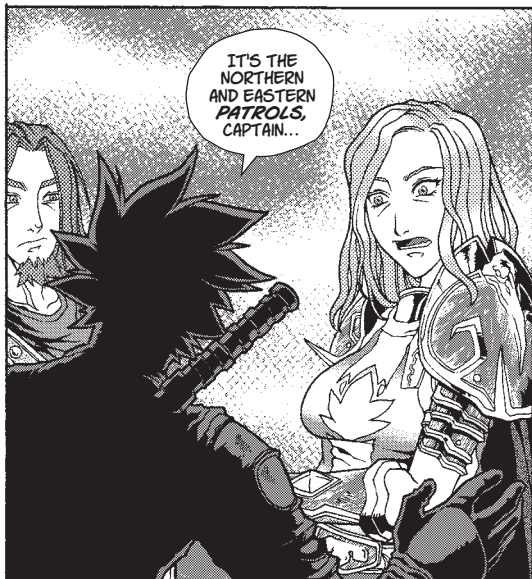


CAPTAIN!

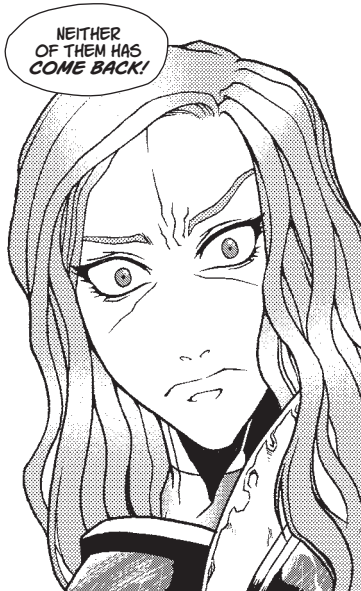
YES? WHAT IS IT?

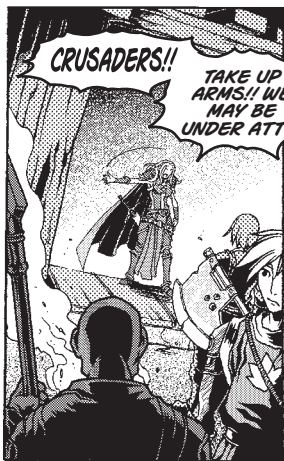


IT'S THE NORTHERN AND EASTERN PATROLS, CAPTAIN...



NEITHER OF THEM HAS COME BACK!



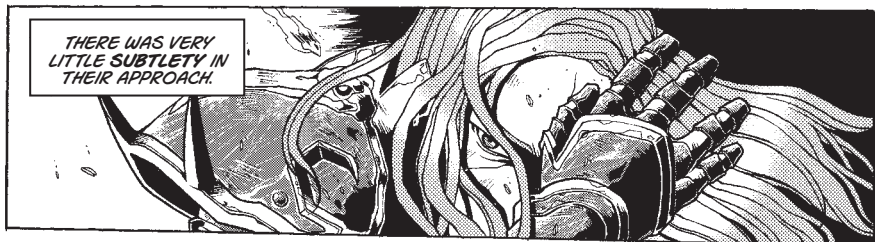


CRUSADERS!!

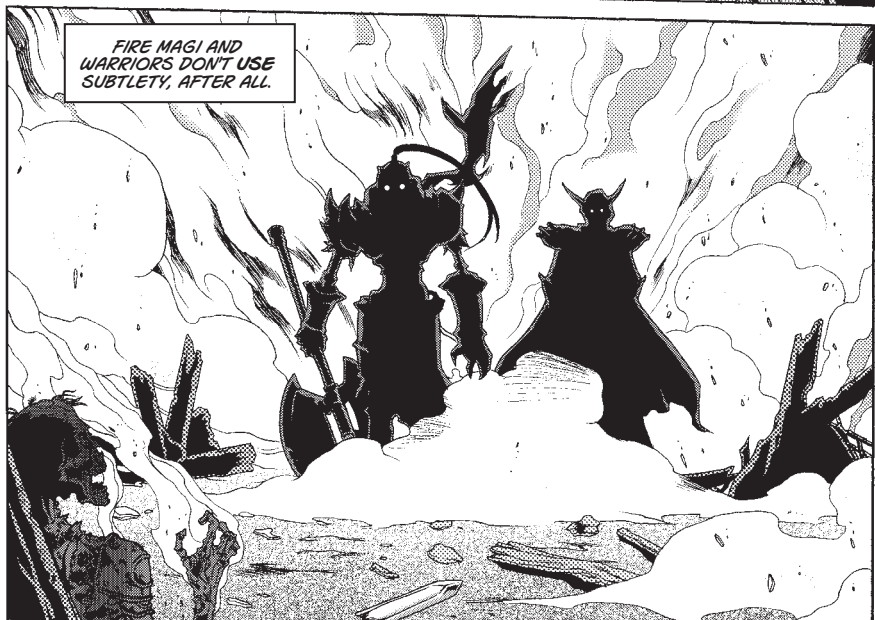
**TAKE UP
ARMS!! WE
MAY BE
UNDER ATT--**



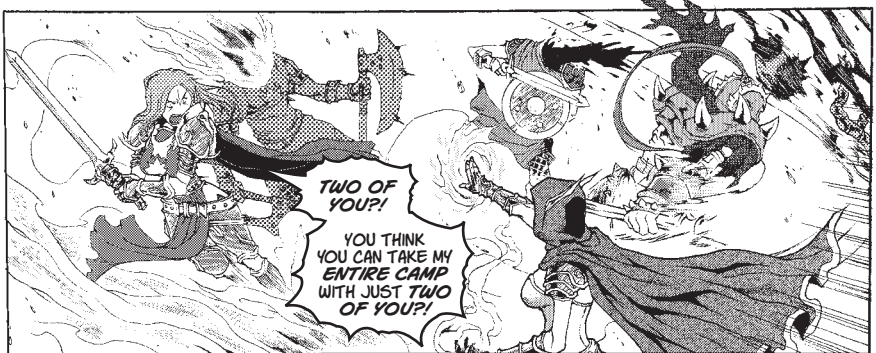
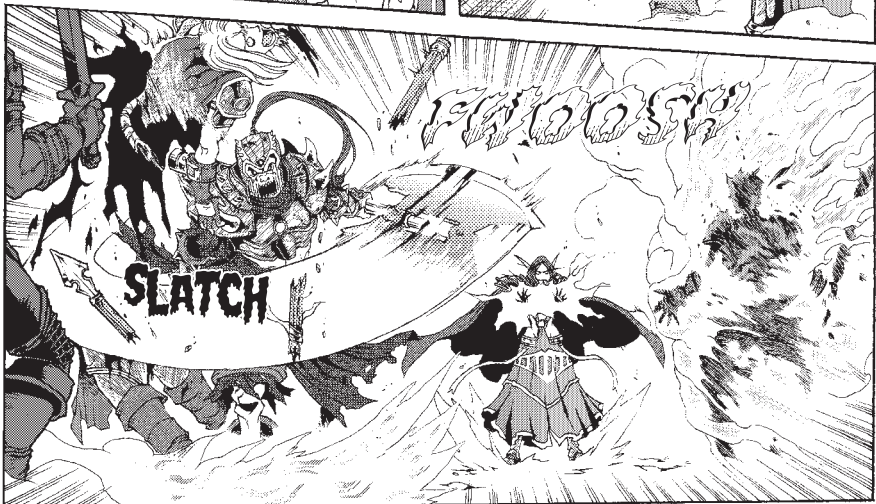
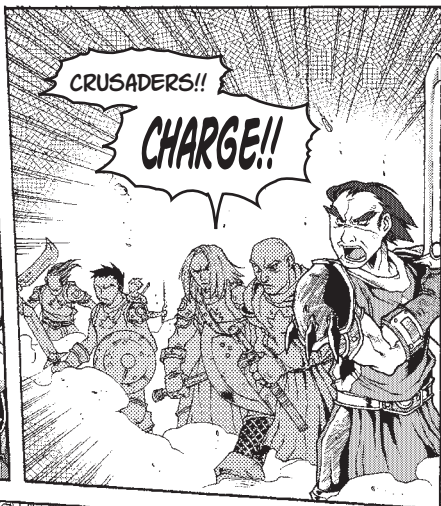
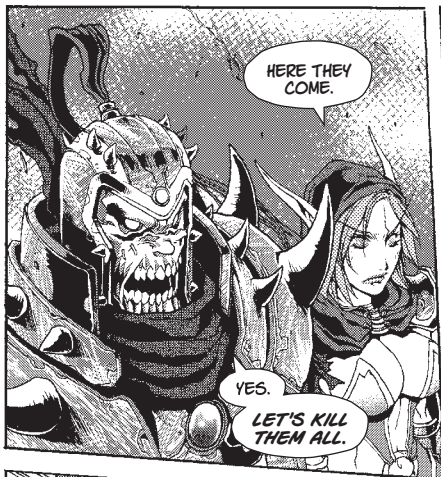
BAOOOOM

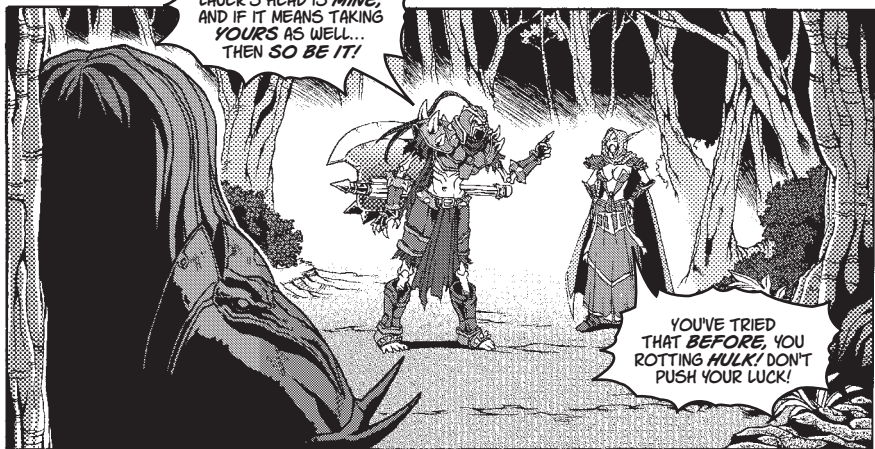
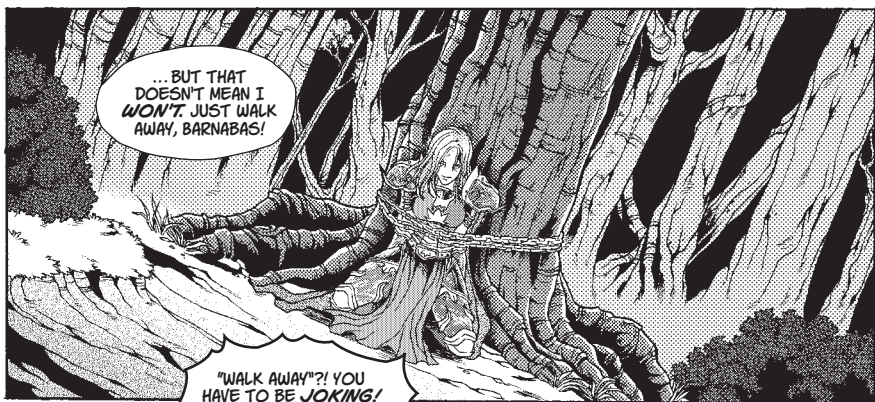
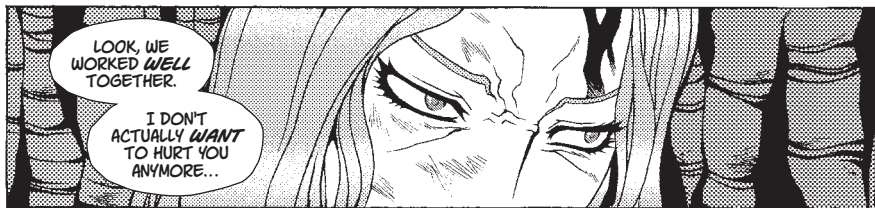
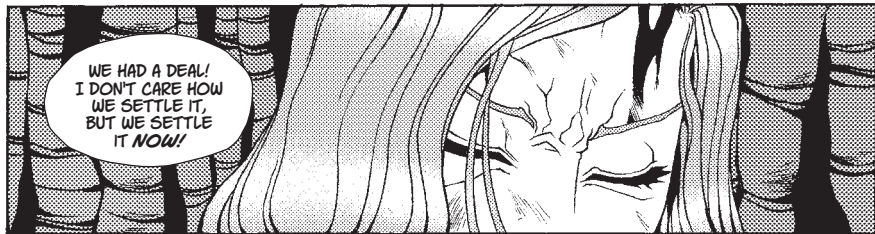


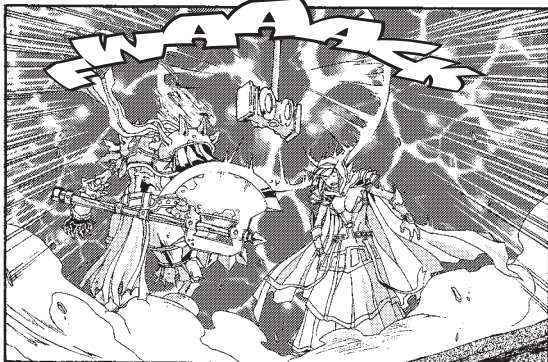
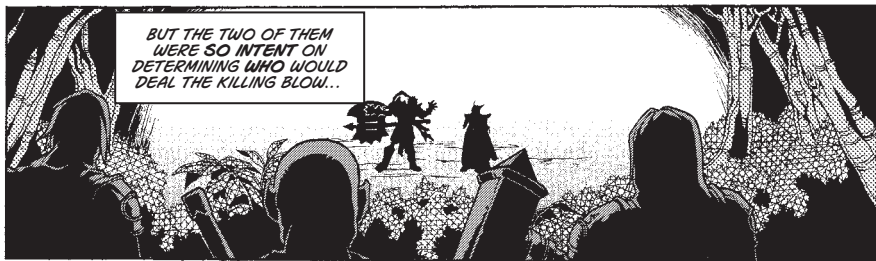
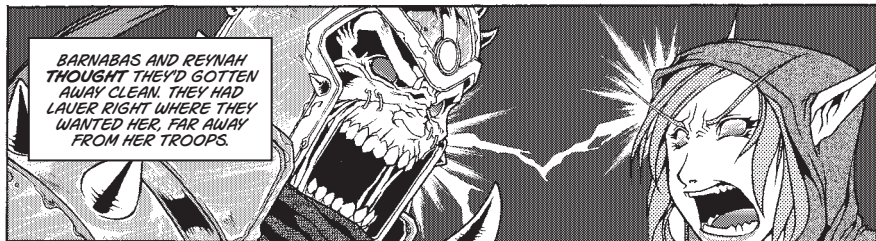
*THERE WAS VERY
LITTLE SUBTLETY IN
THEIR APPROACH.*



*FIRE MAGI AND
WARRIORS DON'T USE
SUBTLETY, AFTER ALL.*







LATER...

I'M NOT BLIND
TO THE FACT THAT
OUR CAUSE IS
UNPOPULAR...

... BUT I NEVER
EXPECTED A **SUICIDE**
MISSION LIKE THE ONE
I JUST WITNESSED.

WHAT
POSSIBLY HAVE
INSPIRED THE TWO OF
YOU TO RUSH INTO
THE **LION'S JAWS**
LIKE THAT?

YOU KILLED MY NIECE,
JILLIAN. AS INNOCENT A LIFE
AS EVER WAS... YOU TRACKED
HER TO HER
OLD FARM...

... WHERE
SHE WAS IN THE
PROCESS OF BUYING A JEWEL...
FOR ME...

... AND YOU KILLED
HER. JUST SNUFFED
HER OUT.

I CANNOT
LET THAT
STAND...!

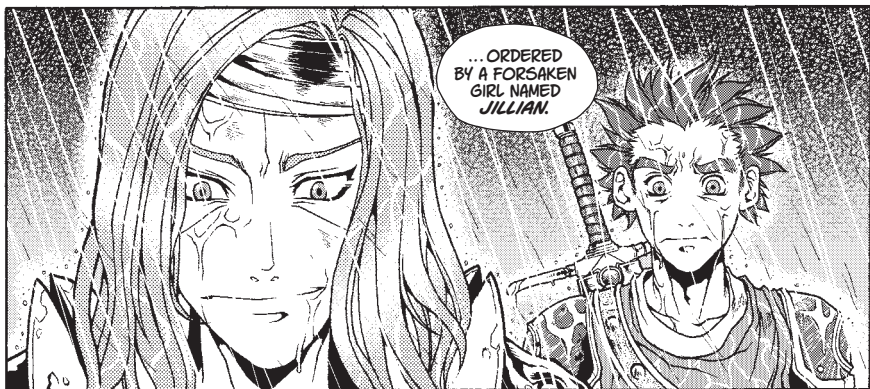


YOUR TURN,
POINT-EARS.

AND BELIEVE ME
WHEN I TELL YOU, THE
FIRST WORD YOU
SPEAK THAT SOUNDS
LIKE A **SPELL**, THAT
BOLT PIERCES YOUR
SKULL.



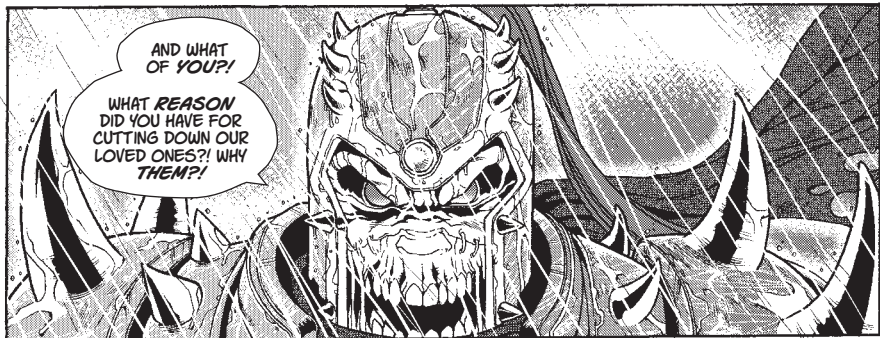
MY FAMILY ARE
JEWELCRAFTERS. MY
BROTHER, **RINN**... WENT
TO **TIRISFAL GLADES**
TO DELIVER A CERTAIN
DAWNSTONE...



... ORDERED
BY A FORSAKEN
GIRL NAMED
JILLIAN.



I BELIEVE
YOU **KNOW**
THE REST.



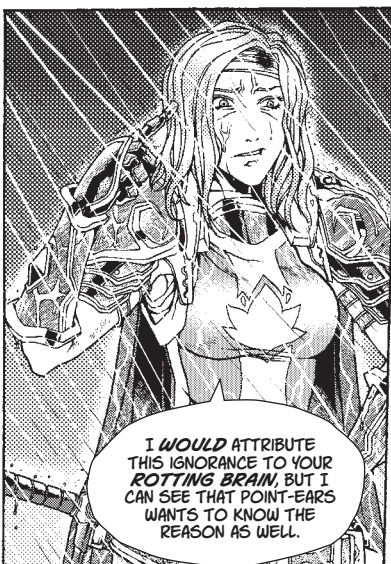
AND WHAT
OF YOU?!

WHAT REASON
DID YOU HAVE FOR
CUTTING DOWN OUR
LOVED ONES? WHY
THEM?!

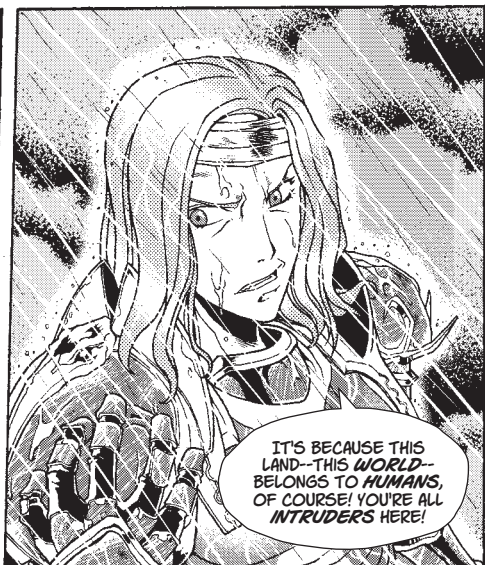


WHY?

BECAUSE THEY
WERE *THERE*.
THAT'S *WHY*.



I *WOULD* ATTRIBUTE
THIS IGNORANCE
TO YOUR
ROTTING BRAIN, BUT I
CAN SEE THAT POINT-EARS
WANTS TO KNOW THE
REASON AS WELL.



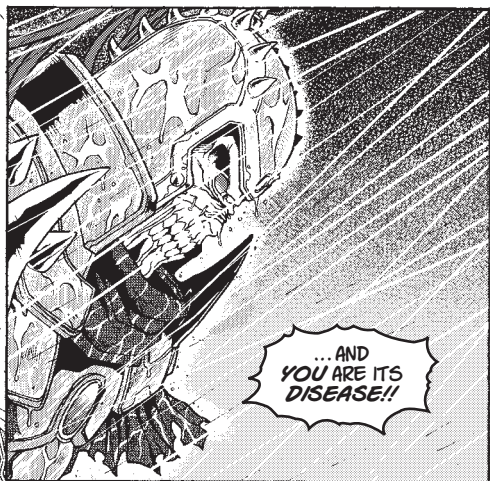
IT'S BECAUSE THIS
LAND--THIS *WORLD*--
BELONGS TO *HUMANS*,
OF COURSE! YOU'RE ALL
INTRUDERS HERE!



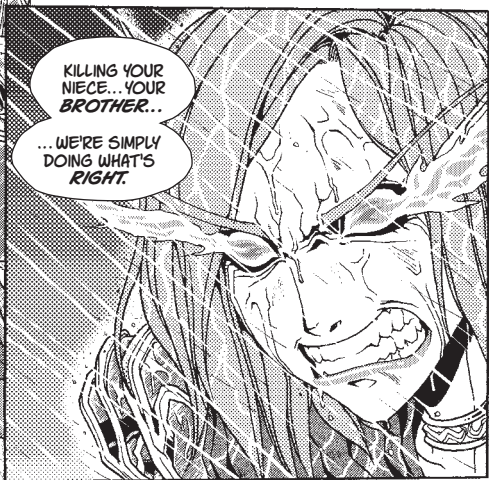
IT WOULD BE
UNCONSCIONABLE--
CRIMINAL--

--FOR US NOT TO
MAKE *EVERY* EFFORT
TO EXPUNGE YOU AND
ALL YOUR NON-HUMAN
FILTH FROM AZEROTH!
DON'T YOU SEE?

VIOLENCE...
DESTRUCTION...
DEATH... IT'S *HOLY*
WORK! THIS WORLD
IS *AILING*...

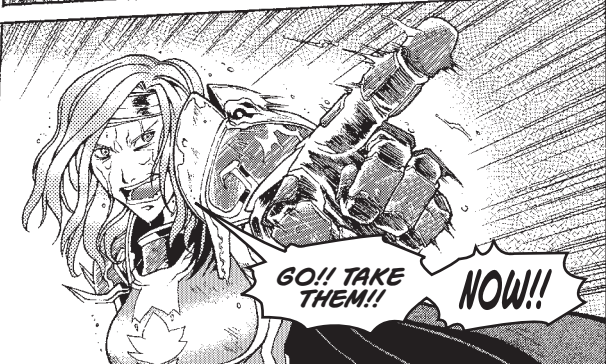
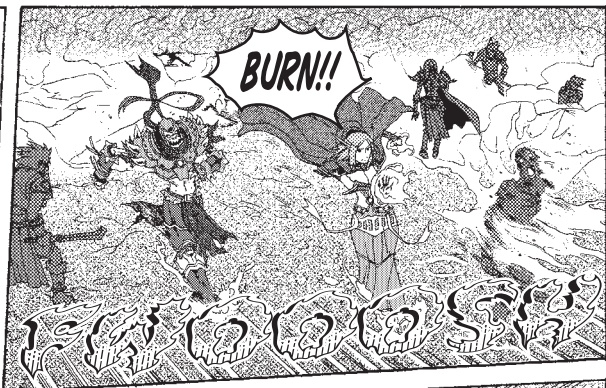
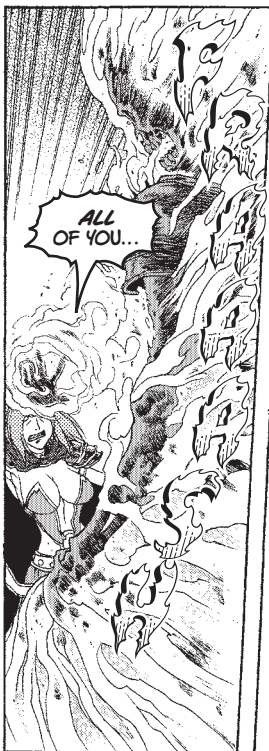
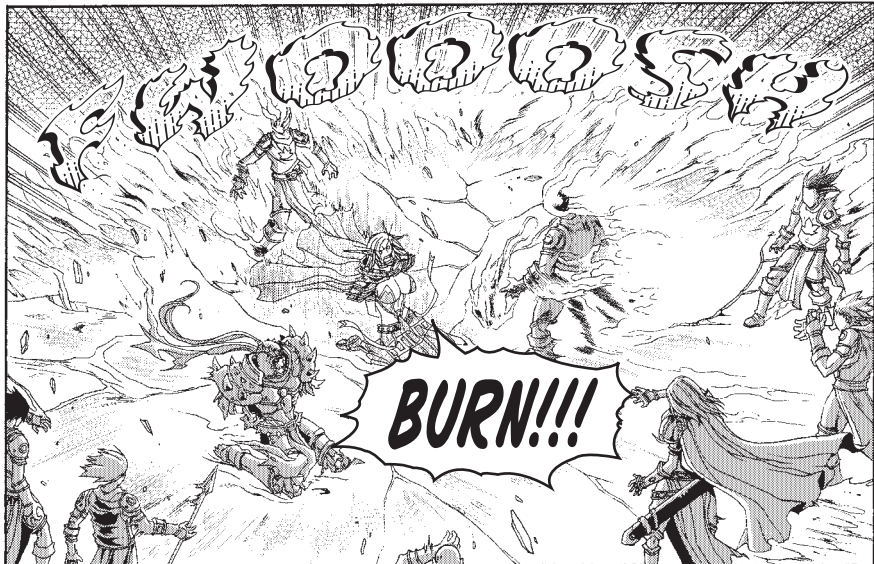


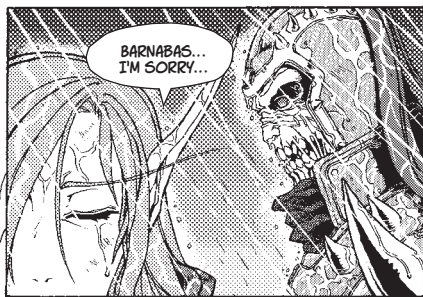
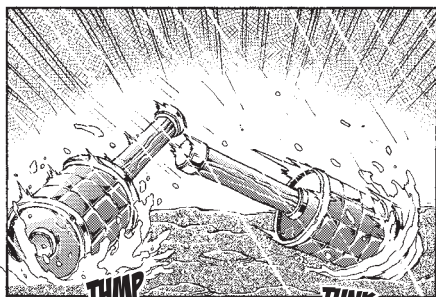
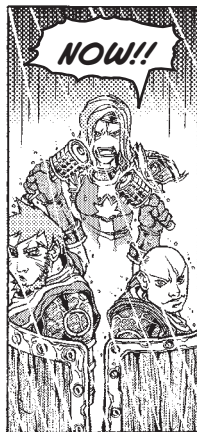
... AND
YOU ARE ITS
DISEASE!!



