



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

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

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

# SINGLE COMBAT

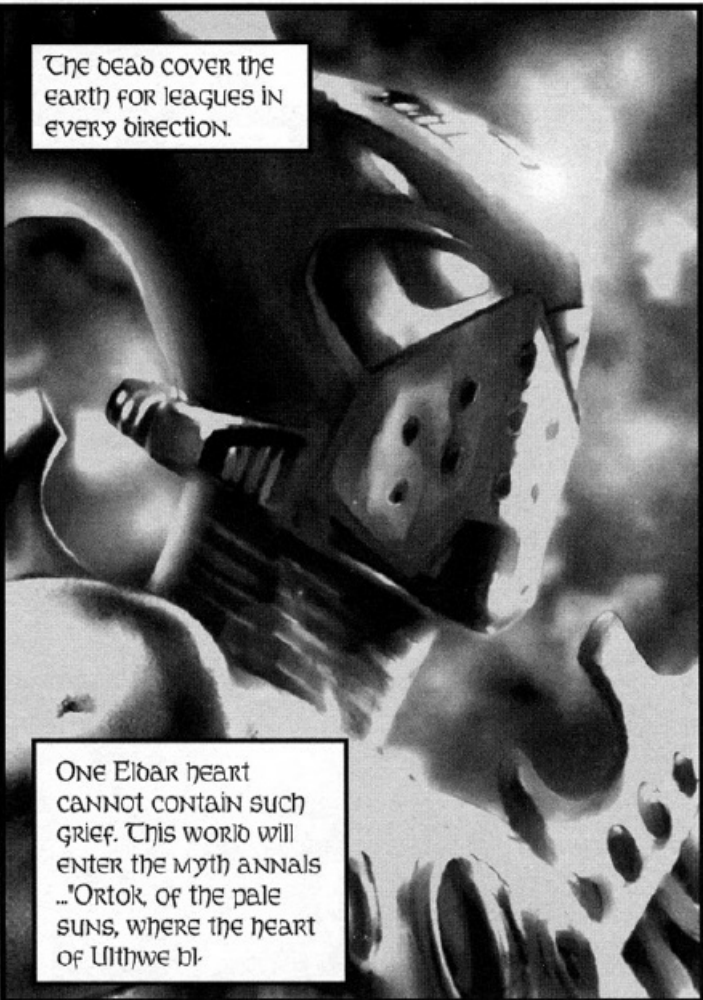
SCRIPT : DAN ABNETT ART : KEV HOPGOOD

ONE OF Ulthwe 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 Ulthwe bl-

A **SOUND** !

A **KEENING** !



Fuad̄ar moves low, like a hunting cat.



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

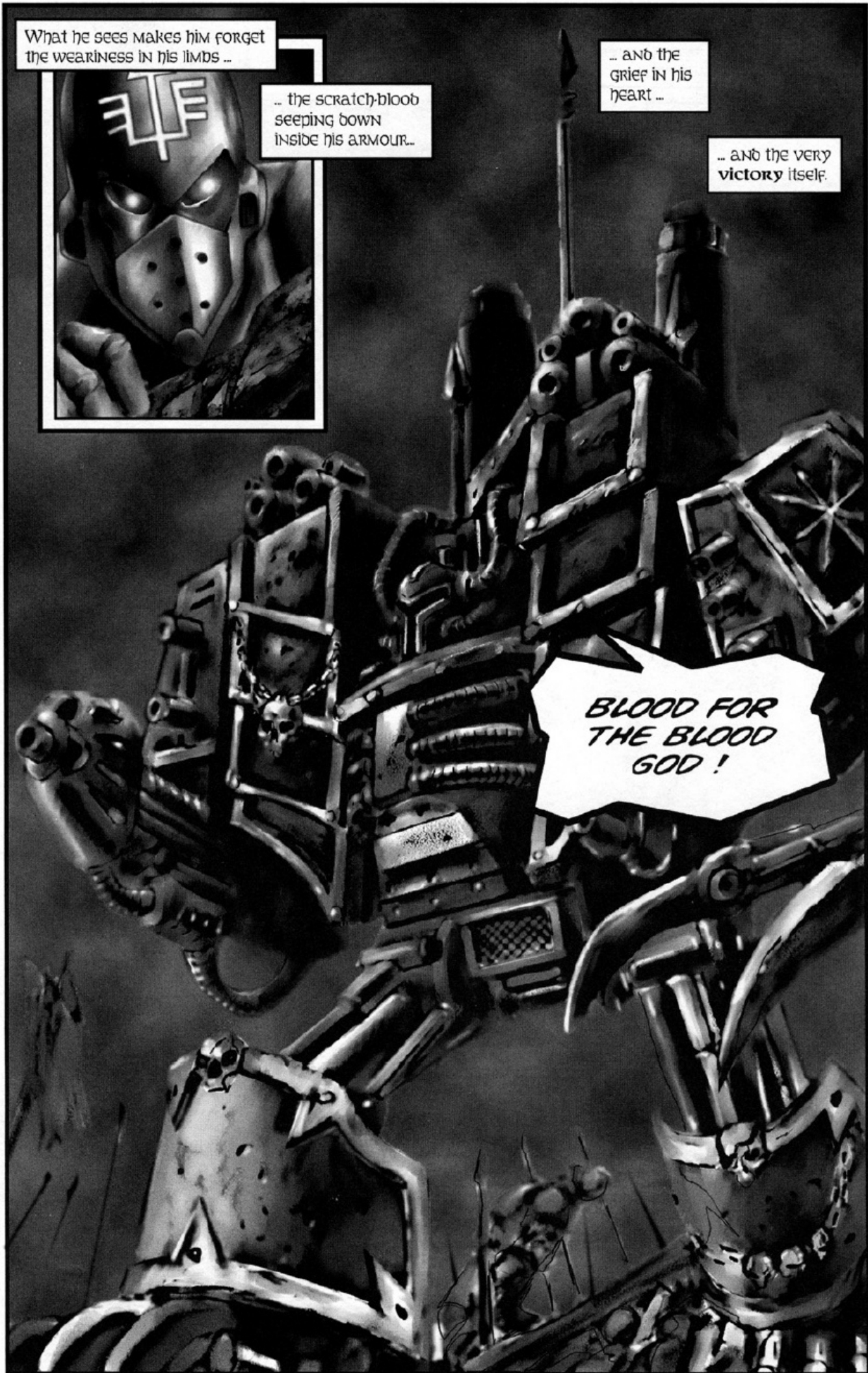
What he sees makes him forget  
the weariness in his limbs ...

