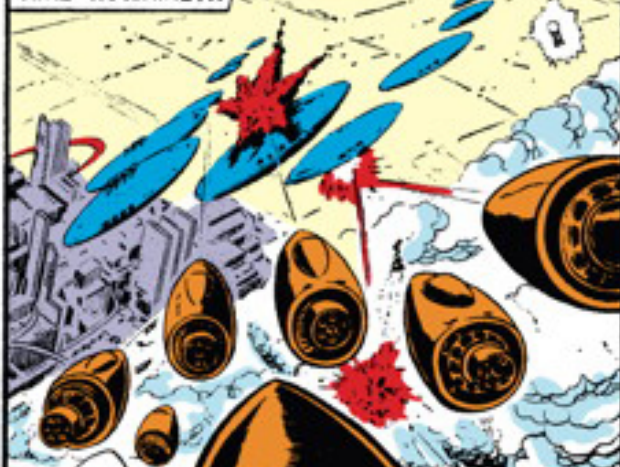


THE GOLDEN AGE COMES — AND GOES...

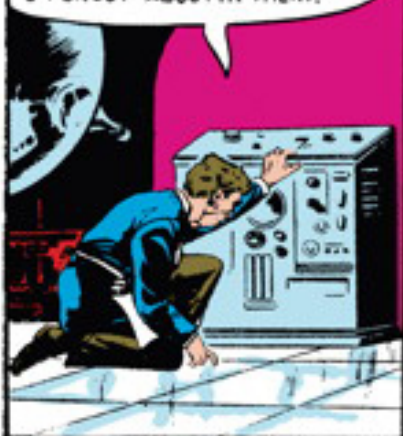


HALF A MILLION YEARS... A MILLION... TWO MILLION YEARS INTO THE FUTURE SWEEPS THE RUNAWAY TIME MACHINE...



IN THE WALTERS LABORATORY, A PALE-FACED MAN DRAGS HIMSELF TO HIS FEET...

BEEN OUT COLD... FOR MORE THAN A HOUR! GOT TO TAKE MEDICINE... QUICKLY... **OH!! THE TIME MACHINE!** I FORGOT ABOUT... THEM!

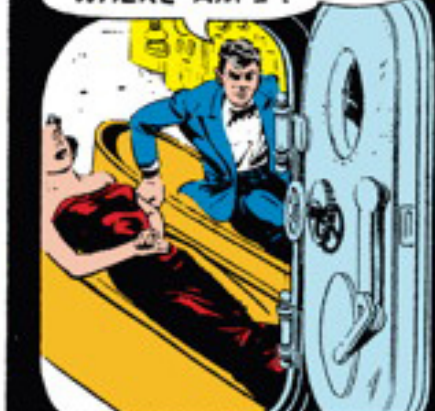


THEY'VE GONE — **THREE MILLION YEARS!** I'VE GOT TO STOP THEM! WHY, THE EARTH ITSELF MAY NOT EVEN EXIST IN THAT FAR FUTURE TIME!



AND, AS EZRA WALTERS CLAWS AT HIS ELECTRONIBEAM CONTROLS, THE TIME MACHINE SLOWS AND HALTS. THE DOORS OPEN —

I-I MUST HAVE DOZED OFF AFTER COMING HOME FROM WALTERS' PLACE. I — **GREAT DAY IN THE MORNING! WHERE AM I?**



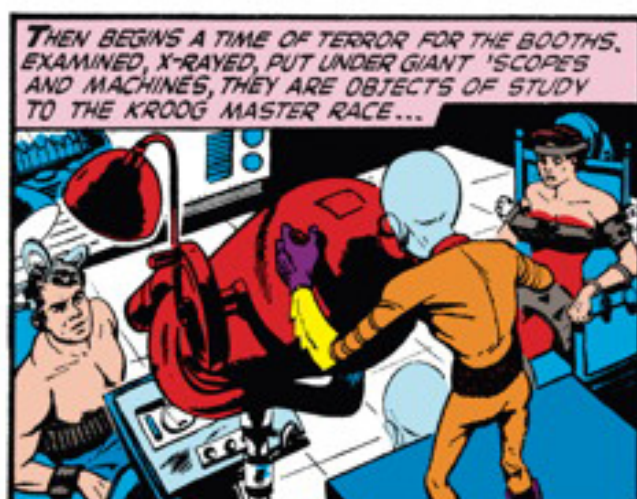
JIM! JIM! I DON'T REMEMBER **ANYTHING** THAT HAPPENED AFTER WE DRANK THAT PORT WINE! JIM — WHERE IN HEAVEN'S NAME **ARE** WE? WHAT **IS** THIS THING WE'RE IN?

