

THE COMING OF CONAN!

COME WITH US TO
THE **HYBORIAN AGE!**

COME WITH US, BACK TO THE DARK CENTURIES WHICH SPRAWL BETWEEN THE *SINKING OF ATLANTIS* AND THE DAWN OF *RECORDED TIME*-- TO THE DAYS WHEN THE NOW-FORGOTTEN LAND OF *AQUILONIA* WAS THE MIGHTIEST OF NATIONS-- AND A MAN'S LIFE WAS WORTH NO MORE THAN THE STRENGTH OF HIS *SWORD-ARM!*

COME WITH US TO THE RAW, UNTAMED WORLD OF---

**CONAN
THE BARBARIAN!**

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IT IS SUMMER IN VANAHEIM, ONE OF THE NORTHERN-MOST OF ALL THE KNOWN OR UNKNOWN LANDS.. AND THE LAST TRACES OF VAGRANT SNOW VANISH LIKE SOFTLY DYING DREAMS ON BOTH MOUNTAIN AND PLAIN...



BUT, THIS DAY, THE BLOOD-EYED SUN LOOKS DOWN ON THE SLASH AND SAVAGERY OF COMBAT.. AS A RAIDING-PARTY OF AESIR DO BATTLE WITH THE FIERCE-BORN VANIR...

AND FOREMOST AMONG THE SKIRMISHING, ROARING BARBARIANS IS ONE WITH LOCKS OF DARKEST JET...



SPEAK YOUR PRAYERS, STRIPLING.. FOR CAMP-SONGS ARE SUNG IN VANAHEIM OF THE PROWESS OF GONDUR.

MY LIFE IS FOR ME TO GIVE.. NOT FOR YOU TO TAKE.

AND.. I DO NOT CHOOSE TO GIVE IT.

YET, PERHAPS MEN SHALL SING ONE LAST SONG OF BOASTFUL GONDUR.

IF SO, THEY'LL SAY HE WAS THE FIRST MAN OF THE VANIR TO FALL BEFORE THE SLICING SWORD OF...

.. CONAN THE CIMMERIAN!



CONAN THE CIMMERIAN! IN TIME TO COME, A NAME TO CONJURE WITH. BUT NOW, CONAN IS MERELY A MIGHTY-THEWED YOUTH, FRESH FROM HIS FIRST TASTE OF BATTLE AT VENARIUM -- AND BECOME A MERCENARY WITH THIS RAIDING-BAND FROM THE NEARBY BORDERS OF WIND-SWEPT AESGAARD...

THE SOUND OF STRIDENT SHOUTING DRAWS HIM TO THE EDGE OF THE RIDGE ON WHICH HE STANDS -- NOR DO HIS NIGHT-DARK EYES VIEW THE SCENE BELOW WITH FAVOR...

THAT BEARDED AESIR -- BESIEGED BY A TRIO OF YAPPING FOES!

STILL, WHY SHOULD ONE LION DIE... AND THREE JACKALS LIVE?

NO AFFAIR OF MINE. I'VE DONE MY DAY'S WORK FOR AESIR GOLD.



BY CROM! THEY SHOULD NOT--!



AND, BY CROM -- THEY SHALL NOT!!





THEN, HIS BLADE CUTTING A DEADLY ARC, THE GRIM YOUTH WADES THRU THE CLANGOR OF BATTLE...



... ALL THE TIME SEEING NOTHING SAVE THE VALIANT BEARDED AESIR AND THE THREE WHO BESET HIM...

HE IS DOWN! THE TALL ONE IS FALLEN!

THEN.. STRIKE.. FOR WE CANNOT HOLD HIM LONG..!

YOU VANIR DOGS! I'LL..



THE NEXT INSTANT.. A BOLT OF LIVING LIGHTNING.. AND TWO MEN OF VANAHEIM SHALL NEVER RISE AGAIN...

HAH! IF YOU CAN HANDLE TWO OF THESE PIGS, DARK-HAIR...

SURELY OLAV WILL HAVE NO TROUBLE WITH THE THIRD.

I NEVER THOUGHT YOU WOULD, MY FRIEND.



INSOLENT YOUTH! JUST BECAUSE YOU SAVED MY LIFE, DON'T DARE TO CALL ME FRIEND UNTIL I TELL Y..

WAIT! WHAT IS IT THE OTHERS ARE SHOUTING?



WHILE, NOT FAR DISTANT, BEHIND HASTILY-ERECTED DEFENSES, THE BONE-WEARY MEN OF VANAHEIM WEIGH THEIR CHANCES...

ANOTHER STRAGGLER --- BEARING HIS DEAD COMRADE.

CURSED BE THE DAY WE FIRST LOOTED THE BORDER TOWNS OF AESGAARD!