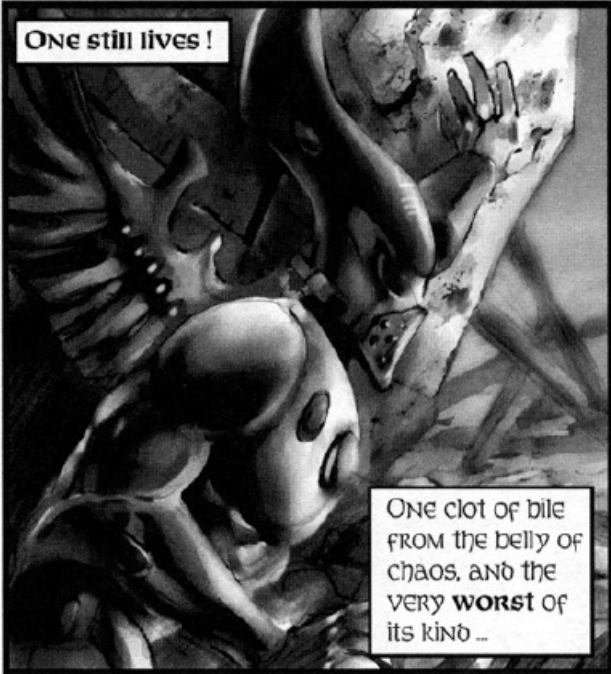
... the scratch-blood  
seeping down  
inside his armour...

... and the  
grief in his  
heart ...

... and the very  
victory itself.

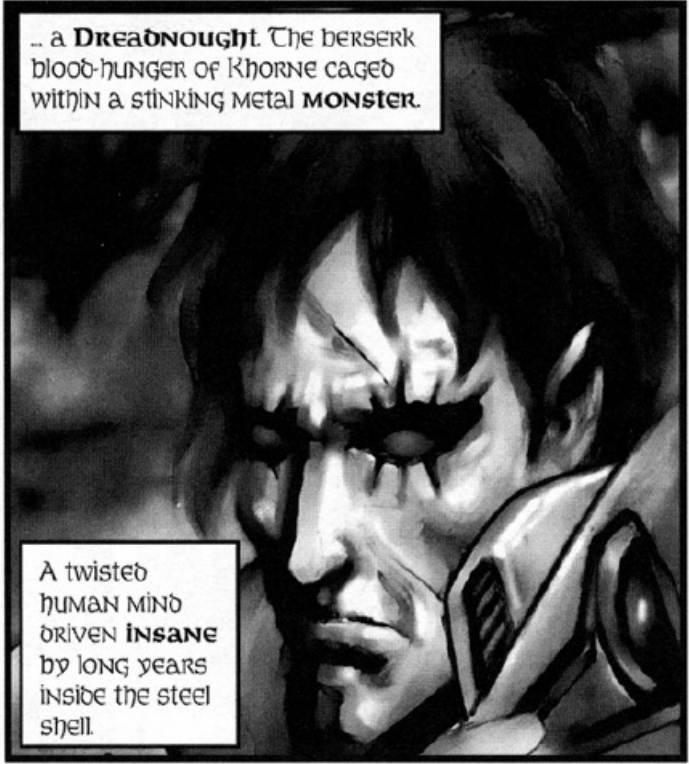
**BLOOD FOR  
THE BLOOD  
GOD !**





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 Uthwe's,  
bearly bought !

