

# DEATH GIG

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STJEPAN SEJIC

# DEATH VIGIL

CREATED, WRITTEN, AND ILLUSTRATED BY  
**STJEPAN SEJIC**

EDITED BY  
**RYAN CADY**



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**STJEPAN SEJIC**

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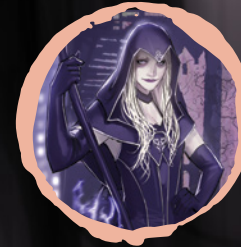
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SO, LET'S SAY YOU GET DEALT A ROUGH HAND AND DIE, A LOT EARLIER (OR MORE HORRIBLY)  
THAN ANTICIPATED. DON'T LET IT GET YOU DOWN! DON'T GIVE UP, JOIN UP!

# THE DEATH VIGIL



**BERNARDETTE**

THE ENIGMATIC REAPER, WHO CLAIMS NOT TO REMEMBER HER PAST. WIELDER OF THE SCYTHE SINCE TIME IMMEMORIAL, "BERNIE" IS TASKED WITH LEADING THE VIGIL AND RECRUITING NEW MEMBERS, ALL IN SERVICE OF GUARDING THE VEIL BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH AND PROTECTING HUMANITY FROM THE PRIMORDIAL ENEMY. IN SPITE OF HER GREAT POWER AND VARIOUS ABILITIES, SHE CAN ONLY HARM LICHES AND TRUE PRIMORDIALS- SHE CANNOT LAY A FINGER ON THE LESSER PRIMORDIALS OR THE NECROMANCERS THAT CONTROL THEM.



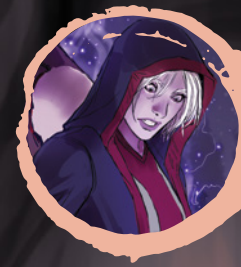
**HUGIN**

ONE OF TWO MYSTICAL RAVENS THAT ONCE SERVED THE NORSE GOD ODIN, HUGIN NOW SERVES AS BERNARDETTE'S EYES AND EARS. BUT HUGIN IS MORE THAN CAPABLE OF HOLDING HIS OWN IN COMBAT - BY TRANSFORMING INTO A FEARSOME ALLOSAAURUS. ALSO, HE CAN TALK.



**SAM**

BERNIE'S CLOSEST CONFIDANT. THE HANDSOME, CHARMING, HUMBLE, HARD-HITTING HERO OF THE VIGIL. FEARED BY NECROMANCERS EVERYWHERE AS "THE DIGGER," HE WIELDS HIS PICK AND SHOVEL WITH SUPERHUMAN STRENGTH AND SKILL - NO NEED FOR FANCY TRICKS. IN ADDITION TO HIS GRAVEDIGGING VEILRIPPERS, SAM HAS BOUND A LEGION OF UNDEAD DRAUGR TO FIGHT FOR HIM IN COMBAT.



**CLARA**

THE VIGIL'S MOST RECENT RECRUIT, CLARA'S LOSER EX-BOYFRIEND SACRIFICED HER IN A NECROMANTIC RITUAL, BUT BERNIE WAS ABLE TO SAVE HER. HER VEILRIPPER, A FEATHER QUILL, CAN CREATE MAGIC GATES AND EVEN REMOVE THE SIGILS THAT BIND NECROMANCERS AND PRIMORDIALS (WITHOUT LEAVING THE HOST BRAINDEAD). DUE TO THE NATURE OF HER DEATH, CLARA CAN READ MINDS AND MEMORIES LIKE NECROMANCERS DO. BUT I'M SURE THAT'S THE ONLY LINGERING SYMPTOM OF THAT.



**GRACE**

THE OLDEST ACTIVE MEMBER OF THE VIGIL, WHO SPENDS MOST DAYS TENDING TENDING TO THEIR EQUIPMENT AND SAFEHOUSE, AND MOST IMPORTANTLY, THEIR MORALE. BUT THAT'S NO EXCUSE FOR YOU WHIPPERSNAPPERS TO UNDERESTIMATE HER IN A FIGHT.



