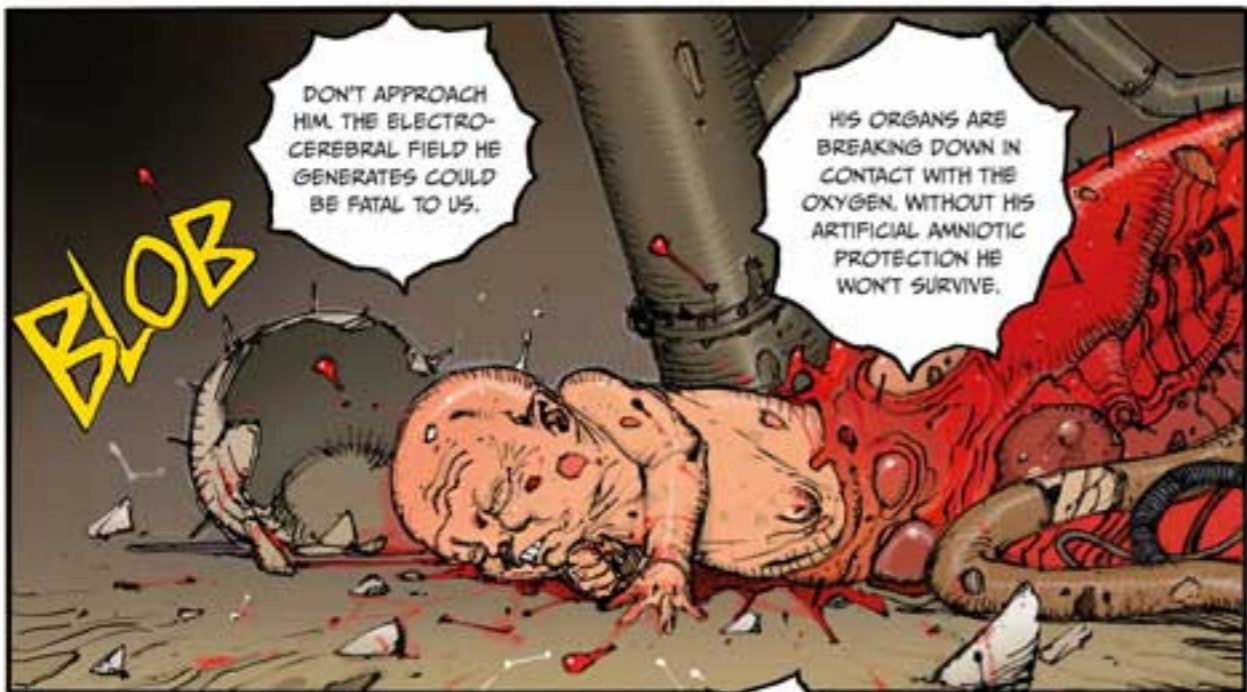




TOO LATE!
HIS VITAL FLUIDS
ARE LEAKING OUT.
WE'RE LOSING
HIM, LIEUTENANT!



DON'T APPROACH
HIM. THE ELECTRO-
CEREBRAL FIELD HE
GENERATES COULD
BE FATAL TO US.

HIS ORGANS ARE
BREAKING DOWN IN
CONTACT WITH THE
OXYGEN. WITHOUT HIS
ARTIFICIAL AMNIOTIC
PROTECTION HE
WON'T SURVIVE.



WE HAVE TO
UNPLUG THE
CABLES FROM
THE INCUBATOR
AND PREPARE
THE OPERATING
THEATRE.

WAIT! I CAN
DETECT BRAIN
WAVES. IT LOOKS
LIKE HE'S TRYING
TO TALK...



AAAAH!
DANGER COME!
VERY CLOSE!
HHHHHHH!



RRREEEEK!
I... I FADE... I...
I SEE... WEEEEHHHHHHH
THE MAN PIG. HE MUST...
GAAARGH!

BLURBL

HE COMES!
YOU MUST STOP
HIM FROM...
BEFORE...

DANGER!
BLAAARG!
QUICK!
THEY COME
CLOSER.



IT'S A DISASTER! HE'S DYING! THE
PRECOC JUST GAVE HIS LAST
VISION. WE HAVE TO WARN
THE BARON AT ONCE.



A MANPIG?
THAT'S CRAZY.
HIS MUTATIONS
MUST HAVE
MADE HIM
LOSE HIS
MIND.

