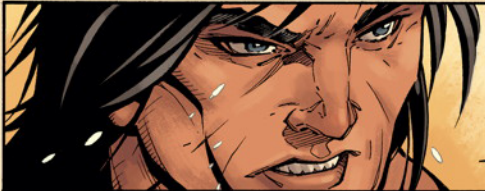



GREAT DEEDS
BEGET GREAT
MISERY, PRINCE.




AS YEARS PASS, EVEN
LEGENDS LEARN THAT
ONE CANNOT SCULPT A
PIECE OF THE WORLD IN
THEIR IMAGE WITHOUT
SACRIFICING AN EQUAL
PART OF THEIR SOUL.

ATTACKED
FROM THE SHADOWS,
KIDNAPPED, AND
DRAGGED CROSS THE
SCORCHING SAND...



THE FLIGHTS OF YOUTH
GIVE WAY TO THE
WEIGHT OF MATURITY.


WHOEVER
PUT YOU UP TO
THIS, NOT EVEN THE
GODS WILL STOP
ME FROM CRUSHING
THEIR SKULL.



OLD VENDETTAS
COME TO COLLECT.

OLD ALLIANCES
REFORGED.

WE'LL SLAY
THESE FOOLS AND
BRING BLOOD-SOAKED
JUSTICE TO THE
ONE HOLDING THEIR
PURSE STRINGS,
CIMMERIAN.



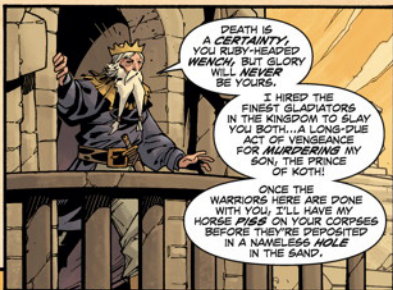
JOIN US AS TWO FABLED
ALLIES ARE FORCED TO CHOOSE
WHO LIVES AND WHO DIES.

A TALE OF DESTRUCTION AND REVENGE AGAINST THE WARRIORS KNOWN AS

CONAN AND RED SONJA

GLORY
AND DEATH
FOR US
ALL!





DEATH IS A CERTAINTY, YOU RUBY-HEADED WENCH, BUT GLORY WILL NEVER BE YOURS.

I HIRED THE FINEST GLADIATORS IN THE KINGDOM TO SLAY YOU BOTH... A LONG-DUE ACT OF VENGEANCE FOR MURDERING MY SON, THE PRINCE OF KOTH!

ONCE THE WARRIORS HERE ARE DONE WITH YOU, I'LL HAVE MY HORSE *PISS* ON YOUR CORPSES BEFORE THEY'RE DEPOSITED IN A NAMELESS HOLE IN THE SAND.



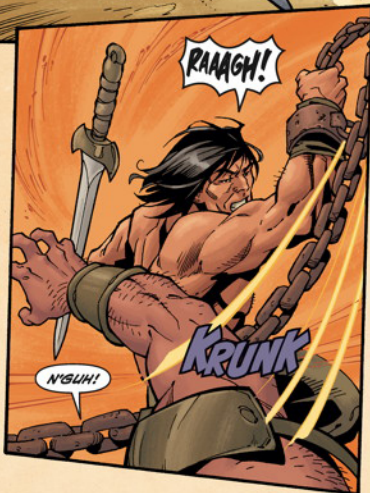
NONE SHALL REMEMBER YOU AFTER THIS MAGNIFICENT DAY.

BEGIN!

IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU AGAIN, BARBARIAN.

AND YOU AS WELL, SHE-DEVIL.

SHALL WE?



RAAAGH!

KRUNK

N'GUH!



VOOSH

SHRETTCH



WHETHER THE GODS OF WAR WATCHED THE STRUGGLE OF THESE TITANS, NONE COULD SAY.



YEARS OF BATTLEFIELD TRAINING HONED BY KEEN INSTINCT WERE UNLEASHED IN THAT ARENA.



A BRUTALITY BORN FROM LOSS DEEP WITHIN...



A VICIOUS FURY THAT EMERGED ON THE KEEN EDGE OF SURVIVAL...



...BEFORE AN AUDIENCE TRANSFIXED BY ITS SAVAGERY.

WHERE IS
YOUR BRAVADO
NOW, YOUR
KINGSHIP?

WE'VE
SLAIN A DOZEN
FOOLS, SONJA.
MANY MORE
WILL TAKE THEIR
PLACE IN DAYS
TO COME.

IN MY
YOUTH I'D HAVE
HAPPILY CLEAVED
THIS ~~FOUL~~'S
HEAD FROM HIS
SHOULDERS.



NOW...

...I TAKE
NO JOY IN THE
SLAUGHTER.

DON'T FEED ME
YOUR REGRETS,
BARBARIAN!

YOU
TOOK MY ONLY
SON FROM ME!
YOU DESTROYED
MY LINEAGE!

YOU--

THOK

--GAAH!

HE WAS
A FOUL KING
ANYWAY.

N-NO MATTER...
MY VENGEANCE...
HAS... BEGUN...

...I'VE
ALREADY
WON...

AS I SAID,
IT IS GOOD
TO SEE YOU,
CIMMERIAN.

THOUGH
YOU HAVE THE
LOOK OF A BEATEN
HOUND IN YOUR
EYES.

...
MANNERS
WERE NEVER
YOUR STRONGEST
ATTRIBUTE,
HYRKANIAN.

STORM
CLOUDS, FROM
NOWHERE.

YES.

ONE MIGHT
ALMOST CALL
THEM AN
OMEN.



OR ONE
MIGHT CALL IT
A MONSOON,
SAD EYES.

THERE'S
NO SHELTER
HERE FOR
LEAGUES.

WELL? WHERE
ARE YOU
GOING?

AWAY. AWAY FROM
DEATH.



YOU USED TO
BE A GOOD DEAL
MORE JOLLY, AS
I RECALL.

