


And in the smoke hell of the aftermath, **Fuabar Swooping Hawk** is the last one standing.

The fallen of Ulthwe lay around him, a hundred score, their aspect armour crushed and burnt, burst and lifeless.

But he is alive, and therefore victory belongs to the **Eibar**.

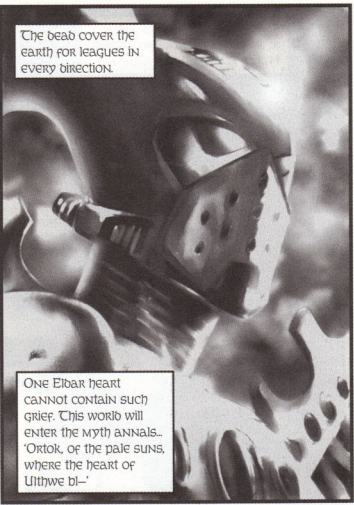
SINGLE COMBAT

SCRIPT: DAN ABNETT • ART: KEV HOPGOOD



ONE OF Ullthwe REMAINS, NONE OF
Rhorne. The **slimmest** of victories,
yet the **greatest**.

AND the most **costly**.




The dead cover the
earth for leagues in
every direction.

ONE Elbar heart
CANNOT contain such
grief. This world will
enter the myth annals...
'Ortok, of the pale suns,
where the heart of
Ullthwe bl—'



A **SOUND!**

A **KEENING!**



Fuabar moves low,
like a hunting cat.

Flight would expose
him, and besides his
Raptor wings have
flown their last.

What he sees makes him forget
the weariness in his limbs...

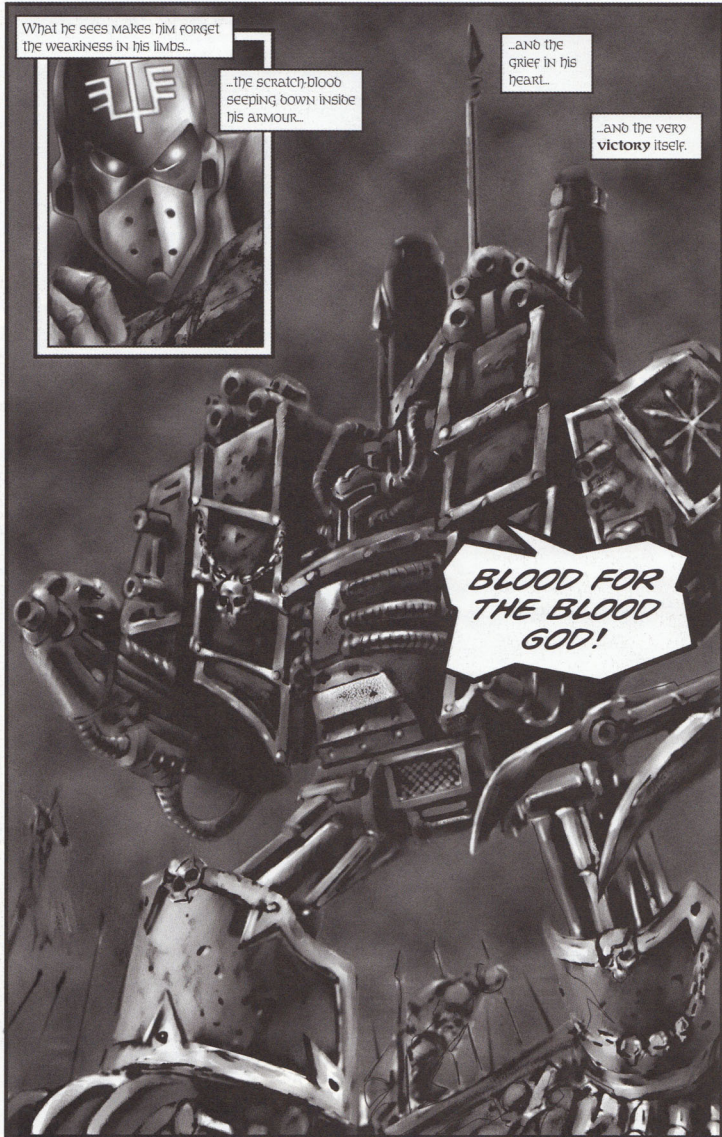


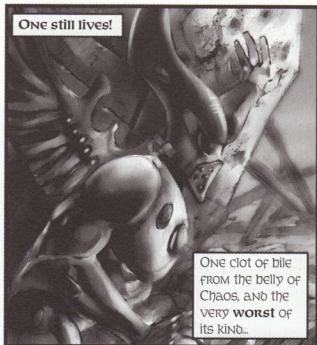
...the scratchy-blood
seeping down inside
his armour...

