BLACKHAND

WRITER
ROBERT BROOKS

ARTIST
ALEX HORLEY

LETTERER
CLEM ROBINS

ART DIRECTOR
DOUG ALEXANDER
SPECIAL THANKS, GLENN RANE

EDITOR
MICKY NEILSON & CATE GARY

COVER
ALEX HORLEY

GRAPHIC DESIGNER
MARCO SIPRIASO

CREATIVE DIRECTION
CHRIS METZEN & ALEX AFRASIABI

LORE
SEAN COPELAND

DIRECTOR OF STORY DEVELOPMENT
JAMES WAUGH

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Outnumbered, surrounded.

Our few remaining weapons are battered and worthless.

Yet they'll wait till morning to finish us off, fools.

Ogres are slow risers; they will be most vulnerable just before dawn.

But their numbers are too great. No matter how swiftly we strike...

...we simply do not have enough to win.

Death, there are worse fates.

We can die slowly in the caves or die quickly on the attack. Our only choice.

Unless...

Chiefain, I found Orgrim.
WHERE IS HE?
WHERE YOU SUSPECTED. THE POOL.
SHOULD I BRING HIM TO YOU?

NO.
HE'S EXACTLY WHERE I WANT HIM.

WHEN DEATH IS NEAR, IT IS NATURAL FOR THOUGHTS TO TURN TOWARD OUR GREATEST REGRETS, AND YOUNG ORGRIM'S THOUGHTS BROUGHT HIM HERE.

INTERESTING.

SO, IT REALLY IS HERE.

HOW LONG HAVE YOU KNOWN?

KNOWN? NOT UNTIL NOW. SUSPECTED? YEARS.

HUN. SHOULD'VE GUESSED.

THIS IS WHERE THE DOOMHAMMER WAS MADE. YES?

YES, IN THIS POOL. THE ELEMENTS HAVE TAKEN IT BACK.

WHY?

PRIDE. FEAR.
"The Doomhammer is not an ordinary weapon. You know this."

"It has a destiny beyond me, beyond my family."

"But before it will pass to others, it is said that the last of my line to carry it will doom his people."

"That prophecy haunted me. What if it speaks of me?"

"I thought of you, Chieftain. Of your example."

"Others think you're lucky. I know better. No matter how outnumbered we are, how hopeless the situation... you always succeed. Always. You find the enemy's weakness."

"I thought I had found a weakness, so I brought the Doomhammer here, where its destiny was made."

"You hoped to unmake its destiny, and keep its power."

"Yes, but the elements were... displeased... with my actions. So they took it back."
A shaman told me I will never be allowed to reclaim it from this pool. Punishment for my pride.

It seems plenty of others have tried.

I didn't ask them to. I told no one else about this.

Young Orgroin came back from the foundry without the Doomhammer. The legends speak of this pool. The rest wasn't hard to guess.

If I'd had the Doomhammer during the orcs' first attack, I could have crushed their flank. We wouldn't be facing death but for my pride.

I would gladly die to retrieve it if I thought it would help, but even the Doomhammer cannot save us now. I'd prefer to die tomorrow with the rest of my clan.

You're wrong.

Are you saying...?

Ask me to try to reclaim it. And I will. I owe you that much.

Do nothing, Orgroin.

I will reclaim the Doomhammer.

What?!
Lead the clan, dream, attack before dawn. Strike into the ogres' heart. Break them.

No!

The doomhammer is the clan's only chance tonight. My survival is irrelevant.

I have no dreams of glory in my heart. No pride. Not tonight.

It has to be enough.

Hssssss

Death, there are worse fates.

Argh!!

You, you are not like the others.

Who...? I don't understand. There's no more pain.

The others came for pride, glory.

How can I hear you? I am no shaman.

You seek the doomhammer. But expect to die.

I seek the salvation of my clan. Nothing more.
The Doomhammer’s legacy does not belong to you. You are not worthy.

I know.

Chief... You did it. It’s done.

No. Not yet.

“We must first rally the others. They must know we will win.”

“The elemental spirits have granted me knowledge. They will allow me to use your family’s legacy to craft weapons this night.”

Khoom khoom

“The Doomhammer will arm us all.”
"And before our enemies wake..."

"We will strike..."

Rumble-Rumble

And we will destroy them!

YAAAAAAAAAA

Lok-tar ogar!

For the Blackrocks!

Horley
VICTORY FOR THE BLACKROCKS. VICTORY FOR BLACKHAND!

BLA verschandel! LOK-TAR OGHAR!

A NEW DAY. A NEW NAME.

THERE ARE WORSE FATES.

CHIEFTAIN... BLACKHAND...

THE PROPHECY. ONCE THE DOOMHAMMER BRINGS DOOM TO ITS BEARER'S PEOPLE, IT WILL PASS TO ANOTHER.

IT'S YOURS NOW.

THEY SAID THIS WAS NOT THE DAY OF PROPHECY. PERHAPS THE BURDEN WILL FALL TO ONE OF YOUR DESCENDANTS, ORGHIM, OR PERHAPS NOT.

NO. ONE BATTLE WITH THE DOOMHAMMER. THAT IS ALL THE SPIRITS PERMITTED OF ME.

BUT THE DOOMHAMMER IS STILL YOUR LEGACY...

I HAVE MY OWN.