

A TIMELESS ADVENTURE OF
BRAK
THE BARBARIAN!

THE ROAD IS LONG TO KNORDISAN, THE GOLDEN... AND EVEN A BRAVNY BARBARIAN, BOUND SOUTH TO SEEK HIS FORTUNE, CAN'T TRAVEL FREE! SO WHEN THE COIN-POUCH IS EMPTY, HE OFFERS HIS BACK-- AND HIS BROADSWORD-- FOR HIRE!

BUT SOMETIMES-- EVEN THE HIRED SWORDSMAN MUST FIND HELP-- LIKE IT OR NOT!

"SPELL OF THE DRAGON!"



THE VILLAGERS SAY YOU HATE THEM, WITCH-WOMAN. ESPECIALLY THE YOUNG, PRETTY WENCHES.

THEN WHY SEEK ME OUT BARBARIAN?

THEY ALSO SAY YOU CAN'T BE TRUSTED--

BECAUSE I'M TOLD IT TAKES BOTH SWORD AND SPELL TO SLAY THE DRAGON-THING, I SEEK!

SCRIPT BY:
JOHN JAKES
CREATOR OF BRAK
THE BARBARIAN

ART BY:
VAL JOE
MAYERIK AND SINNOTT
PLOT & LAYOUT BY DAN ATKINS



YOU ASKED FOR IT--CRIED FOR IT--DEMANDED IT!



HOOFBEATS THUD SOFTLY IN THE SLEEPING VILLAGE, COUNTER-POINTED BY JONEL'S ANXIOUS VOICE...

YES, TOMORROW-- JUST BEFORE NOON-- I'LL GO ALONE.

YOU MUST TELL THE PEOPLE THAT NO ONE MUST FOLLOW ME--

IS THAT ALL YOU'LL SAY, BRAK?

NO ONE! ELSE VALENA'S HELPING SPELL WILL FAIL TO WORK.



FATHER WILL MAKE SURE THE VILLAGERS DON'T VENTURE OUT.

THE GODS PROTECT YOU--!

DYING HOOFBEATS.

AND FROM WHAT, THE GIRL WONDERS, IS THE STARK-FACED OUTLANDER FLEEING SO FAST?



FROM HIS OWN TROUBLED THOUGHTS--!

I'LL SEE IT TO THE END, AND PRAY THE VILLAGERS OBEY ORDERS.

I'VE KILLED, BUT NEVER WANTONLY-- COLDLY--!



SLEEP-- BRINGING THE PRECIOUS RESTORATION OF STRENGTH-- IS LONG IN COMING--



AND WHEN IT FINALLY DOES-- BRAK DREAMS.

PHANTOM LAUGHER.

VALENA'S MOCKING.

WHY?



THEN-- A FLARE OF LIGHT!

GODS!

I SLEPT TOO LONG, I MUST HURRY--!



AND SO, TO THE DEAD PLACE,
THE PLACE WHERE-- SO BRAK'S
CRAWLING SKIN TELLS HIM--
LIFE WAITS.

HIDEOUS LIFE,
SPAWNED IN
A TIME
FORGOTTEN.

THE PONY FEELS
IT. TREMORS
IN THE EARTH!

THE THING'S
STIRRING!
LET'S HOPE
THE WITCH-
WOMAN
IS, TOO!

CURSE
THAT
BLINDING
SUN--!

EMPTIED AGAIN TO RIDE
AWAY, HE CANNOT.
FOR IN THE WILD
NORTHERN LANDS OF
HIS BIRTH, A PLEDGE
MUST BE HONORED--
EVEN UNTO DEATH!!

RRUMMBLL



WHILE, AMID FETID SMOKE, VALENA WORKS TO EMPOWER BRAK'S BROADSWORD--

YAB-HAGGOTH
THE UNSPEAKABLE--

-- GRANT THE ACCOMPLISHMENT
OF THAT WHICH I HAVE SO LONG
DESIRED--

-- AND
PRAYED FOR
AT THY RED-
STREAKED
ALTAR--

-- OR DOES SHE??



