

MORE ADVENTURES OF THE TRIGAN EMPIRE

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

WITH ROUSING PAGEANTRY, THE EMPEROR OF THE TRIGANS LED THE PARADE OF HIS ARMED FORCES THROUGH THE STREETS OF THE CAPITAL ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE FOUNDING OF THE EMPIRE.

Long live the Emperor !

Thank you, my people.

NO ONE IN THAT VAST MULTITUDE WAS MORE LOYAL THAN THE SLIGHT FIGURE IN A GREEN UNIFORM.

NOT DISCONTENTED WITH HIS HUMBLE LOT, BUT SOMETIMES RATHER WISTFUL - THAT WAS KRUSI.

THIS WAS KRUSI. NO SOLDIER, HE, BUT MERELY A STREET SWEEPER FOR THE TRIGAN CITY COUNCIL. THE PROCESSION PAST, KRUSI WENT BACK TO WORK.

AND THEN . . .

A wallet - and well-filled, by the look of it.

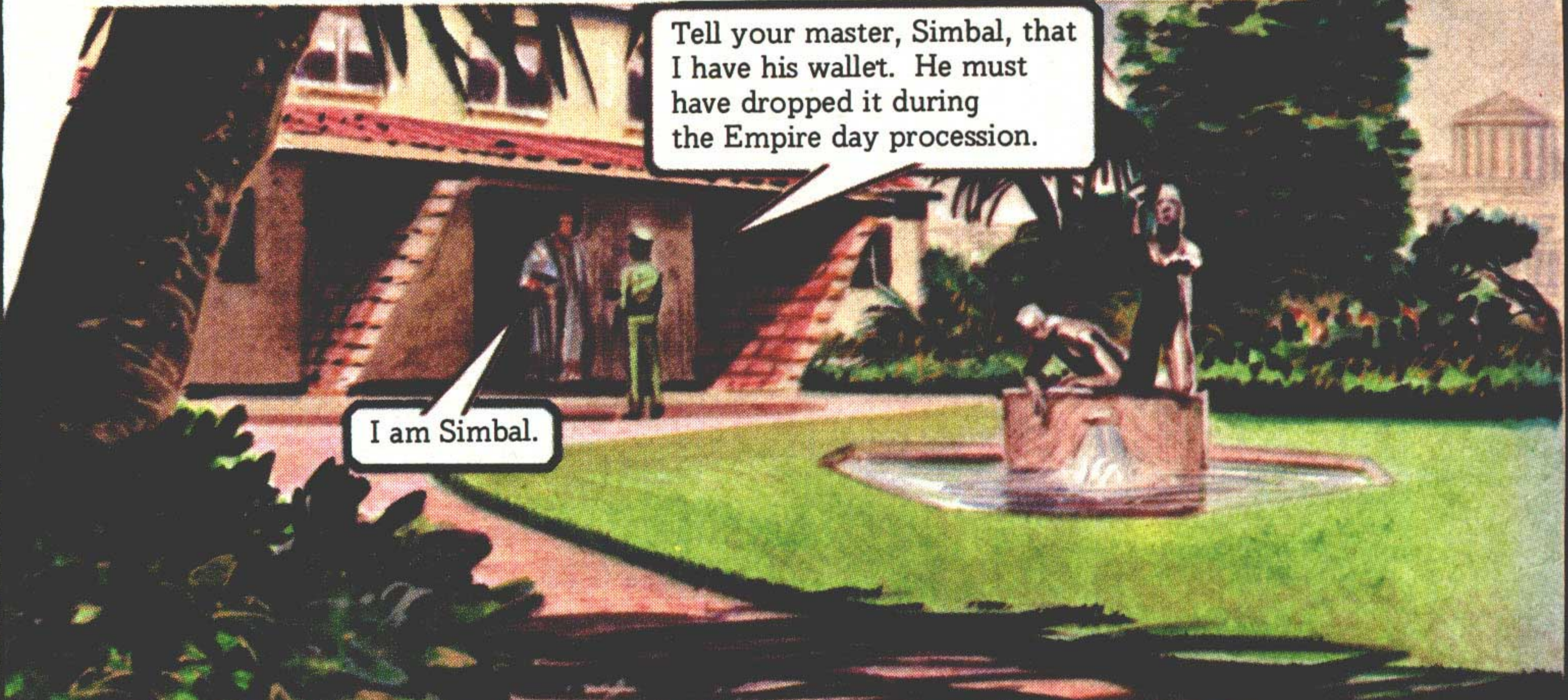
If only I could have been somebody instead of a nobody !



More money than I've ever seen in one wad before.

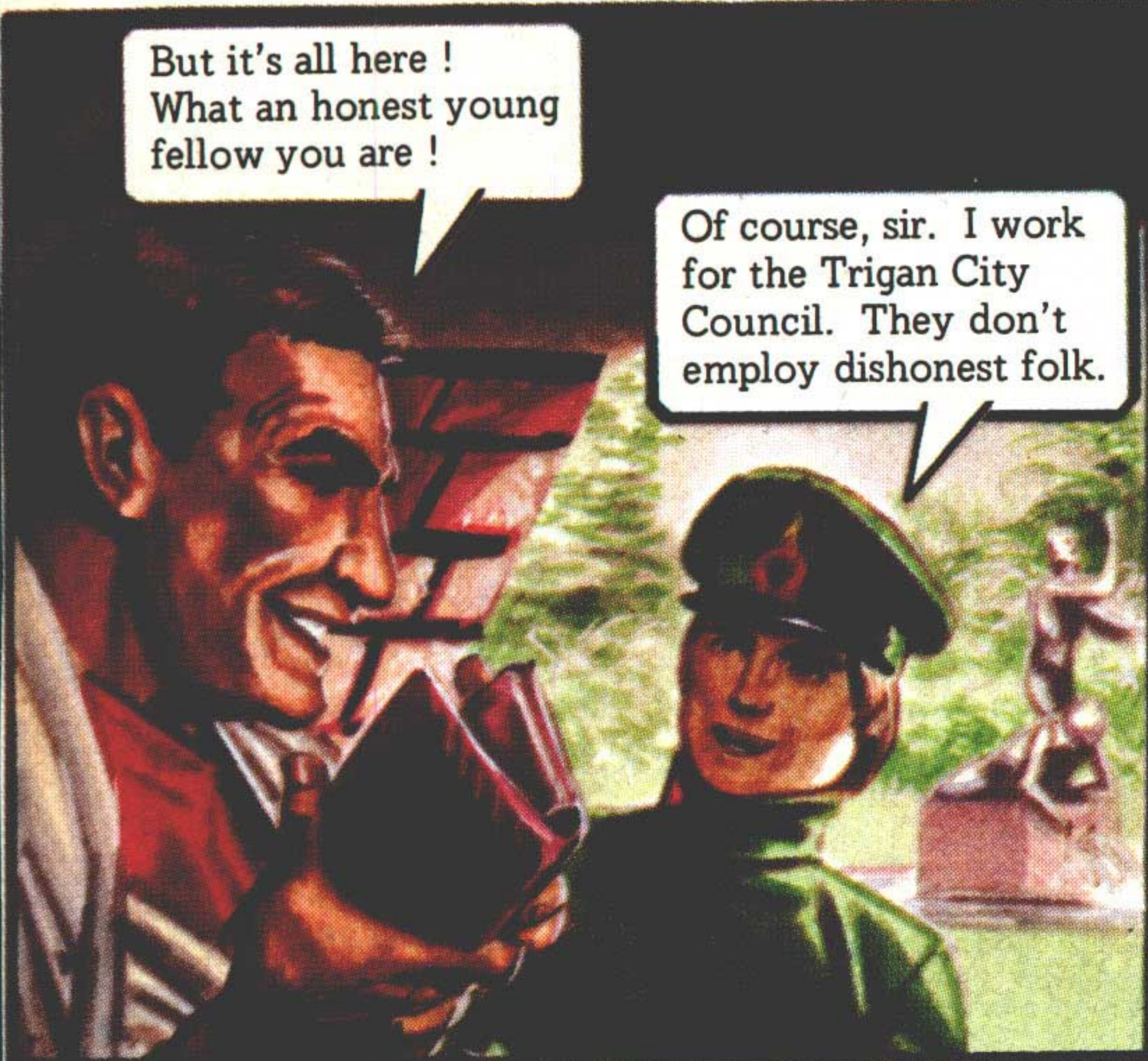
And there's a name and address on this card. . . 'Simbal - Villa Lorca, Zora Heights, near Trigan City'.

ZORA HEIGHTS WAS A DISTRICT WHERE THE VERY RICHEST TRIGANS LIVED. WITHOUT A MOMENT'S HESITATION, THE YOUNG STREET SWEEPER WALKED TO THE VILLA LORCA AND KNOCKED ON THE DOOR.



Tell your master, Simbal, that I have his wallet. He must have dropped it during the Empire day procession.

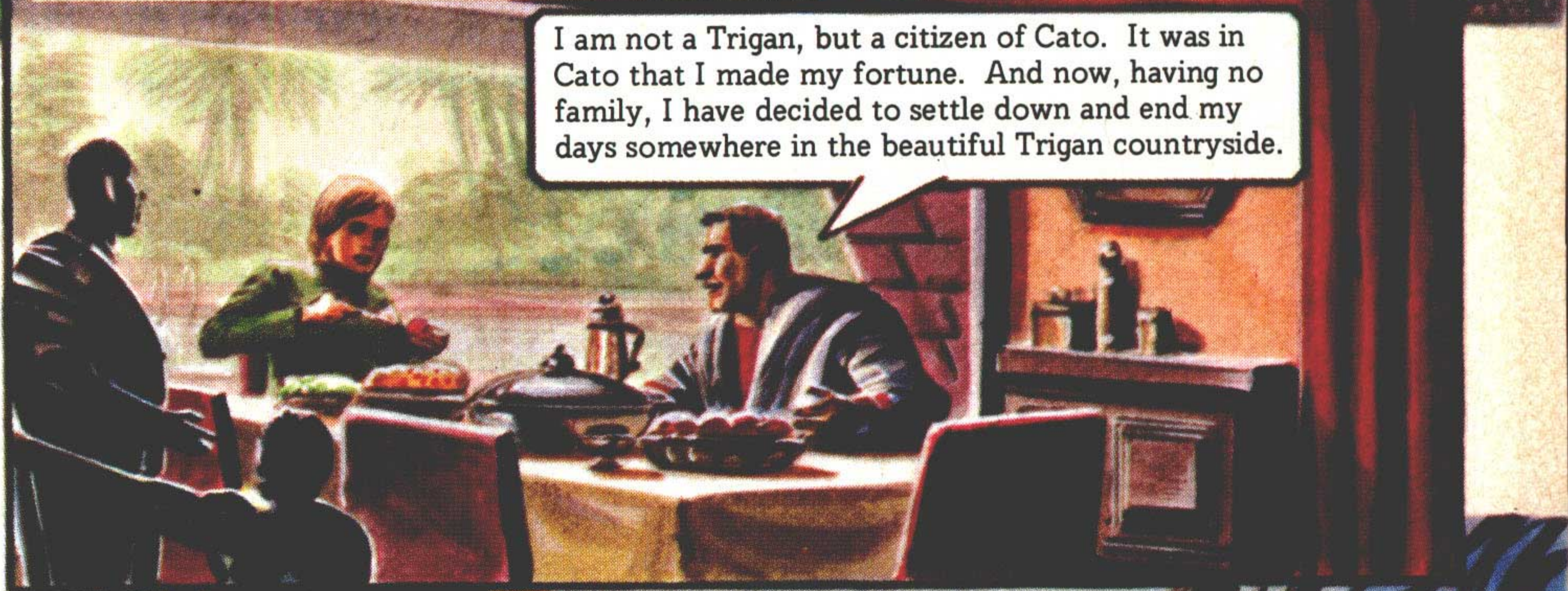
I am Simbal.



But it's all here ! What an honest young fellow you are !

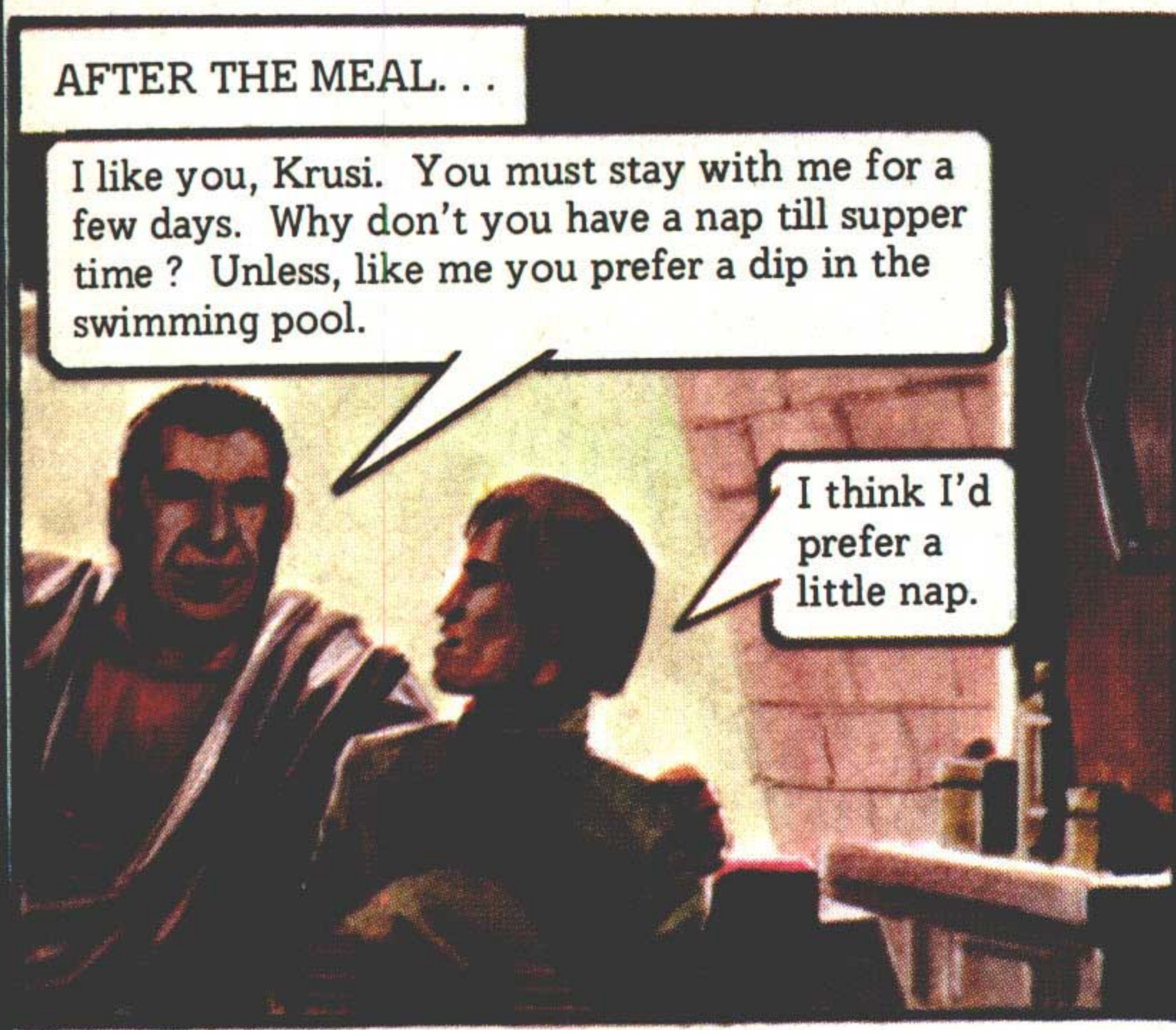
Of course, sir. I work for the Trigan City Council. They don't employ dishonest folk.

SIMBAL INVITED KRUSI IN FOR A RICH MEAL.



I am not a Trigan, but a citizen of Cato. It was in Cato that I made my fortune. And now, having no family, I have decided to settle down and end my days somewhere in the beautiful Trigan countryside.

