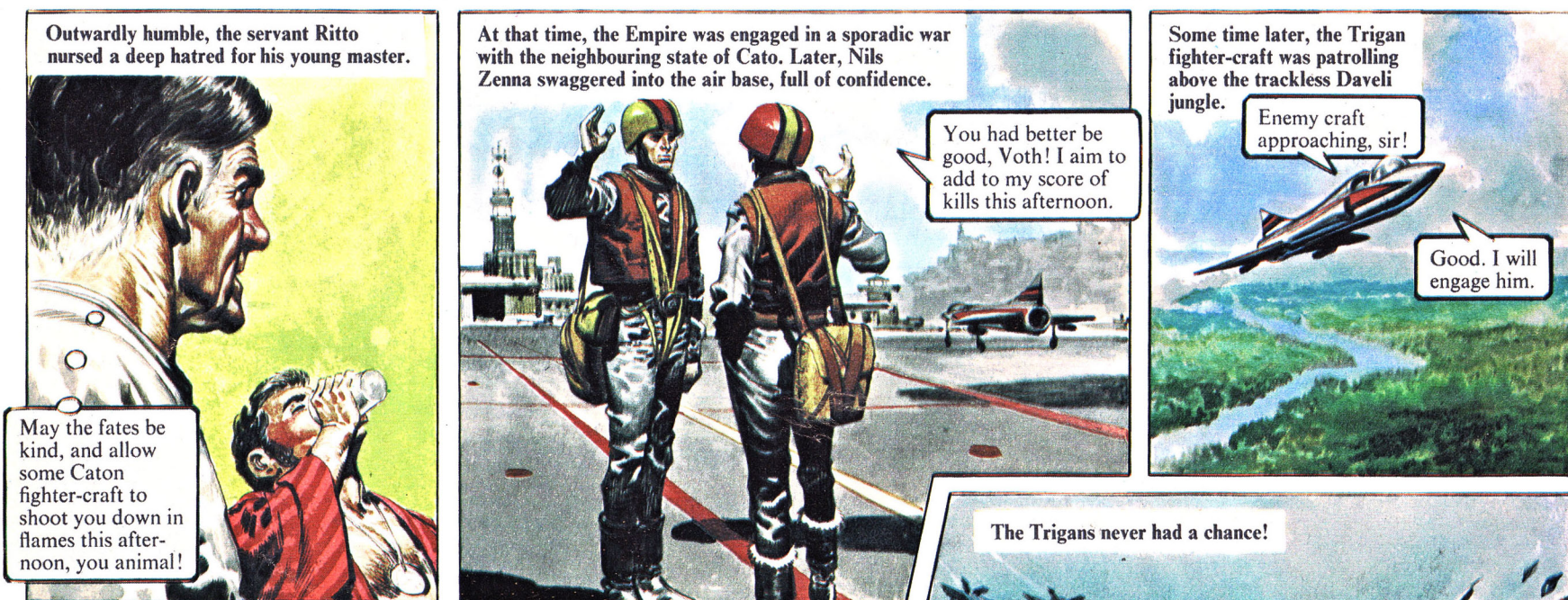
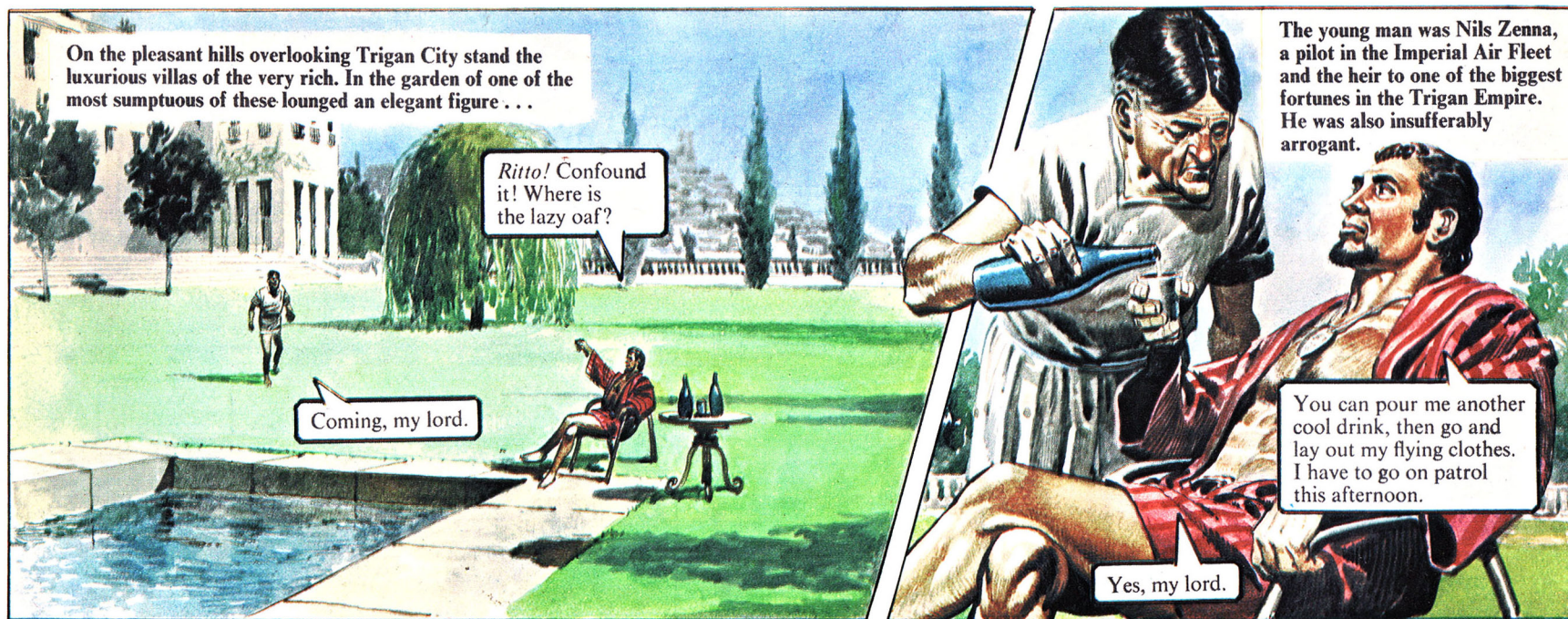
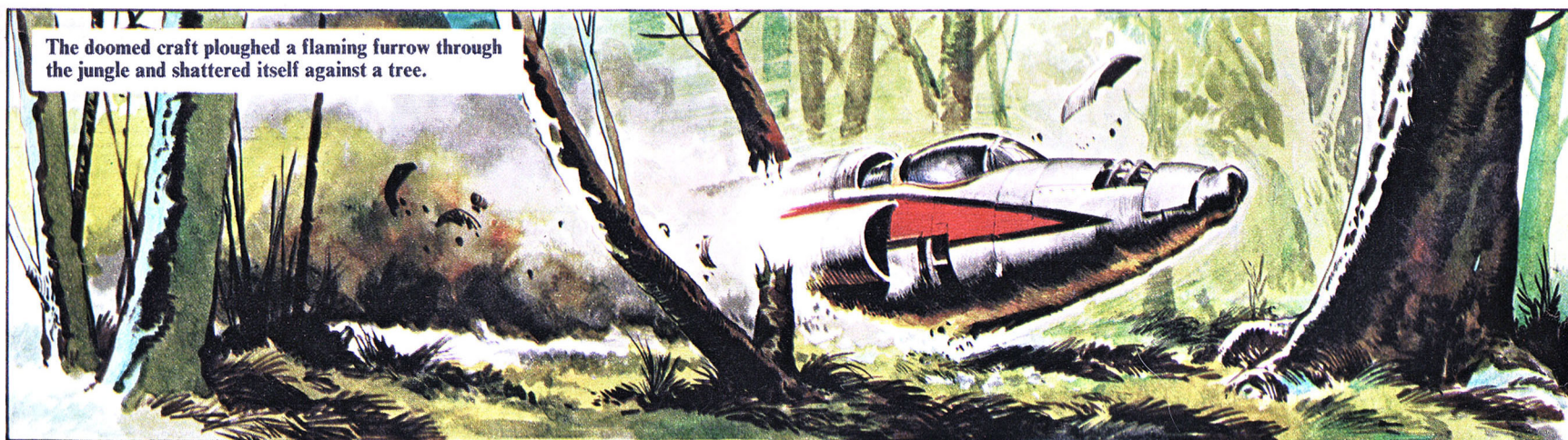


THE TRIGAN EMPIRE

The Planet Elekton lies in the galaxy of Yarna, and the greatest power on Elekton is the Trigan Empire, ruled over by its founder, the Emperor Trigo.



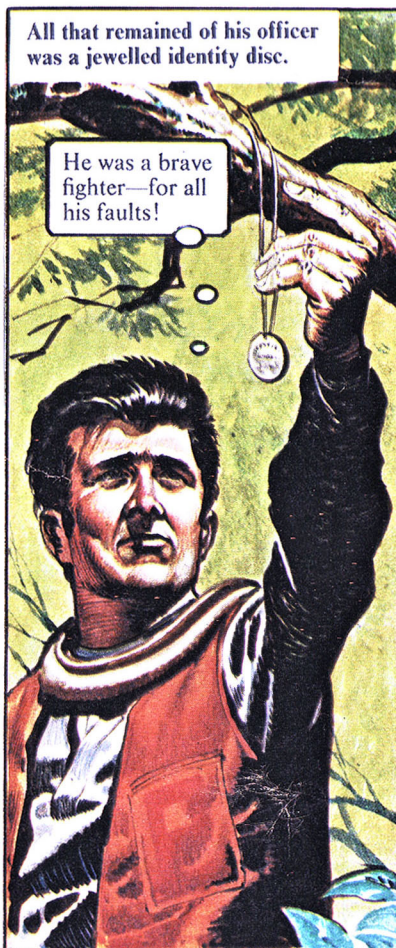


The doomed craft ploughed a flaming furrow through the jungle and shattered itself against a tree.