THE BIG BARBARIAN'S
FRIGHTENED PONY PICKS ITS
WAY DOWN A SANDY TRAIL--

AT LEAST JONEL'S
FATHER KEPT THE
CURIOUS AWAY.

THE
VALLEY'S
DESERTED--

RRRUMBL



-- EXCEPT FOR
THE DRAGON!

NOT FAR
NOW. THE
STENCH IS
SICKENING!



BRAK DIGS IN HIS KNEES, DRIVING
THE PONY AROUND THE LAST
TUMBLER ROCK--

GODS!!

THE LAND SHIFTS UNDER THE TREAD OF THE TITANIC DRAGON-TAINING -- AS THE BURLY BARBARIAN WONDERS WHAT LONG-DEAD PRACTITIONER OF THE DARK ARTS CONJURED SUCH A DEMON--

FASTER BRAK RIDES-- FASTER-- HIS GREAT SHOULDERS COLD WITH THE SWEAT OF FEAR.



HIS HAND CLOSES ON THE BROADSWORD'S HILT--

-- AS THE STOUT PONY CARRIES HIM UNDER THE JAWS OF THE MONSTER --!

IT BREATHES OUT A STINK WORSE THAN THE CRYPT!



CAN IRON AND SPELLS-- DESTROY SUCH A THING??

NEARLY BLOTTING THE SUN, IT REARS--



CLOSER, PONY! DON'T FAIL ME NOW!

WE COME UP WITH WAR IS HELL! CAPTURE IT RIGHT NOW!



IN AIR BEFOULED BY THE NEEL-SPEN OF THE CREATURE'S MAW, BRAK READIES THE SWORD--STROKE HE KNOWS MAY BE HIS LAST--!



THUNDER OF HOoves--ROAR OF BEAST--

-- AND ALL THE STRENGTH OF HIS ARM INTO ONE THRUST--!!



THE BROAD-SWORD DRIVES DEEP!

THE WORLD TILTS-- THE PONY SCREAMS AND TUMBLES--!

ARROGHW

CHU



BUT, WHEN THE LAST MIGHTY CRASH DIES AWAY-- AND BRAK'S SENSES CLEAR FROM A BONE-WRENCHING FALL-- THERE IS A NEW STENCH--

THE DEATH SMELL! IT COULD JUST AS EASILY HAVE BEEN MINE!

NOW-- WILL VALENA'S SPELL KEEP IT DEAD?



PAIN-WRACKED, BRAK SLOWLY FREES HIMSELF AND RISES TO UNSTEADY FEET--!

A SHADOW FALLS ON THE BAKED EARTH-- UNSEEN BEHIND HIM--!

HOW CAN IT BE THAT HIS VOICE IS SO STRONG, IF WHAT VALENA SAID--?

ONLY AN HOUR NOW-- THEN IT'LL BE OVER.

IF I STARE AT YOU, DRAGON, THERE'S NO CHANCE OF MY SEEING ANYONE ELSE, AND SO BE FORCED--

TO KILL THAT ONE!



THEN, SUDDENLY--

BRAK!!



VALENA THE WITCH-WOMAN CAME TO MY FATHER'S HOUSE.

SHE SAID YOU WERE WOUNDED-- NEEDED HELP--!!



EVEN AS BRAK TURNS INSTINCTIVELY-- HIS VOICE GIVES SOUND TO THE SCREAM IN HIS MIND:

GO BACK!! DON'T LOOK AT--



-- ME!

TOO LATE, BRAK KNOWS THE TERROR OF TREACHERY. HIS HAND GROPPES OUTWARD-- THEN--



SILENCE.

SILENCE BROKEN ONLY BY THE BUBBLING OF VALENA'S CAGLEDRON-- AND BY A FOOTFALL--!

BARBARIAN! IS IT DONE??

LESS THAN AN HOUR AGO.

BUT, YOU'RE HURT! ELSE WHY THAT BINDING ON YOUR EYES? I'VE SEEN IT BEFORE SOMEWHERE!

