

AN UNKNOWN ISLAND,
PRESENT DAY...

AND THEN
FRALA TELLS THE
HILL-PEOPLE TO
FIGHT AGAINST THE
FINBACK AND---

THIS IS SO
STUPID.

A GIRL
CAN'T TELL THE
TRIBE WHAT
TO DO!

IT'S RIDICULOUS, YOU
ARE TERRIBLE AT
THIS GAME!

OH? WHAT OF
JANA, THRA?

PLLLBT,
NO GIRL COMMANDS
ME, NOT EVEN JANA
THE JUNGLE
GIRL!

RUN.

EH...?

RUN!

OH,
NEVER
MIND.

FRALA!



I NEED
GENERALS.

GO DO THE
DUTY YOU WERE
CREATED FOR,
COURIER.

BRING
THEM THEIR
SWORDS.



NOWHEN...

I KNOW
YOU'RE OUT THERE,
TRAVELLER.
I FEEL IT.

DO YOU THINK
YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE
WITH DANGEROUS
BLADES?

I WILL SHOW YOU
A SWORD OF
SORROW.

I CALL TO
THEE, THE
SHARD MEN,
THE SOULLESS
VICTIMS.

COME FORTH,
AND TASTE
WARMER
BLOOD!

AVENGE ME
AGAINST THIS
WOMAN.

AGAINST ALL
WOMEN!



The background of the cover is a dramatic illustration. A massive, green, scaly monster with red eyes and a wide, toothy mouth is the central focus. In the foreground, three characters are shown in a dynamic pose, appearing to be running or falling towards the viewer. The character on the left has red hair and is wearing a dark, strappy outfit. The character in the middle has long, flowing blonde hair and is wearing a brown and orange outfit. The character on the right is a man with dark hair, shirtless, wearing a brown loincloth and holding a wooden staff. The background is a mix of orange and yellow, suggesting a sunset or a fiery environment, with some green foliage visible on the right side.

SWORDS OF SORROW

BLADE ONE:
DIVING TOWARDS
DIVINITY

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STYGIAN DESERT,
THE HYBORIAN AGE...

♪♪THE OCEAN
WAS ROUGH
BUT THE
CAPTAIN WAS
RANDY ♪♪

THE WAVES
♪♪TOSSED
THE SHIP
WHILE HIS
WIFE FED HIM
CANDY.♪♪



♪♪OH, THE SHIP
FOUGHT THE
STORM

AND IT'S
TRUE THE ♪♪
STORM WON

♪♪CAPTAIN
CRIED AS HE
DROWNED

"NO, WAIT,
I'M NEARLY
DONE!" ♪♪



WELL,
HELLO, VULTURE.
ARE YOU HERE
FOR MY TASTY
FLESH?

SURELY IT'S
NOT FOR MY
SINGING.



WELL, YOU'RE
A QUIET ONE.

BANDITS,
VULTURE. STAY
AWAY FROM
BANDITS.

THEY'LL TAKE
YOUR SWORD AND
YOUR WATERSKIN,
EVEN IF YOU SLAY
HALF OF THEM
BEFORE THEY GET
THE SENSE TO
RUN.

SOON
ENOUGH,
YOU'LL HAVE
YOUR MEAL.

AND YOU CAN TELL
YOUR FRIENDS YOU
ATE THE GIZZARDS
OF SONJA THE
SHE-DEVIL.

HOW ABOUT
ANOTHER VERSE,
FRIEND?



DUBLIN, IRELAND,
PRESENT DAY...

DROP
THAT PURSE,
FIEND.

SHALL I?



PLEASE.
HELP ME!

HUSH,
WOMAN.

WHAT NEED HAVE
YOU FOR MONEY,
CREATURE?

NONE WHATSOEVER,
VAMPIRELLA,
QUEEN OF BLOOD.
IN TRUTH, I PLANNED
TO EAT IT COLD.

