

# WARCRAFT



## LEGENDS™

VOLUME FOUR

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



# Warcraft: Legends Vol. 4

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VOLUME FOUR

**BILZARD**  
ENTERTAINMENT

# WARCRAFT

## LEGENDS™

VOLUME FOUR

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# WARCRAFT

## LEGENDS™ VOLUME FOUR

### FATE

WRITTEN BY RICHARD A. KNAAK

ART BY JAE-HWAN KIM

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## STORY SO FAR

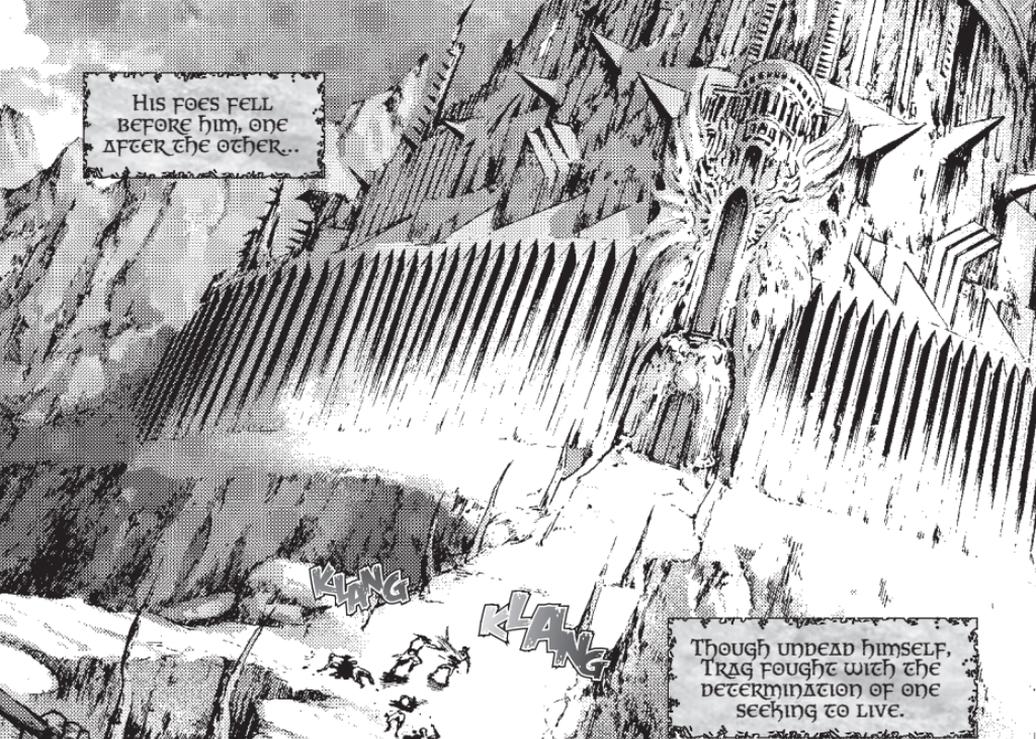
The undead walk the lands of Azeroth as rotting nightmares, vicious and unyielding in their brutality. They are broken into two factions: the Forsaken, led by the Dark Lady, Sylvanas Windrunner; and the Scourge, commanded by the dark lord of the dead, the Lich King. For the living of Azeroth, to become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

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

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

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

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



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

KLANG

KLANG

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



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



SMASH



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



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

KREEAK

...worthy of serving  
the Lich King.



FATE



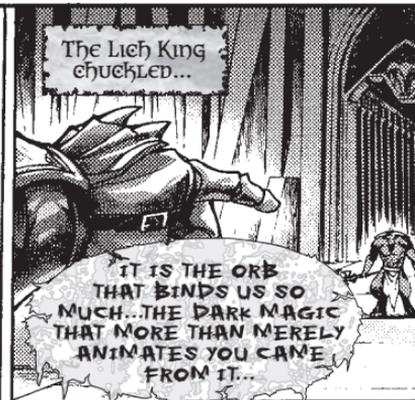
WELCOME...  
SAVAGE  
CHAMPION...

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

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



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



The Lich King  
chuckled...

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



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



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

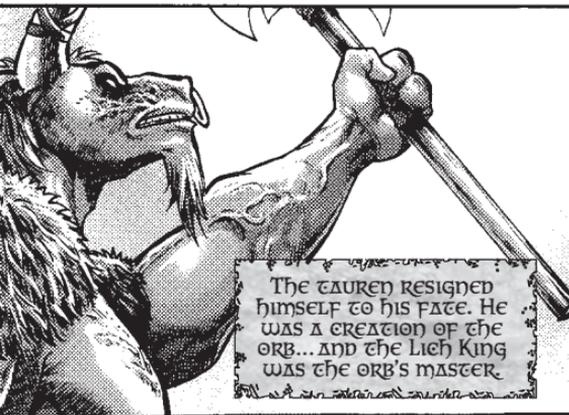
NERZHAU...





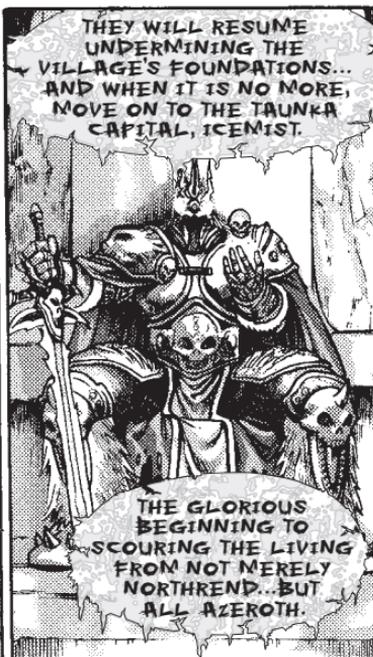
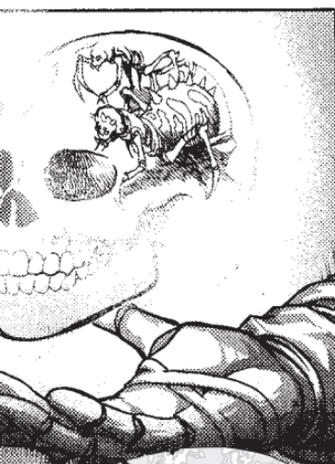
IT WAS OVER. WHAT TRAG  
HAD KNOWN WOULD HAPPEN  
HAD, DESPITE HIS FAINT HOPES  
OTHERWISE, COME TO PASS.

RISE, MY LOYAL  
WARRIOR.



YOU ARE NOW  
READY FOR YOUR  
COMMAND.

YOUR  
WARRIORS  
AWAIT YOUR  
LEADERSHIP FOR  
THIS TASK...



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

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



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



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



WE SHALL  
GREET THEM  
PROPERLY.



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



CERTAINLY,  
THEIR **MASTER**  
MUST.

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



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



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



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

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

VZK

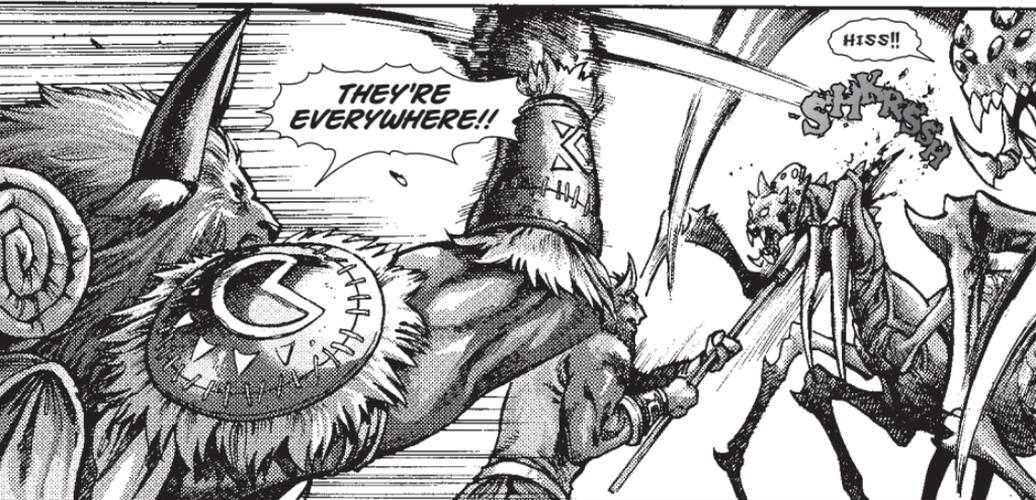
KRAAK



ANUB'AR!!

KLAH!!

KLAH!!



THEY'RE EVERYWHERE!!

HISS!!

SHIKSS

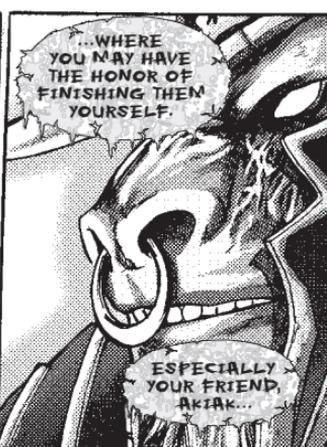


SUCH A JEST. YOU HAVE NEW ORDERS, MY TAUREN CHAMPION.



TAKE YOUR WARRIORS AND LEAD THEM TO THIS BATTLE.

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



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

ESPECIALLY YOUR FRIEND, ANUB'AR...



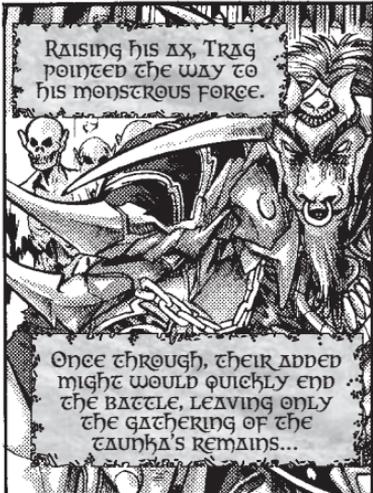
THEIR BODIES  
WILL BE BROUGHT  
BACK TO ME, TO ADD  
TO MY LEGIONS OF  
THE UNDEAD.



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



LET THERE BE  
MUCH BLOOD, MY  
CHAMPION...



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

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



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



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

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



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

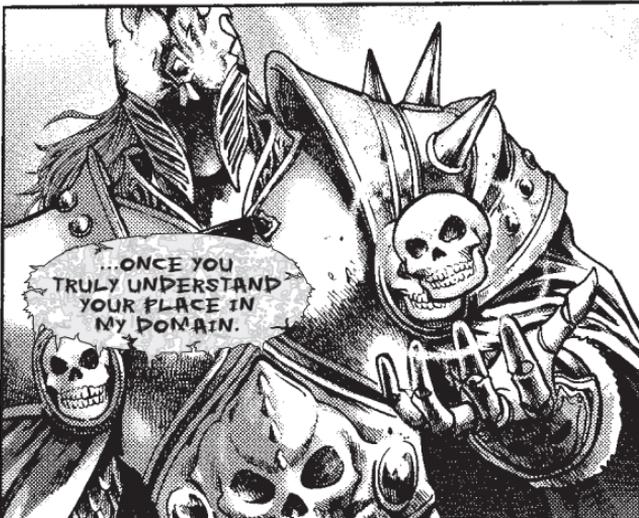


TRAG DID NOT EXPECT THAT BREAK TO LAST... BUT IF IT HELD FOR JUST A FEW MOMENTS MORE...



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

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



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



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

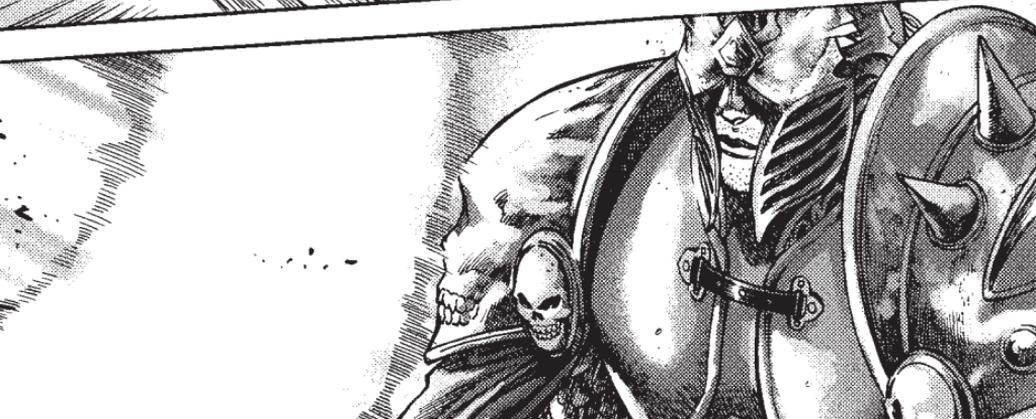
"HE CANNOT MAKE YOU WHAT YOU ARE NOT MEANT TO BE..."

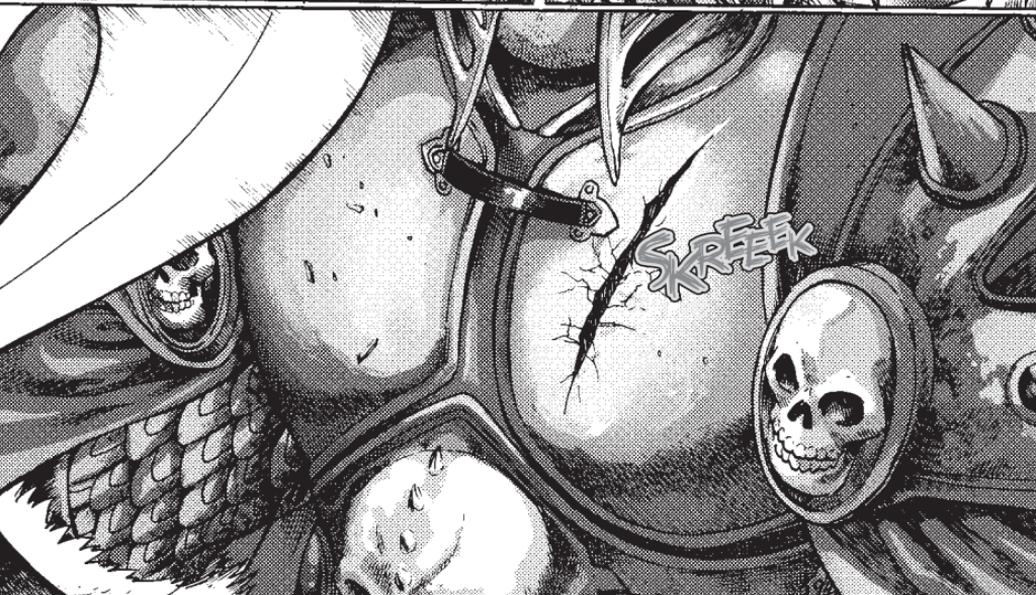
So near, Trag yee faltered, dropping down to one knee...

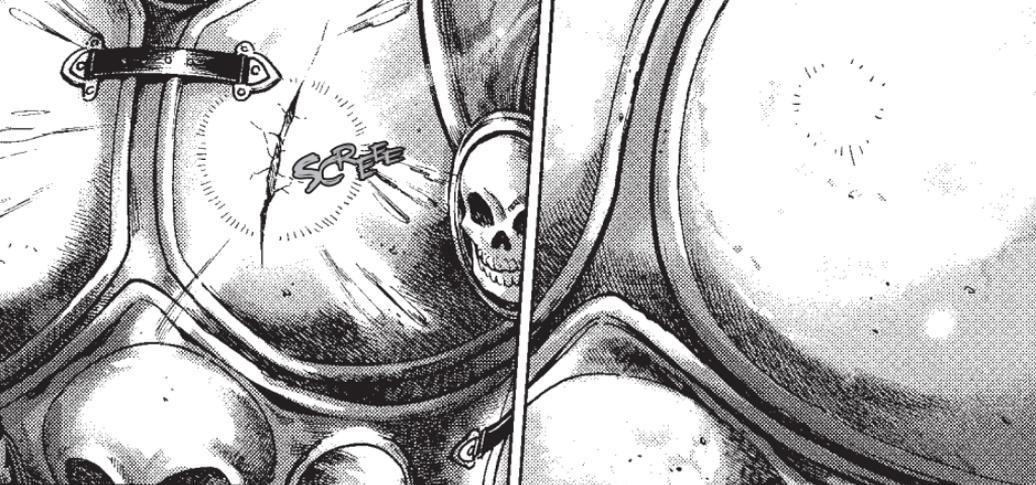
...where he once more raised his ax to the icy lord...



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







YOU DARE STRIKE ME?

The bone fragment from Galahrend...

BUT TRAG WAS DISTRACTED FROM THE LICH KING'S IRE AS SOMETHING JABBED AGAINST HIS SIDE...



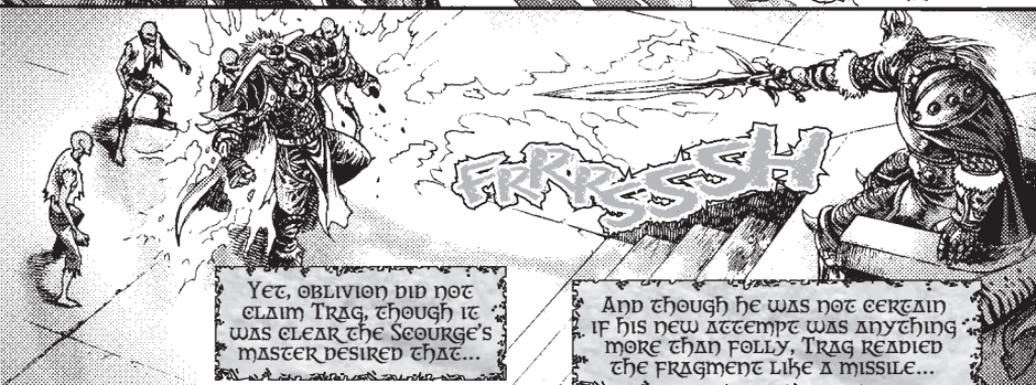
The tauren clutched it, not certain if the fragment offered him any hope, but unwilling to forego the slight chance that it might...

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

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

AAAARGH!!!

THWOOOON

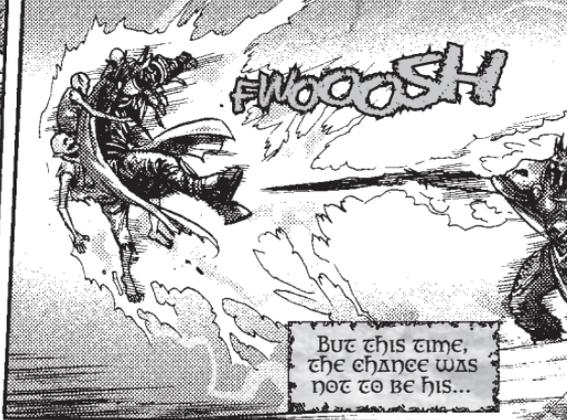


Yet, oblivion did not claim Trag, though it was clear the Scourge's master desired that...

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



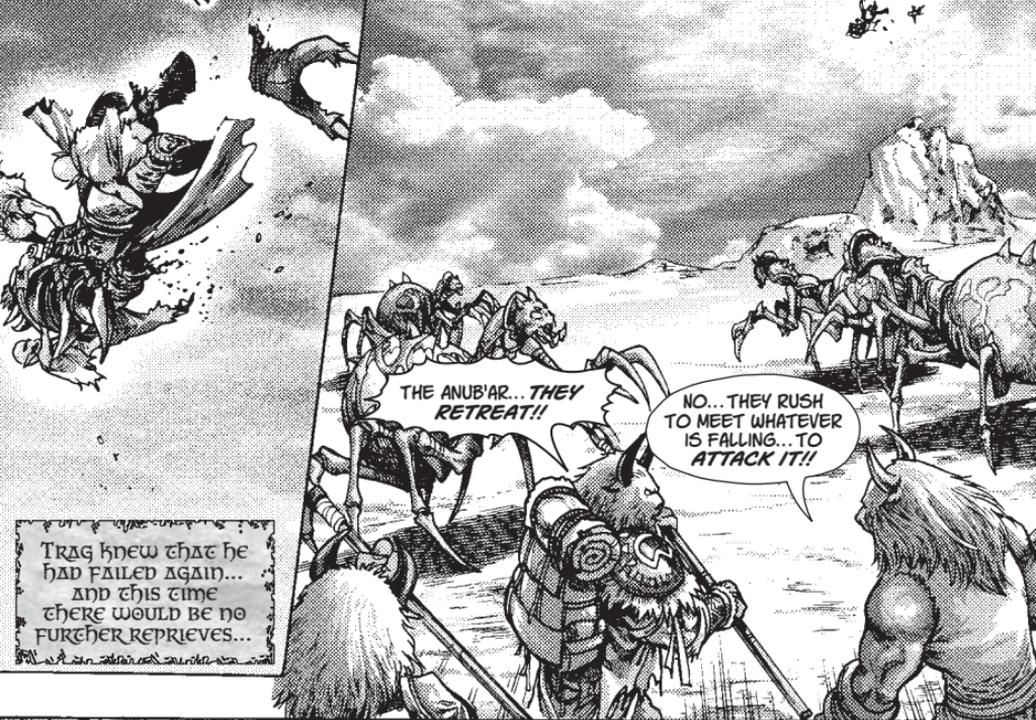
...DRAWING UPON ALL  
HIS STRENGTH SO THAT  
HE MIGHT PIERCE WHAT  
THE AX COULD NOT.



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



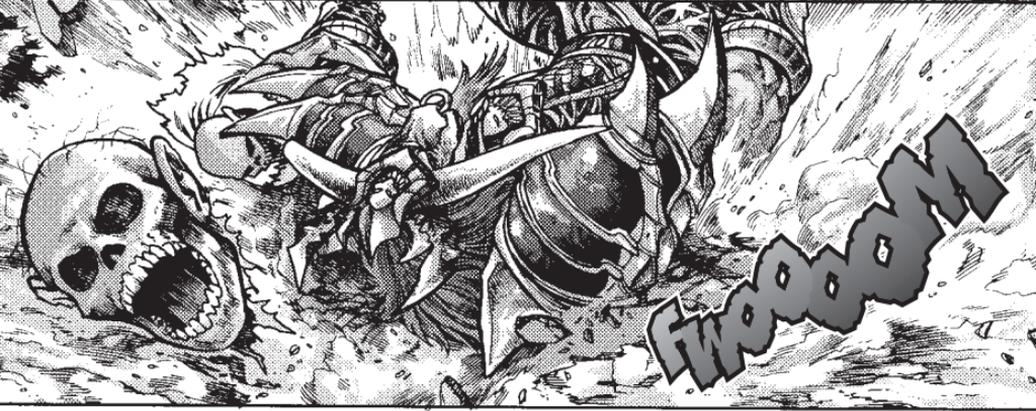
WHAT IS  
THAT?!



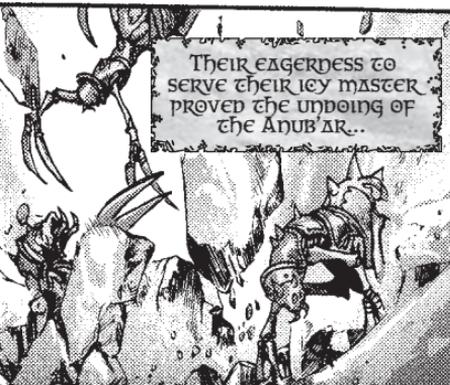
THE ANUB'AR... THEY  
RETREAT!!

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

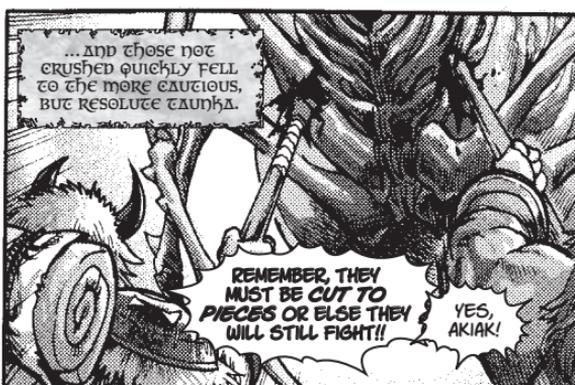
TRAG KNEW THAT HE  
HAD FAILED AGAIN...  
AND THIS TIME  
THERE WOULD BE NO  
FURTHER REPRIEVES...



FWOON



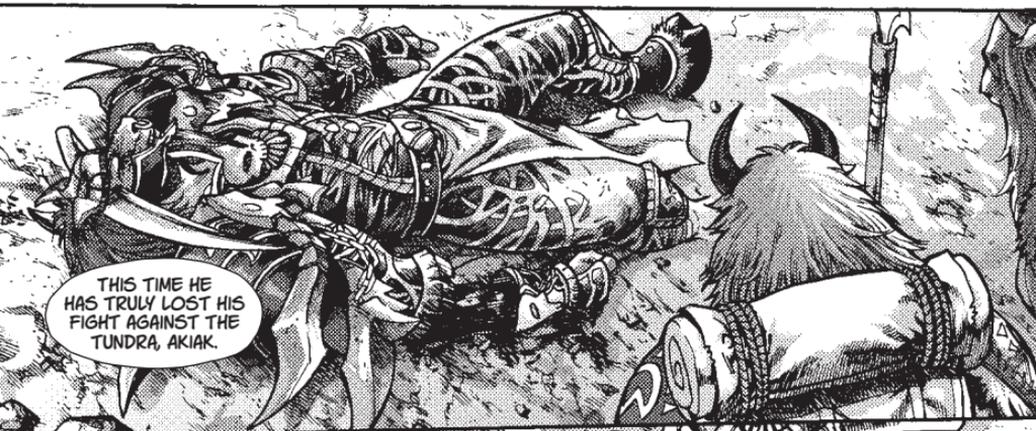
THEIR EAGERNESS TO  
SERVE THEIR LAY MASTER  
PROVED THE UNWING OF  
THE ANUB'AR...



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

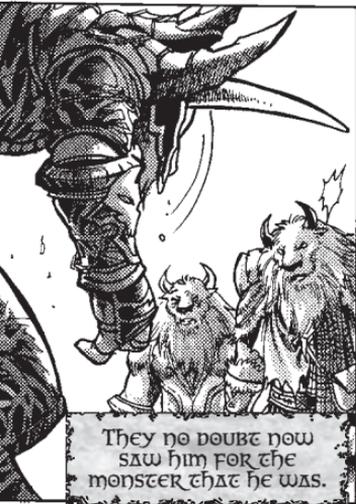
REMEMBER, THEY  
MUST BE CUT TO  
PIECES OR ELSE THEY  
WILL STILL FIGHT!!

YES,  
AKIAK!





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



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



BUT THEN...

LEAN ON ME IF  
YOU NEED TO...



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



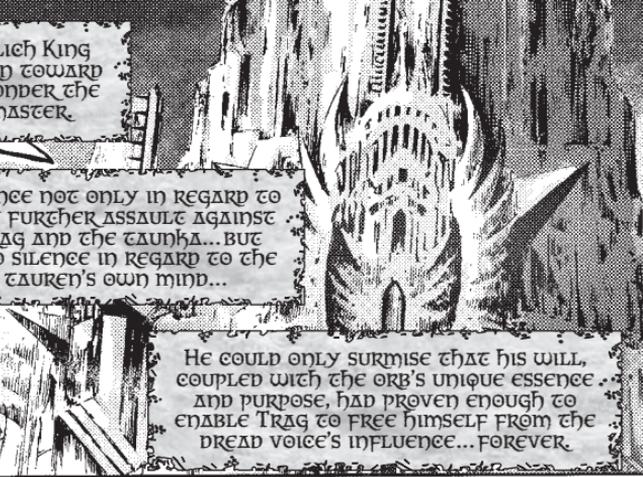
THE ESSENCE OF THE ORB  
HAD RECONSTRUCTED HIM...A  
RECONSTRUCTION THAT MADE  
THE TAUREN REALIZE THAT HE  
WAS MORE THAN EVEN THE  
LICH KING HAD ASSUMED.

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



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

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



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



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



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

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

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



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

HE SPEAKS TRUTH.



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



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

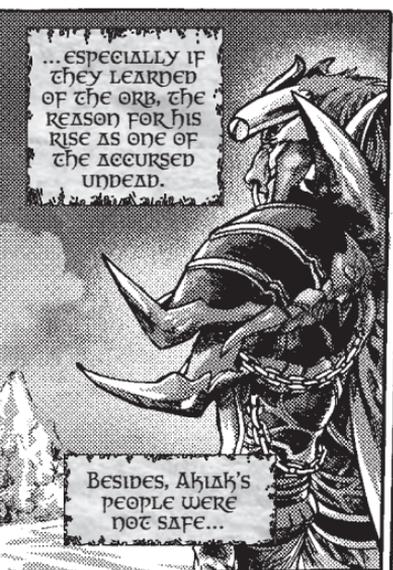


THANK YOU... FRIENDS.



