

THIS IS ARAKI, A
WORLD AS DAMNED
AND DEGRADED AS
ANY PLANET IN THE
EYE OF TERROR.

IN THIS REALM OF UNRESERVED CHAOS, THE
ONLY THING THAT RESEMBLES ORDER IS THE
CENTURIES OLD CONFLICT THAT RAGES
BETWEEN TWO ASPIRING CHAOS LORDS.

THE FIRST, TOXUS THE DECAYED, HOLDS SWAY
OVER THE NORTHERN FLAGGE FIELDS OF ARAKI.

WHILST THE SOUTHERN WASTELANDS BELONG
TO XAARN THE ANNIHILATOR, A DEVOTED
CHAMPION OF KHORNE THE BLOOD GOD.

NURGLE,
FOUL MASTER OF
PESTILENCE, PLEASE ACCEPT
MY FOX-RIDDEN WORKS AS
YOUR OWN. MAY THE BATTLE
SCABS OF OUR ENEMIES
FESTER WITH
DECAY!

OUR LUST FOR
BATTLE IS AS PURE HATE! AND IT WILL
NEVER BE SATIATED UNTIL TOXUS AND ALL HIS
DEGRADED FOLLOWERS ARE CRUSHED
BENEATH OUR MIGHTY BATTLE
AXES!

THEIR STRUGGLE TO OUTDO ONE ANOTHER IS ONE OF VANITY, WITH
EACH DESIRING RECOGNITION ABOVE ALL ELSE. RECOGNITION AS
LEADERS WORTHY OF THEIR PATRONS' GIFTS AND ATTENTIONS.

BUT THIS TALE IS NOT ABOUT THEIR
PETTY BATTLE FOR SUPREMACY.

THIS TALE IS ABOUT ARAKI'S
MUTANT HORDES, DRIVEN BY
A SINGULAR UNHOLY DESIRE
TO WAGE WAR IN THE NAME
OF THEIR CHAOS LORDS.
THIS TALE IS ABOUT...

THE BAD, THE WARPED & THE INSANE

GATHER ONE,
GATHER ALL!

I, DURMUK
THE VILE, BRING NEWS FROM THE
GREAT XAARN HIMSELF! A CRUSADE IS
NIGH, AND HE WANTS YOU, UNWORTHY
WASTELAND SCUM THAT YOU ARE,
TO JOIN HIM.

FOR TOO LONG THE
DISEASED HORDES OF TOXUS
HAVE POLLUTED ARAKI WITH
THEIR RETCHED PLAGUES.
BUT THE TIME HAS COME
TO SAY ENOUGH!

YOU SAY
YOU ARE DEVOTED TO
XAARN AND WILL LAY DOWN
YOUR PITIFUL LIVES IN HIS
NAME. BUT I SAY THEY'RE
JUST WORDS.

NOW IS
THE TIME FOR
ACTION!

TO SEE IF
YOU ARE TRULY WORTHY
OF JOINING HIS GREAT CRUSADE,
XAARN CHALLENGES YOU TO BRAVE
THE PERILS OF MOUNT
EBON.

WAITING
AT ITS PEAK ARE TRANSPORT
SHIPS, THAT WILL TAKE YOU TO
THE NORTHERN PLAGUE
FIELDS.

FROM
THERE, WE WILL LAUNCH
A DEVASTATING ASSAULT ON
TOXUS AND HIS
RANCID--

THAT'LL DO,
DURMUK. KNOW
ENOUGH ALREADY, YES?
DON'T NEED TOO MUCH
COMPETITION.

ROWRK!?
ITSSS KARDUN THE
REAYER!

THANKS
FOR SAVING THE
INTRODUCTION! NOW, I BE
FIRST ONE ON TRANSPORT.
ANYONE WANT TO
ARGUE?

GROWLF!
RIP YA LIMB
FROM LIMB,
LADSSS!

HEH!
HOPING YOU SAY
THAT.

BLAM!

PAH! THOSE
AMATEURS NOT PUT UP
MUCH OF FIGHT.

EH?

CRICK!

K
R
U
N
C
H!

GRA
A
A
R
G
H!

SNEAKY,
SNEAKY! EAT GUN,
GOREBEAST!

UT!

HE-HE-HE!
GOREBEAST MAKE
MINCEMEAT OUT OF
MIGHTY MUTANT. HE-
HE-HE!

CHOMP!

BLAM!

YEH!
YOU NO LOOK
SO GOOD
NOW.

* COUGH
NOT... DEAD...
YET!

TCH! THAT
WOUND LOOK BAD. RECKON YOU
MAKE IT THROUGH US AND STILL
REACH TOP OF MOUNTAIN, BIG
BAD KARDUN?

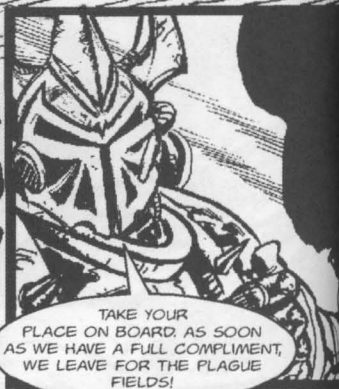


AH!
CONGRATULATIONS,
WARPED ONE. YOU ARE THE FIRST
TO MAKE IT UP TO THE PEAK.
THE CHARIOT OF DOOM
AWAITS!

YOU MUST
HAVE OVERCOME SOME
OF THE MIGHTIEST SCUM ON THIS
PLANET TO MAKE IT THIS
FAR!



HEH!
NOTHING WORTH
PUTTING TO PARCHMENT
ABOUT.



TAKE YOUR
PLACE ON BOARD. AS SOON
AS WE HAVE A FULL COMPLIMENT,
WE LEAVE FOR THE PLAGUE
FIELDS!



HA! NO
MUTIE GOOD ENOUGH
BEAT KARDUN UP MO!
EBON!

* HUNH! *
IS THAT A FACT? BAROUK
MIGHT HAVE SOMETHING TO
* WHEEZE! * SAY ABOUT
THAT!



HEADING
OUT ON A CRUSADE AGAINST
THE GREAT 'SSSSSUT!' TOXUS, ARE
WE? LOOKS LIKE BAROUK MADE
IT HERE JUST IN
TIME!

YOU XAARN
DOGS ARE NOT EVEN WORTHY OF 'HUNH!'
DYING ON THE HALLOWED, PUS-RIDDEN
PLAGUE FIELDS!

NO, MUCH
BETTER THAT YOU 'HFFF!' DIE
HERE INSTEAD!

POK!

AH, PERHAPS
SHOULD NOT HAVE BEEN SO
EAGER TO BE FIRST ON
TRANSPORT.

PERHAPS
SHOULD HAVE GOT
NEXT TRANSPORT,
YES?

SHA-KA-
BOOOM!

THE BAD, WARPED & INSANE END!