

MORE ADVENTURES OF THE

TRIGAN EMPIRE

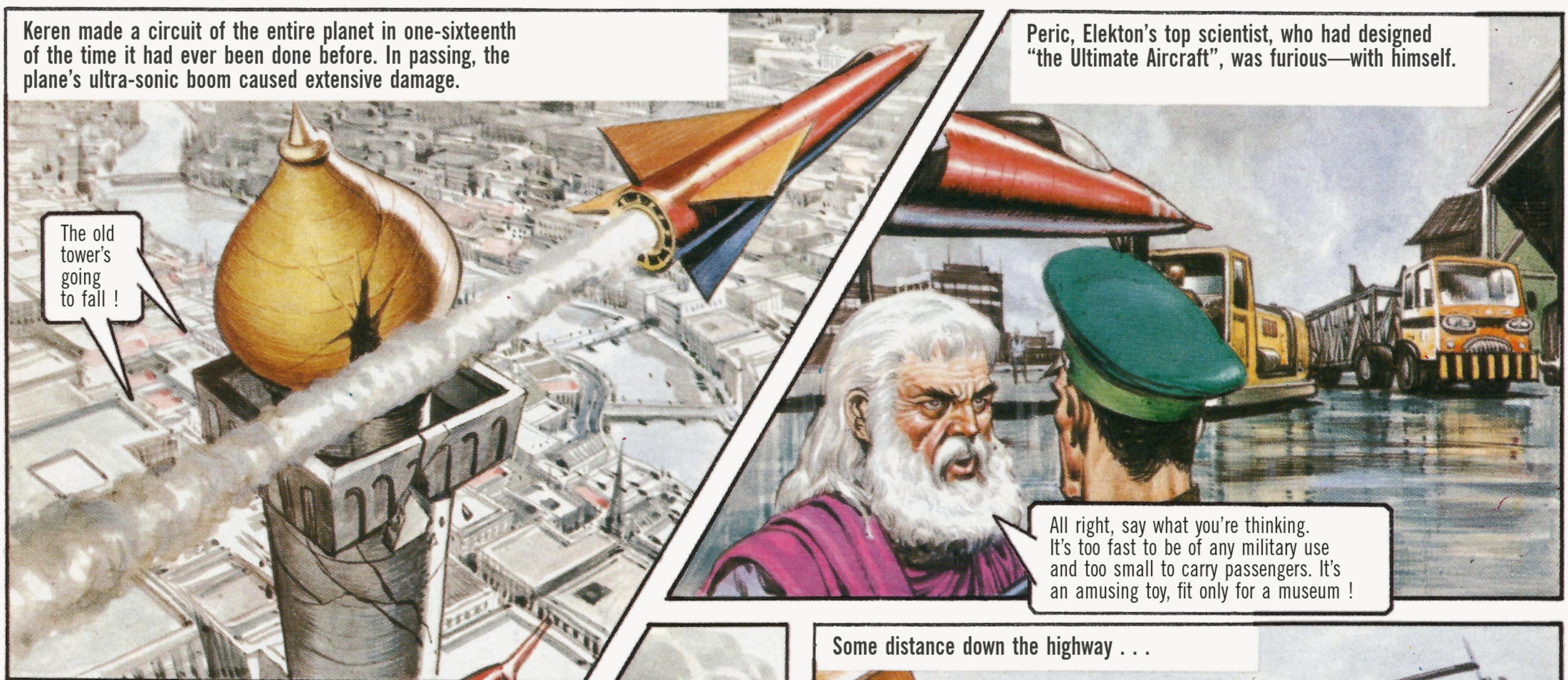
Far, far away beyond the bounds of uttermost space, lies the planet Elekton, situated in the galaxy of Yarna. The greatest power on the planet is the Trigan Empire, ruled over by its founder, the Emperor Trigo . . .

All Elekton was tuned-in to one of the outstanding events of the age.

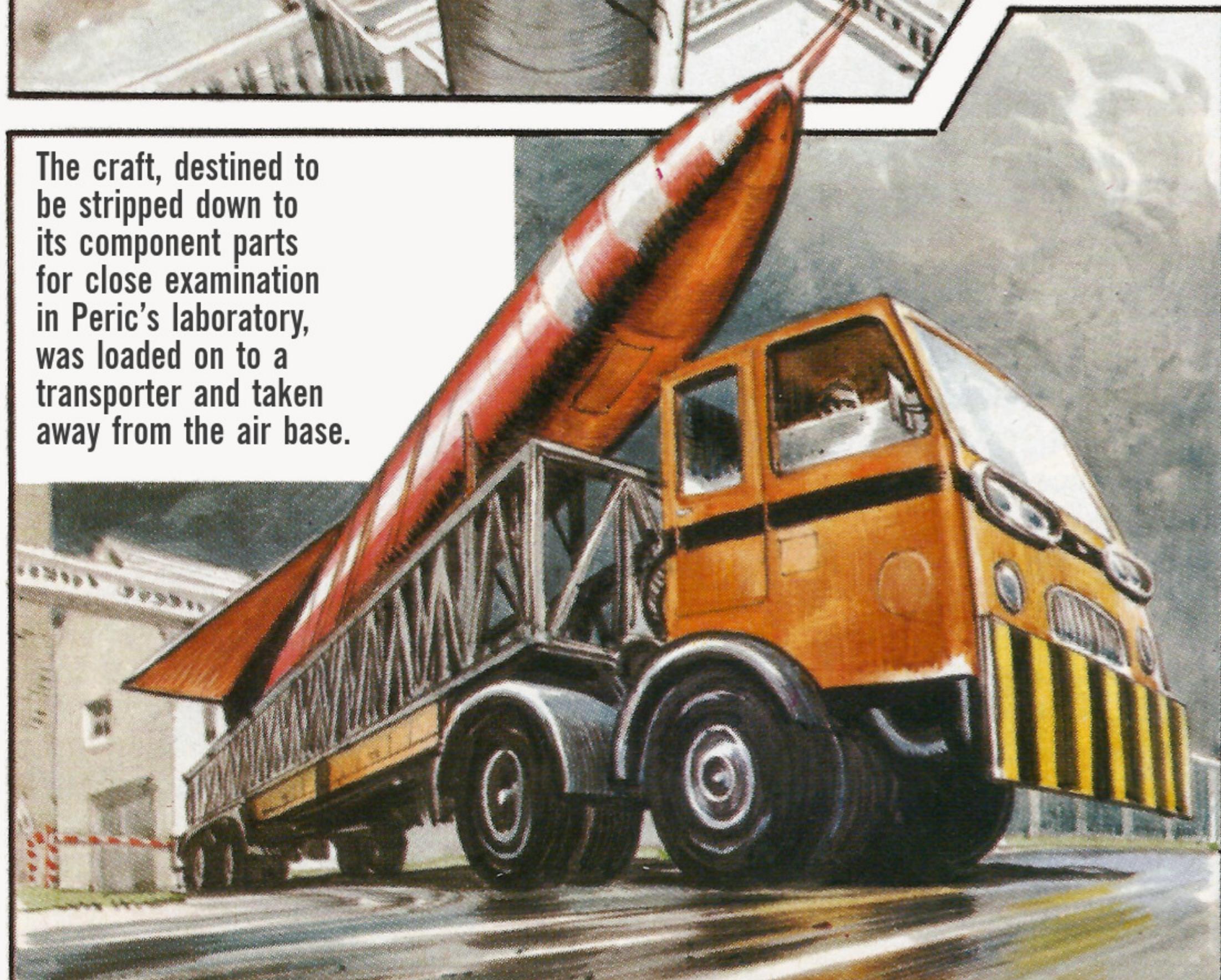


DON LAWRENCE

We see Keren of the Air Fleet about to climb into the cockpit of what may prove to be the fastest craft that will ever fly in the atmosphere.



The craft, destined to be stripped down to its component parts for close examination in Peric's laboratory, was loaded on to a transporter and taken away from the air base.



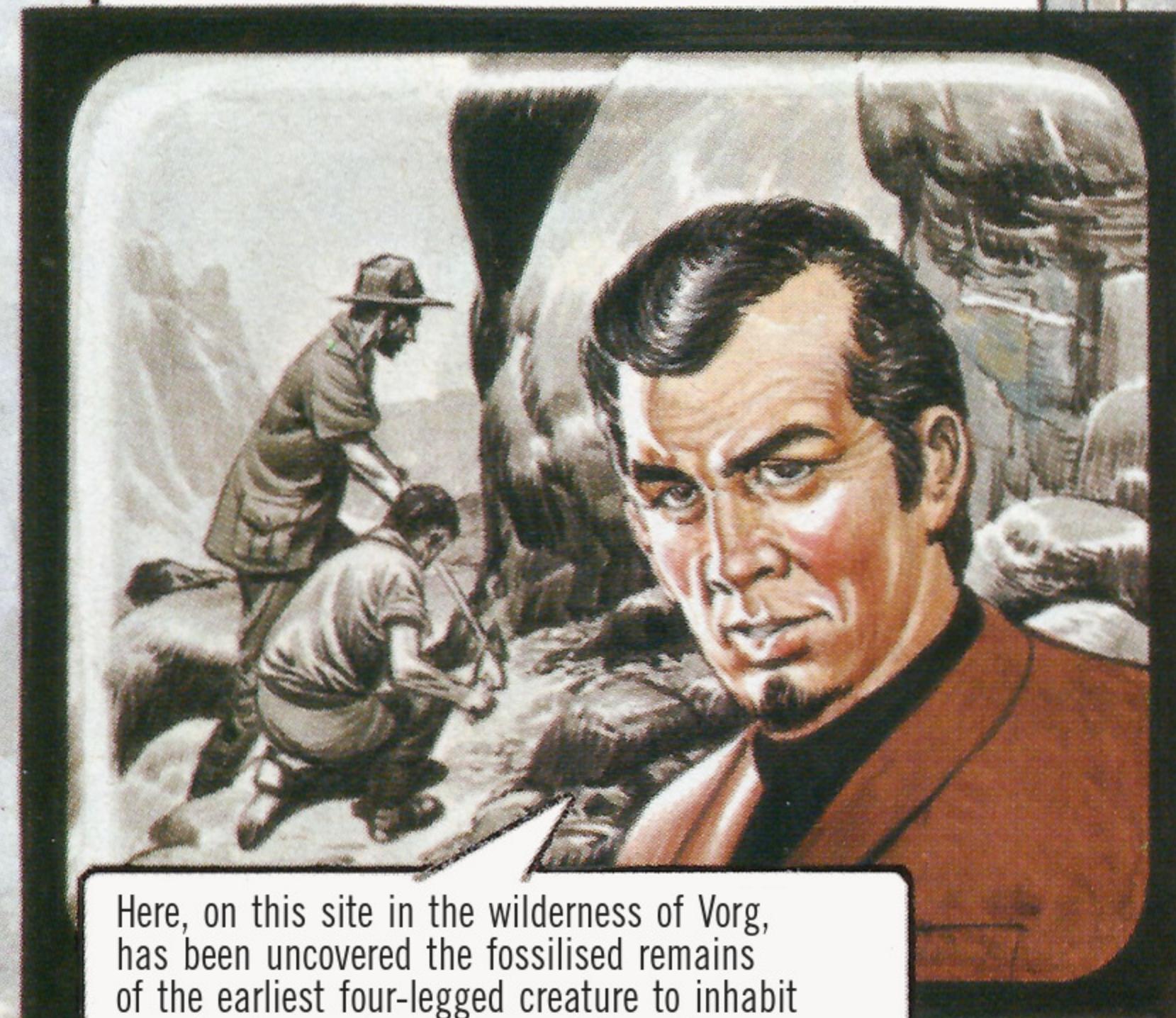
Janno, the Emperor's nephew, shook hands with his comrade. Janno was training for the forthcoming Trigan Empire Games, otherwise he would have been piloting "the Ultimate Aircraft".

Peric, Elekton's top scientist, who had designed "the Ultimate Aircraft", was furious—with himself.

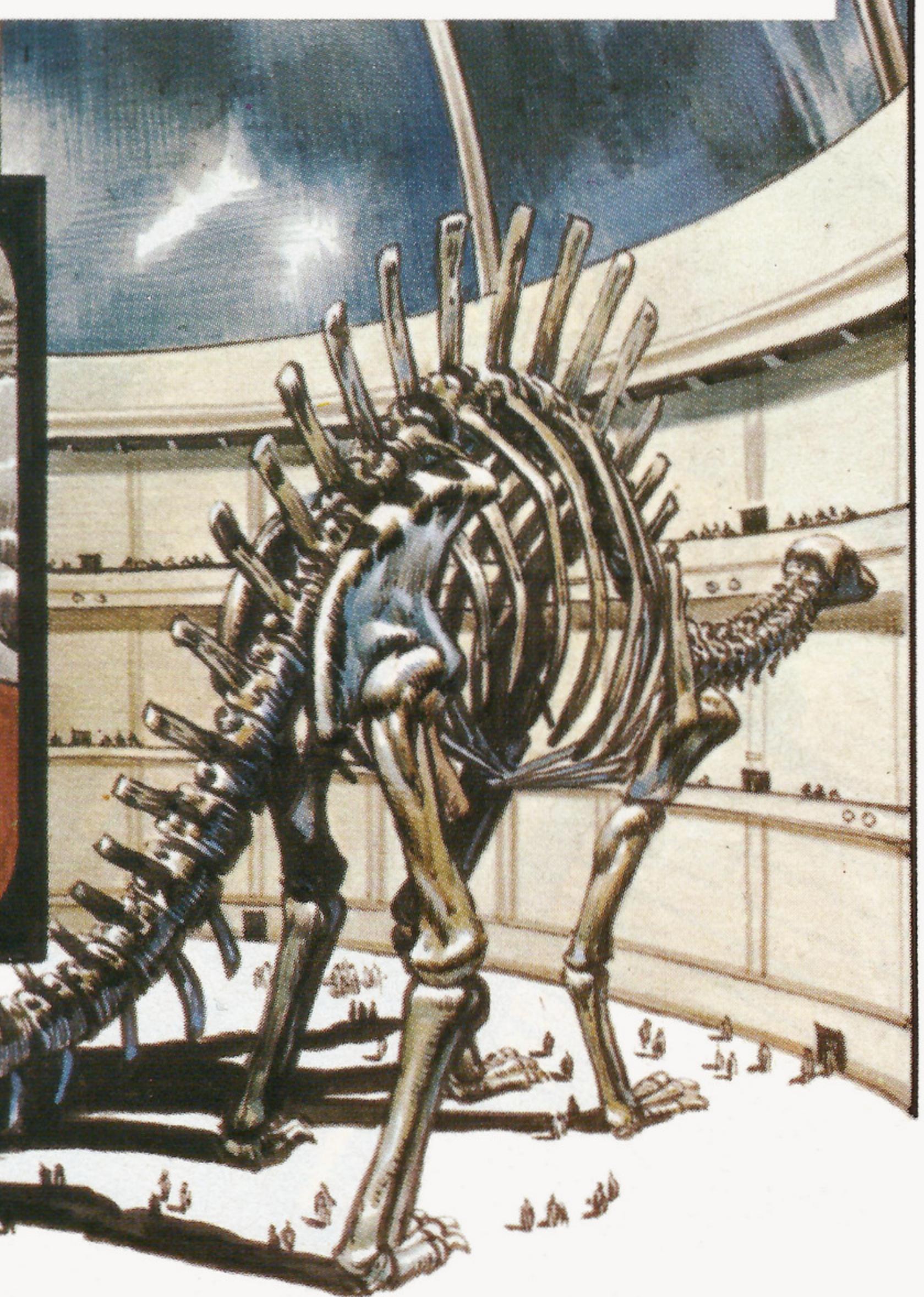
The unarmed crew of the transporter looked on while "the Ultimate Aircraft" was attached to the heli-jet and carried skywards.



The snatching of the wonder plane was a sensation throughout Elekton at first, but as the lunar months went by, another sensation claimed the attention of the masses.



"The Monster of Vorg" was exhibited in a specially constructed building in Trigan City. It became one of the sights of the planet.



Acting swiftly and ruthlessly dealing with the slightest opposition, they cleared visitors from the vast building that housed the monster.



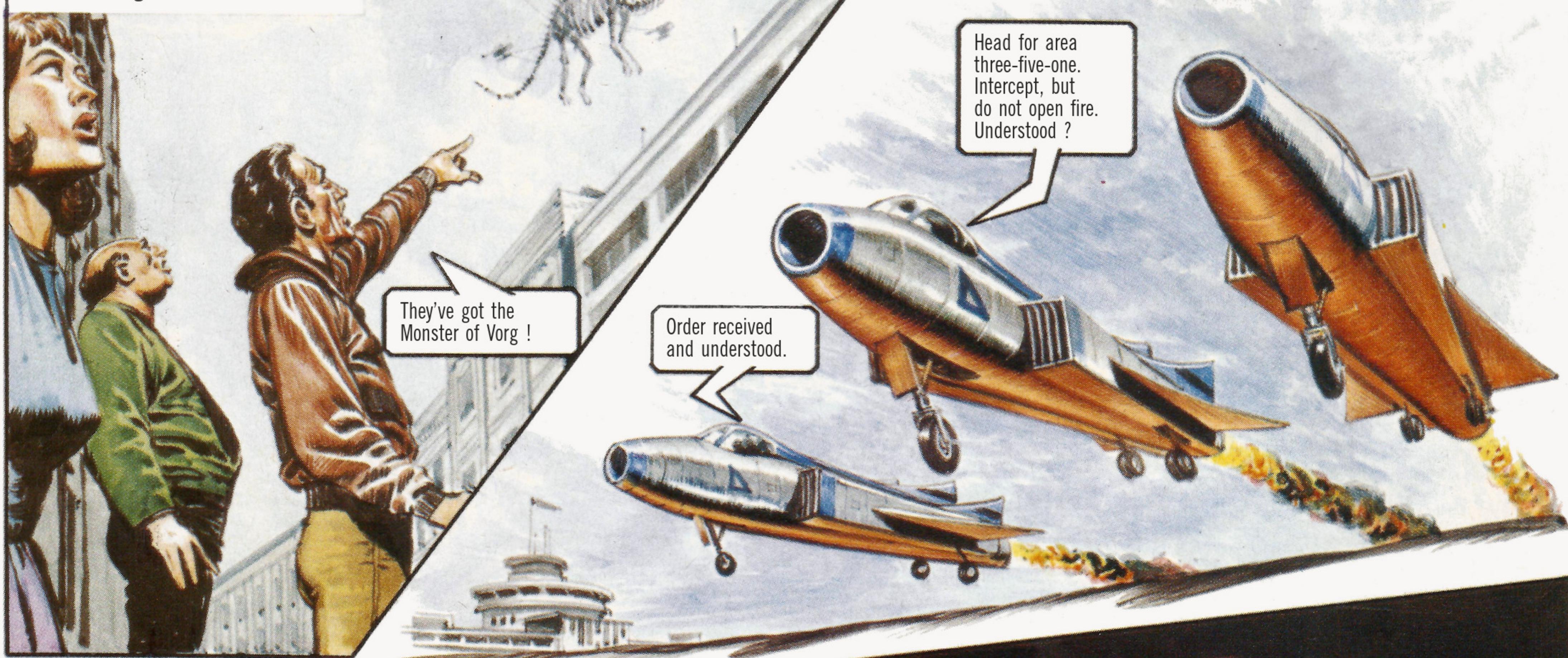
Explosive charges brought the transparent roof crashing down.



Then, from out of the wreckage rose "the Monster of Vorg" !



All Trigan City turned out to see the fossilised monster being carried off.



