

BLIZZARD
ENTERTAINMENT

WORLD
WARCRAFT
MIDNIGHT

SINGULARITY



ROBERT BROOKS

JOSEPH LACROIX



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Arator Windrunner ventures into the depths of the Void with the aid of his mentor Umbric, hoping to uncover clues to his missing parents' fate. But as reality twists and the dark whispers begin to prey on his mind and his fears, he must learn to confront the Void without losing himself to it.

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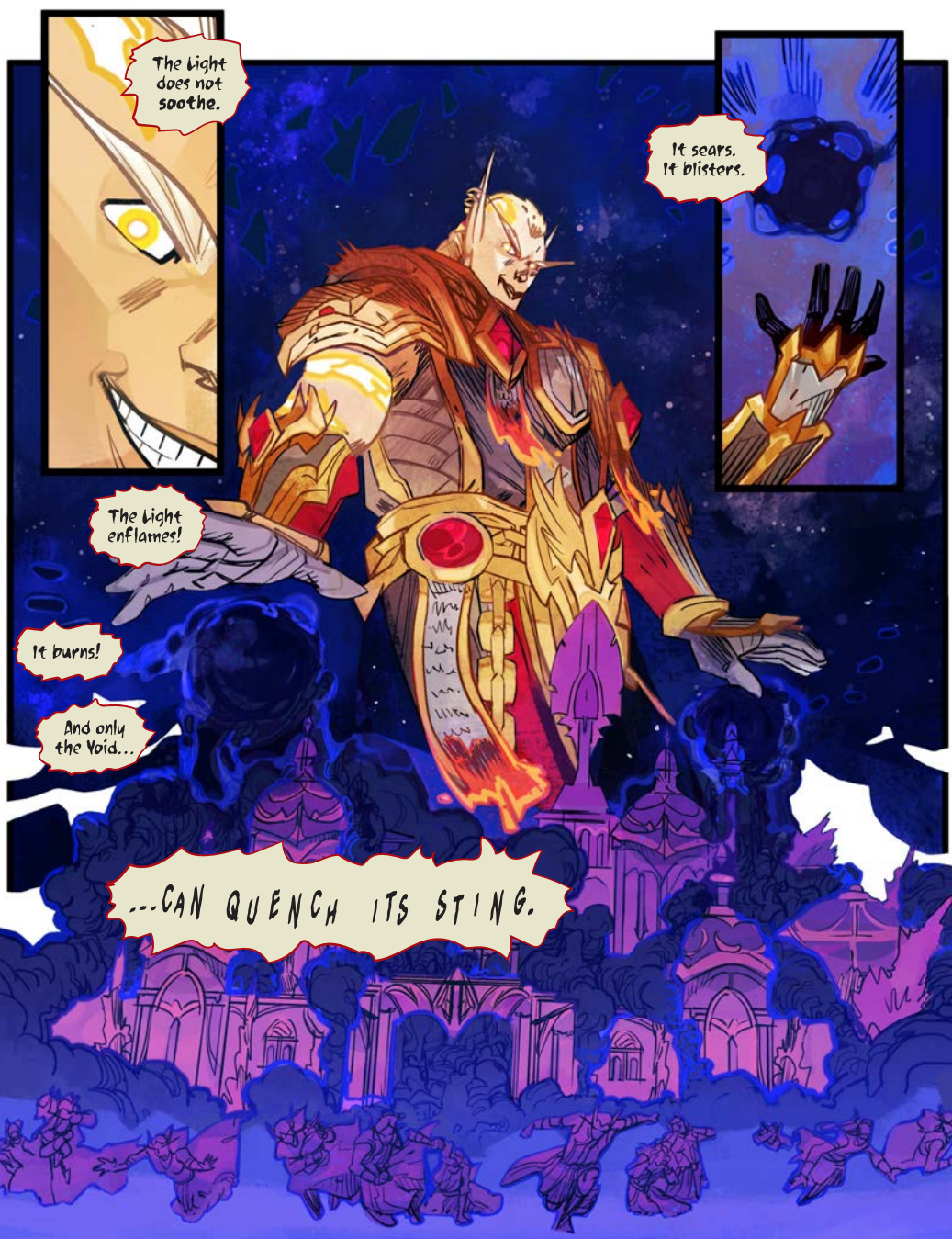
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The light
does not
soothe.