**MARLENE**

A SPEEDSTER WHO HASN'T QUITE MASTERED THE SLOWING DOWN PART, MARLENE WIELDS TWIN SICKLES FOR HER VEILRIPPER. SHE'S A BADASS WHO MAKES BAD JOKES, BUT IN HER SPARE TIME, SHE'S USUALLY TAKING PICTURES OR TINKERING WITH HER CAMERA.



**JAMES**

WHILE YOUNG IN APPEARANCE AND AGE, JAMES IS A MASTER TACTICIAN WHOSE DECK OF VEILRIPPER CARDS CAN SUMMON CONSTRUCTS AND RIP ENEMIES TO SHREDS. STILL, HE'S GOT A LOT TO LEARN ABOUT LIFE...ERR, AFTERLIFE.



**MIA**

OVER 500 YEARS AGO, MIA'S FATHER BOUND HER SOUL TO A PRIMORDIAL ENTITY TO SAVE HER FROM A TERRIBLE DEATH. NOW, SHE'S MADE PEACE (AND MAYBE EVEN FRIENDS?) WITH THE BEAST INSIDE HER, ONLY LETTING IT OUT TO GOBBLE UP OTHER ELDRITCH ABOMINATIONS. SHE AND JAMES ARE CLOSE - IT'S PRETTY ADORABLE.



**ALLISTOR  
(AKA HEINRICH)**

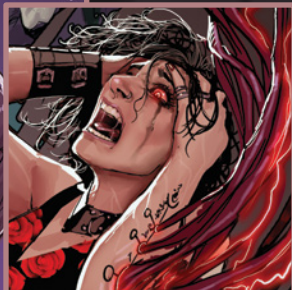
MIA'S FATHER AND A FORMER ALLY OF NECROMANCERS, ALLISTOR TURNED TO THE VIGIL'S SIDE CENTURIES AGO, AND USES HIS KNOWLEDGE AND SKILLS TO HELP THEM AS BEST AS HE CAN. HIS RELATIONSHIP WITH BERNIE IS, UH, COMPLICATED. VERY COMPLICATED.

AND THE PRIMORDIAL ENEMY AGAINST WHOM THEY DO BATTLE...

# PREVIOUSLY...

LICHES, VOIDMINDS, BANSHEES, AND ALL MANNER OF ELDRITCH MONSTROSITIES - THESE ARE THE EXTRADIMENSIONAL FORCES OF THE ENEMY. DARK, HUNGRY GODS OF CHAOS THAT WANT NOTHING MORE THAN TO GOBBLE UP OUR WHOLE REALITY. LUCKILY, THE VEIL, WHICH SEPARATES LIFE FROM DEATH, USUALLY SEALS THEIR WORLD OFF FROM OURS.

THIS, UNFORTUNATELY, IS WHERE THE **NECROMANCERS** COME IN. THROUGH RITUALLY TATTOOED SIGILS THEY BIND THEIR SOULS TO THESE ENTITIES, AND THIS WAY THEY GAIN A NASTY KIND OF IMMORTALITY ALONG WITH OTHER ABILITIES, BUT WHAT IT REALLY DOES IS GIVE A NIGHTMARISH BEING A PHYSICAL FOOTHOLD INTO OUR WORLD. AND THAT'S BAD! REALLY, REALLY BAD!



LUCKILY, WE'RE GOOD AT WHAT WE DO - REALLY, REALLY GOOD!

HERE, LET JAMES EXPLAIN. HE'S READ A LOT MORE GAME TUTORIALS THAN I HAVE.



OKAY, SO -- WE ARE **THE DEATH VIGIL!** AN ANCIENT ORDER OF DEATH KNIGHTS, SWORN TO STOP THE **ENEMY** FROM ENTERING AND DEVOURING OUR UNIVERSE.

OUR LEADER IS BERNARDETTE THE REAPER...DON'T ASK ME WHAT HER DEAL IS, BECAUSE NOT EVEN *SHE* REMEMBERS! ALL WE KNOW FOR SURE IS...SHE HAS A MAGIC SCYTHE.

