

CONAN THE
BARBARIAN

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CONAN

COME ASHORE,
DEVIL--AND TASTE
MY SWORD!

BARBARIAN

BY CROM--
THIS NIGHT,
ONE OF US
DIES!



**THE DEMON
FROM THE DEEP!**



"Know, O prince, that between the years when the oceans drank Atlantis and the gleaming cities, and the rise of the sons of Aryan, 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.

STAN LEE PRESENTS: **CONAN THE BARBARIAN™**

THE DEMON OUT OF THE DEEP!

THE VERDANT HILLS AND DEEP HARBORS OF ARGOS HAVE BEEN LONG LOST IN DUSK AND DISTANCE. RED SKIN... KING KILL... AYE, EVEN THE MYSTIC VISAGE OF THE DREADED THOTH-ARON... ALL HAVE ALREADY BEEN VIRTUALLY FORGOTTEN ON BOARD THE *WOLFESS*.

FOR LIFE GOES ON ABOARD THIS PRATE SHIP BOUND FOR THE BOOTY-RICH SHORES OF KUSH AND THE BLACK COAST...

SO, MY BARBARIAN... PRACTICING YOUR ARCHERY AGAIN, I SEE?

I WAS NOT RAISED TO THE BOW AS YOU WERE, BELT-IT.

CIMMERIANS GENERALLY PREFER THE SPEAR--THE DAGGER--OR A GOOD BROADSWORD!

FREELY ADAPTED FROM THE STORY
"OUT OF THE DEEP"
BY:
ROBERT E. HOWARD
CREATOR OF CONAN

ROY THOMAS
WRITER & EDITOR

MARIE SEVERIN
COLORIST

*** VAL MAYERIN * THE TRIBE**
ILLUSTRATORS

CONROY
LETTERING

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STILL, I RECEIVED SOME TRAINING IN ARCHERY AND HORSEMANSHIP WHEN I SOLDIERED AMONG THE TUMAHAYS A COUPLE OF YEARS BACK...



...AND NOT ALL THE THINGS THEY TAUGHT WERE LOST ON ME!



CLOSER TO CENTER-- BUT AN INCH LOWER WOULD HAVE PIERCED YOUR IMAGINED FOEMAN'S HEART.

I'M STILL GETTING USED TO THE ROLLING OF THE SEA BENEATH MY FEET.

ALWAYS AN EXCUSE, EH, MY LOVER?



IT'S TRUE, AS WELL YOU KNOW.

I'M USED TO THE WAYS OF THE SEA BY NOW...

BUT STILL, A FEW DAYS ASHORE, AND A BORN LANDLUBBER LIKE ME BEGINS TO FORGET...

I SUPPOSE YOU'RE RIGHT, AT THAT.

AFTER ALL, YOU NEVER EVEN SAW THIS WESTERN SEA TILL A FEW MONTHS AGO--



--WHEN YOU FOUND IT A BETTER PLACE TO LIVE THAN AN ARGOSSEAN DUNGEON!



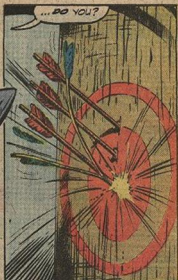
THERE! THAT'S HOW NYAGA TAUGHT ME TO DO IT, IN THE SEVER ISLES FAR TO THE SOUTH.

BY ISHTAR, LET THAT RED-HAIRED WITCH RED SONJA TRY TO BEST THAT SHOT!



STILL JEALOUS, ARE YOU-- OF ONE WHO THINKS NO MORE OF ME THAN SHE DOES OF HER HORSE?

YOU WASTE YOUR ARROWS OF ANGER ON PHANTOMS OF THE MIND, WOMAN.





"MOST TIMES, I COULD HEAR A SNOWFLAKE DRIFT TO EARTH IN THAT WINTERY WASTELAND. BUT, THIS DAY, I MUST HAVE BEEN CARELESS..."

"FOR, I FAILED TO SENSE THE HUMAN EYES STABBING INTO ME LIKE COLD DAGGERS FROM THE ICY GRASS ABOVE..."



"...TILL I WAS SURROUNDED BY A VIKING WAR-PARTY!"

"I SAW AT ONCE THEY WISHED TO CAPTURE, NOT KILL ME--AND THAT GAVE ME AN ADVANTAGE, SINCE I HAD NO SUCH QUALMS ABOUT SLAYING THEM."

