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YEARS

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BIGFOOT

SWORD OF THE EARTHMAN

ON THE RUN...



IN THE JUNGLE OF DEATH!

HENAMAN

TAYLOR

BONVILLAIN

WOLLET

*DEATH STALKS THE JUNGLES
OF TURONIA.*

*IN YEARS PAST, POETS WROTE THAT THE JUNGLES OF
TURONIA STRETCHED AS FAR AS THE EYE COULD SEE.*

*A BOUNTIFUL LAND OF PLEASURES UNTOLD,
TREASURES UNDISCOVERED AND BEAUTY UNBRIDLED.*

IT WAS PARADISE...

BUT THAT WAS THE PAST.

*NOW IT IS WRITTEN, "THE WINDS OF HELL
BREATHE HEAVY AT HER GATES".*

*LOCATED AT THE EDGE OF THE BARREN DESERT, THE
TURONIAN JUNGLE IS A FRACTION OF ITS FORMER
SIZE. A DWINDLING HABITAT OF PREDATORS,
PROTECTORS, AND POISONOUS PLANTS, IT IS
SAID THAT EVEN THE HARDY DIE IN TURONIA.*

*NOW A HAVEN FOR POACHERS, FUGITIVES, PIRATES
AND THIEVES, ONLY THE FOOLHARDY VENTURE INTO
THE JUNGLE'S EMBRACE, ONLY THE MURDERERS SEEK
ITS ASYLUM AND ONLY THE PSYCHOTIC WELCOME ITS
SHADOW.*

DEATH STALKS THE JUNGLES OF TURONIA.

DEATH AWAITS...

BIGFOOT
SWORD OF THE EARTHMAN

THE NEWS YOU BRING IS... DISCONCERTING AT BEST. I HAVE ORDERED THE DEATH OF GREATER MEN FOR LESS.

RMMASHOW...
RMMSHAWNN...

AND YET YOU FEEL THE NEED TO UPDATE ME ON THIS LACK OF FORWARD MOMENTUM.

IS THE SEARCH FOR ONE MINDLESS CREATURE BEYOND YOUR TALENTS?

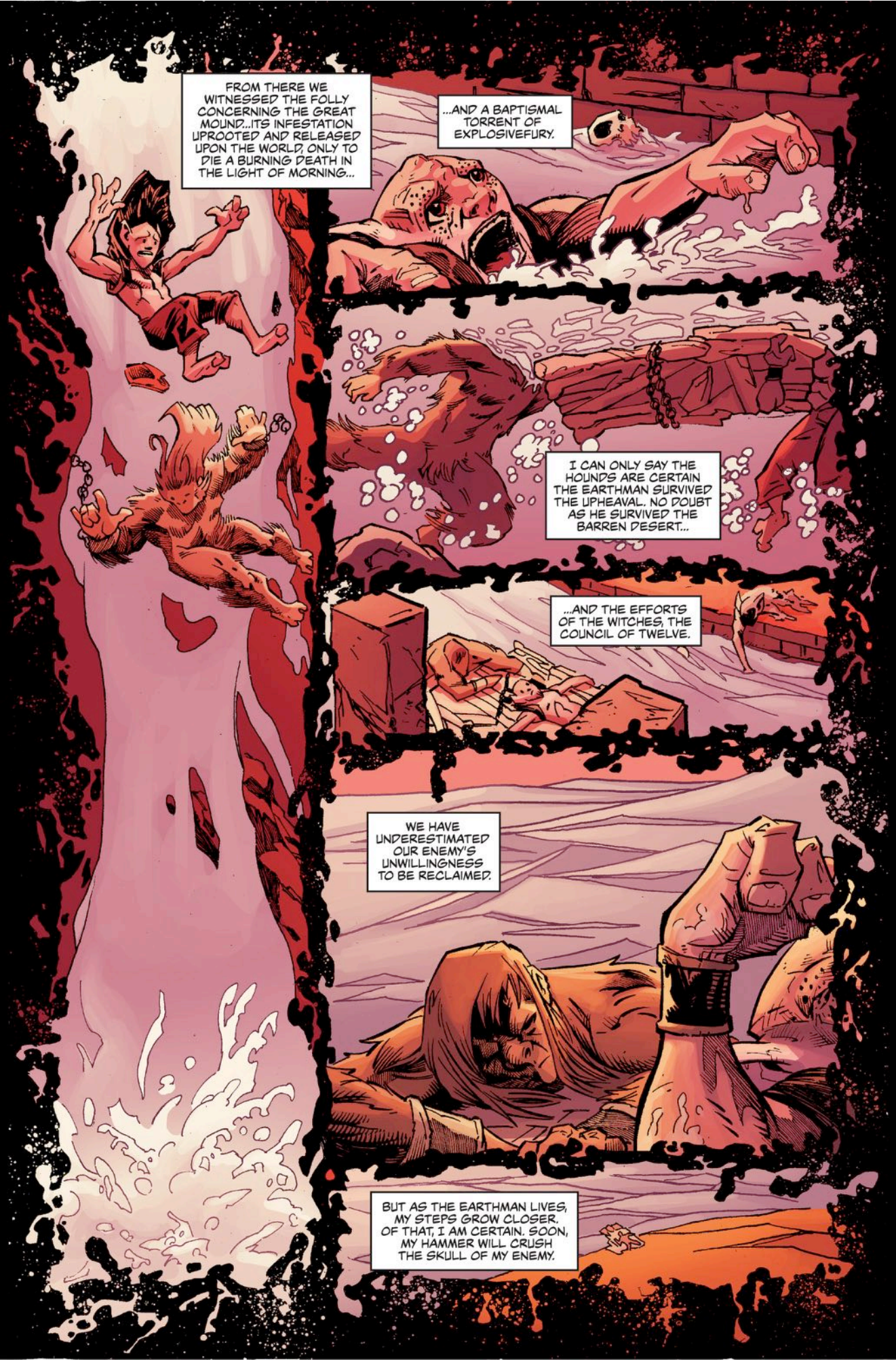
KORVAN MUSPICK? THE GREAT BARBARIAN KING OF THE UPPER REALM?

