



3

STAR FORCE



ATARI FORCE

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CONSIDER THEM CLOCKWISE, THESE BRAVEST OF A FUTURE EARTH'S SONS AND DAUGHTERS:
MARTIN CHAMPION--MISSION COMMANDER.
MOHANDAS SINGH--FLIGHT ENGINEER.
LUCAS ORION--MEDICAL OFFICER
LISAN O'ROURKE--SECURITY OFFICER.
LYDIA PEREZ--PILOT, EXECUTIVE OFFICER.

ATARI FORCE™

I--I GUESS I OUGHT
TO BELIEVE IT-- BUT
SOMEHOW, I CAN'T!

AND YET THE EVIDENCE
IS THERE, DR. ORION--
FOR THE DISCERNING
EYE TO SEE!

SURE AND IT'S PINK
ELEPHANTS WE'LL BE
SPYING NEXT, TO MY
WAY OF THINKING!

IN THIS
LEAGUE,
O'ROURKE,
ANYTHING
CAN
HAPPEN!

STOW THE
SCUTTLEBUTT,
CREW! IF WE
DON'T KEEP ON
OUR TOES--

--THINGS
COULD GET
SLIGHTLY
DEADLY!

THE YEAR IS 2005 A.D.--IF,
INDEED, TIME ITSELF HAS ANY
MEANING ON BOARD THE SHIP
CALLED SCANNER ONE--

--THE MULTI-DIMENSIONAL WARP-
DRIVE CRUISER WHICH PROPELS THESE
FIVE SKILLED AND DEDICATED DAREDEVILS
THROUGH LAYER UPON LAYER OF
ALTERNATE REALITIES.

A BILLION BILLION UNIVERSES, IMPALED
LIKE SHINING PEARLS ON AN INVISIBLE
STRING, EACH EXISTING AN INFINITESIMAL
HEARTBEAT FROM THE NEXT.

YOU'RE RIGHT, LUCAS.
IT *IS* HARD TO ACCEPT
THE FACT THAT WE'RE
ACTUALLY TRAVELING
BETWEEN REALITIES--
PASSING FROM *ONE*
COSMOS TO *ANOTHER*!

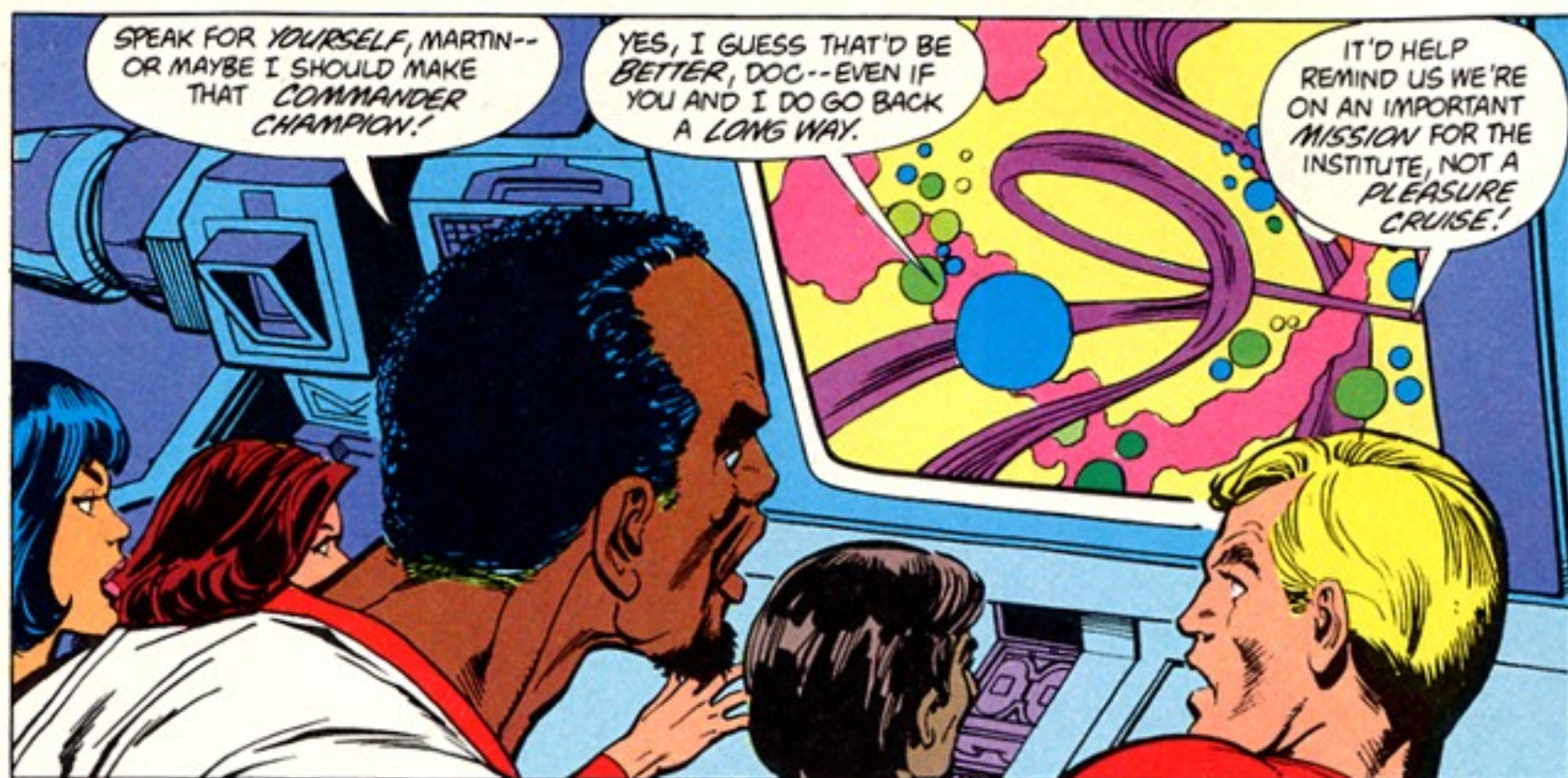
AFTER ALL, JUST A
COUPLE OF DECADES BACK,
THIS KIND OF THING HAPPENED
ONLY IN *MOVIES* WHICH
HAD GONE OVERBOARD ON
SPECIAL EFFECTS--

--AND NOW HERE WE
ARE, AND ALL WE CAN
THINK OF IS GETTING
THROUGH IT, SO WE
CAN GET ON WITH
BUSINESS!

CHAPTER ONE:

ENTER...THE DARK DESTROYER!





SPEAK FOR YOURSELF, MARTIN--
OR MAYBE I SHOULD MAKE
THAT **COMMANDER**
CHAMPION!

YES, I GUESS THAT'D BE
BETTER, DOC-- EVEN IF
YOU AND I DO GO BACK
A **LONG WAY.**

IT'D HELP
REMIND US WE'RE
ON AN IMPORTANT
MISSION FOR THE
INSTITUTE, NOT A
PLEASURE
CRUISE!



FINE BY **ME--** BUT ALL THIS
STILL GIVES ME THE **WEIRDEST**
FEELING I'VE HAD SINCE I WAS
A BOY BACK IN **DETROIT.**

I DON'T KNOW--IT'S
ALMOST **RELIGIOUS,**
SOMEHOW--

--LIKE SEEING THE
HAND OF GOD,
WITH THE STARS
SLIPPING THROUGH
HIS FINGERS LIKE
SO MUCH **DUST!**



FUNNY! I LOOK OUT
THERE, AND ALL I THINK
OF IS **FUNDAMENTAL**
QUANTUM PHYSICS.

WE'VE ENTERED THE
THEORETICAL **TACHYON**
STREAM, WHERE NOTHING
CAN MOVE **SLOWER** THAN
LIGHT--THAT'S ALL!

YOU KNOW,
YOU **INTEREST**
ME, PEREZ...



SOMEWHERE **BENEATH**
THAT COLD EXTERIOR,
I'M ALMOST POSITIVE
THERE'S WHAT
THEY USED TO
CALL A **WARM**
AND **WONDERFUL**
HUMAN BEING.

I'VE GOT TO
REMEMBER TO
THERMO-BLAST
FOR IT, WHEN WE
GET BACK
HOME.

/F WE GET
HOME, **COMMANDER**
--REPEAT, **/F--**







O'ROURKE!
YOU'RE THE
OLYMPIC ATHLETE
OF THIS LITTLE
GROUPING.

THINK YOU CAN STOP
MOHANDAS, BEFORE HE
GOES SPLAT ALL OVER
OUR NICE SHINY
COMPUTER
COMPONENTS?

SURE AND WHAT
KIND OF SECURITY
OFFICER WOULD I BE
NOW IF I COULDN'T?

BUT--
DOCTOR
ORION--

--LUCKED OUT
ON HIS OWN,
THANKS!

BUT, MARTIN--
COMMANDER--
WHAT'S GOING
ON OUT THERE?

IT FELT AS IF
SOMETHING JUST
REACHED OUT AND
GRABBED
SCANNER ONE!

THAT'S
JUST IT,
DOC!

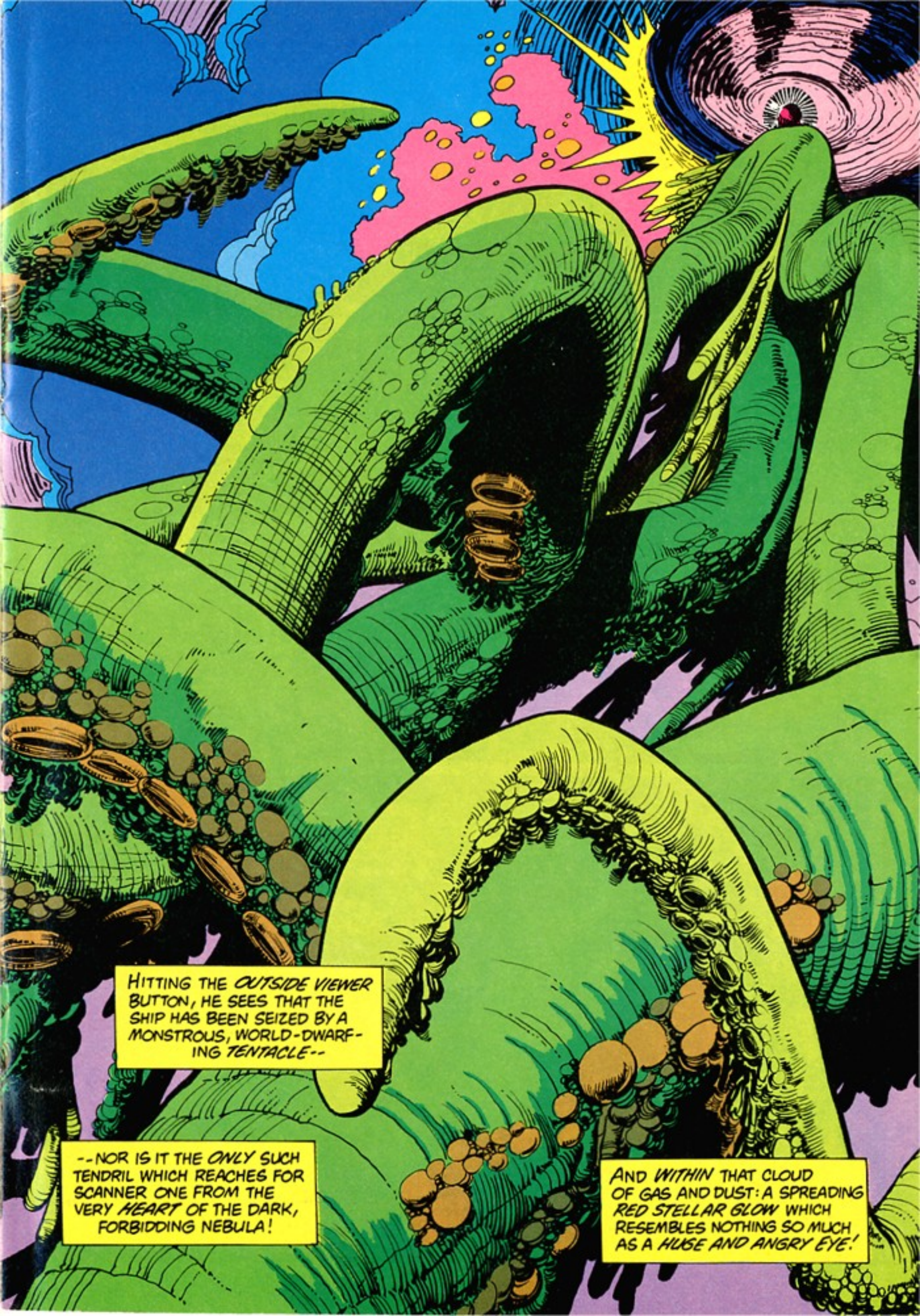
SOMETHING
DID--

EVEN AS COMMANDER CHAMPION
CRIES OUT IN SURPRISE, THE
ATARI INSTITUTE COSMO-CRAFT
COMES ABRUPTLY TO A DEAD STOP--

--IN AN EERIE SECTOR
OF DIMENSIONAL SPACE
WHERE A VAST *BLACK*
NEBULA SEEMS TO BLOT
OUT STARS, PLANETS,
AND ALL OTHER PHYSICAL
PHENOMENA!

--BUT I'LL BE
HANGED IF I'VE
GOT THE SLIGHTEST
IDEA WHAT IT IS!



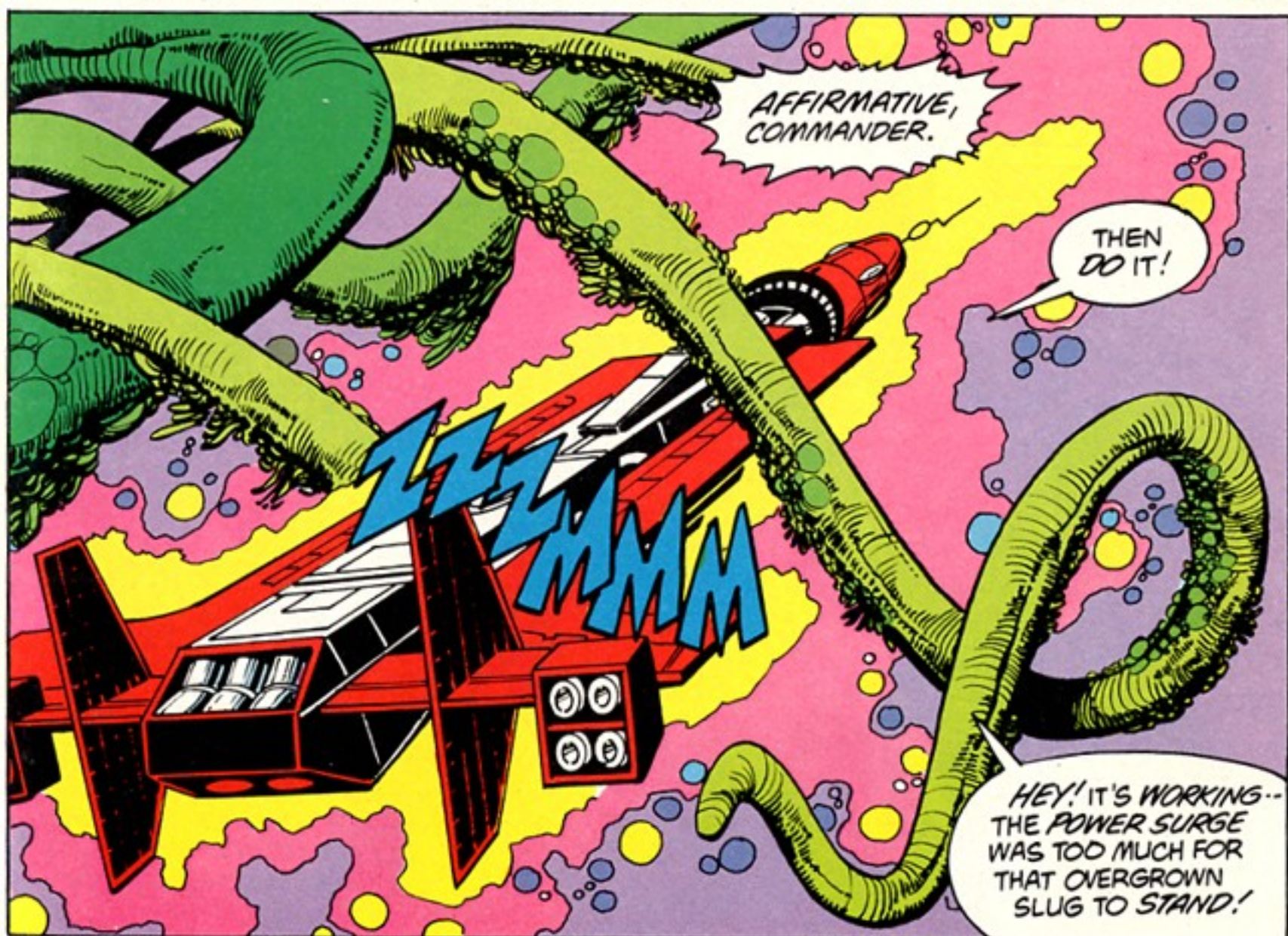
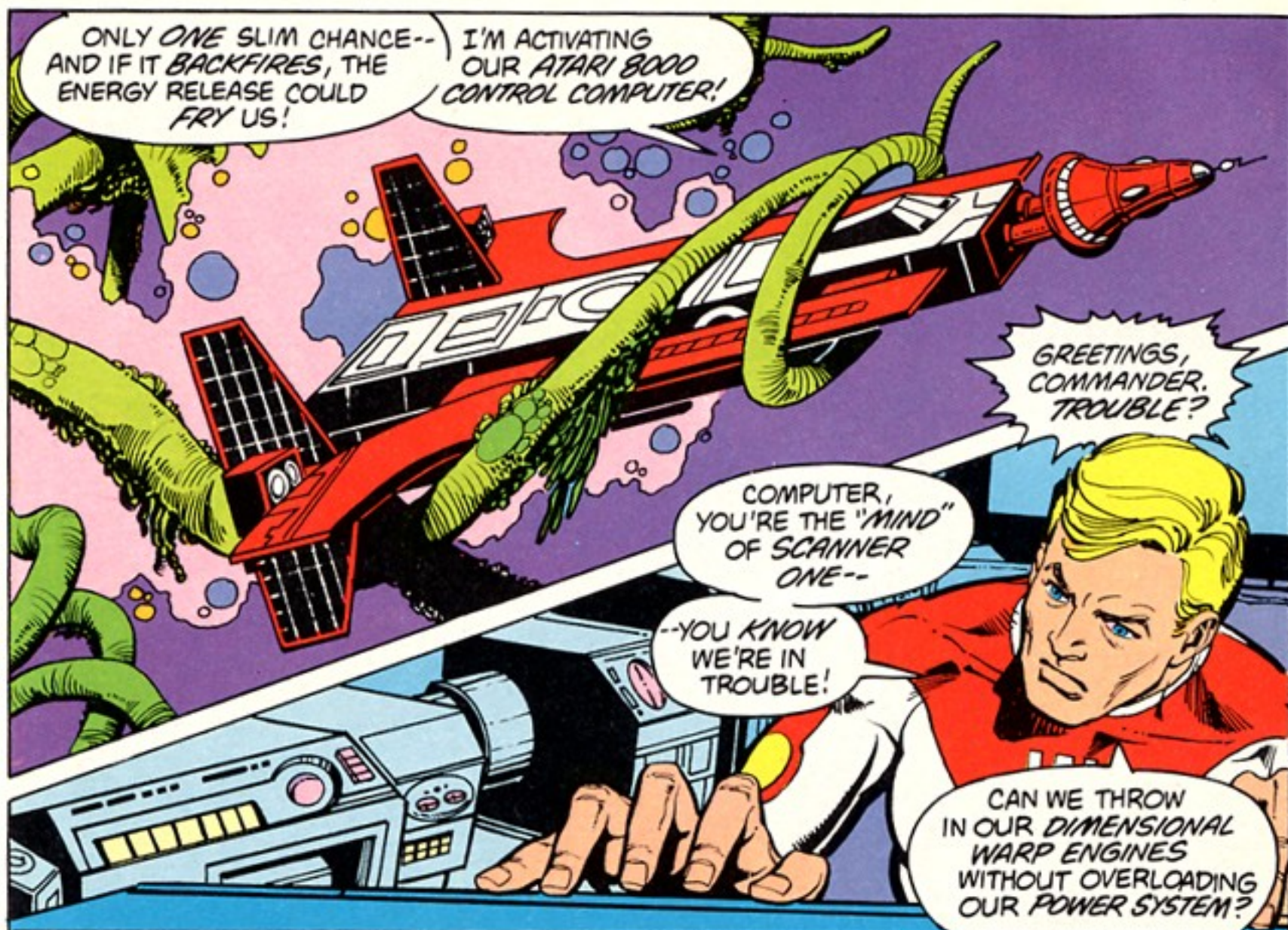


