

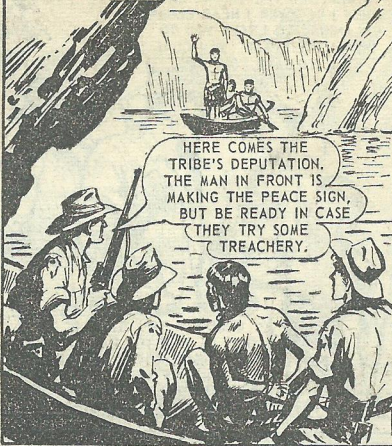
Pete decided to stay under the overhang during the night. Shortly after darkness had fallen, drums started booming in the jungle.



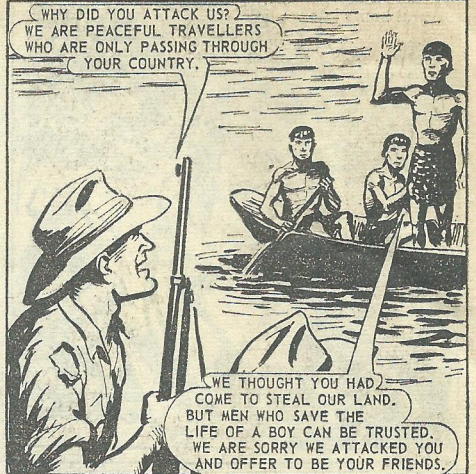
WHAT DO THE DRUMS SAY, TRELLI?

WHEN THE SUN AGAIN RISES, MEN FROM MY TRIBE ARE COMING TO SPEAK WITH YOU.

Shortly after dawn.



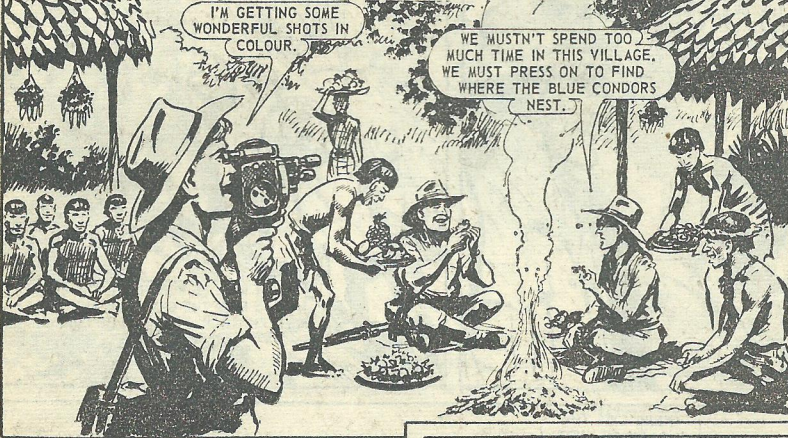
HERE COMES THE TRIBE'S DEPUTATION. THE MAN IN FRONT IS MAKING THE PEACE SIGN, BUT BE READY IN CASE THEY TRY SOME TREACHERY.



WHY DID YOU ATTACK US? WE ARE PEACEFUL TRAVELLERS WHO ARE ONLY PASSING THROUGH YOUR COUNTRY.

WE THOUGHT YOU HAD COME TO STEAL OUR LAND. BUT MEN WHO SAVE THE LIFE OF A BOY CAN BE TRUSTED. WE ARE SORRY WE ATTACKED YOU AND OFFER TO BE YOUR FRIENDS.

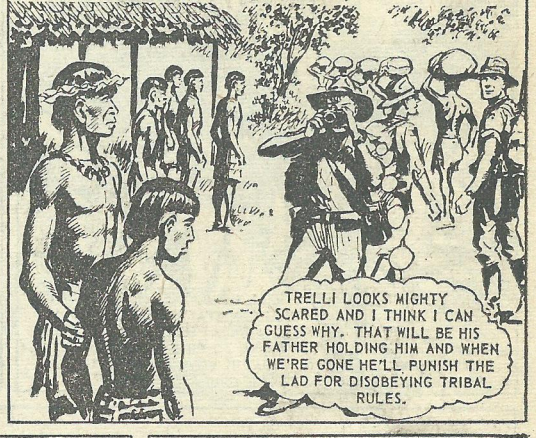
The Gebbis guided Professor Tutt and his companions to a spot where they could easily climb the side of the canyon.



