

MORE ADVENTURES OF 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.

IN THE FIFTH YEAR OF ZEER WAS FOUGHT, BETWEEN THE TRIGANS AND THEIR TRADITIONAL ENEMIES THE CATONS, A DESTRUCTIVE AND SICKENING WAR.



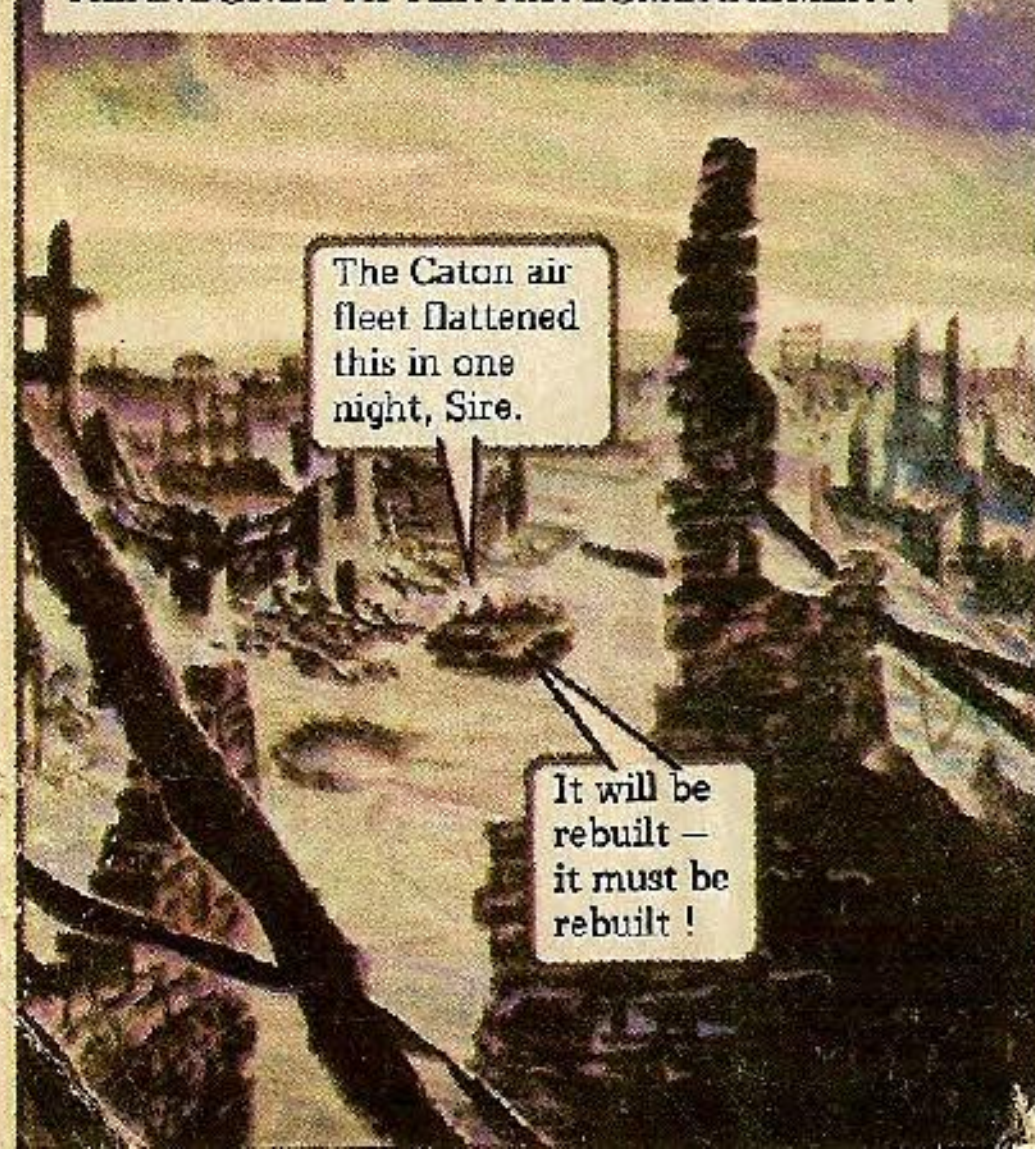
THE TRIGANS WON AN EMPTY VICTORY. SOON AFTER, TRIGO WAS TAKEN ON A CONDUCTED TOUR OF THE BATTLE AREAS.

That hill, Sire, was captured by your own regiment of guards, at the cost of twelve thousand troops!

I know it well. Before the war, it was a pleasant wooded hill, much favoured by picnickers!

And to think that twelve thousand died there!

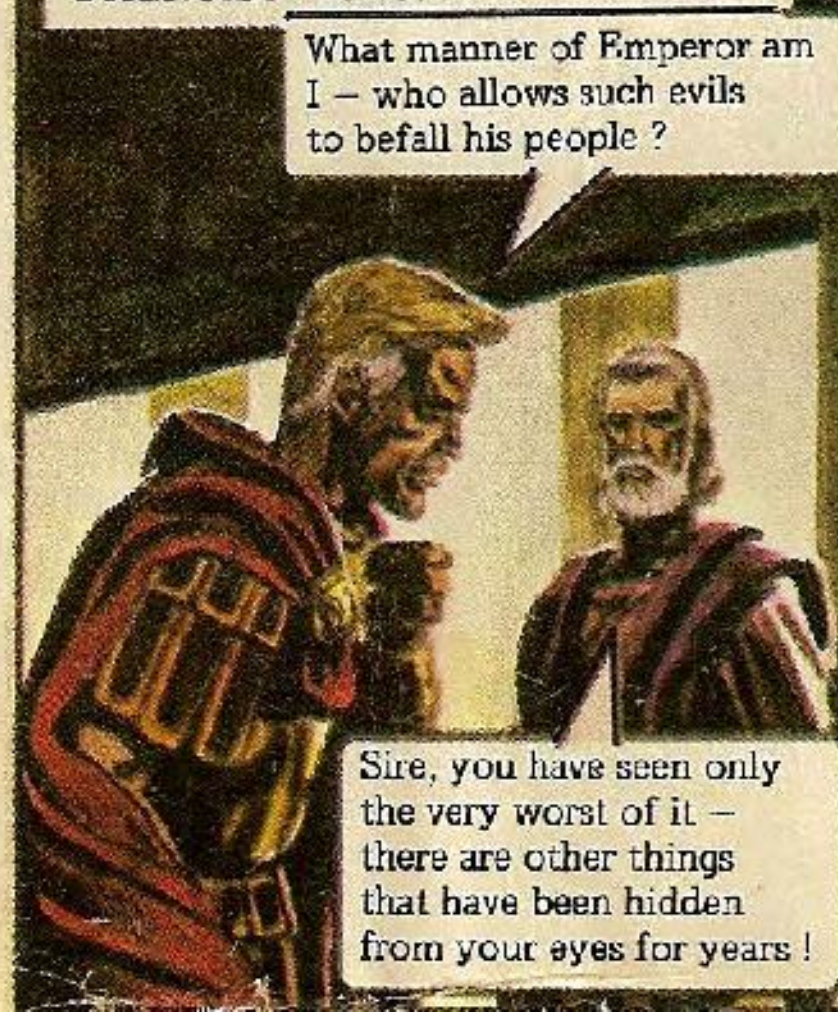
HE SAW THE TOWNS, RUINED AND ABANDONED AFTER AIR BOMBARDMENT.



The Caton air fleet flattened this in one night, Sire.

It will be rebuilt — it must be rebuilt!

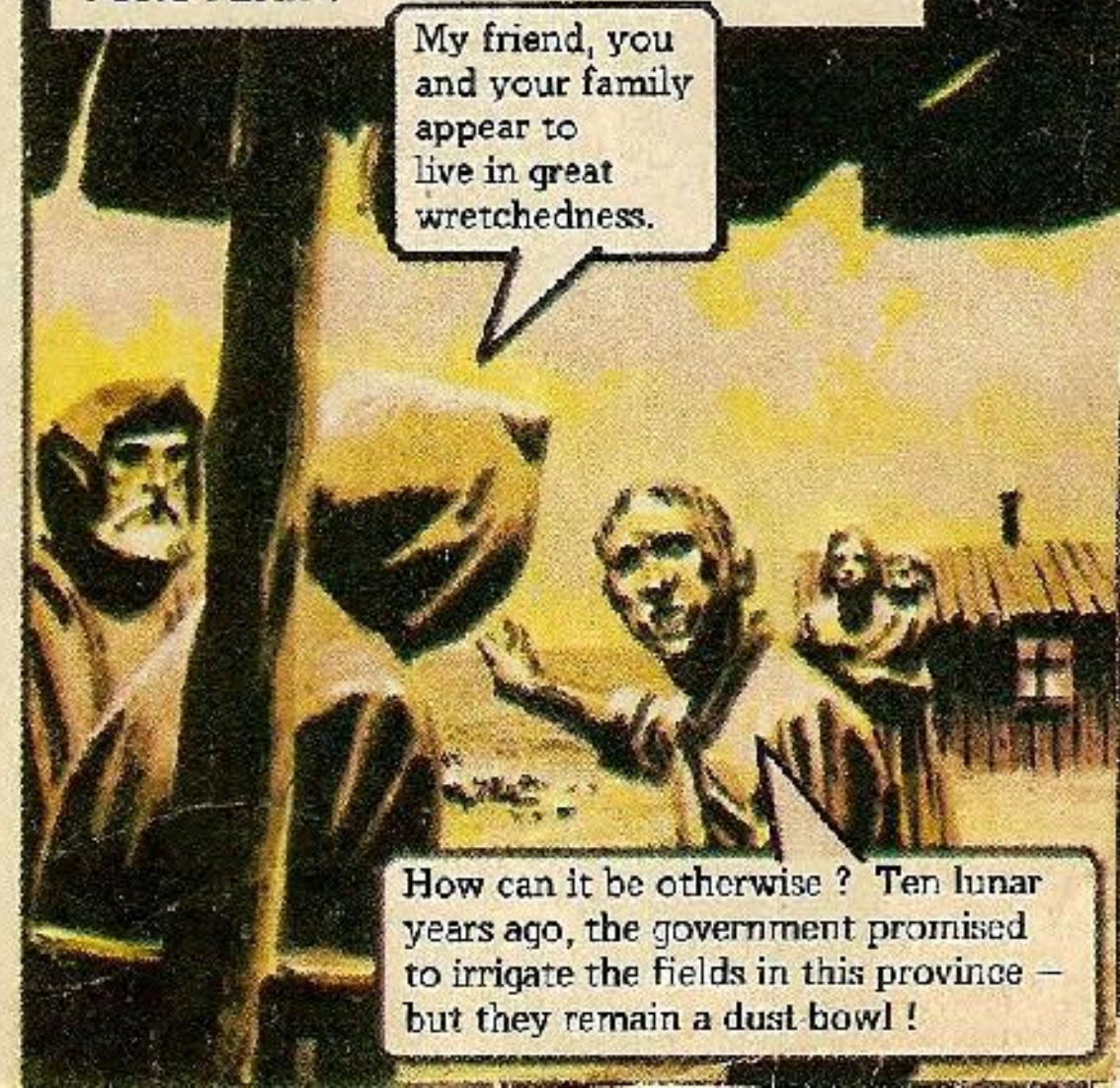
THE EMPEROR WAS PROFOUNDLY MOVED BY ALL HE HAD SEEN. AS HE SAID TO HIS OLD FRIEND AND CONFIDANT, THE GREAT SCIENTIST PERIC...



What manner of Emperor am I — who allows such evils to befall his people?

Sire, you have seen only the very worst of it — there are other things that have been hidden from your eyes for years!

PERIC GUIDED HIS EMPEROR ON A TOUR THROUGH THE RURAL AREAS OF THE VORG PLAIN.



My friend, you and your family appear to live in great wretchedness.

How can it be otherwise? Ten lunar years ago, the government promised to irrigate the fields in this province — but they remain a dust bowl!



AND SHOWED HIM THINGS  
IN HIS OWN CAPITAL CITY.

Spare a zest,  
for I have  
not eaten all  
day, Masters.

And to think that  
this pest-hole is  
but a stonethrow  
from my Imperial  
Palace!

THAT NIGHT, TRIGO CAME FACE-TO-  
FACE WITH HIS OWN CONSCIENCE.

My failure is worse than  
I had thought. Not only  
did I bring the wretched-  
ness of war upon my  
people, but, even in times  
of peace, I have shut my  
eyes to the misery and  
squalor all about me!

Very well, since I have  
failed, I will renounce  
my throne and go  
away — somewhere in  
the wilderness, where I  
can think things out...  
try and discover  
where I went wrong!

HIS FAMILY AND FRIENDS, THE GREAT  
COUNCIL OF THE EMPIRE — ALL  
WERE UNABLE TO SHAKE HIS RESOLVE.

But this is  
madness! Where  
will we be  
without you?

Anyone on this planet  
could have managed  
the Trigan Empire as  
badly as I, and most  
could do better! You  
will do very well,  
brother Brag. My  
best wishes to you.

OUT IN THE WILDERNESS, A  
LIGHTEARTEDNESS CAME UPON  
THE SPIRITS OF THE EX-EMPEROR.

I'm free —  
free!

HE LIVED SIMPLY, FEEDING UPON BERRIES AND  
HERBS. AND HE SPENT A GREAT PART OF EVERY  
DAY IN MEDITATION — AFTER THE MANNER OF  
THE ANCIENT VORG MYSTICS.

A PARTY OF NOMADIC SLAVE-TRADERS!

Seize him and bind him!  
He's only a puny holy  
man by the look of him,  
but he can be worked  
to death!

ONE DAY, HIS  
MEDITATIONS WERE  
RUDELY SHATTERED!

By all  
the stars!  
What?...



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Despairing of bringing peace and happiness to his people, Trigo renounces his throne and wanders in the wilderness as a poor holy man. But he is confronted by a band of nomad slave-traders...

ONE OF THE SLAVERS LAID A CONTEMPTUOUS HAND UPON TRIGO...



...AND SUFFERED GRAVELY IN CONSEQUENCE.

On your feet, holy man!

Nnnnnnnuuughhh!

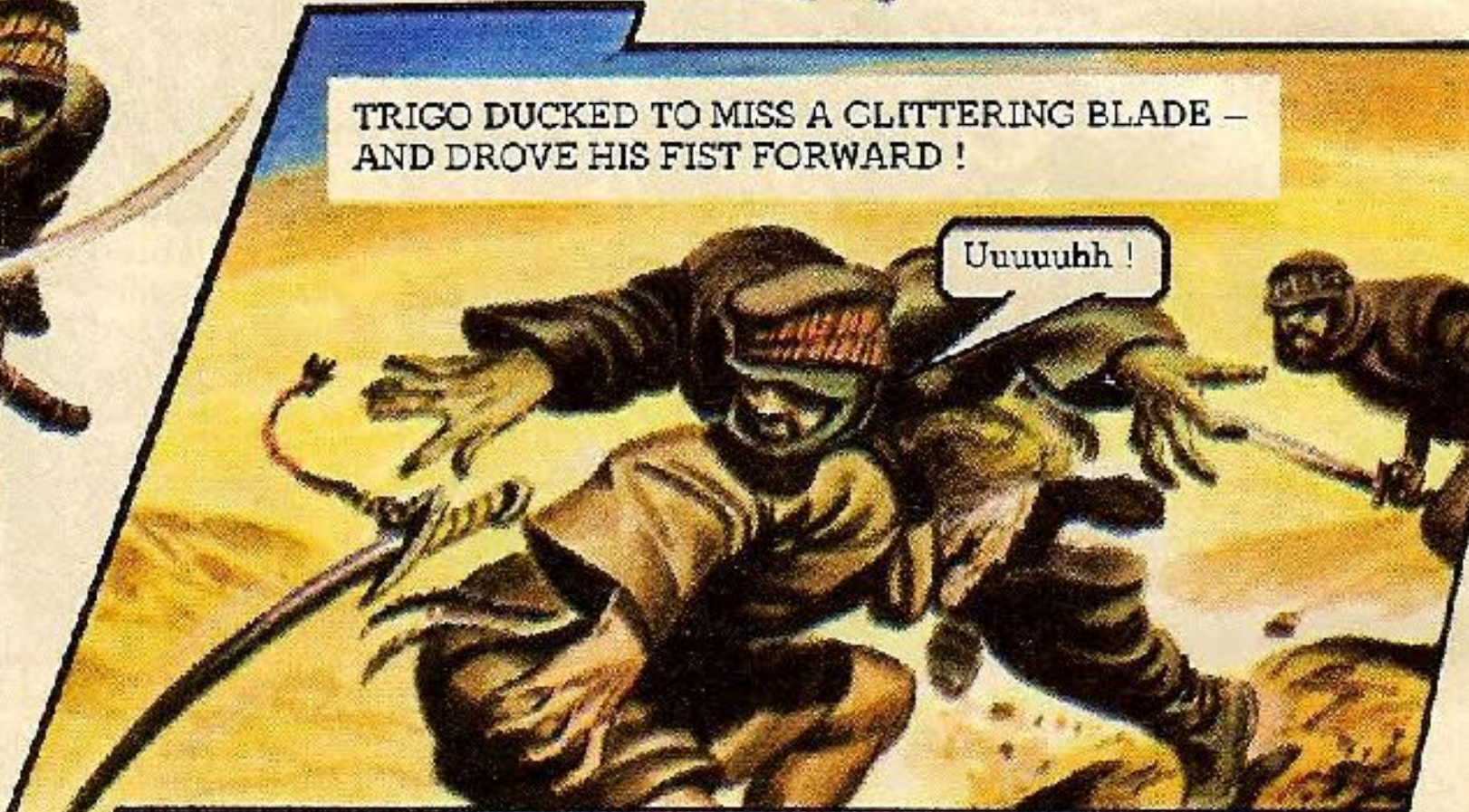


THE SLAVERS' LEADER BARKED A BRUTAL ORDER.



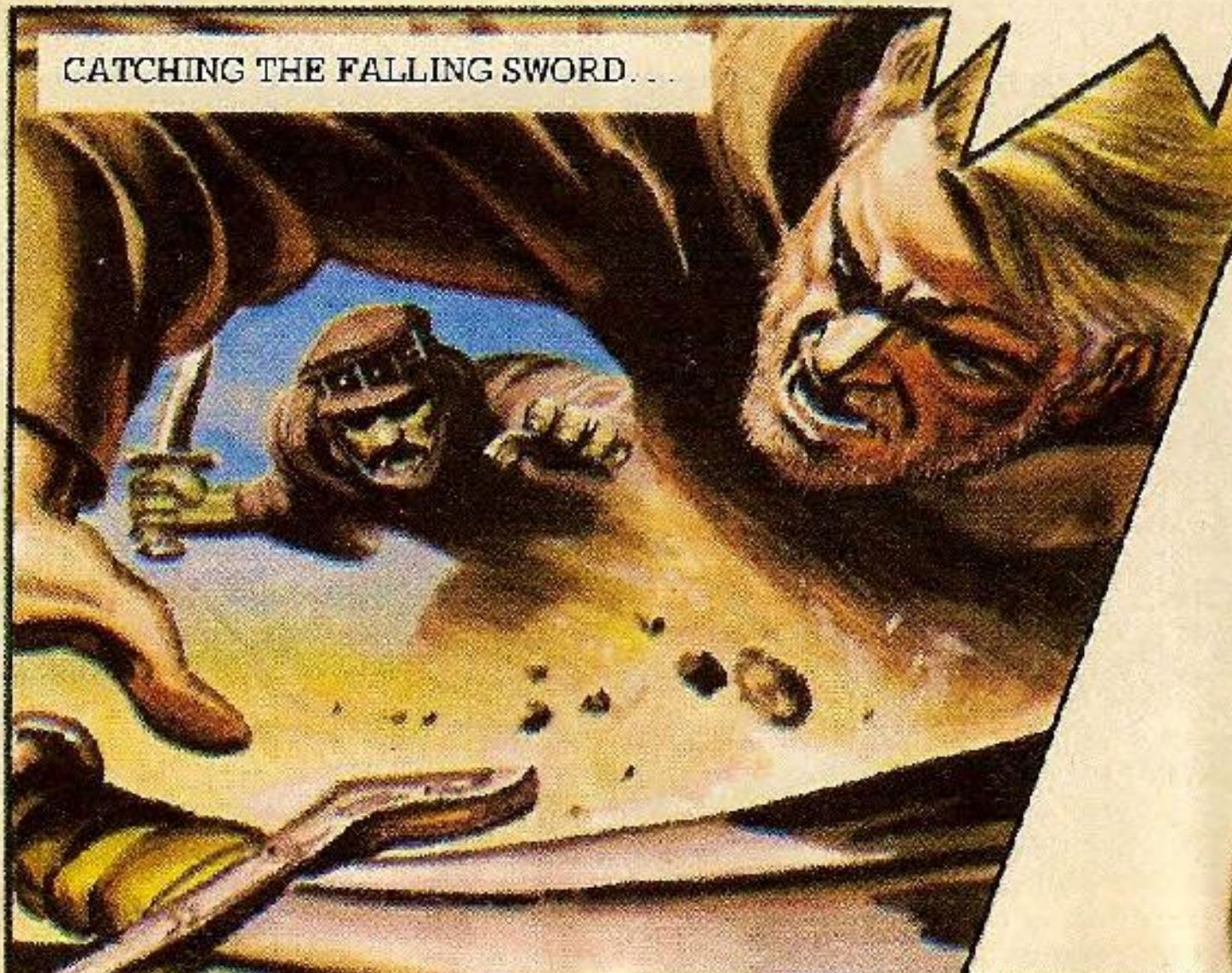
You two. Teach him a lesson.