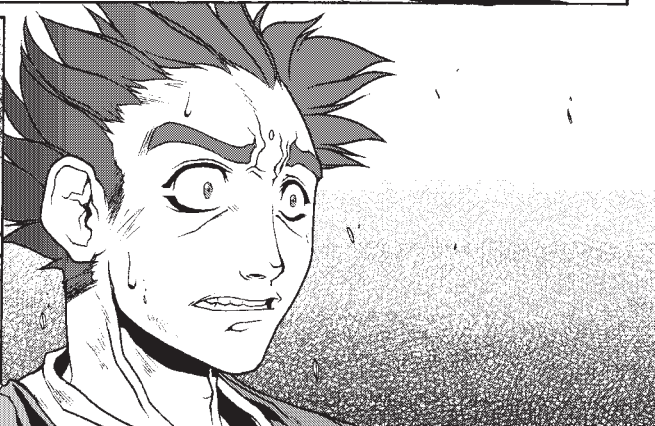
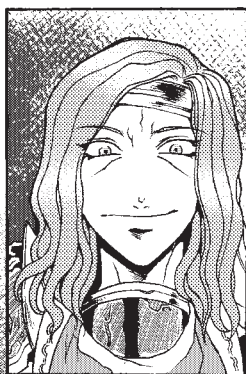
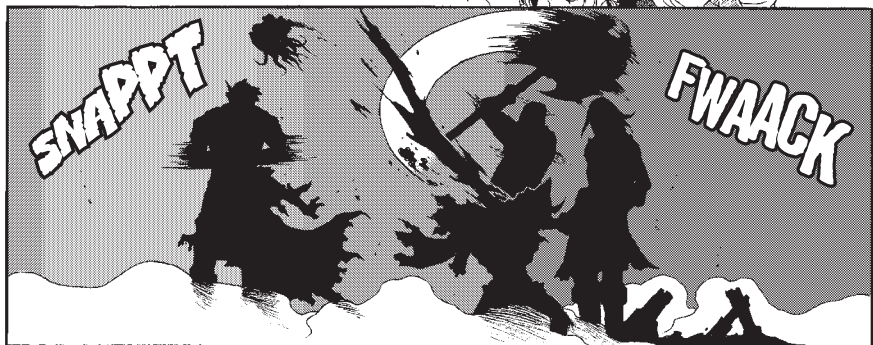
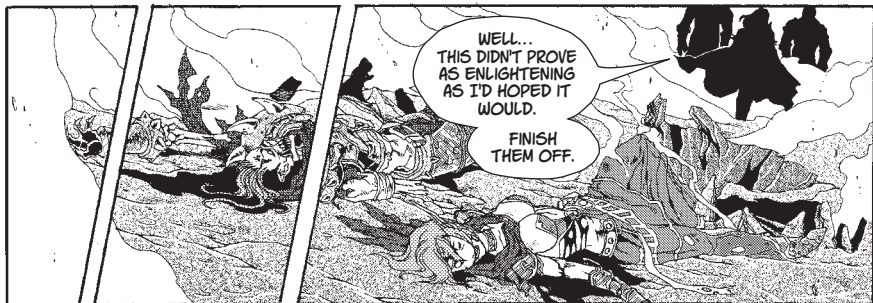
KILLING YOUR
NIECE... YOUR
BROTHER...

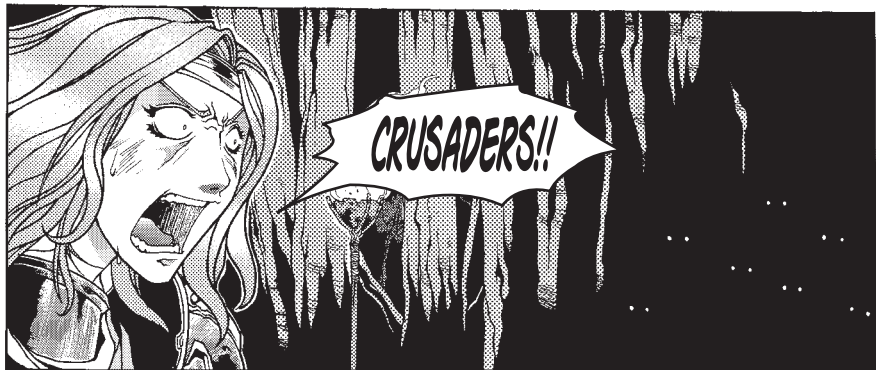
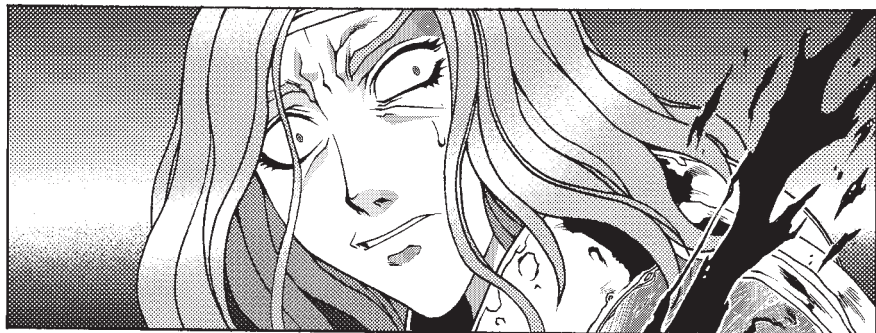
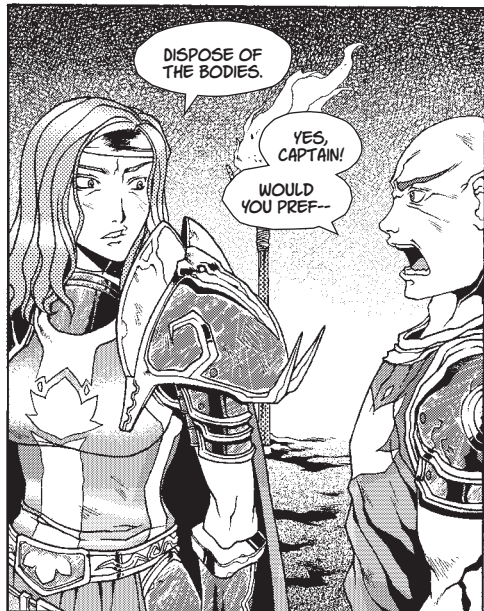
... WE'RE SIMPLY
DOING WHAT'S
RIGHT.

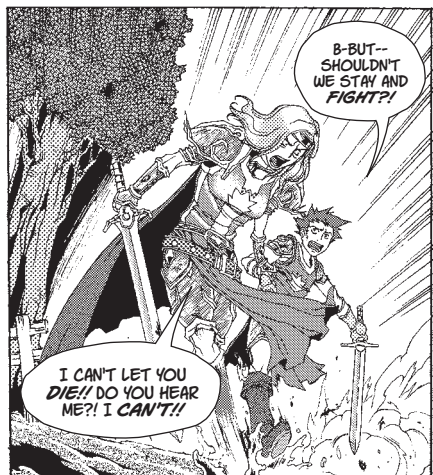
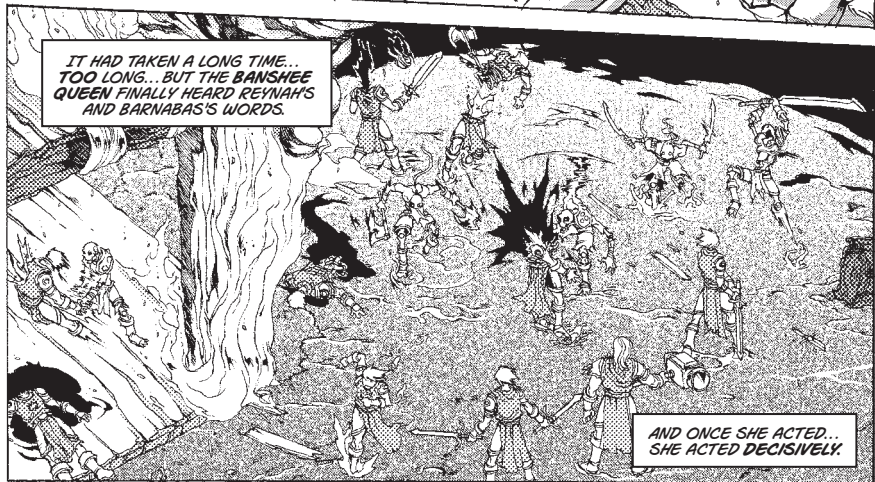


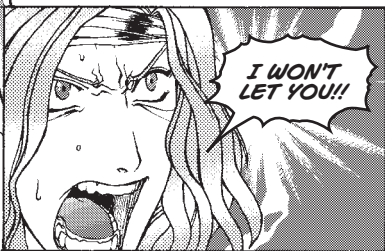
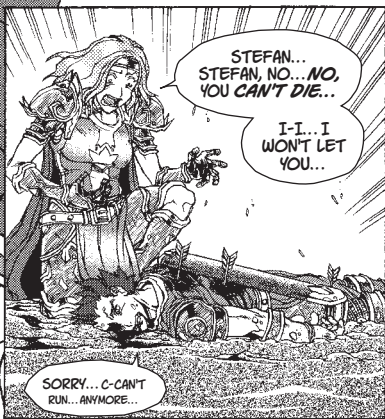
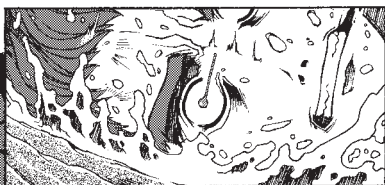
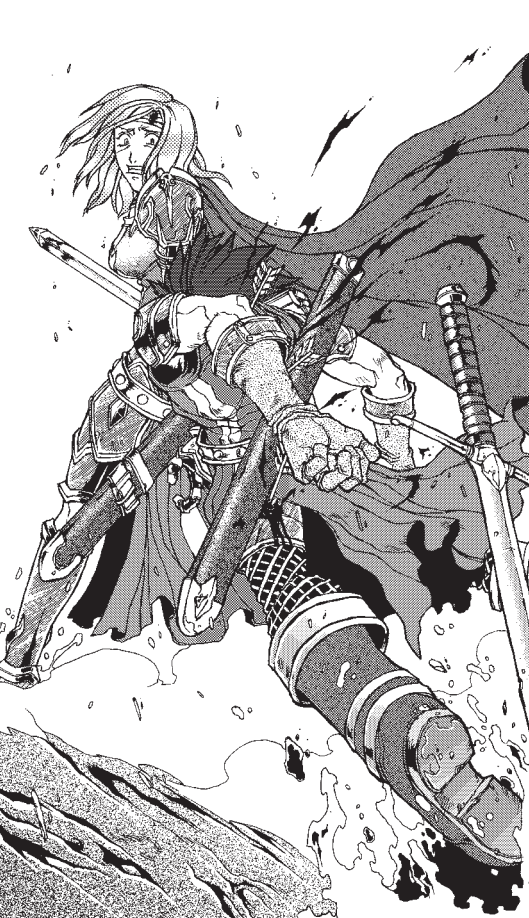
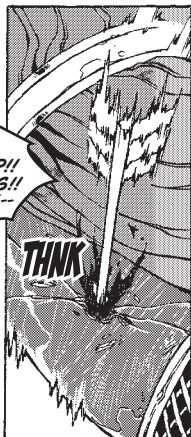


BAOOON





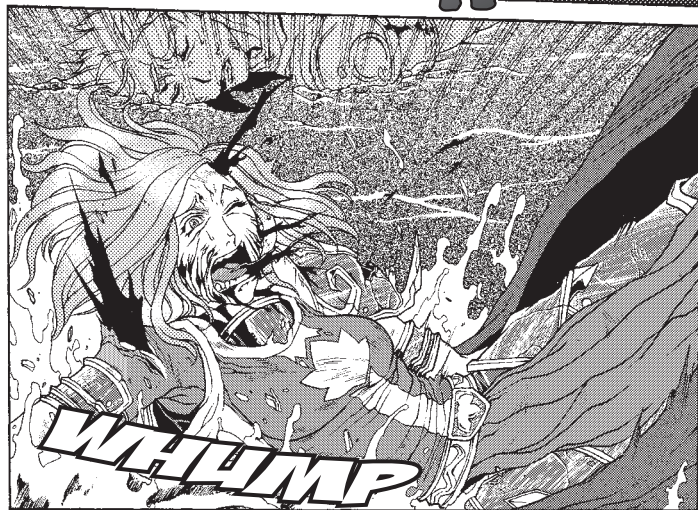
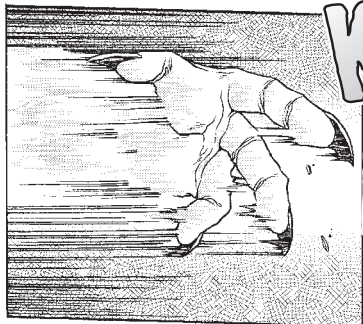
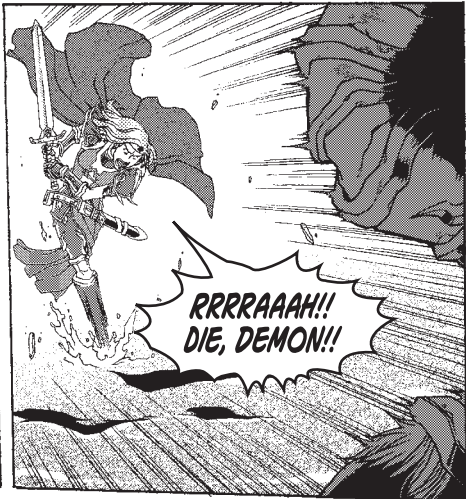
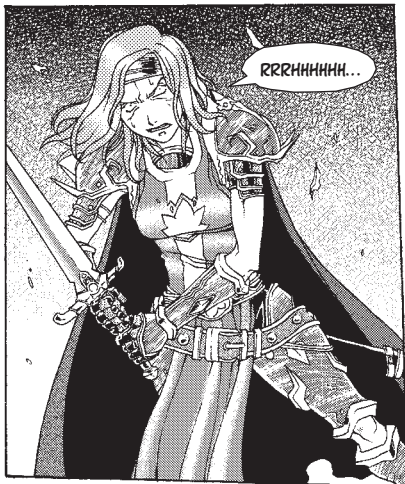


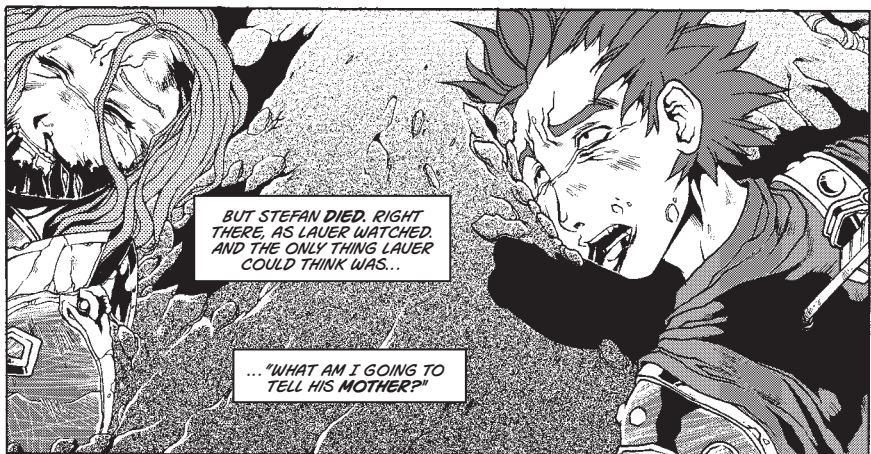
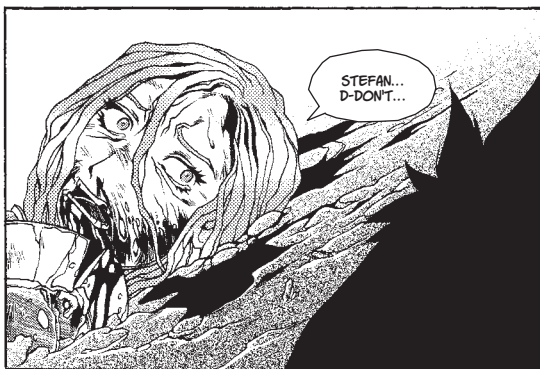


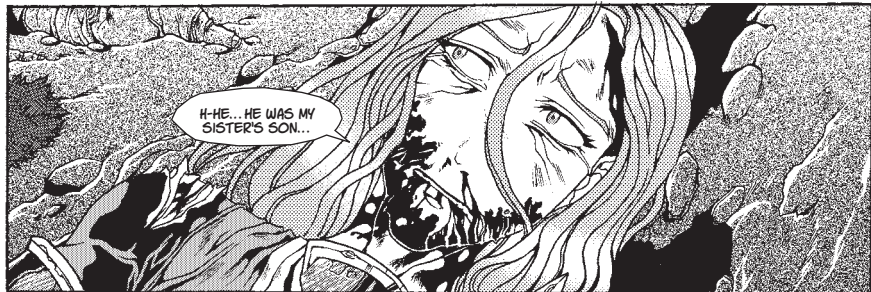


YOU MUST
BE THE LEADER
HERE.

GOOD.



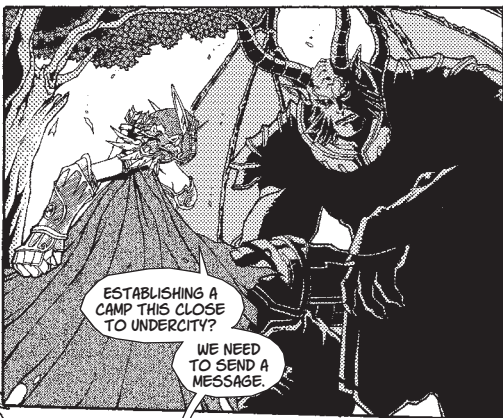




H-HE... HE WAS MY
SISTER'S SON...



PERHAPS HE
IS IN A BETTER
PLACE NOW.



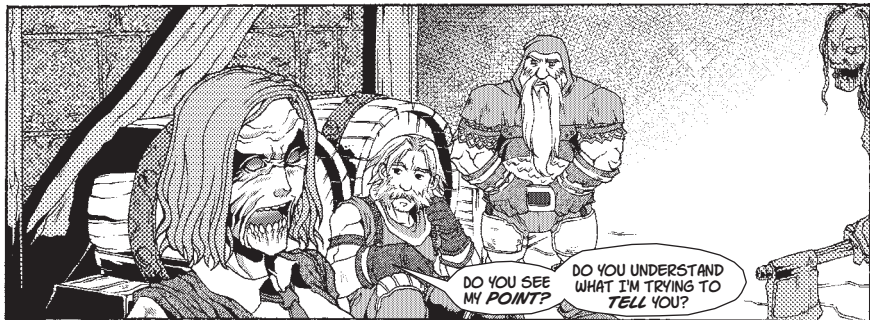
ESTABLISHING A
CAMP THIS CLOSE
TO UNDERCITY?

WE NEED
TO SEND A
MESSAGE.



TAKE NO
PRISONERS.

AND THAT WAS THE LAST
SIGHT CAPTAIN LAUER
EVER SAW WHILE HER
HEART COULD STILL BEAT



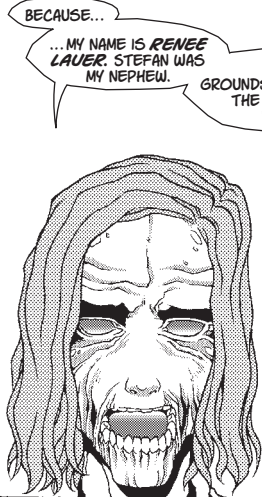
DO YOU SEE
MY POINT?

DO YOU UNDERSTAND
WHAT I'M TRYING TO
TELL YOU?



WAIT, WAIT,
WAIT. WAIT JUST
A MINUTE...

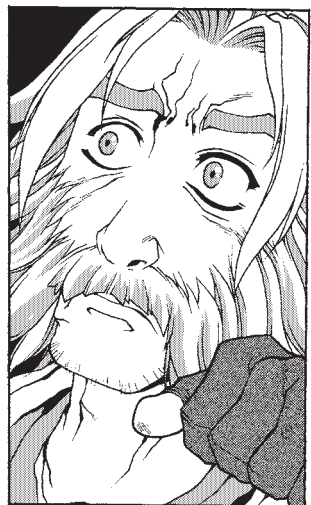
HOW DO YOU
KNOW ALL THIS?! HOW DO
I KNOW YOU'RE NOT JUST
MAKING IT UP?!



BECAUSE...

...MY NAME IS **RENEE
LAUER**. STEFAN WAS
MY NEPHEW.

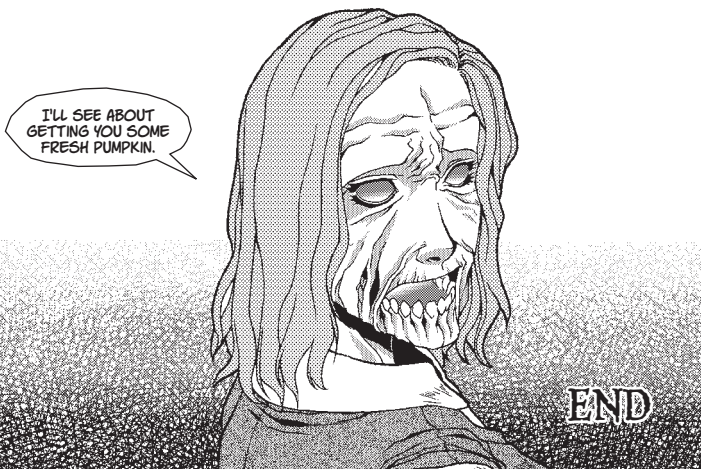
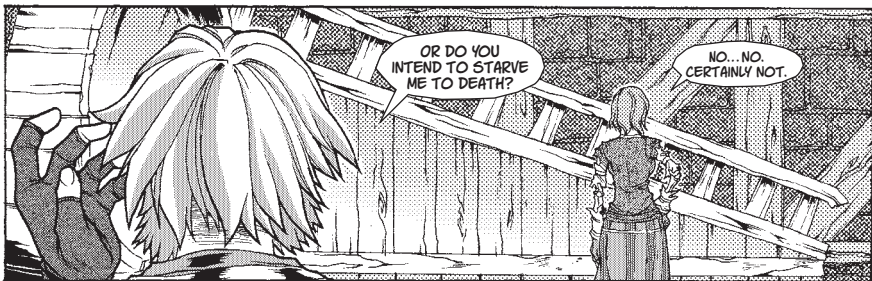
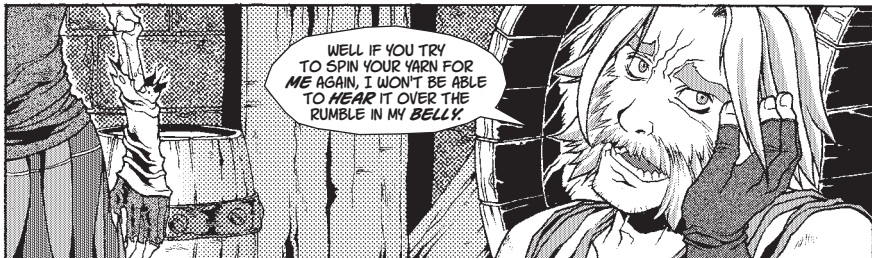
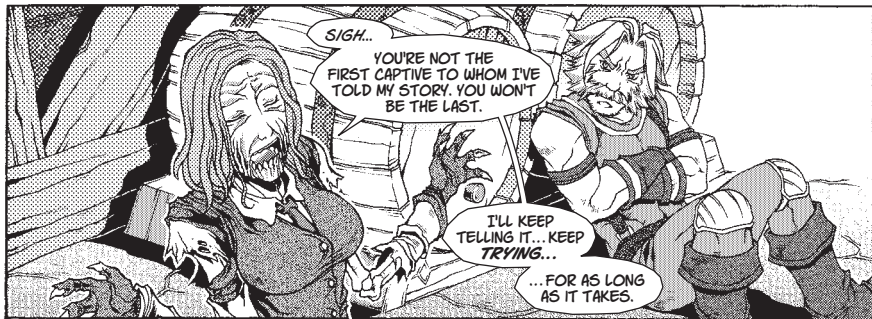
IF **ANYONE** HAS
GROUNDS TO SPEAK OUT AGAINST
THE SENSELESSNESS OF
VIOLENCE... I DO.



I'M SUPPOSED TO BE
MOVED BY THE WORDS OF
A **TRAITOR?**

YOU BETRAYED THE
CAUSE! YOUR PATHETIC STORY
ONLY **STRENGTHENS** MY
RESOLVE!

I'LL **DIE**
BEFORE I LEAVE
THE CRUSADE!



WARCRAFT

LEGENDS VOLUME THREE

I GOT WHAT YULE NEED

WRITTEN BY CHRISTIE GOLDEN

ART BY CARLOS OLIVARES

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

LETTERER: MICHAEL PAOLILLI



OH! HELLO
THERE!

I'M WULMORT
JINGLEPOCKET! WELCOME
TO ANOTHER INSTALLMENT
OF **SMOKYWOOD
STORYTIME...**

EXCITING TALES OF
ADVENTURE BROUGHT TO
YOU BY THE GOOD PEOPLE
OF **SMOKYWOOD
PASTURES!**

FRESH FROM OUR
FARM TO YOUR PLATE, IT'S
SMOKYWOOD PASTURES
WHOLESOME GOODNESS!



IN FACT, THESE
LOOK SO DELICIOUS,
I HAVE TO HAVE A BITE
MYSELF... MMMM!

THAT'S A
**SMOKYWOOD
PASTURES** TASTE
SENSATION!



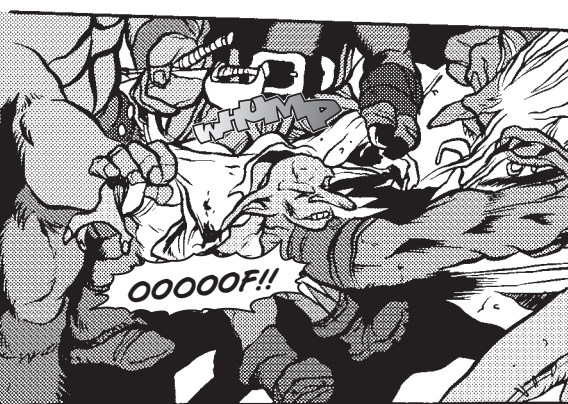
TONIGHT'S STORY IS
A **VERY SPECIAL ONE.**
I'M SURE ALL YOU GOOD GIRLS
AND BOYS KNOW THAT THE
FEAST OF WINTER VEIL IS RIGHT
AROUND THE CORNER.

SO TONIGHT, WE AT
SMOKYWOOD PASTURES
OFFER YOU...



...**"A VERY SMOKYWOOD
WINTER VEIL!"**

BOOZY BAY





NEVER
BETRAY A CLIENT'S
CONFIDENCE.

BARON, I HAD TO,
HE WAS GONNA--

ENACK

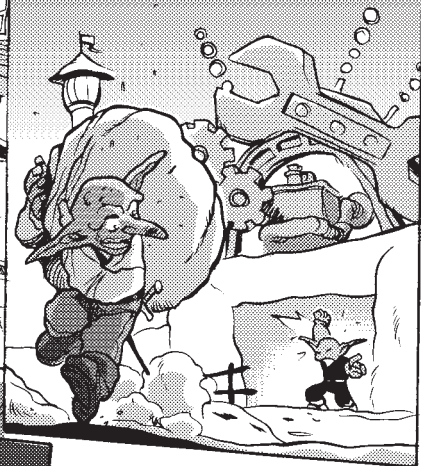
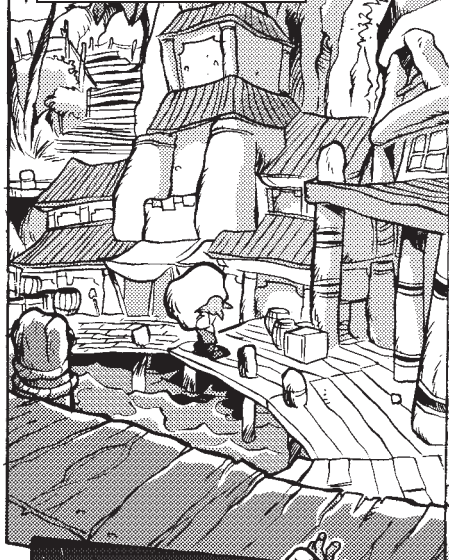
GURK!!



