



# Out of this World Adventures

Vol. 1, No. 1

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**I**N THE EARLY DAYS OF THE EARTH, THERE WERE MANY STRANGE RACES AND TRIBES MOVING ACROSS THE LAND, MANY CITIES AND COUNTRIES NOW FORGOTTEN, UNRECORDED BY ANY HISTORY. OCCASIONALLY VAGUE LEGEND OR UNINTELLIGIBLE PARCHMENTS IN SOME TIBETAN LAMASERY GIVE A HINT. VESTIGES OF THEIR EXISTENCE STILL REMAIN AT EASTER ISLAND, IN THE DAMP JUNGLES OF BRAZIL, UNDER THE HOT SANDS OF THE SAHARA AND THE GOBI. FROM ONE OF THOSE LONG-LOST PARCHMENTS RECOVERED IN AN UNDERWATER UPHEAVAL, TRANSLATED BY A LINGUAL EXPERT, WE BRING YOU THIS TALE OF THE EARTH'S MORNING, A DAY BORN IN THE MISTS OF EARTH'S BEGINNING...

**C**ROM WAS A BARBARIAN-A MAN BORN OF THE YELLOW-HAIRED AESIR WHO MIGRATED FROM ASIA INTO EUROPE, A MAN STRONG WITH MUSCLE, HIS BRAIN KEEN IN THOSE DAYS OF BRUTE-LIKE SUPERSTITION AND SAVAGERY. HIS SWORD WAS MADE OF IRON, AND HE LIVED AND SLEPT WITH IT ALWAYS AT HIS SIDE. BUT CROM WAS TO BE SWEEPED FROM THE CARAVANS OF HIS PEOPLE, AWAY FROM THE BIG VANS AND THE SHAGGY PONIES, INTO A WORLD WHERE GREED AND BLACK MAGIC HELD SWAY, WHERE ONLY HIS SWORD AND HIS WITS STOOD TO HELP HIM WHEN HE FACED THE HORRIBLE FATE OF...

**A**S THE WOODEN-WHEELED VANS OF THE AESIR STOPPED AT A MISTED WATERSIDE TO FRESHEN WARRIORS AND BEASTS ALIKE, A CYMRI BOWSTRING TWANGED...





**T**O CROM, ALL MEN WHO WERE NOT AESIR, WERE ENEMIES. THEY MUST BE KILLED, THAT HIS TRIBE MIGHT BECOME RICH AND PROSPEROUS...



CYMRI!  
MONKEY-PEOPLE!  
KILL-KILL!

**W**ITH SHOUTS OF DELIGHT, SEEING BUT ONE YOUTH FACING THEM, THE CYMRI SPRANG FORWARD. BUT THEY HAD NEVER FACED A SWORD THAT WAS LIKE A DART OF LIGHT, IT MOVED SO SWIFTLY!



AIEEE!  
HE IS A  
DEVIL!

HIS SWORD  
IS NOT ONE -  
BUT MANY!

**F**ROM THE BROAD VANS OF THE AESIR, THE YEW LONGBOWS WERE TWANGING. LONG SHAFTS HURTTLED THROUGH THE AIR TO SPLIT THE SMALLER CYMRI BOWMEN...



HO! THEY  
REEL! THEY  
FALL BACK!

LOOK-A BOAT!  
THEY COME FOR  
CROM AND  
LALLA...

