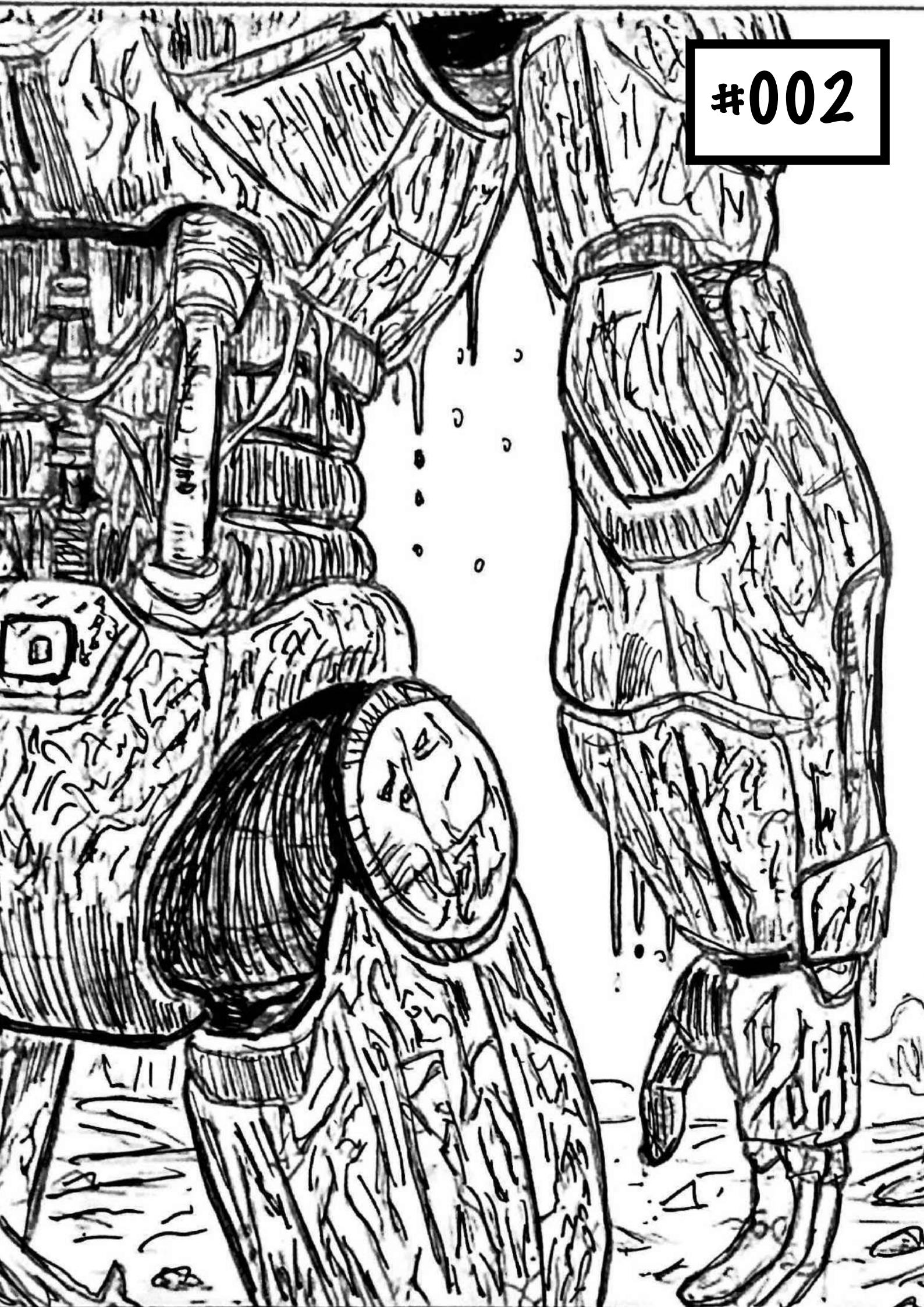
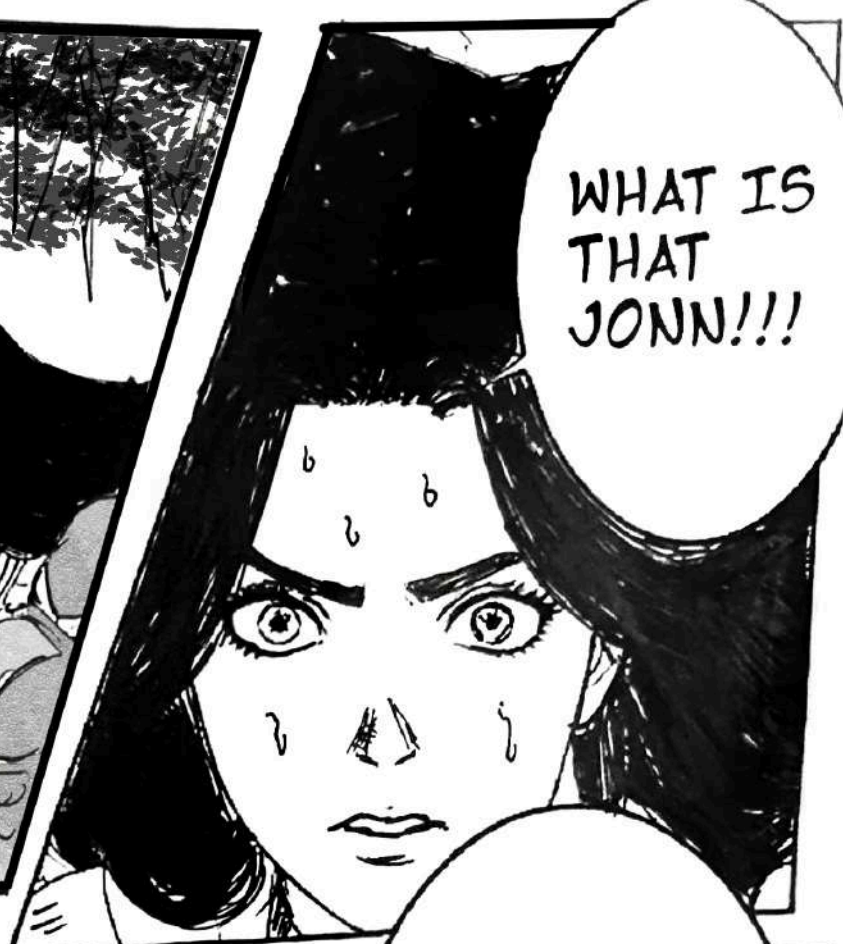
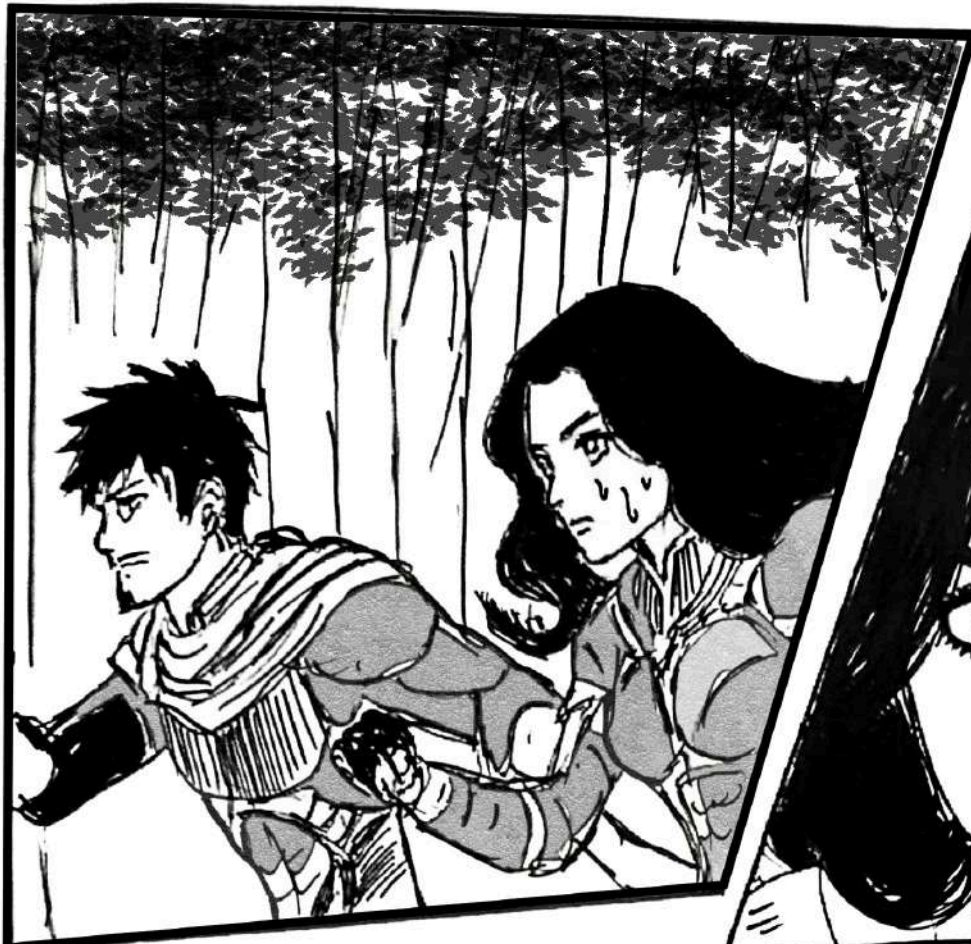
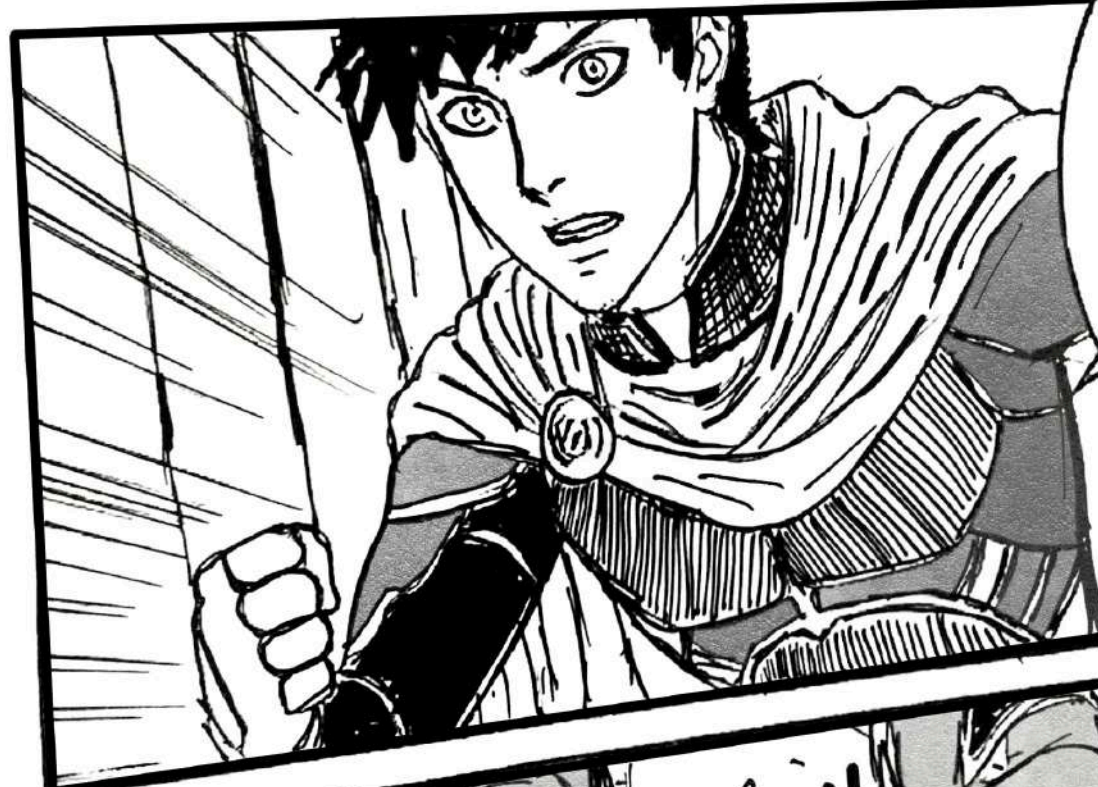