"THEY HAD NO MORE USED FOR GIMMERIANS WHO WANDERED INTO THEIR DOMAIN THAN THEY DID FOR RESIR!"

"THEN, THE BLOW OF A CLUB STRUCK ME, EVEN THRU THE HELMET FORGED BY MY BLACKSMITH FATHER--"



"GROW, BUT THERE WAS A BATTLE THAT DAY-- WITH NIGH A DOZEN OF THEM SEEKING TO OVERWHELM ME BY SHEER NUMBERS!"



"--AND I RECALLED NO MORE FOR A TIME."

"THEN, ANKING, I SCRAMBLED TO MY FEET-- TO FIND A **BLADE** AT MY GULLET.

"I DID NOT NEED TO ASK WHAT **RATE** AWAITED ME...



"FOR, I'D MET OTHER AEGIR AND CIMMERIANS WHO HAD DWELT FOR **DECADES** AMONG THE **GROFF** VANIRMEN...



"...AS **SLAVES**!

"PERHAPS I COULD HAVE **ESCAPED**; BUT I SUPPOSED THAT IN TIME THEY WOULD SEE THE **VALUE** OF MAKING ME A **COMRADE** RATHER THAN A **SLAVE**. SO I **PLAYED ALONG** AND **LEARNED** WHAT I COULD...

YOU SAY, LIREISH, THAT YOUR VILLAGE IS BY THE **FABLED WESTERN SEA**?



AYE, WHAT OF IT, **BLACKMANS**?

I JUST WONDERED WHY, THEN, YOU SPEND ALL YOUR TIME IN **FRUITLESS LAND-WARS** WITH THE **AEGIR**.

AT **VENARIUM**, MONTHS AGO, I HEARD OF A BREED OF MEN TO THE SOUTH CALLED **PIRATES**. WHO--

WE NEVER GO TO SEA, SAVE TO **FISH**.

WHY NOT?



WE WOULD NOT ANSWER.

"IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOWED, AS WE TRAVELLED WESTWARD THRU THE **VANAHEIM** SUMMER, I TRIED **SEVERAL TIMES** TO SPEAK OF THE **SEA**, WHICH I HAD NEVER SEEN AND COULD NOT **PICTURE** IN MY MIND.



"BUT **LIREISH**, THE **VILLAGE'S** WAR-CHIEF REFUSED TO SPEAK OF IT-- OR OF WHY HIS PEOPLE **HUGGED** THE SHORE IN **FRAIL FISHING BOATS**, AS I'D HEARD FROM THE **AEGIR**.

"THEN, ONE **DAWN**, ROUNDING A **MOUNTAIN RIDGE**, I **SUDDENLY BEHELD**--

THE **WESTERN SEA**!



"--AND BY IT THE **ROUGH FISHING VILLAGE** OF **LIREIGH** AND HIS PEOPLE.

"BUT, FIRST MY EYES-- THEN LIREIGH'S--
FELL UPON A MILLING, STRANGELY SILENT
CROWD AT WATER'S EDGE...

YOUR BLAST
MY SOUL--!



NO THERE, THE
VILLAGE! WHAT'S
WRONG??



DRAWN MY
EYES.
WHATEVER'S
GATHERED
THEM THERE
THEY'RE SO
SPELL BOUND
THEY DON'T
EVEN HEAR
ME!

SHOULDN'T A
WAR-CHIEF MAKE
HIMSELF HEARD?



AYE, I'LL MAKE
MYSELF HEARD.
ALL RIGHT--
HEARD AND
FELT!

STEP ASIDE,
POUTS, AND
LET LIREIGH
SEE WHAT--

YOUR FROSTY
BEARD!

IT'S YOURS
FALLOW--
ROWNER!
BUT WHEN--?



THIS
MORNING
ONLY,
LIREIGH.

BUT HE MUST HAVE SUNK
DEEP--FOR, SUCH WEEPS
DO NOT GROW EXCEPT FAR
BENEATH THE WAVES!



STRANGE HOW HIS
CORPSE DRIFTED ALONE
BACK TO SHORE--AND
SO SWIFTLY!

AND HE LOOKS SO
PEACEFUL--MORE
ASLEEP THAN
DEAD.

MARGA,
MY DAUGHTER
--YOU WERE
TO HAVE
WED THE
BOY.

TAKE HIM IN YOUR ARMS.
LASS, AND KISS HIM--
FOR THAT'S WHAT HE'D
HAVE WANTED
ALIVE!



