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A MARVEL ILLUSTRATED



BOOK IN FULL COLOR!

DRAGONSLAYER™

THE OFFICIAL MARVEL COMICS ADAPTATION OF
THE SPECTACULAR PARAMOUNT/Disney MOTION PICTURE!



NOREM

STAN LEE presents
THE MARVEL COMICS ILLUSTRATED
VERSION OF

DRAGONSLAYER™



A MARVEL ILLUSTRATED BOOK

DRAGONSLAYER™

THEY ARE DIRE, THESE VISIONS WHICH TORMENT THE OLD MAN, AND SEEING THEM HE FEELS THE CONJURING CHAMBER GROW CHILL AND HEAVY AROUND HIM...

PERHAPS HE WISHES HE LACKED THIS TERRIBLE POWER--THE POWER TO GLIMPSE THE FUTURE. IF SO, THIS IS IN VAIN.

FOR HE IS ULRICH--
MAGISTER IPSISSMUS--
SEER, ENCHANTER, MASTER
OF ALL MAGIC AND HE IS
THE LAST OF HIS KIND.

--THE LAST EVER.

IT IS THE SIXTH CENTURY, AND THE DAYS OF THE MAGICIANS ARE NUMBERED, AND THE NUMBER IS SMALL...

DENNIS O'NEIL
Script
MARIE SEVERIN
Pencils & Colors
JOHN TARTAGLIONE
Inks
JIM SHOOTER
Editor







YES. THEY COME
ON A MATTER OF
SOME CONSEQUENCE.
MY DEATH.

YOUR...
DEATH?

BALISARIUS WORE
THIS HEADGEAR
BEFORE HE DIED.
I ACTUALLY SAW HIM
CHANGE LEAD INTO
GOLD.

I NEVER
COULD DO
THAT.

SOON, IN THE RECEPTION HALL, A PUFF OF SMOKE, AND--

HARK TO
MASTER
ULRICH!

WELCOME TO CRAGGANMORE.
WHICH ONE OF YOU CALLS
HIMSELF VALERIAN?

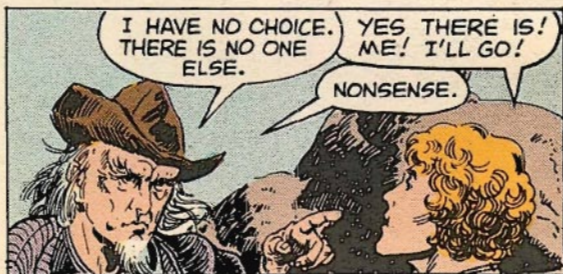
THAT WOULD
BE ME. WE ARE
FROM URLAND,
BEYOND DELVATIA--

--AND WE ARE HERE TO BEG YOUR AID
IN A GRAVE MISSION. WE WOULD ASK
YOU TO SLAY AN UNNATURAL CREATURE
OF FIRE AND STENCH--ONE
OF YOUR KIND--

IN SHORT,
A DRAGON.

I, KNOW WHY
YOU ARE HERE.
LET'S SEE THE
ARTIFACTS.









EARLY THE FOLLOWING MORNING...

NO POINT IN DELAYING. I'M
OFF ON MY JOURNEY.

I'LL FLATTEN THE HIGHEST
MOUNTAIN. WHAT SAY YOU,
GALEN?

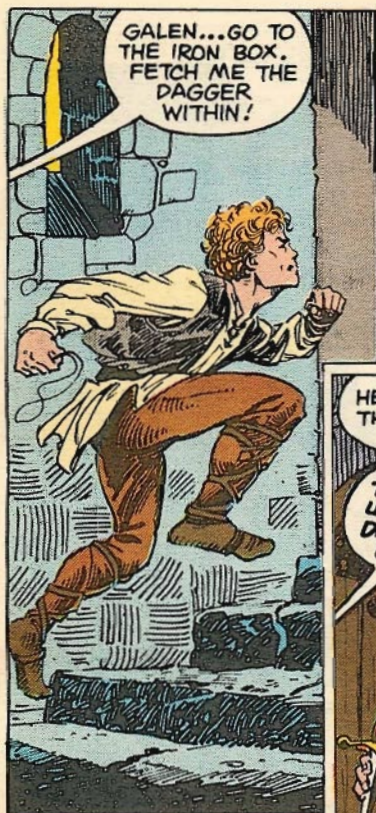
YOU HAVE
FORSEEN YOUR
OWN DEATH. YOU
TOLD ME SO. I
BEG YOU...
SEND ME.

LOOK...
MOUNTED
STRANGERS
ARRIVE!













SUDDENLY, TYRIAN LUNGES, BURIES THE BLADE IN ULRICH'S CHEST..



THEN, AFTER A LONG MOMENT,
HE SLOWLY SAGS FORWARD OVER
THE DAGGER AND THE HAND
THAT HOLDS IT...



...AND LIES STILL--

BLIND WITH GRIEF, GALEN AT
FIRST DOES NOT SEE THE DOOR
UNLATCH AND SWING WIDE...



WHEN HE DOES, HE
DOES NOT CARE--

SOON, TYRIAN AND HIS COMPANION
ARE GALLOPING TOWARD URLAND...

SATISFIED?

SATISFIED
ENOUGH.



JUST AT DAWN, GALEN AND HODGE
STAND AT A FUNERAL PYRE. AS
FLAMES CLAIM THE REMAINS
OF ULRICH...

...THE KINDEST LORD
A MAN COULD ASK
FOR... NOW HE'S
GONE...







AT DUSK, GALEN AND HODGE
OVERTAKE THE PARTY FROM
URLAND...

