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Book 2 preview

SEA & THUNDER!

by Dave Kendall and Brian Holguin



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Out of Ymir's flesh was fashioned
the earth, and the ocean out of his blood.
The Viking Eddas

RECOVERS
of
RAGNAROK

BRIAN HOLGUIN
STORY IDEA AND SCRIPT

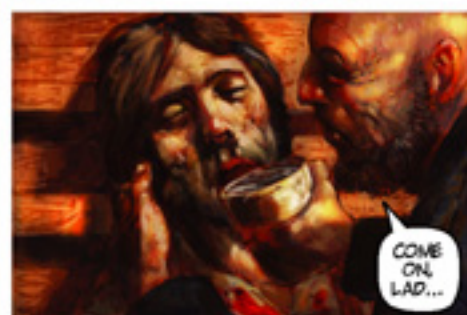
DAVE KENDALL

PLOT AND ART

DAVE ROTHE

LETTERS

"SEA AND
THUNDER!"





WELL LAD!
YOU MUST
HAVE
SOMEONE
LOOKING
OUT FOR
YOU.

QUITE A TALE
YOU'LL HAVE TO
TELL.

CLANG!

HOPE YOUR
LUCK RUBS
OFF.

WE'VE LOST
FOUR FINE
MEN IN THE
LAST HUNT.

THAT
POUNDING...
CAN YOU NOT
HEAR IT...

LIKE
THE VERY PEALS
OF DOOM...



NO! CLANG!
CLANG!

IT
CAN'T
BE!

NOT
HERE!

LET THEM BE DEAD
AND ROTTING AT THE
OCEAN'S FLOOR!



EASY
THERE, LAD.

TH-THAT
MAN IS A
CURSE!

HE HAMMERS
OUT THE SOUND OF
YOUR DEATH, I
SWEAR IT!

CAST HIM
OVER, OR HE'LL
TAKE US ALL
DOWN TO THE
BOTTOM!



SON, THAT'S
ELIJAH,
SHIP'S
CARPENTER.

HE'S A GENTLE
GOLL, AND A
GODLY
QUAKER.

THE ONLY
DANGER
HE POSES
IS HIS
REEK.

ALL
GODS
BE
DAMNED!

LISTEN
TO ME,
PLEASE.

IF YOU
VALUE YOUR
LIFE,
PLEASE
LISTEN.



I KNOW MY TALE HAS THE RING OF MADNESS TO IT. I DOUBT I WOULD BELIEVE SUCH A STORY IF I HAD NOT SEEN IT. BUT SEEN IT I HAVE.

MY NAME IS JOSHUA BALIN, A SALT-HAND SINCE I WAS A CHILD. MY LAST COMMISSION WAS THE NJORD, UNDER GOOD CAPTAIN ELIAS FISCHER, SAILING OUT OF THE CHESAPEAKE WITH SIXTY SOULS ON BOARD...

WOMEN AND CHILDREN AMONG THEM. GOD REST THEIR SOULS, EVERY ONE OF THEM.

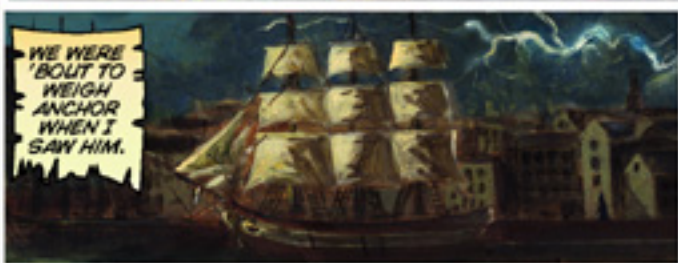
IT WAS A DRIZZLING GRAY THURSDAY WHEN WE LEFT PORT.



THIS IS THE LAST OF IT CAPTAIN.

ABOUT TIME LADS.

NOW, LET'S GET THIS OLD GIRL CAST OFF.



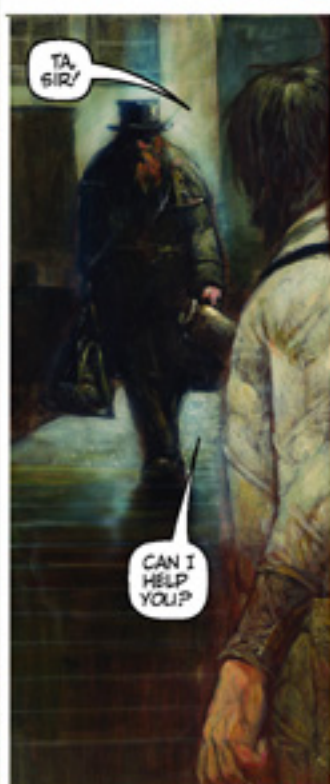
WE WERE 'BOUT TO WEIGH ANCHOR WHEN I SAW HIM.



