



# THE REDEEMER™

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# The Redeemer



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**WITHNAIL**



'I like your style! Last  
time I met a psycho like  
you I ate him!'



In the name of the eternal Emperor,  
I write of the deeds of **The Redeemer**,  
Klovis of the noble house of Coward, and  
of his great work ridding Necromunda  
of weakness and deviation, of filth and  
abomination.

He it was who led us from **Hive Primus**  
to spread the word of redemption  
amongst the outcasts of the Ash Wastes.

Toxic was that desolation, yet he feared  
not to plunge himself into the poisoned  
realm...and the mutants and scavvies  
and ratskins fled before him...for  
they feared his words of righteousness...

IF IT  
DOESN'T  
HURT, IT  
DOESN'T  
COUNT!

In The Ash Wastes...we purged some ratskin renegades for crimes too foul for I, Deacon Malakev, to describe... (lest it pollute the mind of the reader)...

BUT ALL WE DID WAS RUN AWAY!

A MAN'S FLIGHT IS IN ITSELF SUFFICIENT REASON FOR THE PRESUMPTION OF HIS GUILT.

AND, BY SHORTENING YOUR LIFE, I AM SAVING YOU FROM COMMITTING MORE SINS AND THUS RECEIVING EVEN GREATER PUNISHMENT.

BUT...IF YOU ARE INNOCENT, ACCEPT YOUR FATE WITH RESIGNATION...



AND THANK ME FOR REWARDING YOU WITH A MARTYR'S CROWN...

YOU ARE SICK IN THE HEAD, HIVE WARRIOR! YOUR SPIRIT WALKS A CROOKED PATH!




LISTEN TO HIS VILE INSULTS! YOU CAN DO NO MORE FOR HIM, MY LORD, SINCE HE HAS ABUSED YOUR GOODNESS.

I CALL ON THE GREAT RAT-SPIRIT TO AVENGE MY DEATH AND THE PAIN OF MY PEOPLE!



RRRRRIIP!



I HEAR YOU, MY  
PEOPLE! I AM THE  
CALLER, SHAMAN  
OF SHAMANS, VOICE  
OF THE RAT NATION,  
SON OF THE  
BLOODMARE...

THROUGH MY BONES,  
THROUGH MY BLOOD,  
I LEAD THE REVOLT  
AGAINST THE SCUM  
OF THE SPIRE, THE  
DOGS OF THE  
EMPEROR!

BLASPHEMY!



I EAT THE  
RATS AND  
IMBIBE THE  
SPIRIT OF THE  
RAT GOD...



...SO WE MAY RECLAIM  
OUR HERITAGE AND  
OUR WORLD!




PULPITEK!  
AUTO-CANNONS  
ON!





THE RAT NATION'S  
TIME HAS COME!

YOUR TIME HAS  
COME, THAT MUCH  
I PROMISE YOU...



LOATHSOME VERMIN! YOU  
CANNOT WITHSTAND THE  
SWORD OF  
PERSECUTION!



AND YOU  
CANNOT  
WITHSTAND...



THE POWER OF THE  
BLOODMARE STONE!

THE POWER OF  
THE ANCIENT ONE!  
IT SHALL SWEEP  
ME FROM HIVE TO  
HIVE, FUELLING  
THE FLAME OF  
REVOLT ACROSS  
NECROMUNDA...

...AND INCINERATE YOUR  
HOME - HIVE PRIMUS!

SPEAKING OF  
FIRE, VERMIN...

SKREEEE!

SOON!

I LOOK FORWARD  
TO IT...AND THE  
BEFITTING DEATH  
THAT AWAITS YOU-  
IN TORMENT!

Pondering on the Caller and his mysterious stone, the Redeemer ordered an inspection of the weapons of the faithful...

...for the jamming of the auto-cannon had disturbed him greatly.





Soon after, we headed for our base in the Ash Wastes, two weeks journey from Hive Primus.



Those who call our beloved Redeemer a crazed fanatic would do well to see his good works here...



REPEAT AFTER ME:  
"WE DESERVE TO  
BE PUNISHED"...

WE DESERVE TO  
BE PUNISHED.

He did more than scourge the heretics. He taught the Ratskins he had rescued from a life of sin in the Underhive.



ALL PRAISE TO THE  
REDEEMER!

ALL PRAISE TO THE  
REDEEMER!



EXCELLENT WORK, BRUDE.  
YOU ARE SHOWING THEM  
THE WAYS OF THE  
REDEMPTION.

I OWE IT ALL TO  
YOU, MY LORD.  
YOU MADE ME  
WHAT I AM  
TODAY.





Klovis had rescued the Ratskins from heresy and this was how they repaid him...



Yet it was more in sorrow, rather than anger, that he applied the Mortifier to their traitorous bodies...



FEEL THE WRATH OF THE REDEMPTION!

TEK!

SCOURGE  
AND PURGE!

K-CHAK!

*And this time, praise be,  
the cannons did not fail.*

GO ON, SAY  
SOMETHING  
CLEVER  
NOW.

BUDDA!

BUDDA!

BUDDA!

K-CHAK!

For a moment, even the Redeemer was stunned, for the blow was a grievous one.



WHAT MANNER OF  
MAN ARE YOU ?

I AM THE  
REDEEMER !

RIGHT ARM OF  
THE EMPEROR,  
INSTRUMENT OF  
HIS VENGEANCE,  
AND...

HE'S VANISHED,  
MY LORD.

TELEPORTED.  
OBVIOUSLY HIS  
STONE HAS  
CONSIDERABLE  
POWERS, WHICH  
I WILL NEED TO  
DISCUSS WITH  
OUR ERRANT  
RATSKINS.

After they were subdued...

NOTHING WILL  
MAKE ME SPEAK !  
THE CALLER HAS  
GIVEN US BACK  
OUR SPIRIT ! DO  
YOUR WORST !

IF YOU INSIST,  
MALAKEV, FETCH  
THE "LIBER  
EXCRUCIATUS".



FOR YOUR ENLIGHTENMENT, BRUDE, THIS IS MY COLLECTION OF AIDS TO REPENTANCE.

HAH! I FEAR IT NOT!



Hmm... PRIDE... TREACHERY... INGRATITUDE... YES, CLEARLY A CASE FOR **AID NUMBER 26.**

PREPARE THE NOSTRIL PIPES AND THE EARPLUGS.

EARPLUGS?



THEY'RE FOR ME, LEST YOUR SCREAMS DISTRACT ME FROM MY HOLY WORK.



ALL RIGHT! ALL RIGHT! I'LL TELL YOU EVERYTHING! JUST DON'T TORTURE ME!

THE **BLOODMARE STONE** IS THE EYE OF ONE OF THE PRE-HISTORIC NECROMUNDAN SPIDERS!



