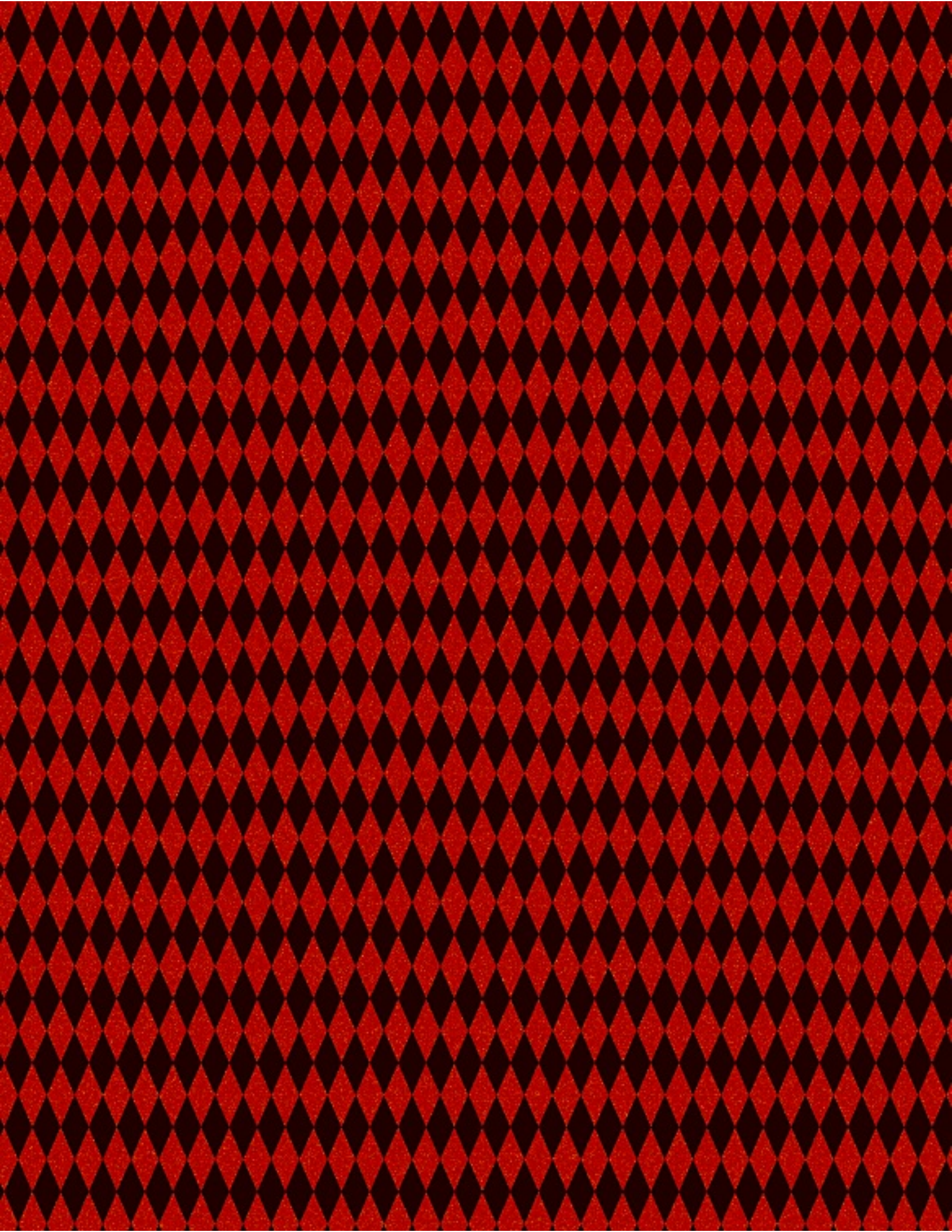


CRITICAL ROLE
THE MIGHTY NEIN
ORIGINS
FJORD STONE

KEVIN BURKE • CHRIS "DOC" WYATT
TRAVIS WILLINGHAM • MATTHEW MERCER
SELINA ESPIRITU • DIANA SOUSA • ARIANA MAHER





THE

MIGHTY·NEIN

ORIGINS™

FJORD STONE



CRITICAL ROLE



F.S

THE MIGHTY NEIN ORIGINS

CRITICAL ROLE
**THE
MIGHTY NEIN
ORIGINS™**

FJORD STONE

WRITTEN BY

Kevin Burke and Chris “Doc” Wyatt

WITH

**Travis
Willingham**

AND

**Matthew
Mercer**

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Critical Role: The Mighty Nein Origins— Fjord Stone

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**"THE DIVER'S GRAVE"
IN THE LUCIDIAN OCEAN**

JUST OFF THE MENAGERIE COAST

THE REWARDS I'VE BEEN
GIVEN ALLOWED US ALL TO
BREATHE UNDERWATER...

...AND WE FOUND IT,
THERE IN THE COLD,
DARK DEPTHS.

