

SHADIZAR.

CONAN!

WHEN I WAS A YEAR OLD, I SLEW ASSASSINS SENT BY THE QUEEN OF THE GODS-- MY STEPMOTHER. THOSE WERE THE FIRST LIVES I TOOK.

AND TO MY SHAME, NOT THE LAST.

I HAVE KNOWN RAGE IN MY TIME. I HAVE SOUGHT REVENGE AND FOUND TRAGEDY. IN THIS LONG LIFE OF MINE, I HAVE KNOWN DARK DAYS.

I AM HERCULES PANTHELLIENOS, THE PRINCE OF POWER...AND THIS DAY IS PERHAPS THE DARKEST OF ALL.

THE PLANET EUPHORIA.

I'M THE STRONGEST THERE IS.

YOU WON'T LIKE ME WHEN I'M ANGRY. OR WHEN I'M NOT.

THEY CALL ME THE HULK...AND THE NIGHT IS MY TIME.

HULK--DID YOU KNOW SHE WAS GOING TO BE HERE...?

THIS WAS SUPPOSED TO BE A VACATION. DAMMIT!



PROMISES
WERE MADE!



DRINK IT IN,
BARBARIAN...

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BARBARIAN...

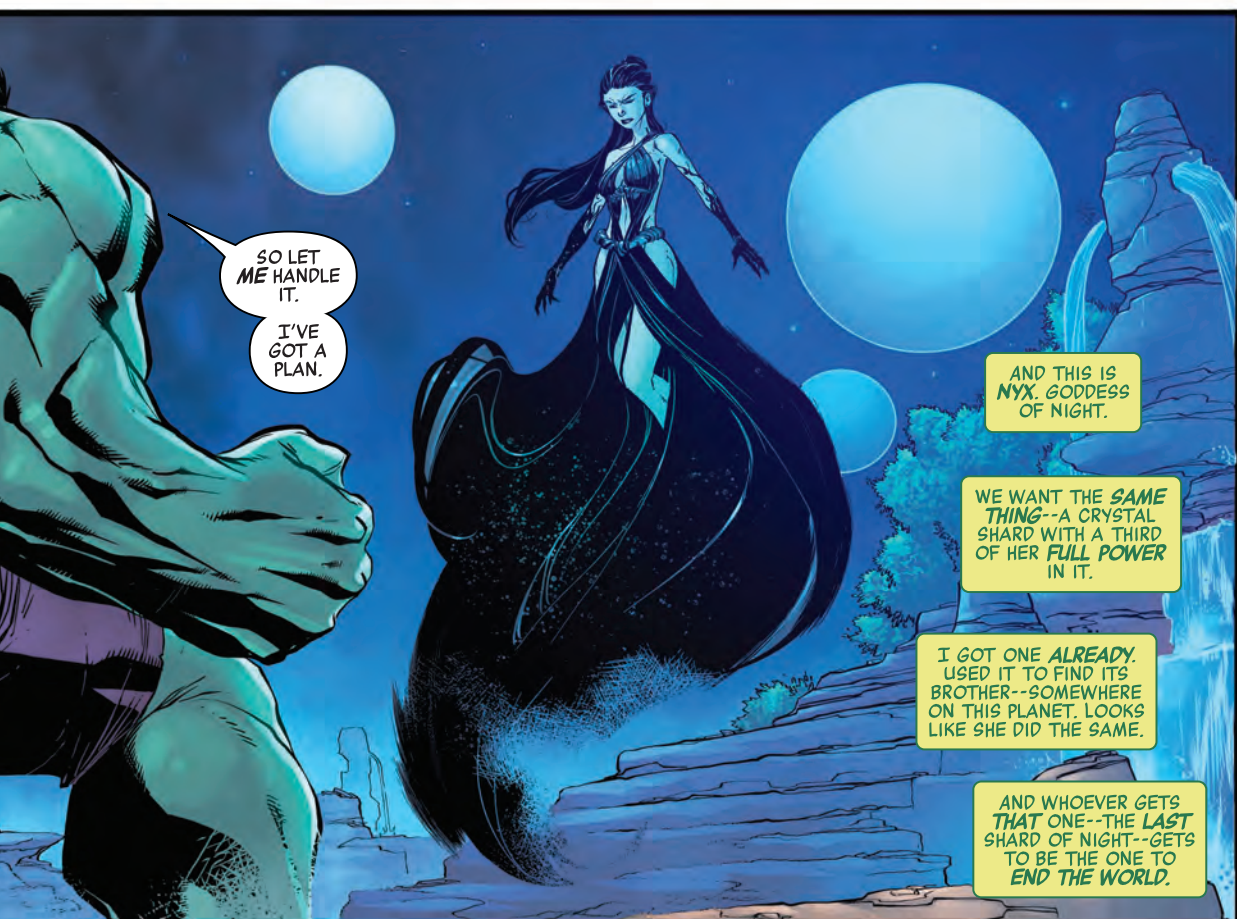
DRINK IT IN,
BARBARIAN...

