



THE BUTCHER

#9 - #12

ADULTS ONLY

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MAKING OF THE BUTCHER



#9 PROVING THEIR WORTH



#10 PREPARATION & PLANS



#11 THE TRAP



#12 THE BATTLE OF FAESULAE

DARKBRAIN
COMICS
COM





#9 "PROVING THEIR WORTH"

LINES: EL SANTO

COLORS: CELESTIN SZABO

STORY: CRYSTAL STORM & ANDREW ZAR

EDITS: SUE SOARES

CHARACTERS, STORY, EDITS: ANDREW ZAR

LETTERS: KEITH WOOD



ANOTHER DAY
OR TWO OF IT AND
I'LL LET YOUR GENERAL
CROSS BLADES WITH
ANY ONE OF THEM.

SO ARE
YOU, LASS.

CAREFUL YOU
SAID THAT, BRICE. HE'S
A TOUGH ONE.


BY ESUS I
THINK THEY'RE
ALMOST READY.












YOU'RE JEALOUS.

->SNORT->
PROOF YOUR JUDGMENT
IS WEAK. I WILL TAKE MY
REVENGE AND LEAVE.

BUT YOU'RE
HERE NOW.



A MEANS
TO AN END, GAILIN.
THAT'S ALL YOUR
PEOPLE ARE.



FINE.
I'LL SPEND MY TIME
WHERE IT'S BETTER
APPRECIATED.



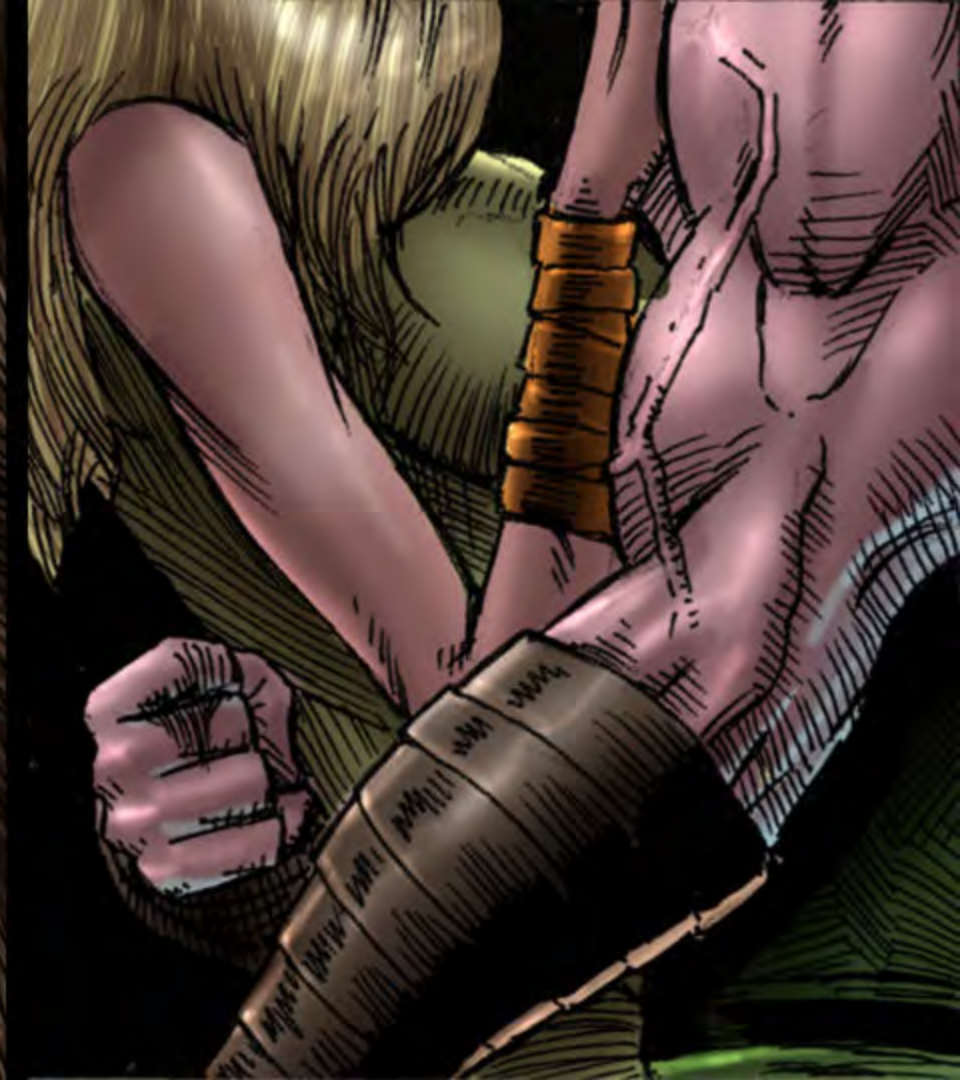
GRAB



OH NO,
YOU HEARTLESS,
ROM-



MMPHF!





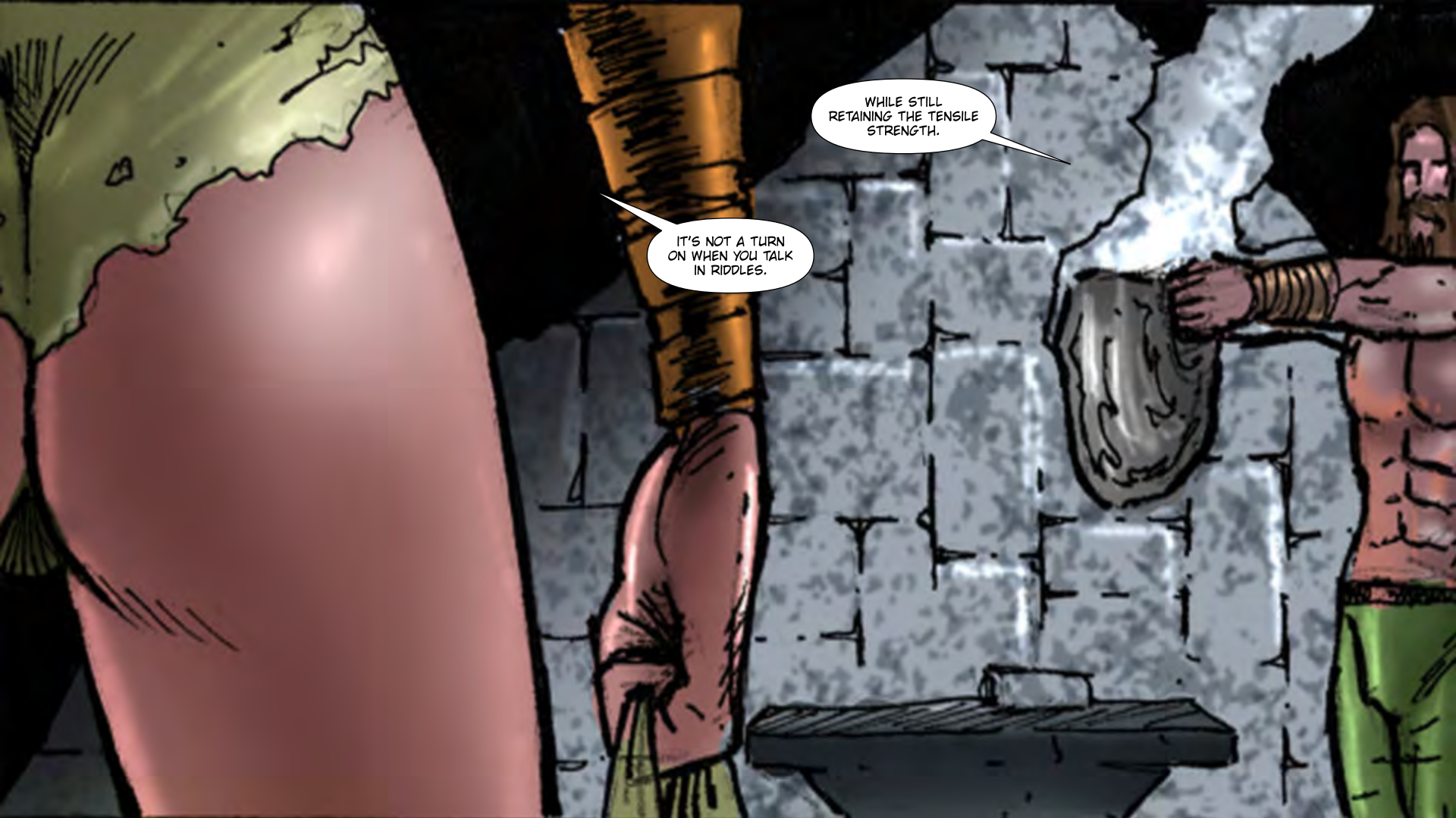
YOU ARE
A TEASE! I CAN'T
BELIEVE YOU WANT
TO ACTUALLY WORK
ON THE ARMOR
NOW.

QUIET.



I'VE FOUND
A WAY TO
LIGHTEN IT.

CLANG



IT'S NOT A TURN
ON WHEN YOU TALK
IN RIDDLES.

WHILE STILL
RETAINING THE TENSILE
STRENGTH.



YOU'LL SEE,
IT'S GOING TO
TURN YOU ON.



YEAH,
IT'S NOT TOO
HEAVY!



I CAN
STILL MOVE
IN IT!

YOU ARE
RIGHT, I AM
TURNED ON.



GOOD, NOW WE CAN
SHOW THEM HOW WE WILL
WIN THIS BATTLE.







MMMMNNN.

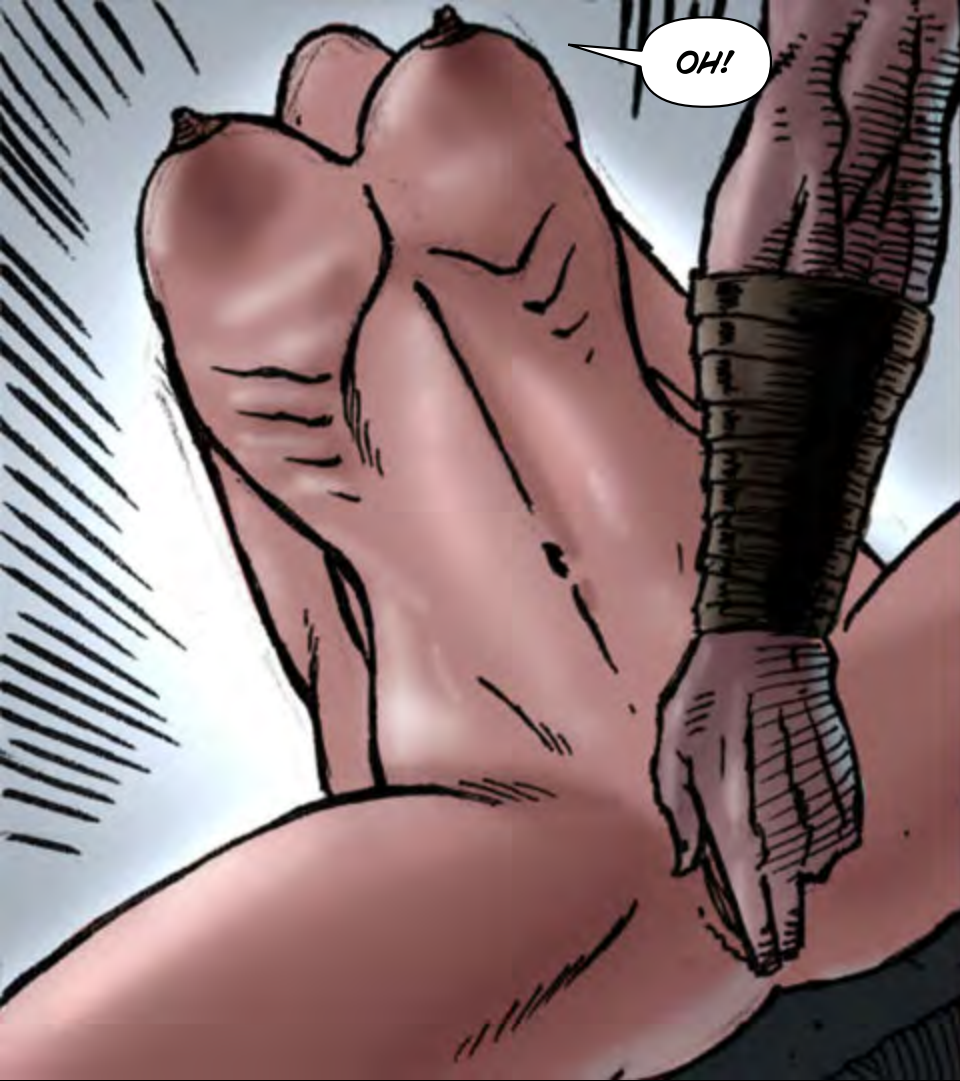


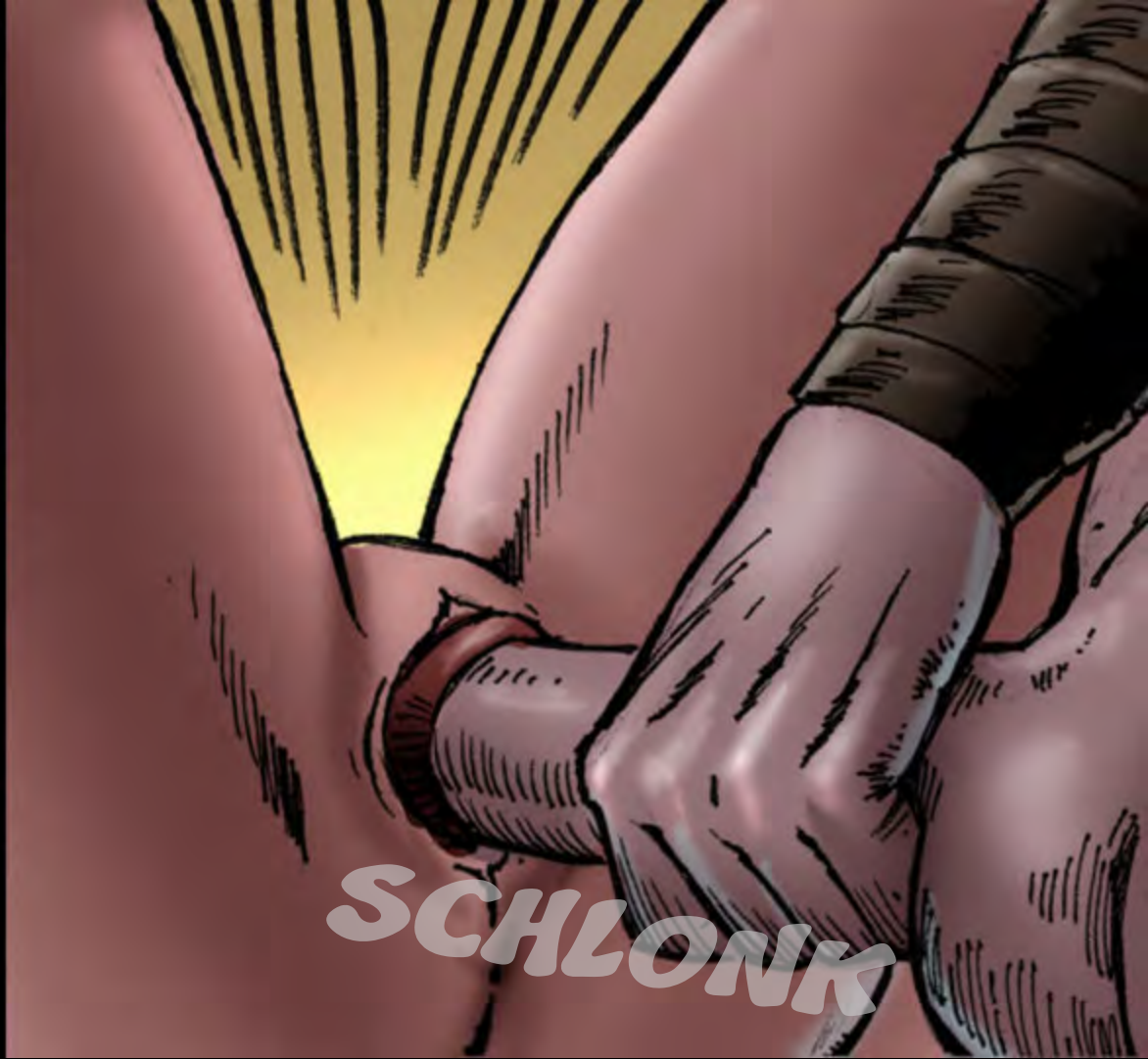
OOOH...
I STILL THINK
YOU'RE A... UH,
A BASTARD.

YES.



OHNNNN!





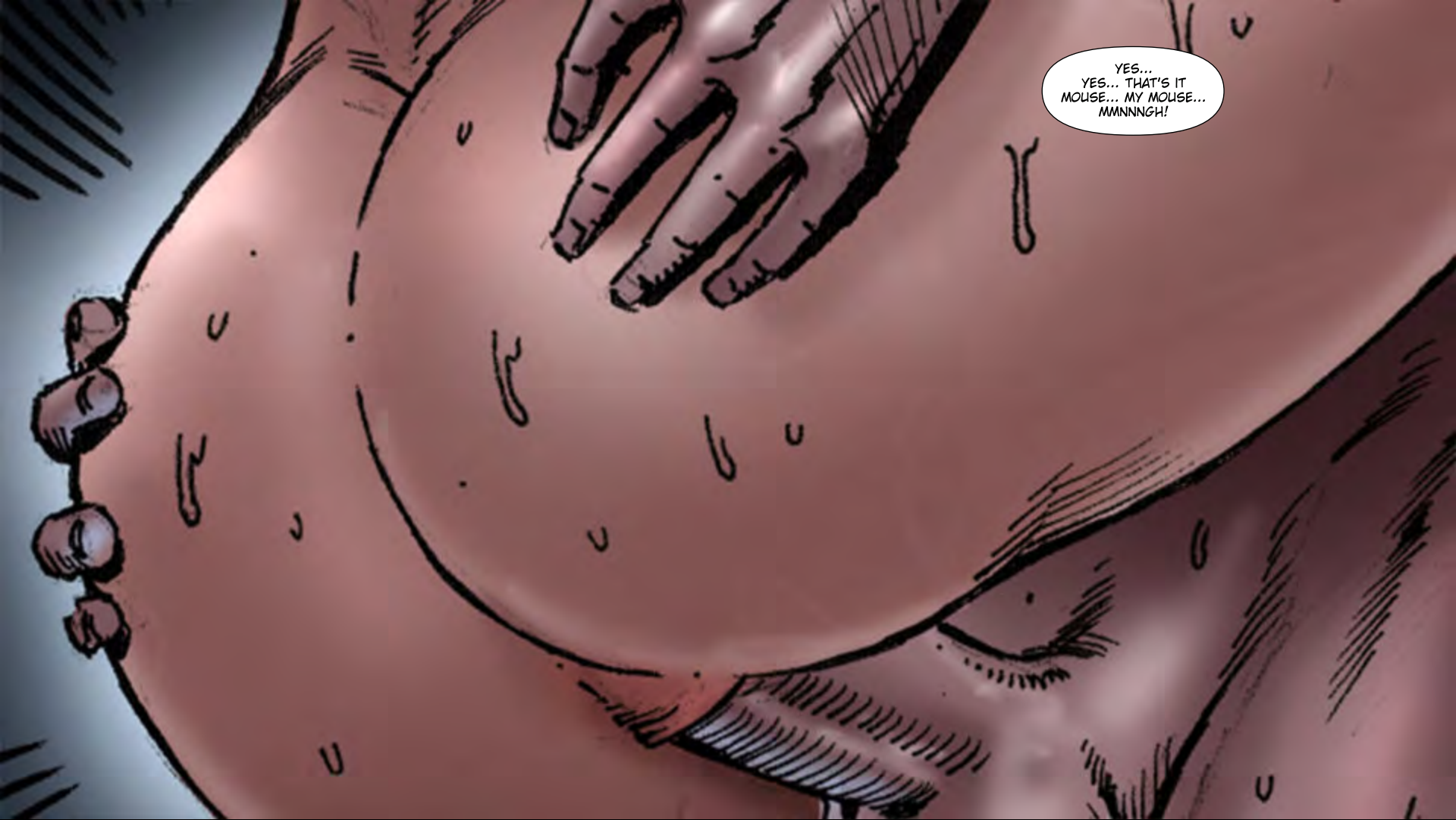
SCHLONK





OOOOH...
DAMMIT... I'M
CUMMING...!!!





