

An unknown space ship crashes on Earth—and the strangest space story ever told begins.

# The RISE and FALL of the TRIGAN EMPIRE

THROUGH the ice-cold vastness of outer space hurtled a cosmo craft—huge, unearthly, and out of control...



...out of control—as it had been for eight billion miles, see-sawing wildly.



...out of control for the most final of all reasons—THERE WAS A DEAD HAND ON THE ASTRO-HELM.

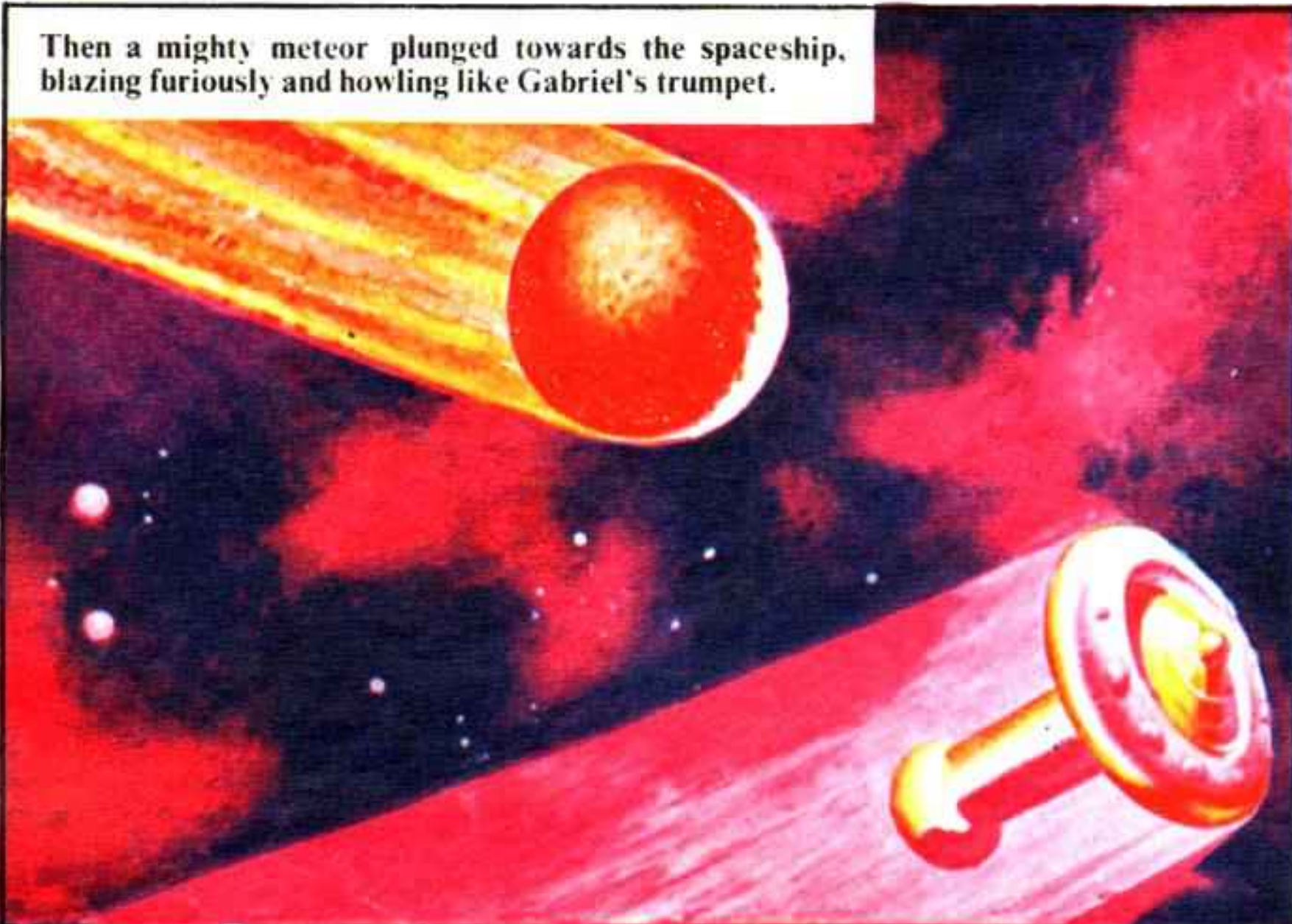


Indeed, the craft was manned by a crew that had been frozen to death.

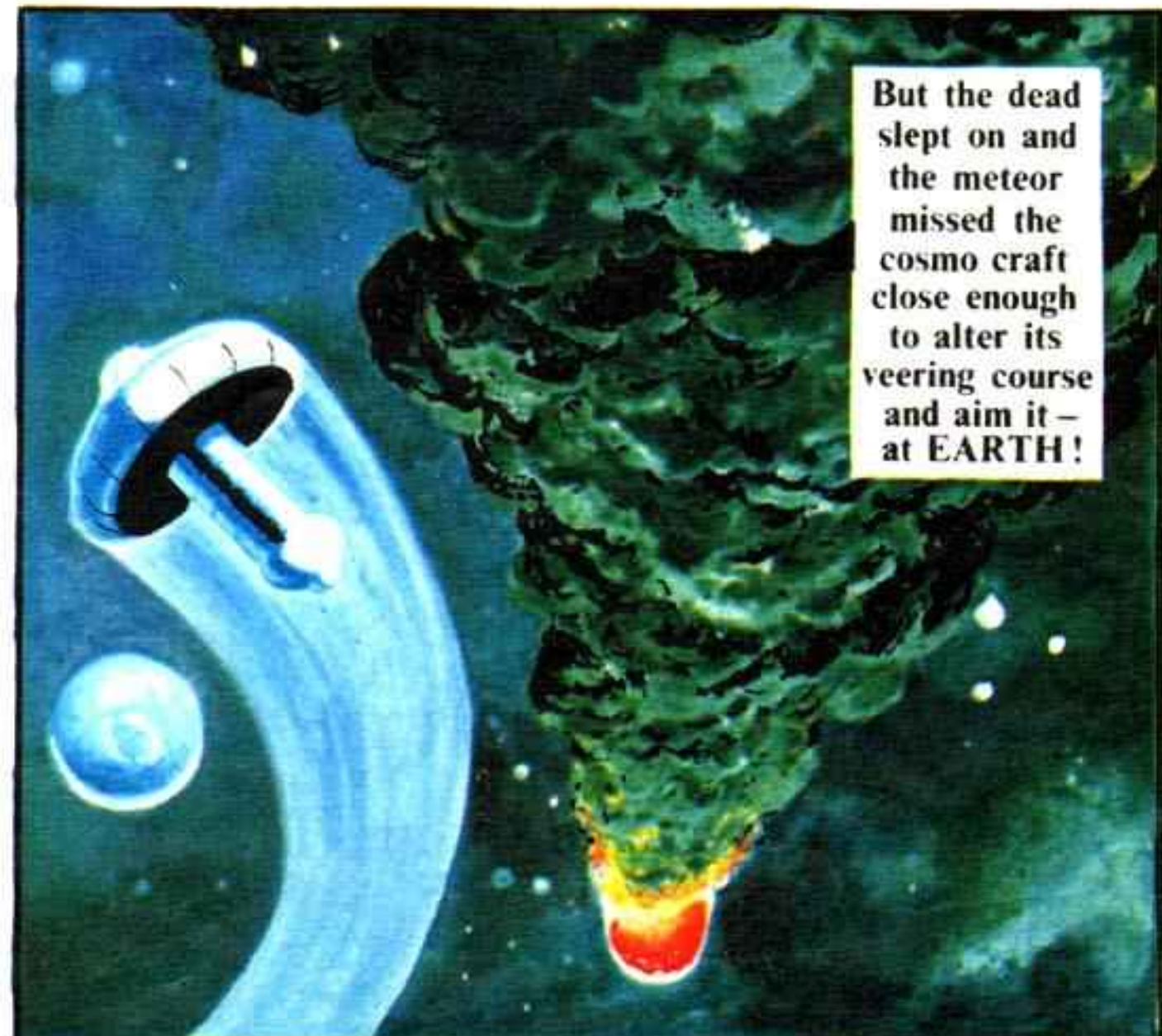


The mechanism controlling the heating of the ship had been destroyed, and the unimaginable cold of outer space had done the rest. Result—instant death for the men, who were the last of the Trigans, all that were left of a once-mighty civilisation, pride of the planet Elekton.

Then a mighty meteor plunged towards the spaceship, blazing furiously and howling like Gabriel's trumpet.

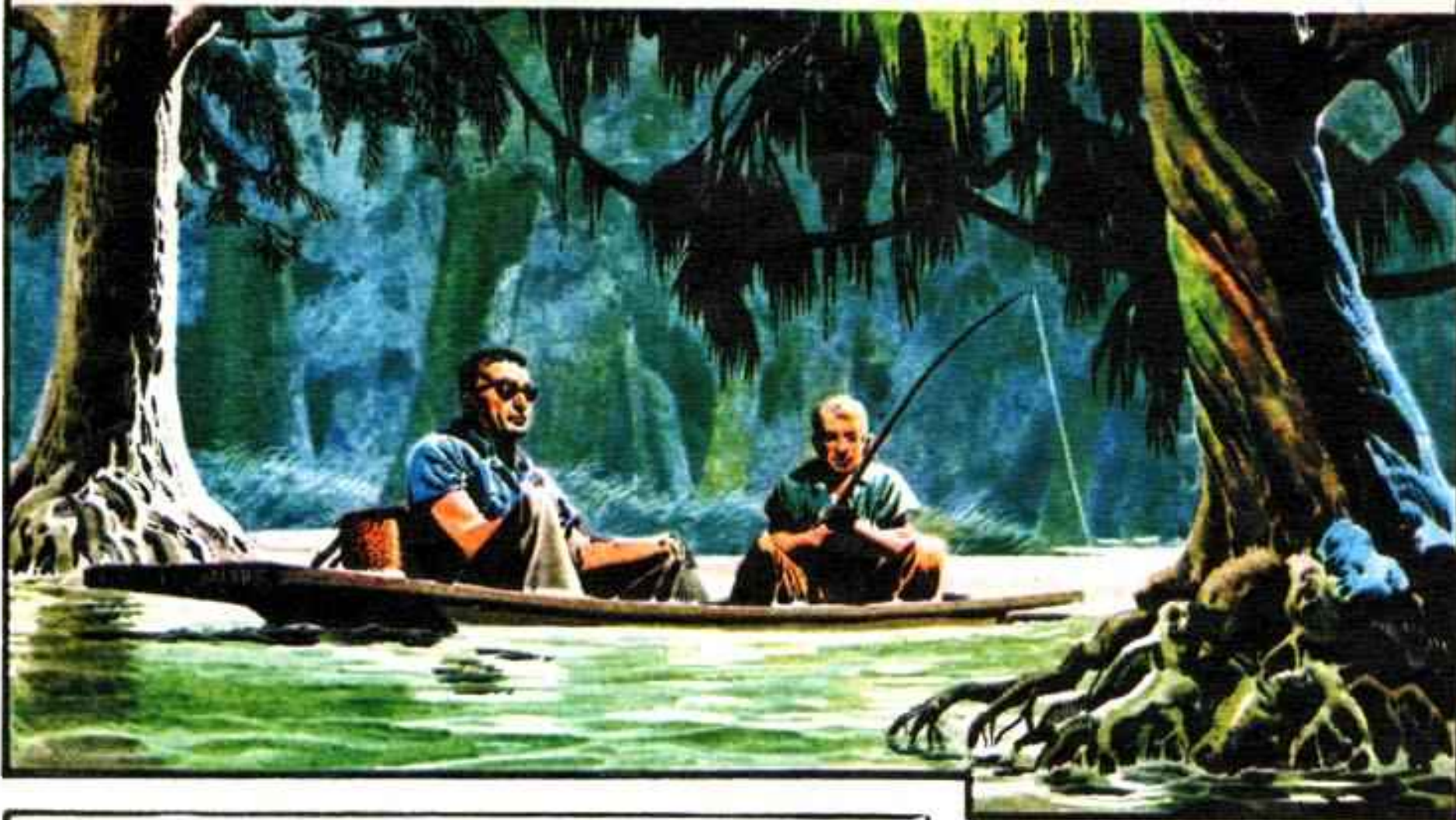


But the dead slept on and the meteor missed the cosmo craft close enough to alter its veering course and aim it—at EARTH!



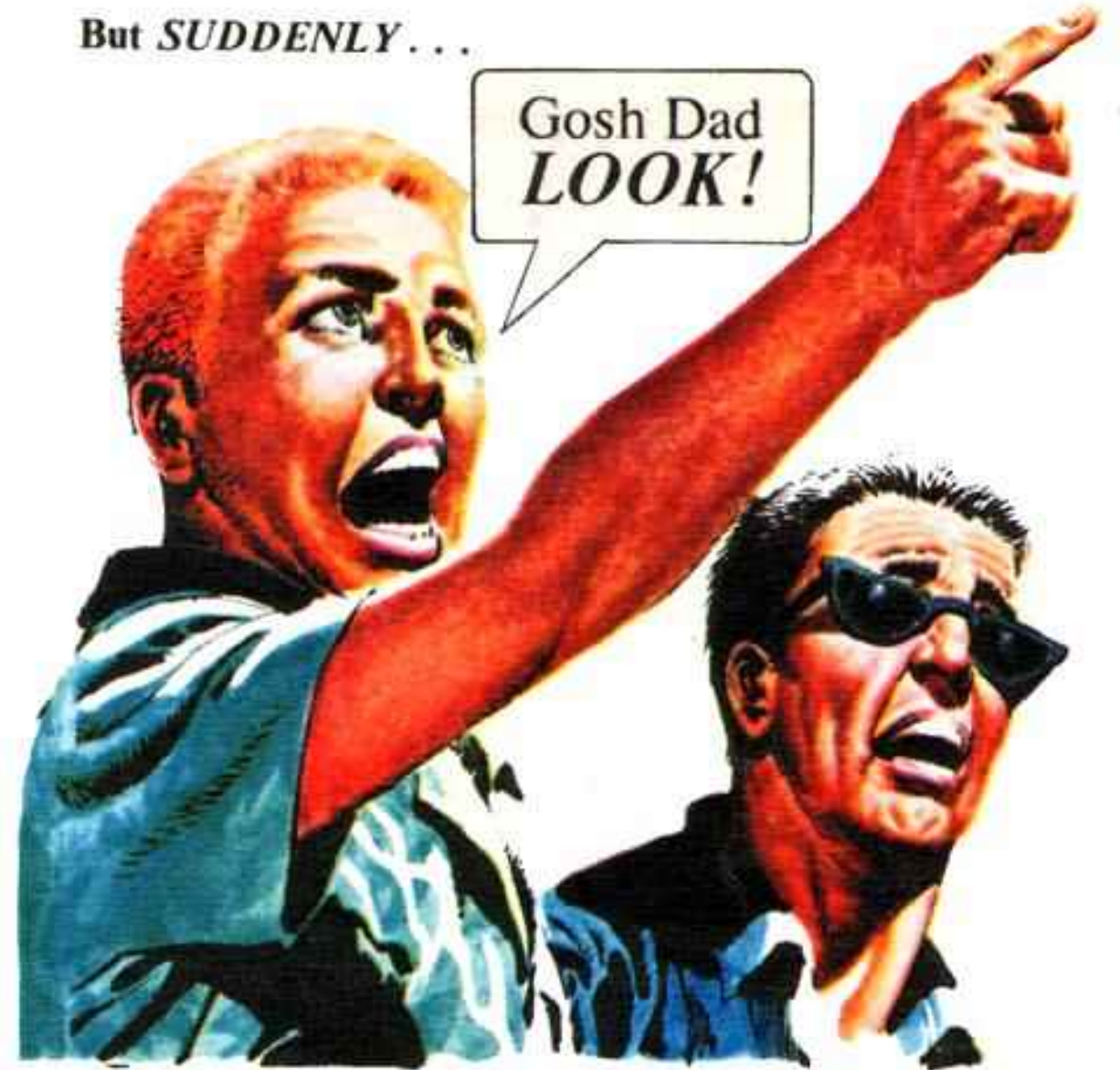


A boy and his father were fishing in the swamps of Florida in a shallow-bottomed boat two days later. It was a hot, sunny, peaceful afternoon.

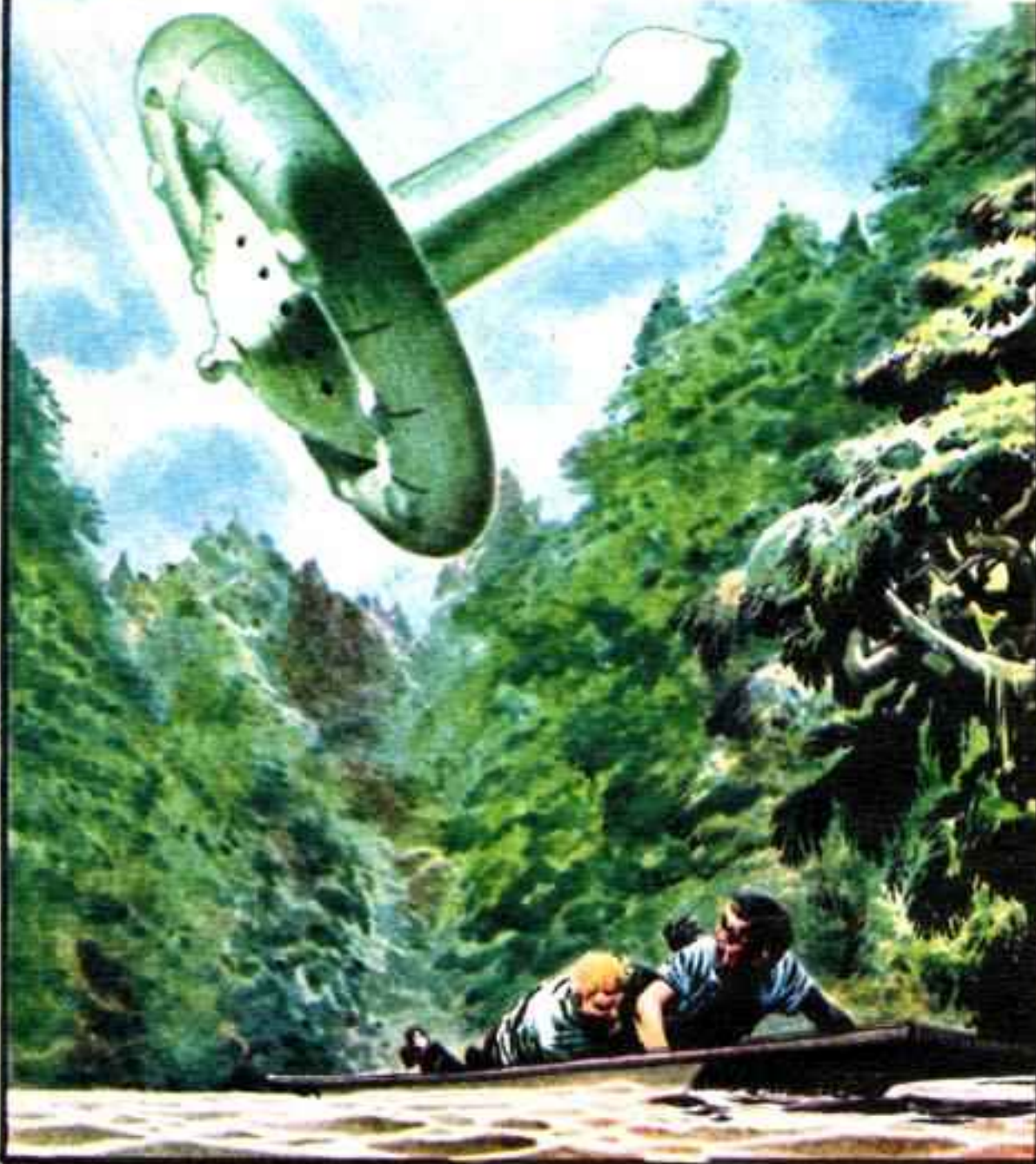


But **SUDDENLY...**

Gosh Dad **LOOK!**



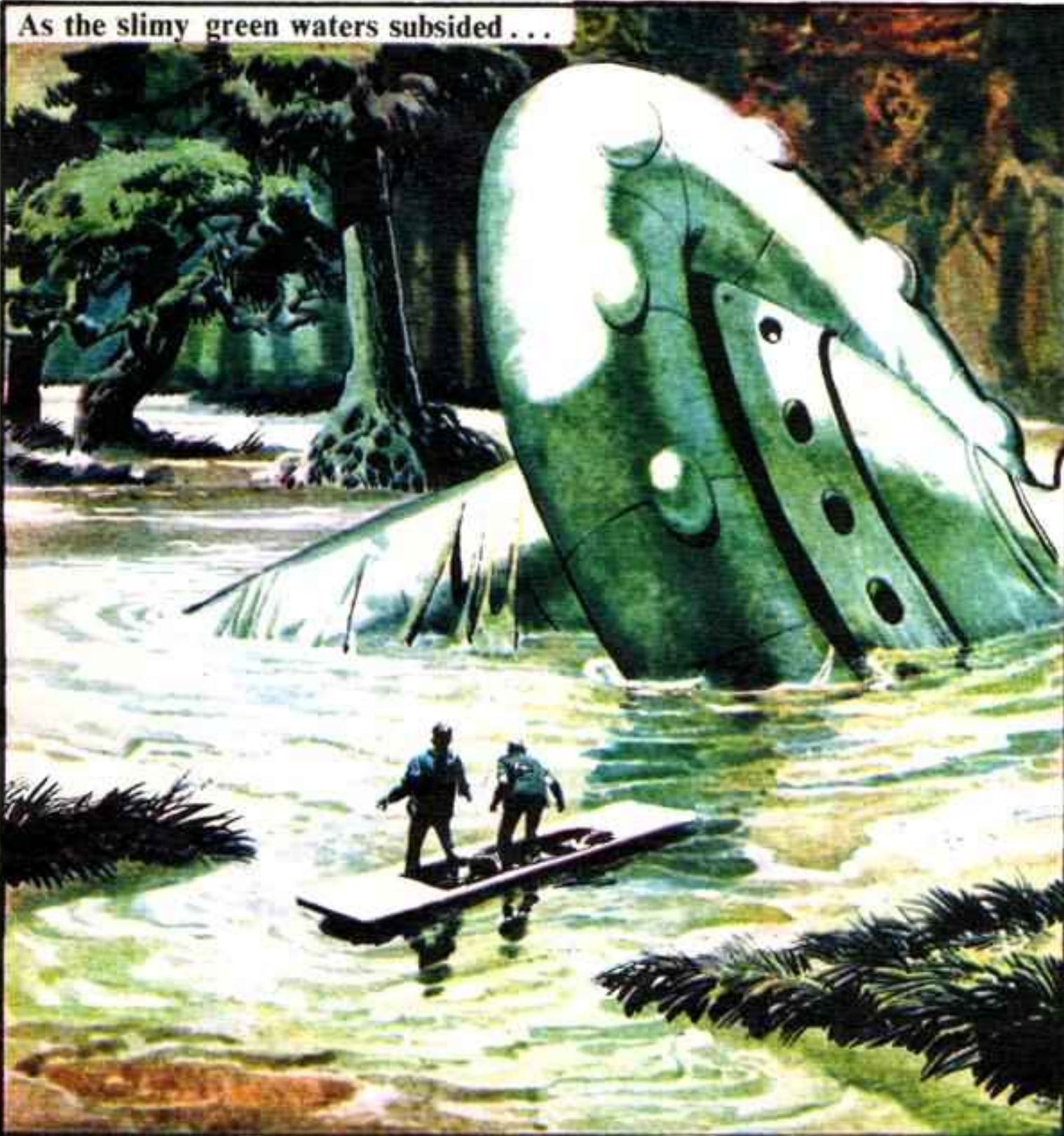
Father and son cowered in stark fright, as from out of the sky dropped the gigantic cosmo craft.



THE NEXT INSTANT...



As the slimy green waters subsided...



Word of the crashed cosmo craft flashed to the corners of the world...



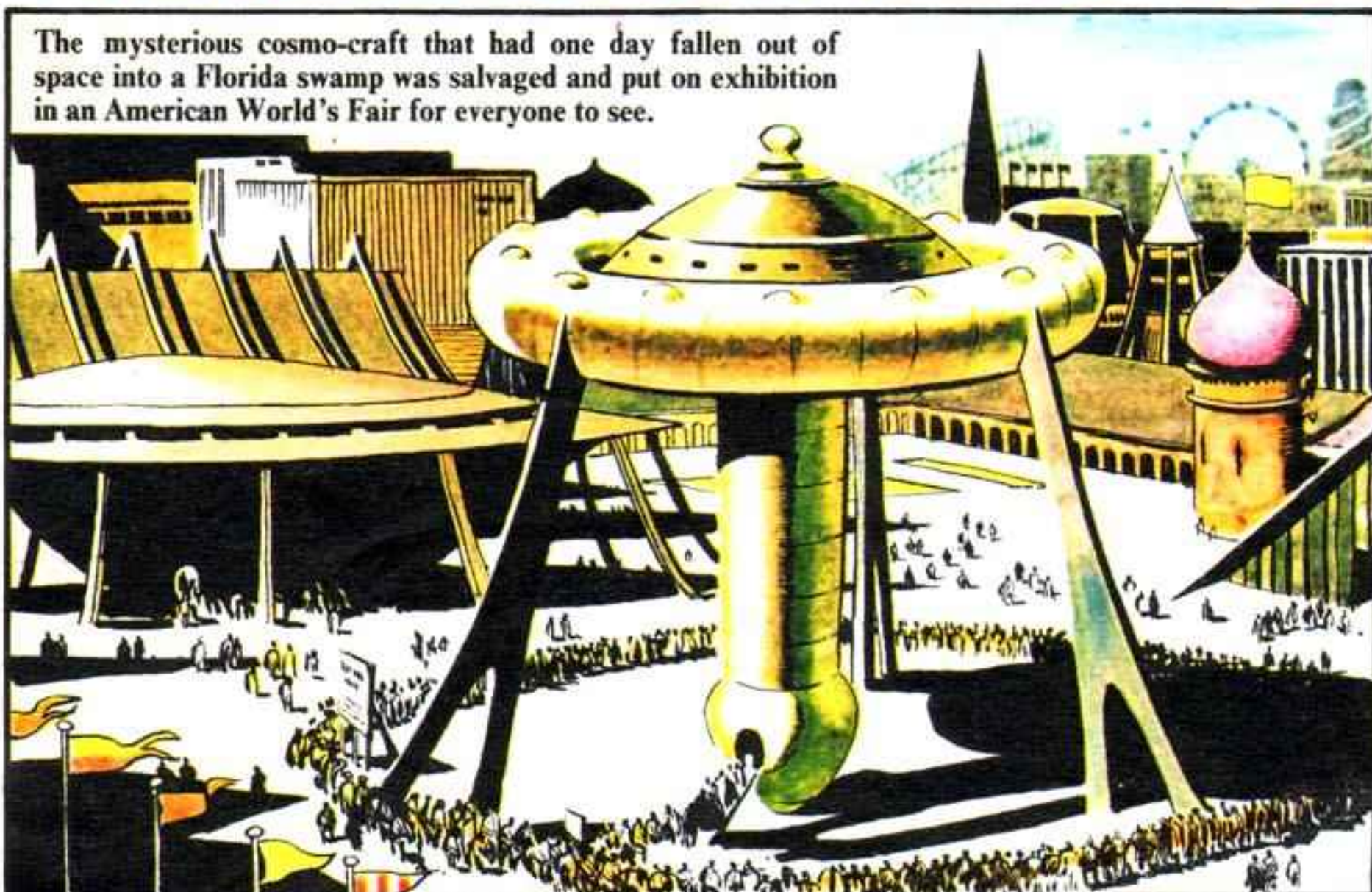
The most tremendous news of the century hits the headlines. But **WHO** are the Trigans? And **WHAT** has happened on their planet Elekton?



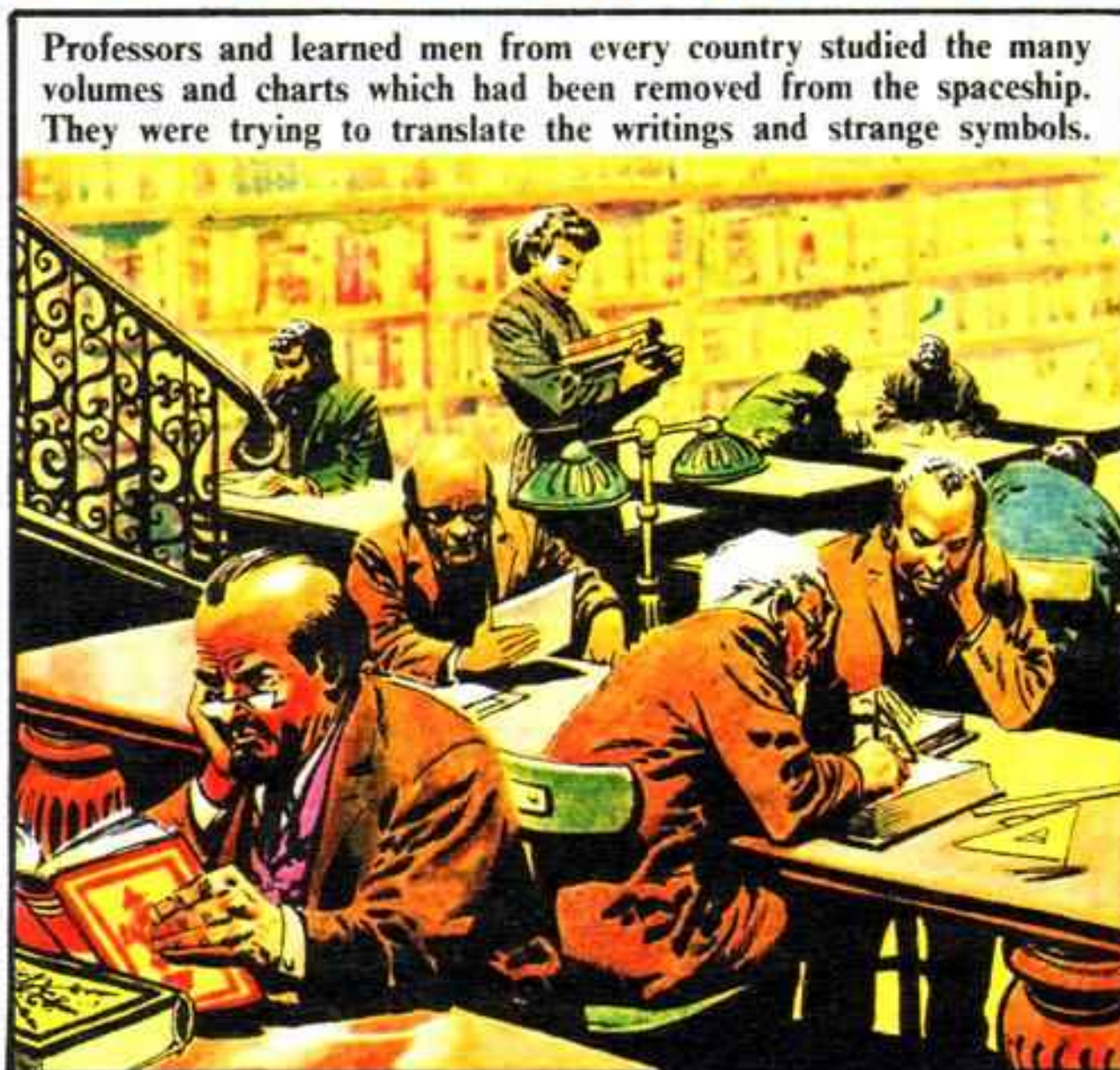
Revealed at last! The astonishing secret of the mystery spaceship—a secret that hides the strangest ever space story.

# The RISE and FALL of the TRIGAN EMPIRE

The mysterious cosmo-craft that had one day fallen out of space into a Florida swamp was salvaged and put on exhibition in an American World's Fair for everyone to see.



Professors and learned men from every country studied the many volumes and charts which had been removed from the spaceship. They were trying to translate the writings and strange symbols.



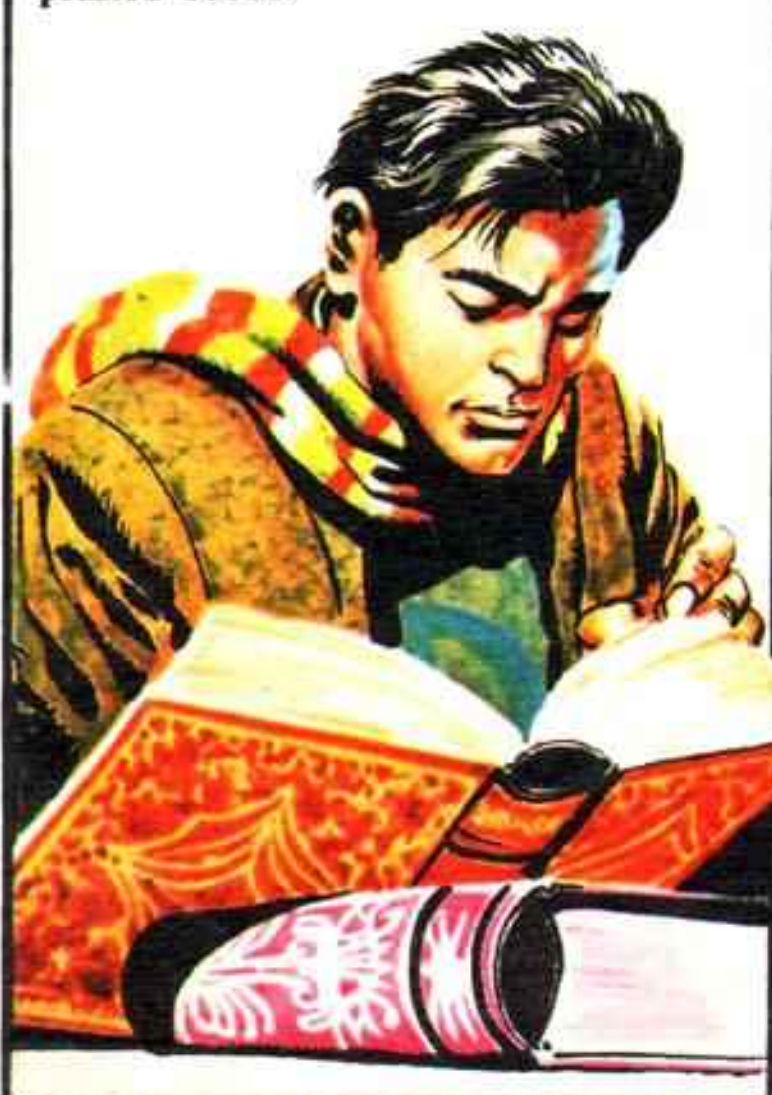
Medical men studied the sketches made from the bodies of the dead spaceship crew.



Yet, when all had been seen, studied, taken apart and put together again, nothing more was known than when the cosmo-craft had first been taken from the swamp. Its mechanism, its fuel, its instruments, the language of its dead crew — everything baffled the experts. At last they all gave up their efforts and turned to other and simpler matters such as designing and building manned Mars rockets.



But one man—an enthusiastic young student—refused to give up. His name was Haddon—Richard Peter Haddon—and he was determined to discover the clue that would translate the beautifully printed books.



The years went by and Haddon reached middle age.



Come on, Dick! Leave those stuffy old books for once and come out for a walk. It will do you good.

No—you go along. I think I've found something. It may be the clue I'm searching for. I must try the computer tomorrow.

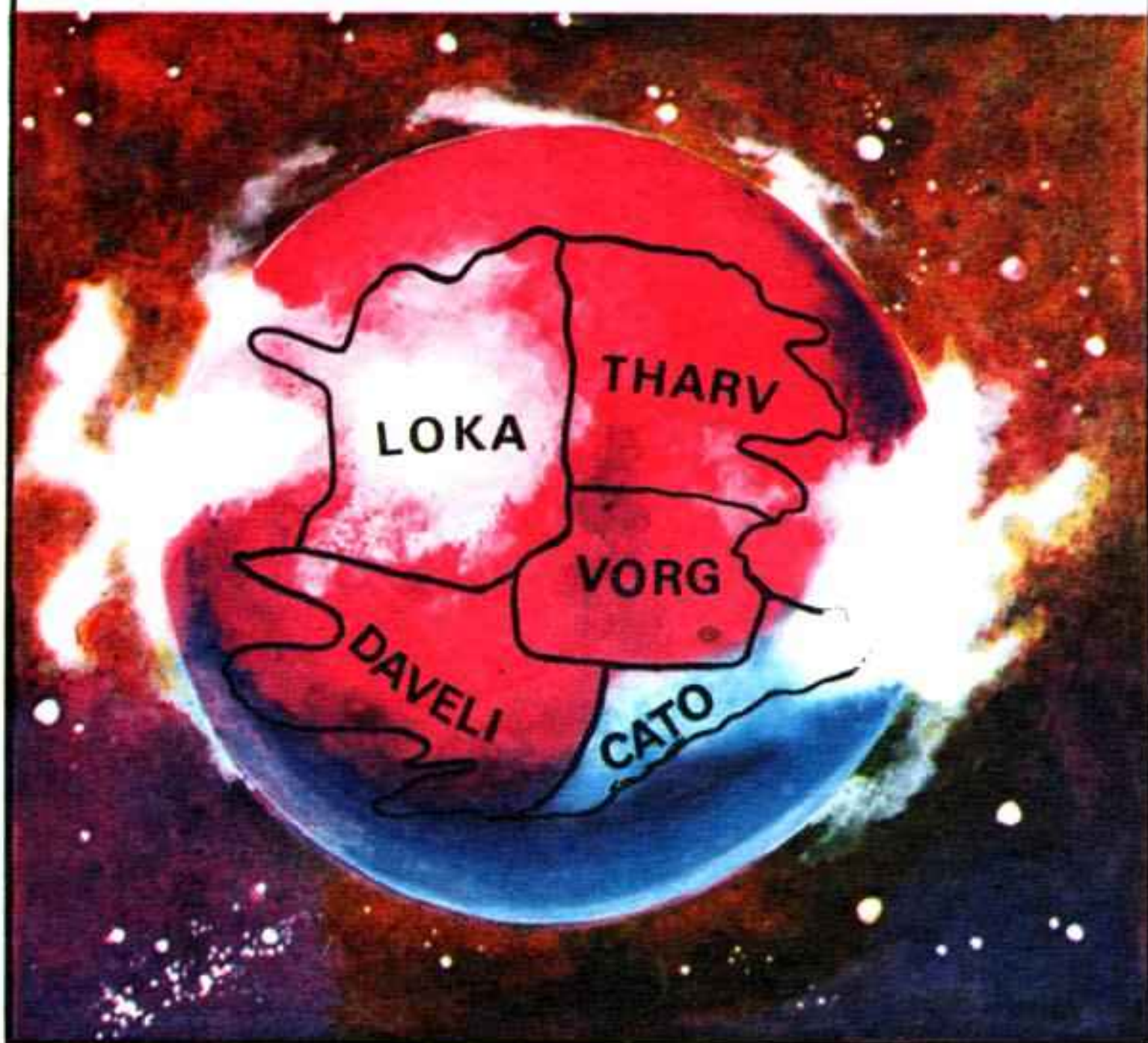
Again and again he thought he had found the key to the strange writings. But he was always disappointed. And then one day—he was an old man of seventy now—he fed a trial programme into his computer and for the first time a translated sentence was delivered—his life-long task was rewarded.



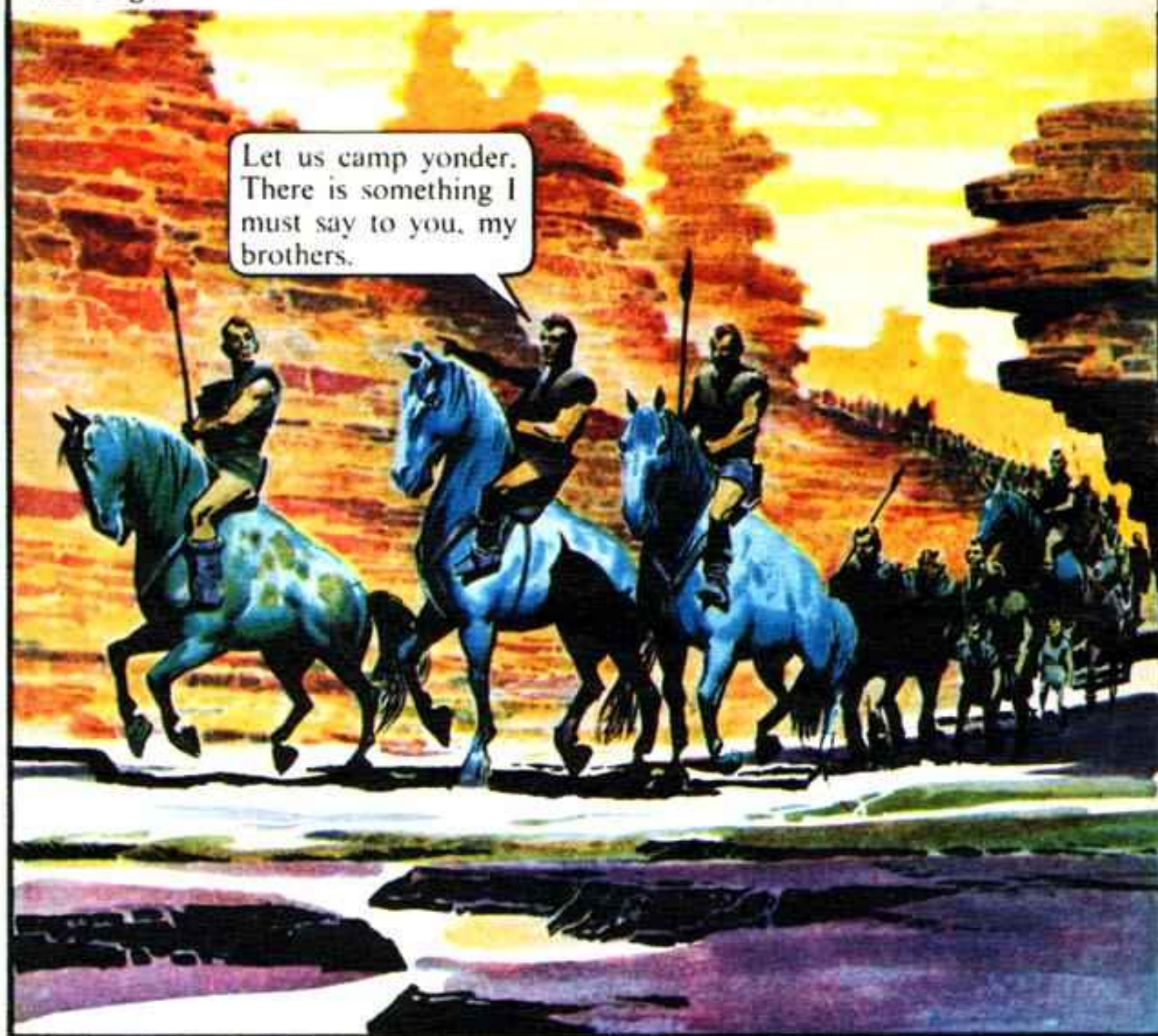
Yes, but for the fact that one man had been prepared to devote every spare-time hour of his life to solving the riddle, the amazing story of the rise and fall of the Trigan Empire would never have been given to the world. **THIS IS THAT STORY.**



More than a billion miles from our world is the star of Yarna and circling it, as we circle the sun, is the planet Elekton. It has eight vast continents, the most important being the continent of Victris. When the Trigan story commences, Victris consisted of five countries.



