

The background of the entire page is a dynamic, painterly illustration. It depicts a chaotic battle scene. In the center, a bright, swirling vortex of orange and yellow light, resembling a firestorm or a magical rift, is the focal point. To the left, a blonde woman with long, flowing hair, wearing a dark, fur-trimmed tunic and a horned helmet, holds a sword. To the right, a bearded man in a similar dark tunic and horned helmet is shown in a dynamic pose, holding a large wooden shield and a sword. In the foreground, a large, muscular man with a thick brown beard and a horned helmet is shown from the chest up, holding a large, ornate axe. The background is filled with dark, swirling smoke and the faint silhouettes of other warriors and creatures, creating a sense of a large-scale, epic battle.

# BattleForge BERSERKER

RAGNARÖK CALLING



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## MIDGARD THEN

"My name is Ragnar Lodbrok."

"And this is my last battle."

"I am not a **skald**. I have never been a man of words."

"But every warrior has his story."

"And stories are written in blood."

"We fight not for gold. Not for land. We fight for the right to raise our weapons alongside the Gods... at the end of it all."

"The oracles said that the **Ragnarök** would bring fire and ice..."

"...the skies would burn."

"...ice would crush the earth."

"Odin would fall to Fenrir. The All-Father, devoured by fate. And then... all would begin anew."

"But they were wrong. The end came..."

"And it was not as they promised."



CLANK!

CLANK!

CLANK!

CLANK!

"When the time came..."

"The Gods abandoned us.  
Destiny was desecrated."

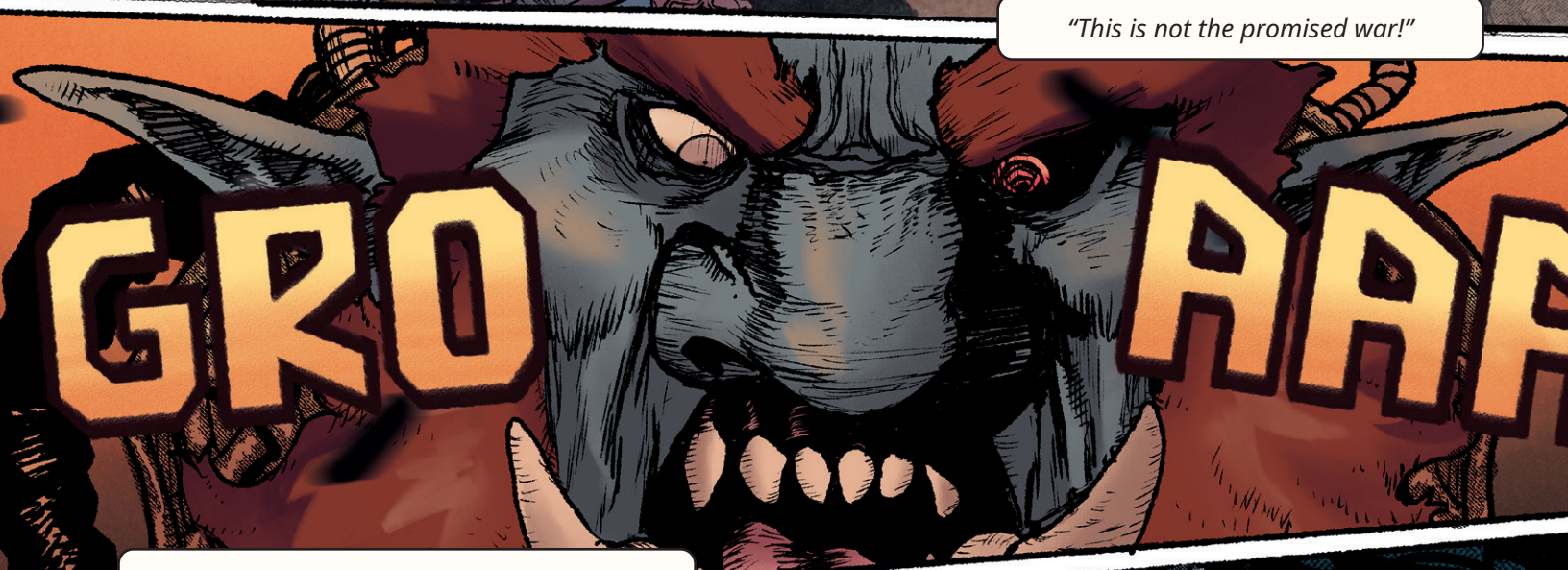
"Flesh and spirit have been replaced..."