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

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



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

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

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

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



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

END

# WARCRAFT

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### BLOODSAIL BUCCANEER

WRITTEN BY DAN JOLLEY

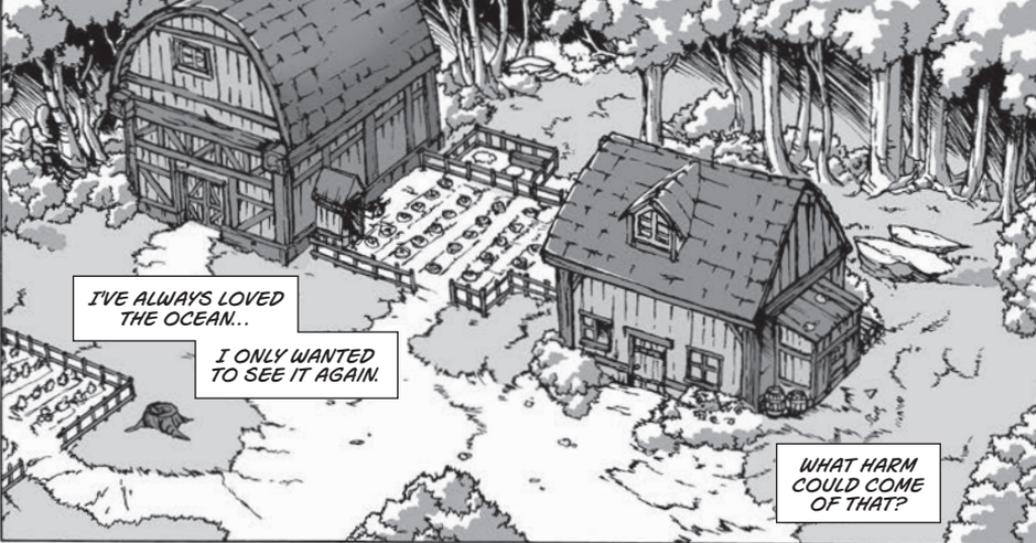
PENCILS BY FERNANDO HEINZ FURUKAWA

INKS BY GABRIEL LUQUE

TONES BY ARIEL IACCI, GONZALO DUARTE  
& WALLY GOMEZ

LETTERER: MICHAEL PAOLLILI





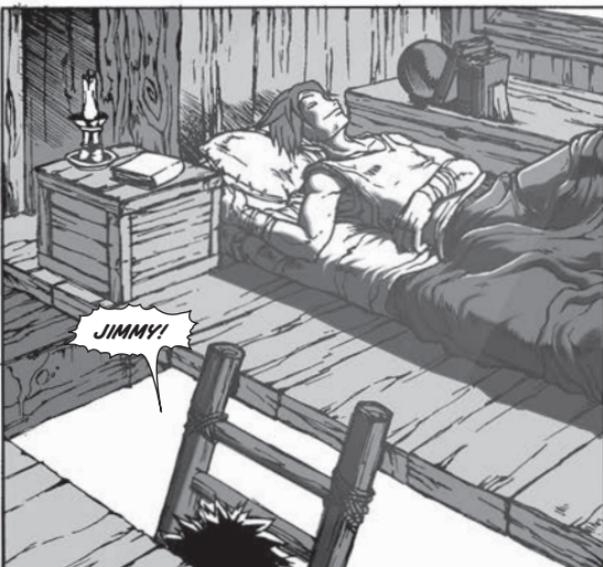
I'VE ALWAYS LOVED  
THE OCEAN...

I ONLY WANTED  
TO SEE IT AGAIN.

WHAT HARM  
COULD COME  
OF THAT?



JIMMY...!



JIMMY!!



JIMMY  
BLACKRIDGE!!

GET YOUR  
NARROW  
BACKSIDE OUT  
OF BED RIGHT  
NOW!

AAAH!!



I-I'M UP...!  
I'M UP!!

WHAT TIME IS  
IT, I'M UP, I'LL BE  
RIGHT DOWN!!

JIMMY.

I DIDN'T MEANT TO  
OVERSLEEP I'LL BE IN  
THE GARDEN IN TWO  
MINUTES I--

SON! CALM  
DOWN!



I'M GIVING  
YOU THE DAY  
OFF.



THE... DAY  
OFF...?

SPEND  
TIME WITH YOUR  
FRIENDS.

GO INTO  
STORMWIND.

GET OFF  
THE FARM FOR  
A WHILE.



ALL RIGHT!  
YES!!

THANK  
YOU, SIR!



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

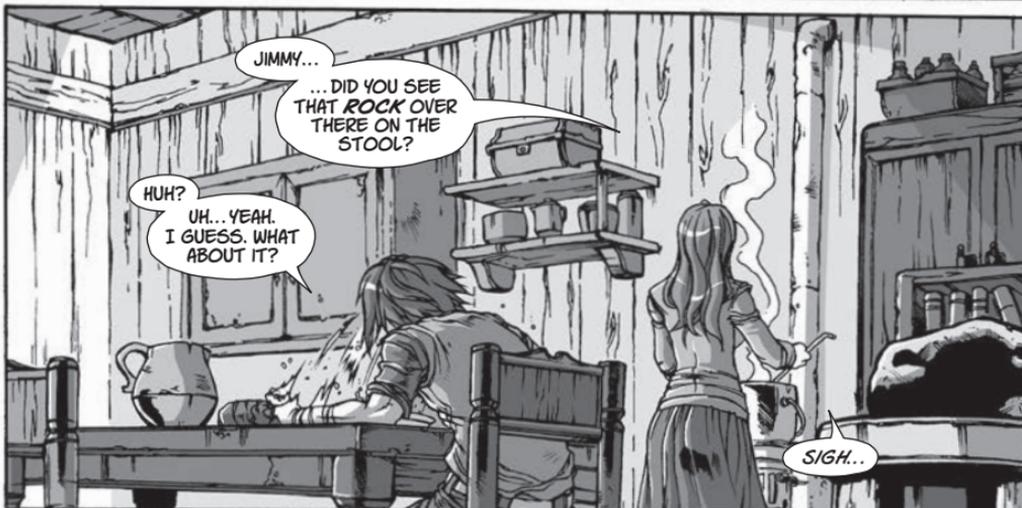
GOOD  
MORNING,  
JIMMY.

MORNING!



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

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



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

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

SIGH...



MOM? YOU  
ALL RIGHT?

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

UH, WELL...  
NO.

IT CAME FROM THE GARDEN.

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

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

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

OH.

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

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

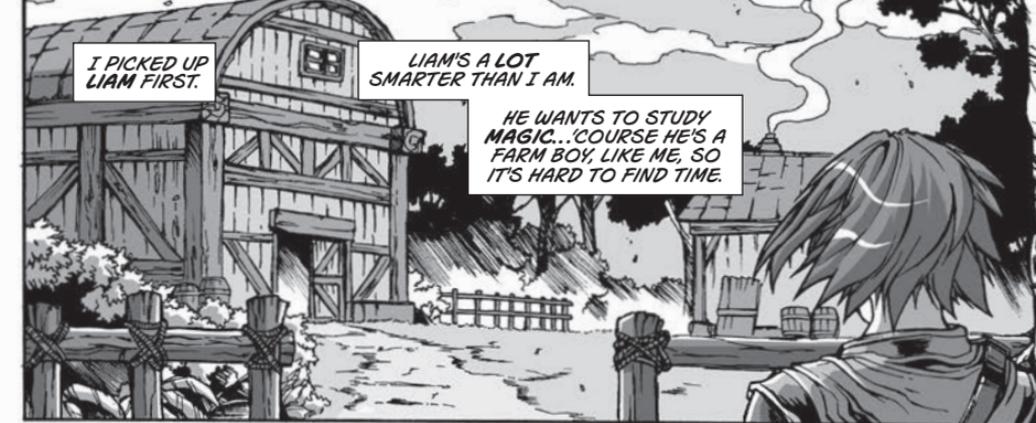
YOU'VE GOT A PROBLEM WITH RESPONSIBILITY, JIMMY. I WANT YOU TO WORK ON IT. I WANT YOU TO SWEAR TO ME YOU WILL.

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

*I SWEAR.*

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

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



I PICKED UP  
LIAM FIRST.

LIAM'S A LOT  
SMARTER THAN I AM.

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



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

LIAM?



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

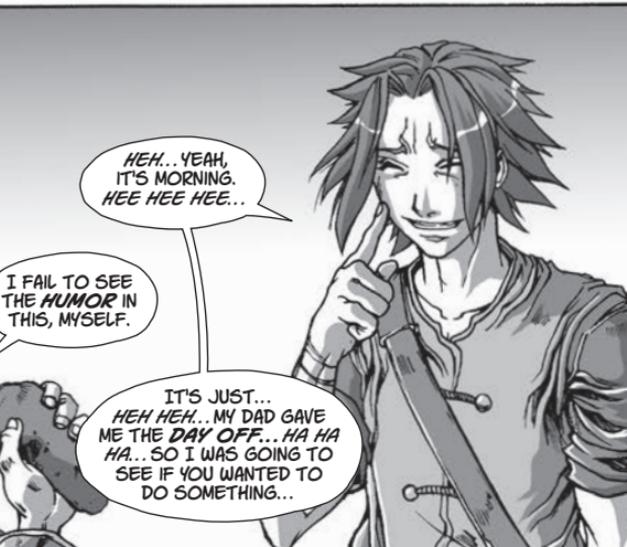
JIMMY. HEY,  
FUNNY STORY.

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

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



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



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

I FAIL TO SEE  
THE HUMOR IN  
THIS, MYSELF.

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

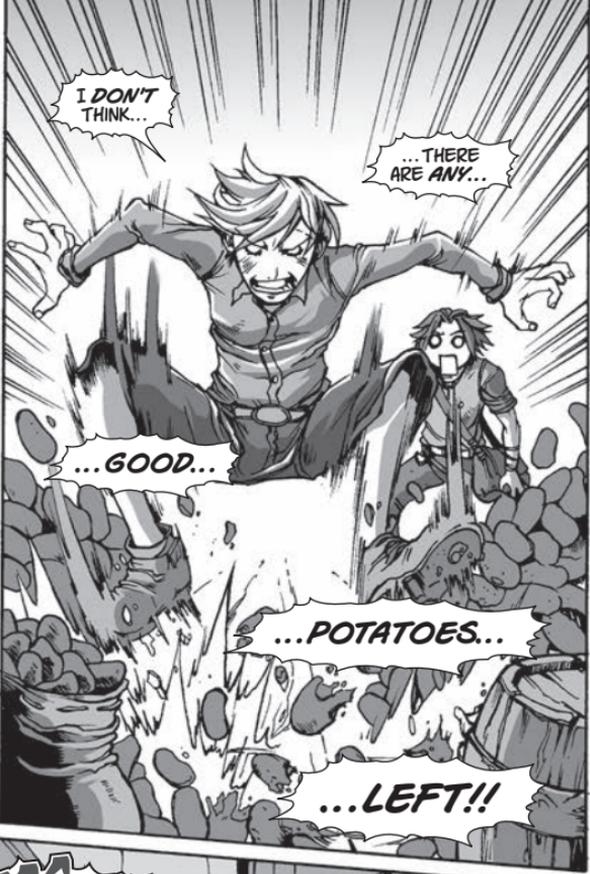


YOU GET THE DAY OFF?  
SERIOUSLY?  
...HUH.

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

HEE HEE HEE... OH YEAH? HOW?

WELL...



I DON'T THINK...

...THERE ARE ANY...

...GOOD...

...POTATOES...

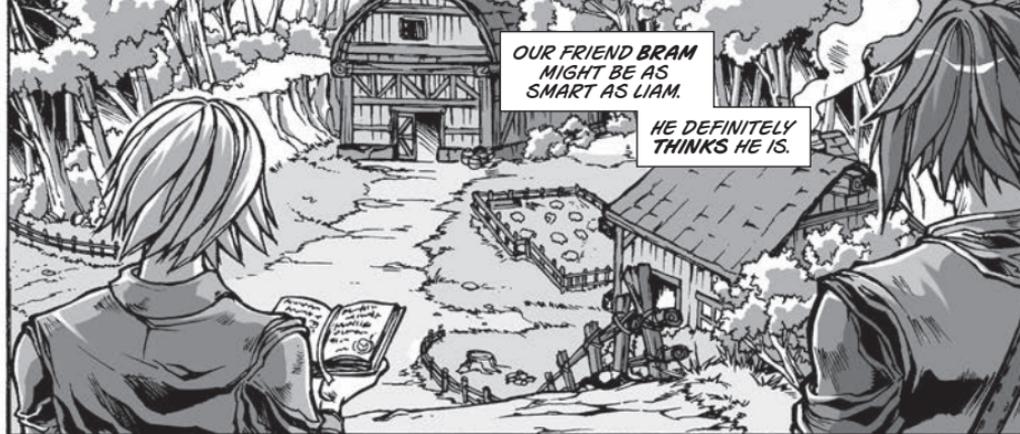
...LEFT!!



HAA AHA HA HA  
HA HA HA HA

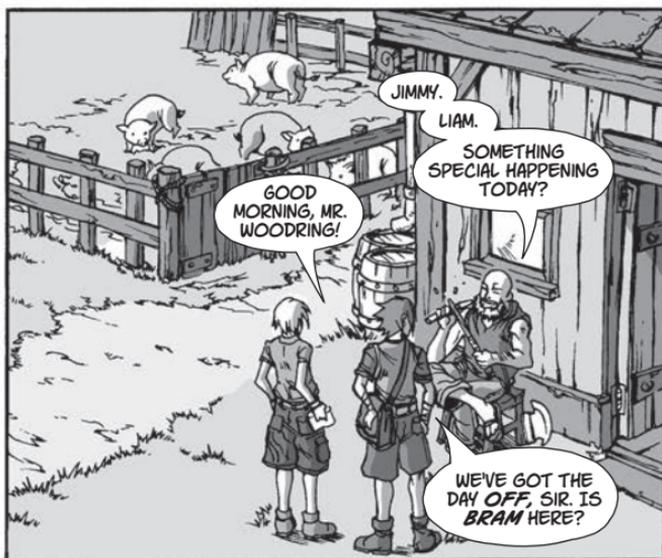
JUST LET ME GET CLEANED UP.

BE WITH YOU IN A MINUTE.



OUR FRIEND BRAM  
MIGHT BE AS  
SMART AS LIAM.

HE DEFINITELY  
THINKS HE IS.



JIMMY.

LIAM.

SOMETHING  
SPECIAL HAPPENING  
TODAY?

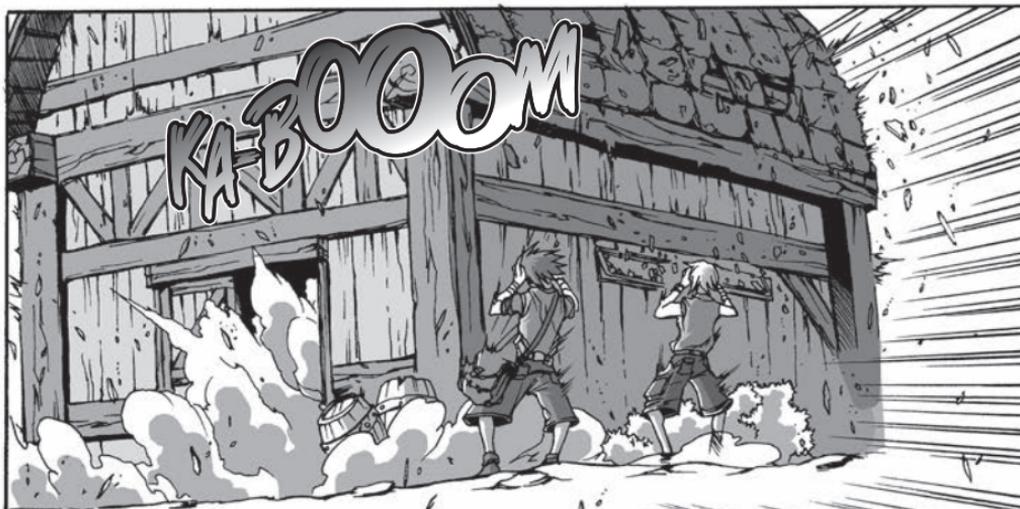
GOOD  
MORNING, MR.  
WOODRING!

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

HE'S IN THE  
BARN.

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

BEFORE HE  
BURNS THE PLACE  
DOWN.



KA-BOOM



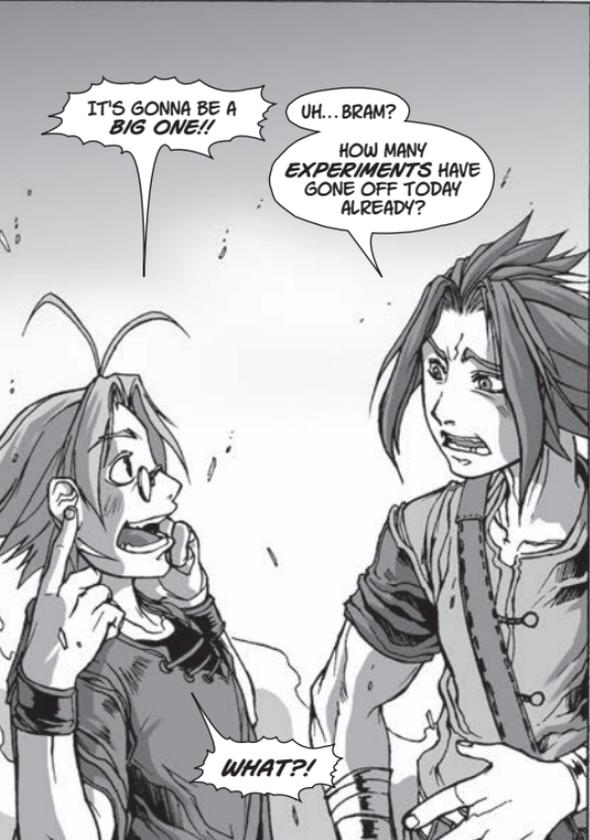
BRAM...? YOU ALL RIGHT?

STILL IN ONE PIECE...?



MORNING, FELLAS!!

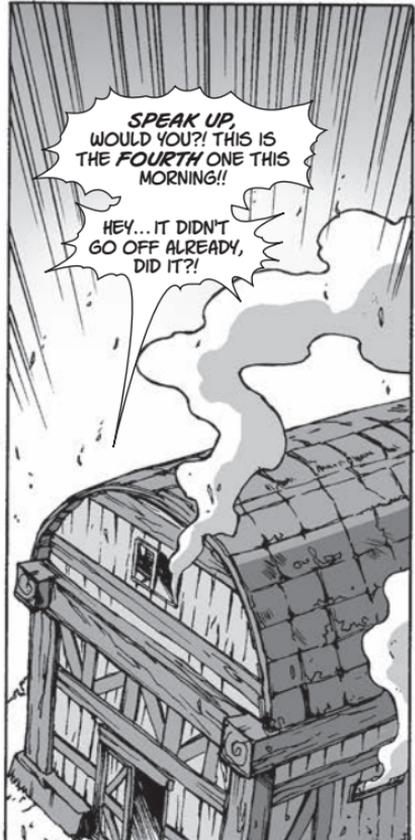
YOU'D BETTER STAY BACK--MY LATEST EXPERIMENT IS ABOUT TO GO OFF!!



IT'S GONNA BE A BIG ONE!!

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

WHAT?!



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

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

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

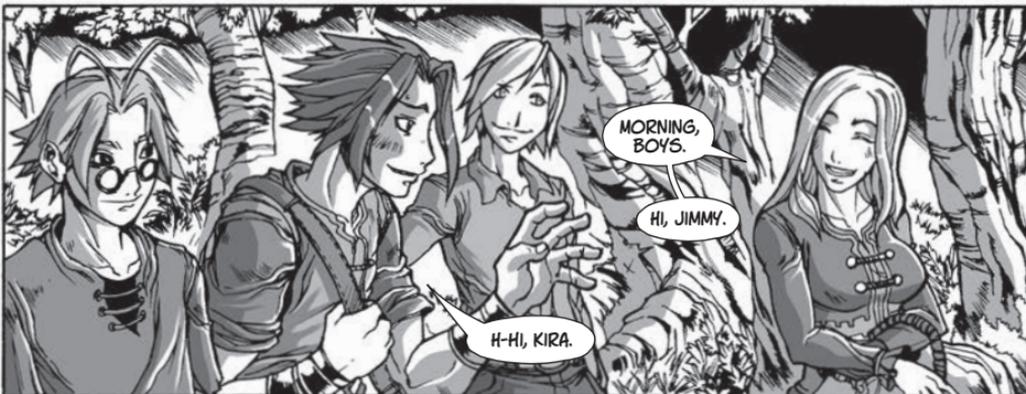
SO WE'RE GOING INTO STORMWIND?

THAT'S THE PLAN?

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



OH... HEY, IT'S KIRA!



MORNING, BOYS.

HI, JIMMY.

H-HI, KIRA.

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

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

YOU CAN BOTH SHUT UP ANYTIME NOW...

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

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

HEY...  
HEY, LISTEN...!

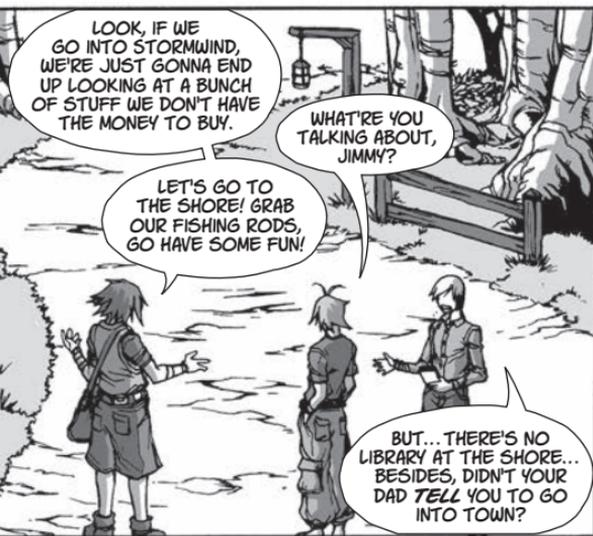


LOOK, IF WE  
GO INTO STORMWIND,  
WE'RE JUST GONNA END  
UP LOOKING AT A BUNCH  
OF STUFF WE DON'T HAVE  
THE MONEY TO BUY.

WHAT'RE YOU  
TALKING ABOUT,  
JIMMY?

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

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



ALL RIGHT!  
COUNT ME IN!

WHY NOT?

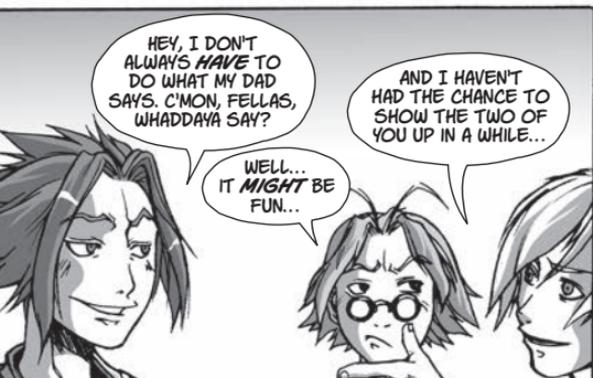
YES!  
LET'S GO!



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

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

WELL...  
IT MIGHT BE  
FUN...



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

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

... BUT THAT'S NOTHING UNUSUAL.

WHAT IS UNUSUAL IS HOW LITTLE THE FISH ARE BITING.

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

WANT TO TRY A DIFFERENT SPOT?

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

**THE LIGHTHOUSE!!**

LATER...



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

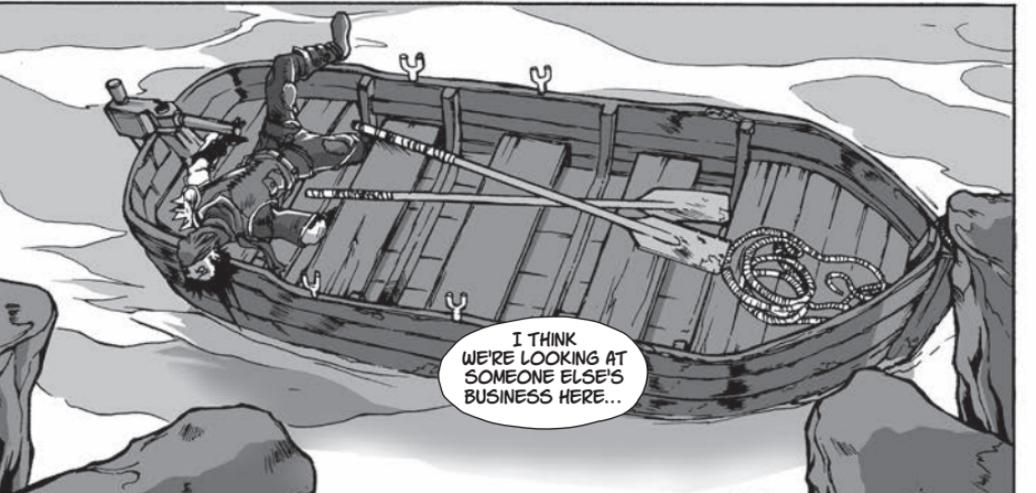


NAH, I'VE HEARD THERE'S *NEVER* ANYBODY HERE.

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

...SPOT...

UH... FELLAS?



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



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

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

GOOD IDEA...

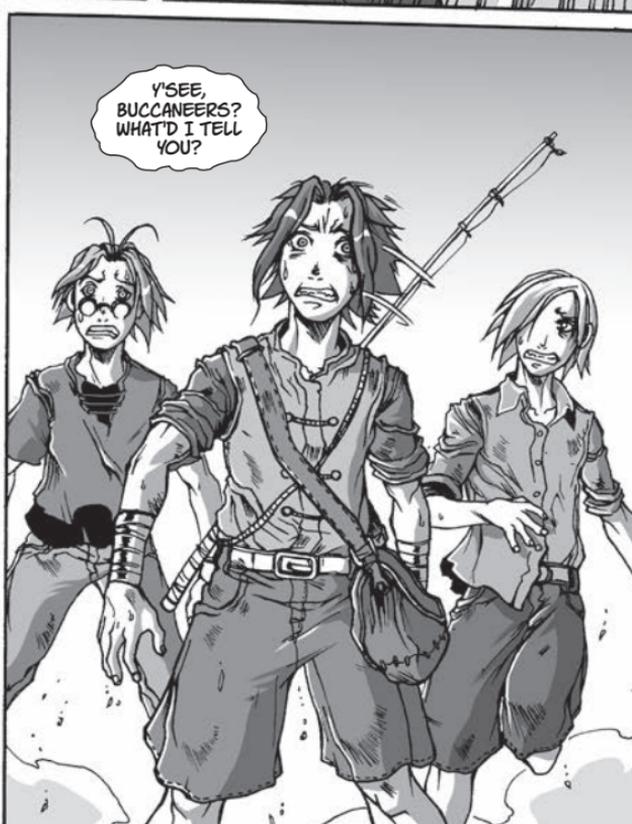
LET'S GET OUT  
OF HERE!



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



SHUNK



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

THE FATES  
HAVE SMILED  
UPON US.

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

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



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

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

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

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

VANCLEEF WILL...  
KILL YOU ALL...

FOUR  
WON'T FIT IN  
THE BOAT.

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

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

AYE,  
CAP'N.

NO...NO,  
DON'T

WHAT'S YOUR  
NAME, PUP?

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

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

ALL OF  
YOU... GET IN  
THE BOAT.



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



YOU THREE  
CAN CALL IT  
**HOME**.



HA HA HA  
HA!!

NOT  
SCARED  
ARE YOU?

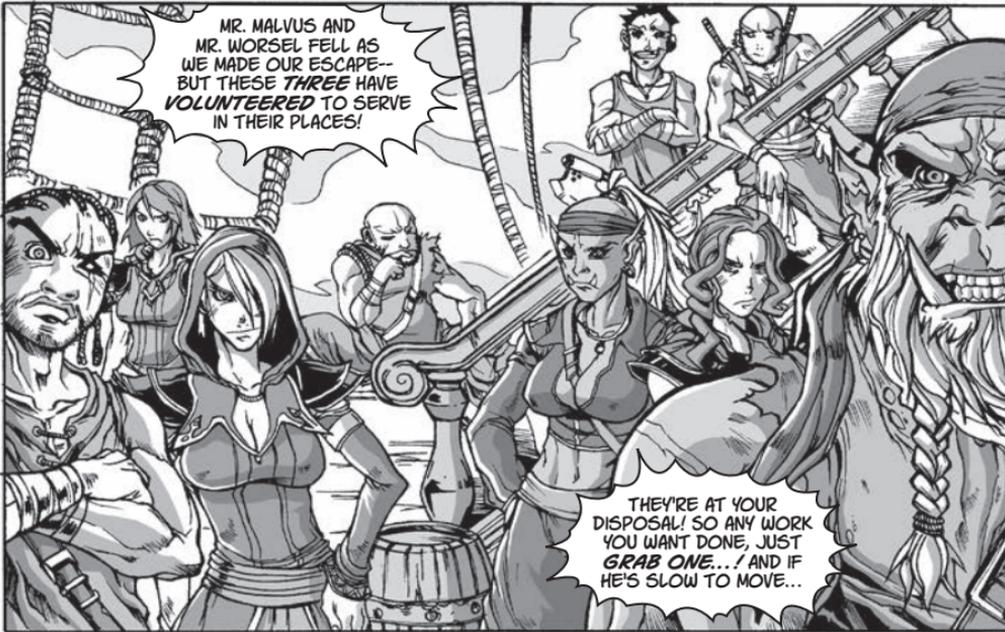
UP YOU GO, PUPS!  
AND GET A MOVE ON,  
OR YOU'LL FEEL MY  
**BLADE!**

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



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

NOW WE SIMPLY WAIT FOR THE RIGHT TIME TO STRIKE!



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

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

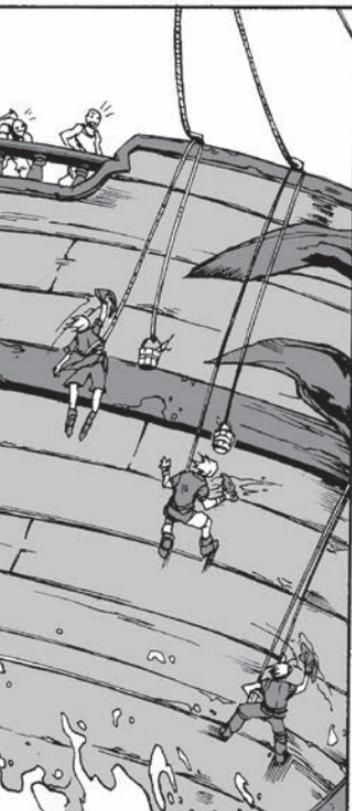


... YOU'VE GOT MY LEAVE TO GUT 'EM.

