







--THE SUDDEN PAIN SHOOTING THROUGH HIS FOREARM SHRIEK'S TO HIM THAT THE DREAM IS ENDED!

ARRRG



BY MITRA, HE'LL NOT PUT UP MUCH OF A FIGHT, WITH MY ARROW THROUGH HIS FLESH!

HE'S GOT -- OOF! -- MORE FIGHT LEFT IN HIM THAN YOU THINK!

BUT HE CAN'T RESIST ALL OF US!



THAT ASSASSIN TRIED TO SLAY THE KING!

KILL HIM!

AYE, AND ALL WITH HIM!

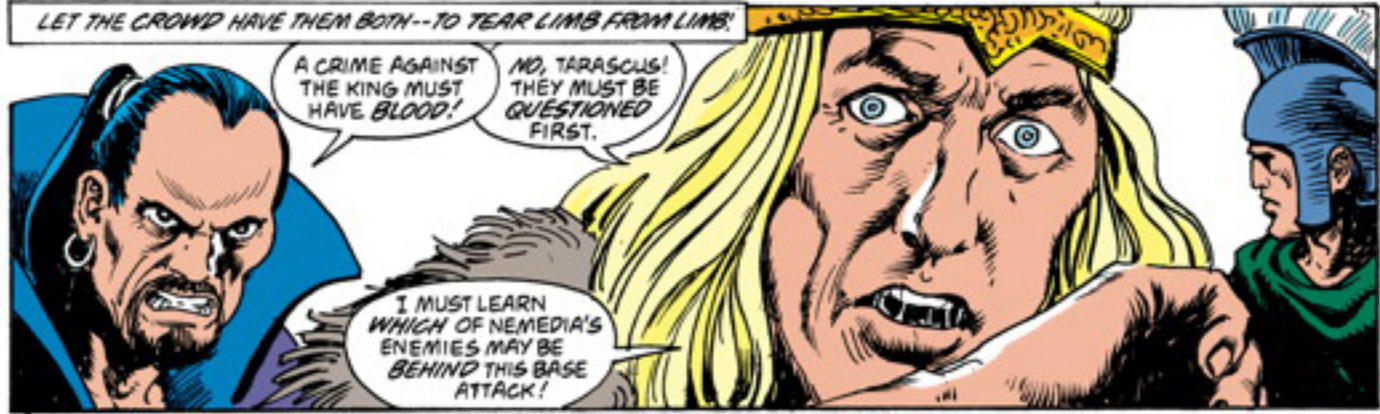
PERPLEXED BY CONAN'S MAD ACTIONS, HOBBS HESITATES A MOMENT BETWEEN TRYING TO HELP HIM, AND FLEEING.



AS IT HAPPENS, THAT IS A DECISION HE NEVER HAS TO MAKE.

THIS DOG WAS WITH HIM!

BRING HIM ALONG!



LET THE CROWD HAVE THEM BOTH--TO TEAR LIMB FROM LIMB!

A CRIME AGAINST THE KING MUST HAVE BLOOD!

NO, TARASCUS! THEY MUST BE QUESTIONED FIRST.

I MUST LEARN WHICH OF NEMEDIA'S ENEMIES MAY BE BEHIND THIS BASE ATTACK!



--AS SOON AS MY WOULD-BE ASSASSIN IS BROUGHT DOWN.

GET-- OFF ME--!



MY SWORD-HILT WILL PROVE HARDER, YOUR MAJESTY--

NNGNNN



--THAN EVEN A CIMMERIAN'S HEAD!

CIMMERIAN? IS THAT WHAT THE DOG IS?



TARASCUS-- TAKE HIM TO THE DUNGEON, AND PREPARE HIM TO TALK.

OF COURSE, MY BROTHER...



THAT IS HOW KINGS KEEP THEIR CROWNS, IS IT NOT?

