

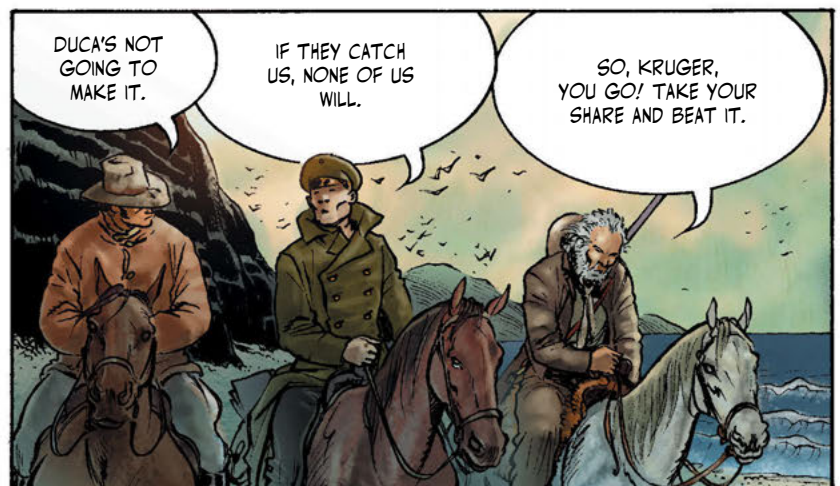
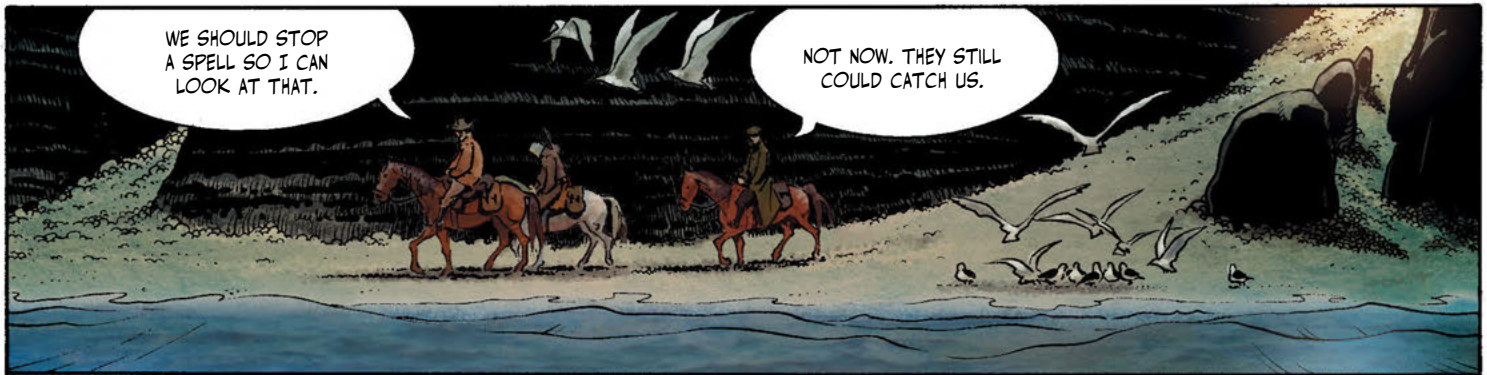
CHRISTIAN PERRISSIN & ENEA RIBOLDI

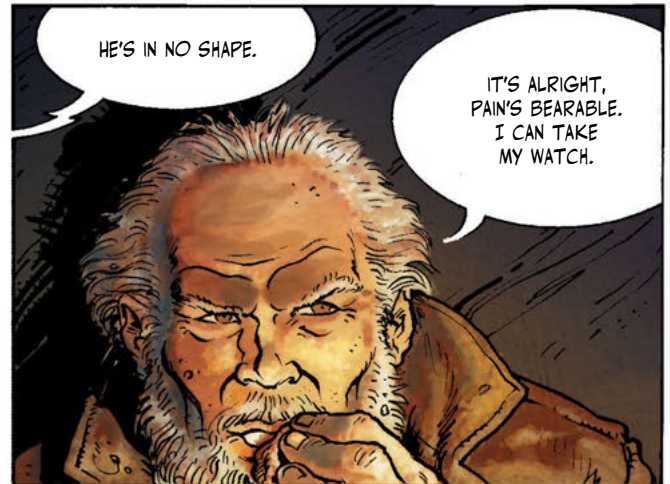
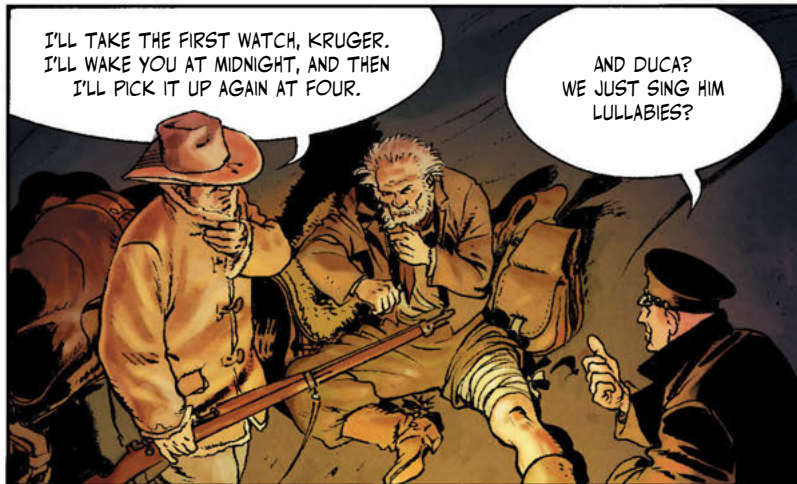
CAPE HORN



