

WORLD OF WARCRAFT #1

Written by Walter Simonson; Art by Ludo Lullabi and Sandra Hope;
Covers by Jim Lee and Samwise Didier



©2007 Blizzard Entertainment, Inc. All rights reserved. Warcraft, World of Warcraft and Blizzard Entertainment are trademarks and/or registered trademarks of Blizzard Entertainment, Inc., in the U.S. and/or other countries. All other trademarks referenced herein are the properties of their respective owners.

DURÖTAR

ORC HOMETLAND ON THE EASTERN COAST OF KALIMDOR.

ALONG A ROUGH TRACK BY THE SHORES OF THE SEA, THE CREAK OF WAGON WHEELS ECHOES MOURNFULLY IN THE DUSK.

MOVE, YA LAZY BEAST!

THE BOSS WANTS TO REACH ORGRIMMAR BY NIGHTFALL.

HAR! I'D HAVE MORE CHANCE O' WINNIN' A THOUSAND GOLD AT DIRE MAUL!

BROKEN CARTWHEEL SLOWED US DOWN, ROKUL.

IT'S THE WAY REHGAR'S LUCK'S BEEN RUNNING LATELY, EH? BLOOD EYE DVIN' LIKE THAT. AND ONLY TWO ELVES LEFT TO DO THE FIGHTIN'?

THE OTHER GLADIATORS'LL HAVE 'EM FOR BREAKFAST.

REHGAR'S FINISHED. MAYBE I CAN FIND ANOTHER JOB IN DIRE MAUL BEFORE--

WHAT'S THAT?

NOTHING. RUBBLE WASHED IN ON THE TIDE.

EVERYONE KNOWS BLADEFIST BAY'S THE GREAT SEA'S MIDDEN HEAP.

THAT'S NO SHIP'S WRECKAGE. IT MOVED!

TOUGH LUCK FOR IT THEN. THAT CROCOLISK IS LOOKIN' FER DINNER...



...AN HE'S FOUND FRESH MEAT!

HEY!



NICE MOVE!

TWENTY SILVER ON THE HUMAN!

YER ON!





HE'S FREE,
ROKUL! PAY
UP!

NO WAY!
BLOOD-SCENT'LL
DRIVE IT NUTS
THAT BROKEN
SPAR WON'T
STOP IT.

GUYS
CROC
BAIT.

STRANGER IN STRANGE LAND

WALTER SIMONSON - WRITER

LUDO LULLABI - PENALTY - SANDRA HOPE - INK

RANDY MAYOR - COLORIST

NICK NAPOLITANO - LETTERER - KRISTY QUINN - ASSISTANT EDITOR

HANK KANALZ - EDITOR - SPECIAL THANKS - LEAD WAGGLET



SO LET'S RAISE THE BET TO FORTY--

WHAPT

WHAT'S THE HOLD-UP, SPIKETOOTH? I'M NOT PAYING YOU TO GAWK AT SCENERY!



GET A MOVE ON!



WE'LL REACH ORGRIMMAR IF WE HAVE TO TRAVEL ALL NIGHT.

I NEED TO FIND A THIRD GLADIATOR--



BASH IT, HUMAN! THAT'S THE WAY!



WHAT?

CRACKS

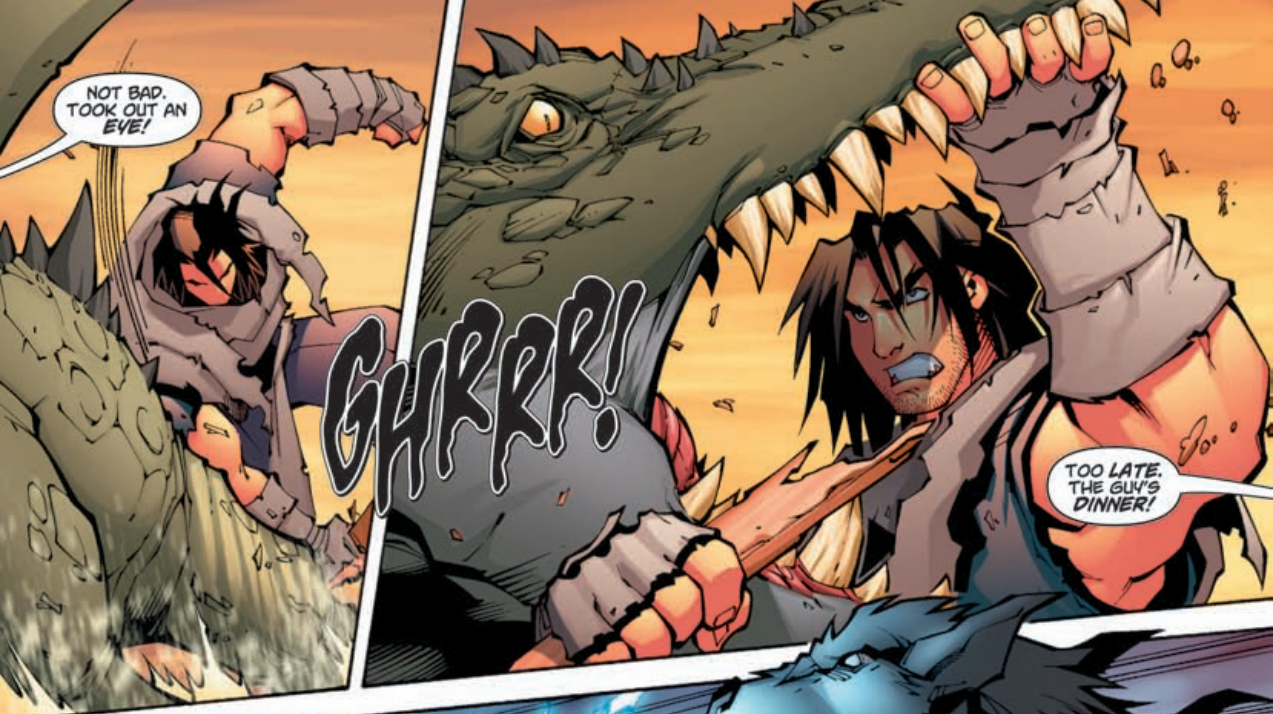
STICK BROKE! YOUR MAN'S FINISHED!



