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WARCRAFT

THE  
SUNWELL TRILOGY  
VOLUME ONE

DRAGON HUNT

RICHARD A. KNAAK • JAE-HWAN KIM



WARCRAFT  
THE SUNWELL TRILOGY

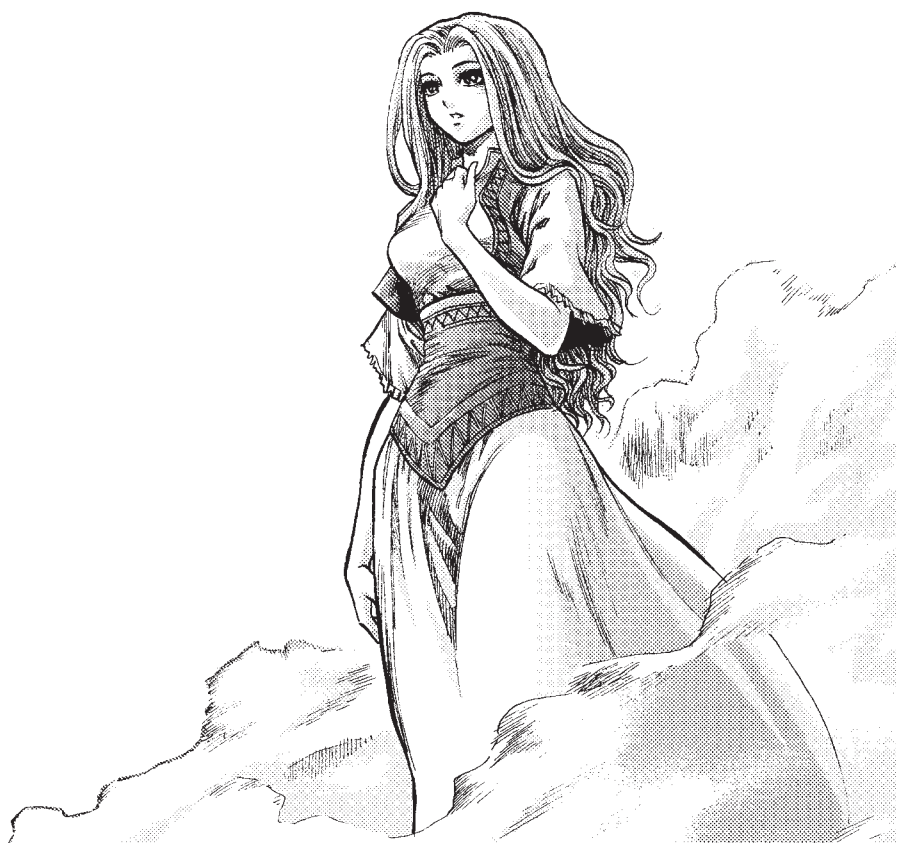
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WARCRAFT  
THE SUNWELL TRILOGY

The logo features the word "WARCRAFT" in a large, stylized, metallic font with a weathered, jagged border. Below it, "THE SUNWELL TRILOGY" is written in a smaller, similar font, also with a jagged border. The entire logo is set against a dark, textured background that looks like a piece of stone or metal.



# **Warcraft: The Sunwell Trilogy Vol. 1**

Written by Richard A. Knaak

Illustrated by Jae-Hwan Kim

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# WARCRAFT

THE SUNWELL TRILOGY

VOLUME I

# DRAGON HUNT

WRITTEN BY  
RICHARD A. KNAAK

ILLUSTRATED BY  
JAE-HWAN KIM



# HISTORY OF THE WORLD OF WARCRAFT

No one knows exactly how the universe began, but it is clear that the titans--a race of powerful, metal-skinned gods from the far reaches of the cosmos--explored the newborn universe and made it their mission to bring stability to the various worlds and ensure a safe future for the beings that would follow in their footsteps.

As part of their unfathomable, far-sighted plan to create order out of chaos, the titans shaped the worlds by raising mighty mountains, dredging out vast seas, breathing skies and raging atmospheres into being, and empowering primitive races to maintain their reshaped worlds.

Ruled by an elite sect known as the Pantheon, the titans brought order to a hundred million worlds scattered throughout the Great Dark Beyond during the first ages of creation. The benevolent Pantheon assigned their greatest warrior, Sargeras, to be the first line of defense against the extra-dimensional demonic beings of the Twisting Nether who sought only to destroy life and devour the energies of the living universe. Sargeras was more than powerful enough to defeat any and all threats he faced...except one.

Unfortunately for the Pantheon, the titans inability to conceive of evil or wickedness in any form worked against Sargeras. After countless millennia of witnessing the atrocities of the demonic beings he fought, Sargeras eventually fell into a state of deep confusion, despair, and madness.

Sargeras lost all faith in his mission and the titans' vision of an ordered universe. It wasn't long before he came to believe that the concept of order itself was folly, and that chaos and depravity were the only absolutes within the dark, lonely universe. Believing that the titans themselves were responsible for creation's failure, Sargeras resolved to form an unstoppable army that would undo the titans' works throughout the universe and set reality aflame.

Even Sargeras's titanic form became distorted from the corruption that plagued his once-noble heart. His eyes, hair, and beard erupted in fire, and his metallic bronze skin split open to reveal an endless furnace of blistering hate.

In his fury, Sargeras freed the loathsome demons he'd previously imprisoned. These cunning creatures bowed before the Dark Titan's vast rage and offered to serve him in whatever malicious ways they could. From the ranks of the powerful eredar, Sargeras picked two champions to command his demonic army of destruction. Kil'jaeden the Deceiver was chosen to seek out the darkest races in the universe and recruit them into Sargeras's ranks. The second champion, Archimonde the Defiler, was chosen to lead Sargeras's vast armies into battle against any who might resist the twisted titan's will.

Once Sargeras saw that his armies were amassed and ready to follow his every command, he dubbed them the Burning Legion and launched them into the vastness of the Great Dark. He referred to his growing army as the Burning Legion. To this date, it is still unclear how many worlds they ravaged on their unholy Burning Crusade across the universe.

Unaware of Sargeras's mission to undo their countless works, the titans continued to move from world to world, shaping and ordering each planet as they saw fit. Along their journey, they happened upon a small world whose inhabitants would later name Azeroth.

For many ages, the titans moved and shaped the soil, until at last there remained one perfect continent. At the continent's center, the titans crafted a lake of scintillating energies. The lake, which they named the Well of Eternity, was to be the fount of life for the world. Its potent energies would nurture the bones of the world and empower life to take root in the land's rich soil. Over time, plants, trees, monsters, and creatures of every kind began to thrive on the primordial continent. As twilight fell on the final day of their labors, the titans named the continent Kalimdor: "land of eternal starlight."

Satisfied that the small world had been ordered and that their work was done, the titans prepared to leave Azeroth. However, before they departed, they charged the greatest species of the world with



the task of watching over Kalimdor, lest any force should threaten its perfect tranquility. In that age, there were many dragonflights, yet there were five groups that held dominion over their brethren. It was these five flights that the titans chose to shepherd the budding world. The greatest members of the Pantheon imbued a portion of their power upon each of the flights' leaders. These chosen majestic dragons became known as the Great Aspects, or the Dragon Aspects.

Empowered by the Pantheon, the five Aspects were charged with the world's defense in the titans' absence. With the dragons prepared to safeguard their creation, the titans left Azeroth behind forever. Unfortunately, it was only a matter of time before Sargeras learned of the newborn world's existence.

In time, a primitive tribe of nocturnal humanoids cautiously made their way to the edges of the mesmerizing enchanted lake. Drawn by the Well's strange energies, the feral, nomadic humanoids built crude homes upon its tranquil shores. Over time, the Well's cosmic power affected the tribe, making them strong, wise, and virtually immortal. The tribe adopted the name *kaldorei*, which meant "children of the stars" in their native tongue. To celebrate their budding society, they constructed great structures and temples around the lake's periphery.

The kaldorei--or "night elves," as they would later be known--worshipped the moon goddess, Elune, and believed that she slept within the Well's shimmering depths during the daylight hours. The early night elf priests and seers studied the Well with an insatiable curiosity, driven to plumb its untold secrets and power.

As the seemingly endless ages passed, the night elves' civilization expanded and Azshara, the night elves' beautiful and gifted queen, built an immense, wondrous palace on the Well's shore that housed her favored servitors within its bejeweled halls. Her servitors, whom she called the *quel'dorei* or "Highborne," doted on her every command and believed themselves to be greater than the rest of their brethren.

Sharing the priests' curiosity towards the Well of Eternity, Azshara ordered the Highborne to plumb its secrets and reveal its true purpose in the world. The Highborne buried themselves in their

work and studied the Well ceaselessly. In time, they developed the ability to manipulate and control the Well's cosmic energies. As their experiments progressed, the Highborne found that they could use their newfound powers to either create or destroy at their leisure. The heedless Highborne had stumbled upon primitive magic and they devoted themselves to its mastery.

The Highborne's reckless use of magic sent ripples of energy spiraling out from the Well of Eternity and into the Great Dark Beyond, where they were felt by Sargeras, the Great Enemy of all life. Spying the primordial world of Azeroth and sensing the limitless energies of the Well of Eternity, Sargeras resolved to destroy the fledgling world and claim its energies as his own.

Gathering his vast Burning Legion, Sargeras made his way towards the unsuspecting world of Azeroth. The Legion was composed of millions of screaming demons, all ripped from the far corners of the universe, and the demons hungered for conquest.

Corrupted by the magics they wielded, Queen Azshara and the Highborne opened a vast, swirling portal within the depths of the Well of Eternity for Sargeras and his forces. The warrior-demons of the Burning Legion stormed into the world through the Well of Eternity, leaving only ash and sorrow in their wake. Though the brave kaldorei warriors rushed to defend their ancient homeland, they were forced to give ground, inch by inch, before the fury of the Legion's onslaught.

When the dragons, led by the great red leviathan, Alexstrasza, sent their mighty flights to engage the demons and their infernal masters, all-out warfare erupted. As the battle raged across the burning fields of Kalimdor, a terrible turn of events unfolded. The details of the event have been lost to time, but it is known that Neltharion, the Dragon Aspect of the Earth, went mad during a critical engagement against the Burning Legion. He began to split apart as flame and rage erupted from his dark hide. Renaming himself Deathwing, the burning dragon turned on his brethren and drove the five dragonflights from the field of battle.

Deathwing's sudden betrayal was so destructive that the five dragonflights never truly recovered. Wounded and shocked,

Alexstrasza and the other noble dragons were forced to abandon their mortal allies.

Hatching a desperate plot to destroy the Well of Eternity, a band of kaldorei freedom fighters clashed with the Highborne at the Well's edge. The ensuing battle threw the Highborne's carefully crafted spellwork into chaos, destabilizing the vortex within the Well and igniting a catastrophic chain of events that forever sundered the world. A massive explosion from the Well shattered the earth and blotted out the skies.

As the aftershocks from the Well's implosion rattled the bones of the world, the seas rushed in to fill the gaping wound left in the earth. Nearly eighty percent of Kalimdor's landmass had been blasted apart, leaving only a handful of separate continents surrounding the new, raging sea. At the center of the new sea, where the Well of Eternity once stood, was a tumultuous storm of tidal fury and chaotic energies. This terrible scar, known as the Maelstrom, would never cease its furious spinning. It would remain a constant reminder of the terrible catastrophe . . . and the utopian era that had been lost forever.

The few night elves that survived the horrific explosion rallied together on crudely made rafts and slowly made their way to the only landmass in sight. As they journeyed in silence, they surveyed the wreckage of their world and realized that their passions had wrought the destruction all around them. Though Sargeras and his Legion had been ripped from the world by the Well's destruction, the kaldorei were left to ponder the terrible cost of victory.

Despite the devastation, there were many Highborne who survived the cataclysm--and who wanted to continue using magic. One had even stolen some waters of the Well of Eternity and created a new Well in the night elves new homeland. Unable to come to terms with their fellow elves, the Highborne, or *quel'dorei*, as Azshara had named them in ages past, set out on their own, eventually making their way to the eastern land men would call Lordaeron. They built their own magical kingdom, Quel'Thalas, and rejected the night elves' precepts of moon worship and nocturnal activity. Forever after, they would embrace the sun and be known only as the high elves.



Effectively cut off from the life-giving energies of the Well of Eternity, the high elves discovered that they were no longer immortal or immune to the elements. They also shrank somewhat in height, and their skin lost its characteristic violet hue. Despite their hardships, they encountered many wondrous creatures that had never been seen in Kalimdor...including humans.

Over the course of several thousand years, the high elves developed their society and made alliances with their neighboring human communities. Though the elves had constructed a series of monolithic Runestones at various points around Quel'Thalas to mask their magic from extra-dimensional threats, the humans who had learned magic from the elves were not so cautious. The sinister agents of the Burning Legion, who had been banished when the Well of Eternity collapsed, were lured back into the world by the heedless spellcasting of the human magicians of the city of Dalaran.

Under Sargeras's orders, the cunning demon lord Kil'jaeden plotted the Burning Legion's second invasion of Azeroth. Kil'jaeden surmised that he needed a new force to weaken Azeroth's defenses before the Legion even set foot upon the world. If the mortal races, such as the night elves and dragons, were forced to contend with a new threat, they would be too weak to pose any real resistance when the Legion's true invasion arrived.

Kil'jaeden discovered the lush world of Draenor floating peacefully within the Great Dark Beyond. Home to the shamanistic, clan-based orcs, Draenor was as idyllic as it was vast. Kil'jaeden knew that the noble orc clans had great potential to serve the Burning Legion if they could be cultivated properly.

Enthralling the elder orc shaman, Ner'zhul, in much the same way that Sargeras brought Queen Azshara under his control in ages past, the demon spread battle lust and savagery throughout the orc clans. Before long, the spiritual race was transformed into a bloodthirsty people.

Consumed with the curse of this new bloodlust, the orcs became the Burning Legion's greatest weapon. With the aid of a corrupted human mage, the Dark Portal was opened between Draenor and Azeroth, igniting an all-consuming war between the orcs and the

humans. Though the human knights of Azeroth found allies in the high elves, the dwarves, and other species, the orcish ogres found allies in trolls, goblins, and more. Many human cities were utterly devastated and the orcs were poised to win the war until they fell victim to their own internal power struggles.

Seizing the opportunity, the humans retook their world and even fought the orcs on Draenor, though many heroic humans lost their lives when Draenor tore itself apart.

Though Ner'zhul was one of the many orcs who escaped Draenor's destruction, the orc shaman's body was torn apart by demons and his spirit was held helpless in stasis by Kil'jaeden. Recklessly agreeing to serve the demon, Ner'zhul's spirit was placed within a specially crafted block of diamond-hard ice gathered from the far reaches of the Twisting Nether. Encased within the frozen cask, Ner'zhul felt his consciousness expand ten thousand-fold. Warped by the demon's chaotic powers, Ner'zhul became a spectral being of unfathomable power. At that moment, the orc known as Ner'zhul was shattered forever, and the Lich King was born.

The Lich King was to spread a plague of death and terror across Azeroth that would snuff out human civilization forever. All those who died from the dreaded plague would arise as the undead, and their spirits would be bound to Ner'zhul's iron will forever.

Though the Lich King fought for the total eradication of humankind, the wealthy and prestigious archmage, Kel'Thuzad, left the city of Dalaran to serve the evil creature. As the ranks of the undead swept across Lordaeron, King Terenas's only son, Prince Arthas, took up the fight against the Scourge. Arthas succeeded in killing Kel'Thuzad, but even so, the undead ranks swelled with every soldier that fell defending the land. Frustrated and stymied by the seemingly unstoppable enemy, Arthas took increasingly extreme steps to conquer them. Finally, Arthas's comrades warned him that he was losing his hold on his humanity.

Arthas's fear and resolve proved to be his ultimate undoing. Believing that it would save his people, Arthas took up the cursed runeblade, Frostmourne. Though the sword did grant him unfathomable power, it also stole his soul and transformed him into

the greatest of the Lich King's death knights. With his soul cast aside and his sanity shattered, Arthas led the Scourge against his own kingdom. Ultimately, Arthas murdered his own father, King Terenas, and crushed Lordaeron under the Lich King's iron heel.

Not long after Arthas and his army of the dead swept across the land, Kel'Thuzad was resurrected. Arthas invaded Quel'Thalas and wiped out most of its population. In the end, even King Anasterian Sunstrider lay dead. Arthas subsequently led the Scourge south to Dalaran, and then to Kalimdor.

At Kalimdor, the night elves braced themselves and fought the Burning Legion with grim determination. Allied with humans and the orcs (now freed of their savage bloodlust), the night elves severed the Legion's anchor to the Well of Eternity. Unable to draw power from the Well itself, the Burning Legion began to crumble under the combined might of the mortal armies.

By this time, the undead Scourge had essentially transformed Lordaeron and Quel'Thalas into the toxic Plaguelands. The high elves grieved for the loss of their homeland and decided to call themselves "blood elves" in honor of their fallen people.

Meanwhile, half of the undead forces staged a coup for control over the undead empire. Eventually, the banshee Sylvanas Windrunner and her rebel undead--known as the Forsaken--claimed the ruined capital city of Lordaeron as their own and vowed to drive the Scourge and Kel'Thuzad from the land.

Though weakened, Arthas outmaneuvered the enemy forces that were closing in on the Lich King. Donning Ner'zhul's unimaginably powerful helm, Arthas' spirit fused with Ner'zhul's to form a single mighty being--the new Lich King--and Arthas became one of the most powerful entities the world had ever known.

Currently, Arthas, the new and immortal Lich King, resides in Northrend; he is rumored to be rebuilding the citadel of Icecrown. His trusted lieutenant, Kel'Thuzad, commands the Scourge in the Plaguelands. Sylvanas and her rebel Forsaken hold only the Tirisfal Glades, a small portion of the war-torn kingdom, while the humans, orcs, and night elves are trying to rebuild their societies on Kalimdor.



AFTER WHAT SEEMED LIKE AGES OF BLOODY CONFLICT, THE WORLD THOUGHT IT HAD AT LAST FOUND PEACE. THE WAR AGAINST THE BRUTISH ORES HAD COME TO A DEFINITIVE CONCLUSION, AND THE REMNANTS OF THE HORDE HAD BEEN ROUNDED INTO ENCLAVES AND KEPT UNDER GUARD.

SOON AFTER THE LANDS STARTED REBUILDING, A NEW, MONSTROUS EVIL AROSE. THE DEMONIC ARMY OF THE BURNING LEGION, UNITED WITH THE GHOULISH UNDEAD SCOURGE, SWEEP OVER HUMAN AND ORE REALMS ALIKE, FORCING OLD ENEMIES TO BAND TOGETHER.

YET, NOT UNTIL THE COMING OF THE MYSTERIOUS NIGHT ELVES AND THE SACRIFICE OF COUNTLESS LIVES WAS THE BURNING LEGION CRUSHED. NEARLY ALL OF THE ELVEN KINGDOM OF QUEL'THALAS AND THE HUMAN KINGDOM OF LORDARON LAY IN RUINS, TRANSFORMED INTO FOUL PLAGUELANDS BY THE SCOURGE.

NOW, AN UNSTEADY STALEMATE EXISTS BETWEEN LIVING AND UNDEAD, AND FORCES FROM BOTH SIDES SEEK OUT THAT WHICH WILL DECISIVELY TIP THE SCALES IN THEIR FAVOR.

THUS IS IT THAT A YOUNG BLUE DRAGON WINGS HIS WAY TOWARD WHAT LITTLE REMAINS OF SOUTHERN LORDARON...

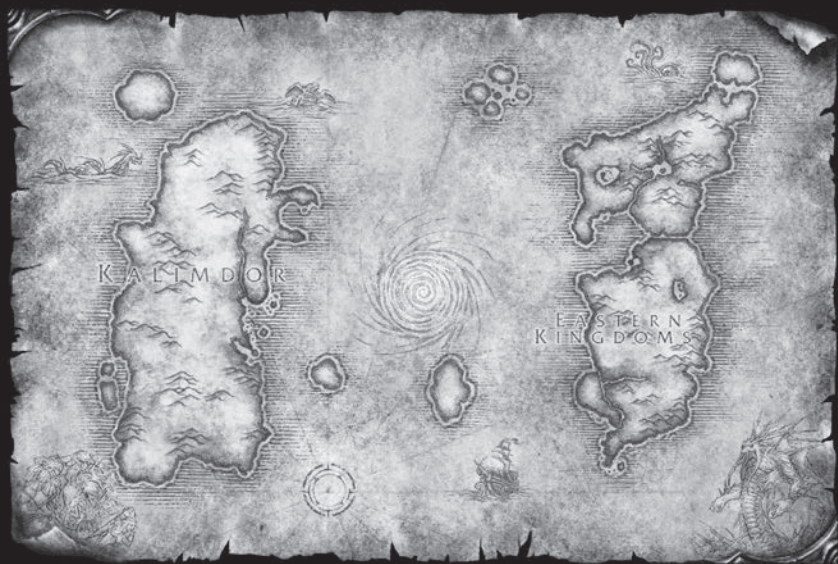




# WARCRAFT

THE SUNWELL TRILOGY™

## DRAGON HUNT





# CHAPTER ONE THE PREY OF HARKYN GRYMSTONE

NOW!

FWOON





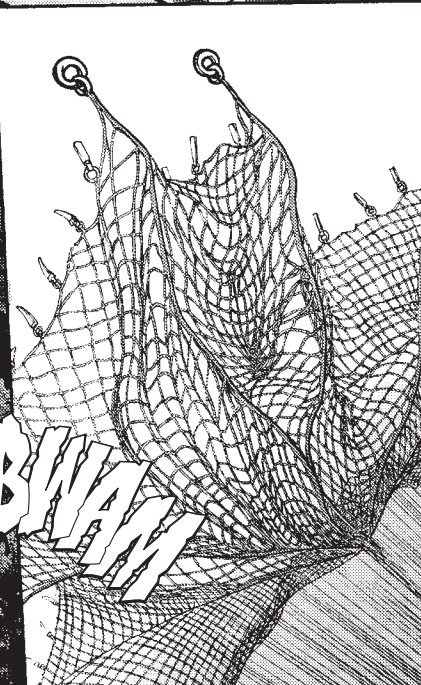
**BOOM**





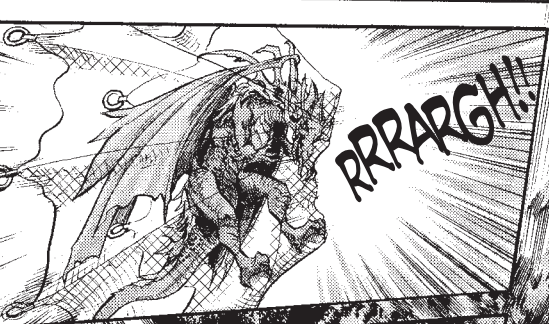
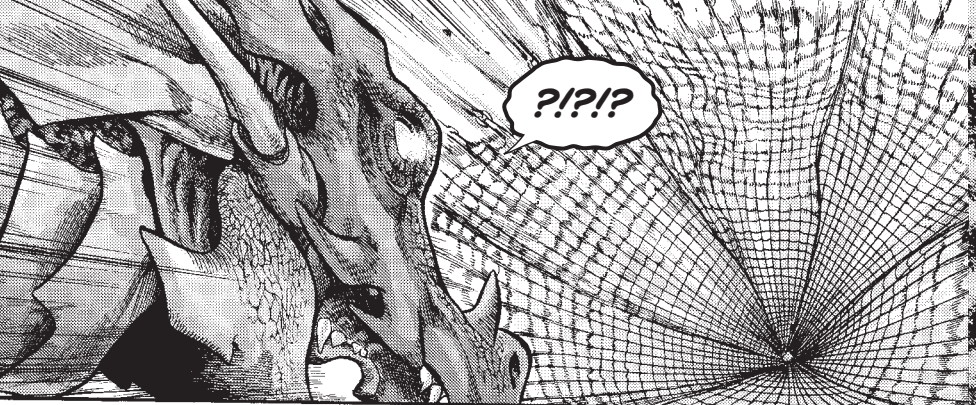


**RRRAUGH!!**

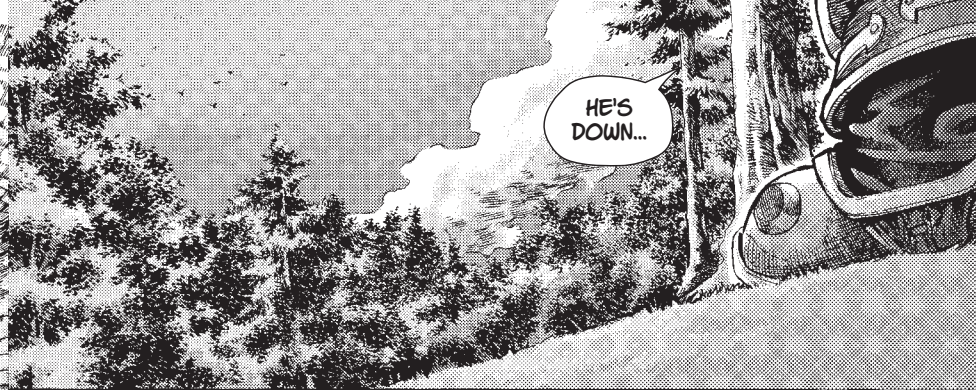


**BWAM**









HE'S  
DOWN...

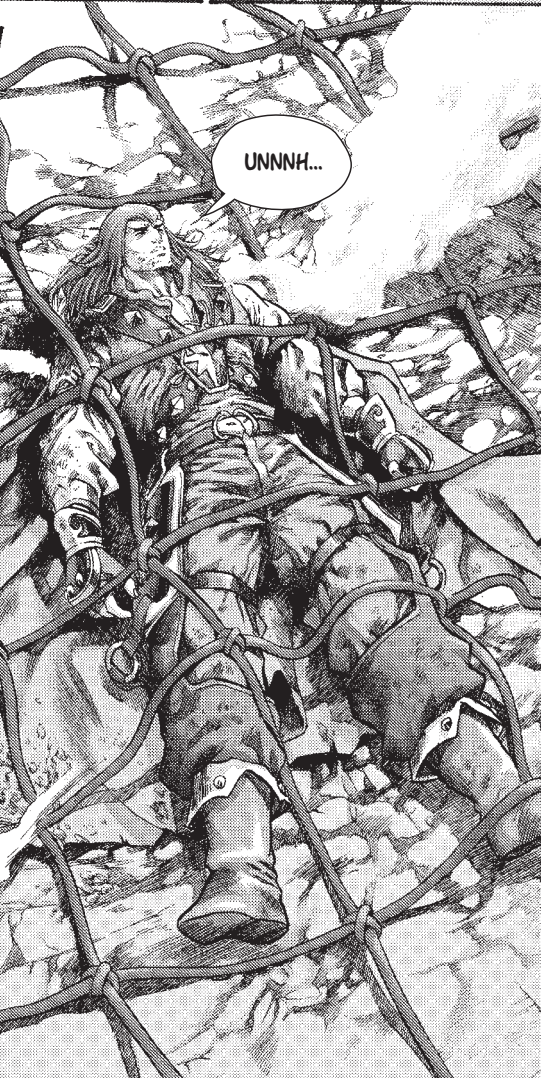
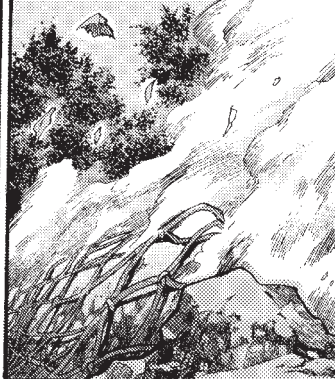
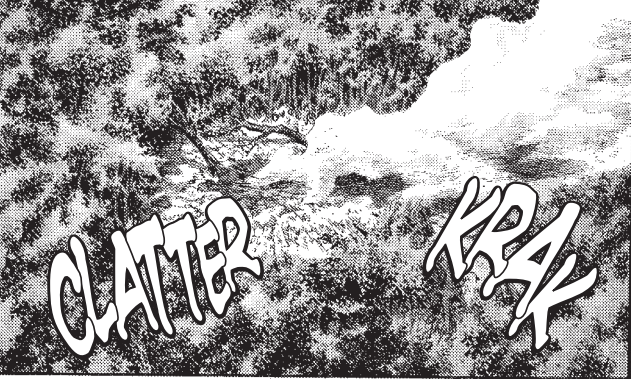


THE SHOT  
WAS OFF-CENTER!  
HE'S LIKELY  
ALIVE...

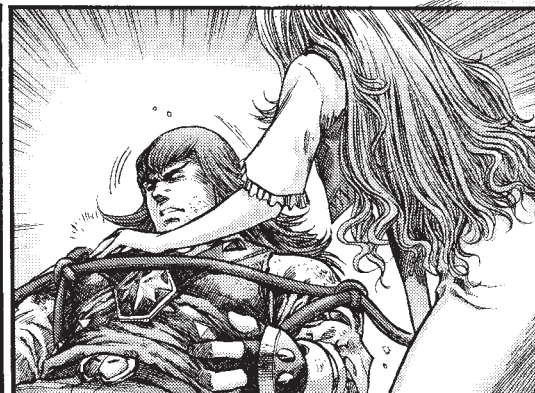
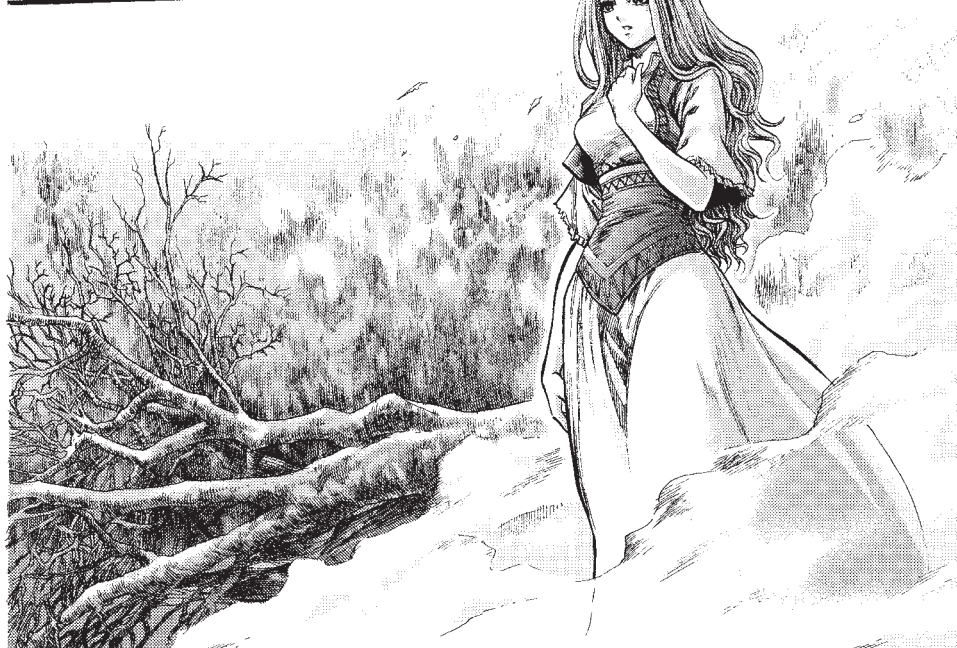
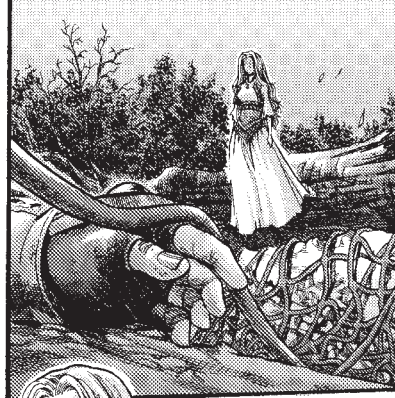
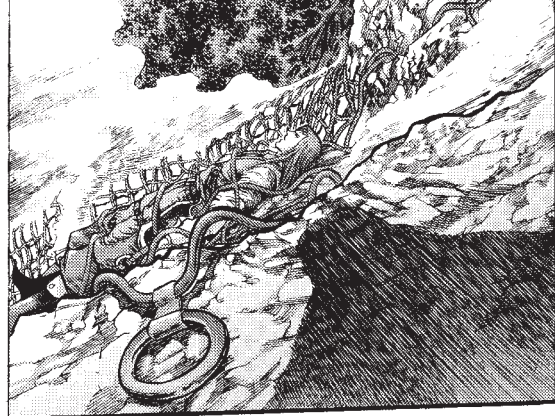


LET'S MAKE  
CERTAIN IT WON'T  
BE FOR  
LONG.

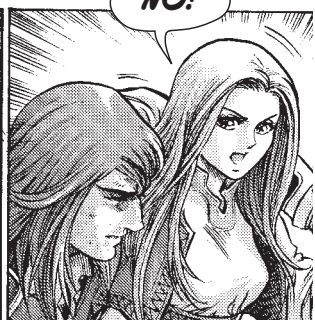
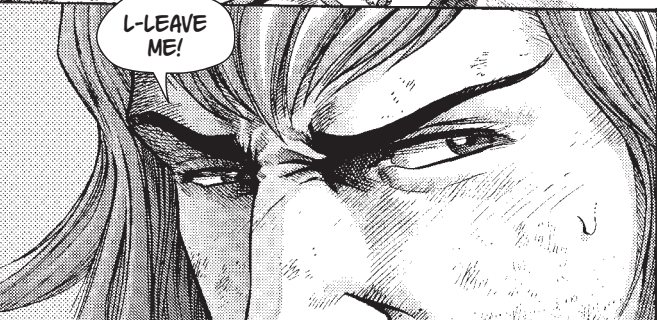
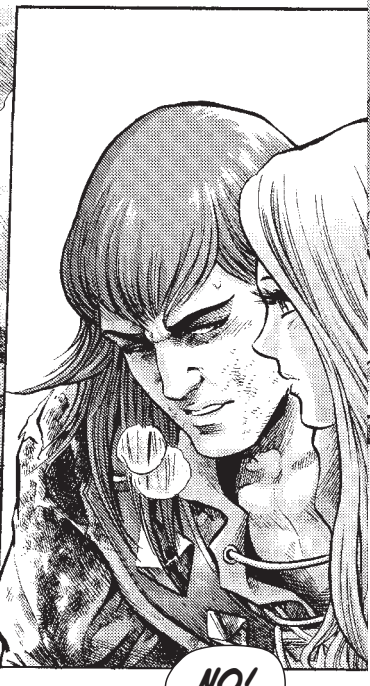
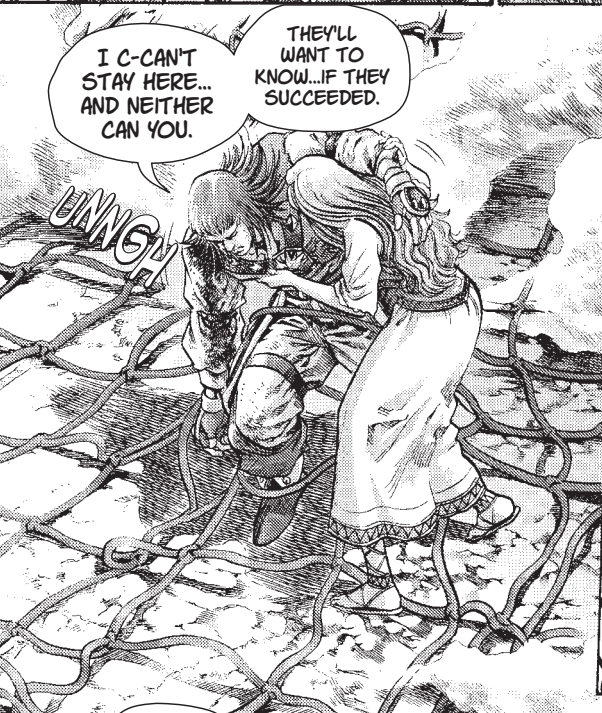
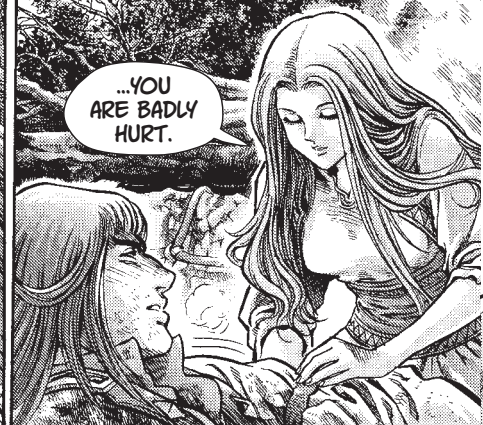
















MY HOME IS ONLY  
A SHORT DISTANCE.  
YOU CAN REST THERE.  
MY PARENTS CAN  
HELP YOU.

YOU DON'T  
UNDERSTAND!  
YOU'RE PUTTING  
YOURSELF IN  
**DANGER!**

YOU  
ARE HURT.  
I CANNOT  
LEAVE YOU  
HERE.

YOU DON'T  
EVEN KNOW  
ME...

BUT...

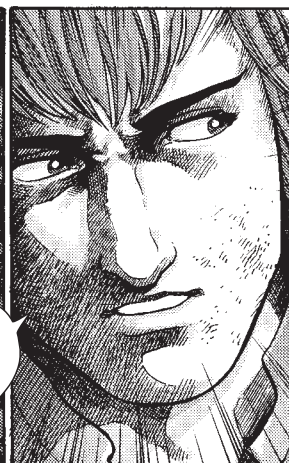


...YOU ARE  
A DRAGON...

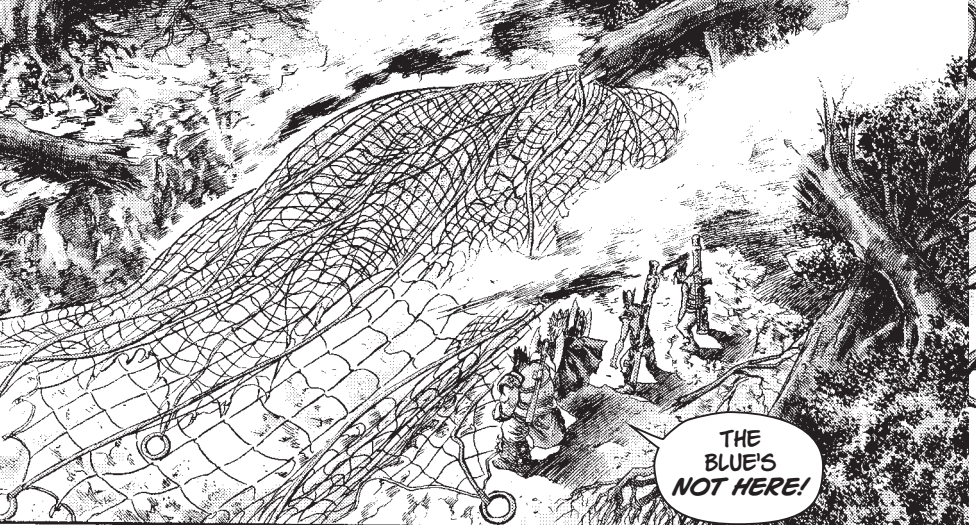


...ARE  
YOU NOT?

?!?!?





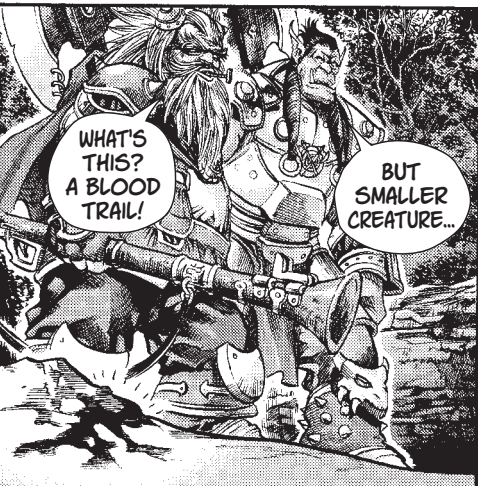


THE  
BLUE'S  
NOT HERE!



HOW'S THAT  
POSSIBLE?

MAYBE  
NET CAME  
LOOSE?



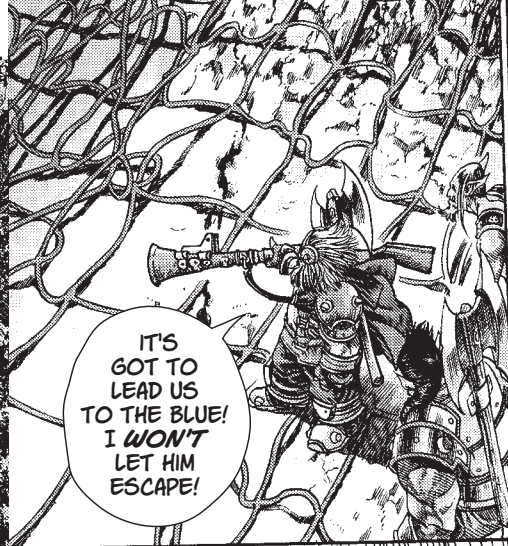
WHAT'S  
THIS?  
A BLOOD  
TRAIL!

BUT  
SMALLER  
CREATURE...

NO DRAGON  
FLESH? VOLL  
HUNGERS...

VOLL  
ALWAYS  
HUNGERS!





IT'S  
GOT TO  
LEAD US  
TO THE BLUE!  
I *WON'T*  
LET HIM  
ESCAPE!



