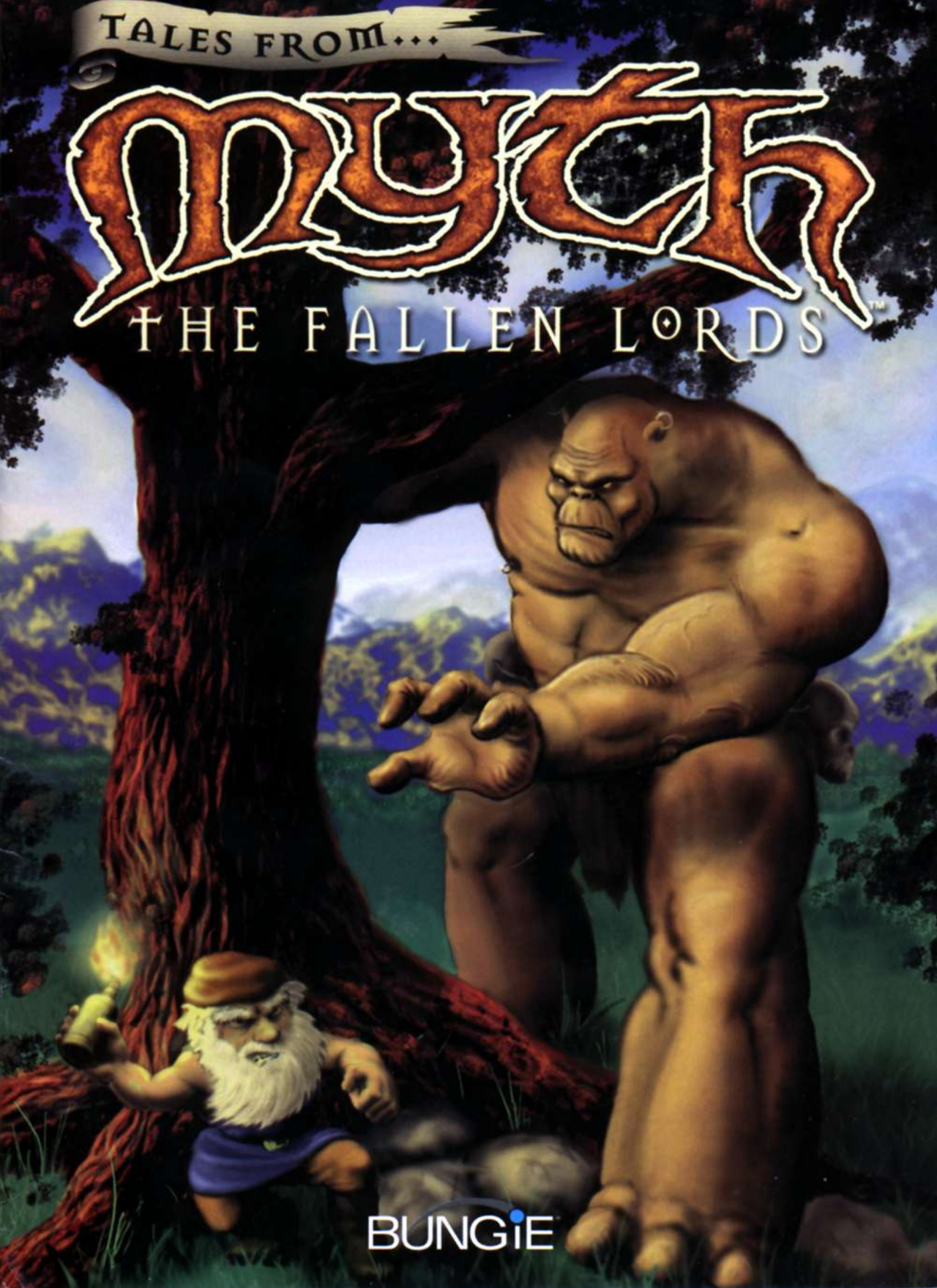


TALES FROM...

MOYCH

THE FALLEN LORDS™



BUNGIE



Fang-Grinder!

Juan Ramirez

As the wicked Fallen Lords spread their malignant shadow, their terrible servants pushed relentlessly westward, halted only by the fighting spirit of valiant men. Even the most courageous defenders might find their boldness lacking when confronted by such a hideous enemy. And of all the fiends, foul and profane, who served the Dark, none were more feared and hated than Fang-Grinder!



Ground Zero

Mark Bernal

The battle for Madrigal lasted four days without pause. Shiver fell on the first night in a spectacular dream duel with Rabican, one of the Nine. No one expected this. We have never before challenged one of The Fallen and won.

But the truth behind the victory is stranger than any of the rumors.



Antero's Bestiary

Robt M'Lees

Thus Antero said unto me ... "Even in Forgall's work some amount of speculation must have been necessary to complete certain entries. But now, because of this terrible war, the beasts of myth walk the land once more!"

And so it came to pass that my master petitioned the Trow for my safe passage in their lands, that I might observe their natures and record their habits.



Inside the Tain

Frank Pusateri

Murgen believes that we are close to finding a back door. A secret exit from the Tain added by its creators so they could escape the thing if it were ever used against them. It will be hidden, of course, and almost certainly protected by traps, but it is our only chance of escape.

Front cover by Mark Bernal. Back cover by Juan Ramirez.

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The stories, characters, and events portrayed in this work are fictional (except for Fang-Grinder). Any similarities to persons living or dead are coincidental.

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TALES FROM ...

