

GLATORIAN

BIONICLE®

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ISSUE ONE



FARSHTEY | MHAN


THE ALL-NEW
BIONICLE SAGA
STARTS HERE





HE IS BERIX, AN
AGORI VILLAGER
IN THE SETTLE-
MENT OF TAJAU.

BERIX IS A COLLECTOR,
SCOURING THE DESERT
AND ITS RUINS FOR
"TREASURES"—SCRAP METAL,
OLD ARMOR AND WEAPONS,
OR WHATEVER HE MIGHT
COME ACROSS.

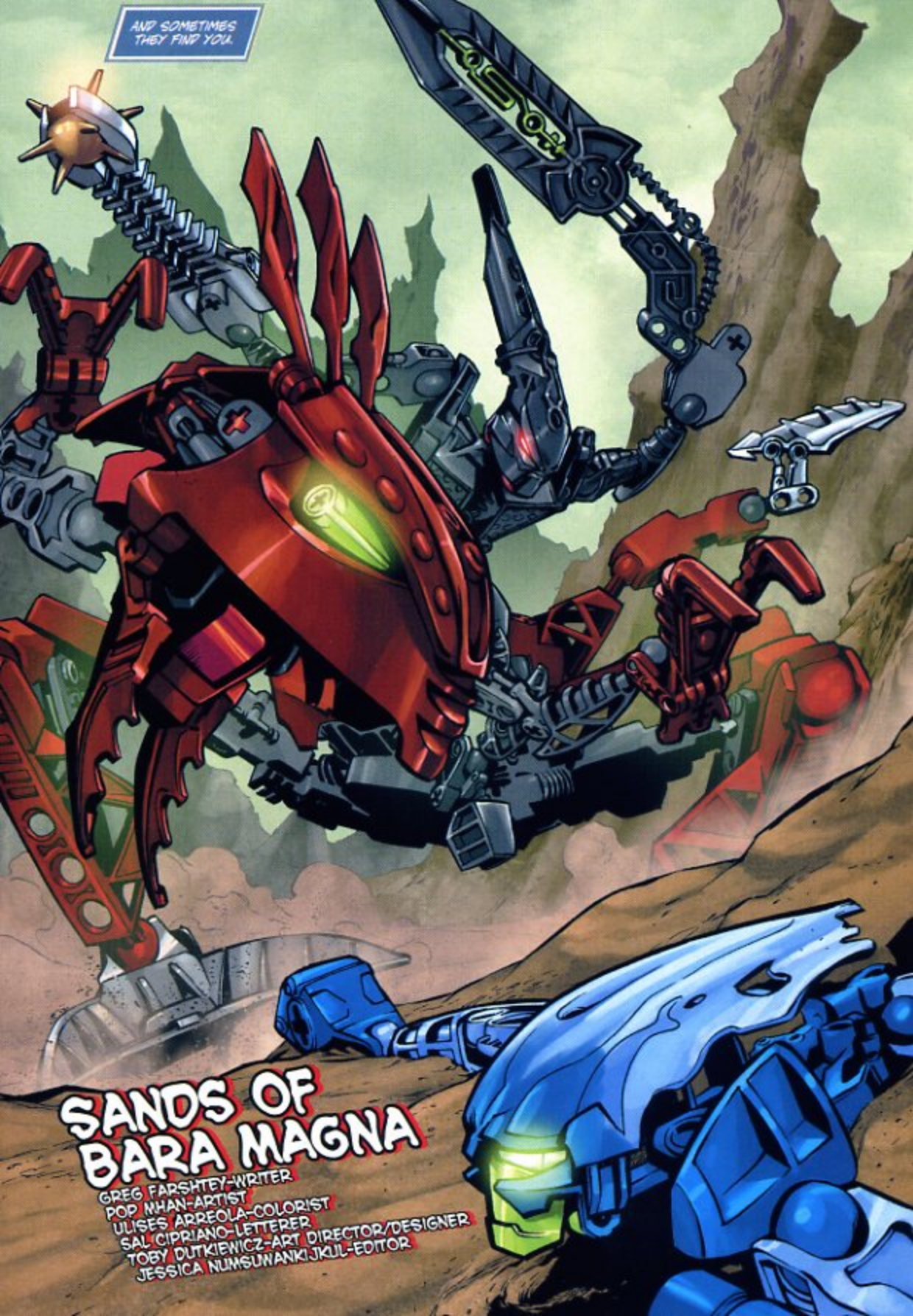


THERE'S ONLY ONE PROBLEM
WITH BEING A COLLECTOR
ON BARA MAGNA ...