PEACE,
MY
FRIENDS.

MY LORD ULRICH IS NO LONGER. ALL
THAT YOU ASKED OF HIM, YOU MAY NOW
EXPECT OF ME. THE DANGERS HE FACED,
I WILL NOW CONQUER. THE TASK HE
WOULD UNDERTAKE I WILL
NOW FULFILL.



YOUNG SNOT-NOSE,
COME FOR SPORT AT
OUR EXPENSE. I
DON'T WANT TO
HEAR ANY MORE
ABOUT SORCERY..





--AND NOW IT WILL HAPPEN AGAIN! OR HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN THE **LOTTERY**?

HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN THAT ON THIS NIGHT A GIRL CHILD IS CHOSEN AS A **SACRIFICE** TO THE BEAST?



"MAY THE GODS HELP WHOEVER'S CHILD IT IS TONIGHT!"

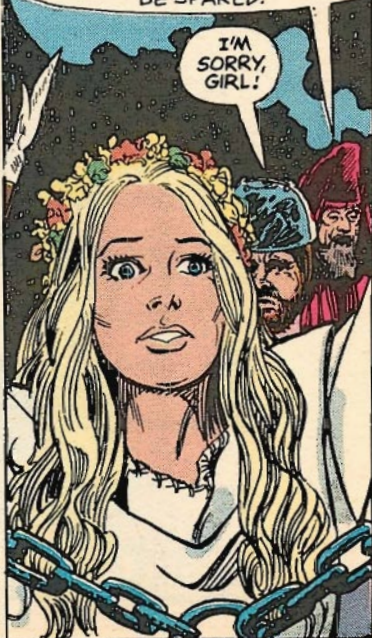
CLOSE ENOUGH. BRING HER OUT.



BE IT KNOWN THAT THIS MAIDEN
SHALL HEREBY GIVE UP HER LIFE
FOR THE GREATER GOOD OF URLAND.
BY THIS ACT SHALL BE SATISFIED
THE CREATURE THAT DWELLS
UNDERGROUND--



--AND THE SPIRITS THAT ATTEND
THERETO, SO THE REST OF US MAY
BE SPARED.

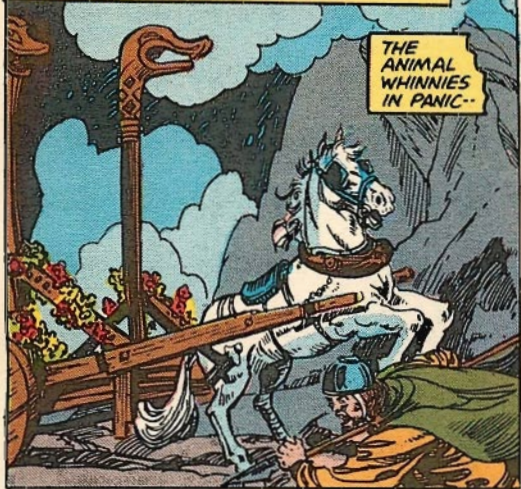


I'M
SORRY,
GIRL!



...AND THE AIR GROWS THICK. A SULPHUR-
OUS STENCH PERVADES THE NIGHT, MAKING
EYES STING AND NOSTRILS QUIVER...

THE
ANIMAL
WHINNIES
IN PANIC--



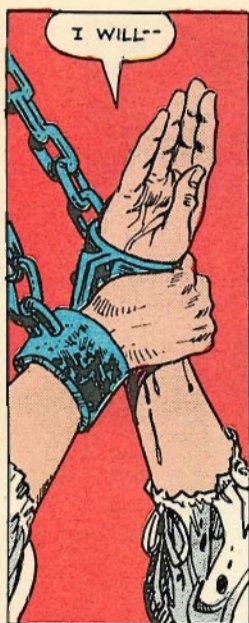
ALONE, NOW, THE GIRL WATCHES SMOKE RISE FROM THE
CREVICE AND HER CRY IS FULL OF DETERMINATION--

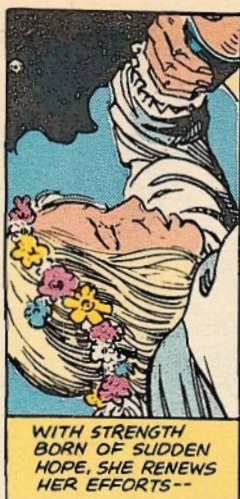
NO!

I WON'T
LET IT
HAPPEN
TO ME--!











AND HER DREAD WELLS FORTH IN A SHRIEK--



IT IS WORSE
THAN SHE COULD
HAVE IMAGINED--

--THIS MONSTER WHICH FLINGS HER ASIDE AND
FILLS HER WORLD WITH THE COLOR OF FLAME...



DESPERATELY, SHE
SCRAMBLES--



--ONLY
TO BE
BLOCKED...

WITH A FINAL, RESIGNED
WHIMPER, SHE TURNS AND
GAZES UPWARD, LIKE A BRIDE
GAZING UPON THE ONE SHE
LOVES...



...TO BE, AT LAST CONSUMED...



AT DAWN THE FOLLOWING MORNING,
VALERIAN HAPPENS ON A COOL, CRYSTALLINE
POOL IN A SECLUDED FOREST
GLADE...



...GLANCES AROUND FURTIVELY AND SEES NO
HUMAN CREATURE, NOR HEARS ANYTHING EXCEPT
THE SOFT MURMURS OF THE WOODLAND...

A MOMENT LATER, SIGHS
IN CONTENTMENT...



MEANWHILE...