"...with **this**."






"This is a mockery of the **Ragnarök**. And it was made...  
to last forever."



"This is not the promised war!"



"Someone had already looked into this abyss...  
and tried to warn the Gods."

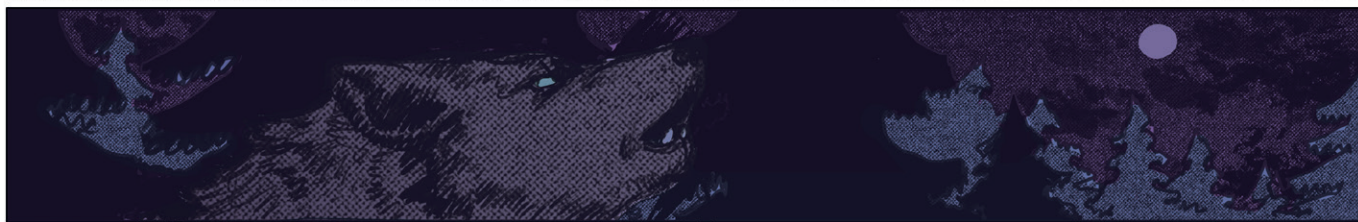
**GRO** **RAA**

**RAA!**





"Freya, the one who sees beyond. The one who reads the threads of destiny. That day... she saw no rebirth. Just an endless end."



No!!! This... this can't be the **Ragnarök!**



"Freya tried to warn the Aesir..."



## ODIN'S CASTLE, ASCARD

"And the Gods..."

Father of All.. destiny was broken.  
I saw the end of everything.  
But not like the **skalds** sang. Not as  
it was written.

Not by fire. Not by ice.  
But by steam. By the  
eternal groaning of  
iron.

"...fearing death  
and oblivion..."

Ah, sister... always tied to the  
bonds of fate. Always afraid of  
what you can't control.

Let's see... if Freya is right - and, I must  
admit, she is rarely wrong - then only iron  
and steam will resist the **Ragnarök** - the  
Twilight of the Gods.

But if WE become iron and steam, there  
will be no **Ragnarök** and we will be  
eternal...

Loki!! This is not a game you  
can play. It's profanity! It's  
corruption!

And what is corruption if not just  
a name we give to the changes we  
refuse to accept?

Light the forges!

"...betrayed us..."



KRRSSH!

FORCE OF THE GODS

FSHH!  
FSHH!

"In the forges, those who followed Odin were remade as metal and fire, surrendering their own will in favor of a distorted future."

"Flesh burned. Spirits dissolved. But they didn't die."

THUNG!

We need more heat! ALL the heat of the Nine Realms!

"And then they wrought a parody of **Fimbulwinter**, unleashing an endless freeze."

KRRSSH!  
KRRSSH!

"The price of this desecration echoed through the roots of the world. **Yggdrasil** began to die... but even for that, iron and steam became the solution..."

"The Gods no longer felt fear or the weight of time. They no longer needed the golden apples of immortality – for they were no longer the Aesir. They now called themselves the Ironborn Gods."

VRR-THRRRK!

HMMM!

HMMM!



## YGGDRASIL, CENTER OF THE NINE REALMS

"Freya didn't give up..."

GRRK-  
CHHH!

## HALLS OF VALHALLA

Odin betrayed us! He is now nothing but an empty armor... a shell of iron and flesh!

The Ironborn Gods wish to condemn us to an eternity of submission and dishonor!

