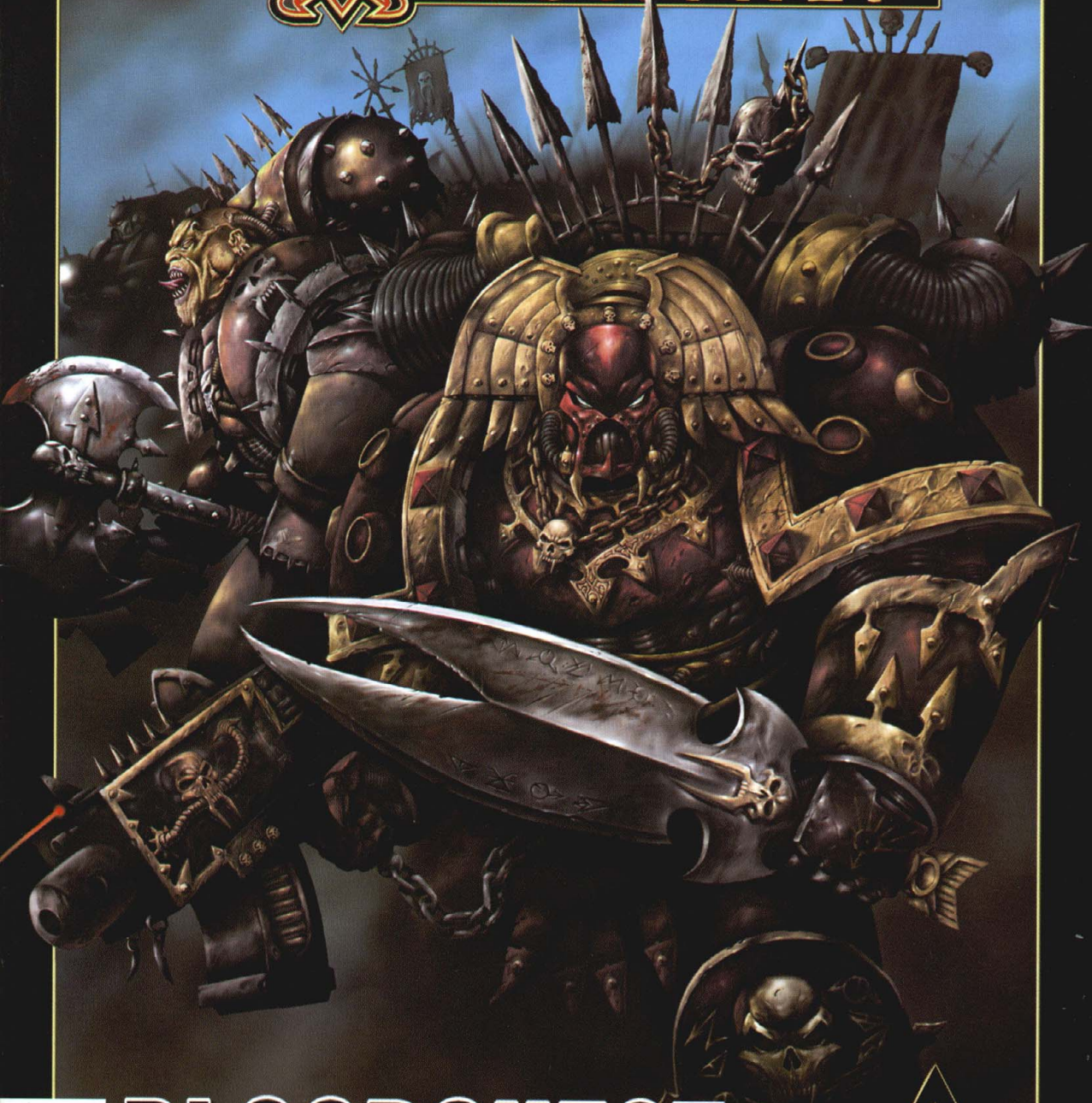


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WARHAMMER[®]

MONTHLY



BLOODQUEST

THE BLACK CRUSADE BEGINS!



#54

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Wow is it April already? Time flies when you're as busy the Black Library is at the moment. Not only are we still putting out Warhammer Monthly, Inferno! and two storming novels a month but we're adding to our repertoire all the time with artbooks,

mini-series, posters, T-shirts and a whole slew of other cool products. And on top of all this convention season is looming up fast. By the time you read this, I'll be just about to enjoy some good old-fashioned Scottish hospitality at Caledonian Conflict in Edinburgh and will be already gearing up for Black Library day on May 26 and Comics 2002 taking place in Bristol the following weekend. If you're out and about at any of these events then please come up and say hi, we're always pleased to meet our readers and we really do value your feedback and opinions. Of course, if you can't make it along to any of these events then there's always Games Day at the Birmingham National Indoor Arena in September.

See you there!



CHRISTIAN DUNN



BLOODQUEST

In the midst of the devastation of a Black Crusade, two warriors journey through the carnage on a new Bloodquest.



DARKBLADE

The warring sides pause for breath, while a traitor worms his way back into the heart of Hag Graef.



KAL JERICO

In a Downhive card-game, Kal Jerico's run of luck is about to turn distinctly homicidal.