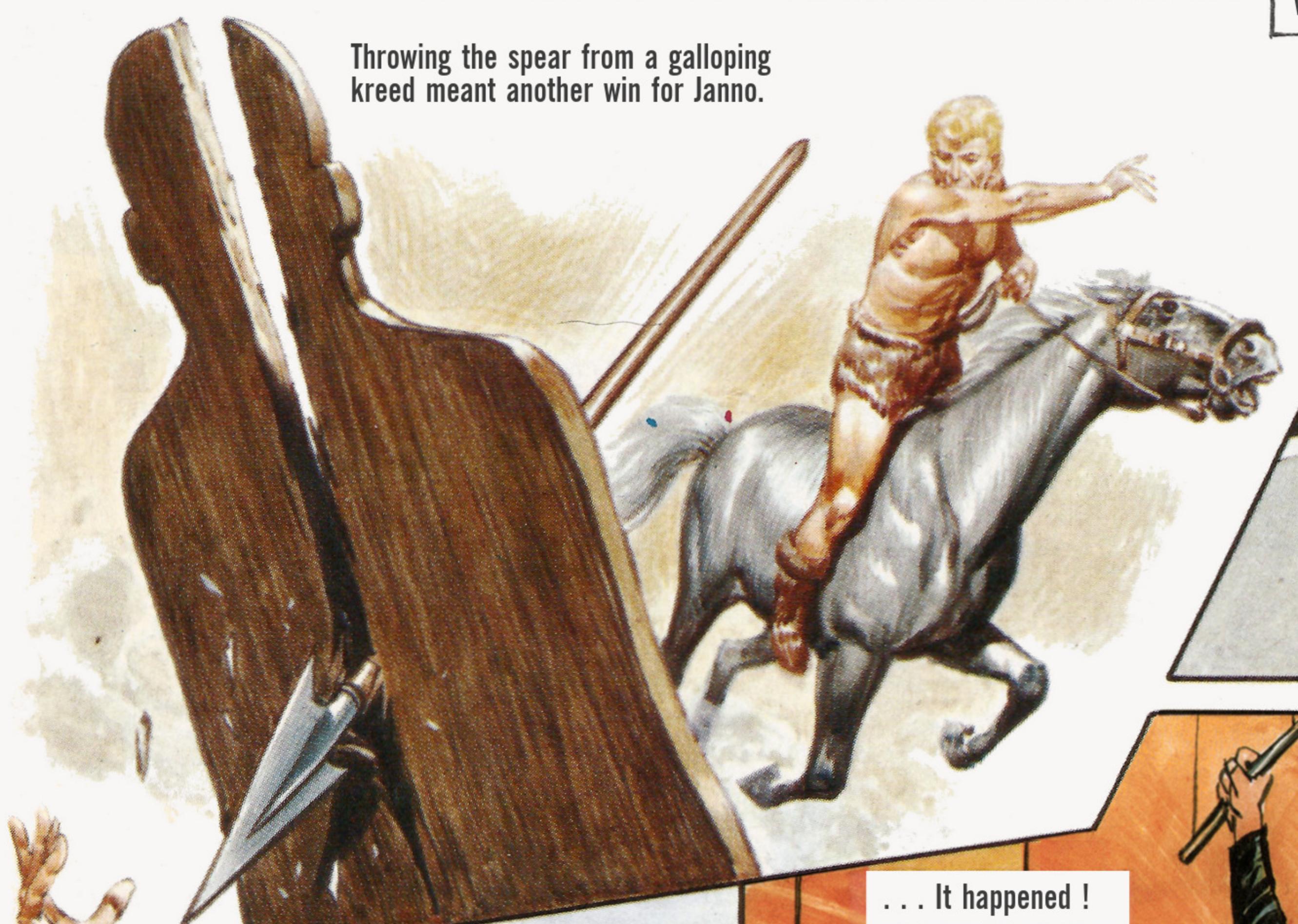
Pole-climbing—the most physically-demanding and dangerous of all Elekton athletic events and Janno was the first to plant his flag.



Then followed the ancient and traditional five-zarra foot race, the competitors bearing armour and weapons with Janno again the winner.



With three firsts in main events and sundry other placings, the Emperor's nephew was an outright winner of the Victor's Grand Crown.



It was while he was making a triumphal circuit of the stadium that . . .



Before a finger could be lifted to help him, the victor of the games was snatched into the sky.

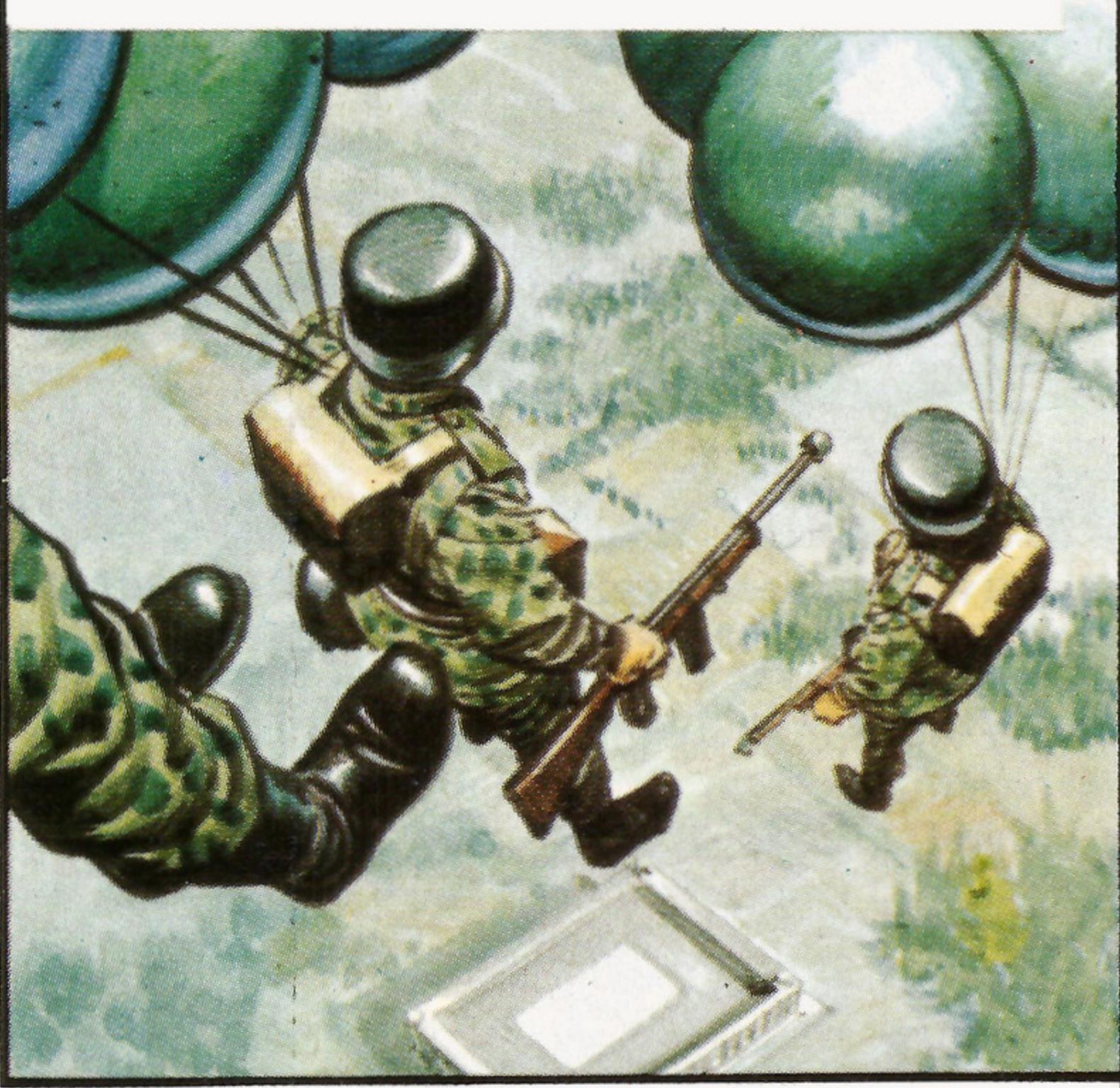


News of the snatching of the Emperor's popular nephew was flashed round the planet. For the first time, there was a mention of a sinister connection between Janno's disappearance and other sensational events.



In this manner, Lord Janno was snatched up into the sky. It will be recalled that the Ultimate Aircraft and the Monster of Vorg were taken in the same way.

The diadem was guarded by the most sophisticated electronic devices. It was reckoned that the sheer complexity of the defences were sufficient to defeat any intruder. And then one day, they came.



By the time they had broken through into the temple, it had been emptied of panic-stricken worshippers. But their troubles had scarcely begun.



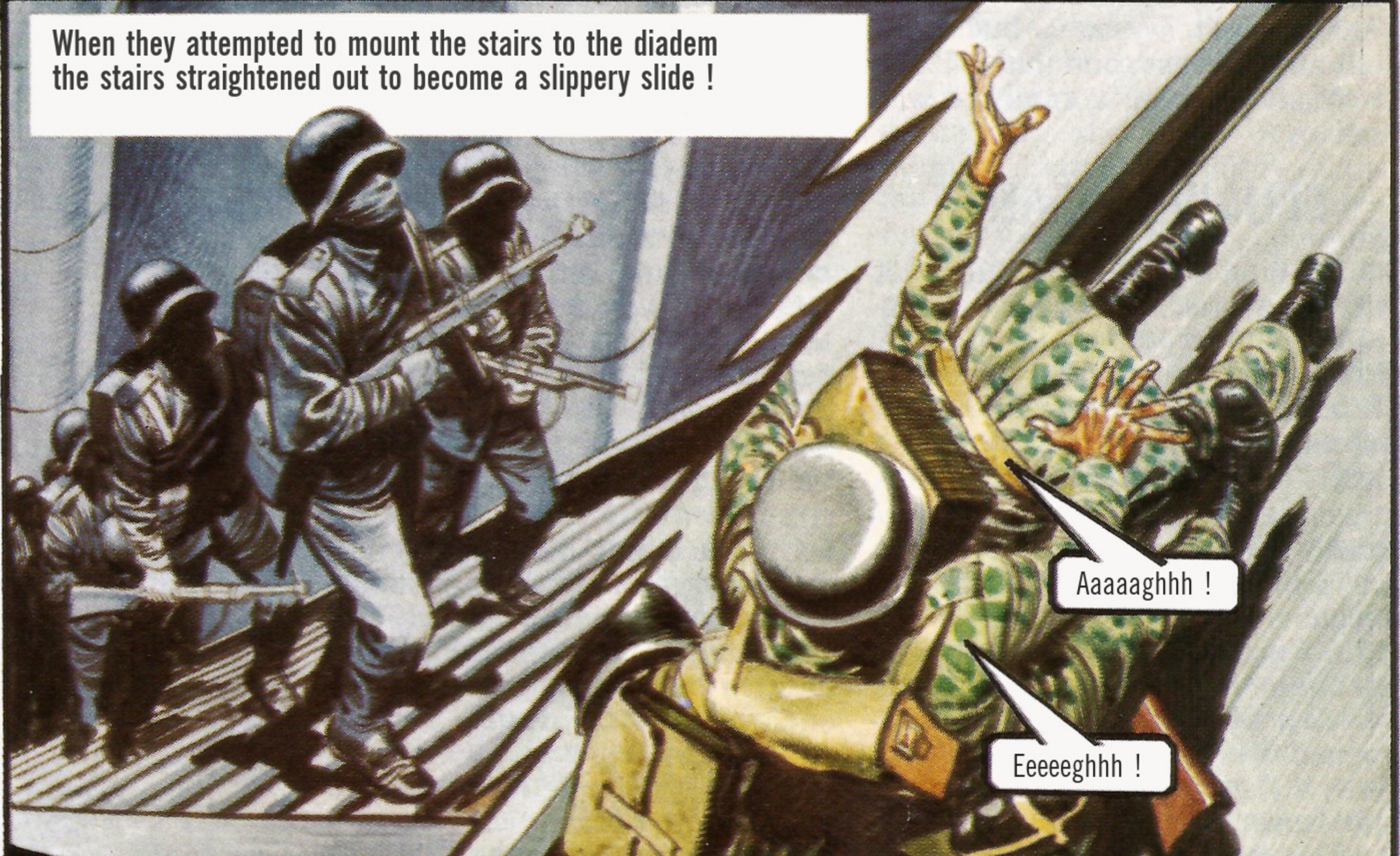
Beyond the borders of the Trigan Empire, in the domains of Cato, the sacred city of Zemf was dominated by the mystical Temple of the Jewel, where thousands of worshippers a day filed past the great green glittering diadem.



The invaders landed on the temple's roof, and immediately ran into electronically-discharged projectiles that turned the roof into a death-trap.



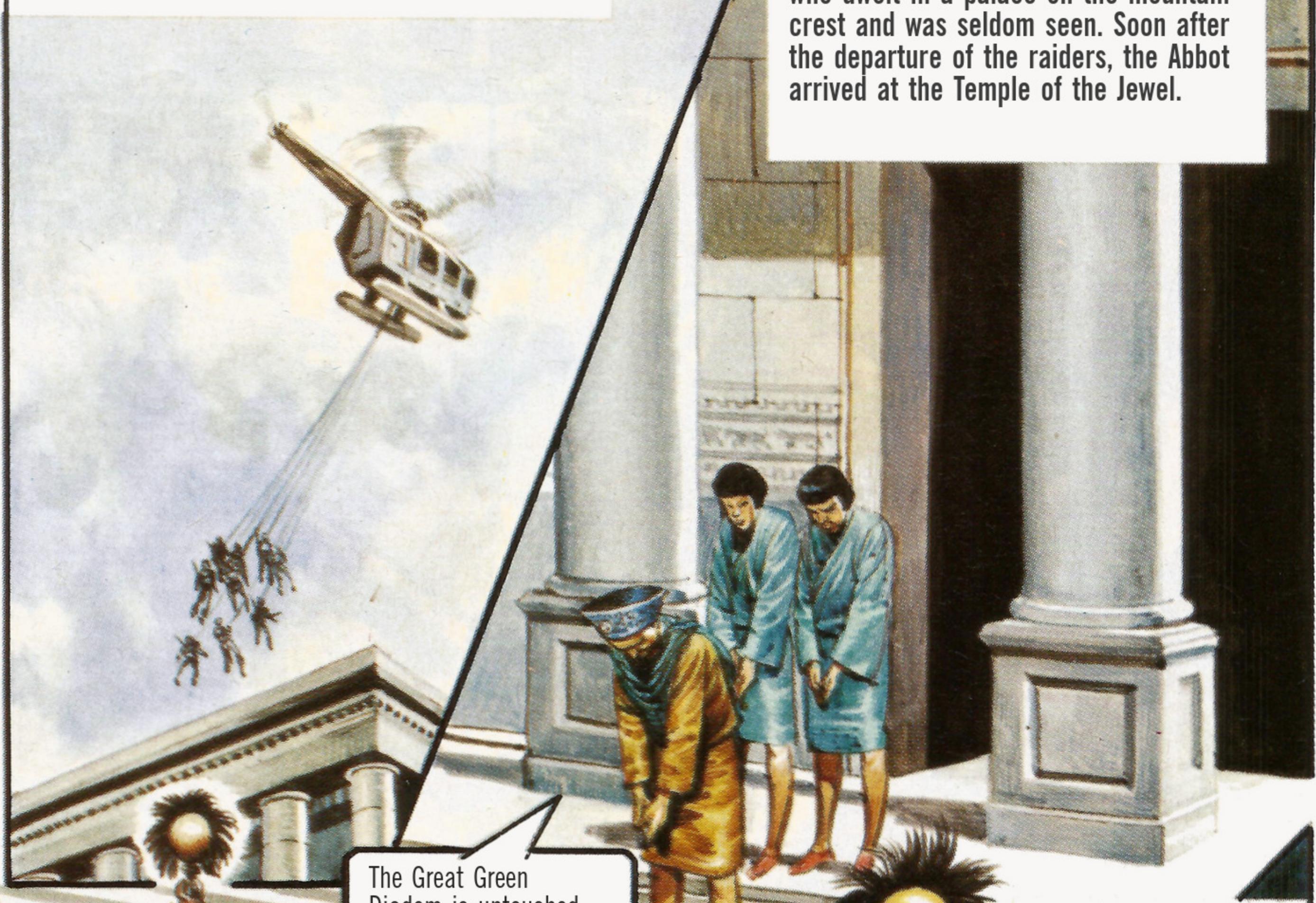
When they attempted to mount the stairs to the diadem the stairs straightened out to become a slippery slide !



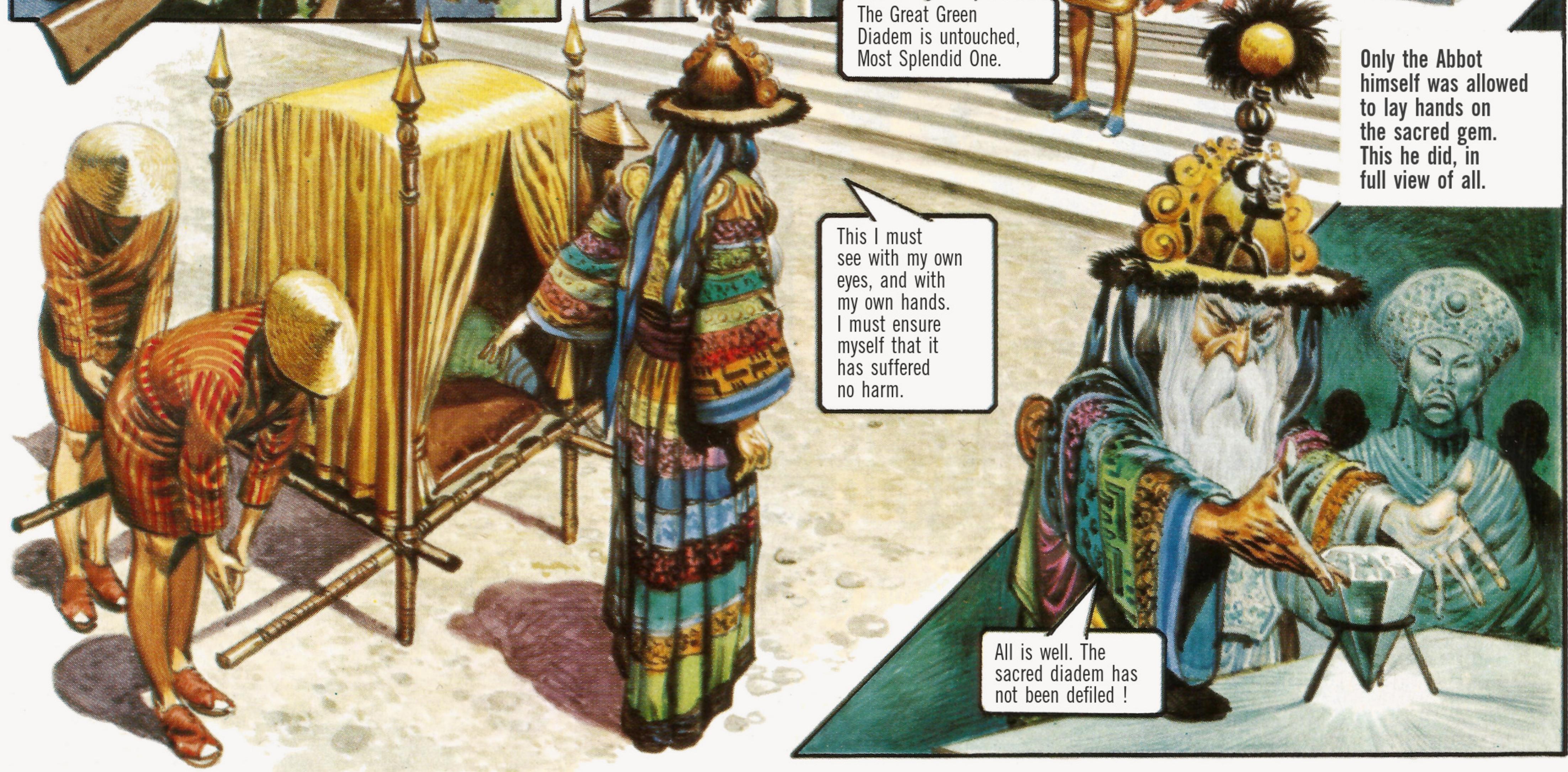
By then, the wail of police sirens outside the building told the intruders that a hue and cry had been raised. Their leader came to a swift decision.