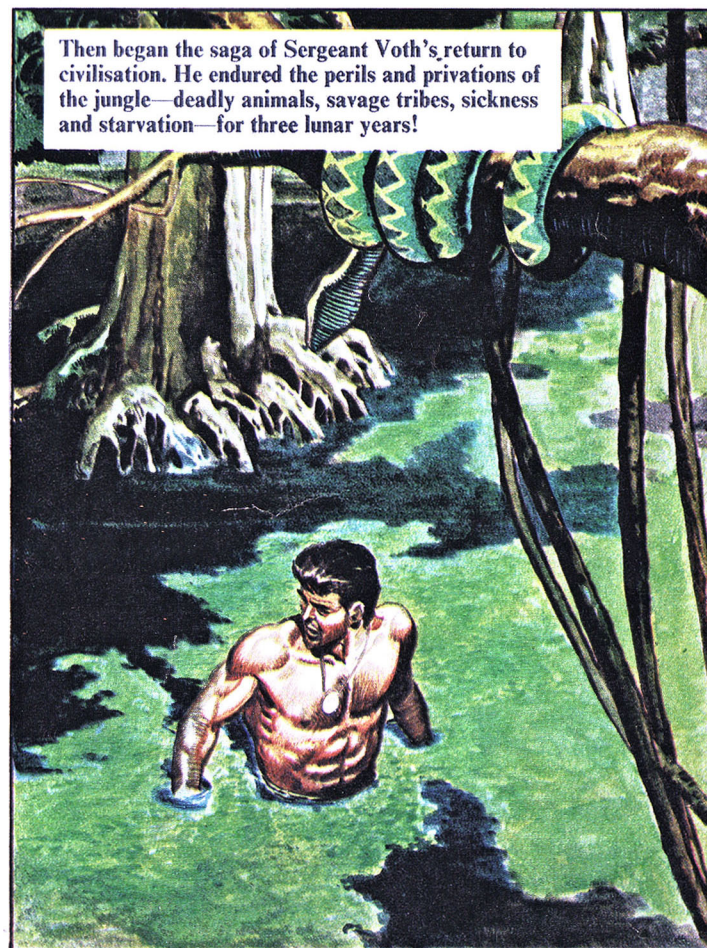
Later—much later—Sergeant Voth dragged himself painfully from the wreckage.

Sir! Where are you? Are you all right?



All that remained of his officer was a jewelled identity disc.

He was a brave fighter—for all his faults!



Then began the saga of Sergeant Voth's return to civilisation. He endured the perils and privations of the jungle—deadly animals, savage tribes, sickness and starvation—for three lunar years!



Three lunar years after the crash, an unrecognisable figure collapsed at a Trigan outpost.

His hair and beard are white, though he looks a young man!

He's wearing an officer's identity disc.



He was given every medical care.

Nils Zenna! But he was given up years ago!

And now, Doctor, you have the honour of tending the richest man in the Trigan Empire!

NEXT WEEK: VOSS'S DECEPTION!

THE TRIGAN EMPIRE

Sergeant Voss has survived an air crash in the jungle of Daveli and has fought his way back to civilisation. Now, because he wears his officer's identity disc he is mistaken for the rich Nils Zenna, who crashed with him.

The man who was believed to be Nils Zenna was given a hero's welcome on his return to Trigan City.

There he is! White-haired after his nightmare journey of three years through the jungle!

Is it true that the Emperor is to invest you with the jewelled Star of Trigan?

Er—so I am told.

One of the viewers of the relayed programme was Nils Zenna's servant, Ritto.

So he's returned after all these years! Then I am in trouble—*bad* trouble!

As he was driven through the garlanded streets, Voss fought with his conscience.

Why am I going through with this masquerade? Why don't I admit that Nils Zenna perished in the crash, and that I am just poor Sergeant Voss, the son of a tailor?

Then he saw Nils Zenna's sumptuous villa—and forgot his doubts.

What use is this place to Zenna now? It can be mine—all mine!

Later...

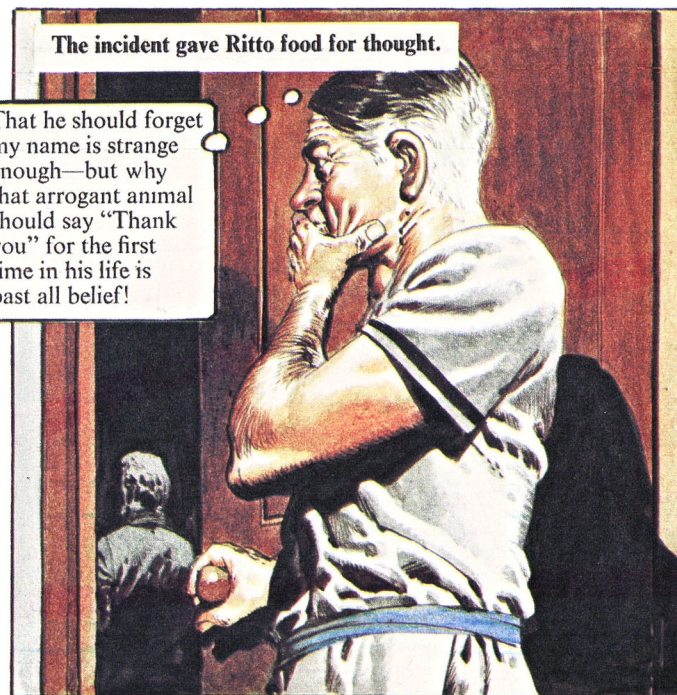
My lord—I obtained a full-dress Air Fleet uniform for you to wear at the Palace this afternoon.

Thank you very much—Er...



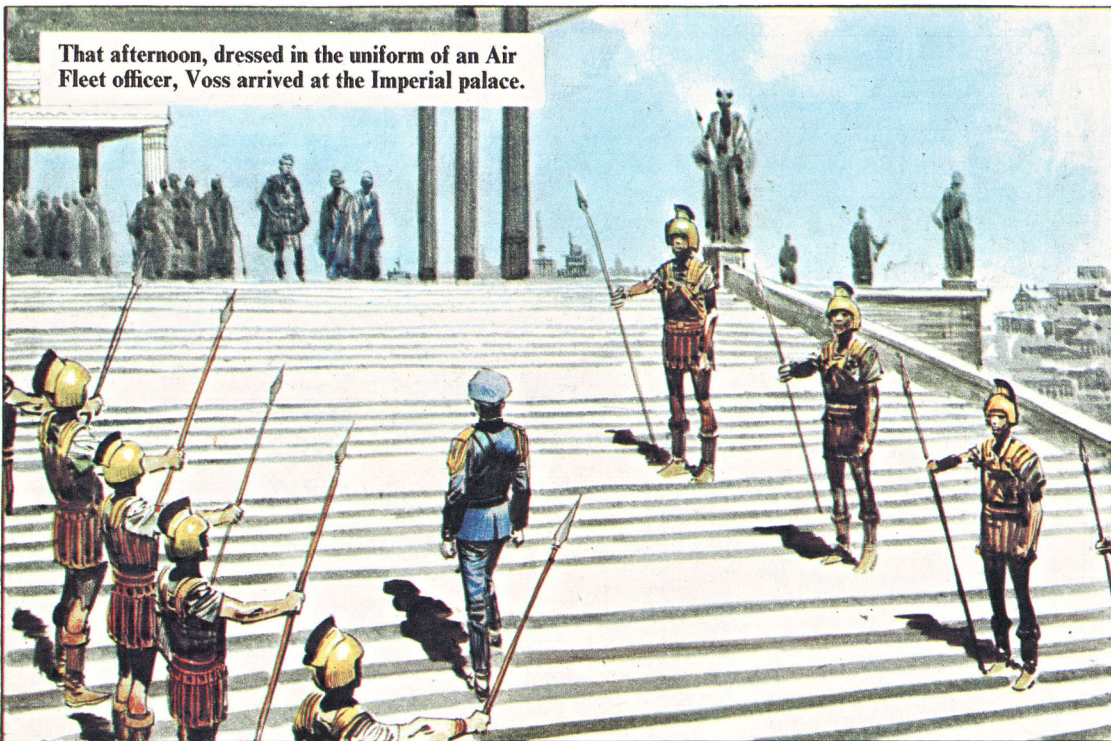
I—I've quite forgotten your name.

Ritto, my lord! I have been your lordship's trusted servant since you inherited your father's fortune.



The incident gave Ritto food for thought.

That he should forget my name is strange enough—but why that arrogant animal should say "Thank you" for the first time in his life is past all belief!



That afternoon, dressed in the uniform of an Air Fleet officer, Voss arrived at the Imperial palace.



Soon, he stood before the Emperor Trigo.

In recognition of your valour in the late war with Cato, and for your remarkable achievement in fighting your way out of the jungle!



Later, the Emperor was more informal.

Perhaps you will accompany us on the Zargot hunt tomorrow.

That will be an honour, Imperial Majesty.



Returning to the villa, Voss was greeted by his servant.

During your absence in the jungle, my lord, I made various changes around the establishment—I purchased that portrait, for instance.

Very nice—Who's it supposed to be?

