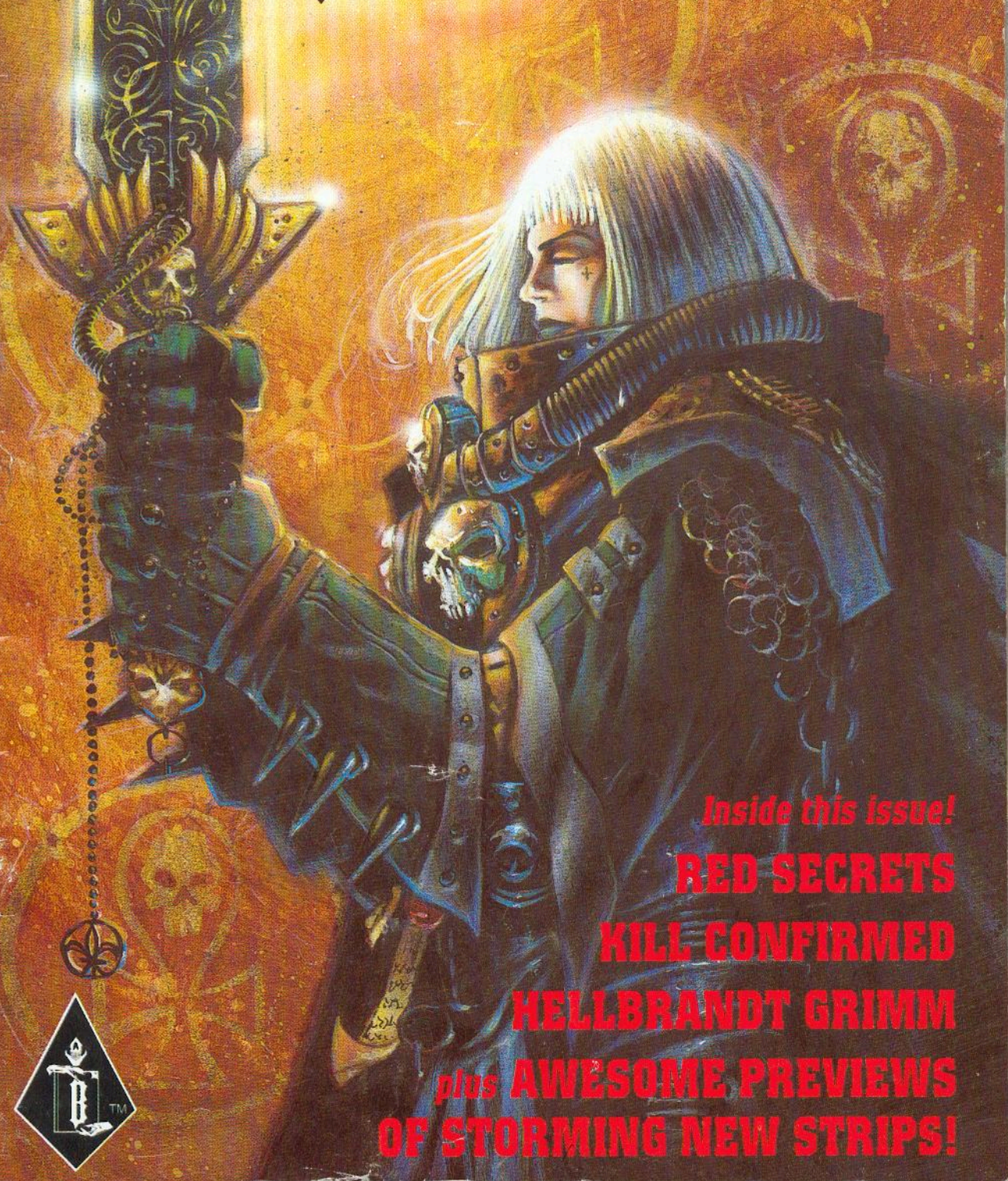


FIRST BIRTHDAY SPECIAL ISSUE! • FREE WITH WHITE DWARF!

FREE!

WARHAMMER[®]

MONTHLY



Inside this issue!

RED SECRETS

KILL CONFIRMED

HELLBRANDT GRIMM

plus **AWESOME PREVIEWS**

OF STORMING NEW STRIPS!



Red Secrets

SCRIPT GORDON
RENNIE
ART COLIN
MACNEIL
LETTERS FIONA
STEPHENSON

RED THIRST.
BLOOD RAGE.
GENECURSE.