#002

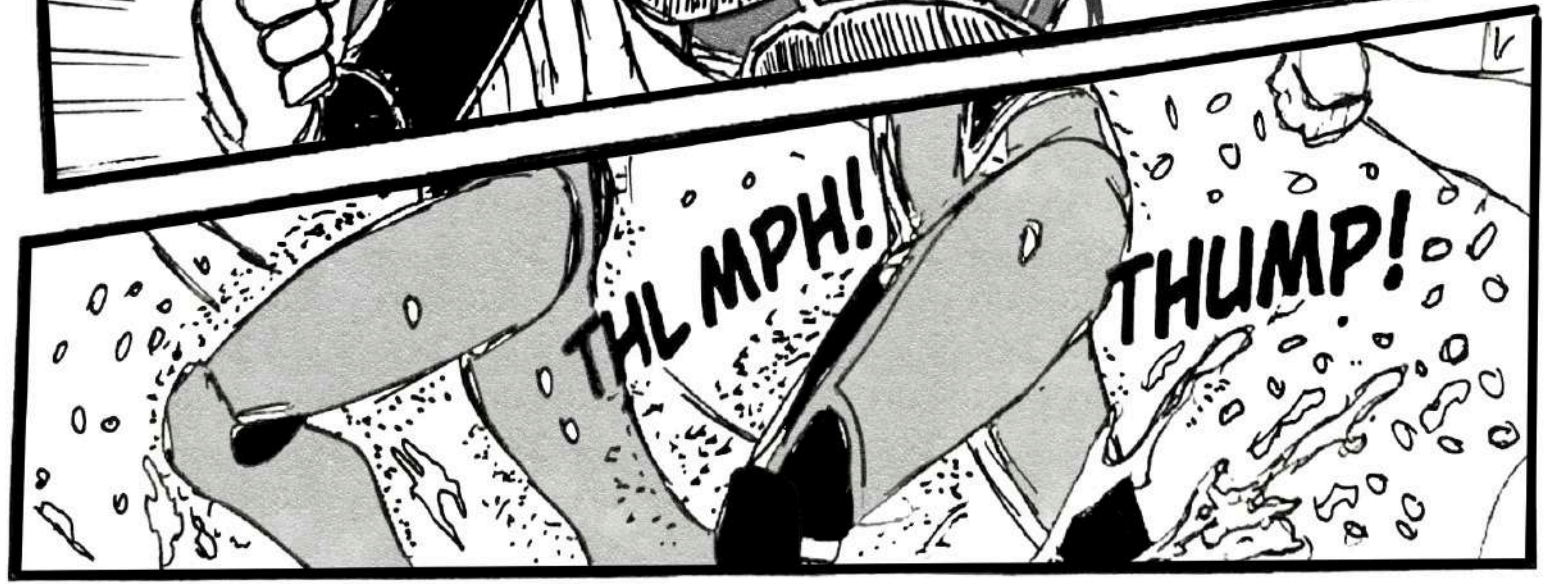




WHAT IS THAT JONN!!!

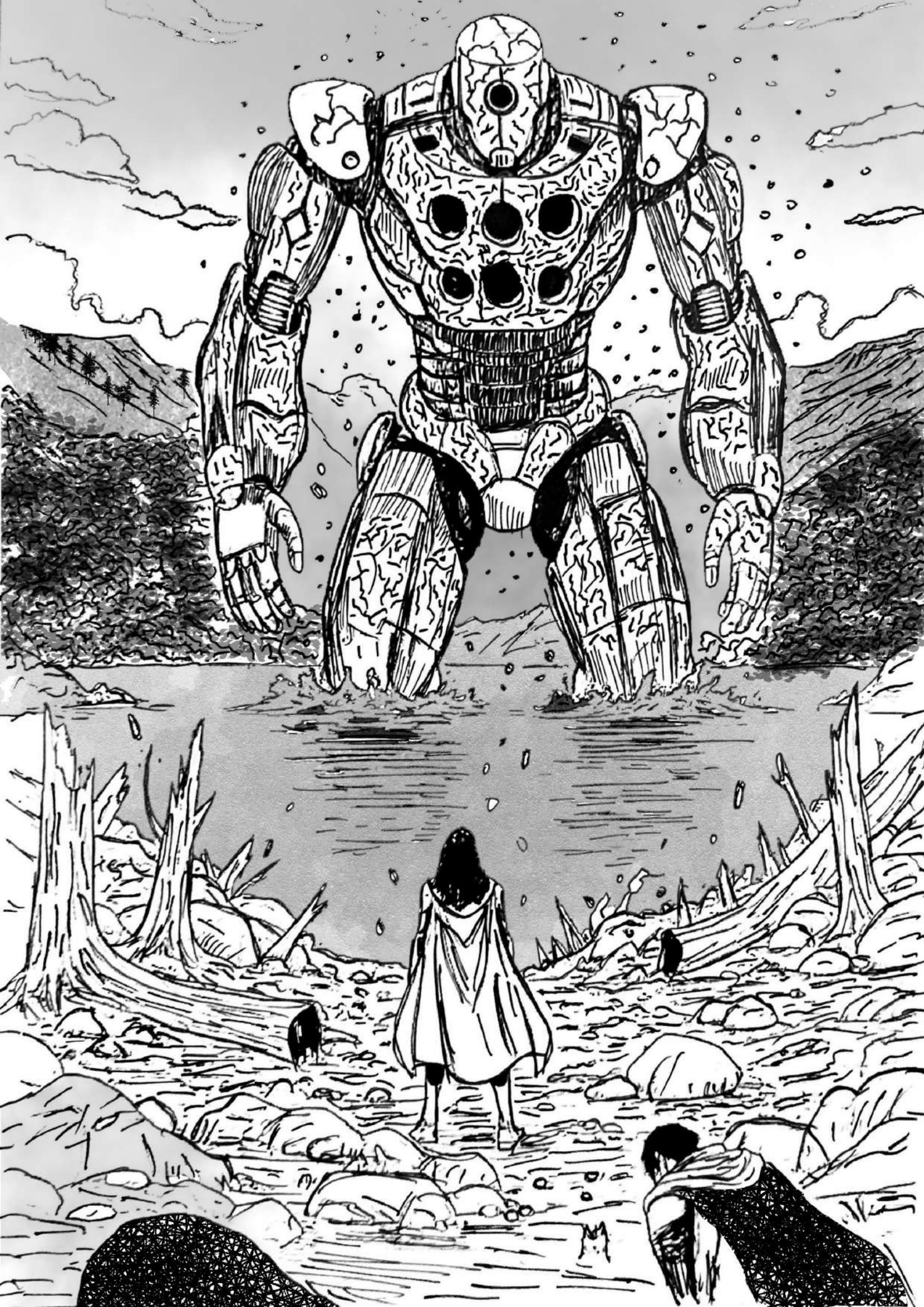


I DON'T KNOW COMMANDER..



THL MPH!

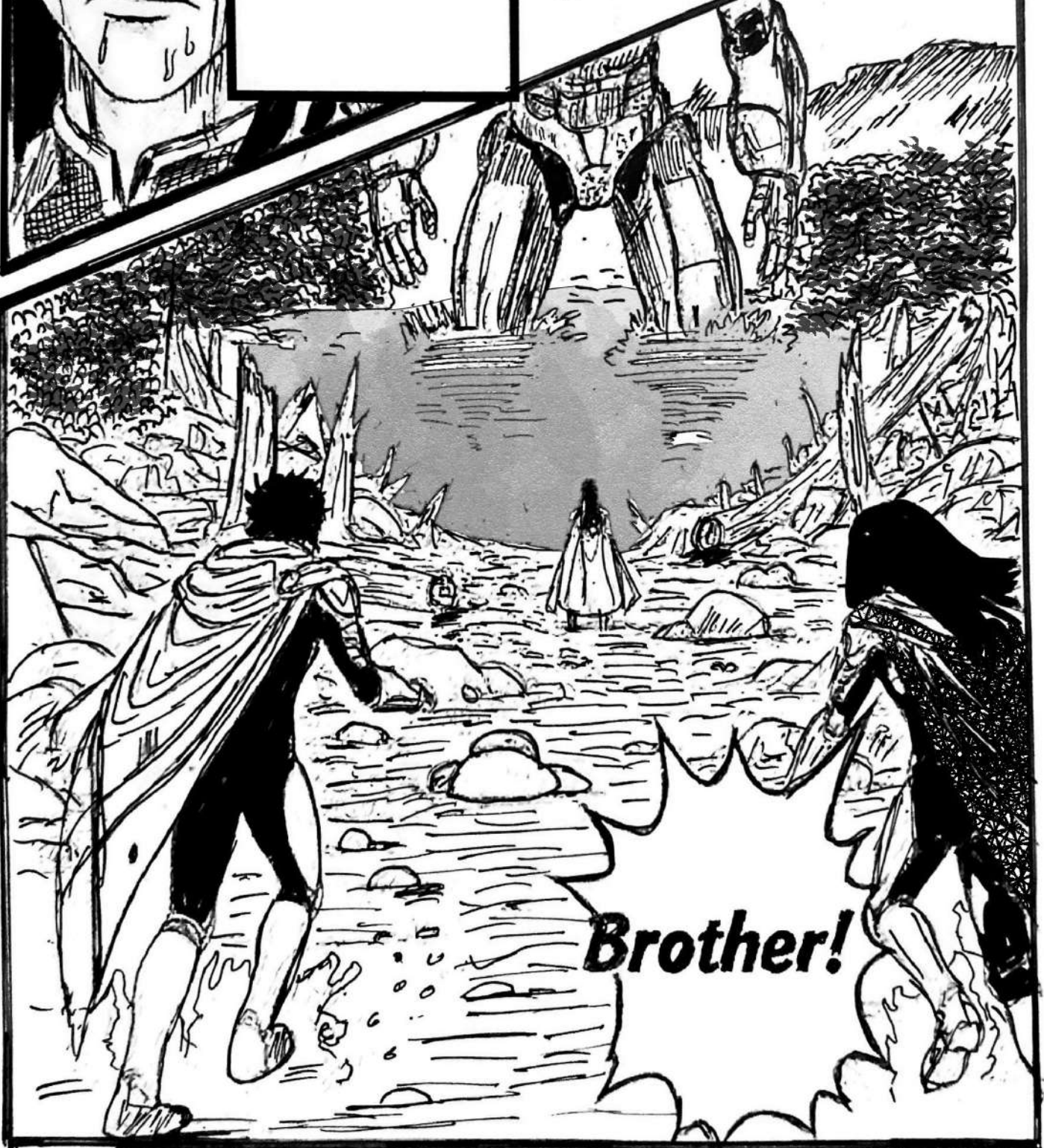
THUMP!