SOFT, LAD.. LEST YOUR GRUMBLING REACH THE EARS OF VOLFF HIMSELF.

THIS MORNING WE OUT-NUMBERED OUR FOEMEN. NOW, OUR FORCES ARE HALVED.



AND, APART FROM HIS MEN SITS THEIR LEADER... TALL AND LITHE, HIS MIND ALIVE WITH THE WILD CUNNING OF THE BEAST WHOSE HIDE HE WEARS... THE WILY VOLFF!

THE MEN GROW RESTIVE, MIGHTY ONE.. FEARFUL...

AND NOT WITHOUT CAUSE, HOTHAR.

WITH GONDUR DEAD, WE HAVE NO WARRIOR WHO CAN STAND AGAINST GRIM OLAV... OR THE DARK-HAIRED CUR WHO SAVED HIM.

MY MEN ARE CUTTHROATS, BUT NOT STUPID ONES.

THEY KNOW FULL WELL THAT ERE THE SUN SETS, THEY'LL HOLD THIS GORGE WITH THEIR LIFE'S BLOOD!



BUT, JUST BECAUSE THEY MUST DIE, HOTHAR...

DOES IT FOLLOW THAT WE MUST PERISH WITH THEM?

I SEE YOUR MEANING, GREAT VOLFF...



MEN OF THE NORTHLANDS, HEED MY WORDS. HOTHAR AND I GO TO CALL UPON THE GODS, TO SEEK THEIR FAVOR THIS DAY.

YOU WILL REMAIN HERE, UNTIL THE HOUR WHEN WE RETURN.

AY, VOLFF...



THEY'RE FLEEING. THEN.. WE'VE WON!

THAT'LL TEACH THOSE RED-HAIRED SCUM TO COME SNEAKING OVER OUR BORDERS -- WHEN THEY CAN'T EVEN DEFEND THEIR OWN.

LET'S GO AFTER THEM..!



DON'T CHASE THEM! LET THEM RUN!

HE'S RIGHT, LADS. FIRST WE BIND OUR WOUNDS AND BURY OUR DEAD.

TIME ENOUGH THEN TO CARRY THE FIGHT TO THE DOGS' OWN CAMP.



YOU TAKE COMMAND QUICKLY, BOY, FOR ONE I SAW JOIN OUR PARTY ONLY THIS MORNING... BUT YOU DON'T SEEM TO KNOW IT'S OLAV WHO GIVES THE ORDERS HERE.

WHAT IS YOUR NAME?

I AM CONAN... A CIMMERIAN.



AND A YOUNG ONE, AT THAT. YOU'RE A LONG WAY FROM HOME, BOY.

TELL ME.. WHY'D YOU JOIN OUR BAND, INSTEAD OF THEIRS? WE BOTH PAY OFF IN GOOD NORTHERN GOLD.

GOT THE WANDERLUST, EH? WELL, YOU SAVED MY WEATHERED HIDE, SURE ENOUGH.. AND HERE'S MY HAND FOR IT!

BUT YOU AESIR PAY MORE.



AN HONEST CIMMERIAN, EH? WELL, OLAV LIKES THAT.

NOW, I FIGURE THAT THOSE DOGS WILL STOP TO REST IN THAT PASS YONDER... SO WE'LL CLIMB AROUND AND ATTACK THEM FROM ABOVE.

WHAT THINK YOU OF THAT, LAD?

YOU PAY... SO YOU LEAD.

YOU KNOW, CONAN... I THINK PERHAPS YOU ARE TOO HONEST.

AND BESIDES... YOU TALK TOO MUCH.



... YOU SAID OUR MEN WEREN'T FOOLS, GREAT VOLFF.

THEY'LL FLEE, AFTER THEY'VE MULLED IT OVER LONG ENOUGH.

YET, DID **CATTLE** EVER AWAIT SLAUGHTER MORE WILLINGLY?

BUT EVEN THEN, THEY'LL FORM A **BUFFER** BETWEEN US AND THE VENGEFUL **AESIR**.

