

1: CONAN AND THE JEWELS OF GWAHLUR (DARK HORSE) # 1, 2, 3 BY P CRAIG RUSSEL | eBay

"Jewels of Gwahlur" is one of the original short stories starring the fictional sword and sorcery hero Conan the Cimmerian, written by American author Robert E. Howard.

This work is available in the U. Description The Teeth of Gwahlur are legendary jewels, kept in an abandoned city in the country of Keshan. Conan, following legends of this treasure, has travelled to the lost city, where supernatural gives way to intrigue. In far Keshan, Conan has come to the abandoned city of Gwahlur in search of its famed riches. Community Reviews Sign up or Log in to rate this book and submit a review. There are currently no other reviews for this book. Excerpt The cliffs rose sheer from the jungle, towering ramparts of stone that glistened jade-blue and dull crimson in the rising sun, and curved away and away to east and west above the waving emerald ocean of fronds and leaves. It looked insurmountable, that giant palisade with its sheer curtains of solid rock in which bits of quartz winked dazzlingly in the sunlight. But the man who was working his tedious way upward was already halfway to the top. He came of a race of hillmen, accustomed to scaling forbidding crags, and he was a man of unusual strength and agility. His only garment was a pair of short red silk breeks, and his sandals were slung to his back, out of his way, as were his sword and dagger. The man was powerfully built, supple as a panther. His skin was bronzed by the sun, his square-cut black mane confined by a silver band about his temples. His iron muscles, quick eyes and sure feet served him well here, for it was a climb to test these qualities to the utmost. A hundred and fifty feet below him waved the jungle. An equal distance above him the rim of the cliffs was etched against the morning sky. His groping hands and feet found niches and knobs, precarious holds at best, and sometimes he virtually hung by his finger nails. Yet upward he went, clawing, squirming, fighting for every foot. At times he paused to rest his aching muscles, and, shaking the sweat out of his eyes, twisted his head to stare searchingly out over the jungle, combing the green expanse for any trace of human life or motion. Now the summit was not far above him, and he observed, only a few feet above his head, a break in the sheer stone of the cliff. An instant later he had reached it—a small cavern, just below the edge of the rim. As his head rose above the lip of its floor, he grunted. He clung there, his elbows hooked over the lip. The cave was so tiny that it was little more than a niche cut in the stone, but held an occupant. A shriveled mummy, cross-legged, arms folded on the withered breast upon which the shrunken head was sunk, sat in the little cavern. The limbs were bound in place with rawhide thongs which had become mere rotted wisps. If the form had ever been clothed, the ravages of time had long ago reduced the garments to dust. But thrust between the crossed arms and the shrunken breast there was a roll of parchment, yellowed with age to the color of old ivory. The climber stretched forth a long arm and wrenched away this cylinder. Without investigation he thrust it into his girdle and hauled himself up until he was standing in the opening of the niche. A spring upward and he caught the rim of the cliffs and pulled himself up and over almost with the same motion. There he halted, panting, and stared downward. It was like looking into the interior of a vast bowl, rimmed by a circular stone wall. The floor of the bowl was covered with trees and denser vegetation, though nowhere did the growth duplicate the jungle denseness of the outer forest. The cliffs marched around it without a break and of uniform height. It was a freak of nature, not to be paralleled, perhaps, in the whole world: But the man on the cliffs did not devote his thoughts to marveling at the topographical phenomenon. With tense eagerness he searched the tree-tops below him, and exhaled a gusty sigh when he caught the glint of marble domes amidst the twinkling green. It was no myth, then; below him lay the fabulous and deserted palace of Alkmeenon. Conan the Cimmerian, late of the Baracha Isles, of the Black Coast, and of many other climes where life ran wild, had come to the kingdom of Keshan following the lure of a fabled treasure that outshone the hoard of the Turanian kings. Keshan was a barbaric kingdom lying in the eastern hinterlands of Kush where the broad grasslands merge with the forests that roll up from the south. The people were a mixed race, a dusky nobility ruling a population that was largely pure negro. The rulers—princes and high priests—claimed descent from a white race which, in a mythical age, had ruled a kingdom whose capital city was Alkmeenon. Equally nebulous were the tales of the Teeth of Gwahlur, the treasure of Alkmeenon. But these misty legends had been enough to bring Conan to Keshan, over vast

distances of plain, river-laced jungle, and mountains.

2: Jewels of Gwahlur : Robert E. Howard : Free Download, Borrow, and Streaming : Internet Archive

*The Jewels of Gwahlur [Robert E. Howard, Jim Roberts] on www.enganchecubano.com *FREE* shipping on qualifying offers. Conan the Barbarian is after fabulous treasure in this exciting story. But he finds himself in more difficulties than he had counted on.*