HUMANOID[★]S









GODDAMN, HE REALLY DID YOU IN GOOD.

THE SON OF A BITCH TOOK ADVANTAGE WHILE WE SLEPT...



AND HE MADE SURE TO TAKE THE BEST HORSE. LEFT US NO CHANCE TO CATCH HIM.

YEAH, BUT HE'S GOT THE GOLD. FIFTY EXTRA POUNDS WEIGHING HIM DOWN... WE DIDN'T DO ALL THIS JUST TO END IT HERE, JOHANNES. WE GOTTA FIND HIM!

HMM...



I'LL TAKE BOTH HORSES. DON'T MOVE FROM HERE. I'LL LEAVE YOU THE RIFLE.

ME, STAY HERE?! HOW DO I KNOW YOU'LL COME BACK, HUH?



IF I WANTED TO ABANDON YOU, GRAMPS, WOULD I HAVE WASTED MY TIME PATCHING YOU UP?



WHAT BAFLES ME IS WHY KRUGER LEFT US ALIVE AT ALL...

HE DIDN'T WANT TO WASTE AMMO.



AND WHY NOT TAKE THE HORSES?

A RIDER WITH THREE SADDLED HORSES WOULD RAISE EYEBROWS.

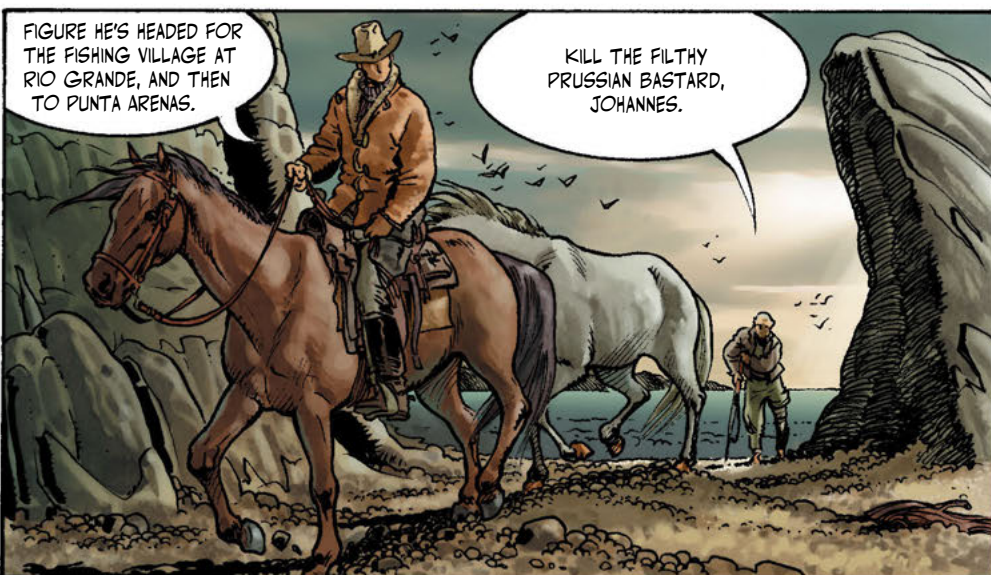


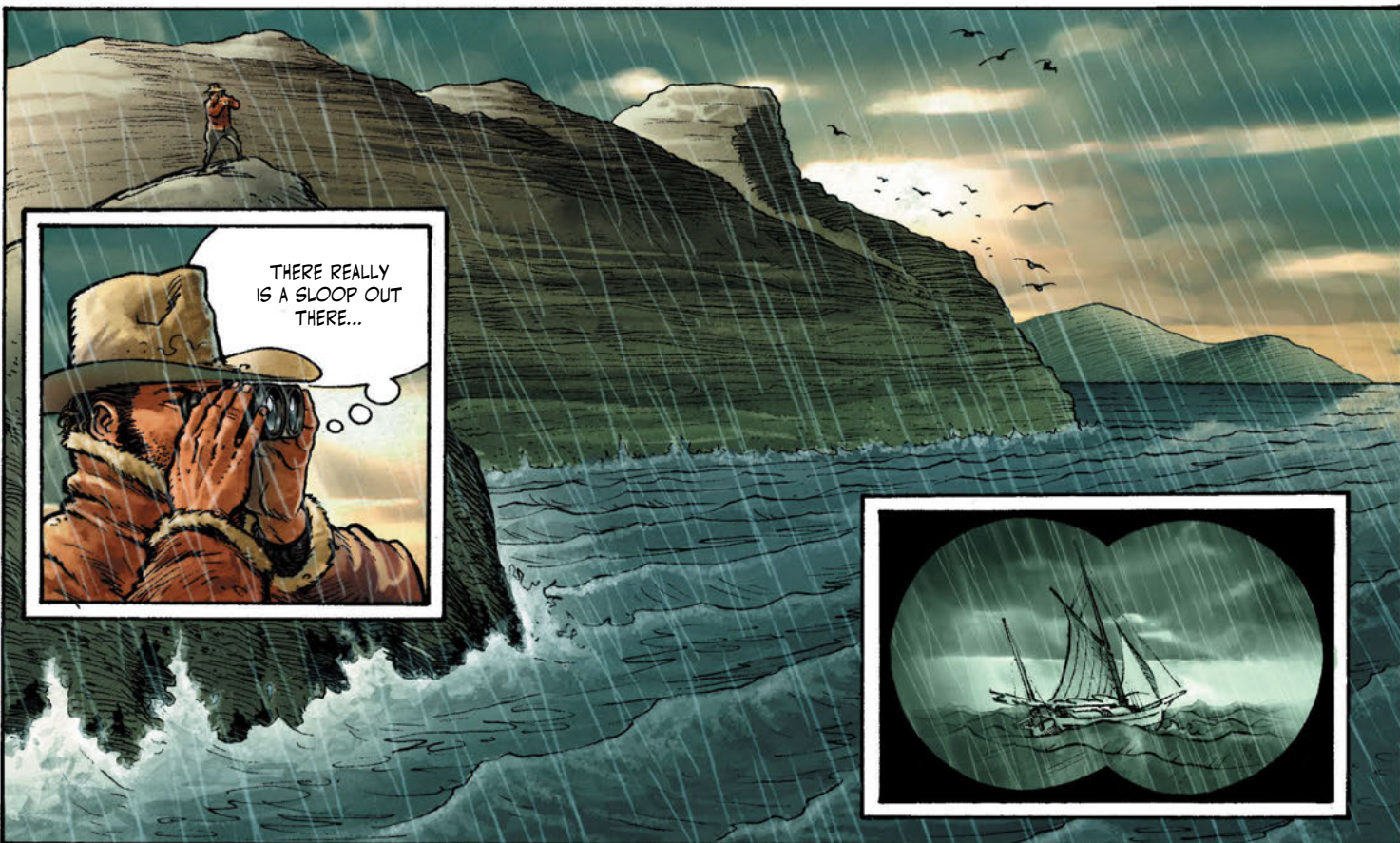