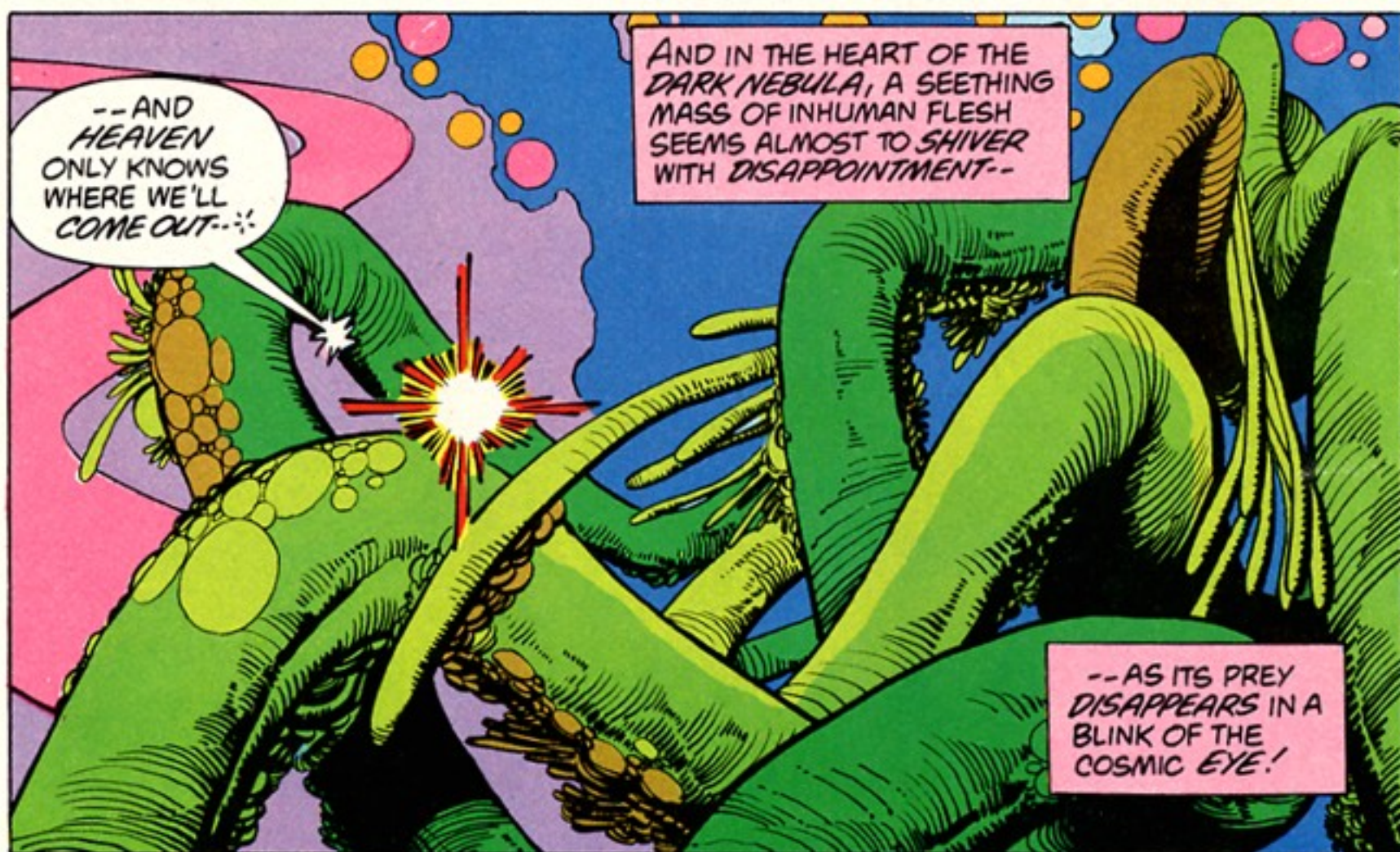
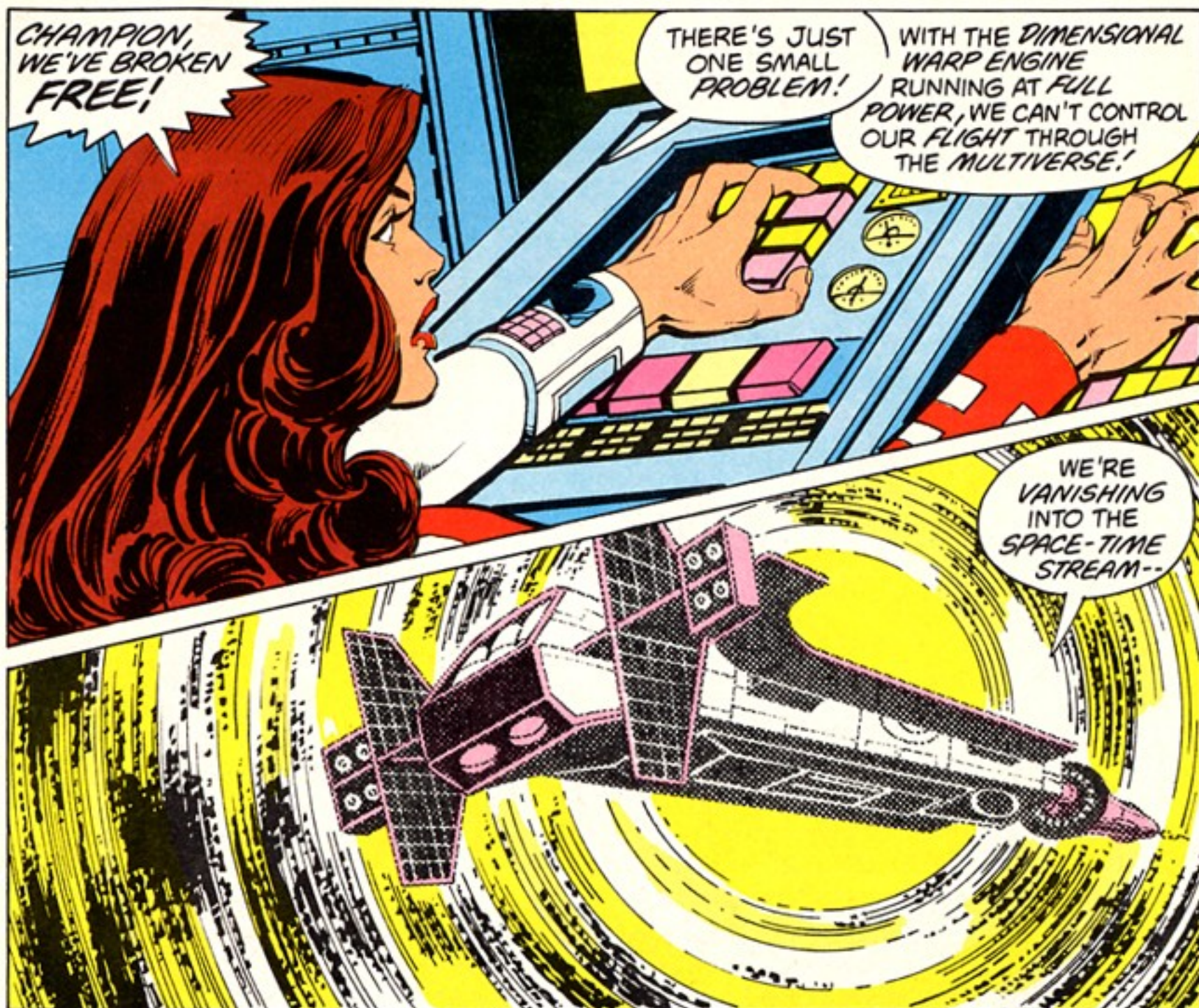
HITTING THE *OUTSIDE VIEWER*
BUTTON, HE SEES THAT THE
SHIP HAS BEEN SEIZED BY A
MONSTROUS, WORLD-DWARF-
ING TENTACLE--

--NOR IS IT THE *ONLY* SUCH
TENDRIL WHICH REACHES FOR
SCANNER ONE FROM THE
VERY *HEART* OF THE DARK,
FORBIDDING NEBULA!

AND *WITHIN* THAT CLOUD
OF GAS AND DUST: A SPREADING
RED STELLAR GLOW WHICH
RESEMBLES NOTHING SO MUCH
AS A *HUGE AND ANGRY EYE!*







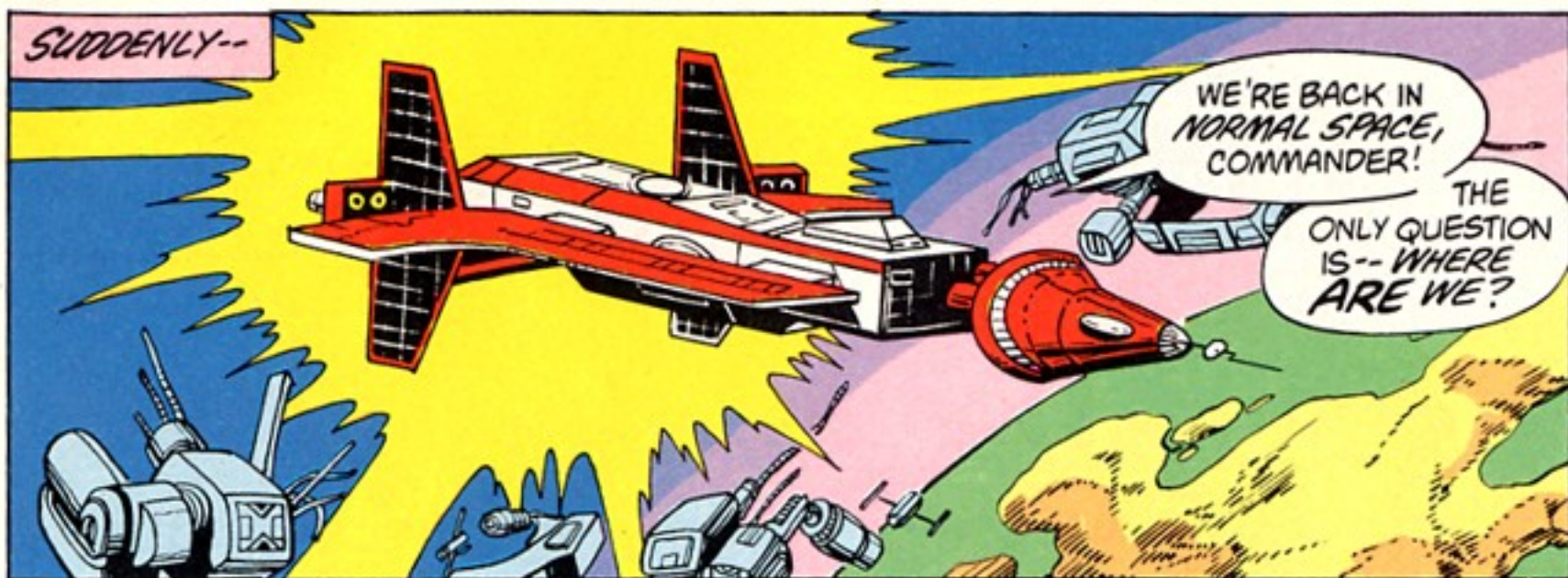
CHAPTER TWO:

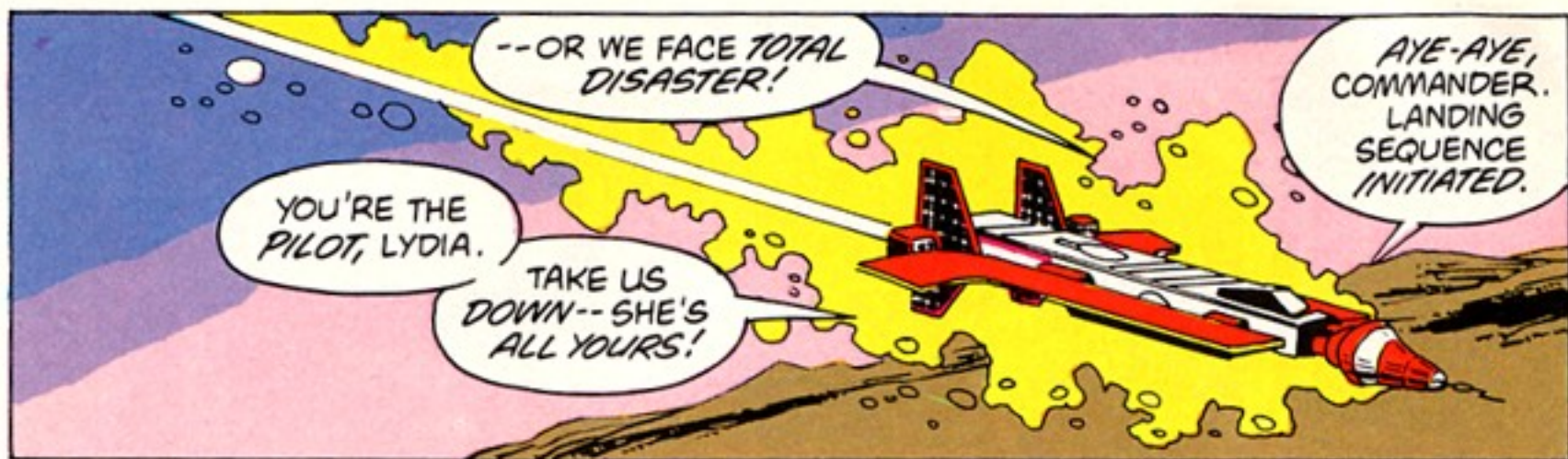
PLANET OF THE DOOMED!

FOR MORE CENTURIES THAN HUMANITY HAS BEEN CIVILIZED, THIS ONCE-FERTILE WORLD IN A STAR-SYSTEM NOT UNLIKE OUR OWN HAS LAIN FALLOW AND BARREN...

...ITS SKIES A JUNKYARD OF ANCIENT, CRUMBLING SATELLITES...

...A SARGASSO SEA OF BROKEN DREAMS!





--OR WE FACE TOTAL
DISASTER!

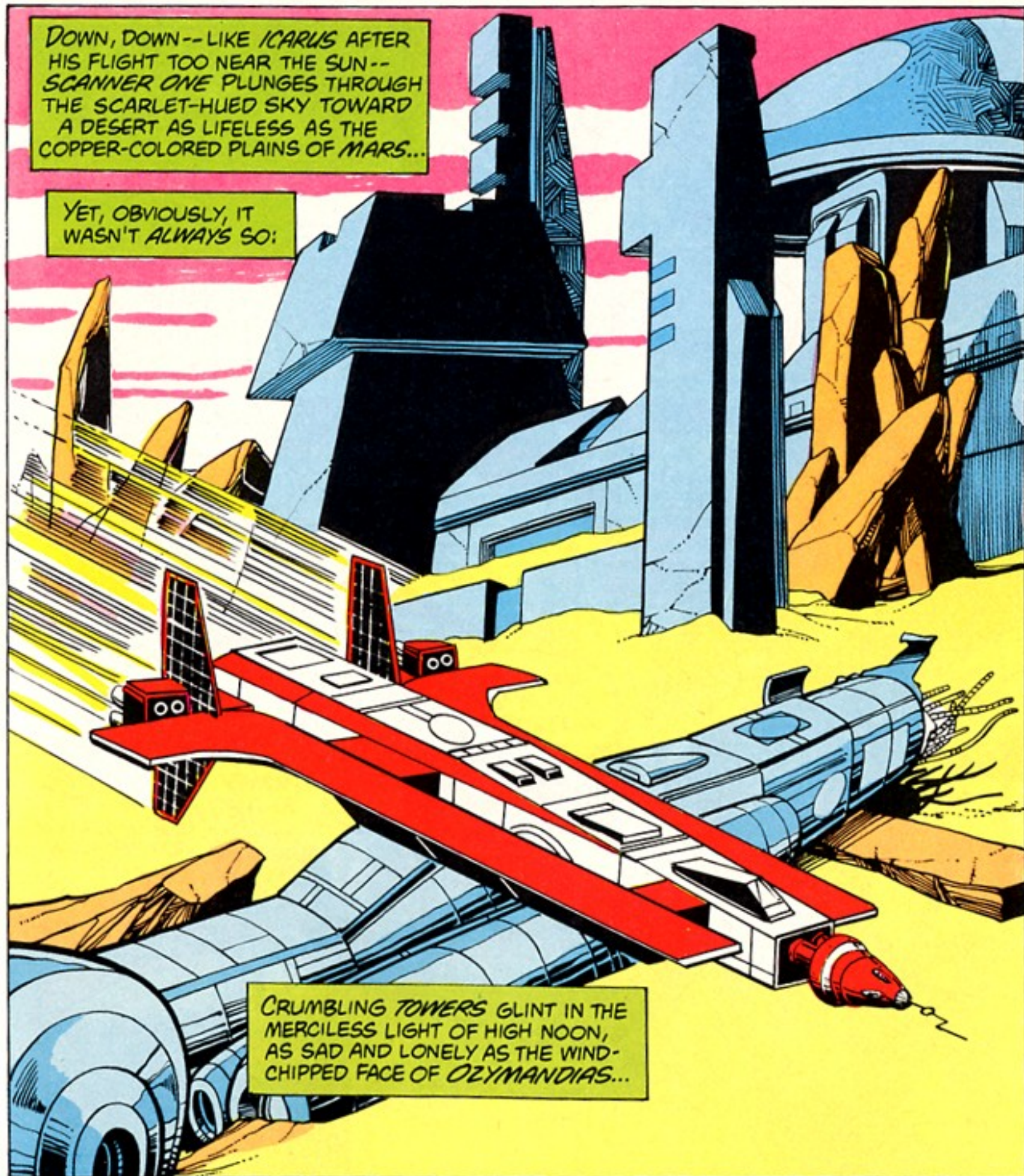
YOU'RE THE
PILOT, LYDIA.

TAKE US
DOWN-- SHE'S
ALL YOURS!

AYE-AYE,
COMMANDER.
LANDING
SEQUENCE
INITIATED.

DOWN, DOWN-- LIKE ICARUS AFTER
HIS FLIGHT TOO NEAR THE SUN--
SCANNER ONE PLUNGES THROUGH
THE SCARLET-HUED SKY TOWARD
A DESERT AS LIFELESS AS THE
COPPER-COLORED PLAINS OF MARS...