Plot summary[edit] Robert E. Howard set his story in Hyborian Africa. The Teeth of Gwahlur are legendary jewels, kept within the ancient city of Alkmeenon, in the country of Keshan "which in itself was considered mythical by many northern and western nations". Conan, following rumors of this treasure, journeys into Keshan and offers his services in training the local army against their rival, Punt. The high priest of Keshan, Gorulga, announces that a decision on the matter can only be made after consulting with Yelaya, the mummified oracle of Alkmeenon. This is all the treasure hunters require. Zargheba joins Gorulga in his expedition while Conan travels ahead of them. In the abandoned city, an initial atmosphere of the supernatural gives way to intrigue over the oracle. Zargheba has brought along a Corinthian slave girl, Muriela, to play the role of Yelaya and tell the priests to give all of their jewels to Thutmekri. Conan is at first frightened by the living oracle, but quickly discovers the ruse. Intrigue and mystery follows as the imposter and the body of the genuine oracle switch roles. Gorulga, however, is innocent in this, genuinely attempting to consult his oracle. However, a fourth faction quickly appears. A Pelishti traveller, Bit-Yakin, had visited the valley where Alkmeenon is located centuries ago. When the natives of Keshan visited the site to worship Yelaya as a goddess, Bit-Yakin provided prophecies from a nearby cave. Conan manages to acquire a chest containing the jewels, but is forced to abandon his prize so he could rescue Muriela. The two escape together and Conan ends his adventure by outlining a new plan. Being able to save either Muriela or the chest of priceless gems which he spent months in seeking, and only seconds to make a choice, Conan without hesitation chooses to save the girl and let the treasure be irrevocably lost. The Conan stories are ambiguous with regard to whether the various gods truly exist. In " Black Colossus " Mitra is quite real and unequivocally manifests himself to those who come to his shrine; conversely, in the present story all "manifestations" of the goddess are nothing but cynical frauds; but in L. The Conan stories take place in a fictional past, known as the Hyborian Age , but based on real places. The main country of Keshan takes its name from "Kesh", the Egyptian name for Nubia. Their enemy, the Land of Punt , has a similar Egyptian origin. The other nation, Zembabwei, takes its name from the ruins of Great Zimbabwe as did the real-world country Zimbabwe some time after this story was published.

3: Jewels of Gwahlur| Robert E. Howard|Free download|PDF EPUB|Freeditorial

Give the Teeth of Gwahlur into the hands of Thutmekri, the Stygian, to place in the sanctuary of Dagon and Derketo. Only this can save Keshan from the doom the demons of the night have plotted. Take the Teeth of Gwahlur and go; return instantly to Keshia; there give the jewels to Thutmekri, and seize the foreign devil Conan and flay him alive.

Paths of Intrigue Public Domain The cliffs rose sheer from the jungle, towering ramparts of stone that glinted jade-blue and dull crimson in the rising sun, and curved away and away to east and west above the waving emerald ocean of fronds and leaves. It looked insurmountable, that giant palisade with its sheer curtains of solid rock in which bits of quartz winked dazzlingly in the sunlight. But the man who was working his tedious way upward was already halfway to the top. He came of a race of hillmen, accustomed to scaling forbidding crags, and he was a man of unusual strength and agility. His only garment was a pair of short red silk breeks, and his sandals were slung to his back, out of his way, as were his sword and dagger. The man was powerfully built, supple as a panther. His skin was bronzed by the sun, his square-cut black mane confined by a silver band about his temples. His iron muscles, quick eyes and sure feet served him well here, for it was a climb to test these qualities to the utmost. A hundred and fifty feet below him waved the jungle. An equal distance above him the rim of the cliffs was etched against the morning sky. His groping hands and feet found niches and knobs, precarious holds at best, and sometimes he virtually hung by his finger nails. Yet upward he went, clawing, squirming, fighting for every foot. At times he paused to rest his aching muscles, and, shaking the sweat out of his eyes, twisted his head to stare searchingly out over the jungle, combing the green expanse for any trace of human life or motion. Now the summit was not far above him, and he observed, only a few feet above his head, a break in the sheer stone of the cliff. An instant later he had reached it--a small cavern, just below the edge of the rim. As his head rose above the lip of its floor, he grunted. He clung there, his elbows hooked over the lip. The cave was so tiny that it was little more than a niche cut in the stone, but held an occupant. A shriveled mummy, cross-legged, arms folded on the withered breast upon which the shrunken head was sunk, sat in the little cavern. The limbs were bound in place with rawhide thongs which had become mere rotted wisps. If the form had ever been clothed, the ravages of time had long ago reduced the garments to dust. But thrust between the crossed arms and the shrunken breast there was a roll of parchment, yellowed with age to the color of old ivory. The climber stretched forth a long arm and wrenched away this cylinder. Without investigation he thrust it into his girdle and hauled himself up until he was standing in the opening of the niche. A spring upward and he caught the rim of the cliffs and pulled himself up and over almost with the same motion. There he halted, panting, and stared downward. It was like looking into the interior of a vast bowl, rimmed by a circular stone wall. The floor of the bowl was covered with trees and denser vegetation, though nowhere did the growth duplicate the jungle denseness of the outer forest. The cliffs marched around it without a break and of uniform height. It was a freak of nature, not to be paralleled, perhaps, in the whole world: But the man on the cliffs did not devote his thoughts to marveling at the topographical phenomenon. With tense eagerness he searched the tree-tops below him, and exhaled a gusty sigh when he caught the glint of marble domes amidst the twinkling green. It was no myth, then; below him lay the fabulous and deserted palace of Alkmeenon. Conan the Cimmerian, late of the Baracha Isles, of the Black Coast, and of many other climes where life ran wild, had come to the kingdom of Keshan following the lure of a fabled treasure that outshone the hoard of the Turanian kings. Keshan was a barbaric kingdom lying in the eastern hinterlands of Kush where the broad grasslands merge with the forests that roll up from the south. The people were a mixed race, a dusky nobility ruling a population that was largely pure negro. The rulers--princes and high priests--claimed descent from a white race which, in a mythical age, had ruled a kingdom whose capital city was Alkmeenon. Equally nebulous were the tales of the Teeth of Gwahlur, the treasure of Alkmeenon. But these misty legends had been enough to bring Conan to Keshan, over vast distances of plain, river-laced jungle, and mountains. He had found Keshan, which in itself was considered mythical by many northern and western nations, and he had heard enough to confirm the rumors of the treasure that men called the Teeth of Gwahlur. But its hiding-place he could not learn, and he was confronted with the necessity of explaining his

