

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.

IT WAS THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE EMPIRE'S FOUNDATION AND THE NATION'S MILITARY MIGHT WAS PARADED BEFORE THE EMPEROR TRIGO AND HIS PEOPLE.



The armed might of my empire. I pray it will never be used in anger, Marshal Zetto.

I share your hopes too, Emperor.

But if it is ever needed, it will destroy any weapon or demolish the defences of any enemy. That I swear.

Does this mean that neither the Catons nor any other hostile force can hope to succeed in an attack upon us? That we are impregnable?

It does indeed, Emperor.

Against any known opponents perhaps. But what of the unknown...?

MEANWHILE, FAR OUT ON THE VAST PLAINS OF VORG...



The Caton war fleet. What devilry is this?

We are approaching the dropping zone. Prepare to release missiles.

THE EVENT HAD NOT PASSED UNNOTICED AT TRIGAN CITY'S EARLY WARNING STATION.

Red alert! Caton fleet approaching fast in massed formation!

Red alert, Sir. We're under attack!

TRIGO WAS ACKNOWLEDGING THE CHEERS OF THE CROWDS WHEN AN URGENT MESSAGE WAS BROUGHT TO MARSHAL ZETTO.

Radio air headquarters. All planes to be airborne — instantly!



THE ORDER WAS FLASHED TO TRIGAN CITY AIR FLEET HEADQUARTERS. THE MOMENT THEY HEARD IT, JANNO AND HIS COMRADES ACTED.

IN SECONDS THEY WERE AIRBORNE.

WHAT HAPPENED NEXT WAS SEEN AT CLOSE-QUARTERS BY ONLY ONE MAN AND A DOG.

Activate your warheads. This is the real thing.

By the twin moons of Daveli, why are they bombing a deserted plain?

THEIR MISSILES RELEASED, THE CATONS HAD NO WISH TO CROSS SWORDS WITH THE FAST-APPROACHING TRIGAN AIR FLEET

IN THE SKIES, THE TRIGAN AIR FLEET WAS PURSUING THE FLEEING CATONS.

IN AMAZEMENT, THEY GAZED DOWNWARDS. . .

Break formation. Set course for base. Maximum speed.

They've turned tail. I wonder why. What do you make of it, Roffa?

See those parachutes, Janno. There's your answer.

AT THAT INSTANT A GREAT FLASH FLOODED THE PLAIN OF VORG. . .

AS THE CATONS SPED HOMEWARDS, THE LEADER OF THE FLEET RADIOED A MESSAGE TO HIS BASE.

Mission accomplished. We're transmitting the signal to activate the missiles . . . now !

BUT IT WAS NOT THIS ALONE THAT STARTLED THE SHEPHERD. AS HE APPROACHED ONE OF THE CYLINDERS HE SAW A THING THAT ROOTED HIM TO THE SPOT IN STARK TERROR.

It's evil . . . hideous . . . it's . . . it's . . . coming straight for me.

Aaaahh !  
Aaahh !



MORE ADVENTURES OF THE

# TRIGAN EMPIRE

The Catons, traditional enemies of the Trigans, have dropped a mass of large cylinders upon the plain of Vorg. At a signal from a Caton aircraft they all explode simultaneously. The creatures that emerge from them cause a shepherd to recoil in horror.

A HOVERING TRIGAN HELICOPTER'S CREW SAW THE TERRIFYING SPECTACLE.



I'm reducing altitude. Lower a line to rescue that poor devil.

Aye, aye Sir! Hatch doors open.



AS THE HELICOPTER SWOOPED LOW OVER THE SHEPHERD, THE DOG TURNED TO DEFEND ITS MASTER.

