

JAN BRATENSTEIN   PETER SNEJBJERG   LARS BJØRSTRUP  
MICHAEL PEINKOFER

# ORV SAGA



1  
TWO BROTHERS



JAN BRATENSTEIN PETER SNEJBJERG LARS BJØRSTRUP  
MICHAEL PEINKOFER



**SAP**  
COMICS

*The world used to have many names.*



*The Elves called it AMBER, many years ago, when the lands were still young and not spilled during the wars.*

*The dwarves called it DURUMIN, named after the giant who once guarded the treasures of the world. Long before the jealousy of the dragons banished them into the depths of the earth.*



*The humans, still young and poor in mythology and history, named it EARTHORLD, fitting their simple ways.*



*The Orcs finally called it SOCHGAL.*



There was a time when one in our midst abandoned the true teachings and turned to the dark arts, striving for an increase of power and influence.

When he was convicted of doing wicked experiments, he was banned from the royal city of Tirgas Lan.

For many years we had not heard of him ... years in which dark clouds arose above amber.



Orcs appeared in the West and the East was threatened by Gnomes and Trolls.


This was the time Margok, the dark elf, returned.

Once we succeeded in defeating him. Using lies and deceit, he created an alliance between Orcs and men and led it against Tirgas Lan once more.



This became what we call the second war.





The war lasted many years until Margok found a way into the royal city by betrayal.

Atop the walls of Tirgas Lan the final battle was fought and it was only due to the use of magic that the threat was eliminated and Margok lay defeated once again.

For that he would never again wreak havoc, his body was incinerated and his immortal corrupted spirit was banished into the walls of Tirgas Lan.

There was a curse laid over the entire country turning the fields into an almost impenetrable forest for nobody would ever be able to find the Forbidden City.

Save for the one of Farawyn's prophecies, destined to free Tirgas Lan and reunite amber, the secret was kept all these years, up North, in the temple of Shakara.

The spirit of Margok, however, is still in Tirgas Lan, banned for centuries but still as evil and destructive as ever.



The chronicles of amber, written down by the noble Aylonwyr, councilman of the Elves.

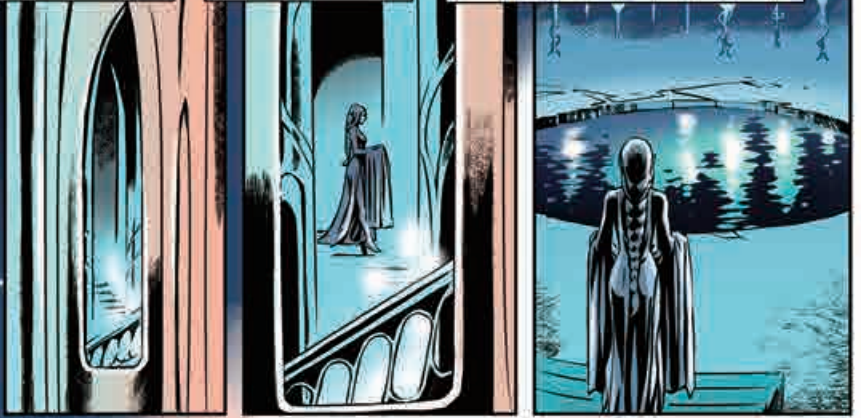


Blue fire.

Here, in the  
Iceland, where  
winter never ends,  
rugged silhouettes  
emerge from the  
foggy horizon.

Illuminated  
by blue Elvish  
lights the towers  
of Shakara rise  
from shrouds  
of snow.

In times, in which more and more  
Elves seek refuge in the distant  
shores to leave behind the old  
world, the temple of Shakara still  
tirelessly hosts the old rituals.

