SPAWN

THE DARK AGES

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7

Todd McFarlane & Image Comics Present

Providence

Dedicated to Kerry and Russel Ford. Good luck.

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SPAWN DARK AGES 6 SUMMARY:

DuBlanc continues his search for Covenant. The Hellspawn, who has taken up residence deep within the forest, defends two peasants against a band of thieves. One of the peasants is about to give birth, and the Hellspawn takes the couple to a nearby convent. At the convent, Sister Immaculata, a seraphic angel doing penance, keeps a dark secret. Longing to unburden herself, she finds no solace. In a desperate moment, a vision of the Spawn appears to Immaculata, causing her to transform back into a warrior seraph.

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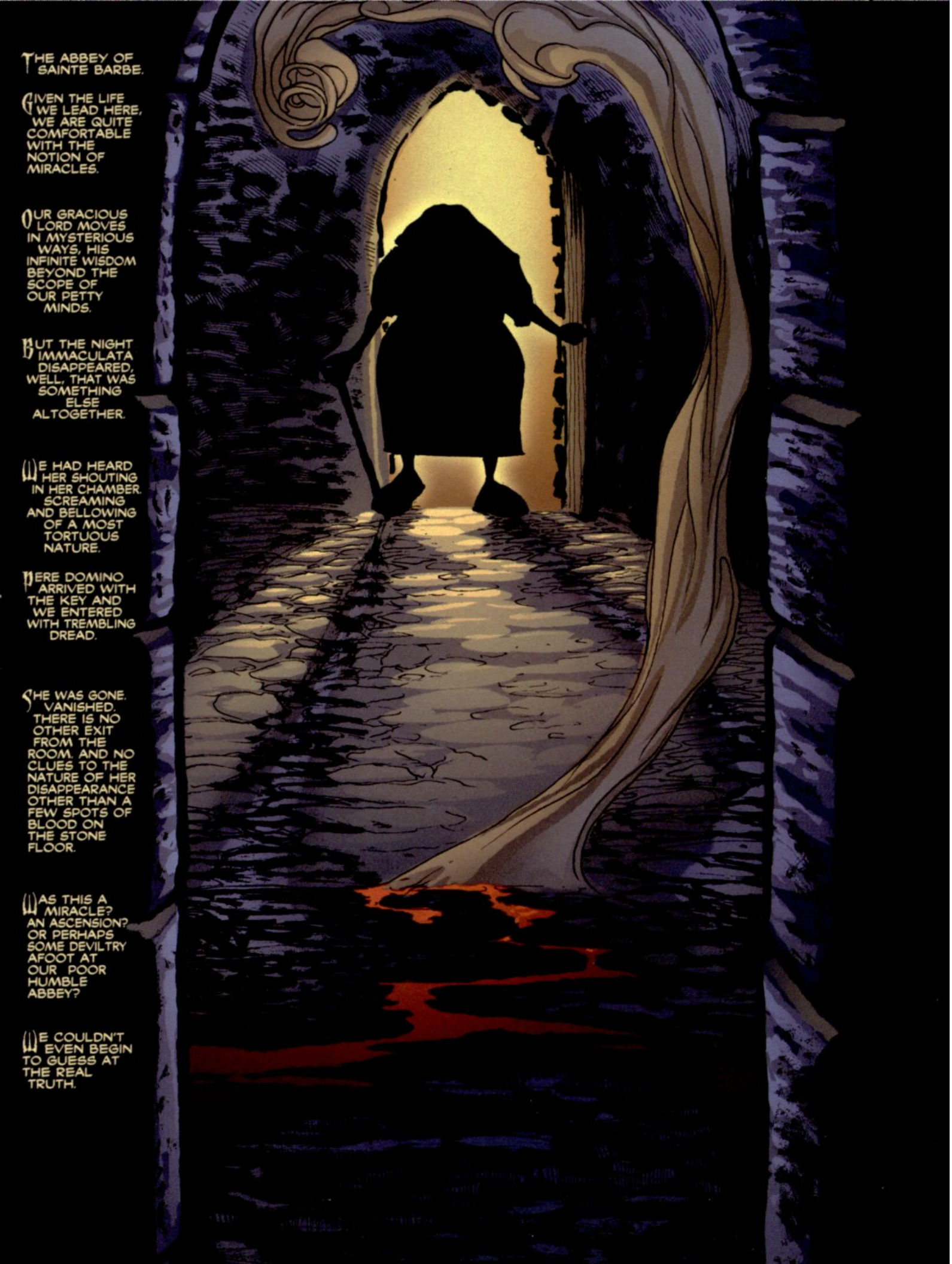

