

WARHAMMER
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PRESENTS

KAL JERICO



GORDON RENNIE • KARL KOPINSKI



GRAPHIC NOVEL



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GRAPHIC NOVEL

Talk is the lifeblood of the downhive. Guilders spread the word of lucky finds, new tunnels and ore strikes out in the Badzones. In the drinking holes of Dust Falls, Two Tunnels and a dozen other settlements, the latest rumours and discoveries dominate the conversation.

When news is thin, the talk turns to old news. In the Underhive, a man's fame lasts as long as there are men who tell his story and others who'll gather to listen and drink. The old stories, the really old stories, are part of the legend of the Underhive. Told and retold countless times, it's hard to say where fact and fable meet, which tales are true and which are merely stories.

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KAL JERICO™



GORDON RENNIE & KARL KOPINSKI



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KAL JERICO

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"Not all Underhivers are native-born children of the warm dark domain beneath Hive City. Many come from the Hive City itself, green hivers looking for a new beginning, a clean start away from the oppressive demands of family patriarchs. The teeming Underhive takes them to its bosom. The dispossessed, the hopeful and the desperate: all are welcome in the great warm darkness.

"It seems unimaginable that those who are rich and powerful might want to share that equality – the dream of hope that wipes the past clean and rises free from entanglement and responsibility. Yet there are such people, hivers from the Spire who "go to the Wall", as they say, who turn their backs upon their kin and choose to live in anonymity in the Underhive.

"Helmawrs, Catalli, Tys, Ulantis, Greim, Ran Los and Ko'Irons, citizens of the great noble houses of Hive Primus, all have reasons to stalk the Underhive. Men with strange accents and unfamiliar names, or no names at all. Men without a past. With an agenda of their own. Hiding. Searching. Questioning. Tasting the sweet fruits of danger denied to those who live in quiet splendour above the Wall..."



KAL JERICO

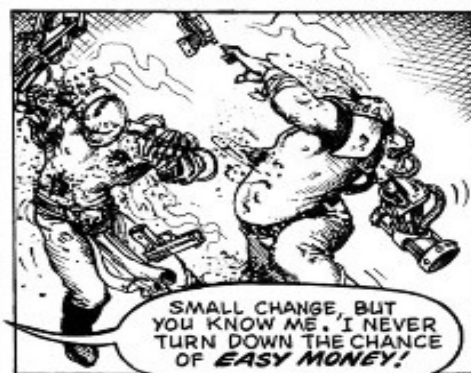
Bounty Hunter

Bounty hunters are amongst the toughest and most dangerous of all Necromundan Underhivers. They are loners who neither need nor want to be associated with a gang. They will hire their services to a gang leader, but such allegiances tend to be temporary...

"Stick around, Scabbs, and cover my back. The main event's just about to begin..."

KAL JERICO in "THE HIT"







HELMAWR'S RUMP, BUT DON'T YOU JUST LOVE IT WHEN A PLAN COMES TOGETHER!



YOU WANTED THESE-SUMP-DIVERS TO COME GUNNING FOR YOU?

THEY'RE JUST A BONUS, BUT IT'S THEIR *BOSS* I REALLY WANT.



STICK AROUND, SCABBS, AND COVER MY BACK. THE MAIN EVENT'S JUST ABOUT TO BEGIN...



VANDAL FEG, I PRESUME. HEARD YOU WERE LOOKING TO MAKE GOOD ON THE BOUNTY OUT ON ME.

FUNNY, I WAS THINKING MUCH THE SAME THING ABOUT YOU...



GOT A SMART TONGUE ON YOU, PRETTY BOY. MAYBE I'LL KEEP IT AS A *MEMENTO* AFTER I RIP YOUR HEAD CLEAN OFF YOUR SHOULDERS.



YOU GOT ANY OTHER *PIECES* YOU WANT ME TO LEAVE AS KEEPSAKES FOR YOUR LADYFRIENDS, YOU JUST SAY THE WORD!





KAL JERICO in "YOLANDA"





I STILL DON'T GET IT. WHY WOULD ANYONE CHOOSE THIS OVER LIVING UP IN THE SPIRE?

HAVE YOU EVER BEEN THERE, SCABBS? ALL THAT POMP AND CEREMONY, WITH ONLY THE OCCASIONAL VENDETTA OR POLITICAL ASSASSINATION TO BREAK THE TEDIUM?

BELIEVE ME, THE UNDERWIVE CAN SEEM MUCH MORE INTERESTING IN COMPARISON.



WATCH MY BACK AND WAIT FOR MY SIGNAL. YOU'LL KNOW WHAT IT IS WHEN IT COMES.



DON'T BE ALARMED LADIES, MY INTENTIONS ARE STRICTLY HONOURABLE, I ASSURE YOU.

I'M HOPING WE CAN COME TO SOME KIND OF AMICABLE UNDERSTANDING WITHOUT RECOURSE TO ANY UNNECESSARY UNPLEASANTNESS.



LADY YOLANDA? KAL JERICO, AT YOUR SERVICE.

I OFFER YOU A CHOICE, MILADY. EITHER I TAKE YOU IN AS A WANTED OUTLAW AND HAND YOU OVER TO THE BUILD OR YOU GIVE UP THIS RIDICULOUS CHARADE AND RETURN WITH ME BACK TO YOUR FAMILY.

MAN-SCUM! I'VE RENOUNCED MY BIRTHRIGHT! THE WILDCATS ARE THE ONLY FAMILY I KNOW NOW, AND YOU'RE A FOOL IF YOU THINK YOU COULD TAKE ME BACK!





CHARMING ESCAPE ROUTE YOU PICKED. I ASSUME YOU KNOW THE WAY HOME FROM HERE ?