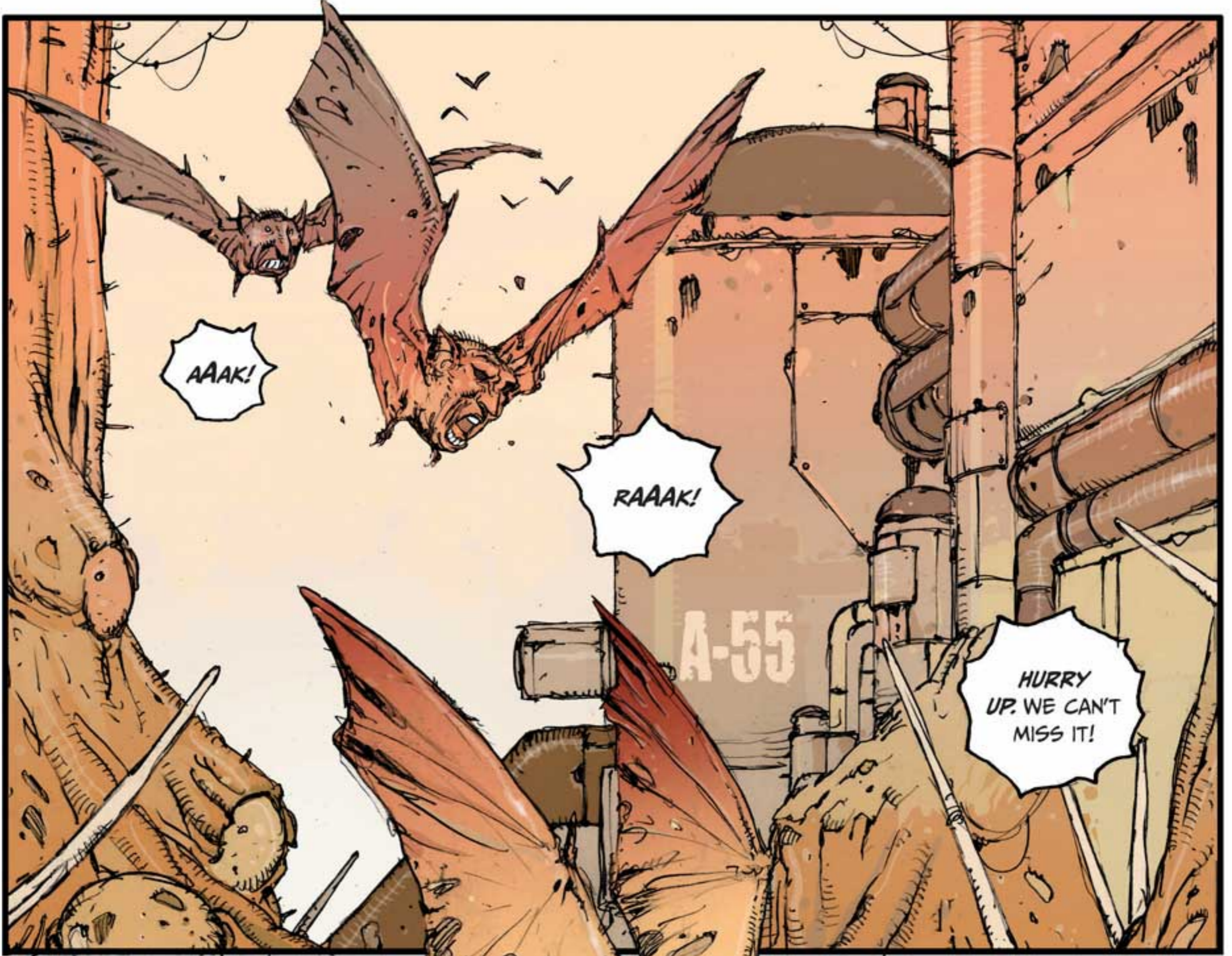
THE PRECOC
SEES ALL. WE
MUST BRING HIS
WORDS TO
MASTER GUCCO,
ONLY HE CAN
DECIDE.



IT'S INCREDIBLE! DESPITE
HIS PREMONITORY VISIONS,
THE PRECOC WAS UNABLE
TO FORESEE HIS OWN
DEATH.

HIS
GROANS ARE
HORRIBLE.

REEEEK



AAAK!

RAAAK!

HURRY UP. WE CAN'T MISS IT!

A-55



?

shtak!