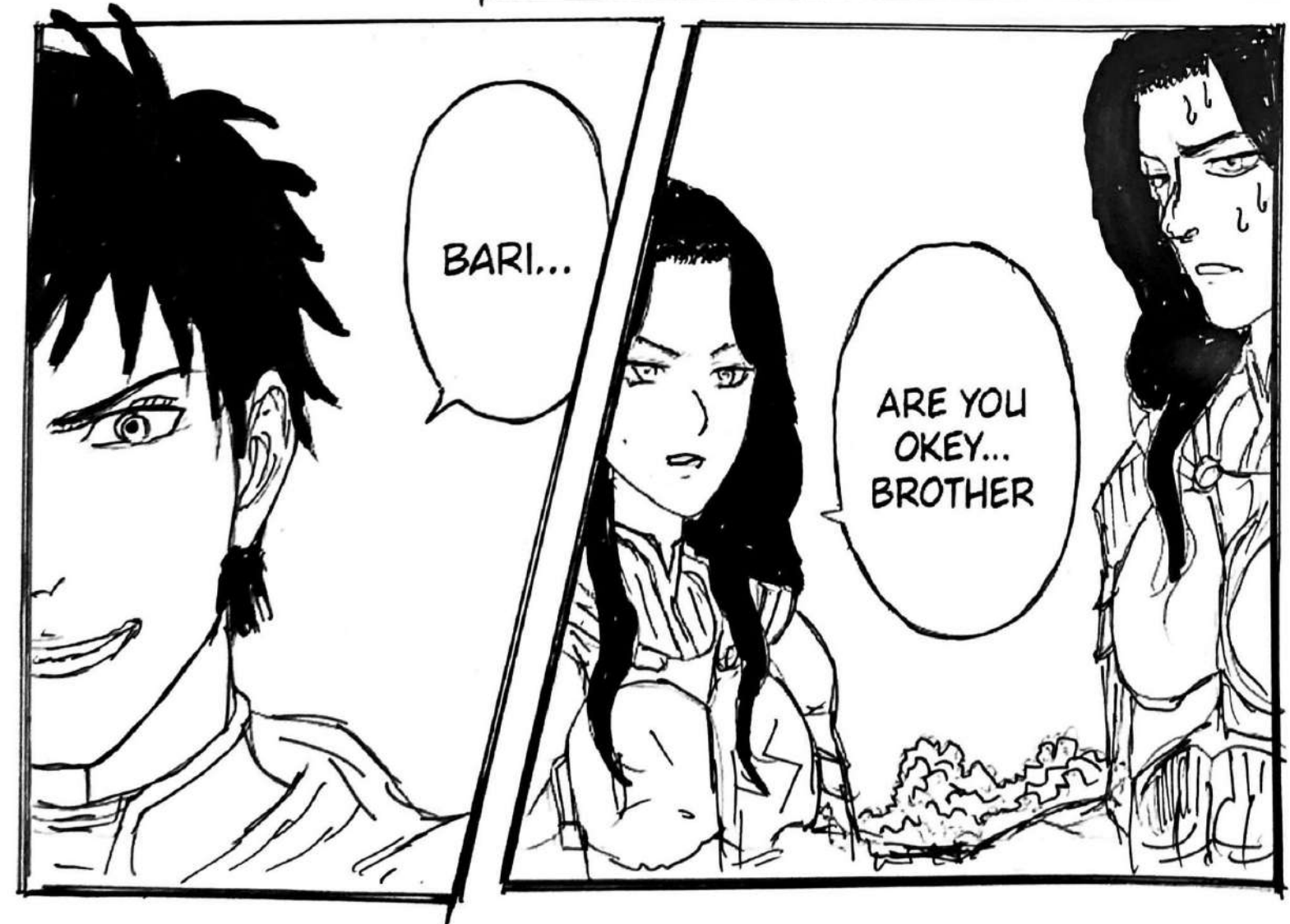


IT'S NOT
MOVING
SEEMS
LIKE
IT
TURNED
OFF
ITSELF.

SPLISH!
SPLOSH!



Brother!



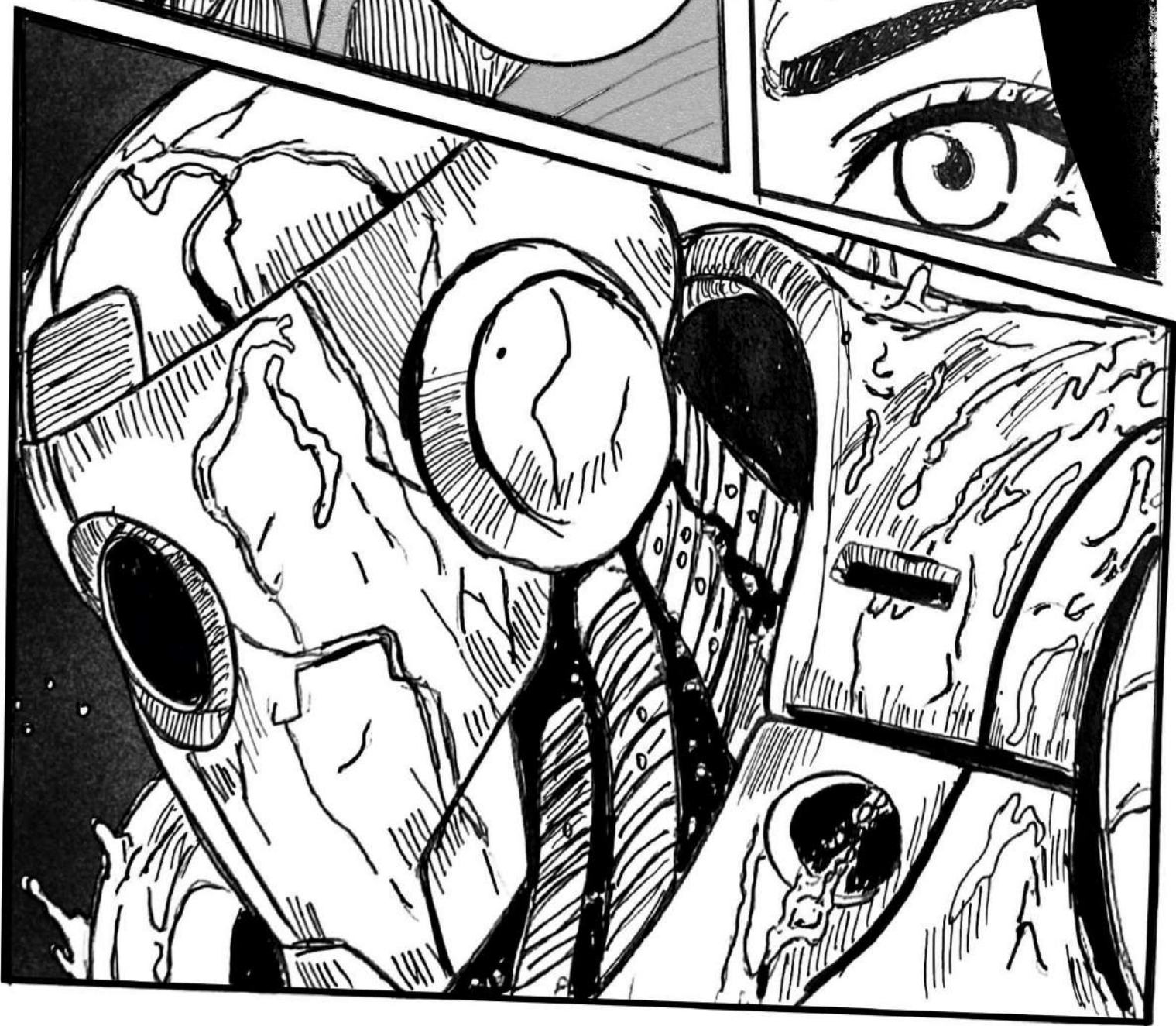


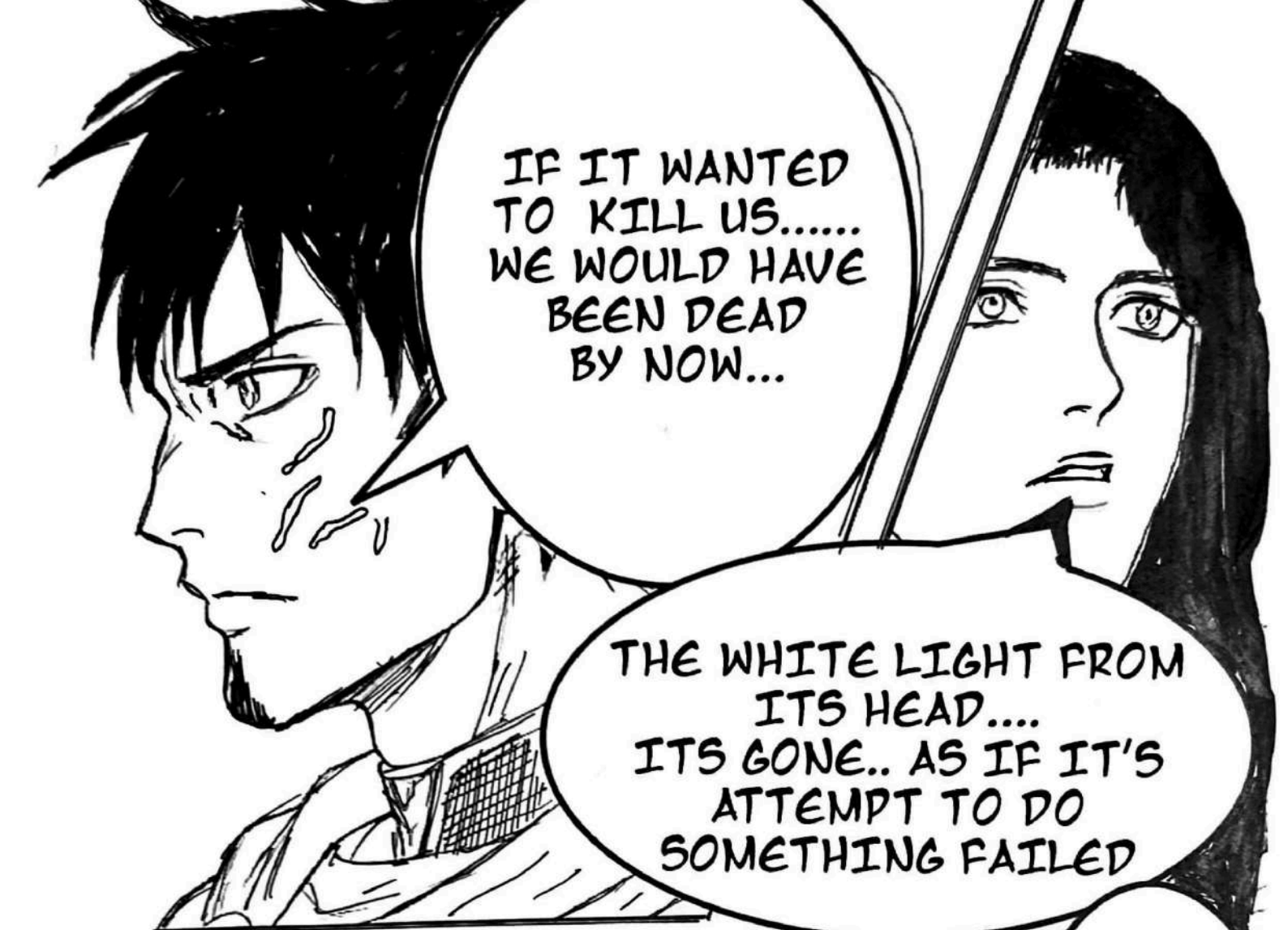
I AM
ARE YOU
OKEY
MALICE...!

WHAT
ABOUT
THE OTHER
SOILDERS.
?




WHAT IS
THAT
BROTHER!





IF IT WANTED
TO KILL US.....
WE WOULD HAVE
BEEN DEAD
BY NOW...




THE WHITE LIGHT FROM
ITS HEAD....
ITS GONE.. AS IF IT'S
ATTEMPT TO DO
SOMETHING FAILED




BROTHER...
I THINK
WE SHOULD
GO BACK
TO THE
CENTRAL..



WE
CAN
LEAVE
FEW
SOILDERS
HERE...



WE MUST SEND A
REPORT TO AIESHOK
AS SOON AS POSSIBLE.
THIS IS GIVING ME A
BAD FEELING...I THINK
MALICE IS RIGHT
WE SHOULD RETURN TO
THE CENTRAL...!!!



IF THAT'S
THE CASE,
WE SHOULD
HEAD BACK TO
THE CENTRAL.
WE NEED TO
REACH THE
LANTERN AS
SOON AS
POSSIBLE AND
SEND THE
REPORT TO
AIESHOK..



