

## SANCTUARY NIGHTMARES: 6. BLOOD FOR THE REVENANT

A NEW DAY...A NEW CORPSE.

THAT IS HOW THIS VILLAGE MARKS THE TIME.

EVERY MORNING AT THE VILLAGE GATES WITHOUT FAIL, ANOTHER BODY...DRIED UP AS IF DRAINED OF BLOOD.

TERROR GROWS WITH EACH PASSING DAY...

AS THE VILLAGE'S NUMBERS DWINDLE.

THE CORPSES ARE ALWAYS THE SAME: SHRIVELED AND TWISTED, WRUNG DRY BY SOME UNSEEN PREDATOR.

ONLY FAMILY CAN IDENTIFY THE BODIES.

EVERYONE FEARS FINDING THEIR OWN LOVED ONE LIKE THIS...OR THEMSELVES BECOMING THE CORPSE AT THE GATE.

BUT TODAY...

...THE VILLAGERS ARE STRUCK WITH A FEAR LIKE NEVER BEFORE.

NO SHRIVELED CORPSES ARE FOUND THIS DAY...

...BUT FIVE CHILDREN HAVE VANISHED OVERNIGHT.

IT IS AT THIS MOMENT A BRAVE SOUL COMES FORWARD!

I WILL SEARCH FOR THE CHILDREN.

HE IS AN ADVENTURER, NEWLY ARRIVED TO THEIR VILLAGE.

HE SPEAKS WITH CONFIDENCE, CLAIMING HE WILL BRING THE CHILDREN HOME.

A GREAT WARRIOR.

A RIGHTEOUS HERO WHO EXPECTS NOTHING IN RETURN FOR HIS EFFORTS.

TWO NIGHTS NOW...

...SINCE THE ADVENTURER LEFT.

WHEN HE RETURNS...

...HE IS NO LONGER THE CONFIDENT CHAMPION THEY MET.

HE IS PALE, RUN THROUGH BY A MASSIVE SWORD.

FACING IMMINENT DEATH...

...HE BEGINS TO SPEAK.

IN MY SEARCH... FOR THE CHILDREN...

...I ENCOUNTERED A REVENANT.

A REVENANT.

THE DRAINED CORPSES AT THE GATE AT LAST MAKE SENSE.

THE REVENANT, A VAMPIRIC MONSTER CLAD IN ARMOR, WIELDING AN ENORMOUS BLADE.

THE SWORD DRAWS OUT THE BLOOD OF THOSE IT VANQUISHES, EMPOWERING BOTH THE WEAPON AND ITS WIELDER.

BY THE TIME THE WARRIOR FOUND THE REVENANT, THE CHILDREN WERE ALREADY DEAD.

IN HIS RAGE TO AVENGE THEM, THE WARRIOR LEAPT UPON THE MONSTER.

THOUGH HE SUCCEEDED IN HIS EFFORTS...

...HIS HASTE HAD LEFT HIM IN THIS SORRY STATE.

A VILLAGE ELDER STEPS OUT FROM THE CROWD.

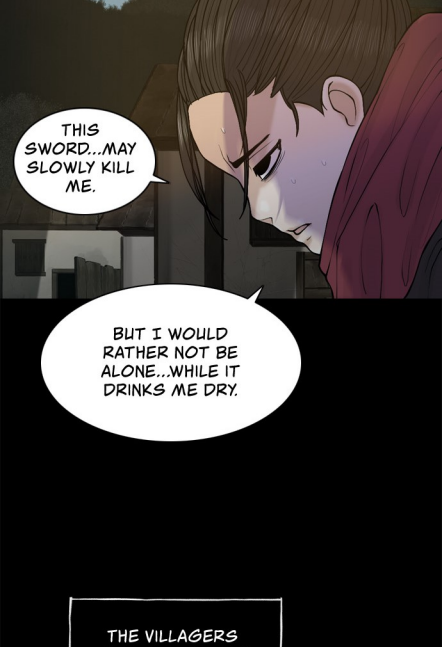
IF WE REMOVE THE SWORD, YOU WILL BLEED TO DEATH.

