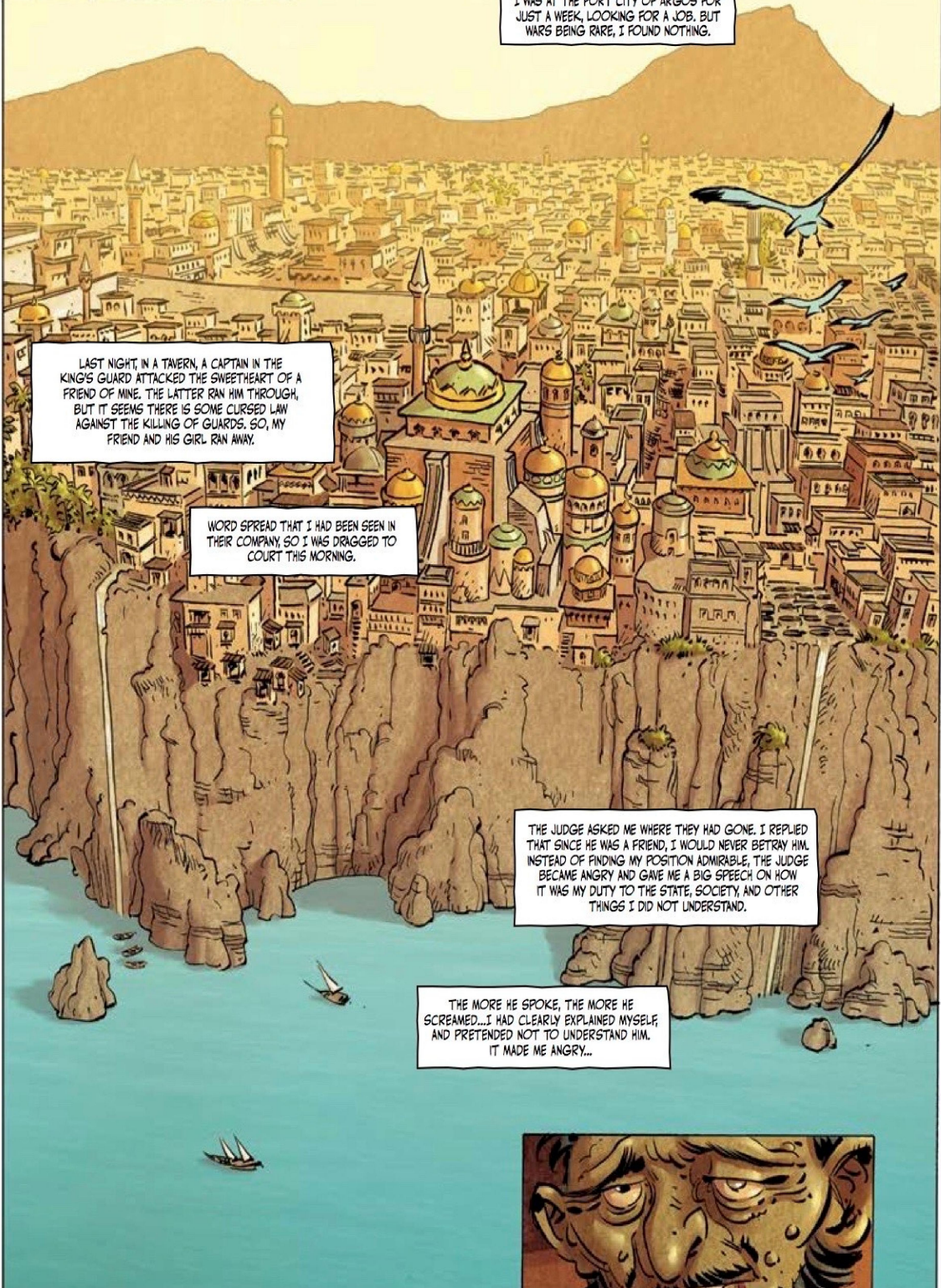




I SPENT A CONSIDERABLE AMOUNT OF TIME AMONG YOU, YOUR CITIES. HOWEVER, YOUR WAYS ARE ALWAYS FOREIGN TO ME.

I WAS AT THE PORT CITY OF ARGOS FOR JUST A WEEK, LOOKING FOR A JOB. BUT WARS BEING RARE, I FOUND NOTHING.



LAST NIGHT, IN A TAVERN, A CAPTAIN IN THE KING'S GUARD ATTACKED THE SWEETHEART OF A FRIEND OF MINE. THE LATTER RAN HIM THROUGH, BUT IT SEEMS THERE IS SOME CURSED LAW AGAINST THE KILLING OF GUARDS. SO, MY FRIEND AND HIS GIRL RAN AWAY.

WORD SPREAD THAT I HAD BEEN SEEN IN THEIR COMPANY, SO I WAS DRAGGED TO COURT THIS MORNING.