...A WINE
FERMENTED FROM
YOUR DEEPEST
SORROWS.

...A WINE
FERMENTED FROM
YOUR DEEPEST
SORROWS.

...A WINE
FERMENTED FROM
YOUR DEEPEST
SORROWS.

BÊLIT, MY
LOVE...



SO LET
ME HANDLE
IT.

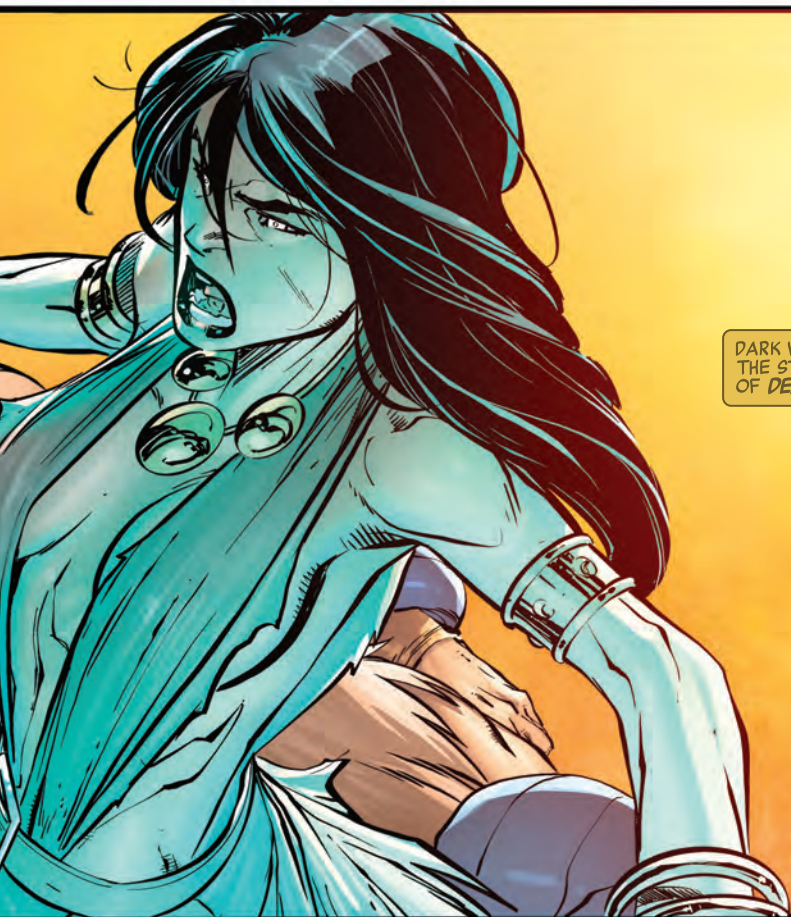
I'VE
GOT A
PLAN.

AND THIS IS
NYX. GODDESS
OF NIGHT.

WE WANT THE *SAME*
THING--A CRYSTAL
SHARD WITH A THIRD
OF HER *FULL POWER*
IN IT.

I GOT ONE *ALREADY*.
USED IT TO FIND ITS
BROTHER--SOMEWHERE
ON THIS PLANET. LOOKS
LIKE SHE DID THE SAME.