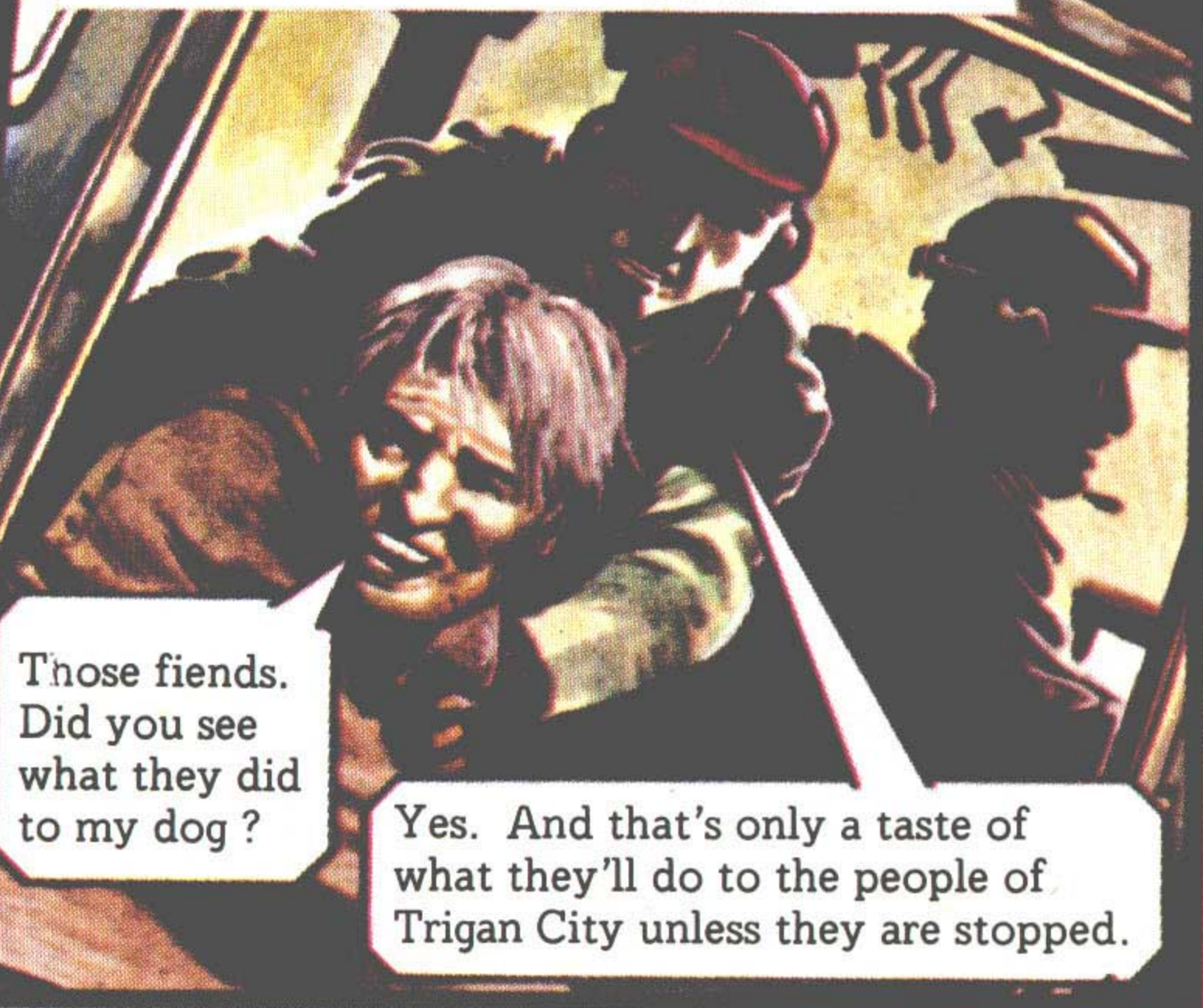


Their eyes... they kill with their eyes... oh no!

SWIFT ACTION BY THE HELICOPTER'S CREW SAVED THE SHEPHERD FROM A SIMILAR FATE TO HIS DOG'S.

Those fiends. Did you see what they did to my dog?

Yes. And that's only a taste of what they'll do to the people of Trigan City unless they are stopped.



If they can be stopped!



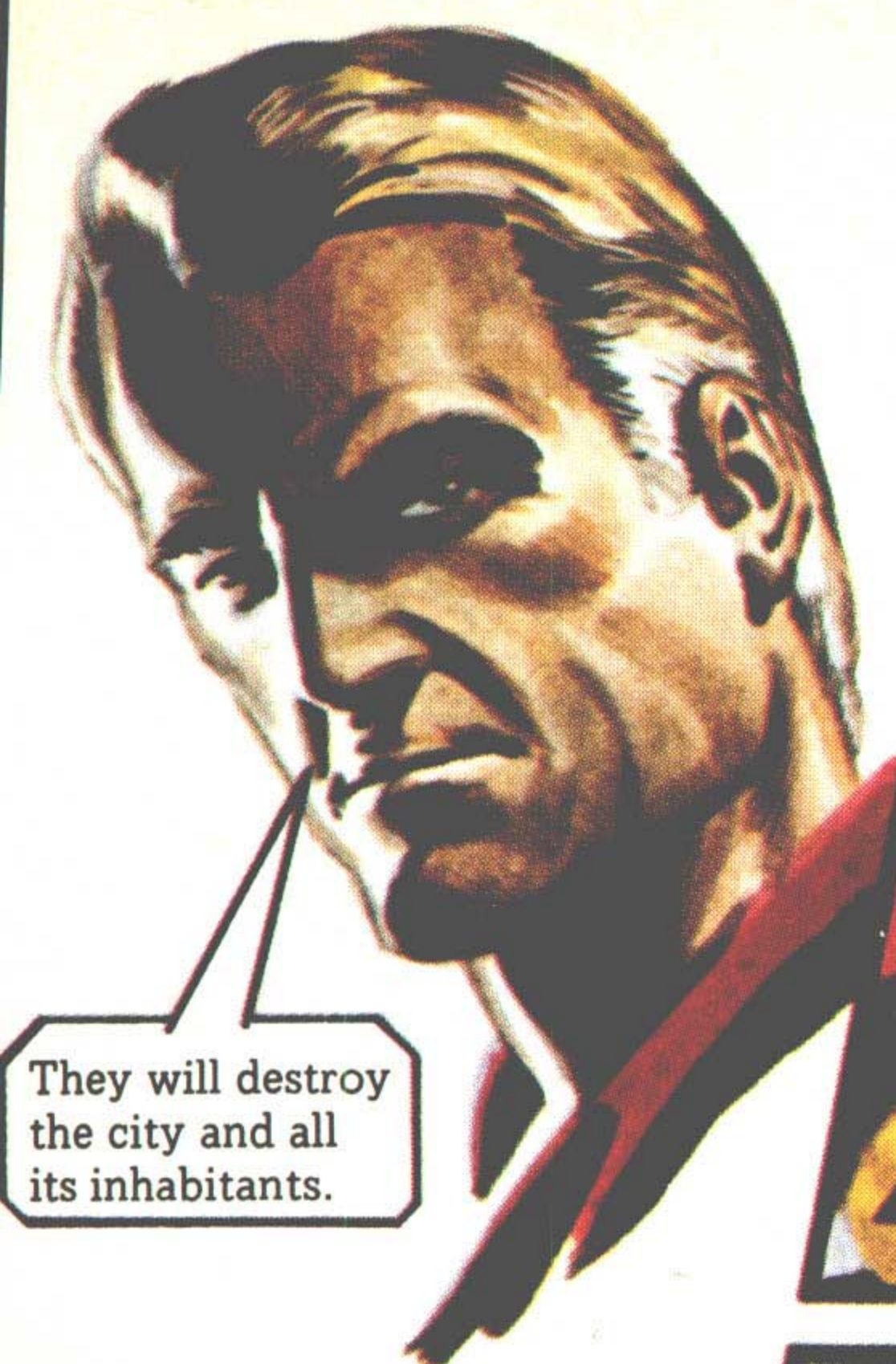
MEANWHILE, JANNO AND HIS FELLOW PILOTS HAD RETURNED TO THEIR BASE. SOON A WHITE-FACED JANNO WAS REPORTING TO HIS UNCLE, THE EMPEROR TRIGO.

An ultimatum has been received from the Catons. They say the monsters will besiege Trigan City and, unless we agree to their demands, they will...

Yes, uncle? What will they do?







They will destroy the city and all its inhabitants.



And what are their demands?

That we should acknowledge the Catons as the greatest power on Elekton and become their subjects.

We could never agree to such terms.



I may have to agree to the Catons' terms.

That may not be necessary Sir. Even now our armoured divisions are moving up to attack the monsters. See . . .



THE MARSHAL TOOK TRIGO TO A VIDEOVIEWER.

What chance will the Caton monsters have against these, eh Emperor?

Very little, I hope, Marshal Zetto.



AS THE MARSHAL WAS SPEAKING, THE TRIGAN DEFENDERS WERE PREPARING TO MEET THEIR STRANGEST ENEMY.

Fire!

Permission to fire, Sir!

