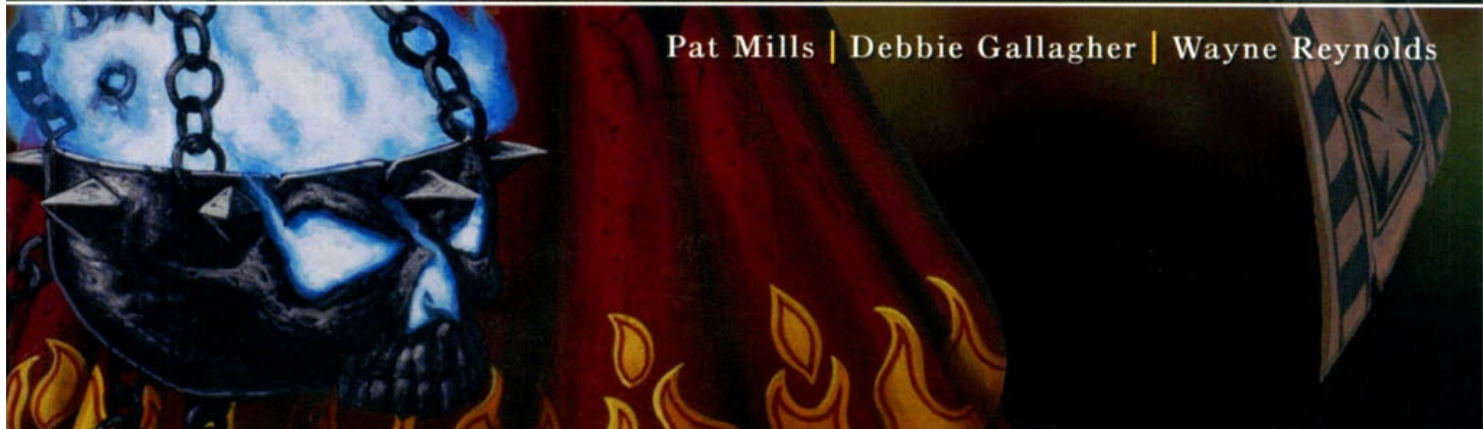
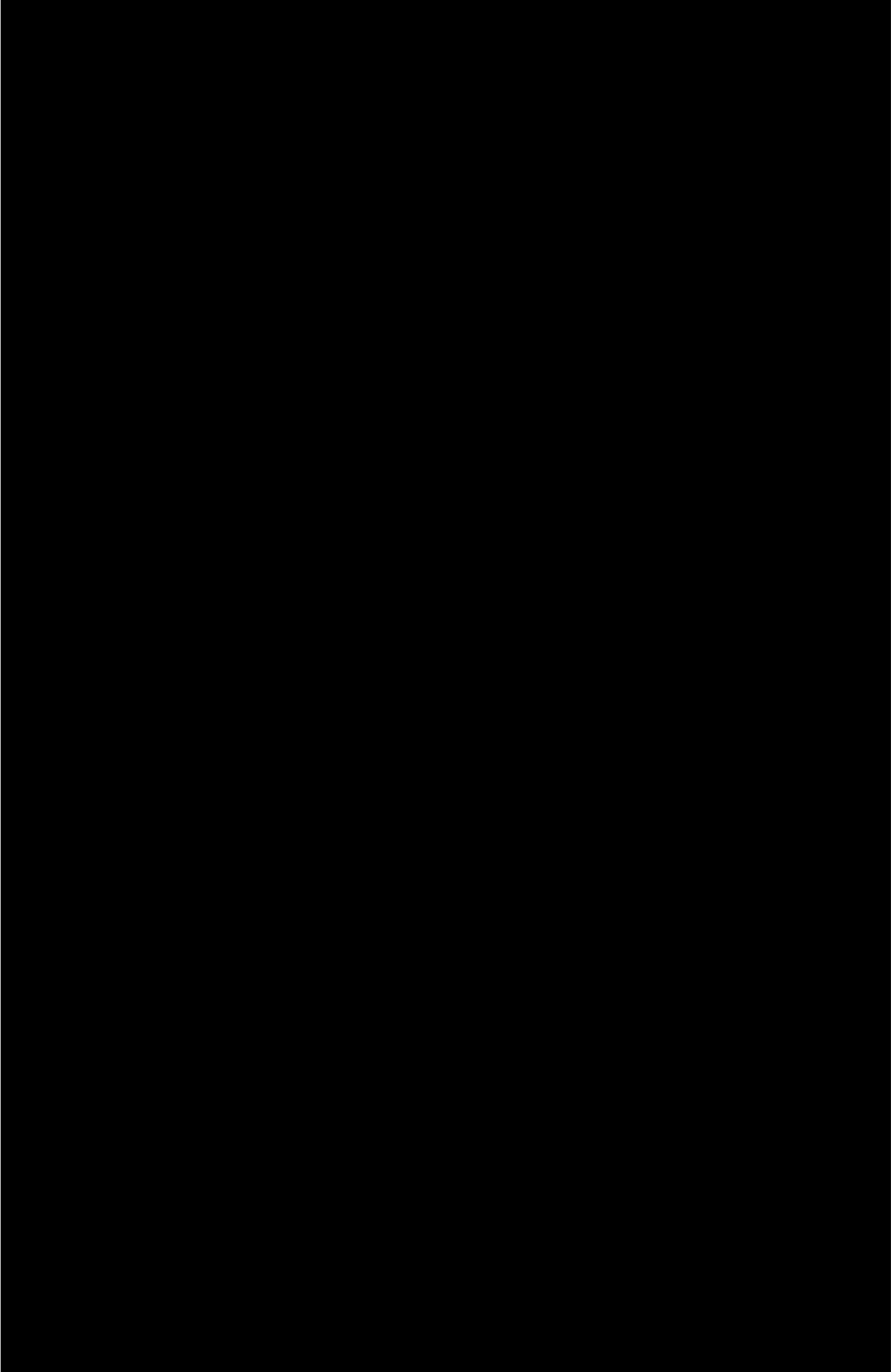




THE REDEEMER™

Pat Mills | Debbie Gallagher | Wayne Reynolds





The **Redeemer**



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WITH MAIL



'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 Cawdor, 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!





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

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

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

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

BLASPHEMY!

PULPITEK! AUTO-CANNONS ON!







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



...AND INCINERATE YOUR HOME - HIVE PRIMUS!



SPEAKING OF FIRE, VERMIN...



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.



YOUR MELTA GUN IS IN SHOCKING CONDITION, AND SO IS YOUR EVISCERATOR.



NO OTHER MAN HAS EQUIPMENT IN SUCH A BAD STATE AS YOURS!



FORGIVE ME, MY LORD! FORGIVE ME!



I AM THE MOST FORGIVING OF MEN...



...BUT STANDARDS MUST BE MAINTAINED!



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, BRIDE. YOU ARE SHOWING THEM THE WAYS OF THE REDEMPTION.

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



Obeys!
WAAAA!

AAARGH!



THE CALLER!
HE'S FOLLOWED
US HERE!

PERCEPTIVE AS
EVER, MALAKEV.



DID I NOT SAY I
WOULD RETURN,
EMPEROR'S
LACKEY?

CLEARLY YOU
DESIRE PURGING,
BLASPHEMER...A
DESIRE I WILL
BE HAPPY TO
FULFIL.

IN YOUR
DREAMINGS...
AND NOW...LET
ME SHOW YOU
MINE!



RISE UP, RATSKINS!
RETURN TO THE WAYS OF
YOUR ANCESTORS
THROUGH THE POWER
OF THE EYE OF THE
BLOODMARE!



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.