TRIGO DUCKED TO MISS A CLITTERING BLADE — AND DROVE HIS FIST FORWARD!



Uuuuuhh!

CATCHING THE FALLING SWORD...



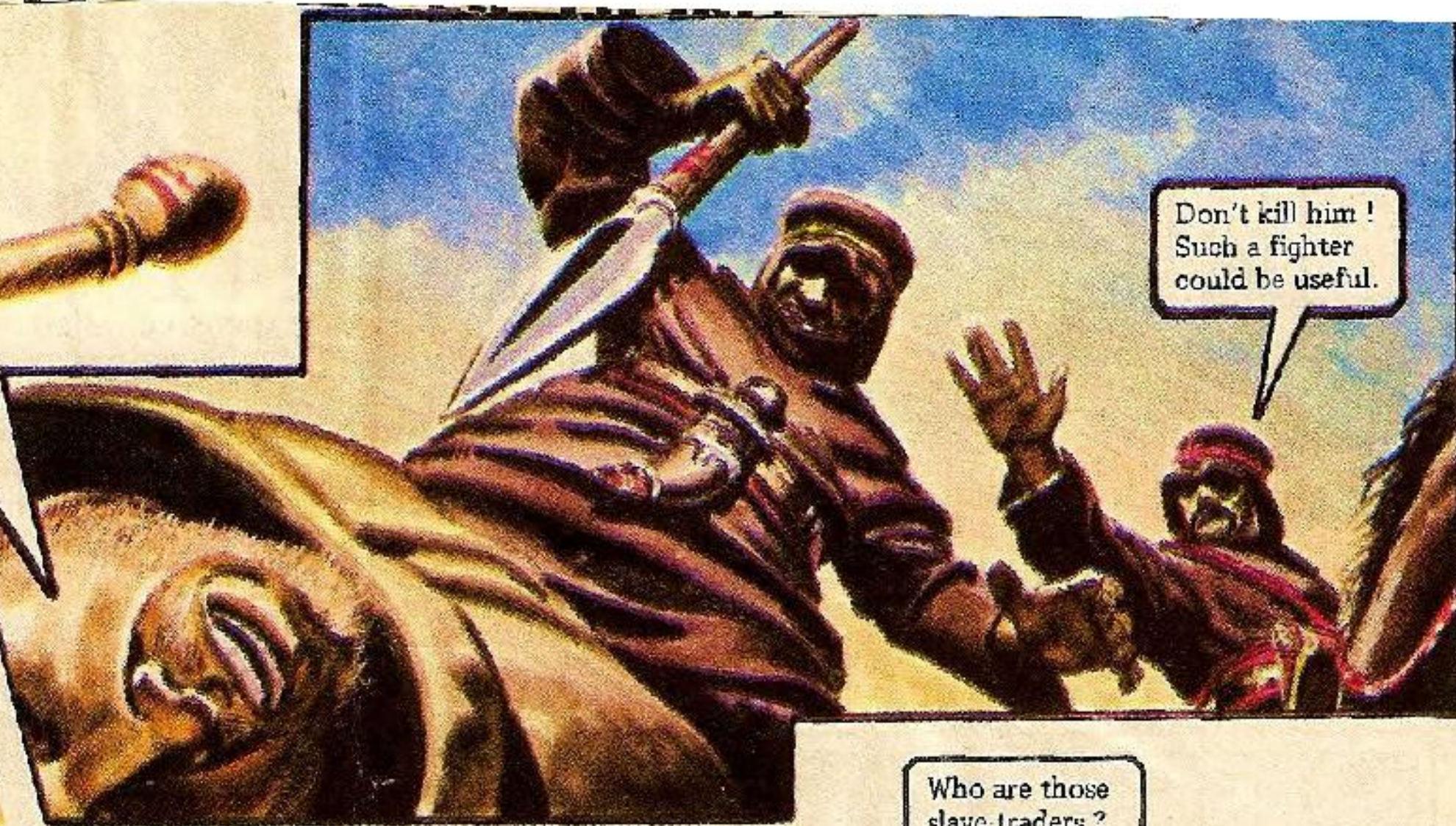
... HE PUT IT TO GOOD USE!



Aaaah!



NEXT INSTANT, THE EX-EMPEROR'S WORLD DISSOLVED IN A FLASH OF AGONY.



WHEN CONSCIOUSNESS RETURNED, TRIGO FOUND HIMSELF BEING HALF-CARRIED, HALF-DRAGGED.

Where am I and who... who are you?

A slave like yourself, fellow! And in no condition to help you along for one instant longer than you can walk on your own two feet!



Who are those slave traders? Where are they taking us?



Their leader is Zannobopo, chief of all the nomads of the black wilderness.

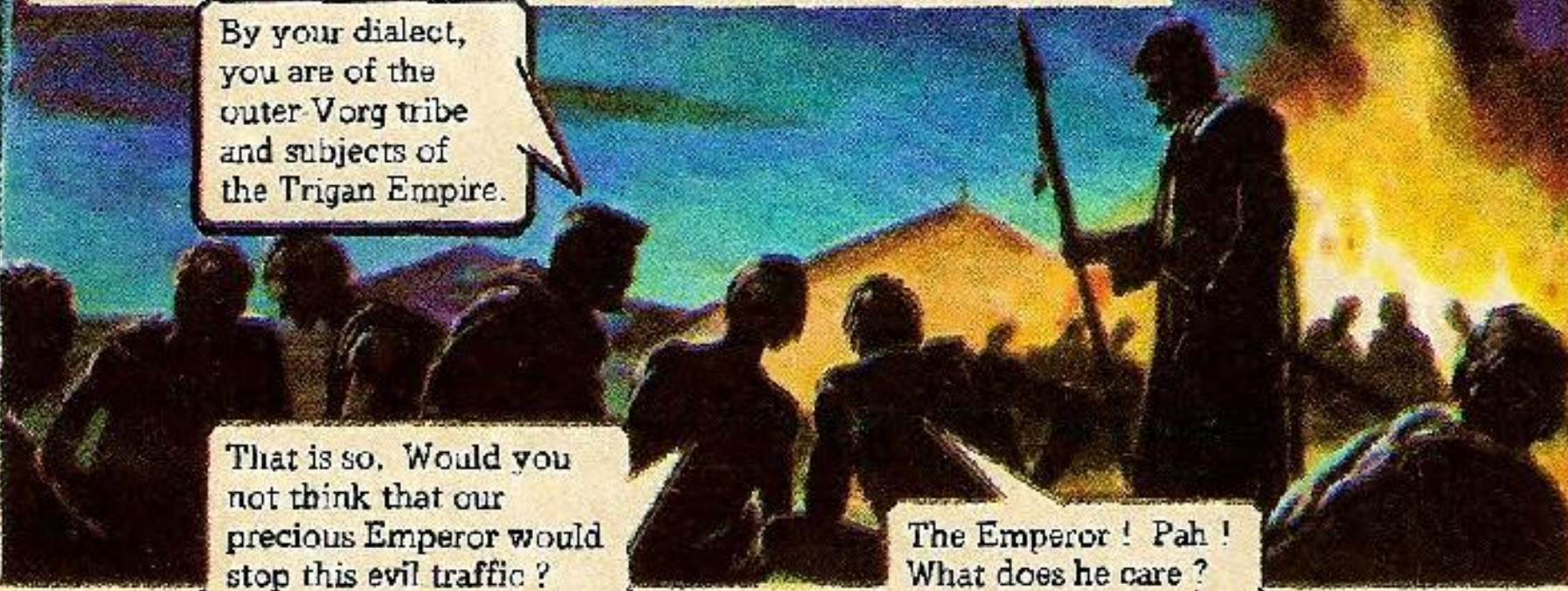
We are being taken to the slave-market. We are doomed, all of us. There is no escape!

AT NIGHT, THE SLAVERS MADE CAMP, AND THE EX-EMPEROR WAS ABLE TO QUESTION HIS COMPANIONS FURTHER.

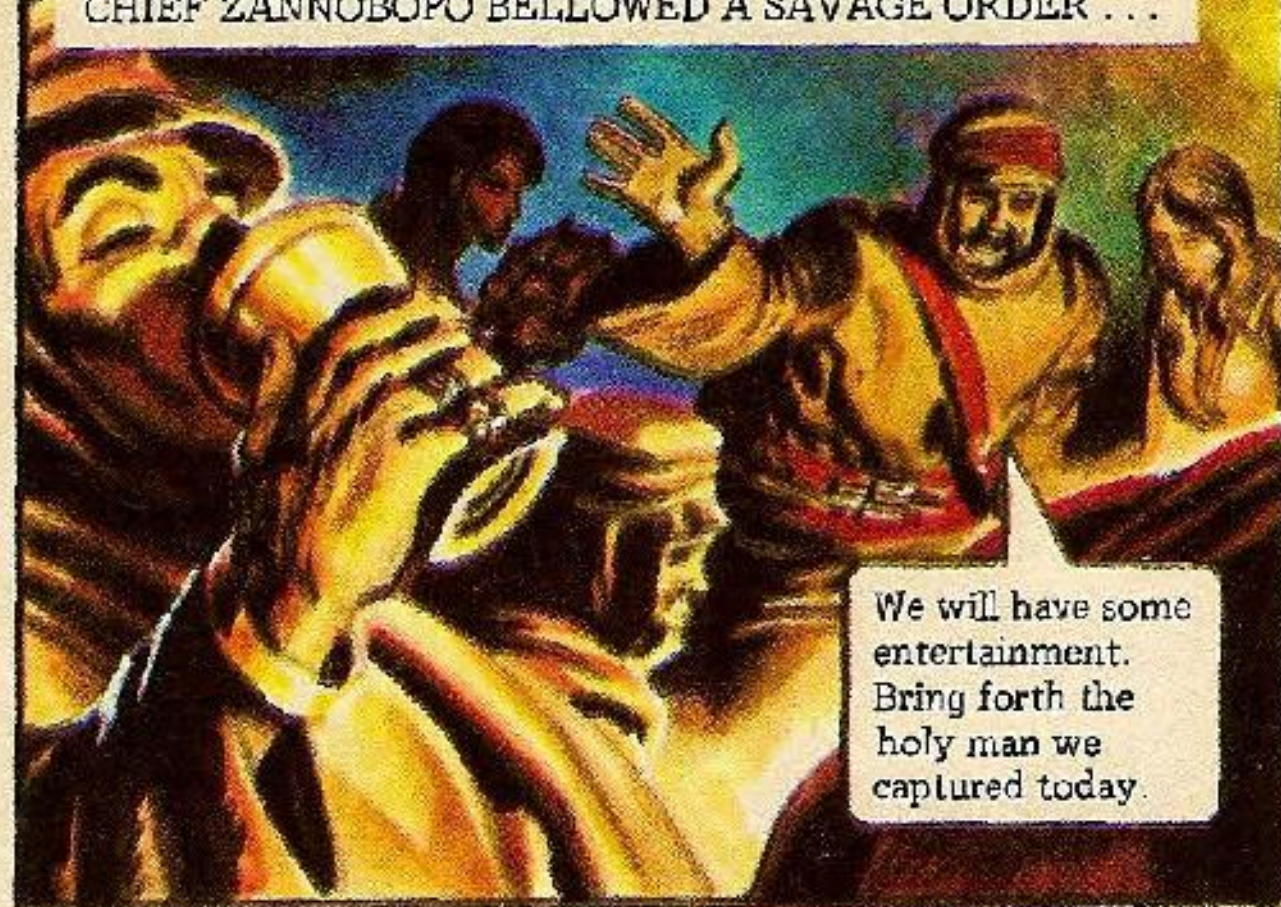
By your dialect, you are of the outer Vorg tribe and subjects of the Trigan Empire.

That is so. Would you not think that our precious Emperor would stop this evil traffic?

The Emperor! Pah! What does he care?



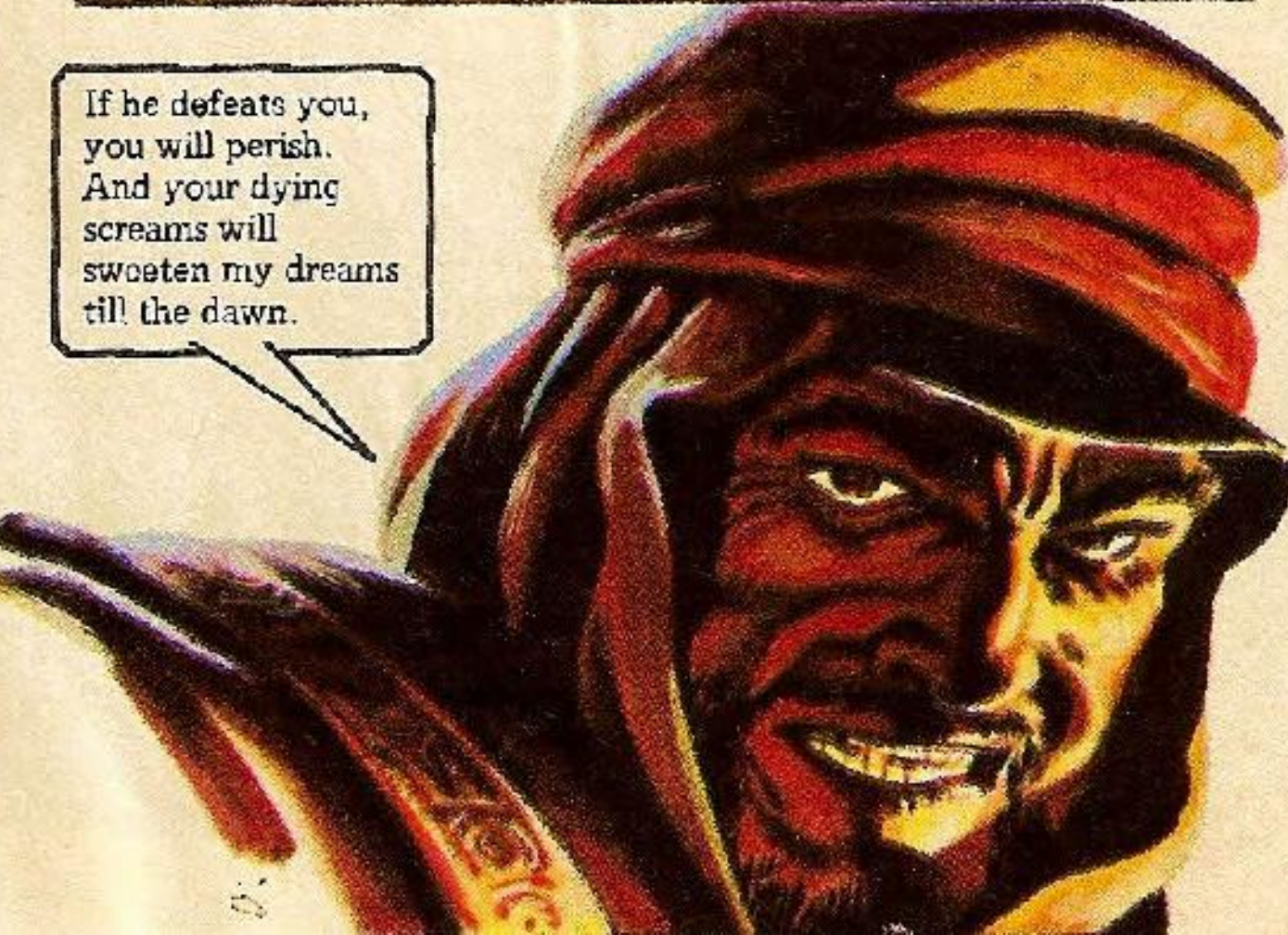
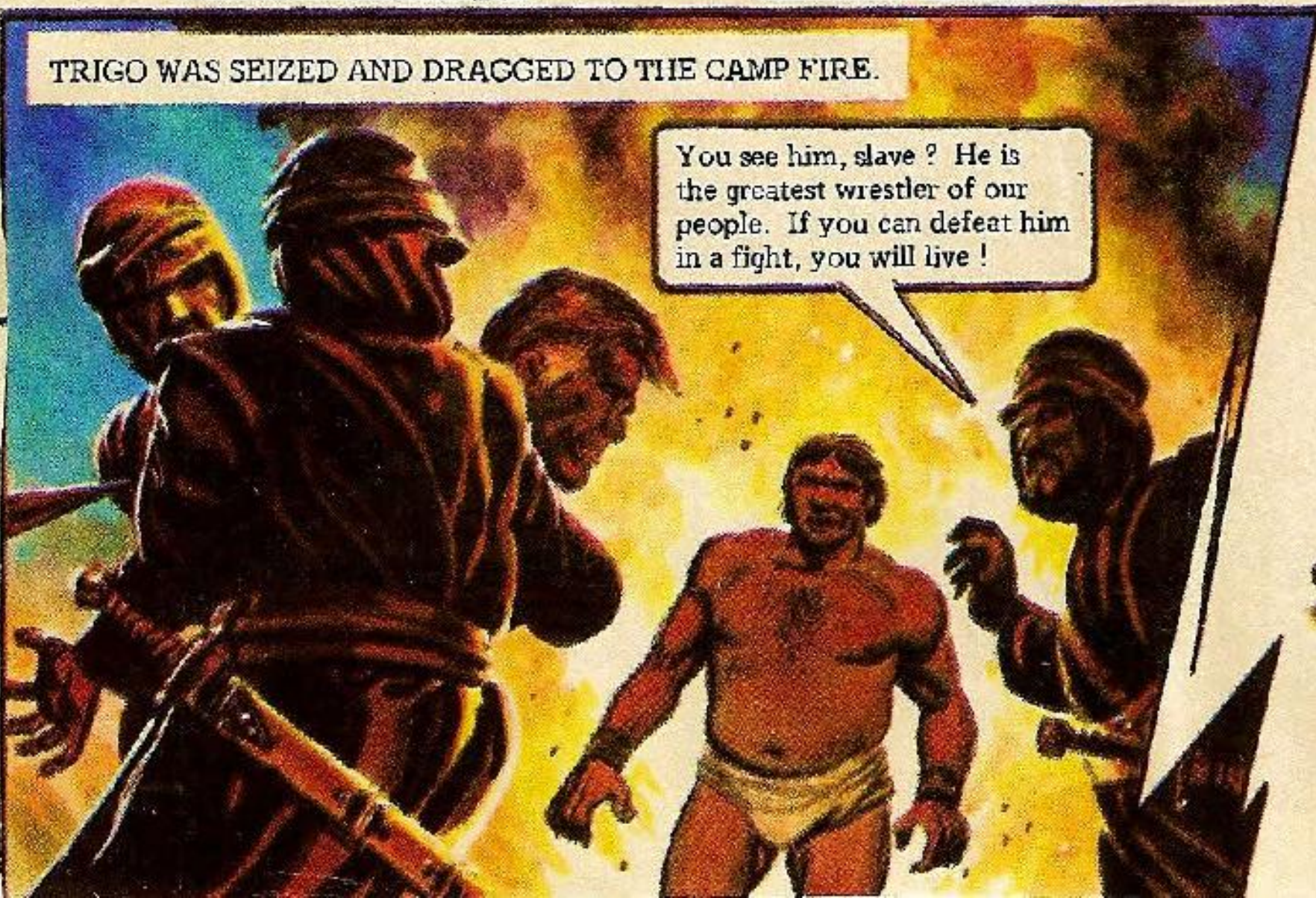
A BARBARIC FEAST WAS TAKING PLACE ABOUT THE SLAVERS' CAMP FIRE. AT ITS HEIGHT, THE GREAT CHIEF ZANNOBOPPO BELLOWED A SAVAGE ORDER...