Thwarted by the very complexity of the defences, the raiders broke off the attempt and flew away.



Guardian and keeper of the Great Green Diadem was the Abbot of Zemf, who dwelt in a palace on the mountain crest and was seldom seen. Soon after the departure of the raiders, the Abbot arrived at the Temple of the Jewel.



Later that day, the resident high priest of the temple received a call on vidi-phone.



One hour later, the Abbot's secretary was inspecting the huge gem.

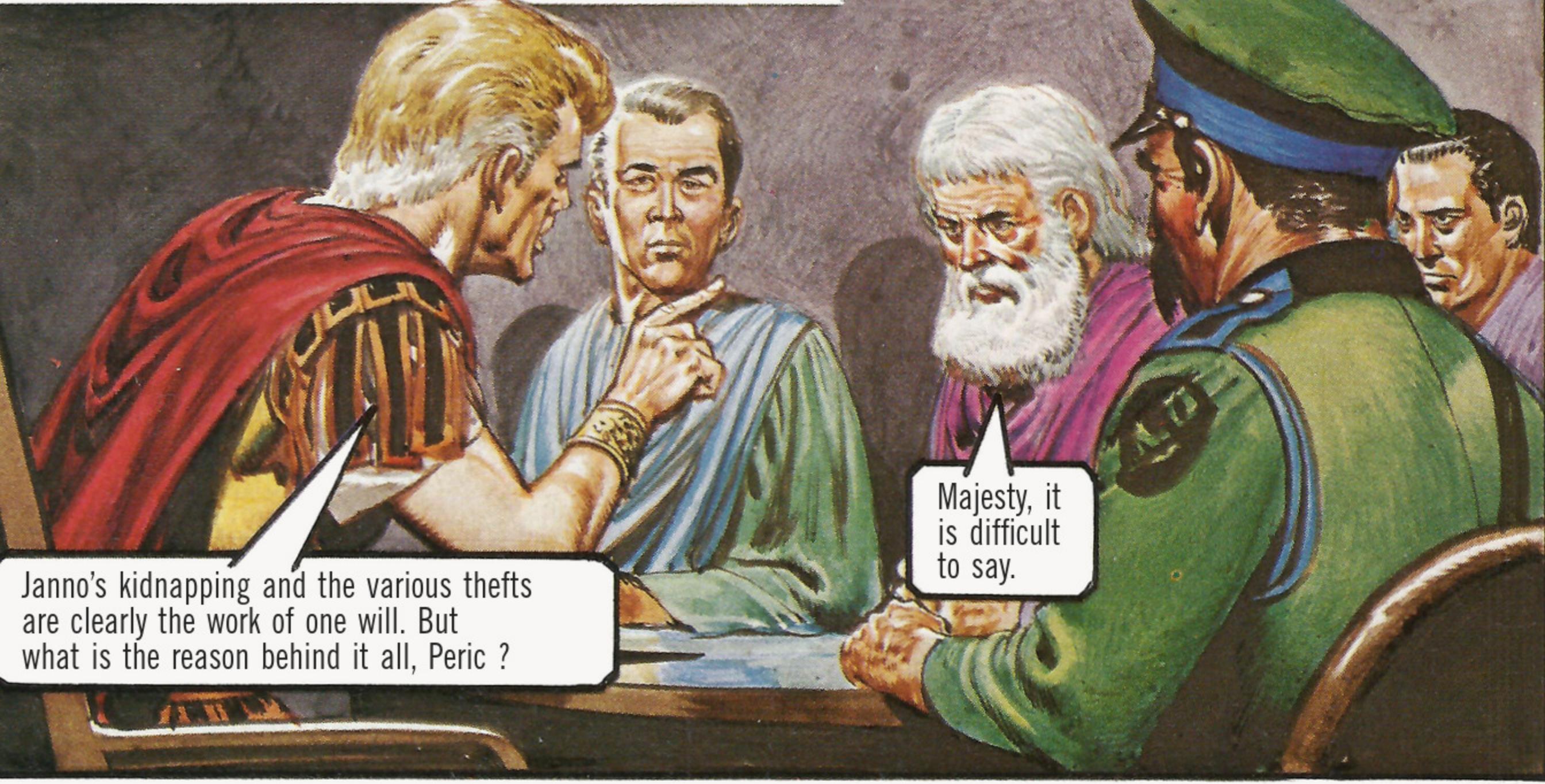


The fiendish cunning by which the diadem had been taken was the most sensational aspect of the news story.

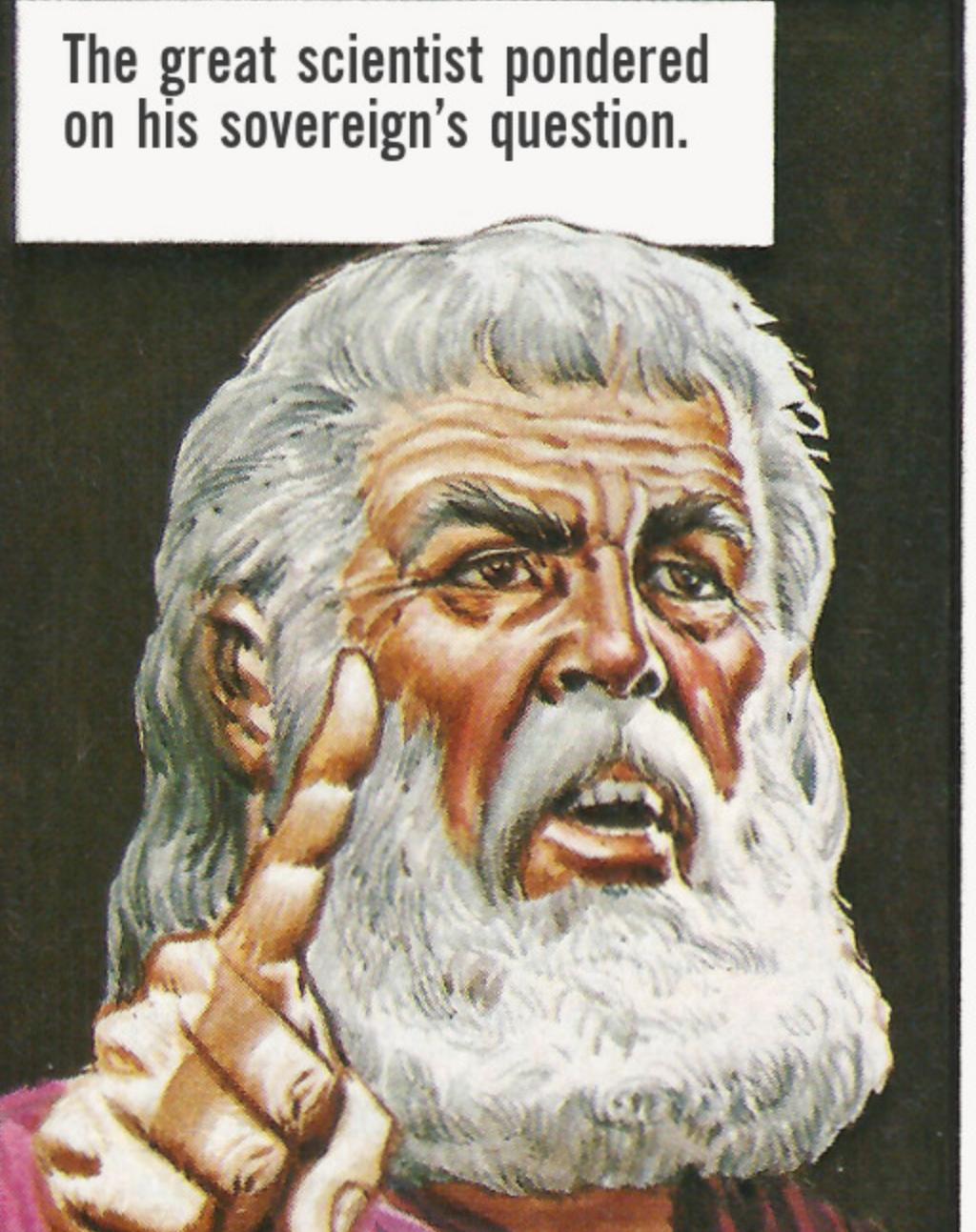
The Emperor Trigo summoned an extraordinary session of the Imperial Council.



Following on an unsuccessful attack upon the temple, one of the thieves posed as the Abbot of Zemf, switched the diadem for a fake and made off with the true jewel !



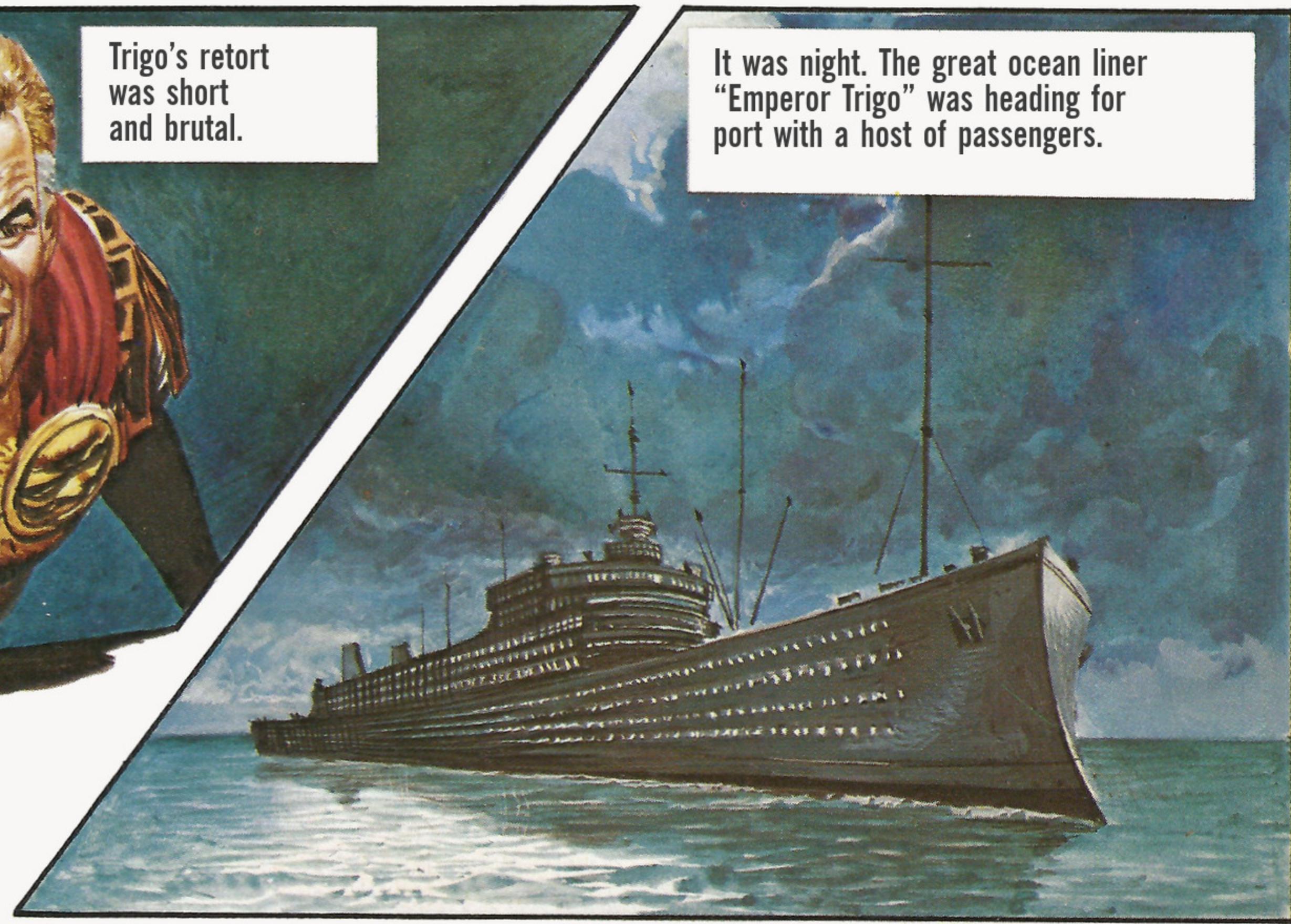
Majesty, it is difficult to say.



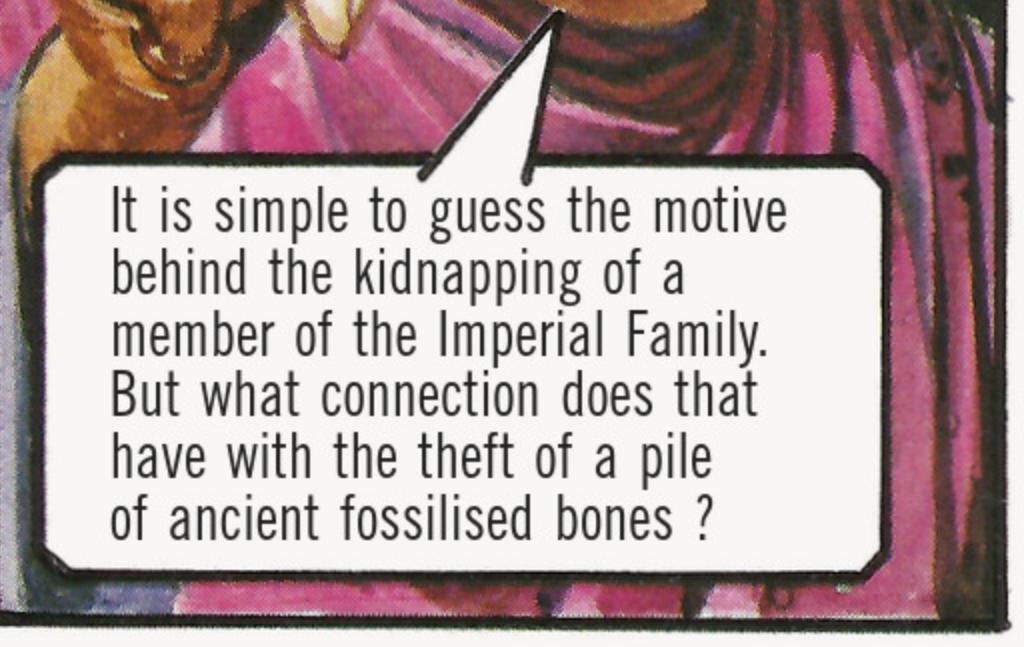
The great scientist pondered on his sovereign's question.



Trigo's retort was short and brutal.



It was night. The great ocean liner "Emperor Trigo" was heading for port with a host of passengers.



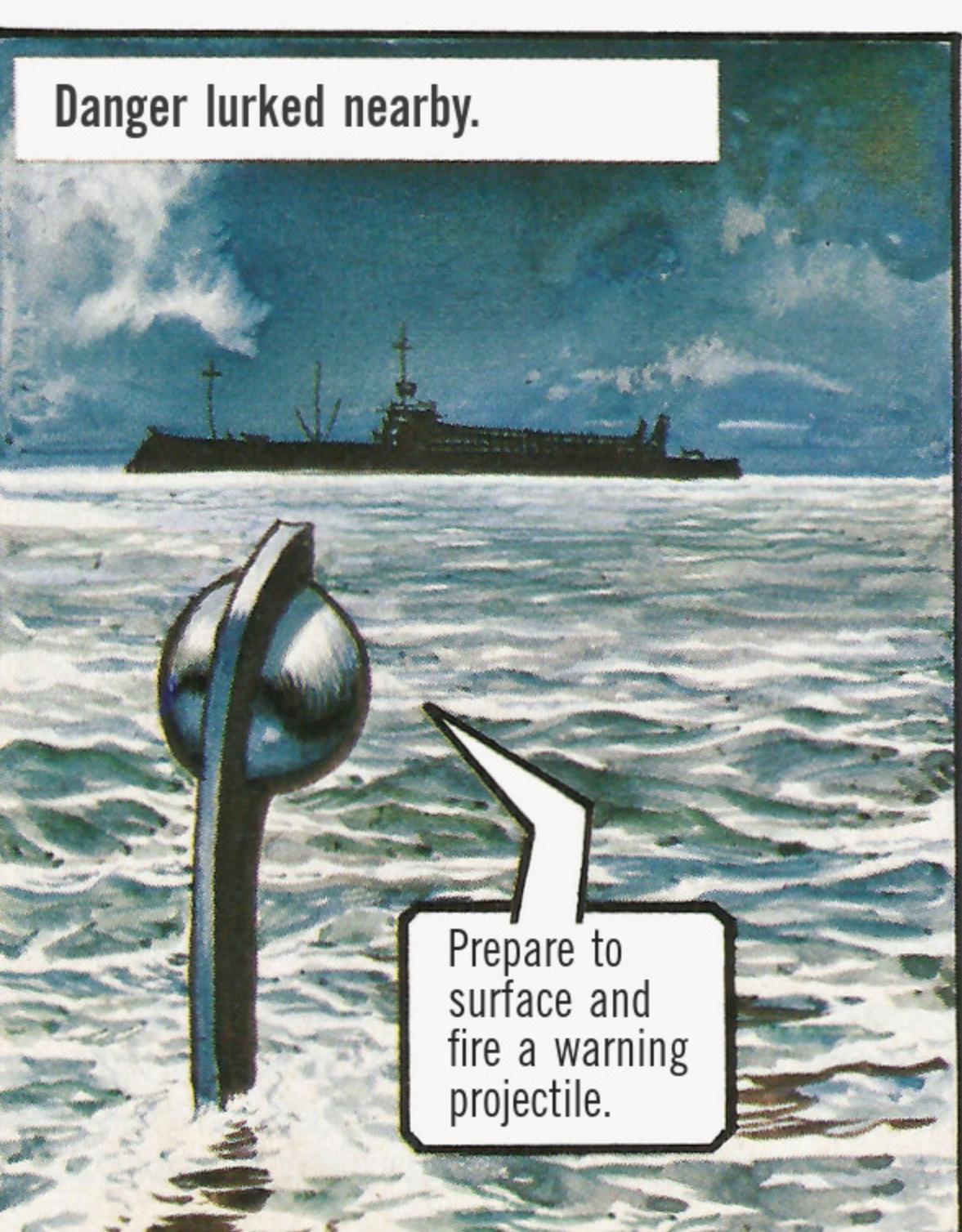
It is simple to guess the motive behind the kidnapping of a member of the Imperial Family. But what connection does that have with the theft of a pile of ancient fossilised bones ?



