



EVEN AT
JUST TWELVE
SUMMERS...


...YOUNG
CONAN WAS NEVER A
SENTIMENTALIST.

AND YET...



WHEN HE SAW THE SLEEPING FORM OF HIS
FATHER, CONALDAR THE BLACKSMITH, AND KNEW
IN HIS SOUL HE MIGHT NEVER SEE HIM AGAIN...

...EVEN HIS STOUT HEART
SKIPPED A BEAT.



IT WAS AN HONOR TO BE HIS
FATHER'S SECOND AT THE
CONCLAVE OF CLANS, THE
ANNUAL MEETING OF THE
TRIBES OF CIMMERIA, BOTH
GREAT AND SMALL.

AND LEAVING IN
THE DARK OF NIGHT,
WITH NO WORD, FELT
LIKE A BETRAYAL.



HE KNEW LITTLE OF
THE OUTSIDE WORLD.


BUT HE KNEW THAT IT
COULD BE UNKIND.



CONAN'S DAYS WERE
MADE UP OF TOIL, OF
CHORES AND LABOR.

THERE WAS SCANT TIME
FOR PLAY, NOR THE IDLE
DEVOTIONS OF WEALTHIER
YOUTHS IN MORE
POPULOUS REGIONS.

YET, HE NEVER
FELT DEPRIVED
OR ILL-USED.



UNTIL HE IMAGINED
A WORLD WITHOUT
YANNA, THE DAUGHTER
OF THE CHIEFTESS OF A
STRANGE TRIBE, DEVOID
OF MEN ALTOGETHER.

THAT THOUGHT
MADE HIM FEEL
DEPRIVED OF THE
VERY AIR IN
HIS LUNGS.

YANNA.

YANNA.



CONAN.

I TOLD YOU ONCE. DO NOT FOLLOW ME.



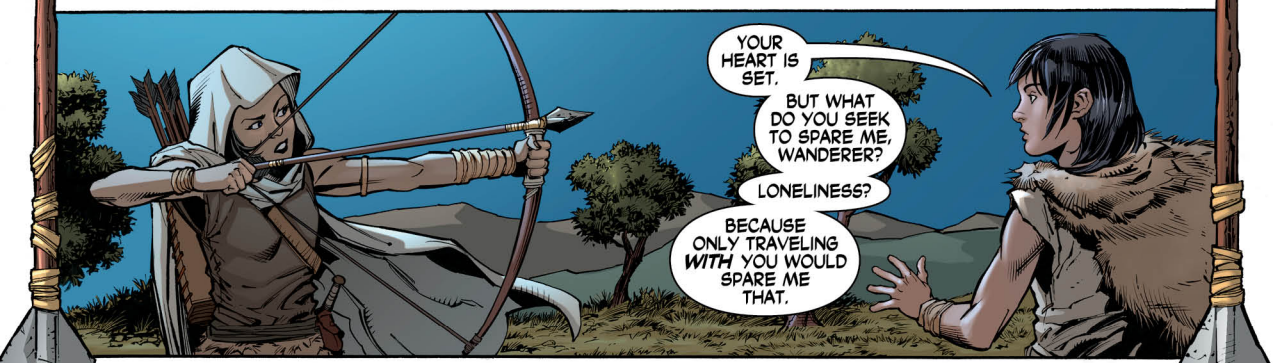
DO YOU NOT KEN?

I AM LEAVING CIMMERIA. I WILL HAVE NO HOME-I WILL HAVE NO FAMILY.

PLEASE, FOR YOUR SAKE.

GO BACK.

YANNA.



YOUR HEART IS SET.

BUT WHAT DO YOU SEEK TO SPARE ME, WANDERER?

LONELINESS?

BECAUSE ONLY TRAVELING WITH YOU WOULD SPARE ME THAT.



WELL.

IF YOU'RE DECIDED.

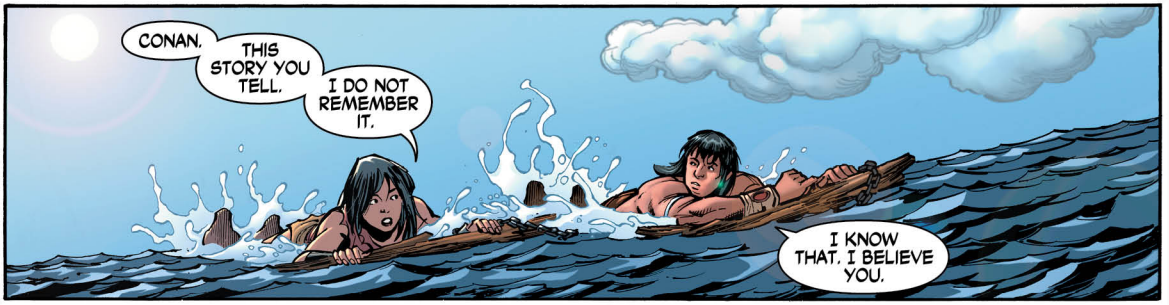
I SUPPOSE I SHALL BE GLAD TO BE GLAD OF YOUR COMPANY ON THE ROAD.

FOR A WHILE, UNTIL YOU GROW HOMESICK, I MEAN.