In those days, wandering but highly civilised tribes inhabited the country of Vorg. We are concerned with a certain tribe led by three brothers—triplets—named Brag, Klud and Trigo.



The seeds of the future mighty Trigan Empire were sown on that evening of Vorgan sunset by the ambitious Trigo.

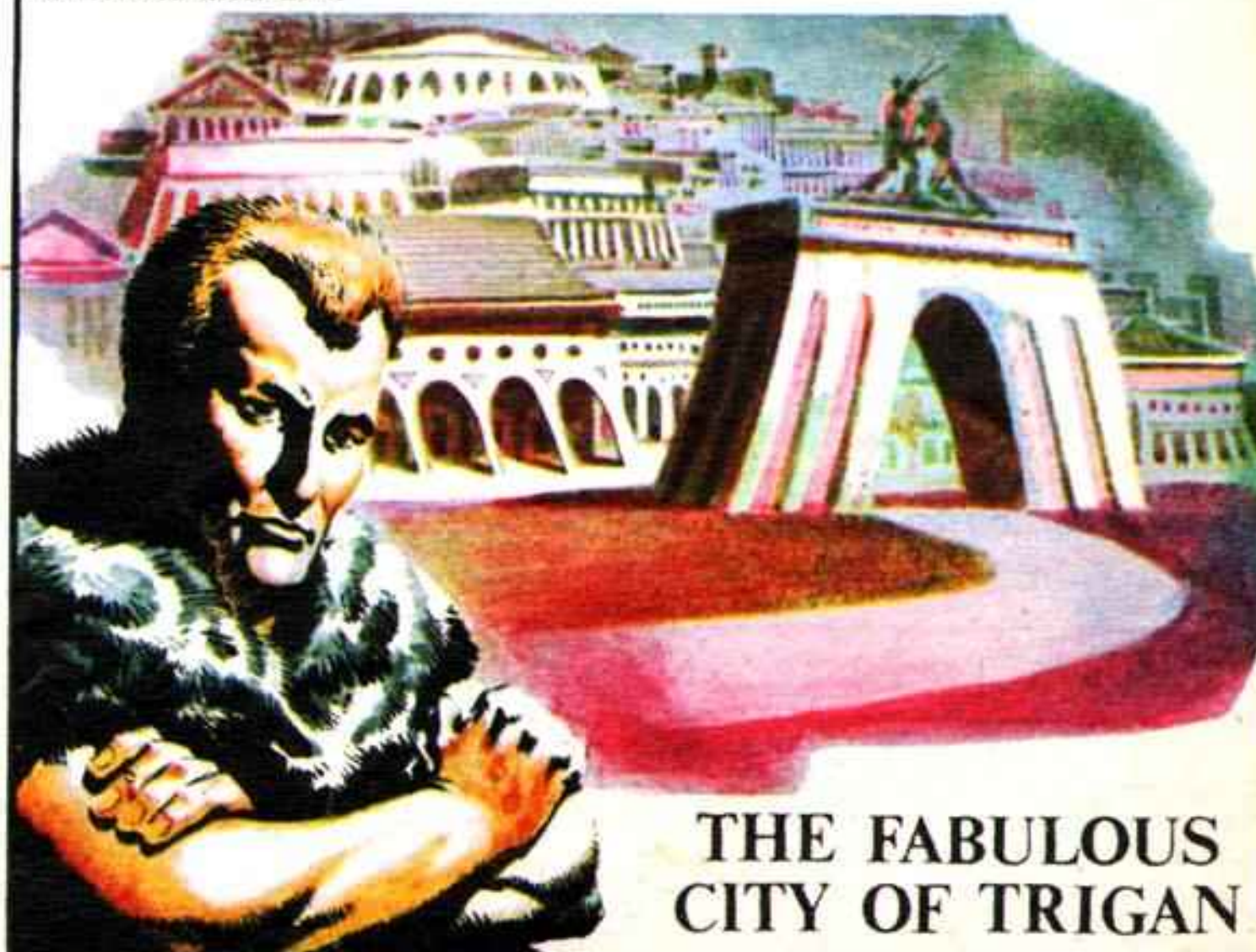


Our nation is split up into small tribes, living off the land that is fruitful in all that we need to live—but wandering, always wandering.

We must stop wandering and take root. Let us build beside that river running between the five hills. Build, and call to other tribes to join us while there is yet time.



Trigo had been nursing his plans for many months and as he awaited his brothers' answers in his mind he saw a vision of the future—the city of five hills that was to be named after him.



But the Lokans are nursing plans, too . . . plans for an air attack on Trigo and his people!



With unsurpassed skill the mighty Brag slays the winged beast. But his tribe have no answer to death from the sky . . .

# The RISE and FALL of the TRIGAN EMPIRE

This strange and astounding history is taken from the first book of Trigan . . . one of the wondrous volumes found in the wreckage of the unearthly cosmo-craft that plunged to its doom in a Florida swamp . . . and translated by Professor Richard Peter Haddon, of Boston, Massachusetts.

Trigo, Klud and Brag were triplets—leaders of a wandering tribe in the country of Vorg.

Fearful of invasion from a highly mechanised country named Loka—Trigo suggested to his brothers that they cease their wandering and build a city where they could settle down, mass the strength of other tribes, and prepare for the attack from Loka.

The brothers slept on the suggestion. But next morning Brag, whose only joy in life was hunting, sneered at his brother Trigo.

Fool of a brother! We are Vorgans, mighty hunters! Who would rot in a city while there is a single wild Zargot to slay?

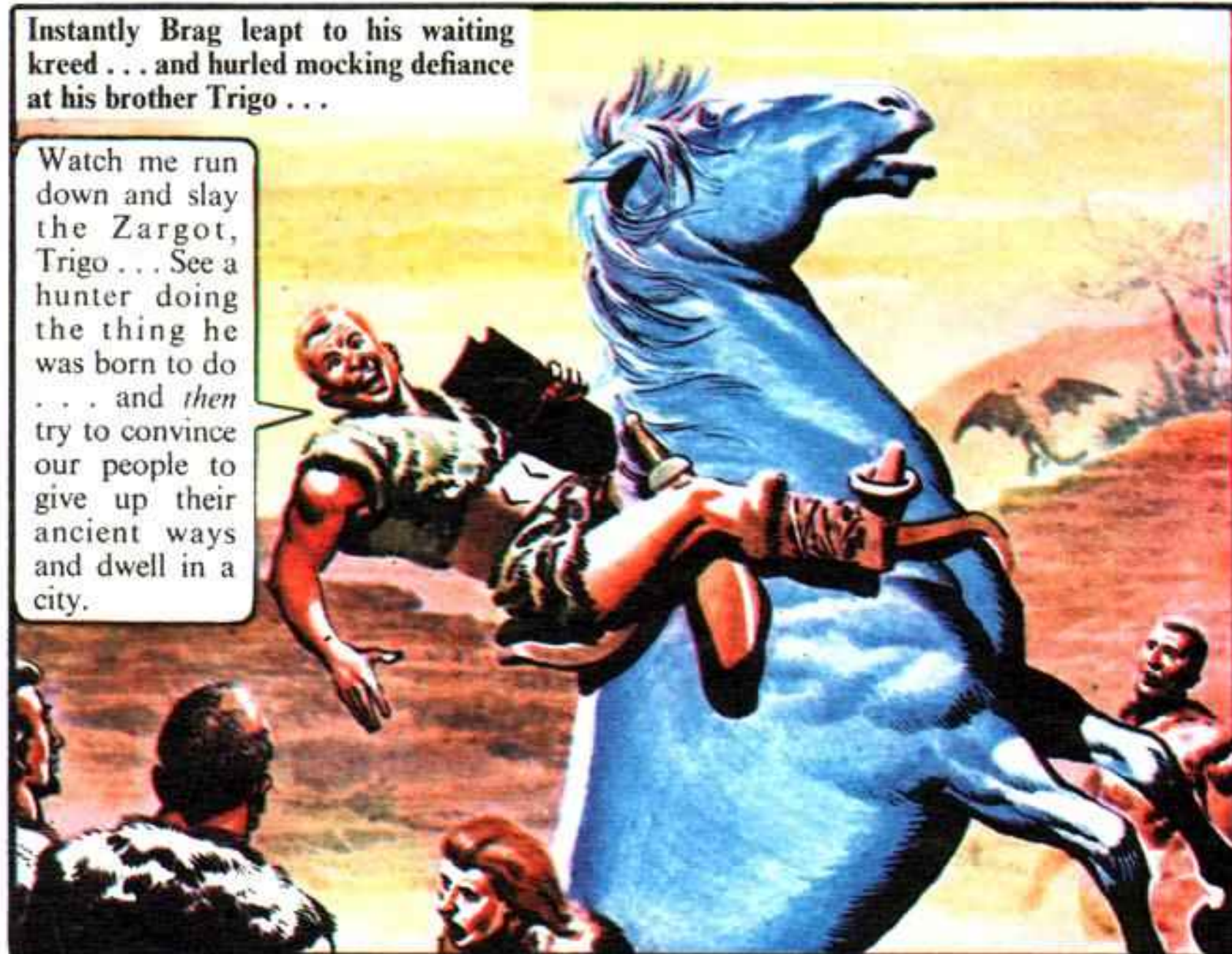


As if in answer to his words, a Zargot loped out of the undergrowth nearby and sniffed the air suspiciously . . .



Instantly Brag leapt to his waiting creed . . . and hurled mocking defiance at his brother Trigo . . .

Watch me run down and slay the Zargot, Trigo . . . See a hunter doing the thing he was born to do . . . and then try to convince our people to give up their ancient ways and dwell in a city.



Long was the chase. True to its deadly, cunning method, the savage Zargot kept up its lung-bursting flight till Brag's creed was all but collapsing . . .

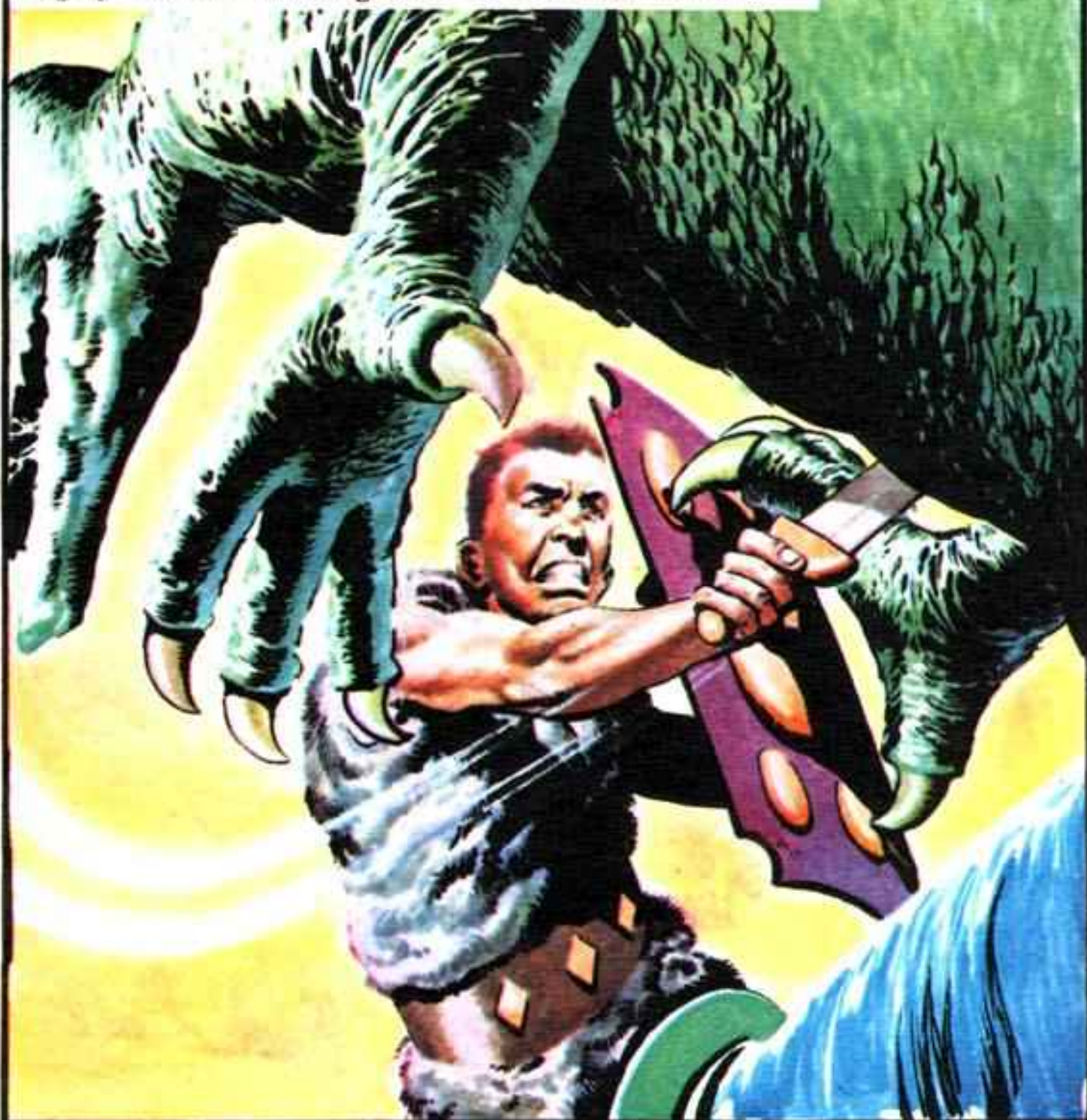


And then . . . with a shrill scream of fury . . . the Zargot turned—and struck!





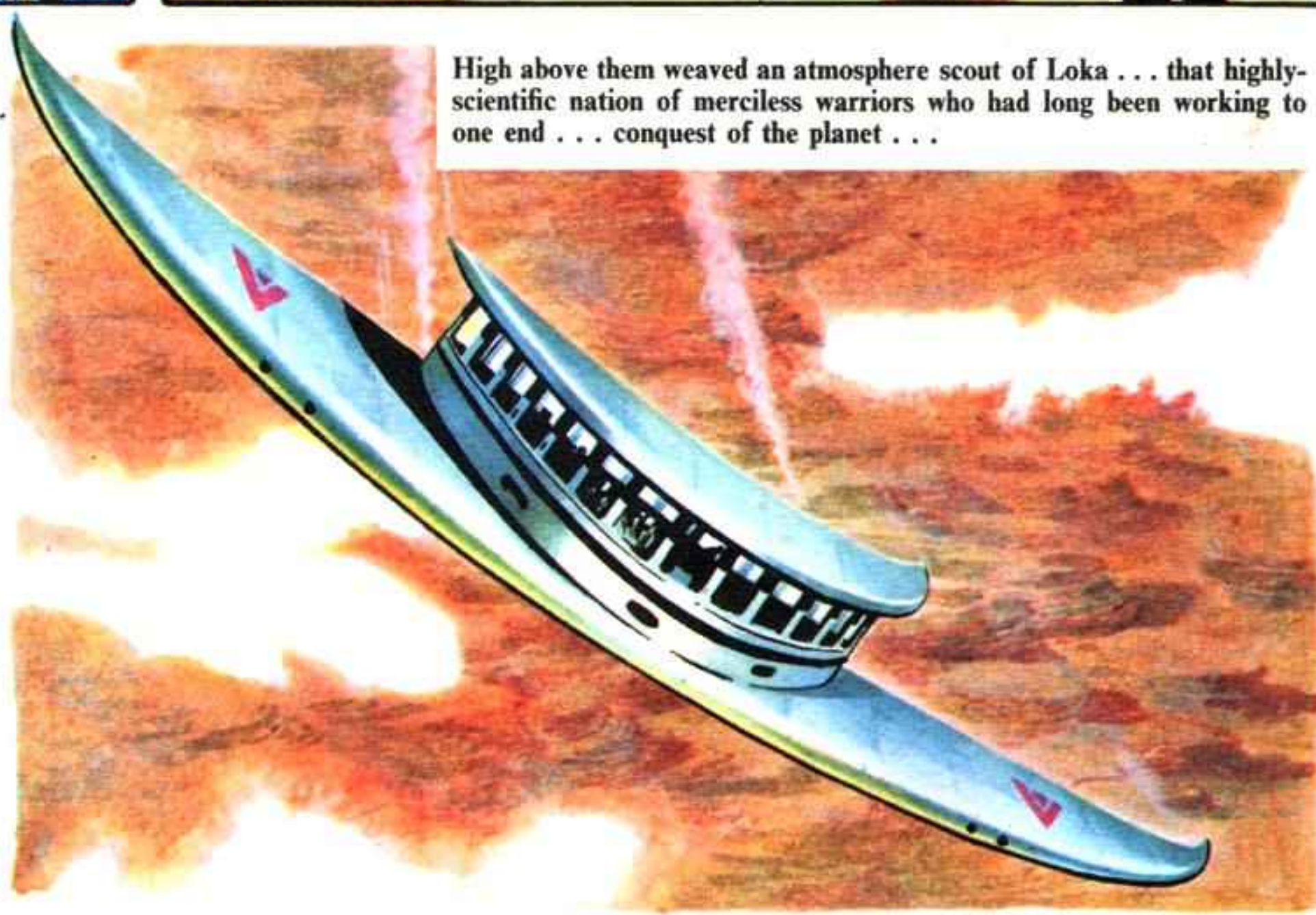
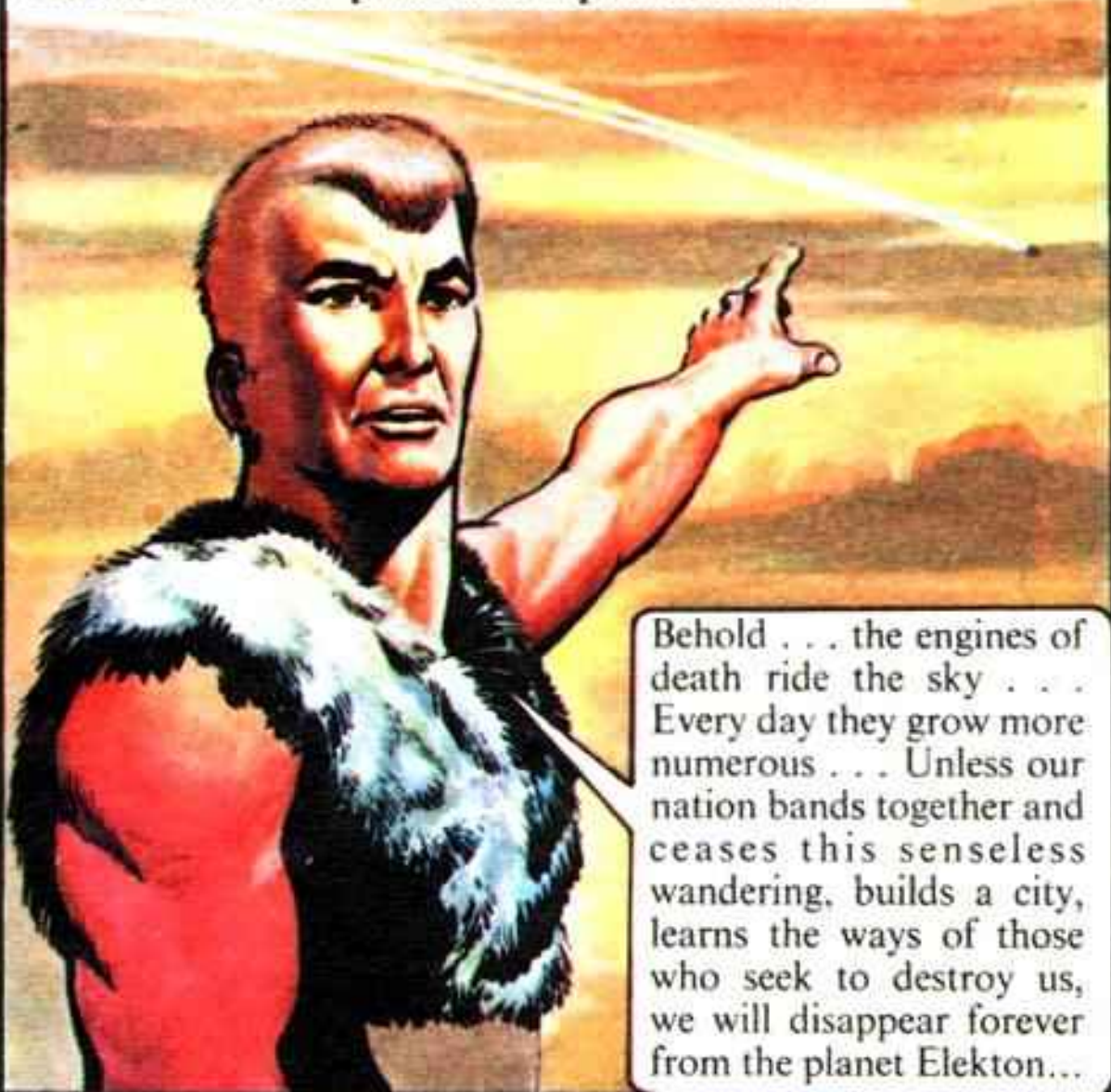
But the vicious talons met only Brag's shield . . . and the mighty hunter's sword glinted as it struck home.



Seldom had the people of Vorg seen a Zargot slain so skilfully . . . They surrounded the hunter and his dead quarry . . . and again Brag faced his brother Trigo . . .



Trigo pointed up to the sky, where, on high, could be seen the thin white plume of a vapour trail . . .



The gathering on the plain below did not pass unnoticed aboard the atmosphere scout . . .



Like a thunderbolt, the attacking scout screeched groundwards . . . and the searing glare of its heat projectiles illuminated the plain with their hideous light . . .



The attack took place on the 250th day of the year of Ura . . . It will be remembered while life remains upon the planet Elekton . . . and for good reason.



# The RISE and FALL of the TRIGAN EMPIRE

Continuing the amazing history of the Trigan empire—translated from the books found in the wreckage of a cosmocraft that crashed on our earth. We return to the planet Elekton to find the Vorg tribe of nomad hunters under attack from an atmosphere scout of the warlike country of Loka . . .



The attack lasted the time it takes a man to draw four swift breaths . . . by then the deadly heat projectiles had done their destructive work.



Curse the monsters of Loka . . . curse them until the last of their hated race has been trampled into the dust!

The survivors gathered about the three brothers who were their leaders. Brag, his eyes rolling wildly, howled like a beast in agony.

Trigo, my brother . . . Gaze upon my son, your beloved nephew . . . Gaze upon him . . . then let us ride through Loka like avenging demons!

No, my brother, . . . No!

Quelling his own grief and fury, Trigo addressed them all.

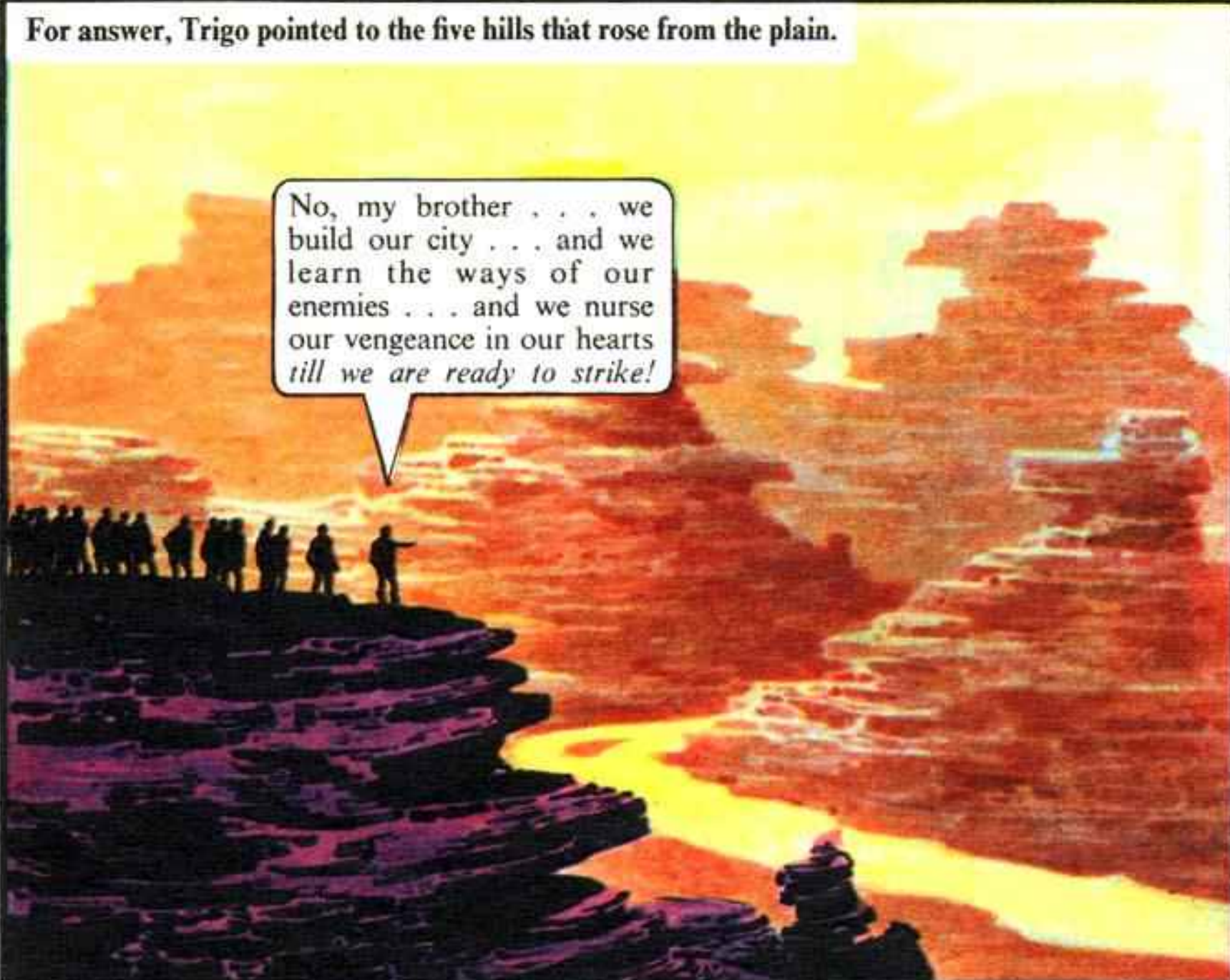
If we ride against Loka tonight, we people of Vorg will no longer exist by dawn. If we want to survive, we must profit by this terrible lesson.

Then . . . we do...nothing?

For answer, Trigo pointed to the five hills that rose from the plain.

No, my brother . . . we build our city . . . and we learn the ways of our enemies . . . and we nurse our vengeance in our hearts till we are ready to strike!

We will remember!





On the outer edge of the continent of Victris lay the war-like country of Loka, where the silvery domes of the capital city of Byzan gleamed in the sunlight.

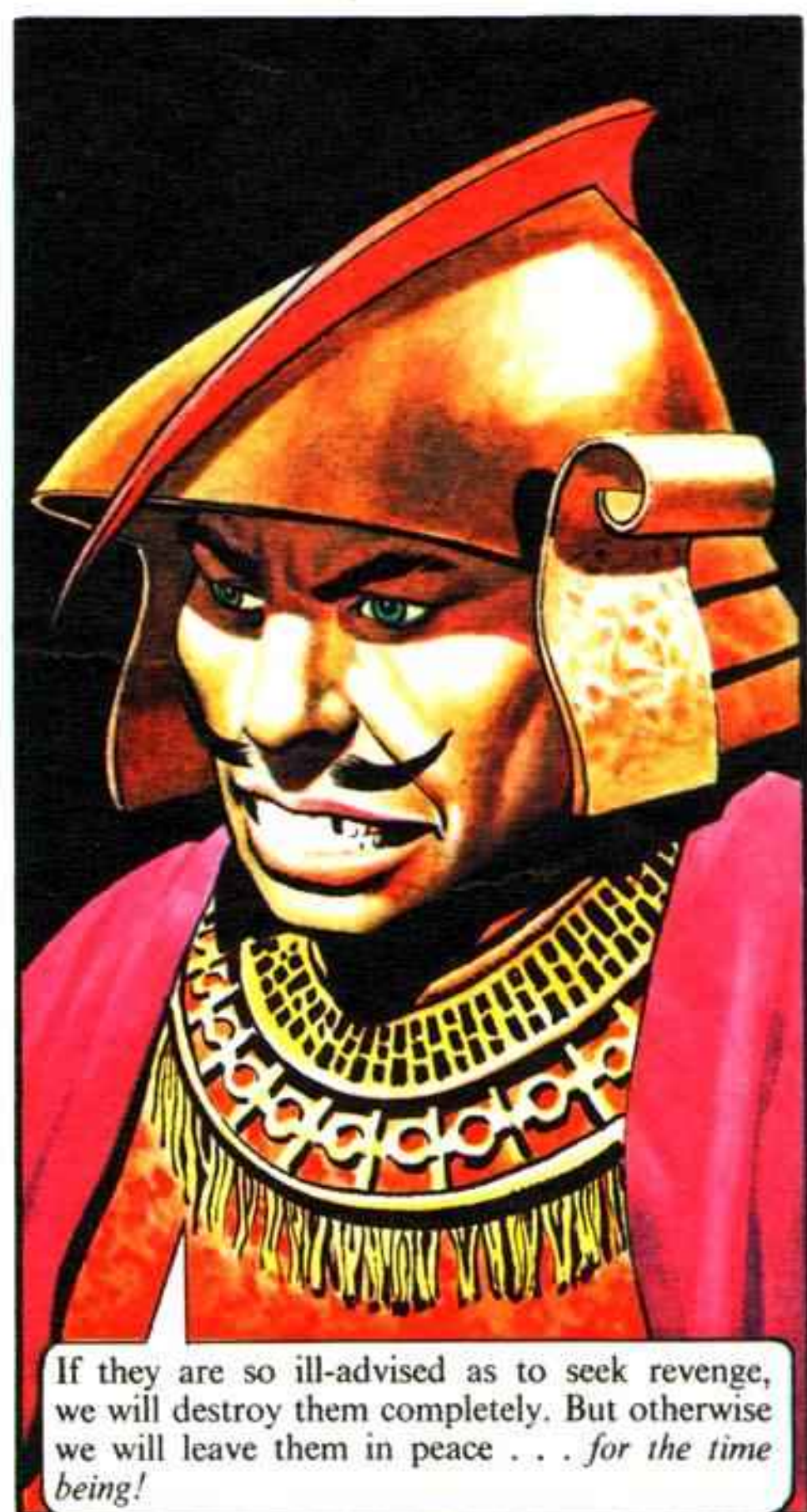


In his black-walled palace, the King of Loka was conferring with his captains when the news of the cowardly attack upon the Vorgs was brought to him.



We exposed them to a burst of the heat projectiles, all-highest. A third of their number perished . . . perhaps more.

Good . . . good. That will keep those stupid peasants quiet.



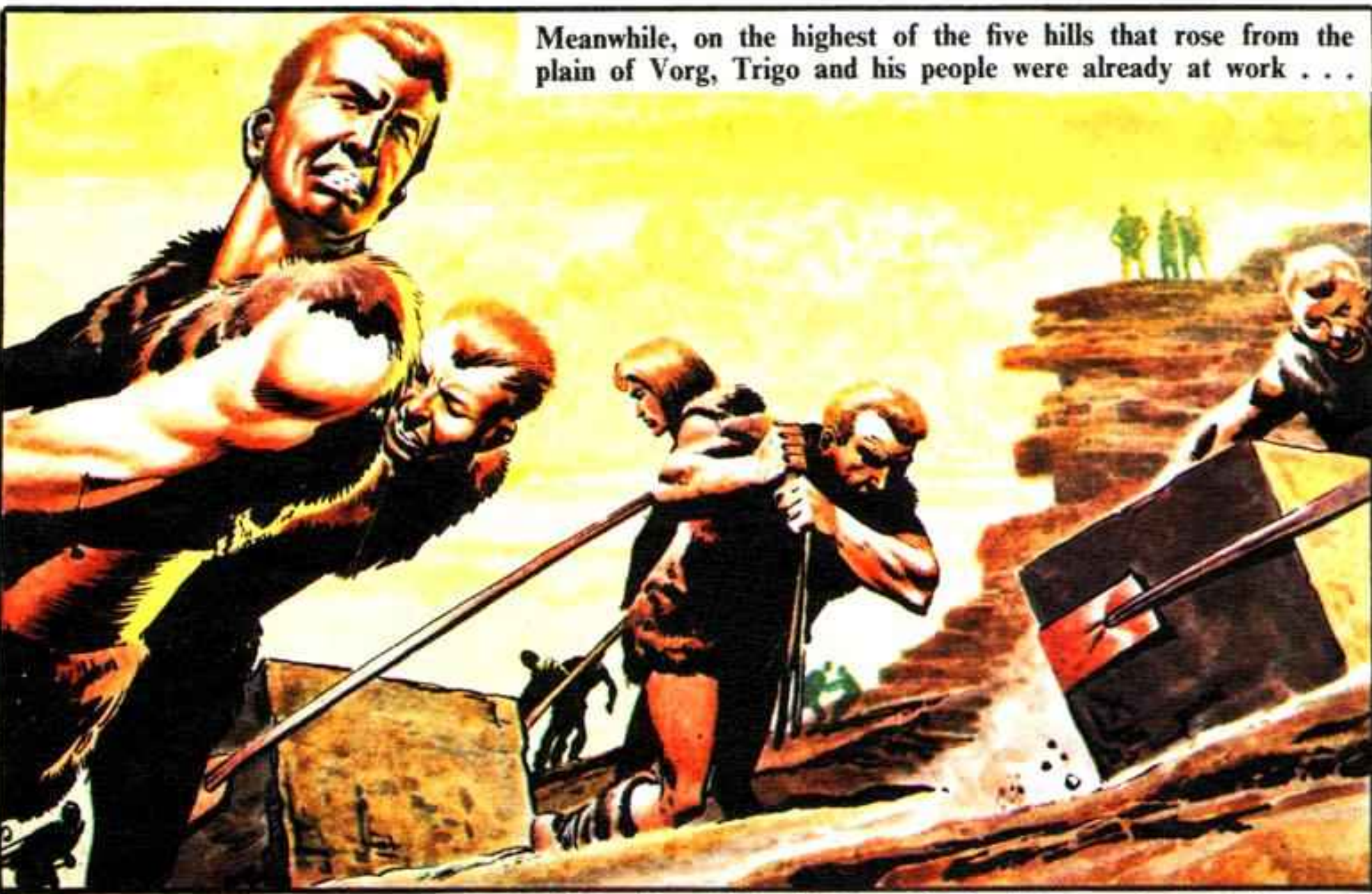
If they are so ill-advised as to seek revenge, we will destroy them completely. But otherwise we will leave them in peace . . . for the time being!

Then the King of Loka dismissed the Vorgans from his mind and turned to the problem in hand . . . which was nothing less than his next step to the conquest of the planet.

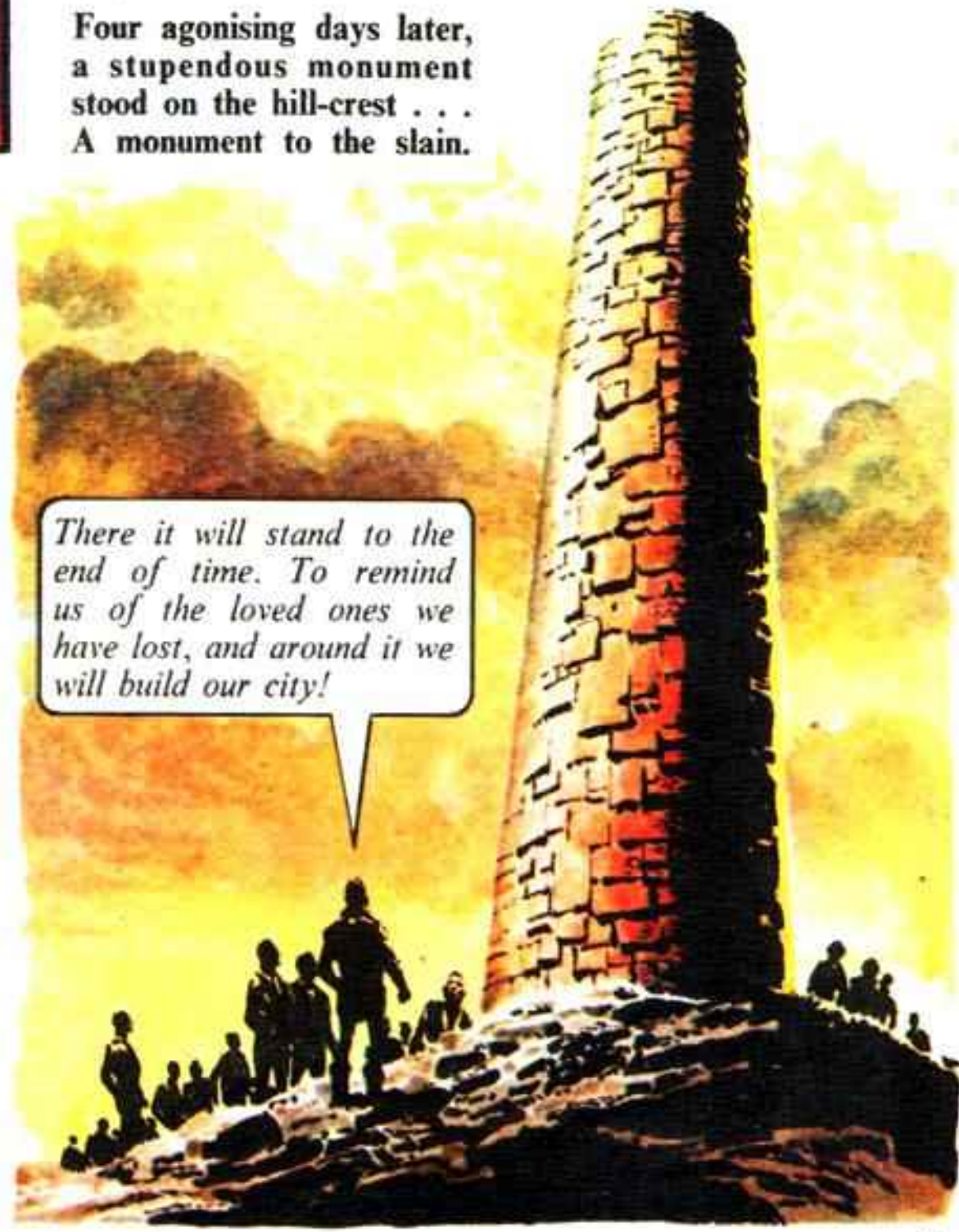


Our urgent need is to take over Tharv with all its wealth. Like ourselves, Tharv is highly advanced, and the war will be long and costly . . . We attack Tharv tomorrow!

Four agonising days later, a stupendous monument stood on the hill-crest . . . A monument to the slain.



Meanwhile, on the highest of the five hills that rose from the plain of Vorg, Trigo and his people were already at work . . .



There it will stand to the end of time. To remind us of the loved ones we have lost, and around it we will build our city!

Yes, the city of Trigo that will one day challenge the might of Loka



# The RISE and FALL of the TRIGAN EMPIRE

Continuing the fabulous story of the Trigan Empire—translated from the books found in the unearthly cosmo-craft that landed in a Florida swamp . . .

We return to the planet Elekton in the year of Ura, where in the wilderness, the people of Vorg are building a city . . . inspired by their leader, Trigo . . .



