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5 OF 5 LIMITED EDITION 2008 COVER C

BLOOD BOWL©

KILLER CONTRACT



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KILLER CONTRACT

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WELCOME BACK TO EMPEROR STADIUM, FOLKS! WE'RE DEEP IN THE SECOND HALF OF THE FINAL GAME OF THE BLOOD BOWL CHAMPIONSHIP!
THAT'S RIGHT, JIM! THE SCORE IS TIED AT TWO TOUCHDOWNS EACH FOR THE BAD BAY HACKERS AND THEIR ROTTING RIVALS, THE CHAMPIONS OF DEATH!
THIS ISN'T PERSONAL.
STAR HACKER DUNK HOFFNUNG IS PUSHING HARD TO LAUNCH HIS TEAM INTO THE LEAD!
IT'S JUST MY JOB.
KRAK
HE CAN DO IT, TOO, IF HE CAN SHAKE HIS MOST TENACIOUS ATTACKER: ROOKIE KALTER MÖRDER!
ISN'T MÖRDER ON THE HACKERS TOO?
GET OFF OF ME!
IF I DON'T KILL YOU, THEY'LL KILL ME TOO.
BRAINS... BRAINS...


I DON'T THINK HE CARES!
WE DO NOT HAVE TIME FOR THIS!
HE'S JUST TRYING TO BUTT IN LINE AHEAD OF THE LATEST RECRUIT TO THE CHAMPIONS OF DEATH: SNAZKAZI UNGRIM!
KILL THEM! MURDER THEM BOTH!
BRAINS...


DIDN'T UNGRIM NEARLY KILL MORDER IN THE HACKERS' SECOND GAME IN THE TOURNAMENT?
GAAKK
ALMOST! BUT THEN HOFFNUNG TRICKED UNGRIM INTO SLIPPING BENEATH THE TRACKS OF THE GIANTS' DWARF DEATH-ROLLER!
I'M OPEN!
BRAINS...
HOFFNUNG GOT RID OF THE BALL-- FOR ALL THE GOOD IT WILL DO HIM!
BRAINS...
FEAST ON THEIR FLESH!
UNGRIM ISN'T AFTER THE BALL! HE WANTS BLOOD! YUM!
GET OFF HIM!
BRAINS...
OR BRAINS! OR BOTH!
BRAINS...
GET OFF ME!
YAAHHH!!!


GWAAARRR!!!
LEAVE IT TO M'GRASH K'THRAGSH TO RUIN A PERFECTLY GOOD MEAL!
THERE'S ONLY ONE PROBLEM WITH THE OGRE'S PLAN!
DUNKEL OKAY?
YEAH. THANKS, BIG GUY.
WHAT'S THAT, JIM?
GET THEM ALL!
BRAINS...
BRAINS...
YOU CAN'T KILL THE DEAD!
GAH-YI-YI!
BUT THEY SURE CAN KILL YOU!
NONONONONO!
BRAINS...
BRAINS...
BRAINS...


LOOKS LIKE M'GRASH IS ABOUT TO FIND THAT OUT THE HARD WAY!
YAAAHHH!
BRAINS...
NO, WAIT!
THE ZOMBIES' STRATEGY HAS A FATAL FLAW IN IT THOUGH!
WHAT'S THAT, BOB?
BRAINS...
BRAINS...
OFFOFFOFF!
GET OFF HIM, YOU IDIOTS! HE'S AN OGRE!
HE DOESN'T HAVE ANY BRAINS!
THAT WOULD BE IT!
NO BRAINS?
HEY, I RESEMBLE THAT!
OH, YES YOU DO!
FOLLOW ME! I'LL SHOW YOU SOME BRAINS!


THANKS, PAL!
AAANYHOW, THE REAL ACTION IS DOWN AT THE OTHER END OF THE FIELD WHERE SCHÖNHEIT IS CHARGING TOWARD THE END ZONE!
OUCH! SCHÖNHEIT MAKES QUICK WORK OF GILDA FLESHSPLITTER!
KAKLAK!
GILDA LOOKS A BIT SCRAWNY THESE DAYS!
SHE USED TO BE ONE OF THE CHAMPIONS' FEW BREATHING PLAYERS, RIGHT UP UNTIL SHE LOST HER HEAD IN THE DUNGEONBOWL LAST YEAR!
HEY!
COACH TOMOLOANDRY THE UNDYING MISSED HER SKILLS SO MUCH HE BROUGHT HER BACK TO PLAY FOR HIM AS ONE OF THE UNDEAD!
DIDN'T YOU LIKE TO HAUNT A GRAVEYARD OR TWO WITH HER BACK IN THE DAY?
KNOCK IT OFF!
SHELDON ROCKS
THAT'S RIGHT! SHE USED TO BE MY GHOUL!
OOF!