A SHELL HURTLED TOWARDS THE MONSTER, BUT BEFORE IT REACHED ITS TARGET. . .



Aaah!

Shoot for their eyes . . . Aaah!

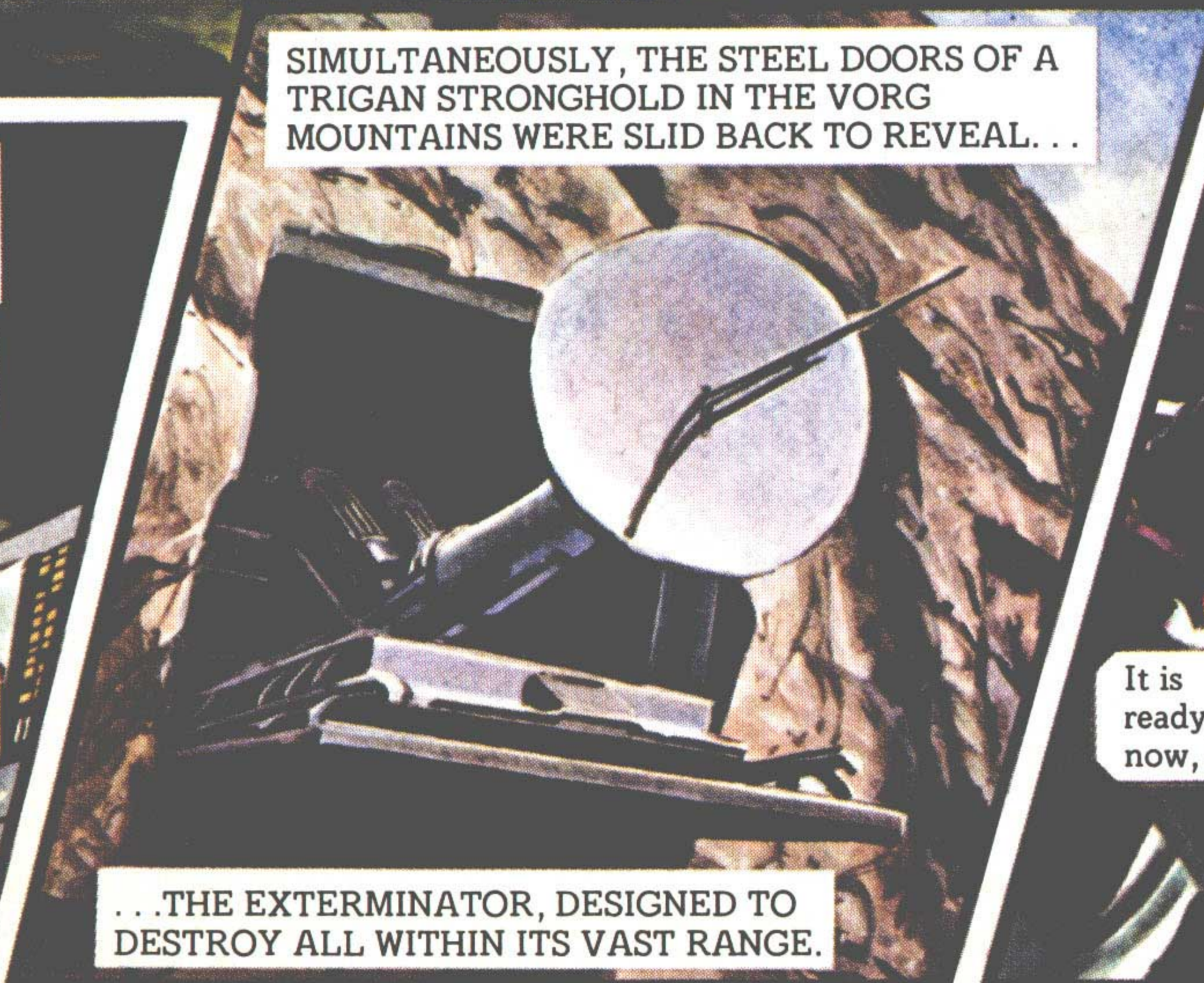
NOTHING, IT SEEMED, COULD HALT THE ADVANCE OF THE MONSTERS. TRIGO WAS IN CONSTANT CONSULTATION WITH HIS ADVISERS.

We have tried all our orthodox means of defence and failed. There is only one thing left for us to do.

You mean, use the exterminator.

It is the only way.

Then I agree, Activate the device, Peric.



SIMULTANEOUSLY, THE STEEL DOORS OF A TRIGAN STRONGHOLD IN THE VORG MOUNTAINS WERE SLID BACK TO REVEAL. . .

... THE EXTERMINATOR, DESIGNED TO DESTROY ALL WITHIN ITS VAST RANGE.

IT WAS THE TRIGAN EMPIRE'S ULTIMATE DETERRENT MANNED ROUND THE CLOCK BY HIGHLY TRAINED CREWS.

Report when the exterminator is ready for action.

It is ready now, Sir.

Then fire - before the monsters kill us all.

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK



MORE ADVENTURES OF THE

# TRIGAN EMPIRE

Caton monsters are preparing to attack Trigan City. When attempts to repel them fail, the Trigans decide to use their ultimate deterrent — the Exterminator.

BEFORE THE ORDER TO FIRE THE EXTERMINATOR COULD BE OBEYED THERE CAME A DRAMATIC TURN OF EVENTS.

Hold your fire! Look — see what's in the sky!

The Trigan air fleet. If we fire the crews will perish.

Report to Marshal Zetto for further orders.

JANNO AND ROFFA WERE LEADING THE AIR FLEET'S ATTACK ON THE MONSTERS, FOR THE MILITARY DIVISIONS HAD EITHER RETREATED OR BEEN DESTROYED.

Activate your warheads. We're over the dropping zone.

Missiles away.

SHOWERS OF MISSILES FELL EARTHWARDS, BUT BEFORE THEY REACHED THEIR TARGETS...

SOME OF THE MISSILES FOUND THEIR TARGET — BUT AT A HEAVY LOSS TO THE TRIGAN FLEET.

JANNO AND ROFFA WERE AMONG THOSE WHO CAME OUT OF THE ATTACK UNSCATHED. AS THEY FLEW AWAY, JANNO SAW SOMETHING THAT CALLED FOR FURTHER INVESTIGATION.

Look below, Roffa. Among the caves. What can you see?



