

The **SAVAGE SWORD** *of*
CONAN
REFORGED



BORIS

THE CLANGOR OF
THE SWORDS
HAS DIED
AWAY...
SILENCE LIES
HEAVY ON THE
BLOOD-
STAINED
SNOW...



THE NERVELESS
HAND YET
GRIPS THE
BROKEN
HILT...



HELMETED HEADS,
BACK-DRAWN IN
THEIR DEATH-
THROES, TILT RED
BEARDS AND
GOLDEN BEARDS
GRIMLY UPWARD...



...AS IF IN FINAL
INVOCATION TO
YMIR THE FROST-
GIANT, GOD OF
A WARRIOR RACE...



MAN, TELL
ME YOUR
NAME--



ACROSS THE RED DRIFTS AND MAIL-CLAD FORMS, TWO FIGURES GLARE AT EACH OTHER. IN THIS UTTER DESOLATION, ONLY THEY MOVE. SLOWLY THROUGH THE CORPSES THEY STRIDE, AS GHOSTS MIGHT COME TO A TRYST THROUGH THE SHAMBLES OF A DEAD WORLD. IN THE BROODING SILENCE, THEY STAND FACE TO FACE. BOTH ARE TALL MEN--AND BUILT LIKE TIGERS. BUT ONE OF THEM IS--

CONAN

THE BARBARIAN

-- SO THAT MY BROTHERS IN VANAHEIM MAY KNOW WHO WAS THE **LAST** OF WULFHIRE'S BAND TO FALL BEFORE THE SWORD OF **HYMDUL!**

ADAPTED FROM THE STORY "THE FROST GIANT'S DAUGHTER" WRITTEN BY Robert E. Howard, CREATOR OF CONAN



...EVER OUT OF REACH...
...EVER JUST OUT OF REACH...!



SNOW-DRIFTS...
THE COLD THAT BITES
LIKE A BLADE...

NOTHING
CAN HELP
YOU
ESCAPE ME,
WANTON.



LEAD ME INTO
A TRAP--AND
I'LL PILE THE
HEADS OF
YOUR KINSMEN
AT YOUR FEET!

HIDE FROM
ME--AND I'LL
TEAR APART
THE
MOUNTAINS
TO FIND
YOU!



I'LL FOLLOW
YOU TO
HELL!



YOU NEED NOT
PURSUE ME
MUCH LONGER,
BARBARIAN.

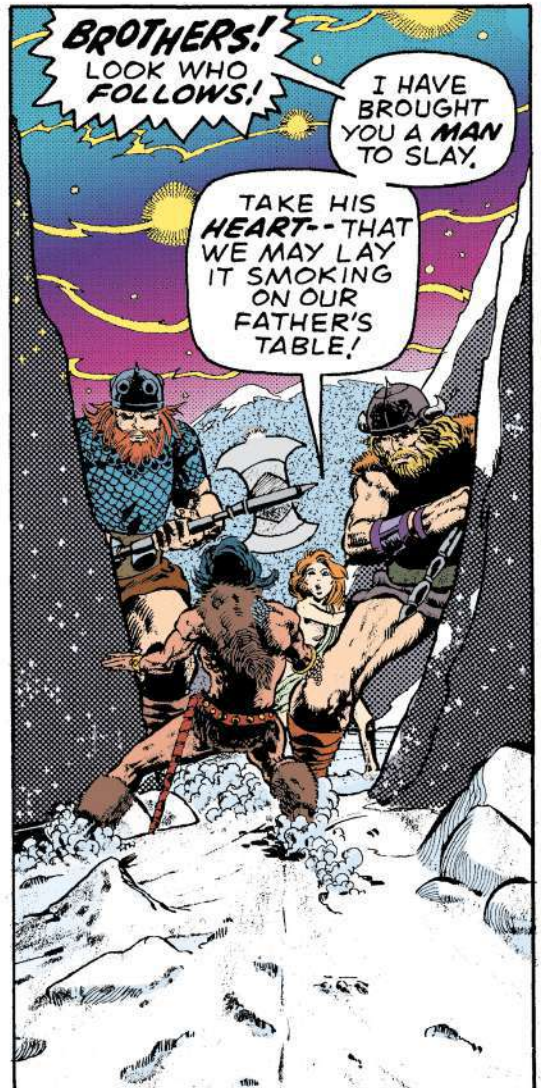
NO, NOT
MUCH LONGER
AT ALL!



