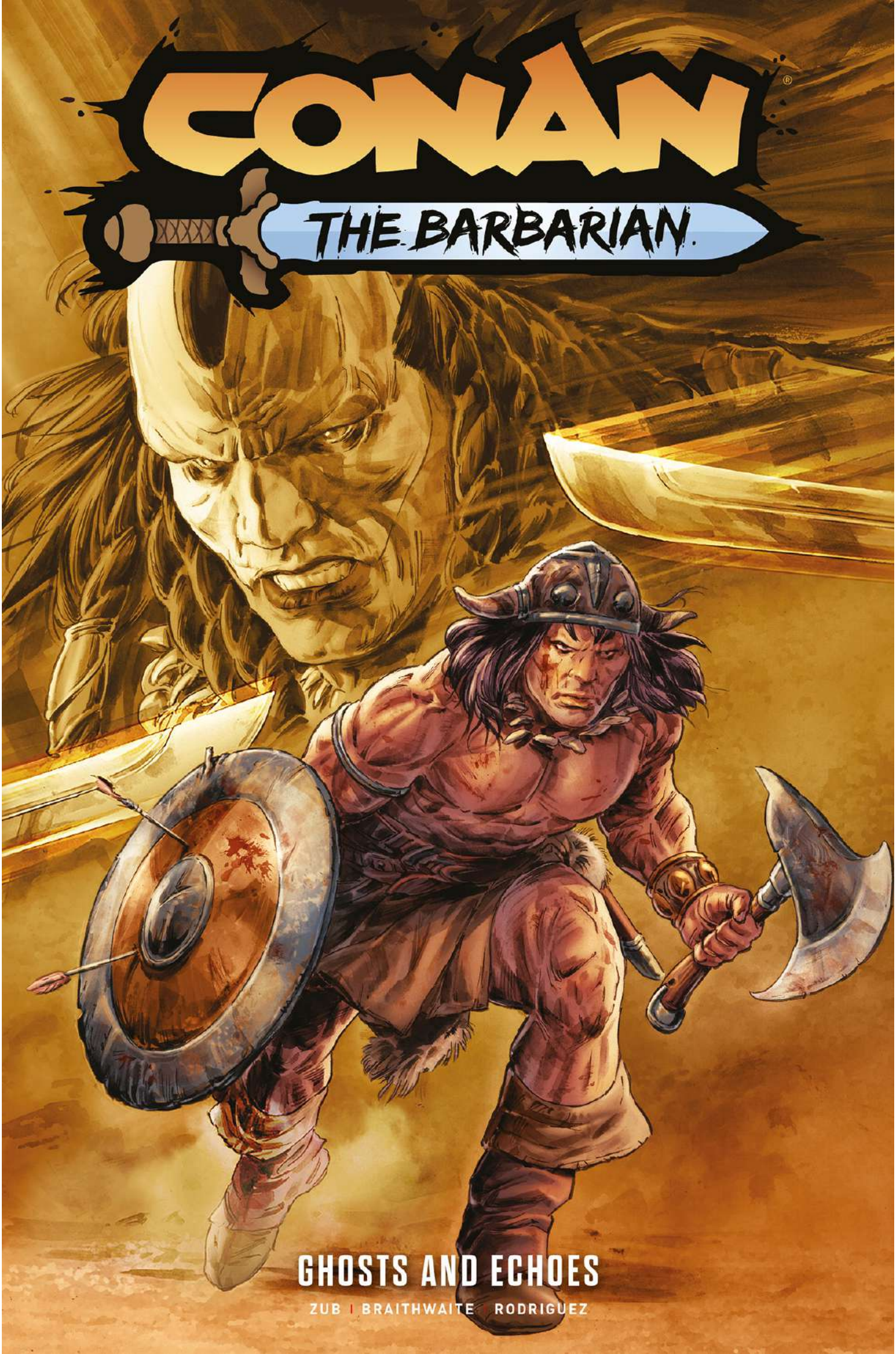
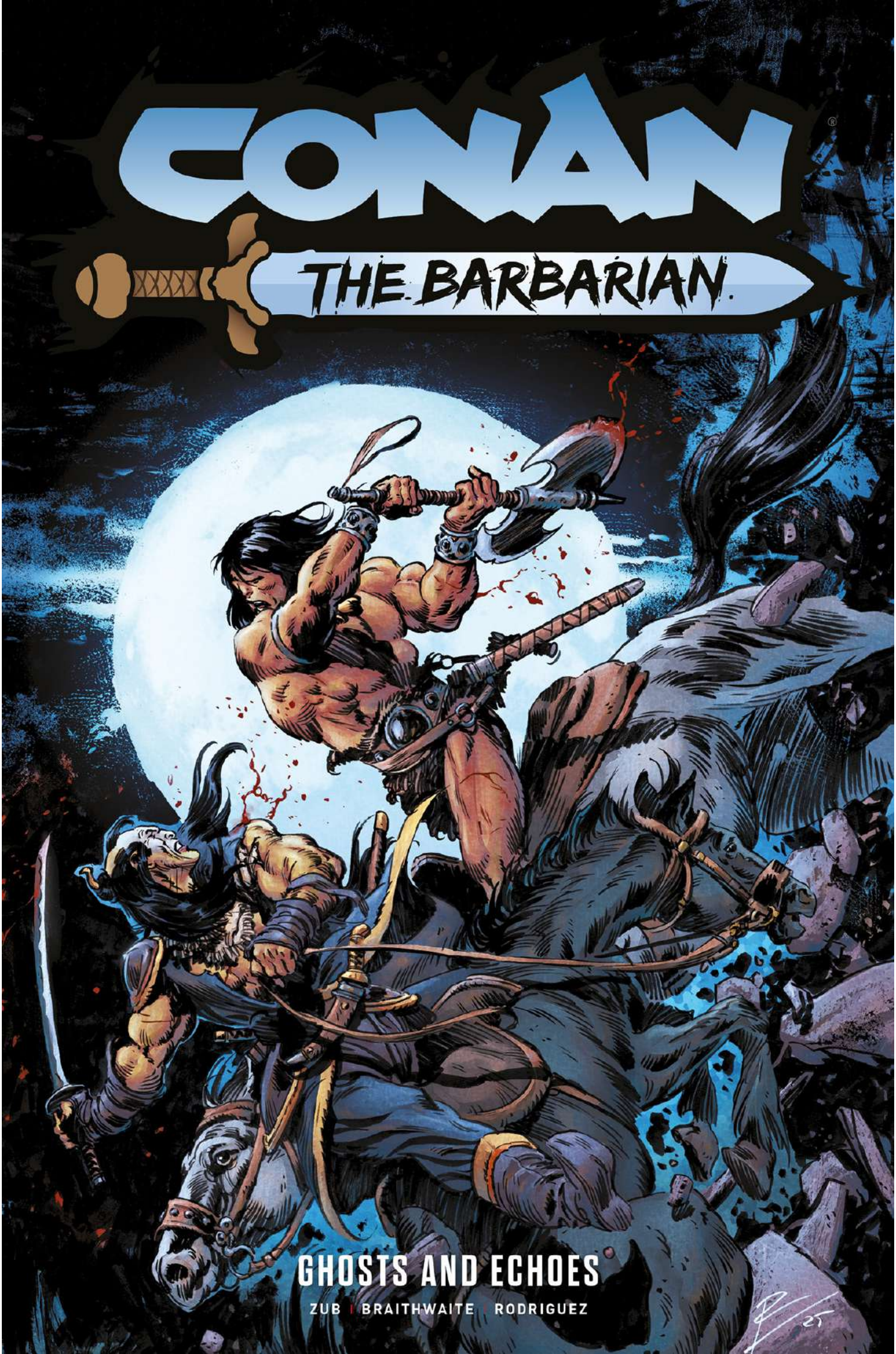