RED SECRET OF THE SONS OF SANGUINIUS, EVERY MEMBER OF THE CHAPTER CARRYING THE GENETIC FLAW PASSED ON TO THEM BY THEIR PRIMARCH FATHER.

FOR THOSE THAT SUCCUMB, THERE IS ONLY MADNESS AND TORMENT, AN ALL-CONSUMING THIRST FOR JUST ONE THING-

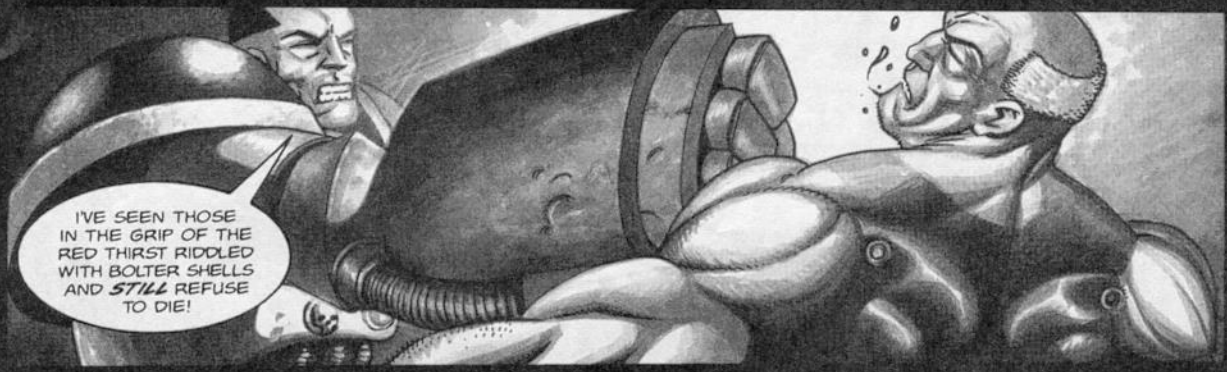
HAARRGGHH!
BLOOD! MUST
HAVE
BLOOD!!!

EMPEROR'S OATH!
THE MANIAC'S
BROKEN LOOSE!

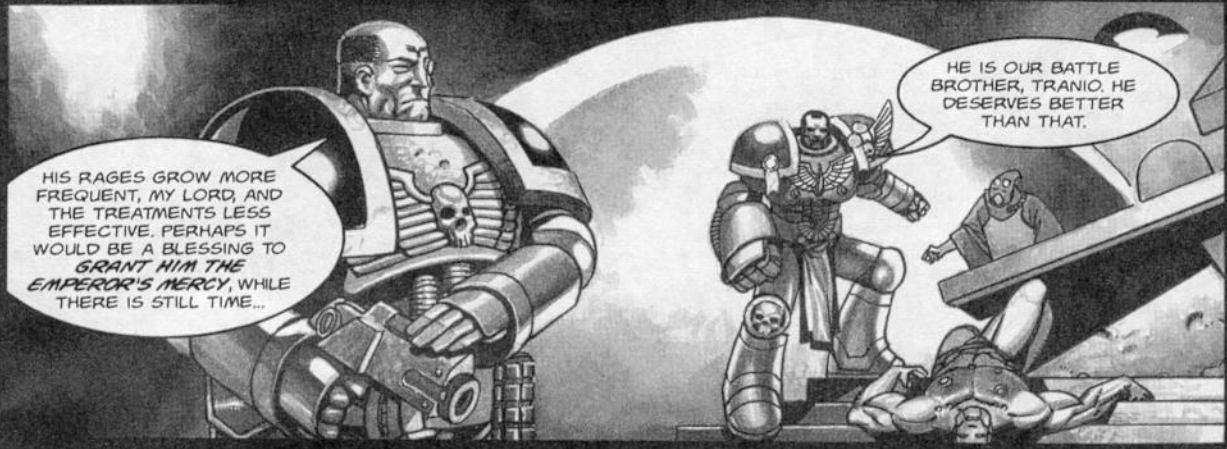
NO NEED, MY LORD.
THE SEDATIVE WE
HAVE ADMINISTERED
WILL SOON TAKE
EFFECT!

'SEDATIVE' BE
DAMNED, MASTER
APOTHECARION--





I'VE SEEN THOSE IN THE GRIP OF THE RED THIRST RIDDLED WITH BOLTER SHELLS AND *STILL* REFUSE TO DIE!



HIS RAGES GROW MORE FREQUENT, MY LORD, AND THE TREATMENTS LESS EFFECTIVE. PERHAPS IT WOULD BE A BLESSING TO *GRANT HIM THE EMPEROR'S MERCY*, WHILE THERE IS STILL TIME...