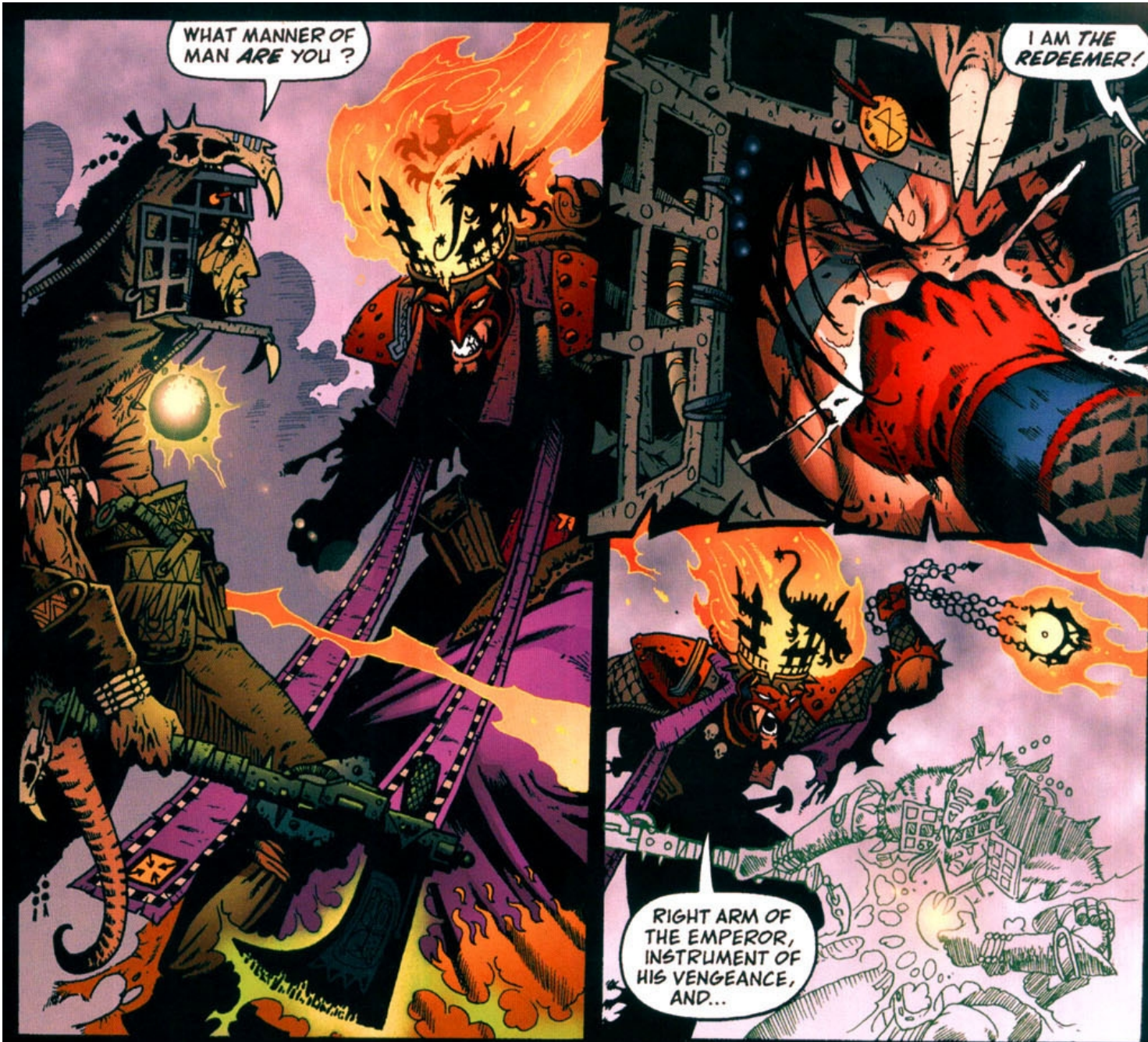
BUDDA! BUDDA! BUDDA!

K-CHAK!

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

SNAPTHROAT!
NOSECRACK!
EYEPOP!
FEED!





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 PUT DOWN THIS HERESY!



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

HOW'S THE NEW NOSE?

ITHREEEALLY-HURTTTHHH.

PENITENT

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

YETTHHH.

Soon after, we approached The Pass...

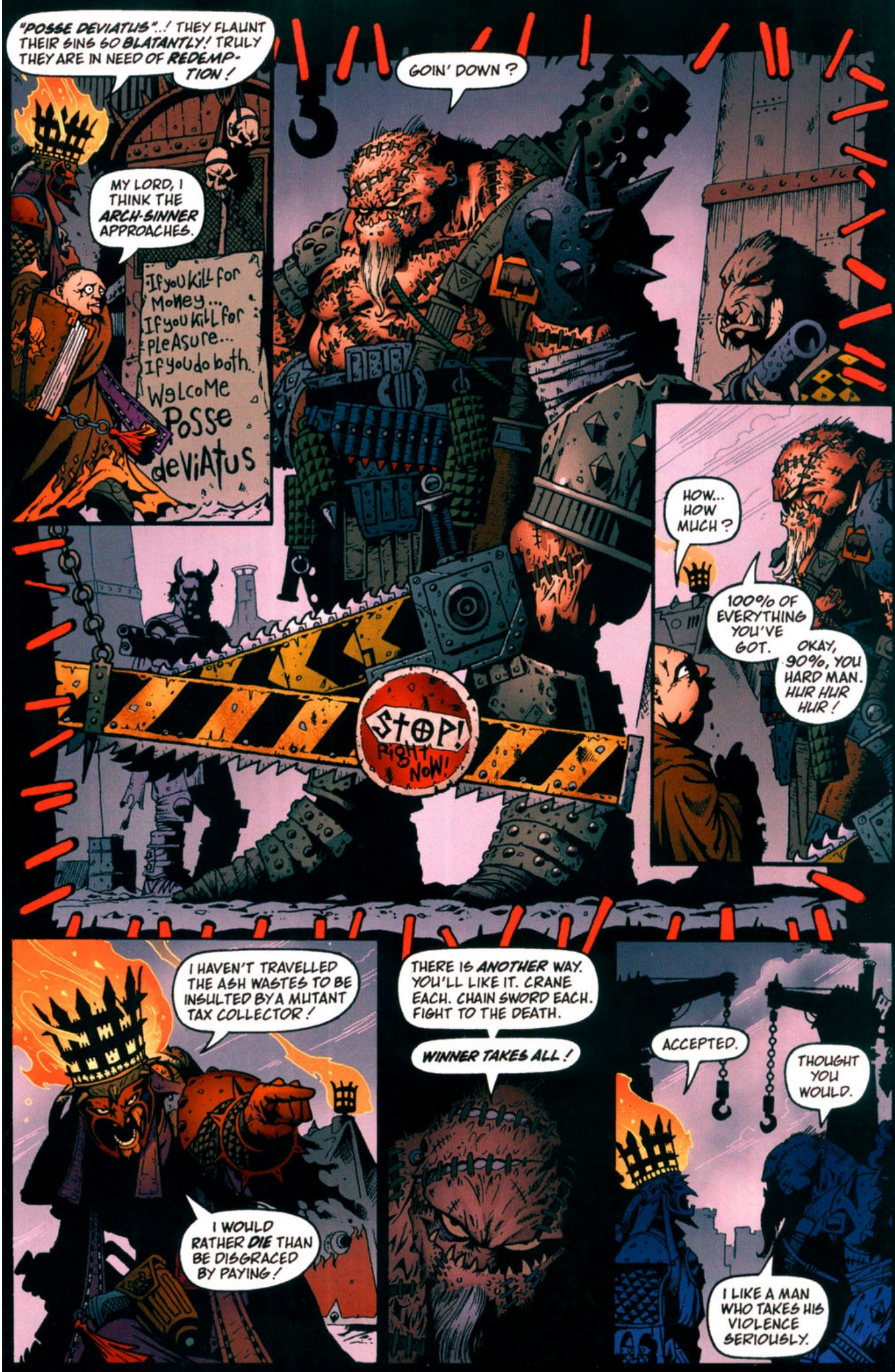
From here, vehicles were lowered by cranes, but the shaft was controlled by a mutant gang.



TELL STITCH! MONEY'S COMING!

REDEMPTION SCUM!

MUTANT SCUM!



"POSSE DEVIATUS"...! THEY FLAUNT THEIR SINS SO BLATANTLY! TRULY THEY ARE IN NEED OF REDEMPTION!

GOIN' DOWN?

MY LORD, I THINK THE ARCH-SINNER APPROACHES.

If you kill for Money...
If you kill for Pleasure...
If you do both...
Welcome Posse deviatuS

HOW... HOW MUCH?

100% OF EVERYTHING YOU'VE GOT.

OKAY, 90%, YOU HARD MAN. HUR HUR HUR!

STOP!
FIGHT NOW!

I HAVEN'T TRAVELLED THE ASH WASTES TO BE INSULTED BY A MUTANT TAX COLLECTOR!

I WOULD RATHER DIE THAN BE DISGRACED BY PAYING!

THERE IS ANOTHER WAY. YOU'LL LIKE IT. CRANE EACH. CHAIN SWORD EACH. FIGHT TO THE DEATH.

WINNER TAKES ALL!

ACCEPTED.

THOUGHT YOU WOULD.

I LIKE A MAN WHO TAKES HIS VIOLENCE SERIOUSLY.

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 NECROMLUNDA OF SINNERS LIKE YOU!

I'LL REMEMBER TO WRITE THAT ON YOUR TOMBSTONE!

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

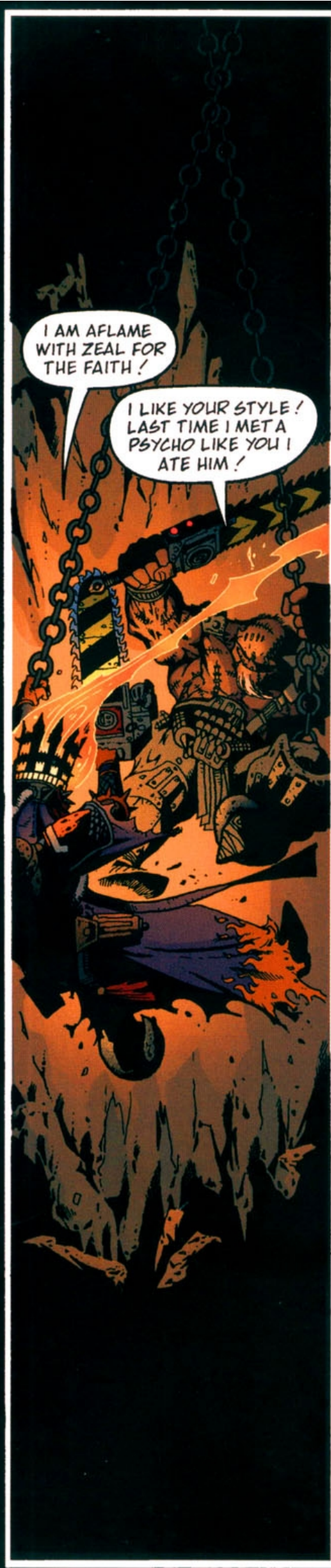
DO NOT COMPARE YOURSELF WITH ME, SCUM! I AM A CRUSADER ON A HOLY CAUSE!