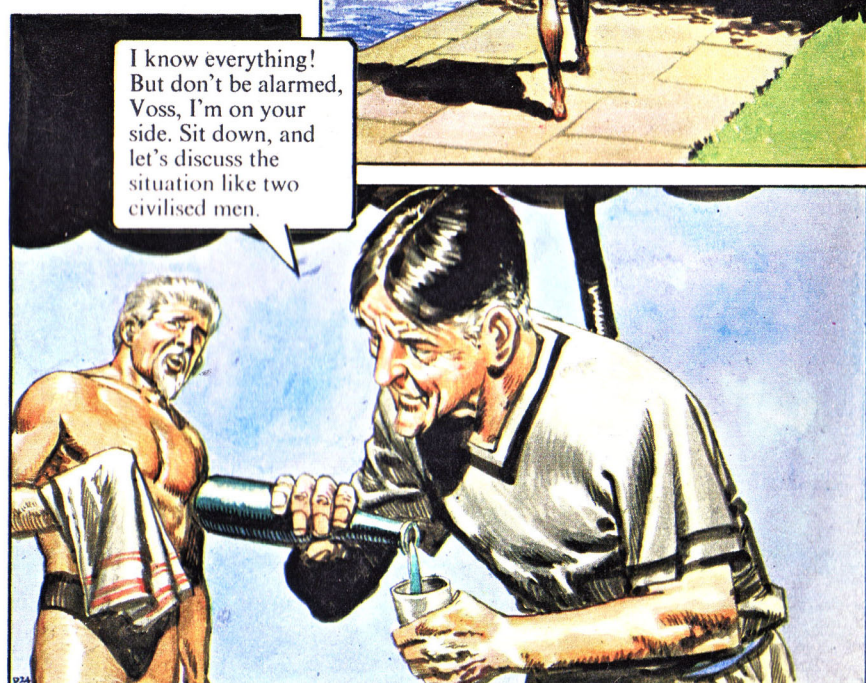
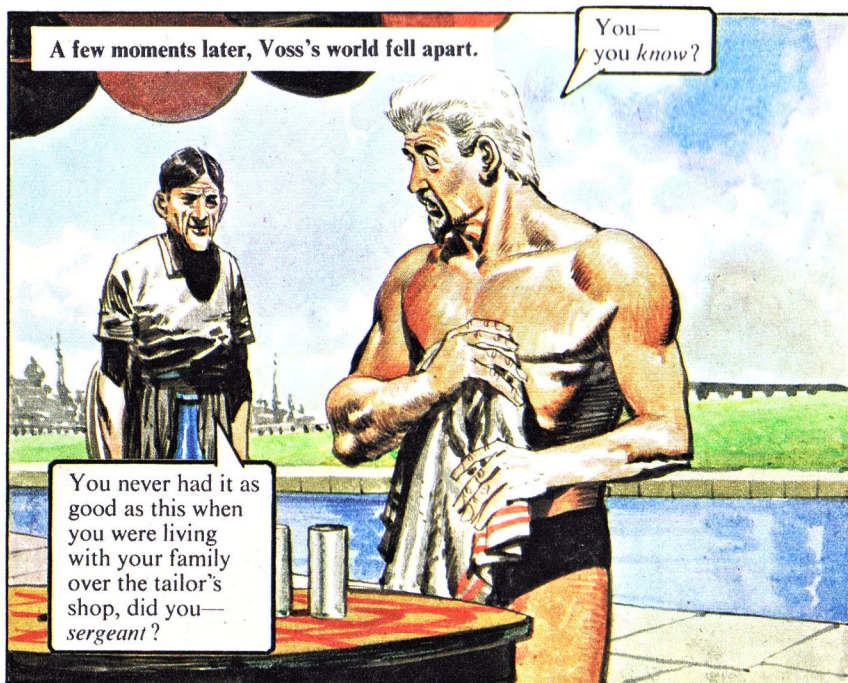


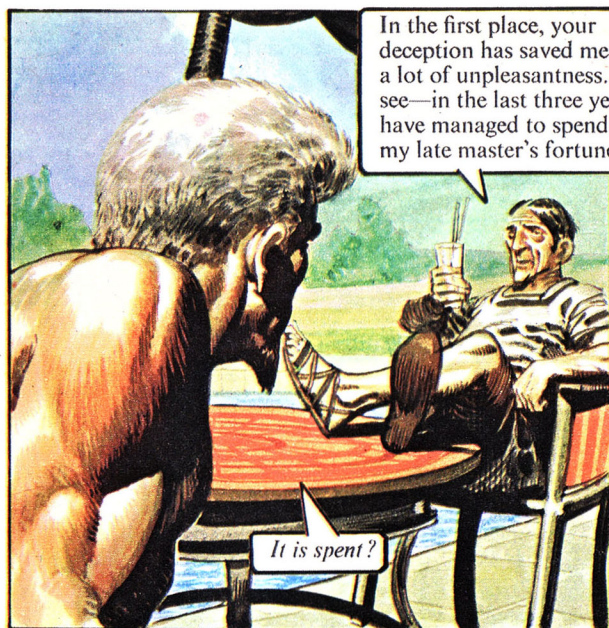
Ritto had set a trap—and snared his quarry!

That portrait has hung there for years—and it is a strange man who cannot recognise his own father! But—if you are not Nils Zenna—who are you?

THE TRIGAN EMPIRE

Sergeant Voss has returned after an air crash, and has taken over the identity of his pilot—Nils Zenna. But Nils Zenna's servant has discovered the deception.





In the first place, your deception has saved me from a lot of unpleasantness. You see—in the last three years, I have managed to spend all of my late master's fortune!

It is spent?



Not exactly spent. You see, I have a weakness for gambling. I laid my hands on everything and lost it all. Even this magnificent villa is mortgaged to the last stone!



But now I have you! Your reputation as a hero and your new friendship with the Imperial family will provide plenty of riches for us both!



Next day, Voss went hunting with the Emperor Trigo and his nephew Janno.

Your Zargot, Nils Zenna!—and good luck!

The tailor's son fought the savage Zargot with all the skill and valour of his Vorg ancestors.



Strike now, Nils Zenna!

After the successful hunt, the man who was known as Nils Zenna approached the Emperor's nephew.



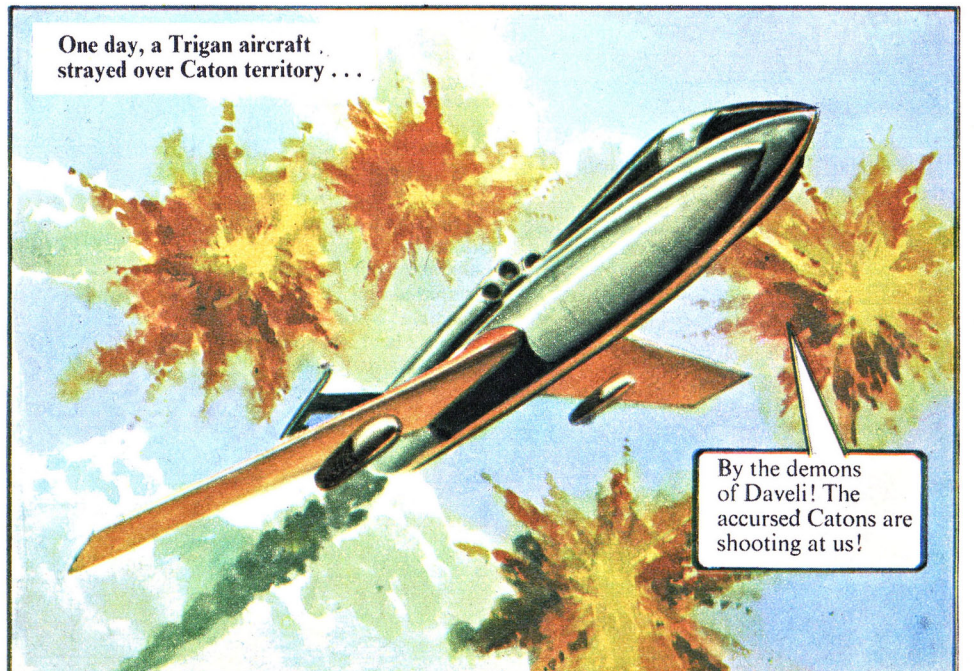
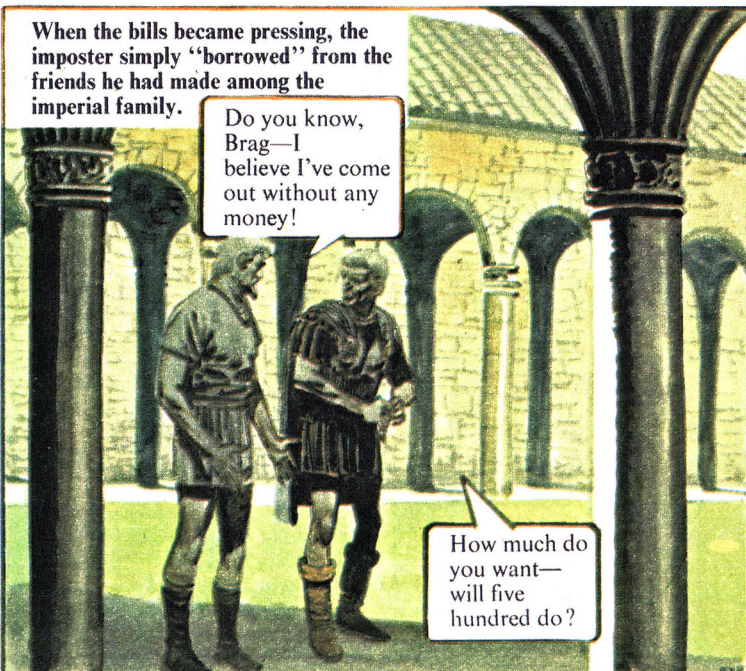
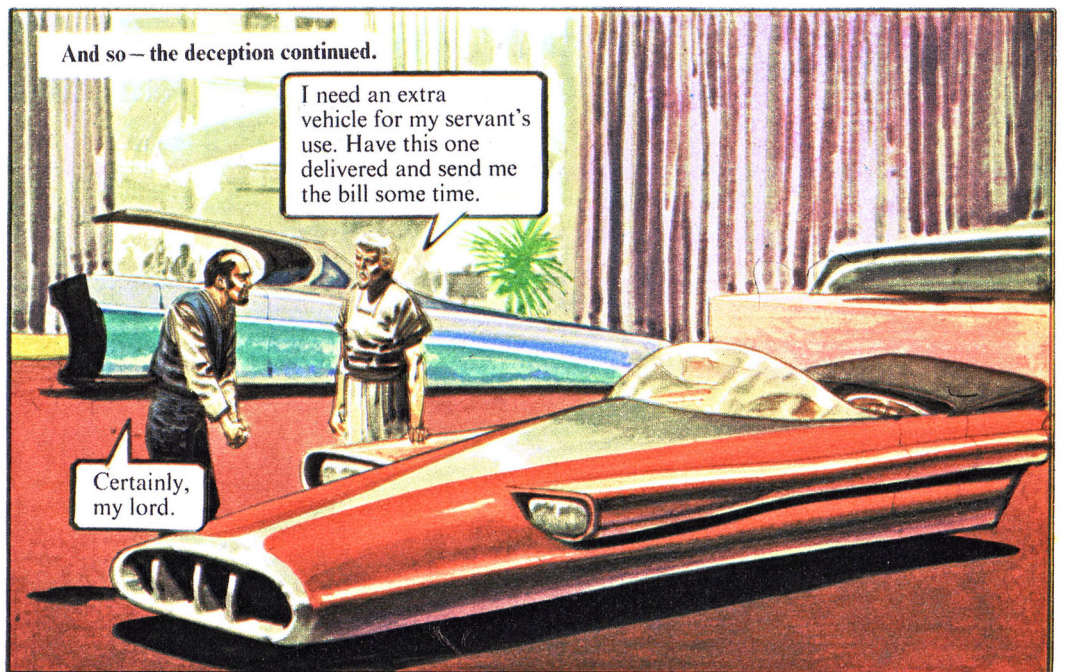
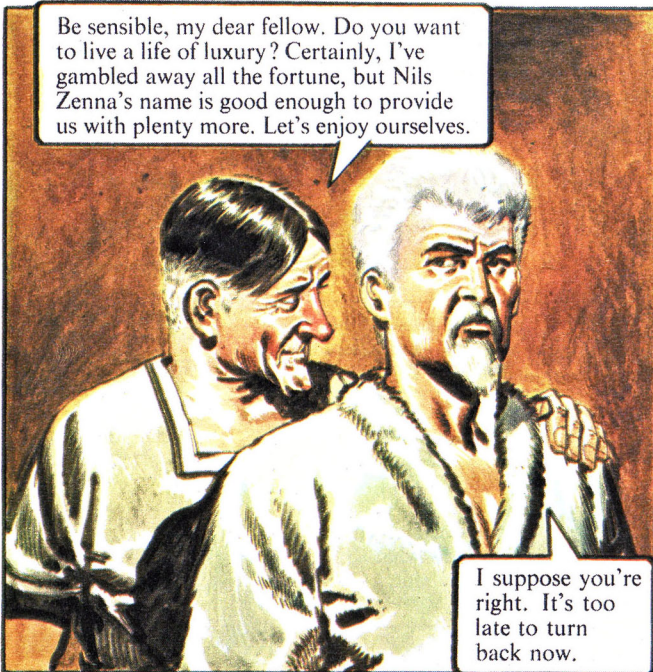
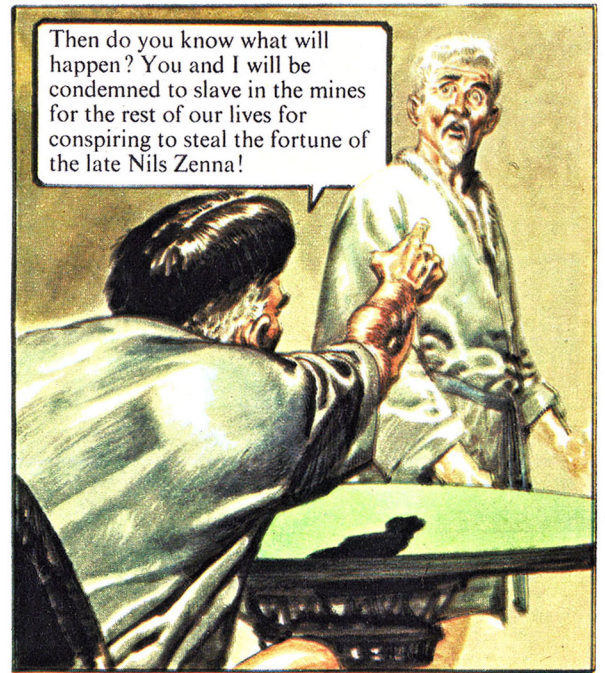
Of course, my friend—any time.