HE IS OUR BATTLE BROTHER, TRANIO. HE DESERVES BETTER THAN THAT.



WHATEVER HAS HAPPENED TO HIM, WE MUST REMEMBER THAT *BROTHER CLOTEN* WAS ONCE COUNTED AS ONE OF OUR CHAPTER'S FINEST WARRIORS.

'CUT HIM AGAIN, AND *DEEPER* THIS TIME--'

RAAARRGH!

--HE WON'T TELL US ANYTHING, BUT HOW OFTEN DO YOU HAVE THE PLEASURE OF HEARING THE *SOUND OF A BLOOD ANGEL'S SCREAMS?*

TWO YEARS EARLIER, THE PLANET BRAXIS, FALLEN TO THE POWERS OF CHAOS--

ENOUGH.

HE'S LASTED LONGER THAN THE OTHERS, BUT I THINK WE HAD ALL THE SPORT WE'RE GOING TO GET OUT OF HIM.

DID YOU THINK YOU COULD FOOL FABIUS BILE, BLOOD ANGEL? DID YOU THINK YOUR SILENCE WOULD DELAY ME HERE UNTIL THE IMPERIUM RELIEF FORCE ARRIVED?

HAVE MY CRAFT READY FOR TAKE-OFF. THIS WORLD AND ITS POOR GENESTOCK NO LONGER INTEREST ME.

AND THE PRISONER?

A PITY-HIS ENDURANCE WAS IMPRESSIVE. BUT HE'S TOO DAMAGED NOW TO BE OF ANY REAL USE TO ME IN MY WORK.

HIS COMRADES DEAD, HIS MISSION BETRAYED, TORTURED FOR DAYS AND NOW LEFT DYING IN A FILTHY CELL.

HE FEELS THE RAGE BUILD WITHIN HIM, A RAGE THAT SOMEHOW BECOMES A PRAYER.

A PRAYER TO *SANGUINIUS*,
BLOOD ANGEL PRIMARCH
AND GENEFATHER--



SANGUINIUS, WHOM SOME
WHISPER WAS *TOUCHED*
BY *CHADS*--



SANGUINIUS, WHO PASSED HIS
FATAL FLAW ONTO THE SPACE
MARINE CHAPTER FOUNDED
FROM HIS GENESEED--



SANGUINIUS, WHO BLESSES AND
CURSES A CHOSEN FEW WITH SAVAGE
STRENGTH AND UNHOLY APPETITE--



GENECURSE,
BLOOD RAGE.
RED THIRST.




PRISON BARS, NO OBSTACLE FOR A
ONE CAPABLE OF SECRETING A
POWERFUL *CORROSIVE SALVA*.



ENHANCED SENSES ONLY
FURTHER HEIGHTENED BY
THE *RED THIRST*. HE NEEDS
NO *BIO-SCANNER* TO FIND
HIS PREY--





NOR DOES HE NEED ANY WEAPONS AND ARMOUR TO KILL HIS ENEMIES.

HE IS A *SPACE MARINE*, ONE OF HUMANITY'S FINEST WARRIORS.


GENETICALLY ENHANCED INTO SOMETHING *MORE THAN HUMAN*.

AND, UNDER THE EFFECTS OF THE RED THIRST, REDUCED TO SOMETHING *FAR LESS*.

SHAKT



SHRUCK



WEAK THINGS,
HIS ENEMIES.

AAAAAAGH!
AAAAAAGH---

CHAOS THINGS, SO
EASILY BROKEN AND TORN.

THEIR BLOOD, AS
WEAK AND TAINTED
AS THEIR FLESH.

HE WILL NEED MORE-
MUCH MORE-TO
SLAKE THE RISING
THIRST WITHIN HIM.

EIGHT DAYS LATER,
LEGION ASTARTES
BLOOD ANGELS
RECAPTURE BRAXIS--

PICKING UP *ONE*
LIFE READING, THE
CHAMBER DIRECTLY
AHEAD.




SANGUINIUS
PROTECT
US...!

HAH, WELCOME
BROTHERS...

