



THE LOST STRONGHOLD  
OF KHAZAD OKUL IN THE  
WORLDS EDGE MOUNTAINS.

**SKAVEN!**

LONG CENTURIES AFTER THE LAST DWARF WAS  
DRIVEN FROM OUT OF ITS STONE HALLS, A PARTY  
OF DWARF WARRIORS RETURN TO RECLAIM PART  
OF THEIR ANCIENT RACE'S LOST HERITAGE FROM  
THE STRONGHOLD'S NEW INHABITANTS...

# The Legend of the White Dwarf


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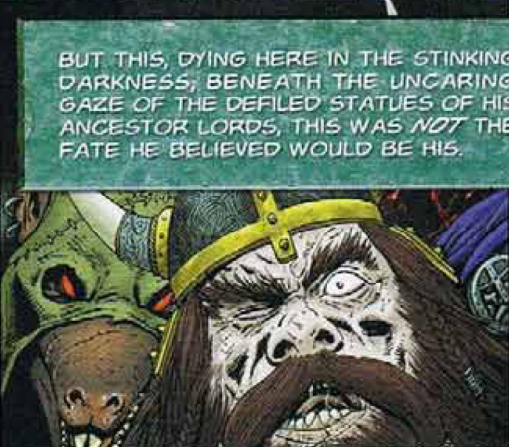


VUNGRIK GOTTERSIN, LAST  
OF THE LINEAGE OF THE  
LORDS OF KHAZAD OKUL.

HE DREAMED OF HONOUR AND GLORY,  
OF DRIVING OUT HIS CLAN'S ANCIENT  
ENEMIES AND RETURNING THE LOST  
STRONGHOLD TO THE DWINDLING RANKS  
STILL SURVIVING IN THE DWARF REALMS.




KHAZAD  
OKUL! MARAK  
KHAZAD OKUL!



BUT THIS, DYING HERE IN THE STINKING  
DARKNESS, BENEATH THE UNCARING  
GAZE OF THE DEFILED STATUES OF HIS  
ANCESTOR LORDS, THIS WAS *NOT* THE  
FATE HE BELIEVED WOULD BE HIS.



VUNGRIK'S YOUNG KINGMAN, HARRIM  
GOTTERSIN, WHO SHARED HIS LORD'S  
DREAMS OF REKINDLING LOST GLORIES.



THE TROLLSLAYER GURRI REDBEARD, WHO  
ONLY JOINED VUNGRIK'S EXPEDITION TO FIND  
A DEATH WORTHY ENOUGH TO ATONE FOR  
HIS PAST TRANSGRESSIONS.



IN THE HALLS OF KHAZAD OKUL, HE  
FOUND WHAT HE WAS LOOKING FOR.

THIS WAY!  
WE CAN HOLD  
THEM OFF IN  
HERE.

CLOSE  
THE DOORS!

HANNIMAR!  
BEHIND YOU!

SSCHRIIK!





BRACE  
THE DOORS. USE  
STONE, BROKEN TIMBERS.  
ANYTHING YOU  
CAN FIND!



QUICKLY!



SCHWANN



THE BEST  
WE CAN DO. AND IT STILL  
WON'T TAKE THEM LONG TO  
GNAW THEIR WAY THROUGH  
IT.

AND NO  
OTHER WAY  
OUT OF HERE  
EITHER.

FINE WORK,  
OLD ONE. ALL YOU'VE  
DONE IS DELAY THE HOUR OF  
OUR DOOM FOR A SHORT  
WHILE LONGER.

WELL, IF  
WE MUST DIE, AT  
LEAST THE SPIRIT OF  
THIS FORGOTTEN DWARFLORD  
WILL KNOW THAT WE  
DIED FIGHTING.


LORD  
GOTTERSIN HIRED ME  
TO FIND THE PATH INTO THESE  
HALLS. HE PAID NO HEED WHEN I  
WARNED HIM WHAT HE MIGHT  
FIND HERE.



AND  
WHERE HAVE YOU  
LED US? AN OLD SHRINE  
CHAMBER, IT LOOKS  
LIKE.








HAVE DWARF  
MEMORIES FORGOTTEN SO  
MUCH? SHOW SOME RESPECT,  
YOUNGBEARDS. THIS IS NO MERE  
ANCESTOR SHRINE.

YOU LOOK  
UPON THE FACE OF  
*GROMBRINDAL*, WHO IS  
REMEMBERED IN THE LEGENDS  
OF OUR RACE AS THE  
*WHITE DWARF*.

WATCH YOUR  
TONGUE, OLD ONE. I AM NO  
YOUNGBEARD, AND IN THE HALLS  
OF MY CLAN, WE STILL REMEMBER  
THE LEGENDS OF THE  
WHITE DWARF.