**I**N THEIR LITTLE BULLHIDE BOAT, THE CYMRI SWEEPED THROUGH THE MISTS. HAIRY ARMS LIFTED CROM'S SISTER LALLA...

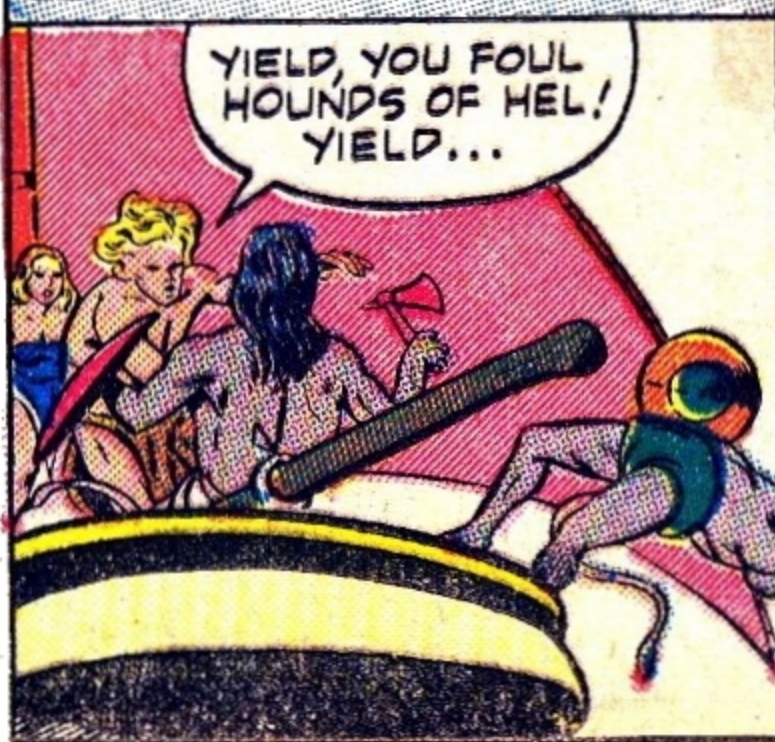


DOGS! YAPPING  
LITTLE CURS  
OF CYMRI!  
LET GO  
LALLA--



MY SWORD IS DRY! IT HAS  
LONG BEEN THIRSTY!  
DRINK DEEP, SKULL-  
CRACKER! DRINK  
YOUR FILL!

**S**LOWLY, INCH BY INCH, CROM FOUGHT HIS WAY TO A FOOTING IN THE BOAT. UNNOTICED, IT DRIFTED FARTHER AND FARTHER FROM SHORE, UNTIL IT FLOATED ALONE ON THE VAST SEA...



YIELD, YOU FOUL  
HOUNDS OF HEL!  
YIELD...

**A** SHRILL WAIL OF AGONY FROM THE LAST OF THE CYMRI... AN AXE-HEAD SLAMMING DOWN ON CROM... AND LALLA SCREAMED IN FEAR...



GODS BE  
MERCIFUL-  
CROM...  
CROM!



**E**ASTWARD DRIFTED THE BULLHIDE BOAT. A WIND SPRANG UP, CARRIED IT SWIFTLY THROUGH THE MISTS, WHILE A SOBBING GIRL LAY OVER A FALLEN CROM...



**C**ROM STIRRED. HE SAT UP, A HAND TO HIS HEAD. A GRIN TWISTED HIS FACE... A SAVAGE, TRIUMPHANT GRIN!

BY SET HIMSELF! IT WAS LUCKY MY FOOT SLIPPED IN A PUDDLE OF BLOOD, OR THAT AXE WOULD HAVE LIFTED THE TOP OF MY SKULL! NOW—WHERE ARE WE?

I DO NOT KNOW. A WIND HAS BEEN BLOWING, TAKING US FOWARD EVER SINCE YOU FELL!



**F**OR THREE DAYS THE LITTLE BOAT SPED WESTWARD BEFORE THE WIND. AND THEN, ON THE MORNING OF THE FOURTH DAY, THE MISTS CLEARED TO REVEAL A BLACK ISLAND, AND LOVELY WOMEN STANDING BEFORE IT...



CROM! I AM AFRAID! THIS IS **MAGIC!** WITCHCRAFT! THE WIND BROUGHT US HERE!

WHAT OF THAT? I THINK I COULD LIKE THIS ISLAND! THOR—WHAT WOMEN!

BY THE HOOVES OF NESSUS! A GOOD WIND, SISTER! HOW ARE YOU NAMED, GIRL?

CROM—LOOK!



HA! OLD ONE—IS THIS YOUR ISLAND? ARE THESE YOUR WOMEN?

ALL MINE, CROM! AH, I KNOW YOU, BARBARIAN. IN THE SMOKE OF MY HERB FIRES I HAVE WATCHED YOU FIGHT. I SENT A WIND TO BRING YOU TO ME.

TELL OTHERS THAT MAGE! I BELIEVE NOT IN YOUR CHARMS AND MAGIC. THERE IS A TRICK TO IT. BUT NOW I'M HERE—WHAT WANT YOU OF ME?

ETERNAL YOUTH!



**T**O CROM'S BARBARIC MIND THE OLD MAGICIAN MEANT ONLY ONE THING—TO TAKE CROM'S YOUNG, POWERFUL BODY FOR HIS OWN, BY SOME SORCEROUS MEANS...