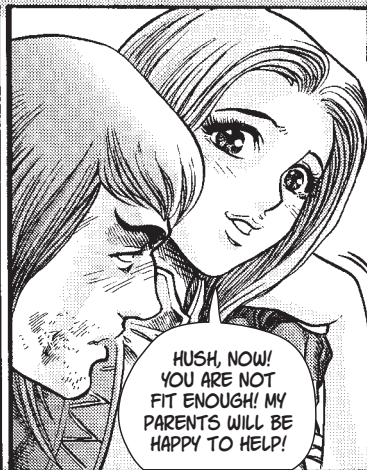
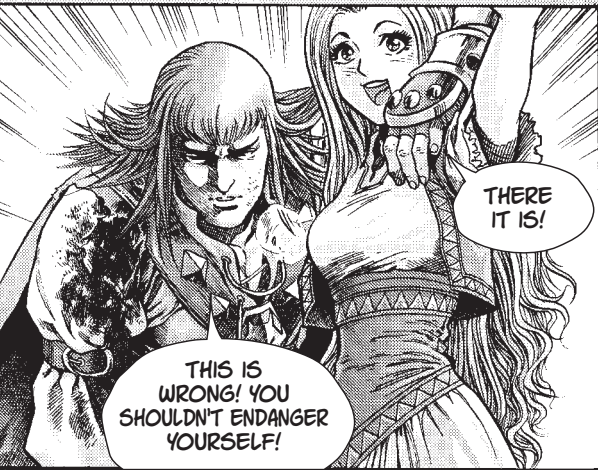
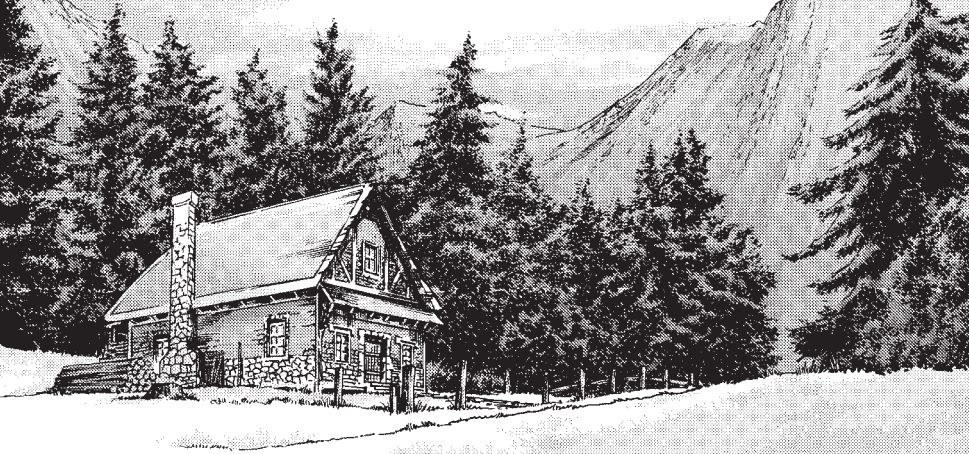
FORTUNATELY, OUR PATRON'S  
GIVEN US THE MEANS TO SEE IF  
THIS TRAIL'S ANY USE!

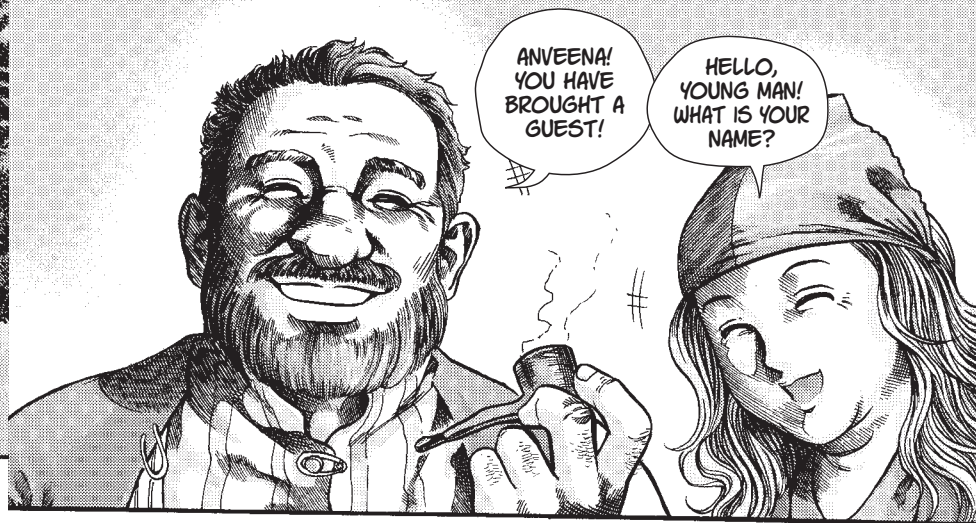


THERE! YOU SEE,  
GROTH? IT GLOWS  
WHEN I HOLD IT IN THE  
SAME DIRECTION!

SNEE!  
VOLL!  
HURRY!  
THE PREY'S  
NOT FAR  
AHEAD!

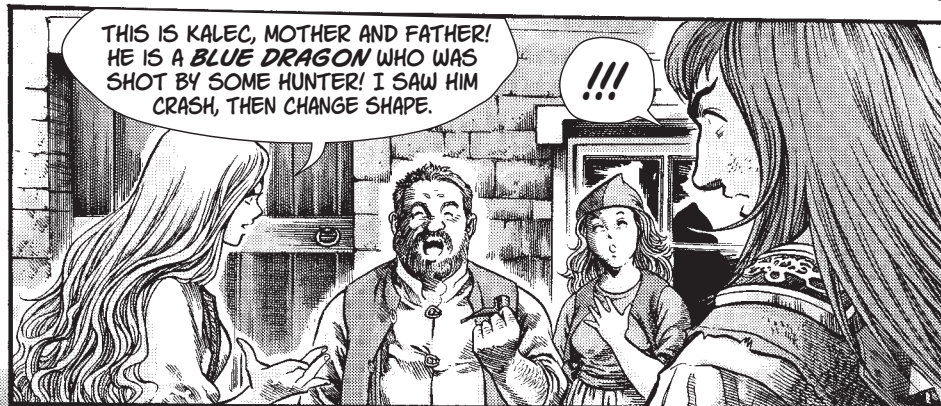






ANVEENA!  
YOU HAVE  
BROUGHT A  
GUEST!

HELLO,  
YOUNG MAN!  
WHAT IS YOUR  
NAME?



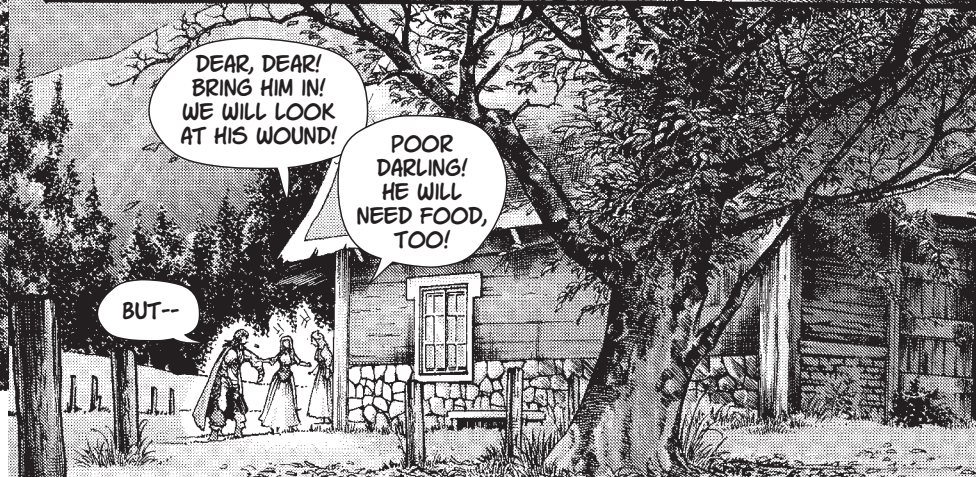
THIS IS KALEC, MOTHER AND FATHER!  
HE IS A *BLUE DRAGON* WHO WAS  
SHOT BY SOME HUNTER! I SAW HIM  
CRASH, THEN CHANGE SHAPE.

!!!

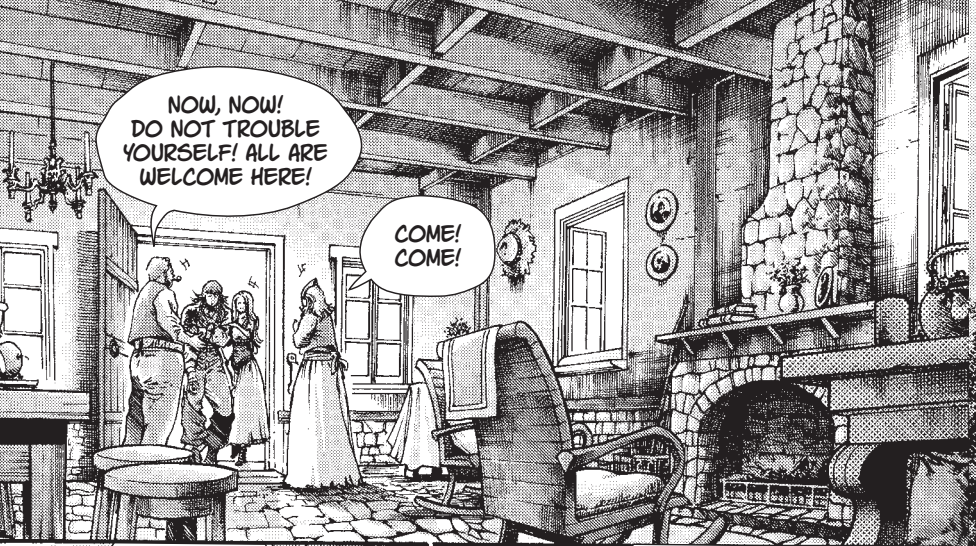
DEAR, DEAR!  
BRING HIM IN!  
WE WILL LOOK  
AT HIS WOUND!

POOR  
DARLING!  
HE WILL  
NEED FOOD,  
TOO!

BUT--

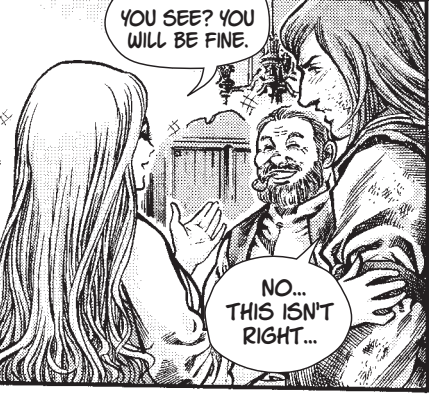






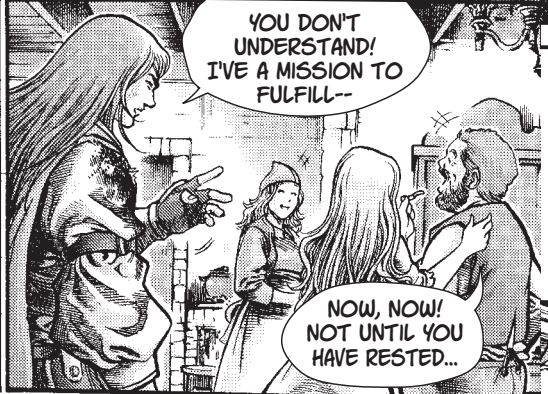
NOW, NOW!  
DO NOT TROUBLE  
YOURSELF! ALL ARE  
WELCOME HERE!

COME!  
COME!



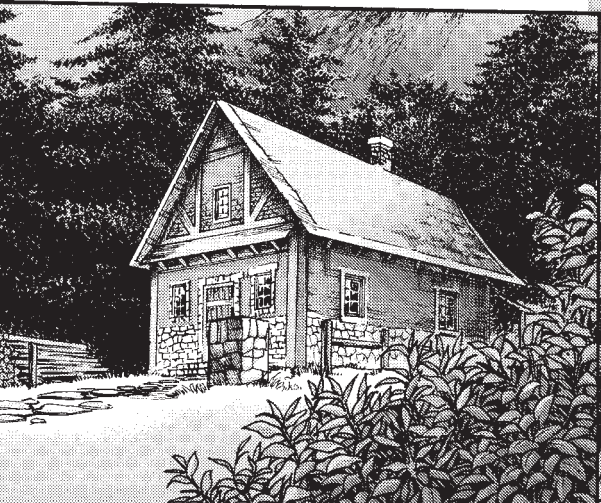
YOU SEE? YOU  
WILL BE FINE.

NO...  
THIS ISN'T  
RIGHT...



YOU DON'T  
UNDERSTAND!  
I'VE A MISSION TO  
FULFILL--

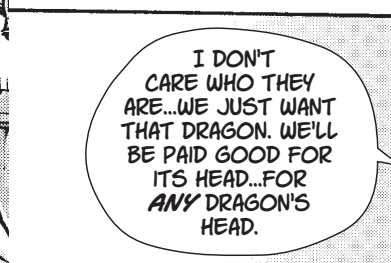
NOW, NOW!  
NOT UNTIL YOU  
HAVE RESTED...



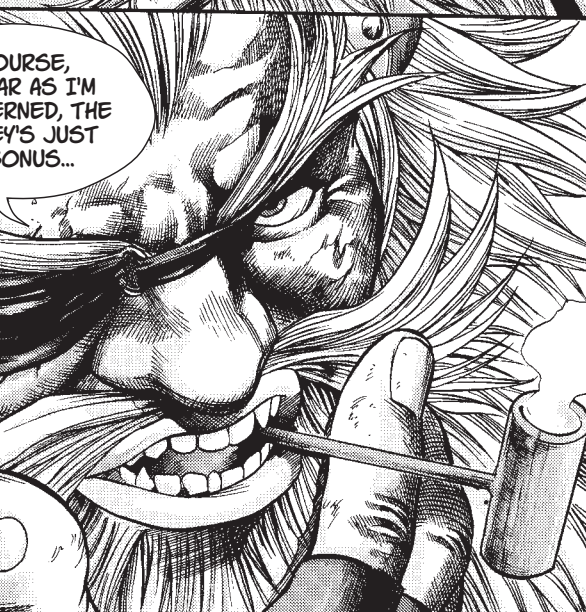
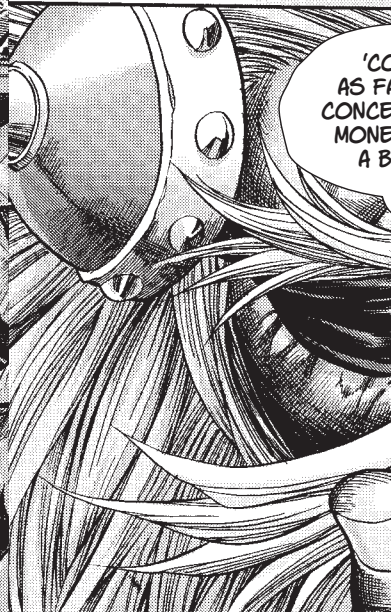




WE  
FOLLOW TWO.  
ONE LIGHTER  
THAN OTHER.  
A FEMALE,  
MAYBE...



I DON'T  
CARE WHO THEY  
ARE...WE JUST WANT  
THAT DRAGON. WE'LL  
BE PAID GOOD FOR  
ITS HEAD...FOR  
ANY DRAGON'S  
HEAD.



'COURSE,  
AS FAR AS I'M  
CONCERNED, THE  
MONEY'S JUST  
A BONUS...





*I STILL DREAM  
ABOUT IT AT  
NIGHT, GROTH...*



*...THE BEAST...  
THE BLOOD...  
MY FAMILY...*



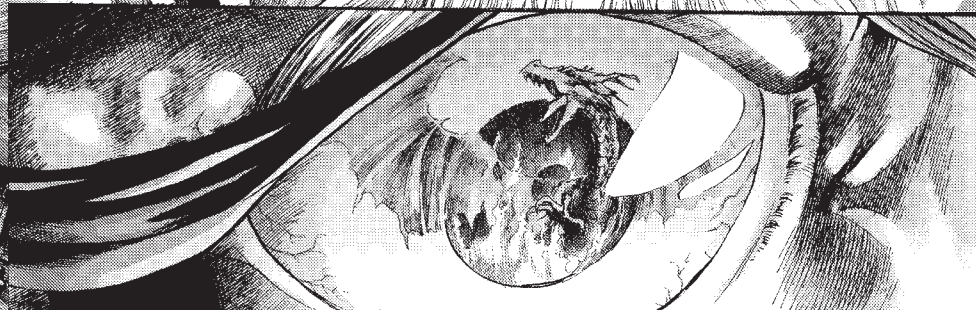
*...SLAUGHTERED...  
AND MY OWN BODY  
TORN TO RIBBONS,  
LEFT TO DIE.*

*BUT I  
DIDN'T DIE...  
AND I SWORE  
I'D HUNT  
DOWN THAT  
DRAGON--*



--ANY DRAGON!  
AND NOW THAT  
OUR PATRON'S  
GIVEN US THE  
MEANS...

...I WON'T  
LET ANYONE  
STAND IN  
THE WAY!  
ANYONE!







COME ON, YOU  
SORRY LOT! THE  
CRYSTAL SAYS WE'RE  
CLOSIN' IN ON THE  
BLUE...



I THANK  
YOU FOR YOUR  
HOSPITALITY.



TUT, TUT!  
NOT EVERY  
DAY WE GET A  
DRAGON AS A  
VISITOR!

OH, DEAR  
ME, NO! AND  
YOU BEING A  
FRIEND OF  
ANVEENA...



FATHER,  
MOTHER...WOULD  
YOU EXCUSE US,  
PLEASE?



OF  
COURSE,  
DEAR.

WE'VE GOT  
OUR WORK TO  
DO.



YOUR  
FAMILY'S  
VERY KIND.  
MOST WOULD  
FLEE OR TRY  
TO SLAY  
ME.

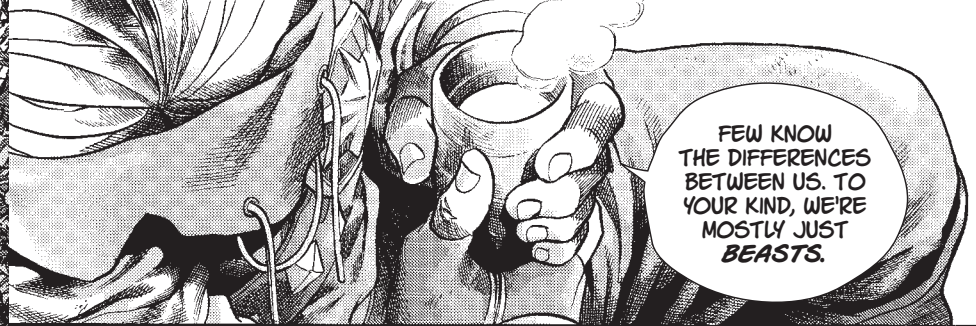


HOW  
HORRID! BUT  
WHY?

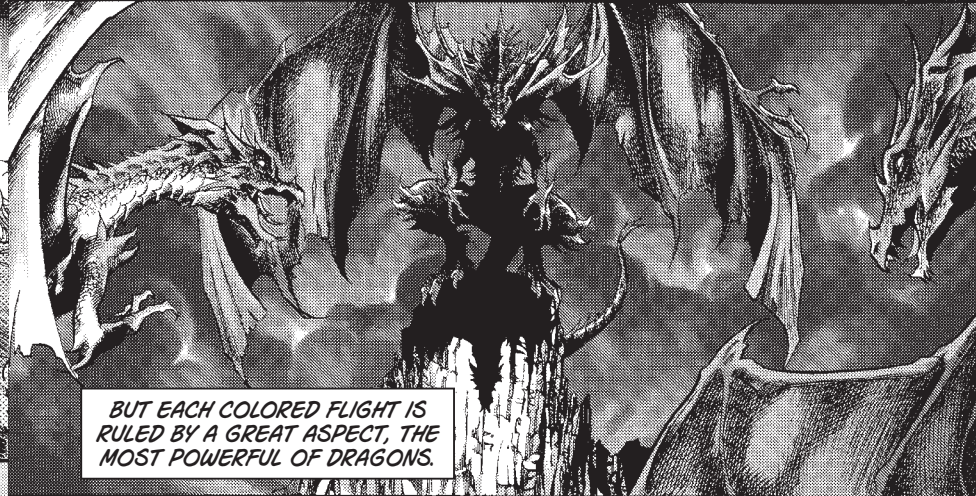


SIMPLE  
FEAR,  
MOSTLY. MOST  
DRAGONS WATCH  
OVER THE LESSER  
RACES, BUT SOME,  
ESPECIALLY THE  
BLACK, DESPISE  
ALL BUT  
THEMSELVES.

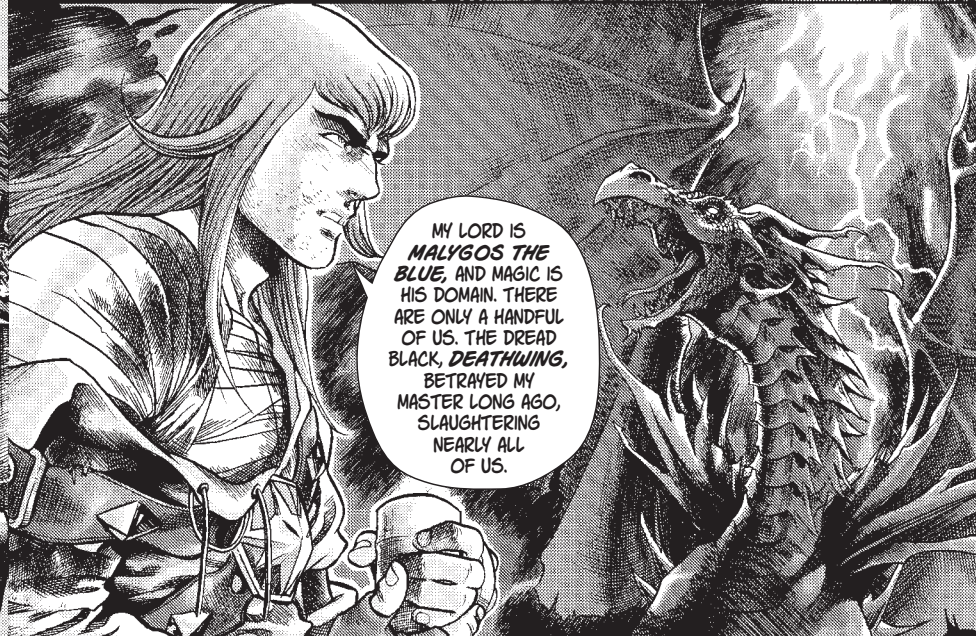




FEW KNOW  
THE DIFFERENCES  
BETWEEN US. TO  
YOUR KIND, WE'RE  
MOSTLY JUST  
**BEASTS.**

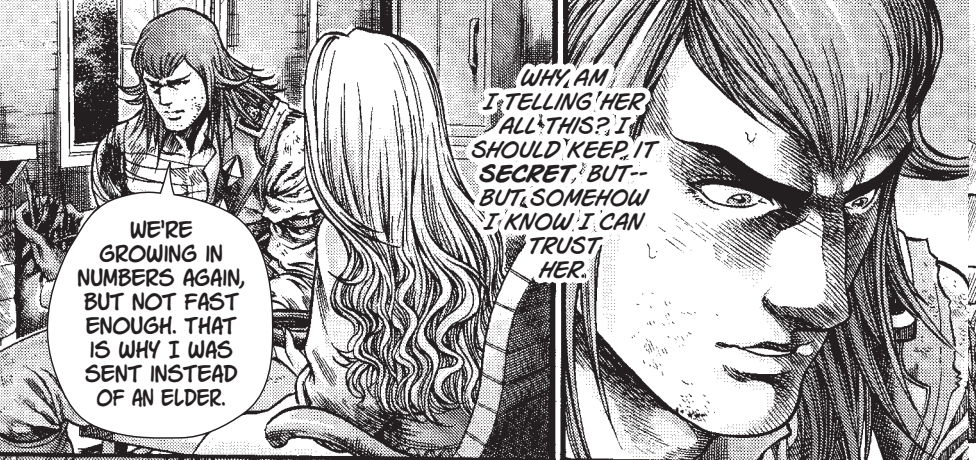


*BUT EACH COLORED FLIGHT IS  
RULED BY A GREAT ASPECT, THE  
MOST POWERFUL OF DRAGONS.*



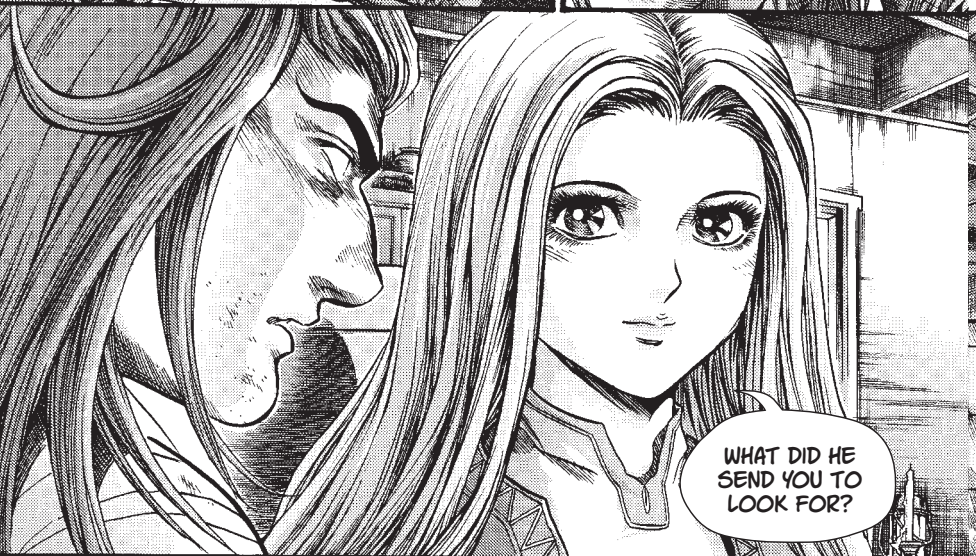
MY LORD IS  
**MALYGOS THE  
BLUE**, AND MAGIC IS  
HIS DOMAIN. THERE  
ARE ONLY A HANDFUL  
OF US. THE DREAD  
**BLACK, DEATHWING,**  
BETRAYED MY  
MASTER LONG AGO,  
SLAUGHTERING  
NEARLY ALL  
OF US.



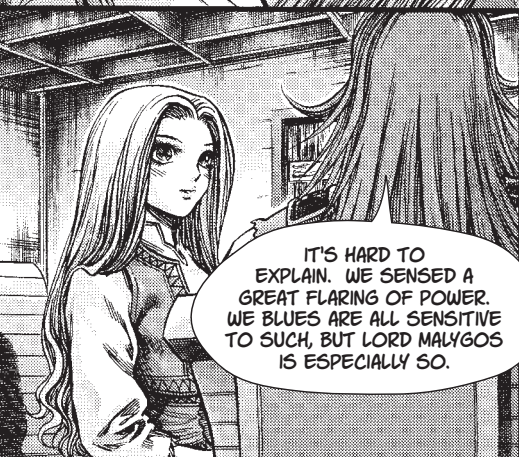


WHY, AM I TELLING HER ALL THIS? I SHOULD KEEP IT SECRET, BUT-- BUT, SOMEHOW I KNOW I CAN TRUST HER.

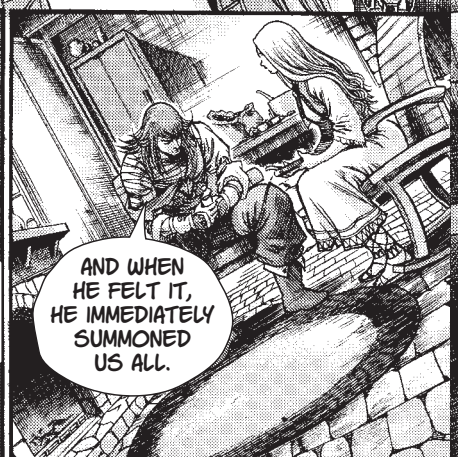
WE'RE GROWING IN NUMBERS AGAIN, BUT NOT FAST ENOUGH. THAT IS WHY I WAS SENT INSTEAD OF AN ELDER.



WHAT DID HE SEND YOU TO LOOK FOR?



IT'S HARD TO EXPLAIN. WE SENSED A GREAT FLARING OF POWER. WE BLUES ARE ALL SENSITIVE TO SUCH, BUT LORD MALYGOS IS ESPECIALLY SO.




AND WHEN HE FELT IT, HE IMMEDIATELY SUMMONED US ALL.





DO YOU KNOW  
ANYTHING OF THE  
ELVEN KINGDOM  
OF QUEL'THALAS?



DESTROYED BY THE  
UNDEAD SCOURGE WITH  
THE AID OF TREACHERY  
FROM WITHIN?



YES, WE KNOW  
QUEL'THALAS WELL!



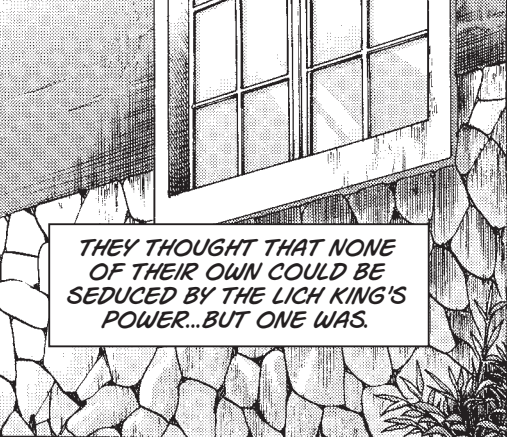
THAT'S  
WHERE  
WE CAME  
FROM!



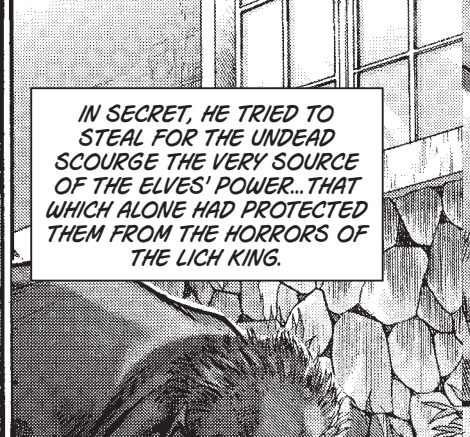
YOU?  
**HUMANS?**  
BUT THE  
ELVES DISTRUST  
OUTSIDERS! THAT'S  
WHAT MADE IT SO  
TERRIBLE WHEN  
ONE OF THEIR  
OWN BETRAYED  
THEM.







THEY THOUGHT THAT NONE OF THEIR OWN COULD BE SEDUCED BY THE LICH KING'S POWER...BUT ONE WAS.



IN SECRET, HE TRIED TO STEAL FOR THE UNDEAD SCOURGE THE VERY SOURCE OF THE ELVES' POWER...THAT WHICH ALONE HAD PROTECTED THEM FROM THE HORRORS OF THE LICH KING.




THE SUNWELL...





*WE DON'T KNOW  
WHAT HAPPENED, BUT  
A HUGE EXPLOSION  
RIPPED THE AREA.*



*INSTEAD OF GAINING ITS  
POWER, THE ELVEN TRAITOR  
APPEARED TO SIMPLY  
DESTROY THE SUNWELL...*

*...OR SO WE  
THOUGHT...UNTIL  
RECENTLY.*





THE BEAST'S  
SOMEWHERE  
NEAR HERE!  
SURROUND THAT  
COTTAGE!

THOSE  
INSIDE WILL  
TELL US WHERE  
IT'S HIDING...



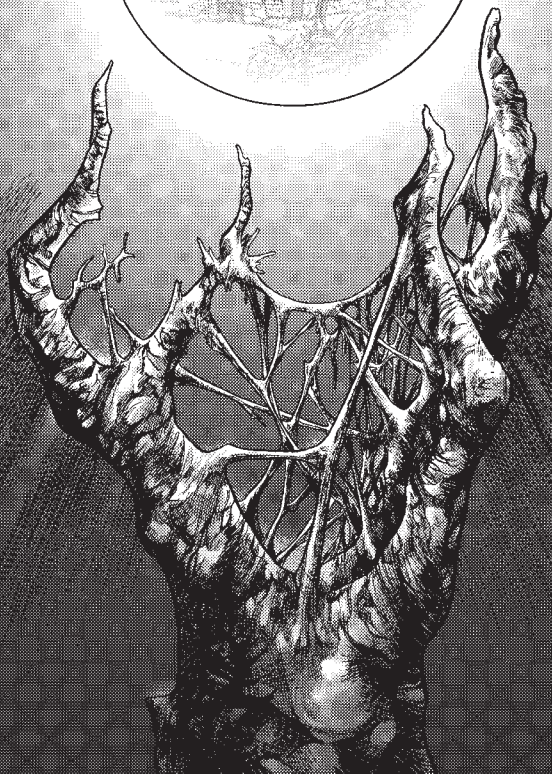
...IF THEY  
WANT TO LIVE!





# CHAPTER TWO

# PURSUED






*...OR SO WE  
THOUGHT...UNTIL  
RECENTLY...*









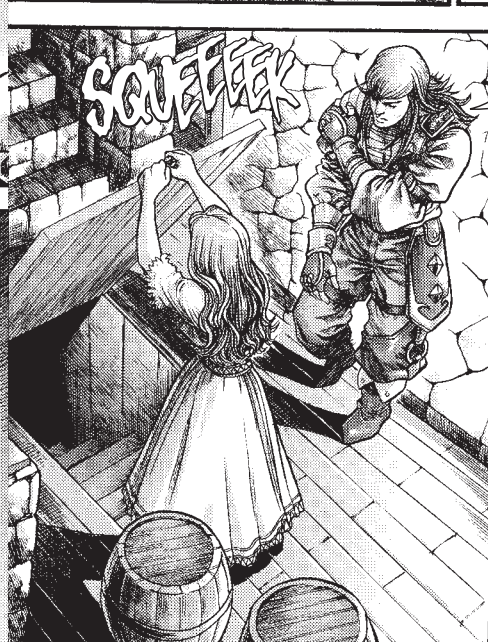
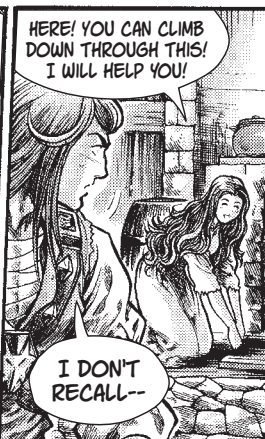
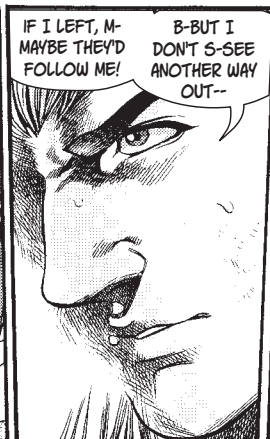
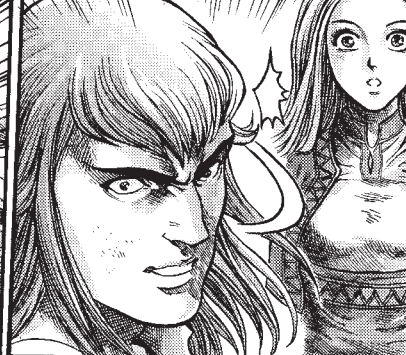
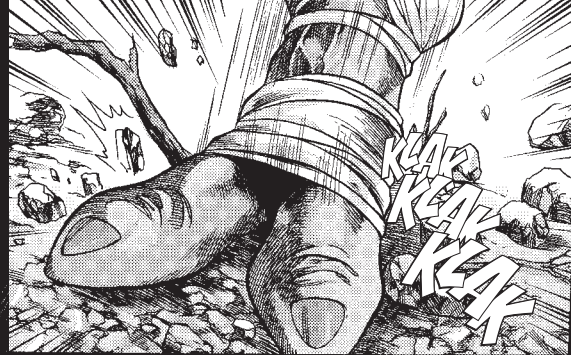


THE EMANATIONS  
CAME FROM VERY NEAR  
HERE. I WAS SEARCHING  
FOR THEIR SOURCE  
WHEN I WAS ATTACKED.

I'VE NO IDEA  
WHO ATTACKED  
ME, BUT THEY  
MUST BE AFTER  
THE SAME THING  
I AM.



I'VE GOT TO  
RECOVER IT  
BEFORE THEY--







KRAK

STAND WHERE YOU BE! ANYONE WHO DOESN'T WILL SUFFER FOR THEIR FOOLISHNESS!

THERE'S A DRAGON ABOUT, AND I THINK **SOMEONE** HERE KNOWS JUST WHERE!

BOOM!



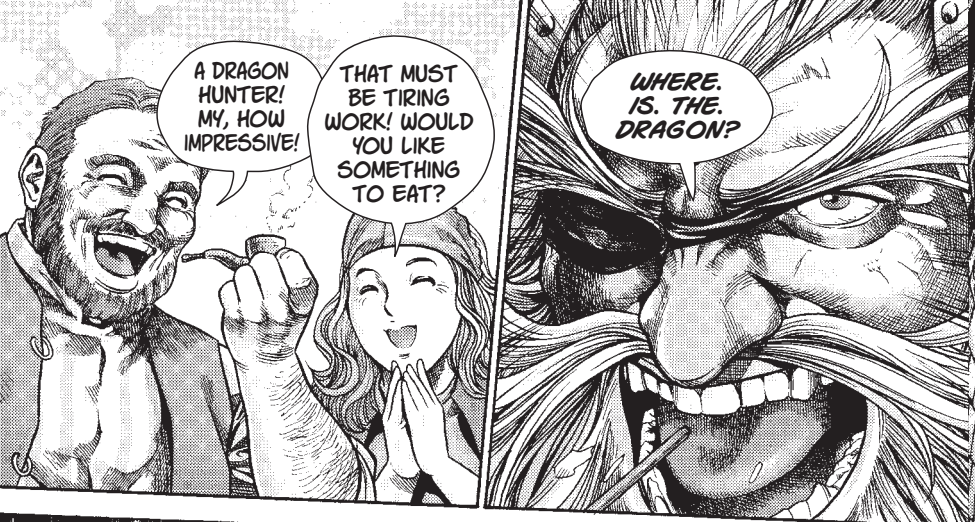


GRRR...



DID YOU  
HEAR ME?!?  
DRAGON!!  
I'M HUNTING  
A DRAGON!  
WHERE  
IS IT?

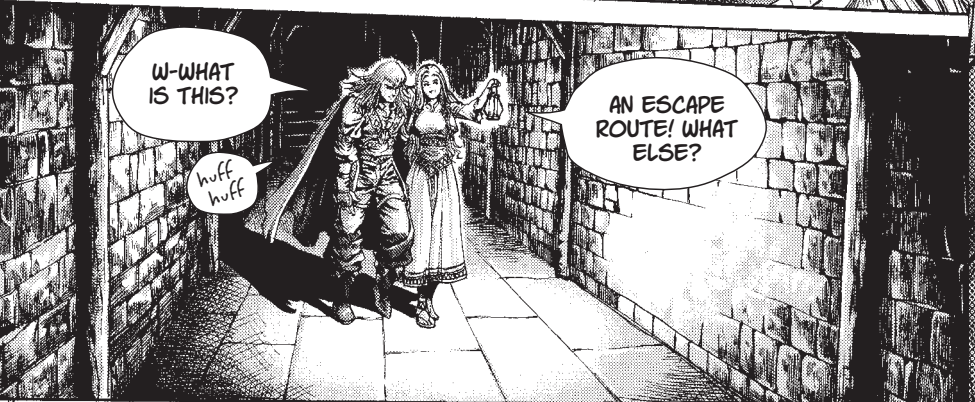




A DRAGON  
HUNTER!  
MY, HOW  
IMPRESSIVE!

THAT MUST  
BE TIRING  
WORK! WOULD  
YOU LIKE  
SOMETHING  
TO EAT?

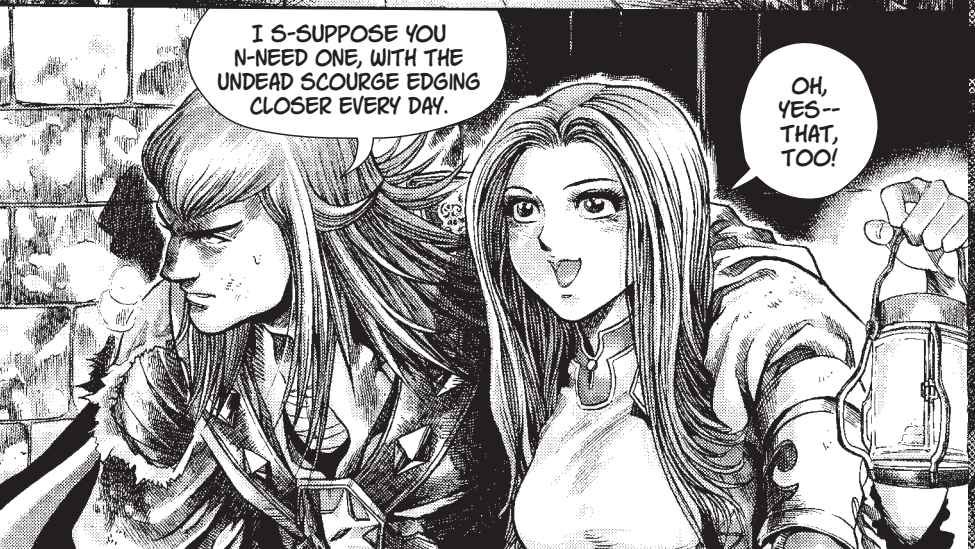
WHERE.  
IS. THE.  
DRAGON?



