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ENTERTAINMENT™

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DIABLO®

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SWORD
OF
JUSTICE

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"FEAR IS THE FUEL
BLOOD IS THE SPARK
KINDLE THE RAGE
AND BRING FORTH THE DARK"

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SOMEONE AS GOOD AT KILLING AS YOU SHOULD AT LEAST APPEAR TO ENJOY HIS WORK.

JUSTICE IS NOT SOMETHING TO BE ENJOYED.

DO ALL MYSTICAL WEAPONS MAKE THEIR BEARERS AS BORING AS YOU?

YOU HAVE BEEN CHOSEN, O NEPHELEM, FOR YOUR BRAVERY, DEVOTION, AND COURAGE...

...AND NOW THE
PROTECTION OF THE
WORLDSTONE WILL
REST WITH YOU.

BEGIN
YOUR VIGIL, AND
LET YOUR SACRIFICE
BECOME LEGEND,
A HOPE FOR ALL
HUMANITY...

...FOR
EVERY
AGE...

...AND
NEVER TRULY
FORGOTTEN...





I GAVE HIM THE TRUTH OF RAGE. HE HELD IT WITHIN HIM LONGER THAN THE MIGHTIEST OF MY PEOPLE.

I WOULD THROW DOWN A WEAPON AND INVITE YOU TO BATTLE, BUT YOU HAVEN'T YET FOUND THE COURAGE TO BRING ME THE ONE I GAVE YOU SO LONG AGO.



EVEN IN DEATH, THIS FOOL IS MORE OF A WARRIOR THAN YOU.

I WILL WASTE NO MORE TIME WITH A BOY WHO PRETENDS TO KNOW HONOR.



HE'S JUST TRYING TO GOAD YOU INTO FOLLOWING HIM.

TO FIGHT ME IN THE PLACE OF HIS CHOOSING.

IT'S FOOLISH TO GIVE HIM THAT ADVANTAGE.

HOW FOOLISH IS THE WIZARD THAT FOLLOWS ME, THEN?



DID YOU TWO GET MARRIED WHEN I HAD MY BACK TURNED?

IF YOU'RE SET ON WALKING INTO THE JAWS OF DEATH, YOU COULD INCREASE YOUR ODDS FROM "SUICIDE" TO "SLIGHTLY HOPELESS."

VARIK KNEW THE BROKEN PEOPLE HAVE A SENTRY NORTH OF HERE, NEAR THE LAVA SPRINGS. HE PLANNED ON LURING HIM OUT WITH A FEW "REFUGEES," THEN TORTURING HIM FOR THE LOCATION OF THEIR CAMP.

MAYBE THE SENTRY WILL BREAK COVER FOR YOU. MAYBE HE COULD ROUND UP SOME SWORDS THAT'LL FOLLOW YOU.



I KNOW I'VE GOT TAINTED BLOOD. NEARLY EVERYONE DOES. WITH WHAT YOUR WITC--ER, WIZARD SHOWED ME, I THINK I CAN HELP KEEP STAALBREAK FROM TURNING INTO A SLAUGHTERHOUSE, FOR A WHILE AT LEAST.

THEN THE SURVIVORS WILL ROAM TO OTHER CITIES AND TOWNS, I'VE NO DOUBT. I MAY BE AMONG THEM, IF I'M UNLUCKY.

JUST...
SAVE US,
JACOB.



FIND
SOMETHING IN OUR
PEOPLE WORTHY OF
SALVATION.

I'M HAVING
TROUBLE SEEING
IT.



IF HE WANTS IT BACK
SO BADLY, RETURN IT WITH
MY COMPLIMENTS.

UP HIS
BACKSIDE, IF
POSSIBLE.

GOOD
LUCK.



KHELRIC
LOOKS A LOT
WORSE THAN HIS
CARVINGS BACK IN
THE CAVE.

MAYBE NOW
YOU SEE WHY WE
WEREN'T SO KEEN ON
BARBARIANS.

AFTER
ALL YOU'VE SEEN,
YOU STILL BLAME
THEM?

NO. I MEAN,
NOT ENTIRELY.
DURING THE BATTLE...
I THINK I SAW THEIR
ANCESTORS.