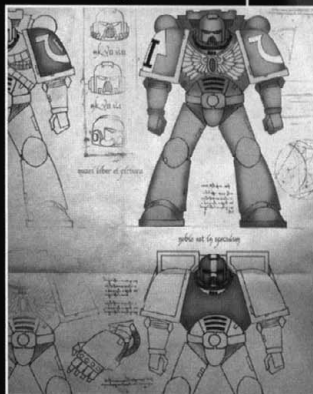


TITAN

From the depths of Vector 77, what manner of beast is this that even the God-Machines of the Legio Titanicus must fear it?

DISPATCHES:

Later this year the Black Library will be releasing the fifth in its immensely popular art book range, *Insignium Astartes*. Following in the footsteps of previous releases such as *The Inquisitor Sketchbook* and *The Face of Battle*, this plush, oversized, full colour book will be an in depth exposition of Space Marine markings and regalia. The hooded, and slightly deformed acolytes of the Black Library are still putting the finishing touches to this glorious tome, but while they were busy comparing their numerous strange growths, we managed to smuggle out this sneak preview.



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BLACK CRUSADE. THE EYE OF TERROR OPENING TO UNLEASH THE LEGIONS OF CHAOS UPON THE WORLDS OF THE GALAXY.

ALREADY THE IMPERIUM KNOWS THAT IT IS COMING. PSYKERS PICK UP WARP-CARRIED DAEMON-WHISPERS OF THE COMING CATASTROPHE. THE HIGH LORDS OF TERRA MEET IN COUNCIL AND ISSUE THEIR COMMANDS.

VAST BATTLEFLEETS ASSEMBLE. ARMIES NUMBERING BILLIONS OF TROOPS ARE MUSTERED. THE SLOW, ARDUOUS TASK OF ROUSING THE FULL MILITARY MIGHT OF THE IMPERIUM OF MANKIND BEGINS.



1. The Daemon's Mark

SCRIPT: GORDON RENNIE
ART: COLIN MACNEIL
LETTERS: FIONA STEPHENSON

FOR SOME WORLDS, IT
IS ALREADY TOO LATE.



SMALLER *VANGUARD*
FORCES ARE ALREADY
AT WORK, PREPARING
THE WAY FOR THE
COMING CRUSADE.

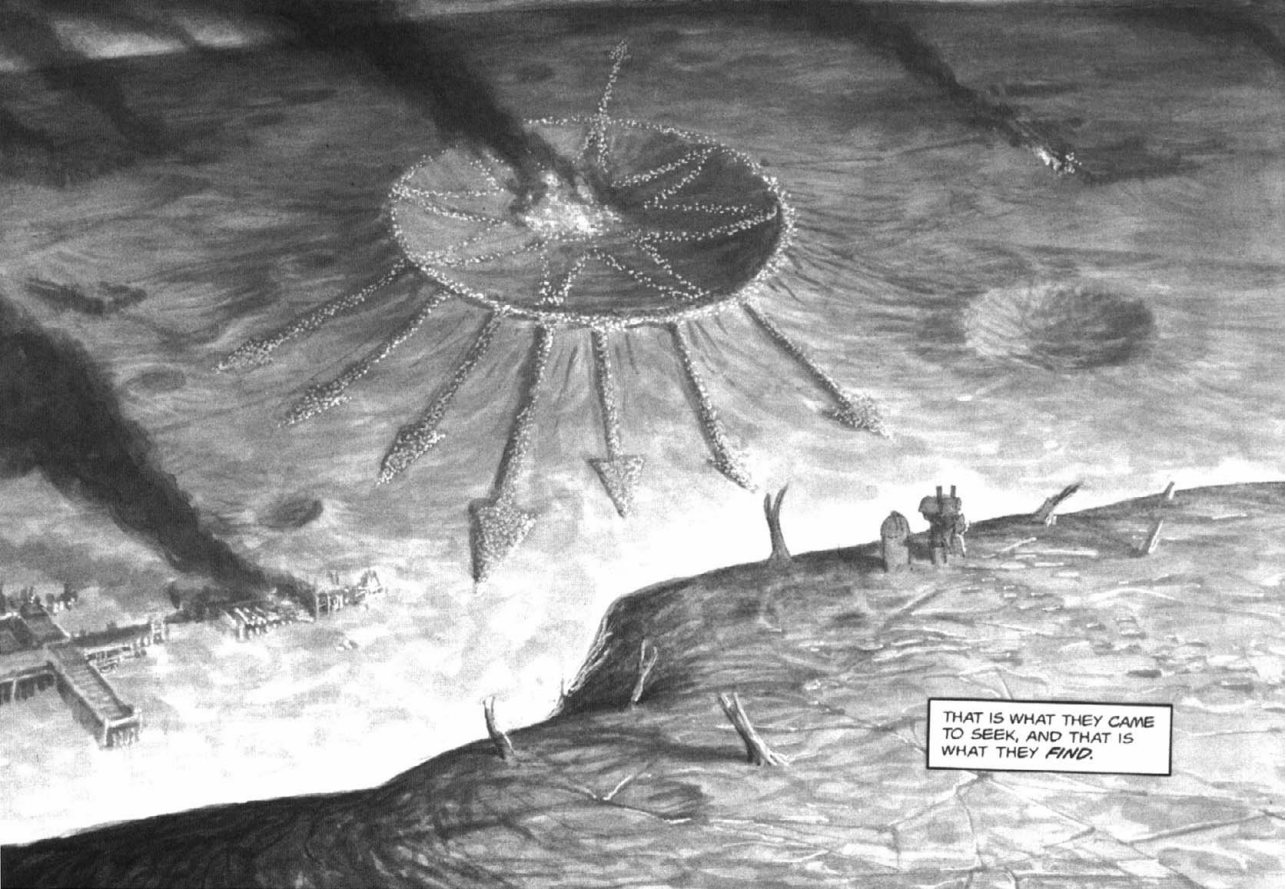
THE WORLD OF *COLCHIS* IS
JUST ONE WORLD TO HAVE
BEEN VISITED BY ONE OF
THESE ADVANCE FORCES.