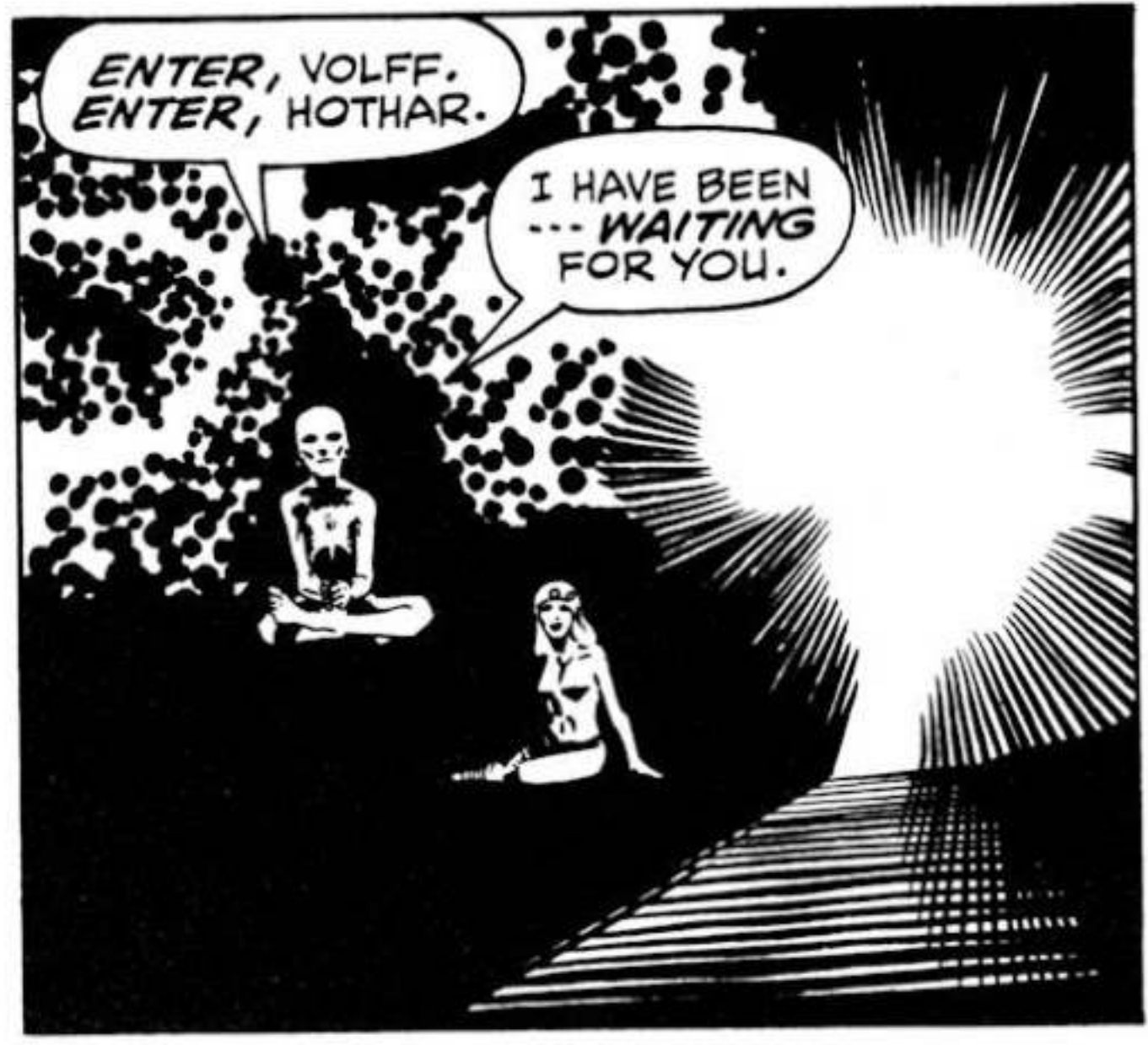
HO! WHAT'S THIS I SEE BEFORE ME?



A CAVE... WITH STRANGE SYMBOLS ABOVE ITS ENTRANCE ...

... AND A GHOSTLY GLOW FROM SOMEWHERE WITHIN.

COME... LET'S SEE WHAT LIES BEYOND THESE STONE PORTALS.



ENTER, VOLFF. ENTER, HOTHAR.

I HAVE BEEN ... WAITING FOR YOU.



AN OLD MAN, AS THIN AS DEATH ITSELF... AND A YOUNG GIRL!

WHO ARE THEY, TO DWELL IN THESE LONELY HILLS... AND HOW DID THE OLD ONE KNOW OUR NAMES?

THAT WE'LL LEARN, HOTHAR, WHEN WE ACCEPT THEIR INVITATION.

PERHAPS THEY CAN GUIDE US THRU THESE MOUNTAINS... TO A PLACE WHERE OUR PURSUERS CAN NEVER FIND US.

FOLLOW ME.. BUT BE ON GUARD FOR **AESIR** TRICKERY.



YOU'LL FIND NO GOLD-TRESSED TREACHERY **HERE**, WILY ONE.

MY HAIR, WHEN I DID HAVE IT, WAS **SCARLET** AS YOUR OWN.

BY THE GODS! THIS PLACE IS A CAVE WITHOUT... AND A **TEMPLE** WITHIN.

