



HALF DWARF, HALF ORC, ALL...

D'ORC™

BRETT
BEAN
FRANK
WILLIAM
NATE
PIEKOS





FOR WEEKS I HAVE FOLLOWED
MY PREY, FROM THE EDGES OF
THE SCAR TO BITTER BEARD
CANYON. I'VE WADED
THROUGH THE MUCK OF THE
BOGLANDS AND FINALLY
CAUGHT UP TO HIM AT
GOBLIN BURGH WHERE HE
ESCAPED MY GRASP.

NOW I'M FREEZING MY ROCKS OFF
AT THE FROZEN MOORS OF
LITHYNLIM, SOMEWHERE NO ONE
SHOULD BE CAUGHT DEAD IN.

FOR THIS IS
NECROMANCER
TERRITORY.

THESE GIANT
MONSTROSITIES ARE
CALLED **NECROIDS**.
THEY'RE POWERED BY
DARK MAGICS AND
SERVE ONLY ONE
MASTER: **COUNT
DAVERUS**, THE
NECROMANCER.

I MUST HURRY AND
FIND **D'ORC**, THAT
ANGRY SHIELD,
AND HIS **CHICKEN**
BEFORE WE'RE ALL...

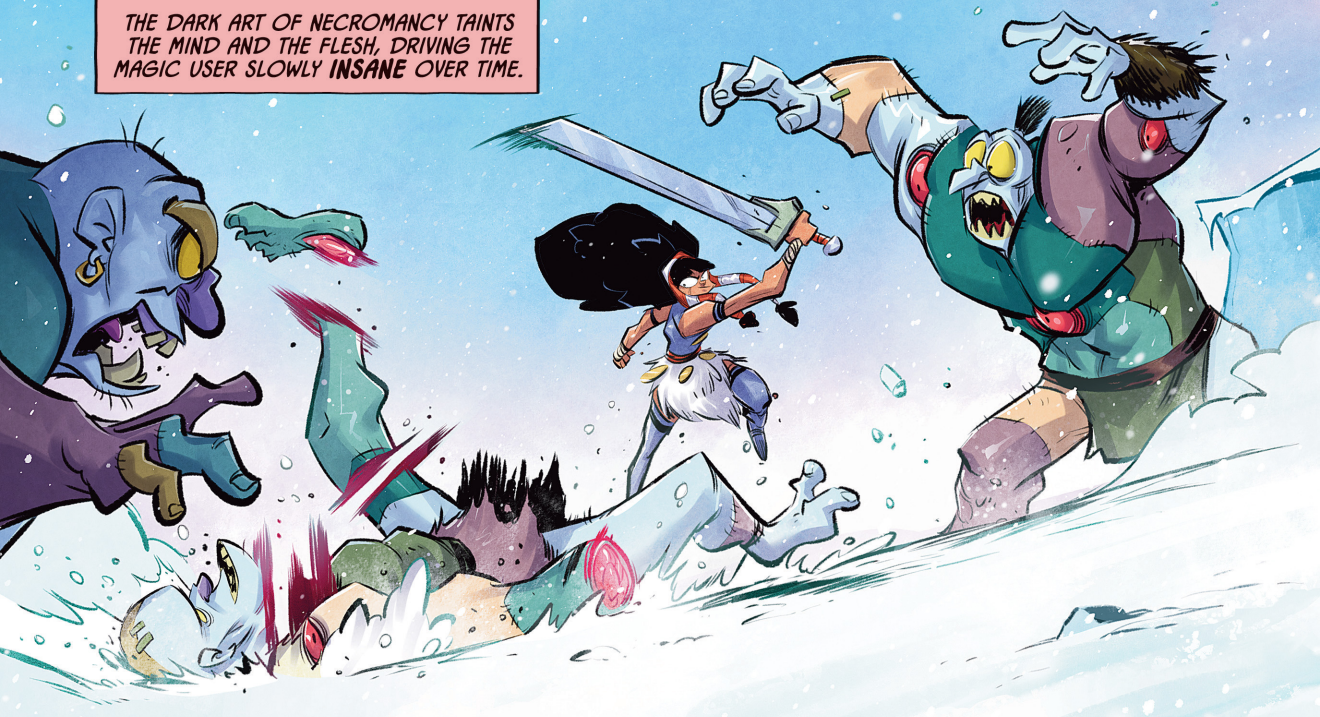
DEAD MEAT

BRETT BEAN
ART & STORY

FRANK WILLIAM
COLORING

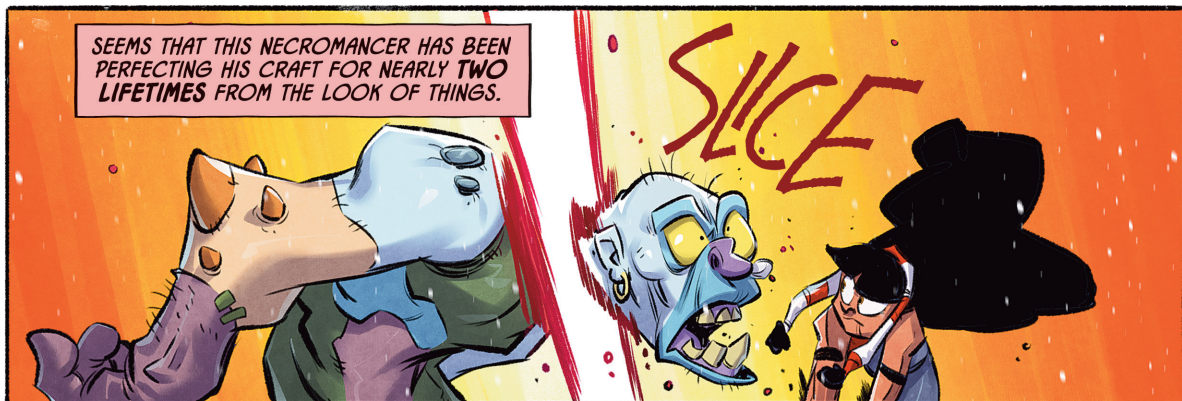
NATE PIEKOS
LETTERING, LOGO
& DESIGN