YET, OBVIOUSLY, IT
WASN'T ALWAYS SO:



CRUMBLING TOWERS GLINT IN THE
MERCILESS LIGHT OF HIGH NOON,
AS SAD AND LONELY AS THE WIND-
CHIPPED FACE OF OZYMANDIAS...

BUT THE CREW OF SCANNER ONE HAS NO TIME FOR SIGHT-SEEING JUST NOW--

BWHIMP!

SHKRASH!

--AS THEIR SHIP, BUILT TO WITHSTAND THE RIGORS OF INTER-SPATIAL TRAVEL, TESTS ITSELF AGAINST THE SOMEWHAT MORE IMMEDIATE DIFFICULTIES OF A DESERT LANDING--

--AND IS NOT FOUND WANTING!

A ROUGH RIDE AT THE END, LYDIA--

--BUT AS THEY SAY, ANY LANDING YOU WALK AWAY FROM IS A GOOD LANDING!

AMEN TO THAT, LUCAS!

HAVE YOU HAD A CHANCE TO CHECK FOR LIFE READINGS?

I'VE DONE NOTHING *BUT* CHECK SINCE WE ARRIVED, MARTIN.

USING THE *WRIST-COMP* COMMUNICATIONS LINK TO OUR *ATARI 8000* COMPUTER BACK ON BOARD SCANNER ONE, I'VE ORDERED OUR MAIN SENSORS TO SWEEP THIS ENTIRE *HEMISPHERE*--

--BUT I'M AFRAID THESE *RUINS* ALREADY TELL THE TALE:

THERE'S ABSOLUTELY *NO SIGN* OF LIFE ON THE SURFACE OF THIS WORLD!

--ONLY TO FIND A *GRAVEYARD* AT OUR FIRST--

EH?

YOU SAID THERE WAS NO LIFE ON THE SURFACE, LUCAS!

BUT WHAT ABOUT *UNDERGROUND*?

WHAT A *TRAGEDY*--TO COME SO FAR, ACROSS SO MANY *DIMENSIONS*--

CRRRUMMBLE

GOOD LORD! WHAT'S THAT?

POK!

HUKKA?

HUKKA-HUKKA?



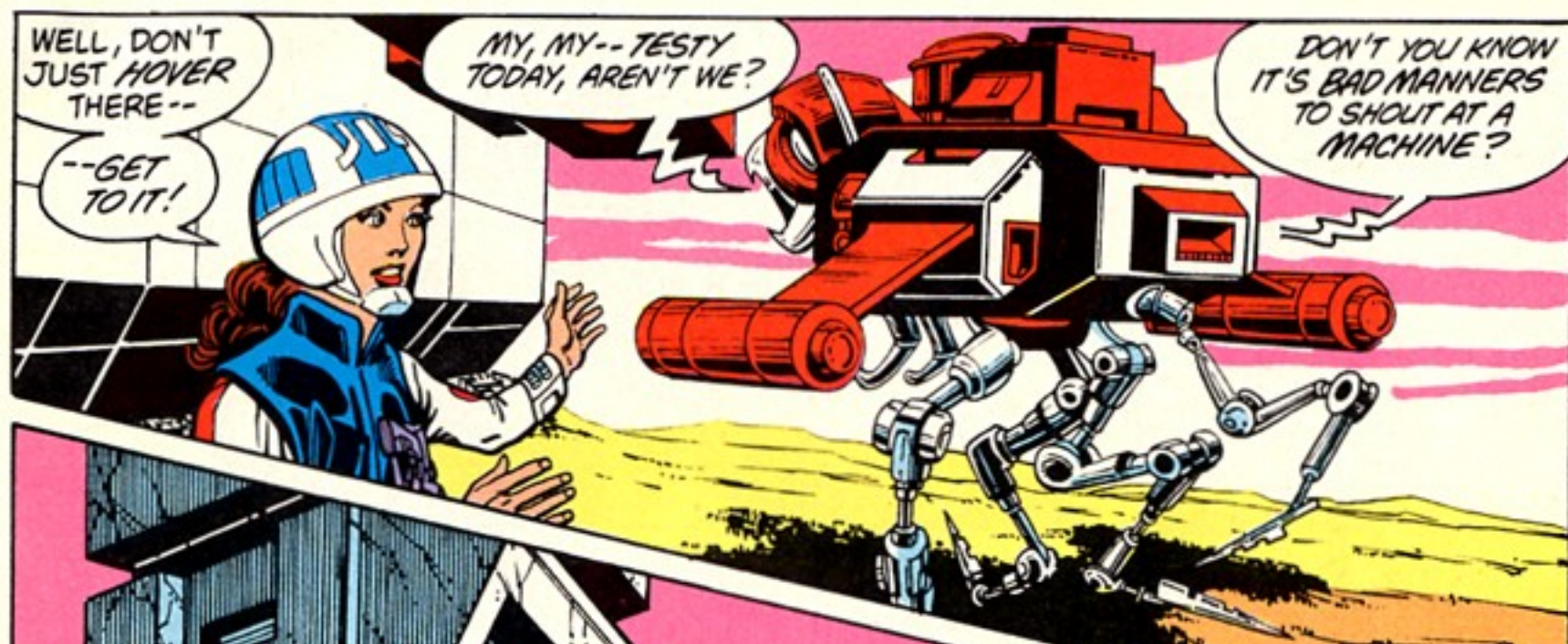


WELL, DON'T
JUST HOVER
THERE--

--GET
TO IT!

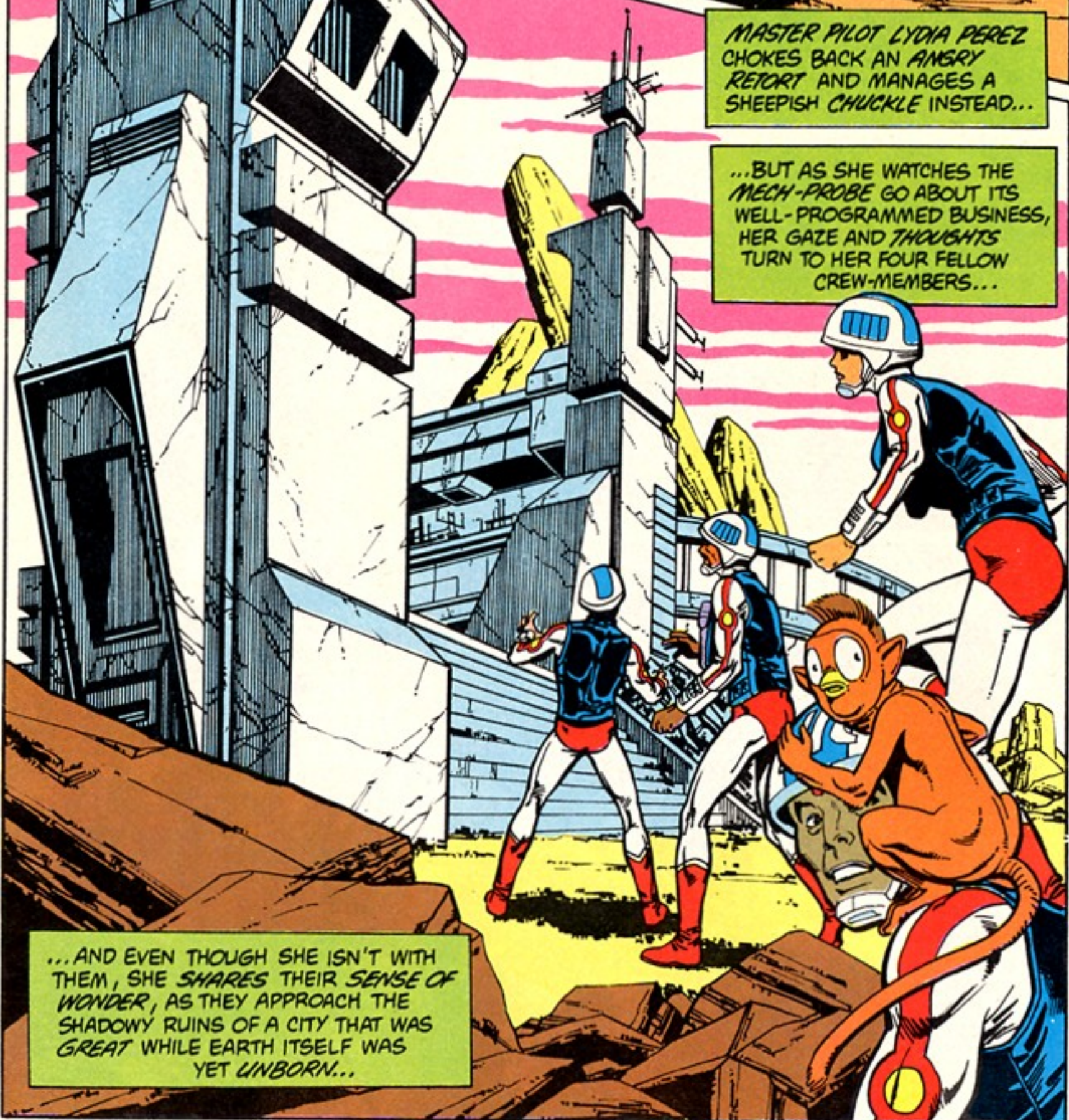
MY, MY-- TESTY
TODAY, AREN'T WE?

DON'T YOU KNOW
IT'S BAD MANNERS
TO SHOUT AT A
MACHINE?

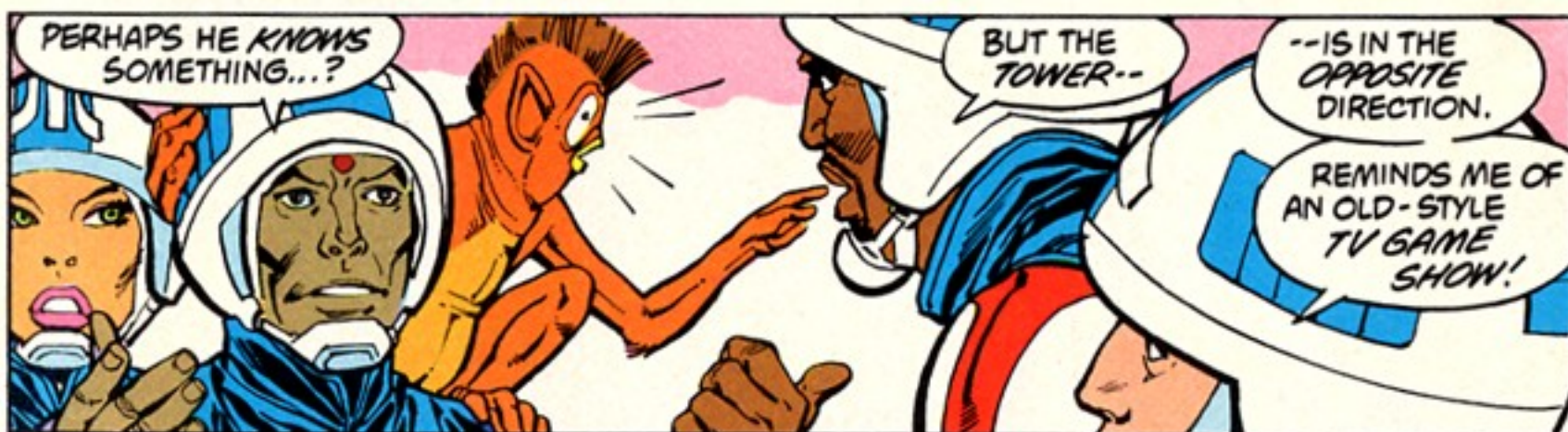
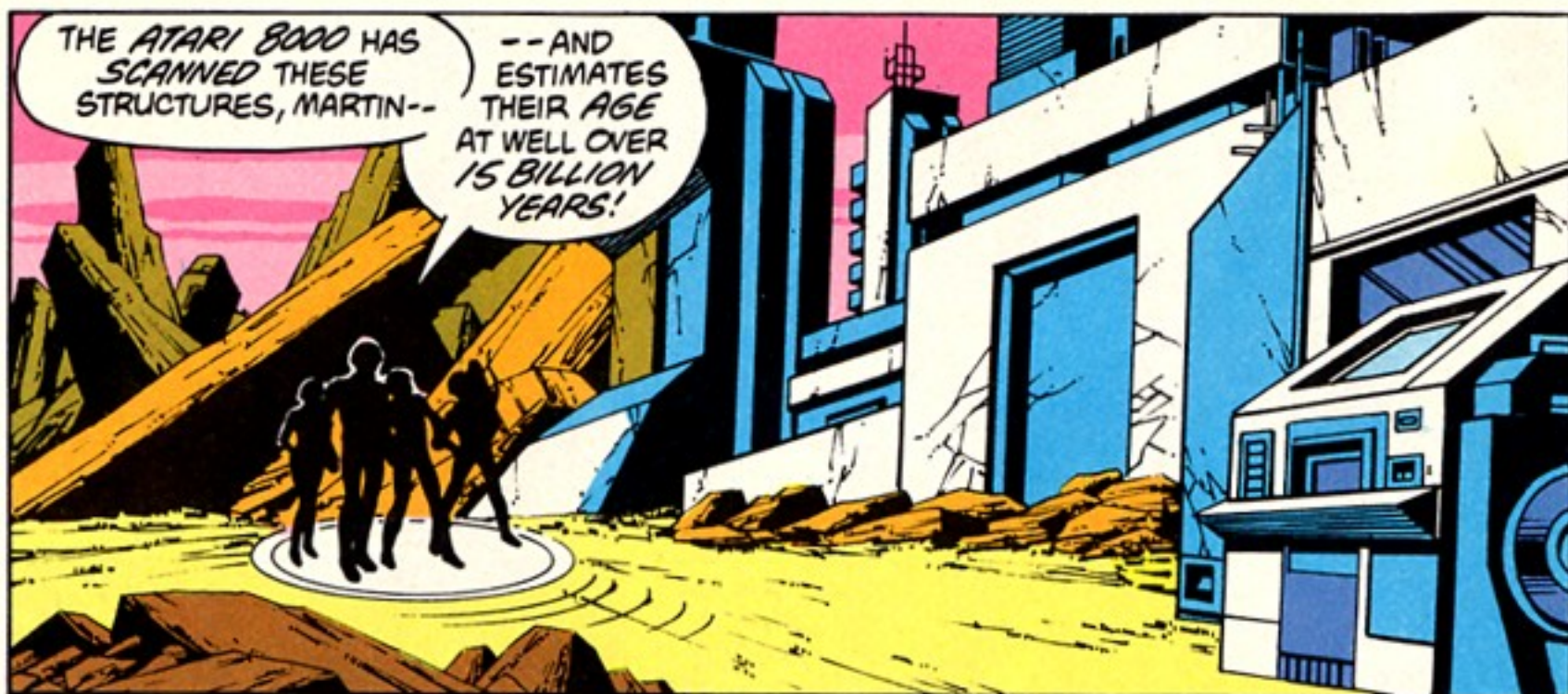


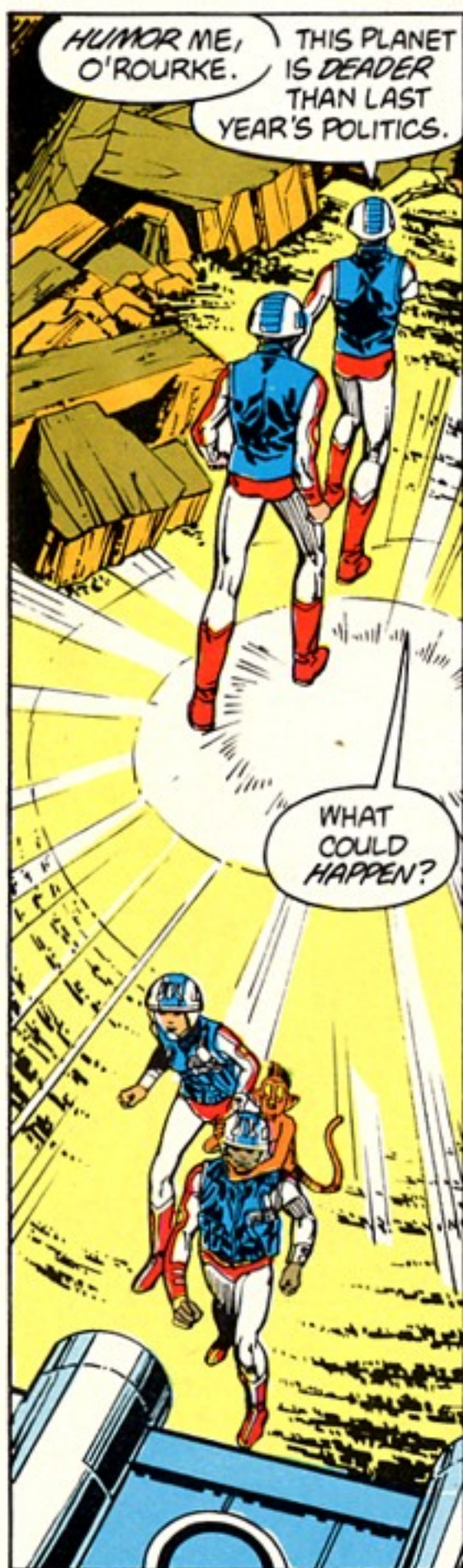
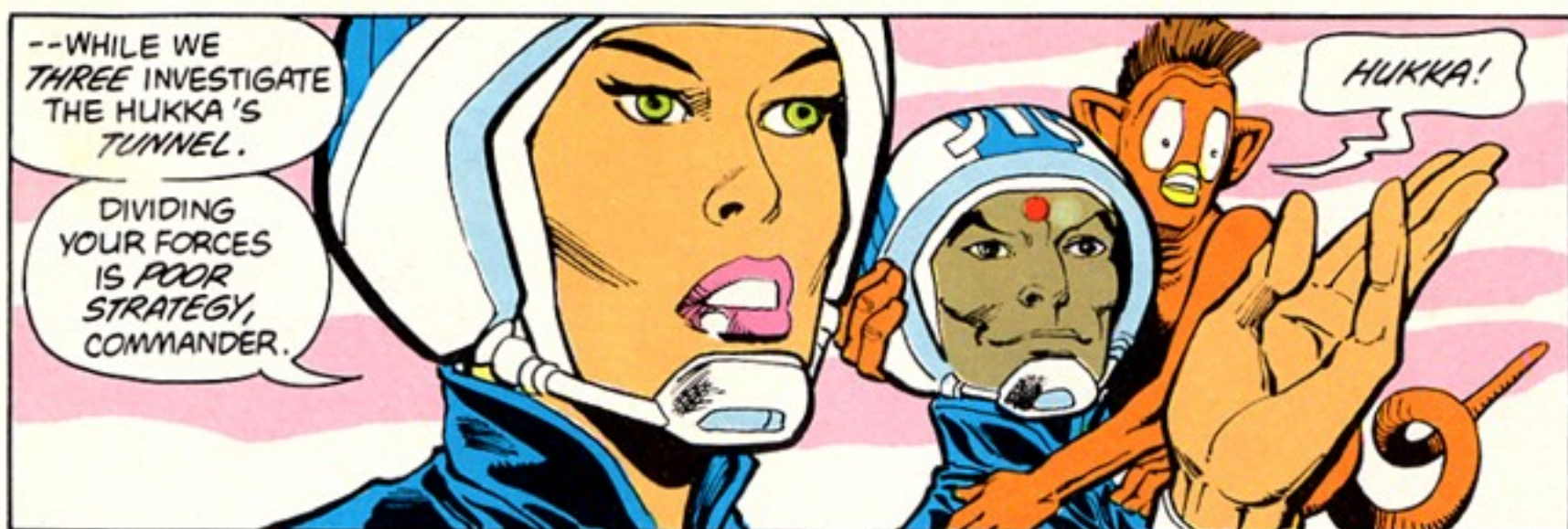
MASTER PILOT LYDIA PEREZ
CHOKES BACK AN ANGRY
RETORT AND MANAGES A
SHEEPISH CHUCKLE INSTEAD...

