



STEADY, MY BEAUTY, STEADY!

NOW—WE'LL SEE HOW FAST YOU CAN GO—



BY ALLAH! WHAT A RIDER!



COME ON, LADS! MISTER BLAKE'S MADE OFF WITH THE LEADER'S HORSE! WE'LL CHASE AWAY THE REST—

GET HIM, MEN! HE'S TAKEN MY PRIZE HORSE!



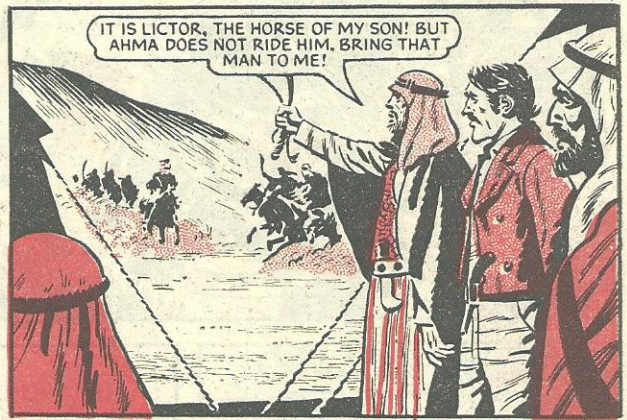
Ahma was left behind.

NO! DON'T KILL HIM, WE MAY NEED A HOSTAGE!

Meanwhile.



WE HAVE THE HEELS OF THEM, MY BEAUTY, BUT WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?



IT IS LICTOR, THE HORSE OF MY SON! BUT AHMA DOES NOT RIDE HIM, BRING THAT MAN TO ME!

Blake was taken before the Sheik.

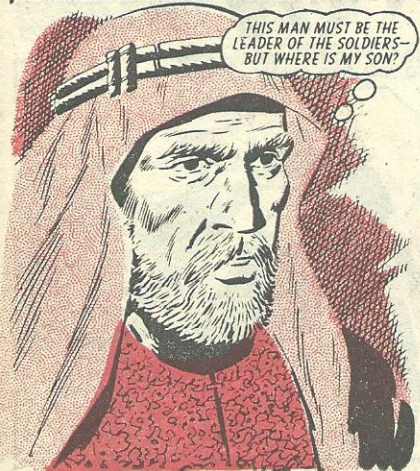


I'M SURROUNDED! THERE'S NOTHING FOR IT BUT TO SUBMIT!

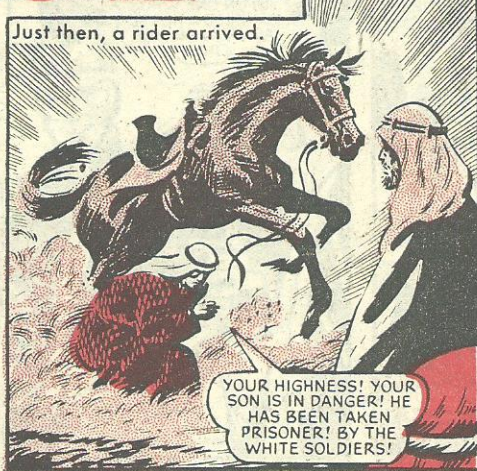


SO! YOU ARE BEHIND THIS, FLOYD!

YOU DON'T THINK I'D ALLOW YOU TO TAKE MY SLAVES! YOUR ADVENTURE IS ENDED, BLAKE!



THIS MAN MUST BE THE LEADER OF THE SOLDIERS— BUT WHERE IS MY SON?



Just then, a rider arrived.

YOUR HIGHNESS! YOUR SON IS IN DANGER! HE HAS BEEN TAKEN PRISONER! BY THE WHITE SOLDIERS!



THE SOLDIERS WILL NOT SURVIVE WITHOUT THEIR LEADER! KILL HIM AND THEY WILL SURRENDER!