YOU'LL NEVER
WORK IN THIS TOWN
AGAIN!

KRIZZ'S FORMER BOSS WAS
RIGHT. NO ONE WOULD
GIVE KRIZZ A JOB IN BOOTY
BAY. BUT THERE WERE
OTHER GOBLIN TOWNS...

GADGETZAN...



...MUDSPROCKET...

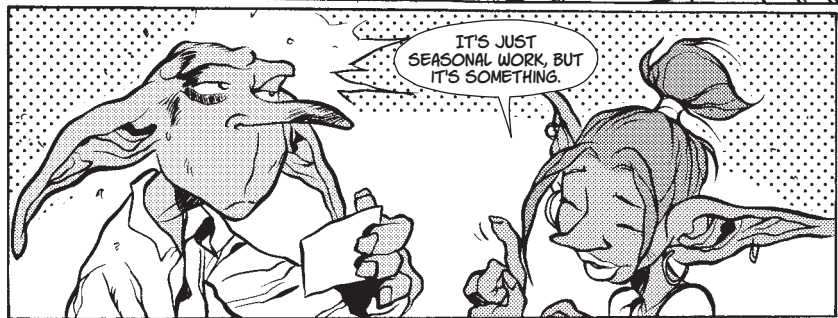
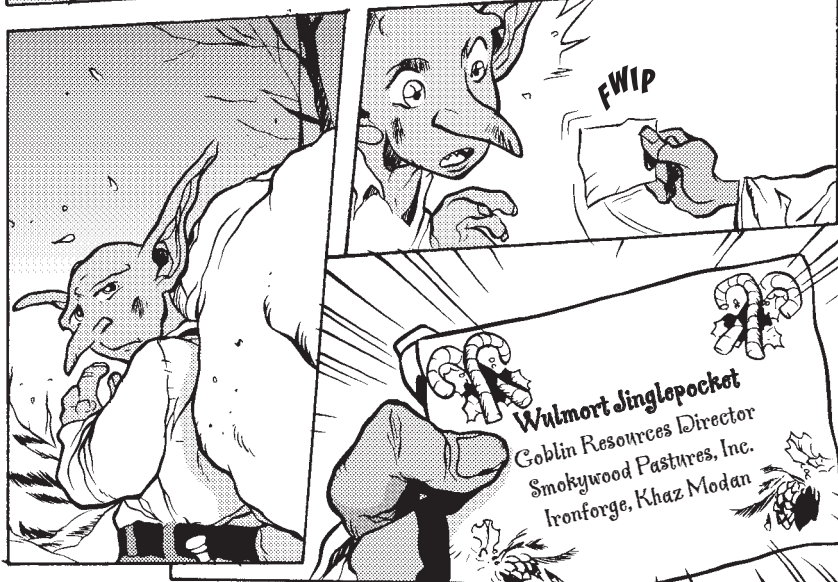
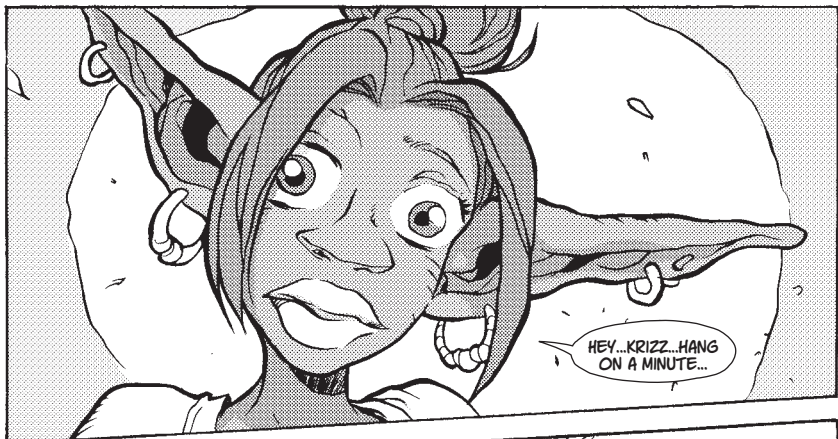
AND STAY OUT!!

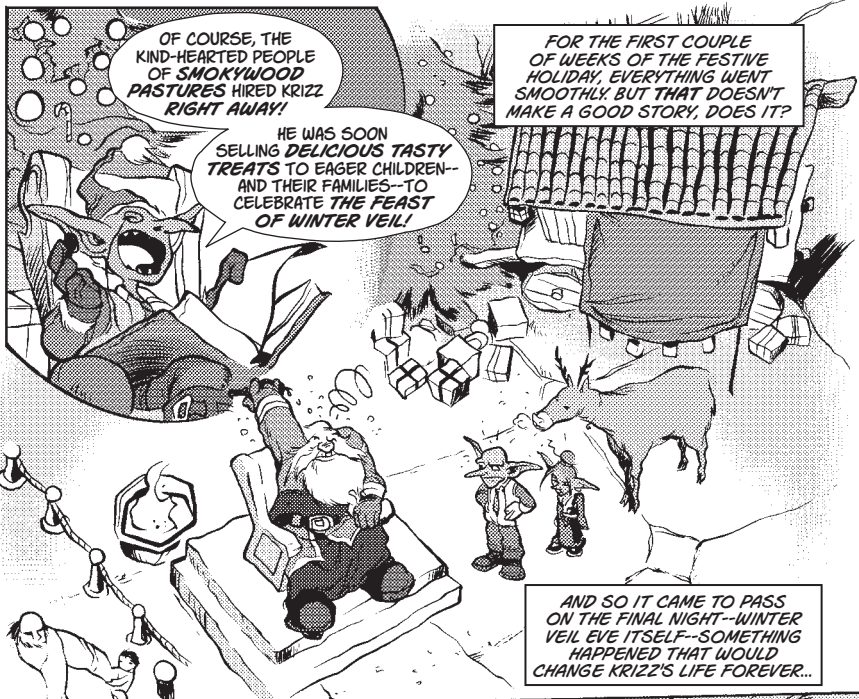
...AND
EVERLOOK.

...I GOT
NOTHING.

YEAH. NO ONE
DOES. FUNNY
THAT, HUH?





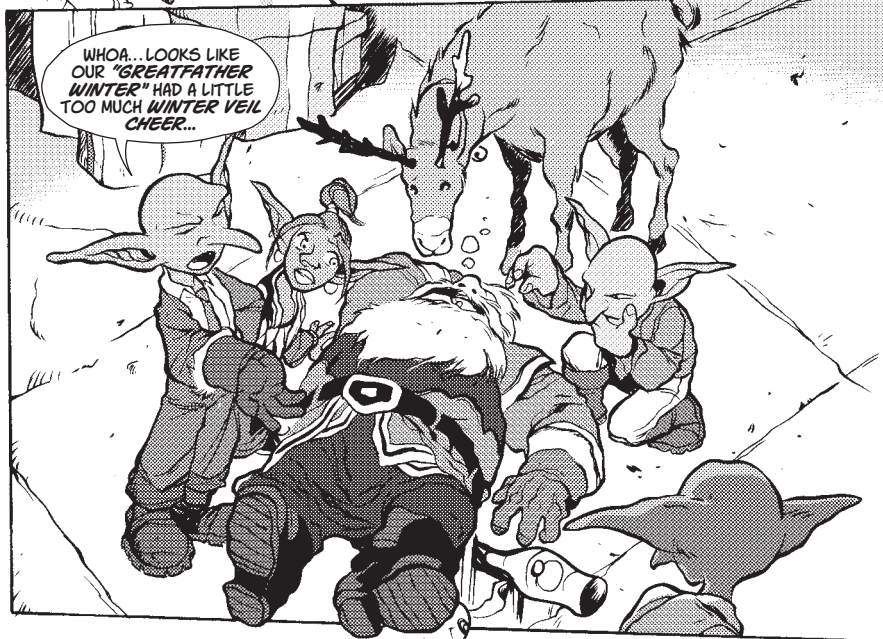


OF COURSE, THE KIND-HEARTED PEOPLE OF **SMOKYWOOD PASTURES** HIRED KRIZZ RIGHT AWAY!

HE WAS SOON SELLING **DELICIOUS TASTY TREATS** TO EAGER CHILDREN-- AND THEIR FAMILIES-- TO CELEBRATE **THE FEAST OF WINTER VEIL!**

FOR THE FIRST COUPLE OF WEEKS OF THE FESTIVE HOLIDAY, EVERYTHING WENT SMOOTHLY. BUT THAT DOESN'T MAKE A GOOD STORY, DOES IT?

AND SO IT CAME TO PASS ON THE FINAL NIGHT--WINTER VEIL EVE ITSELF--SOMETHING HAPPENED THAT WOULD CHANGE KRIZZ'S LIFE FOREVER...



WHOA... LOOKS LIKE OUR "GREATFATHER WINTER" HAD A LITTLE TOO MUCH WINTER VEIL CHEER...



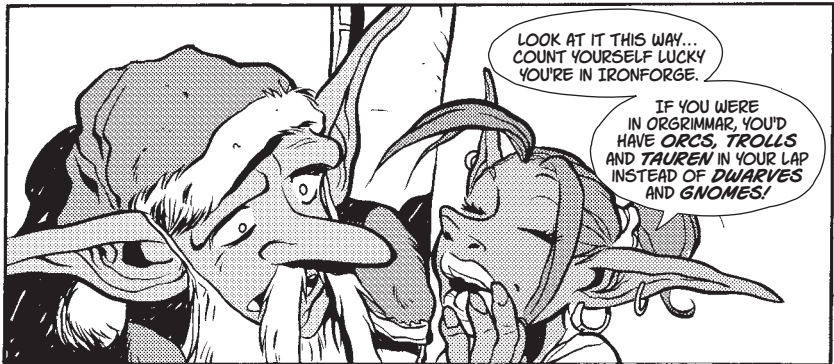


FOR THE
RECORD?

THIS REALLY
STINKS.

OH, COME ON NOW,
KRIZZ! THINK HOW MUCH
WINTER VEIL CHEER
YOU'LL BRING TO ALL THOSE
GOOD KIDS! BESIDES...

... YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE
OF US *BIG ENOUGH TO*
WEAR THE SUIT.

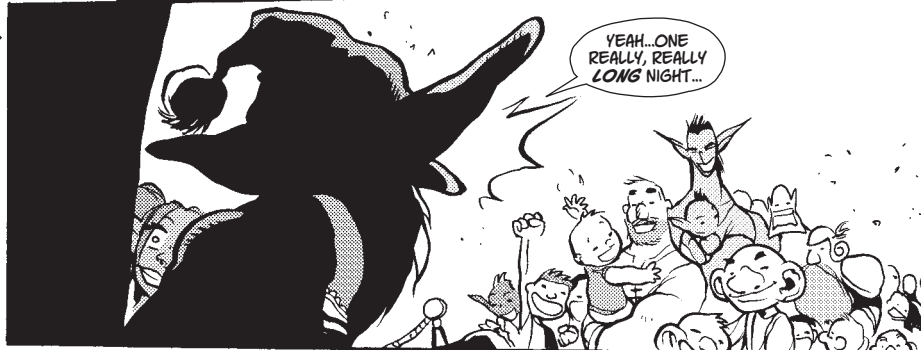


LOOK AT IT THIS WAY...
COUNT YOURSELF LUCKY
YOU'RE IN IRONFORGE.

IF YOU WERE
IN ORGRIMMAR, YOU'D
HAVE **ORCS**, **TROLLS**
AND **TAUREN** IN YOUR LAP
INSTEAD OF **DWARVES**
AND **GNOMES!**



BESIDES...IT'S JUST
THE ONE NIGHT.



YEAH...ONE
REALLY, REALLY
LONG NIGHT...

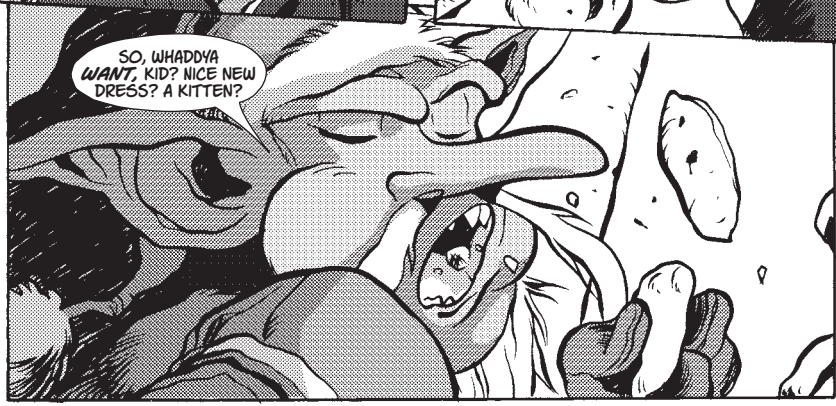


...AN' I WANT A
STEAM TONK, AN' A
SPYGLASS, AN'...



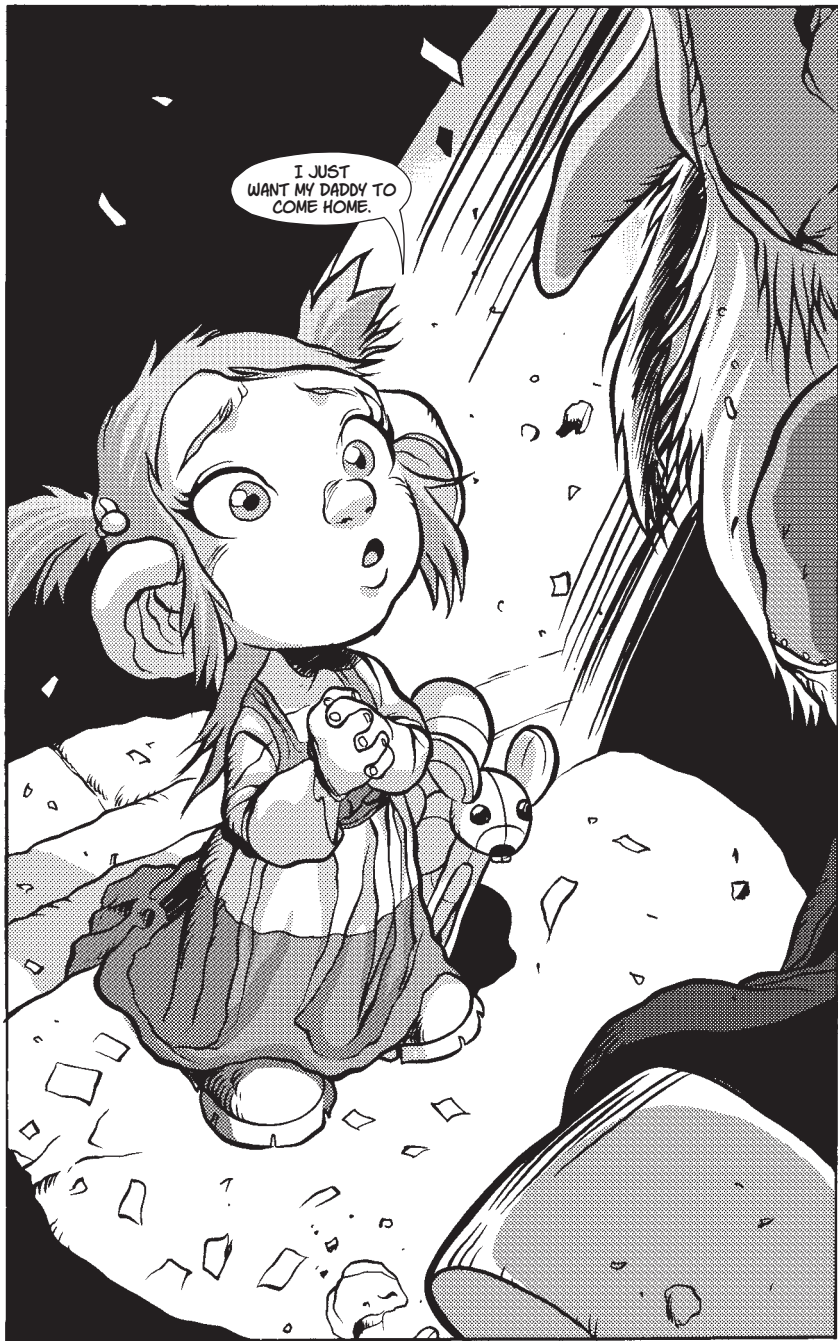
SO THIS YEAR
COULD I PLEEEASE
BE ABLE TO TURN INTO
A BEAR?!

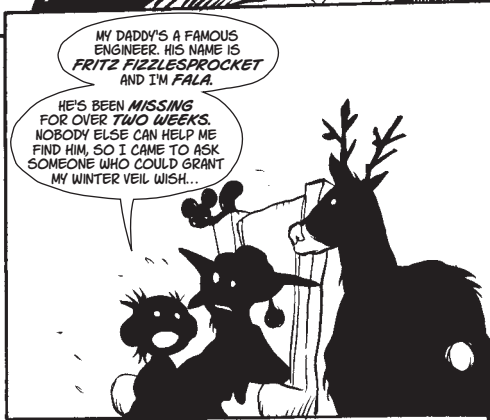
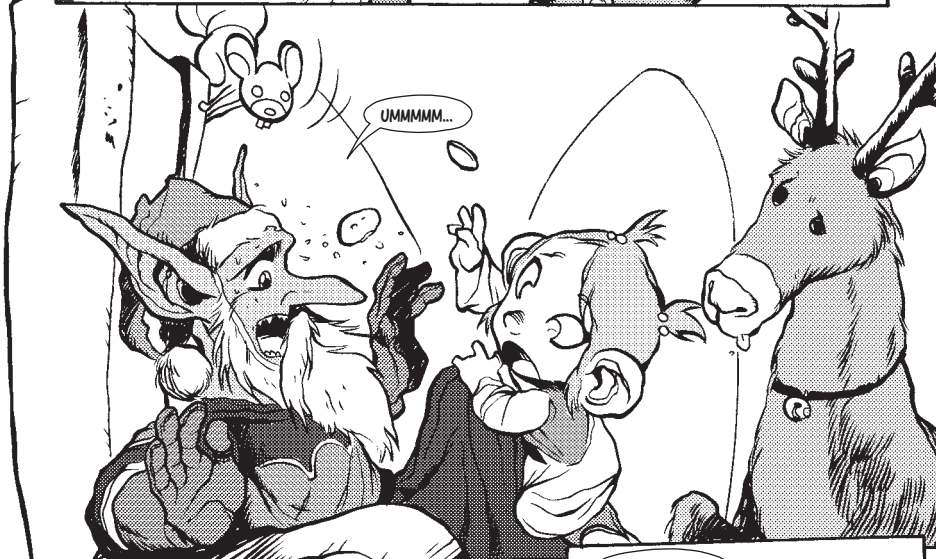
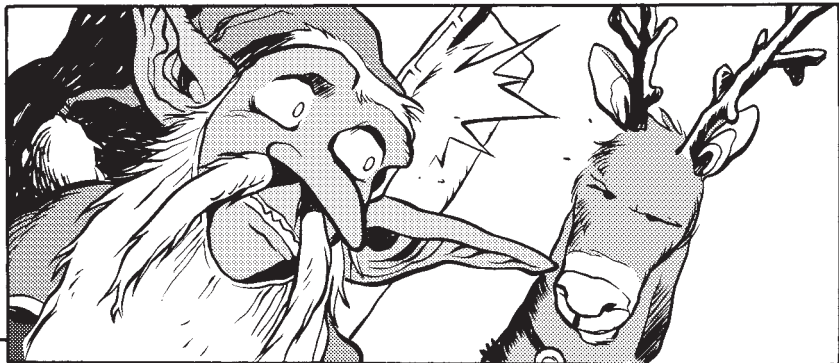
CAN I?!



SO, WHADDYA
WANT, KID? NICE NEW
DRESS? A KITTEN?

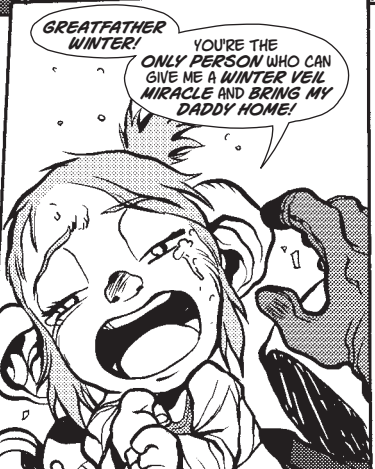
I JUST
WANT MY DADDY TO
COME HOME.





MY DADDY'S A FAMOUS ENGINEER. HIS NAME IS FRITZ FIZZLESPROCKET AND I'M FALA.

HE'S BEEN MISSING FOR OVER TWO WEEKS. NOBODY ELSE CAN HELP ME FIND HIM, SO I CAME TO ASK SOMEONE WHO COULD GRANT MY WINTER VEIL WISH...



GREATFATHER WINTER!

YOU'RE THE ONLY PERSON WHO CAN GIVE ME A WINTER VEIL MIRACLE AND BRING MY DADDY HOME!



WHOOA, KID, HOLD ON...! I'M NOT REALLY GREATFA--

A-HEM! IX-NAY, IX-NAY!

ER, THAT IS, W-WELL, LITTLE... FALA, WAS IT...?

WELL, GOOD OLD GREATFATHER WINTER WILL DO *EVERYTHING* HE CAN, AS I'M SURE YOU'VE BEEN A G-GOOD LITTLE GIRL...



OH, THANK YOU, GREATFATHER WINTER!

I *KNEW* YOU WOULD HELP ME!



Snort!

DON'T GIVE ME THAT LOOK, METZEN! I'M *NOT* GREATFATHER WINTER AND THERE'S *NOTHING* I CAN DO FOR THAT KID, ALL RIGHT?

I'LL GO... *FILE A REPORT* OR SOMETHING WHEN WE'RE DONE TONIGHT... BUT THAT'S *ALL!*

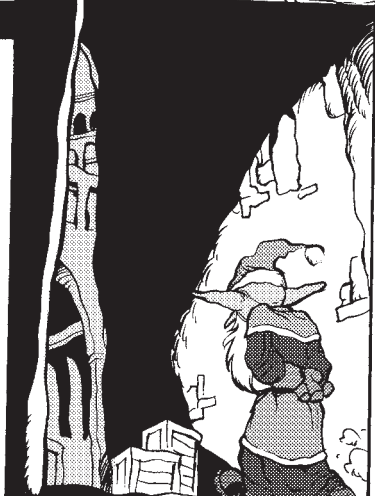


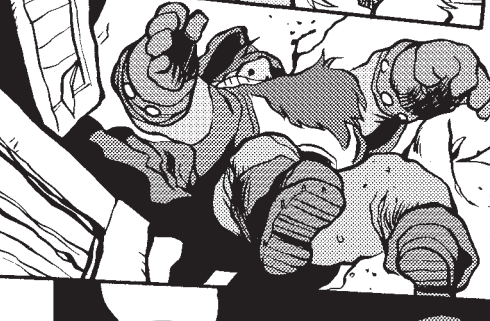
I CAN'T GET INVOLVED... AND THAT'S THE END OF IT!

FINALLY, LATE INTO THE NIGHT, KRIZZ HAD SPOKEN WITH ALL THE CHILDREN IN THE LINE.

TRUE TO HIS WORD TO METZEN, HE DECIDED TO FILE A REPORT ON PROFESSOR FRITZ FIZZLESOCKET BEFORE HEADING TO A HARD-EARNED NIGHT'S SLEEP...

MAN, I CAN'T WAIT TO BE DONE HERE. I HATE THIS CITY...





WHY, HAPPY WINTER VEIL EVE TO YOU, "GREATFATHER WINTER"!

»CHUCKLE: I MUST SAY, I'M SURPRISED THEY HIRED A GOBLIN FOR THE JOB...I WOULD THINK THEY WOULD PREFER A DWARF.



WELL, GREEN IS A PERFECTLY TRADITIONAL COLOR FOR WINTER VEIL... I CAN DO THE JOB JUST FINE.

WHADDYA WANT?!

I'M SURE YOU CAN! I JUST WANTED TO SEE IF EVERYTHING... WAS ALL TAKEN CARE OF FOR THE BIG DAY TOMORROW.

UH, S-SURE... SURE IT IS. O' GREATFATHER WINTER'S GOT EVERYTHING UNDER CONTROL...

WHOA...NUTCASE HERE. PROBABLY GOT COAL IN HIS STOCKING AS A KID. BETTER HUMOR HIM.

WE'RE ALL GLAD TO HEAR THAT. THE TINKER IS ALMOST DONE WITH THE SPECIAL TOY. ARE THE OTHER PRESENTS GOING TO BE READY FOR DELIVERY TOMORROW MORNING?

SURE... HEY, I'M GREATFATHER WINTER. AREN'T I? ALL THE LITTLE KIDS ARE GONNA BE HAPPY TOMORROW MORNING. I DO MY JOB RIGHT.

HA HA! IT SURE SOUNDS LIKE YOU DO! THE SPECIAL TOY WILL BE WAITING AT THE DUN MOROGH AIRFIELD RIGHT BEFORE MIDNIGHT-- JUST LIKE WE SAID.

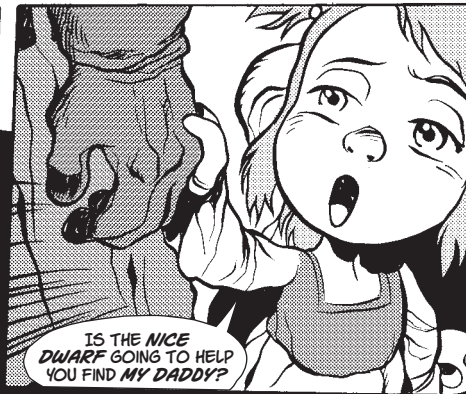
AIRFIELD, HUH? OF COURSE. I GUESS FLYING REINDEER DO NEED A CLEAR LANDING SPACE.

HA HA HA! YOU GOT A GOOD SENSE O' HUMOR THERE! WE'LL LOOK FOR OUR VISIT FROM GREATFATHER WINTER RIGHT BEFORE MIDNIGHT!

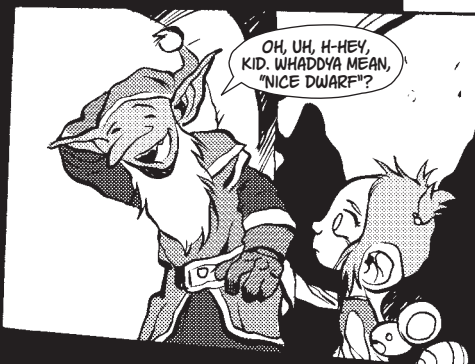


WOW.
CERTIFIABLE.

MAN, I HATE THIS
JOB. YOU MEET ALL KINDS
OF WHACKOS.



IS THE NICE
DWARF GOING TO HELP
YOU FIND MY DADDY?



OH, UH, H-HEY,
KID. WHADDYA MEAN,
"NICE DWARF"?



THAT NICE
DWARF YOU WERE
JUST TALKING TO. HE
KNOWS MY DADDY.

HE CAME TO
TALK TO HIM THE
NIGHT BEFORE DADDY
DISAPPEARED. DO
YOU KNOW HIM
TOO, THEN?

I JUST WANTED TO SEE
IF EVERYTHING...WAS ALL
TAKEN CARE OF FOR THE
BIG DAY TOMORROW.

THE TINKER IS ALMOST
DONE WITH THE SPECIAL TOY.
ARE THE OTHER PRESENTS
GOING TO BE READY FOR
DELIVERY TOMORROW
MORNING?

THE SPECIAL TOY WILL
BE WAITING AT THE DUN
MOROSH AIRFIELD RIGHT
BEFORE MIDNIGHT~JUST
LIKE WE SAID.

NO...OH NO...