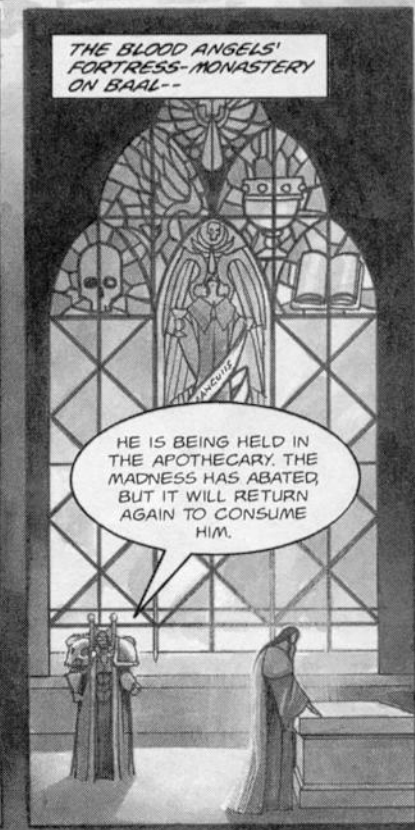


I'VE BEEN
WAITING FOR
YOU.

COME, MY
BROTHERS. COME
JOIN ME IN MY
FEAST.




...HE WAS THE ONLY ONE
LEFT ALIVE, LORD DANTE.
WITH HIS HANDS AND HIS
TEETH, HE HAD KILLED
THEM ALL.



*THE BLOOD ANGELS'
FORTRESS-MONASTERY
ON BAAL--*


HE IS BEING HELD IN
THE APOTHECARY. THE
MADNESS HAS ABATED,
BUT IT WILL RETURN
AGAIN TO CONSUME
HIM.



A BRAVE
BATTLE BROTHER, THIS
CLOTEN. HE DESERVES
BETTER.


I HAVE RECEIVED A
REQUEST FROM HIM. HE
ASKS TO BE ALLOWED TO
DIE WITH HONOUR IN
BATTLE.

A *NOBLE* WISH, BUT NO
COMPANY COMMANDER WOULD
ACCEPT ONE AFFLICTED
WITH THE RED THIRST
INTO HIS UNIT.



AGREED.
NEVERTHELESS, IT
DESERVES SOME
CONSIDERATION.

BUT WE HAVE OTHER
BUSINESS TO ATTEND TO. WE
WILL TALK FURTHER OF
CLOTEN'S REQUEST AFTER
WE HAVE SAT IN JUDGEMENT
AT THE TRIAL OF
*BROTHER-CAPTAIN
LEONATOS...*



THE END

KAL JERICO in "YOLANDA"





I STILL DON'T GET IT. WHY WOULD ANYONE CHOOSE THIS OVER LIVING UP IN THE SPIRE?

HAVE YOU EVER BEEN THERE, SCABBS? ALL THAT POMP AND CEREMONY, WITH ONLY THE OCCASIONAL VENDETTA OR POLITICAL ASSASSINATION TO BREAK THE TEDIUM?

BELIEVE ME, THE UNDERHIVE CAN SEEM MUCH MORE INTERESTING IN COMPARISON.



WATCH MY BACK AND WAIT FOR MY SIGNAL. YOU'LL KNOW WHAT IT IS WHEN IT COMES...



DON'T BE ALARMED LADIES, MY INTENTIONS ARE STRICTLY HONOURABLE, I ASSURE YOU.

I'M HOPING WE CAN COME TO SOME KIND OF AMICABLE UNDERSTANDING WITHOUT RECOURSE TO ANY UNNECESSARY UNPLEASANTNESS.



LADY YOLANDA? KAL JERICO, AT YOUR SERVICE.

I OFFER YOU A CHOICE, MILADY. EITHER I TAKE YOU IN AS A WANTED OUTLAW AND HAND YOU OVER TO THE GUILD OR YOU GIVE UP THIS RIDICULOUS CHARADE AND RETURN WITH ME BACK TO YOUR FAMILY.



MAN-SCUM! I'VE RENOUNCED MY BIRTHRIGHT! THE WILDCATS ARE THE ONLY FAMILY I KNOW NOW, AND YOU'RE A FOOL IF YOU THINK YOU COULD TAKE ME BACK!

WHAT WILL WE DO WITH THIS PIECE OF HIVE-TRASH, SISTERS? HE'S TOO MUCH OF A RUNT TO SELL TO THE PIT SLAVERS AND THERE'S NOT EVEN ENOUGH MEAT ON HIM TO LEAVE AS SCAVVIE FODDER!

AH WELL, SO MUCH FOR THE AMICABLE APPROACH...

JUST AS WELL I DROPPED THAT FRAG GRENADE IN YOUR CAMP FIRE A MOMENT AGO. THE HEAT SHOULD DETONATE IT ANY SECOND NOW.



