

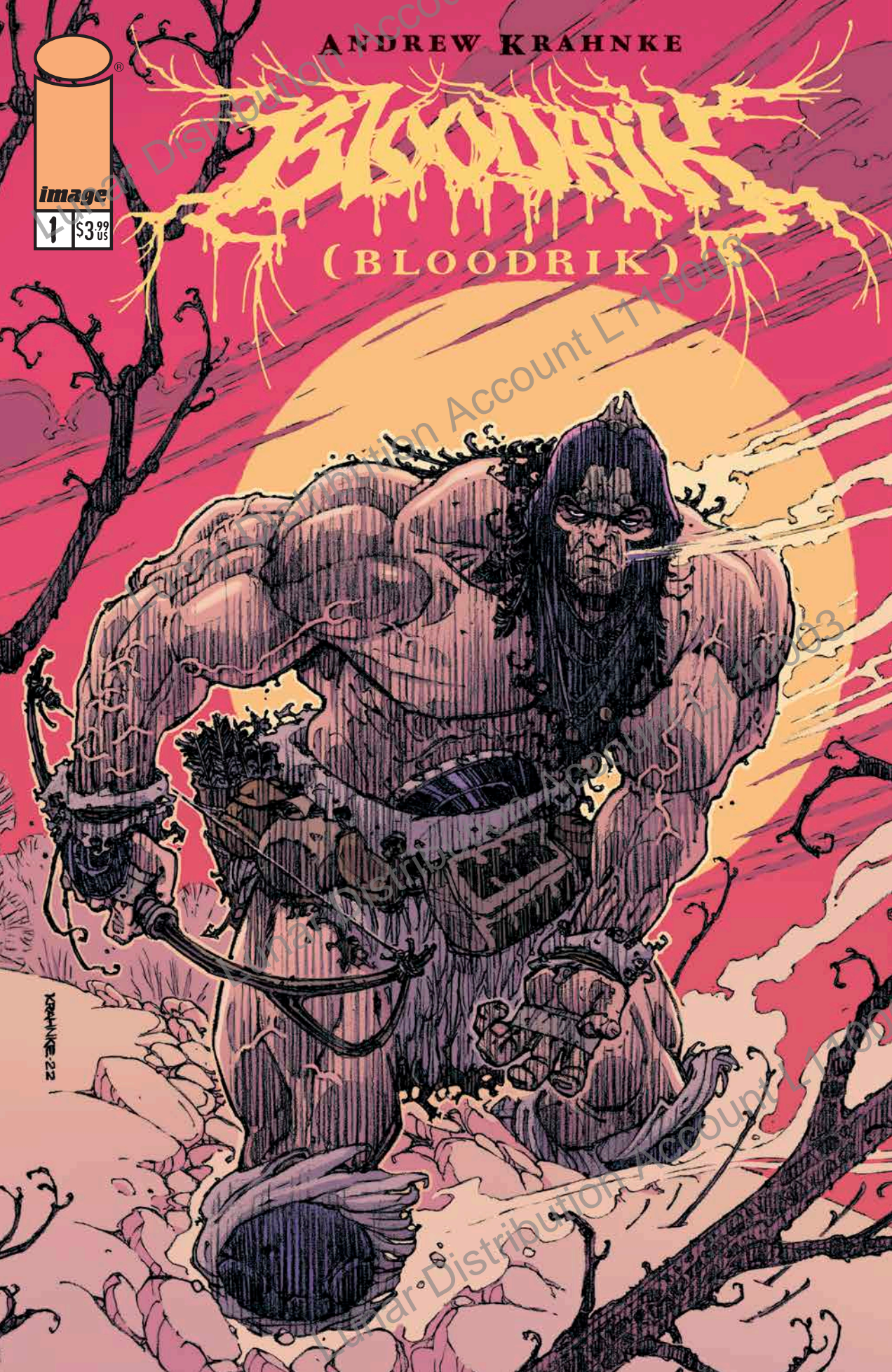
ANDREW KRAHNKE

image

1 \$3.99 US

BLOODRIK

(BLOODRIK)



KRAHNKE 22

Lunar Distribution Account

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A *SWORD*
IS FORGED IN
THE *FIRE*.



Lunar Distribution Account L110003

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A SWORD
IS BORN OUT OF
MOLTEN STEEL.