BACK, YOU OLD DEVIL! NO MAN TAKES MY STRENGTH FROM ME! I--

PUT DOWN YOUR BLADE, CROM. I MEAN TO DRINK OF WATER—STRANGE WATER—THAT WILL MAKE ME AS YOUNG AS YOU, AND EVEN YOUNGER. BUT YOU MUST BRING IT TO ME!





**T**HAT NIGHT BEFORE THE ROARING FIRE IN THE HEARTH OF HIS ANCIENT CASTLE, DWELF, THE MAGICIAN SPOKE EAGERLY TO CROM...

THE FOUNTAIN HAS BEEN THERE SINCE THE BEGINNING OF THE EARTH, WHEN PEOPLE CAME FROM THE STARS TO BUILD IT. SOME DAY IT WILL BE LOST-BURIED UNDER WHAT MEN WILL CALL THE SAHARA DESERT-BUT NOW IT IS THERE-FOR ME!



THERE IS A GREAT TOWER IN THE CITY OF OPHIR THAT SHELTERS THE FOUNTAIN. THERE ARE GOLD AND JEWELS ALL ABOUT IT. TAKE ALL THE JEWELS AND GOLD YOU WANT. JUST BRING ME THE WATER OF YOUTH, IN THIS JUG YOU WILL BRING WITH YOU!



**W**ITH A GROWL OF RAGE RUMBLING IN HIS MUSCLE-CORDED THROAT, CROM LEANED ACROSS THE BARE WOODEN TABLE. IN HIS HAND A DAGGER GLINTED RED IN THE FIRELIGHT...

IF YOU DO NOT AGREE-YOUR SISTER LALLA DIES BY TORTURE!

BY SET! THREATEN ME, WILL YOU, OLD MAN? I..



**C**ROM THE BARBARIAN STAGGERED AS HIS EYES LOCKED WITH THE BURNING ORBS OF OLD DWELF! CROM DID NOT KNOW WHAT HYPNOTISM WAS-BUT IT STOPPED HIM-DROVE HIM BACK...

YOU...WILL...  
..DO..AS...I  
..SAY..!

THOR SAVE ME!  
YOUR EYES...  
THEY BURN! I  
CANNOT MOVE..



**I**N A DAZE, CROM STAGGERED DOWN TO THE WATER'S EDGE AND CLAMBERED INTO THE BULLHIDE BOAT. MOMENTS LATER, IT WAS MOVING OUT TO SEA, TOWARD FABLED OPHIR...

HIS EYES! THEY KNOW SOME TRICK TO SAP A MAN'S WILL. WHEN I NEXT SEE DWELF, I SHALL NOT LOOK IN HIS EYES, BUT AT HIS NECK-AND AIM SKULL-CRACKER THERE!



**O**PHIR WAS THE RICHEST CITY ON THE SHORES OF THE INLAND SEA. ITS WOMEN WENT IN SILKS AND JEWELS. ITS MEN WORE MAIL FOXED IN SILVER, AND BORE SWORDS FITTED WITH GOLD. TOWARD OPHIR BY NIGHT GREPT CROM, SAVAGE EYES ALERT AND EAGER...

DWELF SAID THERE WAS A TOWER..A GREAT BLACK TOWER! THAT IS WHERE THE FOUNTAIN IS!



**B**UT WHEN HE FOUND THE TOWER, HIS HEART SANK WITHIN HIM IN AWE. HIS VOICE RASPED WITH ANNOYANCE-CROM KNEW NOT FEAR!

BY THE TEETH OF GARM THE HOUND-IT'S WELL GUARDED! IT WOULD TAKE AN ARMY TO STORM IT!





**N**EAR THE SQUARE OF THE TOWER STOOD A FLAT, LONG BUILDING. CROM STARED AT IT, HIS BRAIN BUSY. AND THEN, AS A PRETTY WATER-GIRL WALKED PAST, CROM CAUGHT HER WITH AN ARM...

WORKING SO LATE, MAIDEN? DON'T THE GIRLS OF OPHIR DANCE AND SING?

WHO HAS MONEY TO DANCE IN THE TAVERNS?



I HAVE MONEY! GOLDEN PITARS! BUT TELL ME... THAT BUILDING BEYOND US- WHAT IS IT?

THE CITY JAIL, STRANGER! BUT TALK NOT OF JAIL. THE NIGHT IS YOUNG, AND GWENNA IS THIRSTY...