IF NAUGHT ELSE, WE CAN **HIDE** HERE FOR A TIME.

I STILL SAY... **BEWARE!**



AND I SAY, SCOFFER, THAT YOU NEED NOT FEAR **SHARKOSH**... HE WHO IS CALLED **THE SHAMAN!**

YOUR COMING WAS **FORETOLD** ME IN A VISION I HAD, WHEN LAST I GAZED INTO YONDER **STAR-STONE**.

YEARS AGO, IT FELL FROM THE **MANY-JEWELLED SKY**...

THEN, PERHAPS YOU CAN CALL UP FORCES WHICH MAY YET BRING ME **VICTORY!?**



THAT I CAN... FOR A **PRICE**.

I HAVE NEED OF A STRONG YOUNG **WARRIOR CAPTIVE**... FAR **MIGHTIER** THAN EITHER OF YOU.

THERE BE SUCH AMONG YOUR **FOEMEN**, NO?



AY. YOUR WORDS WOULD BEST FIT A YOUTHFUL **DARK-HAIR** WHO BATTLES ON THE SIDE OF THE **AESIR**.

BUT TELL ME... WITH THE POWERS YOU SAY YOU HAVE, **WHY** DO YOU NEED SUCH A ONE?

THAT IS MY **AFFAIR**.



SUFFICE IT TO SAY, IT CONCERNS THE BEAUTEOUS **HANDMAIDEN** WHO SITS BESIDE ME...

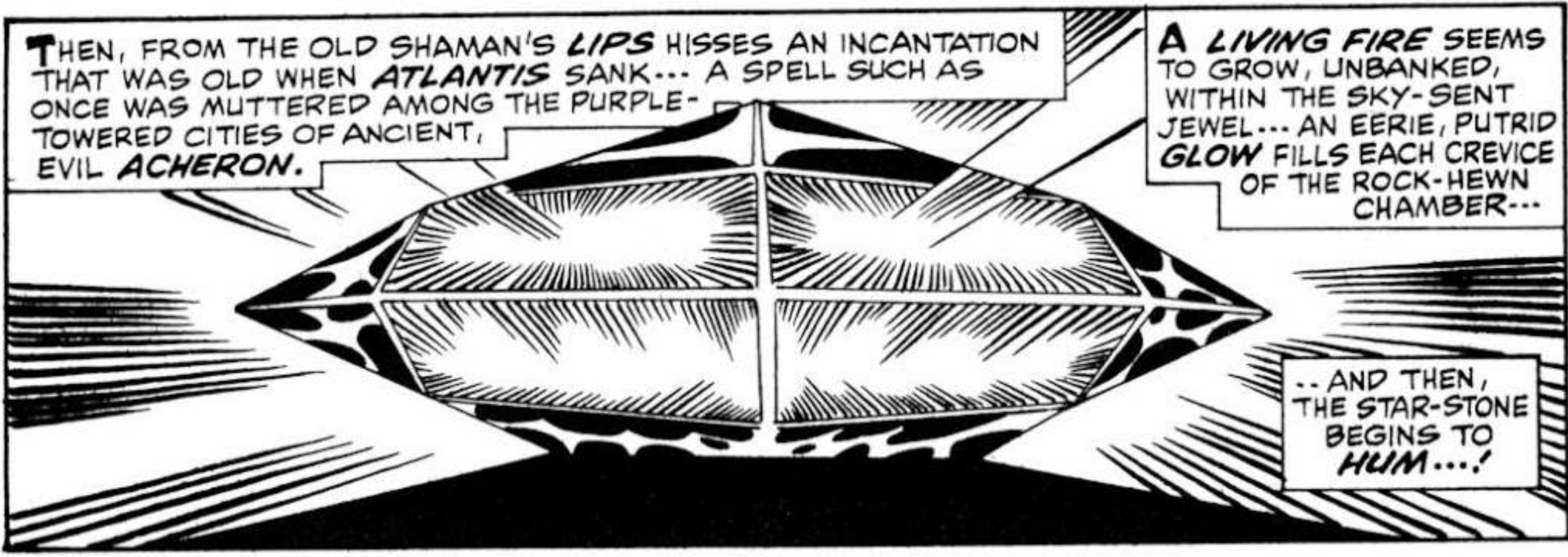
... SHE WHOSE SMILE HAS MADE MORE **BEARABLE** AN OLD MAN'S SELF-EXILE.

WELL? ARE MY TERMS **AGREED TO?**

WHAT HAVE I TO LOSE? **UNLEASH** YOUR PHANTOM ARMY!

I HAVE **NO NEED** OF A FULL ARMY, MAN OF THE **VANIR**.