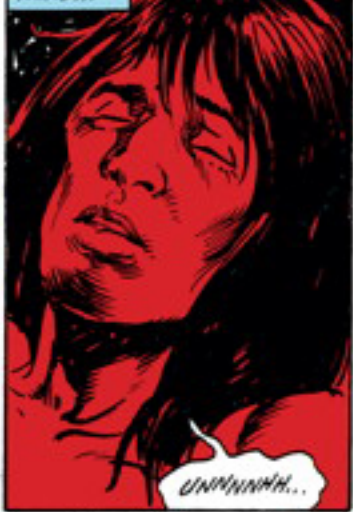
THE DUNGEON?
THEN--YOU WILL LET OUR TORTURERS DO WHAT MUST BE DONE WITH THIS BARBARIAN SCUM?

IT IS BLACK IN CONAN'S DREAM.

A BLACKNESS SUDDENLY FLAME-SHOT BY WRITHING REDS AND GOLDS.



IT SEEMS AS IF THE RAIN OF FIRE HAS COME AGAIN TO CIMMERIA, IN HIS NIGHTMARED MIND...



UNNNHHH...

BUT WHEN HE OPENS WIDE HIS EYES, HE SEES--EVEN AS HE SMELLS-- THAT ITS SOURCE--



CRON...

--IS RATHER NEARER AT HAND.

HE AWAKENS! GOOD!

LIAR! I AM... NO ASSASSIN...

BUT NOT FROM LACK OF TRYING, EH?

AND KEEP A CIVIL TONGUE IN YOUR HEAD WHEN SPEAKING TO TARASCUS, BROTHER TO OUR KING!

AN UNCONSCIOUS ASSASSIN CAN FEEL NO PAIN!

OF COURSE, IF IT WERE UP TO ME, YOU'D SOON HAVE NO TONGUE AT ALL, BUT--

I'LL DO THE TALKING HERE, ERMONN. YOU STICK TO YOUR TORTURING--

MITRA KNOWS, YOU'LL GET TO DO PLENTY OF IT.

NOT ONLY THIS BARBARIAN--





--BUT ALSO HIS FELLOW CONSPIRATORS!

I HAVE TOLD YOU, SIRE-- EVEN IF IT MAKES NO DIFFERENCE THAT THE CIMMERIAN WAS POSSESSED WHEN HE ASSAULTED THE KING--

--EVEN IF I MUST BE TORTURED, SIMPLY BECAUSE I WAS WITH HIM--

--THIS POOR BLIND GIRL HAS DONE NOTHING!

SILENCE! I DECIDE WHAT IS "NOTHING!"



SHE WAS HEARD CRYING OUT THAT SOMEONE NAMED "SHUMA-GORATH" WAS COMING.

WHAT COULD HE BE -- BUT A RIVAL CLAIMANT TO NEMEDIA'S THRONE?

BESIDES, I'VE ALWAYS WANTED A PET WOLF-- AND NOW I HAVE ONE.



SHUMA-GORATH IS NO MERE USURPER.

HE IS--

WELL-- I DON'T KNOW WHAT HE IS-- BUT HE IS NOT THAT!



AS FOR THAT FAT FOOL-- I NEVER SAW HIM BEFORE IN MY LIFE!

A NOBLE LIE-- BUT HE'D BEEN SEEN WITH YOU BY THE ONE WHOSE BLOW FELLE YOU.

GIVE IT UP, CONAN.

HE'S DETERMINED TO EXTRACT HIS POUND OF PAIN FROM US.



A POUND? YOU THINK SMALL FOR ONE SO HUGE.

YOUR MISERY SHALL BE AS ELEPHANTINE AS YOURSELF BEFORE I AM DONE WITH THE THREE OF YOU.



GET ON WITH IT, YOU CARCASS-SNIFFING JACKAL!

I HAD MEANT TO BEGIN WITH THE OTHER TWO--

BUT FOR THAT INSULT, WE SHALL START AS WELL AS FINISH WITH YOU.



AYE, MILORD. SHALL I BEGIN WITH HIS FACE-- OR HIS BELLY-- OR HIS--

I'VE A BETTER IDEA, ERMONN...