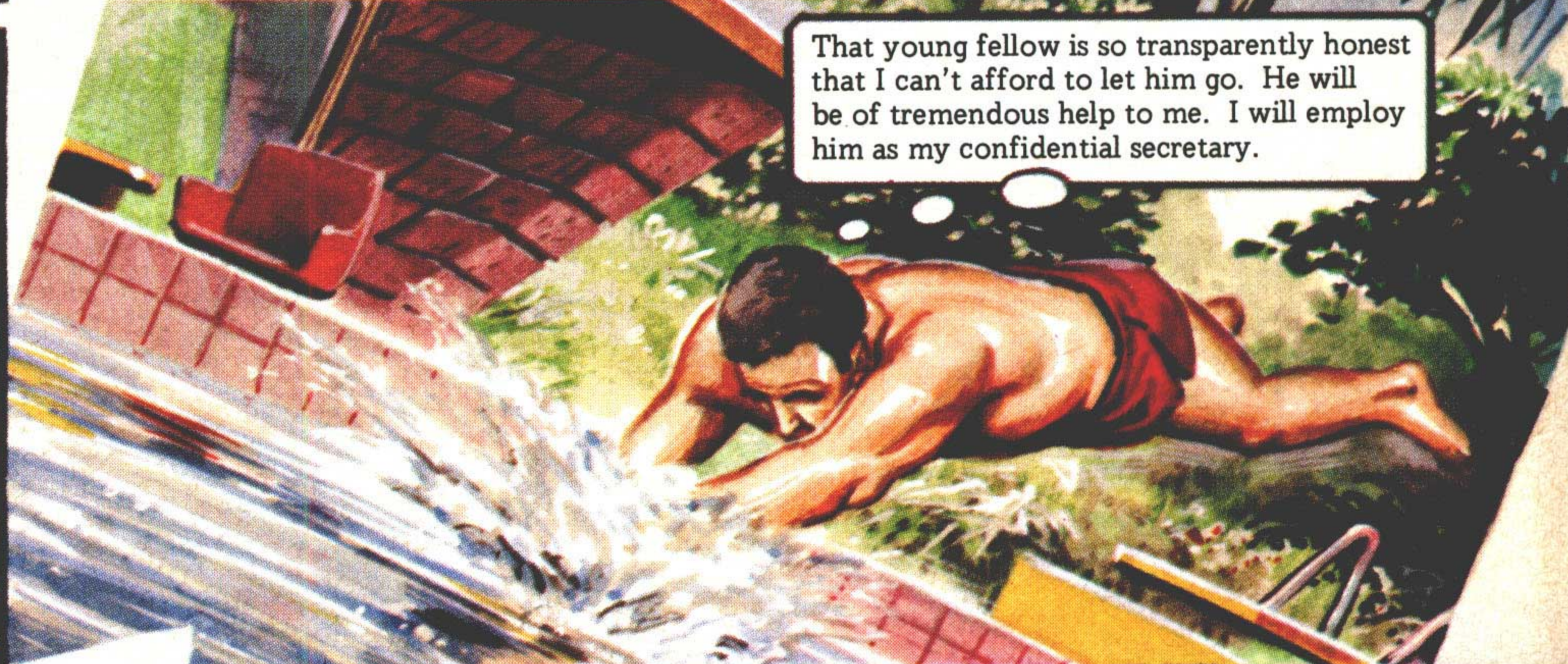
SIMBAL PLUNGED INTO THE LUXURY POOL.



AFTER THE MEAL. . .

I like you, Krusi. You must stay with me for a few days. Why don't you have a nap till supper time ? Unless, like me you prefer a dip in the swimming pool.

I think I'd prefer a little nap.



That young fellow is so transparently honest that I can't afford to let him go. He will be of tremendous help to me. I will employ him as my confidential secretary.

SOME TIME LATER - UNINVITED VISITORS.



How did you. . . ?

How did we trace you here ? You really didn't think you were going to get away with it, did you ?



We don't want to hurt you, Simbal. Tell you what, just duck your head under water and keep it there while I count up to a thousand, real slow. . .

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK

MORE ADVENTURES OF THE TRICAN EMPIRE

After finding a wallet, the street sweeper returned it to the rich bal. But now Simbal been drowned by thugs.

LATER THAT AFTERNOON, REFRESHED BY HIS NAP, KRUSI WENT TO FIND HIS NEW FRIEND. HE DISCOVERED SIMBAL FLOATING IN THE POOL – FACE DOWNWARDS !

Simbal, are you all right ? Simbal – speak to me !

BUT SIMBAL HAD FINISHED FOR EVER WITH SPEECH !

He's . . . He's . . .

OLIVER TREY

IT WAS THEN THAT TEMPTATION ENTERED THE LIFE OF THE FORMERLY HONEST STREET SWEEPER . . .

Why not ? . . .
Why not, indeed ?

AND SO . . .

After all, he can't spend his money now !

THE LATE MILLIONAIRE WAS LAID TO REST IN THE LOVELY GARDEN OF THE VILLA.

Put it this way, Simbal – you told me you had no friends or relations. So there's no harm done to anyone. The money will simply go to waste otherwise . . .

Why shouldn't I – Krusi the poor street sweeper – take over the identity of Simbal the millionaire ?

INVESTIGATING SIMBAL'S ROOM, KRUSI SUFFERED SOMETHING OF A SHOCK. . .

Who would have thought that anyone — even a millionaire — could be so untidy ?

DRESSING HIMSELF IN FINE CLOTHES, HE WENT OUT TO THE GARAGE.

What an automobile !
And mine,
all mine !

AT ABOUT THAT TIME, ON A HILLCREST IN FAR-OFF CATO, A HELI-JET WAS DESCENDING UPON A HIDDEN ENCAMPMENT.

OUT STEPPED THE THREE THUGS WHO HAD CALLED UPON THE MILLIONAIRE SIMBAL — WITH SUCH DIRE RESULTS TO HIS WELL-BEING.

Well — was your mission successful ? Did you eliminate that treacherous animal and discover the whereabouts of the loot he stole from us ?

You eliminated him without getting the information ? Fools ! Dolts ! — You should have brought him back here ! Chango would have made him talk !

THE LEADER OF THE BANDIT-TRIBE TURNED TO ADDRESS A FEARSOME FIGURE.

Chango ! the proceeds of ten lunar years of successful crime is somewhere in or around Trigan City ! You will find it — if you have to take the city apart, stone by stone !

Trust me !

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK

MORE ADVENTURES OF THE TRIGAN EMPIRE

Krusi the street sweeper has taken over the identity of the murdered millionaire Simbal, little knowing that he had stolen 10 lunar years' loot from bandits — who want it back!

KRUSI SPENT A HAIR-RAISING MORNING DRIVING SIMBAL'S LUXURY SPORT-AUTO.

What a life !
What a life !

HE WAS FASCINATED BY THE EXPENSIVE GADGETRY.

It's got everything — everything ! Radio — Telscreen — built-in hot and cold snack bar !

OLIVER FREY

AND THEN, HIS QUESTING FINGERS REVEALED — A SECRET COMPARTMENT !

What's this ?

KRUSI PULLED IN AND EXAMINED HIS FIND.

It's a key. But a key to what ? It says on the tag — 'Trigan Imperial Bank'.

HE WENT TO THE TRIGAN IMPERIAL BANK.

ON PRODUCING THE KEY, HE WAS TREATED LIKE — A MILLIONAIRE !

Er... regarding the key...

Delighted to be of service, sir ! I will personally escort you to your safe-deposit vault ! No trouble, no trouble at all !

BEMUSED, KRUSI WAS BORNE FAR BELOW THE BANK.

We pride ourselves that this is bomb-proof, fire-proof and thief-proof ! Why - it's even moon-proof ! . .

You see, sir, it was constructed when it was believed that Elekton was going to collide with one of her moons !

THE KEY OPENED A GREAT DOOR.

I will leave you, sir, to examine your - er - belongings.

KRUSI ENTERED THE VAULT. . .AND SAW.

I - I don't believe it !

THE EX-STREET SWEEPER FAINTED CLEAN AWAY !

MEANWHILE, A STRANGER HAD JUST ARRIVED AT THE VILLA WHERE SIMBAL HAD BEEN 'ELIMINATED'. THIS WAS THE SINISTER CHANGO -- SENT BY THE BANDIT LEADER TO FIND AND RECOVER THE FORTUNE.

IN THE GROUNDS OF THE VILLA, HE DISCOVERED A NEW GRAVE.

Interesting - very interesting !

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK

MORE ADVENTURES OF THE

TRIGAN EMPIRE

Krusi the street sweeper has taken over the identity of Simbal, whom he believes was an honest millionaire. In fact, Simbal was "eliminated" by bandits from whom he stole a fortune, which they are determined to recover. All unknowing, Krusi is enjoying his new-found fortune . . .

KRUSI LEFT THE TRIGAN IMPERIAL BANK WITH A SONG IN HIS HEART — AND A POCKET FULL OF PRICELESS GEMS.

Thank you, fellow.

TO THE DOOR-KEEPER OF THE BANK HE GAVE A JEWEL FIT FOR AN EMPEROR'S CROWN.

By all the stars ! I need never work again in my life !

THEN FOLLOWED A RIOT OF SPENDING . . .

I'll have it !

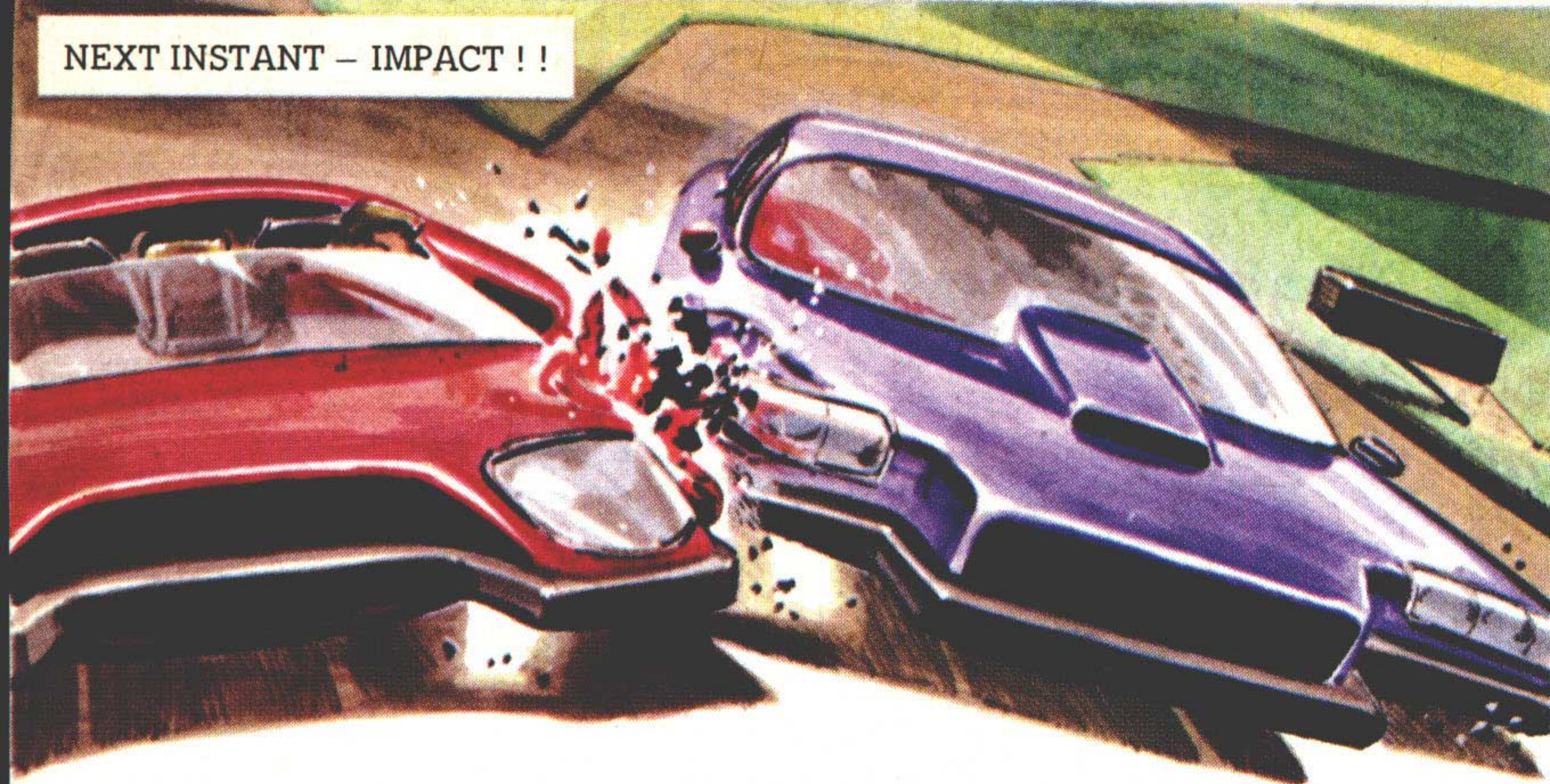
I'll have two of those !

I'll move in tomorrow !

SOME DAYS LATER, JANNO WAS DRIVING OUT OF THE CITY ON HIS WAY TO THE AIR BASE. HE WAS LATE. AND HE WAS EXCEEDING THE SPEED LIMIT.

That idiot ! — Why doesn't he look where he's going ?

NEXT INSTANT - IMPACT !!



THE COLLISION WAS SPECTACULAR, BUT NOT DISASTROUS. JANNO LEAPT FROM THE AUTO, BLAZING WITH FURY - BUT...

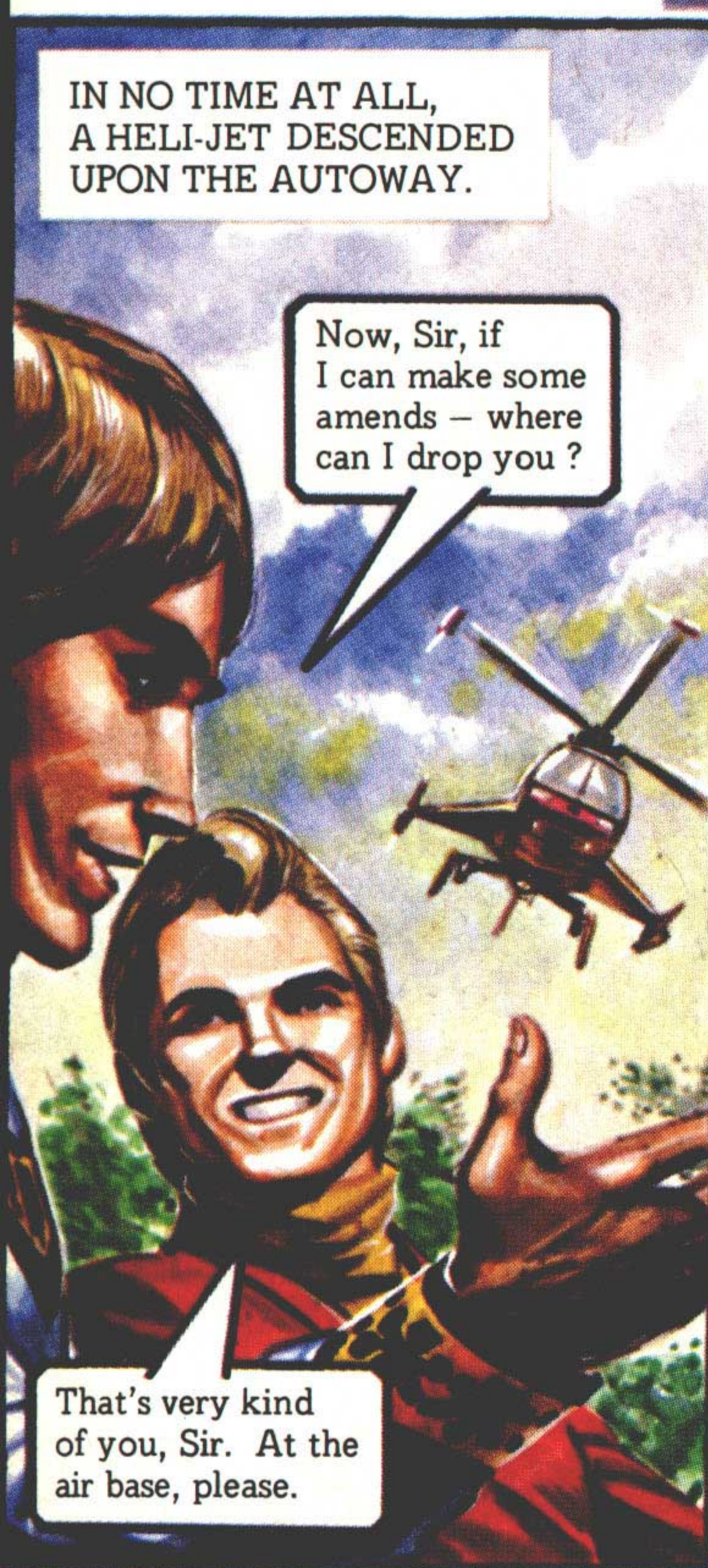


Now, see here !...