KID...
FALA...

YOUR DAD'S AN
ENGINEER, RIGHT?
A...TINKER?

I GUESS
YOU COULD SAY THAT...
HE MADE ME BOLTS
FOR MY BIRTHDAY!

AND YOU'RE SURE
THAT'S THE DWARF YOUR
DAD WAS TALKING TO
RIGHT BEFORE HE
WENT MISSING?

MM-HMM! I OVERHEARD
THEM TALKING. SOMETHING
ABOUT A JOB DADDY DIDN'T
WANT TO DO...

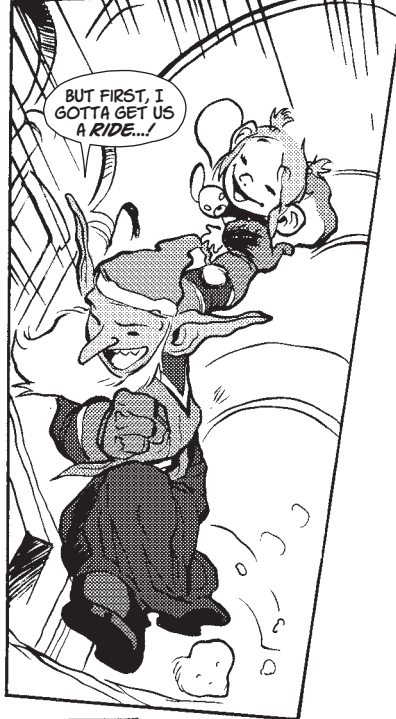
SO...YOU ARE GOING
TO HELP ME, AREN'T
YOU GREATFATHER
WINTER?

Chitter!

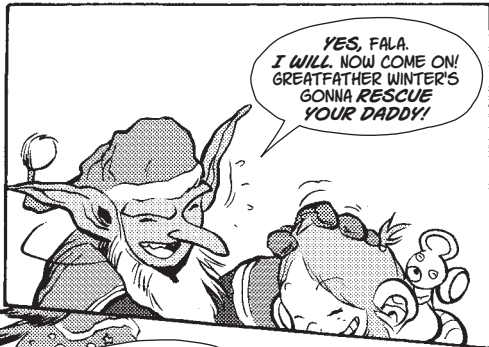
WHIR
CLICK



WELL, I...



BUT FIRST, I GOTTA GET US A RIDE...!



YES, FALA. I WILL. NOW COME ON! GREATFATHER WINTER'S GONNA RESCUE YOUR DADDY!



...SO THAT'S THE DEAL, METZEN. DO YOU THINK YOU COULD HELP US OUT AND TAKE US TO THE AIRFIELD?

Nod Nod

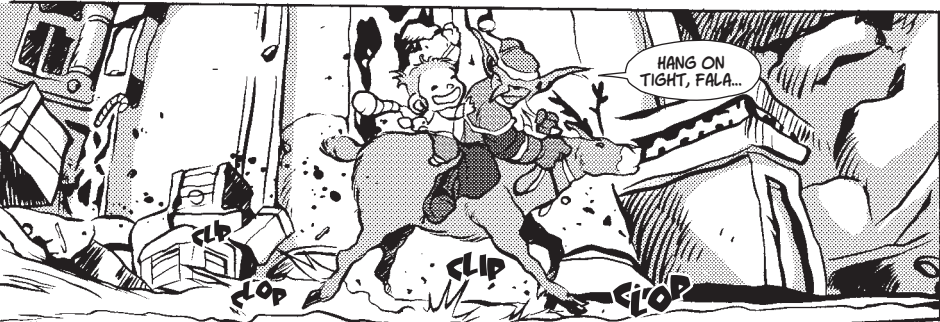


METZEN CAN FLY ON HIS OWN--BUT IF HE'S GONNA CARRY US TWO AS WELL, WE GOTTA BE JUST A LITTLE LIGHTER. DON'T USE TOO MUCH DUST, THOUGH, OR YOU'LL FLY AWAY!

tinkle
tinkle

?!
?

Nod Nod



HANG ON TIGHT, FALA...

CLIP
CLOP
CLOP



...BECAUSE HERE WE GO!!

BOOM

WHIRR
Squeak!



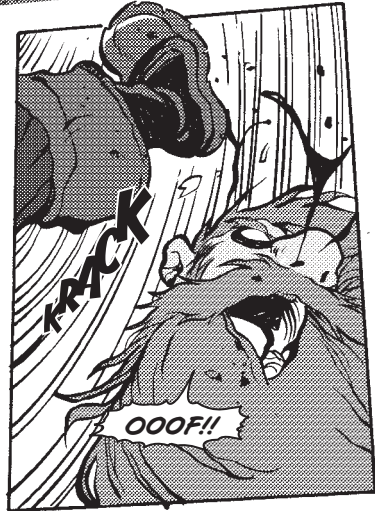
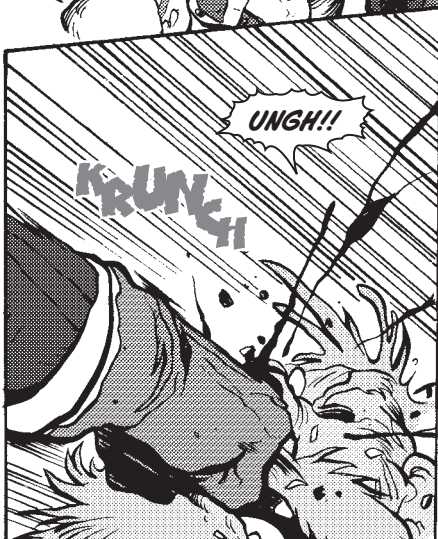
DOWN THERE!
THAT LOOKS LIKE
THE PLA--

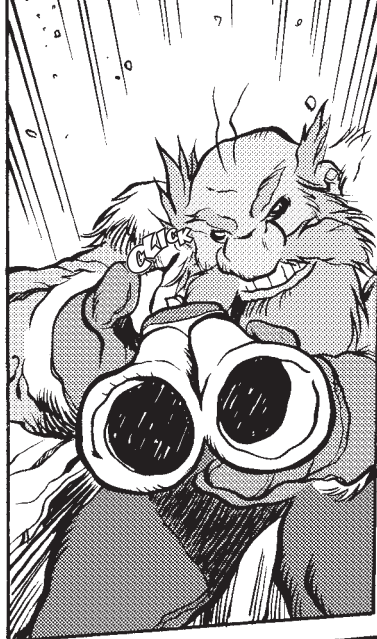


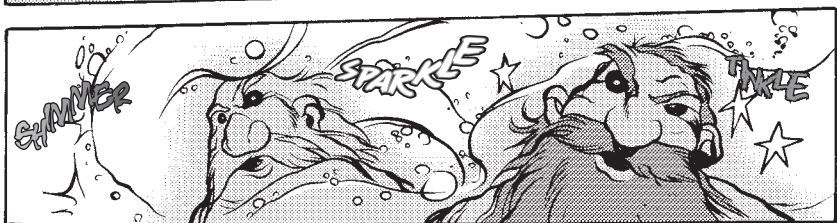
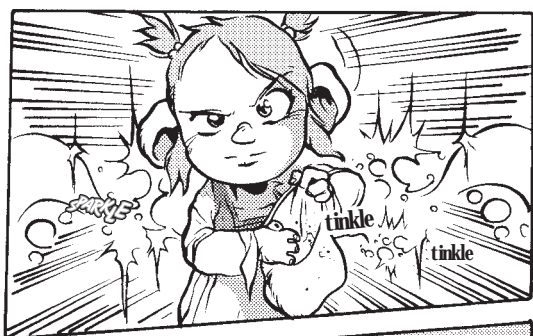
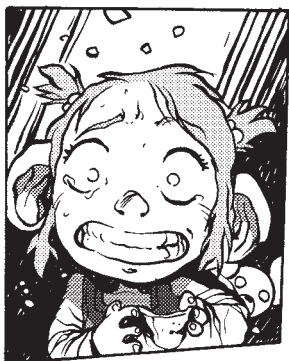
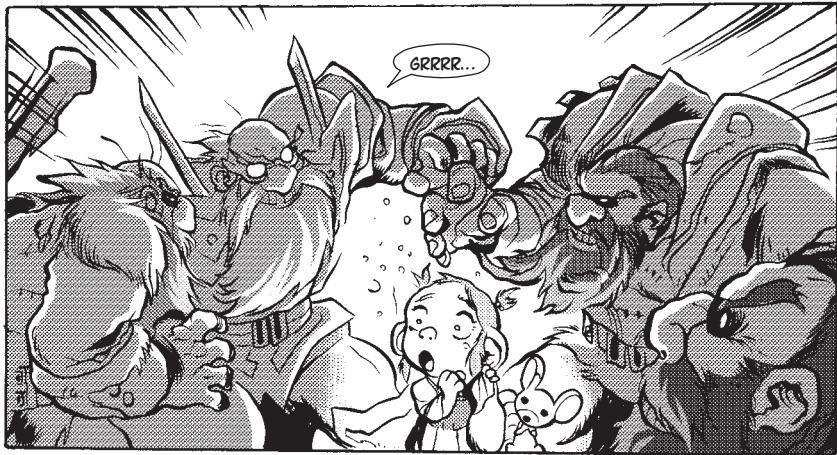
THE SPECIAL
TOY...



DADDY!!







WHAT THE--?!

HELP! I'M
AFRAID OF
HEIGHTS!!

TINKLE

I CAN'T
STOP IT!!

TINKLE

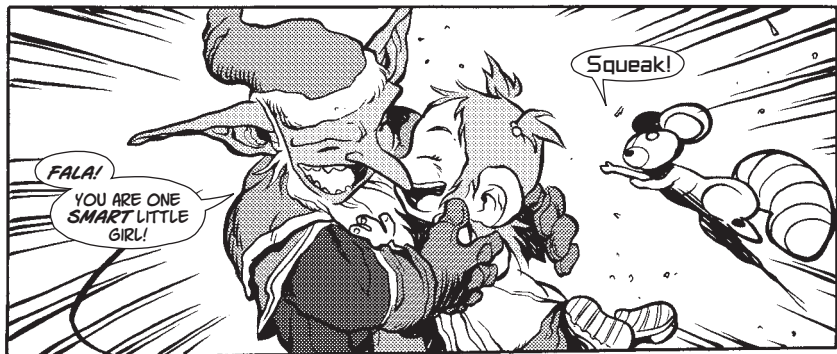
SPARKLE

SPARKLE

SPARKLE

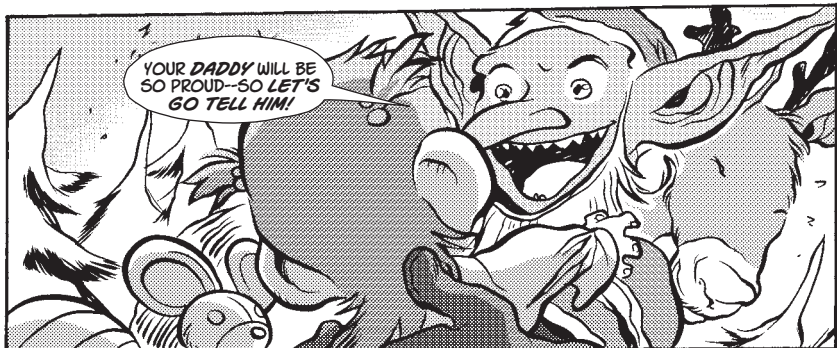
TINKLE



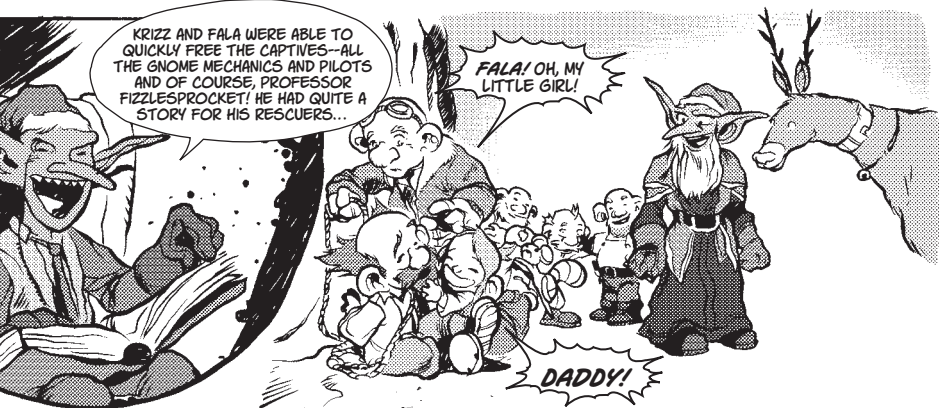


FALA!
YOU ARE ONE
SMART LITTLE
GIRL!

Squeak!



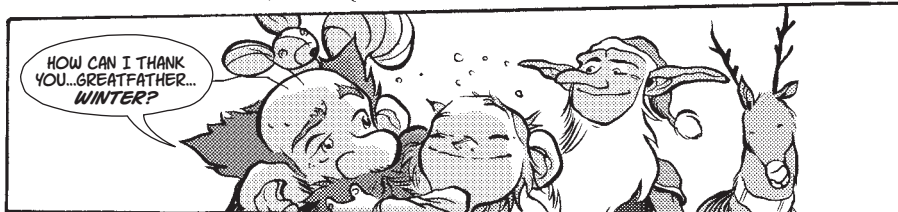
YOUR DADDY WILL BE
SO PROUD--SO LET'S
GO TELL HIM!



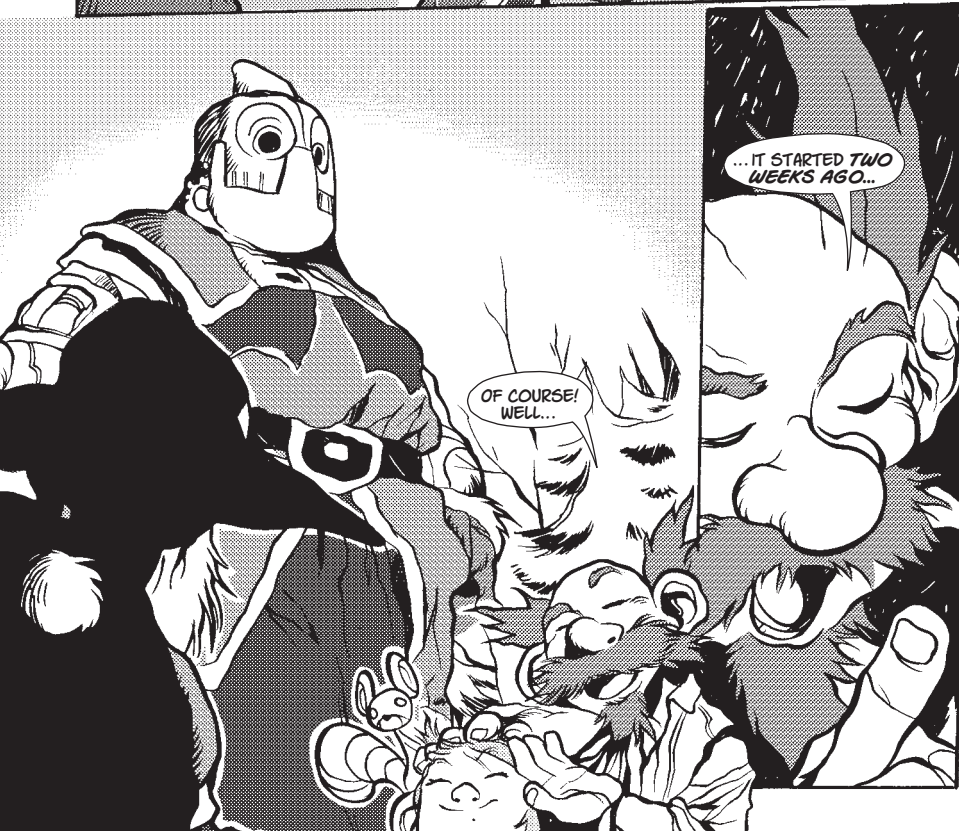
KRIZZ AND FALA WERE ABLE TO
QUICKLY FREE THE CAPTIVES--ALL
THE GNOME MECHANICS AND PILOTS
AND OF COURSE, PROFESSOR
FIZZLESPROCKET! HE HAD QUITE A
STORY FOR HIS RESCUERS...

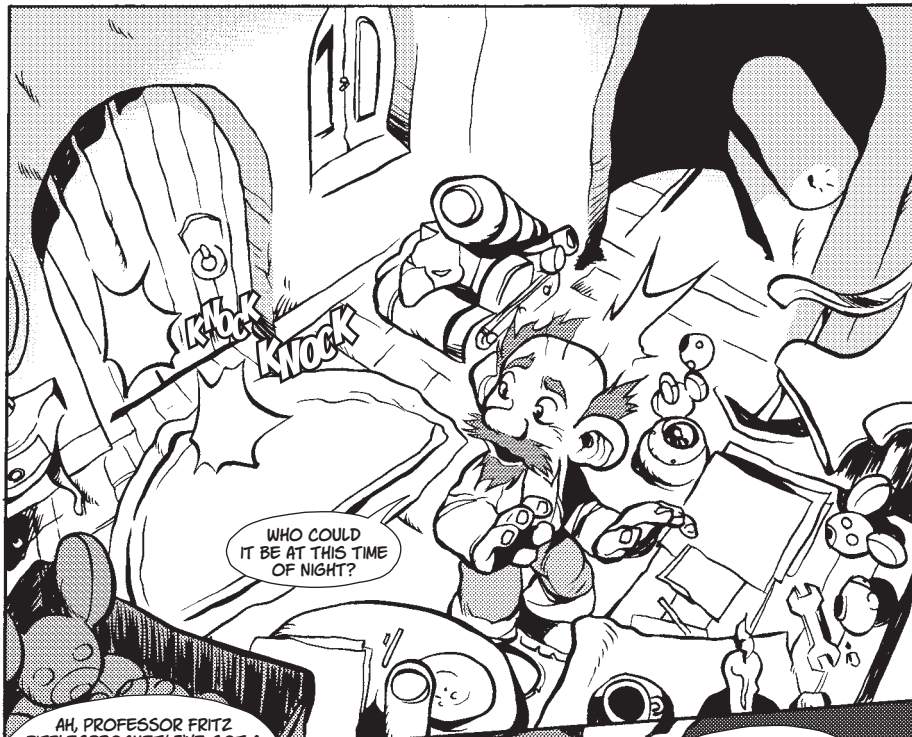
FALA! OH, MY
LITTLE GIRL!

DADDY!



HOW CAN I THANK
YOU...GREATFATHER...
WINTER?





WHO COULD IT BE AT THIS TIME OF NIGHT?


AH, PROFESSOR FRITZ FIZZLESPROCKET! I'VE GOT A JOB FOR YOU TO DO! AGREE, AND WE'LL PAY YOU WELL. GIVE ME ANY TROUBLE...



... WELL, I'M SURE WE'D BOTH HATE TO SEE ANYTHING HAPPEN TO THAT CUTE LITTLE GIRL OF YOURS.



WHAT?! DON'T YOU DARE HARM MY FALA! WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM ME?!



IT WAS A HORRIBLE
THING THEY WANTED ME
TO DO...A TRULY
DEVIOUS PLAN...



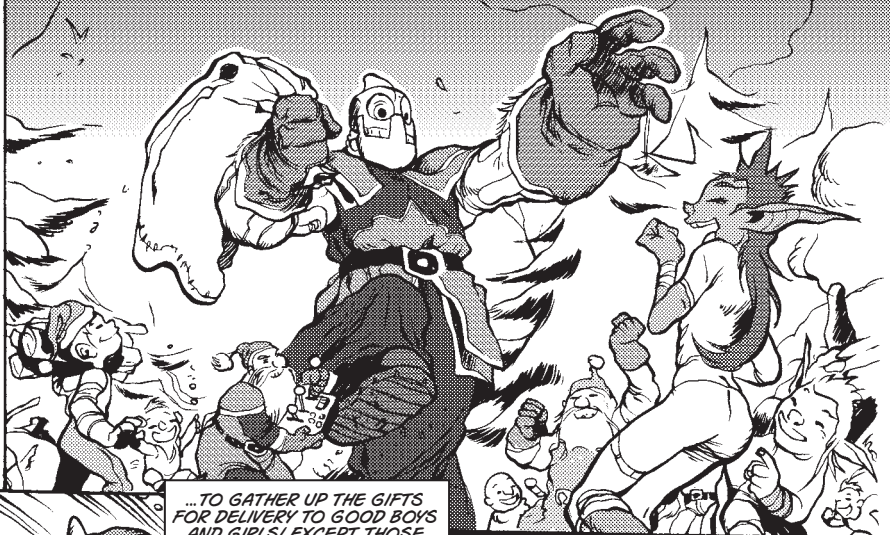
IT WAS SEVERAL DARK IRON
DWARVES WHO WERE BEHIND IT
ALL. THEY WANTED ME TO BUILD
A GIANT ROBOT AND PUT IT IN A
GREATFATHER WINTER COSTUME.



THE DWARF WHO PLAYED
GREATFATHER WINTER? HE WAS
IN ON THE PLOT AS WELL!

"GREATFATHER WINTER" WOULD COME
TO THE AIRFIELD ON WINTER VEIL EVE,
SHORTLY BEFORE MIDNIGHT. WITH A BIT
OF REINDEER DUST, HE'D BE ABLE TO
TAKE MY ROBOT TO IRONFORGE EASILY!

WHAT A GREAT PUBLICITY STUNT...A GIANT ROBOT GREATFATHER WINTER, COMING TO IRONFORGE...



...TO GATHER UP THE GIFTS FOR DELIVERY TO GOOD BOYS AND GIRLS! EXCEPT THOSE 'GIFTS' WERE MORE VALUABLE THAN TOYS OR TREATS...

THE DARK IRON DWARVES HAD STOLEN PRICELESS TREASURES...FROM THE VAULTS OF THE EXPLORERS' LEAGUE AND FROM THE ROYAL TREASURY ITSELF!

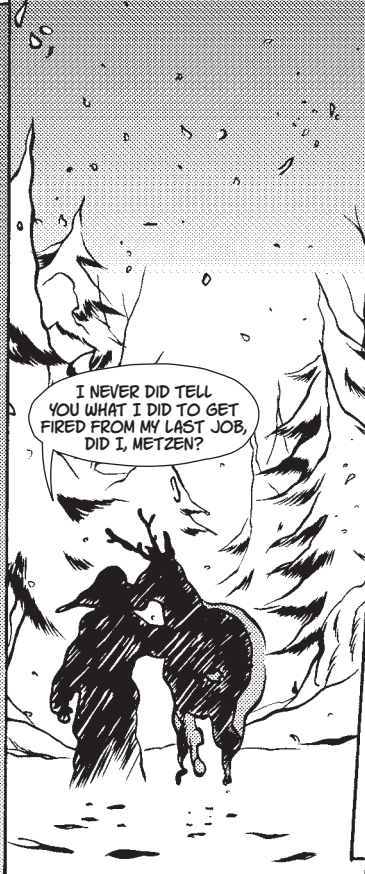


THEY HAD HIDDEN THE ARTIFACTS AND JEWELS AS ORDINARY PRESENTS UNDER THE WINTER VEIL TREE...

...PRESENTS THAT MY CREATION WOULD STEAL FOR THEM RIGHT UNDER THE NOSES OF HAPPY REVELERS!







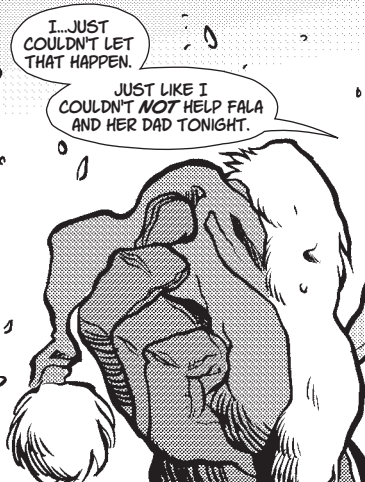
I NEVER DID TELL YOU WHAT I DID TO GET FIRED FROM MY LAST JOB, DID I, METZEN?



I BETRAYED A CLIENT'S CONFIDENCE.



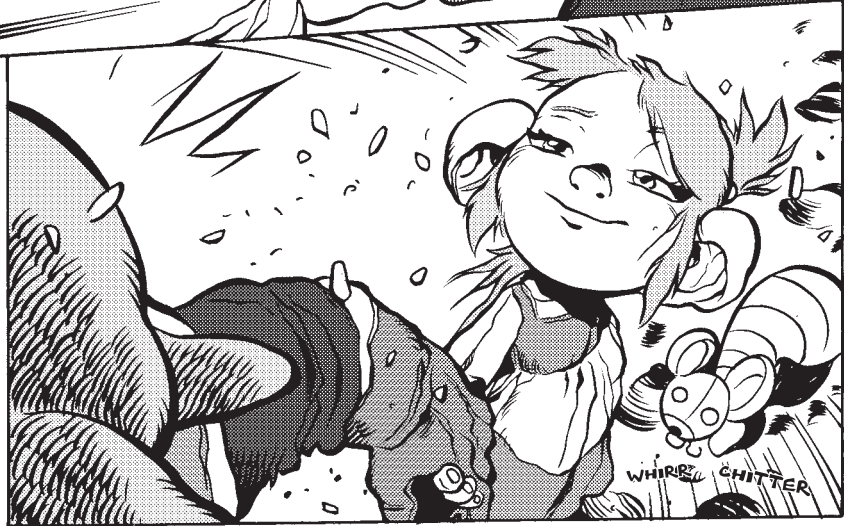
HE WAS LOOKING FOR HELP WITH A HIT... AN INNOCENT MAN AND HIS FAMILY WERE GOING TO GET KILLED.



I... JUST COULDN'T LET THAT HAPPEN.

JUST LIKE I COULDN'T NOT HELP FALA AND HER DAD TONIGHT.



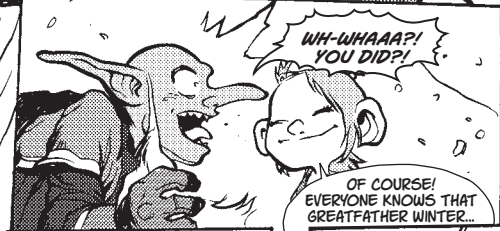




...JUST A GOBLIN.



I KNOW THAT. I KNEW IT ALL ALONG.



WH-WHAAA?! YOU DID?!

OF COURSE! EVERYONE KNOWS THAT GREATFATHER WINTER...

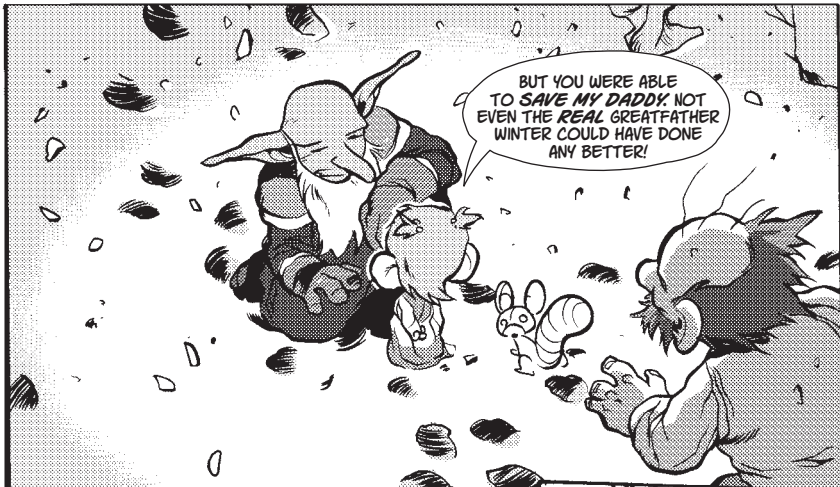
KID...LISTEN. I-I'M NOT REALLY GREATFATHER WINTER. I'M JUST KRIZZ...



...DOESN'T HAVE EARS LIKE THAT!



