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PRESENTS

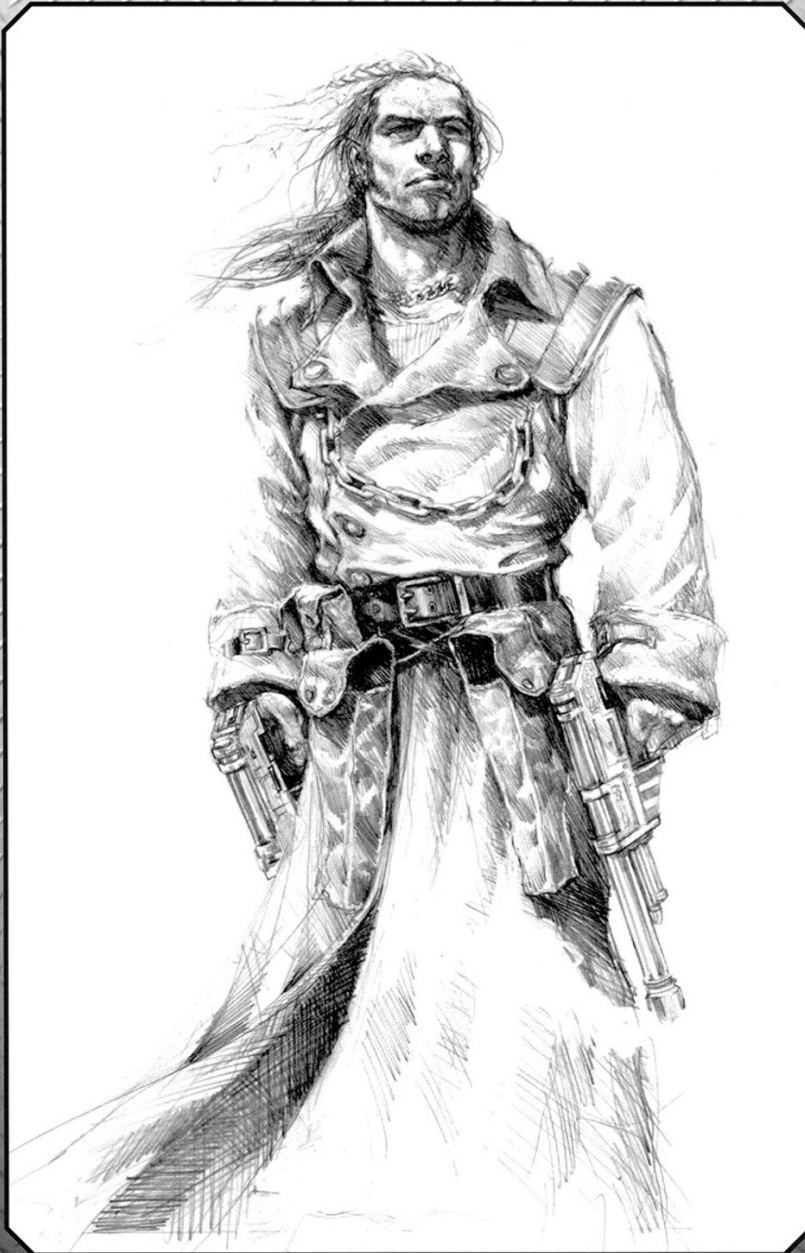
KAL JERICO™

CONTRACTS & AGENDAS




GRAPHIC NOVEL

GORDON RENNIE • WAYNE REYNOLDS



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"I've got enemies all the way from Hive Bottom to the Upper Spyre, but I doubt any of them would pay 1200 creds for the satisfaction of seeing me dead..."

KAL JERICO™

CONTRACTS & AGENDAS



GORDON RENNIE & WAYNE REYNOLDS



A BLACK LIBRARY PUBLICATION

KAL JERICO

CONTRACTS & AGENDAS

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"No one knows how old the hives of Necromunda are. Their very size is testament to many thousands of years of growth, sprawling layer upon 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 piles around the hive's base. These parts of the hive were abandoned long ago, and now they are dark and dangerous places inhabited only by mutant things spawned by chemical pollutants, disease and madness.

"Each hive is a complete, self-contained world as varied and complex as any planet in the vast Imperium. A man born in the middle layer of a hive can live and die without seeing Necromunda's sky or setting foot on the surface. He can labour in the guild factories or perhaps ply the trade of his family. In this way the vast majority devote their lives and their endeavours to creating the massive wealth of the world.

"Not all men are content to serve in the timeless fashion; a small minority dream of better things. Some crave wealth, power, or simply to escape from bludgeoning poverty. Others seek to escape the restrictions of the guilds or the crippling social order of House and Hive. Whatever their reasons, there is no shortage of young adventurers willing to chance all for a taste of wealth, prestige or power."



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...

"I'm strictly freelance, Nemo. If you're looking for a new errand boy, tell Cheka his job's still safe."

KAL JERICO in 'RAINTOWN'



THE REMOTE UNDERHIVE SETTLEMENT OF RAINTOWN, WHERE THE LOCALS SCAVENGE A LIVING FROM THE RICH MINERAL DEPOSITS CREATED BY THE DUMPING OF CHEMICAL WASTES FROM THE VAST HIVE MORE THAN HALF A MILE OVERHEAD!



LIFE IS HARD IN RAINTOWN, AND EVERY SCAVENGER'S DREAM IS TO STRIKE IT RICH BEFORE THEY SUCCEED TO THE POISON AIR AND POLLUTION OF THE PLACE.



HOWEVER, THERE IS ONE THING HERE THEY FEAR MORE THAN ANYTHING--



DOWNPOUR!
DOWNPOUR
COMING DOWN FROM
UPHIVE!