W-WHAT  
IS THIS?

huff  
huff

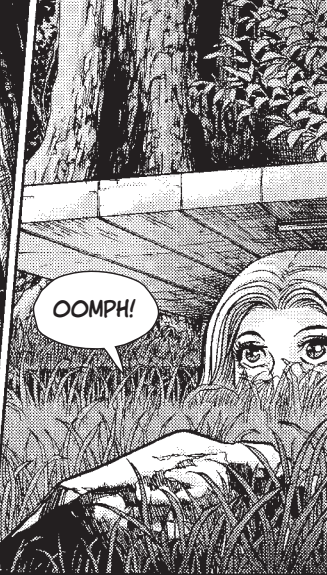
AN ESCAPE  
ROUTE! WHAT  
ELSE?



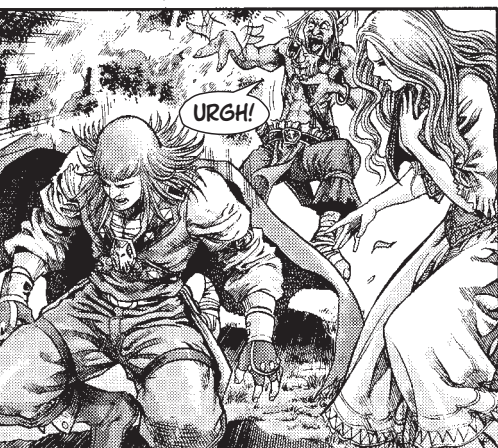
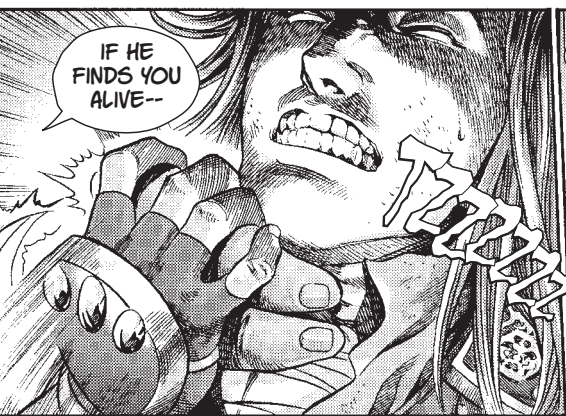
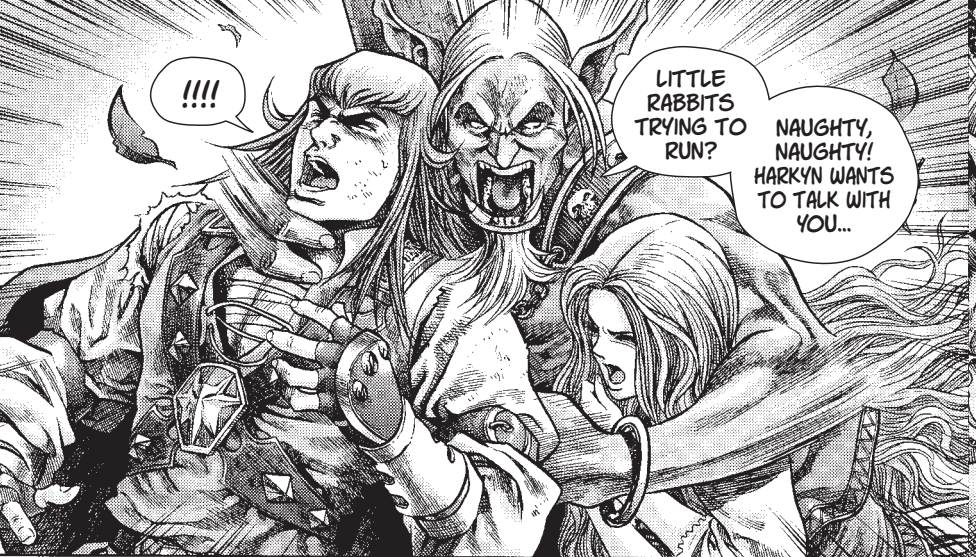
I S-SUPPOSE YOU  
N-NEED ONE, WITH THE  
UNDEAD SCOURGE EDGING  
CLOSER EVERY DAY.

OH,  
YES--  
THAT,  
TOO!

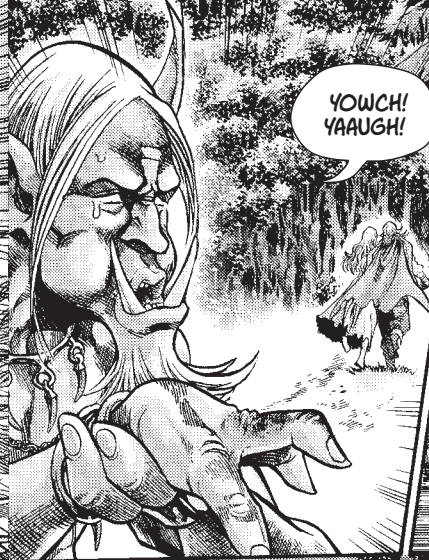




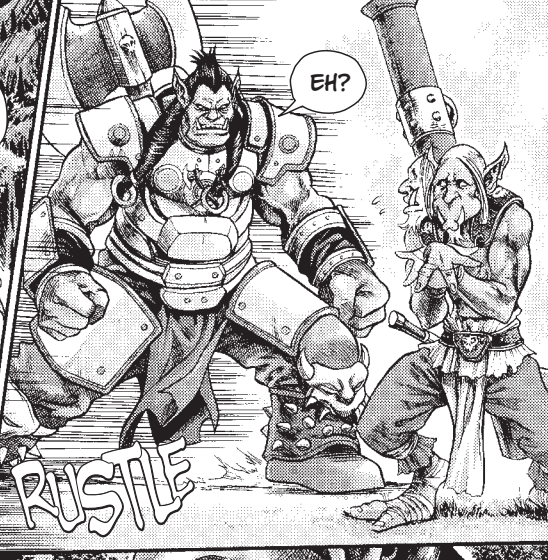








YOWCH!  
YAAUGH!



EH?

RUSTLE



HARKYN!  
HARKYN!  
TO THE EAST!



NO, I DON'T WANT ANY  
FOOD! I WANT--

SOME  
TEA?



AHH!



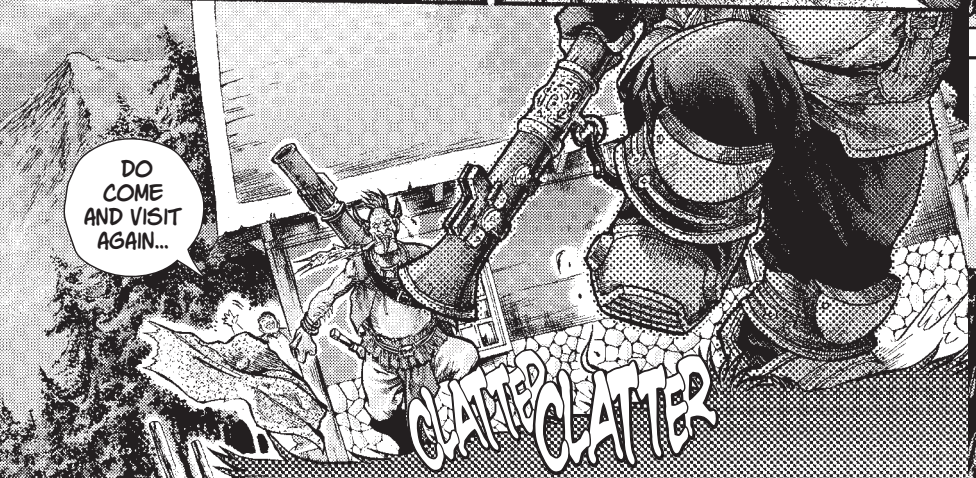


EAST?!  
THE DRAGON  
LIES EAST,  
TOO!



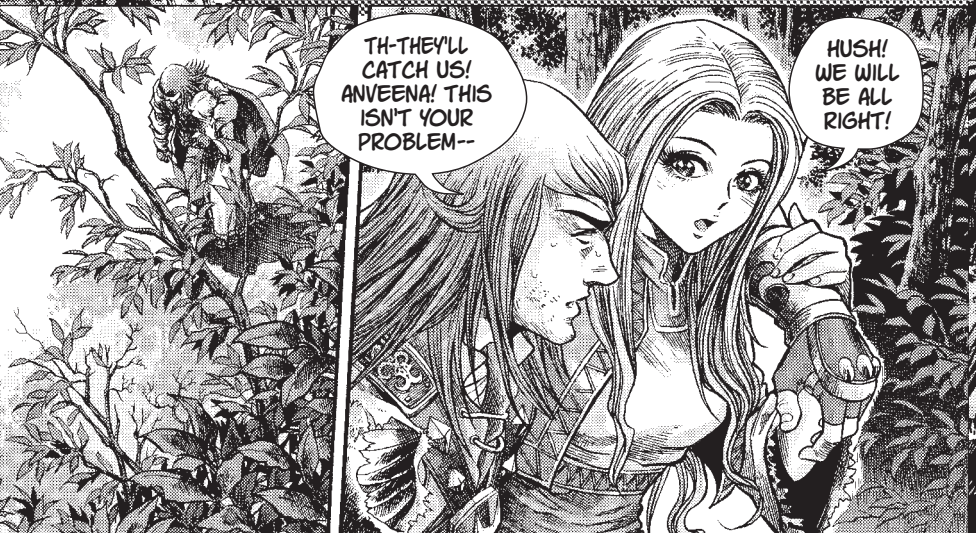
SPIT  
THAT OUT  
AND FOLLOW  
ME!

PTUU!



DO  
COME  
AND VISIT  
AGAIN...

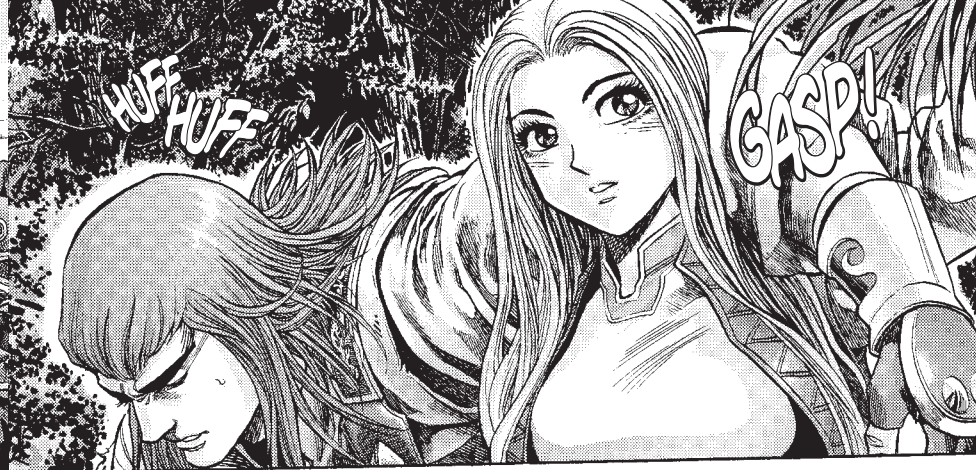
CLATTER  
CLATTER



TH-THEY'LL  
CATCH US!  
ANVEENA! THIS  
ISN'T YOUR  
PROBLEM--

HUSH!  
WE WILL  
BE ALL  
RIGHT!

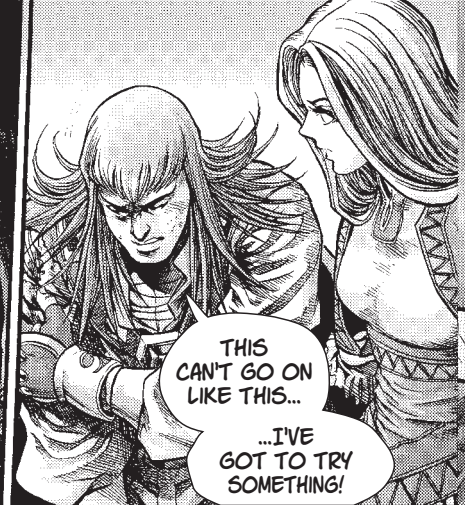






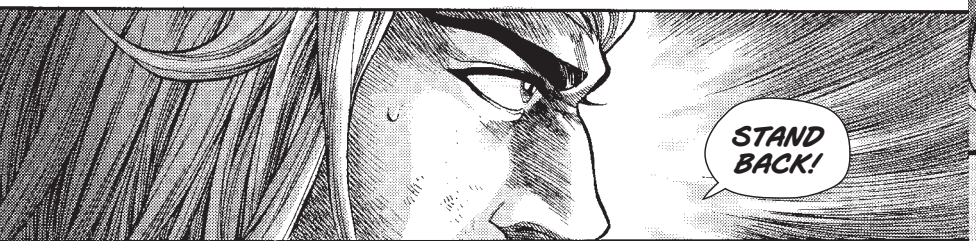


UNGH!

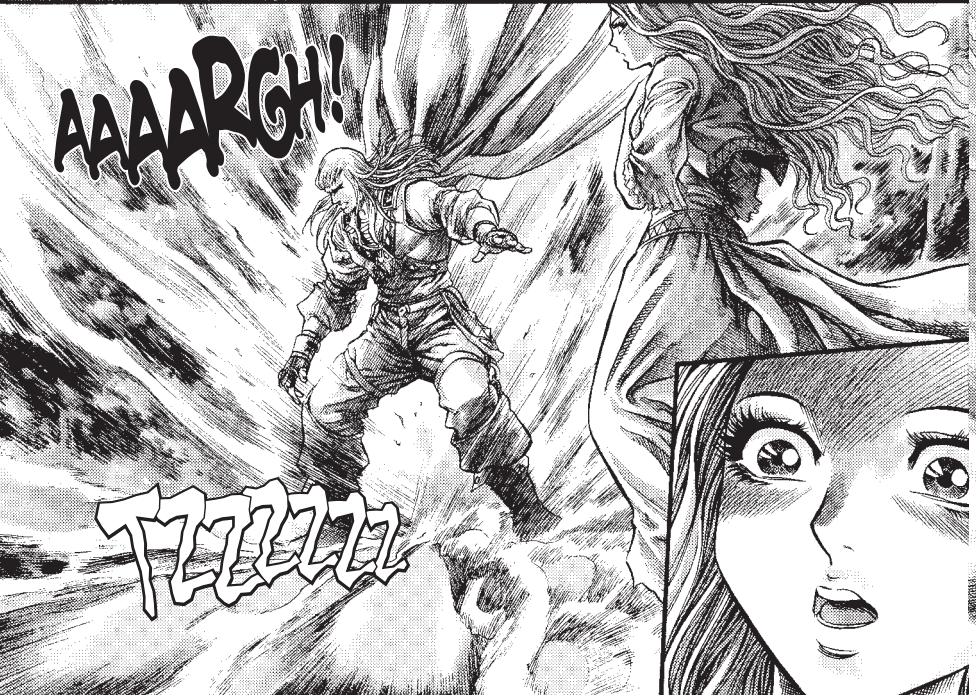


THIS  
CAN'T GO ON  
LIKE THIS...

...I'VE  
GOT TO TRY  
SOMETHING!



STAND  
BACK!



AAAARGH!

TZZZZZ





AAAAAH!

KALEC!

UNGH--  
UNGH--

RRRR...

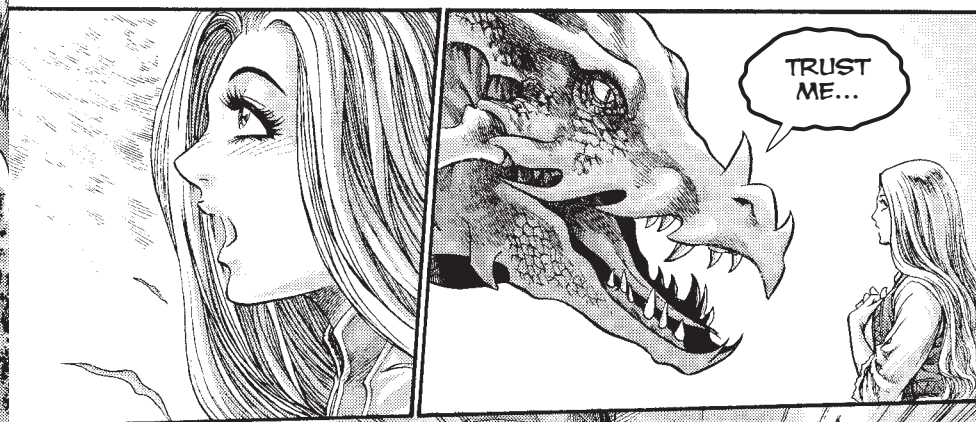
TZZZZZZ



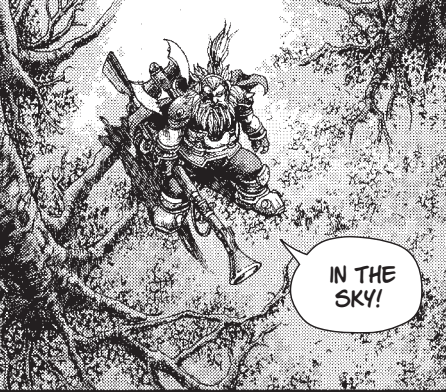


RRRRAR  
RRGH!!









IN THE  
SKY!



COME  
BACK HERE,  
DAMN YOU!



RRRAUGH!

BWAM

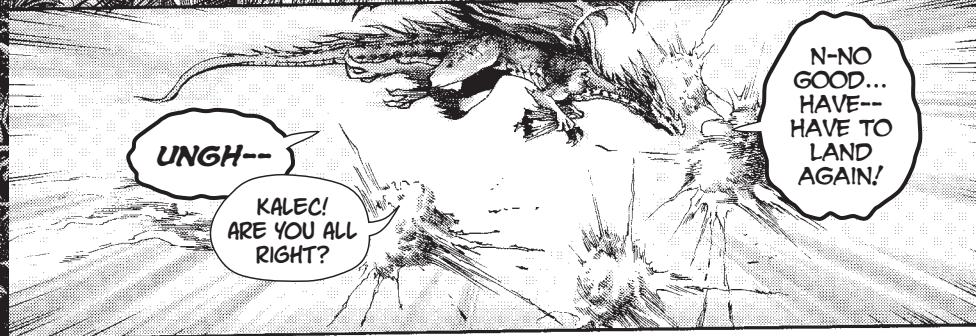
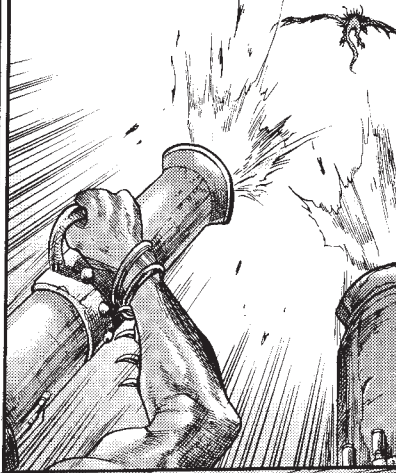
BWAM

AIEEE!





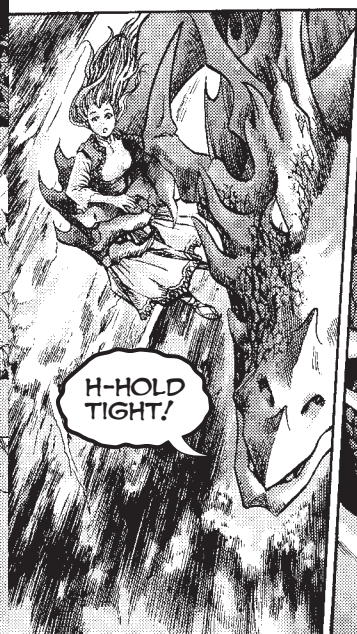
**BLAST!!**



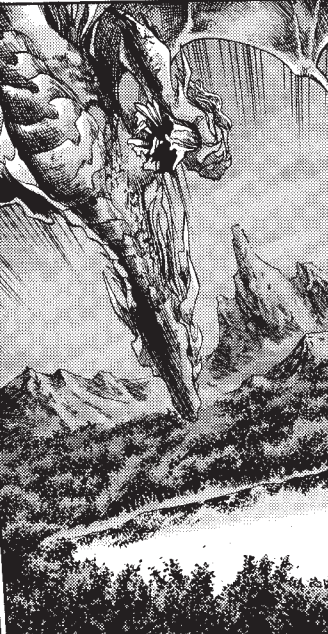
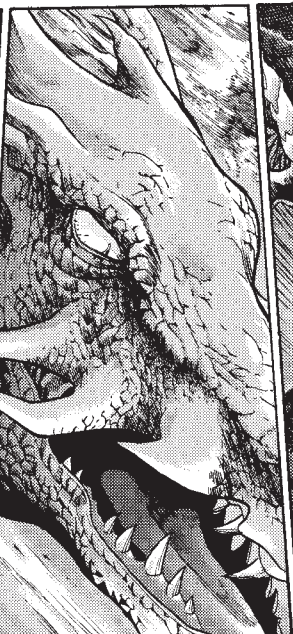
**UNGH--**

**KALEC!  
ARE YOU ALL  
RIGHT?**

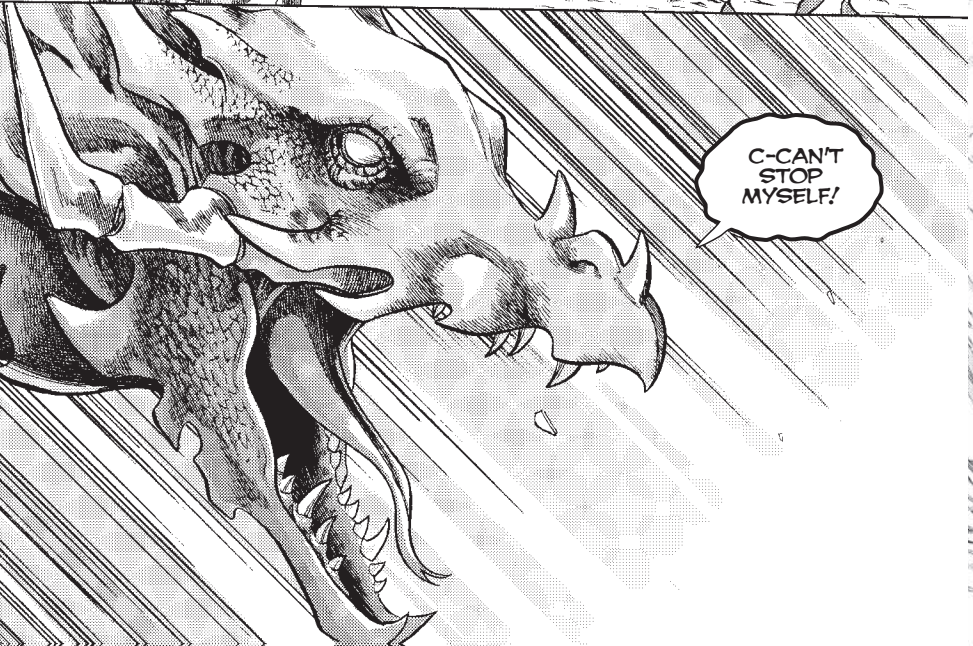
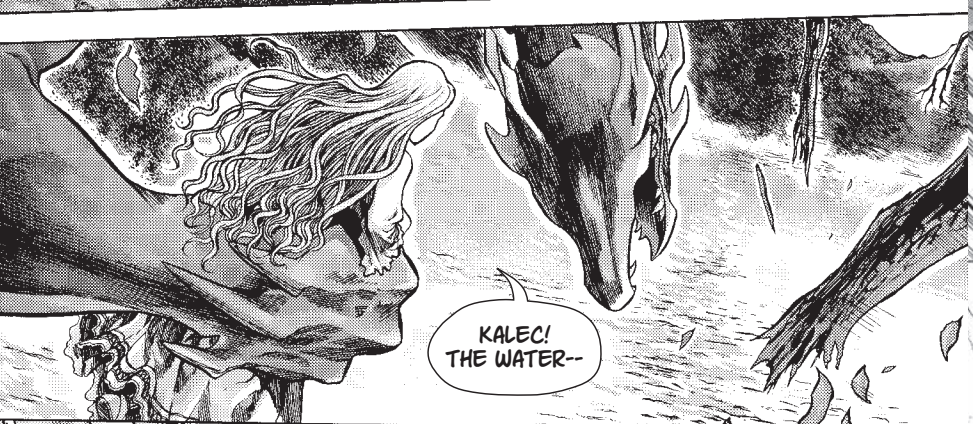
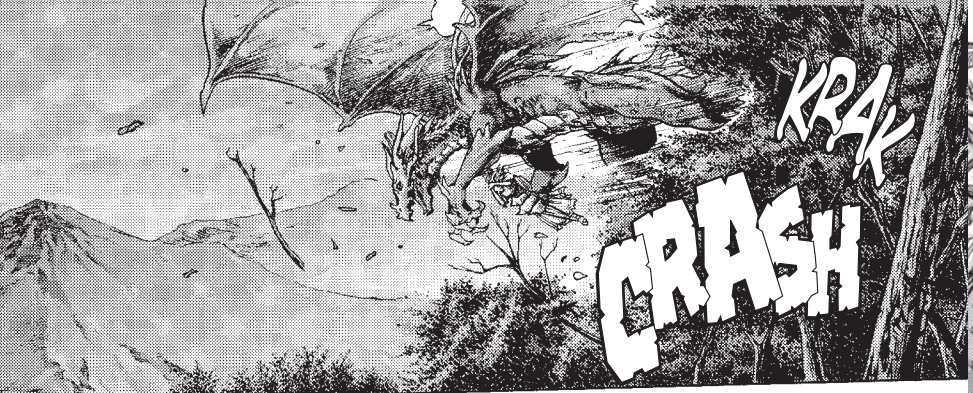
**N-NO  
GOOD...  
HAVE--  
HAVE TO  
LAND  
AGAIN!**



**H-HOLD  
TIGHT!**





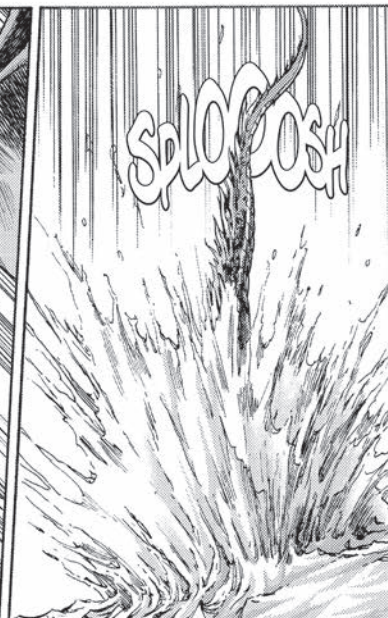




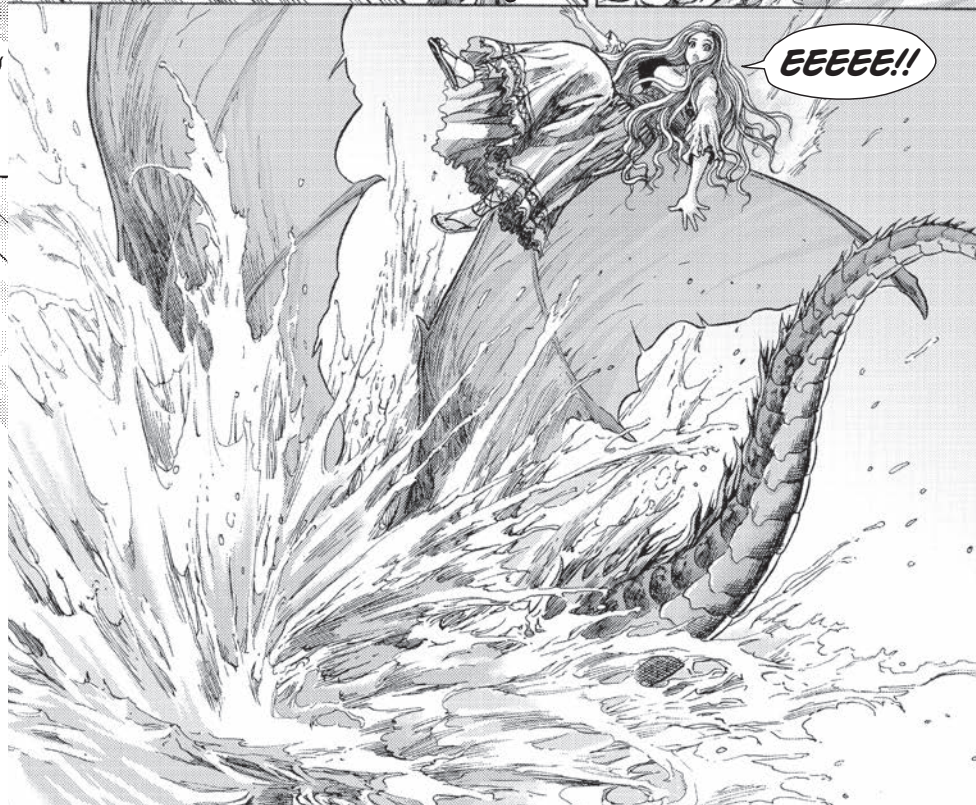


AIEEE!

RRRRRR!  
RRRRRR!  
RRRRRR!



SPLASH



EEEEEE!!





YOU HIT  
DRAGON?

DON'T  
KNOW! THINK I  
SHOOK HIM UP,  
THOUGH!



HE DISAPPEARED OVER  
THOSE TREES! THERE'S  
A LAKE OVER THERE!

THOUGHT  
I HEARD A  
SPLASH, BUT  
WHAT--



EH?

?!?!?

WOOOSH



NOW WHAT  
THE DEVIL WAS--  
THE CRYSTAL!  
IT'S POINTING  
NORTH NOW!

BUT THE  
LAKE--



THAT WAS THE DRAGON OVER US!  
THE CRYSTAL'S NEVER STEERED US  
WRONG! IT'S NORTH WE HEAD...

MAKES MORE SENSE  
THAN A LAKE!

UNNH...



WHAT WOULD THE BLUE BE  
DOING THERE? SWIMMING?

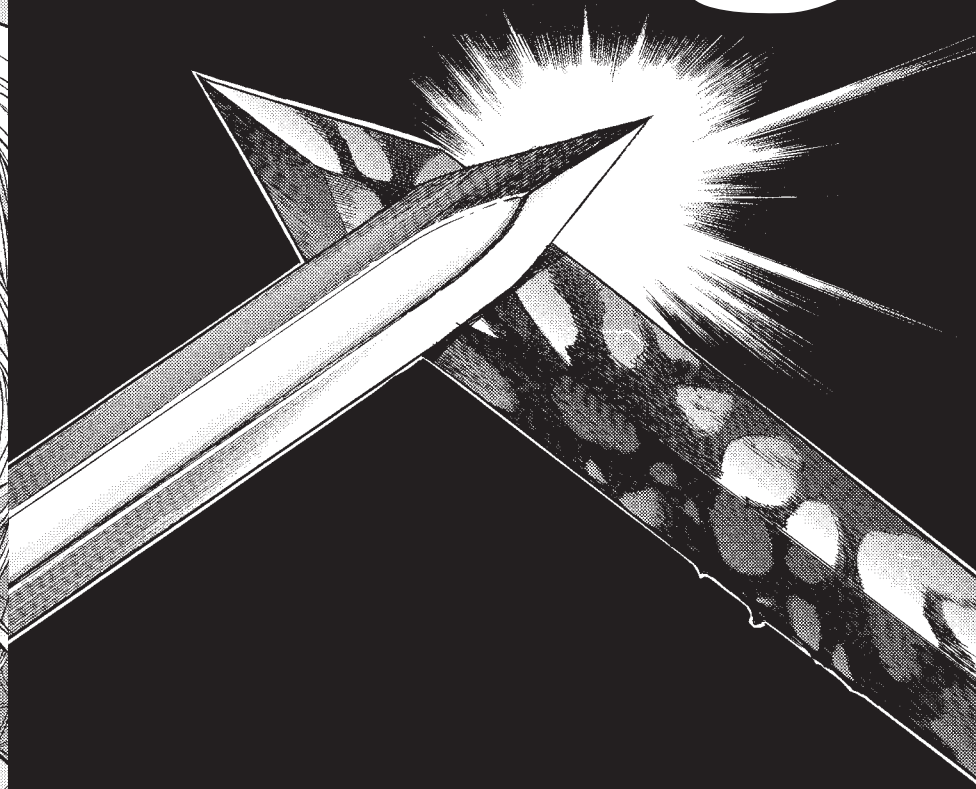
K-KALEC?



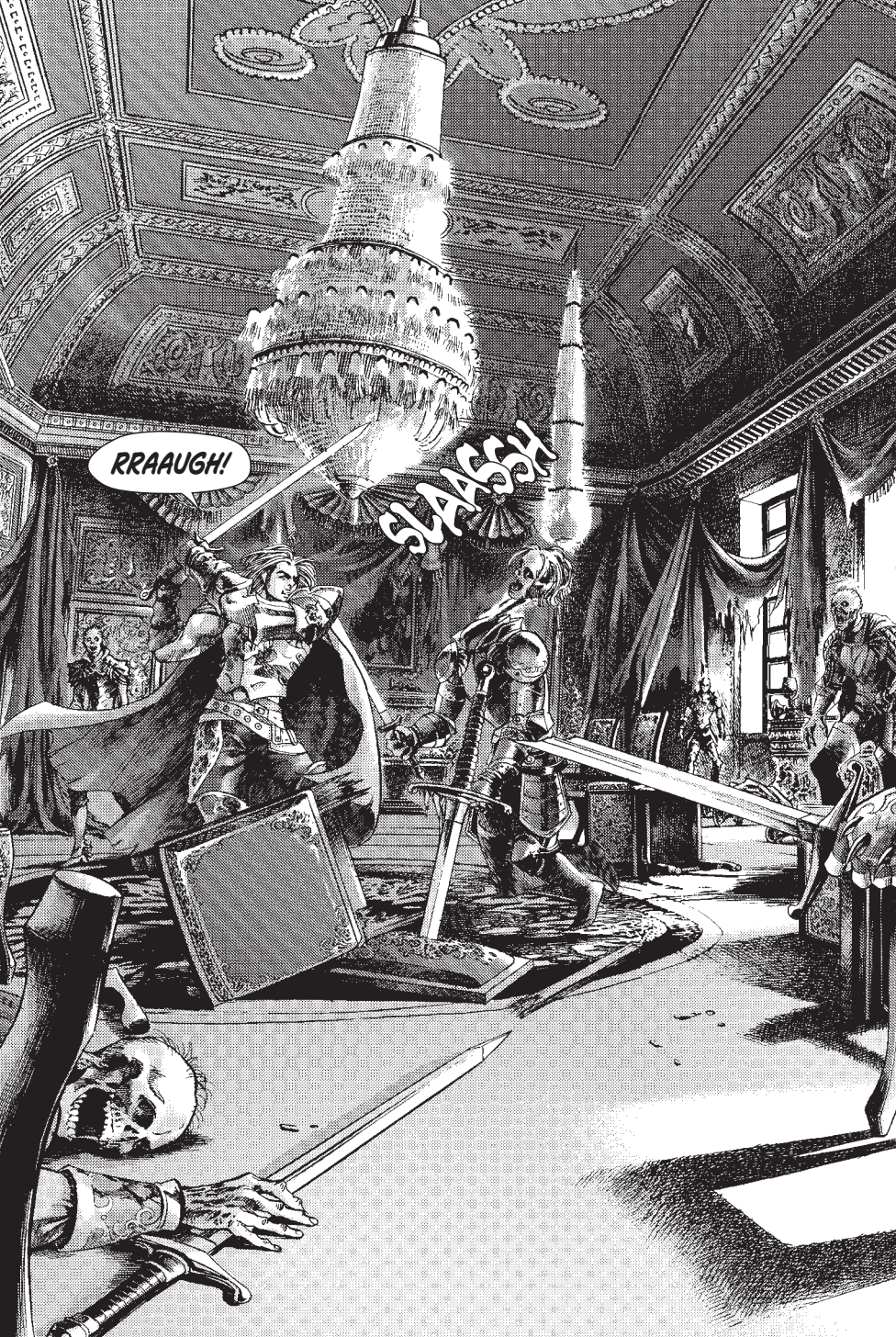
CHAPTER THREE

# DAR'KHAN

UNNGH!







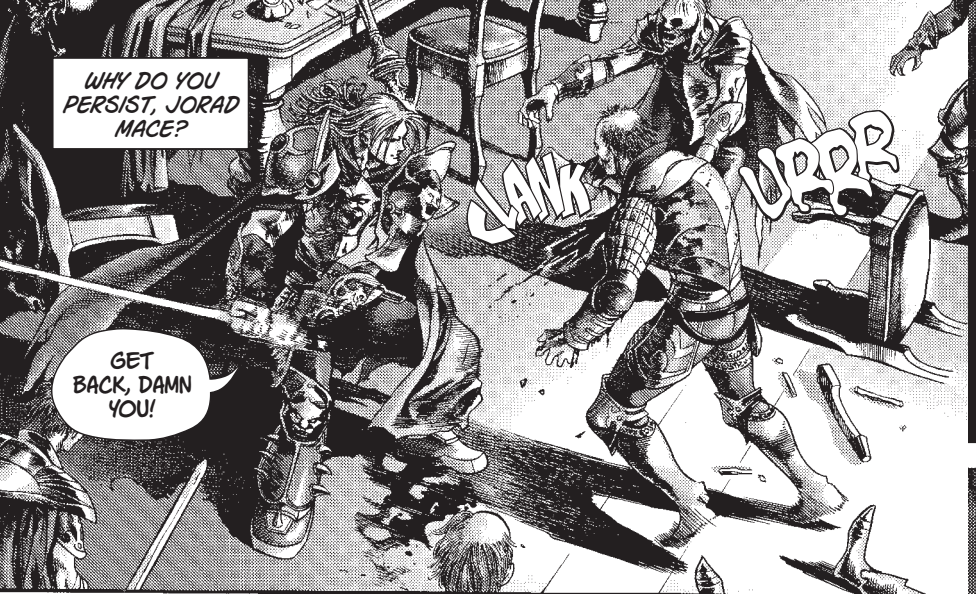
RRAAUGH!

SLASH!







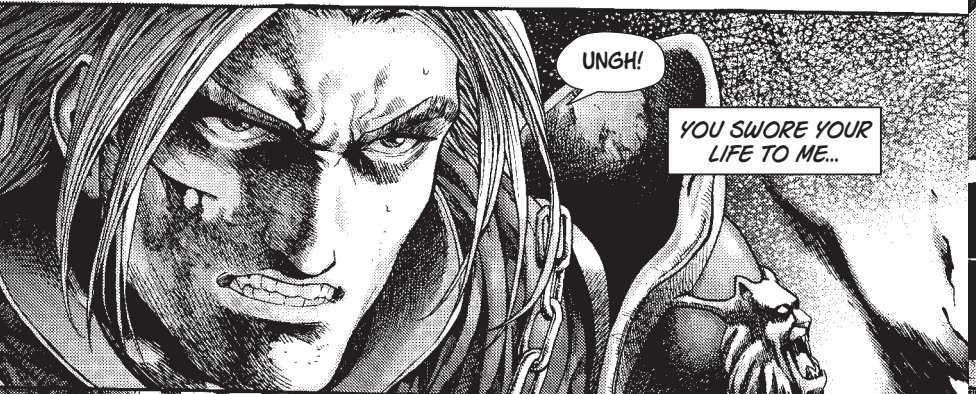


WHY DO YOU PERSIST, JORAD MACE?

GET BACK, DAMN YOU!

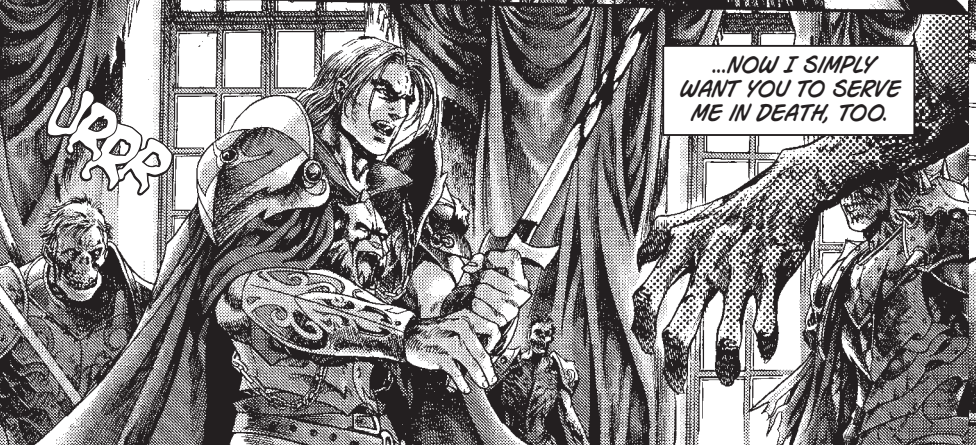
JANK

UPRR



UNGH!