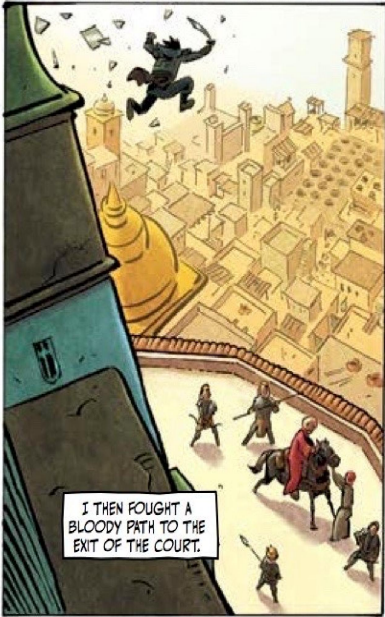
THE JUDGE ASKED ME WHERE THEY HAD GONE. I REPLIED THAT SINCE HE WAS A FRIEND, I WOULD NEVER BETRAY HIM. INSTEAD OF FINDING MY POSITION ADMIRABLE, THE JUDGE BECAME ANGRY AND GAVE ME A BIG SPEECH ON HOW IT WAS MY DUTY TO THE STATE, SOCIETY, AND OTHER THINGS I DID NOT UNDERSTAND.

THE MORE HE SPOKE, THE MORE HE SCREAMED...I HAD CLEARLY EXPLAINED MYSELF, AND PRETENDED NOT TO UNDERSTAND HIM. IT MADE ME ANGRY...





SO I TOOK OUT MY SWORD AND CUT OFF THE HEAD OF THIS ENRAGED JUDGE.



I THEN FOUGHT A BLOODY PATH TO THE EXIT OF THE COURT.



I MANAGED TO ESCAPE BY STEALING THE GOVERNOR'S HORSE.



GIVE UP YOUR ARMS, OR YOU'RE A DEAD MAN!

DYING HAS NEVER SCARED ME.



GIVE UP MY ARMS!
THIS EXPRESSION DOES NOT EVEN EXIST FOR THE CIMMERIAN!

THE CIMMERIAN: QUEEN OF THE BLACK COAST #1
STORY: ROBERT E. HOWARD
WRITTEN BY: R.E. HOWARD, JEAN-DAVID MORVAN ART BY: PIERRE ALARY
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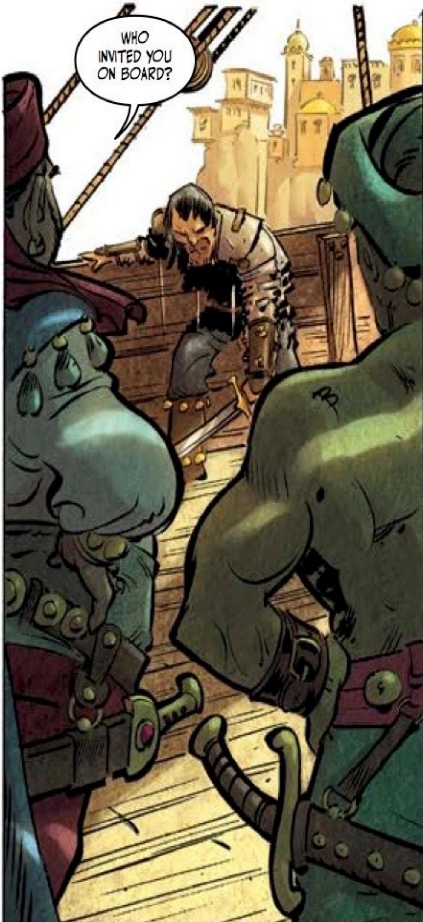
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NO ONE TRAVELS FOR FREE ON THE ARGUS.

I DO NOT HAVE COPPER ... BUT STEEL.

AND I'VE ALREADY CUT THROUGH SOME PROMISING PIRATES.

THE COAST IS NOT SAFE, I GRANT YOU, I ACCEPT YOUR PROPOSAL.

IT WAS NOT ONE.

MY NAME IS TITO, NAVAL COMMANDER OF THE PORT OF ARGOS.

AND YOU?

I AM CONAN, A CIMMERIAN.

I HAD SO MANY TITLES AND EMPLOYERS THAT I DO NOT REMEMBER

A RUMOR EVEN SAYS THAT I WAS KING, IF IT IS TRUE, I FORGOT IT.

I LIKE YOU, CONAN.

SORRY SALOR, BUT YOU'RE NOT MY TYPE.

THAT'S NOT WHAT I MEANT ...

HA HA HA, DO NOT TREMBLE. I WAS JUST JOKING

SO MUCH ... SO MUCH BETTER.

I AM BOUND FOR KUSH, TO TRADE BEADS AND SILKS AND SUGAR AND BRASS-HILTED SWORDS TO THE BLACK KINGS FOR IVORY, COPRA, COPPER ORE, SLAVES AND PEARLS.

I ONLY HAVE MY BLADE TO SELL ... TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER!

VERY WELL, WE WILL NEGOTIATE THE MONEY LATER. BUT TELL ME HOW YOU FOUND YOURSELF ON MY DECK.

GIVE ME MONEY, AND YOU CAN COUNT ON MY PROTECTION.

I HAVE SPENT A CONSIDERABLE AMOUNT OF TIME AMONG YOUR KIND. NEVERTHELESS, YOUR WAYS ARE ALWAYS VERY STRANGE TO ME...