NOT SURPRISINGLY, RAINTOWN IS A HAVEN FOR WANTED OUTLAWS WITH A PRICE ON THEIR HEAD, BECAUSE WHAT BOUNTY HUNTERS WOULD BE DESPERATE ENOUGH TO FOLLOW THEIR QUARRY TO SUCH A PLACE?



THEY'RE BOTH WANTED DEAD-OR-ALIVE, BUT ALIVE'S BETTER FOR US. IT PAYS MORE, AND COSTS US LESS IN AMMO EXPENDITURE, SO IF THE TWO GENTLEMEN IN QUESTION WILL SURRENDER THEMSELVES QUIETLY, WE'LL BE ON OUR WAY AND--

GUILD-LICENCED BOUNTY HUNTERS.

NO NEED TO WORRY, MY FRIENDS, I KNOW MOST OF YOU ARE GUILTY OF A MULTITUDE OF CRIMES, BUT TODAY WE'RE ONLY HERE FOR THESE TWO--



KAL, THEY'RE MAKING A RUN FOR IT! THEY MUST BE THE TWO WE'RE AFTER!

WELL, AT LEAST THEY CAN'T HAVE GOT FAR...

YOU'RE GOING AFTER THEM? THAT'S MADNESS! EVEN WITH A CHEM-CLOAK ON, YOU WON'T LAST FIVE MINUTES OUT THERE..!

AMAZING, AND TO THINK THAT PEOPLE OFTEN WONDER WHICH OF US IS THE REAL BRAINS OF OUR PARTNERSHIP, SCABBS.

YOU CALL IT MADNESS, WE CALL IT PROTECTING OUR INVESTMENT--



THOSE TWO ARE WORTH 500 CRED\$ APIECE. YOU THINK WE CAME ALL THIS WAY JUST TO GIVE UP NOW?!

YOU TAKE THAT ONE, I'LL SETTLE SCORES WITH HIS FRIEND.



IT TAKES *SKILL* TO SURVIVE AS A NECROMUNDAN BOUNTY HUNTER.



YEARS OF EXPERIENCE, AND *COMBAT INSTINCTS HONED TO PERFECTION* IN ONE OF THE DEADLIEST LIVING ENVIRONMENTS IN THE GALAXY--



BLAM!



ALL THAT, AND A CERTAIN AMOUNT OF *PLAIN DUMB LUCK.*

ZAK!



FWWASH!



FWOUM!



ONE WAY OR ANOTHER, HE KNOWS IT'S TIME TO BRING THIS HUNT TO A SWIFT END.

HIS TARGET IS INJURED AND UNARMED, BUT KAL CAN FEEL THE ACID STARTING TO BURN THROUGH HIS CHEM-CLOAK--



OH SCAV, SUCKERED AGAIN.



NOW THIS IS JUST GETTING EMBARRASSING. THE FIRST TWO TIMES WERE BAD ENOUGH, BUT AS FOR TRYING TO KILL ME A *THIRD* TIME...



THE END



THREE MEMBERS OF THE OUTLAW ASH BANDITS GANG. OPEN BOUNTY OF THIRTY CREDITS APIECE.

NEXT!



RAIFF FORTUNA, WANTED FOR MURDER, ROBBERY, TORTURE AND - MOST IMPORTANT OF ALL - NON-PAYMENT OF GUILD LEVIES.

TWO ACCOMPLICES, AS WELL. ONE OF THEM'S PROBABLY WORTH SOMETHING. I RECOGNISED HIS FACE FROM AN OLD BOUNTY POSTER.

AND THE OTHER ONE?

DIFFICULT TO SAY, MY PARTNER HERE GOT SOMEWHAT CARRIED AWAY DURING THE GUNFIGHT AND BLEW HIS FACE OFF WITH A STRAY DUM-DUM.



ONE HUNDRED CRED HALF-BOUNTY ON THE DEAD LEVY DODGER, NOTHING FOR THE LOSER WITH NO FACE AND WE'LL SEE WHAT WE'VE GOT ON THE OTHER ONE.

NEXT!



KAL JERICO, ISN'T IT? I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU...



I SEE, AND YOU ARE...?

OLEG KASPO, ME AND MY BOYS ARE THE NEW WATCHMEN GANG FOR THIS SETTLEMENT ZONE.

AH YES, NOW I REMEMBER, THEY NEVER DID FIND OUT WHO AMBUSHED AND WIPED OUT THE LAST WATCHMEN GANG WE HAD, DID THEY?

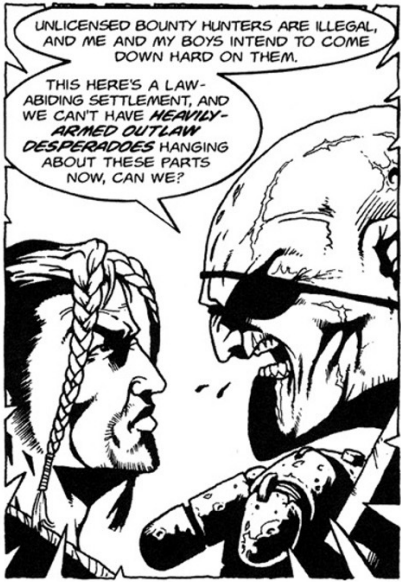


NEW WATCHMEN GANG, NEW WAYS OF DOING THINGS. THIS SETTLEMENT IS UNDER OUR PROTECTION NOW. YOU WANT TO OPERATE HERE, YOU HAVE TO OBEY THE RULES.

HMM, I WAS WONDERING WHEN YOU WERE GOING TO GET ROUND TO MAKING THE USUAL EXTORTION DEMANDS...



