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TRUMAN · GIORELLO · CORBEN · VILLARRUBIA

CONAN

THE CIMMERIAN



DARK HORSE COMICS

#2 | \$2.99



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C/6



SO, CIMMERIAN.
HAVE I TOLD
CONNACHT'S STORY
WELL ENOUGH
THUS FAR?



WELL
ENOUGH, HERMIT.
MY GRANDFATHER
WOULD HAVE TOLD
IT BETTER.

MARK OF THE WOLF



THEN I'LL
TRY HARDER--
ESPECIALLY IF IT
HELPS TO KEEP
THE BLADE OF
YOUR SWORD
AWAY FROM
MY NECK.



THAT COULD
DEPEND ON HOW
LONG YOUR WINE
LASTS, OLD
MAN.



I WONDER,
MY FRIEND...

...WHAT
HAPPENED
TO YOU IN THE
LANDS OF THE
EAST, TO HAVE
LEFT SUCH A
BITTER TASTE
IN YOUR
MOUTH?



YOUR GRANDFATHER
ALSO JOURNEYED FAR
FROM THESE HILLS. ONE
DAY HE CAME BACK TO
CIMMERIA...AND NEVER
LEFT AGAIN.



NOW, LIKE
CONNACHT,
YOU'VE RETURNED
AS WELL.
I WONDER,
WILL YOU ALSO
STAY, AS DID
HE?



YOU ASK TOO
MANY QUESTIONS,
HERMIT. FINISH
YOUR DAMNED
TALE.



VERY WELL,
CONAN OF
CIMMERIA...
...LISTEN...



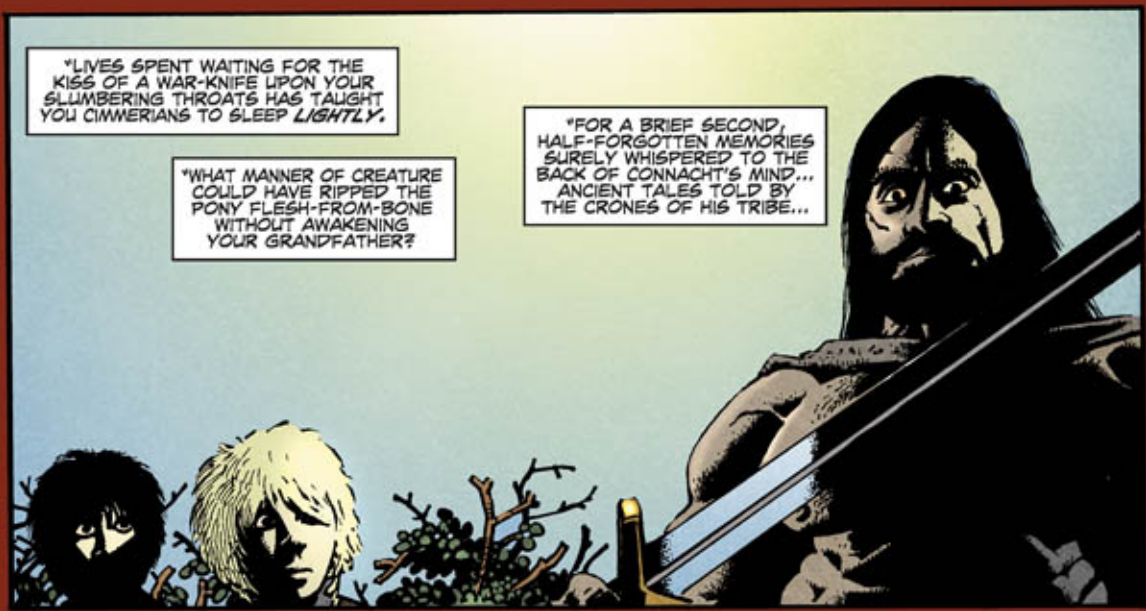


CROM!

"LIVES SPENT WAITING FOR THE KISS OF A WAR-KNIFE UPON YOUR SLUMBERING THROATS HAS TAUGHT YOU CIMMERIANS TO SLEEP LIGHTLY."

"WHAT MANNER OF CREATURE COULD HAVE RIPPED THE PONY FLESH-FROM-BONE WITHOUT AWAKENING YOUR GRANDFATHER?"

"FOR A BRIEF SECOND, HALF-FORGOTTEN MEMORIES SURELY WHISPERED TO THE BACK OF CONNACHT'S MIND... ANCIENT TALES TOLD BY THE CRONES OF HIS TRIBE..."





"QUICKLY, HE PUSHED THEM BACK."



THERE!
DO YOU SEE
THOSE TRACKS?
A WOLF.

BUT, SIR--
WHY DIDN'T
IT KILL US,
TOO?



MOST LIKELY,
IT HAD ALREADY
GORGED ITSELF ON
HORSEFLESH.

THIS BEAST
HUNTS BY NIGHT,
I THINK. NO
NEED TO FEAR IT
BY DAY. STILL,
WE MUST BE
WATCHFUL.

DAMN.



I KILLED
A CHIEF'S
SON FOR
THAT NAG.

TH-CLUMP!



SO BE IT.
LET'S START
WALKING,
LADS.