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
SNIFFED
OUT!

AAAAHH!
LUCKY
BLOW!



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.!

NOW GET THIS STITCHED.!



OOOPS!
SORRY, MY
LORD!
UUUGH!

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 FORGIVENESS FOR YOUR SINS?

MMMJJJJJJJJ!

OH WELL.

AND NOW FOR THE REST OF THE POSSE...!

AS YOU SAID, MUTANT... 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!

VRRRRMM!



BOM!

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

K-BLAM!

BLAM!

BUDDA! BUDDA! BUDDA!

Glorious, glorious, The Redeemer!
Glorious, glorious, The Redeemer!
Glorious, glorious, The Redeemer!

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

BLAM!

BLAM!

BLAM!

AS I GO PURGING ON!



KF-BOOM!

PURGE YOU!

**DAKKA! -
DAKKA! -
DAKKA!**

AARRRGH!

K-POW!

MALAKEV, SWING ME UP THERE! AND DON'T FAIL ME THIS TIME.

ONCE WAS BAD ENOUGH FOR YOU, TWICE WILL BE INDESCRIBABLE!

YES, MASTER!
YES, MASTER!







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 UNDERWORLD...



...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
RATSKINGS 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!

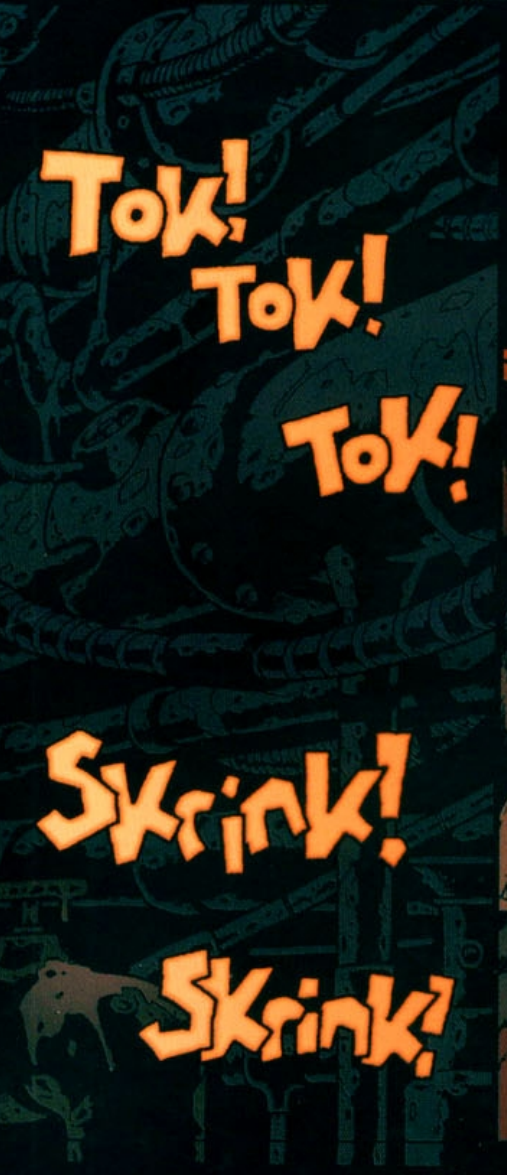


AND SO YOU SHALL,
MALAKEY, ONCE WE
HAVE SQUEEZED HIS-

WHAT'S
THAT?



Skrink!
Krank!
Vrank!
Clunk!



Tok!
Tok!
Tok!
Skrink!
Skrink!



Krank!
Skrink!
Krink!

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**, **RATKINS** AND **ALLIES**, **SHARE THE BATTLE** AND **SHARE THE VICTORY!**



THESE WORDS ARE **GOOD!** I **PLEDGE 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!

WAAAAAAAAA!





HIVEQUAKE!

Sludge!



BALE OUT!

BUT BRING THE
TOOLS OF OUR
HOLY WORK
WITH YOU!



SLUDGE JELLIES!





THERE HE IS!



CAN'T GET THE BOOK OFF HIS BACK!



GOT TO RESCUE HIM AS WELL.



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



OH, REDEEMER! THANK YOU! **THANK YOU!** YOU RISKED EVERYTHING TO SAVE MY LIFE! I, WHO AM BUT A MISERABLE WORM! A PUSTULENT BOIL! UNWORTHY TO STOKE YOUR FIRE!

YES, MALAKEV, THAT'S QUITE TRUE. BUT...AS YOU KNOW...



I AM THE MOST MERCIFUL OF MEN.



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!



TO CONTINUE OUR MISSION WITHOUT THE WEAPONS OF THE PULPITEK IS **INSANITY!** WE WILL SURELY **PERISH!**

LET'S FACE IT, OUR LORD IS OFF WITH THE **SUMPSPIDERS!**

BUT THIS IS STRICTLY BETWEEN THE TWO OF US, YOU UNDERSTAND?

YOU CAN RELY ON MY DISCRETION, BROTHER BERKRAK.

SO WE MUST MAKE PLANS TO RELIEVE HIM OF COMMAND AND APPOINT A NEW REDEEMER. I WOULD HUMBLBY ACCEPT THAT RESPON-

EEEEHHH!

WHAT WAS THAT?

GET IT OFF ME!
GET IT OFF ME!

AAAAHHHH!

NOOOOOOO!



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... ERM... "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 NECROMLUNDA!



SO...WHAT HAVE WE HERE?



HARM ME AT YOUR PERIL, SIR. I AM FERRON VOOR, EMISSARY OF KARLOTH VALONS, MASTER OF PLAGUE ZOMBIES.

FINE TITLES...

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



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.



OH YES, ABSOLUTELY.

WE FOLLOW YOU AND TRUST YOU, GLORIOUS REDEEMER!

THREE GLORY BE'S FOR OUR REDEEMER!



THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT.

CARRY ON, MEN.

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

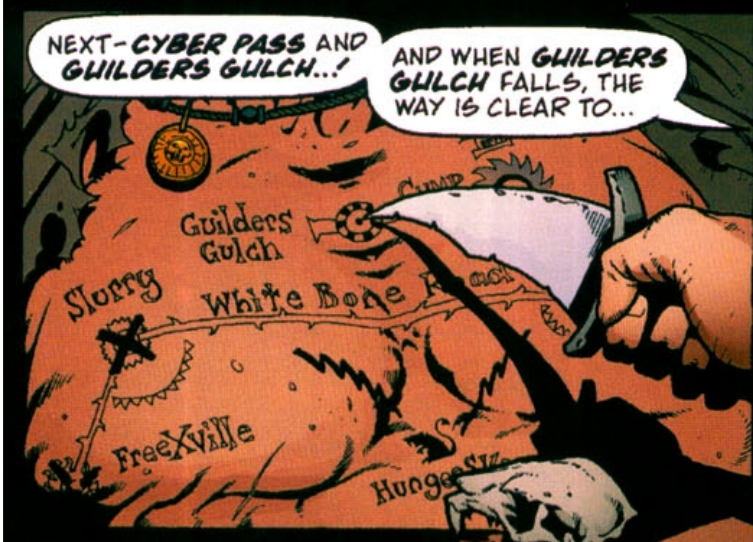
te
rea
here
peop
the we
never t
before t
the cities
almost all
five thousa
years ago, th
Emperor's wr
zealous purge w
mutants, heretic
foul stench of trea

"A single man with
over a legion of the
Untold billions can n



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.