YOU KIDDING ? I WAS BORN IN THESE TUNNELS. SPENT THE BEST PART OF MY CHILDHOOD DOWN HERE !

YES, I ALWAYS WONDERED WHERE YOU ACQUIRED THAT UNIQUE AROMA OF YOURS...



YOU THINK THAT'S ANY WAY TO TREAT A HIGHBORN NOBLE-WOMAN ?

YOU WANT TO LINGAS HER, GO AHEAD AND BE MY GUEST...



JERICO, YOU SLUMP-DIVING LOWLIFE ! YOU FOX-RIDDEN SCAVVER !

I'M GOING TO HAVE YOU KILLED FOR THIS ! I'M GOING TO HAVE THINGS DONE TO YOU THAT EVEN THE REDEMPTION'S BEST TORTURERS HAVEN'T THOUGHT OF YET !



SPIRITED TYPE, AIN'T SHE ? YOU REALLY THINK IT'S SAFE TO LET HER LOOSE IN THE UPPER HIVE ?

ONE MORE BLOODCRAZED MANIAC SHOULDN'T MAKE MUCH DIFFERENCE TO THE HOUSE OF CATALLUS GENE-POOL, BUT YOU HAVE A POINT.

IN FACT...



YOU'RE KIDDING, RIGHT? YOU DON'T REALLY MEAN--

JOB'S A WIFE OUT, SCABBS. SHE'S BEEN DOWN HERE TOO LONG, AND NOW SHE'S DAMAGED GOODS-- MORE UNDERHIVE OUTLAW THAN UPHIVE ARISTOCRAT.

YOU THINK HER FAMILY WILL WANT HER BACK WHEN THEY SEE WHAT THE UNDERHIVE HAS TURNED HER INTO?



AT LEAST THERE'S STILL THE 1,000 CRED OUTLAW BOUNTY ON HER, AND IT DON'T SAY ANYTHING ABOUT HAVING TO BRING HER IN ALIVE...



HARDLY VERY GENTLEMANLY, SCABBS. BESIDES, SHE MAY BE A PSYCHOTIC MISFIT, BUT I RATHER LIKE THAT IN A WOMAN.



CALL ME A GULLIBLE ROMANTIC, BUT I HAVEN'T QUITE GOT THE HEART TO HAND HER OVER TO THE TENDER MERCIES OF THE GUILD.

WELL, NOT FOR A MERE 1,000 CRED. ANYWAY.



SHE SEEMS LIKE A RESOURCEFUL TYPE. I DARE SAY, GIVEN AN HOUR OR TWO, SHE'LL BE ABLE TO UNTIE HERSELF. AND DIDN'T YOU ONCE SAY THERE WERE NINE SPIDERS LIVING IN THESE TUNNELS?

GREAT BIG 'UNS. SEEN 'EM SLICK A BODY DRY IN MINUTES!



FASCINATING. WHAT A TRULY INTERESTING CHILDHOOD YOU MUST HAVE HAD, SCABBS!

STILL, YOU CAN'T SAY WE HAVEN'T GIVEN HER A SPORTING CHANCE...

THE END

KAL JERICO in "NEMO"



"I'VE BEEN IN WORSE SITUATIONS THAN THIS. NO, IT'S TRUE. I REALLY HAVE."

"IT'S JUST THAT, AT THIS EXACT MOMENT IN TIME, I'M HAVING DIFFICULTY RECALLING ANY OF THEM."

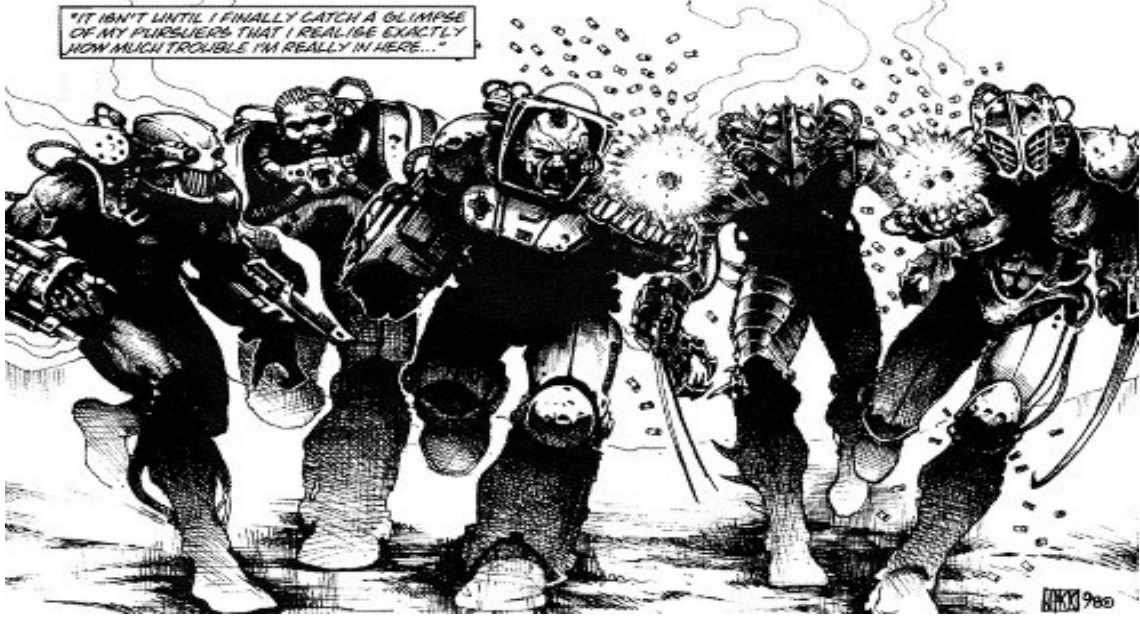


"NATURALLY, IN MY LINE OF BUSINESS, ONE EXPECTS TO MAKE A FEW ENEMIES AND THE UNDERWORLD WOULD BE A MUCH QUIETTER PLACE IF THERE WASN'T ALWAYS SOMEONE WANTING TO KILL ME."