FETCH VALERIAN.
WE'RE READY
TO BREAK
CAMP.

I SAW HIM
HEADING
INTO THE
WOODS.



YOU BETTER
COME ALONG.
WE'RE
LEAVING.

YOU GO
AHEAD. I'LL
CATCH UP.















BUT NEITHER THE AMULET NOR THE WORDS OF EN-
CHANTMENT ARE OF ANY USE...

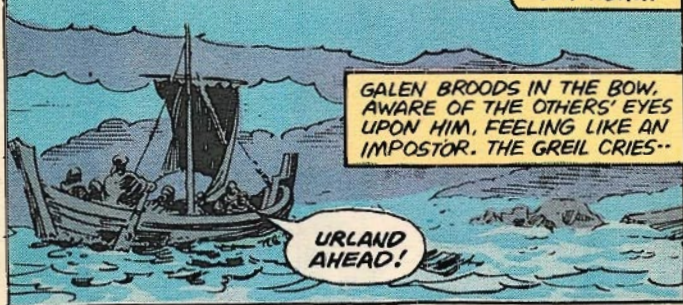


HODGE IS DEAD, AND SORROW CLOSES IN ON GALEN...?

END OF PART ONE...

PART II

WIND WHIPS THE LEADEN WAVE-TOPS ON THIS VAST, RAINY LAKE. THE TRAVELERS HAVE BEEN ROWING FOR MOST OF A DAY NOW...



GALEN BROODS IN THE BOW, AWARE OF THE OTHERS' EYES UPON HIM, FEELING LIKE AN IMPOSTOR. THE GREIL CRIES--

URLAND
AHEAD!



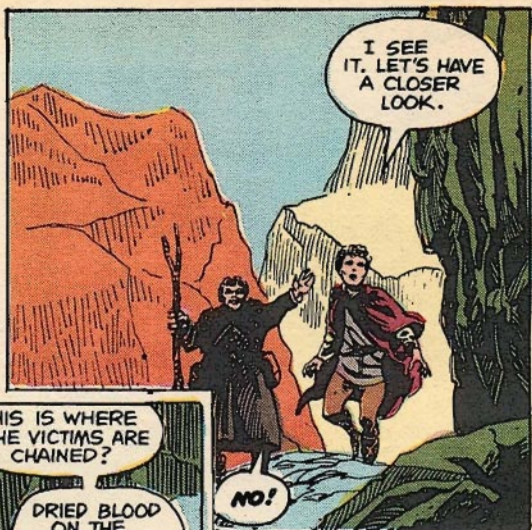
COME
ON. DON'T
DAWDL.

THE
WHOLE
KINGDOM
IS LIKE
THIS?

NO.

KEEP MOVING.
WE'RE NEAR
THE DRAGON'S
LAIR.

WE'RE IN
NO DANGER
IF WE KEEP
MOVING.







A BRIEF JOURNEY BRINGS THEM
TO THE VILLAGE OF SWANSCOMBE...

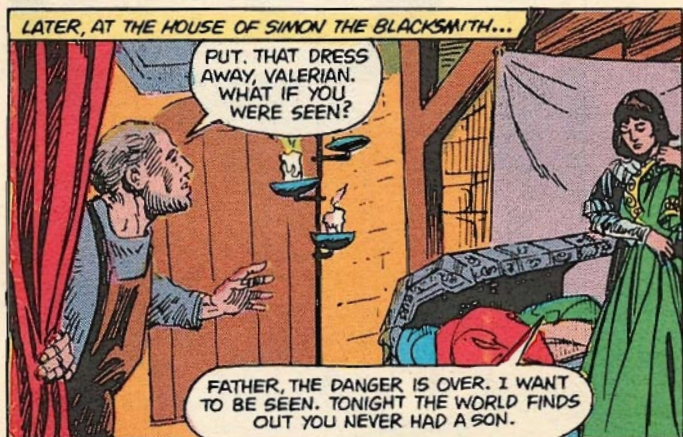


A HALL THAT HAS BECOME A CHURCH...

...PURIFIED IN SPIRIT AND SO
PROTECTED AGAINST ALL EVIL!







AND THE WORLD DOES, AT THE CELEBRATION.

LOOKS LIKE YOU'VE BEEN UP TO A LITTLE SORCERY YOURSELF. DANCE?
OR IS IT WITCHCRAFT?



I THINK IT WAS MUCH EASIER BEING A BOY.

THE DAMNEDEST THING IS, SHE WAS TWICE THE MAN OF ANYONE ELSE IN THE VILLAGE. NOW SHE'S TWICE THE WOMAN.



WOULD THAT I HAD BEEN AS CLEVER AS HER FATHER.



I'D AS SOON DISPATCH YOU AS I DID THE
OTHERS, AND FOR THE SAME REASON. BUT
HIS MAJESTY WOULD LIKE A COZY CHAT
AND COMMANDS OTHERWISE.











I THINK YOU ARE NOTHING BUT A BOY, AN ACOLYTE AT BEST. IF YOU DO ENGAGE IN NECROMANCY, IT IS SURELY NOT BECAUSE OF WHAT YOU **ARE**. BUT BECAUSE OF WHAT YOU **HAVE**.

THIS AMULET!