OUR ENEMY IS A DARK FORCE OF CHAOS WHO HAS ITS OWN BUNCH OF FOLLOWERS...WE CALL THESE PEOPLE THE **NECROMANCERS**.

JUST LIKE WE USE THE VEILRIPPERS TO CHANNEL THE POWER WITHIN BERNIE'S SCYTHE, NECROMANCERS USE ANCIENT **SIGILS** TO CHANNEL AND SUMMON THE AVATARS OF THE ENEMY.

THIS POWER MANIFESTS ITSELF THROUGH MANY DIFFERENT KINDS OF ABOMINATIONS.

WE CAN LOOK AT THESE MONSTERS, AND EVEN FIGHT THEM -- A REGULAR PERSON, HOWEVER, WILL BE DRIVEN MAD. THESE THINGS LATCH ON TO ANYONE THEY MAKE EYE CONTACT WITH AND RANSACK THEIR MINDS, SOMETIMES WITH A FATAL OUTCOME...

THIS IS WHERE WE COME IN! OUR JOB IS TO FIND AND SEAL AWAY THE POWER OF THESE NECROMANCERS, BY **SEVERING** THEIR LINK TO THE ENEMY FOREVER.

OUR OTHER DUTY IS TO SEAL UP ANY NATURAL WEAK SPOTS OR TEARS IN **THE VEIL**...

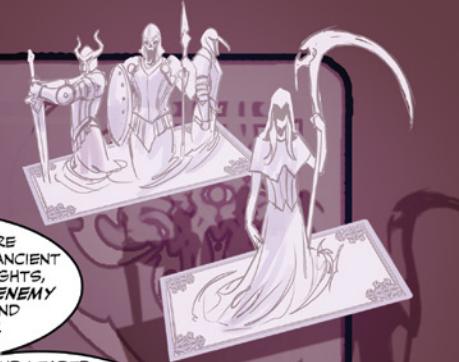
...AND, MOST IMPORTANTLY, TO SEEK AND DESTROY ANY WRITING, DRAWINGS, OR INFORMATION IN GENERAL ABOUT THE CREATION OR USE OF NECROMANTIC SIGILS.

NO SIGILS, NO NECROMANCERS. I THINK THAT ABOUT COVERS IT.

SO, SAMUEL, HOW'D I DO? ANY NOTES?

YEAH, WHAT ABOUT ALL THE CRAZY STUFF THAT'S HAPPENED SINCE WE RECRUITED CLARA???

WELL, TO BE FAIR TO HIM, TUTORIALS ARE SUPPOSED TO BE TIMELESS. AND FOR MOST OF OUR HISTORY, NOT MUCH HAS CHANGED.



THEN THE PALE COURT RETURNED.



THEN THE PALE COURT RETURNED A CULT OF TRUE BELIEVERS IN SERVICE OF THE ENEMY, LED BY A TRUE PRIMORDIAL, *THE ABYSS*, A DARK GOD IF THERE EVER WAS ONE. A TRULY NASTY LICH - ALL OF WHICH WERE THOUGHT TO HAVE BEEN DESTROYED FIFTEEN HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

AROUND THE SAME TIME CLARA JOINED US, THESE NECROMANCERS RECRUITED AN ARCHAEOLOGIST NAMED MARIA BENES.



I SAY "RECRUITED"...LOOK, IT'S COMPLICATED, OKAY?

MARIA HAS A HISTORY WITH THE VIGIL. LIKE A LOT OF GRIEVING PEOPLE OUT THERE, SHE UNFAIRLY BLAMES BERNIE FOR HER LOSS AND PAIN.



AS IF SHE'S THE ACTUAL PERSONAL ANGEL OF DEATH, OR SOMETHING! ANYWAY...

AN ABOMINATION ASSUMED THE FORM OF MARIA'S DEAD DAUGHTER, MADE A LOT OF PROMISES, AND MANIPULATED HER INTO NEARLY ENDING THE WORLD.

SO, YEAH. NOT TOTALLY HER FAULT, BUT NOT NOT HER FAULT?