...BUT AS SHE WATCHES THE
MECH-PROBE GO ABOUT ITS
WELL-PROGRAMMED BUSINESS,
HER GAZE AND THOUGHTS
TURN TO HER FOUR FELLOW
CREW-MEMBERS...



...AND EVEN THOUGH SHE ISN'T WITH
THEM, SHE SHARES THEIR SENSE OF
WONDER, AS THEY APPROACH THE
SHADOWY RUINS OF A CITY THAT WAS
GREAT WHILE EARTH ITSELF WAS
YET UNBORN...





DOWN, DOWN, DOWN INTO
UTTER DARKNESS THEY CLIMB,
LIGHTING THEIR WAY WITH A
WEAPONS-LASER SET AT
LOW ON A WIDE BEAM...

FOOTSTEPS
ECHO FROM
UNSEEN WALLS,
AND SOME-
WHERE IN THE
FATHOMLESS
SHADOWS,
WATER DRIPS
FROM AN
ANCIENT
LEAK.



AT LAST, WHEN IT
SEEMS THEY'VE
BEEN DESCENDING
FOR HOURS,
THEY REACH --

A DEAD
END!

YOUR PET'S
LED US ON
A MERRY
CHASE, FLIGHT
ENGINEER SINGH.
I HOPE HE'S
ENJOYED HIS
LITTLE JOKE
AT OUR
EXPENSE!



DON'T ALWAYS
EXPECT THE WORST,
O'ROURKE!

LOOK!

HUKKA!
HUKKA-
HUKKA!



THIS ISN'T A
DEAD END,
IT'S A
DOOR!

AND HE
WANTS US
TO GO
THROUGH
IT--!

SET YOUR
LASER AT
MEDIUM
HOT!

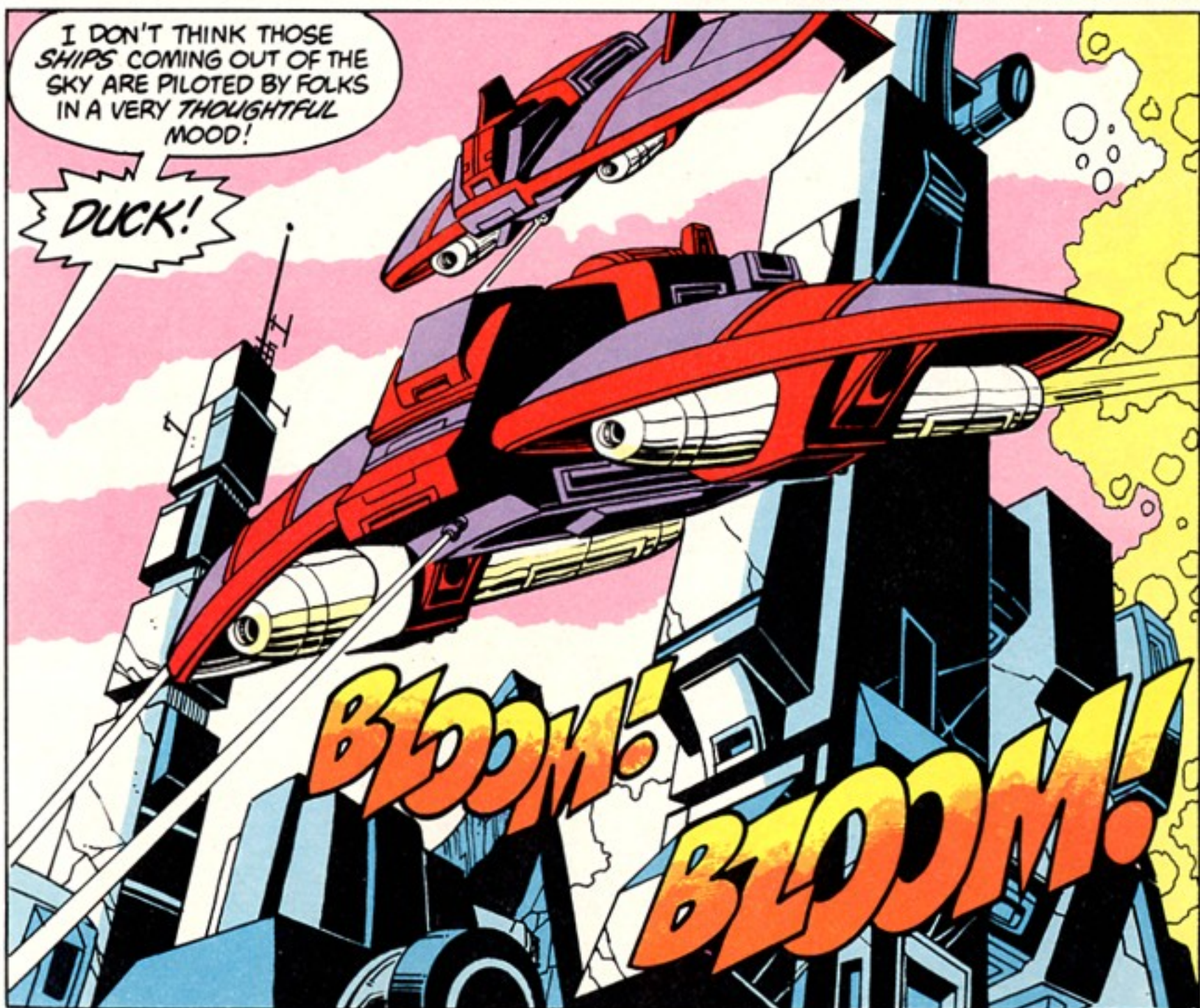


SURE AND
I'M A STEP
AHEAD OF YOU,
MOHANDAS!

WE'RE
BURNING
THROUGH!

GIVE
IT A
MOMENT
TO COOL--

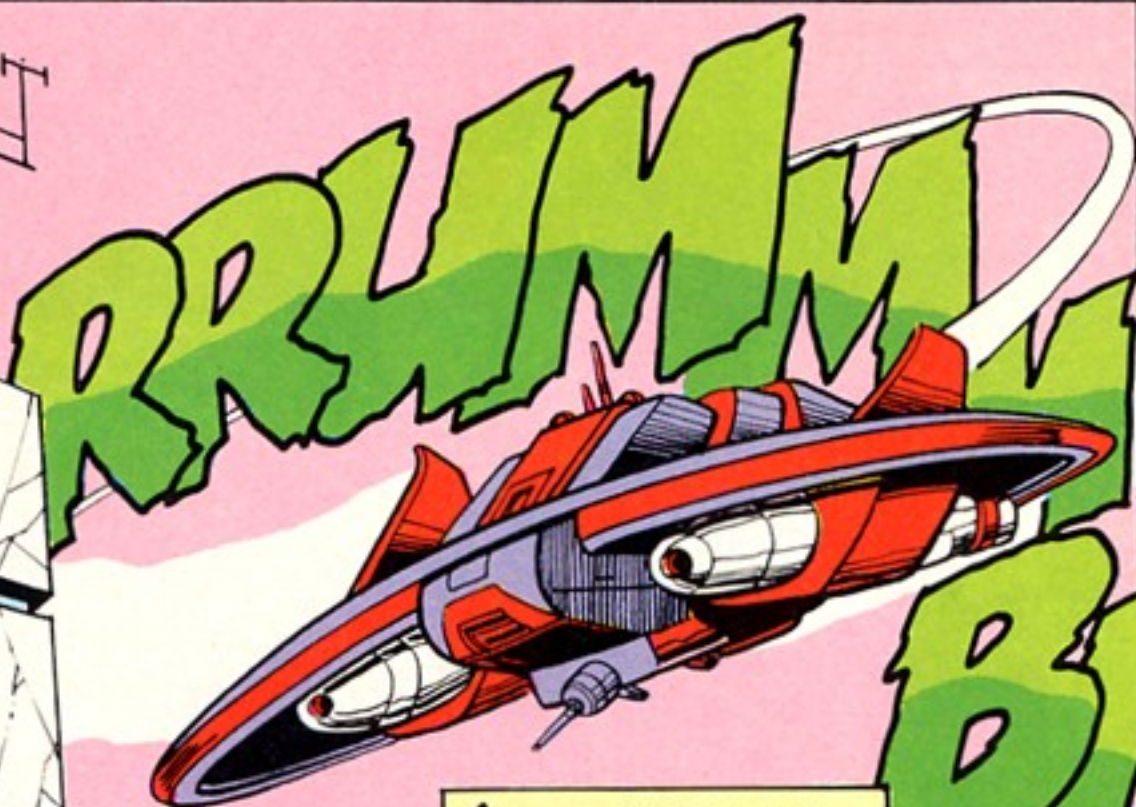




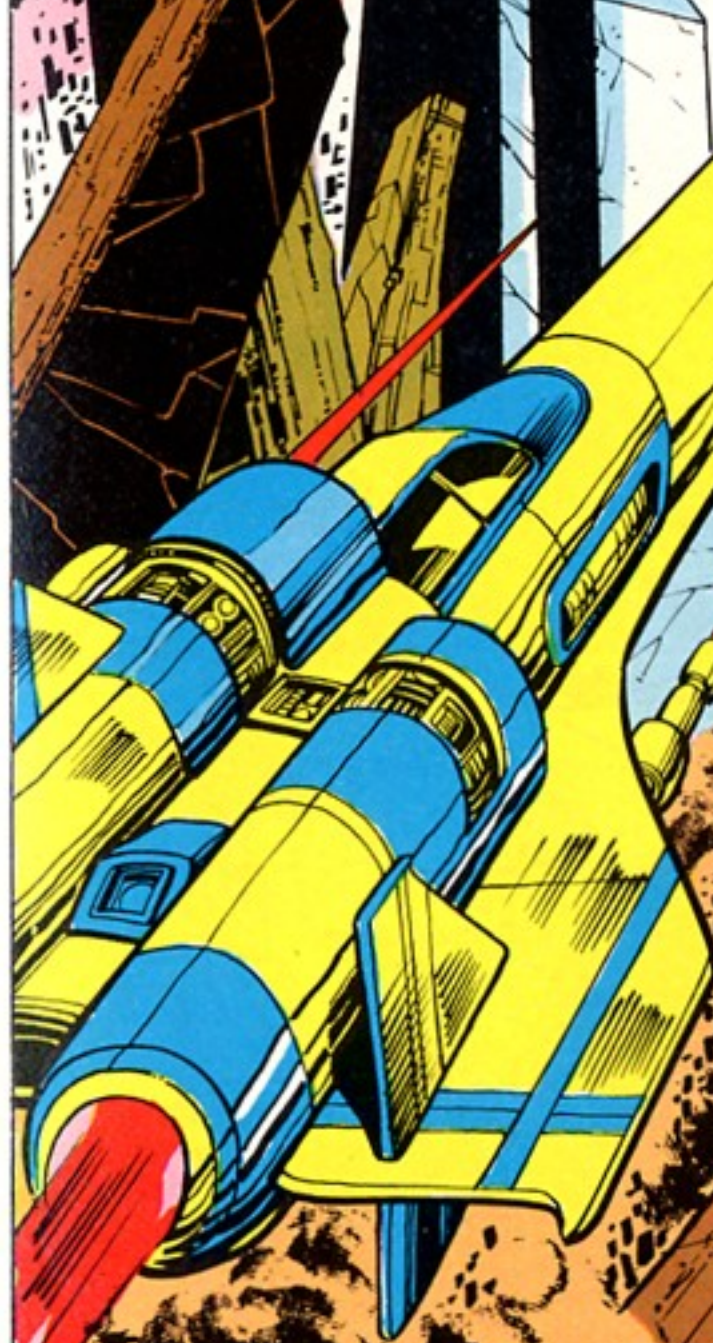


FOR ONE SPLIT SECOND
HIS *HEART* STANDS STILL,
AND MARTIN CHAMPION
IS STRUCK *SPEECHLESS*.

THEN HE *FEELS*
IT, EVEN AS HIS
EYES REGISTER
THE SCENE BEFORE
HIM:



AND HE SHARES THE
TERROR OF THE UN-
SEEN *PILOTS* IN THE
ATTACKING STARSHIPS,
AS A *VOICE* CRIES OUT,
A *VOICE* THAT HE KNOWS
IS HIS OWN:



THERE'S
SOMETHING
COMING UP
OUT OF THE
GROUND!

DEAR LORD,
IT'S A
SPACESHIP!

AND WHAT A
SPACESHIP:

MARTIN CHAMPION
HAS SPENT MOST OF
HIS ADULT LIFE
AROUND THE SPACE-
CRAFT OF HIS HOME
WORLD, EARTH,
AND IN ALL THOSE
YEARS, HE NEVER
SAW ANYTHING LIKE
THIS!

THIS IS A STAR FIGHTER--
A WEAPON OF SUCH SHEER
DESTRUCTIVE POWER THAT
WORDS CANNOT DESCRIBE IT.

BLOOM!

KLAM





KOOM!

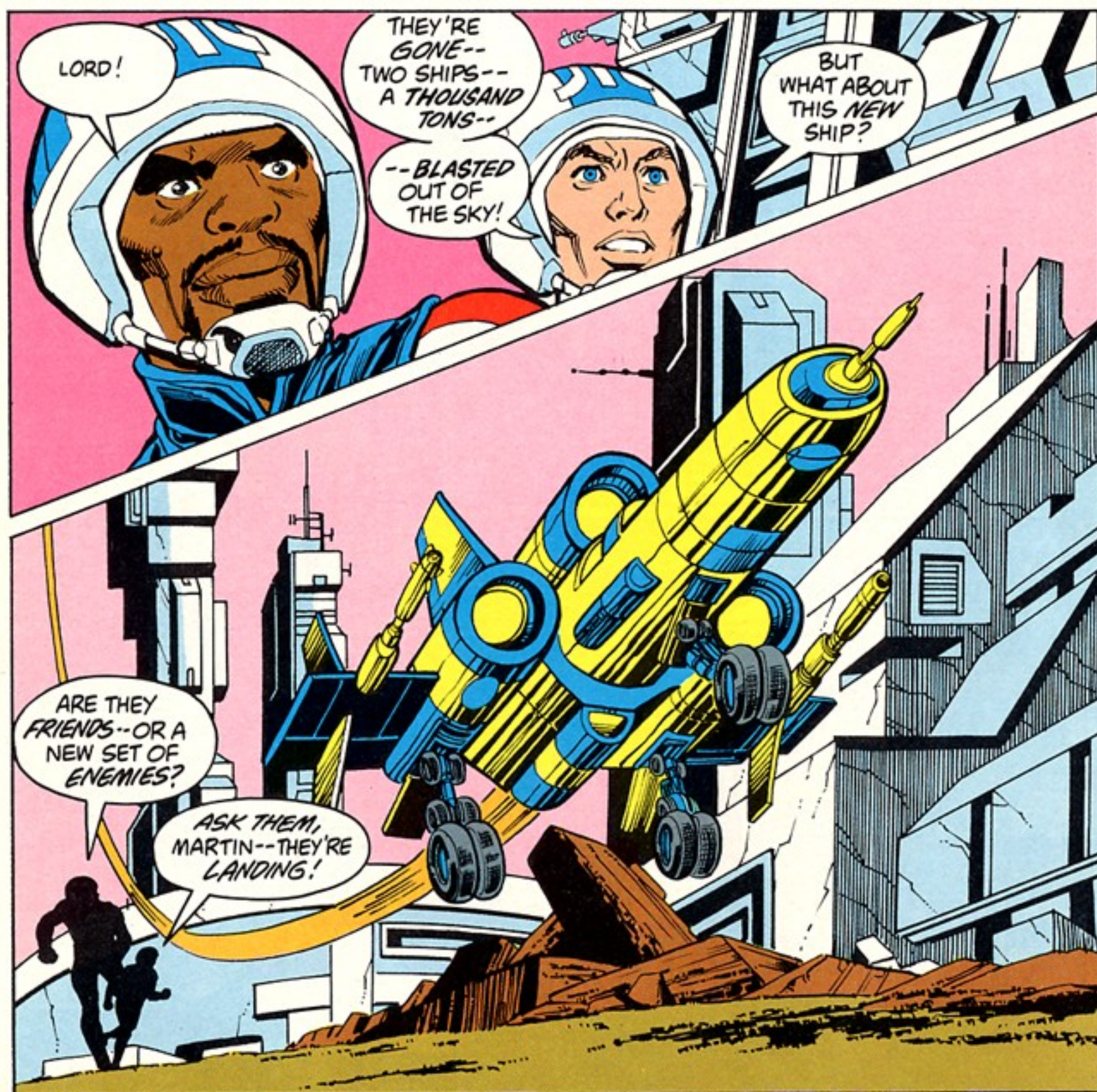
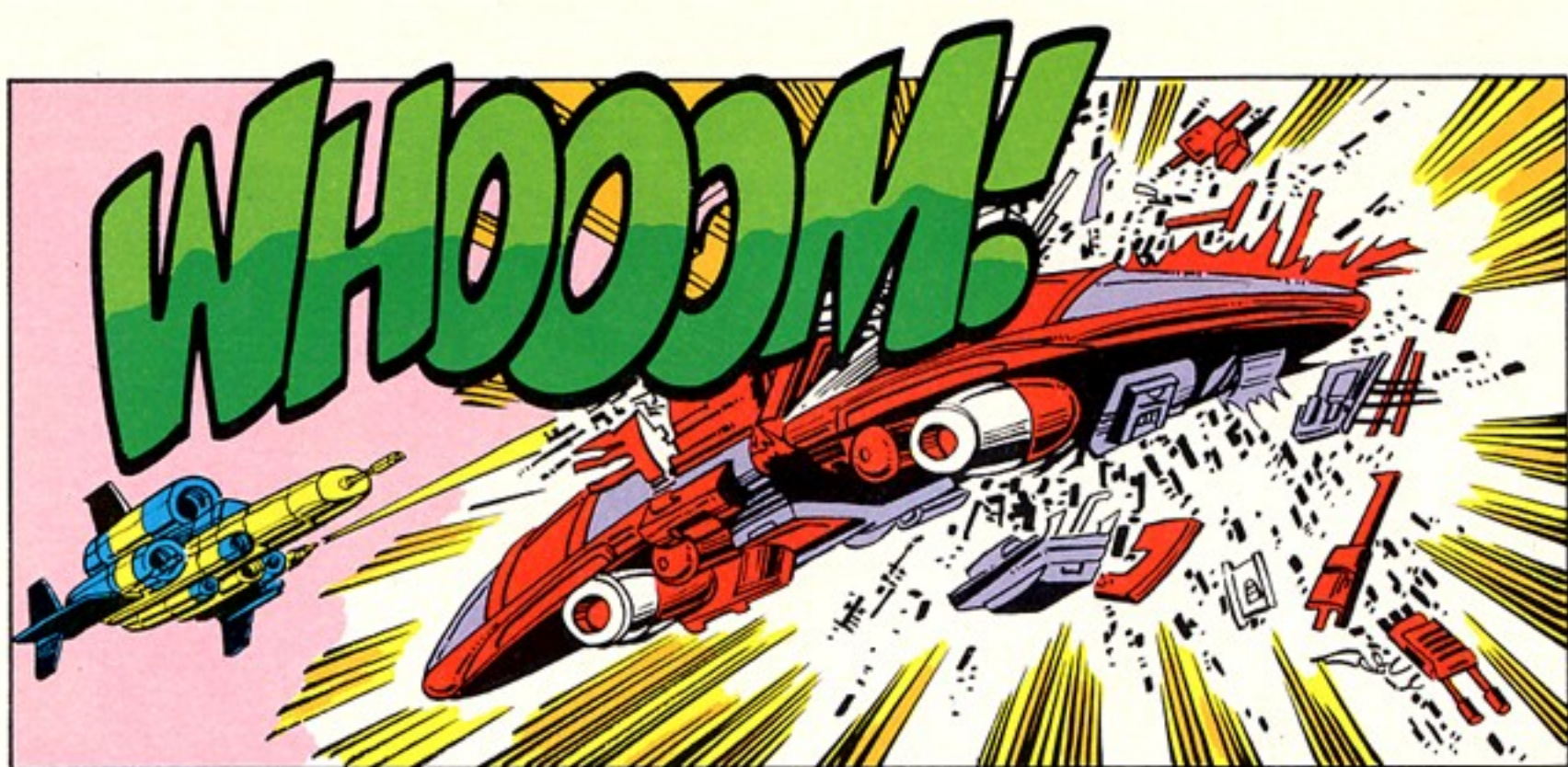
LIKE SOME ENORMOUS EAGLE TAKING FLIGHT AGAINST ITS PREY, THE STAR FIGHTER SHOOTs SKYWARD FROM THE SHATTERED DESERT FLOOR.