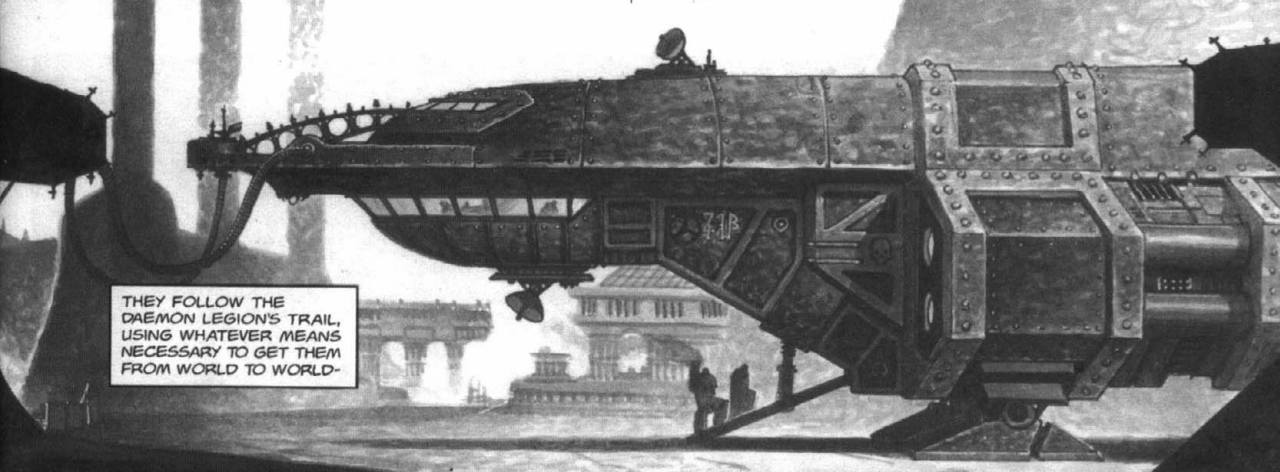


NOW *LYSANDER* AND *CLOTEN*
COME AFTER, SEEKING EVIDENCE
THAT THIS DESTRUCTION IS THE
WORK OF THE ARMIES OF ONE
PARTICULAR DAEMON-LORD—

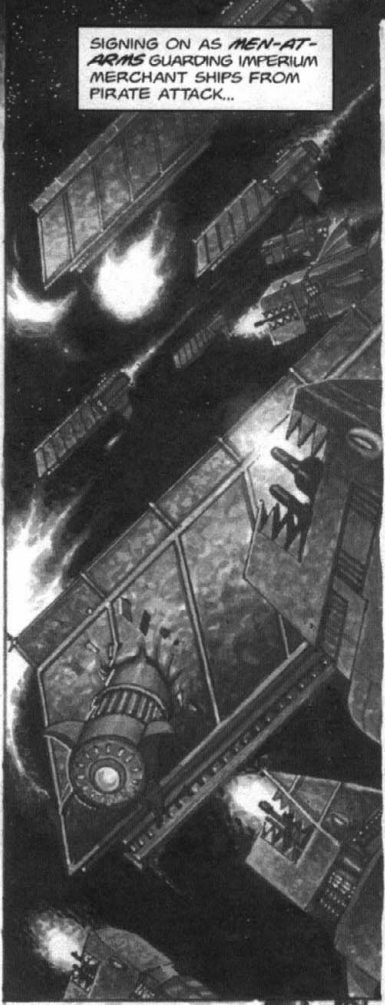


THAT IS WHAT THEY CAME
TO SEEK, AND THAT IS
WHAT THEY *FIND*.





THEY FOLLOW THE
DAEMON LEGION'S TRAIL,
USING WHATEVER MEANS
NECESSARY TO GET THEM
FROM WORLD TO WORLD-



SIGNING ON AS *MEN-AT-
ARMS* GUARDING IMPERIUM
MERCHANT SHIPS FROM
PIRATE ATTACK...