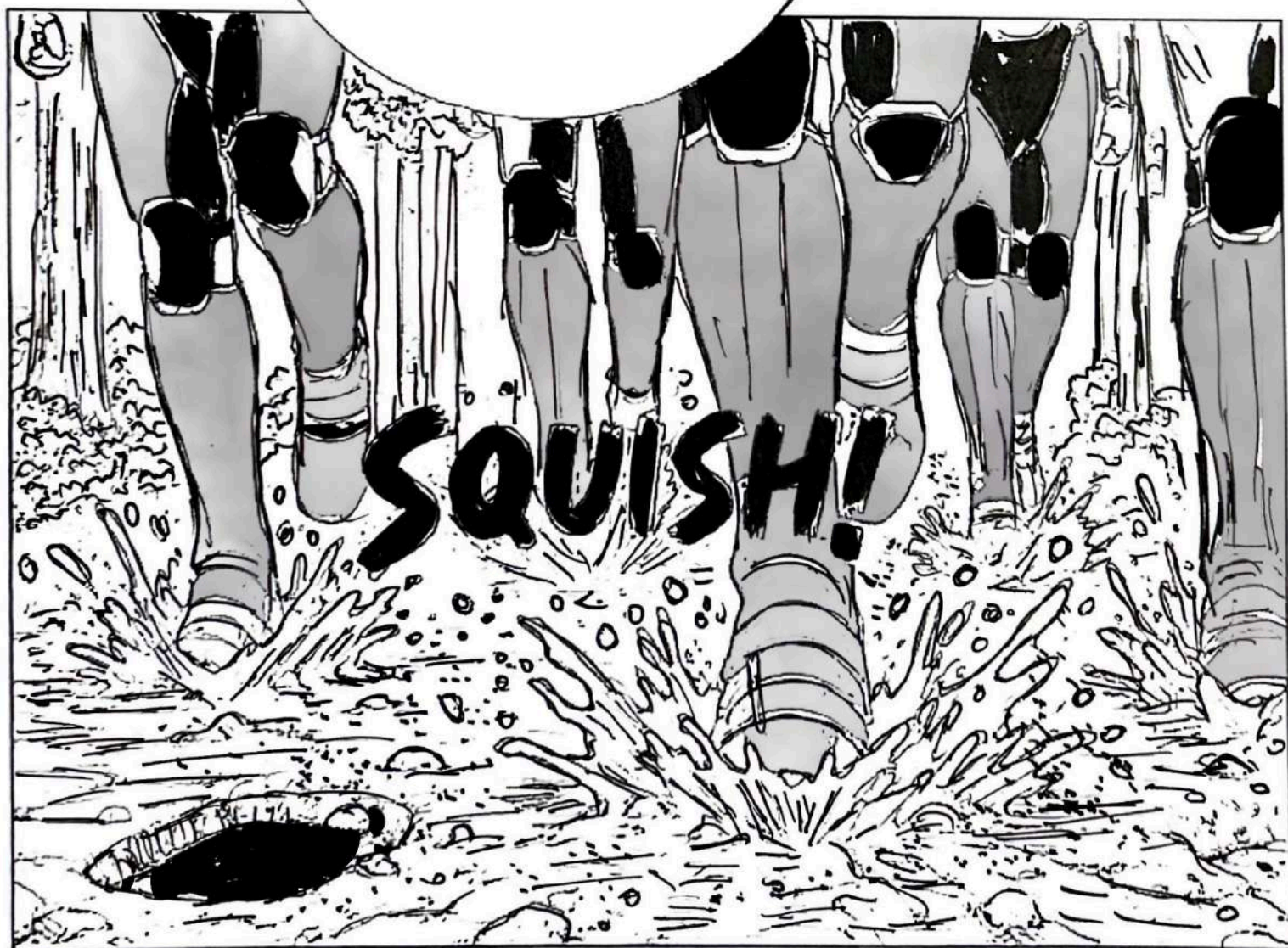
SQUIS

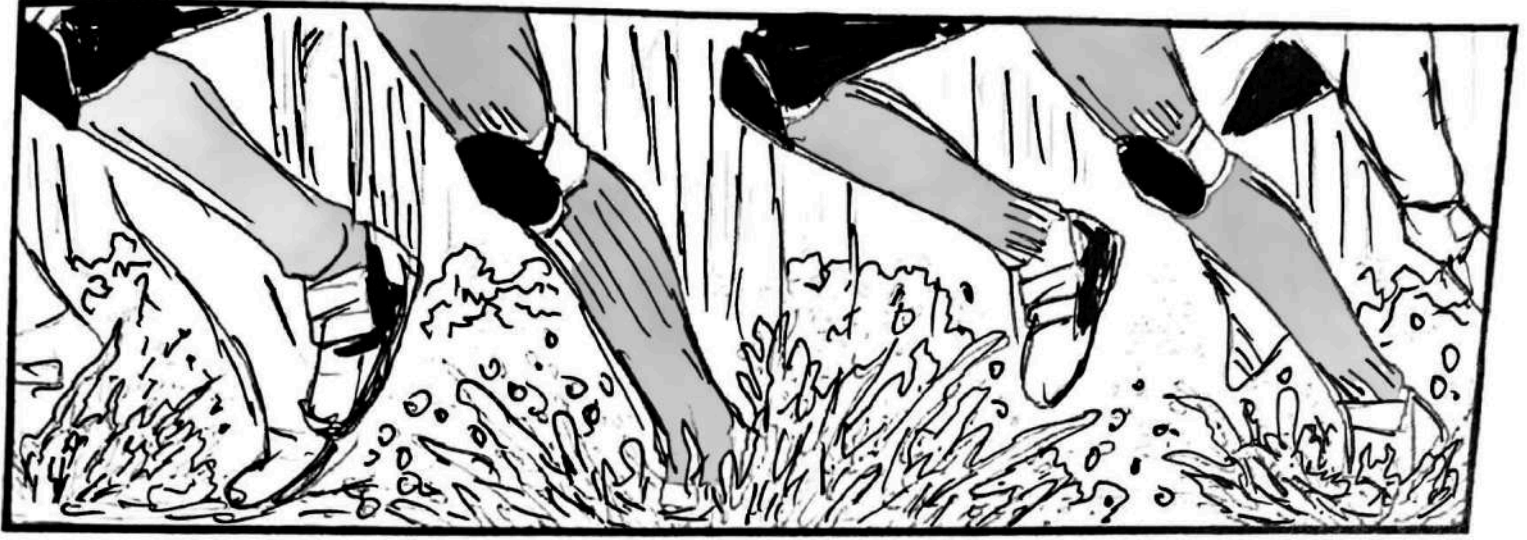


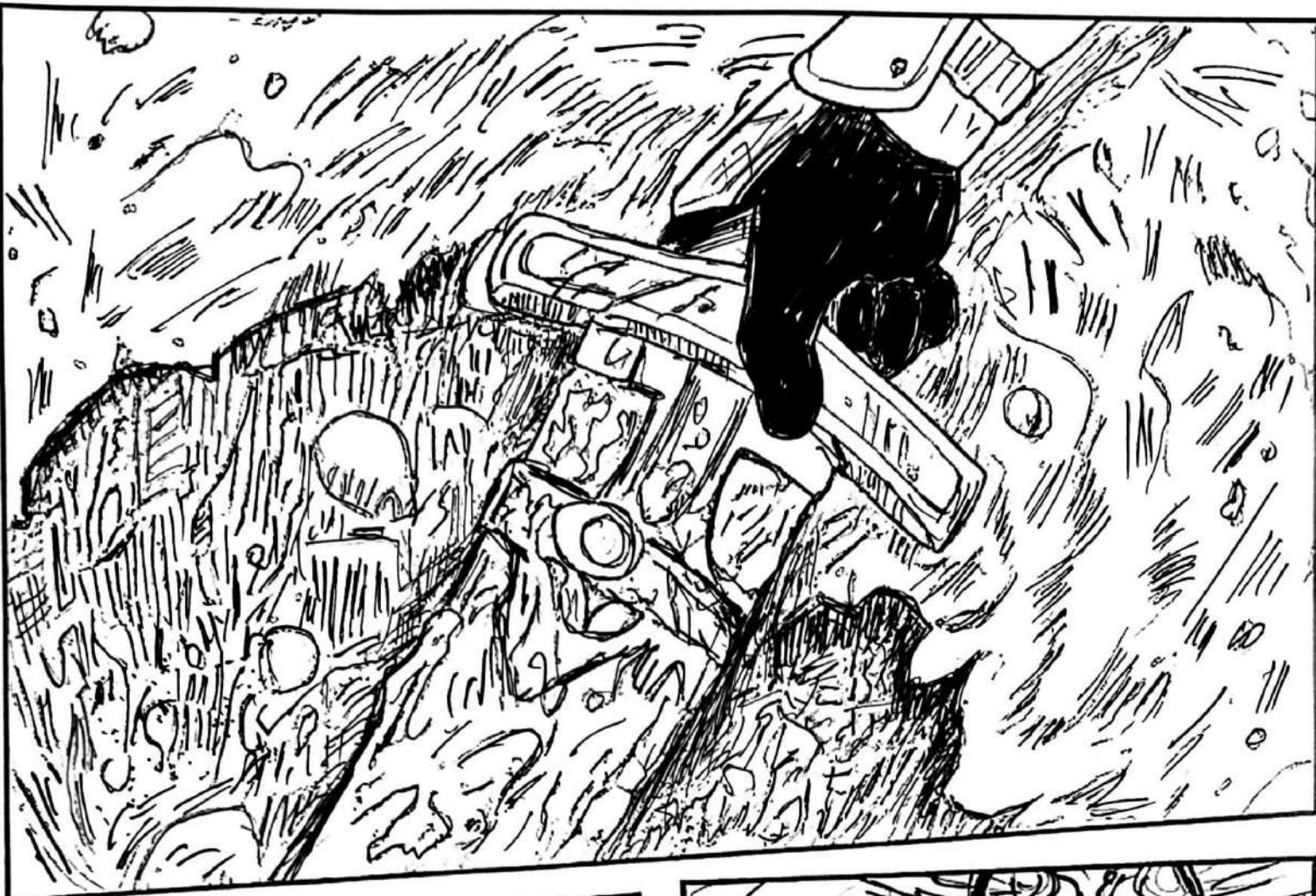
COMMANDER...
WHAT ABOUT
THAT GIANT?
WHAT IS THAT
THING...?

YEAH, WHAT
IS THAT?,
IT'S HUGE... AND
IT ~~IS~~ LOOKS
DANGEROUS.

NEVER SEEN
ANYTHING
LIKE THAT..!





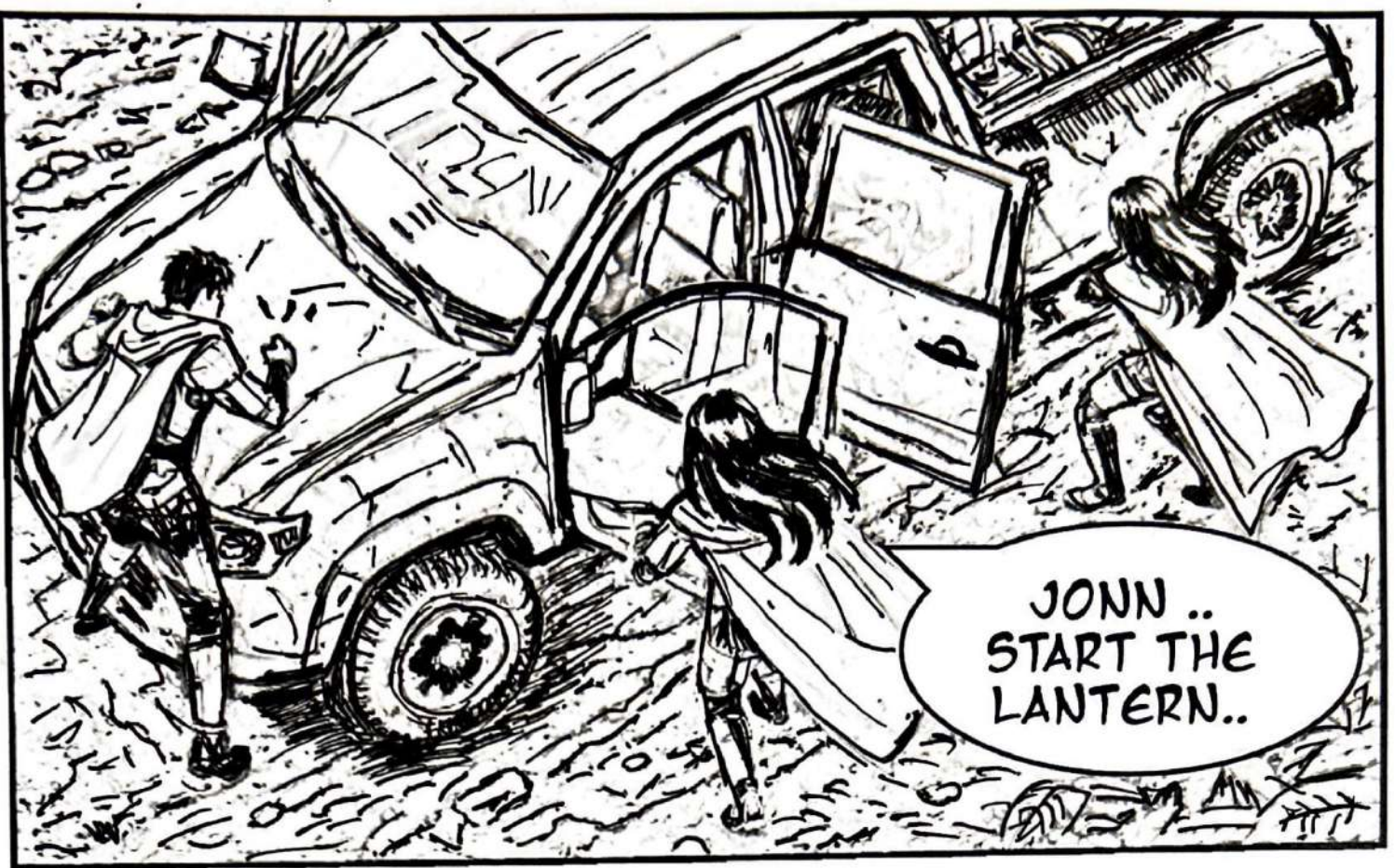


I JUST LOST MY
SWORD... HOW
COULD I BE SO
CARELESS?