CHAMPION ALMOST FEELS SORRY FOR HIS ENEMIES.

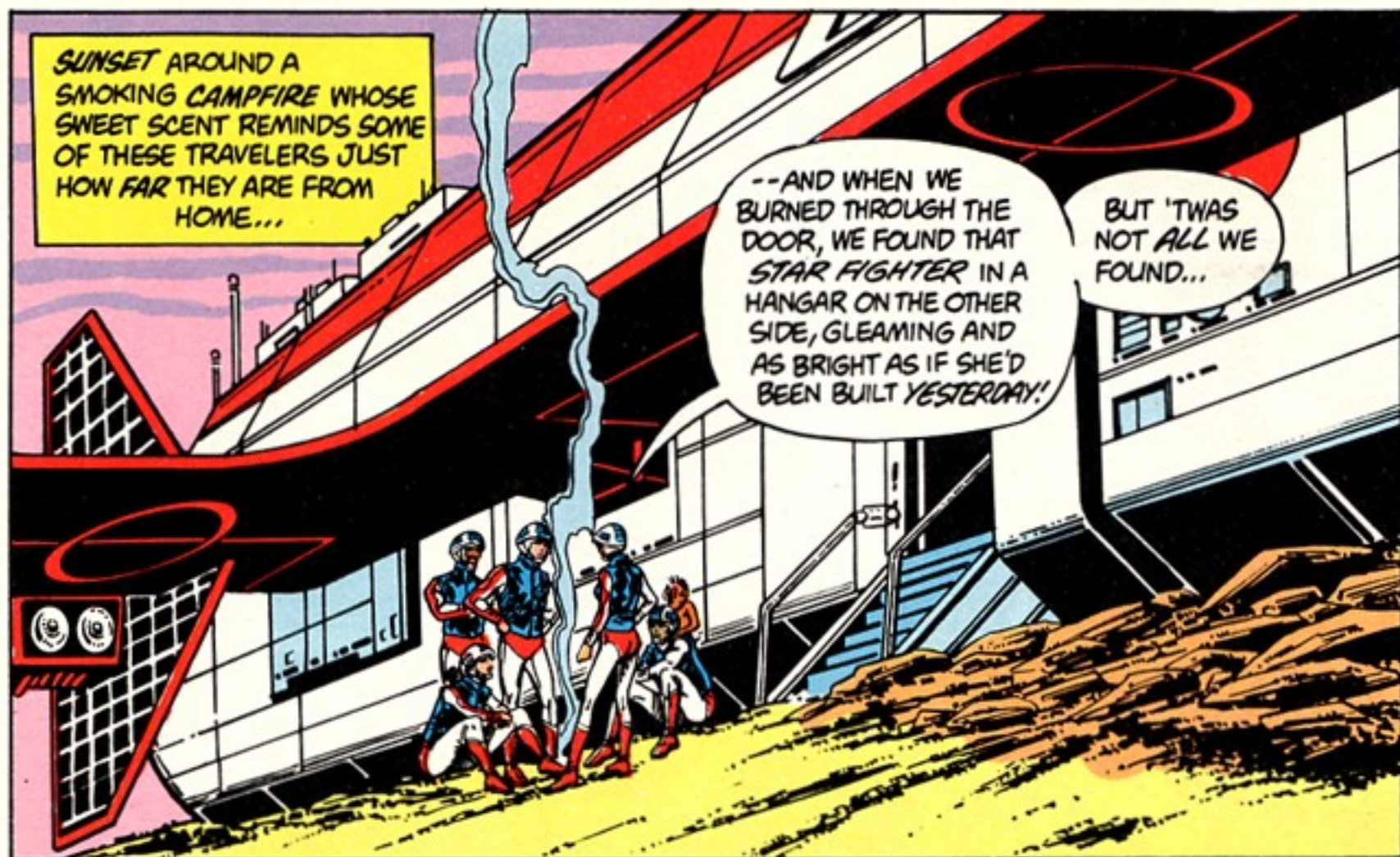
ALMOST.

CHAPTER THREE:

STAR RAIDERS!







SUNSET AROUND A
SMOKING CAMPFIRE WHOSE
SWEET SCENT REMINDS SOME
OF THESE TRAVELERS JUST
HOW FAR THEY ARE FROM
HOME...

--AND WHEN WE
BURNED THROUGH THE
DOOR, WE FOUND THAT
STAR FIGHTER IN A
HANGAR ON THE OTHER
SIDE, GLEAMING AND
AS BRIGHT AS IF SHE'D
BEEN BUILT YESTERDAY!

BUT 'T WAS
NOT ALL WE
FOUND...



...AND IN TRUTH,
IT'S THIS LITTLE GEM
WHICH IS THE MORE
IMPORTANT FIND OF
THE TWO, I'M THINKING.

THE HUKKA LED
SINGH TO IT, AS SOON
AS WE BREACHED
THE DOOR.




A JEWEL?

WHAT'S SO
IMPORTANT
ABOUT--

TOUCH IT TO YOUR
BROW, COMMANDER--

VISIONS...

--AND
YOU'LL SEE
WHAT I
SAW WHEN
I PUT IT TO
MINE!



I SEE THIS
PLANET, THE WAY
IT WAS 15 BILLION
YEARS AGO!

MAGNIFICENT...
A RACE REACHING
FOR THE STARS!

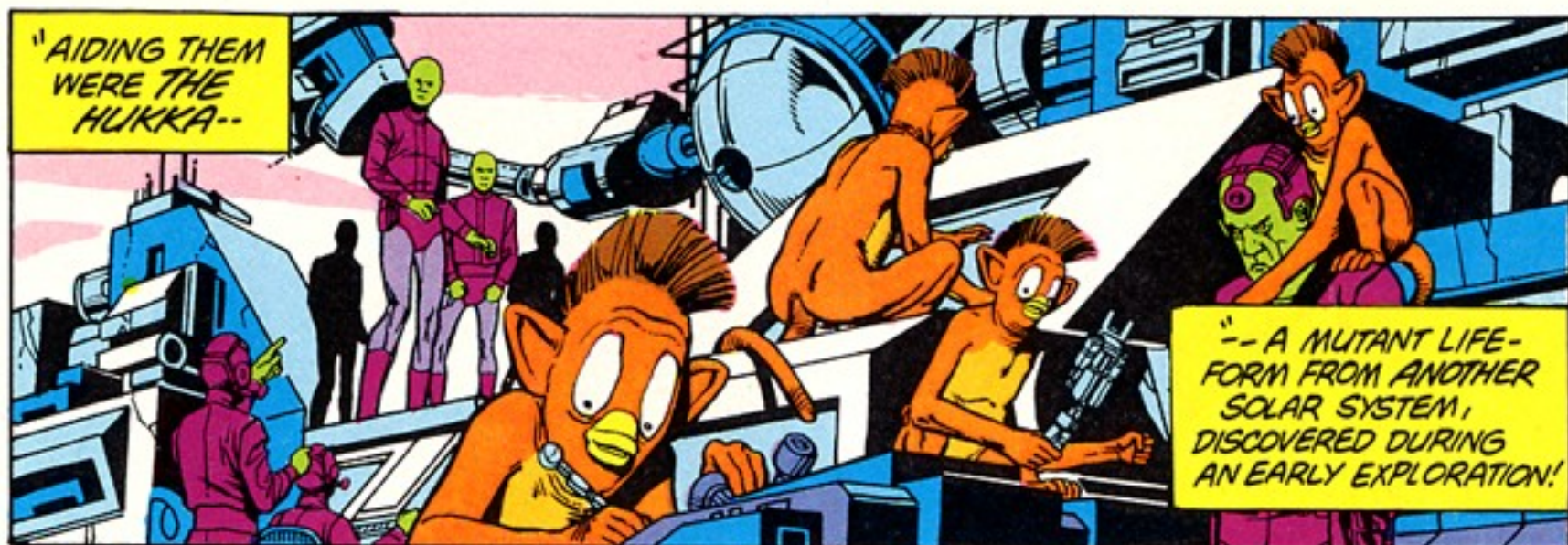
THEY'D JUST TAKEN
THEIR FIRST TENTATIVE
STEPS OUT OF THE SOLAR
SYSTEM--INTO INTER-
STELLAR SPACE--

--WHEN THEY MET ANOTHER
HOSTILE RACE--OUT OF A
DARK NEBULA--

"--THE
ZYLONS!

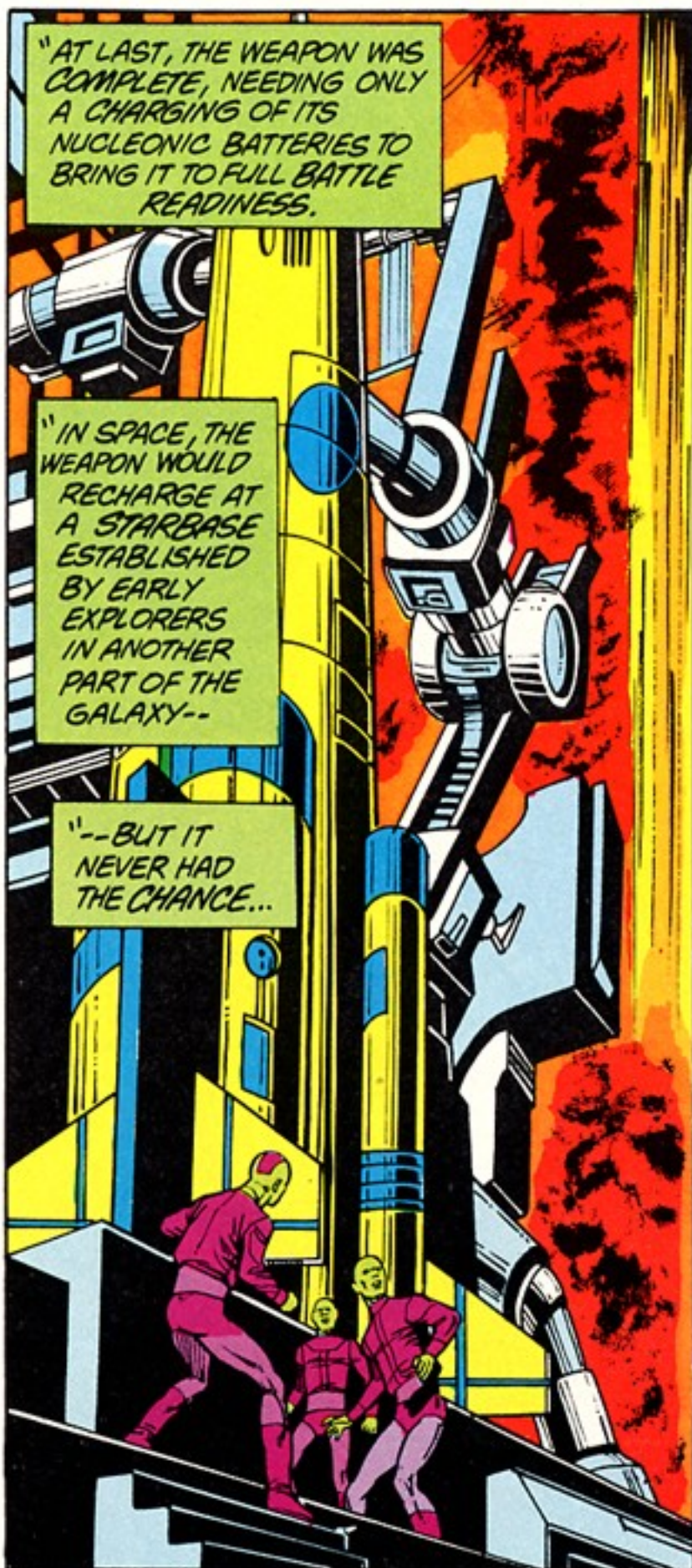
"THESE PEOPLE WERE
PEACEFUL; THEY HAD
ABANDONED WAR
CENTURIES BEFORE
AND WERE DEFENSE-
LESS BEFORE THE
ZYLONS' FIRST
ATTACK!

"AS THE ZYLONS PULLED
BACK TO REGROUP FOR A FINAL,
DEVASTATING ASSAULT, THE
GREATEST MINDS OF THE PLANET
ASSEMBLED TO BUILD A WEAPON...



"AIDING THEM
WERE THE
HUKKA--

-- A MUTANT LIFE-
FORM FROM ANOTHER
SOLAR SYSTEM,
DISCOVERED DURING
AN EARLY EXPLORATION!



"AT LAST, THE WEAPON WAS
COMPLETE, NEEDING ONLY
A CHARGING OF ITS
NUCLEONIC BATTERIES TO
BRING IT TO FULL BATTLE
READINESS.

"IN SPACE, THE
WEAPON WOULD
RECHARGE AT
A STARBASE
ESTABLISHED
BY EARLY
EXPLORERS
IN ANOTHER
PART OF THE
GALAXY--

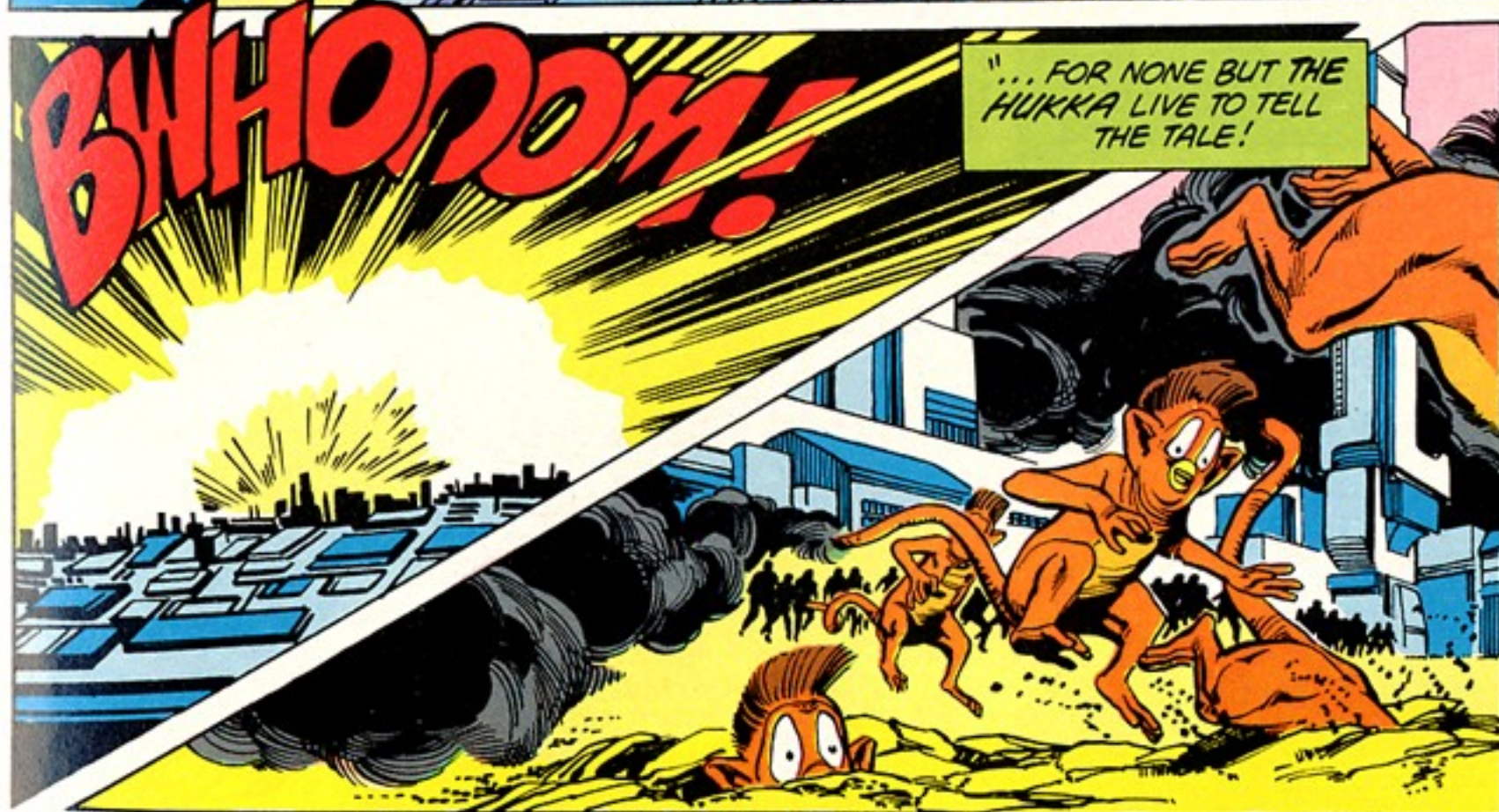
-- BUT IT
NEVER HAD
THE CHANCE...

