

THE QUEST OF KALEB DARK

SCRIPT: WAGNER | GRANT

ART: EWINS | J. MCCARTHY

LETTERS: S. POTTER

IN THE THIRTEENTH YEAR OF THE REIGN OF KING ZOLTAN OF PRAAG, THE VILE FORCES OF CHAOS SWEEP SOUTH THROUGH NORSKA TO THE BORDERS OF KISLEV ITSELF. AND THERE, ON THE GREEN BANKS OF THE LYNISK, ZOLTAN'S ARMY ENGAGED THEIR HELL-SPAWNED FOE...

SEA OF CLAWS

NORSKA

LYNISK RIVER
PRAAG

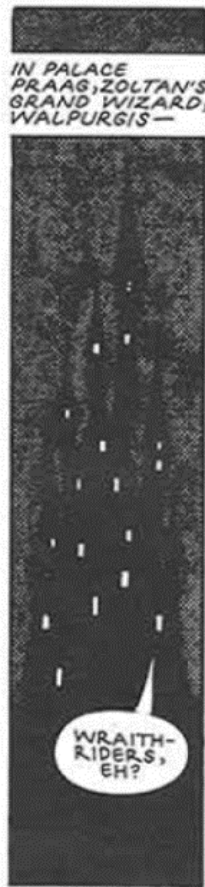
THE GRAND DUCHY OF KISLEV

FOUL FIENDS OF CHAOS! YOUR BREED WILL NEVER TAINT THIS LAND WHILE ONE MAN OF PRAAG STILL LIVES!

WITH ZOLTAN, THE LOYAL STALGRAD MILITIA AND THE PIERCE MOUNTAIN MEN OF KHEZ, WITH THEIR SLINGS AND STONE FLAILS—

OGRE—
AAAAH!

DIE,
DUNGSKINS!



OVER THE FRAY, THE SKIES OPENED —



WALPURGIS' FIRE DESTROYS THEM



BUT ONE THERE WAS WHO FEARED NEITHER FLAME NOR SORCERY. FOR DID HE NOT WEAR THE AMULET OF BRASS-THRONED KHORNE?

HIS NAME WAS SLEBAN FOULHEART—



MAKE WAY! LET A CHAMPION OF KHORNE SHOW YOU HOW TO KILL!

HIS BLADE WAS A WHIRLWIND THAT CLEAVED A SWATHE OF DEATH BEFORE HIM —



BLOOD FOR THE BLOOD-GOD!

AAAGH!

AND EVEN THE BATTLE-HARDENED ROYAL GUARD TURNED TO FLEE —

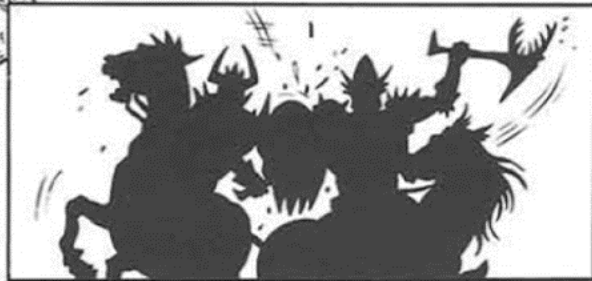


COME BACK, YOU MEN!

THE KING! PROTECT THE KING!



SLICE!



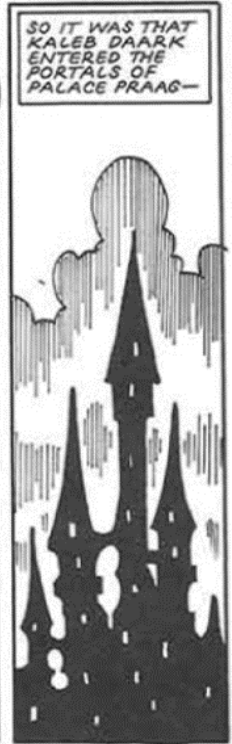


—AND DRANK DEEP OF CHAOS' EVIL!



COME,
CHAOS!
DREADAXE
THIRSTS
FOR YOU!







—AND PRAY YOU ARE NOT WASTING MY TIME!

C-CERTAINLY! ER... AS YOU KNOW, PRAAG HAS WON A VICTORY—LARGELY THANKS TO YOU, OF COURSE!

BUT CHAOS IS STRONG. SOON THERE WILL COME THE FINAL BATTLE—AND THEN PRAAG WILL FALL.



UNLESS, THAT IS, THE PROPHECY IS FULFILLED—

PROPHECY?

IT IS WRITTEN IN OUR BOOK OF ANCIENTS—



"AND IN PRAAG'S DARKEST HOUR THE GODDESS ARIANKA SHALL RISE FROM THE DEAD AND SHE SHALL SMITE THE HORDES OF CHAOS AND DRIVE THEM FROM THIS LAND FOR EVER..."