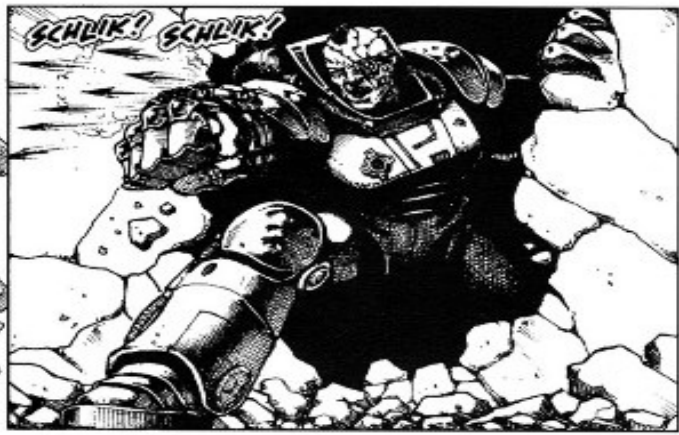


"EXCEPT THIS TIME, THINGS ARE DISTRESSINGLY DIFFERENT FROM USUAL --"

"IT ISN'T UNTIL I FINALLY CATCH A GLIMPSE OF MY PURSUERS THAT I REALISE EXACTLY HOW MUCH TROUBLE I'M REALLY IN HERE..."









YOU HAVE BUSINESS HERE IN THE UNDERHIVE, YES? A COMMISSION ON THE LIFE OF THIS WHELP?

BUT YOU HAVE MADE A MISTAKE, NO?

"THERE'S A SAYING IN THE UNDERHIVE. 'OUT OF THE TOX-POOL AND INTO THE SLUMP'."

"CRUDE, I KNOW, BUT I THINK IT SUGGESTIVELY SUMS UP MY PRESENT SITUATION."

"I KNOW THESE RIFFRAFF, MEMBERS OF HOUSE DELAQUE, BUT NO ORDINARY CLAN GANGBANGERS."

"THIS ONE'S NAME IS CHEKA, HE AND I ARE OLD ACQUAINTANCES."

YOU ARE TRESPASSERS HERE. THE UNDERHIVE BELONGS TO OUR MASTER AND NONE HINT HERE WITHOUT HIS PERMISSION.

BUT HE FORGIVES YOU YOUR MISTAKE, IN RETURN FOR THE LIFE OF YOUR PREY. YOUR COMMISSION IS FORFEIT AND THIS ONE IS OURS.



YES, YOU ARE WISE TO ACCEPT OUR MASTER'S OFFER. EVEN IN THE SPIRE HIS NAME CARRIES FEAR, NO?

JERICO, WE HAVE UNFINISHED BUSINESS, YOU AND I.



"AS I SAID, CHEKA AND I ARE OLD ACQUAINTANCES."

WHAT... WHAT ABOUT NEMO, CHEKA? HE WOULDN'T HAVE GONE TO SO MUCH TROUBLE IF HE WANTED ME DEAD?

"NORMALLY, EVEN MENTIONING THAT NAME WOULD BE AN INSTANT DEATH SENTENCE--"



"BUT, RIGHT NOW, I DON'T SEE WHAT I'VE GOT TO LOSE."

INDEED, NO.



"NEMO THE FACELESS, NEMO THE SECRETS-GATHERER, SPYMASTER OF NIVE PRIMUS AND, IT IS RUMOURED, AGENT OF THE INQUISITION."

"IRRITATING AS YOU ARE, JERICO, YOU'RE MORE USEFUL TO ME ALIVE THAN DEAD."

"AT LEAST FOR THE TIME BEING, THAT IS."

"AS SAVOURS GO, I COULD HAVE HOPED FOR BETTER."



"I'M STRICTLY FREELANCE, NEMO. IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR A NEW ERRAND BOY, TELL CHEKA HIS JOB'S STILL SAFE."

"BRAVE WORDS FOR A MAN NAILED TO A WALL."



"I AM A SIMPLE TRADER, JERICO, AND THE MERCHANDISE I DEAL IN IS INFORMATION - THE BUYING AND SELLING OF SECRETS, RUMOURS AND HALF-TRUTHS."

"AND FAVOURS. I ALSO COLLECT FAVOURS, FOR THEY ARE THE MOST VALUABLE COMMODITY OF ALL."



"WE HAVE GRANTED YOU A FAVOUR. WE HAVE SAVED YOU FROM YOUR ENEMIES. IN TIME, WE EXPECT YOU TO REPAY OUR GENEROSITY."

"AND THIS 'GENEROSITY'... I DON'T SUPPOSE IT INCLUDES GETTING ME TO SOME MUCH-NEEDED MEDICAL AID?"



"REMEMBER, JERICO. YOU OWE ME. TRY AND STAY ALIVE, AT LEAST UNTIL I CALL IN YOUR DEBT."



"WONDERFUL. SO NOW I OWE A FAVOUR TO ONE OF THE BIGGEST CRIME LORDS ON THE PLANET."

"RIGHT NOW, JUST HANGING HERE AND BLEEDING SLOWLY TO DEATH DOESN'T SEEM SUCH AN UNATTRACTIVE OPTION..."

THE END

KAL JERICO in "REDEMPTION"



CARDINAL CRIMSON, HIGH HIEROPHANT OF THE REDEMPTIONIST CRUSADE AND SELF-PROCLAIMED SCOURGE OF SIN AND HAMMER OF HERESY.