TRIGO WAS SEIZED AND DRAGGED TO THE CAMP FIRE.

You see him, slave? He is the greatest wrestler of our people. If you can defeat him in a fight, you will live!

If he defeats you, you will perish. And your dying screams will sweeten my dreams till the dawn.





MORE ADVENTURES OF THE

# TRIGAN EMPIRE

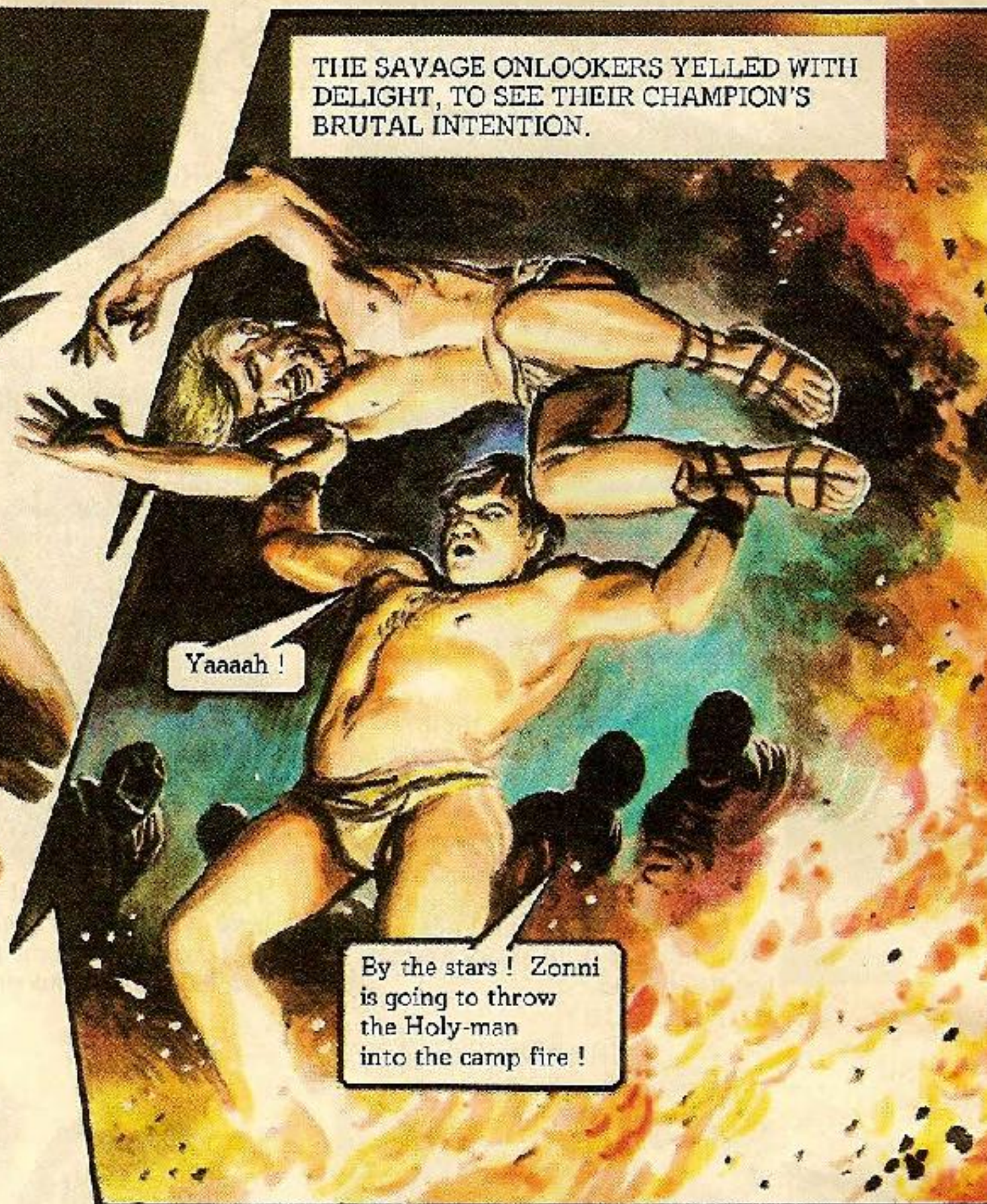
Believing that he has failed to bring peace and happiness to his people, Trig begins wandering in wilderness as a holy man. Captured by nomadic slave traders, he is made to fight their champion wrestler.

TRIGO SCARCELY HAD TIME TO STRIP BEFORE THE MASSIVE CREATURE WAS UPON HIM !



Hah !

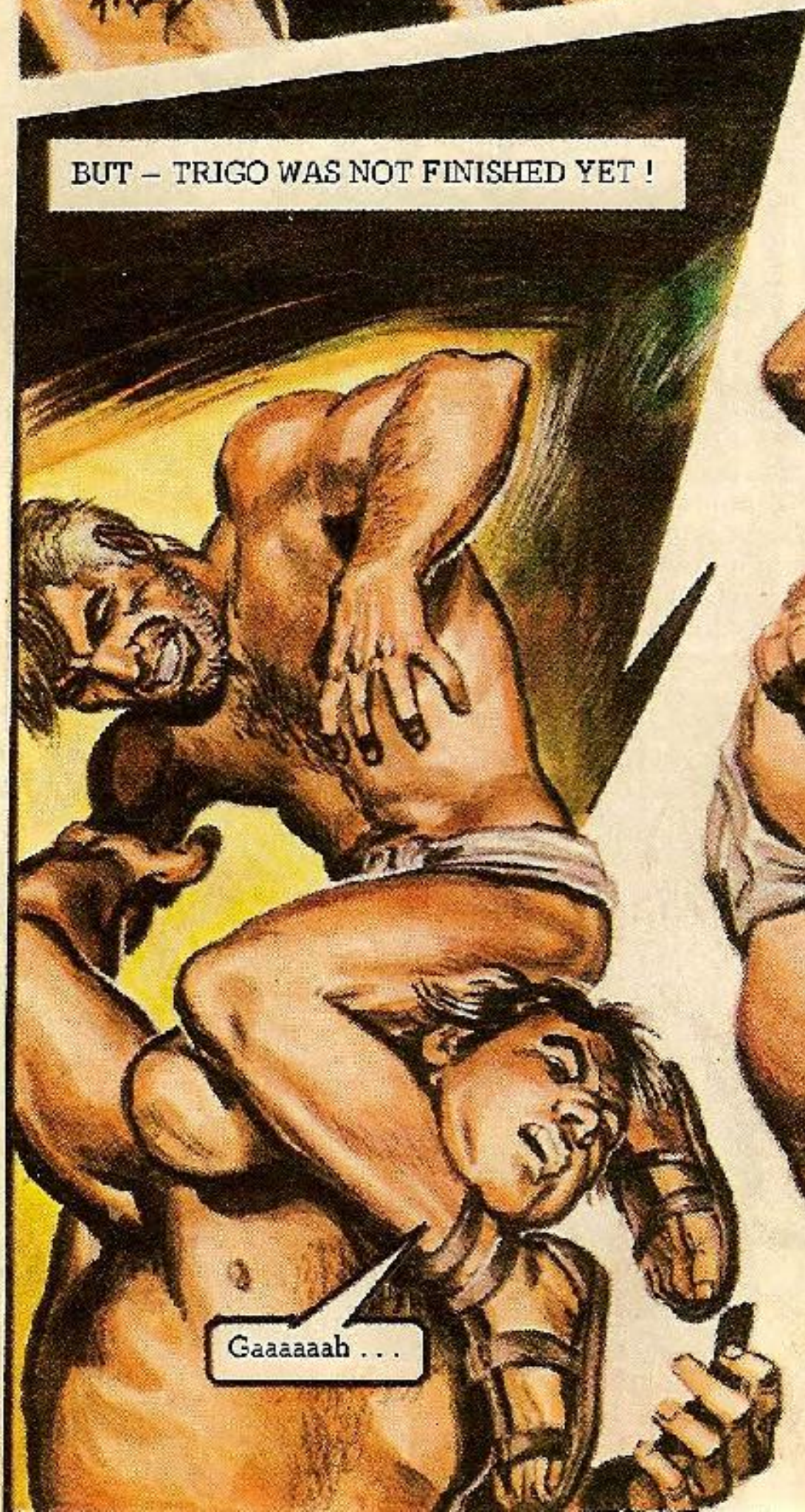
THE SAVAGE ONLOOKERS YELLED WITH DELIGHT, TO SEE THEIR CHAMPION'S BRUTAL INTENTION.



Yaaaah !

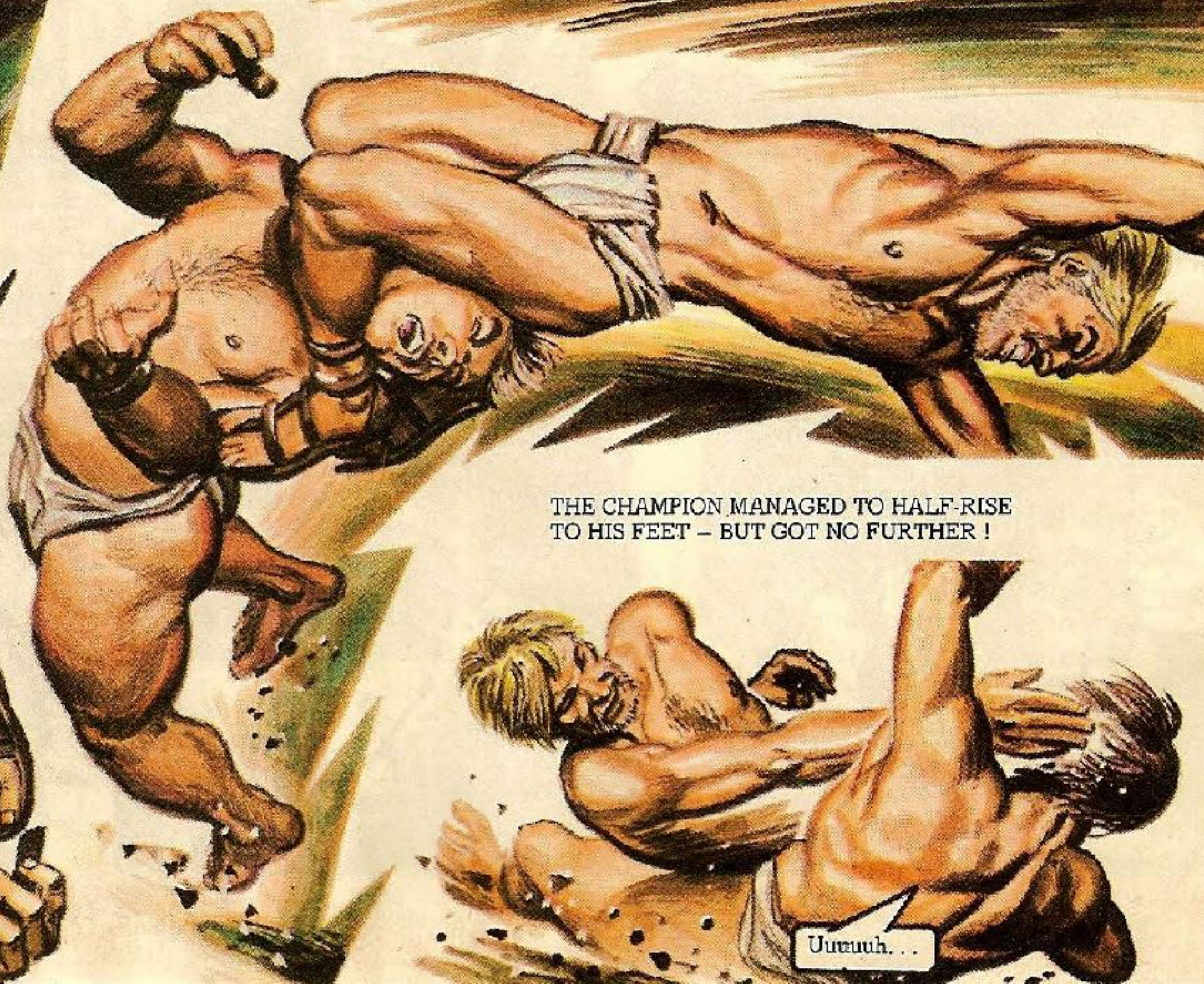
By the stars ! Zonni is going to throw the Holy-man into the camp fire !

BUT - TRIGO WAS NOT FINISHED YET !

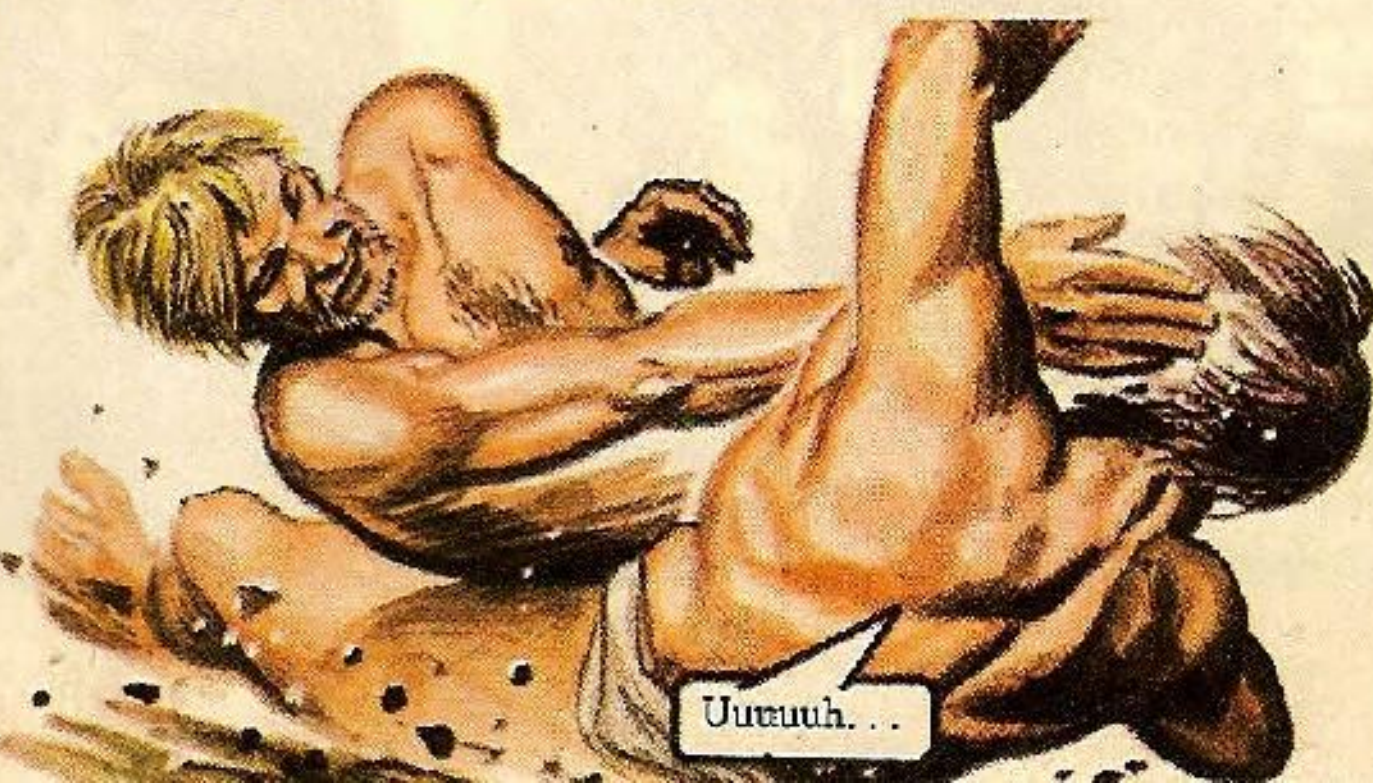


Gaaaaaah ...

HE LEAPT HEADLONG - BRINGING HIS GIANT OPPONENT WITH HIM !



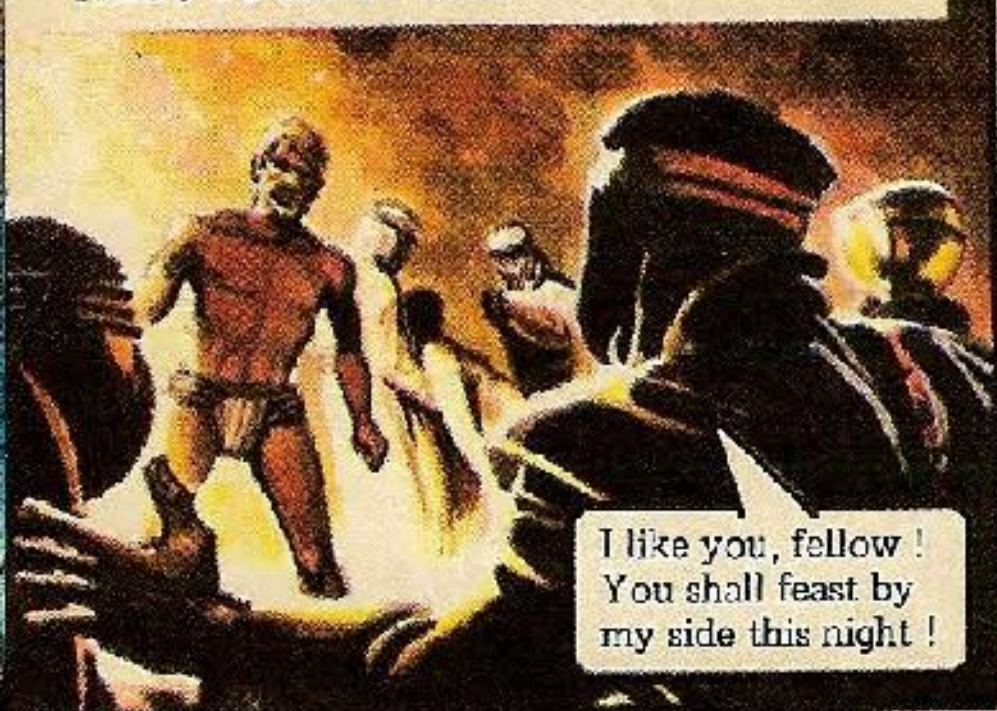
THE CHAMPION MANAGED TO HALF-RISE TO HIS FEET - BUT GOT NO FURTHER !



Urruuuh ...