YOU SWORE YOUR LIFE TO ME...



UPRR

...NOW I SIMPLY WANT YOU TO SERVE ME IN DEATH, TOO.



WHAT  
BETTER  
HONOR COULD  
YOU ASK...



...THAN TO  
SERVE ME  
FOREVER...

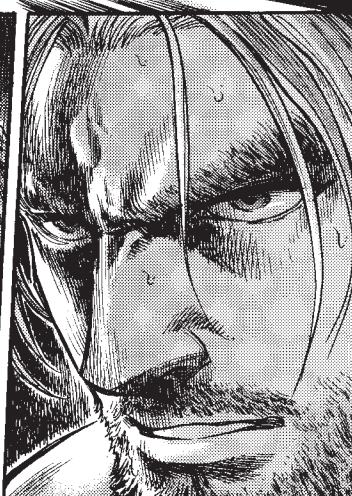


NO,  
ARTHAS,  
NO!

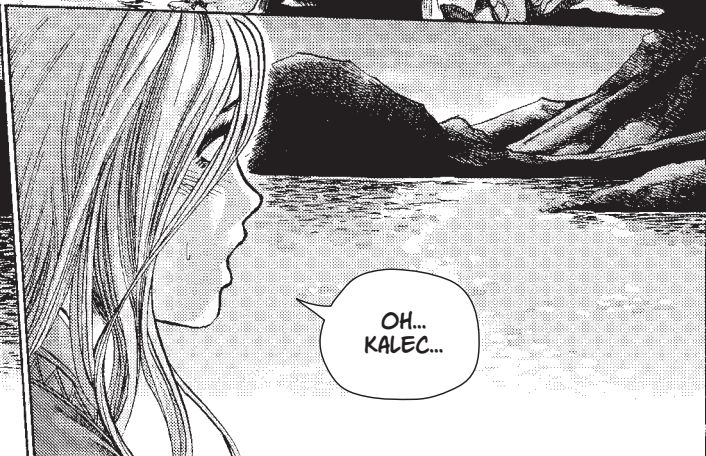
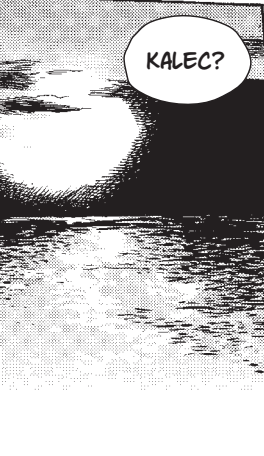
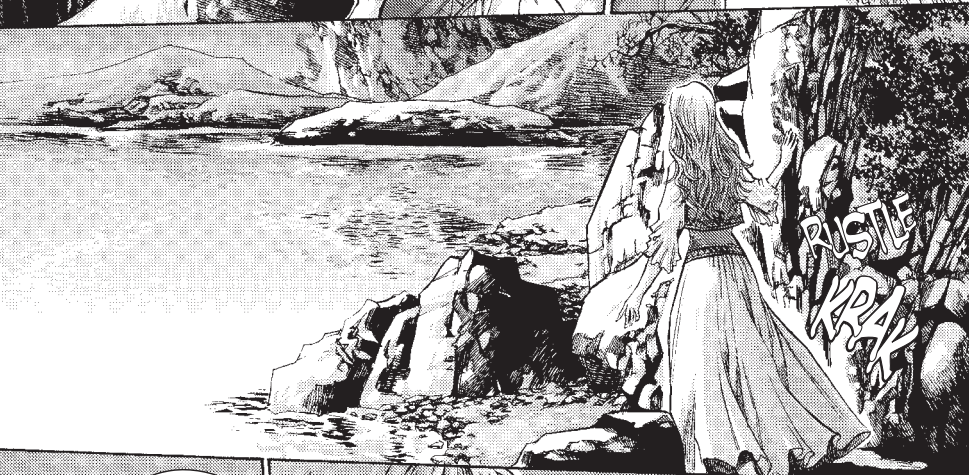
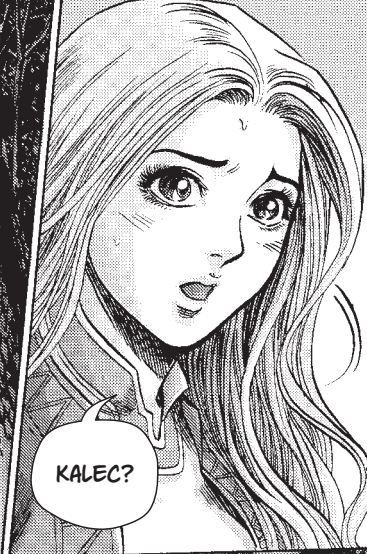
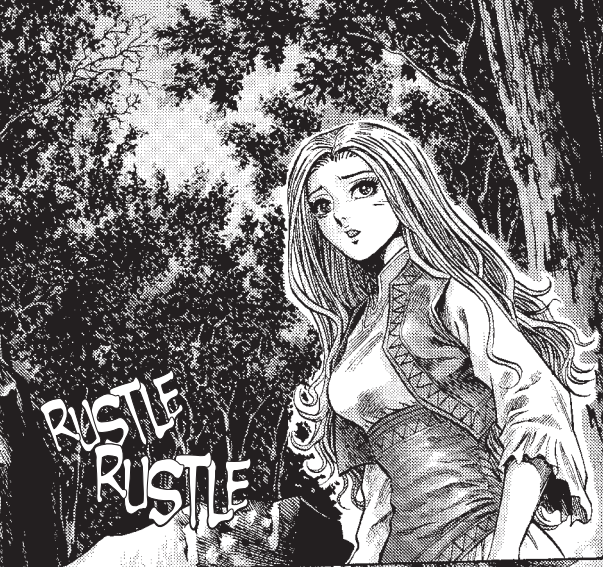
CLATTER

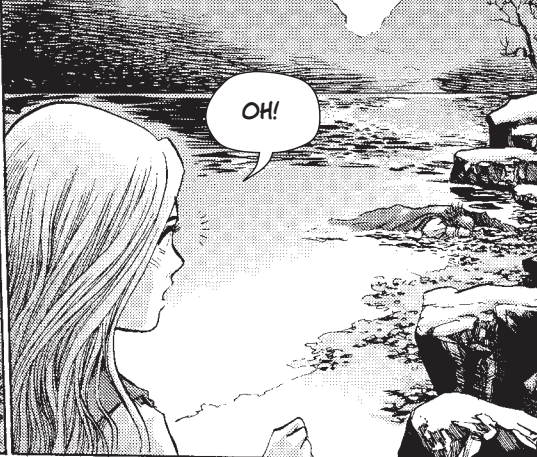
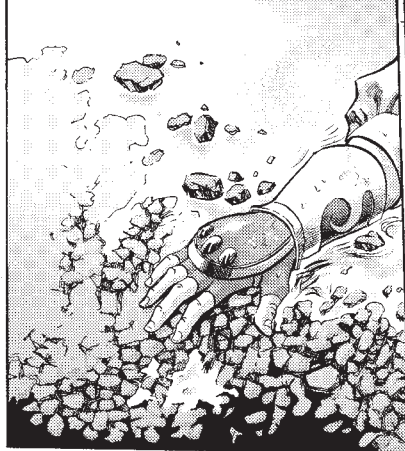


NO...

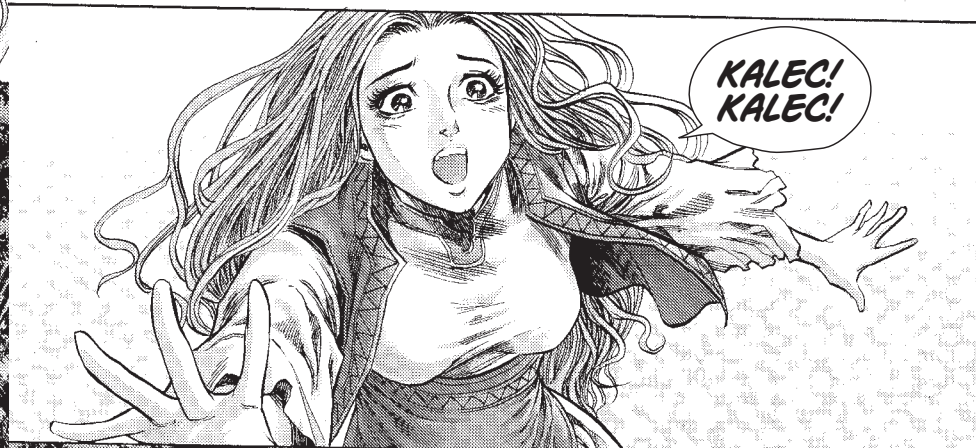








OH!

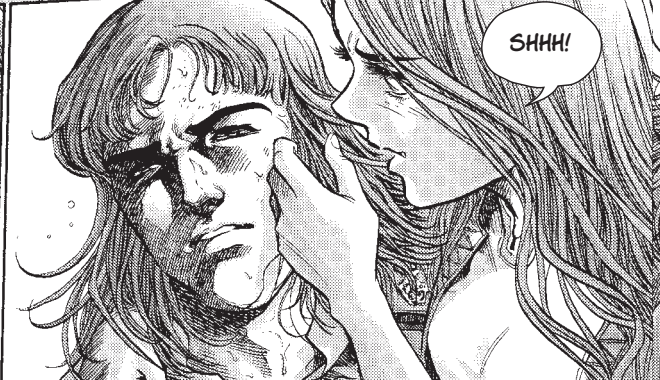
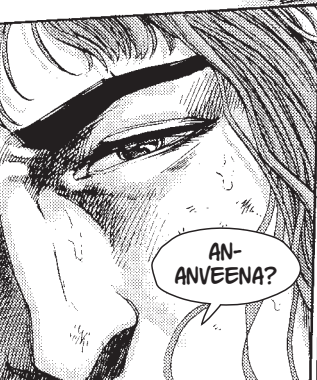
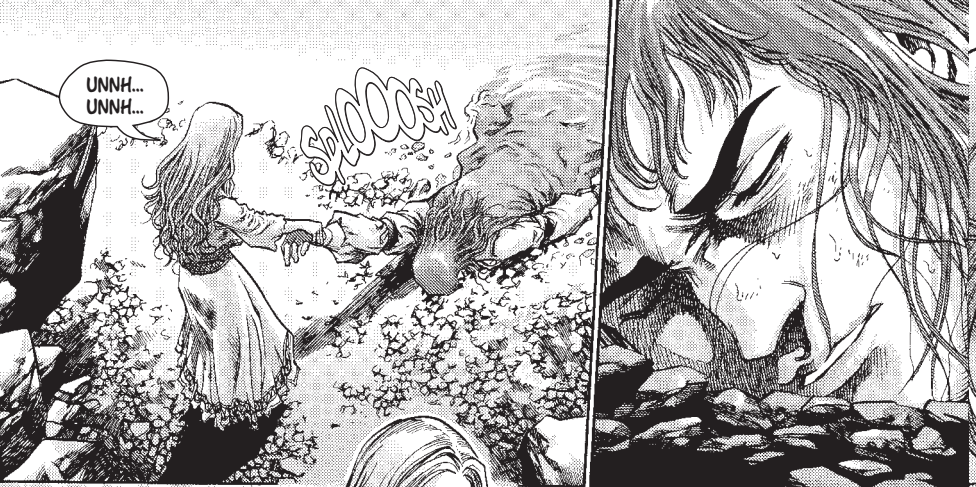


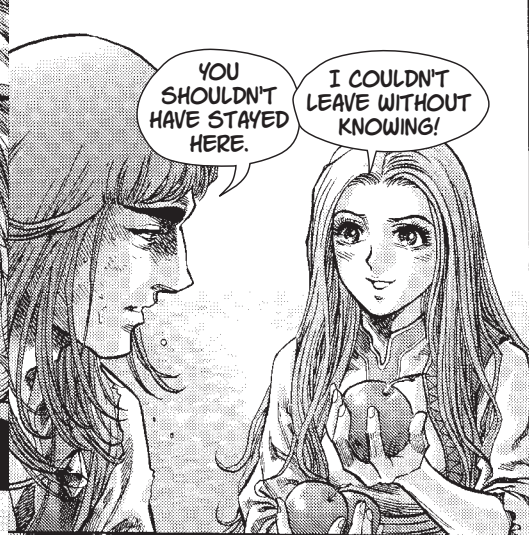
**KALEC!  
KALEC!**



**KALEC!  
PLEASE BE  
ALIVE!**





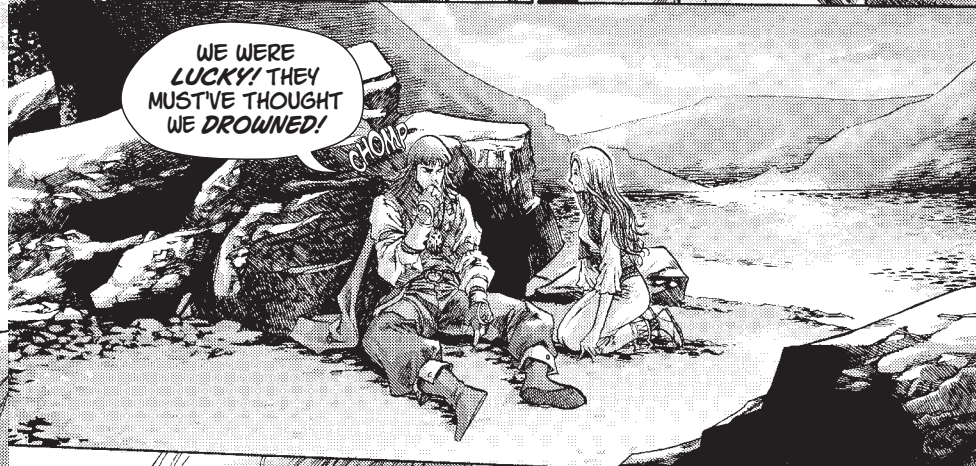


YOU  
SHOULDN'T  
HAVE STAYED  
HERE.

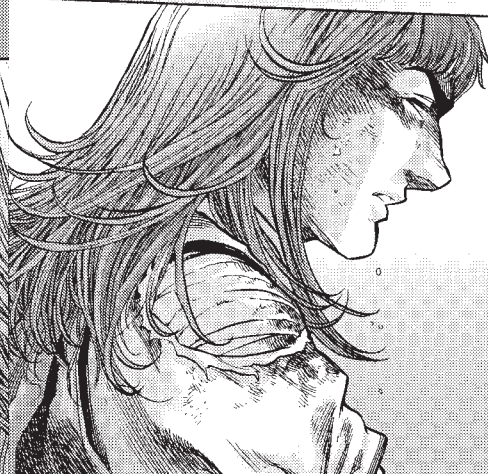
I COULDN'T  
LEAVE WITHOUT  
KNOWING!



THEY  
COULD'VE  
FOUND  
YOU!

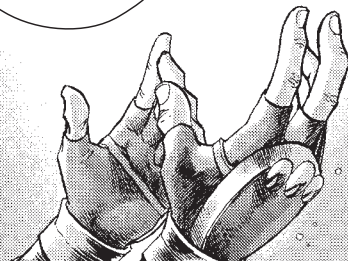


WE WERE  
LUCKY! THEY  
MUST'VE THOUGHT  
WE DROWNED!

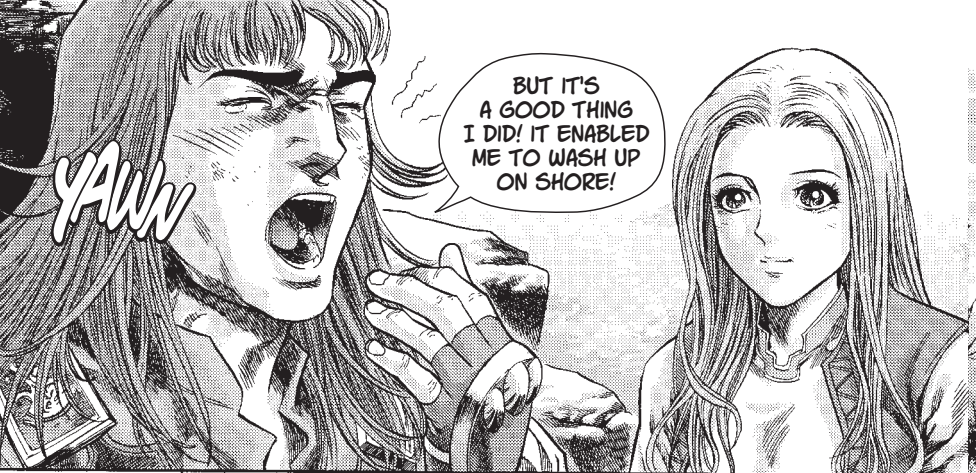


I  
*SHOULD'VE!*  
I DON'T  
UNDERSTAND  
THAT...

...OR HOW  
I ENDED UP  
CHANGING BACK  
AGAIN!

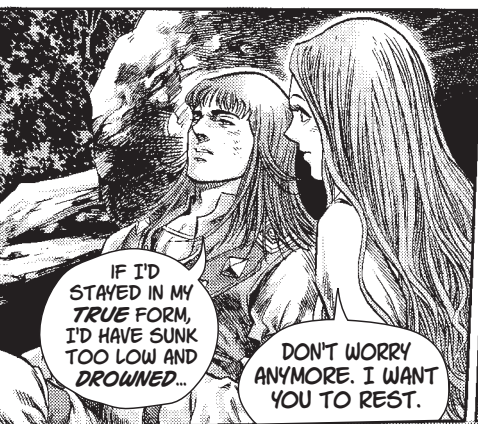






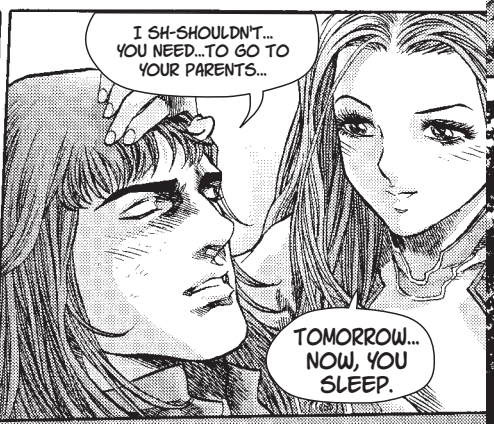
BUT IT'S  
A GOOD THING  
I DID! IT ENABLED  
ME TO WASH UP  
ON SHORE!

YAWN



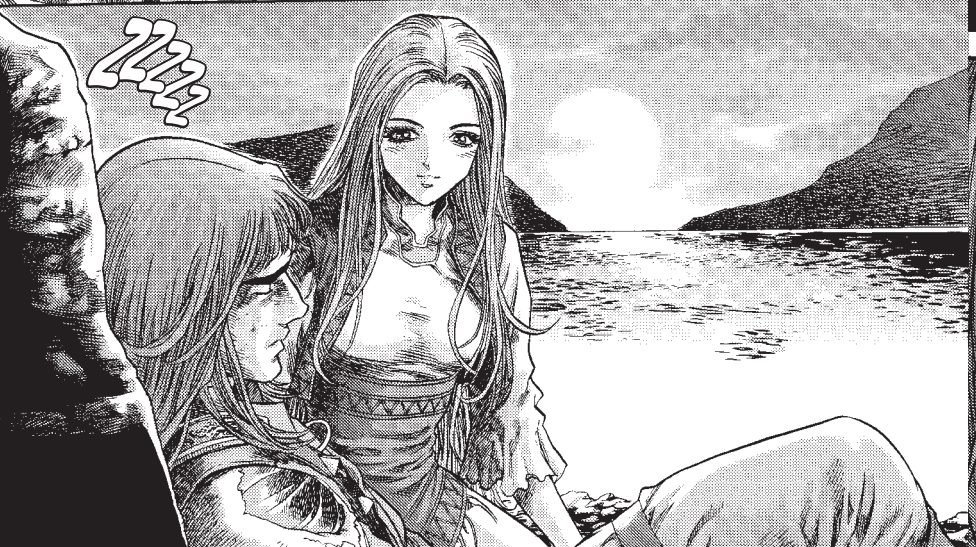
IF I'D  
STAYED IN MY  
TRUE FORM,  
I'D HAVE SUNK  
TOO LOW AND  
DROWNED...

DON'T WORRY  
ANYMORE. I WANT  
YOU TO REST.



I SH-SHOULDN'T...  
YOU NEED...TO GO TO  
YOUR PARENTS...

TOMORROW...  
NOW, YOU  
SLEEP.



ZZZZ

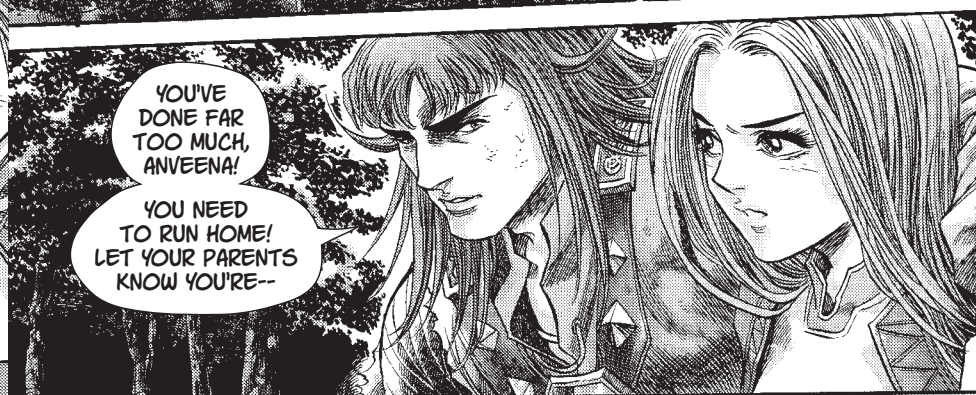




SH-SHOULDN'T BE LONG NOW. I CAN WALK THE REST OF THE WAY.



I WOULD NOT THINK OF IT!

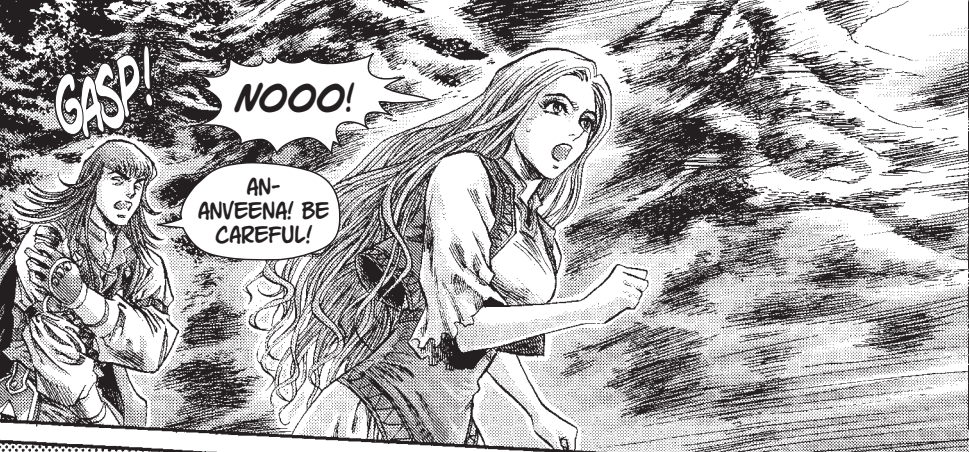


YOU'VE DONE FAR TOO MUCH, ANVEENA!

YOU NEED TO RUN HOME! LET YOUR PARENTS KNOW YOU'RE--



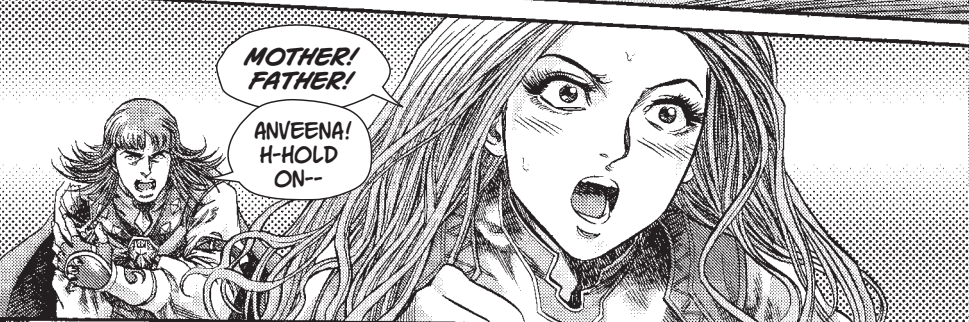




**GASP!**

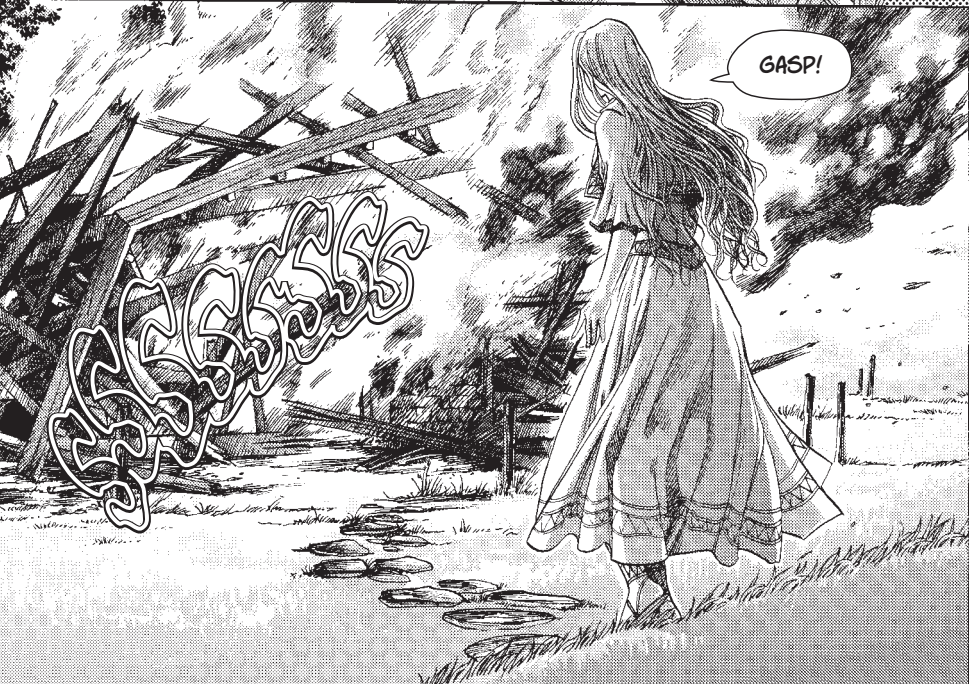
**NOOO!**

AN-  
ANVEENA! BE  
CAREFUL!



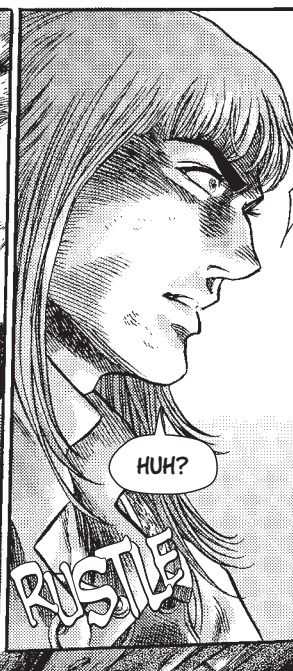
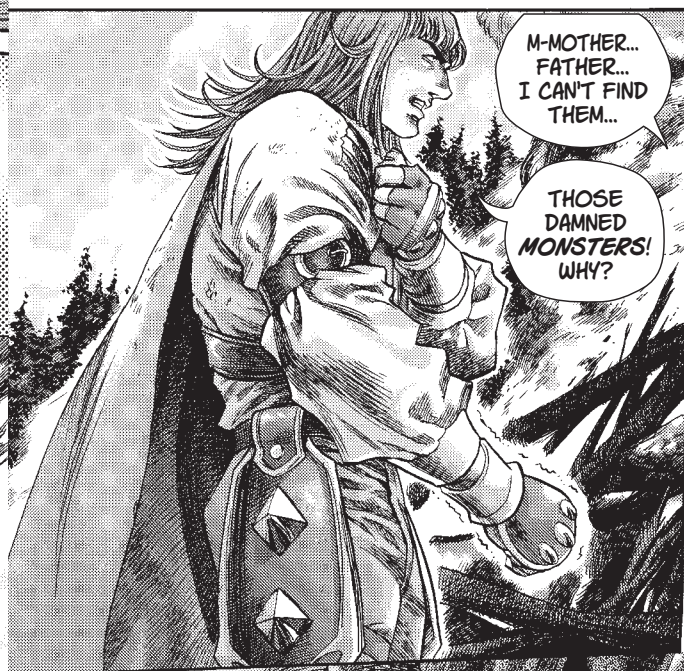
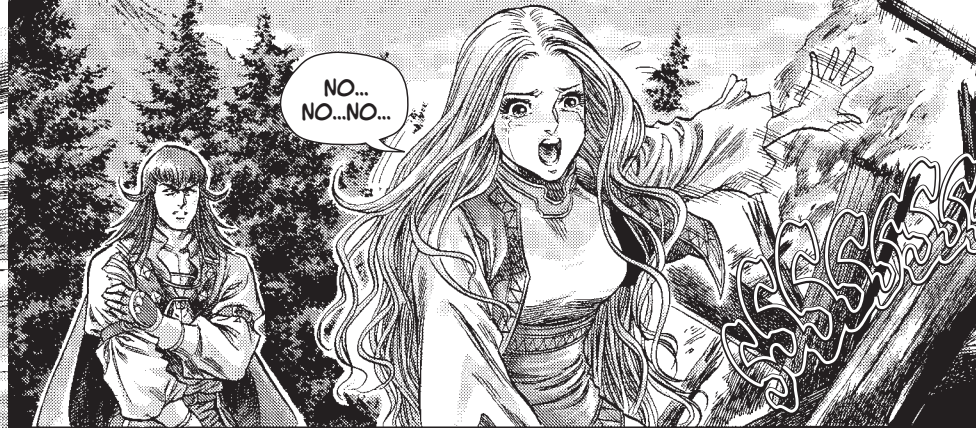
**MOTHER!  
FATHER!**

ANVEENA!  
H-HOLD  
ON--



**GASP!**

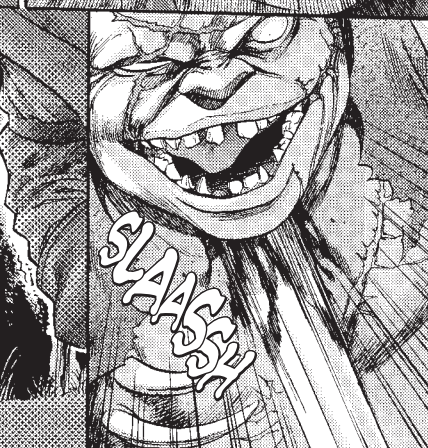
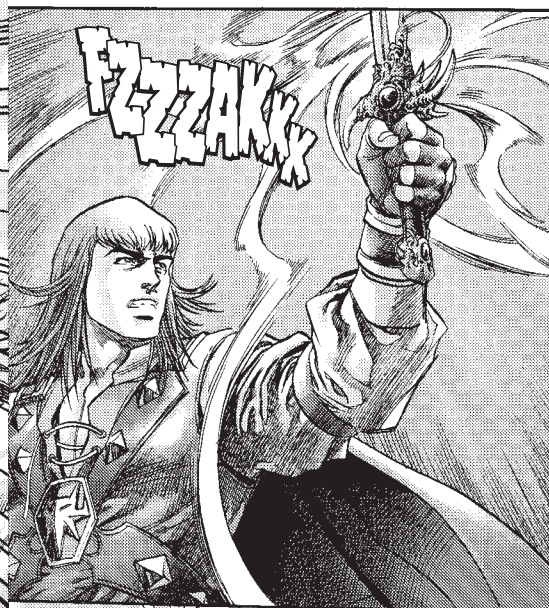
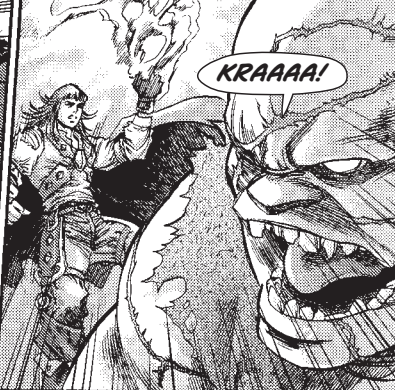
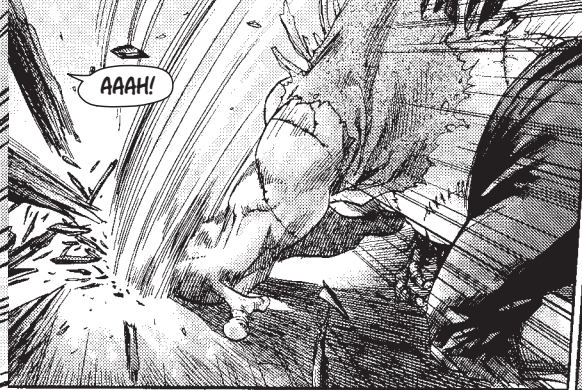
















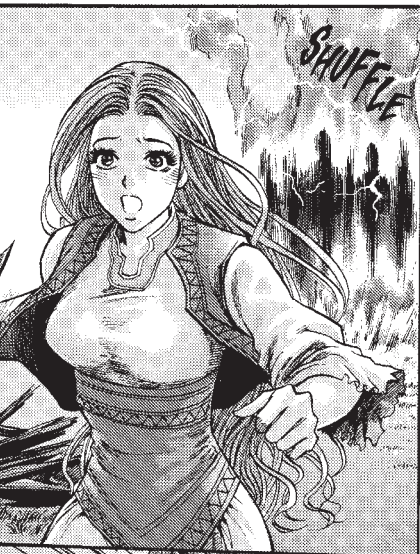








KALEC!  
OH, KALEC!

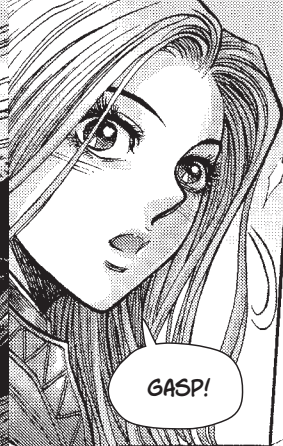


SHUFFLE



!!!  
ANVEENA!  
L-LOOK OUT  
BEHIND YOU!



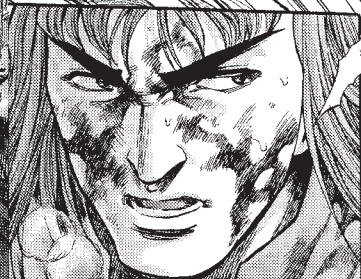


GASP!

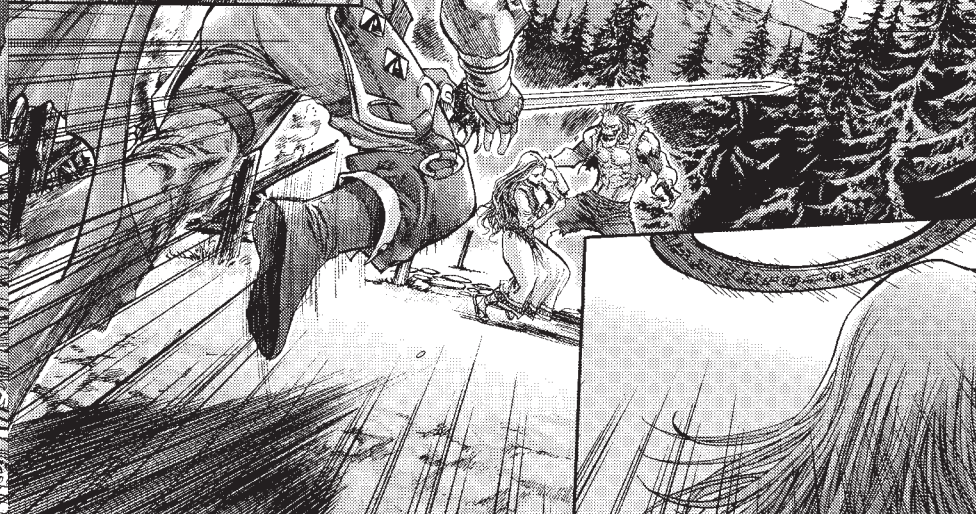


NNNNN!

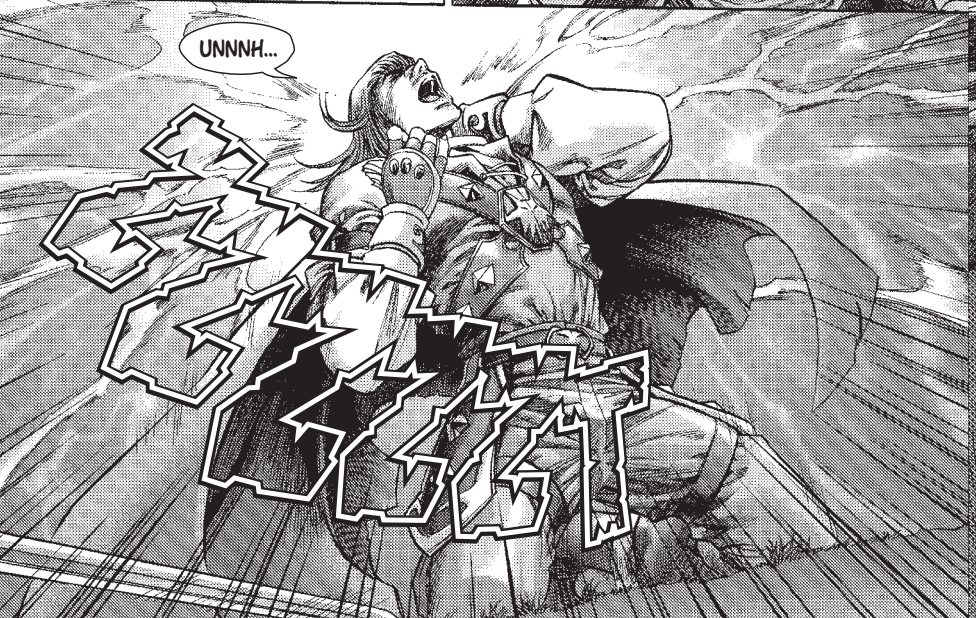
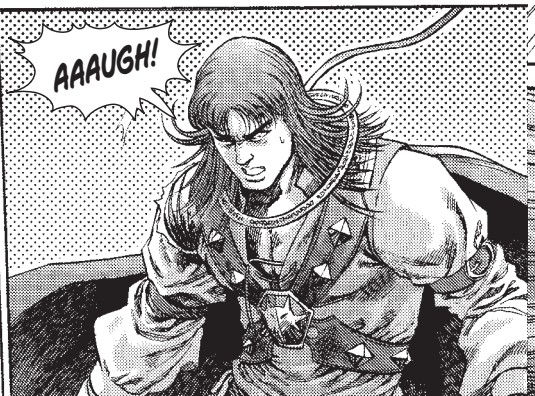
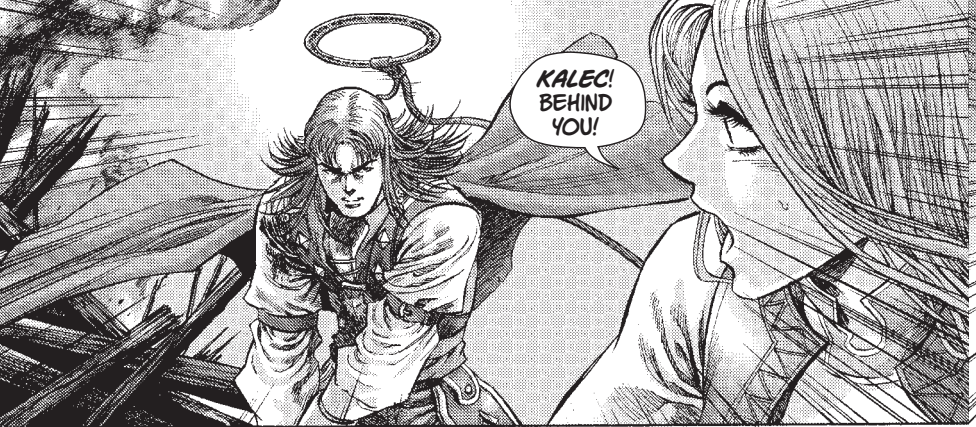
NO!