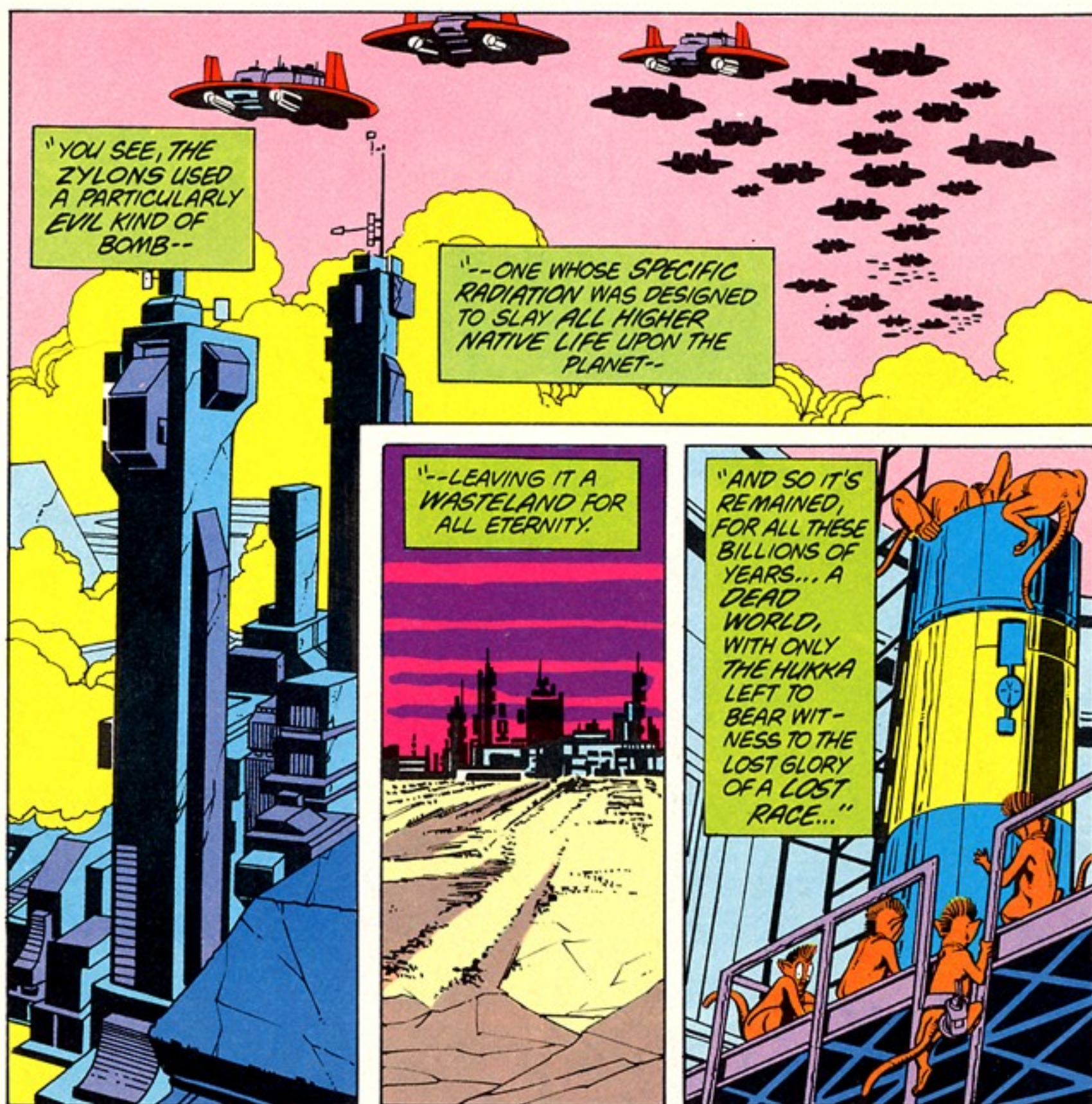


"... FOR, IN THOSE
CRUCIAL HOURS
BEFORE THE WEAPON
WAS FULLY CHARGED--

-- THE
ZYLONS
ATTACKED!

"IN ONE INSTANT, THE EFFORT OF
MILLENNIA-- THE ACHIEVEMENT
OF EONS-- WAS WIPE OUT!"





"YOU SEE, THE ZYLONS USED A PARTICULARLY EVIL KIND OF BOMB--

--ONE WHOSE SPECIFIC RADIATION WAS DESIGNED TO SLAY ALL HIGHER NATIVE LIFE UPON THE PLANET--

--LEAVING IT A WASTELAND FOR ALL ETERNITY.

"AND SO IT'S REMAINED, FOR ALL THESE BILLIONS OF YEARS... A DEAD WORLD, WITH ONLY THE HUKKA LEFT TO BEAR WITNESS TO THE LOST GLORY OF A LOST RACE..."

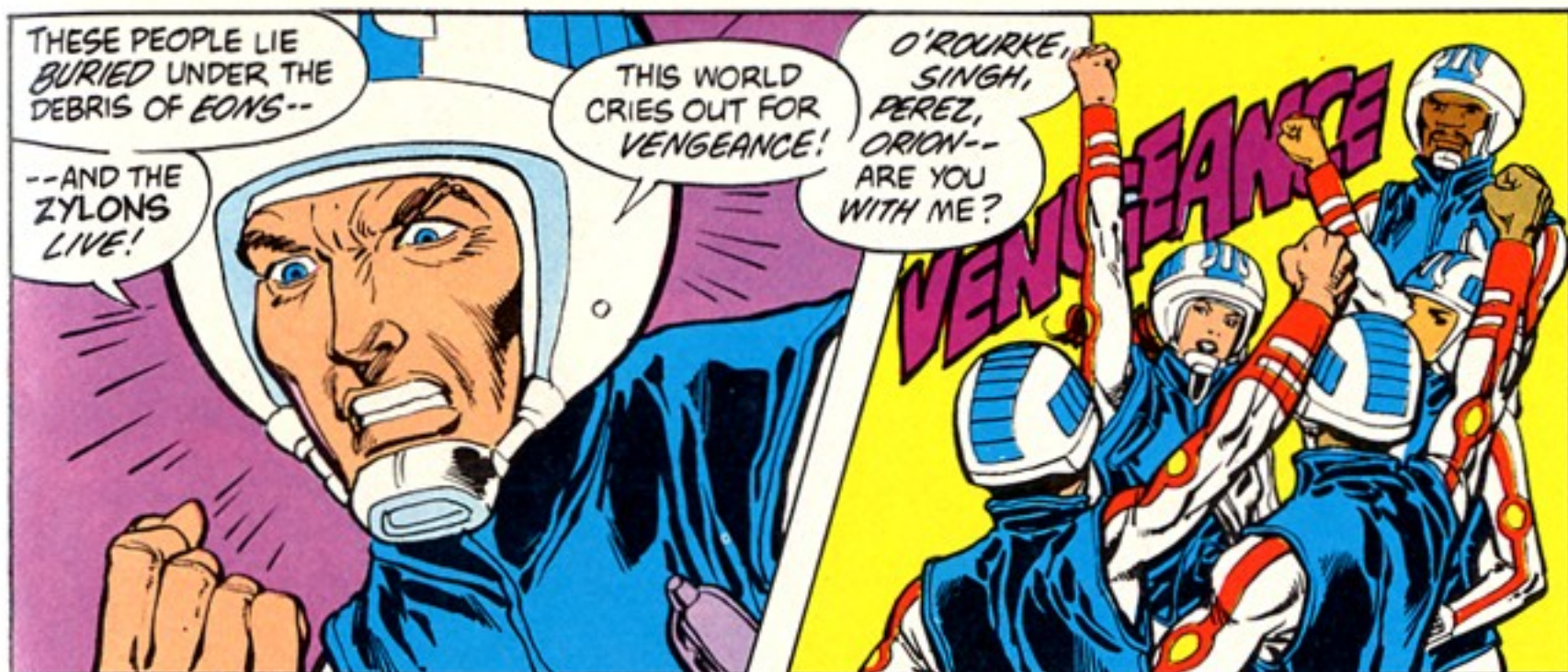
ALL THESE YEARS-- THEY'VE KEPT THE WEAPON--THE STAR RAIDER-- IN PERFECT WORKING CONDITION.

THEY'VE BEEN WAITING--

...YET KNOWING THEY NEVER WOULD.

THE HUKKA LED US RIGHT TO IT, COMMANDER.

--WAITING FOR THEIR FRIENDS TO RETURN...



THESE PEOPLE LIE
BURIED UNDER THE
DEBRIS OF EONS--

--AND THE
ZYLONS
LIVE!

THIS WORLD
CRIES OUT FOR
VENGEANCE!

O'ROURKE,
SINGH,
PEREZ,
ORION--
ARE YOU
WITH ME?

VENGEANCE



AND, IN THE RESULTING RUSH OF
ACTIVITY, NONE NOTICES THAT ONE
AMONG THEM HAS *NOT* SEALED
HIMSELF TO THEIR PACT...

...BUT, RATHER,
STANDS BEWILDERED,
AS IF SUDDENLY
FINDING HIMSELF
LOST AMONG
STRANGERS.



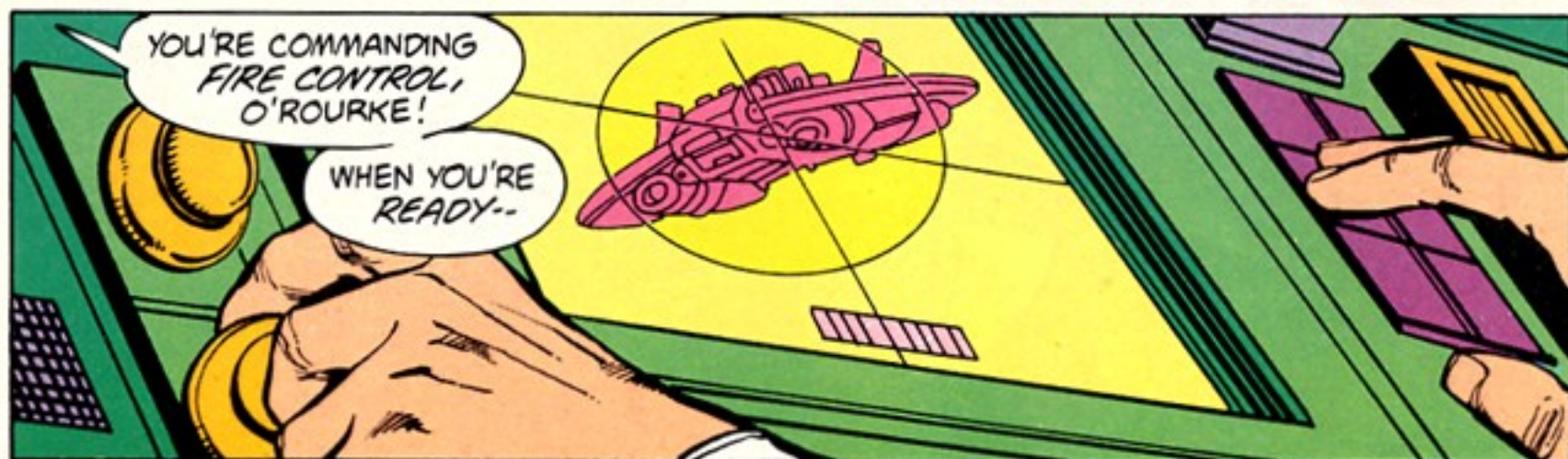
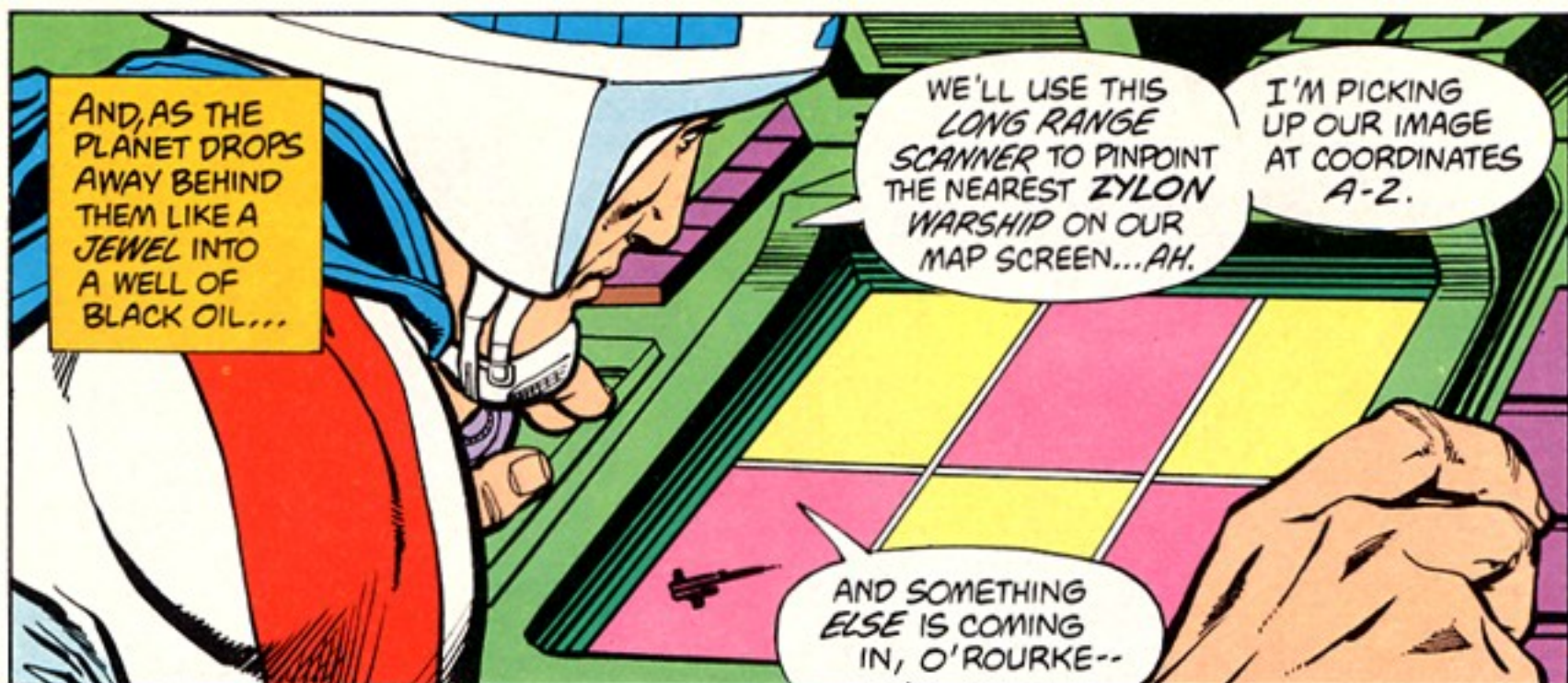
FORTY
MINUTES
LATER--

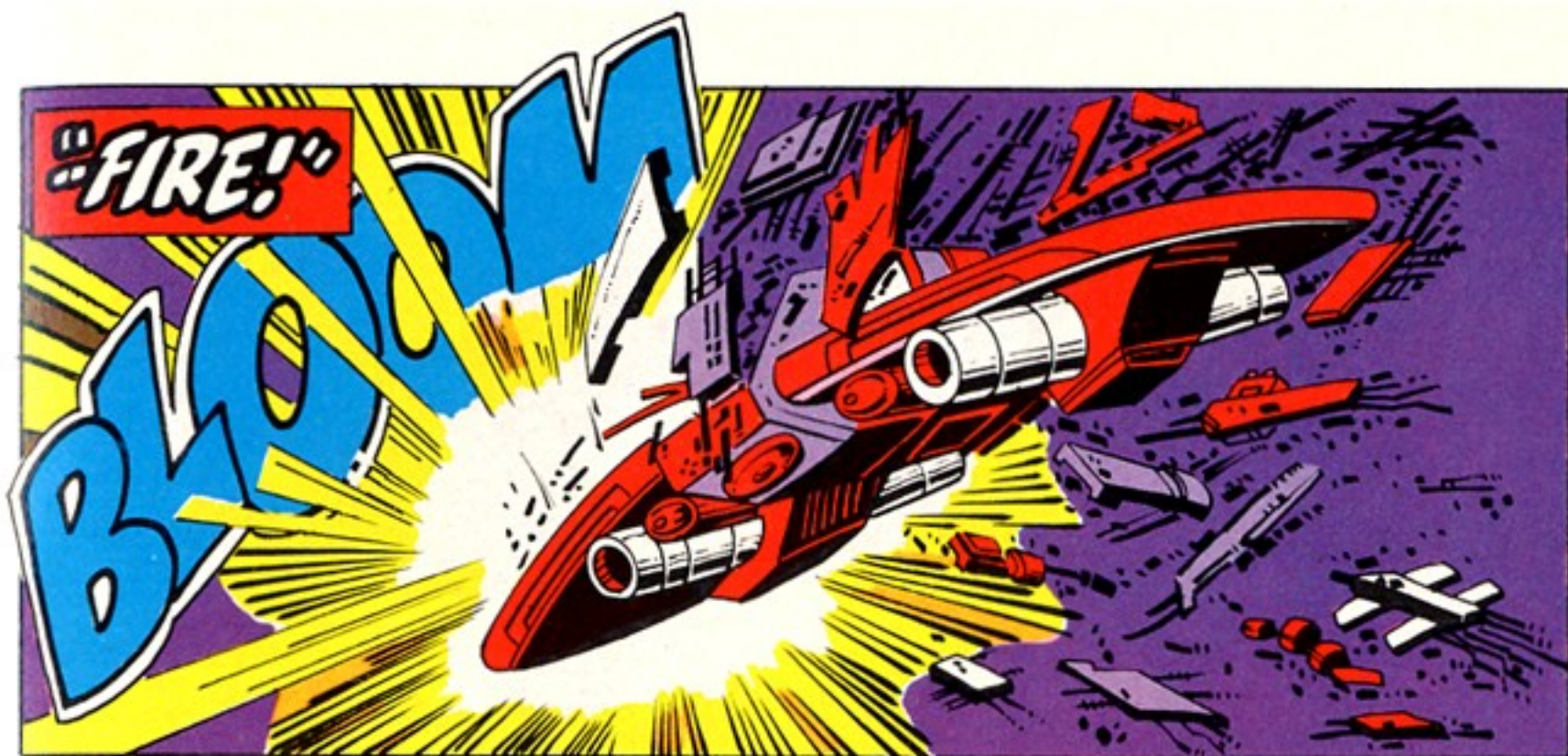
ALL RIGHT,
LYDIA, THAT'S A
LIFT-OFF!

WE'LL REMAIN IN
CONTACT WITH THE
REST OF YOU ABOARD
SCANNER ONE VIA
THE ATARI 8000--

--BUT RIGHT NOW,
WE'RE PREPARING TO
JUMP INTO
HYPERDRIVE!

ROGER,
COMMANDER.
GOOD
HUNTING!





BLESSED HILLS
OF OLD EIRE, DID
YOU SEE THAT,
COMMANDER?

ONE ROUND AMIDSHIPS
AND UP HE WENT LIKE
A ROMAN CANDLE!

A FEW GHOSTS WILL
REST EASIER TONIGHT,
O'ROURKE.

LET'S KEEP
ON HUNTING...



MEANWHILE,
BACK ABOARD
SCANNER
ONE...

PEREZ, SINGH--
I'VE GOT SOMETHING
TO SHOW YOU.

DOCTOR,
I'M NOT
EASILY
SHOCKED--

...BUT YOU
SHOCK ME!

IS THAT--
A DEAD
BODY?

HUKKA!

SO IT WOULD
APPEAR.

I FOUND IT IN THE
WRECKAGE OF ONE
OF THE ZYLON
WARSHIPS...



...AND AS YOU CAN SEE, IT'S NOT AT ALL WHAT IT SEEMS TO BE.

AN EMPTY SPACESUIT?

IS THIS A JOKE?

DOCTOR ORION ISN'T LAUGHING, LYDIA.

YOU ARE SAYING THE ZYLONS DON'T EXIST?



NOT QUITE.

LET ME EXPLAIN FURTHER.

I USED THAT MEMORY JEWEL O'ROURKE DISCOVERED--



--AND I CONCENTRATED ON REPLAYING THE MOMENT WHEN THE ZYLONS FIRST APPEARED IN THE GALAXY.

YOU RECALL--THEY CAME FROM A DARK NEBULA.

WHEN I PROBED THAT JEWEL-MEMORY WITH MY THOUGHTS, I SAW A CREATURE--A MOST FAMILIAR NIGHTMARE--



--THE SAME CREATURE WHICH ATTACKED US IN INTER-DIMENSIONAL SPACE!

OF COURSE!