ROFFA PEERED EARTHWARDS AT A STRANGE SIGHT.

My friends,  
you have survived  
so far. But  
not for long !

AS THE WILD-LOOKING MAN SCURRIED BACK INTO HIS CAVE JANNO  
AND ROFFA, WITH THE AIR FLEET, HEADED BACK FOR THEIR BASE.

The monsters' attack  
seems to have died  
down – for the moment !

Before it starts up  
again, I would  
like to investigate  
the figure we saw  
on the hillside.

WITH PERMISSION FROM THEIR BASE, THE TWO  
FLYERS WHEELED AWAY AND LANDED AS  
NEAR AS THEY COULD TO THE SPOT WHERE  
THE STRANGE MAN HAD APPEARED.

Do you think there's  
a connection between  
those monsters and  
that weird man ?

I think there is.  
That man looked  
like a Caton to me.

CAUTIOUSLY THEY CLIMBED  
THE HILLS UNTIL THEY SAW...

See this ?

What is it ?

This proves we're on the right track. Our  
suspect is certainly a Caton, as these  
entwined snakes prove.

A careless Caton, too, if  
he scatters his jewellery  
about like this.

WITH A HEAVE, THE TWO MEN  
ROLLED THE BOULDER AWAY FROM  
THE CAVE'S ENTRANCE AND  
CAUTIOUSLY STEPPED INSIDE. A  
HUM OF DISTANT MACHINERY MET  
THEIR EARS.

BARELY HAD THE QUESTION  
DIED ON ROFFA'S LIPS  
WHEN THERE WAS A LOW  
RUMBLING SOUND...

It sounds  
like a work-  
shop of  
some sort.

But whose  
... and why ?

Quick !  
The entrance...  
we'll never  
escape !

Run ! We ...  
might ... just  
... make ... it !

JANNO AND ROFFA RAN AS THEY  
HAD NEVER RUN BEFORE...

... NOT KNOWING WHAT  
THEIR FATE WOULD  
BE IF THEY FAILED.



MORE ADVENTURES OF THE

# TRIGAN EMPIRE

After their aerial attack on the monsters marching on to Triga City had failed, Janno and Roffa investigate a cave in the Vor hills. They enter the cave and huge boulder slowly slide across the entrance.

JANNO AND ROFFA  
FLUNG THEMSELVES AT  
THE CAVE ENTRANCE.

A trap — and  
we fell for it !

You mean that  
we were intended  
to find this cave ?

What fools we were. The man  
who stood outside the cave . . . the  
ring we found on the ground.  
They were meant to lure us here.

A FOOTSTEP MADE THEM WHIRL ROUND.

Allow me to  
introduce  
myself. I am  
Thorg Lada.  
You may have  
heard of me.

I believe  
so. Weren't  
you once . . ?

Yes. I was once a  
colleague of your  
scientist, Peric.  
But we have since  
gone our separate  
ways because our  
ideas on the purpose  
of science differ.  
Peric believes in the  
use of science for  
peace. But for me it  
is the pathway to  
power. Follow me  
and you will  
understand.

WITH INCREASING APPREHENSION,  
JANNO AND ROFFA FOLLOWED THE  
SCIENTIST ALONG THE CORRIDOR.

How can  
science  
give you  
power ?

It is doing  
so already.  
You have met  
my obedient  
slaves, I  
believe.

Those  
monsters . . .  
are your  
slaves ?





They are. I designed them and they obey all my commands. They will give me the power I intend to possess.

IN ACQUIRING THIS POWER FOR THEIR MASTER, THE MONSTERS KNEW NO MERCY.



Why doesn't the army drive them back?

Save us from these fiends.

Nothing on this planet can combat these monsters. We are doomed!



AND DOOMED WAS WHAT TRIGAN CITY REALLY SEEMED TO BE. IN HIS MILITARY OPERATIONS ROOM, THE EMPEROR TRIGO WAS IN CONSTANT CONSULTATION WITH PERIC AND MARSHAL ZETTO.

Our army and our air fleet are helpless against these monsters. Can we use the exterminator again?

The monsters have dealt with this, Excellency. They came at dawn and...

...destroyed the Trigan Empire's most potent weapon. Now we are unprotected. There is no escape.

AS THE MARSHAL CONTINUED HIS NARRATIVE, TRIGO COULD SEE IN HIS MIND'S EYE...



AS TRIGO PACED UP AND DOWN IN THE MILITARY OPERATIONS ROOM, THE VIDEOVIEWER FLASHED ON...

AS HE WATCHED THE IDENTIFYING SYMBOLS FLASH ON TO THE SCREEN, TRIGO GASPED.

AS TRIGO WAS SPEAKING, THE VIDEOVIEWER OPERATOR NEARLY LEPT OUT OF HIS SKIN.



Two atmosphere craft of the Trigan air fleet have been found abandoned on the Plains of Vorg. There is no trace of the pilots. The planes' identification marks follow.

