

IN THOSE DAYS, IN THAT GLOOMY PLACE, IT WAS CUSTOM FOR THE CLANS TO SEND A REPRESENTATIVE TO COUNCIL. THE CLAN LEADER CHOSE HIS MOST TRUSTED SECOND.

TO THE CONCLAVE THAT YEAR WAS SENT A BLACKSMITH, CONALDAR.

AND THE BLACKSMITH CHOSE HIS OWN SECOND.

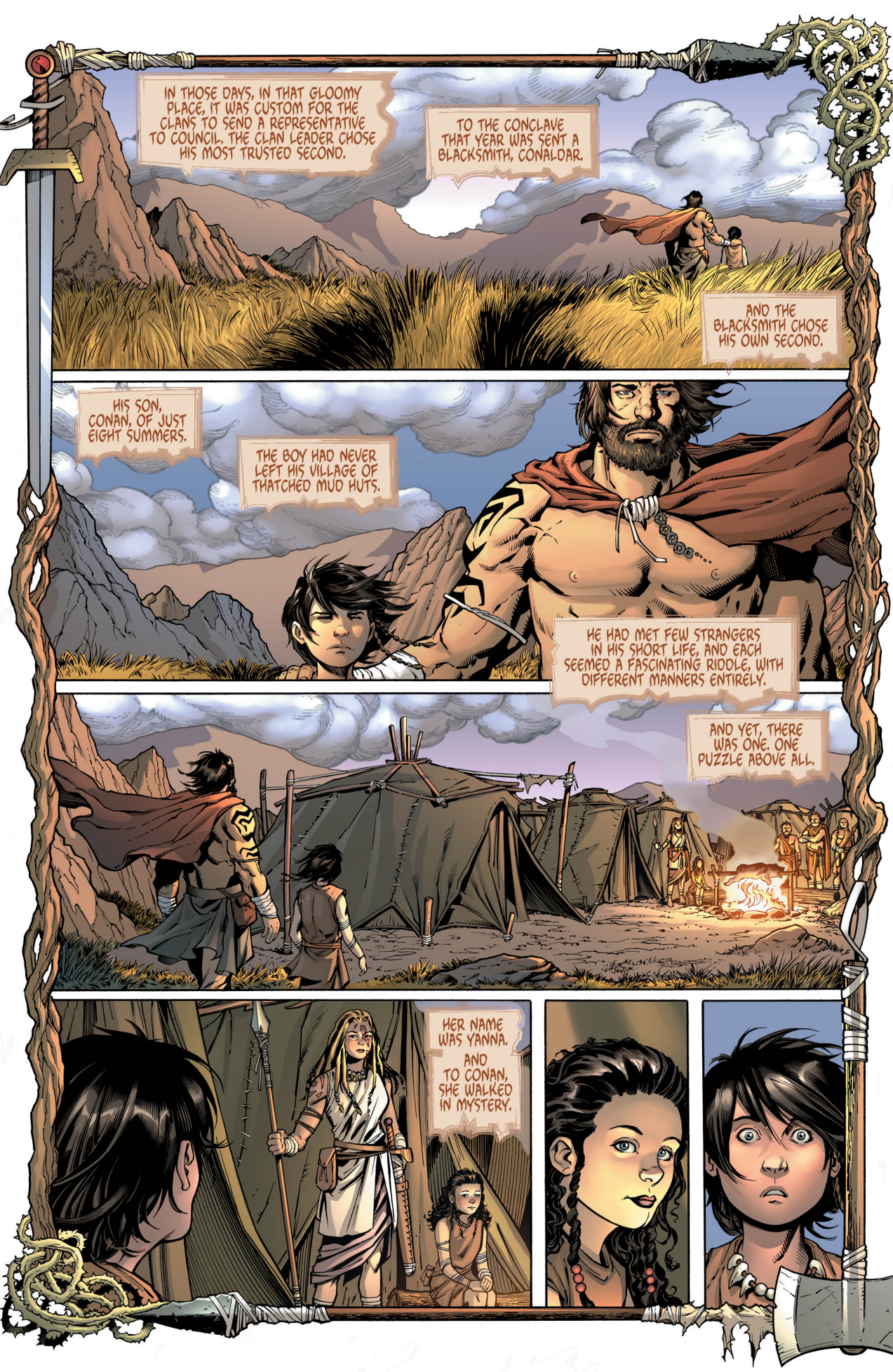
HIS SON, CONAN, OF JUST EIGHT SUMMERS.