KA-BOOOM!

I'M SORRY, MILADY, BUT NOW I REALLY MUST INSIST YOU COME WITH ME!



SCABBS! SOME COVERING FIRE WOULD BE MUCH APPRECIATED!

BRAKKA
BRAKKA



HELMAWR'S RUMP / WHO'S THAT DRUNKEN RATS-KIN HALF-BREED TRYING TO HIT, THEM OR ME?

SHING!

CHING!





BRAKKA
BRAKKA

FAREWELL, LADIES! IT'S BEEN FUN, BUT YOUR FORMER LEADER AND I REALLY DO HAVE URGENT BUSINESS ELSEWHERE!

SPANG!

CHING!



CHARMING ESCAPE ROUTE YOU PICKED. I ASSUME YOU KNOW THE WAY HOME FROM HERE?

YOU KIDDING? I WAS BORN IN THESE TUNNELS. SPENT THE BEST PART OF MY CHILDHOOD DOWN HERE!

YES, I ALWAYS WONDERED WHERE YOU ACQUIRED THAT UNIQUE AROMA OF YOURS...



YOU THINK THAT'S ANY WAY TO TREAT A HIGHBORN NOBLE-WOMAN?

YOU WANT TO LINGER HER, GO AHEAD AND BE MY GUEST...

mmmmf
gymmmmmmm-fgggm!



JERICO, YOU SLUMP-DIVING LOWLIFE! YOU POX-RIDDEN SCAVVER!

I'M GOING TO HAVE YOU KILLED FOR THIS! I'M GOING TO HAVE THINGS DONE TO YOU THAT EVEN THE REDEMPTION'S BEST TORTURERS HAVEN'T THOUGHT OF YET!



SPIRITED TYPE, AIN'T SHE? YOU REALLY THINK IT'S SAFE TO LET HER LOOSE IN THE UPPER HIVE?

ONE MORE BLOODCRAZED MANIAC SHOULDN'T MAKE MUCH DIFFERENCE TO THE HOUSE OF CATALLUS GENE-POOL, BUT YOU HAVE A POINT.

IN FACT...

mmmmf
gymmmmmmm-fgggm!

YOU'RE KIDDING, RIGHT? YOU DON'T REALLY MEAN--

JOB'S A WIFE OUT, SCABBS. SHE'S BEEN DOWN HERE TOO LONG, AND NOW SHE'S DAMAGED GOODS--MORE UNDERHIVE THAN UPHIVE ARISTOCRAT.

YOU THINK HER FAMILY WILL WANT HER BACK WHEN THEY SEE WHAT THE UNDERHIVE HAS TURNED HER INTO?



AT LEAST THERE'S STILL THE 1,000 CRED OUTLAW BOUNTY ON HER, AND IT DON'T SAY ANYTHING ABOUT HAVING TO BRING HER IN ALIVE...



HARDLY VERY GENTLEMANLY, SCABBS. BESIDES, SHE MAY BE A PSYCHOTIC MISFIT, BUT I RATHER LIKE THAT IN A WOMAN.



CALL ME A GULLIBLE ROMANTIC, BUT I HAVEN'T QUITE GOT THE HEART TO HAND HER OVER TO THE TENDER MERCIES OF THE GUILD.

WELL, NOT FOR A MERE 1,000 CREDs, ANYWAY.




SHE SEEMS LIKE A RESOURCEFUL TYPE. I DARE SAY, GIVEN AN HOUR OR TWO, SHE'LL BE ABLE TO UNTIE HERSELF. AND DIDN'T YOU ONCE SAY THERE WERE HIVE SPIDERS LIVING IN THESE TUNNELS?

GREAT BIG 'UNS. SEEN 'EM SUCK A BODY DRY IN MINUTES!



FASCINATING. WHAT A TRULY INTERESTING CHILDHOOD YOU MUST HAVE HAD, SCABBS!


STILL, YOU CAN'T SAY WE HAVEN'T GIVEN HER A SPORTING CHANCE...




IN THE DEPTHS OF
THE UNDERHIVE,
ANYONE CAN BE
POTENTIAL PREY.

++ KILL QUOTA 68% ++

++ TIME REMAINING
06:08:07 ++



I HAVE BEEN ON THE
HUNT FOR SO LONG
NOW THAT IT'S
ONLY THE SUIT'S
COUNTDOWN THAT
GIVES ME ANY
SENSE OF TIME.



++ KILL QUOTA 70% ++

++ TIME REMAINING
05:57:43 ++

++ SCANNING FOR NEXT
TARGET ++

FTOOOM!

