

MORE ADVENTURES OF THE

TRIGAN EMPIRE

The planet Elekton lies in the galaxy of Yarna, situated countless light years away. The greatest power on Elekton is the Trigan Empire, ruled over by its founder, the Emperor Trigo...

JANNO WAS ON HOLIDAY, ENJOYING THE WILD AND EXHILARATING SPORT OF WATER-PLANING.

AND THEN... SOMEONE SAW JANNO'S PERIL...



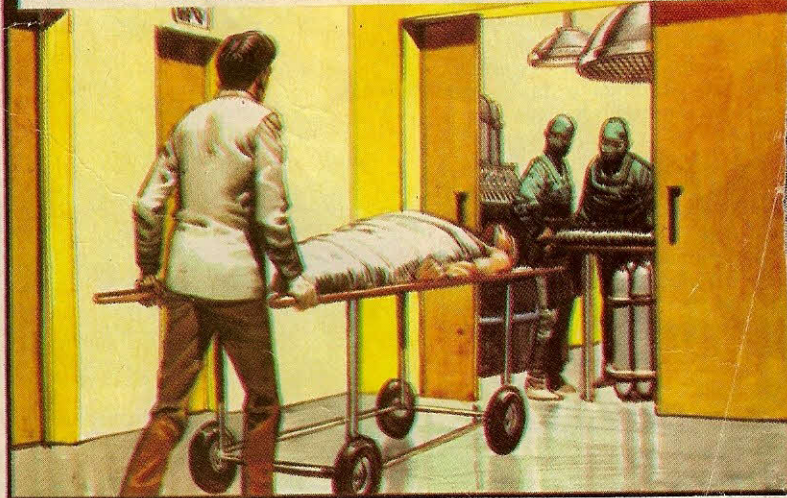
Hey! Look where you're going.



... TOO LATE !



THEY PICKED HIM UP OUT OF THE WATER, UNCONSCIOUS FROM THE TREMENDOUS SHOCK OF THE IMPACT. HE WAS RUSHED TO HOSPITAL.



IMMEDIATE AND SKILFUL TREATMENT, ADDED TO HIS STRONG CONSTITUTION, SOON HAD THE YOUNG AIR FLEET PILOT BACK ON DUTY. BUT NOT FOR LONG...



Headache again?

Yes. It attacks me without warning and nearly drives me out of my mind. I won't be able to fly this morning.

THE BEST MEDICAL TREATMENT THAT ELEKTON HAD TO OFFER DID NOTHING FOR THE EMPEROR'S NEPHEW. THE ATTACKS GREW WORSE. SOON, JANNO WAS SPENDING MOST OF HIS TIME IN A DARKENED ROOM.



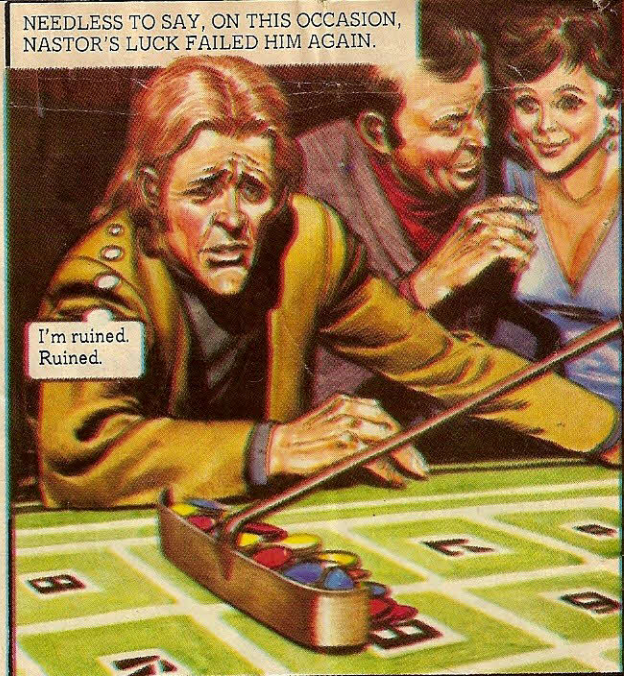
Why did it have to happen to me?

NASTOR WAS A PROFESSIONAL GAMBLER, WHOSE ONE AIM IN LIFE WAS TO MAKE A QUICK AND EASY FORTUNE. AN AMBITION THAT, ALAS, FOREVER SEEMED TO BE THWARTED.



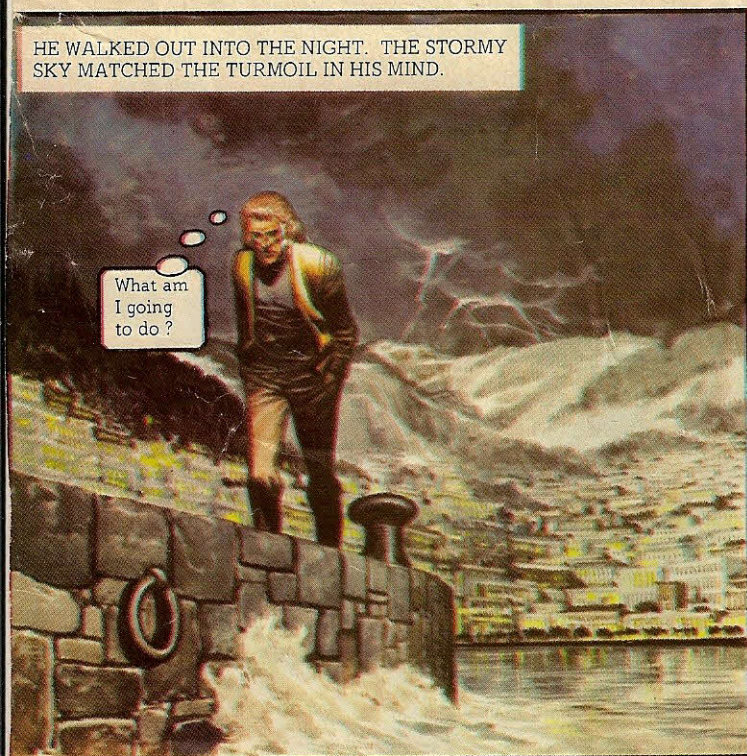
I've got a feeling that tonight is going to be my night. I'll risk everything I have on one spin of the wheel.

NEEDLESS TO SAY, ON THIS OCCASION, NASTOR'S LUCK FAILED HIM AGAIN.



I'm ruined. Ruined.

HE WALKED OUT INTO THE NIGHT. THE STORMY SKY MATCHED THE TURMOIL IN HIS MIND.



What am I going to do?

HE WALKED TO THE END OF THE QUAY. AND THEN IT HAPPENED - A FLASH OF LURID LIGHT, A DEAFENING CRASH OF THUNDER.



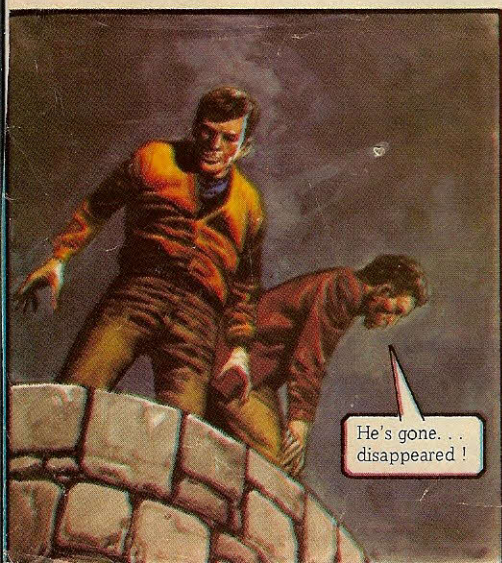
Eaaaaaagh!

OTHERS CAME RUNNING...