SHINK!
KA-CHUNK!



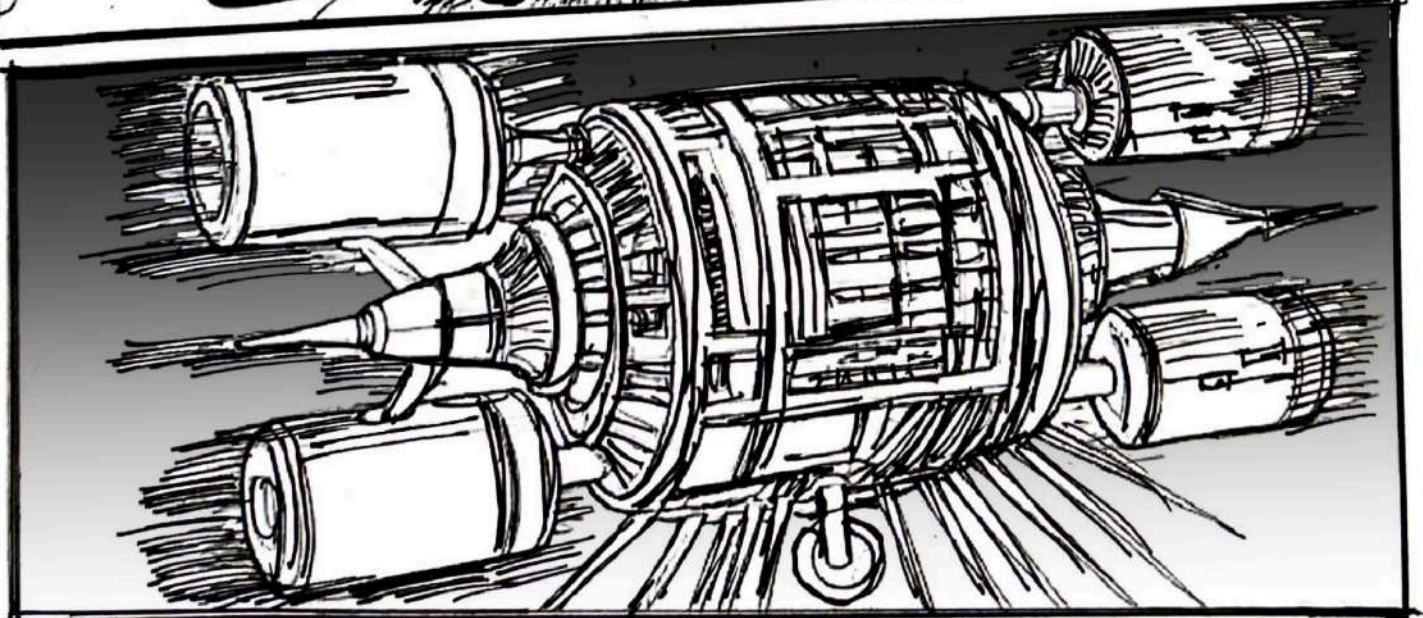
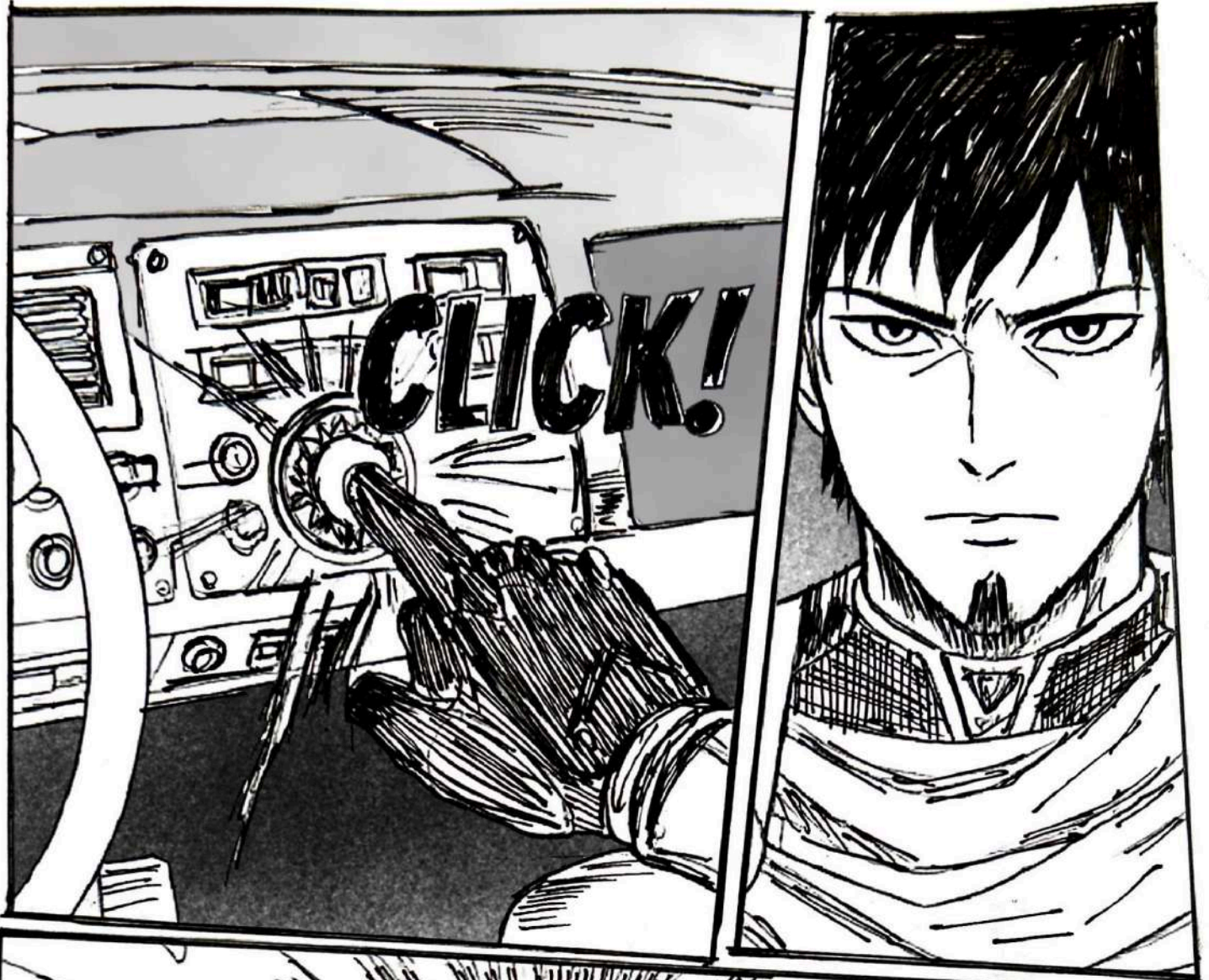




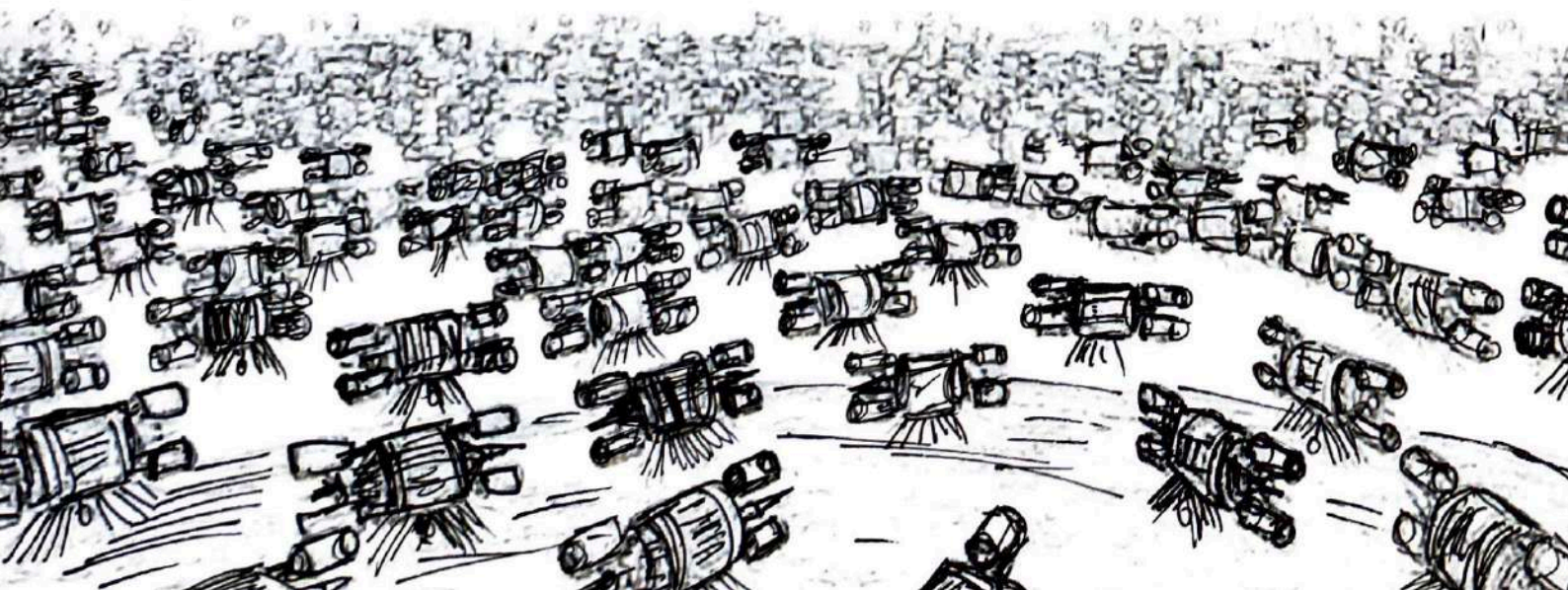
JOHN ..
START THE
LANTERN..



THERE'S NO
TIME... AIESHOK
NEEDS THE
REPORT
IMMEDIATELY.



