

# WORLD OF WARCRAFT #2 PREVIEW

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THE FORTRESS CITY OF ORGRIMMAR IN DUROTAR'S NORTHERN MOUNTAINS.

WITHIN THE VALLEY OF HONOR WHERE THE WARRIORS DWELL, GLADIATOR MASTER REHGAR EARTHFURY HAS BEEN PREPARING HIS NEW TEAM FOR THE UPCOMING CONTEST AT DIRE MAUL.

AFTER AN IMPROMPTU CLASH WITH THREE RESTIVE COMPETITORS, ONLY THE HUMAN CALLED CROC-BAIT IS LEFT STANDING...

...TO FACE A FEROCIOUS ORC BLADEMASTER IN SINGLE COMBAT.

I'M HYKU STEELEDGE, PINKSKIN.

I HEAR YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW YOUR OWN NAME!

# KILLING AROUND

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LUCKY  
BREAK!

IT'LL SAVE  
REHGAR THE TROUBLE  
OF NOTIFYING YOUR  
NEXT-OF-KIN!



**KRAKSH**



TRUE ENOUGH,  
BLADEMASTER.



**CRUINKK**



GUGGG!!

I JUST HOPE HE CAN SPELL YOURS.



SLIKKKKTTT!



WICKED!  
I WISH CROC-BAIT  
COULD REMEMBER  
WHERE HE LEARNED  
TO FIGHT LIKE  
THAT!

I'D ASK HIS  
TEACHER FOR  
LESSONS!

BROLL AND  
I ARE LUCKY HE  
STEPPED IN WHEN  
HE DID OR WE'D BE  
BEYOND EVEN YOUR  
HEALING SPELLS,  
REHGAR.

WHY DID YOU  
DO IT? SET THE  
BLADEMASTER ON  
US WHEN WE'D JUST  
FACED DOWN  
SPARKEYE'S THREE  
GLADIATORS?

YOU NEED  
TO LEARN TO  
EXPECT THE  
UNEXPECTED,  
VALEERA.

IT'S A LESSON YOUR  
BLADEMASTER COULD  
HAVE USED.

HYKU  
MISCALCULATED.  
HE THOUGHT  
CROC-BAIT A NOVICE  
GLADIATOR WHO  
WASN'T A THREAT.

BY THE TIME  
HE REALIZED HE WAS  
WRONG, IT WAS TOO  
LATE. CRAFTY, REHGAR.  
THAT'S GOING TO BE  
OUR EDGE, ISN'T IT?

I'M SORRY, BROLL.  
FOR DRAINING  
YOUR ENERGY  
EARLIER. IT'S  
JUST...

...YOU MADE ME SO  
FURIOUS AND I WANTED TO  
PAY YOU BACK BUT I DIDN'T  
WANT YOU TO GET HURT AND--

REHGAR SHOULD  
HAVE CONSIDERED THE  
ENERGY-THIEVING WAYS OF  
BLOOD ELVES BEFORE HE  
PUT YOU ON OUR TEAM.

THAT'S  
ENOUGH, YOU  
TWO.

PITY YOUR  
SHAMANIC  
RITUALS CAN'T  
RESTORE MY  
MEMORY,  
REHGAR.

YOUR  
BODY  
REMEMBERS  
HOW TO FIGHT!  
NOTHING ELSE  
MATTERS.

THE  
BLADEMASTER'S  
SWORDS ARE  
YOURS,  
ACCORDING TO  
THE RULES OF  
COMBAT.

THE HALL OF LEGENDS IN ORGRIMMAR HOUSES THE SECRET ARMORY OF THE GLADIATORS OF THE CRIMSON RING.

THE WEAPONS STORED HERE COME FROM EVERY CONTINENT ON AZEROTH AND THE ORCS' HOME-WORLD, DRAENOR. MANY WERE TAKEN AS SPOILS OF WAR AND BEAR A PROUD HISTORY OF BATTLES LOST AND WON...

NOW THAT YOU HAVE COMPLETED YOUR GLADIATORIAL TRAINING, YOU MAY CHOOSE THE WEAPON YOU WILL CARRY INTO THE ARENA AT DIRE MAUL.

THESE! A SET OF ORC DAGGERS! LONG AS SWORDS AND SHARP AS DRAGON'S TEETH! BEAUTIFULLY BALANCED!

I CHOOSE A DRUID'S WEAPON! THIS STAFF...CARVED IN THE LIKENESS OF A STAG!

WHAT ABOUT YOU, CROC-BAIT?

I--

This belt. I know it.



REST EASY, LAD. THINGS LOOK BLEAK NOW, BUT CALM WILL FOLLOW THE STORM AS SURELY AS PEACE WILL FOLLOW WAR.

CROC-BAIT--?! I ASKED YOU--

What's wrong with him?

The belt must have triggered a memory.

Don't worry, Rengar. I've never seen it happen in the midst of battle.



Pray it doesn't. If he freezes like that at Dire Maul, we're all as good as dead.