THE ABBEY OF SAINTE BARBE.
GIVEN THE LIFE WE LEAD HERE, WE ARE QUITE COMFORTABLE WITH THE NOTION OF MIRACLES.
OUR GRACIOUS LORD MOVES IN MYSTERIOUS WAYS, HIS INFINITE WISDOM BEYOND THE SCOPE OF OUR PETTY MINDS.
BUT THE NIGHT IMMACULATA DISAPPEARED, WELL, THAT WAS SOMETHING ELSE ALTOGETHER.
WE HAD HEARD HER SHOUTING IN HER CHAMBER. SCREAMING AND BELLOWING OF A MOST TORTUOUS NATURE.
THERE DOMINO ARRIVED WITH THE KEY AND WE ENTERED WITH TREMBLING DREAD.
SHE WAS GONE. VANISHED. THERE IS NO OTHER EXIT FROM THE ROOM. AND NO CLUES TO THE NATURE OF HER DISAPPEARANCE OTHER THAN A FEW SPOTS OF BLOOD ON THE STONE FLOOR.
WAS THIS A MIRACLE? AN ASCENSION? OR PERHAPS SOME DEVILTRY AFOOT AT OUR POOR HUMBLE ABBEY?
WE COULDN'T EVEN BEGIN TO GUESS AT THE REAL TRUTH.

CAPTAIN DUBLANC, THE HORNED BEAST
HE WAS *HERE*, WASN'T HE? EVEN I CAN SMELL HIS NOISOME STENCH. AND IT LOOKS LIKE HE HAD *COMPANY*, TOO.
FINE WORK, LOKI. NOW, LET'S JUST SEE WHERE HIS TRAIL LEADS.
SOON, WE'LL FIND HIM, MY FRIEND. SOON WE'LL TRACK DOWN THAT GODLESS *BUTCHER*, LORD COVENANT.
AND WHEN WE DO, WE WILL BOTH FEED FROM HIS INNARDS.

THE ABBEY.
THE MORNING AFTER IMMACULATA DISAPPEARED, WE RECEIVED VISITORS AT THE ABBEY...
WE HUMBLY SEEK SANCTUARY, FATHER. MARIE IS FAT WITH CHILD AND NATURE WILL NOT WAIT.
OF COURSE, OF COURSE. PLEASE COME IN. WE WILL SEE TO YOUR WIFE'S... *CONDITION*. YOU ARE LUCKY. IT IS A ***DANGEROUS*** THING TO TRAVEL THE WOODS ALONE.
I SEE. IT HAS BEEN QUITE A NIGHT OF STRANGE HAPPENINGS, IT SEEMS...
"QUITE A STRANGE FELLOW, HE WAS. LIKE SOME BLACK KNIGHT OUT OF A CHILDREN'S GHOST TALE. SAD, DOOMED
"HE SAVED OUR LIVES AND DELIVERED US HERE. TRULY AN ACT OF PROVIDENCE.
IT WAS ONLY THROUGH THE INTERCESSION
YOU SPEAK TRULY. YESTER-EVE, WE WERE SET UPON BY BRIGANDS. A MOTLEY

VILLAGE OF POM-DE-VIERDE.
-- A HOLY RELIC, MY FRIEND? THE ASHES OF ST. THOMAS THE ELDER, HIS VERY SELF. TODAY I AM WILLING TO PART WITH IT FOR A MEAGER PRICE...
GET THAT AWAY FROM ME.
I SEEK ONLY A QUIET PLACE TO REST AND A CUP OF WINE TO DROWN IN.
I'M AFRAID A QUIET PLACE IS SCARCE TO FIND ON MARKET DAY, MILORD. BUT THE BLACK DOG CAN FILL YOUR CUP.
JUST DOWN THE ROW. TELL THEM GOLGOL
HE'S HERE...