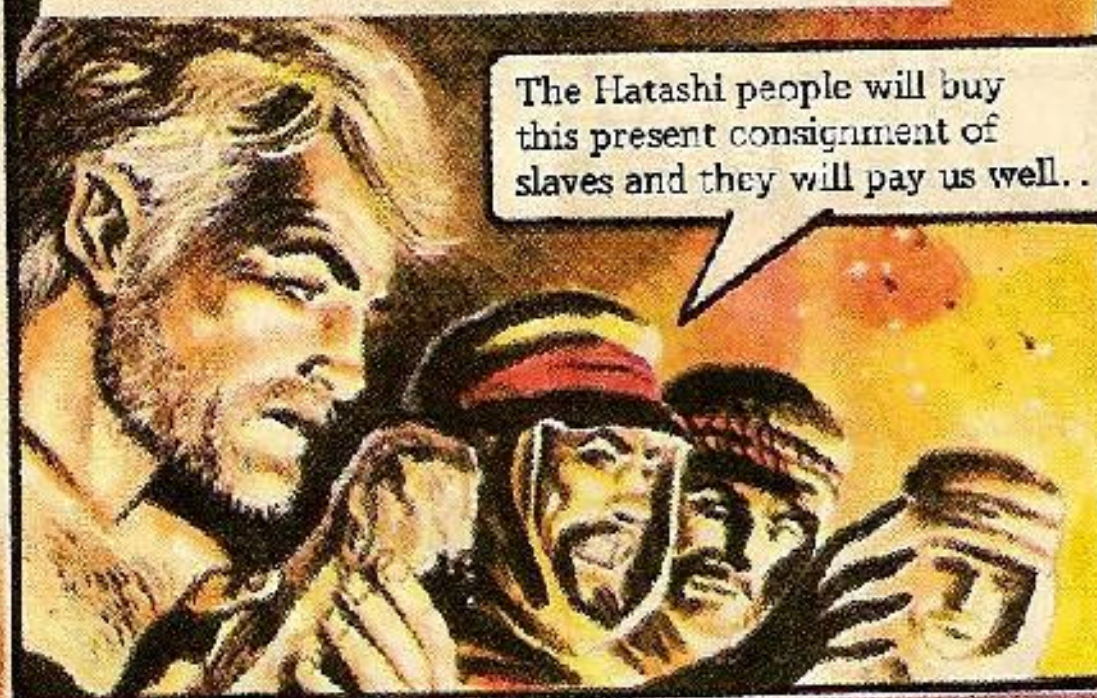


CHIEF ZANNOBOPO'S MOOD CHANGED TO THAT OF HIGH DELIGHT. HE WAVED TRIGO TO SIT BY HIM.



I like you, fellow!  
You shall feast by  
my side this night!

TRIGO OBEYED, EATING SPARINGLY AND LISTENING TO THE SLAVE-TRADERS' BRUTAL CONVERSATION.



The Hatashi people will buy  
this present consignment of  
slaves and they will pay us well...

The Hatashi send  
their slaves into the  
arena to fight against  
wild beasts bare-  
handed - so they are  
in constant need  
of fresh slaves...

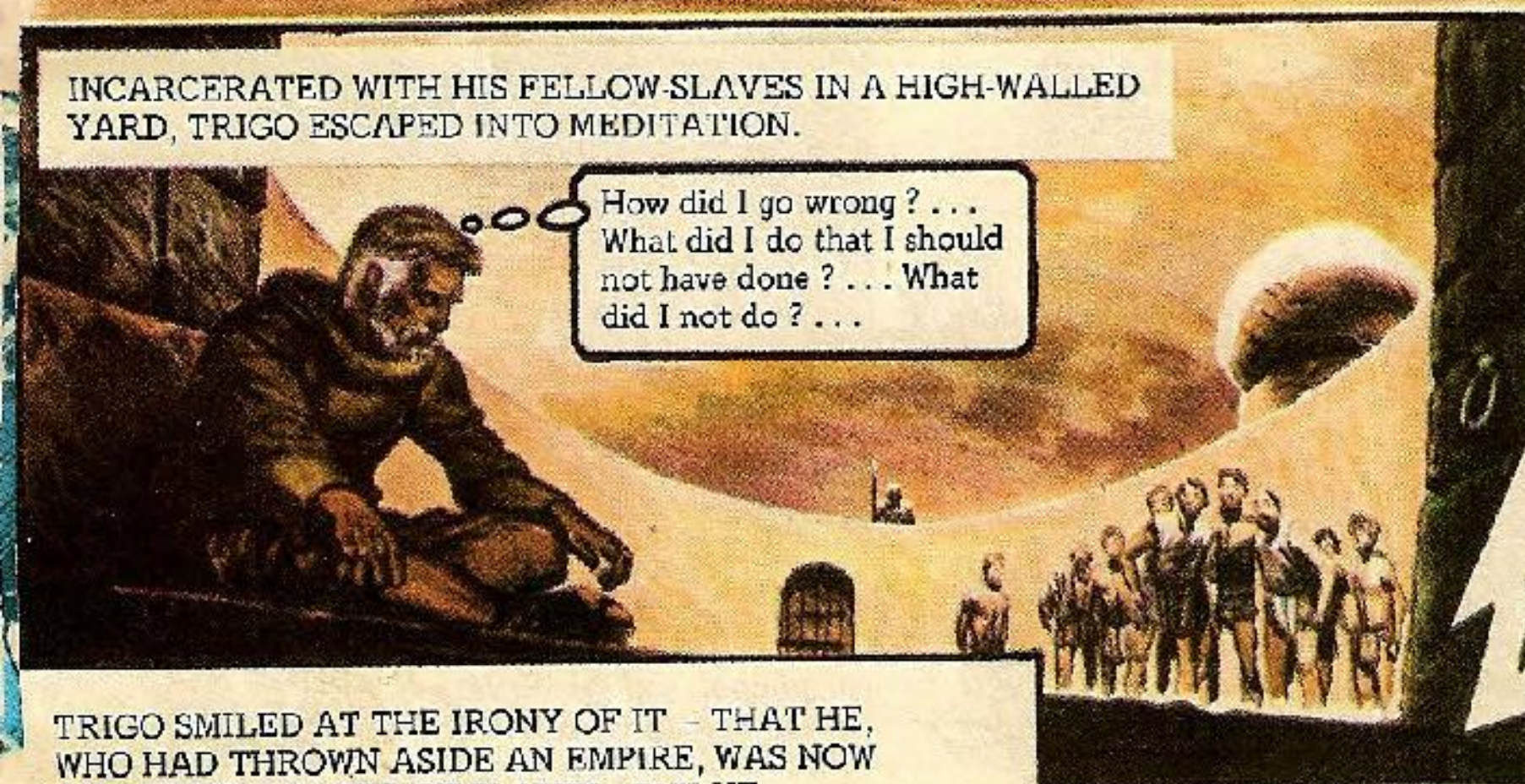
...I should think  
they will be  
mightily pleased  
with you, fellow,  
eh? Heh, heh!



NEXT MORNING, THE CARAVAN CAME TO THE  
FORTRESS-CITY SURROUNDED BY THE BLACK  
MOUNTAINS THAT GAVE THE WILDERNESS ITS NAME.

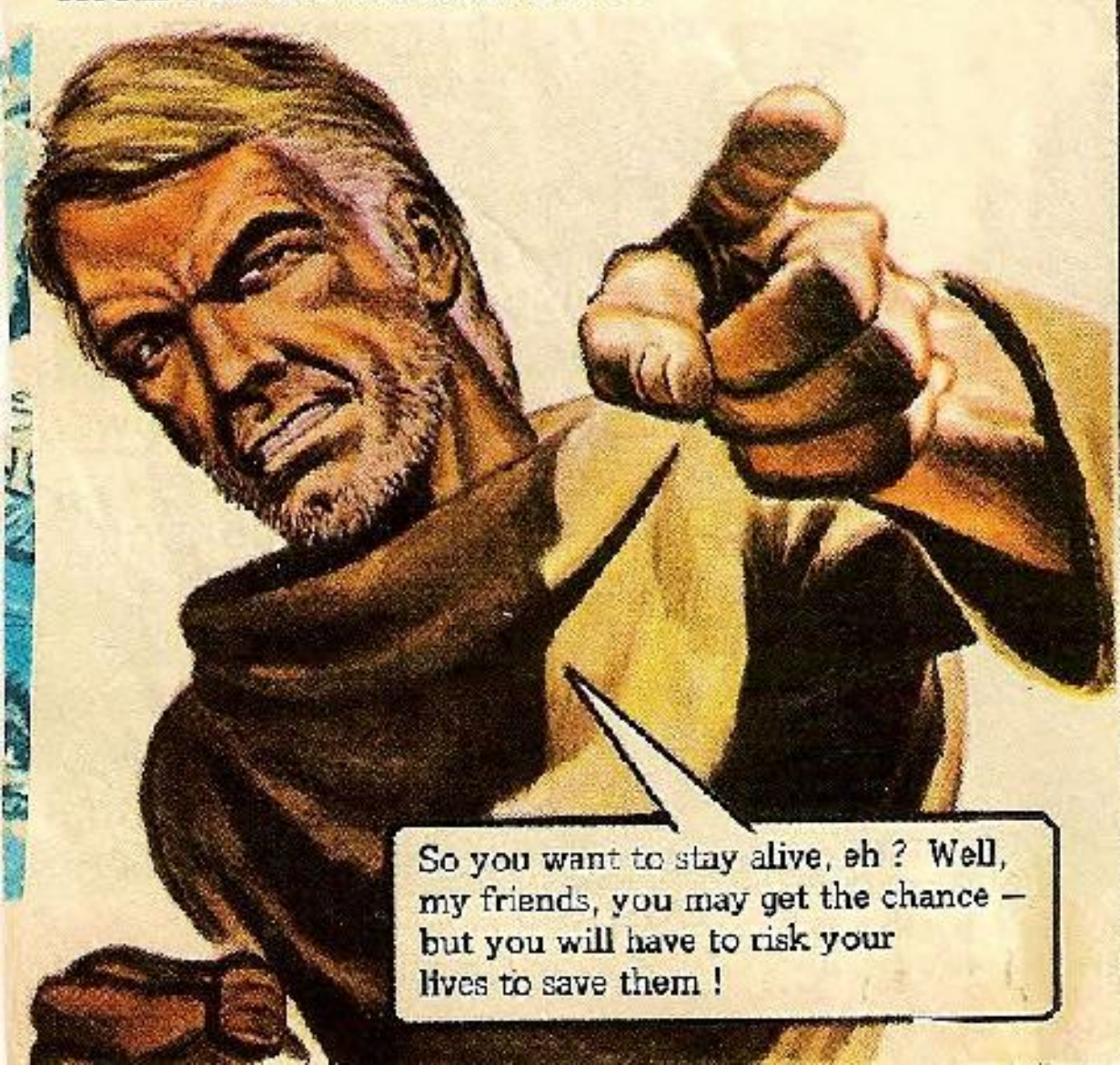


INCARCERATED WITH HIS FELLOW-SLAVES IN A HIGH-WALLED  
YARD, TRIGO ESCAPED INTO MEDITATION.



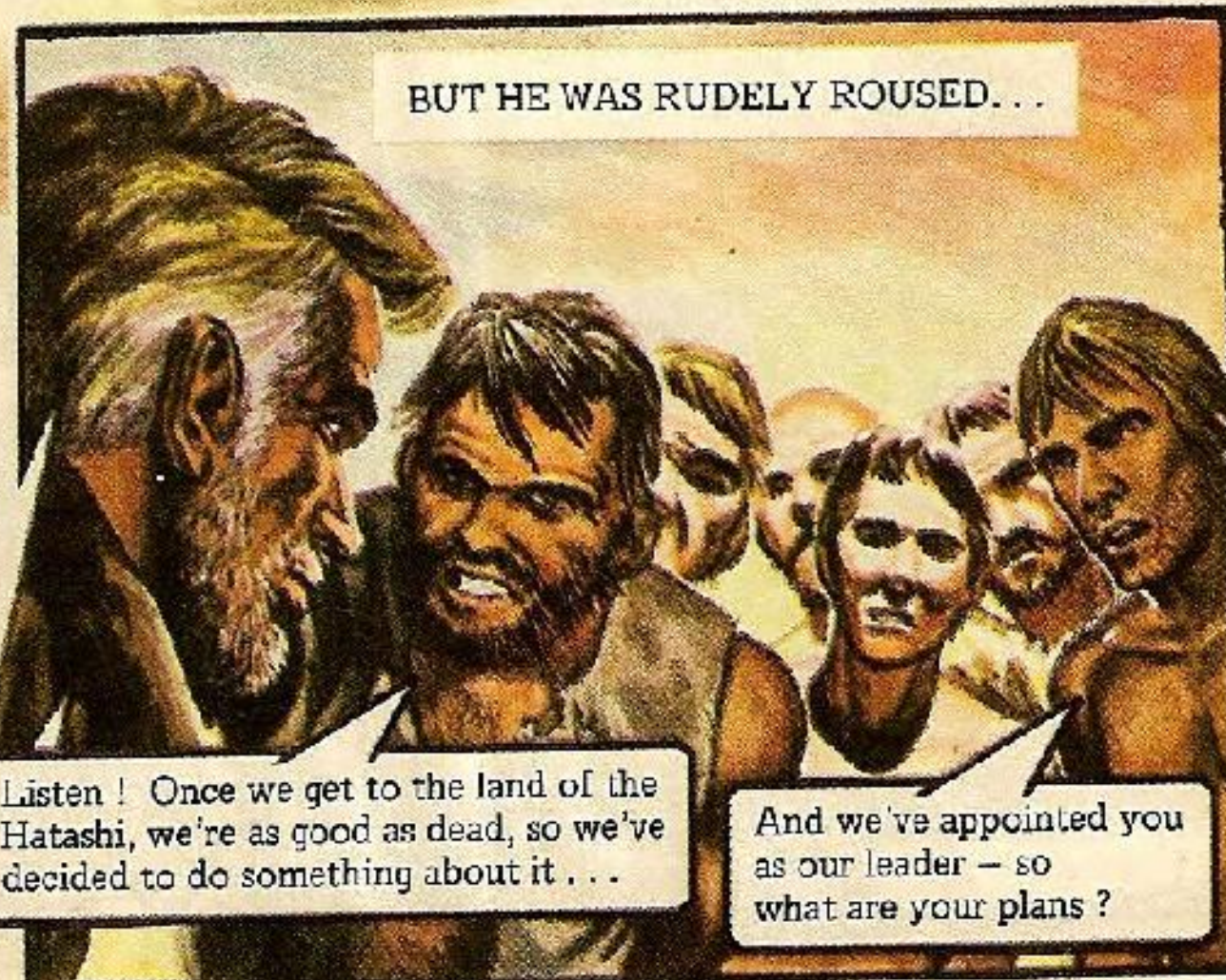
How did I go wrong?...  
What did I do that I should  
not have done?... What  
did I not do?...

TRIGO SMILED AT THE IRONY OF IT - THAT HE,  
WHO HAD THROWN ASIDE AN EMPIRE, WAS NOW  
APPOINTED LEADER OF SLAVES. BUT HE  
ACCEPTED THE CHALLENGE...



So you want to stay alive, eh? Well,  
my friends, you may get the chance -  
but you will have to risk your  
lives to save them!

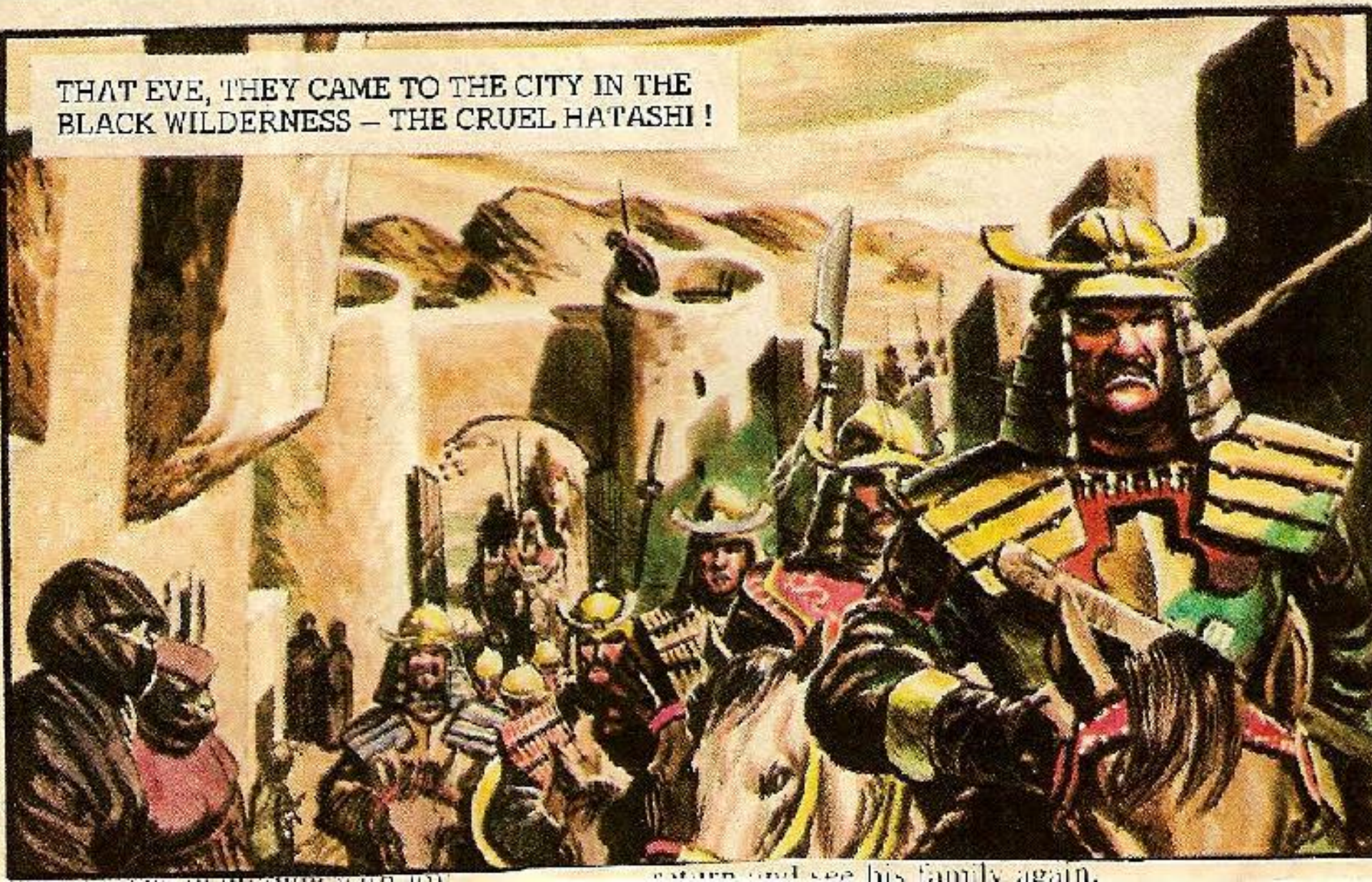
BUT HE WAS RUDELY ROUSED...



Listen! Once we get to the land of the  
Hatashi, we're as good as dead, so we've  
decided to do something about it...

And we've appointed you  
as our leader - so  
what are your plans?

THAT EVE, THEY CAME TO THE CITY IN THE  
BLACK WILDERNESS - THE CRUEL HATASHI!

