



THE LOST STRONGHOLD
OF *KHAZAD DULIN* IN THE
WORLD'S 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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VUNGRIR, 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.



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



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

IN THE HALLS OF KHAZ'AD OKUL, HE
FOUND WHAT HE WAS LOOKING FOR.

THIS WAY!
WE CAN HOLD
THEM OFF IN
HERE.

CLOSE
THE DOORS!

HANNIMAR!
BEHIND YOU!

SSCHRIK!



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 GHRANDJUKKER'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.'



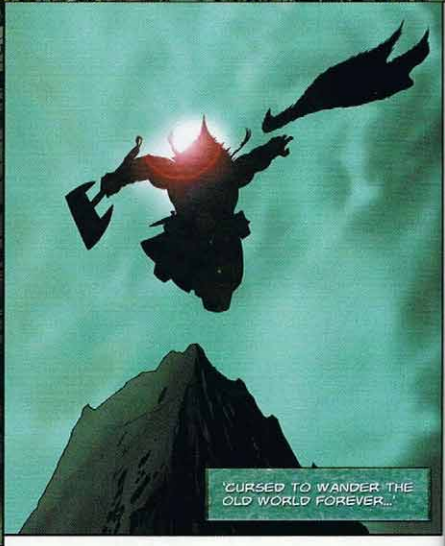
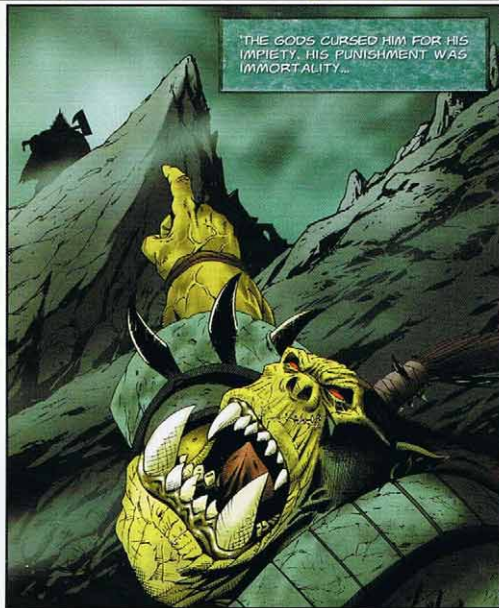
AYE. IN MY CLAN'S STRONGHOLD, WE TOO TELL TALES OF GROMBRINDAL, ALTHOUGH IN THE STORIES I HEARD AS A YOUNGBEARD, HE WAS NOT KING SNORRI...



'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 GHOBI WHILE ON AN 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...



SPLOOSH!

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..."



LORD GROMBRINDAL, WAIT!
WE OWE YOU A LIFE-DEBT.



YOU OWE ME *NOTHING*,
YOUNGBEARD.

MY TASK
HERE IS DONE.
LEAVE THIS PLACE. THERE
IS NOTHING LEFT HERE NOW
FOR OUR KIND BUT
DEATH.



HANNIMAR,
LOOK!



THE
LONGBEARD...
HE'S GONE!



THE END