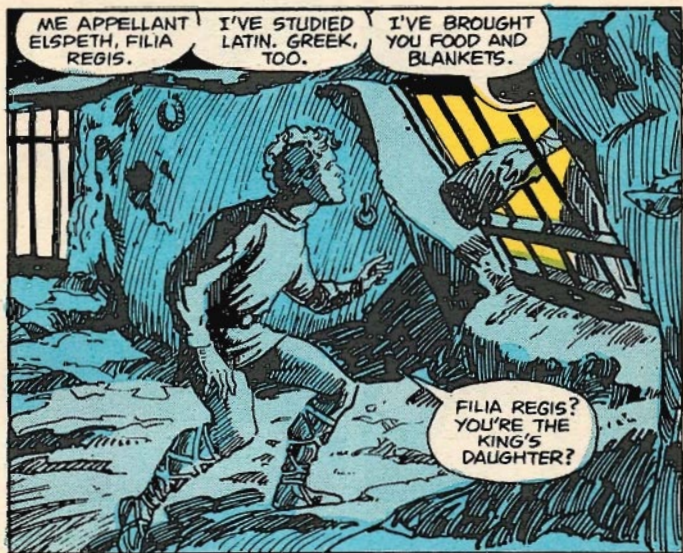


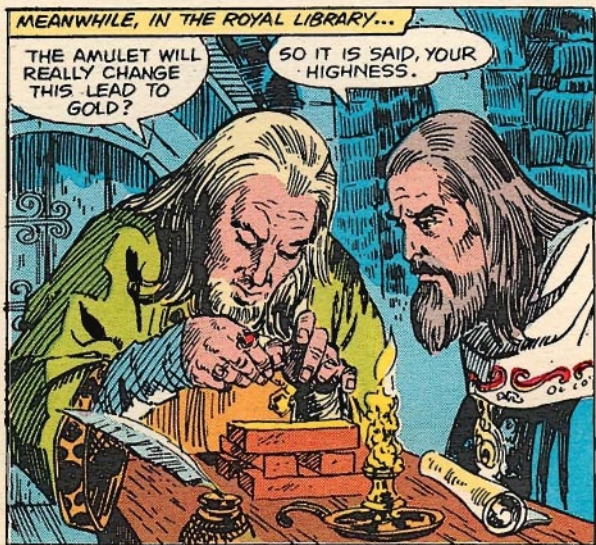
UNKNOWN TO GALEN, HIS PAIN
AND HUMILIATION HAVE HAD
A WITNESS...

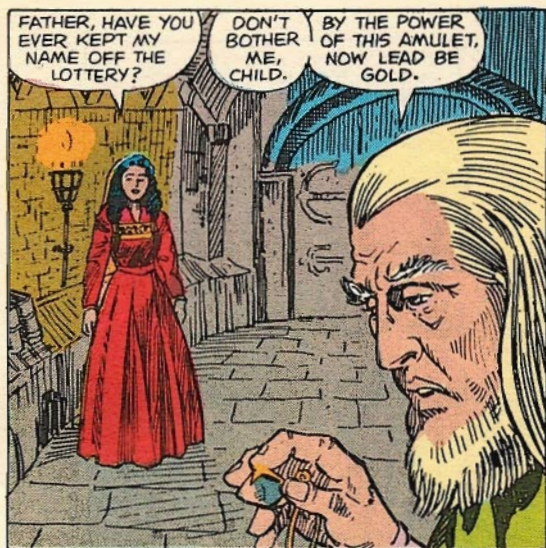


OUTSIDE, DARK CLOUDS SLIDE
ACROSS A PALE SUN AND SOON
FAT ROPLETS OF RAIN ARE
SPLATTERING THE ROCKS ABOVE
THE DRAGON'S LAIR. WITH EACH
SPLASH, THERE IS A SIZZLE AND
A PUFF OF STEAM...













--TO RESUME A MOMENT LATER WITH
THE FULL VIOLENCE OF AN EARTH-
QUAKE.

IN THE
VILLAGE--

--AND IN THE DRAGON COUNTRY.
ABOVE THE MONSTER'S LAIR,
BOULDERS GRIND AND SHIFT...
AND BREAK LOOSE--



FINALLY--

IT STOPPED.

SOMEONE'S
OPENING THE
DOOR.





--AND AS HE TOPS THE STAIRS, THE SHAKING INCREASES...

IF I CAN GET PAST THE THRONE ROOM, I CAN ESCAPE.



HOWEVER...

YOU LITTLE MEDDLER. THIS IS YOUR DOING, ISN'T IT?

I THOUGHT WE'D AGREED THAT I'M NOT MUCH OF A MAGICIAN.

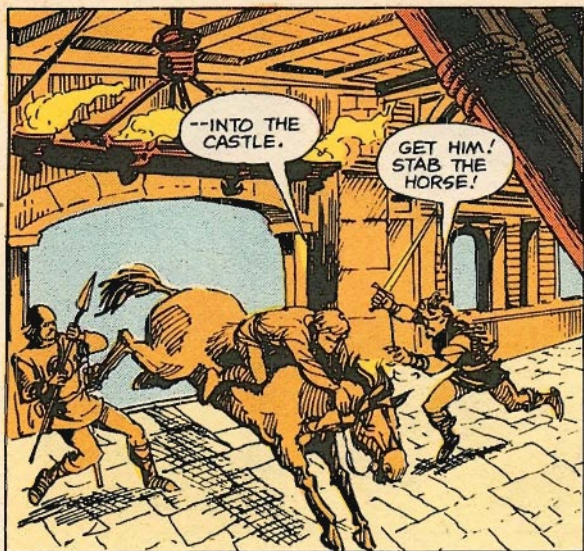






BUT THE KING'S MEN ARE MOMENTARILY CONFUSED. THEY DO NOT COMPREHEND TYRIAN'S COMMAND UNTIL GALEN HAS REACHED ONE OF THE MOUNTS AND SPRINGS TO ITS BACK--