YOUR BOOK OF ANCIENTS! NAUGHT BUT FAIRYTALES! IF THIS IS WHAT YOU HAVE BROUGHT ME HERE FOR—

WHAT IF I TOLD YOU ARIANKA EXISTS?



COME!







THE QUEST OF KALEB DAARK

SCRIPT: WAGNER/GRANT

ART: EWINS/J.McCARTHY

LETTERS: STARKINGS

PART TWO:
PALACE PRAAG,
AFTER THE
BATTLE.



WE SHOWED THEM CHAOS DOGS TODAY, EH? SHOWED 'EM GOOD AN' PROPER!



DON'T YOU BE A-GETTIN' OVER-CONFIDENT, BOY. THEY'LL BE BACK, SURE AS GOBS IS GREEN. CHAOS AIN'T FINISHED WITH PRAAG YET!

BULLOX!



I BET YE A WEEK'S PAY THEY'RE STILL RUNNIN' BACK TO THEIR SCABHOLES IN NORSCA!



YEAH? THEN HOW COME THAT OLD SPELLCASTER WALPURGIS IS TURNIN' TO CHAOS WARRIORS FOR HELP? EH? EH?



HE'S GOT HIM UP THERE NOW, KNEELIN' AN' SCRAPIN' AN' LICKIN' HIS SPITTLE - BEGGIN' HIM TO COME TO OUR AID! AND HIM AS EVIL AS ANY WE FIGHT!

YOU MEAN - KALEB DAARK?



HUSH, FOOL! IF YE HAVE TO SAY THAT NAME - AT ALL - WHISPER IT!



Kaleb Daark?





HE HAD PREPARED THE POTION IN THE RITUAL WAY, AS HE HAD BEEN TAUGHT WHEN FIRST HE MADE HIS UNHOLY PACT WITH MALAL —



HE SAT, WAITING, FEELING THE POISON SEEP INTO HIS BLOOD...

... DESTROYING HIM, HE KNEW — EATING AWAY AT HIM LITTLE BY LITTLE — EACH TIME LEAVING LESS OF THE MAN HE ONCE HAD BEEN!



AND SOON, AS HE ALWAYS DID, MALAL CAME.



YES, MY DARK ONE. THE ANSWER TO YOUR QUESTION IS YES.

WHY?

WHY SHOULD I WANT YOU TO GO ON THIS FOOL'S QUEST?

WHY SHOULD SUCH AS WE SEEK TO RESURRECT THAT SLUT ARIANKA, AND SAVE THESE SNIVELLING MORTALS AND THEIR POXY PRAAG?

THE ANSWER TO THAT, MY DEAR, FOUL KALEB—

MY PERFECT KILLER—
— IS MY BUSINESS!

DON'T TOY WITH ME, MALAL!

I AM YOUR SERVANT — NOT YOUR SLAVE! YOU PROMISED ME CHAOS BLOOD!

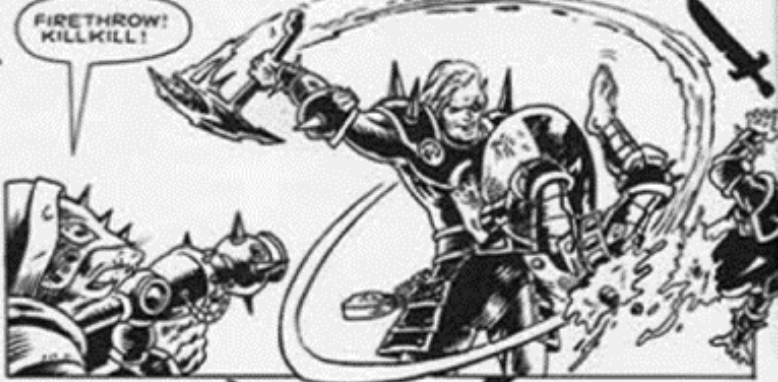
AND CHAOS BLOOD YOU SHALL HAVE, DEAR KALEB — CHAOS BLOOD A-PLenty! MORE THAN ENOUGH EVEN FOR YOU!

BROOKS









THE QUEST OF
KALEB DAARK
 SCRIPT: WAGNER GRANT ART: EWINS | J. MCCARTHY LETTERS: S. POTTER



WHEN KNOARNE THE BLOOD GOD DID LEARN OF THE KILLING OF HIS CHAMPION, ELEANOR FOULHEART, AND THE RESCUE OF PRAAG, HIS RAGE-SCREAM ECHOED ACROSS THE OCEANS, AND HE VOWED AN ORDEAL VOW AGAINST THE OUTCAST KALEB DAARK...