It sears.
It blisters.

The light
enflames!

It burns!

And only
the Void...

...CAN QUENCH ITS STING.

ENOUGH.

BEGONE.

WINDRUNNER VILLAGE.

THE VOID'S TOUCH
LINGERS. STAINS MY
THOUGHTS AND
DREAMS.

BAL'A DASH,
ARATOR.

A SMALL PRICE, IF IT
LEADS ME TO MOTHER
AND FATHER.

AT LEAST
IT'S EASY TO
IGNORE.

I WASN'T
SURE YOU
WOULD
COME.

THIS *IS* THE
PATH TO FIND
MY PARENTS,
YES?

LEARNING TO
FACE THE VOID
AND NOT JUST
AVERT IT?

THIS IS A
WASTE OF
TIME.

I'M WORRIED,
ARATOR. YOUR PALADIN
TRAINING TAUGHT YOU
TO LIVE BY *ONE*
TRUTH.

THE VOID
WILL MAKE YOU
EXPERIENCE
MANY.

SO I'VE
HEARD.

COMING?
OR SHOULD I
EXPERIENCE IT
ALONE?

VERY
WELL.

WE'LL GO TO
THE RIFT'S EDGES.
WHERE WE'LL BE
NOTICED...BUT NOT
AMBUSHED.

TELOGRUS RIFT, THE VOID.

MOTHER AND
FATHER WON'T BE
HERE.

SO...SPARRING
WITH THE ENEMY,
THEN?



YOU MUST
STOP THINKING
OF THE VOID AS
YOUR ENEMY. ELSE
IT WILL SWALLOW
YOU WHOLE.

UNDERSTAND IT.
ENDURE IT.

SURRENDER
TO IT.



SO, I'M JUST SUPPOSED
TO BELIEVE THE VOID'S
LIES? IS THAT NOT
DANGEROUS?



OF
COURSE.

LISTENING TO IT...
FIGHTING IT...

...BOTH CARRY
DANGER.



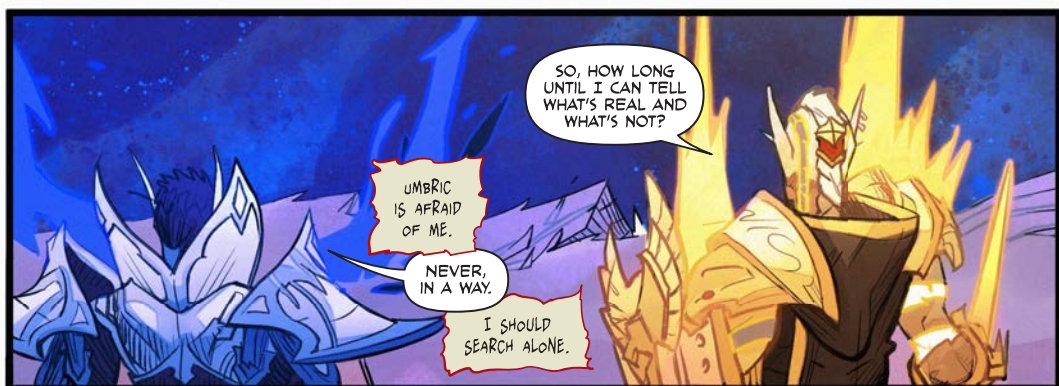
I AM
TRYING TO
HELP YOU FIND
THE MIDDLE,
SO THAT--

WAIT.

A TRAP.



LIGHT
AID ME!



SO, HOW LONG
UNTIL I CAN TELL
WHAT'S REAL AND
WHAT'S NOT?

UMBRIC
IS AFRAID
OF ME.

NEVER,
IN A WAY.

I SHOULD
SEARCH ALONE.



YOUR INSTINCT
IS TO **ERASE**
THE VOID...

...WHEN
YOU SHOULD
BE TRYING TO
SENSE IT.

I SENSE IT
ENDLESSLY.

IN **EVERY**
DIRECTION.

MOTHER AND
FATHER COULD BE
ANYWHERE.