"THE GIRL OBEYED, DREAMLIKE, THEN... AS HER WARM LIPS TOUCHED HIS COLDER ONES, SHE SCREAMED AND RECOILED--

"THIS IS NOT FALLON!!

"WHY, WHAT DO YOU MEAN, GIRL?"

"THIS IS NOT THE BODY OF THE MAN I LOVED!

"THIS IS SOMEONE-- SOMETHING ELSE!!

"HER BRAIN IS TURNED POOR CHILD."

"I SAID NOTHING, FOR I WAS A STRANGER AMONG STRANGERS... AND A CAPTIVE, TO BOOT."

"BUT, YOUNG THOUGH I WAS, I COULD NOT IMAGINE A GIRL WHO WOULD NOT KNOW HER LOVER, EVEN IN DEATH."

"THEN, LIFTING THE SEAWEEP-LADEN CORPSE, THE VANIRMEN BORE IT TO HIS HOUSE--

"...THE HOUSE WHERE HE HAD HOPED TO BRING HIS BRIDE, ERE LONG."

"THE GIRL MARGA WALKED WITH THEM LIKE ONE IN A TRANCE, HER EYES STARING STRAIGHT AHEAD."

"AS THEY LAID HIS BODY DOWN, SALT WATER FROM HIS GARMENTS TRICKLED OFF THE BED AND SPLASHED ON THE FLOOR-- FOR, IT IS A SUPERSTITION AMONG THESE VANIR THAT MONSTROUSLY BAD FORTUNE WILL FOLLOW IF A PROWNERD MAN'S CLOTHES ARE REMOVED."

"SHORTLY AFTERWARD, EVEN AS I BEGAN TO TIRE OF THE DEATH-WATCH... SINCE I HAD NEVER KNOWN THE DEAD MAN...

"SO! THEN IT'S TRUE!"

"AYE, GONAR! YOUNG FALLON IS DEAD."



WHAT WILL YOU DO GOWAR, PRINCE OF SNON-JACKALS?

CRON'S DEVILS, BUT I'VE SPENT LONG DAYS AND NIGHTS WANTING TO SMASH IN A SMUG YANIR FACE--

--AND YOU MAY THANK ICE-BEARDED YANIR THAT YOU DON'T BECOME THE SECOND CORPSE IN THIS LODGE!

"YET, EVEN AS MY FINAL BLOW FELL, I KNEW I HAD ERRED IN SHOWING MY TRUE STRENGTH."



"DOUBTLESS I COULD HAVE FLED AT THAT MOMENT, AND THE CONFUSION THAT REIGNED."

"BUT SOMETHING HELD ME THERE..."



AND WHAT ABOUT ME, LIREIGH? I'VE FOUGHT ON THE AESIR'S SIDE AGAINST YOU.

I LIKE THE PROSPECT, LAD... SURELY I DO!

WHY NOT LET ME FIGHT ON YOUR SIDE, IN THE FUTURE, INSTEAD?

BUT, THE COUNCIL MUST PASS ON IT, NOT I ALONE.



"...SO THAT I MERELY WATCHED AS GOWAR'S FRIENDS HELPED HIM FORTH."

I SWEAR TO YOU ALL--I MEANT WHAT I SAID NOT AS INSULT OR TAUNT!

THAT MAN IS MAD... YET STRANGELY WILLING TO FALL ON!

MADNESS IS CATCHING, IT SEEMS.



"LATER, WHEN NIGHT HAD FALLEN, ONE BY ONE THE LIGHTS
DIED WITHIN THE RUDE HUTS..."



"...TILL AT LENGTH ONLY
THE DEATH-CAMPLES
IN THE LOOSE OF YOUNG,
DEAD FALLOON STILL
GLIMMERED."

"AND AS
FOR ME?"

"LIFEIGN, BLESS HIM, HAD
HAD HIS WAY-- AND I WAS
CHAINED TO A THICK STAKE
JUST BEYOND THE TIDE'S
REACH."

"I GAZED OUT OVER
THE SLOWLY HEAVING
EXPANSE, WHICH COILED
AND BILLOWED LIKE SOME
PROWSEY SERPENT..."



"AND IT SEEMED ALMOST TO ME AS IF THE SEA
WERE A GREAT, GRAY, COLD-EYED WOMAN,
SPEAKING TO ME IN THE SWISH OF THE FLAT
WAVES ALONG THE SHORE-- IN THE WAIL OF THE
OCEAN-BIRD, IN HER THROBBING SILENCE:"



"I AM VERY OLD AND
VERY WISE," BROODED
THE SEA! I HAVE NO
PART OF MAN."