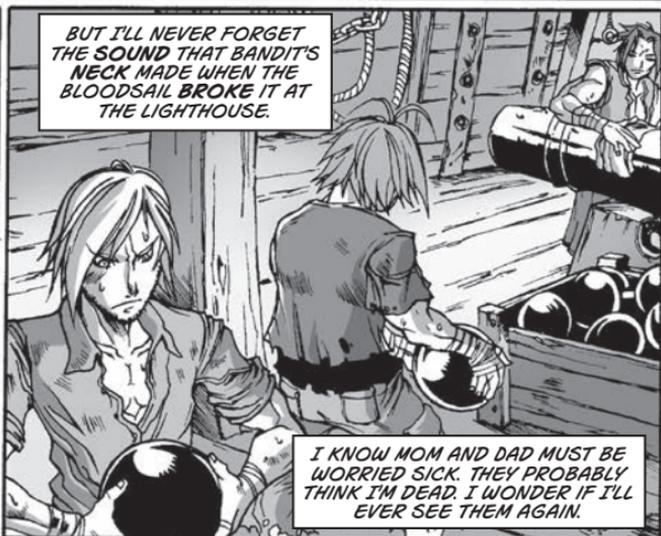


I CAN'T BELIEVE I  
THOUGHT CHORES BACK  
HOME WERE HARD.

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

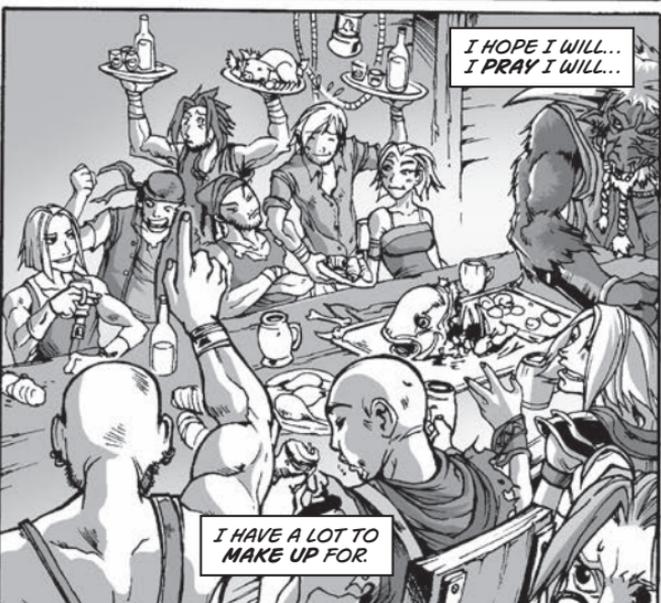


BUT I'LL NEVER FORGET  
THE SOUND THAT BANDIT'S  
NECK MADE WHEN THE  
BLOODSAIL BROKE IT AT  
THE LIGHTHOUSE.



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

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



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

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

I HAVE A LOT TO  
MAKE UP FOR.

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

URNS OUT IT'S  
WORSE THAN THAT.



OFF THE  
STARBOARD  
BOW!!

ALL HANDS  
ON DECK!!



OVER THERE,  
CAPTAIN!

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



YOU HEARD  
THE CAPTAIN!

HERE!



WH-WHAT DO  
WE DO WITH  
THESE?

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

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



IT'S A SIMPLE CHOICE, PUPS.

FIGHT...OR WE'LL KILL YOU.



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

THEY'RE LIKE ANTS SWARMING OVER A DEAD RABBIT.

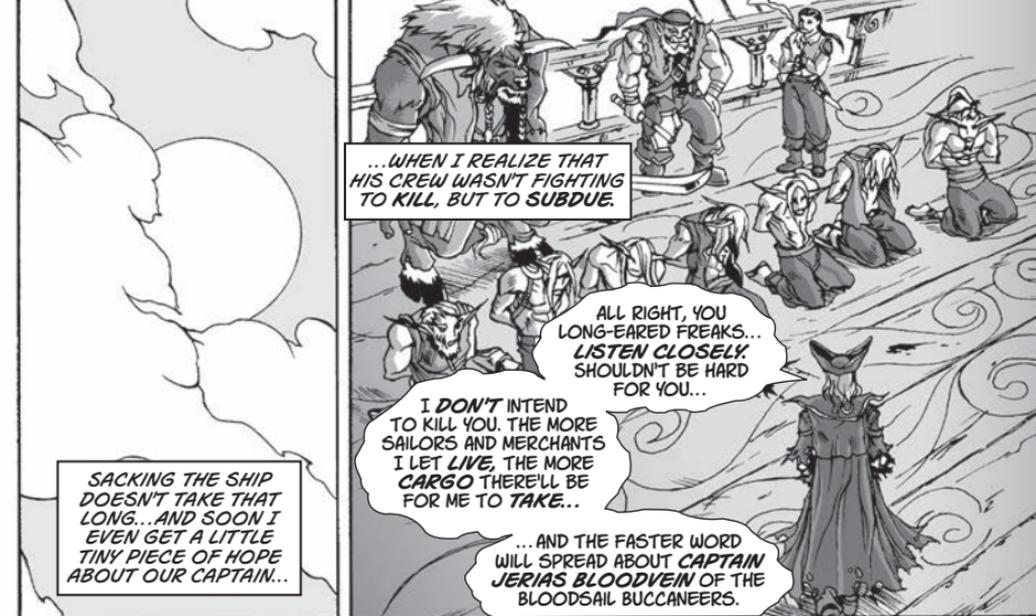


MY FRIENDS AND I DON'T WANT TO DIE...

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

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





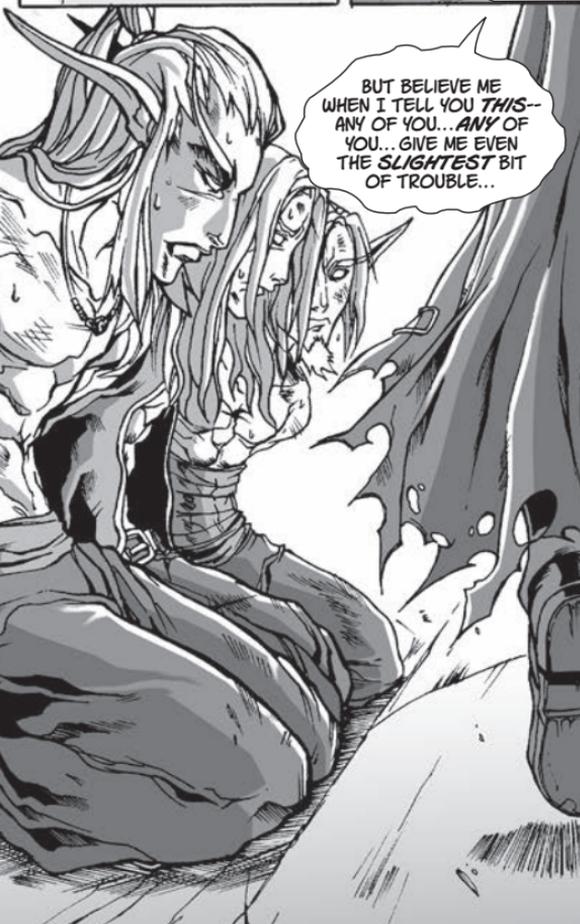
...WHEN I REALIZE THAT HIS CREW WASN'T FIGHTING TO KILL, BUT TO SUBDUED.

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

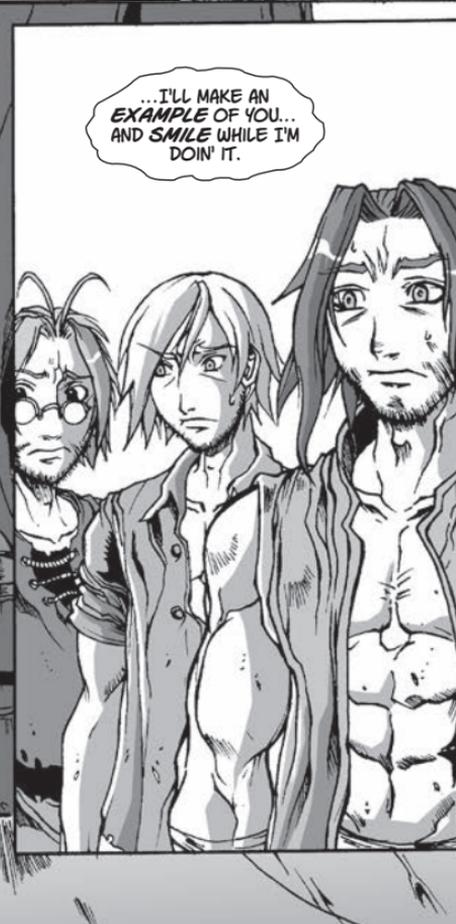
I DON'T INTEND TO KILL YOU. THE MORE SAILORS AND MERCHANTS I LET LIVE, THE MORE CARGO THERE'LL BE FOR ME TO TAKE...

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

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



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



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





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



...OR GO  
OVERBOARD.



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

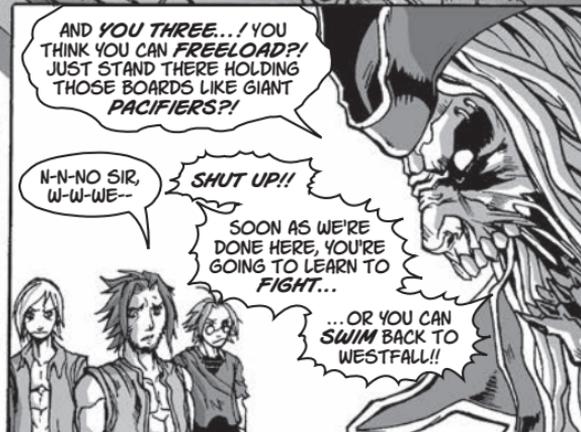


WE'D GO WITH THE  
PIRATES, BUT NOT  
ACTUALLY HIT ANYONE.

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



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



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



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

**SHUT UP!!**

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

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



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



KEEP YOUR FEET UNDER YOU. KEEP YOUR BALANCE.

I AM, I AM...!

YOU THINK SO? COME AT ME.

COME ON... CUT ME!



HUNH!

PITIFUL.

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

SO PAY ATTENTION!



FWAP



Y-YESSIR! YESSIR!



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

FIGHT! FIGHT!!

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



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

AND NOW I'M A PART OF HIS DEATH.

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

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

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



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

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

*AWDASH*

WHAH!

THERE--  
GOOD.

BUT  
NOT GOOD  
ENOUGH.

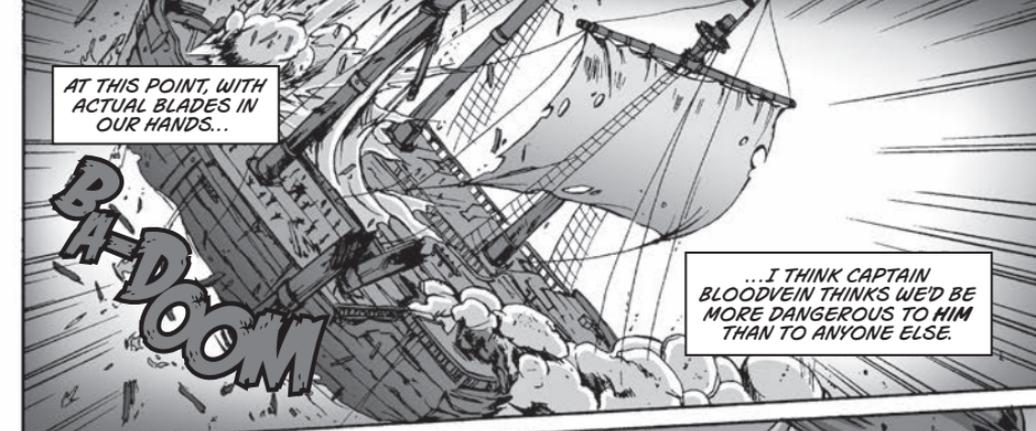
*KLAW*

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

DO YOU  
UNDERSTAND?

URK!

I-I THINK  
SO...



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

**BA-DOOM**

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



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



**KRACK**



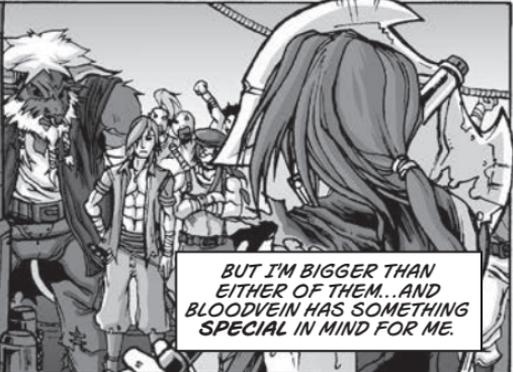
THE PROBLEM  
IS...THE THING I'M  
SCARED OF MOST...

**HRGH...!!**

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



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



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



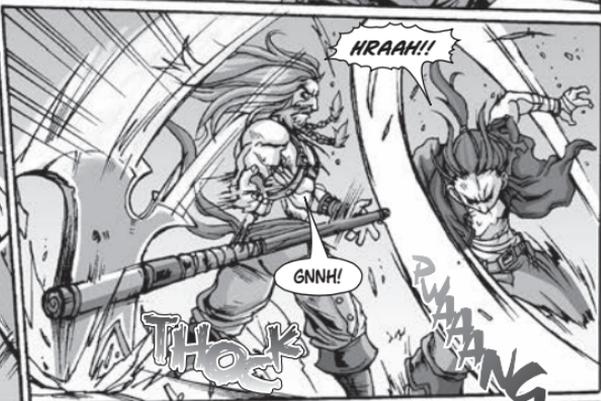
HNH!!

KTAANG



SQUEEE

HURK...

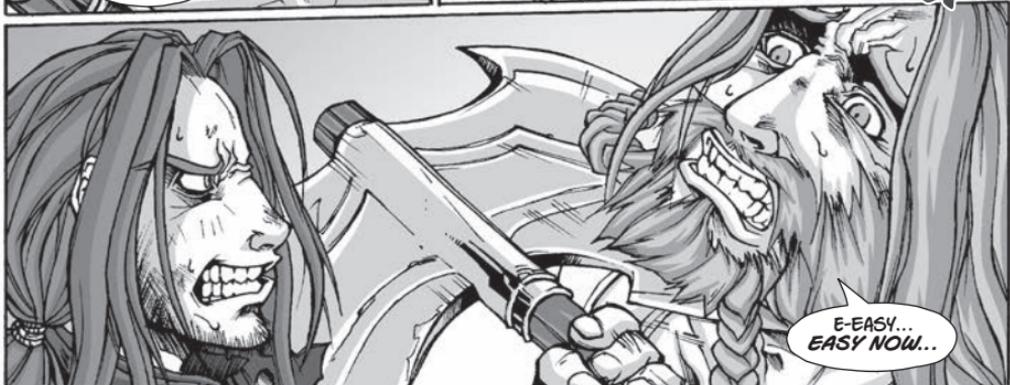


KRAAH!!

GNNH!

THOCK

RAAANG



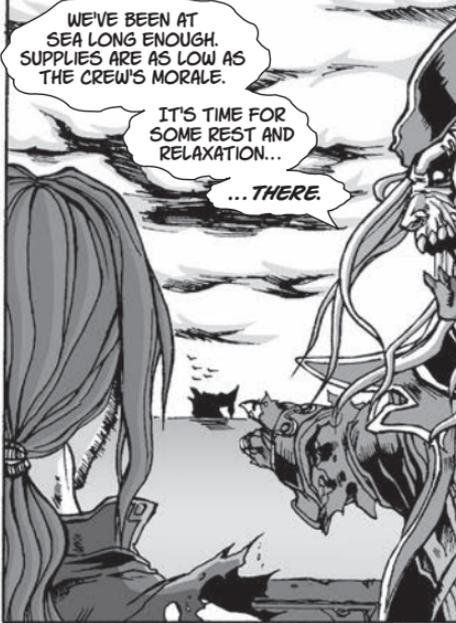
E-EASY... EASY NOW...



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

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

UH... EXCUSE  
ME, SIR?



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

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

... THERE.



PLUNDER  
ISLE, HOME  
OF BLOODSAIL  
HOLD.

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

... ASSUMING  
YOU LIVE THAT  
LONG.



MOVE IT!!  
DOUBLE-TIME,  
BUCCANEERS!!



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



YOU,  
LIAM, IS IT?

Y-YES  
SIR...?

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

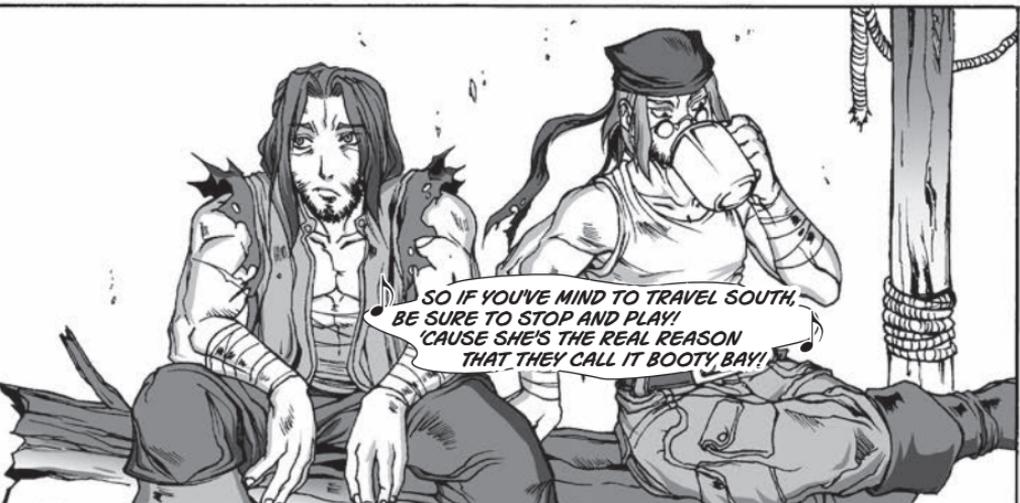
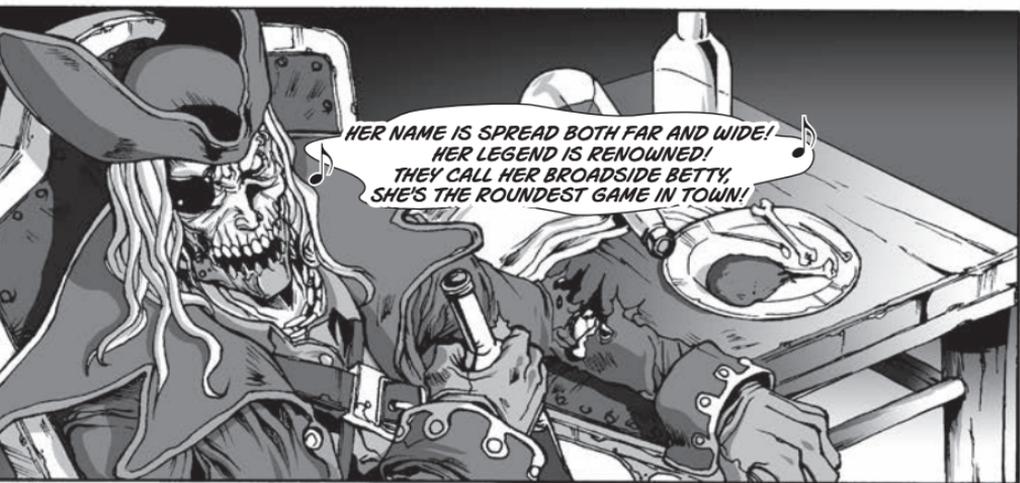
STRING ME UP FROM THE MANSAIL... LET BUZZARDS HAVE ME...

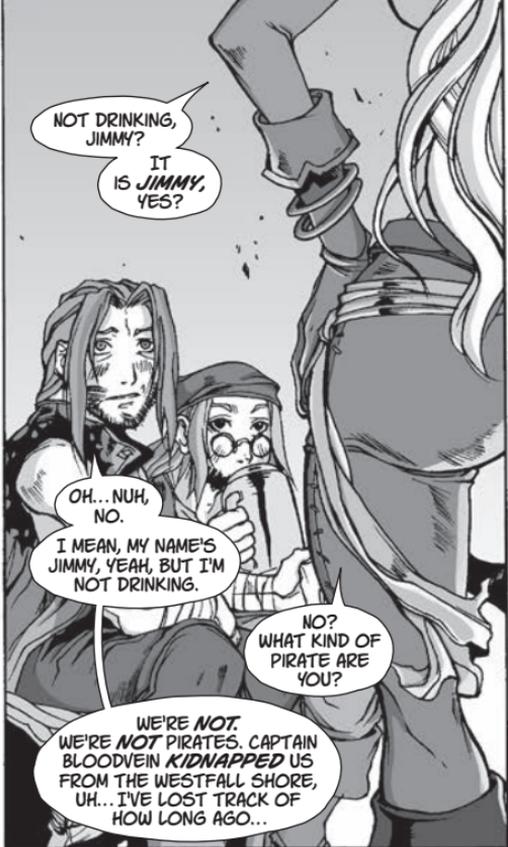
I'M NOT A BANKER! I WANT TO STUDY MAGIC, NOT MATH!

WHAT IF I MISCOUNT?!  
WHAT IF I--

WHAT IF I...

OH.





NOT DRINKING,  
JIMMY?  
IT  
IS JIMMY,  
YES?

OH... NUH,  
NO.

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

NO?  
WHAT KIND OF  
PIRATE ARE  
YOU?

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



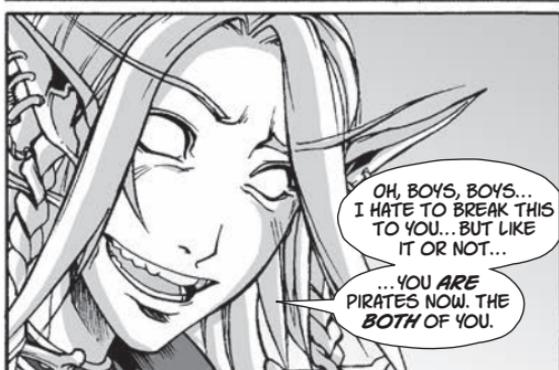
AH, I  
SEE...

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

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



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



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

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



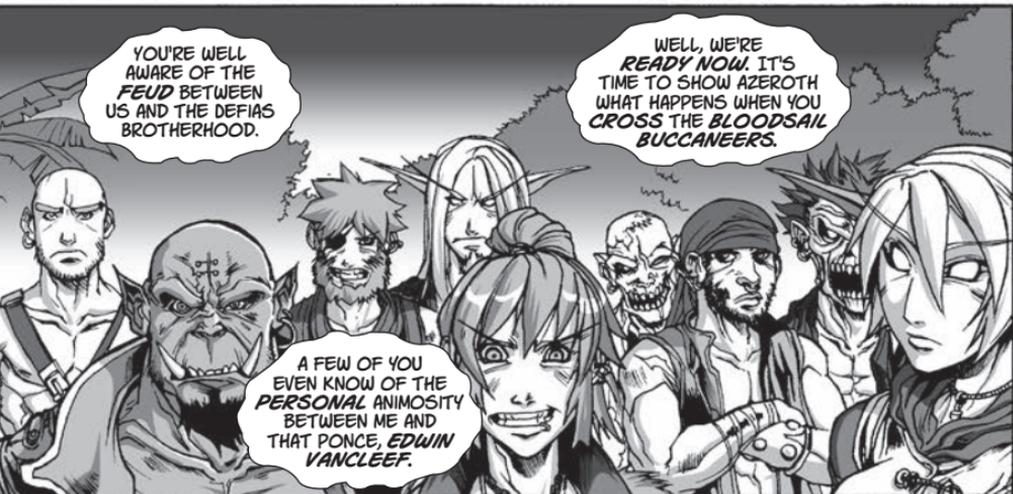
**BUCCANEERS!!**

**LISTEN TO  
ME!!**



YOU'VE ALL  
SERVED ME  
WELL...

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



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

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

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



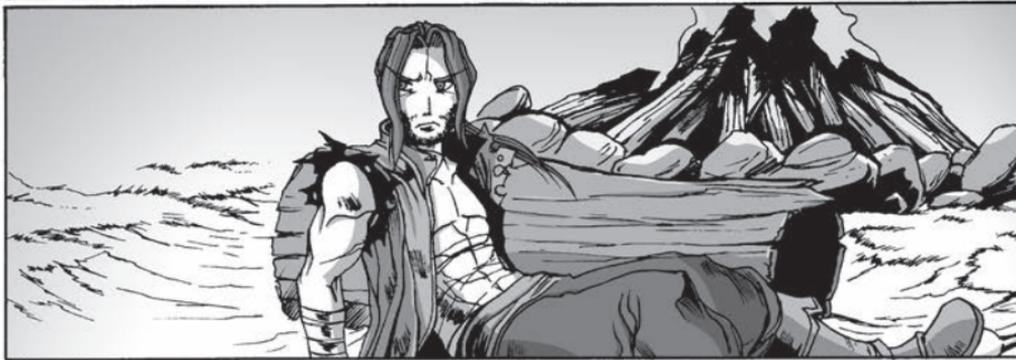
WE'RE GOING TO  
WESTFALL.

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



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

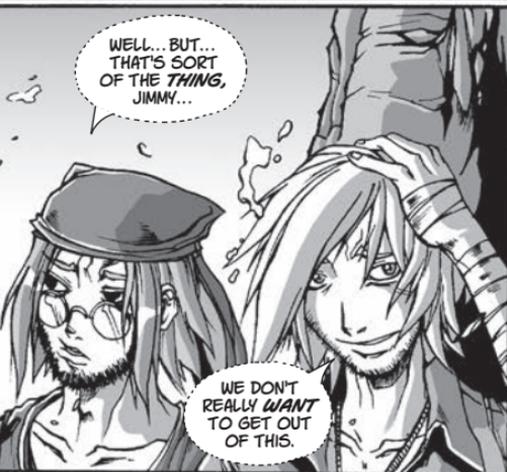
A FEW HOURS LATER...





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

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

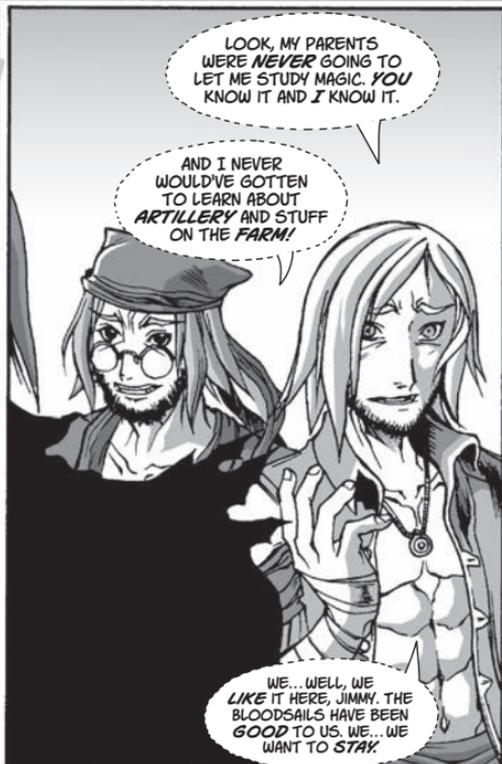


WELL... BUT... THAT'S SORT OF THE *THING*, JIMMY...

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



WHAT?!



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

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

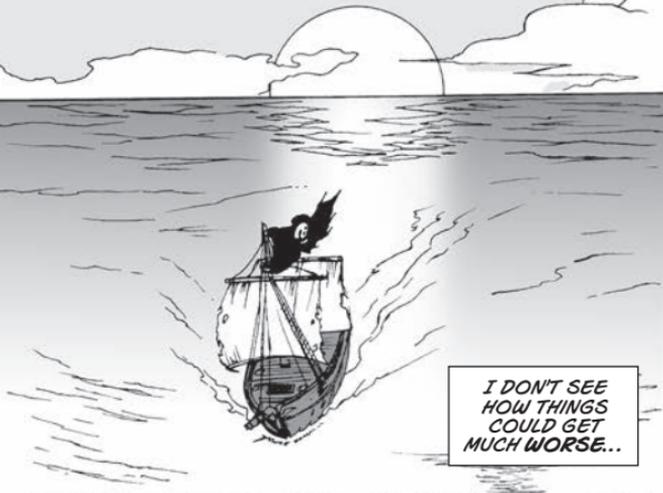
WE... WELL, WE LIKE IT HERE, JIMMY. THE BLOODSAILS HAVE BEEN GOOD TO US. WE... WE WANT TO STAY!



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

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

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



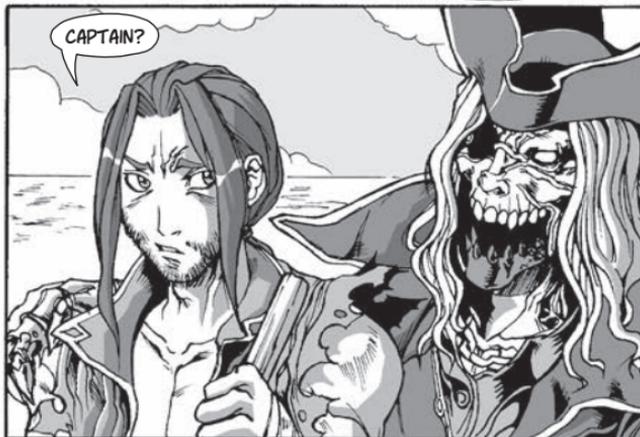
I DON'T SEE HOW THINGS COULD GET MUCH WORSE...