MYSTER

THE FALLEN LORDS

AS THE WICKED FALLEN LORDS CAST THEIR MALIGNANT SHADOWS UNTO THE REALMS OF FREE MEN TERROR REIGNED THE LAND! THE ARMIES OF DARKNESS PUSHED RELENTLESSLY WESTWARD HALTED ONLY BY THE VALIANT FIGHTING SPIRIT OF BRAVE MEN! BUT EVEN THE MOST COURAGEOUS OF DEFENDERS MIGHT FIND THEIR BOLDNESS LACKING WHEN CONFRONTED BY SUCH A HIDEOUS ENEMY! AND OF ALL THE FOUL AND PROFANE FIENDS WHO SERVED THE DARK FEW WERE FEARED AND HATED MORE THAN ...

FANG-GRINDER!



DREADED FANG-GRINDER WHOSE VERY NAME STRUCK FEAR INTO EVEN THOSE THAT RALLIED ROUND HIM IN BATTLE! CALLED THE "KING OF THE GHÖLS" AND "THE BLACK-DOG OF THE HILL LANDS" HE WAS THE GREATEST AND MOST TERRIBLE OF HIS KIND!

UNTIL AT LAST TALES SPREAD THROUGH FEARFUL VILLAGES AND RUMORS WERE WHISPERED ROUND LONELY CAMPFIRES THAT FANG-GRINDER COULD NOT BE SLAIN BY MORTAL MAN AT ALL!



VICIOUS FANG-GRINDER WHOSE FURY PROVED THE DOOM OF COUNTLESS HEROES AND UPON WHOSE HEAD WAS SWORN MANY A SOLEMN OATH FOR REVENGE! BUT NO MATTER HOW MANY BLADES WERE PLEDGED TOWARDS HIS RUIN, HE REMAINED A SCOURGE TO MEN EVERYWHERE!

WHERE WERE THOSE WHO SAID THAT HE WAS A CREATURE BORN AND BLESSED OF THE BLACKEST SORCERY, NURSED ON THE BLOOD OF INNOCENCE DEFILED?



OTHERS CLAIMED HE WAS BUT A PHANTOM BEAST, THE GHOSTLY AVENGER OF ALL GHÖLS SLAIN IN BATTLE...

WHO WITH BUT A GLANCE...



COULD FREEZE A MAN'S SOUL!



IT WAS A MOONLIT AUTUMN NIGHT AT THE BATTLE OF GRIMACE POINT THAT MAURIAK OF MADRIGAL SAW HIS FELLOWS PERISH, FALLEN BY FANG-GRINDER HIS WARRIOR'S VOWS FORGOTTEN HE FLED IN TERROR, SUCH WAS HIS GUILT AND SHAME!



NO ONE TRULY KNOWS WHY FANG-GRINDER SPARED MAURIAK THAT NIGHT, THOUGH MOST OF WESTERN LORE AGREES THAT IT WAS OUT OF WEARINESS FROM A LONG DAY'S SLAUGHTER! SOME CHRONICLES HOWEVER SPEAK OF A SPARK OF MERCY THAT MAY BRIEFLY FLICKER IN EVEN THE BLACKEST OF HEARTS...



SOON FANG-GRINDER AND HIS UNDERLINGS WERE ON THE MOVE AGAIN MARAUDING AS THEY WENT, PERHAPS SUMMONED BY ONE OF THEIR FALLEN LORD MASTERS!



AS FOR MAURIAK, LOST AND ALONE HE WANDERED THE HILL COUNTRY FOR A TIME, AN AIMLESS ROGUE WARRIOR UNABLE TO COME TO TERMS WITH HIS DISGRACED HONOR.



HE BLAMED HIMSELF FOR THE DEATH OF HIS COMRADES, THOUGH THERE WAS LITTLE HE MIGHT HAVE DONE TO AID THEM INEXPERIENCED AND OUTNUMBERED AS HE HAD BEEN.

* IN THE BESTIAL LANGUAGE OF THE GHÖLS.

IT IS IN THE NATURE OF GHÖLS TO BE SAVAGE AND BRUTISH ALTHOUGH THEY ARE NOT THOUGHT TO BE INHERENTLY EVIL IN AND OF THEMSELVES, THEIR ALLEGIANCE TO THE FALLEN DUE MORE TO IGNORANCE AND SORCEROUS DECEPTION! BUT FANG-GRINDER RULED AS DO ALL TYRANTS THROUGH FEAR AND BRUTALITY! IT WAS WELL KNOWN THAT HE FEASTED UPON HIS VICTIMS, BUT FEW WOULD SCARCELY GUESS THAT HE WAS SO DEPRAVED AS TO DEVOUR HIS OWN KIND...



BUT HIS DEPRAVITY KNEW NO BOUNDS...



IN THE END EVEN HIS OWN COHORTS ABANDONED HIM IN MISERABLE TERROR...



FOR THEY NOW KNEW THAT TRULY NONE WERE SAFE FROM FANG-GRINDER'S INSATIABLE LUST FOR BLOOD! AS THEY FLED HE CURSED THEIR FEEBLE HEARTS...

BEVELING IN HIS OWN AWESOME HIDEOUSNESS HE GORGED HIMSELF ON HIS GRISLY REPAST, AND FROM THAT DAY ON HE ROAMED IN SOLITUDE, HIS MONSTEROUS ATROCITIES UNABATED, HIS AWFUL LEGEND GROWING GREATER STILL!



AND NOW WE COME TO THE TALE OF HOW FANG-GRINDER THE INFAMOUS 'KING OF THE GHÖLS' MET WITH HIS OWN GRIM DEMISE AS TOLD IN THE TOTAL CODEX ITSELF!

IN THOSE DAYS AS THE WAR RAGED EVER WESTWARD, OLD RIVALRIES WERE FORGOTTEN AND NEW ALLIANCES FORCED, AND SO IT CAME TO BE THAT THE FIR-BOLG REKNOWN FOR THEIR ARCHERY SKILLS CAME TO STAND WITH THE NEWLY FORMED LEGIONS AGAINST THE FALLEN LORDS!