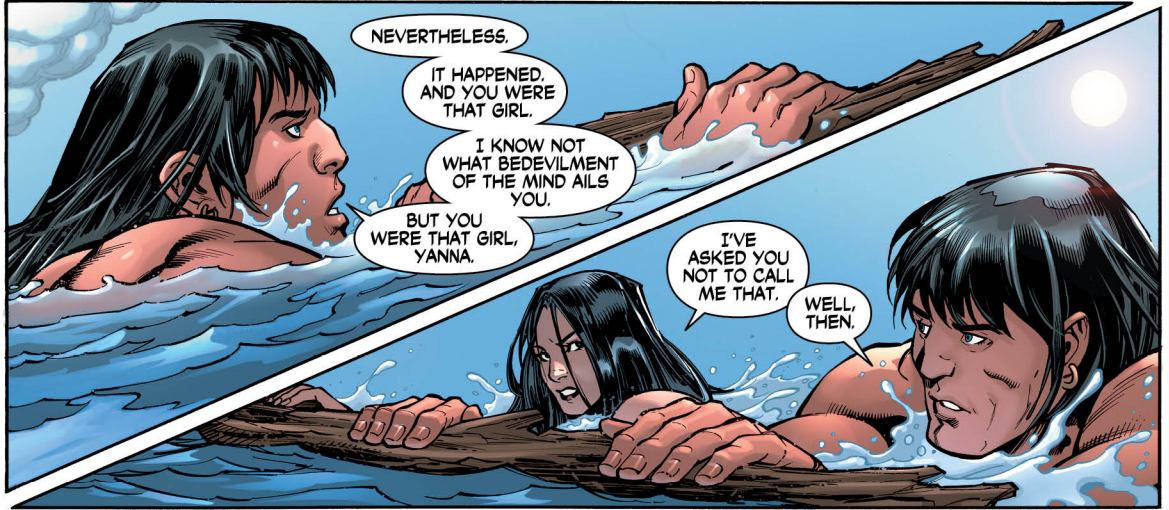
HILL BOY.

SCULLERY MAID.



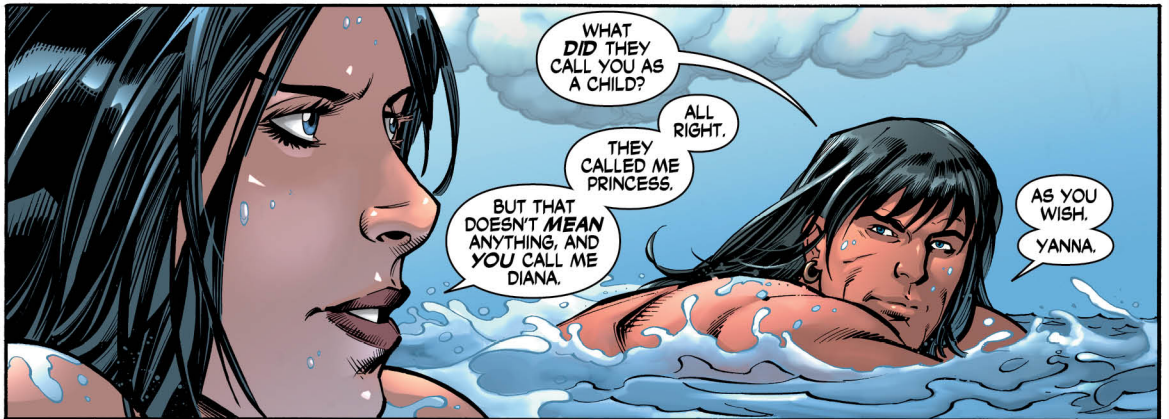
CONAN.
THIS STORY YOU TELL.
I DO NOT REMEMBER IT.

I KNOW THAT. I BELIEVE YOU.



NEVERTHELESS.
IT HAPPENED. AND YOU WERE THAT GIRL.
I KNOW NOT WHAT BEDEVILMENT OF THE MIND AILS YOU.
BUT YOU WERE THAT GIRL, YANNA.

I'VE ASKED YOU NOT TO CALL ME THAT.
WELL, THEN.



WHAT DID THEY CALL YOU AS A CHILD?

ALL RIGHT.
THEY CALLED ME PRINCESS.

BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN ANYTHING, AND YOU CALL ME DIANA.

AS YOU WISH.
YANNA.



I COULD PROVE YOU WERE HER, IF YOU BUT SHOWED ME YOUR BREAST.

IF I BUT...

EXCUSE ME, WHAT DOES THAT EVEN MEAN?



HOLD. IT SEEMS WE'RE ABOUT TO CEASE BEING WATERLOGGED NOMADS, DIANA.

TELL ME...

W.A.R.P.

MR. WINDRIDER

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Conan® created by
ROBERT E. HOWARD



...WE'RE
NEARLY
THERE.

SHALL
I SUMMON
YOUR ROYAL
COTERIE?



DO YOU RECOGNIZE IT? DO YOU KNOW WHERE WE ARE?

I RECOGNIZE THE POVERTY.

NO WEALTHY MERCHANTS OR FINE TEMPLES HERE.

WE'LL NEED TO CLIMB, IF WE WANT TO AVOID QUESTIONS.



HA.

SOMETHING STRIKE YOU FUNNY, BIG MAN?

WELL, IT'S PROOF, AFTER A FASHION.

YOU CERTAINLY CLIMB LIKE A CIMMERIAN.



I MAY NOT RECALL MUCH.

BUT I DO SEEM TO REMEMBER BEING ADEPT AT A GREAT MANY THINGS.

... I'M SURE.



HOW ARE YOU AT PETTY THIEVERY?

WHAT?



WE'RE THIRSTY AND COINLESS.

NOW IS NOT A TIME FOR VIRTUE.



"PRINCESS."