SEETHING
WHITE HOT LIQUID
WITHOUT FORM OR
FUNCTION.

THE MOLD,
THE HAMMER, AND
THE SWORDSMITH GIVE
IT SHAPE.

TIME SPENT
IN THE FIRE AND TIME
SPENT ON THE ANVIL
GIVES **STRENGTH** TO
THE BLADE.


**VIOLENCE AND
FIRE** TRANSFORM RAW
STEEL INTO A **POWERFUL**
WEAPON.

WISDOM
IS BORN IN A
LIFETIME.

A LIFETIME OF
MISTAKES MADE AND
KNOWLEDGE GAINED.
IT IS SHAPED BY OUR
DAYS AND HARDENED
WITH AGE.

A MIND
STEEPED IN WISDOM
IS A **POWERFUL**
WEAPON.

HIS MIND WAS
A SEETHING WHITE HOT
LIQUID STEEL. THE MIND OF..



HE WAS
HUNGRY AND
FURIOUS.

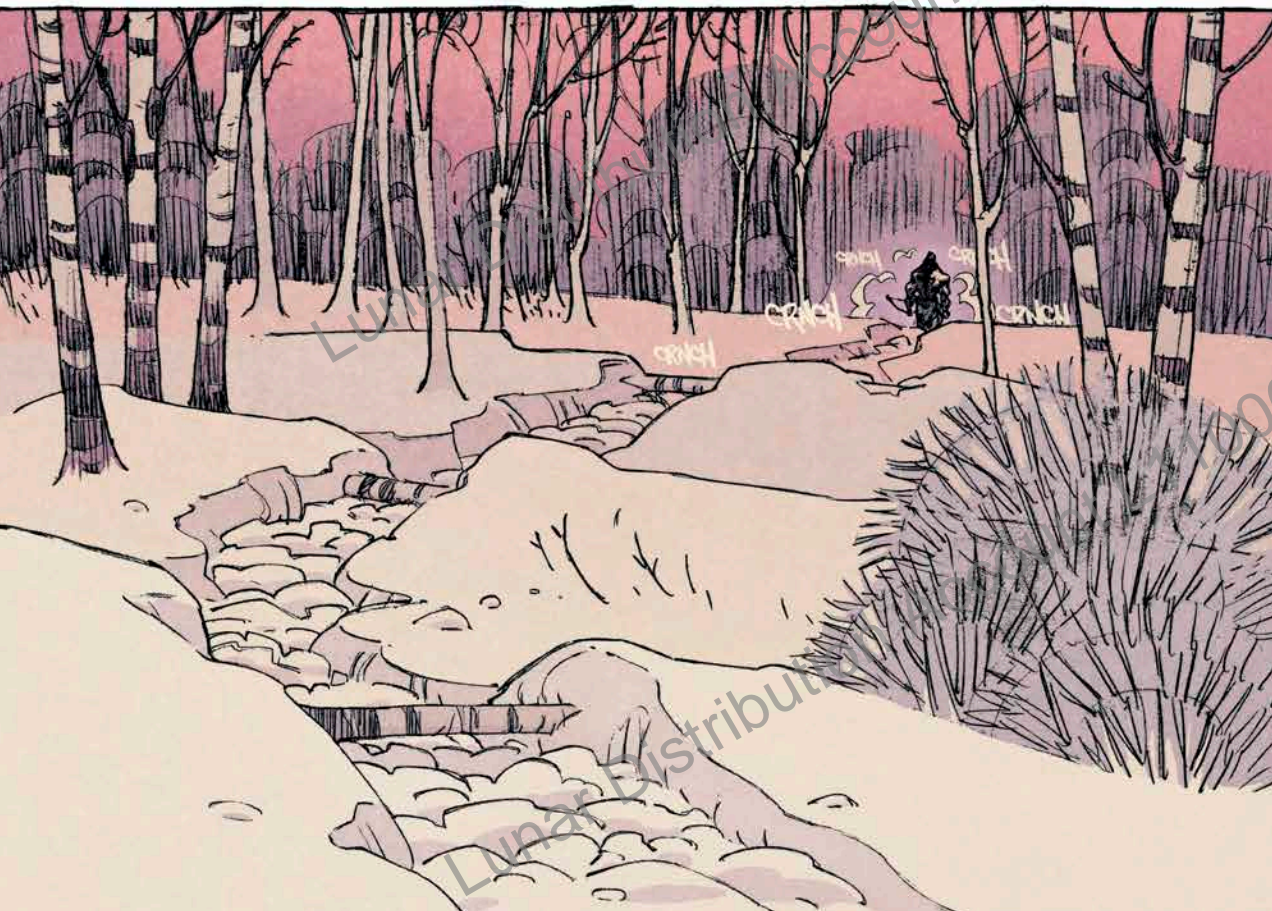
BLOODRIK
HAD HUNTED FOR DAYS
AND FOUND NOTHING.
HE'D WANDERED FURTHER
FROM HIS HILL, HIS HOME,
THAN HE'D EVER BEEN
BEFORE.

