







CAN ANYONE HEAR ME?

WE ARE LOST TRAVELERS, IN NEED OF FOOD AND WATER!



Conan scanned the parapets, expecting to be challenged, but saw no one.



BANG BANG BANG BANG

LET US IN, CROM TAKE YOU!

He and the girl were, so far as he knew, the sole survivors of Prince Almuric's army.

From that final slaughter, when the Stygians and the Kushites closed in on the trapped remnants of the defeated rebel prince of Koth...



...Conan had cut his way
clear and fled on a
camel with the girl.

Behind them the land
swarmed with enemies;
the only way open to
them was the desert
to the south. Into
those menacing depths
they had plunged.

BANG BANG
BANG BANG



The girl was a Brythunian whom Conan had found in the slave market of a stormed Shemite city and appropriated.

CREEEEEEE



OH, LOOK, CONAN!

Conan had shielded Nataia all he could, and the rough life of the camp had given her more stamina and strength than the average woman possessed...



But even so, she was not far from collapse.



IS HE DEAD?

NOT A WOUND ON HIM...

...BUT HE'S DEAD AS ALAURIC WITH FORTY STYGIAN ARROWS IN HIM.



For days they had fled into the desert, pursued so far by Stygian horsemen that when they shook off the pursuit, they dared not turn back.

They pushed on, seeking water, until the camel died. Then they went on foot.

For the past few days their suffering had been intense.

