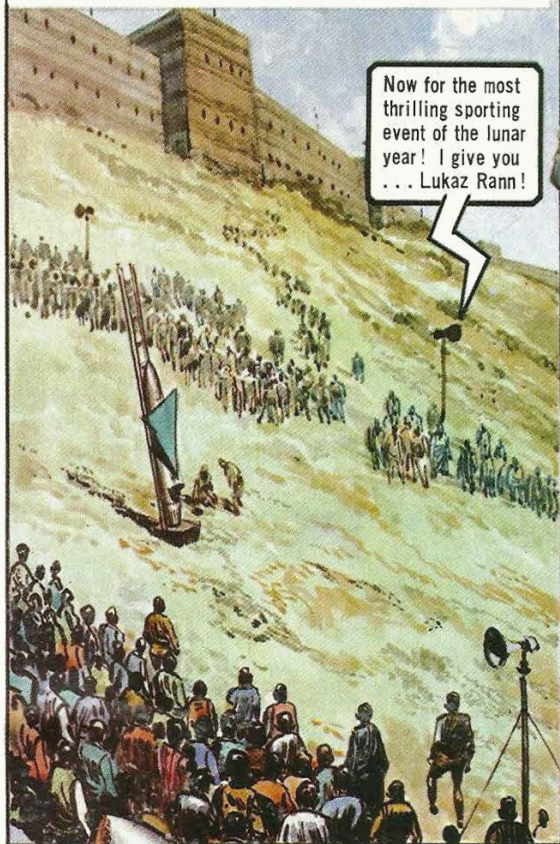


The planet Elekton lies in the galaxy of Yarna, and the greatest power on Elekton is the Trigan Empire which is ruled over by its founder, the Emperor Trigo.

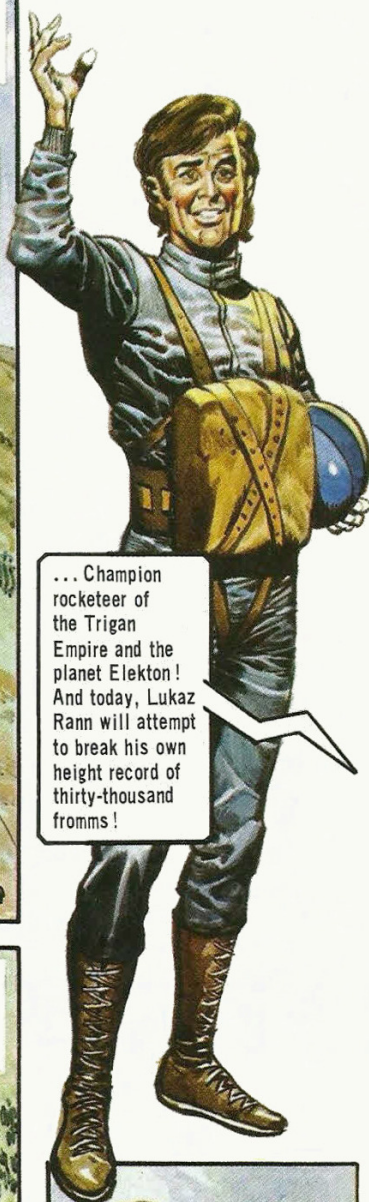
MORE ADVENTURES OF THE

# TRIGAN EMPIRE

It seemed that all Trigan City was gathered on the great plain outside the walls. The announcer's voice stilled the multitude to silence.



Now for the most thrilling sporting event of the lunar year! I give you ... Lukaz Rann!



... Champion rocketeer of the Trigan Empire and the planet Elekton! And today, Lukaz Rann will attempt to break his own height record of thirty-thousand fromms!

Rocketeering was the most dangerous sport known, and Lukaz Rann was its most intrepid hero.



Three - two - one - zero - fire!



The living projectile streaked skywards.

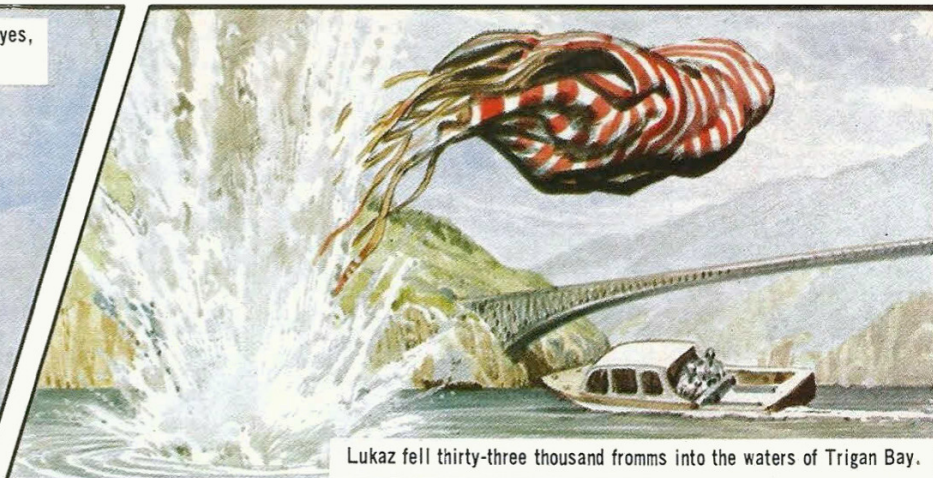
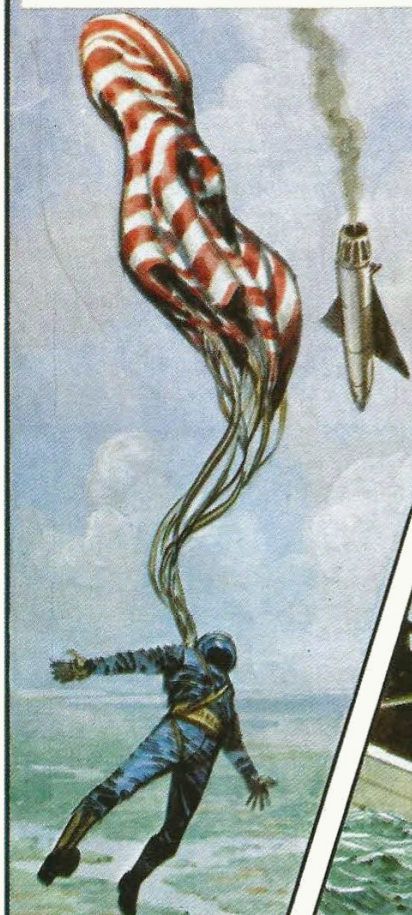


He's done it! He's broken his own record! The height indicator gives thirty-one thousand - thirty-two thousand fromms!

Now he's parting from his rocket! He... he's in trouble!



Before the horrified gaze of thousands of upturned eyes, the rocketeer's rescue equipment failed on opening.



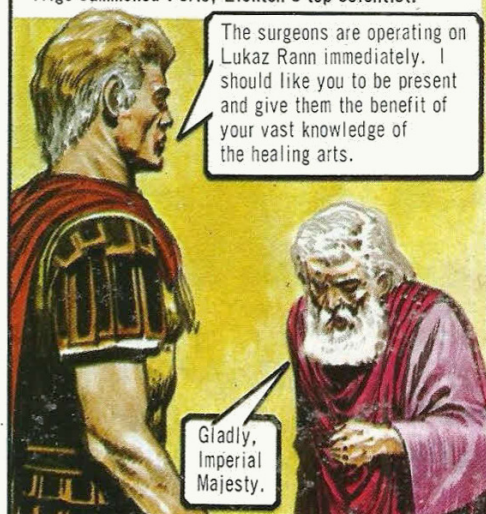
Lukaz fell thirty-three thousand fromms into the waters of Trigan Bay.

By great good fortune, he was picked up by a pleasure boat.



Careful with him, wife.

When news of the mishap was brought to the Emperor, Trigo summoned Peric, Elektion's top scientist.



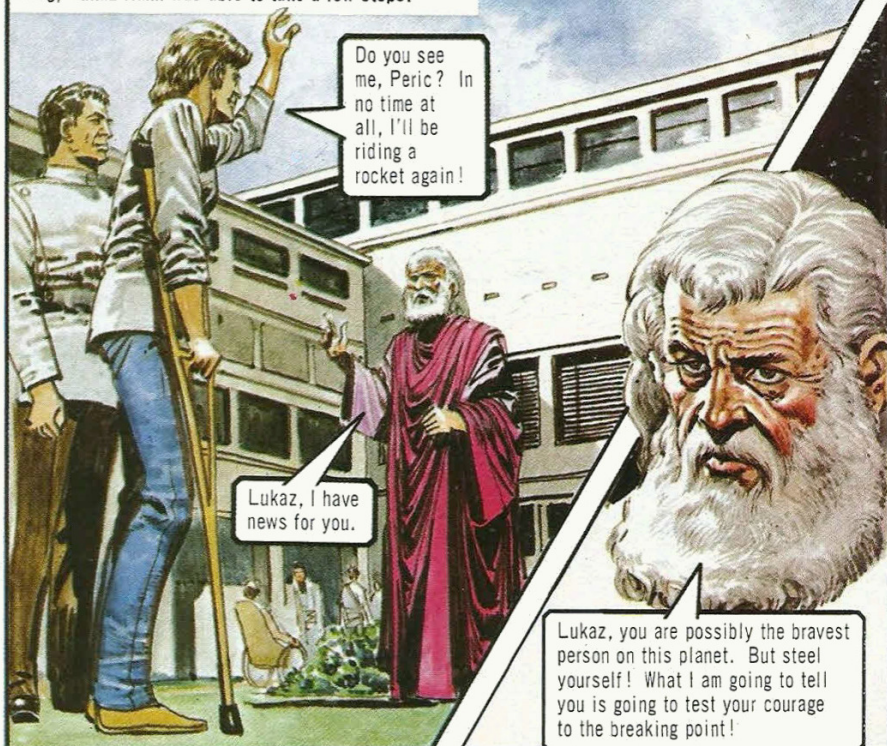
The surgeons are operating on Lukaz Rann immediately. I should like you to be present and give them the benefit of your vast knowledge of the healing arts.

Gladly, Imperial Majesty.

Throughout the rising and setting of many suns, the rocketeer's life hung in the balance.



The surgeons' skills seemed to bring success. Before long, Lukaz Rann was able to take a few steps.



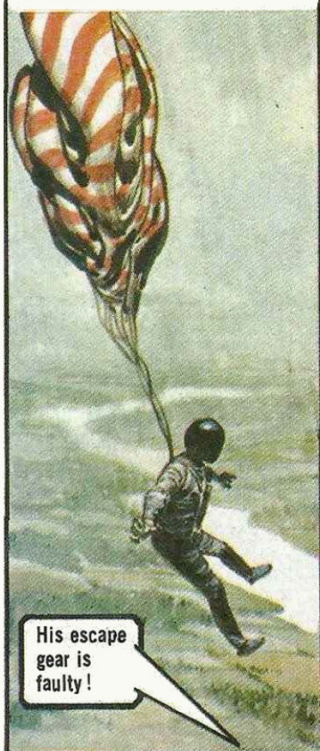
Do you see me, Peric? In no time at all, I'll be riding a rocket again!