YES...
YES... THAT'S IT
MOUSE... MY MOUSE...
MMNNNGH!





CLANG

CLANG









YOU'RE
READY.



YES,
YES I AM.



WE MARCH
ON GAUL?

AND SEND
THE FILTH STRAIGHT
TO HADES.

HAHAHAHA!
ABOUT TIME!




COMING?

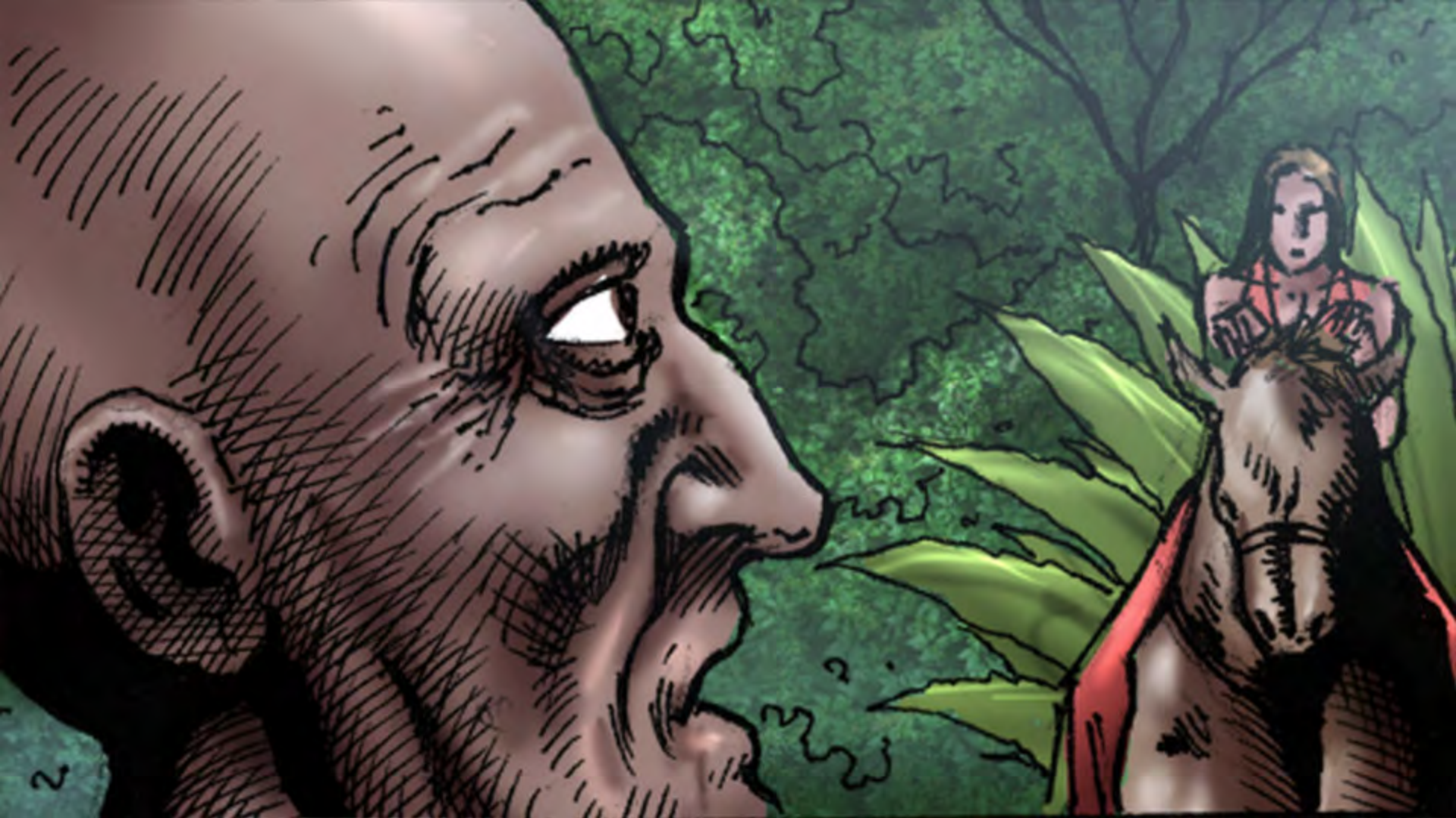
NO. THERE IS
A LOOSE END I NEED
TO TIE UP.



CLOP
CLOP
CLOP



Time to leave,
yes. War is coming.
No good. Not with those
stupid girls running
around.

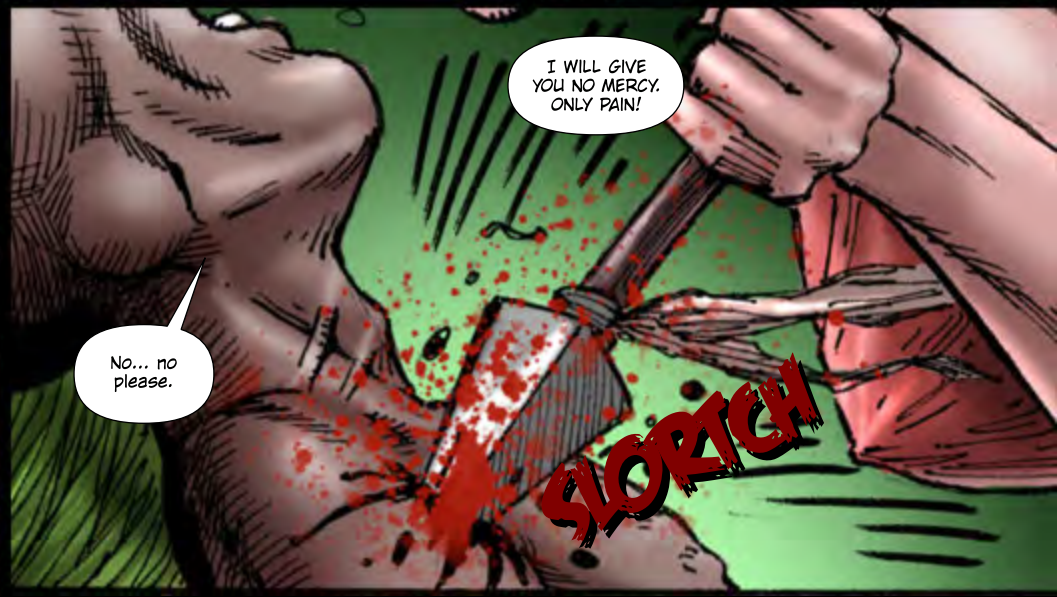




No! No, don't hurt Orbio. Only tried to help you I did... and I did help you. You'd be dead if it weren't--



Nooo! don't-please--



I WILL GIVE YOU NO MERCY. ONLY PAIN!

No... no please.

SLORTCH



SHUNK





CRACKLE



YOU WORTHLESS CHILDREN CAN'T HURT A FLY. COME AT US WITH EVERYTHING YOU'VE GOT. IF YOU FAIL, WE WILL BEAT YOU SENSELESS. IF YOU DRAW BLOOD ON US, YOU WILL PASS OUR TEST.





DID YOU FORGET
YOUR BALLS TODAY? YOU
HEARD THE MAN, ATTACK
WITH EVERYTHING
YOU'VE GOT!







PATHETIC!
TRY HARDER!

OOF!

SMOKE



THAT HURT!
WHAT THE ESUS ARE
YOU WEARING?

*SHUT UP
AND FIGHT!*



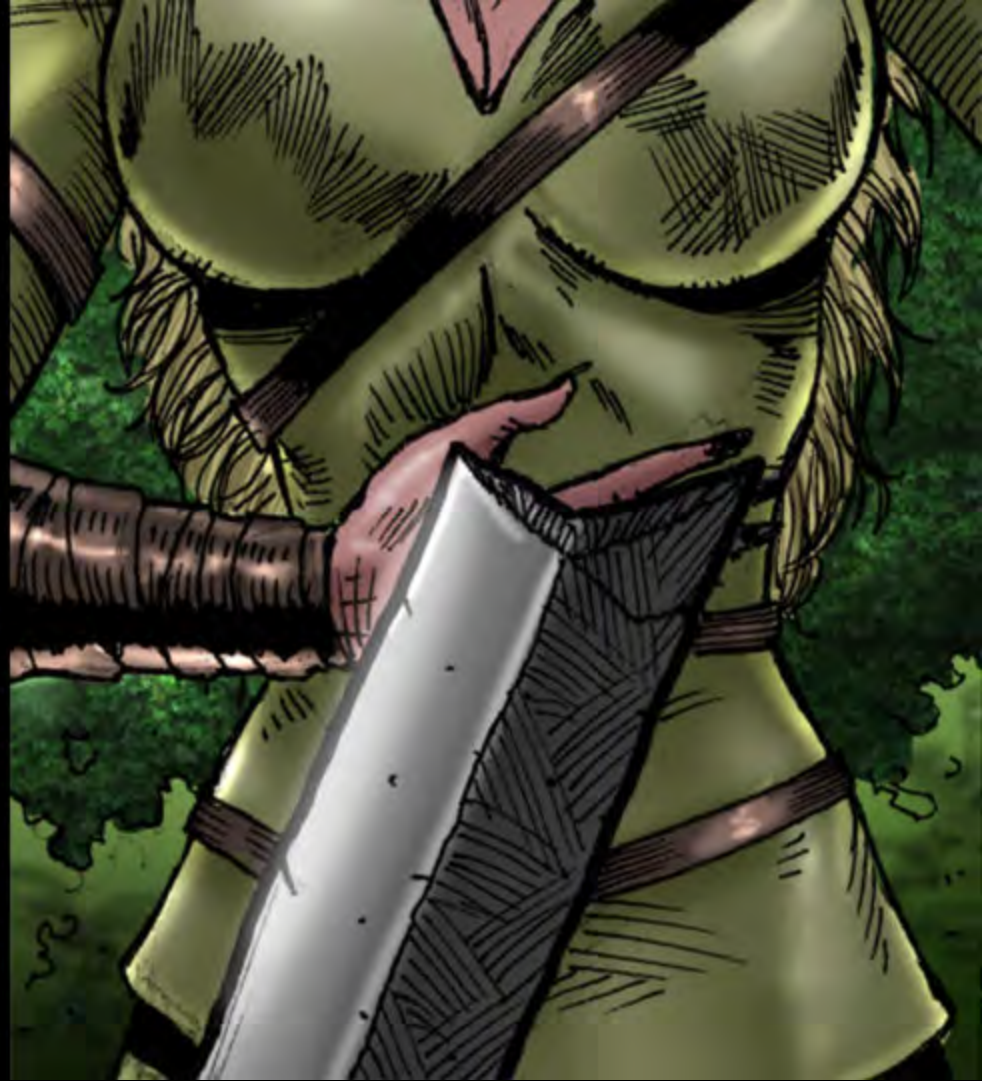
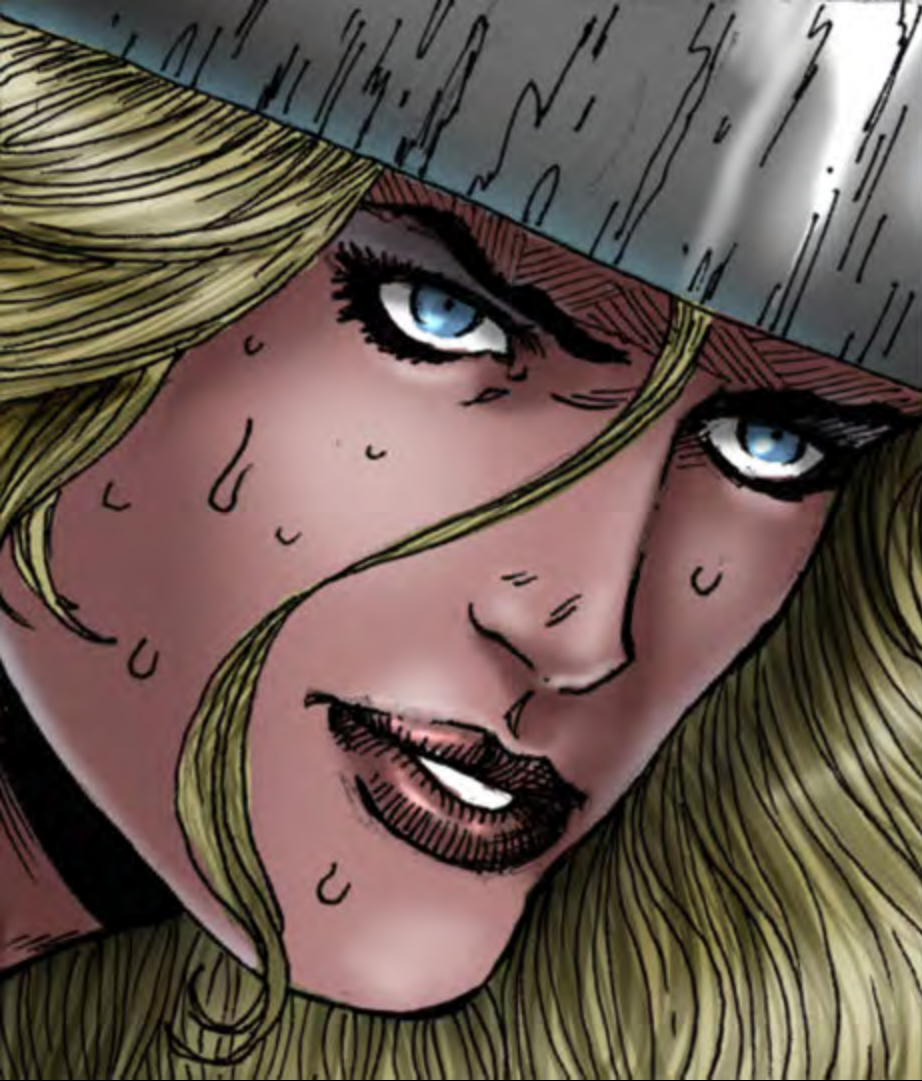
SHOVE



OOOF!

CLANK

CAILIN!





I SAID
SHUT UP AND
FIGHT!

THWOK



OOF!

PATHETIC!
FOUR MORE, JOIN
THESE WEAKLINGS
AND TRY TO SCRATCH
US!





THOCK







YOU FAIL!
NO BLOOD.




YOU NOW SEE
THE TOOLS WE WILL
USE TO BREAK THE
ROMAN'S BACKS.



THIS ARMOR IS OUR
ADVANTAGE. TO KEEP ITS
KNOWLEDGE SECRET IS OUR
MISSION. IF YOUR ENEMY LEARNS
OF IT AND HOW TO USE IT, THEY
WILL KILL YOU WITH THOUSANDS
OF MEN IN ARMOR.



I WILL MAKE A SUIT
FOR EACH OF YOU, YOU WILL
GUARD IT WITH YOUR LIFE. A LIFE YOU
WILL OWE TO ME BY SURVIVING
THE UPCOMING BATTLE.



NOW YOUR *REAL*
TRAINING BEGINS. YOU WILL
WEAR THIS MAIL WHILE YOU RUN,
WHILE YOU FIGHT. IT WILL PUSH YOU
BEYOND YOUR LIMITS. YOU WILL
EITHER ADAPT OR DIE.

I WILL NOT MOURN
YOU IF YOU DIE IN TRAINING.
BECAUSE IF YOU DIE HERE, IT ONLY
MEANS YOU WOULD HAVE DIED
IN BATTLE.



CAILIN!



QUICK, GET A BUCKET OF COLD WATER. FAST!



HURRY UP
WITH THAT FUCKING
WATER!



I GOT
THE WA--OH
WOW.



**STOP STARING
AND POUR THAT WATER
ON HER-- NOW!**





GET ANOTHER
BUCKET-- NOW!



HERE? CAN'T
WE GO TO THE
TENT?

STRIP OFF YOUR
LEGGINGS.



YOU NEED TO COOL OFF, *NOW*. MODESTY CAN COME LATER.

HEY!

YOU NEED TO COOL OFF, *NOW*. MODESTY CAN COME LATER.



STOP-- IT'S FREEZING!

GOOD.

SPLASH



LEARN THIS LESSON QUICKLY. THE ARMOR IS UNFORGIVING AND YOU WILL OVERHEAT FAST.

NO KIDDING.

I LIKE THESE LESSONS... A LOT.



PLEASE... TENT... I NEED TO RETAIN SOME DIGNITY HERE.




I WILL MEASURE EACH OF YOU SO I CAN GET TO WORK ON YOUR SUITS. WE WILL START... IN AN HOUR...




CAN I SAY, THAT LESSON WAS THE BEST... EVER?

YES... YES IT WAS.

ZELUS FORGIVE ME, BUT I HOPE SHE OVERHEATS OFTEN IN OUR TRAINING...



YOU COULD HAVE LET ME TAKE THEM OFF, THIS IS A MESS! I'M NOT SURE I CAN GET THEM BACK ON NOW!



AND SINCE WHEN DO I GET TREATED ANY DIFFERENTLY THAN THE OTHERS? IF THEY FALL DOWN, ARE YOU GOING TO STRIP **THEM** NAKED?



HAHA! MOUSE,
IF THAT IS WHAT IT
TAKES, I'LL DO IT.



SUUUUURE.



SOME OF THEM
HAVE A SET AS LARGE
AS YOURS TOO.

HEY!



SO, WHICH ONE
ARE YOU GOING TO
THINK ABOUT WHEN WE
FLUCK NOW?

ONLY YOU
MOUSE, ONLY
YOU.



THE MOOD IS ESCAPING MOUSE, FAST.

I WONDER...
MAYBE YOU REALLY LIKE
BRICE MORE THAN YOU
SAY?

GENERAL, I
HAVE NEWS.



I AM NOT TO
BE DISTURBED!

DEVIN, SIR, HE
REQUESTS AN IMMEDIATE
MEETING.



FINE... I'LL
BE THERE IN A
FEW HOURS.

UMM HUM, YOU'RE
STILL THINKING ABOUT
YOUR MAN-FRIEND, AREN'T YOU.
I CAN SEE IT IN YOUR
EYES.

I'LL SHOW YOU
EXACTLY WHAT I'M
THINKING ABOUT.



I'M SORRY FOR THE URGENCY, GENERAL, BUT HE SAYS THE ROMANS ARE ON MARCH TO GALL.. BY THE THOUSANDS.



I SEE. I'LL BE RIGHT THERE.



BUT WE AREN'T READY...

NO, WE ARE NOT READY AT ALL.



I NEVER THOUGHT I'D SAY IT, BUT I MISS TRAINING ALREADY.

THE BUTCHER

#10 "PREPARATIONS & PLANS"

COLORS: CELESTIN SZABO

STORY: CRYSTAL STORM

EDITS: SUE SOARES

CHARACTERS, STORY, EDITS: ANDREW ZAR

LETTERS: DANI CALERO





SIRE!
ROME
COMES!



SPEAK,
MAN.
DETAILS.

ALBINUS TRAVELS
WITH ANOTHER LEGION. HE
GOES TO RENDEZVOUS
WITH GENERAL GAIUS
ATILIUS REGULUS.

THEY WILL
COMBINE FORCES
THEN MARCH
HERE!



YOU WILL HAVE THE GREATEST TACTICAL ADVANTAGE HERE, AT FAESULAE WHERE THEY WILL PASS. MY UNIT WILL FLANK THEM FROM BEHIND, HERE.



THEY WON'T BE ABLE TO STOP US. IT WILL TAKE US TWO WEEKS TO TRAVEL THERE, BUT WE WILL HAVE A SIZABLE LEAD ON ALBINUS.




WE NEED TO PREPARE WHEN THERE.



RALLY
THE LEADERS. WE
GO TO WAR.







A man with a long brown beard and hair, wearing a green tunic, stands over a table. He is pointing with his right hand at a map or parchment spread out on the table. He has a serious expression. In the background, there are some wooden barrels and a stone wall.

YOU WILL TAKE THE WEAKEST FROM YOUR ARMIES AND PLACE THEM IN FOUR LARGE GROUPS. POSITION THEM HERE.



A man with a long, thin grey beard and a balding head, wearing a brown tunic, stands behind a table. He is pointing with his right hand at a map or parchment on the table. He has a stern expression. The background shows a stone wall.