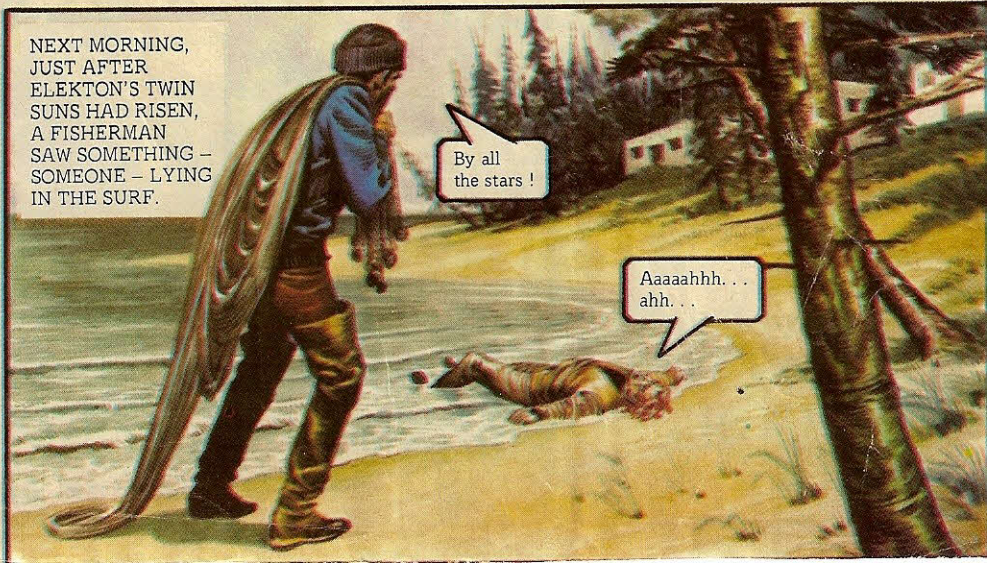
Did you see that fellow being struck by lightning?

Yes! He was over there, by the end of the quay.



He's gone... disappeared!

NEXT MORNING, JUST AFTER ELEKTON'S TWIN SUNS HAD RISEN, A FISHERMAN SAW SOMETHING - SOMEONE - LYING IN THE SURF.



By all the stars!

Aaaaahhh... ahh...

Janno, nephew of the Emperor, is still suffering from the effects of a sporting accident, and Nastor, a gambler, has been struck by lightning and half-drowned.

TRIGAN EMPIRE

THE FISHERMEN DRAGGED THE HALF-CONSCIOUS FORM FROM THE SURF.



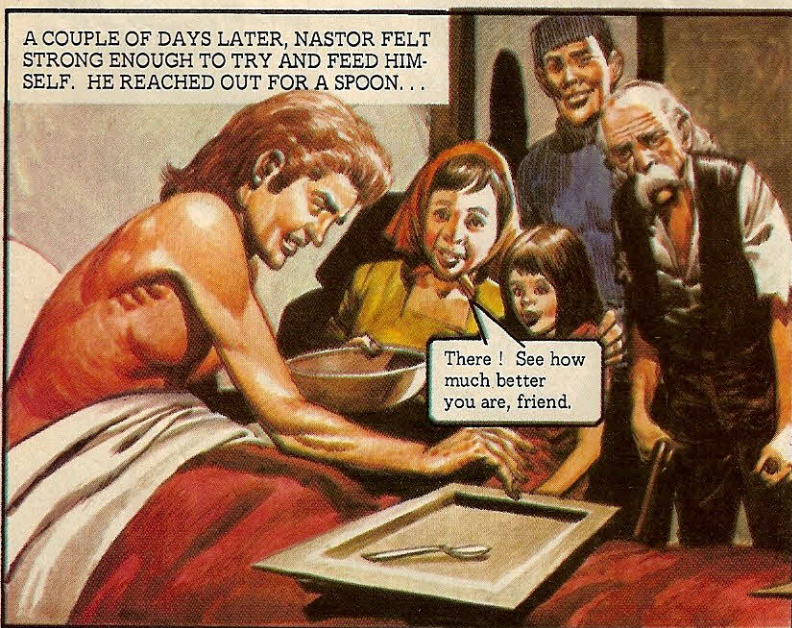
DON
LAWRENCE

LATER, NASTOR OPENED HIS EYES TO FIND A ROW OF HONEST FACES LOOKING DOWN ON HIM.

Here, friend, take a little gruel. It will make you strong again.

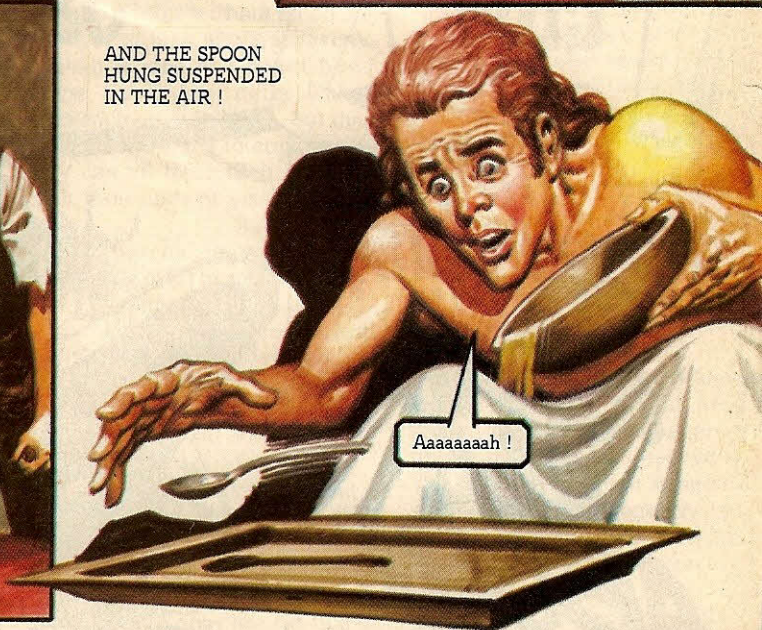


A COUPLE OF DAYS LATER, NASTOR FELT STRONG ENOUGH TO TRY AND FEED HIMSELF. HE REACHED OUT FOR A SPOON...



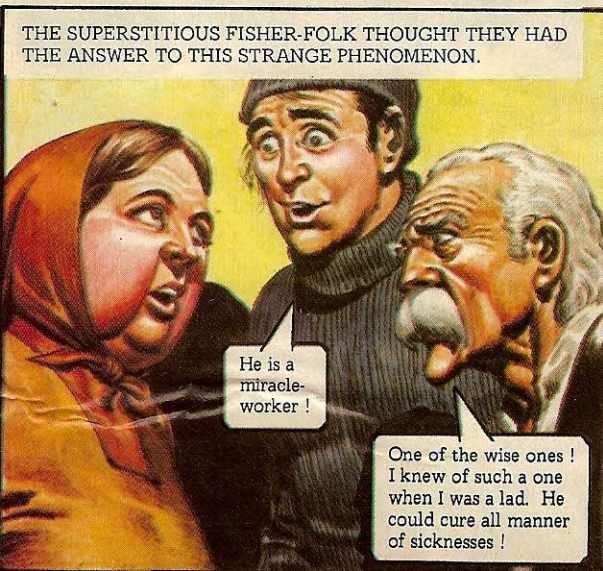
There! See how much better you are, friend.

AND THE SPOON HUNG SUSPENDED IN THE AIR!



Aaaaaaaah!