WHA HA HA HA!!

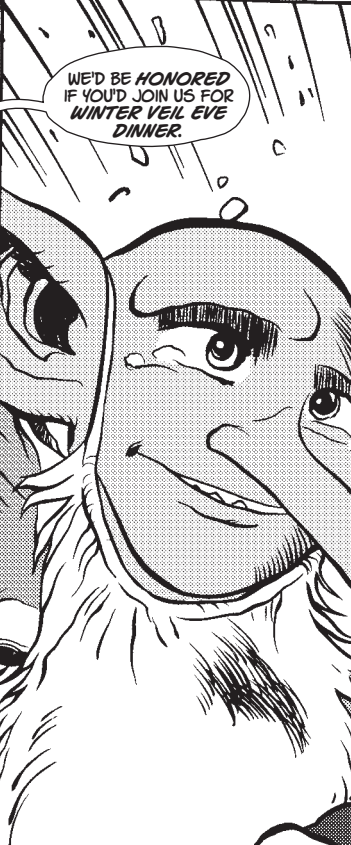


BUT YOU WERE ABLE TO SAVE MY DADDY. NOT EVEN THE REAL GREATFATHER WINTER COULD HAVE DONE ANY BETTER!



COMPASSION AND COURAGE KNOW NO RACE, MY FRIEND.

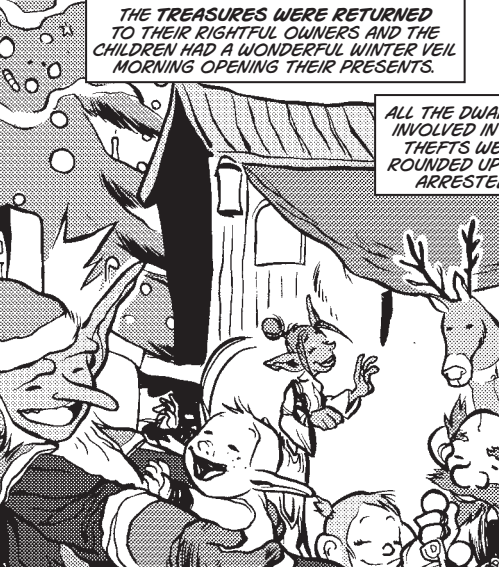
YOU MAY BE "JUST A GOBLIN," BUT YOU'VE MADE FALA AND ME BELIEVE AGAIN IN THE TRUE SPIRIT OF WINTER VEIL.



WE'D BE HONORED IF YOU'D JOIN US FOR WINTER VEIL EVE DINNER.



AND SO IT WAS THAT KRIZZ FOUND HIMSELF SHARING DINNER WITH HIS NEW FRIENDS. AND HE, HE HIMSELF, KRIZZ THE GOBLIN, CARVED THE ROAST BOAR!



THE TREASURES WERE RETURNED TO THEIR RIGHTFUL OWNERS AND THE CHILDREN HAD A WONDERFUL WINTER VEIL MORNING OPENING THEIR PRESENTS.



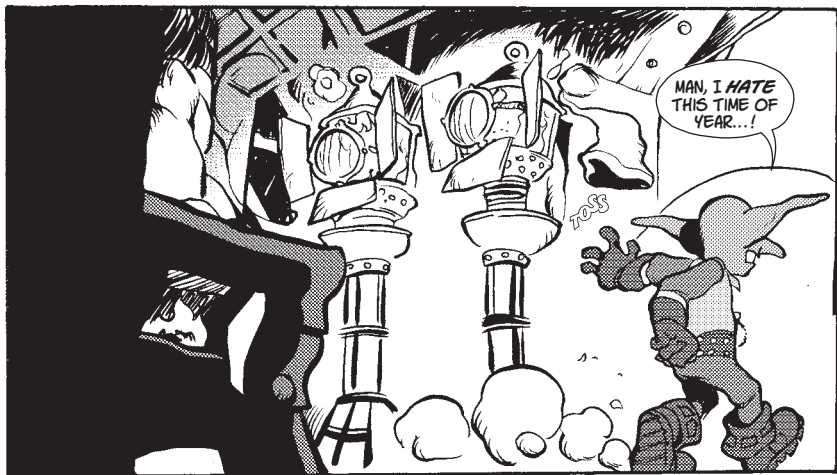
ALL THE DWARVES INVOLVED IN THE THEFTS WERE ROUNDED UP AND ARRESTED.

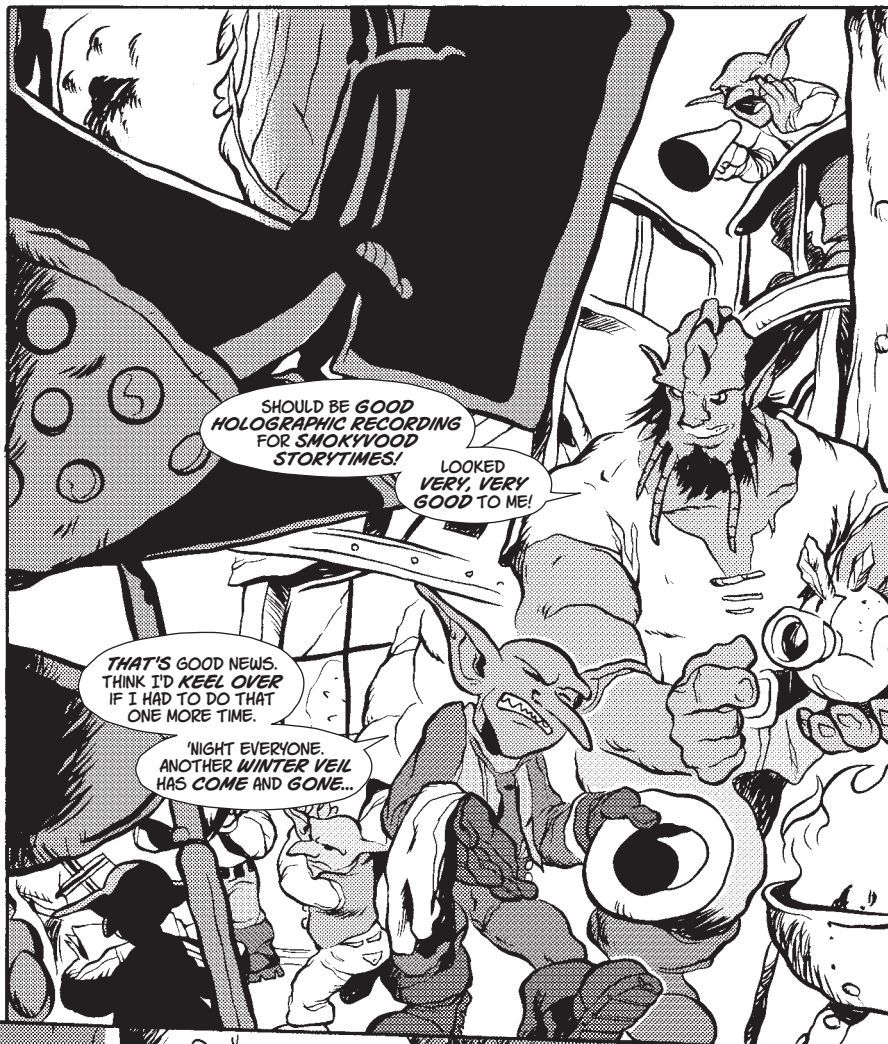


AND EVEN FIZZLESPROCKET'S ROBOT, ORIGINALLY CREATED FOR AN EVIL PURPOSE, HAD AN IMPORTANT JOB ON THIS IMPORTANT DAY...



LOOKEE WHAT HE CAN DO!



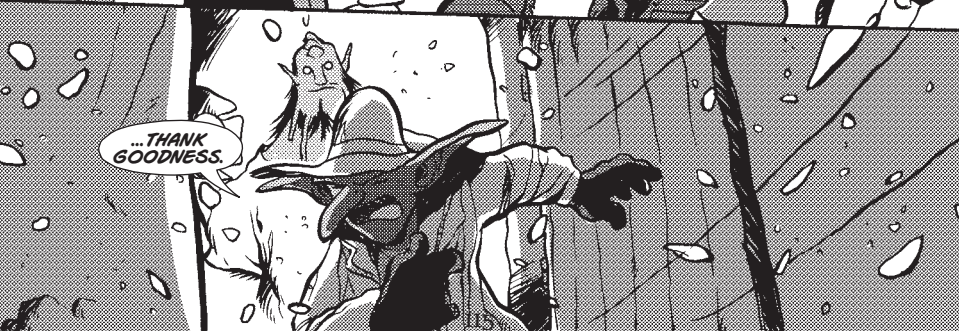


SHOULD BE GOOD HOLOGRAPHIC RECORDING FOR SMOKYWOOD STORYTIMES!

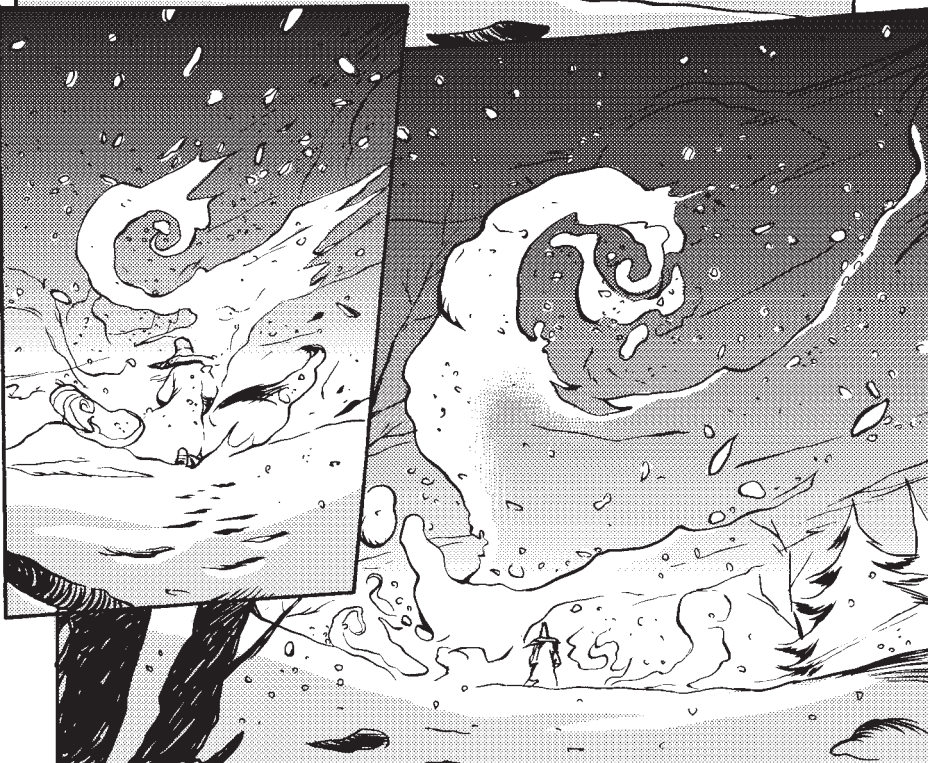
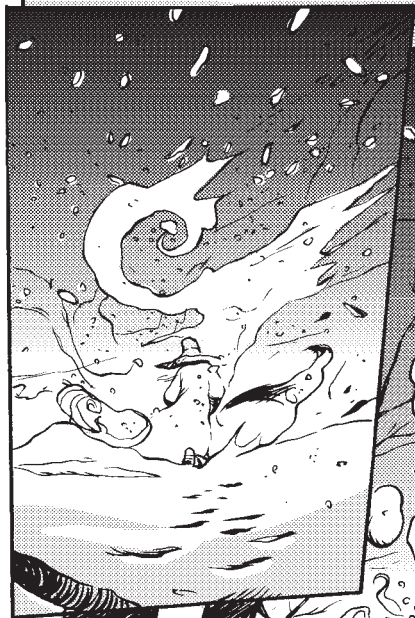
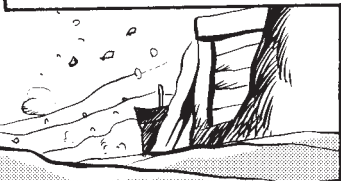
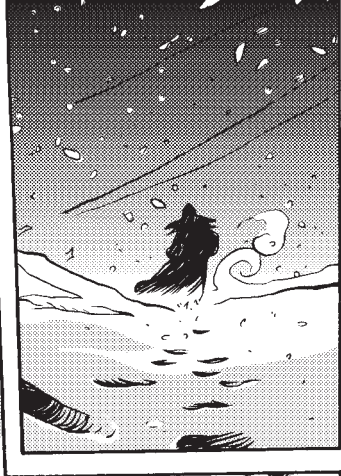
LOOKED VERY, VERY GOOD TO ME!

THAT'S GOOD NEWS. THINK I'D KEEL OVER IF I HAD TO DO THAT ONE MORE TIME.

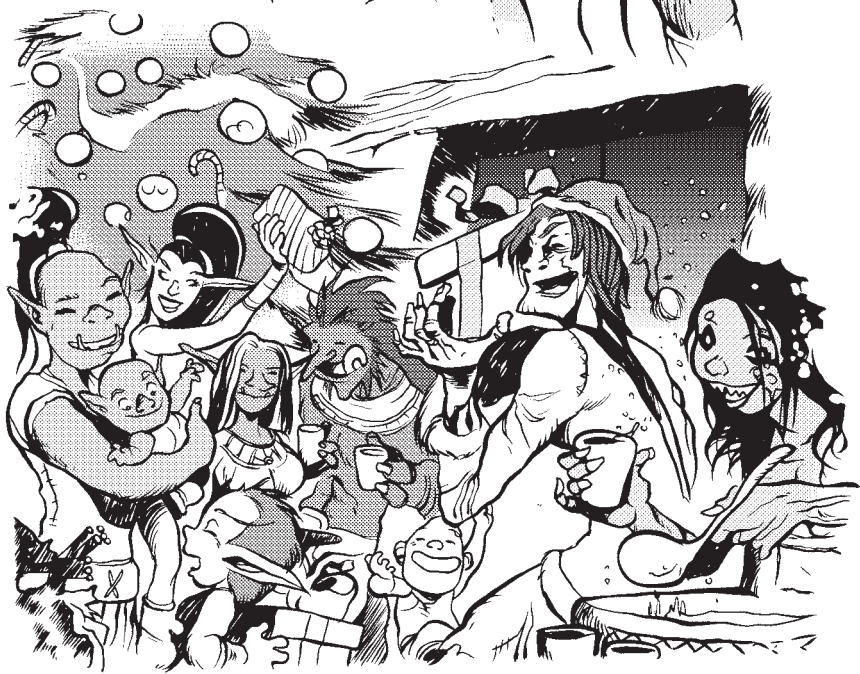
'NIGHT EVERYONE. ANOTHER WINTER VEIL HAS COME AND GONE...

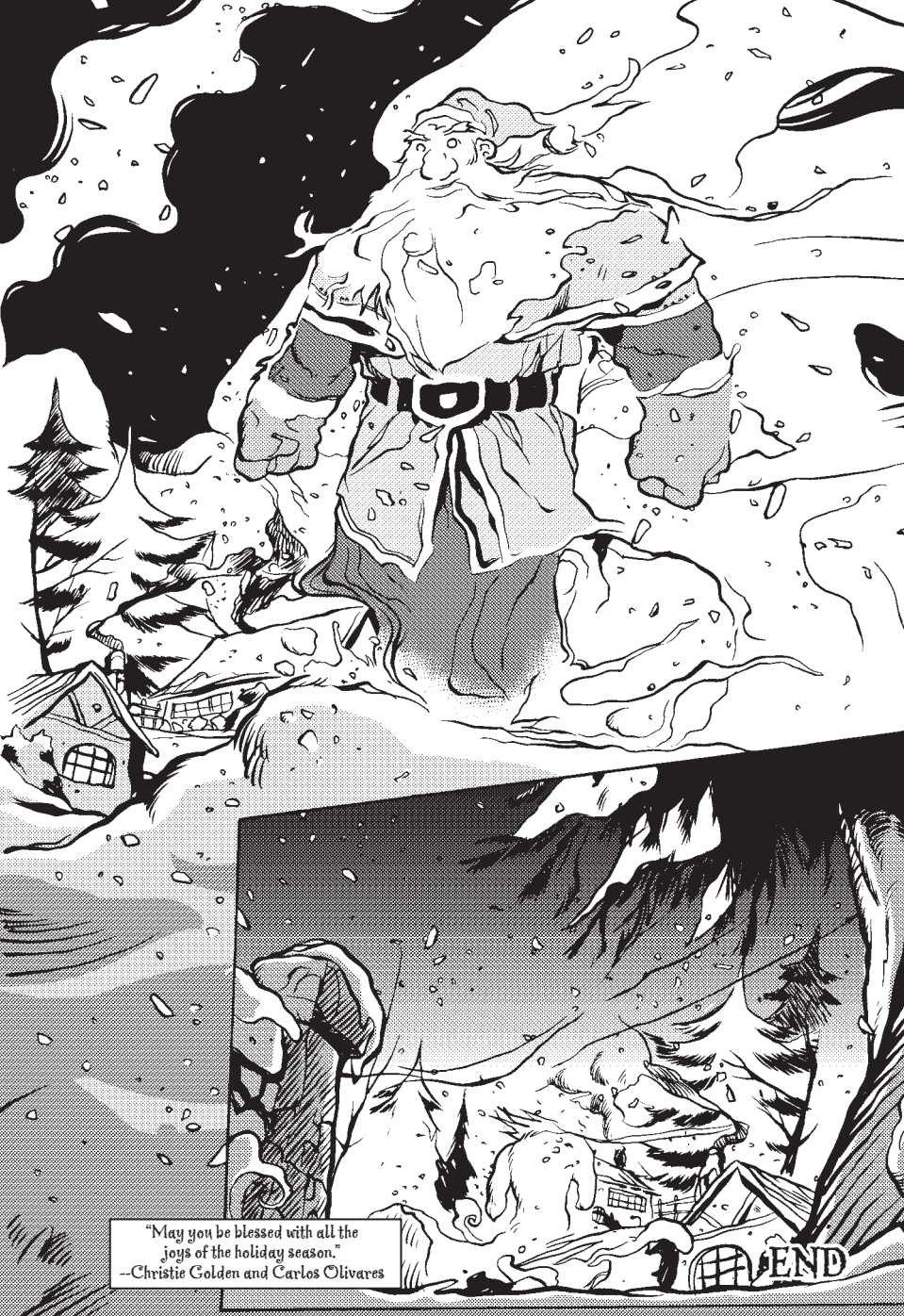


...THANK GOODNESS.









"May you be blessed with all the joys of the holiday season."
—Christie Golden and Carlos Olivares

END

WARCRAFT

LEGENDS VOLUME THREE

THE THRILL OF THE HUNT

WRITTEN BY TROY LEWTER

PENCILS BY QING PING MUI

INKS BY ALTERCOMICS STUDIOS

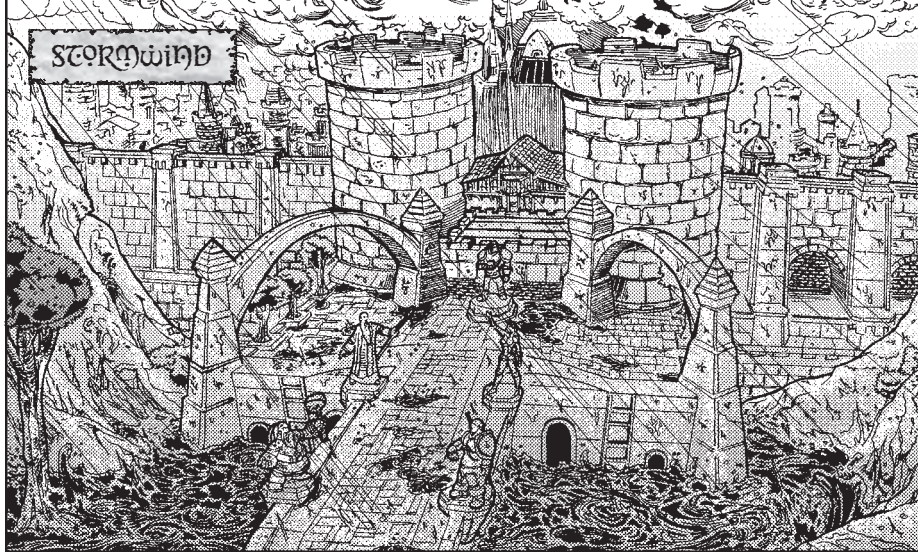
ALTERCOMICS STAFF: FERNANDO MELEK, GERMAN ERRAMOUSPE,
PABLO CHURIN, TOMAS AIRA, JAVIER BORDON & GABRIEL LUQUE

TONES BY MARA AUM

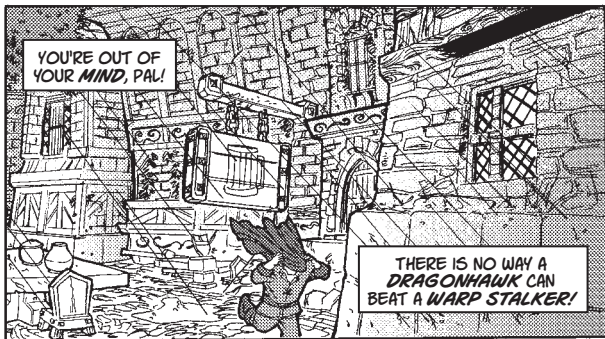
LETTERER: MICHAEL PAOLILLI



STORMWIND



YOU'RE OUT OF
YOUR MIND, PAL!



THERE IS NO WAY A
DRAGONHAWK CAN
BEAT A WARP STALKER!

THE WARP STALKER IS
HEAVIER AND HAS A LOWER
CENTER OF GRAVITY!

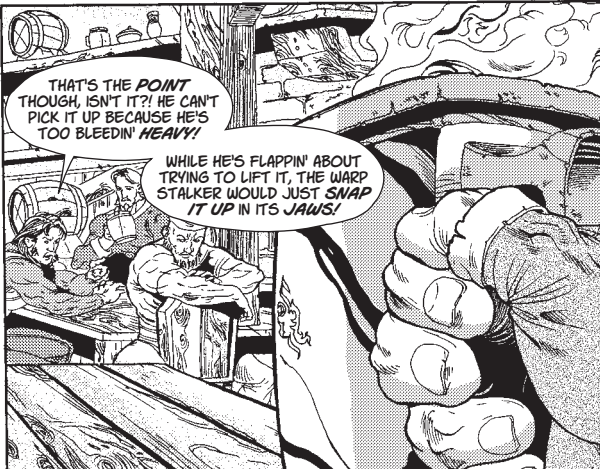


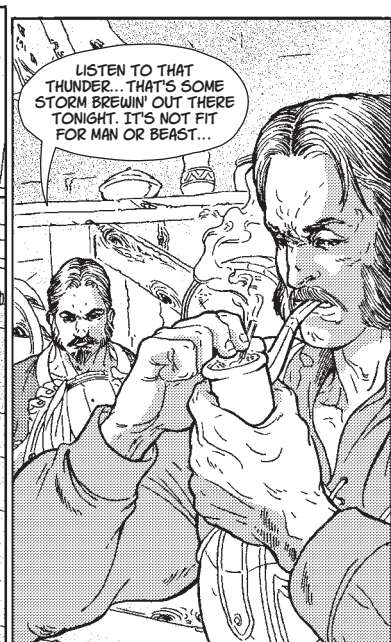
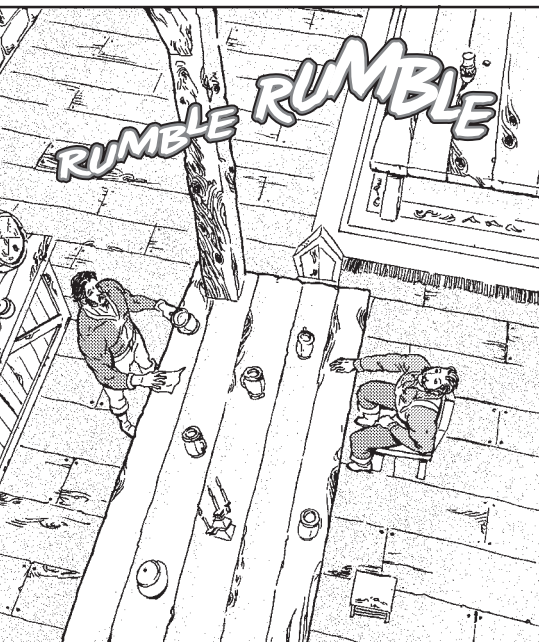
AND? FAT GOOD
IT'LL DO HIM ONCE THE
DRAGONHAWK FLIES IN,
SNATCHES 'IM UP AND DROPS
'IM OFF A CLIFF.

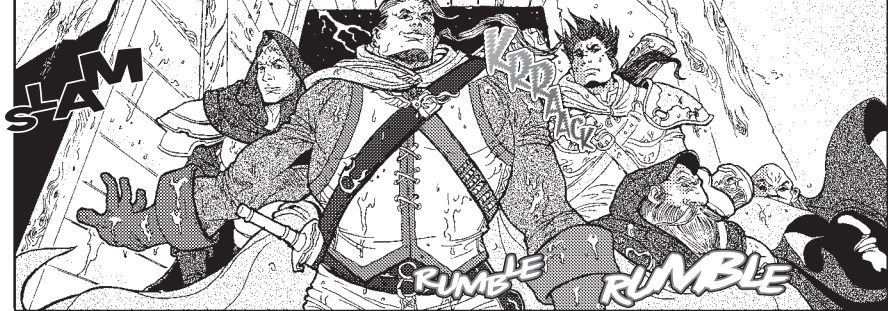


THAT'S THE POINT
THOUGH, ISN'T IT? HE CAN'T
PICK IT UP BECAUSE HE'S
TOO BLEEDIN' HEAVY!

WHILE HE'S FLAPPIN' ABOUT
TRYING TO LIFT IT, THE WARP
STALKER WOULD JUST SNAP
IT UP IN ITS JAWS!









I MUST ADMIT THAT'S RATHER IMPRESSIVE STRANGER... YOU SAY YOU BAGGED THE BEAST BY YOUR LONESOME?

NOT A DEADLIER SHOT ALIVE THAN HIM!

THAT'S RIGHT!

TELL 'IM, FLINT! TELL 'IM WHAT YOU TOLD US!



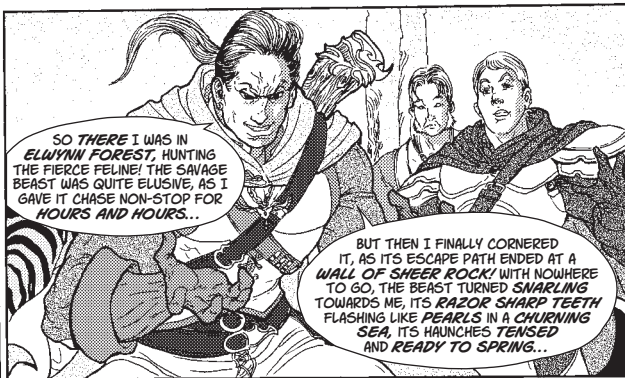
OH, I DON'T KNOW, BOYS... SURELY YOU DON'T WANT TO HEAR THAT OLD STORY AGAIN...

WHAT? OF COURSE WE DO! DON'T WE?

THAT'S RIGHT, LADS! SURELY A BRAVE TALE SUCH AS THIS DESERVES TO BE TOLD TO ALL WILLIN' TO LISTEN!

YEAH! TELL IT AGAIN, FLINT!

WELL... IF YOU INSIST...



