

BLIZZARD
ENTERTAINMENT

DIABLO

IMMORTAL

TREAD HEAVY

RYAN QUINN

ALAN QUAH



TREAD HEAVY

DIABLO
IMMORTAL

In the Sharval Wilds, an eldritch evil rots at the heart of the First Forest. The fey sow ruin and molder wherever they go, consuming oak and creature and child alike. But where nature cries out its defiance, a druid must answer.

WRITTEN BY **RYAN QUINN** ART BY **ALAN QUAH**

COLORS BY **KØMIKAKI STUDIØS** LAYOUTS BY **CØREY PETERSCHMIDT**

LETTERS BY **ANDWØRLD DESIGN** COVER BY **ALAN QUAH**

BLIZZARD ENTERTAINMENT

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

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

EDITORIAL SUPERVISOR **CHLØE FRABØNI** SENIOR BRAND ARTIST **CØREY PETERSCHMIDT**

PRODUCTION **BRIANNE MESSINA, TAKAYUKI SHIMBØ, VALERIE STØNE,**

LAURA WØØDWARD GAME TEAM CONSULTATION **DAVID LØMELI, RYAN QUINN,**

EMIL SALIM, SHANNØN WILLIAMS LORE CONSULTATION **IAN LANDA-BEAVERS**



© 2025 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.

**SHARVAL WANTS
WHAT'S BEST FOR
HER CHILDREN.**



**DAMN
THISTLES ARE
GONNA BE
EVERYWHERE
SOON.**

**YOU JUST
NEED TO DIG
OUT THE ROOTS.
LET ME SHOW
YOU.**



**HERE, IN THE
SHADOW OF THE
FIRST FOREST...**

**BERTOLT!
GOT ANYTHING
WARM FOR THE
WINTER?**

**...PEOPLE TREAD
LIGHTLY, TAKE WHAT
THEY NEED, AND
NOTHING ELSE.**

**MAYBE,
MAYBE. DEPENDS
ON WHAT YOU MEAN
BY WARM.**



**IF ONLY THERE
WERE MORE
FOLK LIKE THEM...**

HOW?

HOW COULD
SHARVAL LET
THIS HAPPEN?

THEY
LIVED THE
RIGHT WAY.

THE TOWN WAS
FAR FROM THE
DEEP WOODS...IT
DIDN'T MATTER.

FEY.

THE ROTTEN
CHILDREN OF
THE FOREST.

RARARAR



ENTSTEIG FOLK
LEAVE FOOTPRINTS
AND STUMPS
EVERYWHERE.

THEY'RE
GONE, SAME
AS THE
VILLAGE.

FEY'LL TAKE
ANYTHING,
**FRIEND OR
FOE.** THEY
DON'T CARE
HOW YOU LIVE.



"WE'RE THE ONLY ONES
WHO CAN TEND TO SHARVAL.
THE ONLY ONES WHO CAN
CHECK HER DARKNESS."

THAT'S WHAT
IFEH SAID
WHEN SHE
BROUGHT
THE DRUIDS
HERE.



I THINK
WE'RE
FAILING.

WILDS...
NEED...NO
STEWARD

WE...
GROW...OR
DIE.



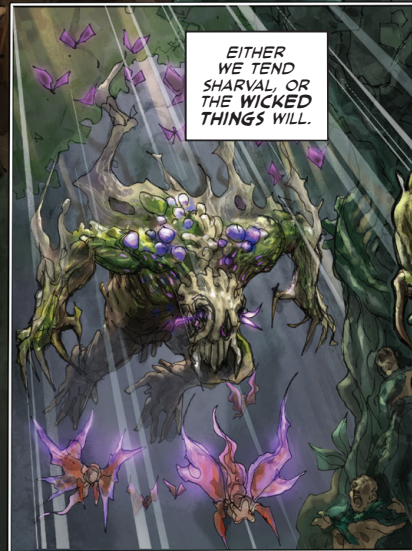
MAYBE
WE FAILED
LONG AGO.



NO.



I HAVE TO BELIEVE
THERE'S SOMETHING
LEFT TO SAVE.



EITHER
WE TEND
SHARVAL, OR
THE WICKED
THINGS WILL.



RRRRRP

IS THIS WHAT YOU
WANT, SHARVAL?

THIS
HORROR?

SHHRRRKK

ARRROO

CAN'T YOU
SEE YOUR OWN
SUFFERING?



OR...



...ARE THEY
COVERING
YOUR EYES?





FWIP

FWIP

FWIP

FWIP

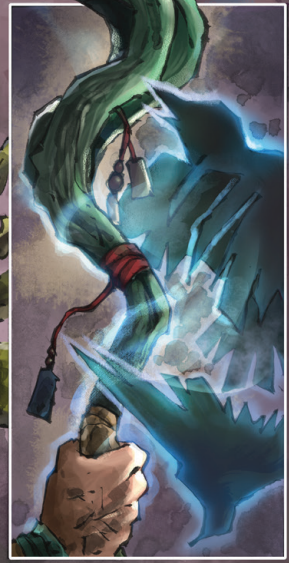
FWIP
FWIP
FWIP

FWIP

FWIP

SPEAK TO
ME, SHARVAL.

PLEASE.



IF YOU DON'T
WANT US TO
TREAD LIGHTLY...



SAY
SO.

SCREEEE

SHARVAL CAN'T
TELL US HOW
TO LIVE.



NOT WITH
WORDS.

BUT SHE
SHOWS US
WHAT SHE
NEEDS.



IT'S TIME
I LISTENED
CLOSER.





GOT
FURS TO
SHARE IF
YOU'RE
NOT.



SHARVAL DOES
WANT WHAT'S
BEST FOR HER
CHILDREN.



ALL OF
THEM.