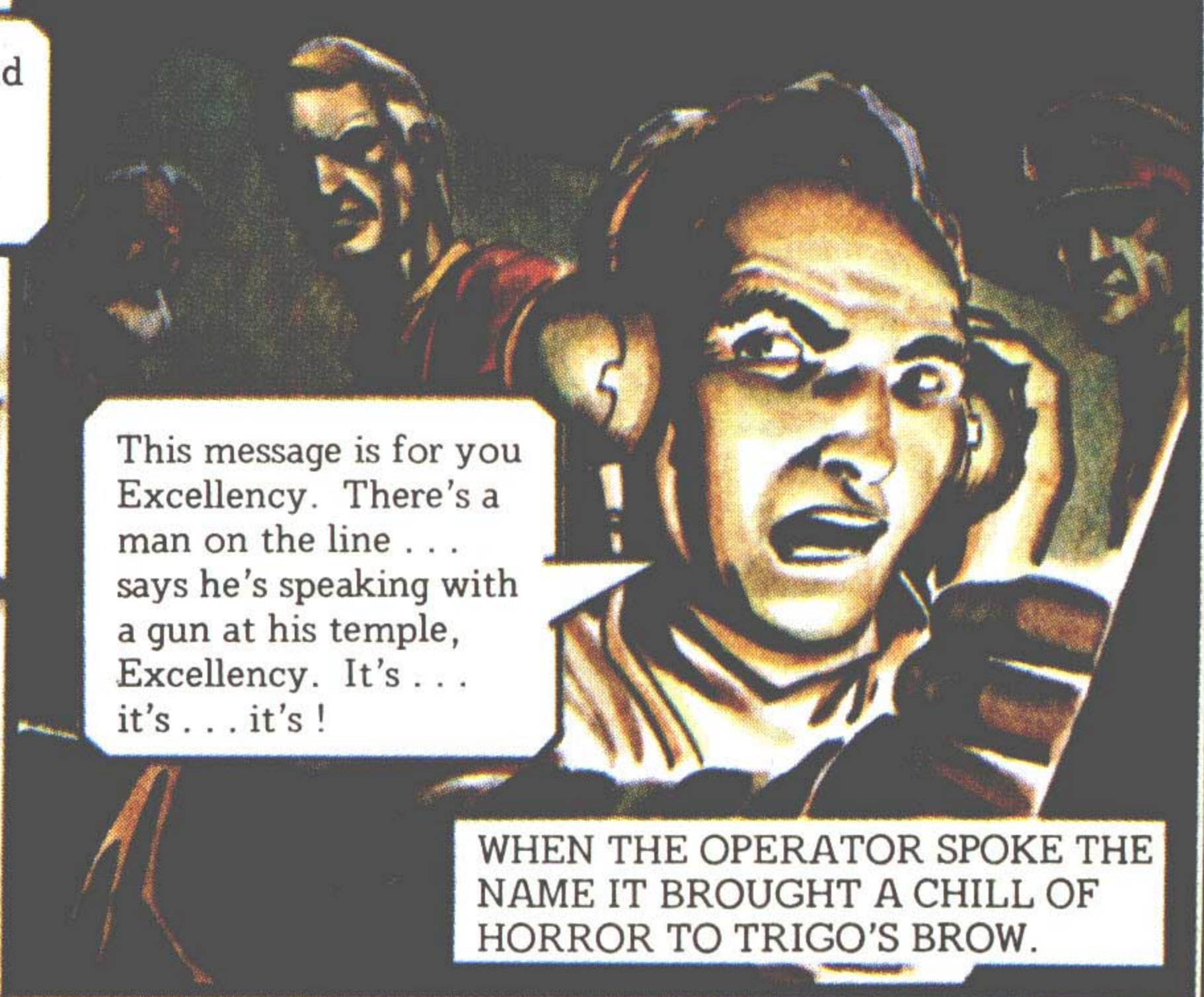
Those are the marks of Roffa's and Janno's planes. I want those two pilots found at once. No effort must be spared, do you hear?

At once, Excellency.



This message is for you Excellency. There's a man on the line... says he's speaking with a gun at his temple, Excellency. It's... it's... it's!

WHEN THE OPERATOR SPOKE THE NAME IT BROUGHT A CHILL OF HORROR TO TRIGO'S BROW.



CONTINUED NEXT WEEK



# MORE ADVENTURES OF THE TRIGAN EMPIRE

Roffa and Janno are captured by a Caton scientist who is controlling the besieging monsters from his headquarters in a rock cavern. At his military operations room, Emperor Trigo receives a strange message.

IT CAME FROM...

Listen uncle. I'm in the power of Thorg Lada. The monsters attacking Trigan are his. He'll call them off on one condition.

What is that condition?

TRIGO TURNED HIS SHOCKED FACE TOWARDS TRIGAN'S REVERED SCIENTIST.

Thorg Lada !  
Who is he ?  
Have you heard of him, Peric ?

I know him of old. He is a former assistant of mine. I discovered that he was selling our secrets to the Catons and dismissed him.

The price of peace is very high but it is one you must pay. It is Peric's total surrender to Thorg Lada. You have an hour to decide. A robot craft will arrive then to fetch him.

PERIC AND MARSHAL ZETTO WATCHED HELPLESSLY AS TRIGO PACED THE ROOM IN DEEP THOUGHT.

We'll blast the mountain apart and destroy the fiend.

And kill Janno and Roffa. Peace is our desire, yes. But not at this price.

I am willing to go, Excellency.

But I will not go as a sacrifice. I know Thorg Lada of old. It will be a battle of my brains against his — and I think I know who will win.



MEANWHILE, IN HIS SECRET LABORATORY THORG LADA WAS TRIUMPHANT.

What about the beast Master ? Will they share their prison with it ?

I think not.

LADA PRESSED A BUTTON AND . . .

This is a disintegrator, my friends. And it works just as well with Trigans. So take care not to thwart my will.

ONCE IN THEIR PRISON, JANNO AND ROFFA WERE HELPLESS.

The attack on Trigan City is to cease. The warriors besieging the city are to maintain the siege until further orders

Your words are law, Master.

RADIO WAVES FROM THE CAVE BEAMED THE INSTRUCTIONS TO THE MONSTERS' ELECTRONIC BRAINS.

Mummy ! Why have the monsters stopped ? Aren't they going to break up any more shops ?

Ruined ! I'm ruined !

All my savings turned to rubble.

THE MONSTERS RINGED THE CITY LIKE IMMOBILE BUT EVER WATCHFUL SENTINELS WHILE A ROBOT ATMOSPHERE CRAFT FLEW ABOVE THEM . . .

. . . ITS DESTINATION - THE TRIGAN FLEET'S MILITARY AIRFIELD.

PERIC AND TRIGO ARRIVED AT THE AIRFIELD AT A CRUCIAL MOMENT.

Now that you have seen this incredible robot craft, have you still the courage to trust your life to it ?

If the price of my life is the death of the empire, then my choice is easy. I shall come back, Excellency. You shall see !

WITHOUT A BACKWARD GLANCE, PERIC WENT ABOARD THE FLYING ROBOT . . .

. . . WHICH TOOK OFF FOR ITS SECRET DESTINATION.

Soon we will meet again, Thorg Lada and I. I as a hostage for the empire's safety and he as my captor. I very much fear that Lada, in his lust for power, will soon be making demands that are less easily satisfied. I wonder what they will be ?

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK



# MORE ADVENTURES OF THE TRIGAN EMPIRE

Peric, the Trigan Empire's great scientist, has gone a hostage to the secret hideout of the mad Trigo Lada, who is directing attack by robot monsters on Trigan City.

PERIC FOUND A STRANGE RECEPTION COMMITTEE AWAITING HIM IN THE VORG HILLS.

A weapon has been detected upon you. Disarm yourself.