I'M GETTING SOME WONDERFUL SHOTS IN COLOUR.

WE MUSTN'T SPEND TOO MUCH TIME IN THIS VILLAGE. WE MUST PRESS ON TO FIND WHERE THE BLUE CONDORS NEST.

Two days later, several of the Gebbis volunteered to go with them to act as guides and porters.



TRELLI LOOKS MIGHTY SCARED AND I THINK I CAN GUESS WHY. THAT WILL BE HIS FATHER HOLDING HIM AND WHEN WE'RE GONE HE'LL PUNISH THE LAD FOR DISOBEYING TRIBAL RULES.



WE'LL BE ABLE TO MAKE GOOD PROGRESS ACROSS THIS PLAIN.

THE GEBBIS HAVE TOLD ME THERE'S A LARGE STRETCH OF SWAMP AHEAD THAT WILL SLOW US DOWN.

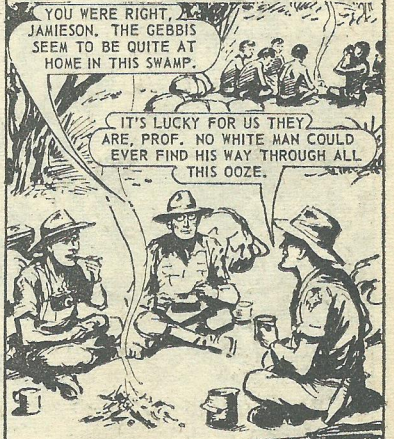
The trek across the plain lasted for four days, then the nightmarish journey through the swamp started.



I HOPE THESE NATIVES KNOW WHERE THEY'RE LEADING US. THIS SWAMP TERRIFIES ME.

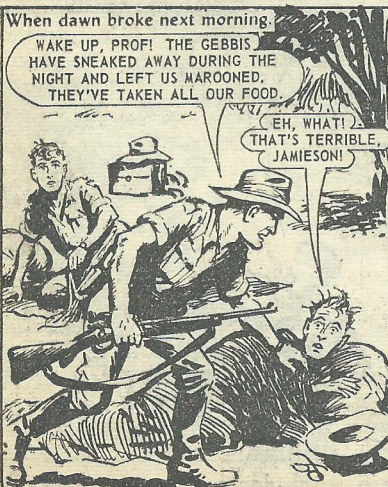
DON'T WORRY, PROF! THE GEBBIS KNOW THE PATHS OF FIRM GROUND THAT WEND THEIR WAY THROUGH THE MUD.

Just before nightfall, the Gebbis made camp on an island of firm ground.



YOU WERE RIGHT, JAMIESON. THE GEBBIS SEEM TO BE QUITE AT HOME IN THIS SWAMP.

IT'S LUCKY FOR US THEY ARE, PROF. NO WHITE MAN COULD EVER FIND HIS WAY THROUGH ALL THIS OOZE.



When dawn broke next morning.

WAKE UP, PROF! THE GEBBIS HAVE SNEAKED AWAY DURING THE NIGHT AND LEFT US MAROONED. THEY'VE TAKEN ALL OUR FOOD.

EH, WHAT! THAT'S TERRIBLE, JAMIESON!



When Pete tried to find the path leading off the island.



HELP! I'M SINKING INTO THE MUD.

HANG ON, PETE! WE'LL SOON HAVE YOU BACK ON FIRM GROUND.



IT'S HOPELESS. WE'LL TAKE SO LONG TO PROBE FOR THE PATH THAT WE'LL STARVE TO DEATH BEFORE WE GET OUT OF THE SWAMP. THE GEBBIS HAVE MADE SURE WE'LL NEVER TROUBLE THEM AGAIN.