Lukaz, I have news for you.

Lukaz, you are possibly the bravest person on this planet. But steel yourself! What I am going to tell you is going to test your courage to the breaking point!



A tragic accident during a record-breaking flight had brought disaster to champion rocketeer, Lukaz Rann.



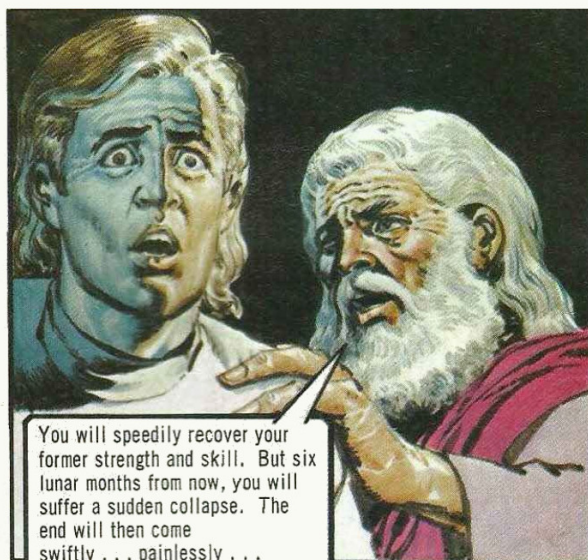
His escape gear is faulty!

At the end of a long series of operations, it was left to the great scientist Peric to break the news to Lukaz Rann.



What are you trying to tell me, Peric?

That you have six lunar months to live, my friend!



You will speedily recover your former strength and skill. But six lunar months from now, you will suffer a sudden collapse. The end will then come swiftly . . . painlessly . . .

A few days later, Lukaz Rann looked out from the grounds of his sumptuous villa, over the city he loved so well.



Six lunar months and then I must be parted from all this.



I must spend those six months doing something to benefit those I leave behind . . . something to benefit all Elekton!



I have it! In the time left to me, I will destroy the power of the six most evil inhabitants of this planet, leaving Elekton a better place to live in.



While his strength improved, Lukaz Rann prepared dossiers on his six intended victims.

The six most dangerous and detestable creatures ever to blight this planet! And the first one is . . .





ZORZA THE BARBARIAN, scourge of Elekton's southern hemisphere, but a constant threat to the rest of the planet.

Burn! Destroy!  
Yaaaaaaaah!

Half the vast planet lived under the heel of the barbarians who burned, destroyed and enslaved.

Where Zorza sets his foot, nothing ever grows again!

His preparations made, Lukaz Rann left Trigan City in his personal craft. Dusk found him high above the great southern wilderness, abode of the savage horde.

I'm coming to get you, Zorza!

That night, as ever, there was feasting and merry-making in the barbarians' camp.

Lukaz Rann was close at hand.

Tonight, when you are asleep, Zorza, I shall . . .

Suddenly, the bushes rustled and the next moment . . .

Take him to our leader!

Zorza will swiftly loosen his tongue!





We found this animal lurking in the shadows. Do I smite him in two, Zorza?

Not yet!

Who are you and what are you doing at the encampment of Zorza?



Lukaz Rann's quick wits came to his aid.

By your leave, Master, I am an entertainer, a tumbler and acrobat of some merit. I have come to amuse you and earn my supper.

Then I'll see your entertainment. If it amuses me, you sup. If it doesn't - you perish!



Lukaz asked for ropes to be rigged in the surrounding trees, and then climbed high above the camp. As a trained rocketeer, he was, of course, an adept acrobat.

If I fail, I shall still enjoy the six months of life left to me.



He swung into space over the searing heat of the campfire.

Even the battle-hardened barbarians cried out in alarm, as he released the rope and hurtled towards the other.

Aaaaaah! Look at that!



Zorza never saw his peril till it was too late. The rocketeer's booted foot caught the barbarian leader in the chest, knocking the breath from his powerful body.

Uuuuu-u-uhhh!



With one muscular arm around his unconscious victim, Lukaz Rann continued his swing.

He landed neatly on the back of a tethered kneed ...

... and was away, before the dumbfounded barbarians could raise a finger to rescue their leader.



His craft was where he had left it.

It's going to be a close run thing!

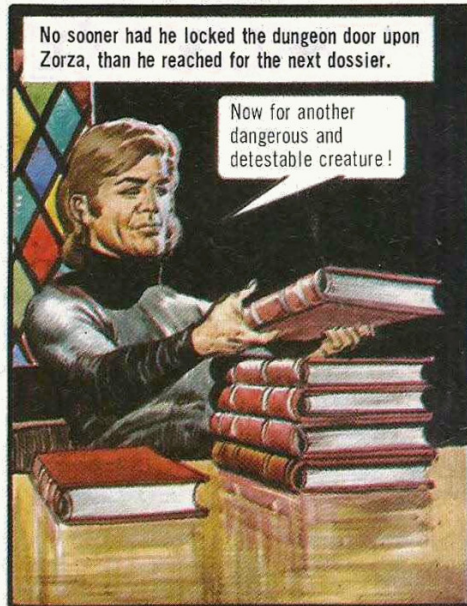
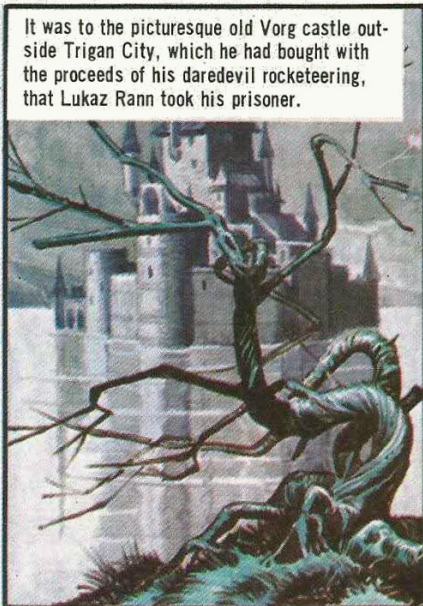
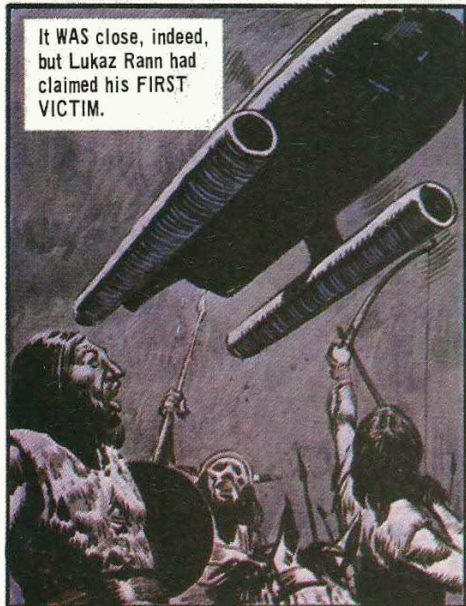


It WAS close, indeed, but Lukaz Rann had claimed his FIRST VICTIM.

It was to the picturesque old Vorg castle outside Trigan City, which he had bought with the proceeds of his daredevil rocketeering, that Lukaz Rann took his prisoner.

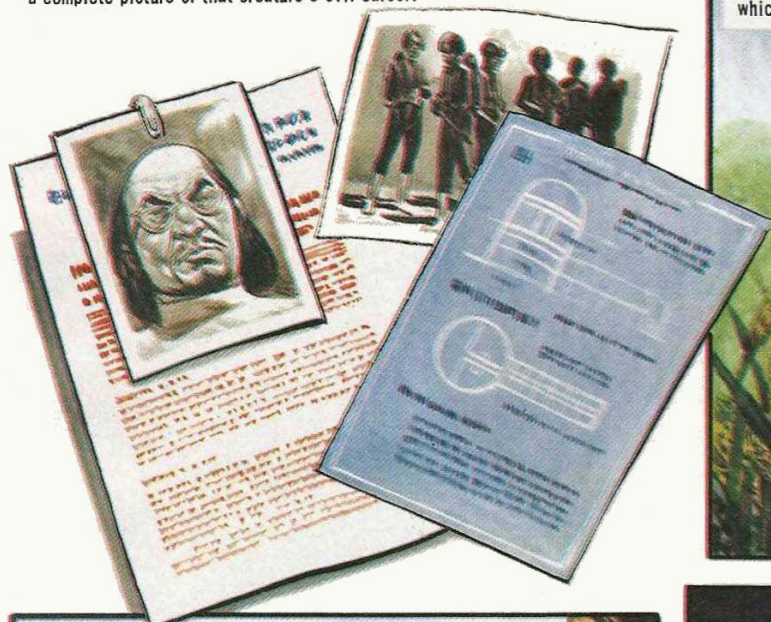
No sooner had he locked the dungeon door upon Zorza, than he reached for the next dossier.

Now for another dangerous and detestable creature!

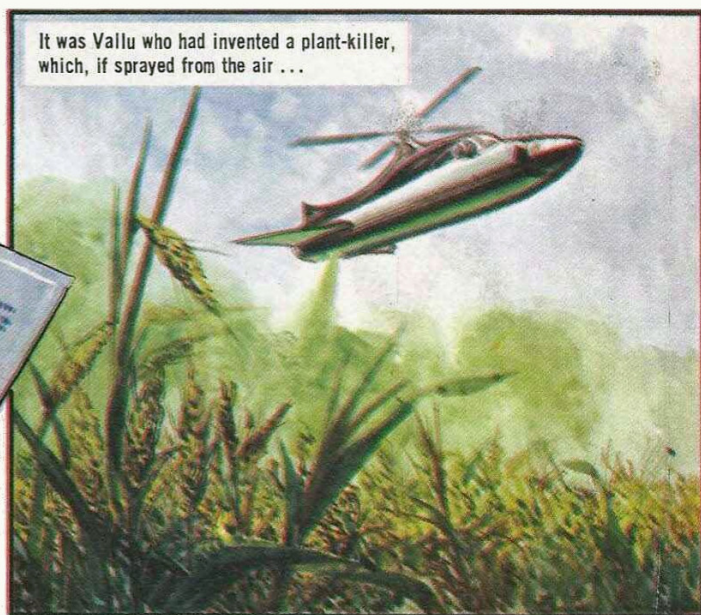




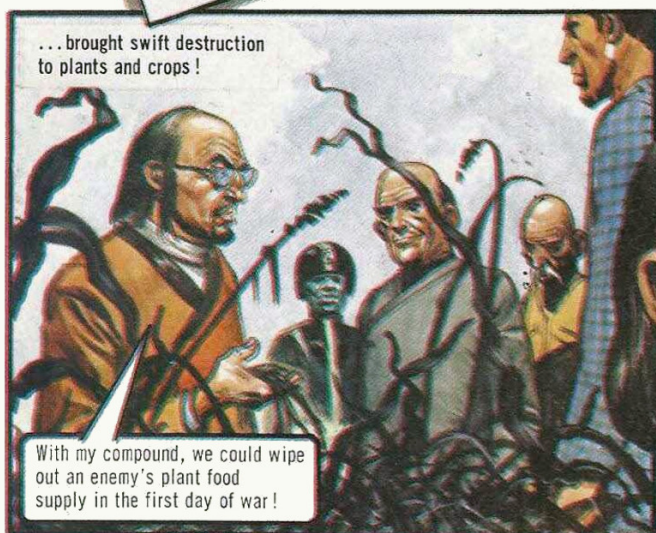
Lukaz Rann's dossier on the Tharv scientist, VALLU, gave a complete picture of that creature's evil career.