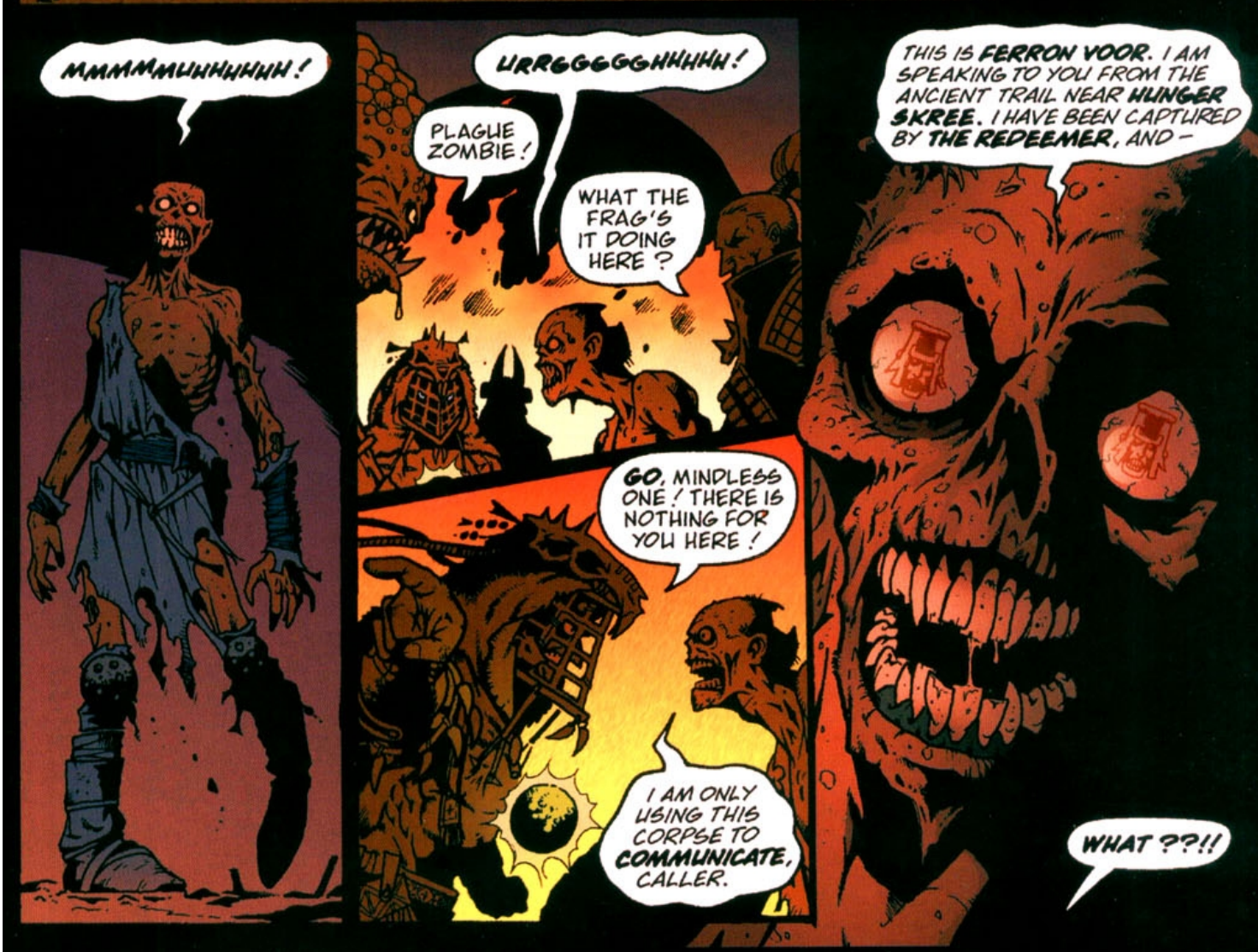
TELL YOUR FORCES TO BE **READY!** WE MUST PUSH ON BEFORE THE **HIVERS** CAN **RETALIATE!**

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



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

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



MMMMMMUHHHHH!

URRGGGGGHHHH!

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 SMALL, 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!

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

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?

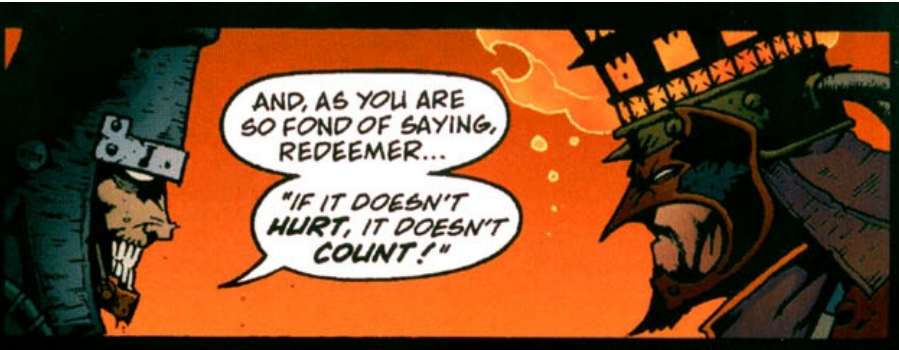
THAT'S WHAT THEY ALL SAY - WHILE THEY STILL HAVE TONGUES TO SPEAK.

Ussssss!



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.

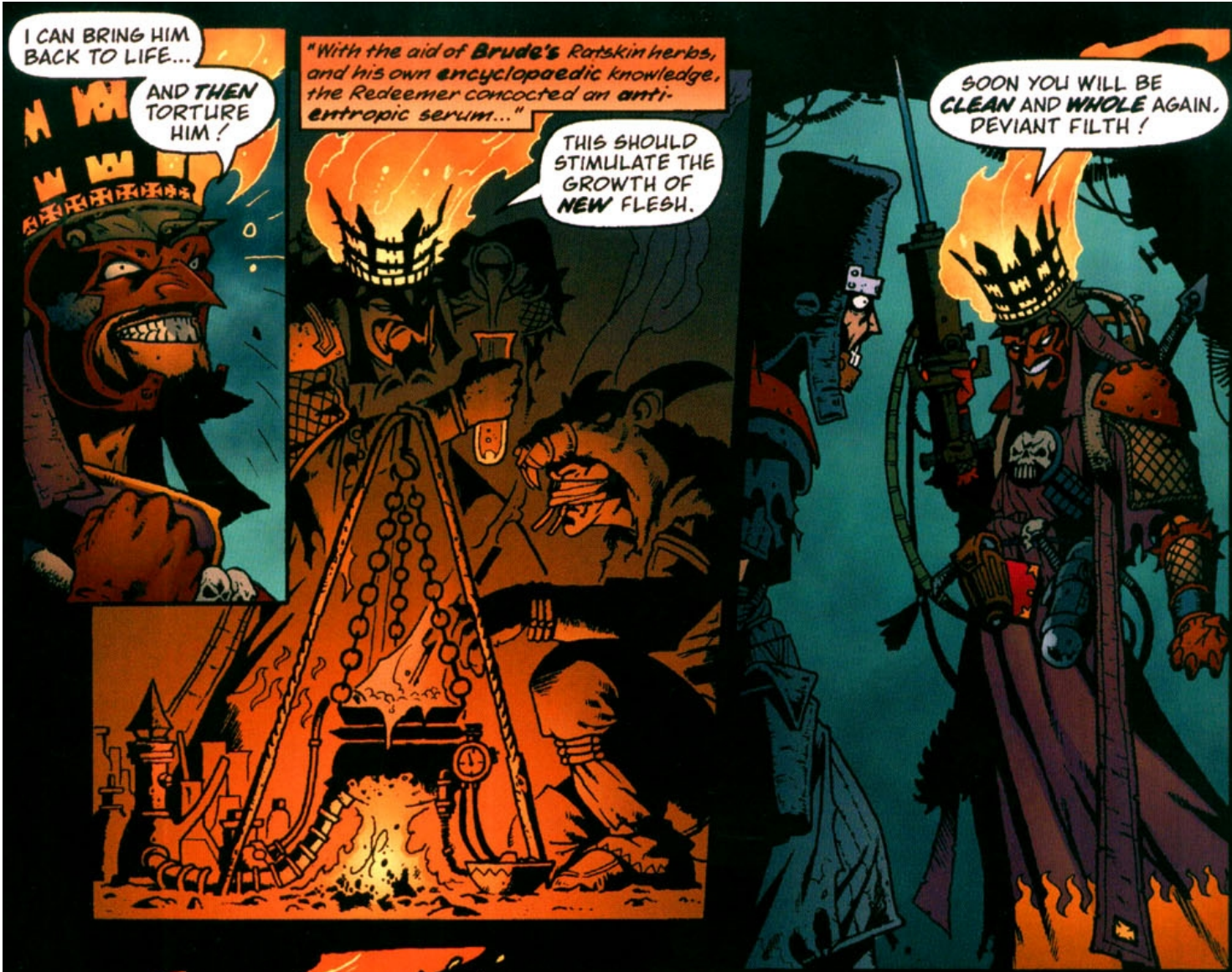
"The Redeemer ordered a day long fast and spent the time in meditation, seeking guidance...at last the solution came into his knowledge..."