Sir, the fault lies entirely with us. Pray accept my apologies. . .

Gavo, radio for my heli-jet to come and pick us up.

IN NO TIME AT ALL, A HELI-JET DESCENDED UPON THE AUTOWAY.



Now, Sir, if I can make some amends - where can I drop you ?

That's very kind of you, Sir. At the air base, please.

AND SO...

Permit me to introduce myself - I am Simbal.

How do you do, Sir. . .



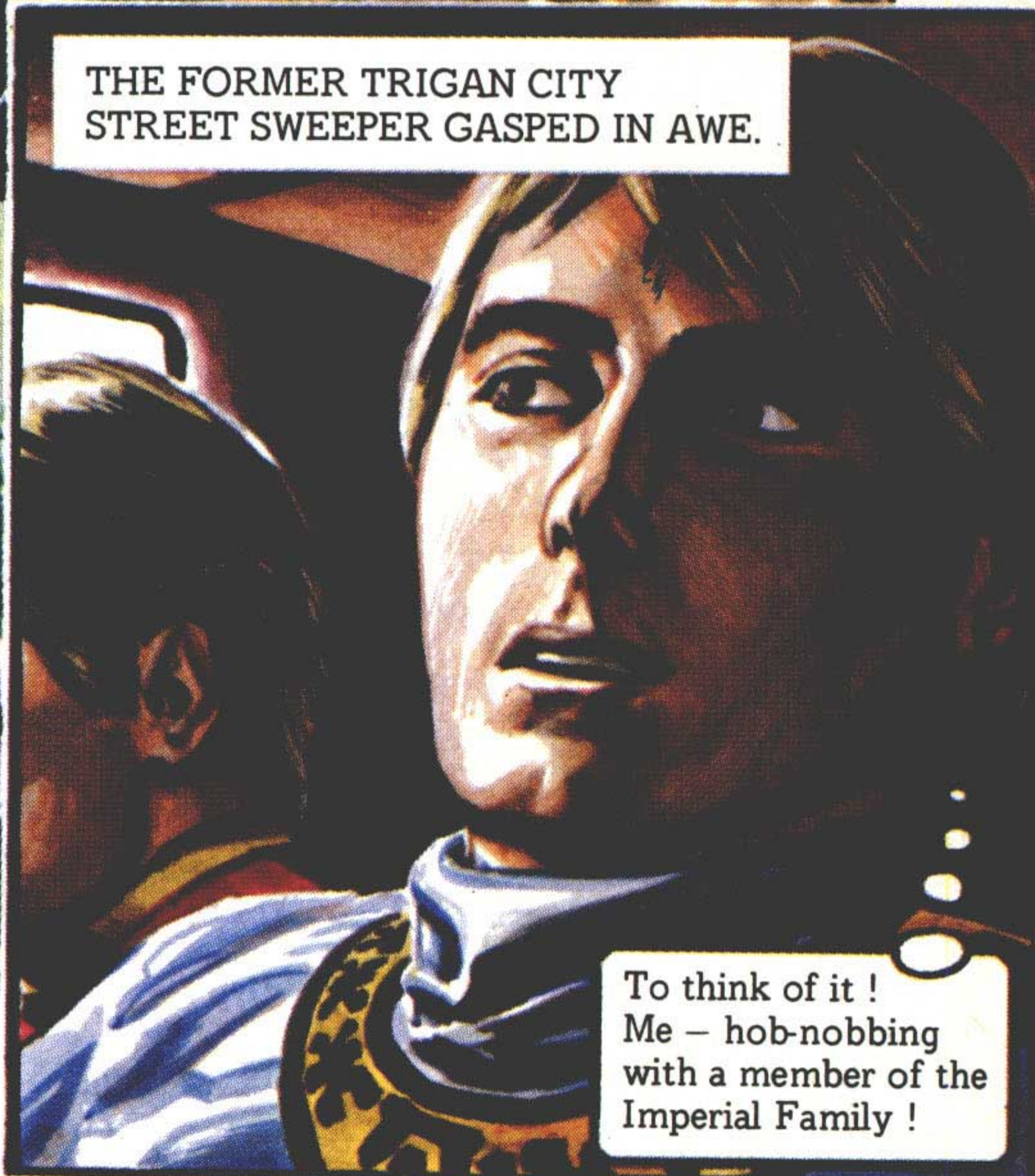
I am Lieutenant Janno.

Not - The Janno, nephew of the Emperor ?

That's right.

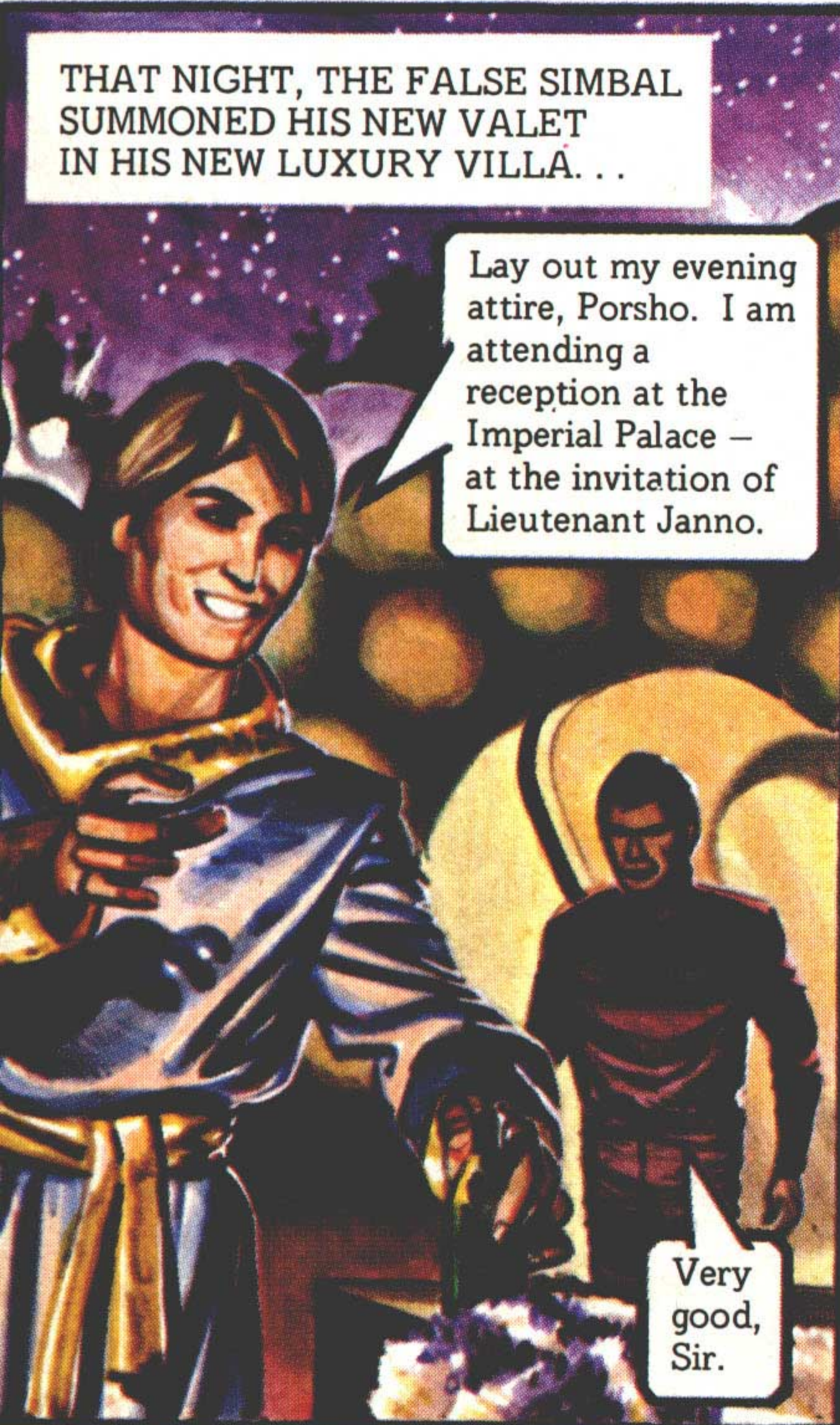


THE FORMER TRIGAN CITY STREET SWEEPER GASPED IN AWE.



To think of it ! Me - hob-nobbing with a member of the Imperial Family !

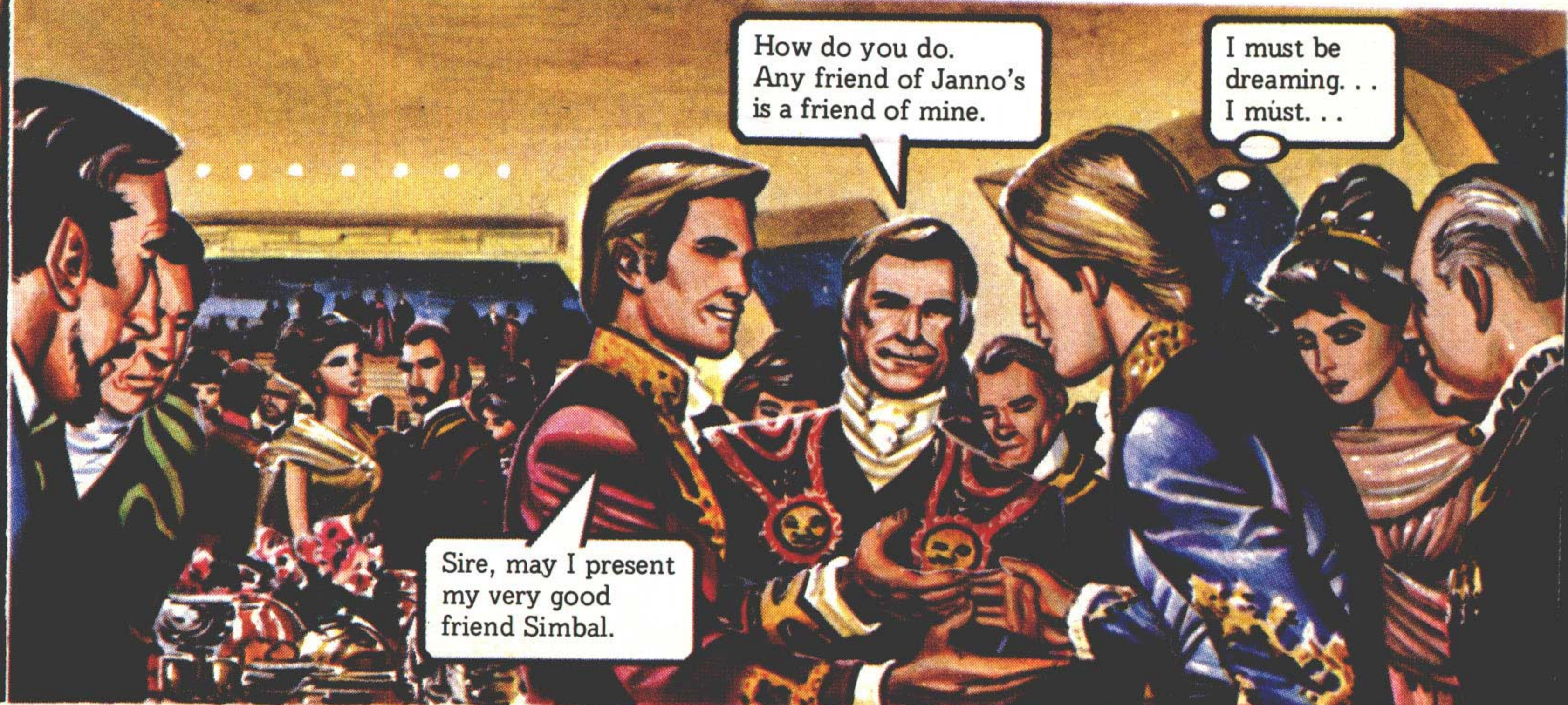
THAT NIGHT, THE FALSE SIMBAL SUMMONED HIS NEW VALET IN HIS NEW LUXURY VILLA. . .



Lay out my evening attire, Porsho. I am attending a reception at the Imperial Palace - at the invitation of Lieutenant Janno.

Very good, Sir.

LATER, AMIDST THE POMP AND PAGEANTRY OF AN IMPERIAL RECEPTION, THE EX-STREET SWEEPER WAS INTRODUCED TO TRIGO HIMSELF !



How do you do. Any friend of Janno's is a friend of mine.

I must be dreaming. . . I must. . .

Sire, may I present my very good friend Simbal.

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK

MORE ADVENTURES OF THE TRIGAN EMPIRE

Since taking over the secret fortune of Simbal, who was "eliminated" by bandits, the ex-street sweeper Krusi has lived like a millionaire — ignorant of the fact that the bandits are after the fortune, which they consider to be theirs.

IT WAS NOT TILL HIS FOURTH VISIT TO THE SAFE-DEPOSIT VAULT BENEATH THE TRIGAN IMPERIAL BANK THAT KRUSI WAS ABLE TO VIEW HIS NEW-FOUND FORTUNE WITH EQUANIMITY.



One gets quite used to being rich. What shall I take to see me through the week?

A pocket full of gems? . . . A few million zerst notes?

HIS LUXURY HOVER-AUTO WAS WAITING.



Take me to the air fleet base, Gavo. I have an appointment with Lieutenant Janno.

Yes, sir.

DURING THE PAST LUNAR MONTH, THE FALSE SIMBAL AND THE EMPEROR'S NEPHEW HAD STRUCK UP A FIRM FRIENDSHIP. THAT AFTERNOON THEY PLAYED ELEKTON'S NEWEST 'IN' GAME — RO-BALL.



Hah!

Well hit!

You play well, Simbal. Being a millionaire obviously doesn't prevent you from keeping in good physical shape.

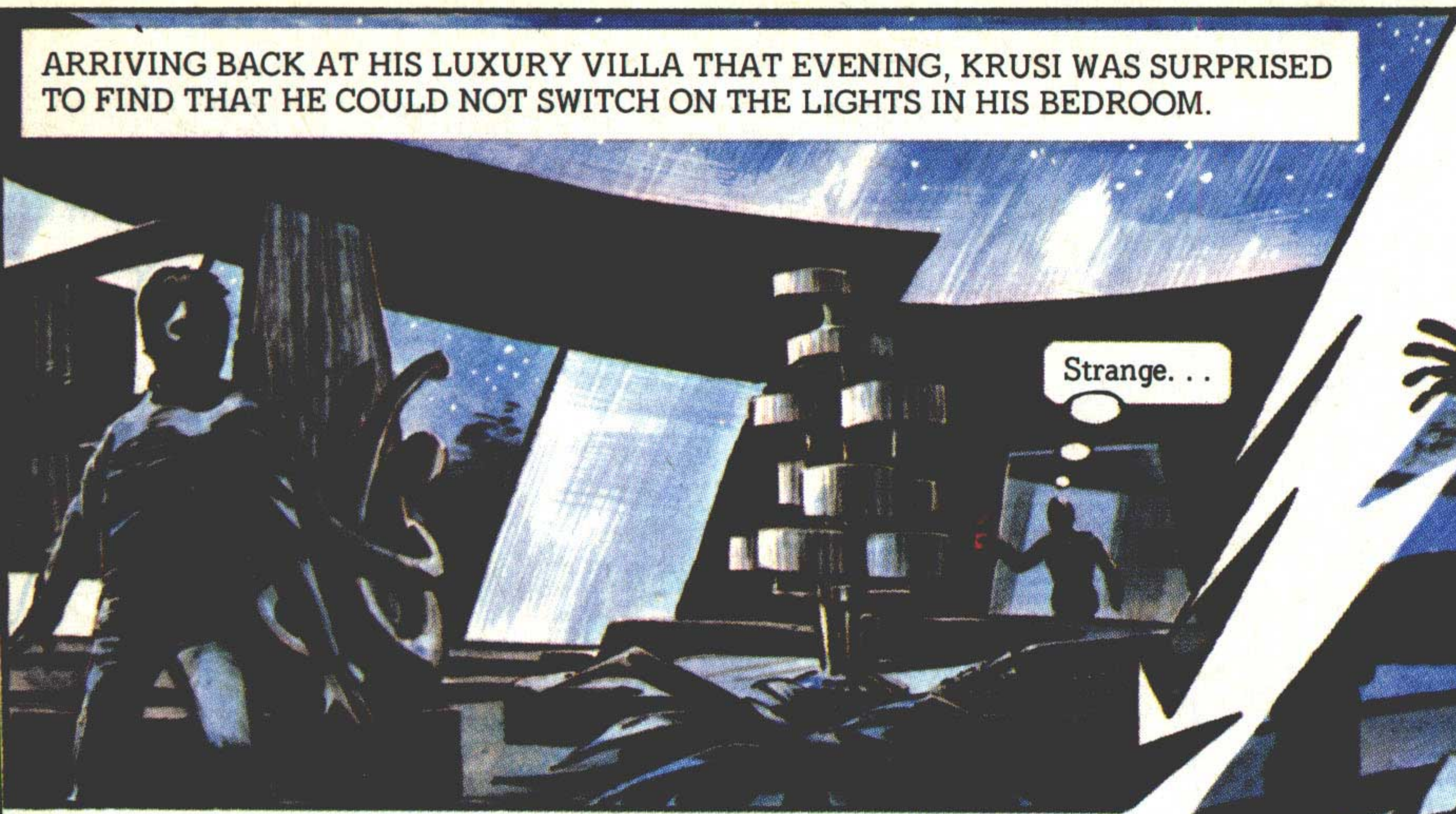


Ah, Janno. I've always taken plenty of outdoor exercise, you see.