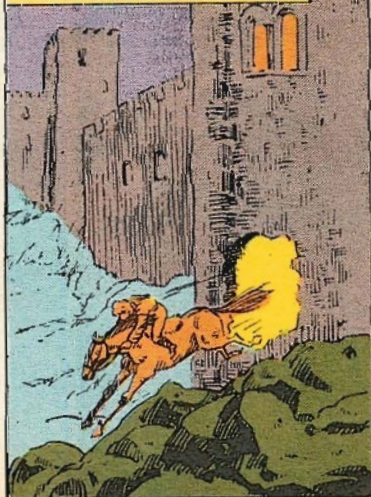




--AND A WEAKENED SECTION OF
THE ARCHED WINDOW CRUMBLES.
WITHOUT WAITING FOR THE
QUAKE TO CEASE--



GALEN PRODS THE HORSE OVER
THE LOW SILL TO FREEDOM!



AT TWILIGHT, THE EARTH IS STILL OCCASIONALLY TREMBLING AS THE VILLAGERS GATHER AT THE BASE OF THE LANDSLIDE AND BROTHER JACOBUS INTONES...

PRAY WITH ME, BRETHREN, AND OUR FAITH WILL SEND THIS CREATURE STRAIGHT TO HELL.

THE MOMENT OF OUR FEAR IS THE HOUR OF OUR TRIUMPH.

THAT RUMBLING...

THE GROUND IS SPLITTING UNDER OUR FEET--

RUN! RUN FOR YOUR LIFE!

YOU CALL YOURSELVES CHRISTIANS? WHERE IS YOUR FAITH?

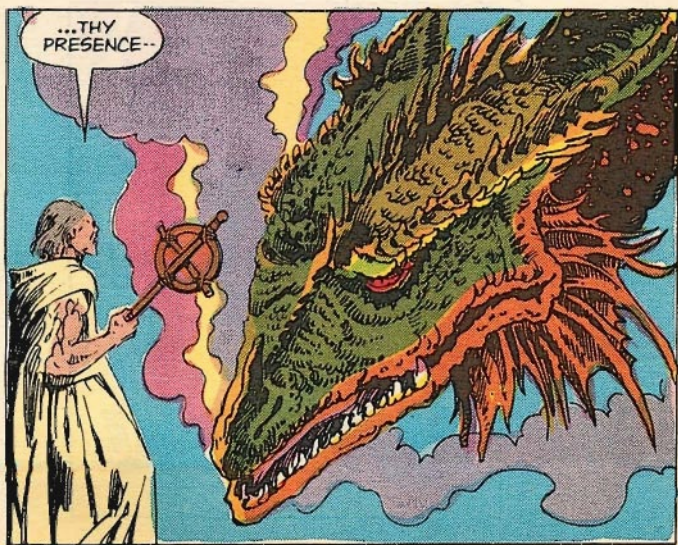
THE TREE, BROTHER...

I AM NOT AFRAID.

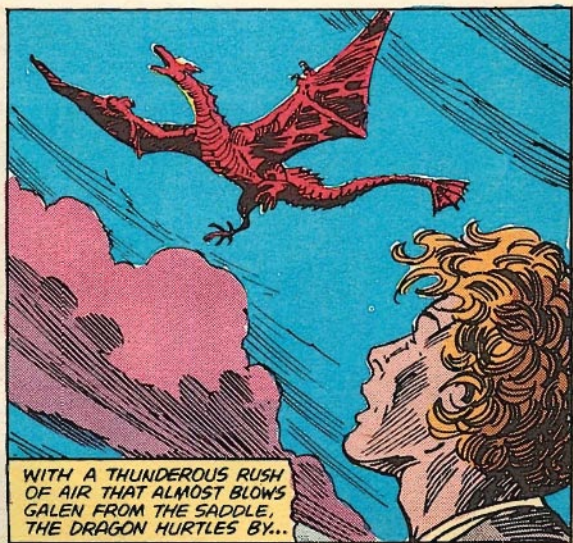
"THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD..."





















NIGHT, AT THE CASTLE...THE VILLAGERS GATHER, NERVOUS AND EXCITED, THEIR MURMURS EDGED WITH HYSTERIA, AS THOUGH THEY WERE SPECTATORS AT A POTENTIALLY LETHAL SPORT--



--THEIR EYES FIXED ON A BARREL WHICH, THEY HAVE BEEN TOLD, CONTAINS THE NAMES OF EVERY MAIDEN IN THE AREA...

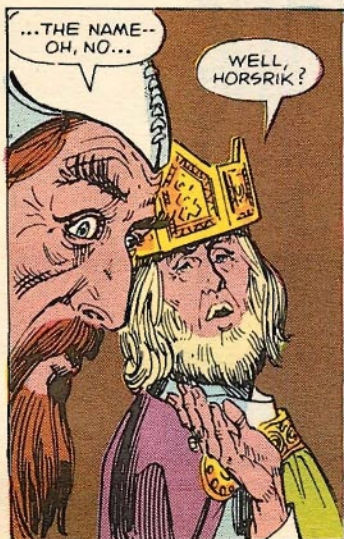
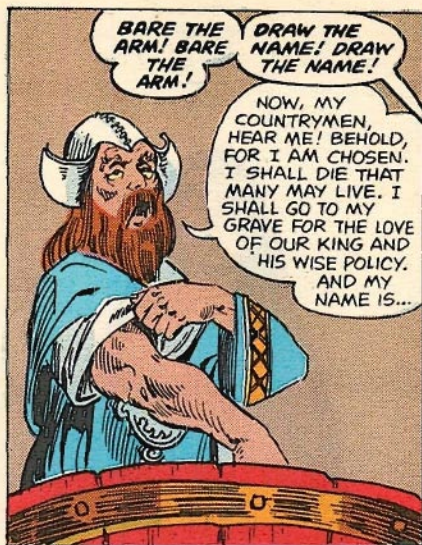