...BUT THEN CAPTAIN BLOODVEIN SHOWS ME.



JIMMY, MY BOY...

LET ME BEND YOUR EAR A MOMENT.



CAPTAIN?

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

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



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

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

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

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



THE DEFIAS...HAVE  
MY PARENTS?

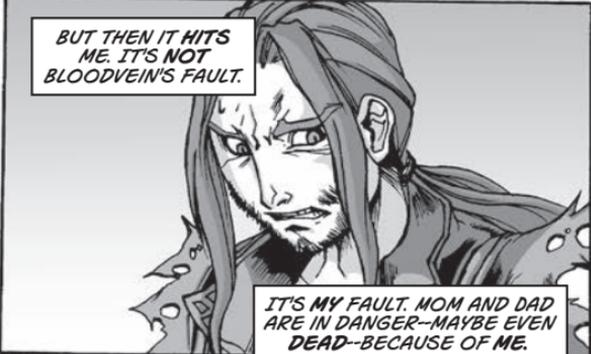


FOR A SECOND ALL  
I CAN FEEL IS HATE.

THIS IS  
BLOODVEIN'S  
FAULT.



MY PARENTS  
ARE IN DANGER  
BECAUSE OF HIM.



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

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



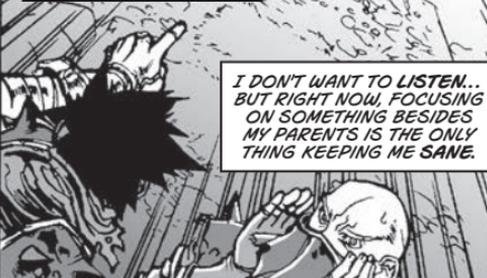
READY OR NOT,  
VANCLEEF...



... HERE WE  
COME.



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



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



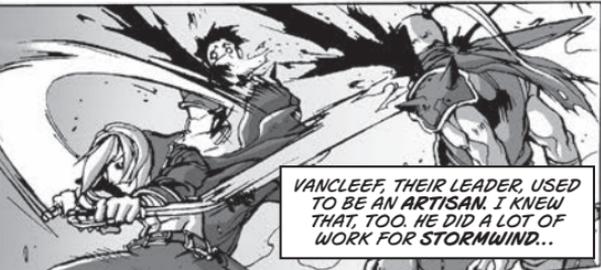
YAAAAAAAAAAH!!



RAAAAAAAAAAH!!



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



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



...UNTIL THEY  
CHEATED HIM.



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



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



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



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



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



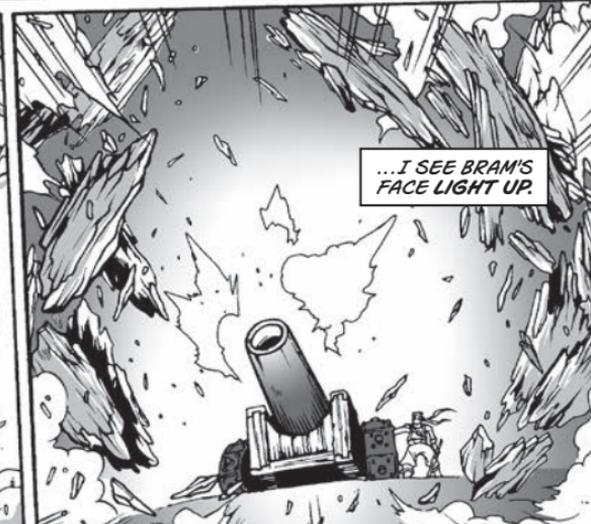
...OR THAT ALL THE  
TRAINING THE BLOODSAILS  
FORCED US THROUGH IS  
PAYING OFF SO WELL.



LIAM AND BRAM AND  
I ARE ACTUALLY  
HOLDING OUR OWN.



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

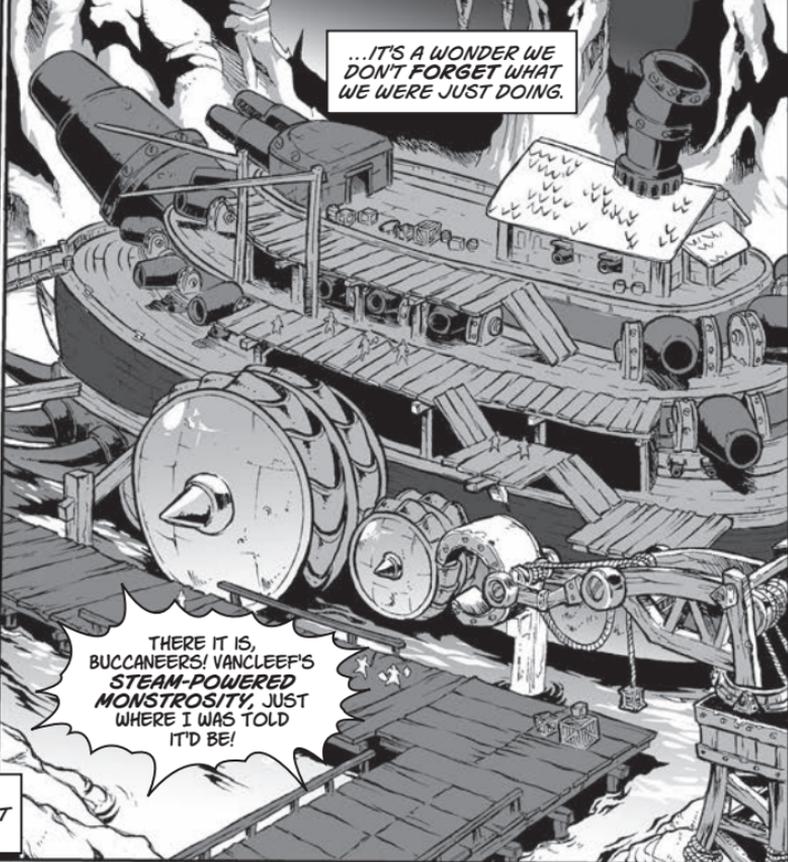


...I SEE BRAM'S  
FACE LIGHT UP.



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

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



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

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

OF COURSE, CONSIDERING WHAT WE SEE NEXT...



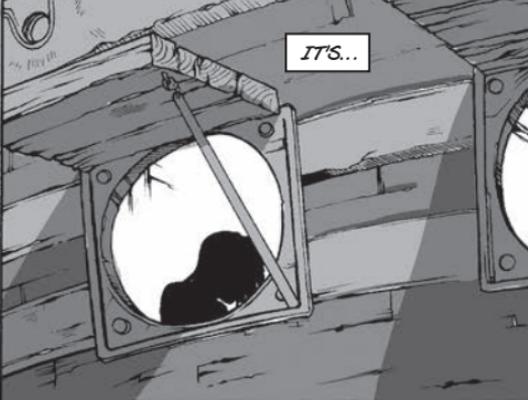
WAIT A SECOND... IS THAT...?

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

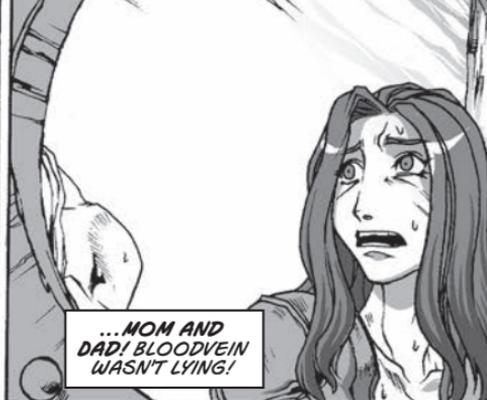
LET'S SHOW HIM DIFFERENT!



IT CAN'T BE!



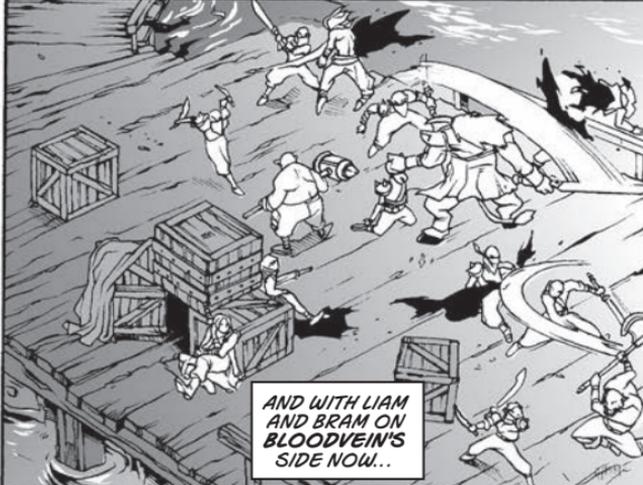
IT'S...



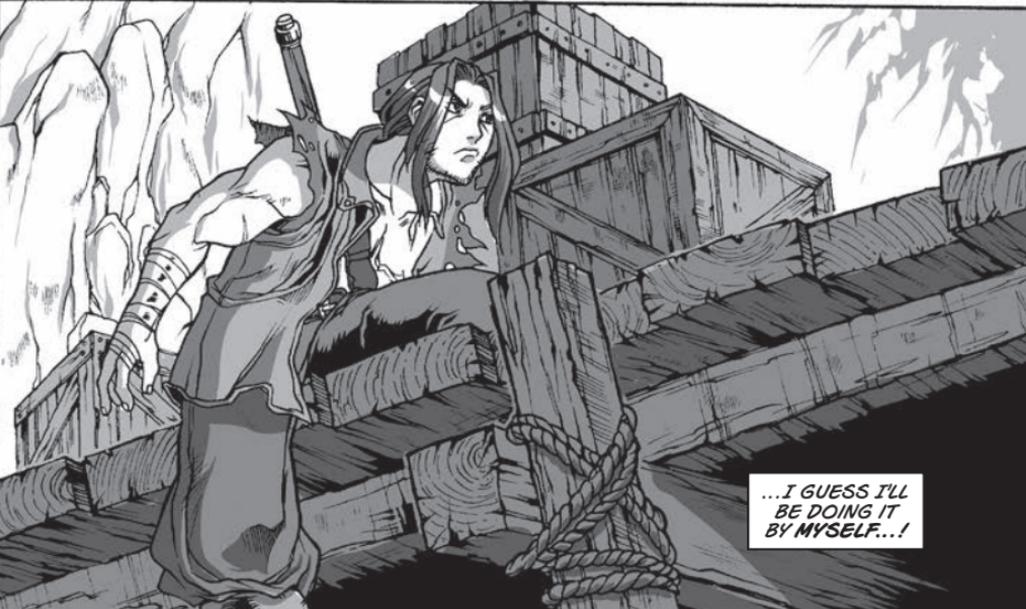
...MOM AND  
DAD! BLOODVEIN  
WASN'T LYING!



GOTTA GET  
THEM OUT  
OF HERE!!



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



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





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



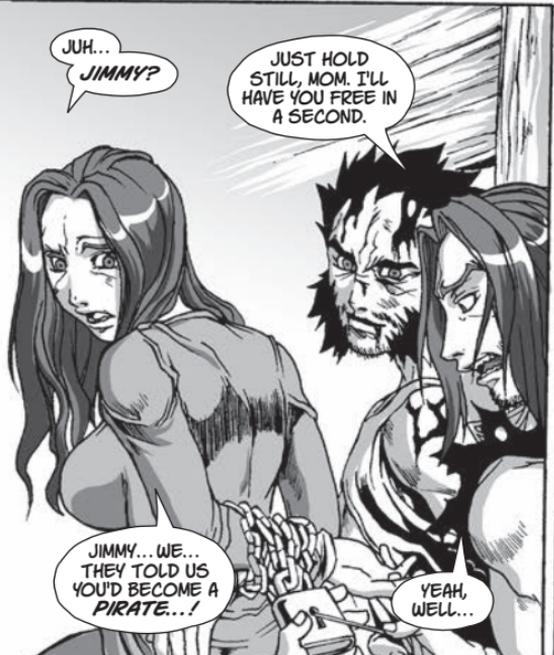


WH-WHO IS THAT?! WHO'S OUT TH-THERE?

WHAT DO YOU WANT?!



MOM.  
DAD.



JUH...  
JIMMY?

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

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

YEAH, WELL...



...I ALMOST DID.



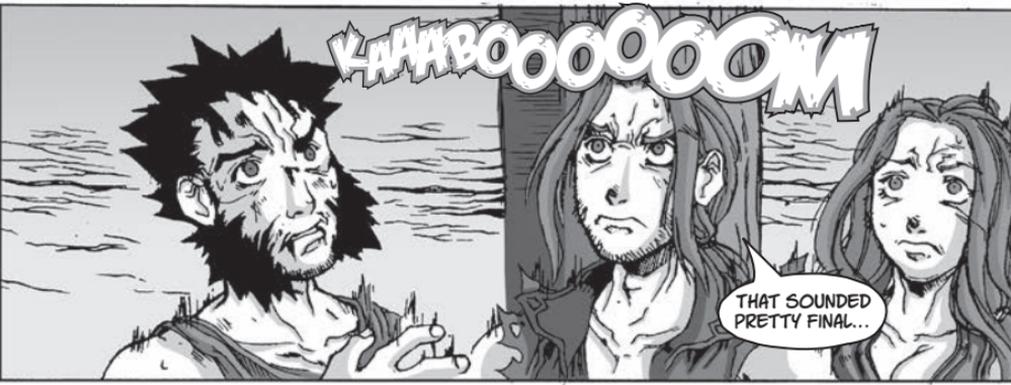
OH, MY BABY!  
MY BABY BOY!



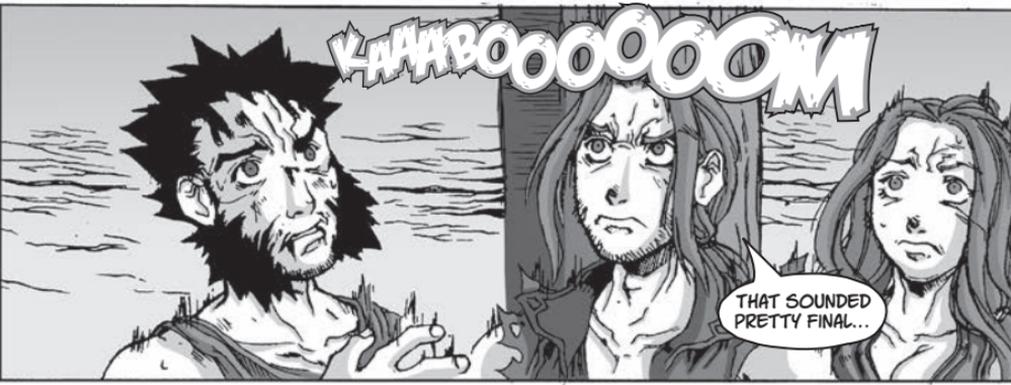
YOU, AH... YOU  
HANDLE THAT AXE  
WELL, SON.

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

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



KAAAABOOOOOM



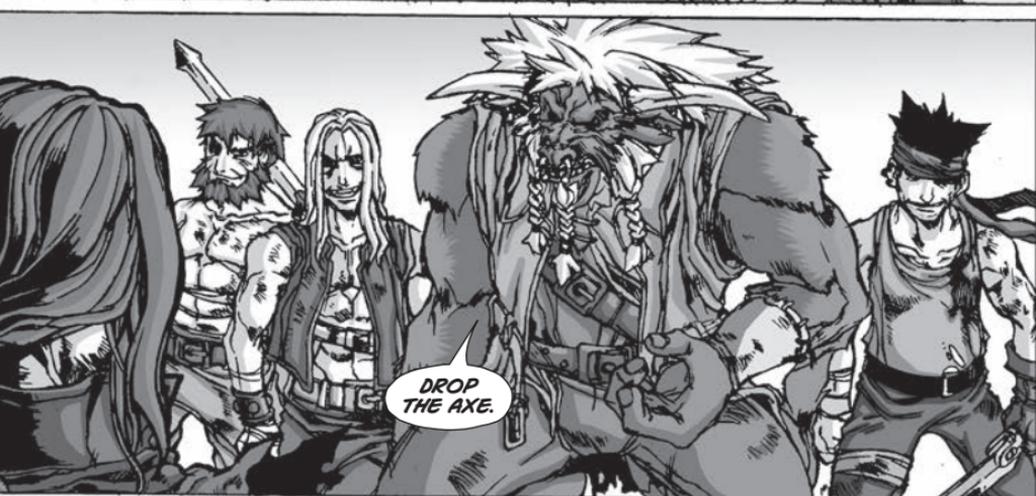
THAT SOUNDED  
PRETTY FINAL...



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



COME ON!!





I'M TAKING  
MY PARENTS  
HOME.



NOT  
WITHOUT MY  
LEAVE, YOU'RE  
NOT.



AND I'M GIVING  
NO LEAVE.



YOUR PARENTS  
MADE GOOD  
HOSTAGES FOR  
THE DEFIAS...

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



SO, MR. BLACKRIDGE...



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



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

WHAT'LL IT BE, PUP?



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

*TIME TO CLEAN IT UP.*



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

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

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



**PLEASE.**

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



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

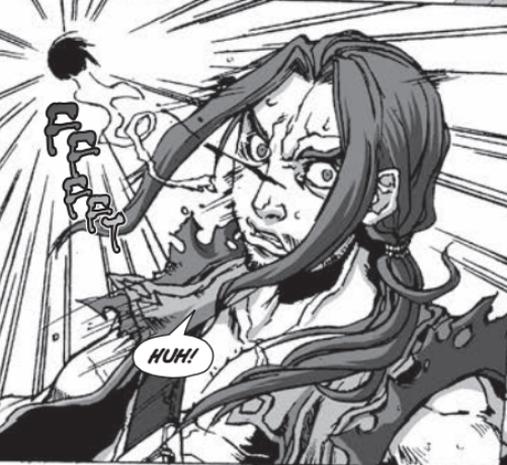


**NO.**

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



**BOOOM**



**FLAT**

**HUH!**



**GHLK!!**

**THINE**

**FFFT**



**NOW NOW NOW!**



**RAAAAAAH!!!**



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



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

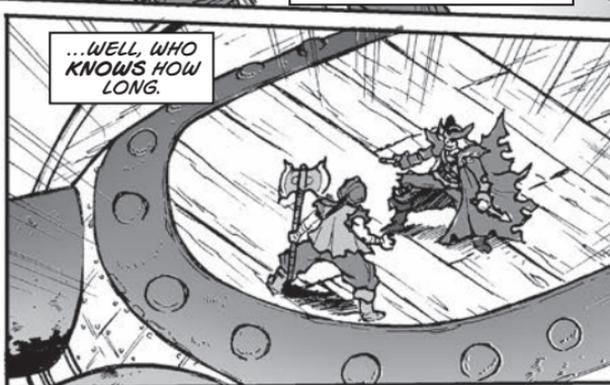
I CAN'T FEEL PAIN... THOUGH I CAN'T SAY THE SAME...



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



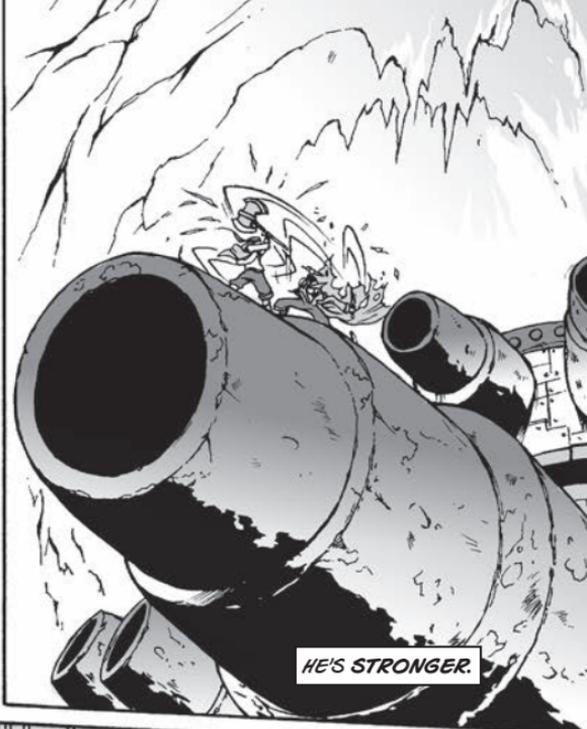
CAPTAIN BLOODVEIN, ON THE OTHER HAND, HAS BEEN A FIGHTER FOR...

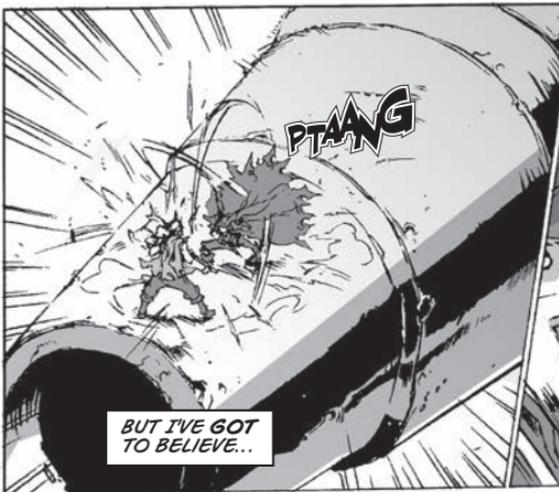


...WELL, WHO KNOWS HOW LONG.



MAYBE LONGER THAN I'VE BEEN ALIVE.





BUT I'VE GOT TO BELIEVE...



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



...WHAT TRULY MAKES THE DIFFERENCE...



...IS WHO WANTS IT MORE.



AND IF THAT'S TRUE...



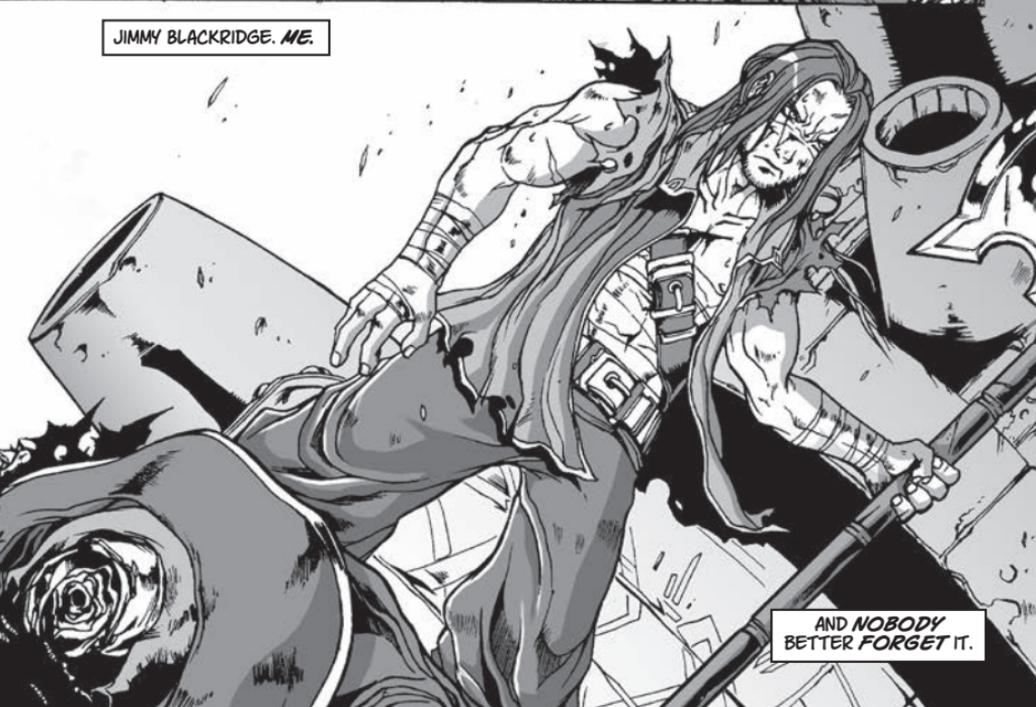
... THEN I KNOW  
THE ANSWER.

**FWACK**



JIMMY BLACKRIDGE. ME.

**CRASH**



AND NOBODY  
BETTER FORGET IT.



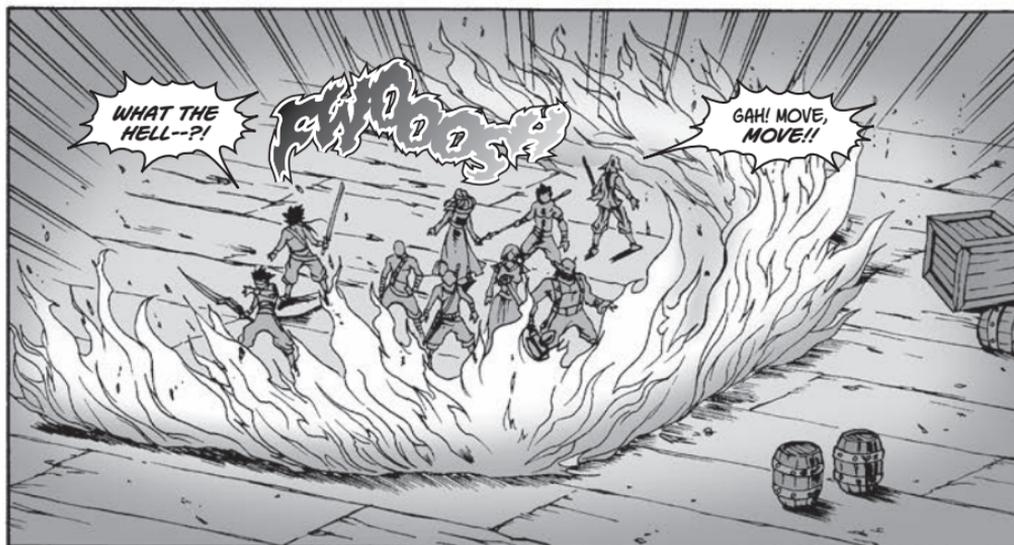
HE KILLED  
THE CAPTAIN!!

GET  
'EM!!

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

NOW!!

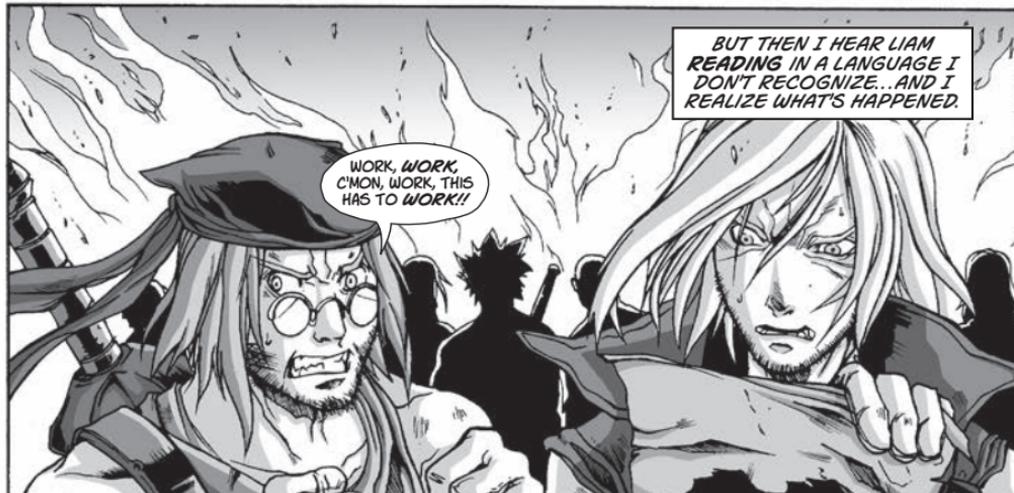
Fi  
SS  
SH



WHAT THE  
HELL--?!

Whoa?

GAH! MOVE,  
MOVE!!

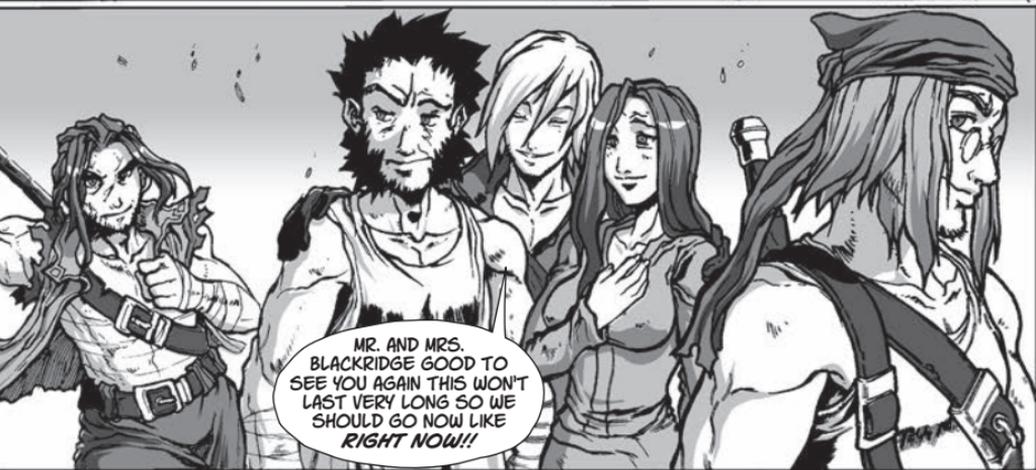


WORK, WORK,  
C'MON, WORK, THIS  
HAS TO WORK!!