THEY'LL BE TOO EXPOSED IN THAT POSITION. WE'LL BE UNABLE TO PROVI-

THAT IS THE POINT. IT WILL LEAVE OTHER POINTS OF ALBINUS' ARMY VULNERABLE TO THE SECOND AND THIRD WAVE OF OUR ATTACKS.



IT IS UNLIKELY THOSE MEN WILL SURVIVE.

MEN DIE IN WAR. THAT IS THEIR PURPOSE.

MEN DIE FIGHTING FOR A CAUSE. THAT IS THE PURPOSE.

YOU SPEAK NAIVELY OF THE REALITY AND SACRIFICE OF WAR.



I DON'T TRUST YOUR MEN NOT TO TURN COWARD IN THE FACE OF THE MIGHT OF ROME.

YOU WILL POSITION A FORCE OF YOUR ARCHERS HERE. IF THEY RUN, YOU WILL GIVE THE ORDER FOR THEM TO BE SHOT.



MY OWN MEN?

DO YOU WISH TO WIN THIS FIGHT OR NOT?

THE OTHER LEADERS WILL NEVER AGREE-



THEN DON'T
TELL THEM. YOU
ARE THEIR LEADER,
THEY ANSWER
TO YOU.



IT WILL
BE DONE.

I DOUBT YOUR
CONVICTION.

DO NOT
TEST ME, GENERAL.
I AM COMMITTED TO
WINNING THIS WAR, NOT
SLAUGHTERING MY
OWN MEN.



A GOOD POSITION FOR THE SIZE OF OUR TROOPS.

YOUR TROOPS WILL SURROUND ALBINUS'S ARMY FROM HERE.



OBVIOUSLY. ALL MUST DIE. IT WILL BE UP TO YOU TO CONTAIN AND DESTROY THE RUNNERS.

THAT IS THE KEY TO OUR VICTORY.



IT WILL BE DIFFICULT TO DEVELOP A SOLID STRATEGY TO CONTAIN-

DO IT, OR THERE WILL BE HELL TO PAY. FOR YOUR PEOPLE.



ALL RUNNERS... EVERY SINGLE ONE... MUST DIE.



ALSO...
I WILL NEED YOUR
BEST SMITHS... ALL
PEOPLE WHO CAN WORK
WITH METAL AND TAKE
INSTRUCTIONS.

AND ALSO
SEND ME TWO
TAILORS WHO ARE
EXPERIENCED.

OF COURSE,
I'VE BEEN WAITING
FOR THAT CALL.



I'VE NOT,
BUT WE HAVE
NO CHOICE NOW.
SEND THEM
QUICKLY.

AYE.





HRRUMMPH...
THAT'S
ALL THEY
GOT?

TEN IS
BETTER THAN
NONE.

NOT
ALWAYS

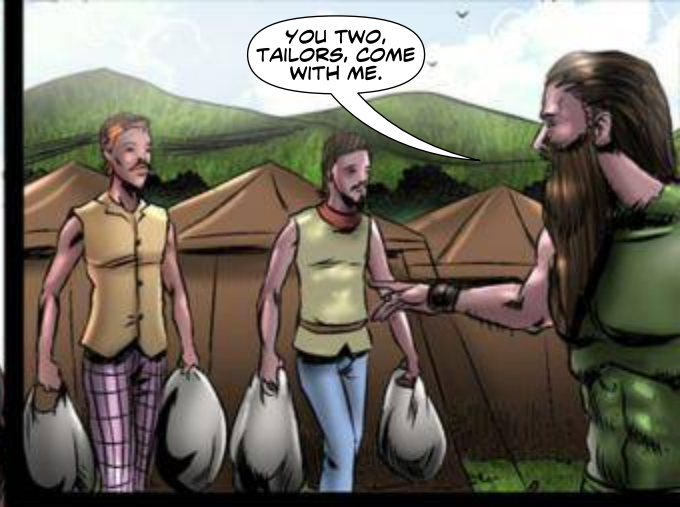


HERE, WE NEED FIVE BLOOMERIES HERE, SPREAD OUT WITH AT LEAST 20 FEET BETWEEN THEM SO WE CAN WORK.

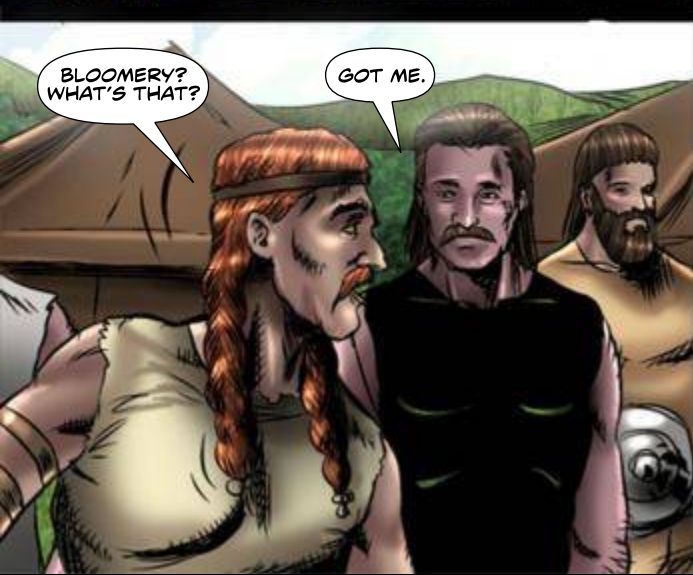


JUST CLEAR THIS AREA SO WE CAN MAKE PITS, AND GET ME A LOT OF CLAY AND STONE TO MAKE SMALL CHIMNEYS FOR HEATING METAL.

SURE! THAT I DO UNDERSTAND.



YOU TWO, TAILORS, COME WITH ME.



BLOOMERY? WHAT'S THAT?

GOT ME.



HOW DID YOU KNOW WE WERE THE TAILORS?

NO MORE STUPID QUESTIONS, COME... NOW.









WHAT IS THAT METAL YOU WEAR?

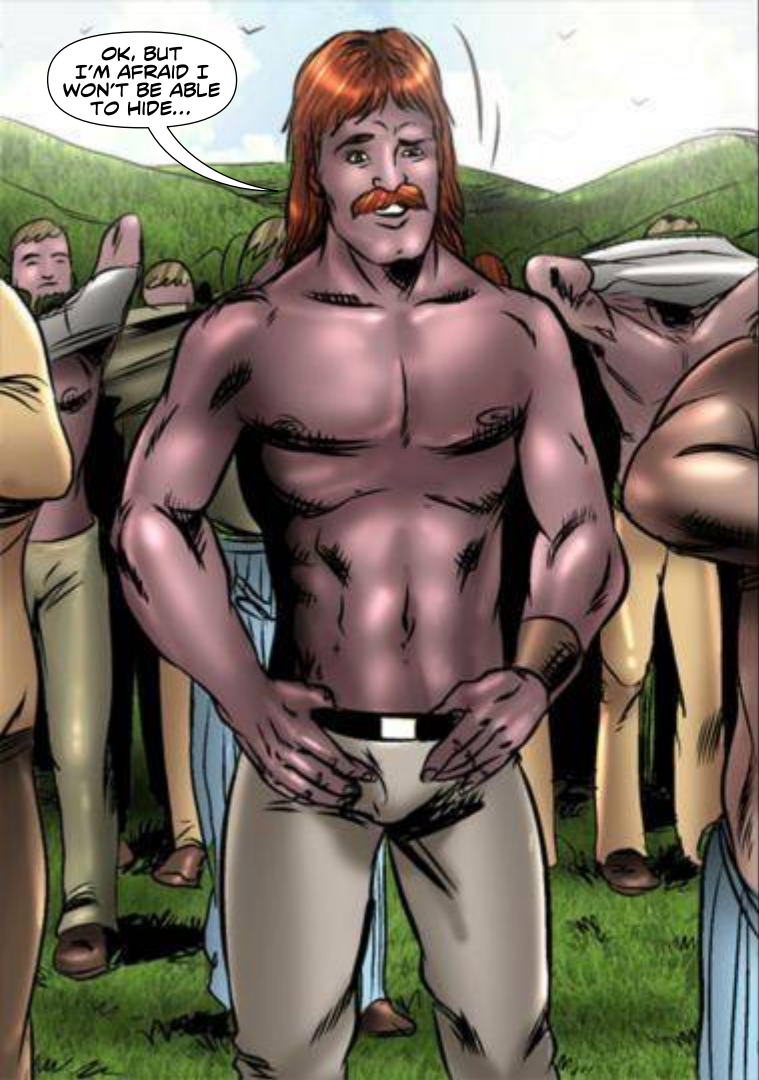
AYE! I WANT A SUIT TOO!

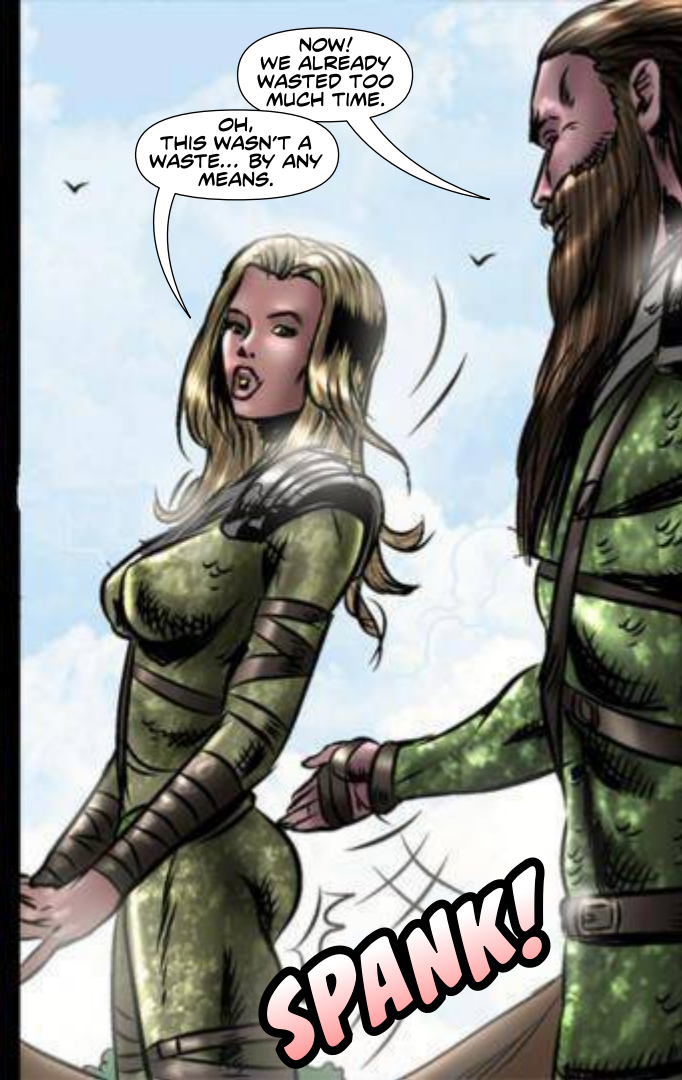
THAT IS EXACTLY WHAT WE ARE DOING.



NOW EACH OF YOU STRIP AND GET MEASURED BY THESE TAILORS.









GET THEM MEASURED.

(GIGGLE)



CAN WE SETTLE DOWN PLEASE, THERE IS NO NEED FOR THAT... DISPLAY.


OH, IT'S FINE, IT WON'T HURT OUR MEASUREMENTS IN THE LEAST!



LOOK, YOU TOUCH MY COCK, EVEN IF YOU CLAIM IT IS AN ACCIDENT, AND I'LL CUT YOUR HAND OFF. UNDERSTAND?



OH, SUCH A BRUTE. FINE, ALL WORK AND NO PLAY THEN.



THEY COMBINED FORCES, BUT I DIDN'T SEE ANY MORE WHORES...

ARE WE GOING TO HAVE TO PICK UP MORE...

OH ESUS, PLEASE NO, I CAN'T EVEN TAKE THIS.



WHY NOT? I SAY THE MORE THE MERRIER.



YOU ARE A DIRTY FUCKING WHORE! ALL OF US ARE CAPTIVES HERE, OUR HUSBANDS SLAIN, OUR CHILDREN SLAIN...

AND YOU JUST SIT THERE, AND ENJOY IT? YOU ARE DISGUSTING!



FUCK YOU. YOU ARE RIGHT. MY HUSBAND IS DEAD TOO. ALL OF OUR MEN ARE DEAD - EVERY LAST ONE. MONTHS AGO!



AND YET YOU DIDN'T FOLLOW THEM, DID YOU, BRALLI?

THIS TENT USED TO HAVE TWICE AS MANY OF US, AND MANY TOOK THEIR OWN LIVES. ONES THAT LOVED TOO MUCH TO CONTINUE ON.

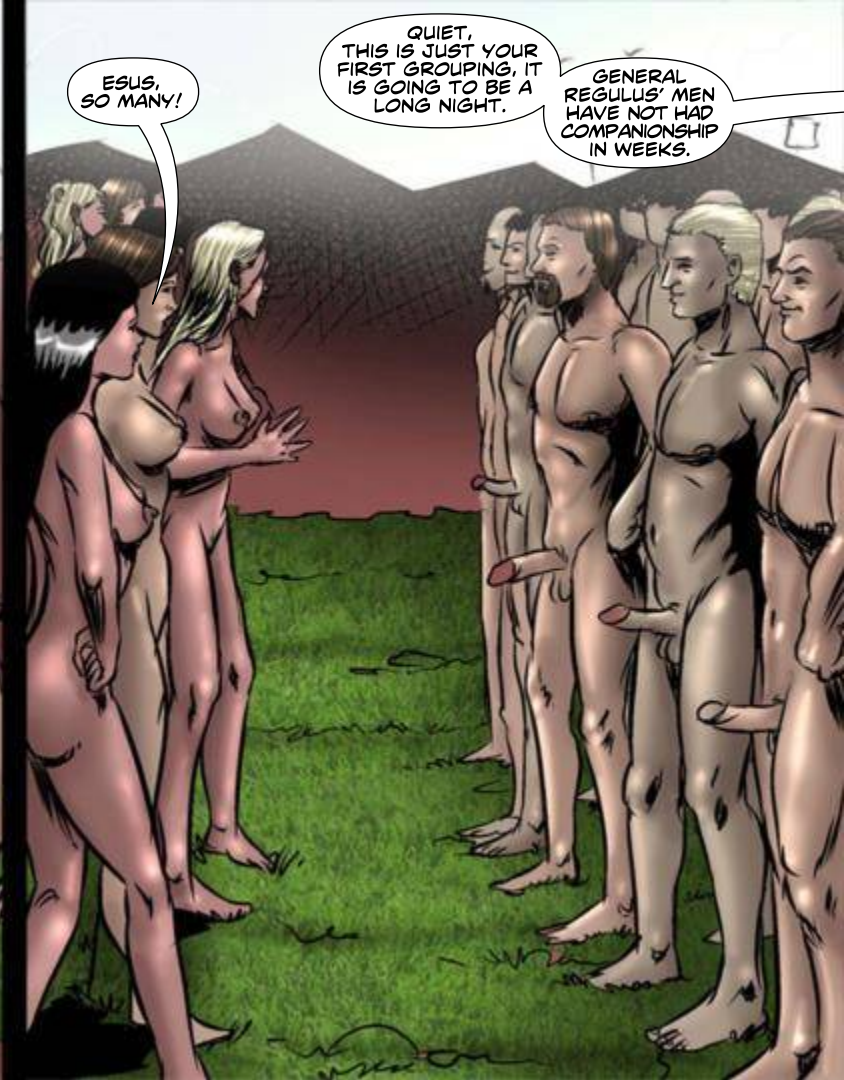


YET NOT YOU. YOU VALUE YOUR LIFE TOO MUCH, DON'T YOU, BRALLI?

YOU'RE AS SELFISH AS I AM. AS ALL OF US HERE ARE.

SHUT UP.







OH
WOW!

MMMMMMMM!!!



PLEASE
TURN OVER, I
WANT TO LOOK
AT YOU.



I'VE... I'VE NEVER HAD SUCH A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN IN ALL MY LIFE.

THANK YOU.

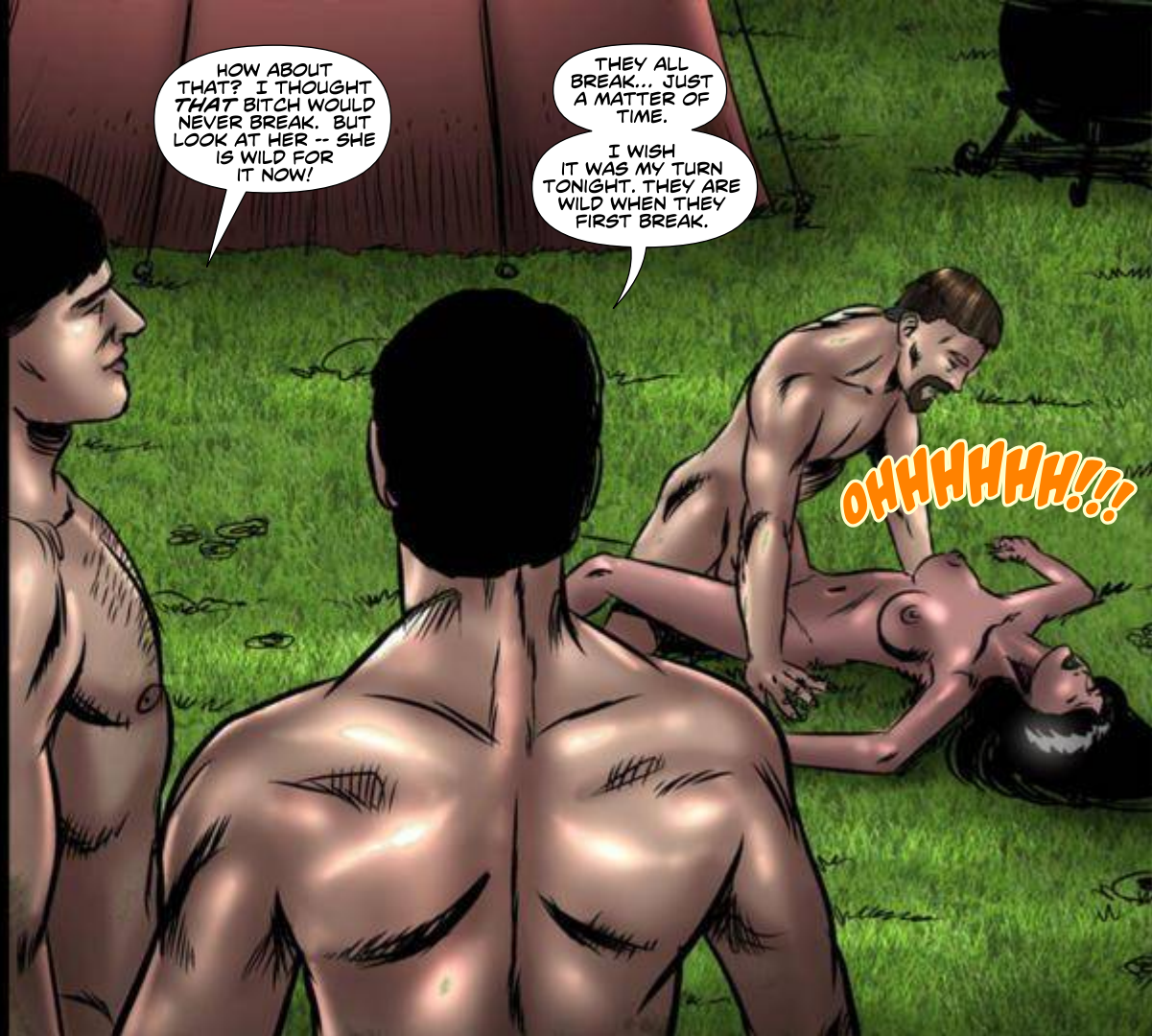


OHHHH! WOW!





OH OH OH
YES OH OH!!!



HOW ABOUT THAT? I THOUGHT THAT BITCH WOULD NEVER BREAK. BUT LOOK AT HER -- SHE IS WILD FOR IT NOW!

THEY ALL BREAK... JUST A MATTER OF TIME.
I WISH IT WAS MY TURN TONIGHT. THEY ARE WILD WHEN THEY FIRST BREAK.

OH OH OH OH OH!!!



I CAN'T HOLD BACK ANY MORE.

LET IT GO! FINISH IN ME!



OHNNNNNN!!!!!!











THINK? OR CAN DO? I GET THE FEELING IF YOU THINK, BUT FAIL, THAT YOU MIGHT LOSE A LIMB.



