

# THE JOTUNN WAR



  
OUTLAND  
ENTERTAINMENT

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◆VIKINGVERSE◆

ISSUE ONE



VIKINGVERSE

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# THE JOTUNN WAR

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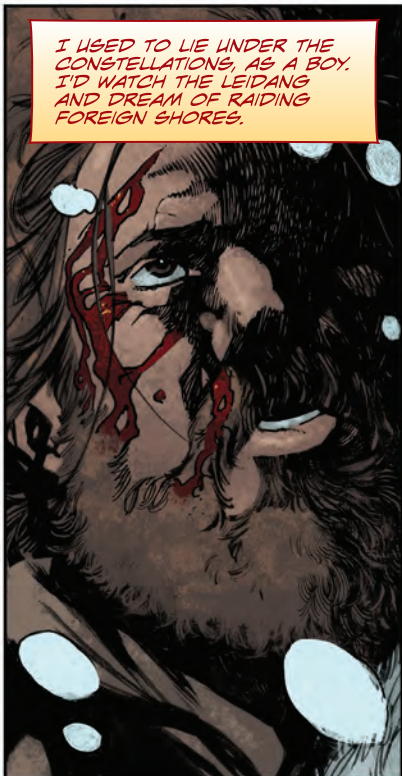
#### THE JOTUN WAR: A VIKINGVERSE GRAPHIC NOVEL ISSUE ONE

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**T**HIS TAKES ME BACK.



I USED TO LIE UNDER THE CONSTELLATIONS, AS A BOY. I'D WATCH THE LEIDANG AND DREAM OF RAIDING FOREIGN SHORES.



ÖDINS VAGN WAS ALWAYS THERE--THE ALL FATHER SHOWING HIS PEOPLE THE WAY.



**B**UT I'M GETTING OLD.

AS OLD AS THE HILLS.




**N**OW I ONLY DREAM OF DEATH.




AND LOOK WHERE  
FOLLOWING ODIN  
GOT ME.








THE FOOLISH MAN  
THINKS HE WILL LIVE  
FOREVER IF HE KEEPS  
AWAY FROM FIGHTING.



BUT OLD AGE  
WON'T GRANT  
HIM A TRUCE,  
EVEN IF THE  
SPEARS DO.



ANOTHER BIT OF  
ODIN'S WISDOM.



WHICH IS ALL VERY  
WELL, BUT TRY AS I  
MIGHT, DEATH WON'T  
LET ME SURRENDER.

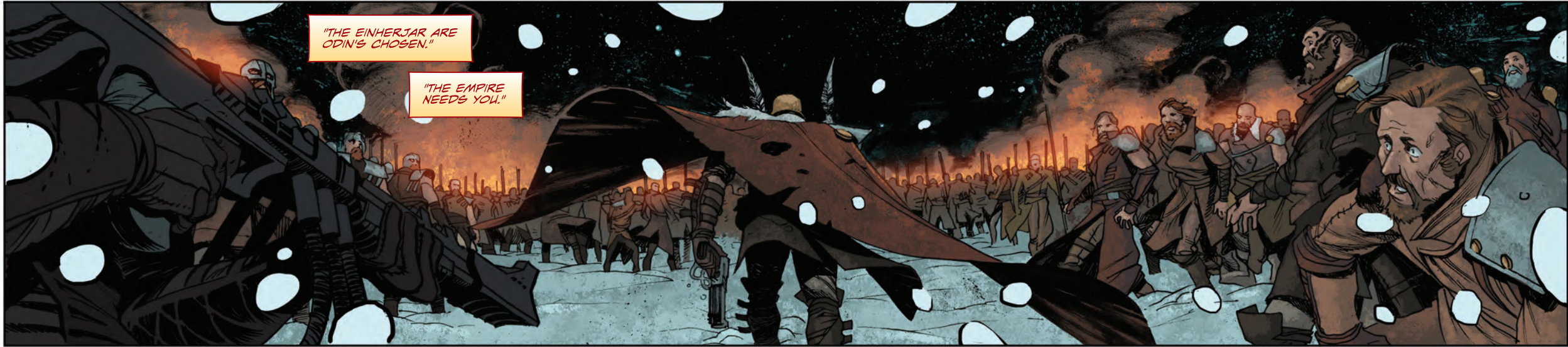


IF THE NORNS DETERMINE  
THE WEIRDS OF MEN,  
THEN THEY APPORTION  
EXCEEDING UNEVENLY.