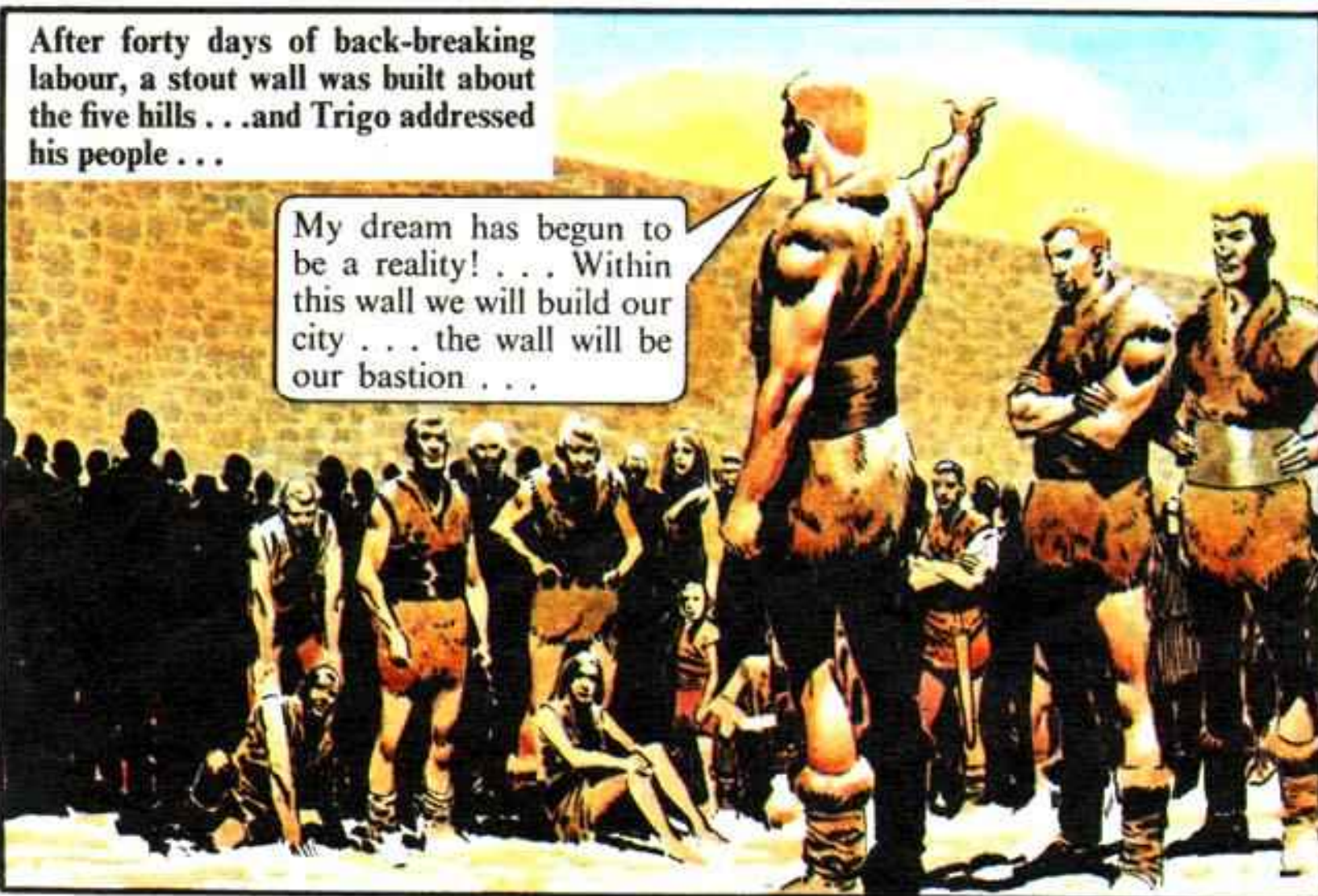
First, my brothers . . . a wall, to encircle the five hills upon which our city will stand.

I still have grave doubts about your wild dream, Trigo.

And then . . . TRAGEDY! . . . The roughly-built wall bulged and split . . . and massive blocks of stone cascaded down upon the helpless people!

After forty days of back-breaking labour, a stout wall was built about the five hills . . . and Trigo addressed his people . . .

My dream has begun to be a reality! . . . Within this wall we will build our city . . . the wall will be our bastion . . .



With his own hands, Trigo laboured to dig out the victims of his shattered dream . . .

The stars be praised . . . this boy lives . . .



And afterwards, he had to face the fury of his people . . . and the scathing tongues of his brothers, Brag and Klud.

Forget your dream . . . Let us return to our life in the wilderness! The people of Vorg are mighty hunters . . . NOTHING MORE!



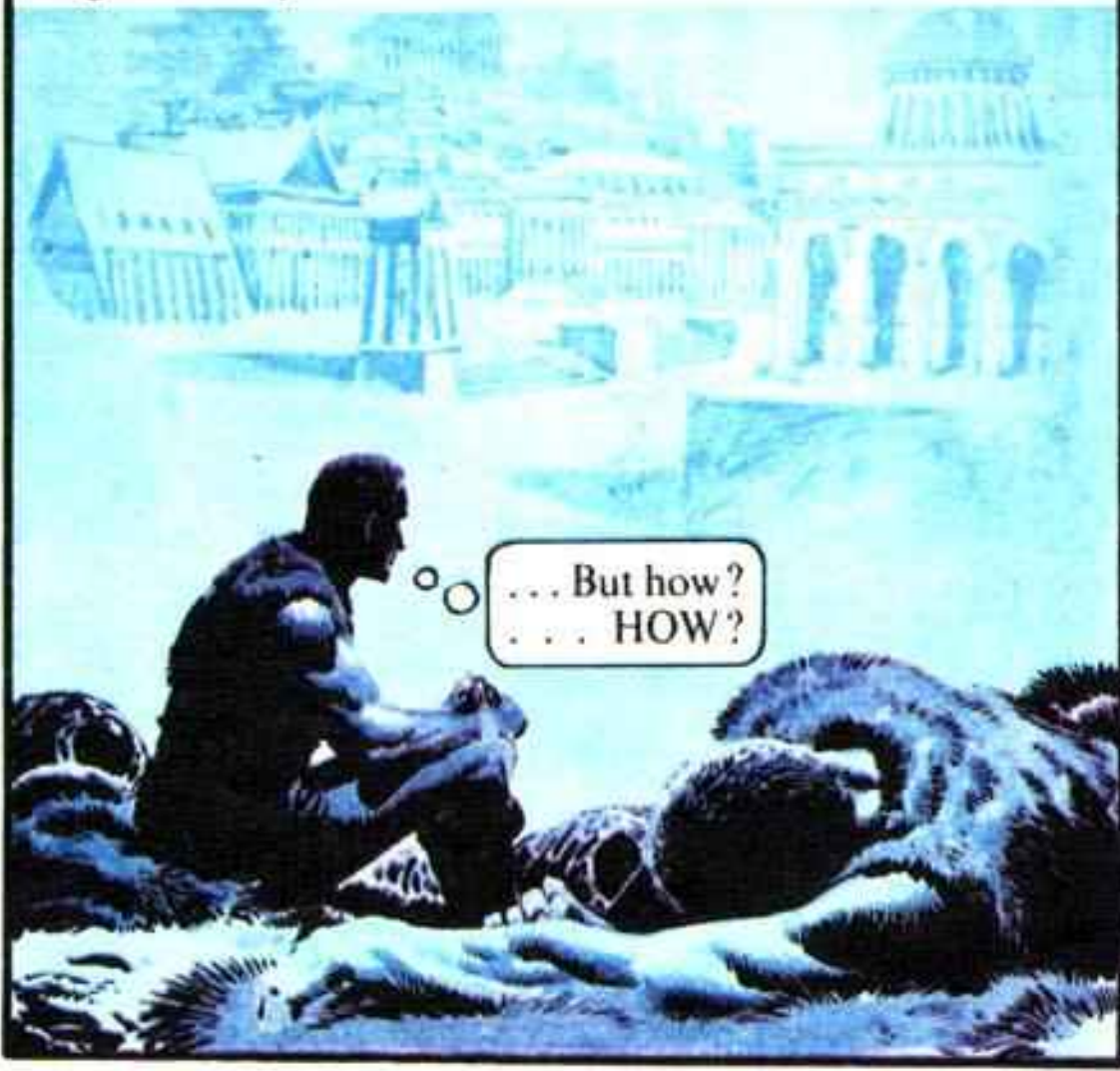


But Trigo shook his head . . .

I say the city will be built . . .  
**A WAY WILL BE FOUND!**



That night, Trigo rose from his bed of skins and stood looking at the bare five hills . . . and in his mind he saw again the city of his dreams . . .



... But how?  
... HOW?

Then he saw the lurid lights dazzling the night sky on the far horizon . . . this was reality . . . it had been going on for many days and nights . . .



There is war in the Land of Tharv . . . the warriors of Loka seek to destroy Tharv as their next step in the conquest of the planet!

Indeed, at that very moment, the chief city of peace-loving Tharv . . . renowned as the loveliest city on the planet Elekton . . . was being pounded to rubble by the air fleet of the vicious Lokans . . .



. . . while in his black-walled palace, Zorth, the evil ruler of Loka, heard reports of the attack . . . and rejoiced.

By dawn, All-Highest, the city of Tharv will only be a memory . . . the population is fleeing in blind panic . . . all resistance is collapsing!



Good . . . good! I thought the war would be long and costly, but I had overlooked the cowardice of the Tharvs.

Amidst the destruction of the city of the Tharvs, one man remained calm . . . He was Peric . . . the great architect who had built the city . . .



Father . . . I beg you . . . let us flee from the city while there is still time!

Where, my dear . . . where shall we flee . . . to the wilderness?

The architect looked helplessly at his daughter . . .



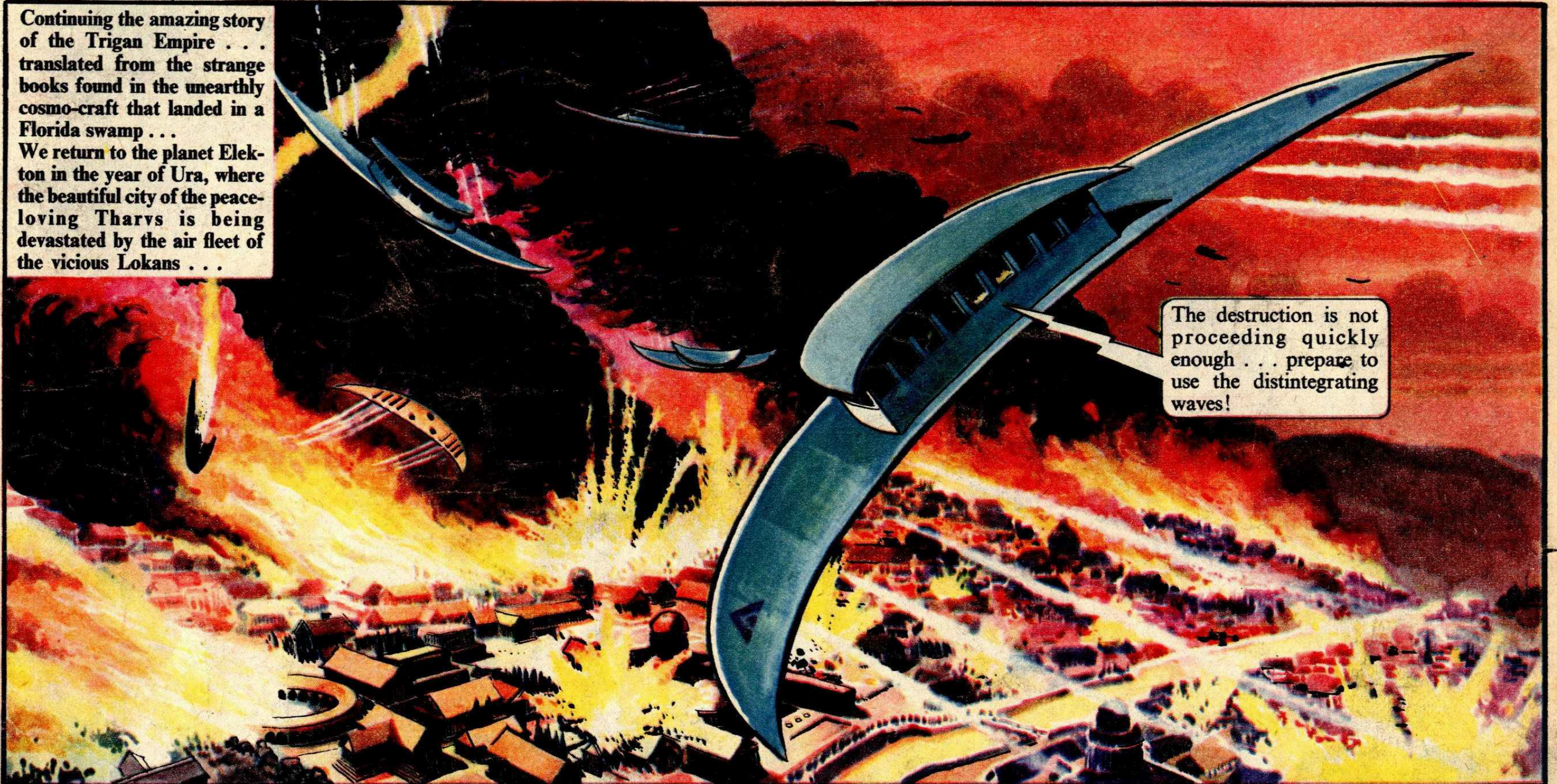
Only the Vorgs live in the wilderness . . . can you imagine the great Peric living amidst such animals? . . . No, my dear! I will stay and die in the ruins of my lovely city.



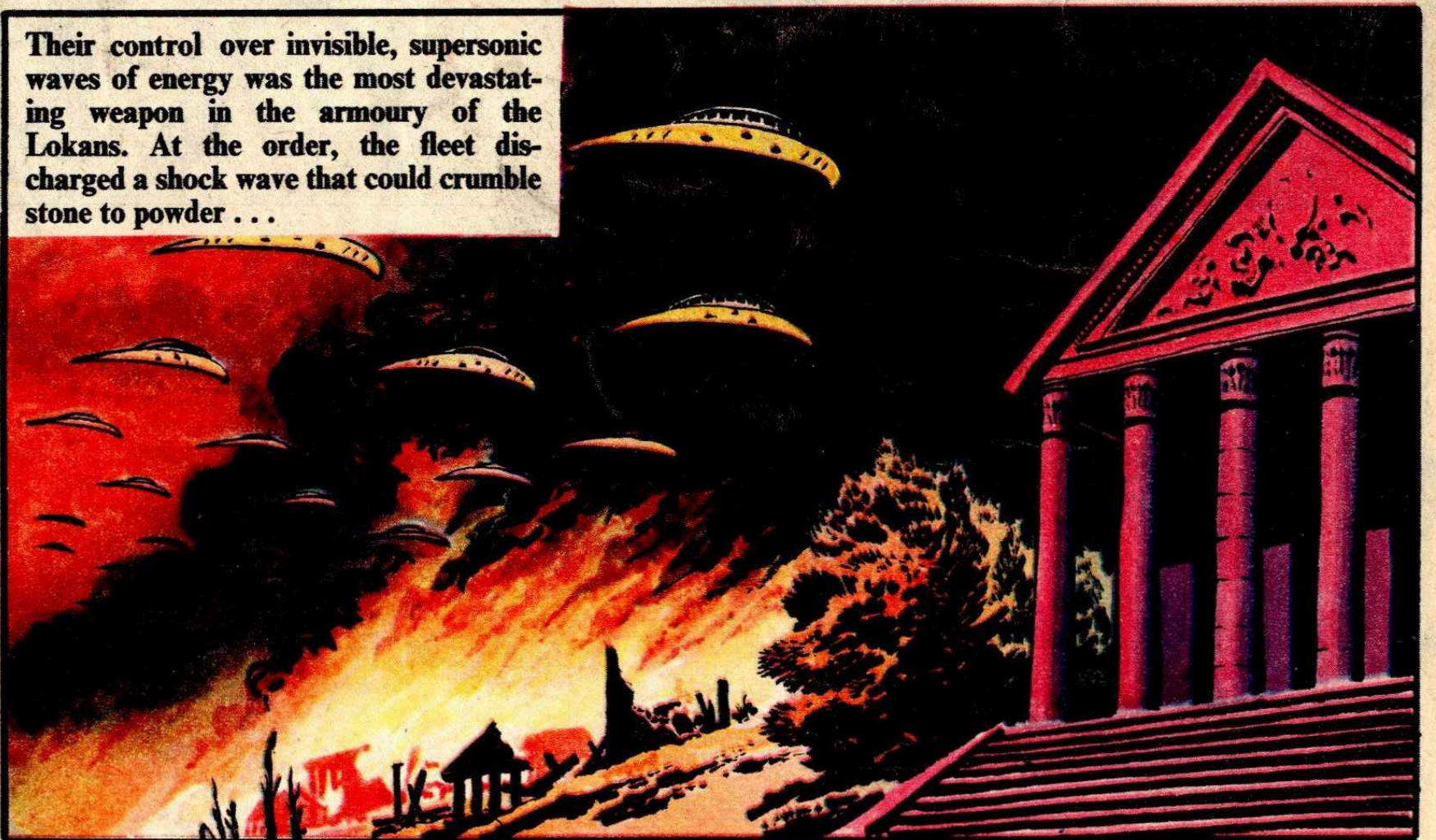
Death streaks from the sky upon the most beautiful city of the planet Elekton . . .

# The RISE and FALL of the TRIGAN EMPIRE

Continuing the amazing story of the Trigan Empire . . . translated from the strange books found in the unearthly cosmo-craft that landed in a Florida swamp . . . We return to the planet Elekton in the year of Ura, where the beautiful city of the peace-loving Tharvs is being devastated by the air fleet of the vicious Lokans . . .



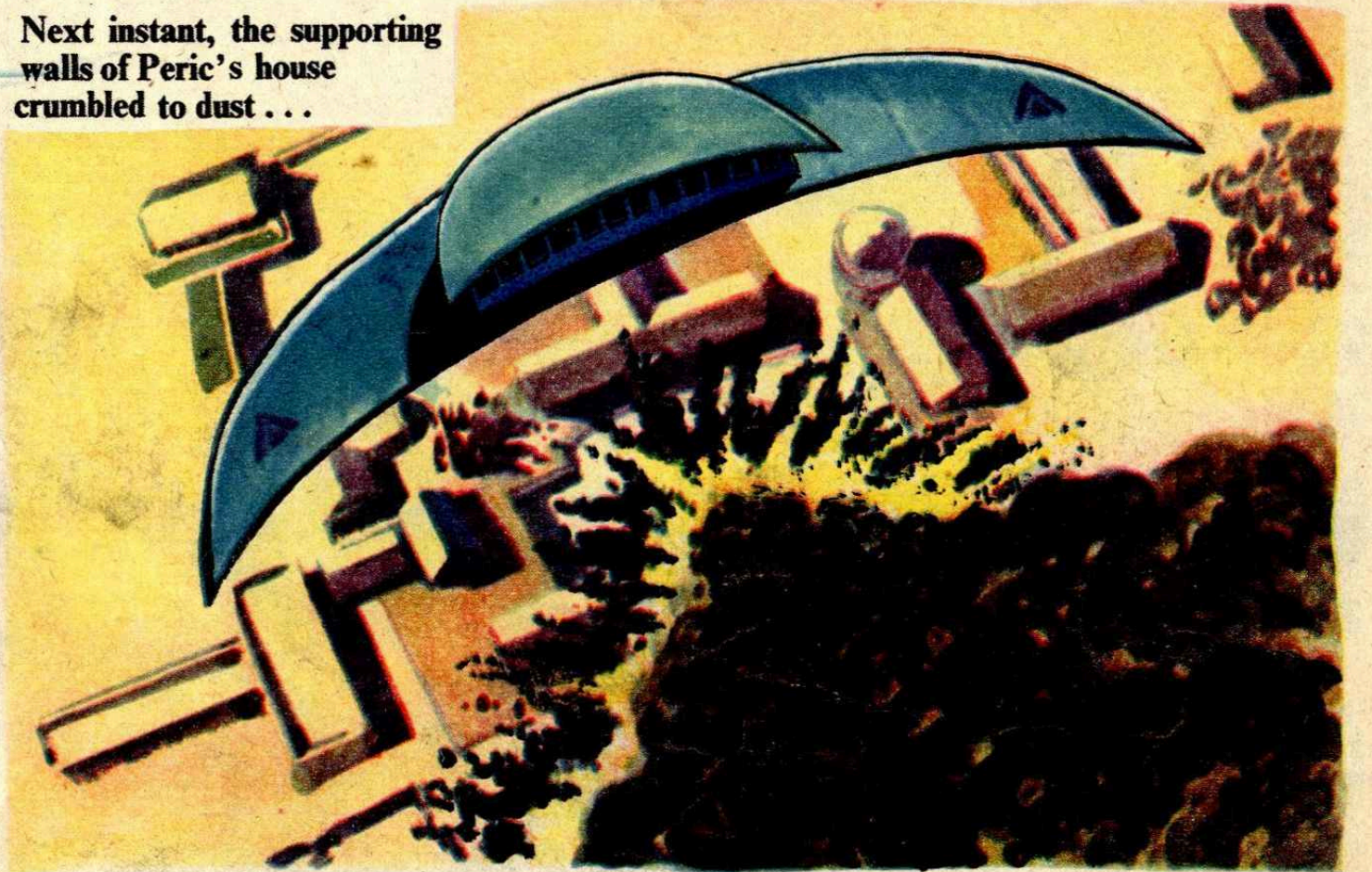
Their control over invisible, supersonic waves of energy was the most devastating weapon in the armoury of the Lokans. At the order, the fleet discharged a shock wave that could crumble stone to powder . . .



In the study of his splendid house stood Peric, the great architect of Tharv. As the walls shivered about him, he called out to his daughter . . .

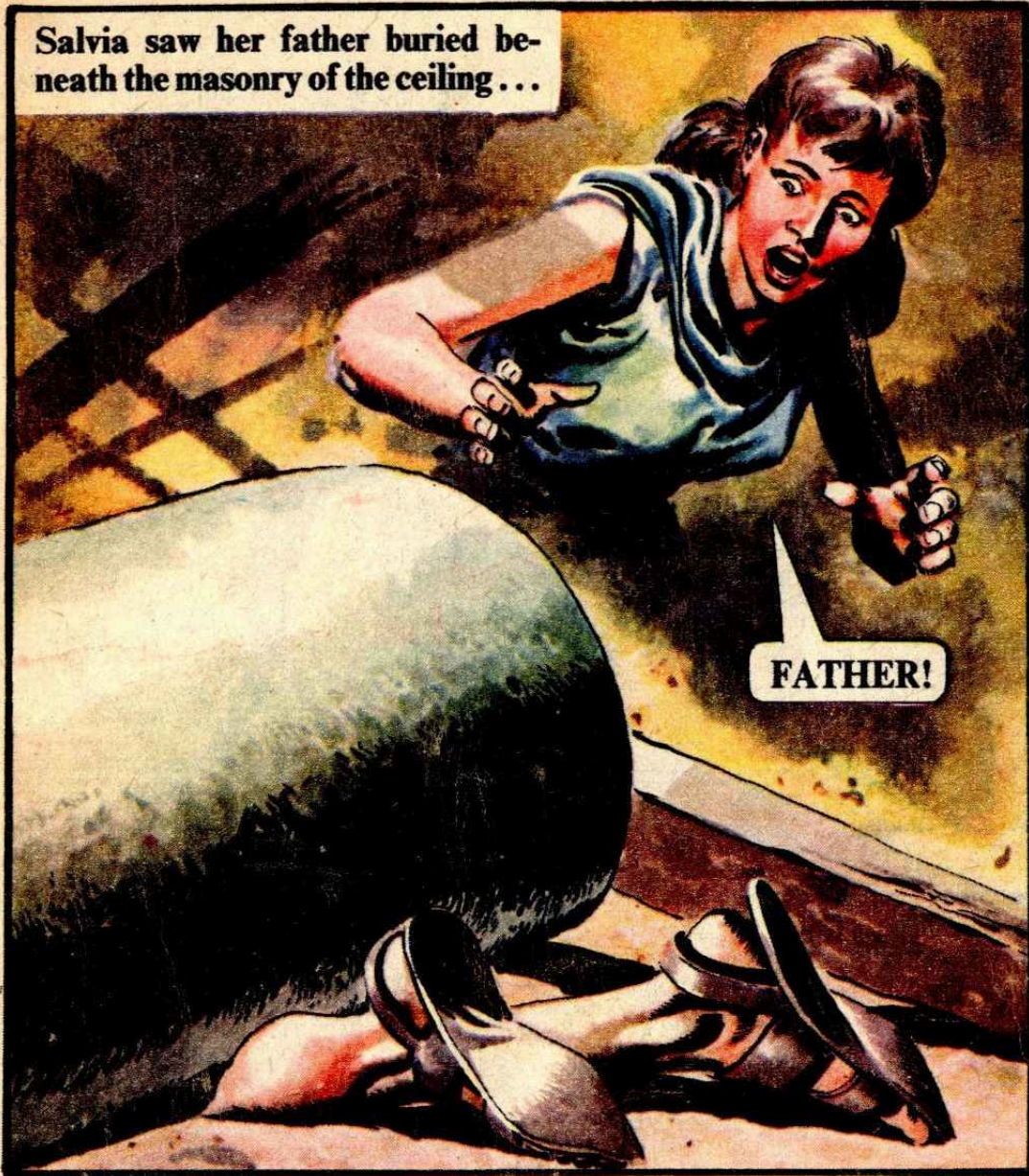


Next instant, the supporting walls of Peric's house crumbled to dust . . .





Salvia saw her father buried beneath the masonry of the ceiling...



FATHER!

In vain, she strove to free her father... and then... a shadow fell across her...



AAAAH!

The master... is he... dead?

Salvia was scared... the newcomer was one of her father's Zoltan slaves. The Zolts were a primitive people who had been conquered by the Tharvs in the distant past...



The Zoltan slaves had always been obedient... but what would happen now that Tharv was no more?

And then... the massive creature stooped and cleared the massive stones from the prostrate man.

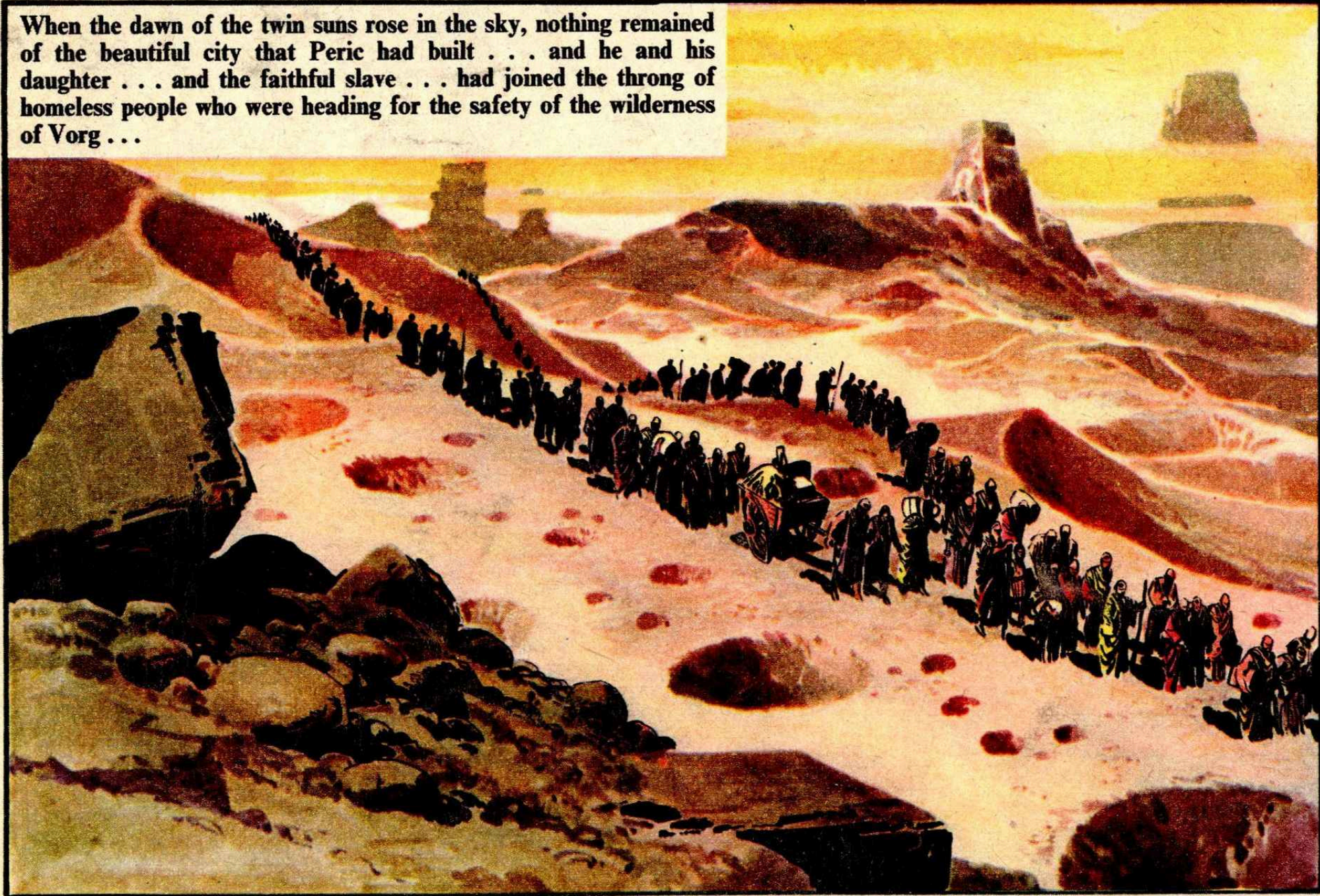


Throwing Peric over his broad shoulders like a rag doll, the giant Zolt shambled from the ruins, beckoning to the girl to follow him...

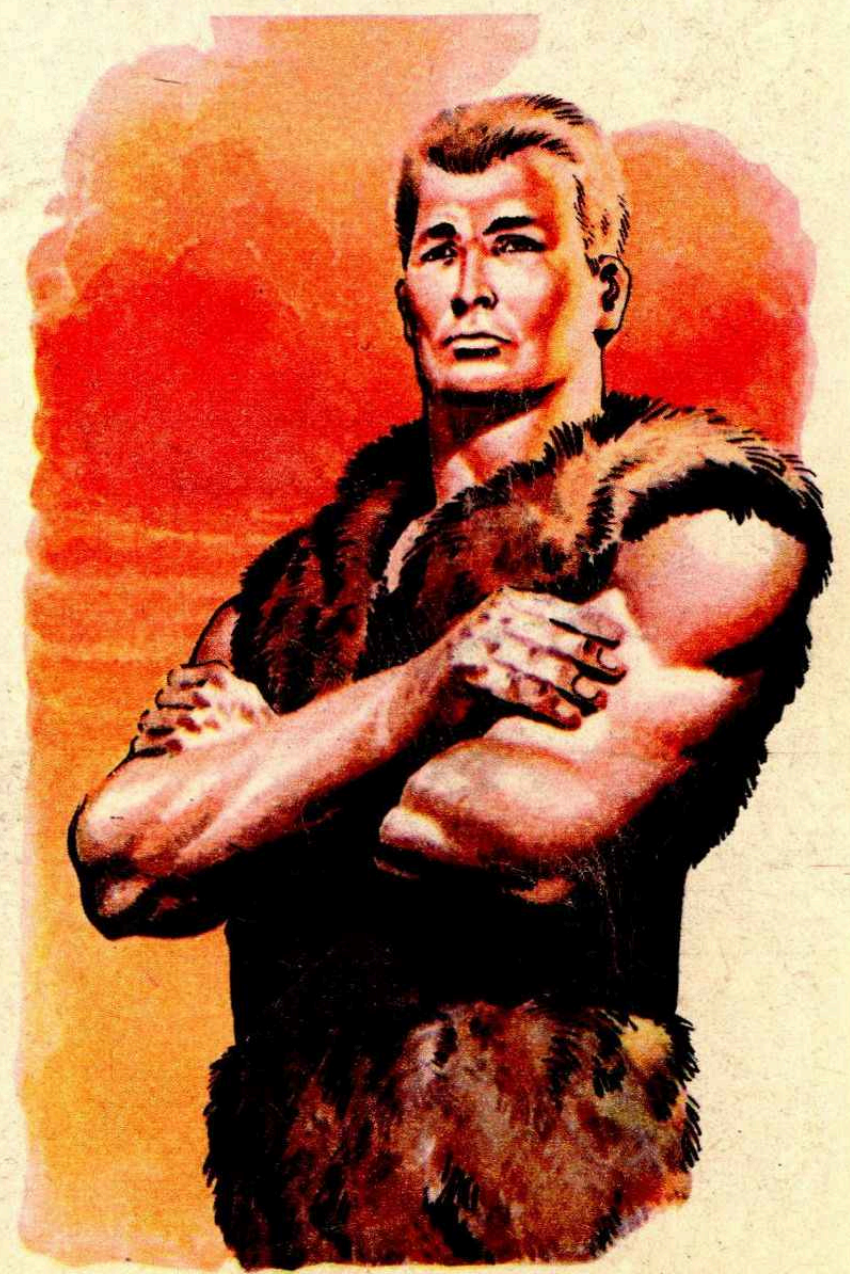


Lady... come... or we will perish with the others.

When the dawn of the twin suns rose in the sky, nothing remained of the beautiful city that Peric had built... and he and his daughter... and the faithful slave... had joined the throng of homeless people who were heading for the safety of the wilderness of Vorg...



Vorg... where dwelt the chieftain Trigo, who had dreams of greatness for his people...



Among the refugees is Peric—the one man who can help Trigo's dream come true... if he lives!



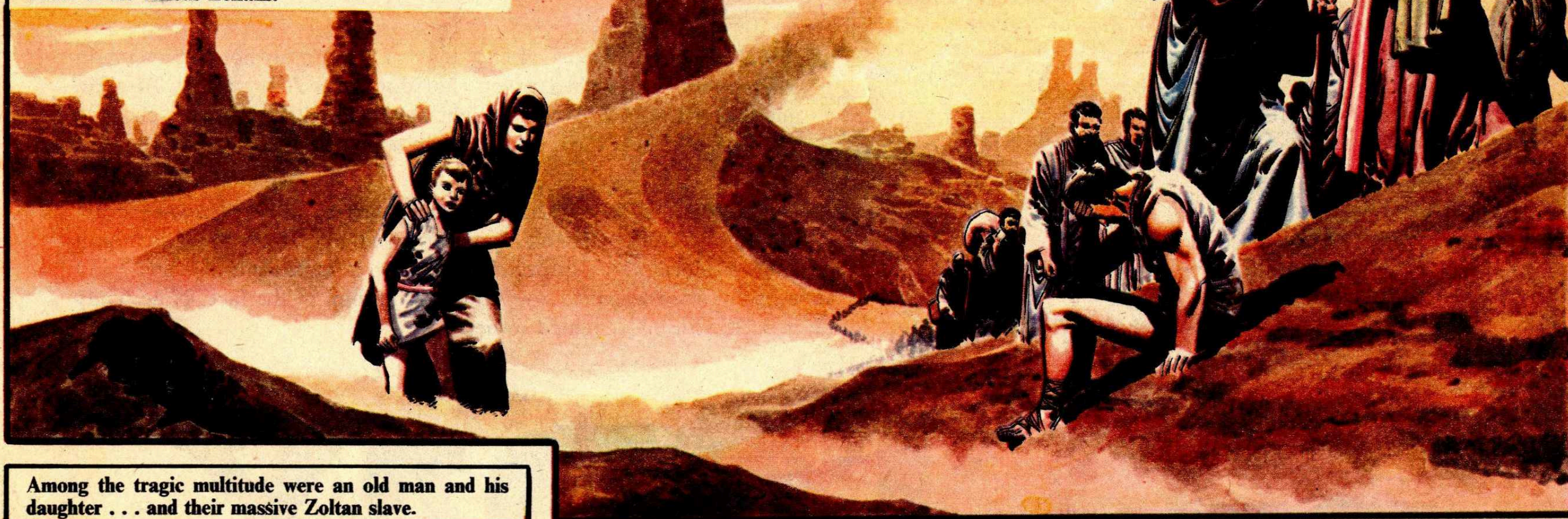
The slave must die within the hour—for this is the rule of law on Elekton!

# The RISE and FALL of the TRIGAN EMPIRE

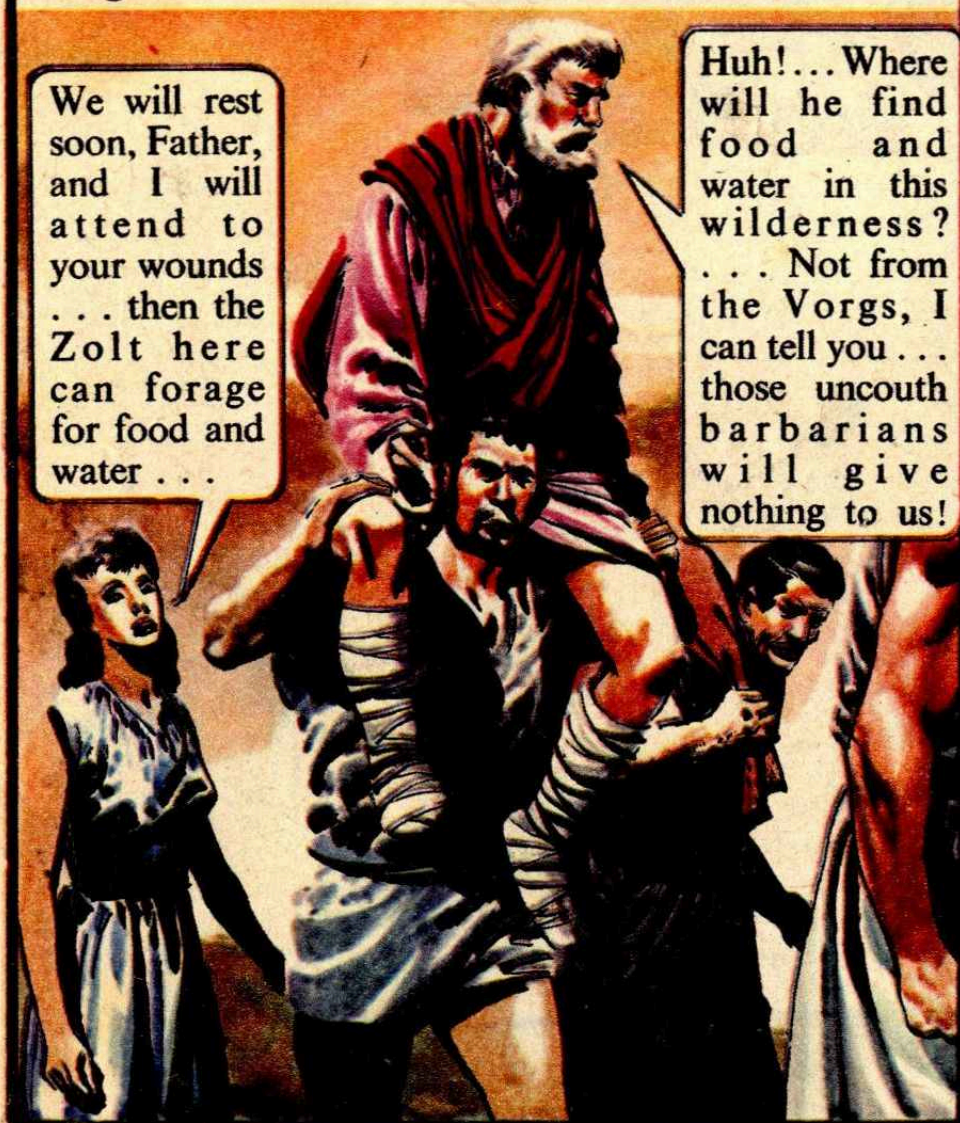
Continuing the fabulous story of the Trigan Empire . . . translated from the strange books found in the unearthly cosmo-craft that landed in a Florida swamp . . .

We return to the planet Elekton . . .

Into the wilderness of the country of Vorg streamed straggling lines of despairing people . . . these were the people of Tharv, a highly civilised and peace-loving country that had been attacked by the air fleets of the vicious Lokans.



Among the tragic multitude were an old man and his daughter . . . and their massive Zoltan slave.



We will rest soon, Father, and I will attend to your wounds . . . then the Zolt here can forage for food and water . . .

Huh!... Where will he find food and water in this wilderness? . . . Not from the Vorgs, I can tell you . . . those uncouth barbarians will give nothing to us!

From a rocky crag above, a scouting party of Vorgs looked down on the newcomers to their land . . .



The Tharvs are fleeing from their ruined cities, Klud. Shall I ride back and give this news to Trigo?

No!

As one of the three brothers who led the Vorg tribes, Klud bitterly resented the way his people always looked to his brother Trigo for their orders.



I am well capable of dealing with this situation! There is not enough food to feed that pack of cowardly fools . . . Drive them back from whence they came! Now!



And so, the Vorgs rode down upon the frightened multitudes, and brutally drove them back . . .

If we return, the Lokans will slay us all.

That is your misfortune, Tharvs, not ours. There is nothing here for you . . . Move!



The girl crouched by her injured father as one of the Vorgs cantered up, swinging his lance...

Enough of lying there, old man... back to your own land!

But my father is injured!

As the lance came hissing down, a massive figure leapt forward... and the Vorg was dragged from his careering breed...

The faithful Zolt hurled his victim high...

... where he fell in a crumpled, unconscious heap.

Seize that animal of a slave... Seize him!

It needed six brawny Vorg huntsmen to overpower the Zolt... then he was dragged to face the stern justice of Klud... for it was the custom throughout all the nations of the planet Elekton that a slave who laid violent hands on a free man should die within the hour!

Throw that animal from the heights!

Then in a thunder of pounding hooves, a rider came into view... and a voice called commandingly...

STOP!

So they bound the Zolt and took him up to the craggy overhang of rock high above the plain... to meet his violent end.

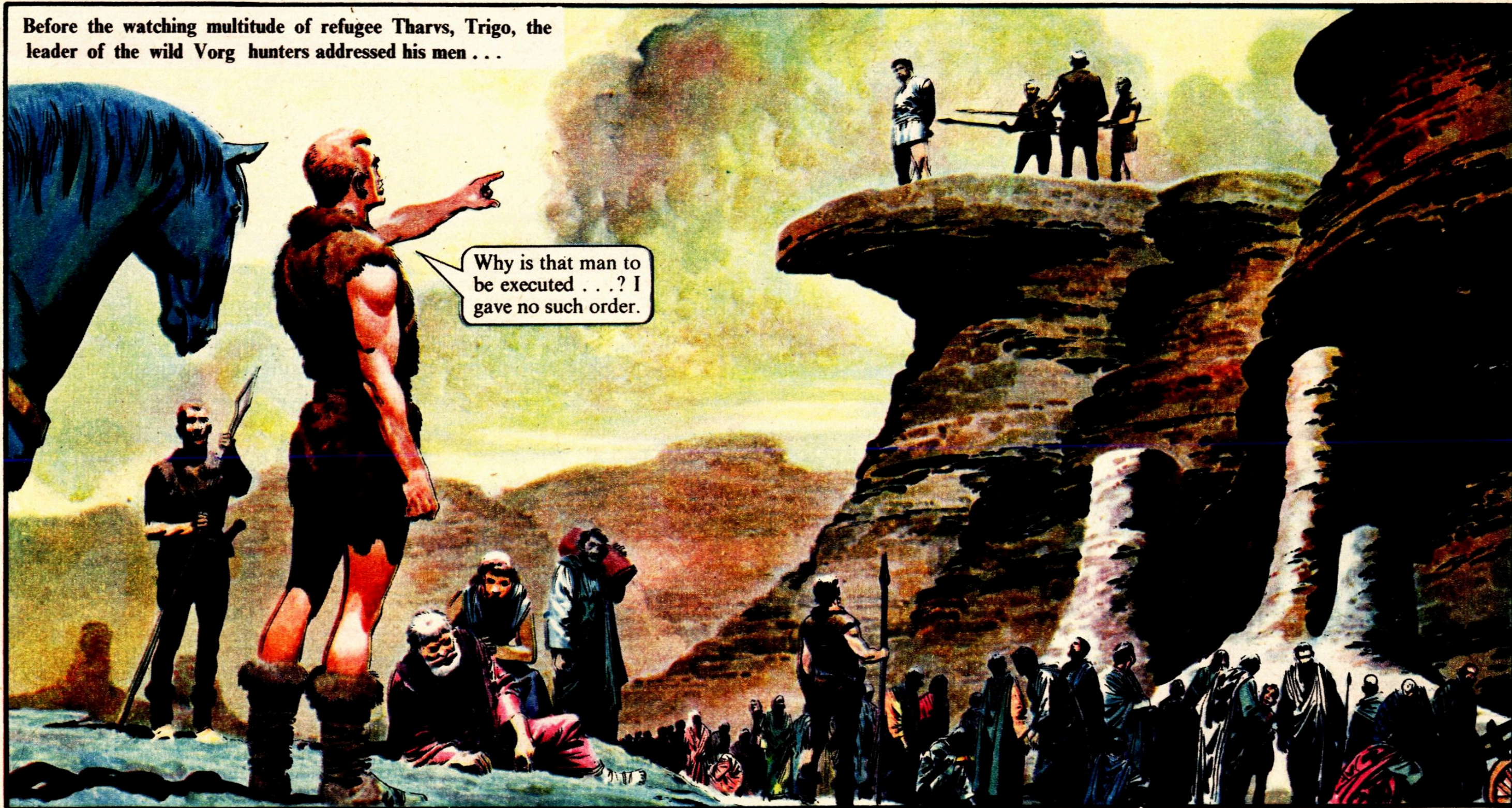
It was Trigo... the greatest of the Vorgs, and the mighty leader of his people.