What's street-sweeping but outdoor exercise?



ARRIVING BACK AT HIS LUXURY VILLA THAT EVENING, KRUSI WAS SURPRISED TO FIND THAT HE COULD NOT SWITCH ON THE LIGHTS IN HIS BEDROOM.



Strange...

NEXT INSTANT...

Aaaaagh!



KRUSI GRASPED AT HIS ATTACKER WITH ONE HAND... SWUNG WITH THE OTHER.

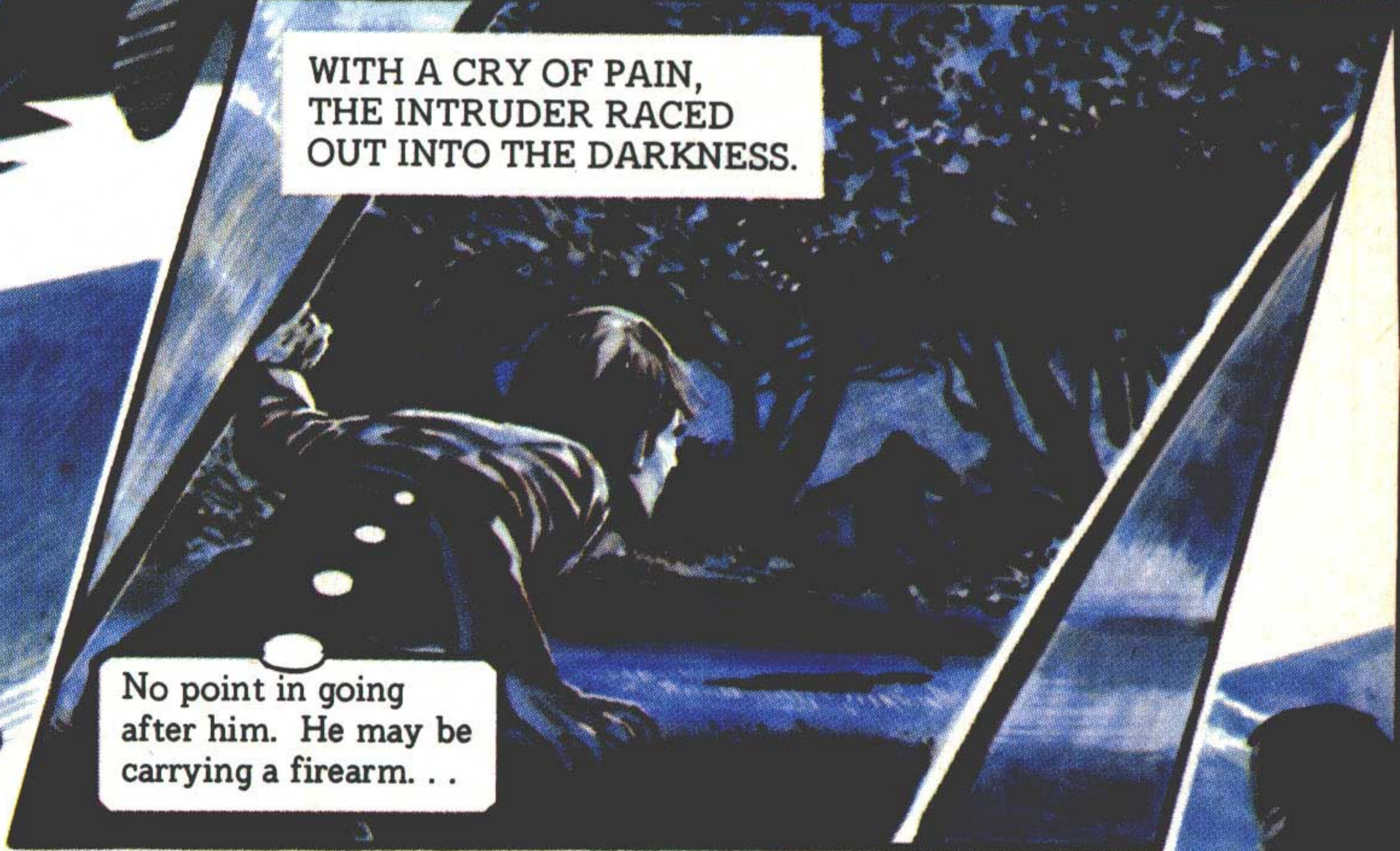


Take that, whoever you are!

Uuuugh!

WITH A CRY OF PAIN, THE INTRUDER RACED OUT INTO THE DARKNESS.

No point in going after him. He may be carrying a firearm...



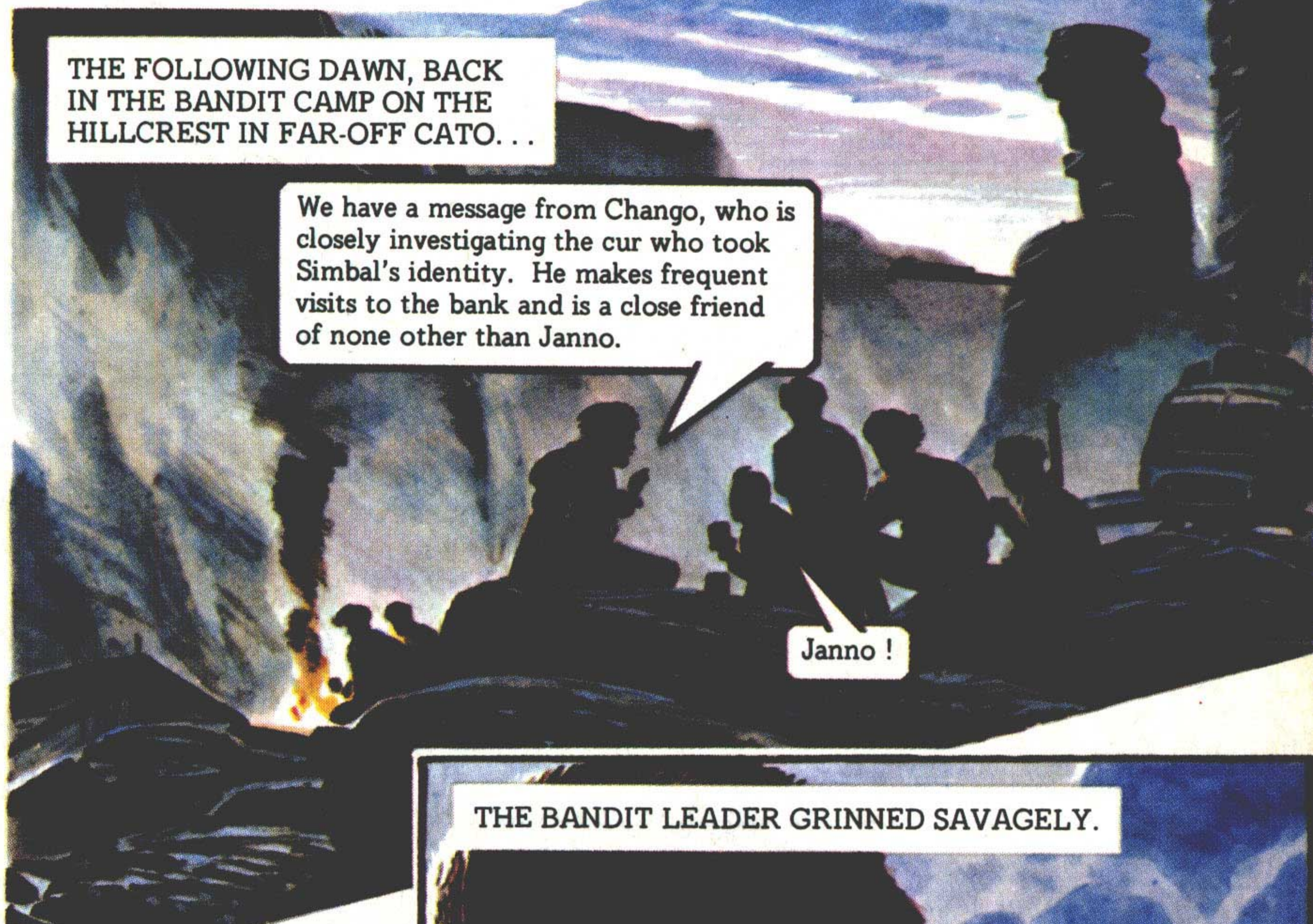
HE RANG FOR HIS VALET, AND TOGETHER THEY FIXED THE LIGHTS.



It seems that I disturbed a burglar at work, Porsho.

Indeed it does, sir. I never heard a thing.

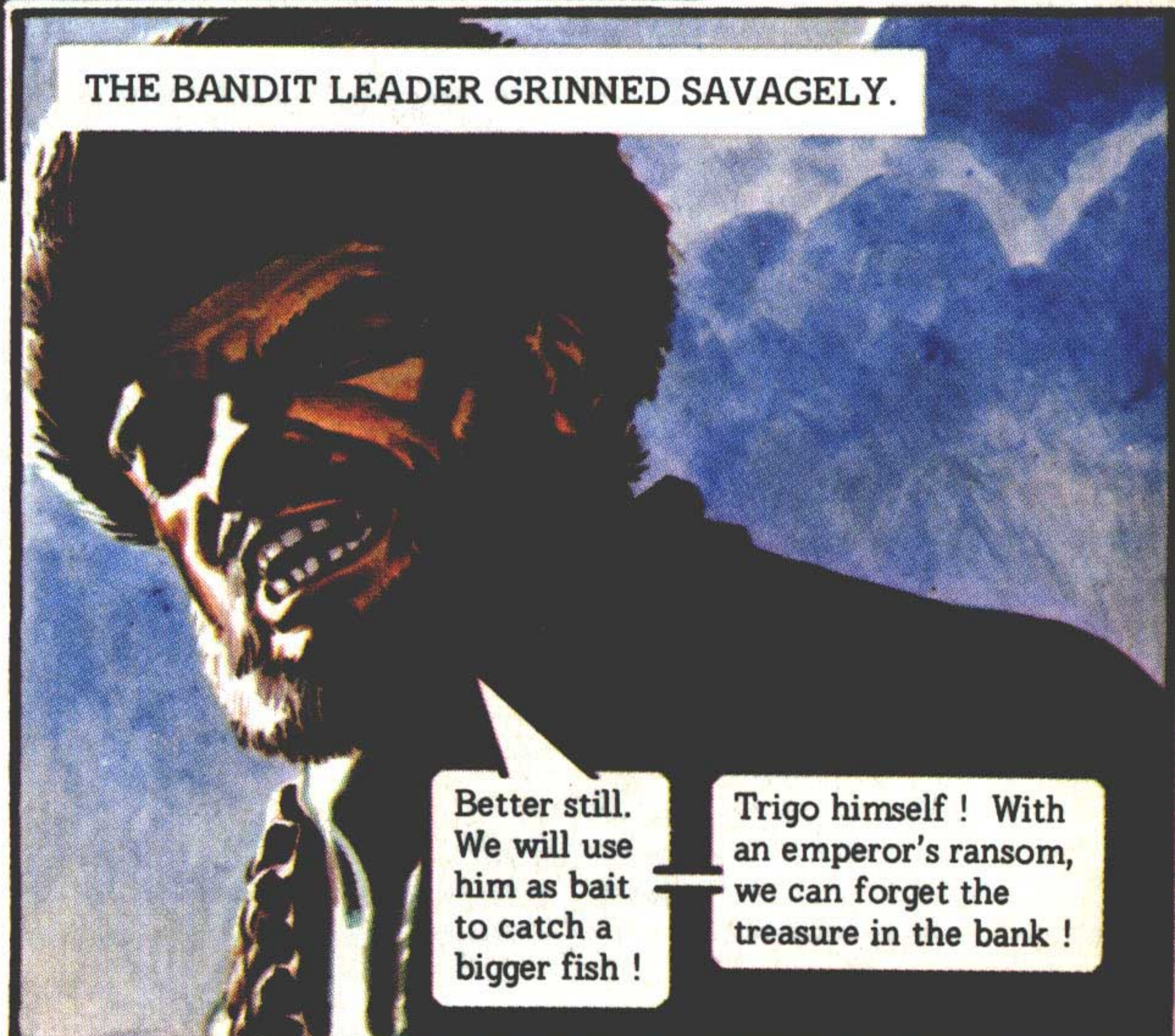
THE FOLLOWING DAWN, BACK IN THE BANDIT CAMP ON THE HILLCREST IN FAR-OFF CATO...



We have a message from Chango, who is closely investigating the cur who took Simbal's identity. He makes frequent visits to the bank and is a close friend of none other than Janno.

Janno!

THE BANDIT LEADER GRINNED SAVAGELY.

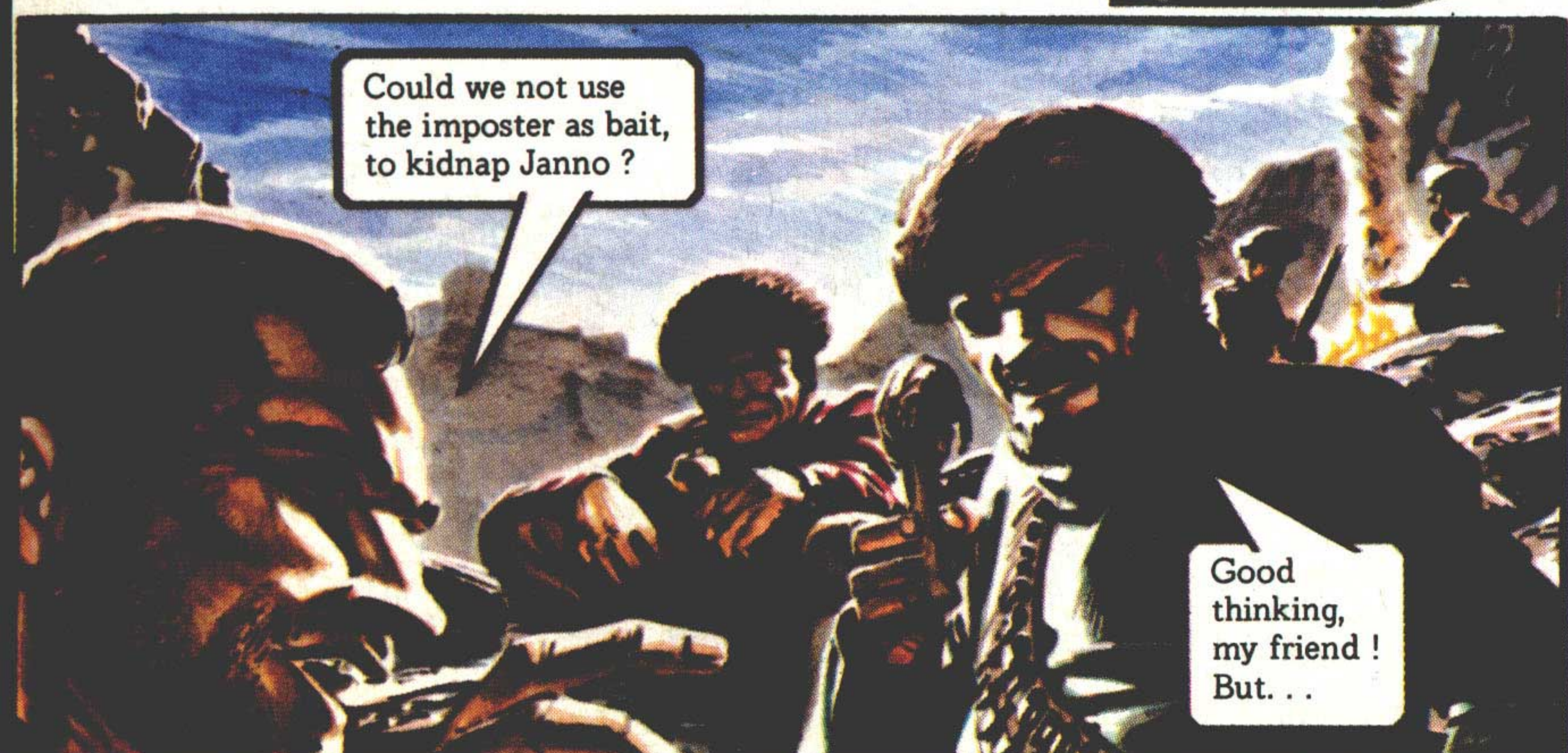


Better still. We will use him as bait to catch a bigger fish!