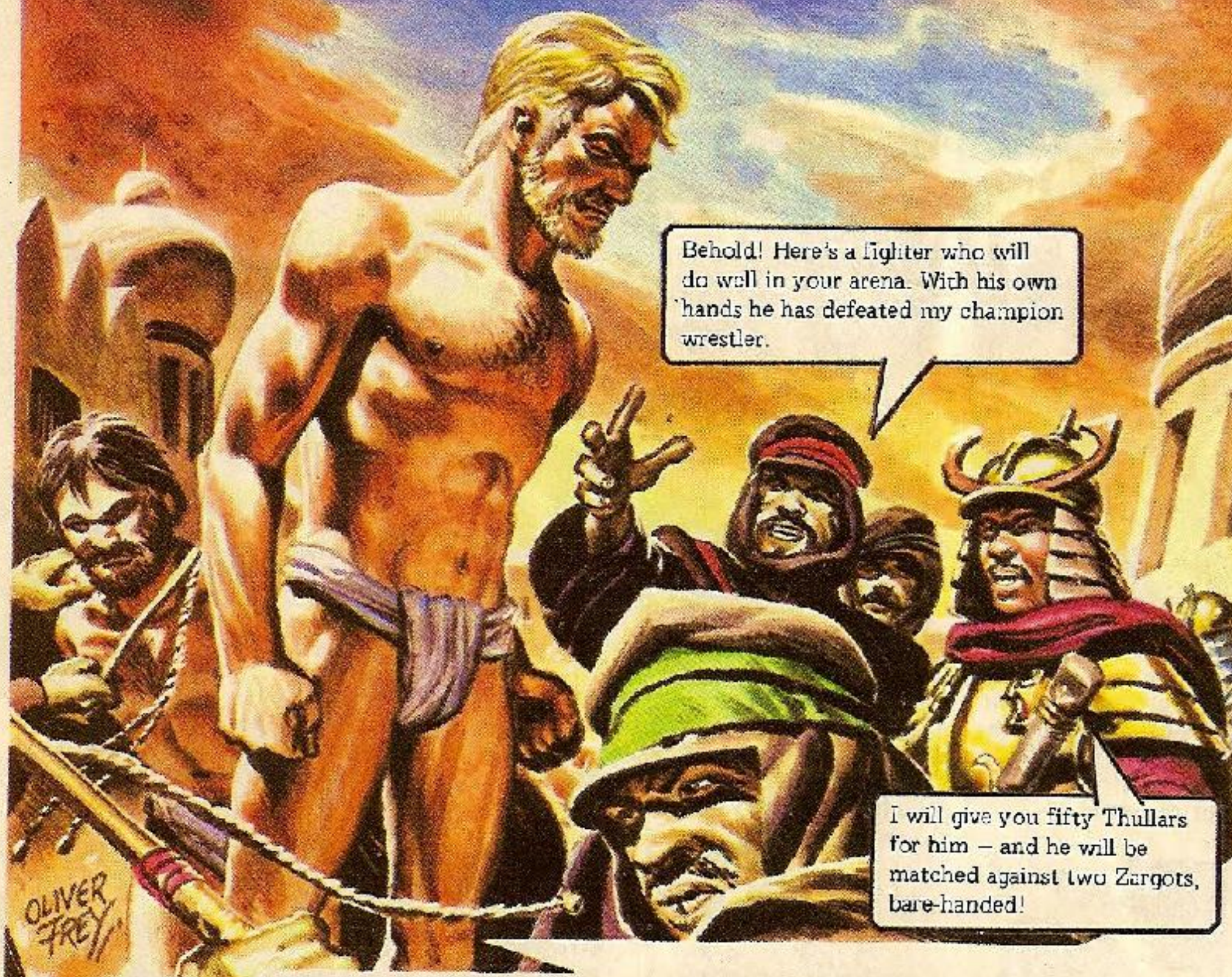




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Trigo has renounced his throne and taken to the wilderness, where he has become leader of some enslaved Vorgs. All are to be sold to the fiendish and cruel Hatashi tribe.

THE SLAVE MARKET BEGAN. TRIGO HIMSELF WAS THE FIRST TO BE OFFERED FOR SALE.



Behold! Here's a fighter who will do well in your arena. With his own hands he has defeated my champion wrestler.

I will give you fifty Thullars for him - and he will be matched against two Zargots, bare-handed!

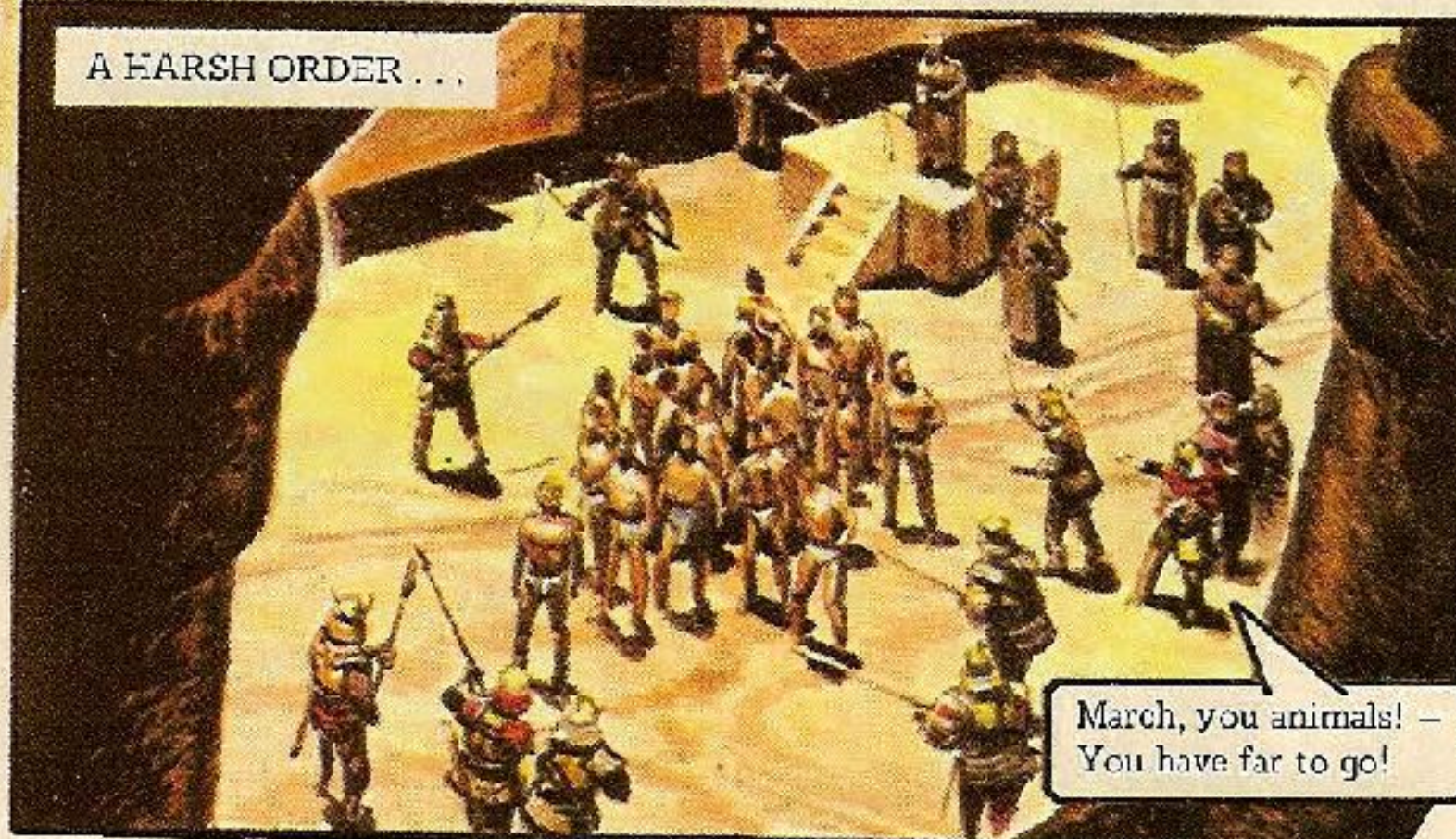
ALL THE FINEST AND STRONGEST OF THE VORGs WERE BOUGHT TO PROVIDE BARBARIC ENTERTAINMENT IN THE HATASHI ARENA.

Sold - for forty-five Thullars!

Do you think your scheme will work?

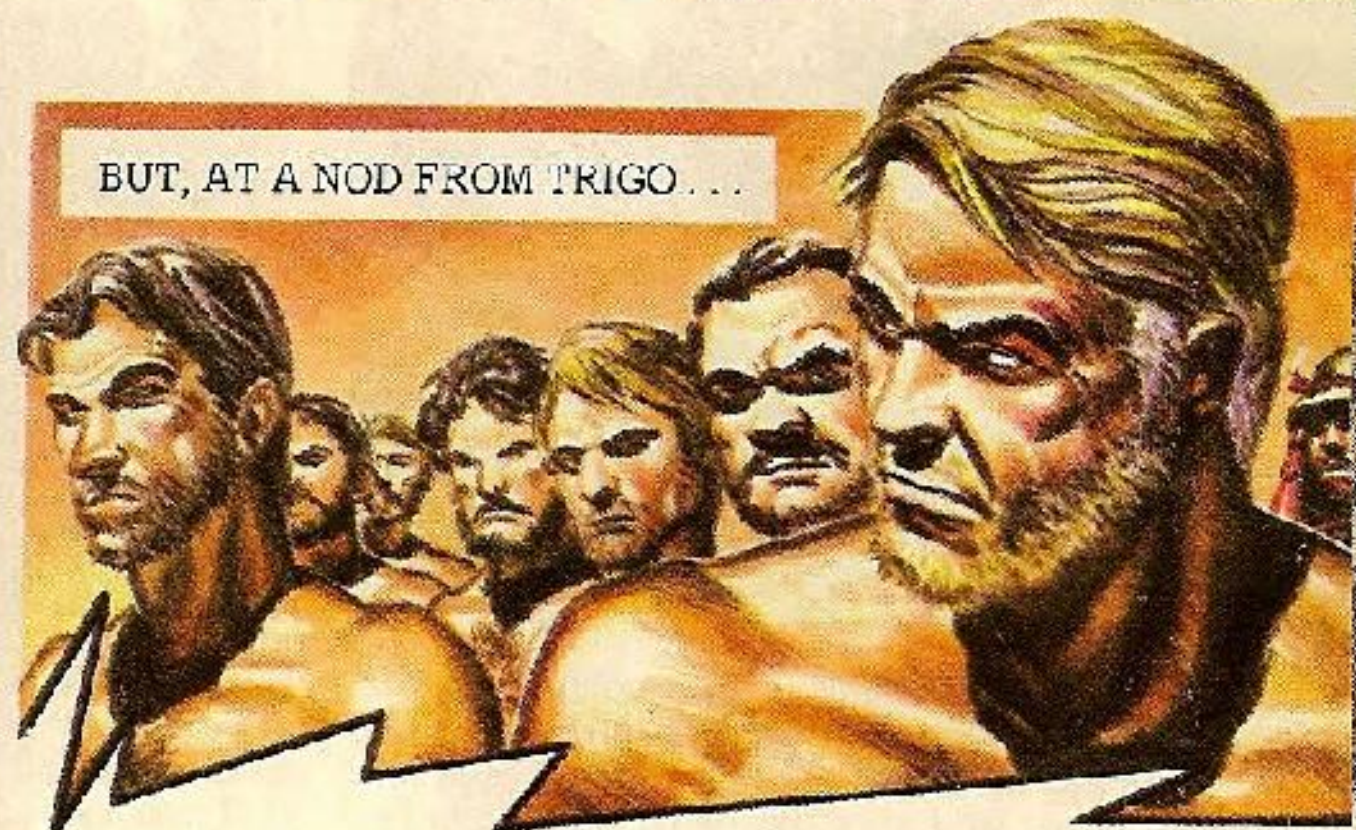
If it works, we go free - if it fails, we die!

A HARSH ORDER...

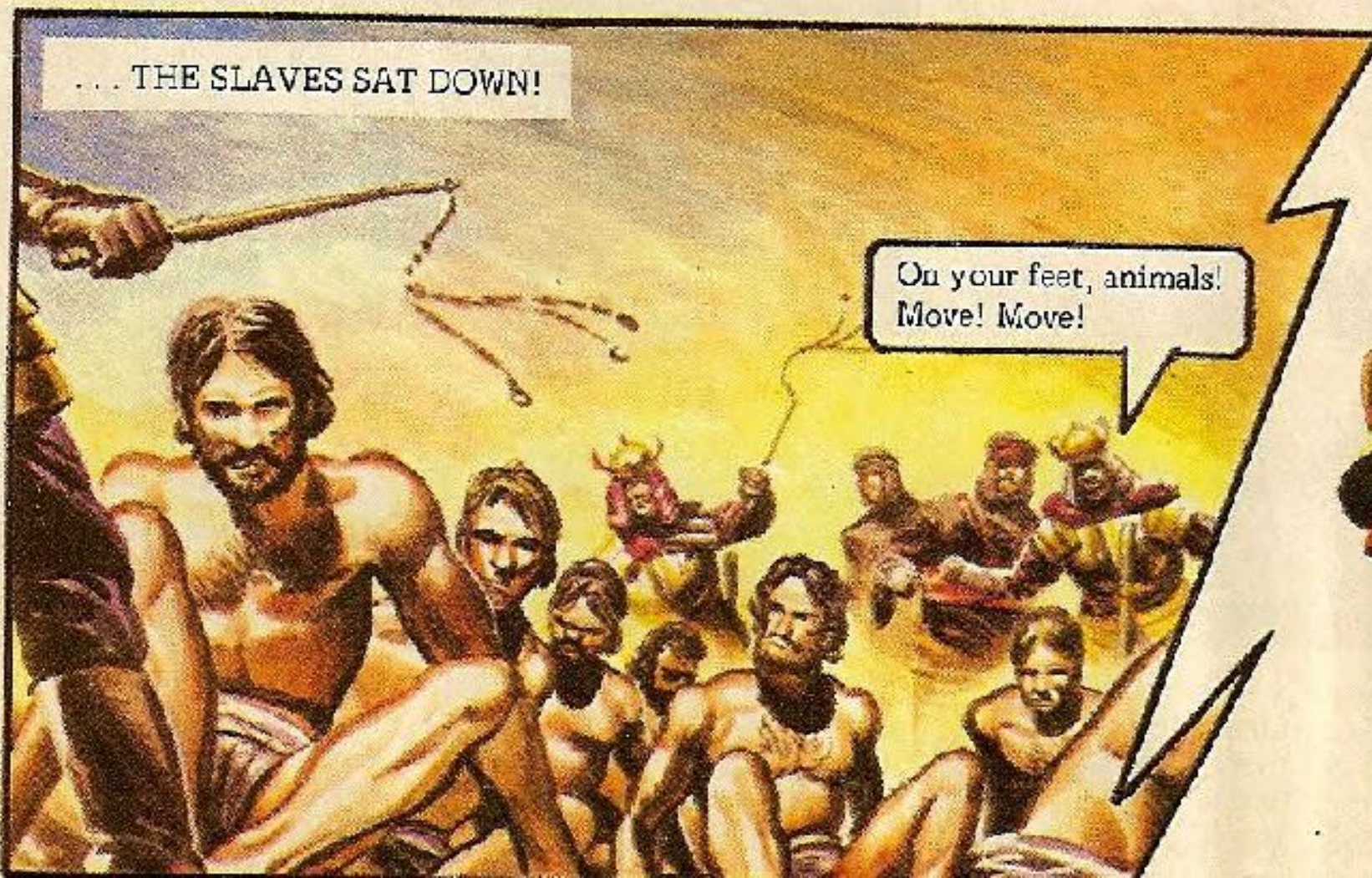


March, you animals! - You have far to go!

BUT, AT A NOD FROM TRIGO...



... THE SLAVES SAT DOWN!



On your feet, animals! Move! Move!

WHEN IT BECAME OBVIOUS THAT THE SLAVES HAD NO INTENTION OF MOVING, A BROAD GRIN SPREAD OVER CHIEF ZANNOBOPO'S COUNTEenance.



I do not think that our friends the Hatashi are going to be able to persuade them to march to their deaths!



THE HATASHI LEADER SAW THE GRIN, AND  
SCREAMED A WILD ACCUSATION!

It's a trick! You have taken our  
money, now you think you will  
keep the slaves!

By all the stars, no one calls me  
a cheat to my face and lives!

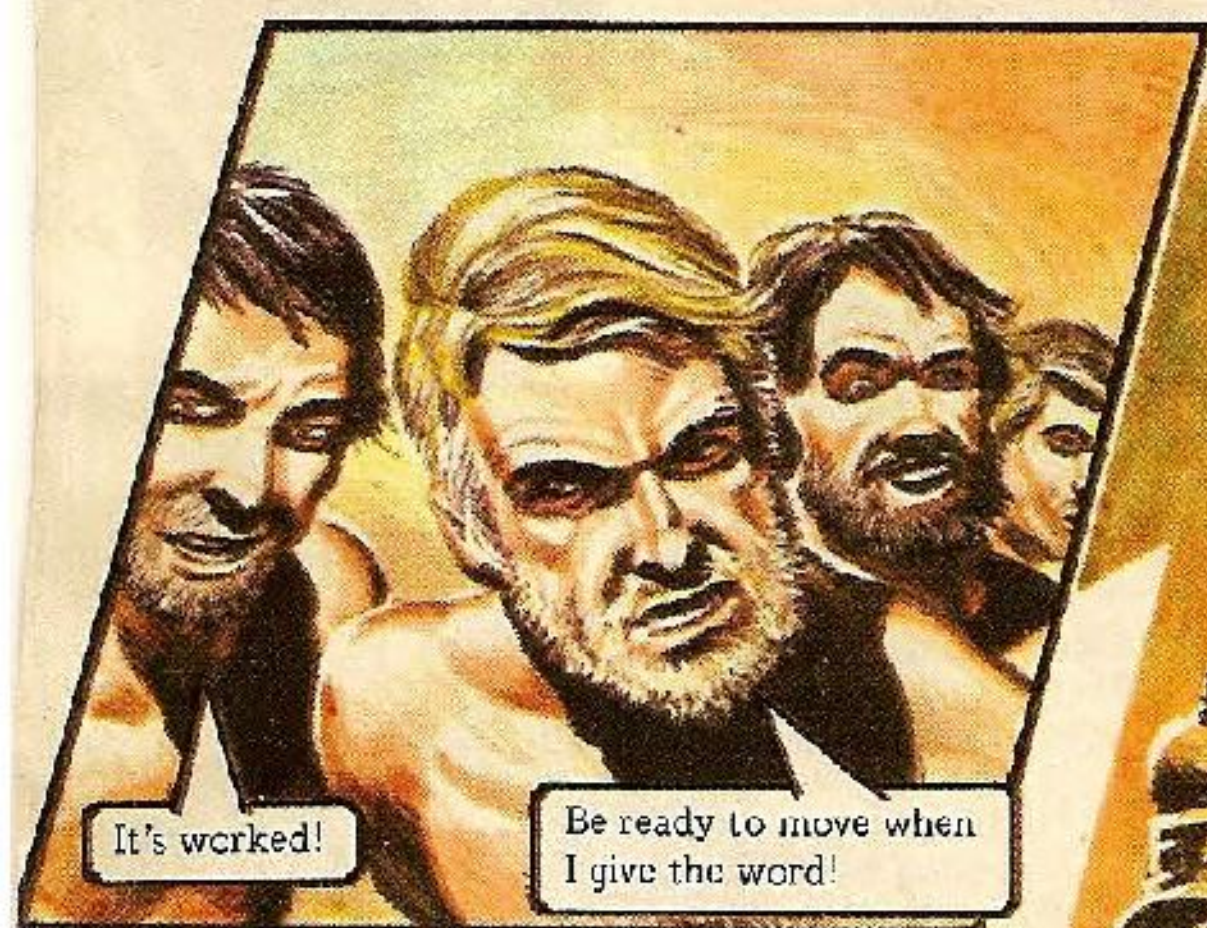


Look your last  
upon the sky!

