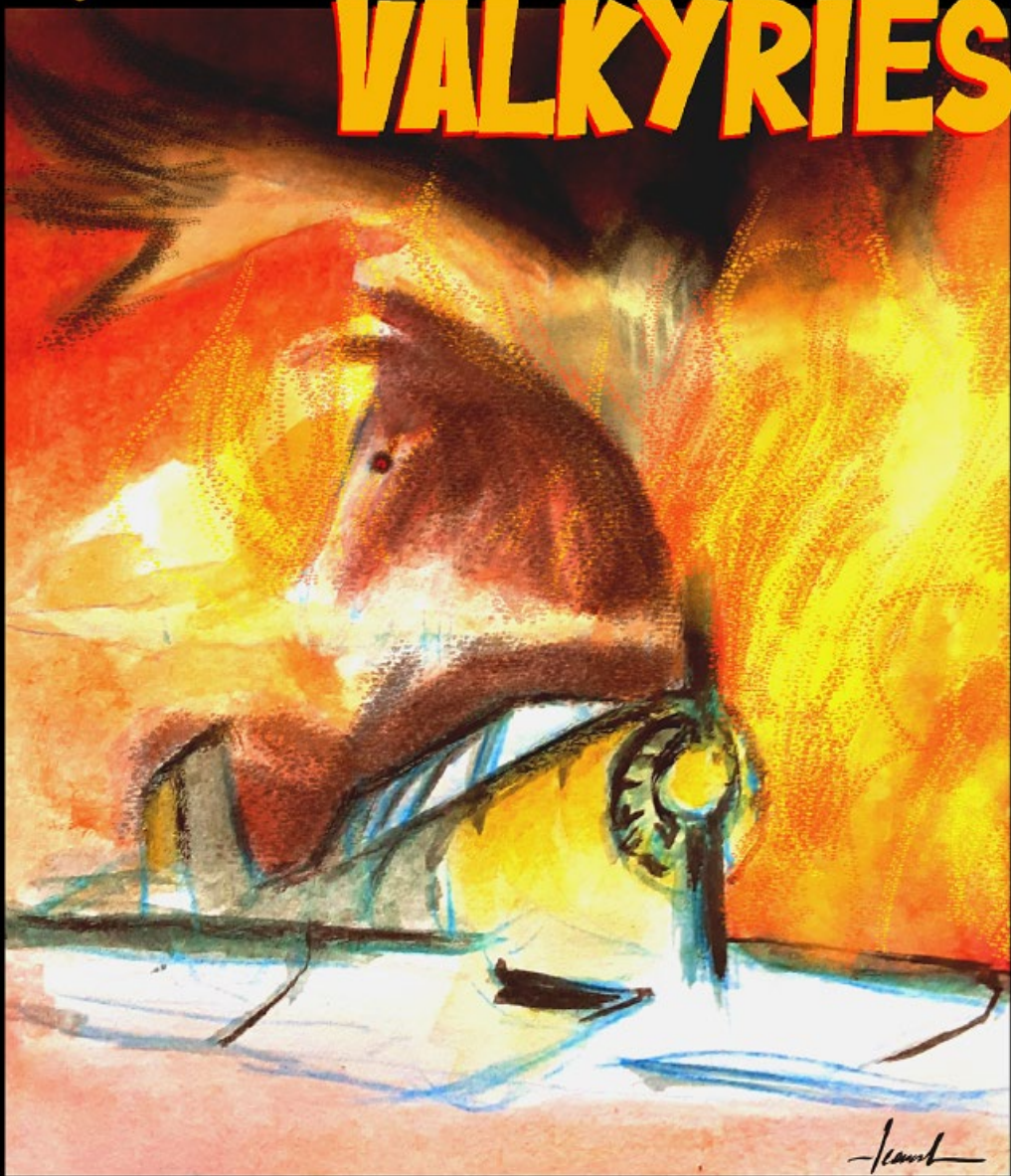


THE REAPING OF THE VALKYRIES



From the thunder
womb in the sky,



The Iron Steed
of death rises.



Lightning is
his war horn.



The prelude of
destruction.

Stalingrad 1943—
altar of steel and
frost.

Two hundred days of fire and
hunger, where over two million
offered themselves to the abyss.