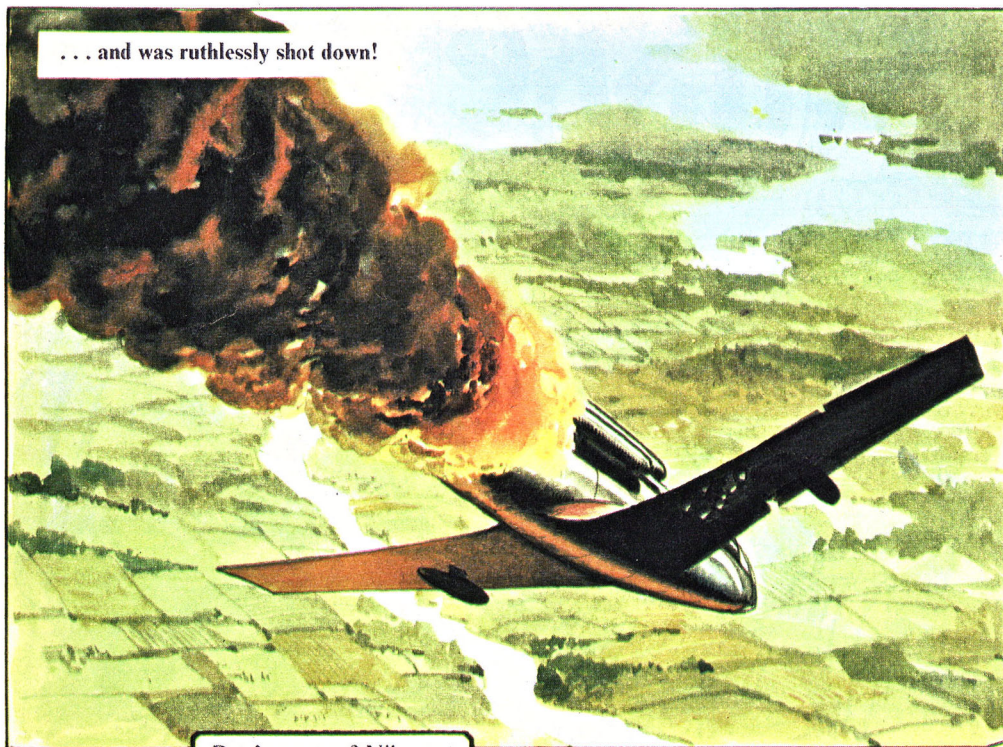
Er—I seem to find myself short of ready cash, Janno. Could you lend me a couple of hundred zersts, please?

DON LAWRENCE

THE TRIGAN EMPIRE

Sergeant Voss has foolishly taken over the identity of his last pilot—Nils Zenna, the richest man in the Empire. But the servant Ritto has discovered the deception and has Voss in his power.





... and was ruthlessly shot down!



The following day, a communication arrived from the air fleet headquarters, addressed to Nils Zenna.

By all the stars! I've to report for flying duties immediately! We have declared war on Cato, and Nils Zenna was an officer-pilot of the reserve fleet!

So?



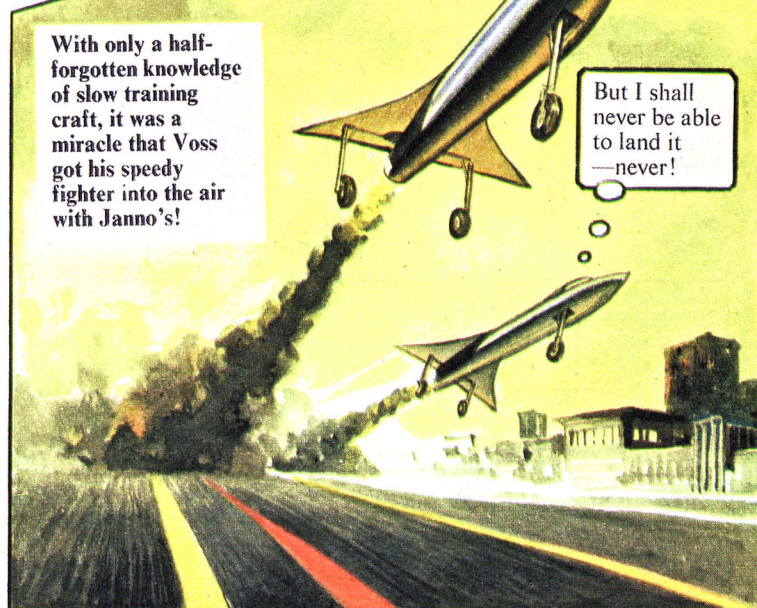
Don't you see? Nils Zenna was an ace pilot, while I failed my pilot's training and was made a gunner. I can barely fly an aircraft, let alone fight in one!

Then you'll just have to do the best you can, won't you, my dear fellow?



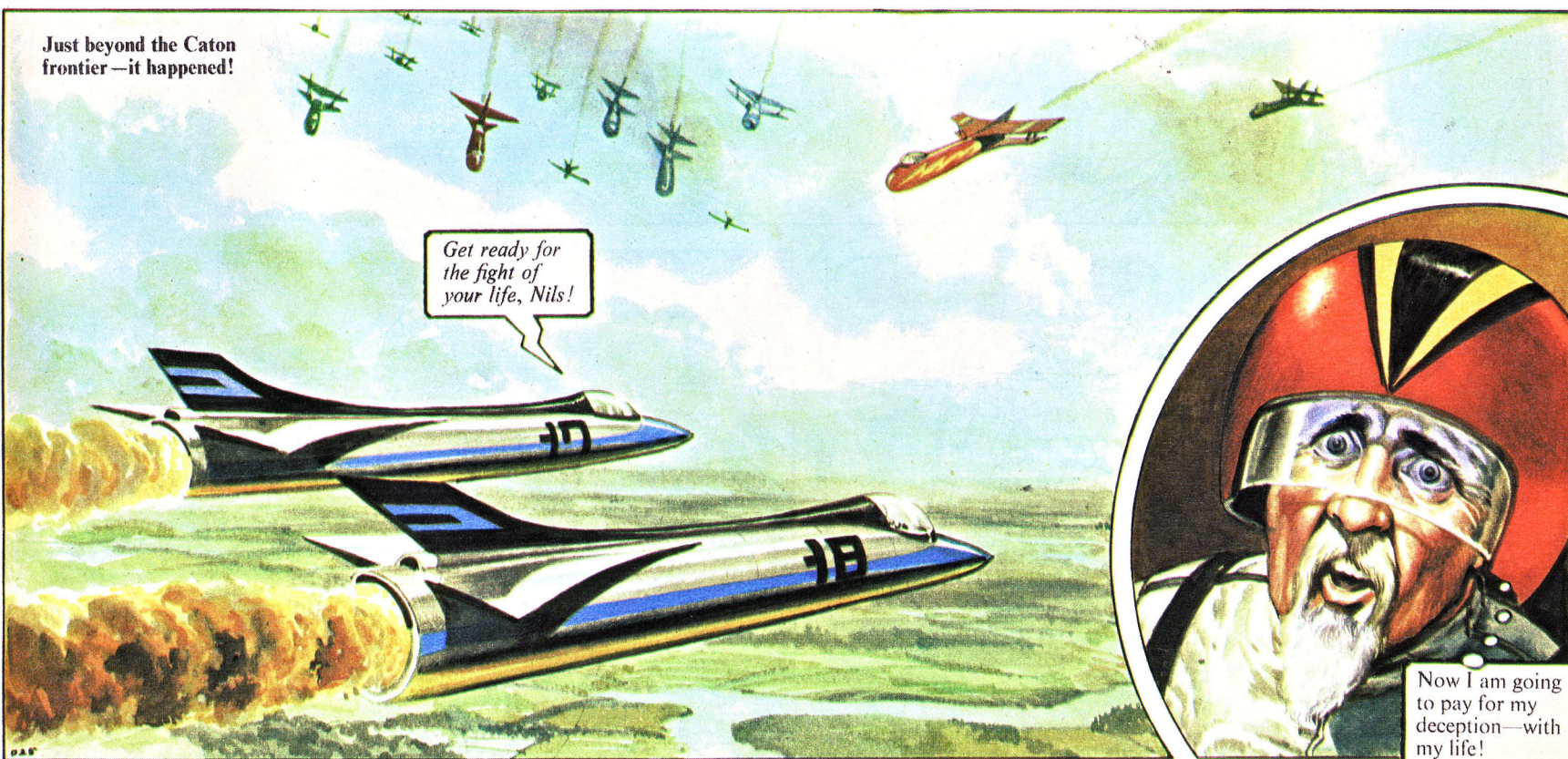
On arrival at the air fleet base, the imposter was greeted by his new friend Janno.