THE
SWORD SHOWED
THEM TO YOU?



I SAW AN ARCHANGEL WITH THE SWORD, TELLING THREE ANCIENT BARBARIANS TO PROTECT...I THINK IT WAS CALLED THE WORLDSTONE. SO THE LEGENDS ABOUT THEIR BEING GUARDIANS ARE TRUE.

BUT THE ATTACKS
ON STAALBREAK STARTED BEFORE
ARREAT EXPLODED, WHICH MEANS THIS
EVIL WAS AMONG THEM WHILE THEY
WERE ALSO "PROTECTING" US.





*KHELRIC WAS
BARELY A MAN
WHEN HE BECAME
CHIEF...

*...HE STOOD BEFORE
THE ELDERS AND HE
QUESTIONED THIS
'HONOR' THAT HAD
BEEN THRUST UPON
HIS TRIBE.

*HE WAS FORTUNATE TO RETURN WITH
ONLY HIS PRIDE IN TATTERS, RATHER THAN
HIS HIDE. HIS YOUTH AND BRASHNESS
HELPED THE ELDERS TO OVERLOOK
HIS TRANSGRESSIONS.

*KHELRIC SOUGHT TO BURY
HIS SHAME IN BATTLE. HE
FOUGHT BANDITS, SOLDIERS,
AND EVEN INHUMAN BEASTS.

KHELRIC WAS WITH HIS MIGHTIEST WARRIORS WHEN THE MEN
WE WOULD CALL 'THE BEARERS' WERE SPOTTED. THEY MOVED
STRANGELY, LIKE SERPENTS ON LEGS, IT IS SAID. THEY NUMBERED
ONLY TWENTY. SUCH NUMBERS WERE USUALLY EASY PREY.

*THEY FOUGHT LIKE NONE KHELRIC HAD
EVER SEEN. THEY GREETED BLOWS FROM
AXE AND SPEAR WITH THEIR OWN FLESH, YET
KEPT THE STRIKES FROM DEALING DEATH.

*IT IS SAID THEY SCREAMED VILE WORDS THAT
BROKE THE COURAGE OF THE WARRIORS. OUR
KINSMEN DID NOT RUN, THEIR MIGHT WAS DROWNED
IN FEAR. ALL FELL, THOUGH FEW WERE SLAIN.

*KHELRIC WAS HELD FAST WHILE THE LEADER OF THESE
BEARERS SLIT HIS OWN THROAT AND LET HIS FINAL
HEARTBEATS BATHE THE WOUNDED CHIEF IN FRESH
CRIMSON. THIS SCARRED MAN STILL REFUSED TO DIE UNTIL
HE TOLD KHELRIC OF THE BLESSINGS OF RAGE, THE WAY OF
ITS SPREAD, AND THE PLAGUE MAKER'S TRUE NAME: MALIUS..

*KHELRIC'S BAND RETURNED TO THE KEEP.
THEY PROCLAIMED A NEW DAY FOR THE OWL
TRIBE, ONE THAT MARKED THE BEGINNING OF
OUR ASCENDANCE OVER THE OTHER TRIBES.

*THE PLAGUE SPREAD THROUGH THE KEEP WITH
EASE, BUT THE DEMON IT FED HAD TO BE
PATIENT. ARREAT WAS TOO WELL GUARDED
BY THOSE WHO WOULD DESTROY HIM.

*I REMEMBER LITTLE OF MY LIFE BEFORE ARREAT'S DESTRUCTION. I WAS SPYING ON
A HUNTING PARTY, THE RAGE IN MY VEINS MAKING ME WANT TO CONSUME THEIR FLESH
BUT ALSO HOLDING ME BACK SO I MIGHT FERRET OUT SOME ADVANTAGE FOR KHELRIC.

"THAT WAS WHEN THE
WORLD WENT WHITE.

"ARREAT DIED. IN THE CATACLYSM, I
CAUGHT A GLIMPSE OF SOMETHING
RISING FROM THE CHAOS. I
THOUGHT IT WOULD BE THE LAST
THING I EVER SAW.

"AND SUDDENLY, MY MIND WAS CLEAR. THE
FIRES THAT HAD CLAIMED ARREAT HAD ALSO
CLEANSED ME OF THE RAGE. IF I WERE
TO DIE, I WOULD DO SO FREE...