LORD COVENANT!
TURN AROUND AND FACE ME, YOU WRETCHED LITTLE DUNG-LOAF!
WHO..?
DO YOU NOT RECOGNIZE ME, YOU PIG-BUGGERING SON OF SOW!
DUBLANC?
AH... YOU DO REMEMBER!
GOOD. I WANT YOU TO KNOW THE NAME OF THE MAN WHO SENT YOU TO YOUR GRAVE.
HAAH!
YOU ARE A FLEA, DUBLANC. HAVE YOU FOLLOWED ME TO FRANCE JUST TO BUZZ IN MY EAR?

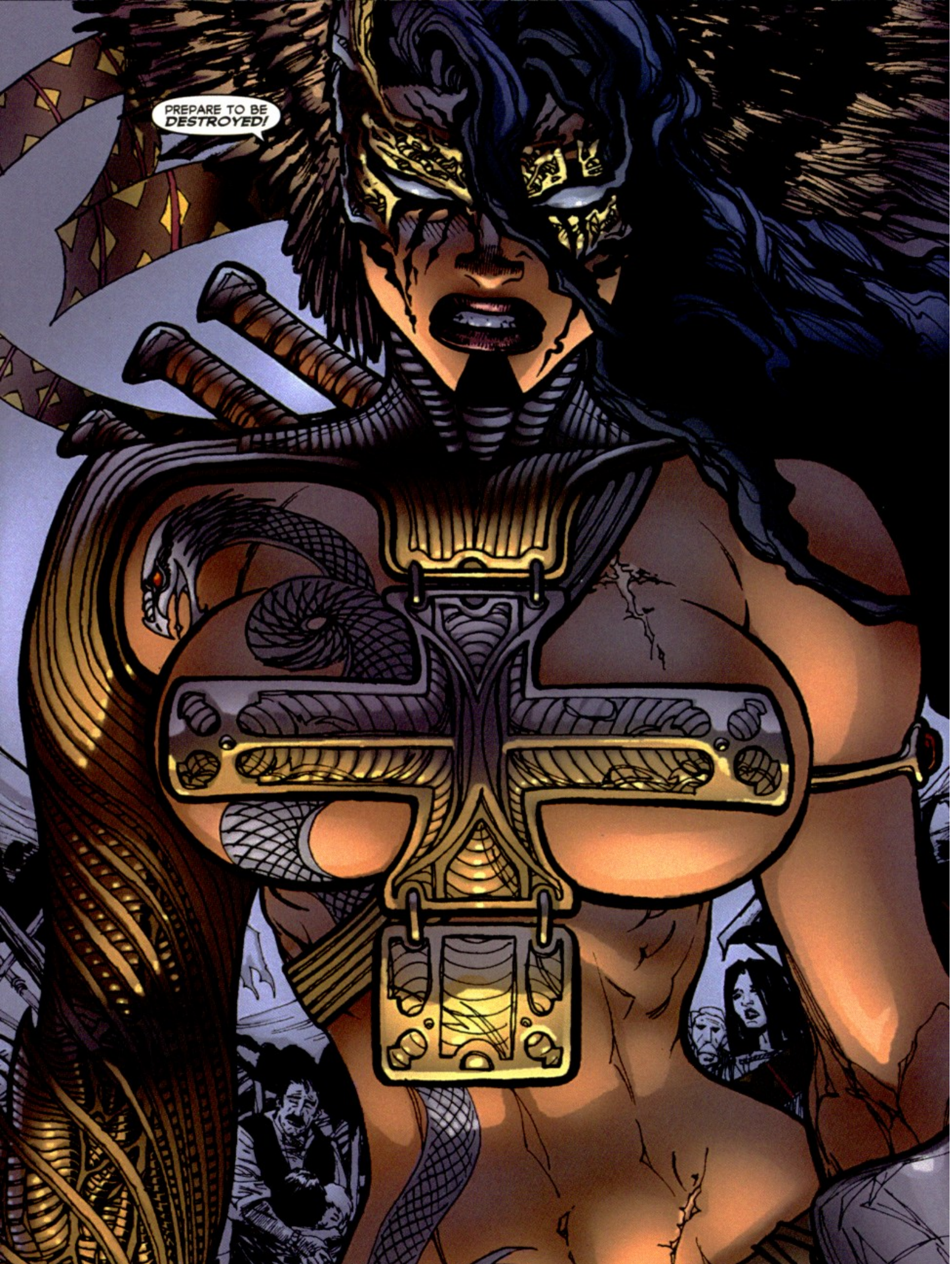
BEGONE. I DON'T HAVE TIME FOR YOUR GAMES.
DO NOT MOCK ME!
YOU ROBBED ME OF MY HOME, MY STATION. YOU SCARRED MY BONNY FACE. YOU HAVE TAKEN MY LIFE, YOU POX-RIDDEN WHORE DOG!
NOW, I SHALL TAKE YOURS!