I CAN, AND HE NEEDS MY HELP; THERE ARE TOO MANY SUITS TO MAKE.

I THINK I'LL TELL HIM WHEN IT'S MY TURN.

PLONG!



WELL, IT'S BEEN NICE KNOWING YOU, BUD. REALLY.



I THINK THAT ONE, PERSAL, HE IS DOING WELL.

ADEQUATE.



I'M GRATEFUL THAT YOU CAN GET SOME REST, EVEN JUST A LITTLE.

I'M GLAD HE WAS ABLE TO PICK UP THE TECHNIQUE.







GOOD,
GOOD! IT
MATCHES MY
PATTERN
WELL.

NOT
PERFECTLY,
BUT WELL
INDEED.



WE NEED
LESS BELTS THAN
EVEN YOUR SUIT! THE
CUT IS BETTER,
CLOSER.



AND I DIDN'T
EVEN HAVE TO
VIOLATE YOUR COCK,
NOW DID I?

SLAP!



IT IS GOOD...
VERY GOOD!



SUIT UP,
EVERYONE, IT
IS TIME FOR
TRAINING.



I THINK YOU HAVE A THING FOR YOUR TAILOR, ANWELL.

YOU KNOW OUR TENTS ARE FREE FOR A FEW MINUTES... YOU CAN GIVE YOUR TAILOR YOUR THANKS.



DON'T TEMPT ME.

NOW,
YOUR REAL
TRAINING
BEGINS.





YOUR
ARMOR IS YOUR
ADVANTAGE. WITH IT
YOU CAN WITHSTAND
HADES' FORCES
THEMSELVES.

BUT YOU MUST
LEARN TO BEAR
THE WEIGHT.



AND YOU
MUST LEARN TO
FIGHT IN SPITE
OF IT.



WE HAVE
A WEEK BEFORE
THE BATTLE, BARELY
ENOUGH TIME FOR
YOU TO LEARN.



BUT YOU
WILL LEARN. AND
THEN WE WILL DELIVER A
HAMMER BLOW TO THE
ROMANS. SO LET
US BEGIN.

THE BUTCHER

#11 "THE TRAP"

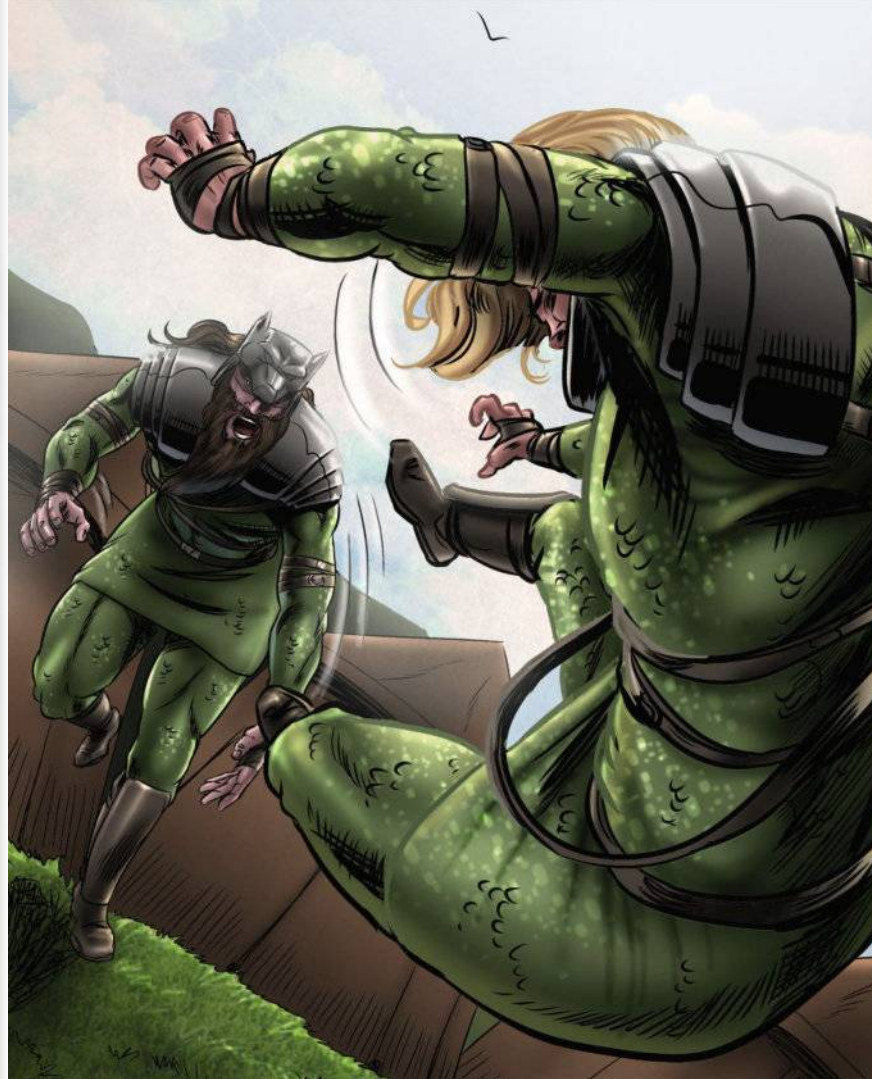
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BLOODY HELL, YOU'RE QUICK.

I AM, BUT YOU CAN DO BETTER THAN THAT.

AYE TO THAT. BEST OUT OF THREE, THEN.



FASTER! YOU'RE NOT INVINCIBLE EVEN IN YOUR ARMOR!

IF YOU CANNOT FIGHT, YOU WILL DIE!













TWO WEEKS LATER.







IT IS
A LOOSE
END, A RISK WE
SHOULDN'T
TAKE.

BUT AFTER
THIS BATTLE,
GALL WILL NEED
THEM TO FIGHT
ROME.



IT IS MORE
IMPORTANT THAT
DEVIN HOLDS UP HIS
END AND KILLS THE
RUNNERS.





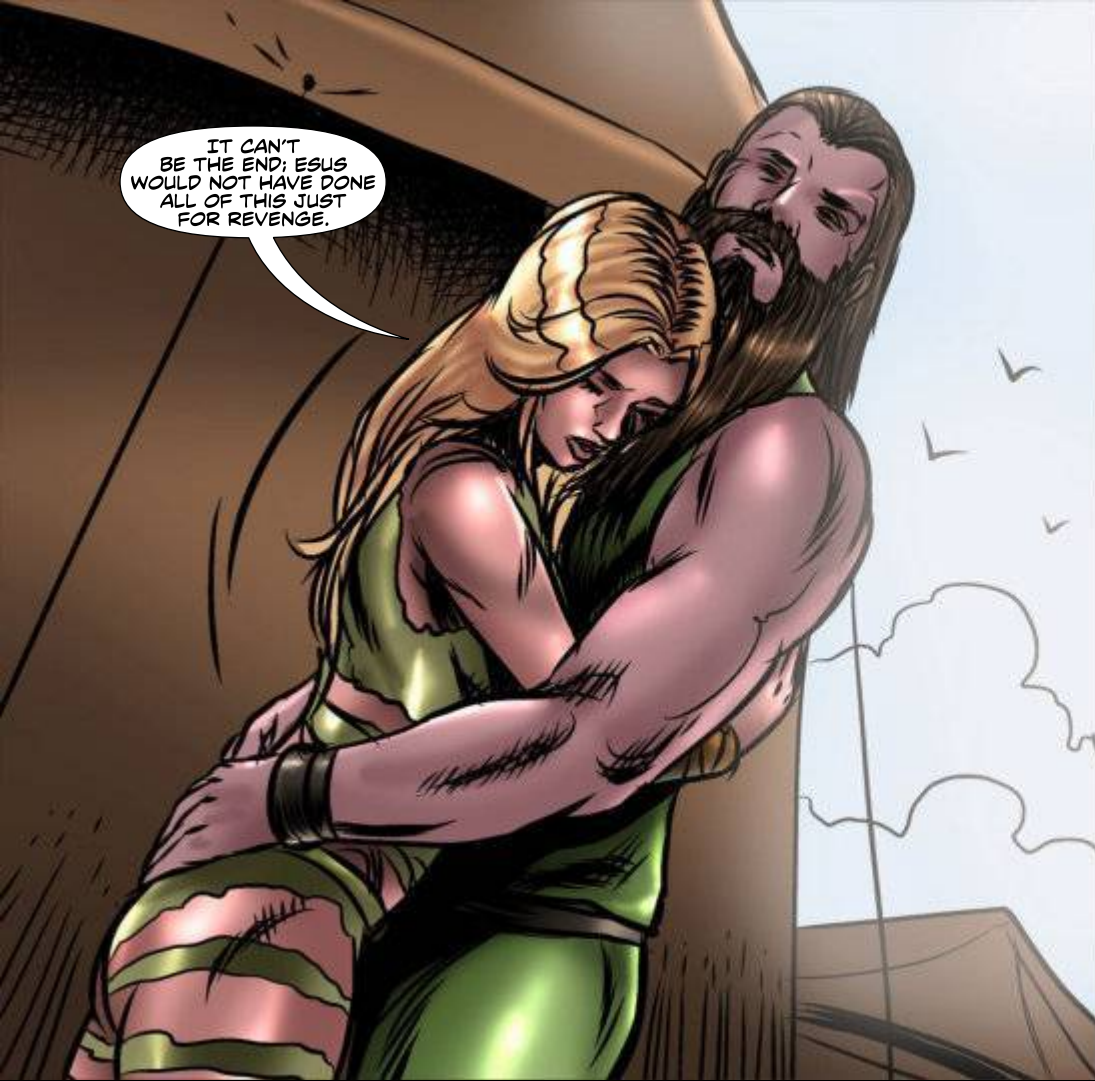
DON'T... PLEASE. WE WILL WIN AND WE WILL CONTINUE. IT IS NOT THE END.




MOUSE, IT MATTERS NOT.

IT WILL BE ALBINUS' END, AND IT WILL TAKE EVERYTHING I HAVE, AND LIKELY MY VERY LIFE.

BUT IT MUST BE THIS WAY, IT IS THE ONLY WAY.

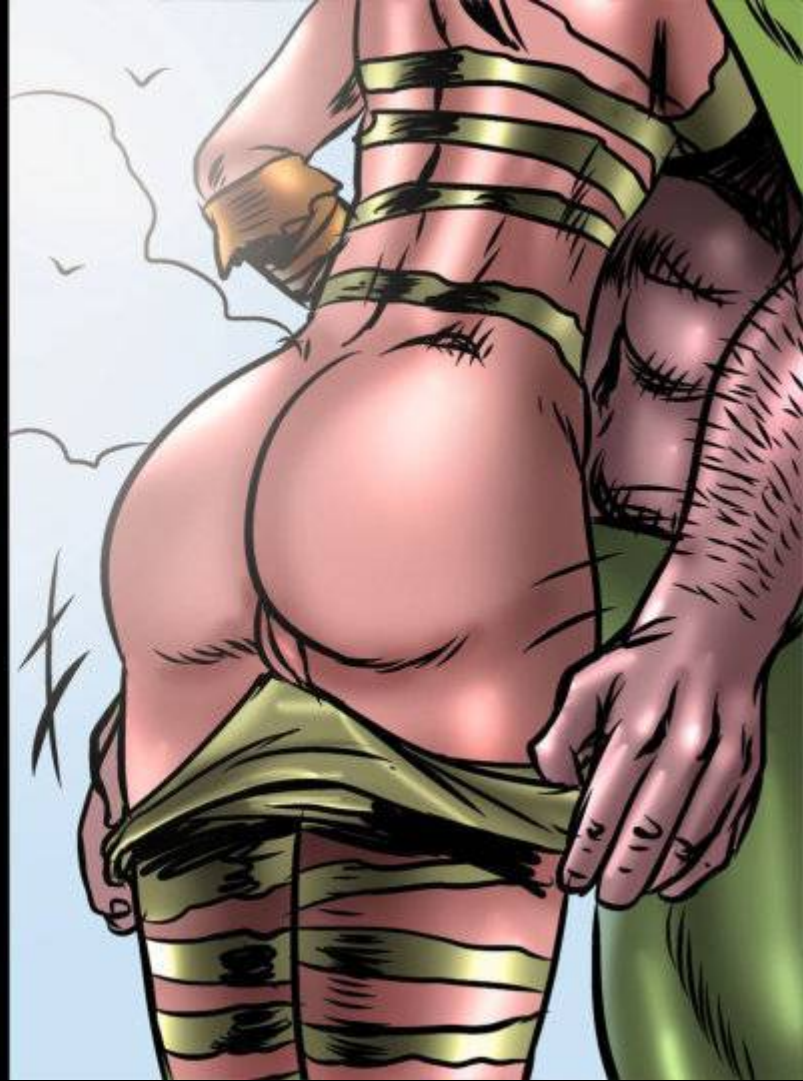
A man with a long, dark beard and hair is embracing a woman from behind. The woman has long, wavy blonde hair and is wearing a green, sleeveless dress with a dark sash. They are standing in front of a wooden structure. The background shows a light sky with a few birds flying.

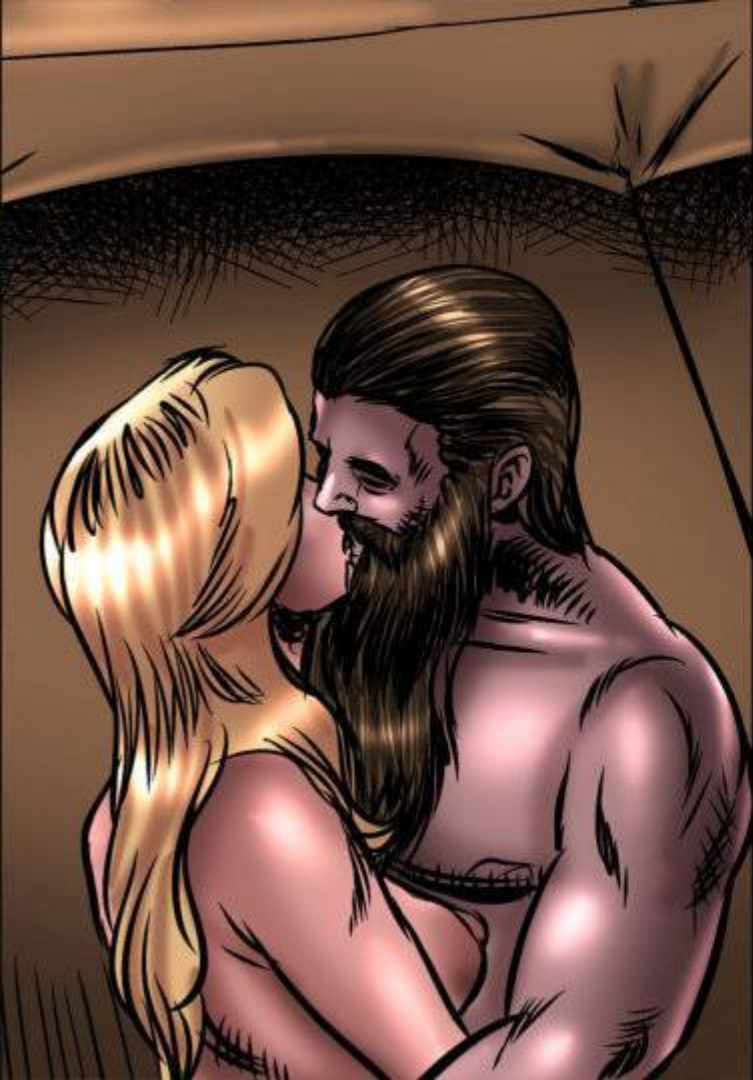
IT CAN'T
BE THE END; ESUS
WOULD NOT HAVE DONE
ALL OF THIS JUST
FOR REVENGE.

A close-up of the woman and man. The woman is on the left, looking towards the man on the right. She has a serious expression. The man is looking back at her. The background is a simple green field.

BUT, IF
IT'S TO BE THE
LAST TIME, YOU
BETTER MAKE IT
GOOD.

AS
YOU WISH,
MOUSE.







OOOOOHHHHH!!!!!!



OOOOH... YES... SLOW, LIKE THAT... PLEASE...



AAAAHHHH!!!
AAAAHHHH!!!





MMMMM...
OOOHH...



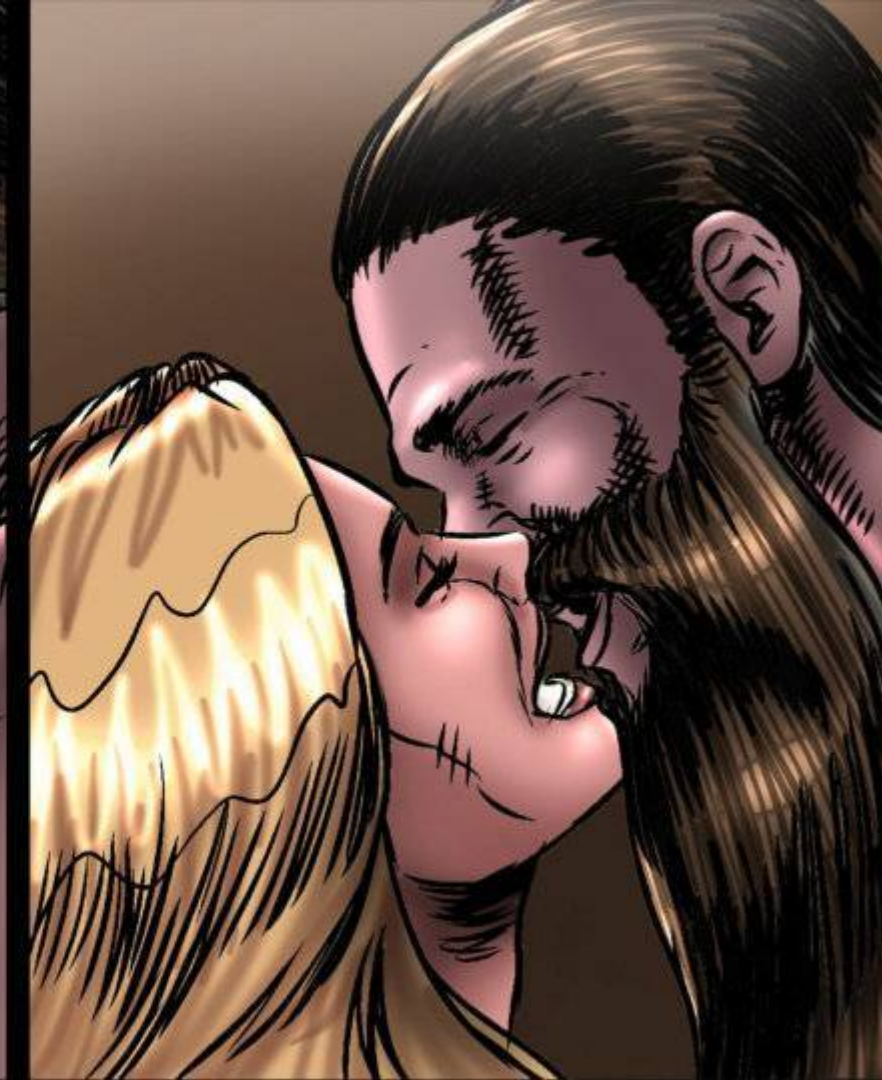
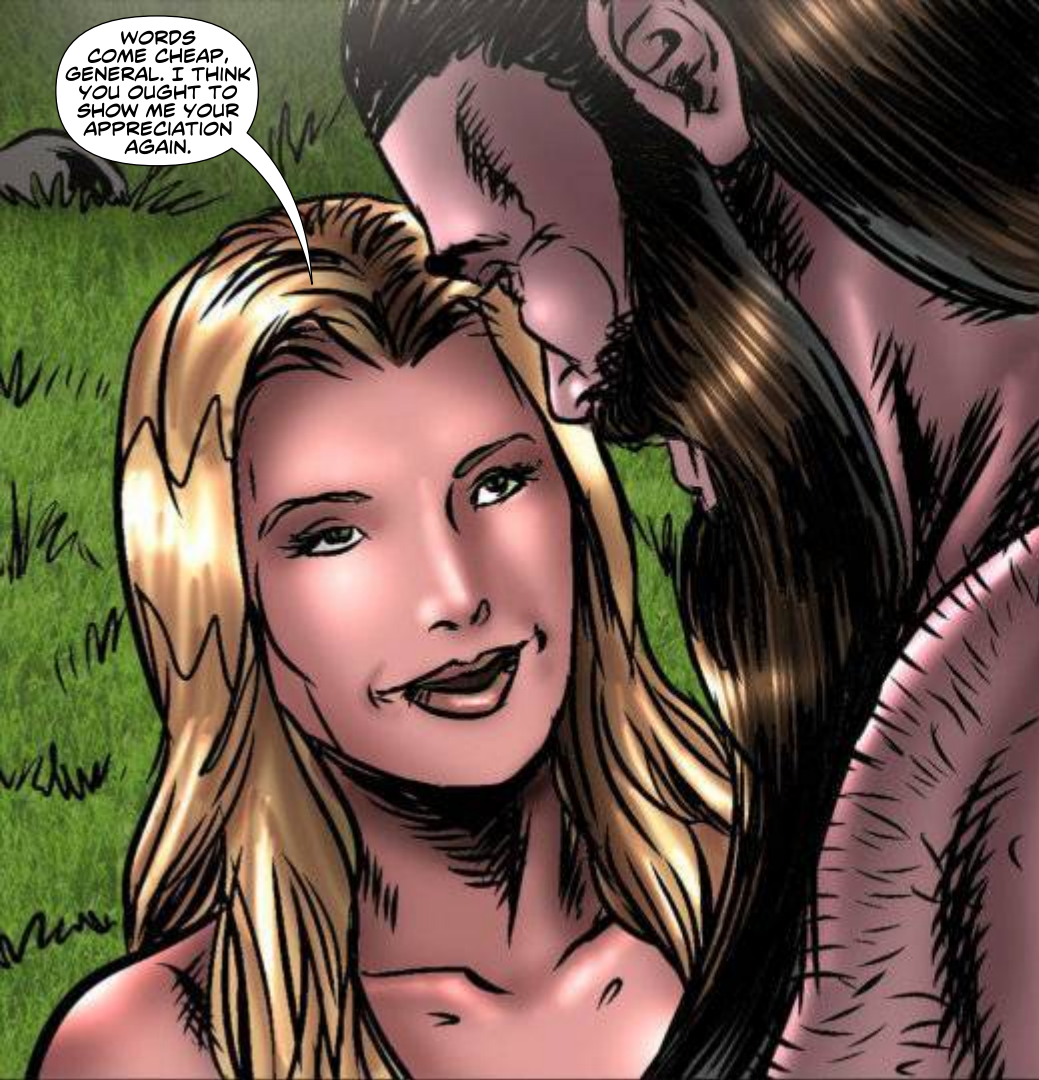


CAILIN!