DEARLY BELOVED BRETHREN, FOLLOWERS OF THE ONE TRUE FAITH, UNDERSTAND NOW YOUR DIVINE MISSION AND THE PURPOSE AS WHO IS WITHOUT NAME ARE BESTOWED UPON US.

WHERE THERE IS SIN, WE BRING SALVATION, WHERE THERE IS DAMNATION, WE OFFER DELIVERANCE.

BUT LONG IS THE ROAD AND HARD IS THE WAY THAT LEADS TO ENLIGHTENMENT, AND THERE ARE MANY WHO WOULD STAND AGAINST US...



NORMALLY, I'D AVOID THESE FANATICS LIKE AN OUTBREAK OF ZOMBIE PLAGUE IN AN UNDERWYE BOBBELLO-HOLE.

I SPEAK NOW OF THE ALIEN AND THE MUTANT, THE HERETIC AND THE BLASPHEMER, THE OUTLAW AND THE WITCHLING.

FOR SUCH DEVIANT SCUM, THERE CAN BE NO MERCY, FOR SUCH WRETCHED SINNERS, THERE CAN BE ONLY ONE FIT PUNISHMENT.



REDEMPTION!

IRONE



CAST THEM INTO THE LAKE OF FIRE! ONLY THEN WILL THEY BE PURGED OF THEIR SIN!

NORMALLY, I DON'T WORK FOR FREE EITHER, BUT THIS TIME I'LL MAKE AN EXCEPTION.



MY SCROFULOUS SIDEKICK SCARRS, CAPTURED ON ONE OF THEIR REGULAR HERETIC HUNTING SWEEPS THROUGH THE UNDERHIVE.



CALL ME SENTIMENTAL, BUT I AM RATHER FOND OF THE REVOLTING LITTLE HALF-BREED RENEGADE.

BESIDES, IT'S BEEN FAR TOO LONG SINCE I DID ANYTHING NEARLY AS IDIOTICALLY RECKLESS AS THIS, AND I DO HAVE A REPUTATION TO MAINTAIN...

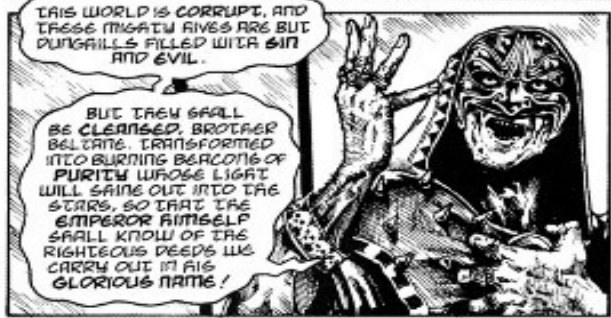


THE SCREAMS OF BURNING SINNERS ARE A SOLACE TO THE EARS OF THE FAITHFUL. ARE THEY NOT, BROTHER BELTANE?

VERILY, IT IS WRITTEN SO, YOUR EMINENCE.

TAKE UP YOUR QUILL, BROTHER BELTANE...

...I FEEL THE BLESSED VISIONS COMING UPON ME ONCE MORE!



THIS WORLD IS CORRUPT, AND THESE MIGHTY RIVERS ARE BUT DUNGILLS FILLED WITH SIN AND EVIL.

BUT THEY SHALL BE CLEANSED, BROTHER BELTANE. TRANSFORMED INTO BURNING BEACONS OF PURITY WHOSE LIGHT WILL SHINE OUT INTO THE STARS, SO THAT THE EMPEROR HIMSELF SHALL KNOW OF THE RIGHTEOUS DEEDS WE CARRY OUT IN HIS GLORIOUS NAME!

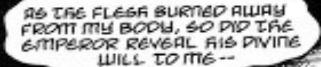


LET THE FAITHFUL REJOICE! LET THE FALLEN BELLAWS! LET THE --

Be?









SCABBS

Ratskin Scout

The Ratskins are the native inhabitants of the Underhive. They know its ancient tunnels and labyrinthine passages far better than the Underhivers themselves. There are few expeditions that would venture into unknown zones without the expert aid of a Ratskin scout...

"Call me sentimental, but I am rather fond of the revolting little half-breed renegade." - Kal Jerico



JUST ANOTHER DAY IN THE UNDERWIVE SETTLEMENTS OF NIVE PRIMUS.

REFUGEES STREAM INTO TOWN FROM THE LOWER LEVELS, FLEEING A NEW SERIES OF NIVEQUAKES AND MARAUDING TRIBES OF SCAVIES. OUT IN THE UNDERWIVE WASTES, OUTLAW GANGS FIGHT OVER THE RICH PICKINGS.

MEANWHILE, AS USUAL IN THE SLUMP HOLE DRINKING DEN, SOMEONE IS GUNNING FOR KAL JERICO--

KAL JERICO in THE MOTHERLOPE

UMLD 8





THE SLIMP HOLE BELONGS TO MAMA KESS. MAMA LIKES ME - IF I'M LUCKY, I MIGHT EVEN BE ABLE TO PERSUADE HER NOT TO PUT OUT A CONTRACT ON ME.

ASSUMING, OF COURSE, THAT I LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO WORK MY WAY BACK INTO HER FAVOUR!



THOUGHT I RECOGNISED THESE DIVESCLAM.



THE TRADEMARGUE BADGE I LIFT OFF ONE OF THEM CONFIRMS IT--



THEY WORK FOR GUZMAN LIDD, MERCHANT GUILD TRADER, BUYER AND SELLER OF ALL THINGS RARE OR ILLEGAL, AND WELL-KNOWN SADISTIC MANIAC.