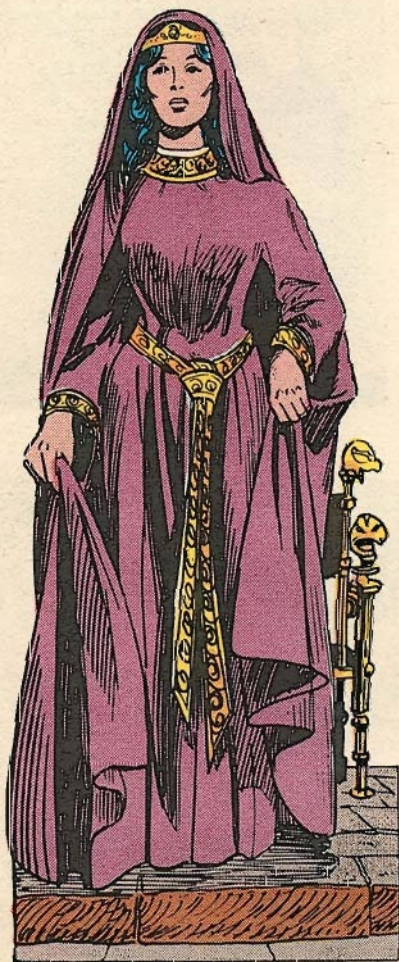


PEOPLE OF URLAND! WHEREAS THE PEACE
OF THE KINGDOM HAS BEEN DISRUPTED BY
THE MISCHIEF OF AN INTERLOPER; AND WHERE-
AS THIS INTERLOPER BEING FLED; AND HOW,
THEREFORE, HIS MAJESTY THE KING HEREBY
PROCLAIMS THE SUM OF THIRTY DUCATS
TO BE PAID TO ANYONE PRODUCING THE
MISCREANT GALEN BRADWARDYN,
FRAUD ENCHANTER...





I ACCEPT
THE
HONOR.







FOR A MOMENT, THE CROWD IS DUMBFOUNDED. GRADUALLY, VOICES ERUPT IN A CACOPHONY OF SHOUTS, WHISTLES AND EXCITED CONVERSATION.



GALEN SEES HIS CHANCE. HE DRIFTS TOWARD AN UNGUARDED DOOR--

--AND SLIPS INSIDE THE PALACE...

IT HAS TO BE HERE SOMEPLACE.



THE AMULET **MUST** BE AMONG THESE TREASURES--!



BUT IT ISN'T.

WITH THE TUMULT FROM THE
COURTYARD ECHOING IN HIS EARS,
GALEN EASES PAST A GUARD WHO
IS ENTHRALLED BY THE SPECTACLE
BELOW--



--THE SIGHT OF A STOIC PRINCESS
AND A KING ON THE VERGE OF
TEARS...





UPSTAIRS, GALEN CONTINUES
TO SEARCH FEVERISHLY--



--WHILE THE KING AND HIS LIEUTENANT
DRAW NEAR...

YOU,
TYRIAN--SURELY YOU'LL
DO SOMETHING. IF NOT
FOR ME, OUT OF LOYALTY
TO THE KINGDOM.

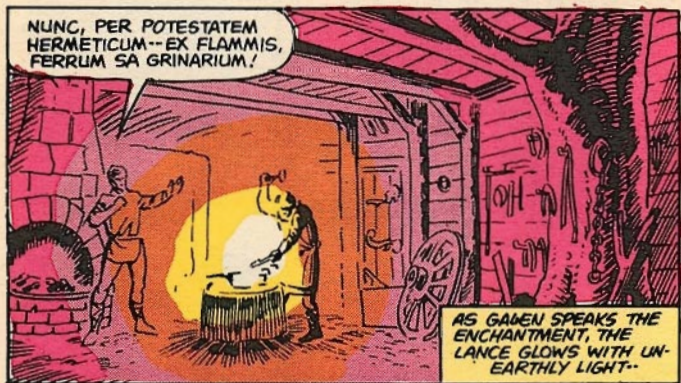
BUT THAT'S JUST IT,
YOUR MAJESTY. MY
FIRST DUTY IS
LOYALTY TO THE
KINGDOM!











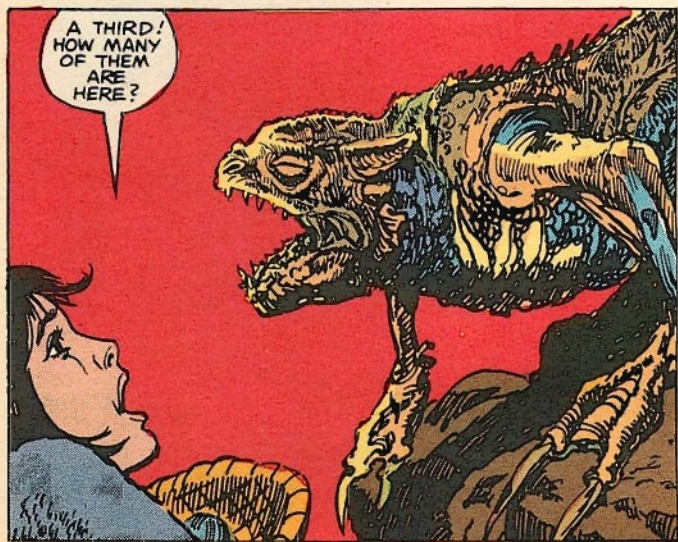
ONCE OUTSIDE, HER STEP QUICKENS
AND WITHIN THE HOUR SHE'S
SEARCHING THE GROUND NEAR THE
DRAGON'S LAIR...