IT WAS UNDER GLOOMY SKIES THAT A TROOP OF FIR-BOLG MARCHED EAST-WARD ON A MISSION THROUGH UNKNOWN LANDS...



FANG-GRINDER MADE SHORT BLOODY WORK OF THE FOUR ARCHER SCOUTS...



AT FIRST HE FACED THEM BUT THEIR NUMBERS PROVED FAR TOO GREAT! UNDER A TORRENT OF ARROWS HE TOOK FLIGHT!



A SMALL BAND MOVED AHEAD OF THE MAIN FORCE UNAWARE THAT THEY WERE BEING WATCHED BY UNFRIENDLY EYES...



BUT THEIR COMRADES WERE NOT FAR BEHIND AND THEIR RETRIBUTION WAS SURE AND SWIFT AS THEIR AIM ALLOWED!



FAR INTO THE NIGHT THEY PURSUED HIM PIERCING HIM GRIEVOUSLY ON ALL SIDES!

FINALLY IN A SLIMY BOG DID HE ELUDE THEM, BUT THEIR WRATH HAD TAKEN ITS TOLL, FOR HE KNEW THAT LEST HE SOON REACH HIS FALLEN LORD MASTERS HIS FATE WAS SEALED! FROM FAR AWAY HE HEARD THEIR CALL, THEIR DARK SORCERY BECKONED WITH PROMISES OF REJUVENATION!

IN A TRANCE-LIKE STUPOR HE STRUGGLED THROUGH THE SWAMPY MIRE, MANY TIMES BEFORE HAD HE BEEN WOUNDED UNTO THE BRINK OF DEATH, BUT HE HAD BEEN RE-STORED, HIS POWER AND MAJCE EXALTED!



BUT THIS TIME SUCH WAS NOT TO BE, FOR BETWEEN HIM AND HIS MASTERS NOW STOOD MAURIAK OF MADRIGAL! AND AT LONG LAST THE EVIL FORTUNES THAT HAD SO VEHEMENTLY SMILED UPON DREAD FANG-GRINDER NOW TURNED AWAY. FIERCE TO THE LAST HE FOUGHT VICIOUSLY AND VERY NEARLY PREVAILED BUT HIS DOOM WAS AT HAND!



FOR IT WAS A MIXTURE OF HIS WEAKNESS FROM HIS MANY ARROW WOUNDS AND THE COURAGE OF MAURIAK THAT THWARTED HIM. SUCH WAS FANG-GRINDER'S BANE!

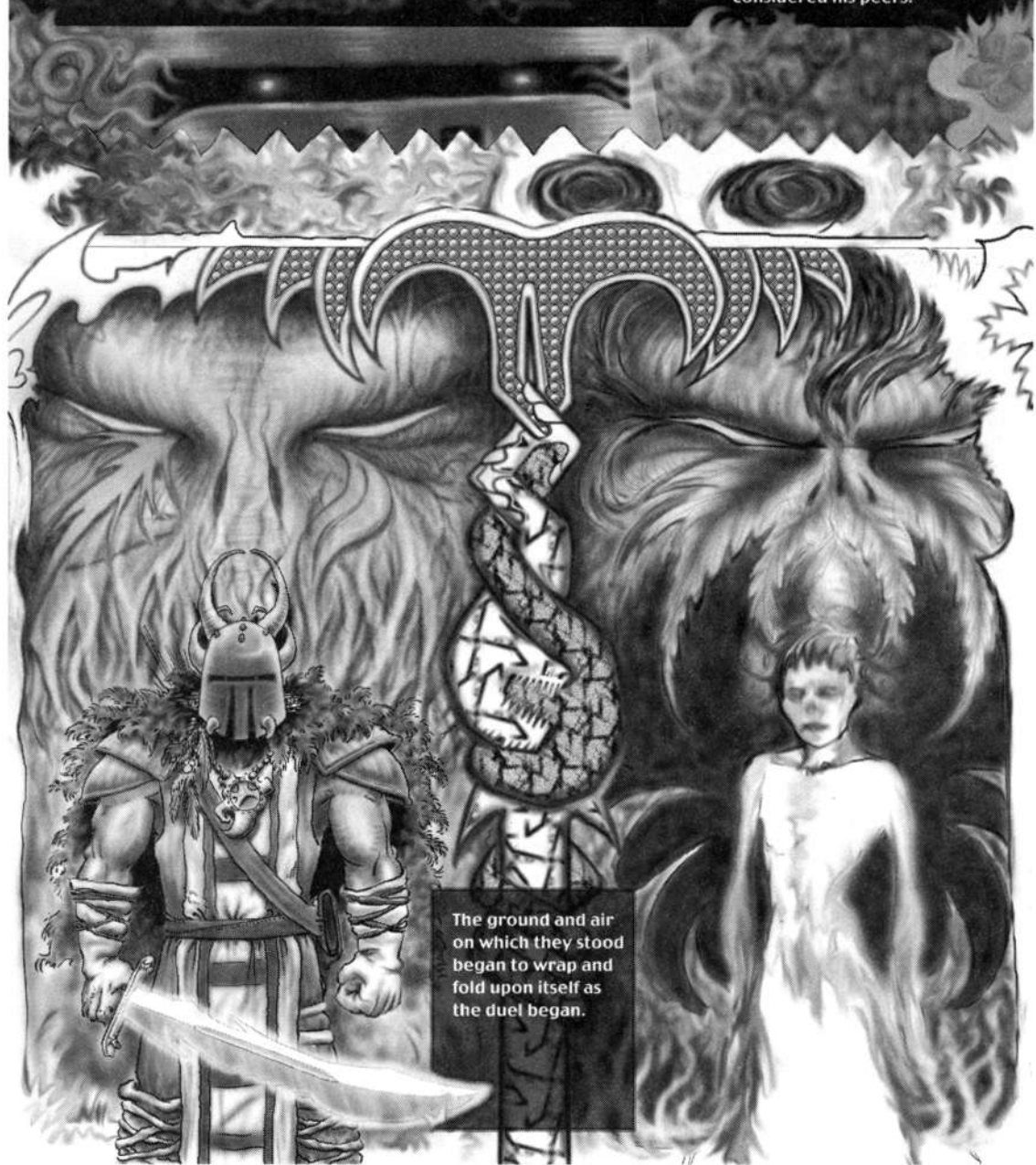
THUS DID MAURIAK OF MADRIGAL REGAIN HIS LOST HONOR AND FOR THIS DEED HIS FAME SPREAD FAR AND WIDE AS FOR FANG-GRINDER HIS SKULL AND BONES WERE MUCH SOUGHT AFTER BY THOSE THAT STUDY AND PRACTICE THE BLACK-ARTS FOR IT WAS SAID THEY HELD CERTAIN SORCEROUS PROPERTIES, AND EVER AFTER WHENEVER A GHOL WAS ESPECIALLY STRONG OR FIERCE OR CLEVER HE WAS CALLED FANG-GRINDER!