NOW BE **SILENT**... AND YOU WILL OBSERVE MARVELS SUCH AS ARE **WHISPERED** ABOUT, OVER SLOWLY-DYING **CAMPFIRES**...!



THEN, FROM THE OLD SHAMAN'S LIPS HISSES AN INCANTATION THAT WAS OLD WHEN ATLANTIS SANK... A SPELL SUCH AS ONCE WAS MUTTERED AMONG THE PURPLE-TOWERED CITIES OF ANCIENT, EVIL ACHERON.

A LIVING FIRE SEEMS TO GROW, UNBANKED, WITHIN THE SKY-SENT JEWEL... AN EERIE, PUTRID GLOW FILLS EACH CREVICE OF THE ROCK-HEWN CHAMBER...

.. AND THEN, THE STAR-STONE BEGINS TO HUM...!



THE VANIR SKULK ABOUT BELOW, SUSPECTING NOTHING.

YOU WERE WISELY CHOSEN TO AVENGE THE RECENT BORDER RAIDS, OLAV.

BUT WHY DO YOU SCOWL SO?

BECAUSE, STRIPLING, THEIR LEADER VOLFF IS NOT AMONG THEM. HE MUST HAVE FLED, HIS NOSE SNIFFING DISASTER IN THE WIND.



HOW CAN THE ESCAPE OF ONE LONE FOE MAR YOUR JOY, OLAV?

YOU DON'T KNOW HIM, CONAN.

AS LONG AS HE LIVES, NO AESIR CAN SLEEP WITH BOTH EYES CLOSED.

STILL, WE OF AESGAARD HAVE A SAYING: "IF THE WOLF BE NOT AT HOME WHEN YOU COME TO CALL..."



"... THEN SLAY ITS PUPS!"

ATTACK, MY BROTHERS!



**THE AESIR
HAVE FOUND US!**

**VOLFF!
WHERE IS
VOLFF
THE WILY?**



**PERHAPS
YOU'LL
GREET HIM
ONE DAY SOON
... IN THE HALL
OF SHADES.**



**AND NOW...
HOLD!**

**WHAT SOUND IS THAT... LIKE
THE BEATING OF A THOUSAND
ANGRY WINGS?**



**NOT A THOUSAND,
YOUTH... ONLY
THREE PAIRS...
BUT FIXED TO
THE BODIES OF
MONSTERS!**

**LOOK, THERE
IN THE HEAVENS--
AT THE HORRID
DEMON-HORDE
WHICH DESCENDS
UPON US!**

CROM!

**FLEE!
WHAT MAN-FORGED
BLADE CAN FEND
OFF BAT-WINGED
DEVILS?**

DOWN UPON THE STARTLED TRIBESMEN SWOOP THE TRIO FROM BEYOND... NOR DO THEY SPARE EITHER AESIR OR VANIR IN THEIR DEADLY, VOICELESS ASSAULT...



YET, ONE MAN STANDS HIS GROUND, AND IS REWARDED BY A CRY SUCH AS NO LIVING MAN HAS HEARD...

THE THINGS CAN BE HURT!

THEN TO ME, LADS ... WE'LL STILL SAVE THE DAY!



BUT, THE DAY IS NOT FOR SAVING... AS A PINIONED SHAPE SPRINGS UPON OLAV FROM BEHIND...



... AND HE CRUMPLES IN A LIFELESS HEAP!



OLAV... DEAD!

AND NOW, BLACK TALONS TWITCH FOR MY THROAT.

FOR THE PAST FEW FATEFUL SECONDS, YOUNG CONAN HAS HELD BACK FROM THE ONE-SIDED BATTLE ... FOR, ABOVE ALL ELSE, THE BARBAROUS CIMMERIANS DO FEAR THINGS SUPERNATURAL! BUT NOW, AT THE SIGHT OF A VALIANT LIFE SNUFFED OUT LIKE THE MEREST CANDLE, THE FEAR-SPELL IS BROKEN..!

BE YOU DEMON OR DIVINE.. HEAVEN-SENT OR SPAWNED IN HELL...





OLAV SHALL BE AVENGED!!



BUT THE BARBARIAN'S ONLY ANSWER IS THE FORCEFUL FLAPPING OF TWO DARK WINGS ... A SUDDEN SENSATION OF WEIGHTLESSNESS WHICH LOOSENS HIS SWORD-GRIP...



... A BONY HAND AGAINST WHICH ALL HIS YOUTHFUL STRENGTH IS USELESS...



... THEN, THE FEELING OF BEING DROPPED, LIKE SOME BROKEN RAG DOLL, TOWARDS PEAKS ON WHICH A BLANKET OF SNOW STILL LINGERS...

... AND FINALLY, A NAMELESS, ALL-CONSUMING BLACKNESS!