THE BOY HAD NEVER LEFT HIS VILLAGE OF THATCHED MUD HUTS.

HE HAD MET FEW STRANGERS IN HIS SHORT LIFE, AND EACH SEEMED A FASCINATING RIDDLE, WITH DIFFERENT MANNERS ENTIRELY.

AND YET, THERE WAS ONE, ONE PUZZLE ABOVE ALL.

HER NAME WAS YANNA. AND TO CONAN, SHE WALKED IN MYSTERY.





KNOW, O PRINCE, THAT IN THE YEARS
BETWEEN WHEN THE OCEANS
DRANK ATLANTIS AND THE
CLEAMING CITIES AND THE YEARS OF
THE RISE OF THE SONS OF ARYAS...

...THERE WAS AN AGE
UNDREAMED OF.

A GROW WITHOUT ENERGY

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TO AQUILONIA HE
CAME, CARRYING
DESTINY IN HIS WAKE.

BORN ON A
BATTLEFIELD.

A THIEF.

A REAVER.

A SLAYER.

CONAN

CONTINUE
YOUR JOURNEY,
STRANGER.

YOU'RE
HALF FROZEN,
AND WE'VE
NO FIGHT WITH
YOU.

THIS
ONE'S EARNED
HIS BLOODY
PAY.

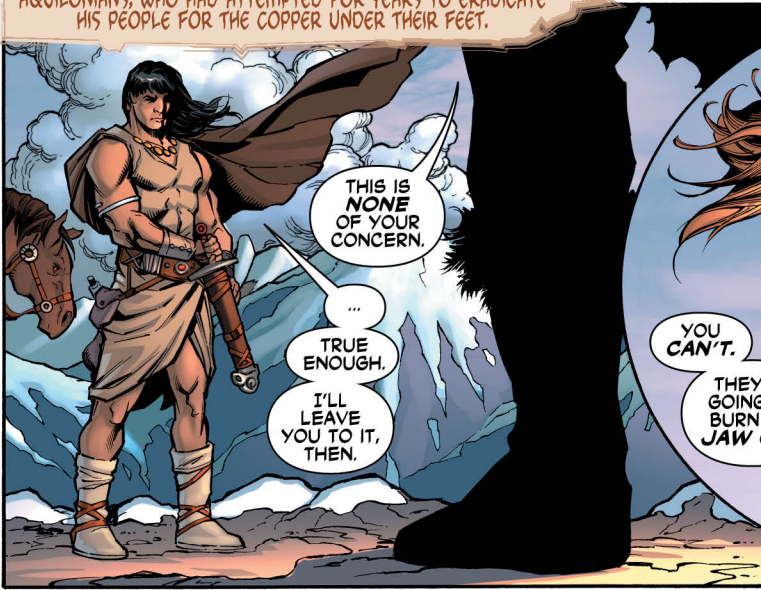
HELP
ME.

IN ALL
MITRA'S MERCY,
SAVE ME FROM
THESE AESIR
SAVAGES!

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CONAN HARBORED NO WARM FEELING FOR THE AQUILONIANS, WHO HAD ATTEMPTED FOR YEARS TO ERADICATE HIS PEOPLE FOR THE COPPER UNDER THEIR FEET.

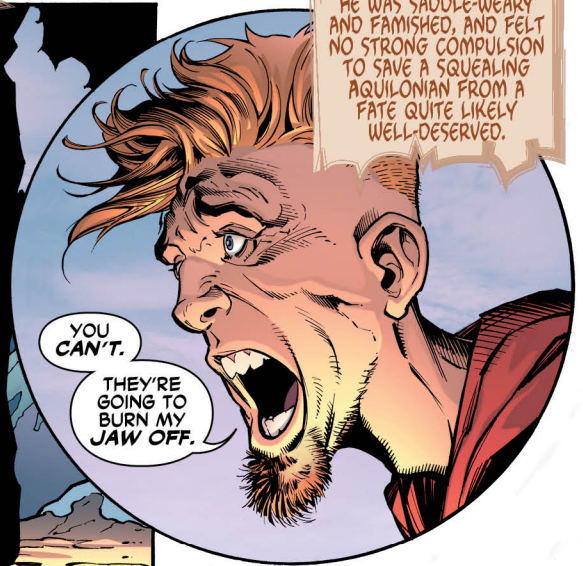


THIS IS NONE OF YOUR CONCERN.

