

MANY SEASONS PAST, IN THE UNSPOILT HILLS OF CIMMERIA...

...TWO CHILDREN OF SEPARATE CLANS FIND WALKING TOGETHER MORE AGREEABLE THAN SITTING ALONE AS THE TRIBAL ELDERS DISCUSS LAND RIGHTS AND TRADE.

IT WAS A SUMMER OF DISCOVERY.

AND PERHAPS...

...INFATUATION.



AND PREDATORS, DRIVEN INWARD BY LACK OF PREY, UNSEEN IN THE GRASS.

THE BOY WAS STRONG AND SWIFT, THE SON OF CONALDAR, THE BLACKSMITH. CONAN WAS HIS NAME.

I DON'T UNDERSTAND.

IF THE WOMEN OF YOUR TRIBE DO THE HUNTING AND THE CHORES...

...WHAT DO THE MEN DO?



AND THE OTHER WAS A CHIEFTAIN'S DAUGHTER, THE WILD GIRL YANNA.

WE DON'T HAVE MEN IN OUR TRIBE.

IT HAS ALWAYS BEEN THIS WAY, TO MY MEMORY.



BUT...A SOW AND A BOAR ARE NEEDED TO...

...PERFORM THE NECESSARY...

...UH.


OH, THAT.

OUR SISTERS FIND PARTNERS FROM NEIGHBORING CLANS.

I AM TOLD THEY ARE QUITE WILLING.







AND YOU AND THOSE LIKE YOU ARE THE RESULT?

MY MOTHER SAYS THE ARRANGEMENT IS QUITE EQUITABLE.

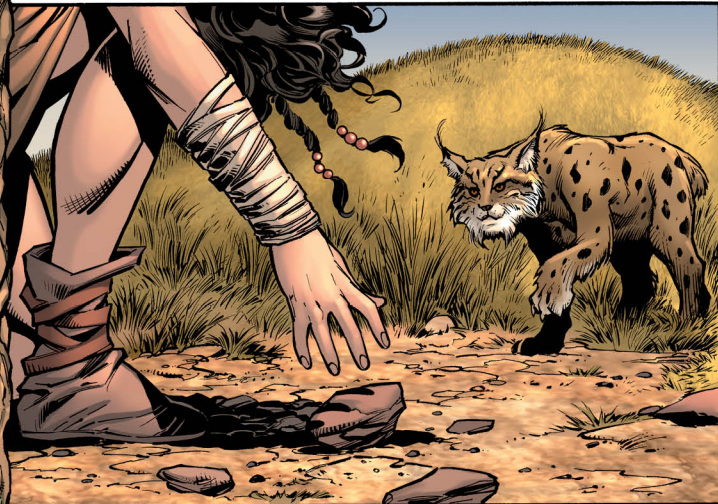
AND MEASURES ARE TAKEN TO ENSURE THAT ONLY GIRL CHILDREN RESULT.



STILL, TO BE ALONE, WITHOUT PROTECTION...

WE ARE NOT ALONE.

AND AS FOR PROTECTION...




PAF

FFFT



SO, WHEN YOU ARE OF AGE, DO YOU BECOME CHIEFTAIN?



YOU DO ASK A LOT OF QUESTIONS, DON'T YOU, CONAN?



PERHAPS I WILL. PERHAPS.





OR PERHAPS I SHALL BE A BLOODTHIRSTY PIRATE, SCOURGE OF THE ZINGARAN COAST!



OR PERHAPS I'LL BE A HORSE MISTRESS OF THE HYRKANIAN STEPPES!

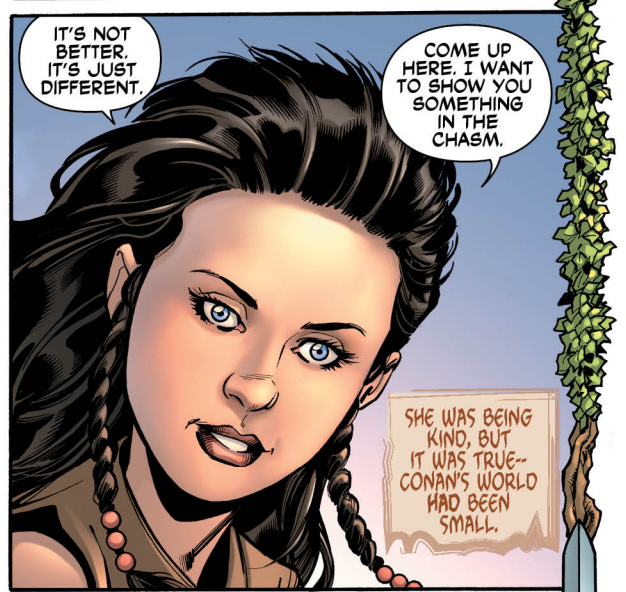
HUNDREDS SHALL FALL TO MY BLADE!