IF WE LEAVE THE SWORD, IT WILL SLOWLY CONSUME YOUR BLOOD UNTIL YOU DIE.

THE ADVENTURER NODS GRAVELY.

I KNOW.





THIS SWORD...MAY SLOWLY KILL ME.

BUT I WOULD RATHER NOT BE ALONE...WHILE IT DRINKS ME DRY.

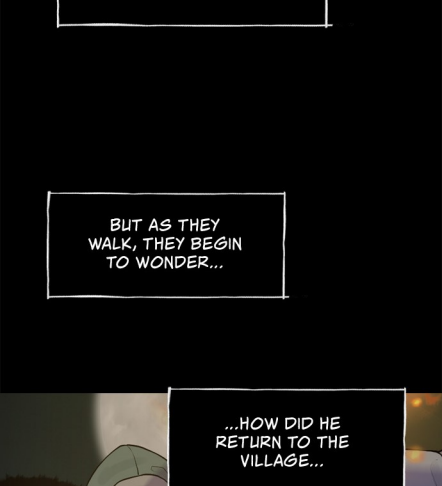
THE VILLAGERS TAKE PITY ON THE WARRIOR.

"WITH HIS DEATH, HE'S SAVED US."



THEY CAN AT LEAST COMFORT HIM IN HIS FINAL MOMENTS.

AT DAWN, THOSE STRONG ENOUGH FORM A SEARCH PARTY.



INSPIRED BY THE WARRIOR, THEY VOW TO RETRIEVE THE BODIES OF THE LOST CHILDREN.

THE ROAD IS PERILOUS, YET THEY DO NOT FALTER.



THE WARRIOR WALKED THIS SAME PATH...

...ALL FOR THE SAKE OF THEIR VILLAGE.

BUT AS THEY WALK, THEY BEGIN TO WONDER...

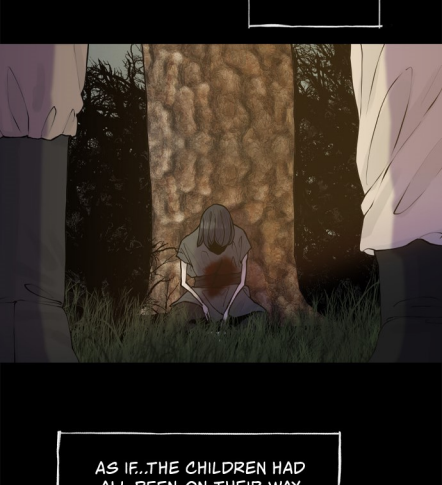
...HOW DID HE RETURN TO THE VILLAGE...



...WITH HIS BODY SO WEAK...AND THE REVENANT'S BLADE SUCKING HIM DRY?

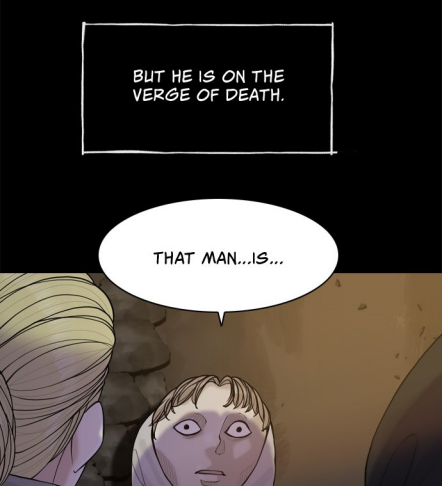
THERE WAS NO WAY HE COULD SURVIVE SUCH A JOURNEY.

AS THEY PONDER THIS QUESTION...