FORGIVENESS, MY LORD.

WE HAVE LOCATED WHAT APPEARS TO BE A SLAUGHTER WHERE THE STENCH OF DEATH IS STRONG, BUT STILL NO SIGN OF THE EARTHMAN.

BETTER THE KNOWLEDGE OF TRUTH THAN THE BELIEF IN FALSE PROGRESS.

WE WILL DOUBLE OUR EFFORTS. THE ORACLE HOUNDS SEIZED HIS SCENT AND TRACKED THE EARTHMAN TO THE OUTER BEACON OF QUEEN MARA'S REALM.



FROM THERE WE
WITNESSED THE FOLLY
CONCERNING THE GREAT
MOUND...ITS INFESTATION
UPROOTED AND RELEASED
UPON THE WORLD, ONLY TO
DIE A BURNING DEATH IN
THE LIGHT OF MORNING...

...AND A BAPTISMAL
TORRENT OF
EXPLOSIVEFURY.

I CAN ONLY SAY THE
HOUNDS ARE CERTAIN
THE EARTHMAN SURVIVED
THE UPHEAVAL. NO DOUBT
AS HE SURVIVED THE
BARREN DESERT...

...AND THE EFFORTS
OF THE WITCHES, THE
COUNCIL OF TWELVE.

WE HAVE
UNDERESTIMATED
OUR ENEMY'S
UNWILLINGNESS
TO BE RECLAIMED.

BUT AS THE EARTHMAN LIVES,
MY STEPS GROW CLOSER.
OF THAT, I AM CERTAIN. SOON,
MY HAMMER WILL CRUSH
THE SKULL OF MY ENEMY.



THE HOUNDS
HAVE FOLLOWED
OUR PREY TO THE
FOOT OF THE
TURONIAN
JUNGLES.

BUT IT
IS MY DUTY
TO REPORT THAT
ONCE THE EARTHMAN
PIERCED THE CANOPY
WALLS, HIS AURA
SCENT WAS
LOST.

THE WOODED
TERRAIN HAS ENVELOPED
OUR PREY, EMBRACED
HIM INTO HER BOSOM AND
LEFT THE AURA TRAIL COLD, AS IF
THE EARTHMAN NO LONGER
WISHES TO REVEAL HIS
PRESENCE... AS IF HE NO
LONGER EXISTED.

WHAT OF HIS
COMPANION?

THE BAGWORM?
THE TWO ARE NO LONGER
IN EACH OTHER'S PRESENCE,
ONCE THEY REACHED THE JUNGLE,
THE EARTHMAN ABANDONED HIM...
THE BAGWORM WILL NOT SURVIVE
LONG. THE JUNGLE SHALL
HAVE HIM.

FIND
HIM. FIND THIS
BAGWORM AND
YOU'LL FIND THE
CREATURE. THEY'VE
COME TOO FAR
TO SEPARATE
NOW.

AND KOROVAN...
YOUR HAMMER WILL
TASTE BLOOD ONLY
WHEN IT PLEASES
ME TO DO SO.




YOUR WORD
IS MY CREED,
MY LORD.