Trigo himself! With an emperor's ransom, we can forget the treasure in the bank!

Could we not use the imposter as bait, to kidnap Janno?

Good thinking, my friend! But...



CONTINUED NEXT WEEK

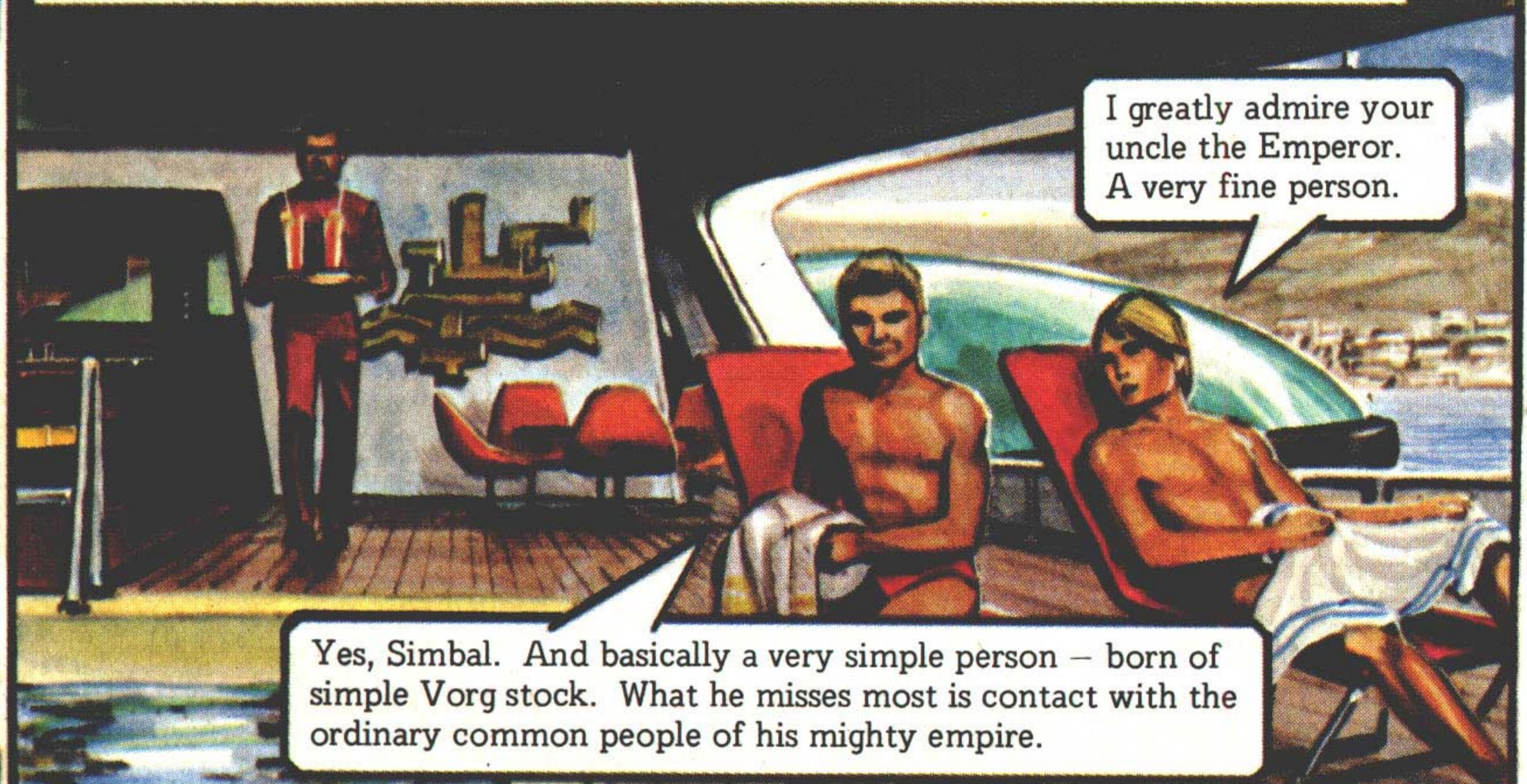
MORE ADVENTURES OF THE TRIGAN EMPIRE

Since taking over the secret fortune of Simbal, who has been killed by bandits, Krusi, a former street sweeper, has lived like a millionaire, not knowing that bandits have him under constant surveillance.

KRUSI AND HIS NEW FRIEND, JANNO, WERE WATER-SPORTING IN TRIGAN CITY HARBOUR.



LATER, RELAXING BY THE YACHT'S SWIMMING POOL, THE FALSE SIMBAL CHATTED WITH HIS FRIEND.

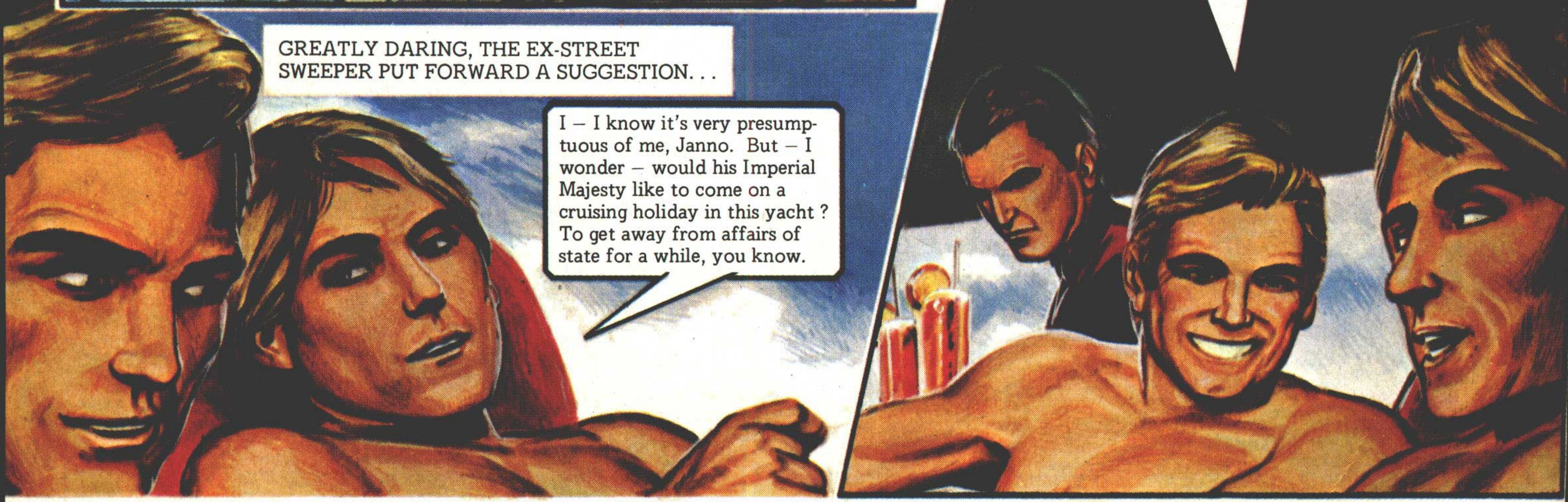


Yes, Simbal. And basically a very simple person – born of simple Vorg stock. What he misses most is contact with the ordinary common people of his mighty empire.

GREATLY DARING, THE EX-STREET SWEEPER PUT FORWARD A SUGGESTION. . .

I – I know it's very presumptuous of me, Janno. But – I wonder – would his Imperial Majesty like to come on a cruising holiday in this yacht? To get away from affairs of state for a while, you know.

My dear fellow, Uncle Trigo would be delighted! Nothing would suit him better than to take an informal holiday. Incognito, of course. . .



BY DAWN NEXT DAY, THE NEWS ARRIVED IN THE BANDIT CAMP IN FAR-OFF CATO.

The great opportunity presents itself. News has just come from Chango that Trigo is spending a holiday on the impostor's yacht. . .

As soon as we receive the signal from Chango that Trigo has boarded the yacht — we strike !

ALL THAT DAY, THE BANDIT CUT-THROATS SHARPENED THEIR SWORDS AND LOOKED TO THEIR FIRE ARMS.

When we have received the Emperor's ransom, I think I shall retire from crime and take up good works !

ON THE DAY OF TRIGO'S ARRIVAL ABOARD THE YACHT, THE FORMER TRIGAN CITY COUNCIL STREET SWEEPER WAS A MASS OF NERVES.

Here comes the Emperor ! Is all in readiness ? You have forgotten none of my instructions, Porsho — and you, Gavo ?

All is ready, Sir.

To the last detail, Sir.

TRIGO GREETED HIS HOST WITH HIS TYPICAL FRIENDLY INFORMALITY.

Imperial Majesty ! Such an honour. . .

Don't address me as Imperial Majesty, Simbal. Remember that I am travelling incognito. Please call me, simply "friend".

A CERTAIN PERSON CREPT AWAY TO THE TELE-RADIO. . .

...THE CHAUFFEUR, GAVO !

The "friend" has arrived aboard ! Commence the operation !

THE MILLIONAIRE'S YACHT SAILED AT SUNSET — TO WHAT UNKNOWN PERILS THOSE ABOARD COULD NEVER HAVE GUESSED !

MORE ADVENTURES OF THE TRIGAN EMPIRE

Krusi has invited the Emperor Trigo to a cruising holiday aboard his luxury yacht. But it is a holiday that is fated to hold many surprises, for bandits are intent upon kidnapping the emperor.

ONCE THE YACHT WAS OUT OF SIGHT OF THE TRIGAN COAST-LINE A SHOUT WENT UP FROM THE CONTROL PLATFORM. . .

Alarm ! Alarm !
We are being
attacked !

IN THE DINING SALOON, HIS CRY BROUGHT THE COMPANY TO ITS FEET.

Seize what
weapons
you can.

ONE GLANCE
ACROSS THE
WATER WAS
ENOUGH
FOR JANNO.

THEY CAME. . .

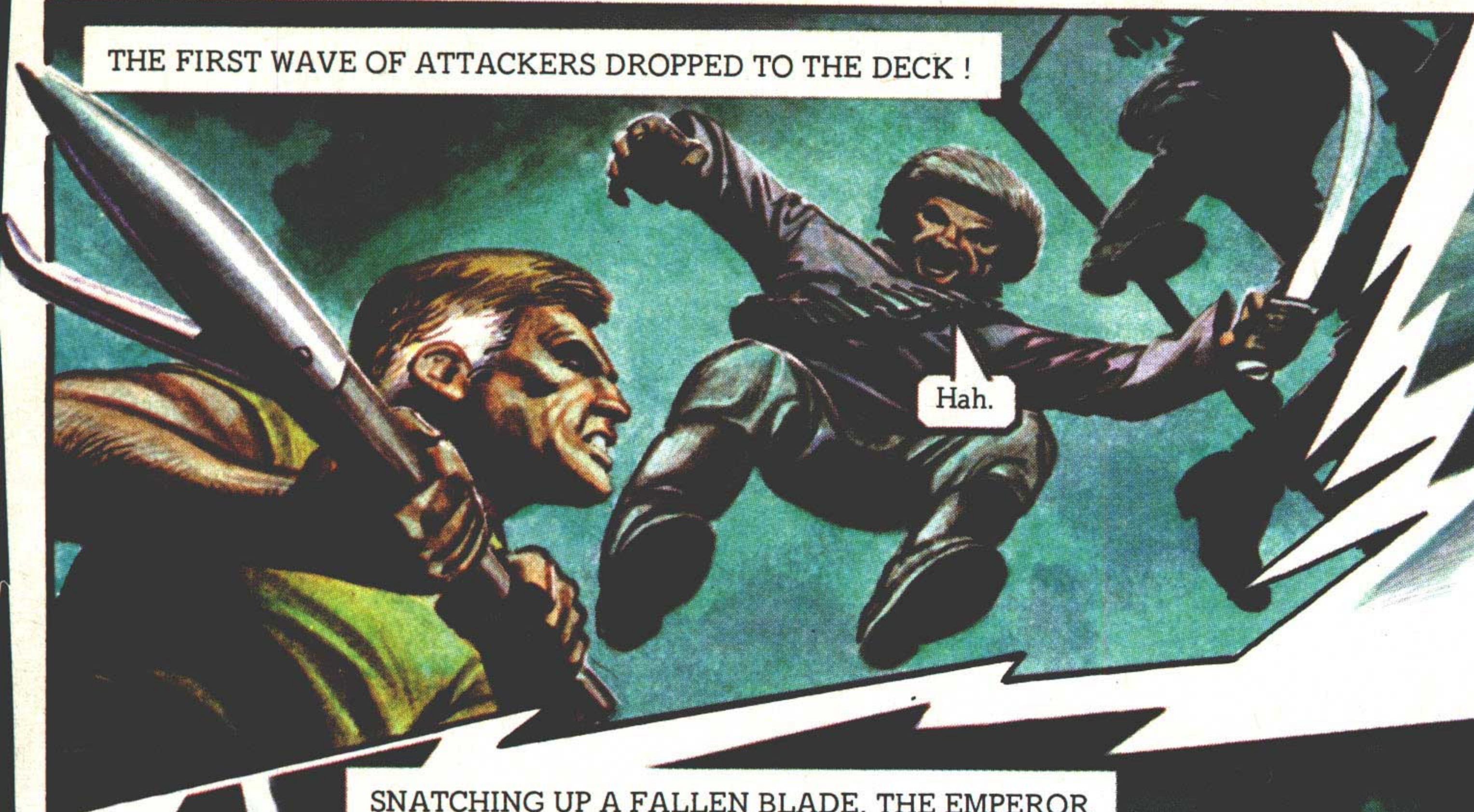
By all
the stars.

TRIGO LED THE RUSH
TO THE UPPER DECK,
SEIZING WHATEVER
WEAPON CAME TO HAND.

Prepare
to repel
boarders.