presence in Keshan. Unattached strangers were not welcome there. But he was not nonplussed. With cool assurance he made his offer to the stately plumed, suspicious grandees of the barbarically magnificent court. He was a professional fighting-man. In search of employment he said he had come to Keshan. This proposition was not so audacious as it might seem. He did not refuse tests devised by the dusky lords. Skirmishes along the borders were incessant, affording the Cimmerian plenty of opportunities to demonstrate his ability at hand-to-hand fighting. His reckless ferocity impressed the lords of Keshan, already aware of his reputation as a leader of men, and the prospects seemed favorable. All Conan secretly desired was employment to give him legitimate excuse for remaining in Keshan long enough to locate the hiding-place of the Teeth of Gwahlur. Then there came an interruption. Thutmekri came to Keshan at the head of an embassy from Zembabwei. He and the Cimmerian knew each other of old, and without love. Thutmekri likewise had a proposition to make to the king of Keshan, and it also concerned the conquest of Punt--which kingdom, incidentally, lying east of Keshan, had recently expelled the Zembabwan traders and burned their fortresses. His offer outweighed even the prestige of Conan. He pledged himself to invade Punt from the east with a host of black spearmen, Shemitish archers, and mercenary swordsmen, and to aid the king of Keshan to annex the hostile kingdom. The benevolent kings of Zembabwei desired only a monopoly of the trade of Keshan and her tributaries--and, as a pledge of good faith, some of the Teeth of Gwahlur. These would be put to no base usage. Thutmekri hastened to explain to the suspicious chieftains; they would be placed in the temple of Zembabwei beside the squat gold idols of Dagon and Derketo, sacred guests in the holy shrine of the kingdom, to seal the covenant between Keshan and Zembabwei. The Cimmerian made no attempt to match wits and intrigue with Thutmekri and his Shemitish partner, Zargheba. He knew that if Thutmekri won his point, he would insist on the instant banishment of his rival. There was but one thing for Conan to do: But by this time he was certain that they were not hidden in Keshia, the royal city which was a swarm of thatched huts crowding about a mud wall that enclosed a palace of stone and mud and bamboo. While he fumed with nervous impatience, the high priest Gorulga announced that before any decision could be reached, the will of the gods must be ascertained concerning the proposed alliance with Zembabwei and the pledge of objects long held holy and inviolate. The oracle of Alkmeenon must be consulted. This was an awesome thing, and it caused tongues to wag excitedly in palace and bee-hive hut. Not for a century had the priests visited the silent city. The oracle, men said, was the Princess Yelaya, the last ruler of Alkmeenon, who had died in the full bloom of her youth and beauty, and whose body had miraculously remained unblemished throughout the ages. Of old, priests had made their way into the haunted city, and she had taught them wisdom. The last priest to seek the oracle had been a wicked man, who had sought to steal for himself the curiously cut jewels that men called the Teeth of Gwahlur. But some doom had come upon him in the deserted palace, from which his acolytes, fleeing, had told tales of horror that had for a hundred years frightened the priests from the city and the oracle. But Gorulga, the present high priest, as one confident in his knowledge of his own integrity, announced that he would go with a handful of followers to revive the ancient custom. And in the excitement tongues buzzed indiscreetly, and Conan caught the clue for which he had sought for weeks--the overheard whisper of a lesser priest that sent the Cimmerian stealing out of Keshia the night before the dawn when the priests were to start. Riding as hard as he dared for a night and a day and a night, he came in the early dawn to the cliffs of Alkmeenon, which stood in the southwestern corner of the kingdom, amidst uninhabited jungle which was taboo to common men. None but the priests dared approach the haunted vale within a distance of many miles. And not even a priest had entered Alkmeenon for a hundred years. No man had ever climbed these cliffs, legends said, and none but the priests knew the secret entrance into the valley. Conan did not waste time looking for it. Steeps that balked these people, horsemen and dwellers of plain and level forest, were not impossible for a man born in the rugged hills of Cimmeria. Now on the summit of the cliffs he looked down into the circular valley and wondered what plague, war or superstition had driven the members of that ancient race forth from their stronghold to mingle with and be absorbed by the tribes that hemmed them in. This valley had been their citadel. There the palace stood, and there only the royal family and their court dwelt. The real city stood outside the cliffs. Those waving masses of green jungle vegetation hid its ruins. But the domes that glistened in the leaves below him were the unbroken pinnacles of the royal palace of

