

IT'S A GOOD TWO HOURS BEFORE EVERYONE IS MADE COMFORTABLE...

THEY'LL HAVE SEARCH PLANES OUT FOR US OF COURSE.

SURE BUT WE'RE WELL OFF OUR ROUTE, REMEMBER. AND THERE'S AN AWFUL LOT OF JUNGLE...

I HEARD ONE OF THE PASSENGERS SAYING HE'D SEEN SOMETHING—JUST BEFORE WE CAME DOWN...

THAT'S RIGHT! A TEMPLE—AND WHAT LOOKED LIKE A VILLAGE, WAY OFF TO THE LEFT...

HOW FAR, MISTER? ANY IDEA?

THE MAN GUESSES ABOUT FIVE MILES...

I VOTE FOUR OR FIVE OF US MAKE TRACKS AND TRY AND REACH THIS PLACE. IN THE MEANTIME, THE NAVIGATOR CAN PULL THE RADIO TO PIECES AND SEE IF HE CAN MAKE IT WORK AGAIN...



AND SO...

TAKE CARE, DAVID!

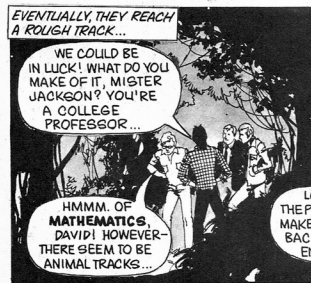
WE'LL BE OKAY, CAL! WE'VE GOT THESE AXES AND THE SKYJACKER'S GUN IN CASE OF TROUBLE!

KEEP YOUR EYE ON THAT GUY! HE'S GONNA BE REAL EDGY WHEN HE WAKES UP!

THE JUNGLE IS FAR FROM EASY TO PENETRATE...

IF WE DO REACH THE VILLAGE, IT MAY TURN OUT TO BE A RUIN...

OR MAYBE INHABITED BY CANNIBALS? DO YOU HAVE TO BE SO CHEERFUL, MISTER?



EVENTUALLY, THEY REACH A ROUGH TRACK...

WE COULD BE IN LUCK! WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT, MISTER JACKSON? YOU'RE A COLLEGE PROFESSOR...

HMMM. OF MATHEMATICS, DAVID! HOWEVER—THERE SEEM TO BE ANIMAL TRACKS...

IT HAPPENS WITHOUT WARNING! THE HUNGRY JAGUAR, SILENT HUNTER OF THE FORESTS, SELECTS HIS VICTIM AND SPRINGS...



YEEEAAGH!



LOOK LIKE THE PRINTS MY PIGS MAKE ON MY FARM BACK IN NEW ENGLAND...

PECCARIES, MAYBE JUNGLE-SWINE. THEY WON'T HARM US IF WE RUN INTO 'EM...



BUT WHERE THERE ARE WILD PIGS, THERE ARE THE OTHER ANIMALS WHO PREY ON THEM...



SNARRRRR!

MOVE YOU GUYS! FOR PETE'S SAKE MOVE! THAT GUY'S GOT A SPLIT SECOND TO LIVE!

Next week: life hangs in the balance!