HE DIDN'T
LIKE IT.





NOTHING ABOUT THESE WOODS WAS FAMILIAR.





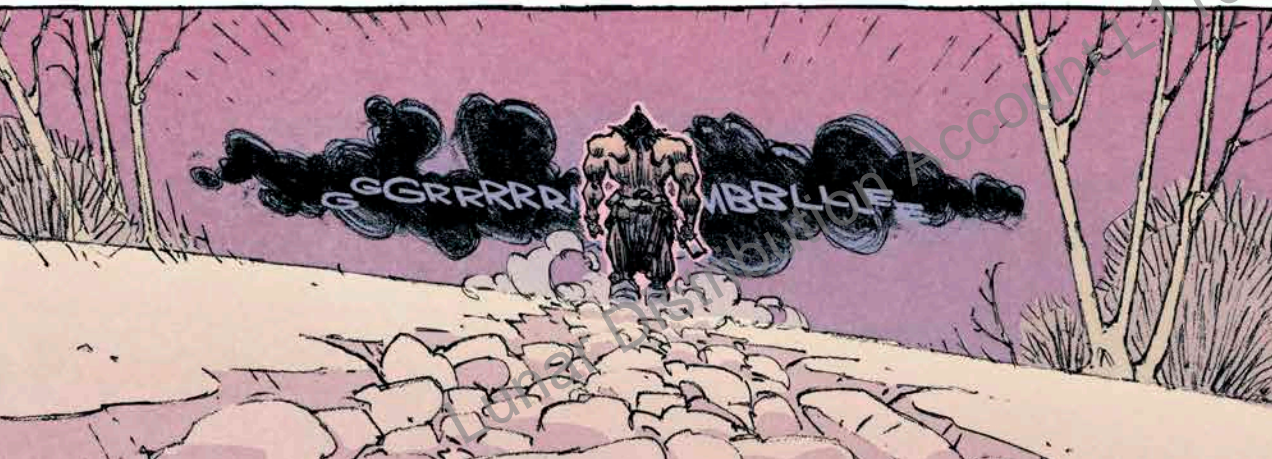
HE HAD NO CHOICE.

HE HAD NO **FOOD**. THE WOODS NEAR HIS HOME WERE **BARREN**. HE HEARD NO HOWLING AT NIGHT AND SAW NOTHING DURING THE DAY. NO SIGN OF AN ANIMAL HE COULD SINK HIS TEETH INTO.

NO SOUNDS, NO TRACKS, NO **FOOD**.

IT WAS AS IF THE WORLD HAD DRIED UP AND **DIED**. SUFFOCATED UNDER THE SNOW.

IN THE SILENCE HIS GROWLING STOMACH WAS **DEAFENING**.





HE CAME TO THE EDGE OF
THE WOODS AND STARED OUT
ON A BARREN WASTELAND.

NOTHING.

HE HEARD *NOTHING*, SAW *NOTHING*.

NOTHING BUT FALLEN SNOW. DEAD
TREES BEHIND HIM. THE FROZEN PLAIN
IN FRONT OF HIM. THE GREY SKY
GROWING *DARKER* BY THE MINUTE.



HUNGER. CONFUSION. IT MADE
NO *SENSE*.

"NOTHING IN THE WOODS
IS BEYOND ME." HE THOUGHT.

"ALL ANIMALS *LIVE* AND *DIE* BY
MY CHOOSING. THEY SERVE
ONLY *ME*."

I AM
BLOODRIK...





...KING OF THE WOODS!