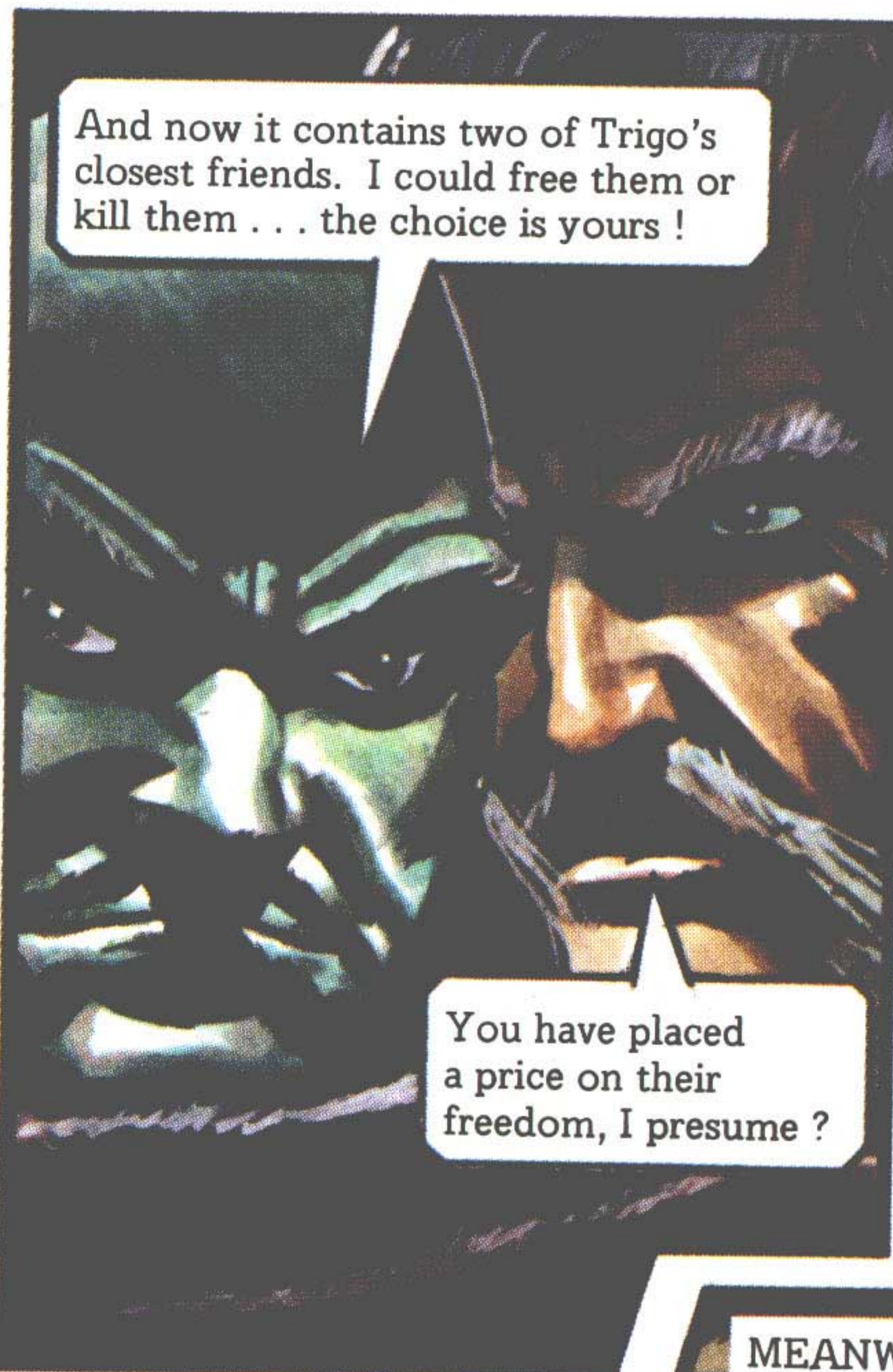
Gladly. I was persuaded against my will to bring it. A man of peace has no need of weapons.

Come! Our master awaits you!



Remember this disintegrator, Peric? We designed it when I was your assistant in Trigan City.

An infernal device. Its invention was chiefly your work, as I remember!



And now it contains two of Trigo's closest friends. I could free them or kill them... the choice is yours!

You have placed a price on their freedom, I presume?



I demand the complete surrender of the Trigan Empire to the Catons. And I require that I shall be made leader of the entire empire.

And what if the Emperor Trigo ignores your demands?

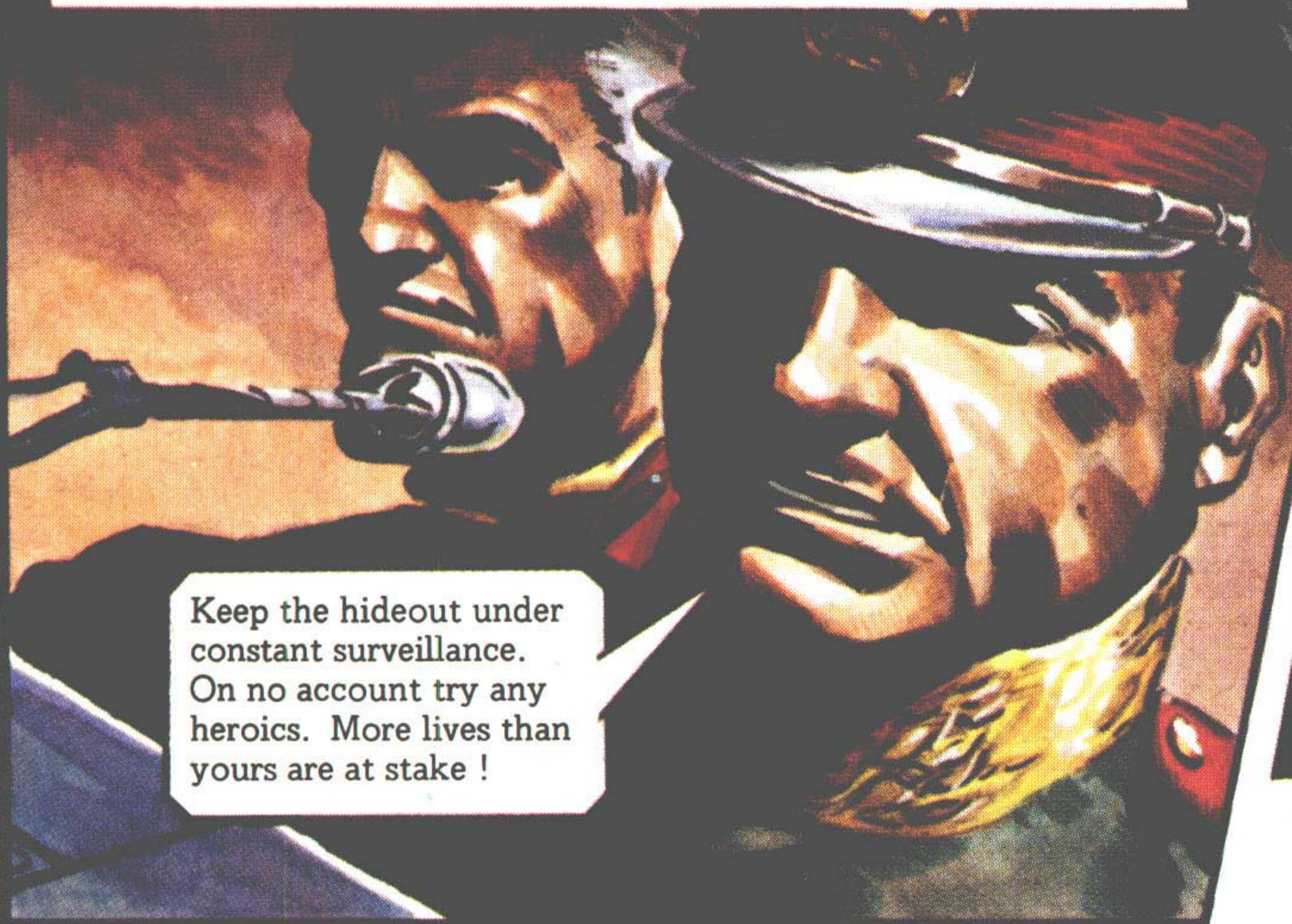
He will not ignore them when he knows that by pulling this lever I can destroy two of his key men.