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



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



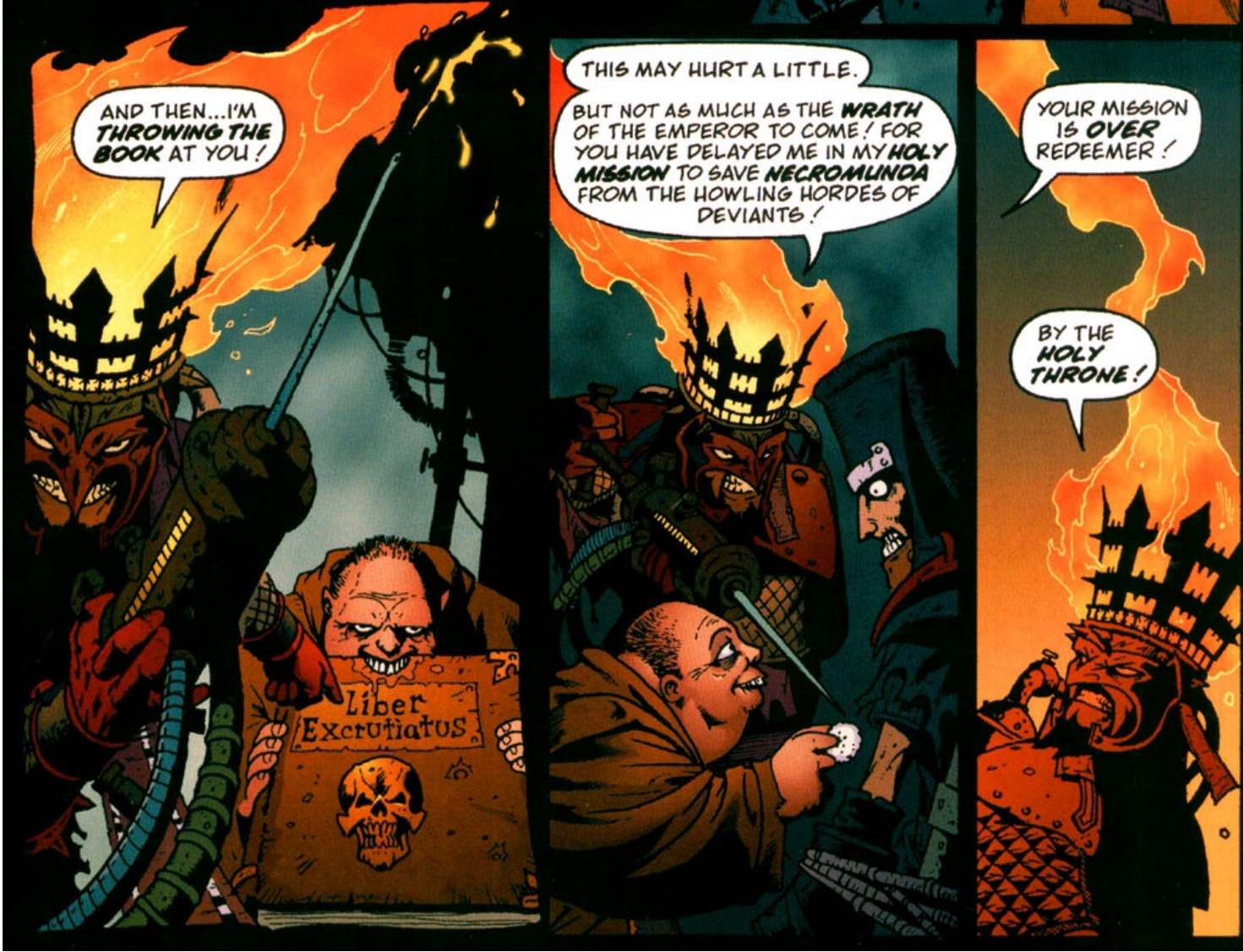


I CAN BRING HIM BACK TO LIFE... AND THEN TORTURE HIM!

"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.

SOON YOU WILL BE CLEAN AND WHOLE AGAIN, DEVIANT FILTH!



AND THEN...I'M THROWING THE BOOK AT YOU!

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 NECROMLUNDA FROM THE HOWLING HORDES OF DEVIANTS!

YOUR MISSION IS OVER REDEEMER!

BY THE HOLY THRONE!





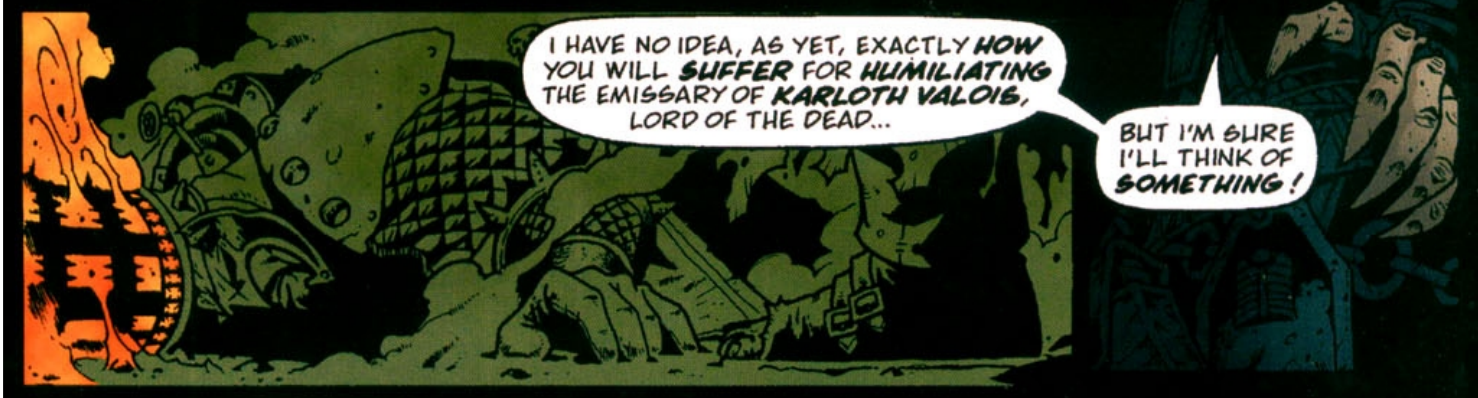
WHERE THE
CALLER
FAILED,
I WILL
SUCCEED!



IN YOUR
FETID DREAMS,
DEVIANT



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!

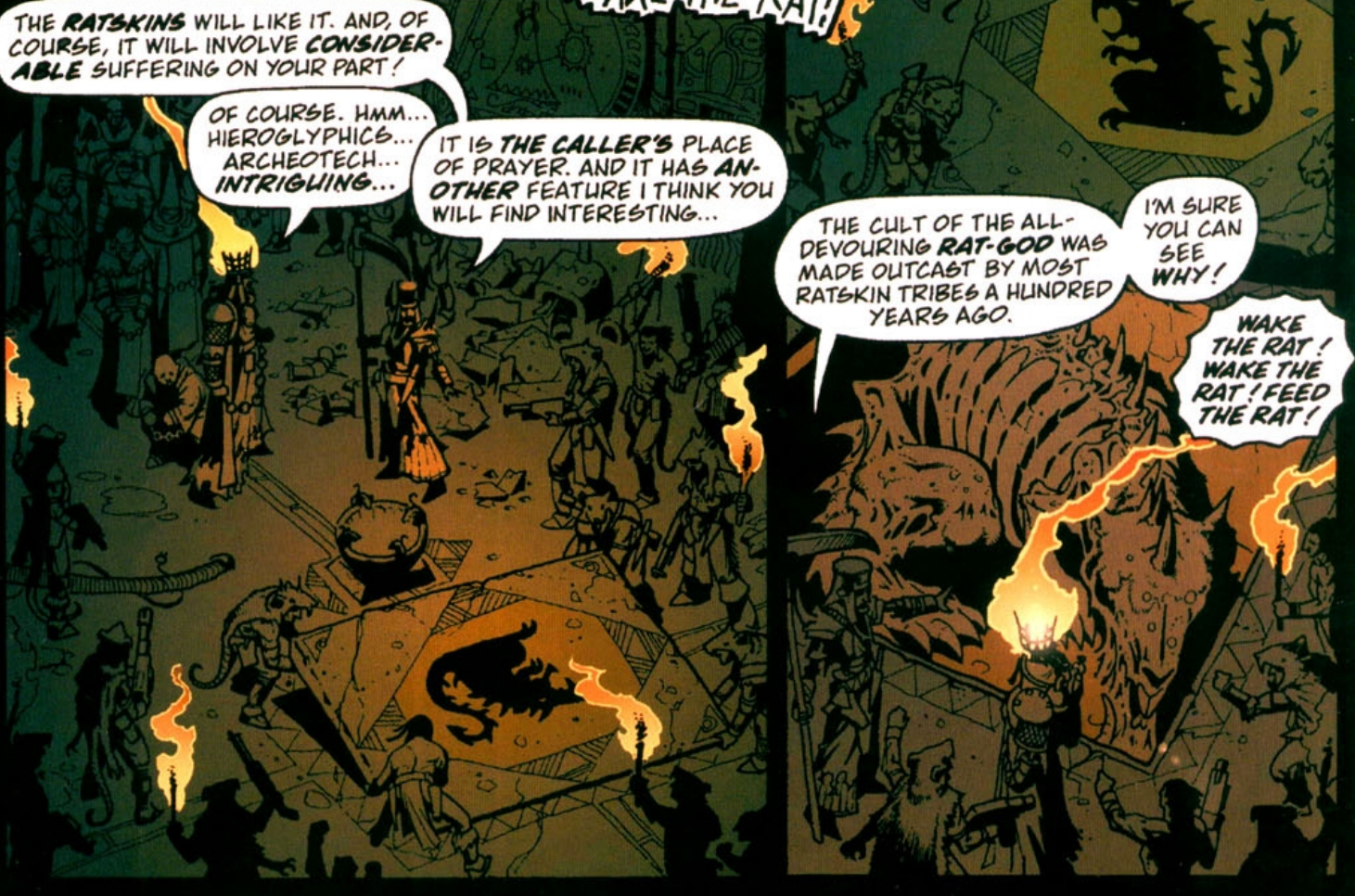
OF COURSE. HMM...
HIEROGLYPHICS...
ARCHEOTECH...
INTRIGUING...

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, YOOR. 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.

SNAKT!





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 HIVE 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 HIVE ASCEND TO CLAIM THE SPIRE!