UMMASHOOWWW...
UMASHA--

THE RED
SIGHT IS DONE.
THE BLOOD CONNECT
SPENT. SHALL WE
OFFER ANOTHER
SACRIFICE TO
REPLENISH THE
POOL?



NO...THEY HAVE
MY ORDERS. THE
CREATURE **WILL** BE
FOUND. OR THE HEAD
OF THE GREAT HUNTER
KOROVAN WILL JOIN
THOSE OF MY ENEMIES
AT THE FOOT OF
MY GATES.



SON OF A DILDEN WHORE, I'D GIVE A WEEK'S WAGES IF SOMEONE WOULD STEP OUT OF THESE OVERGROWN CANTO WEEDS JUST TO TELL ME WHERE I AM.

POINT ME IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION OR JUST...JUST POINT ME IN ANY DIRECTION! I SWEAR I'VE SEEN THIS SPOT A DOZEN TIMES ALREADY.

THIS IS THE REASON ALL MEMBERS OF THE SCRIBE CASTE UNDERGO TERRAIN TASKING. YOU NEVER KNOW WHERE THE COIN AND YOUR WORDS WILL LEAD YOU... BE PREPARED...MAKE DO...



SON OF A DILDEN WHORE, INDEED...I WISH I HAD FINISHED TERRAIN TASKING.



MY LIFE FOR THE SWEET GUTBURN OF A BLOWFRUIT.

BY THE NEGLECT OF TORPUS, WHAT APPROACHES ME NOW?



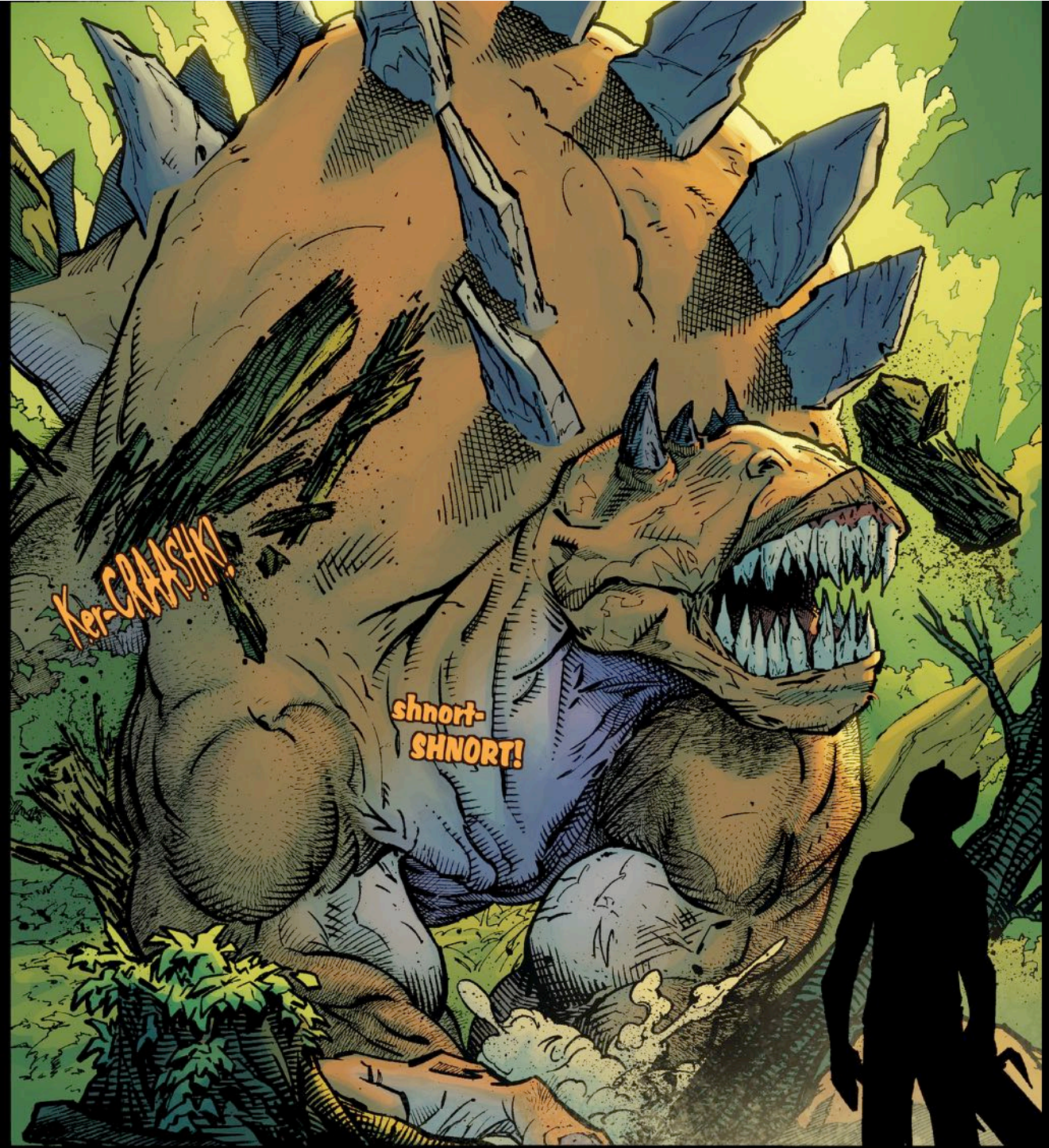
"POACHERS OF TURONIA"