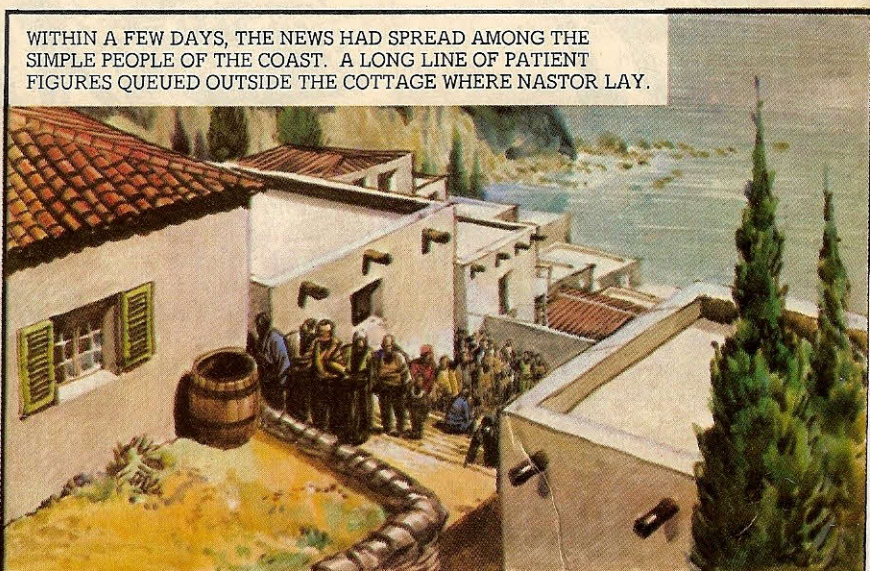
THE SUPERSTITIOUS FISHER-FOLK THOUGHT THEY HAD THE ANSWER TO THIS STRANGE PHENOMENON.

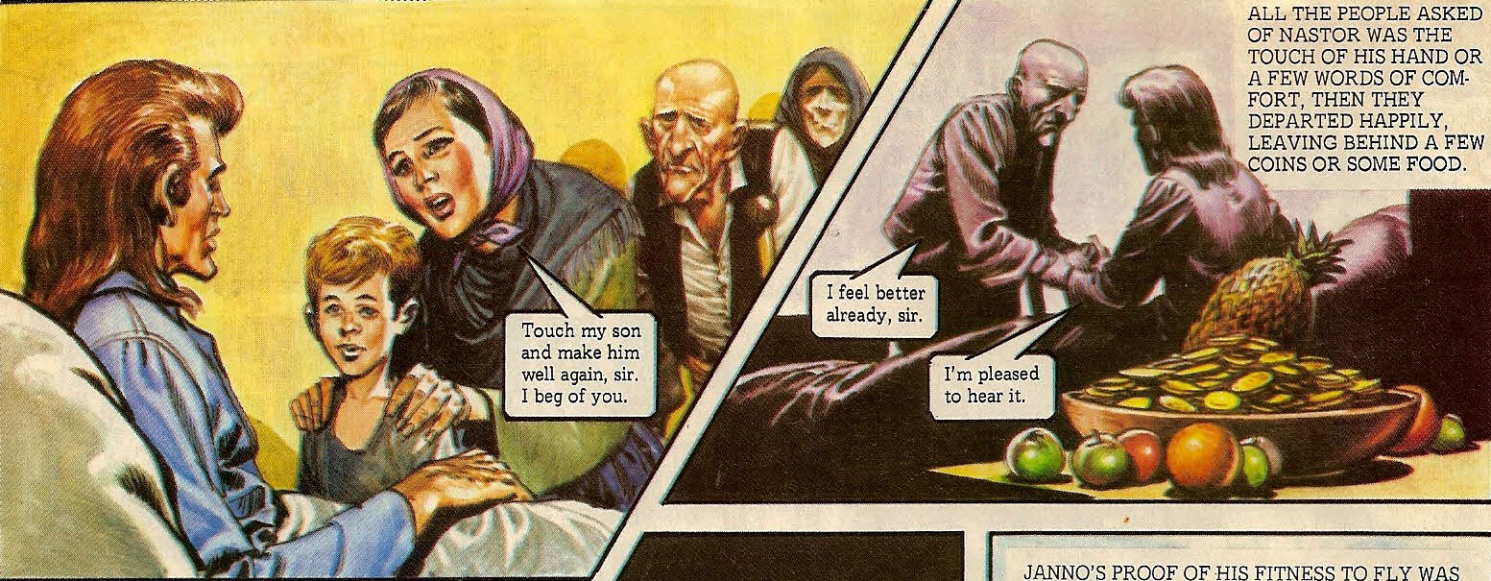


He is a miracle-worker!

One of the wise ones! I knew of such a one when I was a lad. He could cure all manner of sicknesses!

WITHIN A FEW DAYS, THE NEWS HAD SPREAD AMONG THE SIMPLE PEOPLE OF THE COAST. A LONG LINE OF PATIENT FIGURES QUEUED OUTSIDE THE COTTAGE WHERE NASTOR LAY.





Touch my son and make him well again, sir. I beg of you.

I feel better already, sir.

I'm pleased to hear it.

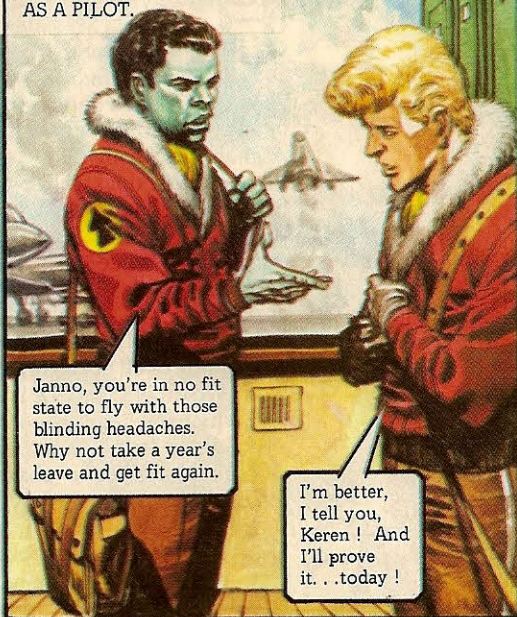
ALL THE PEOPLE ASKED OF NASTOR WAS THE TOUCH OF HIS HAND OR A FEW WORDS OF COMFORT, THEN THEY DEPARTED HAPPILY, LEAVING BEHIND A FEW COINS OR SOME FOOD.

THE SIMPLE FOLK WOULD HAVE BEEN SURPRISED TO KNOW THE THOUGHTS THAT WERE PASSING THROUGH THE "WISE ONE'S" MIND.



I don't know how long these stupid fools are going to treat me like some kind of god, but I'll stay here until I get my strength back and at the same time make some money on the side.

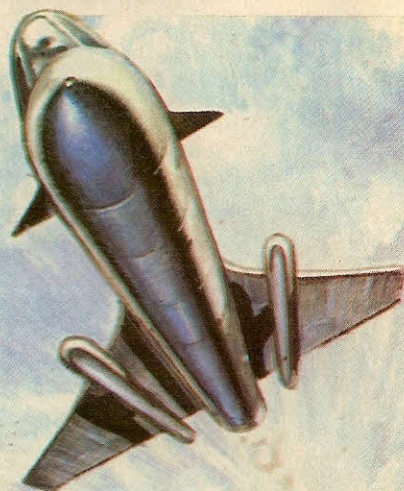
MEANWHILE, IN TRIGAN CITY AIR FLEET BASE, JANNO WAS MAKING ONE LAST DESPERATE BID TO CONTINUE HIS CAREER AS A PILOT.



Janno, you're in no fit state to fly with those blinding headaches. Why not take a year's leave and get fit again.

I'm better, I tell you, Keren! And I'll prove it... today!

JANNO'S PROOF OF HIS FITNESS TO FLY WAS A DEMONSTRATION OF LOW-LEVEL AEROBATICS THAT HAD THE WHOLE BASE STARING IN AWE.



BUT, IN THE COCKPIT...



BLINDED BY THE PAIN, JANNO NEVER SAW HIS PERIL...



