

Across the searing wastes, a crimson trail marked every grueling step of Conan of Cimmeria.

Burning with fever...

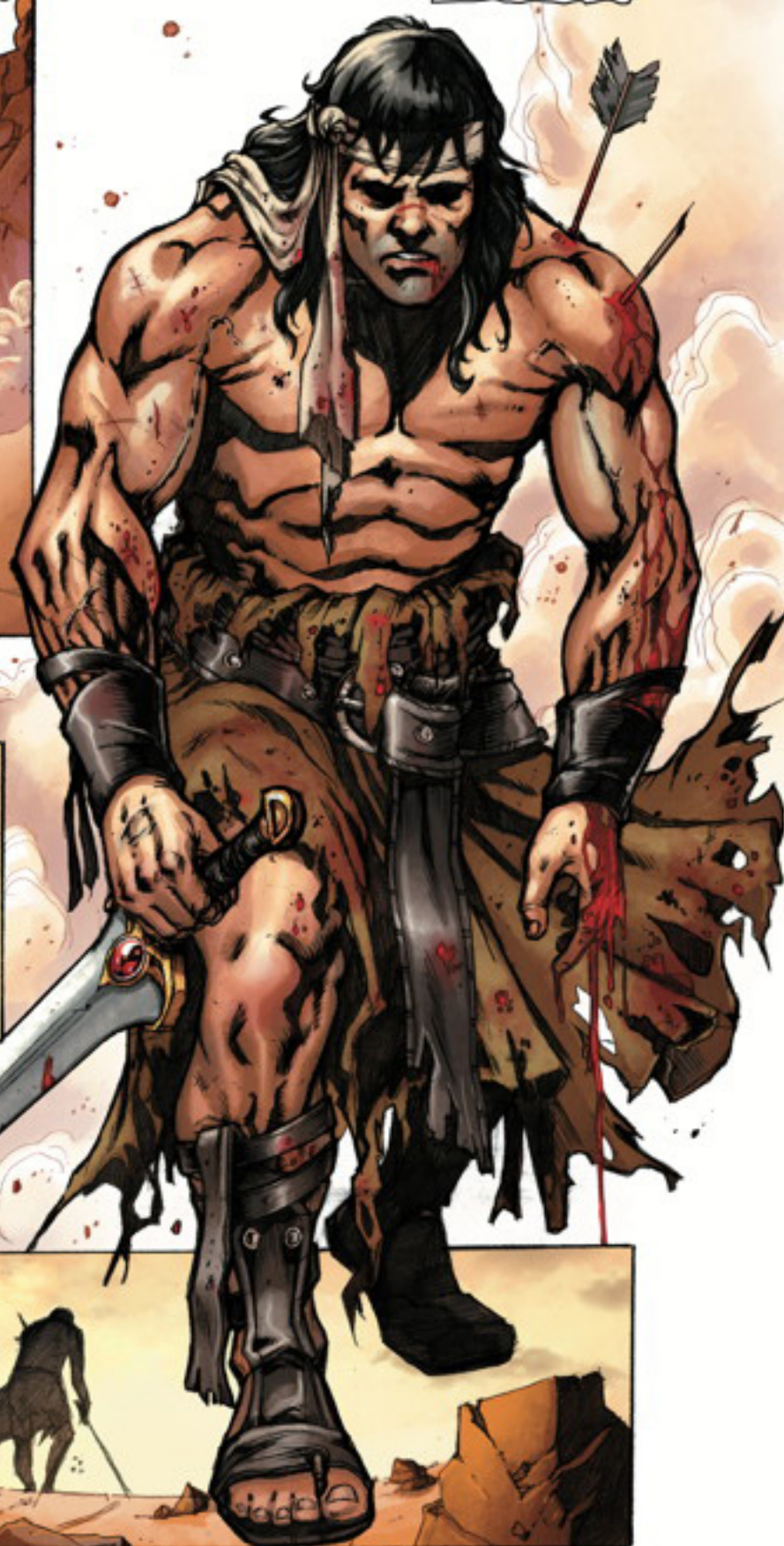
...sand caked in blood around festering scars left by stroke of sword and flight of arrow alike...