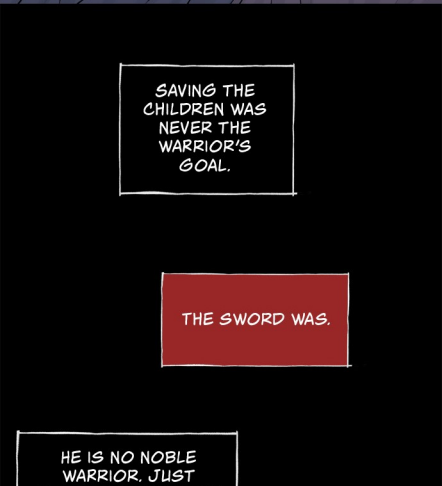
A CHILD!

IT'S A CHILD'S BODY!



...THEY FIND ONE OF THE CHILDREN. DEAD.

COLD, WITHERED, ALONE ALONG THE ROAD LEADING TO THE VILLAGE.



THE BODY SKEWERED BY A SWORD, JUST LIKE THE WARRIOR HAD BEEN.

A SHRIVELED CORPSE, LIKE THE BODIES AT THE GATE.

HOW STRANGE...

...HE SAID ALL FIVE CHILDREN WERE KILLED BY THE REVENANT.



SO WHY IS THERE ONLY A SINGLE BODY?

WHERE ARE THE OTHERS?



THE PARTY DIGS A MAKESHIFT GRAVE FOR THE CHILD, THEN CONTINUES ON THEIR JOURNEY.



THEY STILL HAVE FOUR CHILDREN TO RECOVER.



THE CLOSER THEY GET TO THE REVENANT'S LAIR...



...THE MORE BODIES APPEAR.



ONE BY ONE.

SCATTERED HERE AND THERE.



AS IF...THE CHILDREN HAD ALL BEEN ON THEIR WAY BACK TO THE VILLAGE.



AFTER BURYING FOUR CHILDREN...

...THEY COME UPON THE LAST CHILD.



HELP...ME...

HELP...



THIS CHILD IS STILL BREATHING!

BUT HE IS ON THE VERGE OF DEATH.



THAT MAN...IS...



WITH HIS DYING BREATH, THE CHILD WARNS THE VILLAGERS.

THEY RUSH THROUGH THE WOOD, DOWN THE ROAD, TOWARD THE VILLAGE GATE.



SAVING THE CHILDREN WAS NEVER THE WARRIOR'S GOAL.

THE SWORD WAS.



HE IS NO NOBLE WARRIOR, JUST ANOTHER ADVENTURER LOOKING TO ARM HIMSELF WITH SOMETHING SPECIAL.

HE OVERHEARD THE VILLAGE'S PROBLEM...



...AND REALIZED THE DRAINED BODIES WERE THE WORK OF A REVENANT.

HE WAS ONLY EVER AFTER THE MONSTER'S SWORD.

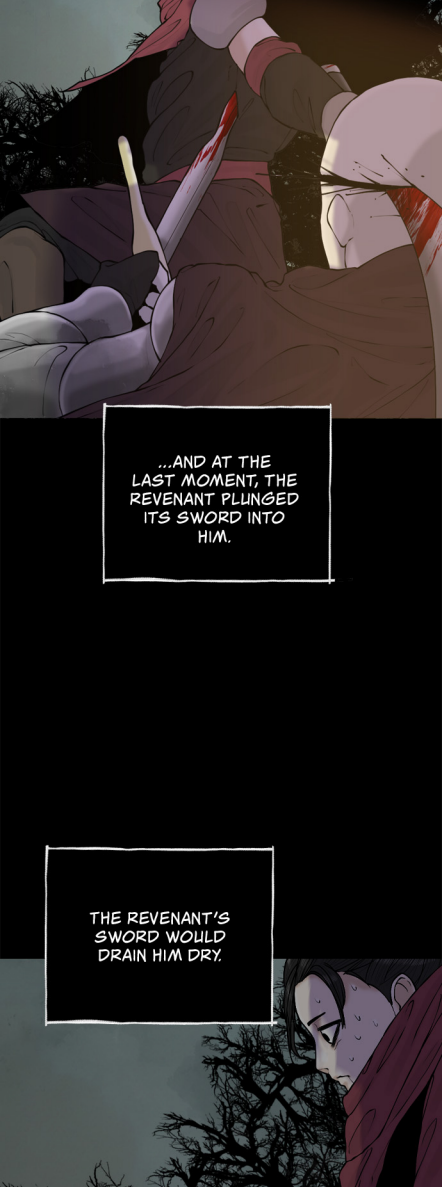


HE HAD BEEN SO CLOSE TO BOTH CLAIMING HIS PRIZE AND SAVING THE VILLAGE.