NOT GOOD. NOT GOOD AT ALL.
I SHOULD FIND THE CURRENT HOLE IN THE GROUND THAT SCABBS CALLS HOWE AND WARN HIM THAT--



EACKS





TWO DAYS LATER, THE UNDERWIVE WASTES--

I KNOW I'M JUST A PLUMB OLD LOWBORN RATSKIN HALF-BREED, BUT I RECKON SOMETHING AIN'T QUITE RIGHT...



SURELY IT AIN'T NORMAL TO CHAIN UP YOUR MATES, THEN DRAG 'EM AT GUNPOINT ACROSS THE ASH WASTES TO CERTAIN DEATH?

IN LUPP'S CASE I'D STAKE MY PISTOLS ON IT...



I SEEM TO RECALL THAT MOST OF HIS PREVIOUS BUSINESS PARTNERS HAD AN UNFORTUNATE HABIT OF EITHER FALLING INTO TOX-POOLS OR BEING SOLD UPWIVE FOR SURGICAL EXPERIMENTATION.



I EXPECT MY PARTNERS TO MAKE ME MONEY, JERICO. OR I FIND OTHER WAYS FOR THEM TO EITHER PROFIT OR ENTERTAIN ME.

WHICH BRINGS US TO YOUR ROLE IN MY LATEST BUSINESS VENTURE...



THE MOTHERLOFE... I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE THAT'S WHAT ALL THIS IS ABOUT--

THAT YOU'VE SHANGHAIED 6CABBS AND I BECAUSE YOU WANT TO GO CHASING AFTER DRINKING DEN LEGENDS ABOUT A LOST HAD-DOME FULL OF PRICELESS ARCHAEO TECH!







"THE RECENT EARTHQUAKES WERE A SIGN. I WILL BE THE ONE TO FIND THE MOTHERLODE, AND YOU WILL BE THE ONE TO LEAD ME TO IT."



"IT HAS ALL BEEN PROPHESED, JERICO..."



"SOMETHING WONDROUS IS WAITING FOR US OUT THERE IN THE DARKNESS."



"YOU HEAR THAT, SCABBS? HOW GRATIFYING TO KNOW THAT WE'RE IN THE HANDS OF A DERANGED SPOOK-ADDICT * WITH SERIOUS DELUSIONS OF GRANDEUR!"

"YEAH, AND I AIN'T TOO HAPPY ABOUT THAT 'UNWITTING TOOL' BIT NEITHER."

* SPOOK - A RARE DRUG WHICH GIVES THE USER PSYCHIC POWERS, INCLUDING THE ABILITY TO SEE THE FUTURE.



"WELL, I AIN'T NO SPOOK-GUZZLING FORTUNE-TELLER, BUT I GOT A PROPHECY TOO..."



"HOWEVER BAD THINGS SEEM NOW, I GOT A STRONG FEELING THEY'RE SOON GOING TO GET A WHOLE LOT WORSE!"

CHAPTER TWO



**AMBUSH!
SCAVVY
AMBUSH!**

"Why search amongst the stars for hostile and inhuman enemies, when such creatures can be found in the heart of many of mankind's greatest and oldest strongholds?"

"I talk now of the vile 'Scavvies' of Necromunda; degenerate savages who for too long have been allowed to thrive amongst the deepest reaches of that world's Hive cities."



"Could it be that the Space Marines find no glory in a crusade of extermination against such creatures? Do the Imperial Guard see no medals and in honours in a campaign to finally root out and destroy these vermin?"



- Xenologist scribe Maxim Gogol, 'Notes from the Underhive'. (Declared Liber Heretica, 769.M39. Author excommunicated in extremis.)

FOR KAL JERICO, FORCED BY THE RUTHLESS GUZMAN LUDD TO TAKE PART IN HIS SEARCH FOR THE MYTHICAL MOTHERLODE HORDE OF LOST ARCHEOTECH, THE SCAVYVY ATTACK IS JUST WHAT HE'S BEEN WAITING FOR -



YOU SURE THIS IS GOING TO WORK?

JUST HOLD THAT CHAINWORD STEADY, SCABBS...



LAST THING I NEED NOW IS FOR YOU TO COME OVER WITH A BAD CASE OF THE SNAKEBITE SHAKES!



NOW FOR THE OTHER ONES.

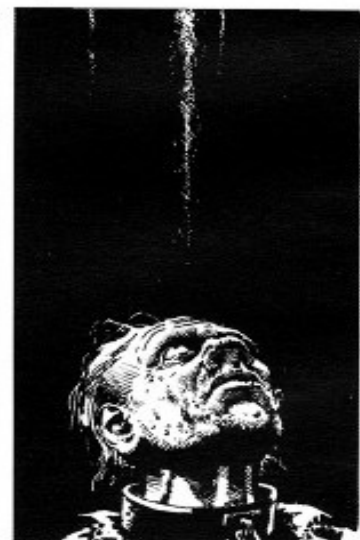


HEY, WHAT ABOUT MY CHAINS...?!

WHEN THERE'S TIME, SCABBS.

NOW SHUT UP AND KEEP RUNNING!







GUZMAN LUPD WAS *RIGHT*... THAT FAT, DRUG-ADDLED DEGENERATE WAS ACTUALLY RIGHT. HE SAID HE'D SEEN IN HIS VISIONS THAT WE WOULD FIND IT, AND THAT'S WHAT WE'VE DONE -



WE'VE FOUND IT, SCABBS. THE MOTHERLODE REALLY DOES EXIST, AND WE'VE FOUND IT!



ARCHEOTECH, (AR'KEY-O'TEK.) N. NECROMUNDAN, BEING THE COMMON TERM FOR THE MANY WONDROUS AND MYSTIC RELICS OF THE GOLDEN AGE OF TECHNOLOGY THAT CONTINUE TO BE FOUND AMONGST THE ANCIENT HIVE CITIES OF NECROMUNDA. DESPITE INTENSIVE INVESTIGATION BY THE EXPLORATOR MAGI OF THE ADEPTUS MECHANICUS, LOCAL LEGENDS OF A VAST AND LINDISCOVERED REPOSITORY OF SUCH RELICS - THE SO-CALLED 'MOTHERLODE' - CONTINUE TO PROVE UNFOUNDED...