MEANWHILE, A TRIGAN TRACKER CRAFT HAD TRAILED PERIC'S VEHICLE TO LADA'S LAIR.

Z4A to air fleet headquarters. Caton atmosphere craft located. Position A5 on fleet map.

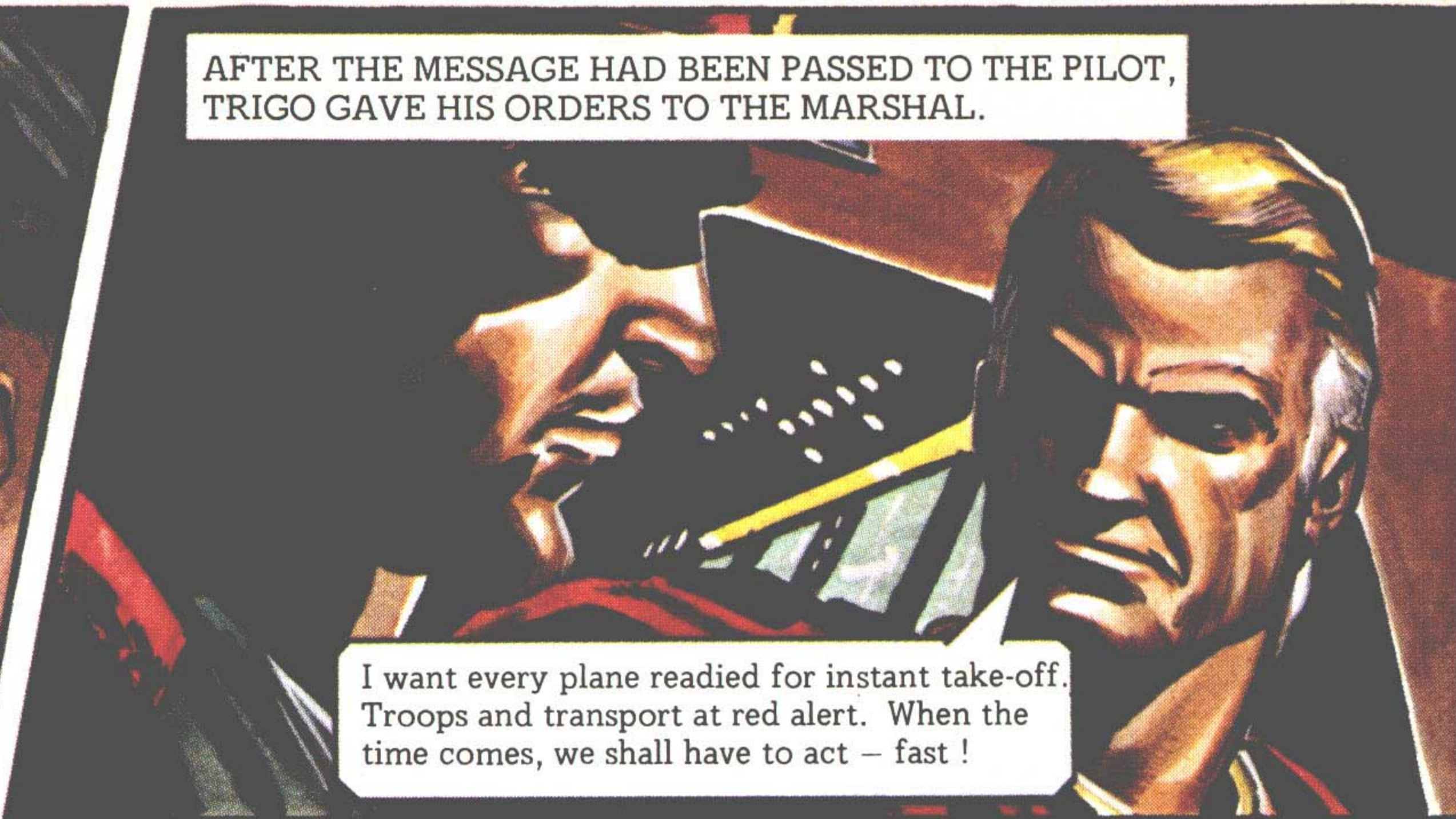


GRIMLY, MARSHAL ZETTO RECEIVED THE PILOT'S MESSAGE.



Keep the hideout under constant surveillance. On no account try any heroics. More lives than yours are at stake !

AFTER THE MESSAGE HAD BEEN PASSED TO THE PILOT, TRIGO GAVE HIS ORDERS TO THE MARSHAL.



I want every plane readied for instant take-off. Troops and transport at red alert. When the time comes, we shall have to act — fast !