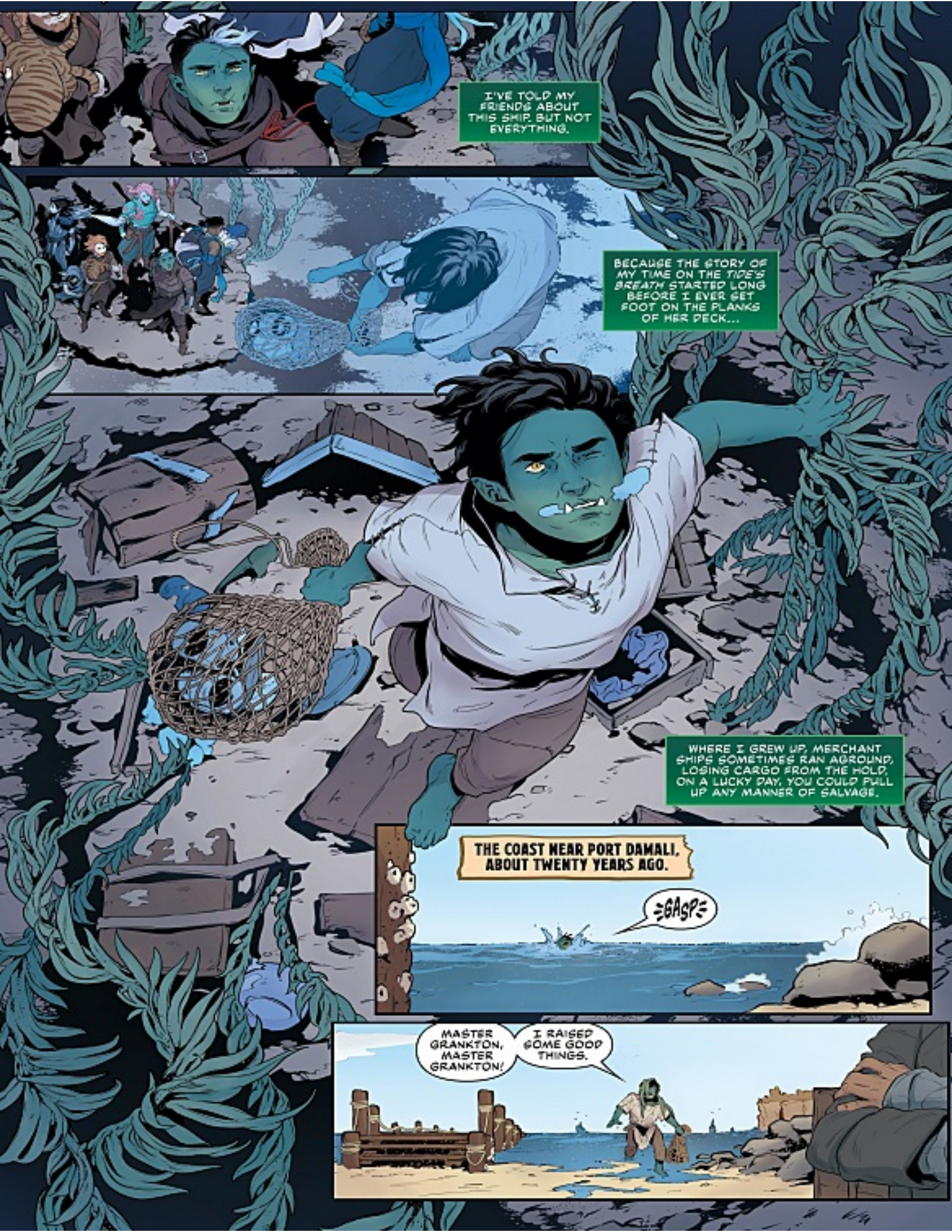
A PIECE OF MY
PAST THAT MAY
HOLD SECRETS
THAT'LL SHAPE
MY FUTURE.

FJORD,
WHAT WAS THE
NAME OF THE
SHIP AGAIN?



THE TIDE'S
BREATH.





I'VE TOLD MY FRIENDS ABOUT THIS SHIP, BUT NOT EVERYTHING.

BECAUSE THE STORY OF MY TIME ON THE TIDE'S BREATH STARTED LONG BEFORE I EVER SET FOOT ON THE PLANKS OF HER DECK...

WHERE I GREW UP, MERCHANT SHIPS SOMETIMES RAN AGROUND, LOSING CARGO FROM THE HOLD. ON A LUCKY DAY, YOU COULD PICK UP ANY MANNER OF SALVAGE.

THE COAST NEAR PORT DAMALI, ABOUT TWENTY YEARS AGO.

=GASP=

MASTER GRANKTON, MASTER GRANKTON!

I RAISED SOME GOOD THINGS.



DAT
RIGHT, BOYO?
SHOW OLD MASTER
GRANKTON WAT
YE GOT.



WHAT'S
THAT THEN,
PEWTER?

THAT'S THE
BEST YE COULD
RUMMAGE
UP?

MASTER!
LOOK!



MORE
PEWTER,
IS IT?

MUCH
BETTER THAN
THAT, MASTER
GRANKTON.



GOLD, BY ALL
HOLY, NOT SOLID,
JUST PLATED,
NO DOUBT.

BUT GOLD,
NONETHELESS.



GOOD
WORK, MY
LADS.

YEAH,
NICE ONE,
GABIAN, WHERE
DID YOU FIND IT?
I DIDN'T SEE
ANY--



OFT!



"...SOMETHING
NOBODY WILL
EVER WANT."



HE WAS ONE OF THE
REASONS I WANTED
FREE OF THAT PLACE
SO BADLY...

GET IT
ALL UNLOADED,
LADS, QUICK AS
YE LIKE.

...TO BE
OUT ON MY
OWN...

...SAILING
AWAY.

DO YE
NAE KNOW WHAT
"UNLOAD" MEANS,
YE TWO-LEGGED
ANIMAL?

BUT IT SEEMED LIKE
AN IMPOSSIBLE DREAM.
THERE WAS NO GOING
ANYWHERE.



WORKING IN THE ASYLUM'S WOOD SHOP I DIDN'T MIND SO MUCH. EVERYONE FOCUSED ON THEIR OWN WORK. THEY HAD TO IF THEY DIDN'T WANT TO FEEL MASTER GRANKTON'S WRATH.

SOMETIMES IT WAS SO LOUD I DIDN'T EVEN HAVE TO HEAR ANYONE ELSE. IF I KEPT MY HEAD DOWN, I COULD PRETEND LIKE I WAS ALL ALONE.

EXCELLENT WORK, LAD.



BUT EVEN SO YOUNG, THE TOOLS FOR THE HUMAN KIDS WERE TOO SMALL FOR MY HANDS, THE TOOLS FOR HUMAN ADULTS TOO BIG. WITHOUT PROPER TOOLS, I WOULD SLIP UP, MAKE MISTAKES.

AWFUL, JUST AWFUL, I'LL BARELY HAVE A SINGLE COIN FOR THIS. BUT WHAT CAN I EXPECT... FROM A MINDLESS STONE LIKE YOU.



I ENDURED THE WHISPERED TAUNTS.





THE WHISPERS GREW LOUDER
AND LOUDER OVER THE YEARS,
UNTIL EVENTUALLY THEY
WEREN'T WHISPERS ANYMORE.



NO ROOM.



HEY, FJORD, DID YOU
ACTUALLY HAVE
PARENTS?