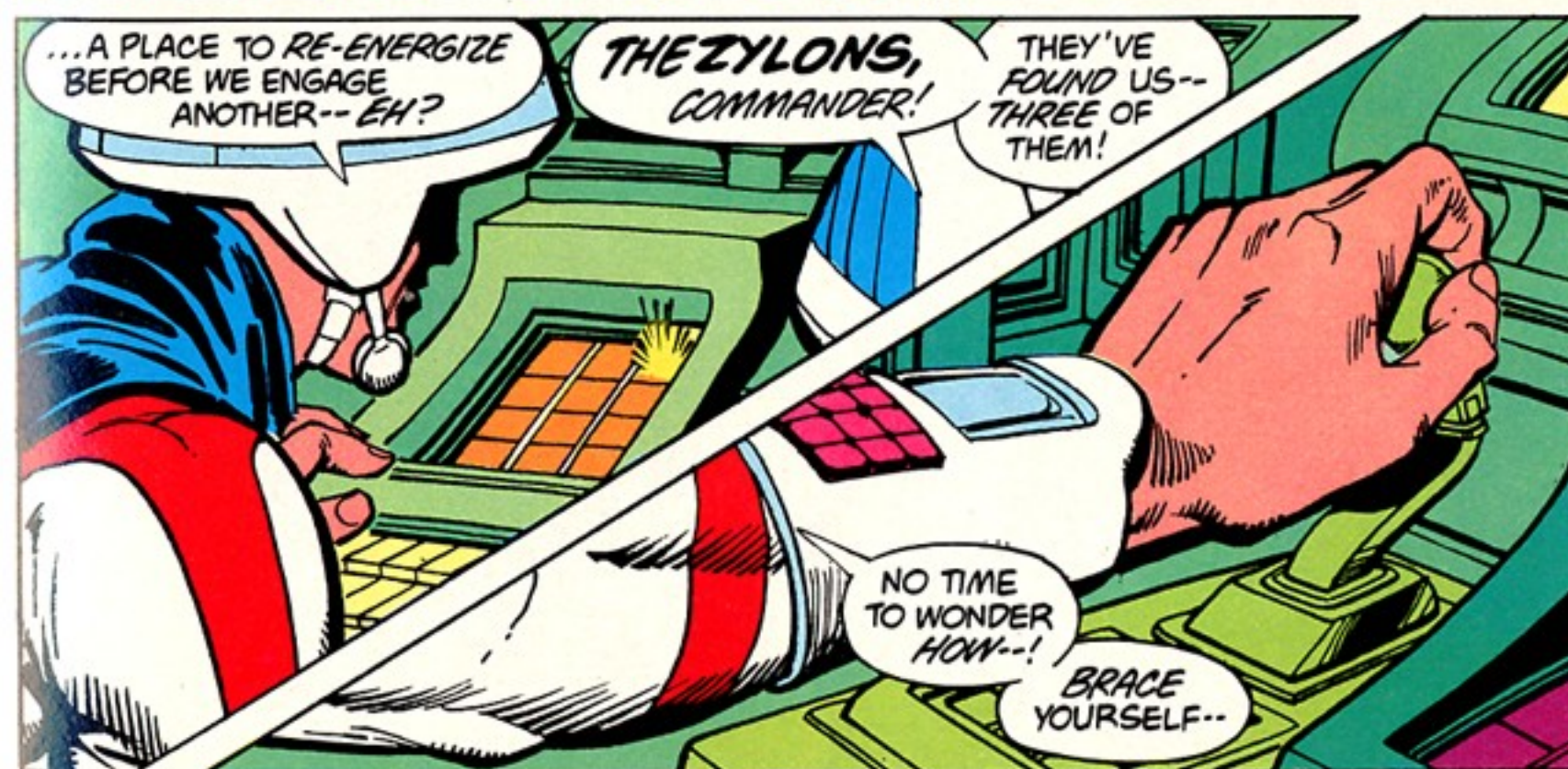
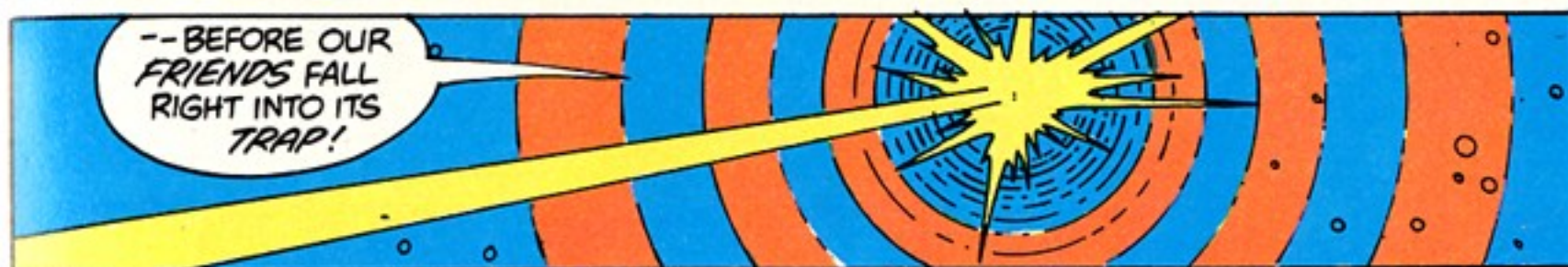
THE ZYLONS ARE CREATURES--

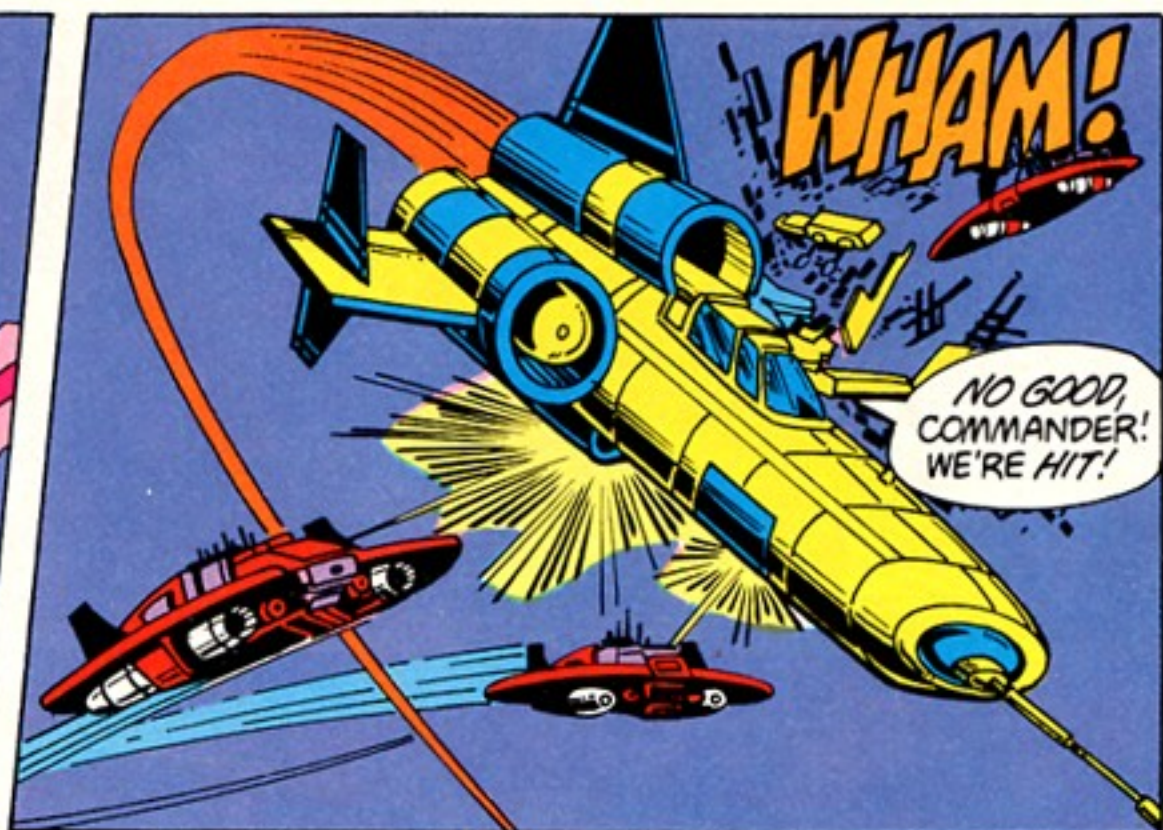
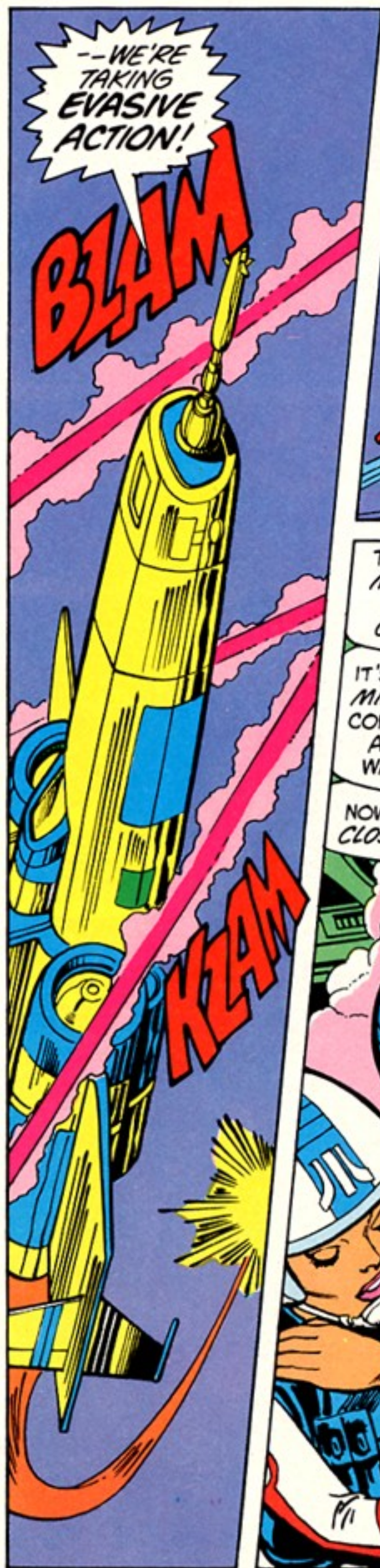
--MENTALLY CONTROLLED BY THAT MONSTROSITY BEYOND THE STARS!

THAT MEANS MARTIN AND LI SAN ARE FIGHTING A HIDDEN ENEMY!

ORION, SINGH--STRAP DOWN--

HUKKA-HUKKA!





THE WAY THEY
MANEUVERED--
IN TOTAL
COORDINATION!

IT'S AS IF ONE
MIND WERE
CONTROLLING
ALL THREE
WARSHIPS!

NOW THEY'RE
CLOSING IN--



SPACE OUTSIDE
SPACE, TIME
OUTSIDE TIME:

THIS IS THE INTERDIMENSIONAL LIMBO KNOWN
AS THE MULTIVERSE AND THROUGH THIS UN-
REALITY SCANNER ONE PLUNGES LIKE A DOLPHIN
THROUGH TROUBLED WATERS...



I'VE RECHECKED THE PLAN
TWICE WITH OUR ATARI
8000 COMPUTER, SINGH.

YOU HEARD
THE DOCTOR,
MOHANDAS.

HURRY.

IT'S OUR
ONLY
HOPE.

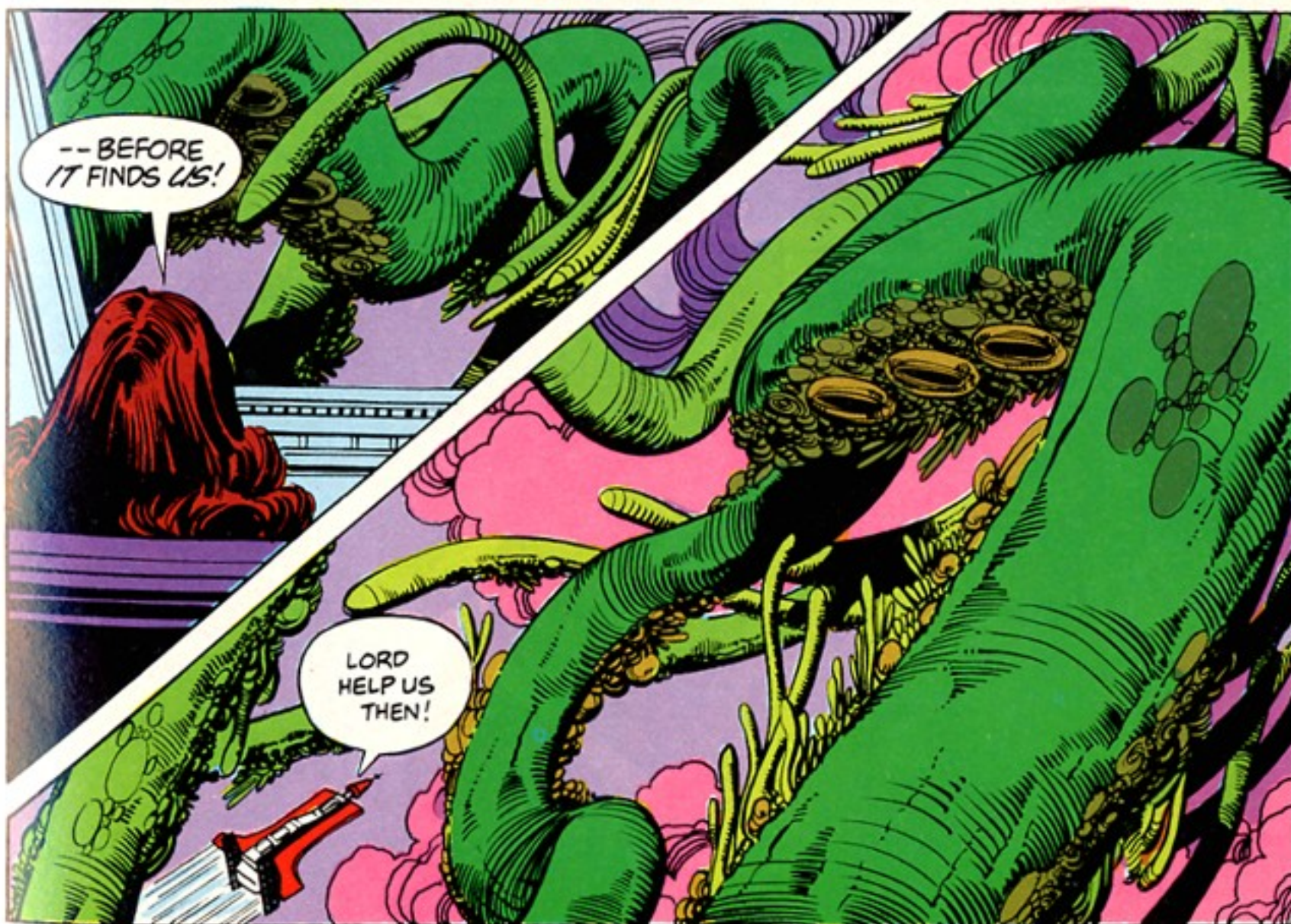


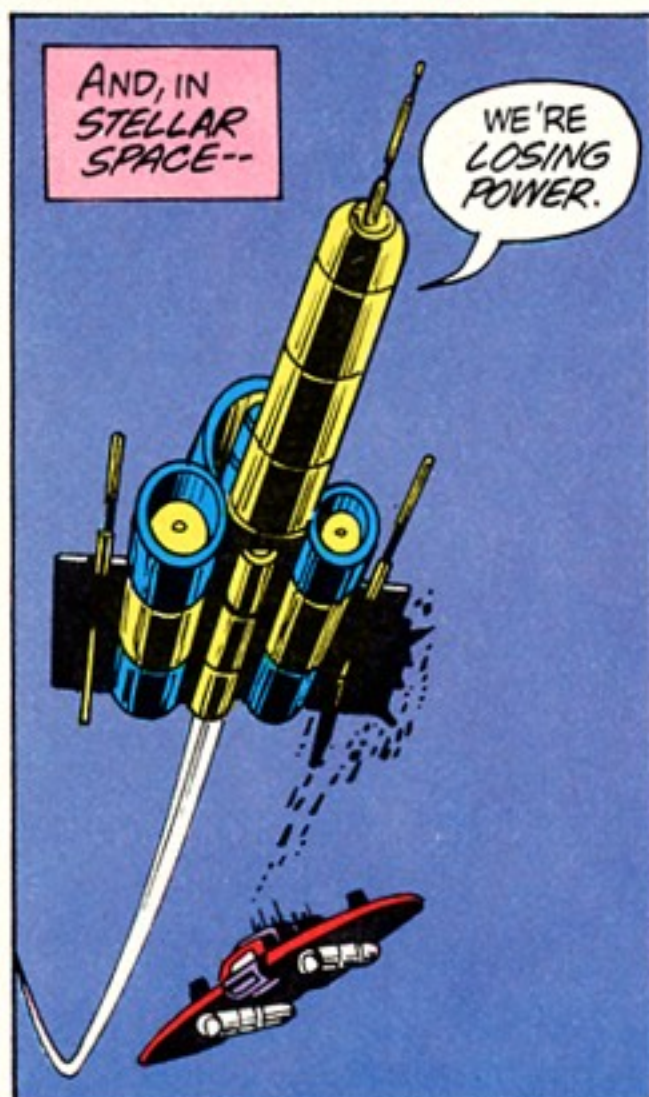
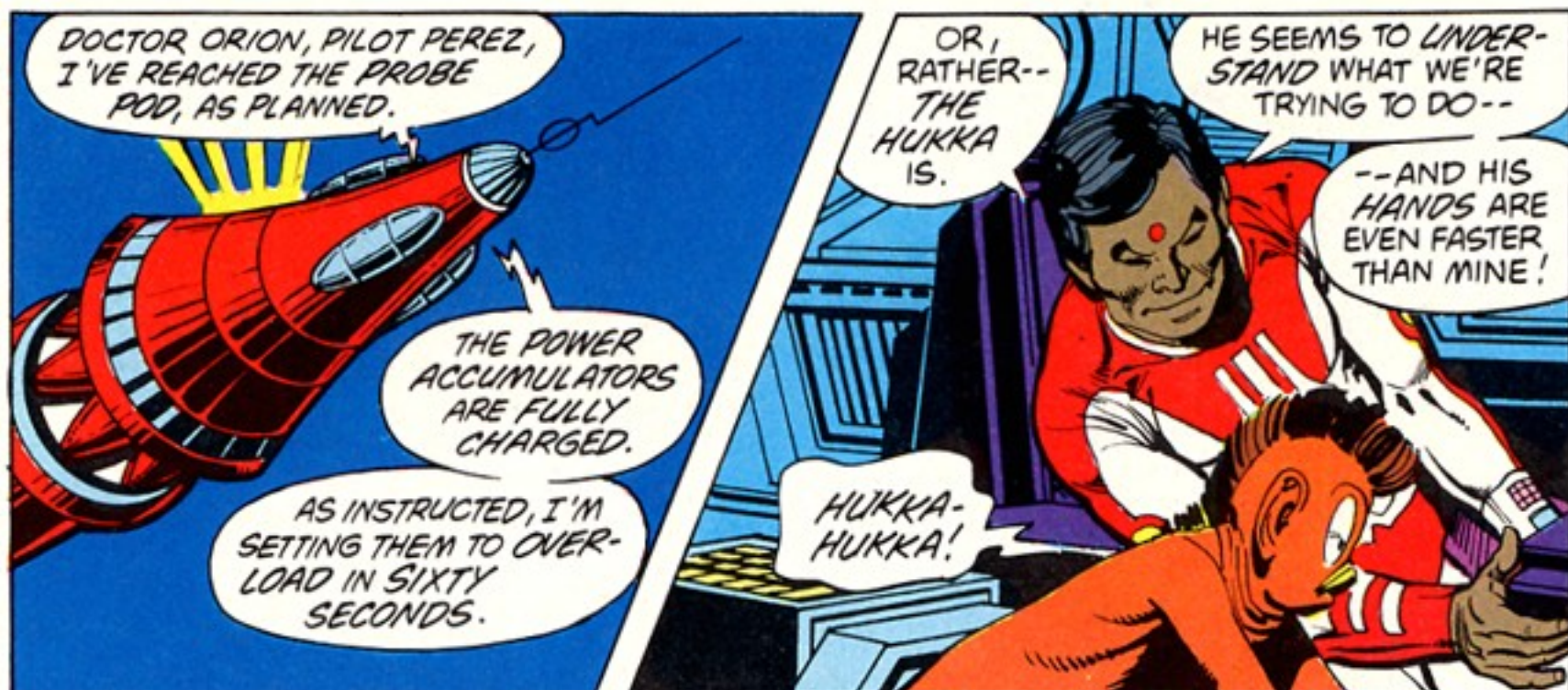
WE'VE FOUND THE
DARK DESTROYER,
AND IT'S ONLY A
MATTER OF TIME--

