

# DIABLO

LORD OF HATRED

## THE LOST & THE DAMNED

쑤 뎀 쑤 쑤 쑤 쑤 쑤 쑤

PAUL TOBIN

CHRISTOPHER MITTEN

**BILZARD**  
ENTERTAINMENT

Chopl



# THE LOST AND THE DAMNED



*As a Warlock, a life of loneliness and isolation is a certainty; and although their mission is selfless, their journey is thankless. This is known and accepted by all who choose the life of a Warlock...but what happens when fate decides to step in and ask you to step outside your comfort zone?*

WRITTEN BY **PAUL TOBIN** ART & COVER BY **CHRISTOPHER MITTEN**

COLORS BY **LAUREN AFFE** LAYOUTS & ART DIRECTION BY **COREY PETERSCHMIDT**

LETTERS BY **ANDWORLD DESIGN** DESIGN BY **LIA RIBACCHI**

BLIZZARD ENTERTAINMENT

SENIOR DIRECTOR, STORY & FRANCHISE DEVELOPMENT **VENECIA DURAN**

SENIOR MANAGER, WRITING & BOOKS **MATTHEW COHAN**

EDITORIAL SUPERVISOR **CHLOE FRABONI** SENIOR EDITOR **MEGAN WALKER**

PRODUCTION **BRIANNE MESSINA, TAKAYUKI SHIMBØ, TRACY WANG**

GAME TEAM CONSULTATION **MATT BURNS, BEN CHANEY, DAVID LOMELI**

LORE CONSULTATION **IAN LANDA-BEAVERS**

SPECIAL THANKS **FERNANDØ FORERØ PINILLA**



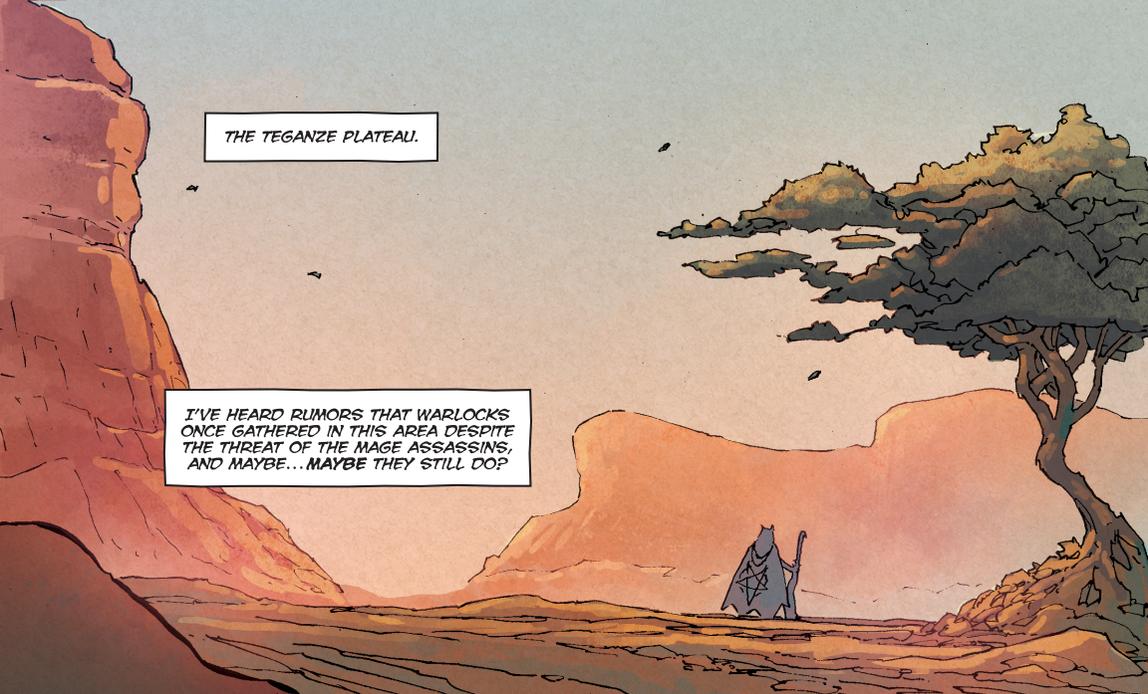
Blizzard.com

© 2026 Blizzard Entertainment, Inc. Blizzard and the Blizzard Entertainment logo are trademarks or registered trademarks of Blizzard Entertainment, Inc. in the U.S. or other countries.

Published by Blizzard Entertainment.

This comic is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are either products of the author's or artist's imagination or are used fictitiously, and any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, business establishments, events, or locales is entirely coincidental.

Blizzard Entertainment does not have any control over and does not assume any responsibility for author or third-party websites or their content.