WHAT
DO YOU
MEAN?

IT JUST
SEEMS WEIRD,
RIGHT? I
MEAN...

...THAT TWO
FOLK~~S~~ COULD FUCK
AND MAKE SOMETHING
AS DISGUSTING
AS YOU?



SERIOUSLY,
THE REST OF US,
OUR PARENTS
DIED.

BUT YOU HAVE
PARENTS, PROBABLY
STILL ALIVE, BET THEY
JUST TOOK ONE LOOK
AT YOU AND RAN.



HAHAHA HAHAHA

HAHAHA HAHAHA

I WOULD THINK TO MYSELF,
IF I KEEP MY HEAD DOWN,
KEEP MY COOL--EVENTUALLY
THEY'LL LEAVE ME ALONE.



BUT THEY
NEVER DID.



ON THE NIGHT THEY
SKETCHED ME ON THE
SLEEPING QUARTERS'
DOOR, I COULD TELL
SOMETHING WAS
BREWING.



IT WAS IN THE AIR, I COULD SEE IT IN THE FACES OF THE OTHERS WHEN THEY LOOKED AT ME. YEAH, I COULD TELL SOMETHING WAS GOING TO HAPPEN...



...BUT I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT IT WAS GONNA BE.



HEY!
STOP!!!
WHO--?



WHAT
IS THIS?!
HELP!



GET HIM
OUTSIDE. WE'LL
GET A WHIPPING IF HE
PISSES HIMSELF AND
IT GETS ALL OVER
THE FLOOR.







OTHER PEOPLE DON'T REALIZE THIS, BUT ORC TUSKS AREN'T LIKE ANIMAL TUSKS, MADE OF IVORY THROUGH AND THROUGH.

THEY'RE MORE LIKE HUMAN TEETH, THERE'S AN ENAMEL SHELL, BUT UNDERNEATH, THEY'RE FILLED WITH NERVES.

EVERY SCRAPE, A SHOCK OF PAIN THAT RAN FROM MY JAW STRAIGHT INTO MY BRAIN.

SKRRRT
SKRRRT
SKRRRT
SKRRRT
SKRRRT

BUT I DIDN'T CARE ABOUT THE PAIN. IT WAS WORTH IT--THE PRICE TO GET RID OF THE THINGS THAT MADE ME A "BRUTE," AS THEY CALLED ME.





WHAT'S THIS HERE?

COOK ORDERED A BUNDLE OF WOOD FOR THE KITCHENS.

NO, YER FACE, LAD.



MY TUSKS? THEY WERE... BOTHERING ME. I GROUND THEM DOWN.

WELL, FUCK, YE NEED 'EM BACK. THEY DISTRACT FROM ALL THE UGLY.



I DUNNO WHAT'S WRONG WITH YE, BOYO. YE COULD ACTUALLY BE OF USE TO ME IF YE STEPPED UP AND WHIPPED THEM OTHERS INTO SHAPE. BOSS 'EM ABOUT A BIT. THEY MIGHT BE SCARED INTO WORKIN' HARDER.

BOSS THEM?

YE MAY BE MEASLY FER AN ORC, BUT YER A FAIR LOT STRONGER THAN THEM OTHERS. BUT THEN AGAIN, YER PROBABLY JUST TOO DAMN STONE STUPID TO DO ANYTHING USEFUL.



WHAT'S STRENGTH GOT TO DO WITH IT? I DON'T FIT IN. THEY'D NEVER LISTEN TO ME. THEY HATE ME.

THEY HATE ME TOO, BUT BETTER DAMN WELL DO WHAT I SAY.

STRENGTH MATTERS. IT'S NEAR THE ONLY THING THAT DOES. THAT AND MONEY, WHICH IS ALSO A KIND OF STRENGTH ITSELF.



BUT THEN, WHAT DO I FUCKIN' CARE, AS LONG AS YOU EARN YOUR KEEP?

BETTER GET TO THE KITCHENS, BOYO. COOK NEEDS HIS WOOD.



YEARS PASSED,
AND WE ALL GREW, BUT
LITTLE EVER CHANGED.

I WOULD TRY TO BE
NOTICED AS LITTLE
AS I COULD, BUT IT
RARELY WORKED.

MEANWHILE,
GRANKTON SQUEEZED
EVERY COIN OUT OF
US THAT HE COULD.



THE ONLY BREAK FROM HIS
SWEATSHOP WAS AFTER A SHIP HAD
WRECKED OR CAPSIZED. THAT GOT US
OUT OF THE ASYLUM, BUT ONLY SO
WE COULD DO EVER DEEPER, MORE
DANGEROUS DIVES FOR SALVAGE.



GRANKTON WAS WILLING
TO TAKE GREAT RISKS TO
RECOVER WHAT HE COULD.
AS LONG AS THE RISKS
WERE TO US, NOT HIM.

A SERIES OF SHADY PEOPLE
CAME THROUGH DRIFTWOOD
IN THOSE YEARS. RUMORS
OF GRANKTON'S DEALINGS
WITH ORGANIZATIONS LIKE
THE MYRIAD.



BOYS SENT OUT ON
WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN
SMUGGLING RUNS.
SOME OF THEM NEVER
COMING BACK.

FJORD,
AGE 17



THEN ONE DAY,
THE ORPHAN MASTER
DISCOVERED A NEW
WAY TO PROFIT OFF
OF US.





LISTEN UP,
GREENHORNS!

ON THIS SHIP,
THE WORK DOESN'T
STOP THE DANGER OF ME
SPILLING YOUR GUTS
WHERE YOU STAND.
UNDERSTOOD?



IF YOU DO
WHAT YOU'RE TOLD
AND YOU DON'T WHINE,
YOU WILL AVOID THE
BIGGEST DANGER OF
ALL ON THESE
SEAS...

YES,
CAPTAIN!

GOOD, NOW GET
RIGHT TO WORK. LINE
UP FOR THE FIRST MATE.
THEY'LL BE ISSUING YOU
YOUR DUTIES.



LIKE THE CAPTAIN
PROMISED, THE WORK
WAS BACKBREAKING.



TRAPPED ON A
SHIP WITH SABIAN,
MY TORMENTOR,
I EXPECTED THE
HARASSMENT TO
CONTINUE.