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



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



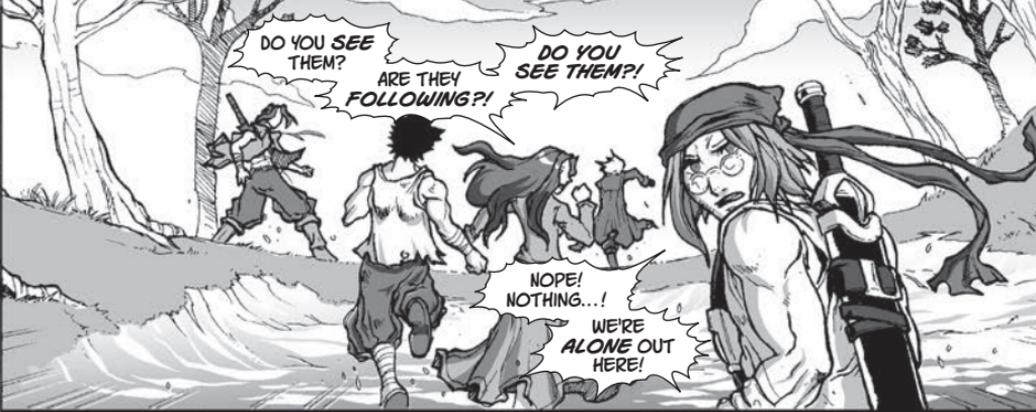
MR. AND MRS.  
BLACKRIDGE GOOD TO  
SEE YOU AGAIN THIS WON'T  
LAST VERY LONG SO WE  
SHOULD GO NOW LIKE  
RIGHT NOW!!



WHAT MADE YOU  
DECIDE TO LEAVE THE  
BLOODSAILS?

CALL IT AN  
IMPULSE CAREER  
CHANGE...!

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



DO YOU SEE THEM?

ARE THEY FOLLOWING?!

DO YOU SEE THEM?!

NOPE!  
NOTHING...!

WE'RE ALONE OUT HERE!



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

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

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

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



TAKE A LOOK...

I THINK WE'RE SAFE!



AND PLEASE... FROM NOW ON?

IT'S JAMES.



SO...  
THINGS ARE A LITTLE DIFFERENT AROUND HERE, AFTER ALL THAT.

WHAT, WITH LIAM APPRENTICED TO AN ARCHMAGE...

... AND BRAM STUDYING ENGINEERING UP IN IRONFORGE.



I'M THE ONLY ONE WHO HASN'T LEFT. TURNS OUT I LIKE RUNNING A FARM, ONCE I APPLY MYSELF. NEVER SAW THAT COMING.

AND SO HERE I AM. WITH YOU.



THAT'S QUITE A STORY, JAMES.

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

I'M ACTUALLY THINKING OF WRITING A BOOK.

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



YOU'LL HAVE TO WAIT AND SEE.

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

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



THE FARM WON'T RUN ITSELF.

END



# WARCRAFT

## LEGENDS™ VOLUME FOUR

### BLOOD RUNS THICKER

WRITTEN BY TIM BEEDLE

PENCILS & TONES BY RYO KAWAKAMI  
INKS BY FERNANDO MELEK

LETTERER: MICHAEL PAOLILLI





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

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



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

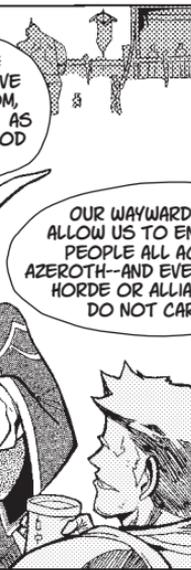


WE TRAVEL AROUND AZEROTH, NEVER STAYING LONG BEFORE MOVING ON TO THE NEXT SHOW.

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



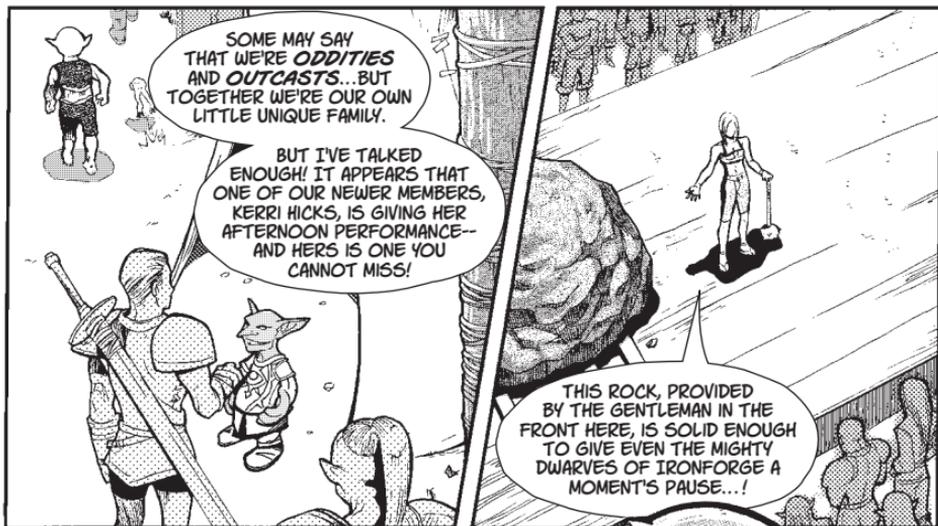
...BUT WE SHARE A LOVE OF FREEDOM, ADVENTURE... AS WELL AS GOOD DRINK!



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



...AND SOMETIMES THAT ENTERTAINMENT ALSO ENLIGHTENS THEM.



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

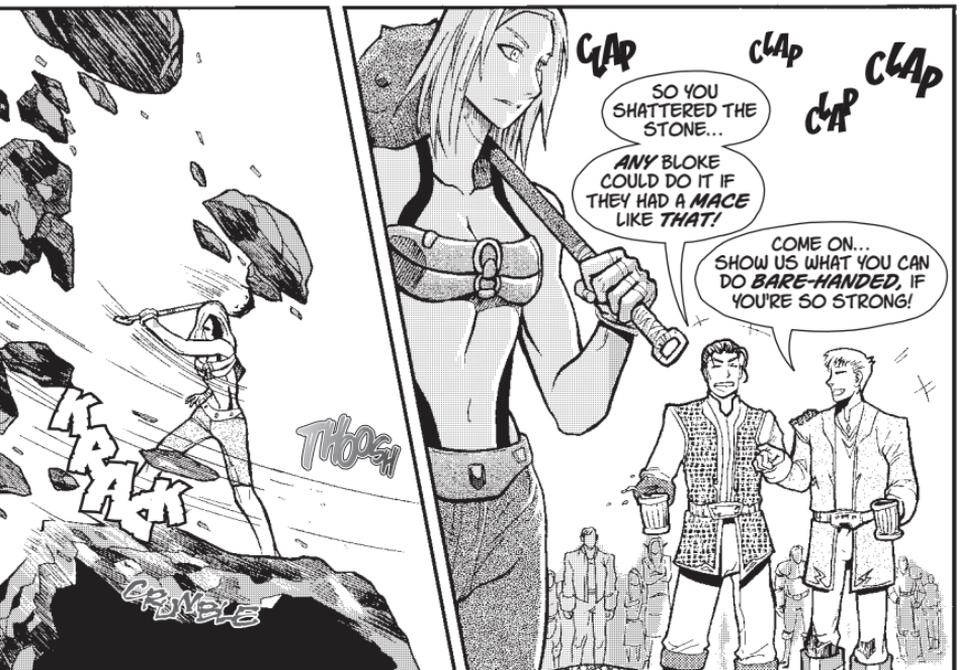
BUT I'VE TALKED ENOUGH! IT APPEARS THAT ONE OF OUR NEWER MEMBERS, **KERRI HICKS**, IS GIVING HER AFTERNOON PERFORMANCE-- AND HERS IS ONE YOU CANNOT MISS!

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



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

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



**CLAP CLAP CLAP**

SO YOU SHATTERED THE STONE...

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

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

**KAKAK**

**THOSH**

**CRUMBLE**

OKAY.

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

WOULD THAT NAME BE FREAK SHOW?

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

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

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

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

THEY'RE TASTY, THOUGH!

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

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

THAT'S RIGHT, BOYS!

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

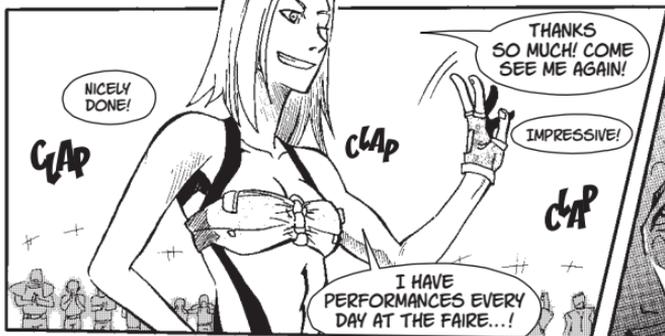
**FWAP**

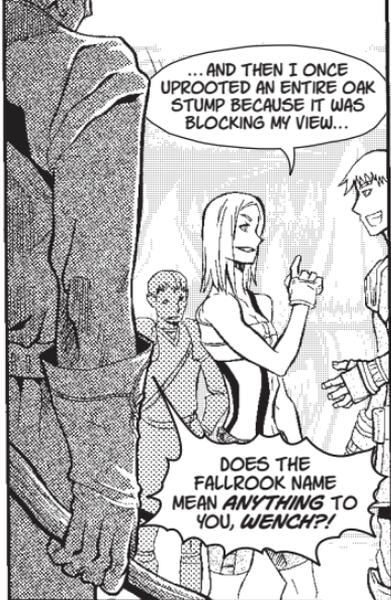


SINCE I AM A WOMAN... AND SINCE I'M PLACED ON AZEROTH TO SERVE STRONG MEN SUCH AS YOURSELVES... THEN PERHAPS I SHOULD SERVE YOU...



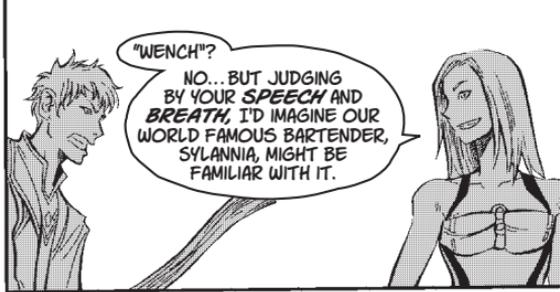
**...A DRINK!!**





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

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



"WENCH"?

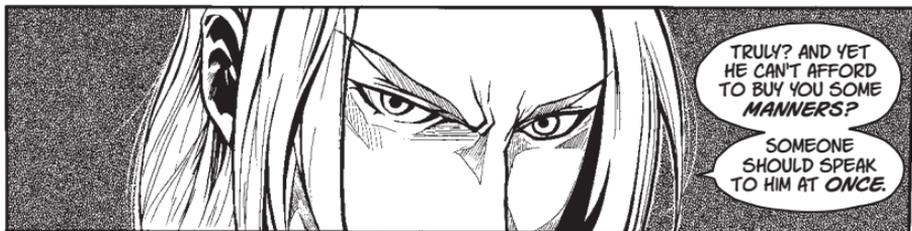
NO... BUT JUDGING BY YOUR SPEECH AND BREATH, I'D IMAGINE OUR WORLD FAMOUS BARTENDER, SYLANNIA, MIGHT BE FAMILIAR WITH IT.



WATCH YOUR TONGUE!!

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

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



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

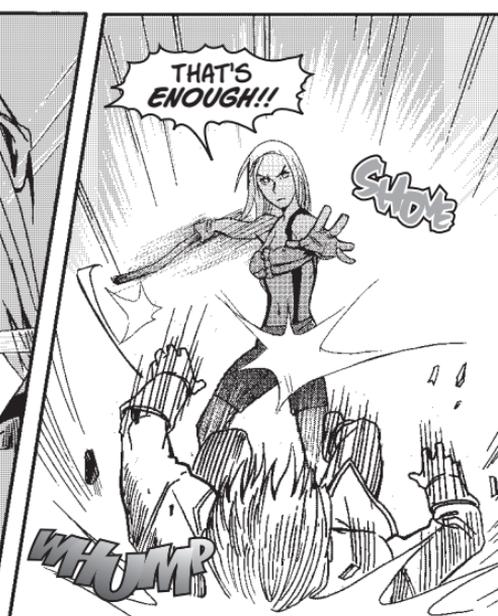
SOMEONE SHOULD SPEAK TO HIM AT ONCE.



YOU NEED TO LEARN YOUR PLACE, FREAK!!

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

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



THAT'S ENOUGH!!

SHOVE

THUMP



**LOOK HERE!!**  
A FAIRE MEMBER HAS ASSAULTED A PATRON!!

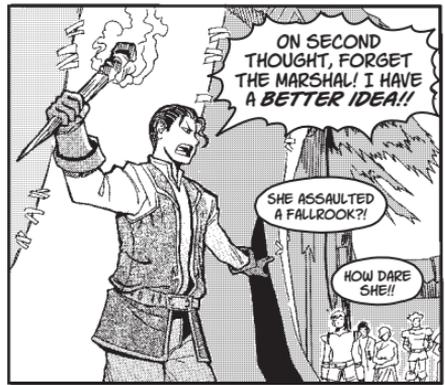


NO... NO! THAT'S NOT WHAT HAPPENED! I--

LIAR!! MY BROTHER WAS UNARMED!

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

WHAT?!



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

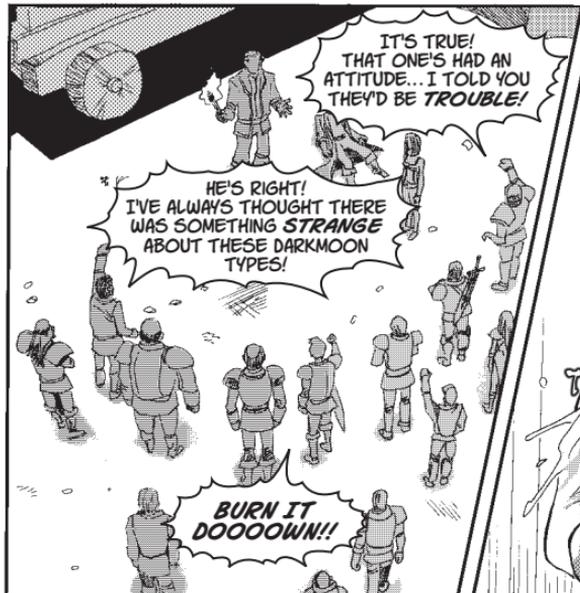
SHE ASSAULTED A FALLROOK?!

HOW DARE SHE!!



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

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



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

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

BURN IT DOOOOWN!!



GASP...!



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



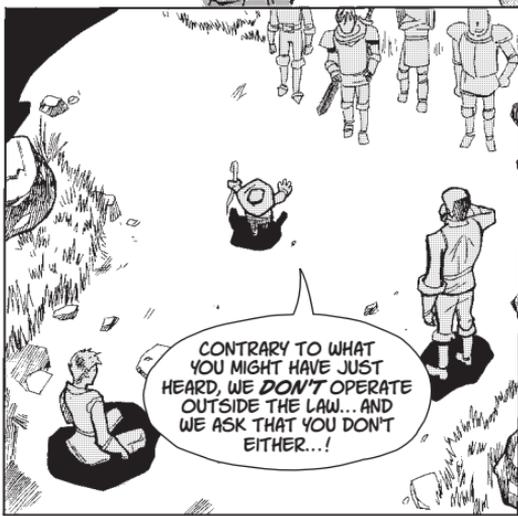
THERE WILL BE NO MOB JUSTICE AT THE FAIRE!



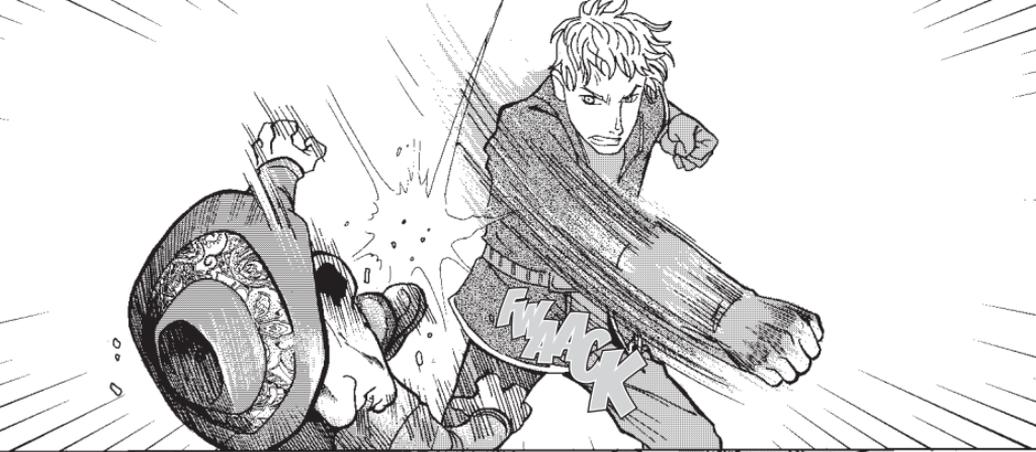
NOW, ENOUGH OF THIS... WE'RE ALL HERE TO HAVE A GOOD TIME... SO PLEASE, ENJOY YOURSELVES!

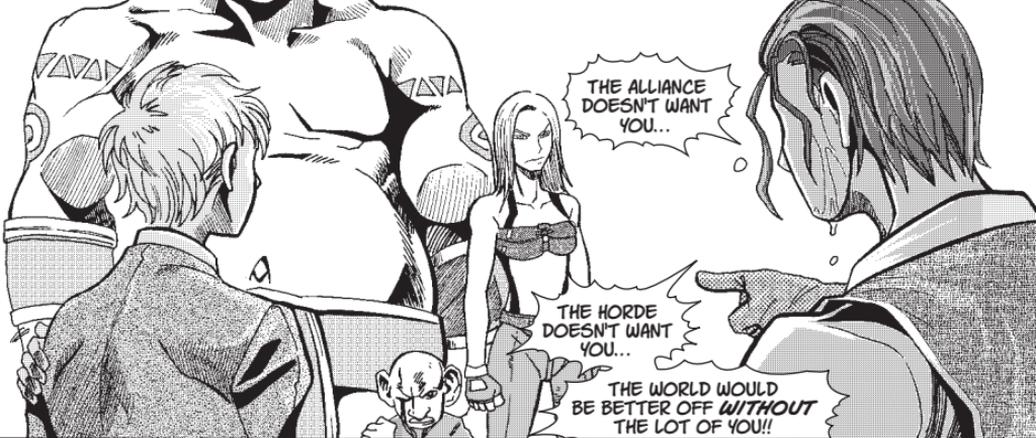


PLAY WITH THE TONKS. LET US SETTLE THIS PEACEFULLY.



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





THE ALLIANCE DOESN'T WANT YOU...

THE HORDE DOESN'T WANT YOU...

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



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



MOVE ASIDE, PLEASE!

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

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



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



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



THOSE RATHER UNPLEASANT LADS WERE ERIC AND CEDRICK FALLROCK. THEIR FATHER IS TERRENCE FALLROCK.

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



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

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

ENOUGH TALKING NOW, SILAS. DRINK THIS.

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



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

**THEY CAN'T GET AWAY WITH THIS!!**

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

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

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

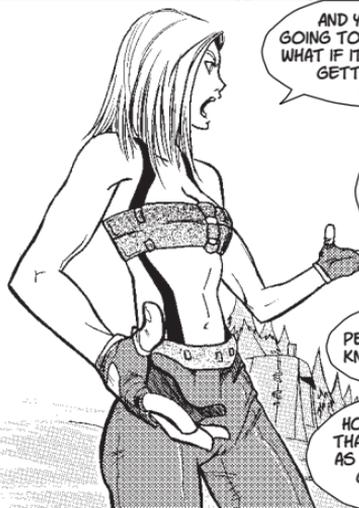


AND YOU'RE ALL JUST GOING TO LET THAT HAPPEN?! WHAT IF IT HAD BEEN **MAXIMA** GETTING PUMMELED?! OR FLIK?!

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

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

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

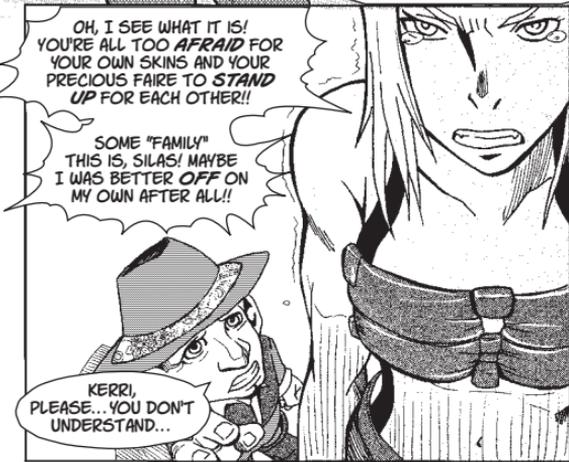
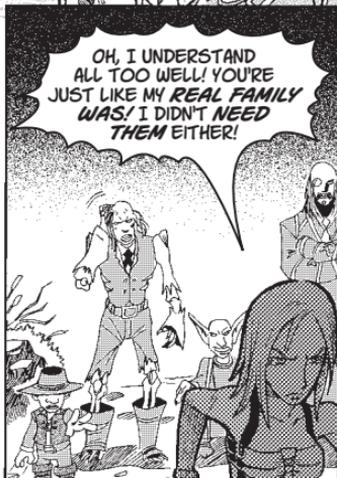


OH, I SEE WHAT IT IS! YOU'RE ALL TOO **AFRAID** FOR YOUR OWN SKINS AND YOUR PRECIOUS FAIRE TO **STAND UP** FOR EACH OTHER!!

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

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

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



THAT NIGHT...



YOU... YOU KNOW WHAT MY BIGGEST MISTAKE WAS, SYLANNIA?!

BELIEVING SILAS. BELIEVING IN THIS FAIRE. BELIEVING I HAD A HOME!

NO FAMILY TAKES CARE OF ITS OWN! IT'S ALL A BUNCH OF BULL...!!

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

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

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



WELL, I HAVEN'T!

MAYBE IT WAS A MISTAKE FOR ME TO JOIN YOU... AT LEAST WHEN I WAS ON MY OWN I KNEW NOT TO TRUST ANYONE. IT WAS EASIER THAT WAY...!



EASIER IS NOT ALWAYS BETTER.

YOU ARE WELL AWARE THAT YOUR TEMPER OFTEN CLOUDS YOUR JUDGMENT, KERRI. SLEEP THIS ONE OFF.

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

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



KERRI, PLEASE...! YOU'RE DRUNK!

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



KERRI, WAIT...! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?!

TO BE ALONE--JUST LIKE I'VE BEEN MY WHOLE LIFE!

THEY CAN BE VICTIMS IF THEY WANT... BUT NOT ME!

THE NEXT DAY...

ATTENTION!  
WHERE IS SILAS  
DARKMOON?!

I'M HERE,  
MARSHAL.

WHAT  
SEEMS TO BE  
THE PROBLEM?

MORNING,  
SILAS. WHERE IS  
KERRI HICKS?

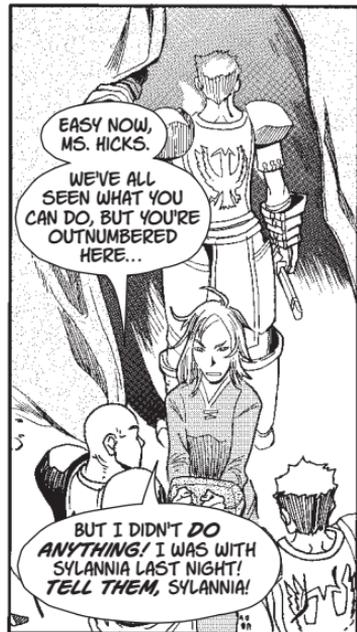
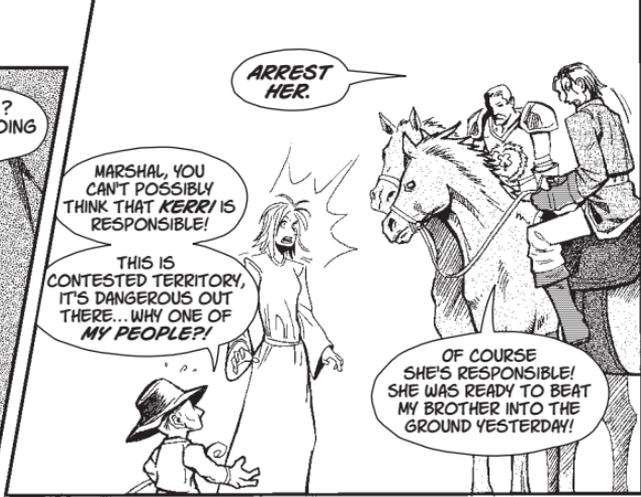
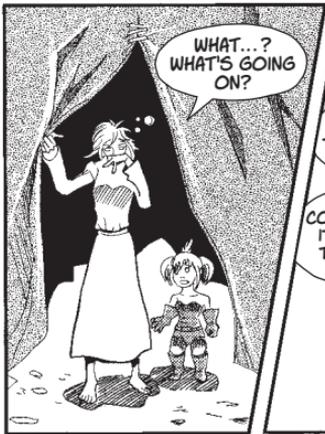
I'D IMAGINE  
SHE'S IN HER TENT. HAS  
SHE DONE SOMETHING  
WRONG, MARSHAL?

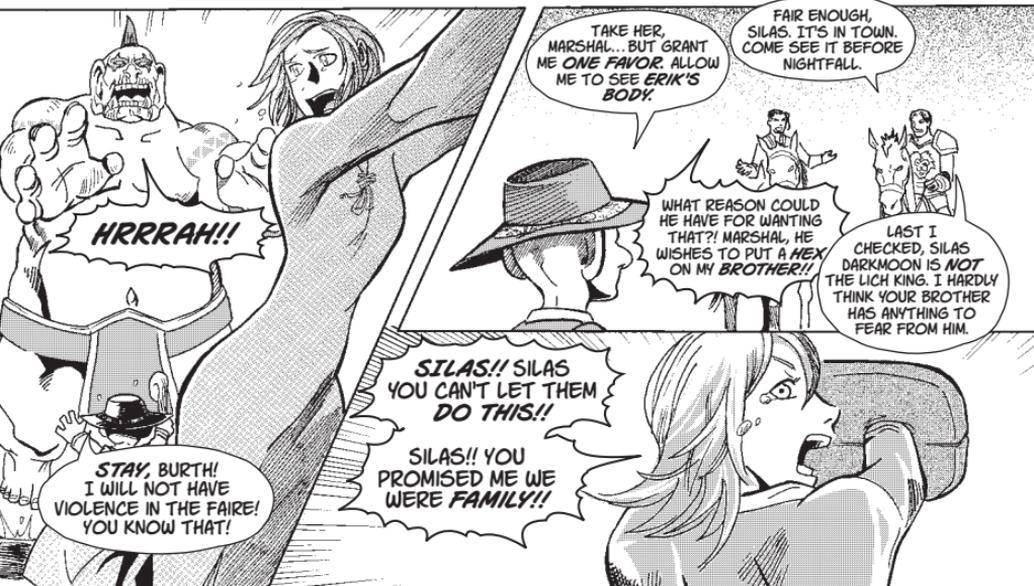
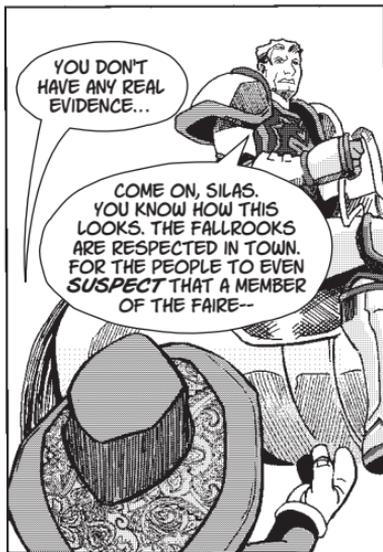
HAS SHE *DONE*  
ANYTHING *WRONG*?!  
THAT OX YOU CALL A  
WOMAN IS A *FILTHY*  
*MURDERER!!*

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

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

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





LATER, IN SOUTHSORE...

I'VE SEEN SOME THINGS IN MY LIFE... BUT NEVER ANYTHING LIKE THIS.

WHAT DO YOU THINK, PROFESSOR?

IT'S AS IF HE SUFFERED A *BLUNT ASSAULT* TO BOTH SIDES OF THE SKULL *CONCURRENTLY*.

NO MACE OR CLUB WOULD PRODUCE A WOUND LIKE THIS.

I'M SORRY TO SAY THIS... BUT IT DOES SEEM LIKE IT COULD HAVE BEEN DONE BY KERRI. SHE'S ONE OF THE ONLY HUMANS WITH THIS SORT OF *ARM STRENGTH*.



YOU'RE CERTAIN THIS WASN'T DONE BY A TROLL? OR AN OGRE?

NEITHER HAS BEEN SIGHTED AROUND TOWN FOR MONTHS... EXCEPT FOR THE ONES IN YOUR FAIRE, OF COURSE.





