

**MARVEL**

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JASON AARON  
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# CONAN

THE BARBARIAN



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NEXT CHAPTER  
OF AN ALL-NEW  
**CONAN**  
NOVELLA

“Know, oh prince, that between the years when the oceans drank Atlantis and the gleaming cities, and the years of the rise of the Sons of Aryas, there was an age undreamed of, when shining kingdoms lay spread across the world like blue mantles beneath the stars...Hither came Conan, the Cimmerian, black-haired, sullen-eyed, sword in hand, a thief, a reaver, a slayer, with gigantic melancholies and gigantic mirth, to tread the jeweled thrones of the Earth under his sandaled feet.”

--The Nemedian Chronicles



**BLOODY HIGHLIGHT** -  
DENOTES REGIONS EXPLORED IN THIS ISSUE.

**MARVEL COMICS  
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# CONAN<sup>®</sup>

## THE BARBARIAN

### **THE LIFE & DEATH OF CONAN** part eight **HOMECOMING**

From the hills of his homeland in Cimmeria to his eventual kingdom in Aquilonia, Conan traveled, survived, and thrived by cutting a bloody swath through the Hyborian Age. As a mercenary, a thief, a prizefighter, a sailor--to name but a few of his occupations--he escaped his own death countless times. In his prime, Conan encountered the Crimson Witch, and later, her child servants--all worshippers of the death god Razazel. The more a great warrior cheats death, the more imbued his blood becomes with the power of Death Magic that the Crimson Witch needs to resurrect her death god. Seemingly killing the witch in their first encounter, Conan moved on with his life, leaving the episode all but forgotten. But the acolytes of Razazel have never forgotten him...

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**T**HE BLIZZARD  
CAME SUDDENLY.

**TOO** SUDDENLY,  
CONAN THOUGHT. AND IT  
WASN'T THE WITHERING  
COLD THAT MADE THE  
HAIRS ON THE BACK  
OF HIS NECK RISE.

HE KNEW THIS COLD.  
AS WELL AS HE KNEW  
THESE HILLS, EVEN  
COVERED IN SNOW.

HIS HORSE HAD  
SUCCUMBED TO THE  
FREEZING WINDS A  
FEW HILLS BACK, UNDER  
TREES CONAN USED  
TO CLIMB AS A CHILD.

IN THE DAYS WHEN  
TRIBAL FIGHTING WAS  
AT ITS FIERCEST,  
THOSE TREES WERE  
AS FAR AS HIS FAMILY  
WOULD ALLOW YOUNG  
CONAN TO WANDER.

SO HE'D CLIMB  
TO THE VERY  
TOP AND GAZE  
LONGINGLY INTO  
THE DISTANCE.

HOPING FOR  
A GLIMPSE OF  
SOMETHING,  
**ANYTHING,**  
BEYOND THE  
SAME SULLEN  
GRAY HILLS  
HE KNEW  
SO WELL.

BUT HE  
COULDN'T SEE  
THAT FAR.  
NOT YET.

ALL HE SAW WAS  
**CIMMERIA.**

**RRRWF  
RRWF  
RRWF**



ALL HE  
SAW WAS  
HOME.

GRRRRR...



THAT'S  
ABOUT AS  
WARM A WELCOME  
AS I EXPECTED.  
LET'S NOT MAKE  
IT ANY WARMER  
THAN NEED  
BE, DOG.

WHAT KIND  
OF **RABBIT-  
BRAINED FOOL**  
IS OUT WALKING  
ON A NIGHT  
LIKE THIS?





THE SICKNESS STARTED **NINE DAYS AGO.**

MIGHT'VE BEEN A DOG THAT BROUGHT IT. WE'VE HAD A LOT OF WILD ONES COMING AROUND LATELY.



NINE DAYS AGO. THE SAME TIME CONAN LEFT NEMEDIA, HEADING HOME.

WHAT SORT OF SICKNESS?

THE SORT NO ONE'S EVER SEEN BEFORE. NOT EVEN THE OLD **BEAR SHAMAN.**

TAKES PEOPLE'S **MINDS.** MAKES THEM...NOT THEMSELVES SOMEHOW.

HAS ANYONE DIED FROM THIS MADNESS?



NOT YET. IN FACT, THEY ALL SAY IT'S THE BEST THEY'VE EVER FELT.

EXCEPT FOR THE VOICE **SCREAMING** IN THEIR HEADS. BUT YOU GET USED TO THAT.

**CHOP  
CHOP  
SLUNCH**



AIIILL. WHERE IS MY GRANDMOTHER?

THE SHAMAN GOT SCARED AND RAN OFF, SO YOUR OLD GRAN WENT TO A NEARBY VILLAGE LOOKING FOR MEDICINE.

WHICH VILLAGE?

I'LL SHOW YOU AFTER WE EAT. THAT'S THE OTHER THING ABOUT THE SICKNESS...



...MAKES YOU SO DAMNED HUNGRY.

BY CROM!



AH, WE DON'T SAY THAT NAME AROUND HERE NO MORE, BOY. WE'VE GOT A **NEW** GOD SINCE YOU'VE BEEN GONE. AND HE TOLD US YOU WERE COMING.



THE MASTER OF THE BLACK RING WANTED US ALL TO BE READY TO RECEIVE YOU.

AND YOU BET YOUR ASS WE ARE.