OUCH! THE CHAMPIONS' CAPTAIN--HUGO "THE IMPALER" VON IRONGRAD--PUT A HARD STOP TO HER CHARGE!
ALLOW ME.
LOOKS LIKE SCHOENHEIT GOT HER BELL RUNG!
TH-HANKS.
THE PLEASURE IS MINE, FRÄULEIN.
OR ARE THOSE WEDDING BELLS SHE HEARS?
HER FIANCÉ HOFFNUNG MIGHT GET JEALOUS!
WELL, YOU KNOW HOW WE VAMPIRES ARE WITH THE LADIES!
ALL MINE.


SO CLUELESS YOU HAVE TO RESORT TO HYPNOTISM TO GET A DATE?
ALL YOURS.
DON'T KNOCK IT TILL YOU TRY IT!
IT IS TIME TO PUT AWAY THIS GAME, LEIBCHEN.
IT BEATS KNOCKING A DATE OVER THE HEAD TO GET HER BACK TO YOUR CAVE!
IT IS TIME TO THINK OF YOURSELF.
HEY! THAT'S THE SECRET I REVEAL IN MY LATEST BOOK!
AND OF GIVING YOURSELF TO ME.
YES...


I THINK THAT TECHNIQUE OF YOURS IS REALLY CATCHING ON!
NO.
REALLY? HOW DO YOU FIGURE THAT?
NOOO!!!
LOOKS LIKE SCHÖNHEIT'S FATHER WÜTENDE PICKED UP ON IT.
YOU FATHERS ARE ALL THE SAME.
ALWAYS SO OVERPROTE--!
KER
AND, MAN, DOES IT WORK!


I DON'T THINK LOVE IS THE FIRST THING ON WÜTENDE'S MIND RIGHT NOW!
WAKE UP, GIRL! WE DON'T HAVE MUCH TIME!
SNAP OUT OF IT!
WE COULD USE MORE OF THAT KIND OF LOVE IN THE GAME!
SLLAP!
THAT WON'T PUT THAT VIPER DOWN FOR LONG.
THERE'S ONLY ONE REAL TROUBLE WITH THE "OGRE'S WAY TO MAKE LOVE!"
NO. NOT LONG AT ALL.
REALLY? JUST ONE?
YES! IT DOESN'T WORK SO WELL ON UNDEAD!
MOVE IT, GIRL. NOW!


THANK NUFFLE FOR THAT!
YOUR TIME IS UP, OLD MAN!
NOT TOO MANY THINGS CAN HURT THE UNDEAD!
RUN, GIRL! I'LL CRUSH THIS TICK!
YOUR DAUGHTER WILL BE MINE!
JUST LOSING OUR SPONSORS!
I DON'T KNOW, HUGO.
WHOA! AND MAYBE THAT!
NOW THAT'S GOING TO LEAVE A MARK!
YOU THINK YOU CAN HANDLE ME?
DON'T BE TOO SURE ABOUT THAT!
AH, A FRÄULEIN AFTER MY HEART.
SPLURF!


BACK ON THE OTHER END OF THE FIELD, THE HOFFNUNG FAMILY LOOKS LIKE IT'S IN TROUBLE!
THE CHAMPIONS' TWO GHOULS HAVE PUT KIRTA HOFFNUNG AND DIRK HELDMANN AT THE TOP OF THEIR MENU!
I THOUGHT GHOULS ONLY ATE DEAD PEOPLE!
GET OFF OF HIM!
THAT'S RIGHT, BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN THEY DON'T LIKE IT FRESH!
THANKS!
RETURN THE FAVOR! DISTRACT THOSE ZOMBIES!
NOTHING BEATS OPENING UP AN ARMORED SUIT OF PLAYER TARTARE!
I THINK I CAN MANAGE THAT.