THEIR PLAN WAS THWARTED, LEAVING US TO GET BACK TO BUSINESS AS USUAL.

THE PALE COURT USED HER TO TRANSLATE THE DREAMER'S CODEX, SUMMON A TRUE PRIMORDIAL, AND EVEN STEAL BERNIE'S SCYTHE!

(SHE GOT IT BACK PRETTY EASILY, THOUGH - THAT'S MY GIRL!)



WHICH I'M SURE IT WILL BE! AHEM. WELL, THAT'S PRETTY MUCH ALL YOU NEED TO KNOW.

WHADDYA SAY? WANNA JOIN?!

PROLOGUE  
-  
THE GREAT KEY





ANY GOOD PARENT  
WOULD GIVE THEIR  
CHILD THE WORLD...

I WANTED THAT  
FOR YOU, ALICIA.



BUT YOU WERE  
TAKEN FROM ME.

YOUR SMILE, EXTINGUISHED  
IN A FLASH OF HEADLIGHTS...

I SEARCHED FOR YOU.  
I TURNED TO THE DARK,  
CALLING, CRYING OUT...

...AND  
THERE I HEARD IT.  
A JOYFUL LAUGH AND  
A WHISPER.



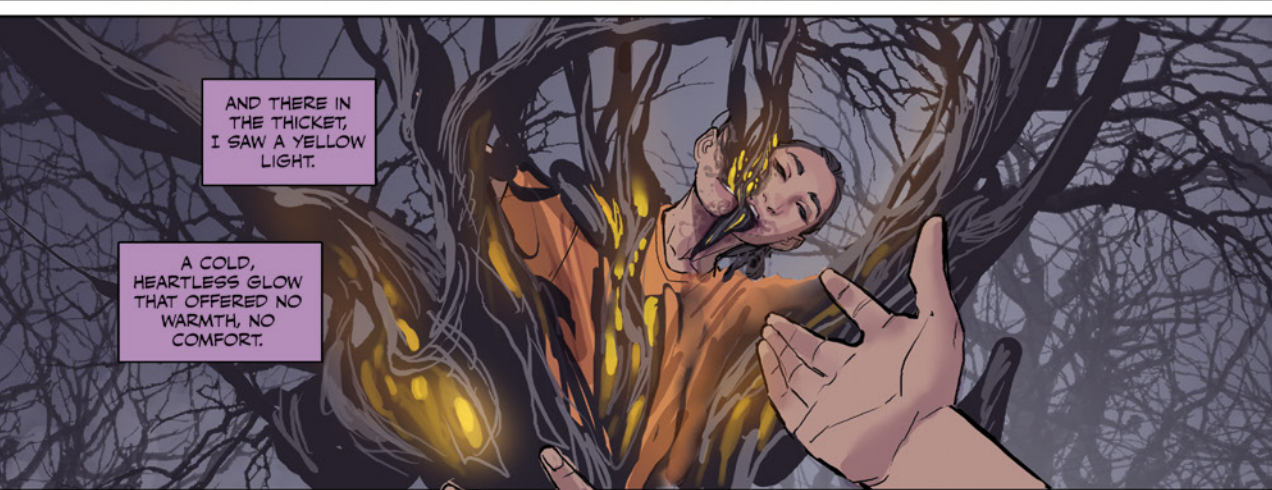
A WHISPER THAT  
SPOKE SOFTLY IN YOUR  
VOICE.



A WHISPER THAT  
WANTED ME TO FOLLOW  
IT INTO THE WOODS.