"JOIN UP FOR  
JÖTUNHEIM!!"  
THEY SAID.  
"SEE THE NINE  
WORLDS!!"



"THE EINHERJAR ARE  
ODIN'S CHOSEN."

"THE EMPIRE  
NEEDS YOU."



"FACE YOUR  
DEMONS" WOULD  
BE MORE APT.



IT TAKES A BRAVE  
MAN TO FACE HIS  
DEMONS WHEN THEY  
ARE 30 FEET HIGH.







IN THE OLD DAYS,  
THIS WOULD HAVE  
BEEN THOR'S JOB.



YOU KNOW THE PHRASE:  
"THE BIGGER THEY ARE  
THE HARDER THEY FALL"?



IT DOESN'T APPLY  
TO JÖTNAR.



PERHAPS IT IS TOUGH  
LOVE. BUT THE GODS  
ARE CONSPICUOUS BY  
THEIR ABSENCE.



PERHAPS RAGNAROK ALREADY  
HAPPENED. EITHER WAY, IT  
TURNS OUT VALHALLA HASN'T  
GOT MUCH USE FOR US.



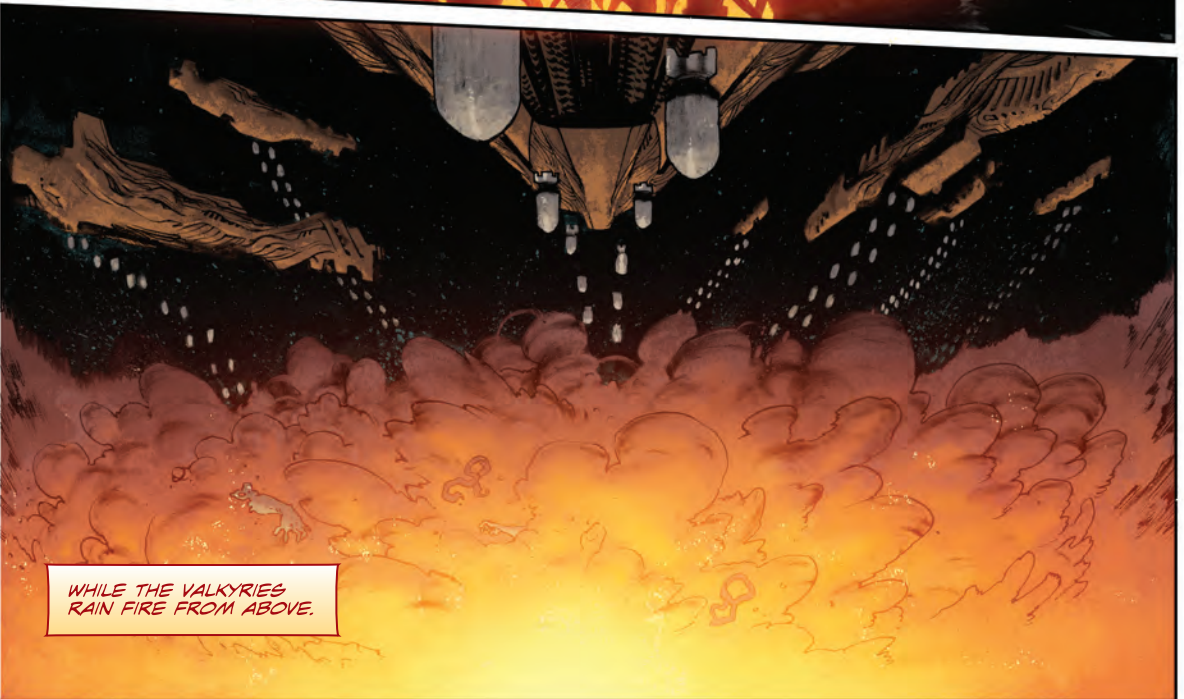
MAN IS GOD  
TO MAN. MAN IS  
WOLF TO MAN.