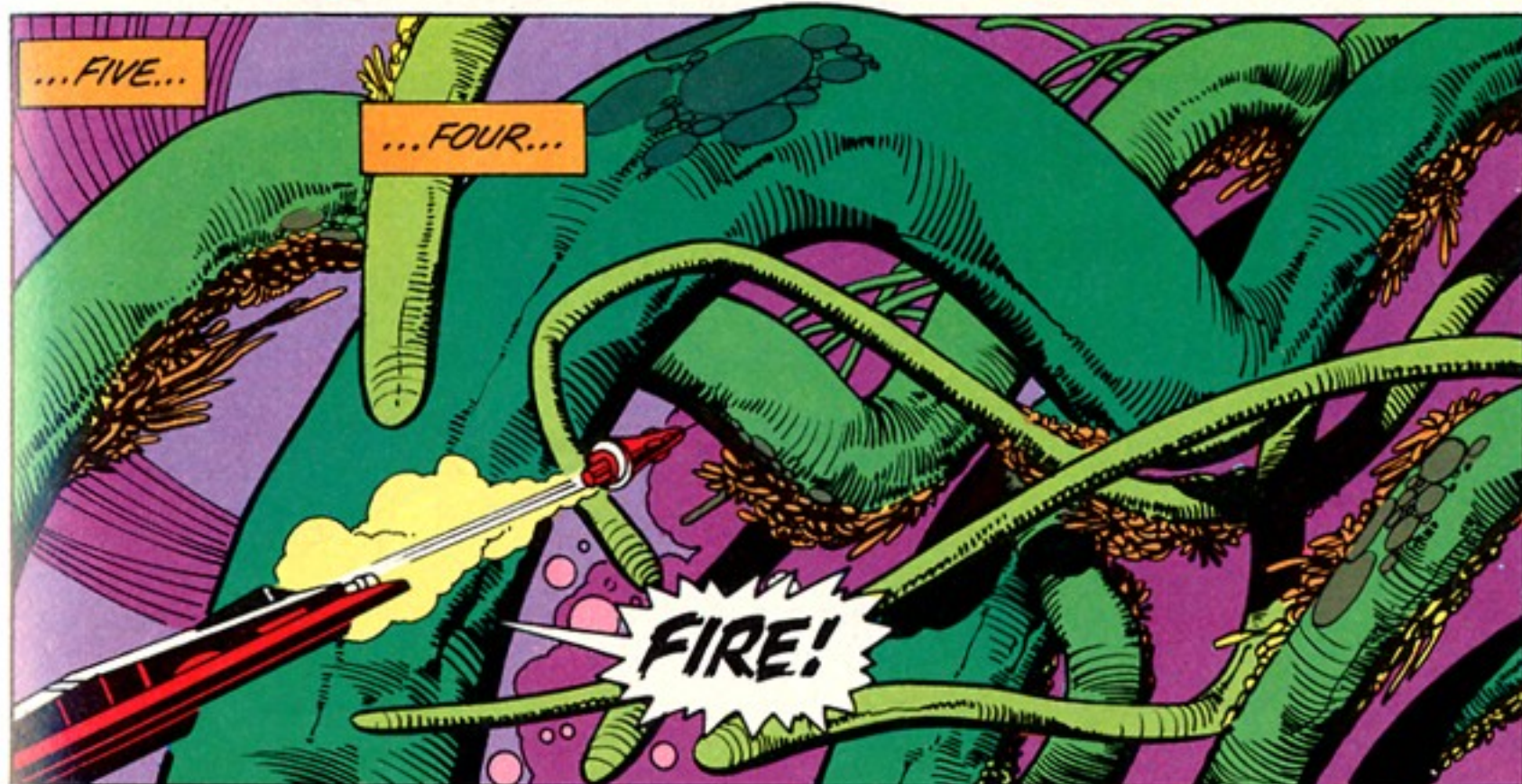


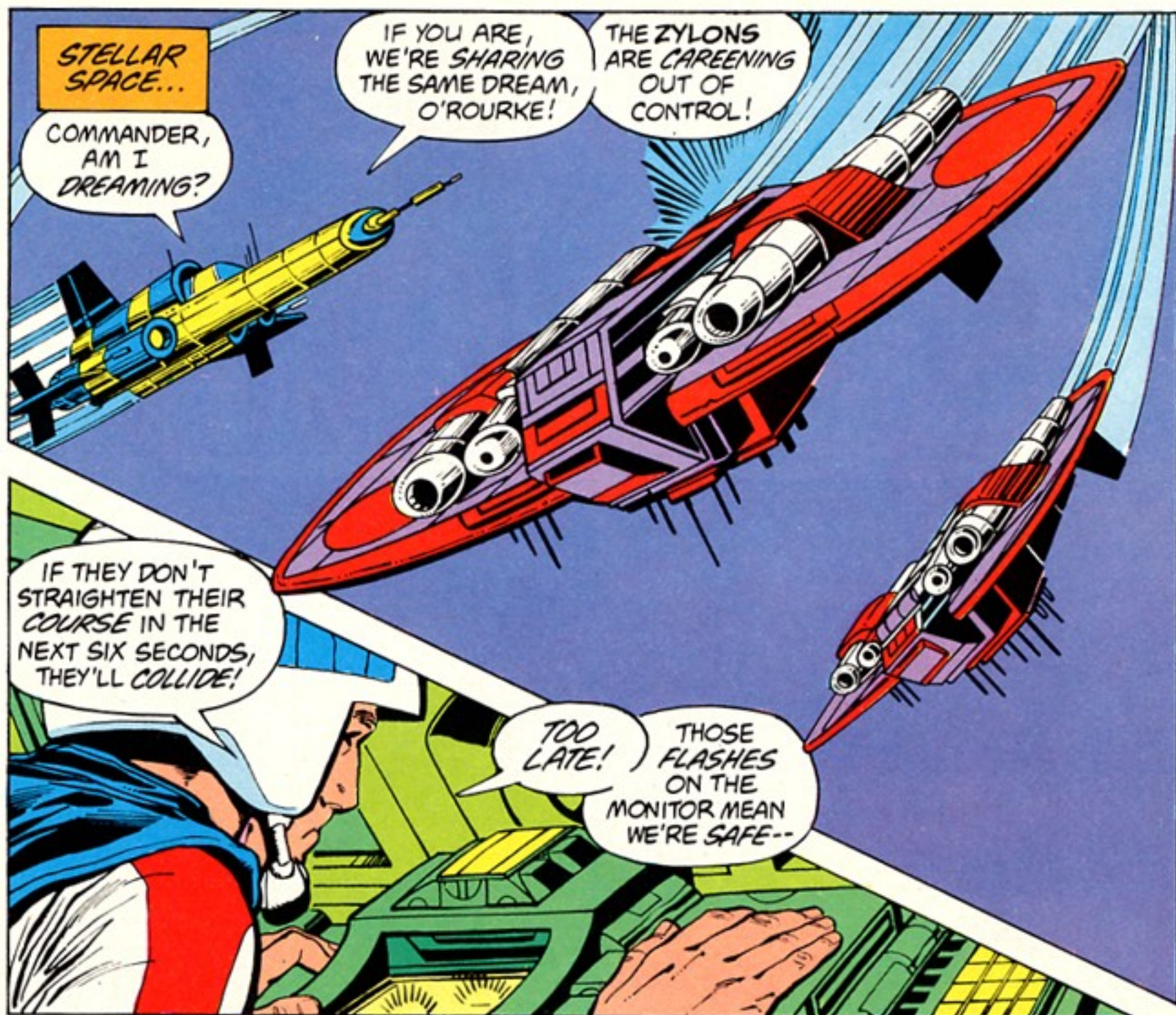
-- BEFORE
IT FINDS US!

LORD
HELP US
THEN!









STELLAR SPACE...

COMMANDER, AM I DREAMING?

IF YOU ARE, WE'RE SHARING THE SAME DREAM, O'ROURKE!

THE ZYLONS ARE CAREENING OUT OF CONTROL!

IF THEY DON'T STRAIGHTEN THEIR COURSE IN THE NEXT SIX SECONDS, THEY'LL COLLIDE!

TOO LATE!

THOSE FLASHES ON THE MONITOR MEAN WE'RE SAFE--

--BUT HOW AND WHY, I COULDN'T BEGIN TO GUESS!

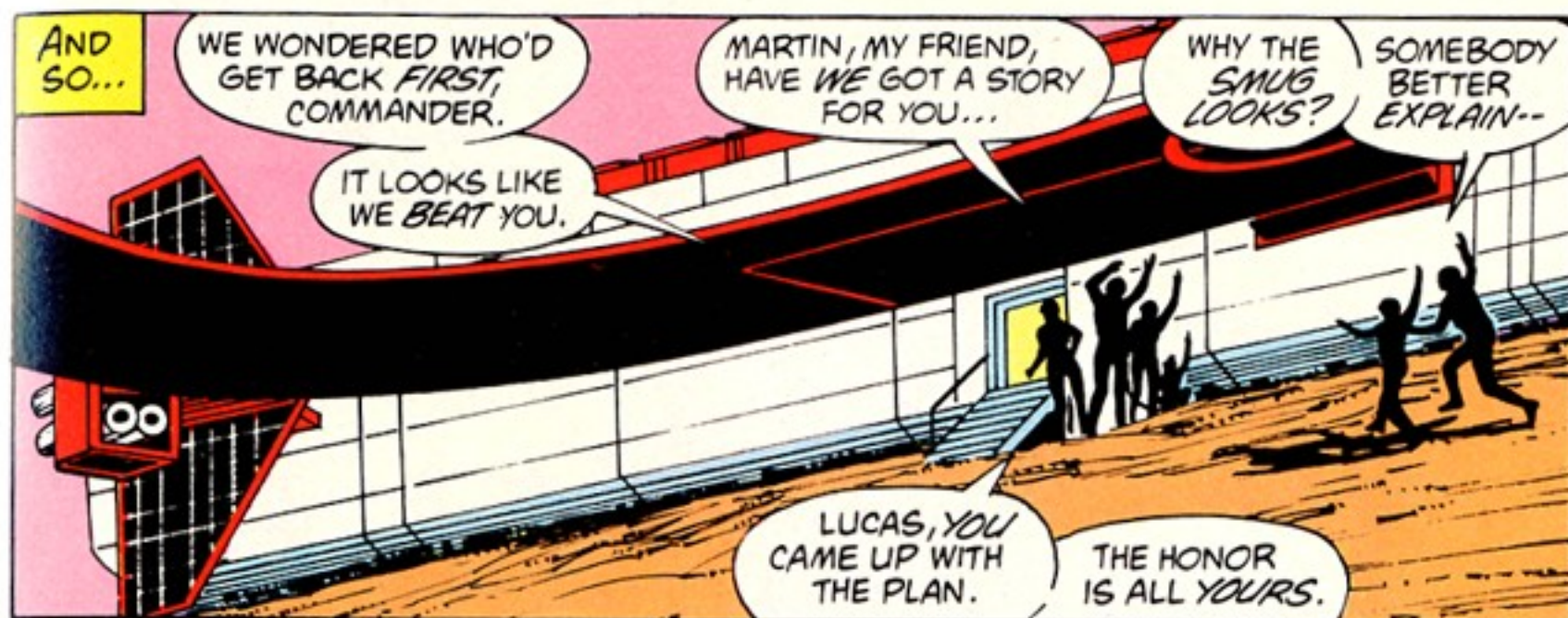
WE WERE LUCKY, O'ROURKE.

AYE, THAT WE WERE, COMMANDER.

IT WAS A MADNESS THAT CLAIMED US, A LUST FOR VENGEANCE!

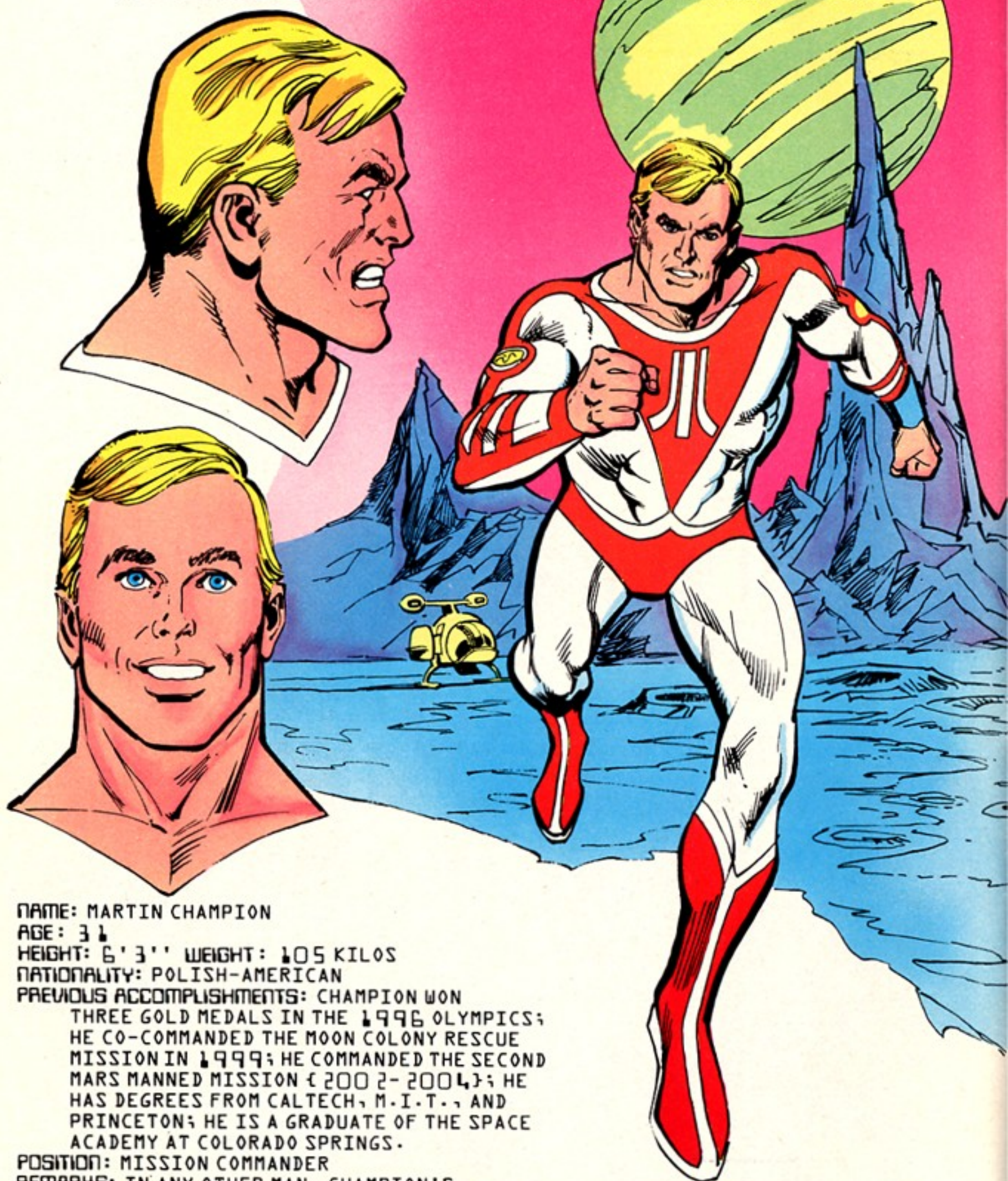
I THINK WE'VE LEARNED OUR LESSON, O'ROURKE.

NOBODY EVER WINS AT WAR.



ATARI FORCE **FACT FILE:**

#1 COMMANDER MARTIN CHAMPION



NAME: MARTIN CHAMPION

AGE: 31

HEIGHT: 6' 3" **WEIGHT:** 105 KILOS

NATIONALITY: POLISH-AMERICAN

PREVIOUS ACCOMPLISHMENTS: CHAMPION WON THREE GOLD MEDALS IN THE 1996 OLYMPICS; HE CO-COMMANDED THE MOON COLONY RESCUE MISSION IN 1999; HE COMMANDED THE SECOND MARS MANNED MISSION (2002-2004); HE HAS DEGREES FROM CALTECH, M.I.T., AND PRINCETON; HE IS A GRADUATE OF THE SPACE ACADEMY AT COLORADO SPRINGS.

POSITION: MISSION COMMANDER

REMARKS: IN ANY OTHER MAN, CHAMPION'S ACCOMPLISHMENTS MIGHT HAVE RESULTED IN THE CREATION OF AN OVERBEARING EGO; CHAMPION REMAINS REMARKABLY UNAFFECTED, AND AT TIMES SEEMS ALMOST BOYISH; YET HIS COOL, CONFIDENT MANNER MAKES HIM A PERFECT LEADER, AND INSPIRES THE LOYALTY OF HIS FELLOW EXPLORERS . . .

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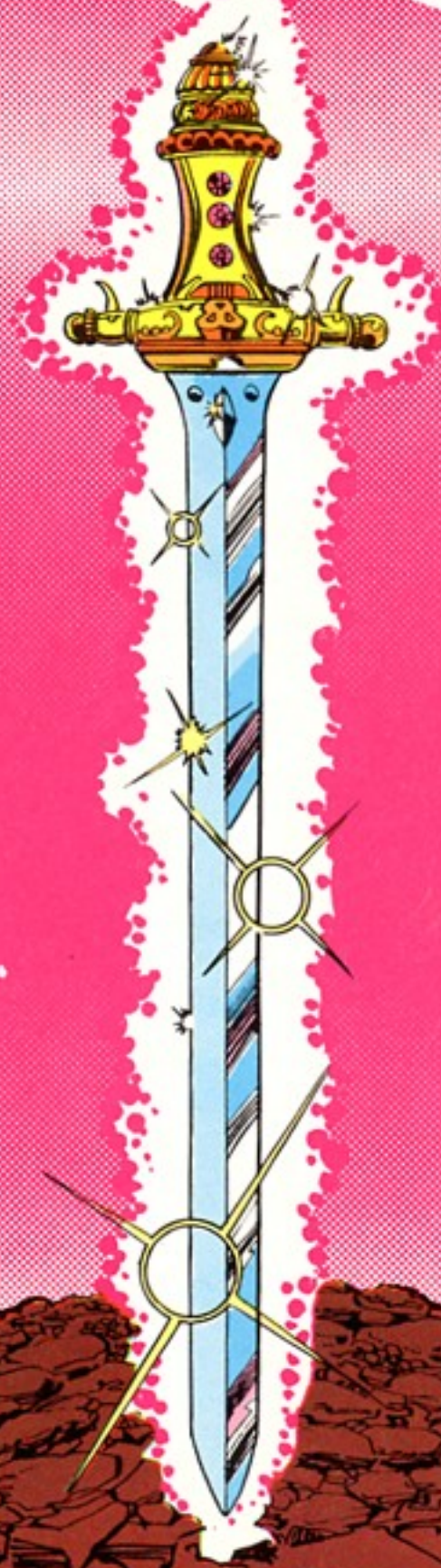
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