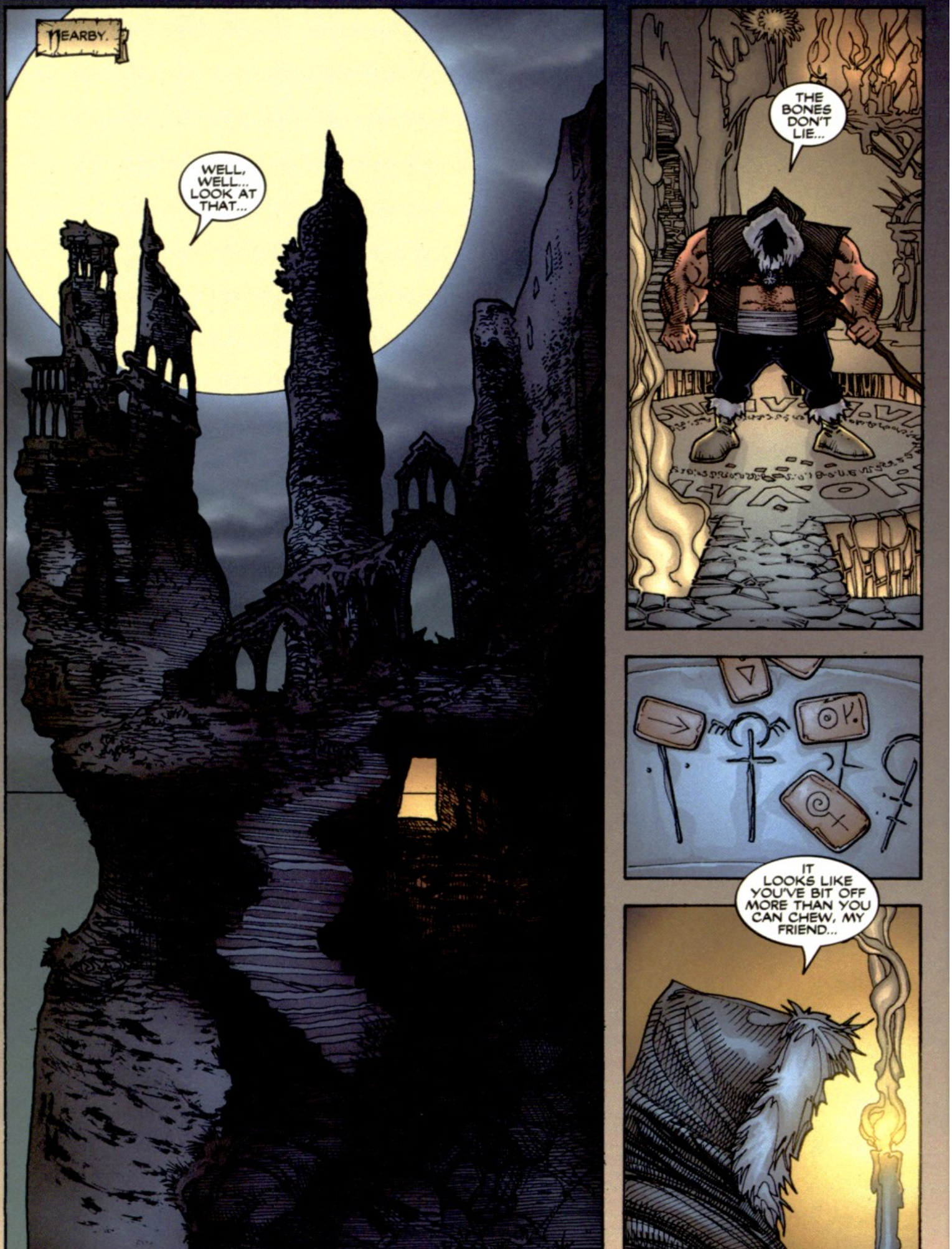
YOU WHINE LIKE A MONGREL BITCH, DUBLANC.
YOU'RE NOTHING MORE THAN A VAIN LITTLE PRIG WHO GOT BURNED PLAYING AT A SOLDIER'S GAME. WEAR YOUR SCARS LIKE A MAN!
AS FOR MY LIFE...
IT IS NO LONGER AVAILABLE FOR THE TAKING! NOW STOP THIS NONSENSE BEFORE SOME POOR FOOL GETS HURT!