GROUND ZERO

August 5th Outskirts of Madrigal

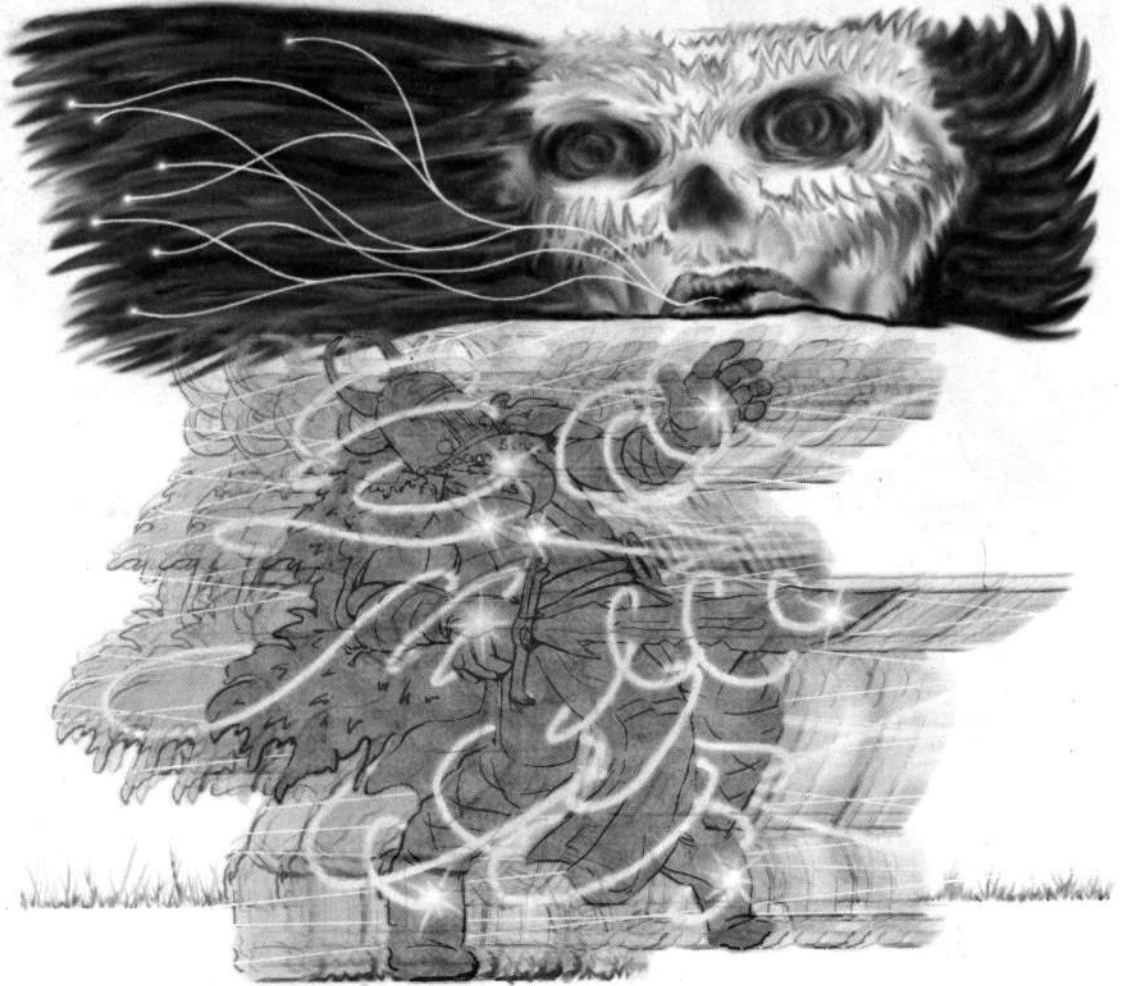
the battlefield fell silent as the two commanders confronted one another atop the hill of mourning.

Rabican had heard tales of Shiver's powerful sorcery and how quickly she had defeated those whom he considered his peers.