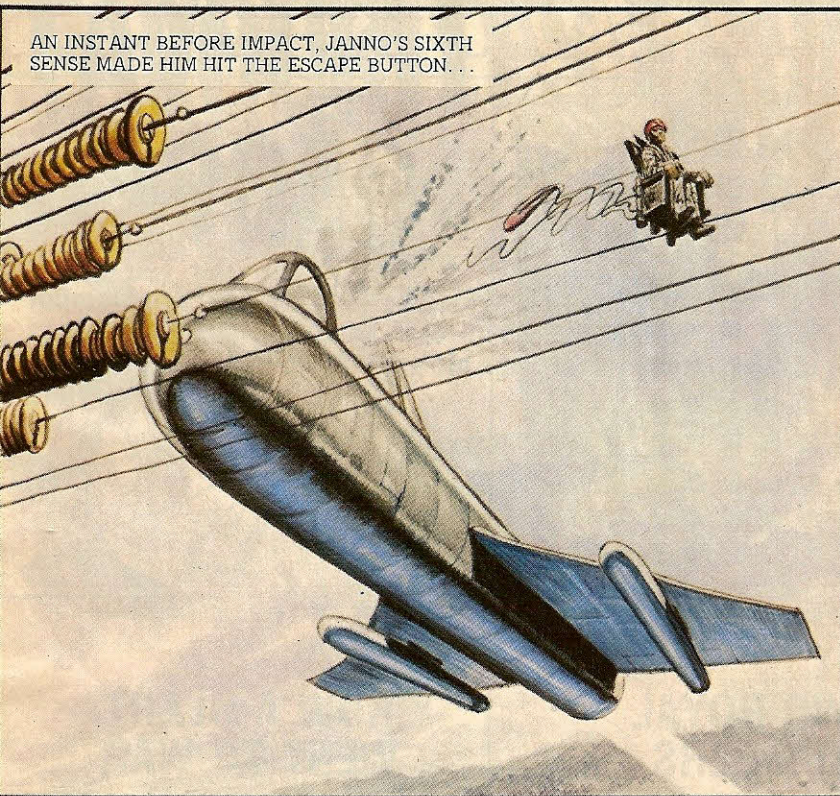
He's going to crash into the high-tension wires!

Nastor, a gambler, has gained an undeserved reputation for faith-healing. Janno, the Emperor's nephew, injured in an accident, is told not to fly his aircraft. He disobeys orders and finds himself heading for disaster.

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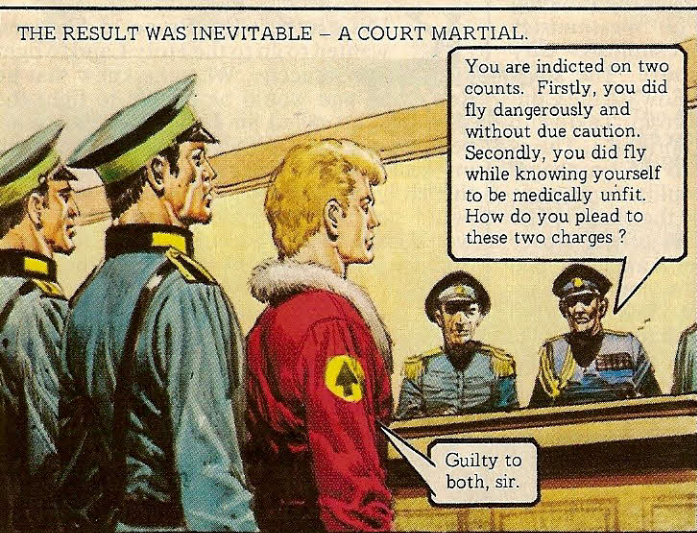
AN INSTANT BEFORE IMPACT, JANNO'S SIXTH SENSE MADE HIM HIT THE ESCAPE BUTTON. . .



SECONDS LATER THE HIGH-TENSION WIRES BLEW THE PLANE TO PIECES.

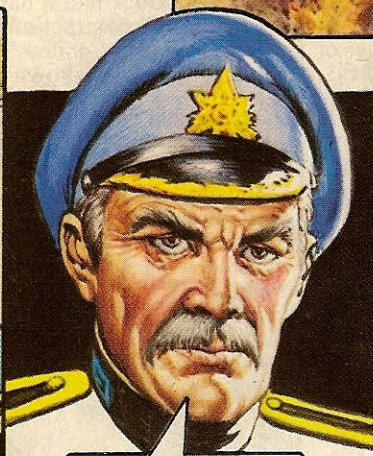


THE RESULT WAS INEVITABLE - A COURT MARTIAL.

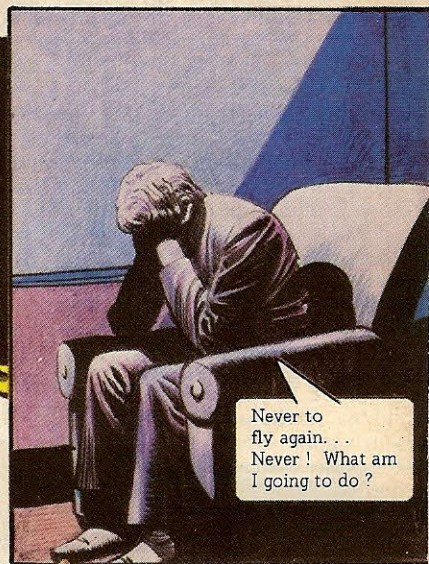


You are indicted on two counts. Firstly, you did fly dangerously and without due caution. Secondly, you did fly while knowing yourself to be medically unfit. How do you plead to these two charges?

Guilty to both, sir.



In view of your excellent record, no further disciplinary action will be taken. But you are removed from the list of air fleet pilots.



Never to fly again. . . Never ! What am I going to do ?

MEANWHILE, IN THE FISHING VILLAGE ON THE COAST, THE GAMBLER NASTOR, NOW RECOVERED FROM HIS ACCIDENT, WAS CONTINUING WITH HIS "FAITH-HEALING" AMONG THE SIMPLE FISHER FOLK.



How is the little fellow ?

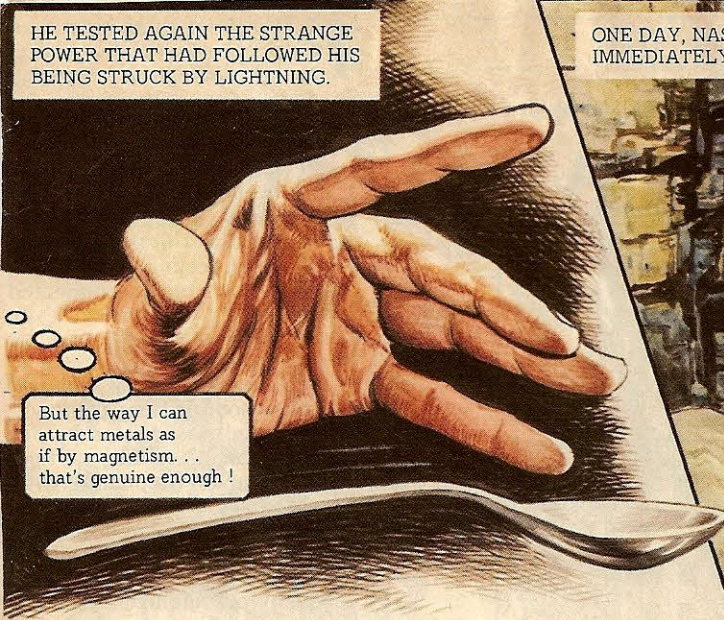
Much better, sir. Every time you see him, he improves.

ALONE, NASTOR WAS QUITE FRANK WITH HIMSELF.

No one ever gets better, but it makes them feel better, to be in contact with me. A pity it can't go on for much longer, because it's more profitable than being an unsuccessful gambler, but they'll see through me in the end.