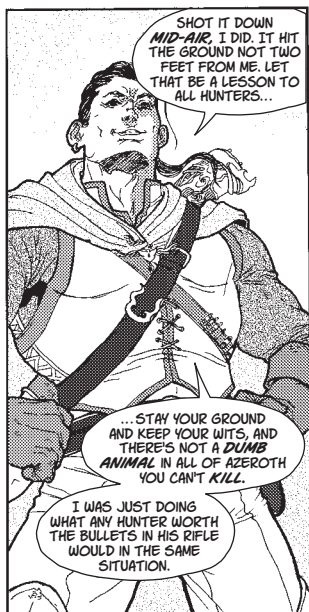
SO THERE I WAS IN ELWYNN FOREST, HUNTING THE FIERCE FELINE! THE SAVAGE BEAST WAS QUITE ELUSIVE, AS I GAVE IT CHASE NON-STOP FOR HOURS AND HOURS...

BUT THEN I FINALLY CORNERED IT, AS ITS ESCAPE PATH ENDED AT A WALL OF SHEER ROCK! WITH NOWHERE TO GO, THE BEAST TURNED SNARLING TOWARDS ME, ITS RAZOR SHARP TEETH FLASHING LIKE PEARLS IN A CHURNING SEA, ITS HAUNCHES TENSED AND READY TO SPRING...



THEN THE TIGER LEAPT! FOR A SPLIT SECOND I WAS FROZEN, AS I WAS BLINDED BY THE SHEER SAVAGENESS OF THE BEAST... BUT THEN THE COLD SPLASH OF HUNTER'S INSTINCT WASHED OVER ME, AND I RAISED MY RIFLE...

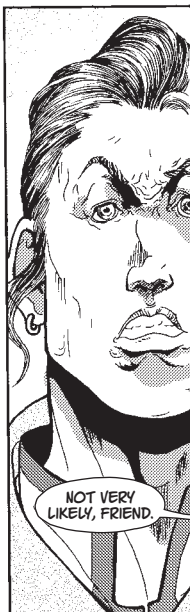
... AND FIRED!



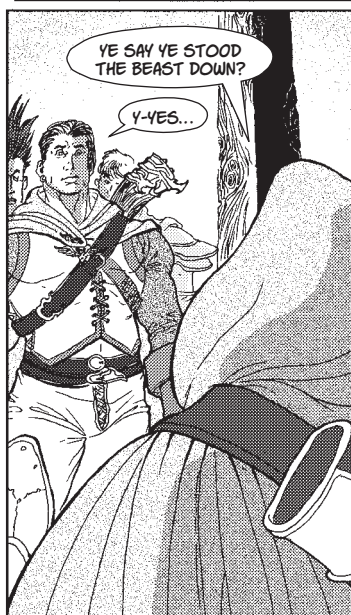
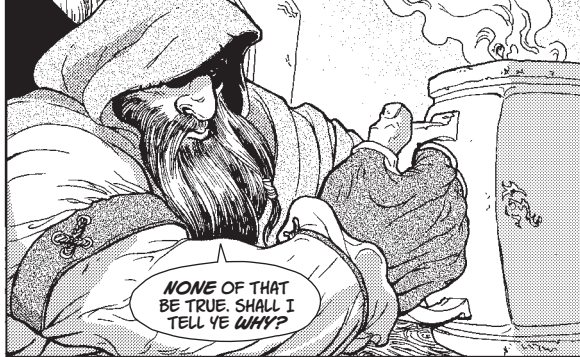
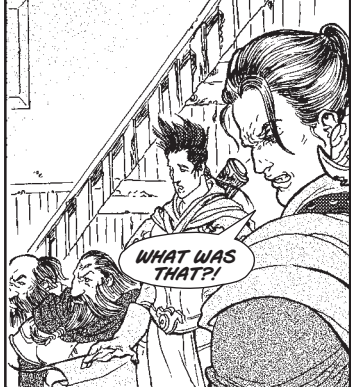
SHOT IT DOWN MID-AIR, I DID. IT HIT THE GROUND NOT TWO FEET FROM ME. LET THAT BE A LESSON TO ALL HUNTERS...

... STAY YOUR GROUND AND KEEP YOUR WITS, AND THERE'S NOT A DUMB ANIMAL IN ALL OF AZEROTH YOU CAN'T KILL.

I WAS JUST DOING WHAT ANY HUNTER WORTH THE BULLETS IN HIS RIFLE WOULD IN THE SAME SITUATION.



NOT VERY LIKELY, FRIEND.



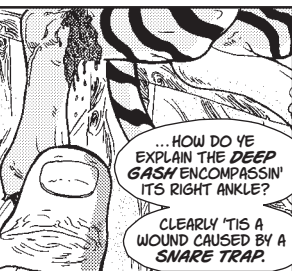


AND THAT IT LEAPT AT YE... AND YE SHOT IT MIDAIR?

ARE YOU DEAF?

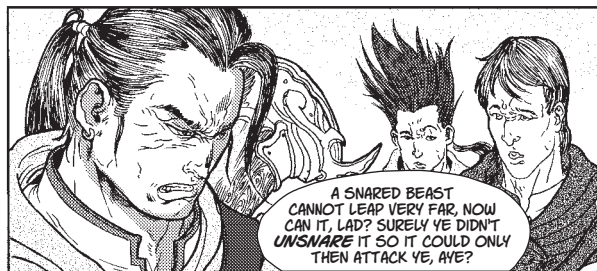
YES, THAT'S WHAT HAPPENED!

THEN, IF THAT BE THE CASE...



... HOW DO YE EXPLAIN THE **DEEP GASH** ENCOMPASSIN' ITS RIGHT ANKLE?

CLEARLY 'TIS A WOUND CAUSED BY A **SNARE TRAP**.



A **SNARED BEAST** CANNOT LEAP VERY FAR, NOW CAN IT, LAD? SURELY YE DIDN'T **UNSNARE** IT SO IT COULD ONLY THEN ATTACK YE, AYE?



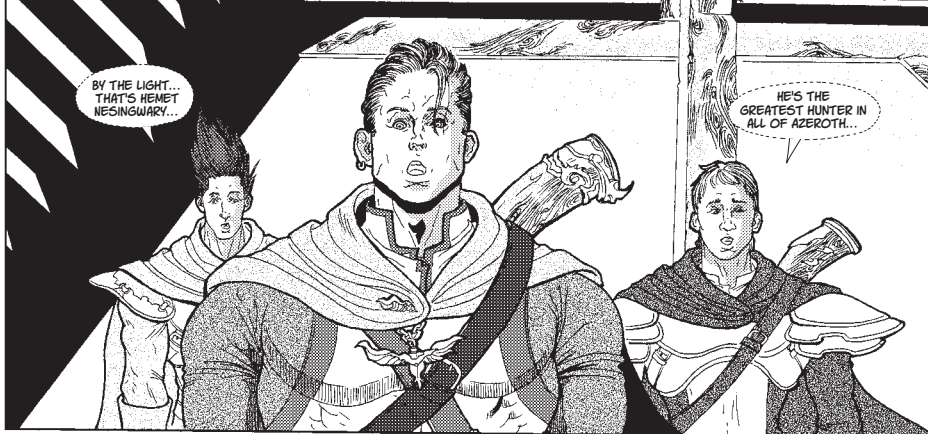
AH... I-I... IT...

AND JUST **WHAT** ARE YOU **PROPOSING**?! ARE YOU CALLING ME A **LIAR**, SIR?!

NAY, LAD. NOT A LIAR...



... BUT A **COWARD**. YE **SNARED** THIS ANIMAL FIRST, AND THEN SHOT IT.



BY THE LIGHT...
THAT'S HEMET
NESINGWARY...

HE'S THE
GREATEST HUNTER IN
ALL OF AZEROTH...



AND? S-SO
WHAT IF I DID?!

WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE
HOW I KILLED IT, AS LONG
AS IT WAS MY FINGER ON
THE TRIGGER?!



MY DEAR BOY...
ONE HAS
HONOR... THE
OTHER DOES NOT.



HA HA HA! *THIS*
FROM THE "GREAT" HEMET
NESINGWARY, A DWARF THAT'S
KILLED HUNDREDS, NAY,
THOUSANDS OF ANIMALS
SINGLE HANDEDLY!

WHAT
KNOW YOU OF
HONOR?!

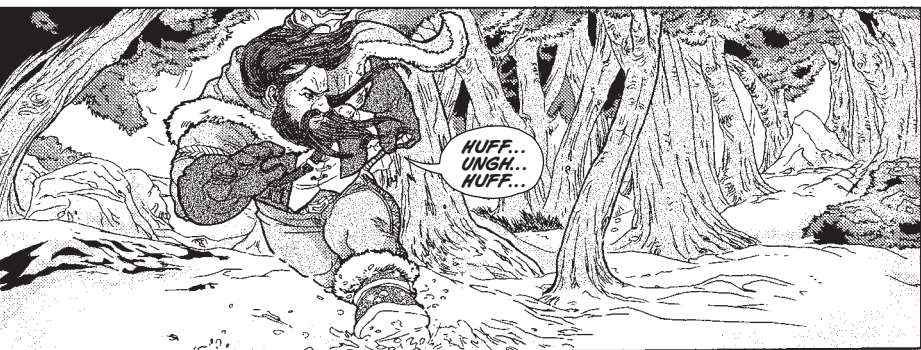


I WAS ONCE JUST LIKE YE.
NOT A MOMENT'S THOUGHT DID I
GIVE TO THE BEASTS LINED IN THE
SIGHTS OF ME BARREL. I WOULD HIRE ME
SERVICES TO ANYONE, ALWAYS SEEKIN'
THE ADRENALINE RUSH OF TAKIN' THE
ANIMAL DOWN BEFORE IT CAN DO
THE SAME TO YOU.

THAT WAS, UNTIL ONE
HUNT YEARS AGO CHANGED ME
DEFINITION OF WHAT IT REALLY
MEANS TO BE A HUNTER...

IT ALL BEGAN WITH A HUNT FOR A MAD FURBOLG THAT HAD BEEN TERRORIZIN' THE DRUID HAVEN MOONGLADE. I HAD BEEN HIRED BY THE LOCALS TO TRACK DOWN THE BEAST.

FOR DAYS I CHASED IT, FROM MOONGLADE TO THE SNOW-COVERED LANDS OF WINTERSPRING. BUT FINALLY, ON THE FOURTH DAY, I HAD IT RIGHT WHERE I WANTED IT...



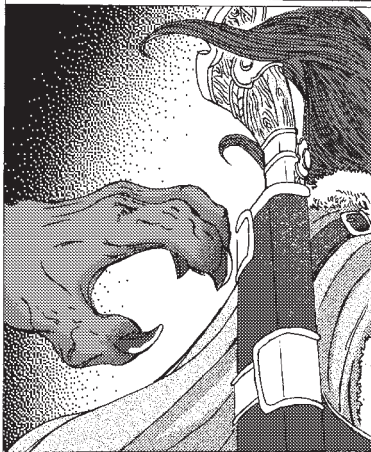
HUFF...
UNGH...
HUFF...

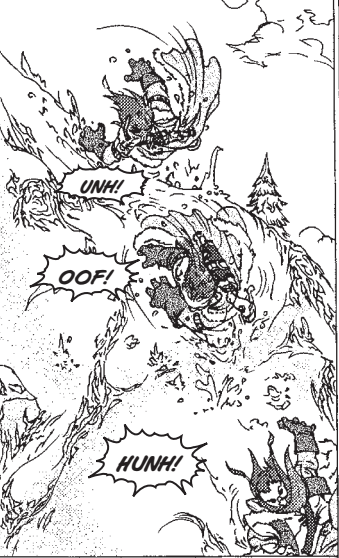


KRAK

RAAARRGGGHH!!

KRASH





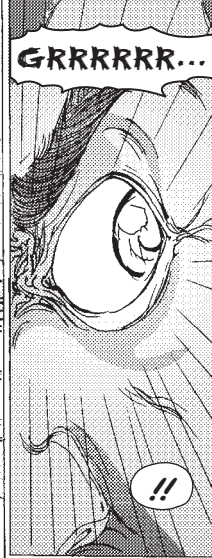
UNH!

OOF!

HUNH!



YOU'LL HAVE TO...
▷PANT▷... MOVE FASTER THAN
THAT...▷PANT▷... IF YOU MEAN
TO...▷HUFF▷... HAVE ME
FOR DINNER...



GRRRRRR...

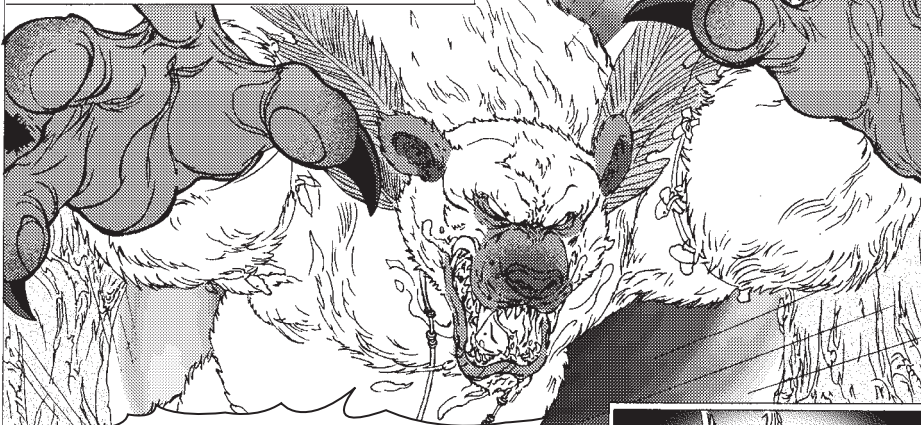
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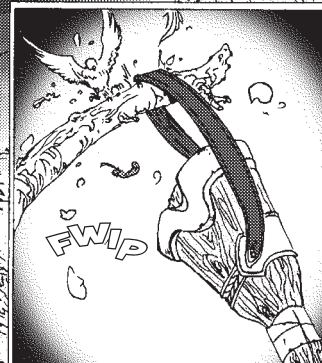
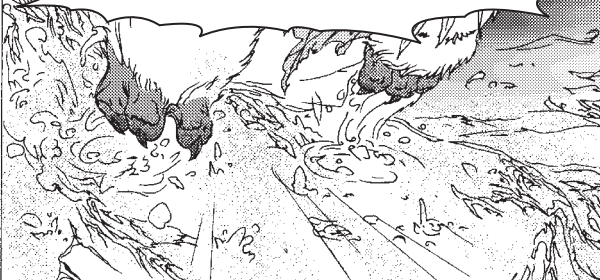
...AAAARRRRGH!!

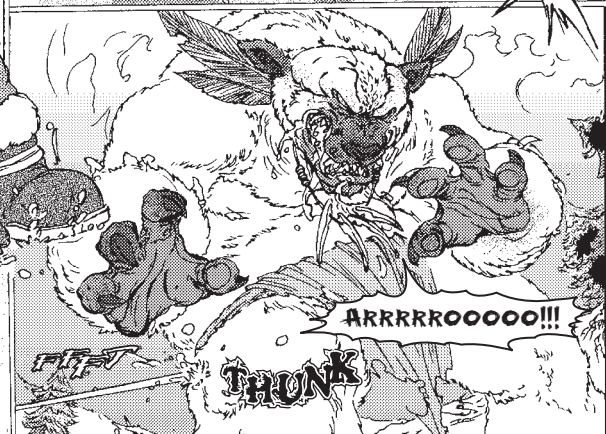
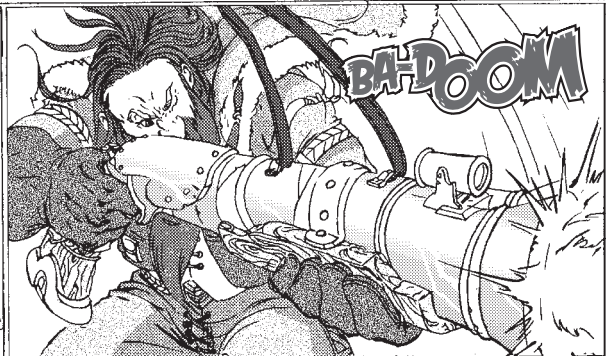


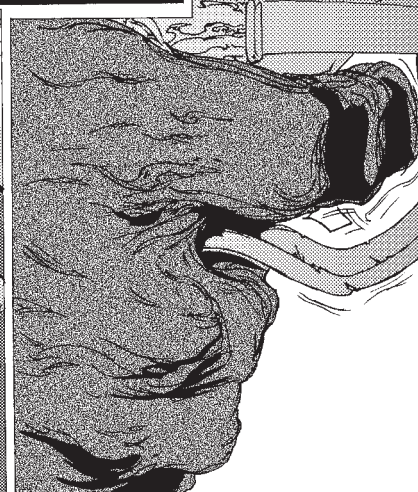
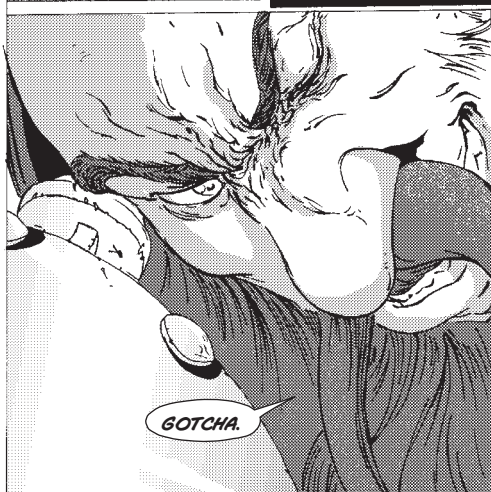
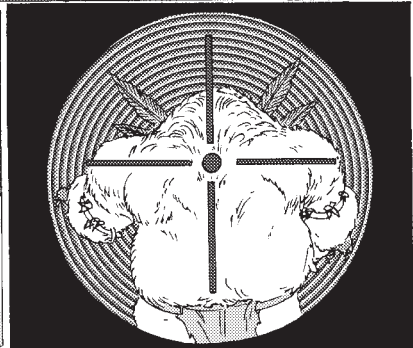
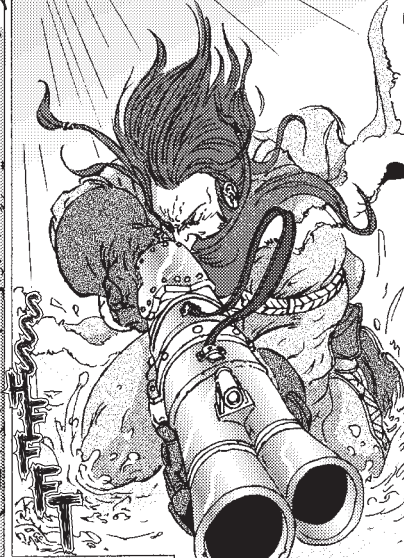
ME AND MY
BLASTED BIG
MOUTH...!



REEYAAAARGH!!

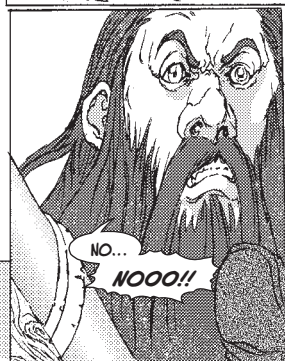






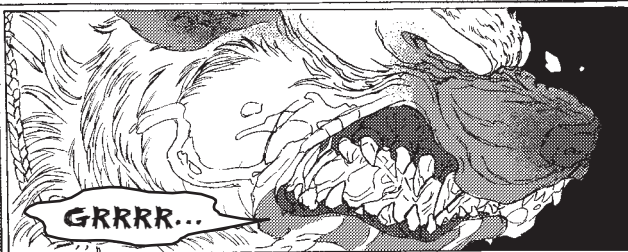


HEY, DID YOU GUYS HEAR...OH.

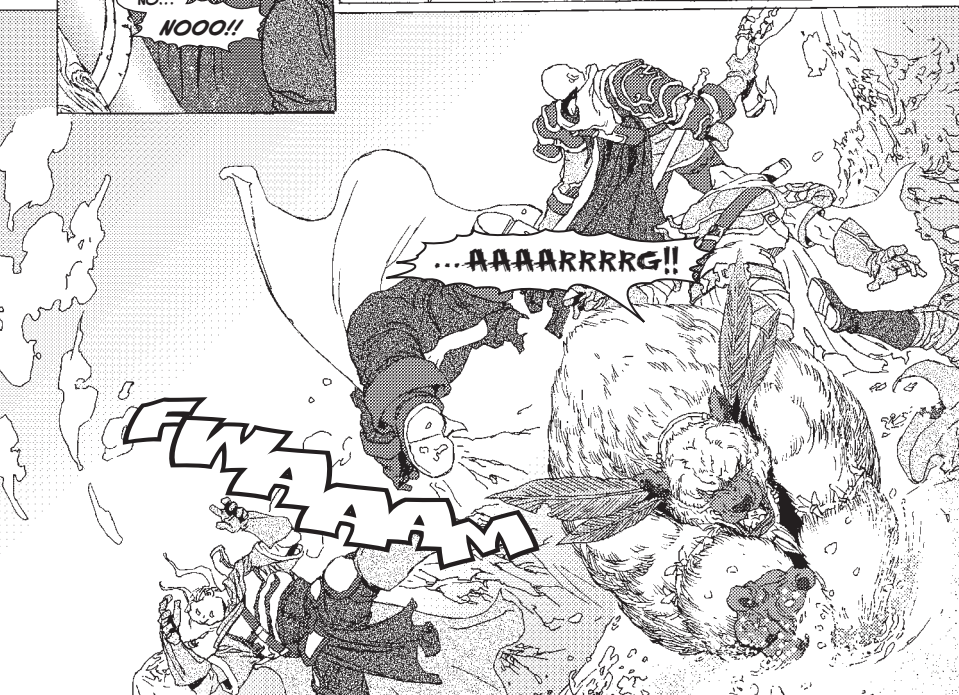


NO...

NOOO!!



GRRRR...



...AAAAARRRG!!

FWAAAM

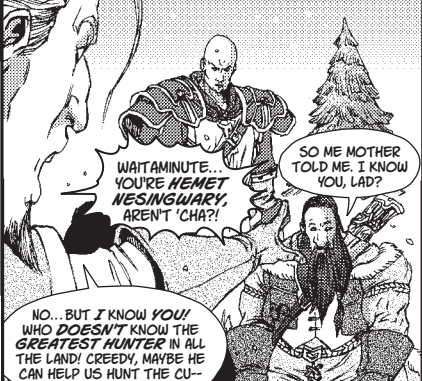


HEY! NOT SO FAST...

I'M THINKING I HAVE A SPLINTER ON THE PINKY THAT REQUIRES SOME ALE.

SHUT UP, ROY...! WE DON'T HAVE TIME FOR THIS! YOU'LL HAVE ENOUGH COIN TO STAY DRUNK FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIFE **AFTER** WE FINISH OUR BUSINESS HERE!

AND WHAT BUSINESS WOULD THAT BE, FRIEND?



WAITAMINUTE... YOU'RE HEMET NESINGWARY, AREN'T 'CHA?!

SO ME MOTHER TOLD ME. I KNOW YOU, LAD?

NO... BUT I KNOW YOU! WHO DOESN'T KNOW THE GREATEST HUNTER IN ALL THE LAND! CREEDY, MAYBE HE CAN HELP US HUNT THE CU-



SHHH! SILENCE THAT FLAPPING TONGUE OF YOURS, OR I'LL DO IT FOR YOU!

HUNT YOU SAY? BE THIS THE "BUSINESS" YE SPOKE OF? WHAT PREY ARE YE HUNTIN', EH?



N-NOTHING REALLY. JUST A, UH... MANGY FOX THAT'S EATEN A LOCAL FARMER'S CHICKENS.



IS THAT ALL? SAY... TELL YE LADS WHAT... I'LL HELP YE HUNT THIS FOX... IT WON'T TAKE ME LONG TO FIND THE CRITTER... AND THEN YE CAN HELP ME HUNT THAT BLASTED FURBOLG. THAT WOULD MAKE UP FOR YE RUININ' MY KILL EARLIER.

BESIDES, I HAVEN'T GONE ON A FOX HUNT IN AGES! IT WILL DO ME BONES GOOD TO DUST OFF THE SMALL GAME COBWEBS...! WHAT SAY YE LADS?



WE SAY... SURE. WE WOULD WANT **NOTHING MORE** THAN TO HAVE THE WORLD FAMOUS HEMET NESINGWARY JOIN US ON **OUR HUNT.**

MOMENTS LATER...

HUH... 'TIS
A FOX, YE SAY?
THESE TRACKS ARE
FAR TOO LARGE
FOR A FOX...

IT'S A FOX, I
ASSURE YOU. OFTEN
TIMES TRACKS IN THE
SNOW WILL MELT,
MAKING THE PRINT
SEEM LARGER
THAN IT ACTUALLY IS.

YES YES, I KNOW
THAT... BUT THE SUN HAS BEEN
CLOUD-HIDDEN ALL DAY, SO
EVEN IF THESE TRACKS ARE
FROM THIS MORNING, THEY
SHOULDN'T HAVE MELTED
THIS MU--

Y'KNOW,
ETIQUETTE
CALLS FOR
UNINVITED
GUESTS TO
AT THE VERY
LEAST NOT
INSULT THEIR
HOSTS
BY CALLING
THEM LIARS!

I DIDN'T ASK
YOU TO COME ALONG--
BUT I HAVE ZERO
PROBLEMS ASKING
YOU TO LEAVE!

SAY... CREEDY, IS IT?
SORRY TO INFORM YE,
BUT I'M THE LEAST OF
YOUR PROBLEMS... CONSIDERIN' YOUR
MAN ROY THERE HAS STAGE
THREE POISON OAK RASH
CREEPIN' UP HIS NECK.

POOR LAD... LOOKS
TO BE THE WORST CASE I'VE
EVER SEEN... AYE... PROBABLY
ALL OVER HIS BACK AND
WHO KNOWS WHERE
ELSE BY NOW...

WHAT? I
DONT SEE
ANY--

DO YOU SEE
IT?! DO YOU
SEE IT?!

HOLD
STILL, DOOFUS!
I CAN'T TELL!

DONT GET
TOO CLOSE TO
HIM! IT COULD BE
CONTAGIOUS!

ROY, I SWEAR IF YOU
TAKE OFF YOUR SKIVVIES,
I'M GONNA PUNCH YOU
RIGHT IN THE SOUP
COOLER!

PUT YOUR
CLOTHES BACK ON,
MORON! THERE'S NOTHING
WRONG WITH--

WAIT... WHERE'S
NESINGWARY?

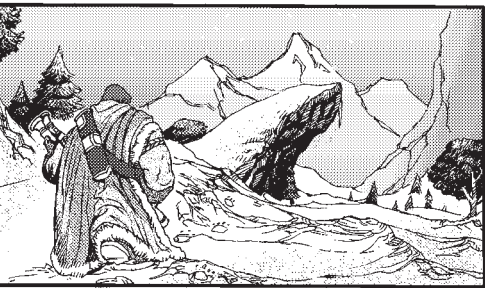
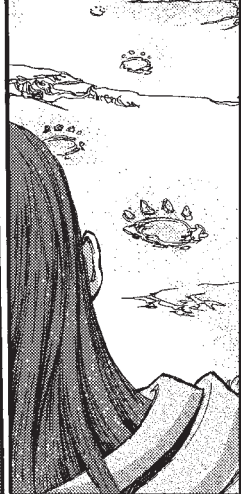


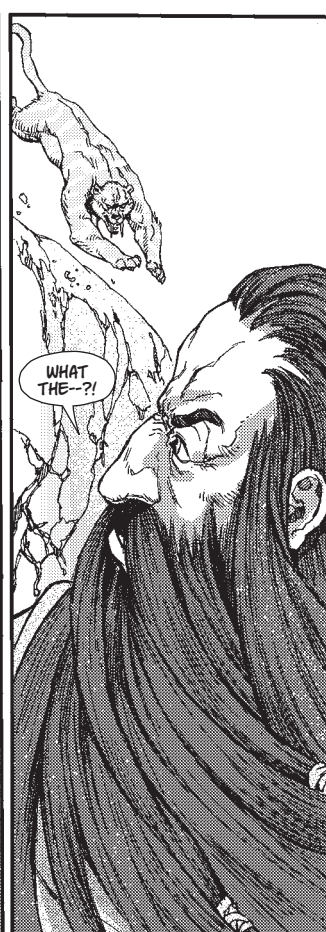


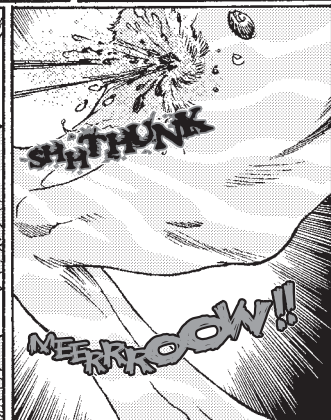
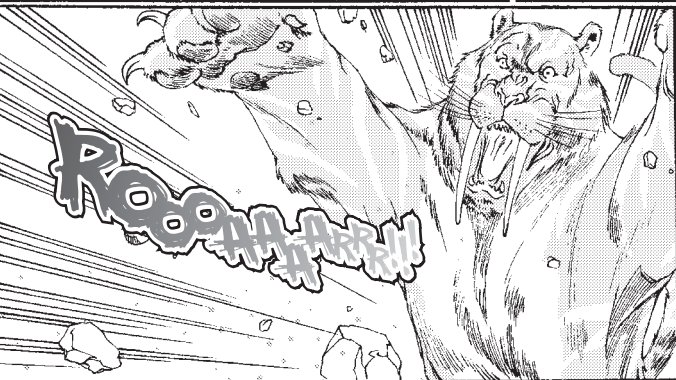
NOW THEN,
CREEDEY...