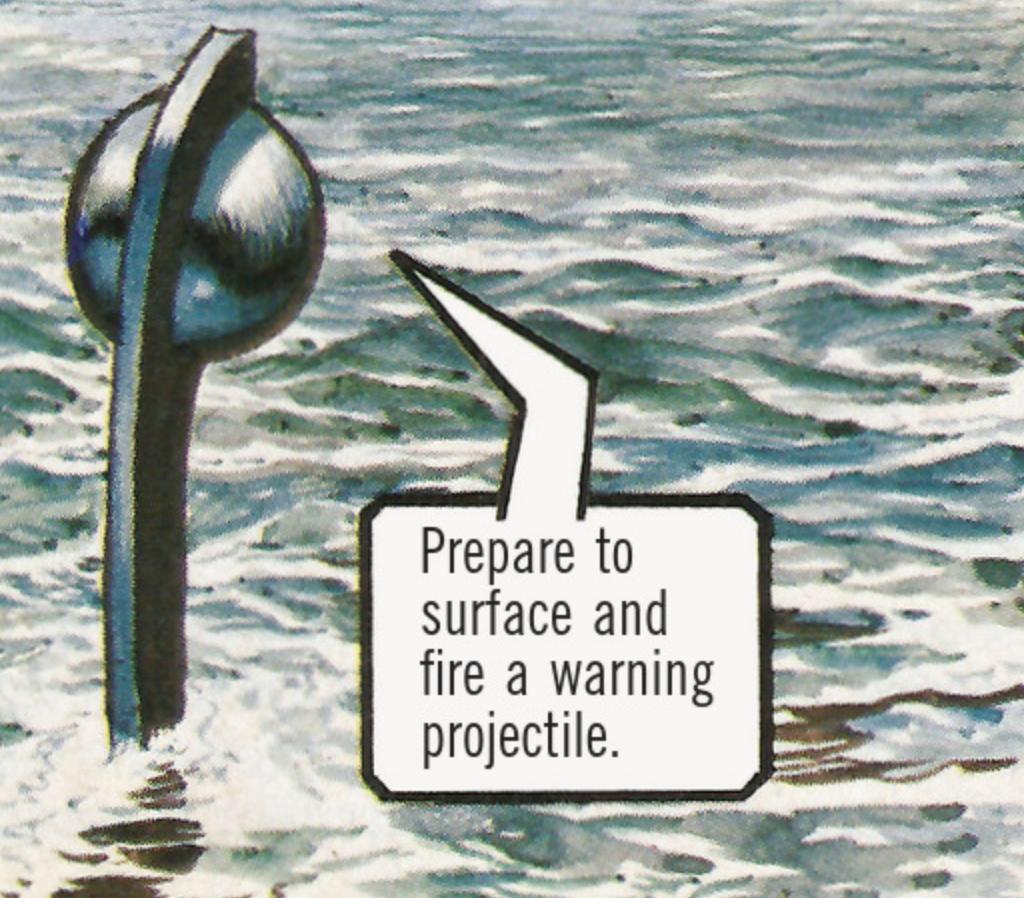
You will find that connection, Peric ! And you will work day and night till you do !



The first warning of peril came with a thunderclap of sound, followed by a streak of lurid flame.



Danger lurked nearby.

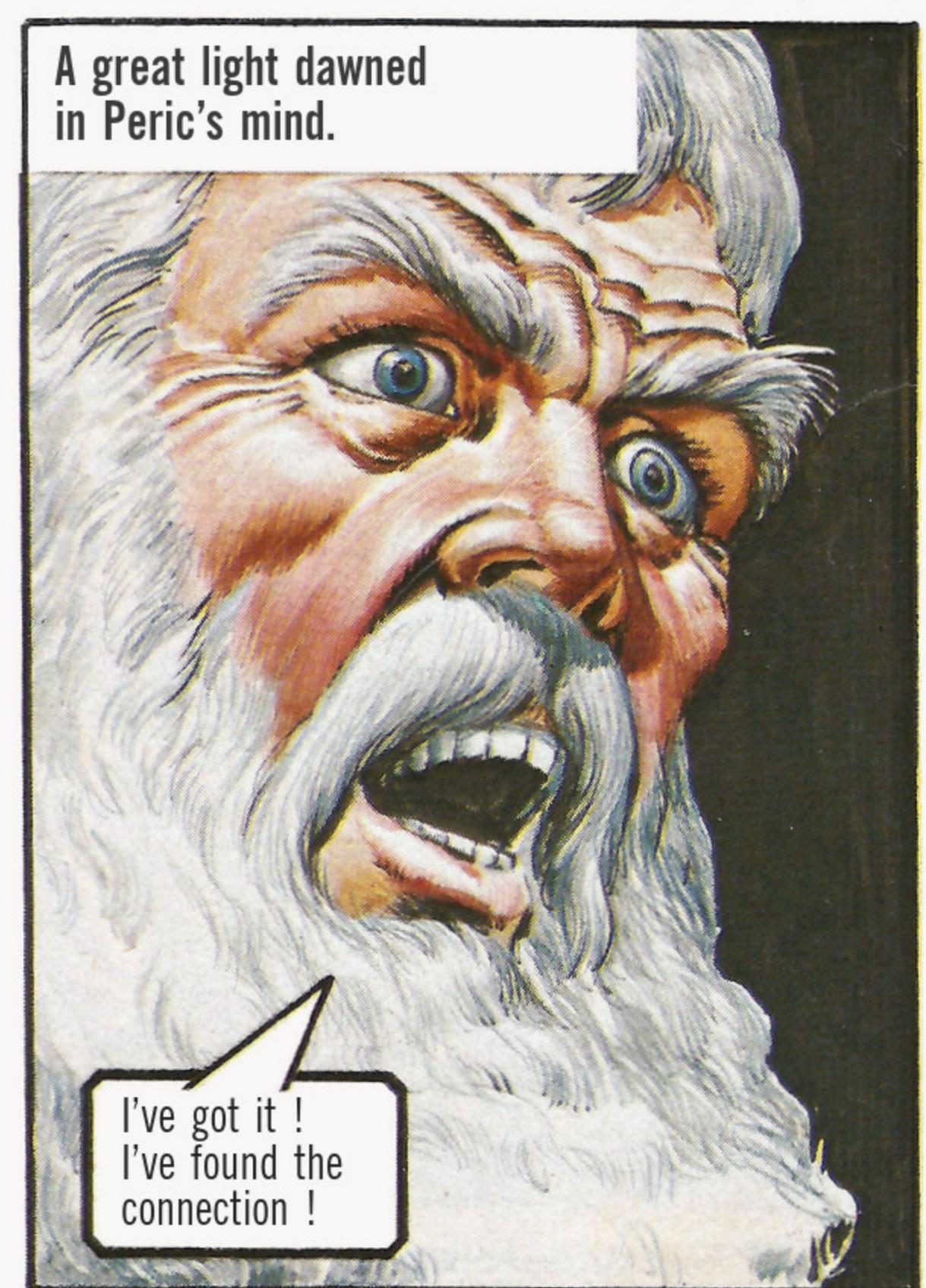
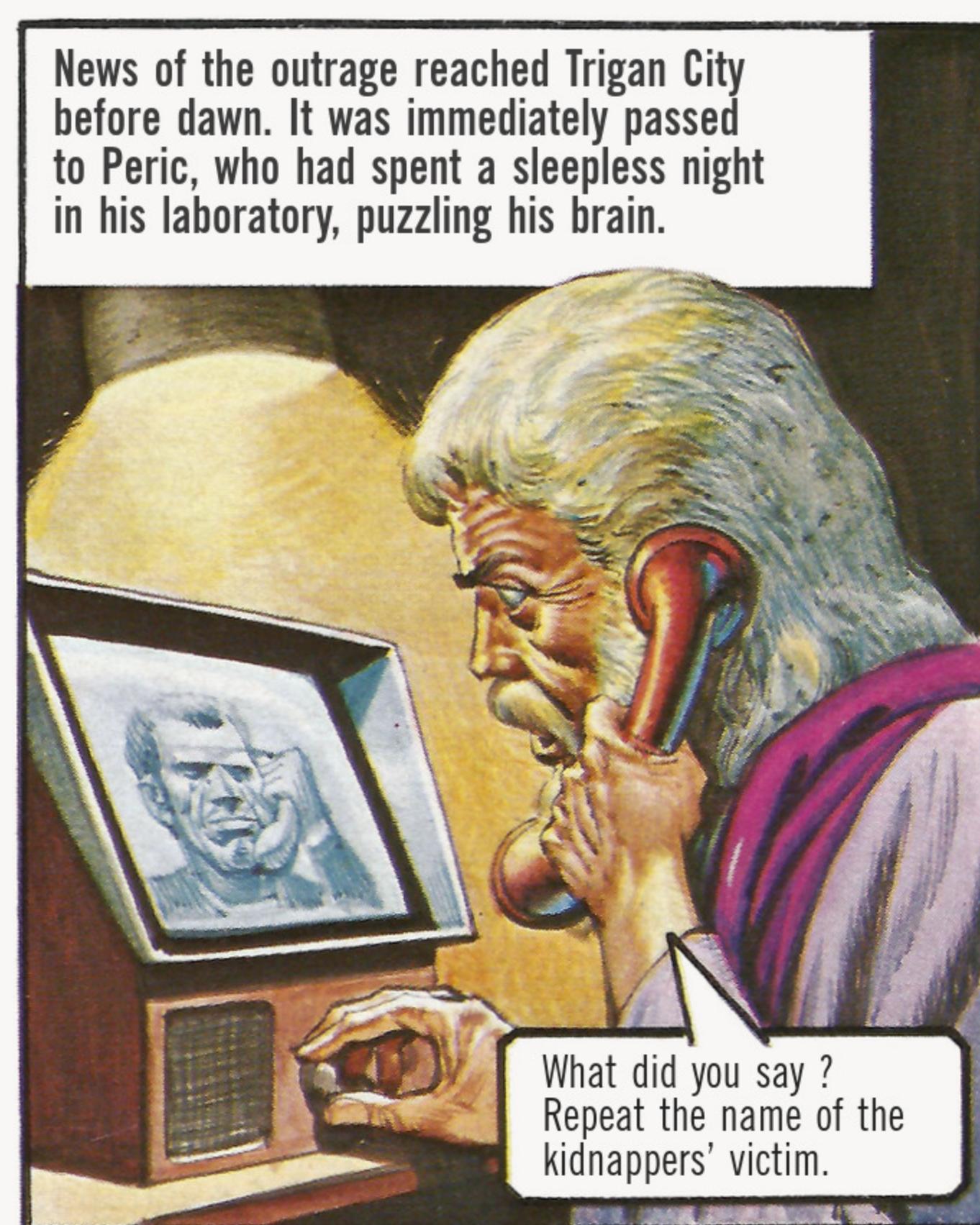


Prepare to surface and fire a warning projectile.





Down into the palatial dining saloon, among the horrified passengers, they marched.



Next morning, the planet's newspapers screamed—**CHORPINAL KIDNAPPED**—
Elekton's greatest living composer snatched from the liner "Emperor Trigo" while on his way to conduct his newest symphony.

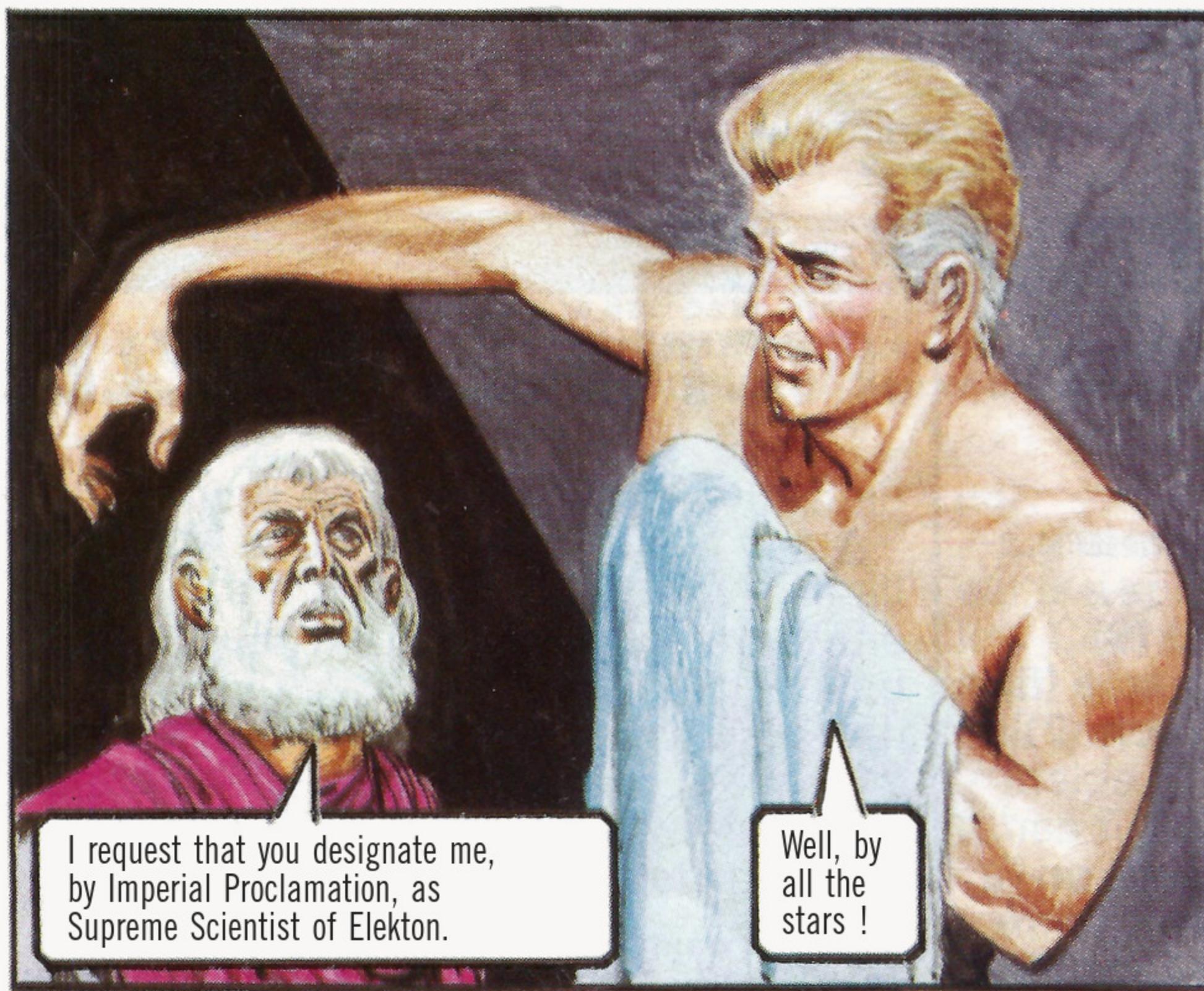
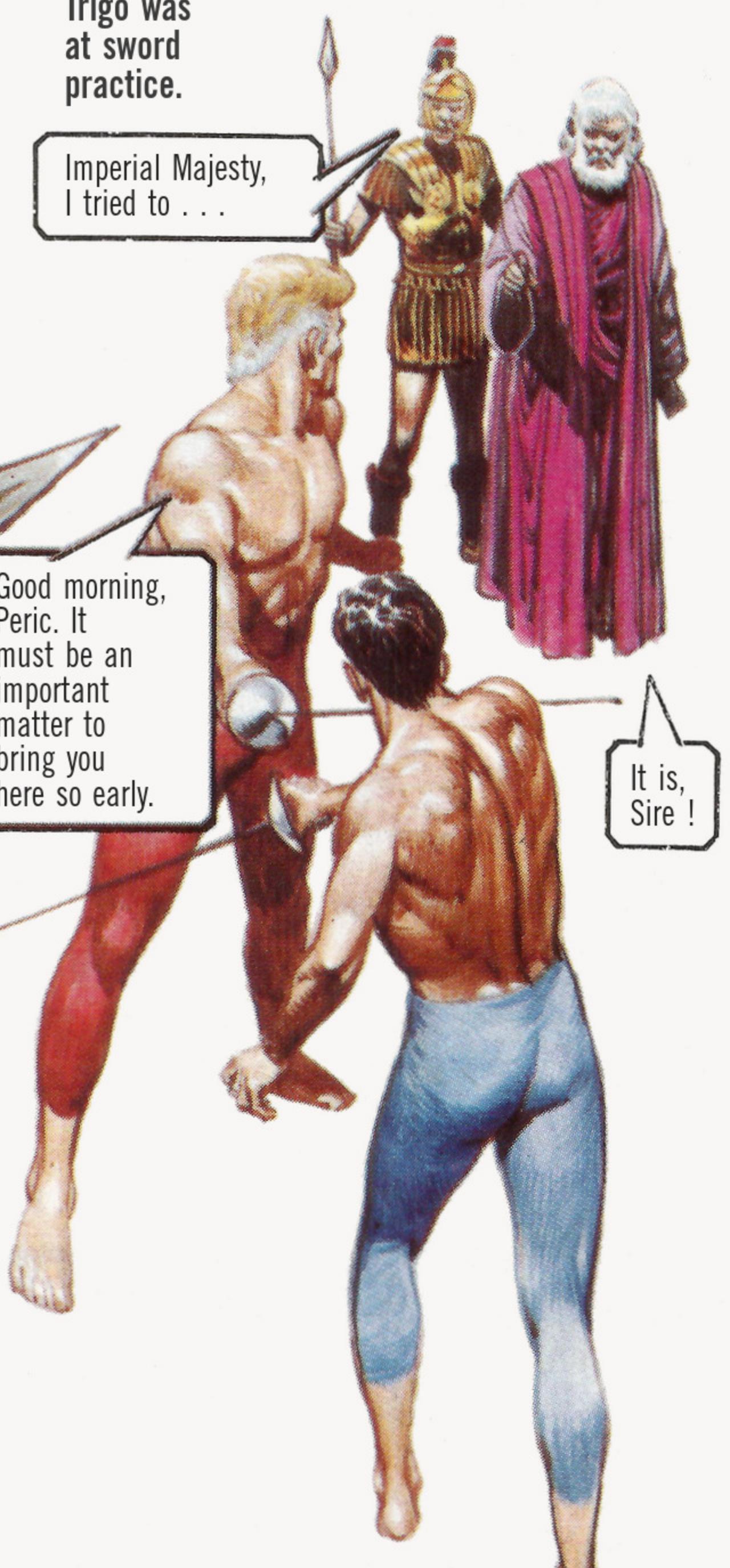


Trigo was at sword practice.

Imperial Majesty, I tried to . . .

Good morning, Peric. It must be an important matter to bring you here so early.

It is, Sire!



It is not for myself I ask it, Majesty, but part of my plan to get to the bottom of these thefts and kidnappings . . .

Is it, indeed!



Yes, Sire. I will explain . . .