YOU
HAVE MADE
SOME MOMENTS...
PLEASANT...
THANK YOU.

WORDS
COME CHEAP,
GENERAL. I THINK
YOU OUGHT TO
SHOW ME YOUR
APPRECIATION
AGAIN.





ROME APPROACHES, SIRE! THEY'LL BE HERE IN A FEW HOURS!





YOU WILL
MOVE ONLY WHEN
YOU SEE MY SIGNAL.
REMEMBER YOUR
TRAINING.

FIGHT
AS ONE AND
WE WILL KILL
FASTER.

AYE,
FOR
GALL!



FOR GALL!!!



WHY
ARE WE HERE
AND THEY
THERE?

AYE, DEVIN
WHAT'S THE
MEANING OF
THAT? THEY'LL
NEVER BE ABLE
TO HOLD.

QUIET, ALL
OF YOU, AND
GET READY, ROME
APPROACHES.

















WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS, DEVIN?! WE MUST ATTACK!

SILENCE! THIS IS HOW WE WIN!

IT IS DISHONORABLE, DEVIN! OUR OWN MEN ARE GETTING-



I SAID SILENCE! FOLLOW ORDERS OR DIE!



WE
CAN'T HOLD
THEM!

RETREAT!
RETREAT!







THWACK

THWACK

WHY WOULD HE DO THAT?

CLEARLY THEY DON'T UNDERSTAND BATTLE TACTICS, ALBINUS. THEY MAKE OUR JOBS EASIER!

NO, I'VE SEEN THIS TACTIC BEFORE...



VERGILIUS...



YES ALBINUS,
KNOW I'M COMING.
YOU'VE POSITIONED
YOUR TROOPS
PERFECTLY...





HAУAAAH!!!

SHAKK!!



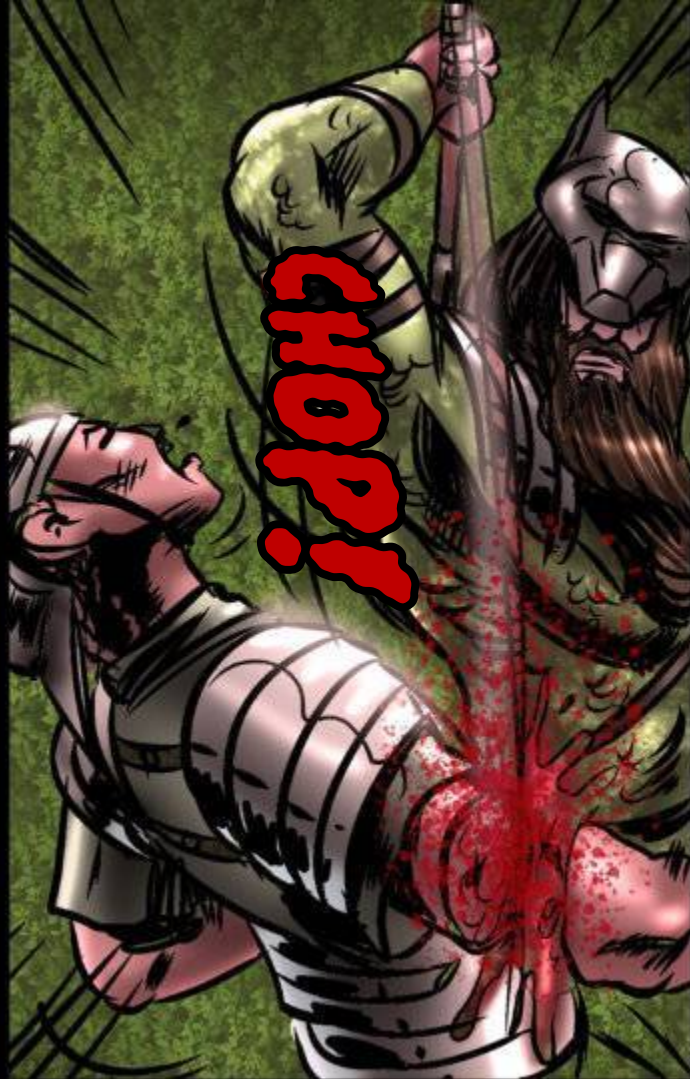
CRACK!



CHAK!



CHOP!



SHUK!!!







HOW DID THEY COME TO HAVE THAT ARMOR?

ORDER THE ARCHERS TO FIRE.

THERE'S NO CLEAR SHOT-

FUCKING FIRE! DO IT!

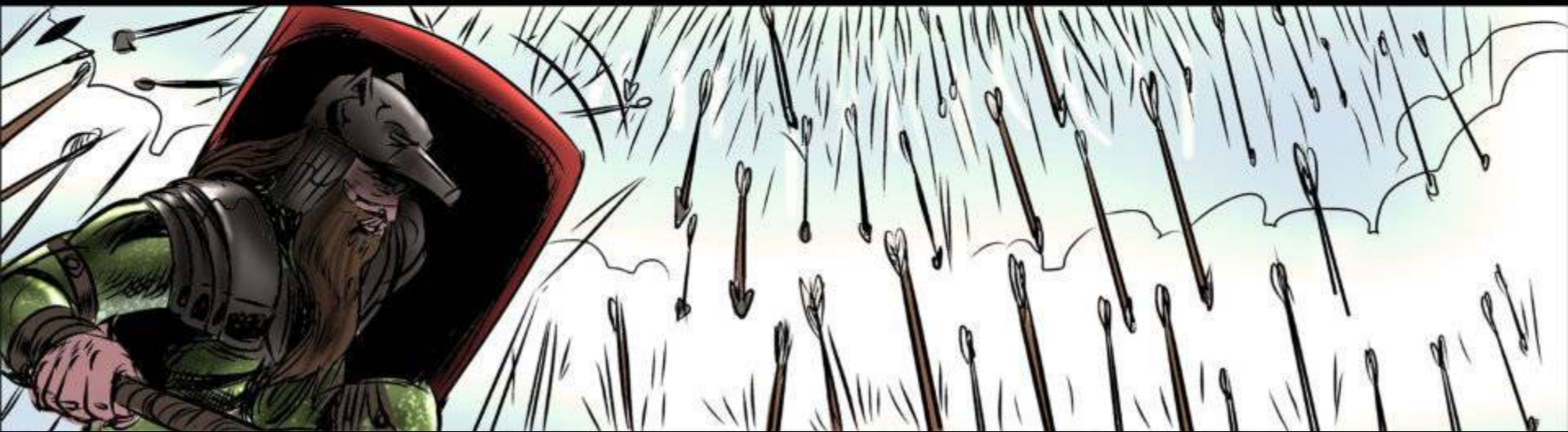


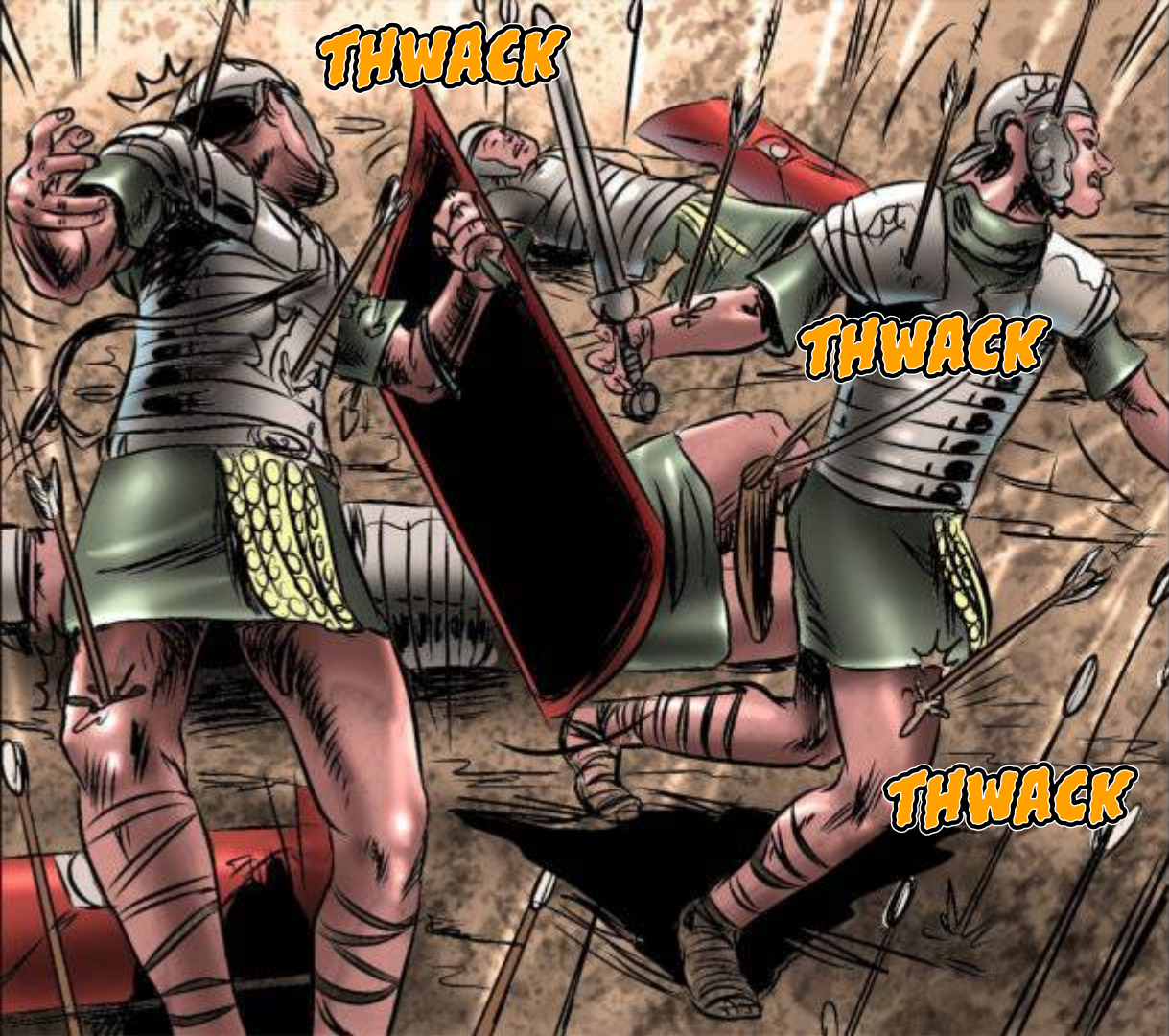


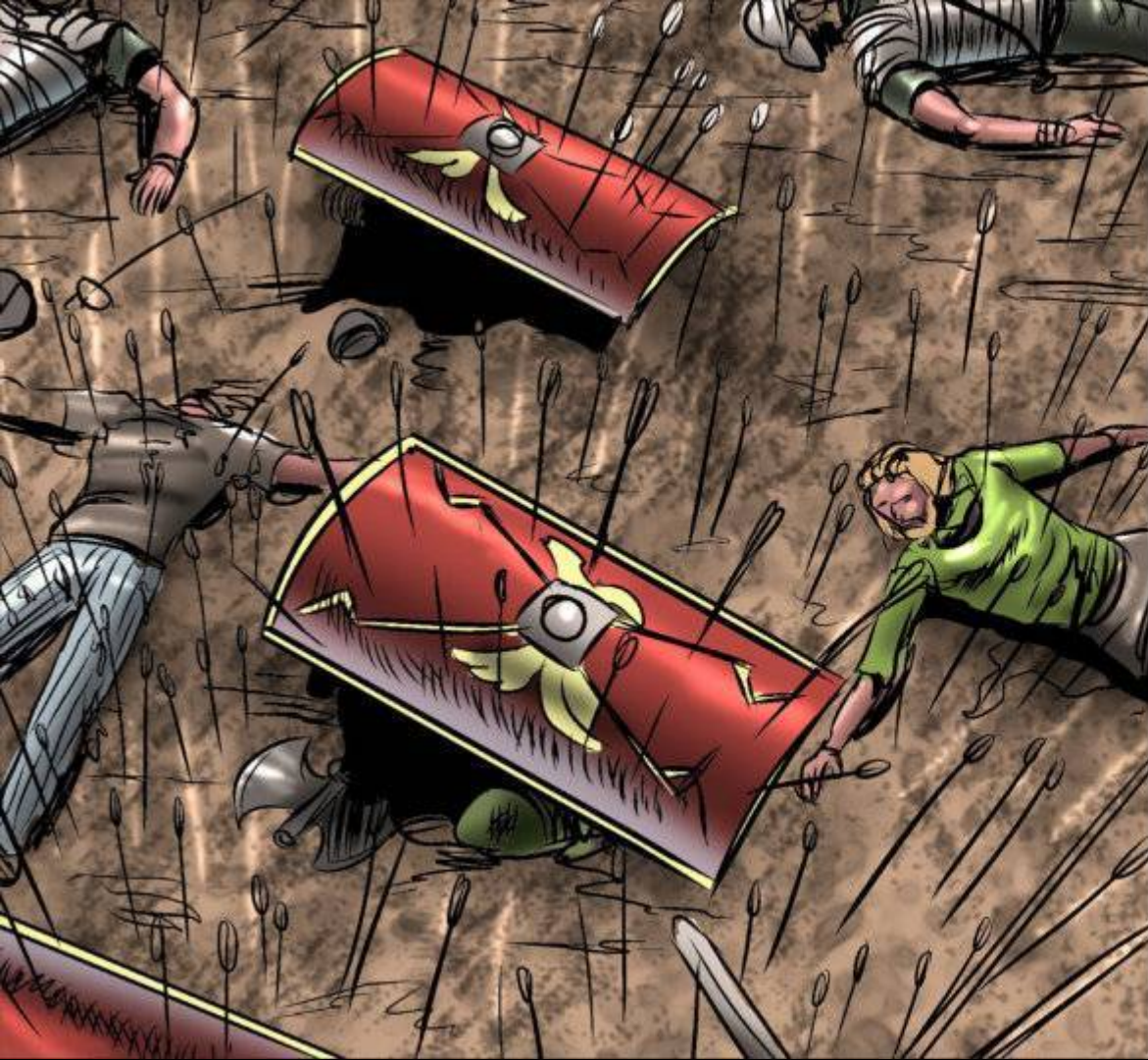
SLASH!!



COVER!







ADVANCE!
NO MERCY!
SEND THEM ALL TO
HADES!







GYAAAAAH!!









#12 "THE BATTLE OF FAESULAE"

ART: CELESTIN SZABO
STORY: CRYSTAL STORM
EDITS: SUE SOARES
CHARACTERS, STORY, EDITS: ANDREW ZAR
LETTERS: DANI CALERO





THE STORY SO FAR...

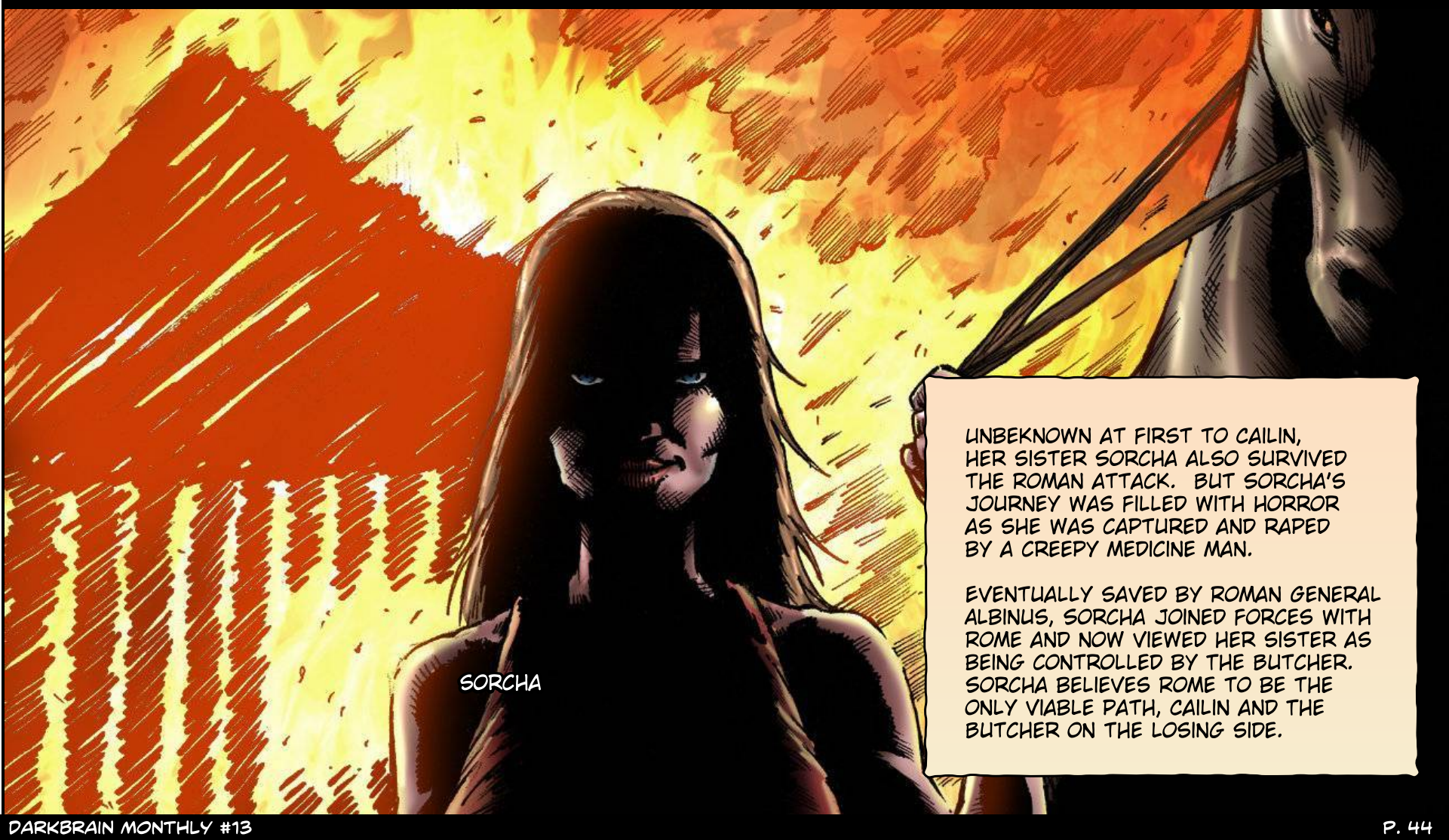
A ROMAN POLITICAL SNAKE AND GENERAL, ALBINUS, HAD A RIVAL GENERAL'S (VERGILIUS) FAMILY MURDERED, AND FRAMED HIM FOR IT AS A FINAL INDIGNITY. VERGILIUS ESCAPED HIS DEATH SENTENCE AND TRAVELED TO GAUL TO PLOT REVENGE.