"...AND ALONE. OR
SO I THOUGHT.

"WHO SHOULD
FIND ME BUT
THE WIFE OF
THE STAALBREAK
CONSTABLE.

"SHE RECOGNIZED ME AS HER
KIN, AND NURSED ME BACK TO
HEALTH IN SECRET. THE OWL
TRIBE HAD ALREADY BEGUN
MAKING BARBARIANS UNPOPULAR
WITH OUR NEIGHBORS.

"I TOLD HER EVERYTHING, WHAT
THE OWL TRIBE HAD BECOME AND
WHAT LITTLE I COULD RECOUNT
OF ARREAT'S FINAL MOMENTS.

"THE INSTANT I FINISHED,
MY SIGHT RETURNED.

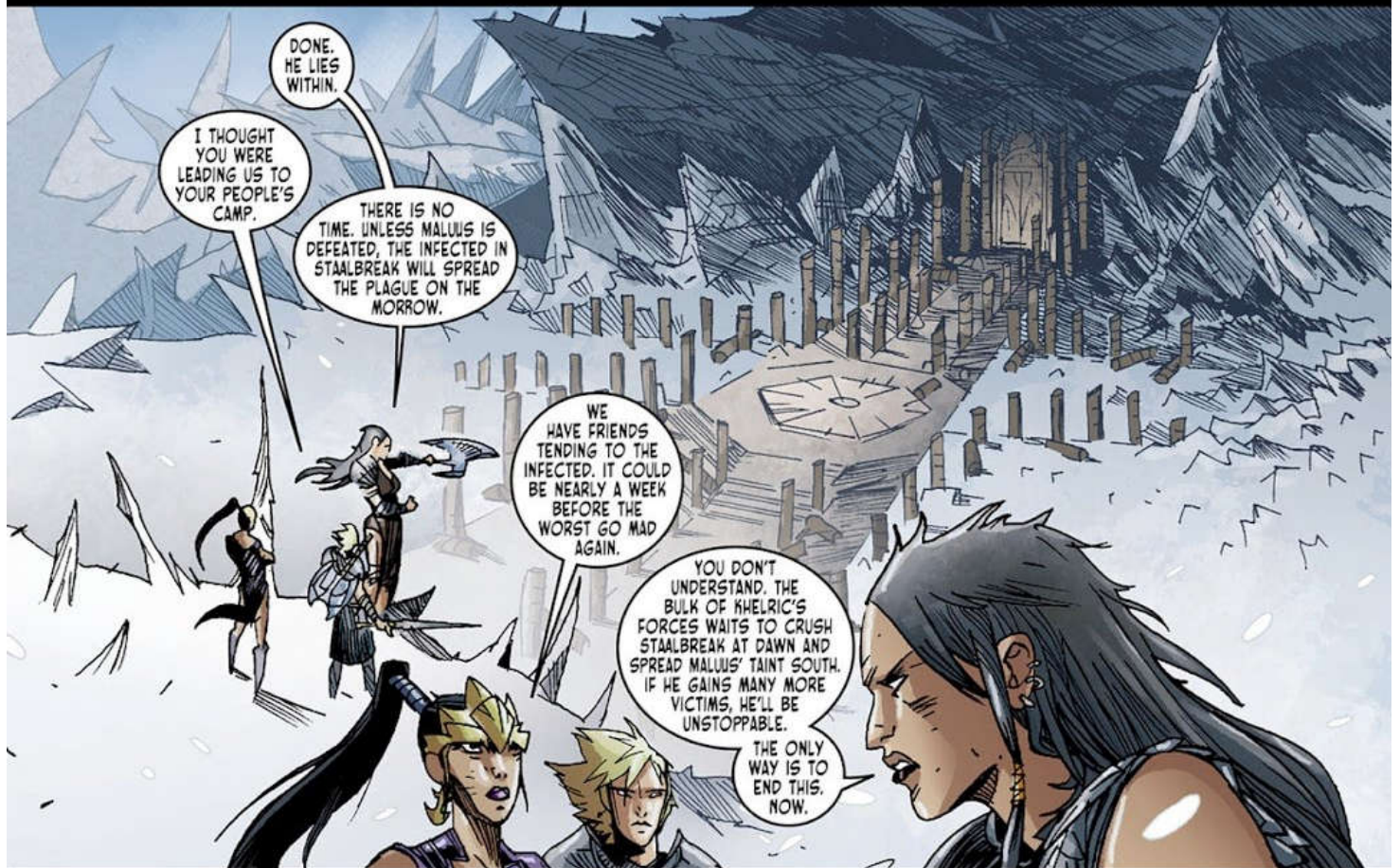


I PLEDGED MYSELF TO SAVE WHOEVER I COULD, HELPING TO FERRET AWAY AS MANY UNINFECTED STAALBREAKERS AS POSSIBLE.

WE BECAME THE BROKEN PEOPLE.

I THINK YOU, SON OF MARENNA, ARE OUR ONE CHANCE TO END MALUUS' EVIL ONCE AND FOR ALL.

I'LL NEED TO FIND HIM FIRST.



DONE. HE LIES WITHIN.