Alkmeenon which had defied the corroding ages. Swinging a leg over the rim he went down swiftly. The inner side of the cliffs was more broken, not quite so sheer. In less than half the time it had taken him to ascend the outer side, he dropped to the swarded valley floor. With one hand on his sword, he looked alertly about him. There was no reason to suppose men lied when they said that Alkmeenon was empty and deserted, haunted only by the ghosts of the dead past. The silence was primordial; not even a leaf quivered on a branch. When he bent to peer under the trees, he saw nothing but the marching rows of trunks, receding and receding into the blue gloom of the deep woods. Nevertheless he went warily, sword in hand, his restless eyes combing the shadows from side to side, his springy tread making no sound on the sward. All about him he saw signs of an ancient civilization; marble fountains, voiceless and crumbling, stood in circles of slender trees whose patterns were too symmetrical to have been a chance of nature. Forest-growth and underbrush had invaded the evenly planned groves, but their outlines were still visible. Broad pavements ran away under the trees, broken, and with grass growing through the wide cracks. He glimpsed walls with ornamental copings, lattices of carven stone that might once have served as the walls of pleasure pavilions. Ahead of him, through the trees, the domes gleamed and the bulk of the structure supporting them became more apparent as he advanced.

4: Jewels of Gwahlur/Chapter II - Wikisource, the free online library

Jewels of Gwahlur has ratings and 10 reviews. C-shaw said: Just a little snack of a book, but quite entertaining, a fast-paced adventure with Egyptia.

Such a good story. A fantastic Conan story. The second in this book was annoying, as it was just getting interesting when it halted, an incomplete work. What is the point of including an incomplete work in a fine special volume. Regardless, this was set to receive 3 stars, but for the very nice paintings and illustrations throughout. Jun 02, John rated it really liked it A traditional adventure tale with Conan thrown in as the Allan Quatermain role. Treasure, damsel in distress, and fighting your way to freedom. Still, did not feel like a real Conan story. Still, when have the odds against a venture ever mattered to Conan? The main problem is that Conan always seems to be one step behind the action, larking about in deserted corridors and underground pools when he should be cleaving skulls and sticking it to demons. Conan phoned this adventure in. It was fun, though it seemed somewhat formulaic. Some phrases were overused, but as I said, this is still a fun short story. As such, I intend to read more of his stories. His voice, as always, manages to lighten and make the material fun for the listener. He makes darker stories less oppressive, yet somehow manages to still hold to the material as well. Howard is my all time favorite writer, but for many years much of his work was heavily edited. This is another of the heavily edited collections of Robert E. I am a purist when it comes to a writers works. I know some of these stories are no longer PC but they should be read as Howard wrote them and understood that he wrote in another time period. Message me if you need a li Robert E. Message me if you need a list of what is good from this awesome fantasy and action writer.

5: Conan and the Jewels of Gwahlur by P. Craig Russell | www.enganchecubano.com

Jewels of Gwahlur is a collection of two fantasy short stories written by Robert E. Howard featuring his sword and sorcery hero Conan the Barbarian.

A Goddess Awakens Chapter 3. It looked insurmountable, that giant palisade with its sheer curtains of solid rock in which bits of quartz winked dazzlingly in the sunlight. But the man who was working his tedious way upward was already halfway to the top. He came from a race of hillmen, accustomed to scaling forbidding crags, and he was a man of unusual strength and agility. His only garment was a pair of short red silk breeks, and his sandals were slung to his back, out of his way, as were his sword and dagger. The man was powerfully built, supple as a panther. His skin was bronzed by the sun, his square-cut black mane confined by a silver band about his temples. His iron muscles, quick eyes and sure feet served him well here, for it was a climb to test these qualities to the utmost. A hundred and fifty feet below him waved the jungle. An equal distance above him the rim of the cliffs was etched against the morning sky. His groping hands and feet found niches and knobs, precarious holds at best, and sometimes he virtually hung by his finger nails. Yet upward he went, clawing, squirming, fighting for every foot. At times he paused to rest his aching muscles, and, shaking the sweat out of his eyes, twisted his head to stare searchingly out over the jungle, combing the green expanse for any trace of human life or motion. Now the summit was not far above him, and he observed, only a few feet above his head, a break in the sheer stone of the cliff. An instant later he had reached it—a small cavern, just below the edge of the rim. As his head rose above the lip of its floor, he grunted. He clung there, his elbows hooked over the lip. The cave was so tiny that it was little more than a niche cut in the stone, but it held an occupant. A shriveled brown mummy, cross-legged, arms folded on the withered breast upon which the shrunken head was sunk, sat in the little cavern. The limbs were bound in place with rawhide thongs which had become mere rotted wisps. If the form had ever been clothed, the ravages of time had long ago reduced the garments to dust. But thrust between the crossed arms and the shrunken breast there was a roll of parchment, yellowed with age to the color of old ivory. The climber stretched forth a long arm and wrenched away this cylinder. Without investigation, he thrust it into his girdle and hauled himself up until he was standing in the opening of the niche. A spring upward and he caught the rim of the cliffs and pulled himself up and over almost with the same motion. There he halted, panting, and stared downward. It was like looking into the interior of a vast bowl, rimmed by a circular stone wall. The floor of the bowl was covered with trees and denser vegetation, though nowhere did the growth duplicate the jungle denseness of the outer forest. The cliffs marched around it without a break and of uniform height. It was a freak of nature, not to be paralleled, perhaps, in the whole world: But the man on the cliffs did not devote his thoughts to marveling at the topographical phenomenon. With tense eagerness he searched the tree-tops below him, and exhaled a gusty sigh when he caught the glint of marble domes amidst the twinkling green. It was no myth, then; below him lay the fabulous and deserted palace of Alkmeenon. Conan the Cimmerian, late of the Baracha Isles, of the Black Coast, and of many other climes where life ran wild, had come to the kingdom of Keshan following the lure of a fabled treasure that outshone the hoard of the Turanian kings. Keshan was a barbaric kingdom lying in the eastern hinterlands of Kush where the broad grasslands merge with the forests that roll up from the south. The people were a mixed race, a dusky nobility ruling a population that was largely pure Negro. The rulers—princes and high priests—claimed descent from a white race which, in a mythical age, had ruled a kingdom whose capital city was Alkmeenon. Equally nebulous were the tales of the Teeth of Gwahlur, the treasure of Alkmeenon. But these misty legends had been enough to bring Conan to Keshan, over vast distances of plain, river-laced jungle, and mountains. He had found Keshan, which in itself was considered mythical by many northern and western nations, and he had heard enough to confirm the rumors of the treasure that men called the Teeth of Gwahlur. But its hiding place he could not learn, and he was confronted with the necessity of explaining his presence in Keshan. Unattached strangers were not welcome there. But he was not nonplussed. With cool assurance he made his offer to the stately, plumed, suspicious grandees of the barbarically magnificent court. He was a professional fighting man. In search of employment he said he had