THE CITY JAIL! I COULD ENTER THAT EASILY ENOUGH, BY THOR! FROM THERE TO THE TOWER.. BY A CORD... STRONG ENOUGH TO BEAR MY WEIGHT...

YOU ARE SILENT, STRANGER!



**W**ITH A CARELESS LAUGH, CROM DREW THE GIRL TO HIM, BUT HIS BRAIN WAS SCHEMING EVEN AS HE PUT HIS LIPS TO HERS...

I WILL BE ARRESTED! THROWN INTO JAIL! BUT FIRST- THE CORD AND A FILE!



**C**ROM USED A GOLDEN PITAR TO BUY THE CORD AND FILE. HE STRAPPED THEM ABOUT A LEG AND TWISTED A BANDAGE AROUND IT, TO HIDE THEM. AND THEN HE ROARED HIS GLEE, LIFTING GWENNA HIGH ON A SHOULDER...

I'LL FIGHT ANY MAN IN THE PLACE! ANY MAN AT ALL! COME ONE- COME ALL!



**T**HE MEN OF OPHIR ROUSED UNDER HIS TAUNTS. THEY FLUNG THEMSELVES AT HIM. JOYOUSLY CROM LAUGHED, FOR THE LOVE OF FIGHTING FLOWED IN HIS VEINS...

WHAT A MAN! ZUES! HE'S MAD!

I'LL NOT HURT YOU! THERE... I'LL TAP WITH THE FLAT OF MY BLADE!



**B**UT WHEN THE CITY POLICE ARRIVED, CROM MEEKLY YIELDED, AND WALKED WITH THEM TOWARD THE JAIL...

I'LL BE OUT TOMORROW, WATER GIRL! TAKE THESE COINS UNTIL THEN...





**B**UT WHILE THE CITY OF OPHIR SLEPT, CROM WORKED WITH HIS FILE AT THE OLD, WORN BARS OF HIS CELL...

A GOOD LONG CORD... WITH THE FILE ATTACHED.. WILL REACH THE ROOF OF THE TOWER YONDER...



**M**OMENTS LATER, A FILE CLANGED ON THE STONE ORNAMENTS OF THE BLACK TOWER.. DRAGGED... THEN HELD! AND CROM SWUNG OUT INTO THE MOONLIGHT...



**A**T THAT INSTANT, TANIT, QUEEN OF OPHIR, STIRRED FROM HER COUCH AND WALKED TO THE WINDOW OF HER BEDROOM...



**L**IKE A WEIGHTED PENDULUM, CROM CATAPULTED THROUGH THE NIGHT!



**F**OOT BY FOOT, CROM MOUNTED THE TOWER. AS HE PUT A HAND ON THE EDGE OF THE ROOF AND SWUNG UP, TWO BLACK, SNARLING PANTHERS LAUNCHED THEMSELVES AT HIM!



**B**UT CROM WAS HALF ANIMAL HIMSELF! HIS GREAT MUSCLES TENSED FOR THE SHOCK OF THEIR LEAP! HIS LAUGHTER RANG LOUD IN THE NIGHT!



**S**NARLS AND GROWLS RUMBLED FROM FURRY THROATS AS MAN AND BEASTS ROLLED ACROSS THE TOWER ROOF. CLAWS AND FANGS SANK DEEP, BUT CROM FOUGHT SILENTLY, CLEVERLY...





**W**HILE CROM FOUGHT FOR HIS LIFE ON THE TOWER ROOF, TANIT RACED BY AN UNDERGROUND PASSAGE INTO THE TOWER...

NO NEED TO CALL THE GUARD! THE FOOL WILL BE KILLED BEFORE HE COMES TO THE TREASURE ROOM! I WANT TO SEE HIM DIE!

**H**IGH ABOVE, ON THE ROOF, CROM'S GREAT MUSCLES CREAKED WITH STRAIN! A PANTHER SCREAMED AS ITS BACK BROKE! ANOTHER GURGLED AS A DAGGER DRANK ITS LIFE-BLOOD!

BOTH DEAD! THE WAY LIES CLEAR FOR MY FEET!

**D**OWN A FLIGHT OF STAIRS CROM MOVED, AND THEN ALONG A CORRIDOR. SUDDENLY A DOOR CRASHED OPEN, AND PALACE GUARDS POURED OUT...

HO! MORE BLOOD TO DRINK, SKULL-CRACKER!