...
TRUE ENOUGH.

I'LL LEAVE YOU TO IT, THEN.

HE WAS SADDLE-WEARY AND FAMISHED, AND FELT NO STRONG COMPULSION TO SAVE A SQUEALING AQUILONIAN FROM A FATE QUITE LIKELY WELL-DESERVED.



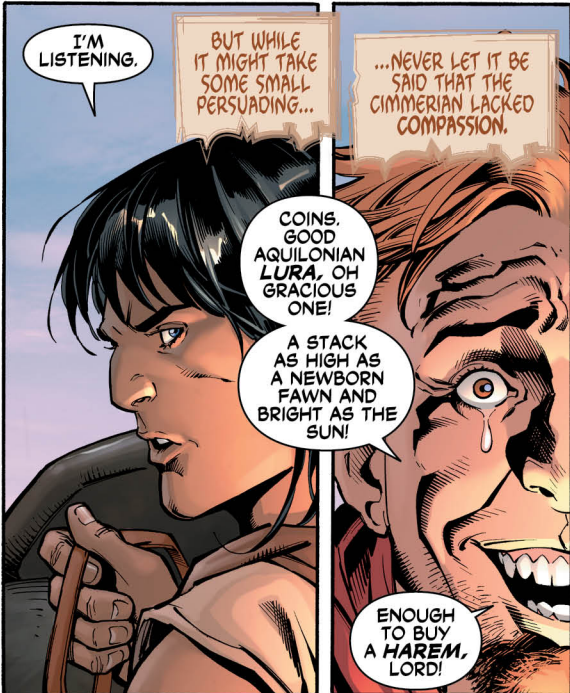
YOU CAN'T.

THEY'RE GOING TO BURN MY JAW OFF.



I'VE KNOWN YOU BUT A FEW SCANT MOMENTS AND I SYMPATHIZE WITH THEM ENTIRELY.

I CAN PAY YOU.



I'M LISTENING.

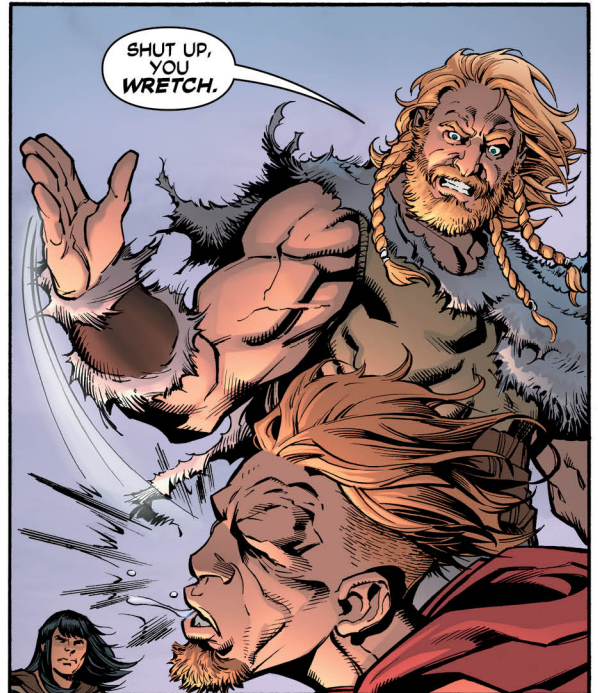
BUT WHILE IT MIGHT TAKE SOME SMALL PERSUADING...

...NEVER LET IT BE SAID THAT THE CIMMERIAN LACKED COMPASSION.

COINS, GOOD AQUILONIAN LURA, OH GRACIOUS ONE!

A STACK AS HIGH AS A NEWBORN FAWN AND BRIGHT AS THE SUN!

ENOUGH TO BUY A HAREM, LORD!



SHUT UP, YOU WRETCH.