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





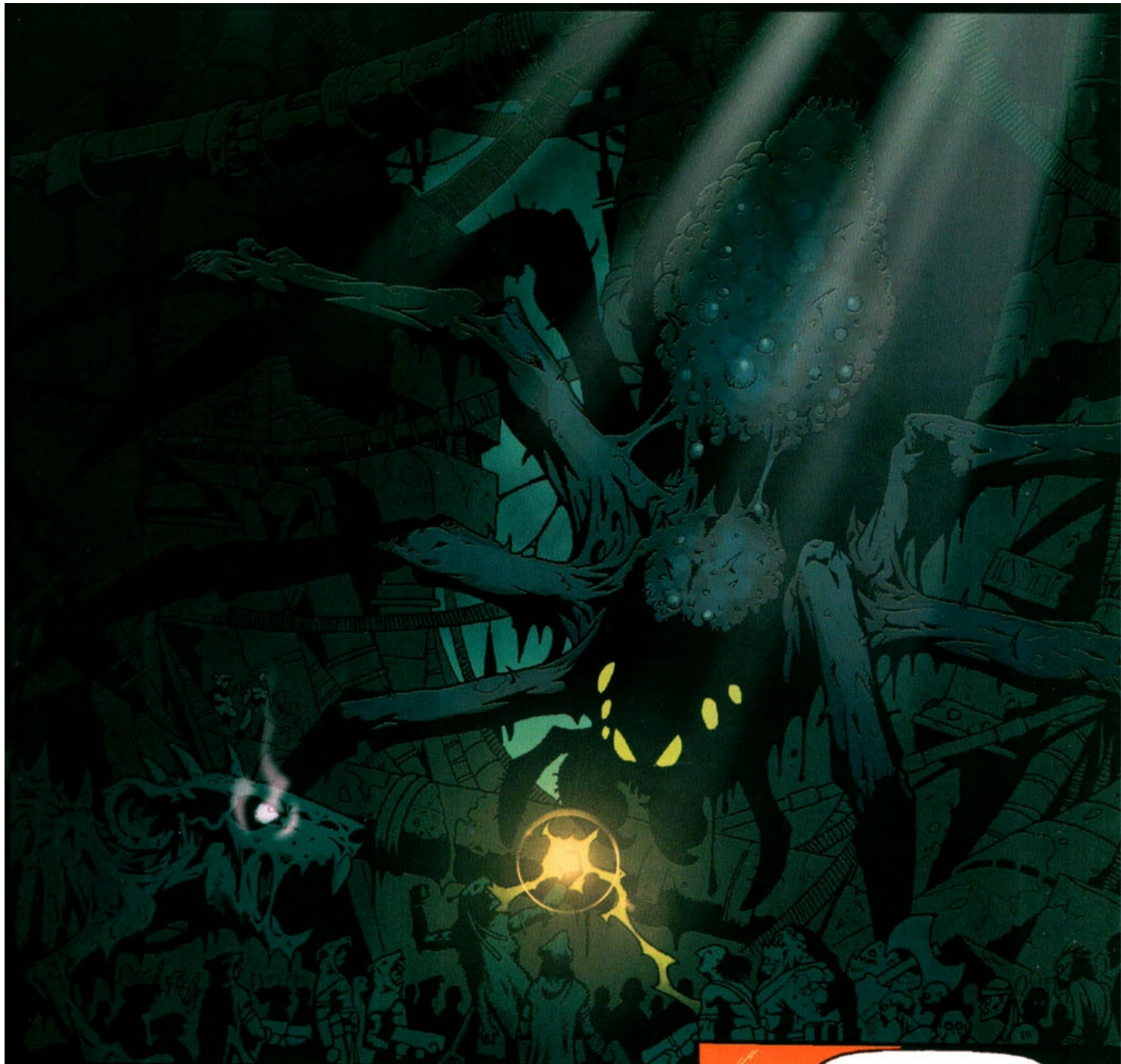
COME FORTH, SCALY
WARRIORS, COME FORTH
SONS OF DEATH! LEND
YOUR HATE, YOUR STRENGTH,
YOUR NOXIOUS GASSES TO
THE STRUGGLE!



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

I CALL YOU!
COME, GOD OF
THE RATS!





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 INSTIL 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.



KILL?

KILL!

KILL!

KILL!

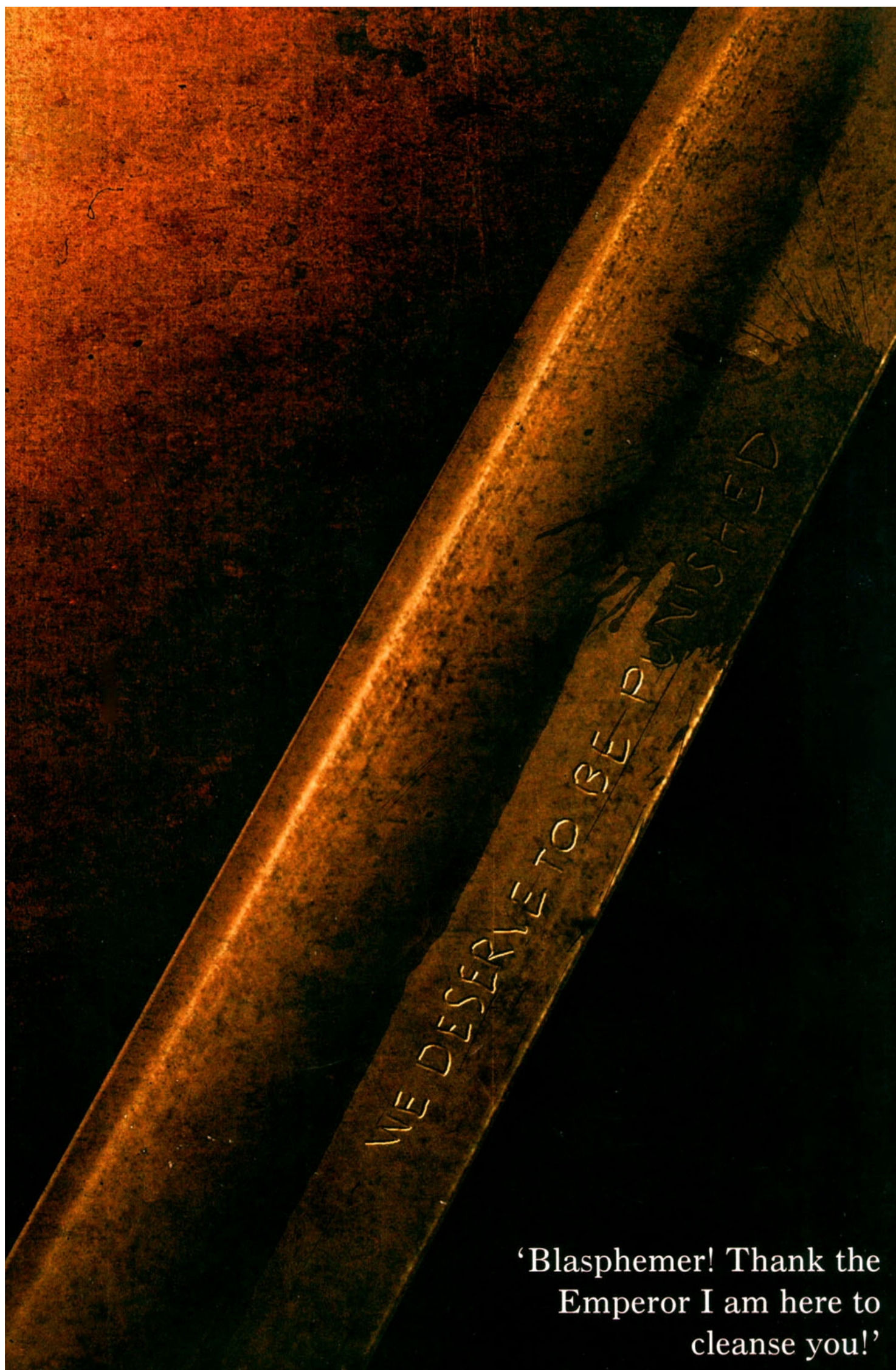
KILL!

BLAM!

KILL!

DESPERATE FOOLS! THEY MUST KNOW THEY'RE DOOMED!

AND THEIR CRAVEN LEADER HAS SENT THEM TO THEIR DEATHS!



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





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

SCOURGE AND PURGE!

YOU TRAITOR-
NNNGH!



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!

SHLUK!





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 TRACE 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!

BUDDA
BUDDA
BUDDA
BUDDA
BUDDA
BUDDA
BUDDA
BUDDA
BUDDA
BUDDA



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



But our beloved Redeemer had anticipated this...

PHOTON GRENADE!



FWOOOSH!

ITS EYE-SOCKET...

I CAN STAB INTO ITS BRAIN!

SKREE!



THE ENERGY FIELD... TOO STRONG...



EXCELLENT! IT IS WRITTEN THAT THE MAN WITH HEAD OF FIRE MUST DIE, IF OUR REBELLION IS TO SUCCEED!



I ALWAYS KNEW IT WOULD COME TO THIS, REDEEMER. THIS WAS ALWAYS MY VISION.

YOU'VE BEEN MY PAWN ALL ALONG!



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!

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.