"I SLAY MEN
AND EVEN THEIR
BODIES I
FLING BACK UPON
THE COVERING
LAND..."

"THERE IS
LIFE IN MY
BOSOM, BUT
IT IS NOT
HUMAN
LIFE..."

"MY CHILDREN
HATE THE
SONS OF MEN!"



"JUST THEN, A SUDDEN SHRIEK SHATTERED
THE STILLNESS AND BROUGHT ME, CHAINED, TO
MY FEET, GAZING WILDLY ABOUT ME--"



"IT CAME FROM
THE DEATH-NUT--
AND IT WAS A
GIRL'S SCREAM!"

"ALL THE VILLAGE CAME RUNNING--BUT I COULDN'T BREAK MY CHAINS AS I HAD THE ROPES..."



WHAT DO YOU WANT, OUTLANDER? THAT CRY--!

--MIGHT MEAN TROUBLE YOU'LL NEED MANY HANDS TO DEAL WITH!

SET ME FREE, AND I VOW NOT TO FLEE--AT LEAST NOT TONIGHT!

I'VE HEARD CIMMERIANS SET GREAT STORE BY OATHS, SO --



THERE! NOW COME ON!

"SECONDS LATER, LIREIGH AND I HALTED BEFORE THE SCENE OF BLOOD AND TERROR THERE WITHIN THE DEATH ROOM..."

MARGA--DEAD!? AND THE BODY OF FALLON--GONE??

AYE, LIREIGH! WE FOUND HER HERE THUS--

--IN GOWAR'S ARMS!



WHAT DEVIL'S WORK IS THIS, GOWAR? SPEAK UP, MAN, OR I'LL --

IT WAS NOT I WHO KILLED HER--EVEN THOUGH THEY ROUNDED ME UP WHEN THEY CAME!

I TOLD YOU! SHE KNEW--AND I KNEW--THAT IT WAS NOT FALLON; THAT COLD MONSTER FLUNG UP BY THE MOCKING WAVES!

IT'S SOME DEMON INHABITING HIS CORPSE!



"WAS IT JUST MY FEELINGS AS AN OUTSIDER--A PRISONER--THAT MADE ME SIDE MENTALLY WITH GOWAR AGAINST THAT ACCUSING RING OF WARRIORS?"



"OR WAS IT THE GUILT THAT RAN UP MY BACK--THE MEMORY OF THE MURDER I HAD SEEMED TO HEAR THE SEA-WOMAN SPEAK TO ME MERE MOMENTS BEFORE?"

UNABLE TO SLEEP AT THE THOUGHT OF MARGA SITTING BESIDE THAT COLD INHUMAN THING YOU THOUGHT HER LOVER, I ROSE AND CAME HERE.

EVEN AS I WATCHED IN HORROR, FALLON'S EYES OPENED-- AND THE CORPSE EAT UP! SHE HAD JUST TIME TO SCREAM ONCE --

THEN -- BEARD OF YAMIR -- THE DEAD MAN LAPPED HER IN HIS TERRIBLE ARMS, AND SHE DIED WITHOUT ANOTHER SOUND!



AND WHERE IS THE CORPSE, GOWAR?

GO AWAY, DAMN YOU!

FLED INTO THE NIGHT JUST BEFORE YOU CAME!



YOU'RE A LYING DOG!

AYE! HE HAS SLAIN THE GIRL HIMSELF AND HIDDEN THE CORPSE SOMEWHERE TO BEAR OUT HIS GHASTLY TALE!

NO! I LOVED HER TOO! WHY WOULD I --?



MEN HAVE DONE STRANGER THINGS IN THE NAME OF LOVE.

LIEBEN DO YOU BELIEVE THIS--?

IT IS A STRANGE TALE GOWAR HAS TOLD US-- AND DOUBTLESS A LIE.

STILL, I'LL NOT HAVE HIM KILLED WITHOUT CERTAINTY.

HAVE YOU ANY PROOF OF WHAT YOU SAY, LAD?





LOOK AT HER, L'VEIGH! DOES SHE NOT LOOK LIKE SOMEONE RATHER, LIKE SOMEONE WHO HAS--



--BROWNE?



DAMNED IF SHE DOESN'T!