YOUR BOUNTY HUNTER LICENCE IS HEREBY TERMINATED. YOU GOT FIVE DAYS TO RENEW IT, AND THE FEE IS FIVE HUNDRED CRED. AFTER THAT, ME AND MY BOYS GET THIRTY PER CENT OF ALL YOUR BOUNTY MONEY AS PART OF A NEW LOCAL LAW AND ORDER TAX.



UNLICENSED BOUNTY HUNTERS ARE ILLEGAL, AND ME AND MY BOYS INTEND TO COME DOWN HARD ON THEM.

THIS HERE'S A LAW-ABIDING SETTLEMENT, AND WE CAN'T HAVE HEAVILY-ARMED OUTLAW DESPERADOES HANGING ABOUT THESE PARTS NOW, CAN WE?



FIVE DAYS, JERICO. IF YOU HAVEN'T PAID UP BY THEN, WE COME LOOKING FOR YOU.



SO WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO? WE'RE NOT ACTUALLY GOING TO PAY THEM, ARE WE? KAL...?



OF COURSE NOT. WE'RE GOING TO SIT AROUND ENJOYING OURSELVES WHILE WE WAIT FOR THEM TO COME BACK AND KILL US.

WELL, THAT'S WHAT I'M GOING TO BE DOING. YOU, ON THE OTHER HAND, HAVE A JOB TO DO.



COME, SCABBS. LET US RETIRE TO A NEARBY HOSTELRY FOR A FEW PINTS OF THEIR FINEST WILDSNAKE BREW WHILE I TELL YOU WHAT I WANT YOU TO DO...



DAY ONE: WITH SCABBS GONE, KAL GOES ABOUT HIS NORMAL EVERYDAY UNDERHIVE BUSINESS--



ERUPTION YOU ARE THE





TIME'S UP, JERICO. I SEE YOUR LITTLE HALF-BREED FRIEND DIDN'T HANG ABOUT TO HELP YOU.

SCABBS? OH, HE'S AROUND HERE SOMEWHERE.



IN FACT, HE WAS HERE NOT TOO LONG AGO. HE STOPPED OFF JUST LONG ENOUGH TO GIVE ME THIS BEFORE I SENT HIM OFF ON ANOTHER ERRAND.



LOOK FAMILIAR? I RECOGNISED THOSE MARKS ON YOUR FACE AND NECK. THEY'RE SURGICAL SCARS WHERE YOUR CYBER-IMPLANTS AND OWNERSHIP STUDS USED TO BE. AFTER I REALISED THAT, THE REST WAS EASY.



YOU AND YOUR GANG ARE ALL OUTLAWS. SCABBS FOUND SHOOT-TO-KILL BOUNTY WARRANTS ON ALL OF YOU OVER AT THE GUILDER TRADING POST AT PLUTONIUM FALLS.

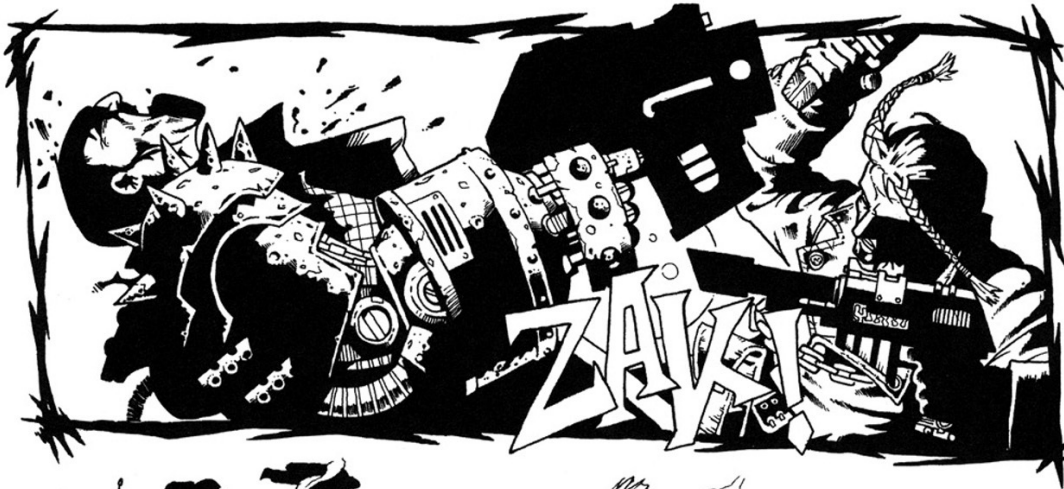
AND, WHAT? YOU'RE GOING TO TRY AND TAKE US ALL IN BY YOURSELF?



WOULDN'T DREAM OF IT. THAT'S WHY I SENT SCABBS OFF TO BRING BACK A FEW OF OUR COLLEAGUES IN THE BUSINESS.



UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES, SHARING THE BOUNTY MONEY DIDN'T SEEM SUCH A BAD IDEA!



EVERYONE ON OUR SIDE MAKE IT?

MAD MARKO'S DEAD. A COUPLE OF NEW FACES FROM UP-HIVE JUST SAW THEIR FIRST AND LAST GUNFIGHT AND I THINK HARD LUCK HEF'S GOING TO BE LOOKING FOR YET ANOTHER BOUNTY HUNTING PARTNER.

SOUNDS GOOD TO ME. MORE CRED'S FOR THE REST OF US.



SO WHAT'S THE DEAL, JERICO? HOW ARE WE GOING TO SPLIT THE COMBINED BOUNTY ON THIS ONE?

THE USUAL WAY SEEMS THE SIMPLEST...



SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST! LAST MAN STANDING GETS HALF THE POT AND EVERYONE ELSE GETS AN EQUAL SHARE OF WHAT'S LEFT!

WOK!

THE END



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...

"Helmwar's rump! Either my fleas are biting again, or some of that stuff's leaked through my chem-cloak"

VETERAN UNDERHIVERS OFTEN ARGUE ABOUT THE BEST WAY OF ATTACKING A *SCAVVY GANG LAIR*.

SOME INSIST THAT IF YOU *PICK OFF THE LEADERS* THEN THE REST WILL PANIC AND RUN. OTHERS SAY YOU USE *STEALTH AND SUPERIOR FIREPOWER* TO SURROUND THE CAMP AND KILL THEM IN A CROSSFIRE. WISER UNDERHIVERS SAY YOU JUST *LEAVE THEM ALONE LONG ENOUGH* THEY'LL END UP DOING THE JOB FOR YOU BY *KILLING AND EATING EACH OTHER* AS USUAL.

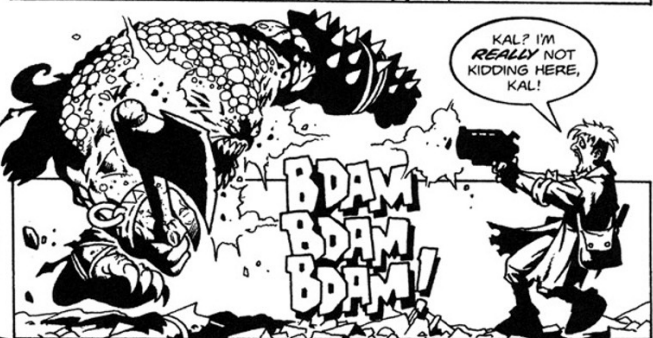
BUT *KAL JERICO, UNDERHIVE BOUNTY HUNTER FOR HIRE*, HAS HIS OWN WAY OF DOING THINGS.

KAL JERICO

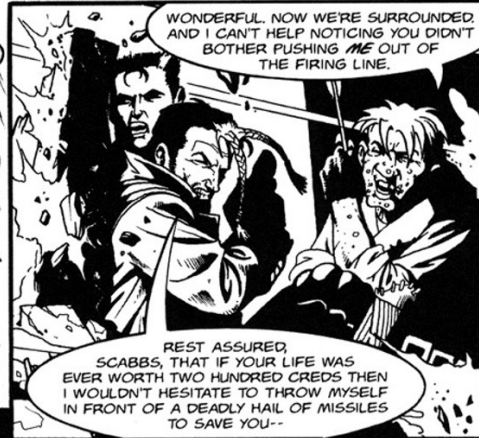
Code of Honour



ALL THINGS CONSIDERED, THINKS KAL, HIS WAY SEEMS AS GOOD AS ANY OTHER.









OUTGUNNED AND OUTFOUGHT, THE HUNGRY SCAVVIERS FLEE IN SEARCH OF EASIER PICKINGS ELSEWHERE IN THE UNDERHIVE...

...OR PERHAPS THEY JUST PLANNED TO COME BACK LATER WHEN THE COAST WAS CLEAR TO FEAST ON THE BODIES OF THEIR OWN DEAD.



I DON'T BELIEVE IT! WE FOUGHT OFF THE WHOLE TRIBE! THREE OF US, AND WE--



OH



...STILL CAN'T BELIEVE IT. AFTER ALL WE'VE BEEN THROUGH TOGETHER, AND YOU'RE STILL GOING TO HAND ME OVER TO THE GUILDERS!

YES, I'VE BEEN THINKING ABOUT THAT...



WE STILL CAN'T LET YOU GO AND BREAK OUR CONTRACT WITH THE GUILD, BUT THERE'S NOTHING TO STOP YOU HIRING US NOW - SAY FOR A FEE OF FOUR HUNDRED CREDDS? - TO RESCUE YOU AFTER YOU'RE IN GUILD CUSTODY.



SIX HUNDRED CREDDS FOR BRINGING IN A BOUNTY AND THEN BREAKING HIM OUT AGAIN? I LIKE IT, BUT WHAT ABOUT OUR CONTRACT WITH THE GUILD?



YOU'RE FORGETTING THE FIRST RULE OF THE BOUNTY HUNTER'S CODE, SCABBS--

'ONCE YOU'VE BEEN PAID, ALL LOYALTY TO YOUR FORMER EMPLOYERS GET FLUSHED STRAIGHT DOWN INTO THE SUMP.'

THE END

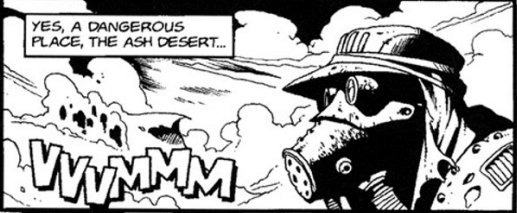
KAL JERICO in "THE NEMO AGENDA"



A **GUILDER TRADE CARAVAN** MAKES ITS WAY ACROSS THE WASTELANDS THAT COVER THE SURFACE OF NECROMUNDA. AHEAD OF IT, THE IMPOSING SHADOW OF **HIVE PRIMUS**, OLDEST AND GREATEST OF THE MIGHTY NECROMUNDAN HIVE CITIES.



AROUND THEM, **THE ASH DESERT**, HOME TO TRIBES OF **NOMADS**, **SCAVVIES**, **DAEMONBROOD** AND OTHER MUTANTS AND OUTCASTS TOO HORRIFIC EVEN FOR THE UNDERHIVE!



YES, A DANGEROUS PLACE, **THE ASH DESERT**...