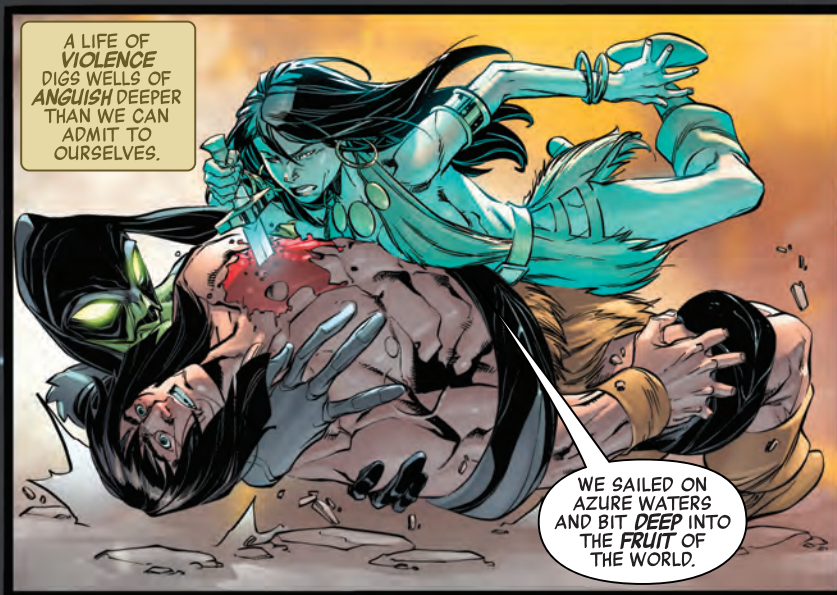
AND WHOEVER GETS
THAT ONE--THE *LAST*
SHARD OF NIGHT--GETS
TO BE THE ONE TO
END THE WORLD.



DARK WITH
THE STAIN
OF *DEATH*.

DARK WITH
THE SCARS
OF *REGRET*.

THE *QUEEN OF NIGHT*
AND HER FOUL *CHILDREN*
ARE STEALING AWAY THE
LIGHT IN THE UNIVERSE
AND THE LIGHT WITHIN
OUR VERY *SOULS*...



A LIFE OF VIOLENCE
DIGS WELLS OF
ANGUISH DEEPER
THAN WE CAN
ADMIT TO
OURSELVES.

WE SAILED ON
AZURE WATERS
AND BIT **DEEP** INTO
THE **FRUIT** OF
THE WORLD.



A SEARING PAIN
WE DO NOT KNOW
HOW TO CONFRONT.

THE
QUEEN OF
THE BLACK
COAST AND
HER FAITHFUL
LION.

YES...



ZAAAK

GRAAAH!



STOP--
OI-OI-OI-
OIZYS.

HOLD ON,
CONAN!



I KNOW NOT WHO THIS WARRIOR IS, BUT HIS EXPRESSION TELLS ME MUCH ABOUT THE LIFE HE'S LED.

YOU...



I HAVE BEEN THAT BARBARIAN.

I HAVE FELT THE FRENZY OF ENDLESS ANGER.

YOU!

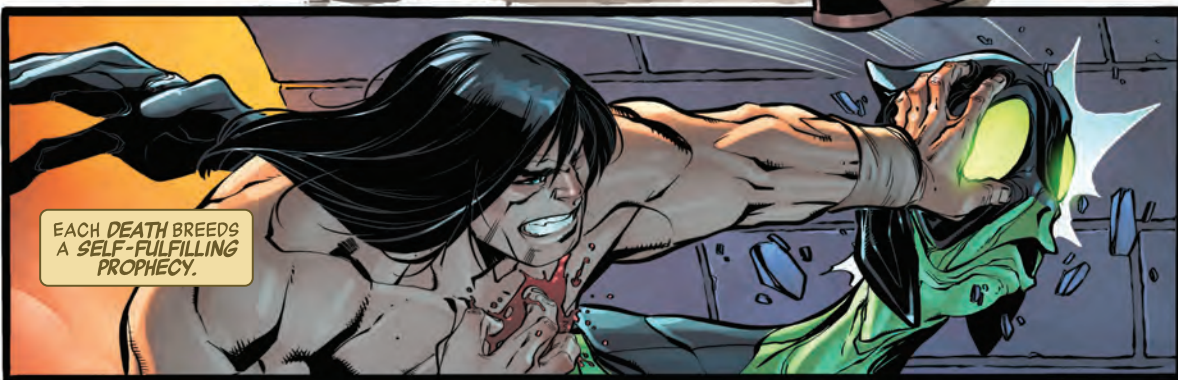
N'GAAAH!



EACH BATTLE BUILDS THE CALLUS AROUND ONE'S HEART.

TASTE MY BLADE, DOG!

SLASH



EACH DEATH BREEDS A SELF-FULFILLING PROPHECY.