WRITTEN BY
JOSH S. HENAMAN

LINE ART BY
ANDY TAYLOR

COLORS BY
TAMRA BONVILLAIN

LETTERS BY
ADAM WOLLET



Ker-CRAASHK!

shnort-SHNORT!



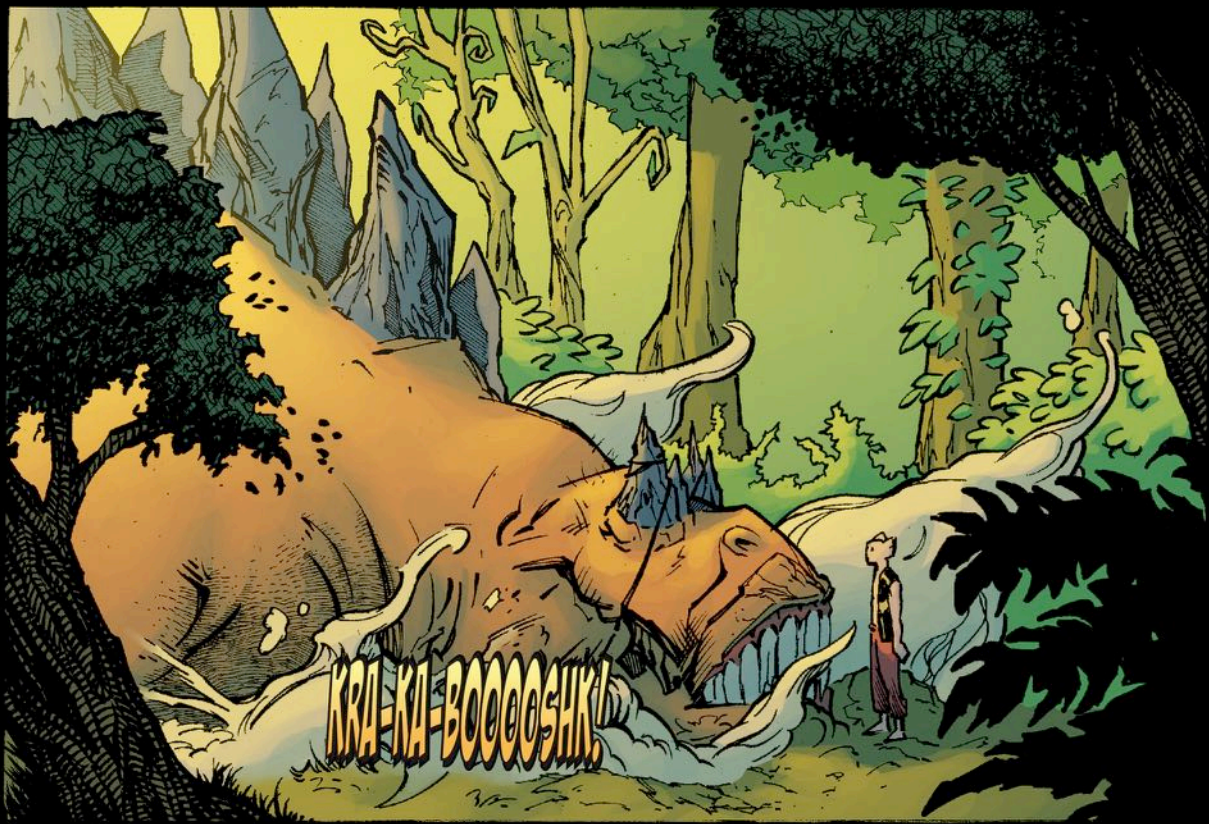
I REALLY WISH I'D FINISHED TERRAIN TASKING!



FWWP!



FWTAP!



KRA-KA-BOOOOSHKI!



THE EARTHMAN...

EARTHMAN, YOU CAME BACK!



YOU CAME BACK FOR YOUR OLD FRIEND, CASTOR!



KRA-SHAPLUCK



TIME TO MAKE SOME COIN, GRUBS!

EARTHMAN?