FROM HIS DEN IN THE UNDERWORLD OF HIVE PRIMUS, **THE CALLER** WILL USE HER MAGIC TO OVERTHROW THE SPIRE... ALL SPIRES... THROUGHOUT **NECROMUNDA!**



ADMIRABLE, BRUDE. THIS WILL GO A GREAT WAY TOWARDS YOUR REDEMPTION... IT IS SAID THAT IT IS MORE MERCIFUL TO TORTURE THE MIND THAN BRUISE THE BODY. HOWEVER...

I STILL PREFER TO DO BOTH.



JUST TO BE SURE...

AND AFTERWARDS, WE SHALL COMMENCE THE **BLOODMARE CRUSADE** TO PLIT DOWN THIS HERESY!



A week later... Brude had responded well to the ways of the redemption...

HOW'S THE NEW NOSE?

ITHREEEEAALLY HURTTTHH.

WELL, YES, IT WOULD. BUT THE PAIN HELPED. YOU RECALLED THE LOCATION OF "SINK HOLE PASS"... A SHORT CUT TO THE UNDERWIRE OF WHICH WE WERE PREVIOUSLY UNAWARE.

YETTHHH.

Soon after, we approached The Pass...

From here, vehicles were lowered by cranes, but the shaft was controlled by a mutant gang.



TELL STITCH!  
MONEY'S COMING!

REDEMPTION SCUM!

MUTANT SCUM!

Before the duel began, the Redeemer spent a moment in prayer to the Emperor.

DEAR LORD,  
MAKE ME DIE OR  
GIVE ME THE GRACE  
TO CONQUER THIS GANG  
OF SINNERS AND  
RENDER MYSELF  
ITS MASTER.

HELP ME  
MASSACRE THIS  
DAY, IN THE  
NAME OF THE  
EMPEROR!

VERY  
WELL...LET  
THE DUEL  
BEGIN.

MALAKEV!

YES, MY  
LORD...?

LOWER  
ME INTO  
THE PIT!

A MAN IS LIKE AN ASH WEED,  
TUMBLING THIS WAY AND THAT  
WITH NOWHERE TO GO, UNLESS HE  
HAS A CAUSE! AND WHAT GREATER,  
HOLIER CAUSE THAN TO CLEANSE  
NECROMUNDA OF SINNERS LIKE  
YOU!

I'LL  
REMEMBER  
TO WRITE  
THAT ON  
YOUR TOMB-  
STONE!

PITY YOU'VE GOT TO DIE.,  
REDEEMER, YOU'RE MY  
KIND OF MANIAC!

DO  
NOT COMPARE  
YOURSELF WITH  
ME, SCUM! I AM  
A CRUSADER  
ON A HOLY  
CAUSE!

Underhive  
2  
KM  
IMPERIAL




HEY, HARD MAN!  
YOUR HEAD'S  
ON FIRE!

IDIOT MUTANT!  
YOU DARE TO  
INSULT MY  
CROWN OF ALL-  
CLEANSING  
FIRE?!



I AM AFLAME  
WITH ZEAL FOR  
THE FAITH!

I LIKE YOUR STYLE!  
LAST TIME I MET A  
PSYCHO LIKE YOU I  
ATE HIM!



BLASPHEMER!  
**CANNIBAL!**  
REJOICE THAT I  
CLEANSE YOU WITH  
THE SWORD OF  
REDEMPTION!

THAT  
YOUR SINFUL  
EXISTENCE  
WILL BE  
SNUFFED  
OUT!

AAAAHH!  
LUCKY  
BLOW!



NOW  
GET THIS  
STITCHED!

YOU DISPLAY A  
COURAGE I  
ATTRIBUTE TO  
THE OBSTINANCY  
OF YOUR CRIMES,  
MUTANT...

THAT OR PLAIN  
STUPIDITY!  
EITHER WAY, IT'S  
TIME YOU WERE  
CLEANSED!



OOOPS!  
SORRY, MY  
LORD!

UUIUGH!

KRAK!  
KRAK!  
KRAK!



MAAAALAKEV!  
YOU...!

YEAH, I'M  
JUST ONE DUMB  
MUTANT. HUR  
HUR HUR!



WHAT HAVE I DONE? IF I  
HAVE KILLED MY BELOVED  
LORD, I WILL NEVER FORGIVE  
MYSELF!

AND IF HE LIVES-  
NEITHER WILL HE!



HUR, HUR! IT  
WOULD BE  
REALLY  
DESPICABLE  
TO KILL A  
DEFENCELESS  
MAN HANGING  
FROM A  
ROCK...!

SPLENDID!



TIME FOR A  
MANICURE,  
HARD MAN!




I THINK NOT,  
DEVIANT!



SCOURGE  
AND PURGE!

GGGGAAAAAAHH!

SKETCH!



NOW QUICKLY! IN THE FEW  
REMAINING SECONDS OF LIFE  
LEFT TO YOU, WILL YOU PRAY  
TO THE EMPEROR FOR FORGIVE-  
NESS FOR YOUR SINS?

MMM~~~~~!



OH WELL.



AND NOW FOR  
THE REST OF  
THE POSSE...

AS YOU  
SAID, MILITANT...  
WINNER TAKES  
ALL!

‘Aye, one man! But I  
am filled with the fire  
of The Redemption!’





UP, MALAKEV!  
MY HOLY WORK  
AWAITS!



STITCH  
IS DEAD!

IT'S IMPOSSIBLE!  
HE WAS THE BEST!



WAS.  
ZEALOTS...  
ATTACK!



CLEANSE THIS NEST  
OF DEVIANTS!

VRRRRNNNN!



mine eyes have seen the glory  
of the Redeemer our Lord!  
He will smite the filthy mutant,  
He will crush the deviant horde!

Glorious glory, The Redeemer!  
Glorious glory, The Redeemer!  
Glorious glory, The Redeemer!

We will be his shield and armour!  
we will be his flaming sword,  
As we go marching on!



AS I GO  
PURGING  
ON!





The survivors were gathered on the edge of the pit.

YOUR SINS ARE SO GRIEVOUS, THAT-  
MUCH AS I WOULD LIKE TO-I CANNOT  
OVERLOOK THEM.

YOU WILL  
SUFFER THE  
PUNISHMENT OF  
DECIMATION!



Later, in his mercy, he spared the tenth mutant.





ABOUT MY EARLIER FAILURE, MY LORD... I WOULD LIKE TO DO PENANCE.

MAY I SUGGEST A SUITABLE TORTURE FOR MYSELF FROM THE *LIBER EXCRUCIATUS*?

YOU CERTAINLY MAY, MALAKEV.



BUT I'M RATHER BUSY RIGHT NOW... WHY DON'T WE CHOOSE ONE TOGETHER LATER?



MEANWHILE, THE MENTAL ANGLISH YOU WILL SUFFER SHOULD KEEP YOU GOING.

OH, THANK YOU, MY LORD! THANK YOU!



LOWER AWAY!



WE GO NOW INTO THE DARKNESS OF THE UNDERHIVE...