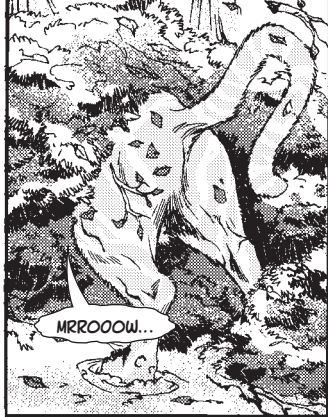


... LET'S FIND
OUT WHAT YE ARE
REALLY CHASIN'.





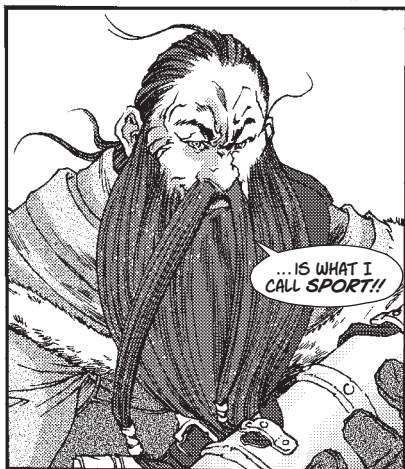




MRROOOW...



NOW THAT...



...IS WHAT I
CALL *SPORT*!!

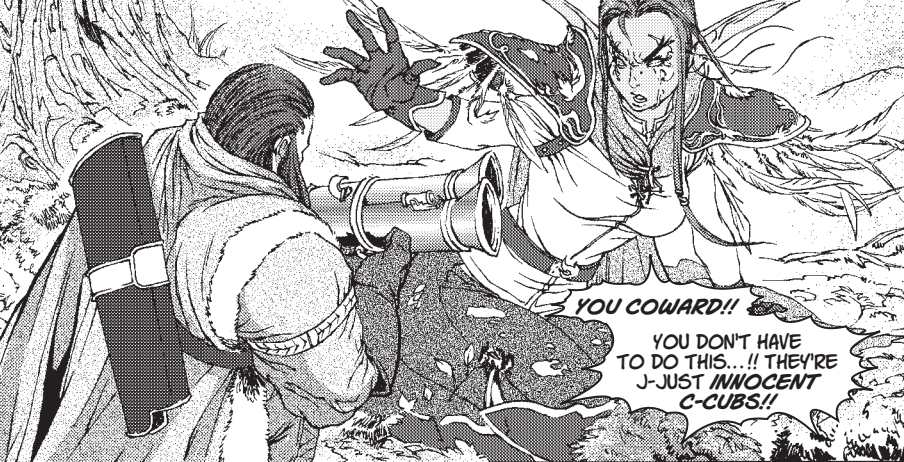


I GUESS OL'
CREEDY JUST DIDN'T
WANT TO SHARE THE
FUN, EH KITTY?

NO MATTER... THAT
WAS JUST A GRAZIN'
SHOT. THERE'S MORE THAN
ENOUGH LEFT FOR
THEM TO...

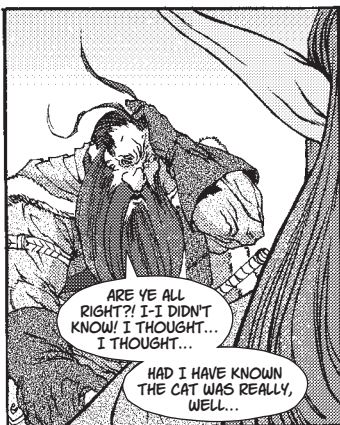


...SHOOT...



YOU COWARD!!

YOU DON'T HAVE TO DO THIS...!! THEY'RE J-JUST INNOCENT C-CUBS!!



ARE YE ALL RIGHT?! I-I DIDN'T KNOW! I THOUGHT... I THOUGHT...

HAD I HAVE KNOWN THE CAT WAS REALLY, WELL...



WAIT... Y-YOU'RE NOT ONE OF THEM...

MY NAME IS TELEENA... AND YOU MUST HELP ME!!

LUCKILY THE DAMAGE... UMH... ISN'T TOO GREAT. I CAN HEAL MYSELF AS SOON AS I CATCH MY BREATH...

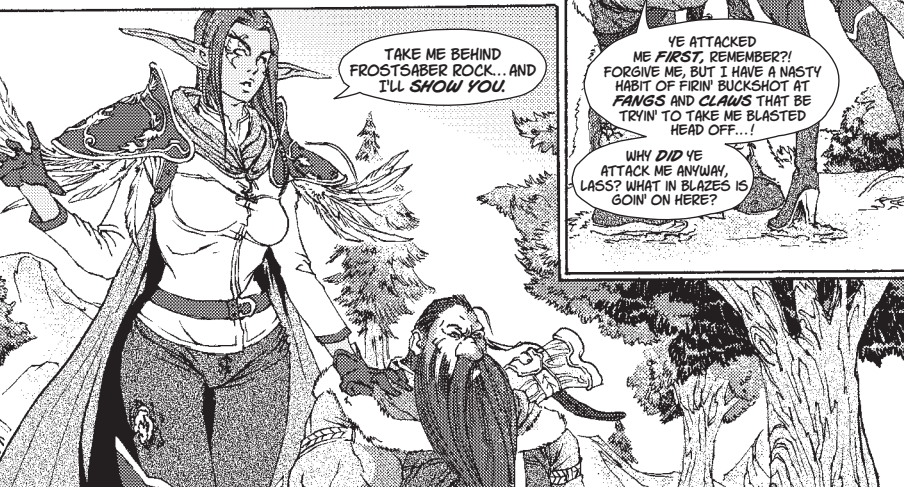
I SWEAR, IT NEVER FAILS! YOU HUNTERS ARE ALL THE SAME! SHOOT FIRST, THINK LATER!



YE ATTACKED ME FIRST, REMEMBER?! FORGIVE ME, BUT I HAVE A NASTY HABIT OF FIRIN' BUCKSHOT AT FANGS AND CLAWS THAT BE TRYIN' TO TAKE ME BLASTED HEAD OFF...!

WHY DID YE ATTACK ME ANYWAY, LASS? WHAT IN BLAZES IS GOIN' ON HERE?

TAKE ME BEHIND FROSTSABER ROCK... AND I'LL SHOW YOU.





THERE...
UNDER THOSE
BRANCHES.



THEY'RE WHY I
ATTACKED YOU. I
THOUGHT YOU WERE
AFTER THEM.

I... I DON'T
UNDERSTAND...



THEY ARE--*WERE*--
A LITTER FROM MY DEAD
FROSTSABER MOUNT, ISIS.
CREEDY KILLED HER TO GET
TO THEM. HE'S BEEN CHASING
ME AND THE CUBS FOR
A WEEK NOW.

IT'S THEIR FUR, YOU
SEE... AS CUBS, THEIR STRIPE
PATTERNS ARE VERY
UNIQUE... THOUGH AS THEY
MATURE THE STRIPES REVERT
TO NORMAL FROSTSABER
MARKINGS.

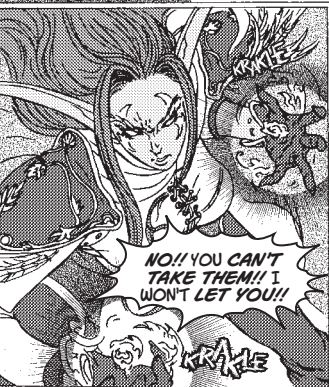
THAT'S WHY CREEDY
WANTS THEIR PELTS BEFORE
THEY CHANGE... HE KNOWS SUCH
RARE FUR CAN MAKE HIM RICH.
HE'LL STOP AT NOTHING TO
GET THEM. BUT... THEY'RE
JUST BABIES...

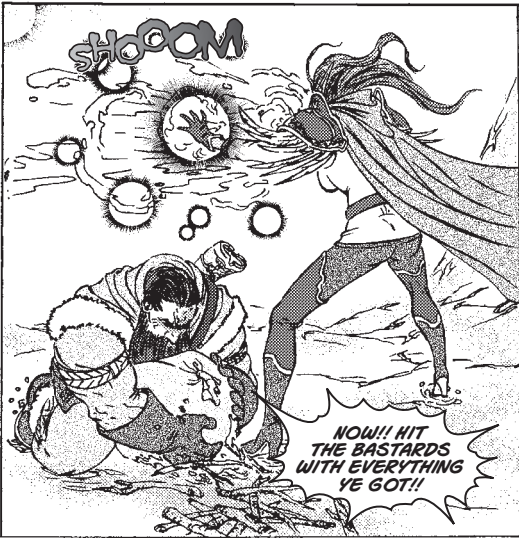
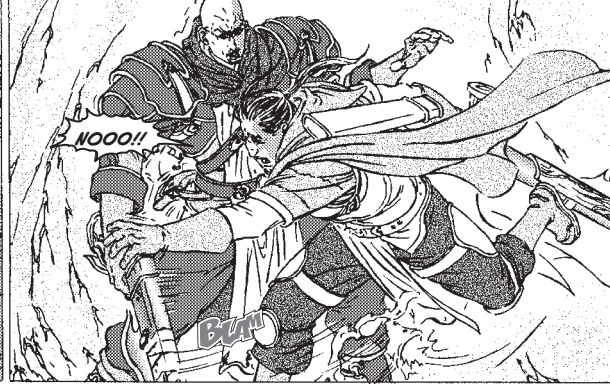
THAT LYIN'
CUR!! TOLD ME
HE WAS HUNTIN' A
FOX, HE DID!!

WHAT SPORT IS
THERE IN HUNTIN' CUBS THAT
DON'T EVEN HAVE CLAWS TO
SCRATCH YOU?! NO HUNTER
WITH A GRAIN OF SELF-RESPECT
WOULD WASTE HIS TIME ON SUCH
UNCHALLENGING PREY!!



BUT THAT'S
JUST IT...







HURRY, YOU IDIOTS!! DON'T LET THEM GET AWAY!!



**LEAVE ME!!
M-MY LEG IS NOT YET FULLY HEALED! I'LL ONLY S-SLOW YOU D-DOWN...!!**

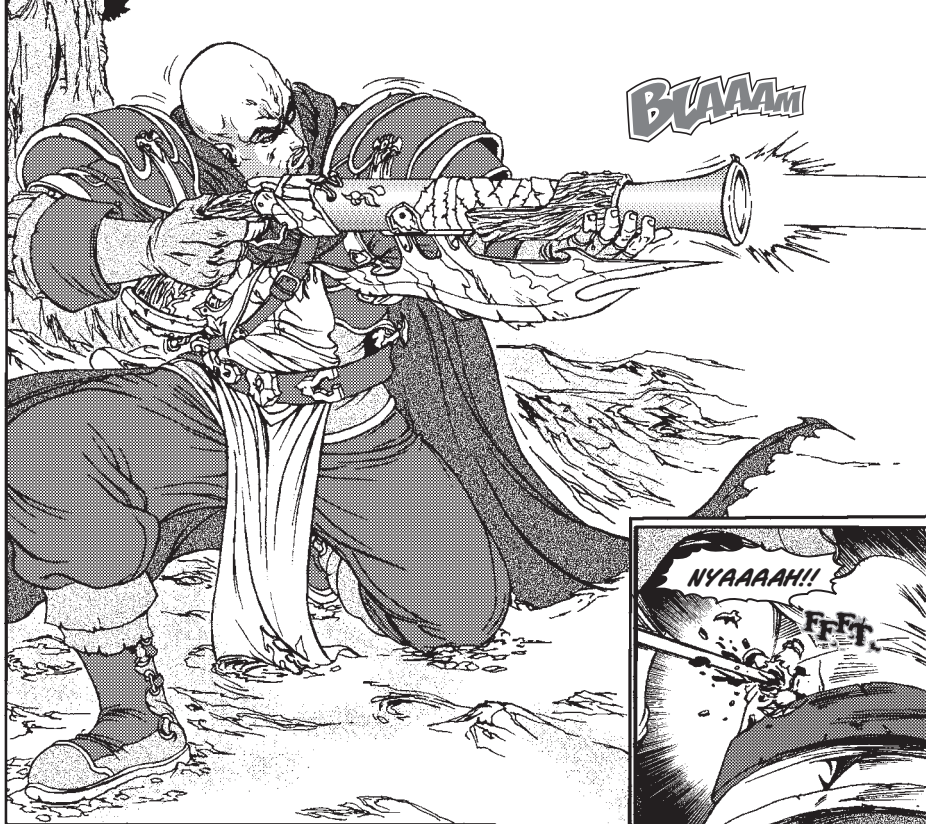
I'LL NOT LEAVE YE BEHIND, LASS! NOW FIGHT THROUGH THE PAIN AND KEEP MOVIN'!!



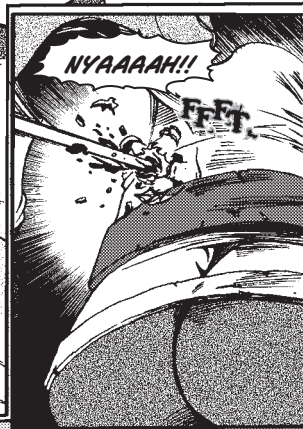
THERE! THAT RAVINE IS OUR ONLY CHANCE!!



JUMP!!!

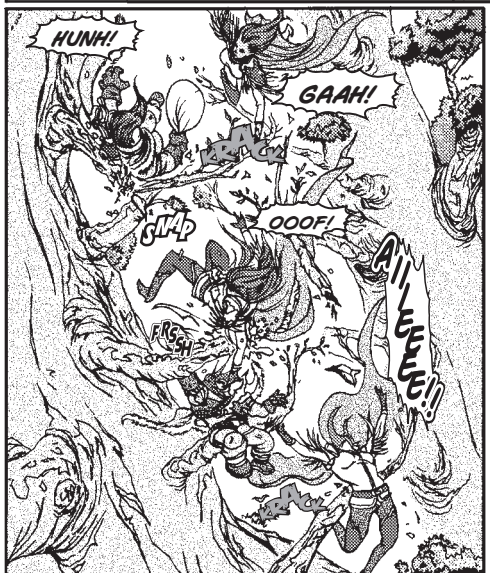


BLAMM!



NYAAAAH!!

FFFT



HUNH!

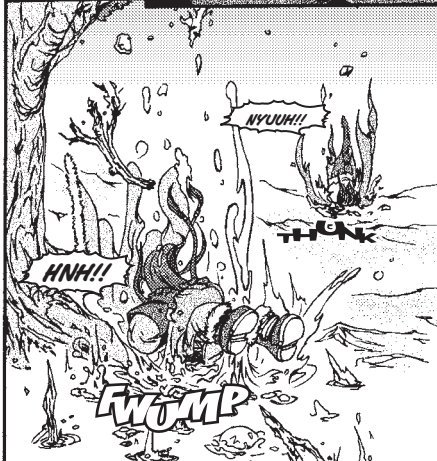
GAAH!

CRASH

SIMP

OOOF!

AAH EEEH!



NYUHH!

THNK

HNH!

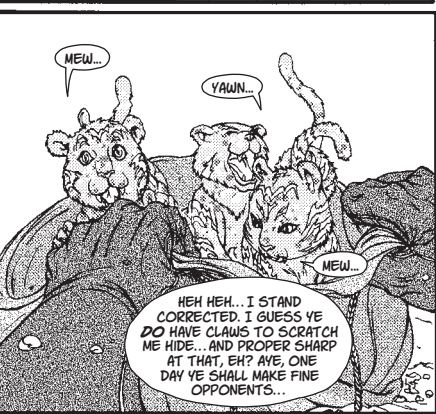
FWOMP



UNH... I'VE HAD HANGOVERS THAT FELT LIKE TICKLES COMPARED TO THIS...



THE BLAZES...! QUIT POKIN' AT ME WITH THOSE--



MEW...

YAWN...

MEW...

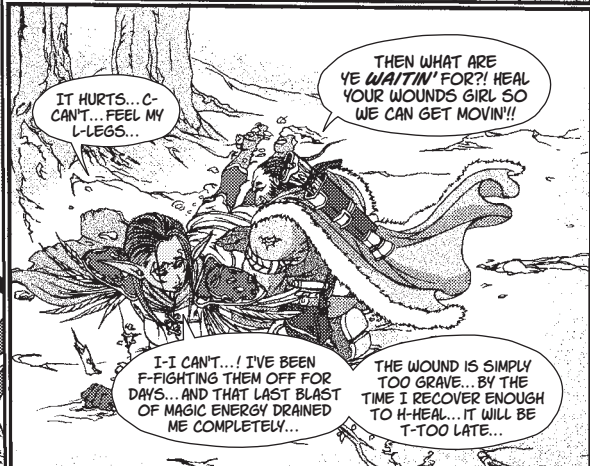
HEH HEH... I STAND CORRECTED. I GUESS YE DO HAVE CLAWS TO SCRATCH ME HIDE... AND PROPER SHARP AT THAT, EH? AYE, ONE DAY YE SHALL MAKE FINE OPPONENTS...



TELEENA...? WHERE ARE YE, LASS...?



TELEENA!

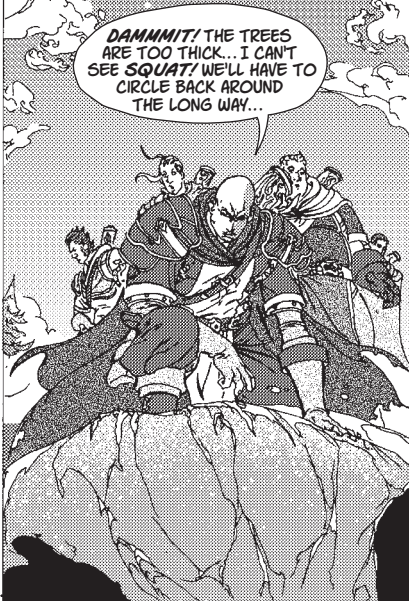


IT HURTS... C-CAN'T... FEEL MY L-LEGS...

THEN WHAT ARE YE WAITIN' FOR?! HEAL YOUR WOUNDS GIRL SO WE CAN GET MOVIN'!!

I-I CAN'T...! I'VE BEEN F-FIGHTING THEM OFF FOR DAYS... AND THAT LAST BLAST OF MAGIC ENERGY DRAINED ME COMPLETELY...

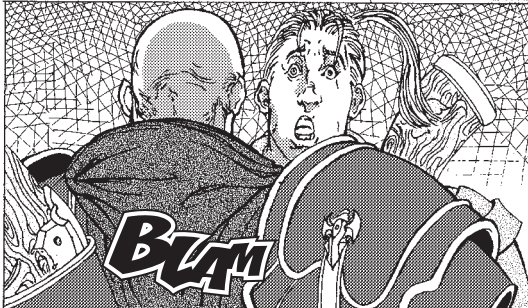
THE WOUND IS SIMPLY TOO GRAVE... BY THE TIME I RECOVER ENOUGH TO H-HEAL... IT WILL BE T-TOO LATE...



DAMNIT! THE TREES ARE TOO THICK... I CAN'T SEE **SQUAT!** WE'LL HAVE TO CIRCLE BACK AROUND THE LONG WAY...



THIS IS **YOUR FAULT**, YOU IDIOT!! I HAVE A GOOD MIND TO TOSS YOU OFF THE **BLEEDIN' EDGE** AFTER HIM!!



HEY, I'M SORRY, BUT I DIDN'T SIGN ON FOR THIS! IT'S ONE THING TO KILL AN ANIMAL, BUT TO KILL NIGHT ELVES AND DWARVES, I MEAN, THAT'S JUST TAKING IT A LITTLE TOO FAR, DON'CHA THINK?

YOU'RE ABSOLUTELY RIGHT, JENSEN... **IT IS.**



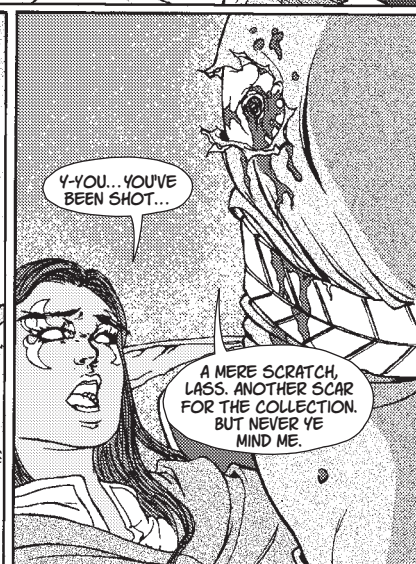
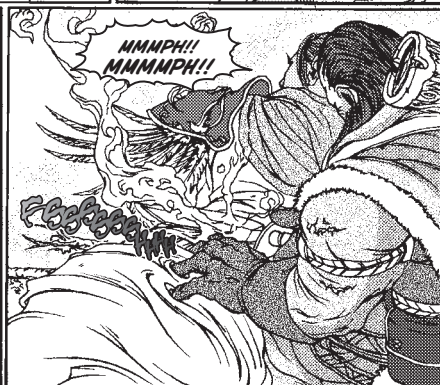
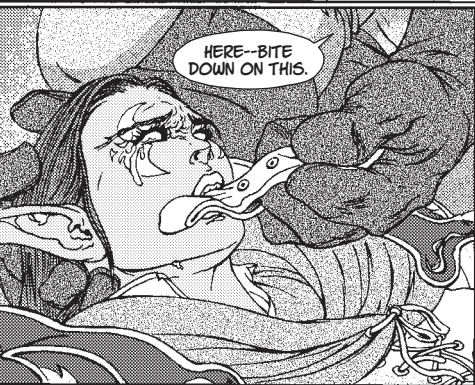
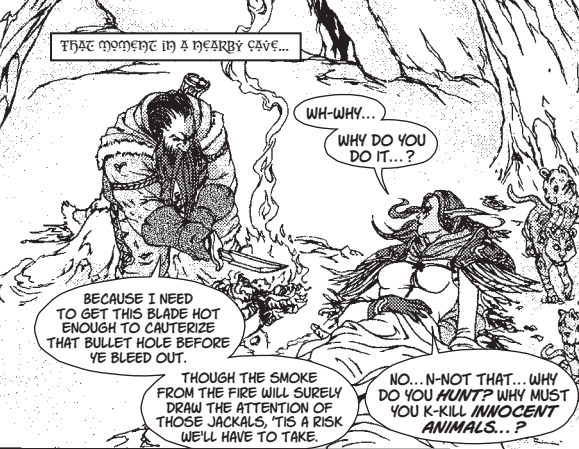
BUM!



LOOKS LIKE YOUR CUTS JUST **INCREASED, BOYS.**



NOW LET'S GO DOWN THERE AND **GET OUR MONEY.**

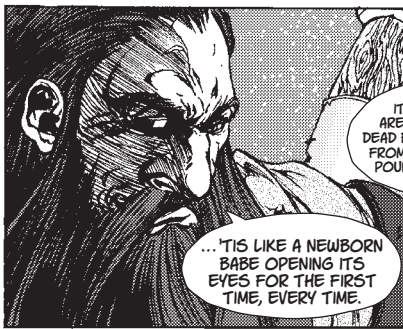




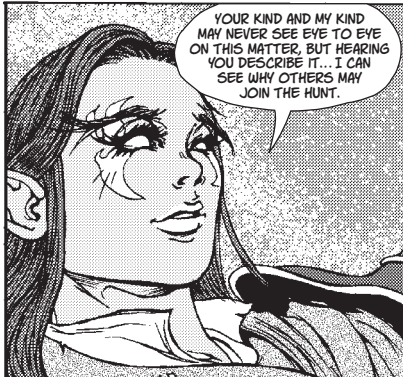
IT'S INSTINCT THEN...?

WHAT'S THAT?

WHY YOU HUNT, IS IT... S-SOMETHING YOU'RE BORN WITH?



... 'TIS LIKE A NEWBORN BABE OPENING ITS EYES FOR THE FIRST TIME, EVERY TIME.



YOUR KIND AND MY KIND MAY NEVER SEE EYE TO EYE ON THIS MATTER, BUT HEARING YOU DESCRIBE IT... I CAN SEE WHY OTHERS MAY JOIN THE HUNT.



NOT QUITE...

'TIS NOT SO MUCH ABOUT WHAT YE HAVE... BUT WHAT YE *DON'T* HAVE.

IN EVERY HUNTER'S HEART THERE'S A VOID, YE SEE... AN EMPTY SPACE THAT ONLY THE THRILL OF THE HUNT CAN FILL. FOR EVERY HUNT YE GO ON, AT THE END THAT SPACE IS BRIMMIN' WITH EXCITEMENT AND JOY...



... BUT THEN IT EMPTIES AGAIN, AND SOON YE ARE BACK ON THE NEXT HUNT, SEARCHIN'... SEARCHIN' FOR THAT *FEELING*. YE SEE, YE DONT KNOW WHAT KIND OF HUNTER YE REALLY ARE UNTIL YE STARE SMARLIN' DEATH IN THE EYES, WAITING FOR IT TO BLINK BEFORE YE DO...

THAT'S WHEN YE KNOW YOU'RE *ALIVE*, WITH THREE HUNDRED POUNDS OF FANGS AND CLAWS TEARIN' AFTER YE. IN THOSE MOMENTS THE WORLD FALLS AWAY AND IT'S JUST YOU, THE BEAST, YOUR SKILL... AND *CHANCE*.

AND WHEN IT'S OVER, WHEN YE ARE STANDIN' OVER THE DEAD BEAST, SWEAT DRIPPIN' FROM YOUR BROW AND THE POUNDIN' OF YOUR HEART IN YOUR EARS...



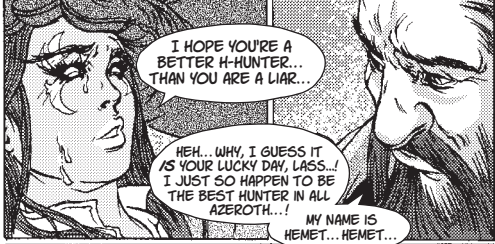
HEH HEH...

AYE, LASS. YE STICK WITH ME LONG ENOUGH... AND YOU'LL COME OVER TO THE DARK SIDE AS WELL.



UNH! N-NOT MUCH TIME... YOU'RE A G-GOOD PERSON YOU MUST P-PROTECT THEM! DON'T LET CREEDY K-K-KILL THEM!!

HAVE YE NOT LISTENED TO A WORD I'VE SAID? I HUNT ANIMALS...! I DON'T PROTECT THEM! I-I CAN'T...IT'S JUST NOT WHO I AM!