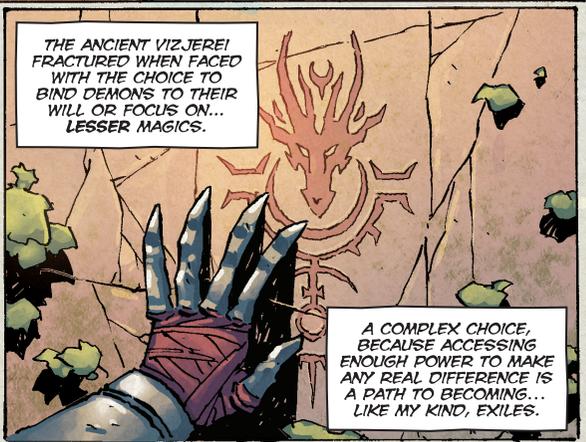
THE TEGANZE PLATEAU.

I'VE HEARD RUMORS THAT WARLOCKS ONCE GATHERED IN THIS AREA DESPITE THE THREAT OF THE MAGE ASSASSINS, AND MAYBE...MAYBE THEY STILL DO?



BYGONE, PARTIALLY FALLEN AND DECREPIT...

...BUT THAT DRAGON IS A SYMBOL OF THE ANCIENT VIZJEREI, SO MAYBE THERE IS SOMETHING OF VALUE INSIDE.



THE ANCIENT VIZJEREI FRACTURED WHEN FACED WITH THE CHOICE TO BIND DEMONS TO THEIR WILL OR FOCUS ON... LESSER MAGICS.

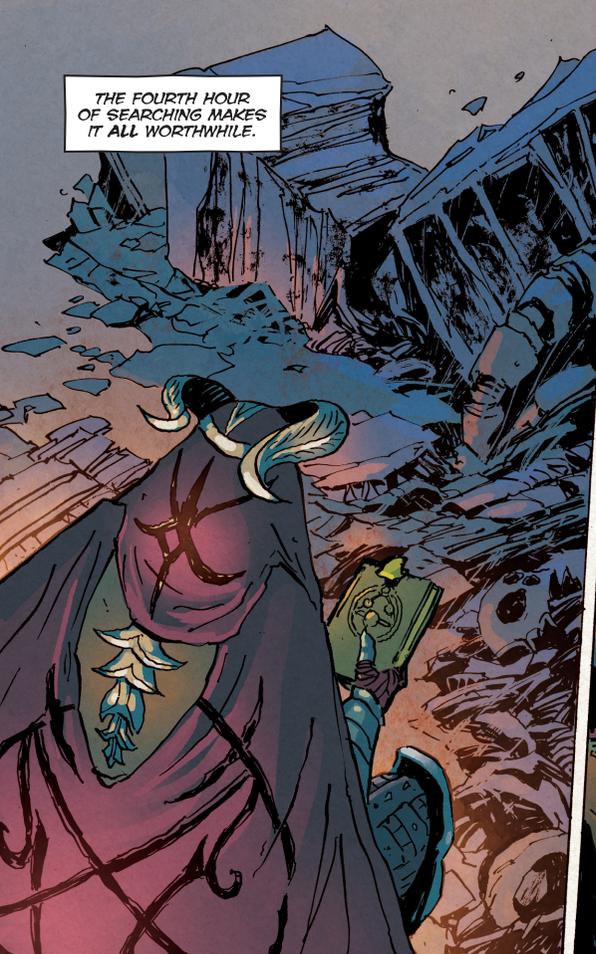
A COMPLEX CHOICE, BECAUSE ACCESSING ENOUGH POWER TO MAKE ANY REAL DIFFERENCE IS A PATH TO BECOMING... LIKE MY KIND, EXILES.



MY FIRST THREE HOURS OF SEARCHING DON'T BRING ME ANYTHING BUT SORE MUSCLES, A LUNGFUL OF ANCIENT DUST, AND SOME NEW VARIETIES OF BUGS NESTING IN MY CLOTHES AND HAIR.

THE FOURTH HOUR  
OF SEARCHING MAKES  
IT ALL WORTHWHILE.

WRITTEN IN THE USUAL MIX OF INK,  
BONE ASH, AND CRUSHED BEETLE  
SHELLS. HMM, SURPRISINGLY SUPPLE  
PARCHMENT DESPITE THE AGE. TRACES  
OF IRIDESCENCE. PRESSED SKIN?



THE PAGES WHISPER. AT  
LEAST THEY DO TO MY EARS.  
SOMETIMES THEY EVEN SCREAM.

AHH!  
**NO!**  
AAAAA!

NO. IT'S  
NOT THE PAGES  
SCREAMING.