...TO FIND THE BLOODMARE STONE AND ITS VERMINOUS KEEPER - THE CALLER!

"AND PRACTICE ALL THE TORTURES OF  
THE LIBER EXCRUCIATUS UPON HIM!"

"THE RAT-EATER CAN HIDE  
IN HIS CAGE NO LONGER!"



*I, Deacon Malakev, continue my saga of Klovis, the Redeemer and how he pursued the Ratskin Deviant known as **The Caller** into the Underhive... for this vile miscreant, armed with the **Bloodmare Stone**, had threatened to raise rebellion against **Hive Primus**.*

*I record it, so successors in our order may learn from the Redeemer's battles for the cause of righteousness... for of my master it was truly said...*

*"Prince, slow to punish, prompt to reward, he suffered when he was obliged to be hard."*

THE WORK OF  
THE CALLER!



HIS REBELLION HAS BEGUN!  
HE MUST HAVE INCITED THE  
RATSKING TO DO THIS.

THE EMPEROR KNOWS I AM A MERCIFUL MAN,  
BUT WHEN I CATCH THIS DEVIANT...

IT'S THE NUMBER  
ELEVEN FOR HIM!

HOW JOYOUS! I'VE  
ALWAYS WANTED TO  
USE THE GRINDERS!

AND SO YOU SHALL,  
MALAKEV, ONCE WE  
HAVE SQUEEZED HIS-

WHAT'S  
THAT?

Skrink!  
Skrink!

Skrink!  
Krrank!  
Vrrank!  
Clunk!

Tok!  
Tok!  
Tok!

Skrink!  
Skrink!

Krank!  
Skrink!  
Krrink!

SPIRIT DANCE!

LET IT **BEGIN!** LET IT **BEGIN!**  
HIGH ABOVE US, **HIVE PRIMUS**  
SLEEPS ON, UNAWARE WE ARE  
RECLAIMING WHAT IS  
RIGHTFULLY **OURS!**

THE **HIVERS** SHALL BLEED,  
THEIR CITY LIE IN RUINS AS  
WE OF THE UNDERHIVE  
**CONQUER!**

**Klunk!**

**Donk!**

**Tok!**  
**Tok!**

**Skrink!**

**Donk!**

**Tok! Tok!**



YOU THE DISPOSSESSED, RATS&KINS  
AND ALLIES, **SHARE THE BATTLE**  
AND **SHARE THE VICTORY!**



THESE WORDS ARE  
**GOOD!** I FLEDGE A  
THOUSAND BRAVES  
TO YOUR CAUSE!

WE, TOO, WILL FOLLOW  
YOU, **CALLER!**

**REBELLION!**  
SMELLS GOOD TO US!

AS THE EMISSARY OF KARLOTH VALOIS, MASTER OF PLAGUE ZOMBIES, I WITHHOLD JUDGEMENT. WORDS AND DANCES ARE NOT ENOUGH, MY FRIEND.

YOU HAVE BROUGHT THE REDEEMER TO THE UNDERHIVE. AND WITH HIM, THE CURSED REDEMPTION!

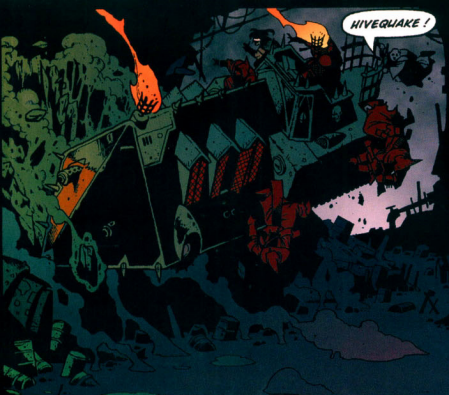
THE REDEEMER! THAT RANTING FOOL! HE IS DEAD WHEN I SAY THE WORD!

BUT IF I SAY IT, WILL VALOIS SUPPORT US?

AYE. THE PLAGUE ZOMBIES WILL RISE FROM THEIR PITS AND FOLLOW YOU.

THEN BEHOLD! I SAY THE WORD!

WAAAAOOOM!





NONE. THE FORCES OF THE UNDEAD ARE AT YOUR SIDE.



Brude healed my paralysis with herbs from his blindsnake pouch...





DEACON MALAKEV, MAY I SPEAK  
TO YOU IN CONFIDENCE?

WHY, OF  
COURSE,  
BROTHER  
BERKRAK.

MY WORDS  
MUST GO NO  
FURTHER...

YOU CAN  
TRUST ME.

IT PAINS ME TO SAY THIS... I HAVE  
FOLLOWED OUR BELOVED REDEEMER  
ON MANY A PURGING, BUT NOW  
I FEAR...

HE IS  
AFFLICTED  
WITH A  
DISTEMPER  
OF THE  
MIND!



PLAGUE ZOMBIES!

SHALL  
WE PURSUE,  
MY LORD?

NOT YET. ZOMBIES  
HUNT IN **PACKS**. WE  
NEED TO KNOW HOW  
MANY THERE ARE.  
MALAKEV, SWITCH  
ON YOUR **BIO-  
SCANNER**.



SHORTLY...

SCANNER ESTIMATES  
TEN ZOMBIES DIRECTLY  
BELOW US!



THEY MUST BE **CLEANSED!**  
ANY VOLUNTEERS FOR  
THIS HOLY WORK?

HOW ABOUT YOU, BROTHER  
BERKRAK? WOULD YOU  
"HUMBLY ACCEPT" THIS  
GLORIOUS MISSION?



YOU DO ME TOO  
MUCH HONOUR,  
REDEEMER. I AM  
NOT WORTHY.

TRUE, BUT  
YOU'RE STILL  
GOING.



BUT, OF COURSE, WE  
WOULD NOT ASK YOU TO  
DO THIS **ALONE**...WOULD  
WE, DEACON  
MALAKEV?

MY LORD, WHAT-  
WHAT HAVE I DONE  
TO DESERVE THIS...  
Errm... "HONOUR"?



WELL, THERE'S THE MATTER OF  
YOUR **PAST SINS**...THE INCIDENT  
WITH THE CRANE WHEN YOU  
NEARLY KILLED ME.

YOU DIDN'T THINK I'D  
FORGOTTEN? OH, YOU **DID!**







I WARN YOU!  
YOU'LL REGRET  
THIS! THE  
REDEEMER IS  
MY FRIEND!



AND THE CALLER IS MINE.

KILL THE LITTLE ONE!



NO.. PLEASE,  
PLEASE, NO...



SCOURGE AND  
PURGE!

THE ACCURSED  
REDEEMER! HE  
STILL LIVES!

IT'S CLEANSING TIME!

Now my beloved Master's plan became  
clear. He had honoured me by using  
me as bait, while he launched a  
surprise attack.

PRAISE  
BE!

DESTROY HIM!  
HE IS ONLY  
ONE MAN!