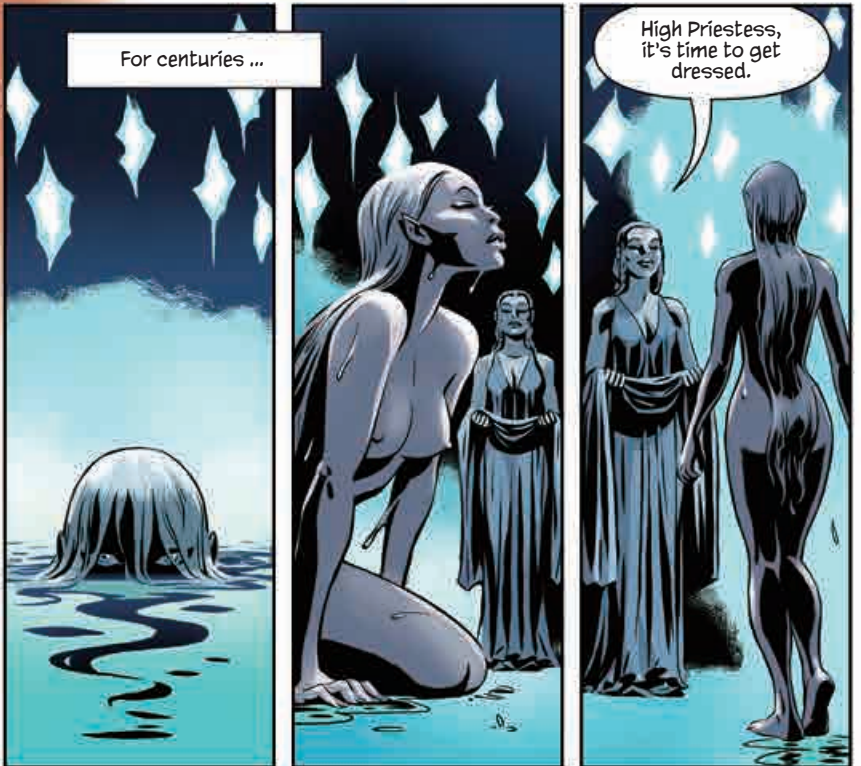


Day after day.

Year after year.



For centuries ...



High Priestess,  
it's time to get  
dressed.





Is everything ready for the ritual?



Yes, Mistress, everything is ready.



Hm. Wonderful.



Just as always, Mistress.

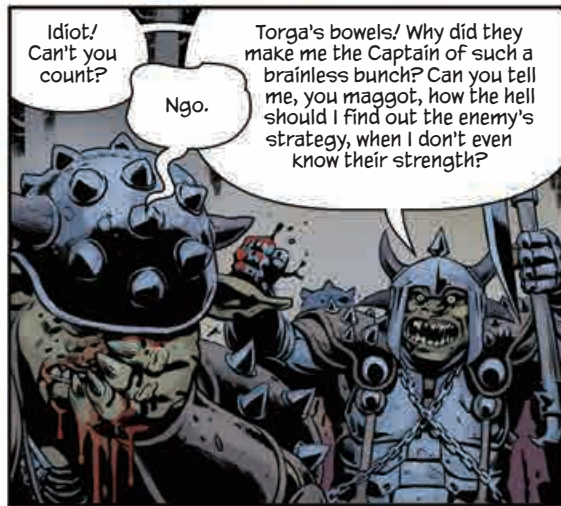


Indeed ...



... Just as always.









Don't listen to him, Girgas. Believe me, he's only saying *snorsh*.

And how do you know that if I may ask?



Because he's my brother. I'm Rammar.

Why is every maggot so anxious to introduce himself to me today? I don't care about your names, as long as you fight decently and shut up, understood?

So what now? Is the tall one able to count or not?



No.

Yes.



What's that good for? Do you want to take me for a ride?



I can count!

No, you can't!

I can though!

You cannot!

Sure I can.



No, damn it!

There are 28 Orcs in our horde, including Captain Girgas. That makes 52 feet and 48 eyes, if you count the amputees and the one-eyed ones.



Alright, I'm convinced. Go and scout out the number of Gnomes we have to handle.

Rammar, you will accompany him.

Me? Go with him? But, great Girgas ...



**Kriok!**





You stupid son of an even more stupid mathorr! You got me into trouble again! Now we both have to go.

So?

So? I'm not in the mood to be chopped into pieces by angry Gnomes because of you. I tried to save you from your own idiocy, but you had to go and pretend to be an artum the sage himself. And now look, what you've done ... luring not only yourself but also your own brother to destruction!

But I didn't ask for you to come.

Only a few mments.

That doesn't make any difference!

I should slice you up and feed your innards to the swamp goblins, so you finally learn, ...

Do you hear that?

Yes. It's the Gnomes.

Ouch!

Idiot. I know that it's the Gnomes. But where's the noise coming from? It's impossible to tell ...

I've seen the looks that you gave me! You begged me for help. My whole life has been like this. Only because our mother's womb spat me into *sochgal* before you.

From over there. I can smell them.

What do you mean, you can smell them? Nobody can smell Gnomes from such a distance.

Allright, let's have a look. But I will single-handedly make sure that you never smell anything ever again if this is all troll manure.