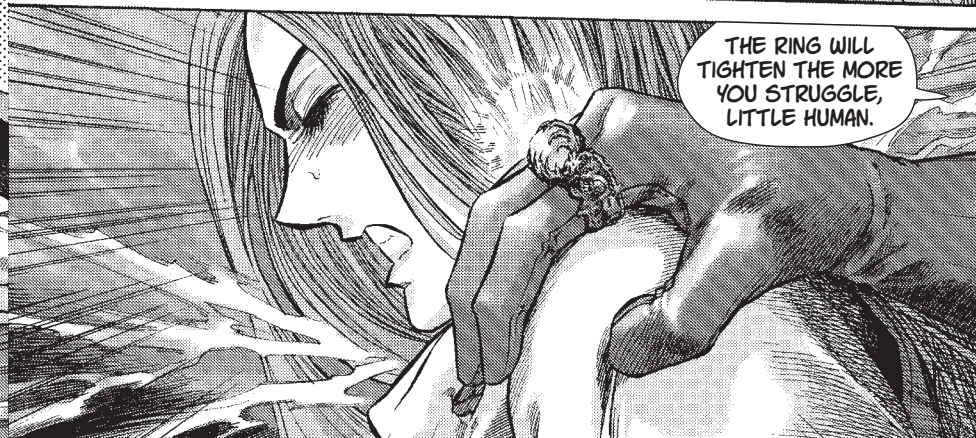
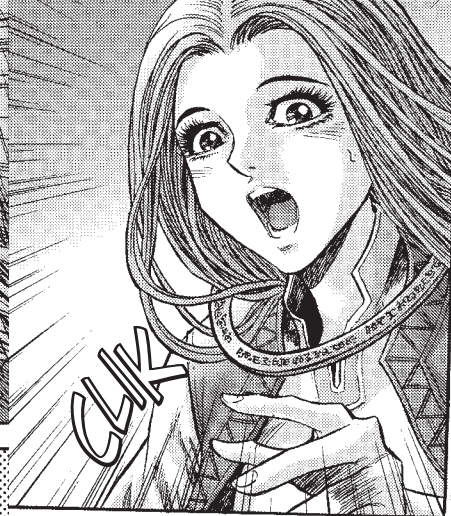
I'M  
COMING,  
ANVEENA--



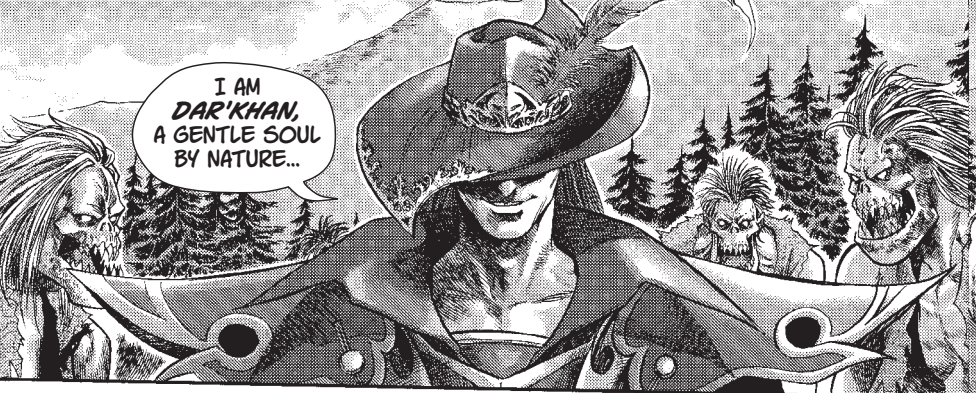












I AM  
**DAR'KHAN,**  
A GENTLE SOUL  
BY NATURE...



...SO YOU  
SHOULD KNOW  
THAT WHAT I  
DO, I DO BY  
NECESSITY!

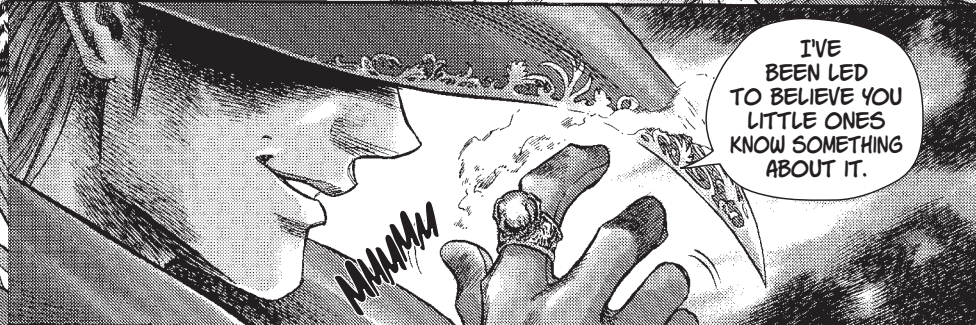


I AM SEARCHING  
FOR SOMETHING  
I HAVE LOST...

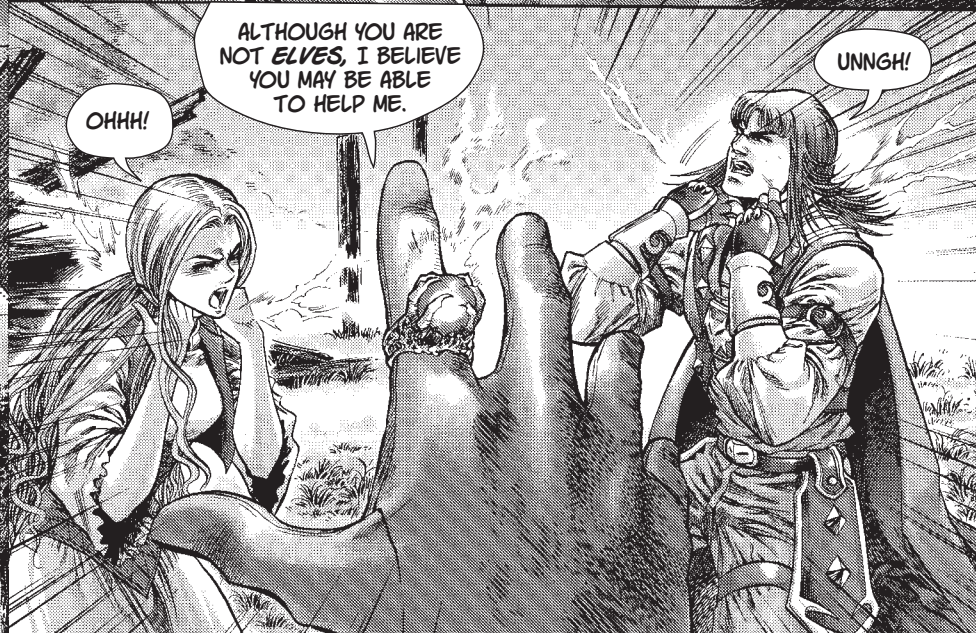




...THROUGH NO  
FAULT OF MY  
OWN.



I'VE  
BEEN LED  
TO BELIEVE YOU  
LITTLE ONES  
KNOW SOMETHING  
ABOUT IT.



OHHH!

ALTHOUGH YOU ARE  
NOT ELVES, I BELIEVE  
YOU MAY BE ABLE  
TO HELP ME.

UNNGH!



MY PEOPLE  
CALLED IT THE  
*SUNWELL*...



# CHAPTER FOUR

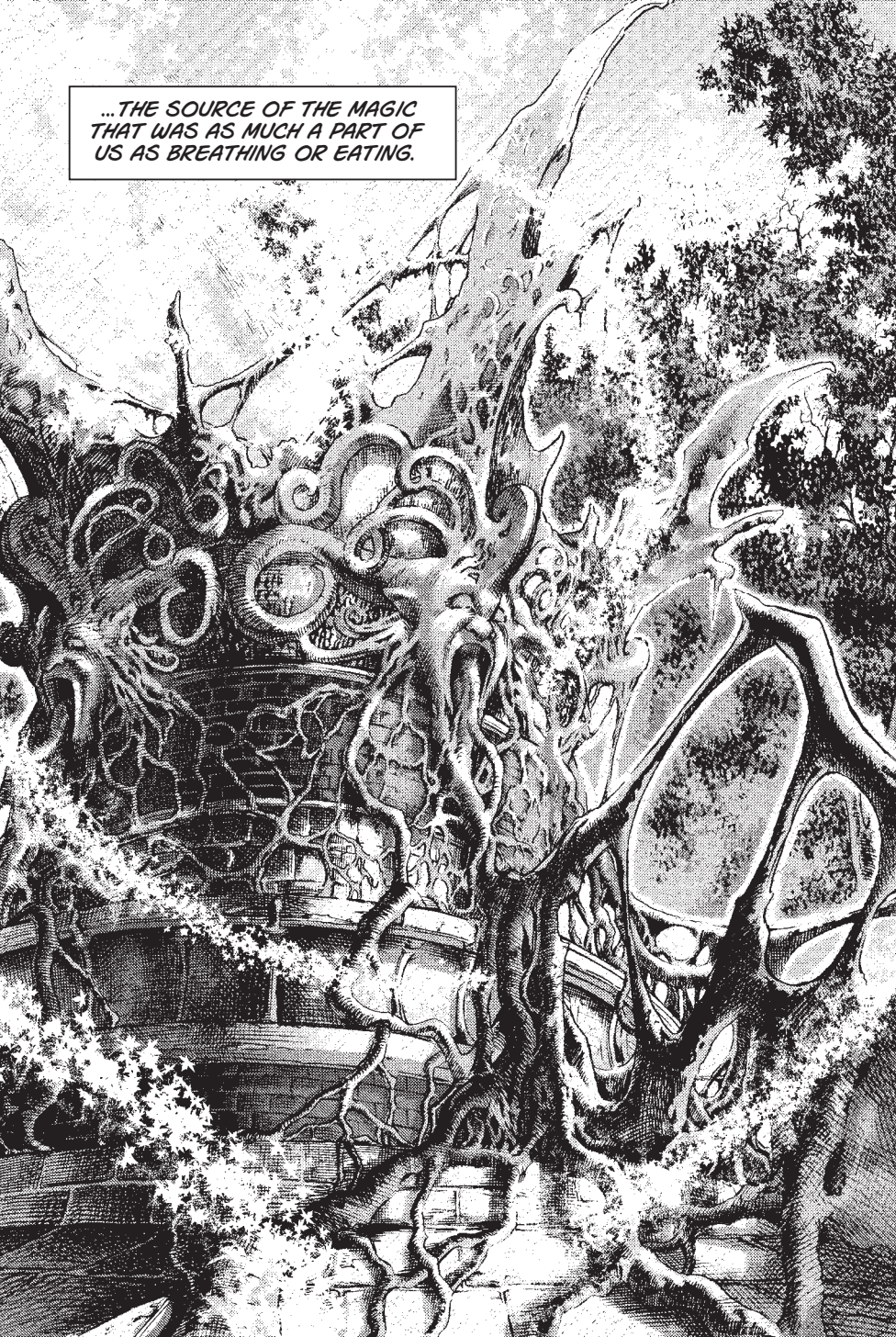
# LEGACY OF THE SUNWELL

IT WAS  
THE ESSENCE OF  
OUR LIVES...





*...THE SOURCE OF THE MAGIC  
THAT WAS AS MUCH A PART OF  
US AS BREATHING OR EATING.*











*WE BUILT OUR CITIES...*

*...MOLDED THE LAND  
TO OUR PURPOSES...*

*...AND MADE FOR OURSELVES  
WHATEVER WE DESIRED.*





*BUT FOR ALL THE  
GLORIES CREATED  
THROUGH THE  
SUNWELL...*



*...THE REWARD FOR MY  
PART IN IT WAS NOTHING.*



*SO I BEGAN SEEKING  
TO REWARD MYSELF  
FOR MY GOOD WORK.*



*NOT EXACTLY AN  
ELVEN NOTION, YOU  
MUST UNDERSTAND.*





MY PEOPLE, THEY ARE  
SHORTSIGHTED.

I WAS FORCED  
TO CAST MY  
SPELLS IN  
SECRET...



...BUT CAST  
THEM I DID.

YET I LEARNED TOO SLOWLY,  
GAINED TOO LITTLE...



...UNTIL HE  
REACHED OUT  
AND FOUND ME.

HE...MY BLESSED  
LORD ARTHAS.






*HE KNEW MY DESIRE  
AND UNDERSTOOD.*

*HE GUIDED MY  
HAND, MY WORK...*

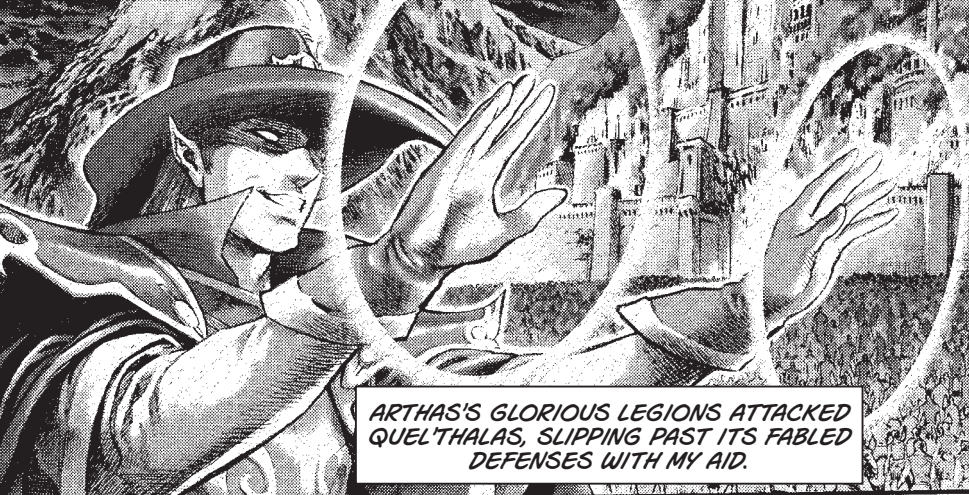
*...AND SO I LEARNED...BUT STILL IT  
WAS NOT ENOUGH. I HAD REACHED  
THE LIMIT THAT MY CALLING  
ALLOWED FROM THE SUNWELL.*



*SO LONG AS I WAS  
BUT ONE OF MANY, I  
COULD NEVER ATTAIN  
MY TRUE GLORY!*

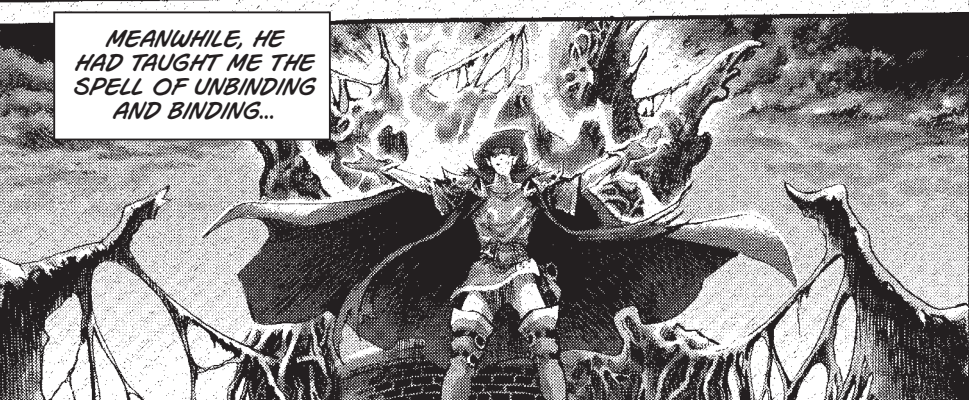
*AND SO, WITH THE AID OF MY  
BLESSED LORD, I SOUGHT TO  
TAKE THE SUNWELL FROM  
QUEL'THALAS.*



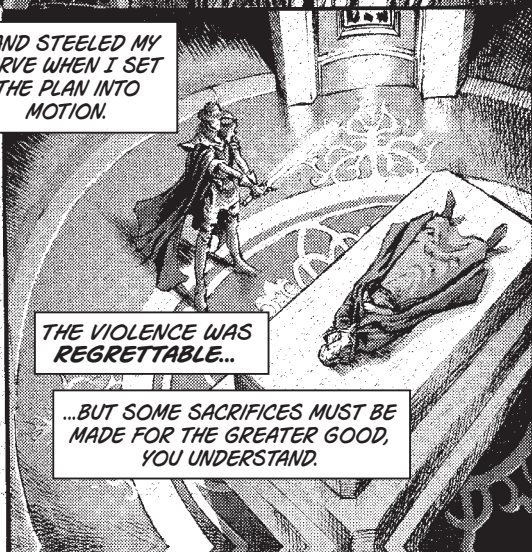


*ARTHAS'S GLORIOUS LEGIONS ATTACKED QUEL'THALAS, SLIPPING PAST ITS FABLED DEFENSES WITH MY AID.*

*MEANWHILE, HE HAD TAUGHT ME THE SPELL OF UNBINDING AND BINDING...*



*...AND STEELED MY NERVE WHEN I SET THE PLAN INTO MOTION.*



*THE VIOLENCE WAS REGRETTABLE...*

*...BUT SOME SACRIFICES MUST BE MADE FOR THE GREATER GOOD, YOU UNDERSTAND.*





*MY PEOPLE, OF COURSE, DID NOT SEE THIS.*



*NOT THAT THEY HAD ANY CHOICE ANYMORE.*



*THE SUNWELL WAS NOW OURS...*





*I COULD FEEL MY  
BLESSED LORD ARTHAS  
URGING ME ON!*

*I EVEN SENSED  
HIM USING HIS  
OWN MAGIC TO  
DRAW FORTH THE  
SUNWELL'S  
POWER...*



*...BETTER ENABLING ME  
TO ABSORB ALL OF  
IT, OF COURSE.*





*BUT THERE WERE  
THOSE WHO REFUSED  
TO ALLOW ME MY DUE!*



*THEY DARED TO CAST  
THEIR OWN SPELL IN THE  
MIDST OF MY GLORY!*



*THEY DARED TO TAKE  
MY SUNWELL FROM ME!*

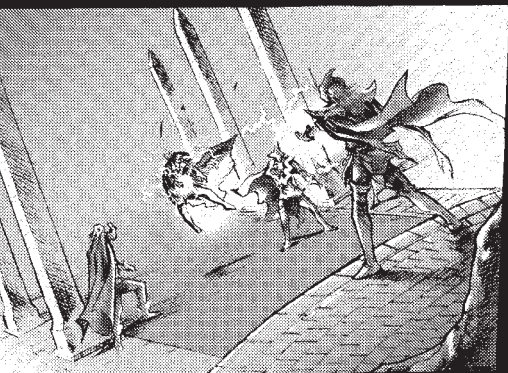


*I FOUGHT THEM, MY BLESSED  
LORD AIDING ME WITH HIS  
MIGHTY STRENGTH...*

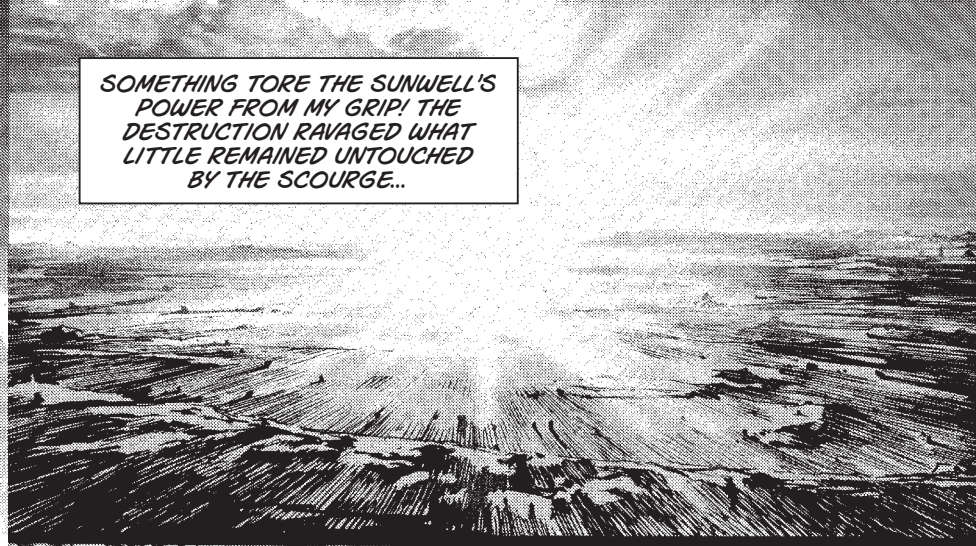




*...AND THEN,  
SOMETHING WENT  
TERRIBLY WRONG.*







*SOMETHING TORE THE SUNWELL'S  
POWER FROM MY GRIP! THE  
DESTRUCTION RAVAGED WHAT  
LITTLE REMAINED UNTOUCHED  
BY THE SCOURGE...*



*BUT I CARED NOT.  
I HAD SHAMED  
MYSELF BEFORE MY  
BLESSED LORD.*

*YET HE SAVED ME, AND  
SENT ME ACROSS THE  
CONTINENT...*

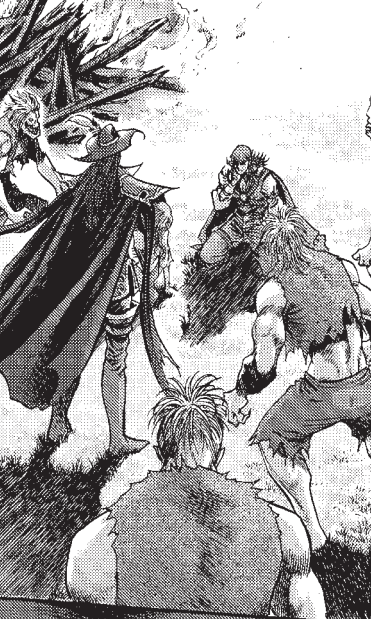


*...TO SEEK OUT WHERE  
THE SUNWELL'S MAGIC  
HAD GONE!*

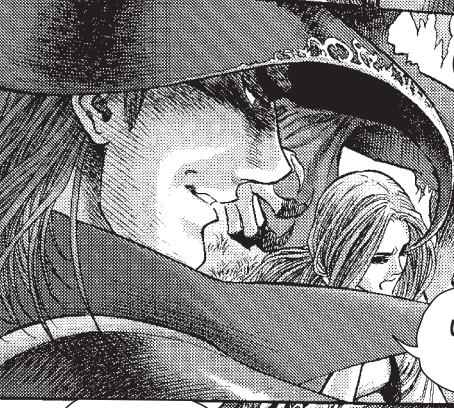


*AND NOW...  
AFTER SO  
LONG... I SENSE  
IT IS NEAR...*



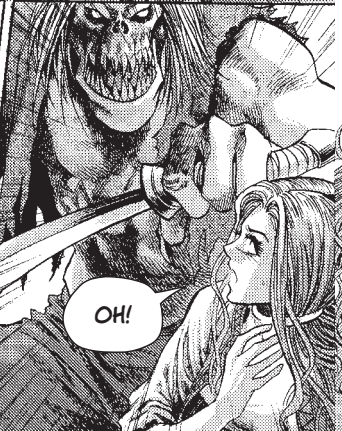


YOU  
HAVE ONLY  
TO TELL  
ME WHERE  
IT IS.



THEN WHAT?  
YOU'LL *FREE*  
US?

WHY,  
NO!



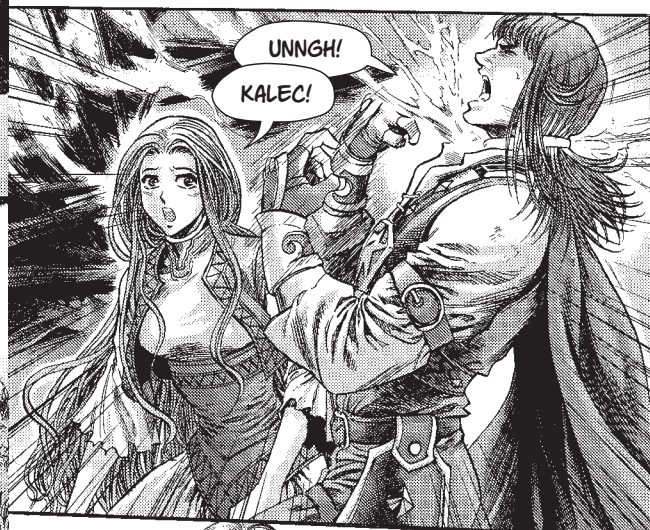
BUT I  
CAN PROMISE  
YOU A RELATIVELY  
PAINLESS  
DEATH...

OH!

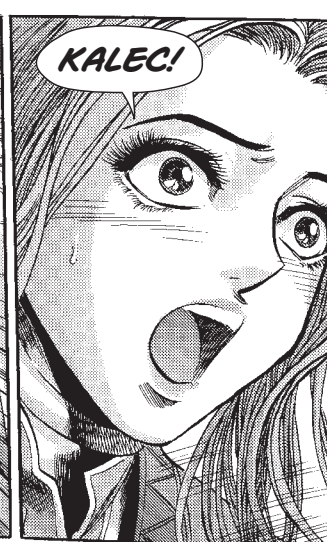




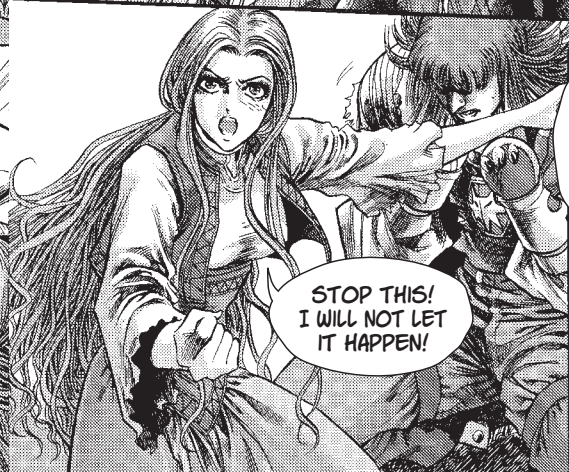
IF  
YOU HARM  
HER--



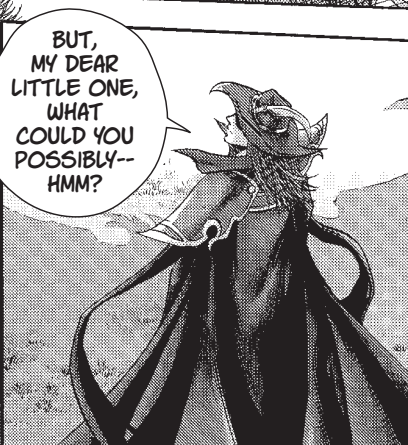
UNNGH!  
KALEC!



KALEC!

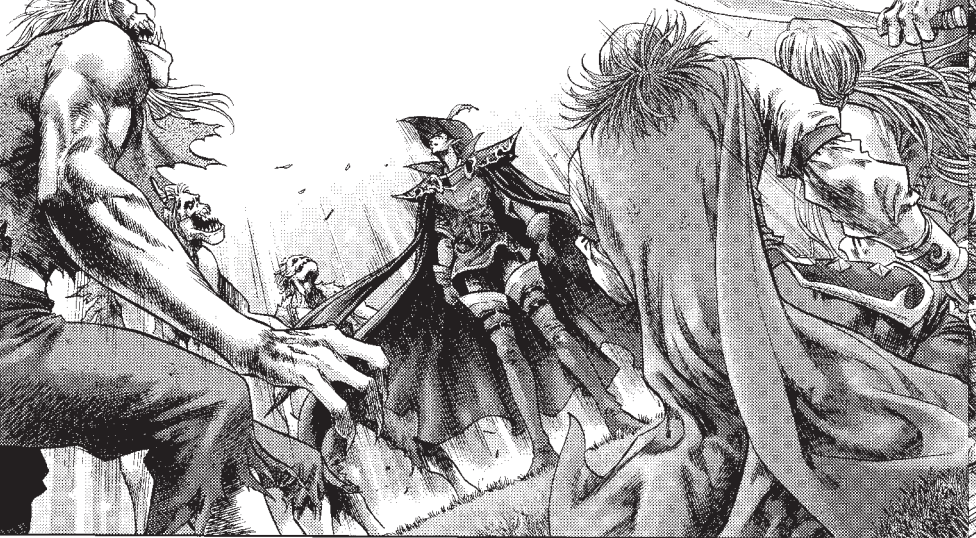


STOP THIS!  
I WILL NOT LET  
IT HAPPEN!

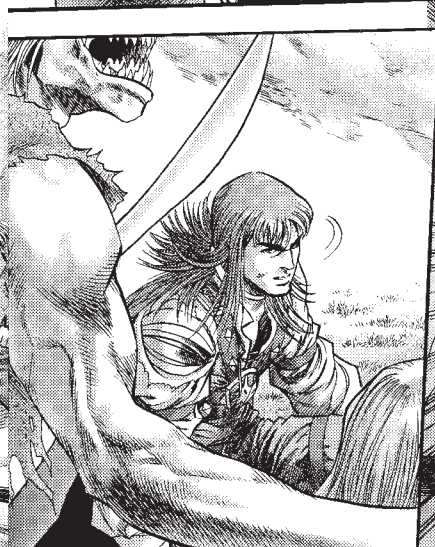
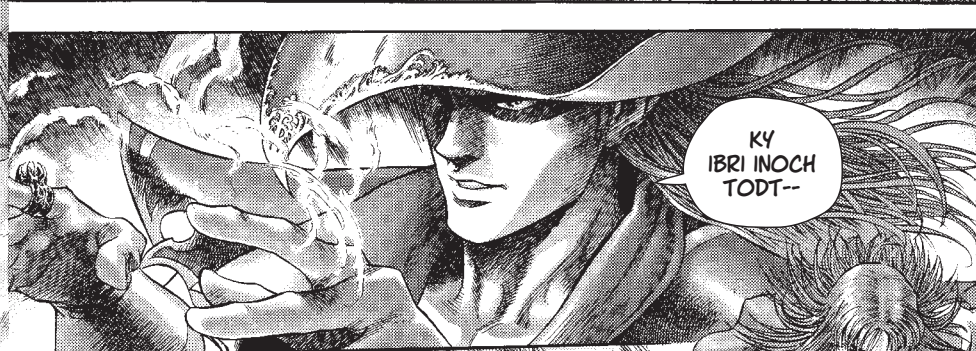


BUT,  
MY DEAR  
LITTLE ONE,  
WHAT  
COULD YOU  
POSSIBLY--  
HMM?

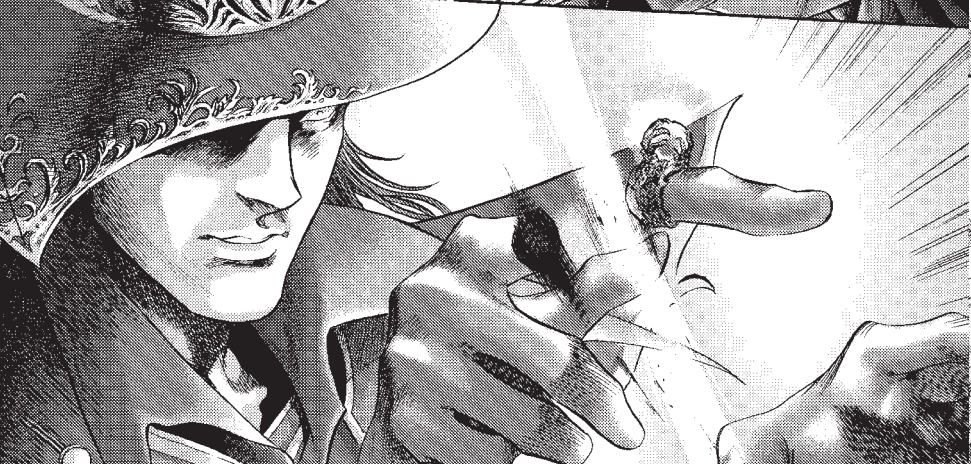
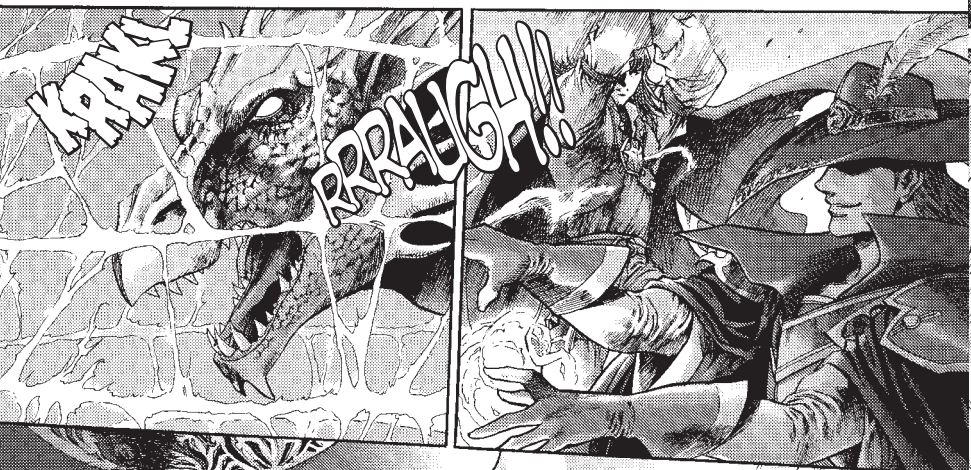




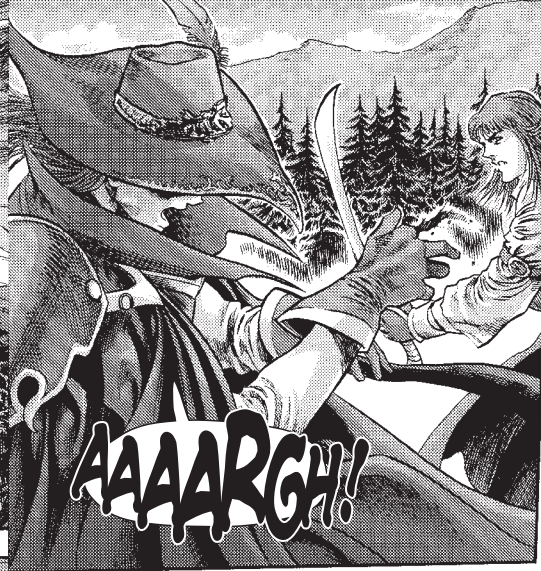




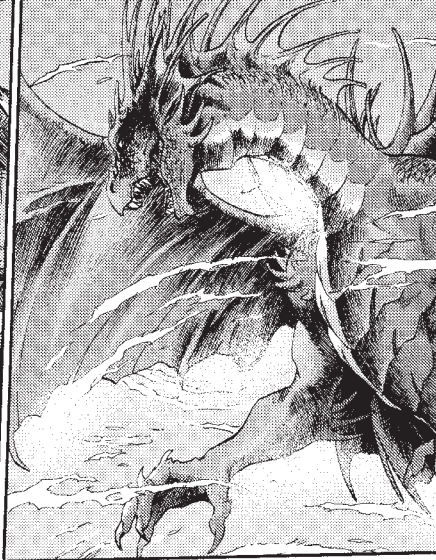




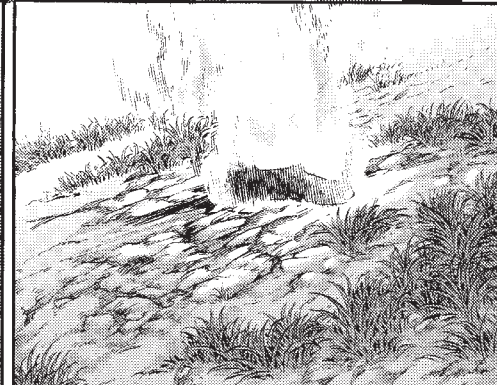




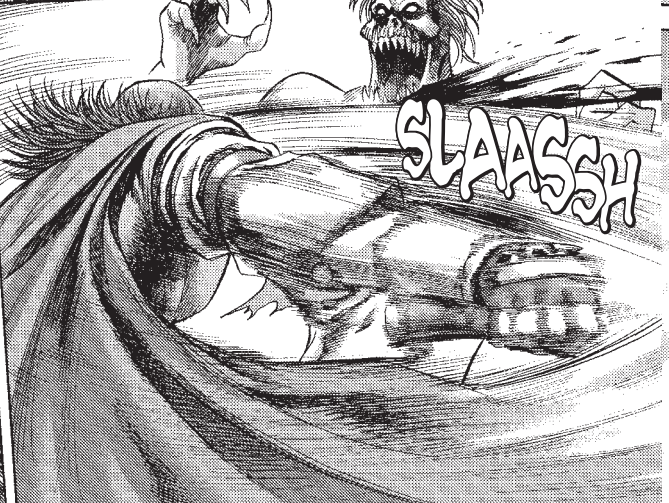
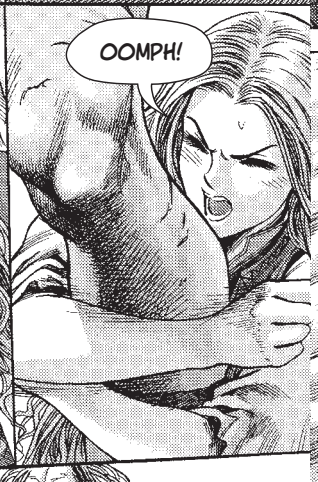
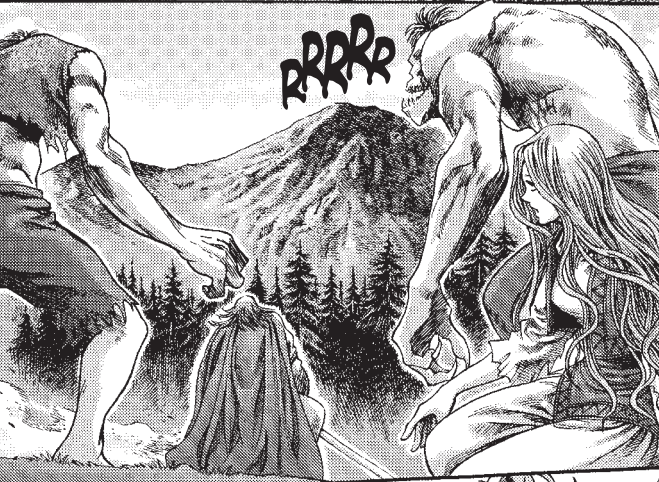
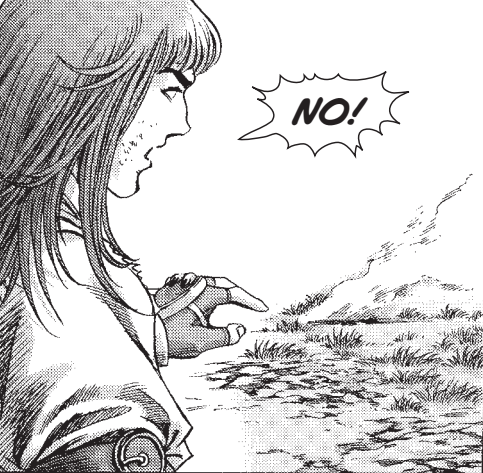
AAAARGH!



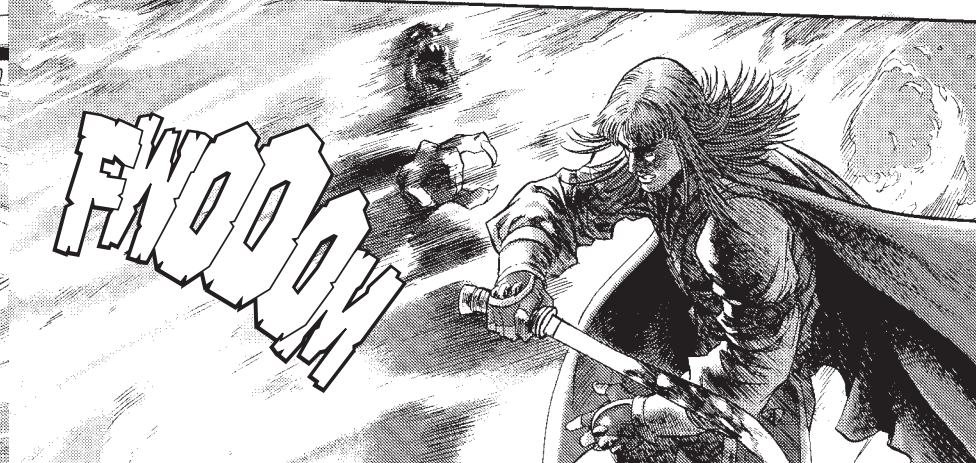
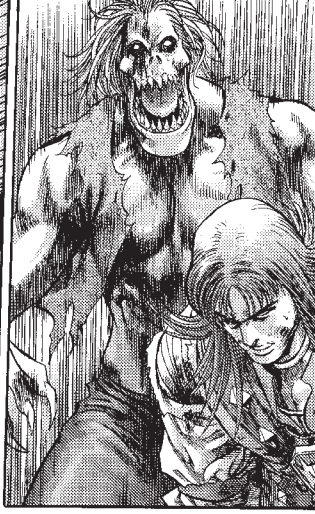
RWOO







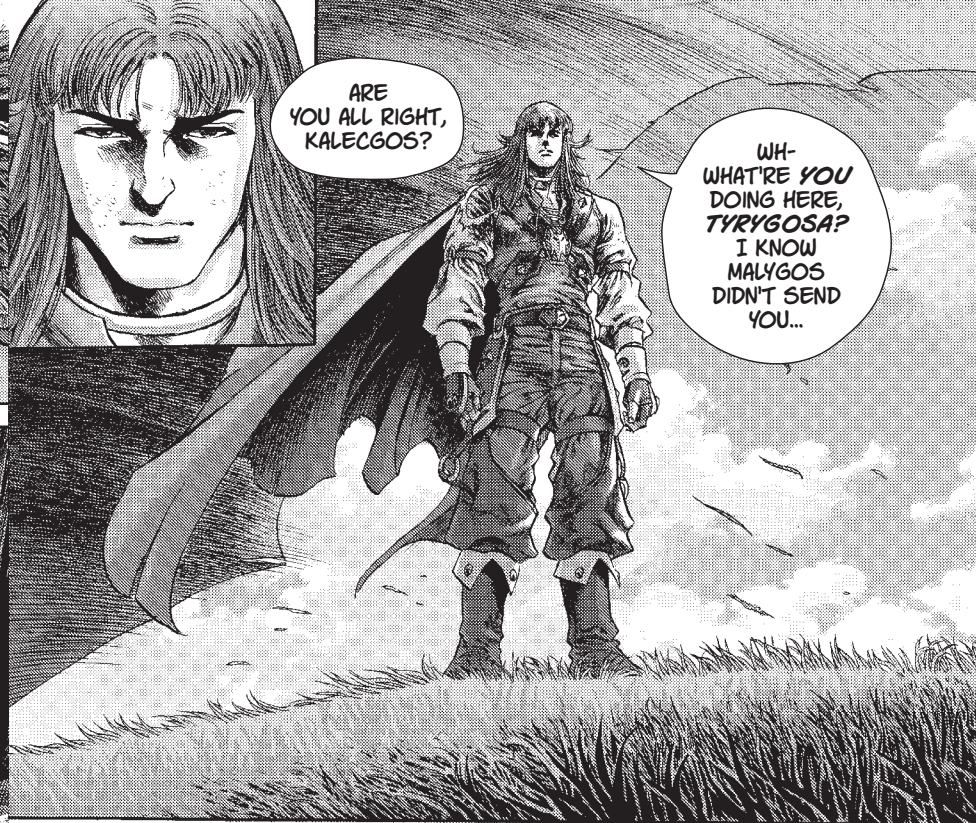










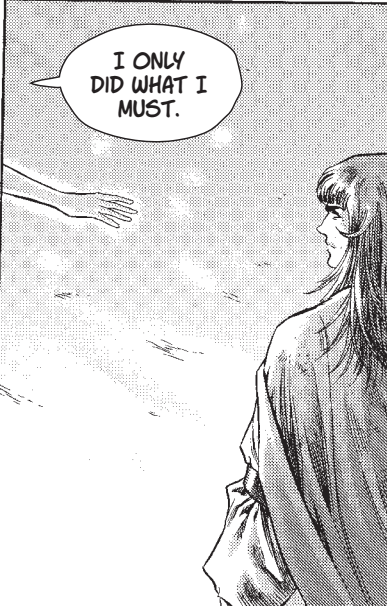


ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, KALECGOS?