CAREFULLY AND VICIOUSLY ATTACKING ROME FORCES, VERGILIUS GAINED THE NICKNAME "THE BUTCHER." VERGILIUS INVENTED AND UTILIZED HIS CHAIN MAIL ARMOR, GOING TO EXTRAORDINARY LENGTHS TO KEEP IT A SECRET. HE KNEW THE KNOWLEDGE OF IT COULD TURN INTO AN OVERWHELMING ROMAN ADVANTAGE.

A YOUNG GAUL VILLAGER, CAILIN, HAD HER FAMILY RAPED AND SLAUGHTERED BY ROMANS. MOMENTS FROM DEATH, THE BUTCHER ARRIVED AND KILLED ALL THE ROMANS. HE RELUCTANTLY ALLOWED CAILIN TO JOIN IN HIS JOURNEY DUE TO HER PROWESS WITH HER BOW. SHE HELPED KEEP VERGILIUS' CHAIN MAIL SECRET BY KILLING THE "RUNNERS" IN THEIR BATTLES.



CAILIN



SORCHA

UNBEKNOWN AT FIRST TO CAILIN, HER SISTER SORCHA ALSO SURVIVED THE ROMAN ATTACK. BUT SORCHA'S JOURNEY WAS FILLED WITH HORROR AS SHE WAS CAPTURED AND RAPED BY A CREEPY MEDICINE MAN.

EVENTUALLY SAVED BY ROMAN GENERAL ALBINUS, SORCHA JOINED FORCES WITH ROME AND NOW VIEWED HER SISTER AS BEING CONTROLLED BY THE BUTCHER. SORCHA BELIEVES ROME TO BE THE ONLY VIABLE PATH, CAILIN AND THE BUTCHER ON THE LOSING SIDE.



REGULUS



ALBINUS

AS ROME BECAME MORE FRUSTRATED WITH THE BUTCHER'S SUCCESSES, THEY EVENTUALLY SENT TWO GENERALS (ALBINUS AND REGULUS) AND THEIR TROOPS TO SECURE GAUL. WITH THIS OVERWHELMING FORCE, ROME MARCHES CONFIDENTLY ON GAUL. CAILIN PERSUADED VERGIILIUS TO SHARE HIS CHAIN MAIL SECRET WITH THE GAUL IN ORDER TO ARM THEM AND HAVE A CHANCE AGAINST THE ROMAN INVADING FORCE.

GALL'S ELITE CHAINMAIL UNIT



AFTER MONTHS OF PREPARATION AND TRAINING, READY OR NOT, THE GALL FORCES SET A TRAP AND ENGAGED THE ROMAN FORCE. VERGILIUS' AND CAILIN'S ELITE CHAIN MAIL UNIT WAS LAYING WASTE TO THE ROMAN FRONT LINE WHILE DEVIN (LEADER OF THE GALL) FLANKED, ENGAGING THE ROMAN FORCES FROM THE BACK. ALBINUS AND REGULUS REALIZED THEIR FOLLY, BUT CAN THEY RECOVER AND WIN THE BATTLE IN TIME? THE BATTLE CONTINUES RIGHT NOW IN THIS *CONCLUSION TO THE BATTLE OF FAESULAE!*







TRAMPLE THEM ALL!!!



DO NOT FOLLOW HIM!
HOLD THIS LINE!











ME? ME?!
THEY'RE ROMANS,
SORCHA!

THEY
KILLED OUR
PEOPLE!

OUR
PEOPLE WERE
WEAK AND HELPLESS!!
ROME IS STRONG.
ROME IS THE
FUTURE.

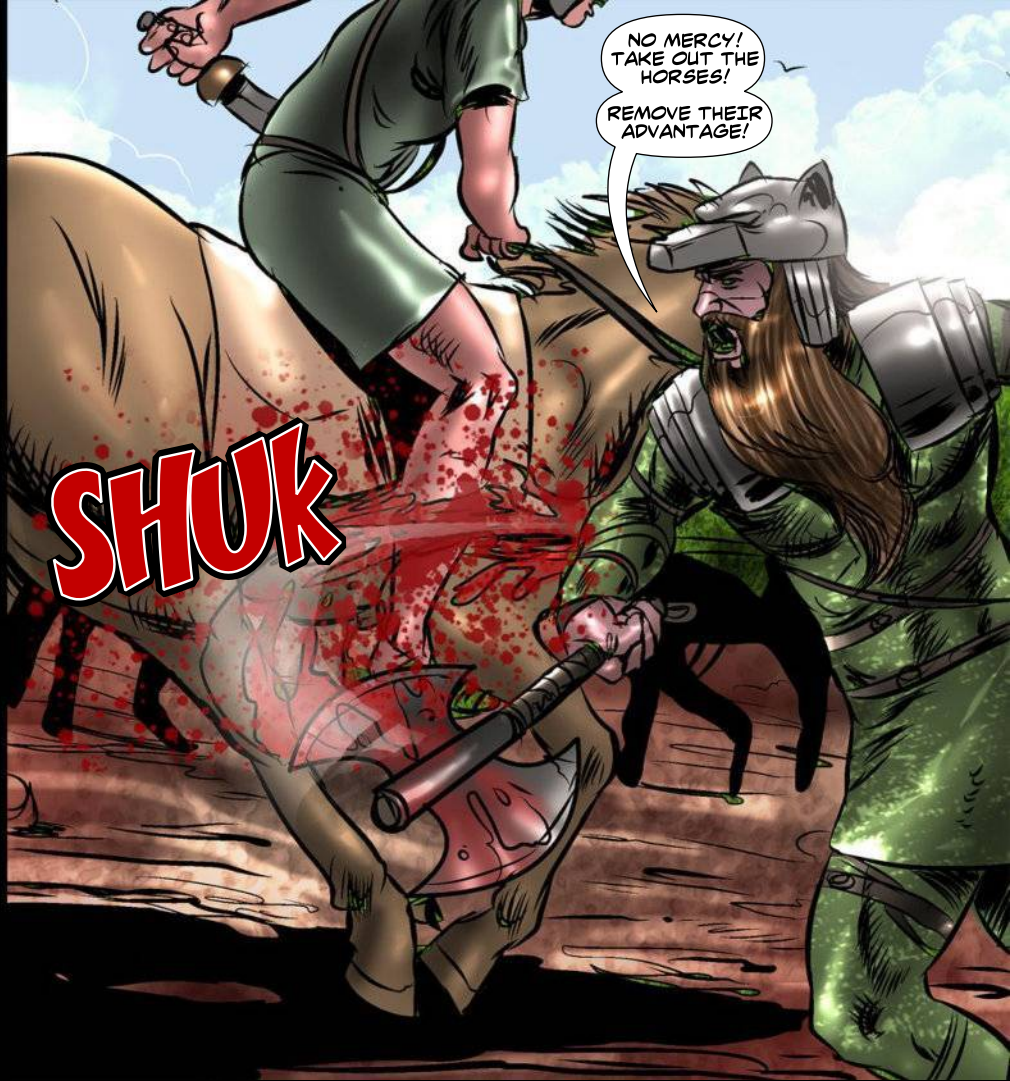
YOU
TRAITOROUS
BITCH!

I *MOURNED*
YOU! I WORRIED
ABOUT YOU! I
TRIED TO RESCUE
YOU!!!

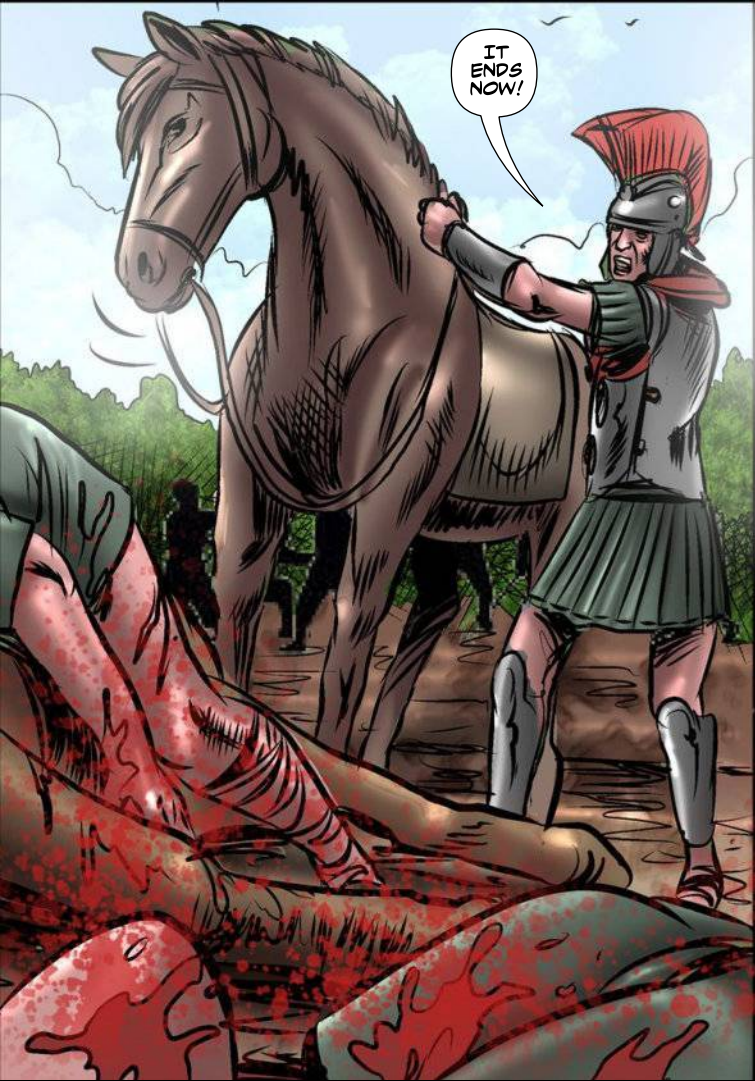


YOU'VE
NEVER HELPED
ME! YOU'VE NEVER
BEEN THERE! ALBINUS
HAS DONE MORE FOR
ME THAN ANYONE! HE
TAUGHT ME TO BE
STRONG!

GALL
MADE ME
WEAK!











I DON'T
WANT TO KILL
YOU, CAILIN.

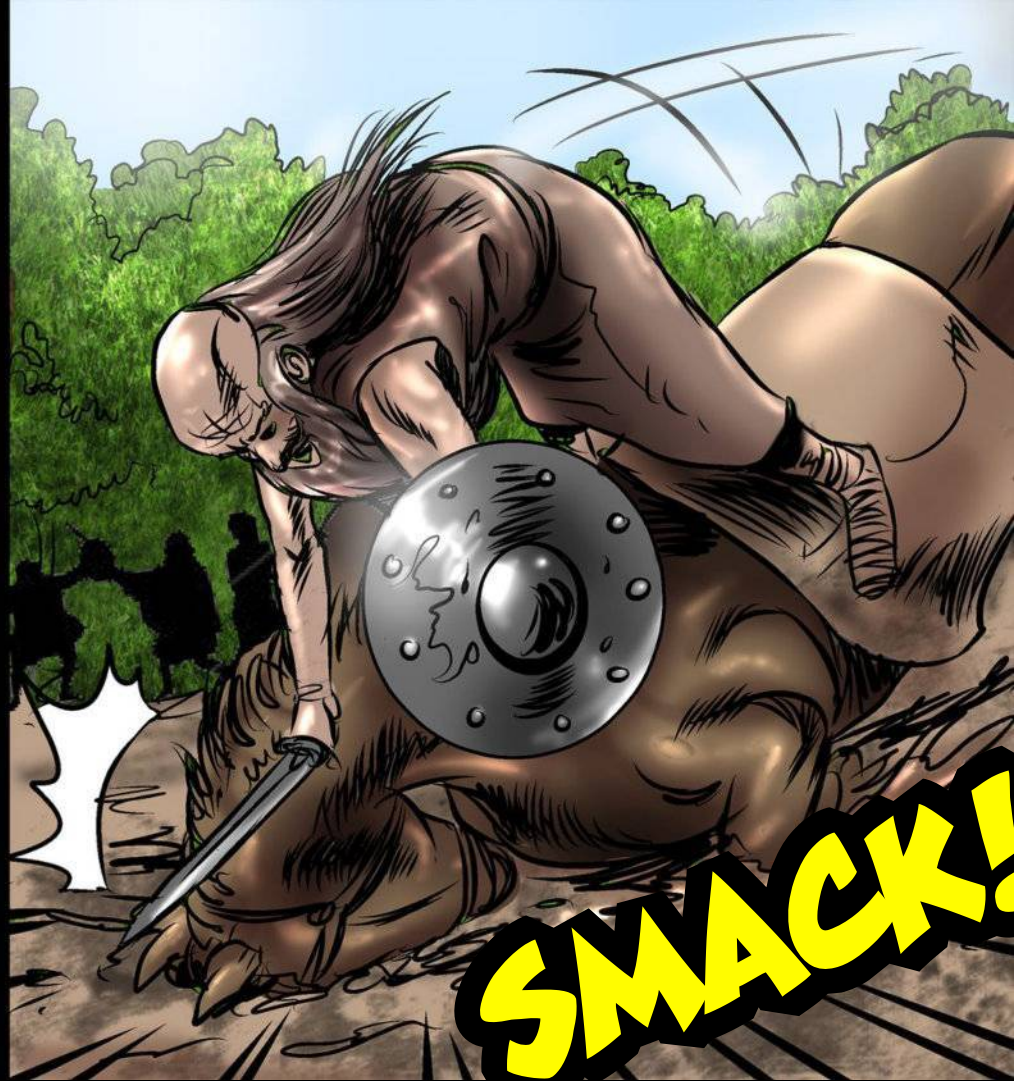
JOIN US.



YOU'VE
BETRAYED THE
WRONG FAMILY.



CLUNK!





SLAM!



YOUR
COUNTRY IS
ROME'S FOR THE
TAKING!

I'LL
SEE ROME
BURN
FIRST!







THAT METAL MAKES YOU SLOW. MAKES YOU WEAK!

THWACK



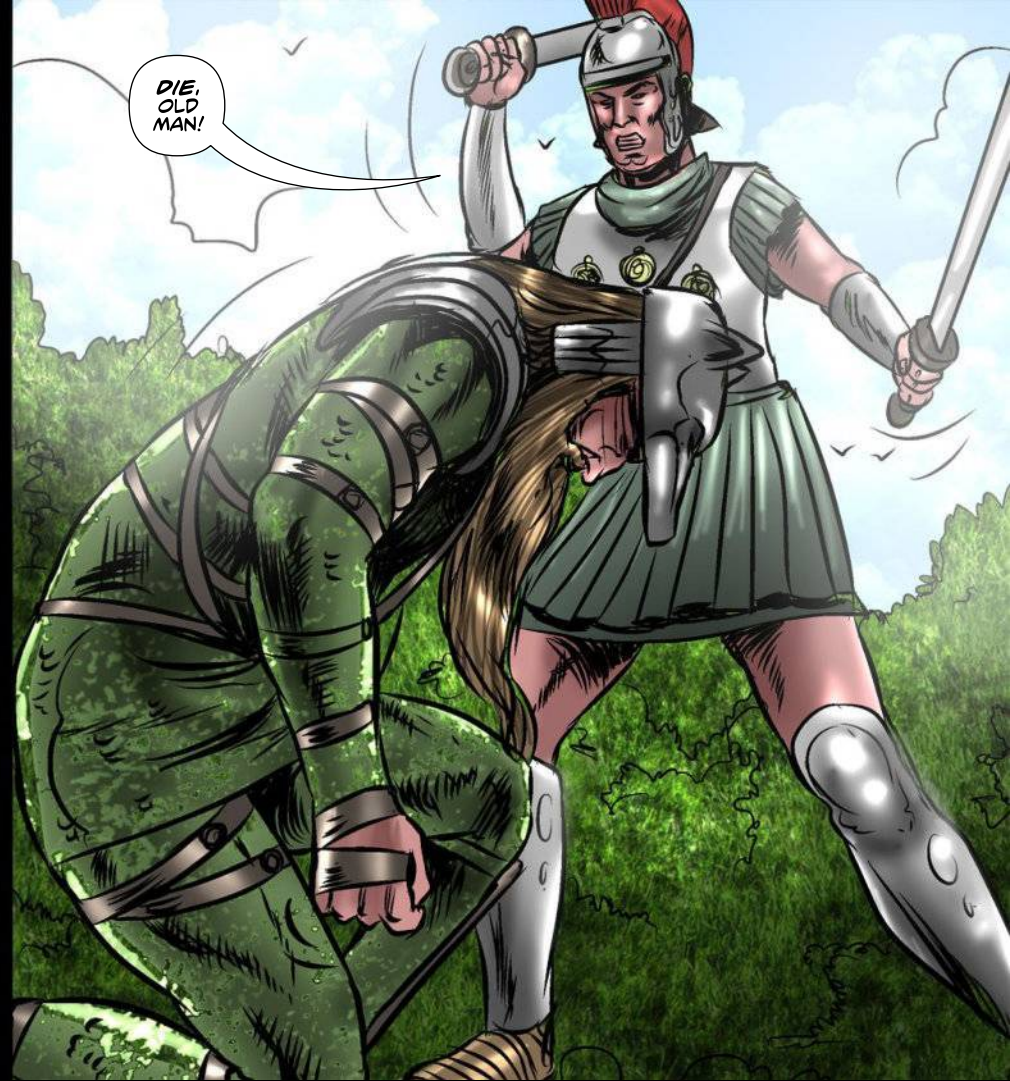
Swoosh



YOU WILL TIRE AND DIE LIKE THE COW YOU ARE!

ZAS!









SCRUNNCHH!!



SHUK!!



NO!
ALBINUS!



YOU! YOU ARE
RESPONSIBLE!



















SORCHA!



ARGH!

THUK!!











NO!
ESUS NO,
PLEASE
NO!



PLEASE
ESUS, PLEASE
DON'T TAKE
HIM.

PAT!!



IT SEEMS YOU WERE RIGHT, MOUSE; TODAY IS NOT MY END.





SEE! I TOLD YOU THE GODS ARE NOT DONE WITH YOU. WE HAVE A LARGER PURPOSE.

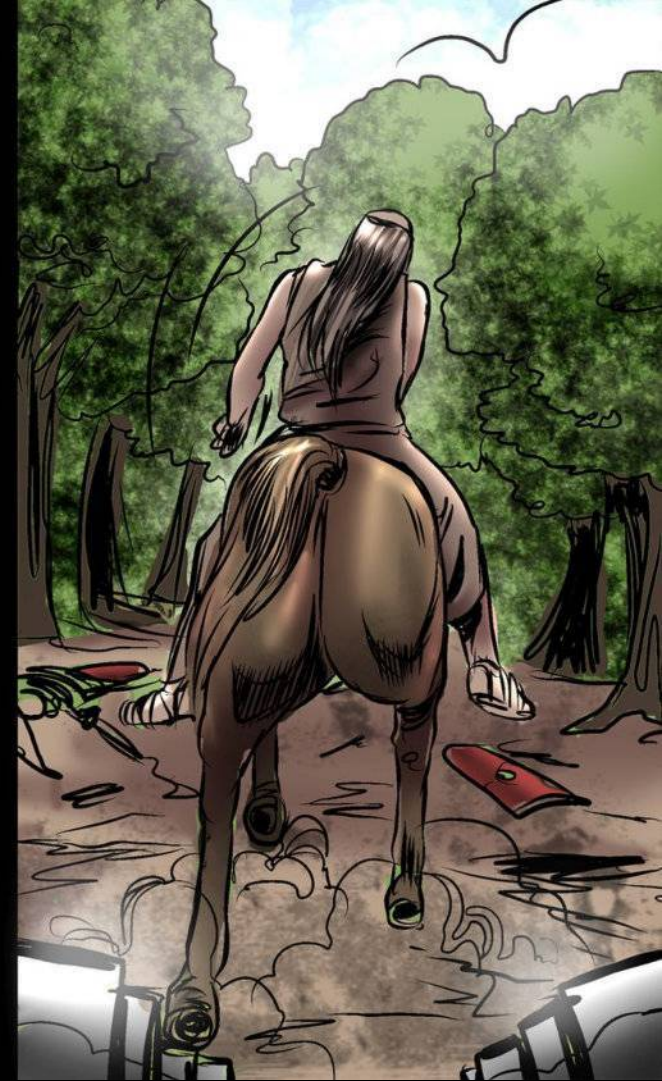


NO. I CANNOT DIE YET BECAUSE MY VENGEANCE IS NOT COMPLETE.