We're to do a two-man patrol over the frontier, Nils. Woe betide any Caton craft that comes within range of our guns, eh?



With only a half-forgotten knowledge of slow training craft, it was a miracle that Voss got his speedy fighter into the air with Janno's!

But I shall never be able to land it—never!



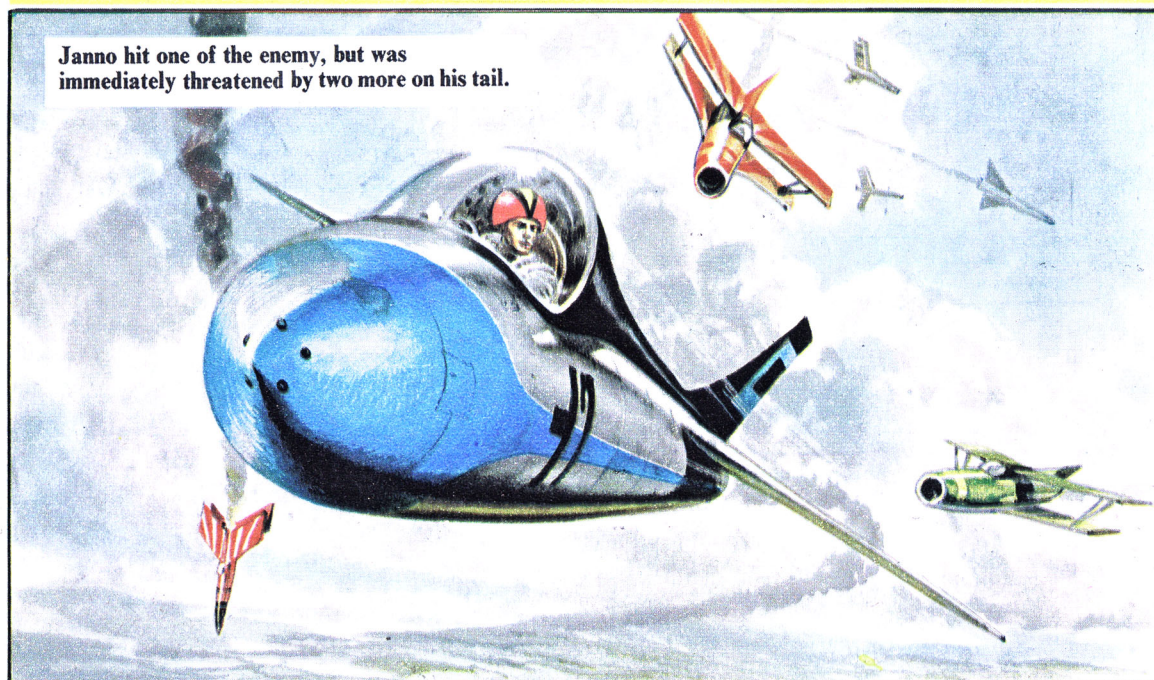
Just beyond the Caton frontier—it happened!

Get ready for the fight of your life, Nils!

Now I am going to pay for my deception—with my life!

THE TRIGAN EMPIRE

After Sergeant Voss takes over the identity of his dead pilot, Nils Zenna, he finds nothing but trouble. Accompanied by Janno, the imposter is attacked by a mass of Caton fighters.

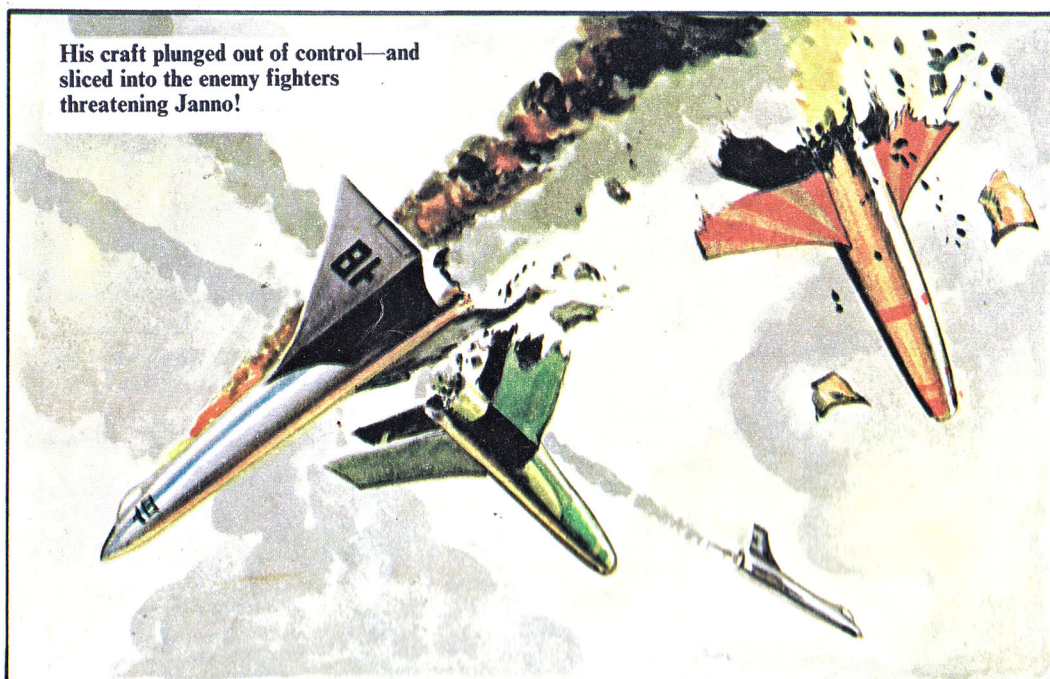


Janno hit one of the enemy, but was immediately threatened by two more on his tail.



Meanwhile, Voss's instrument panel had disintegrated before him.

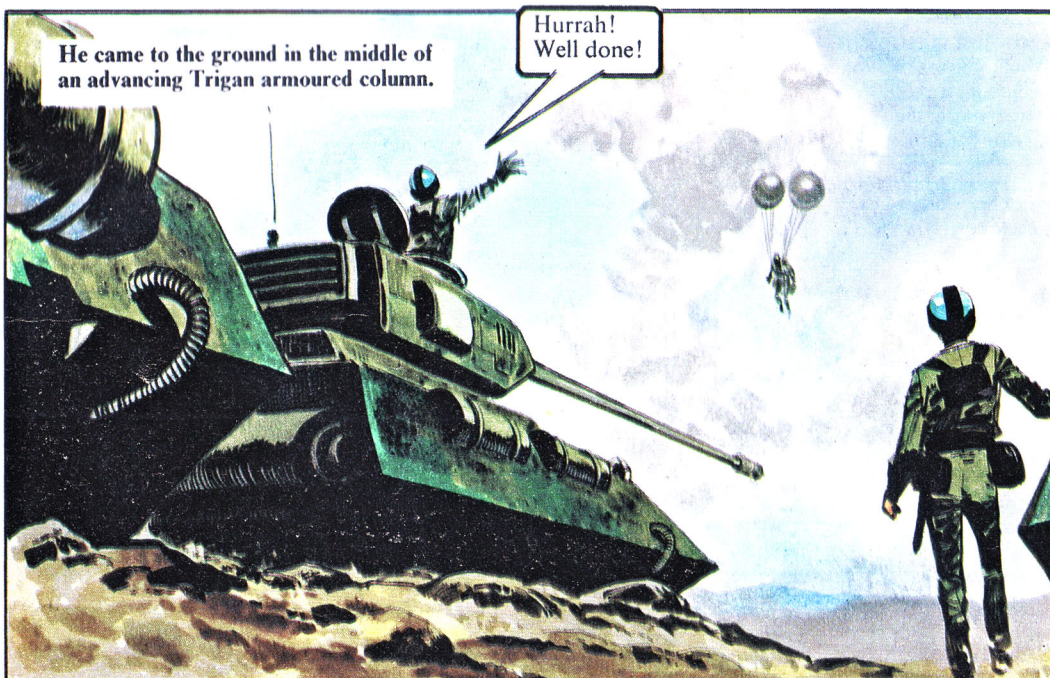
Aaaaaagh!



His craft plunged out of control—and sliced into the enemy fighters threatening Janno!



An instant before his own craft blew up, Voss instinctively pressed his escape button.



He came to the ground in the middle of an advancing Trigan armoured column.

Hurrah!
Well done!