Continuing the fabulous story of the Trigan Empire . . . translated from the strange books found in the mystery cosmo-craft that landed in a Florida swamp . . . We return to the planet Elekton . . .

# The RISE and FALL of the TRIGAN EMPIRE

Before the watching multitude of refugee Tharvs, Trigo, the leader of the wild Vorg hunters addressed his men . . .



A dry, contemptuous voice answered him . . .



The shaft of a Vorg's hunting spear was raised to strike the old Tharv . . . but Trigo checked the man's arm . . .

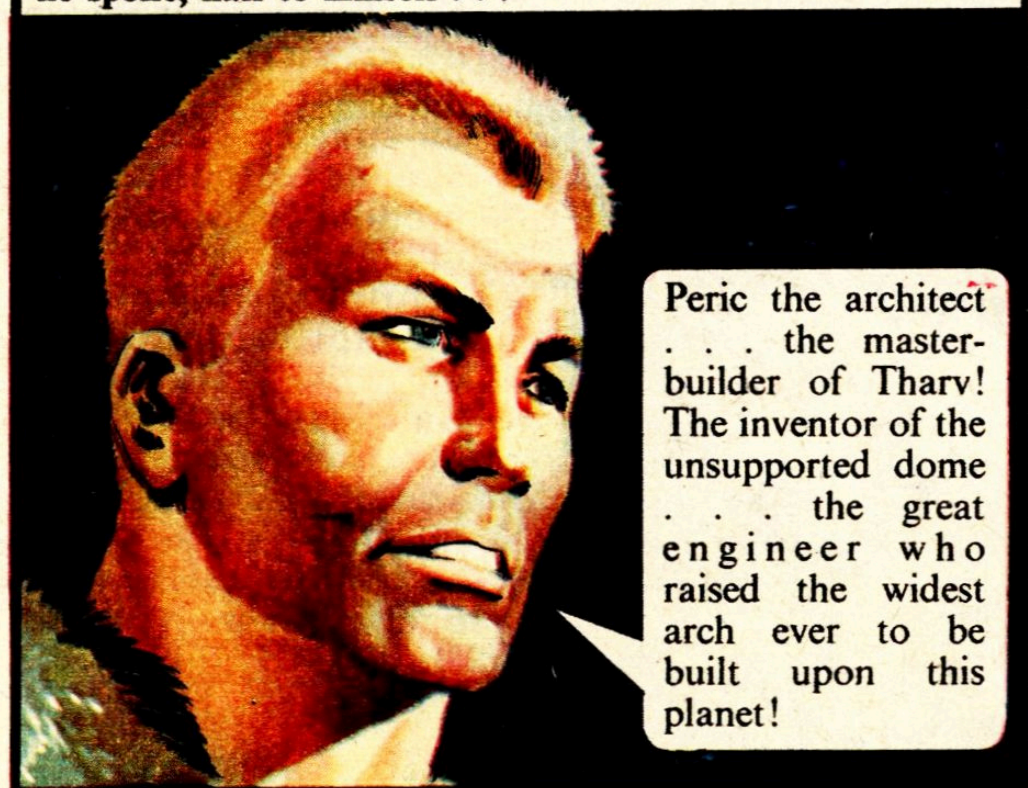


Proudly . . . and still with contempt . . . the old Tharv answered the Vorg leader . . .

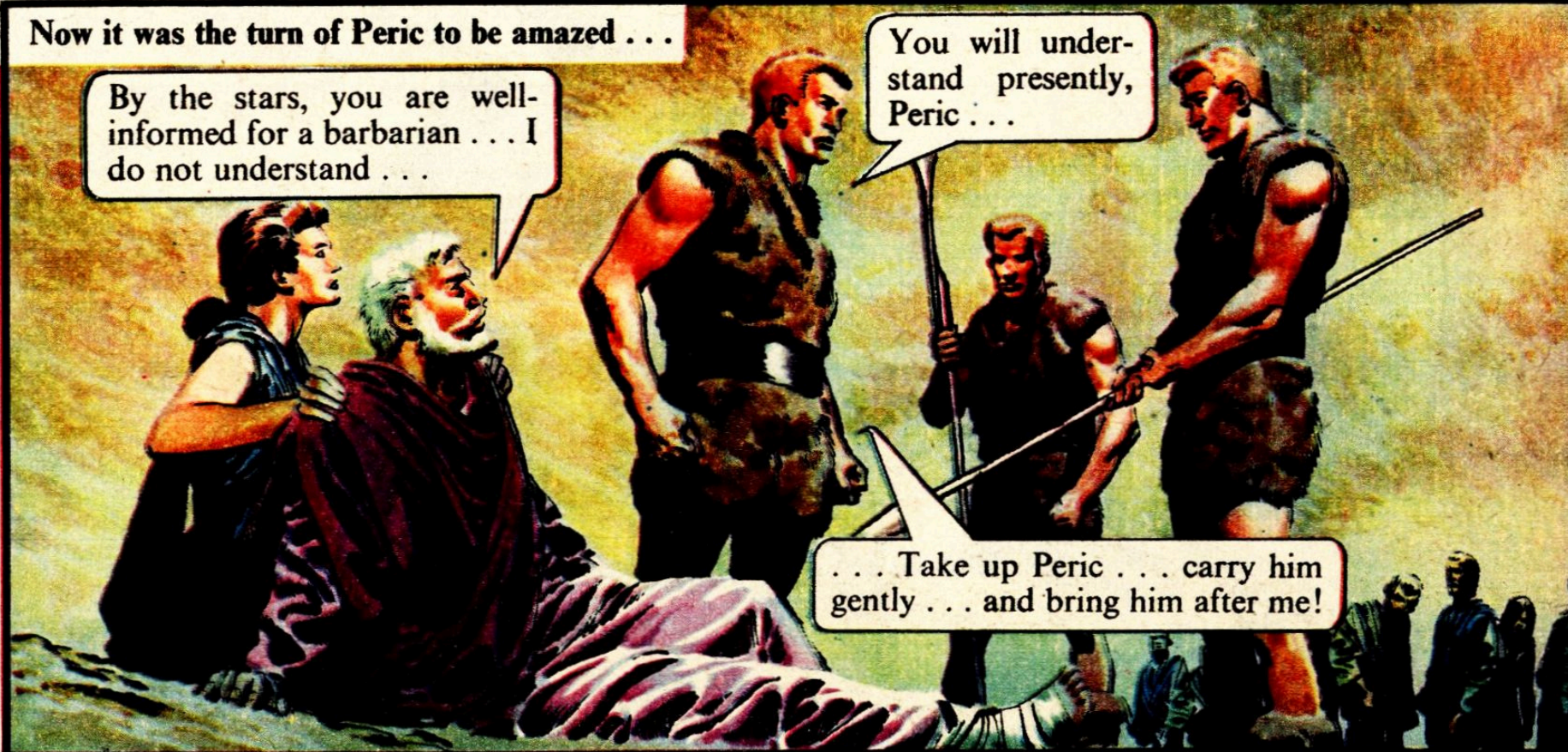


My name is Peric . . . not that the name will mean anything to an ignorant barbarian like yourself!

At this, Trigo's fine eyes widened with wonderment . . . and he spoke, half to himself . . .



Now it was the turn of Peric to be amazed . . .





Later, on the crest of a rocky crag overlooking the five Hills that rose above the plain of Vorg, Trigo told the old man of his dream . . .

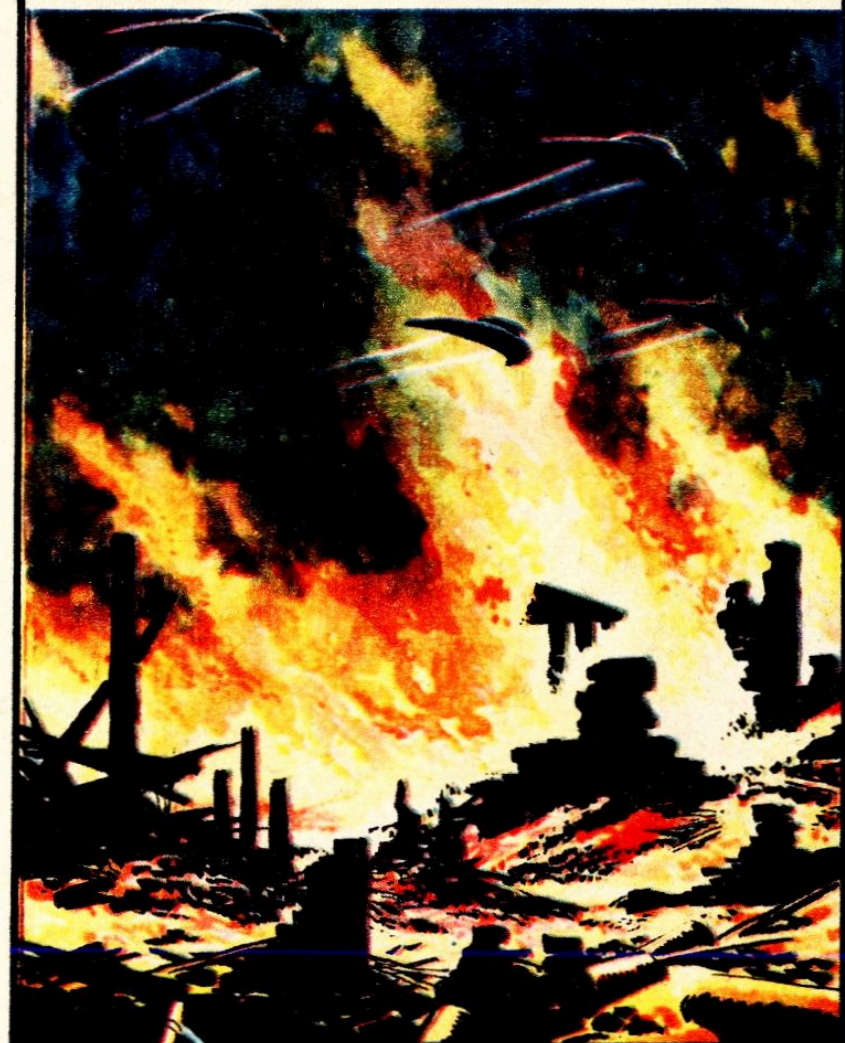


It is my unshakable ambition to build a city on those five hills . . . a city such as this planet has never seen, where men can walk in freedom and splendour . . . a city that will be the pride and the glory of the Planet Elekton!



Only one man can turn my dream into reality, and fate has sent him to me . . . will you direct the building of my city, Peric?

While this was happening, the air fleets of the vicious Lokans were pounding to rubble the last remains of the lovely city of the peace-loving Tharvs . . . the city that Peric had built and loved.



And within the crumbling walls of the palace, the elite guards of Tharv were earning deathless glory in a last stand against the sweeping assault of the Lokan ground forces . . .



Our ammunition is all but gone, Commander!

Then . . . out swords . . . fight to the last man . . . for Tharv . . .

By dawn, it was all over . . . and Zorth the Lord of Loka feasted his evil eyes upon the destruction he had wrought . . .



What next, All-Highest . . . do we march on Vorg and destroy the barbarians, together with the Tharvs who have fled there?

Drunk with triumph, Zorth could afford to jest . . .



It matters little whether we first obliterate Vorg . . . or turn our faces the other way and wipe out the country of Cato next . . . since we will destroy both in our good time . . .

He flipped a coin in the air . . . a gold coin, bearing on one side his own hateful countenance, and on the other the crossed swords of Loka . . .



We will let the coin decide . . . if my head lands uppermost we march on Vorg!

The jesting tyrant was not to know it . . . but in that brief moment of time the fate of the Planet Elekton was being decided for a thousand years . . . on the spin of a fateful disc of gold . . .

'Heads' means the end of Trigo's great dream. Which way will the disc fall?



The spin of a coin saves Vorg from destruction—and spells doom to the country of Cato . . .

# The RISE and FALL of the TRIGAN EMPIRE

Continuing the fabulous story of the Trigan Empire . . . translated from the strange books found in the mystery cosmo-craft that landed in a Florida swamp . . . We return to the planet Elekton . . .

In the ruins of Tharv, the tyrant of Loka tossed a gold coin high in the air . . . and picked it up.



Heh! . . . fate tells us that we should leave the destruction of Vorg for another day, and march upon Cato!



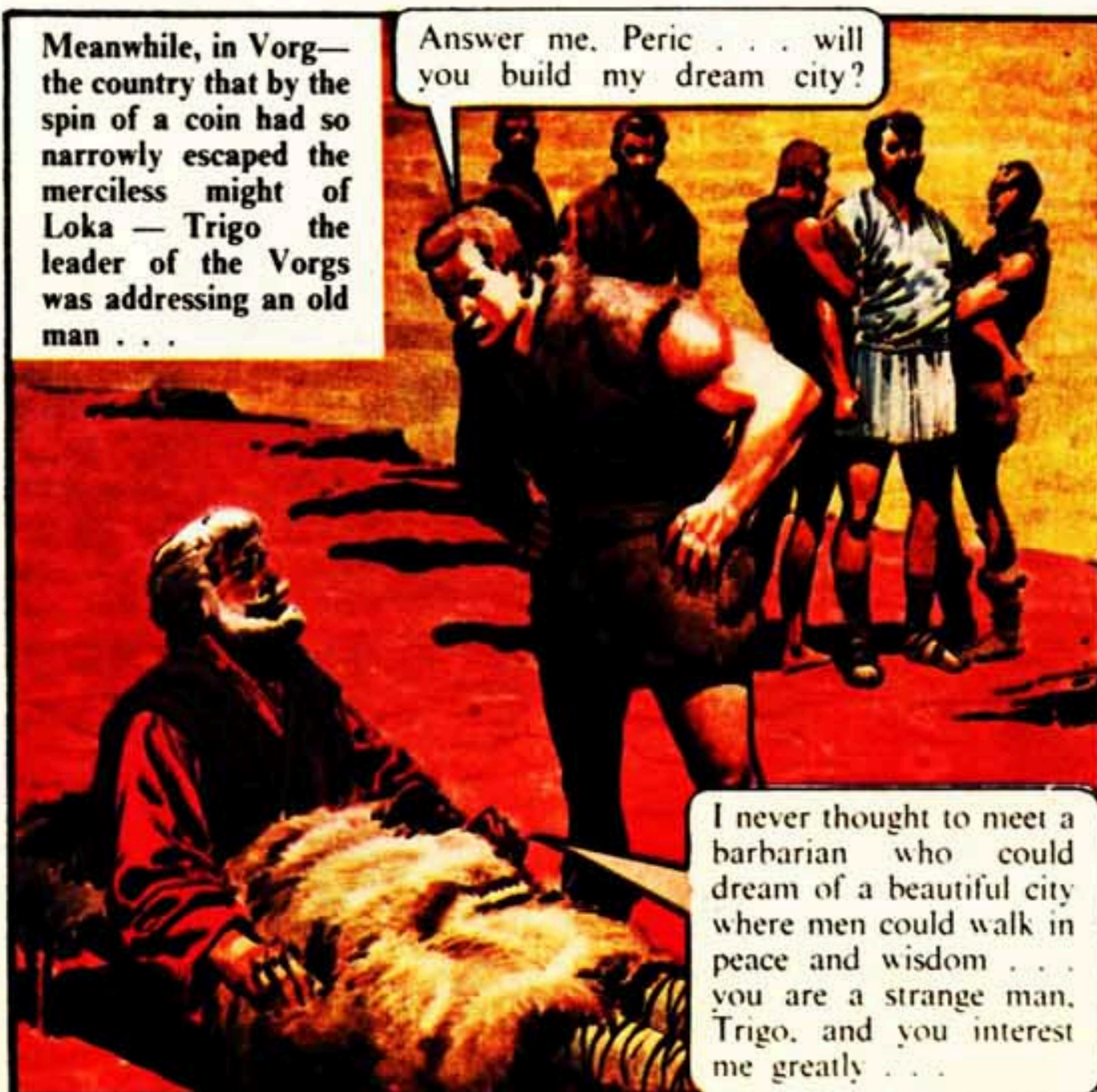
Well . . . why do you wait? . . . give the orders to my air fleets . . . Cato is to be bombarded to rubble!

Fresh from their destruction of Tharv, the cruising air fleets of Loka received the savage order . . .



Set course for Cato . . . recharge heat projectiles for a mass bombardment . . .

Meanwhile, in Vorg—the country that by the spin of a coin had so narrowly escaped the merciless might of Loka—Trigo the leader of the Vorgs was addressing an old man . . .



Answer me, Peric . . . will you build my dream city?

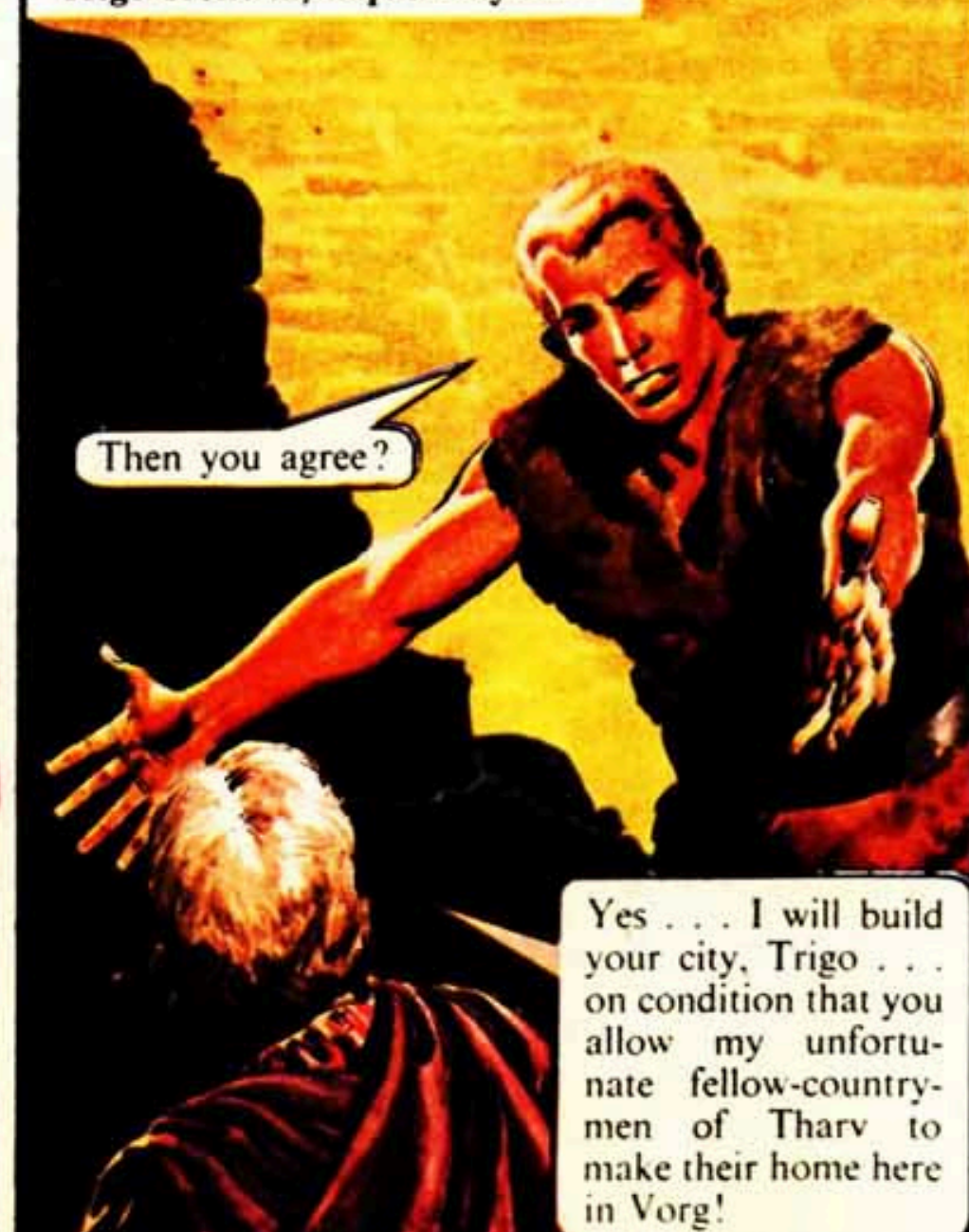
I never thought to meet a barbarian who could dream of a beautiful city where men could walk in peace and wisdom . . . you are a strange man, Trigo, and you interest me greatly . . .

Peric, the great architect of the now ruined country of Tharv, mused aloud



I have the plans in my head for such a city . . . it has been my dream, too, for many years . . . what a strange turn of fate if I should be destined to build it on the Five Hills of Vorg . . .

Trigo broke in, impatiently . . .



Then you agree?

Yes . . . I will build your city, Trigo . . . on condition that you allow my unfortunate fellow-countrymen of Tharv to make their home here in Vorg!



The angry voice of Trigo's brother Klud rasped out . . .

Are you mad, old fool? . . .  
There is barely enough food in  
this wilderness to feed us . . . let  
alone your rabble . . .

The Tharvs are not ignorant  
barbarians . . . they can turn this  
wilderness into a fertile country  
and grow food for all!

And Peric had one more condition . . .

And I ask the life of  
my Zort slave, whom  
your brother has  
condemned to death!

I agree . . . to both your  
conditions, Peric!

At this, the massive  
Zort shambled for-  
ward and flung him-  
self at the feet of  
the leader of the  
Vorgs . . .

Master . . .  
you give me  
life . . .  
I serve you  
for ever . . .

They are more like  
animals than men, the  
Zorts . . . but they are  
faithful to the end. You  
have won yourself a great  
ally, Trigo!

The following dawn, work began on  
the dream city. At Peric's order, the  
Vorgs and the Tharvs laboured, side  
by side, to dig vast ditches in the  
sandy soil below the Five Hills . . .

I see you begin with the walls of  
the city . . . we attempted the same  
task, but the walls fell down the  
next day . . .

We are building on sandy soil . . .  
for every stone that appears above  
the ground, another stone must be  
set under the ground to support it.  
Your city will not be built in a day,  
Trigo!

Trigo's brother Klud watched from afar . . .  
with jealousy eating into his cunning brain . . .

No, my fine brother . . .  
you grow too powerful,  
and you must be stopped  
. . . and I think I know  
how this can be done!

What evil thoughts lurk in Klud's mind? Will his jealousy wreck his brother's fine plans for their nation?



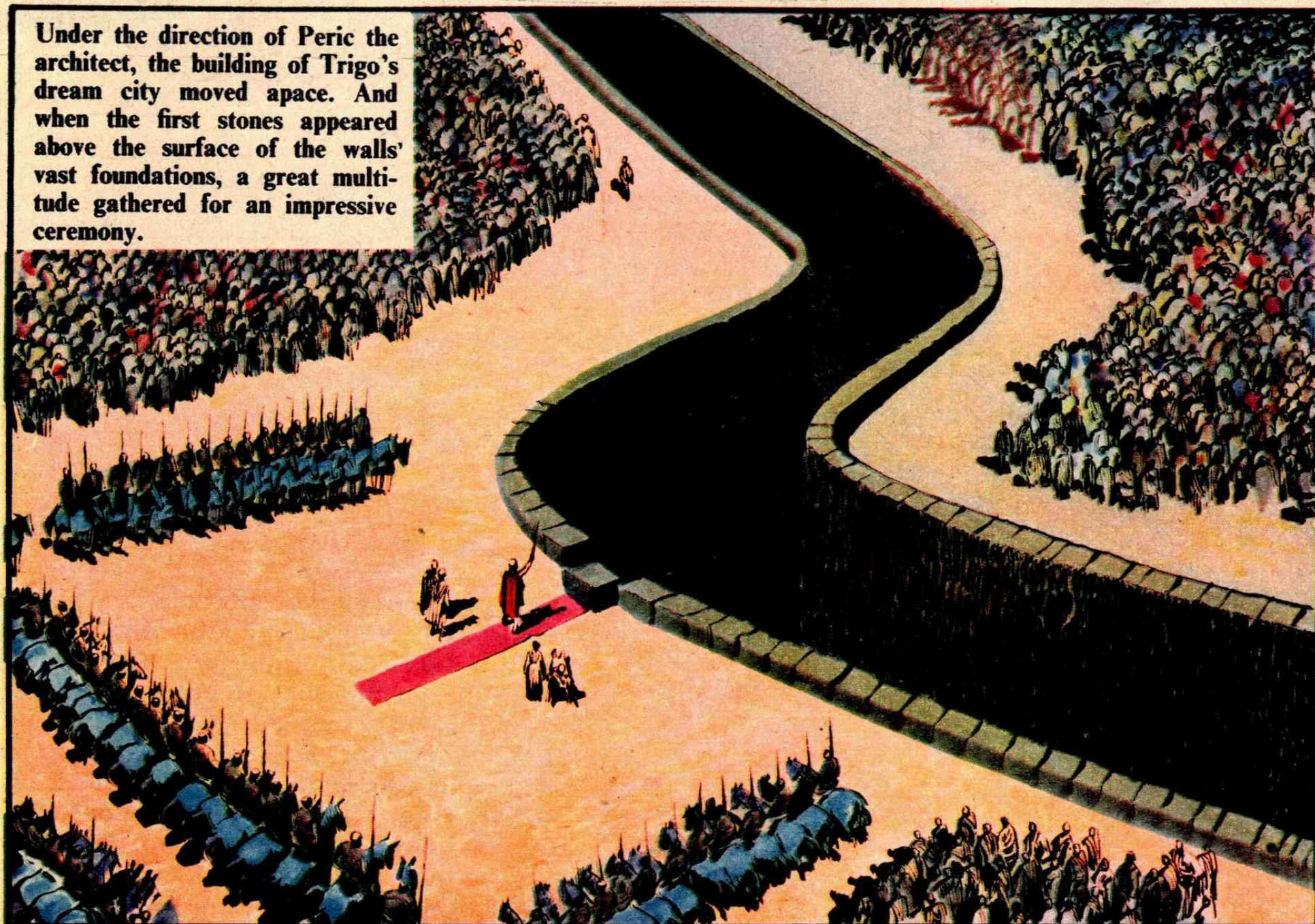
Even while Trigo is dedicating his new city, death and destruction rain from the sky on the other side of the planet!

# The RISE and FALL of the TRIGAN EMPIRE

Continuing the amazing story of the Trigan Empire, translated from the strange books found in the mystery

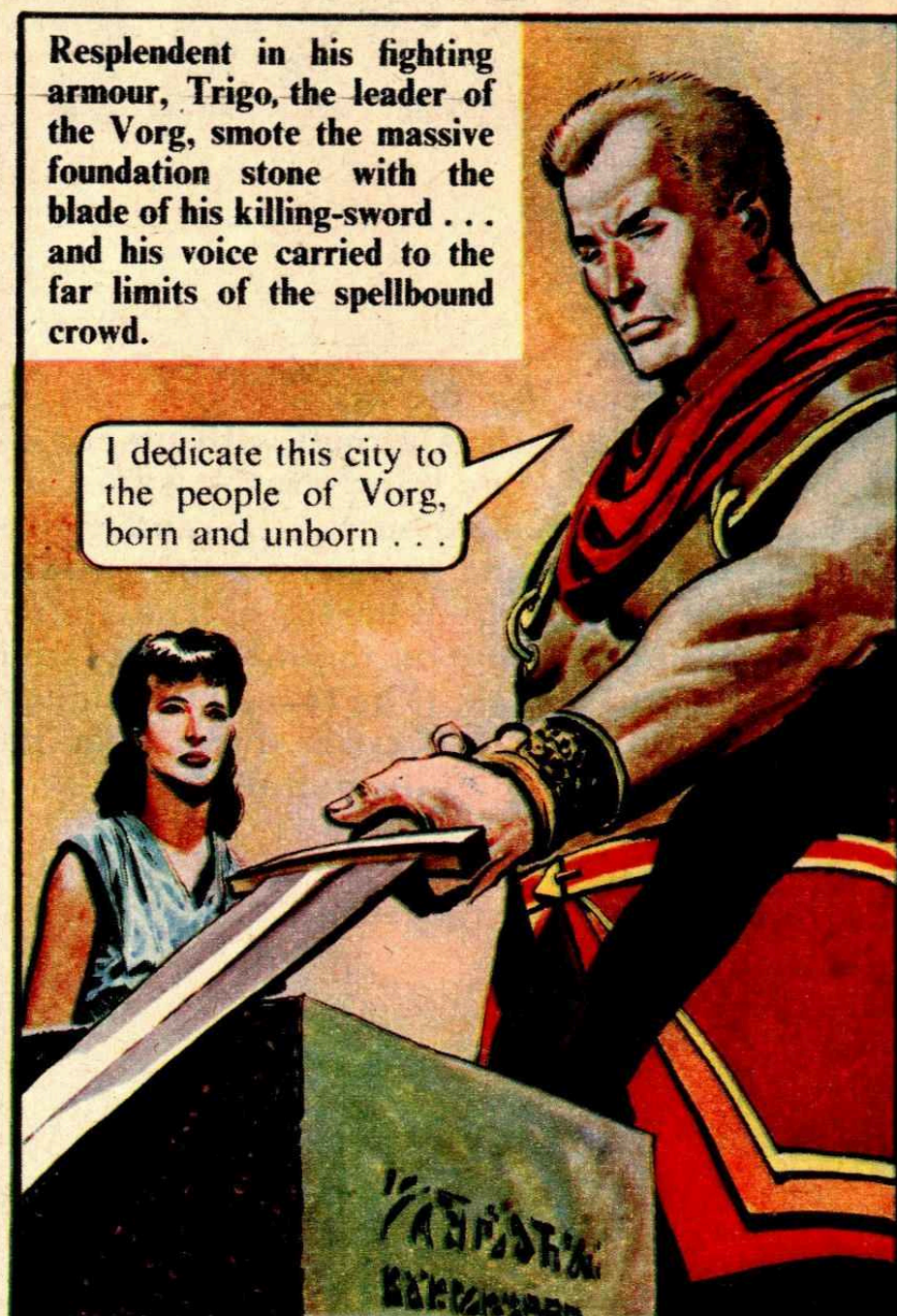
cosmo-craft that landed in a Florida swamp. We return to the country of Vorg on the planet Elekton . . .

Under the direction of Peric the architect, the building of Trigo's dream city moved apace. And when the first stones appeared above the surface of the walls' vast foundations, a great multitude gathered for an impressive ceremony.

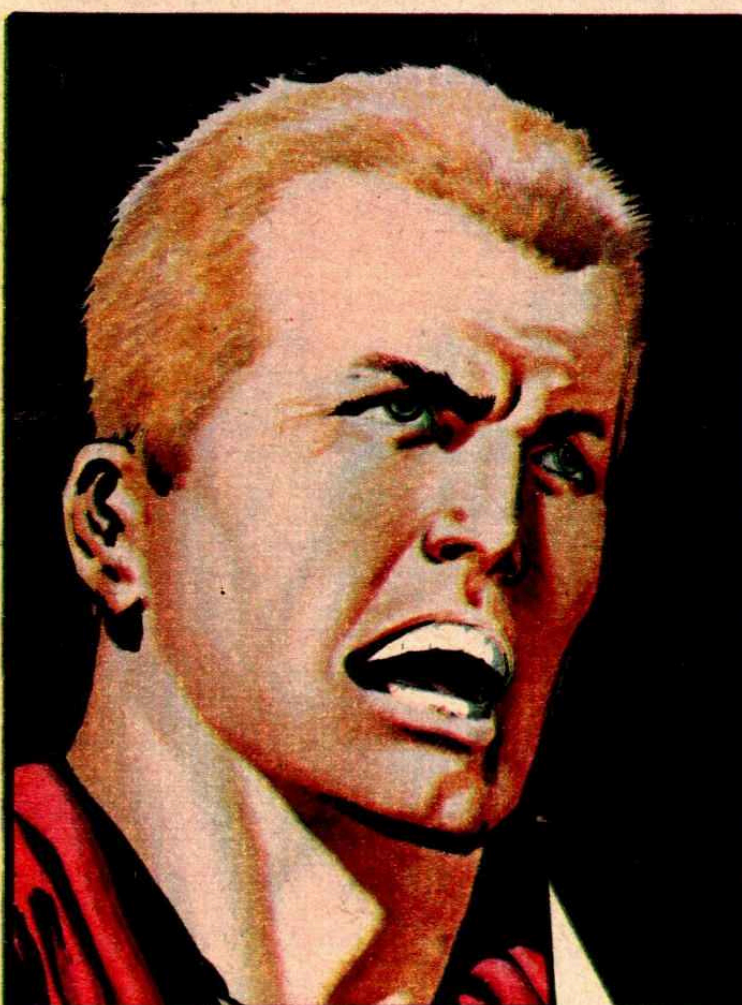


Resplendent in his fighting armour, Trigo, the leader of the Vorg, smote the massive foundation stone with the blade of his killing-sword . . . and his voice carried to the far limits of the spellbound crowd.

I dedicate this city to the people of Vorg, born and unborn . . .



Standing near were Trigo's brothers, Klud and Brag. It was Klud who muttered softly under his breath . . .



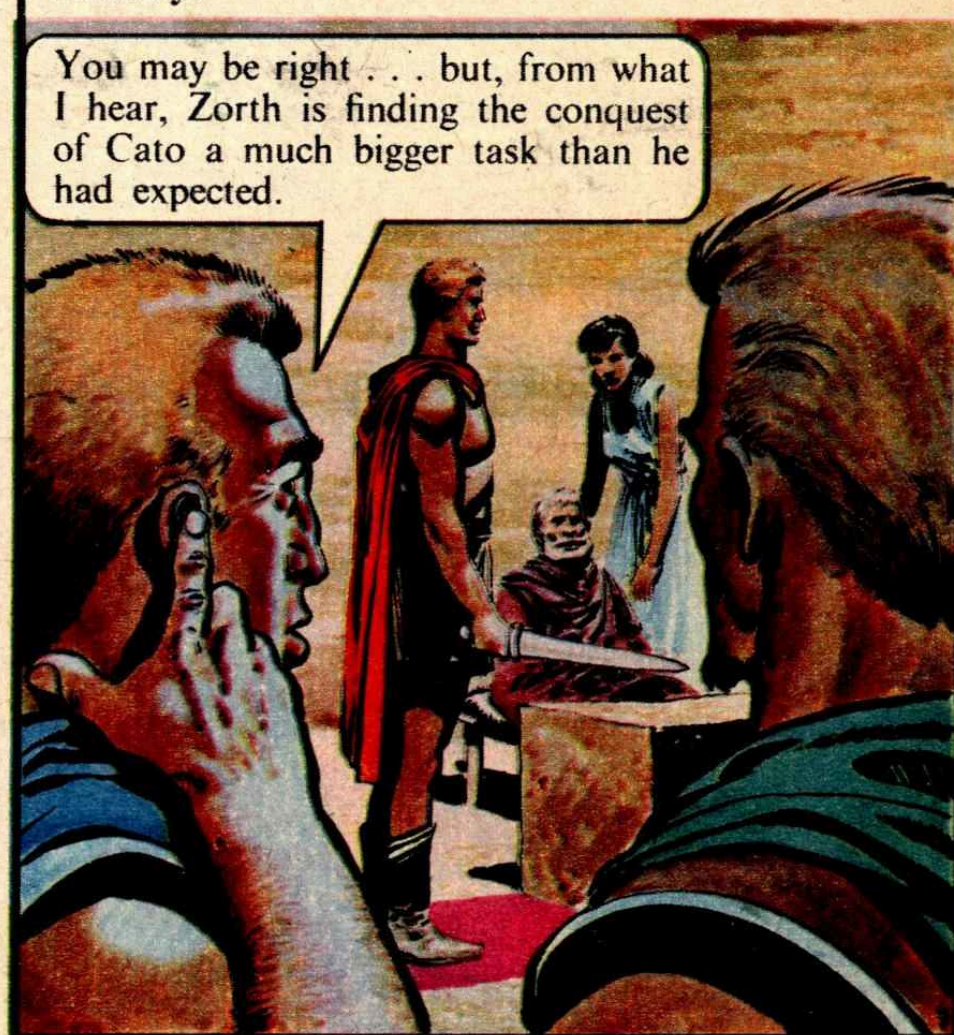
. . . May it grow to become the wonder of the planet Elekton . . . and last ten thousand years!



Ten thousand years? Or until Zorth and his Lokans have conquered Cato and turn their attention to us?

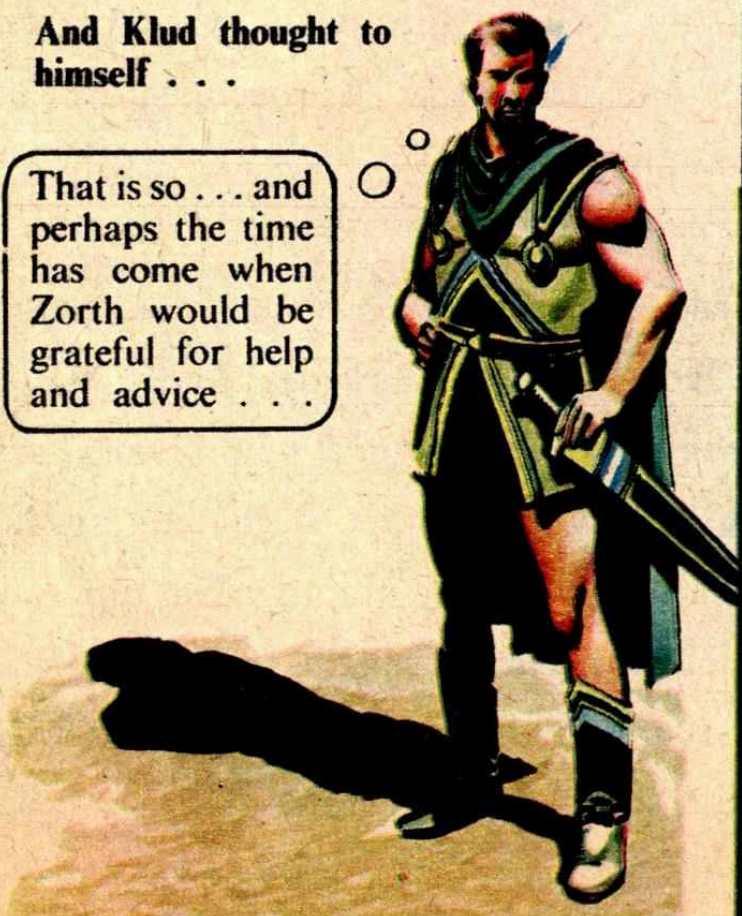
Brag shrugged his massive shoulders and answered woodenly.

You may be right . . . but, from what I hear, Zorth is finding the conquest of Cato a much bigger task than he had expected.



And Klud thought to himself . . .

That is so . . . and perhaps the time has come when Zorth would be grateful for help and advice . . .

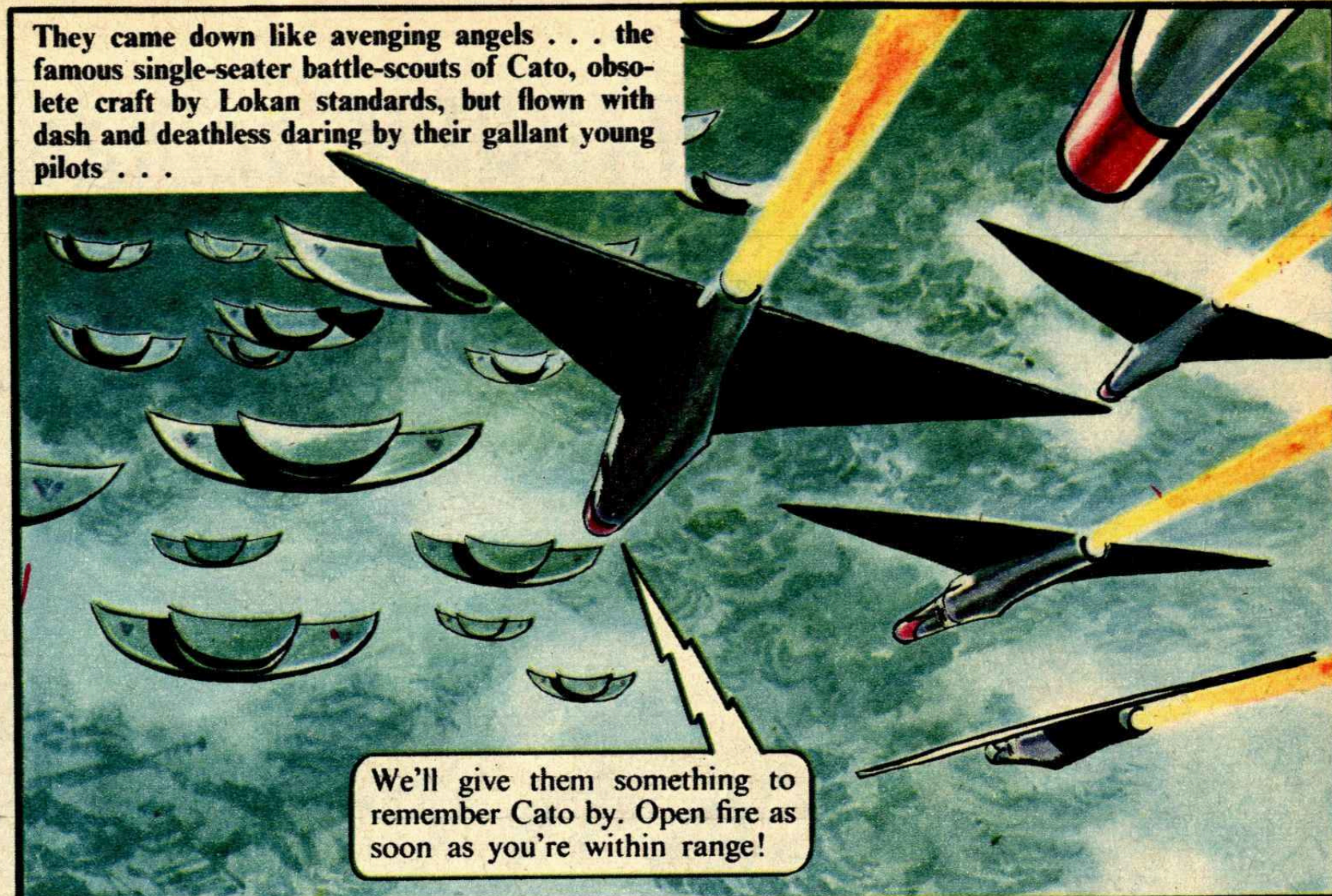


Indeed, the fortunes of the all-conquering forces of Zorth the tyrant were going badly. Obedient to his savage orders, the Lokan Air Fleets had flown to bombard Cato to rubble . . .