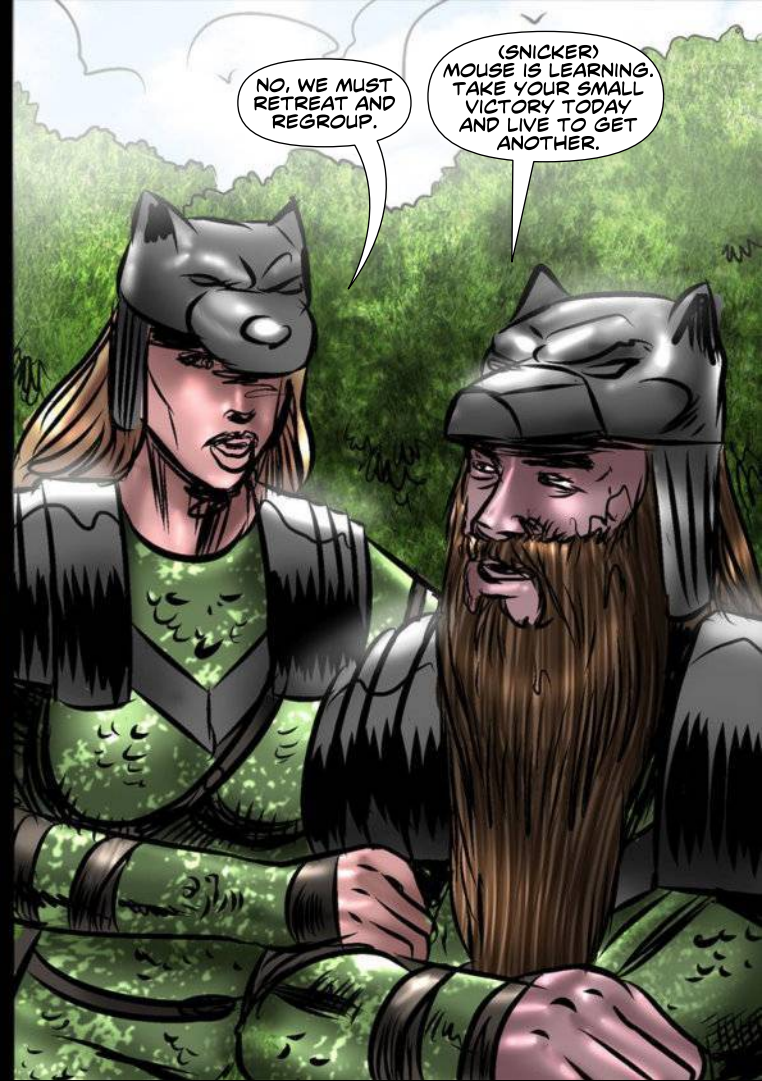
ALBINUS WAS JUST A PUPPET.







ANOTHER FORCE HAS ARRIVED, SHOULD WE PRESS ON?



NO, WE MUST RETREAT AND REGROUP.

(SNICKER) MOUSE IS LEARNING. TAKE YOUR SMALL VICTORY TODAY AND LIVE TO GET ANOTHER.



RETREAT!
RETREAT!



CYRIC IS DEAD.

I KNOW,
I SAW IT.





WE MUST
PUSH FORWARD
NOW.

AYE,
WITH OUR GROUP
OF ARMOR, ROME
CANNOT STOP US.
WE CAN PUT AN END
TO THAT MENACE
ONCE AND FOR
ALL!

WE
MARCH
INTO ROME
AND SEE IT
BURN!





WELL DONE, WELL DONE. I SHOULD HAVE NEVER DOUBTED YOU.

COME WITH US TO ROME.



YOU ARE FOOLS. YOU SPOIL YOUR ADVANTAGE BY ATTACKING ROME DIRECT AND YOU SEAL YOUR DEATH.



WE CANNOT ALLOW ROME TO HEAL HER WOUNDS. WE MUST ATTACK.

AYE. WE HAVE THE ADVANTAGE NOW, WE MUST TAKE IT.

YOU'RE IDIOTS. I WILL NOT JOIN YOU.



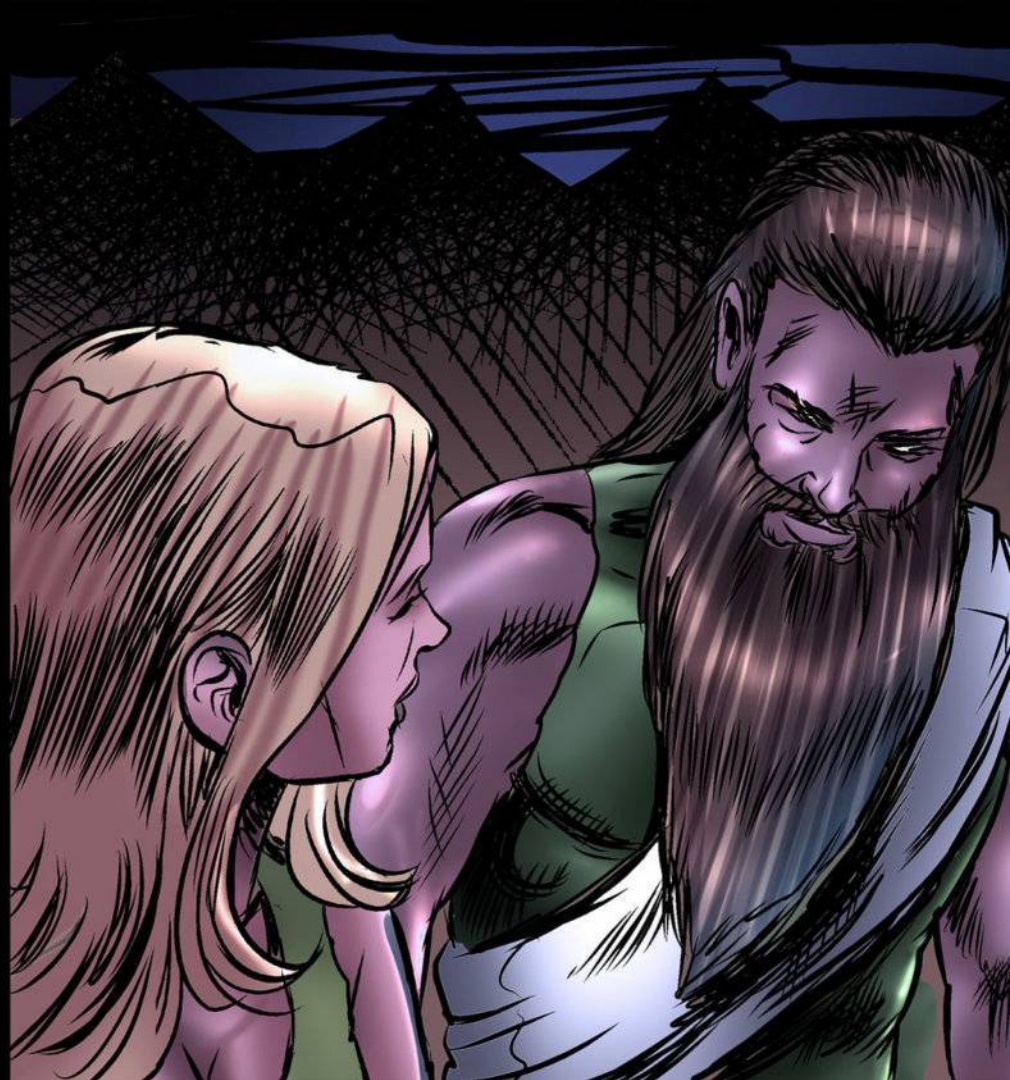
THEN OUR PATHS PART HERE. AND YOU, CAILIN OF DURIA, WILL YOU ABANDON GAUL NOW?



STICK WITH US, LASS. WE NEED YOU HERE.

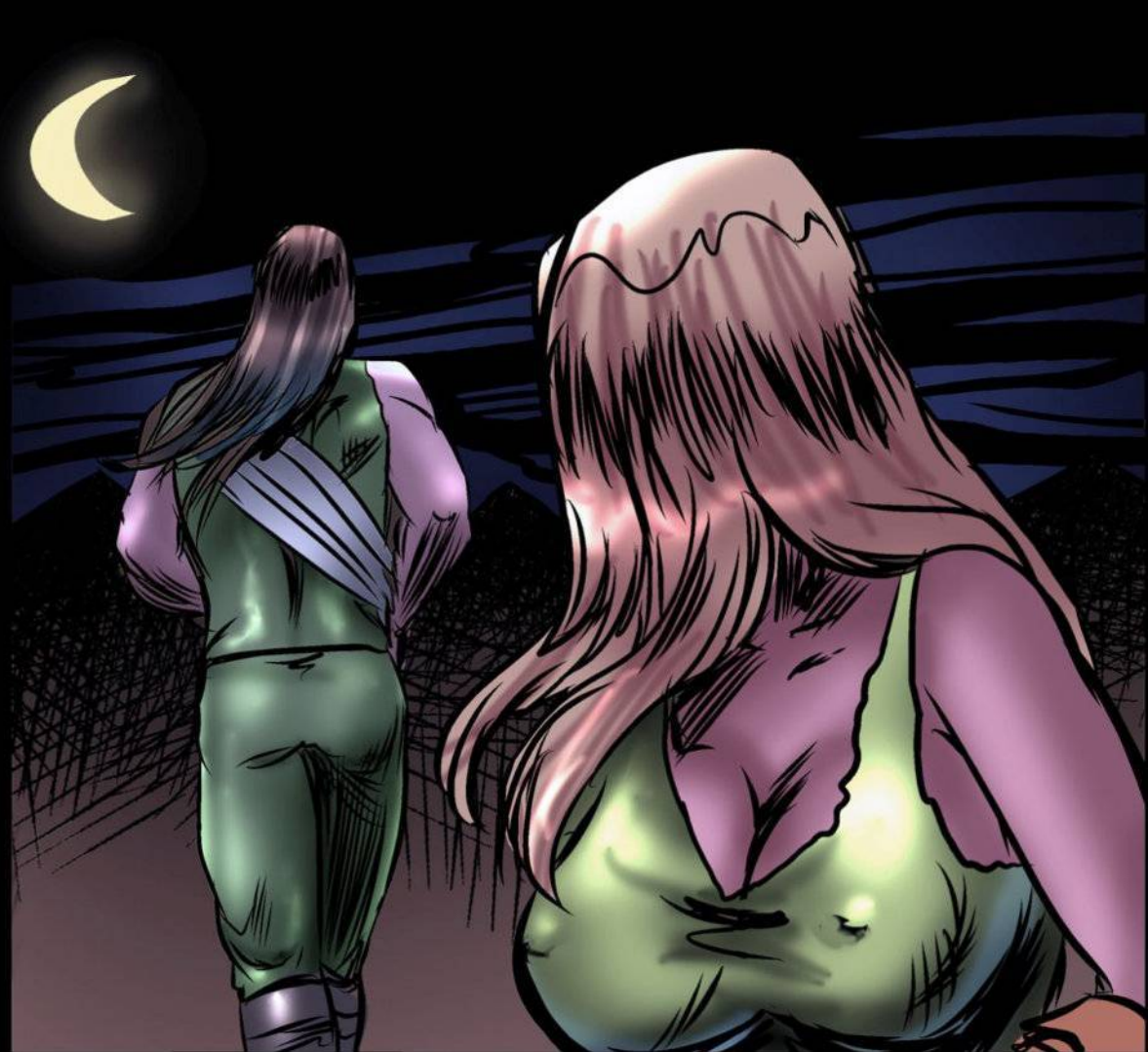


I HAVE
TO STAY.





BE CAREFUL, MOUSE.





AAAAHHHH!!!

NNOOOO...





IT WASN'T ME! IT WAS THAT IDIOT, ALBINUS.

I TOLD HIM NOT TO FOLLOW THE GAUL INTO THAT TRAP.

YOU ARE LUCKY I ARRIVED, REGULUS;

YOU MUST REMEMBER THAT YOU OWE ME THE NEXT TIME YOU CONFER WITH YOUR BACKSTABBING VULTURE SENATORS.

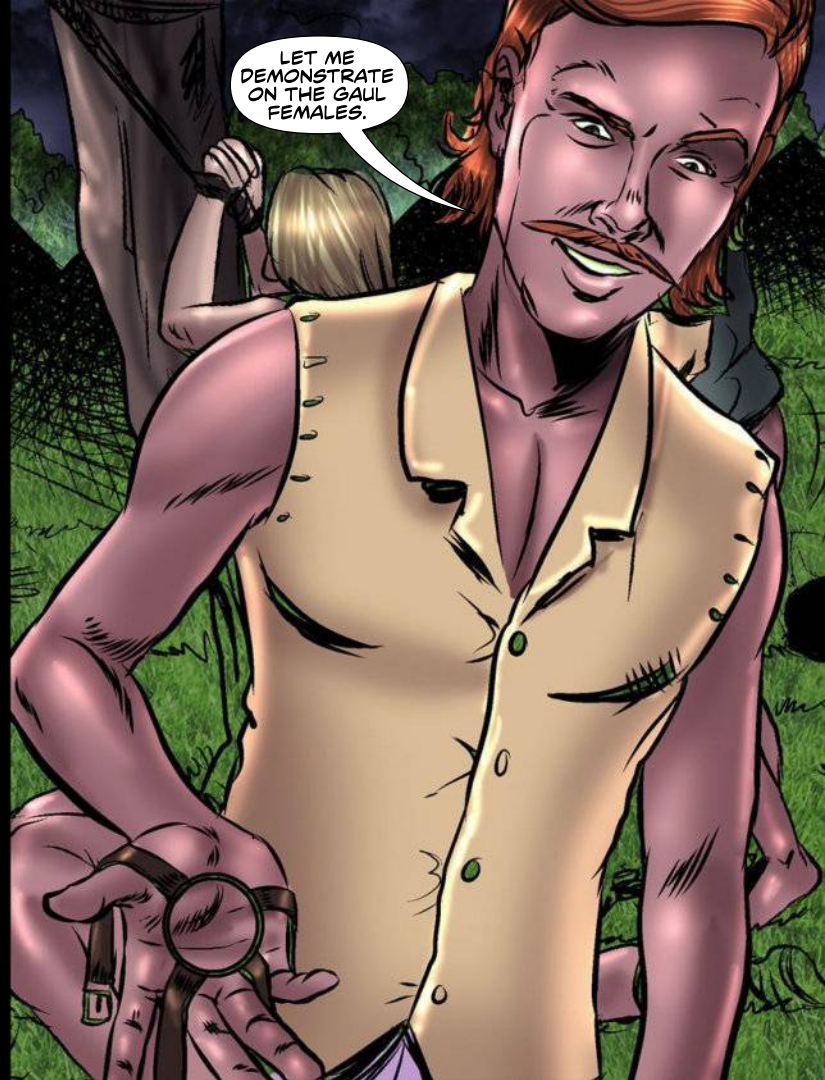


I ALWAYS SERVE MY COUNTRY AND WILL DO NO DIFFERENT NOW.



BUT WE DID WELL, ALL THINGS CONSIDERED.

THE ENEMY HAS A NEW WEAPON, A NEW ADVANTAGE...





GET OFF ME,
YOU DISGUSTING
ANIMALS!

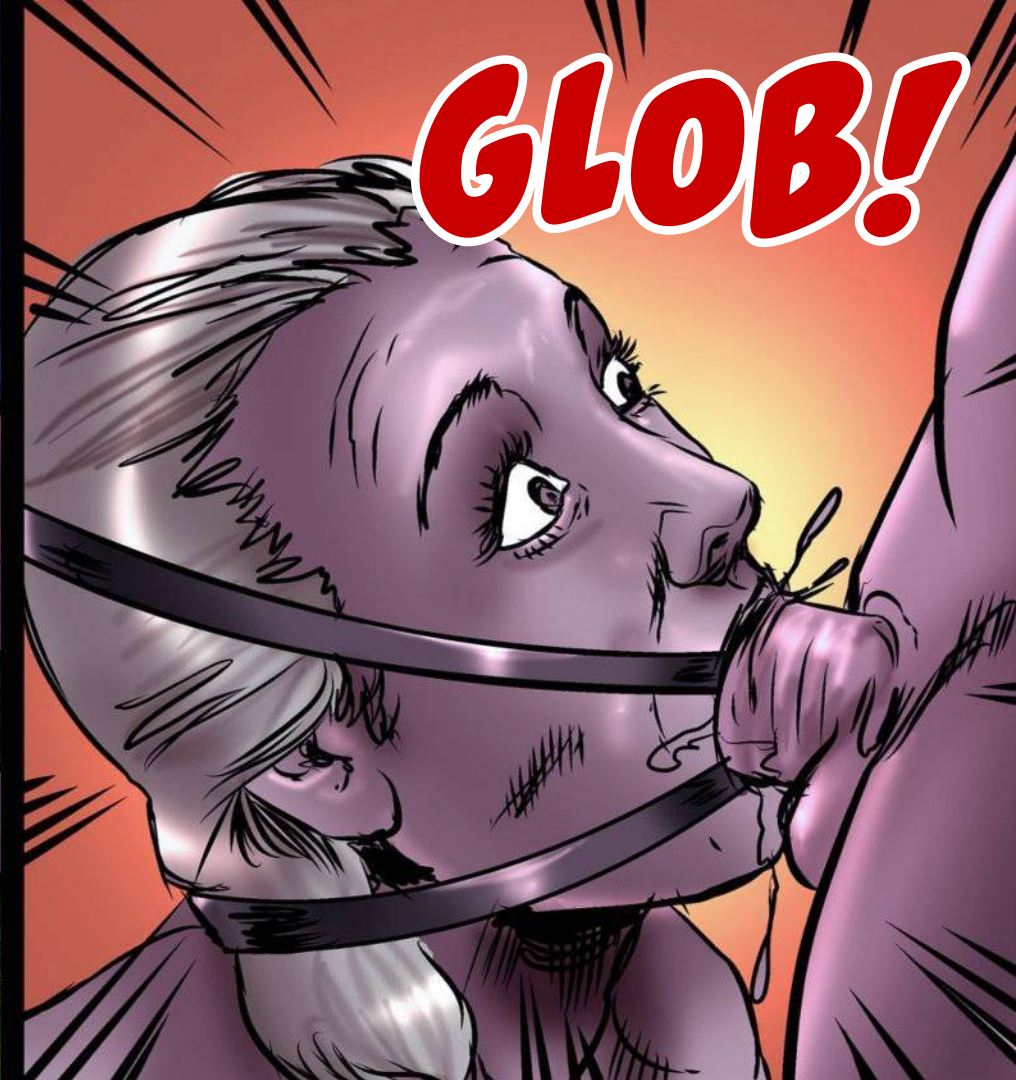
A comic book panel showing a woman with blonde braids, topless, being restrained by a man. The man is using large pliers to clamp down on her braids. The woman has a look of intense anger and is shouting. In the background, another man is laughing while holding a piece of fabric. The scene is set outdoors at night with a dark sky and some greenery at the bottom.



GET
AWAY FROM
ME, YOU FUCKING
TRAITOR!

A comic book panel showing a man with a mustache and a yellow shirt restraining the same woman from the previous panel. He is holding her by the shoulders and one arm. The woman is looking back at him with a determined and angry expression. The background is a dark, cloudy night sky.



