



CONAN
THE
CONQUEROR

ROBERT E. HOWARD



CONAN
THE
CONQUEROR

ROBERT E. HOWARD

ROBERT E. HOWARD

Conan the conqueror

UUID: 41026a32-cb92-11e8-9ba3-17532927e555

Published by BoD - Books on Demand, Norderstedt
ISBN: 9783748131496

This ebook was created with StreetLib Write
<http://write.streetlib.com>

-->

Table of contents

1: O Sleeper, Awake!

2: A Black Wind Blows

3: The Cliffs Reel

4: 'From What Hell Have You Crawled?'

5: The Hunter of the Pits

6: The Thrust of a Knife

7: The Rending of the Veil

8: Dying Embers

9: 'It is the King or His Ghost!'

10: A Coin From Acheron

11: Swords of the South

12: The Fang of the Dragon

13: 'A Ghost Out of the Past'

14: The Black Hand of Set

15: The Return of the Corsair

16: Black-walled Khemi

17: 'He Has Slain the Sacred Son of Set!'

18: 'I Am the Woman Who Never Died'

19: In the Hall of the Dead

20: Out of the Dust Shall Acheron Arise

21: Drums of Peril

22: The Road to Acheron

1: 0 SLEEPER, AWAKE!

The long tapers flickered, sending the black shadows wavering along the walls, and the velvet tapestries rippled. Yet there was no wind in the chamber. Four men stood about the ebony table on which lay the green sarcophagus that gleamed like carven jade. In the upraised right hand of each man a curious black candle burned with a weird greenish light. Outside was night and a lost wind moaning among the black trees.

Inside the chamber was tense silence, and the wavering of the shadows, while four pairs of eyes, burning with intensity, were fixed on the long green case across which cryptic hieroglyphics writhed, as if lent life and movement by the unsteady light. The man at the foot of the sarcophagus leaned over it and moved his candle as if he were writing with a pen, inscribing a mystic symbol in the air. Then he set down the candle in its black gold stick at the foot of the case, and, mumbling some formula unintelligible to his companions, he thrust a broad white hand into his fur-trimmed robe. When he brought it forth again it was as if he cupped in his palm a ball of living fire.

The other three drew in their breath sharply, and the dark, powerful man who stood at the head of the sarcophagus whispered: 'The Heart of Ahriman!' The other lifted a quick hand for silence. Somewhere a dog began howling dolefully, and a stealthy step padded outside the barred and bolted door. But none looked aside from the mummy-case over which the man in the ermine-trimmed robe was now moving the great flaming jewel while he muttered an incantation that was old when Atlantis sank. The glare of the gem dazzled their eyes, so that they could not be sure of what they saw; but with a splintering crash, the carven lid of the sarcophagus burst outward as if from some irresistible pressure applied from within, and the four men, bending eagerly forward, saw the occupant—a huddled, withered, wizened shape, with dried brown limbs like dead wood showing through moldering bandages.

'Bring that thing *back*?' muttered the small dark man who stood on the right, with a short sardonic laugh. 'It is ready to crumble at a touch. We are fools—'

'Shhh!' It was an urgent hiss of command from the large man who held the jewel. Perspiration stood upon his broad white forehead and his eyes were dilated. He leaned forward, and, without touching the thing with his hand, laid on the breast of the mummy the blazing jewel. Then he drew back and watched with fierce intensity, his lips moving in soundless invocation.