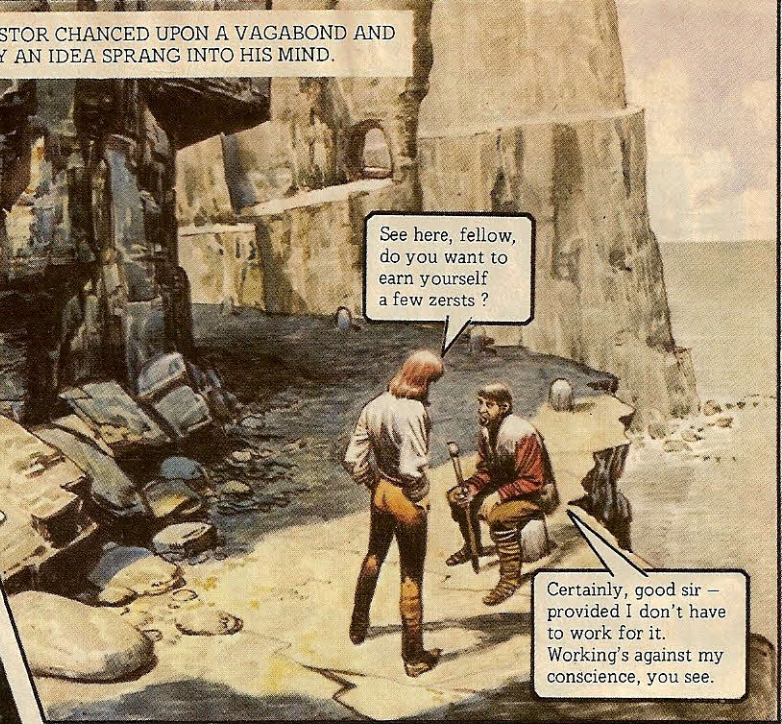


HE TESTED AGAIN THE STRANGE POWER THAT HAD FOLLOWED HIS BEING STRUCK BY LIGHTNING.



But the way I can attract metals as if by magnetism... that's genuine enough!

ONE DAY, NASTOR CHANCED UPON A VAGABOND AND IMMEDIATELY AN IDEA SPRANG INTO HIS MIND.



See here, fellow, do you want to earn yourself a few zersts?

Certainly, good sir - provided I don't have to work for it. Working's against my conscience, you see.

THAT EVENING, WHEN NASTOR RECEIVED HIS "PATIENTS", THE VAGABOND LIMPED FORWARD ON CRUTCHES...



I've been crippled since birth, sir and they say you can cure me.

We'll do what we can, friend.

HE LAID HIS HAND ON THE VAGABOND'S SHOULDER.



Did we say ten zersts or twenty?

We said ten.

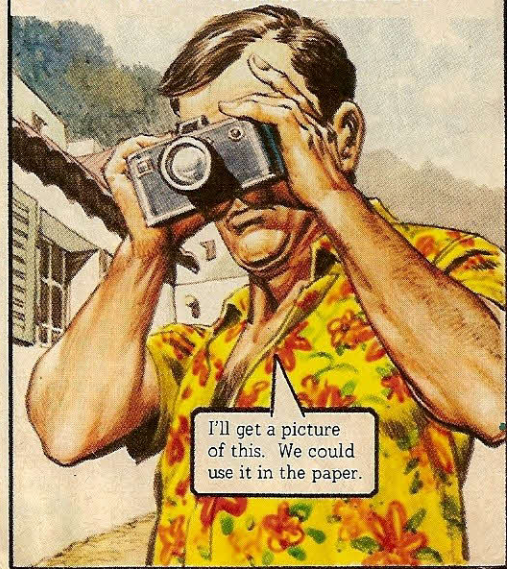
I've changed my mind. It's worth twenty!

INDEED, NASTOR GOT TWENTY ZERSTS' WORTH OF EXCELLENT ACTING.



I can walk! I'm cured... cured!

THERE WERE TOURISTS PRESENT IN THE VILLAGE THAT DAY. ONE OF THEM - A TRIGAN CITY NEWSPAPERMAN ON HOLIDAY - MADE A VISUAL RECORD OF THE EVENT.



I'll get a picture of this. We could use it in the paper.

Nastor, a gambler has gained a reputation among the superstitious fisher folk for faith-healing. Meanwhile, Janno, the Emperor's nephew, and a pilot in the air fleet, has been "grounded" due to an accident.

TRIGAN EMPIRE

MORE ADVENTURES OF THE

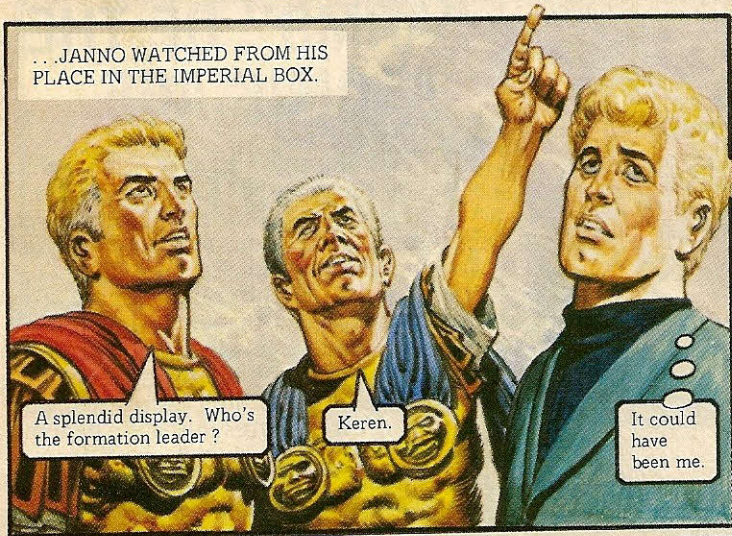
THAT YEAR'S EMPIRE DAY CELEBRATIONS INCLUDED A SPECTACULAR CLOSE-FORMATION AEROBATIC DISPLAY BY JANNO'S FORMER COMRADES OF THE AIR FLEET.



AS THEY FLASHED OVER THE CROWD...



... JANNO WATCHED FROM HIS PLACE IN THE IMPERIAL BOX.



A splendid display. Who's the formation leader?

Keren.

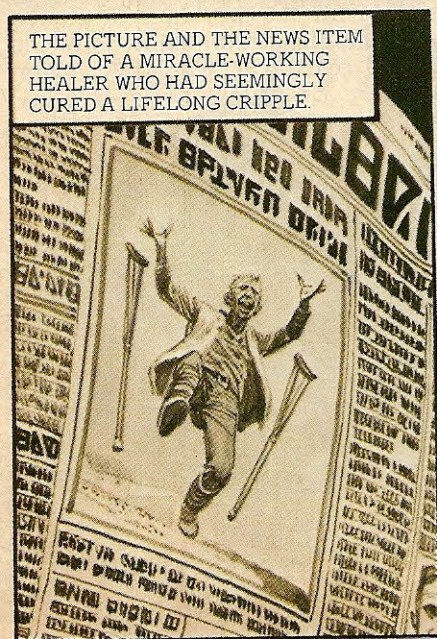
It could have been me.

JANNO'S FATHER, BRAG, WAS WELL AWARE OF THE BITTER MISERY THAT THREATENED TO DESTROY HIS SON'S WHOLE LIFE. THE NEXT MORNING, AT BREAKFAST, BRAG SPOTTED AN ITEM IN THE NEWSPAPER.



Here's something that should interest you, Janno.