AYE, ONE MAN! BUT I AM  
FILLED WITH THE FIRE  
OF THE REDEMPTION!



THE ALL-CLEANSING  
FIRE THAT WILL SAVE  
NECROMUNDA!



SO...WHAT  
HAVE WE HERE?



HARM ME AT YOUR PERIL, GIR. I  
AM **FERRON VOOR**, EMISSARY  
OF **KARLOTH VALOIS**, MASTER  
OF PLAGUE ZOMBIES.

FINE TITLES...

BUT TO ME,  
YOU'RE JUST  
THE DEVIANT  
WHO'S GOING  
TO LEAD ME  
TO THE  
CALLER.



OH YES,  
ABSOLUTELY.

WE FOLLOW YOU AND  
TRUST YOU, **GLORIOUS  
REDEEMER**!

THREE GLORY BE'S FOR  
OUR REDEEMER!



THE REDEEMER DRAGGED VOOR UP ABOVE  
AND ADDRESSED HIS ZEALOTS.

BEFORE I "QUESTION" THIS **MISCREANT**,  
ARE THERE ANY **OTHERS** AMONG YOU WHO  
DOUBT MY **SANITY**, OR **FITNESS** TO LEAD  
THIS CRUSADE? LET THEM SPEAK NOW!

AND SPEAK TRUTHFULLY. I'VE  
NO TIME FOR "YES" MEN.



THAT'S WHAT  
I THOUGHT.

CARRY  
ON, MEN.

'Praise be! We love it when the  
odds are stacked in our favour!'

to  
rea  
here  
peop  
the wo  
never t  
before th  
the cities  
almost all  
five thousan  
years ago, th  
Emperor's wr  
zealous purge v  
mutants, heretic  
foul stench of trea  
"A single man with  
over a legion of the  
Untold billions can no



FREEVILLE WAS BURNT TO THE GROUND! SLURRY SURRENDERED...ALTHOUGH THAT DID NOT SAVE THE HIVER SCUM!

AND NOW...MUTIE SPRINGS IS OURS!

NEXT-CYBER PASS AND GUILDERS GULCH...

AND WHEN GUILDERS GULCH FALLS, THE WAY IS CLEAR TO...

SUMP CITY, AND THE LIFT SHAFTS TO THE HEART OF THE HIVE!

THANK YOU, MAYOR.

TELL YOUR FORCES TO BE  
**READY!** WE MUST PUSH  
ON BEFORE THE HIVERS  
CAN **RETALIATE!**

THEY'RE BUSY **PILLAGING**  
RIGHT NOW, **CALLER**, BUT  
ONCE THEY'RE FINISHED...

WELCOME TO  
MUTT SPRING

THERE WILL BE **PLUNDER**  
FOR ALL AT **SUMP CITY!**

YEAH—**SLAVES**, **TECH**  
'N' **CREDITS** FOR THE  
**TAKIN'!**

MMMMUUUUHHHH!

UURGGGGGHHHH!

PLAGUE  
ZOMBIE!

WHAT THE  
FRAG'S  
IT DOING  
HERE?

THIS IS **FERRON VOOR**. I AM  
SPEAKING TO YOU FROM THE  
ANCIENT TRAIL NEAR **HUNGER**  
**SKREE**. I HAVE BEEN CAPTURED  
BY THE **REDEEMER**, AND—

GO, MINDLESS  
ONE! THERE IS  
NOTHING FOR  
YOU HERE!

I AM ONLY  
USING THIS  
CORPSE TO  
**COMMUNICATE**,  
**CALLER**.

WHAT ???!!



WHY IS VOOR LOOKING SO SMUG, MALAKEY...? I DON'T LIKE IT...I DON'T LIKE IT AT ALL.

I HAVE NO IDEA, MY LORD...



NO, OF COURSE YOU DON'T. IT WAS A RHETORICAL QUESTION. I WASN'T EXPECTING AN INTELLIGENT REPLY.



LET US BEGIN WITH THE NUMBER 15 IRON... THE EPIDERMAL EXCRUCIATOR!

IT'S AT MAXIMUM EXCRUCIATION LEVEL, MY LORD.



BEHOLD THE INSTRUMENT OF YOUR SALVATION! "IT BURNS AS IT HOOKS AS IT COOKS!"

NOW CONFESS... WHERE IS THE CALLER HIDING?



DO YOUR WORST, REDEEMER. YOUR PATHETIC TOYS HOLD NO FEAR FOR ME.



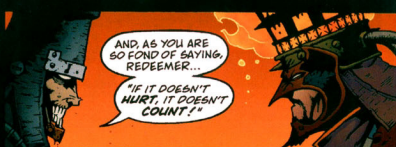
THAT'S WHAT THEY ALL SAY—WHILE THEY STILL HAVE TONGUES TO SPEAK.

UHHSSSSSS!



GIVE ME THE READOUT. WHAT LEVEL OF PAIN HAS THE DEVIANT REACHED?

ADRENALIN ZERO, RESPIRATION ZERO, PERSPIRATION ZERO...HE'S FLAT-LINING.



AND, AS YOU ARE SO FOND OF SAYING, REDEEMER...

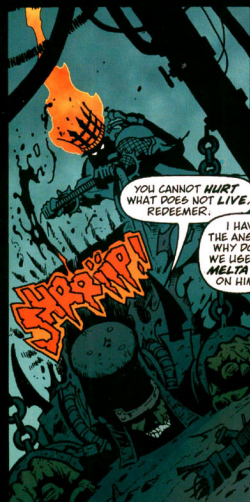
"IF IT DOESN'T HURT, IT DOESN'T COUNT!"



HMM...A CHALLENGE TO MY SKILL. THAT'S ALMOST INTERESTING.

WE SHALL SEE IF YOU'RE QUITE SO WITTY ONCE WE HAVE APPLIED THE **TORSO DISTORTER**. "CUTS AS IT CRUSHES AS IT MUSHES!"

PREPARE HIM, MALAKEV.



YOU CANNOT **HURT** WHAT DOES NOT **LIVE**, REDEEMER.

I HAVE THE ANSWER! WHY DON'T WE USE THE **MELTA GUN** ON HIM?



WHAT A **GENIUS** YOU ARE, MALAKEV. LEAVING HIM AS A LIVING PUDDLE OF FAT AND ASHES.

THAT WOULD BE **MOST** USEFUL IN FINDING THE CALLER.



"The Redeemer ordered a day long fast and spent the time in meditation, seeking guidance...at last **the solution** came into his knowledge..."

IF I CAN **HALT** THE DECAY RAMPANT WITHIN VOOR'S DEAD FLESH...



"With the aid of *Brude's Ratskin* herbs,  
and his own encyclopaedic knowledge,  
the Redeemer concocted an anti-  
entropic serum..."

THIS SHOULD  
STIMULATE THE  
GROWTH OF  
NEW FLESH.