ARE YOU UNWELL, CONAN OF THE HILLS?

NOT PRECISELY.

BUT I AM LEARNING THAT MY WORLD IS SMALLER THAN I THOUGHT, AND THAT IS A FOOTTRACE I APPEAR TO BE LOSING.



IT'S NOT BETTER. IT'S JUST DIFFERENT.

COME UP HERE. I WANT TO SHOW YOU SOMETHING IN THE CHASM.

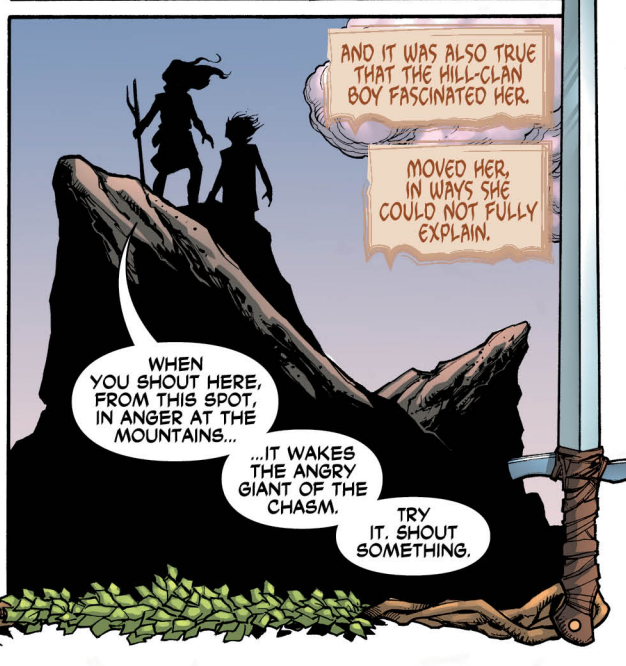
SHE WAS BEING KIND, BUT IT WAS TRUE-- CONAN'S WORLD HAD BEEN SMALL.



WELL, YOU CLIMB LIKE A TRUE CIMMERIAN. GOOD.

LISTEN.

IS IT ANY SURPRISE, THEN, THAT TO HIM, SOMEHOW, SHE SHONE LIKE A LIGHT IN THE HEAVENS DURING THE RED OF A HUNTER'S MOON?



AND IT WAS ALSO TRUE THAT THE HILL-CLAN BOY FASCINATED HER.

MOVED HER, IN WAYS SHE COULD NOT FULLY EXPLAIN.

WHEN YOU SHOUT HERE, FROM THIS SPOT, IN ANGER AT THE MOUNTAINS...

...IT WAKES THE ANGRY GIANT OF THE CHASM.

TRY IT. SHOUT SOMETHING.



IF THE TRUTH BE TOLD, CONAN HAD NO DESIRE TO MEET ANY GIANT, PARTICULARLY AN ANGRY ONE.

BUT THERE WAS A MATTER OF PRIDE TO CONSIDER...

CONAN!

CONAN!  
CONAN!  
CONAN!

IT'S CALLED AN ECHO.

IT GIVES LIFE TO SMALL REFLECTIONS OF THE TRUE WORLD.

CALL THEM IMITATIONS.

I OFTEN WONDER...

...WHAT IF THERE ARE ECHOES OF US, OUT THERE, SOMEWHERE?

IN THE CRACK OF THE CHASM.

AND MORE YET TO GRAVITY.

CONAN!

YANNA!

BUT YANNA SHOULD HAVE PAID MORE MIND TO HER FEET THAN HER PHILOSOPHY.

YAAAAANNAAA!





OH, DEAR, SISTER. THINGS DO LOOK A BIT GLOOMY FOR OUR PLAYTHINGS, DO THEY NOT?

I SHOULD SAY SO.

IF EITHER SHOULD DIE THIS MORN...

...I WIN THE GAME, SISTER. AND I CLAIM THE GIBLETS.



GET AWAY, RATS OF THE SKY!

DIRTY CROWS, LEAVE THE DEAD TO DIE IN PEACE!



CONAN! IT'S ME, TYAS!

I'VE COME TO RESCUE YOU!



WELL, BOY.

UNLESS YOU'VE BROUGHT A KEY, I DON'T SEE THAT YOU'VE THOUGHT THIS THROUGH.

AND FRANKLY, IF WE'RE GOING TO DIE...

...A NICE MEAL WOULDN'T GO UNWELCOME.