It was Vallu who had invented a plant-killer, which, if sprayed from the air ...



...brought swift destruction to plants and crops!

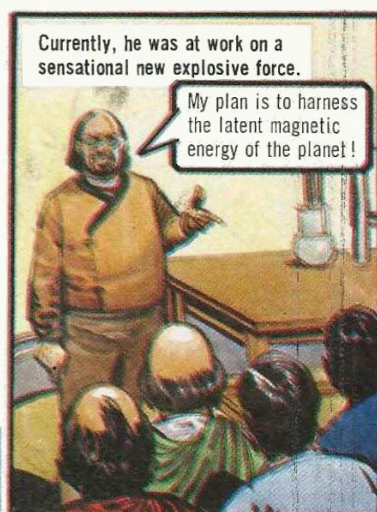


With my compound, we could wipe out an enemy's plant food supply in the first day of war!



One drop of my X-germ in a city's water supply will eliminate the entire population of that city!

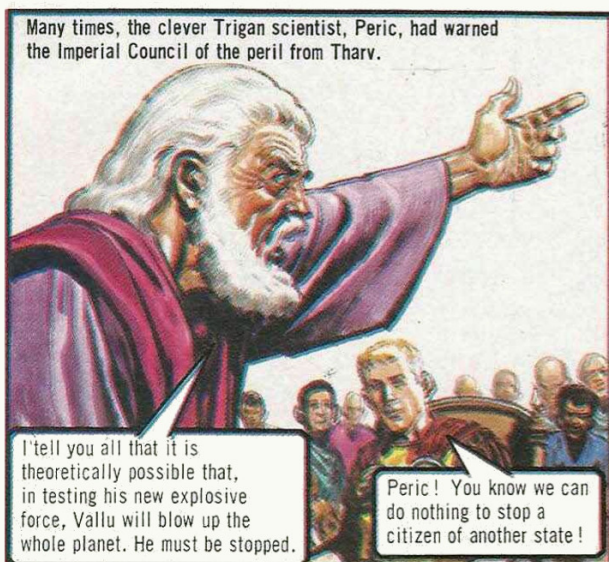
Currently, he was at work on a sensational new explosive force.



My plan is to harness the latent magnetic energy of the planet!

When Vallu was questioned about Peric's claim, he only scoffed.

Many times, the clever Trigan scientist, Peric, had warned the Imperial Council of the peril from Tharv.



I tell you all that it is theoretically possible that, in testing his new explosive force, Vallu will blow up the whole planet. He must be stopped.

Peric! You know we can do nothing to stop a citizen of another state!

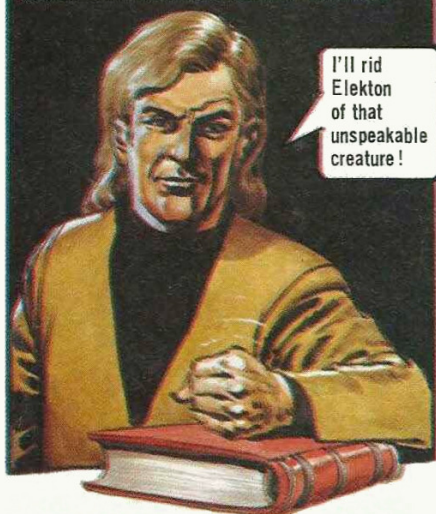
And what do you say to the allegation that your new force will blow up the planet?



The allegation was made by an old fool! At his age, he should give up science and take up needlework!

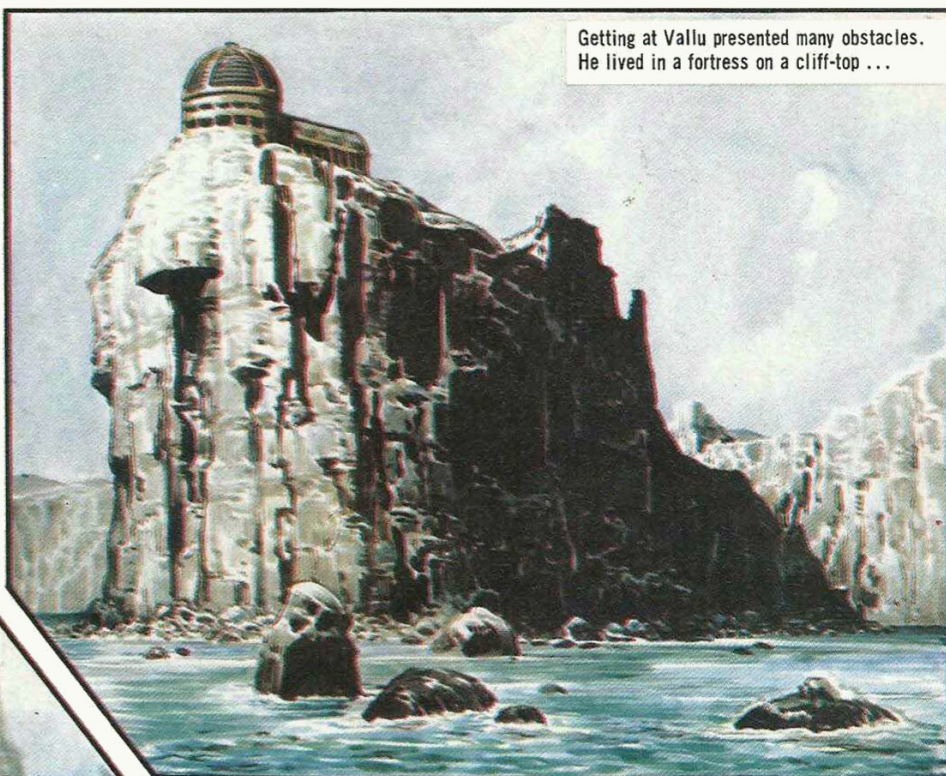


Lukaz Rann read through Vallu's dossier.



I'll rid  
Elektion  
of that  
unspeakable  
creature!

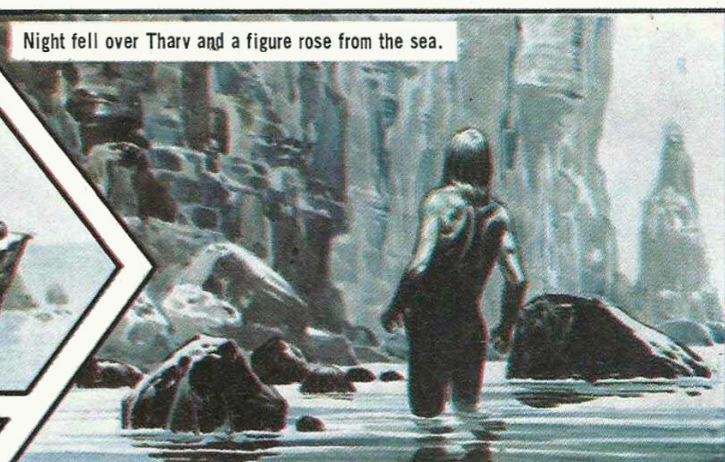
Getting at Vallu presented many obstacles.  
He lived in a fortress on a cliff-top ...



... and never travelled without the constant  
attentions of his six hand-picked Daveli bodyguard.

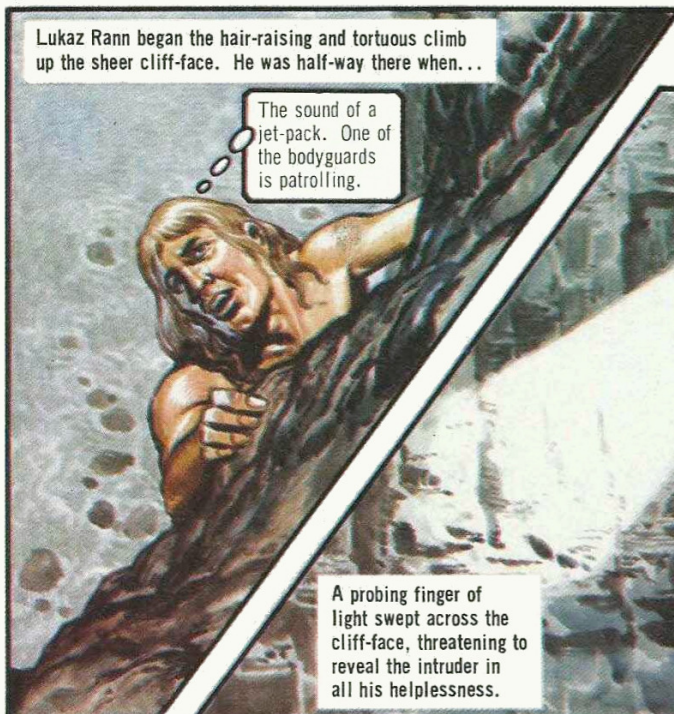


Night fell over Tharv and a figure rose from the sea.



Lukaz Rann began the hair-raising and tortuous climb  
up the sheer cliff-face. He was half-way there when...

The sound of a  
jet-pack. One of  
the bodyguards  
is patrolling.

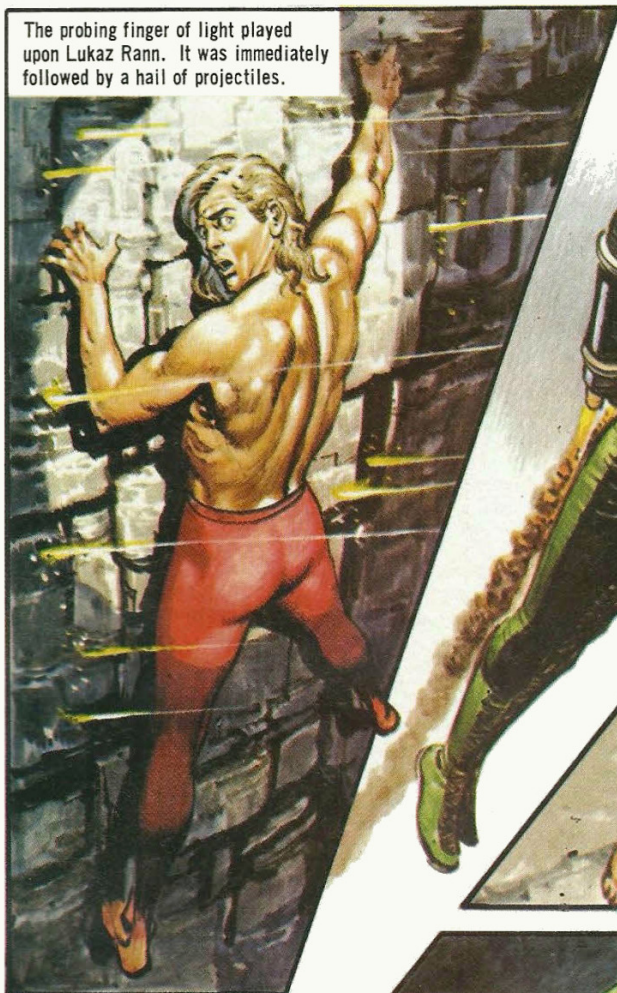


A probing finger of  
light swept across the  
cliff-face, threatening to  
reveal the intruder in  
all his helplessness.