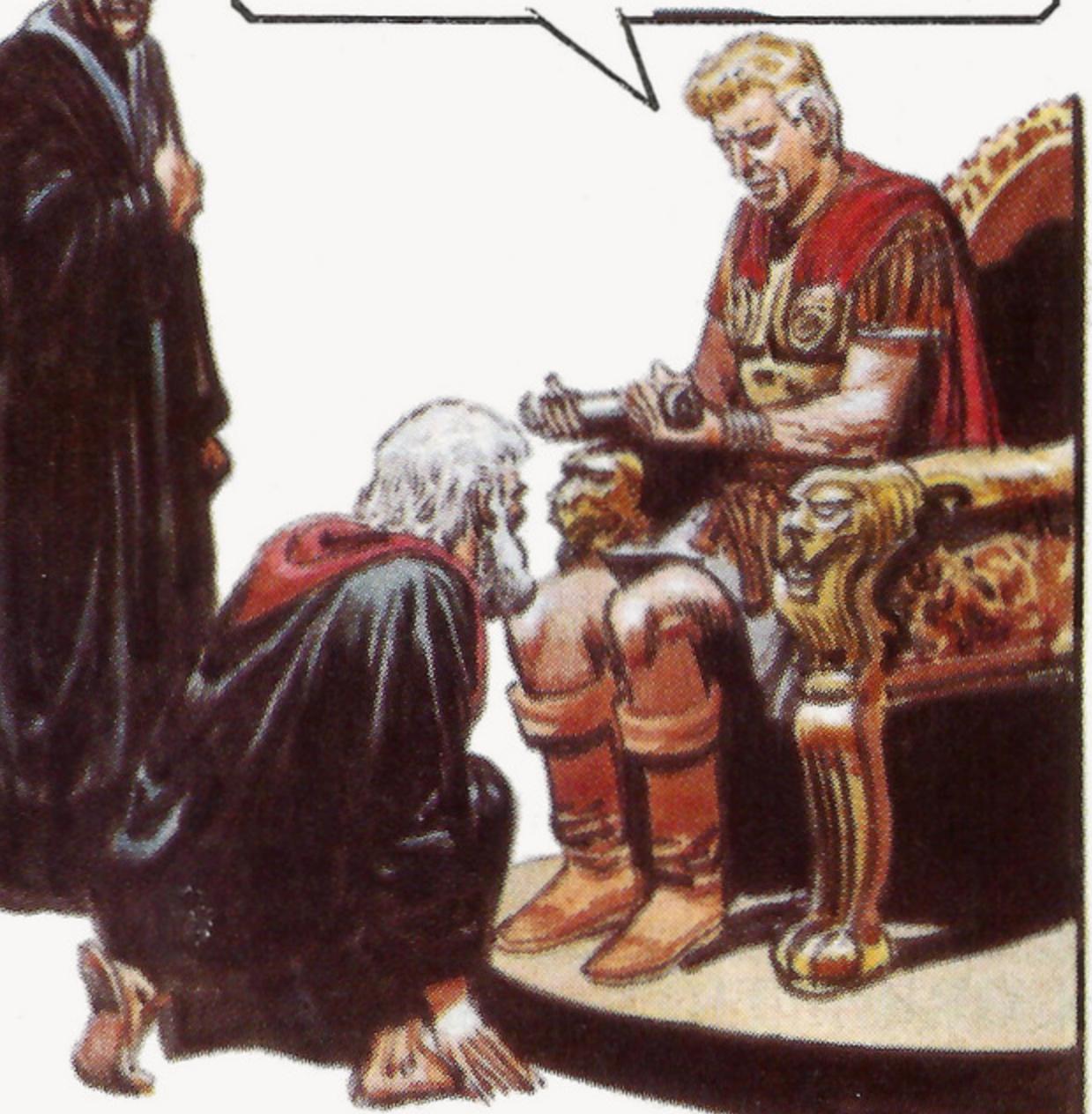
Peric's explanation was so satisfactory to Trigo that a special ceremony took place the same day, to which all the scientists within call were hastily summoned.

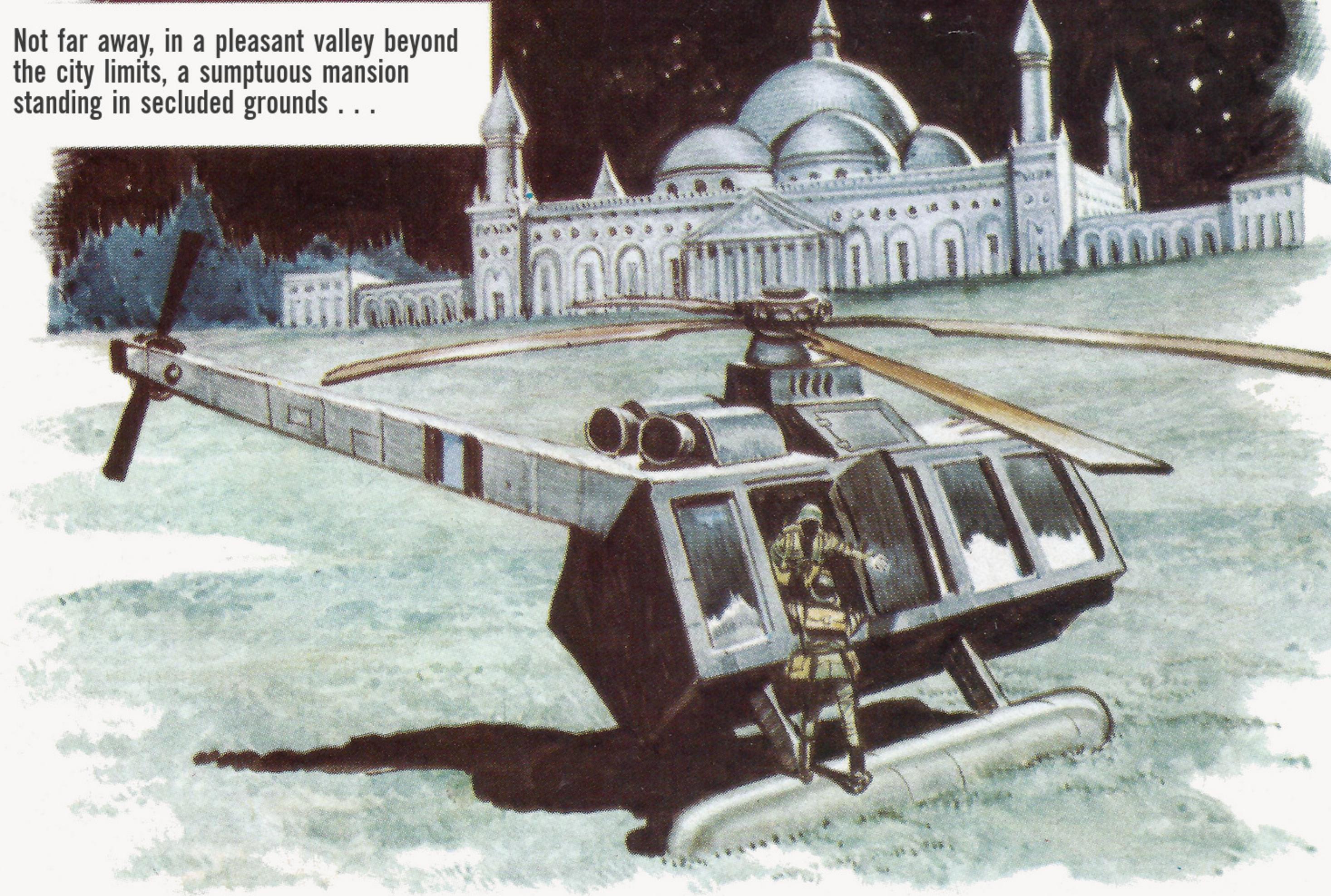
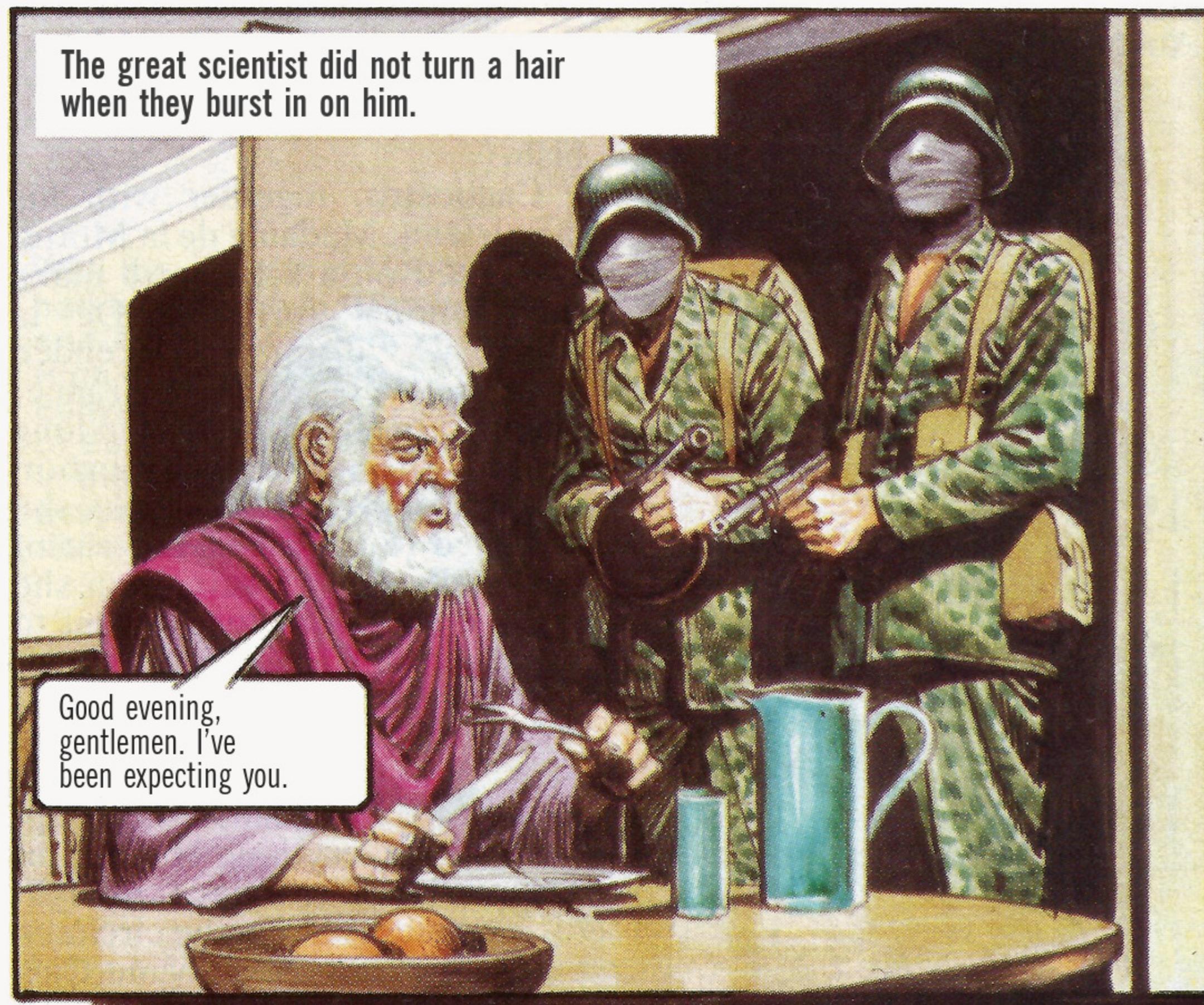
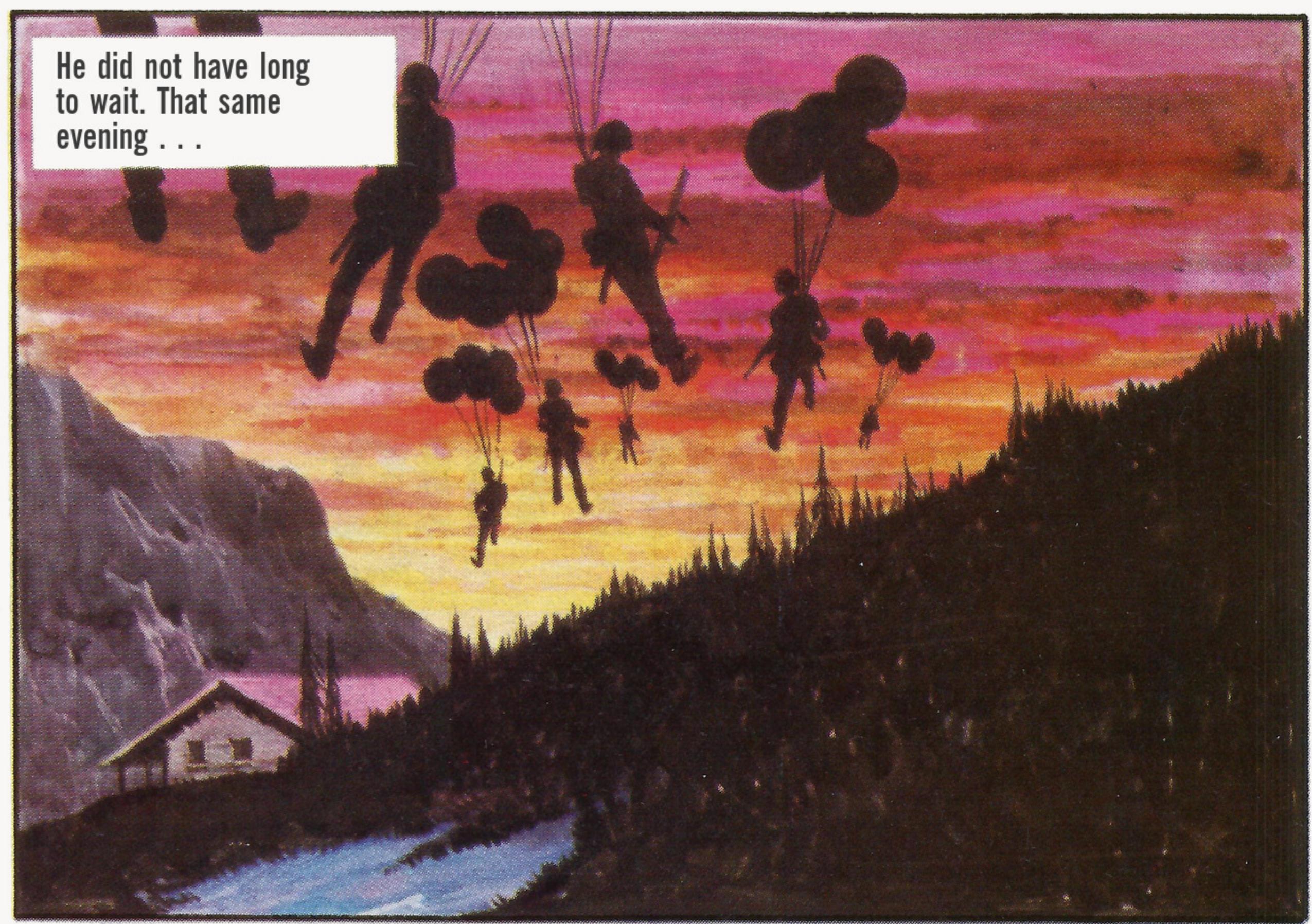


Whose idea was this? Meaningless mumbo-jumbo.

Surely not the Emperor's? And Peric would never have the impudence to suggest it.

Peric, in appreciation of your great works for the cause of scientific progress, I grant you the title of Supreme Scientist of Elekton.





Forty lunar years before these events took place—before Trigo had founded the great city and empire that bears his name—a small caravan of settlers were passing across the barren and inhospitable Desert of Vorg.



Suddenly ! . . .



... They came !—shrieking their wild war-cries !

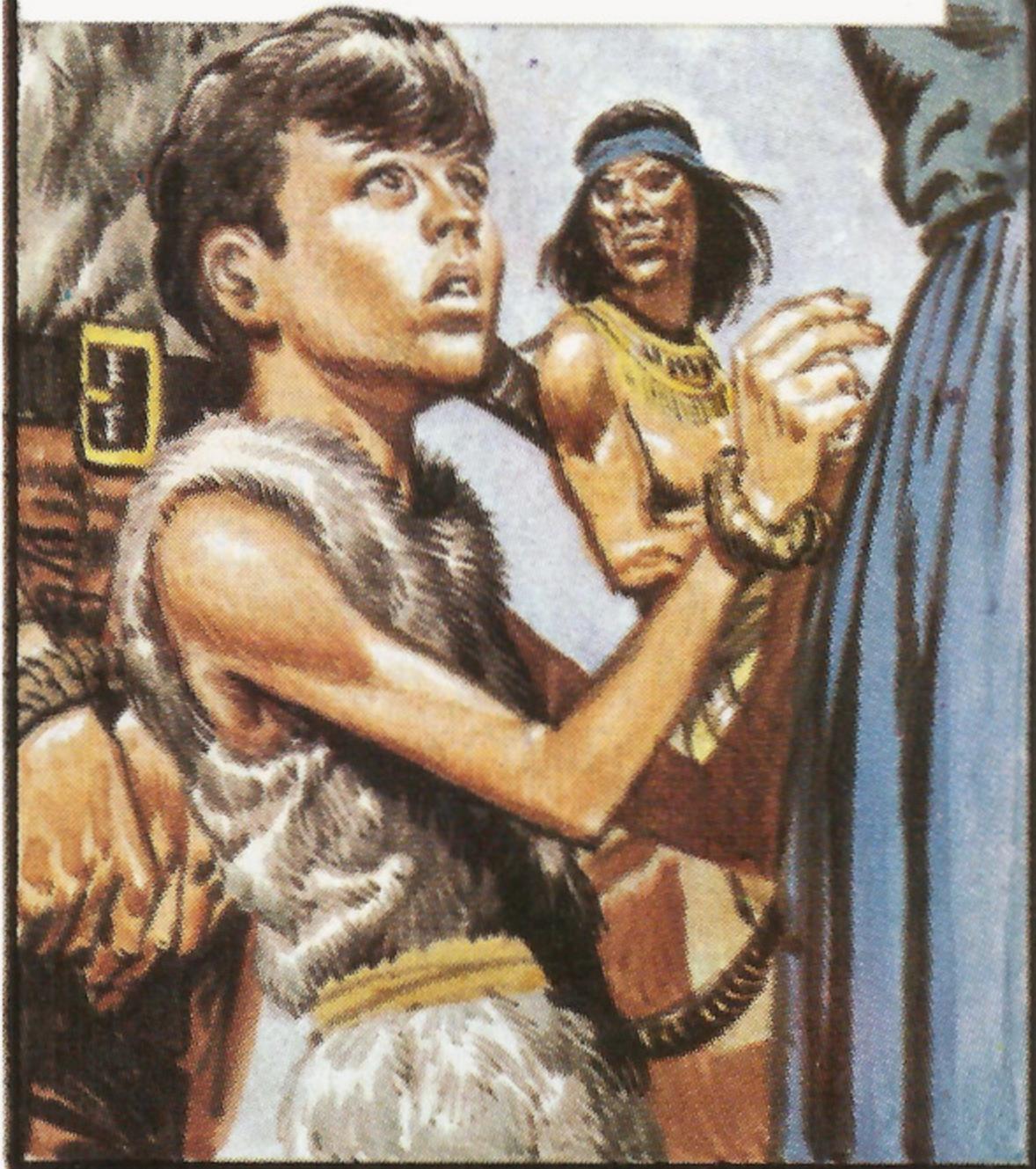


DON LAWRENCE -

The settlers fought for their lives—and most of them fought in vain ! The few who survived the savage onslaught were made prisoner of the Wild Ones.



