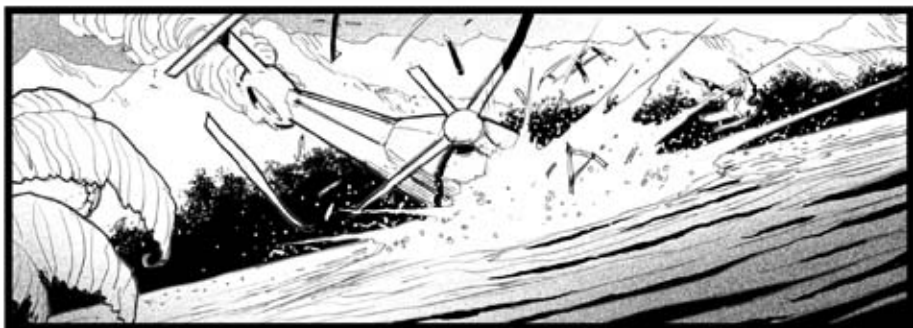


# THUN'D

DYNAMITE







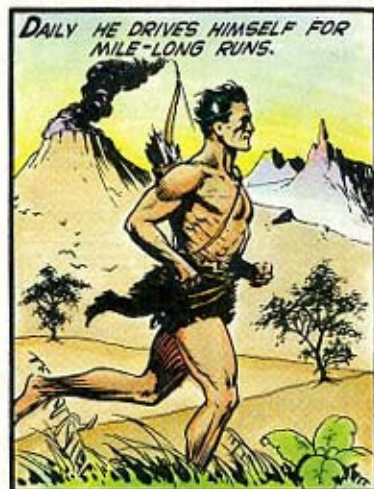














LESS THAN HALF A MILE AWAY, IN THE HIGH RIDGES OF THE VALLEY, TWO SCORE CAVEMEN FALL ON A LITTLE PARTY OF THE VALLEY PEOPLE...

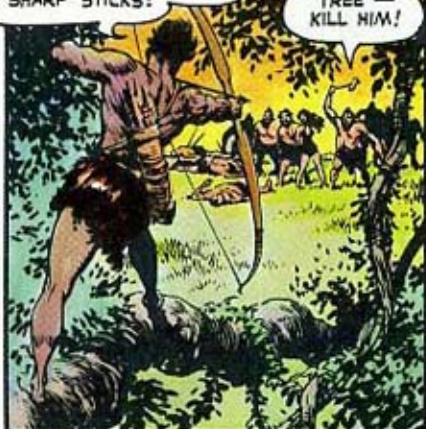
RELEASE THE GIRL! *SISTA WAKAT!* DO AS I SAY, PEOPLE OF THE CLIFFS — OR I WILL KILL WITH THE SHARP STICKS!

HIM WHO RAN AWAY! INTO THE TREE — KILL HIM!

THE HAIRLESS ONES! **KILL!** KILL THEM ALL!

SAVE THE WOMAN! SHE WILL BE MINE!

NO — MINE!



HE SLEW THEM FROM A DISTANCE — JUST WITH TINY STICKS!



SHE'S SCARED TO DEATH! CAN'T BLAME HER VERY MUCH. A WILD LAND LIKE THIS IS NO PLACE FOR A GIRL!



ROGER DRUM AGAIN TURNS HIS ATTENTION TO THE CAVEMEN, HIS OLD ENEMIES. HIS FLASHING ARROWS FELL ONE AFTER ANOTHER...

COME AND GET 'EM, BOYS! I HAVE PLENTY OF ARROWS FOR ALL OF YOU!



WITH A LOW GROWL IN HIS THROAT, ROGER DRUM LEAPS TO MEET THE LAST AND BIGGEST CAVEMAN — WITH BARE HANDS!

YOUR KIND MANHANDLED ME WHEN I FIRST LANDED HERE. NOW IT'S MY TURN TO SHOW YOU MY MUSCLES!



REELING AND PANTING, HIS FISTS LIKE STEEL HAMMERS POUNDING INTO THE CAVEMAN'S RIBS, THE LOST AVIATOR KNOWS THE HOT TASTE OF VICTORY!

GO BACK AND TELL YOUR KIND THAT I'LL BE HERE — WAITING FOR THEM... ANY TIME THEY WANT TO TASTE THE BITE OF THE SHARP STICKS!