HOURS LATER.

THIS IS A
WASTE OF
TIME.

"THIS IS A
WASTE OF
TIME."

"ONLY IF
YOU LEARN
NOTHING."

"I SENSE
SOMETHING,
BUT **NOTHING'S**
HERE."

I COULD
FIND THEM
MYSELF

"**WAS** SOMETHING
HERE? CAN WE
TRACK IT?"



YOU'RE NOT SENSING SOMETHING THAT LEFT. SOMETHING IS COMING.

"SLOWLY"?

SO...WE WAIT?

ALL WE'VE DONE TODAY IS WAIT.

DO YOU ALWAYS TRAIN PUPILS SO SLOWLY?

DID THE VOID TELL YOU THAT? YOU KNOW IT WILL FEED ON YOUR IMPATIENCE AND--

WHY-Y-Y-Y ARE YOU HE-E-E-R-E?

AH. THERE WE ARE.

NOW ARATOR, CAREFULLY, YOU NEED TO FEEL--



SHH-KOOON

YOU WERE RIGHT. SOMETHING **WAS** COMING.



DELIGHTFUL.

A PALADIN
WHO'S LOST
SELF-CONTROL.



A PALADIN
WHO'S LOST HIS
PATIENCE.

ARATOR, YOU ARE
VULNERABLE.

TORN
BETWEEN
**DUTY AND
FEAR.**

THE VOID
FEASTS ON SUCH
DISSONANCE.

IT CAN
SNATCH YOUR
MIND AT ANY
MOMENT.



THEN STOP
WASTING MY
TIME.

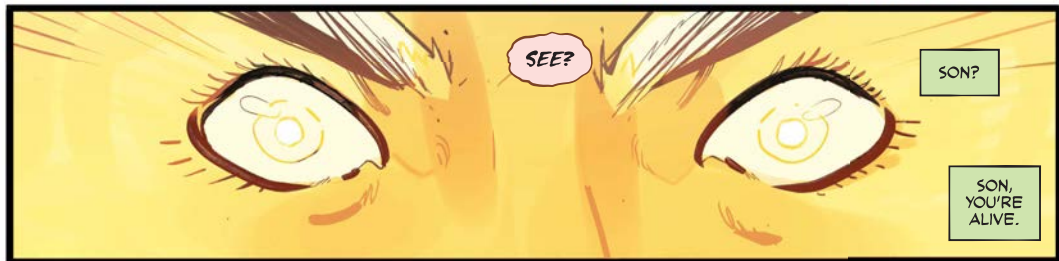


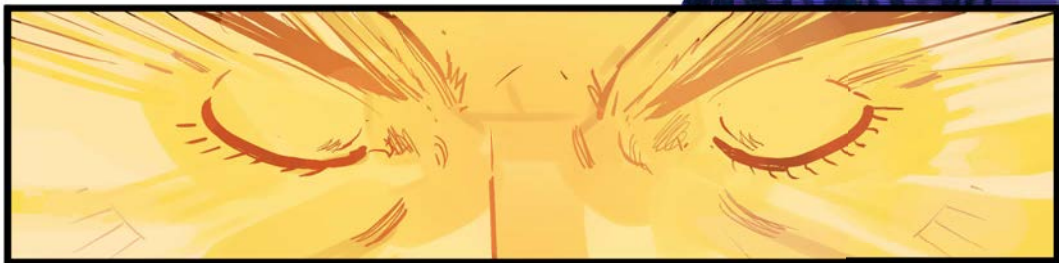
HOW DOES
ANY OF THIS
GET ME CLOSER
TO MY MISSING
MOTHER?



MY MISSING
FATHER?

AND
JUST HOW
CLOSE...





FATHER.

WHEN I
FIND YOU, I
WILL SAVE
YOU.

AND WHEN
I FIND *YOU*...
XALATATH...

...IT WILL
NOT BE LIKE
OUR LAST
MEETING.

NOW.
BEGONE.

ARATOR...?

BE EASY.

THE TIDES
RECEDE.

WAS
ANYTHING
REALLY
THERE?

NOT TO
MY EYES.

LET'S GO
HOME.

I'LL
EXPLAIN ON
THE WAY.