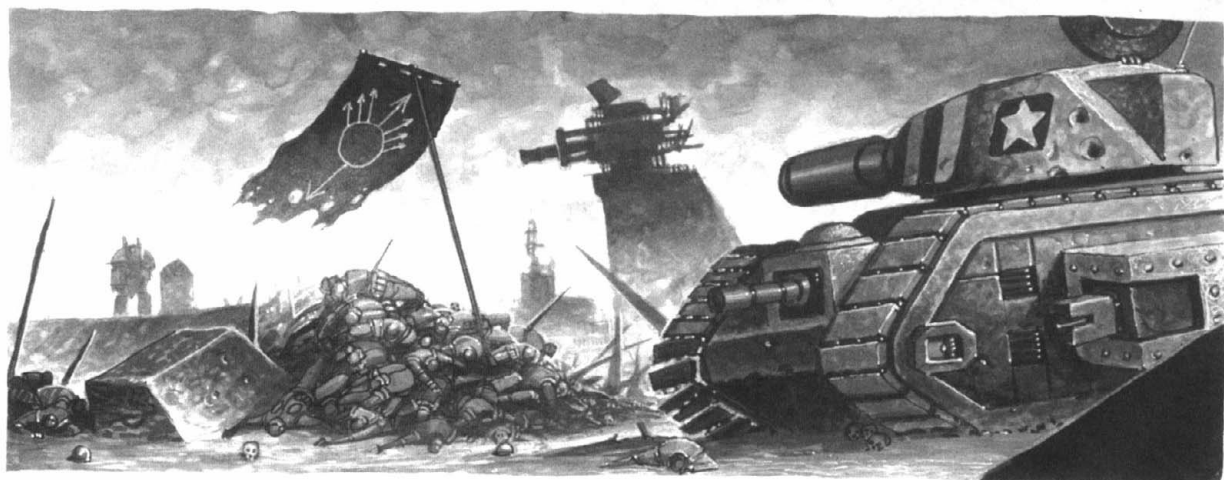


JOINING THE RETINUE OF A *ROGUE
TRADER EXPLORATOR EXPEDITION...*



OR TRAVELLING INCOGNITO
AMONGST THE ENDLESS
PILGRIM CONVOYS LINKING
TOGETHER THE HOLY SHRINE
WORLDS OF THE IMPERIUM.

WHEREVER THEY GO, HOWEVER THEY
GET THERE, THEY FIND MORE EVIDENCE
OF WHAT THEY ARE SEEKING-



EACH FIND BRINGS THEM
CLOSER TO THAT WHICH
THEY ARE SEEKING.

VANDIRE'S
OATH!

A PITY
I DIDN'T BARGAIN
HARDER AT THE
BEGINNING OF OUR
VOYAGE, BLOOD
ANGEL.

I WOULD
HAVE DEMANDED A
HIGHER FEE FOR YOUR
PASSAGE, HAD I KNOWN IT
WOULD BE THIS MUCH
TROUBLE.

YOU'LL
BE PAID, PIRATE,
AND SOON
ENOUGH.

THE DESTINATION
COURSES AND CARGO
MANIFESTS OF THE LAST FEW
TRADER SHIP CONVOYS WE
TRAVELLED WITH, THE INFORMATION
HERE SHOULD BE ENOUGH TO
MAKE YOU A VERY WEALTHY
MAN.

A MORE
THAN GENEROUS
FEE FOR THE PRICE
OF A **ONE-WAY**
PASSAGE.

ONE-WAY?
AYE, YOU'RE RIGHT
ENOUGH THERE, FRIEND.
I HAD HEARD THOSE OF
YOUR KIND WERE ALL
MAD. NOW I **KNOW** IT
TO BE TRUE...



...AFTER
ALL, WHO BUT A MADMAN
WOULD SEEK PASSAGE TO
A *DOOMED WORLD* FROM
WHICH EVERYONE ELSE IS
NOW TRYING TO
ESCAPE!

LAST CHANCE,
BLOOD ANGELS. IT'S NOT TOO
LATE TO TURN BACK, AND THERE'S
NO SHAME IN TURNING AWAY FROM
CERTAIN DEATH.

IF YOU WISH
IT, THERE'S ALWAYS A
PLACE HERE AMONG MY
OWN CREW FOR TWO
WARRIORS OF YOUR
WORTH.



KEEP YOUR
COURSE, PIRATE. MY
BROTHER AND I KNOW
WHAT WE'RE
DOING...



' WE REJOICE, FOR
NOW AT LAST OUR
SEARCH IS OVER. '

TO BE CONTINUED

DARKBLADE

BOOK III

Throne of Blood Part Eleven

WITCH-LORD
KERNU KARA'S BLACK
HOSTS SURROUND US,
POISED TO FALL UPON OUR
BELOVED HAG LIKE HUNGRY
WOLVES.

AN HOUR
PERHAPS...
NO MORE THAN TWO...
AND THE ARMIES
OF THE BLACK ARK WILL
UNLEASH THEIR FINAL
ASSAULT.

Script: Dan Abnett Art: Keu Hopgood

SO, LORD
DRACHAU...
FATHER... I THINK
IT'S TIME FOR
AN ANSWER.

YOU
CAN AVOID
FURTHER
BLOODSHED AT A
STROKE. GIVE
THE WITCH-LORD
WHAT HE WANTS, AND
YOU CAN BROKER
UNCONDITIONAL
PEACE BETWEEN
HAG GRAEF AND
NAGGOR.

NO WITCH-LORD
MAKES DEMANDS OF THE
DRACHAU OF HAG GRAEF.
MY ARMY IS STRONG. MY
MAGICS ARE STRONG. I CAN
STILL **WIN** THIS.

PERHAPS,
FATHER, BUT
AT WHAT **COST**?
SO MANY
WARRIORS COULD
BE LOST WINNING
THIS DAY THAT THE
HAG WOULD BE
WEAKENED FOR
GENERATIONS.

WEAKENED.
VULNERABLE.

YOU HOLD THE
FUTURE OF HAG
GRAEF IN YOUR HAND.
TODAY AND
TOMORROW, **THIS**
WAR...AND **THE NEXT**.