AT THE AIR FLEET HEADQUARTERS, THE CREWS HEARD THE ANNOUNCEMENT OVER THEIR PUBLIC ADDRESS SYSTEM.



I think I'm going to need this plane again in a hurry, sergeant. How long before it's ready ?

It will be ready just as soon as you require it Sir, have no fear.

UNAWARE OF THE LATEST DEVELOPMENTS, A RADIO HAM WORKING IN HIS SHACK ON THE CITY OUTSKIRTS MADE A SURPRISING DISCOVERY...



I've found it ... the frequency that controls the monsters. Eureka !

I can't believe it. It's incredible. I've found the Caton's frequency. . . I know how their monster warriors are directed.



Now to put my theory to the test. A burst of power on fifty megatrigs should do the trick. Now what will happen ?

SECONDS LATER, THE RADIO HAM RECEIVED HIS ANSWER! !



By the twin moons of Daveli, it works.

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK



# MORE ADVENTURES OF THE TRICAN EMPIRE

While Peric, Janno and Roffa are being held hostage by a mad Caton scientist whose robotic monsters are besieging Trig City, a radio ham discovers the frequency by which the monsters are controlled.

AS THE MONSTER CAME TOWARDS HIM, THE HAM LUNGED FOR HIS TRANSMITTER SWITCH.

I can stop your tricks...

...with the flick of a switch!

THE INSTANT THE TRANSMISSION CEASED, THE MONSTER FROZE.

So much for the terror of the Catons. I must tell the Emperor about this.

IN THE VORG HILLS, WARNING LIGHTS BEGAN FLASHING ON LADA'S SENSITIVE EQUIPMENT.

There is an alien signal on the warriors' frequency. I warned you against any tricks, Peric.

It is a freak electrical disturbance. There are many at this season. Now let me contact Trigo!

LADA AGREED TO PERIC'S REQUEST AND LED HIM TO HIS COMMUNICATOR DOME.

Greetings, Emperor. Lada's conditions for the freedom of Janno and Roffa are these. He is to be proclaimed Emperor and the Catons are to possess the empire.



AS TRIGO LISTENED, AN EXCITED VISITOR WAS BROUGHT INTO THE ROOM.

Before I answer, I want an assurance that Roffa and Janno are unharmed and then...

Your Excellency... please... this is vital!

TRIGO CAUGHT THE URGENCY IN THE AIDE'S VOICE.

Peric, I need a moment to consider. Tell Lada he shall have my answer without delay.

BREAKING CONTACT WITH PERIC, TRIGO TURNED IN SOME ANNOYANCE TO THE INTRUDERS.

Your interruption was made for a good reason, I hope.

You will think so, Excellency, when you hear this man's story.

AFTER THE RADIO HAM HAD DESCRIBED HIS DISCOVERY, TRIGO'S FACE LIT UP.

Those monsters besieging Trigan City... you can make them obey your orders?

THEY WALKED OUT OF THE PALACE BETWEEN TWO MONSTERS GUARDING THE PALACE GATES.

Lada has immobilised his monsters while we talk peace terms. A salute from this fellow would provide a satisfactory demonstration of your discovery.

At once, Excellency.

WHEN THE HAM TUNED IN HIS TRANSMITTER, THE CUMBERSOME MONSTER REARED ON ITS HIND LEGS AND...

I'm convinced. Can all the monsters be controlled in this way?

Yes, Excellency. They all operate on the same frequency.

And with one powerful transmitter we can become the masters of these fiendish Caton inventions?

That is so, Excellency.

Then I think I know what answer to give to the power-thirsty Thorg Lada, my clever young friend. The empire's most powerful transmitter is at your service. Let us go!

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK



# MORE ADVENTURES OF THE TRIGAN EMPIRE

Monsters controlled by a power-thirsty scientist are besieging Trigan City. The scientist demands to be made emperor, but a radio amateur discovers how to control the monsters.

DEEP IN THE VORG HILLS, THE CATON SCIENTIST, THORG LADA, WAITED IMPATIENTLY FOR TRIGO'S REPLY TO HIS ULTIMATUM.

Only one thing will make the Emperor speak. I shall disintegrate Janno and Roffa. And you shall be next, Peric. Tell your Emperor that !

I shall become Emperor. Unless Trigo agrees to hand over power to me I shall switch on the disintegrator. Watch this, Peric !

The time lapse is set for noon. Unless Trigo has replied by then, our two hostages will discover how effective this disintegrator can be !

TRIGO WAS INDEED PREPARING A REPLY FOR LADA, BUT IT WAS NOT THE ONE THE MAD SCIENTIST WAS ANTICIPATING.

We can talk to almost the entire galaxy from here, so I am sure we can pump power into those monsters of Thorg Lada's. . . and make them do as we wish !

THEY HURRIED INTO THE CONTROL ROOM.

I want our most powerful transmitter directed on to the plain of Vorg, chief technician. Our young friend here will tell you the frequency.



Meanwhile, you have a battle to plan, Marshal Zetto — and your soldiers are those metal warriors already besieging Trigan City.

SOON, STRANGE THINGS BEGAN HAPPENING ON THE PERIMETER OF TRIGAN CITY.

The monsters are going away !  
The siege is over !

WARNING LIGHTS FLASHING ON HIS EQUIPMENT TOLD LADA THAT AN INTERLOPER WAS OPERATING ON THE MONSTER'S FREQUENCY. IN FEAR, HE RUSHED TO THE ENTRANCE OF HIS HIDEOUT.

Stop them. . . stop them. . .  
Trigo's controlling them now !  
I'm their master no longer.

HEARING THE COMMOTION, PERIC ACTED INSTANTLY.

Don't let him escape.

After the fiend !

LADA SWUNG ROUND IN HORROR IN TIME TO RECEIVE. . .

BEFORE THEY COULD GRAB HIM, LADA HAD LEAPT. . .

There's more where that came from.

LADA'S FATE REMAINS A MYSTERY TO THIS DAY, FOR NOTHING MORE WAS SEEN OF THE POWER-HUNGRY SCIENTIST WITH AMBITIONS FOR RULING THE TRIGAN EMPIRE.

Look ! The monsters are saluting us.

I can't believe my eyes.

I think this is Trigo's idea of a joke.

AND SO ENDED ANOTHER CHAPTER IN THE EVENTFUL HISTORY OF THE TRIGAN EMPIRE.

A new story begins next week.