NOW, SKULL-CRACKER! NOW!

HE LEAPS LIKE A DEER!

**C**ROM'S GORILLA-LIKE STRENGTH, THE CUNNING OF HIS SWORD-HAND, SWEEP THE SOFT, POLITICALLY APPOINTED GUARDS BEFORE HIM. ONE OF THEM SCREAMED, TOO LATE TO CALL FOR HELP...

THE PATH IS OPEN!

AAGG!

**C**HUCKLING HIS TRIUMPH, CROM WALKED FORWARD INTO THE CHAMBER OF THE FOUNTAIN...

I DID IT! I DID WHAT NO MAN LIVING OR DEAD COULD DO! I CAME UNAIDED TO THE FOUNTAIN OF ETERNAL YOUTH!

**A**ND THEN-A CRY BROKE FROM HIS LIPS! A CRY OF HORROR AND REPULSION! HIS EYES WIDENED IN REALIZATION THAT HE WAS DOOMED-BUT WITH AN OATH, HE DRAGGED SKULL-CRACKER FROM HIS SCABBARD!

BY THOR'S HAMMER! IT IS THE EARTH-SPANNER! JORMUNGUNDIR ITSELF!



**W**ITH A SCRAPING OF HARD SCALES, WITH A HISS OF EXPELLED BREATH AND DARTING TONGUE, A MONSTROUS SNAKE-FROM WHICH THE LEGENDS OF THE VIKING EARTH-CIRCLING SNAKE HAS ARISEN-ROSE SLOWLY FROM ITS CIRCLED COILS ABOUT THE PLAYING FOUNTAIN. FLAT, BEADY EYES SOUGHT THE HUGE FORM OF THE BARBARIAN. ANGRILY THE MONSTER ROSE, HIGHER AND HIGHER...



**W**ITH A HISS AND A LIGHTNING-LIKE DART OF ITS FLAT HEAD, THE MONSTER STRUCK...



BY THE ICE IN THE BEARD OF ULLER! THAT WAS - CLOSE!

HE RECOVERS SLOWLY! IF I CAN AVOID HIS NEXT LUNGE - THEN SPRING FORWARD - WHILE HE DRAWS BACK -



**A**GAIN THE SNACK-THING STRUCK! THIS TIME, CROM JUMPED HIGH ON STEEL-THEWED LEGS!

NOW-WHILE HE IS SLOW IN RECOVERING - I MUST STRIKE!



**S**KULL-CRACKER GLINTED RED IN THE TORCHLIGHT AS CROM SWUNG IT ONCE AROUND HIS HEAD, THEN BROUGHT IT DOWN...



YOU DIE, MONSTER!

**W**ITH A GRIN OF CONQUEST, CROM STEPPED FORWARD. BEHIND HIM, SLIM DAGGER UPLIFTED TO SPLIT HIS BACK, CAME TANIT, ON BARE FEET THAT MADE NO SOUND ON THE MARBLE FLOOR!

NOW FOR THE WATERS OF ETERNAL YOUTH!







DIE,  
BARBARIAN!

**B**UT BEFORE TANIT  
COMPLETED THE  
DOWNWARD SWEEP  
OF HER SLIM BLADE,  
CROM HAD SEEN HER  
REFLECTION IN THE  
UPRAISED JUG...

HO! A SHE-CAT  
HUNGERS FOR  
MY BLOOD—



THERE IS BUT ONE WAY  
TO HANDLE PRETTY GIRLS  
WHO WOULD PUT A DASSER  
IN A MAN'S BACK!  
THE BARBARIAN'S  
WAY!

OH!!!

**C**ROM'S MIGHTY ARMS DRAGGED TANIT  
CLOSE AGAINST HIM AS HIS LIPS DRANK  
KISSES FROM HER RUBY LIPS... UNTIL  
SHE WENT LIMP AGAINST HIM, AND HE THRUST  
HER SAVAGELY AWAY...



BY NESSUS' HOOVES! YOUR JEWEL!  
SET IN THE CROWN OF OPHIR!  
SO YOU MUST BE TANIT—  
IT'S QUEEN!

IT'S RICH! I'VE LOOTED  
THESE WATERS— KISSED  
A QUEEN— AND WILL FILL  
MY POUCH WITH A KING'S  
FORTUNE! QUITE A  
NIGHT, EH, PRETTY  
ONE?