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This valley had been their citadel. There the palace stood, and there only the royal family and their court dwelt. The real city stood outside the cliffs. Those waving masses of green jungle vegetation hid its ruins. But the domes that glistened in the leaves below him were the unbroken pinnacles of the royal palace of Alkmeenon which had defied the corroding ages. Swinging a leg over the rim he went down swiftly. The inner side of the cliffs was more broken, not quite so sheer. In less than half the time it had taken him to ascend the outer side, he dropped to the swarded valley floor. With one hand on his sword, he looked alertly

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6: Conan and the Jewels of Gwahlur by P. Craig Russell

LibriVox recording of JEWELS OF GWAHLUR, by Robert E. Howard. Read by Phil Chenevert Conan The Barbarian is after fabulous treasure in this exciting story. But he finds himself in more difficulties than he had counted on.

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But avarice can drive men far, as the Englishmen knew. He had dealt with these gentry of old. Even as he watched, old scars burned in his back--scars made by Moslem whips in a Turkish galley. What do I know of cultured ways, the gilt, the craft and the lie? I, who was born in a naked land and bred in the open sky. The subtle tongue, the sophist guile, they fail when the broadswords sing; Rush in and die, dogs--"I was a man before I was a king. When I was a fighting-man, the kettle-drums they beat, The people scattered gold-dust before my horses feet; But now I am a great king, the people hound my track With poison in my wine-cup, and daggers at my back. Know, oh prince, that between the years when the oceans drank Atlantis and the gleaming cities, and the years of the rise of the Sons of Aryas, there was an Age undreamed of, when shining kingdoms lay spread across the world like blue mantles beneath the stars - Nemedra, Ophir, Brythunia, Hyberborea, Zamora with its dark-haired women and towers of spider-haunted mystery, Zingara with its chivalry, Koth that bordered on the pastoral lands of Shem, Stygia with its shadow-guarded tombs, Hyrkania whose riders wore steel and silk and gold. But the proudest kingdom of the world was Aquilonia, reigning supreme in the dreaming west. Hither came Conan the Cimmerian, black-haired, sullen-eyed, sword in hand, a thief, a reaver, a slayer, with gigantic melancholies and gigantic mirth, to tread the jeweled thrones of the Earth under his sandalled feet. The ways of the Aesir were more to my liking. Those the lions spared, Kane slew, and tossed to the jackals. But it was part of his plan of vengeance and he steeled his heart. With a choked cry the Englishman woke from his trance of horror, drew and fired at a darting flame-eyed shadow which fell at his feet with a shattered skull. And Kane gave tongue to one deep, fierce roar and bounded into the melee, all the berserk fury of his heathen Saxon ancestors bursting into terrible being. The ancient empires fall, the dark-skinned peoples fade and even the demons of antiquity gasp their last, but over all stands the Aryan barbarian, white-skinned, cold-eyed, dominant, the supreme fighting man of the earth. If this myth of the harpies were a reality, what of the other legends--the Hydra, the centaurs, the chimera, Medusa, Pan and the satyrs? All those myths of antiquity--behind them did there lie and lurk nightmare realities with slavering fangs and talons steeped in shuddersome evil? Africa, the Dark Continent, land of shadows and horror, of bewitchment and sorcery, into which all evil things had been banished before the growing light of the western world! Gleaming shell of an outworn lie; fable of Right divine--" You gained your crowns by heritage, but Blood was the price of mine. The throne that I won by blood and sweat, by Crom, I will not sell For promise of valleys filled with gold, or threat of the Halls of Hell! The Lion strode through the Halls of Hell; Across his path grim shadows fell Of many a mowing, nameless shape Monsters with dripping jaws agape. The darkness shuddered with scream and yell When the Lion stalked through the Halls of Hell. Like gay-hued leaves after an autumn storm, the fallen littered the plain; the sinking sun shimmered on burnished helmets, gilt-worked mail, silver breastplates, broken swords and the heavy regal folds of silken standards, overthrown in pools of curdling crimson. In silent heaps lay war-horses and their steel-clad riders, flowing manes and blowing plumes stained alike in the red tide. About them and among them, like the drift of a storm, were strewn slashed and trampled bodies in steel caps and leather jerkins Pelias has dealt well with me, but I care not if I see him no more. Give me a clean sword and a clean foe to flesh it in. What would I not give for a flagon of wine! A former chief of Abombi to Conan A long bow and a strong bow, and let the sky grow dark! The cord to the nock, the shaft to the ear, and the king of Koth for a mark! Song of the Bossonian Archers.