THE LAND IS
CHANGED--AND
THE SKY--

IT BLAZES
WITH STRANGE
LIGHTS--AND
STRANGER
GLEAMS!

BUT NONE
OF THAT
MATTERS
--NOT AS
LONG AS--

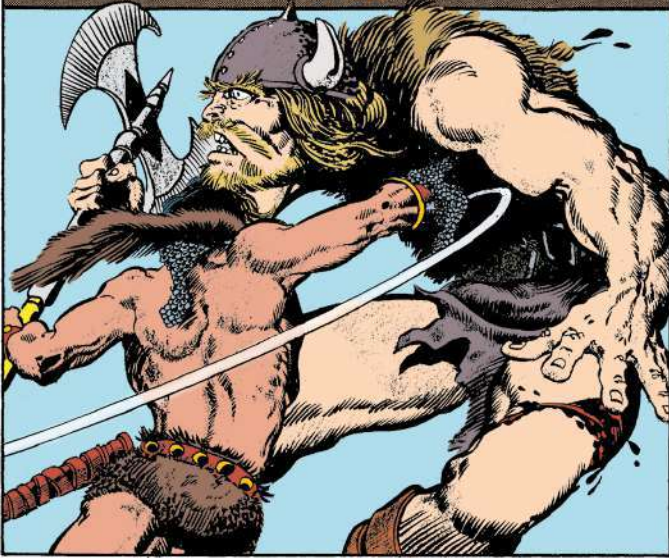


BROTHERS!
LOOK WHO
FOLLOWS!

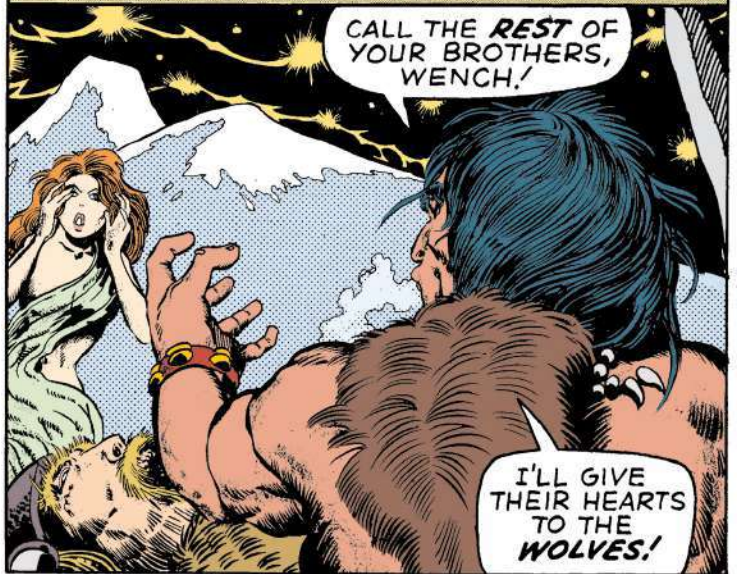
I HAVE
BROUGHT
YOU A MAN
TO SLAY.

TAKE HIS
HEART--THAT
WE MAY LAY
IT SMOKING
ON OUR
FATHER'S
TABLE!

-- **A** COLOSSUS WHICH, THE NEXT INSTANT, TOPPLES LIKE A LIFELESS OAK.