THIS MAY HURT A LITTLE,  
BUT NOT AS MUCH AS THE WRATH  
OF THE EMPEROR TO COME! FOR  
YOU HAVE DELAYED ME IN MY HOLY  
MISSION TO SAVE *NECROMUNDA*  
FROM THE HOWLING HORDES OF  
DEVIANTS!





TAKE HIM!



BAM!  
BLAM!

EMPEROR'S  
BLOOD!  
SCOURGE  
AND  
PURGE!

SHOOM!

KPAW!



WHERE THE  
CALLER  
FAILED,  
I WILL  
SUCCEED!



IN YOUR  
FETID DREAMS,  
DEVIAINT



choke...splutter...  
**GAS FUNGI!**  
THE SPORES...  
choke!



I HAVE NO IDEA, AS YET, EXACTLY HOW  
YOU WILL **SUFFER FOR HUMILIATING**  
THE EMISSARY OF **KARLOTH VALOIS**,  
LORD OF THE DEAD...



BUT I'M SURE  
I'LL THINK OF  
SOMETHING!

THE REDEEMER AND HIS FORCES  
HAVE BEEN CAPTURED BY THE  
CALLER'S ALLY, FERRON VOOR.

WAKE THE RAT!  
WAKE THE RAT!

WHAT IS THIS  
BLASPHEMY?

IT IS THE  
TOMB OF THE  
RAT GOD!

AND LIKE ALL GODS,  
IT REQUIRES  
SACRIFICE!

I SEE, AND FROM THE  
GLOATING EXPRESSION  
ON YOUR FACE, YOU  
CLEARLY INTEND ME  
TO BE THAT  
OFFERING!

WAKE THE  
RAT! WAKE  
THE RAT!

WAKE THE RAT!

WAKE THE RAT!

THE RATSKINS WILL LIKE IT. AND, OF  
COURSE, IT WILL INVOLVE CONSIDER-  
ABLE SUFFERING ON YOUR PART!

OF COURSE. HMM...  
HIEROGLYPHICS...  
ARCHEOTEC...  
INTRIGUING...

IT IS THE CALLER'S PLACE  
OF PRAYER. AND IT HAS AN-  
OTHER FEATURE I THINK YOU  
WILL FIND INTERESTING...

THE CULT OF THE ALL-  
DEVOURING RAT-GOD WAS  
MADE OUTCAST BY MOST  
RATSKIN TRIBES A HUNDRED  
YEARS AGO.

I'M SURE  
YOU CAN  
SEE  
WHY!

WAKE  
THE RAT!  
WAKE THE  
RAT! FEED  
THE RAT!

We watched in horror as our beloved Redeemer was thrown into the pit.

YEAAYY!

I WOULD WILLINGLY OFFER TO TAKE THE REDEEMER'S PLACE, BUT I KNOW HE WOULD NEVER ACCEPT IT.

THWOMP!

I'M NOT IMPRESSED, VOOR. EVEN A RAT GOD CAN'T SURVIVE WITHOUT FOOD.

SO LITTLE FAITH, REDEEMER. WHY DO YOU THINK THEY LET ME COME HERE?



I'M SURE YOU KNOW THE FAVOURED  
OF KARLOTH VALOIS CAN DRAIN  
LIFE ESSENCE.



WHAT YOU MAY  
NOT BE AWARE  
OF...



IS THAT SOME OF  
US CAN REVERSE  
THAT PROCESS.



**SNACKT!**



Using the rib as a crow-bar, the Redeemer levered it until he felt the slab move...



And pulled himself free!





NO! BY THE POWER OF  
KARLOTH VALOIS...THIS  
CANNOT BE HAPPENING!



TAKE HEED, HERETIC, I  
FORGIVE YOUR SINS...

EVEN THOUGH,  
OF COURSE...



YOU MUST  
STILL PAY  
HORRIBLY  
FOR THEM.

Eventually the maimed stopped screaming, and as the "Rat-god" lumbered off into the tunnels, our beloved Redeemer rescued us.

PRAISE BE!

YES. A MAGNIFICENT PERFORMANCE, MEN. REMIND ME TO TAKE YOU ON MY NEXT CRUSADE.

COME HERE, BRUDE.

NO, NO, DON'T HURT ME, LORD.

JUST TRANSLATE THESE PRIMITIVE DOODLES.

I-I DARE NOT, LORD. THEY ARE THE SECRET WRITINGS OF THE CALLER. TO TRANSLATE THEM WOULD BE DEATH!

BRUDE, ALTHOUGH YOU ARE RUNNING OUT OF FACIAL FEATURES FOR ME TO ABUSE, I AM SURE THERE IS SOME OTHER PORTION OF YOUR ANATOMY THAT I CAN STRETCH, BURN OR AMPUTATE...

I HEAR AND OBEY, MY LORD.

AT THE PLACE OF MANY MERCHANTS BEYOND THE WAY OF THE OLD MACHINES...THERE THE MAGIC OF THE SPIDER GODDESS WILL MEET THE MEDICINE OF THE RAT-GOD.

THEN THE SPIRE SHALL QUAKE AND FALL!

HE MUST MEAN GUILDER'S  
GULCH BEYOND CYBER  
PASS... THAT'S WHERE THE  
CALLER IS GOING, AND  
WHERE HE PLANS...

"TO DESTROY  
NECROMUNDA!"



**THE CALLER HAS BEGUN HIS REVOLT... ONLY THE FANATICAL REDEEMER AND HIS FORCES STAND BETWEEN HIM AND THE SPIRE OF NIVE PRIMUS.**

OBVIOUSLY  
GUILDERS GULCH  
DEFENDED ITSELF  
WELL.

THERE ARE ONLY  
A FEW RATSKINS  
LEFT. THIS WILL  
BE EASY!





PRAISE BE! WE LOVE  
IT WHEN THE ODDS ARE  
STACKED IN OUR  
FAVOUR!



NOW WE GATHER! NOW WE ARE  
READY! NECROMUNDA SHALL  
TREMBLE AS THE DOWNTRODDEN  
OF THE NIVE ASCEND TO CLAIM  
THE SPIRE!



I CALL ON THE RATSKIN  
TRIBES, BROTHERS IN  
BLOOD, COME FORTH  
TO DO BATTLE!





COME FORTH, SCALY  
WARRIORS, COME FORTH  
SONS OF DEATH! LEND  
YOUR HATE, YOUR STRENGTH,  
YOUR NOXIOUS GASSES TO  
THE STRUGGLE!



TO ME, I CALL, LIKE  
TO LIKE, WITH BLOOD  
OF YOUR OWN!



I CALL YOU!  
COME, GOD OF  
THE RATS!



BEHOLD,  
BLOODWARE!  
THE EYE OF  
POWER!

COME FORTH,  
COME FORTH,  
AND UNITE  
WITH IT / UNITE  
WITH US!





EMPEROR'S  
BONES!