THE DARK ART OF NECROMANCY TAINTS THE MIND AND THE FLESH, DRIVING THE MAGIC USER SLOWLY **INSANE** OVER TIME.

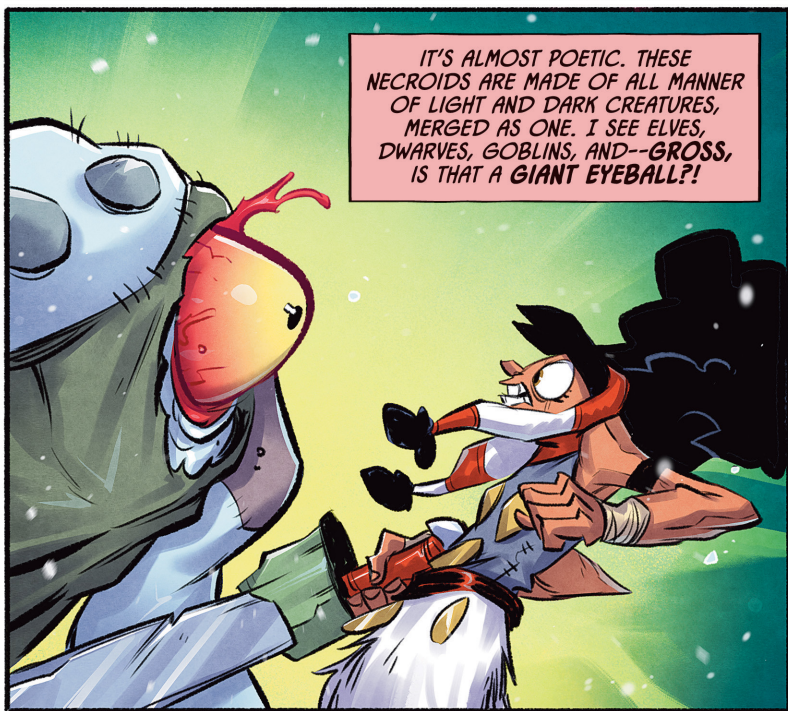


SEEMS THAT THIS NECROMANCER HAS BEEN PERFECTING HIS CRAFT FOR NEARLY **TWO LIFETIMES** FROM THE LOOK OF THINGS.

SLICE



IT'S ALMOST POETIC. THESE NECROIDS ARE MADE OF ALL MANNER OF LIGHT AND DARK CREATURES, MERGED AS ONE. I SEE ELVES, DWARVES, GOBLINS, AND--**GROSS**, IS THAT A **GIANT EYEBALL**?!



NECROMANCY IS **SO CREEPY**.



COUNT DAVERUS IS WELL TRAINED, INSANE,
AND HAS BEEN BUILDING AN ARMY FOR HIS
OWN AGENDA FAR FROM THE WATCHFUL EYES
OF THE DARK REALM FOR TOO LONG.

POKE

THAT MAKES HIM DANGEROUS AND UNPREDICTABLE. HE **CANNOT**
BE ALLOWED TO CONTINUE THIS MOCKERY OF MAGIC.

BUT HE WILL HAVE TO WAIT.
I MUST CONCENTRATE ON THE
MISSION: CAPTURE THE D'ORC.

NOW WHERE DID HIS
FOOT TRACKS GO?

GAPING RUT OF
A CYCLOPS, I LOST
THAT INSUFFERABLE
CREATURE AGAIN.