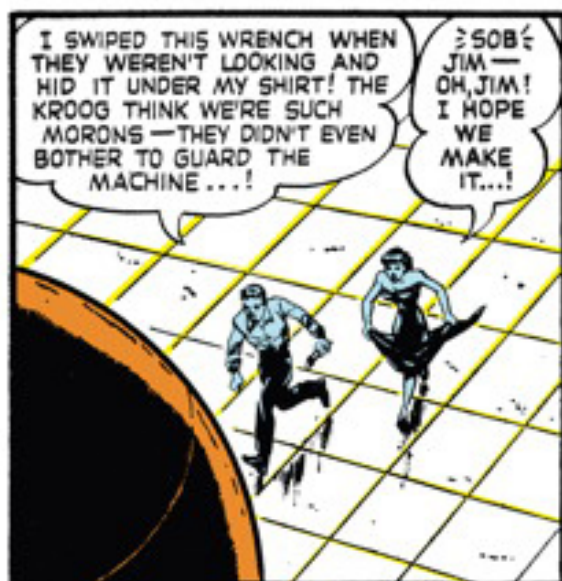


COME ON, LET'S FIND OUT! BET A COOKIE DOC WALTERS' LABORATORY WILL BE RIGHT OUTSIDE!

OH, JIM! I'M **SCARED!**







ONWARD THROUGH THE NIGHT DRIVES JIM BOOTH, HIS MIND PARALYSED WITH FEAR—

JUST BEFORE WE PULLED OUT OF THE DRIVEWAY... I SAW KAL FRAM! HE WAS SHOOTING OLD EZRA...!



COME ON, HONEY! THOSE BLASTED KROOG HAVE FOLLOWED US! WE'VE GOT TO LEAVE THE CAR... GO ON FOOT... WIPE OUT OUR FOOTPRINTS... BECAUSE ONLY WE KNOW WHERE THEY COME FROM!



HOURS LATER, AS JIM BOOTH STAGGERS ACROSS THE DESERT SANDS, TRAILING A COAT BEHIND HIM...

THOSE TWO SEEM TO BE IN TROUBLE! BETTER DROP DOWN AND HAVE A LOOK!

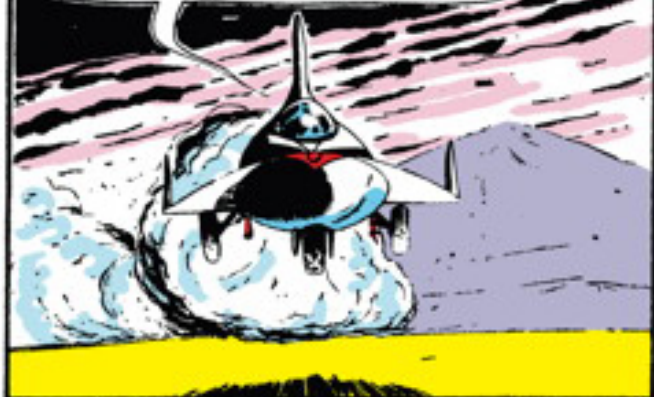


UNDER JET POWERS' SYMPATHETIC EYES AND COMPELLING VOICE, JIM POURS OUT HIS STORY OF THE NIGHTMARE...

—SO THEY FOLLOWED US AND KILLED WALTERS! THEY'RE GOING TO TAKE OVER OUR WORLD... THE PRESENT, THE PAST, THE FUTURE! MAN, I'M SCARED GREEN!



I WILL TAKE YOU TO MY MESA LABORATORY. THERE SU SHAN WILL CARE FOR YOU—WHILE I DO SOMETHING ABOUT THE KROOG!



HOURS LATER, AFTER JET POWERS HAS STARED HIMSELF BLOODSHOT AT HIS VISI-SCREEN...

THE BOOTHS ARE SLEEPING, EXHAUSTED! CAN YOU LEARN ANYTHING OF THE MEN FROM THE FUTURE?

MY VISISCREEN WILL COVER THE PRESENT, ANYWHERE IN THE WORLD. IT

WILL GO A HUNDRED YEARS INTO THE PAST, AND FIVE HUNDRED YEARS INTO THE FUTURE—BUT I CAN'T FIND THE KROOG!



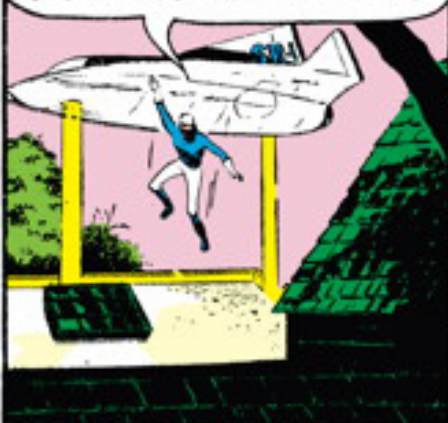
ONLY THING TO DO IS TO FIND ONE OF THEIR TIME MACHINES, IF I CAN! AND EVEN IF I DO FIND ONE—WHERE IN TIME WILL I HUNT FOR THEM?