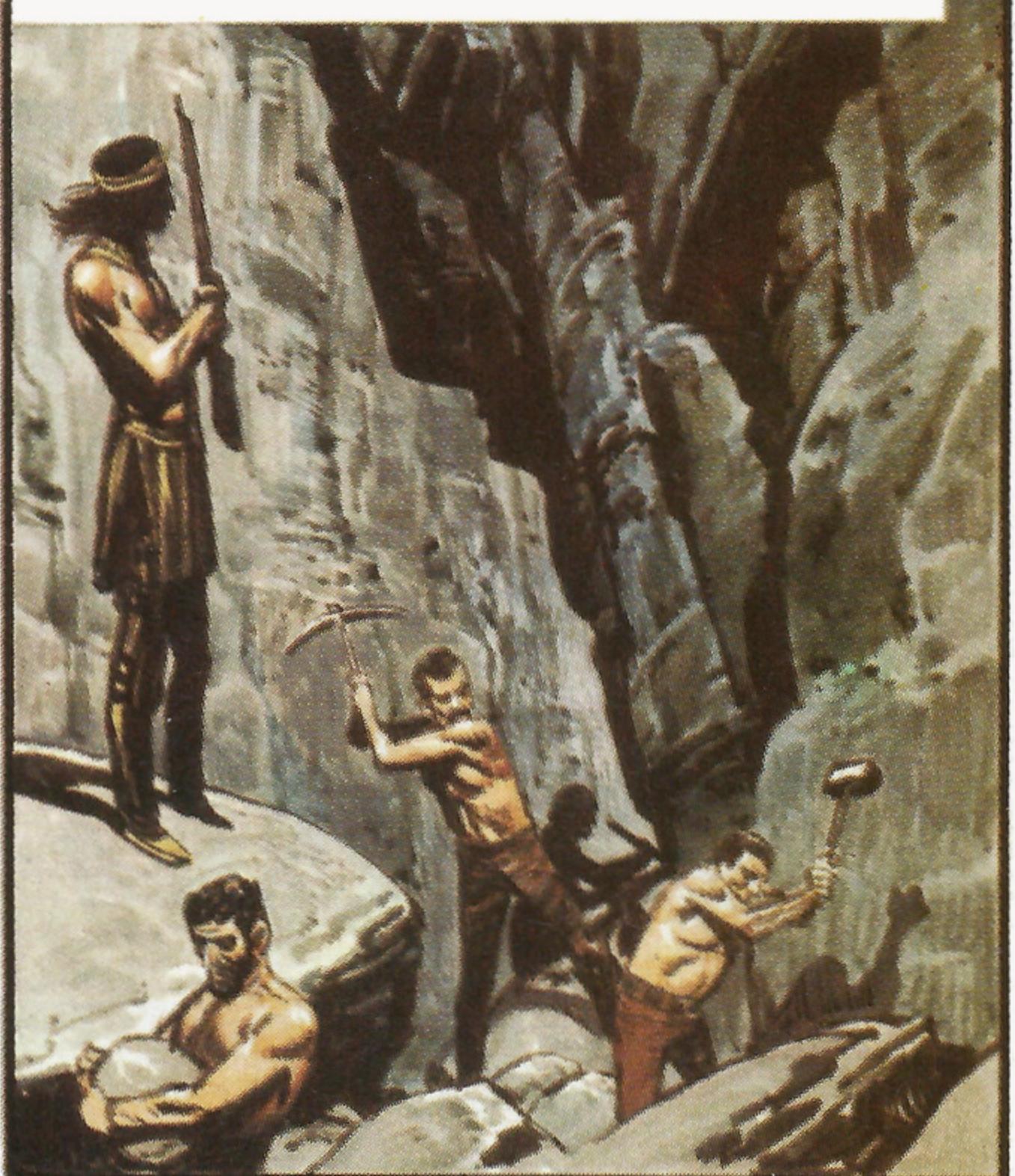
The smallest and weakest of these wretched prisoners was a lad named Lipka. But there must have been a great will to live within that skinny frame—for Lipka was the only one to survive the cruel captivity.



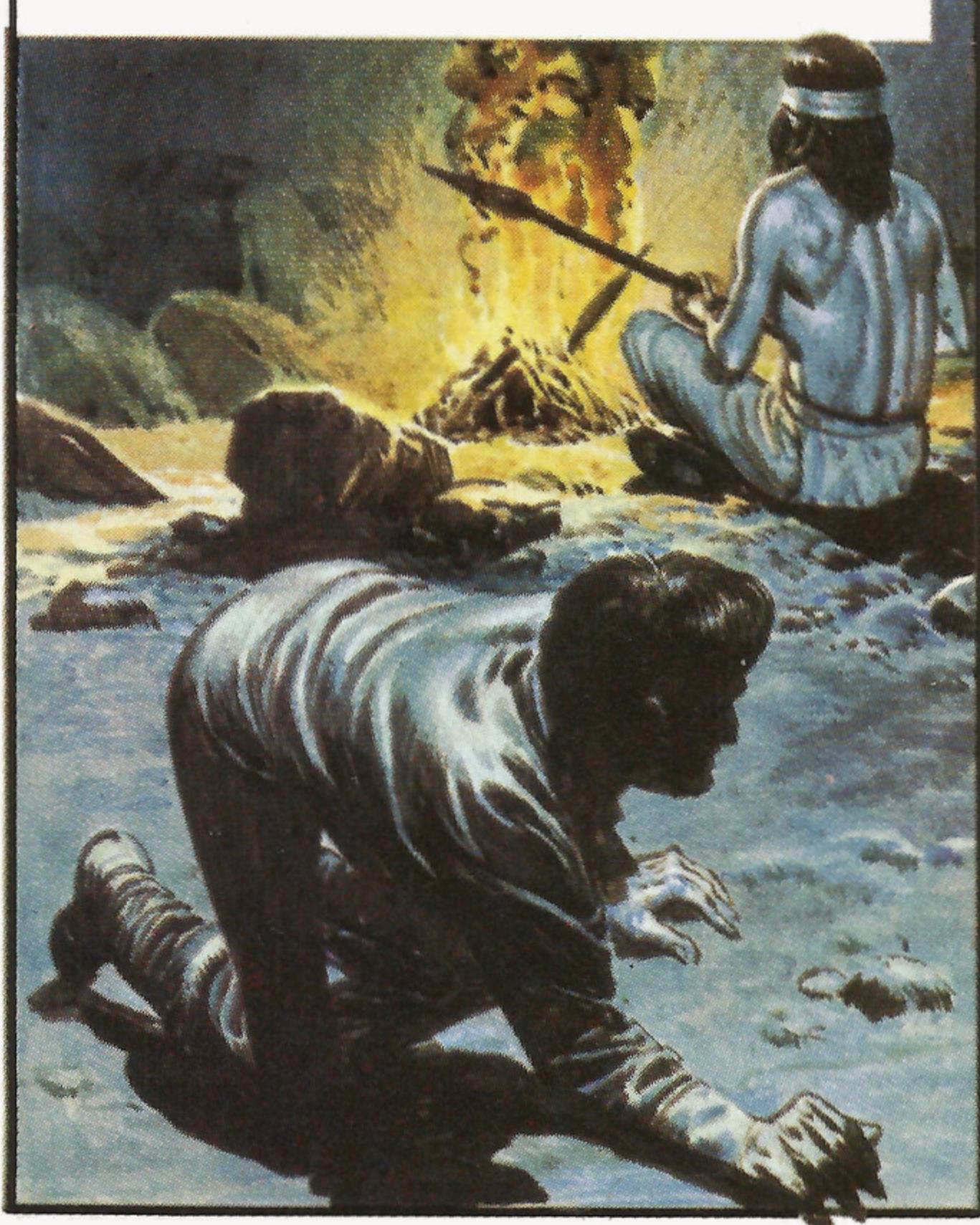
In the long years that followed, Lipka was a slave to the proud and savage warriors of the desert, who covered themselves with ornaments of the yellow metal that was prized all over Elekton.



Indeed, Lipka himself laboured to dig out the yellow metal from the secret places known only to the Wild Ones.



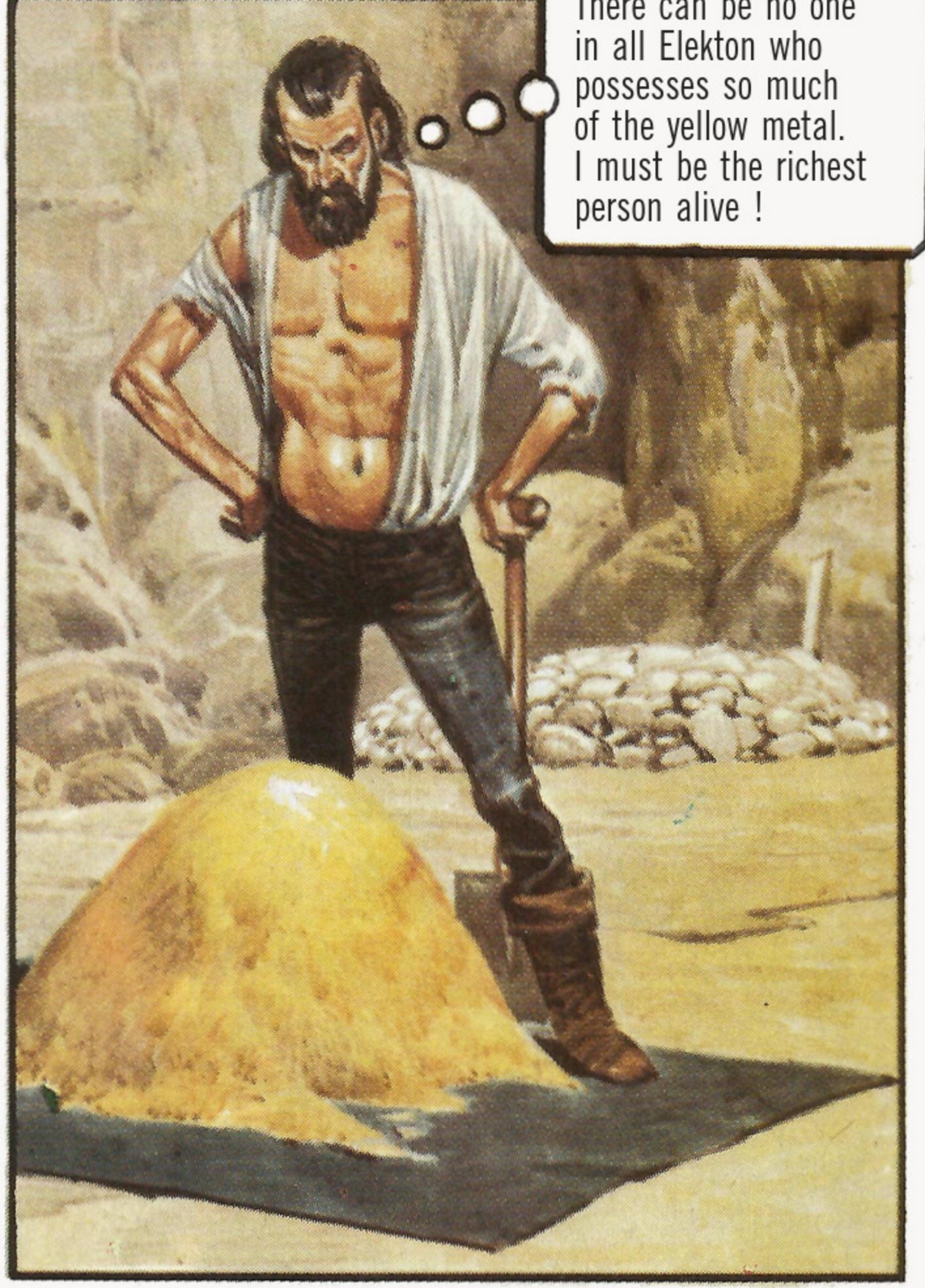
Lipka was a grown man, hardened by years of slavery and deprivation, when he managed to escape from his cruel captors.



Later, in a frontier town, he told his astonishing story to an interested party.



The ex-slave and his new-found friend journeyed into the wilderness where, for many lunar years, they dug out the yellow metal. It was after his companion died of the bite of a venomous nobra that Lipka decided to return to civilization.



There can be no one in all Elekton who possesses so much of the yellow metal. I must be the richest person alive !

It was the selfsame Lipka—the richest person alive on the planet Elekton—who confronted the kidnapped scientist Peric in the palatial mansion near Trigan City.

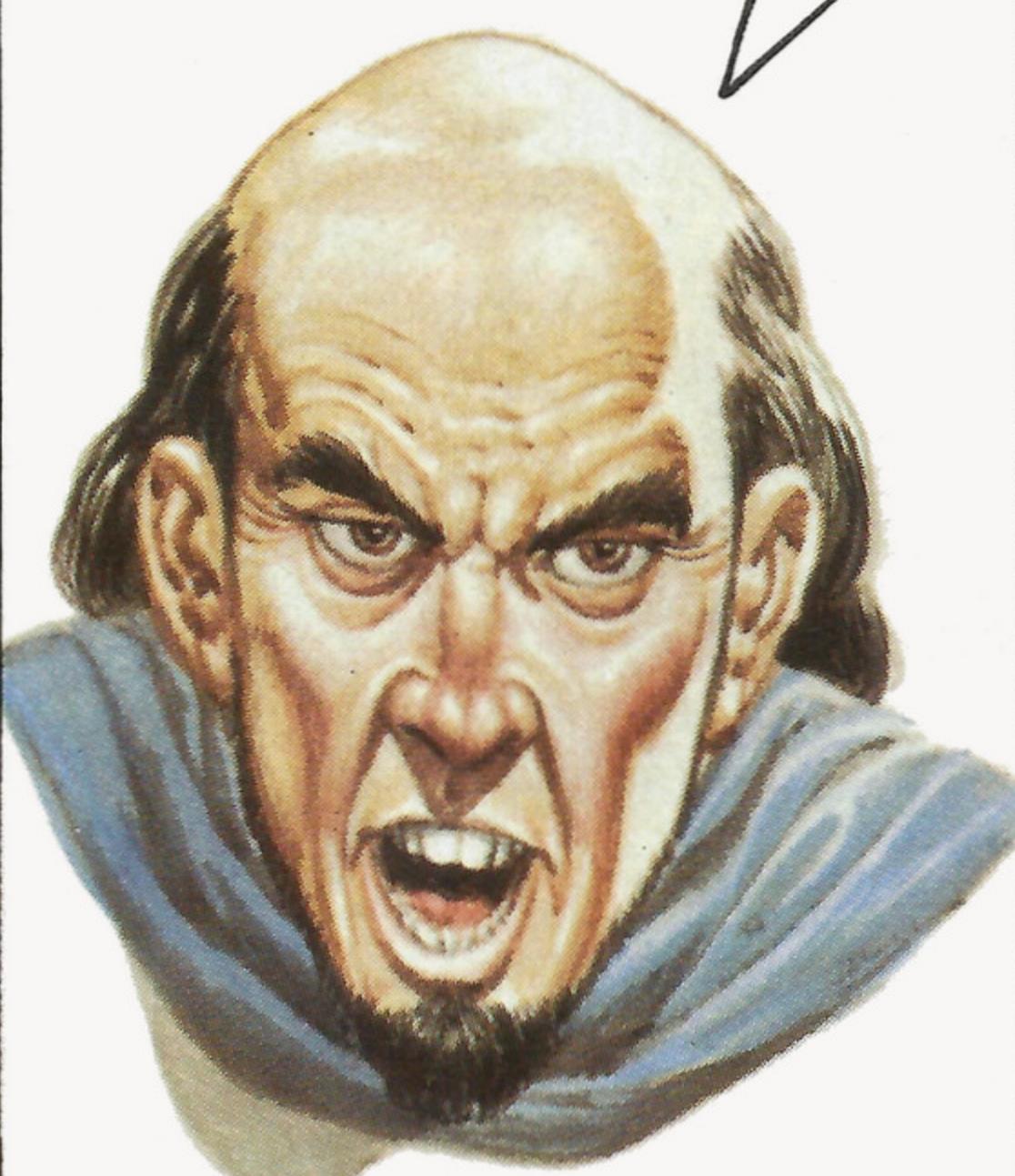


So you are Peric, the Supreme Scientist of Elekton.

And you I recognise as the multimillionaire Lipka. But, tell me, with all your boundless wealth, what has driven you to crime ?

Lipka replied . . .

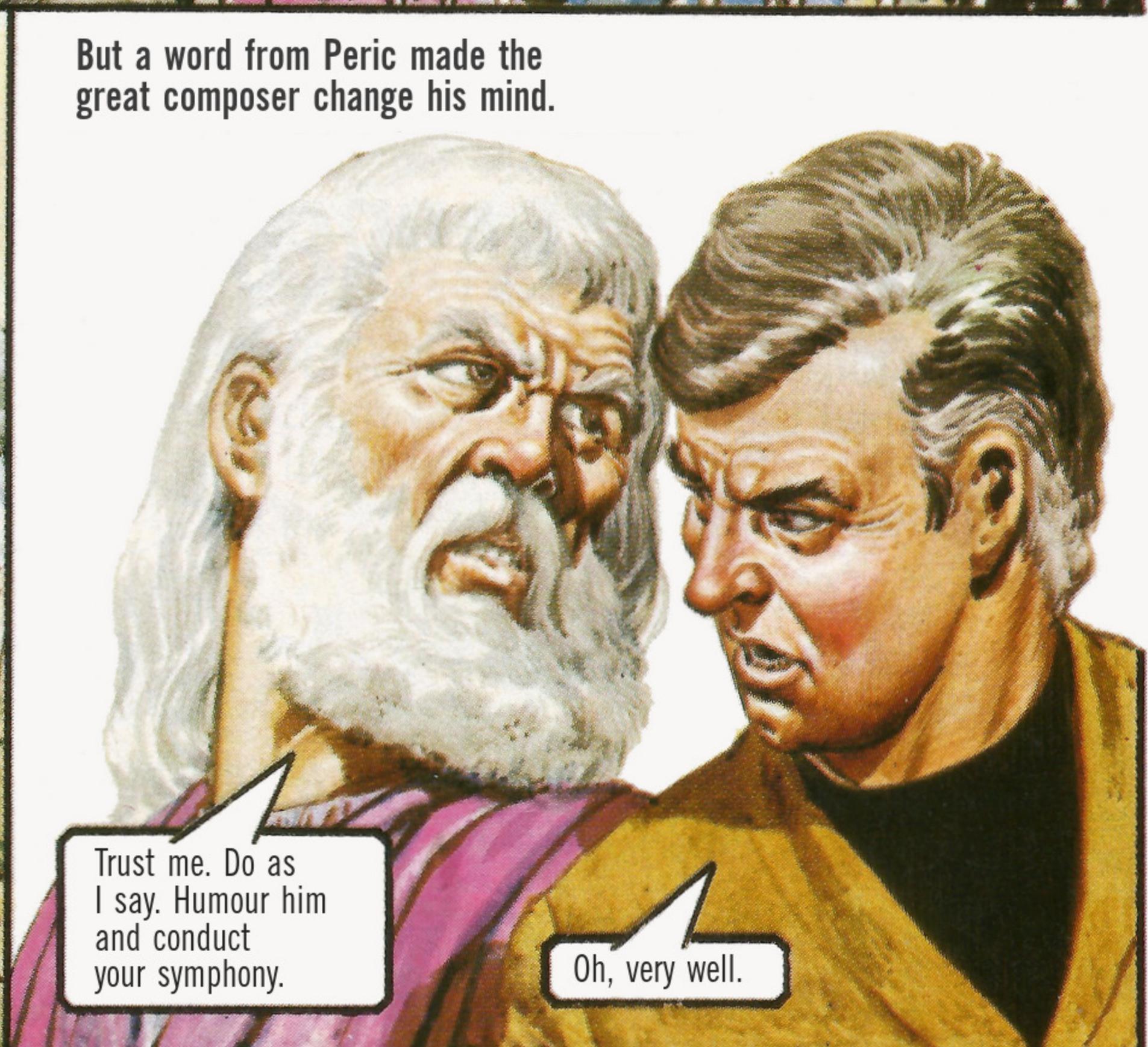
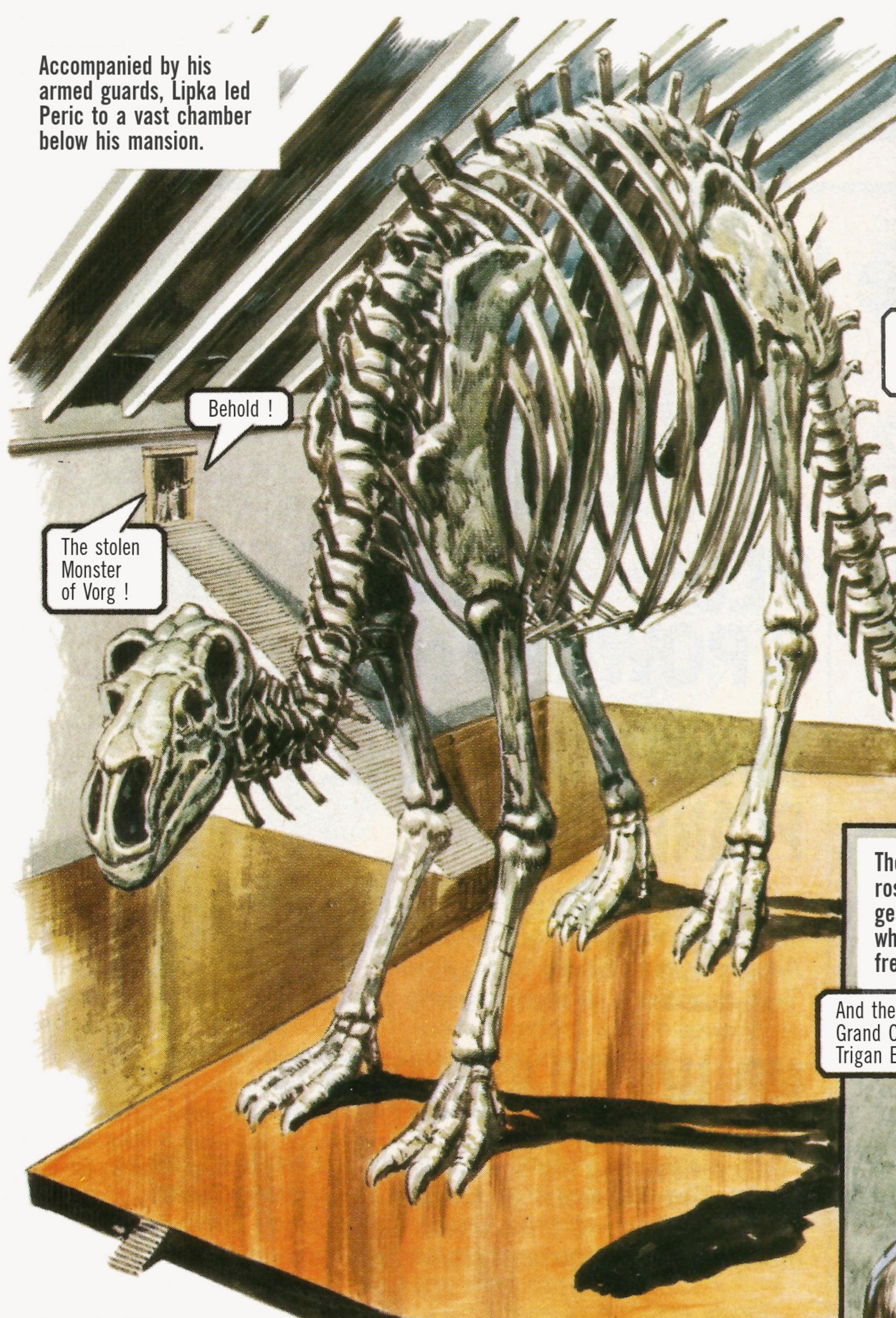
Peric, for the greater part of my life, I owned nothing but the few rags I stood up in ! I spent a childhood of deprivation, without a friend or a toy ! I had nothing ! . . . I did not even own myself ! . . . I was a slave !