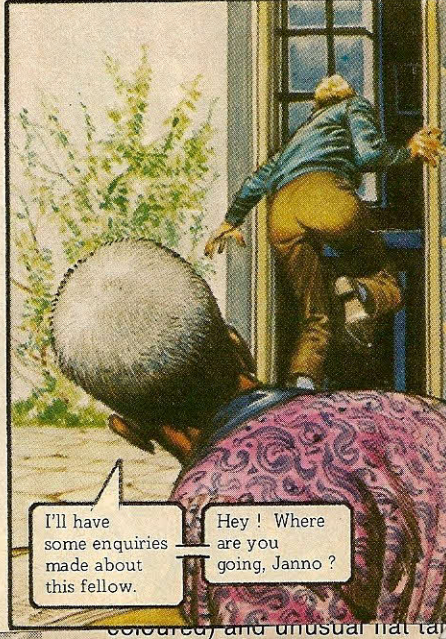
THE PICTURE AND THE NEWS ITEM TOLD OF A MIRACLE-WORKING HEALER WHO HAD SEEMINGLY CURED A LIFELONG CRIPPLE.



It's obviously a hoax. These fellows crop up from time to time. They cheat a few simple-minded folk out of their hard-earned money, and then disappear.



On the Vorg sea coast... living in a fisherman's cottage.



I'll have some enquiries made about this fellow.

Hey! Where are you going, Janno?

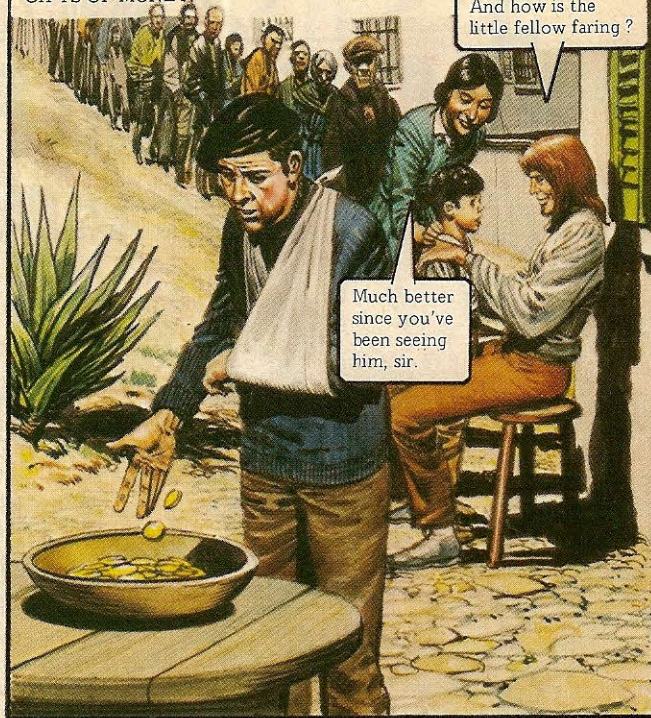
coloured and unusual flat ta

IN NO TIME, JANNO WAS DRIVING AT FULL SPEED FOR THE VORG SEA COAST



A chance to be cured! To be able to fly again! I'm going to grab at it with both hands!

IN A HUMBLE COASTAL VILLAGE, NASTOR, A GAMBLER HAD GAINED AN UNDESERVED REPUTATION FOR FAITH-HEALING. THE SIMPLE FISHER-FOLK SHOWED THEIR GRATITUDE BY GIFTS OF MONEY.



And how is the little fellow faring?

Much better since you've been seeing him, sir.

SUDDENLY, THE CROWD FELL BACK IN AWE.



Can you cure me also, sir?

It's Lord Janno!

He was injured in a crash, wasn't he?

The Emperor's nephew!

THE FOLLOWING DAY, NASTOR THE EX-GAMBLER WHO HAD BEEN STRUCK BY LIGHTNING, BECAME A NATIONWIDE CELEBRITY.



Thanks to the patronage of the Imperial family, the obscure faith-healer from a slum fishing village has rocketed to fame. From all over the Empire and beyond, wealthy sick people are bidding to be his patients.

NASTOR REJOICED.



I've made it! Fame and riches at last!

Well, can you cure me?



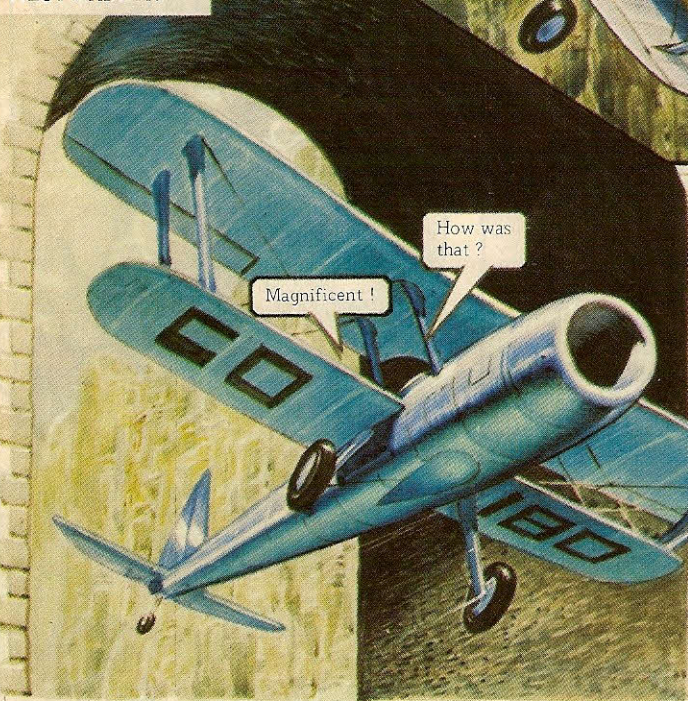
I can try, my son.

...rior, a gambler turned faith-healer bounds to fame when the Emperor's nephew Janno, becomes his patient. Janno, injured in an accident, is no longer able to be a pilot in the air fleet.

TRIGAN EMPIRE

A LIGHT SPORTS CRAFT FLEW TO WHAT SEEMED LIKE CERTAIN DESTRUCTION.

THE WING-SPAN WAS ONLY A HAIRS BREADTH NARROWER THAN THE WIDTH OF THE BRIDGE, BUT THE PILOT MADE IT.



Magnificent !

How was that ?

LATER, WHEN THEY HAD LANDED IN TRIGAN CITY.



Here's your fifty zersts.

I don't understand you, Lord Janno. Why pay good money to risk your neck - and mine in wild stunts like that ?

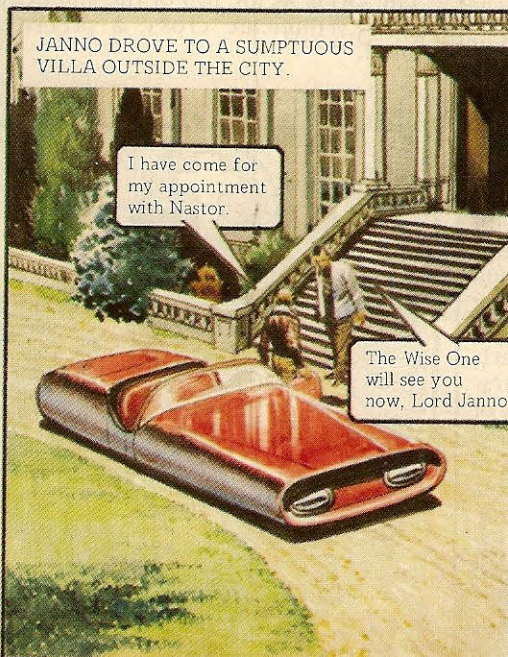
JANNO'S VOICE WAS BITTER AND REGRETFUL.



I'm sorry for you, Lord Janno and that's the truth.

I'm only alive when I feel the thrill and the fear of danger. I can no longer pilot, so I have to do my living second hand.