THEN, AS THE GIRL STANDS TRANSFIXED WITH HORROR, CONAN CRIES OUT--



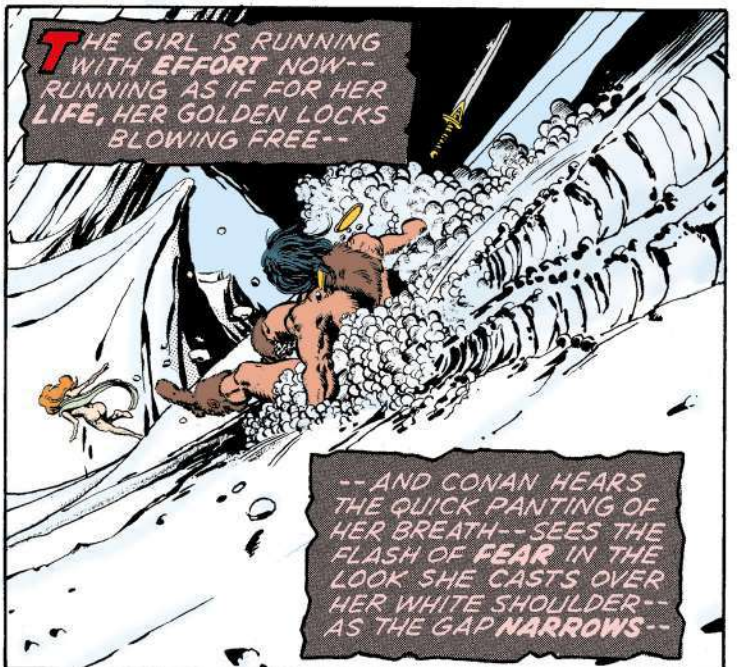
CALL THE **REST** OF YOUR BROTHERS, WENCH!

I'LL GIVE THEIR HEARTS TO THE **WOLVES!**

YOU CANNOT ESCAPE ME!

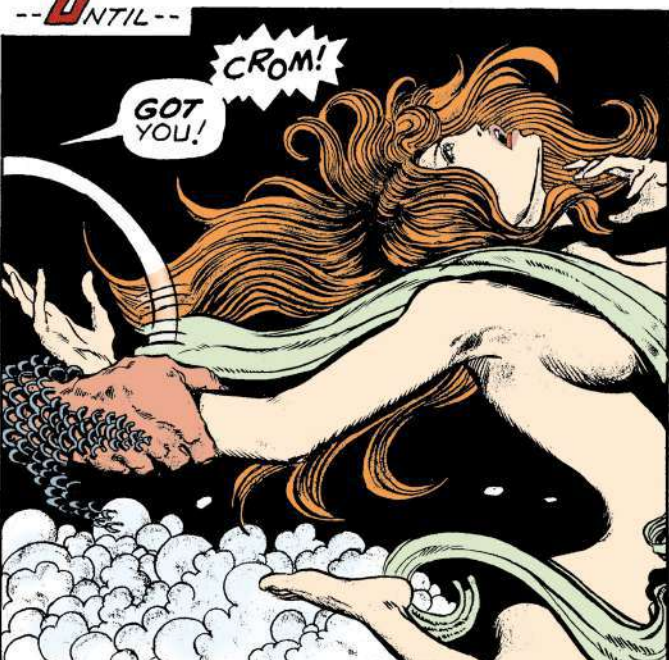


THE GIRL IS RUNNING WITH EFFORT NOW-- RUNNING AS IF FOR HER LIFE, HER GOLDEN LOCKS BLOWING FREE--



-- AND CONAN HEARS THE QUICK PANTING OF HER BREATH-- SEES THE FLASH OF FEAR IN THE LOOK SHE CASTS OVER HER WHITE SHOULDER-- AS THE GAP NARROWS--

-- **U**NTIL --



CROM!

GOT YOU!

YOUR FLESH IS **COLD**--AS COLD AS THE **SNOWS!**



BUT, I'LL WARM YOU, WOMAN--



BUT THEN--WITH A SCREAM AND A DESPERATE WRENCH--



THE GIRL SLIPS FROM CONAN'S ARMS--