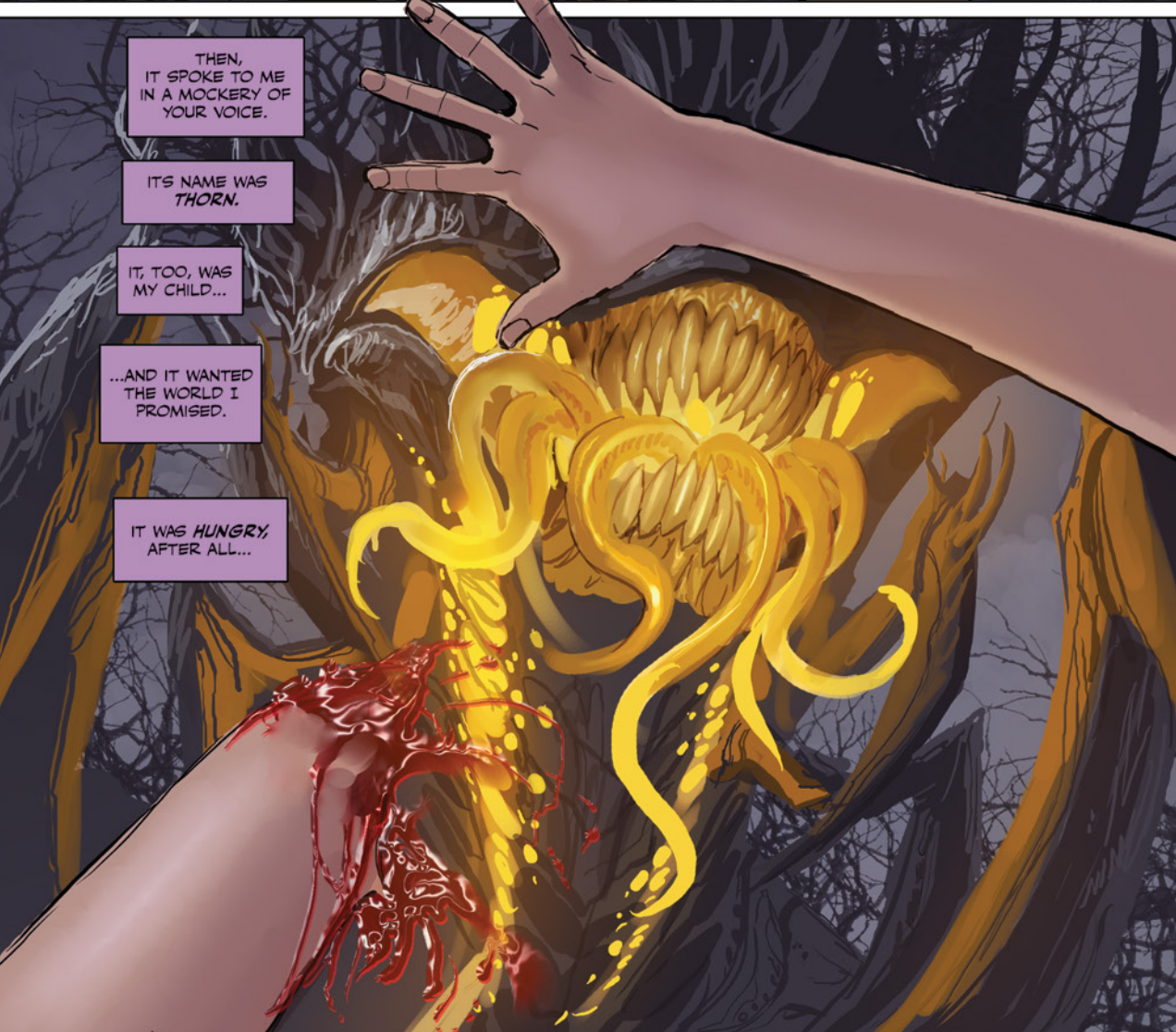


INTO  
THE THORNS.



AND THERE IN  
THE THICKET,  
I SAW A YELLOW  
LIGHT.

A COLD,  
HEARTLESS GLOW  
THAT OFFERED NO  
WARMTH, NO  
COMFORT.



THEN,  
IT SPOKE TO ME  
IN A MOCKERY OF  
YOUR VOICE.

ITS NAME WAS  
*THORN.*

IT, TOO, WAS  
MY CHILD...

...AND IT WANTED  
THE WORLD I  
PROMISED.

IT WAS *HUNGRY,*  
AFTER ALL...



AAAAAAAAAAAAH!!!!