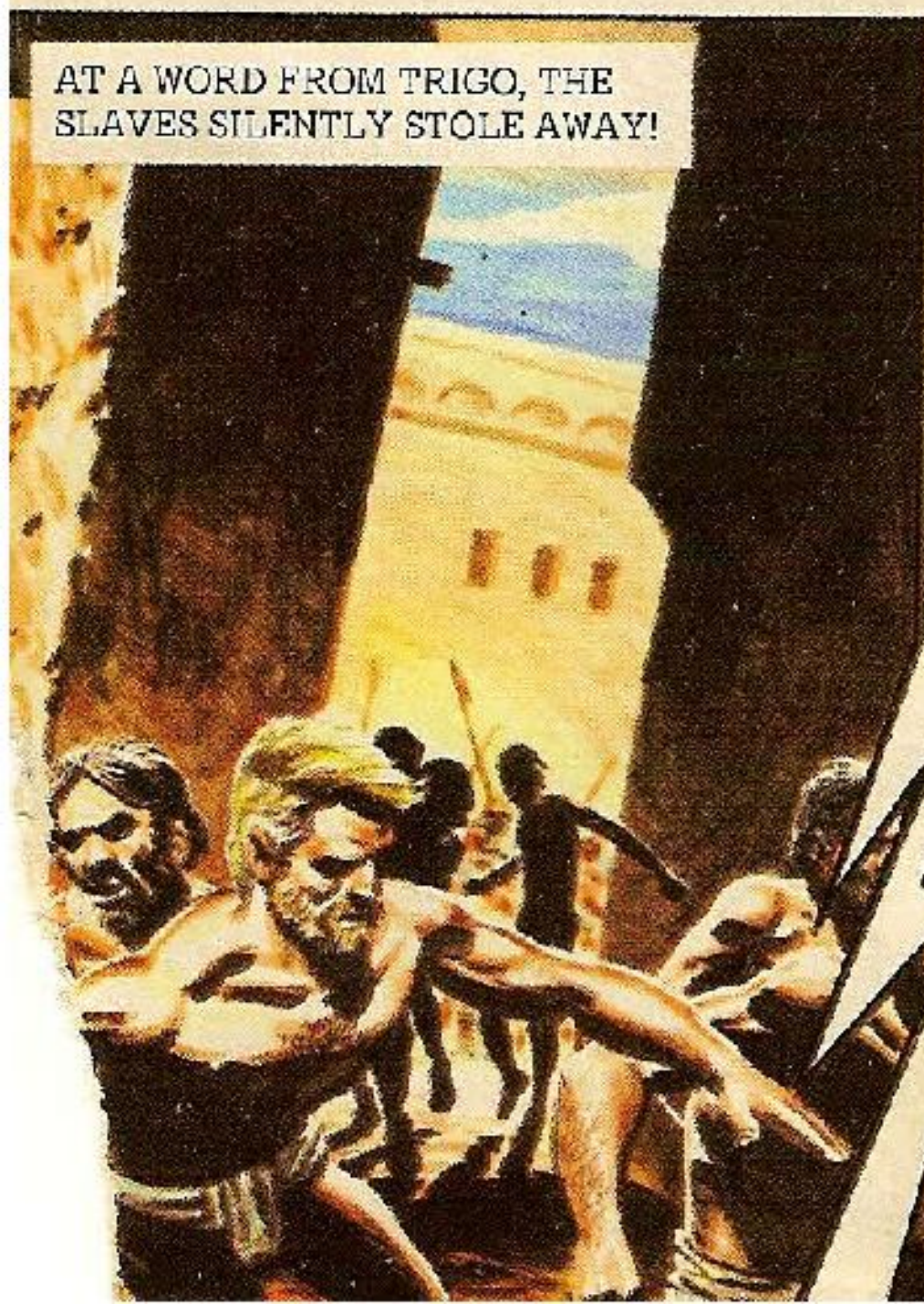
IN NO TIME AT ALL, HATASHI WARRIORS AND  
SLAVERS WERE FIGHTING TOOTH AND NAIL!

It's worked!

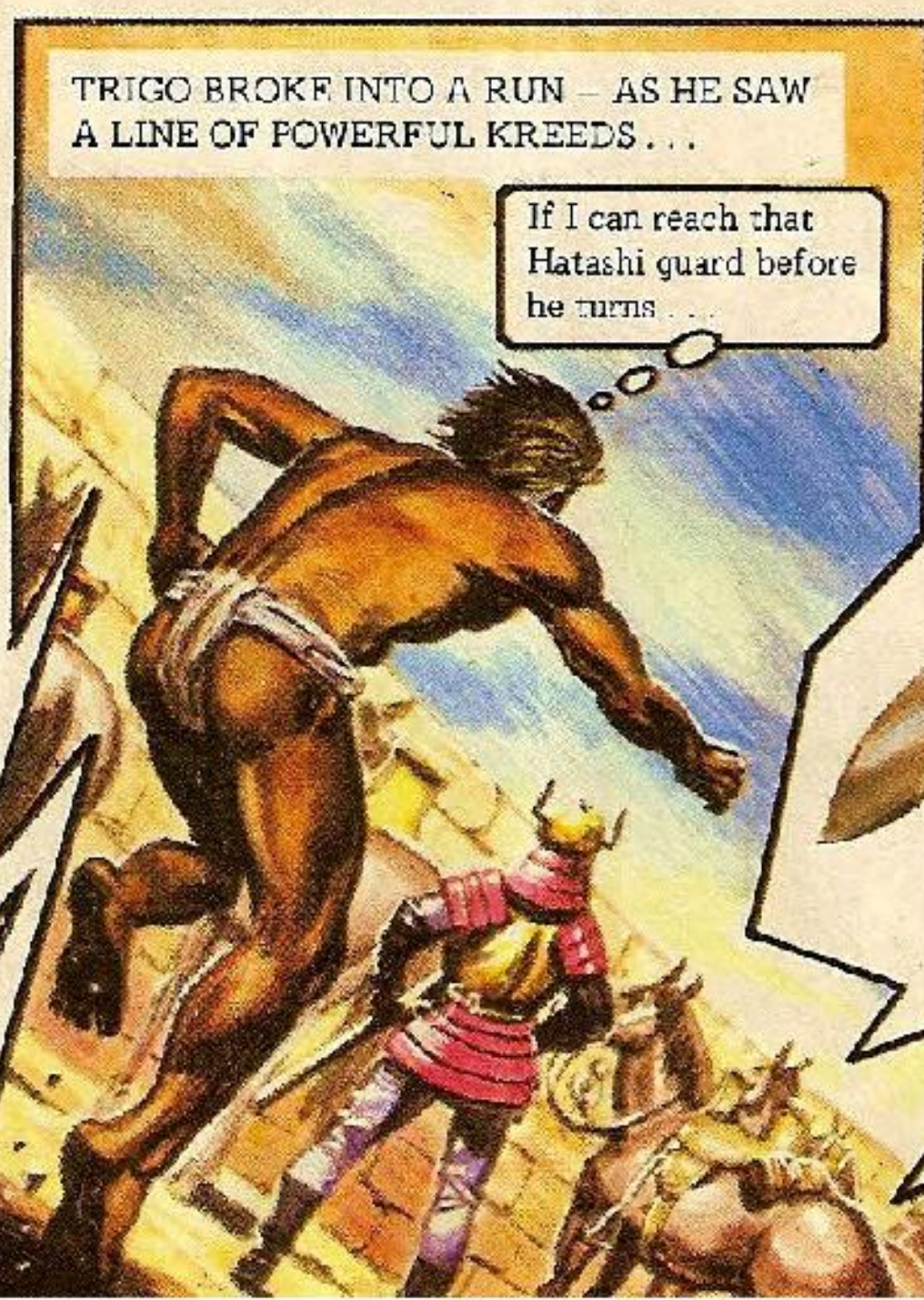
Be ready to move when  
I give the word!



AT A WORD FROM TRIGO, THE  
SLAVES SILENTLY STOLE AWAY!



TRIGO BROKE INTO A RUN - AS HE SAW  
A LINE OF POWERFUL KREEDS...



If I can reach that  
Hatashi guard before  
he turns...

BUT THE HATASHI HEARD FOOTFALLS...  
TURNED... DREW!...



AAAAAAGH!



# MORE ADVENTURES OF THE TRIGAN EMPIRE

Trigo, who has renounced his throne and taken to the wilderness, has become leader of a band of escaping slaves in the fortress city at the foot of the Black Mountains.

THE HATASHI GUARD'S  
BRIGHT BLADE FLASHED  
IN THE SUNLIGHT — BUT  
IT NEVER FOUND ITS MARK!

Uuuuugh!

THE ESCAPING SLAVES LEAPT TO THE TETHERED KREEDS.

Onward! —  
to freedom!

THUNDERING PAST A BLACKSMITH'S FORGE,  
TRIGO SWEEPED UP A BLAZING BRAND...

Do as I am  
doing! — Seize  
a torch!

... HURLED IT AMONG THE  
MASS OF BUILDINGS!  
OTHERS FOLLOWED!

IN THE GREAT SQUARE OF THE CITY, WHERE SLAVE-  
TRADERS BATTLED WITH THE HATASHI, CHIEF ZANNOBOPO  
PAUSED IN HIS LABOURS AND LOOKED ABOUT HIM.

By all the  
stars! The  
city's afire!

OLIVER  
FREY



ESCAPING ACROSS THE PLAIN, TRIGO AND HIS COMRADES LOOKED BACK...

Many a long day will pass before Zannobopo ventures forth again against the Vorgs!

THE EX-EMPEROR ACCOMPANIED THE VORGs TO THEIR LAND, AND THERE HE BADE THEM FAREWELL.

Goodbye. I must return to the wilderness, to meditate and to discover myself.

Have you not discovered yourself already, my friend?

Your destiny is to lead! Stay with us and be our chief!

TRIGO REFUSED THE OFFER AND RODE OFF. BUT HIS MIND WAS TROUBLED BY THE WORDS OF THE VORG.

Is that the answer? Have I tried to escape from my destiny, only to find that it is with me always? Is that the answer?

I will return to Trigan City! That is where my duty lies — it was written in the stars!

HE CAME, AT LAST, TO THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE CITY THAT HE HAD FOUNDED. IT STILL BORE THE SCARS OF THE LATE WAR...

But — no rebuilding has been done! What happened to the million thallars I apportioned for the task?

BY THE CITY GATES...

Alms, good friend. Alms for a wounded guardsman.

IN THE CITY SQUARE, A LONG LINE OF SHUFFLING FIGURES, GUARDED BY HARSH-FACED BRUTES. TRIGO QUESTIONED A BYSTANDER...

What is going on?

You must be a stranger in the city — why, that's today's batch of poor wretches being led out for execution!



# MORE ADVENTURES OF THE TRIGAN EMPIRE

Returning to Trigan City after having renounced his throne and undertaking a self imposed exile, Trigo is disturbed to find that things have much changed.

TRIGO STRODE FORWARD, FEARLESSLY DENOUNCING THE BRUTAL GUARDS WHO WERE ESCORTING THE CONDEMNED PRISONERS.

NEXT INSTANT...



These people will not be harmed! It is against the law of the Trigan Empire for free-born citizens to be put to the sword!



Uuuuh!

LATER, THE EX-EMPEROR WAS DRAGGED BEFORE A COURT COMPRISING FIVE BLOATED INDIVIDUALS IN RICH ROBES.

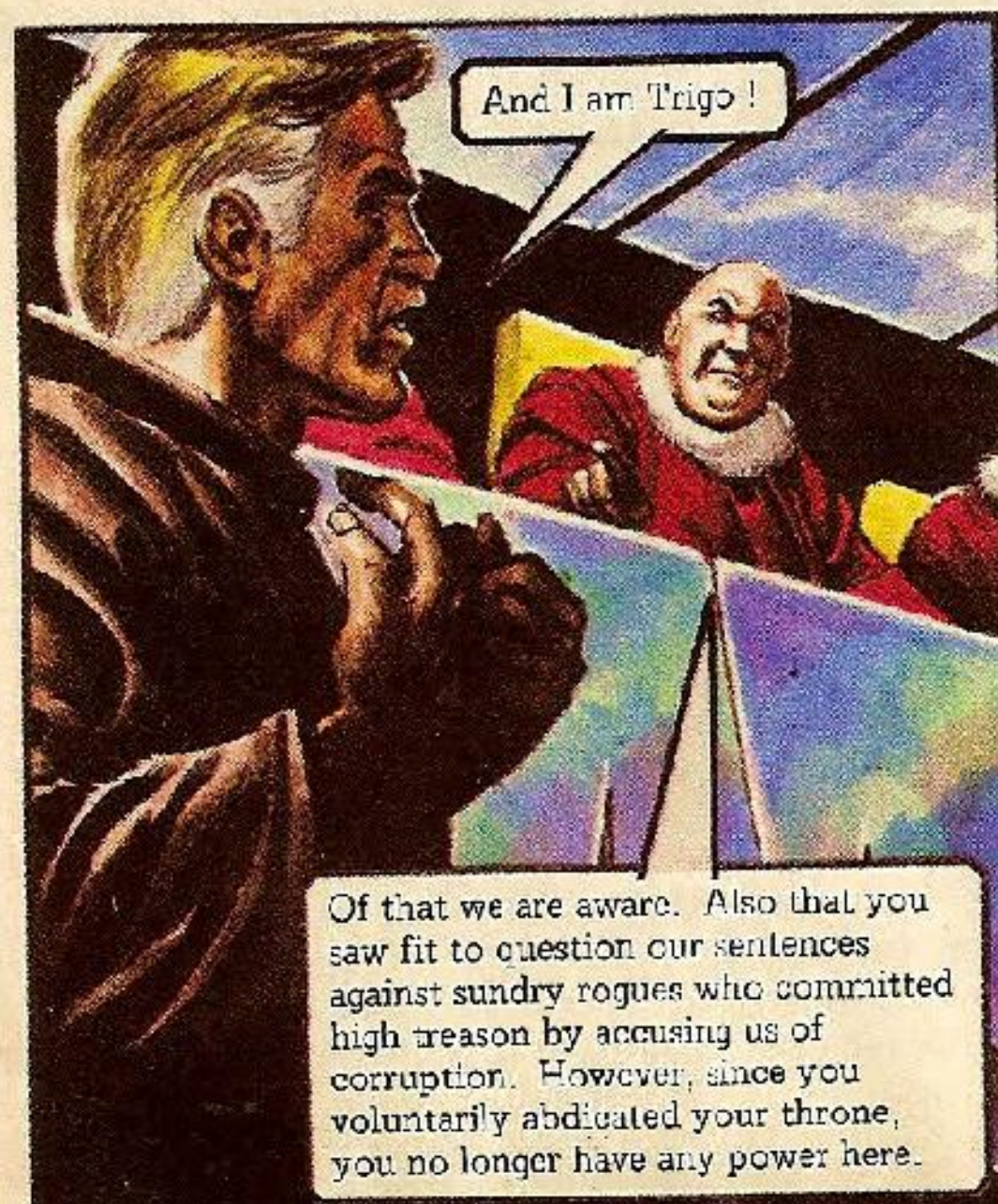
OLIVER FREY



And who, by all the stars, are you?

We are the Council of State of the Empire, appointed to rule in the name of the Head of State, Lord Brag.

AFTER TRIGO HAD BEEN DRAGGED AWAY, PROTESTING, THEY SUMMONED A SHIFTY-EYED INDIVIDUAL.

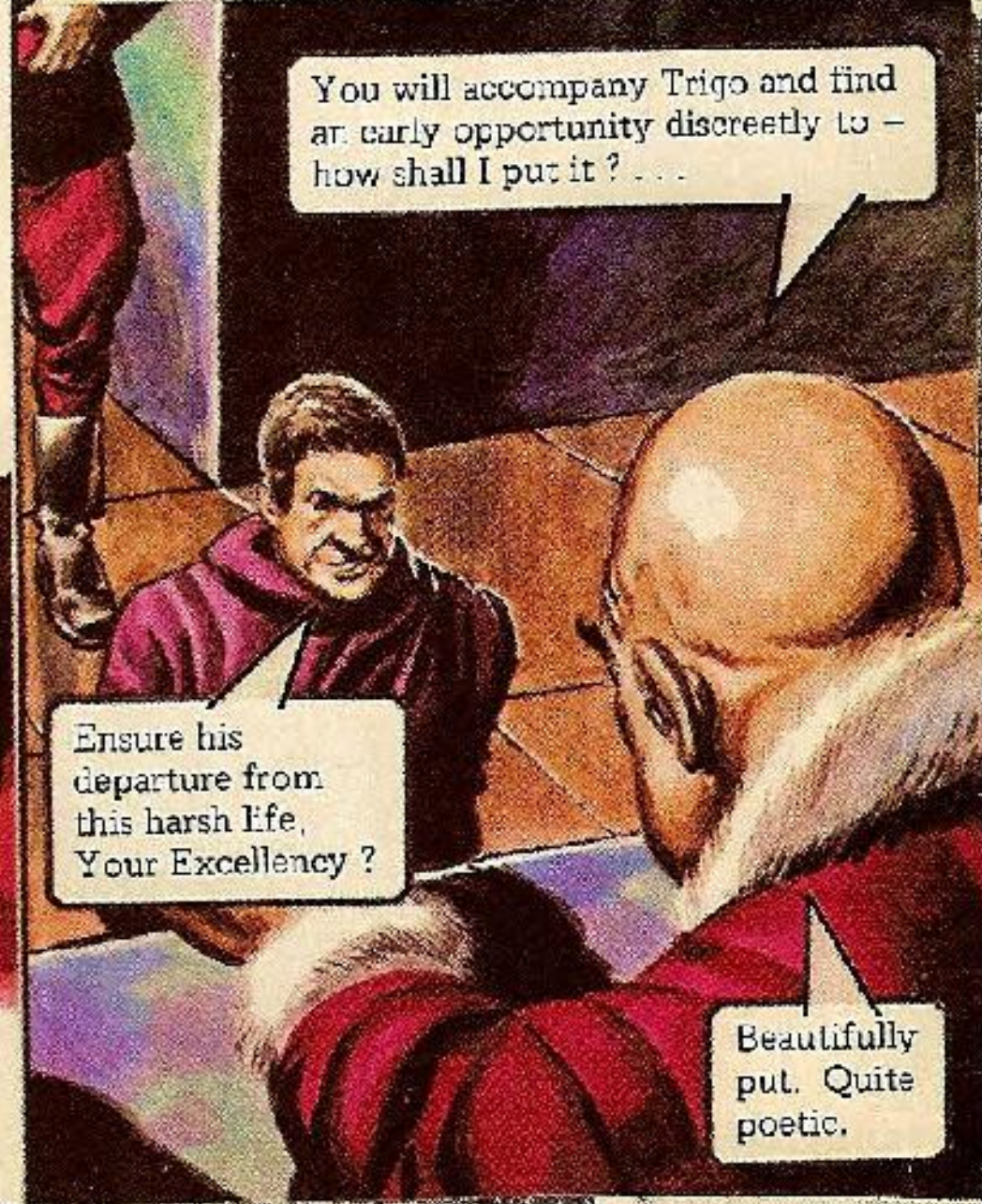


And I am Trigo!

Of that we are aware. Also that you saw fit to question our sentences against sundry rogues who committed high treason by accusing us of corruption. However, since you voluntarily abdicated your throne, you no longer have any power here.



You will be permitted to reside with the Head of State, the Lord Brag, in his country palace. Escort His Excellency the ex-emperor from the Court!



You will accompany Trigo and find an early opportunity discreetly to - how shall I put it? ...

Ensure his departure from this harsh life, Your Excellency?

Beautifully put. Quite poetic.



LATER THAT DAY, TRIGO WAS DRIVEN UP TO A SUMPTUOUS PALACE IN THE LUSH COUNTRYSIDE BEYOND THE CITY.

Well, Brag is certainly living in style, no matter what's happening to his downtrodden subjects!

HE WAS BROUGHT INTO THE PRESENCE OF HIS BROTHER BRAG, WHO GAZED AT HIM SHAMEFACEDLY.

Oh, you're back then... I... I hadn't expected to see you ever again.

Brag, what has happened in our country?

AS BRAG STUMBLINGLY EXPLAINED, TRIGO RECALLED THAT HIS BROTHER, THOUGH HONEST AND WELL-MEANING, WAS EASILY DUPED...