AH! THIS WILL BE A BATTLE TO  
SAVOUR! TRULY WE ARE BLESSED!  
SUCH AN OPPORTUNITY TO SCOURGE  
AND PURGE!

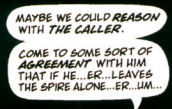
AH, YES...ABOUT THAT,  
REDEEMER...WE'VE BEEN  
WONDERING...THAT IS...  
THE OTHERS HAVE BEEN  
WONDERING...

JUST GET  
ON WITH IT,  
MALAKEV!



WONDERING WHAT, MALAKEV? YOU INTEREST ME STRANGELY...

WELL...ER...UM...MUCH AS WE'D ALL LOVE TO DIE GLORIOUSLY IN BATTLE, WE WERE WONDERING... UM...



MAYBE WE COULD REASON WITH THE CALLER.

COME TO SOME SORT OF AGREEMENT WITH HIM THAT IF HE...ER...LEAVES THE SPIRE ALONE...ER...UM...



OH, THAT IT SHOULD COME TO THIS! THAT MY FLOCK SHOULD LOSE THEIR FAITH.



I HAVE NOTED YOUR LACK OF ZEAL AND TAKEN THE APPROPRIATE STEP. SEE--I HAVE THE "SACRED LIBATION AND LINGUENT WHICH GIVES HEART TO THE TERRIFIED"...

THIS WILL GIVE YOU THE FRENZY OF BATTLE, THE FIRE I HAVE TRIED TO INSTILL IN YOU.



THOUGH IT IS BUT A PALE SHADOW OF MY OWN RIGHTEOUS WRATH.

ANYTHING TO BE LIKE YOU, MY LORD!

JUST WHAT WE NEED! THE GRAPES OF WRATH!



SACRED...LIBATION...AND LINGUENT...THAT...**HOLD ON!** ISN'T THAT THE DEADLY DRUG SLAUGHT?

YES. HOW ASTUTE OF YOU, MALAKEV.



BUT AREN'T THERE MEANT TO BE LONG-TERM SIDE EFFECTS FROM TAKING THE DRUG?

WELL, YES. BUT YOU DON'T HAVE A LONG TERM, MALAKEV.



WE DESERVE TO BE PUNISHED

‘Blasphemer! Thank the  
Emperor I am here to  
cleanse you!’



RATSKINS!

SCALIES!

ZOMBIES!



NONE CAN  
WITHSTAND...



MALAKEY OF  
NECROMLINDA!



YES,  
IT'S GOING  
TO BE A LONG  
DAY...

SCOURGE  
AND  
PURGE!

YOU  
TRAITOR-  
NININGH!



WE FEAR NOT DEATH!  
REMEMBER THE WORDS  
OF OUR BELOVED  
REDEEMER--

IF IT DOESN'T  
HURT, IT DOESN'T  
COUNT!

THAT REALLY  
HURT...SO...IT  
MUST...COUNT!



URRGHH!

SHUNK!



A MINOR SETBACK FROM THESE FRENZIED  
RABBLE / BUT NOW I SUMMON POWER  
IMMEASURABLE / WHEN I UNITE RAT-  
GOD AND SPIDER-QUEEN...

THEIR  
COMBINED  
FORCES WILL  
BRING US  
VICTORY!

THIS IS YOUR PLACE  
THIS IS YOUR TRUCE  
I HOLD YOUR EYE  
OUR FOES WILL...

...DIE!

ARRRGH!

SO WHERE ARE YOU,  
GREAT REDEEMER?



EXCELLENT DIVERSION.  
I'VE FOUND A USE FOR  
THEM AT LAST.



AND NOW FOR  
THE BLOODMARE!



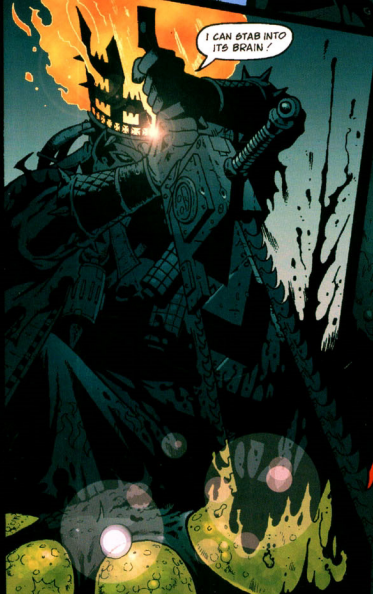
YES, YOU TOO HAVE  
A PART TO PLAY!

**DESTROY HIM!**



The Bloodmare protected itself with a psychic energy field generated from her seven eyes

But our beloved Redeemer had anticipated this...







*Even in my slaughter-induced dementia I could see my beloved Redeemer had finally met his match!*



*Oh me of little faith! As ever, The Redeemer was resourceful in the face of death.*

*(Later I castigated myself for my doubts.)*



EAT FIRE,  
ABOMINATION!



*I was full of admiration as he climbed on the Bloodmare...*



*Retrieved his Eviscerator...*



*And, jabbing its wound, drove the maddened creature forward...*



*Towards The Caller, riding The Rat-god.*



*Battle was joined!*



SCOURGE  
AND  
PURGE!

The scene is set in a dark, cavernous environment. A knight in ornate armor, featuring a crown-like helmet and a red cape, stands on the left. He holds a sword that is engulfed in bright orange and yellow flames. He is looking down at a massive, dark green, scaly monster. The monster has multiple pairs of glowing yellow eyes and sharp, pointed teeth. It is reaching up towards the knight. In the background, there are jagged rock formations and a bright, starburst-like light source. The overall tone is dark and intense.

YOU CANNOT  
FIGHT FATE,  
REDEEMER!

I AM THE CHOSEN  
ONE! I WILL SET MY  
PEOPLE FREE!  
LEADING THEM ON A  
BLOOD EXODUS TO  
THE HEIGHTS OF THE  
SPIRE!

BLASPHEMER!  
THANK THE  
EMPEROR I AM  
HERE TO CLEANSE  
YOU!

BEHOLD, BLOODMARE,  
THE EYE OF POWER!  
CAST OFF THE MAN  
OF FIRE! RETURN  
TO ME!


SHE CANNOT  
HEAR YOU.  
SHE'S MAD  
WITH PAIN!

AND I CAN USE THAT.



Thus it was that the Rat-god died at the mandibles of the Bloodmare, proving that Rat and Spider could never be united.

And that the way of the Redemption is the only true way.



AND NOW TO CRUSH  
YOUR DREAMS OF  
CONQUEST, CALLER!



Again and again, The Redeemer  
stabbed into the Bloodmare's  
brain...

HER ENERGY FIELD  
IS BUILDING, BUT I  
CAN YET DESTROY  
HER.



The remnants of  
The Caller's army  
looked on in horror  
as their goddess  
expired.

IT  
CANNOT  
BE!

**EXPLOSION!**



THE CALLER  
PROMISED US  
VICTORY!  
HE LIED, HE  
LIED!