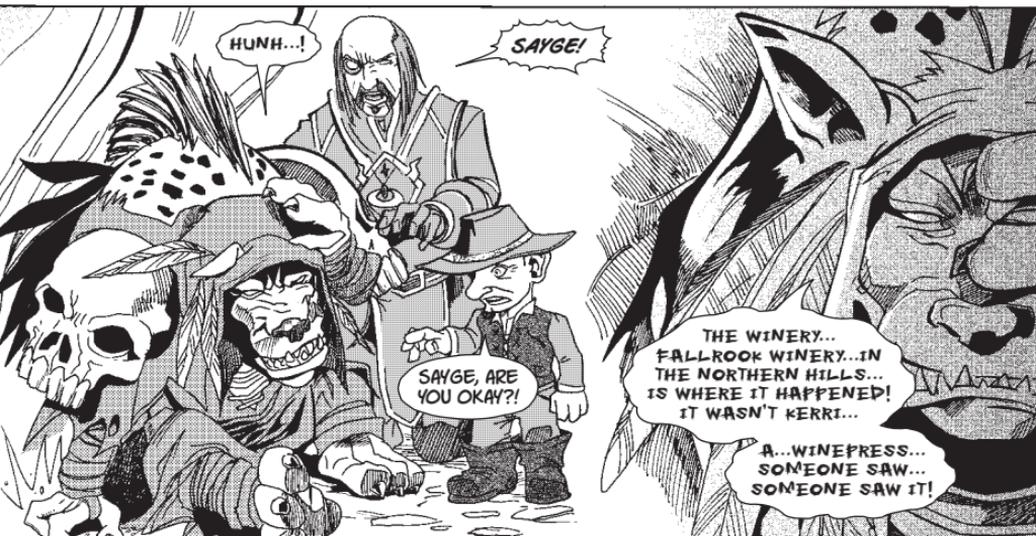
HRRRMMM...



I CAN FEEL THAT NIGHT...I...



I FEEL...I FEEL PAIN... JEALOUSY... TRAGEDY...



HUNH...!

SAYGE!

SAYGE, ARE YOU OKAY?!

THE WINERY... FALLROOK WINERY...IN THE NORTHERN HILLS... IS WHERE IT HAPPENED! IT WASN'T KERRI...

A...WINEPRESS... SOMEONE SAW... SOMEONE SAW IT!

LATER AT THE  
FALLROOK WINERY...

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



WHAT BUSINESS  
HAVE YOU HERE,  
GNOME?

I WISH TO  
SPEAK TO YOUR  
FATHER.

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

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

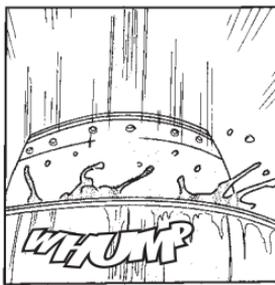
VERY WELL. I WISH TO  
OFFER MY CONDOLENCES,  
AS WELL AS THOSE OF THE  
FAIRE OVER THE DEATH OF  
YOUR BROTHER.

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

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

YES, SIR!

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

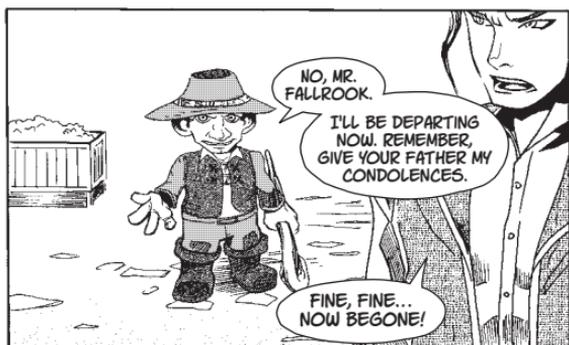
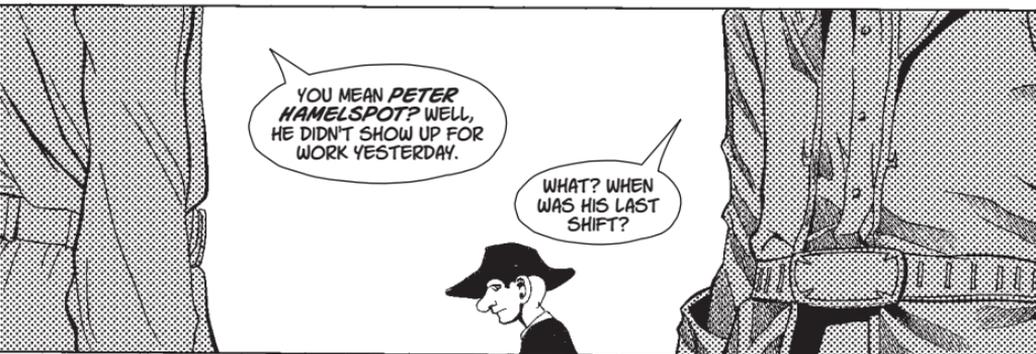


I DIDN'T  
REALIZE THAT THE  
SAME GUARDS WHO SERVE  
SOUTHSHORE'S MILITIA  
ALSO CATER TO YOUR  
WINERY, CEDRICK.

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

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



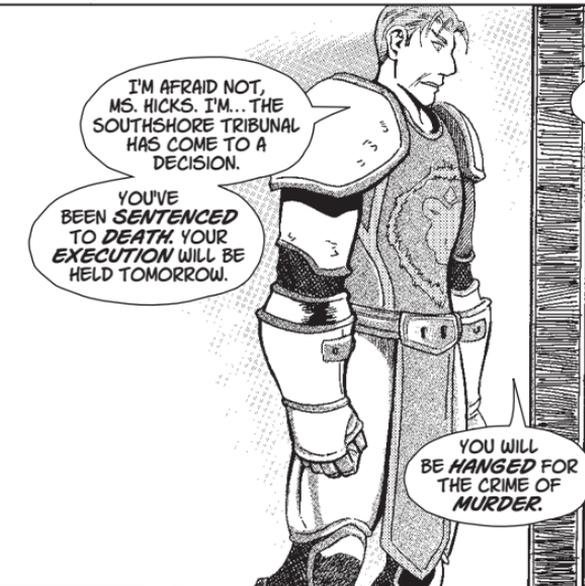




MS. HICKS?



YOU COME TO RELEASE ME, MARSHAL?



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

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

YOU WILL BE HANGED FOR THE CRIME OF MURDER.

MY... MY WHAT...?



EXECUTED... NO! EXECUTED?!



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

I CANNOT SPEAK TO THAT.

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

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



LACER...



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

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



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

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



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

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



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



BUT SILAS, WHY SEND YEBB ALONE?

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

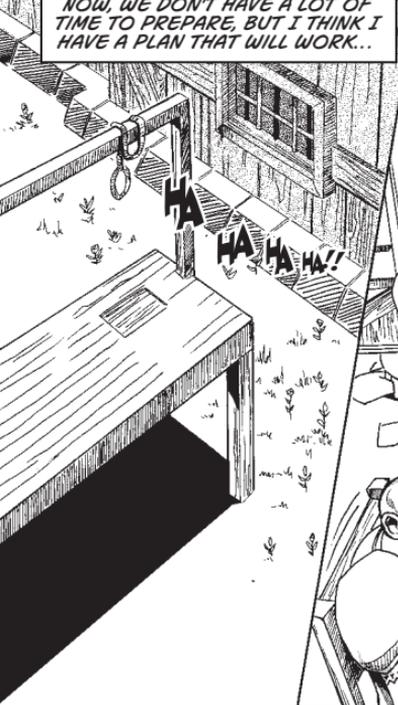
BELIEVE ME, I'D SEND YOU ALL IF I THOUGHT WE HAD MUCH CHANCE OF FINDING HIM.

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



WE'RE GOING TO RESCUE HER.

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



TOM, GIVE US A NIP FROM THAT FANCY FLASK OF YOURS... WHAT SAY YOU?

I SAY IT'S YOUR *HIDE* IF THE MARSHAL SEES YOU.

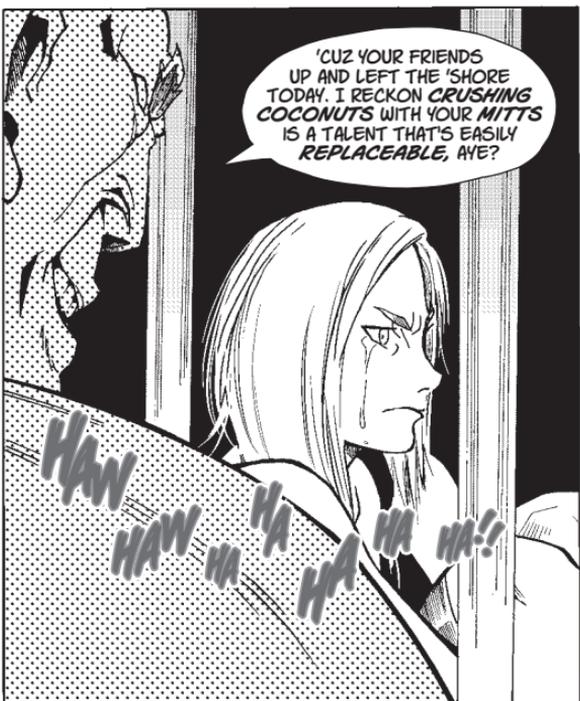


LOOK AT HER... POOR LITTLE LOST SONGBIRD, SITTING IN A CAGE...

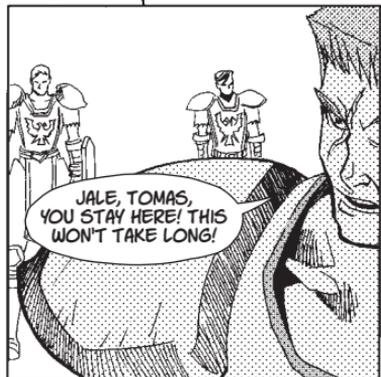
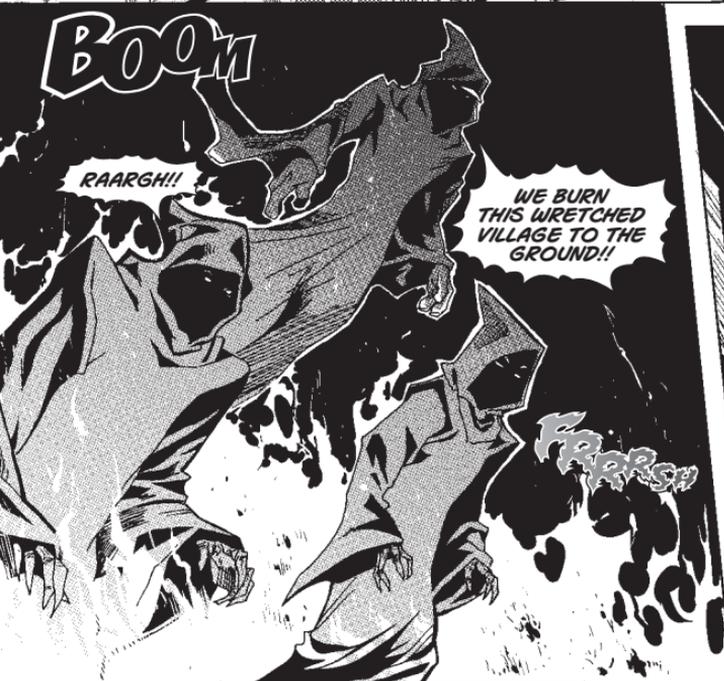
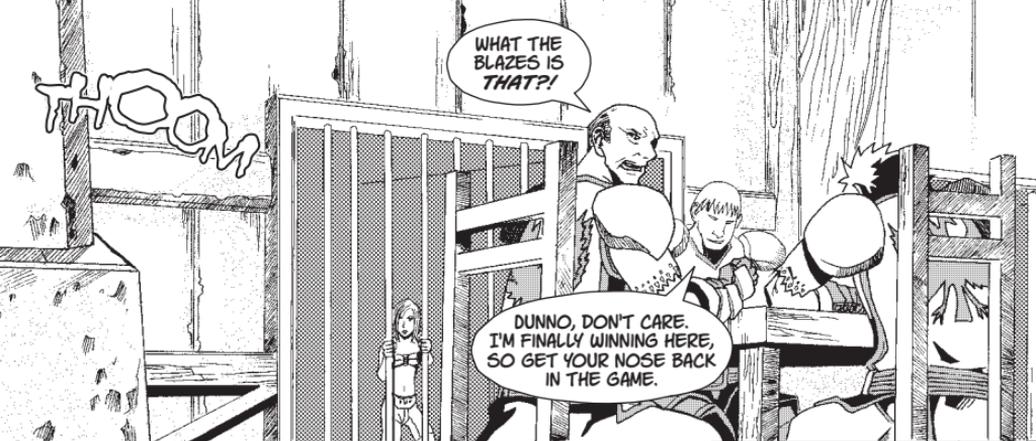


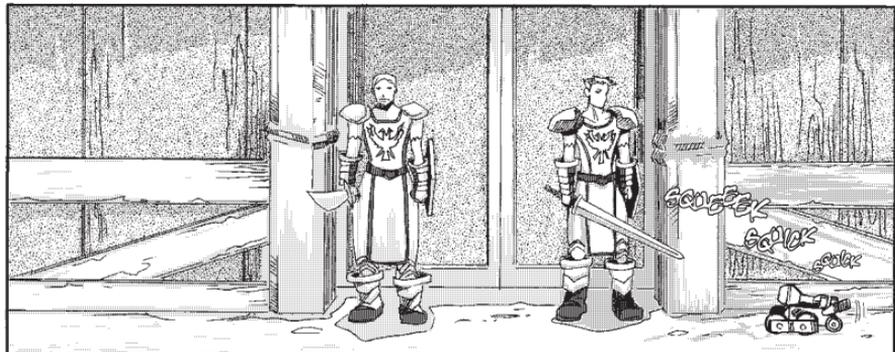
YOU HOPING YOUR STUBBY BOSS IS GONNA RIDE UP AND SAVE YOU, AIN'T 'CHA?

WELL, I GOT NEWS FOR YA... *AIN'T* GONNA HAPPEN. WANNA KNOW *WHY*?



'CUZ YOUR FRIENDS UP AND LEFT THE 'SHORE TODAY. I RECKON *CRUSHING COCONUTS* WITH YOUR *MITTS* IS A TALENT THAT'S EASILY *REPLACEABLE*, AYE?





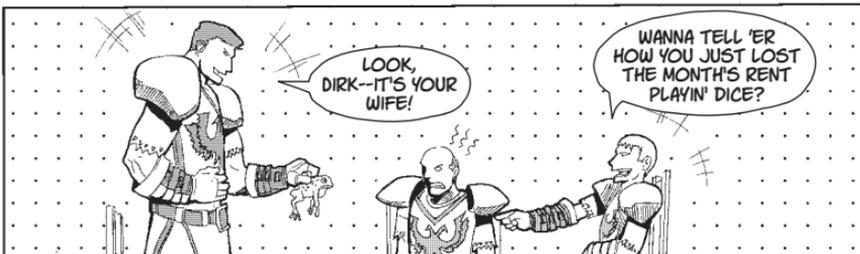


THIS ROUND GOES TO ME... BUT DON'T WORRY, I WON'T LET IT GO TO MY HEAD.

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

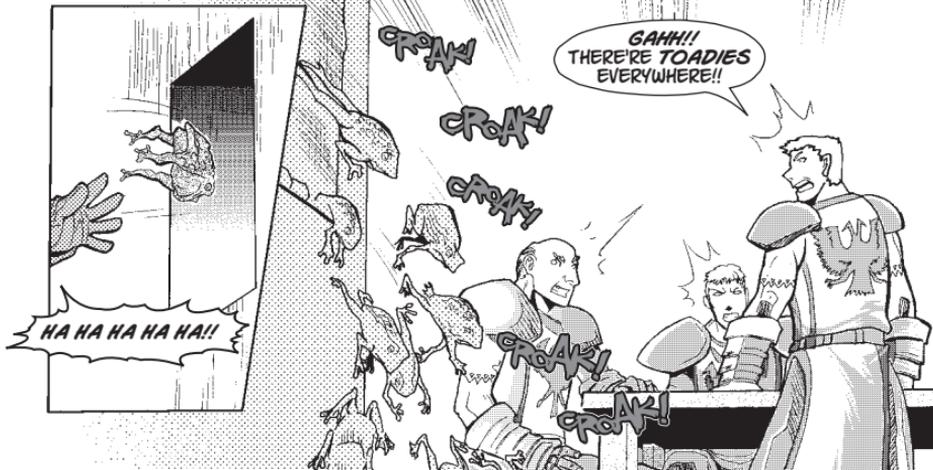


HUH?



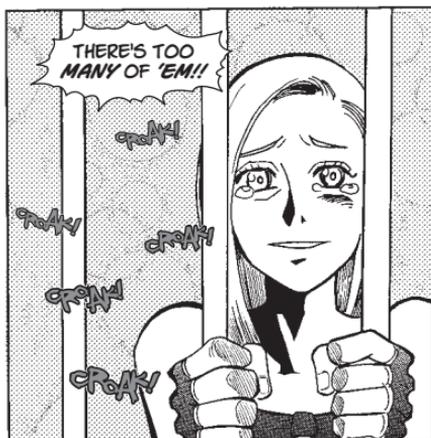
LOOK, DIRK--IT'S YOUR WIFE!

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

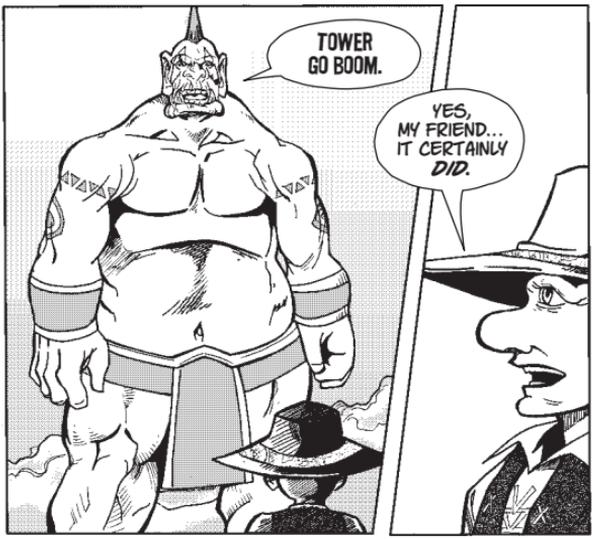
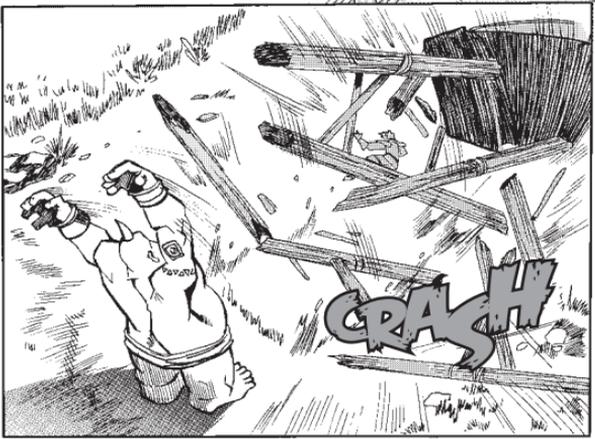


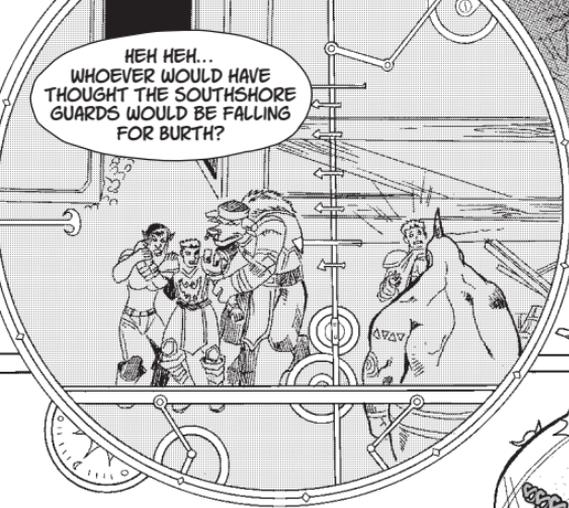
GAHH!! THERE'RE TOADIES EVERYWHERE!!

HA HA HA HA HA!!



**THIR**





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



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



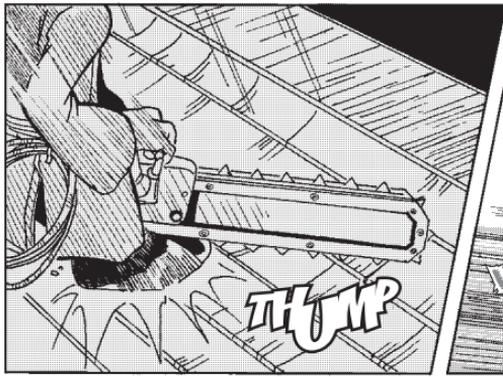
GOT IT!

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

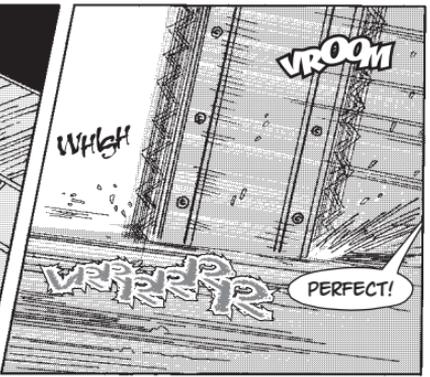


HA HA!!

BA-  
DOODAY



THUMP

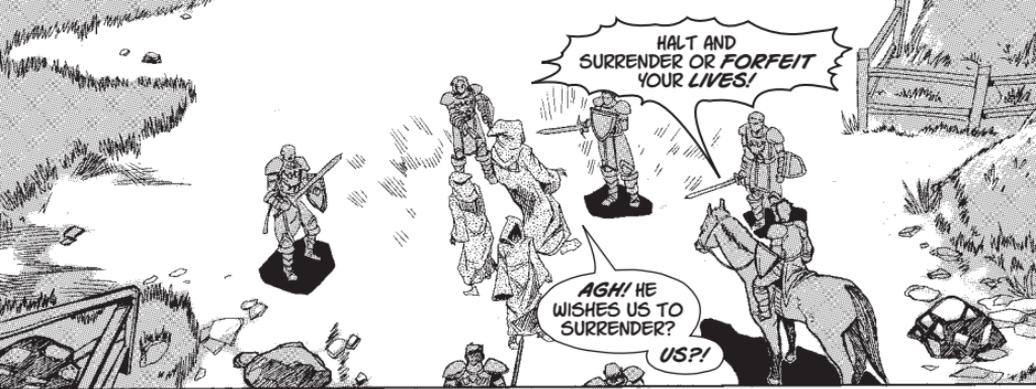


VROOM

WHIGH

VRIEER

PERFECT!



HALT AND SURRENDER OR FORFEIT YOUR LIVES!

AGH! HE WISHES US TO SURRENDER?

US?!



WELL, WHY DIDN'T YOU SAY SO, MON?

BUT SURRENDER? FOR WHAT?

GENTLEMEN, SURELY YOU WOULDN'T DENY US OUR LITTLE FIREWORKS SHOW...

GREEN FIREWORKS ARE THE BEST FOR ADVERTISING!



THEY'RE MEMBERS OF THE DARKMOON FAIRE, SIR...!

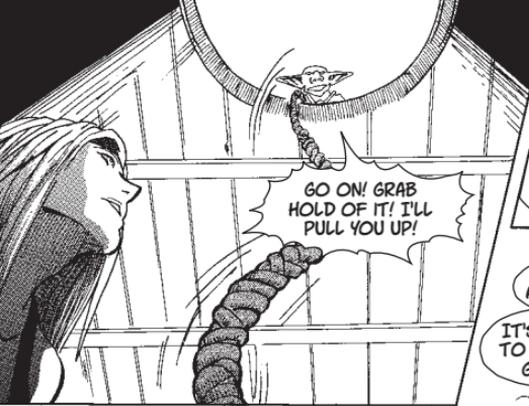
DAMMIT ALL! THE PRISON!

GASP!



AAH!!

KRASH  
SCH



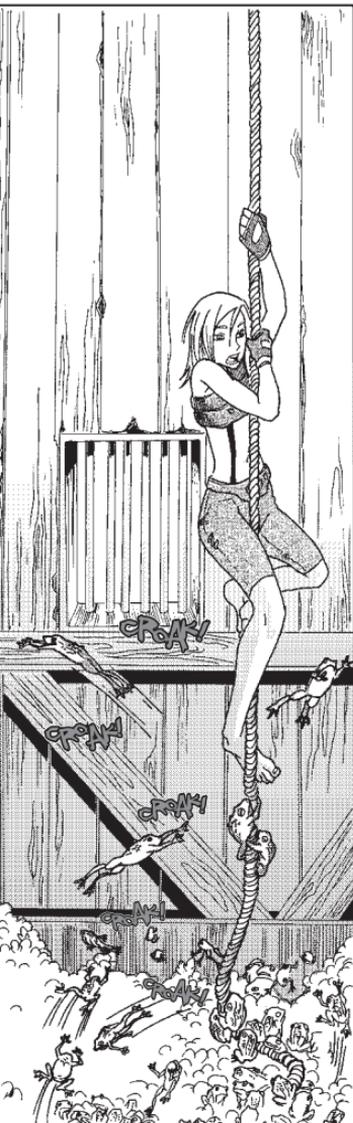
GO ON! GRAB HOLD OF IT! I'LL PULL YOU UP!



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



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



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

OOF!

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

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



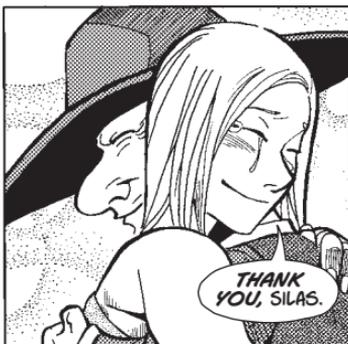
THANKS, BIG GUY!



I THOUGHT...

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

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



THANK YOU, SILAS.

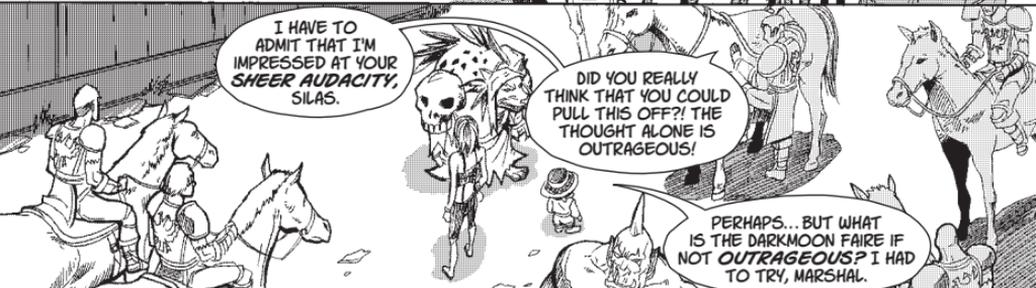


QUICKLY! WE MUST ESCAPE TO THE WOODS!

RIGHT! LET'S GO!



HALT RIGHT THERE!!



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

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

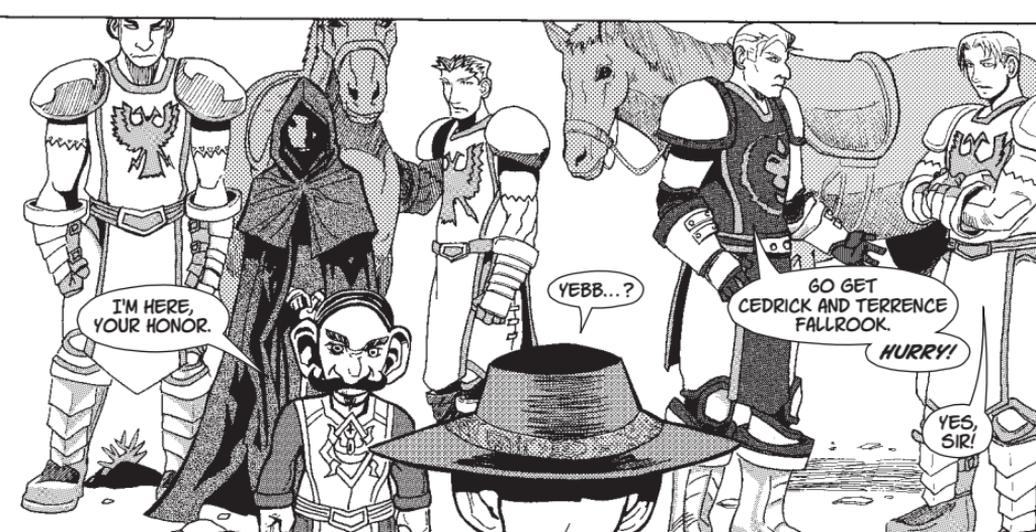
PERHAPS... BUT WHAT IS THE DARKMOON FAIRE IF NOT OUTRAGEOUS? I HAD TO TRY, MARSHAL.



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

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

YEBB, WHERE THE DEVIL ARE YOU?!

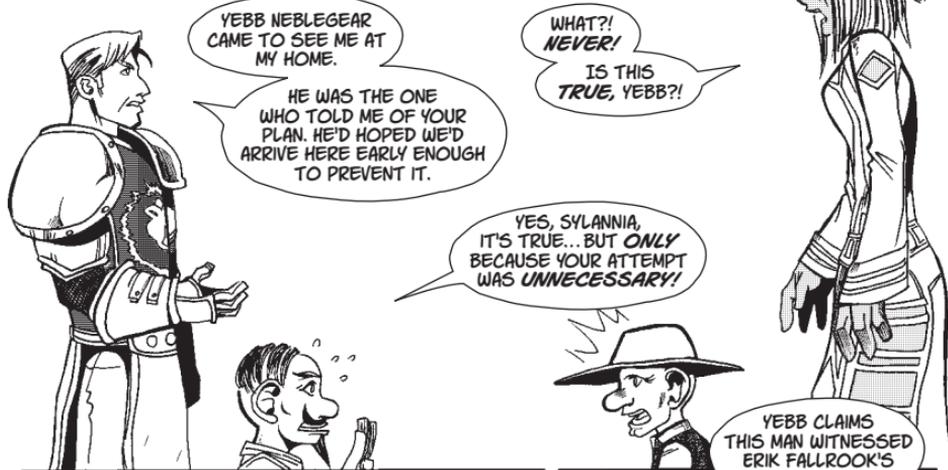


I'M HERE, YOUR HONOR.