The probing finger of light played upon Lukaz Rann. It was immediately followed by a hail of projectiles.



The Daveli guard came at him, gun blazing.



Lukaz Rann had only one chance of survival—to risk all in a death-defying leap.



He connected and hung on!



Roaring out of control, the jet-pack carried the two battling figures up over the edge of the cliff.



Lukaz Rann felt his opponent go limp from a lucky blow. He reached and switched off the jet-pack and they fell, locked together.







As he rolled clear and picked himself up, the intrepid rocketeer heard more jet-pack engines.

They must have heard the shots!



Two more airborne Daveli bodyguards zipped out of the darkness.

Do you see anything?

A figure lying over there!



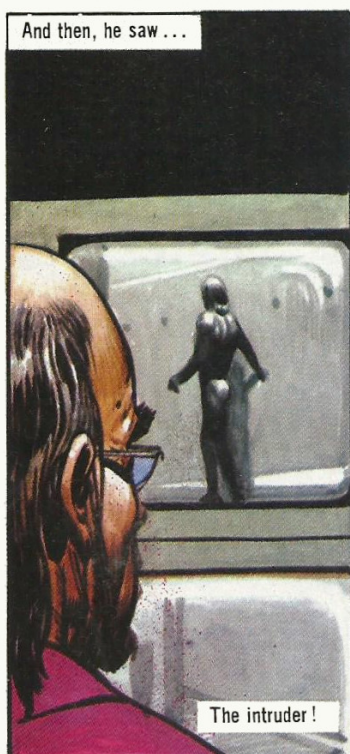
By the time the newcomers had found their stricken comrade, Lukaz Rann had reached the building that housed the evil genius of Tharv.

And now to deal with Vallu.



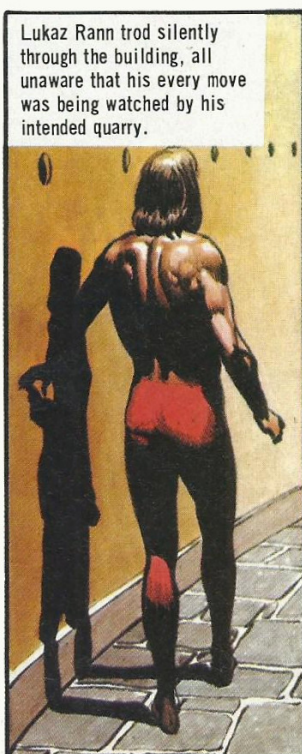
The sound of the shots had awakened Vallu, who had leapt from his bed and was scanning the audivision screens that gave him a view of every part of his abode.

Is it an intruder? What are those guards doing? Are they protecting me properly?

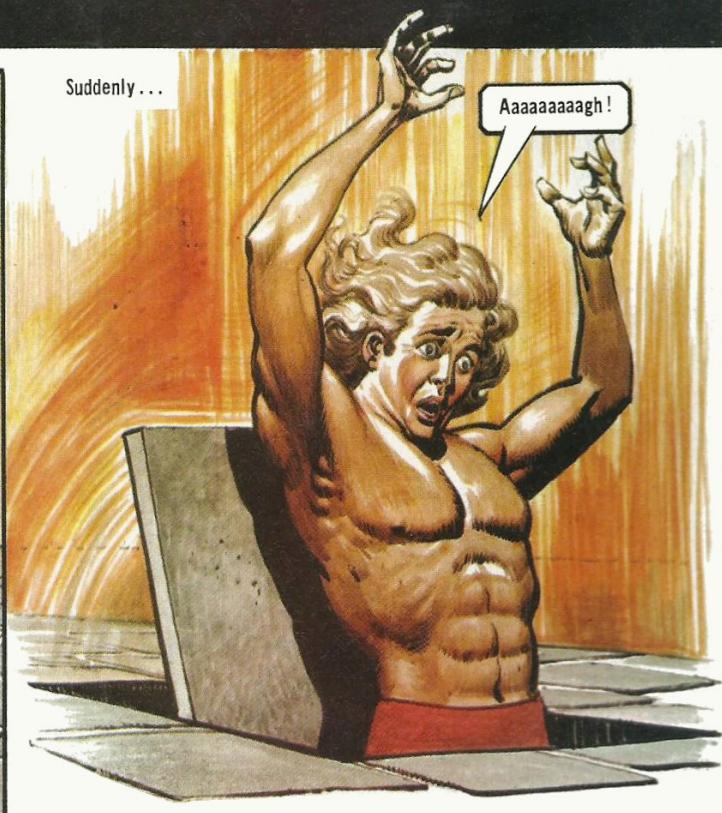


And then, he saw ...

The intruder!



Lukaz Rann trod silently through the building, all unaware that his every move was being watched by his intended quarry.

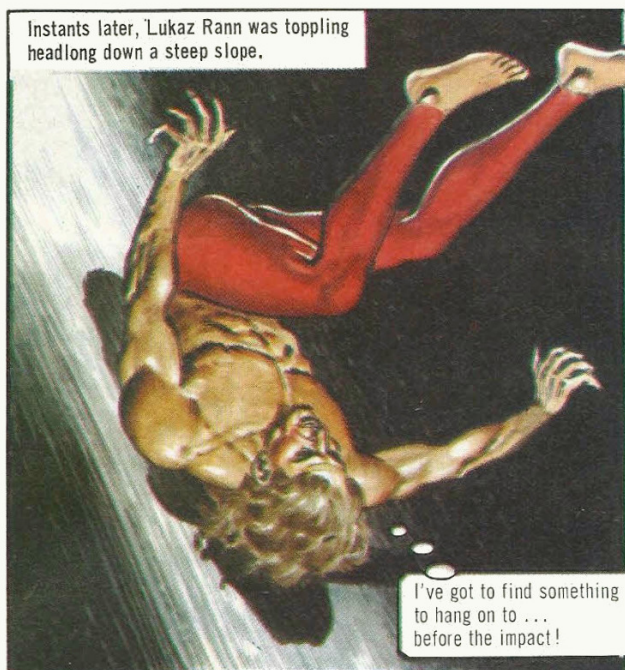


Suddenly ...

Aaaaaaaagh!



Instantly later, Lukaz Rann was toppling headlong down a steep slope.



I've got to find something to hang on to ... before the impact!

As the slope came to an abrupt end, his fingers scrabbled and held.



High above him, dawn light showed through a small window

So that's the fate which Vallu has in store for unwanted visitors!



The rocketeer set off on the most tortuous climb of his life, with freedom as the prize and a hideous fate the reward for failure.



Is it possible to climb that far?



Safe in his belief that the intruder had met his end, the scientist Vallu had gone to his laboratory. With him was his assistant.

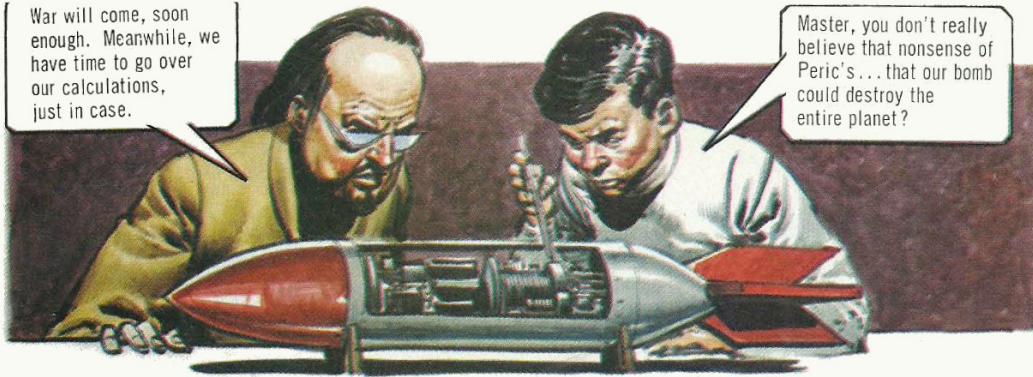


To think, master, that this single bomb could destroy an area ten times the size of Tharv City. When are we going to put it to the test?

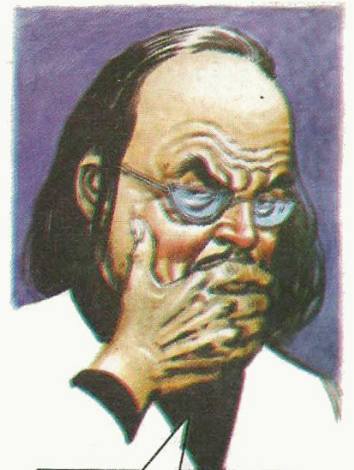
There is only one way to test it properly. But, regrettably, we are not at war with anybody at the moment.



War will come, soon enough. Meanwhile, we have time to go over our calculations, just in case.



Master, you don't really believe that nonsense of Peric's... that our bomb could destroy the entire planet?



Of course not, you young fool. All the same, there's no harm in making quite sure.

I am going to Tharv City for a meeting of the Scientific Advisory Committee. While I'm gone, start checking through the calculations again.



One day, someone's going to discover that Vallu's reputation is founded entirely on my inventions!

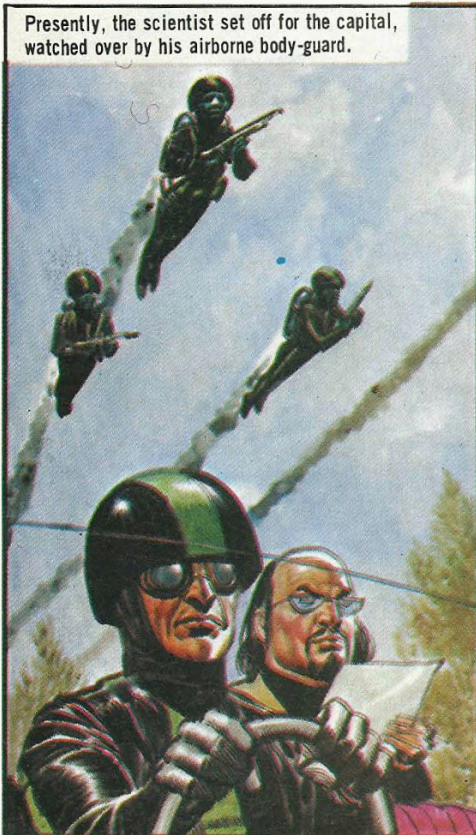


Check the calculations again, indeed. My calculations don't need to be checked!