"She saved the last seed of immortality, the promise that what was lost could be restored... and lit the flame of rebellion!"

They want to destroy everything – our forests, mountains, rivers and lakes. But as long as we have strength, we will fight!

"She obtained the boons of the Vanir – the Gods of nature. But she still needed warriors..."

Champions... hear me out!

They say that **Valhalla** houses the greatest warriors of the Nine Realms, but you have been abandoned like old, toothless dogs.

And you accepted this without so much as a growl?

Where is the fury that brought you here? Where is the thirst for battle? Or has the **Berserker** spirit forsaken you?

"That's how it all began. Not as a battle. But as a roar to prove we were still here."

"The insurrection carried in Freya's words echoed through us. And like any true warrior, I did what I always do: I raised my axe and fed my fury."

THEY WANT TO ESCAPE THEIR DESTINY, BUT WE WILL BRING THE **RAGNARÖK** UPON THEM!



SHORES OF LAKE  
AMSVARTNIR

"Odin saw us raise our weapons for the first  
strike. And he sent his Forged legions against us."

SKRUNCH!

"From earth to dust, from steel to  
nothingness... YOU SHALL PERISH!"

KRACK!

CRUNSH!

Thunk!

GRAAH!

WE ARE THE  
**RAGNAROK!!!**

"The ground shook beneath our boots. The air grew  
thick with our fury. Victory was within our reach.  
When the battlefield fell silent..."



"Screams turned to whispers as a black raven tore through the sky..."



TIC-  
TIC...

"What is that...?"

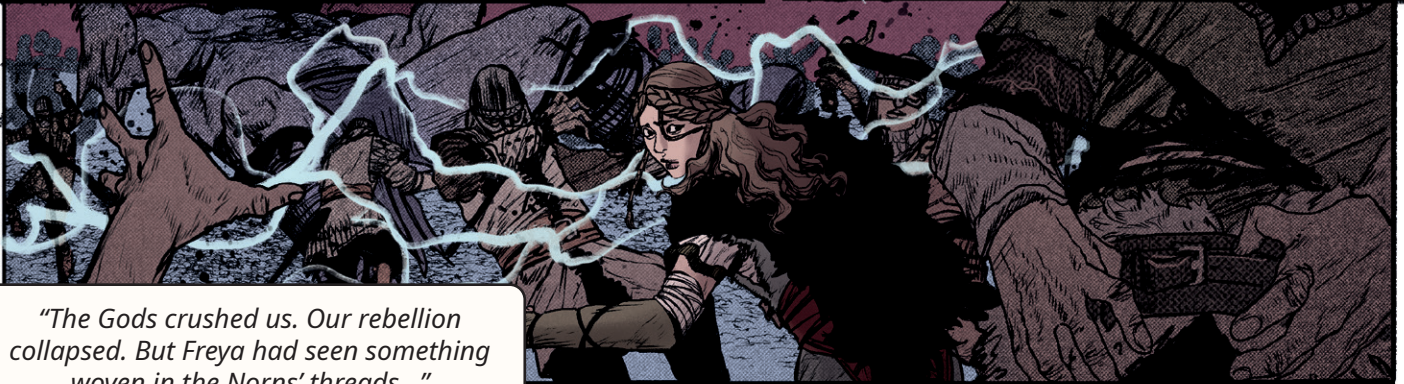


"...and the Ironborn Gods fell upon us."



Come on!!!! Let's see if you  
still BLEED!

"We fought the glorious battle against  
our tyrannical enemies to the bitter end"



"The Gods crushed us. Our rebellion  
collapsed. But Freya had seen something  
woven in the Norns' threads..."



"...And then she threw  
herself into the mouth of  
the one beast that could  
oppose them."



LYNGVI ISLAND, LAKE  
AMSVARTNIR.

*I tasted your fear crossing the water long before  
I heard your footsteps, Freya.*

Shh...!

*And I heard the gnawing of your hunger  
before I ever touched this land, Fenrir.*

HUH-HUH  
HUARGH!