A HISS FROM BETWEEN
TWO ROCKS AND--

A BASILISK...A
BABY DRAGON--
HIDEOUS!











AS THE SUN CLIMBS TO ITS ZENITH, GALEN IS HIKING THROUGH ROUGH COUNTRY, MUTTERING...

I WISH I COULD HAVE SAID GOOD-BYE TO VALERIAN...

EH--? SOMETHING CLATTERING DOWN THE SLOPE...

A SHIELD...FASHIONED FROM DRAGON SCALES!

I MADE IT.

MIGHT KEEP THE FIRE OFF YOU. MIGHT NOT. YOU KNOW, YOU'RE AN IDIOT. YOU'RE GOING TO DIE TONIGHT. 'THIS IS THE LAST TIME I'LL EVER SPEAK TO YOU.



BY NIGHTFALL, THAT WIND HAS BE-
COME COLD. IT WAILS MOURNFULLY
THROUGH THE ROCKS NEAR THE
DRAGON'S LAIR AS WORKMEN MAKE
GRIM PREPARATIONS...



NO WORD IS UTTERED--



--UNTIL THE LOVELY SACRIFICE
IS BROUGHT FORTH TO RECEIVE
HER MANACLES AND HER
DESTINY...



THEN HORSRIK MUTTERS--

BE IT KNOWN THAT THE
PRINCESS, HAVING BEEN
CHOSEN BY A DEED
OF FORTUNE--

EH--? THE SCROLL'S
BURNING... BUT WHERE
DOES THE FLAME
COME FROM?















INTO THE EYE-STINGING MURK OF THE CAVE, HE
PLUNGES, CALLING HOARSELY--

ELSPETH!

SOMETHING
LYING ON THE
GROUND...



ELSPETH'S
SLIPPER--! SHE'S
COME THIS
DIRECTION...



HE TURNS TOWARD A
SCRATCHING SOUND AND
GAGS--













NO, NOT ANOTHER EARTHQUAKE...



...RATHER, THE CAUSE OF
THE PREVIOUS ONES...



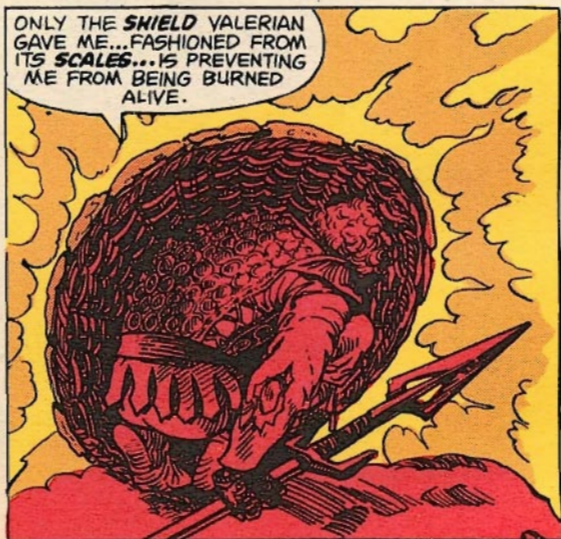
GALEN'S HEART POUNDS
AND HIS BREATH IS TRAPPED
IN HIS THROAT...



...FOR A SHAPE
RISES FROM THE
BOTTOMLESS DEPTHS
OF NIGHTMARE--



THIS IS
VERMITHRAX!

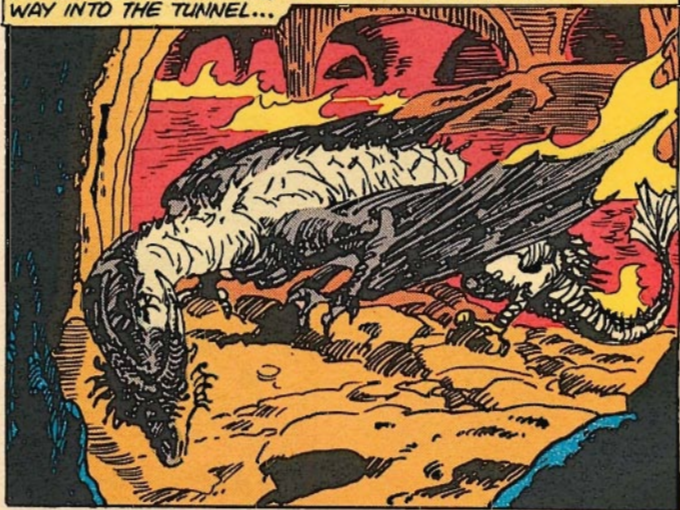




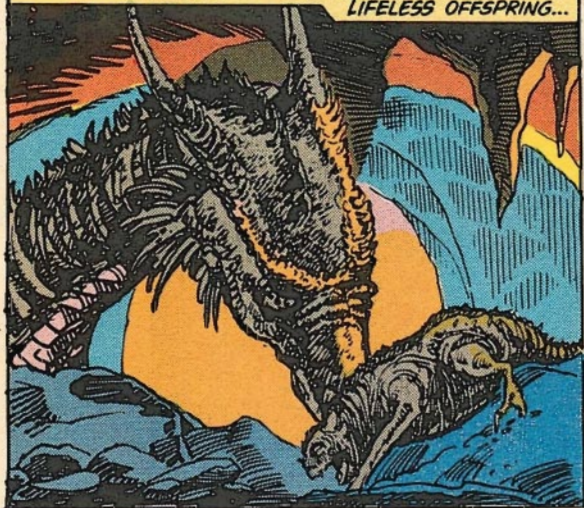
COUGHING AND WEeping,
GALEN TRIPS OVER THE BODY
OF A BABY DRAGON--



A FEW SECONDS LATER, VERMITHRAX SQUIRMS AND CLAWS ITS
WAY INTO THE TUNNEL...



