

JONES

MAY

MITCHELL

ERATHUNE



Issue 2

STRANGER
COMICS

ASUNDA

JONES

MAY

MITCHELL

WOODS

ERATHUNE



Issue 2

STRANGER
COMICS



"AND SO IT IS..."

"WE MARCH TO WAR WITH AN OUTCAST KING. WHEN THE ENEMY HAS RETURNED, ROTTING THE CORE OF OUR ONCE BEAUTIFUL MOUNTAIN.

♪ LET WAVES CRASH AGAINST MY SHIELD, ♪
IT MATTERS NOT.

♩ LET THE THUNDER RAIL AGAINST MY WALL,
I WILL STAND.

♪ COME FORTH,
I WELCOME THEE! ♪ ♪

♩ ♪ COME FORTH, WIND AND RAIN,
I WILL DRINK YOUR TEARS. ♪

♩ COME FORTH, FIRE AND ICE,
I WILL DIG DEEPER. ♩

FOR I AM THE MOUNTAIN.
OLDER THAN PRAYER. ♪



"BUXTON STONEBEARD.
HIS NAME IS TO BE
FEARED, BEST YOU
REMEMBER IT IF
NOTHING ELSE.

"HIS RETURN IS A
BLESSING, BUT HIS
AXE A CURSE. AND
EVEN HE IS A SLAVE
TO ITS WHIM."

TELL THEM
TO STOP THE
DAMNED
SINGING.



THEY'LL HAVE PLENTY OF THAT IN THE HALLS OF THE DEAD.

"BUT I NEVER QUESTIONED HIS SECOND COMING.



"EVEN WHEN HE EMBRACED THE MORKAI ASSASSIN...



"...WHO COULD MOVE THROUGH SHADOW LIKE A BLADE IN THE NIGHT.



"AND EVEN WHEN HE WALKED WITH THE SINGALEMREN QUEEN...



"...SHE, WHO MAY ONE DAY UNITE US ALL.



"OR DESTROY US.



"FOR OLD HATREDS ARE HARD TO PUT ASIDE."



HE SHOULD NOT HAVE COME WITH THE SILVER ELF.

"OLD HATRED IS ENDURING."



IF THE ENEMY DOES NOT CRUSH THE MORKAI, I WILL.

I HAVE A SCORE OF POINTY EARS IN MY HOME. NOT ALL SILVER.

"OLD HATRED IS NEARLY IMMORTAL..."



FOR IT DIES ONLY WHEN WE DO.



IT HAS BEEN AN AGE SINCE YOU PICKED UP THE HAMMER, FATHER HORGRIM.

ARE YOU READY FOR BATTLE?



WE ARE MACGROM.



STUBBORN MEN WITH STUBBORN MINDS. LIKE THE MOUNTAIN.



AND I AM READY TO MEET MITHRIEL IF SHE SO CALLS MY NAME. WITH HAMMER IN HAND.



YOU ARE FRIGHTENED, PURLAK?

YES.



THEN YOU ARE WISER THAN THE LENGTH OF YOUR BEARD, MY SON. I STAINED MY BOOTS BROWN MARCHING TO MY FIRST BATTLE.



ONLY, I'M NOT SURE WHAT SCARES YOU MORE. THE ENEMY OR THE ONE WHO LEADS US?



"HEED MY WORDS, AND HEED THEM WELL, SHOULD THE TIME COME, NEVER STAND IN THE PATH OF STONEBEARD'S WRATH. HE IS BARESARK."

"ONCE HIS RAGE IS SUCH, IT MAY NOT BE UNDONE."

"DO HIS FRIENDS KNOW OF THIS?"

"PERHAPS
THEY ARE THE
REASON HE IS
STILL ALIVE."

MITHRIEL,
MY OLD ENEMY.
ANCIENT IS OUR
SEED OF
HATRED.

LET US
BE BOUND
AS ONE, IF
ONLY FOR A
BATTLE AND
SONG.

AND I
SHALL DEFEND
THIS WRETCHED
MOUNTAIN AS IF
SHE WERE MY
OWN.

IN THE
NAME OF
MAGGA, THIS
I SWEAR.

LEND
ME YOUR
SHADOW.

BELLO
CHUUM
SHEMLOR DE
MAGGA?

BLIP

SNIF
SNIF

I SMELL
SILVER.