SO THE  
EINHERJAR  
JUST DIE  
WHERE THEY  
STAND.



WHILE THE VALKYRIES  
RAIN FIRE FROM ABOVE.







THE JÖTNAR AREN'T ALL GIGANTIC. REBELLION COMES IN ALL SHAPES AND SIZES.



THEY HAVE THEIR WAR MACHINES, WE HAVE OURS.



THEY WERE HUMAN ONCE, NOT SO LONG AGO.



WHEN BEING HUMAN MEANT SOMETHING.



THANKFULLY, THEY STILL HAVE EARS AND, MAN, THE GJALLARHORN IS LOUD.





ALL THINGS BRIGHT  
AND BEAUTIFUL,  
ALL CREATURES GREAT  
AND SMALL,  
ALL THINGS WISE  
AND WONDERFUL,  
THE ROARER MADE  
THEM ALL.



I'VE HEARD  
THAT ONE  
BEFORE. SHUT  
IT UP.



JÖTNAR JINGLES,  
A LITTLE DOLEFUL  
MAYBE, BUT THEY  
STICK WITH YOU.



AND UNLESS WE STOP THE  
ROARER, THEY'LL BE MORE.



HE HAS PLENTY OF  
RAW MATERIAL, OUR  
FATHER OF EXILES.



AND THE ENEMY HAS A GIFT FOR PROPAGANDA. THE DECLARATIONS OF JÖTLINHEIM, THE NINETY-NINE DISPUTES, THE SHIELD MAIDEN HERE.

"KEEP, ANCIENT LANDS, YOUR STORIED POMP!" CRIES SHE WITH COLD COMMAND. "GIVE ME YOUR TIRED, YOUR THRALLS, YOUR HUDDLED MASSES YEARNING TO BREATHE FREE, SEND THESE, THE HOMELESS, TEMPEST-TOSSED TO ME, I LIFT MY SHIELD BESIDE GOLDEN HALLS!"

ALL A PEOPLE NEED IN ORDER TO RISE UP AGAINST TYRANNY IS A LEADER SMART ENOUGH TO TAKE UP THE BANNER AND STAY ON MESSAGE.





ALVISS PRESTERLEA,  
GOOD SOLDIER,  
HANDSOME BASTARD,  
SKRAELING BLOOD MIXED  
IN THERE SOMEWHERE.

FROM THE  
TIME I WAS A KID, I  
ALWAYS KNEW SOMETHING  
WAS GOING TO HAPPEN TO  
ME. DIDN'T KNOW EXACTLY  
WHAT. WHO'D HAVE  
THOUGHT IT WOULD  
BE THIS?



NJALL ARMSTINNR,  
AN ENGINEER, DIRECT  
LINE OF DESCENT  
FROM SIGURD THE  
STRONG.

IT'S OUR  
NATURE TO FACE  
CHALLENGES. WE'RE  
REQUIRED TO DO  
THESE THINGS JUST  
AS SALMON SWIM  
UP A STREAM.

FUCK  
PESTINY.



CIGARETTE?

SMELLS  
LIKE SHIT.

CLOVES. GOOD  
FOR THE ALTITUDE  
SICKNESS. BESIDES,  
I'M OUT OF  
CIGARS.







I CAN'T GET A CLEAN SIGNAL. WHO KNOWS WHAT THE SPHERICS ARE LIKE HERE. WHERE YOU KARLS FROM?