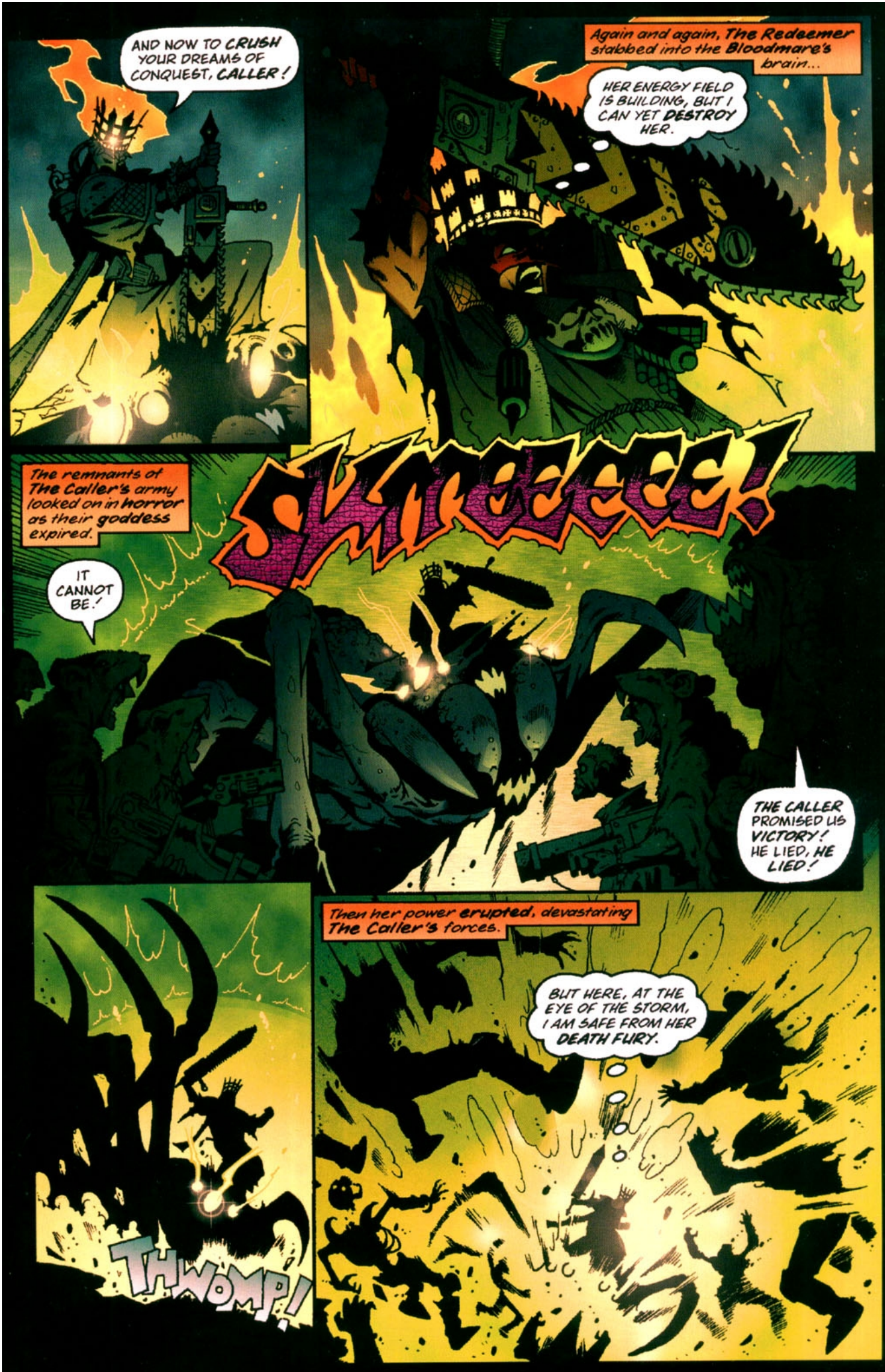


CRUMP!

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!

BOOM!

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 NECROMUNDA, WILL SAVE YOU!

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

BOFF!



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.





BRUDE?!

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 taint 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... MALAKEY.



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.