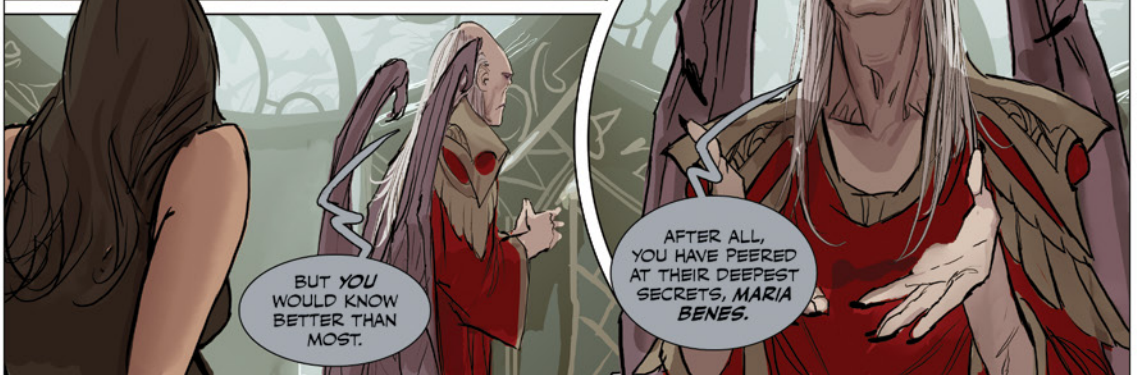


WUHHH--  
WHAT?



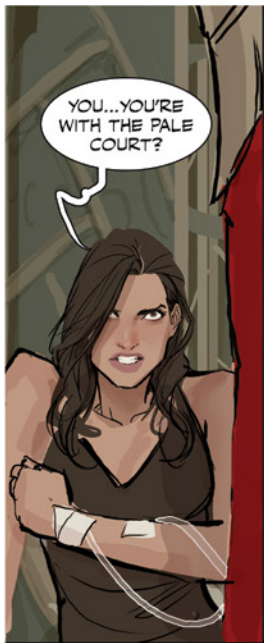
MY ARM  
IS...BACK?

ASTONISHING,  
ISN'T IT? THE  
POWER OF THE  
PRIMORDIALS.



BUT YOU  
WOULD KNOW  
BETTER THAN  
MOST.

AFTER ALL,  
YOU HAVE PEEERED  
AT THEIR DEEPEEST  
SECRETS, MARIA  
BENES.



YOU...YOU'RE WITH THE PALE COURT?



THOSE *FANATICS*? HAH! NO, WE DON'T REALLY SEE EYE TO EYE.

BUT ONE THING AT A TIME! HERE. YOU MUST BE THIRSTY.



MISS BENES, WE DIDN'T NURTURE YOU BACK TO HEALTH FOR SIX WEEKS JUST TO POISON YOU NOW.

RIGHT...



SO, THEN... WHO ARE YOU, AND WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM ME?



YOU MAY CALL ME *AREK*.

I WANT YOU TO HELP US FIGHT THE PALE COURT. TO STOP *ABYSS* FROM FULFILLING HIS PURPOSE.



HEH... LITTLE LATE WITH THE REQUEST.

I HAVE NO FIGHT LEFT IN ME.

OH...I UNDERSTAND. YOU'RE TIED. AFTER ALL, YOU SPENT SO MUCH ENERGY SEEKING SALVATION FOR YOUR DAUGHTER, SACRIFICING INNOCENT LIVES FOR PROMISES MADE OF ASH AND BLOOD.

TELL ME, HOW MANY PEOPLE DIED BECAUSE OF YOUR ACTIONS? *THOUSANDS?*



WHAT WAS IT YOU CALLED THEM? "*IRRELEVANT*"?



I WONDER... DO YOU STILL THINK SO?

YOU... YOU LOOKED THROUGH MY MEMORIES???



NATURALLY.

I HAD TO SEE WHETHER OR NOT YOUR ALLIANCE WITH THE PALE COURT WAS A WILLING ONE.