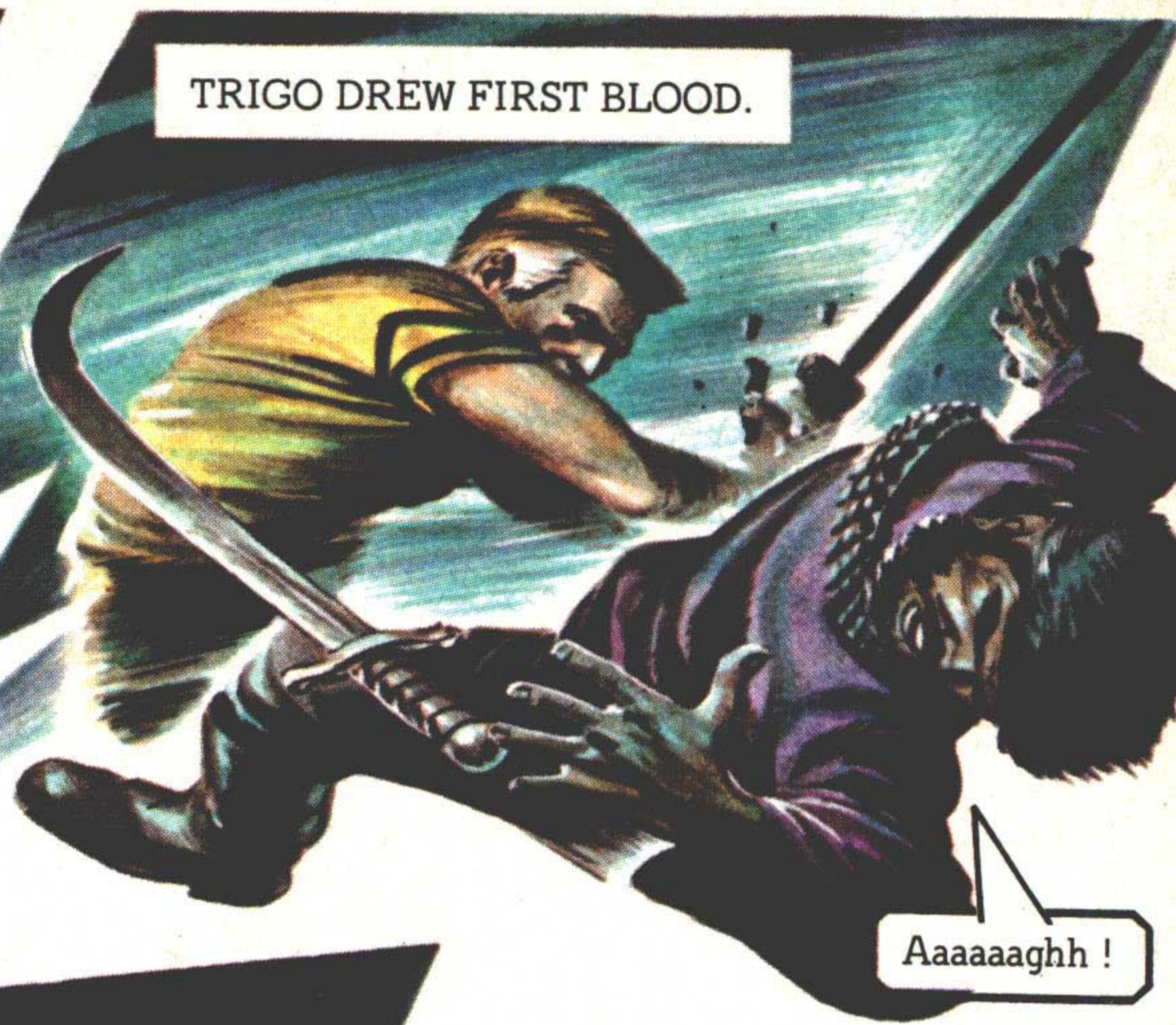
OLIVER FREY

THE FIRST WAVE OF ATTACKERS DROPPED TO THE DECK !



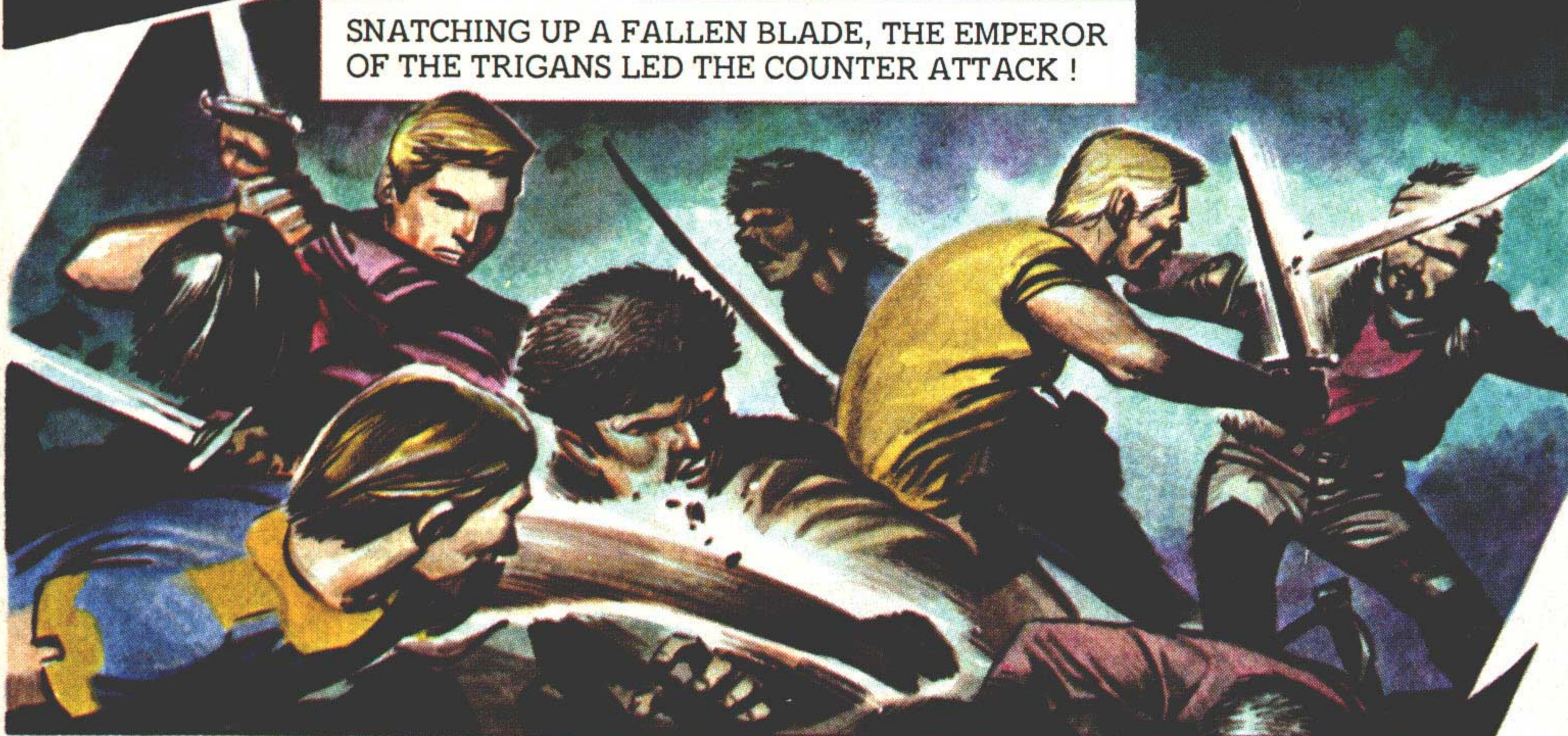
Hah.

TRIGO DREW FIRST BLOOD.



Aaaaaagh !

SNATCHING UP A FALLEN BLADE, THE EMPEROR OF THE TRIGANS LED THE COUNTER ATTACK !

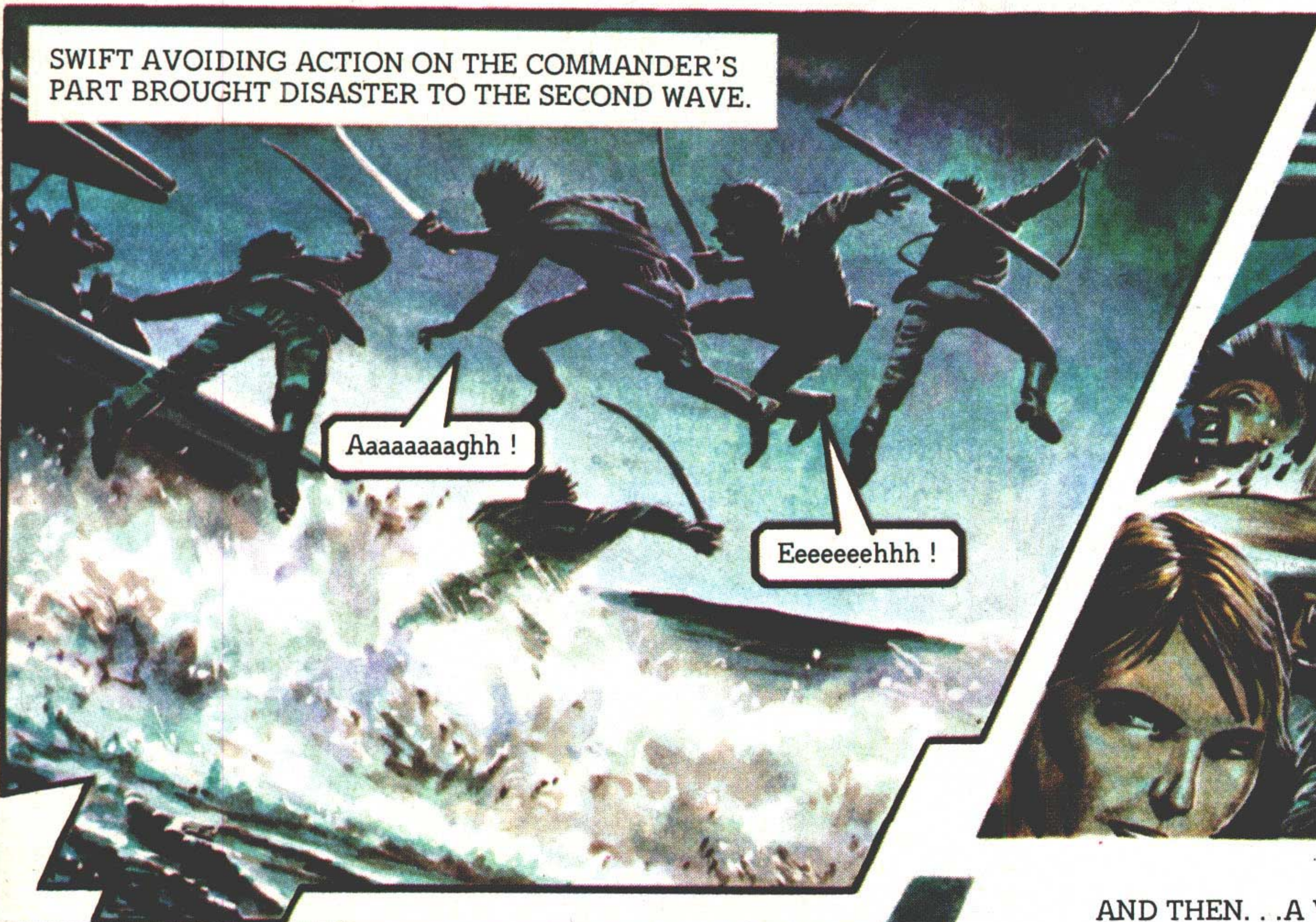


ON THE CONTROL PLATFORM, THE COMMANDER OF THE YACHT SAW THE SECOND WAVE OF ATTACKERS COMING IN. HE SPUN HIS WHEEL. . .



Give me full speed on all engines.

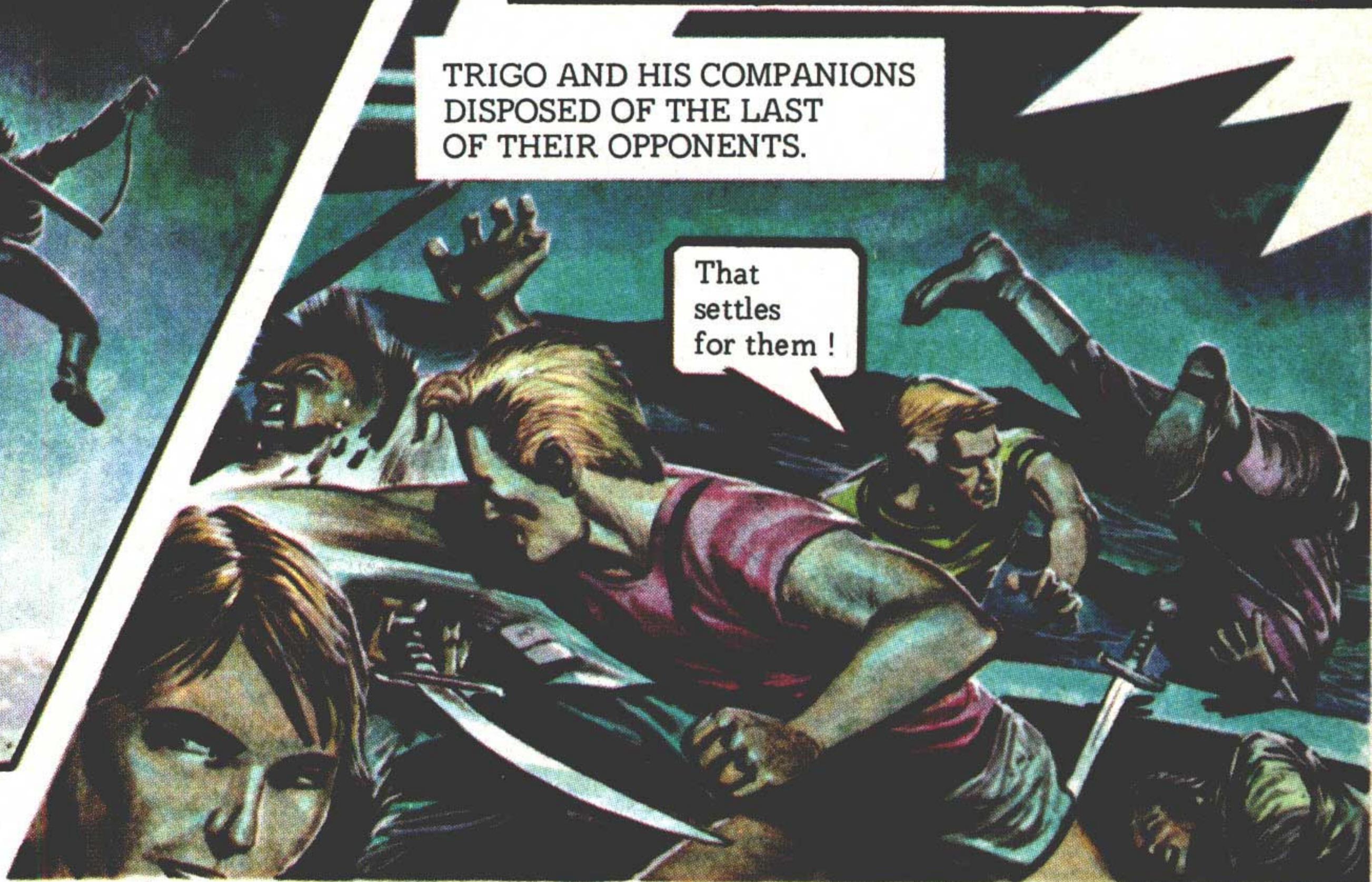
SWIFT AVOIDING ACTION ON THE COMMANDER'S PART BROUGHT DISASTER TO THE SECOND WAVE.



Aaaaaaagh !

Eeeeeehhh !

TRIGO AND HIS COMPANIONS DISPOSED OF THE LAST OF THEIR OPPONENTS.



That settles for them !

BUT THE BATTLE WAS FAR FROM OVER. . .



Stand ready ! They won't make the same mistake as the last lot.

AND THEN. . . A VOICE FROM BEHIND THE EMPEROR !

Put down your weapons, or the Emperor perishes here and now !

Gavo ! . . You ?



KRUSI STARED IN ALARM AT HIS CHAUFFEUR.