Dazed, he listened half-comprehendingly to the praises of the column's commander.



Bravest thing I've ever seen! You deliberately risked your own life to save your comrade. By the stars, the Emperor shall hear of this!

And so it was that the imposter was decorated by Trigo himself.

The Empire's highest award for gallantry in action!



I owe you a life, Nils Zenna—and if it should ever be necessary I will repay it!

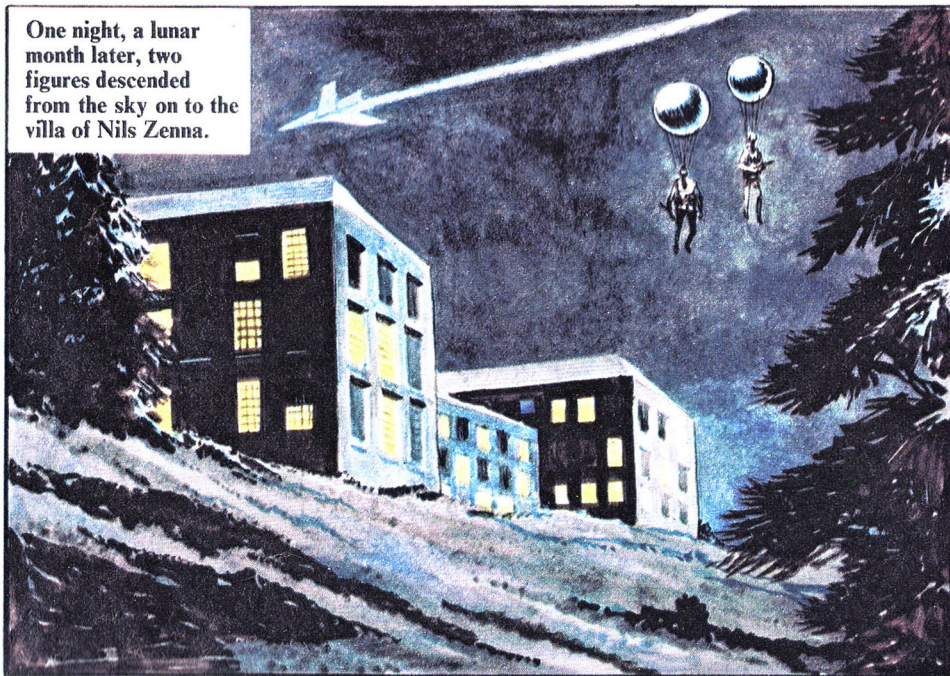


The mind of the false Nils Zenna was in turmoil.



How can I tell them that my saving Janno was unintentional? It's like a nightmare—I seem to be plunging further and further into a web of lies and deception!

One night, a lunar month later, two figures descended from the sky on to the villa of Nils Zenna.



Two men in the uniforms of Cato!

Ready?



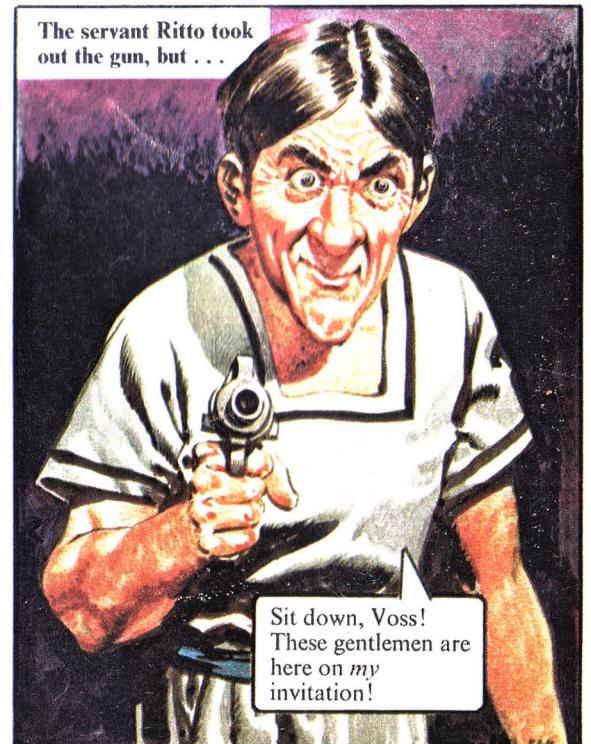
Ready!

When they burst into the villa, Voss responded immediately to the sight of enemy uniforms.

Ritto! My gun from that drawer! Quickly, man!



The servant Ritto took out the gun, but . . .



Sit down, Voss! These gentlemen are here on my invitation!

NEXT WEEK: THE SILENT MENACE!

THE TRIGAN EMPIRE

After Sergeant Voss takes over the identity of Nils Zenna, he finds nothing but trouble. Now the late Nils Zenna's crooked servant is conspiring with the Empire's enemies, the Catons, who have entered the villa.

Voss made a dive for the door—ducking under the levelled guns of the Caton soldiers.

Stop him! Don't let him get away, or all's lost!



Voss did *not* get away!

UUUUH...



He recovered his senses to find the servant Ritto sneering down at him.

What... What treachery are you up to now?

It is all quite simple, my friend. In your interest and in mine, I am using your position to do a deal with Cato. When the Trigan Empire is defeated, you and I will be handsomely rewarded by the victors.



Ritto pointed—to the panorama of Trigan City, spread out below the villa.

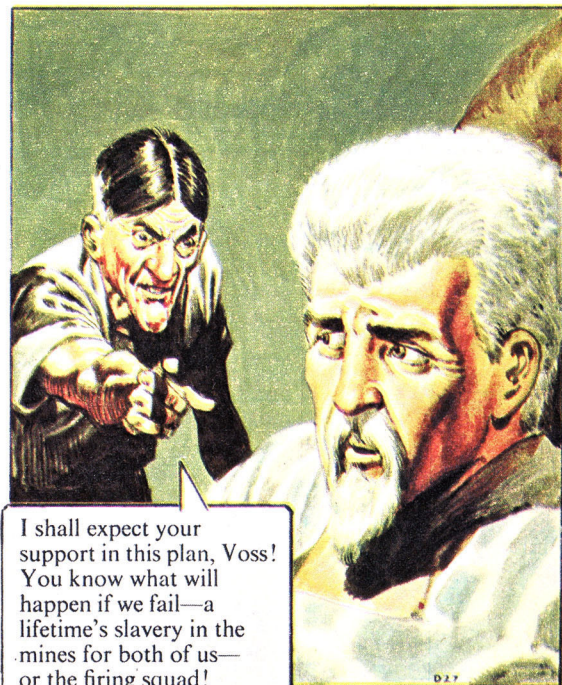


The plan that the unscrupulous servant spelled out was devastatingly ingenious.

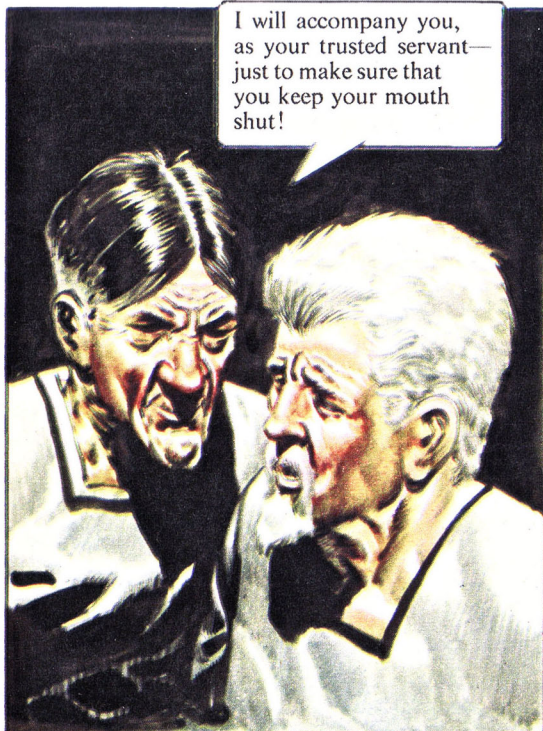
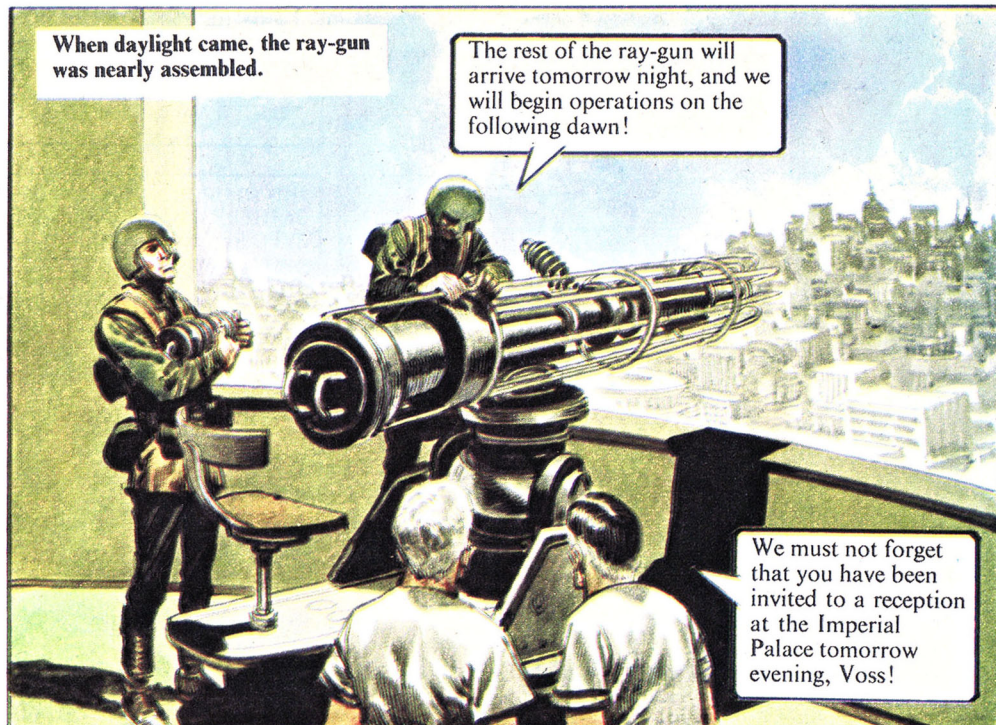


Trigan City's defence makes it invulnerable to air attack by day or night, but the Catons have found it possible to fly single, fast aircraft over the city at night. These two men came in such a craft—and they will be followed by a disintegrator ray-gun, dropped in its component parts. . . .