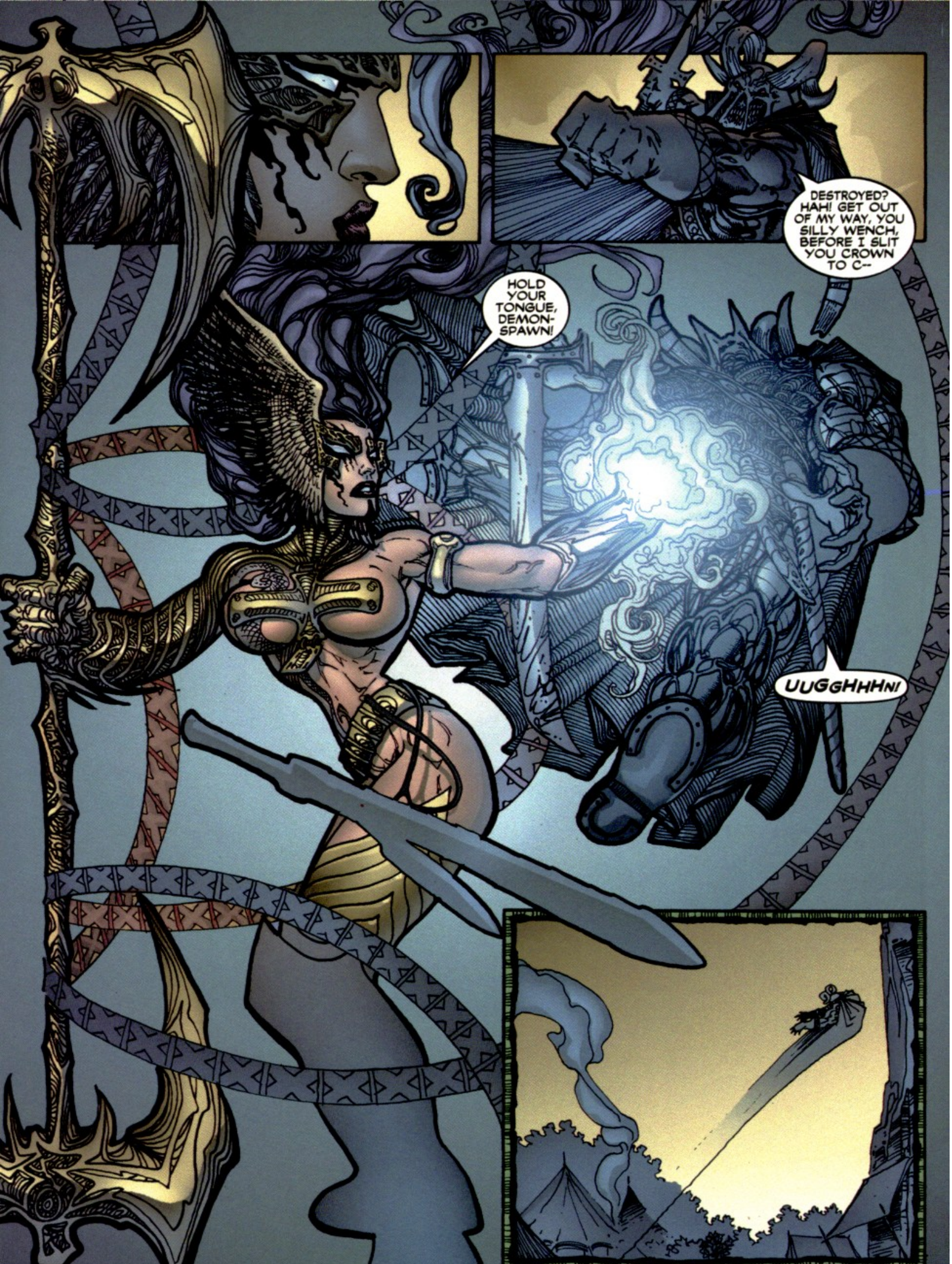
COWARD, YOU THINK YOU CAN RUN FROM ME? I AM THE GHOST OF DEATH ITSELF!
AND I SHALL HAUNT YOU TO YOUR LAST!
WHERE IS HE?
WHO, SIR?
THAT CANCEROUS BLIGHT FROM HIS CURSED MOTHER'S BELLY, THAT'S WHO! I SAW HIM COME IN HERE.
SIR, I DO NOT UNDERSTAND...