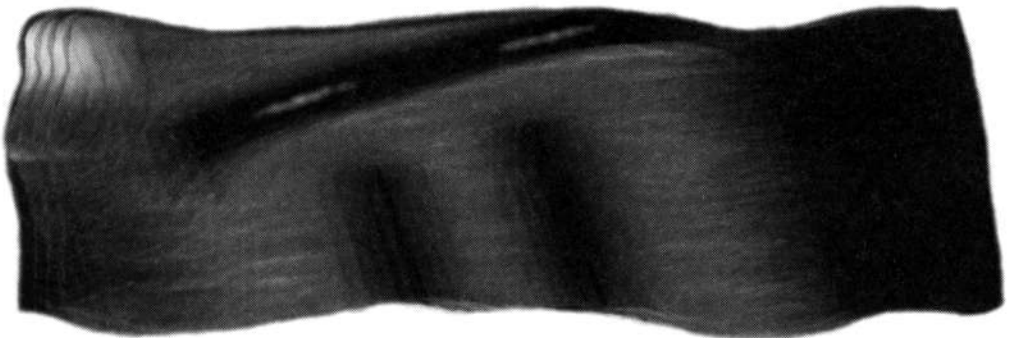
The ground and air on which they stood began to wrap and fold upon itself as the duel began.

Shiver whispered her silent dream.



A cold sharp breeze froze Rabican where he stood.

**The souls began to peel away from his body
and his concentration waned.**





to struggled
thought

Moagim

vanity

whisper
weakness

VANITY



Peel the body ...
... then pierce the soul.

Victory?

Rabican stood to
fight another day...

...Shiver lingered
in defeat.

WHEN COVENANT FELL AND THE GREAT UNIVERSITY BURNED, WE LOST COUNTLESS GENERATIONS OF ACCUMULATED KNOWLEDGE -- CHIEF AMONGST THIS LOSS WAS THE LAST SURVIVING COPY OF FORGALL'S BESTIARY.



BUT ANTERO, MY MASTER AND THE GREATEST SCHOLAR OF OUR DAY, DID NOT DESPAIR AS OTHERS DID. HE SAW GREAT OPPORTUNITY IN THIS TRAGIC EVENT...



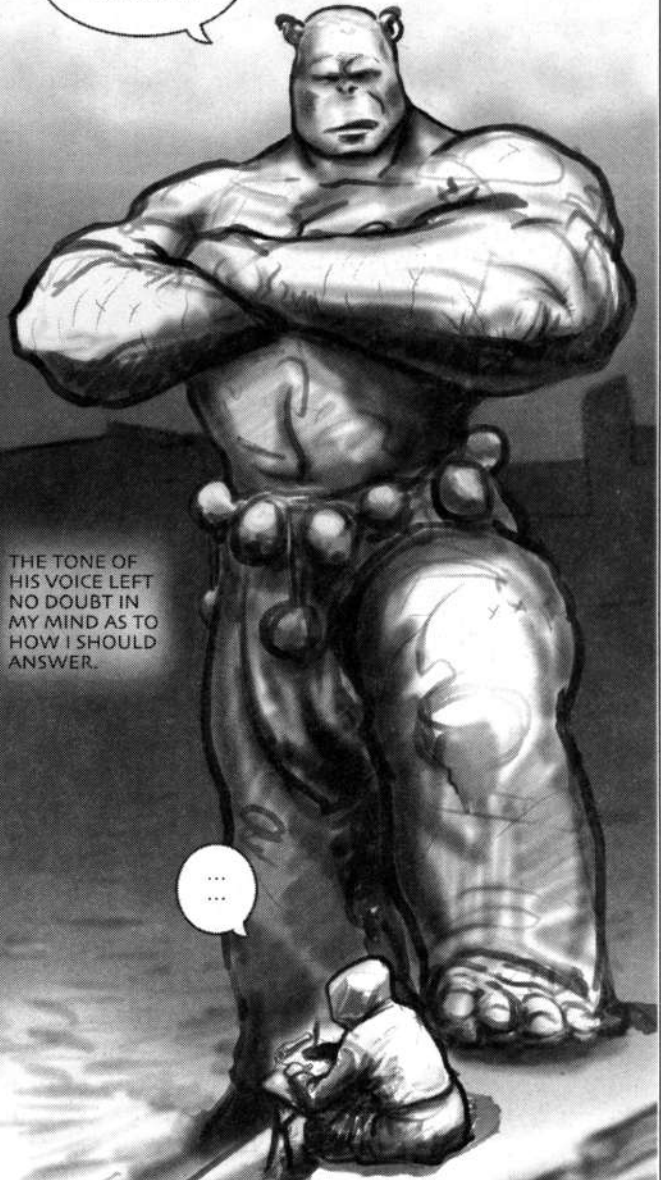
THUS ANTERO SAID UNTO ME, AND TO WHAT FEW OF HIS OTHER PUPILS THAT STILL LIVED, "EVEN IN FORGALL'S WORK SOME AMOUNT OF SPECULATION MUST HAVE BEEN NECESSARY TO COMPLETE CERTAIN ENTRIES, BUT NOW, BECAUSE OF THIS TERRIBLE WAR, THE BEASTS OF MYTH WALK THE LAND ONCE MORE!"



AND SO IT CAME TO PASS THAT MY MASTER PETITIONED THE TROW FOR MY SAFE PASSAGE IN THEIR LANDS, THAT I MIGHT OBSERVE THEIR NATURES AND RECORD THEIR HABITS FOR...

antero's bestiary

IS MAN TO HAVE AN ENTRY, AS WELL?



THE TONE OF HIS VOICE LEFT NO DOUBT IN MY MIND AS TO HOW I SHOULD ANSWER.

words and pictures by Robt McLees

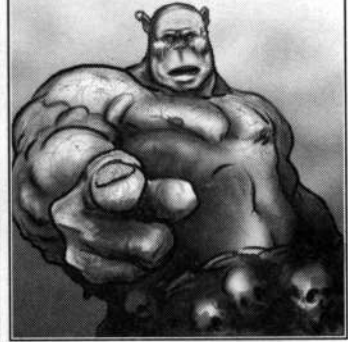
I MADE A NOTE TO SUGGEST ITS INCLUSION ON MY RETURN HOME.