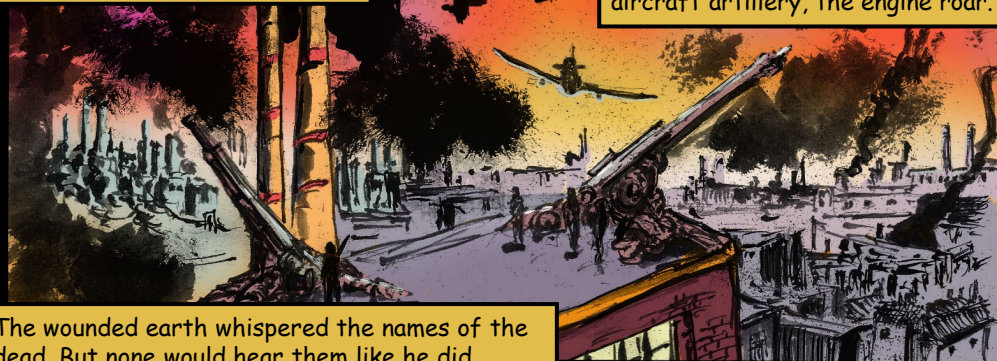
The city did not fall. It
shattered... and dragged
its enemies with it into
the pit.

There, even the rats froze with
open eyes, staring at the sky as
if awaiting my sisters.



Merciless like the executioner blade, the Me109 descend.

In between the sound of anti aircraft artillery, the engine roar.



The wounded earth whispered the names of the dead. But none would hear them like he did.



Hans Schwarz - predator of the sky.



He was not man. He was an arrow loosed by the gods of iron.



He flew like the blade of an unseen reaper. He harvested not wheat... but bone.

Each burst was a tear in the fabric of the world, and where he passed, forgotten names screamed again.

Hans Schwarz did not fight. He reaped.

Hans Schwarz, son of bullets and smoke. His eyes saw only targets.



Death danced behind his wings.



Even those who crawled... even those who cried out... were only echoes to be silenced.

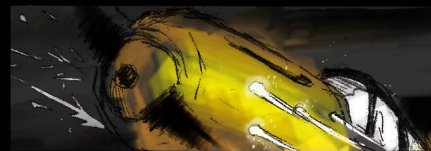


He raked them with fire — a shepherd of lead, scattering men like ash in the wind.

But even the hunter hears a whisper: 'Now — you!'



The machine gun kissed the engine



Fire bloomed like a crown of judgment. The pyre was ready. And I — I descended to claim him.

Hans Schwarz: wolf of the sky, now meat for the ravens.



Pain opened the gates and through them came not screams but memory.

Freiburg, 1915

Before he wore iron, he held wood. A red toy — his first winged companion, running through the fields

Hans!!

She called to him. The way only mothers do — with love painted in fear.

Death had wings that day.

French steel, born from another war, hunting where no battle had been declared.

The metal cocoon
plummets from the sky,
spitting fire and death.



Months of combat had honed the enemy pilot's aim.

He does not miss.



Hans watches — powerless
— as his home and family
dissolve into light, dust,
and silence.

So, the nation is
swallowed by war.



And Hans
learned that in
war, only the
rats grow fat.



The spectre of
death hovers over
No Man's Land.



You survived the
post-war apocalypse.



But redemption came —
guided by a symbol, a man.
And you were there,
standing out in the crowd.



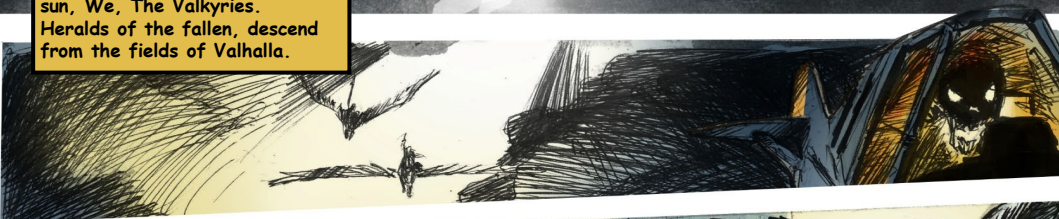
Then you were taken in, indoctrinated,
tyrannized — by your new Father.
By your Führer.

High above, the plane, torn and battered by a hail of gunfire, drifts through the sky. Inside the cockpit — now a furnace — the pilot writhes in agony.

Even struck down, the Iron Steed rides the heavens with nobility. The killing machine piloted by Hans Schwarz is an extension of his body

When it bleeds, he bleeds; and when it dies, Hans surrenders himself to the judgment of fate.