BUT WHEN THEY
FIND THIS WOMAN,
THROAT SLASHED...



...AND PURSE MISSING,
THE LAWKEEPS WILL CALL
IT ROBBERY AND JAIL
AN INNOCENT.
THIS AMUSES ME.
WELL.



I KNEW A
TERROR CROW
WAS HUNTING
HERE. YOUR
LEAVINGS
ARE FOUL.
YOU'VE
BEEN
SLOPPY.



ALLOW ME TO
CLEAN UP YOUR
MESS.

TEN LEAGUES FROM HELIUM,
CAPITAL CITY OF BARSOOM...

٤٦٩٣٧ ٩٣٦
٤٦٩٣
٤٦٩٣٧٩٤

POOR
CREATURE, SHE'S
TERRIFIED.

CAN YOU
UNDERSTAND HER,
TARS TARKAS?

SHE IS AN
OUTLIER, FROM AN
OUTCAST GROUP OF
ROAMING THARKS,
PRINCESS.

SOMETHING'S
CLEARLY TAKEN
HER WITS.

JEDPAK!
JEDPAK!

I AM DEJAH THORIS,
NOBLE LADY. THERE
IS NO NEED TO BE
FRIGHTENED.

MY SCOUTS
SAID YOU SAW
SOMETHING?

HOLE, HOLE IN
THE WORLD.
SOMETHING...
SOMETHING CAME
THROUGH!
SOMETHING
CAME
THROUGH!

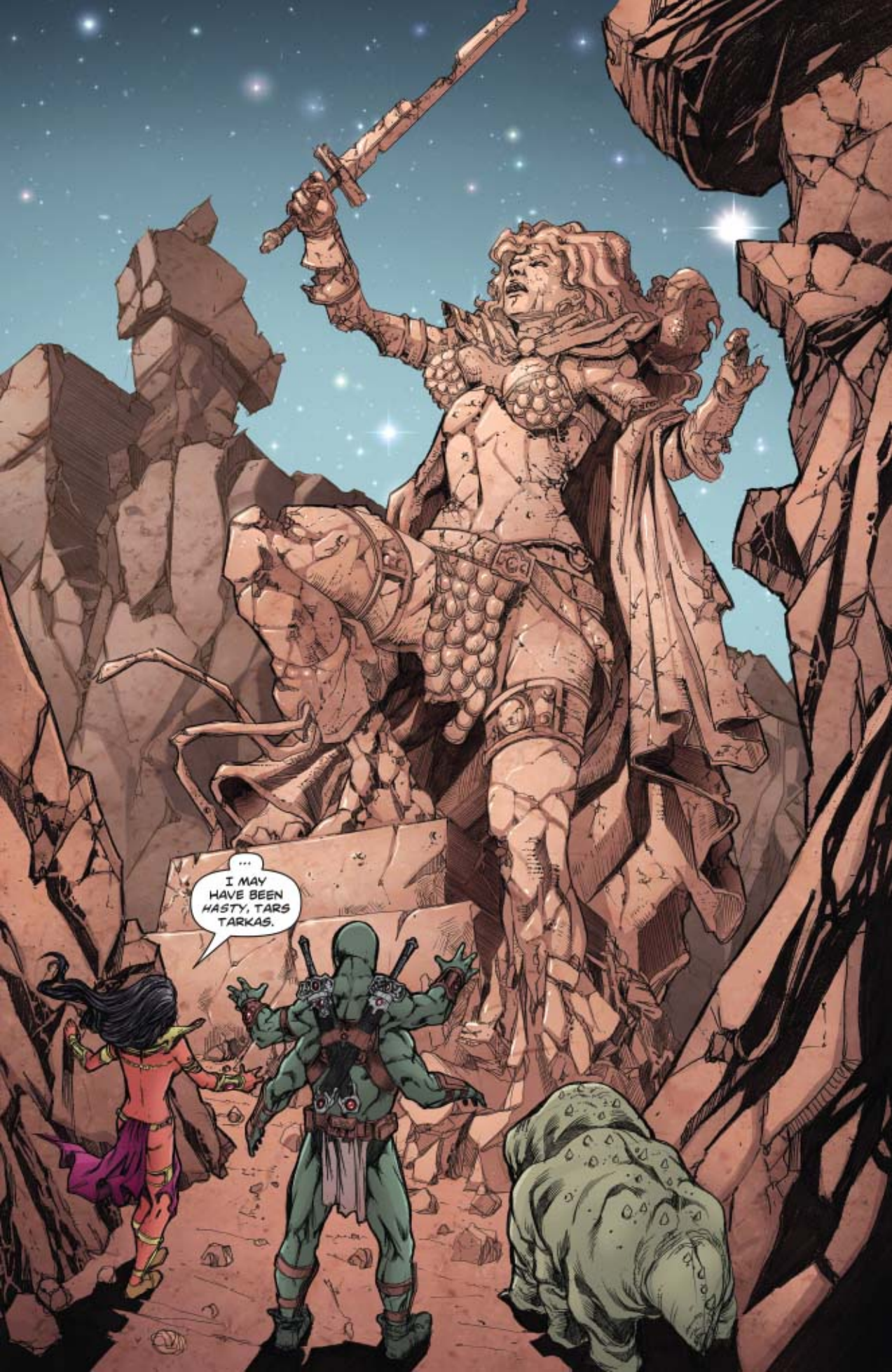
"DARK DEMONS LEFT THEIR
MARK," SHE SAID. I WONDER
WHAT SHE MEANS.