LOOKS LIKE HELDMANN'S GOT AN IDEA FOR SOME FUSION CUISINE!
WHOA!
HE CERTAINLY FUSED THOSE TWO GHOULS' HEADS TOGETHER!
IS THAT REALLY NECESSARY?
YES.
HEY, LOOK!
BRAINS...
BRAINS...
SOMETIMES TO MAKE A GREAT MEAL YOU GOT TO CRACK A FEW HEADS!
I THINK THE CHAMPIONS' ZOMBIES AGREE!
FRESH BRAINS!
?
?
?
THAT'S TOO BAD!
WHY'S THAT?
AIEEE!
THOSE GHOULS JUST WANT TO HAVE FUN!
BRAINS...
BRAINS...
HEY! GET BACK HERE!


SPEAKING OF FUN-LOVING GIRLS, SCHÖNHEIT STILL HAS VON IRONGRAD BY THE HEART!
TIME'S RUNNING OUT! HURRY!
GAAHH!
SHE'S MADE ONE FATAL MISTAKE THOUGH! YOU KNOW WHAT IT IS!
I HAVE HAD ENOUGH!
METAL CAN'T HURT A VAMPIRE! FOR THAT, YOU HAVE TO HAVE WOOD!
NO WOMAN PLAYS WITH MY HEART!
MAYBE THAT'S WHERE GETRUNKEN COMES IN!
HEY, I ÷HIC!÷ --I LOVE YOU, MAN!
I DON'T THINK VON IRONGRAD KILLS THAT WAY! HE PREFERS THE LADIES!
I WILL SUCK YOU DRY!
DUDE! THE "LOVE" THING'S JUST A META-WHATZIT.
NO OFFENSE.
HOW 'BOUT A COUPLE COLD ONES INSTEAD?
ANY OASIS IN THE DESERT, IT SEEMS!
I PREFER MY DRINKS HOT!


OH, NO! VON IRONGRAD'S MUST NOT KNOW GETRUNKEN WELL!
AHH!
DUDE! =HIC!=
PARTY FOUL!
GAH! FLAGH! EYYHH!
RIGHT! OTHERWISE HE'D KNOWN THE MAN'S BLOOD IS 100 PROOF!
WHUH-OH! VON IRONGRAD'S FALLEN INTO THE HACKERS' DUGOUT.
CHEAP SHOT TIME! BUT CAN THE SCRUBS DO ANY BETTER THAN THE PLAYERS ON THE FIELD?
HELLO, MR. VON IRONGRAD.
SPLUT
WHO CARES ABOUT THE PLAYERS? IT'S THE COACH WHO'S MOST DANGEROUS!
AND GOOD-BYE.
NOOO--!!!
GAK!
SO THAT'S WHY YOU NEVER SEE A VAMPIRE ON A PIRATE SHIP!
MR. FULLBELLY?
YES, PEGLEG?
HOW LONG MUST I STAND LIKE THIS?
JUST UNTIL THE GAME'S OVER.
DAMN.


OH, THE INHUMANITY!
HEY, LOOK! HERE COMES HOFFNUNG AGAIN, ALONG WITH HIS RETINUE OF MERRY MURDERERS!
THAT'S--! WAIT! WHAT? HOW DID YOU COME UP WITH A WORD LIKE "RETINUE"?
SPINNE!
I'M ON A NEW PROGRAM! I ONLY EAT SMART GOBLINS!
NOTHING PERSONAL, DUNK.
HOW'S THAT COMING ALONG?
IT'S YOU OR ME.
NOT SO GOOD! SMART GOBLINS ARE ELU... ER... ELUSI... UM... HARD TO FIND!
KILLED BY DEATH
SO YOU HAVE TO DIE.


LOOKS LIKE HOFFNUNG'S NOT QUITE READY TO GIVE UP HIS STARTING POSITION TO THE HACKERS' STAR ROOKIE!
AT A FULL FOUR YEARS IN THE GAME, HOFFNUNG HAS BEAT THE AVERAGE BLOOD BOWL PLAYER'S CAREER BY A THOUSAND PERCENT!
FINALLY! AFTER ALL THESE GAMES!
DO IT! KILL HIM!
TRUE! BUT COUNTING ALL THE HALFLING TEAMS ALWAYS HAULS DOWN THE PERCENTAGE!
MAKE HIM SUFFER!
I WANT MY MONEY'S WORTH!
STOP IT! STOP!
SURE! PLAYERS LIKE HACKERS' CAPTAIN RHETT CAVRE ARE TRULY, AH, ELUSIVE!
WAIT? HE HIRED YOU?
MAYBE. I DON'T KNOW!
SO WHAT IF HE DID?
HE IS THAT, BUT WITH CAVRE'S FIFTEEN YEARS IN THE GAME, I THINK YOU MEAN "RARE"!
IF HE HIRED YOU, WHAT HAPPENS IF HE DIES?
NO, "RARE" IS HOW I LIKE MY GOBLINS!