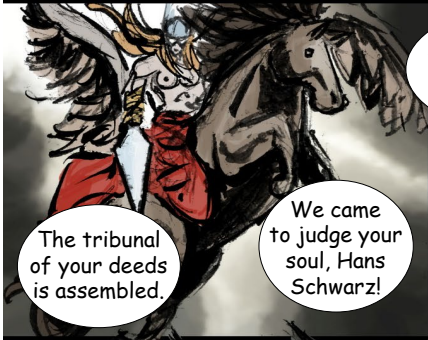
From the blazing rays of the sun, We, The Valkyries.
Heralds of the fallen, descend from the fields of Valhalla.



We came for Hans Schwarz, warrior of the skies, to bear him to the halls of the honoured dead.



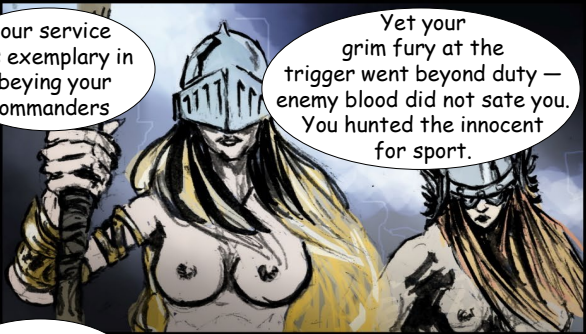
Valkyries!
Judges of the valiant
weigh my glories
as a warrior!



The tribunal
of your deeds
is assembled.

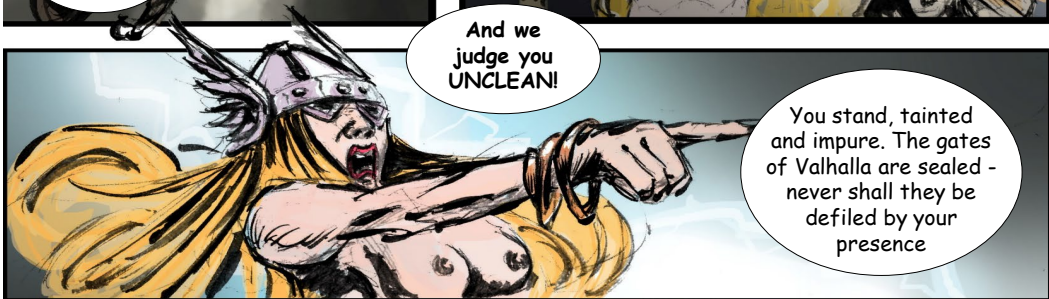
We came
to judge your
soul, Hans
Schwarz!

Your service
was exemplary in
obeying your
commanders



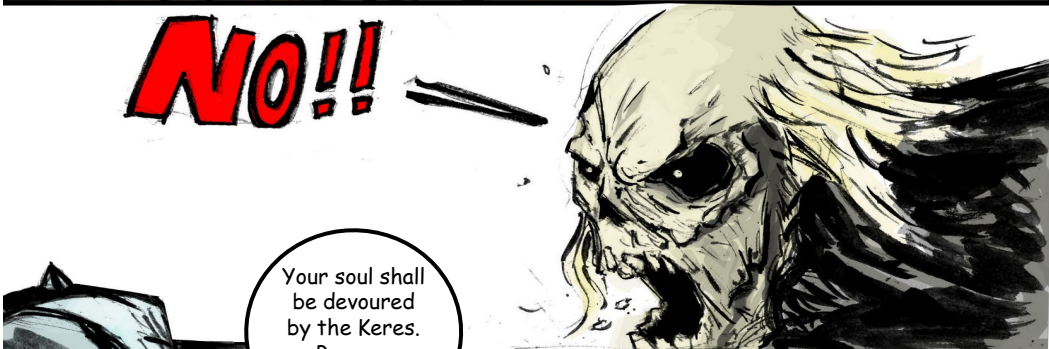
Yet your
grim fury at the
trigger went beyond duty —
enemy blood did not sate you.
You hunted the innocent
for sport.

And we
judge you
UNCLEAN!



You stand, tainted
and impure. The gates
of Valhalla are sealed -
never shall they be
defiled by your
presence

NO!!