AN ETERNITY LATER, CONAN DRIFTS BACK TO THE WAKING WORLD, ESCORTED BY THE TOUCH OF SOFT FINGERS... THE WAFTING TRACE OF AN EXOTIC SCENT... THE CARESS OF A GIRL'S HUSHED VOICE.

ARISE, YOUNG BARBARIAN. YOUR TIME IS ALMOST COME.

WHO CALLS CONAN... BACK FROM THE PLACE OF DREAMS?

I AM TARA... SO-CALLED BY THE GREAT SHAMAN.

SHAMAN? AM I, THEN, THE PRISONER OF A SORCERER?



YOU SPEAK QUICKLY TO THE POINT. MY MASTER IS PERHAPS A SORCERER OF SORTS... BUT HIS POWERS ARE NOT TRULY HIS OWN.

THEY ALL DERIVE FROM THE STAR-STONE... WHICH FORETOLD EVEN THAT YOU WOULD BE DELIVERED UNTO US.

WHAT DOES HE WANT OF ME? AM I TO BE SACRIFICED UPON SOME PAGAN ALTAR?



NO, HANDSOME ONE. THERE SHALL BE NO SACRIFICE... BUT ONLY A TRADE.

A TRADE? BUT WHAT..?

SAY NO MORE, BUT KEEP SILENCE.

WITHOUT YON WOODEN BARS, THE CEREMONY BEGINS...



THEN, CONAN'S BLOOD RUNS COLD AS HE BEHOLDS ANEW THE WINGED DEMONS... NEAR THEM, TWO SMIRKING VANIR... AND A WIZENED OLD ONE WHO CAN ONLY BE... THE SHAMAN.

O STAR-STONE... SACRED JEWEL WHICH FELL LIKE RAIN FROM ON HIGH...

THE VANIR-MEN BE STILL SCOFFERS... NOT TRUE BELIEVERS IN YOUR AWESOME POWER.

GIVE US A SIGN OF THAT POWER, SO THAT THE CEREMONY OF TRANSFERAL MAY BE ACCOMPLISHED.



THEN, BEFORE THE AMAZED EYES OF VANIR AND CIMMERIAN ALIKE, A VISION FILLS THE DARK-ENED CHAMBER-- A SCENE OF A WORLD-THAT-ONCE-WAS...

BEHOLD VALUSIA... MIGHTIEST MAINLAND KINGDOM IN THE DAYS BEFORE ATLANTIS SANK.

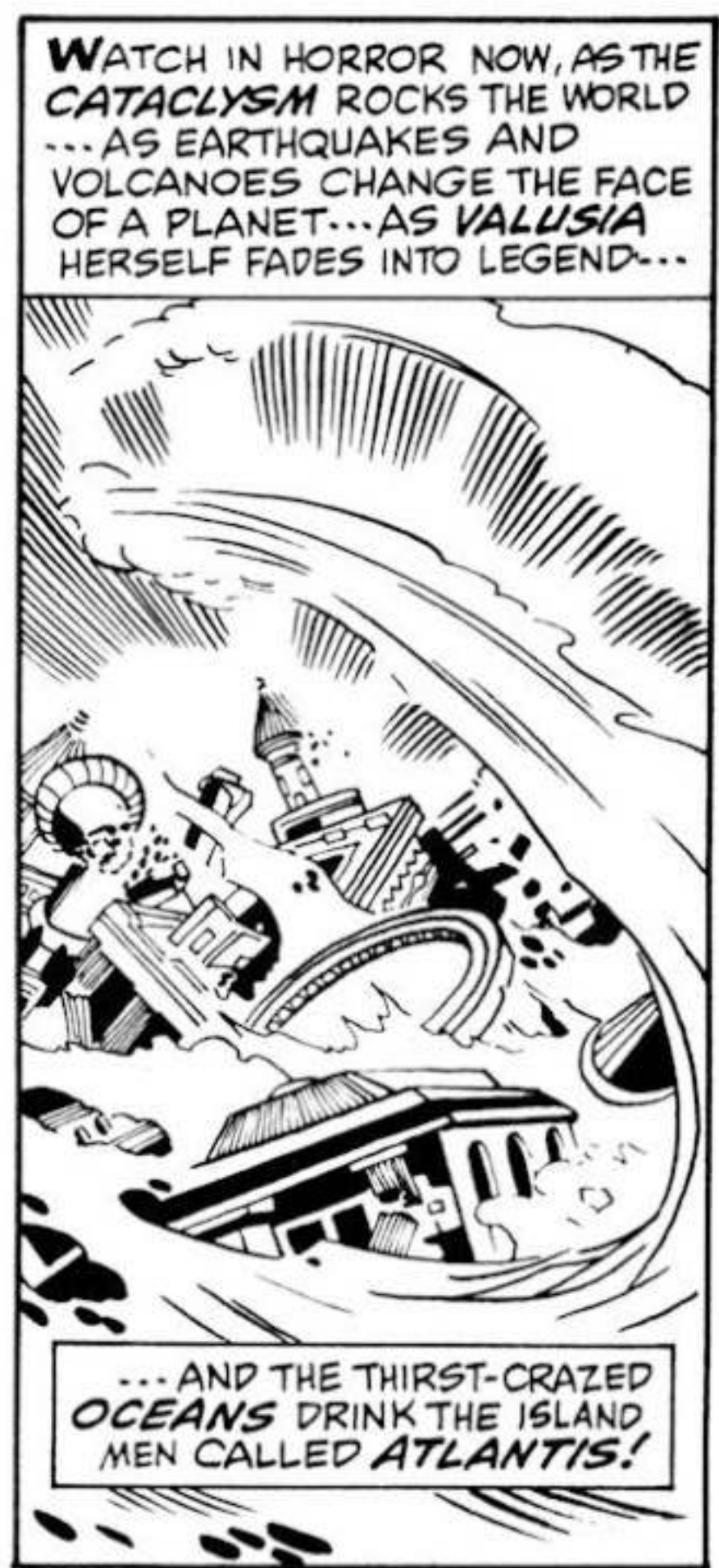
EVEN I HAVE NE'ER BEFORE DELVED SO FAR INTO THE PAST.