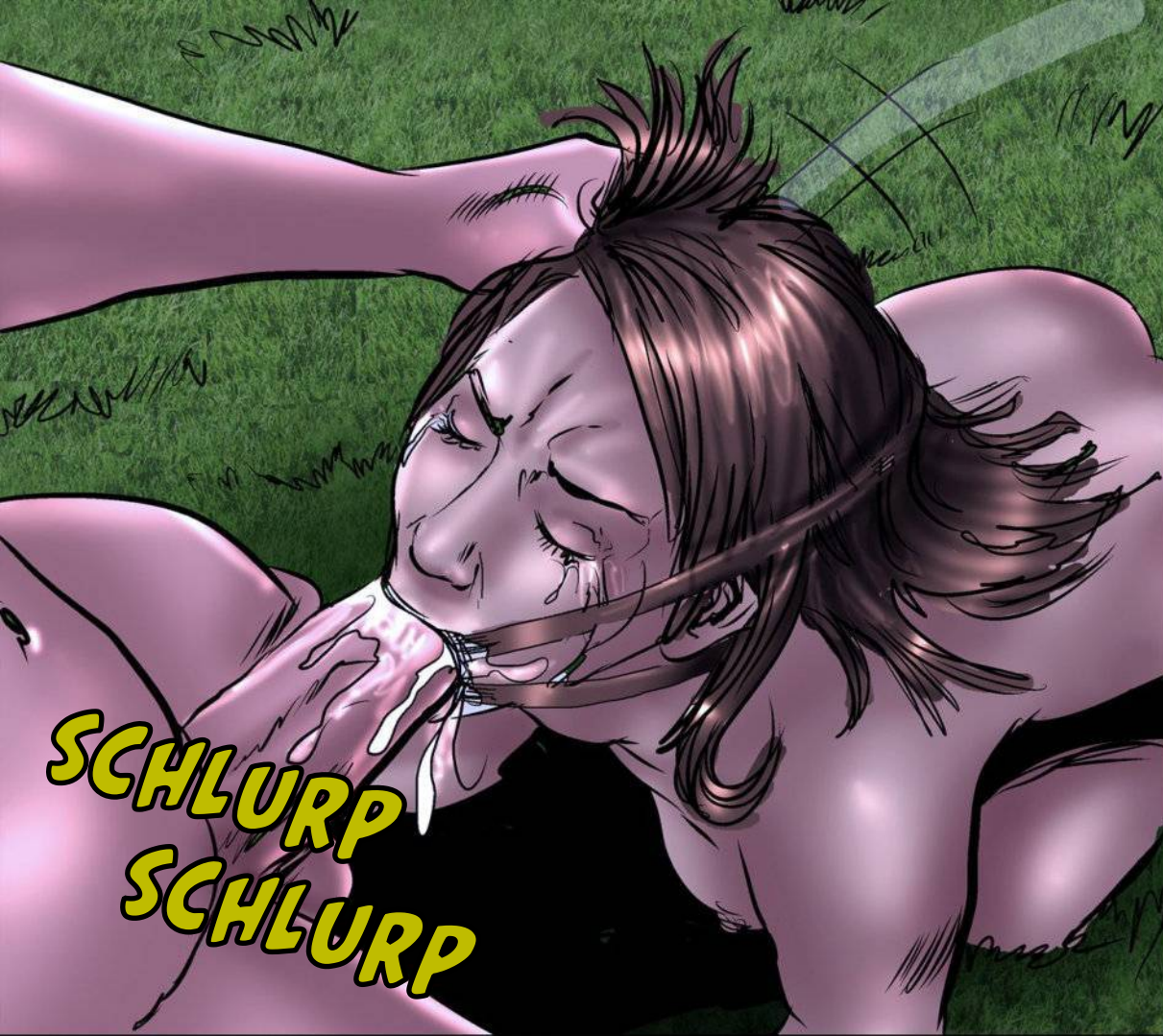








**SCHLURP
SCHLURP
BLARGH**

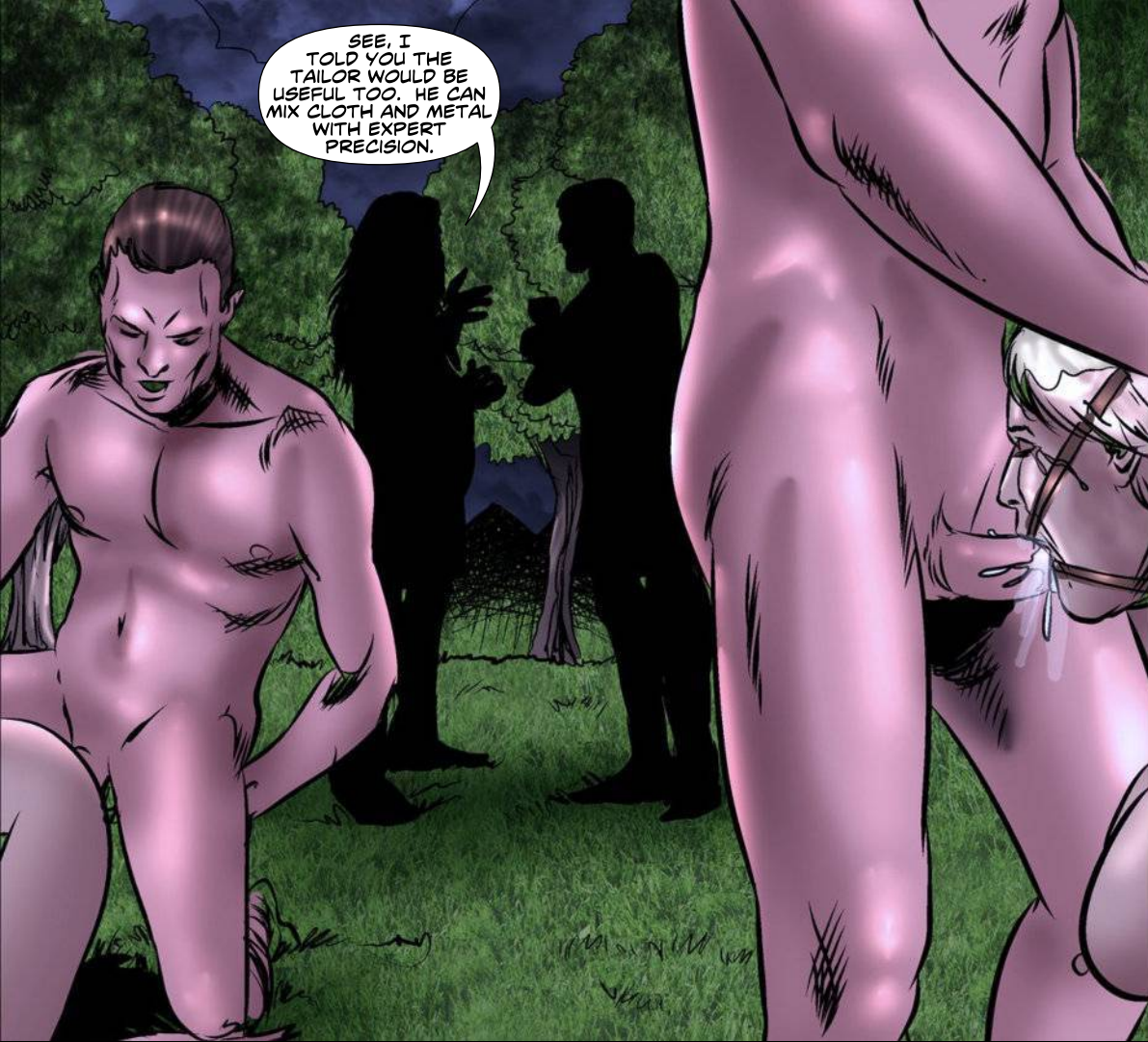


**SCHLURP
SCHLURP**

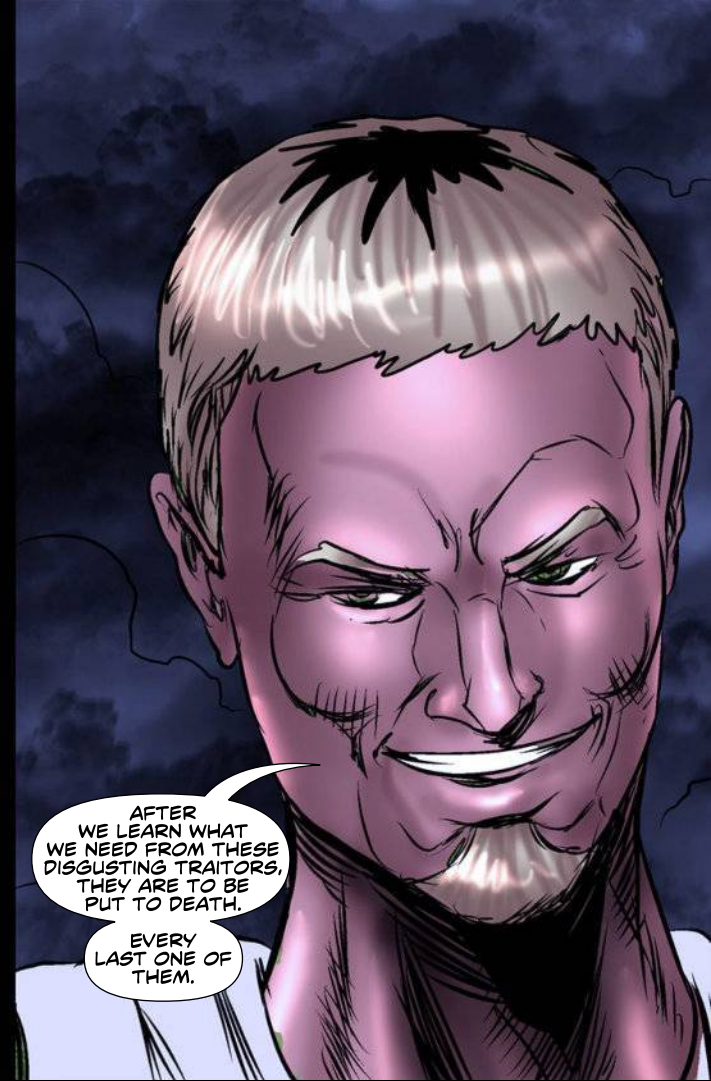


**GLOB!
GACK!**





SEE, I TOLD YOU THE TAILOR WOULD BE USEFUL TOO. HE CAN MIX CLOTH AND METAL WITH EXPERT PRECISION.



AFTER WE LEARN WHAT WE NEED FROM THESE DISGUSTING TRAITORS, THEY ARE TO BE PUT TO DEATH.

EVERY LAST ONE OF THEM.

The Making of The Butcher by Andrew Zar

Hello again Butcher fans! Since the last Making Of The Butcher that I wrote, DarkBrain has been through several changes. And, as I write this, we are migrating the entire studio to be a webcomic-only affair. Another huge change.

The Butcher has survived it all - from the original voice & music Flash comics, to DarkBrain Quarterly, then DarkBrain Monthly, and now to live on as a free webcomic.

It survived because it needed to. Our fans love it, and we love to make it, and we hope to continue making it for a long time. In the new future we are charting out, more of the success will depend on our fans than ever, with their support for the effort being critical.

But The Butcher always survives! And the fact you are reading this means you supported the effort with this very purchase - so a huge *thank you!*

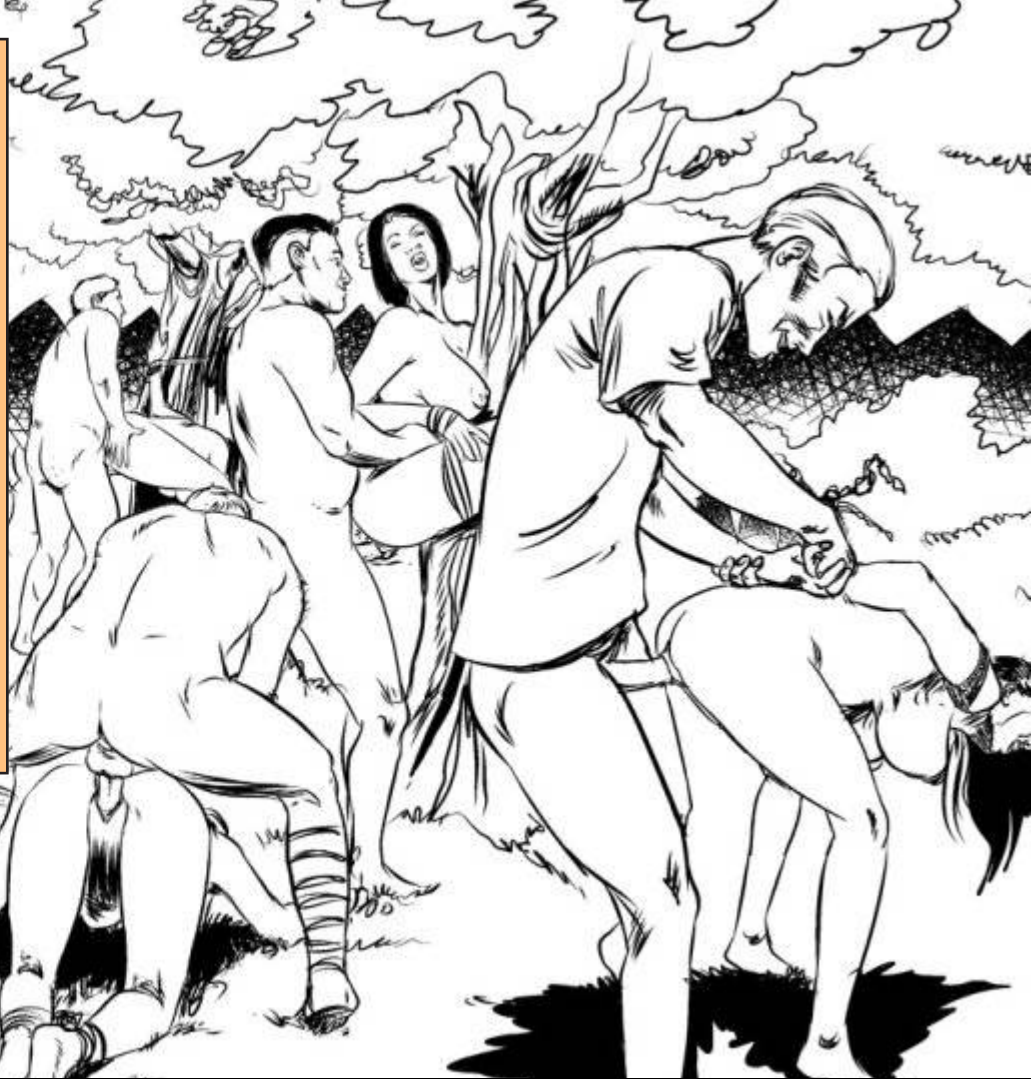
El Santo left DarkBrain with considerable drama. But that left the door open for Celestin to step in as The Butcher artist. Celestin Szabo had already proved himself with our title SORTAN-VALTA and was already colorizing The Butcher. A great fit.



This collection completes the entire first novel, *The Battle of Faesulae*. A labor of love, this novel took many years to complete, with writing that started in 2009 and the final issue publishing in late 2014. Five years of effort!

Since you have completed reading the story (if you haven't, stop reading this and go finish! LOL) you know that at the end of the novel we are left with unfinished work for both Vergilius and Cailin. The story will now continue in our second big novel, *The Battle of Telamon* that chronicles the next major battle in history.

The Butcher, although a pure fantasy story, does loosely follow historical events. I've always enjoyed historical fiction. But I was also heavily influenced by some incredible pure fantasy work such as *Savage Sword of Conan*. That magazine took novels and made them great comics, told over a long series of issues. Absolutely amazing work that still inspires me today.



DarkBrain has carved a path that is atypical - we decided to not worry about industry aversion to adult content and also the typical light storytelling in existing adult work. So our next novel will continue to tell a longer story with loads of adult content and graphic violence and sex. No holds barred.

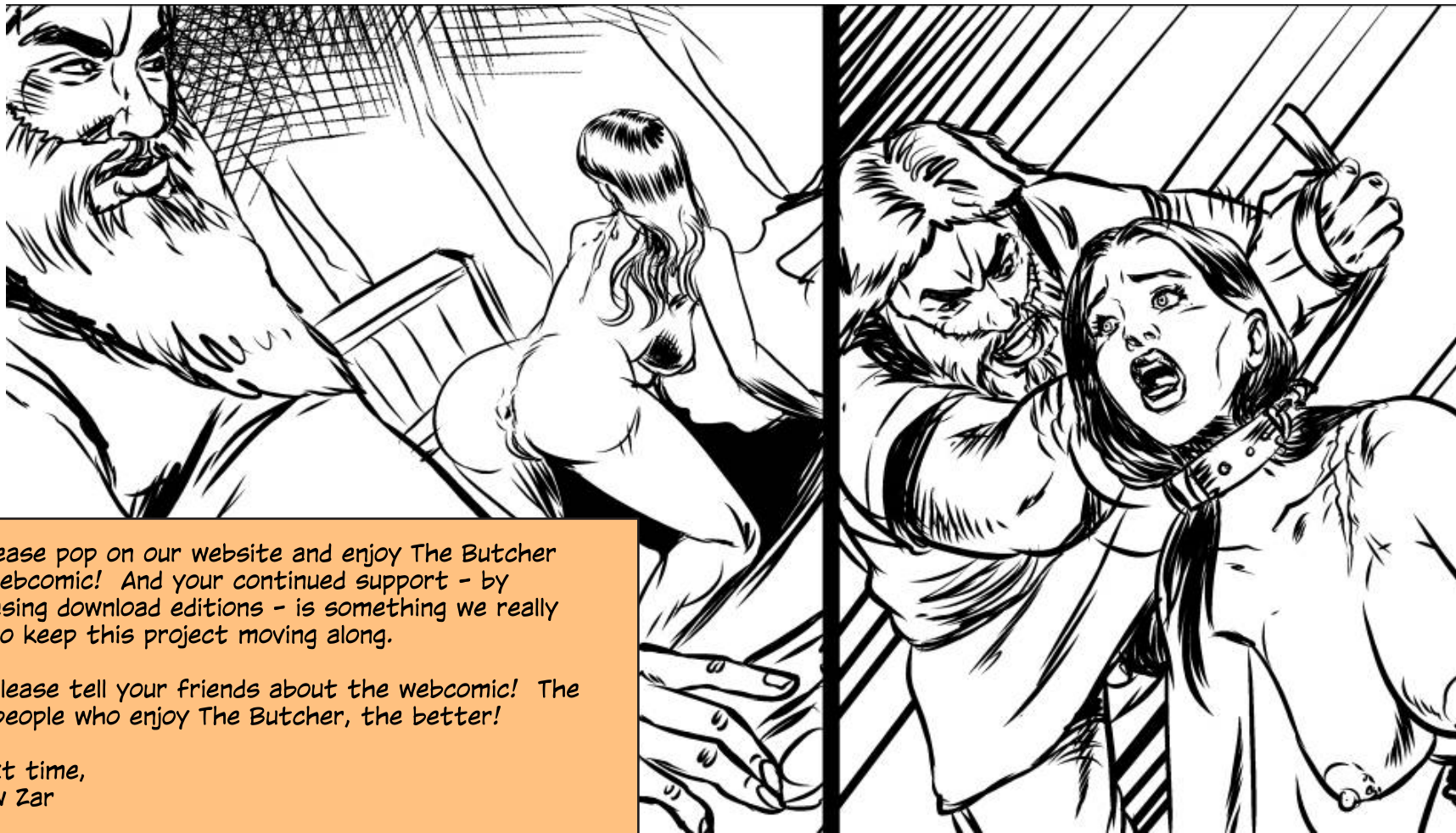
This completion at #12 also marks the end of a great writing run by Crystal Storm. She brought a fabulous touch to this gritty and evil story. Her own work has become an inspirational journey and demanded all of her energies. I know you will find her work and follow her, she is really an incredible writer.

For the next novel we have picked up a new writer, Kenya B. Leavitt. She brings a history of adult writing for major publications. And I trust you will see her picking up the reigns just fine in The Butcher #13.

To support DarkBrain comic formatting, artists will draw in rows. The objective is to create art that fits perfectly in the HD TV format (1920 x 1080).

That format, we found, is the optimal size for showing comics that work on all platforms from tvs to computers to tablets to smartphones.





And please pop on our website and enjoy *The Butcher* as a webcomic! And your continued support - by purchasing download editions - is something we really need to keep this project moving along.

Also, please tell your friends about the webcomic! The more people who enjoy *The Butcher*, the better!

Till next time,
Andrew Zar