





HAIL THE BLOOD KING!

HAIL! HAIL!



OLOCH? WHAT--
HOW DID YOU
KNOW?

YOU KNEW...
RIGHT?



IN YOUR HUMAN
CITIES, I HAVE TO
RESTRAIN MYSELF--
HAVE TO BEND TO
YOUR WAYS.



NOT HERE, THOUGH.
THE SINSPAWN ARE
LIKE ORCS! **FIERCE!**
STRONG!

THEY DON'T
SIT AND SCHEME.
THEY ARE TRUE
CHILDREN OF **GORUM!**
CHILDREN OF
WAR!



WHO
AMONG YOU IS
STRONGEST?



I AM, BLOOD
KING. I SERVED
THE OLD ONE AS
EXECUTIONER.



GOOD. NOW
TELL ME OF THIS
GAUNTLET OF FURY, ITS
RUNELORD MAGIC, AND
THE POWER TO **SLAY**
OUR FOES!



LET'S
JUST GO
WITH IT.

"GO WITH IT?"
I'VE HEARD STORIES
LIKE THIS. THEY USUALLY
END WITH THE TRIBE
EATING THEIR NEW
KING.




THEY
CAN TRY.

PATHFINDER

HOLLOW MOUNTAIN GAUNTLET OF FURY

Script by Wesley Schneider Art by Tom Garcia
Colors by Mohan Letters by Bill Tortoloni
Edited by Rich Young & Anthony Marquez





THERE, TREMORS
OPENED IT AGES AGO.
THE FISSURE DESCENDS
INTO THE HEART OF THE
GAUNTLET OF FURY,
NEAR THE POOL KNOWN
AS THE CHAMPION'S
CRUCIBLE.

THERE YOU'LL
FIND THE POWER TO
STRIKE AGAINST THE
CASTELLAN—AND
PERHAPS FIND TRACES
OF YOUR LOST
FRIENDS.




BUT BE
WARNED, THE
GAUNTLET'S HEART
IS NOT UNGUARDED. I
HAVE SENT DOZENS OF
MY BROOD INTO THE
GAP, NONE HAVE
RETURNED.




THANK YOU FOR
THE WARNING AND
FOR BRINGING US
THIS FAR.



WE DO
NOT DO THIS FOR
THANKS.



RALLY YOUR
FORCES, TAKE THE
RUNELORD'S POWER,
AND STRIKE DOWN
THE CASTELLAN.



IF YOU TRY
TO FLEE, WE WILL
KNOW. OUR EYES COVER
THE MOUNTAIN. DO NOT
THINK THAT YOU CAN
BETRAY US AND
ESCAPE.