VVMMM

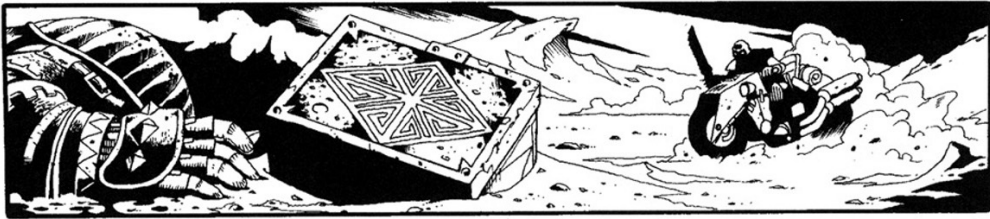
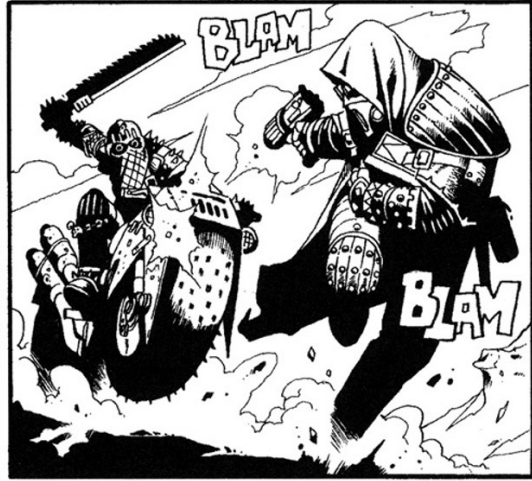
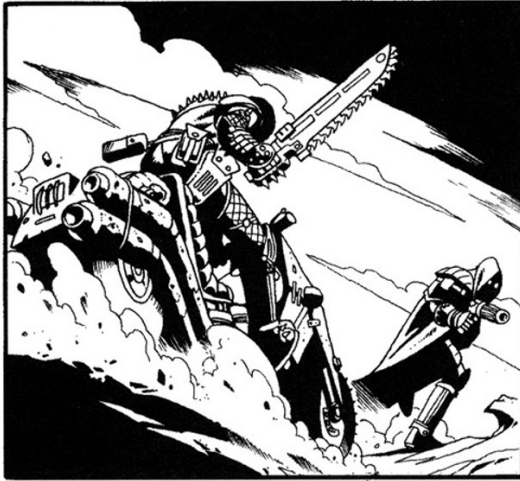


...AND IT'S JUST ABOUT TO BECOME **EVEN MORE SO!**

VACMMM!

SKASH





JUST ANOTHER ASH DESERT BANDIT ATTACK. **KAL JERICO** DOESN'T KNOW IT YET, BUT IT'S THE START OF A CHAIN OF EVENTS THAT WILL SOON REUNITE HIM WITH SEVERAL UNWELCOME OLD ACQUAINTANCES.

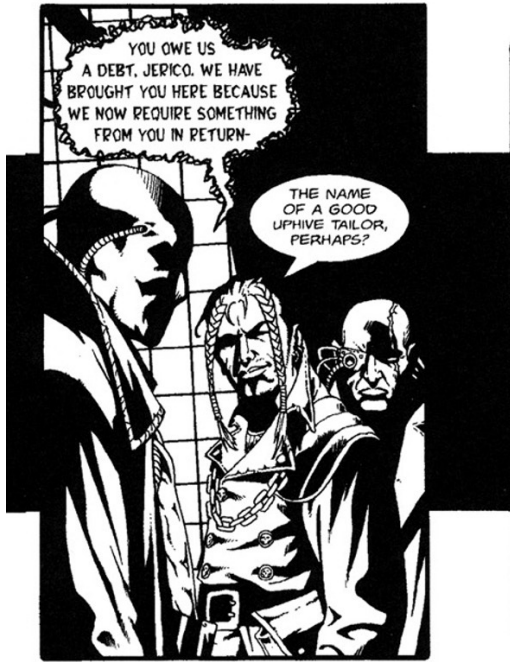


NOT, OF COURSE, THAT THIS IS OF ANY IMMEDIATE CONCERN TO KAL...

I'LL PAY YOU THE MONEY! FOR SCAV'S SAKE, I'LL PAY YOU THE MONEY..!









AND WHEN HE RETURNS? IT WILL BE AS YOU PROMISED?

IT WILL BE AS WE PROMISED. WHEN HE MAKES THE HANDOVER, THEN YOU MAY KILL HIM.



EMPEROR PURIFY ME, YOUR EMINENCE. I HAVE LIVED AMONGST THE HERETICS AND THE UNBELIEVERS AS YOU COMMANDED, AND AT LAST YOUR EMINENCE'S WISDOM HAS BEEN REWARDED!



BLESS YOU, MY SON. I SET YOU TO WATCH OVER THE HERETIC CRIMELORD NEMO, BUT WITH THIS INFORMATION YOU BRING ME NOW YOU SHALL BE PURIFIED A THOUSAND-FOLD!



WE WILL TAKE THE OBJECT THE CRIMELORD SEEKS FOR OURSELVES, BUT, MOST IMPORTANT OF ALL, WE SHALL FINALLY HAVE REVENGE ON THE GREATEST ARCH-HERETIC OF THEM ALL-

DEATH TO KAL JERICO!

TO BE CONTINUED



NEMO

**Underhive Information
Broker**

The dark and faceless Nemo rules Hive Primus's underworld with an iron fist - and has saved Jerico's life on more than one occasion. Rumoured to be an agent of the Inquisition.

