

LESSER HELIUM.



THE PALACE OF JOHN CARTER AND DEJAH THORIS.

"YOU ARE VERY QUIET, BELOVED. YOU SEEM FAR AWAY TONIGHT. IS ANYTHING TROUBLING YOU?"

NOTHING, JOHN CARTER. I WAS MERELY GAZING AT THURIA--RECALLING OUR BRIEF SOJOURN THERE.*

SO NEAR--YET SO DIFFERENT FROM BARSOOM.

AS ARE HER PEOPLE: ONE-EYED CAT MEN...

...AND THOSE INVISIBLE SUN-WORSHIPERS.

THE TARIDS.

TO THINK I WAS ALMOST ENSLAVED BY THAT VILE JEDDAK OF THEIRS--UL VAS.

THAT FAT ULSIO. HE'S LUCKY TO STILL BE ALIVE.

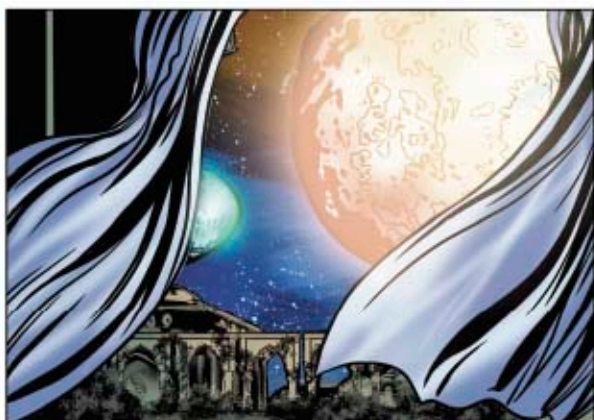
*As chronicled in *Swords of Mars*--ERB

I SUPPOSE IT'S GOOD FORTUNE THAT THE SHIP THAT CARRIED US THERE CEASED OPERATIONS.

AND THE THURIANS HAVE NO SUCH VESSEL.

FOR NOW AT LEAST.







RAH! RAHH! RAHH!