Now, all that is changed !

Come ! I will show you things that will fill you with wonder and disbelief ! . . . Come !

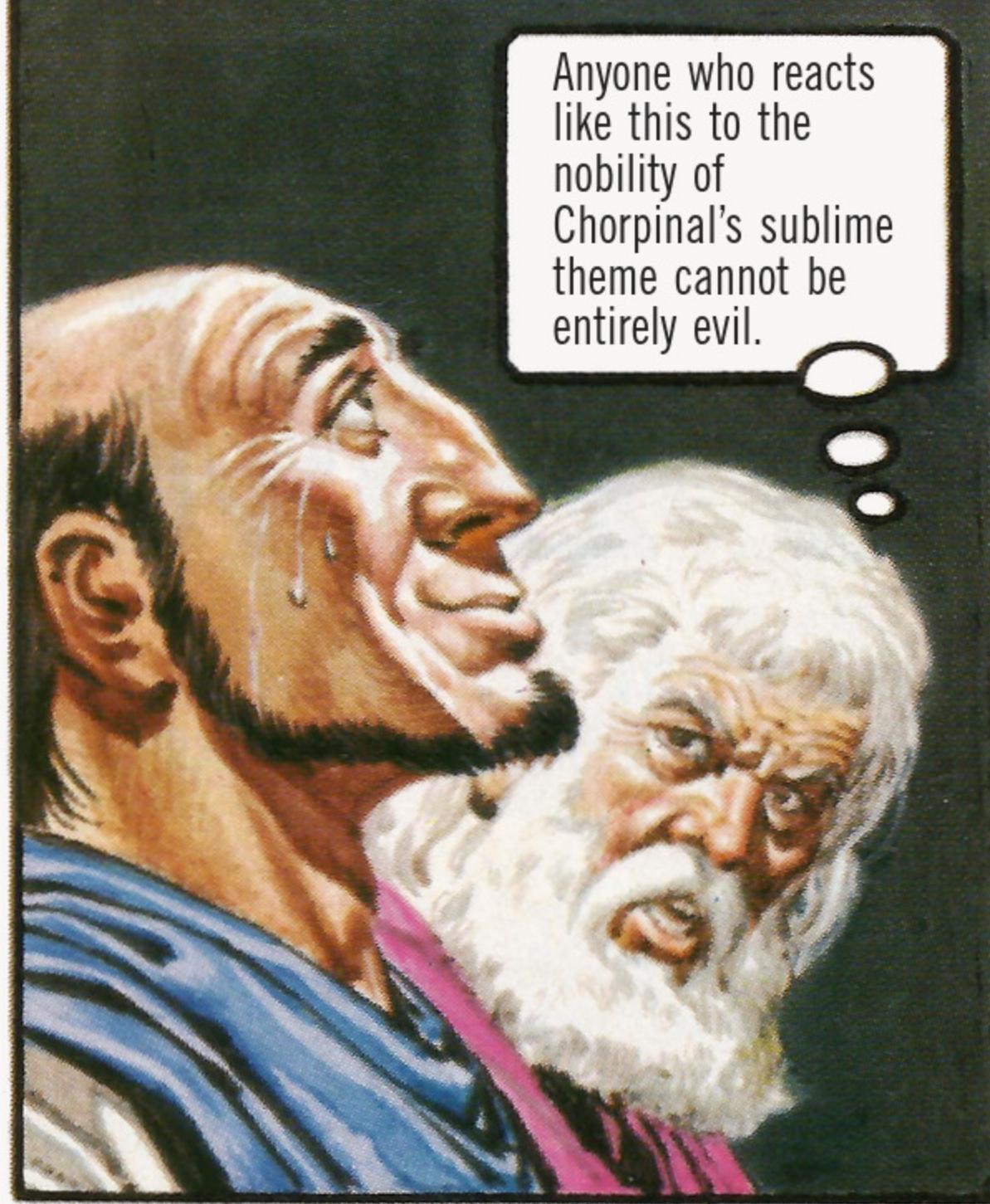
Accompanied by his armed guards, Lipka led Peric to a vast chamber below his mansion.



So, in a private concert hall of the mansion, with an orchestra of two hundred, Chorpinal conducted a performance of his master work, the famous "Freedom Symphony".



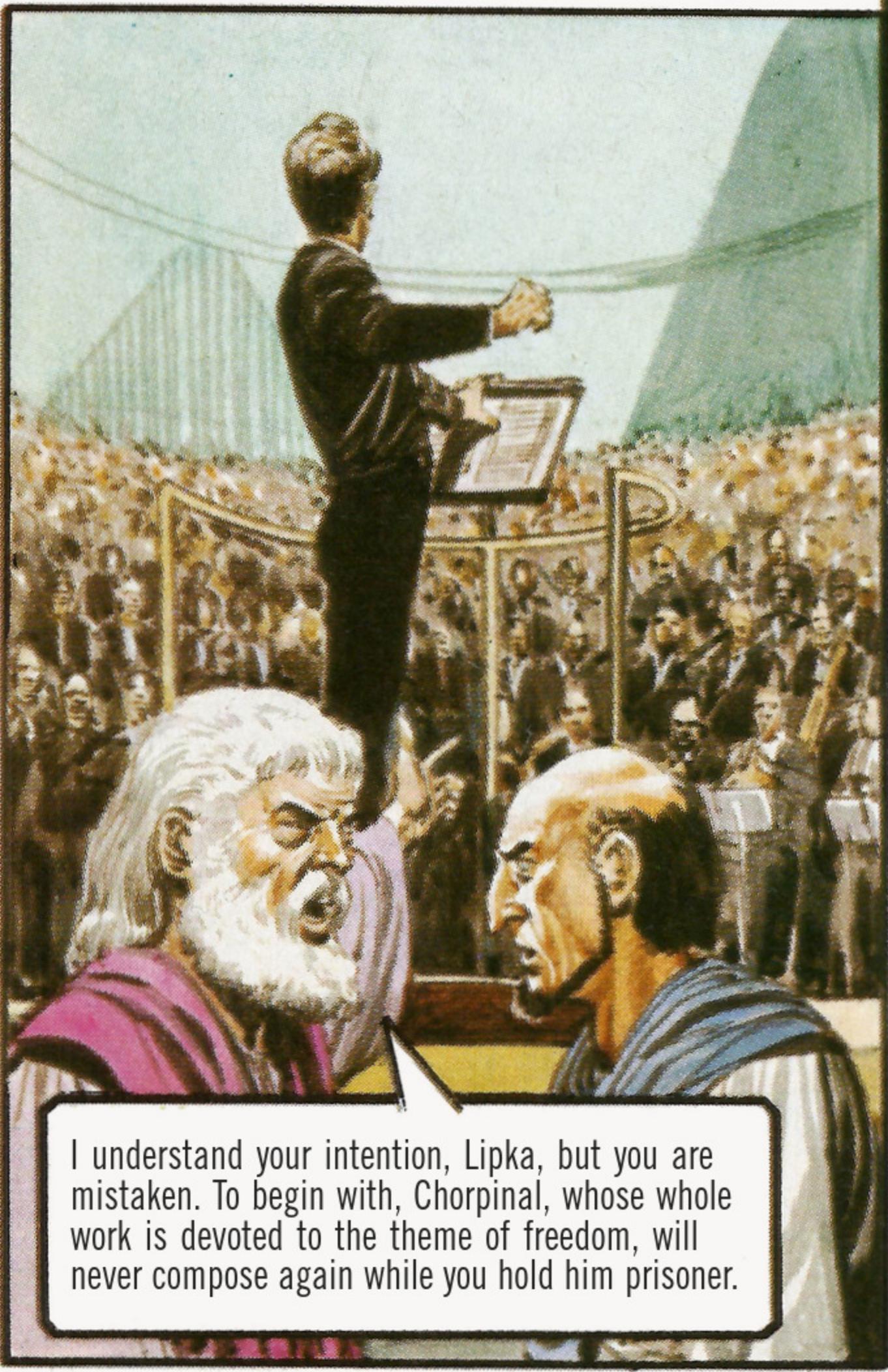
Peric was greatly affected by the beauty of the music. He was surprised to see that his neighbour was also emotionally stirred.



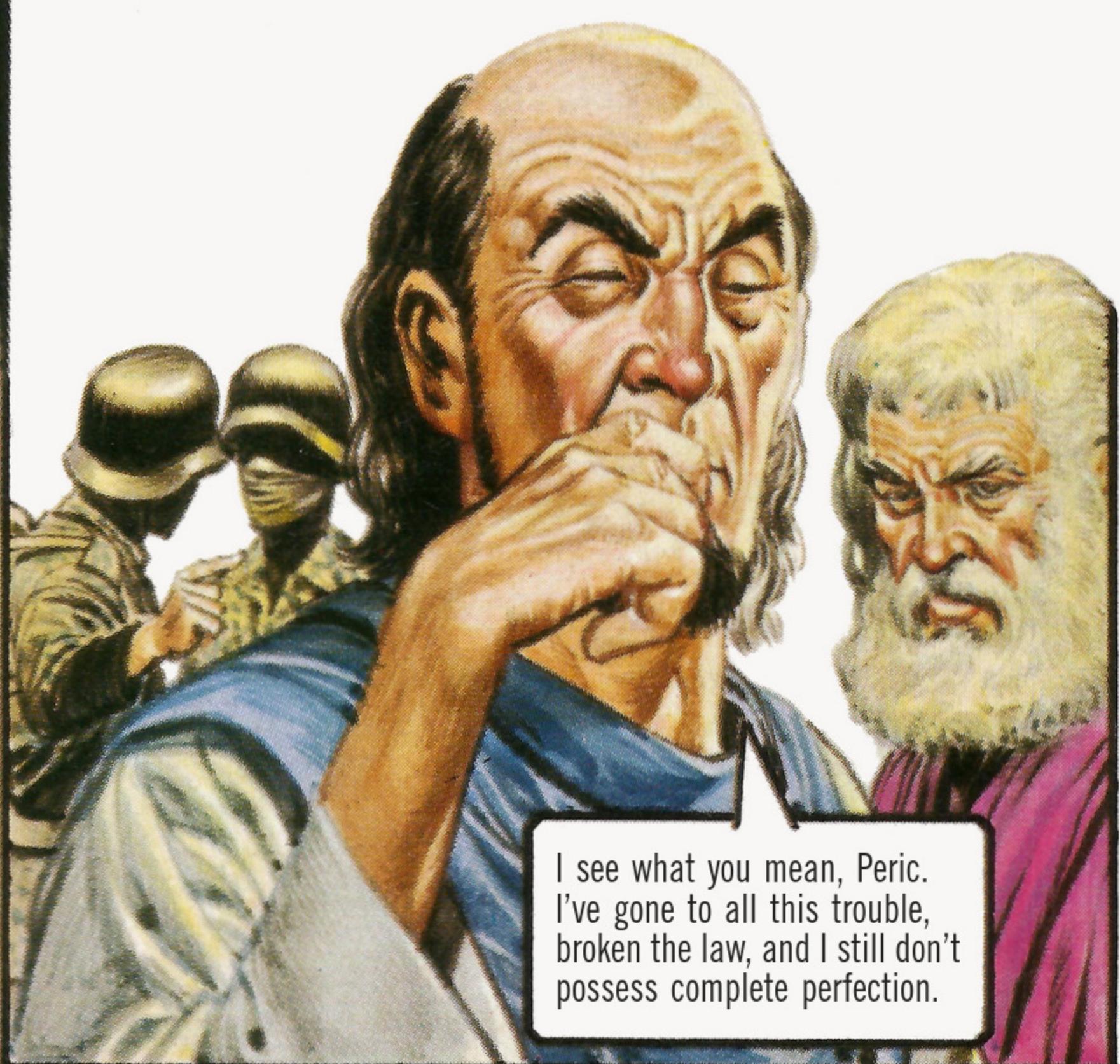
When it was over, the multi-millionaire turned to Peric.



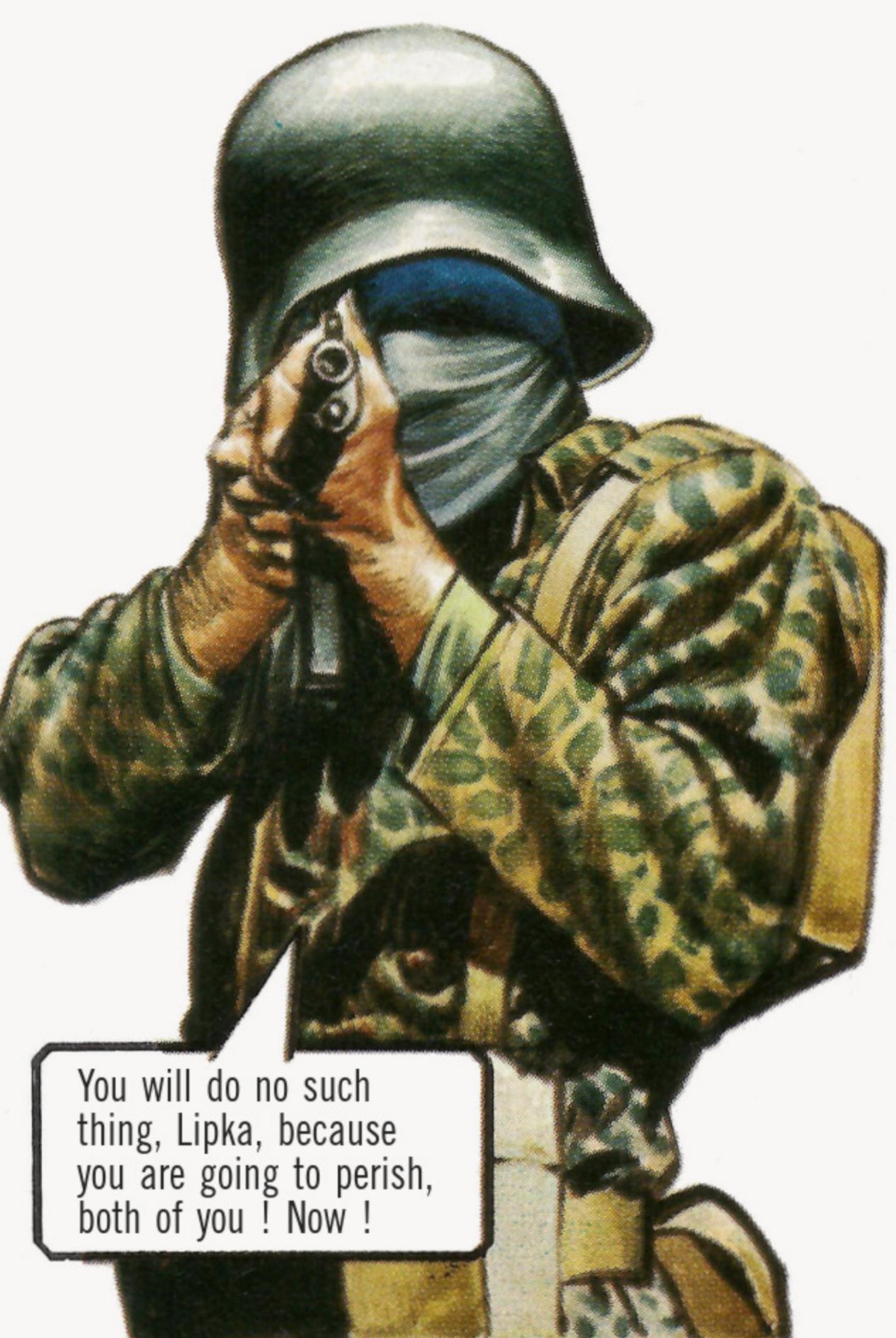
Peric was quick to observe that his oratory was having a marked effect upon Lipka.



I understand your intention, Lipka, but you are mistaken. To begin with, Chorpinal, whose whole work is devoted to the theme of freedom, will never compose again while you hold him prisoner.