SHALL
WE NOTIFY
CARTER?

I DON'T THINK
IT NECESSARY.

I SUSPECT
IT WILL TURN
OUT TO BE...

...NOTHING OF
SIGNIFICANCE...?



CENTURY CITY,
OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN...

LET'S GET
THIS OVER WITH,
MAN. IT'S PLAIN
STUPID TO HAVE
THIS MEETING ON
HORNET TURF.

LET'S NOT BE
HASTY, ZERO. I'D
LIKE TO COUNT THE
MONEY, YOU MIND?
BESIDES, EVERYONE
KNOWS THE HORNET'S
WOUNDED. IF HE AIN'T
DEAD, HE'S RECOVERING
TO NOT BE DEAD.

THE GREEN HORNET
SENDS HIS REGRETS,
GENTLEMEN, THAT HE
COULD NOT ATTEND TO
YOUR TRESPASSING
PERSONALLY.

WILL I DO?

I'M AFRAID
YOU ARE INDEED
ENCROACHING ON
OUR AREA OF
BUSINESS.

THERE
IS A STEEP
PENALTY
FOR THAT.

WHAT THE
HELL...?

IT'S THE
HORNET!

KLEENEX

SHOOT HER!
SHOOT HER!

I SUPPOSE

YOU
COULD

TRY.

HMPH.





EVERYWHERE,
EVERYWHEN...

THEY DON'T GET
ALONG. WE SEE IT
TIME AND AGAIN.

NO.
THEY MOST
ASSUREDLY
DO NOT.

THE PRINCE'S
POWER GROWS,
TRAVELLER.

THE WALLS
ARE BEGINNING
TO CRACK.

ARTIFACTS,
ANACHRONISMS,
ANOMOLIES.



WILL THESE SOLDIERS
YOU SELECT BE ABLE
TO WITHSTAND HIM,
MISTRESS?

"SOLDIERS."
YOU THINK THEY
ARE, "SOLDIERS?"



DO YOU KNOW
WHAT DOES 'GET
ALONG,' COURIER?

PREY.

THE HERD
STICKS TOGETHER,
MY FRIEND.



WE FACE A FOE
THAT CONTROLS ALL
HE CAN SEE
OR IMAGINE.

I DON'T
NEED PREY.
I DON'T NEED
SOLDIERS.