



AH, MORE
VOLUNTEERS
FOR SERVICE.
PERHAPS THEY
WILL UNDERSTAND
THE WAYS OF
THE SEA!

I THOUGHT
YOUR PRATTLING
WOULD KILL ME
BEFORE THE SUN DID,
OLD MAN. IT SEEMS
SOMEONE ELSE
WOULD LIKE A
CHANCE.

I SCARCELY
FEEL THE BLOOD
IN MY VEINS,
TRIBESMAN...

SHHMP

...BUT I'LL
BE DAMNED
BEFORE I'LL
LET YOU
HAVE IT!

SHLAKK

CHILDREN OF COURSE ARE THE SAME
EVERYWHERE. MORE ROUGH AND TUMBLE, PERHAPS,
UNDER THESE GRAY SKIES THAN IN CORINTHIA
OR BRYTHUNIA, BUT JUST AS CAREFREE--



--AND MISCHIEVOUS.



THE LITTLE ONES ARE NOT REALLY
CONSIDERED PEOPLE, AND PUNISHMENT
FOR MISDEEDS OFTEN PROVES
SEVERE HERE.

BUT A MOTHER'S LOVE CAN EVEN BE
FOUND IN CROW'S HARSH LAND.

SO CHIMERIA, THOUGHT BY MANY TO BE ALIEN IN ITS
WAYS AND ISOLATED, IS REALLY NOT SO ALIEN--



NOR IS IT SO
ISOLATED.





NOT FROM
MERCENARIES.




MERCENARIES HIRED BY NEIGHBORING
NATIONS TO INVADE AND TO
TRY TO SEIZE CIMMERIAN LAND
ALONG THE BORDERS.



THE PRACTICAL BARBARIANS, HOWEVER, KNOW FROM DECADES OF
THESE BORDER STRUGGLES THAT THE END RESULT IS ALWAYS THE SAME.

CIMMERIA IS TOO INTRACTABLE--
ITS PEOPLE TOO REBELLIOUS--TO BE CONQUERED,
AND SO THEY DON'T TURN AWAY THESE WELL-PAID FIGHTERS.



"THE NIGHT GROWS COLD, GOOD SOLOMON KANE,
WITH TOWN A HALF DAY'S RIDE,
A NEARBY COTTAGE DO I KEEP;
COME, LAY YOUR HEAD DOWN, REST, AND SLEEP.
THIS MUCH REWARD, LET VALOR REAP."



"VERY WELL. HERE--BE MY GUIDE."





"WHAT SORT OF PLACE IS THIS," KANE ASKED,
"WHERE DWELLS A MAID SO FAIR?"
"I LIVE HERE WITH MY MUM," SAID SHE...



"THOUGH NOW IT IS BUT YOU AND ME,
FOR MOTHER'S GONE TO TOWN, YOU SEE,
TO VISIT MY SISTER THERE."