- FROM THE ARCHIVES OF TECH-MAGLUS IPSISSIMUS OF MARS.

WE'RE RICH, KAL! RICH-BEYOND-OUR-WILDEST-DREAMS RICH! SO-RICH-THAT-LORD-HELMAWR-CAN-KISS-MY-SCAVVING-ASH RICH!

CHAPTER THREE

WHAT WE'LL DO IS CARRY AS MUCH AS WE CAN OUT OF HERE NOW, THEN WE'LL COME BACK WITH A TEAM - NO, AN ARMY - OF PIT SLAVES TO STRIP THE PLACE CLEAN. WE COULD EVEN HIRE OUR OWN PRIVATE SPACE MARINE CHAPTER TO GUARD THE PLACE WHILE WE'RE DOING IT!

KAL? ARE YOU EVEN LISTENING TO ME?

HMMM?

SORRY, SCABBS. I WAS JUST WONDERING ABOUT SOMETHING ELSE...

I WAS JUST LOOKING AT ALL THESE HUMAN REMAINS. THERE ARE RATHER A LOT OF THEM, DON'T YOU THINK?

TWO IMMEDIATE THOUGHTS OCCUR TO ME, SCABBS...











JERICO. SO GOOD OF YOU TO JOIN OUR LITTLE GROUP AGAIN.

LUDD. IS IT MY IMAGINATION, OR HAVE WE BEEN HERE BEFORE? AND WHAT HAPPENED TO OUR BUSINESS ARRANGEMENT?

ANNULLED. I'M AFRAID NOW THAT WE'VE FOUND THE MOTHERLODE, YOU AND YOUR ASSOCIATE HERE ARE SUPERFLUOUS TO REQUIREMENTS.

BUT YOU STILL NEED US. THOSE SCAVVIES WILL FIND ANOTHER WAY IN HERE, AND YOU DON'T HAVE ENOUGH MEN LEFT TO FIGHT YOUR WAY BACK OUT AGAIN!

FORGET THE MOTHERLODE, LUDD. THIS CAVERN IS JUST ONE BIG HIVEQUAKE WAITING TO HAPPEN. IF THE SCAVVIES DON'T GET US, THEN THE NEXT SERIES OF HIVE TREMORS WILL!



YOU HAVE NO IDEA HOW MUCH I ENJOY LISTENING TO YOU BEGGING FOR YOUR LIFE, JERICO. DO YOU HAVE ANY OTHER REASONS WHY I SHOULDN'T JUST KILL YOU NOW?



YES. I DON'T KNOW HOW, BUT THE HIVEQUAKES... THE SCAVVY ATTACKS... US FINDING THIS CAVERN... ALL THE BODIES HERE...

THEY'RE ALL CONNECTED, LUDD. CAN'T YOU SEE IT?





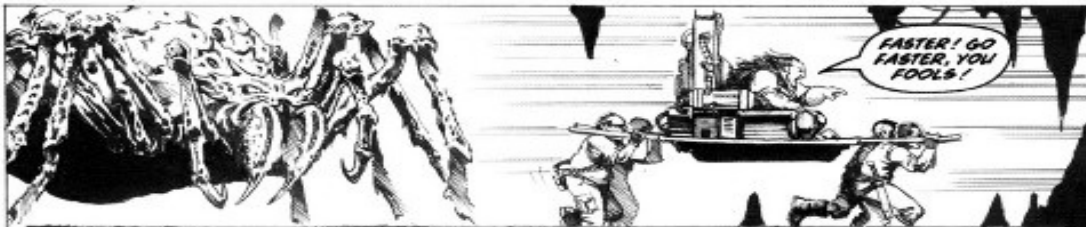
CHAPTER FOUR



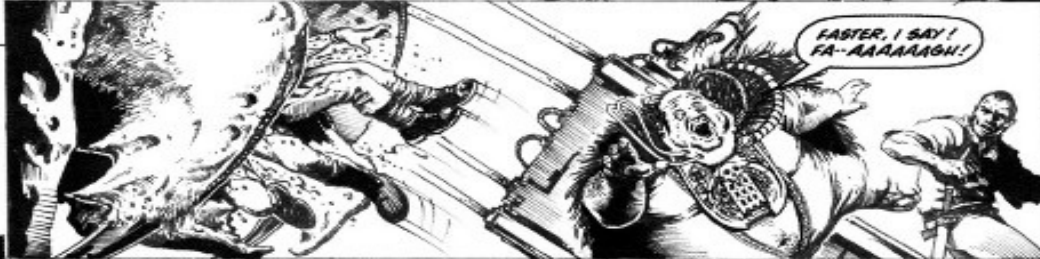
It must be reported that our holy mission to bring the light of the Emperor into the darkness of the Underhive continues to meet with little success, with the locals preferring to seek spiritual solace from a wide range of heretical creeds. Particularly virulent are the Spider Cults of the deepest levels of the Hive, where it is rumoured that *Monstrous Creatures* lurk in remote caverns, worshipped as gods by the degenerate inhabitants thereof.

'It can only be with some degree of relief that I write to inform your Grace that no evidence of the existence of such blasphemous abominations has yet been found.'

- LETTER FROM MISSIONARIOUS GALAXIA
FRATER URO REISS TO CARDINAL HUGO
CXXXIV OF THE PALATINE CLUBBER.
(FRATER REISS LATER TRIED AND EXECUTED ON
CHARGES OF VIOLENCE AND INSUFFICIENT
PURITANICAL ZEAL.)