I THOUGHT YOU WERE LEADING US TO YOUR PEOPLE'S CAMP.

THERE IS NO TIME. UNLESS MALUUS IS DEFEATED, THE INFECTED IN STAALBREAK WILL SPREAD THE PLAGUE ON THE MORROW.

WE HAVE FRIENDS TENDING TO THE INFECTED. IT COULD BE NEARLY A WEEK BEFORE THE WORST GO MAD AGAIN.

YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND. THE BULK OF KHELRIC'S FORCES WAITS TO CRUSH STAALBREAK AT DAWN AND SPREAD MALUUS' TAIN SOUTH. IF HE GAINS MANY MORE VICTIMS, HE'LL BE UNSTOPPABLE.

THE ONLY WAY IS TO END THIS. NOW.



CLOAK OF TALONS FORMATION, SILENT STRIDE. WE MOVE.

WHAT DOES ANY OF THAT MEAN?



IT MEANS I HAVE TRAINED YOUR HONOR GUARD WELL.

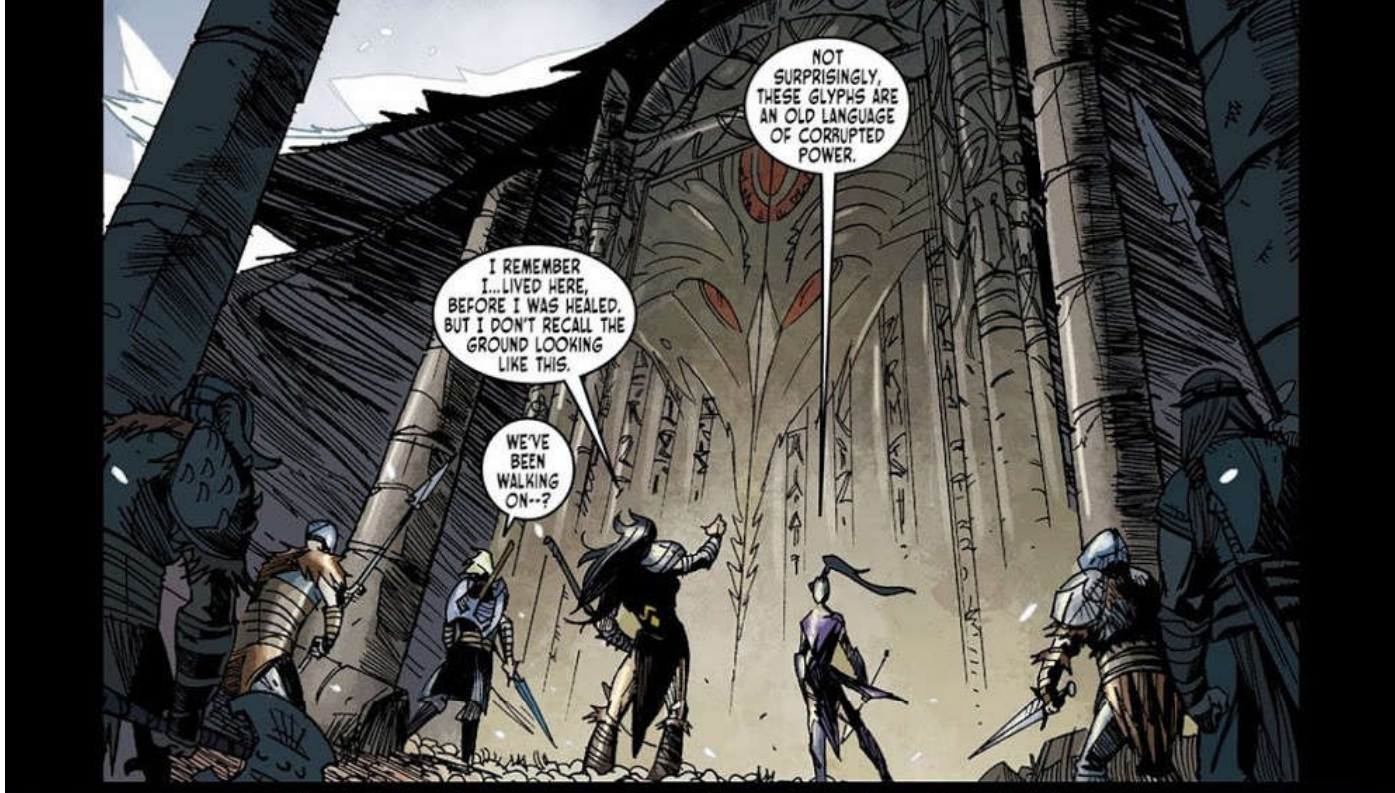
AND "WE MOVE" MEANT YOU TWO AS WELL. COME ON.



