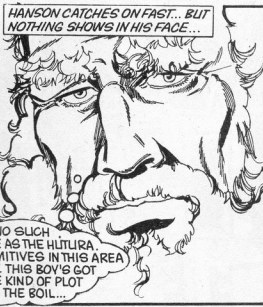
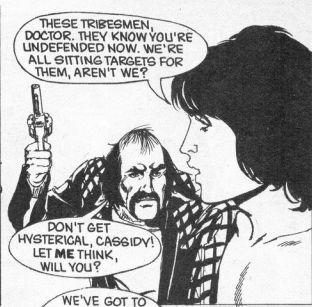


ONE OF YOUR GUYS WAS AT HIS LAST GASP, DOCTOR. TOLD ME THEY'D BEEN AMBUSHED BY HITLURA TRIBESMEN. PRIMITIVES. THEY MAY BE ON THE WAY HERE...



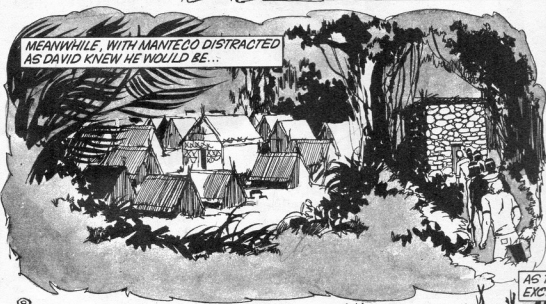
HANSON CATCHES ON FAST... BUT NOTHING SHOWS IN HIS FACE...

NO SUCH TRIBE AS THE HITLURA. NO PRIMITIVES IN THIS AREA ANYWAY. THIS BOY'S GOT SOME KIND OF PLOT ON THE BOIL...



THESE TRIBESMEN, DOCTOR. THEY KNOW YOU'RE UNDERFENCED NOW! WE'RE ALL SITTING TARGETS FOR THEM, AREN'T WE?

DON'T GET HYSTERICAL, GASSIDY! LET ME THINK, WILL YOU?

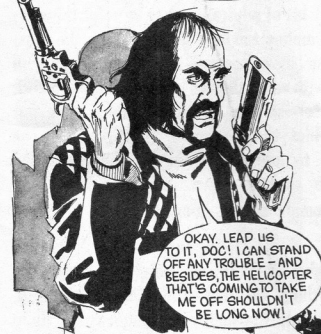


MEANWHILE, WITH MANTECO DISTRACTED AS DAVID KNEW HE WOULD BE...



WE'VE GOT TO HAVE SOMEWHERE SAFE TO HOLE UP SOMEWHERE WITHOUT WINDOWS... LIKE A STORESHED!

YES, YES. THERE IS ONE.



OKAY, LEAD US TO IT, DOC! I CAN STAND OFF ANY TROUBLE - AND BESIDES, THE HELICOPTER THAT'S COMING TO TAKE ME OFF SHOULDN'T BE LONG NOW!

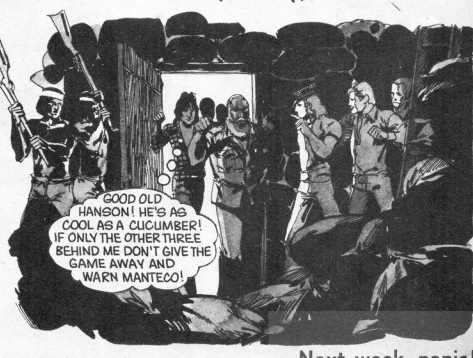


AS THEY FILE OUTSIDE, DAVID FEELS EXCITEMENT BUILDING WITHIN HIM!

HE'S BOUGHT THE STORY HOOK, LINE AND SINKER! OH, BOY - IF ONLY YOU KNOW THE RECEPTION WAITING IN THAT STORESHED, MANTECO!



OPEN UP, FILE INSIDE ALL OF YOU, AND STAND FACING THE REAR WALL. HANDS CLASPED BEHIND YOUR HEADS.



GOOD OLD HANSON! HE'S AS COOL AS A CUCUMBER! IF ONLY THE OTHER THREE BEHIND ME DON'T GIVE THE GAME AWAY AND WARN MANTECO!