YOU FOOL! YOU'LL  
NEVER GET OUT  
OF HERE ALIVE!  
MY GUARDS  
WILL CUT YOU  
TO PIECES!



OH, NO, PRETTY ONE!  
THEY'LL NOT PUT A  
HAND ON ME, BECAUSE  
YOU RIDE WITH ME—  
AS A HOSTAGE!

NEVER!  
I'LL DIE  
FIRST!

**P**ROUD TANIT WAS A QUEEN, BUT ALSO A WOMAN.  
SHE THRILLED TO THE SAVAGE STRENGTH OF  
CROM AS HE LIFTED HER HIGH IN HIS ARMS  
AND BEAT DOWN HER CLAWING FINGERS!

THERE, NOW! NO HARM  
WILL COME TO YOU.  
AFTER YOU'VE SEEN ME  
SAFELY PAST THE GATES,  
I'LL LET YOU GO!



BEAST! YOU  
PIG! ALL RIGHT—  
YOU WIN,  
BARBARIAN!



**O**N HORSES STOLEN FROM THE ROYAL STABLES, CROM AND TANIT THUNDERED ALONG THE MOON-DRENCHED COBBLESTONES OF ANCIENT OPHIR...

REMEMBER, QUEEN! ONE FALSE MOVE AND MY DAGGER KISSES YOU TO DEATH!

BEAST! I'LL REMEMBER!



YOUR RULER PASSES! THROW WIDE THE GATE. LET NO ONE FOLLOW!

IT SHALL BE DONE, MAJESTY!



**A**S DAWN TINTED THE WATERS OF THE INLAND SEA A BRILLIANT RED, CROM SWUNG TANIT FROM HER MOUNT. THE BULLHIDE BOAT SWUNG IDLY AT ITS MOORING AS CROM GRINNED AT THE PRETTY QUEEN...

OPHIR WILL BE A DULL PLACE NOW, TANIT-WITHOUT CROM!

TOO DULL FOR TANIT! TAKE ME WITH YOU, CROM! WHEN YOU ARE FREE OF YOUR QUEST-COME BACK WITH ME TO OPHIR! RULE WITH ME-AS IT'S KING AND-MINE!



**D**AYS LATER, THE BOAT BLEW IN TO THE ROCKY SHORE OF DWELF'S ISLAND. CROM AND TANIT JUMPED ASHORE, CAME TO STAND BEFORE THE OLD MAGICIAN...

GREAT CROM! CROM THE MIGHTY! THE SLAYER OF MEN AND THE LOVER OF WOMEN. SO YOU'VE WON YOURSELF A QUEEN AND A KINGDOM, HAVE YOU? TOO BAD-THAT YOU MUST DIE!



**H**ELD POWERLESS BY THE HYPNOTIC EYES OF DWELF, CROM WATCHED HIM DRAIN THE JUG... BEGIN TO CHANGE SHAPE... GROW YOUNGER...THINNER...HIS HAIR REGAIN COLOR...AND AS HE CHANGED, SO DID HIS HYPNOTIC GAZE...

SET SAVE US! HE GROWS YOUNGER...YOUTHFUL! HE IS YOUNG!



**R**ELEASED FROM THE SPELL OF THOSE GLINTING EYES, CROM SHOOK HIMSELF AS A GREAT CAT MIGHT, FROM A LONG SLEEP...

WHEN HE PUT US IN HIS SPELL, I COULD NOT WARN HIM! TOO MUCH OF THAT WATER WILL SEND HIM SO FAR BACK... HE WILL BE BABY NO LONGER...BUT-NOTHING AT ALL!



**F**OR A HORRIFIED INSTANT CROM STARED. THE BABY BECAME SMALLER... SMALLER... AND THEN-WAS GONE!

AND NOW, CROM.. NOW THAT YOU HAVE DONE ALL HE ASKED-WILL YOU RETURN WITH ME?

TO OPHIR? AYE! WHY NOT? TO RULE A KINGDOM! GODS, BUT IT'S A NEW KIND OF ADVENTURE FOR ME. LEAD ON, PRETTY ONE!



**A**ND SO, WITH TANIT AND HIS SISTER LALLA, CROM SET FORTH FOR OPHIR, AND THE NEW ADVENTURES THAT WAITED HIM THERE. DO NOT MISS THE NEXT GRIPPING ADVENTURE OF CROM, THE BARBARIAN.

THE END