**NO!**  
**NOO! NOOO!**  
PLEASE! AHHH!

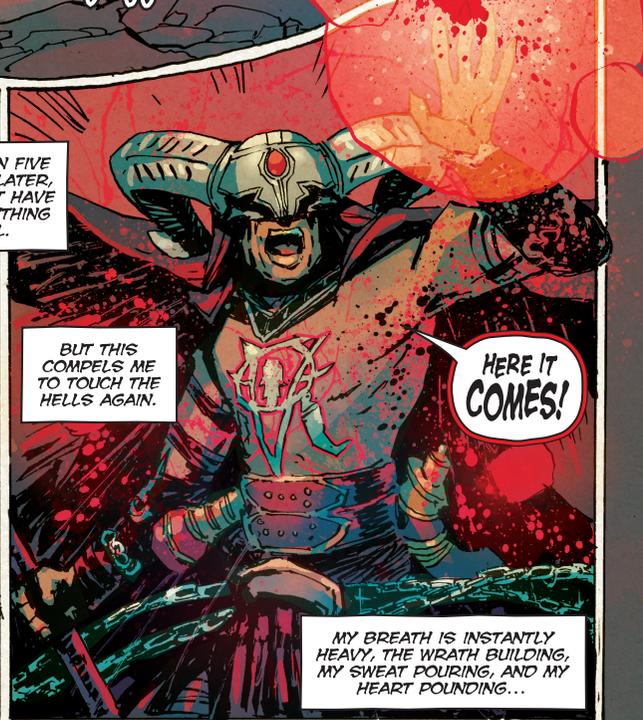




I'VE LOST COUNT OF HOW MANY TIMES I'VE COME UPON A SCENE LIKE THIS.



IF I'D BEEN THIRTY SECONDS EARLIER, I'D HAVE A LOT MORE TO DO.



IF I'D BEEN FIVE SECONDS LATER, I WOULDN'T HAVE TO DO ANYTHING AT ALL.

BUT THIS COMPELS ME TO TOUCH THE HELLS AGAIN.

HERE IT COMES!

MY BREATH IS INSTANTLY HEAVY, THE WRATH BUILDING, MY SWEAT POURING, AND MY HEART POUNDING...

NOW YOU  
LACUNI CAN  
SCREAM,  
TOO!

QUICKEST WAY  
TO PROTECT THE  
GIRL IS TO PUT A  
BOOT ON HER.

KEEP  
DOWN FOR  
A MOMENT,  
CHILD.

THE HELLS, BOTH ITS  
CREATURES AND ITS  
FIRES, ARE STRONG,  
VIOLENT, ENRAGED.

I MUST BEND THEM TO MY  
WILL, STAYING AS STRONG  
AS THIS HARD-PACKED  
DIRT, AS RESOLUTE AS  
THE VIZJEREI STRUCTURE...  
STILL STANDING, ETERNAL.



THE LACUNI DIE QUICKLY. THE HELLS ARE NEVER PATIENT.

NOW COMES THE HARD PART--

TALKING TO A CHILD.

UH, SORRY FOR STEPPING... ON YOU.

S'KAY.



WELL...  
GOOD LUCK,  
KID.



TUGG



??

I NEED  
YOU TO TAKE  
ME HOME.

WHAT  
IF MORE  
MONSTERS  
COME?

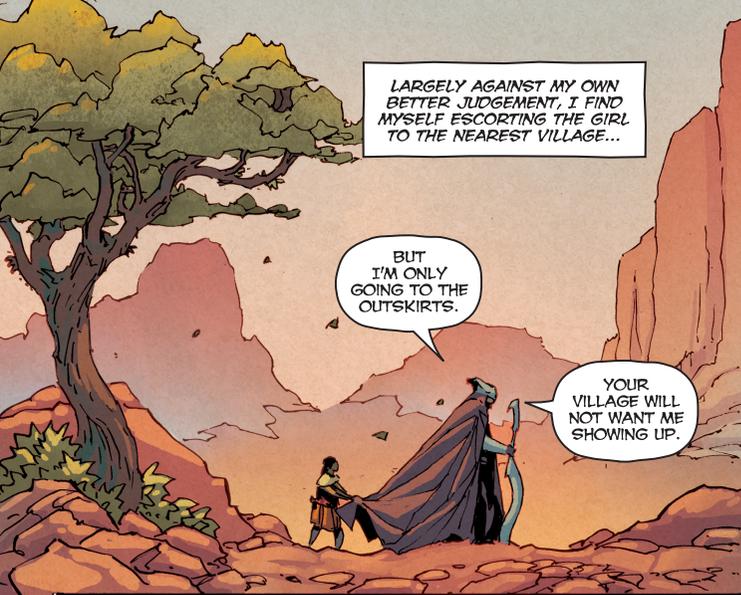


HMM.