WH-WHAT'RE YOU DOING HERE, TYRYGOSA? I KNOW MALYGOS DIDN'T SEND YOU...



I FEARED FOR YOU, AND I WAS RIGHT TO DO SO.



I ONLY DID WHAT I MUST.

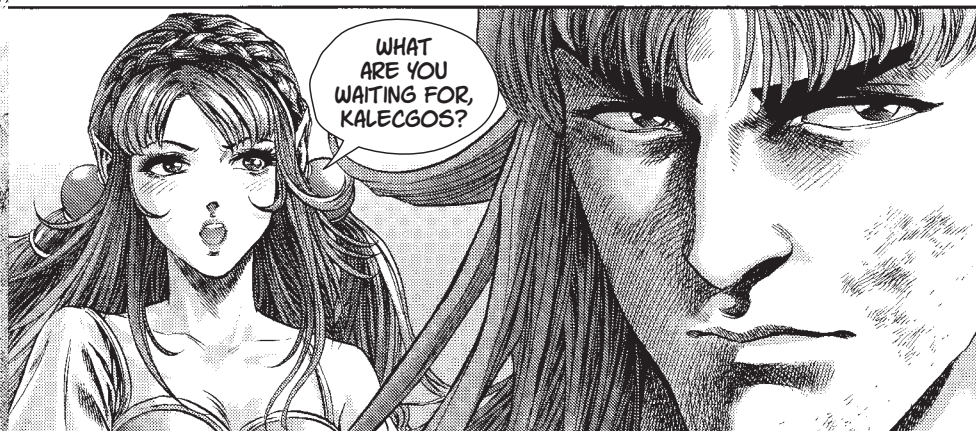
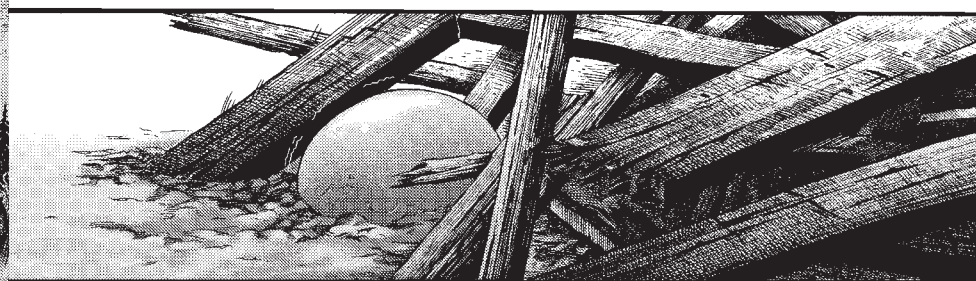
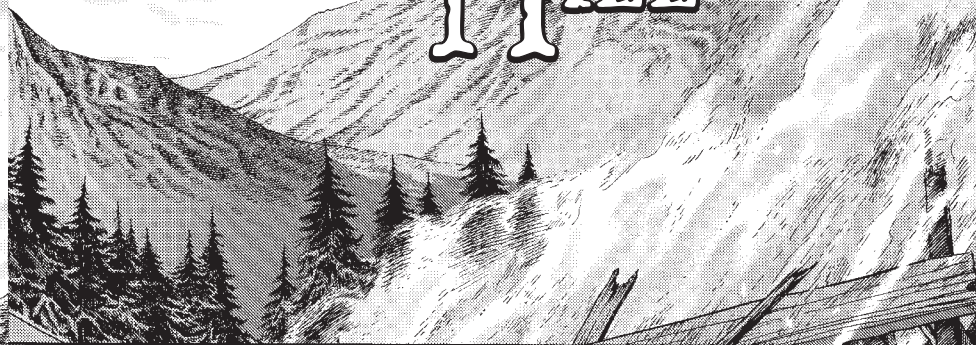


AFTER ALL,  
I HAVE TO PROTECT  
MY FUTURE *MATE*.





# CHAPTER FIVE TARREN MILL







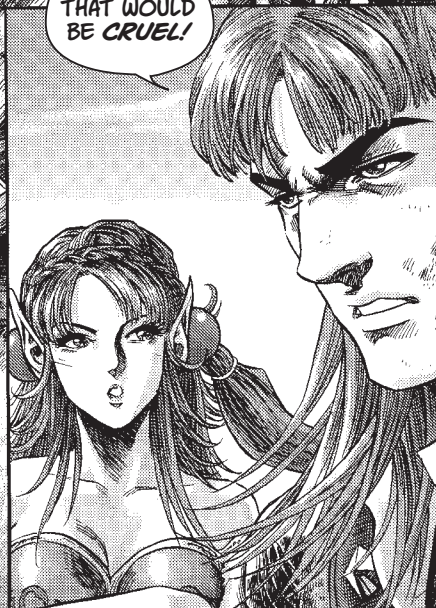
WE CAN  
LEAVE ANY TIME  
NOW.

I'M NOT  
GOING TO  
ABANDON  
HER.

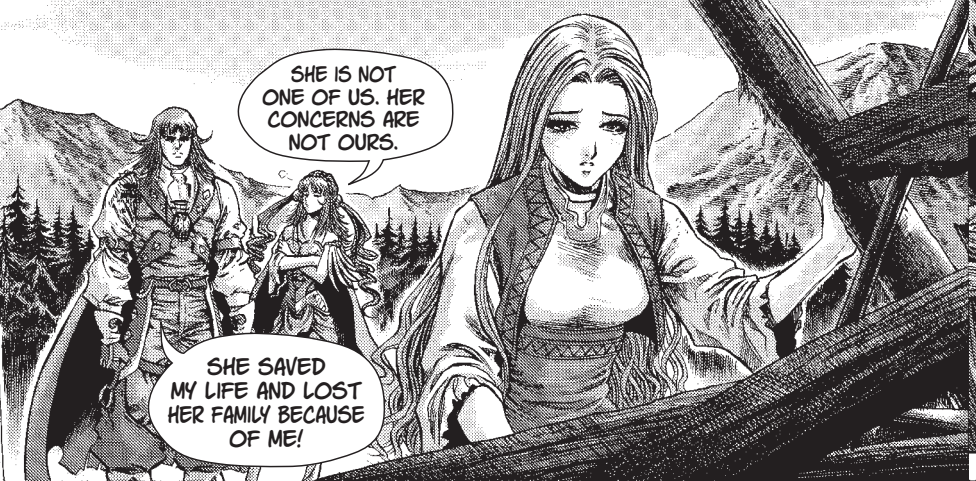




THAT WOULD  
BE CRUEL!

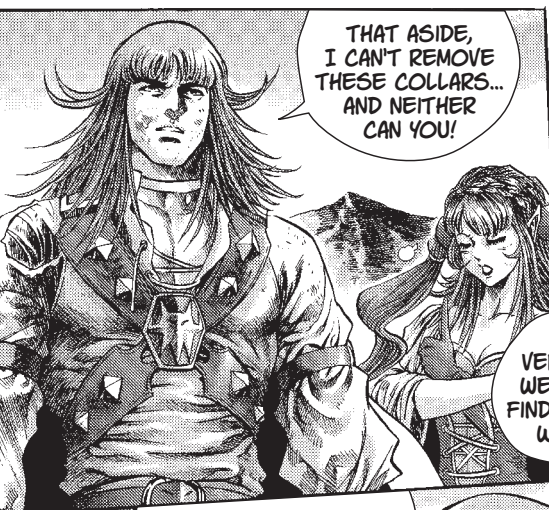






SHE IS NOT ONE OF US. HER CONCERNS ARE NOT OURS.

SHE SAVED MY LIFE AND LOST HER FAMILY BECAUSE OF ME!



THAT ASIDE, I CAN'T REMOVE THESE COLLARS... AND NEITHER CAN YOU!

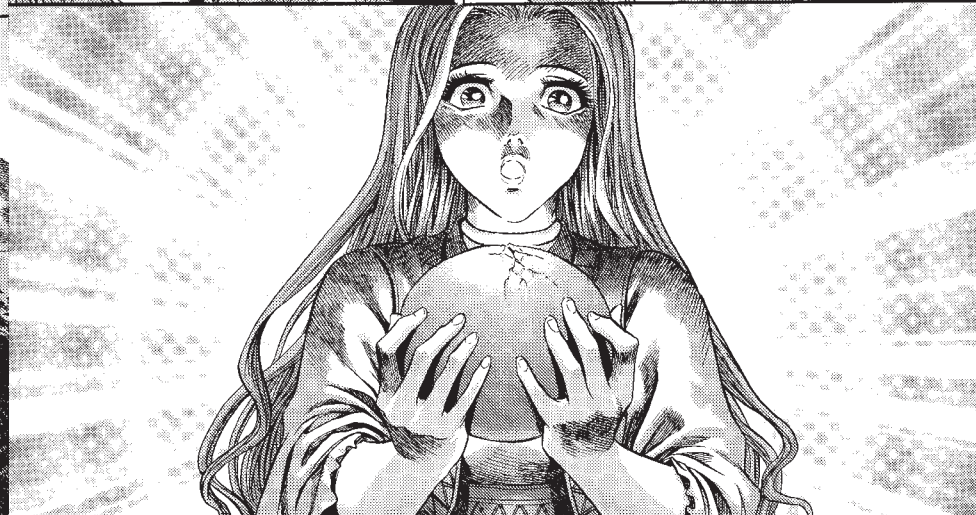
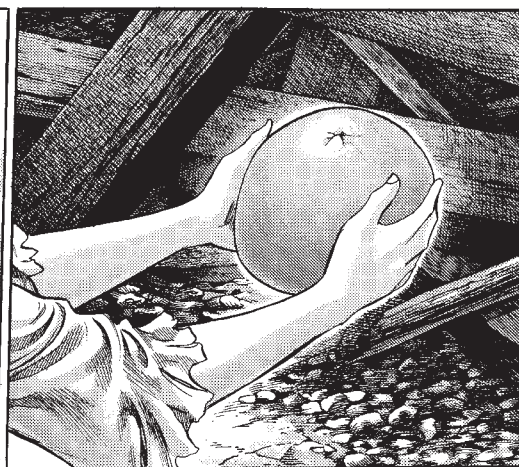
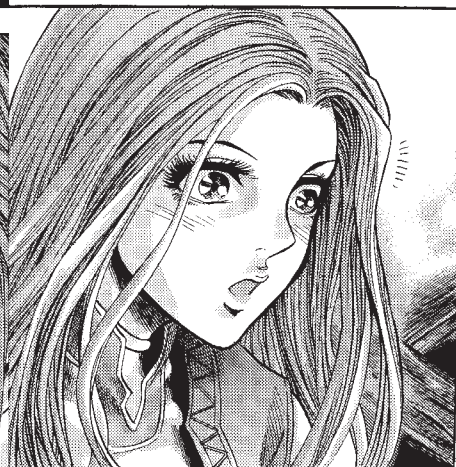
AT THE VERY LEAST, WE NEED TO FIND SOMEONE WHO CAN!



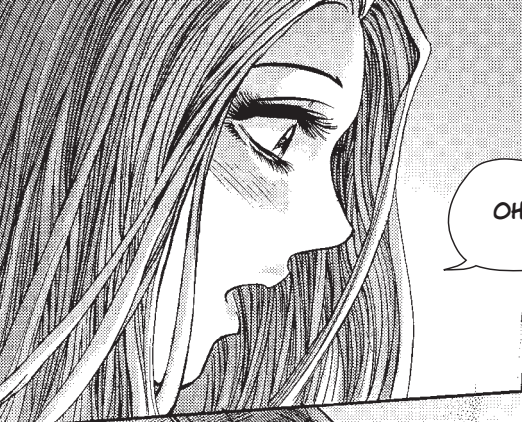
YOU WORRY OVER NOTHING. *MALYGOS* SHOULD BE ABLE TO REMOVE YOURS.

BUT HE'LL NOT ALLOW A *HUMAN* TO ENTER OUR REALM.





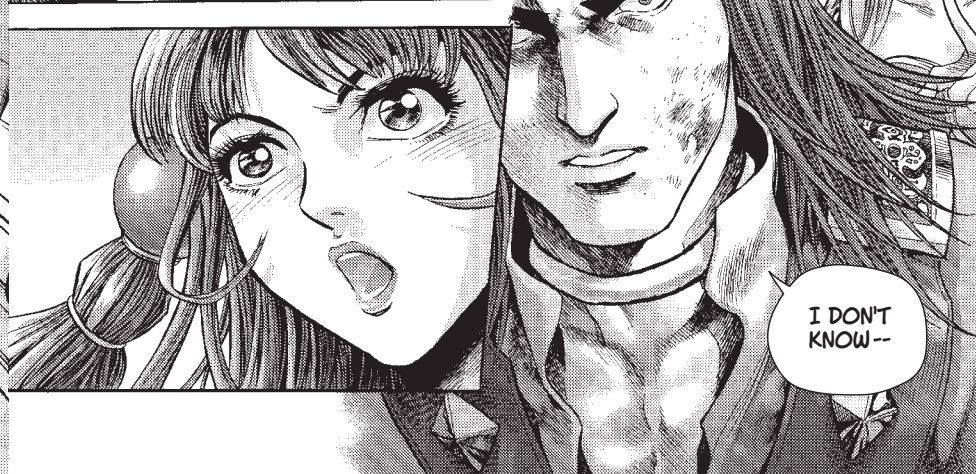
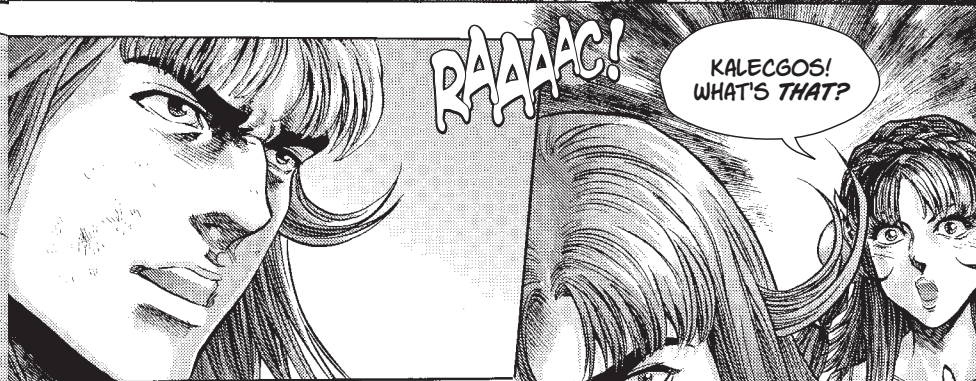
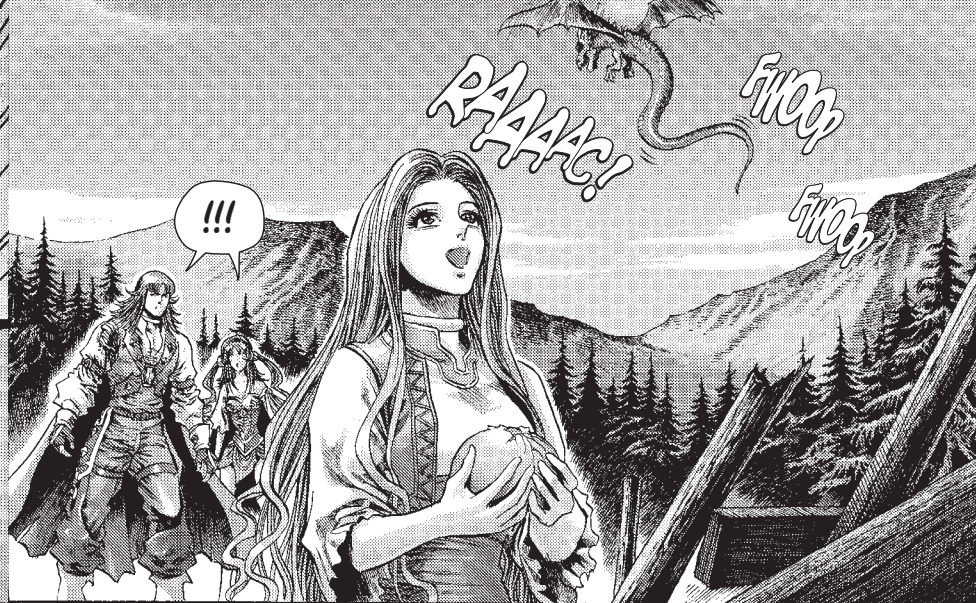




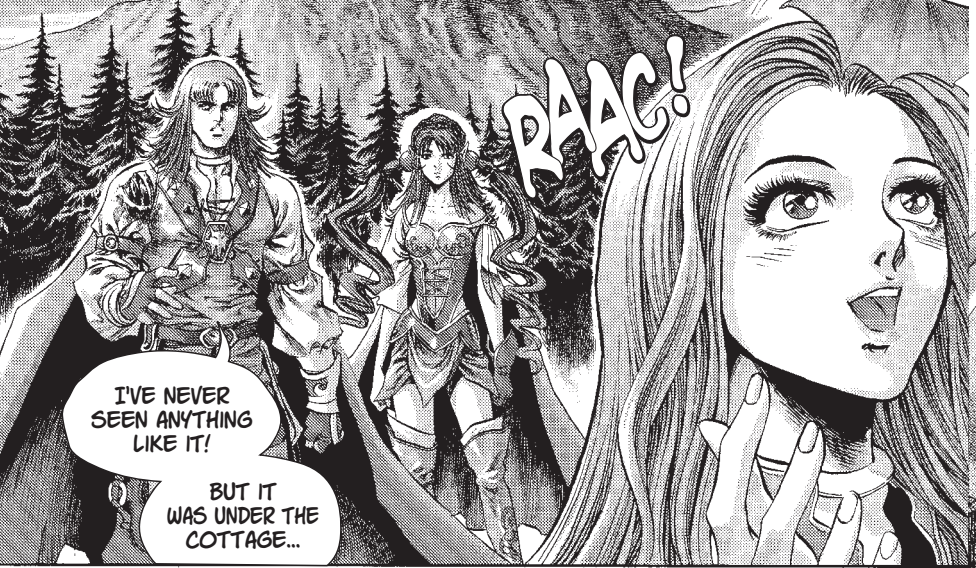
OH!







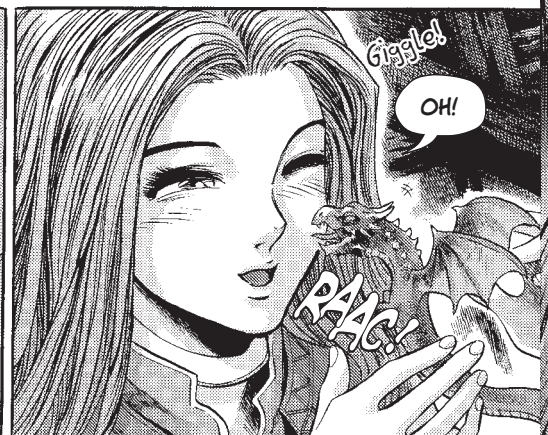
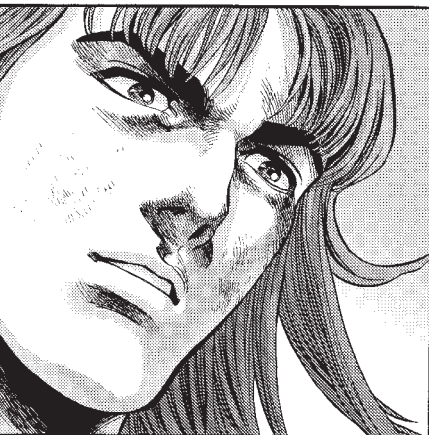




I'VE NEVER  
SEEN ANYTHING  
LIKE IT!

BUT IT  
WAS UNDER THE  
COTTAGE...

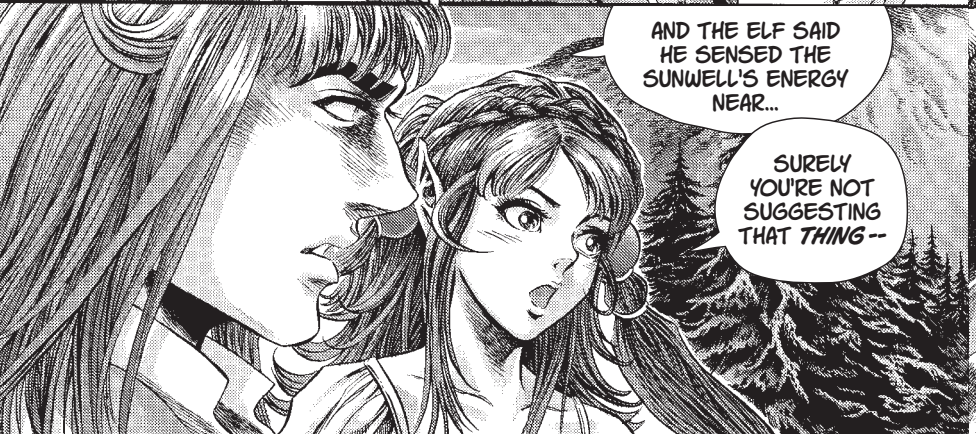
RAAG!



Giggle!

OH!

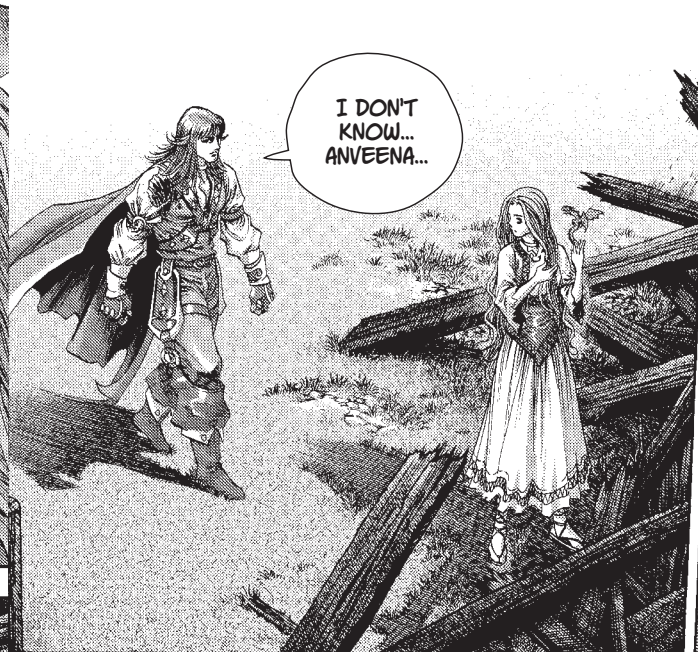
RAAG!



AND THE ELF SAID  
HE SENSED THE  
SUNWELL'S ENERGY  
NEAR...

SURELY  
YOU'RE NOT  
SUGGESTING  
THAT THING--



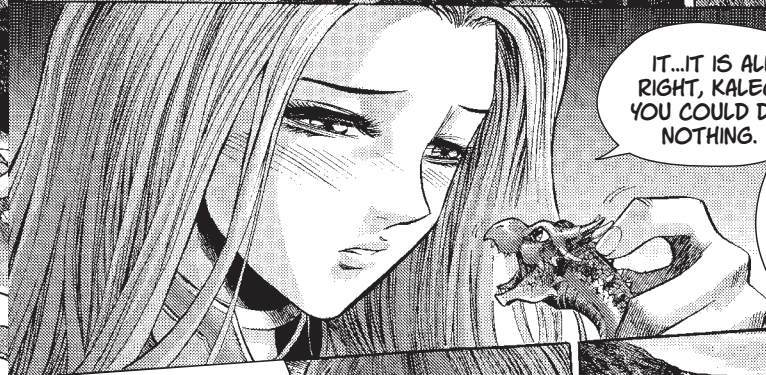


I DON'T  
KNOW...  
ANVEENA...



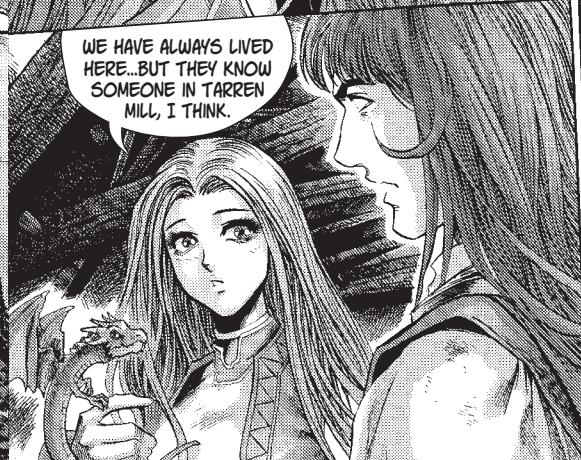
KALEC?  
I AM SORRY.  
I LOST  
TRACK--

ANVEENA...  
YOUR FAMILY...  
I'M SORRY...

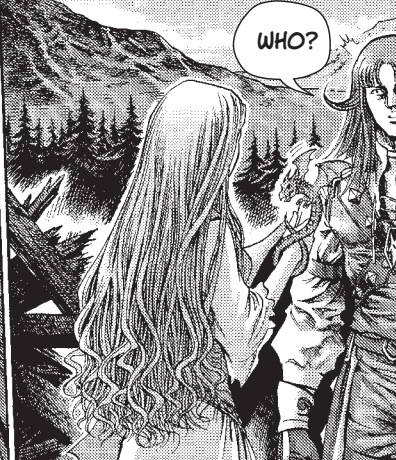


IT...IT IS ALL  
RIGHT, KALEC.  
YOU COULD DO  
NOTHING.

FORGIVE  
ME FOR  
ASKING...BUT  
DO YOU KNOW  
ANYTHING  
ABOUT THEIR  
PAST?

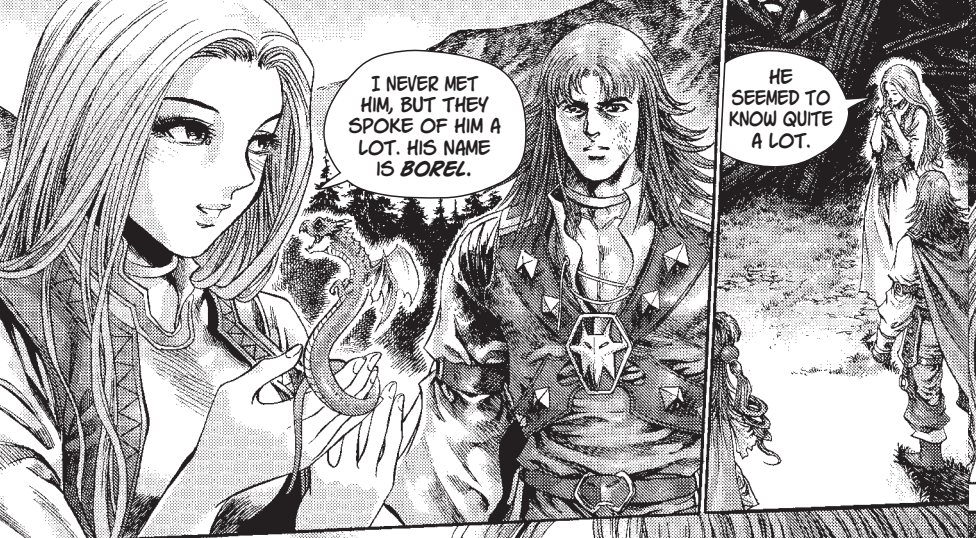


WE HAVE ALWAYS LIVED  
HERE...BUT THEY KNOW  
SOMEONE IN TARREN  
MILL, I THINK.



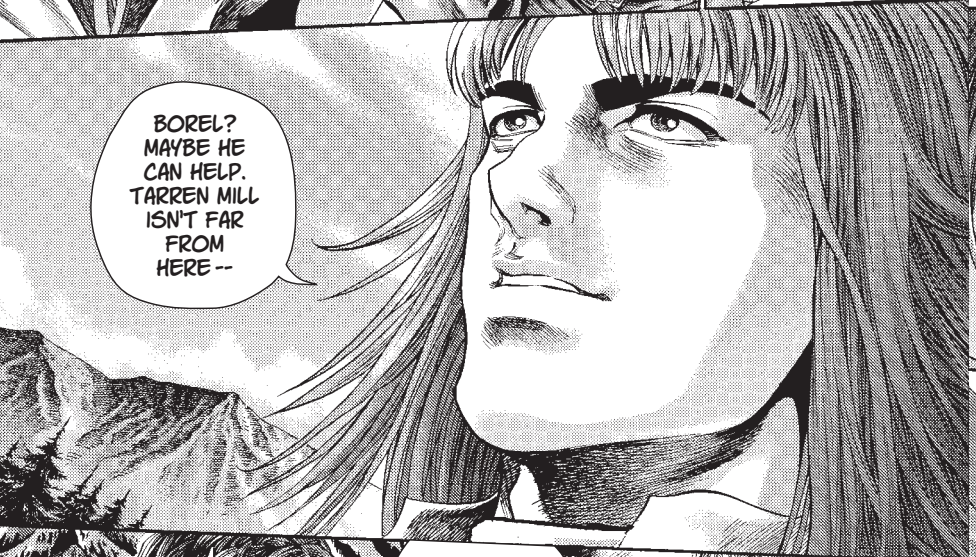
WHO?



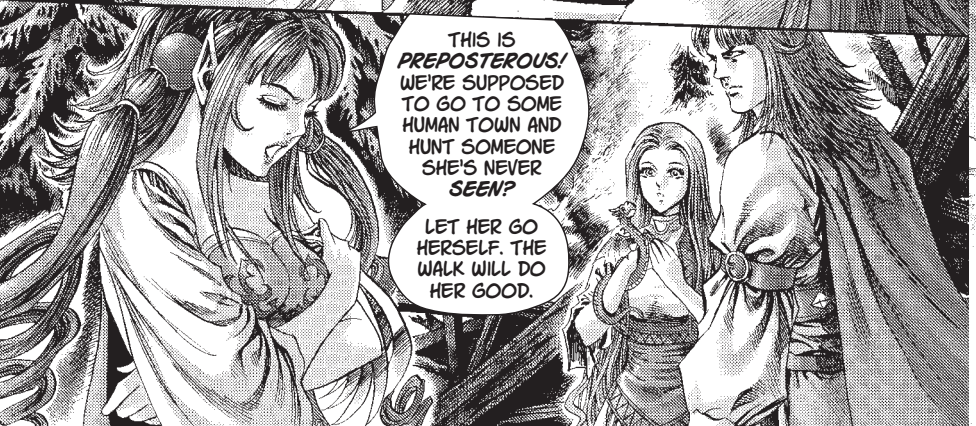


I NEVER MET HIM, BUT THEY SPOKE OF HIM A LOT. HIS NAME IS **BOREL**.

HE SEEMED TO KNOW QUITE A LOT.



BOREL? MAYBE HE CAN HELP. TARREN MILL ISN'T FAR FROM HERE--



THIS IS **PREPOSTEROUS!** WE'RE SUPPOSED TO GO TO SOME HUMAN TOWN AND HUNT SOMEONE SHE'S NEVER **SEEN?**

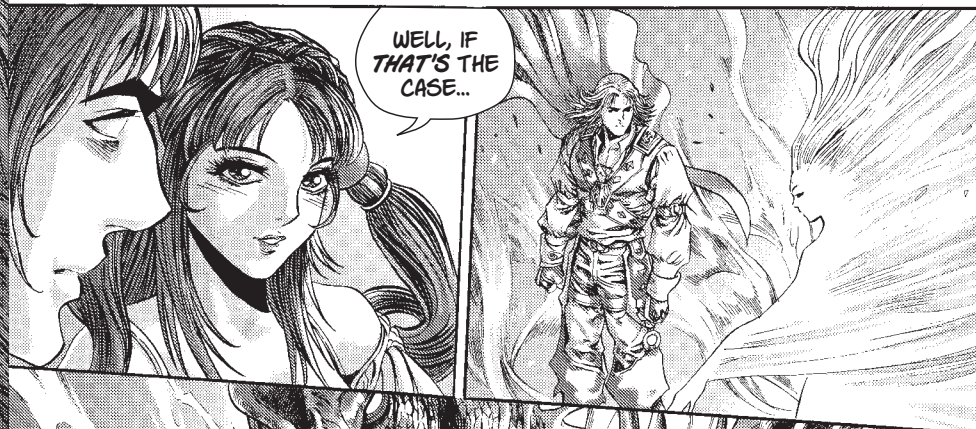
LET HER GO HERSELF. THE WALK WILL DO HER GOOD.





WE'RE GOING, TOO,  
TYRI...IT DOESN'T SOUND  
LIKE IT WILL TAKE  
LONG.

THEN IT'LL BE  
SAFE FOR US  
TO RETURN TO  
THE LAIR.

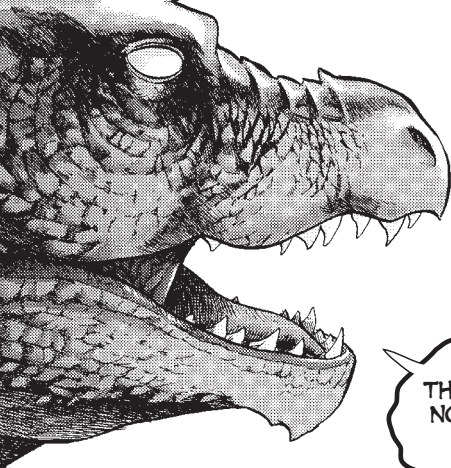


WELL, IF  
THAT'S THE  
CASE...

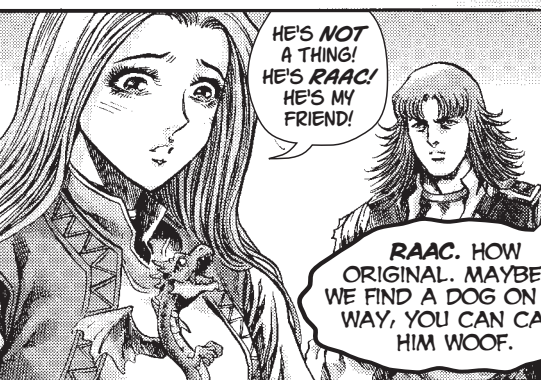


...CLIMB  
ABOARD AND  
LET'S BE AWAY  
FROM THIS  
PLACE!

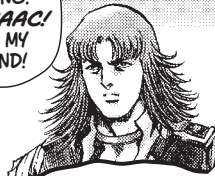




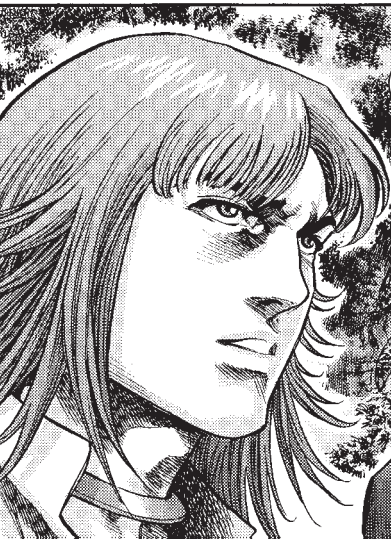
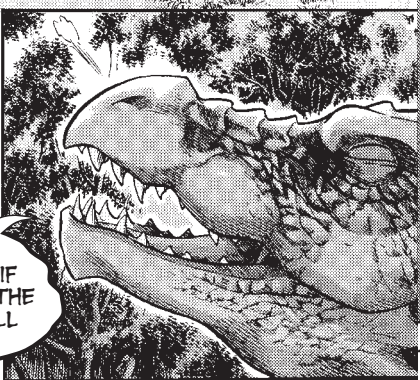
WAIT!  
THAT *THING'S*  
NOT COMING  
WITH US,  
IS IT?



HE'S *NOT*  
A THING!  
HE'S *RAAC!*  
HE'S MY  
FRIEND!

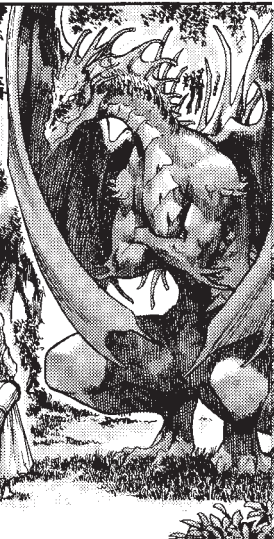


*RAAC.* HOW  
ORIGINAL. MAYBE IF  
WE FIND A DOG ON THE  
WAY, YOU CAN CALL  
HIM WOOF.



TYRI...  
FOR ME?

SIGH...  
VERY WELL...

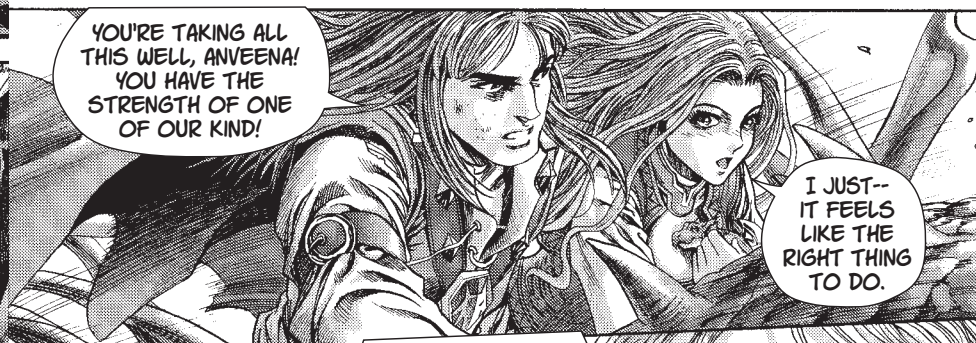






HOLD TIGHT!

WOOSH



YOU'RE TAKING ALL THIS WELL, ANVEENA! YOU HAVE THE STRENGTH OF ONE OF OUR KIND!

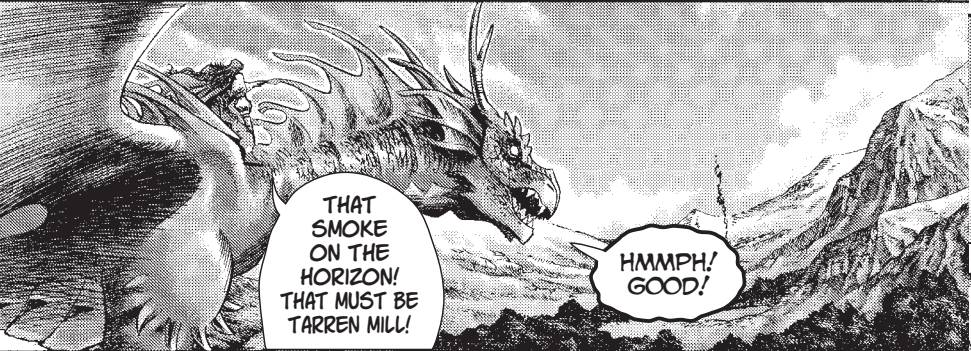
I JUST-- IT FEELS LIKE THE RIGHT THING TO DO.



AND RAAC--I CAN'T EXPLAIN, BUT WHEN I HOLD HIM, I FEEL SAFER...MORE SECURE.

HMMM...