Stand by to commence bombardment. Cato ahead . . .







Nothing less than complete domination of the planet will satisfy the tyrant Zorth. Can Cato halt the advance of his army now?



In Cato the terrible decision is made: if the capital must perish—then her enemies will perish with her!

# The RISE and FALL of the TRIGAN EMPIRE

Continuing the amazing story from the planet Elekton . . . translated from the strange books found in the mystery cosmo-craft that landed in a Florida swamp . . .

Following the destruction of their air fleets at the hands of the gallant air scouts of the country of Cato, the ground forces of Zorth, the King of Loka, moved into Cato . . . In the first battle they annihilated the royal guards, the cream of that gallant little country's army . . .



And then the deadly war machines of Loka moved forward across the wide plain of Cato . . . towards the proud capital city that lay at their mercy on the mountainside beyond . . .

Open fire upon the city as soon as you receive the order! . . .  
**POUND IT TO DUST!**



High above the great dam that split the mountain range in half, the chief captains of Cato saw the approaching doom . . . and made their terrible decision . . .

If Cato must perish, Cato's enemies shall perish with her!

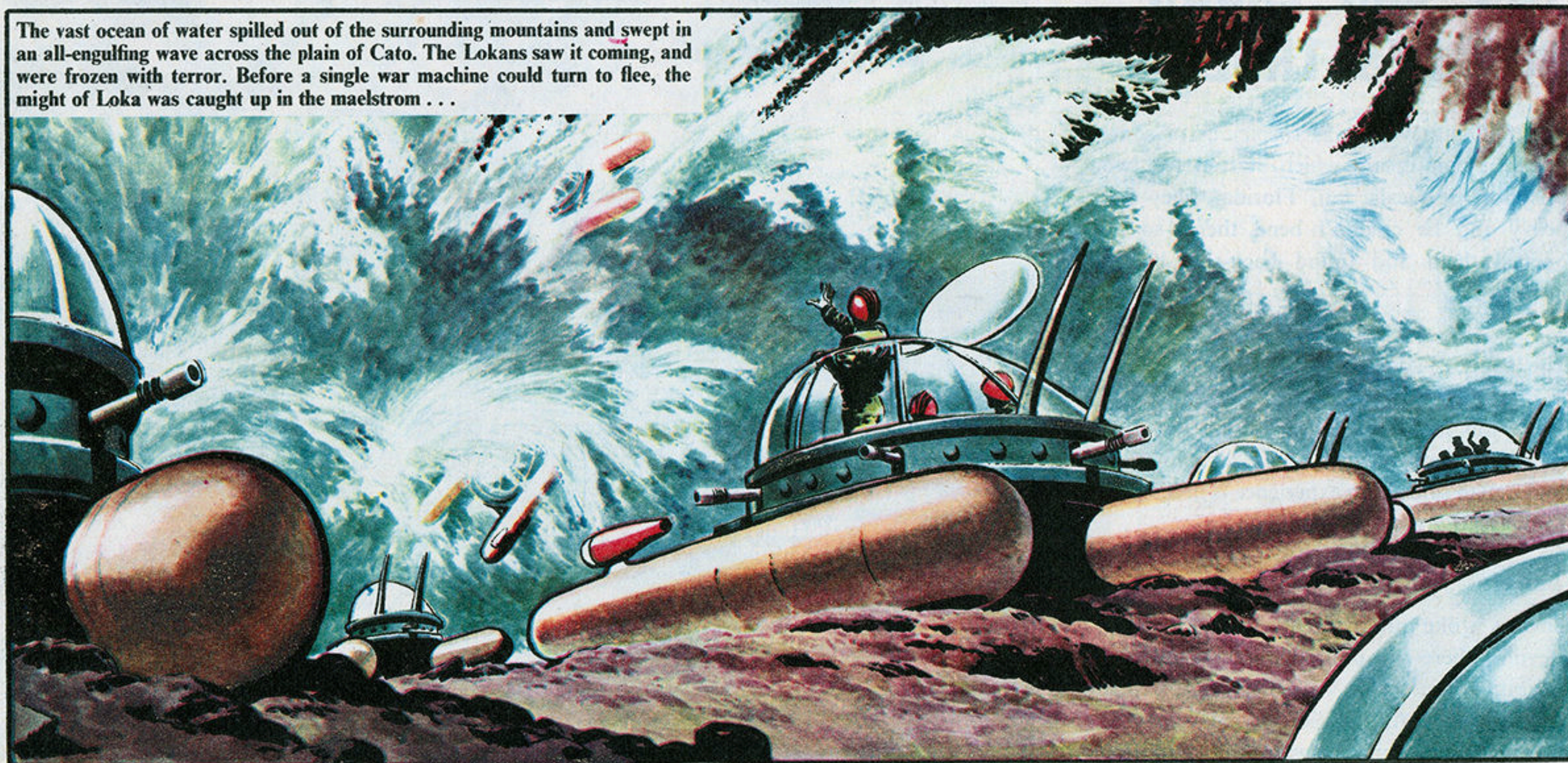
Let it be done . . .  
**DESTROY THE DAM!**



At the touch of a lever, the vast wall of the dam erupted like a volcano, filling the air with ear-shattering sound . . .



The vast ocean of water spilled out of the surrounding mountains and swept in an all-engulfing wave across the plain of Cato. The Lokans saw it coming, and were frozen with terror. Before a single war machine could turn to flee, the might of Loka was caught up in the maelstrom . . .





At about this time, in the land of Vorg, the dream city of Trigo was beginning to rise about the five hills. One day, a deputation of tribesmen approached Trigo and his brothers, Klud and Brag . . .



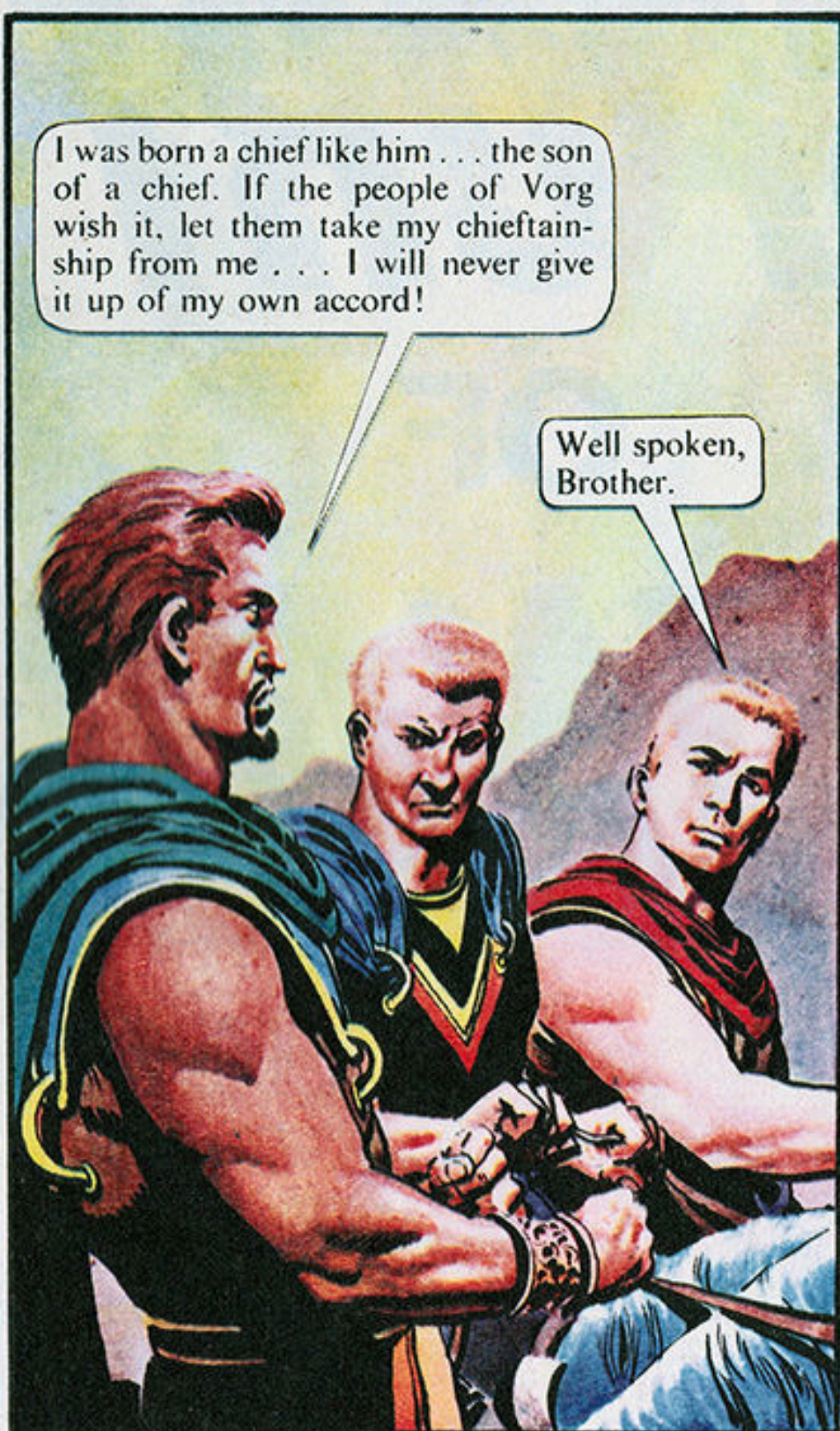
My Lords, it is felt that the time has come for the people of Vorg to acknowledge the leadership of one man only . . . till now, you three brothers have been equal in chieftainship . . . Now the people wish ONE of you to take supreme command . . .

All eyes were upon Trigo . . . for as founder of the dream city he had the greatest right to supreme leadership. His brother Brag said as much . . .



For my part, I give up all claims to chieftainship to serve my brother Trigo . . .

AND I WILL DO NO SUCH THING!



I was born a chief like him . . . the son of a chief. If the people of Vorg wish it, let them take my chieftainship from me . . . I will never give it up of my own accord!

Well spoken, Brother.

Trigo dismounted, and stopped to pick up three small stones from the sandy soil . . .

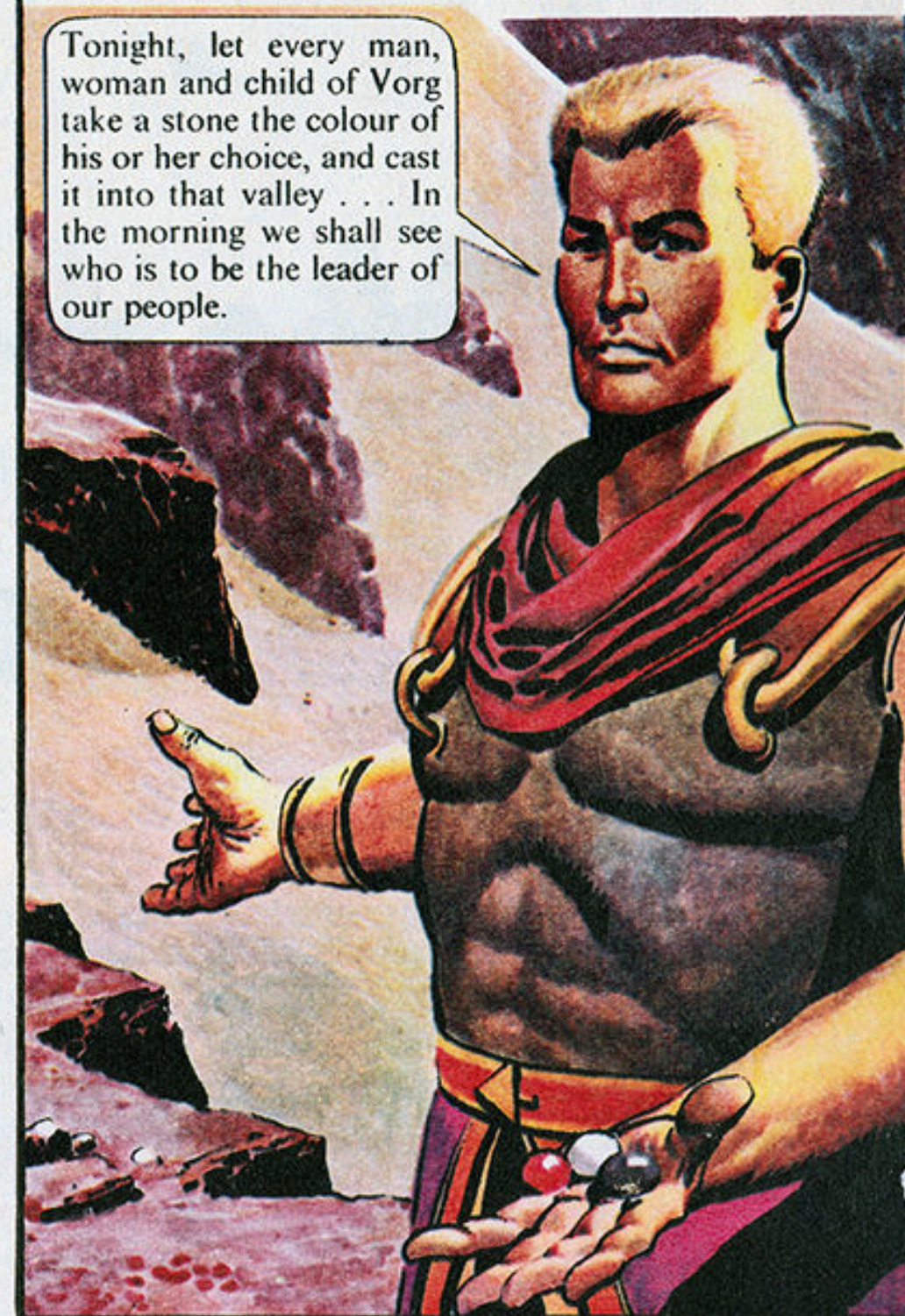
The people of Vorg shall decide. Let black be Klud's colour . . . Red the colour for Brag . . . and white for me . . .

What foolishness is this?

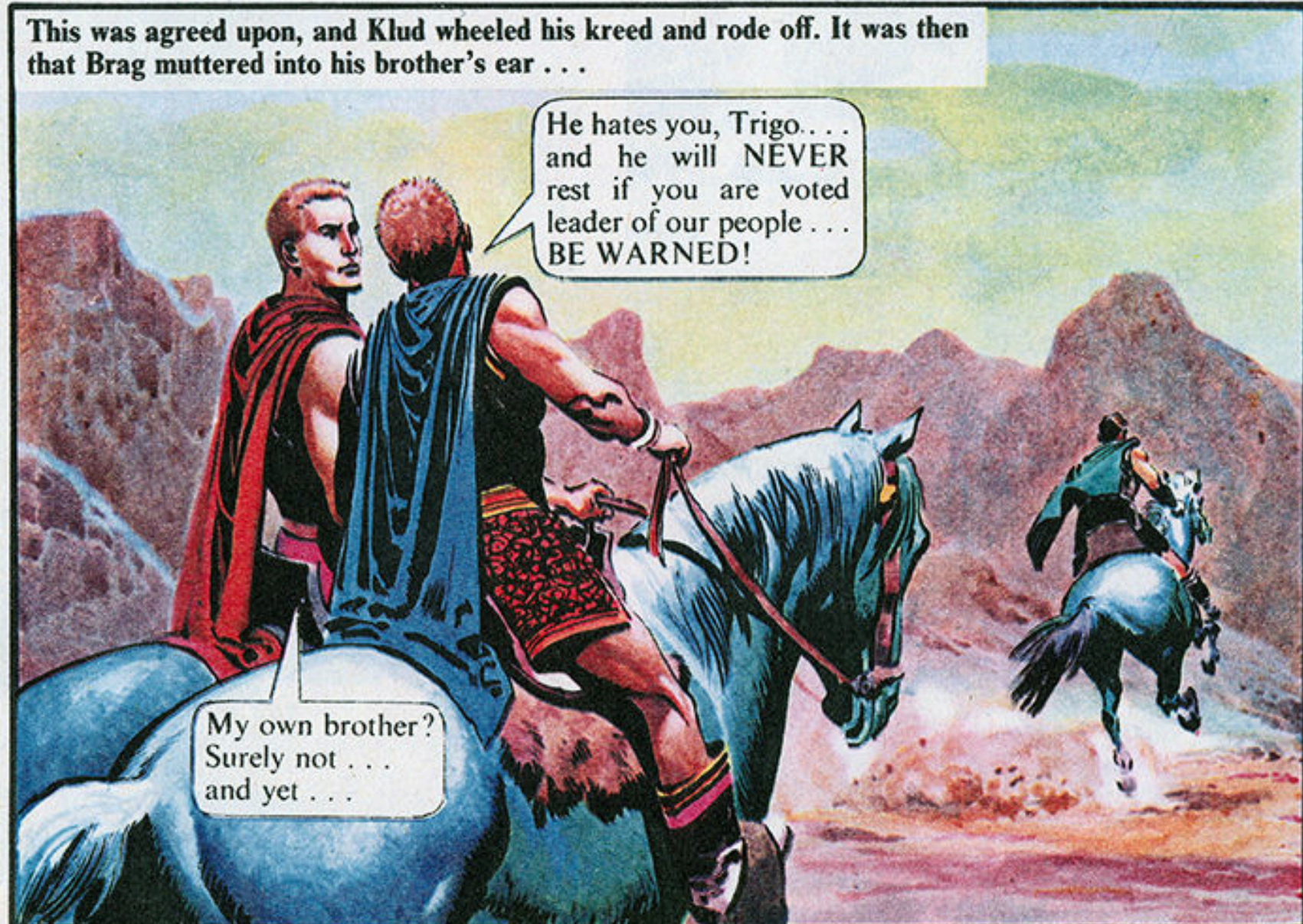


For answer, Trigo pointed to a shallow valley whose floor was smooth with drifted sand . . .

Tonight, let every man, woman and child of Vorg take a stone the colour of his or her choice, and cast it into that valley . . . In the morning we shall see who is to be the leader of our people.



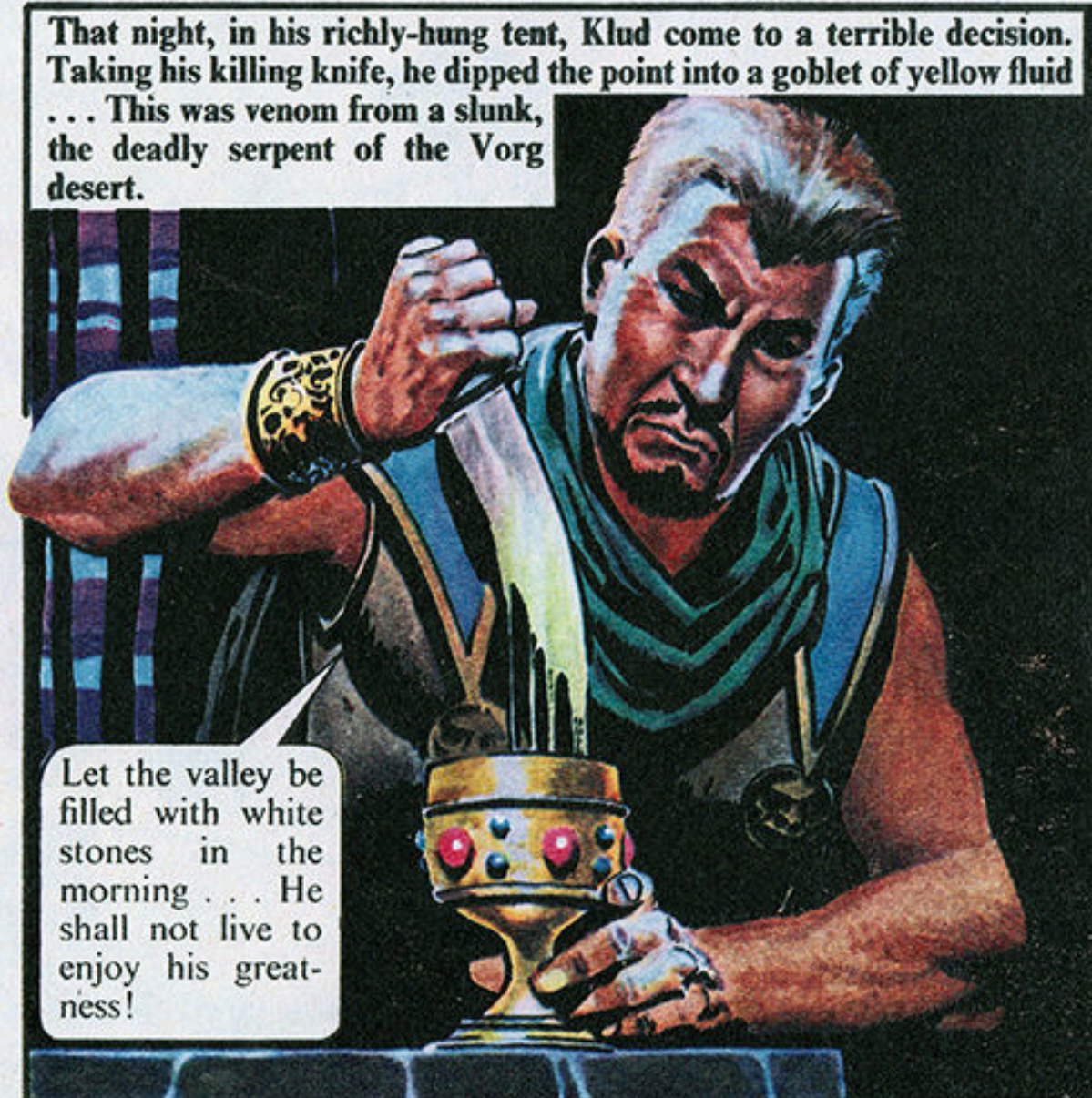
This was agreed upon, and Klud wheeled his kreed and rode off. It was then that Brag muttered into his brother's ear . . .



He hates you, Trigo . . . and he will NEVER rest if you are voted leader of our people . . . BE WARNED!

My own brother? Surely not . . . and yet . . .

That night, in his richly-hung tent, Klud came to a terrible decision. Taking his killing knife, he dipped the point into a goblet of yellow fluid . . . This was venom from a slunk, the deadly serpent of the Vorg desert.



Let the valley be filled with white stones in the morning . . . He shall not live to enjoy his greatness!

Hate fills the heart of the treacherous Klud . . . hate enough to kill his own brother!

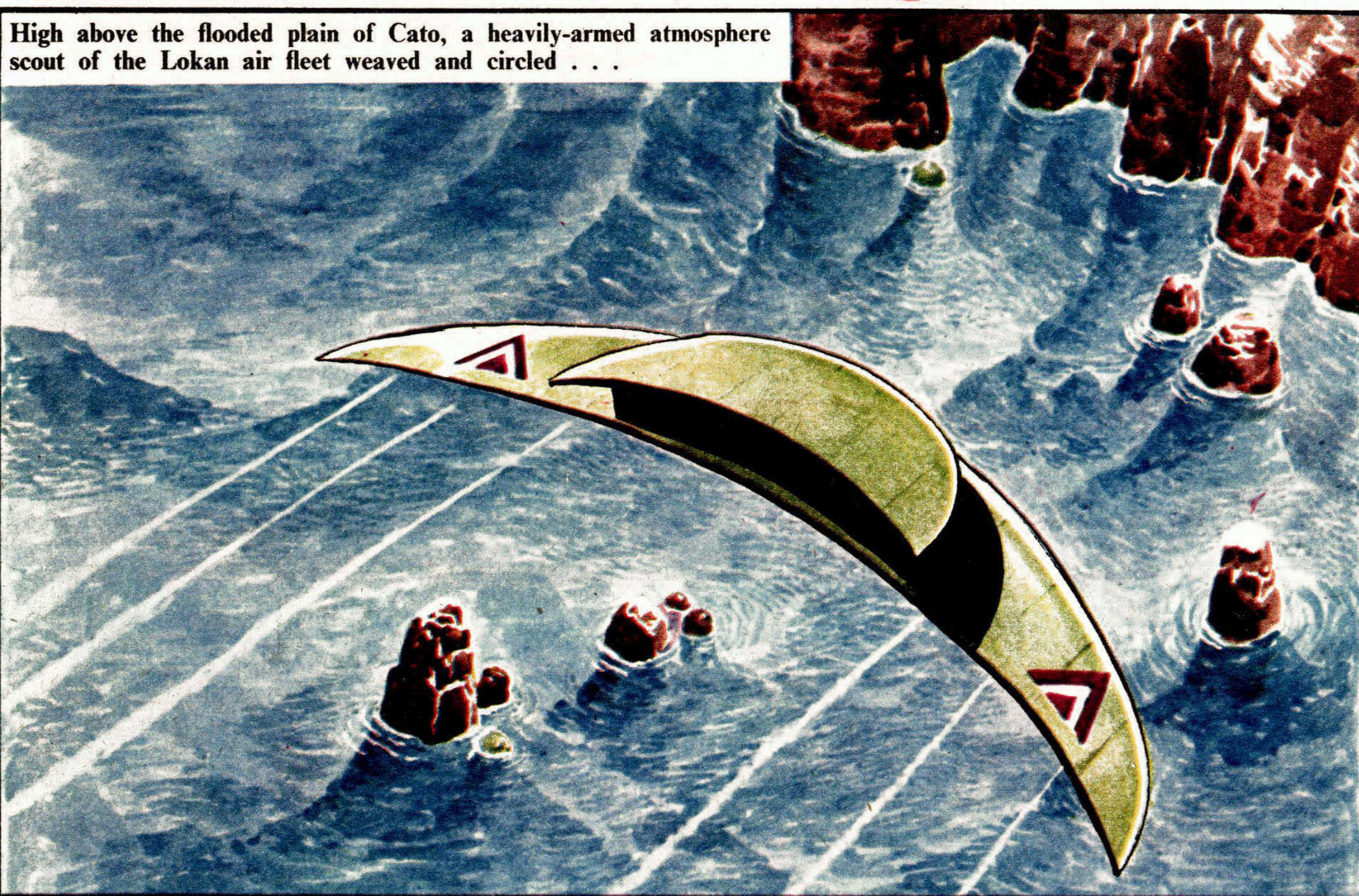


When the tyrant Zorth sees the wreckage of his great war machines his anger is too terrible to behold!

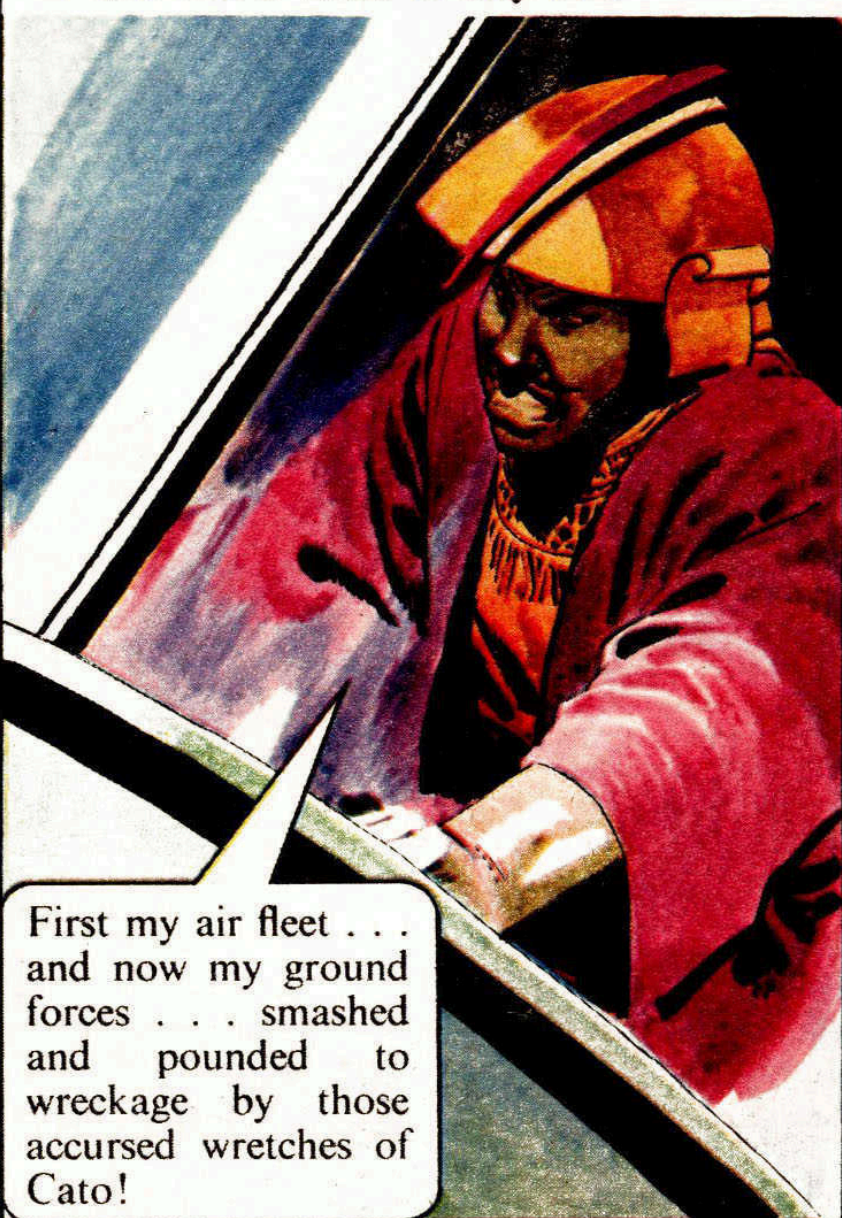
# The RISE and FALL of the TRIGAN EMPIRE

Continuing the story of the Trigan Empire as translated from the books found in the strange cosmo-craft which landed in the Florida Swamp. Zorth, the King of Loka has attacked the gallant country of Cato. To avoid defeat the people of Cato destroy a great dam and drown Zorth's forces. Meanwhile in the land of Vorg, the tribesmen ask Trigo and his brothers Klud and Brag that only one of them should be chief. Trigo agrees, but jealousy wells up inside his brother Klud . . .

High above the flooded plain of Cato, a heavily-armed atmosphere scout of the Lokan air fleet weaved and circled . . .

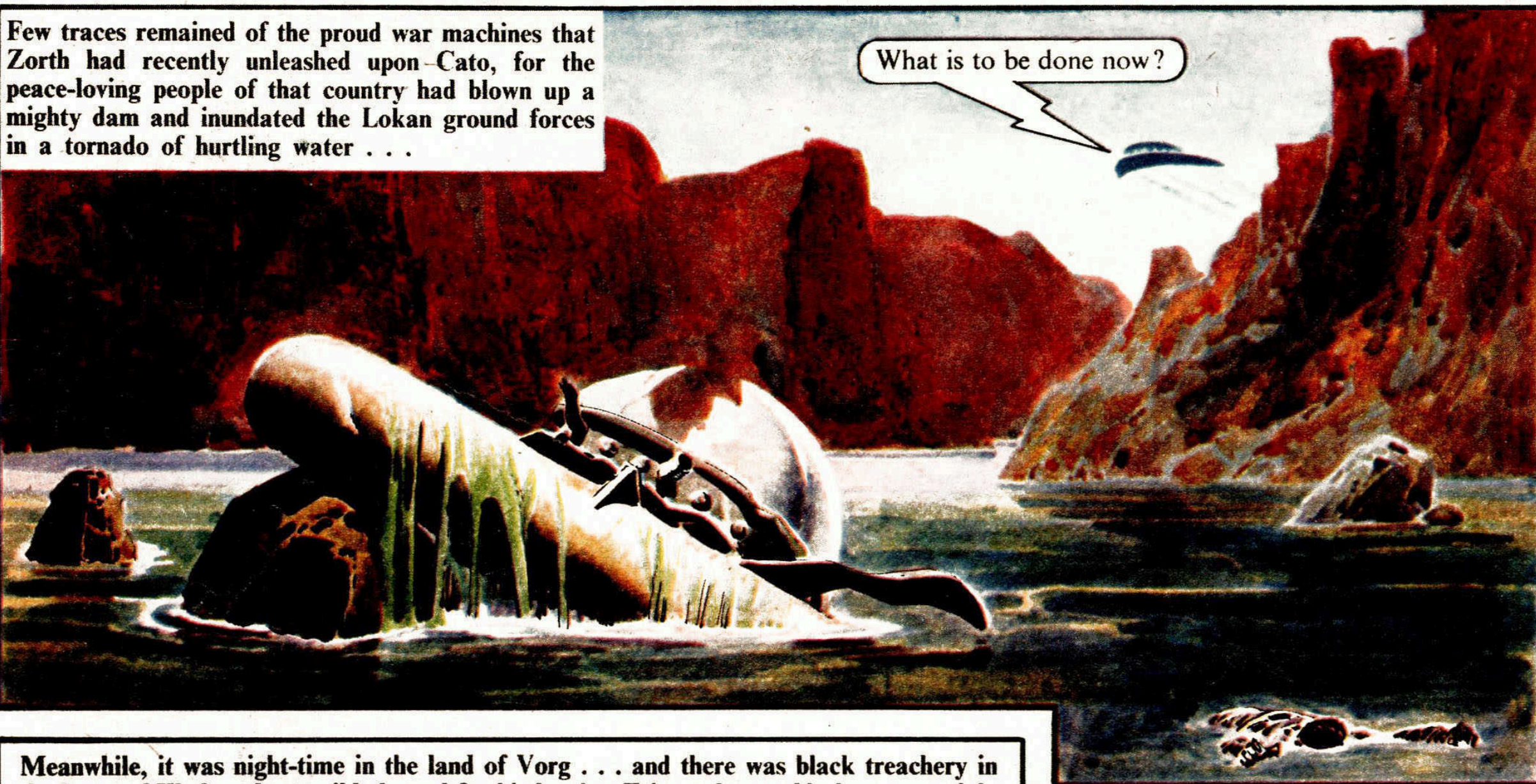


In the craft was Zorth, the King of Loka, whose mind was inflamed with a savage desire for planet conquest. And as he looked down, his face was a mask of fury . . .



First my air fleet . . . and now my ground forces . . . smashed and pounded to wreckage by those accursed wretches of Cato!

Few traces remained of the proud war machines that Zorth had recently unleashed upon Cato, for the peace-loving people of that country had blown up a mighty dam and inundated the Lokan ground forces in a tornado of hurtling water . . .



What is to be done now?



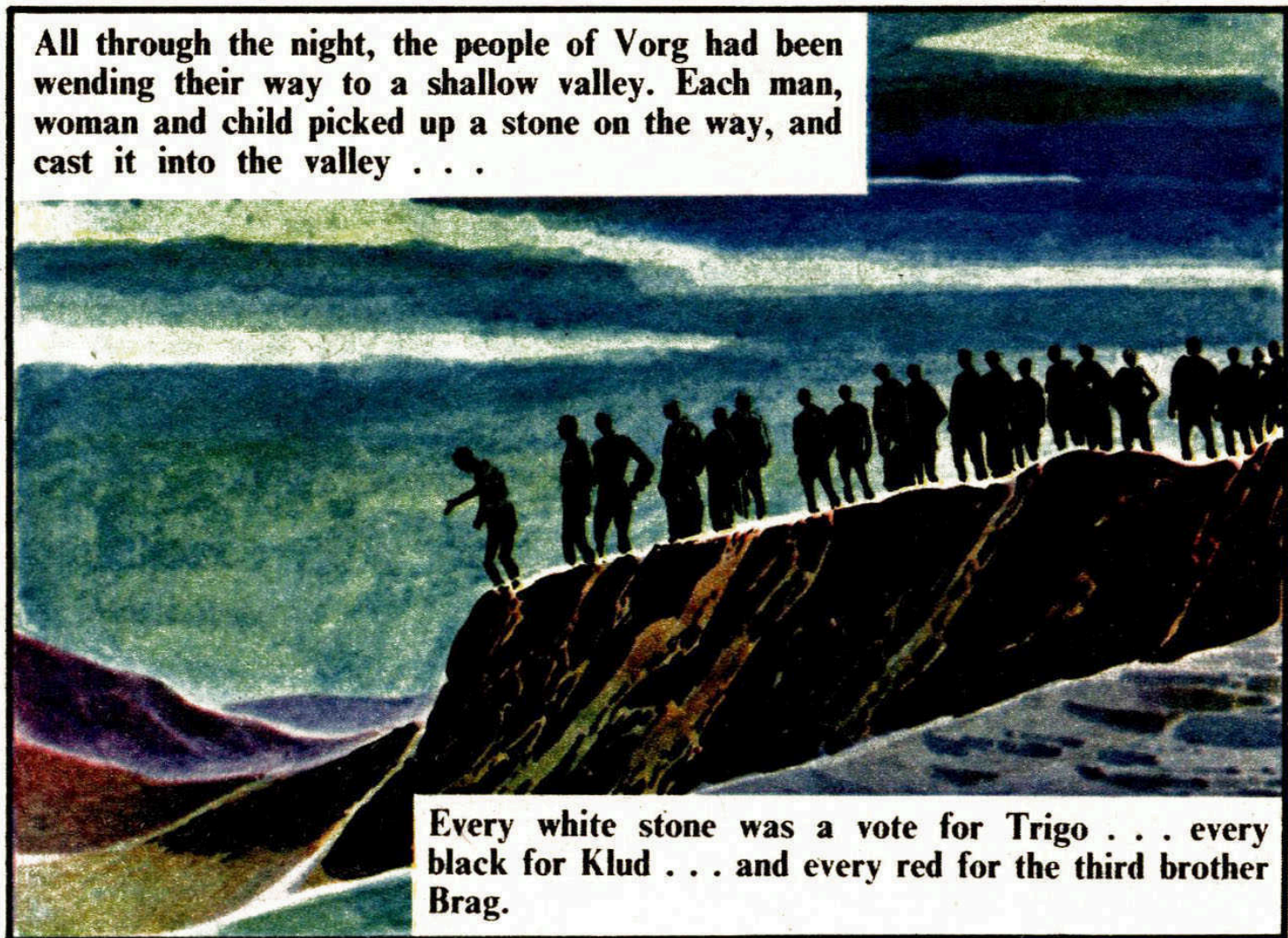
Is there no-one I can trust to obey my commands? By all the stars, I would heap half the treasures of Loka upon the man who could serve me well!

Meanwhile, it was night-time in the land of Vorg . . . and there was black treachery in the heart of Klud, and a terrible hatred for his brother Trigo, who would almost certainly be elected the leader of their people on the morrow . . .



First, I will satisfy myself that those fools indeed intend to elect Trigo . . . and then . . .

All through the night, the people of Vorg had been wending their way to a shallow valley. Each man, woman and child picked up a stone on the way, and cast it into the valley . . .



Every white stone was a vote for Trigo . . . every black for Klud . . . and every red for the third brother Brag.



Shrouded in his concealing cloak, Klud reached the valley unrecognised and looked down. His mean eyes narrowed in fury to see the valley floor was piled high with white stones, showing clearly in the moonlight.



The comments of those around added fuel to the fire of fury within him.



Klud's mind was now made up . . . He stole towards Trigo's tent with murder in his heart.



The sentry outside the tent slid to the ground without a murmur as Klud struck.



Trigo lay asleep . . . dreaming of the wondrous city that was rising, at his orders, above the five hills on the plain of Vorg



It was to be a terrible night in the story of Vorg—a night when Klud's hate-filled heart blinded him to all reason!



There is murder in the evil heart of Klud—a plan to murder his own brother . . .

# The RISE and FALL of the TRIGAN EMPIRE

Continuing the story of the Trigan Empire translated from the books found in the cosmo-craft which landed in a Florida swamp. To avoid defeat at the hands of the country of Loka, the people of Cato have destroyed their great

dam, drowning their city and the enemy forces. Meanwhile the tribesmen of Vorg are voting for a leader. Trigo is ahead in the voting, and jealousy wells up inside his brother Klud . . .



As Trigo, the greatest of the nation of Vorgs, lay asleep in his tent, his jealous brother Klud crept in with evil in his heart, and a poisoned dagger in his hand.

