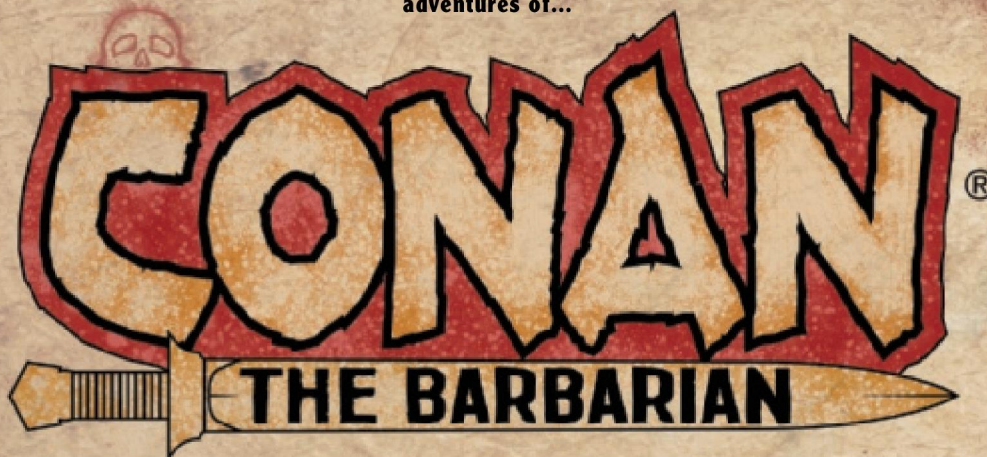


After fifteen winters, Conan the Barbarian headed south from his home in frozen Cimmeria, fighting to survive in the ancient time known as the Hyborian Age. In his travels, he has gained much, lost much, and thrived in bloodshed. Legendary are the adventures of...

CONAN[®]



THE BARBARIAN

INTO THE CRUCIBLE part two THE GREAT CRUCIBLE

While in the city of Garchall, Conan unwittingly entered a contest of strength and was declared victorious as the “People’s Champion.” But victory came with a heavy cost—he was quickly cast into the Crucible, an underground maze of lethal traps in honor of the god of Many-Deaths, Challi-Mai. Along with a group of seven other warriors, Conan must face the horrors of the Crucible until only one remains alive.

Also trapped in the Crucible is Delian, a young local who Conan dragged in alongside him. Using Delian’s translation skills, Conan began to navigate the deadly maze. But when Conan attempted to retrieve an embedded sword, he was immediately stabbed through the chest by a shadowy warrior!

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Now.

THIS YEAR'S **CRUCIBLE TOURNAMENT** IS UNDERWAY, AND A **SHADOWY SPIRIT** LAYS ITS CLAIM UPON A **CIMMERIAN WARRIOR** UNACCUSTOMED TO THIS PART OF THE WORLD.

WERE THIS A SWORD OF SOLEMN **STEEL**, CONAN'S LIFE WOULD BE **OVER**. A SIMPLE END TO THE TALE OF A NATIVE TRAVELER PULLED INTO A CONTEST HE COULD NOT WIN.

INSTEAD, THE SPECTRAL SWORD OF THIS UMBRAL WARRIOR CUTS FAR **DEEPER**, INTO THE **SAVAGE SOUL** OF THOSE IT IMPALES, SUMMONING VISIONS OF **VIOLENCE** FROM A BURDENED LIFE.

CONAN'S **BIRTH ON A BATTLEFIELD**, SURROUNDED BY THE DEAD AND DYING WHILE BEING CUT FROM THE CAUL AND THRUST INTO FRIGID AIR.

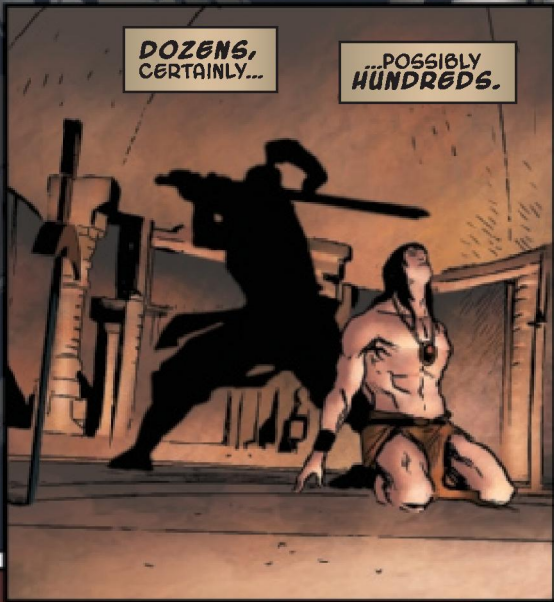
THEN HIS YOUNGEST MEMORIES OF DEATH'S ARRIVAL, **SWIFT AND IMPASSIVE...**

...THEN THE CLUTCH IN HIS THROAT AS HE DELIVERS THE **GREAT BEYOND** TO ANOTHER FOR THE VERY FIRST TIME.



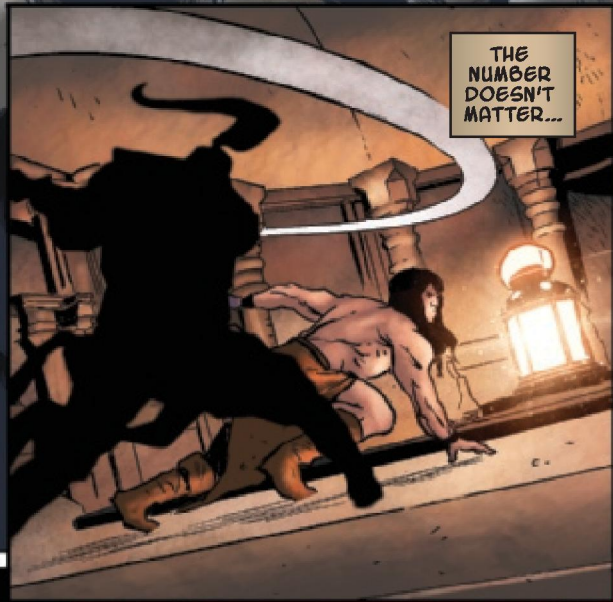
HOW MANY **SOLDIERS** HAS CONAN SLAIN IN FIELDS OF BATTLE OR BLOOD-SPATTERED CITADELS?

HOW MANY MEN HAVE FALLEN BENEATH HIS BLADE SINCE HE LEFT HOME IN SEARCH OF **SUBSTANCE** BEYOND CIMMERIAN SKIES?



DOZENS, CERTAINLY...

...POSSIBLY **HUNDREDS.**



THE NUMBER DOESN'T MATTER...



...**ONLY SURVIVAL.**



**SURVIVAL
IS ALL CONAN
KNOWS.**

**IT'S THE
BRIGHT
BLOOD THAT
COURSES
THROUGH
HIS VEINS.**



**HIS IMPULSES DRIVE
HIM TO IGNORE THE
PAIN OF THE PAST...**



**...NO MATTER HOW
AGONIZING...**



**...AND FOCUS
ON THE GRIM
TASK AT HAND.**