THEN
PERHAPS YOU
SHOULDN'T HAVE
BEEN SO QUICK
TO **BANISH** ME,
FATHER.

I AGREED
TO BE NAGGOR'S
ENVOY BECAUSE
I STILL **CARE**
ABOUT THE HAG.
I WOULD NOT SEE IT
FALL. I WOULD NOT
SEE IT CRIPPLED.

IT SITS ILL
WITH ME THAT
MY OWN **SON**
COMES HERE AS AN
EMISSARY OF THE
FOE.

GIVE
KERNU KARA
WHAT HE
WANTS.



GIVE HIM
MALUS
DARKBLADE.

THIS
FEELS LIKE
ANOTHER NAGGOR
TRICK. ELDIRÉ WARNED
ME, DARKBLADE HAS
ALREADY BEEN CURSED
BY THEIR
MAGIC. I-

NOK
NOK

ENTER!



YOU
SUMMONED
ME, LORD
DRACHAU.

I DID.
LEAVE US,
GUARDS.



MALUS.

SEVERIN.
I DIDN'T
EXPECT TO
SEE YOU
HERE.

SHOULDN'T
YOU BE LICKING
THE UNDERSIDE
OF ROCKS
SOMEWHERE?



DARKBLADE.
THROUGH
MY...SON...THE
WITCH-LORD HAS
OFFERED TERMS.

THEY WILL
WITHDRAW, IF I
OFFER THEM
ONE PRIZE.

THAT
BEING?





...CONFRONTED
BY THE TRUTH OF
HIS **GUILT**, MALUS
DARKBLADE FLEW
INTO A **RAGE**...



...AND
SLEW THE
BELOVED
DRACHAU OF
HAG GRAEF.

SHCHOKKK!



THANK
GOODNESS
THE DRACHAU'S
LOYAL SON...AND
HEIR...WAS
PRESENT...

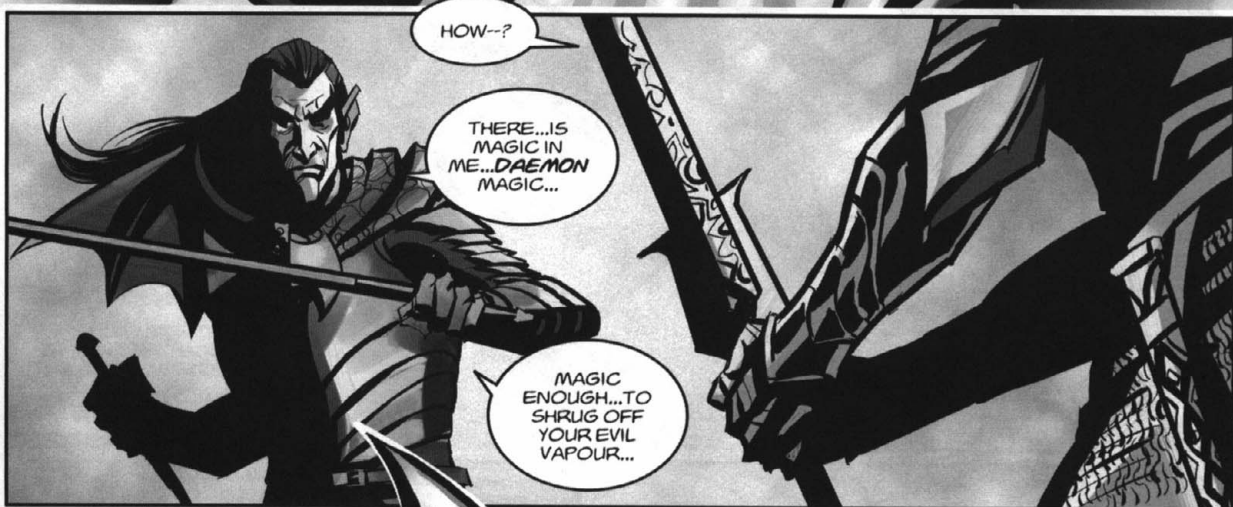


...TO
SWIFTLY
AVENGE THE
BLOODY
DEED.



**KERNU
KARA** HAS
PROMISED ME THE
THRONE OF HAG
GRAEF IF I BRING HIM
YOUR **HEAD**.

SO, IF
YOU DON'T
MIND...





KCHING!

SHING!

HWWSSSH!

KCHING!

CHING!

YOU MAY HAVE MAGIC, DARKBLADE, BUT THE VAPOUR'S IN YOUR BLOOD, SLOWING YOU DOWN...

KRING!