8: Jewels of Gwahlur

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A Goddess Awakens[edit] The Cimmerian at first made no attempt to fight the current that was sweeping him through lightless night. He kept himself afloat, gripping between his teeth the sword, which he had not relinquished, even in his fall, and did not seek to guess to what doom he was being borne. But suddenly a beam of light lanced the darkness ahead of him. He saw the surging, seething black surface of the water, in turmoil as if disturbed by some monster of the deep, and he saw the sheer stone walls of the channel curved up to a vault overhead. On each side ran a narrow ledge, just below the arching roof, but they were far out of his reach. At one point this roof had been broken, probably fallen in, and the light was streaming through the aperture. Beyond that shaft of light was utter blackness, and panic assailed the Cimmerian as he saw he would be swept on past that spot of light, and into the unknown blackness again. Then he saw something else: Instantly he struck out for it, fighting the current that would have held him to the middle of the stream. It dragged at him as with tangible, animate, slimy hands, but he buffeted the rushing surge with the strength of desperation and drew closer and closer inshore, fighting furiously for every inch. Now he was even with the ladder and with a fierce, gasping plunge he gripped the bottom rung and hung on, breathless. A few seconds later he struggled up out of the seething water, trusting his weight dubiously to the corroded rungs. The tall Cimmerian was forced to bend his head as he stood up. He transferred his sword from his teeth to its scabbard, spitting blood for the edge had cut his lips in that fierce fight with the river and turned his attention to the broken roof. He could reach his arms up through the crevice and grip the edge, and careful testing told him it would bear his weight. An instant later he had drawn himself up through the hole, and found himself in a wide chamber, in a state of extreme disrepair. Most of the roof had fallen in, as well as a great section of the floor, which was laid over the vault of a subterranean river. Broken arches opened into other chambers and corridors, and Conan believed he was still in the great palace. He wondered uneasily how many chambers in that palace had underground water directly under them, and when the ancient flags or tiles might give way again and precipitate him back into the current from which he had just crawled. And he wondered just how much of an accident that fall had been. Had those rotten flags simply chanced to give way beneath his weight, or was there a more sinister explanation? One thing at least was obvious: That gong had not sounded of its own accord, whether the noise had been meant to lure him to his death, or not. The silence of the palace became suddenly sinister, fraught with crawling menace. Could it be someone on the same mission as himself? A sudden thought occurred to him, at the memory of the mysterious Bit-Yakin. Was it not possible that this man had found the Teeth of Gwahlur in his long residence in Alkmeenon that his servants had taken them with them when they departed? Choosing a corridor which he believed led back toward the part of the palace he had first entered, he hurried along it, stepping gingerly as he thought of that black river that seethed and foamed somewhere below his feet. His speculations recurrently revolved about the oracle chamber and its cryptic occupant. Somewhere in that vicinity must be the clue to the mystery of the treasure, if indeed it still remained in its immemorial hiding place. The great palace lay silent as ever, disturbed only by the swift passing of his sandaled feet. The chambers and halls he traversed were crumbling into ruin, but as he advanced the ravages of decay became less apparent. He wondered briefly for what purpose the ladders had been suspended from the ledges over the subterranean river, but dismissed the matter with a shrug. He was little interested in speculating over unremunerative problems of antiquity. He was not sure just where the oracle chamber lay, from where he was, but presently he emerged into a corridor which led back into the great throne room under one of the arches. He had reached a decision; it was useless for him to wander aimlessly about the palace, seeking the hoard. He would conceal himself somewhere here, wait until the Keshani priests came, and then, after they had gone through the farce of consulting the oracle, he would follow them to the hiding place of the gems, to which he was certain they would go. Perhaps they would take only a few of the jewels with them. He would content himself with the rest. Drawn by a morbid fascination, he re-entered the oracle chamber and stared down again at the motionless figure of the princess who was worshipped as a goddess,