BEFORE THE EXPLOSION, KHELRIC ORDERED US TO BUILD THIS PLACE IN SECRET. AFTER, WITH THE OTHER TRIBES LOST AND CONFUSED, THERE WAS NO NEED TO HIDE IT AGAIN.

I'M NOT ONE FOR TRADITION, BUT I THOUGHT BARBARIANS DIDN'T BUILD THINGS LIKE THIS.

THE OWL TRIBE SHUNNED A GREAT MANY BARBARIAN CUSTOMS, WIZARD.





THE
DOORS
ARE CLOSING,
AREN'T
THEY?

YOU EXPECTED
OTHERWISE?

NOW BE
ABOUT YOUR
WORK.



YOUR
UPBRINGING DIDN'T
DO MUCH FOR SEEING
THE BEST IN PEOPLE,
DID IT?

IF WE'RE
GOING TO FALL
INTO A TRAP, WE
SHOULD GET IT
OVER WITH.

I'M GOING
TO ASSUME THEY
DIDN'T JUST RUN
AWAY.

SEVERAL SHADOW-FILLED HALLS LATER...

IT'S MORE
THAN JUST A PLAGUE.
I THINK MALIUS IS DOING
SOMETHING LIKE
POSSESSION.

I'VE ONLY
HEARD OF DEMONS
TAKING ONE HOST.
HE'S TRYING TO
POSSESS HORDES
OF THEM.

AND WHY
SHOULDN'T THEY
BELONG TO MY
MASTER? THEY OWE
HIM THEIR VERY
EXISTENCE!

