

THE LATTER DAYS OF THE HYBORIAN AGE.  
THROUGH THE PLAINS OF HYRKANIA...

A MESSAGE SWEEPS THE  
SCATTERED PEOPLES OF  
THAT ONCE GREAT NATION.

IN ITS CITIES,  
BELLS ARE  
RINGING.

BONG

IN ITS VILLAGES,  
VOICES SHOUT.

IN ITS TRIBES,  
HORNS CALL OUT  
THE NEWS.

OUR KING  
IS DYING.





WAAAAAG



WHO SHALL  
SAVE HIM?

NO ONE.

NO ONE.



MY  
LOVE...

RED  
SONJA  
COMES.

ALL THE ELIXIRS,  
THE ANCIENT TEXTS,  
THE ENCHANTED  
JEWELS--ALL  
FAILURES!--

SONJA WILL NOT  
LET YOU PERISH, NOT  
WITH THE WOLVES OF  
KHITAJ AND TURAN  
AT THE DOOR.

Королевство  
Хитая





SONJA!

BOOM  
CRASH

BEHOLD!

THE HEART OF  
THE THUNDER BULL  
OF THE STEPPES!



EUGH,  
TAKE IT!

IT STINKS LIKE A BOAR IN RUT. THE  
BLOOD'S SOAKING RIGHT DOWN MY  
BACK AND INTO THE HOLLOW OF  
MY--YOUR MAJESTY!



SONJA...

THE MAGES PROMISED  
US THE HEART OF THE  
THUNDER BULL WOULD SHIELD  
MY LORD AGAINST DEATH FOR  
ANOTHER THIRTY YEARS  
TO COME--



HERE, MY  
KING.



NOTHING.