entranced by her frigid beauty. What cryptic secret was locked in that marvelously molded form? The breath sucked through his teeth, the short hairs prickled at the back of his scalp. The body still lay as he had first seen it, silent, motionless, in breast-plates of jeweled gold, gilded sandals and silken skirt. But now there was a subtle difference. The lissom limbs were not rigid, a peach-bloom touched the cheeks, the lips were redâ€” With a panicky curse Conan ripped out his sword. He glared in frozen speechlessness. She sat up with a supple ease, still holding his ensorcelled stare. He licked his dry lips and found voice. I will not harm you if you do my bidding. A curious gleam was beginning to smolder in his eyes. She lifted her arms in a mystical gesture. A thousand years ago there descended upon me the curse of the greater gods, the gods of darkness beyond the borders of light. The mortal in me died; the goddess in me could never die. Here I have lain for so many centuries, to awaken each night at sunset and hold my court as of yore, with specters drawn from the shadows of the past. Man, if you would not view that which will blast your soul for ever, get hence quickly! Conan, his eyes burning slits, slowly sheathed his sword, but he did not obey her order. He stepped closer, as if impelled by a powerful fascination â€” without the slightest warning he grabbed her up in a bear-like grasp. She screamed a very ungoddess-like scream, and there was a sound of ripping silk, as with one ruthless wrench he tore off her skirt. He ignored the frantic writhings of his captive. This crescent-shaped birthmark on your hip proves it. I saw it once when Zargheba was whipping you. All her imperiousness had gone out of her. She was no longer a mystical figure of antiquity, but a terrified and humiliated dancing girl, such as can be bought at almost any Shemitish market place. She lifted up her voice and wept unashamedly. Her captor glared down at her with angry triumph. So you were one of the veiled women Zargheba brought to Keshia with him. Did you think you could fool me, you little idiot? I had to do it! Zargheba brought me here to act as the oracle! Is there no honesty anywhere? Oh, what shall I do? I shall be cursed by these heathen gods! It was a vivid change from her pose as the ancient princess, but not surprising. The fear that had nerved her then was now her undoing. Did you climb the cliffs? With an impatient imprecation he seized her slim shoulders and shook her until she gasped for breath. How did you get into the valley? On the south side of the valley there is a broad pool lying at the foot of the cliffs. There is a cave-mouth under the surface of the water that is not visible to the casual glance. We ducked under the water and entered it. The cave slopes up out of the water swiftly and leads through the cliffs. The opening on the side of the valley is masked by heavy thickets. I do not think he fully trusted Gwarunga. While he was gone I thought I heard a gong sound, but I was not sure. Presently Zargheba came and took me into the palace and brought me to this chamber, where the goddess Yelaya lay upon the dais. He stripped the body and clothed me in the garments and ornaments. Then he went forth to hide the body and watch for the priests. I have been afraid. When you entered I wanted to leap up and beg you to take me away from this place, but I feared Zargheba. When you discovered I was alive, I thought I could frighten you away. And, oh, yes, I was to tell them that you were to be skinned alive immediately. He believes in his gods, and is incorruptible. He knows nothing about this. He will obey the oracle. Knowing the Keshani would consult the oracle, he had Zargheba bring me with the embassy from Zembabwei, closely veiled and secluded. I wonder if it was Zargheba who banged that gong. Did he know I was here? Could he have known about that rotten flagging? Where is he now, girl?

9: Jewels of Gwahlur (collection) - Wikipedia

Overview. Jewels of Gwahlur: Large Print By Robert E. Howard The arts that preserved the body should not have affected the garments. Yet there they were -- gold breast-plates set with concentric circles of small gems, gilded sandals, and a short silken skirt upheld by a jeweled girdle.