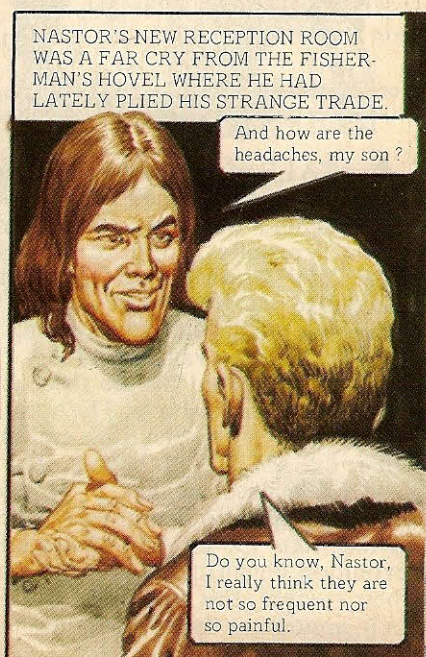
JANNO DROVE TO A SUMPTUOUS VILLA OUTSIDE THE CITY.



I have come for my appointment with Nastor.

The Wise One will see you now, Lord Janno.

NASTOR'S NEW RECEPTION ROOM WAS A FAR CRY FROM THE FISHERMAN'S HOVEL WHERE HE HAD LATELY PLIED HIS STRANGE TRADE.



And how are the headaches, my son ?

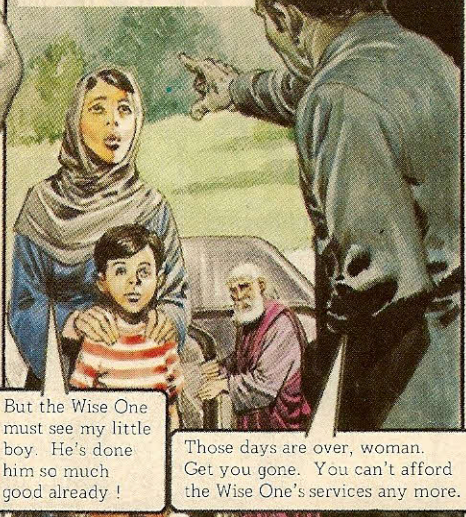
Do you know, Nastor, I really think they are not so frequent nor so painful.



You must be doing me good.

Talk yourself into feeling better by all means, you stupid fellow ! Thanks to you, the richest people on this planet are falling over themselves to become my patients !

THERE WAS ANOTHER CALLER AT THE "HEALER'S" VILLA, A HUMBLE FISHWIFE AND HER CHILD.



But the Wise One must see my little boy. He's done him so much good already !

Those days are over, woman. Get you gone. You can't afford the Wise One's services any more.

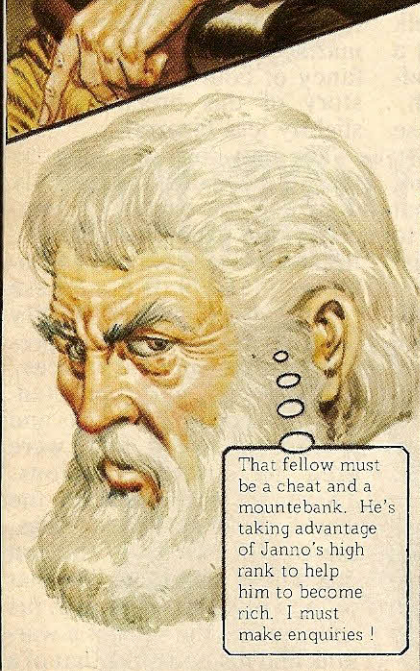
THERE HAD BEEN A WITNESS TO THE INCIDENT - THE GREAT SCIENTIST PERIC, WHO HAD CALLED TO SEE NASTOR FOR REASONS OF HIS OWN.



Wait, please, my good woman. You say that Nastor has actually benefited your child ?

Yes, sir. And many others down in the fishing village.

LATER THAT DAY, NASTOR HAD MORE VISITORS.



That fellow must be a cheat and a mountebank. He's taking advantage of Janno's high rank to help him to become rich. I must make enquiries !



Keep watch until I yell for you. If anyone tries to come in, bend them slightly !

THE EX-GAMBLER GREETED THE NEWCOMER WITH SOME UNEASE.



Nice place you've got here, Nastor. You must be making a fortune.

Haven't I seen you somewhere before ?

IN NASTOR'S FORMER LIFE ON THE EDGE OF THE UNDERWORLD, HE HAD COME ACROSS MANY UNSAVOURY CHARACTERS.



I know who you are. You're Zudd - the gangster !

Let's talk business, Nastor. From now on, I'm your manager and you pay me seventy-five percent of your earnings from this racket ! I'll bring in the boys to show that we mean business !

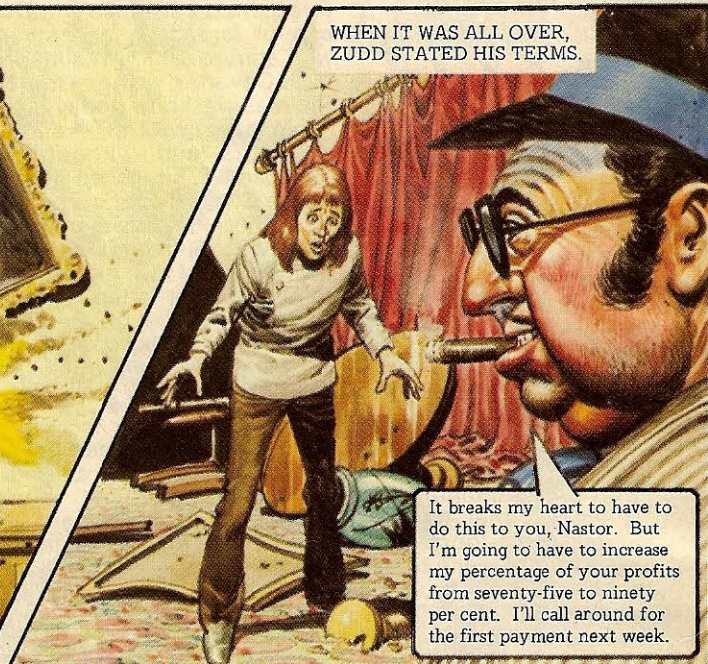
Nastor, a gambler turned faith-healer, rockets to fame when Janno, the Emperor's nephew, becomes his patient. But a gangster called Zudd seeks to profit from Nastor's good fortune and subsequent wealth.

TRIGAN EMPIRE

THE RICHLY APPOINTED RECEPTION ROOM WAS FILLED WITH A ROAR OF DEVASTATING SOUND.



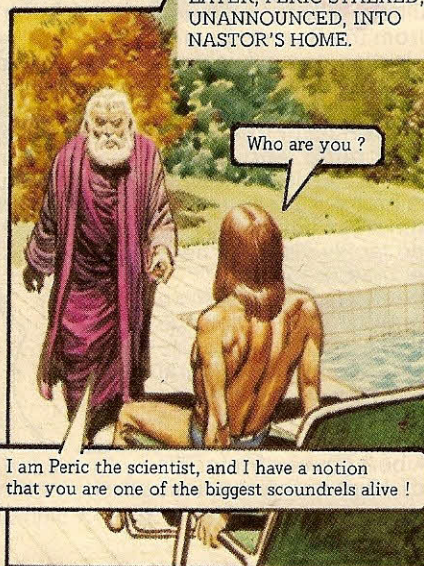
WHEN IT WAS ALL OVER, ZUDD STATED HIS TERMS.



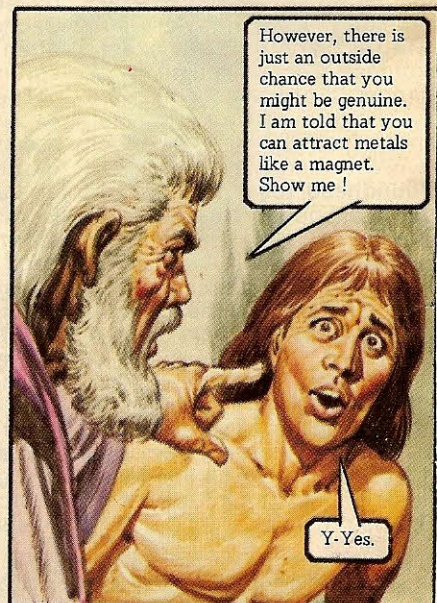
MEANWHILE, THE GREAT SCIENTIST PERIC WAS CARRYING OUT HIS PRIVATE ENQUIRIES INTO THE PAST CAREER OF NASTOR THE 'HEALER'.