It would be Uthwe'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  
Maugah-ra  
once slain the  
fiend of  
Slanesh with  
just a Murehk ?



WHAT'S  
THIS? ONE  
MORE?

ONE MORE  
TO OFFER  
UP TO  
KHORNE!



BLOOD FOR  
THE BLOOD  
GOD!



Fuabar feels  
UNCONSCIOUSNESS  
beckon him. He  
denies it.

He must not die, or  
his **ONE** death will  
become defeat for  
**all** his fallen kindred.



WHERE  
ARE  
YOU?

WHERE  
ARE YOU,  
SCUM?



Plasma spits in his wake, but Fuubar 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** ...

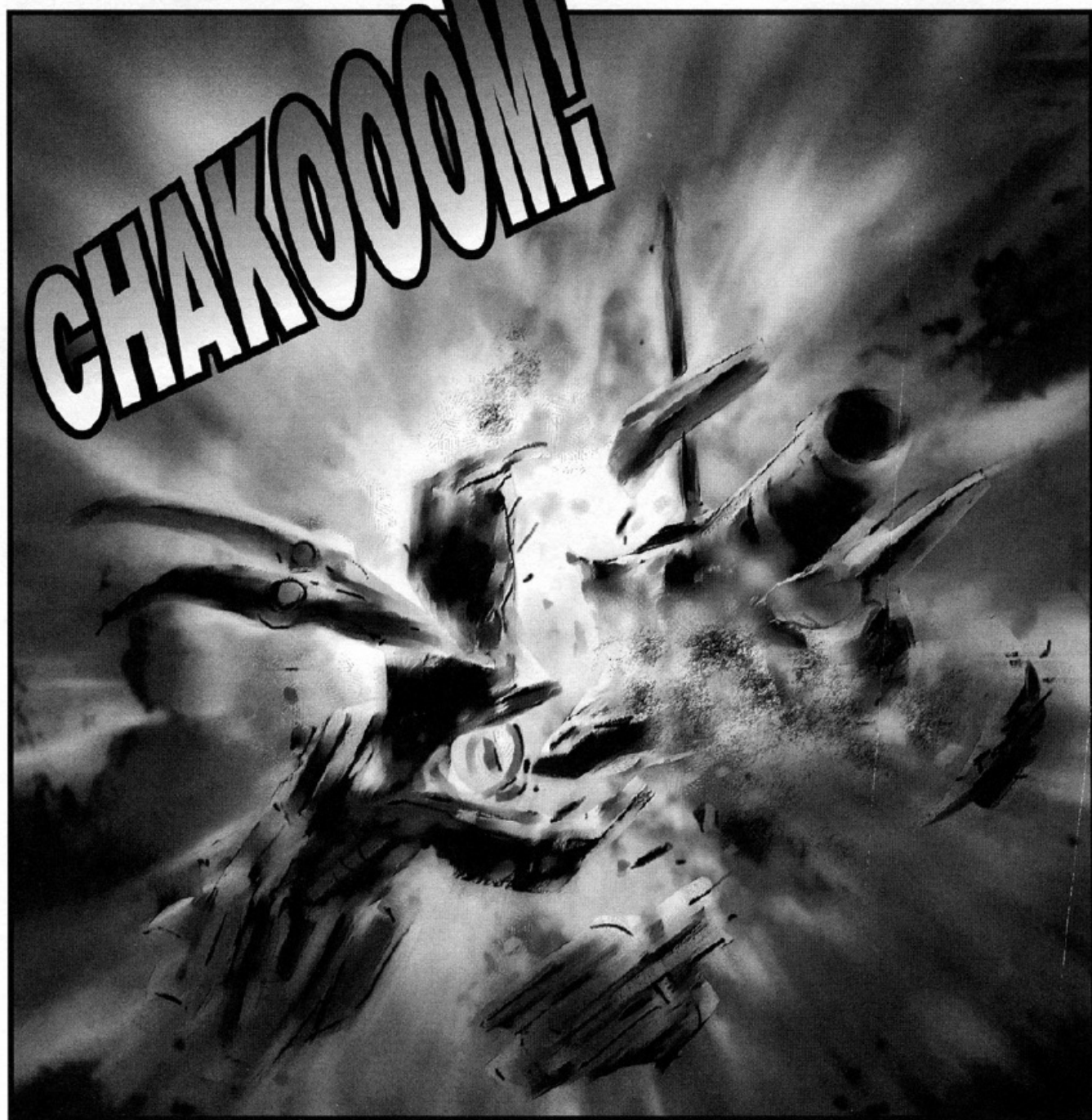
...and only then, a second away from victory or defeat...