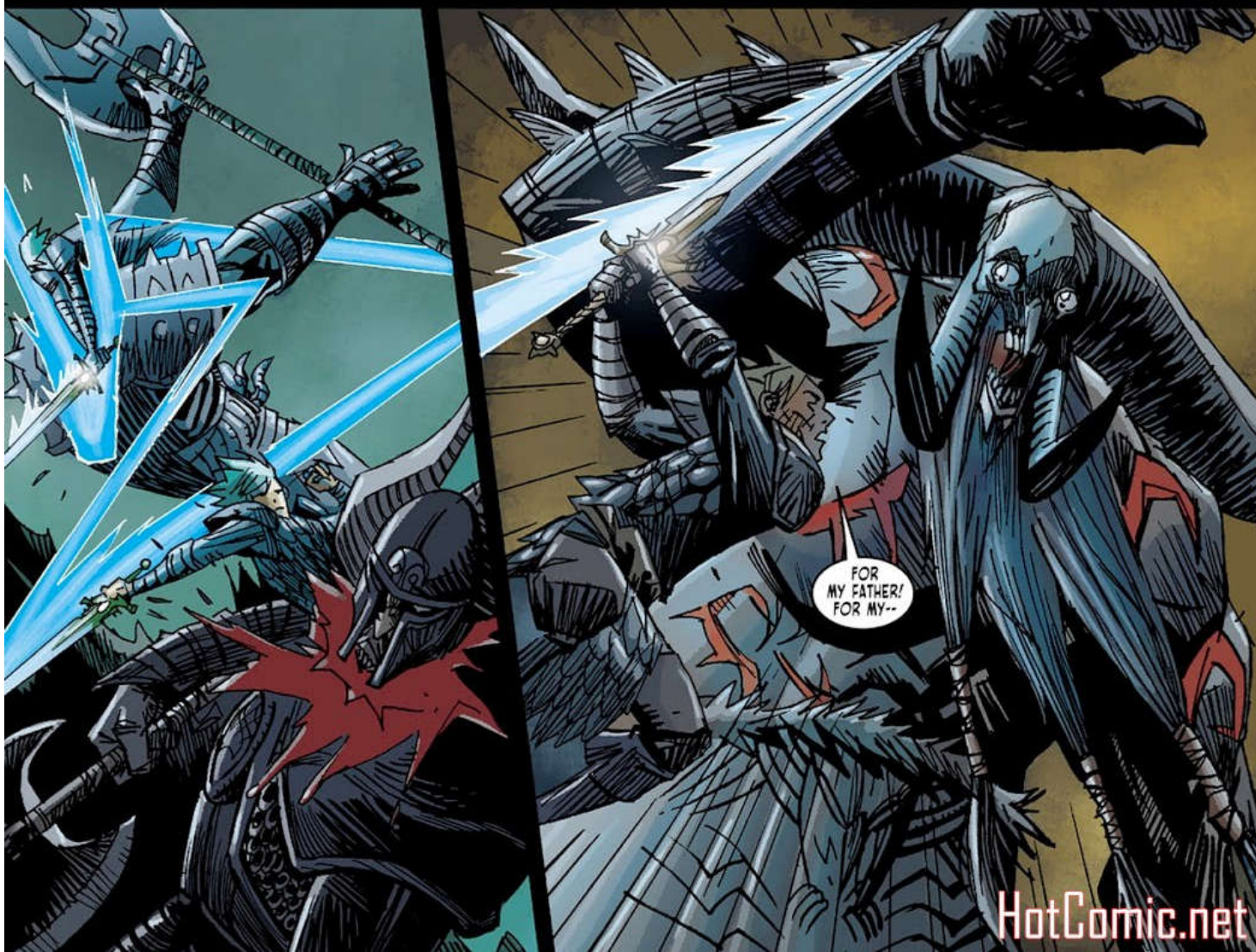
OUR TRIBE
WAS CAST ASIDE AND
FORGOTTEN.

NOW, THE
WORLD WILL JOIN US.
NONE SHALL ESCAPE THE
MASTER'S GIFT.

MALIUS FILLS
MY EARS WITH HIS
PROPHECY: THE ARCHANGEL
OF JUSTICE IS DEAD, AND
NOT EVEN HIS BLADE
SLAVE CAN STOP
US!

REMEMBER
HOW I SAID
THIS WAS
PROBABLY A
TRAP?

THAT
DOES SOUND
FAMILIAR.





FINALLY,
YOU SHOW
A WARRIOR'S
LUST FOR
VENGEANCE...

...JUST IN
TIME FOR IT TO
BETRAY YOU.

TYRAEL'S
TRINKET, IN THE
HANDS OF SUCH A FOOL
AS YOU. I'LL NEVER STOP
LAUGHING AT THE
THOUGHT!

YOU'VE
EARNED
YOURSELF
A GIFT,
WHELP!



A
SECOND
CHANCE TO
KNOW THE
BLESSINGS
OF RAGE!

LET YOUR FEAR
IGNITE IT, AND BE
REBORN, AS YOUR
SIRE WAS SO BRIEFLY
BEFORE YOU CUT
HIM DOWN!

TYRAEL...
THE FIGURE
ON THE CAVE
WALL.