MORE, GREAT STONE... TELL US MORE!



YES, SHAMAN AND SAVAGES... GAZE DEEPLY... SEE THE LATTER DAYS OF VALUSIA, WHEN THE LAND WAS OFT RULED BY BARBARIAN MONARCHS...

... AND WHEN THE GREATEST OF THESE USURPERS WAS THE OUTCAST ATLANTEAN... KING KULL!



WATCH IN HORROR NOW, AS THE CATAclySM ROCKS THE WORLD ... AS EARTHQUAKES AND VOLCANOES CHANGE THE FACE OF A PLANET... AS VALUSIA HERSELF FADES INTO LEGEND...

... AND THE THIRST-CRAZED OCEANS DRINK THE ISLAND MEN CALLED ATLANTIS!



NEXT, BEHOLD A BABY BORN NOT TWENTY WINTERS AGO... ON A BATTLEFIELD IN CIMMERIA, AMID A RAID BY THE FEARSOME VANIR...



LOOK UPON THAT BABE, NOW GROWN TO YOUNG MANHOOD... RECEIVING HIS BAPTISM OF FIRE AND SWORD AT DISTANT VENARIUM, BUT A WINTER GONE...



AND NOW, BE WITNESS TO THE MOST AWESOME SIGHT OF ALL...

... AS THIS BARBARIAN, AMIDST A HAILING POPULACE, CROWNS HIMSELF KING OF A MIGHTY HYBORIAN EMPIRE!

HOLD!

'TIS NOT THE PAST WE SEE NOW... BUT THE FUTURE.

YET, THE CIMMERIAN CAN HAVE NO FUTURE -- FOR HE IS TO BE OFFERED UP IN THE CEREMONY OF TRANSFERRAL.

I MUST SEE MORE... STILL MORE!

WHILE, NEARBY, YOUNG CONAN WASTES FEW PRECIOUS MOMENTS TRYING TO FATHOM THE MYSTERIES OF TIME AND SPACE...

... BUT CONTINUES TO TEST THE BARS OF HIS MAKESHIFT PRISON.

AND STILL THE VISIONS DANCE MADLY ON... REVEALING MAN HURLED BACK INTO AN AGE OF STONE, AND BEGINNING ANEW HIS SLOW, UPWARD CLIMB...

... TOWARDS WONDERS UNDREAMED-OF EVEN IN THIS, THE HEIGHT OF THE HYBORIAN AGE.

BY THE GODS! I SEEM TO BEHOLD FAR-OFF STYGIA... UNDER ANOTHER NAME... IN ANOTHER TIME.

I MUST SEE MORE.. I MUST KNOW MORE! MORE!

STOP, OLD MAN! YOU ARE GOING ... TOO FAR!

WE WERE NOT MEANT TO LOOK ON THINGS LIKE THIS.. BEFORE THEIR TIME.

BUT THE WIDE-EYED SHAMAN HEEDS NOT... AS THE IMAGE OF MAN'S ULTIMATE CONQUEST FLOODS THE PIT-DARK CHAMBER... AND THE EARTH, THE CENTER OF PRIMITIVE MAN'S SMALL UNIVERSE, IS LEFT FAR, FAR BEHIND!

