He is Berix, an Agori villager in the settlement of Tajuna.

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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Hunt's over. You lose.

Ahhhh!

Kzzak

You must be tired of living, Glatorian.

No. Just tired of bone hunters like you. Leave the Agori alone and move along.
Huh. One lone fighter, still with sand in his ears. Challenging a bone hunter? Did the suns get you, or are you just stupid?

Not sunstruck, not stupid. Just a traveler. One thing, though...

I never travel alone.
MINUTES LATER ...

I said block him, not get trampled by his mount.

He'll be back with friends. We should keep moving.

Don't worry, we did this one for fun.

Speak for yourself. I don't fight for free.

Thanks for the rescue. But I don't have anything to pay you with.

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 WILDERNESS WARRIORS WHO STALK THE WASTELANDS OF BARA MAGNA.

FAST...

DANGEROUS...

AND THEY DON'T TAKE PRISONERS.
HUNGRY OR JUST ANGRY, YOU THINK?

KLANG

PROBABLY BOTH.

SINCE WHEN DO VOROS NEED A REASON?

BAMM

GOOD POINT.

WHEEEH

WHAT'S THAT?
HEY! THEY'RE LEAVING JUST WHEN I WAS STARTING TO ENJOY THIS.

IT WAS THAT GLATORIAN OVER THERE—I THINK HE SIGNALED THEM!? WHO IS THAT?

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

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

THIS IS THE GLATORIAN'S DESTINATION, A FIERY VILLAGE DEEP IN THE DESERT OF SARA MAGNA."
RAAHU, ELDER OF THE VILLAGE OF VOLCANA, IS IN THE MIDDLE OF A LESS THAN FRIENDLY CHAT WITH METAL 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 FESSARA 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.
IF I SURRENDER, I HAVE NOTHING TO LIVE FOR.

SURRENDER, AND I WILL LET YOU LIVE.

SKRALL NEVER CONCEDES!

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

BUT IF YOU WANT TO GIVE UP...?

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

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

NOT GOOD.

WE FIGHT, WE WIN, WE TAKE.

WE ARE SKRALL!

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.
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 loose—WHICH THEY WILL—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.

SERIX? WHAT ARE YOU DOING OUT HERE?

JUST WALKING... AND MUSING... 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 Tuma?

You will speak of this in front of one of our captured Abori 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!