WHY DO YOU EVEN CARE? AREN'T YOU A NECROMANCER LIKE THEM?

AH, YES... EVERYONE HAS THEIR OWN REASON FOR CLAIMING THE PRIMORDIAL GIFT. WE OF THE COURT OF RED SOUGHT OUT IMMORTALITY TO PRESERVE WISDOM.

THE PALE COURT ARE DEVOTED ZEALOTS WHO WISH TO FULFILL THEIR VOWS AND OFFER THE WORLD AS A SACRIFICE.

AND YOU GIFTED THEM THE BLUEPRINTS FOR THEIR SACRIFICIAL ALTAR!

AND NOW, AT ARMAGEDDON'S DOORSTEP, YOU HAVE A CHOICE TO MAKE.

WILL YOU REMAIN A BROKEN HUSK, WHOSE SINS AND REGRETS ROB HER OF THE WILL TO ACT?

OR WILL YOU BECOME SOMEONE READY TO BLEED -- AND TO SPILL BLOOD -- FOR A CHANCE AT REDEMPTION?

I CAN'T FIGHT THEM. IT'S...IT WOULD BE FUTILE.





CERTAINLY...

...IF YOU WERE TO FIGHT THEM UNARMED, THAT IS.

BUT I THINK, WITH A *PROPER WEAPON* AT YOUR DISPOSAL....

THE FIRST TIME I FACED IT, I HEARD A MELODY.

I WAS UNPREPARED.

I LET ITS TRUTH COURSE THROUGH ME, THIS AGGRESSIVE VIBRATION THREATENING TO SHATTER MY BONES AND HERNIATE EVERY MUSCLE IN MY BODY.

"KNOWLEDGE IS POWER," THEY SAY, AND NEVER DID THIS FEEL SO TANGIBLY TRUE.

THIS THING *WAS* KNOWLEDGE...

THIS THING WAS THE TRUTH OF THE UNIVERSE ITSELF.

THEN AND THERE, IT SEARED MY MIND... STILL, I REFUSED TO LOOK AWAY.

I REFUSED, BECAUSE FOR THE FIRST TIME, EVERYTHING MADE SENSE TO ME, AND FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE ALICIA'S DEATH, I FELT...*JOY*.



PITY...



OH, GOD...

WHAT...?



A MERE  
GLIMPSE AT IT  
HAD YOU  
PARALYZED...



I GUESS  
YOU ARE  
BUT A HUSK.

WHAT???  
WHAT WAS  
THAT?

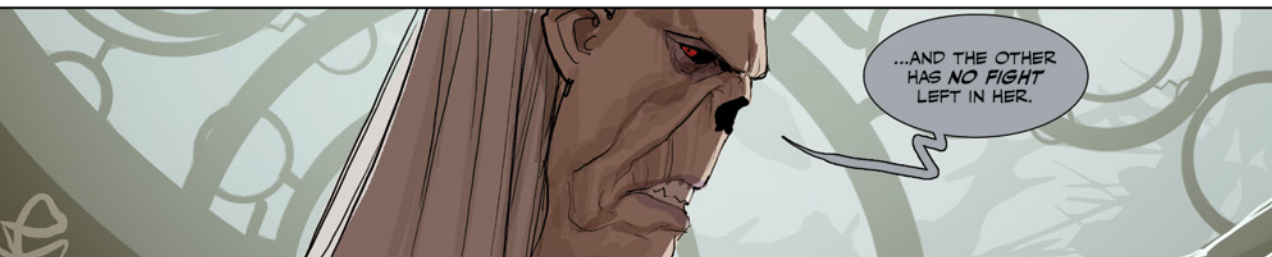
THE SEER'S  
LEGACY. THE GREAT  
KEY OF SOLOMON.

OUR LAST  
HOPE. OUR ONLY  
TRUE CHANCE AT  
VICTORY.



