

EARTH.
NOT LONG AGO.

My life used
to be exciting.

Filled with amazing
people doing
astounding things.

WE ARE A GO
FOR VERTICAL
LANDING.

And I had a front-
row seat. Well...

We did. Me
and Dale.

"...LANDMARK VTO MAKING
THE DAWN OF SPACE TRAVEL
THAT MUCH CLOSER."

OKAY,
MAJOR, I
THINK I'VE--

DALE/
I'VE GOT THE
GUY. HE'LL GIVE
YOU THREE
MINUTES.

MAJOR,
I'M GOING TO
PASS TO YOU
MY ASSOCIATE,
JEN...

YOUR
HAIR!

IT NEEDED
A CHANGE.

IT'S
GREAT.

YOU
THINK?

Team Supreme.
That's what the
office called us.

MR. DUSK?
DALE ARDEN. WHAT
DOES A SUCCESSFUL
VTO LANDING SIGNIFY
FOR INTERGALACTIC
TRAVEL?

MAJOR? JEN
HARRIS. CAN
YOU COMMENT
FURTHER ON--

AW
CRAP!

WE LOST
THE STABILIZERS! I
WANT THAT ENTIRE
DEPARTMENT
THE HELL IN MY
OFFICE... NOW!

MS. ARDEN,
I HOPE YOU'RE
NOT QUOTING
ME RIGHT--

I'LL TAKE
MY EXCLUSIVES
WHEREVER I CAN,
MR. DUSK.

Got the story
that day. Together.

Rw
NERTZ.

HATE seeing rocket
crashes. Even
unmanned ones.

But guess what?

NOT EARTH.
NOW.

MANNED rocket
crashes? WAY worse.
Especially when I'm
manning 'em.

HUUURK

NNNNNNNNEE
EYRRU
URR
RR
GH

Aw no.

Don't puke. You're
The Phantom,
Jen. Do **not** puke.

PULL
UP, UP!

FLASH!
YOU'LL KILL
EVERY ONE
OF US.

~NGGH~
I'VE GOT IT,
ZARKOV. I'VE
GOT IT!

STRAP IN,
VALIANT. WE'RE
LANDING AHEAD
OF SCHEDULE.

FASTER THAN
ANTICIPATED. *MUCH*
FASTER. *TOO FAST*,
MR. GORDON.

BAH! A
PLAGUE ON THIS
FLYING STEEL-
ENCASEMENT.

LAND US
HARD OR LAND
US SOFT. EITHER
WAY, I WILL BE
GLAD OF IT.



UP! YOUR
OTHER UP,
IDIOT.

ALRIGHT,
ALRIGHT.

-NGGGH-

COME ON,
BABY. WE CAN
DO THIS.

WE'RE TOO
LOW. BRACE
FOR IMPACT!

EVERYBODY'S
GOT AN OPINION.
I'M TELLING YOU
I GOT THIS!

DON'T
MAKE ME A
LIAR, BABY.
COME ON.
PULL UP.

Maybe I'll get lucky
and the crash will
kill me before I--

HUUURK

ARBORIA.
[WAYYY TOO QUICKLY.]

I GOT IT!

I asked for it.

SKEEERRROMP SHSSH

A bunch of heroes teaming up
to use a magic sword to teleport
a rocket ten galaxies away.

I said "no way." They said
"it's to save Dale Arden."
I said "sign me up."

SEE?
NOTHING
TO WORRY
ABOUT.

Then boom. Shot down by MING THE
MERCILESS's space army two seconds
after we space-jumped here.

SHAKE A LEG,
JUNIOR PHANTOM.
ANY LANDING YOU
CAN WALK AWAY--

-HOOORK-

BEEN
THERE.

SO LUSH. SO
VERDANT. THIS
WOULD BE AS
FINE A PLACE AS
ANY TO DIE.

What am I doing here?
Wearing this? Shoulder
to shoulder with heroes?

QUICK, FRIENDS! TO
THE TREELINE. BEFORE
THE ENEMY FORCES
DESCEND AND PRESS
THEIR ADVANTAGE.

YOU OWE
ME ANOTHER
SPACESHIP,
FLASH.

BILL
ME.

And why do
I feel like such
an imposter?

Or maybe that's
just the barf on
my boots talking.

HEAD IN
THE GAME,
PHANTOM.

"Phantom." Sure.
My name's Jen
Harris. You can
call me doomed.



WHERE IS EVERYONE? WE HAVE ALLIES HERE. AT LEAST WE DID...

WHERE ARE WE EXACTLY? AND WHY DOES IT FEEL SO...



...WHAT IS THAT FEELING?

Mandrake's right. It's like we're being watched. By the trees.

WE GOT COMPANY.