CELBREROMS

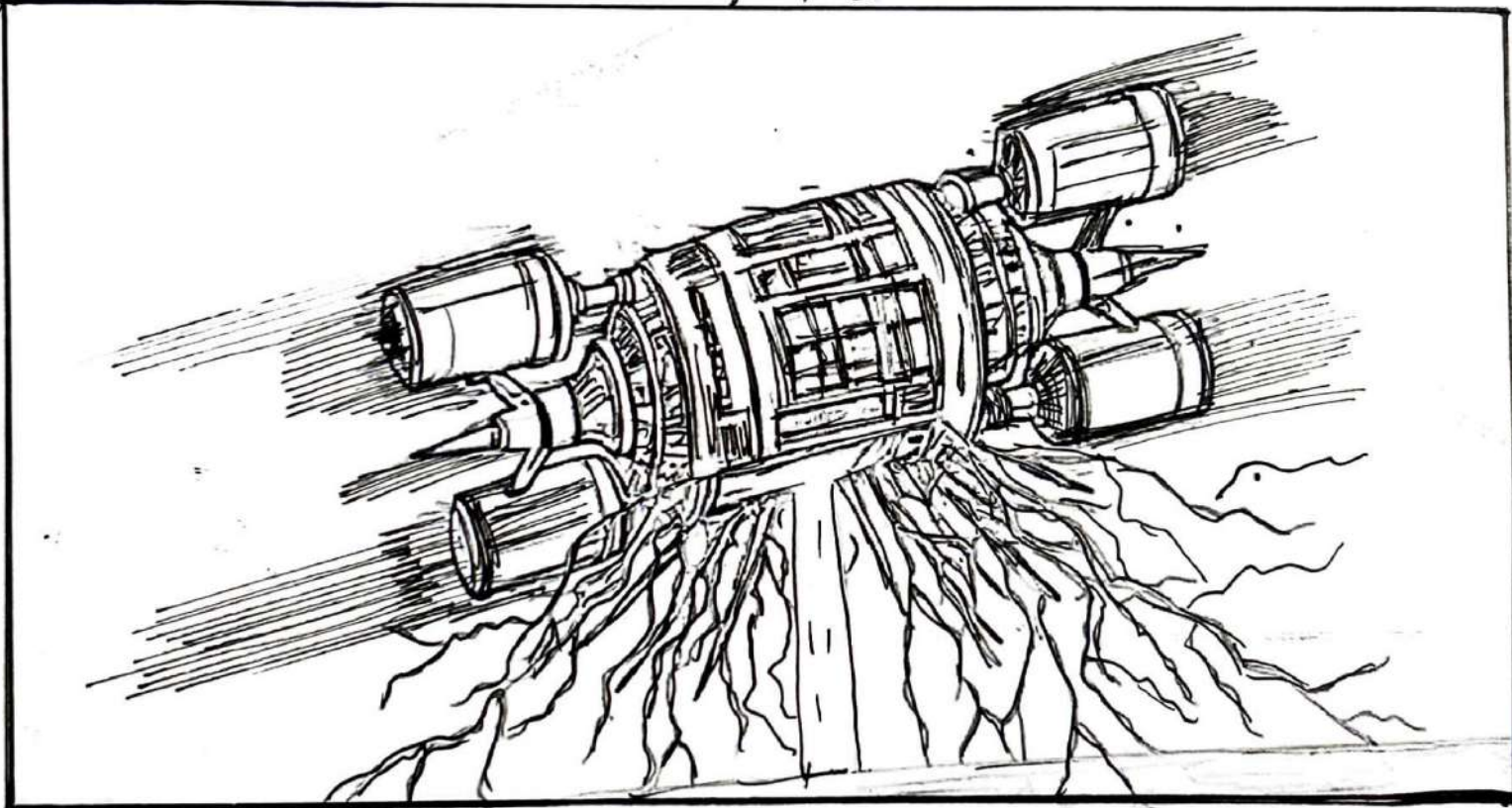


CRACKLE!

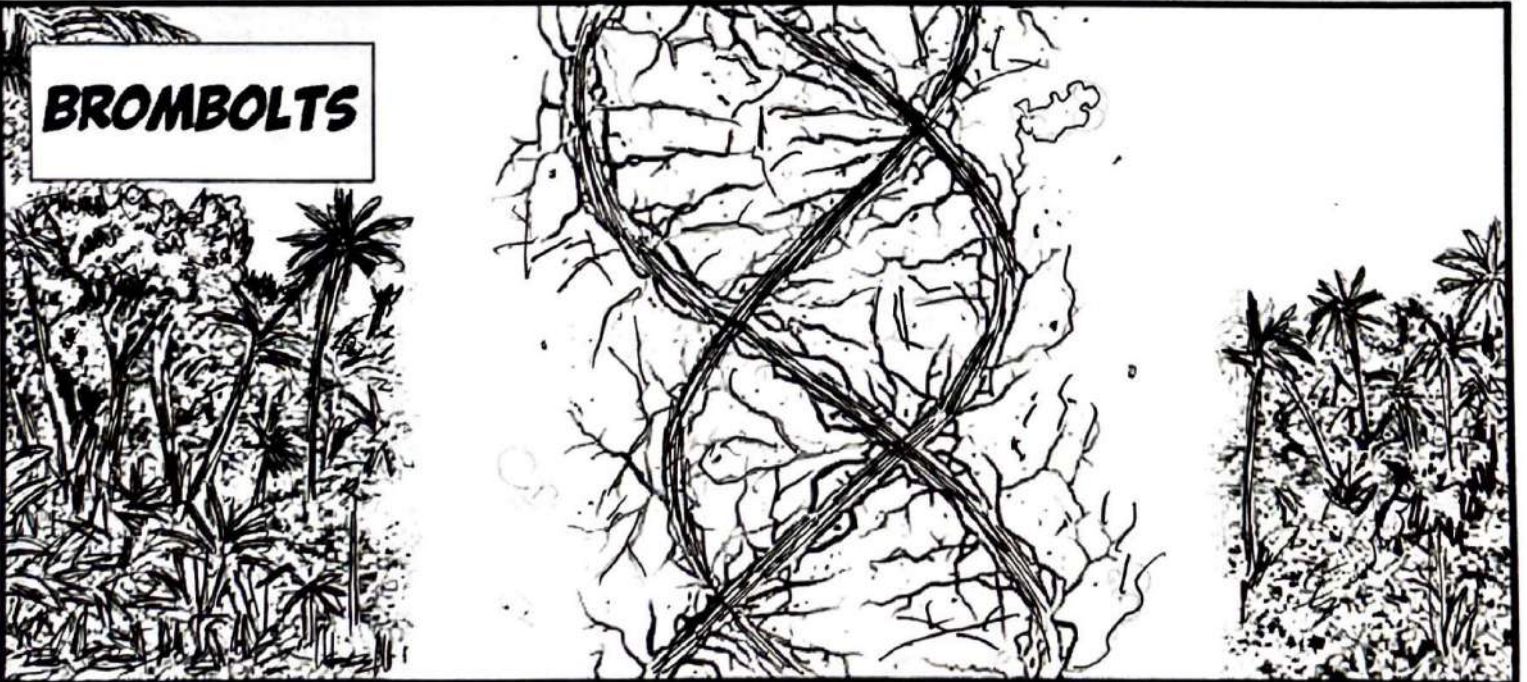
CRACKLE!

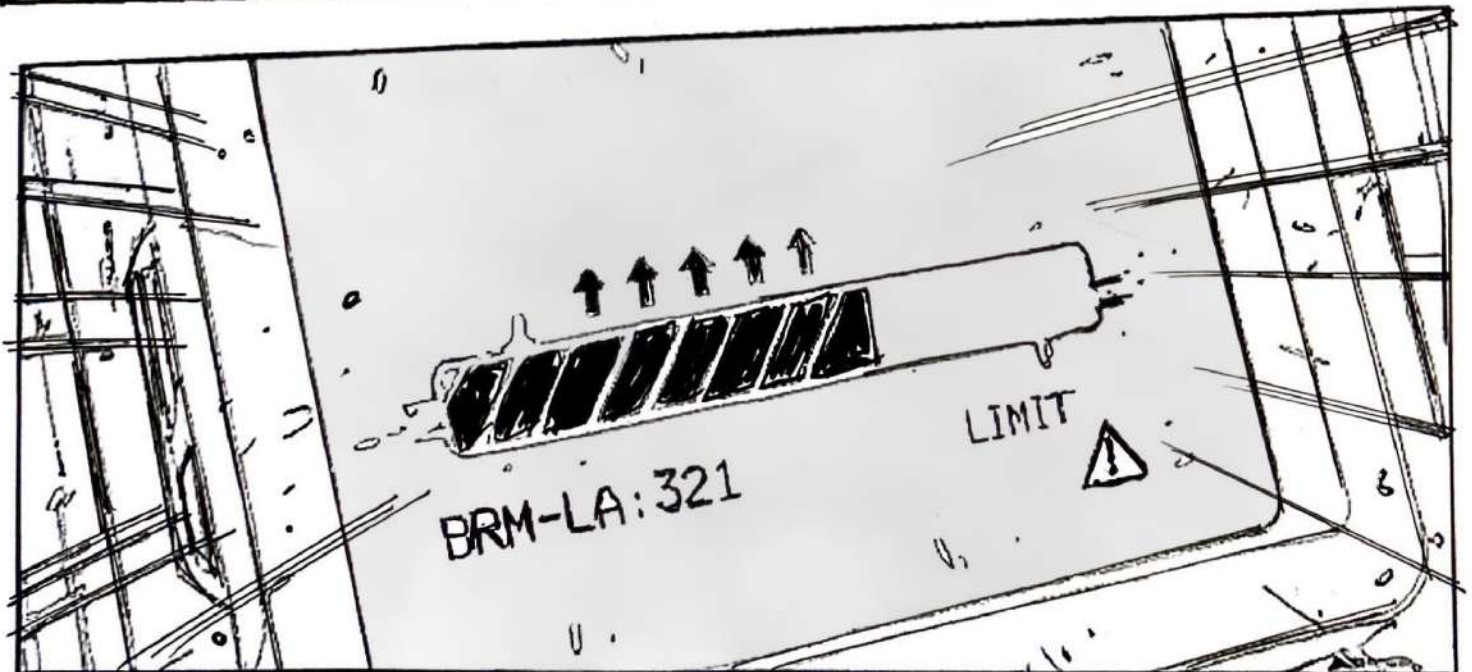
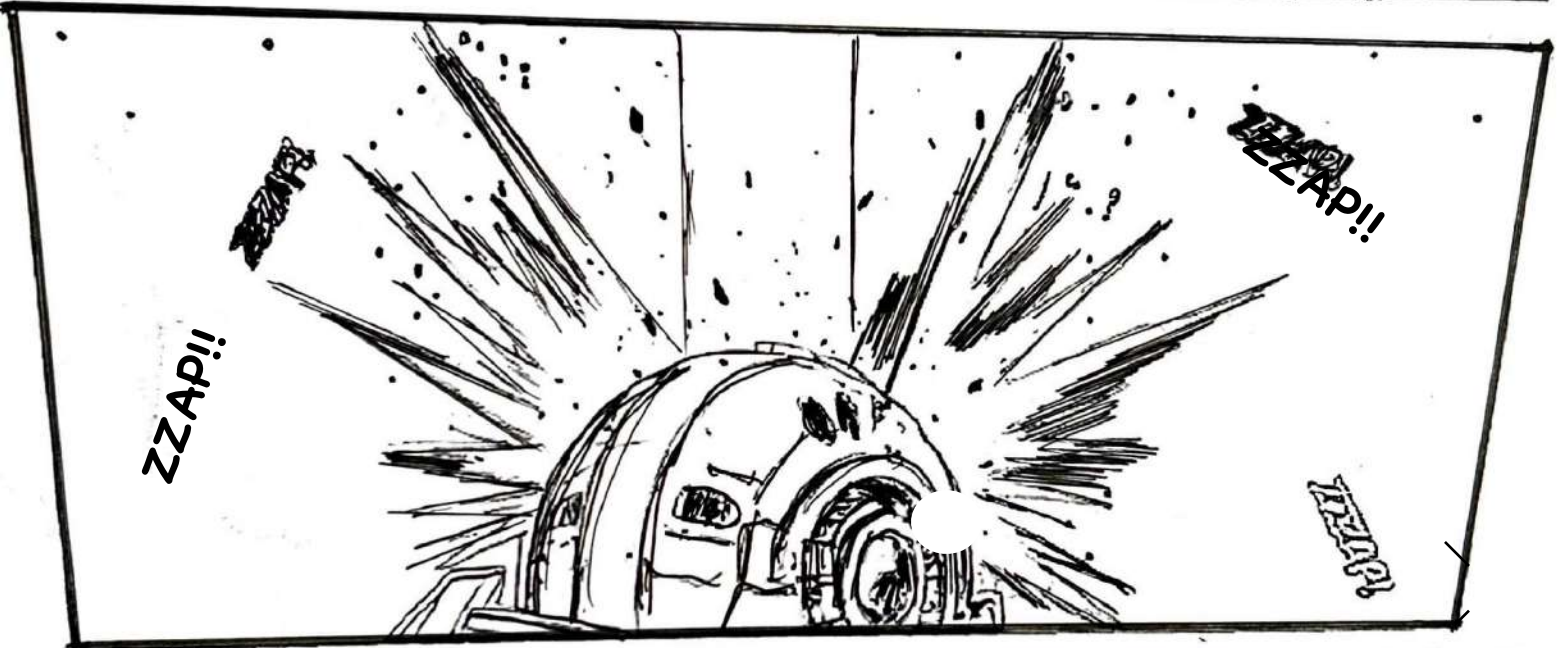
ZAP!