BUT IT DIDN'T. HE
NEVER SPOKE TO ME
AT ALL. IT WAS LIKE WE
WERE STRANGERS...WHICH
I SAW AS A WELCOME
IMPROVEMENT.



WE WERE EVEN ASSIGNED TO
WORK TOGETHER AT TIMES,
AND I STARTED TO BELIEVE
WE FOUND A WAY TO
TOLERATE ONE ANOTHER.

GUESSED MAYBE HE'D
WANTED TO BE GONE FROM
THAT ORPHANAGE AS MUCH
AS I DID AND WAS WILLING
TO DO ANYTHING TO GET OUT,
EVEN IF IT MEANT HAVING
TO WORK WITH ME.



GOOD
HANDLING OF THE
GAIL, MR. STONE, WE'LL
MAKE A SEAMAN OF
YOU YET.

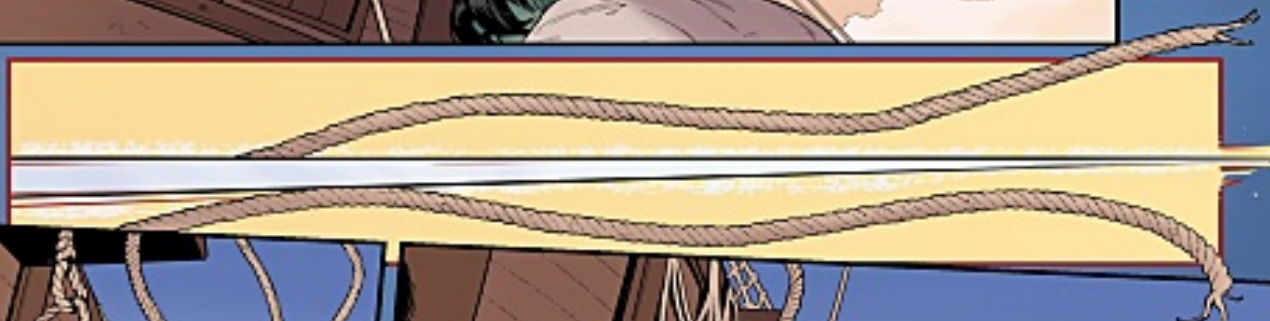




BUT THEN, MAYBE
I WAS WRONG...



WE DO MOST OF OUR PATCH WORK
WHILE STATIONARY AT THE DOCK,
BUT SOMETIMES WHEN A LEAK IS
BIG ENOUGH, WE HAVE TO TAR IT UP
AT SEA. THAT'S A JOB NOBODY
WANTS, SO IT ALWAYS GOES TO
ONE OF THE NEWEST CREWMEN.



AFTER ALL, IT
CAN BE PRETTY
DANGEROUS.





AH, MR. STONE. JUST THE
MAN I WANTED TO SEE.
STEP INTO MY CABIN...
IF YOU'RE DONE
RESTING.







"ONCE WE DOCK TONIGHT, MEET ME AT A PUB CALLED THE HEN'S FEATHER. COME AFTER THE SECOND WATCH, WHEN EVERYONE ONBOARD'LL BE DRUNK OR PASSED OUT."



NO ONE FOLLOWED YOU?

NO, SIR.



I DIDN'T KNOW WHY VANDRAN TOOK SUCH A SPECIAL INTEREST IN ME, BUT HE DID.



HE TAUGHT ME TO TAKE IN THE BEHAVIOR OF OTHERS.



TO MIMIC THEIR POSTURE, THEIR BODY LANGUAGE.



I SPENT MY ENTIRE LIFE BELIEVING I COULD NEVER CHANGE THE WAY PEOPLE WOULD LOOK AT ME. VANDRAN TAUGHT ME I HAD BEEN WRONG ABOUT THAT.



THAT IF I STUDIED THE OTHERS, HOW THE CROWD WORKED...



...I COULD BLEND IN.



YOU CARRY YOURSELF WITH STRENGTH. BORN WITH IT, I RECKON. BUT IT DRAWS THE EYE.

NATURALLY, YOUR ORC SIDE WILL ALWAYS DRAW ATTENTION TO YOU. BUT THERE ARE WAYS TO MINIMIZE THAT.



OBJECTS?

BARRELS. BUILDINGS. THERE'S MORE THAN ONE WAY TO BLEND INTO YOUR SURROUNDINGS.



I NEED THREE STURPY MEN TO RAISE THE SAILS. SABIAN, MELVILLE, FJORD!

FJORD? WHERE ARE YOU?



HERE!

OH. THERE YE ARE.



BUT THE REAL POWER IS IN CONVINCING OTHERS TO DO WHAT YOU WANT, AND YOU WANT TO KNOW THE SECRET TO THAT?

MAKE WHATEVER YOU WANT THEM TO DO SEEM AS THOUGH IT IS THEIR IDEA.

SOUNDS TOUGH, NO ONE EVER LISTENS TO ME.

DIDN'T SAY IT'D BE EASY. BUT TRUE POWER, TRUE STRENGTH, NEVER IS.

CAPTAIN VANDRAN WAS THE FIRST REAL TEACHER I EVER HAD. HE TAUGHT ME TO NOT EXPECT MERCY FROM ANYONE, TO MASK MY VULNERABILITIES SO THEY COULDN'T BE TARGETED.



HE SHOWED ME IT WAS A SKILL I COULD DEVELOP, AND I FOUND MYSELF FITTING IN... SOMETHING THAT HAD NEVER HAPPENED TO ME BEFORE.



I WAS PROMOTED ABOARD THE FIDE'S BREATH MORE THAN ONCE OVER THE YEARS. FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MY LIFE, I BELONGED, AND I NEVER FELT STRONGER.



BUT AS I GOT OLDER, I DISCOVERED THERE'D BE MORE TO MY TRAINING.



MUCH MORE.

CAPTAIN?
CAPTAIN, ARE
YOU--

WHOOOSH SPRING

WHAT THE
FUCK?!

CAPTAIN?
WERE YOU TRYING
TO KILL ME?!

IF I WANTED
YOU DEAD, YOU
WOULD BE.