I BELIEVE THIS MAN'S STORY, IF NO ONE ELSE DOES!



THIS, SINCE I'VE SWORN NOT TO FLEE THIS NIGHT, I'LL HELP YOU SEEK OUT THE GIRL'S TRUE KILLER!

YOU? BY WHOSE RIGHT WERE YOU SET FREE??

BY MY RIGHT, STURL-- AS WAR-CHIEF IN A TIME OF DANGER!



THIS MAN WILL KEEP HIS WORD, AND BY DAWN, WE'LL PUT HIM BACK IN CHAINS TILL WE DECIDE HIS FATE.

BUT, IF ANY WOULD CHAIN HIM AGAIN TONIGHT, HE'LL RECKON WITH L'VEIGH AS WELL AS WITH THE CHIMERIAN!

WELL? DOES ANY MAN DISPUTE ME ON THIS?

"NATURALLY, THERE WAS NO OTHER."



"AND SO, LEAVING MEN TO GUARD THE SOBBING GOWAR, WE TURNED AWAY-- TO SEARCH AMONG THE SHADOWS FOR THE BODY OF YOUNG FALLON."

"I HAD NO SWORD... NOR, I SUSPECTED, WOULD IT HAVE DONE ME ANY GOOD TO HAVE ONE."

"THE MOON HAD GONE BEHIND A CLOUD AND I HAD BECOME SO SEPARATED FROM THE OTHERS THAT I COULD SEE NO LIVING SOUL

"...WHEN SUDDENLY I HEARD A SHOUT...

"...THAT BROKE INTO A SHRIEK...

"...WHICH JUST AS SUDDENLY DIED OFF INTO A GRIEPLY SILENCE!

"LIREIGH LAY DEAD ON THE EARTH--

"AND A DIM FORM SLUNK AWAY INTO THE GLOOM AS I CAME UPON HIS BODY, MY FLESH CRAWLING!





GOWAR--
DEAD LIKE
THE
OTHERS!

AYE-- JUST
LIKE THE OTHERS!

HE TOO SEEMS
A DROWNED
MAN--AS DID
LIRBISH!



" THEN, UNREASONING FEAR
TOOK POSSESSION OF THE
VANIRMEN, AND THEY FLED TO
THEIR OWN HOMES--

"...TO LOCK AND BOLT
DOOR AND WINDOWS
AND CROUCH BEHIND
THEM IN TERROR--
FOR WHAT WEAPON
CAN SLAY THE DEAD?"



" IN THOSE YOUNGER DAYS, I
STOOD AS MUCH IN FEAR AND
AWE OF THE SUPERNATURAL AS
ANY OF THEM--YET I WOULD
NOT SHUT MYSELF BEHIND
DOORS, TO BE THERE SLAUGHT-
ERED LIKE A SHEEP.

" YET, IT WAS NOT
COURAGE THAT
SENT ME OUT INTO
THE SHORTLY NIGHT...



"...BUT RATHER, THE DRIVING
POWER OF A THOUGHT,
WHICH HAD BIRTH IN MY
BRAIN AS I HAD LOOKED
ON THE DEAD FACE OF
LIRBISH.

" THUS, I STOLE
THRU THE SHADOWS
--TO FROWN ALONG
THE BEACH ALL THRU
THE DAWN HOURS...



" AND WHEN IN THE FIRST GRAY
LIGHT OF THE EARLY DAWN, A
FINGERY SHAPED CAME
STRIDING DOWN TO THE SHORE...

"... I WAS WAITING
FOR IT.

" TO ALL SEEMING
IT WAS FALLON'S
CORPSE, ANIMA-
TED BY SOME
HORROR LIFE
WHICH CONFRONTED
ME THERE IN THE
GLOOM.



" THE EYES WERE OPEN NOW,
AND THEY GLIMMERED WITH A
COLD LIGHT, LIKE THE REFLECT-
ION OF SOME
DEEP-SEA
HELL.

" AND I KNEW
IT WAS NOT
YOUNG FALLON
WHO FACED
ME!



SEA DEMON! I KNOW
NOTHING OF YOUR
DOMAIN--OR BY WHAT
FOUL MAGIC YOU
TWISTED YOUR
DEVIL'S FEATURES
INTO A LIKENESS
OF THE VANIRMAN!

BUT
THIS I
KNOW.

SOON THE
SUN WILL RISE
AND BEFORE
THAT TIME YOU
MUST BE FAR
BELOW THE
SURFACE!