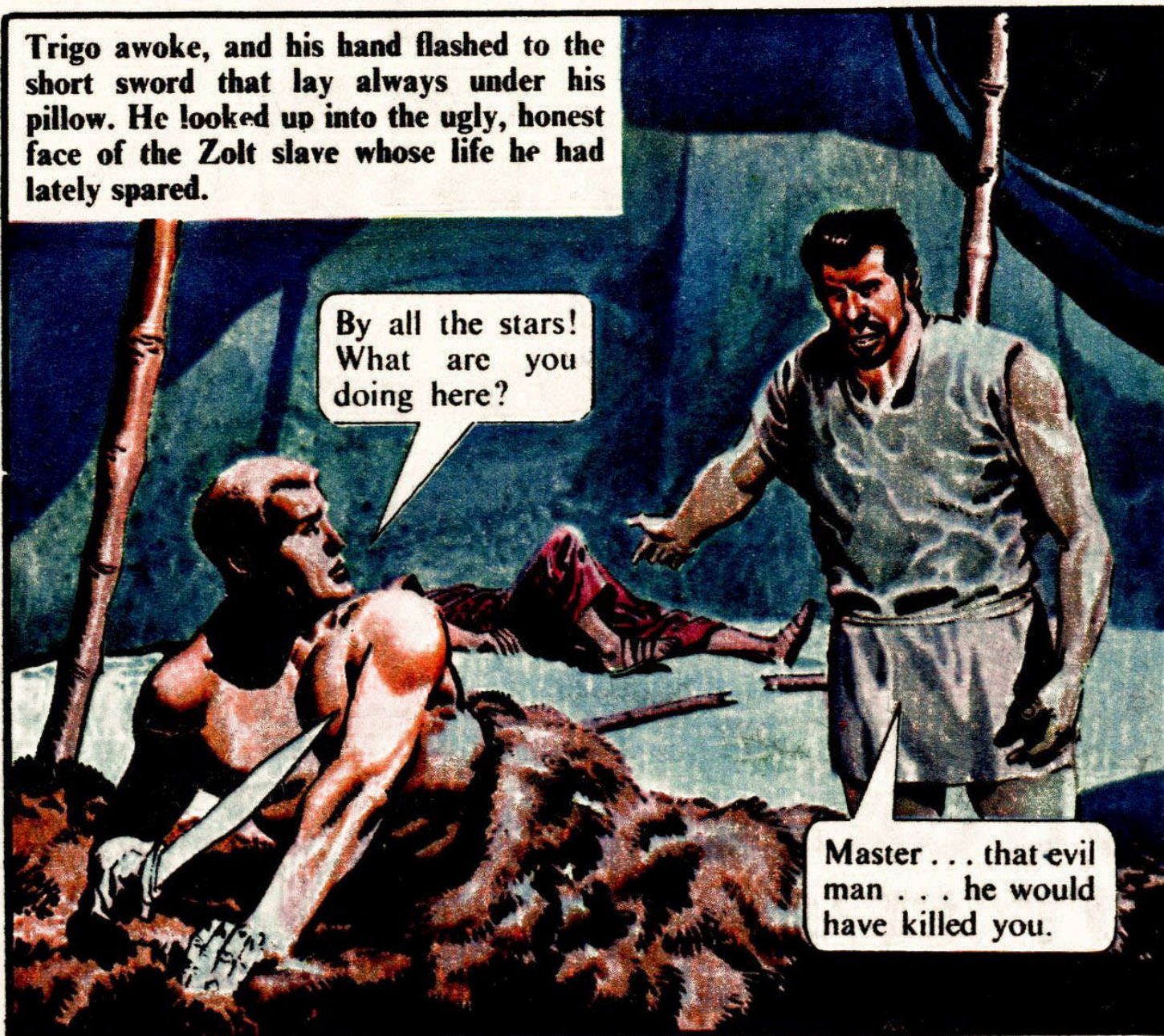
You shall not be made the leader of our people on the morrow, my fine brother.



An instant before the blade would have carved the life out of Trigo, a massive figure leaped from the far shadows of the tent . . . a mighty arm was wrapped about Klud's neck . . .



. . . and he was hurled, like a broken doll, to the farthest recesses of the tent.



Trigo awoke, and his hand flashed to the short sword that lay always under his pillow. He looked up into the ugly, honest face of the Zolt slave whose life he had lately spared.

By all the stars! What are you doing here?

Master . . . that evil man . . . he would have killed you.

The mighty Zolt lifted up the half-senseless figure of Klud . . . Trigo saw the fallen knife . . . saw the look of guilt in his brother's face, and he *knew* . . .



Klud! I knew you hated me, and were jealous of me . . . but . . . to have slain your own brother.

Bitterness and regret marred the fine features of Trigo of Vorg . . .

There is no escape for you. The ancient law will have to take its course. On the morrow, you will be judged and condemned by the elders of our people.

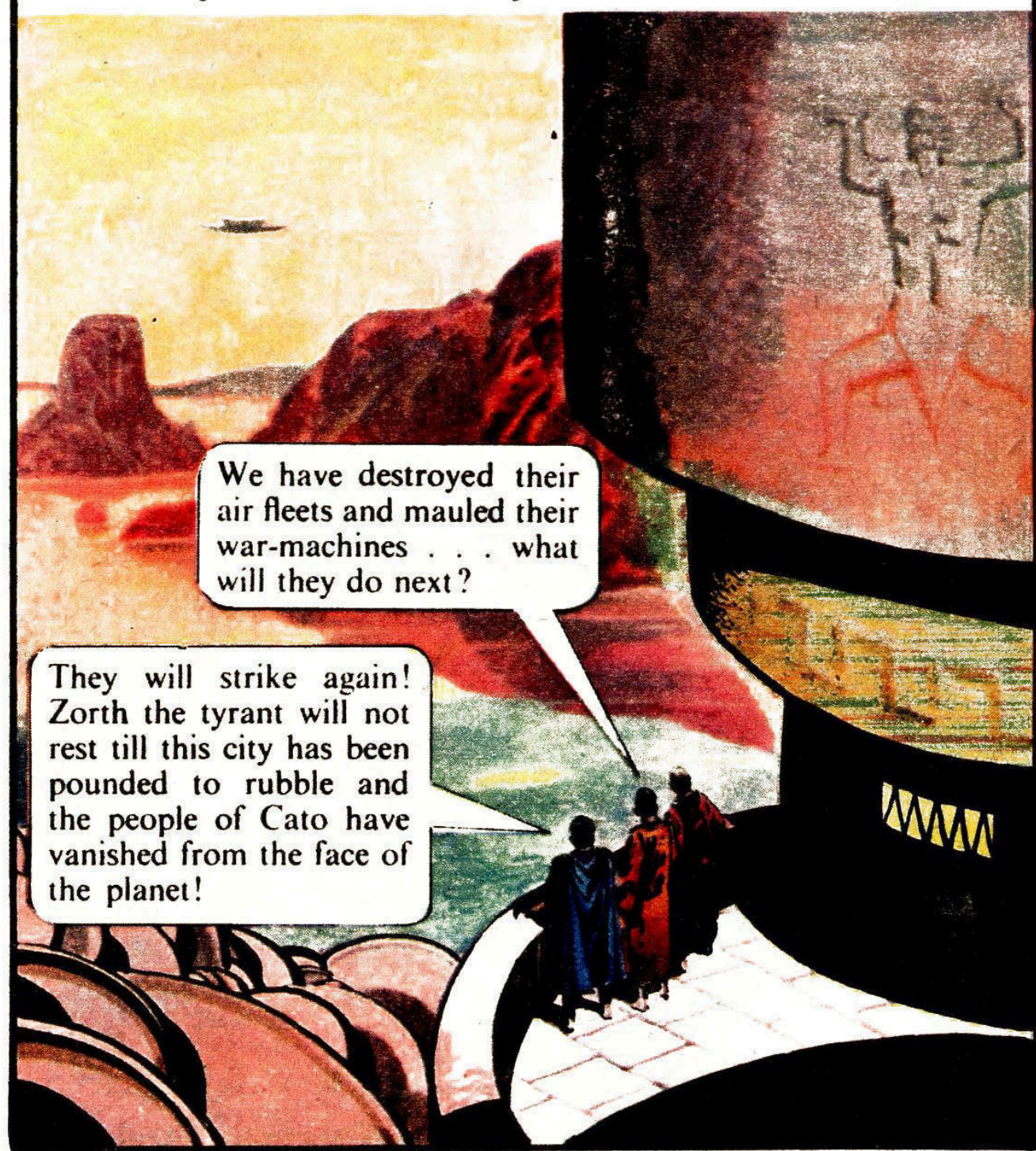




Meanwhile, it was midday in Cato. All that remained of that peace-loving country after they had flooded their low-lying ground to destroy the ground forces of the invading Lokans was the city on the mountain side. And an atmosphere scout of Loka circled above the mountain city.



The chief captains of Cato stared up at the enemy craft, and wondered.



We have destroyed their air fleets and mauled their war-machines . . . what will they do next?

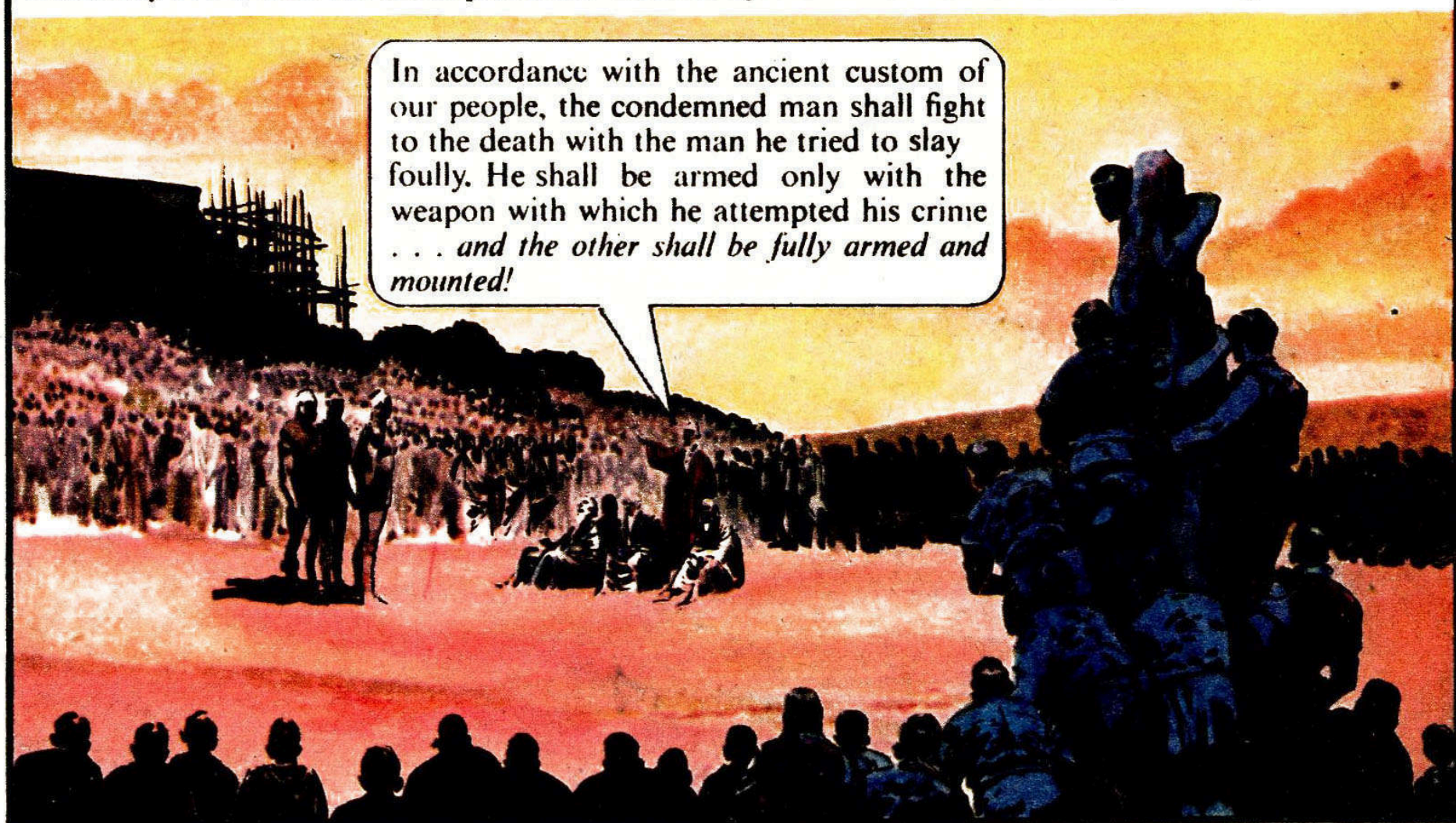
They will strike again! Zorth the tyrant will not rest till this city has been pounded to rubble and the people of Cato have vanished from the face of the planet!

From the atmosphere scout, Zorth the Lord of Loka glared down upon the city that still defied his might . . . and he came to a terrible decision . . .



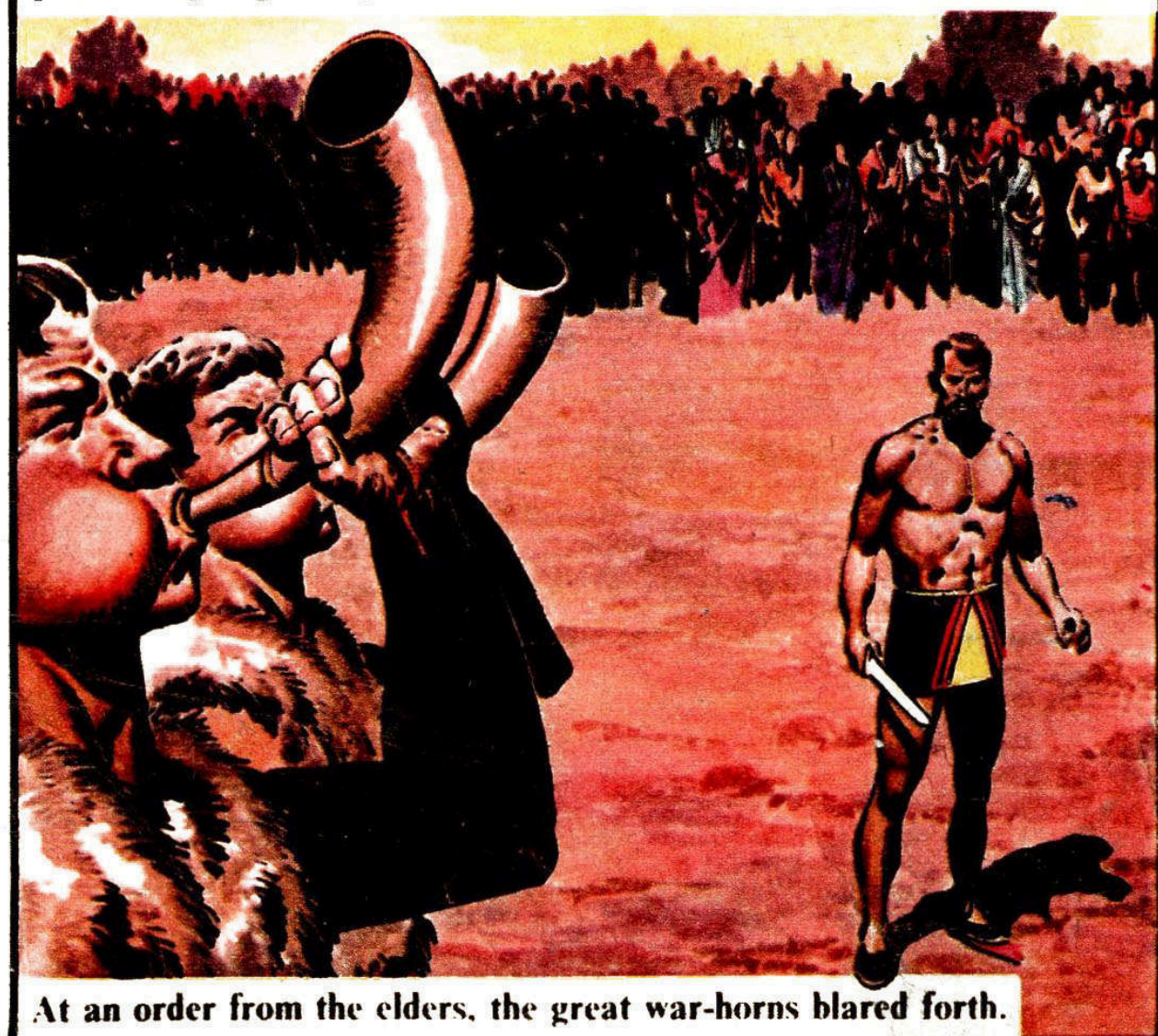
I swear that I will neither sleep nor eat whilst one stone rests upon the other in the city of Cato . . . this day, my war-navy will embark upon the flooded plain of Cato . . . and will pour down fire and destruction upon those accursed people!

Dawn broke in the Land of Vorg. All the people were assembled before the half-built walls of Trigo's dream city . . . to hear the elders pronounce sentence upon the man who had attempted to slay his brother.



In accordance with the ancient custom of our people, the condemned man shall fight to the death with the man he tried to slay foully. He shall be armed only with the weapon with which he attempted his crime . . . and the other shall be fully armed and mounted!

As the twin suns of Elekton rose high in the sky, Klud was led to a piece of open ground, and left to defend himself.



At an order from the elders, the great war-horns blared forth.



. . . and that was the signal for Trigo to charge down upon his treacherous brother.

Now the brothers must fight to the death. And against the treacherous Klud the odds are overwhelming . . .



Trigo defies the ancient custom of the Vorgs. He will fight his brother to the death—on equal terms!

# The RISE and FALL of the TRIGAN EMPIRE

On the eve of his appointment as the sole leader of the Vorg people, Trigo narrowly escaped assassination at the hands of his own brother Klud. According to the custom of the Vorgs, the two brothers must now fight a duel . . . Klud armed only with a knife with which he meant to commit the assassination, and Trigo armed to the teeth . . . A dozen headlong strides from the crouching figure of his brother, Trigo reined in his kreed and threw his war-spear to the ground so that it broke asunder . . .

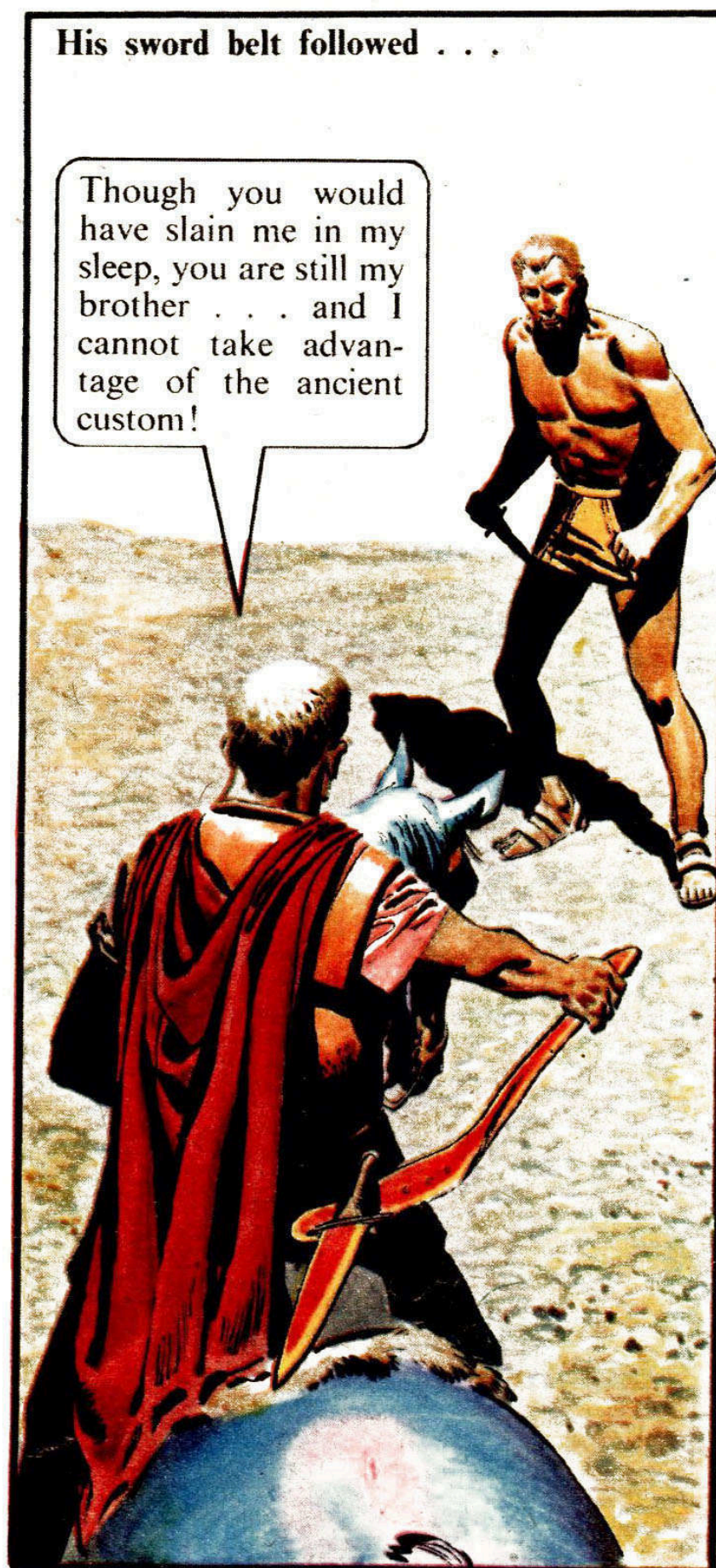
This strange and terrible history is taken from the first book of Trigan . . . one of the wondrous volumes found in the wreckage of the unearthly cosmo-craft that plunged to its doom in the green slime of a Florida swamp . . . and translated by Professor Richard Peter Haddon of Boston, Massachusetts, in 1965.



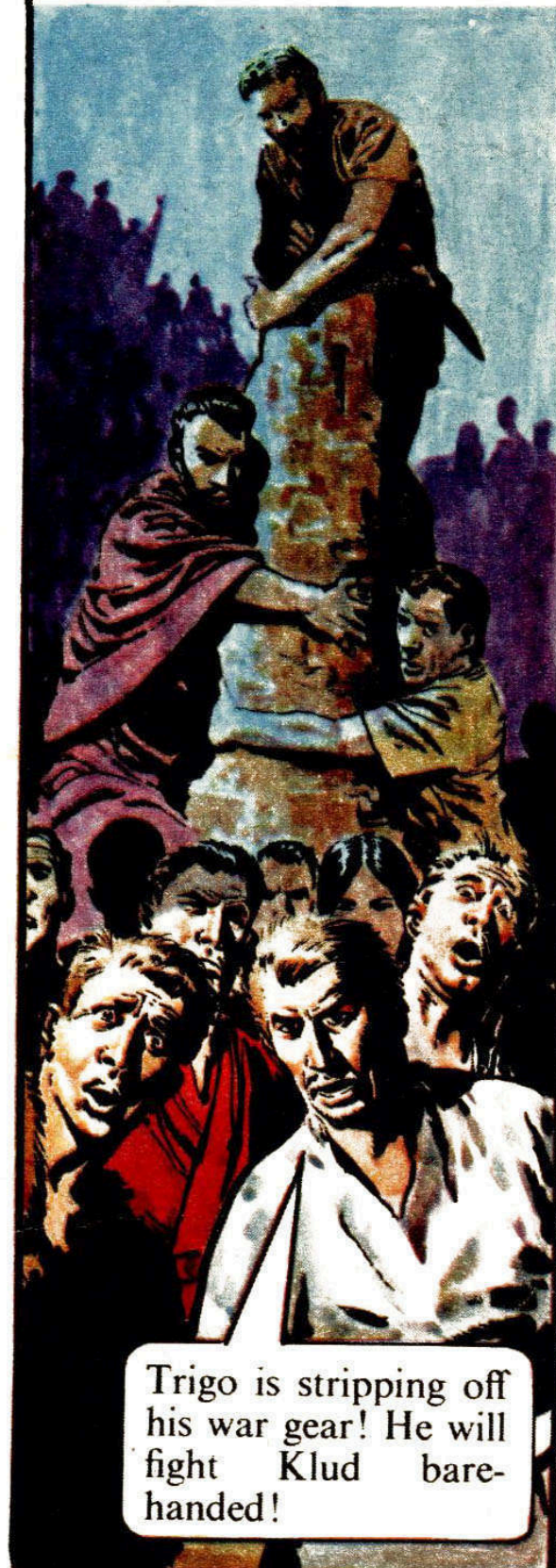
No, I cannot do it!

His sword belt followed . . .

Though you would have slain me in my sleep, you are still my brother . . . and I cannot take advantage of the ancient custom!



The people of Vorg stared in wide-eyed wonder upon the scene . . .



Trigo is stripping off his war gear! He will fight Klud bare-handed!

Having cast aside arms and armour, Trigo leapt headlong from his mount with a challenging shout . . .

Trigo smashed into his adversary with bone-jarring force and struck at the other's knife-arm. The weapon spun to the ground some distance away.

Their lifetimes of hunting and warring on the plains of Vorg had hardened both brothers, and they were evenly matched. The duel became a battle for the possession of the knife, with which Klud sought to make a quick end to the struggle . . .

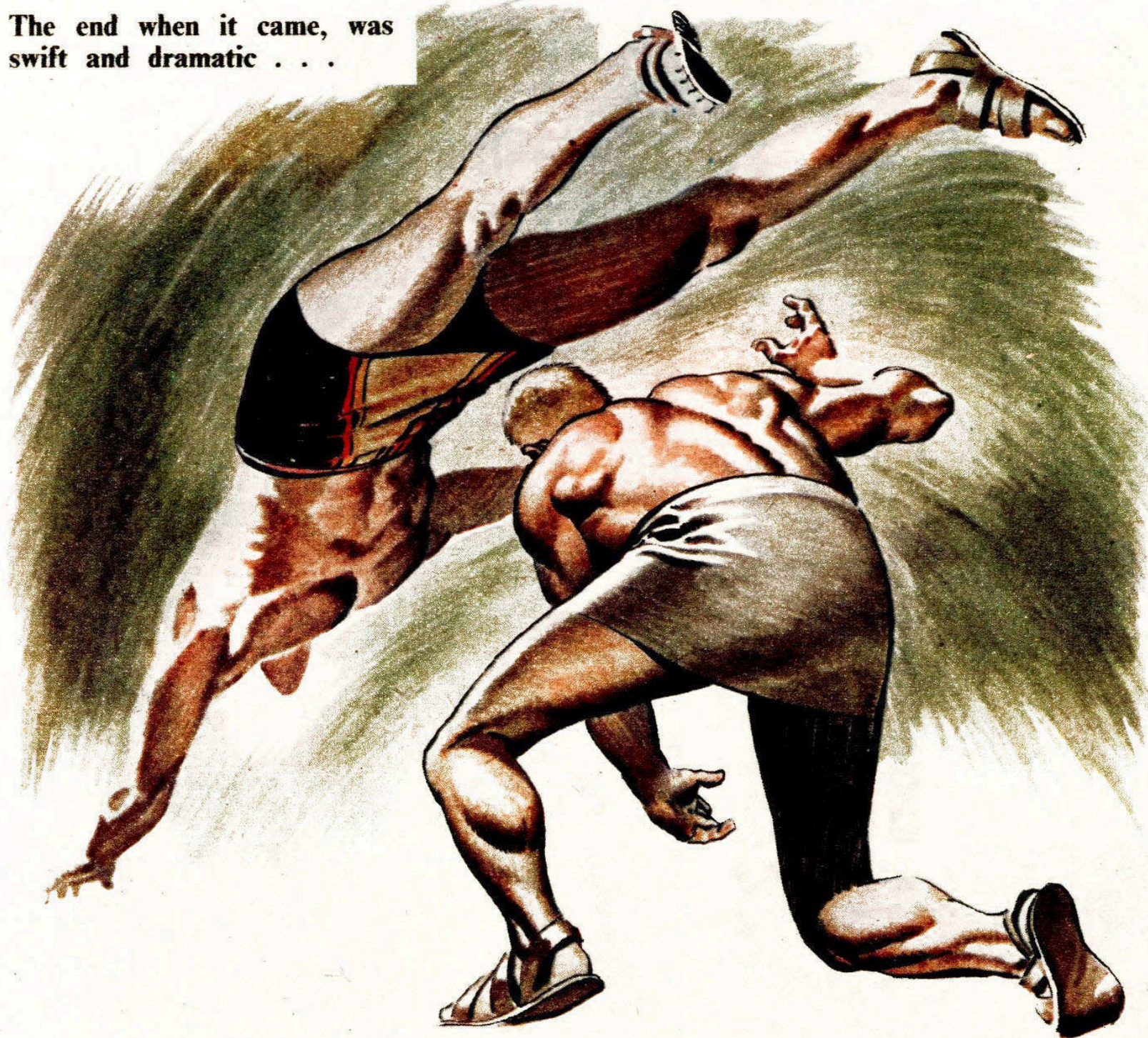
I will fight you man-to-man brother!

You will regret it!





The end when it came, was swift and dramatic . . .



Klud fell heavily, and lay still. Trigo stood, victorious, and received the salutations of his people.



Then the joyful shouts died in countless throats as Trigo was seen to stagger and nearly fall.



Few noticed his hand make a convulsive movement towards a tiny scratch on his arm . . . where Klud's knife had nicked him slightly.

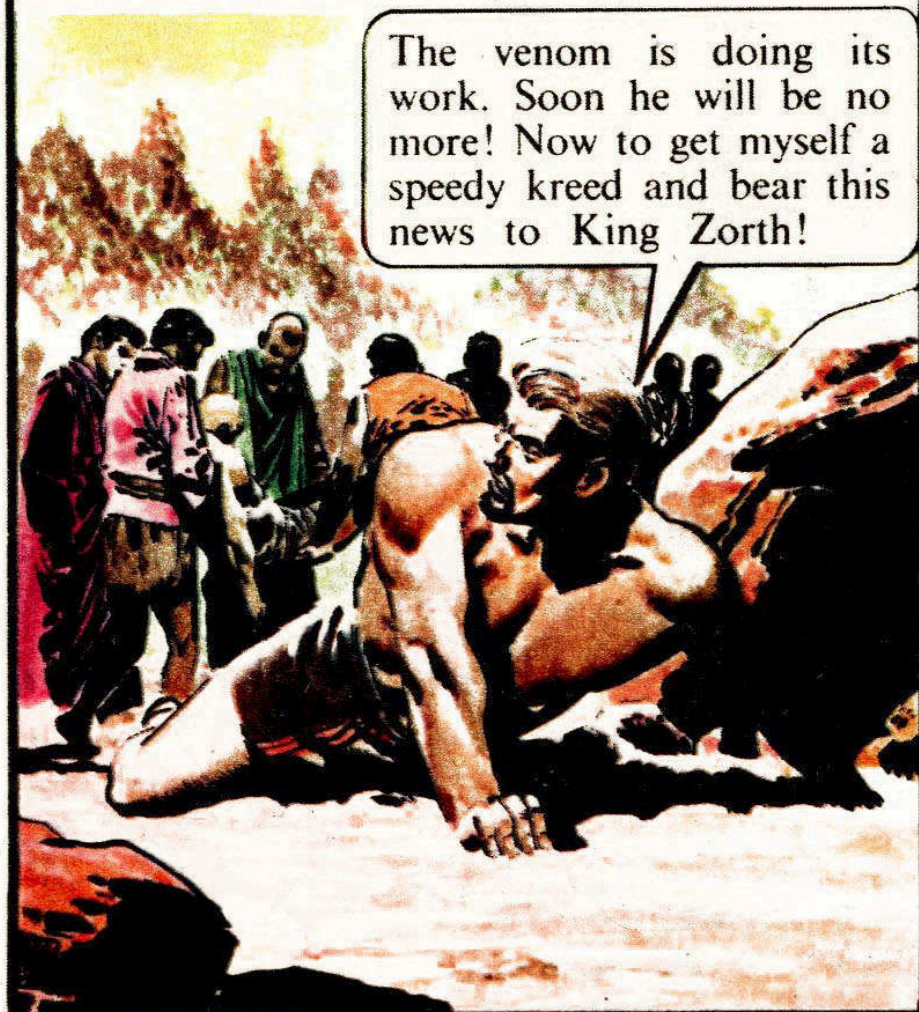
Trigo collapsed into the arms of the first men to reach him . . .

By the stars . . . he is as pale as death!



Unknown to anyone else Klud's blade had been dipped into the venom of a deadly serpent whose bite was certain death!

The Vorgs swarmed after the men bearing their stricken leader . . . no one spared a glance for the defeated Klud, who raised himself painfully from the ground and crept away . . .



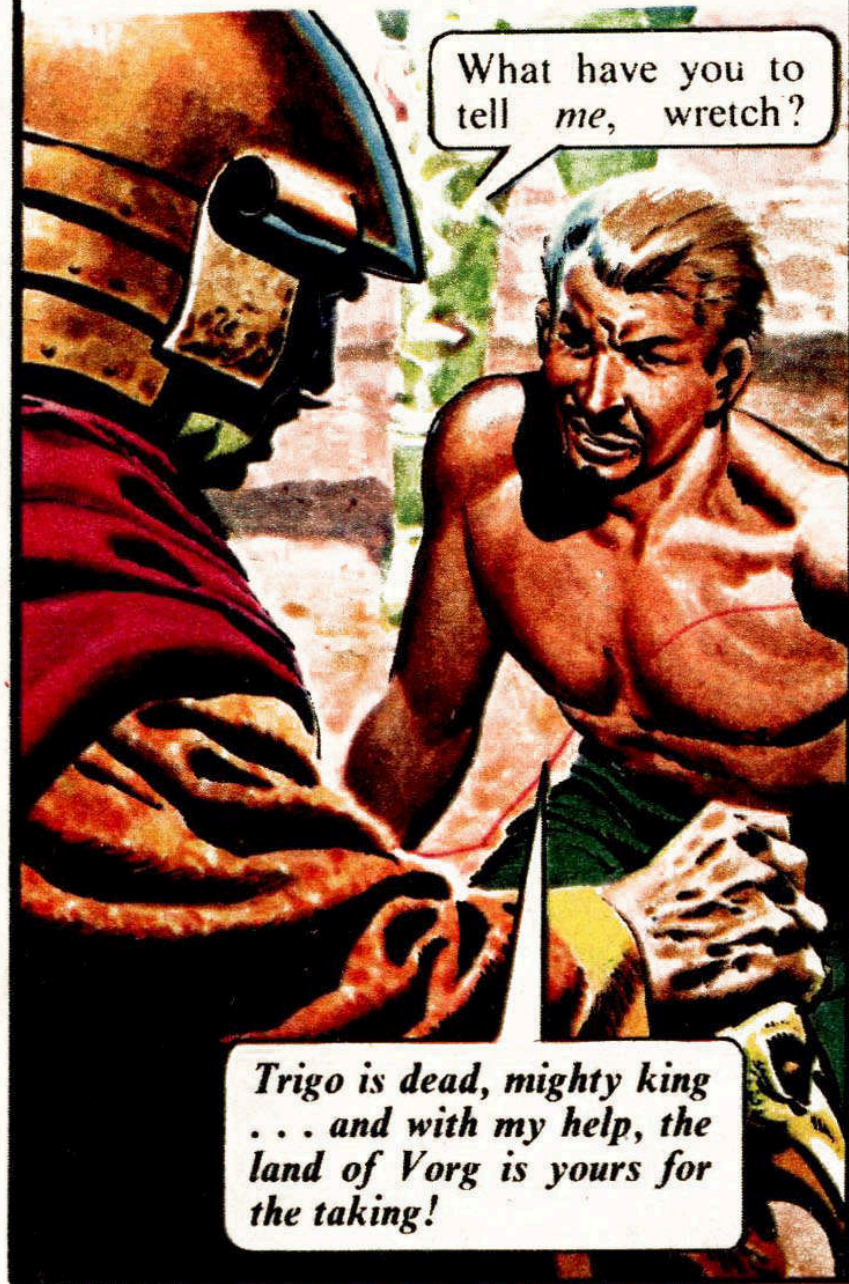
Meanwhile, in nearby Cato, the conquering forces of the tyrant King Zorth of Loka were preparing to make a naval assault upon the capital city of that land. Towards sunset, an atmosphere scout landed near King Zorth's headquarters . . .



The craft landed, and the crewmen dragged out a man whom they threw at the feet of their merciless king.



The prisoner was Klud. He raised his eyes to meet those of King Zorth . . .



Now the tyrant king may switch his attack to defenceless Vorg—thanks to the traitorous Klud!



The treacherous Klud pleads before the tyrant king—and gets an answer that terrifies him!

# The RISE and FALL of the TRIGAN EMPIRE

This strange history is taken from the First Book of Trigan ... one of the wondrous volumes found in the wreckage of

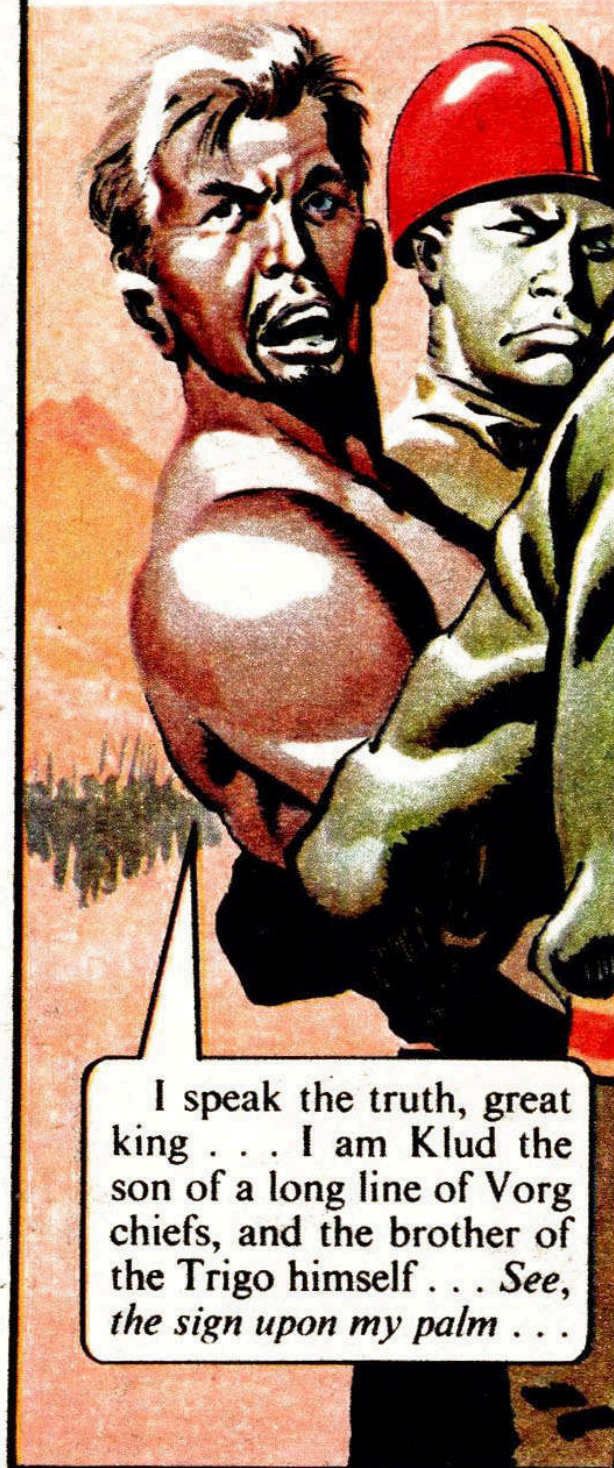
the cosmo-craft that plunged to its doom in the green slime of a Florida swamp.

Trigo, the leader of the Vorgs, lies near to death after a duel with his brother Klud. Klud has made his escape to the camp of the tyrant King Zorth of Loka, whose aim is the conquest of the planet Elekton. Klud claims that Trigo is dead ... and offers Zorth the land of Vorg.

King Zorth scowled contemptuously at the unkempt figure crouched at his feet, and snarled a savage order ...



Struggling wildly, the traitorous Klud was dragged away to meet his fate ...



The sight of the strange insignia caused a murmur of surprise amongst the warriors surrounding King Zorth ... and the tyrant's eyes narrowed cunningly ...

It is indeed the mark that Vorg chiefs place upon their sons' hands at birth!



You spoke of the land of Vorg being mine for the taking, Klud ... speak on!

Klud bared his teeth in a smile of triumph ... he knew that he had Zorth's full attention ...

My brother is dead, all-highest, or at death's door ... Give me a small fleet of fighting-craft and a hundred well-armed men and I will take Vorg and deliver its people to you as slaves!



Meanwhile, there was grief in the land of Vorg. The people stood silently before the tent of their stricken leader. Even strong men wept ...



Within the tent the tribal doctors were striving with their ancient magical arts to save the life that was ebbing from Trigo's powerful frame with every flagging breath ...





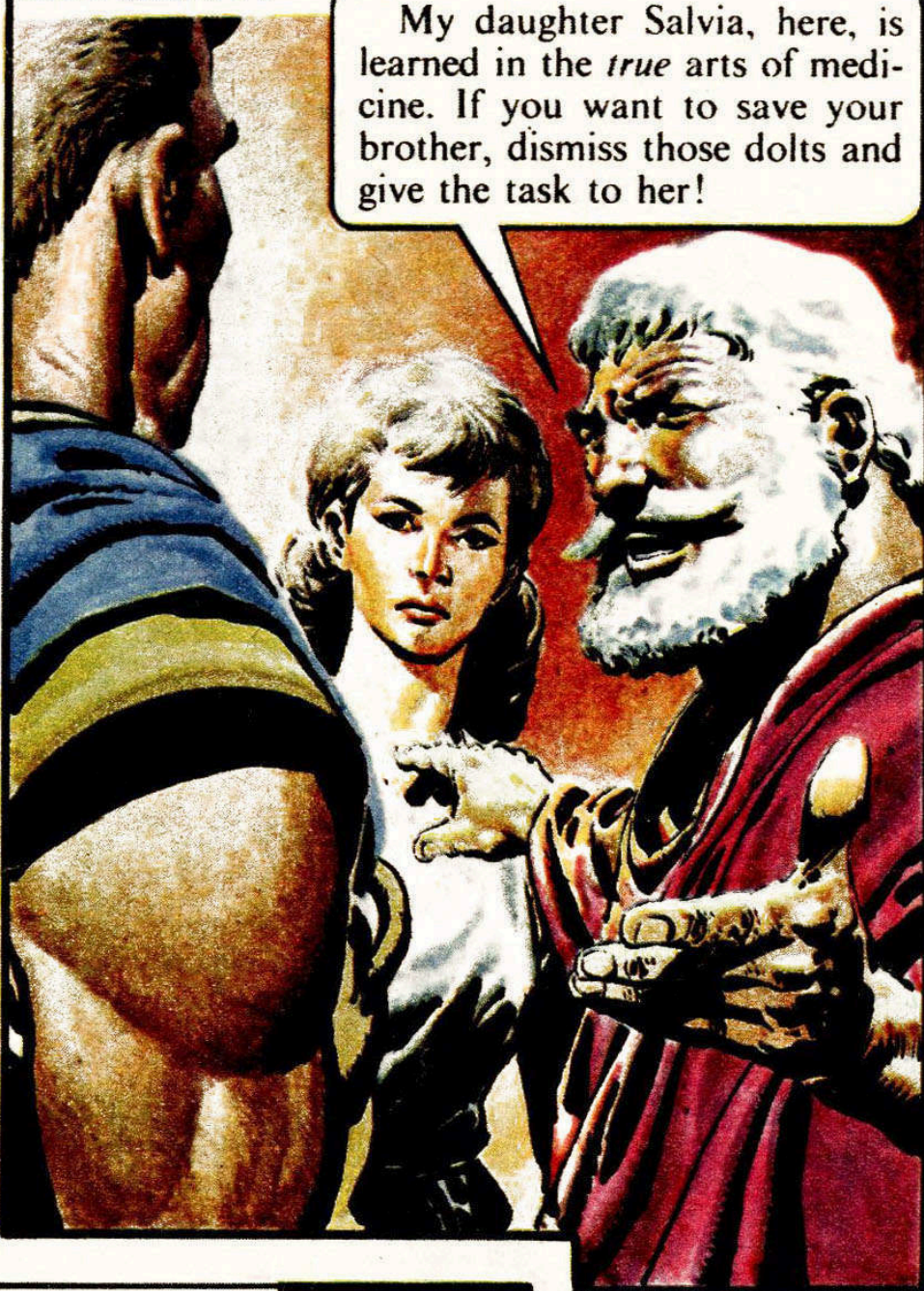
Trigo's other brother Brag turned his sorrow-filled, honest eyes in amazement as the man at his elbow exclaimed scornfully . . .