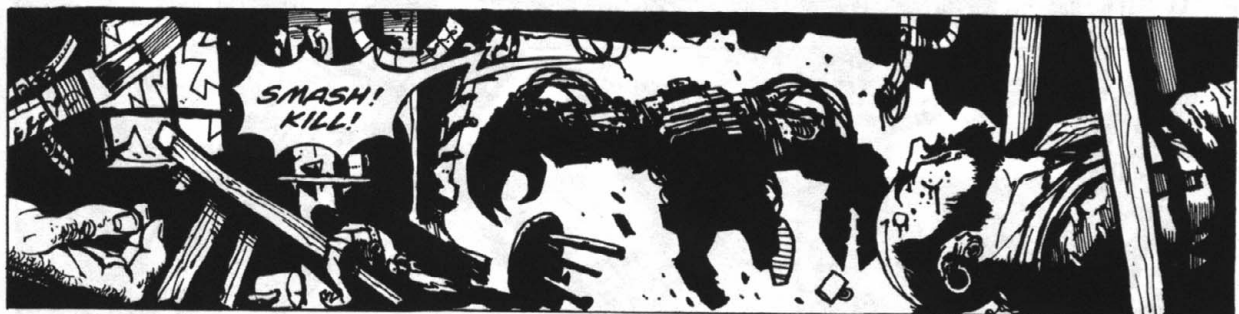
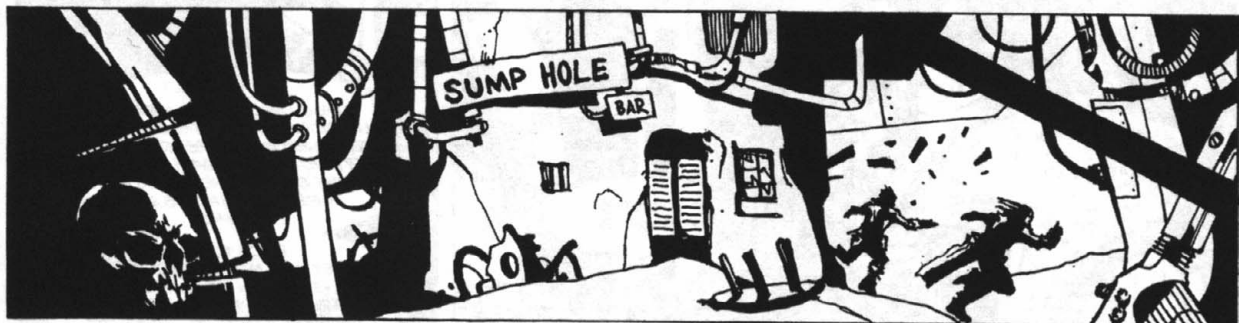
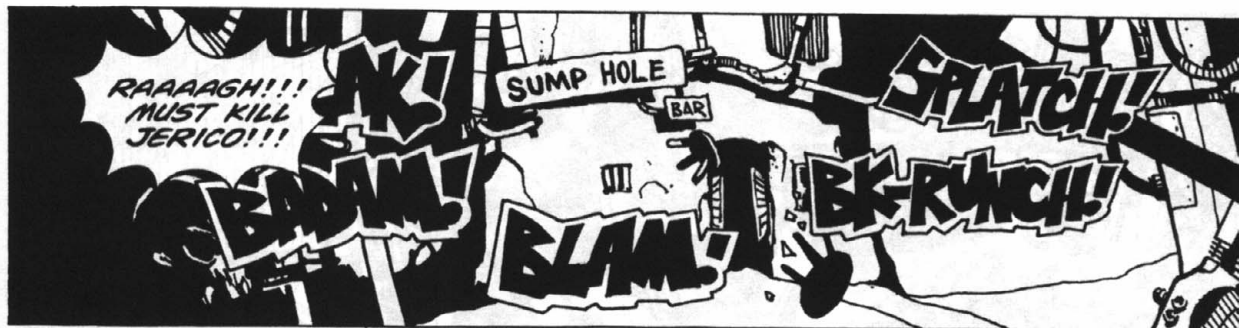
THE SUMP HOLE, NOTORIOUS DRINKING DEN AND FAVOURED HAUNT OF ONE KAL JERICO, UNDERHIVE BOUNTY HUNTER FOR HIRE-

KAL JERICO in KILLING TIME



JERICO...
KILL KAL
JERICO!!!







REMARKABLE.
AND QUITE APPALLING.
WHAT EXACTLY IS
IT?

A CHRONO-
GLADIATOR.

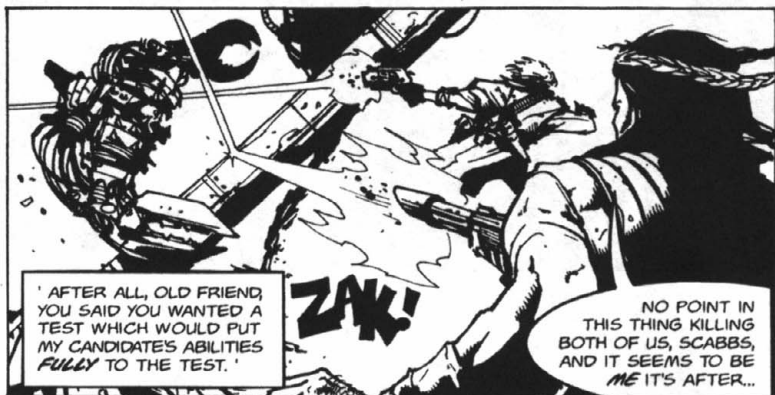


ANOTHER
MECHANICUS-CREATED
MONSTROSITY. THEIR LIFE-SPANS ARE
DETERMINED BY A *PRE-SET SELF-
DESTRUCT PROGRAM*. THE ONLY
WAY THEY CAN EXTEND WHAT LIMITED
TIME THEY HAVE IS BY
KILLING.

EACH BATTLE
THEY WIN MOVES THE TIMER
A FRACTION ON THE SELF-
DESTRUCT DEADLINE, SO THEY'RE
DRIVEN TO KILL IN ORDER TO
KEEP ON LIVING.