MISIZHBI WAY. I WAS TRAINING TO BE AN ELECTRICIAN. I SUPPOSE MY APPLICATION GOT WIRED THE WRONG WAY SOMEWHERE DOWN THE LINE. NEED SOME HELP?



I'M GOOP, BAKKA. DIDN'T WANT TO JOIN THE SIGNAL CORPS?

LIKE I SAID, NOT MY CHOICE. OPIN CAN GIVE, ANP OPIN CAN TAKE AWAY. I MIGHT BE HERDING SHEEP NEXT YEAR.



WE ARE HERDING SHEEP. LAMBS TO THE SLAUGHTER.



WHY DID YOU SIGN UP, OLD MAN?



OLD FRIENDS.





THE RINGHORN--  
THE IMPERIAL  
FLAGSHIP. JUST IN  
THE NICK OF TIME.



STALLARI HUGTON,  
TRANQUILITY BASE  
HERE. THE RAVEN  
HAS LANDED.

IT'S TAKEN SIXTEEN YEARS  
TO GET WHAT'S LEFT OF THE  
IMPERIAL ARMY HERE, TO BRING  
THE FIGHT TO THE HEART OF  
JÖTUNHEIM. NOW WE ARE WITHIN  
SPITTING DISTANCE OF LITGARD,  
THE EMPEROR AND HIS  
VARANGIANS TURN UP TO PARADE  
FOR THE CAMERAS.



STILL, PERHAPS BEING A  
GOD-KING IS ALL ABOUT  
MAKING AN ENTRANCE.  
BEING IN THE RIGHT PLACE  
AT THE RIGHT TIME.



ODIN PROBABLY TAUGHT ALL HIS  
PROGENY THAT "YOU DO THE FLYING,  
THE EINHERJAR DOING THE DYING."



I'VE SEEN MY FAIR SHARE  
OF KINGS. BELIEVE ME, THE  
MORE THINGS CHANGE, THE  
MORE THEY STAY THE SAME.

