



"KNOW, O PRINCE, THAT IN THAT AGE OF WAR AND BANDITRY, CITIES OFTEN AID THEMSELVES BEHIND HIGH WALLS AND FORTIFICATIONS..."

"...AS CHILDREN WHO HOPE TO AVOID AN ANGRY PARENT'S WRATH SOMETIMES COVER BEHIND A CURTAIN..."

"...WITH MUCH THE SAME RESULT:"

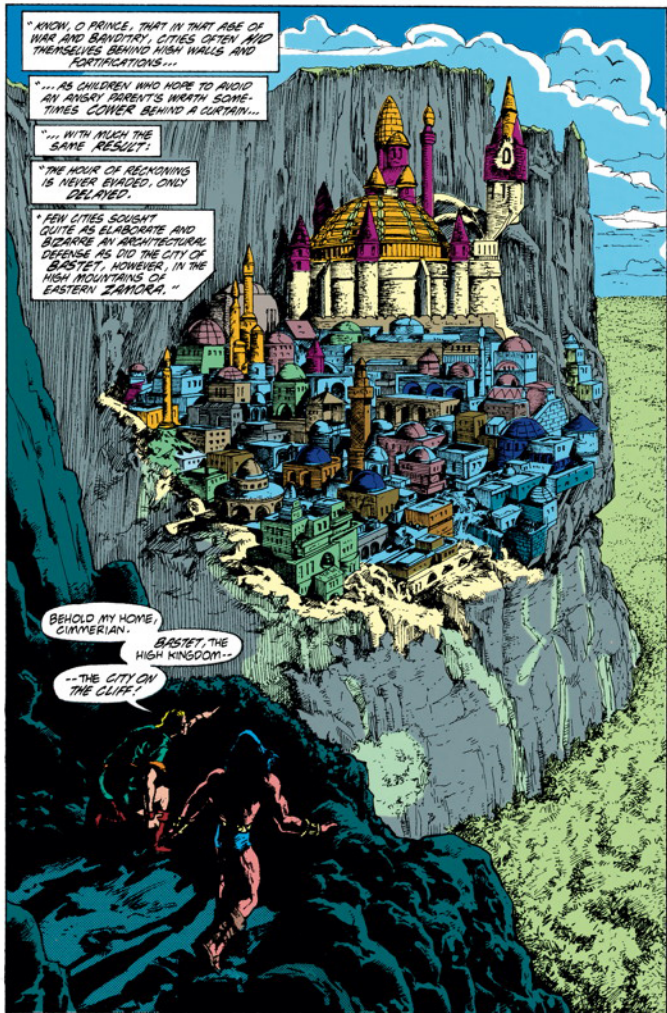
"THE HOUR OF RECKONING IS NEVER EVADED, ONLY DELAYED."

"FEW CITIES SOUGHT QUITE AS ELABORATE AND BIZARRE AN ARCHITECTURAL DEFENSE AS DID THE CITY OF BASTET, HOWEVER, IN THE HIGH MOUNTAINS OF EASTERN ZAMORA."

BEHOLD MY HOME, CIMMERIAN.

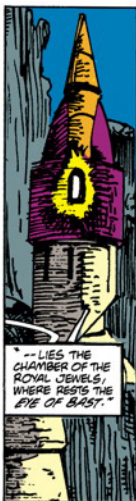
BASTET, THE HIGH KINGDOM--

--THE CITY ON THE CLIFF!





AND THERE,
BEHIND THAT
WINDOW
CATCHING THE
SUNLIGHT--



-- LIES THE
CHAMBER OF THE
ROYAL JEWELS,
WHERE RESTS THE
EYE OF BLAST.



BUT-- THERE ARE
NO ROADS--



-- NO PATHWAYS--
NO WAY TO
ENTER--



-- HOW DO WE GET
IN TO STEAL THIS
JEWEL? HOW DO
WE GET OUT?

OF COURSE
THERE'S A
ROAD IN,
CONAN.



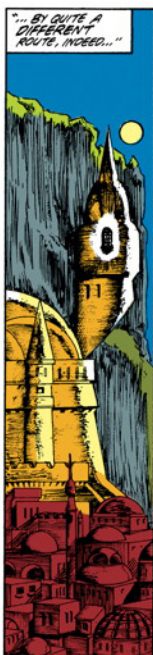
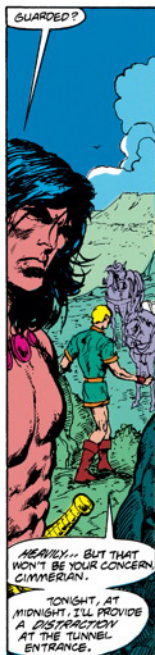
YOU SIMPLY CAN'T
SEE IT, BECAUSE
IT'S INSIDE THE
CLIFF.

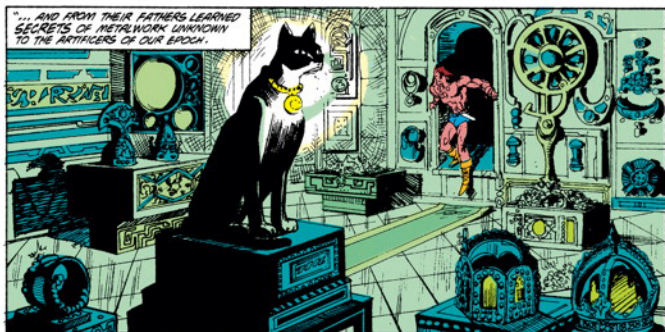


INSIDE? YOU
MEAN IT'S A
TUNNEL?

EXACTLY, DESCENDING
FROM THE CLIFF
TOP.

LARGE ENOUGH
FOR FOUR MEN ABREAST
TO ENTER, OR ONE
HORSE-DRAWN CART.

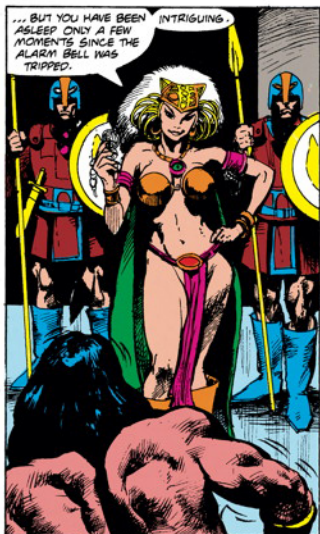






YOU MUST BE AS STRONG AS YOU LOOK.

THE MIST OF THE LOTUS USUALLY LEAVES A MAN DREAMING FOR AN HOUR OR MORE...



... BUT YOU HAVE BEEN ASLEEP ONLY A FEW MOMENTS SINCE THE ALARM BELL WAS TRIPPED.

INTRIGUING.



PERHAPS I WON'T HAVE THE PALACE GUARDS SLAY YOU... JUST YET.

I AM KARRISTA, QUEEN OF THE HIGH KINGDOM. WHO ARE YOU?



CONAN, A CIMMERIAN.

THAT'S A NORTHERN LAND, IS IT NOT?

A LONG WAY TO COME TO REACH SUCH A SAD END.



ONE THING PUZZLES ME, CIMMERIAN.

WE OF THE HIGH KINGDOM KEEP TO OURSELVES.

FEW ON THE OUTSIDE KNOW OF US OR OUR TREASURES.

YET YOU...