CAPTAIN FISCHER!

THERE'S A STRANGER COMING.

GET YOURSELF DOWN THERE, BALIN. SEE WHAT HIS BUSINESS IS, AND BE QUICK ABOUT IT. I DON'T WISH TO TARRY ANY LONGER WITH THE WEATHER SETTING IN.



TA, GIR!


CAN I HELP YOU?



AHOY, LAD!

WOULD YOU HAVE ROOM FOR A SMALL ONE?





HE WAS AN ODD BREED,
OUR MYSTERIOUS
STRANGER, KEPT TO
HIMSELF, RARELY SAID A
WORD TO US, 'LESS IT
WAS TO ASK FOR MORE
ALE.

AND THAT
BAG OF HIS.
HE
CLUTCHED IT
LIKE IT WAS
HIS VERY
LIFE. DOOLEY
WAS SURE IT
HELD GOLD
BARS. HE
SAYS THAT'S
WHY HE
COULDN'T
LIFT IT.

COME ON YOU BASTARDS!
BLOW YOUR FUCKING
GUTS OUT! YOU
CATARACTS AND
HURRICANES SPOUT!

HAA!

A MADMAN, THAT'S
WHAT WE ALL THOUGHT,
THOUGH NONE HAD THE
STOMACH TO SAY SO
TO HIS FACE.

HE SPENT HIS
NIGHTS
DRINKING, AND
HIS DAYS
SLEEPING OFF
THE LAST NIGHT'S
DRUNK.

BUT HE WASN'T MAD. I SEE
THAT NOW. HE KNEW WHAT
HE WAS DOING. ALL ALONG
HE KNEW. I WOULD SWEAR
TO THAT BY ANY GOD YOU
CHOSE TO NAME.

HOLD HER
STEADY!
THERE'S
WORSE ON
THE WAY!

AYE
AYE!

ONE THING FOR SURE. HE
BROUGHT THE DEVIL'S OWN
LUCK WITH HIM. IT SEEMED
THE MORE HE DRANK, THE
WORSE THE WEATHER.

WAKE UP,
YOU LAZY
CUR!

I KNOW
YOU'RE
DOWN
THERE!

I KNOW
YOU'RE
WATCHING!

WELL I'M
WATCHING
TOO.

WATCHING
AND
WAITING.



SOON.

NOW, I SAY THIS WITHOUT BOASTING. MY FAMILY HAS BEEN SALT HANDS FOR AS LONG AS SHIPS HAVE SAILED.

MY KIND, WE ARE BORN WITH SEAWATER IN OUR VEINS. WE LEARN OUR KNOTS WHILE IN OUR MOTHER'S WOMB.

BUT NEVER HAVE I HEARD TELL OF A STORM LIKE THIS. IT CHASED US LIKE A HELLHOUND. THERE WAS NO RUNNING FROM IT, NOR RIDING IT OUT.

SOON ENOUGH.



IT WAS AS IF WE SAILED RIGHT OFF THE MAP, NO STARS TO SAIL BY, NO SENSE OF NIGHT NOR DAY.

HARD A-PORT! NOW!



THE TIMBERS CREAKED AND THE LINES GROANED, AND THE THUNDER, THE THUNDER WAS LIKE CANNON-FIRE.



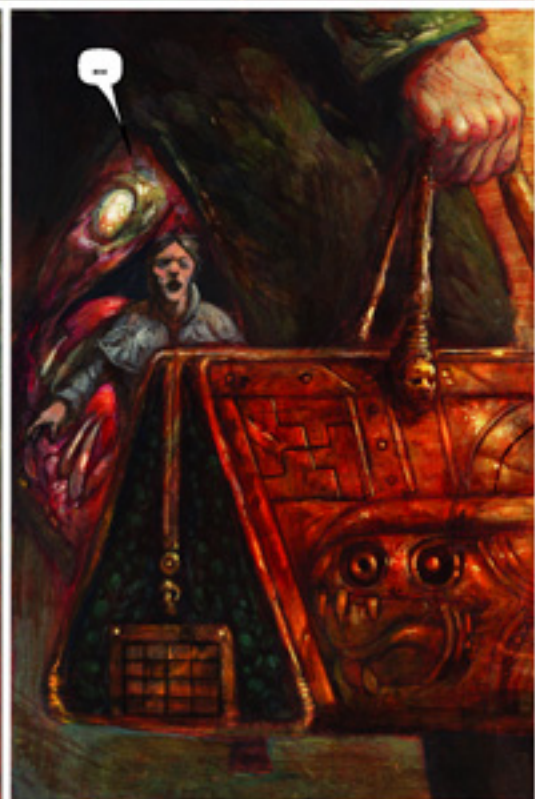
WE WERE ALL SURE THIS STORM WOULD BE OUR DOOM.