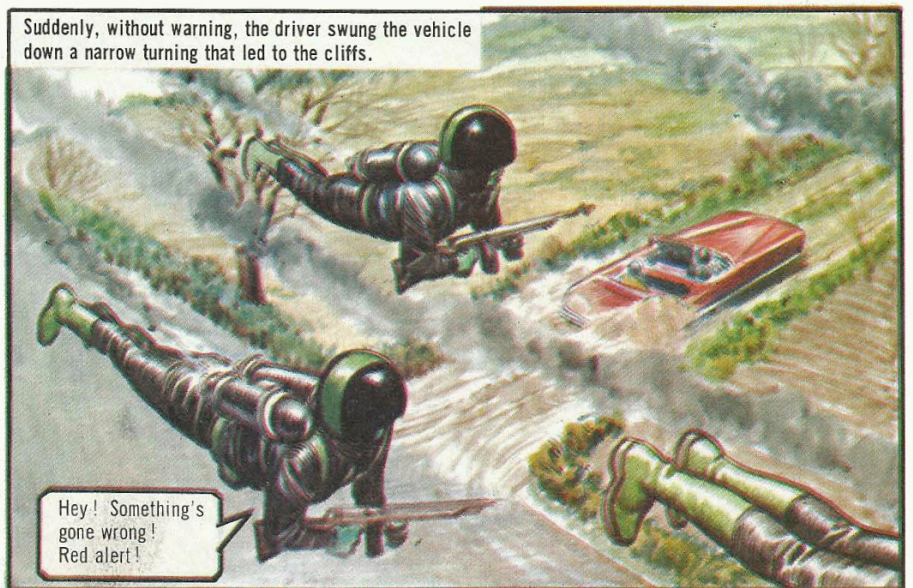
Vallu's Daveli driver waited for his master, unaware of a figure emerging from a window behind him.



Presently, the scientist set off for the capital, watched over by his airborne body-guard.



Suddenly, without warning, the driver swung the vehicle down a narrow turning that led to the cliffs.



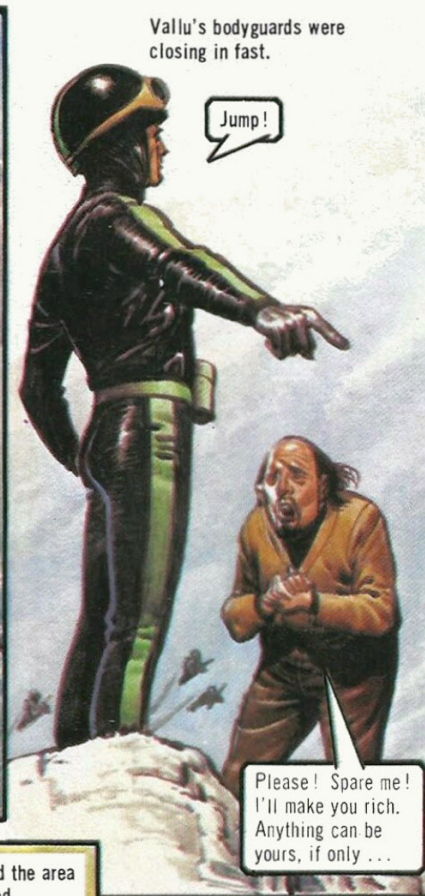
Hey! Something's gone wrong! Red alert!





Lukaz Rann brought Vallu's vehicle to a jarring halt at the cliff edge and rasped an order.

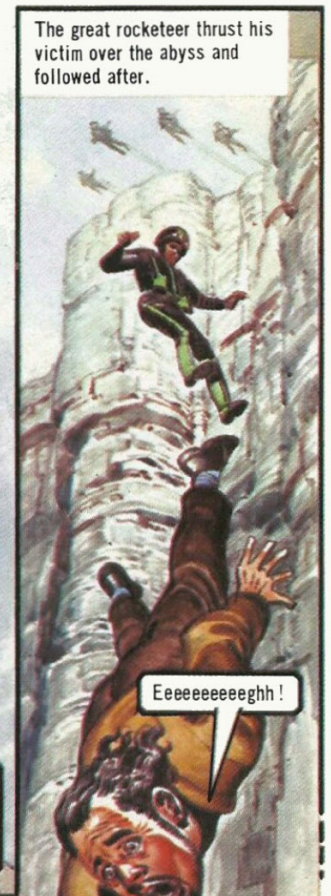
Get out!



Vallu's bodyguards were closing in fast.

Jump!

Please! Spare me!  
I'll make you rich.  
Anything can be  
yours, if only ...



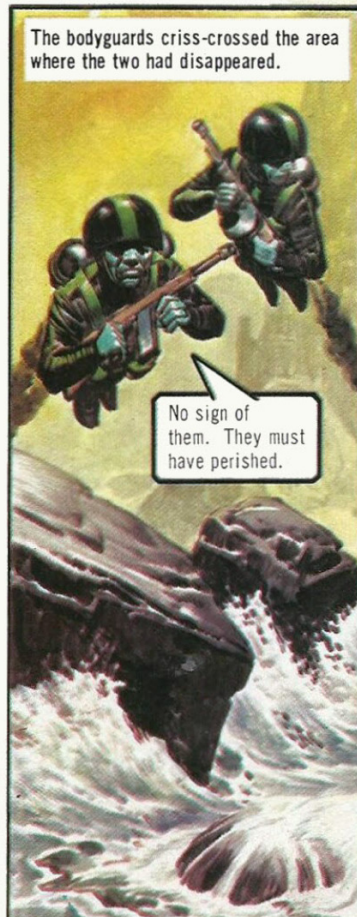
The great rocketeer thrust his victim over the abyss and followed after.

Eeeeeeeeeeghh!



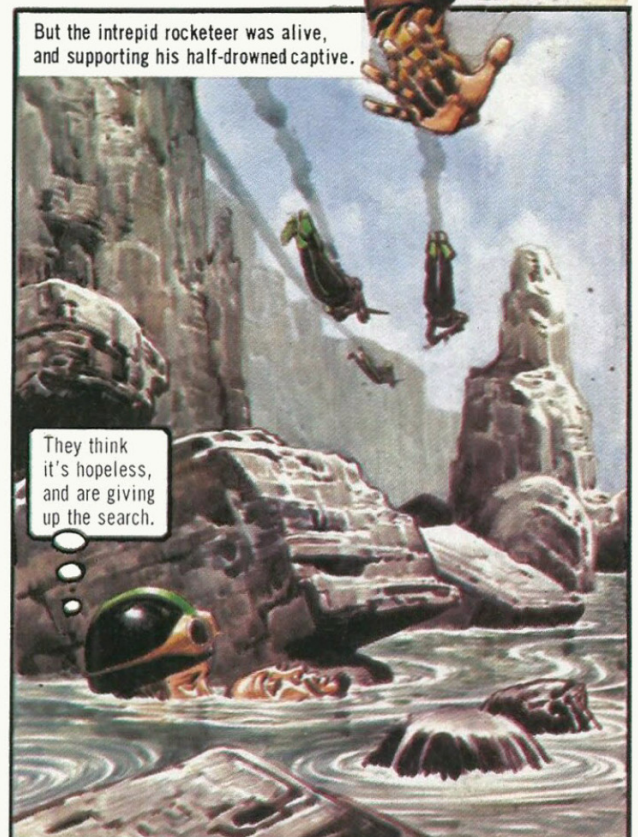
Lukaz Rann struck the water and sank deeply.

Vallu's been knocked unconscious.  
I must get him to the surface  
before he drowns. I'd hate  
anything to happen to him!



The bodyguards criss-crossed the area where the two had disappeared.

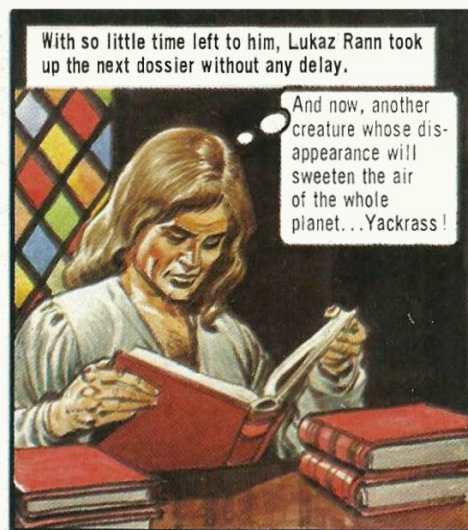
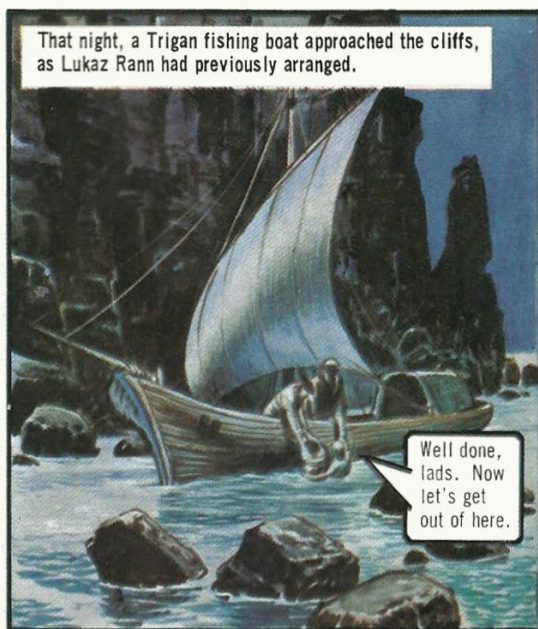
No sign of  
them. They must  
have perished.



But the intrepid rocketeer was alive,  
and supporting his half-drowned captive.

They think  
it's hopeless,  
and are giving  
up the search.

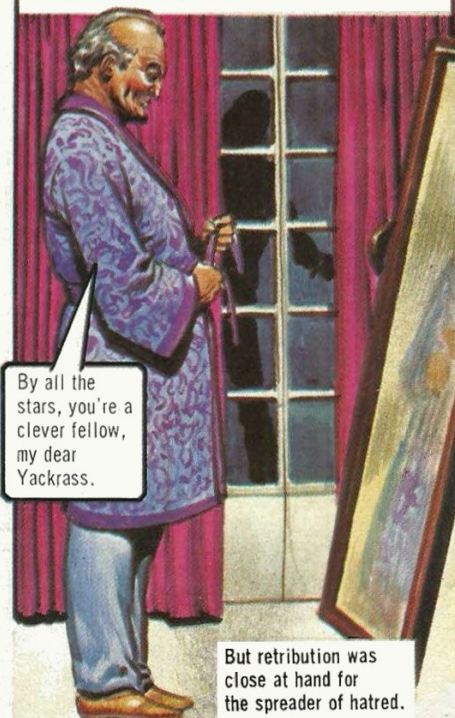




Yackrass was a rabble-rousing Trigan politician. He was also the highest paid performer on the Trigan audivision network. An estimated fifty million viewers switched on his weekly programme.