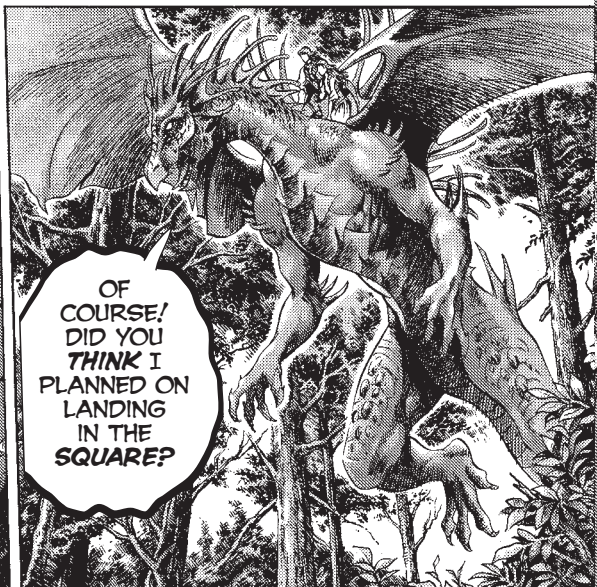


THAT  
SMOKE  
ON THE  
HORIZON!  
THAT MUST BE  
TARREN MILL!

HMMPH!  
GOOD!

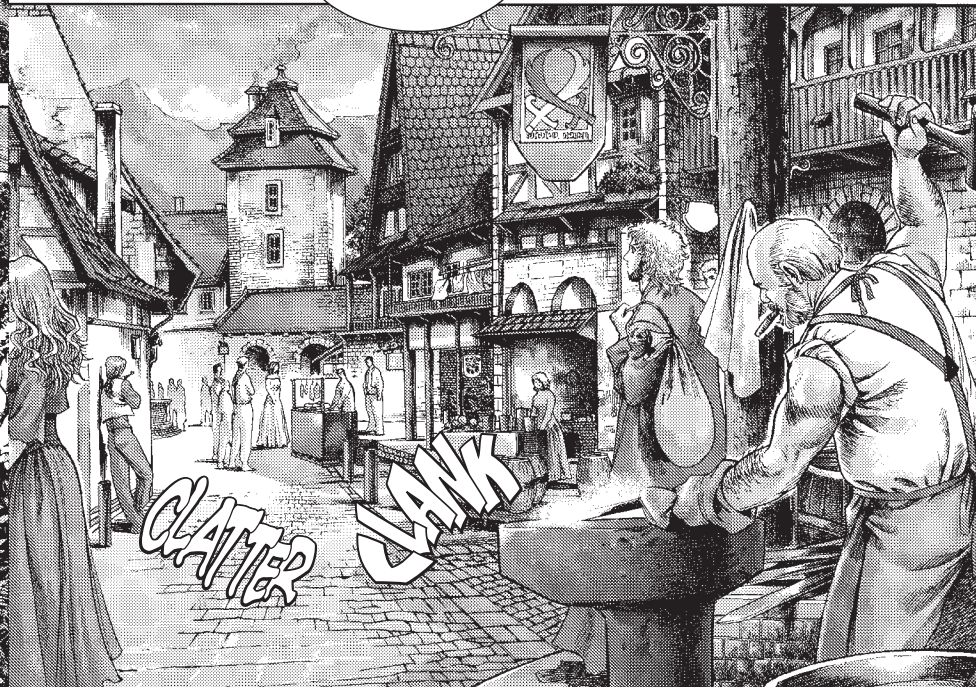
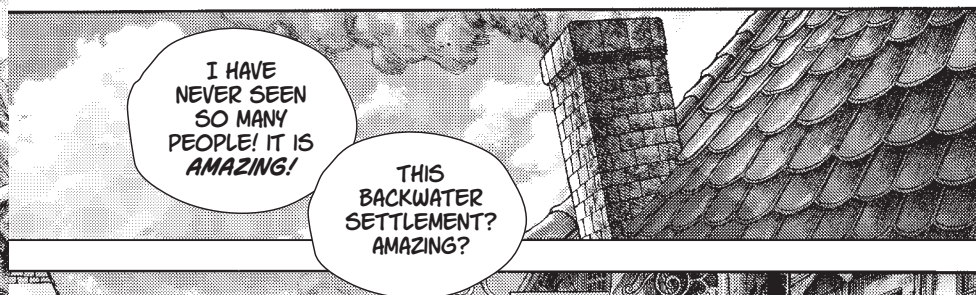


LAND  
IN THE  
WOODS  
THERE!  
WE'LL WALK  
THE REST  
OF THE  
WAY!

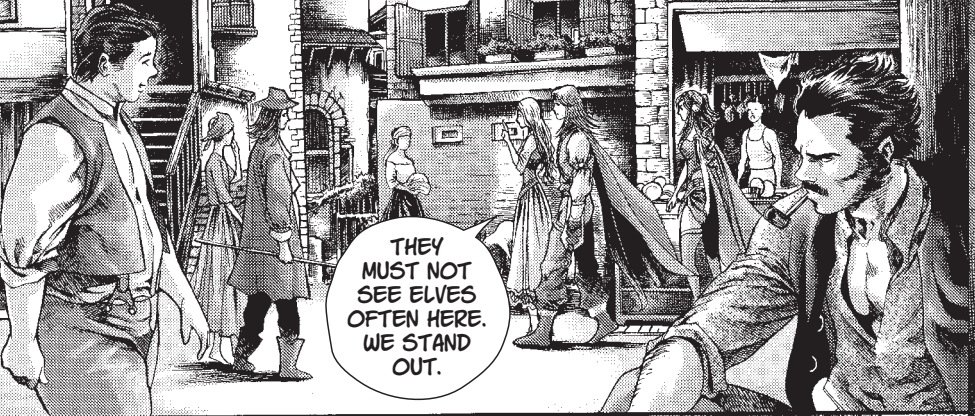


OF  
COURSE!  
DID YOU  
THINK I  
PLANNED ON  
LANDING  
IN THE  
SQUARE?





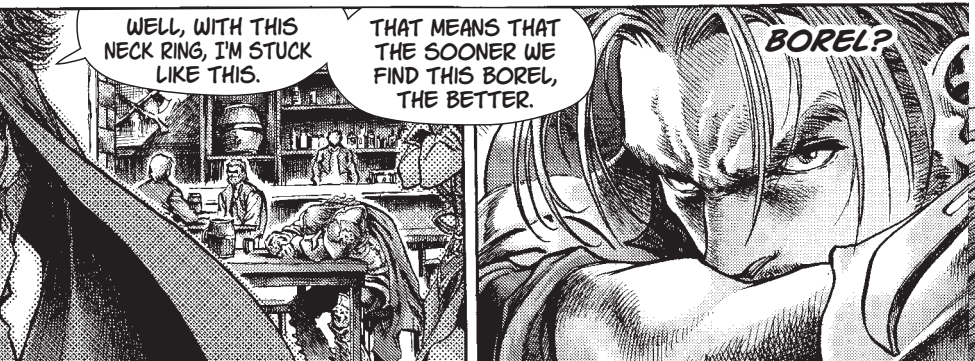




THEY  
MUST NOT  
SEE ELVES  
OFTEN HERE.  
WE STAND  
OUT.



I'LL NOT Demean  
MYSELF BY TAKING  
A HUMAN FORM. AT  
LEAST ELVES ARE  
AESTHETICALLY  
PLEASING.

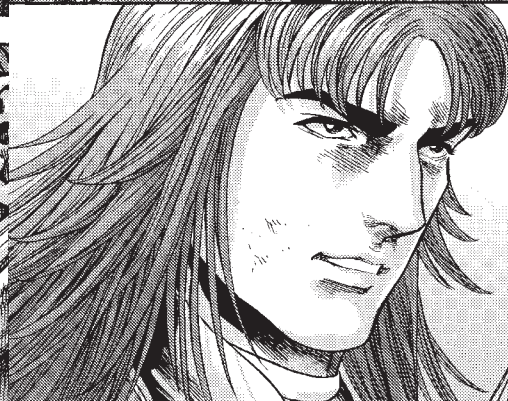
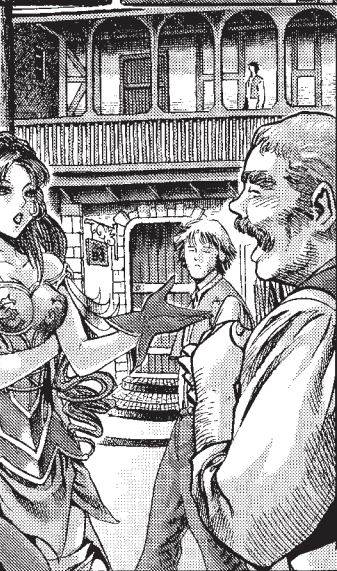
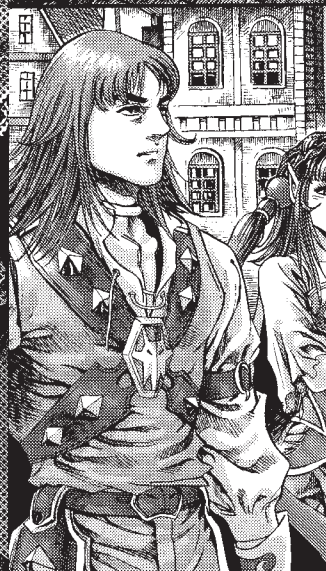
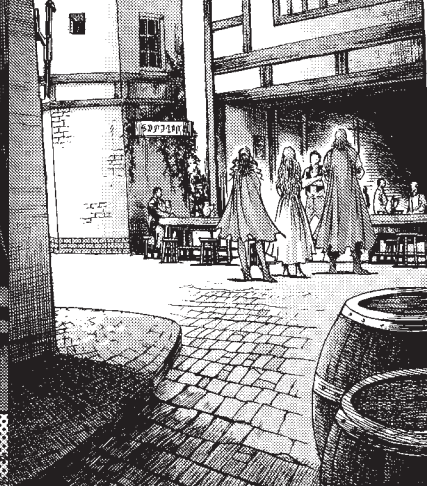


WELL, WITH THIS  
NECK RING, I'M STUCK  
LIKE THIS.

THAT MEANS THAT  
THE SOONER WE  
FIND THIS BOREL,  
THE BETTER.

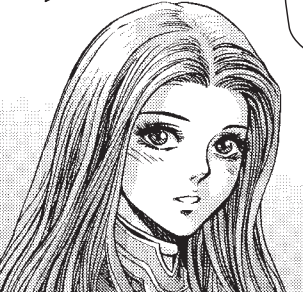
**BOREL?**



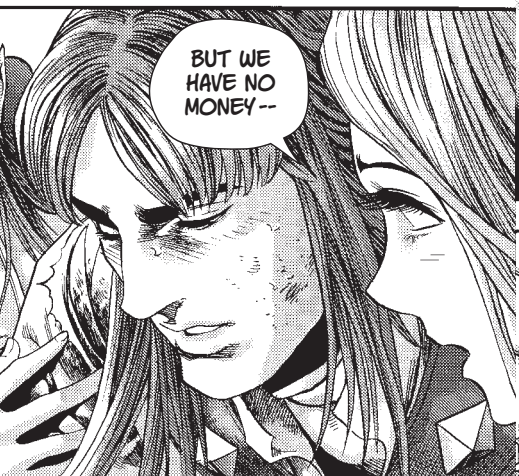
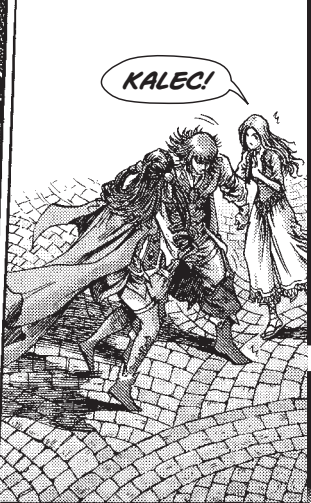


**NOTHING! NO ONE  
HERE HAS EVEN HEARD  
OF THIS BOREL!**

**I AM  
SORRY,  
KALEC!**











MMM...  
ANVEENA?  
MY A-APOLOGIES....  
I PUSHED TOO  
HAR--



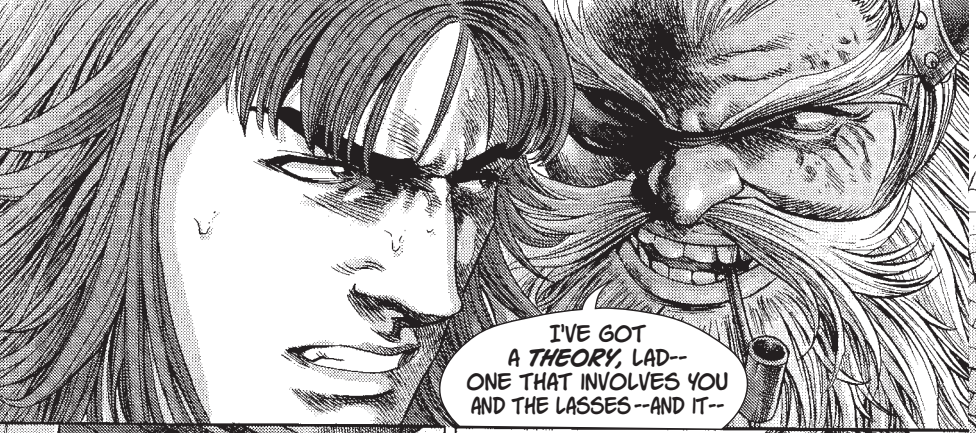
HELLO,  
LAD...

...DON'T  
TEMPT ME.  
AT THIS RANGE,  
I CAN'T MISS.

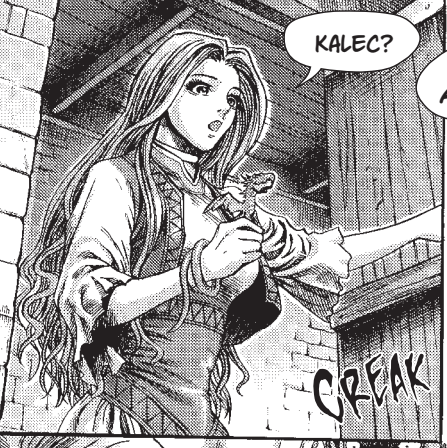


UP WITH  
YOU! THE  
CRYSTAL SAYS  
MY DRAGON SAYS  
NEAR...AND  
I'VE GOT A  
HUNCH IT'S  
VERY  
NEAR.



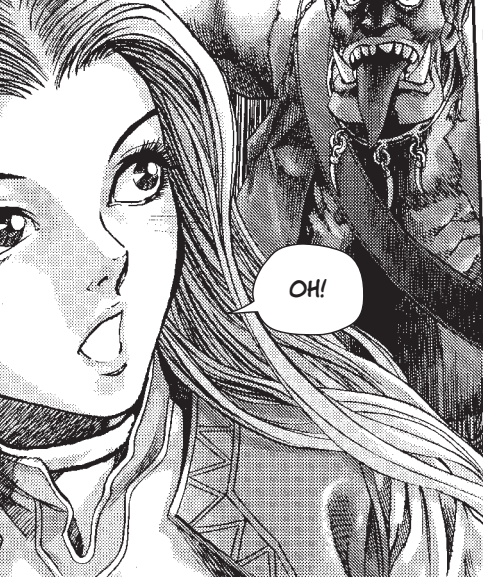
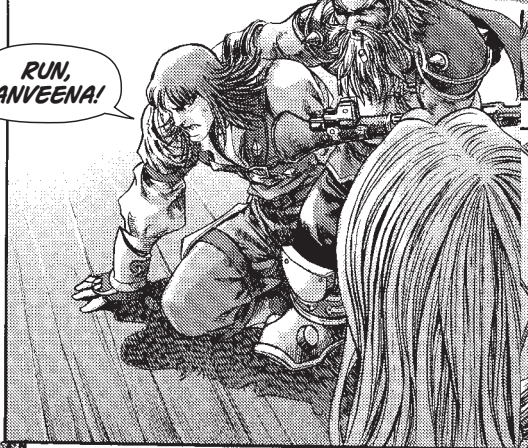


I'VE GOT  
A THEORY, LAD--  
ONE THAT INVOLVES YOU  
AND THE LASSES--AND IT--

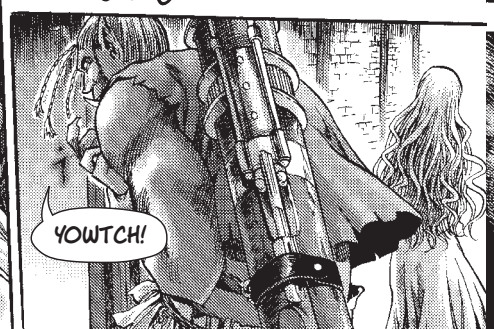


KALEC?

RUN,  
ANVEENA!

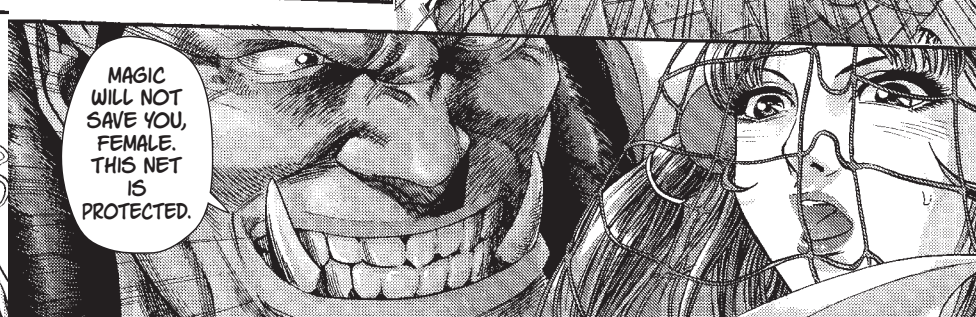
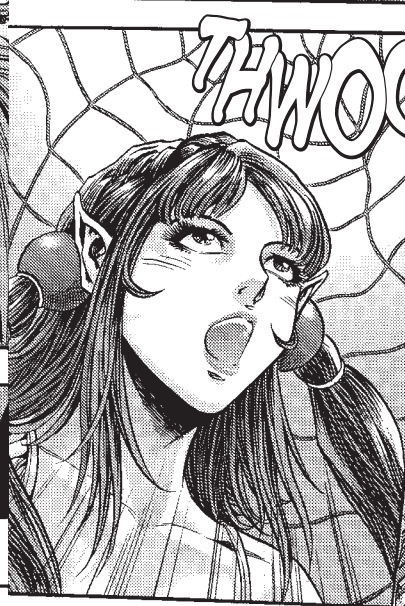
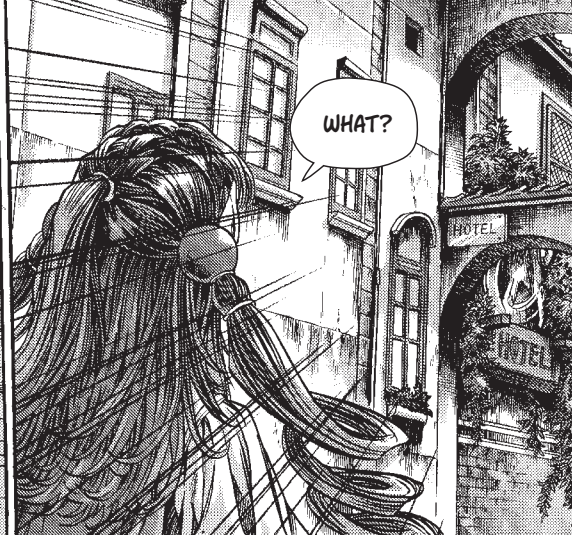


OH!

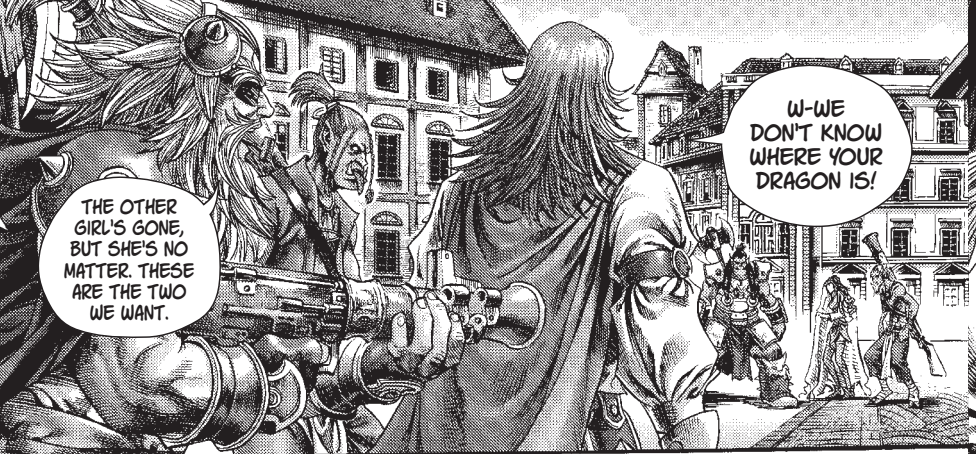


YOWTCH!









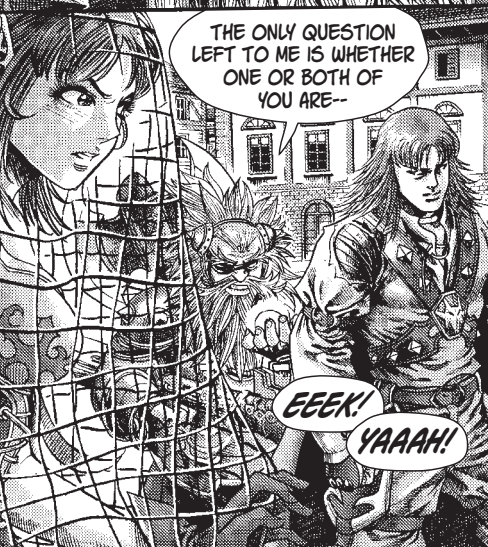
THE OTHER  
GIRL'S GONE,  
BUT SHE'S NO  
MATTER. THESE  
ARE THE TWO  
WE WANT.

W-WE  
DON'T KNOW  
WHERE YOUR  
DRAGON IS!



BUT  
I THINK  
YOU DO.  
I'VE HEARD  
DRAGONS  
CAN CHANGE  
SHAPE...

...AND  
THE CRYSTAL  
GLOWS MOST  
WHEN IT'S NEAR  
YOU.



THE ONLY QUESTION  
LEFT TO ME IS WHETHER  
ONE OR BOTH OF  
YOU ARE--

EEEK!

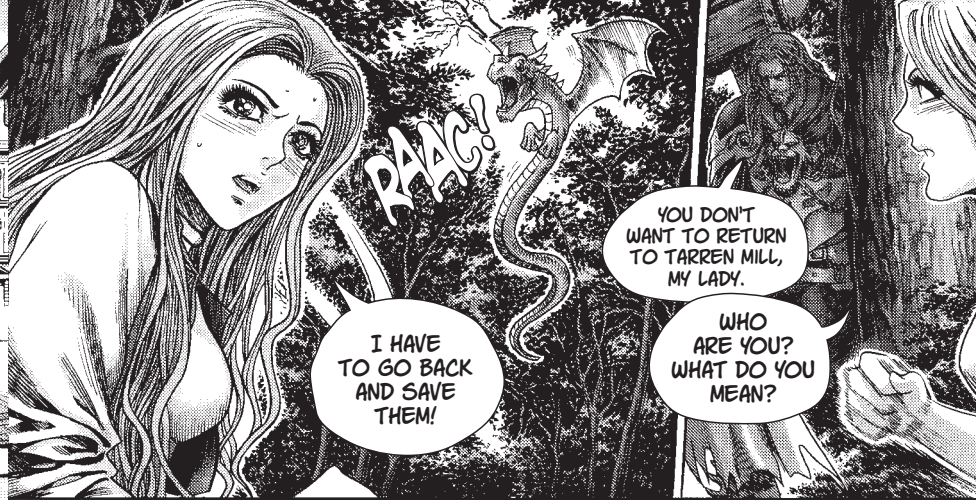
YAAAHH!



NOW  
WHAT'S  
GOING  
ON--

BY GRIM  
BATOL!



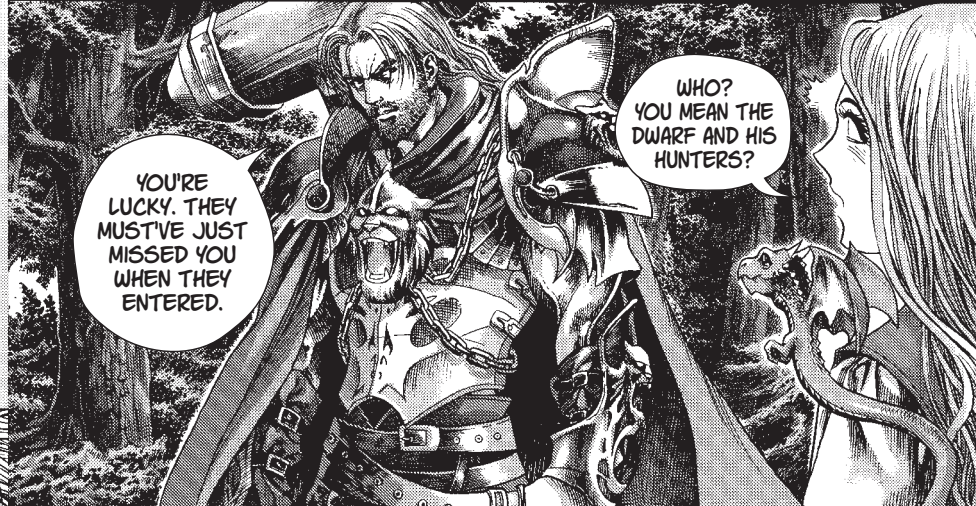


RAAG!

I HAVE TO GO BACK AND SAVE THEM!

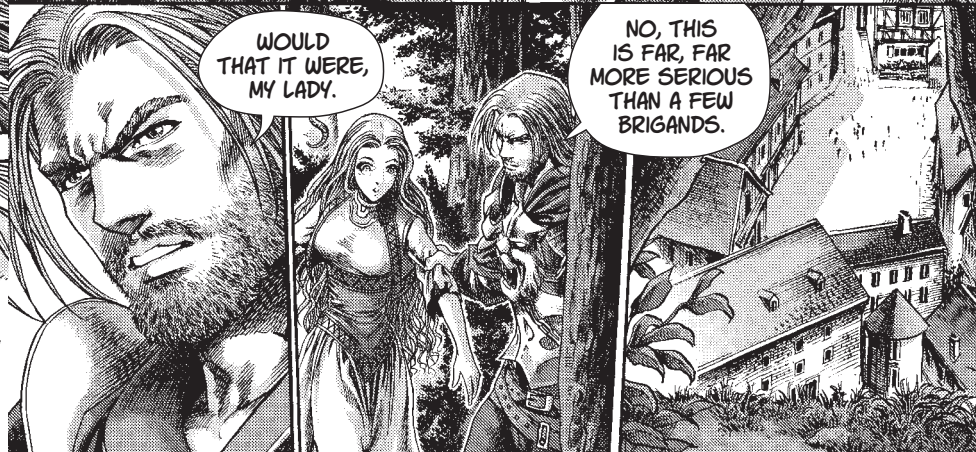
YOU DON'T WANT TO RETURN TO TARREN MILL, MY LADY.

WHO ARE YOU? WHAT DO YOU MEAN?



YOU'RE LUCKY. THEY MUST'VE JUST MISSED YOU WHEN THEY ENTERED.

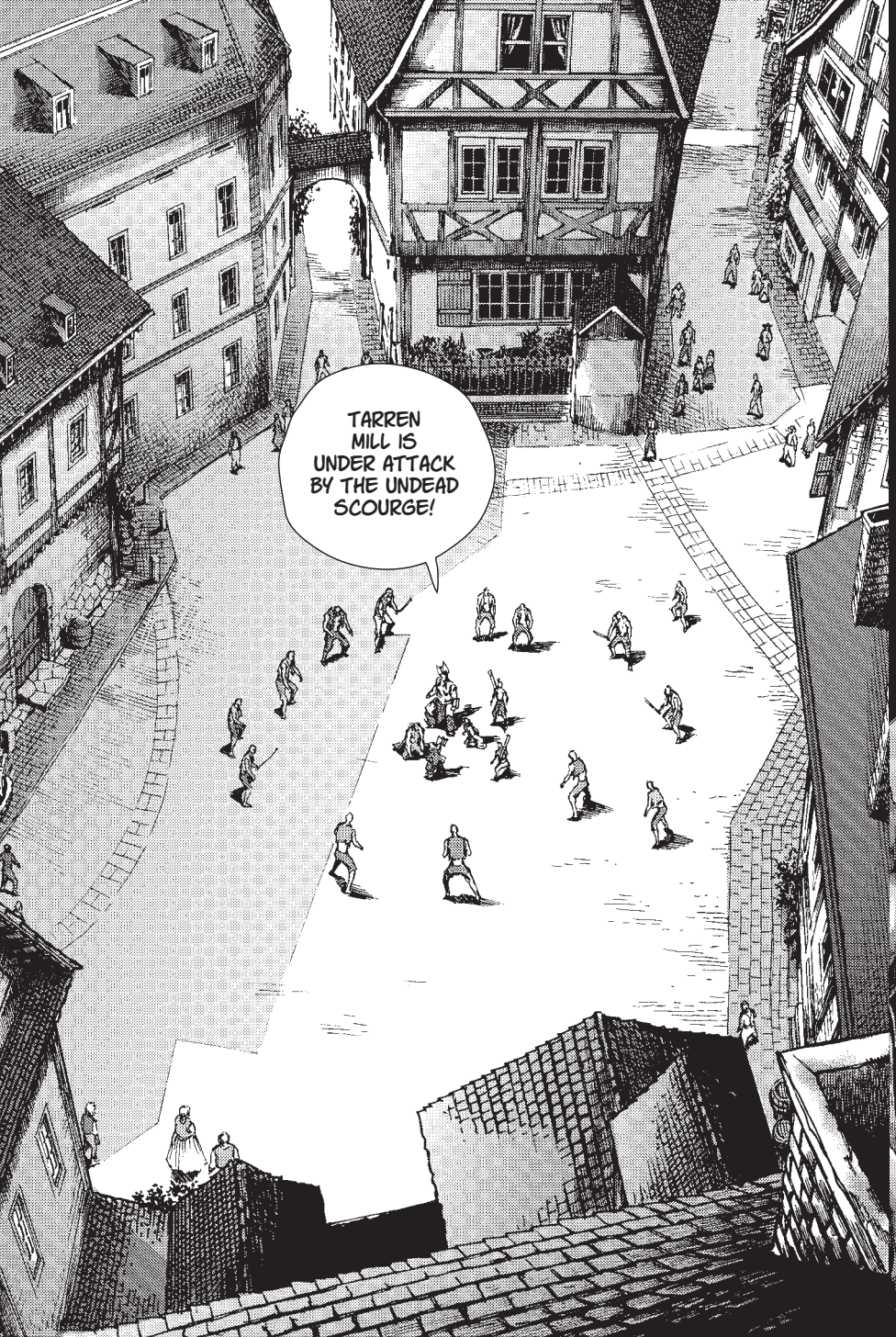
WHO? YOU MEAN THE DWARF AND HIS HUNTERS?



WOULD THAT IT WERE, MY LADY.

NO, THIS IS FAR, FAR MORE SERIOUS THAN A FEW BRIGANDS.





TARREN  
MILL IS  
UNDER ATTACK  
BY THE UNDEAD  
SCOURGE!



CHAPTER SIX

# AGAINST THE SCOURGE





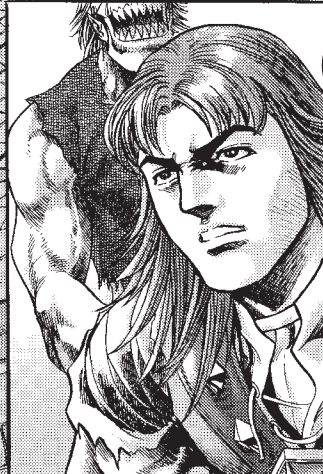


THE  
SCOURGE!  
THEY MUST'VE  
FOLLOWED US  
HERE!



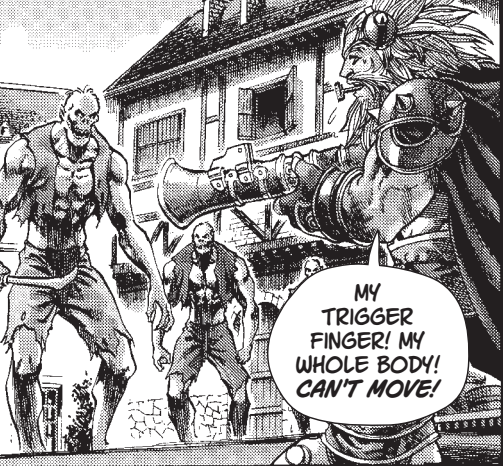


BLASTED SHAMBLING CORPSES! THINK YOU CAN SNEAK UP ON HARKYN GRYMSTONE?



I'LL BLOW YOU TO LITTLE GOBBETS OF-- EH?





MY TRIGGER FINGER! MY WHOLE BODY! CAN'T MOVE!



UNGH!  
YOUR EFFORTS ARE FUTILE, YOU KNOW.



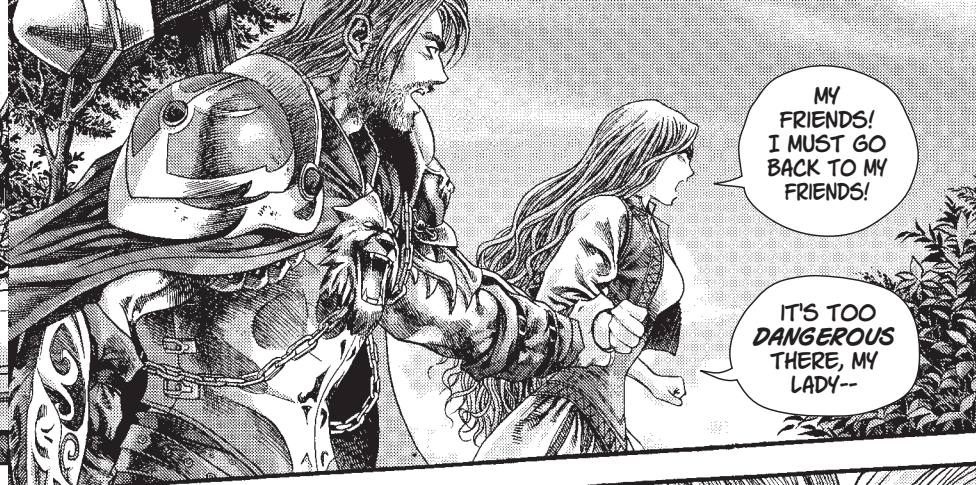
REALLY, EVEN FOR A DWARF, YOU ARE STUBBORN. NOT TO MENTION A DISAPPOINTMENT.



DISAPPOINTMENT?  
ALL YOU HAD TO DO WAS KEEP THE DRAGONS AWAY...





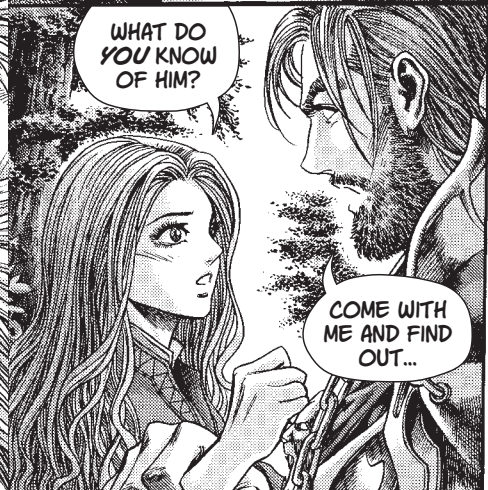


MY FRIENDS!  
I MUST GO  
BACK TO MY  
FRIENDS!

IT'S TOO  
DANGEROUS  
THERE, MY  
LADY--

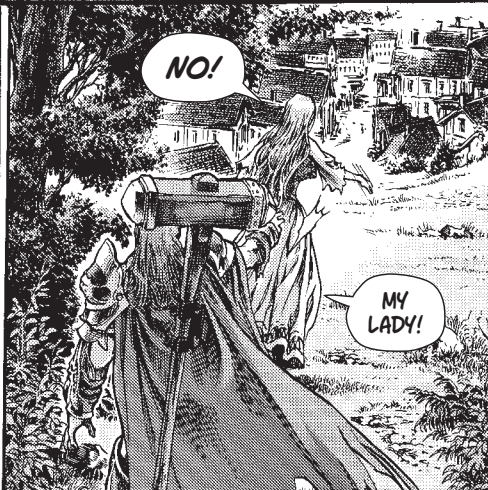


BESIDES,  
DON'T YOU  
WANT TO FIND  
BOREL?



WHAT DO  
YOU KNOW  
OF HIM?

COME WITH  
ME AND FIND  
OUT...



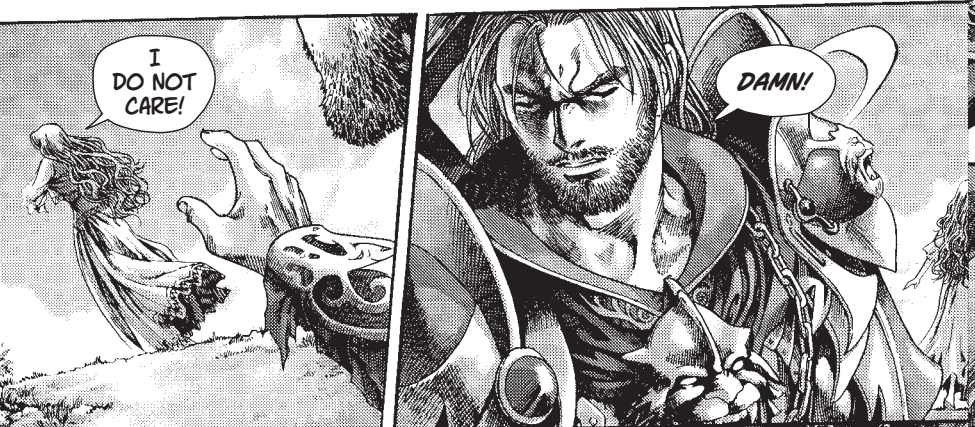
NO!

MY  
LADY!



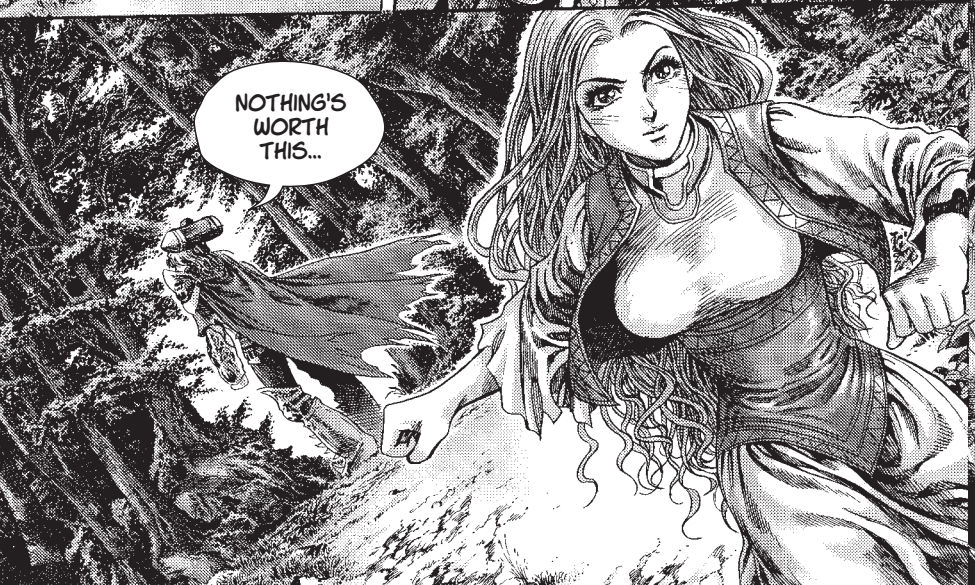


YOU  
DON'T DARE  
RETURN! IT'S  
DEATH AND  
WORSE!



I  
DO NOT  
CARE!

DAMN!



NOTHING'S  
WORTH  
THIS...






MY EMPLOYER  
WAS A HUMAN!  
A FORMER PRINCE  
OF LORDAERON  
WHO--

A SIMPLE  
CASTING OF  
ILLUSION,  
MORE THAN  
ENOUGH TO  
CONVINCE A  
DWARF.

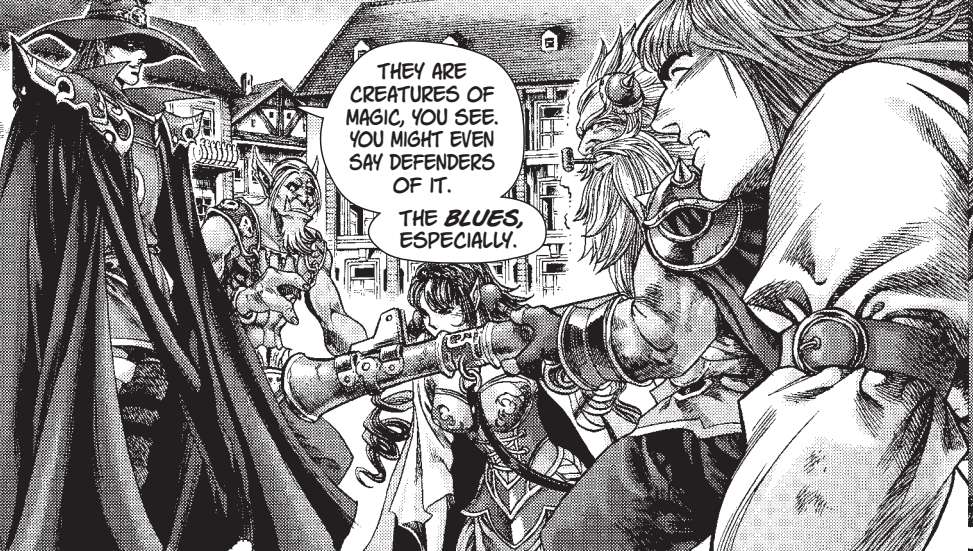
WHEN  
I FIRST  
SENSED THE  
NEARNESS OF  
THE SUNWELL'S  
POWER, I KNEW  
THAT IT HAD  
NOT BEEN  
LOST.