Conan visits the oracle of Alkmeenon intending to find the fabled Teeth of Gwahlur, and discovers intrigue and ape-monsters. Detailed Synopsis Edit 1. Paths of Intrigue In the southern nation of Keshan, Conan climbs a cliff rising from the jungle, making his way to a small cave just under the summit. A mummified corpse, tied with rotted rope, lies in front of the cave, clutching a parchment in a literal death grip. Conan takes the parchment, then takes a moment to observe his surroundings, noting the enclosed jungle surrounded by the cliff walls, and finally spying what he was looking for from this vantage point - the hidden but gleaming marble palace of Alkmeenon. Conan had come to Keshan seeking the fabled Jewels of Gwahlur also called the Teeth of Gwahlur, said to reside in Akmeenon, and had gained a place of prestige in the Keshan army his fame having preceded him in its war with neighboring Punt but mostly to gain easy access to the lands in order to secretly search. High priest Gorulga declares that the oracle of Alkmeenon must be consulted. The oracle, alleged to be the preserved body of Princess Yelaya, the last ruler of Alkmeenon, had once imparted wisdom to the priests of Keshan, but since a greedy priest had attempted to steal the Teeth of Gwahlur from the city and perished, no others had visited. Conan, finally ascertaining the location of the hidden city from whispered conversations in the excitement following the announcement, had left immediately to steal the jewels for himself. He had reached the cliffs surrounding the valley, but did not bother trying to find the hidden entrance known only to the priests; he scaled the sheer edge to gain entrance to the hidden city and silently skulked through its marbled streets overgrown with the jungle life. He makes his way to the marble palace and pushes through its doors of gold. Ahead of him, the golden throne of Alkmeenon sits empty, though the square chamber behind contains the pristine and beautiful body of Yelaya laying on a dais. Desperate, he remembers the parchment he had taken from the corpse earlier, and looks through it for clues. Although written in an ancient language, Conan has enough linguistic ability to ascertain the writer and likely corpse was named Bit-Yakin and had dwelt in the valley. He is interrupted by a sharp ringing gong from just outside in the courtyard. Conan rushes outside to see a statue holding a golden gong in its outstretched arm and a brass mallet on the ground. Conan cautiously investigates, but finds no trace of anything save a faint fetid smell. Suddenly, the ground crumbles and Conan tumbles into darkness. A Goddess Awakens Conan falls into an underground river and is taken by the current into pitch blackness. Suddenly, he sees light ahead from another portion of crumbled ceiling, but more importantly spies a brass ladder that he lunges for. He manages to hold on and make his way up the ladder and through the hole into another chamber. Carefully exploring, he finds the way back to the throne room, but decides to hide and wait for the priests rather than risk another disaster. She was to demand that the jewels be given to Thutmekri and that Conan be skinned alive. Conan agrees to protect her from Zargheba, but he tells her to command Gorulga and the priests to make Conan general of the armies. Conan then leaves to find Zargheba, silently moving out of the palace and into the jungle, when he is startled by Zargheba peering from the trees directly at him. Unsure if he was actually seen, Conan freezes in the shadows, and long moments pass while both men stare unmoving at each other. The Return of the Oracle Realizing there are others in the valley, perhaps the servants of Bit-Yakin, Conan swiftly returns to the palace, but stops when he sees Gorulga and the priests entering the marble halls, among them Gwarunga, who had sold the secrets of the entrance to Zargheba. Conan sneaks into the hidden alcove behind the throne room and sees Gorulga approach the disguised Muriela. Gorulga chants and asks Yelaya what to do, and Muriela, playing the role to the hilt, demands the Stygians be driven from Keshan and the armies and the Teeth be given to Conan. Gorulga immediately heeds the will of his prophetess and leaves to retrieve the jewels from their hiding place, taking his priests with him. Gwarunga lingers behind and when the coast is clear grabs Muriela by the throat, demanding to know why she changed the plan. When Conan moves to finish the job, Muriela stops him and begs Conan to take her away. He drags Gwarunga from the chamber and sends Muriela

back to get a gem she had dropped in the scuffle, but Muriela screams and is cut off. Conan rushes back and discovers the body of Yelaya back on the dais and Muriela gone. Conan realized the white man is Bit-Yakin and the creatures that he summoned may still be here. Conan reaches a metal door but springs a trap causing a massive stone to fall and nearly crush him. Conan attempts to return to the throne room but the corridor is plunged into darkness as the marble door at the other end suddenly slams shut. He makes his way to the door and finds a bolt to open it from the inside, and bursts back into the room. The corpse of Yelaya is gone, and more disturbingly, so is the body of Gwarunga. The Teeth of Gwahlur Conan decides to follow the priestly procession and sets forth to track them. The trail leads to the cliffs that enclose the valley, and a door in the rock that is surrounded with bizarre, carved artwork. He finds the priests kneeling and chanting, then moving forward to another section of the cave and chanting again. Conan grows impatient with the overlong ritual, but when they reach a chamber with a stone staircase, the chanting abruptly stops when the priests see a gold and jewel wearing figure in silk at the top of the stairs. Gorulga believes Yelaya has followed them and asks to know why. The voice of Yelaya claims the sanctuary has been blasphemed and the priests lied to. She demands the Teeth be given to Thutmekri. The priests scramble away to honor her wishes. He approaches the figure on the stairs but finds it is the true corpse of Yelaya, tied to a pillar with hidden bonds to make her stand. Conan explores deeper into the caves and finds Muriela chained to a hideous statue. She is overjoyed to see Conan and tells him that she was kidnapped by grey-haired humanoids, who Conan recognizes as the servants of Bit-Yakin, who, Conan reveals, according to the scrolls was a Pelishti priest who centuries ago discovered the body of Yelaya and that she was worshiped as a goddess and,, for reasons of his own, created the legend of the oracle and the network of secret passages and doors to play the role. Even though he died some time ago, and he instructed his servants to mummify his body and place it in the cave that Conan had discovered, the nearly mindless servants continued the ruse as habitually as they could. Conan decides to find the priests and steal the jewels from them if possible, and they follow the sounds of chanting through the corridors until they reach a gallery overlooking a large, carved central cavern with an altar. Gorulga reaches into a hole in the altar and retrieves a small chest. But suddenly the servants of Bit-Yakin attack and kill the priests save for one who runs away screaming. The savage creatures give chase, leaving carnage behind them. He grabs the box of jewels and returns to Muriela, and they rush through the tunnels until they cross a stone bridge over a small river and find themselves on the outer side of the cliff walls. Conan prepares for the descent, but notices a grey-skinned, hulking servant is chasing them. Conan meets the creature in battle at the top of the stone bridge and while Conan is able to cut the humanoid badly, the Servant gets by him and grabs Muriela and the box. However, the wound Conan gave it causes it to collapse and both girl and treasure fall to the edge of the cliff overlooking the river. Conan races to the scene, and only has time to grab Muriela and watch the box tumble into the rushing water. Conan and Muriela climb down the cliff walls outside the valley and look up to see the faces of several Servants staring down at them, but they will not leave their home. Conan decides to head to Punt with Muriela.

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