OOPS! LOOKS LIKE UNGRIM'S SUFFERING FROM AN EQUIPMENT MALFUNCTION!
WHA--?
THAT'S WHAT TOMOLANDRY GETS FOR PUSHING AN UNSEASONED PLAYER ONTO THE FIELD TOO SOON! CREATING POWERFUL UNDEAD TAKES TIME!
YOU HIRED ME? TO KILL DUNK?
REALLY? ABOUT HOW LONG?
HOL' IT.
A DECADE, AT LEAST!
ACTUALLY, I, AH... I FIGURED HE'D KILL YOU AND THEN BE DISCIPLINED FOR MURDERING ONE OF HIS PLAYERS.
AS AN OWNER, YOU KNOW.
THAT SEEMS LIKE A LONG TIME!
I CAN SEE HOW THAT'S NO BETTER.
FINE THEN. DEAL'S OFF.
KEEP YOUR FEE.
PLEASE?
THAT'S LIKE HITTING THE SNOOZE ALARM WHEN YOU'RE DEAD!
I INSIST ON PAYING YOU BACK!
YAAHH!!


SPEAKING OF TIME, WE ONLY HAVE SECONDS LEFT IN THE GAME!
DUNK!
LOOKS LIKE WE'LL HAVE A TIE AT THE END OF REGULATION!
CATCH!
THAT MEANS SUDDEN DEATH!
WHICH, AS YOU MIGHT IMAGINE, FAVORS THE TIRELESS UNDEAD!
BUT HOFFNUNG PUTS UP A HAIL MARY!
CAVRE IS OPEN! BUT CAN HE CATCH IT?


TOUCHDOWN!
TOUCH
DOWN!
THE HACKERS WIN THE GAME!
THE HACKERS REPEAT AS BLOOD BOWL CHAMPS!
WE DID IT!
WHEN'S THE LAST TIME THAT HAPPENED? WHAT HAPPENED TO THE GOBBO AND HIS HEAD FOR USELESS STATISTICS?
I THINK THAT'S OUR RESIDENT BOOKIE SOBBING IN THE CORNER!
ALL RIGHT, YOU TWO!


WHY'S THAT?
I'M GOING TO THROW YOU THE BEST WEDDING EVER!
TWO WORDS: OPEN BAR!
HE HAD THE CHAMPIONS OF DEATH AS TWO-TO-ONE FAVORITES!
DAD! THAT'S TOO MUCH. WE DON'T NEED YOUR MONEY.
NONSENSE! I'M YOUR FATHER, AND I INSIST.
HE SAID HE HAD INSIDE INFORMATION THAT AT LEAST TWO OF THE HACKERS WOULD BE ASSASSINATED TODAY.
THANKS BUT, AH, HOW CAN YOU MANAGE THAT? I KNOW WHAT PEGLEG'S PAYING YOU, AND I KNOW HOW MUCH OUR FRIENDS DRINK.
TOO BAD FOR HIM. FOR THE REST OF US, LET'S JUST BE HAPPY HE WAS SO WRONG.
I BET EVERY DIME I HAD ON THE HACKERS TODAY! I'M RICH!
WHY NOT? THE HACKERS MAKE GREAT CHAMPIONS.
WELL, THEN, AH--
WE ACCEPT!
AND WHO DOESN'T LOVE A HAPPY ENDING?


I'VE BEEN SENT TO TELL YOU YOU'VE BEEN CUT FROM THE TEAM. PEGLEG NEEDED YOU THROUGH THE TOURNAMENT, BUT NOW THAT IT'S OVER, SO ARE YOU.
HOW ABOUT I CUT YOU INSTEAD?
CUTTING ALWAYS FALLS TO THE COACH.
OWW- AAHHH!!!
PEGLEG?
AYE, MR. FULLBELLY.
THIS TIME, LET'S BURN THE BODY.