++ TIME REMAINING
03:24:12 ++

MY SUIT AND
I ARE ONE.

++ KILL CONFIRMED ++

YES! ANOTHER ONE
DOWN AND I'M ONE
STEP CLOSER TO
GETTING OUT OF
THIS HELL-HOLE!

KILL CONFIRMED

SCRIPT: JONATHAN GREEN · ART: PAUL STAPLES

LETTERS: FIONA STEPHENSON



WHAT IT SENSES
I SENSE-



AND IT SENSES
MOVEMENT!

NNNNGGGH!

AAAGHK--!

++KILL CONFIRMED++

++KILL QUOTA 88%++

++TIME REMAINING
03:19:12++

SNAP!

BY MY RECKONING, I WILL
BE THE FIRST BACK WITH
A FULL QUOTA!



++TIME REMAINING
08:52:14++

++TRACKING TARGET++

SOON I CAN RETURN BEYOND THE WALL.
THEN THEY'LL LET ME JOIN ULANTIS'
EXCLUSIVE HUNTING CLUB.



++TARGET LOCATED++

THERE!



BUDDA!
BUDDA!

++SUIT MALFUNCTION++

NO! I CAN'T FAIL NOW! I AM
SO CLOSE TO SUCCEEDING!



FOR THAT I'LL MAKE YOU *SUFFER*, DEGENERATE SCUM!

OOOF!

WHUUMPH!

++FORCE FIELD OFF-LINE++

NO! NOT NOW!



DIE!

CRASH!



++LIFE SIGNS CRITICAL++

HELP... ME...



THAKOOOM!

++KILL CONFIRMED++

YES! I AM ALMOST DONE!



++KILL QUOTA 98%++

++ONE MORE KILL REQUIRED TO ATTAIN QUOTA++

JUST ONE MORE THEN BACK TO THE UPHIVE SHUTTLE AND OUT OF THIS STINKING PIT!

++TIME REMAINING 08:45:09++



THAKOOOM!

KRYAAAARRR!



HHRRR!

++SUIT BRECH++

NO!
NOTHING'S
GONNA STOP
ME GETTING MY
QUOTA!



AAARGGHH!

++IMMEDIATE
SHUTDOWN
REQUIRED TO
FACILITATE
REPAIRS++

WAK!

NO! THIS CAN'T...
IF I CAN JUST...



THAYSOOM!



++SUIT BRECH++MAJOR
MALFUNCTION++

++BLOOD PRESSURE
FALLING++

++SUIT BRECH++MAJOR
MALFUNCTION++

++LIFE SIGNS CRITICAL++

++KILL CONFIRMED++

++KILL QUOTA
ATTAINED: 100%++

IN THE DEPTHS OF THE
UNDERHIVE ANYONE CAN
BE POTENTIAL PREY.

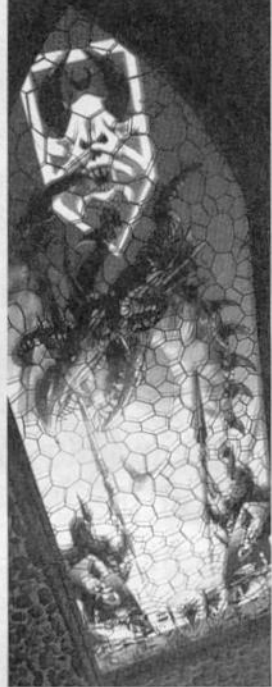
THE END.

HEAR TOLD MORE OF
THE TALE OF *MALLUS*
DARKBLADE, CURSED
WARRIOR, DARK ELF,
PUPPET OF CHAOS.

HEAR HOW HE WAS
ENSLAVED TO SEARCH FOR
FIVE RELICS OF UNHOLY
POWER, ENSLAVED BY THE
FOUL DAEMON *TZARKAN*.

AND HEAR NOW, THE
STORY OF THE *THIRD*
RELIC...

AT THE EDGE OF THE
WASTELAND LIES
Vaelgor Keep, A
WAY STATION FOR DARK
ELF RAIDING PARTIES.



ONE BITTER NIGHT IN WINTER, A
RETURNING WAR BAND WERE
CELEBRATING THEIR TRIUMPHS.

DRINK
DEEP, MY KIN !
THE FABLED *DASSER*
OF TORXUS IS OURS ! OUR
NAMES WILL BE INSCRIBED
ON THE ROLL OF HONOUR IN
KHAIN'S OWN TEMPLE
ON OUR RETURN !