YOU'VE
BEEN APPLYING
OUR LESSONS, LEARNING
HOW TO BLEND IN--DISAPPEAR.
BUT SOMETIMES EVEN THAT
WON'T BE ENOUGH TO KEEP YOU
SAFE. TIMES WHEN, NO MATTER
HOW GOOD AT IT YOU GET, IT
JUST WON'T BE POSSIBLE
TO AVOID UNWANTED
ATTENTION.

YOU NEED TO
KNOW HOW TO
DEFEND YOURSELF,
TO LEARN THE
SWORD.





THE TRAINING WENT ON FOR MONTHS. I PUSHED MY BODY TO THE LIMIT.



BUT I HAD NEVER FELT MORE ALIVE.



EVERY NIGHT, FOR SEVERAL MONTHS, NO MATTER HOW HARD I TRIED, VANDRAN WOULD BEST ME YET AGAIN.



BUT THIS NIGHT, I WAS DETERMINED TO CHANGE THAT.



CLANGS



CLANK

SHWOOSH

SHING

HE TAUGHT ME TO LET AN OPPONENT DEFEAT THEMSELVES.

TO BE PATIENT AND WAIT FOR A MOMENT OF WEAKNESS, VULNERABILITY,

WHA--?!

SO THAT'S WHAT I DID...

...PUTTING ME ON THE EDGE OF VICTORY OVER HIM FOR THE FIRST TIME EVER.

BUT THEN...

SPRRSSSSHHH

AAAGURGH!!



WHAT WAS THAT...? HOW...?



I SHOULDN'T HAVE DONE THAT. YOU BESTED ME.

YOU EARNED THIS VICTORY.



WHAT WAS THAT?

TIME FOR YOU TO GO.



I DID NOT UNDERSTAND. WHAT KIND OF POWER HAD VANDRAN WIELDED? WHERE DID IT COME FROM? HAD HE ALWAYS BEEN ABLE TO DO THAT? IF SO, WHY HIDE IT?

MORE IMPORTANTLY... COULD IT BE TAUGHT? I WAS DETERMINED TO GET HIM TO TALK ABOUT IT AT OUR NEXT LESSON.



BUT I NEVER GOT THAT CHANCE...



KEE-RACK

BONG! BONG!
BONG!

ALL
HANDS! ALL
HANDS!

ALL
HANDS ON
DECK!

RIDGECREST,
CHECK THE HOLD
AND MAKE SURE
ALL CARGO IS
SECURE!

PAINE, SNUFF
ALL OIL LAMPS AND
BRING THEM BELOW, THEN
MAKE SURE THE SHIPPING
MANIFESTS ARE ALL IN THE
DRY BAG! WE LOSE THOSE
MANIFESTS, NONE OF
US GETS PAID!

THE REST OF
YOU, CLOSE THE
SHUTTERS AND BATTEN
DOWN ANYTHING
YOU CAN!







SABIAN,
WHAT ARE YOU
DOING?!

GAAHHH!!







I DON'T KNOW
HOW I SURVIVED.

I REMEMBER THE EXPLOSION
AND HITTING THE WATER, BUT
LITTLE ELSE. EVERYTHING
WENT DARK.

THEN I WOKE UP ON
THE BEACH, ALONE.



I WAS SHOCKED TO
DISCOVER MY WOUND
HAD HEALED.

I WONDERED IF THIS WAS
SOME KIND OF AFTERLIFE,
OR A DREAM.

BUT I KNEW IN
MY HEART THIS
WAS REAL.



AND THEN I SAW IT,
A SWORD UNLIKE ANY I'D
EVER SEEN. A MYSTERIOUS
WEAPON THAT SEEMED
LIKE SOMETHING FROM
ANOTHER WORLD.



COULD IT
HAVE WASHED
ASHORE FROM
THE WRECKAGE,
LIKE I DID?

IT FELT LIKE IT
WAS CALLING TO ME,
MEANT FOR ME.

I WALKED FOR
MILES ALONG THAT
BEACH UNTIL I CAME
ACROSS A ROAD.

I NEEDED FOOD
AND REST. I WAS
TIRED, BATTERED.



I MUST'VE LOOKED
LIKE I WAS IN A PRETTY
HORRIFYING STATE.



EXCUSE
ME! COULD I
BOTHER YOU FOR
A RIDE TO PORT
DAMALI?

PLEASE!



PLEA--



BUT MY SWORD
REVEALED ITS
STRENGTH WAS NOT
ONLY IN COMBAT.



WHOA, BOYS.
WHOA!



WHERE
DIDJA SAY YS WAS
HEADED?

PORT
DAMALI

THE SWORD SEEMED TO
SOMEHOW INFLUENCE THE DRIVER
INTO GIVING ME A LIFT, AND NOT
THE NORMAL WAY THAT SWORDS
USUALLY INFLUENCE PEOPLE.

BUT THE SECRETS OF
THE SWORD WERE ONLY
BEGINNING TO REVEAL
THEMSELVES.

PARDON ME, OLD-TIMERS,
I WAS ON THE TIDE'S BREATH,
I'M LOOKING FOR OTHER
CREW THAT MAY HAVE--

THE
TIDE'S BREATH?
VANDRAN'S TUG?
THAT WENT DOWN, ALL
HANDS SUPPOSEDLY
LOST!

ALL
HANDS?
NO...

YES, AND I HEARD IT
WERN'T NO STORM BROUGHT
'ER DOWN, THE WRECKAGE WHAT
WASHED ASHORE WAS FROM
A 'SPLOSION. SABOTAGE,
MUSTA BEEN.

NOW
WHY YOU ASKIN'
QUESTIONS ABOUT
THAT, ORC?

SEEMS
'SPICIOUS TA ME,
YOU MAKIN' SURE
YOU FINISHED
THE JOB?

YOU HURT ONE OF
OUR BROTHER SAILORS,
YOU HURT US ALL.

WE'LL
MAKE YOU
PAY FOR IT,
BRUTE!

NO, YOU
DON'T UNDERSTAND,
I WAS A CREWMAN
ON BOARD!



I DECIDED IT WAS
BEST TO REMOVE
MYSELF FROM THE
SITUATION.



BUT THE DRUNKEN
MOB WASN'T ABOUT
TO LET ME.