THEY'RE
EXPENSIVE AND DIFFICULT
TO OBTAIN, BUT I THINK THE
EFFORT HAS BEEN
WORTH IT.



' AFTER ALL, OLD FRIEND,
YOU SAID YOU WANTED A
TEST WHICH WOULD PUT
MY CANDIDATE'S ABILITIES
FULLY TO THE TEST. '

ZAK!

NO POINT IN
THIS THING KILLING
BOTH OF US, SCABBS,
AND IT SEEMS TO BE
ME IT'S AFTER...



WHAT I'M
SAYING IS, IF I LET
IT COME AFTER ME,
THEN THAT'LL GIVE YOU
A CHANCE TO MAKE A
BREAK FOR IT
AND-

ZAK!

ZAK!



SCABBS...?





KILL JERICO...
LIVE LONGER...



KILL JERICO...
LIVE LONGER...

ANCIENT ENERGY CONDUITS,
RUNNING UP THE FULL
LENGTH OF THE HIVE AND
PROVIDING THE CITY WITH
VITAL POWER RESOURCES...

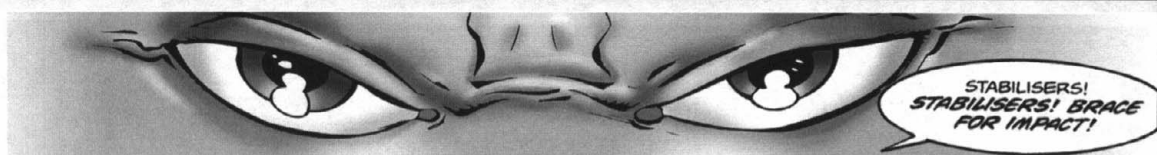


"HNNNGF"



...SUPER-HEATED GEO-
THERMAL ENERGY
PUMPED UP FROM THE
PLANET'S MOLTEN CORE!







DAEMON.

IN THIS NEST OF DAEMONS,
THIS VECTOR II.

AND, BUT FOR THE GRACE OF
THE GOD-EMPEROR, IT WOULD
HAVE KILLED US.





WHAT *WAS* IT?

DAEMON-THING!

THIS
PLACE IS
CURSED!

IT DIDN'T
SHOW ON THE
SENSORS!

CAME OUT OF
NOWHERE!

IS THAT
WHAT GNAWED
IMPERIUS EXCELSIOR
TO DEATH?

ENOUGH.

ENOUGH!

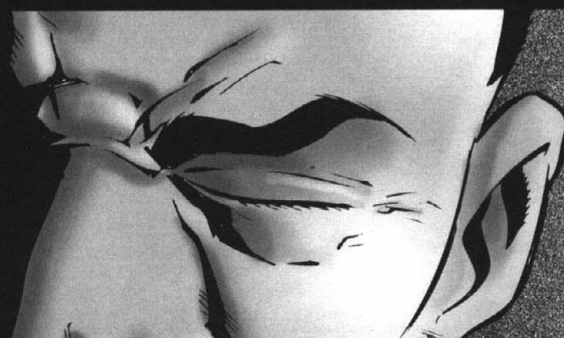


IT *WAS* A
DAEMON. THAT'S
WHY YOU DIDN'T
SEE IT UNTIL IT
WAS *ON* US.

EVEN SO...
BELLADON?
ERADICUS? WHERE
THE *HELL* WERE
YOU?



BY YOUR *SIDE*, HEKATE. YOU
YOURSELF HAD *CHIDED* ME TO WATCH
MY SPREAD OF FIRE WHEN SO *MANY*
BROTHER TITANS WERE MOVING
TOGETHER.



SO I
DID. SO I DID.
MY APOLOGIES,
PRINCEPS
VALLARD.

BROTHERS...
THIS IS INDEED
A *CURSED*
PLACE.



WE THOUGHT
THIS WAS THE SITE
OF AN *ATOMIC*
DETONATION.

IT IS NOT.
IT IS A *WARP-HOLE*.
A *RUPTURE* IN THE
IMMATEREUM.

A NEST OF
DAEMONS.



WE ADVANCE AGAIN.

ONLY AWARE OF
WHAT WE CAN
OURSELVES SEE.
WE CAN'T TRUST
THE SCOPES.



WE KNOW THERE MUST BE *MORE* DAEMON
THINGS OUT HERE. THAT'S WHY WE TITANS WERE
ORDERED FORWARD TO *CLEANSE* THIS PLACE.

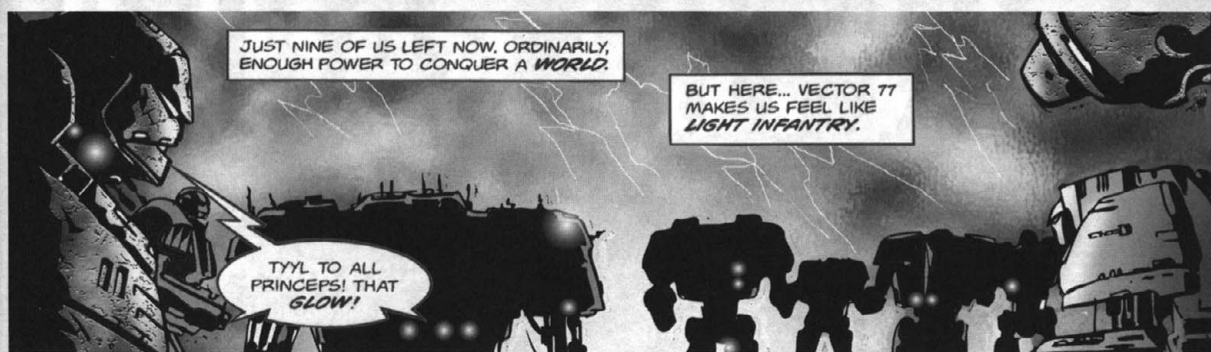
ONLY GOD-MACHINES LIKE
US *DARE* VENTURE HERE.