NO,
THEY WILL
BE INSCRIBED
ON *MORTUARY*
URNs.

EH ?

DARK BLADE

PART FOUR

SCRIPT : DAN ABNETT

ART : KEV HOPGOOD




WHO DARES
INTRUDE
HERE ?


I
DARE.

YOU...
YOU ARE
DRUCHII !
ONE OF US !

WAIT ! I
KNOW YOU
NOW ! MALUS !
MALUS !




YOUR WAR
PARTY VANISHED
WITHOUT TRACE IN
THE WASTELAND
MONTHS AGO! YOU
WERE PRESUMED
LOST !



BUT
WHAT IS
THAT *BOUND*
INTO YOU ?
WHAT HAS
HAPPENED TO
YOU ?

WHO
CARES ?
THAT IS ALL
I AM
INTERESTED
IN.



THE DAGGER
OF TORXUS. I SPENT
WEEKS SEARCHING FOR
IT, ONLY TO FIND *YOUR*
WARBAND HAD ALREADY
LOOTED IT .

GIVE
IT TO
ME.



I
WAS !

STOP HIM! IN THE NAME OF KHAINE! STOP HIM!



YAAAAHHH!



WHUNNCH!



AGHHH!
MY FACE!
MY
FACE!





W-WHY MALUS, WHY..?



I DO WHAT I MUST.



GOODBYE, FATHER.




FATHER ? MALUS, DID YOU JUST KILL YOUR OWN FATHER ?

I GOT THE RELIC YOU WANTED, DIDN'T I ?

EVEN SO ... SOMETIMES, MALUS DARKBLADE, YOU SCARE EVEN ME. AND I'M A DAEMON.




GOOD.




FIRST THERE WAS BUT ONE, A SOLITARY TRAVELLER OUT IN THE WILDERNESS, MAKING LONELY CAMP WHERE THE LANDS OF THE EMPIRE AND THE BORDER PRINCES MEET.

THEN, AS THE FIRE CRACKED AND SPAT, OTHERS CAME SEEKING SHELTER.




FOR THE MOST PART THEY WERE STRANGERS.

BUT THE FOREST WAS DARK AND THE AIR CHILL, SO EACH PUT HIS LIFE IN THE HANDS OF FATE...




...TRUSTING THAT WHATEVER LURKED IN THE HEARTS OF THEIR FELLOW MAN COULD BE NO WORSE THAN THE HORRORS ABROAD IN THE NIGHT.




SOON THEY BEGAN TO TELL THEIR TALES, OF THAT WHICH THEY KNEW, OR HAD BEEN TOLD, OR BELIEVED, AND ERELONG, THE NAME OF HELLBRANDT GRIMM WAS HEARD.

I TELL YOU I HAVE SEEN HIM.



ON HIS LEFT CHEEK THERE IS A MARK...




...AS THOUGH BURNT THERE BY SOME THREE-FINGERED DAEMON.

Tales of
**Hellbrandt
Grimm**


SCRIPT MITCHEL
SCANLON

ART MIKE
PERKINS


LETTERS FIONA
STEPHENSON




HE IS A *TALL* MAN. A GRIM-FACED, COLD-EYED KILLER FOR WHOM OTHERS' DEATHS ARE JUST SO MUCH *SPORT*.



I SAW HIM KILL FOUR MEN IN A MARKET TOWN TO THE NORTH.




AS TO WHY THEY FOUGHT I COULD NOT SAY, BUT HE SLEW THEM WITH NO MORE THOUGHT THAN YOU OR I MIGHT *CRUSH* A FLY.




THOUGH THEY HAD THE ADVANTAGE OF NUMBERS, AND USED IT WITH CUNNING...


...STILL THEY WERE DOOMED THE MOMENT THEY DREW THEIR SWORDS AGAINST HIM.



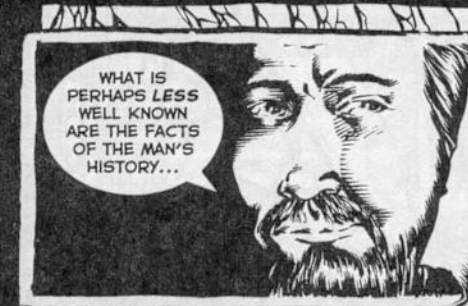
I TELL YOU I SAW IT ALL PLAINLY...




...FOR I *STOOD* NO FURTHER FROM HIM THAN I *SIT* FROM YOU.