...AND the
grief in his
heart...

...AND the very
victory itself.

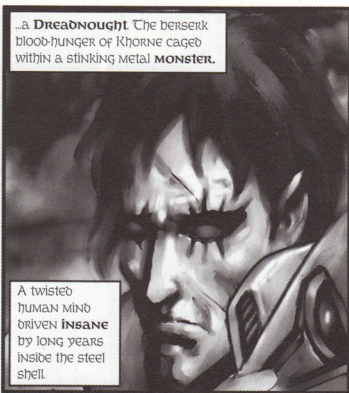
**BLOOD FOR
THE BLOOD
GOD!**





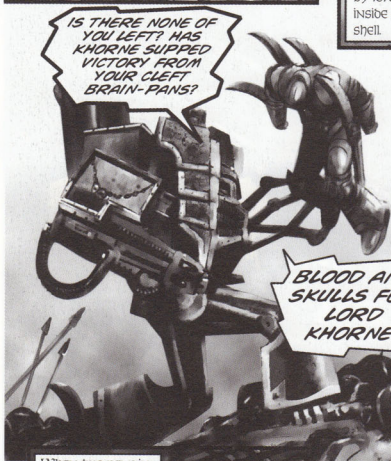
One still lives!

One clot of bile
from the belly of
Chaos, and the
very **worst** of
its kind...



...a **Dreadnought**. The berserk
blood-hunger of Khorne caged
within a stinking metal **MONSTER**.

A twisted
human mind
driven **INSANE**
by long years
inside the steel
shell.



IS THERE NONE OF
YOU LEFT? HAS
KHORNE SUPPED
VICTORY FROM
YOUR CLEFT
BRAIN-PANS?

BLOOD AND
SKULLS FOR
LORD
KHORNE!



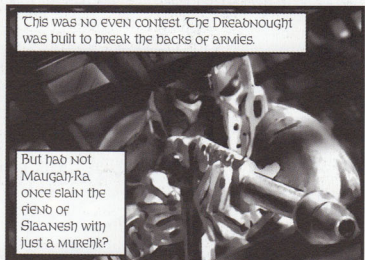
Victory! Victory
had been Ulthwe's,
bearly bought!

It would be Ulthwe's still!



When two remain,
so does the war.

One must fall
for there to be
a reckoning.



This was no even contest. The Dreadnought
was built to break the backs of armies.

But had not
Mauqah-Ra
once slain the
fiend of
Slaanesh with
just a Murehk?

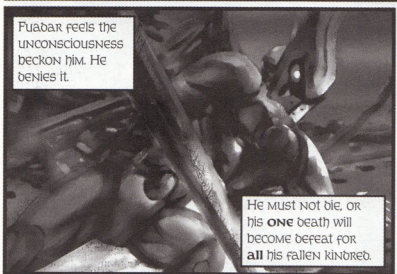


WHAT'S THIS? ONE MORE?



ONE MORE TO OFFER UP TO KHORNE?

BLOOD FOR THE BLOOD GOD!



Fuadar feels the unconsciousness beckon him. He denies it.

He must not die, or his **one** death will become defeat for **all** his fallen kin/breb.



WHERE ARE YOU?

WHERE ARE YOU, SCUM?

His armour is light for flying. It will not take another salvo like that.

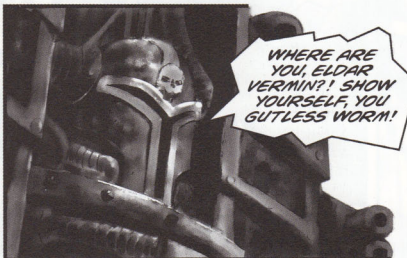


Speed and agility were always the **best** weapons of the swooping hawk aspect.