OOF!

...SOMETIMES YOU FIND
THINGS YOU DON'T WANT.

AND SOMETIMES
THEY FIND YOU.



SANDS OF BARA MAGNA

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A green mechanical creature with a large, spiky headpiece and a complex, multi-limbed body. It stands on a rocky, uneven terrain. A speech bubble is positioned above its head.

NO. JUST TIRED OF BONE HUNTERS LIKE YOU. LEAVE THE AGORI ALONE AND MOVE ALONG.



HEH. ONE LONE FIGHTER. STILL WITH SAND IN HIS EARS, CHALLENGING A BONE HUNTER? DID THE SUNS GET YOU, OR ARE YOU JUST STUPID?



NOT SUN-STRUCK. NOT STUPID. JUST A TRAVELER. ONE THING, THOUGH...



I NEVER TRAVEL ALONE.

MINUTES LATER ...



OW.

I SAID
BLOCK HIM, NOT
GET TRAMPLED BY
HIS MOUNT.

HE'LL BE
BACK WITH FRIENDS.
WE SHOULD KEEP
MOVING.

THANKS FOR
THE RESCUE, BUT
I DON'T HAVE ANY-
THING TO PAY
YOU WITH.

DON'T
WORRY, WE DID
THIS ONE FOR
FUN.

SPEAK
FOR YOURSELF. I
DON'T FIGHT FOR
FREE.

GLATORIAN
FIGHT FOR THE
VILLAGES THAT HIRE
US, SO THEY DON'T
HAVE TO FIGHT EACH
OTHER, BUT WE DON'T
CHARGE TO SAVE
A LIFE.

WHAT ARE
YOU DOING SO FAR
FROM TAJUN?

COLLECTING
BITS OF OLD ARMOR.
I NEED BETTER ARMOR
IF I'M GOING TO
FIGHT IN THE ARENA
SOMEDAY.





YOU NEED MORE THAN THAT, SAND FLEA. YOU NEED--HOLD ON! COMPANY!

THEY'RE CALLED VOROX. MORE THAN 100,000 YEARS AGO, THEY WERE A RACE OF PROUD WARRIORS.

NOW THEY ARE PRIMITIVE NEAR-BEASTS WHO STALK THE WASTELANDS OF BARA MAGNA.

FAST...

DAANGEROUS...

AND THEY DON'T TAKE PRISONERS.

HUNGRY
OR JUST ANGRY,
YOU THINK?

KLANG

PROBABLY
BOTH.

SINCE WHEN
DO VOROX NEED
A REASON?

BAMM

GOOD
POINT.

WHEEET

WHAT'S
THAT?



HEY! THEY'RE LEAVING JUST WHEN I WAS STARTING TO ENJOY THIS.



IT WAS THAT GLATORIAN OVER THERE--I THINK HE SIGNALLED THEM! WHO IS THAT?



NOT OUR PROBLEM. WE'RE DUE IN VULCANUS. REMEMBER?



"THAT'S MALUM," ANSWERS TARIX. "EXILED FROM VULCANUS FOR CRIMES IN THE ARENA. LOOKS LIKE HE'S MADE NEW FRIENDS."

THIS IS THE GLATORIAN'S DESTINATION, A FIERY VILLAGE POOP IN THE DESERT OF BARA MAGNA.

RAAWA, ELDER OF THE VILLAGE OF VULCANUS, IS IN THE MIDDLE OF A LESS THAN FRIENDLY CHAT WITH METAS, RECRUITER/TRAINER OF GLATORIAN.

BUT WE NEED ANOTHER FIGHTER, NOW THAT MALUM'S GONE! THE SKRALL ARE CLAIMING THE FLAME GEYSERS TO THE NORTH, AND WE MUST MEET THEIR CHALLENGE.



GOOD GLATORIAN DON'T SPRING FROM THE SAND, AND, BESIDES, NO ONE WANTS TO WORK FOR YOU RIGHT NOW--

"NOT IF IT MEANS FIGHTING HIM."

MOVE.

FIND SOMEPLACE ELSE TO WATCH FROM--THIS SPOT'S MINE.

I. SAID. MOVE.

MOVE! RIGHT. SURE. YES, SIR. MOVING NOW.



YOU'RE FIGHTING A SKRALL?