THAT NIGHT, TRIGO RETIRED LATE.

The war damage not made good! Members of my former Imperial Guard forced to beg for coins at the city gates! A clique of self-seeking tyrants dispensing death sentences to any who question their right to rule! How did you let it happen, Brag? Answer me!

I - I scarcely know myself how it happened, Trigo. I tried to do the right things - appointed the Council of State to help me rule. Soon, they were ruling me! I'm little more than a prisoner in this palace!

There's nothing else for it - I must seize the reins of power again, overthrow the Council and free our people. But - how?

LATER... AN INTRUDER!

A BLADE RAISED ON HIGH IN THE SHADOWY BEDCHAMBER!

Depart, Trigo!



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Returning to Trigan after having renounced his throne for a self-imposed exile, Trigo finds that his people are being ruled by tyrants, who even send an assassin to destroy the ex-Emperor.

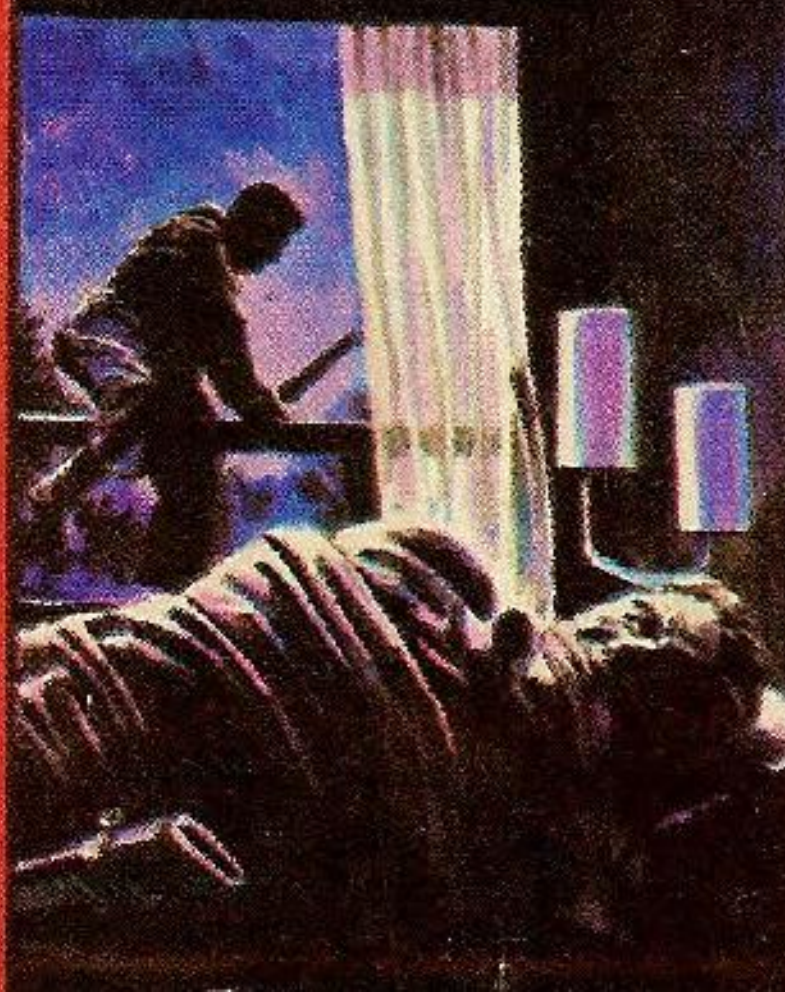
THE BLADE FELL UPON THE SHAPE IN THE BED ! AS IT ROSE FOR THE SECOND TIME. . .

AND. . .



BINDING HIS VICTIM, TRIGO LEFT HIS BEDCHAMBER BY WAY OF THE BALCONY.

THE WOULD-BE KILLER LOOKED DOWN THE LENGTH OF HIS OWN SWORD.



BRAG WAS ROUSED BY HIS BROTHER A SHORT WHILE LATER.

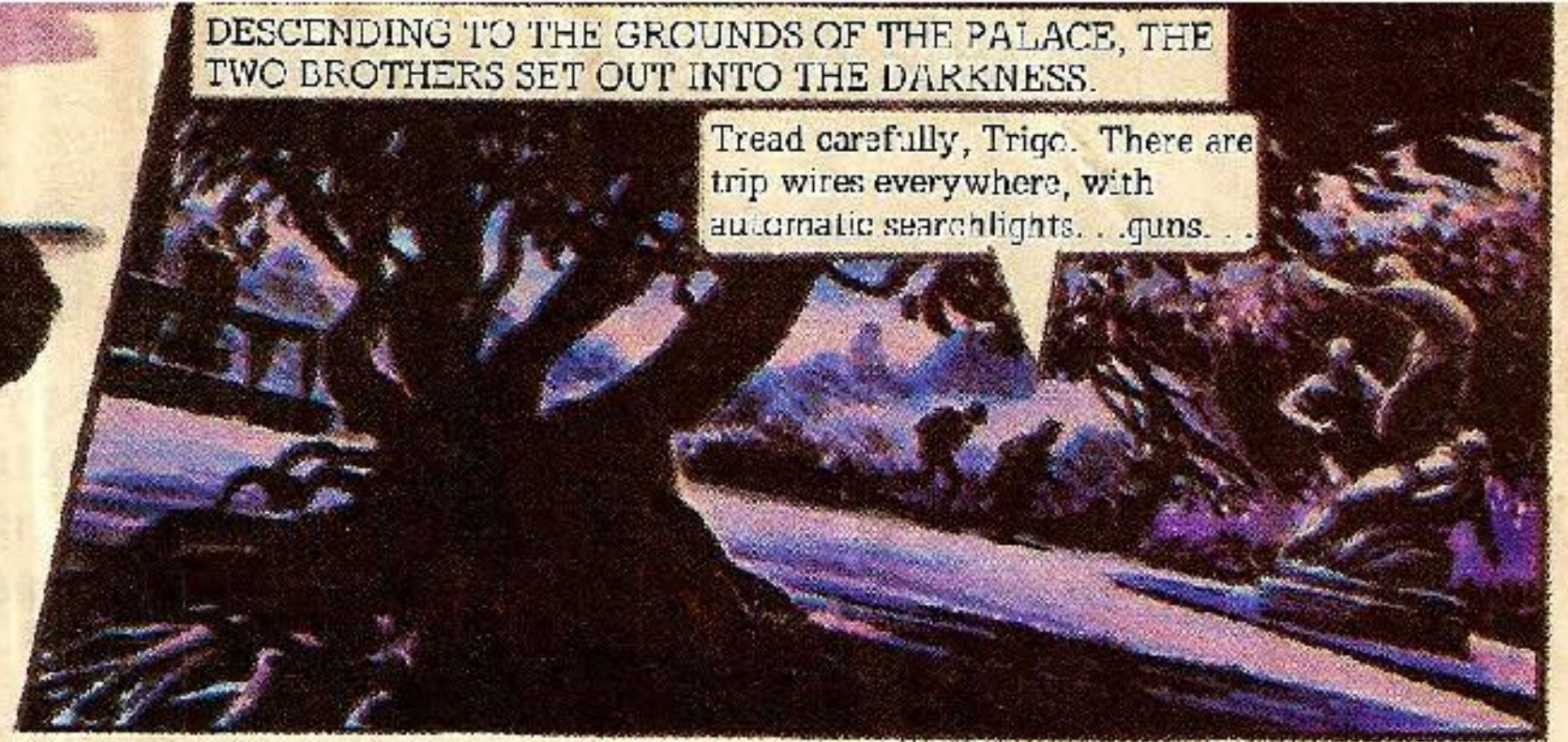






DESCENDING TO THE GROUNDS OF THE PALACE, THE TWO BROTHERS SET OUT INTO THE DARKNESS.

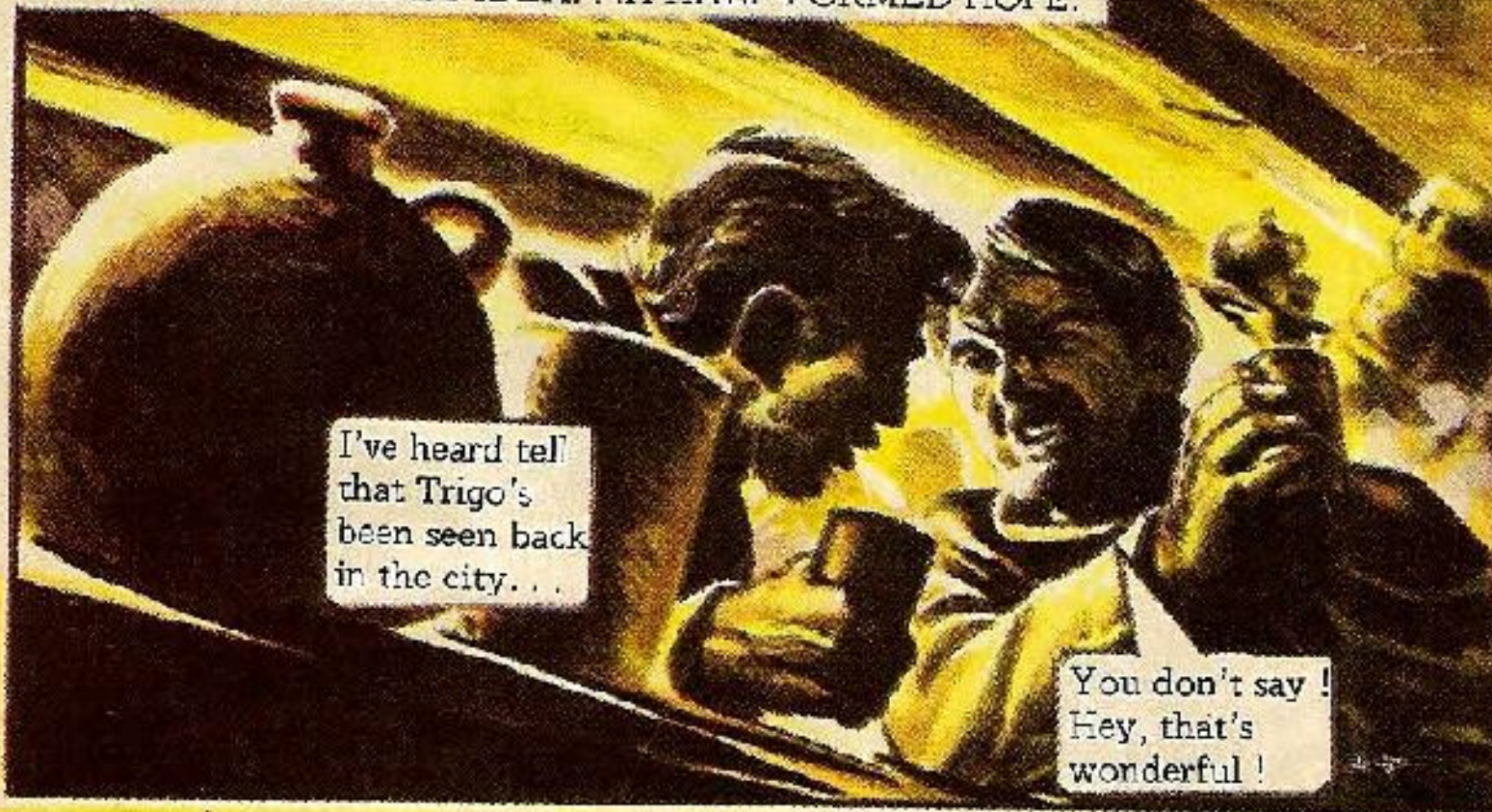
Tread carefully, Trigo. There are trip wires everywhere, with automatic searchlights... guns...



The Council sent a killer to assassinate me tonight. Don't you see, they'll not rest till they're rid of both of us — and then what will happen to our people? Brag, we've got to get free of here!

You're right, Trigo! — As usual!

MEANWHILE, IN TRIGAN CITY... THERE IS NO TELLING HOW A RUMOUR BEGINS. IT SOMETIMES SPRINGS ALIVE WITH A SIMPLE IDEA... A HALF-FORMED HOPE.



I've heard tell that Trigo's been seen back in the city...

You don't say! Hey, that's wonderful!

RUMOUR PASSES FROM LIP TO LIP. IT GROWS STRONGER, COLLECTS CONFIRMING EVIDENCE...

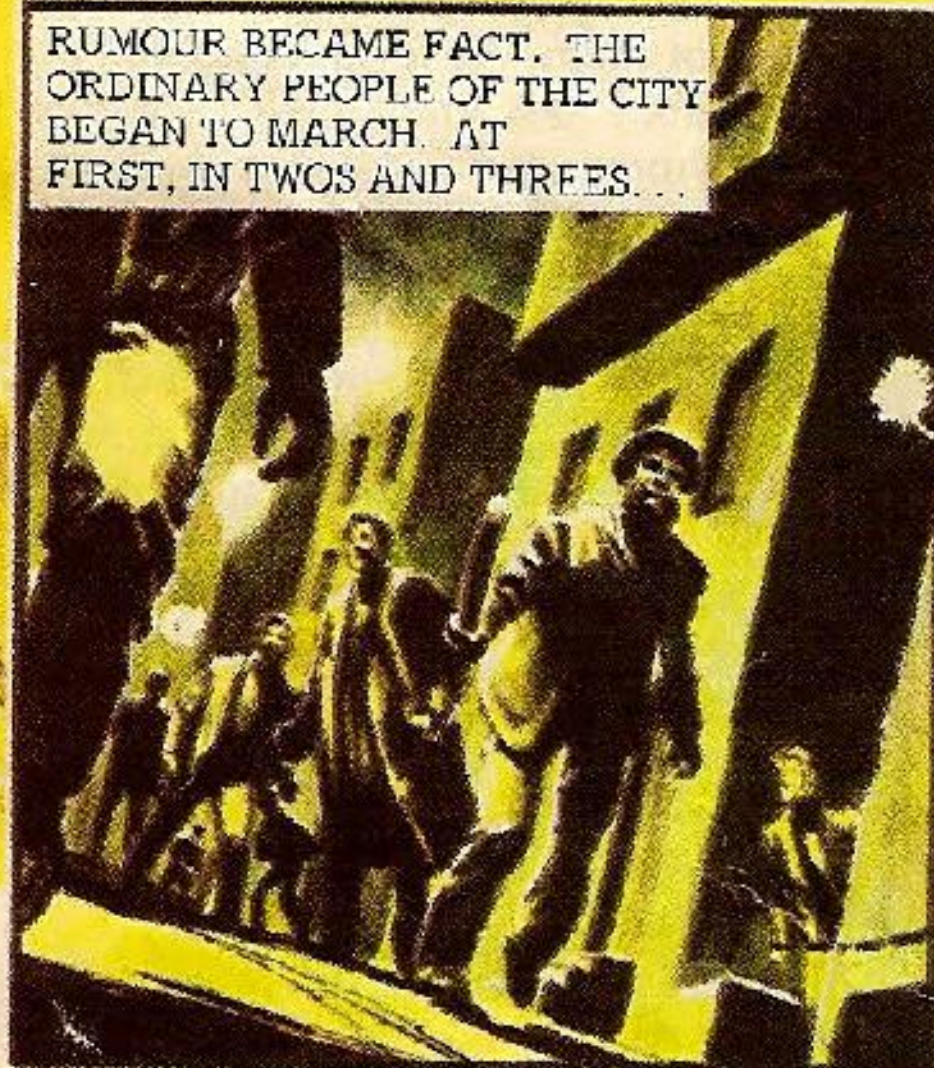


He's back, all right!

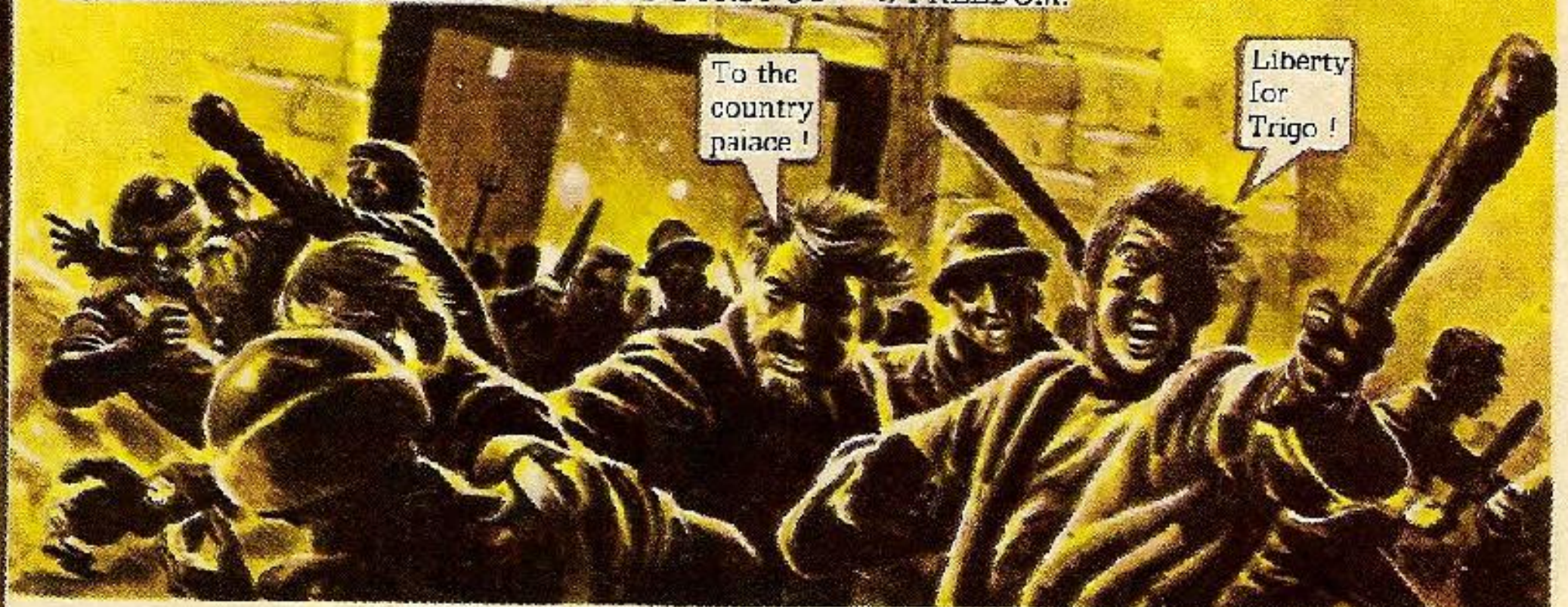
The Council have sent him to join his brother Brag in the country palace!

I'll go spread the news!

RUMOUR BECAME FACT. THE ORDINARY PEOPLE OF THE CITY BEGAN TO MARCH. AT FIRST, IN TWOS AND THREES...



AT THE CITY GATES, THEY BECAME AN ARMY — AN ARMY THAT THREW ASIDE THE GUARDS AND BURST OUT TO FREEDOM.



To the country palace!

Liberty for Trigo!

NEXT INSTANT — REVEALING LIGHTS! — THE SCREAM OF DEATH-DEALING PROJECTILES!

BACK IN THE PALACE GROUNDS, TRIGO'S FOOT CONNECTED WITH A TRIP WIRE! HE FELL HEADLONG!



Uuugh!



Brag!



MORE ADVENTURES OF THE

# TRIGAN EMPIRE

Trigo and his brother Barg are trying to escape from the palace-prison where they have been confined by the tyrant council now ruling the Trigan Empire. Trip wires bring fire and fury upon them.

PICKING UP HIS WOUNDED BROTHER, TRIGO RAN THROUGH THE HAIL OF HURLING DEATH.



HE CAME TO A RAMPART, WITH DARK WATERS OF A MOAT FAR BELOW. A SHOUT RANG OUT...



Hey! — Stay where you are!