FASTER! GO FASTER, YOU FOOLS!



FASTER, I SAY! FA--AAAAASH!



NO--NO! NOT ME...



ZAK! ZAK!



HHSSSSSSSSSS

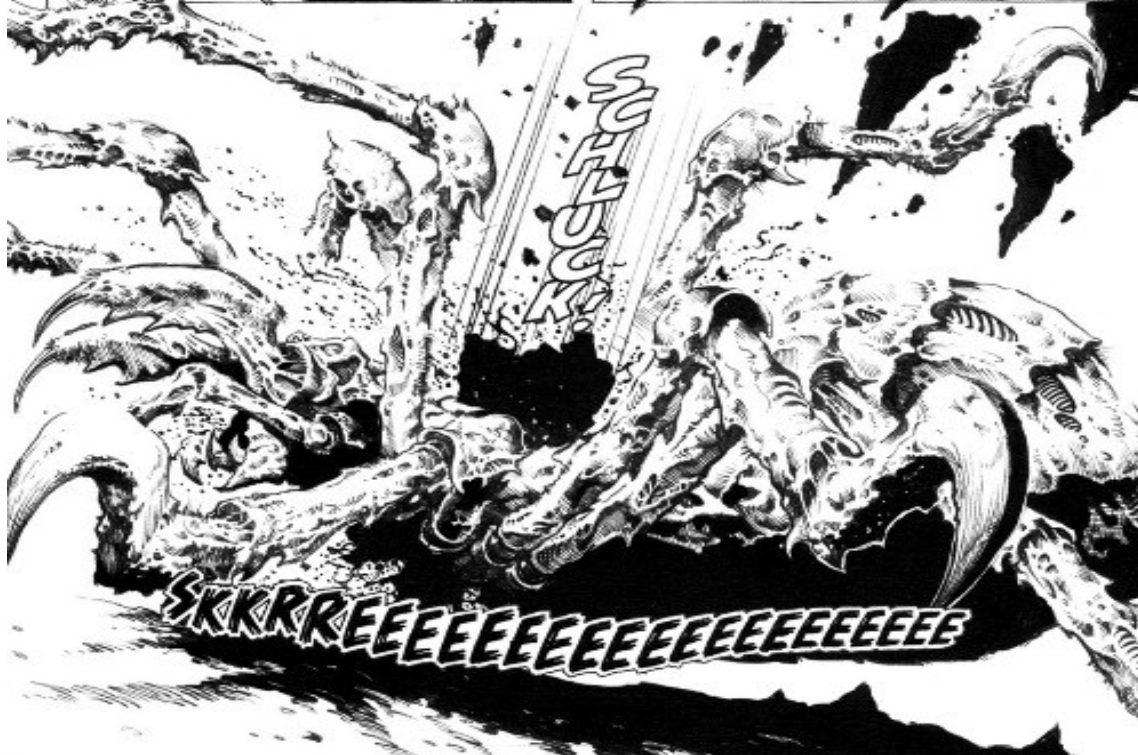


GOOD GOING, KAL. NOW WE'RE GOING TO DIE WITHOUT EVEN THE SATISFACTION OF SEEING LADD GETTING EATEN BEFORE US!

AND I DON'T EVEN THINK YOU'RE HURTING IT WITH THOSE LASPISTOLS!



I'M NOT TRYING TO HURT IT, SCABBS...





ADMIT IT. THAT WAS RATHER IMPRESSIVE, WASN'T IT?

WH-WHAT WAS THAT THING...?



SOME KIND OF HIVE SPIDER, MUTATED TO GIANT SIZE. IT COULD HAVE BEEN HIBERNATING IN HERE FOR CENTURIES, UNTIL THE HIVEQUAKES WOKE IT UP.

THAT MUST BE WHY THE SCAVVIES HAVE BEEN ON THE MARRATH RECENTLY. THEY WERE OUT HUNTING FOR SACRIFICES TO FEED TO THE THING!

YEAH..?



SO HOW DO YOU THINK THEY'LL FEEL ABOUT US KILLING OFF THEIR GOD, THEN?



RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR

AND, JUST TO MAKE THINGS MORE INTERESTING, ANOTHER HIVEQUAKE-TREMOR!

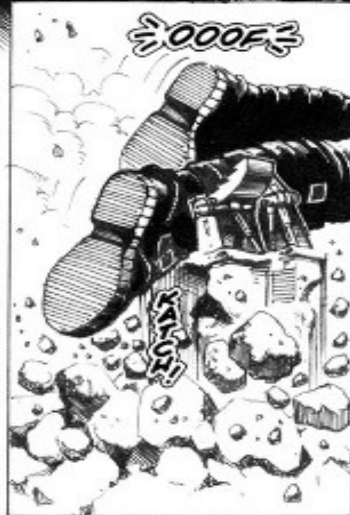


HELP ME, JERICO! DON'T LEAVE ME HERE. PLEASE!



I WOULDN'T LEAVE YOU, LIDD. WE'RE PARTNERS, REMEMBER? AND, BESIDES, I STILL NEED YOU...