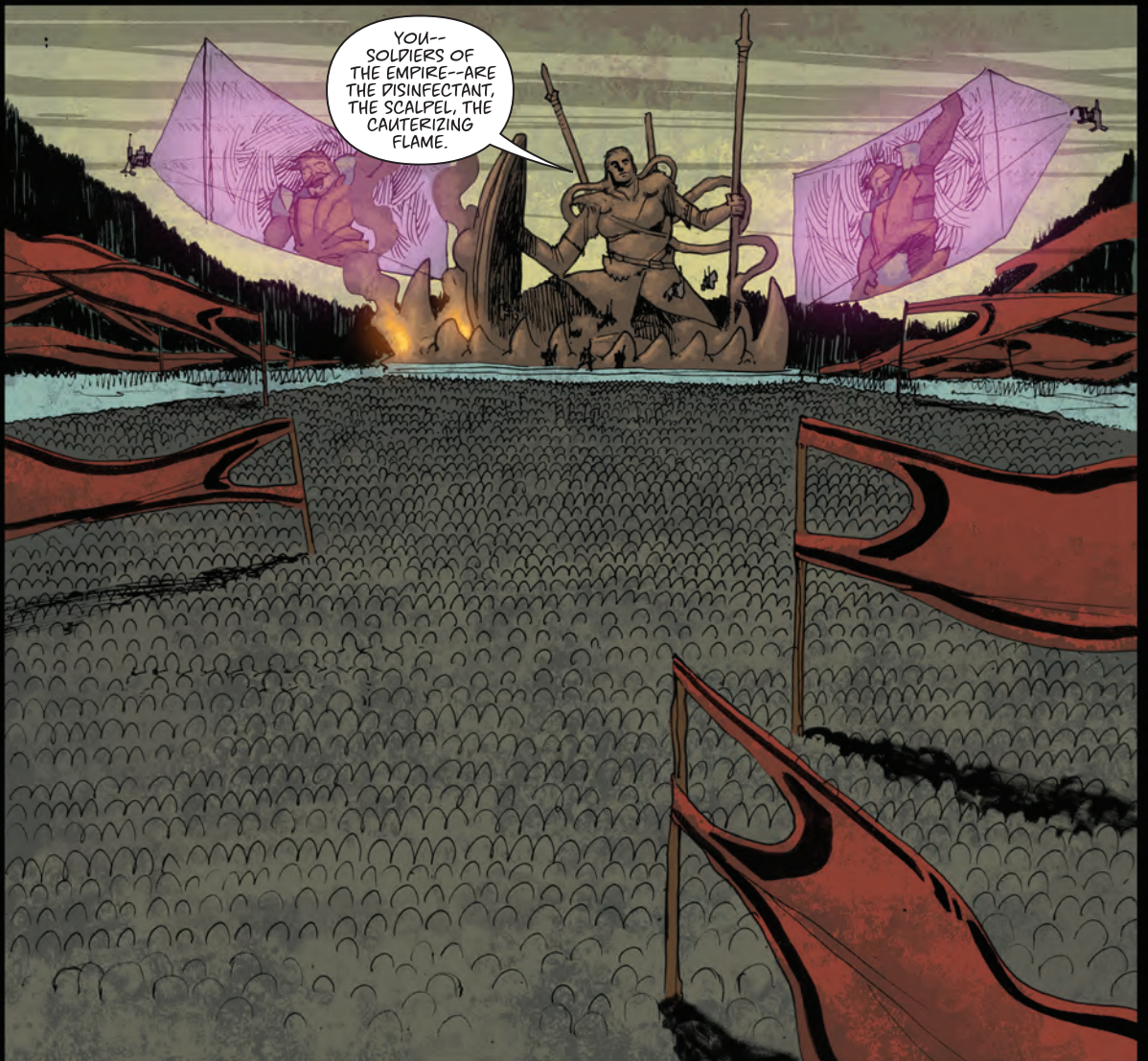




PURITY IN A  
STREAM OF WATER  
RENDERS IT FIT TO  
DRINK. IMPURITY IN  
A PIECE OF MEAT  
SICKENS THOSE  
WHO EAT IT.



IT STANDS  
TO REASON THAT  
IMPURITY MUST BE  
AVOIDED, RESISTED,  
EXPULSED.

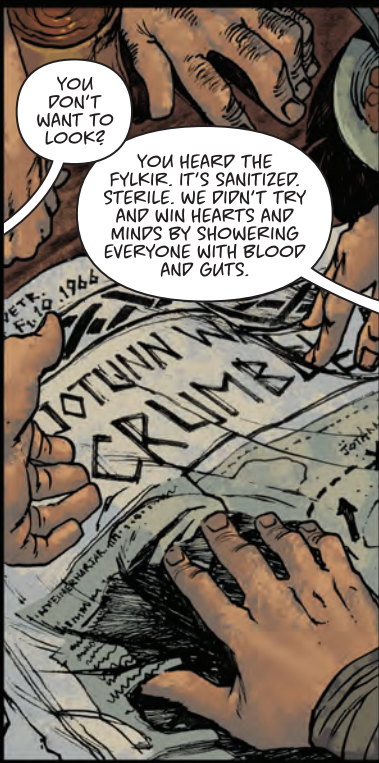


YOU--  
SOLDIERS OF  
THE EMPIRE--ARE  
THE DISINFECTANT,  
THE SCALPEL, THE  
CAUTERIZING  
FLAME.





HAVE YOU SEEN THE NEWS? THE SKALDS WERE ALREADY CALLING THE BATTLE "THE BREACH OF GASTROPNIR". THE EMPEROR WAS LAUDED FOR HIS "ULTIMATE CURE" SPEECH.



YOU DON'T WANT TO LOOK?

YOU HEARD THE FYLKIR. IT'S SANITIZED, STERILE. WE DIDN'T TRY AND WIN HEARTS AND MINDS BY SHOWERING EVERYONE WITH BLOOD AND GUTS.