YOU THERE! DROP YOUR SWORD AND STAND ASIDE!
NOW, THEN... WHERE WERE WE?

ALL RIGHT, YOU POXY BASTARD. LET'S GET THIS FINISHED. NO MORE GAMES...
NO MORE SURPRISES --
HELLSPAWN! BY THE JUDGMENT OF THE SHINING CITY AND AUTHORITY OF THE SERAPHIC COUNCIL, I CHALLENGE YOU!


PREPARE TO BE DESTROYED!


NEARBY.
WELL, WELL... LOOK AT THAT...
THE BONES DON'T LIE...
OK.
IT LOOKS LIKE YOU'VE BIT OFF MORE THAN YOU CAN CHEW, MY FRIEND...


DESTROYED? HAH! GET OUT OF MY WAY, YOU SILLY WENCH, BEFORE I SLIT YOU CROWN TO C--
HOLD YOUR TONGUE, DEMON-SPAWN!
UUGGHHHN!

WHAT... WHAT ARE YOU?
YOU... YOU ARE NOT THE HELLSPAWN!
WHAT HAVE I DONE?
WITCH! STONE HER! WITCH! WITCH!

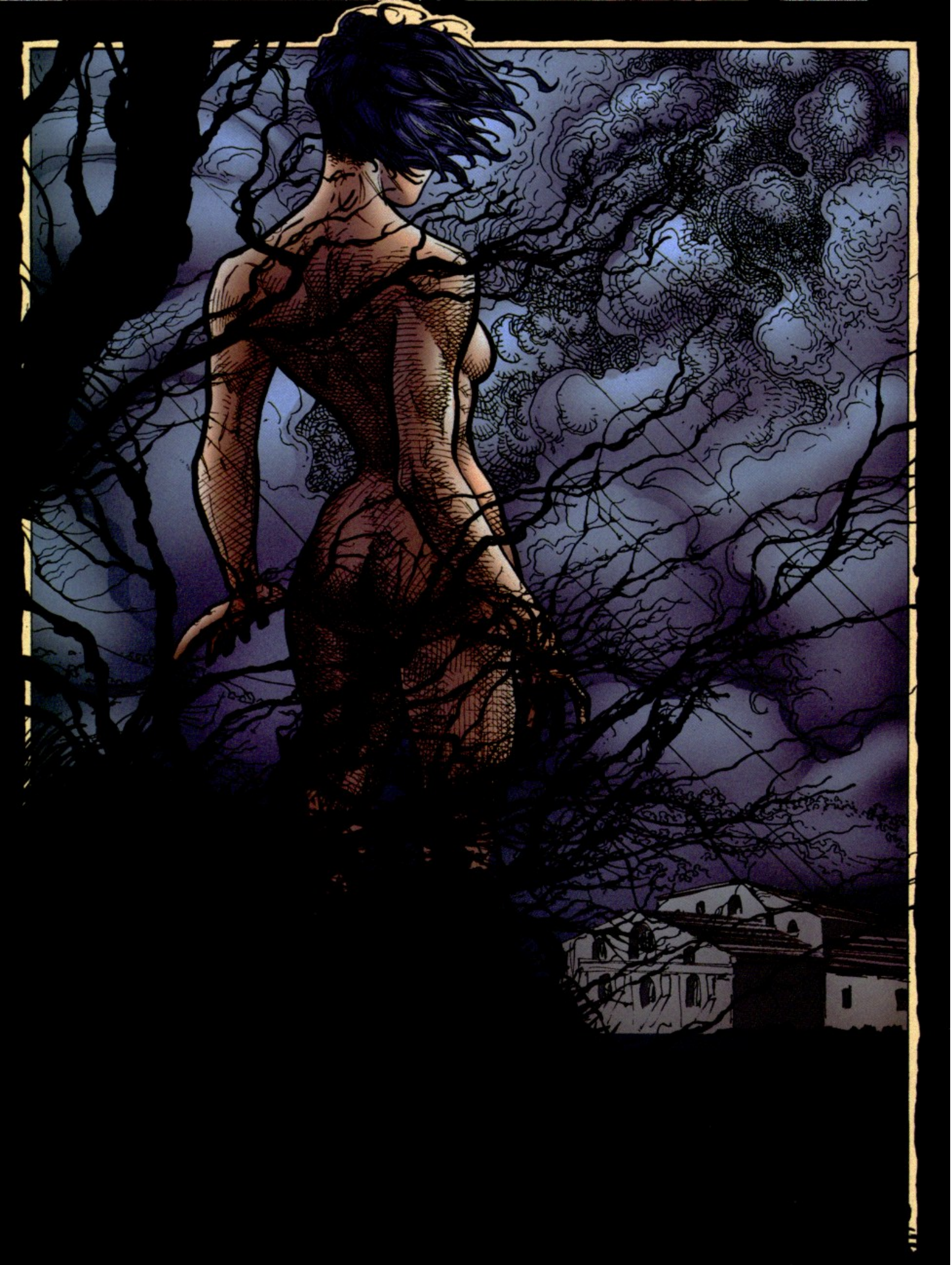
IT'S HAPPENING AGAIN. THE NIGHTMARE HAS RETURNED.
THE MEMORIES HAUNT ME, CHILL ME TO THE MARROW.
I WAS BORN A SERAPHIC HUNTRESS, A SPEARBEARER OF HEAVEN. FOR CENTURIES I HUNTED THE HELLSPAWN DEMONS THAT SCOURED THE WORLD.
AN ELITE KILLER ON THE SIDE OF THE ANGELS. NO MERCY, NO QUARTER, NO FEAR.
UNTIL IT CAME TO PASS, CENTURIES AGO IN FAR OFF ILLIUM, THAT I DID BATTLE WITH A HELLSPAWN OF SUCH VICIOUSNESS, SUCH UNBELIEVABLE POWER...
I LAY AT HIS FEET, THE GAPING MAW OF THIS MONSTROSITY LOOKING DOWN AT ME, LAUGHING LIKE SOME GIBBERING *APE.*
FOR THE FIRST TIME I KNEW *FEAR.* FOR THE FIRST TIME, I KNEW *TERROR.*