The ray-gun, sited in this villa, will be able to destroy the heart of the Trigan Empire, silently, unseen, and with pin-point accuracy! Why—senior members of the Empire can be eliminated individually as they walk the streets!



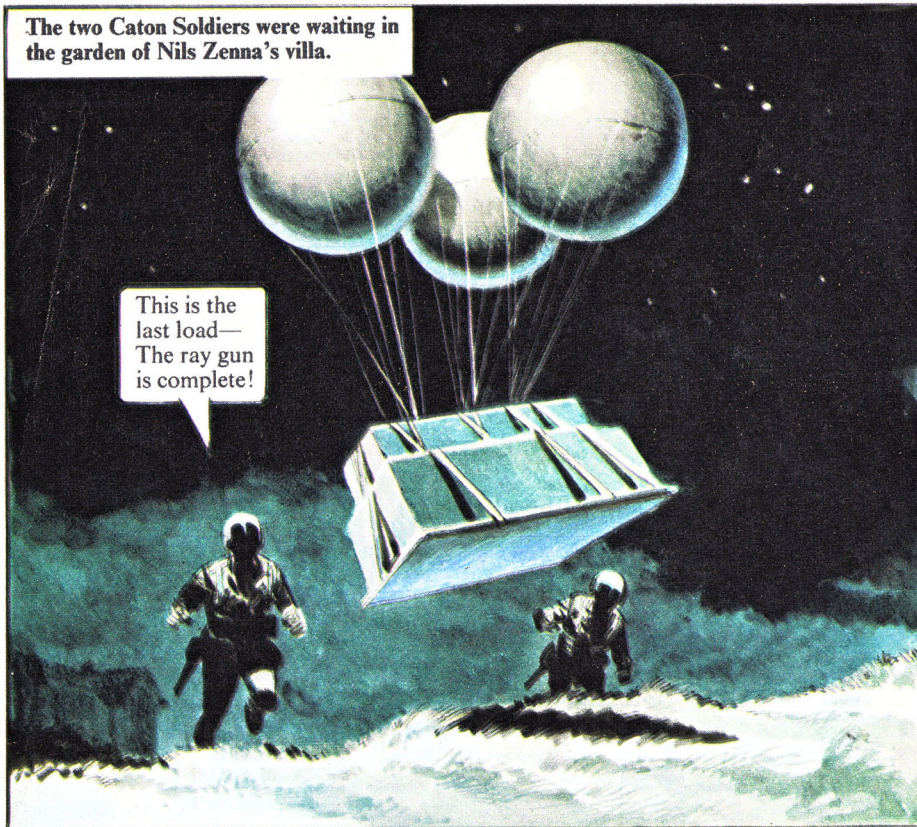
I shall expect your support in this plan, Voss! You know what will happen if we fail—a lifetime's slavery in the mines for both of us—or the firing squad!



THE TRIGAN EMPIRE

After Sergeant Voss takes over the identity of Nils Zenna, he finds nothing but trouble. Nils Zenna's crooked servant, Ritto, is conspiring with the Empire's enemies—and a disintegrator ray-gun is being set up in the villa. Its purpose—to bombard Trigan City!

The two Caton Soldiers were waiting in the garden of Nils Zenna's villa.



This is the last load—
The ray gun is complete!

Watched by the horrified Voss and the grinning Ritto, the Catons assembled the deadly weapon.



All ready!

I see no reason to wait till dawn. How about reducing the Imperial Palace to ruins with a few well-placed discharges?

Aaah! That will be worth watching, eh, Voss?

In that instant, Voss acted!



Aaaaah! Stop him!

... but was struck down.



But there was an intruder in the villa—none other than Janno, who had seen and heard all.



You animals!

Look out! —it's Janno!

Young Janno soon settled his two opponents!

Aaaagh!



Some time passed before the imposter who had called himself Nils Zenna opened his eyes.

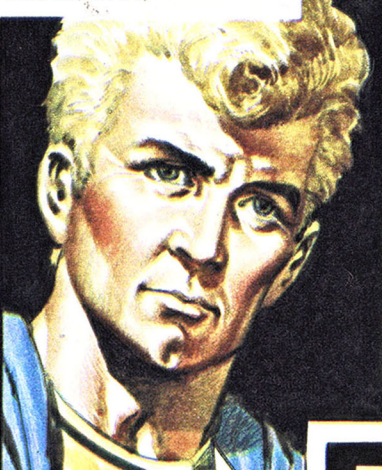
I want to know why your servant addressed you as "Voss" instead of "Master" or "Nils Zenna." In fact, I want to know everything—so start talking!



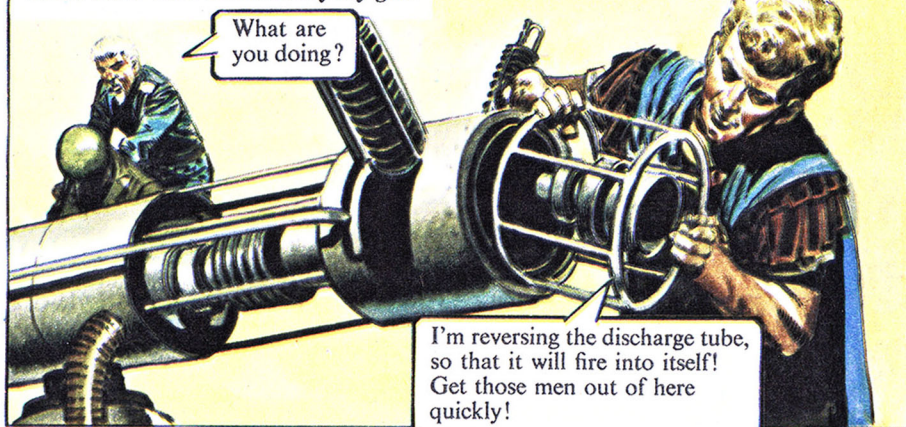
Slowly, haltingly, Voss told the Emperor's nephew the story of his strange deception.



Janno thought for some time. And then . . .



Janno set to work on the deadly ray-gun.



What are you doing?

I'm reversing the discharge tube, so that it will fire into itself! Get those men out of here quickly!

... And so, you see, from taking on the identity of Nils Zenna, I progressed to betraying my country!

Not so, Voss! If I hadn't intervened just now, they would have killed you for opposing them!

Voss! whether intentionally or not, you once saved my life, and I promised to repay it. I am going to help you. First of all, Nils Zenna must die—*this time for good!*

Moments later, the two men and their unconscious prisoners were crouched below the villa.

What will happen?

A delay fuse will fire the gun—the gun will blow itself up—and everything with it, including Nils Zenna!



In years to come, the citizens of Trigan spoke of the night that Nils Zenna's magnificent villa disintegrated in a great thunderclap of sound that rocked the very foundations of the city, and a flash that turned night into day!

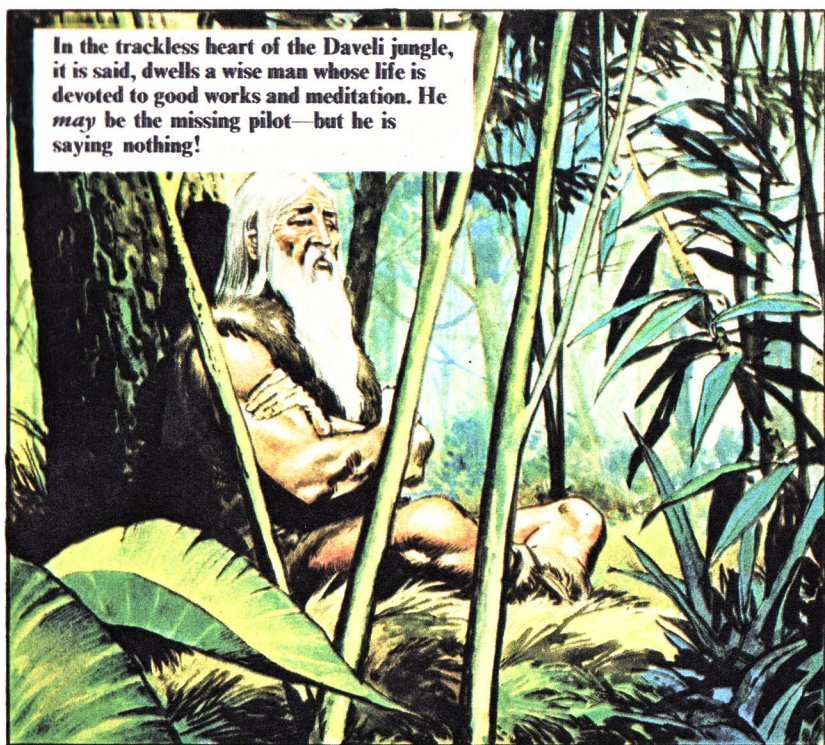


NEXT WEEK: VOSS DISAPPEARS

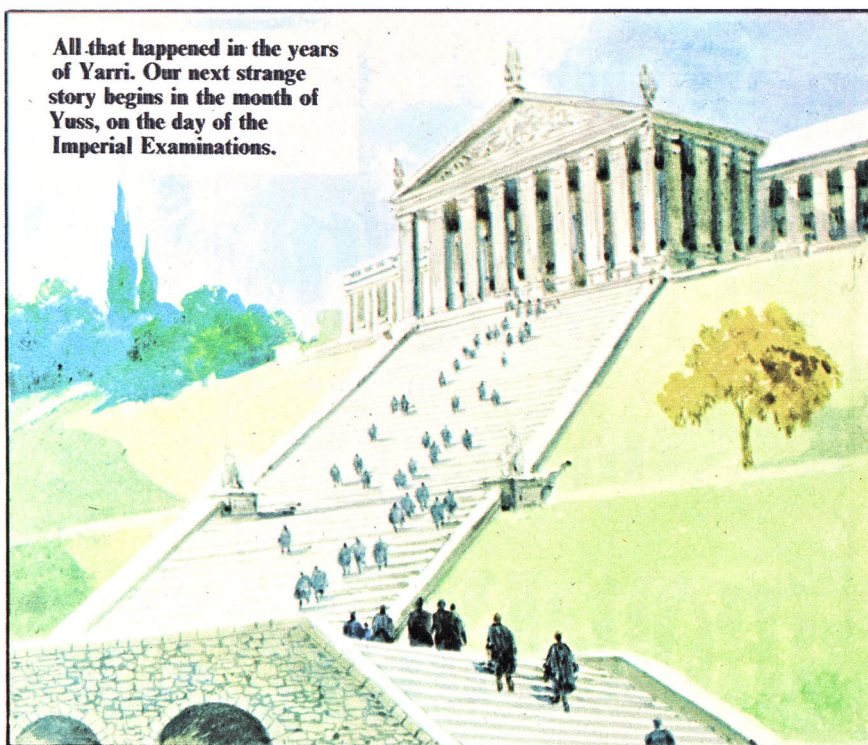
THE TRIGAN EMPIRE

By taking over the identity of Nils Zenna, Sergeant Voss found himself in the middle of a Caton plot to overthrow the Trigan empire. Lord Janno, one of Trigan's leaders, has cleared his name.