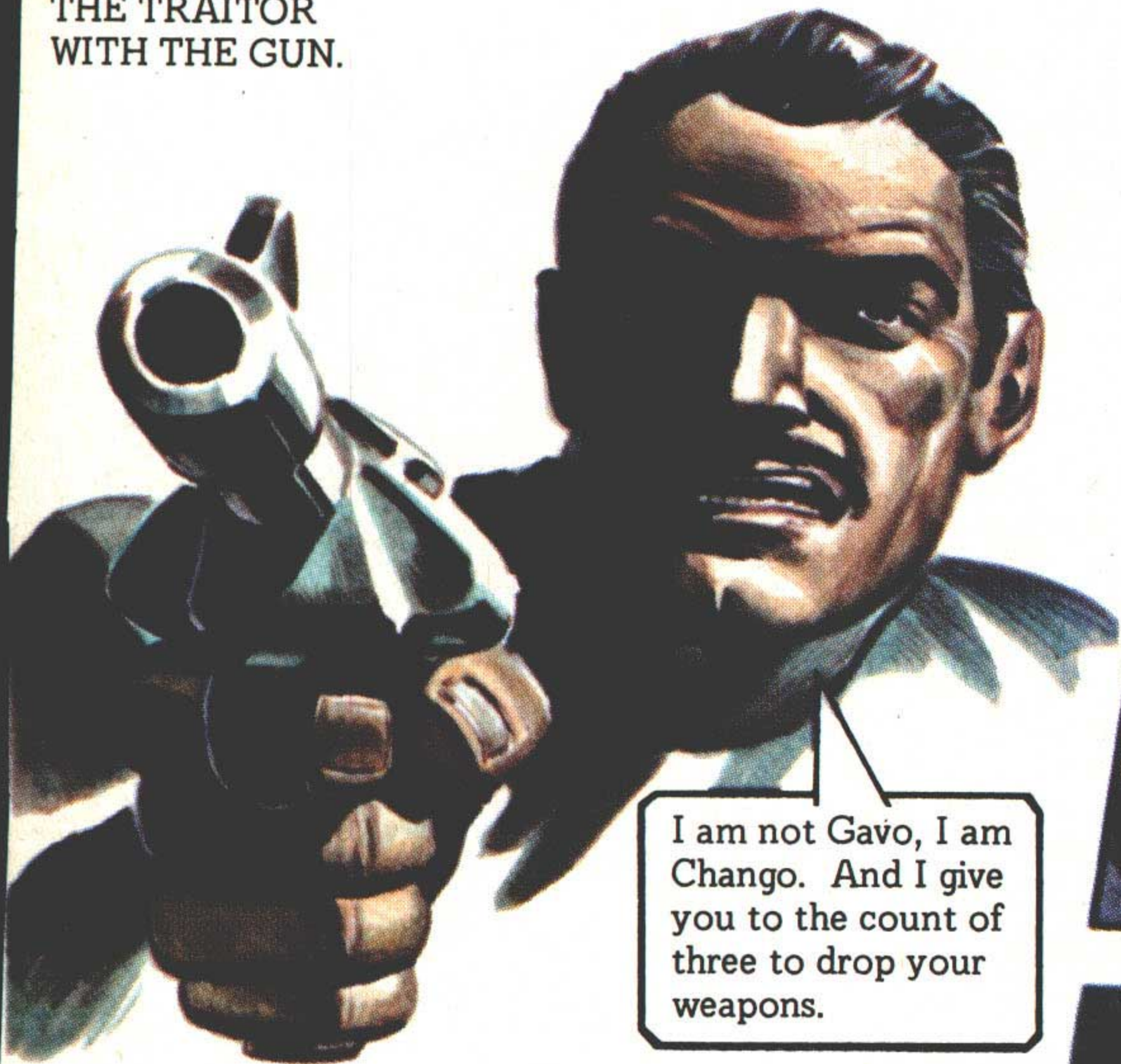
CONTINUED NEXT WEEK

MORE ADVENTURES OF THE

TRIGAN EMPIRE

At the height of a kidnap attempt upon the Emperor Trigo aboard Krusi's luxury yacht, Krusi's chauffeur, Gavo, reveals himself as a traitor.

AN UGLY SMILE
PLAYED UPON
THE LIPS OF
THE TRAITOR
WITH THE GUN.



I am not Gavo, I am Chango. And I give you to the count of three to drop your weapons.

AT THE SAME INSTANT, THE LAST WAVE
OF BANDITS DROPPED TO THE DECK.



Hah !

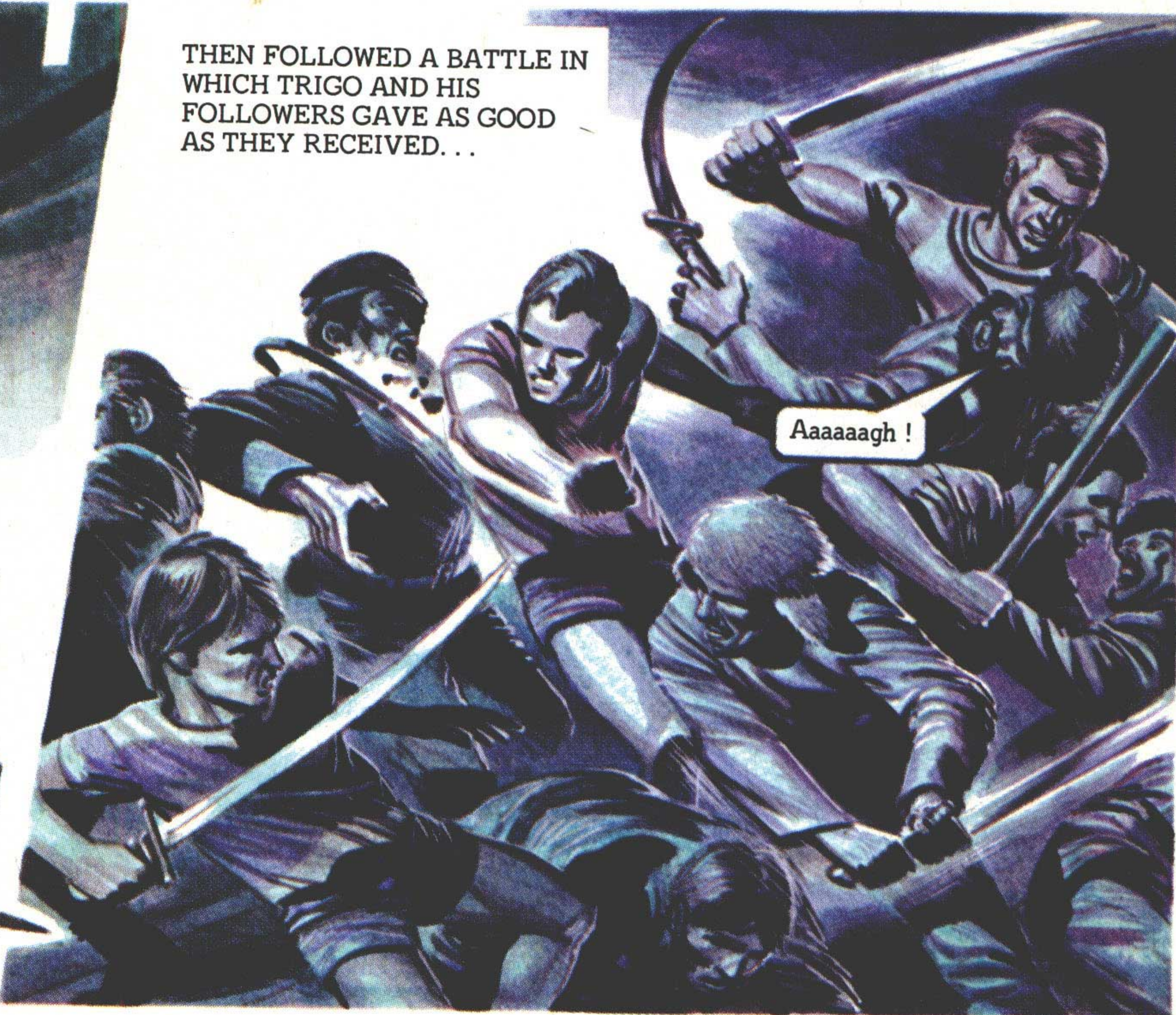
Hola !

AND THEN - A ROCKETING FIGURE !



Uuuuuugh !

THEN FOLLOWED A BATTLE IN
WHICH TRIGO AND HIS
FOLLOWERS GAVE AS GOOD
AS THEY RECEIVED...



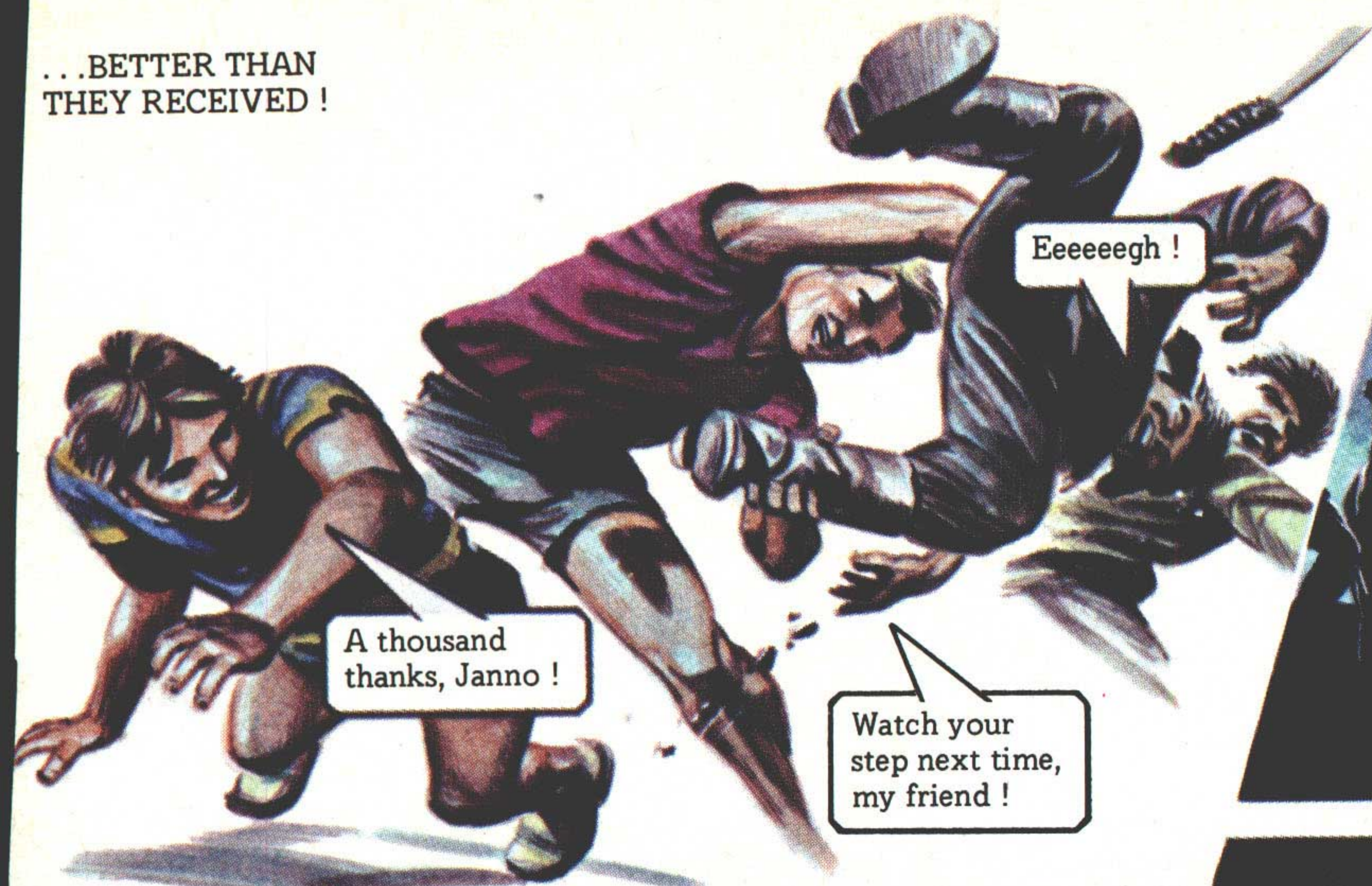
Aaaaaagh !

...AND SOMETIMES...



Look your
last upon the
sky, Trigan !

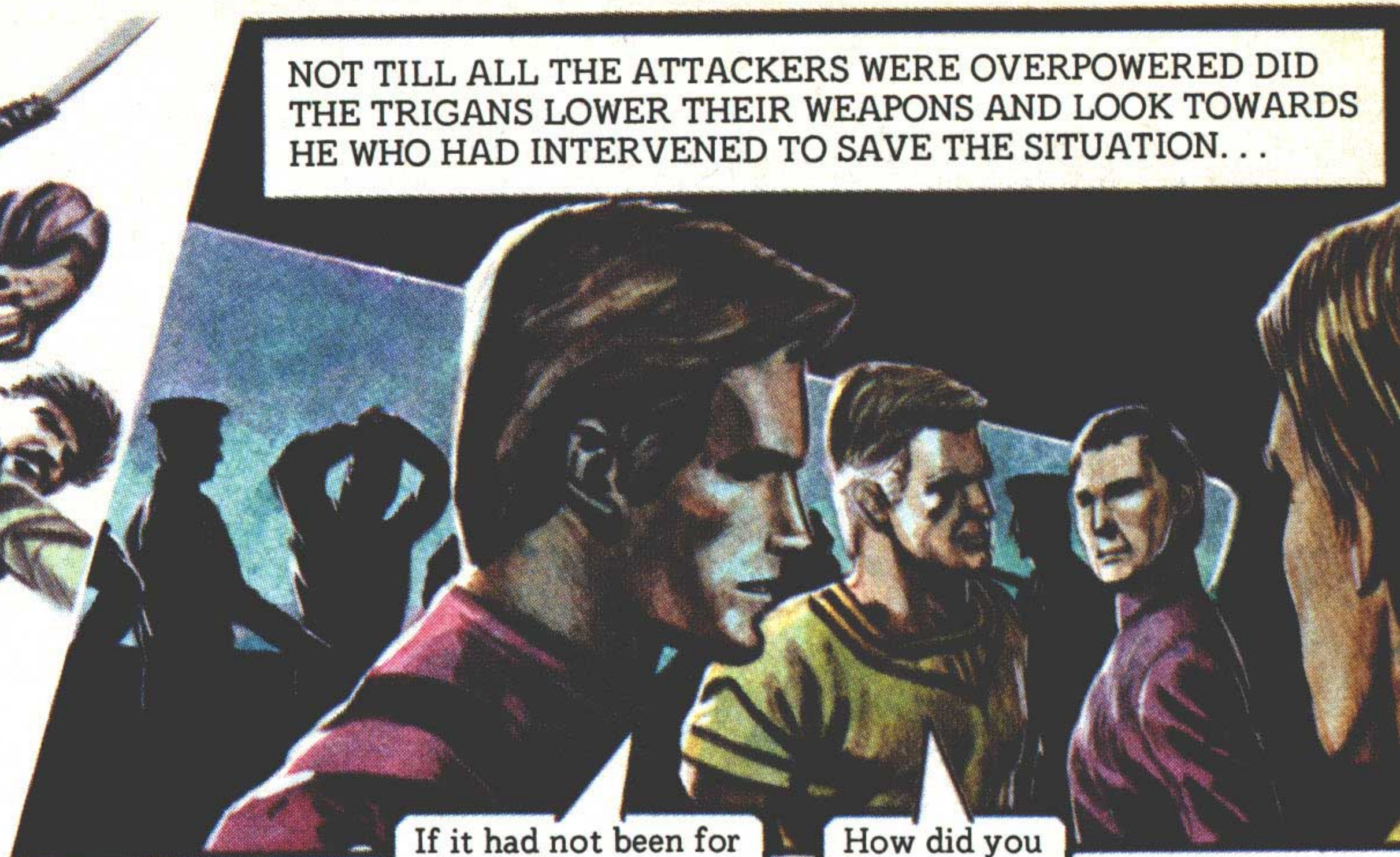
... BETTER THAN
THEY RECEIVED !



A thousand
thanks, Janno !

Watch your
step next time,
my friend !

NOT TILL ALL THE ATTACKERS WERE OVERPOWERED DID
THE TRIGANS LOWER THEIR WEAPONS AND LOOK TOWARDS
HE WHO HAD INTERVENED TO SAVE THE SITUATION. . .