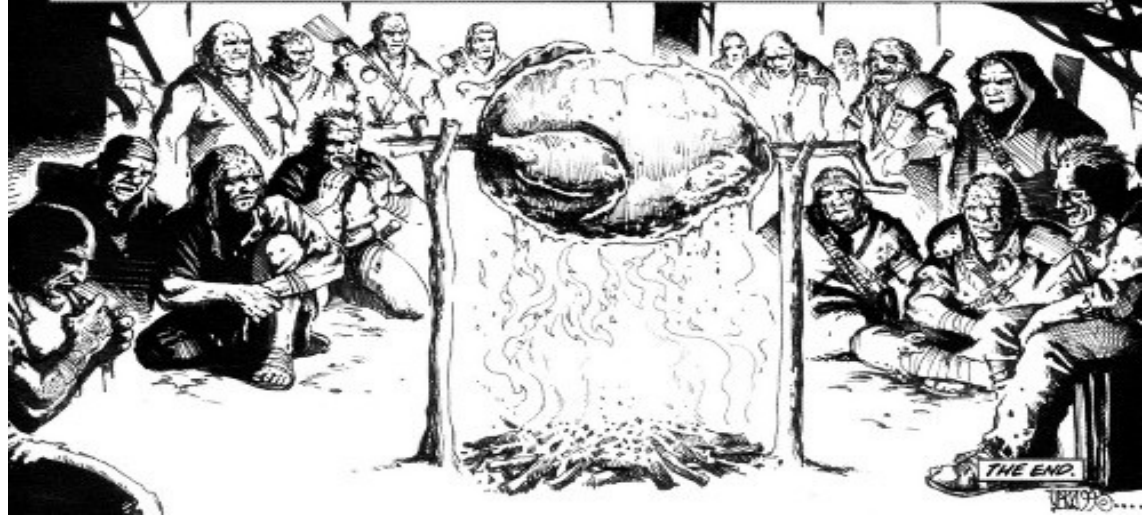
EMPEROR BLESS YOU, MY BOY! I KNEW YOU WOULDN'T FORGET YOUR OLD FRIEND GUZMAN LIDD...!







THE SURVIVING SCAVVIES CAME OUT BETTER THAN ANYONE ELSE. THEY MAY HAVE LOST THEIR SPIDER GOD, BUT THE CAPTURE OF GUEZMAN LUDD ENSURED MANY A HAPPY FEAST NIGHT FOR A LONG TIME TO COME...



NECROMUNDA

HIVE PRIMUS

Imperial Iron HELMWR

Necromunda is a planet decimated by tens of thousands of years of industrial pollution. It is an ecological disaster of biblical proportions. The planet's surface is covered by dense, toxic ash, the by-products spewed out by factory chimneys. The oceans have become toxic acid sludge flows, the clouds a poisonous smog of chemicals which block out the sun. Any native life that once existed on the planet is long dead, at first and hours were redesigned years ago. No one remembers what Necromunda was once like.

Despite this, Necromunda still has a massive population of unstarved billions. It is a Hive World, where the population lives in towering, man-made structures, the Hive Cities many miles in height.

No one knows how old the lives of Necromunda are. Their very cities are resistant to many thousands of years of growth, spreading layer on layer, climbing ever higher above the planet's polluted surface. The deepest and oldest layers now lie far underground, buried by the corrosive ash that has grown the Hive's base. Three parts of the Hive were abandoned long ago and are now dark and dangerous places.

THE SPIRE
Noble Houses
GRIEM
ULAN
TY
RAN LO
CATALLUS
KO'IRON

The Wall

From ground level, the man-made mountains rise ever more steeply upwards through the poisonous layer of ash and acid, a pall of acid dust which shrouds the entire surface of Necromunda. The largest of the Hive Cities is Hive Primus.

It is home to tens of millions of souls, from the rich noble mans of the gleaming Spires, living in luxury above the smog layer, to the poorest, faded factory labourers of the Hive City, who will live and die without ever seeing Necromunda's sky. In the cavernous gangs and outlaws hiding in the depths of the Underhive.

Lower yet is the Hive Bottom. Its denizens are the spawn of darkness and pollution, skulking amongst the radioactive effluents of the Sump.

All this is ruled over by the living noble wealthy Imperial Government, Lord Helmuwr, whose coffers are filled to bursting by Necromunda's industries. Life in the Hive City is harsh for most citizens. Law and order are maintained by the powerful the Guilds. Amongst the Bactonians of the Underhive, usually, the only laws are those enforced at the point of a gun. The streets seem void of hope, strewn out for rot or imagined crimes by the violent gangs or vengeful Guilds. The Underhive is home to mutants, Paga-Zombies, Scuzzies and feral tribes of Rabbits that populate the melting waste marshes and toxic ash wastes. Illegal race pits and bandit strongholds are

SCYLLA

Pitons are dead

THE HIVE CITY
Houses of the Hive City
CAWDOR
ESCHER
GOLIATH
VAN SAAR
ORLOCK
DELAQUE

scattered throughout the Bactonians amongst the swamps and marshes of the Underhive. Here the dogs of the Underhive are unleashed, fighting and killing. Enslavement, disease, misery, madness and death lurk in the shadows to seize any one too weak to survive.

'Men united in the purpose of the Emperor are blessed in his sight, and shall live forever in his memory.'

- Ecclesiarch Deacis

GORDON RENNIE is the writer of *Bloodquest* and *Kal Jerico* for *Warhammer Monthly*, *Zavant Konniger* and other stories for *Inferno!*, and *Missionary Man* and *Glimmer Rats* for *2000AD*. His career has included winning a Most Promising New Writer award and being threatened with a lawsuit by the Elvis Presley estate. He is currently working on more *Kal Jerico* adventures and a dark new series set in *Mordheim - City of the Damned*. He lives in a state of high anxiety in Edinburgh, Scotland.



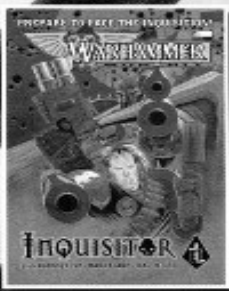
KARL KOPINSKI was just an undiscovered hopeful when his first ever comic strip, *Kal Jerico*, was published in *Warhammer Monthly 1*. Since that debut, he has gone on to produce a catalogue of superb comic art and glorious colour covers too. Recently his efforts bore fruit, when the Games Workshop studio poached him to work full-time on artwork for the *Warhammer* games.



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