AND EVEN *THEN*, WE ARE JUST
BRITTLE, *HELPLESS* THINGS
BEFORE THE ABOMINATION.

EEARRRGHHH!

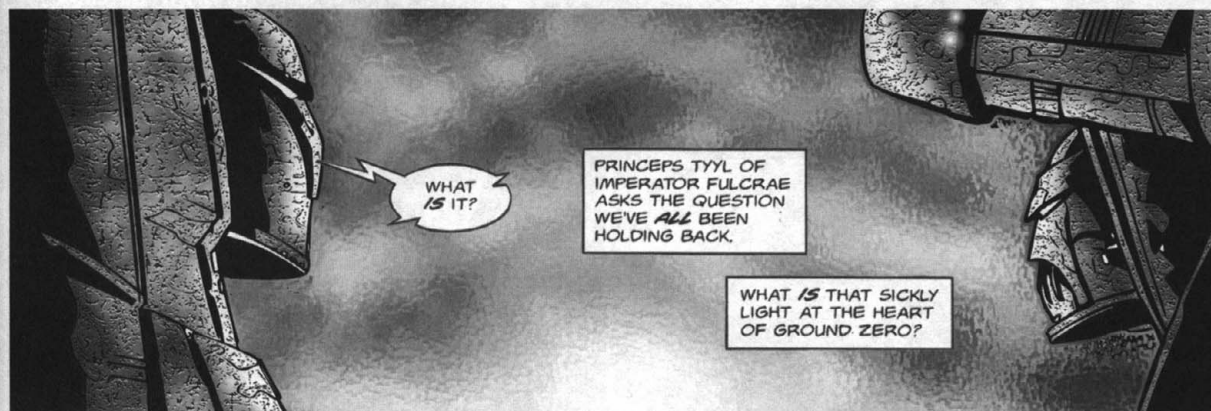




JUST NINE OF US LEFT NOW. ORDINARILY,
ENOUGH POWER TO CONQUER A *WORLD*.

BUT HERE... VECTOR 77
MAKES US FEEL LIKE
LIGHT INFANTRY.

TYYL TO ALL
PRINCEPS! THAT
GLOW!



WHAT
IS IT?

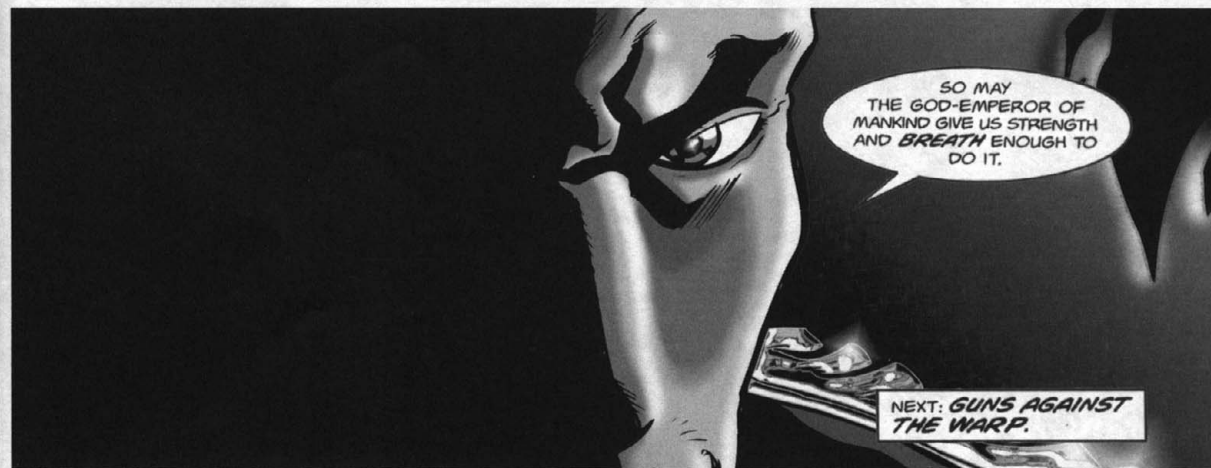
PRINCEPS TYYL OF
IMPERATOR FULCRAE
ASKS THE QUESTION
WE'VE *ALL* BEEN
HOLDING BACK.

WHAT *IS* THAT SICKLY
LIGHT AT THE HEART
OF GROUND ZERO?



IT'S THE
NEST. THE *HEART* OF
IT. THE WARP-HOLE
ITSELF.

THAT'S WHAT
WE'RE HERE TO
DESTROY.



SO MAY
THE GOD-EMPEROR OF
MANKIND GIVE US STRENGTH
AND *BREATH* ENOUGH TO
DO IT.

NEXT: *GUNS AGAINST
THE WARP.*

THE FATE OF MIDDLE-EARTH COULD BE IN YOUR HANDS!

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