THESE HAD BEEN ACERUS MALUM MAGNUS' FIRST WORDS SINCE I HANDED HIM ANTERO'S PETITION NEARLY A MONTH AGO AT THE VERY FRINGES OF THE NORTHERN HOLDINGS AT THE START OF MY JOURNEY THROUGH THESE TROW HAUNTED LANDS.



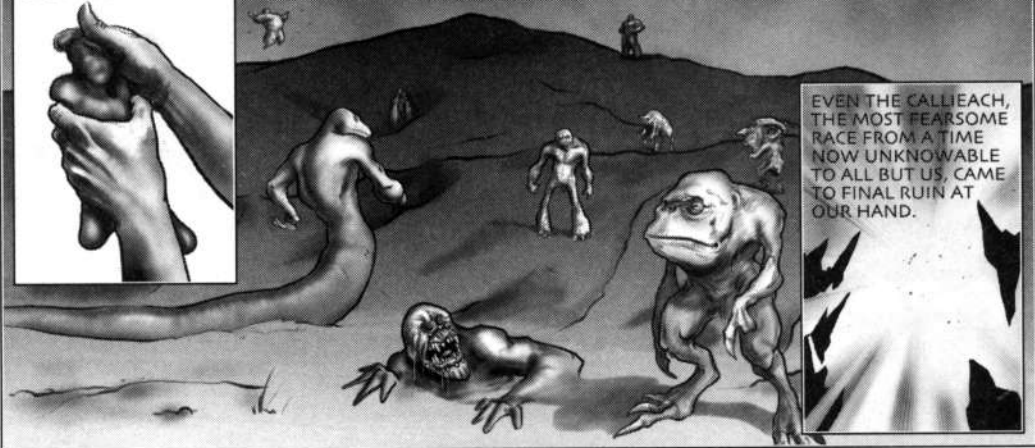
TO KNOW THE HISTORY OF THE TROW IS TO KNOW THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD.



AT THE DAWN OF TIME NYX MOLDED US OUT OF STONE AND CLAY.

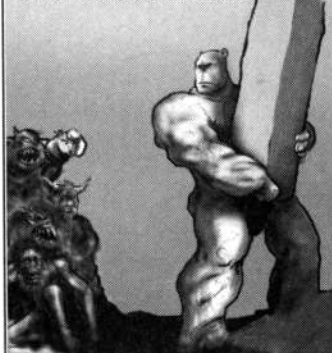


DURING THAT AGE IT SEEMED THAT A NEW RACE WOULD CRAWL UP OUT OF THE OCEAN, BURROW OUT OF THE MOUNTAINS OR FALL FROM THE SKY EVERY THOUSAND YEARS OR SO. BUT IT ALWAYS CAME TO THE SAME END -- THEY WOULD COME INTO CONFLICT WITH US AND WE WOULD CRUSH THEM.

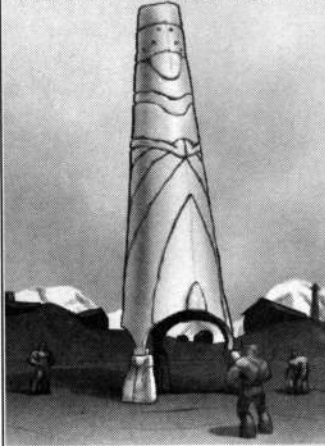


EVEN THE CALLIEACH, THE MOST FEARSOME RACE FROM A TIME NOW UNKNOWN TO ALL BUT US, CAME TO FINAL RUIN AT OUR HAND.

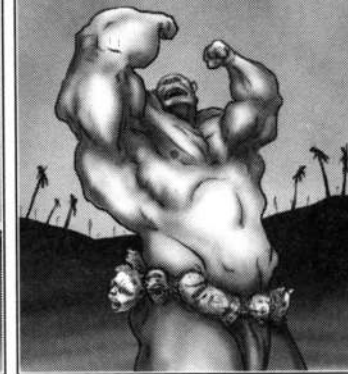
THEN, AFTER AN AEON OF PEACE, THE YOUNGER RACES BEGAN TO APPEAR. DURING THAT AGE MAN WAS A SIMPLE BEAST HARDLY WORTHY OF NOTICE. BUT HIS OLDER COUSINS, THE OGHRES, KNEW SOMETHING OF THE WAKING WORLD AND CALLED US A RACE OF CONSORTS!



AND THERE WAS NO DENYING IT. EVERY EDIFICE... EVERY SHRINE... EVERY MONUMENT WE ERECTED, WE DID SO FOR THE LOVE OF NYX.



AND, AS ALL FOOLS EVENTUALLY DO, WE PLACED OURSELVES ABOVE THESE LESSER RACES -- ENSLAVING THOSE WE FOUND USEFUL AND KILLING AND EATING THE REST.



THE OGHRES RESISTED US TOOTH AND NAIL, BUT WE HAD A VERY POWERFUL ALLY... AND ONCE IRON HAD TASTED BLOOD, IT BECAME INSATIABLE...