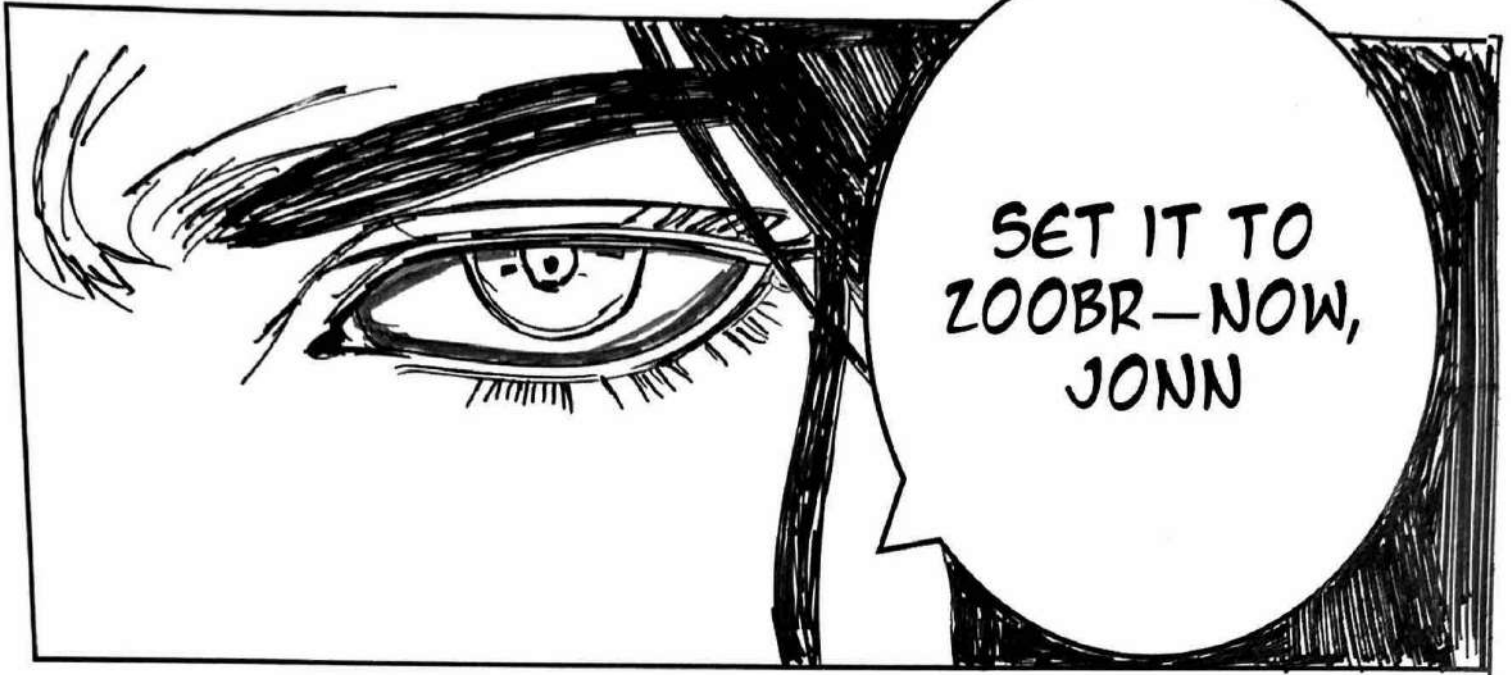
GLOW!



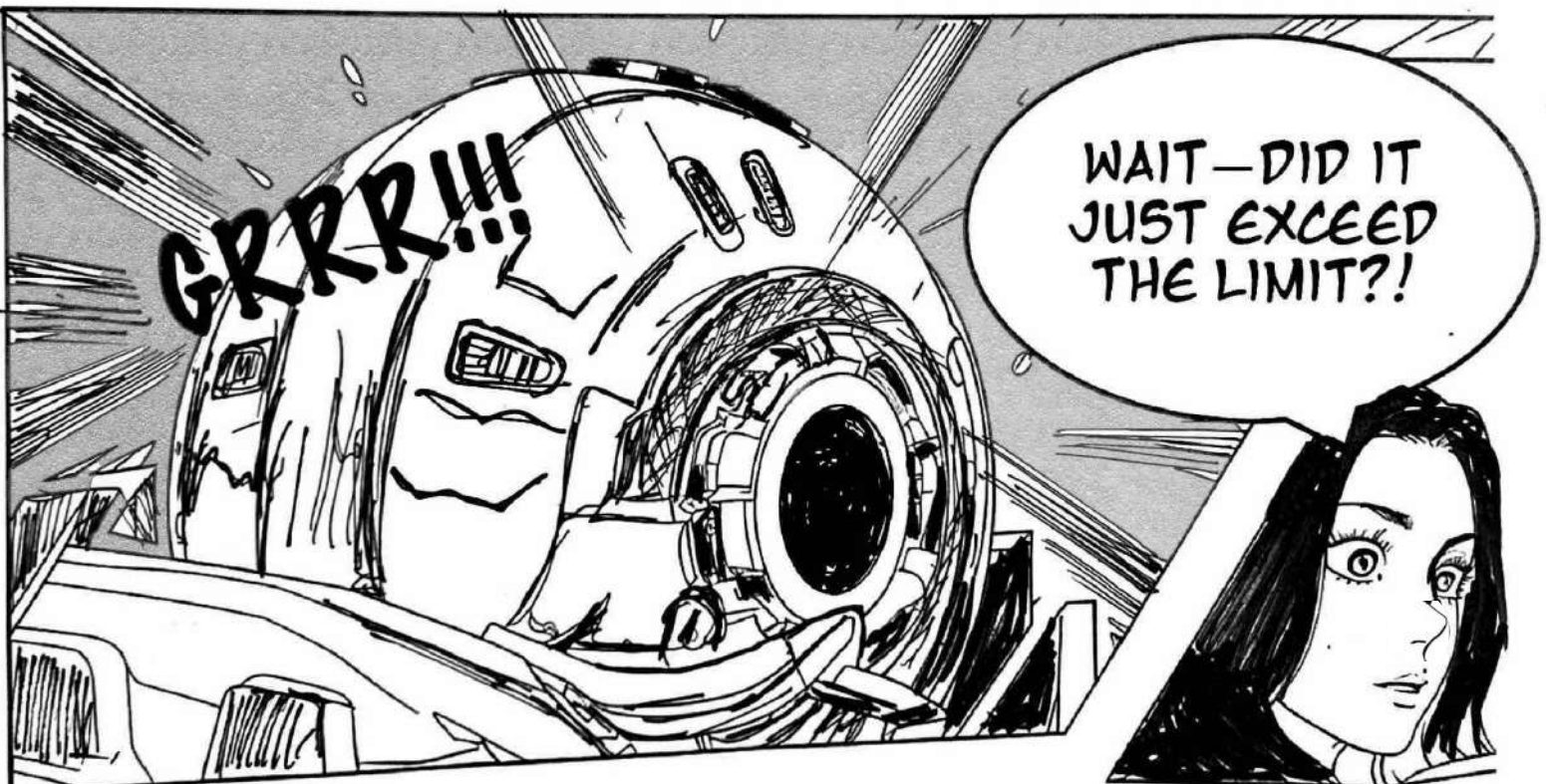
BROMBOLTS





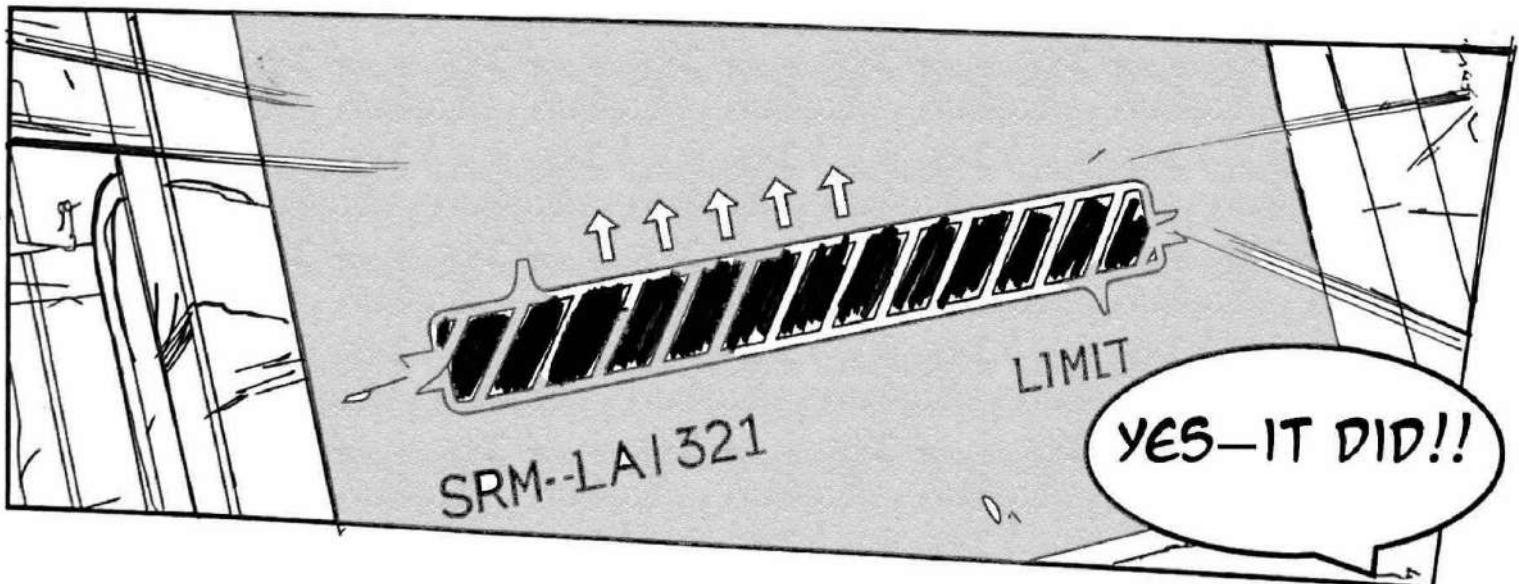


SET IT TO
ZOOBR—NOW,
JONN



GRRR!!!

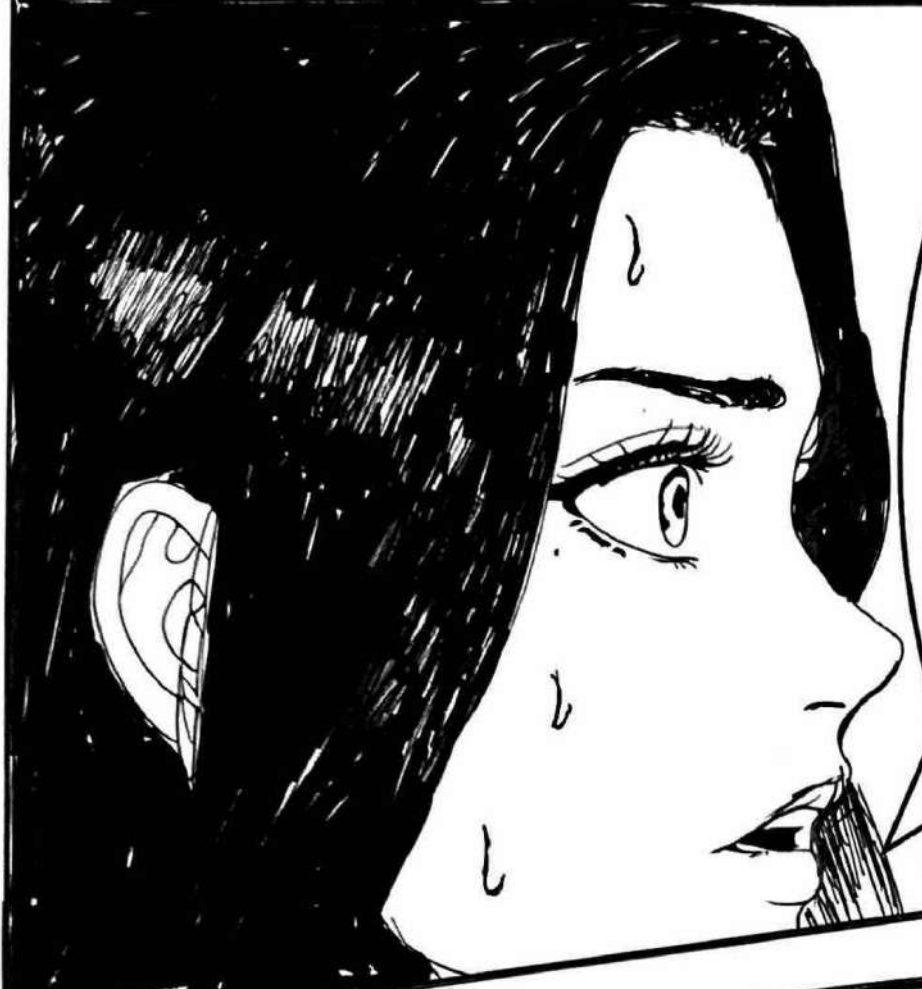
WAIT—DID IT
JUST EXCEED
THE LIMIT?!