IN
MY VISION...
GAVE THE
BARBARIANS...
THEIR SACRED
TRUST...

...I
CAN'T FAIL
HIM... CAN'T
FAIL...

NO...
FEAR!



YOU LIE.
YOU AND FEAR
ARE BECOMING
ENTWINED
LIKE RUTTING
GOATS.

MORTALS
FILL THEMSELVES
WITH HATE, AND THIS
IN TURN LEADS TO
DESTRUCTION!



THESE BARBARIANS
WERE QUICK TO
EMBRACE ME, THEIR LUST
FOR BATTLE A THIN SHELL
COVERING THEIR FEAR OF
DISHONOR.

YOUR KIN
TOOK MY GIFT READILY,
AFTER I SENT THEM THE
TERROR OF KHELRIC'S
HORDE.

AND
YOUR FATHER!
A GRAND
JOKE!

I THREATENED
HIM, YOU, HIS WOMAN,
BUT NOTHING BROUGHT
OUT THE TERROR THAT
WOULD OPEN THE WAY
FOR RAGE, UNTIL...



...HIS
PEOPLE...
YOU MADE HIM...
FEAR FOR...
EVERYONE
ELSE...

TYRAEL'S
WEAPON REJECTS
YOU! IT SHOUTS ITS
REBUKE AND MARKS
YOUR FLESH AS
MINE!

YOU NEVER
TRULY KNEW WHAT
YOU FACED, BUT I
SHALL GRANT YOU
REVELATION...

YOUR
BLOOD
SURRENDERS!
YOU FINALLY
SEE!

...KHELRIC
IS DEAD, HIS
SERVICE
COMPLETE!

BEHOLD
THE NEW LORD
OF SANCTUARY,
MALUUS!

...I HAVE
TO... PUT THEM
ASIDE...

NO DESIRE...
NO HATE... NO
ANGER...

...JUST...
WHAT MUST BE
DONE...

MY FATHER...
MY MOTHER...
MY HOME...



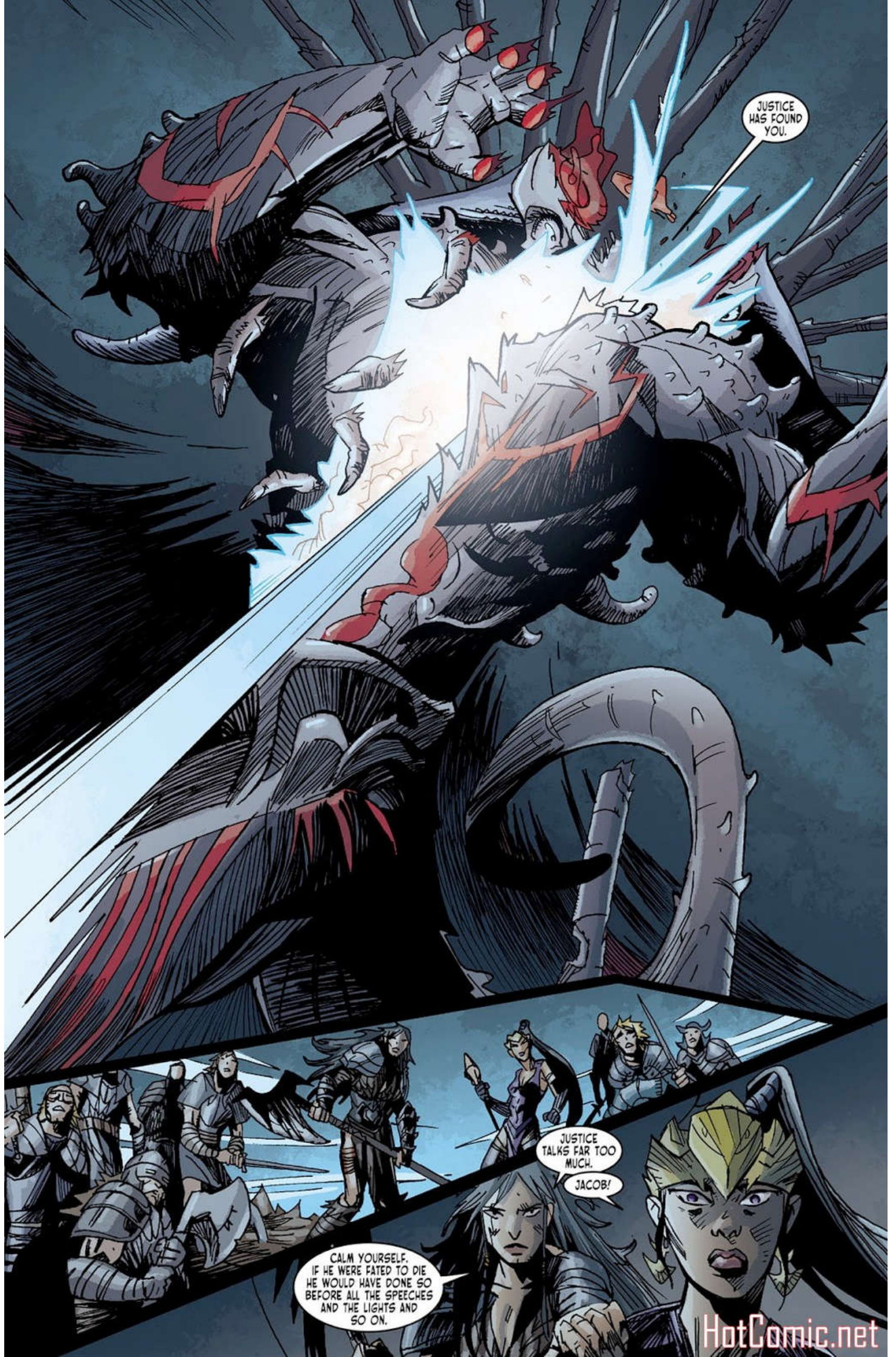
TYRAEL'S
LEGACY LIVES,
DEMON.