Yackrass had cause for self-congratulation. That very day, he had landed a new audivision contract at double his usual fee.





A Trigan City Police patrol spotted a craft leaving the roof of Yackrass's apartment building.

But the runaway was soon lost in the maze of buildings.

That fellow's taking-off from an unauthorised area! Let's investigate!

He's escaped. We'll go back to the scene of his take-off.

They found Yackrass's apartment open and empty.

There's been a struggle here!

We'd better put out a general alarm call!

The mysterious disappearance of Yackrass puzzled everybody. Yackrass's place on his weekly programme was taken over by the political journalist Rizzoldo. Unknown to anyone, Yackrass was imprisoned in Lukaz Rann's Vorg Castle, together with Zorza the barbarian and Vallu the vicious scientist.

But, before Lukaz Rann could complete his task of disposing of six of the worst creatures on Elekton, fate stepped in. Successor to the missing Zorza as leader of the southern hemisphere barbarians was a young fire-brand named Yossa.

The barbarians rode out of the wilderness and struck at the outposts of civilisation.

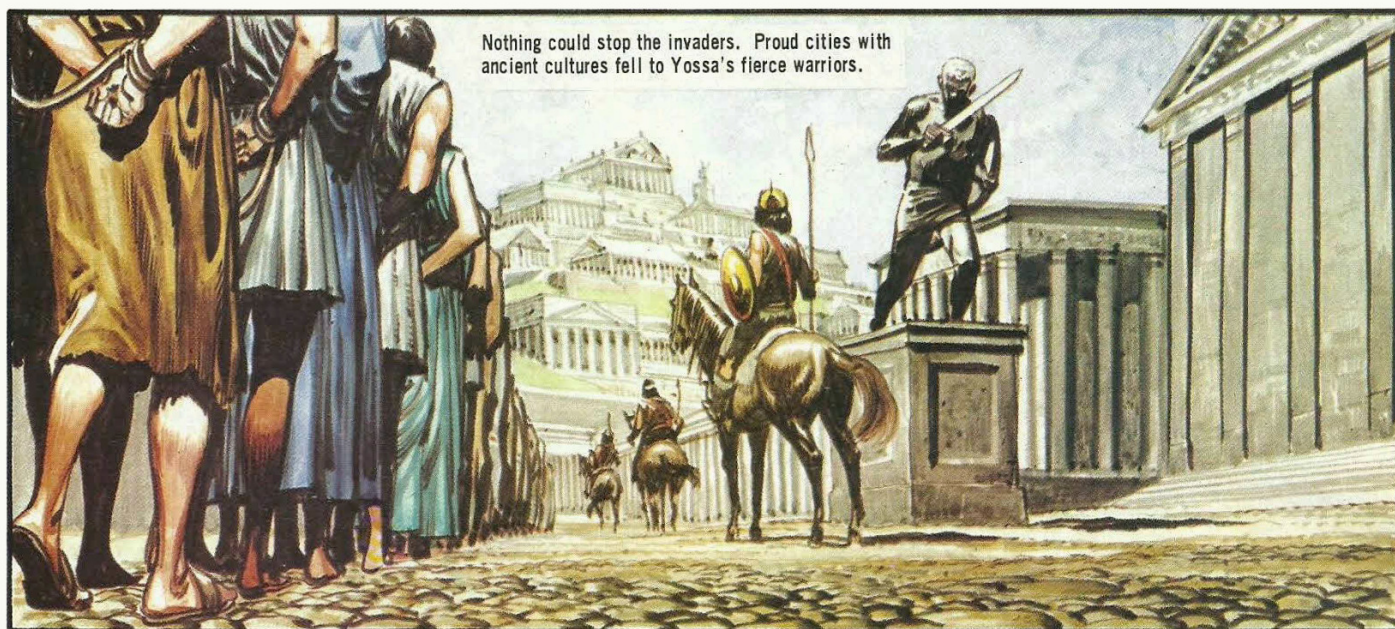
Warriors! From henceforth, we shall carry the flame and the sword beyond the wilderness and into the great cities that lie beyond the setting suns! Let all Elekton tremble!

Lead us to victory, Yossa!

Long live Yossa!

Our ammunition is nearly gone! The barbarians will soon over-run us! They will be threatening the cities of the plain by tomorrow's dawn!





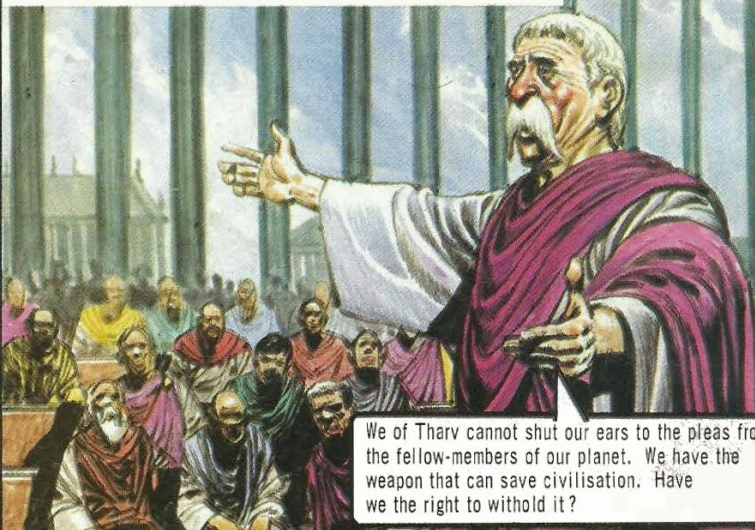
Nothing could stop the invaders. Proud cities with ancient cultures fell to Yossa's fierce warriors.

It so happened that Rizzoldo, who had replaced Yackrass on the weekly audivision programme, had a sensational proposal for dealing with the barbarian menace.



The only hope for our civilisation lies in the hands of Tharv! Let the Tharvs unleash the new explosive force devised by Vallu! If necessary, let them destroy half the planet, provided that barbarity is destroyed with it!

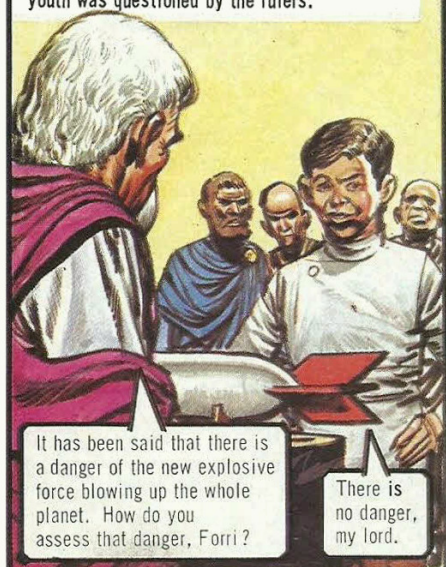
The Tharv rulers responded with thoughtful dignity to the proposal put forward by the sensation-seeking audivision performer.



We of Tharv cannot shut our ears to the pleas from the fellow-members of our planet. We have the weapon that can save civilisation. Have we the right to withhold it?

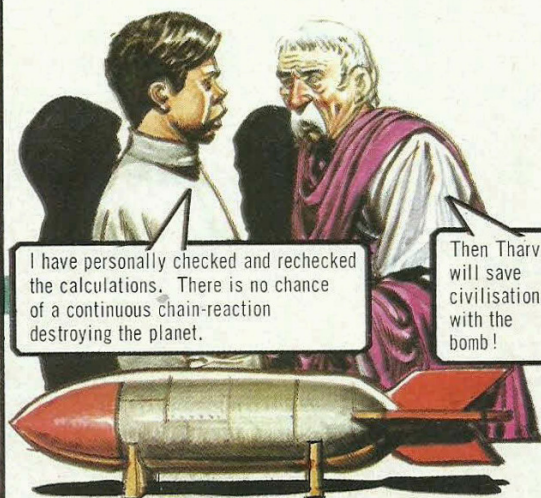
Since the disappearance of the scientist Vallu, his assistant, Forri, had taken over the development of the new explosive force. The youth was questioned by the rulers.

Young Forri then told a complete lie.



It has been said that there is a danger of the new explosive force blowing up the whole planet. How do you assess that danger, Forri?

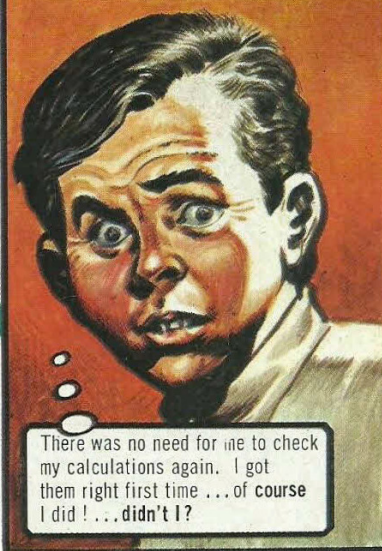
There is no danger, my lord.



I have personally checked and rechecked the calculations. There is no chance of a continuous chain-reaction destroying the planet.

Then Tharv will save civilisation with the bomb!

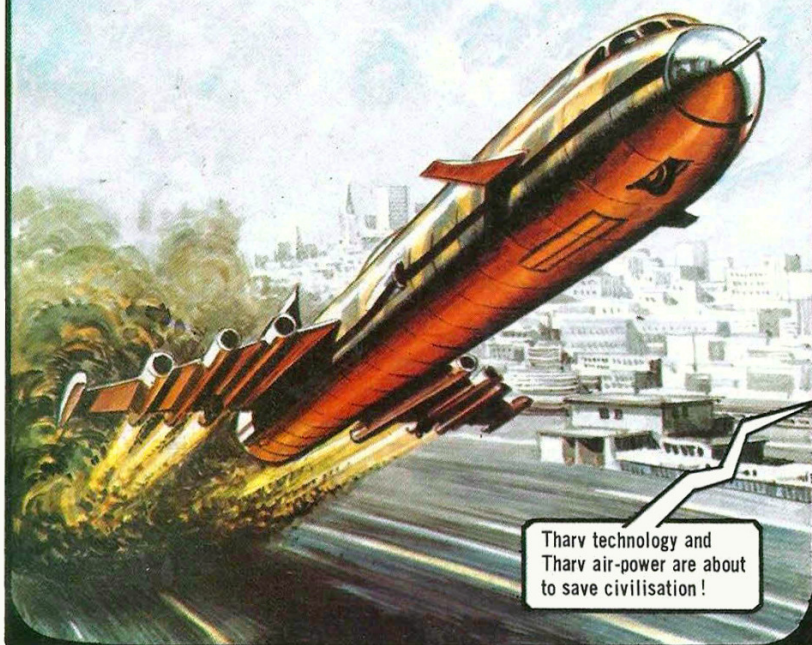
But Forri had suffered one slight pang of doubt, which he instantly suppressed.