Then her power erupted, devastating  
The Caller's forces.

BUT HERE, AT THE  
EYE OF THE STORM,  
I AM SAFE FROM HER  
DEATH FURY.



**THWOMP!**



DO YOU HAVE ANY FINAL WORDS OF REPENTANCE, DEVIANT, BEFORE YOU FEEL THE **RIGHTEOUS WRATH OF THE EMPEROR**?



REPENT? FOR TRYING TO BRING MY PEOPLE FREEDOM FROM TYRANNY? I WOULD DIE A THOUSAND TIMES TO SAVE THEM!



ONCE WILL BE SUFFICIENT!



WAIT! WAIT, REDEEMER!

I, MALAKEV OF NECROMLINDA, WILL SAVE YOU!



I, KLOVIS, OF FAST DIMINISHING PATIENCE, DON'T NEED YOU!

**BOFF!**




LOSING BLOOD...  
CAN'T HOLD HIM  
BACK MUCH  
LONGER...



I HAVE A **TRUER**  
PROPHECY FOR  
YOU, HERETIC!



WHEN THE MAN WITH  
HEAD OF FIRE FALLS, HE IS  
JUST MADE MORE DANGEROUS  
THAN EVER!



IT WAS PROPHECIED THAT  
WHEN THE MAN WITH HEAD  
OF FIRE FALLS, THE UNDER-  
HIVE SHALL BE **FREE**! THAT  
PROPHECY CAN **STILL** COME  
TRUE!



NOW I BESTOW THE  
SACRAMENT OF DEATH  
UPON YOU. **BLESSED BE**  
THE EMPEROR! HIS  
WILL BE DONE!



**THUNK!**



THE  
BLOODMARE  
STONE IS  
YOURS,  
LORD!

WHAT WOULD I  
WANT WITH THIS  
OBSCENE DEVIANT  
BAUBLE?



BUT MY LORD, IT'S SUCH A **POWERFUL**  
OBSCENE DEVIANT BAUBLE! YOU COULD  
PRESENT IT TO THE EMPEROR AND  
WIN US GREAT  
REWARD!



WHAT REWARD DO I  
NEED, OTHER THAN  
TO SERVE HIM AND  
CLEANSE NECROMUNDA  
OF HERETICS?



*The surviving zealots approached - the 'slaught'  
seemed to have protected us from the psychic  
shock of the Bloodmare's death.*

YOU HAVE TRIUMPHED,  
MY LORD! PRAISE BE!

AYE, BUT THERE  
IS STILL MUCH  
PURGING TO BE...

URGH!



MY LORD, YOU ARE WOUNDED!

YOU'RE  
A GENIUS,  
MALAKEV.

DON'T DIE, REDEEMER.  
NECROMUNDA NEEDS YOU!

As the Redeemer slept...

He heard the Bloodmare's voice.

WHILE THE JEWEL EXISTS  
I AM NOT DEAD. WHILE THE  
STONE THINKS AND DREAMS,  
I STILL AM.

I HAVE GIVEN YOU THE  
POWER. YOU CANNOT KILL  
ME NOW. THIS IS NOT OUR  
END, BUT OUR  
BEGINNING.





BRIDE ?!



MY ZEALOTS ?!



MALAKEV ?!

MALAKEV NO LONGER! WE ARE SERVANTS OF THE BLOODMARE NOW AND FOREVER.



SERVANTS ? SLAVES, YOU MEAN--SLAVES TO THAT HORROR!



THEY MUST HAVE BEEN AFFECTED BY THE SHOCK-WAVE FROM HER DEATH.



AND I, TOO, FOR THIS IS SURELY AN ILLUSION, A DELIRIUM OF THE MIND.

WHICH I DENY!

He started to purify us with righteous zeal, furious at the thought that this new faith could spread through his beloved followers like a plague.


Once more I recall it was truly said of him...

'Prince, slow to punish, prompt to reward...

'He suffered when he was obliged to be hard.'


DIE, YOU SONS OF WITCHES!

AND NOW...  
MALAKEV.



NOW I WILL BE THE  
CALLER! COME, KLOVIS,  
FIGHT ME IF YOU DARE!  
I HAVE WAITED SO LONG  
FOR THIS MOMENT!

FOR YOUR HUMILIATION,  
FOR YOU TO TREMBLE  
AT MY FEET!



HMM, INTERESTING,  
MALAKEV. BUT YOU'RE  
OVERLOOKING ONE  
SMALL BUT PERTINENT  
FACT, WHICH WE WILL NO  
DOUBT DISCUSS ON LONG  
EVENINGS TOGETHER IN MY  
TORTURE CHAMBER...




NAMELY THAT  
THE SPIDER  
IS DEAD.



ALL ELSE ARE BUT HER  
FADING DREAMS.




**POW!**



SHE CALLED TO ME...  
SHE SAID WE WOULD  
HAVE EVERYTHING...  
ONLY YOU COULD  
RESIST HER, MY LORD  
...SO PURE IN THOUGHT  
...I WAS NOT PURE...



YOU MOST  
CERTAINLY  
WEREN'T.



I looked forward to being punished by death, but the Redeemer warned me that this would be too easy an escape after such heinous sins.

And so it was that my Redeemer showed me, at the last, the ultimate mercy.

Far from leaving me to die in a state of blasphemy, he used an emergency medical pack to save me.

He carried me back up into the hive proper, back to the halls of the blessed Redemption, where I underwent extensive surgery.

My new organism, while lacking the attractive qualities of the human original, also lacks its flaws.

All biological needs are removed. And, of course, all urging toward sin is erased.

Since that time, my task has been to record the blessed struggles of Klovis the Redeemer and his great work ridding humanity of weaknesses and deviation, of filth and abomination, to seek true purity.

We cannot be stopped. One day  
we will find you and purge your  
soul, that you may be perfect  
in the eyes of the Emperor.  
Fear not. We will find you and  
you will be cleansed...

This is the way of  
the Redemption.



JAPAN SO

THE END.

‘Metal barrels,  
plasma torches,  
slime bombs  
and a mutant  
abomination to  
kill!’

‘At last I see a  
point to this  
game!’



HELLOOOO  
UNDERHIVE! ARE  
YOU READY?

YAAAY!

AWWRITE!

BRING  
IT ON!

YOU ARE SO HOT  
TONIGHT! YES YOU ARE!  
WELCOME EVERYONE!  
WELCOME TO...

LORD OF  
THE SPIRE!

YOU KNOW  
THE RULES, YOU KNOW  
THE FOLKS! ONE SPIRE! ONE BIG  
RED BUTTON! ONE  
SURVIVOR!

AND NOW,  
WHILE THE GAMES ARE UP...  
LET'S TAKE A LOOK AT THE  
LEADERS!

AND ON  
THE BIG SCREEN  
TONIGHT: SCALY  
GANG LEADER,  
RYNO!