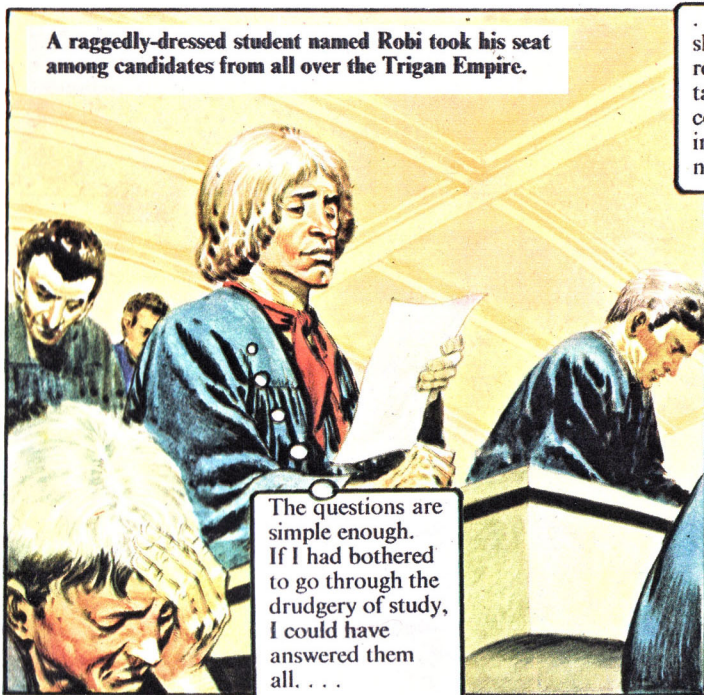




In the trackless heart of the Daveli jungle, it is said, dwells a wise man whose life is devoted to good works and meditation. He may be the missing pilot—but he is saying nothing!

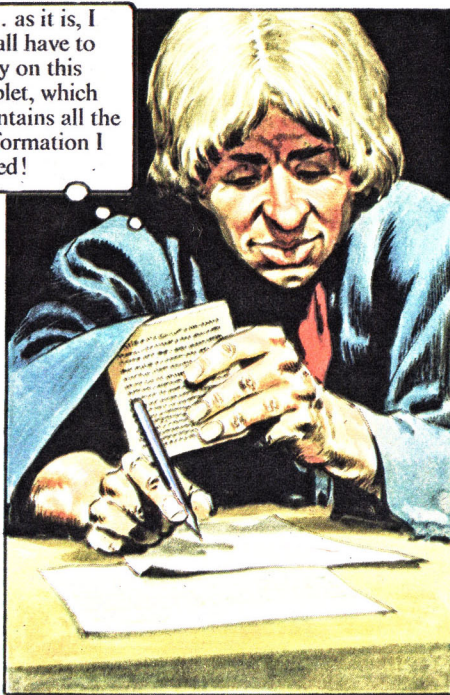


All that happened in the years of Yarri. Our next strange story begins in the month of Yuss, on the day of the Imperial Examinations.

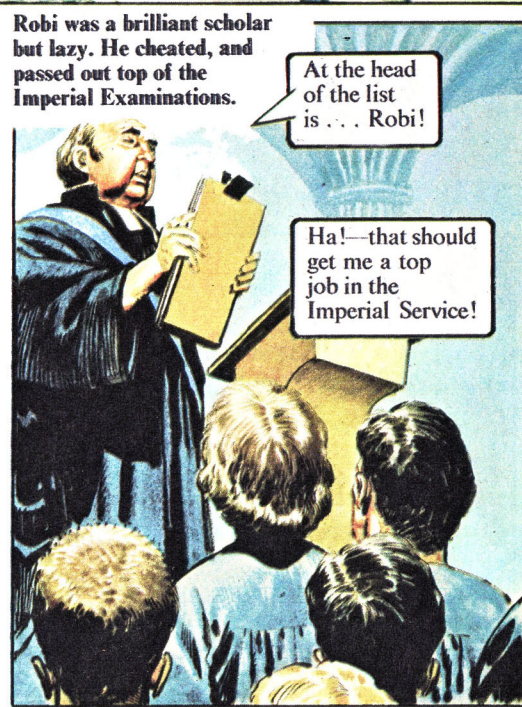


A raggedly-dressed student named Robi took his seat among candidates from all over the Trigan Empire.

The questions are simple enough. If I had bothered to go through the drudgery of study, I could have answered them all. . . .



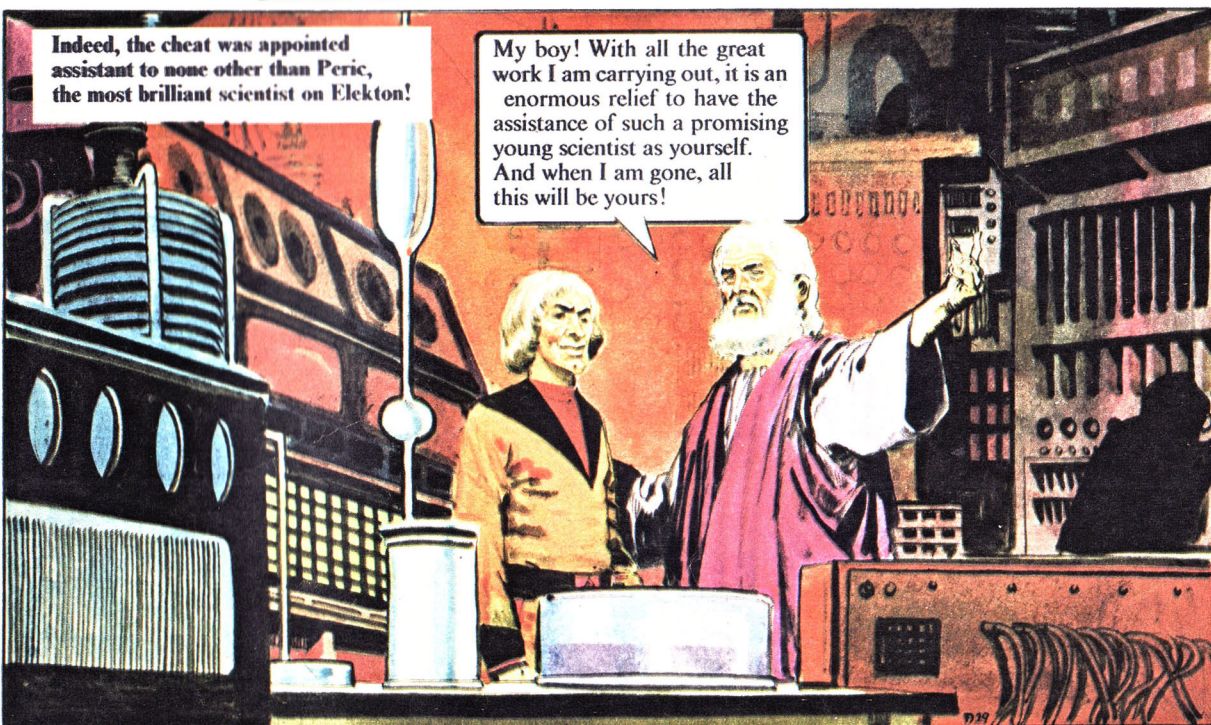
. . . as it is, I shall have to rely on this tablet, which contains all the information I need!



Robi was a brilliant scholar but lazy. He cheated, and passed out top of the Imperial Examinations.

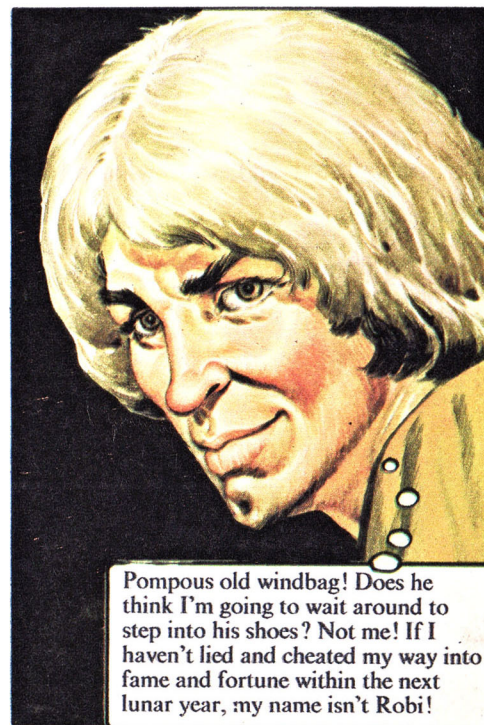
At the head of the list is . . . Robi!

Ha!—that should get me a top job in the Imperial Service!



Indeed, the cheat was appointed assistant to none other than Peric, the most brilliant scientist on Elekton!

My boy! With all the great work I am carrying out, it is an enormous relief to have the assistance of such a promising young scientist as yourself. And when I am gone, all this will be yours!



Pompous old windbag! Does he think I'm going to wait around to step into his shoes? Not me! If I haven't lied and cheated my way into fame and fortune within the next lunar year, my name isn't Robi!