I SENT WORD TO MY  
BLESSED LORD ARTHAS...  
WHO REMINDED ME THAT  
ALTHOUGH THE WIZARDS  
OF DALARAN MIGHT BE  
IN DISARRAY...



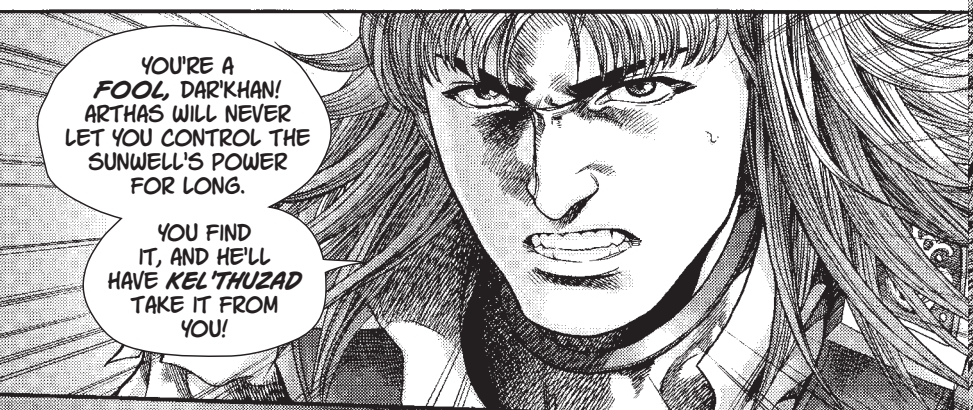
...THE DRAGONS  
WOULD BE DRAWN  
TO THE SUNWELL  
LIKE MOTHS TO  
THE FLAME.





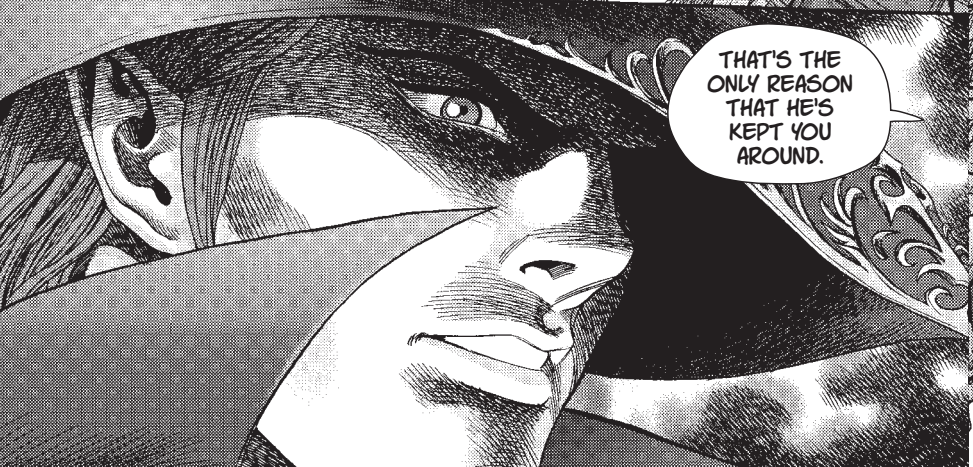
THEY ARE CREATURES OF MAGIC, YOU SEE. YOU MIGHT EVEN SAY DEFENDERS OF IT.

THE *BLUES*, ESPECIALLY.



YOU'RE A FOOL, DARTH KHAN! ARTHAS WILL NEVER LET YOU CONTROL THE SUNWELL'S POWER FOR LONG.

YOU FIND IT, AND HE'LL HAVE *KEL'THUZAD* TAKE IT FROM YOU!



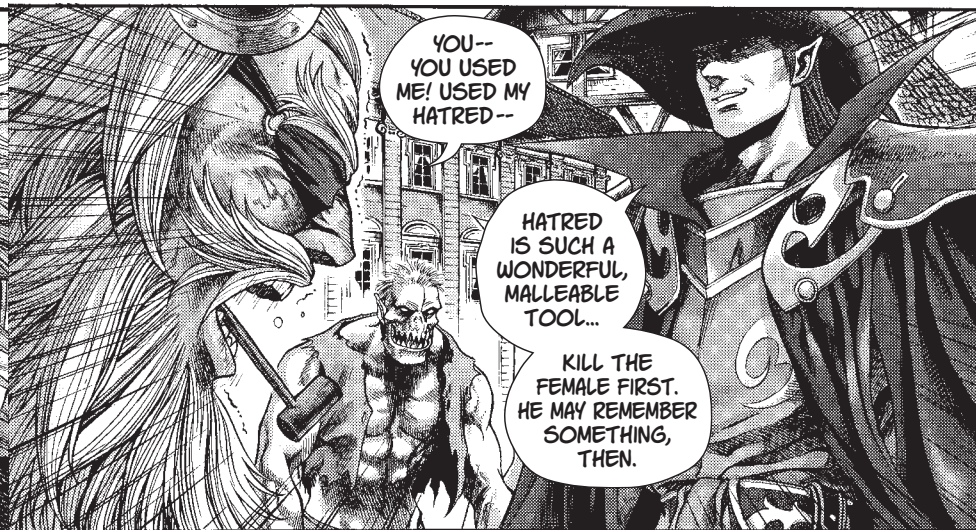
THAT'S THE ONLY REASON THAT HE'S KEPT YOU AROUND.





ENOUGH, WHELPS! IF YOU CANNOT GIVE ME WHAT I WANT, I'VE NO NEED OF YOU. I'M SO SORRY.

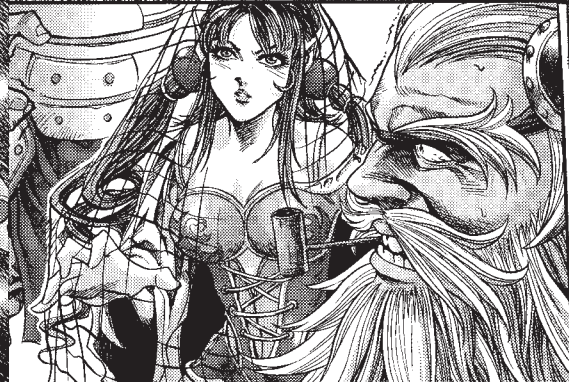
DWARF, YOU WANT TO SLAY DRAGONS-- ANY DRAGONS. I GIVE THESE TO YOU.



YOU-- YOU USED ME! USED MY HATRED--

HATRED IS SUCH A WONDERFUL, MALLEABLE TOOL...

KILL THE FEMALE FIRST. HE MAY REMEMBER SOMETHING, THEN.



NO!  
PLEASE!  
NO!





PLEASE,  
I-I DO NOT  
KNOW WHAT  
YOU WANT, BUT  
I WILL HELP YOU  
FIND IT IF I  
CAN...JUST DO  
NOT HURT  
THEM!



HMM...  
THE GIRL  
FROM THE  
COTTAGE...AND  
THAT THING...  
THE TRAIL LED  
HERE...



COULD  
IT BE?

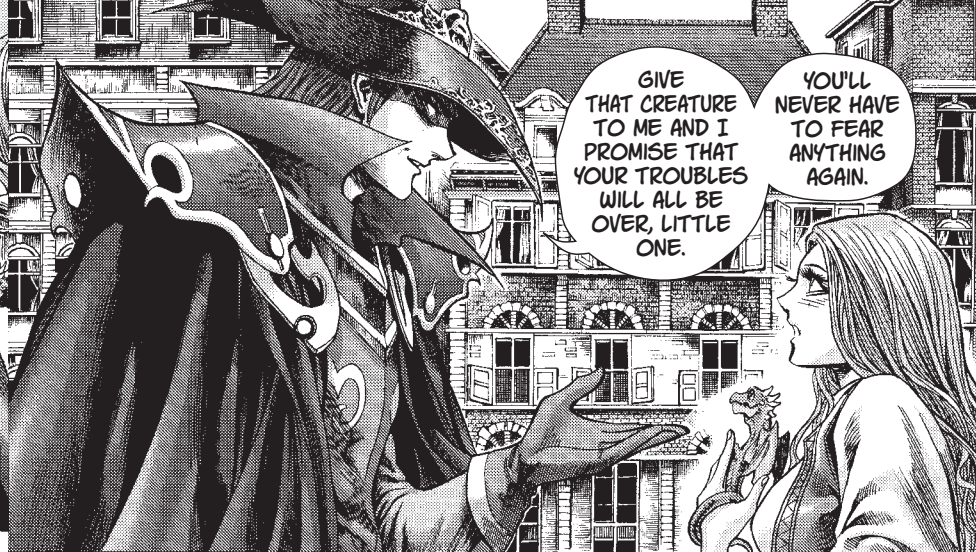
YES!  
I SENSE  
THE POWER OF  
THE SUNWELL  
AROUND  
YOU!

THAT  
BEAST! IT IS  
WHAT I SEEK!  
IT MUST CONTAIN  
THE SUNWELL'S  
ESSENCE!

RAAC?

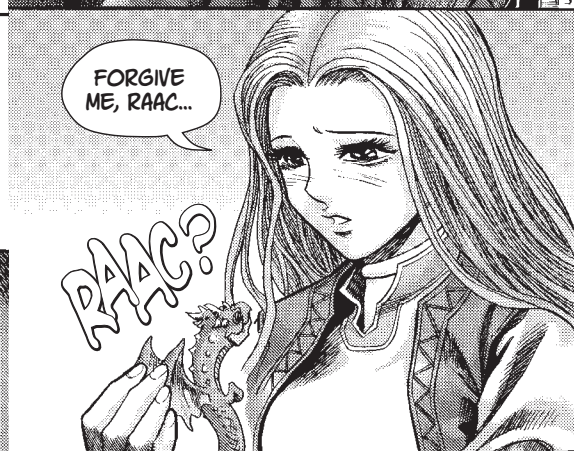
RAAC?





GIVE THAT CREATURE TO ME AND I PROMISE THAT YOUR TROUBLES WILL ALL BE OVER, LITTLE ONE.

YOU'LL NEVER HAVE TO FEAR ANYTHING AGAIN.

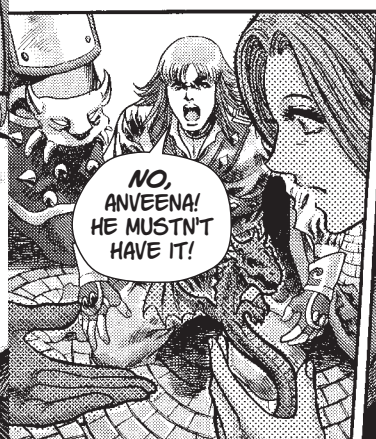


FORGIVE ME, RAAC...

RAAC?



YES... COME TO ME! BE MINE AT LAST!



NO, ANVEENA! HE MUSTN'T HAVE IT!



SILENCE HIM, DWARF.





I'll--  
I'll--



YAAAAAH!

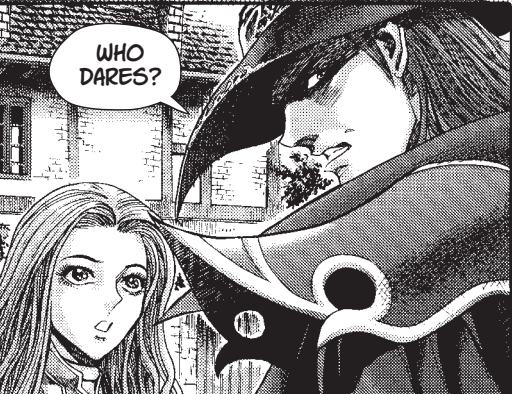


URRR



HAAH!

THWACK  
SLASSH



WHO DARES?



UMMPH!





FOOL

FOOL



RAAC!

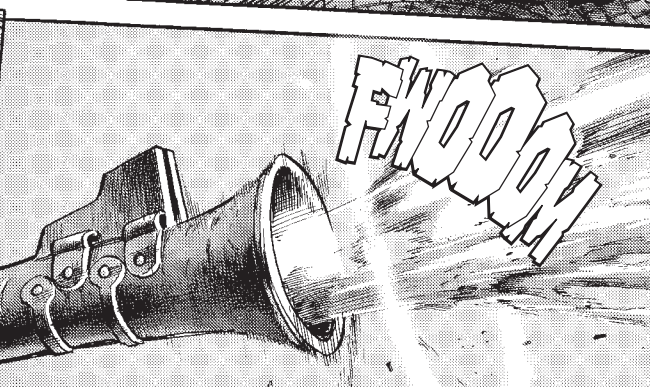
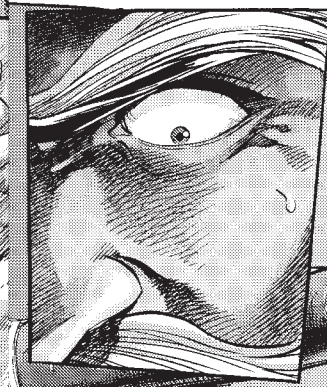
BE STILL!



UNNGH--  
UNNGH--



SLAY HIM!  
SLAY ALL OF  
THEM!



FXODON

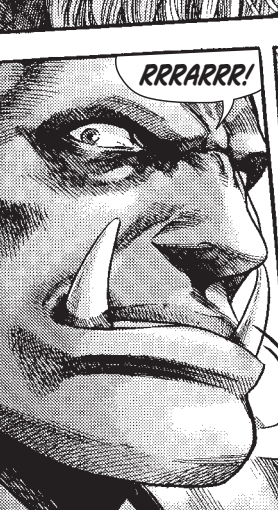




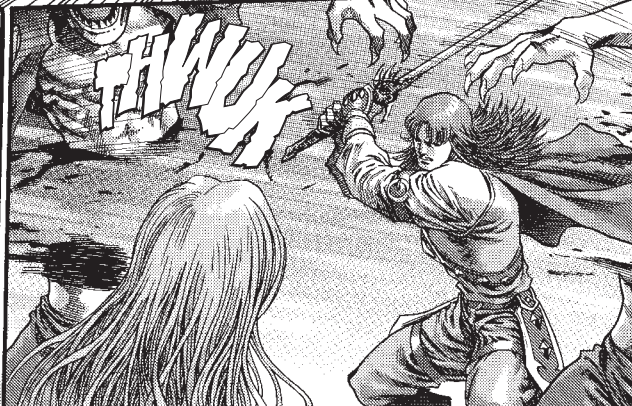
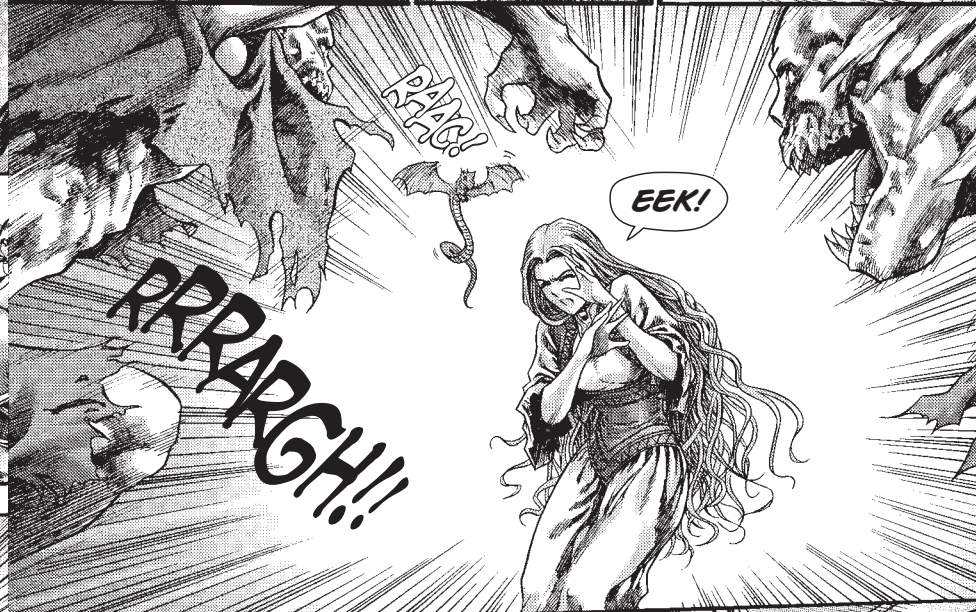
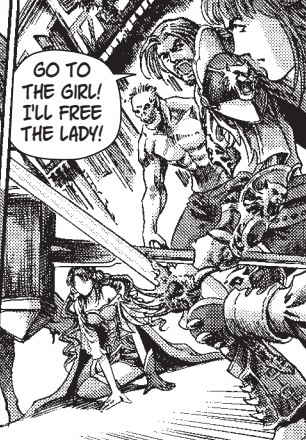
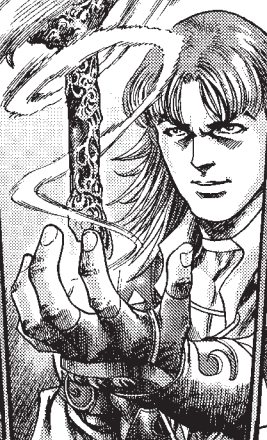
NO PASTY  
ELF MAKES  
A PUPPET OUT  
OF HARKYN  
GRYMSTONE!



THIS JOB'S  
A FREE ONE,  
LADS! LET'S TAKE  
THESE WALKING  
BONES!







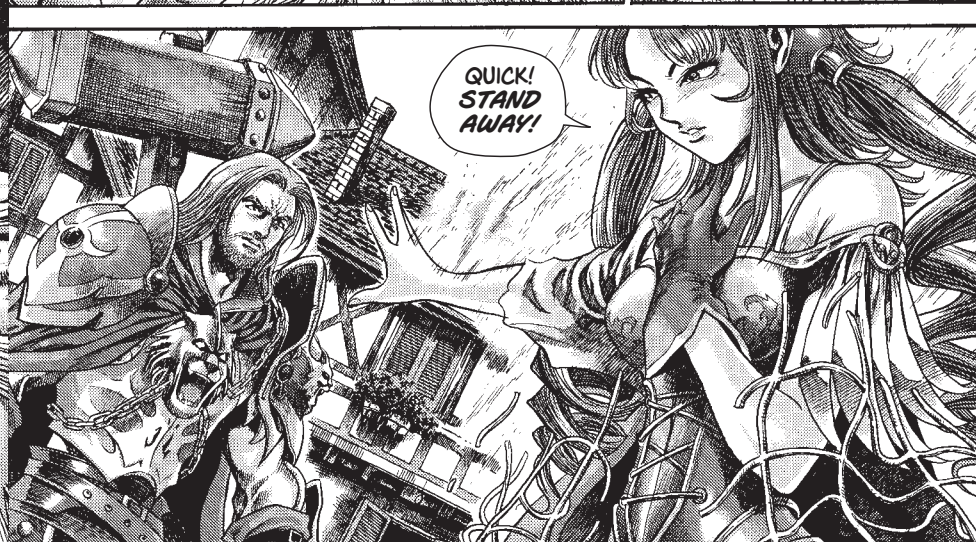
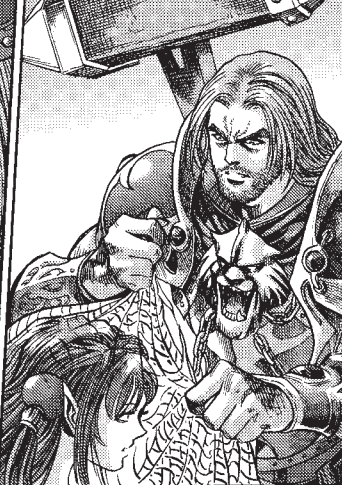




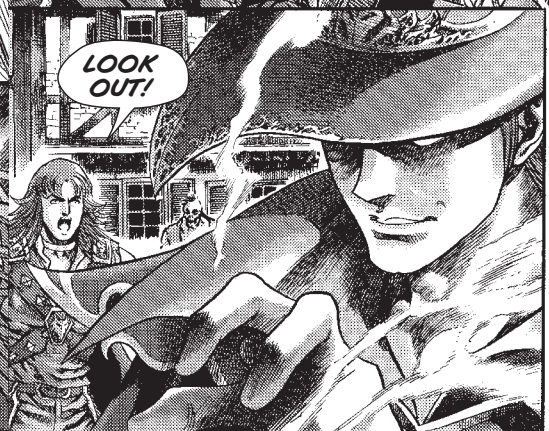




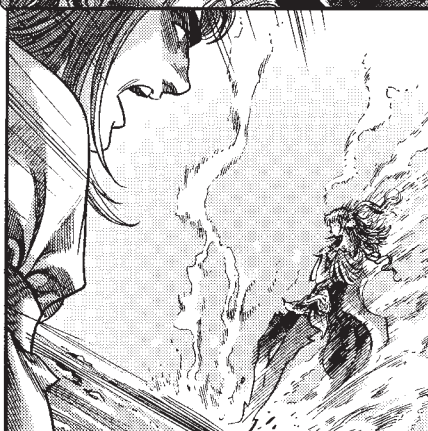
C-CAN'T  
BREATHE--



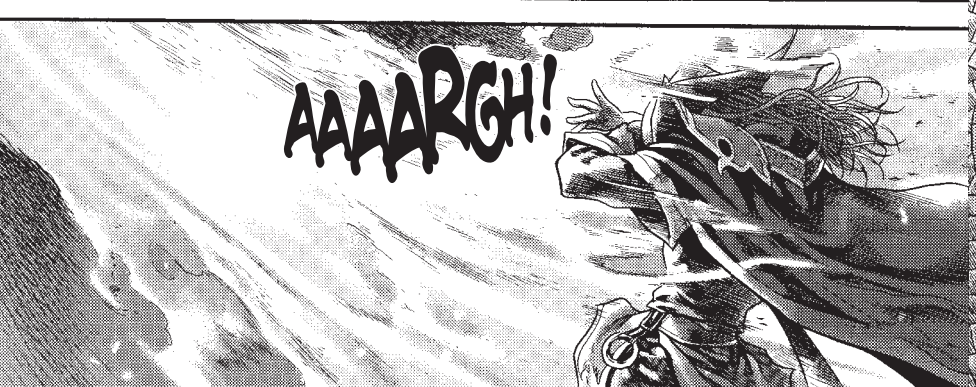
QUICK!  
STAND  
AWAY!



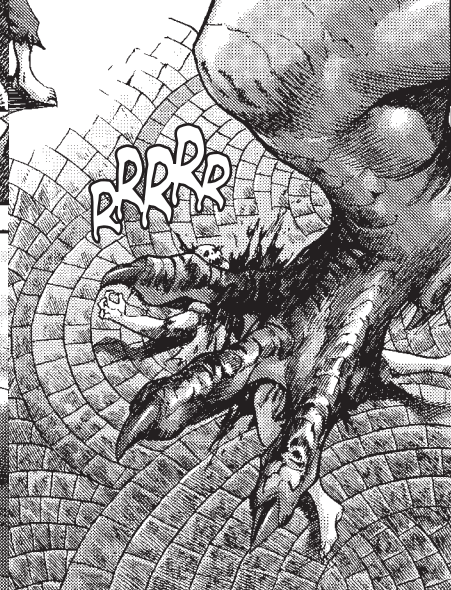
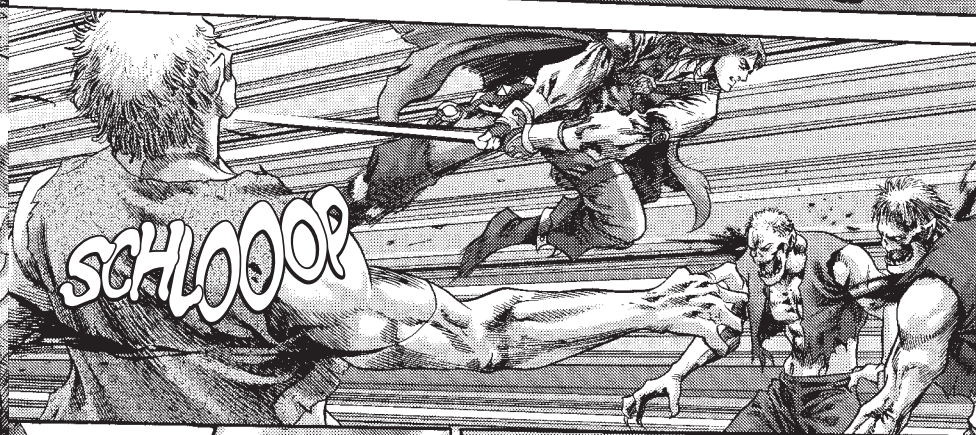
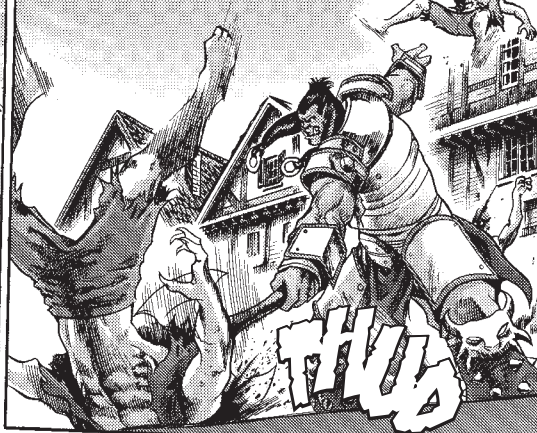
LOOK  
OUT!



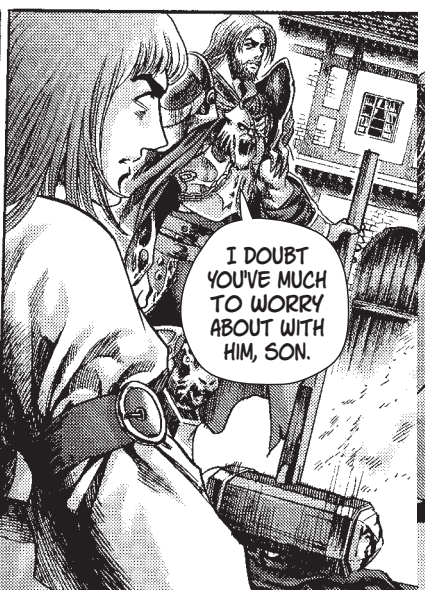
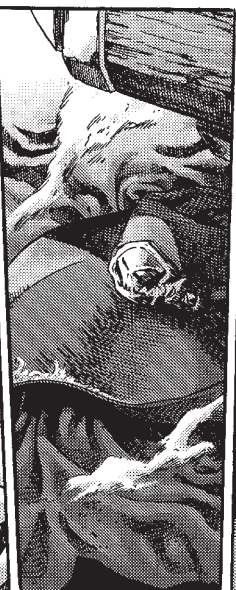
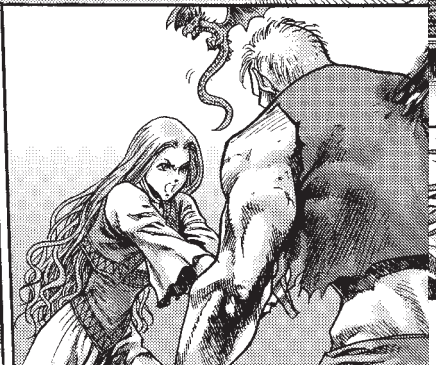
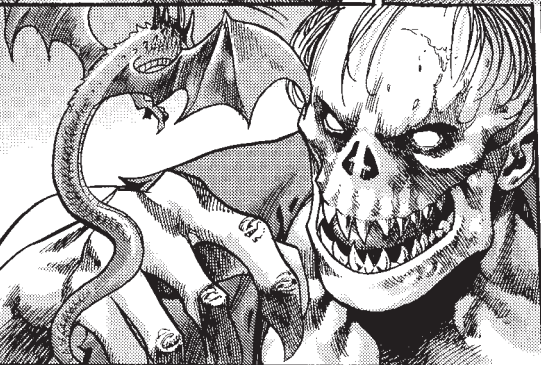
















THE NEXT MORNING...

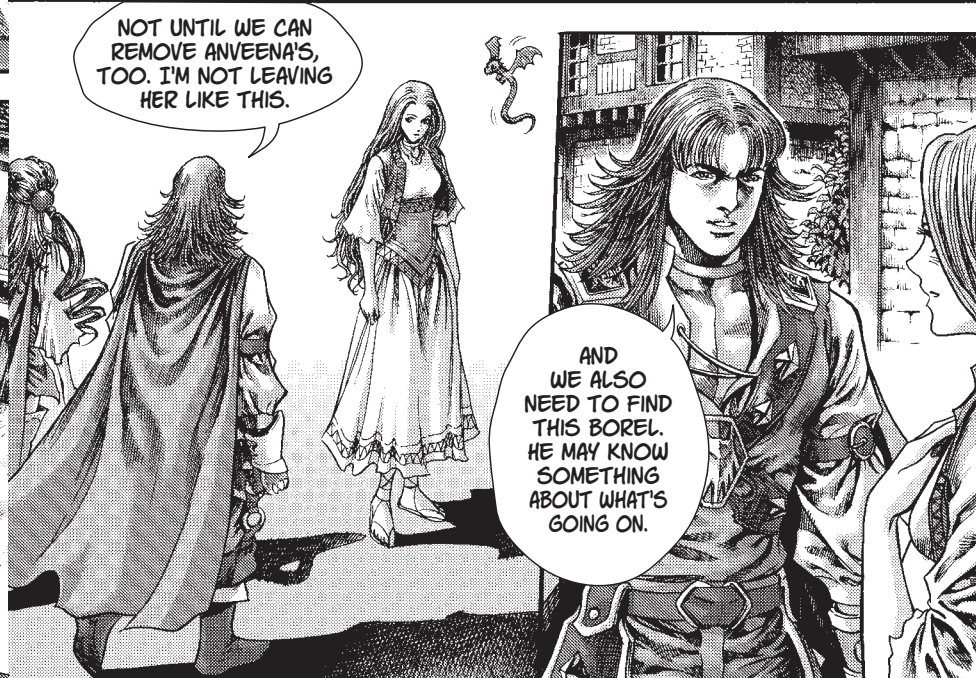
IT'S JUST AS I FEARED. ONLY THE ELF KNEW HOW TO REMOVE THESE.

I AM SORRY, KALECGOS.



IT COULDN'T BE HELPED.

BUT YOU CAN GET OUR LORD, MALYGOS, TO REMOVE YOURS.



NOT UNTIL WE CAN REMOVE ANVEENA'S, TOO. I'M NOT LEAVING HER LIKE THIS.




AND WE ALSO NEED TO FIND THIS BOREL. HE MAY KNOW SOMETHING ABOUT WHAT'S GOING ON.



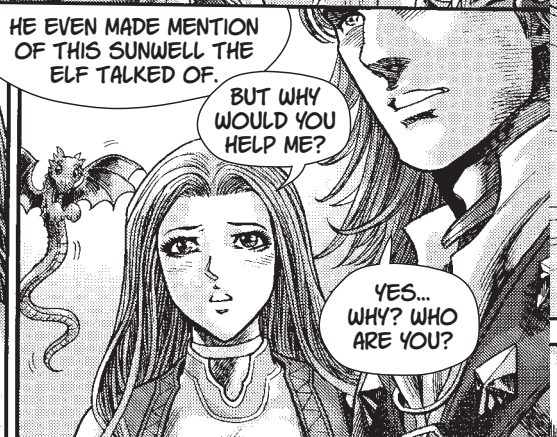


I MAY  
KNOW WHERE  
YOU MIGHT FIND  
HIM.

DO  
YOU?



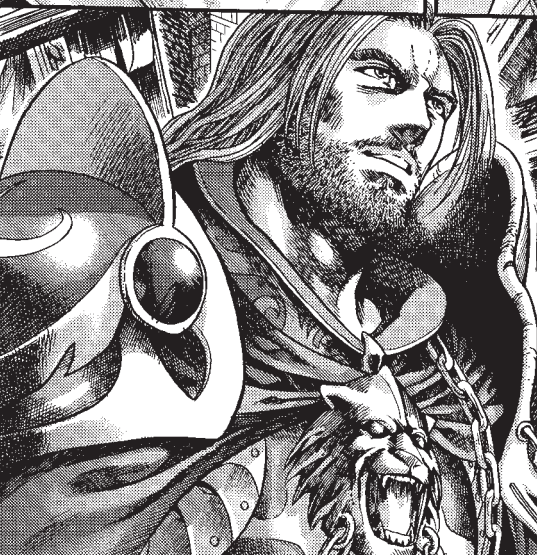
AYE, I MET HIM TWICE HERE,  
A BEARDED ELDER WITH THE  
LOOK OF A WIZARD.



HE EVEN MADE MENTION  
OF THIS SUNWELL THE  
ELF TALKED OF.

BUT WHY  
WOULD YOU  
HELP ME?

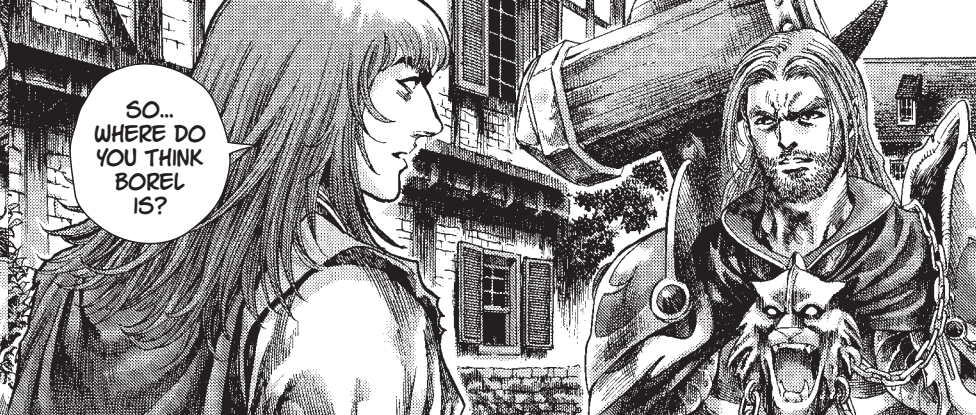
YES...  
WHY? WHO  
ARE YOU?



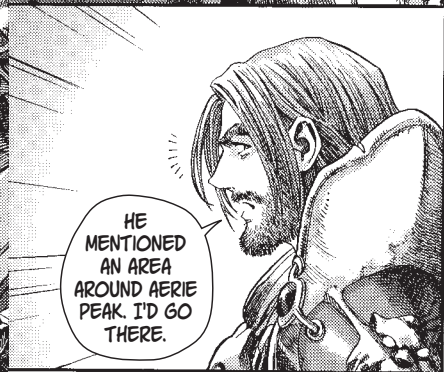
I WAS  
A PALADIN  
ONCE. I SWORE  
TO PROTECT  
LORDAERON.  
I FAILED. THIS MAY  
BE THE ONLY WAY  
TO SAVE WHAT'S  
LEFT.

IF THE LICH  
KING OBTAINS  
THE SUNWELL,  
NOTHING WILL BE  
ABLE TO STAND  
AGAINST HIM.

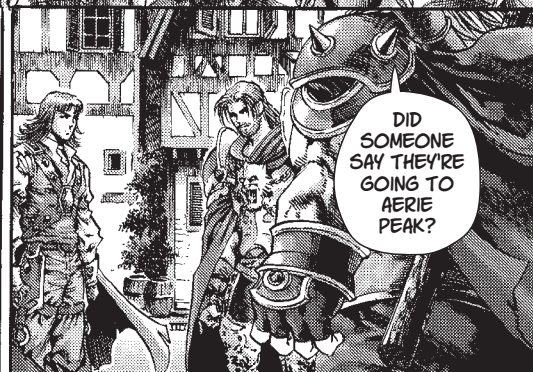




SO...  
WHERE DO  
YOU THINK  
BOREL  
IS?



HE  
MENTIONED  
AN AREA  
AROUND  
AERIE  
PEAK. I'D GO  
THERE.



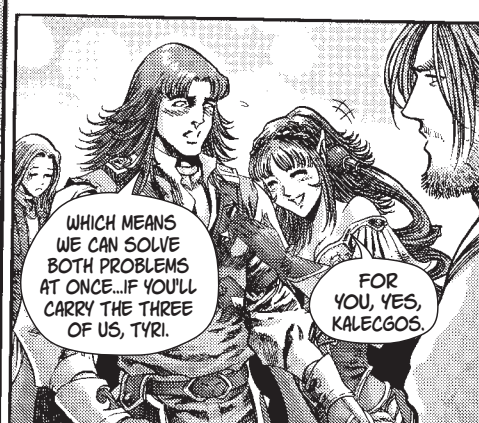
DID  
SOMEONE  
SAY THEY'RE  
GOING TO  
AERIE  
PEAK?



LAD, I OWE YOU AND YOURS  
A DEBT AND AN APOLOGY.  
I LET MY VENGEANCE LEAD ME  
DOWN A PATH SERVING  
THE EVIL ONE.



I'VE A COUSIN,  
LOGGI, NEAR AERIE  
PEAK. THAT COLLAR  
LOOKS LIKE DWARVEN  
WORK. HE MAY  
BE ABLE TO  
REMOVE IT.



WHICH MEANS  
WE CAN SOLVE  
BOTH PROBLEMS  
AT ONCE...IF YOU'LL  
CARRY THE THREE  
OF US, TYRI.

FOR  
YOU, YES,  
KALEGGOS.





THEN IT'S  
SETTLED.  
TOMORROW,  
WE'RE OFF TO  
AERIE PEAK...



...AND WHAT  
SHOULD BE  
THE END  
TO ALL OUR  
TROUBLES...







TO BE CONTINUED IN



VOLUME 2

SHADOWS  
OF  
ICE



**T**HE ACTION HEATS UP IN THE FRIGID WASTELANDS AS KALEC, ANVEENA, TYRI, AND JORAD MAKE THEIR WAY TO AERIE PEAK.

THEY GO SEEKING THE DWARF KNOWN AS LOGGI, BUT THEY FIND MUCH, MUCH MORE.

AS MORE FANTASTIC AND FRIGHTENING DENIZENS OF THE WORLD OF WARCRAFT ARE REVEALED, THE MYSTERY OF RAAE DEEPENS AND THE DRAGONS FACE A FROZEN AND FURIOUS FOE!

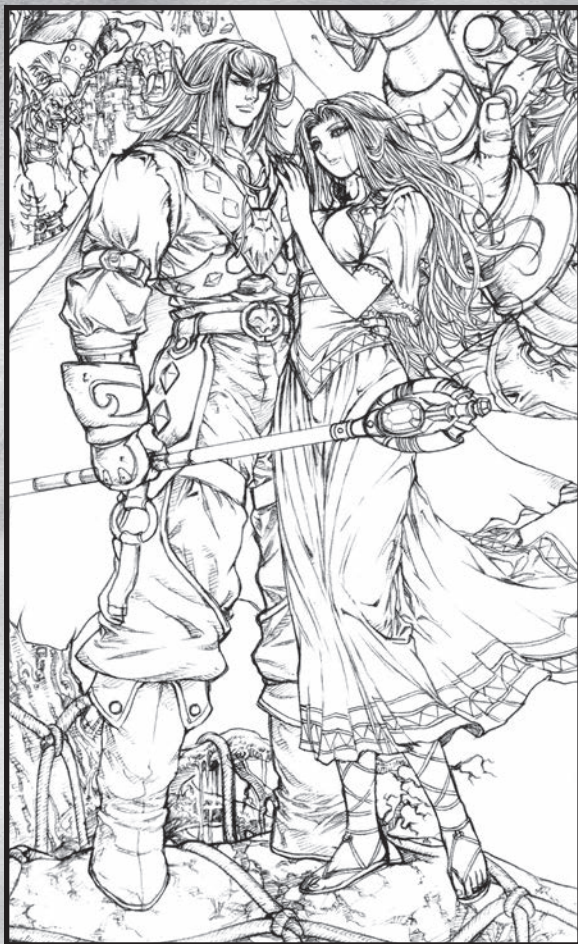


# ABOUT THE CREATORS

Richard A. Knaak is the *New York Times* and *USA Today* bestselling author of some fifty novels and numerous shorter works. He has written for such well-known series as **WORLD OF WARCRAFT**, **DIABLO**, **DRAGONLANCE**, **CONAN**, and **PATHFINDER** and is the creator of the long-running, popular epic fantasy saga **THE DRAGONREALM**. He has also written comic, manga, and gaming material, and his works have been translated worldwide.







Jae-Hwan Kim was born in 1971 in Korea. His best-known manga works include *Rainbow*, *Combat Metal HeMoSoo*, and *King Of Hell* (called *Majeh* in Korea), a series published by TOKYOPOP. Jae-Hwan currently lives and works in Thailand.