SKEEEK! SKEEK!



IT'S JUST A MONKEY! DON'T SHOOT THE MONKEY!

THERE ARE FORCES AT WORK HERE BEYOND OUR...

KAROW



TOO LATE.

GRRRRRRR!

PEEYAWWWWWNK

DARGVAFFSH

OOX!
OOX!
OOX!

YOU WERE
RIGHT MANDRAKE!
THAT MONKEY HAD
FRIENDS.

PMMBA
PMMBA

GUBBA
GUBBA
GUBBA
GUBBA

SQUEEEEW

HO!
FINALLY,
CREATURES
WORTHY OF
MY STEEL.

THE FLORA
ITSELF IS
ATTACKING!

OHMANOHCRAH
OHMANOHCRAH!

I guess the jungle's done just
watching. But the bigger question:
AM I DONE PUKING?





INTRUDERS!

Maybe it's the lack of oxygen, but everybody else also seemed to hear the topiary Godzilla yelling at us.

INVADERS!

WHAT THE--?

A LITTLE HELP

COSTUMED
FOOTSOLDIERS
OF THE MERCILESS
ONE, BE AGAIN
WARNED:

YOU
WILL NEVER
TERRAFORM
ARBORIA.

MY BEASTS
WILL FEAST ON
YOUR FLESH.

MY PLANTS WILL
GROW TALL WITH
YOUR BLOOD.

IT THINKS
WE'RE WITH
MING.


WE'RE HERE
TO FIGHT
MING!

WE HATE
MING PLEASE
DON'T KILL
US

BLIMEY!



I SAY!
COULD IT BE?
IS IT YOU?
HERE?



BY QUEEN
AND COUNTRY,
IT IS YOU!

AND TWO OF
YOU AT THAT. COR!
I NEARLY SQUISHED
A PAIR OF
PHANTOMS!

WAIT... YOU
KNOW US?



KNOW YOU? YOU'VE
A DASHED BIG ADMIRER
ON YOUR HANDS, I'M
AFRAID. I READ ALL OF THE
PHANTOM'S ADVENTURES
IN THE WEEKLIES OF
THE 1880s...

THERE WAS ONLY
ONE PHANTOM
THEN, AND HE
DIDN'T LOOK
LIKE EITHER OF
YOU, BUT IT HAS
BEEN A WHILE,
HASN'T IT?

JOLLY JAMES
BRADLEY, AT YOUR
SERVICE. BUT YOU
CAN CALL ME
JUNGLE JIM.

FOR REASONS
THAT MAY ALREADY
BE APPARENT. I'M A
JUNGLE, AREN'T I?

I'M WELL SORRY FOR
THE CONFUSION, FIGHTING
YOU AS ANIMALS AND
PLANTS AND ALL THAT. BUT
YOU SHOT THE MONKEY. I
ASSUMED YOU WERE--



MING'S
FORCES.

EXACTLY
RIGHT.

NO.
THEY'RE
HERE.

QUICK,
BEFORE
THEY...



ATTENTION
INSURGENTS!
SURRENDER
AND DIE.

OUGHTN'T
THAT BE
"SURRENDER
OR DIE"?

MING'S
NOT BIG ON
PRISONERS.



GENE-SCANNING
INSURGENTS
FOR TARGETLOCK.
TWO INSURGENTS
RECOGNIZED:
ZARKOV, HANS,
GORDON, FLASH.
WAIT, GORDON?

RESISTANCE
IS FORBIDDEN.
RESISTORS WILL
BE OBLITERATED.

GORDON'S
ALIVE?

ATTENTION
FLASH
GORDON!
DIE!



THOSE BOUNDERS!
WILL YOU PERMIT ME TO
FIGHT BY YOUR SIDE,
GHOST WHO WALKS? IT
WOULD MEAN SO VERY
MUCH TO ME!

KNOCK
YOURSELF
OUT.

A comic book panel depicting a scene in a jungle. In the foreground, three characters are looking up: a purple-skinned muscular man, a man in a red and black suit with a white lightning bolt on his back, and a woman in a purple hooded cloak. They are looking up at a massive, jagged rock formation that resembles a giant's head or a massive tree trunk. Three alien ships are flying in the sky above the rock formation. One ship is at the top right, another is in the middle right, and a third is in the center, flying towards the rock formation. The sky is blue with some stars or distant planets. The rock formation is green and brown, with some small plants growing on it. The overall tone is dramatic and action-oriented.

ROTTERS!

SWINE!

WHAT IN
THE WORLDS
IS THAT?

ATTACK!
ATTACK
FOR MING!

I MEAN.

Outer space. One second, a
jungle is trying to kill you and
the next, it's your biggest fan.

THIS IS
PRETTY
COOL.