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

FOR ULTHWE !

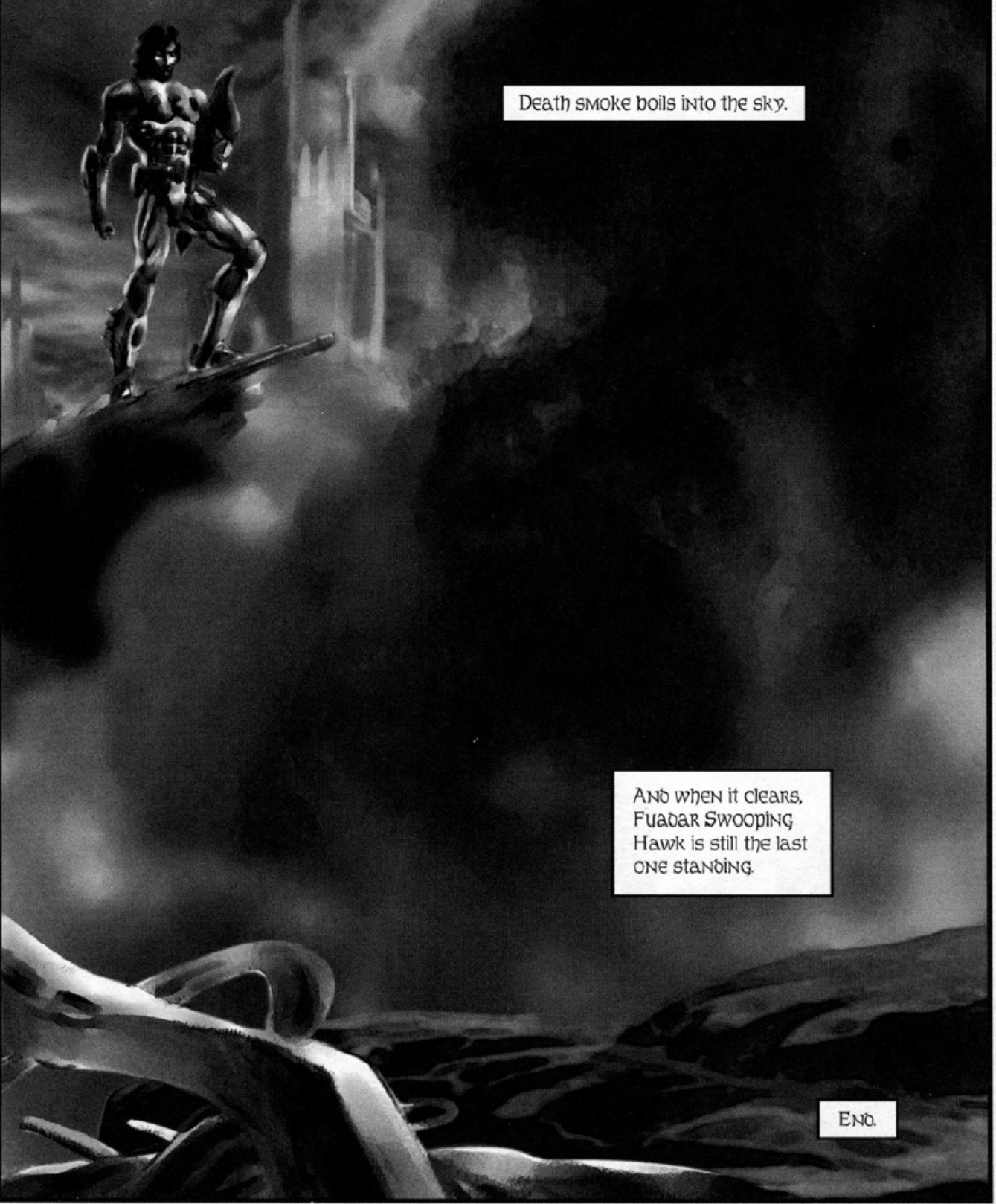
WHAT'S THE MATTER, VERMIN, LOST YOUR-

**NO !**





The dead sing to  
him their gratitude.



Death smoke boils into the sky.

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

END.