FIGURE HE'S HEADED FOR THE FISHING VILLAGE AT RIO GRANDE, AND THEN TO PUNTA ARENAS.

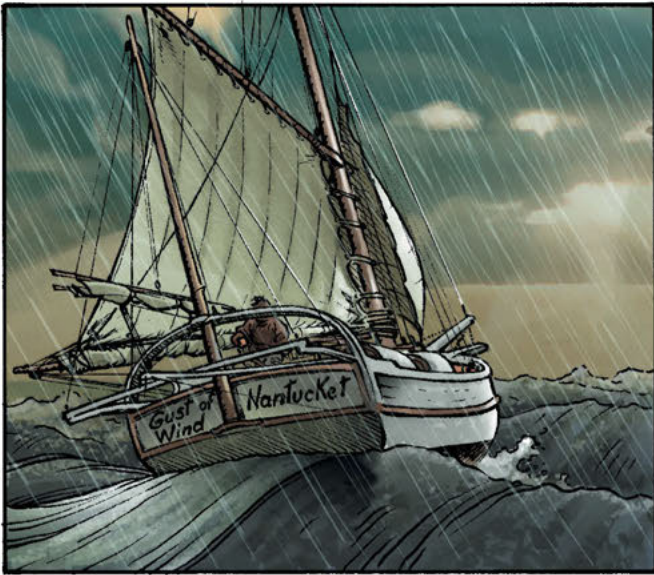
KILL THE FILTHY PRUSSIAN BASTARD, JOHANNES.



AND TAKE GOOD CARE OF MY BANDINI!







7th of December.
22 days at sea since La Plata.
Storm out of the southwest lasted 20 hours.
The "Gust of Wind" carries a three-reef single sail with a storm jib.

Strong gusts pushed me away from the coast.
The sloop rises and falls on the waves,
sometimes like a bird, sometimes like a shipwreck.
I've given up the idea of getting to Rio Grande.



Heading for the Cape
off the Falkland Islands
where I can re-provision
and re-rig.
Then at Port Stanley,
I'll decide which route
to follow...

...whether rounding the Horn or trying the Straits of Magellan?
I yearn for the Pacific, one way or another.