RYNO COMIN'  
ATCHA! RYNO GONNA  
SPASH, GONNA KILL! GOT  
SPEAR GUN, GOT GANG,  
GOT BIG SURPRISE  
FOR YA!

AND FINALLY!  
WE HAD TO GAS HIM TO GET  
HIM HERE, BUT IT WAS WORTH  
IT! TONIGHT WE PRESENT  
YOU WITH:

## THE REDEEMER

NEXT UP:  
FAMOUS GOUNTY  
HUNTRESS, SLO BURN!  
CHECK OUT THAT WEAPON!  
FIRING THREE HEATSEEKING  
EXECUTIONER ROUNDS PER  
SECOND, IT'S THE KIND OF GUN  
YOU'D GIVE YOUR RIGHT  
ARM FOR!

COURSE,  
SLO BURN ALREADY  
DID! HAH HAH  
HAH!

THAT GUYS  
ON MEDICATION,  
RIGHT?

BY THE  
EMPEROR, WHERE AM I?  
WHERE'S THAT IMBECILE  
MALAKEV?

Blood & Circuses

SCRIPT: DEBBIE GALASHER  
ART: WAYNE REYNOLDS  
LETTERS: FIONA STEPHENSON



HERE,  
I AM, OH NOBLE  
PUNISHER OF MY  
VILE WAYS!

MALAKEV,  
WHAT IN THE WASTES  
ARE YOU DOING UP  
THERE?

THEY WANT  
TO MAKE ME A SPORTS  
PERSONALITY, MY LIEGE, THAT  
I MIGHT PROVIDE SUITABLE  
COMMENTARY ON YOUR  
IMPENDING DEMISE.



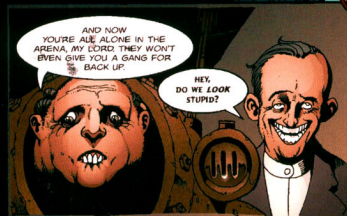
SURELY,  
GLORIOUS REDEEMER,  
YOU RECALL THE TIP OFF  
ABOUT SLO BURNS  
HIDEOUT? HOW DELIGHTED  
WE WERE TO LEARN OF  
HER MUTANT HIDEOUT! HOW  
THE ZEAL OF THE  
REDEMPTION FIRED  
OUR BLOOD!



I REMEMBER  
THE ATTACK... TOO EASY  
OF COURSE. SHADOWS IN  
THE DARK, CHOKE GAS...  
I SHOULD HAVE  
GUESSED



WELL,  
WELL! LOOKS LIKE  
YOU'VE BEEN SET UP  
REDEEMER! HOW DOES  
IT FEEL?



AND NOW  
YOU'RE ALL ALONE IN THE  
ARENA, MY LORD. THEY WON'T  
EVEN GIVE YOU A GANG FOR  
BACK UP.

HEY,  
DO WE LOOK  
STUPID?

TEMPORARY,  
OH SEMI-CLAD HERETIC.  
TEMPORARY.



EMPEROR'S  
BONES!

WHAT THE  
FRAG-?

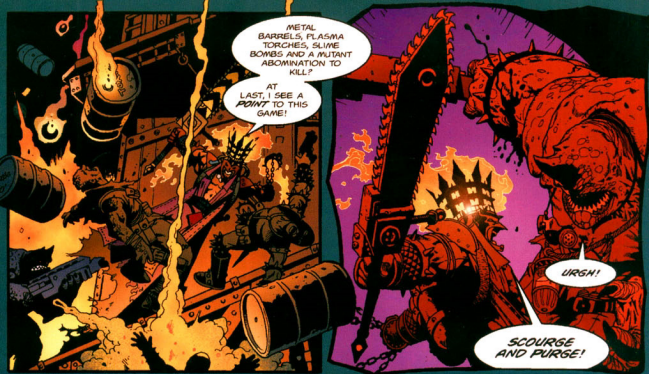
SHEESH!  
WE KNEW WE'D  
FORGOTTEN SOMETHING...  
MEET **KANG**...  
HE'S HERE TO MAKE IT  
MORE INTERESTING FOR  
YOU!

YOU SPEECHLESS, GUYS?  
MAYBE I SHOULD GET THE  
PRIZE!



AND NOW,  
WITHOUT FURTHER  
DELAY,

LET  
THE GAMES  
BEGIN!





HURRR!

AND  
NOW FOR YOU,  
ABOMINATION!



RAARR!

URSH!



BAD  
TIME TO FUMBLE,  
REDEEMER! KISS THE GAME  
GOODNIGHT!

GNN!



THE  
REDEEMER'S GIVEN  
US A DIVERSION! C'MON,  
MAKE FOR THE  
BUTTUN!



CLOSER,  
ABOMINATION...  
CLOSER...



NOW!



A  
TOX BOMB!  
RYNO HAD A TOX  
BOMB!



BUT  
THAT'S GONNA BLAST  
EVERY GANGER ON THE  
SPIRE...



...SKY HIGH!

**BOOM!**



PERFECT.  
NOW ALL THAT'S  
LEFT IS-

YOU'RE  
NOT THE *ONLY* ONE  
WITH A RESPIRATOR,  
REDEEMER.



GAMES ALL  
MINE, **HOTHEAD**. BUT I  
HATE TO LEAVE YOU WITH  
NOTHING...

READY,  
AIM...

**FIRE!**



YOUR  
**GIFTS** ARE TOO  
HOT TO HANDLE,  
**WITCH**.

YOU'D  
BETTER TAKE THEM  
**BACK**.



**REDEEMER**  
YOU TOTAL B...




**REEEEEEEE!!!**

WHAT'S  
HAPPENING?  
WHAT'S THAT  
NOISE?

THERE  
GOES THE **BUTTON!**  
IT CAN'T BE! IT JUST  
CAN'T-





THE REDEEMER  
HAS WON! HE'S LORD OF THE  
SPIRE! AND THE CROWD GOES  
WILD! THEY LOVE THIS  
GUY!

MUTANTS,  
HERETICS... *DEVILANT*  
SCUM, ONE AND ALL... THERE'S  
A LESSON TO BE LEARN'T FROM  
THIS NIGHT, A LESSON I WOULD  
LIKE TO *SHARE* WITH  
YOU.



IF  
IT DOESN'T  
HURT



IT DOESN'T  
COUNT!



AH  
THERE YOU ARE,  
MALAKEV.

GREAT  
REDEEMER!  
I WAS SO  
WORRIED!



MY LORD,  
THIS CARNAGE IS  
HORRENDOUS! CHAISED  
BODIES, MANGLED WEAPONS,  
MELTED CREDITS... AND  
THAT'S JUST THE  
AUDIENCE!

ALWAYS LEAVE  
THEM SCREAMING,  
MALAKEV!



THAT IS  
THE WAY OF THE  
REDEMPTION!

THE END



Wayne Reynolds