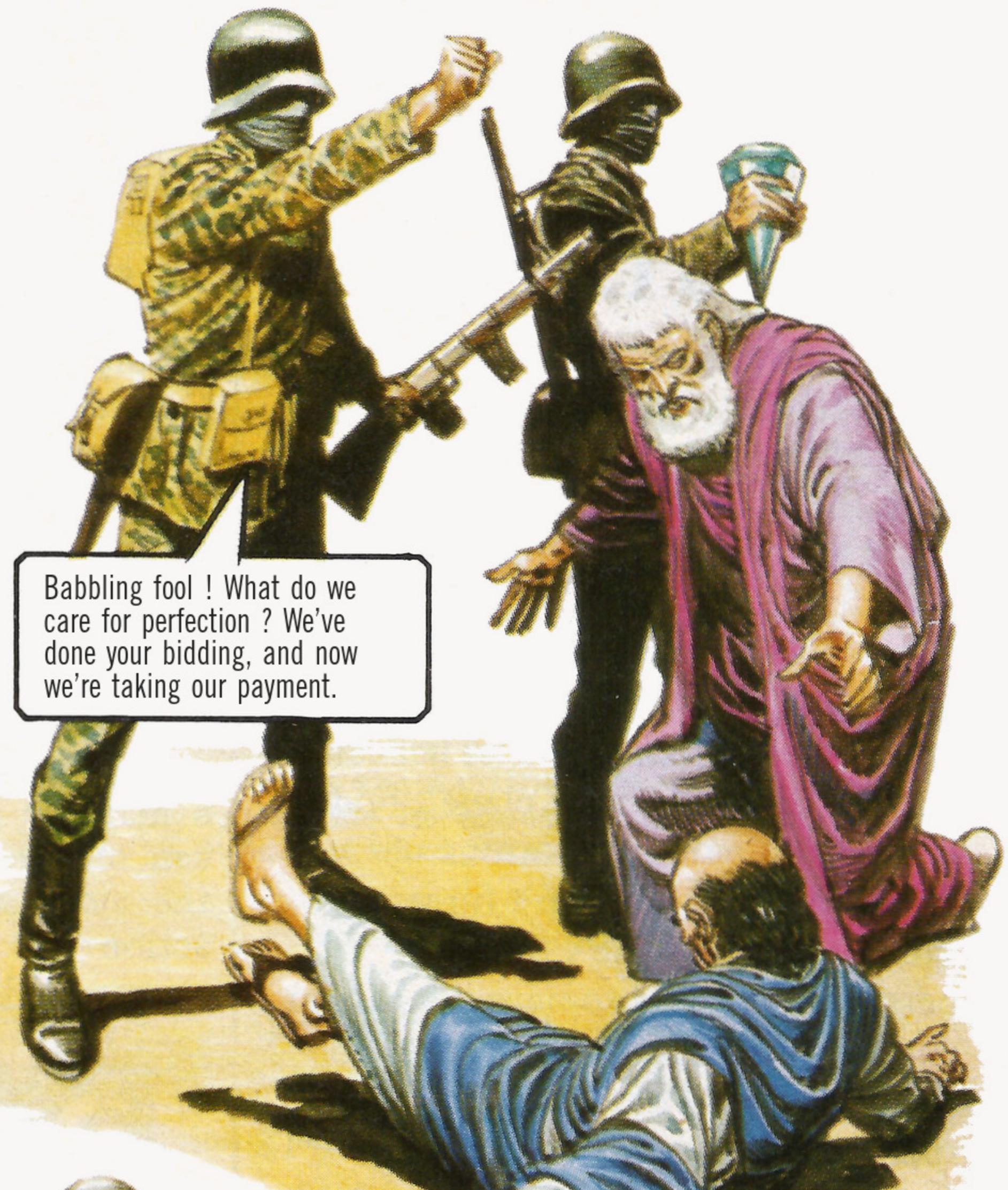
Peric made a last appeal.



Lipka let out a wail of anguish as one of the guards picked up the Great Green Diadem.



He was felled by a brutal blow.



But one person had been entirely overlooked—Janno. And he burst upon the scene like a thunderbolt.



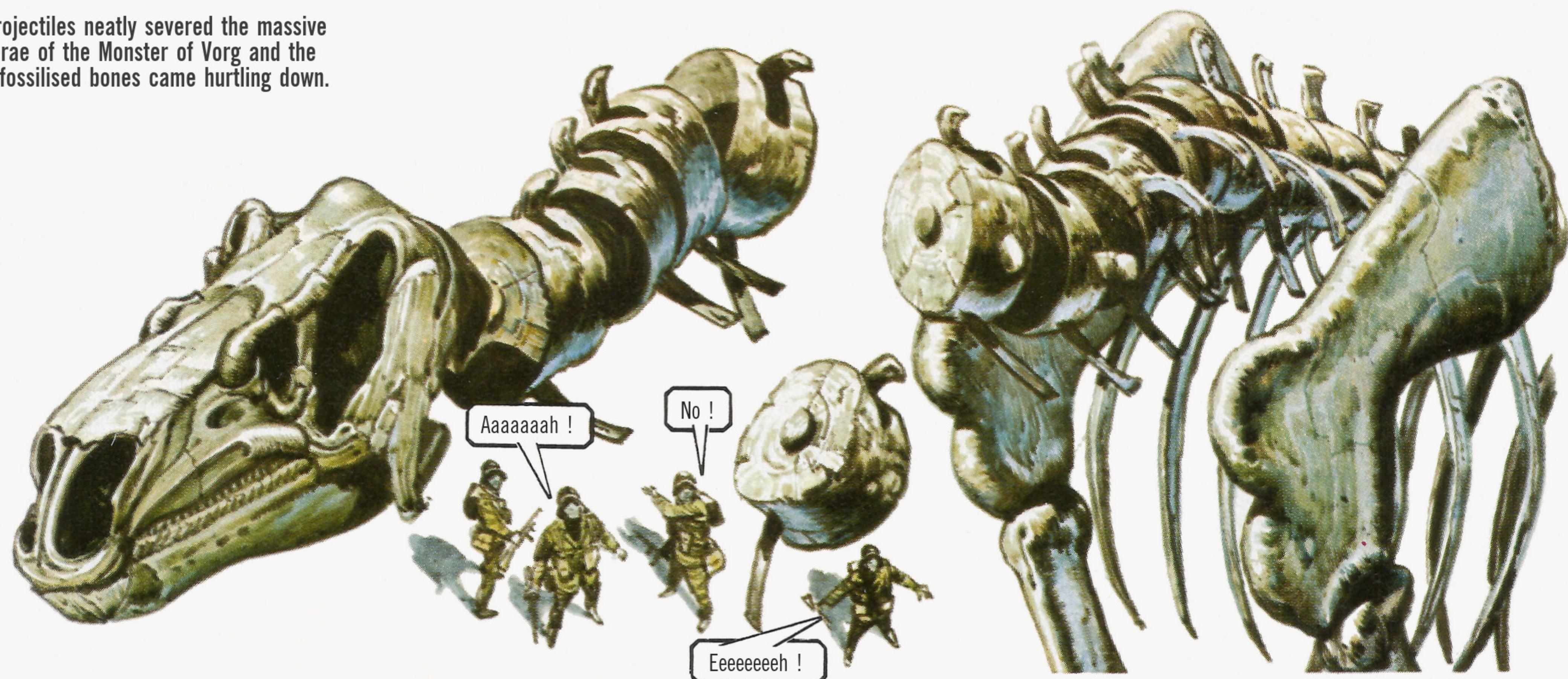
Picking up a fallen weapon, Janno took hasty aim.

DON LAWRENCE

The remaining guards rushed forward to deal with the young Trigan.



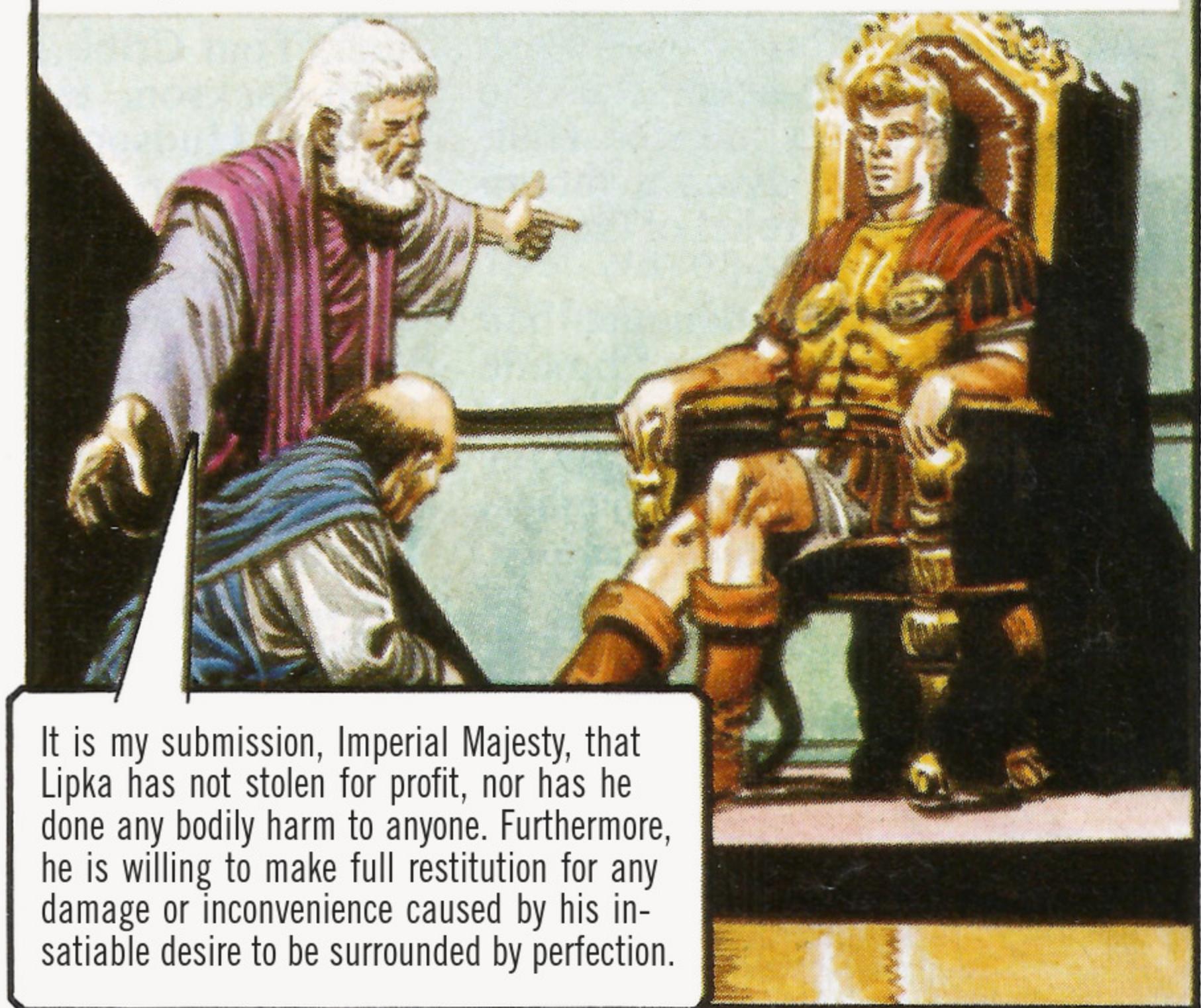
The projectiles neatly severed the massive vertebrae of the Monster of Vorg and the great fossilised bones came hurtling down.



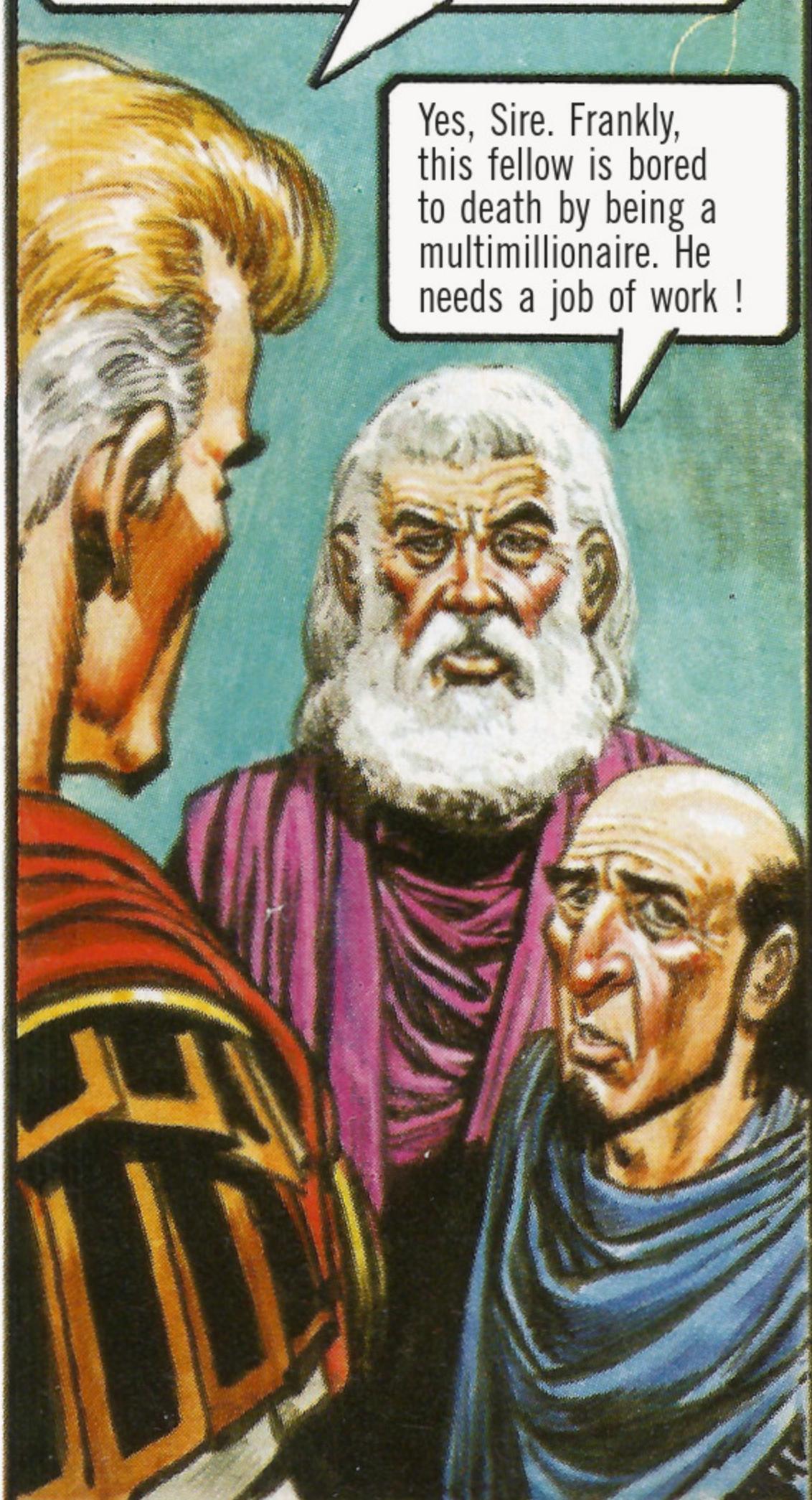
Moments later, all was silent in the great hall. Peric laid his hand on the shoulder of HE WHO HAD COLLECTED PERFECTION.



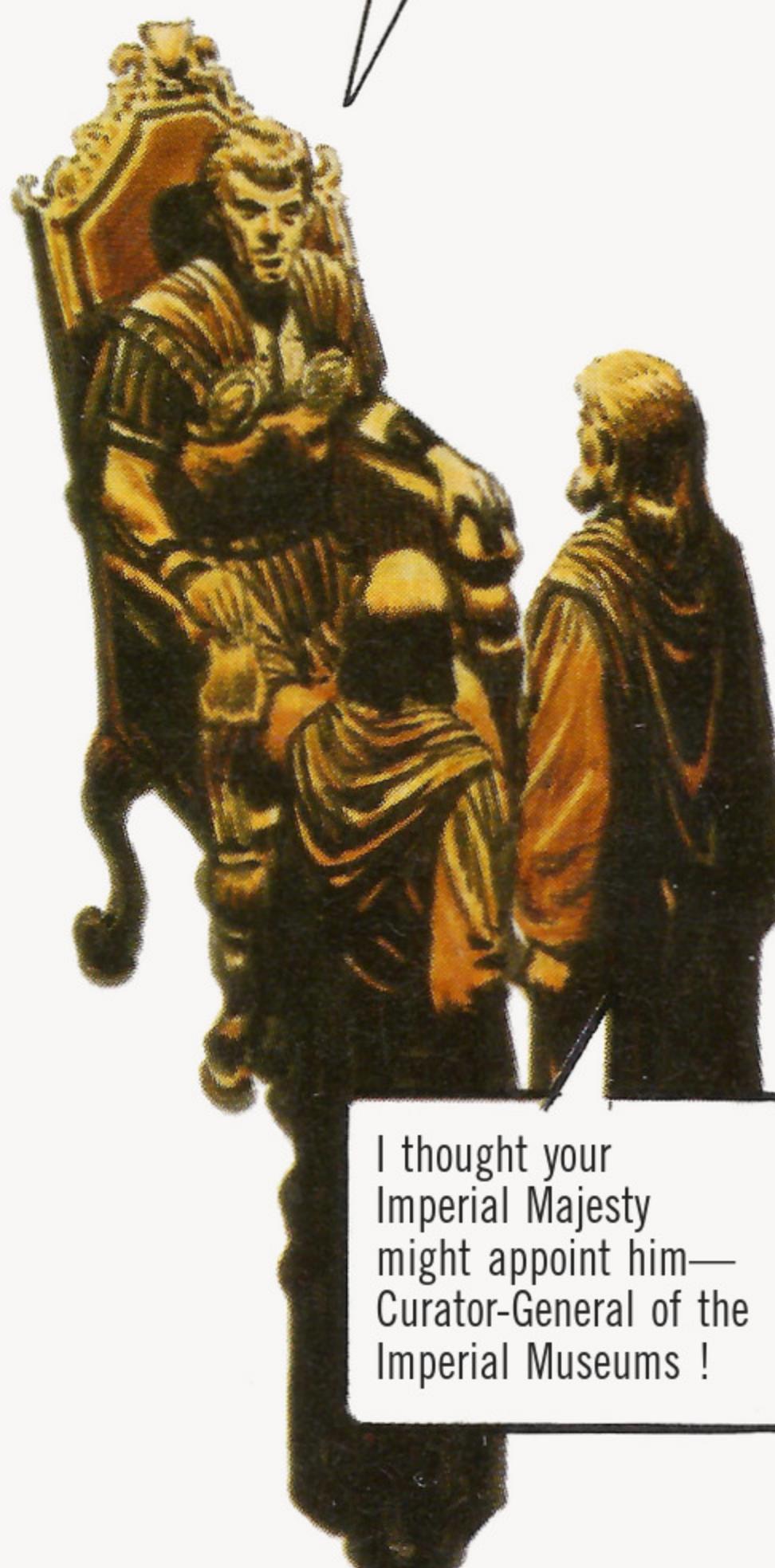
The great scientist pleaded Lipka's case before the highest authority of the empire, Trigo himself.



I am willing to pardon him, provided we can be assured that he keeps his insatiable desire in check. Any suggestions, Peric ?



What employment have you in mind ?



And so, Lipka was from then on surrounded by the perfection he craved. As Curator-General, he was responsible for every museum in the vast empire.



His eye often fell upon the restored fossil of the Monster of Vorg, and then he remembered.



Mike Butterworth

Don Lawrence

THE TRIGAN EMPIRE

THE ULTIMATE COLLECTION

