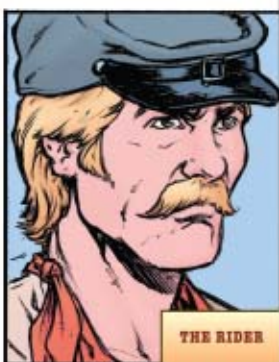
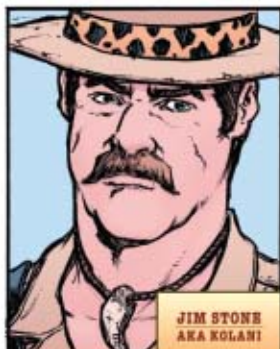
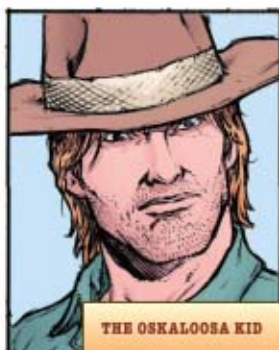
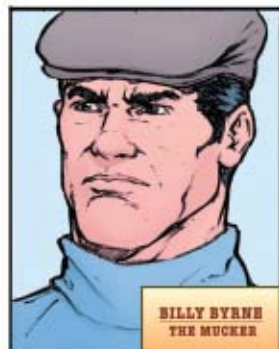
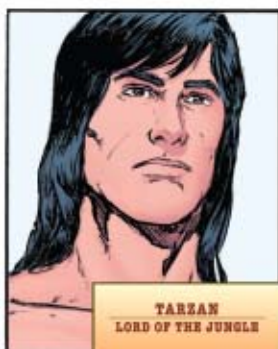


AFTER WEEKS OF
PREPARATION, WE
WERE ON OUR WAY!

LIKE THE FAMOUS JASON OF OLD PICKED HIS
ORIGINAL ARGONAUTS, TARZAN SELECTED A TEAM
OF ADVENTURERS TO CREW THE FLYING SHIP
VENTURE. HE HAD TO DECIDE IN HASTE, WHICH
LEFT SCANT TIME TO INDIVIDUALLY TEST THEM
FOR THE NEEDED SKILLS AND STRENGTH OF
CHARACTER. IN MOST CASES TARZAN HAD TO
TRUST HIS INSTINCTS, BUT I'D MEASURE HIS
JUNGLE-HONED FEELINGS AGAINST THE
JUDGMENT OF THE WISEST OF MEN.



I'VE TRIED TO ADJUST THEM TO EARTH'S HIGHER GRAVITY, BUT EVEN AT THEIR FULLEST BUOYANCY SETTING YOU'LL FIND YOURSELF SLOWLY SINKING OVER TIME.

YOU'LL HAVE TO COMPENSATE BY USING THE PROPULSION MOTOR TO GAIN ALTITUDE EVERY SO OFTEN.

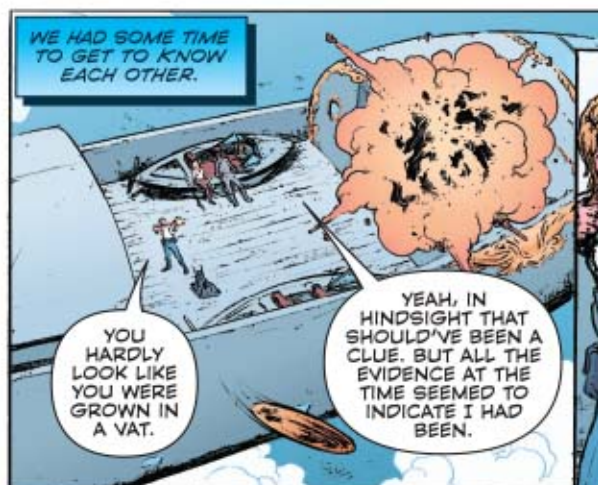
WHO CARES! THIS IS INCREDIBLE! DON'T YOU LIKE IT, JOHN?

NOT MUCH.

FROM THE JOURNAL OF JASON GRIDLEY: OUR SECOND DAY OF TRAVEL FINDS US FAR OUT TO SEA.

ULYSSES PAXTON IS MAKING GOOD USE OF THE TIME, TRAINING THE CREW IN THE USE OF THE WEAPONS AND WONDROUS DEVICES HE BROUGHT WITH HIM FROM BARSOOM.