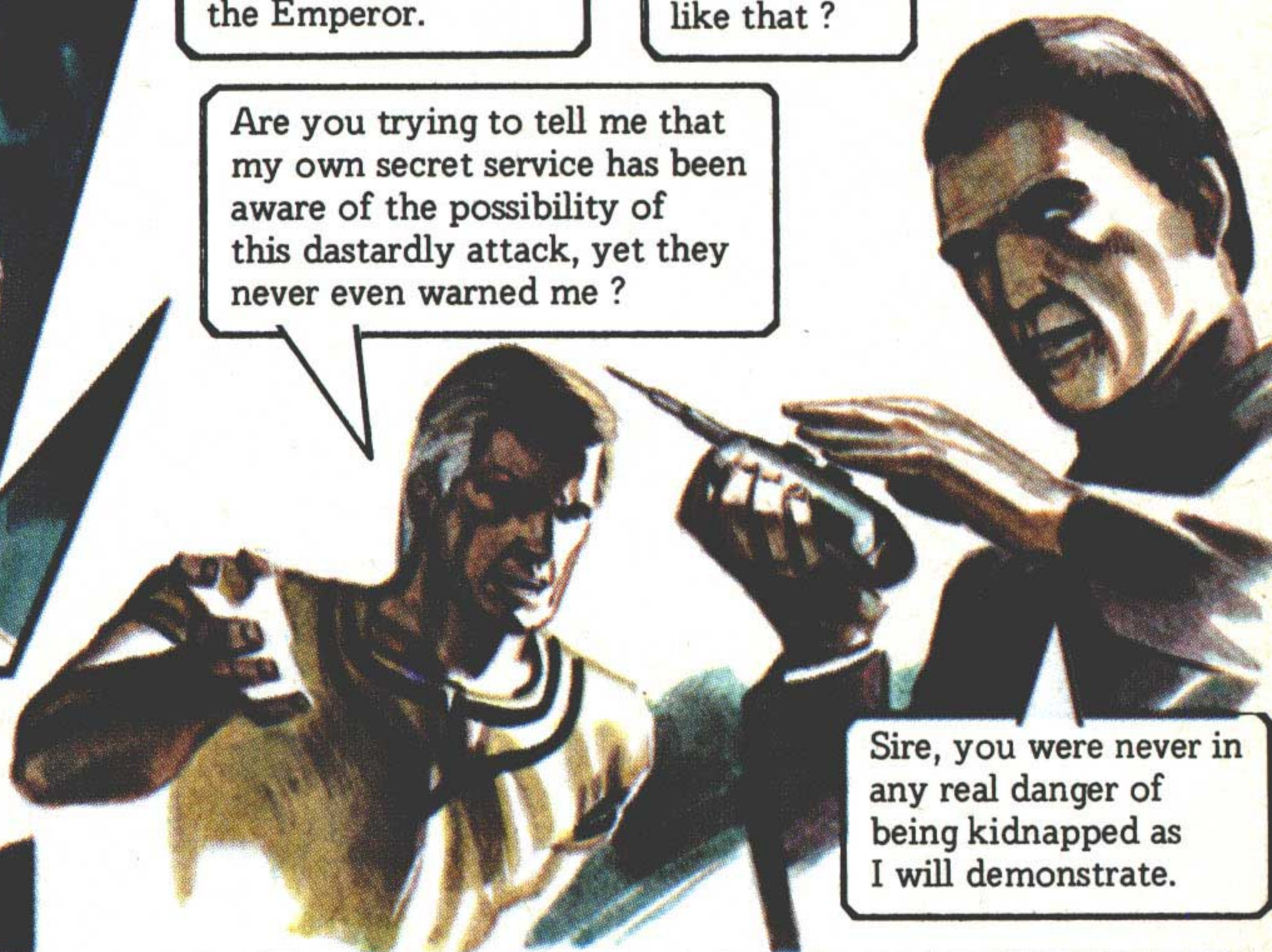
If it had not been for
your valet, here, they
would have captured
the Emperor.

How did you
— a valet —
learn to fight
like that ?

THERE WAS SOME
EMBARRASSMENT IN
PORSHO'S MANNER
AS HE REPLIED
TO HIS EMPEROR. . .

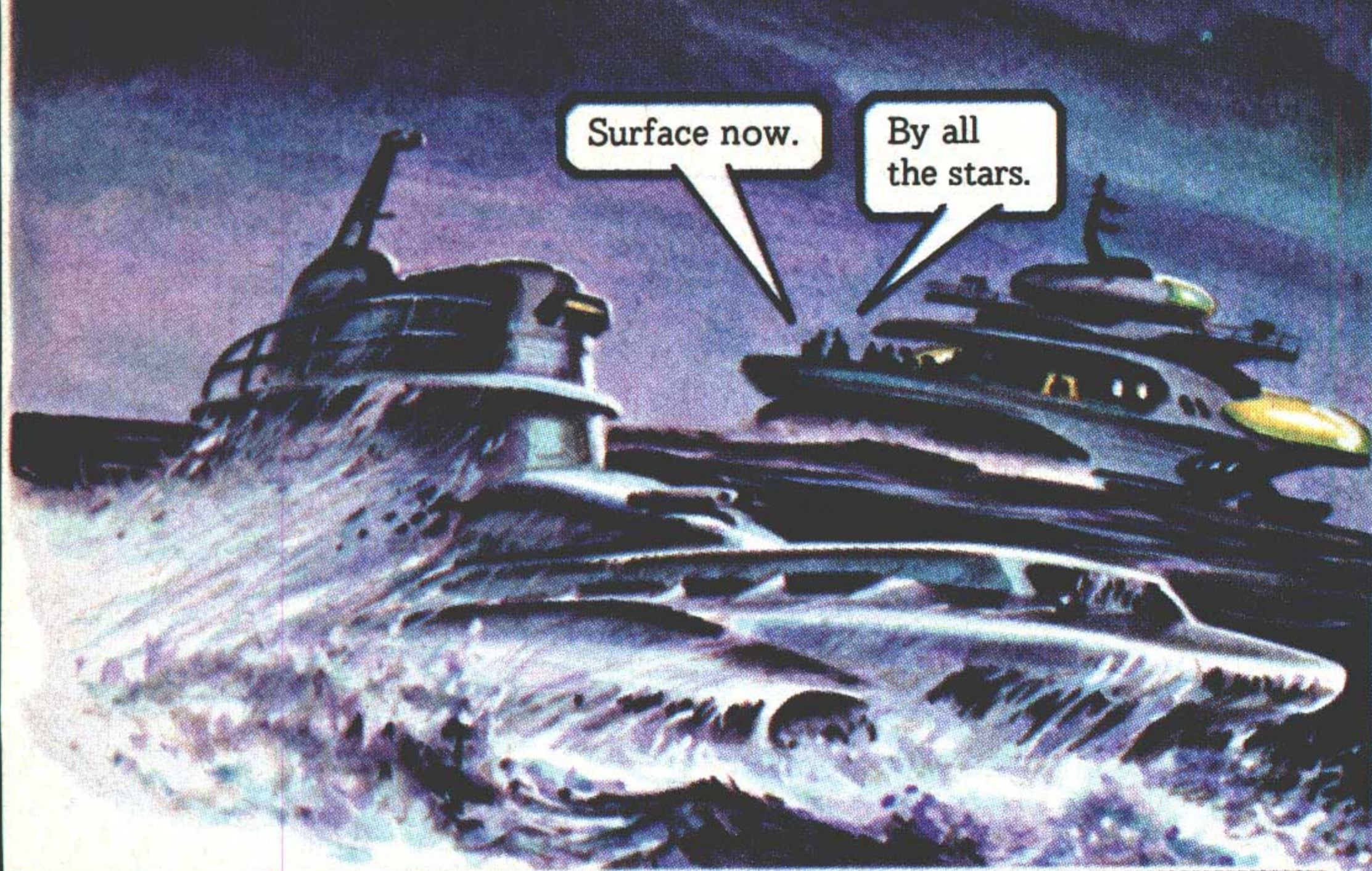
Imperial Majesty, I am not a
valet. I have the honour to be
a member of your Imperial
Majesty's secret service. Chango
has been keeping Krusi under
observation, while I have been
observing Chango.

Are you trying to tell me that
my own secret service has been
aware of the possibility of
this dastardly attack, yet they
never even warned me ?



Sire, you were never in
any real danger of
being kidnapped as
I will demonstrate.

A BRIEF COMMAND INTO A MINIATURE DEEP-SEA RADIO-SENDER BROUGHT
TO THE SURFACE A FIGHTING UNIT OF THE TRIGAN WAR-FLEET.



Surface now.

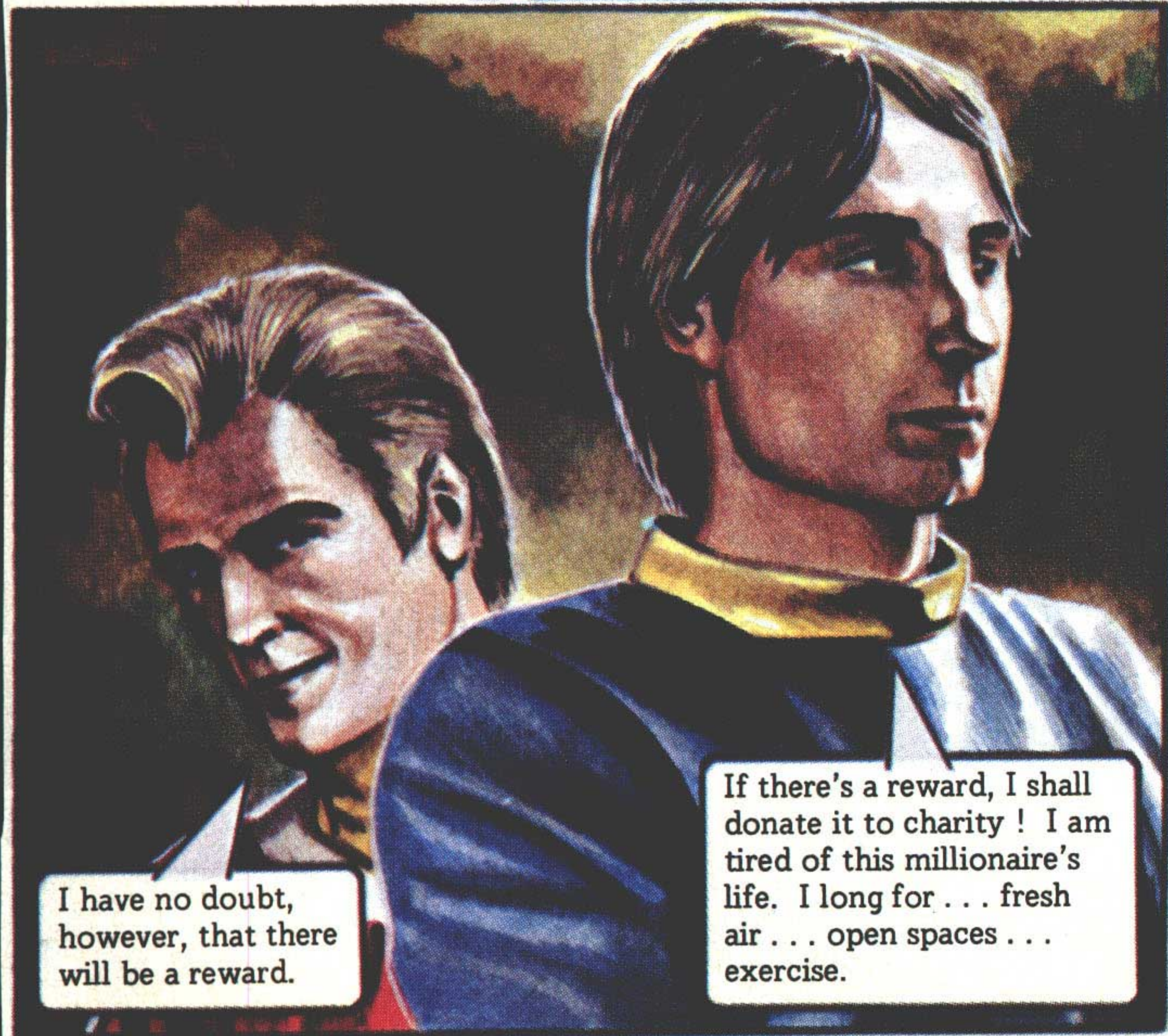
By all
the stars.

IN DUE COURSE, THE BANDITS HAVING BEEN CAPTURED, THE WHOLE SAGA
OF KRUSI'S "FORTUNE" WAS EXPLAINED TO HIM. HE HIMSELF TOOK HIS
FRIEND JANNO AND THE POLICE TO THE SAFE-DEPOSIT VAULT.



So it's all stolen, you
tell me ? Well, I
might have known
it was all too good
to last.

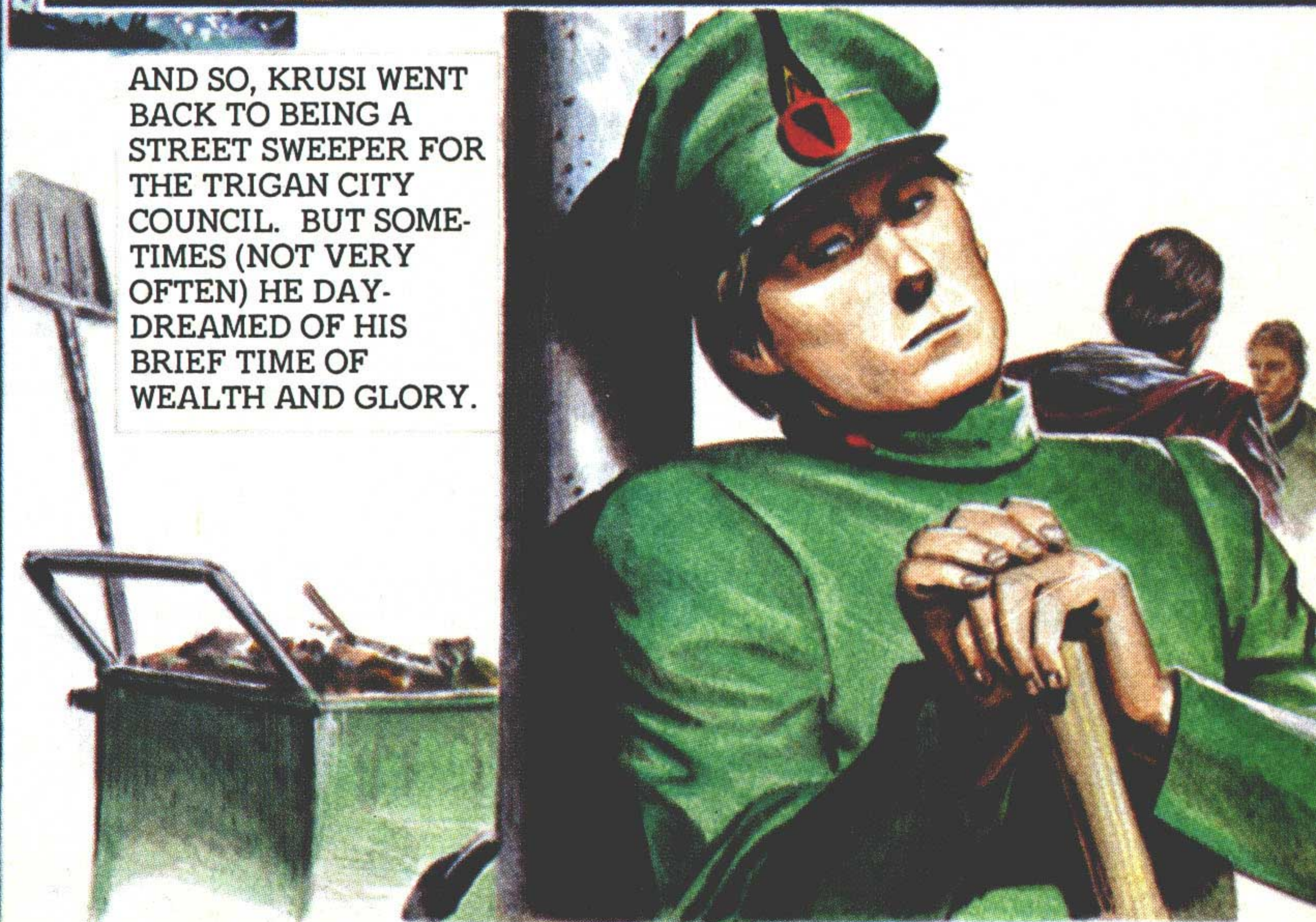
I'm afraid so, my friend. And
it will all have to be returned
to the rightful owners.



I have no doubt,
however, that there
will be a reward.

If there's a reward, I shall
donate it to charity ! I am
tired of this millionaire's
life. I long for . . . fresh
air . . . open spaces . . .
exercise.

AND SO, KRUSI WENT
BACK TO BEING A
STREET SWEEPER FOR
THE TRIGAN CITY
COUNCIL. BUT SOME-
TIMES (NOT VERY
OFTEN) HE DAY-
DREAMED OF HIS
BRIEF TIME OF
WEALTH AND GLORY.



ANOTHER EXCITING STORY BEGINS NEXT WEEK