...once-steel sinews quivering on the verge of ruin...

...and burdened by a tremendous weight...not upon his shoulders but upon his very soul...

...hither came Conan...

...marching, ever forward.



...were only the
uncountable dead
men he had left
in his wake.





And even as he staggered toward the certainty of his own demise...

...even in these final, waning hours...

...Conan was hunted.

HE'S CLOSE.
WE SHOULD BE RIGHT ON TOP OF HIM.

GOOD.
I WANT THIS DOG BUTCHERED BEFORE NIGHTFALL.

THE SANDS HAVE HAD A TASTE OF HIS BLOOD.

AND THEY'RE THIRSTY FOR MORE.

HE'S HIDING LIKE A VIPER IN THE ROCKS UP AHEAD.

HIS ONLY OPTION, NOT THAT IT WILL DO HIM ANY GOOD.

THE WAY HE'S BLEEDING, HE'LL LIKELY COLLAPSE BEFORE WE FIND HIM.

EASY PREY.

LOOK--
THE CARRION BIRDS!

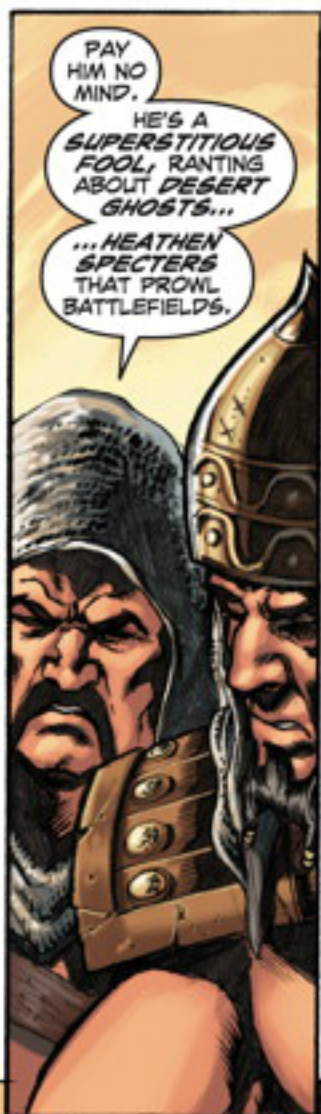
THEY'LL LEAD US RIGHT TO HIM!



THE DESERT
WILL NOT BE
DENIED.

THE
SHAL ITSELF
GOES HUNGRY
TONIGHT.

WHAT'S
THAT YOU'RE
MUTTERING?



PAY
HIM NO
MIND.

HE'S A
SUPERSTITIOUS
FOOL, RANTING
ABOUT DESERT
GHOSTS...

...HEATHEN
SPECTERS
THAT PROWL
BATTLEFIELDS.



I CARE
NOT FOR HIS
FANTASIES...

...AS LONG
AS WE LEAVE
ONE MORE SPIRIT
TO HAUNT THESE
ROCKS...

...AND WE
COLLECT OUR
REWARD.




HOLD.
SOMETHING'S
OFF.



THE TRAIL
CONTINUES,
BUT THERE'S A
BLOODED
RAG--



A full-page comic book illustration. In the center, a muscular warrior with long black hair and a fierce expression screams. He is shirtless, showing his chest muscles and a wound on his right shoulder. He holds a large sword aloft in his right hand. The sword has a gold hilt with a red gem and a blade with blood on it. In the foreground, the face of a man in a grey hooded cloak screams in terror. The background is a rocky, desert-like landscape with a large eagle in flight and falling debris.

A lesser man might
have screamed...

...in rage at
the predators
who snapped
at his heel...

...in pain at the
tearing wounds,
the arrow shafts
digging through
muscle and
scraping bone.

But the Cimmerian
bit back any such cry
of anger or agony.

For in that moment
he had bloody
business to attend...

...and his attack
was as silent as
the graves to which
he sent his enemies.