OF PARTICULAR DELIGHT ARE THE FLYING HARNESSES, WHICH PAXTON CALLS EQUILIBRIMOTORS.



WE HAD SOME TIME TO GET TO KNOW EACH OTHER.

YOU HARDLY LOOK LIKE YOU WERE GROWN IN A VAT.

YEAH, IN HINDSIGHT THAT SHOULD'VE BEEN A CLUE. BUT ALL THE EVIDENCE AT THE TIME SEEMED TO INDICATE I HAD BEEN.



I HAVE TO CONFESS, EVEN THOUGH IT'S LONG SINCE WE FOUND OUT THE TRUTH, I STILL THINK OF HIM AS NUMBER 13 FROM TIME TO TIME.

SHE REFERS TO ME THAT WAY TOO.

A TITLE OF AFFECTION, I ASSURE YOU.

YOU STEER THIS SHIP LIKE YOU WERE BORN TO IT, MR. LA FITTE.



PILOTING A SHIP--ANY SHIP--IS IN MY BLOOD.

WHERE EXACTLY ARE WE HEADED, MR. GRIDLEY?



I'M GOING BELOW TO FIND OUT NOW.

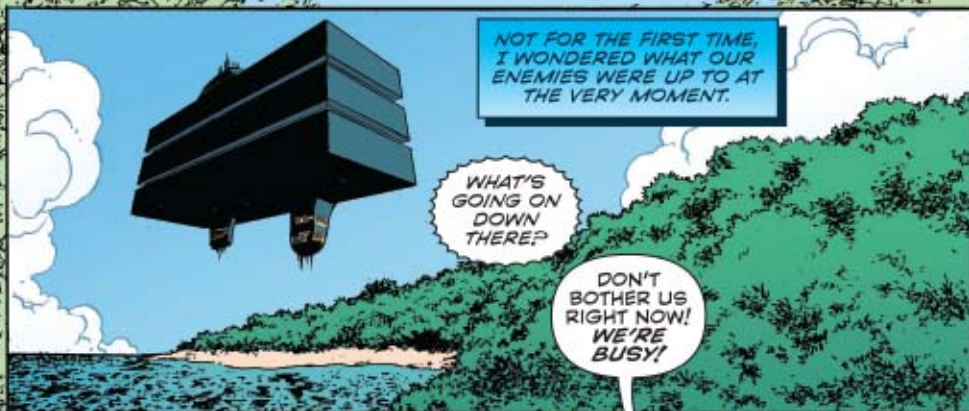
IF I CAN GET MY GRIDLEY WAVE TO COOPERATE A LITTLE BETTER WITH THE SHIP'S DESTINATION COMPASS, I THINK WE CAN TRACK THE ENEMY SHIP.



I THOUGHT WE WERE ALREADY TRACKING IT.

INTERMITTENTLY.

THAT'S THE TROUBLE WITH TECHNOLOGY I'M MAKING UP ON THE FLY.



NOT FOR THE FIRST TIME,
I WONDERED WHAT OUR
ENEMIES WERE UP TO AT
THE VERY MOMENT.

WHAT'S
GOING ON
DOWN
THERE?

DON'T
BOTHER US
RIGHT NOW!
WE'RE
BUSY!

DOING
WHAT?

FIGHTING
FOR OUR
LIVES!

**BRAKKA
BRAKKA
BRAK**

SPICH

NOW, EITHER
HELP BY BLASTING
SOME OF THE BIG
ONES BEFORE THEY
GET CLOSE, OR AT
THE LEAST QUIT
DISTRACTING
US.

KRNGH



I SEE LAND
AHEAD.

AM I
SUPPOSED
TO SHOUT
"LAND
HOP?"



THAT CAN'T
BE LAND YOU
SEE. MAYBE
ICEBERGS?

THERE
AREN'T ANY
CHARTED ISLANDS,
OR OTHER LANDS,
IN THIS AREA OF THE
SOUTH ATLANTIC.

AND
YET, THERE
IT IS.



ALL HANDS
ON DECK,
PLEASE.

LADIES AND
GENTLEMEN,
YOU'LL WANT TO
SEE THIS.



IT'S A
TROPICAL
ISLAND! I SEE
DENSE JUNGLE
DOWN
THERE!

I'D SAY
THAT WAS
IMPOSSIBLE
THIS CLOSE TO
ANTARCTICA.

AND YET,
HERE IT IS. AND
ACCORDING TO
SIGNALS, THIS IS
WHERE OUR
ADVERSARY HAS
LANDED.