

Hyperboreal An ancient kingdom, shrouded--like the iron gray mist that cloaks this little-known path to the land's interior--in mystery, in superstition, in folklore.

THE RAIDING PARTY

Most who stray across the border never return, and the few that do emerge spin madness-tinged tales of white-haired witch queens and the languid tortures of a dissipated people.

But other legends abound as well... stories of ancient magicks employed to protect vast storehouses of treasure and plunder, captured by Hyperborean raiding parties.

Raiding parties like this one, returning from misadventures among the Vanir and Aesir.



Hither came Red Sonja.
-- from the lost Nemedian
Chronicles.

FORGIVE THE
INTRUSION...

AMBUSH!
AM--





Hyrkadians like Sonja are practically born in the saddle.

AAAAAAAAA

Horse-borne nomads, they are said to be so adept at horsemanship that their skill is akin to sorcery.

ONE SIDE, FELLOW...

WHAM

Though in all her years, Sonja had to admit that the Hyperborean war chieftain she faced...

...I NEED YOUR WAGON MORE THAN YOU DO.

HYAAAAH!



...did not lack skill of his own.