THE EX-EMPEROR'S SWORD FLASHED IN THE MOONLIGHT!



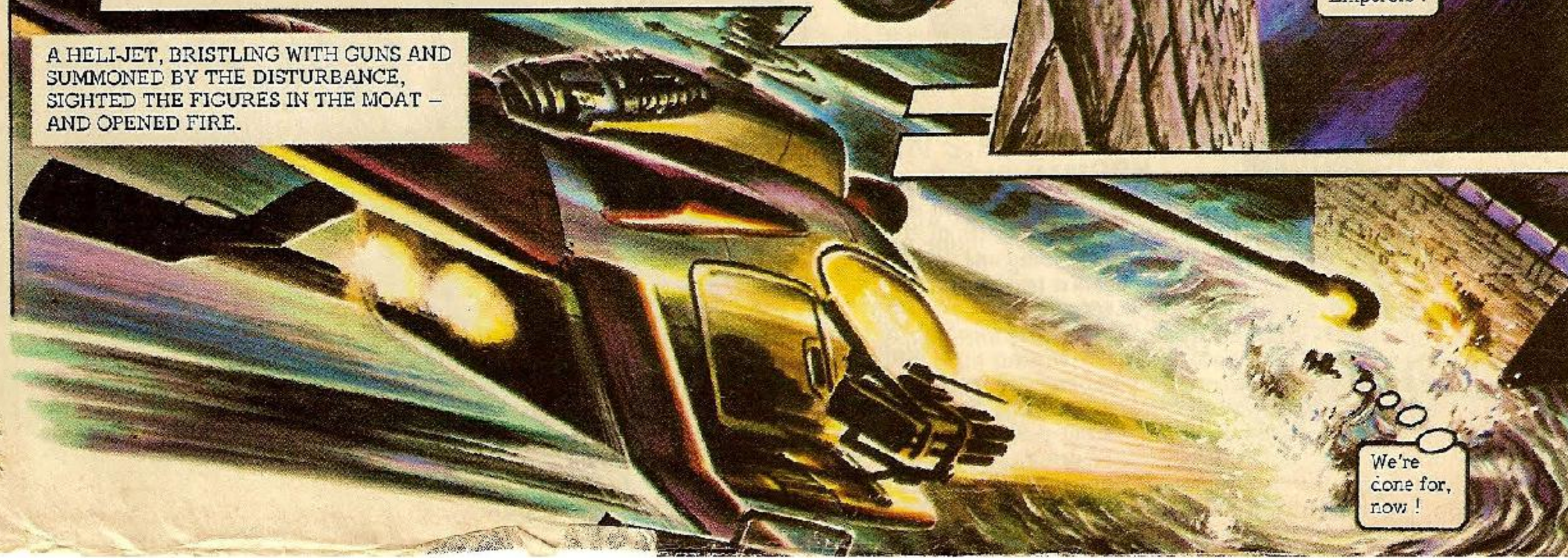
Aaaaagh!

AND THEN, STILL HOLDING HIS PRECIOUS BURDEN — HE LEAPT!



Here goes the last of the Trigan Emperors!

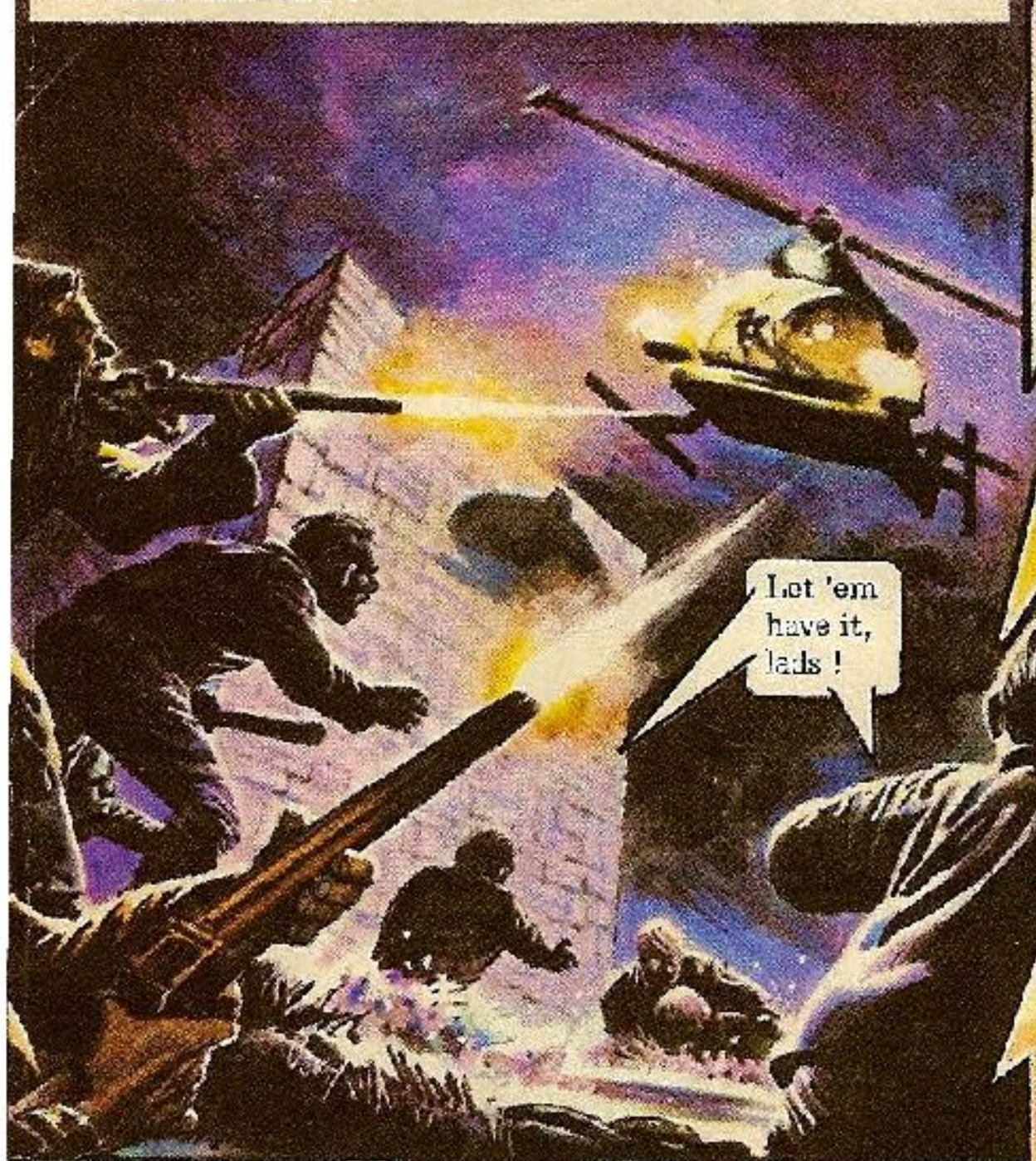
A HELIJET, BRISTLING WITH GUNS AND SUMMONED BY THE DISTURBANCE, SIGHTED THE FIGURES IN THE MOAT — AND OPENED FIRE.



We're done for, now!



AT THE MOMENT, AS IF BY A MIRACLE, THE MOB FROM TRIGAN CITY ARRIVED. ALL ARMED WITH WHATEVER WEAPONS THEY COULD LAY HANDS ON - INCLUDING SOME ANCIENT GUNS, WITH WHICH THEY OPENED FIRE AT THE HELI-JET!



Let 'em have it, lads!



KINDLY HANDS ASSISTED THE FUGITIVES TO DRY LAND.

By the stars! It is Trigo himself! And Brag!

Handle him gently, my friends. I fear he is badly hurt.

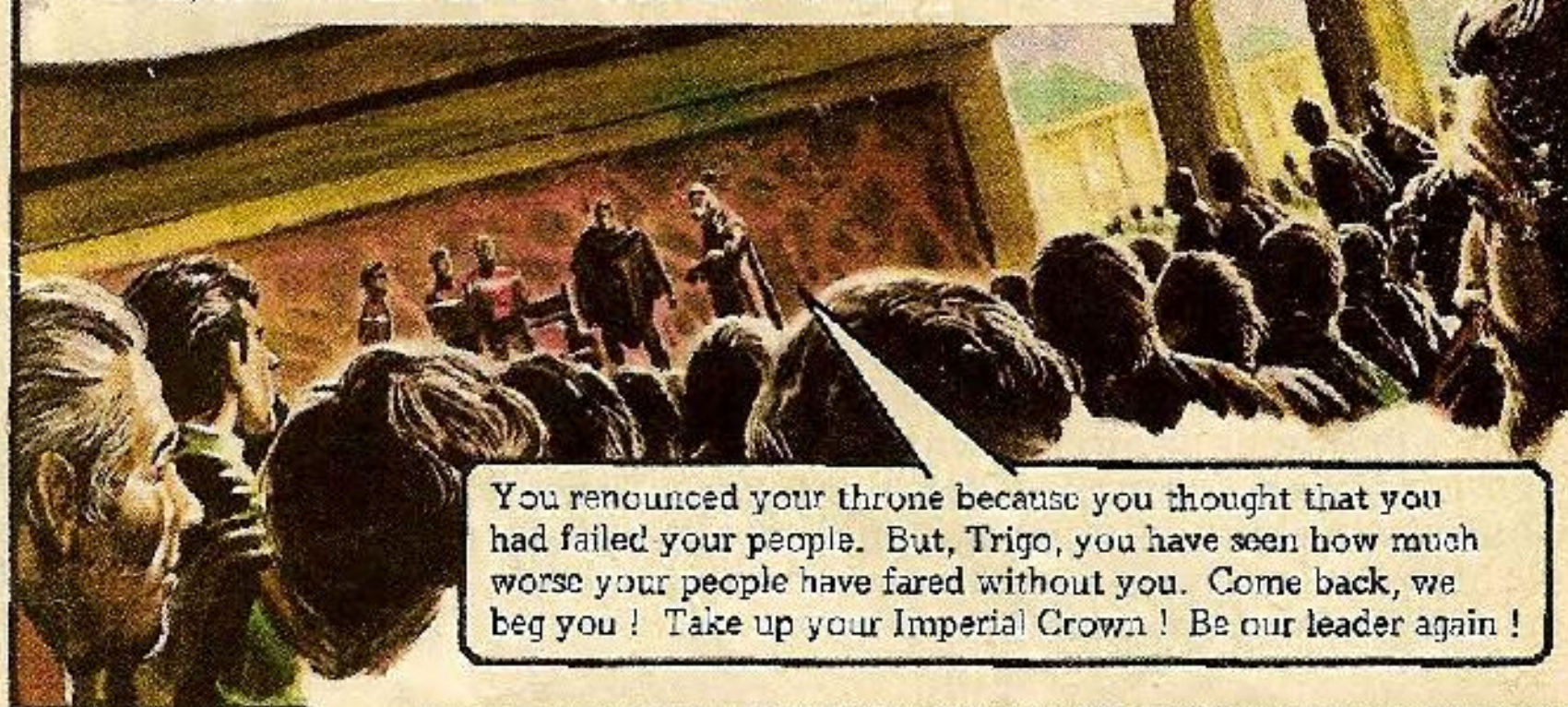
WHEN DAWN ROSE ABOVE TRIGAN CITY, THE EX-EMPEROR WAS CARRIED THROUGH THE GATES OF THE CAPITAL TO WHICH HE HAD GIVEN HIS NAME.



Long live Trigo!

Long live freedom!

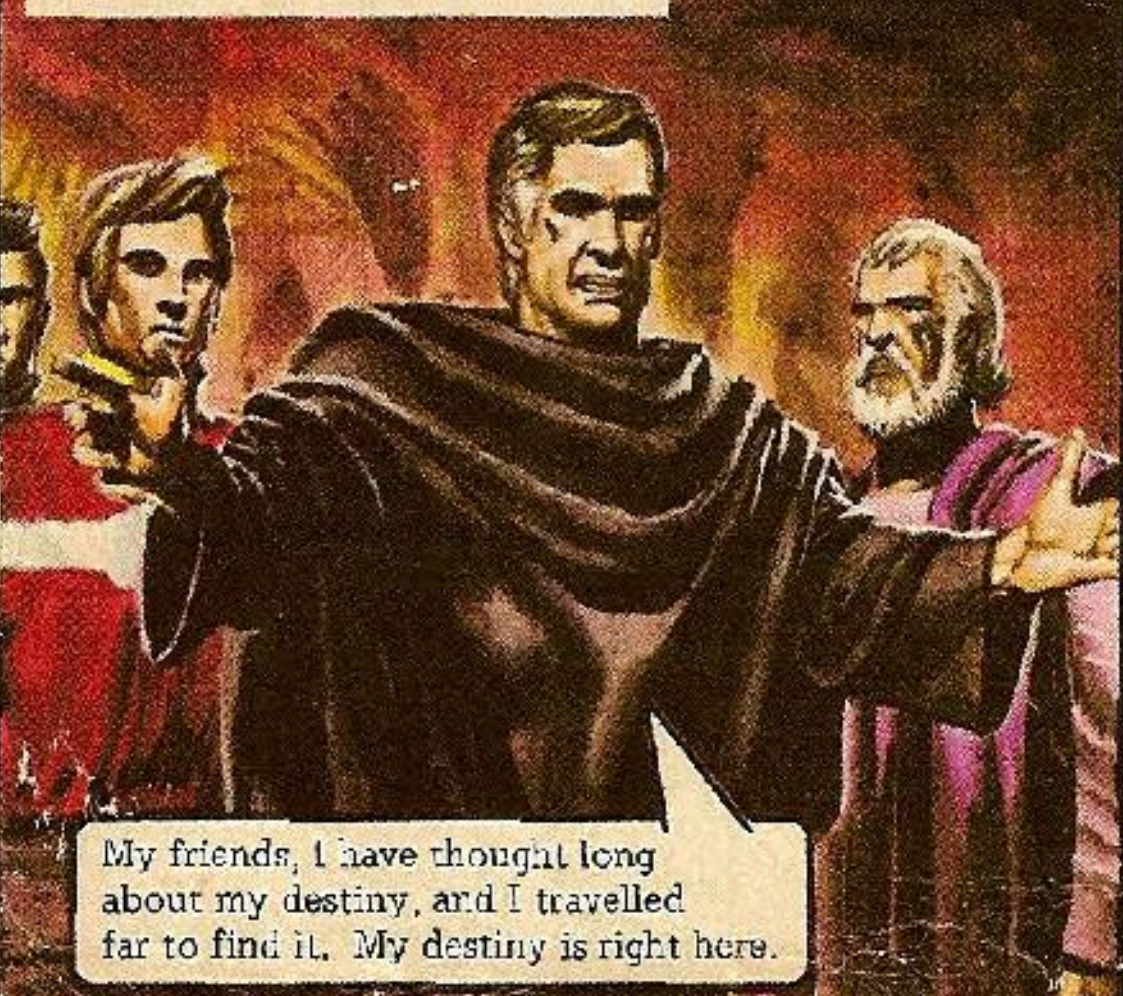
IN THE GREAT THRONE ROOM OF THE IMPERIAL PALACE TRIGO WAS ADDRESSED BY HIS OLD FRIEND PERIC, THE WISEST OF ALL THE ELEKTONS.



You renounced your throne because you thought that you had failed your people. But, Trigo, you have seen how much worse your people have fared without you. Come back, we beg you! Take up your Imperial Crown! Be our leader again!

BRAG, WHOSE WEAKNESS OF CHARACTER AND WELL-MEANING NATURE HAD BEEN PARTLY RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DISASTERS, RECOVERED FROM HIS WOUND. UNLIKE THE MEMBERS OF THE COUNCIL, HE ESCAPED PUNISHMENT... BUT...

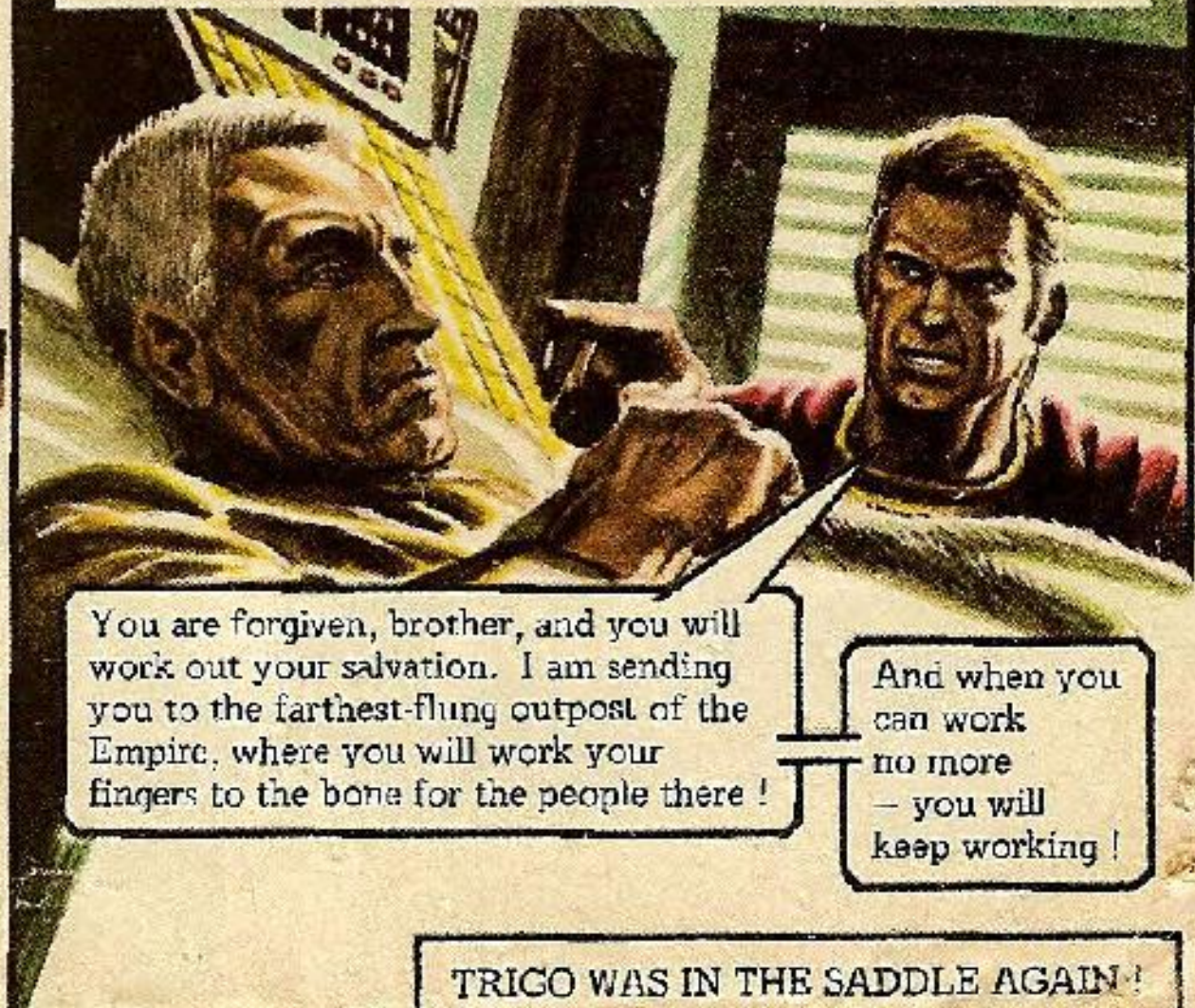
SOLEMNLY, TRIGO REPLIED.



My friends, I have thought long about my destiny, and I travelled far to find it. My destiny is right here.



With humility, I accept your offer and take up my Imperial Crown once more! With your help, I will bring freedom and happiness to the Trigans and to all Elektion!



You are forgiven, brother, and you will work out your salvation. I am sending you to the farthest-flung outpost of the Empire, where you will work your fingers to the bone for the people there!

And when you can work no more - you will keep working!

TRIGO WAS IN THE SADDLE AGAIN!