FROM THE FAR REACHES OF NORSCA KNOARNE SUMMONED THEM—



ZIMBAR SICKLESWORD, SLAYER OF THE GOD, DEFILER OF THE PURE...

NORAN HEADHACKER, BLOOD-DRINKER—HE WHOSE FESTERING FOTEM-STAVE BORE WITNESS TO HIS DEPRAVITY...



AND WORSE—THOSE DEMON-BRED WARRIORS WHOSE VERY NAME WAS CHAOS—WHOSE DEEDS GAVE NEW MEANING TO THE WORD EVIL...

HELLVUD AND JAEK... JAEK AND HELVUD... THE CHAOS BROTHERS!



AND KNOARNE MADE THEM RIDE—WITH BUT ONE COMMAND BURNING IN THEIR TWISTED MINDS—

SLAY KALEB DAARK!



IN THE DEPTHS OF PALACE FRAAS THE DOOMED ONE, KALES DAARK, FACED SKAVEN FIRE THROWER — POWERED BY THE EVIL OF THE WAARSTONE ...

WARFFLAME! EVEN I CANNOT LONG RESIST IT!

MALAL...!



AS THE BLACK FLAME BEAT AGAINST HIM, HIS SHIELD — THAT ELDRITCH SHIELD GIFTED HIM BY THE KENGEADE GOD — SEEMED TO DRAW IN ITS DARK POWER ...



DEVIL EYE!
RUNRUN!



THEN SPIT IT OUT!



UH-OH!



HE'S KILLED THEM ALL!



SKAVEN SOULS — POOR FOOD, FOR THE LINES OF US, EH, MY DREADAXE!

FEAR NOT — THERE IS RICHER FARE TO COME. MALAL HAS PROMISED!





THAT SUITS ME WELL!



IT IS WRITTEN! ... AND THE DOOMED ONE SHALL RIDE OUT FROM PRAAG, ACROSS THE DUSHING LYNSK AND THENCE INTO NORSCA AND THERE, THE FORCES OF CHAOS WILL CLOSE AROUND HIM...



BUT WHAT THE BOOK DID NOT SAY WAS — WHY? WHY DID MALAL CHOOSE TO HELP LOWLY PRAAG? WHAT UNNATURAL SCHEME WAS THE MAD ONE HATCHING?

THAT THE FATE OF THE KINGDOM SHOULD REST IN THE HANDS OF A CHAOS WARRIOR AND HIS INSANE GOD...

MOST WORRYING! MOST WORRYING!



DEEPER, EVER DEEPER INTO NORSCA KODE KALB DAARK, ACROSS THE PLAIN OF BLIGHT AND THROUGH THE BARREN CRAIGS OF SHARGAN, A LAND LAID LOW BY THE RAVAGES OF CHAOS.

NORSCA

SEA OF CLAWS

RIVER LYNSK

PRAAG

DEEPER, EVER DEEPER...

... AND THE SPARK IN WALPURGIS' AMULET BREW EVER BRIGHTER.



ON THE SECOND DAY HE CAME ACROSS A BAND OF GOBLIN BRIGANDES — A DOZEN ALL TOLD — AND SLAUGHTERED THEM...



... AND DREADAKE DRANK HIS FILL OF THEIR RANCID SOULS!



WHILE BEAST, HIS MUTANT WARRIOR, FED ON THE CARRION, THE CHAOS WARRIOR PREPARED A POTION FROM THE GOBLIN BLOOD —



A POTION THAT WOULD GIVE HIM DOMINANCE OVER THE SPAWN OF CHAOS... EVEN WHILE IT ATE AWAY AT ALL THAT MADE HIM HUMAN!



AND HE KNEW THE DAY WOULD COME WHEN THE HUMAN WAS NO MORE, AND HE WOULD BECOME ONE OF MALAL'S UNDEAD...



BUT THAT WAS PART OF THE FACT HE HAD MADE LONG AGO — IN THAT SOUTHERN LAND, WHEN HE WAS BUT A BOY AND HIS SOUL WAS STILL HIS OWN...



A BOY STRONG OF LIMB AND PURE OF HEART, TO WHOM GODS AND CHAOS HAD BEEN THE STUFF OF FAIRYTALES...

UNTIL THAT FATEFUL DAY —



FATHER! MOTHER!

CHAOS CLAIMS THEM!



THAT NIGHT, AS HE LAY WEeping AMONG THE BODIES OF THOSE HE HAD LOVED, MALAL CAME TO HIM...



AND HE WHISPERED SWEET WORDS OF BLOOD AND VENGEANCE... FANNING THE RAW HATRED THAT KINDLED IN THE BOY'S HEART.

AND THAT NIGHT HE MADE HIS FACT.

THAT NIGHT KALEB DAARK SOLD HIS SOUL!





Black
Murray





Next:
GOD AMOK!