IS HE...?

FLIP TO EVADE THE MONSTER'S JAWS...GOOD HIGH LEAP...SPIKETOOTH! I TAKE YOUR BET AND DOUBLE IT!

HUMPH! AGILE! KEEPS HIS HEAD! PLAYS TO HIS STRENGTHS. HE'S BEEN WELL TAUGHT.



NOT BAD.
TOOK OUT AN
EYE!

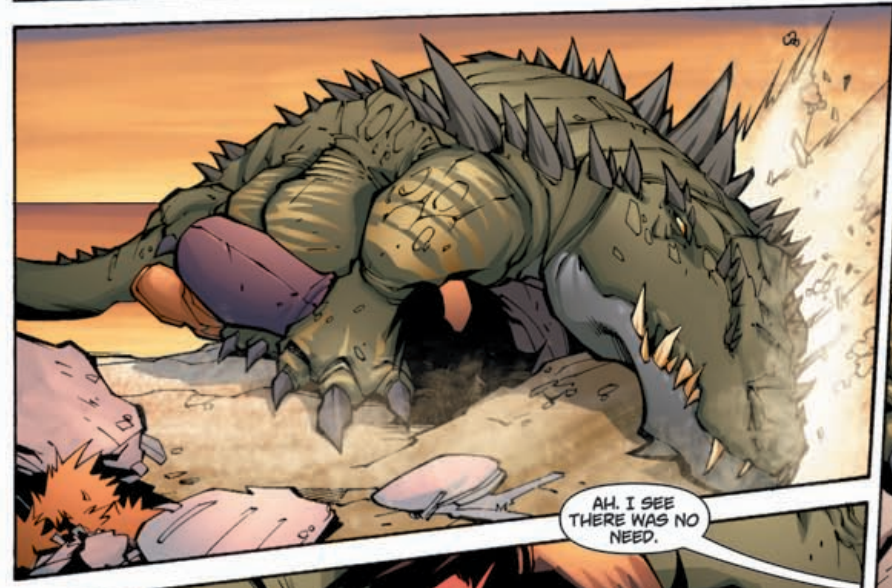
GRRR!

TOO LATE.
THE GUY'S
DINNER!



SHMMMM

NO!



AH, I SEE
THERE WAS NO
NEED.



YOU USED
THE BEAST'S OWN
WEIGHT TO DRIVE
YOUR STAKE
THROUGH ITS
HEART. CLEVER.





I COULDN'T RISK YOUR BEING DAMAGED BY THE MONSTER'S DEATH THROES.

WHO ARE YOU, HUMAN?

I'M--



I DON'T KNOW.

WHO I AM...
...OR...
OR WHERE I COME FROM.
OR...



GOOD! THAT MAKES EVERYTHING EASIER!



SHACKLE THE HUMAN AND THROW HIM IN THE CAGE WITH THE OTHERS.

THERE'S A TREATY BETWEEN HORDE AND ALLIANCE NOW, REMEMBER?

YOU'RE PLAYING WITH FIRE, REHGAR... GRABBING A FREE HUMAN.



FREE? YOU MEAN THIS SLIMY ARMY DESERTER I'VE CAPTURED?



UNTIL HE CAN PROVE OTHERWISE, PINKSKIN BELONGS TO ME! AND HE'LL TAKE BLOODVEVE'S PLACE IN THE ARENA.