I THOUGHT THERE WAS
ONLY ONE WAY OUT OF THIS.
I FOCUSED ON THE SWORD,
REMEMBERING EVERYTHING
VANDRAN HAD TAUGHT ME.



BUT THE
CONFRONTATION
WAS NOT WHAT
I EXPECTED.



WHAT DA HELL?
YOU'RE NOT WHO
WE'RE LOOKIN'
FER.

WHERE'D
HE GO...?



HE MUST
HAVE GONE THE
OTHER WAY!

FIND THAT
HALF-BREED!



I WAS TAUGHT
TO BLEND IN,
TO DISAPPEAR.



BUT THIS WAS
SOMETHING ENTIRELY
DIFFERENT.



THE POWER OF THIS
SWORD CONTINUED
TO ASTONISH ME.



IT CERTAINLY MADE
MY ABILITY TO BLEND IN
WITH THE TOWNSFOLK
EASIER.

I HAD QUESTIONS, THOUGH,
ABOUT THE SWORD, ABOUT
MY CAPTAIN, ABOUT THE
EXPLOSION THAT LEFT THE
WHOLE CREW DEAD.



AND THERE WAS ONLY
ONE PLACE TO LOOK
FOR ANSWERS...



...BUT APPARENTLY
I WASN'T THE ONLY
ONE LOOKING.



BY THE LOOKS OF IT,
VANDRAN'S OFFICE HAD
JUST BEEN RAIDED. IF
I HADN'T STOPPED IN
THE PUB, I MIGHT
HAVE WALKED IN ON
WHOEVER DID THIS.



THOUGH I CAN'T SAY
I WAS SURPRISED TO
DISCOVER WHO WAS
BEHIND IT.

I SEARCHED ALL OVER PORT DAMALI AND FOUND NO SIGN OF SABIAN. NICOPRANAS WAS THE NEXT LARGEST PORT, SO I HEADED THERE, HOPING I COULD PICK UP HIS TRAIL.

I ASKED ANYONE WHO WOULD TALK TO ME...WHICH WAS A LOT OF PEOPLE WHEN I WAS HOLDING THE SWORD.

BUT I FOUND NOTHING. IT WAS AS IF SABIAN HAD SIMPLY VANISHED.

I DIDN'T KNOW WHERE TO SEARCH NEXT. I FEARED MY JOURNEY HAD RUN ITS COURSE, AND THERE WAS NO LINE ON THE HORIZON.

LITTLE DID I KNOW, MY JOURNEY HAD HARDLY EVEN BEGUN.

YOU LEAVING TOWN, TOO?

HEY, WHERE YA GOING?

I... I DON'T KNOW.

WELL, IT KINDA LOOKS LIKE WE'RE HEADED THE SAME DIRECTION! WANNA WALK TOGETHER A BIT?

OH, I...WELL... SURE.

GREAT! CAN WE GET SOME FOOD, TOO? I'M STARVING!



AFTER ALL THIS TIME,
I AM STILL NO CLOSER
TO ANSWERS.



HEY!
FJORD!

YOU
COMING?

YEAH,
BE RIGHT
THERE.



WHY DID SABIAN SABOTAGE
THE TIDE'S BREATH? WAS
VANDRAN STILL ALIVE? WERE
THE SWORD'S MANY POWERS
WORTH ITS MANY DANGERS?

THESE QUESTIONS
HAUNT ME WHILE
AWAKE, AND CHASE
ME IN MY DREAMS.



IN MY LIFE, I HAVE
TRIED STANDING OUT. I
HAVE TRIED BLENDING IN.
NEITHER SEEMS TO WORK.

I STILL
SEARCH AFTER
THE ANSWERS
I SEEK.



MY JOURNEY HAS
BEEN LONG...



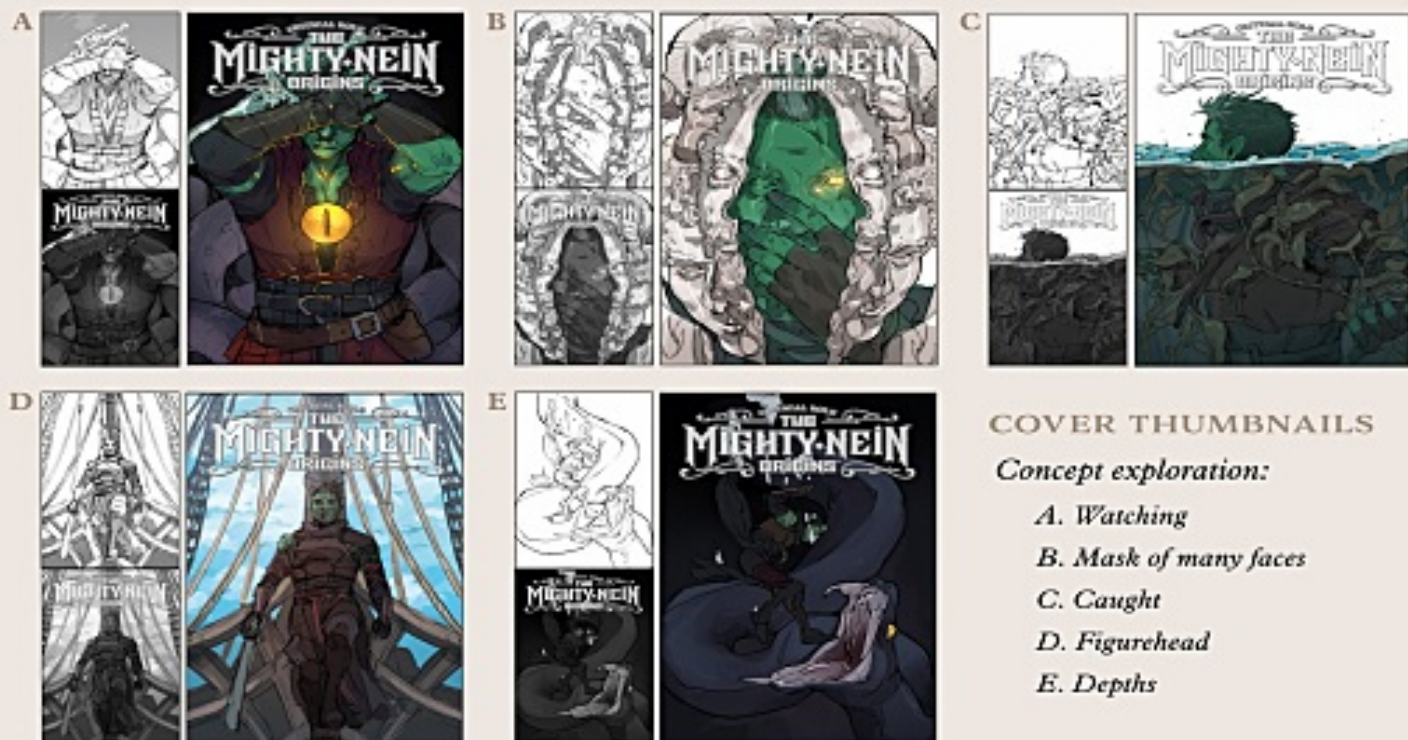
...AND IT WILL
GO ON LONGER.