SRM-LAI 321

LIMIT

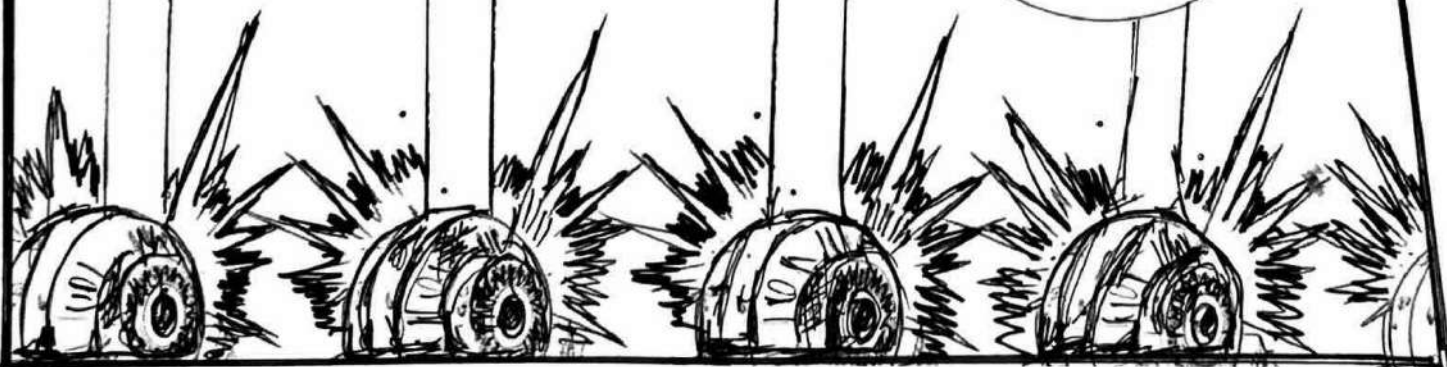
YES—IT DID!!

A close-up, black and white illustration of a woman's face in profile, looking towards the right. She has long, dark hair and a serious expression. A speech bubble is positioned to her right, containing text.

BROTHER,
THAT LEVEL
OF BROM
ENERGY WILL
TURN
EVERYTHING
AROUND US
TO ASH!"

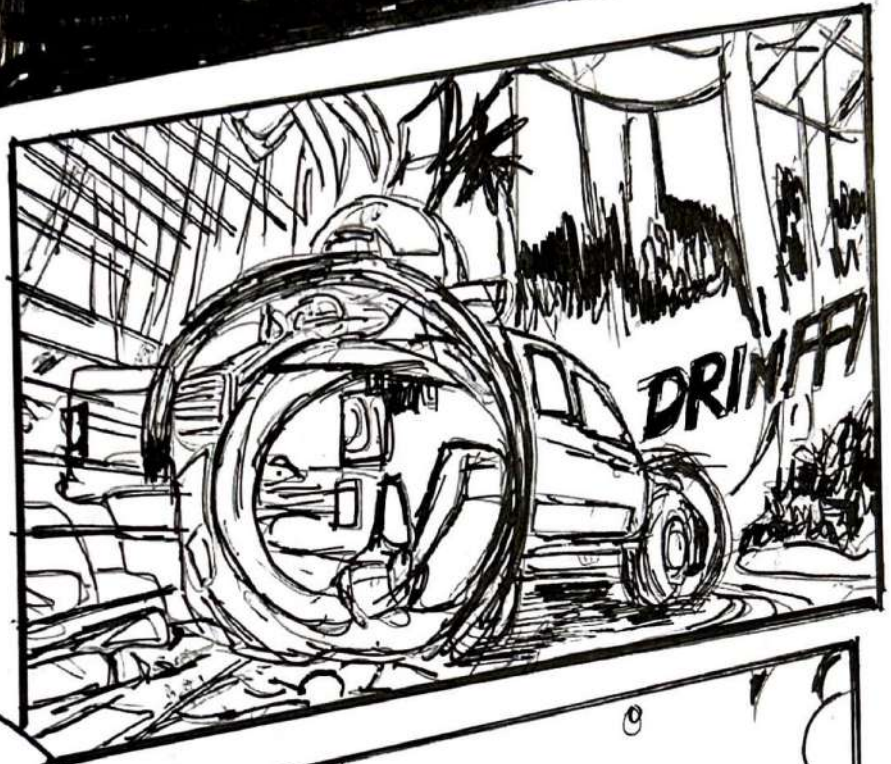
A black and white illustration of a tropical landscape. In the foreground, there are several palm trees and dense foliage. In the background, there are more palm trees and a cloudy sky. A large speech bubble is centered in the lower right portion of the panel.

ZAPP!!





RELAX.
WE'RE IN
THE MIDDLE
OF THE
JUNGLE




COMMANDER
MALICE,
WHERE'S THE
CUT-THROUGH
TO ENTER THE
LINES?





JOHN, TAKE THE
SECOND TURN ON
MY MARK.

VROOOM!

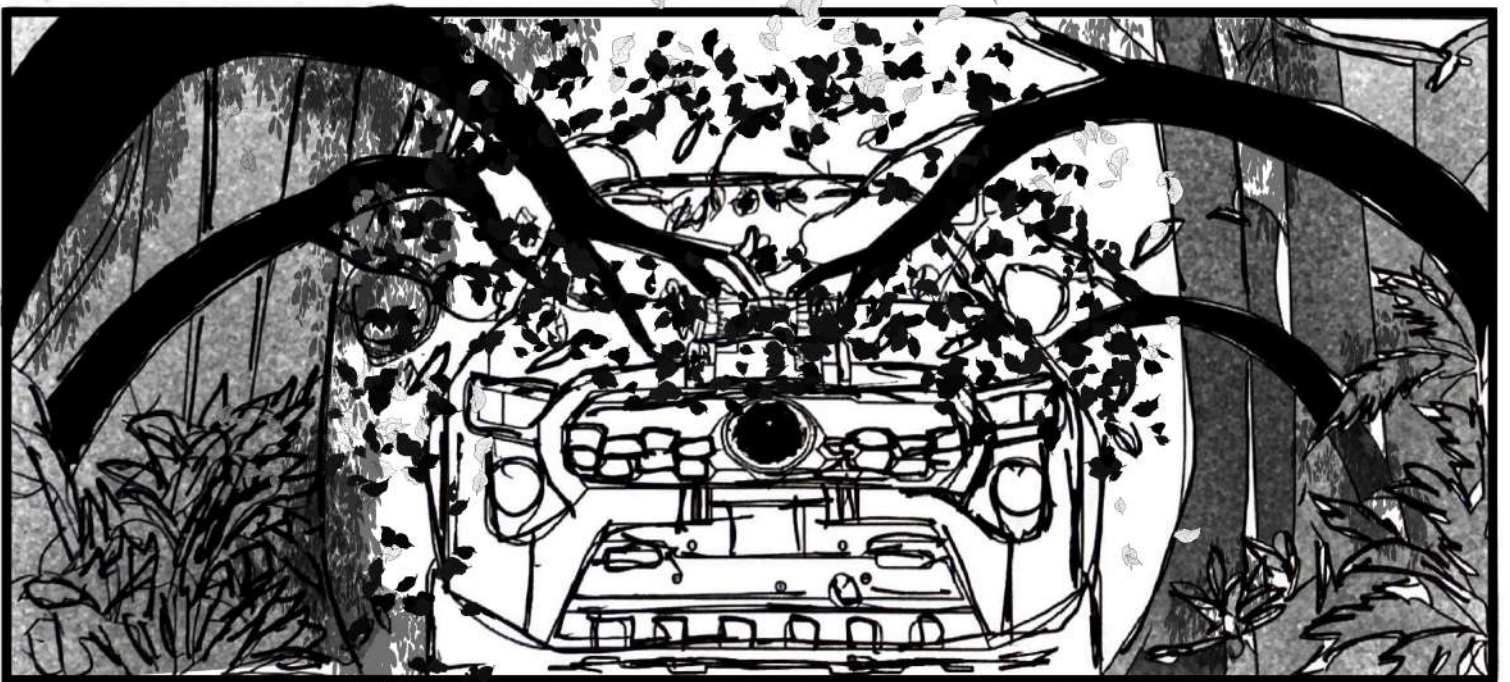
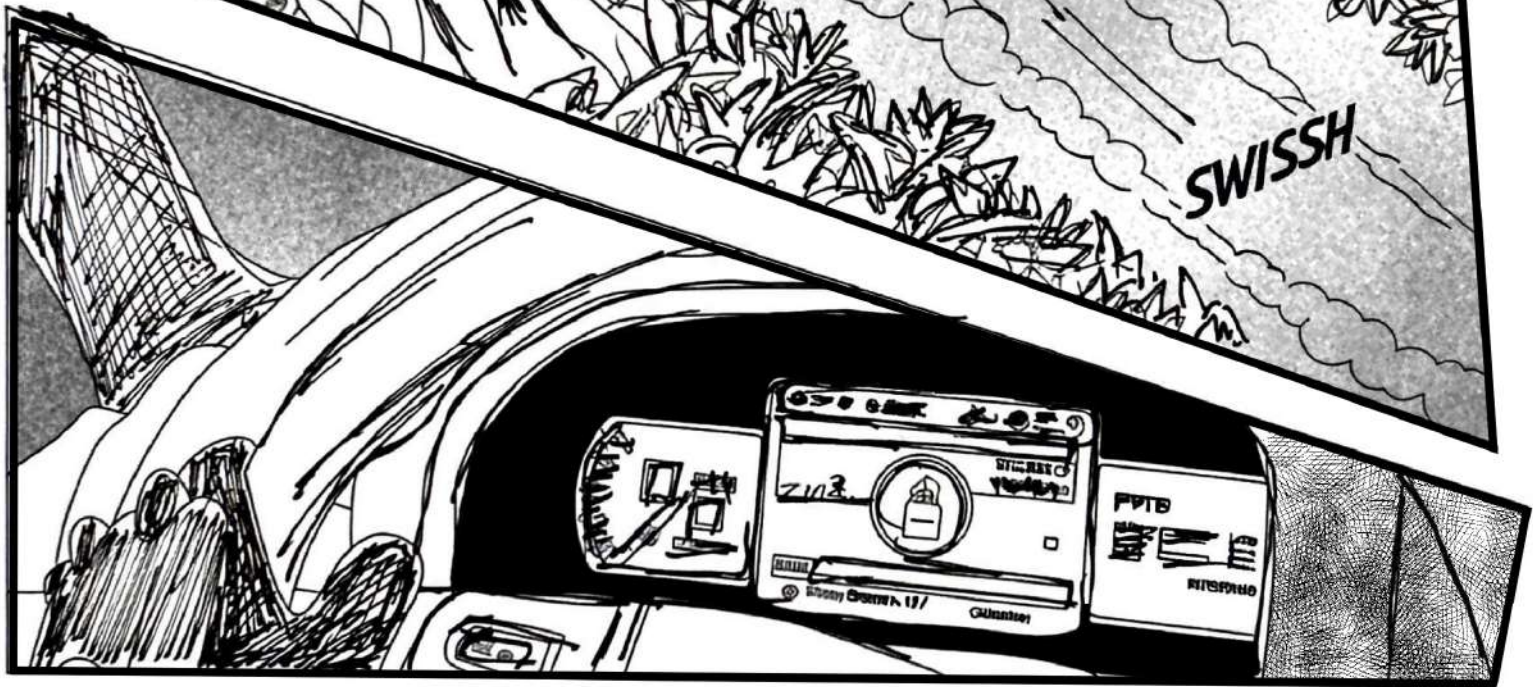


WE CAN'T
KEEP UP WITH
THEIR SPEED!
THEY'RE DRAWING
A MASSIVE
AMOUNT OF BROM
ENERGY—WAY
OVER THE
LIMIT!



JONN,
NOW!!

SWISSH





HOLD ON!



VROOM!

WHOOSH

THUD!





DADA...
DID YOU
HEAR THAT!?

THE
LANTERNS
SOUND LIKE
THEY'RE
RUSHING.

TO BE CONTINUED