I SUMMONED THE STRENGTH OF THE RAPTURE, CALLED OUT TO THE POWER AND WRATH OF GOD HIMSELF.
AND IN A SINGLE BLOW, I VANQUISHED THAT FEARSOME, CRUDELY-STAMPED BEAST.
BUT THAT WAS NOT ALL...
IN MY HASTE, IN MY UNYIELDING DESIRE TO WIN, I HAD RAZED THE VERY CITY I WAS TRYING TO PROTECT.
I HAD LEVELED THE TOPLESS TOWERS OF THAT FABLED CITY, DESTROYED UNTOLD THOUSANDS OF LIVES.
AT THAT MOMENT, I SWORE BY THE SHINING CITY THAT I WOULD NEVER PICK UP THE LANCE OF HEAVEN AGAIN.

UNTIL THREE DAYS AGO, WHEN THE CALL TO BATTLE GREW TOO POWERFUL, TOO PAINFUL TO RESIST.
A NEW HELLSPAWN WALKED THE EARTH, AND I WENT FORTH TO SLAY HIM.
BUT THIS IS NOT HIM. I HAVE MADE A MISTAKE.
MORTAL! I CAN SEE BY YOUR SPOTTED SOUL THAT YOU ARE A MAN OF GREAT WICKEDNESS.
BUT YOU ARE NOT MY QUARRY. I SHALL LET YOU GO FREE. BUT MARK THESE WORDS OF HEAVEN'S PROUD DAUGHTER: REPENT YOUR WAYS BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE!
I HAVE MADE A MISTAKE.
I SHALL NOT MAKE ANOTHER.

NEARBY.
UUUGHN...
WHERE AM I?

YOU ARE SOMEWHERE SAFE, MY FRIEND. AT LEAST FOR THE MOMENT.
COGLIOSTRO! HOW DID YOU BRING ME HERE?
I PULLED YOU THROUGH THE SHADOWS, LIKE A FISH ON A STRING. BUT DON'T GET ALL BLUBBERY WITH THANKS, BOYO.
I DON'T HAVE TIME FOR YOUR NONSENSE, "BOYO."
I THINK YOU DO. YOU ARE IN A WORLD OF TROUBLE! DO YOU SPEAK LATIN?
WHAT?
LATIN. THE LANGUAGE OF KINGS AND SCHOLARS...

NO.
I'M NOT SURPRISED. WELL, LISTEN TO THIS. "INSTRUMENTUM CELESTRIUM."
TRANSLATED, IT MEANS "INSTRUMENT OF HEAVEN." TRANSLATED FURTHER IT MEANS A BIG GIANT DONKEY LOAD OF TROUBLE FOR YOU.
YOU'VE NEVER HEARD OF THE SERAPHIC HUNTRESS, THE WARRIOR BITCH OF HEAVEN? DEATH ON TWO LEGS, WITH ONE PURPOSE IN LIFE -- TO HUNT AND KILL HELLSPAWN.
THEY USUALLY GO AFTER THE YOUNG ONES, BECAUSE THEY'RE FOOLISH AND EASIEST TO SLAUGHTER. THERE'S ONE CHASING YOU, MY FRIEND.
SO UNLESS YOU WANT YOUR BOLLOCKS DANGLING FROM THE EARS OF SOME CRAZED AMAZON,

AAARRGHH!
MARIE, IS SHE... OH GOD, MY POOR MARIE.
HAVE FAITH, YOUNG MAN. NATURE IS A CRUEL MISTRESS SOMETIMES, BUT WE MUST BELIEVE SHE KNOWS WHAT SHE'S DOING.
OOOOHAAGH!
"PUT YOUR FAITH IN GOD, MY FRIEND, AND ALL SHALL