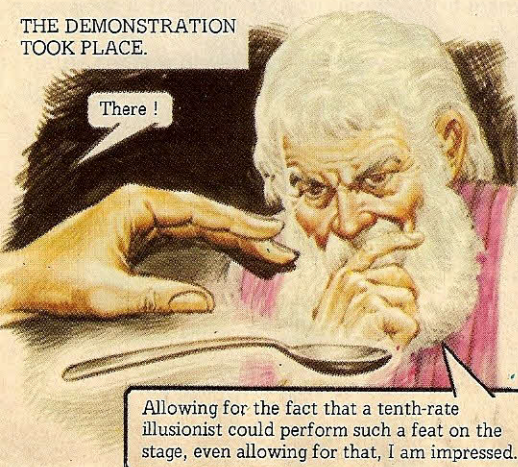
LATER, PERIC STALKED, UNANNOUNCED, INTO NASTOR'S HOME.



However, there is just an outside chance that you might be genuine. I am told that you can attract metals like a magnet. Show me!



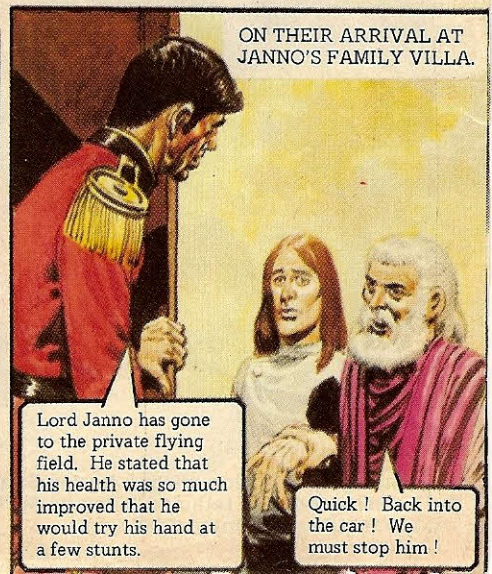
THE DEMONSTRATION TOOK PLACE.



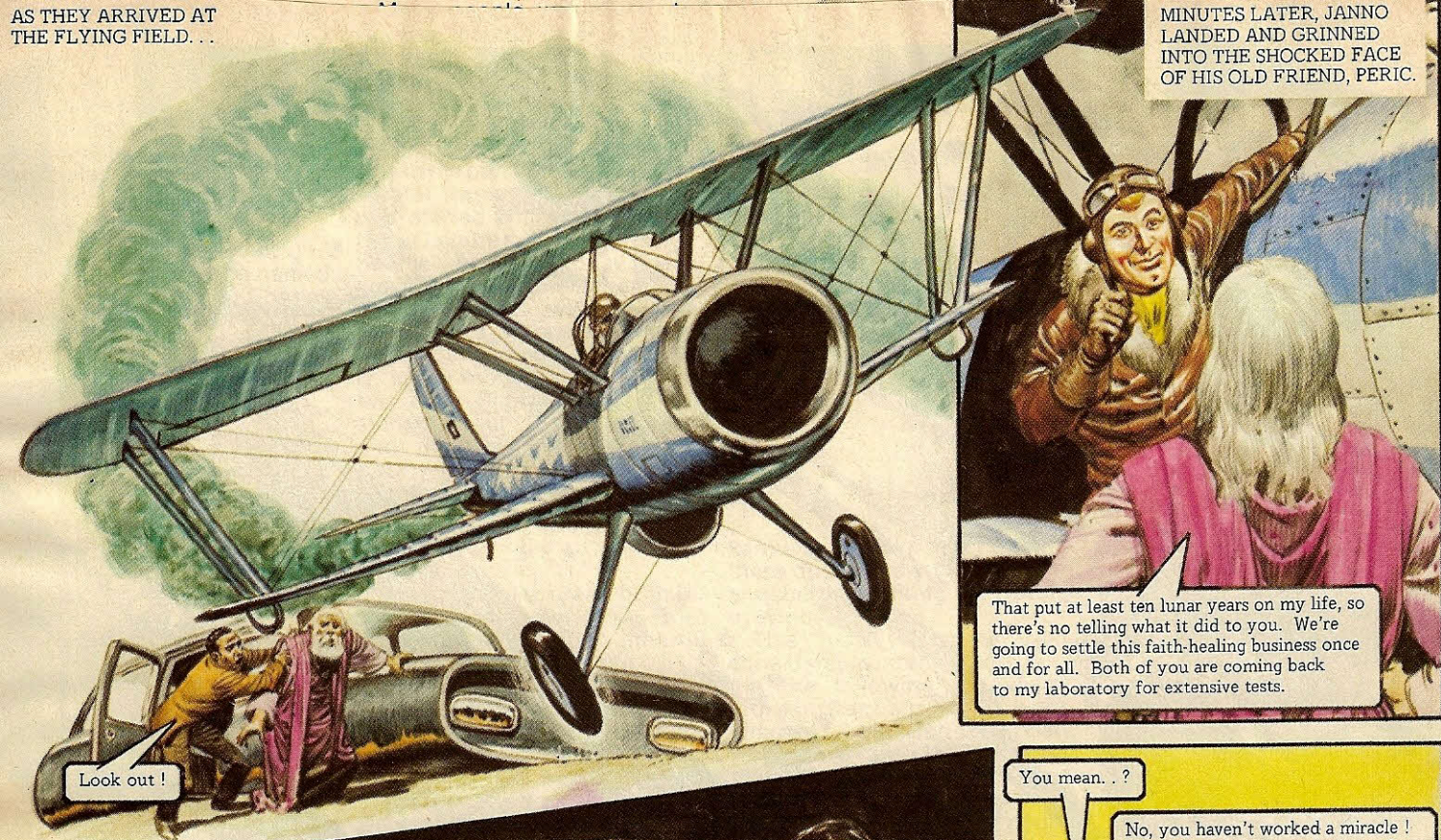
I became interested in you, my friend, when I learned that you had been tampering with Janno's brain. Janno is a friend of mine, and if you have done him any harm with your quackery, I'll see to it that you eke out your days in the punishment mines.



ON THEIR ARRIVAL AT JANNO'S FAMILY VILLA.



AS THEY ARRIVED AT
THE FLYING FIELD...



MINUTES LATER, JANNO
LANDED AND GRINNED
INTO THE SHOCKED FACE
OF HIS OLD FRIEND, PERIC.

Look out !

FOR THE REST OF THAT DAY,
PERIC SUBJECTED BOTH
JANNO AND NASTOR TO
THE MOST RIGOROUS
SCIENTIFIC ANALYSES.
AND AT THE END OF IT...

What's your
verdict ?

Faith-healing or no faith-
healing, you're cured.
You can go back to
the air fleet tomorrow.

You mean... ?

No, you haven't worked a miracle !
There is a scientific explanation for
the powers that have come to you as
a result of being struck by lightning.

In layman's terms, your body electricity has
increased to a degree where you are able to alter
other people's electrical impulses. In cases where
their brain patterns have been disturbed by injury —
as in Janno's case — you can do a great deal of good.

It's a great gift, Nastor.
You must use it well.

I wanted to make a fortune. I made a
fortune — but it brought me nothing
but trouble !

If you're worrying about the Zudd gang, put your
mind at rest. Peric tells me he's put the Trigan
police on to them.

There are bound to be other unscrupulous
people who would try to exploit me and my
great gift. There's only one thing for it. I
promise to give my services free, to the people
who need it most and I will keep that promise.