THEN IT PAUSES, AND SNIFFS AND NUDGES AT ITS
LIFELESS OFFSPRING...



--AND GALEN LUNGES FROM HIS HIDING PLACE
WITH THE FEROCITY OF A MAN PUSHED BEYOND
DESPERATION...



INSTINCTIVELY, HE STABS
BETWEEN THE SCALES
OF THE DRAGON'S NECK--



WITH AN UNEARTHLY SHRIEK,
THE CREATURE FLING ITS
HEAD BACK AND UPWARD--





...FLAMES REACH THROUGH THE
CASCADING DEBRIS AND WASH
OVER HIM...



AT DAWN'S FIRST LIGHT, VALERIAN
IS ALREADY SEARCHING, TRYING
NOT TO FEEL HOPE...



SHE FINDS
THE BROKEN
LANCE AND
HER PULSE
QUICKENS--

THEN SHE SEES A STILL, FORLORN
FORM AND SHE WHISPERS--







AT NOON, THEY STOP TO REST, AND...

I'M
SUDDENLY
COLD.

THE LIGHT IS
DIMMING...AND
THERE'S SOMETHING
ODD IN THE AIR.

WHAT IS THAT...
A BLACK DISC...
SLIDING ACROSS
THE SUN--!

IT'S CALLED
AN ECLIPSE.

LOOK AT
HOW IT MAKES
THE WATER
GLINT! LIKE A
LAKE--



UNNOTICED BY EITHER GALEN JR
VALERIAN, A DARK AND GRACEFUL
SHAPE SAILS THROUGH THE SKY...







ROCKS
FALLING...
BEING
KNOCKED
LOOSE! BY
WHAT--?

SHE GAZES UPWARD AND WANTS
TO SCREAM. BUT SHE CAN'T.



AT THAT MOMENT, IN
THE GRANGE HALL...

BE CALM. HE WATCHETH OVER US
LET US PRAY FOR A SIGN, FOR
MIRACLES ARE POSSIBLE...



MIRACLES...

WONDER OF WONDERS. HE'S BACK!
I THANK THE POWERS THAT MADE ME!



ULRICH! MAGISTER!
OVER HERE..



NOT SO
LOUD. I'M NOT
DEAF, YOU
KNOW.





TIME SEEMS TO HAVE STOPPED. OVERHEAD, THE MOON IS LOCKED IN FRONT OF THE SUN.



--NOT FAR ENOUGH...



HE IS ON HIS WAY NONETHELESS...

I THOUGHT I WAS
A SORCEROR, BUT
I'M NOT. YOU SAID
TO BE STRONG,
BUT I WASN'T.

BUT YOU WERE,
MY BOY. AND
YOU WILL BE
STRONGER YET.



AY, YES. AT LAST I MEET
MY COUNTERPART, THE
DRAGON.

DRACO
DRACONUM...



AS THOUGH INCENSED AT THE
MAGICIAN'S GREETING, VERMI-
THRAX SOARS SKYWARD...





A BITTER WIND WHIPS THE CHURNING CLOUDS AND THUNDER BOOMS AND ECHOES AS ULRICH FLOATS HIGHER THAN THE HIGHEST CRAG TO MINGLE HIS VOICE WITH THAT OF THE STORM--



A SUDDEN STILLNESS AND--







--YOU CAN ONLY
PREVENT HIS DEATH
BEING IN VAIN!

THERE IS A
LINK BETWEEN
HIM AND THE
AMULET--

YES, AND THE
DRAGON, TOO. DE-
STROY ONE AND ALL
ARE DESTROYED--







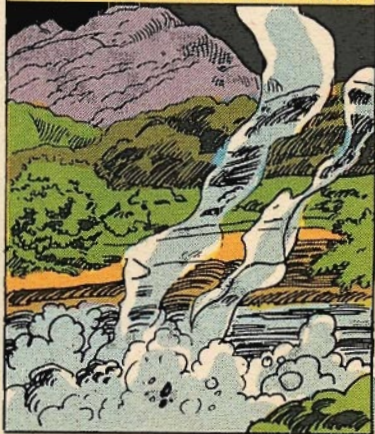
--AND, SIMULTANEOUSLY,
ULRICH'S EARTHLY FORM
EXPLODES AGAINST THE
BELLY OF THE BEAST.



--A FLUTTERING THING THAT
SPASHES INTO A POND. STEAM
ERUPTS WITH A SOUND LIKE A
SIGH--



--AND RISES INTO THE RAYS OF A
SUN FREED FROM DARKNESS
SHINING NEW AND BRIGHT UPON
A GREEN AND GLEAMING LAND...





LATER...

WE THANK THEE, LORD, FOR THIS DEVINE
DELIVERANCE. VERILY IS THY PRESENCE
AMONG US, FULLY MANIFEST IN THIS,
THY GREAT WORK.

ARISE, CHILDREN
OF THE LORD,
AND FORSAKE
EVERMORE THE
PAGAN MYSTERIES!