*'GROMBRINDAL, WHO WAS ALSO KNOWN AS  
SNORRI WHITEBEARD, GREATEST OF ALL  
THE GREAT HIGH KINGS OF KARAZ-A-KARAK.*

*'GROMBRINDAL, WHOM EVEN THE ELF  
PHOENIX KING BOWED TO IN DEFERENCE,  
SEEKING HIS COUNSEL IN THOSE TIMES  
WHEN ELVES AND DWARFS STILL STOOD  
TOGETHER AS BROTHERS.*

*'GROMBRINDAL, WHO SINGLE-HANDEDLY TURNED  
BACK THE TIDE OF GREENSKINS AT THE BATTLE  
OF BLACKHAWK PEAK, FILLING TEN TREASURE  
CHESTS WITH THE HEADS OF GROBI CHIEFTAINS  
AND SENT THEIR FOLLOWERS FLEEING BACK INTO  
THE DARKLAND WASTES, TO THINK AGAIN...'*





GROMBRINDAL, WHO FOUGHT THE GREAT TROLL-BEAST  
GHRANDUKKER, FATHER OF ALL HIS EVIL KIND.

FOR SIX DAYS AND SIX NIGHTS, THEY FOUGHT. A HUNDRED TIMES DID GROMBRINDAL KILL THE CREATURE, BUT EVERY TIME THE TROLL-BEAST'S WOUNDS CLOSED UP AGAIN, AND THE BLOOD FROM THOSE WOUNDS SOAKED INTO THE EARTH AND FROM THAT POISONED EARTH A DOZEN MORE OF GHRANDUKKER'S FOUL OFFSPRING ROSE UP TO DO BATTLE ALONGSIDE THEIR FATHER.



IT WAS AT THE DAWN OF THE SEVENTH DAY THAT GROMBRINDAL STUCK GHRANDUKKER'S HEAD FROM HIS BODY, AND, AFTER THAT, THE CREATURE ROSE UP NO MORE.'



'ALL THE DWARFLORDS GATHERED IN A GREAT FEAST TO HONOUR GROMBRINDAL'S VICTORY. IT IS FROM THIS FEAST THAT WE, THEIR DISTANT KINSMEN, LEARNED THE NOBLE ART OF KULGUR, OF COOKING TROLL-MEAT, WHICH WE STILL DO TO THIS DAY, IN HONOUR OF KING SNORRI WHITEBEARD.'



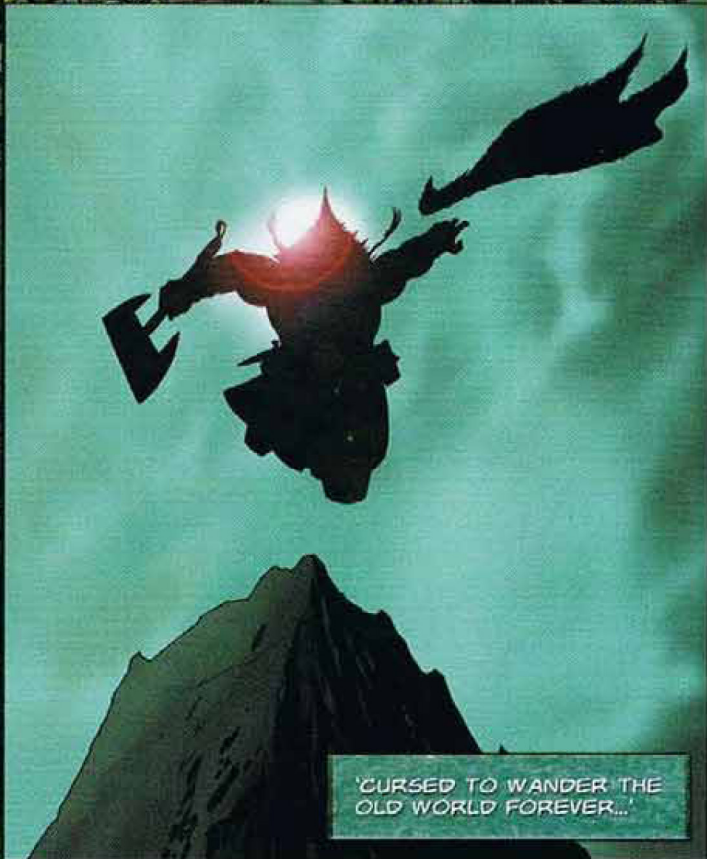
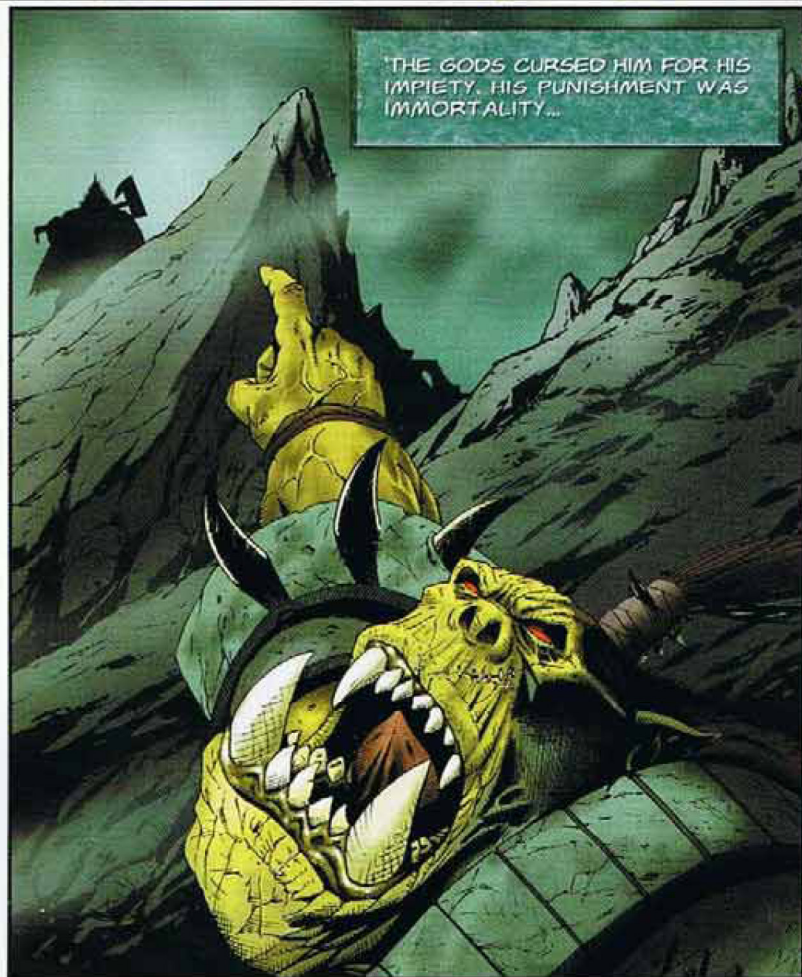
AYE, IN MY CLAN'S STRONGHOLD, WE TOO TELL TALES OF GROMBRINDAL, ALTHOUGH IN THE STORIES I HEARD AS A YOUNGBEARD, HE WAS NOT KING SNORRI...