THERE LIES
THE SEA AND
SILENCE! I
ALONE BAR
THE WAY!

"HE CAME UPON ME LIKE A TOWERING WAVE--WITHOUT A SOUND, AND YET THE ROAR OF GREAT BREAKERS SEEMED TO ASSAULT MY INNER SENSES, FROM THE LANDWARD SIDE!



"HIS ARMS WERE LIKE GREAT SERPENTS AROUND ME. I KNEW THEY WERE CRUSHING ME--



"YET I FELT AS IF I WERE GROWING INSTEAD!

"I TURNED AWAY FROM THE MONSTER'S INHUMAN EYES--FOR IT WAS AS IF I GAZED INTO THE UNTOLD DEPTHS OF OCEANS!



"AND I FELT--SCALES!

"NECK, ARM, AND SHOULDER HE GRIPPED ME BENDING ME BACK TO BREAK MY SPINE--

"THEN, AS I FOUGHT BACK--WITH A FURY WHICH, PERHAPS, ONLY ONE WHO HAS NEVER KNOWN THE SEA CAN WIELD AGAINST HER OR HER KIND--THE CREATURE ROARED ONCE, THE ONLY SOUND I EVER HEARD HIM MAKE--



"AND IT WAS LIKE THE ROAR OF THE TIDES AMONG THE SHOALS!

"LIKE THE PRESSURE OF A HUNDRED FATHOMS OF GREEN WATER WAS THE GRASP UPON MY BODY AND LIMBS--

"AND THEN, AS I GAVE MY FINAL EFFORT, MY HEART NEAR BURSTING INSIDE ME, HE GAVE WAY SUDDENLY--



"--AND CRUMPLED TO THE GROUND, THERE IN THE SUN'S FIRST GLEAMS!



"HE LAY THERE
WAITING FOR A
MOMENT, AND THEN
WAS STILL...

"AND ALREADY
HE HAD BEGUN
TO CHANGE..."



"MERMAN, THE ANCIENTS NAMED
HIS KIND, KNOWING THEY COULD
TAKE THE FULL FORM OF A MAN...
IF LIFTED FROM THE OCEAN BY
THE HANDS OF MEN!

"IN MOMENTS, THE
SUN'S FIRST RAYS
FELL UPON A SLIMY
AND MOLDERING MASS
OF SEAWEED FROM
WHICH STARED TWO
HIPOCRISY DEAD
EYES--

CRUM!



"--A FORTLESS
BULK THAT LAY
AT WATER'S
EDGE--

"...WHERE THE FIRST AYAN NAME WOULD
BEAR IT BACK TO WHENCE IT CAME: THE
COLD JADE OCEAN REPTILES.



"THE NIGHT WAS
OVER, AND MY
PROMISE TO
LURENNA WAS
FULFILLED..."

"BUT, I'D NOT
SWORN NOT TO
FLEE WHEN THE
MORNING CAME,
NOR DID I WISH
TO STAY IN
THAT ACCURSED
PLACE, EVEN AS
A FREE MAN.

I WAS
CAPTURED BY
THE AYAN-
SOREN'S
SOME WEEKS
LATER-- BUT
THAT'S
ANOTHER
STORY.

WHICH, IF IT'S
AS AWESOME
AS THIS ONE,
IT'S A WONDER
YOU'RE HERE
TO RELATE!



BUT--HOW DID YOU KNOW THAT
THE MONSTER HAD TO RETURN TO THE
SEA BY DAWN, OR ELSE BE DESTROYED BY
THE SUN'S FIRST RAYS?

I DIDN'T
KNOW. I SENSED
IT, RATHER--A
SLIPPERY THOUGHT
THAT CAME TO ME
OF NOWHERE.

PERHAPS THE SEA,
STRANGE AND PICKLE
EVEN TO HER CHOSEN,
HAD WHISPERED SOME-
THING TO MY INNER
MIND-- BETRAYING
HER OWN.

I
KNOW
NOT, NOR
PERHAPS
SHALL I
EVER.



BUT SHE'S STILL OUT
THERE, THAT COLD GRAY
SEA-WOMAN WHO CALLED
TO ME IN THAT LONG-AGO
NIGHT--

AND ONE DAY I'LL
SEE HER FACE TO
FACE--



--THOUGH
THAT'S A
TALE I MAY
NOT LIVE TO
TELL--

NEXT
ISSUE SOUTH TO STYGIA!