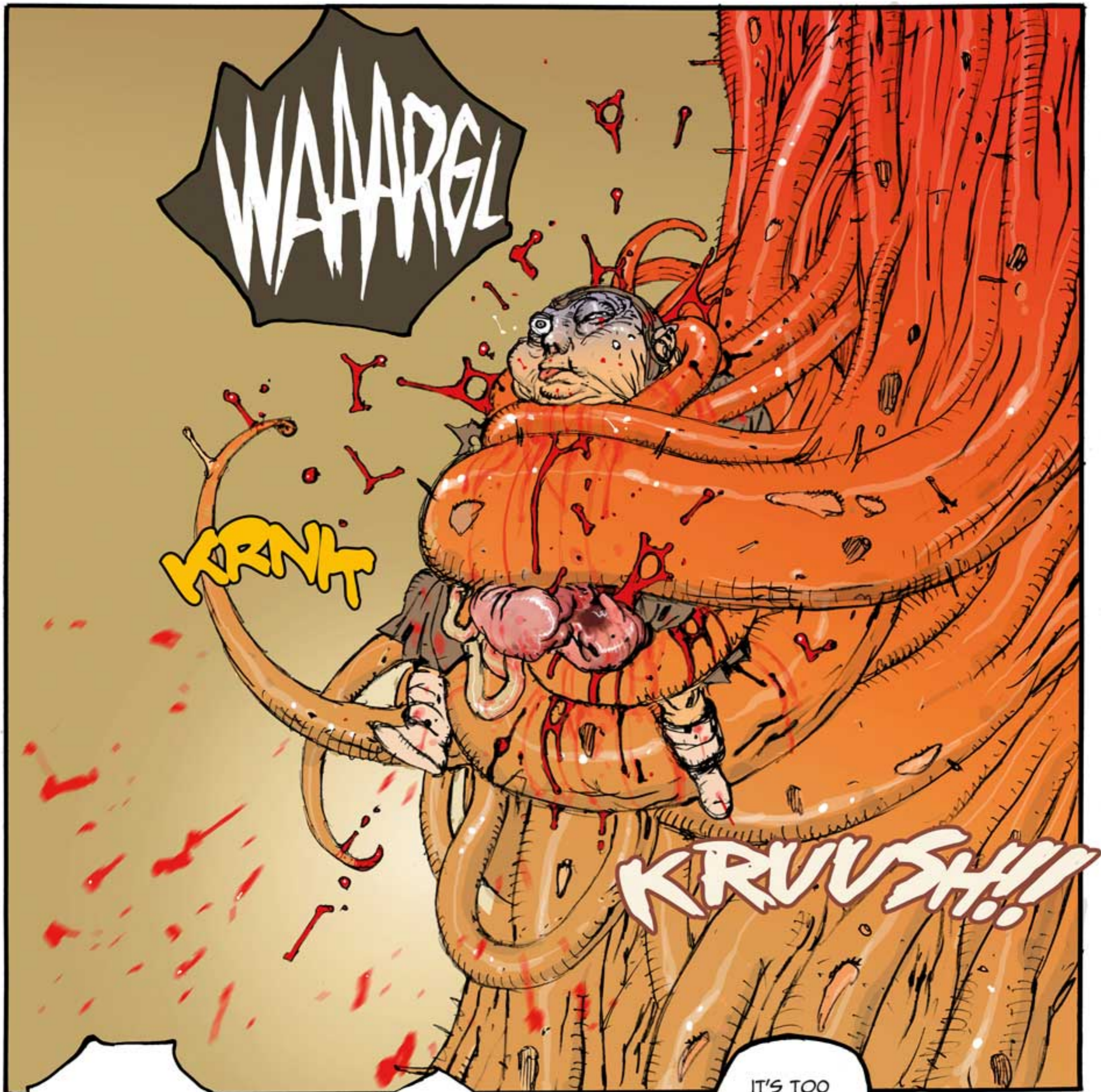
WAARGL



WOOOW!
BRAVO, PA! I'M PROUD OF YOU. YOU GOT HIM FIRST TIME.

I'VE TRAINED HARD. QUICK, THERE'S NO TIME TO LOSE. LET'S GET HIM.

I KNOW, SON. I KNOW.



WAAA! ALI
BUMAYEEE!

THE... THE
TREES. THEY'RE
ALIVE!

IT'S TOO
LATE FOR
SHIMA.
FLEE!