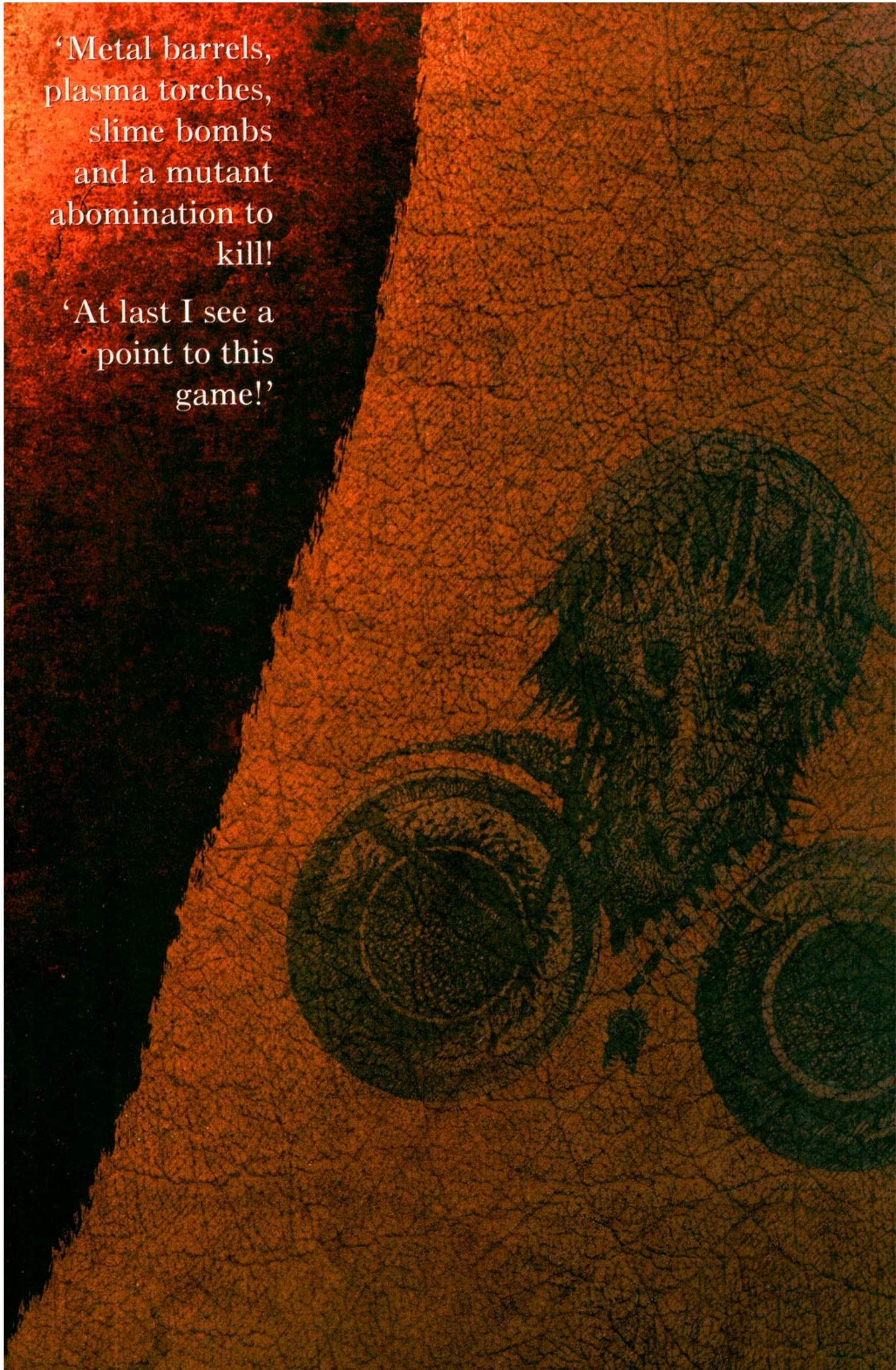


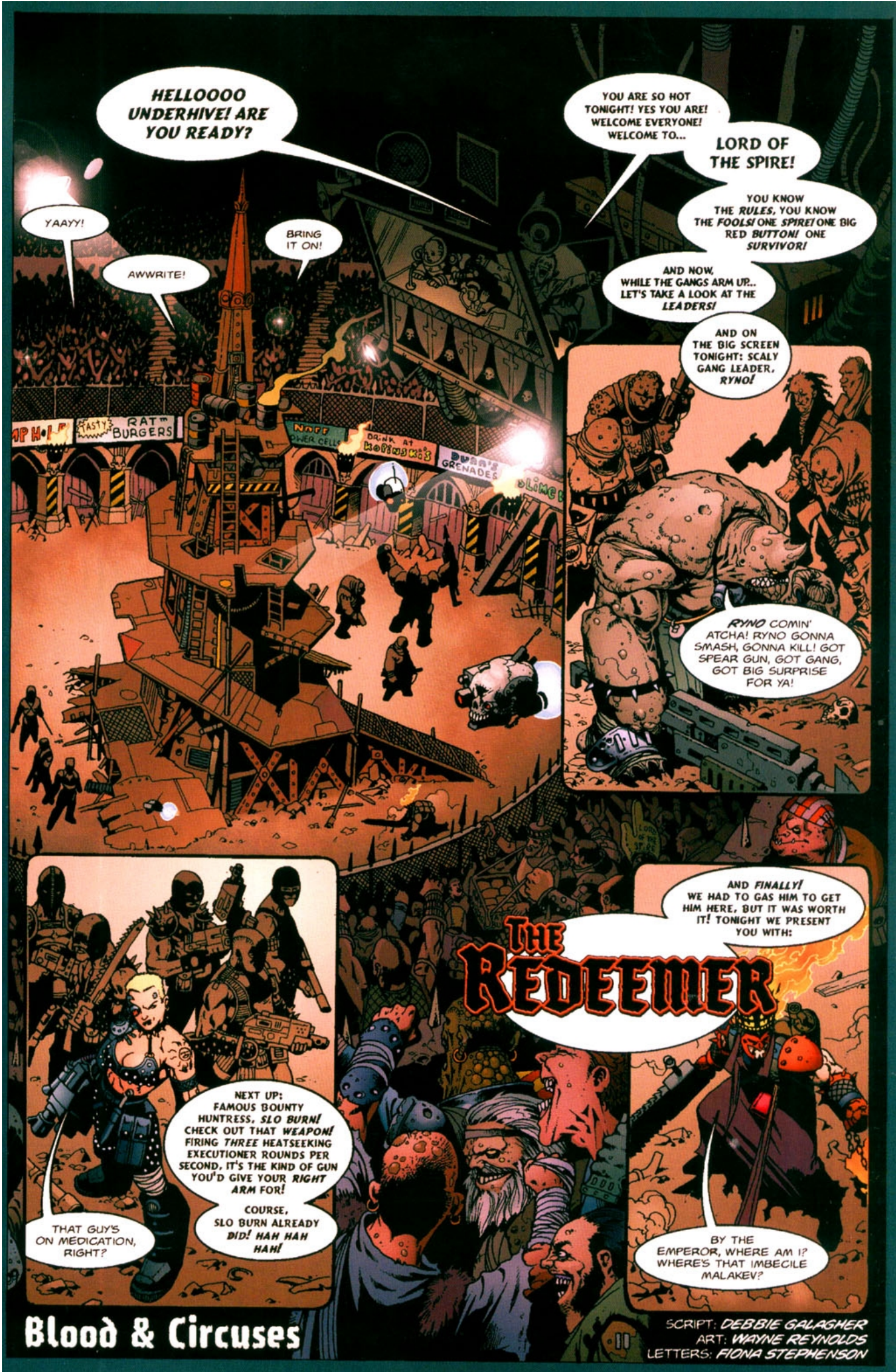
IMAN 59

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?

YAAYY!

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 FOOLS! ONE SPIRE! ONE BIG RED BUTTON! ONE SURVIVOR!

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

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



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



NEXT UP: FAMOUS BOUNTY 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 GUY'S ON MEDICATION, RIGHT?

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

THE REDEEMER



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

Blood & Circuses

SCRIPT: DEBBIE GALAGNER
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 BURN'S 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.

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?

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

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!



METAL BARRELS, PLASMA TORCHES, SLIME BOMBS AND A MUTANT ABOMINATION TO KILL?

AT LAST, I SEE A POINT TO THIS GAME!

URGH!

SCOURGE AND PURGE!



WHAT IN THE WASTES DOES THE REDEEMER THINK HE'S DOING?

YOU SO DEAD NOW, REDEEMER!



WOULD HE RATHER KILL A SCALY THAN GET OUT?



DOESN'T HE KNOW ONLY THE WINNER GETS TO LEAVE?

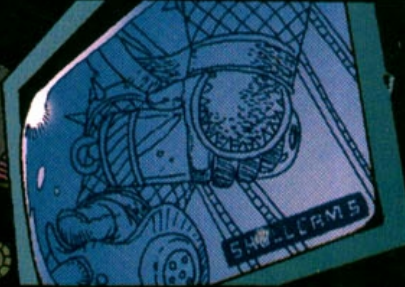


AH, THAT'S BETTER.



BEHOLD! HIS PLAN IS REVEALED! PRAISE BE TO THE REDEEMER!

WHAT PLAN? HE'S LOOTING THE BODY, BUT LEAVING THE SPEAR GUN! THIS GUY IS JUST PLAIN NUTS!





HURRR!

RAARR!

AND NOW FOR YOU, ABOMINATION!



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

GNN!



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



CLOSER, ABOMINATION... CLOSER...



NOW!



A
TOX BOMB!
RYNO HAD A TOX
BOMB!

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



...SKY HIGH!



PERFECT.
NOW ALL THAT'S
LEFT IS-

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



GAMES ALL MINE, *NOTHEAD*. 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...



KA-BOOM!

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!

IF IT DOESN'T HURT

IT DOESN'T COUNT!

MUTANTS, HERETICS... *DEVIANT SCUM*, ONE AND ALL... THERE'S A LESSON TO BE LEARNT FROM THIS NIGHT, A LESSON I WOULD LIKE TO *SHARE* WITH YOU.

AH *THERE YOU ARE*, MALAKEV.

GREAT *REDEEMER!* I WAS SO WORRIED!

MY LORD, THIS CARNAGE IS *NORRENDOUS!* CHARRED 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



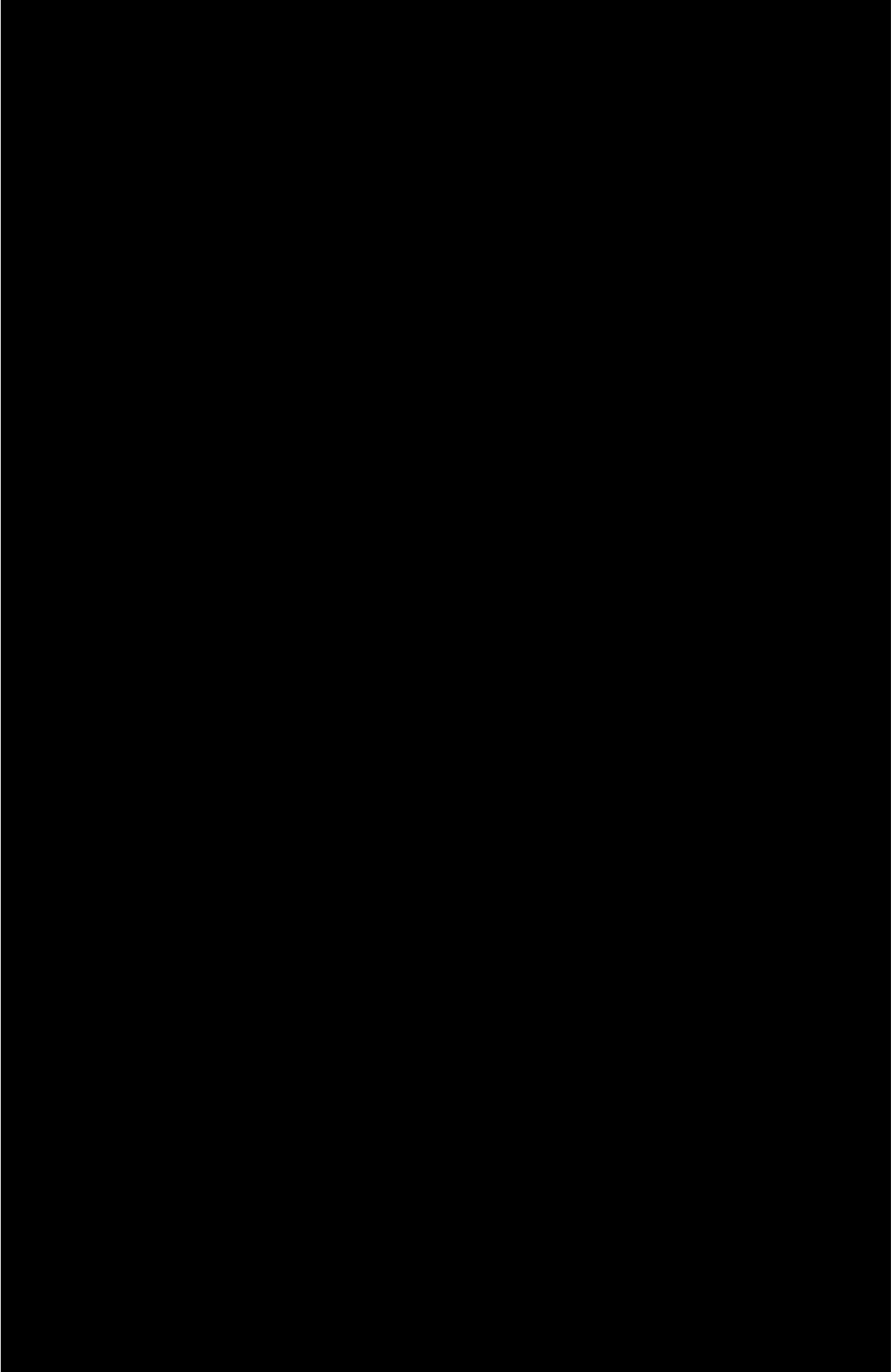
Karl Kopinski





Wayne Reynolds





***If it doesn't hurt,
it doesn't count!***

The stunning full-colour mini-series collected together in a single volume for the very first time. Follow the cleansing wrath of Klovis the Redeemer and his eager gang of zealots as they scourge and purge every heretic, mutant - and sometimes just each other - through the rusting depths of the Necromunda Underhive.

This edition also features an eight page bonus strip - never before seen in colour - and a gallery of covers from the original mini-series.

"Warhammer continues to produce a class act." Comics International

"Not so much a game as a universe." Daily Telegraph



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WITHNAIL