EXCEPT...



THE REVENANT  
HAD DRAINED SO  
MUCH BLOOD FROM THE  
VILLAGERS. IT WAS FAR  
STRONGER THAN HE'D  
EXPECTED...



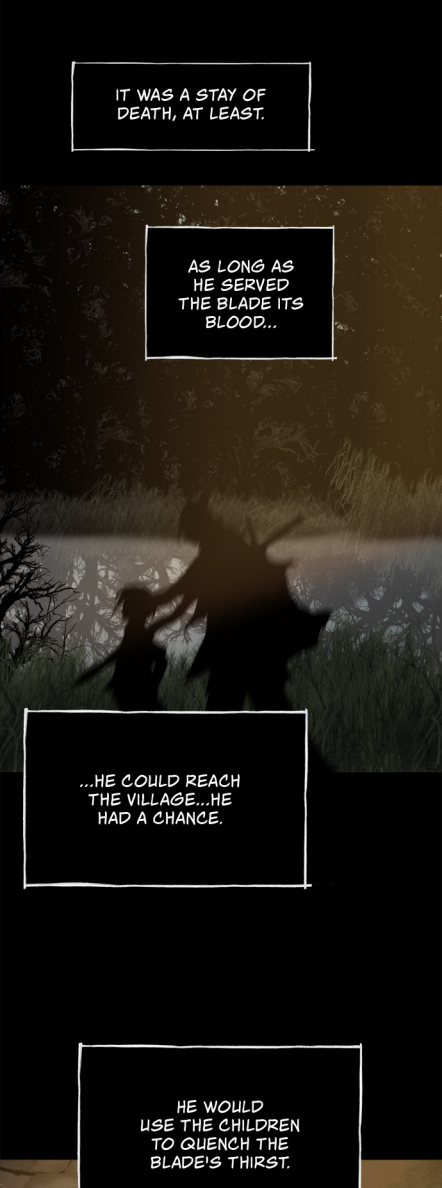
...AND AT THE  
LAST MOMENT, THE  
REVENANT PLUNGED  
ITS SWORD INTO  
HIM.

THE REVENANT'S  
SWORD WOULD  
DRAIN HIM DRY.

BUT HE THOUGHT  
TO HIMSELF...

WHAT IF I LET IT  
FEED ON THE BLOOD  
OF OTHERS?

THE CHILDREN...



...AND THE  
VILLAGE.

IT WAS A STAY OF  
DEATH, AT LEAST.

AS LONG AS  
HE SERVED  
THE BLADE ITS  
BLOOD...

...HE COULD REACH  
THE VILLAGE...HE  
HAD A CHANCE.

HE WOULD  
USE THE CHILDREN  
TO QUENCH THE  
BLADE'S THIRST.



THIS WOULD  
KEEP THE  
ADVENTURER  
ALIVE.

THE BLOOD OF  
FIVE CHILDREN...



...WAS CERTAINLY  
ENOUGH FOR THE  
JOURNEY BACK.

THEY HAVE NO  
TIME TO WASTE.



THE STRONGEST  
AMONG THEM  
HAD JOINED THE  
SEARCH PARTY.

ONLY THE  
VULNERABLE...

...THE CHILDREN, THE  
ELDERLY, AND THE  
SICK REMAINED IN  
THE VILLAGE.

THEY HAD MADE  
IT SO EASY.



THE WARRIOR...NO,  
THE SWORD, HAD  
A FEAST LAID  
BEFORE IT.

THE WARRIOR  
HAS CEASED  
TO BE.



THE MONSTER  
STANDING BEFORE  
THEM...IS A  
REVENANT.