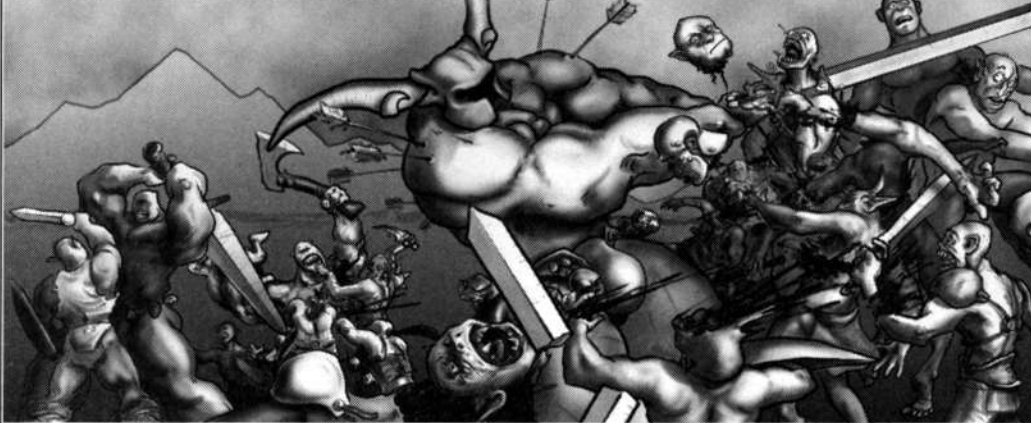
AND WE BECAME TYRANTS WORTHY OF THE MANTLE OF THE LEVELER EVEN DURING THE PERIODS THAT YOUR PEOPLE CALLED THEIR GOLDEN AGES...



BUT, AFTER TWELVE CENTURIES OF SLAVERY, THE OGHRES REBELLED...



AND BLINDED BY HATRED, WE COULD NOT SUFFER THEM THEIR FREEDOM. THE WAR LASTED FOR THIRTY YEARS AND WAS FRAUGHT WITH UNCONSCIONABLE ACTS OF WHOLESALE SLAUGHTER -- THEIR TOWNS AND VILLAGES WERE RAZED, THEIR WOMEN AND CHILDREN PUT TO THE TORCH AND OUR CITIES THROWN DOWN... IT ALL CULMINATED IN A SINGLE BATTLE -- THE BATTLE AT THE VALLEY OF THE RED SEAL WAS A SOLID MONTH OF FIGHTING AND IT RESULTED IN THE EXTINCTION OF THEIR RACE.



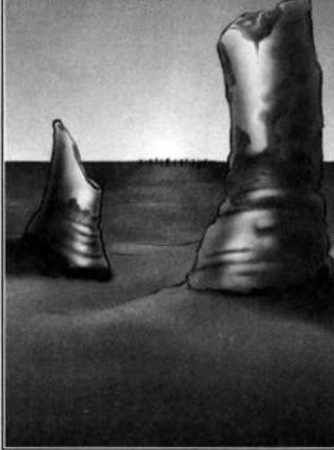
WE LEFT THE FIELD OF BATTLE DISGUSTED BY OUR OWN ACTIONS AND ERECTED NO MONUMENTS TO OUR VICTORY -- WE ABANDONED IRON AND HIS KIN, LEAVING THEM TO THE YOUNGER, LESS WISE RACES.

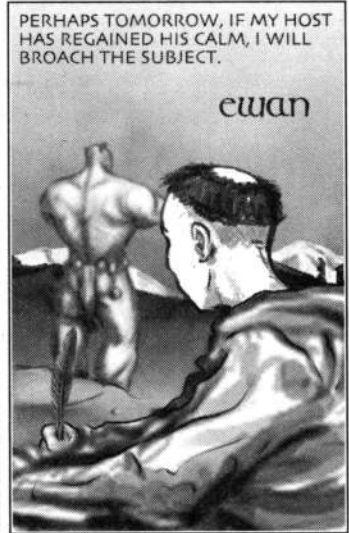
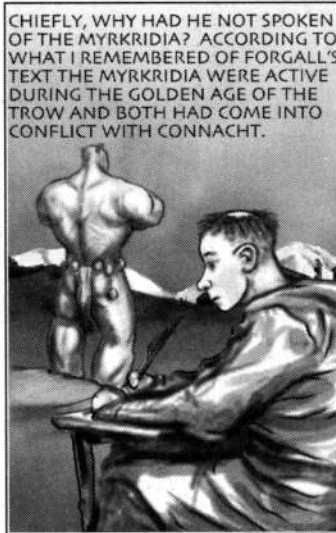
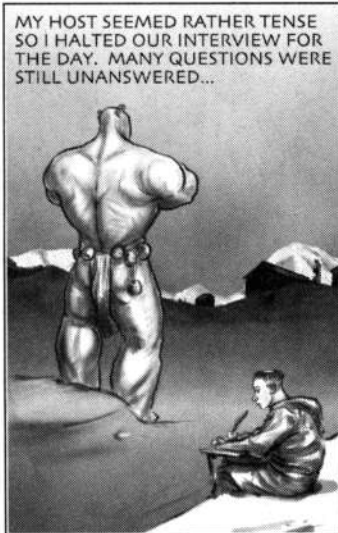
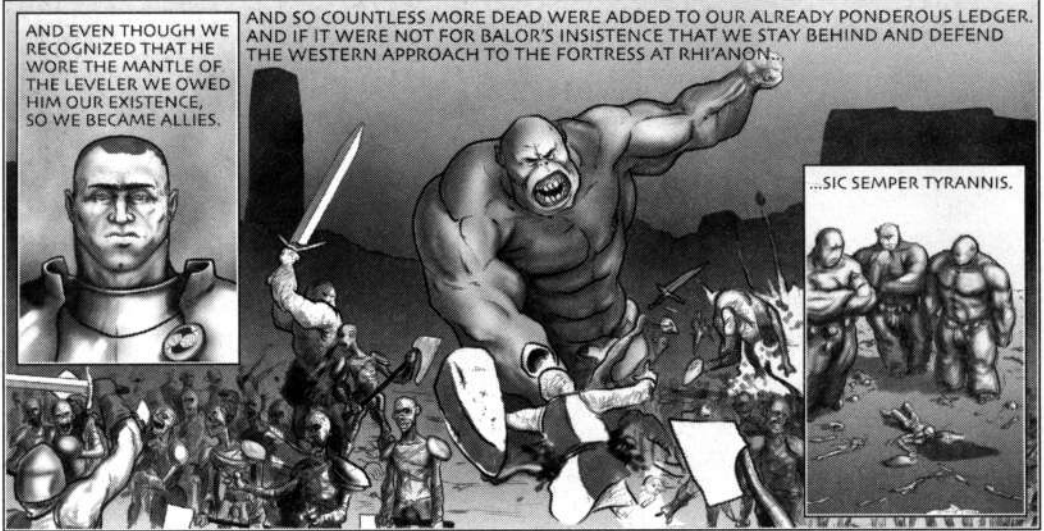
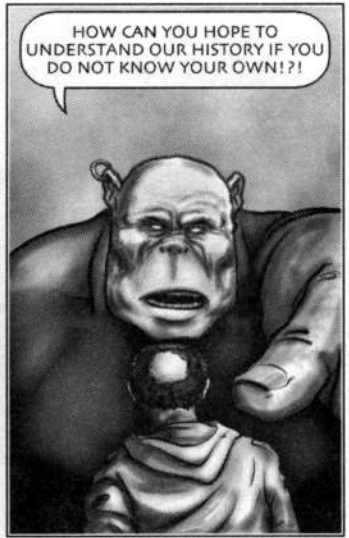
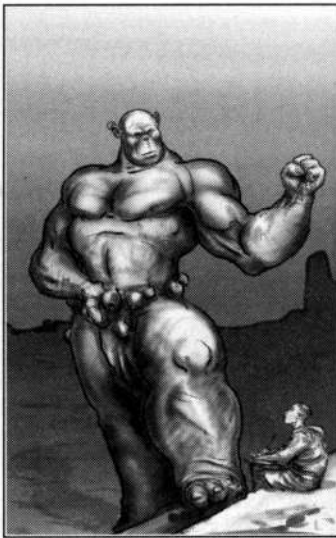
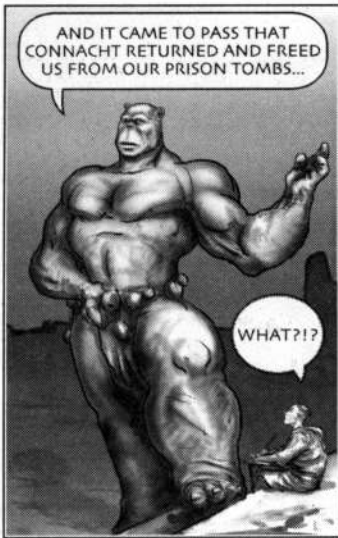