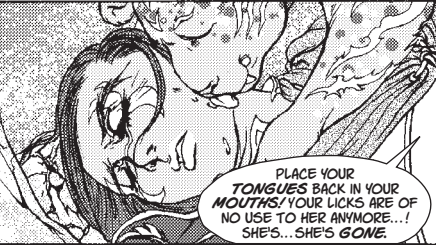
I HOPE YOU'RE A BETTER H-HUNTER... THAN YOU ARE A LIAR...

HEH... WHY, I GUESS IT IS YOUR LUCKY DAY, LASS...! I JUST SO HAPPEN TO BE THE BEST HUNTER IN ALL AZEROTH...!

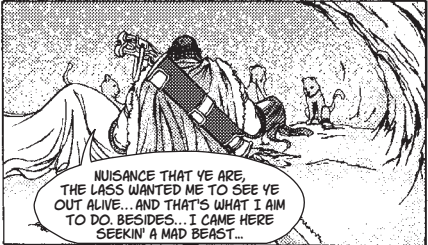
MY NAME IS HEMET... HEMET...



...NESINGWARY...



PLACE YOUR TONGUES BACK IN YOUR MOUTHS! YOUR LICKS ARE OF NO USE TO HER ANYMORE...! SHE'S... SHE'S GONE.



NUISANCE THAT YE ARE. THE LASS WANTED ME TO SEE YE OUT ALIVE... AND THAT'S WHAT I AM TO DO. BESIDES... I CAME HERE SEEKIN' A MAD BEAST...

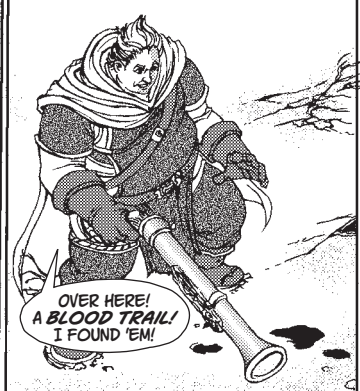


... AND BY THE LIGHT, I FOUND ONE.

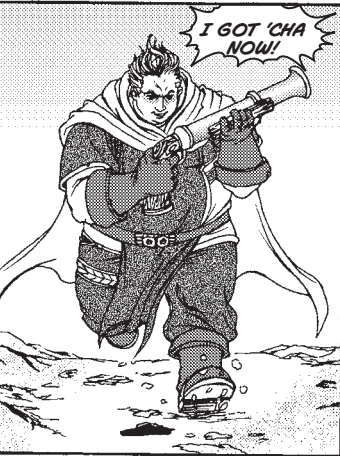




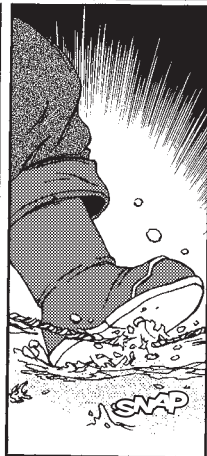
SPREAD OUT...
BUT STEP LIVELY, BOYS.
THAT CUR NESINGWARY
IS A WILY ONE...



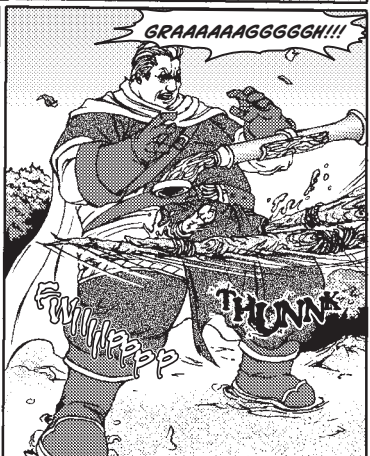
OVER HERE!
A BLOOD TRAIL!
I FOUND 'EM!



I GOT 'CHA
NOW!

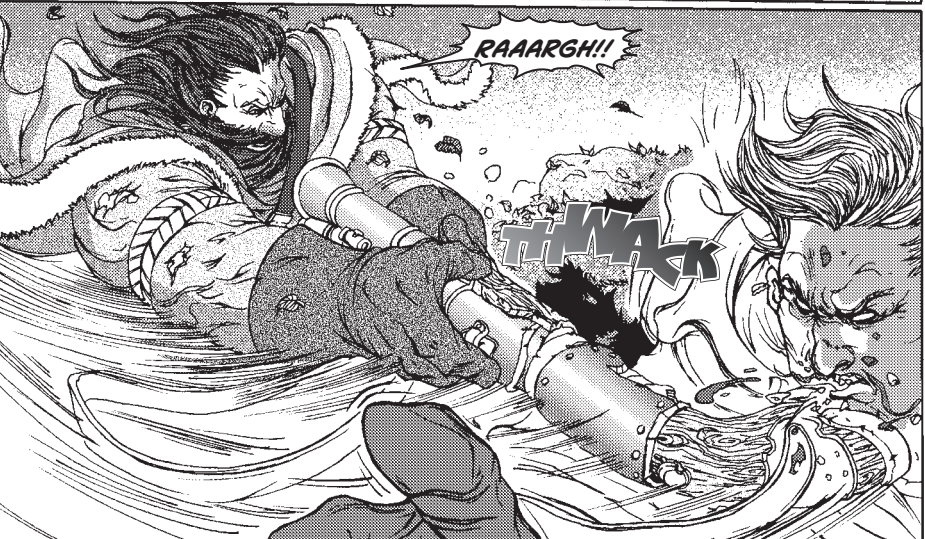


SWP



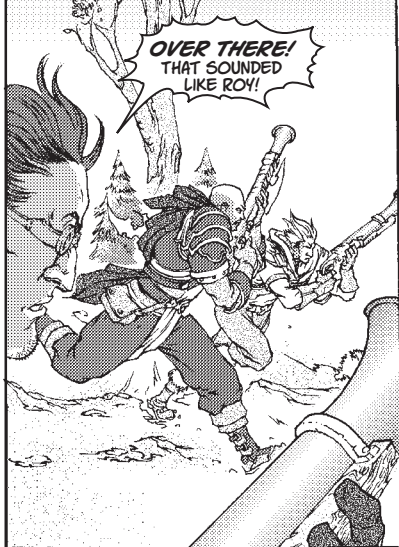
GRAAAAAAGGGGGH!!!

THUNK



RAAARGH!!

THWACK



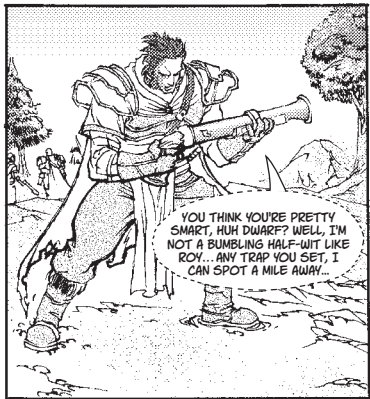
**OVER THERE!
THAT SOUNDED
LIKE ROY!**



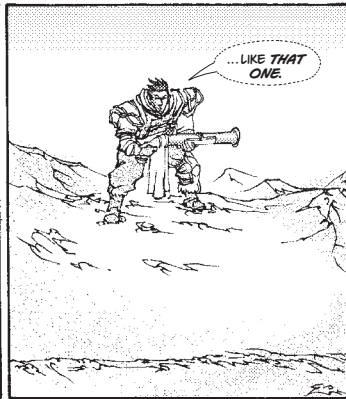
**ROY...? ARE
YOU OKAY...?**

**DOES HE
LOOK OKAY, YOU
IMBECILE?!**

**NOW FIND
HIM... BUT BE
CAREFUL!**



**YOU THINK YOU'RE PRETTY
SMART, HUH DWARF? WELL, I'M
NOT A BUMBLING HALF-WIT LIKE
ROY... ANY TRAP YOU SET, I
CAN SPOT A MILE AWAY...**

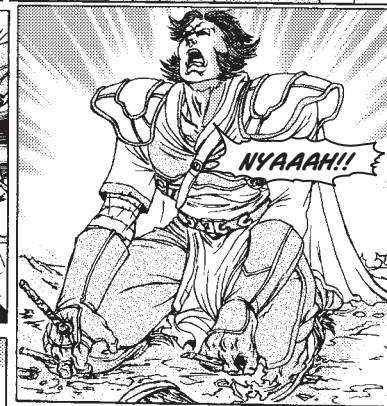


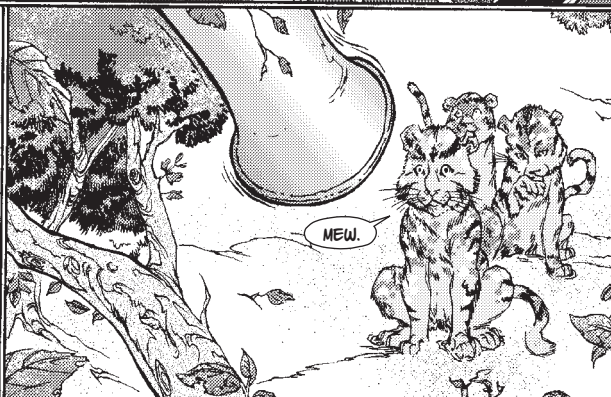
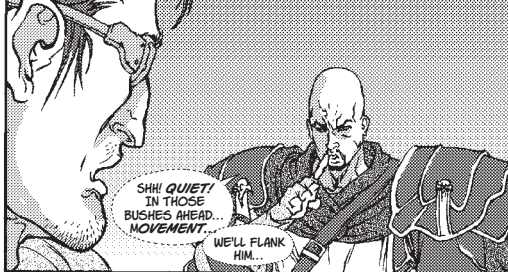
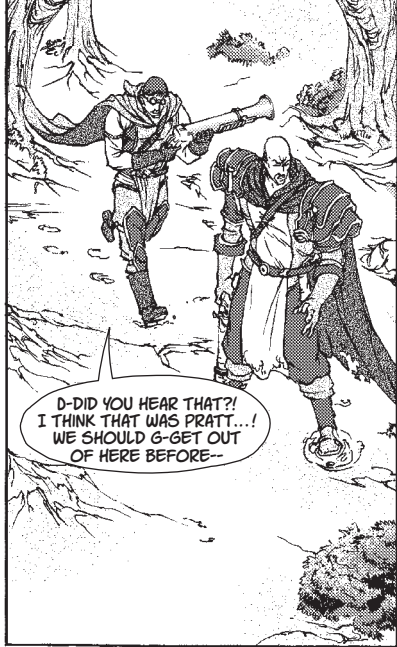
**...LIKE THAT
ONE.**



THUNK

SNAP



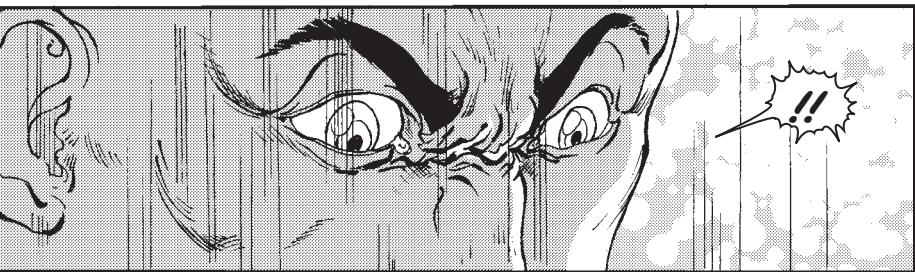




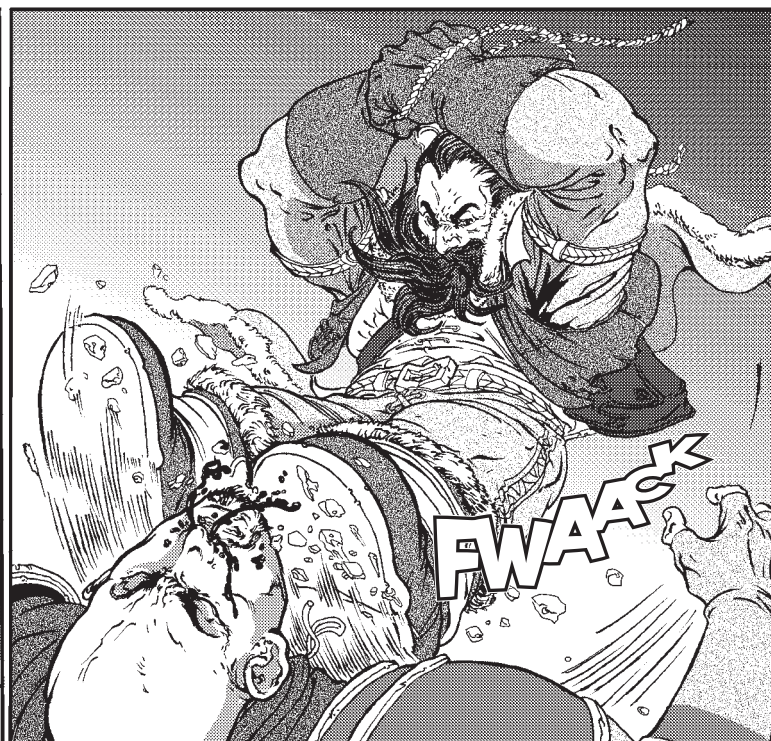
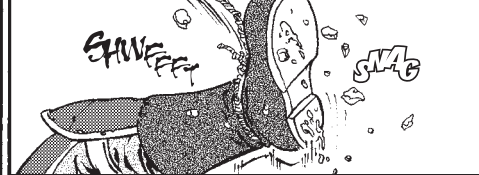
IT'S THE CUBS!
WE FINALLY
CAUGHT 'EM!

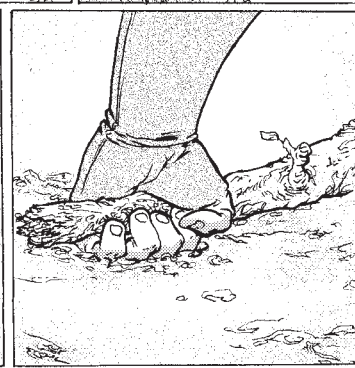
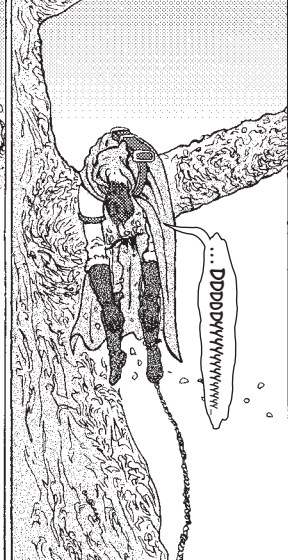
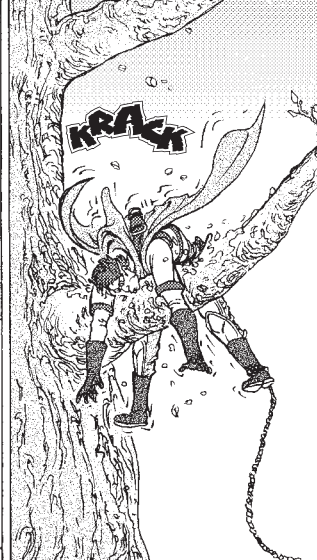


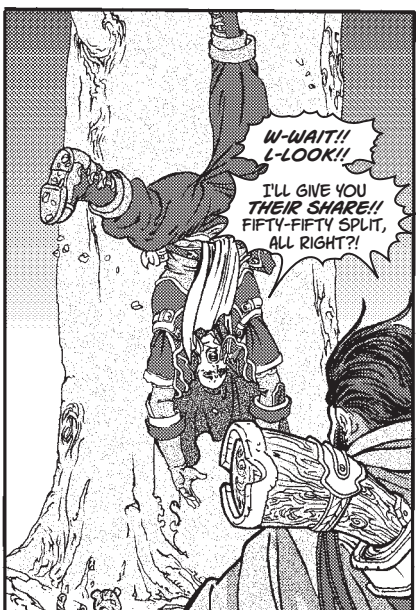
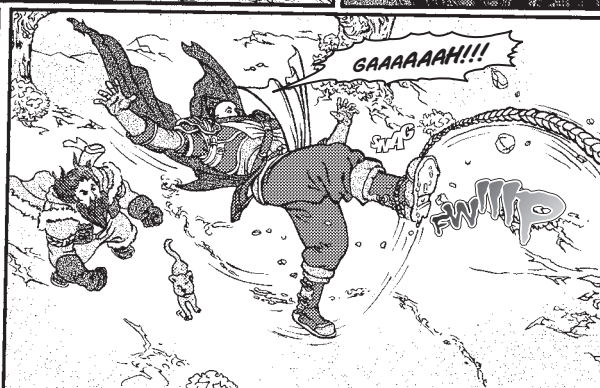
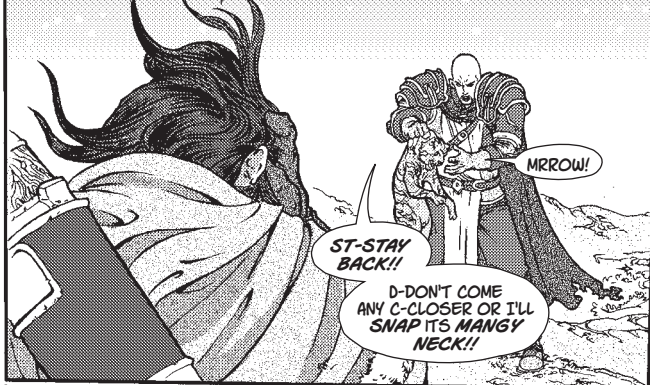
WAIT...
SOMETHING'S
NOT RIGHT...



NO, YOU
IDIOT!! GET
OUT OF
THERE!!





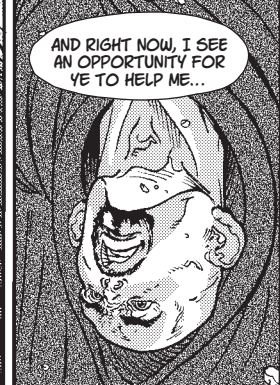




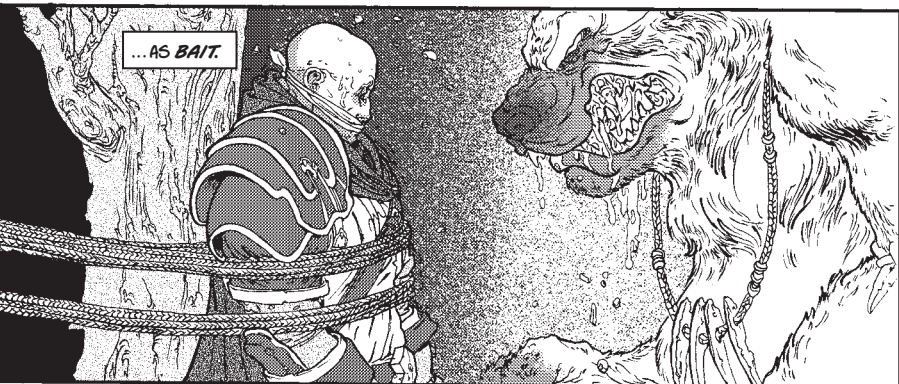
W-W-WAIT!! WH-WHAT ABOUT THE HUNTER'S CODE, HUH?! IT MUST HAVE A *RULE* ABOUT KILLING SOMEONE IN COLD BLOOD!!



BUT I'M NOT A HUNTER TODAY... I'M AN OPPORTUNIST.



AND RIGHT NOW, I SEE AN OPPORTUNITY FOR YE TO HELP ME...



...AS BAIT.



NEEDLESS TO SAY, I WAS FINALLY ABLE TO KILL THE FURBOLG...

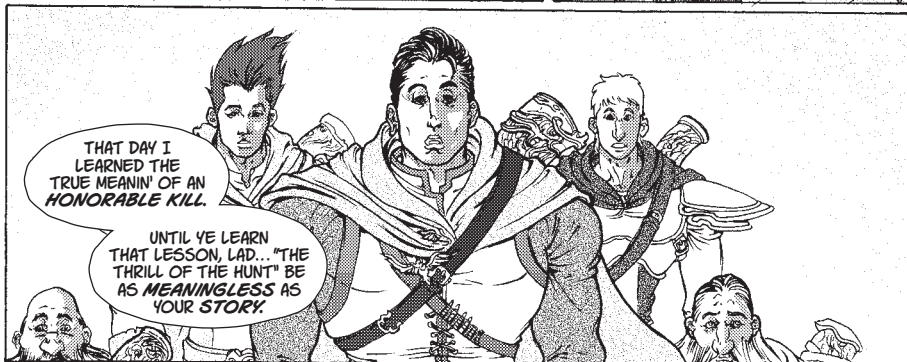
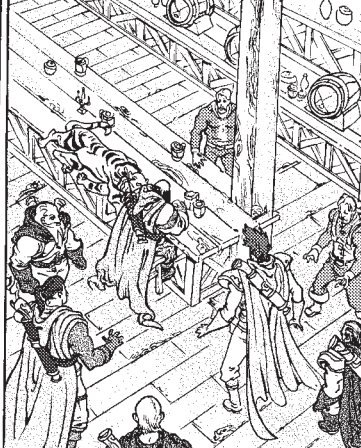
...THOUGH I LET IT PAW AT CREEPY FOR A FEW MINUTES BEFORE TAKIN' THE SHOT.



IN THE END, I
WALKED INTO
WINTERSPRING
THE HUNTER...



... BUT I WALKED OUT
WITH THOSE CUBS THE
PROTECTOR.



THAT DAY I
LEARNED THE
TRUE MEANIN' OF AN
HONORABLE KILL.

UNTIL YE LEARN
THAT LESSON, LAD... "THE
THRILL OF THE HUNT" BE
AS MEANINGLESS AS
YOUR STORY.



THIS ANIMAL
DESERVES A
PROPER BURIAL...
AND I MEAN TO GIVE
IT TO 'EM.

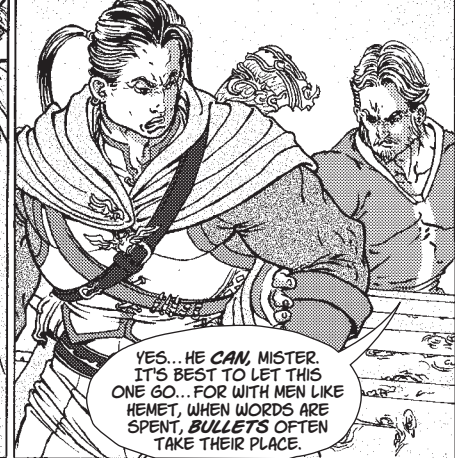


SOUNDS LIKE THE
STORM HAS PASSED...
AND NOT A MOMENT TOO
SOON, EH GENTS?

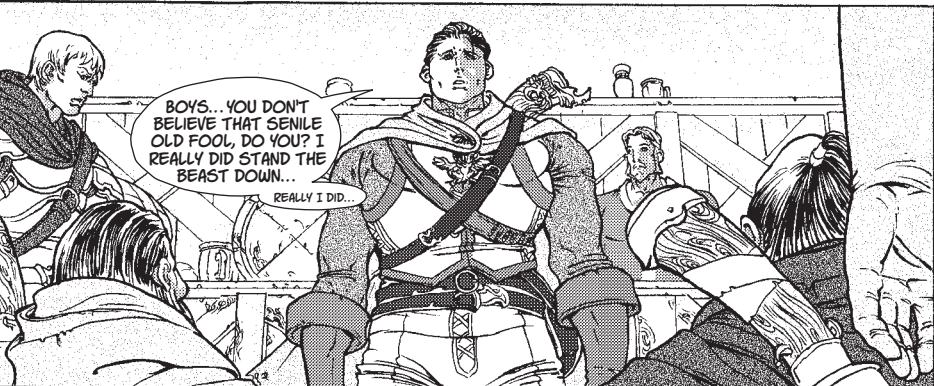
'NIGHT.



WHY THAT SONOFA...
WHO DOES HE THINK
HE IS? HE JUST
CAN'T--

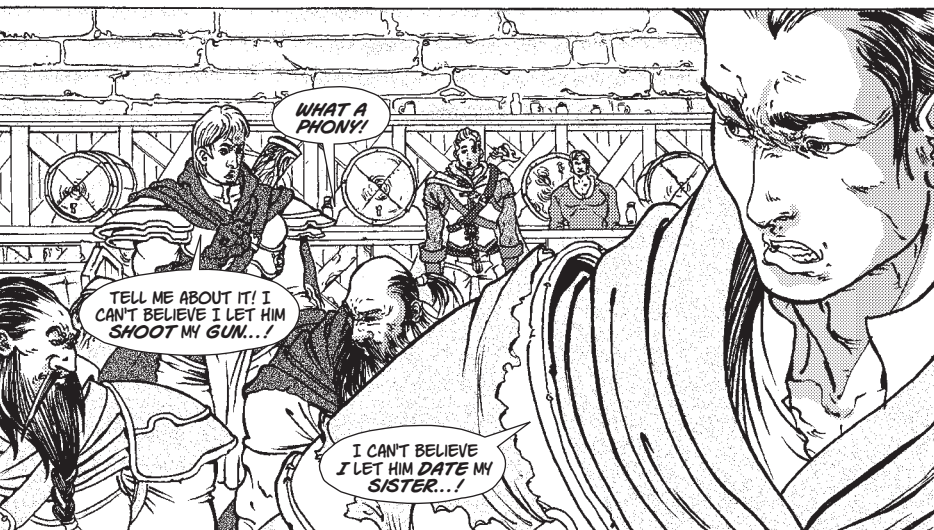


YES... HE *CAN*, MISTER.
IT'S BEST TO LET THIS
ONE GO... FOR WITH MEN LIKE
HEMET, WHEN WORDS ARE
SPENT, *BULLETS* OFTEN
TAKE THEIR PLACE.



BOYS... YOU DON'T
BELIEVE THAT SENILE
OLD FOOL, DO YOU? I
REALLY DID STAND THE
BEAST DOWN...

REALLY I DID...



WHAT A
PHONY!

TELL ME ABOUT IT! I
CAN'T BELIEVE I LET HIM
SHOOT MY GUN...!

I CAN'T BELIEVE
I LET HIM DATE MY
SISTER...!



END

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 “Fallen,” “Fear” and “Fiend,” the first three parts of a four-part short story featured in *Warcraft: Legends* Volumes 1, 2 and 3 (which will be concluded in Volume 4). 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” and “Miles to Go,” short stories for *Warcraft: Legends* Volumes 1 and 2, as well as the forthcoming TOKYOPOP manga *Warcraft: Death Knight*. Much more information about Dan can be found at his website, www.danjolley.com.

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 the forthcoming *Arthas: Rise of the Lich King*, which will be released in April 2009. Christie is currently hard at work writing a yet to be titled *Warcraft* trilogy, 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 and 4.

TROY LEWTER

When not downing steins of ale with a feisty dwarf or cooking up some payback against greedy hunters, Troy Lewter is a mild-mannered editor at TOKYOPOP. His writing credits include his self-published indie comic *Mac Afro*, along with short stories in the TOKYOPOP manga *Warcraft: Legends* Volumes 1 and 3, “The Journey,” “An Honest Trade” and “The Thrill of the Hunt.” Troy also wrote the upcoming TOKYOPOP fantasy manga, *Adomant*. Alas, his lifetime goal of becoming the eleventh Doctor Who has yet to be achieved.

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*, an anthology series also from TOKYOPOP.

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 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.

CARLOS OLIVARES

Born in Madrid, Spain, Carlos Olivares published his first comic, *BQUMM*, at age sixteen. He went on to publish many other comics in Spain, as well as a series in France called *Hero Academy*. Along with founding an art school, he has worked in advertising and for Marvel Comics. Carlos was the artist for "How to Win Friends," a short story featured in *Warcraft: Legends* Volume 1.

QING PING MUI

Qing Ping was born in the Taishan province of China, where his days consisted of running around the farms, playing with marbles in the dirt and doodling on any hard surface he could find. Qing and his family moved to New York when he was four, and as a child he would save what little money he had for candy and comics. He's currently a student at FIT and has drawn covers for his local newspaper. Qing's first original story was published in TOKYOPOP's *Rising Stars of Manga* Volume 8, and he inked the pencils for his good friend Ariel Zucker-brull for *Necessary Evil* issue 9 from Desperado Publishing.

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