AND IF YOU FIND THEM—WHAT CAN YOU DO AGAINST THEM?



OVER EZRA WALTERS' HOUSE, JET LOCKS HIS AEROCAR CONTROLS, ANTI-GRAVITY RAYS ON AT QUARTER STRENGTH, TO KEEP HIS SHIP SOME FEET ABOVE THE GROUND...

IF THE BOOTH'S SPOKE THE TRUTH, THIS IS EZRA WALTERS' HOUSE. THERE MAY BE BLUEPRINTS AND DESIGNS TO ENABLE ME TO BUILD A REPLICA OF HIS MACHINE...



BETTER YET! THEY'VE LEFT THE ORIGINAL MACHINE HERE, WITH A GUARD—PROBABLY HOPING THAT THE BOOTH'S WOULD RETURN!

THEETA NAKADU!



DON'T KNOW A THING YOU SAY, CHUM—BUT THIS IS ONE TIME WHEN **ACTIONS** SPEAK LOUDER THAN WORDS...

SCRAACK!



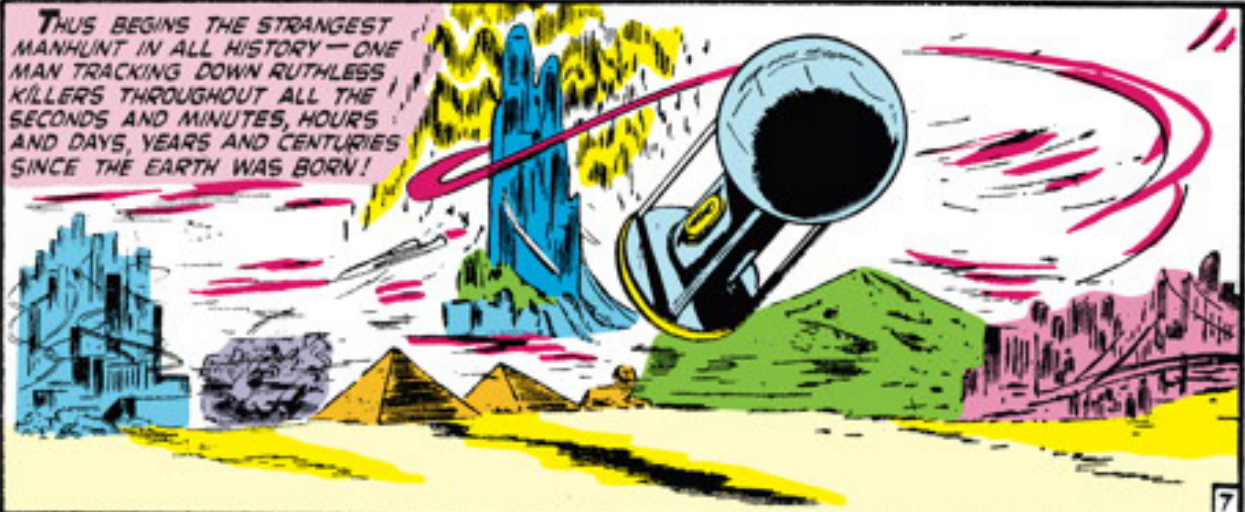
DIDN'T WANT HIM TO BREAK HIS NECK—I'D HOPED TO QUESTION HIM! NOW I'VE GOT TO DO THIS BY MYSELF...WITHOUT KNOWING WHERE IN TIME THE KROOG WENT!



HMMM...THIS WILL BE THE HELIX COORDINATOR...THAT'S THE STRESS VALVE, THE HYPERFLUX RESISTOR! I'M BEGINNING TO GET THE HANG OF HIS THEORY, AND HOW THIS WORKS! ELECTRONIBEAM CONTROLS! WARP DIFFERENTIAL! GOOD ENOUGH...



THUS BEGINS THE STRANGEST MANHUNT IN ALL HISTORY—ONE MAN TRACKING DOWN RUTHLESS KILLERS THROUGHOUT ALL THE SECONDS AND MINUTES, HOURS AND DAYS, YEARS AND CENTURIES SINCE THE EARTH WAS BORN!



FORWARD TO THE LAST COLD DAYS OF THE PLANET EARTH, WHEN THE SUN IS DYING AND THE MOON IS GONE, GOES JET IN HIS FRENZIED SEARCH...

THERE ARE NO TIDES... AND NO LIVING CREATURES! I WONDER IF MANKIND DIED... OR WENT ON TO THE STARS?