I BRING
NO HATE FOR
YOUR DEEDS, NO
LUST FOR YOUR
BLOOD.

ONLY...
JUSTICE.

YOUR
EVIL HAS BEEN
WEIGHED AND
MEASURED.

NOW
BEAR THE
BURDEN OF THE
BALANCE.



JUSTICE
HAS FOUND
YOU.

JUSTICE
TALKS FAR TOO
MUCH.

JACOB!

CALM YOURSELF.
IF HE WERE FATED TO DIE
HE WOULD HAVE DONE SO
BEFORE ALL THE SPEECHES
AND THE LIGHTS AND
SO ON.



"YOU'D ALMOST THINK THEY'D BEEN PLANNING TO ATTACK OR SOMETHING. FUNNY, EH?"

"AND THANKS FOR THE RETURN OF MY BLADED FRIEND HERE. I HOPE IT TASTED KHELRIC'S BACKSIDE."

IT DID, SORT OF...

I'M MORE AMAZED AT THE OUTFIT THE COUNCIL GIFTED TO JACOB.

WHEN THEY HEARD JACOB TALKING ABOUT HIS PLANS TO "TAKE THE SWORD'S JUSTICE WHERE IT COULD HELP," THEY WANTED TO MAKE SURE HE WAS KILLED FOR TRAVEL.

I THINK THEY'RE ACTUALLY ASHAMED OF THEMSELVES. THEY'D LIKE ALL REMINDERS OF THEIR PART IN THIS TO JUST GO AWAY...

...WHICH IS WHY YOU'RE STUCK WITH ME, IF I'M WELCOME.

IT'S A SMALL REWARD FOR SAVING THEIR LIVES, BUT IT'S STILL...UNEXPECTED.

JUST SO LONG AS YOU REMEMBER MY NAME'S NOT "WITCH."

YOU WANT A *NEW* PET NAME FROM ME? FEW WOMEN HAVE RECEIVED SUCH AN HONOR.

FEW MEN HAVE SURVIVED UTTERING THE *FIRST* ONE.

THEN I *HAVE* CAUGHT YOUR FANCY! PARDON ME IF I BLUSH.

JACOB, IS THE SWORD LEADING US SOMEWHERE ISOLATED WHERE IVAN'S CORPSE WON'T BE NOTICED?

I'M GOING EAST. THE SWORD IS FREE TO JOIN US, IF IT WISHES.

W
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•END•

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