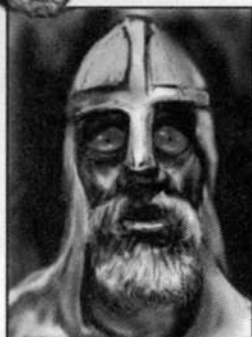
CONNACHT AND HIS LIEUTENANTS FELL ON US IN OUR MOMENT OF WEAKNESS BUT SHOWED US MERCY, INSTEAD OF RETURNING US TO THE ONE DREAM, HE ENTOMBED US IN THE VAULTS BENEATH RHI'ANON.



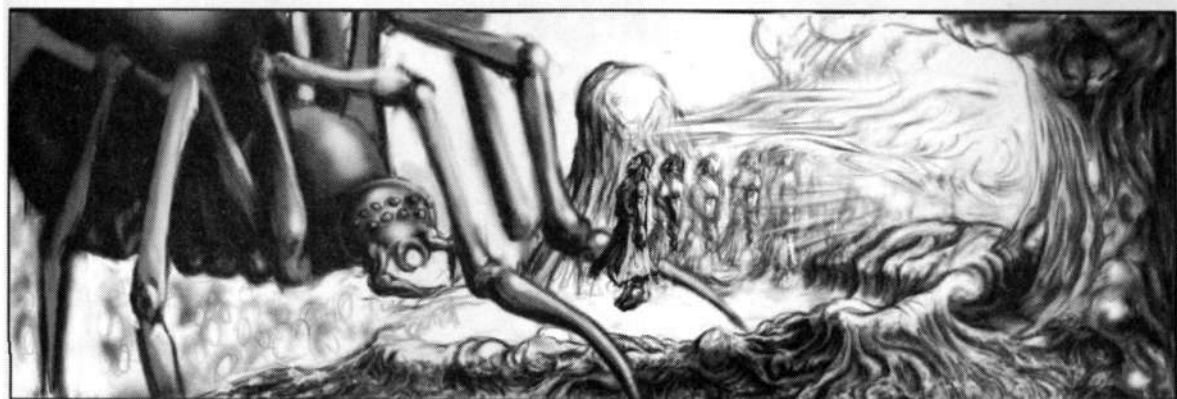
THEN HE FINISHED THE JOB THAT THE OGHRES HAD STARTED, VIRTUALLY ERASING ALL EVIDENCE OF OUR CULTURE.

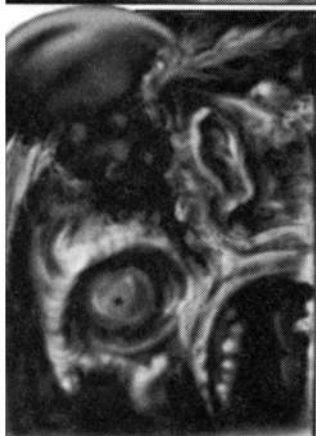












THE END

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