The babbling of ignorant old men will not save Trigo!

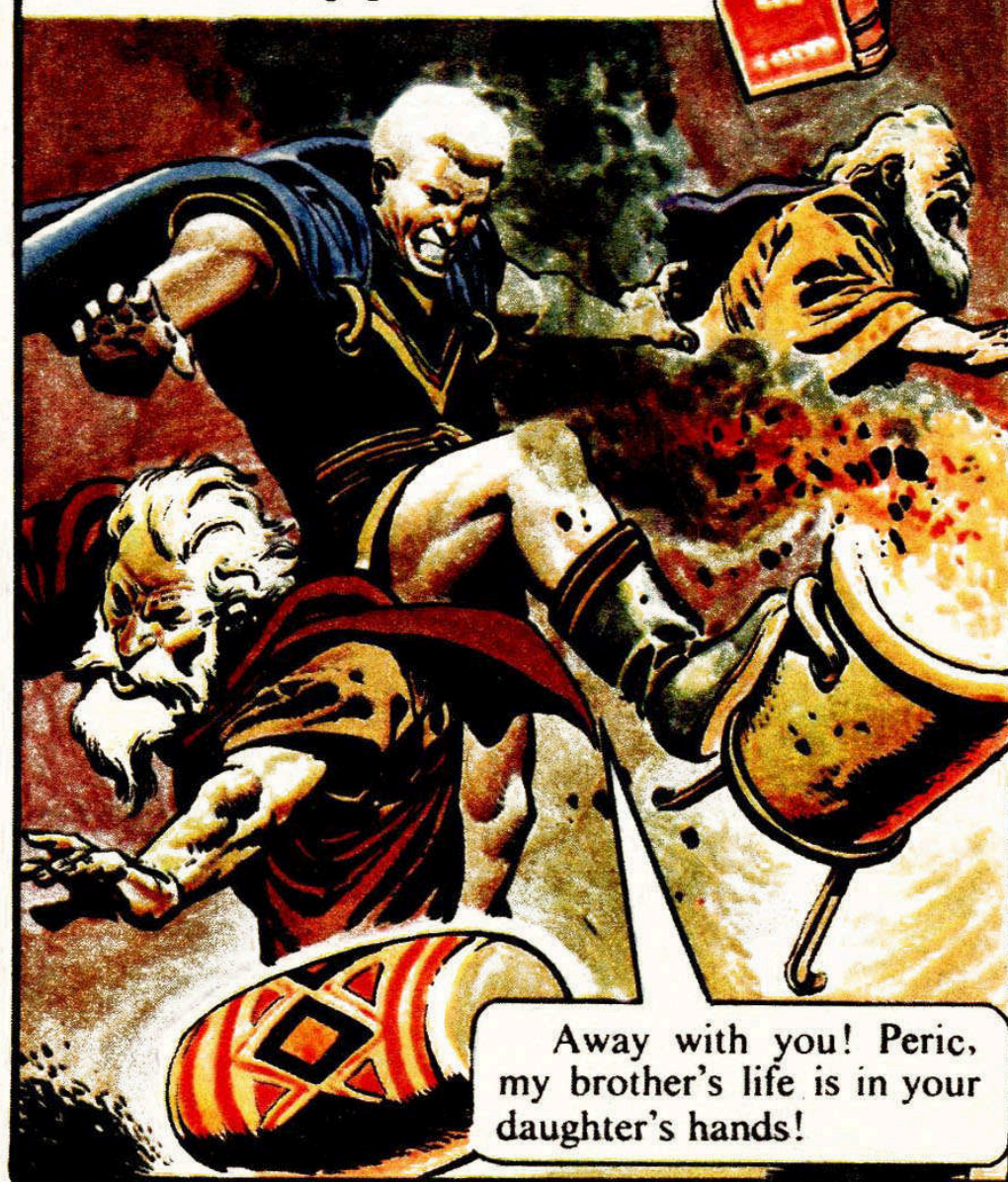
What are you saying? . . . These are the finest doctors among our people!

Peric, the architect of Tharv, indicated the girl who stood near . . .



My daughter Salvia, here, is learned in the *true* arts of medicine. If you want to save your brother, dismiss those dolts and give the task to her!

Brag was a slow-moving, slow-thinking man . . . but concern for his beloved brother brought him to a quick decision. He scattered the doctors and their equipment . . .



Away with you! Peric, my brother's life is in your daughter's hands!

The girl Salvia knelt by the dying man and lifted up one limp arm . . .



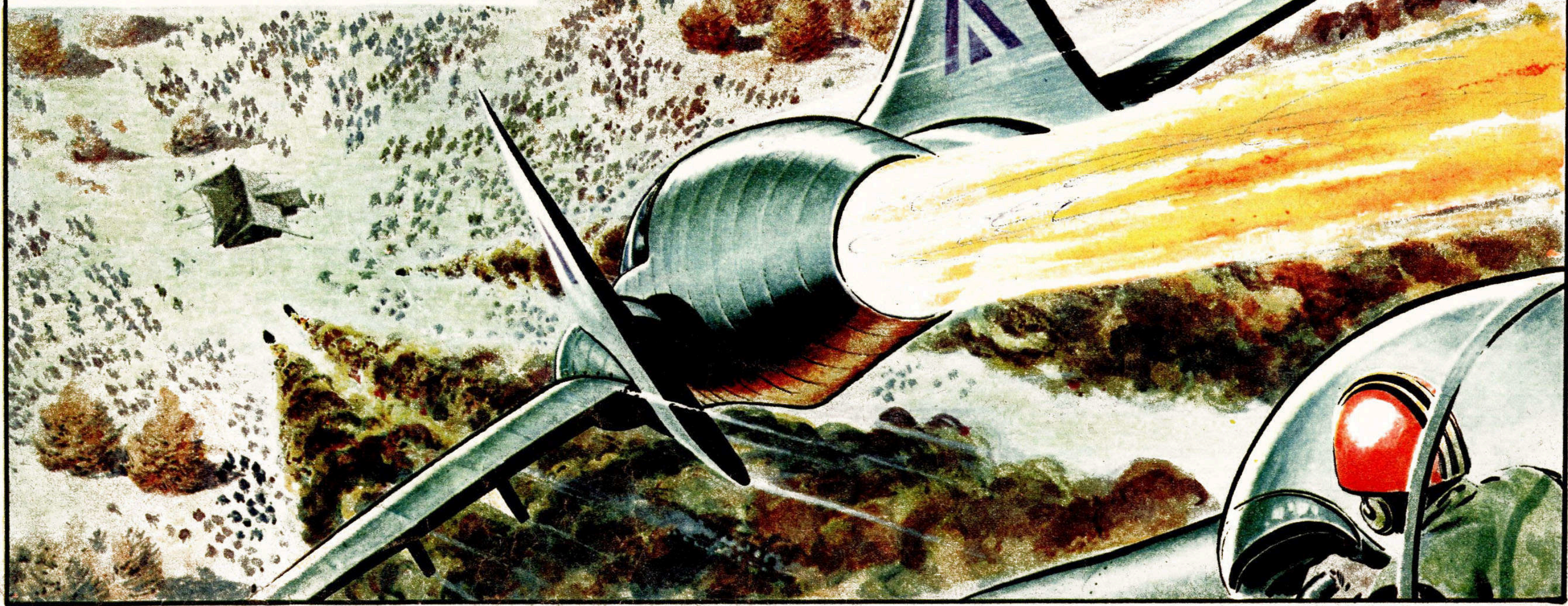
There is poison in his body, and it must be drawn out if he is to live . . .

It was at that instant that a great roaring sound filled the air above the five hills of Vorg . . . and out of the sun came a flight of fighting craft, flying low . . .



The Lokans are here!

King Zorth had agreed to Klud's plan - and Trigo's treacherous brother was in the foremost craft that opened fire with its deadly heat projectiles upon the multitude below . . .



It looks like triumph for the traitor Klud as death sweeps from the air upon the land of Vorg!

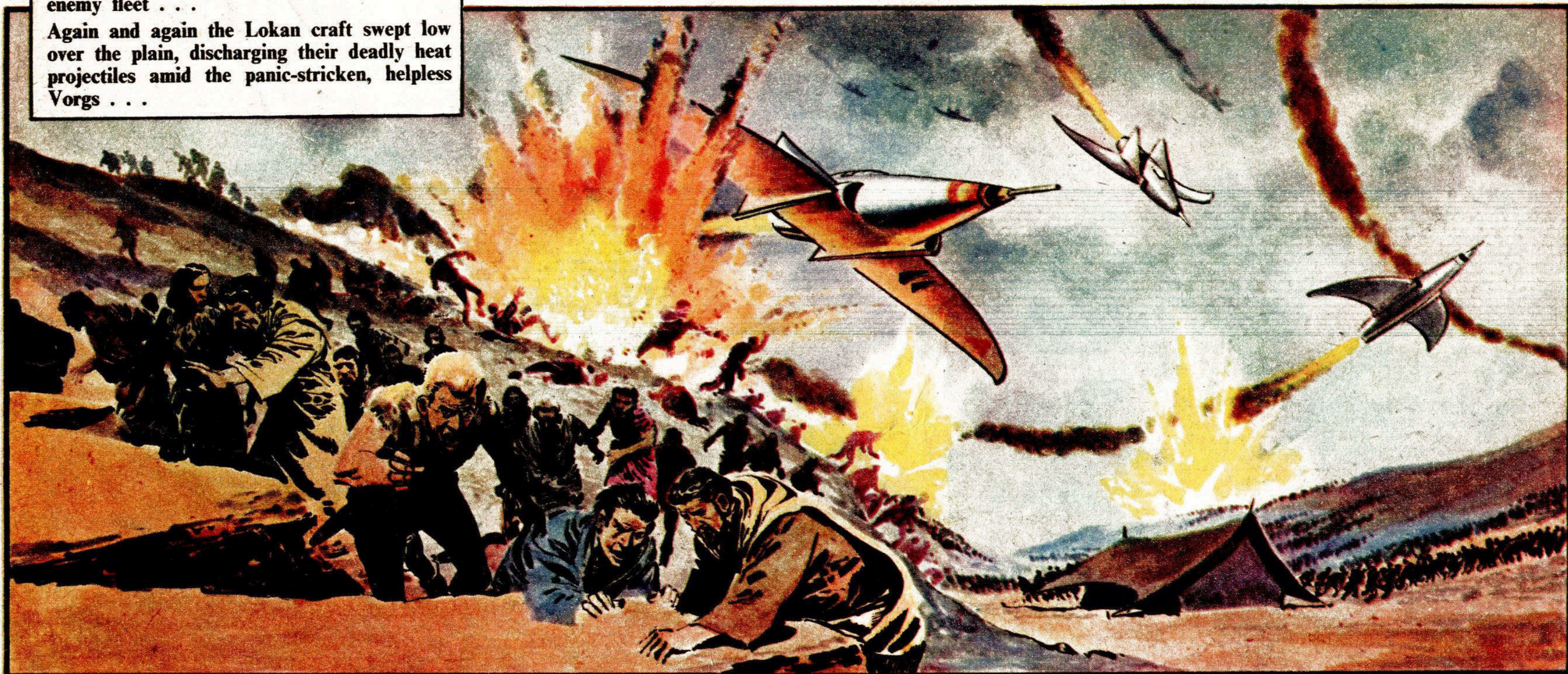


This strange history is taken from the first book of Trigan, one of the volumes found in the wreckage of the cosmocraft that plunged to its doom in a Florida swamp, and translated by an American professor. We return to the planet Elekton...

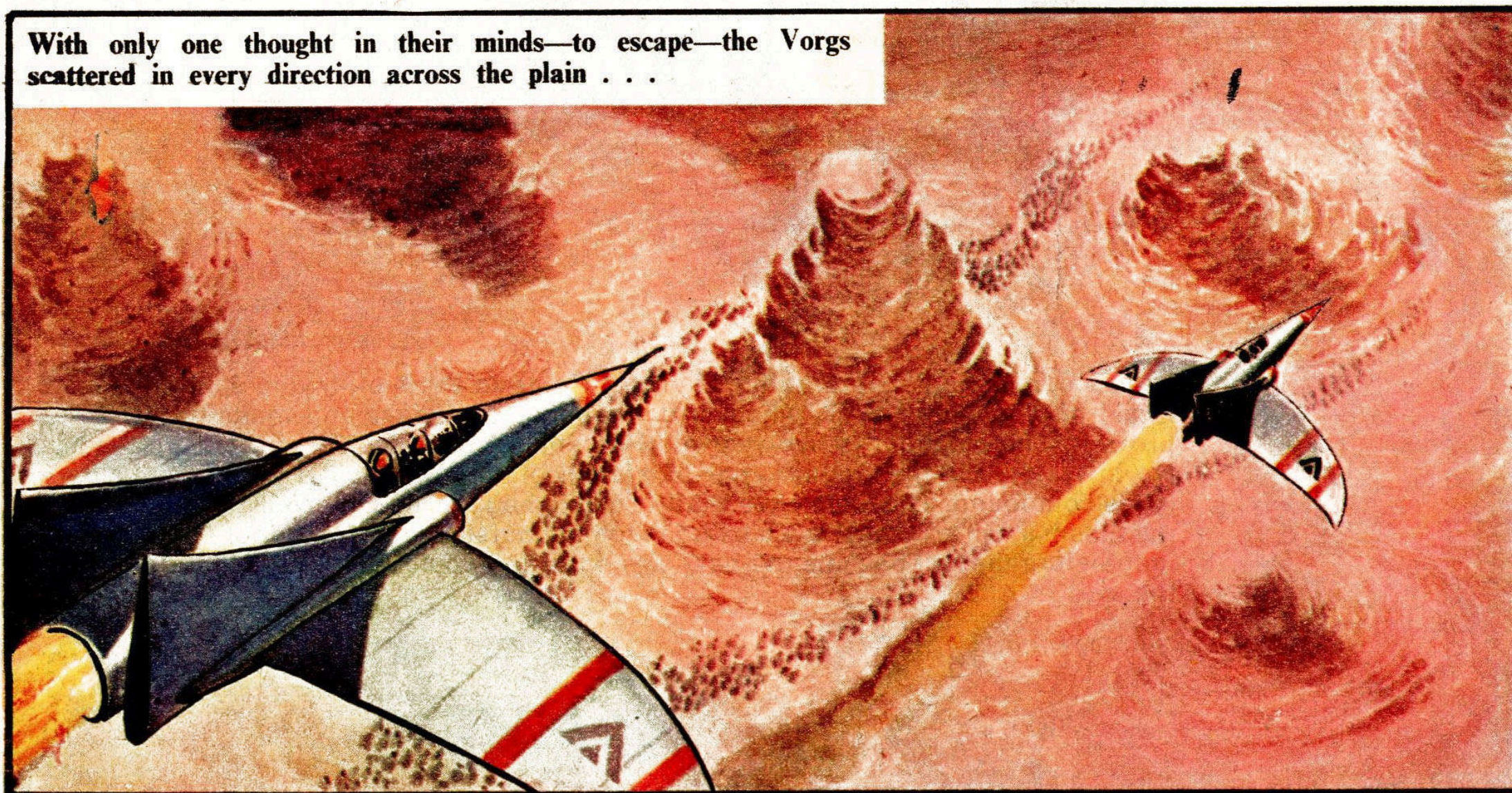
# The RISE and FALL of the TRIGAN EMPIRE

Trigo, the leader of the primitive Vorgs, lies near to death in his tent while an invading air fleet of Loka circles overhead. And it is Trigo's treacherous brother, Klud, who commands the enemy fleet...

Again and again the Lokan craft swept low over the plain, discharging their deadly heat projectiles amid the panic-stricken, helpless Vorgs...



With only one thought in their minds—to escape—the Vorgs scattered in every direction across the plain...



From the leading craft, the treacherous Klud—now wearing the insignia of a Lokan officer—looked down upon the rout below...



The Vorgs will offer no resistance now. Let them be rounded up as slaves!

At Klud's orders, a party of airborne warriors plummeted from each craft...



They fell from the sky like swooping hawks... A short distance from the ground, each warrior was brought up safely by the rocket pack on his back...





Meanwhile, in Trigo's half-wrecked tent, the girl Salvia was fighting for the life of the leader of the Vorgs . . .

He still breathes . . .

There is hope for him, if I can draw out the poison.

Trigo's faithful brother Brag watched anxiously . . .

And then . . .

They are dropping warriors from the sky, Brag . . . about a hundred of them. And they are rounding up our people like animals!

How many warriors can we muster?

Most have fled to the plains with their families. We can muster about twenty, perhaps a few more—fellows like me, who have no loved ones to worry about.

Then we will fight!

Brag took his sad farewell of the brother he might never see again . . .

Goodbye, my leader. We may never meet again . . . I go to conquer, or to die!

Hurry, Brag! There are Lokans to be slain!

Some time later, Brag was crouching behind a rocky outcrop and looking across the plain . . .

That is their strong point . . . that heat projectile gun.

Brag was not a great leader, but his animal courage told him what had to be done . . .

We will take the gun in one sweeping charge!

It cannot be done . . . but, by the stars, let us do it!

In a sandy hollow nearby a score of hardened warrior-huntmen—the last hope of the Vorg people—clutched the hafts of their long spears more tightly as Brag swung himself astride his kreed . . .

We are going to charge. It may be the last charge we ever make, so I will say farewell to you now! Let's go!

And so brave Brag begins his suicide charge—the last desperate hope of his crippled nation!

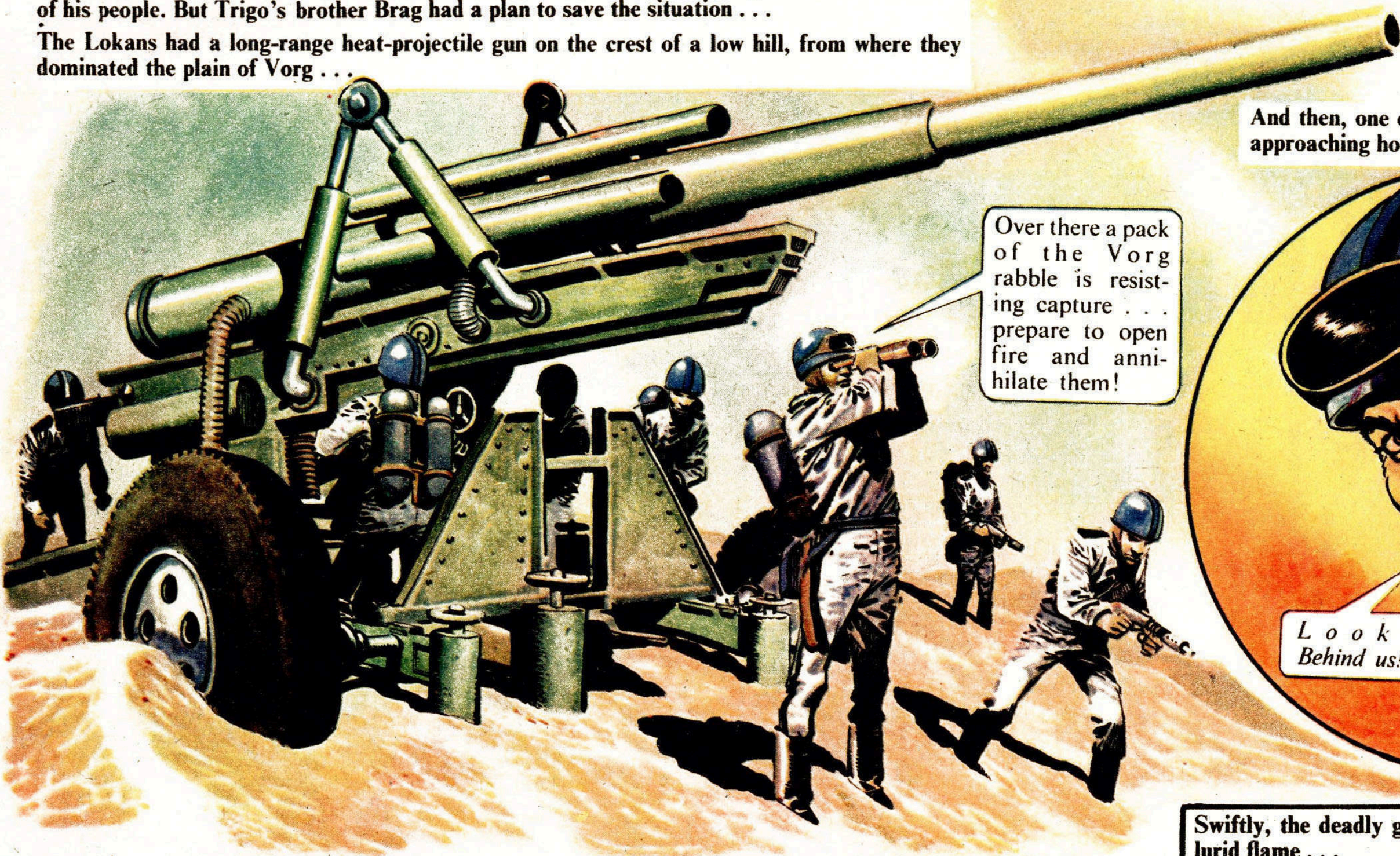


The hero of the Vorgs leads the death charge of his cavalry—against the deadliest gun on the planet!

# The RISE and FALL of the TRIGAN EMPIRE

Trigo, leader of the Vorgs, lay near death in his tent . . . while the invading Lokans made slaves of his people. But Trigo's brother Brag had a plan to save the situation . . .

The Lokans had a long-range heat-projectile gun on the crest of a low hill, from where they dominated the plain of Vorg . . .



And then, one of the gun crew turned at the sound of approaching hoof beats . . .

Over there a pack of the Vorg rabble is resisting capture . . . prepare to open fire and annihilate them!



Look!  
Behind us!

They came at the full gallop with spear points gleaming in the sun and the war-cry of the Vorgs on their lips . . . a handful of warrior hunters led by Brag . . . charging straight for the gun!



For Vorg!  
For Vorg!

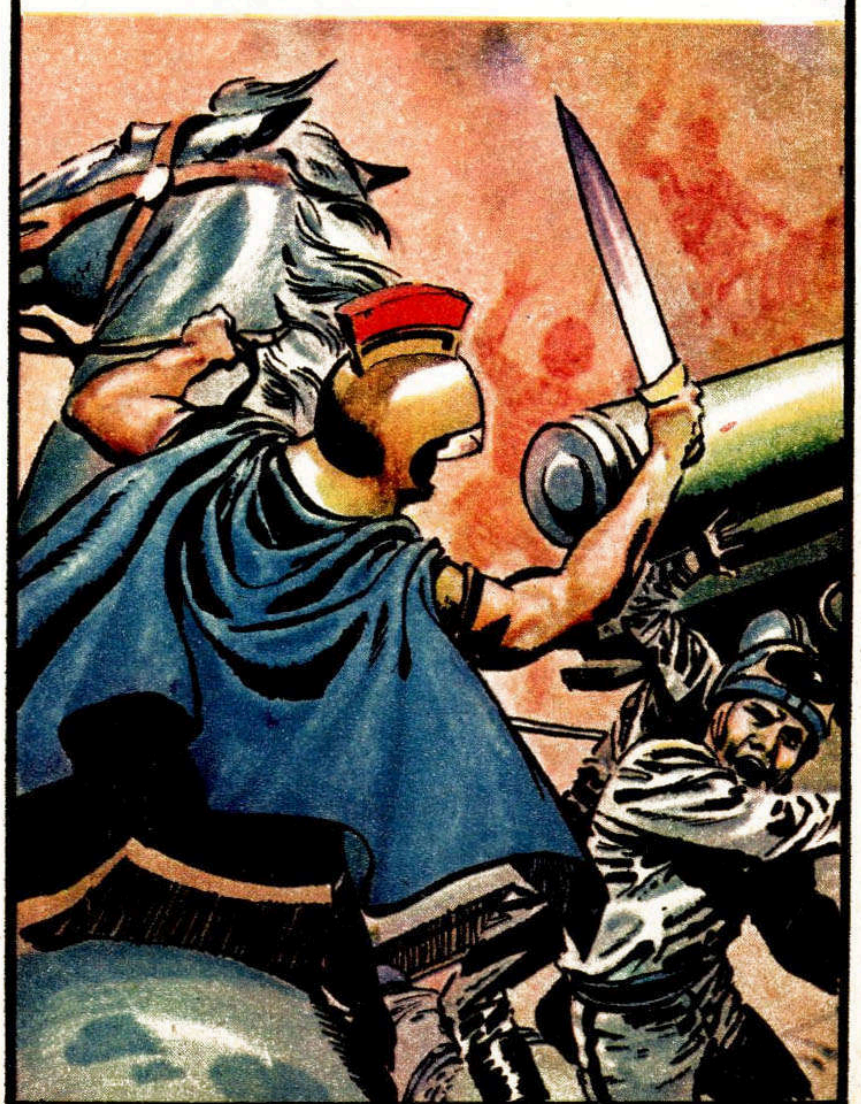
Swiftly, the deadly gunpoint swept round . . . stabbed its lurid flame . . .



Half of Brag's tiny force was wiped out by the first searing blast of heat. But the rest came on, thundering up the slope.



Brag reached the hillcrest and his great sword sliced downwards.





And then it was all over. The strong point was taken. But of the gallant company of warrior huntsmen who had commenced that magnificent charge, only Brag and one other remained alive.



We did it, Brag! We did the impossible!

Cease your idle chatter. Help me put this accursed gun to good use.

The deadly weapon was simple to operate, even for a pair of half-civilised warrior-huntsmen. Lokan warriors busy rounding up the fleeing people of Vorg dropped their weapons in panic at the first discharge.



The Vorgs have captured the gun!

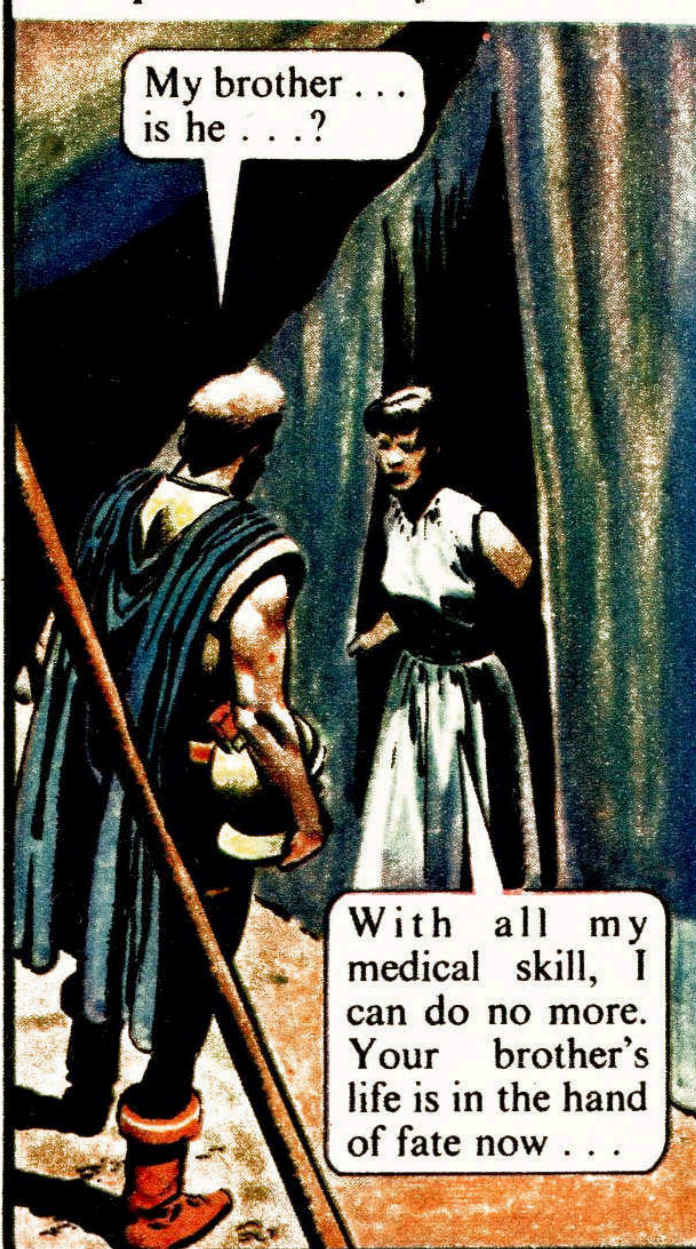
The Lokans surrendered . . . But in his moment of triumph, one bitter thought dinned in the mind of the valiant Brag.



This day will be long remembered by our people!

Trigo . . . How fares my brother, Trigo?

He ran swiftly to Trigo's tent. The girl Salvia met him at the entrance, and Brag's stout heart lurched to see the expression in her eyes.



My brother . . . is he . . . ?

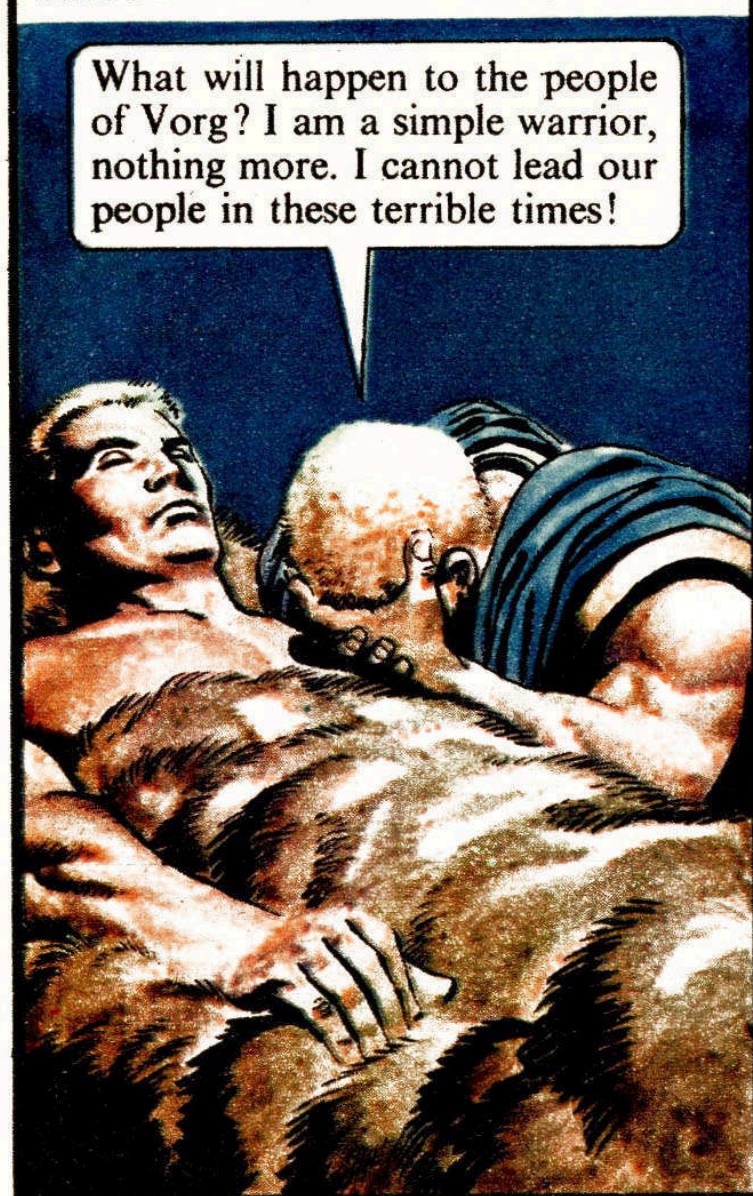
With all my medical skill, I can do no more. Your brother's life is in the hand of fate now . . .

It seemed to Brag—as he looked down at Trigo's ashen face—that the leader of the Vorgs was already lifeless . . .



I have drawn out the poison, but his great strength has been sapped. He is fading away like a flickering lantern flame . . .

The mighty Brag fell on his knees and buried his head in his hands . . .

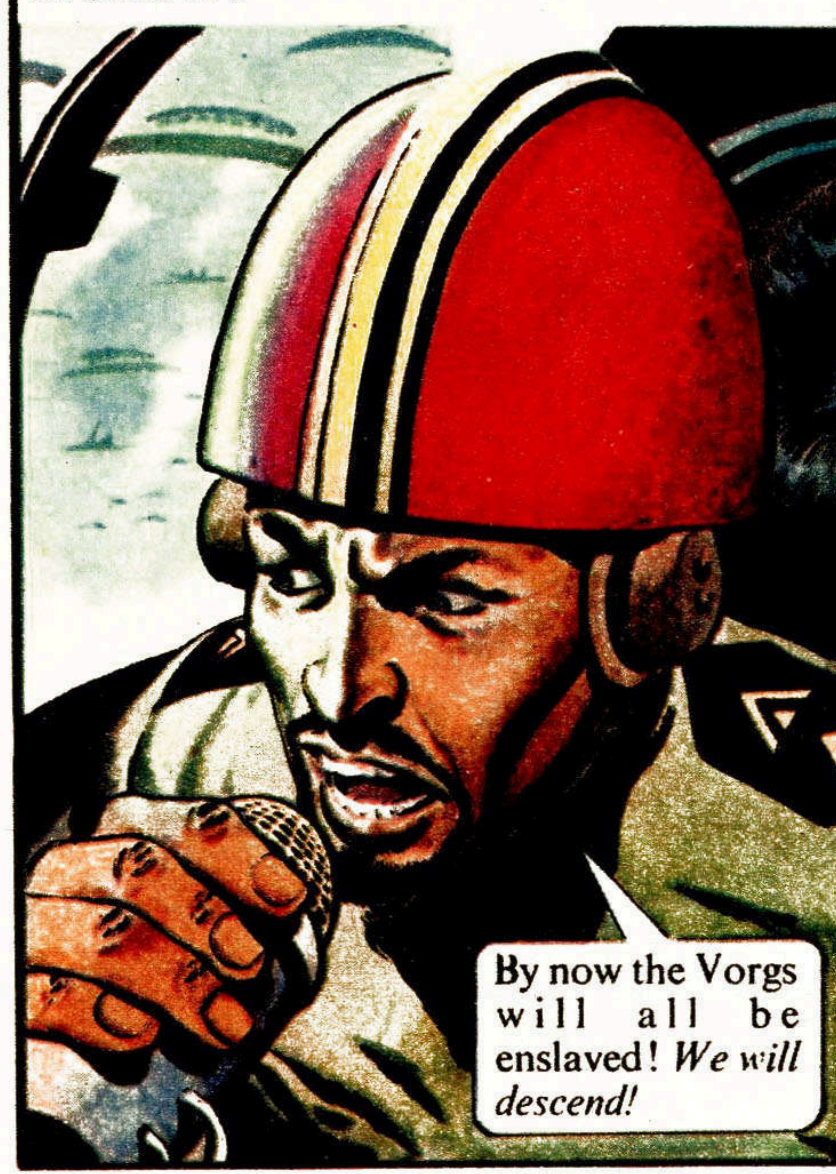


What will happen to the people of Vorg? I am a simple warrior, nothing more. I cannot lead our people in these terrible times!

Meanwhile, high above the plain, the air fleet of Loka circled . . . waiting for news from their ground forces below.



Commanding the invaders was Trigo's treacherous second brother Klud. He rasped an order . . .



By now the Vorgs will all be enslaved! We will descend!



Invaders from the sky descend upon Trigo's country—all set to crush the land of Vorg!

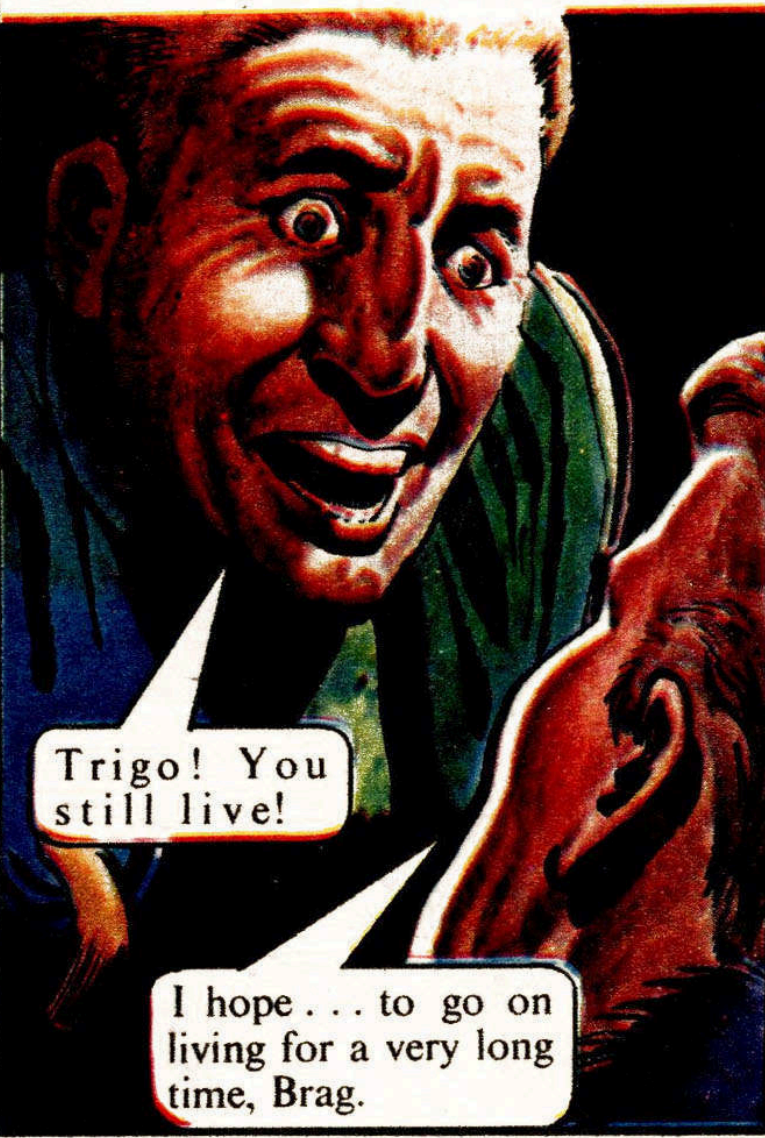
# The RISE and FALL of the TRIGAN EMPIRE

Trigo, the leader of the primitive Vorgs, lies near to death in his tent. One of his brothers—Brag—has just defeated the warriors of Loka, who invaded Vorg under the leadership of his treacherous second brother, Klud . . .

As the faithful Brag knelt grief-stricken by Trigo's side, it seemed to him that a hand reached out and touched him lightly on his shoulder.



He looked up—only half-believing—into the eyes of his beloved brother.



At that moment, a frantic Vorg warrior burst into the tent.



Swiftly, Brag informed his brother of what had been happening during his unconsciousness, and Trigo raised himself up, the flame of leadership burning brightly in his eyes . . .

*That air fleet must be ours! Use any means at your disposal, Brag, but capture those machines intact. With an air fleet we can build an empire to last a thousand years!*

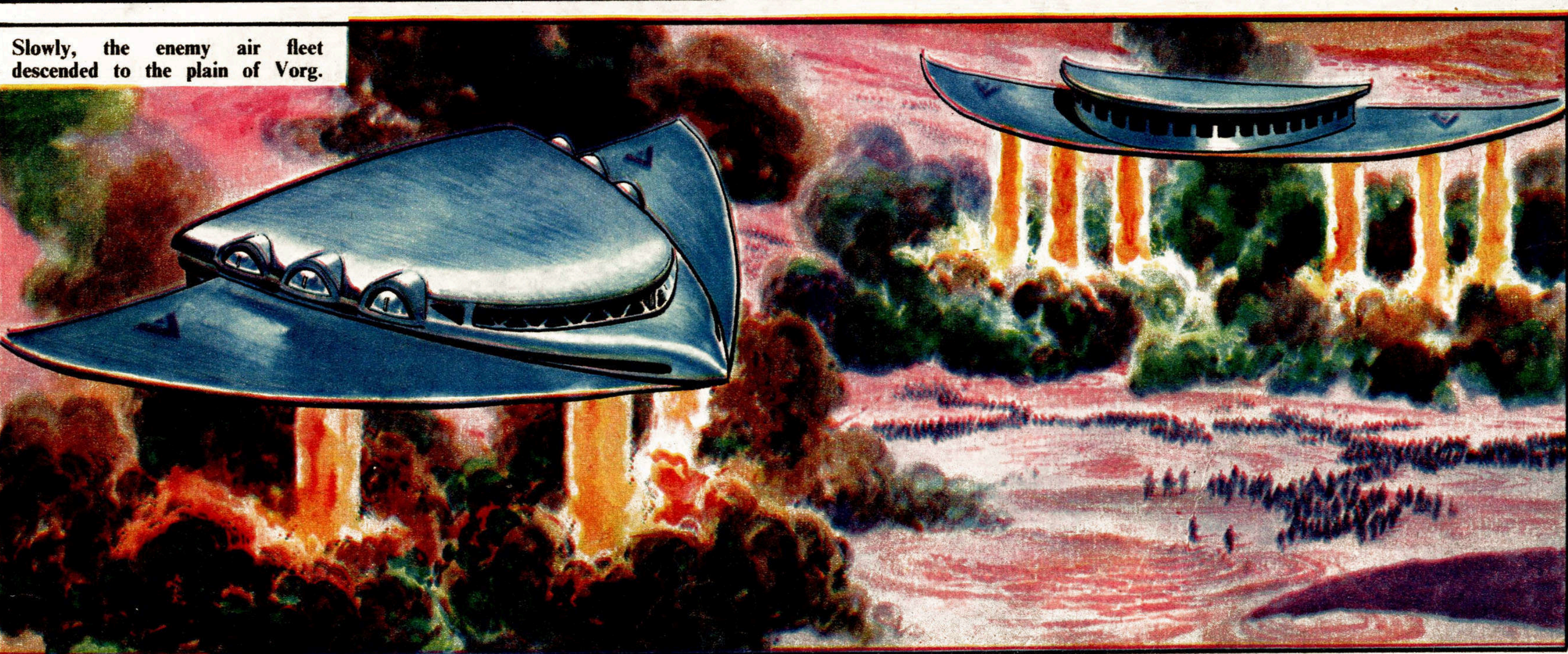


Brag stumbled out into the sunlight and looked up. High above, the silvery shapes of the Lokan atmosphere craft were descending in formation . . .