"I also collect favours for they are the most valuable commodity of all. Remember, Jerico, you owe me. Try and stay alive, at least until I call in your debt."

CHAPTER TWO

HE MAKES HIS WAY SLOWLY AND CAREFULLY. HE TRIES NOT TO THINK ABOUT THE PARTICULARLY LARGE AND HUNGRY TUNNEL SPIDERS WHICH INFEST THIS PART OF THE UNDERHIVE.

HE THINKS ABOUT SCABBS, AND HE PRAYS THAT THE DRUNKEN LITTLE HALF-BREED PICKS UP THE MESSAGE HE LEFT FOR HIM AT THE SUMP HOLE DRINKING DEN.



THIS JOB HE DOES ALONE. IF YOU TRULY VALUE YOUR FRIENDS, YOU DON'T INVOLVE THEM IN THE BUSINESS OF RUTHLESS CRIMELORDS LIKE NEMO THE FACELESS.

UNDERHIVE RUMOURS -- UNSCRUPULOUS GUILDERS TRADING WITH OUTLAW BIKER GANGS -- LED HIM DOWN HERE.



NEMO'S LOCATOR DEVICE TELLS HIM HE'S ON THE RIGHT TRACK. THE REST IS UP TO HIM.

STEALTH. CUNNING. RESOURCEFULNESS.



THESE ARE THE TOOLS OF AN UNDERHIVE BOUNTY HUNTER.



THOSE, AND IN KAL'S CASE, SOMETHING ELSE TOO-





OOF!

OUCH!

AAGH!

...PLAIN DUMB LUCK

FLOOSH









CHARMING. A KEEPSAKE OF ONE OF YOUR OLD FLAMES, PERHAPS?

IT'S A DATUM DRONE. TECH-PRIEST STUFF. VERY RARE. VERY EXPENSIVE.

YOU PUT INFORMATION INTO IT. YOU BRING IT BACK TO LIFE BY SPEAKING THE RIGHT MACHINE GOD PRAYER WORDS AND IT WILL TELL YOU WHATEVER SECRETS IT HOLDS.

SO WHAT'S IN THIS ONE?

DOES IT MATTER?

YOU KNOW WHO USES THINGS LIKE THIS? THE IMPERIUM, UPHIVE NOBLE HOUSES. LORD HELMANN HIMSELF. PEOPLE WHO DEAL IN SECRETS. PEOPLE WHO WILL PAY A SPYRER'S RANSOM FOR WHATEVER'S IN HERE.

SO WHO DOES IT BELONG TO, AND HOW BADLY DO THEY WANT IT BACK?

SORRY, BUT I CAN'T BETRAY MY CLIENTS TRUST. BOUNTY HUNTER'S CODE OF HONOUR. I'M AFRAID.

OF COURSE, THERE ARE ALWAYS EXCEPTIONS TO THE RULE...

KLIK

KROOOM!





YOLANDA CATALLUS

Gang Leader

Fleeing from a life of tedium within the stifled halls of the uphive zones, noblewoman Yolanda Catallus found sanctuary with the notorious Wildcats gang – that is until a certain bounty hunter decided to bring her in...

“Hit him somewhere else. I want to hear him make some other noises.”

CHAPTER THREE

THEY SAY A MAN CAN LIVE HIS ENTIRE LIFE IN THE HIVE WITHOUT EVER KNOWING ANYTHING OTHER THAN THE HAB-LEVEL WHERE HE WAS BORN. TO MOST OF THE HIVE'S MILLIONS OF INHABITANTS THE SPIRE AND THE UNDERHIVE ARE AS FABULOUS AND REMOTE AS ANY OF THE FAR-DISTANT WORLDS OF THE IMPERIUM OF MANKIND.

NEMO THE FACELESS, SPYMASTER OF HIVE PRIMUS, FROM ALL OVER THE HIVE, INFORMATION COMES TO HIM-

RUMOURS OF THE LATEST COURT INTRIGUES AMONGST THE NOBLE HOUSES OF THE SPIRE, NEWS OF INTER-CLAN RIVALRIES IN HIVE CITY, SECRET REPORTS FROM WITHIN THE PRIVATE CHAMBERS OF LORD HELMAWR HIMSELF-

IN THE HIVE, *KNOWLEDGE* IS THE MOST VALUABLE COMMODITY OF ALL, AND *ONE MAN* ABOVE ALL OTHERS CONTROLS AND MONITORS ITS FLOW-



BUT, RIGHT NOW, IT IS THE WHISPERS FILTERING UP FROM *THE UNDERHIVE* THAT MOST INTEREST THE SPYMASTER. THE EARLY DETAILS ARE UNCLEAR, BUT MOST OF THE REPORTS AGREE ON THE *SAME BASIC POINTS*-



A BATTLE-

- A VERY
LARGE
BATTLE -

AND A NAME-

KAL
JERICO--!



DEFILER!
DESPOILER! DAMNABLE
DESECRATOR OF ALL
THAT IS PURE AND
HOLY!

DIE -!

SKAASH!



THE LOCATOR RING'S FADING GLOW TELLS HIM THAT HIS MISSION OBJECTIVE IS FAST DISAPPEARING AWAY FROM HIM, TAKING WITH IT WHATEVER FEW SURVIVAL CHANCES KAL HAD LEFT-

NEMO DOESN'T TOLERATE FAILURE. FAIL TO RETURN WITH THE STOLEN DATUM DRONE, AND KAL KNOWS HE'S A DEAD MAN.

HIS ONLY OTHER ALTERNATIVE IS TO REMAIN HERE IN THE UNDERHIVE WASTES FOR THE REST OF HIS LIFE, HIDING OUT WITH ALL THE OTHER OUTCASTS AND EXILES.