THERE'S AN OASIS. THE PEOPLE OF TESARA SAY IT BELONGS TO THEM--THE SKRALL SAY IT'S THEIRS. THIS FIGHT DECIDES WHO GETS IT.

YOU HONOR OUR ARENA WITH YOUR COMBAT. MAY YOUR SWORDS AND SHIELDS PRESERVE THE PEACE.



FALL!
YOU WILL
FALL!

VZZANG

NOT--
UNNGHH!--
TODAY.

SURRENDER,
AND I WILL LET
YOU LIVE.

IF I
SURRENDER, I
HAVE NOTHING TO
LIVE FOR.

BUT IF YOU
WANT TO GIVE
UP...?

SKRALL NEVER
CONCEDES!

YOU HAVE
TO ADMIT--FOR
A JUNGLE TYPE,
HE'S GOT
GUTS.

RIGHT, AND
I THINK WE MAY
BE SEEING THEM
SOON.

NOW--

--WE START
AGAIN.



NOT GOOD.

YOU SKRALL HAVE BEEN CHALLENGING FOR EVERYTHING OF ANY WORTH FOR MONTHS NOW. YOU WOULD LEAVE THE OTHER VILLAGES WITH NOTHING.

KRANG

WE FIGHT. WE WIN. WE TAKE.

KRAK

WE ARE SKRALL!

SLAM

THE MATCH IS OVER!



NOW MEET
THE FATE OF THE
DEFEATED--
WHAT??

YOU SAID IT.
THE MATCH IS OVER.
NOW GET OUT OF
VULCANUS, OR FIGHT
US ALL.

I HAVE
WHAT I CAME
FOR, BUT THERE
WILL BE ANOTHER
DAY...

NICE, YOU
LASTED ALMOST
THREE MINUTES--
THAT'S A NEW
RECORD.

I LOST...
AND TESARA NEEDED
THAT WATER, DID THE
SKRALL CHEAT?

THAT'S
THE SCARY
PART... HE
DIDN'T.

LATER...

WHY ARE WE HERE?
SKRALL DO NOT HIDE
IN THE SHADOWS.

TELL TUMA
A TRADE CARAVAN
LEAVES FROM TAJUN IN
A WEEK'S TIME. IF THE
BONE HUNTERS RAID IT,
TAJUN GOES HUNGRY
THIS SEASON.

BONE HUNTERS? WHAT
DOES ANYONE CARE
WHAT THOSE SAND-
SPAWN DO?

LET ME
EXPLAIN...

IF TAJUN HAS
NO FOOD, THEY
HAVE TO CHALLENGE
OTHERS FOR IT, AND IF
THEY LOSE--THEY WILL
BE EASY PREY FOR
YOUR PEOPLE...
OUR PEOPLE.

YOU ARE
NOT ONE OF US.
DO NOT PRETEND
YOU ARE.

RELAY THE
MESSAGE.
GO, BEFORE
WE ARE SEEN
TOGETHER.

BERIX? WHAT
ARE YOU DOING
OUT HERE?

JUST WALKING...
AND WISHING... AND
WONDERING WHAT
THE FUTURE WILL
BRING.

THE ANCIENT CITY OF ROXTUS,
NOW HOME TO THE SKRALL...



--AND THAT IS
WHAT I WAS TOLD.
WHAT ARE YOUR
ORDERS, GREAT
TUMAP?




YOU WILL SPEAK OF
THIS IN FRONT OF ONE
OF OUR CAPTURED
AGORI VILLAGERS.
THEN "ACCIDENTALLY"
LET HIM ESCAPE.



AS SOON AS HE REACHES
OPEN DESERT, HE WILL
BE CAPTURED BY THE BONE
HUNTERS, AND HE WILL TELL
THEM ALL HE KNOWS ABOUT
THE CARAVAN, WHILE
HE CAN.



THEN THE BONE HUNTERS WILL
ACT ON WHAT THEY KNOW ...
AND WIN OUR BATTLE FOR
US. BUT THE TIME IS COMING,
WARRIOR, WHEN WE WILL NOT
NEED TO ACT THROUGH
OTHERS...



SOON, WE
SKRALL WILL SHED
OUR SKINS LIKE THE
SAND DRAGONS AND BE
REVEALED FOR WHAT WE
ARE--CONQUERORS!
RULERS!

WE WILL
ATTACK... WE WILL
WIN... AND BARA MAGNA
WILL BE OURS!

**NEXT ISSUE:
DAY OF THE
SKRALL!**