CONAN
THE BARBARIAN
GHOSTS AND ECHOES
ZUB | BRAITHWAITE | RODRIGUEZ


MANY NIGHTS, HE FRIGHTENED THEM...
...HIS VOICE RENT RAW WITH SCREAMS AND HIS CONSCIOUSNESS LOST TO NIGHTMARES FROM WHICH HIS PARENTS COULD NOT WAKE HIM.
WHEN ASKED WHAT HE GLIMPSED IN THOSE ENSNARING VISONS, HE COULD NOT DESCRIBE IT EXCEPT TO SAY HE FELT "A PRESENCE"--
"ASLEEP, BUT ALWAYS WATCHING."
AFTER HE FELL QUIET AND THE OTHERS FINALLY SLUMBERED, THE PRESENCE LINGERED ON.


BUT NIGHTMARES CANNOT BE SO EASILY CONQUERED...
...AND BLADES ARE EVER THIRSTY.


JUST AS HORRIFYING AS THE DEED ITSELF WERE SPECTRAL FIGURES WHO REPRISED THE TRAGIC TALE BEFORE HIS EYES.
A MOCKING QUESTION FROM AN OLDER BROTHER SWIFTLY ANSWERED WITH EXPLOSIVE VIOLENCE.
THE BOY'S GHOST HAD STRENGTH AND SPEED HE DID NOT RECOGNIZE.
EACH BLOW, QUICK AS A STRIKING SNAKE.
HE REMEMBERED NOTHING, EVEN AS HIS HANDS TREMBLED AT THE RESULT.


AS THE POISON BEGAN TO TAKE HOLD OF THE MAN AND MAN-TO-BE, THEY FOUGHT.
YEARS OF PENT-UP ANGER AND FEAR UNLEASHED BY SON UPON FATHER...
...AND FATHER UPON SON.
UNDER THE GLARE OF THE MOON AND THE SWIRLING STARS...
...THEY CUT AND BLED AND SCREAMED.


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