YEBB...?

GO GET CEDRICK AND TERENCE FALLROCK. HURRY!

YES, SIR!



YEBB NEBLEGEAR CAME TO SEE ME AT MY HOME.

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

WHAT?! NEVER!

IS THIS TRUE, YEBB?!

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

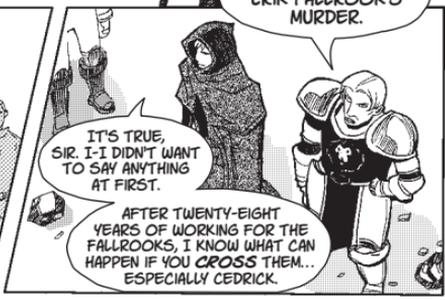
YEBB CLAIMS THIS MAN WITNESSED ERIK FALLROOK'S MURDER.



THIS IS PETER HAMELSPOT.

YOU FOUND HIM?!

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



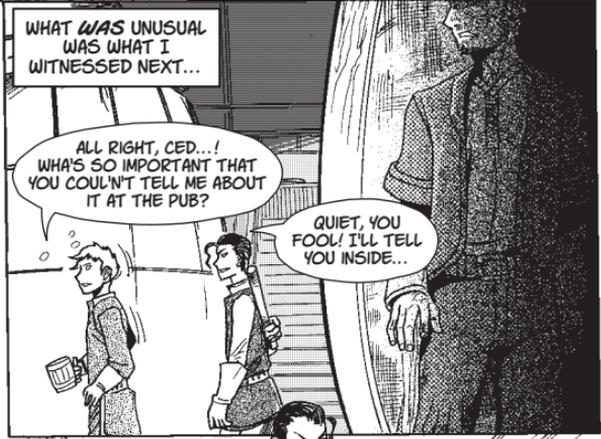
IT'S TRUE, SIR. I-I DIDN'T WANT TO SAY ANYTHING AT FIRST.

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



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

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



WHAT WAS UNUSUAL WAS WHAT I WITNESSED NEXT...

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

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

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



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



TWACK

HGK!!



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

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

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

**SUNK**



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



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

THAT **MONGREL?** HE LIES!!

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



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

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



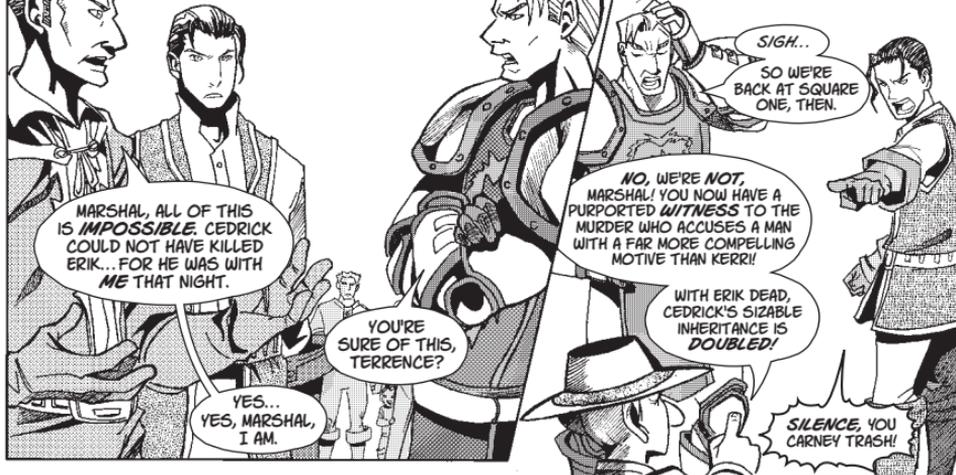
IT GETS EVEN WORSE. THAT GUARD THAT'S BEEN VISITING THE WINERY? HE HELPED HIM MOVE THE BODY. **I SAW IT.**



WHY, THIS IS **OUTRAGEOUS!**



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



THAT NIGHT AT THE FAEROOK ESTATE...

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

NO MATTER! THE MARSHAL WON'T--

YOU HAVE TURNED OUR NEIGHBORS AGAINST US, SON.

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

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

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

YOU DID KILL ERIK, DIDN'T YOU?!

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

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

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

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

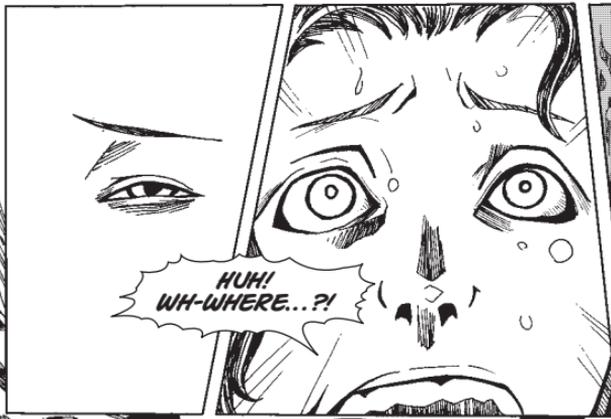
FAMILY MAY TAKE CARE OF EACH OTHER... BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN I MUST STOMACH THE SIGHT OF YOU!

HMPH. OLD FOOL.

FWACK

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

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



HUH!  
WH-WHERE...?!



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

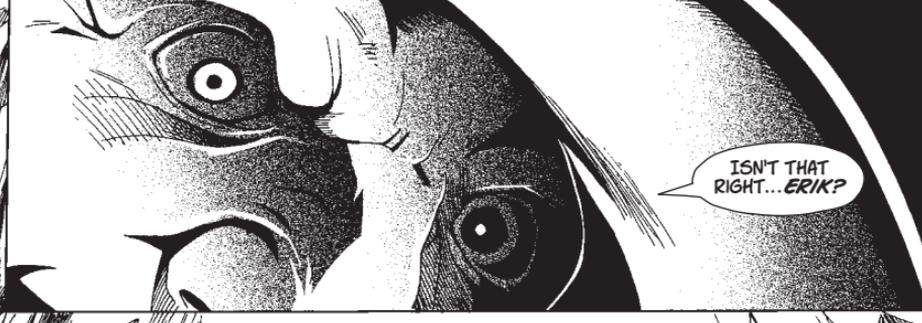
YOU'RE  
SCARED OF  
US.

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

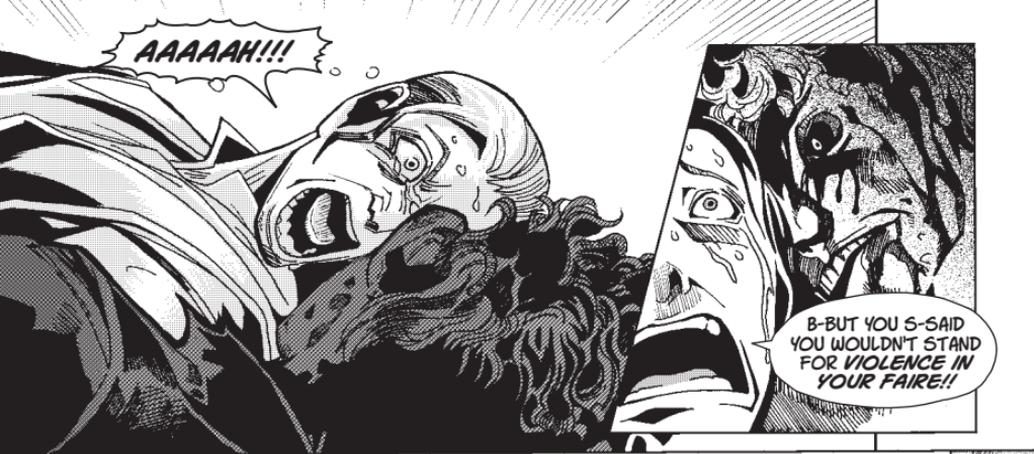
WELL, LET  
ME HELP YOU TO  
UNDERSTAND US,  
CEDRICK.

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

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



ISN'T THAT  
RIGHT...ERIK?



AAAAAH!!!

B-BUT YOU S-SAID  
YOU WOULDN'T STAND  
FOR VIOLENCE IN  
YOUR FAIRE!!



MY DEAR BOY... WE  
AREN'T AT THE FAIRE,  
NOW ARE WE?



WHUMP



AIIEEEEE!!!



AAAAAHH!!!

END



# WARCRAFT

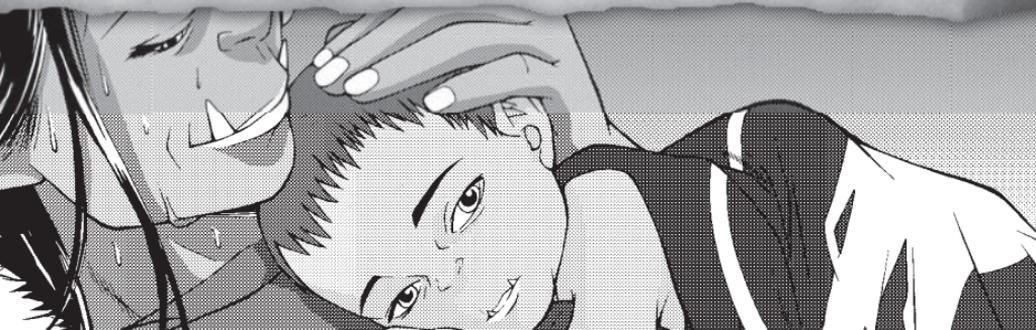
## LEGENDS™ VOLUME FOUR

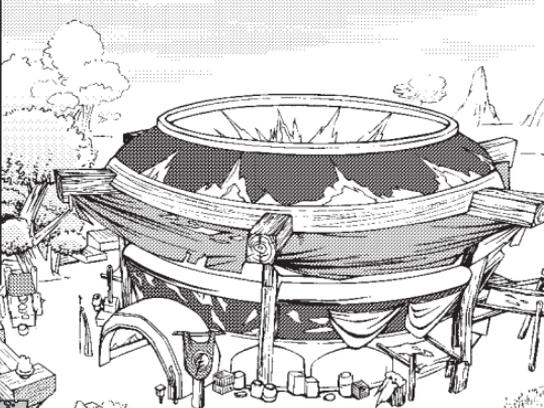
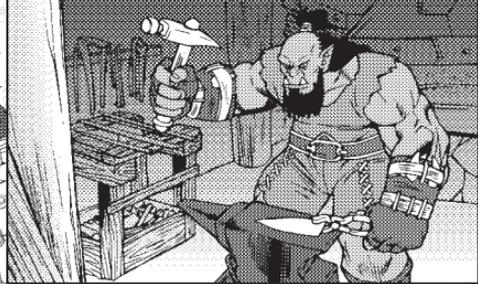
### A WARRIOR MADE---PART I

WRITTEN BY CHRISTIE GOLDEN

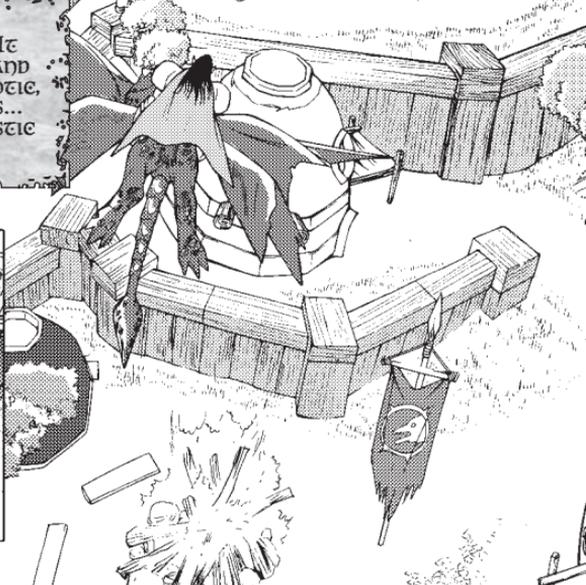
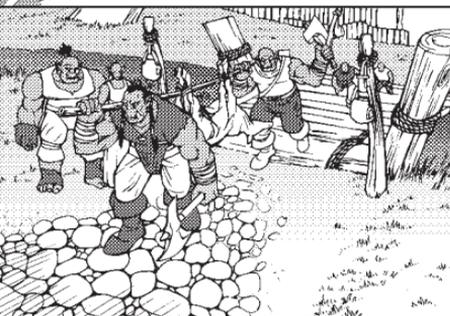
PENCILS BY IN-BAE KIM  
INKS BY IN-BAE KIM & MI-JIN BAE  
TONES BY MARA AUM

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



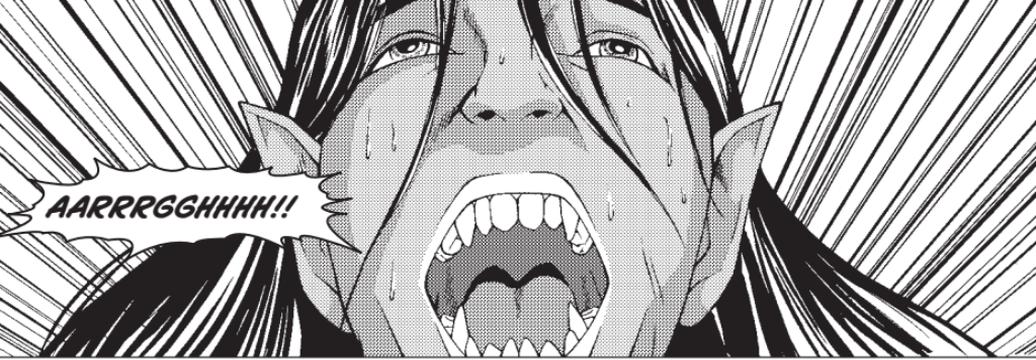


Many years ago, the world of Draenor was not as it is today. It was a beautiful world, healthy and thriving. It was home to many exotic, beautiful and dangerous animals... and home as well to the shamanistic orcs and the peaceful draenei.



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





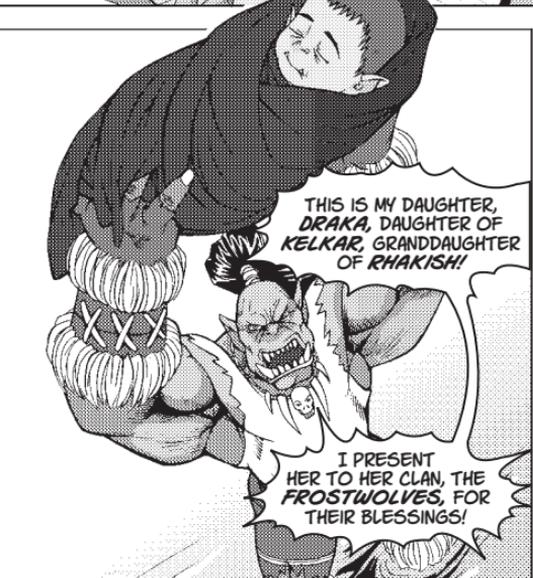
AARRRGHHH!!



WAAAAAH!!



...AND BIRCHS.



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

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



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

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

COUGH



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

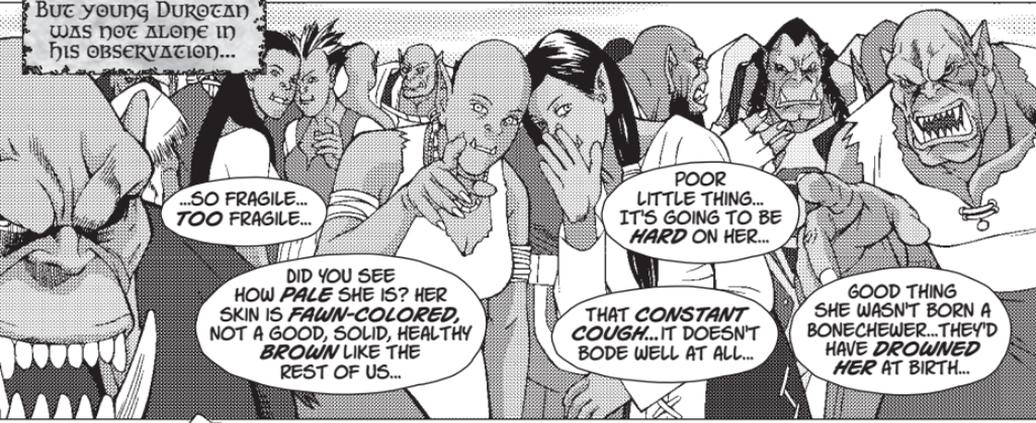
DUROTAN!  
GIVE HER  
A BLESSING,  
SON.



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

COUGH  
COUGH

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



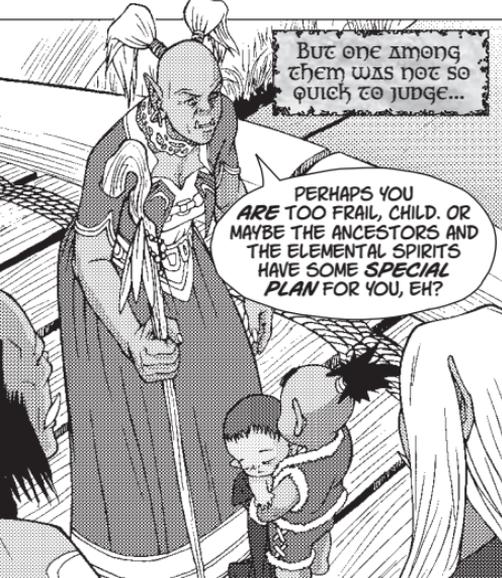
...SO FRAGILE...  
TOO FRAGILE...

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

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

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

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



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

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



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



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



...although she did try.



UUNH...



YOU'RE NOT STRONG ENOUGH TO HELP!

GET OUT OF OUR WAY, SICK LITTLE RABBIT!!



COUGH I CAN L-LIFT IT... COUGH



≧COUGH≧  
≧COUGH≧  
≧GASP≧

WHAT IS THAT HORRIBLE NOISE?!

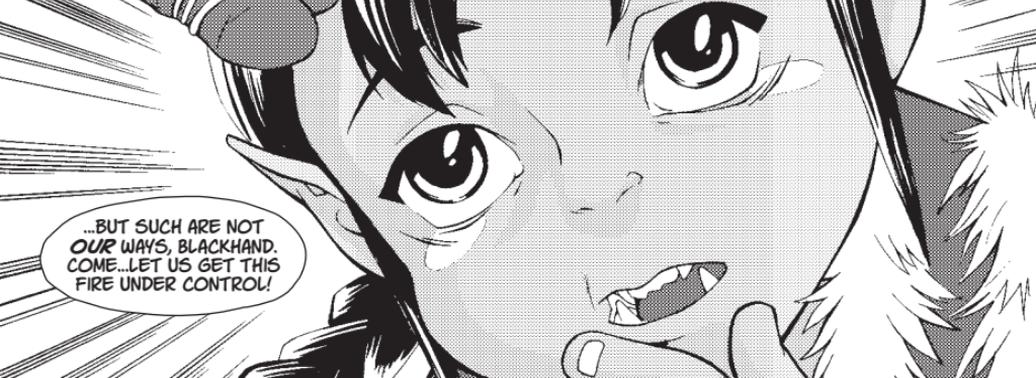


WAS THAT YOU, YOU RUNT?!

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

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

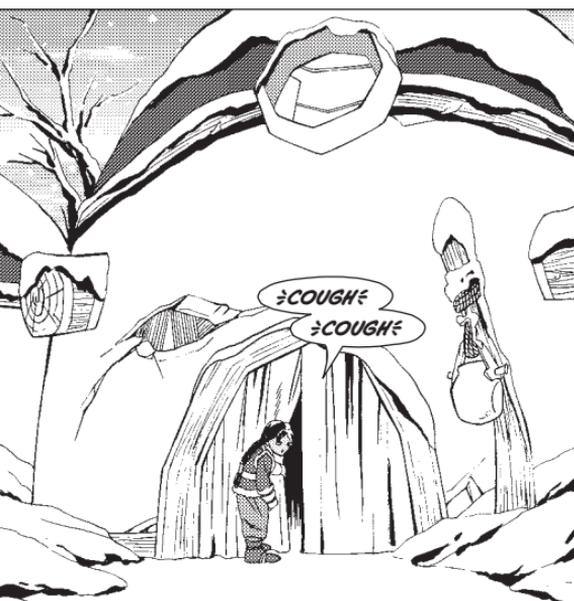
IF YOU HAD BEEN BORN TO THE BLACKROCK CLAN, RUNT, I'D HAVE DROWNED YOU AT BIRTH MYSELF!!



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



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



≡COUGH≡  
≡COUGH≡



≡COUGH≡  
≡COUGH≡  
≡COUGH≡



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

COME TO BED AND REST...



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

OF COURSE, LITTLE ONE.



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



ZUURA! I WOULD SPEAK WITH YOU!



CHIEFTAIN GARAD! I COME!



REST, MY CHILD...

I WILL BE BACK SOON WITH SOME BROTH FOR YOU.



IS THE FIRE PUT OUT?

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

ZUURA, I HAVE TO TELL YOU...



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



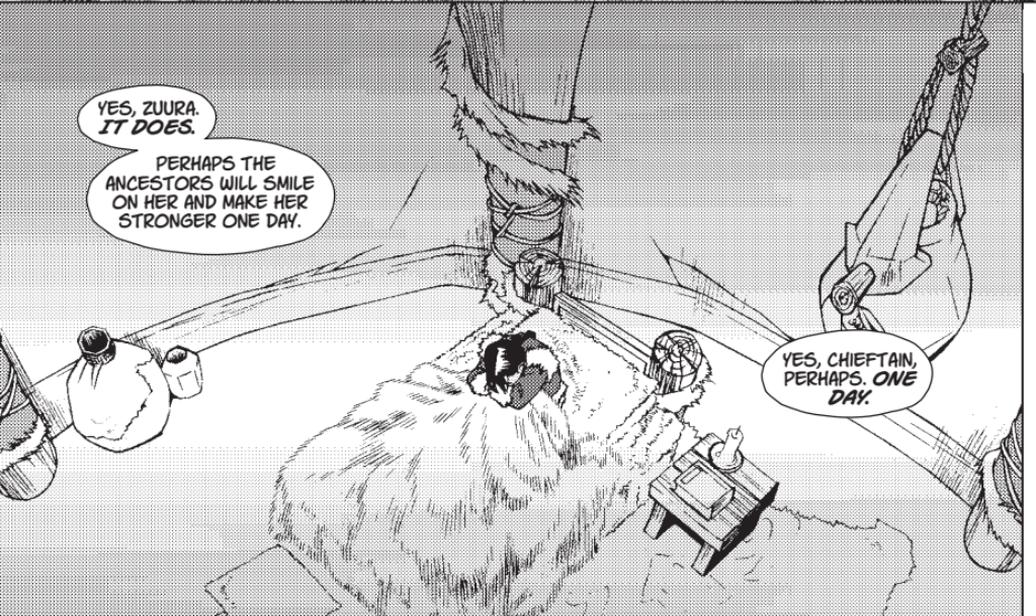
WHAT?  
MOVE?

WHY?

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

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

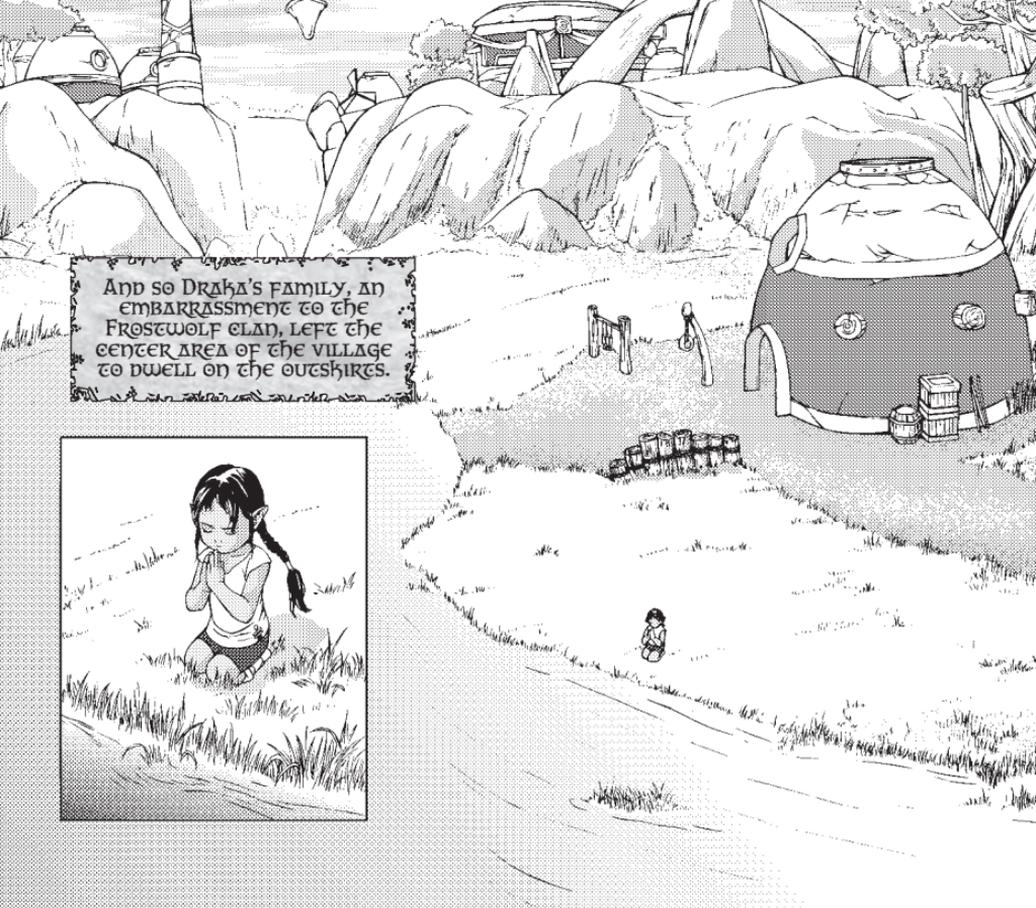
I SEE...  
HER WEAKNESS  
REFLECTS ON OUR  
FAMILY... AND ON  
THE FROSTWOLF  
CLAN.



YES, ZUURA.  
IT DOES.

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

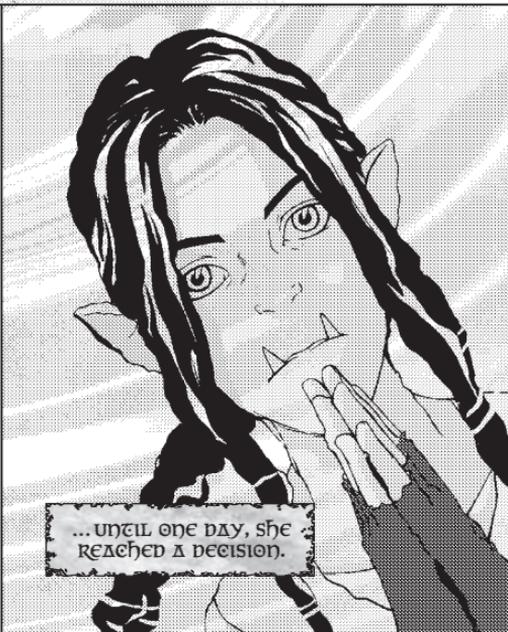
YES, CHIEFTAIN,  
PERHAPS. ONE  
DAY.



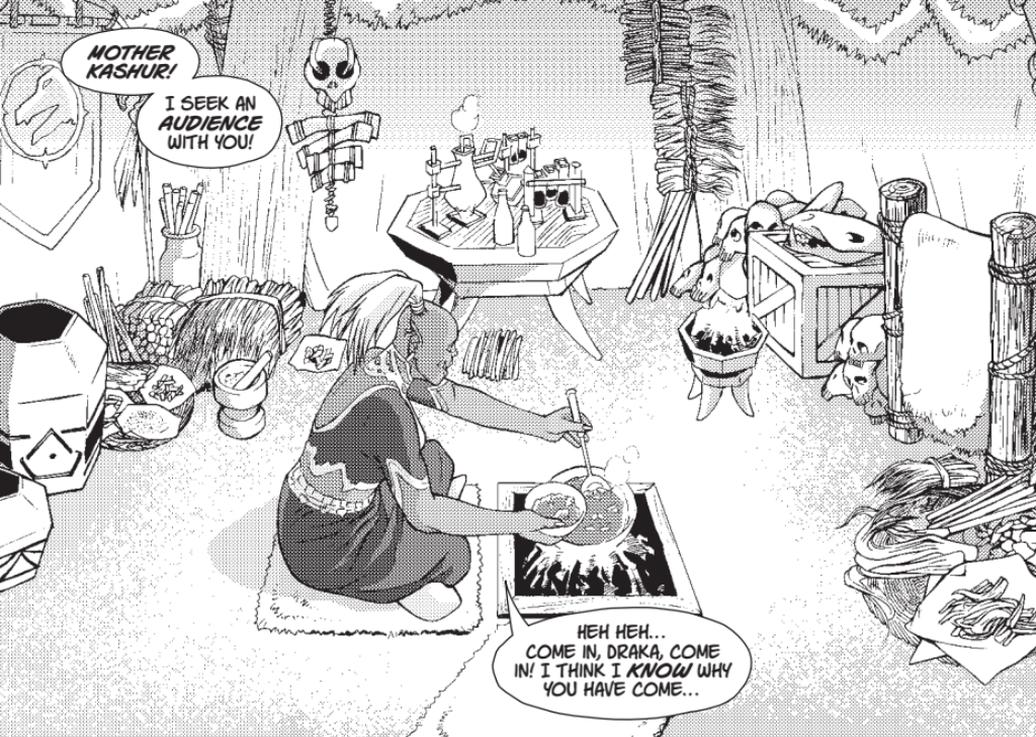
AND SO DRAKA'S FAMILY, AN EMBARRASSMENT TO THE FROSTWOLF ELAN, LEFT THE CENTER AREA OF THE VILLAGE TO DWELL ON THE OUTSHIRTS.