WELL I, FOR ONE, BELIEVE YOU, MY FRIEND. IT IS *WIDELY* AGREED THAT GRIMM IS AMONGST THE MOST FEARED OF ALL THE MERCENARIES TO HAVE SERVED THE BORDER PRINCES.




WHAT IS PERHAPS LESS WELL KNOWN ARE THE FACTS OF THE MAN'S HISTORY...




...THEY SAY HE WAS TAKEN AS A SLAVE BY ORCS WHEN HE WAS NO MORE THAN A CHILD.

MOST WOULD HAVE BEEN HARD-PRESSED TO LAST A WEEK, BUT SOMETHING DARK AND FIERCE BURNT WITHIN HIM EVEN THEN AND HE THRIVED.




HE CAME TO THE ATTENTION OF THE LOCAL WARBOSS WHO, RECOGNIZING THE BOY'S POTENTIAL, HAD HIM BRANDED WITH A MARK OF OWNERSHIP.




THIS WARBOSS TREATED HIM LIKE A FAVOURED PET, AND HAD HIM FIGHT OTHER CAPTIVES FOR THE ORCS' AMUSEMENT.

THEY SAY GRIMM SLEW DOZENS OF HIS OWN KIND, BEFORE FINALLY ESCAPING,




LEAVING A DAGGER IN HIS MASTER'S HEART AS A FARE-THEE-WELL.

PAH! IF YOU BLEW ANY MORE HOT AIR WE'D HAVE NO NEED OF THIS FIRE...



...ONLY USE ORCS HAVE FOR A BOY IS AS *DINNER*. GRIMM WAS NO MORE RAISED BY GREENSKINS THAN ME AND EINAR HERE. AIN'T THAT SO, EINAR?

THAT'S SO, ROLF.



I BEG YOUR PARDON, MY FRIEND, I MEANT NO OFFENCE. I WAS SIMPLY RELATING THE TALE AS TOLD...

WELL YOU TOLD IT *WRONG*, WINDBAG.

WHATEVER YOU SAY, MY FRIEND.

I SAY, AND I KNOW IT FOR A FACT. GRIMM HIMSELF CONFESSED IT BEFORE I CUT HIS THROAT. RIGHT, EINAR?

RIGHT, ROLF.

YOU... KILLED HELLBRANDT GRIMM?

YUH, COURSE HE WAS AS GOOD AS THEY SAY, BUT I'M THE BETTER MAN.

PLEASE... DON'T...

HE TRIED ALL HIS TRICKS, BUT ENDED UP ON HIS KNEES, BEGGING LIKE A WOMAN FOR HIS LIFE. AIN'T THAT SO, EINAR?

HE SQUEALED LIKE A LITTLE GIRLY, ROLF.

PLEASE...

RIGHT, THEN I TOOK HIS HEAD FROM HIS SHOULDERS. WOULD'VE KEPT IT AS A TROPHY TOO, BUT THE DAMN THING WENT MAGGOTY ON ME.

THEM SQUIRMIES ATE THE MEAT RIGHT OFF OF IT.

PERHAPS IT WOULD HAVE BEEN BETTER FOR YOU IF THEY'D EATEN YOUR IDIOT TONGUES.

WATCH YOURSELF, STRANGER. WHO ARE YOU TO SPEAK TO ME AND MINE LIKE THAT?

THEY CALL ME HELLBRANDT GRIMM. AND I THINK YOUR APOLOGY IS LONG OVERDUE.

CALM YOURSELF, FRIEND, WE MEANT NO HARM, JUST STORIES TO KEEP THE NIGHT AT BAY...

TAKE HIM, EINAR.



LATER, HAVING DRAGGED THE BRAGGARTS' REMAINS DEEPER INTO THE FOREST THAT THE SCAVENGERS MIGHT FEAST, GRIMM TOOK HIS PLACE BY THE FIRE ONCE MORE.

AS FOR HIS *LIVING* COMPANIONS, THEY PASSED WHAT WAS LEFT OF THE NIGHT IN *SILENCE*, THEIR APPETITES FOR STORIES ABRUPTLY *LOST*.

The foolish may seek advantage, claiming unearned honours whilst in the company of strangers. But the wise know better, holding their tongues until all others have spoken.

from The Thoughts of
Beymer the Sagacious



THE END

Darkblade Returns



Coming next issue.

◆ Next month, Malus Darkblade is back in a brand new adventure. He's on a quest for the greatest prize of all: his very soul! And to find it, he must venture deep into the unimaginable insanity that is the Realm of Chaos.

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