'TO US, HE IS *KHALASH-A-KALAN*, THE LORD OF SLAYERS. A KING FROM ANCIENT TIMES WHO, IN HIS PRIDE, ONCE THOUGHT HIMSELF MIGHTIER THAN THE GODS THEMSELVES.



'THE GODS CURSED HIM FOR HIS IMPIETY. HIS PUNISHMENT WAS IMMORTALITY...



'CURSED TO WANDER THE OLD WORLD FOREVER...'



'...DOOMED TO FIGHT FOREVER AGAINST  
THE ENEMIES OF OUR RACE.'







HE TRAVELS IN DISGUISE, OFTEN TAKING THE FORM OF AN OLD PROSPECTOR WHO JOINS PARTIES OF DWARFS TRAVELLING IN THE MOUNTAIN WILDERNESSES.



HA, I'VE HEARD THAT STORY TOO, AND MANY OTHERS, INTO THE BARGAIN.



I'VE BEEN TOLD HE'S THE MORTAL FORM OF THE WAR GOD GRIMNIR WALKING THE WORLD IN DISGUISE. THERE ARE OTHER STORIES, TOO...



I MET A RUNESMITH FROM BARAK VARR, ONE OF THE LONGEST OF LONGBEARDS, WHO SWORE TO ME THAT HE HAD SEEN GROMBRINDAL WITH HIS OWN EYES.



HE TOLD ME OF HOW HE AND HIS COMPANIONS WERE TRAPPED BY THE GROBI WHILE ON A MITHRIL-MINING EXPEDITION INTO THE TUNNELS OF KARAK UNGOR, AND OF HOW GROMBRINDAL CAME TO THEIR RESCUE...

HE TOLD ME THE WHITE DWARF WAS NEITHER DWARF NOR GOD, BUT SOMETHING ELSE...

HE SWORE TO ME THAT THE WHITE DWARF WAS THE *LIVING EMBODIMENT* OF DWARF-KIND.







'AS LONG AS ONE DWARF  
STILL REMAINS ALIVE...

'AS LONG AS ONE ENEMY OF  
DWARF-KIND STILL STANDS  
TO US...



**CHUNK**

'AS LONG AS THESE THINGS  
REMAIN, THERE WILL ALWAYS  
BE A WHITE DWARF.'





SOMETHING'S  
HAPPENING OUTSIDE  
THE DOORS! WHAT'S  
THAT SOUND?

IT'S THE  
SKAVEN...



THEY'RE  
SCREAMING.

THERE  
ARE OTHER TALES,  
TOO...



THAT HE IS THE SPIRIT OF AN ANCIENT AND  
FORGOTTEN DWARFLORD, WHO SWORE AN  
OATH TO PROTECT HIS RACE FOREVER.

THAT THERE IS NOT *ONE* WHITE DWARF, BUT  
*MANY*. EACH GENERATION, A DIFFERENT  
HERO RISES UP TO TAKE ON THE NAME OF  
GROMBRINDAL, MAKING SURE THE LEGEND  
OF THE WHITE DWARF NEVER DIES OUT.



OPEN  
THE DOORS  
AND STAND  
READY!



'HAD WE A CENTURY OR MORE, I STILL  
COULDN'T TELL YOU HALF THE LEGENDS  
THEY TELL OF THE WHITE DWARF...'





**THE END**