BACKWARD INTO TIME HE GOES, BACK TO THE AWESOME BEGINNINGS OF ALL THINGS, EVEN BEFORE THE EARTH COOLED TO FORM OCEANS AND CONTINENTS...

NO SIGN OF THEM—ANYWHERE! I'VE BEEN STOPPING OFF, HERE AND THERE AT VARIOUS TIME INTERVALS, HOPING TO FIND THEM, OR SOME CLUE...



HUNTING THE KROOG IN TIME IS A MILLION TIMES WORSE THAN TRYING TO FIND A TINY NEEDLE HIDDEN SOMEWHERE ON THE EARTH! IT'S AN IMPOSSIBLE JOB! WHY NOT FACE IT? I'M BEATEN!



I DON'T DARE GO INTO THEIR OWN TIME ERA! THEY'D RAY ME OUT OF EXISTENCE BEFORE I OPENED MY VALVE PORT—WAIT! THERE IS A WAY—A WAY IN WHICH I CAN REACH THEM, NO MATTER WHERE THEY ARE!



MILLIONS OF YEARS AWAY THE KROOG ARE EXPLORING THE WORLD OF THE YEAR 4,567,951...

THESE MEN ARE GENIUSES! NOTE THE BRAIN EXPANSION! THEY ARE AS FAR AHEAD OF THE KROOG AS THE KROOG ARE AHEAD OF THE APE!

THEY CAN INVENT NEW WEAPONS—WEAPONS THAT NO ONE CAN STAND AGAINST!



KAL FRAM! COME QUICKLY! THE RHEOSTATS AND DYNAMOS ARE WARMING UP! SOON THEY WILL OPERATE—AND TAKE US SOMEWHERE OUT IN TIME!

WHAAAT?

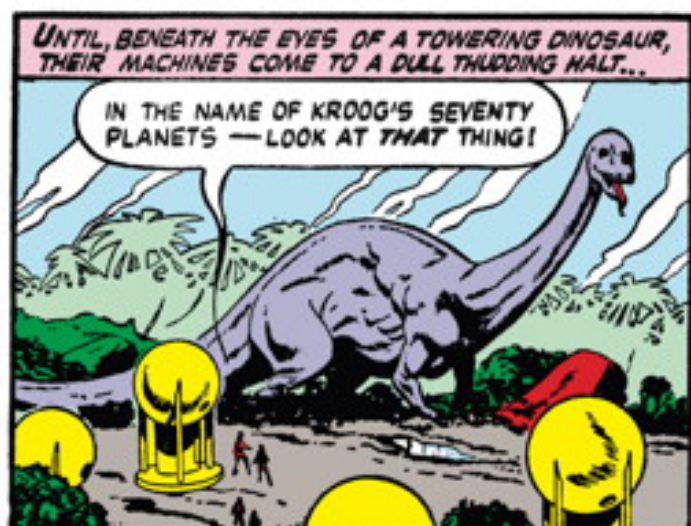
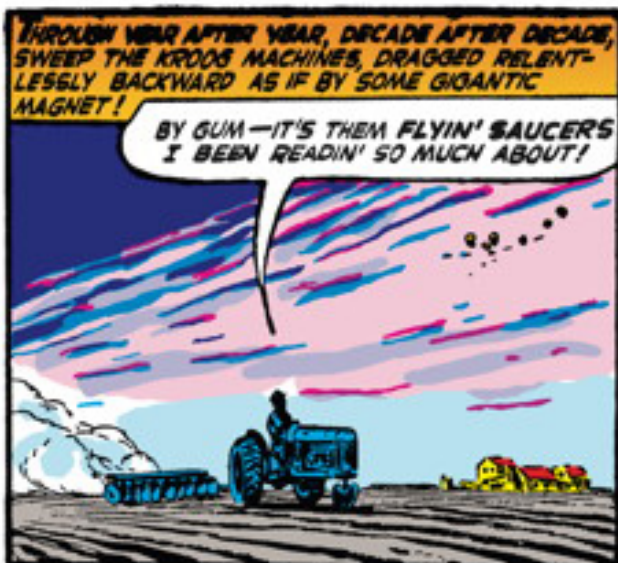


BY THE TOE OF ALIDA! THE ENGINES ARE WORKING...LIFTING US OUT OF THIS ERA... TAKING US BACK... BACK INTO THE PAST!

BUT WE HAVE NOT STARTED THE ENGINES! HOW COULD THIS BE?

HOW? HOW?





STUMBLING ACROSS THE FLOOR OF THE DAWN AGE JUNGLE WORLD, THE KROOG BATTLE OFF SAVAGE ATTACKERS AS THEY HUNT FRANTICALLY FOR THE SOURCE OF THEIR UNSCHEDULED JOURNEY...