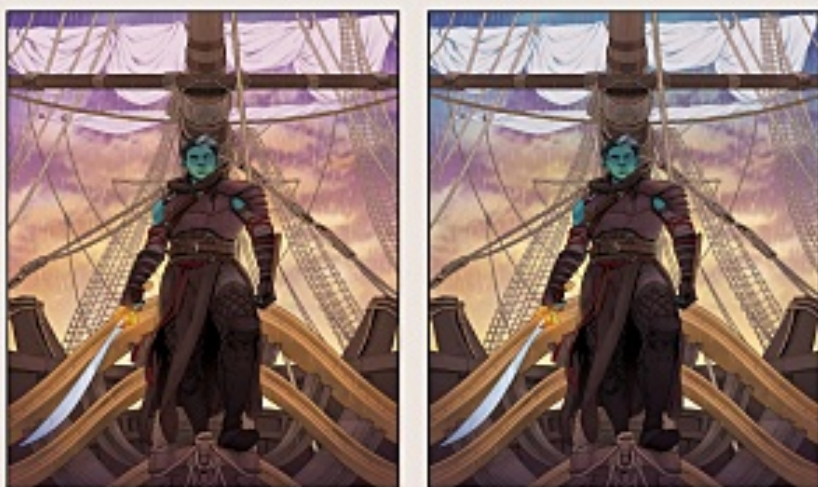
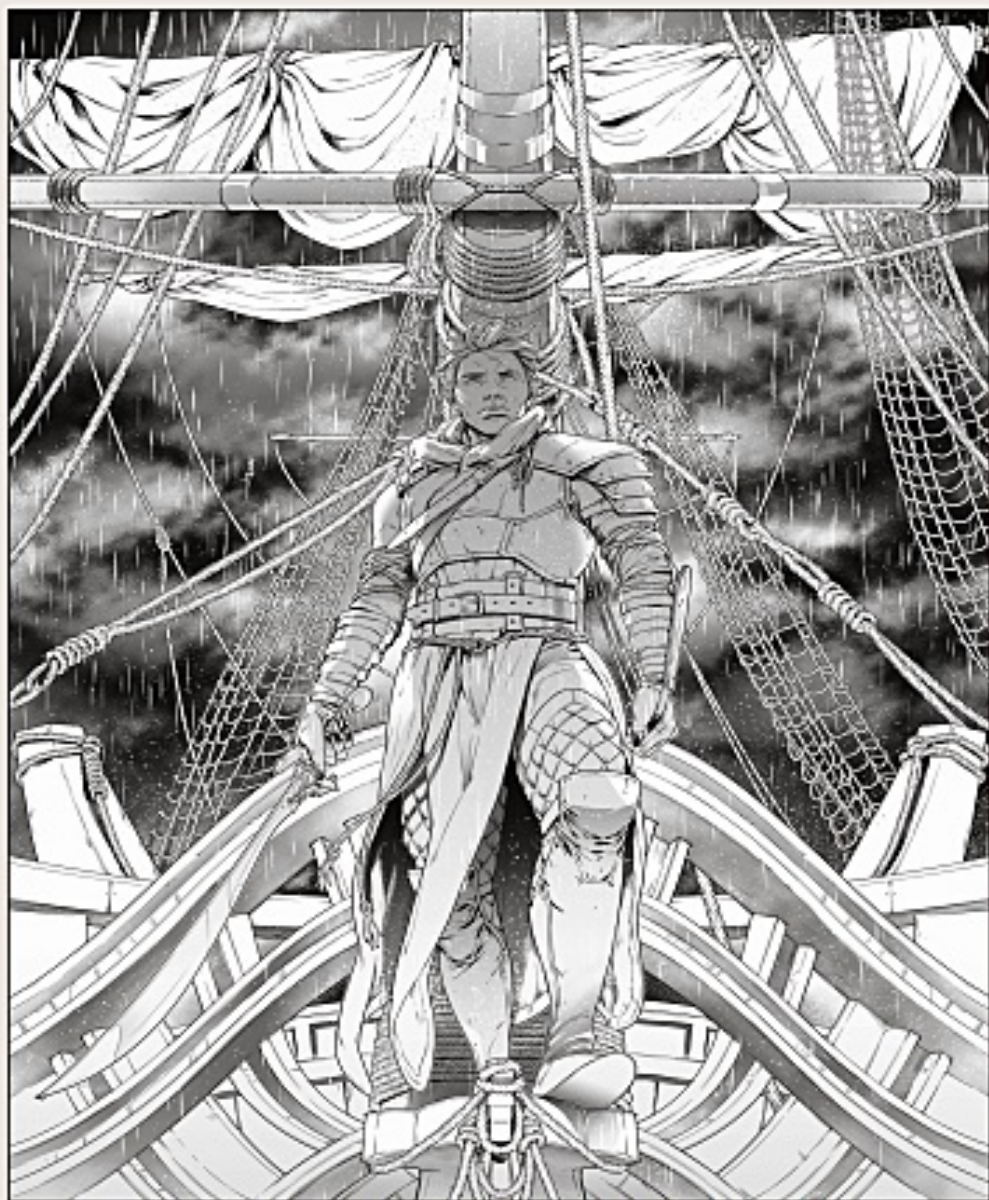
AT LEAST NOW
I DON'T HAVE TO SEEK
THE ANSWERS ALONE.

