











NAME  
OF THE  
DEVIL!  
WHAT  
INFERNAL  
NIGHTMARE  
SPAWNED  
THESE?!

Torkertown  
Road  
Swamp  
Road

OF THE TWO ROADS TO TORKERTOWN, ONE IS RELATIVELY SHORT AND DIRECT ACROSS UPLAND MOORS. THE OTHER--LONG AND TORTUOUS--TWISTS ITS WAY AMID THE BROODING HUMMOCKS AND SNAKE-HAUNTED QUAGMIREs OF THE SWAMPLANDS TO THE EAST.

AS DUSK SETTLES LIKE A FALLING CURTAIN, A LONE SOUL--RANGY AND CLAD IN BLACK--FINDS HIMSELF IN A WHIRL OF HELLISH COMBAT AT A CROSSROADS BETWEEN TWO PATHWAYS... AND TWO ARMIES FROM THE UNDERWORLD...









WHAT FOUL  
TRICKERY  
NOW?!

N-NO TRICKERY, SIR!  
IT WAS AS IF YOU WERE  
DREAMING!

I ONLY  
JUST ROUSED  
YOU!



DREAMING!  
HAS **DOTAGE**  
STOLEN UPON ME  
ALREADY?

BLAME NOT  
YOURSELF! 'TIS  
THESE UNHOLY  
MOORS! THE  
VERY SOIL IS  
TAINTED!



THE  
VILLAGERS  
MENTIONED  
NO--

THEY SAW  
YOU HEAD **HITHER**  
WHEN YOU QUIT THE  
TOWN, SO THEY SENT  
ME RUNNING TO  
**WARN** YOU!

TAKE **NOT** THE  
MOOR ROAD, SIR!  
RATHER THE PATH  
THROUGH YONDER  
**SWAMP**!



AMID **BOG**  
AND **VIPER**...?  
YET THE MOOR  
ROAD'S BUT **HALF**  
THE JOURNEY TO  
TORKERTOWN...

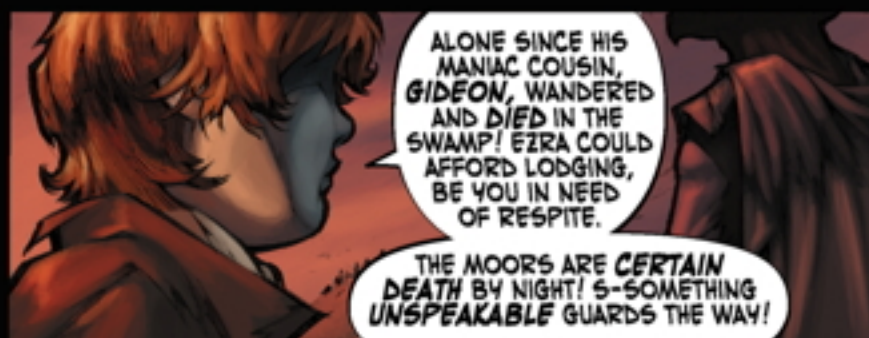


A ROAD  
**NONE** USE NOW!  
NO DWELLINGS  
THERE--NO **LIVING**  
THING! THE SWAMP  
AT LEAST IS HOME  
TO OLD **EZRA**,  
THE MISER!



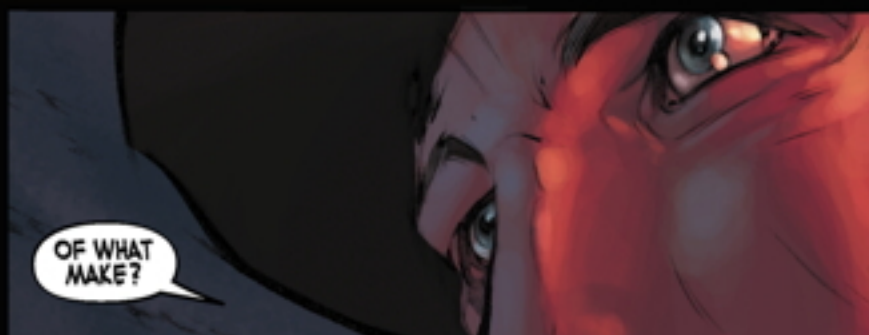


"EZRA"...?



ALONE SINCE HIS MANIAC COUSIN, **GIDEON**, WANDERED AND **DIED** IN THE SWAMP! EZRA COULD AFFORD LODGING, BE YOU IN NEED OF RESPIRE.

THE MOORS ARE **CERTAIN** **DEATH BY NIGHT!** S-SOMETHING **UNSPEAKABLE** GUARDS THE WAY!



OF WHAT MAKE?



"NONE HAS **SEEN** THE THING AND LIVED, GOOD SIR! ONLY ITS CRUEL **LAUGHTER** HAS BEEN HEARD FAR OUT ON THE FEN...

"...FOLLOWED BY THE TERRIBLE **SHRIEKS** OF ITS VICTIMS!"



"THE **CORPSES** OF THE MOOR VICTIMS ARE **MANY**.

"**TORN AND BLEEDING** THEY ARE...AND **SHREDDED** MOST **TERRIBLE!**"



SOME IMPLACABLE **FORCE** INDEED RIDES THE EVENTIDE--THE VERY THING COULD HAVE CONFOUNDED MY MIND EARLIER. YET SOLOMON KANE'S DEFIED THE DEVIL A **SCORE** OF TIMES...

...TONIGHT WOULD BE NEITHER FIRST NOR LAST!





A HAGGARD  
MOON RISES  
NIGH...  
...A BLIND  
SKULL AMID THE  
BRIGHT EYES  
OF STARS...

HAAA HA HA HA HA HA HAAA HAH HAH



SAINTS!  
THAT TERRIBLE  
LAUGHTER...

...HEINOUS  
AS BELIAL  
HIMSELF!

EEEEYAAARRGGH!!



BUT THAT  
SCREAM'S HUMAN  
ENOUGH!

CURSED  
SHADOWS...

HAA HAA HA HA HA HAAA HAH HAH