TRUTH IS LIKE THE SUN. YOU CAN SHUT IT OUT FOR A TIME, BUT IT AIN'T GOING AWAY.



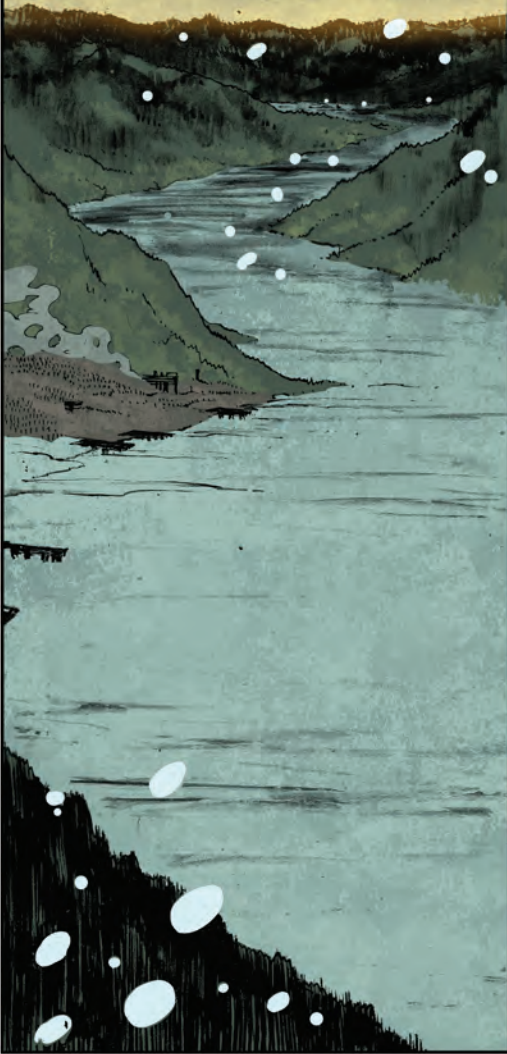
THAT'S THE PROBLEM WHEN THERE ARE NO MORE WORLDS TO CONQUER.



PEOPLE THINK BRAVERY IS HALF THE VICTORY.



ENGINEERS HAD BEEN WORKING ON A PONTOON ACROSS THE VIMUR FOR WEEKS. THE EMPEROR WAS RUMORED TO BE UNHAPPY WITH PROGRESS.



THE ORDER WAS GIVEN. THE EMPEROR WOULD BROOK NO FURTHER DELAY. HE HAD A NICE WARM PALACE TO GET HOME TO.





IT'S NO HARPING OF **GUNNAR**, BUT IF IT HELPS THESE YOUNGSTERS MARCH, I'M ALL FOR IT...

PACK UP YOUR TROUBLES IN YOUR OLD KIT-BAG, AND SMILE, SMILE, SMILE.



SMILES ARE DECEPTIVE. MOST SPECIES BARE THEIR TEETH AS A THREAT DISPLAY. OF AGGRESSION, OF LEADERSHIP.



HEY, OLD MAN. YOU'VE SEEN A FIGHT OR TWO?

ENOUGH TO KNOW NOT TO TARRY ON THE ICE. MOVE.



WHAT'S THE USE OF WORRYING? IT NEVER WAS WORTHWHILE, SO...

PACK UP YOUR TROUBLES IN YOUR OLD KIT-BAG, AND SMILE, SMILE, SMILE.