*Then go. Free yourself and devour your  
jailers.*

*What if I decide to feast on your  
flesh first?*

*Hunger... yes. These new Gods bear  
more iron than flesh. Still, I would  
devour their bones just for the pleasure  
of crushing them.*

CRR-  
KK-

*Then I hope you're fast.*

tchhh!

RRMM...





"The beast was finally free..."

THUM...

THUM...

THUM...



"What is happening...?"

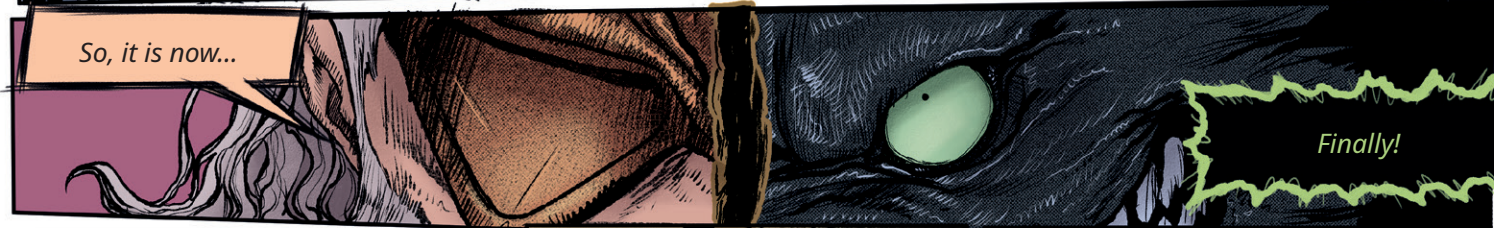
FWUK!

BY THE FLAMES OF SURTUR, WE ARE DOOMED!



BOOM!  
CRASH!  
SKRIKK!

"...and he knew exactly who his prey was."



So, it is now...

Finally!



FWOOSH!



"For the first time, Odin fell."



SHRAK!

"And at last the wolf sank the fangs of fate into the Ironborn Gods!"



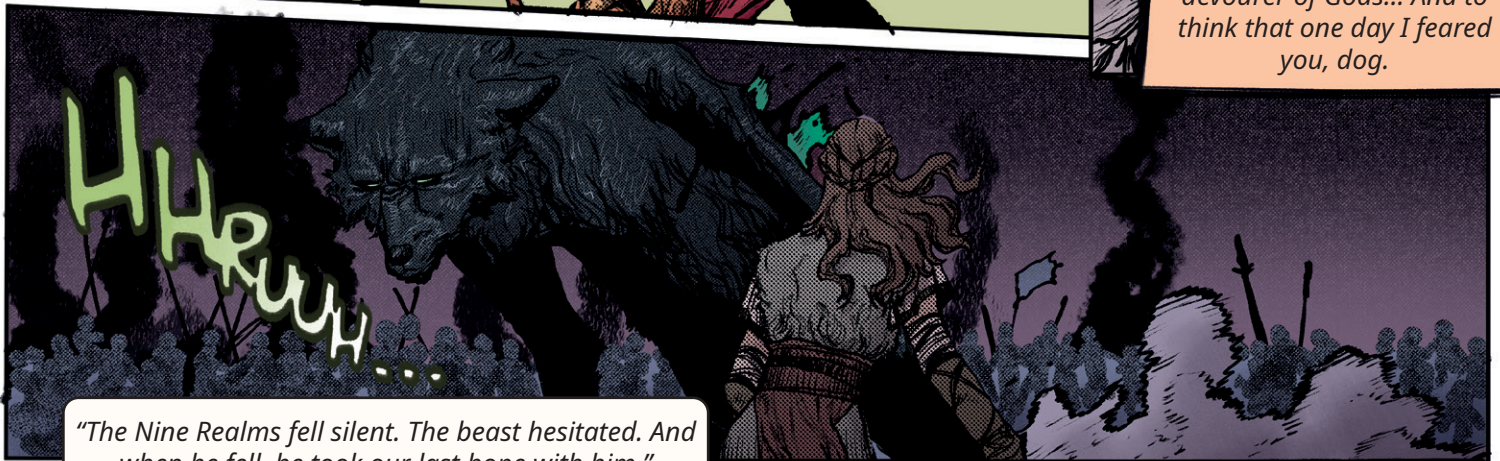


"For the first time, Odin's blood was shed upon the battlefield. And in that instant, we knew: the Newly Forged Gods could fall."