**BACK TO THE ANCIENT RUINS OF THE FORGOTTEN CITY OF SHAREEN GOES PHA AND THE MEN OF HER HUNTING PARTY WHO ARE LEFT...**

I WILL GATHER MANY MEN! WE MUST CAPTURE HIM WHO HURLS THE SHARP STICKS THAT KILL!

TAKE YOUR THROWING SPEARS, MEN OF SHAREEN! WE MUST FIND AND MAKE PRISONER THE MAN WHO SLAYS FROM A DISTANCE!

**MEANWHILE...**

THE CAVE PEOPLE HAVE COME DOWN FROM THE CLIFFS! ALL **MEN!** THEY ARE ON A RAID FOR WEAPONS AND WOMEN!

I'LL WARN THE VALLEY PEOPLE. THEY WILL BE GLAD OF MY WARNING AND BECOME MY FRIENDS!

**BUT WHEN AVIATOR AND VALLEY PEOPLE COME FACE TO FACE—**

I DON'T KNOW THEIR LANGUAGE... PERHAPS I'LL MAKE THEM UNDERSTAND WITH GESTURES!

THERE IS THE MAN I WANT! CAPTURE HIM—ALIVE AND UNHURT!

THEY AREN'T THROWING THEIR SPEARS, SO THEY DON'T WANT TO KILL ME. I'LL HAVE TO TACKLE THIS PROBLEM FROM A DIFFERENT ANGLE!

**WITH A POWERFUL LEAP ROGER DRUM SEEMS REFUGE IN THE TREES. THEN, UNFASTENING HIS GRASS ROPE, HE SENDS IT COILING DOWNWARD—**

I'LL SHOW THE CAVEMAN ARMY TO HER. SHE'LL UNDERSTAND, AND CALL OFF HER FIGHTING MEN!







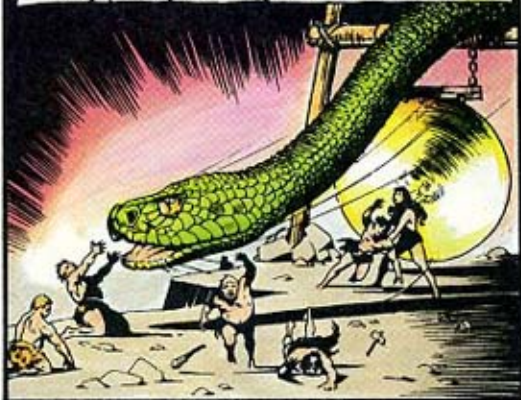


A MAD TORRENT OF WEIRD HISSING SWINGS THE AVIATOR AROUND! TOWERING HIGH ABOVE HIM—EMERGING FROM THE LABYRINTHINE DEPTHS OF THE CAVE BEHIND THE DRUM...



A SNAKE—  
THE FATHER  
OF ALL  
SNAKES!

BEFORE THE FEAR-FROZEN CAVE PEOPLE CAN MOVE, THE GIANT HEAD FLASHES DOWNWARD!



GOT TO—  
KILL IT—  
SOMEHOW!

NO GOOD!  
ARROWS DON'T  
HURT IT...



MY GUN!  
GOT THREE  
SHOTS  
LEFT! MY  
ONLY HOPE IS  
THAT ONE OF  
THEM LODGES  
IN ITS  
BRAIN!



WITH THE SNAKE'S FANGS BEFORE HIS VERY EYES, HIS LAST BULLET REACHES ITS RESTING PLACE—AND WITH A FRIGHTFUL HISS, THE GIGANTIC SERPENT WRITHES IN DEATH...



THUN'DA —  
LORD OF THE MAGIC  
DRUM! THUN'DA  
WHO KILLED THE SNAKE  
THAT SURROUNDS THE  
WORLD! THUN'DA  
— KING OF THE  
LOST LANDS!

AND SO, ROGER DRUM, WHO IS HENCEFORTH TO BE KNOWN AS THUN'DA, COMES AT LAST TO PEACE AND FRIENDSHIP WITH THE QUEEN OF THE VALLEY PEOPLE... AND WITH THE PEOPLE OF THE CAVES....!