There is one way to do it—and only one way!



Slowly, the enemy air fleet descended to the plain of Vorg.





From the leading craft, Trigo's treacherous brother, Klud, gazed down in triumph upon the scene below. It seemed to him as if, down there, the Lokan army had swept to complete victory.

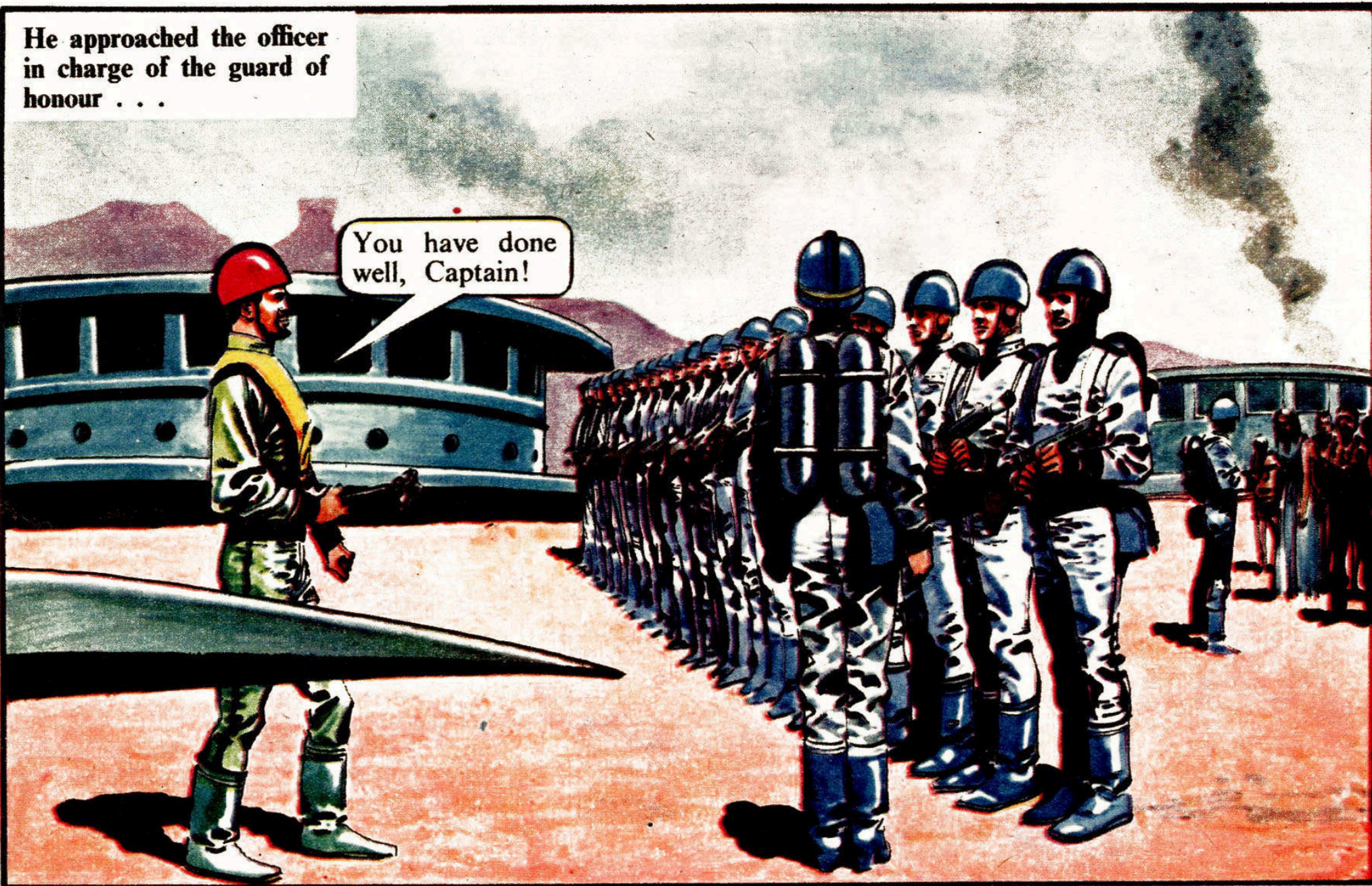


I have succeeded! The Vorg people are enslaved, and King Zorth of Loka will reward me greatly!

It was the greatest moment of Klud's life as he stepped from the craft and swaggered over to the line of men in Lokan uniforms who were drawn up to welcome him . . .



He approached the officer in charge of the guard of honour . . .



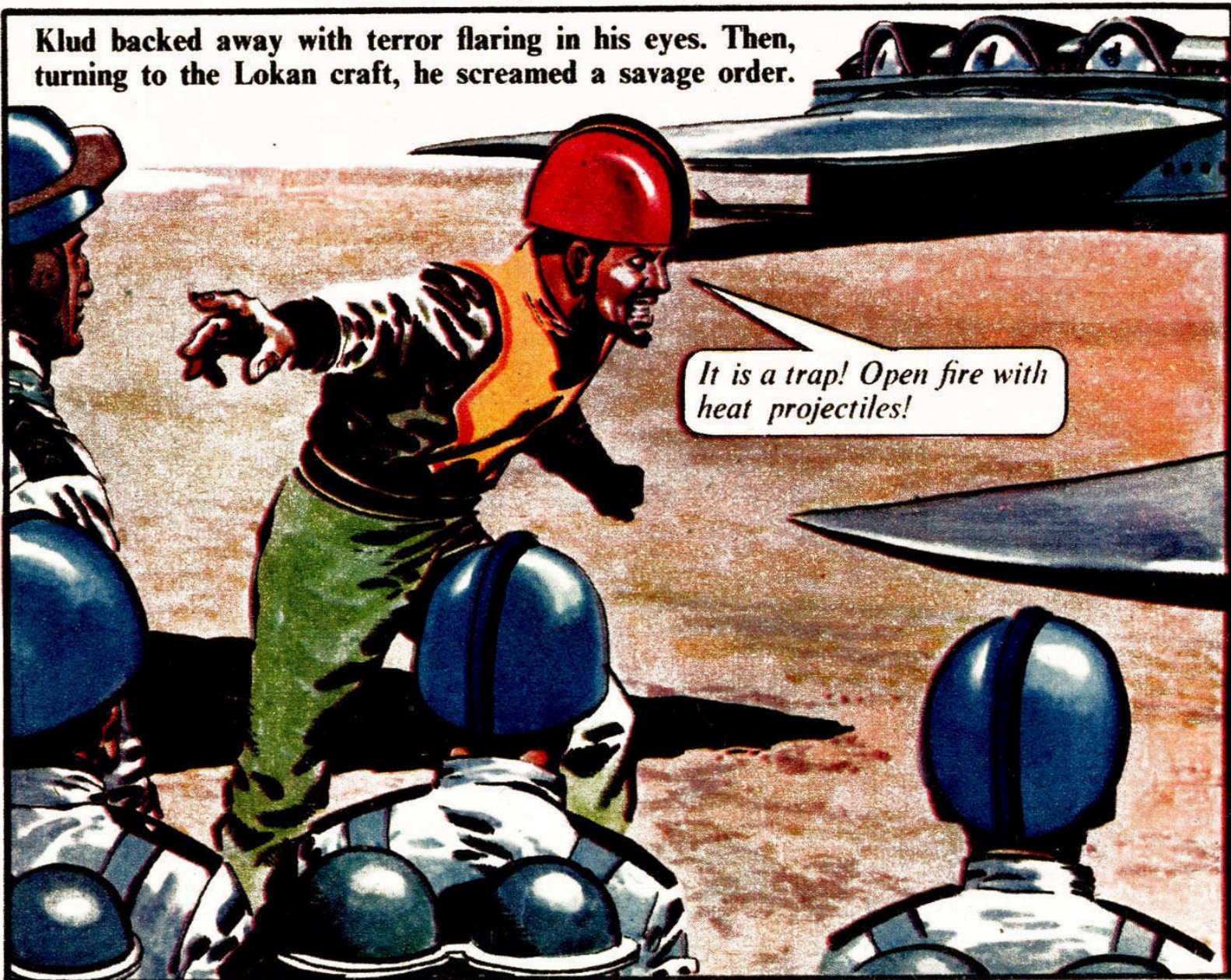
You have done well, Captain!

. . . and found himself looking into the mocking eyes of Brag!



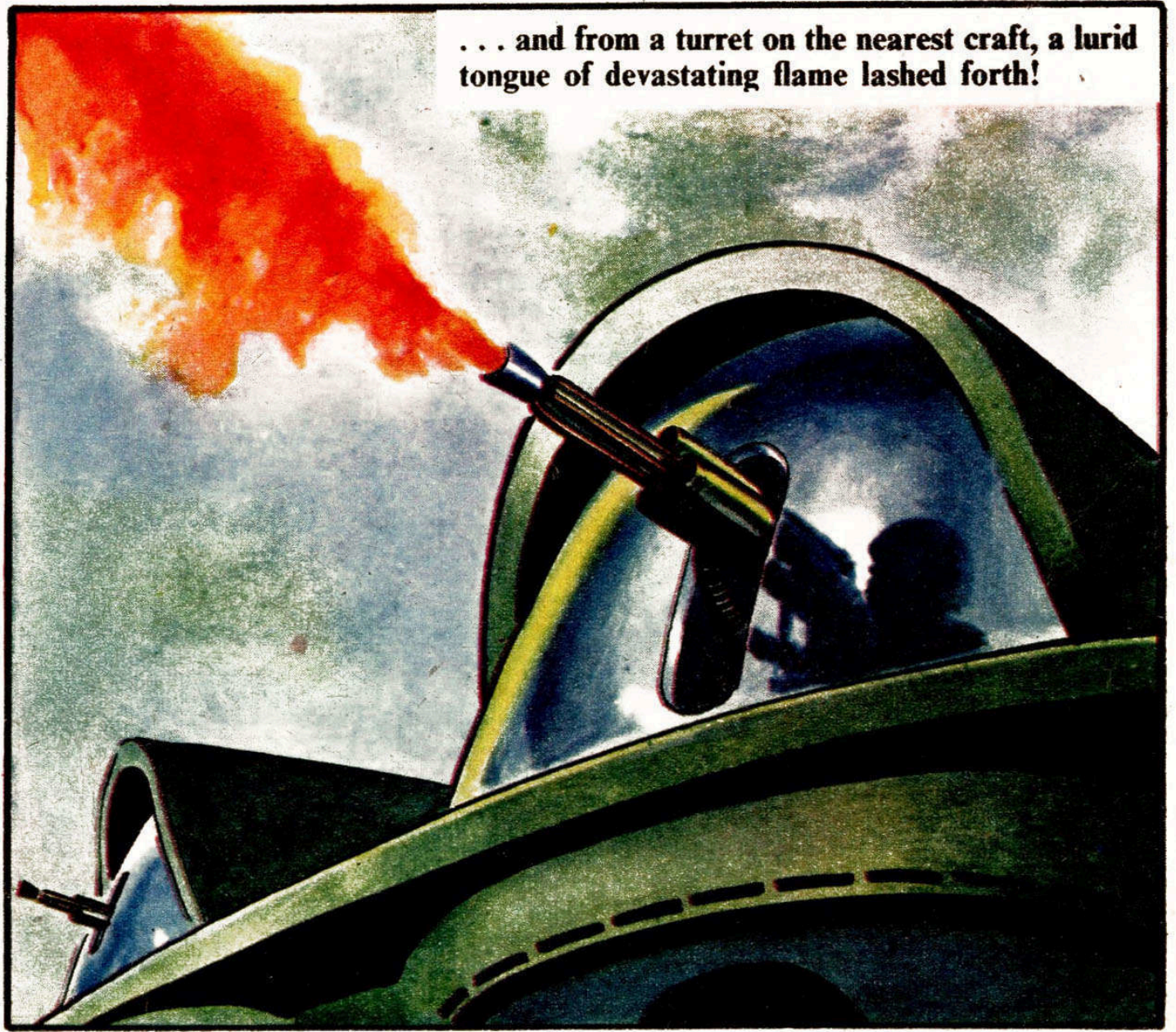
I thank you for the compliment, *brother!*

Klud backed away with terror flaring in his eyes. Then, turning to the Lokan craft, he screamed a savage order.



It is a trap! Open fire with heat projectiles!

. . . and from a turret on the nearest craft, a lurid tongue of devastating flame lashed forth!



The tables are turned upon the treacherous Klud! But can Brag and his men survive the deadly heat projectiles?



The treacherous Klud, brother of the leader of the Vorgs, dies before the blast of a heat projectile gun!

# The RISE and FALL of the TRIGAN EMPIRE

Trigo, the leader of the primitive Vorgs on the planet Elekton, has two brothers—Klud and Brag. The treacherous Klud leads an enemy air fleet to conquer the Vorgs, but Brag outwits Klud, who then gives the order to open fire . . .

As the tongue of flame lashed forth from the heat projectile on the nearest craft, Brag flung himself to the ground . . . but the treacherous Klud remained standing and he took the full force!

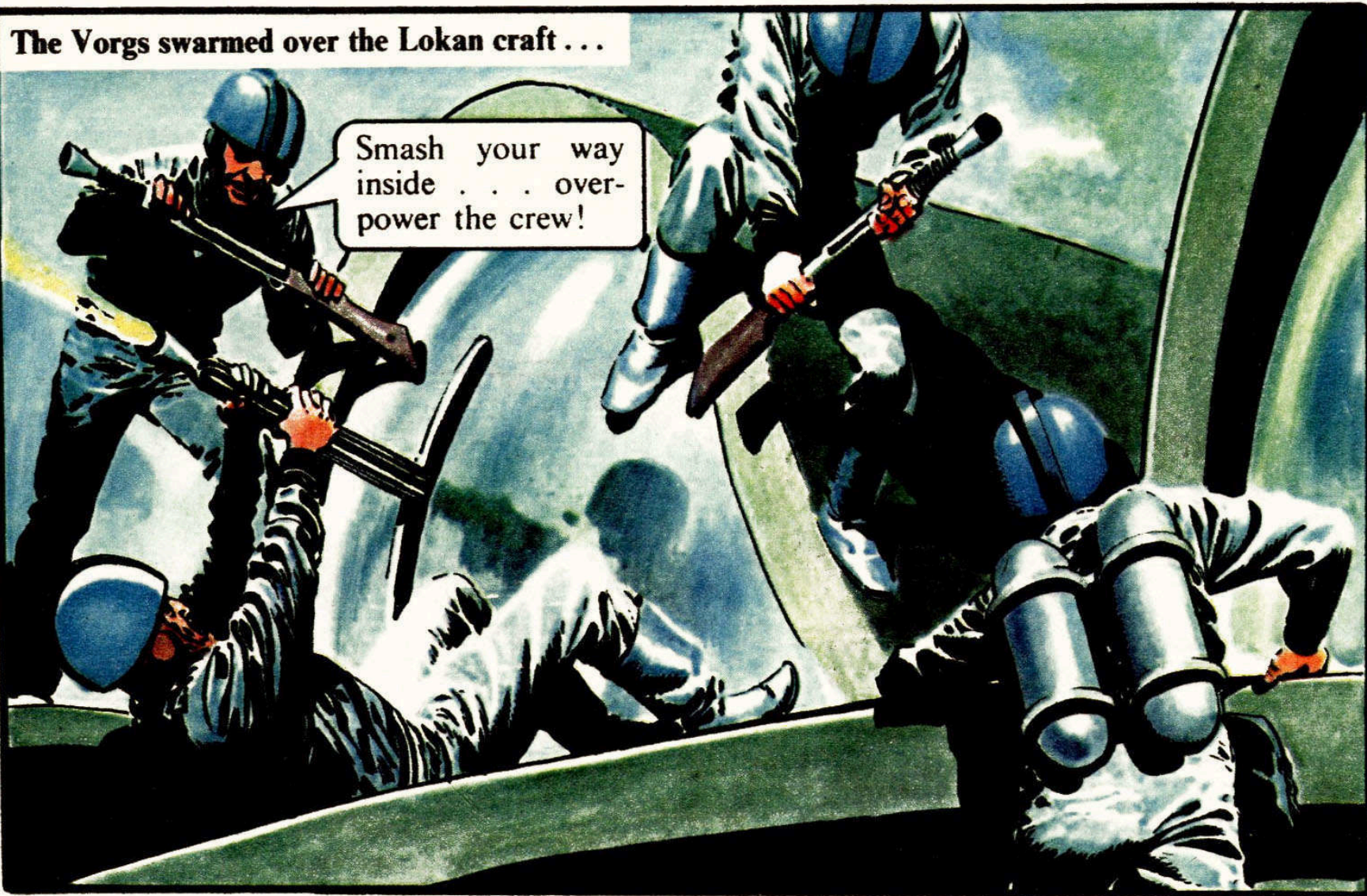


Then, leaping to his feet, the valiant Brag led a charge towards the Lokan craft . . .

Forward, warriors of Vorg! . . . One more effort and the enemy air fleet is ours!

The Vorgs swarmed over the Lokan craft . . .

Smash your way inside . . . overpower the crew!



Soon it was all over. The Lokan crews surrendered . . . and a smile of pure delight spread over Brag's homely countenance as he gazed upon the captured fleet . . .

Trigo's heart will rejoice to hear the news . . .



A brief, savage battle took place in the confines of the craft . . .



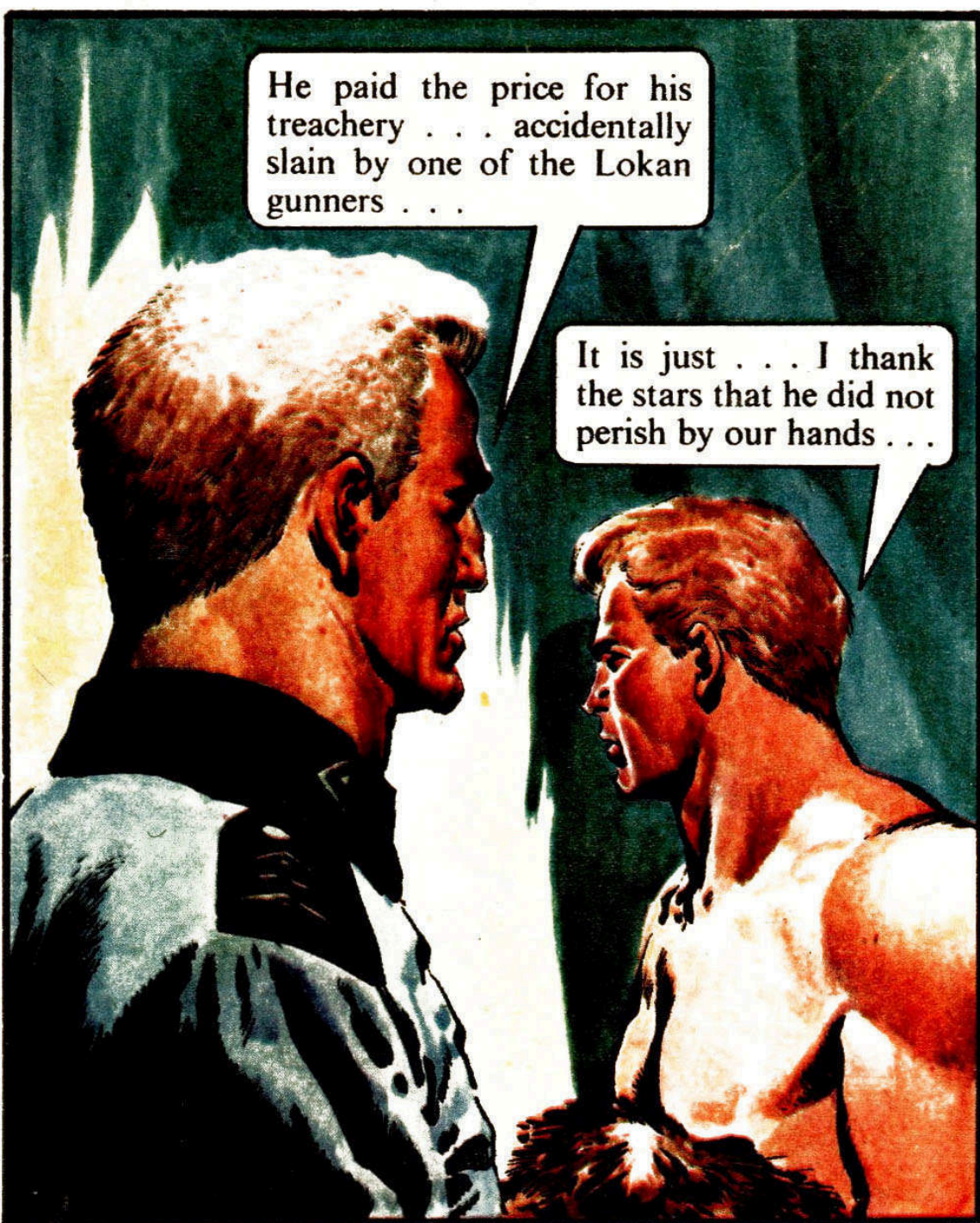
He went to his brother's tent, where Trigo lay, still weak from his narrow escape from death . . .

It is done, Trigo! . . . We now possess an air fleet!

And Klud? . . . What of our brother Klud?







He paid the price for his treachery . . . accidentally slain by one of the Lokan gunners . . .

It is just . . . I thank the stars that he did not perish by our hands . . .

Motioning his brother to help him, the leader of the Vorgs went out into the sunlight . . . and there he summoned Peric, the master architect of Tharv . . .

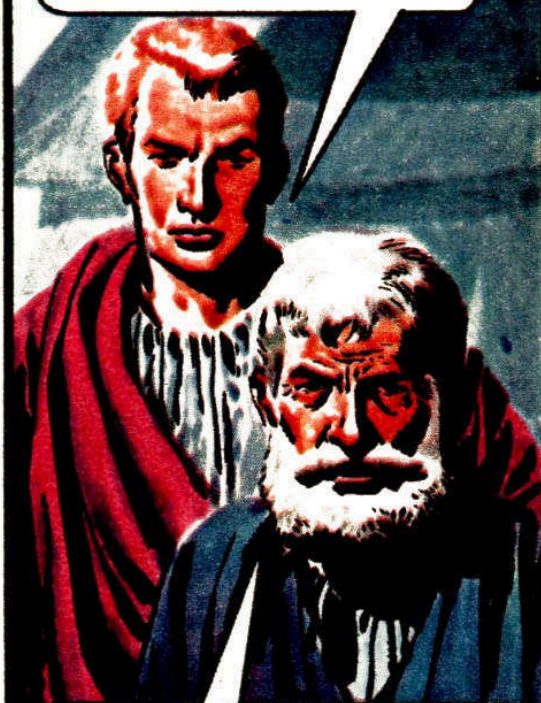


Firstly, Peric . . . Your daughter's medical arts have saved my life, and I thank her from the bottom of my heart.

My lord Trigo, I am glad . . . for the sake of your people, and for the sake of the planet Elekton, that you are saved!

Trigo eyed the air fleet . . .

Amongst your people, the Tharvs who have taken refuge with us, there must be many with the knowledge to fly and navigate those craft . . .



Indeed there are, my lord . . . The scientists of Tharv invented those craft . . . the evil Lokans only copied us.

The flame of battle burnt in the fine eyes of the leader of the Vorgs . . .



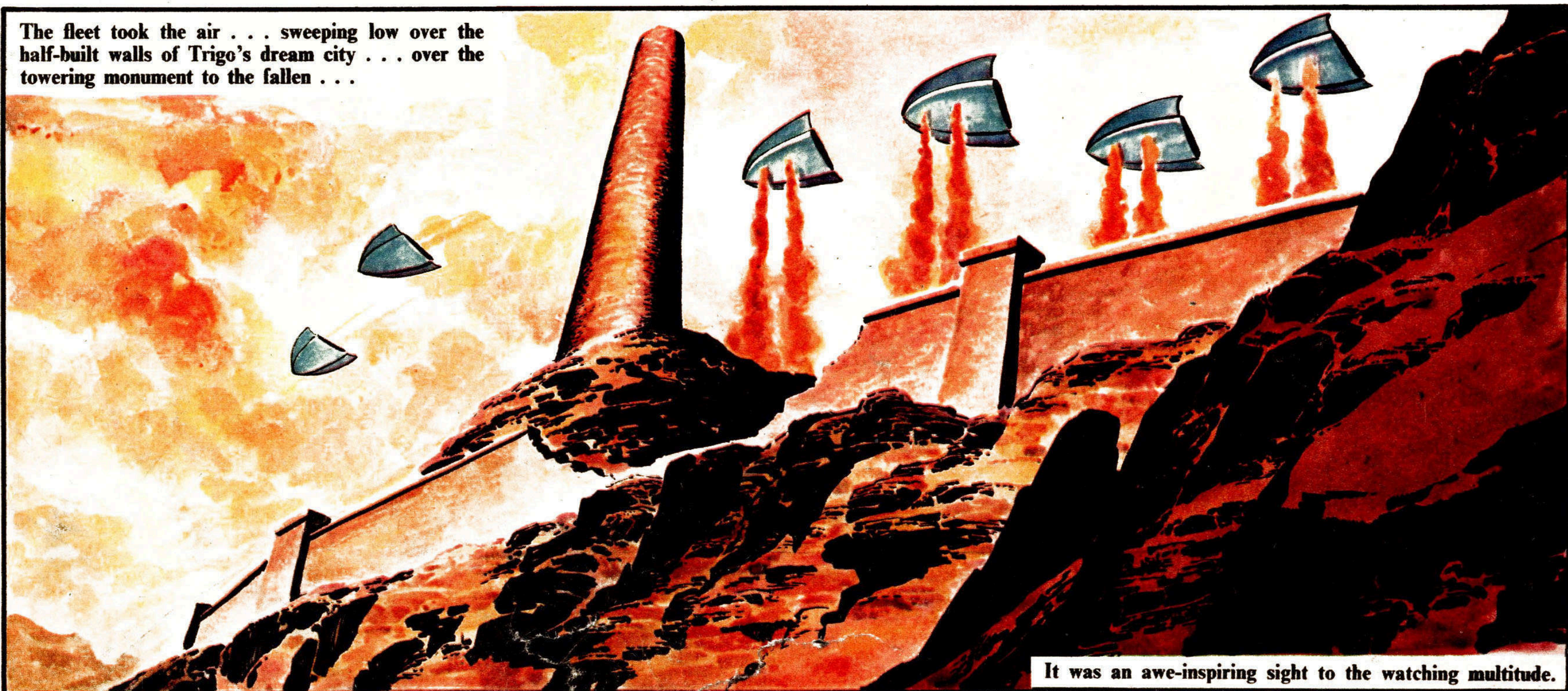
Then, with our small fleet, we will teach the tyrant King Zorth of Loka a lesson that he will long remember!

At dawn the next day, Trigo stepped into the leading craft of his fleet clad in his trappings of war . . .



We go to avenge our people!

The fleet took the air . . . sweeping low over the half-built walls of Trigo's dream city . . . over the towering monument to the fallen . . .



It was an awe-inspiring sight to the watching multitude.

So Trigo has turned the tables—and now the Vorgs fly to strike back at the tyrant King of Loka!



Trigo, leader of the Vorgs, comes to a final reckoning with the tyrant King Zorth.

# The RISE and FALL of the TRIGAN EMPIRE

The primitive race of Vorgs, under their leader Trigo, have outwitted and captured a small fleet of atmosphere craft sent by the tyrant King Zorth of Loka to enslave them. With the help of pilots from the friendly race of Tharvs, Trigo sets forth to wreak vengeance upon King Zorth.

By the flooded plain of the land of Cato, King Zorth searched the sky with narrowed, angry eyes and came to a decision.



At the order, the mighty warships of Loka raised anchor and set out across the flooded plain to the city of Cato that stood upon the mountainside in the distance.



Determined to fight to the last man and the last gun, the gallant people of little Cato opened fire as soon as the warships came within range.



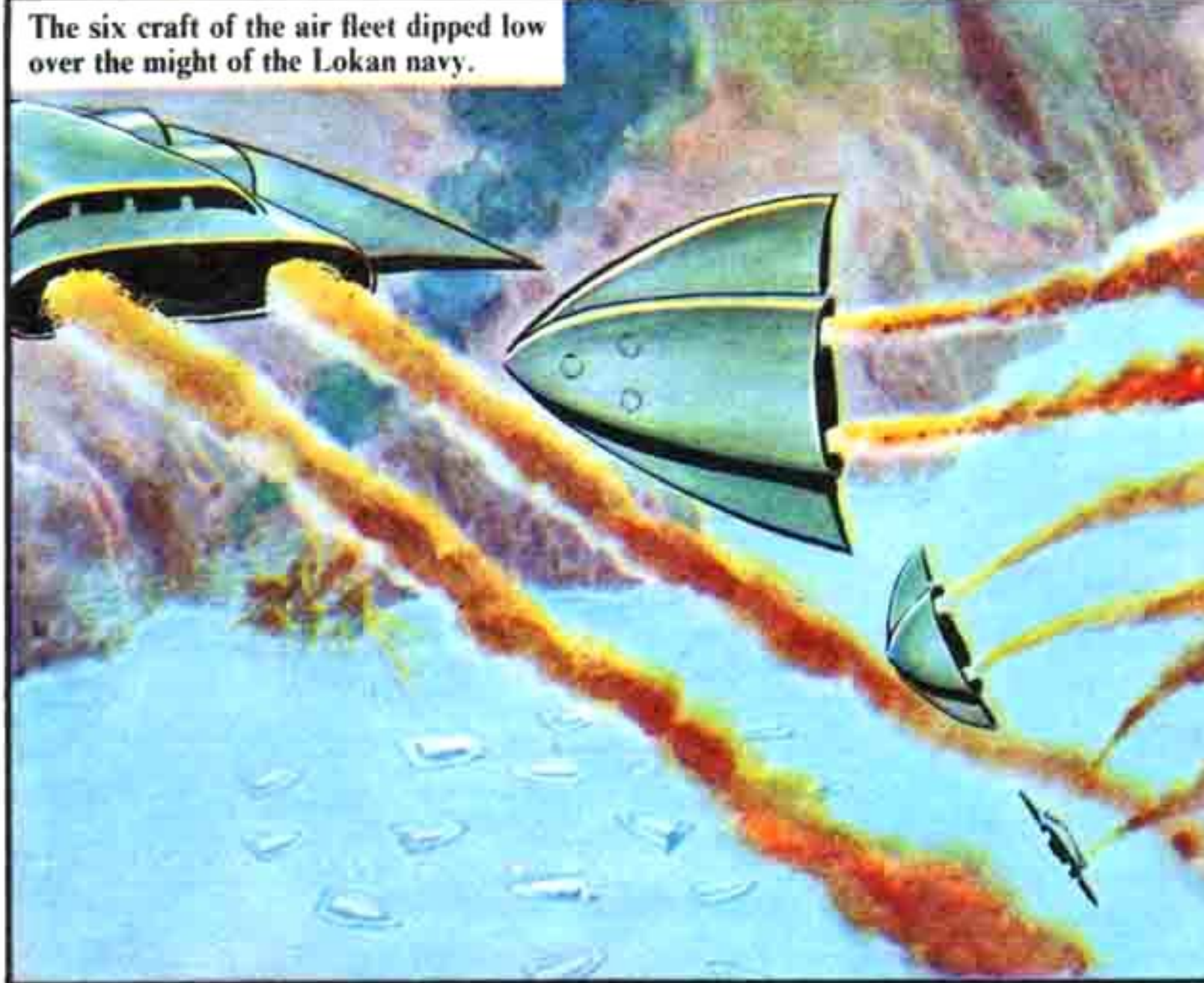
But the light projectiles bounced off the armoured sides of the Lokan ships. And as soon as they were within point-blank range, the enemy fleet opened fire with their massive guns.



King Zorth watched the uneven struggle with evil glee. And then one of his officers pointed skywards.



The six craft of the air fleet dipped low over the might of the Lokan navy.



In the leading craft, Trigo of Vorg looked down upon the enemy fleet.





Instantly later, an icy chill clutched at the evil heart of the watching King Zorth.

All-highest!  
The air fleet is  
firing on the  
navy!

The traitors!  
This is black  
treachery!

In a hail of flame, the might of the Lokan navy was pounded to a mass of red hot metal by the guns of the air fleet.



As the last wreck plunged below the surface, Trigo gave the order to cease fire.

Set course  
for Vorg!



King Zorth shook his fist savagely after the vanishing air fleet.

Ten thousand  
curses upon  
you!

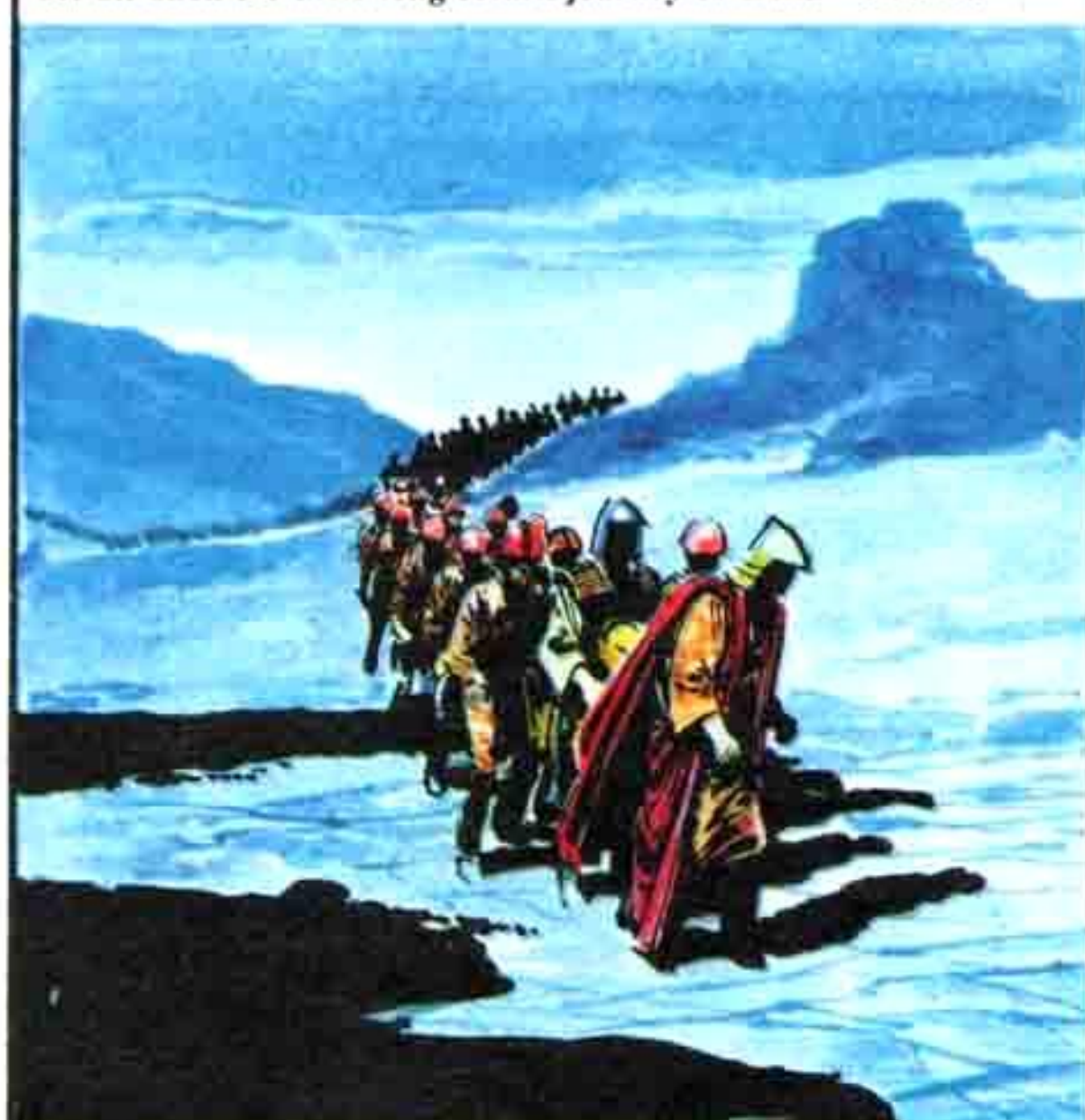


His officers backed away, fearful of the fury of their leader.

My navy gone . . . my air  
fleet mauled . . . my ground  
forces cut to ribbons . . .  
and all my dreams of  
planet conquest crumbled  
to dust!



At sunset, the tattered remains of Zorth's once-arrogant forces set off back for their long return journey to Loka—on foot.



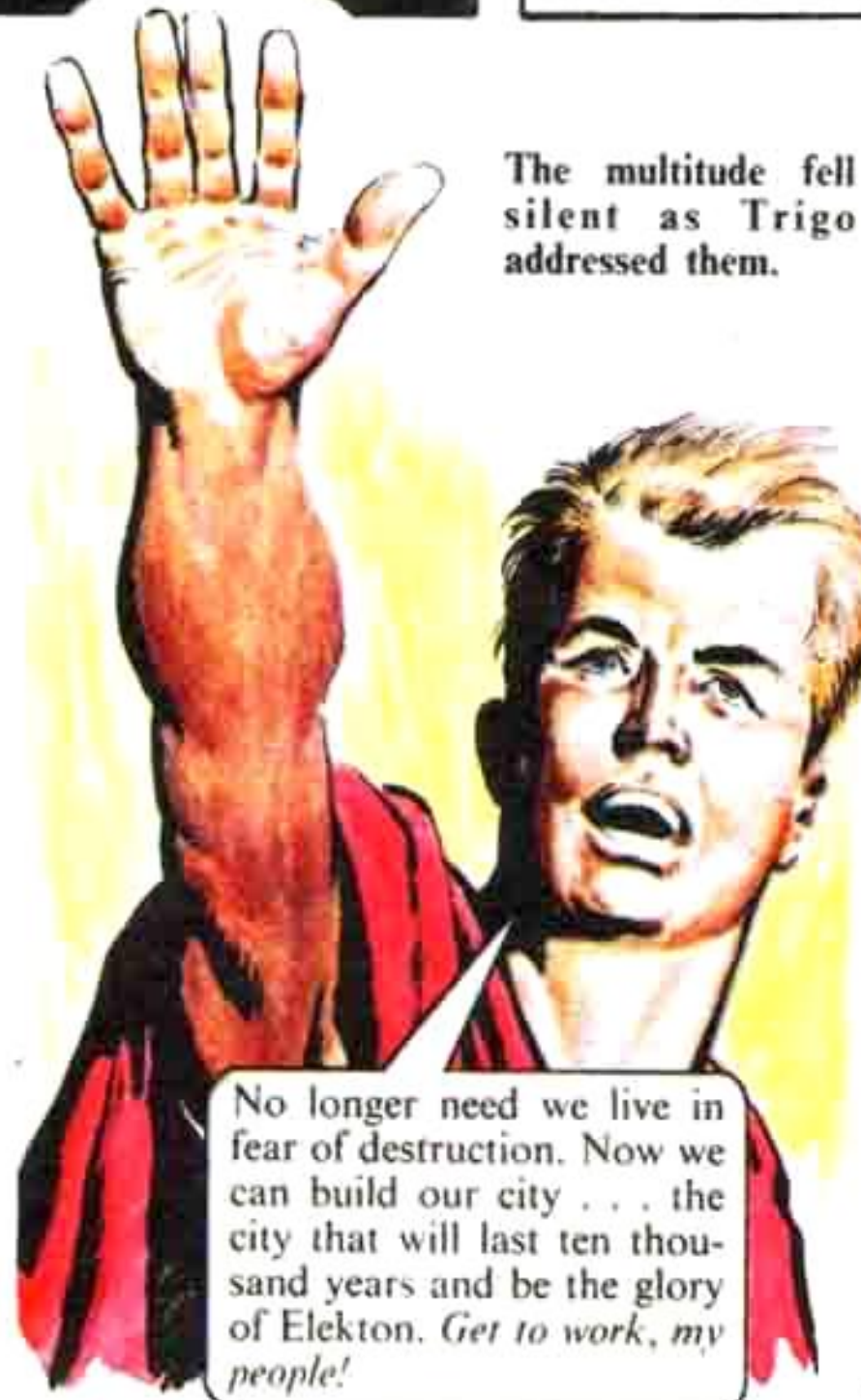
And with the great retreat, the planet Elekton was safe for years to come from the brutal ambitions of the tyrant king.

Back in the land of Vorg, Trigo landed to receive the wild welcome of his people.

Long live  
Trigo the  
mighty!



The multitude fell  
silent as Trigo  
addressed them.



No longer need we live in  
fear of destruction. Now we  
can build our city . . . the  
city that will last ten thou-  
sand years and be the glory  
of Elekton. Get to work, my  
people!

And it is at this point in the story of the Rise and Fall of the Trigan Empire that the first book of Trigo ends . . .



Next week we delve into the strange and thrilling events contained in *The Second Book of Trigo!*