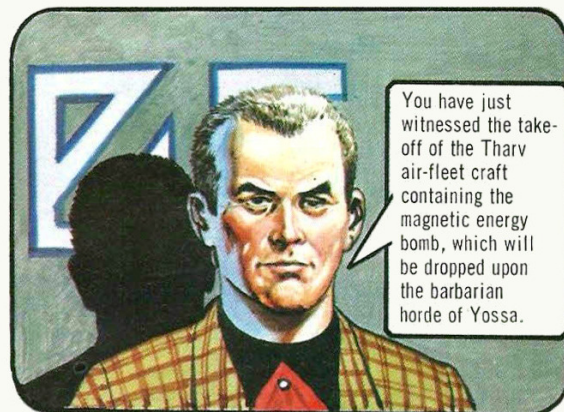
There was no need for me to check my calculations again. I got them right first time ... of course I did! ... didn't I?



All civilised Elekton saw the audivision relay of the departure of the fateful bombing-craft.

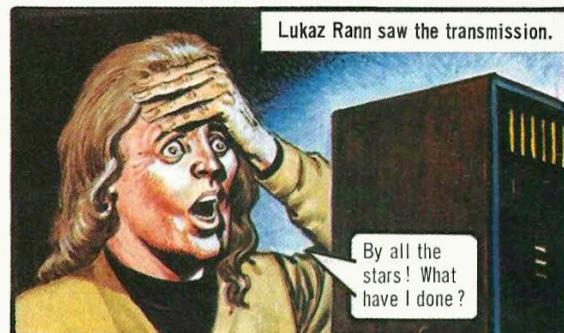


Tharv technology and Tharv air-power are about to save civilisation!



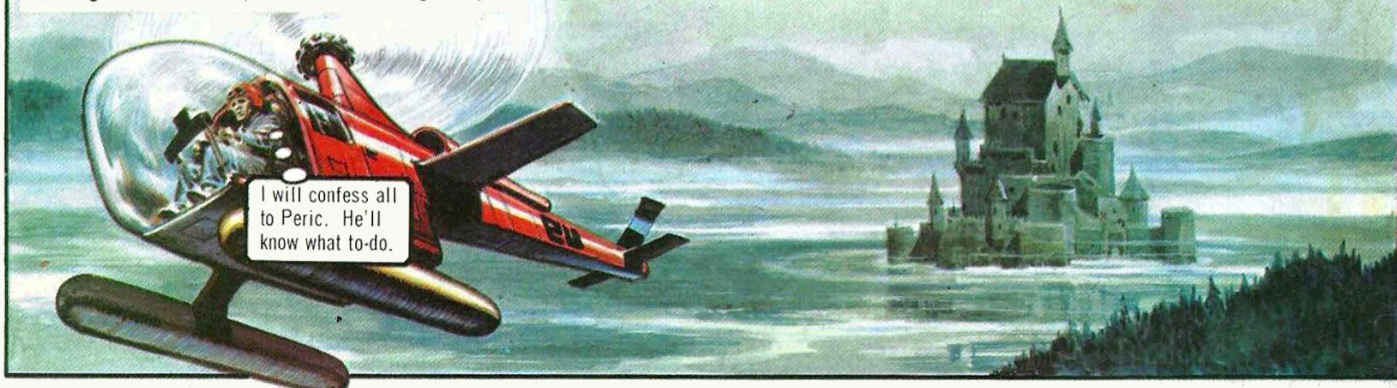
You have just witnessed the take-off of the Tharv air-fleet craft containing the magnetic energy bomb, which will be dropped upon the barbarian horde of Yossa.

Lukaz Rann saw the transmission.



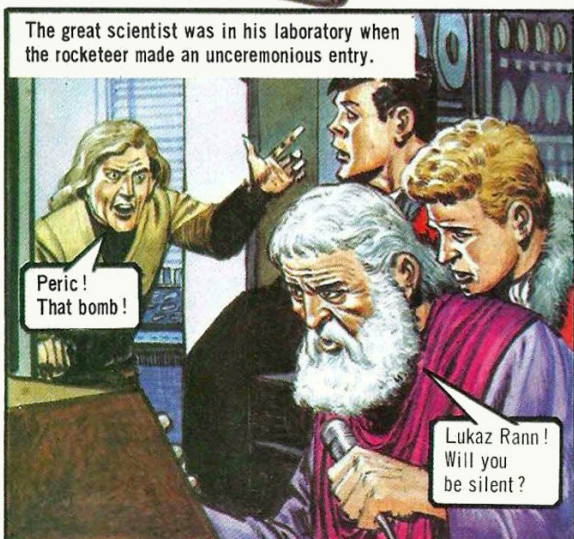
By all the stars! What have I done?

Leaving his fortress home, he flew direct to Trigan City.



I will confess all to Peric. He'll know what to-do.

The great scientist was in his laboratory when the rocketeer made an unceremonious entry.



Peric!  
That bomb!

Lukaz Rann!  
Will you  
be silent?

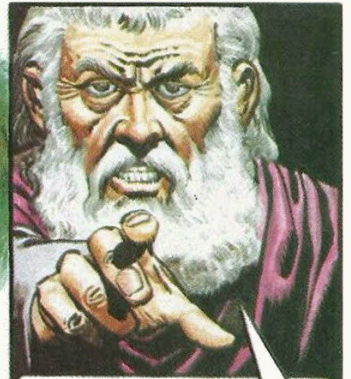
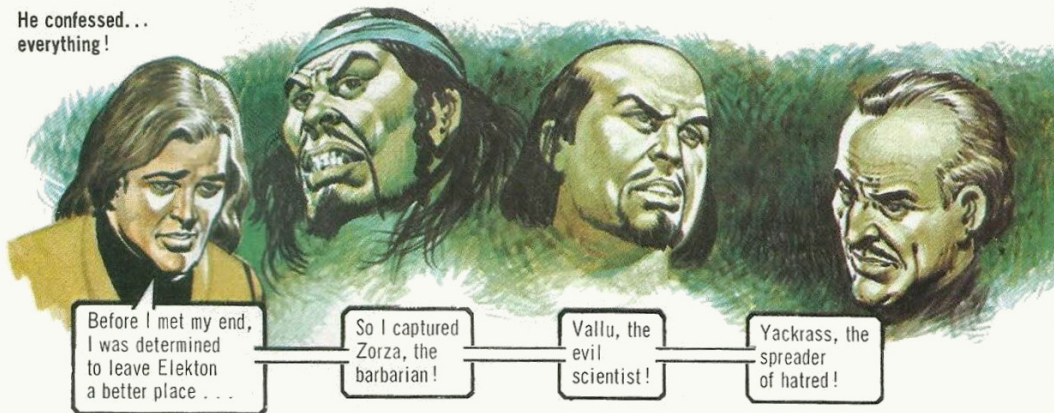
I'm trying to convince the rulers of Tharv that, if they explode that bomb, the magnetic chain-reaction cannot fail to destroy the entire planet! Unfortunately, they do not believe me. I might be able to convince that fool Vallu, but he's missing.



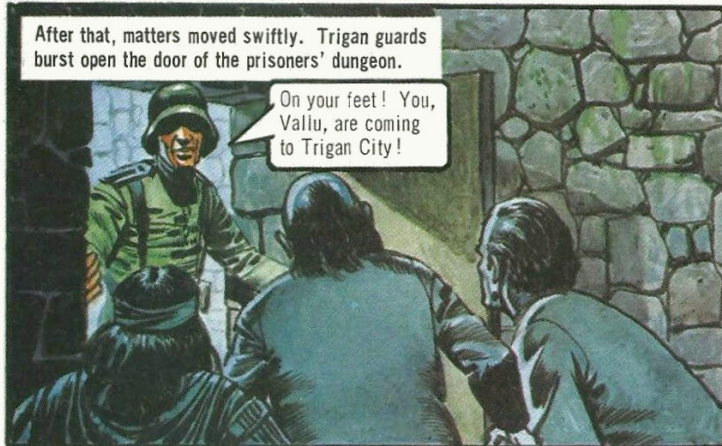
I have got  
Vallu! He's  
my prisoner!



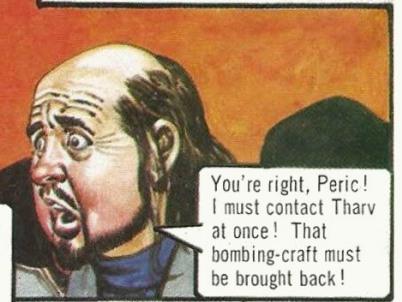
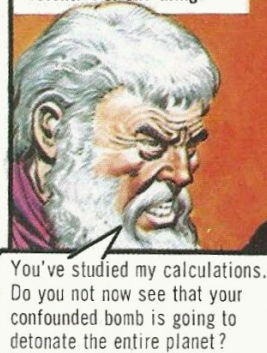
He confessed... everything!



You decide to act as if you were some kind of god, and what happens? Zorza's successor threatens civilisation, Yackrass's replacement proposes dropping the bomb, and Vallu's assistant tells everyone that it's perfectly safe!



A short discussion with Peric convinced the Tharv scientist of one thing.

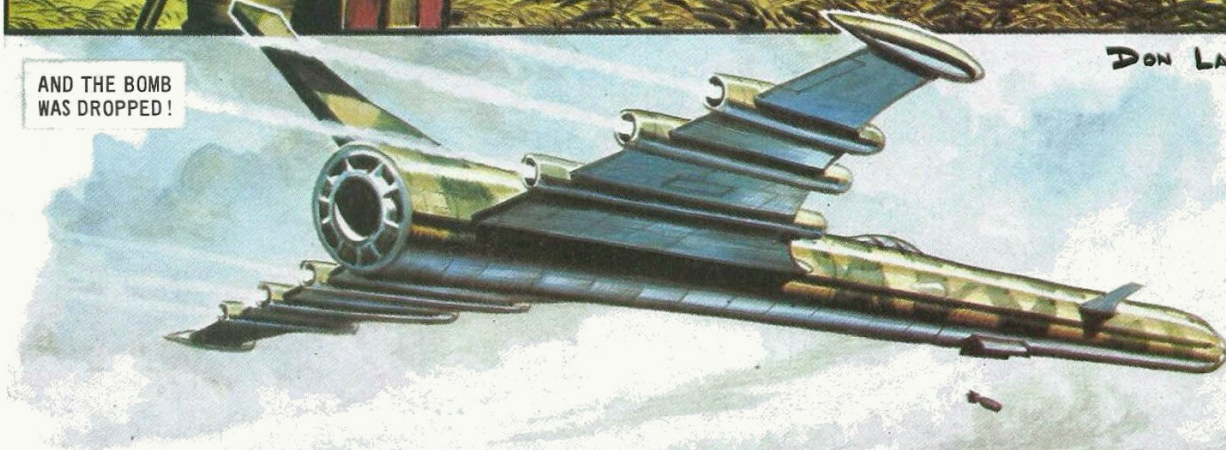


But even at that moment, the huge Tharv craft was passing over the massed horde of barbarians on their trail of conquest and destruction.



AND THE BOMB WAS DROPPED!