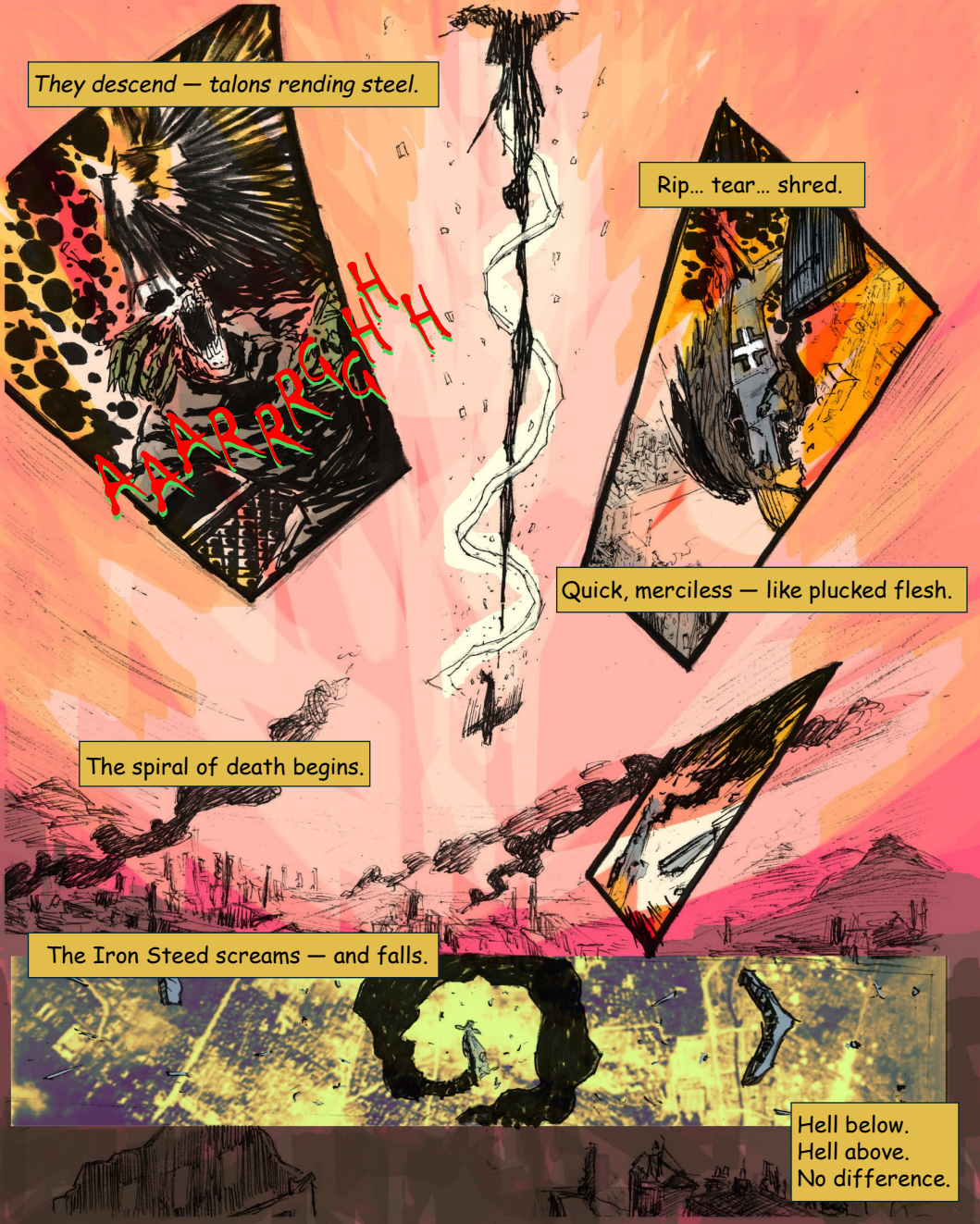


Your soul shall
be devoured
by the Keres.
Begone,
accursed
spirit!



SKRRREEEEEEEE

SKRRREEEEEEEE



They descend — talons rending steel.

Rip... tear... shred.

Quick, merciless — like plucked flesh.

The spiral of death begins.

The Iron Steed screams — and falls.

Hell below.
Hell above.
No difference.



Claws deep. Ribs crack.
He screams — not fear. Rage.

Once, there was a boy who dreamed
of flying. Now He rose above the
clouds... and feel his own blood soak
on his wings.



Your heart
soared on pride and fed
on death. Now it beats for no
god, no glory — only
the void you carved
within yourself.



Fallen steed. Fallen rider.
At last, one and the same.

It falls - a
drop, or a
seed.

The end of one life...



The symbol falls... spinning like fate, like history repeating itself.

Evil ends but never dies.
It seeps into the soil — a
poison, a memory, a seed.



From hate it draws breath,
from ignorance, it feeds.
In the silence after war, it
whispers, waiting.

For the next hand.
The next heart.

The Reaping of the Valkyries

Illustrations and graphic design
Leo Corres

dreamcomics.art.com

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