WE WERE ALL WRONG.









COME HERE, YOU VOMITOUS MASS OF SCALES AND SLIME! YOU VILE, MALIGNANT SEA-SPAWN!





THE SOUND OF THAT HAMMER, I'LL NEVER FORGET IT. LIKE THE JAWS OF HELL SLAMMING SHUT.

MOST OF WHAT HE SAID WAS LOST IN THE DIN OF THE STORM. WHAT I COULD HEAR, WAS IN SOME LANGUAGE I DO NOT KEN TO KNOW.

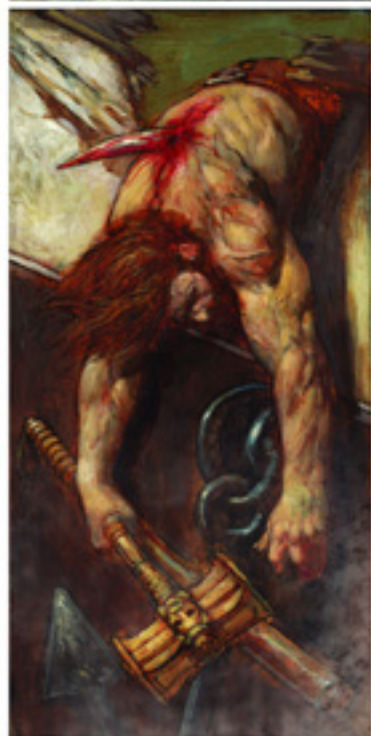
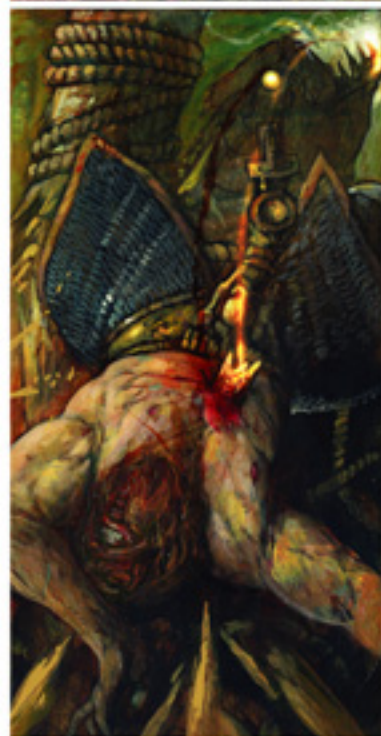
BUT, DAMN MY SOUL, I COULD NOT TAKE MY EYES FROM THE SPECTACLE. THIS BRUTISH DANCE OF BLOOD AND MUSCLE AND SINEW.


AND THROUGH IT ALL, THE DAMNABLE CLANGING OF THAT DREAD HAMMER, THE UNEARTHLY SCREAMS OF THE CREATURE...

CLANG!



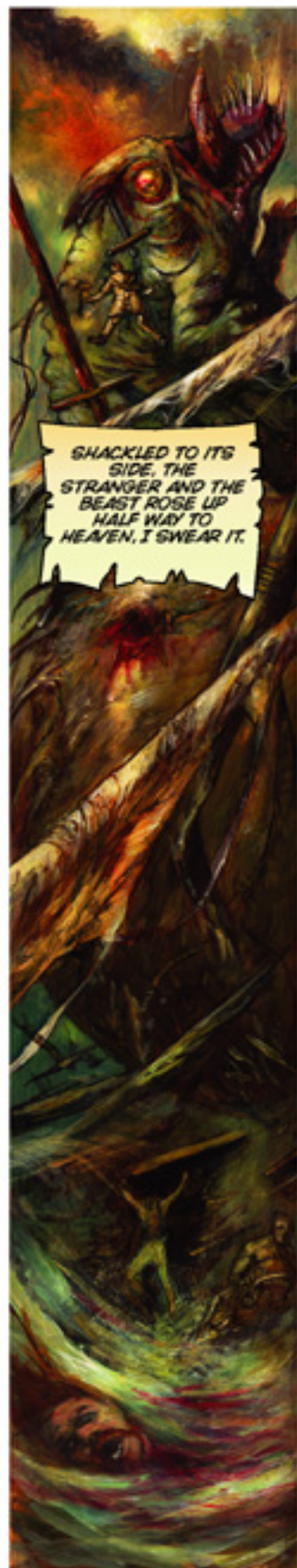
AARGH!