VOLFF... WHAT MADNESS IS THIS? THE STARS -- THE STARS...!

THESE SIGHTS -- HAVE DRIVEN THE OLD MAN MAD!

AAARRRRRR!



DEATH TO THE HARBINGERS OF HELL!

AND BEHIND THEM, THE *WINGED ONES* FADE SWIFTLY BACK INTO THAT DIM NETHERWORLD WHICH SPAWNED THEM, LIKE STRAWS CONSUMED BY A HOLOCAUST---



... WHILE THE DYING *SHAMAN* SHOUTS UNAVAILING SPELLS INTO THE RAGING INFERNO---



... AND *VOLFF THE WILY* LEARNS AT LAST THAT ALL HIS TRICKERY HAS BUT LIGHTED HIS WAY TO *FLAMING DEATH*---



FOR, EVEN AS CONAN BEARS HIS LOVELY BURDEN INTO THE OPEN AIR, A *FIERY EXPLOSION* ROCKS THE CAVERN BEHIND THEM!



YOU *FOOL*... YOU BARBARIAN *FOOL*... YOU HAVE *DOOMED* ME...

CURSE THE MOMENT OF WEAKNESS WHEN I FELT *PITY* FOR YOU!

DOOMED? NAY, YOU'RE *SAFE* NOW... OUT OF THAT *MADMAN'S* CLUTCHES!



YOU *STILL*... DO NOT *COMPREHEND*. BUT YOU *SHALL*... IN A FEW FLEETING MOMENTS---



WHAT ARE YOU *RAVING* ABOUT, WOMAN?

HAVE I *SAVED* YOU FROM THE FIRES WITHIN, ONLY TO HAVE YOU MOUTH *NONSEN*--?



CROM'S DEVILS!

WHAT *VILE* *SORCERY* IS THIS??





THE *FEMALE* I CARRIED FROM THE CAVE...

... IS CHANGED INTO ONE OF THE *WINGED DEMONS!*

SO YOU... WOULD CALL ME, MORTAL...



NOT LONG AGO... THE OLD *SHAMAN* WHISKED ME... FROM MY UNIVERSE *WITHIN* THE SHATTERED STAR-STONE...

... TRANSFORMED ME INTO AN EARTHLY *HANDMAID*, TO LIGHT HIS LONELY DAYS.

BUT HE COULD NOT KEEP ME HERE *FOR-E'ER*... UNLESS *ANOTHER* TOOK MY PLACE... IN MY DISTANT WORLD...

AND THAT OTHER WAS TO BE... *CONAN?*



AY... AND SO YOU KNOW AT LAST... THE SECRET OF THE CEREMONY OF *TRANSFERRAL*.

BUT NOW... MY *OWN* COSMOS CALLS ME... TO ENDURE ETERNALLY THE *HELLISH FLAMES* WHICH FLICKER THERE.

FARE THEE WELL, MORTAL... AND RECALL ONE DAY... THAT *TARA* FOUND YOU FAIR...




WONDER UPON *WONDER!*

THE *WINGED* ONE IS *GONE*... TO WORLDS WHERE NO MAN CAN *FOLLOW*.



THEN, THERE IS NO MORE NEED FOR *SPOKEN WORDS*, FOR NONE ARE LEFT ALIVE TO HEAR THEM. *SMOKE* POURS FROM THE *SHAMAN'S* CAVERN, DARK *HERALD* OF THE *DEATH* THAT ALL WITHIN HAVE DIED...



NIGHT-WINGED *THOUGHTS* FLIT ACROSS CONAN'S BRAIN
--- *MEMORIES* OF THE DREAD DEEDS OF THE DAY JUST
DONE--- THE SLAYING OF A VALIANT FRIEND... THE MARVELS
OF AN INVISIBLE WORLD REVEALED... IMAGES OF MANY-
TOWERED CITIES AND DYING CONTINENTS AND... AND...

... AND *KINGS!* AY, WASN'T
THERE SOMETHING ABOUT A
KINGDOM? A VISION OF
CONAN AS *MONARCH* OF
SOME UNGUESSED-AT LAND?

BUT ALREADY THE
IMAGE *FADES*... TOO
LONG AGO AND TOO
FANTASTIC TO TROUBLE
THE MIND OF A YOUTH
WHO HAS NEITHER
DAGGER NOR VENISON
TO SUSTAIN HIM.



THE MOON IS A WHITE, WATCH-
ING EYE... THE JOURNEY HOME
IS HARD... AND THERE ARE
NO REALITIES WORTH THE
WISHING, SAVE *FOOD* AND
A FINELY-WROUGHT *SWORD*.

[FINIS]