

FOR A LONG TIME THEY MARCHED,  
UNTIL THEY COULD NO LONGER  
HEAR THE OMINOUS DRONE OF  
THE HAWK TRIBE'S WAR DRUMS.

ABOVE THEM THE TANGLED  
VINES AND BRANCHES OF THE  
PICTISH FORESTS FORMED  
A HIGH, GLOOMY ARCH.

NOT A STAR SHONE  
THROUGH THAT LEAFY  
VAULT. THE LOW-  
HANGING CLOUDS  
SEEMED TO PRESS  
DOWN UPON THE  
VERY TREETOPS...

...AND THE NIGHT WAS  
EVIL AS A WITCH'S HATE.  
-THE NEMEDIAN CHRONICLES

WHERE  
ARE WE BOUND,  
WOMAN?

TO A HIDDEN  
CAMP, CLOSE TO  
THE WOLF TRIBE'S  
TERRITORY!

SO FAR,  
MY SORCERY  
HAS SUCCEEDED IN  
CONFUSING KROTH'S  
TRACKERS. BUT WE  
MUST STAY WARY!  
HIS WITCH, KWARADA,  
MAY YET FIND WAYS  
TO DISCOVER OUR  
TRAIL!





BRUNE!  
ARE YOU ALL  
RIGHT?

EYES ON  
THE TRAIL, BOY,  
AS I TAUGHT  
YOU!



IT SEEMS  
THAT NOW IT  
IS *WE* WHO  
OWE THANKS,  
CONAN.

BRUNE  
IS DEAR TO  
OUR TRIBE--  
AS YOU WILL  
LEARN!



TRULY? THEN PERHAPS A  
PRAYER OR TWO TO YOUR  
*OWN* GODS WOULD  
SERVE HIM WELL.



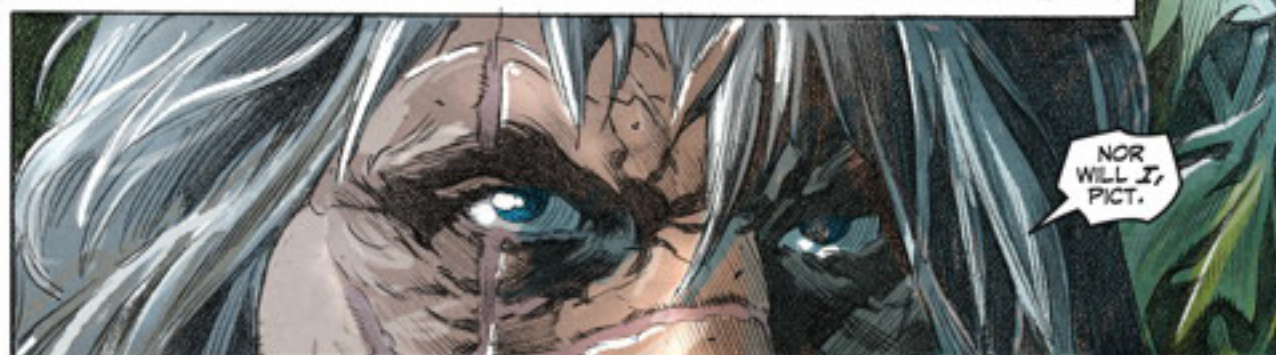
ZAHN'S  
SPEAR! GIVE  
IT BACK!

SO, I'M  
TO BE *YOUR*  
CAPTIVE NOW? IF  
NOT, I THINK I'LL  
KEEP IT.

HOWEVER,  
I'LL GLADLY  
GIVE YOU THE  
SNAKE.



I WARN YOU,  
CIMMERIAN. BRIL  
OF THE WOLF  
TRIBE WILL PLAY  
NO GAMES.



NOR  
WILL I,  
PICT.