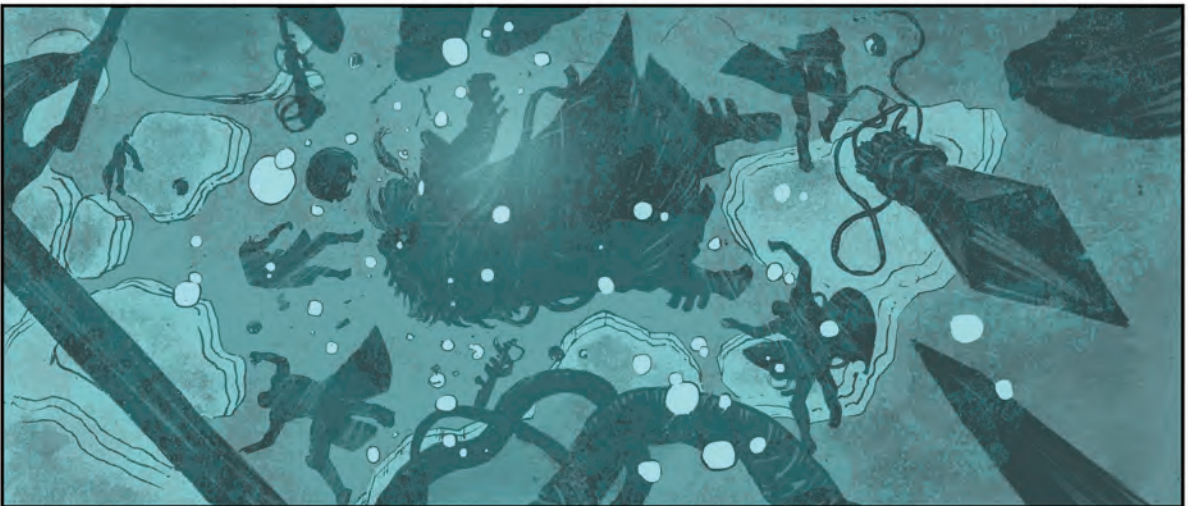
IT IS A REMINDER THAT THEIR JAWS CAN OPEN YOUR UNYIELDING THROAT.



THE PROBLEM IS, THE  
JÖTNAR HAD BY FAR  
THE BIGGER FANGS.

IT'S A  
TRAP!

PROTECT  
THE  
EMPEROR!







THE OLD SKALDS  
REALLY KNEW HOW TO  
DESCRIBE A BATTLE:



SPEARS PLUCKED  
LIVES AND GORY  
SHAFTS SPED.



BATTLE-CRANES  
SWOOPED OVER  
HEAPS OF DEAD.



WOUND-BIRDS DID  
NOT WANT FOR  
BLOOD TO GULP.



THE WOLF GOBBLED FLESH,  
THE RAVEN DAUBED THE PROW OF  
ITS BEAK IN WAVES OF RED.



WEEP AESIR'S CHILDREN, WEEP.





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# MEN OF THE EMPIRE

SPEAKING OUT OF A FULL HEART, MAY I SAY HOW **GLORIOUSLY** OUR TROOPS HAVE UPHELD THE FINEST TRADITIONS OF THE NORSE DURING THIS STRUGGLE STILL IN PROGRESS?

*CLOUD SCRAPERS.  
SHADOWS ON THE SKY.  
DEVOURERS.*

IT DOESN'T MATTER **WHAT** YOU CALL OUR ENEMY. THEY BRING ONLY **DEATH**.

THE DAY MAY DAWN WHEN OUR **SLEEPLESS VALOUR, UNTIRING RESOURCE,** AND **IMPERISHABLE VIRTUE** WILL ENABLE TORMENTED GENERATIONS TO MARCH FORTH, SERENE AND TRIUMPHANT, FROM THE HIDEOUS EPOCH IN WHICH WE HAVE TO DWELL. UNTIL THEN, **NEVER** FLINCH, **NEVER** WEARY, **NEVER** DESPAIR.

## RALLY TO THE RAVEN BANNER

IF THE *FATHER OF MONSTERS* WINS, NO HOME IN THE **NINE WORLDS** WILL BE SAFE! WIVES, DAUGHTERS, MOTHERS WILL BE AT THE MERCY OF OUR FOE.

**YOUR EMPIRE NEEDS YOU**

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