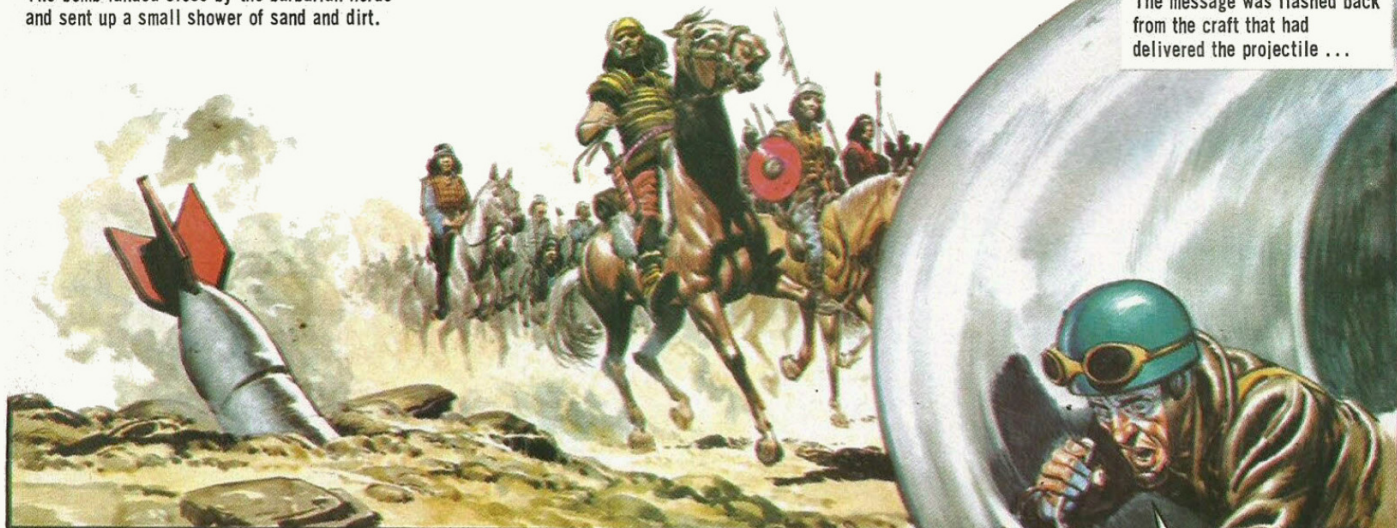
DON LAWRENCE.





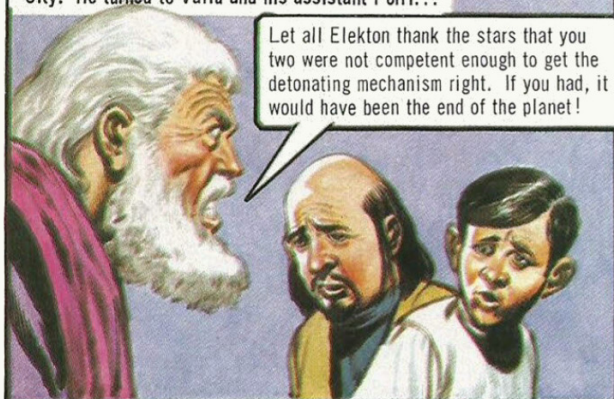
The bomb landed close by the barbarian horde and sent up a small shower of sand and dirt.

The message was flashed back from the craft that had delivered the projectile ...

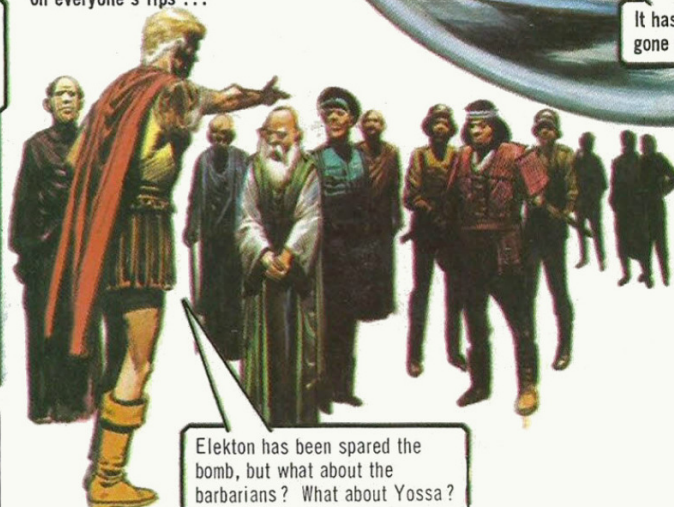


News soon reached Peric's laboratory in Trigan City. He turned to Vallu and his assistant Forri...

Let all Elekton thank the stars that you two were not competent enough to get the detonating mechanism right. If you had, it would have been the end of the planet!



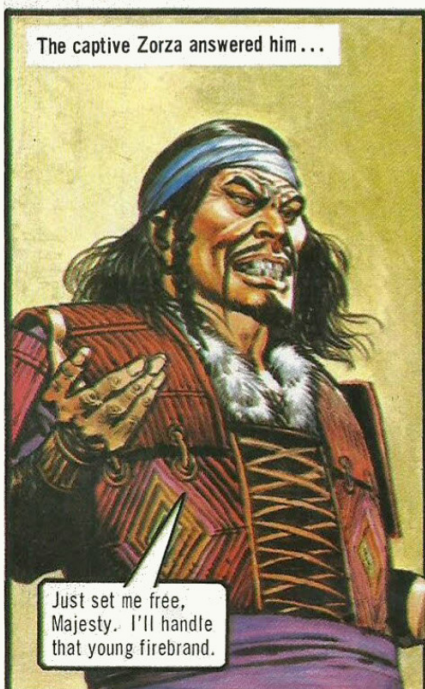
It was the Emperor Trigo who voiced the question that was on everyone's lips ...



It hasn't gone off.

The captive Zorza answered him ...

The barbarians were devastating the outskirts of the Trigan Empire when they espied a familiar figure.

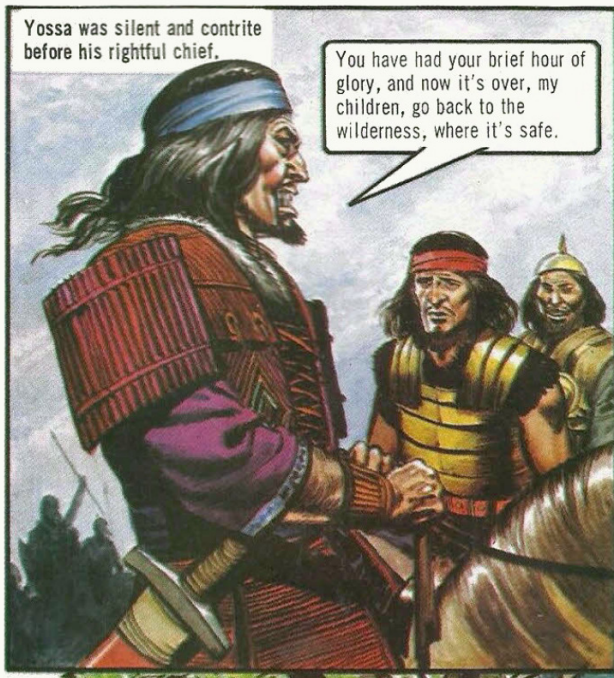


Behold, Yossa! The mighty Zorza has returned to us!

Zorza!

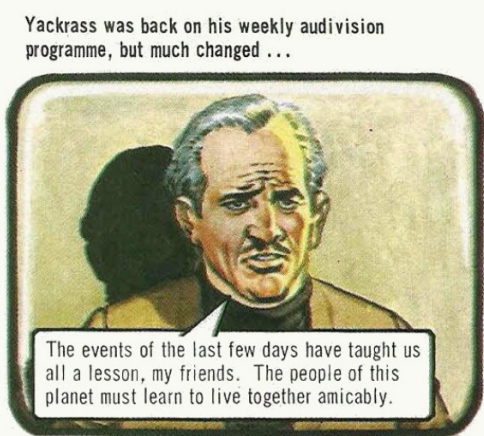






Yossa was silent and contrite before his rightful chief.

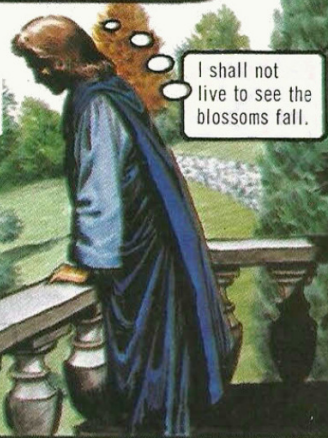
You have had your brief hour of glory, and now it's over, my children, go back to the wilderness, where it's safe.



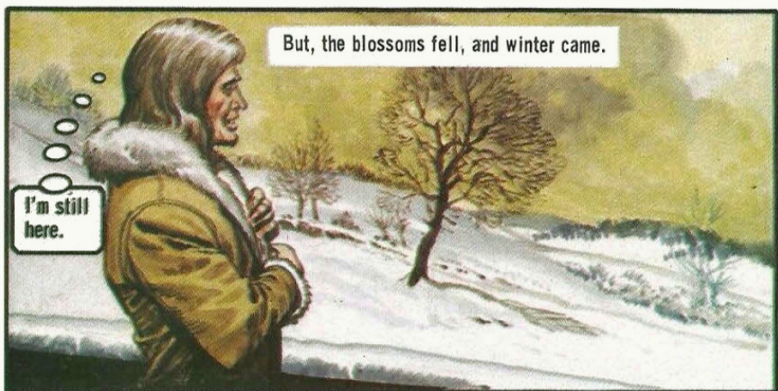
Yackrass was back on his weekly audivision programme, but much changed ...

The events of the last few days have taught us all a lesson, my friends. The people of this planet must learn to live together amicably.

The months passed. Lukaz Rann lived quietly in his Trigan City villa, waiting for the end.

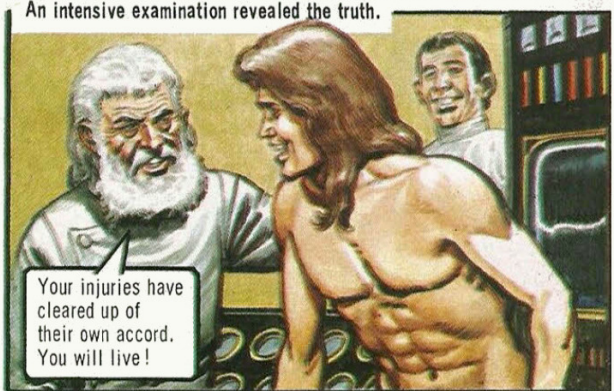


I shall not live to see the blossoms fall.



But, the blossoms fell, and winter came.

I'm still here.



An intensive examination revealed the truth.

Your injuries have cleared up of their own accord. You will live!



All Trigan City watched the peerless rocketeer make his next record-breaking ascent.

Good old Lukaz!



He streaked triumphantly skywards-on his way to another record-breaking feat which was to make him a legend in his lifetime.