





YOU!  
I'M GONNA SHATTER YOUR LIMBS AND FEED YOU TO THE SHARKS!

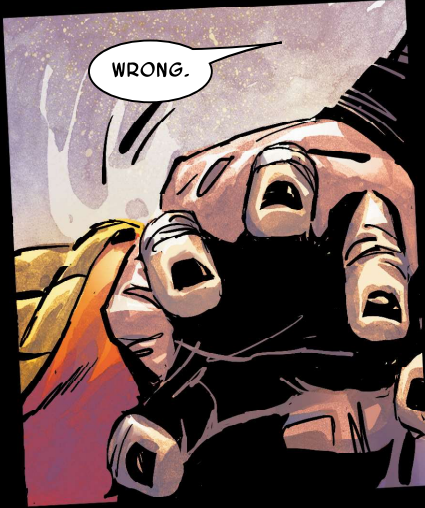


AFFEE!  
BRAKK

UNSHACKLE ME FROM THE DECK.



≠WHEEEZE≠  
I CANNOT. I DON'T HAVE THE KEY.

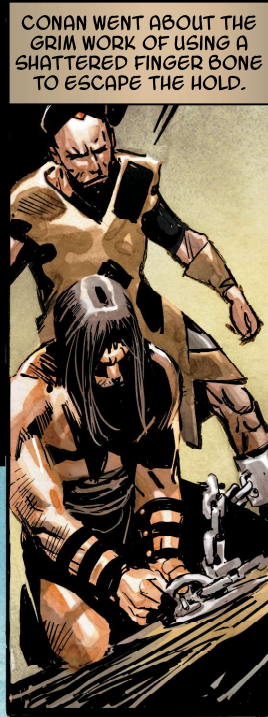


WRONG.



YOU HAVE A SMALL BONE I CAN USE TO PICK THE LOCK.





CONAN WENT ABOUT THE GRIM WORK OF USING A SHATTERED FINGER BONE TO ESCAPE THE HOLD.



OY!  
TROUBLE  
IN THE  
HOLD!







GR  
R  
AARGH!



OOF!

SPLAK



UH, I'M NOT WITH HIM—I MEAN, I AM BY CHAINS AND PROXIMITY ONLY, BUT NOT SPIRITUALLY.



DIE, BRUTE!

HRRR.

I NEED THIS SWORD.