WITH A GREAT
CRACK, I
COULD HEAR
THE NJORD
BREAK IN TWO.
I COULD HEAR
THE WOMEN
AND CHILDREN
SCREAMING. I
COULD HEAR
MY SHIPMATES
CRY OUT THEIR
LAST.

BUT I NEVER
TOOK MY EYES
OFF OF THEM.



SHACKLED TO ITS
SIDE, THE
STRANGER AND THE
BEAST ROSE UP
HALF WAY TO
HEAVEN, I SWEAR IT.



AS THEY PLUMMETED DOWN, I COULD
HEAR HIM, THAT VOICE, THAT STRANGE,
RUMBLING, THUNDEROUS VOICE.



HE WAS
LAUGHING.



THE MAD
BASTARD
WAS
LAUGHING.





THE WORD WAS LOST, ALL HANDS AND PASSENGERS, EXCEPT ME, I CLUNG TO THE FIGUREHEAD LIKE A BABE CLINGS TO ITS MOTHER, DAY INTO NIGHT INTO DAY AGAIN.

AND ALL THE WHILE I LISTENED, MY EAR PRESSED CLOSE TO THE DOOR OF THE SEA.



ENOUGH, BOY.

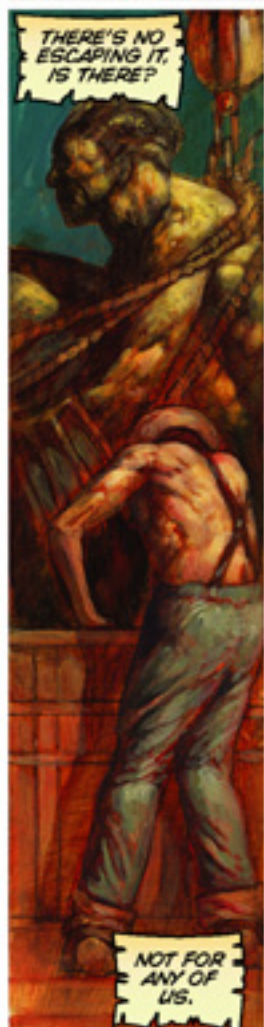
YOU NEED YOUR REST.



DO YOU KNOW WHAT I HEARD?

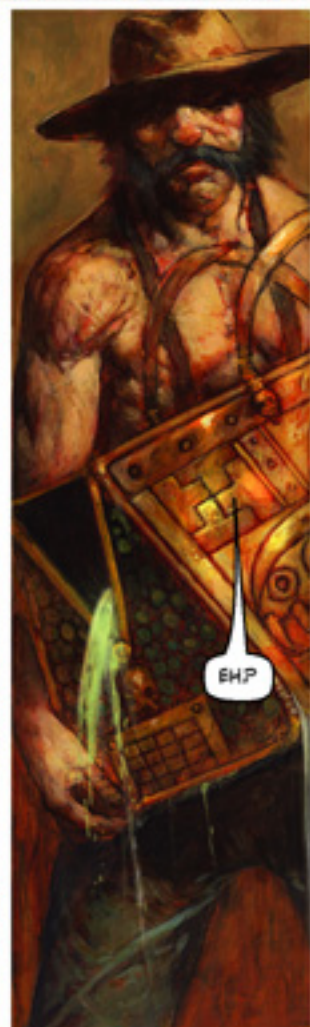
I HEARD HIS LAUGHTER, I COULD STILL HEAR THE ECHOES OF HIS MAD LAUGHTER, RUMBLING A THOUSAND THUNDERS.

AND THE STEADY SOUND OF HIS HAMMER...



THERE'S NO ESCAPING IT, IS THERE?

NOT FOR ANY OF US.



EHP



THEY ARE DOWN THERE, BATTLING STILL, BENEATH THE WAVES, IN THE HOLLOWES OF THE WORLD.

CAN YOU NOT HEAR IT?

CAN NO ONE HEAR IT?

EYD