"But before we could celebrate, Odin's spear spoke."



Is that all? The great devourer of Gods... And to think that one day I feared you, dog.

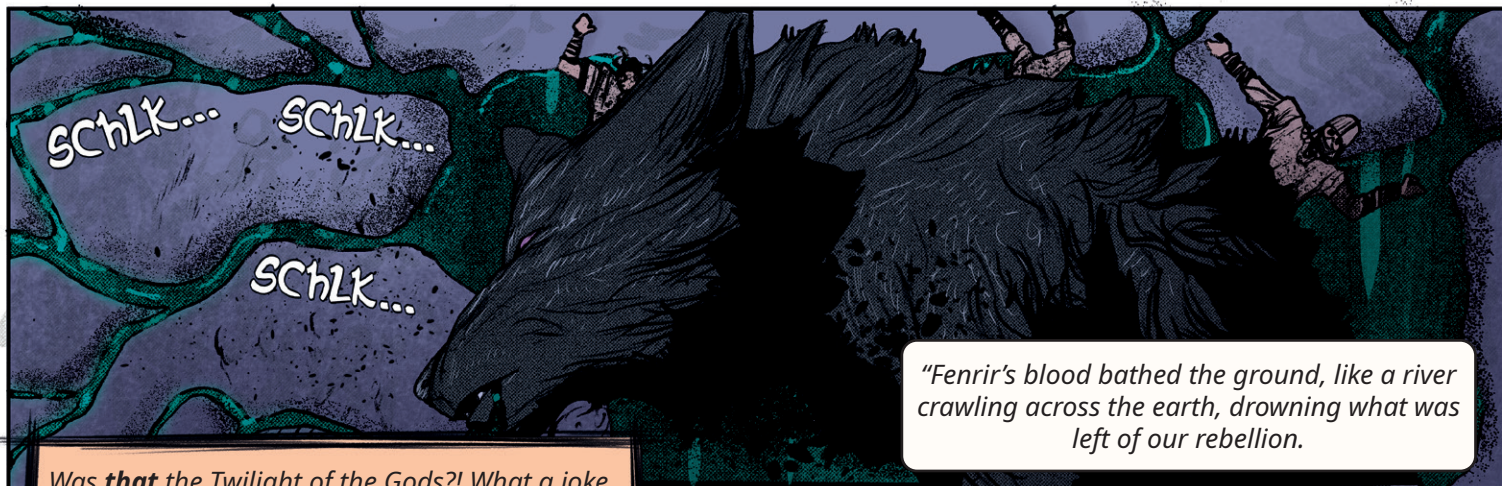


"The Nine Realms fell silent. The beast hesitated. And when he fell, he took our last hope with him."



"And so... even the herald of **Ragnarök** was subjugated by the Ironborn Gods."





Was **that** the Twilight of the Gods?! What a joke. Too much of my time has already been wasted on you. **Kill** those who still refuse to follow us... and let the earth forget them.

"Fenrir's blood bathed the ground, like a river crawling across the earth, drowning what was left of our rebellion."



"Then I saw Freya. No tears. No words. She only carried the weight of a destiny that she herself set in motion. Her lost stare reflected what was left of us: nothing."



"But fate... still whispered within me."



"And the spilled blood of Fenrir gave us power"



"The essence of the Beast burned within us as the call of the **Ragnarok**."









"What started here can no longer be stopped. By the blood of Fenrir the **Berserker rage** now roars within us and manifests itself."

"Let the **Iron Gods** run, for now we are the fangs of **Ragnarök!**"



