

A DENSE FOREST SHROUDED IN MIST AT THE EDGE OF SCANDINAVIA. THE GROUND IS FROZEN BENEATH THE FEET OF ANCIENT WARRIORS WHO ONCE ROAMED THESE LANDS.

IN THE DISTANCE THERE IS A LOW RUMBLE, ALMOST LIKE THUNDER. THE SKY DARKENS AS A STORM BREWS UNNATURALLY ABOVE.

IN THE HEART OF THIS FOREST LIES AN ANCIENT TEMPLE, ITS CRUMBLING STONE WALLS COVERED WITH SYMBOLS OF VIKING RUNES AND OLD-WORLD MAGIC.

INSIDE THE TEMPLE, AN IMMENSE STONE ALTAR IS BATHED IN EERIE, OTHERWORLDLY LIGHT. ON TOP OF IT RESTS A COLOSSAL, SHIMMERING AXE.

IT IS "THE AXE OF RAGNARÖK", AN ANCIENT VIKING WEAPON SAID TO INCREASE THE POWER OF ANY WHO WIELD IT EXPONENTIALLY. THE WEAPON PULSES WITH ENERGY, CAUSING THE GROUND AROUND IT TO SHAKE.

A DARK SHADOW LOOMS OVER THE TEMPLE ENTRANCE. VORTHAZHUL, THE DEMON OF THE FORGOTTEN REALM, A MASSIVE CREATURE WITH HORNS AND GLOWING RED EYES, STEPS FORWARD. HIS DARK ARMOR CLINKS AS HE MOVES TOWARD THE ALTAR.

THE WEAPON SHALL BE MINE. WITH IT, I WILL UNLEASH THE FURY OF THE UNDERWORLD.



SOMETHING
ANCIENT STIRS
IN THE DEPTHS OF
THE EARTH. A RELIC...
THE ONE THAT'S
BEEN CALLING
TO ME.

THIS COULD
MAKE ME TRULY
UNSTOPPABLE. WITH
IT, ALL WOULD BOW
TO MY POWER.



WHAT'S
GOING ON,
ICELANDER?
YOU LOOK LIKE
YOU'VE SEEN
A GHOST.

WORSE
... MUCH
WORSE.



SOMETHING
IS AWAKENING,
SOMETHING
UNNATURAL, AND
WE NEED TO
STOP IT BEFORE
IT'S TOO
LATE.



THIS
STORM...
IT'S NOT
NATURAL.
SOMEONE OR
THING IS
STIRRING UP
MORE THAN
JUST WIND
AND
SNOW.



LEGEND HAS
IT THAT THE AXE
OF RAGNARÖK LIES
WITHIN THIS TEMPLE.
WHOEVER CLAIMS IT,
WILL BE GRANTED
LIMITLESS
POWER!

AND WE
DON'T WANT
IT FALLING INTO
THE WRONG
HANDS?



THE
WRONG
HANDS BEING
ANY HANDS
BUT MINE!



SEEMS LIKE
WHOEVER BUILT
THIS PLACE
WANTED TO KEEP
SOMETHING
LOCKED UP
TIGHT.



CAN
YOU FEEL IT?
WE'RE GETTING
CLOSE.



THOOM



BY ODIN'S
EYE... MAY THE
ALL-FATHER STRIKE
ME, THAT THING
SHOULD NOT WALK
THE REALM
OF MAN.

FORGET
ODIN'S EYE-MY
EYES SAY WE
SHOULD START
RUNNING OR
FIGHTING!



FOOLISH MORTALS...
YOU SHOULD HAVE
STAYED AWAY. FROM THE
FIRST BREATH OF THE
MOUNTAINS TO THE LAST
SIGH OF THE SEAS,
I HAVE WAITED FOR
THIS DAY.

THE POWER
OF THE GODS...
IS MINE ALONE... TO
CLAIM. THEIR THRONES
WILL FALL TO ASH,
THEIR TEMPLES
DROWNED IN
SHADOW.

FOR I AM
VORTHAZHUL...
DEMON OF THE FORGOTTEN
REALM... SCOURGE OF A
THOUSAND AGES. YOUR
WORLD WILL REMEMBER MY
NAME... ONLY IN SCREAMS
AND BLOOD. **KNEEL**
BEFORE ME! ... OR BE
UNMADE!

I CARE
NOT THEE NAME
HELL-SPAWN! NO
MAN OR DEMON
SHALL COME
BETWEEN WHAT
IS TO BE
MINE!



NOT
TODAY,
DEMON!

FOR I AM
THE ICELANDER!
THE ONLY
TRUE HEIR TO
ETERNAL
KINGS!

THE
AXE OF
RAGNARÖK
SHALL BE
MINE
ALONE!

AND NO
SHIELD YOU
WIELD SHALL
STOP ME!

CHOOM!
CHOOM!

WOOSH!!!





I HAVEN'T
FOUGHT ONE
QUITE LIKE
THIS DEMON.

I MUST
DRAW UPON
ALL MY STRENGTH
AND THAT OF THE
THREE KINGS!



ANCIENT
SPIRITS OF
VALHALLA, I
CALL UPON
THEE!



WE HEED
YOUR CALL,
ICELANDER. WITH
OUR COMBINED
STRENGTH,
THEE SHALL
PREVAIL.

WE NOW
SHALL END
THIS.

SNOOOOOW!!!