FJORD'S SKETCHBOOK

ILLUSTRATIONS BY Selina Espiritu AND Diana Sousa • COMMENTARY BY Rachel Roberts



Selina's cover thumbnails (*top, middle*), rough pencils (*bottom left*), and color sketch (*bottom right*). Selina's many initial proposals for the cover were strikingly ethereal, evoking an almost nautical horror aspect while getting right to the heart of Fjord's character. The hero shot of Fjord was chosen as it was visually accessible to existing fans and new readers alike.



Selina's final cover inks (*top*) and Diana's color drafts (*bottom*). The team at Critical Role asked for clouds and rain in the final artwork. Diana delivered two different palettes to that end, but the beautiful contrast of Fjord against sunset purple won us all over.

FJORD



Fjord: Young



Fjord: Tole's Back



Fjord: Back View / Standing



Fjord: Tole's Back



Fjord: Attainment



Fjord: Tole's Back / Current



Fjord: Back View



Fjord: Tole's Back

SABIAN



Sabian: Tole's Back



VANDRAN



Vandrán: Tole's Back

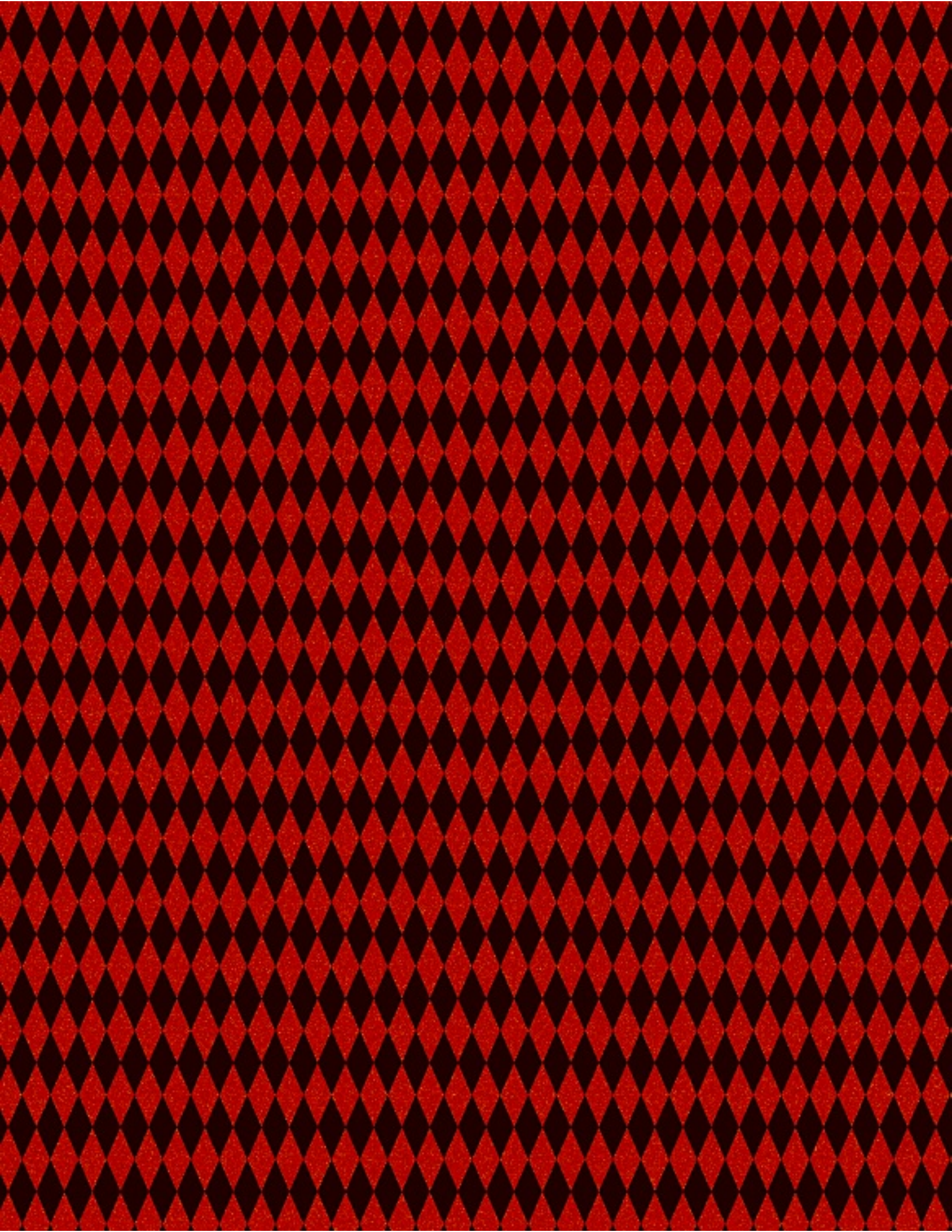
GRANKTON



Grankton: Tole's Back



Selina's initial character sketches for the main cast. Establishing character designs at the beginning of the process helps the creative team to keep details consistent throughout the book, but it also helps us ensure that the characters embody the correct traits and aesthetic.



CRITICAL ROLE THE MIGHTY NEIN ORIGINS™



◆ MORE THAN JUST AN ORCISH FACE! ◆

Growing up in an orphanage on the Menagerie Coast, Fjord Stone has never been comfortable with the assumptions people draw from his half-orc heritage. His sweet, sensitive nature will do him no favors in Port Damali. Luckily, a chance to escape to the open sea lands Fjord with a job, a mentor, and more adventure than he could ever dream of on the path that will eventually lead him to the rest of the Mighty Nein!

Kevin Burke and Chris “Doc” Wyatt, writers for the Amazon Original animated series *The Legend of Vox Machina*, join fan-favorite artist Selina Espiritu, colorist Diana Sousa, letterer Ariana Maher, and Matthew Mercer and Travis Willingham from the cast of Critical Role to bring Fjord’s early years to life in this all-new hardcover graphic novel!



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SON OF ULTRON

"THIS FAN...
THIS MONSTER!"