SOMEHOW, THAT IDEA DOESN'T SEEM TOO APPEALING.

NOT THAT THIS SEEMS SUCH A GREAT IDEA EITHER, OF COURSE...





THERE ARE TIMES WHEN KAL WISHES HE'D NEVER LEFT THE COMFORT AND SAFETY OF THE UPPER HIVE-



NEVER BECAME AN UNDERHIVE BOUNTY HUNTER-

NEVER GOT MIXED UP WITH THE LIKES OF NEMO THE FACELESS-

BUT THEN HE REMEMBERS JUST HOW *DULL* LIFE WAS IN THE UPPER HIVE-



AND HOW, IF HE'D STAYED THERE, HE'D NEVER HAVE GOT THE CHANCE TO DO THINGS LIKE *THIS!*



WHUUMP!

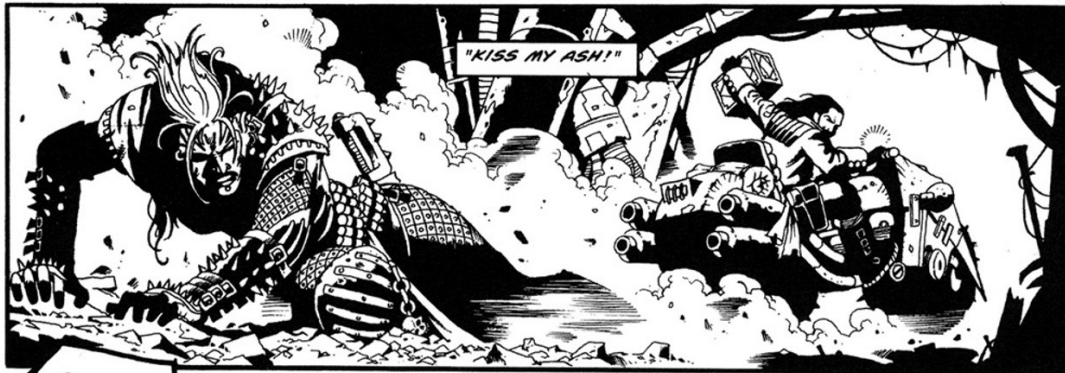
JERICO!



SURPRISED? WHAT WAS IT YOU SAID TO ME JUST A FEW MOMENTS AGO?

AH YES, NOW I REMEMBER...

HOW LOW!





ARE YOU SURE YOU KNOW HOW TO CONTROL SUCH AN *INFERNAL CONTRAPTION*, YOUR EMINENCE?

FEAR NOT, BROTHER BELTANE...



I PUT MY TRUST IN THE EMPEROR, AND HE SHALL BE MY STEERSMAN!

AND SOMEWHERE DEEP WITHIN THE HIVE, NEMO THE SPYMASTER SMILES...



BECAUSE HE KNOWS THAT HIS MERCHANDISE IS ON ITS WAY AND THAT *EVERYTHING IS STILL GOING ACCORDING TO PLAN.*

NEXT: HIVE ANGELS ON WHEELS!



CARDINAL CRIMSON

Redemptionist Zealot

Fanatical Redemptionist preacher, Cardinal Crimson, owes his unique appearance to an unexpected acid bath after a run-in with Kal and Scabbs.

“And remember, blessed shall be he who brings me the head of the arch-heretic Kal Jerico!”



THE ANCIENT UNDERHIVE TUNNEL NETWORK, HUNDREDS OF MILES OF THEM, CONNECTING TO POINTS ALL THROUGH THE HIVE-

DECAYED AND ABANDONED, FORGOTTEN AND DISUSED.

WELL, ALMOST.