Speed, agility... **flight.**



WHERE ARE YOU, ELGAR VERMIN?! SHOW YOURSELF, YOU GUTLESS WORM!



HUH?

WVWVTHROOOOM!

Plasma spits in his wake, but Fuabar evades, turning the jetbike low and hard across the jagged terrain.

His blood sings. It has come to this — single combat to resolve a war, as if all the other lives were worth nothing.

A steep climb, he banks... he starts his **killing pass**...

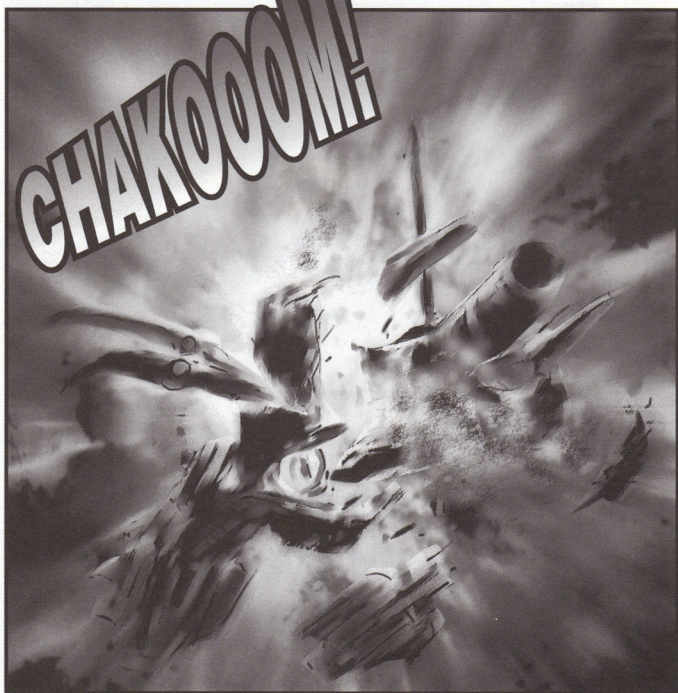
...and only then, a second away from victory or defeat.


...he realises the bike's cannons are **jammed**.

FOR ULTHWE!

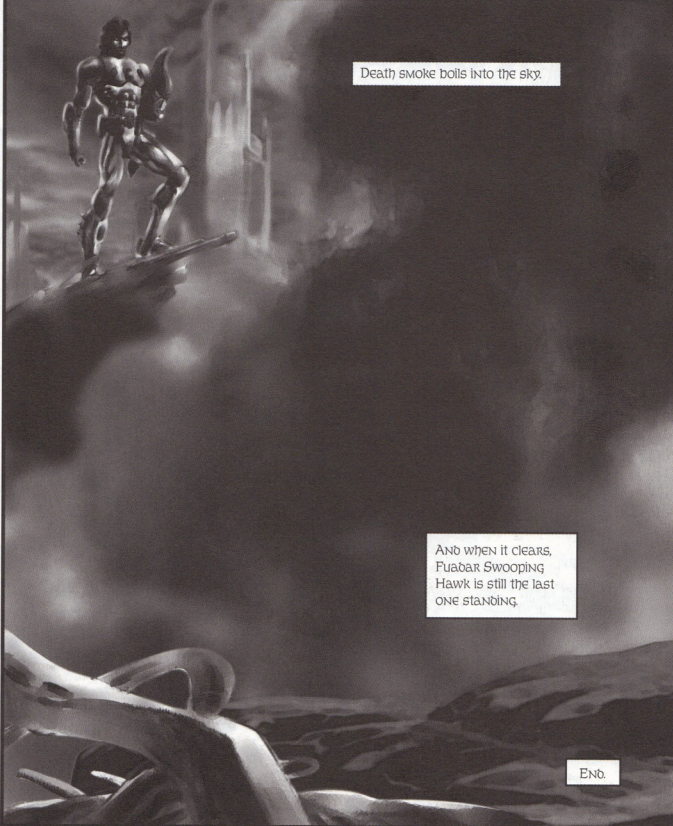
WHAT'S THE MATTER, VERMIN, LOST YOUR-

NO!





The dead sing to
him their gratitude.



Death smoke boils into the sky.

And when it clears,
Fuabar Swooping
Hawk is still the last
one standing.

End.