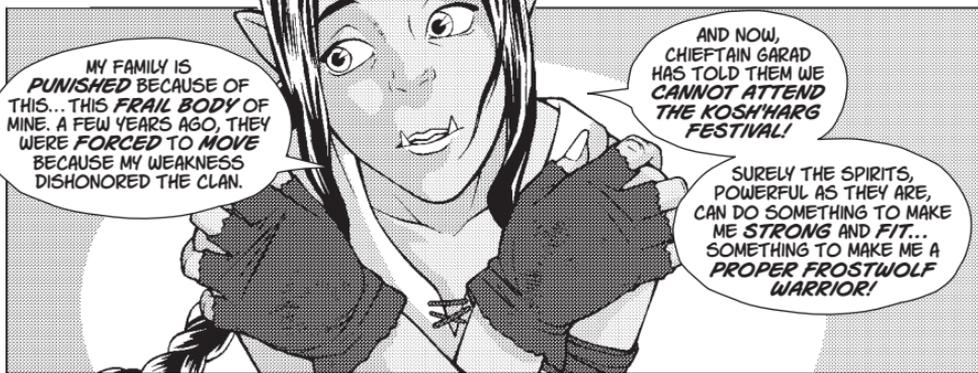


DRAKA KNEW IT WAS ALL BECAUSE OF HER. SHE SAT BY THE POND, ALONE, THINKING, PRAYING TO THE ANCESTORS...



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

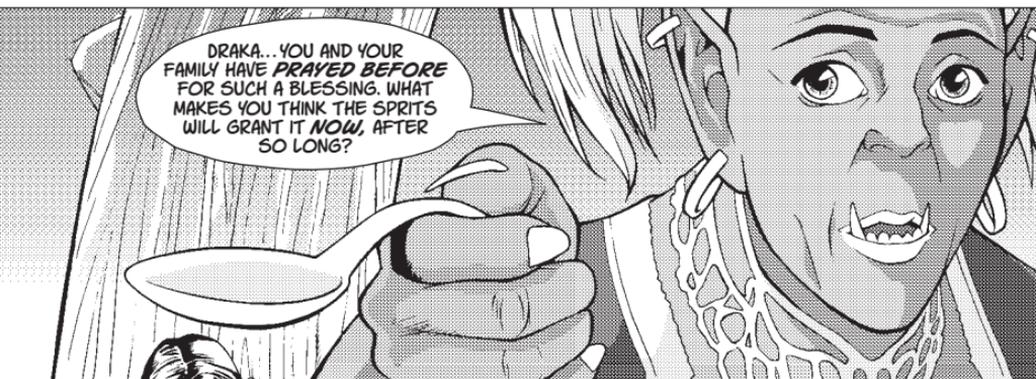




MY FAMILY IS **PUNISHED** BECAUSE OF THIS... THIS **FRAIL BODY** OF MINE. A FEW YEARS AGO, THEY WERE **FORCED TO MOVE** BECAUSE MY WEAKNESS **DISHONORED THE CLAN.**

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

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



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



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

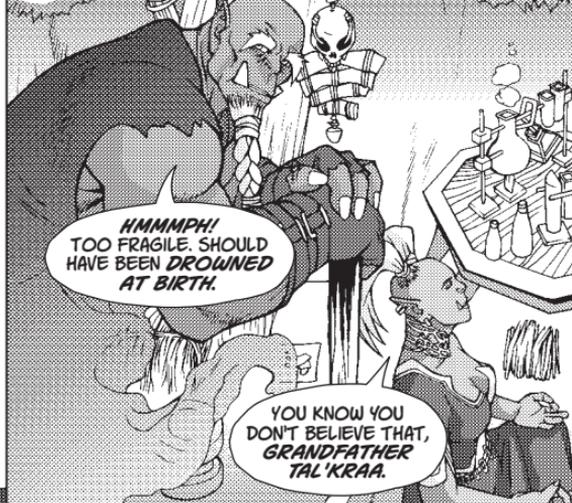
PLEASE, MOTHER KASHUR—YOU ARE A **WISE AND POWERFUL SHAMAN.** PLEASE TELL ME THERE IS A **POTION, AN ELIXIR, A SPELL, A PRAYER...** SOMETHING, ANYTHING, TO CAST OFF THIS **PAIN** FROM MY PARENTS' HEARTS!



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



WAIT OUTSIDE UNTIL I CALL FOR YOU.



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

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



HRRMMM...  
WELL, PERHAPS  
NOT.

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

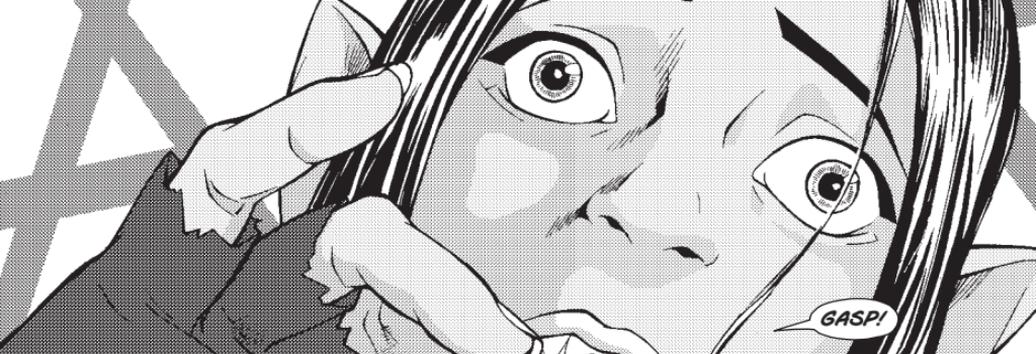


MOMENTS LATER...

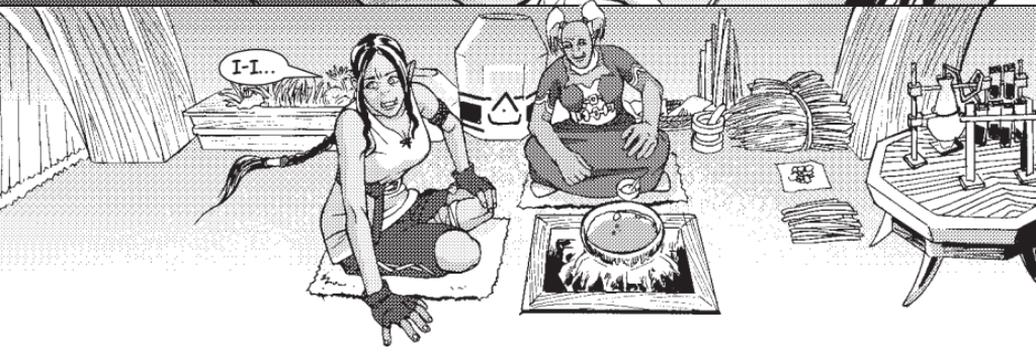
YES, DRAKA. THERE  
IS A WAY FOR YOU TO  
GET WHAT YOU HAVE ASKED  
FOR. BUT YOU MUST DO IT  
ALONE. AND IT WILL NOT  
BE EASY. IN FACT...



...IT COULD  
MEAN YOUR  
DEATH!



GASP!

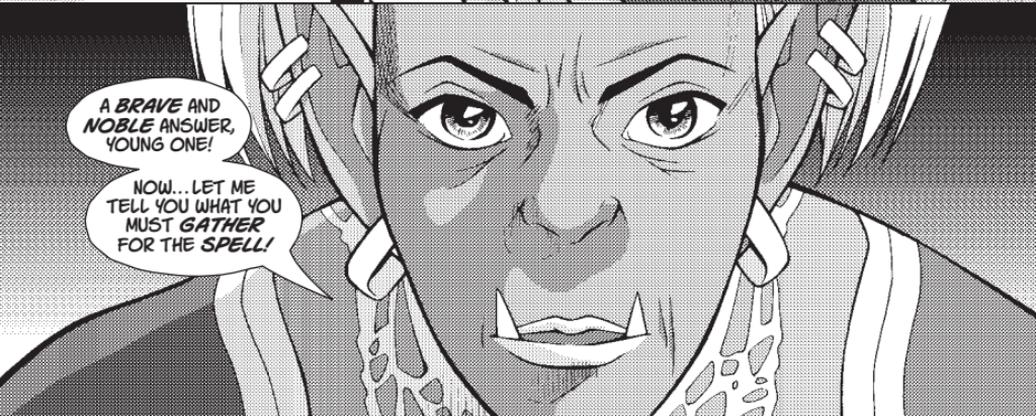


I-I...



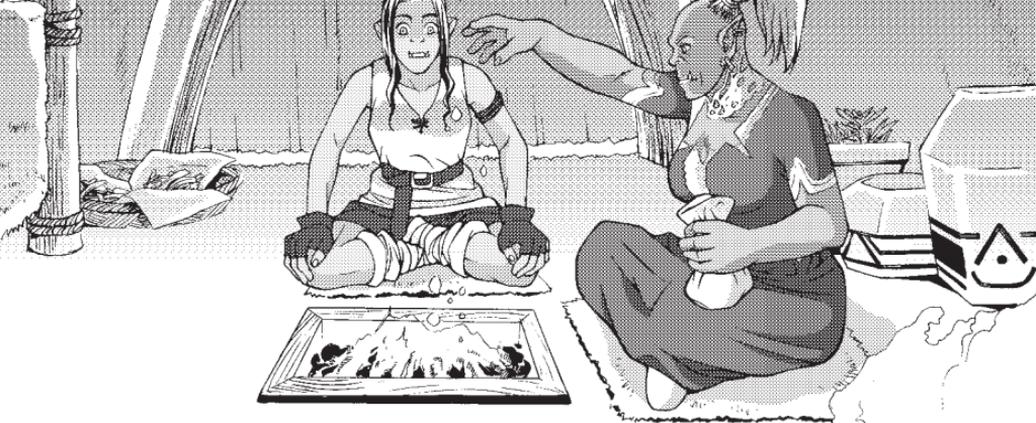
... THAN TO SIMPLY  
EXIST AS I AM NOW...  
OF NO HELP TO  
ANYONE!

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



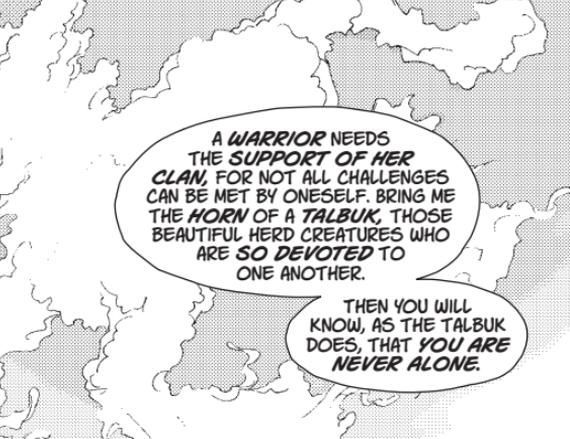
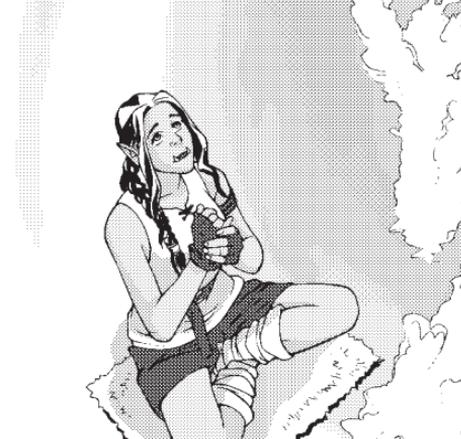
A BRAVE AND  
NOBLE ANSWER,  
YOUNG ONE!

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



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

GASP!



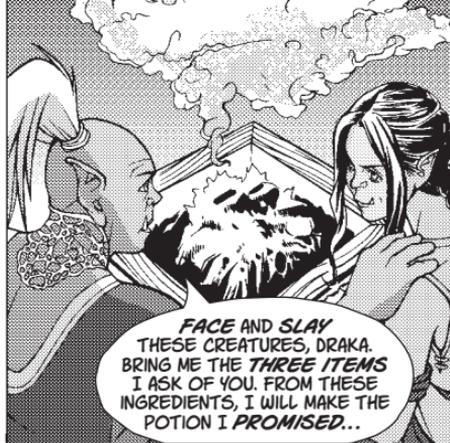
A WARRIOR NEEDS THE SUPPORT OF HER CLAN, FOR NOT ALL CHALLENGES CAN BE MET BY ONESELF. BRING ME THE HORN OF A TALBUK, THOSE BEAUTIFUL HERD CREATURES WHO ARE SO DEVOTED TO ONE ANOTHER.

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



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

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



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



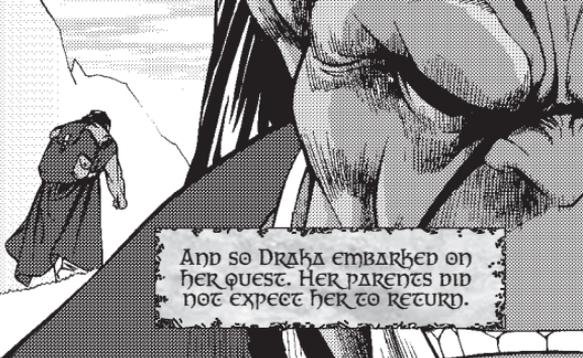
...AND YOU WILL BECOME A **FAMED** WARRIOR OF THE **FROSTWOLVES!**



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

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

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



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

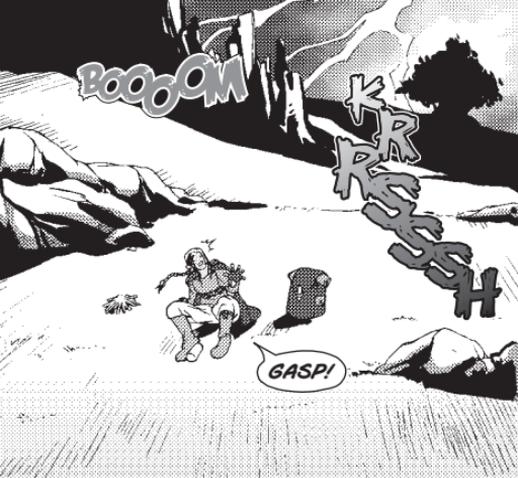


AND NEITHER, TRULY, DID DRAKA.

SHE HAD NEVER BEEN ALLOWED TO HUNT...



... HAD SELDOM BUILT A FIRE...



...AND HAD NEVER HAD TO BUILD SHELTER. IT WAS AS IF NATURE ITSELF WAS AGAINST HER.

If she could not do these simple, basic things...

...how could she complete, so daunting a task as the one she had been set?



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



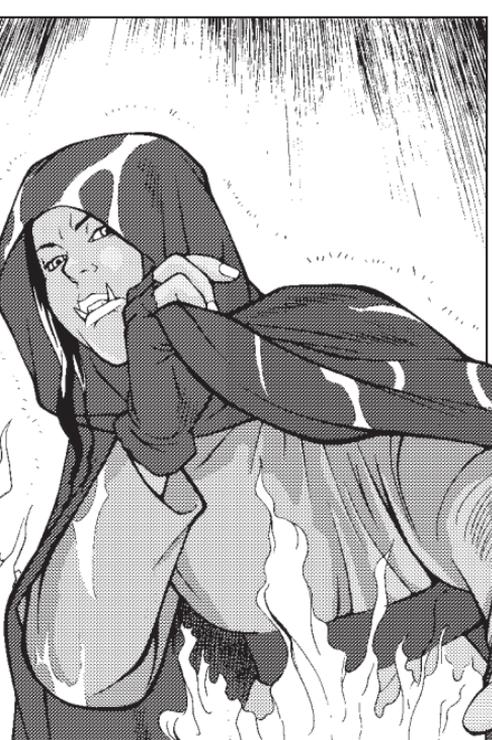
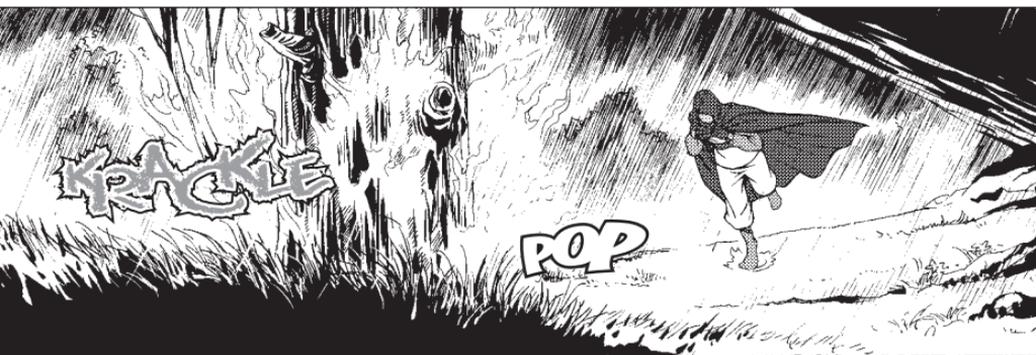
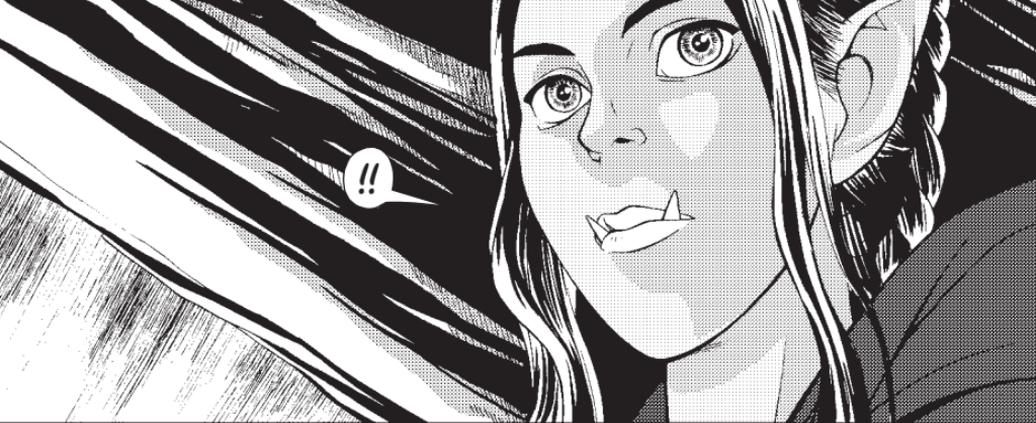
DRAHA WOULD LEARN  
HOW TO DO WHAT SHE  
NEEDED TO...SOMEHOW.

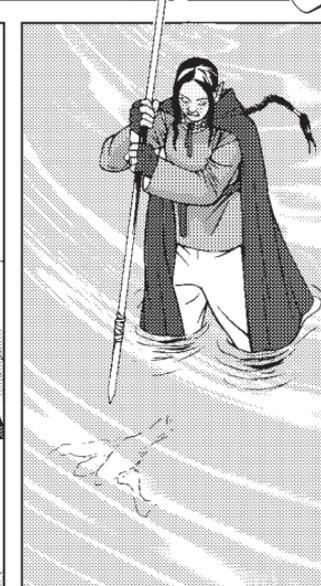
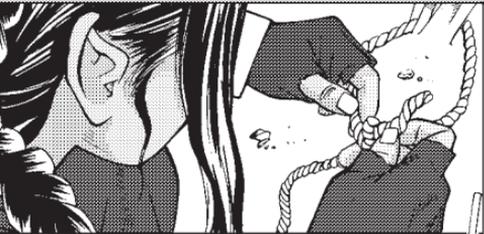


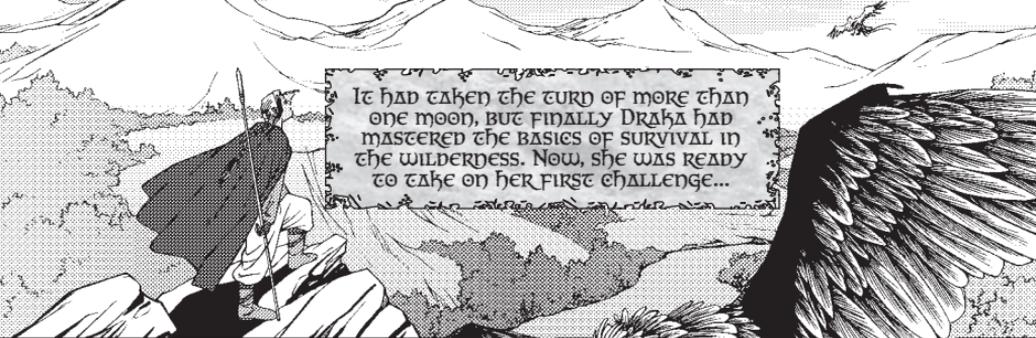
**KRAAAAKK**



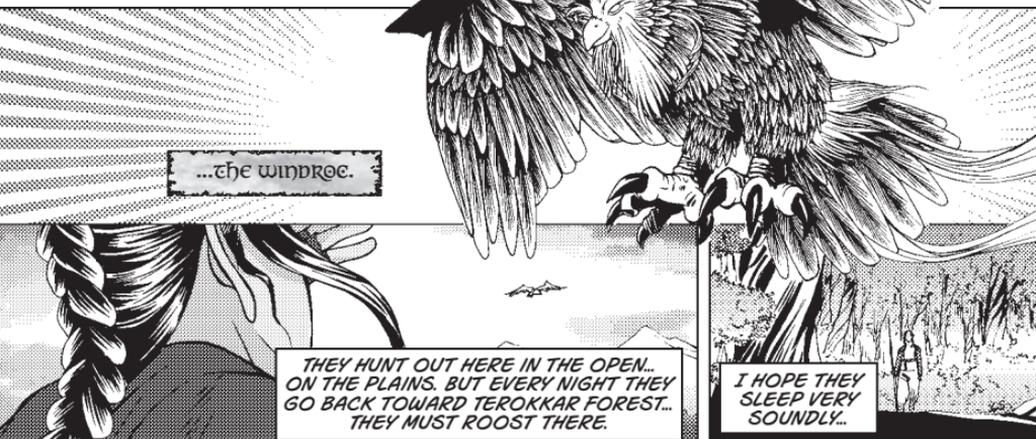
**FOOOSE**







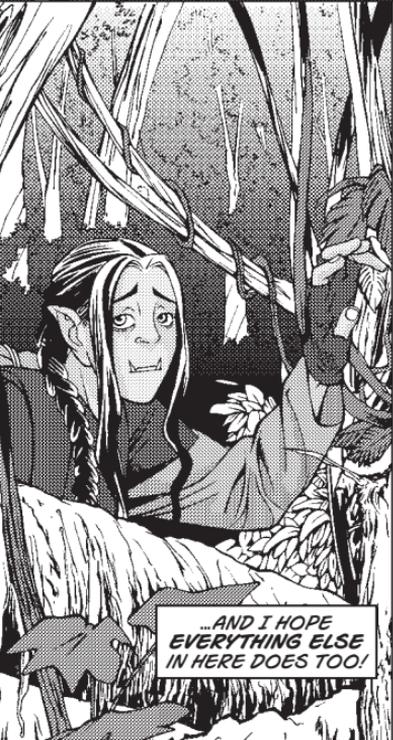
IT HAD TAKEN THE TURN OF MORE THAN ONE MOON, BUT FINALLY DRAKA HAD MASTERED THE BASICS OF SURVIVAL IN THE WILDERNESS. NOW, SHE WAS READY TO TAKE ON HER FIRST CHALLENGE...



...THE WINDROO.

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

I HOPE THEY SLEEP VERY SOUNDLY..



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





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



TOK



KRAAAAAAAA!!

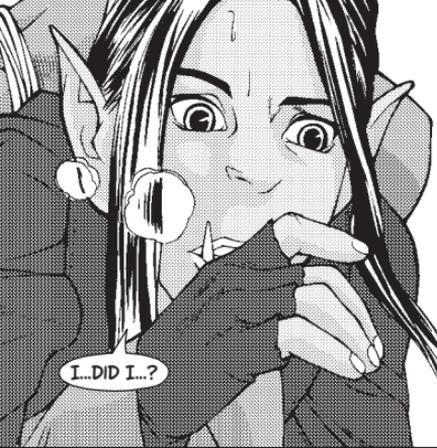


AAAAAAHHHH!!



SKREEEEEEEE!!

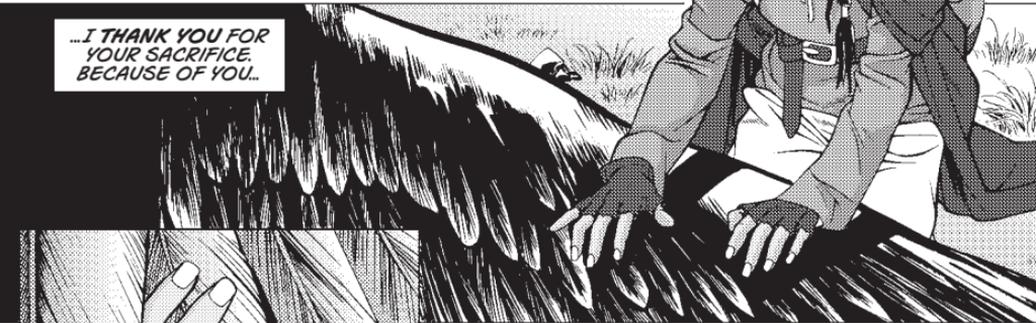
NNNGGUUHHHH!!



I...DID I...?



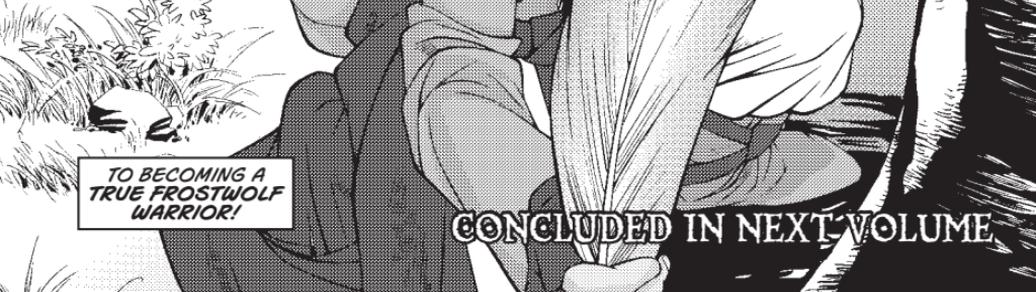
SPIRIT OF THE WINDROC...



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



...I AM ONE STEP CLOSER...



TO BECOMING A TRUE FROSTWOLF WARRIOR!

CONCLUDED IN NEXT VOLUME

# ABOUT THE WRITERS

## RICHARD A. KNAAK

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

## DAN JOLLEY

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

## TIM BEEDLE

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

## CHRISTIE GOLDEN

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

## ABOUT THE ARTISTS

### JAE-HWAN KIM

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

### FERNANDO FURUKAWA

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

### RYO KAWAKAMI

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

### IN-BAE KIM

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

# FORGING A PAGE

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

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





# PENCIL DRAFT 1



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

# PENCIL DRAFT 2



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

# INKED PAGE



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

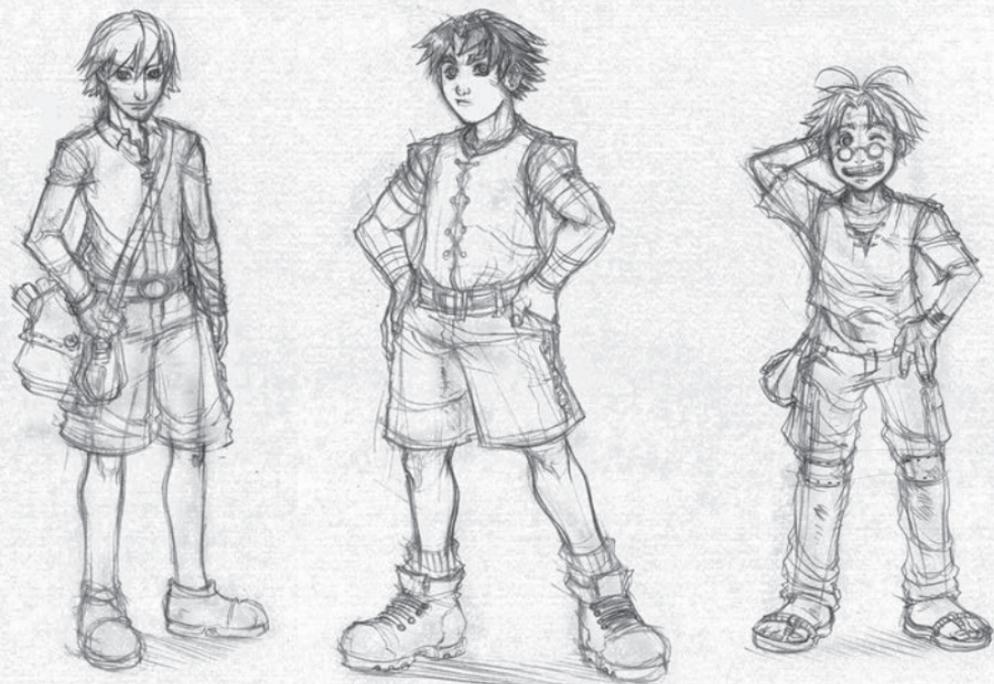
# TONED PAGE



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

# FORGING A HERO

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



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



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



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



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



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