YOU'RE  
RIGHT.

IF ANOTHER  
MONSTER SHOWED  
UP, YOU'D BE RIPPED  
TO SHREDS LIKE  
THOSE PEOPLE YOU  
WERE WITH.



LARGELY AGAINST MY OWN BETTER JUDGEMENT, I FIND MYSELF ESCORTING THE GIRL TO THE NEAREST VILLAGE...

BUT I'M ONLY GOING TO THE OUTSKIRTS.

YOUR VILLAGE WILL NOT WANT ME SHOWING UP.



DURING THE JOURNEY I DISCOVER THAT CHILDREN HAVE...QUESTIONS.

UMM. I WAS WONDERING.



WHERE ARE YOU FROM?

WHAT DO YOU DO?

WHERE'RE YOU GOING?



WHAT IS THAT BOOK?

DO YOU HAVE A DOG?

IF YOU DO HAVE A DOG CAN I PET HIM?

DO YOU HAVE A HOME?

IS IT NICE?



NO DOG.

NO HOME.



WHAT WERE THOSE THINGS THAT HELPED YOU? WERE THEY YOUR PETS? DO THEY HAVE NAMES?

WHY DO YOUR CLOTHES SMELL LIKE THAT?

CAN I RIDE ON YOUR SHOULDERS?



IT'S OVERWHELMING, BUT AMUSING, TOO. I CERTAINLY UNDERSTAND THE QUEST FOR KNOWLEDGE.

ARE YOU ALWAYS SO-- LOUD?



AT THE EDGE OF THE VILLAGE, SHE GOES QUIET. THERE'S A GATE THAT IS OPEN, BUT THE MEN ARE WARY OF ME, AND DON'T STEP ASIDE.

I THANK YOU FOR GOING OUT OF YOUR WAY TO DELIVER CREVI BACK TO THE VILLAGE, BUT...

...THE OTHERS?



NO. SORRY BUT I COULDN'T... SAVE ANYONE ELSE...

OH. ALL OF THE...? WELL, YOU DID WHAT COULD BE DONE, I SUPPOSE, AND WE'RE GRATEFUL FOR--

THE MISTER HAD FIRE AND THERE WAS, THESE THINGS! THESE THINGS! BUT HE SAID TO HEED HIS VOICE, AND THEY DID!



WHAT'S THAT, GIRL?

I WAS ALONE. CHILDREN SEE STRANGE THINGS WHEN THEY'RE TERRIFIED. MAKE UP STORIES.

NHNN. THAT'S TRUTH, THERE. LISTEN, UH, MISTER? YOU HUNGRY? I SUPPOSE WE COULD UH--



FOOD WOULD BE NICE. BUT, I COULDN'T POSSIBLY ACCEPT... BECAUSE IT'S TIME TO LEAVE.

CREVI!

AH! NWARY!



IT'S ALWAYS TIME TO LEAVE.

THUMP



THAT...BOOK?  
GET AWAY!

HE'S  
DEMONIC  
HIMSELF!

YOU  
GET AWAY  
FROM HERE!  
YOU GET  
AWAY!

HE'S TURNED HIS  
BACK ON HUMANITY  
FOR HIS FOUL  
MASTERS!

THAT MAN  
IS DEMON  
KINDRED!

STINKS OF  
BLOOD!

HE'LL BRING  
RUIN TO THE  
VILLAGE!

GET  
OUT!



**CURSED!**

**CURSED!**

**CURSED!**

**CURSED!**

**CURSED!**

**CURSED!**



HUH?  
WAIT--

YOU SHUSH.  
THAT IS AN  
EVIL MAN.



I CAN'T  
REALLY BLAME  
THEM FOR NOT  
KNOWING THE  
DIFFERENCE  
BETWEEN  
CONTROLLING  
DEMONS AND  
SERVING ONE.

IT'S THE HARDEST LINE FOR  
ME TO WALK. DAY AFTER  
DAY. HOUR AFTER HOUR.  
RIGHT NOW, FOR INSTANCE,  
I CAN FEEL THE STRUGGLE.

IT WOULD BE NICE, I SUPPOSE, IF SOME OF THESE PEOPLE TRUSTED MY ACTIONS, OR WERE EVEN THE SLIGHTEST BIT GRATEFUL WHENEVER THEY NEED MY HELP.

I DON'T KNOW WHAT I WAS LOOKING FOR WHEN I CAME OUT HERE. COMPANIONSHIP, MAYBE.



BUT INSTEAD, ALL I DID WAS WALK A DAMNED LONG WAY.