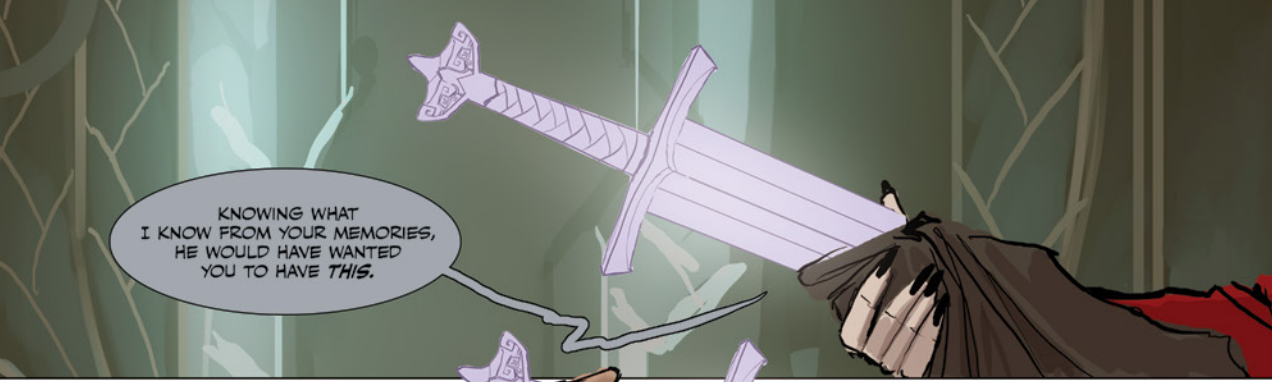
UNFORTUNATELY,  
WE KNOW OF ONLY  
TWO PEOPLE CAPABLE  
OF WIELDING ITS  
POWER.

ONE OF THEM HAS TOO  
MUCH TO LOSE...



...AND THE OTHER  
HAS NO FIGHT  
LEFT IN HER.





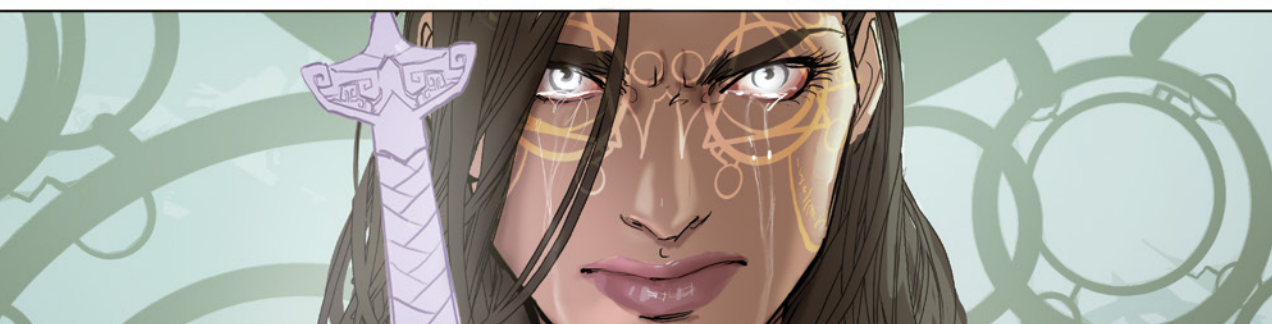
KNOWING WHAT I KNOW FROM YOUR MEMORIES, HE WOULD HAVE WANTED YOU TO HAVE *THIS*.



HOW... HOW DID HE DIE?



IT'S DIFFICULT TO SAY.  
WHILE HIS REMAINS WERE TORN ASUNDER, THERE IS NO DOUBT THAT HE WAS ALSO PURGED BY A VIGIL WEAPON.



# THE CONFIDENT WHISPER



WE ARE THE  
DEATH VIGIL.

AN ANCIENT ORDER OF GUARDIANS  
PROTECTING ALL LIFE FROM THE  
ENDLESS THREAT OF THE  
NECROMANTIC SCOURGE.

ALL OF US, ORDAINED BY THE  
REAPER AND ARMED BY THE  
LIGHT OF THE VEIL.

OUR ENEMY IS  
EVER ADVANCING.  
BUT WE STAND  
EVER VIGILANT.