CHAPTER FOUR

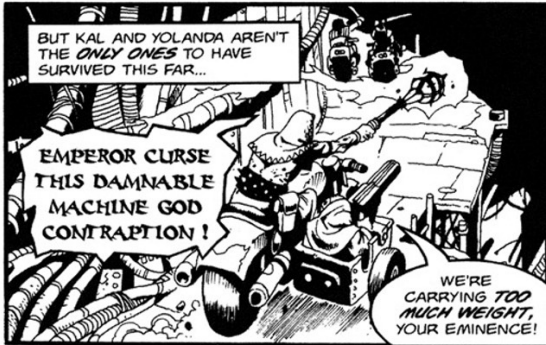


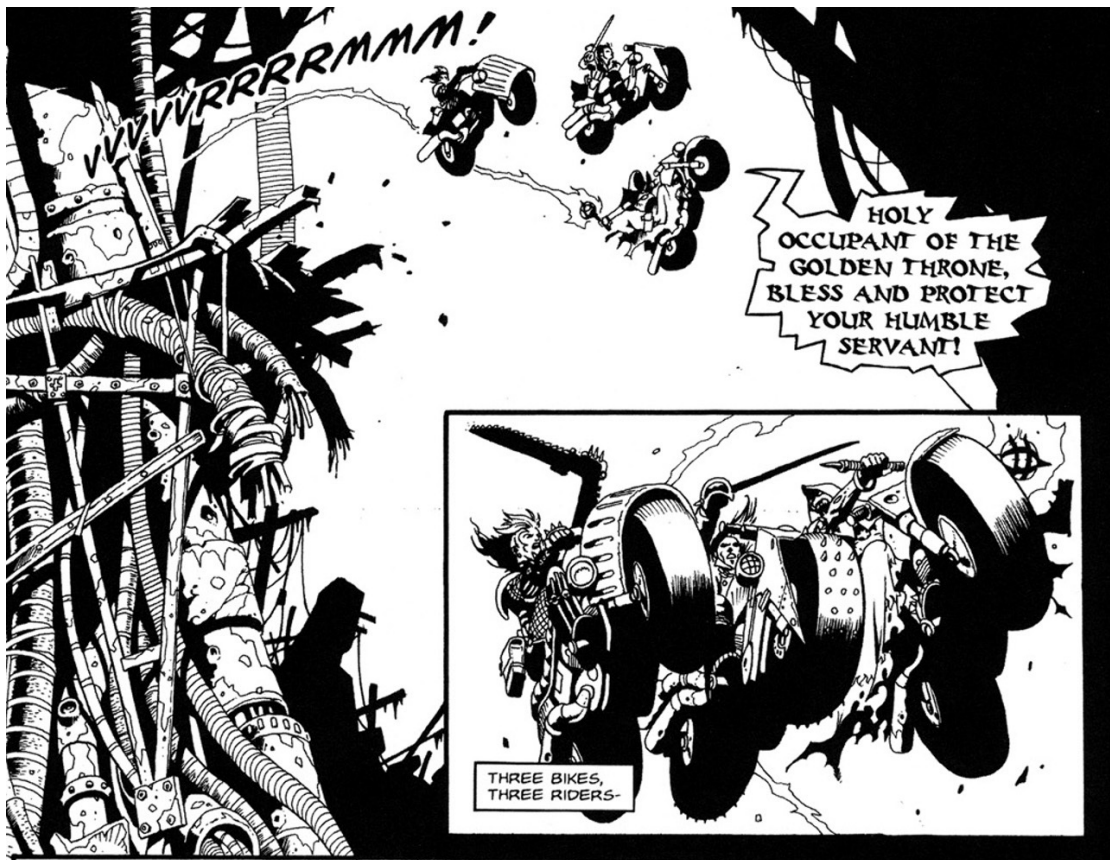
A DANGEROUS PLACE, THE UNDERHIVE TUNNELS.

LOTS OF TRAPS AND SNARES WAITING FOR THE FOOLISH AND UNWARY...



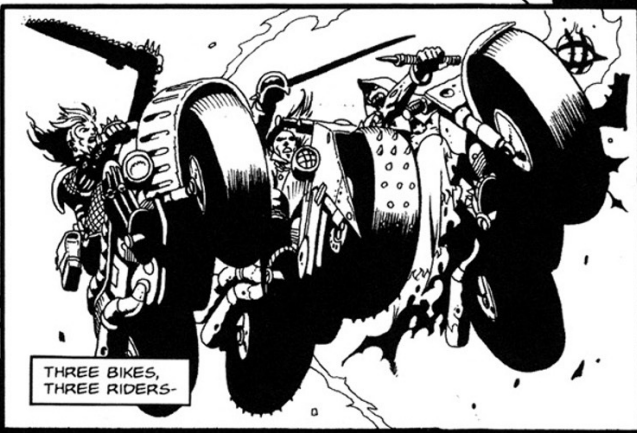






VVVVRRRRMMM!

HOLY
OCCUPANT OF THE
GOLDEN THRONE,
BLESS AND PROTECT
YOUR HUMBLE
SERVANT!



THREE BIKES,
THREE RIDERS-



BUT ONLY ONE CHANCE
BETWEEN THEM-

WHOCK

STAPP



THE RULES OF THIS
RACE: STRICTLY
WINNER TAKES ALL!

WHUUUMP!





JUST AHEAD OF KAL, THE *FINISHING LINE*. THE DELIVERY POINT FOR THE HAND-OVER OF NEMO'S MERCHANDISE...



...AND WAITING THERE, NEMO'S CHIEF HENCHMAN *CHEKA*, EAGER TO CLOSE HIS MASTER'S ACCOUNT WITH KAL JERICO!



CHEKA HAS BEEN WAITING FOR THIS MOMENT FOR A LONG TIME. HE'S REHEARSED IT A THOUSAND TIMES IN HIS MIND.

LOCK

SIGHT AND TRACK THE TARGET

TAKE AIM



FIRE-!

SPATCH!



I SEE YOU GOT MY MESSAGE, I WASN'T SURE YOU'D BE HERE.

WHAT? AND MISS OUT ON A CHANCE TO MAKE AN ENEMY OF ONE OF THE MOST DANGEROUS MEN IN THE WHOLE HIVE?



'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 novels to go alongside *Execution Hour* which was published by the Black Library during 2001. He lives in a state of high anxiety in Edinburgh, Scotland.



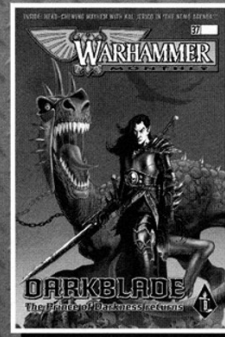
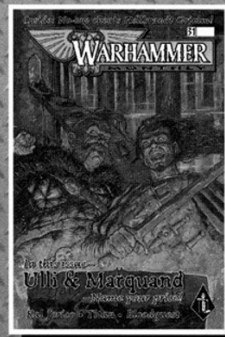
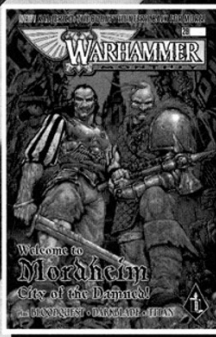
WAYNE REYNOLDS made his debut in *Warhammer Monthly* with the *Redeemer*, and now draws *Kal Jerico*, so you can tell straight off he's a *Necromunda* player! Based in Leeds, Wayne is a thoroughly great bloke, whose other credits have included *Slaine* for *2000AD* and several hush-hush upcoming projects which will no doubt show his mighty talents to the full!



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