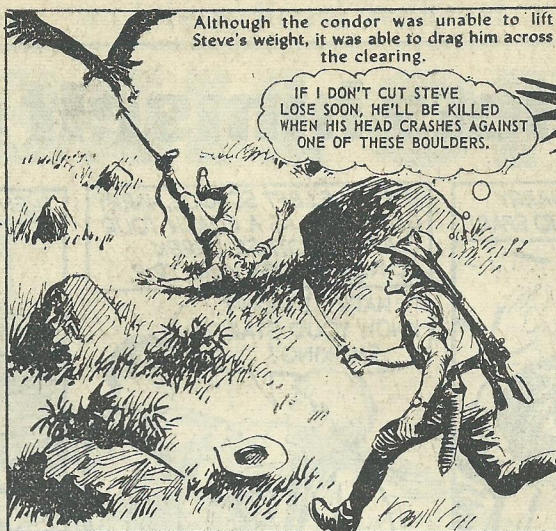


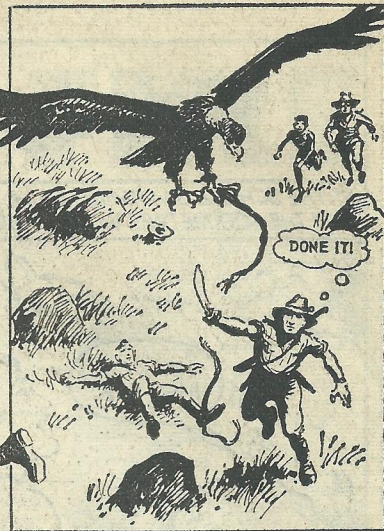


HELP! MY LEG IS CAUGHT.

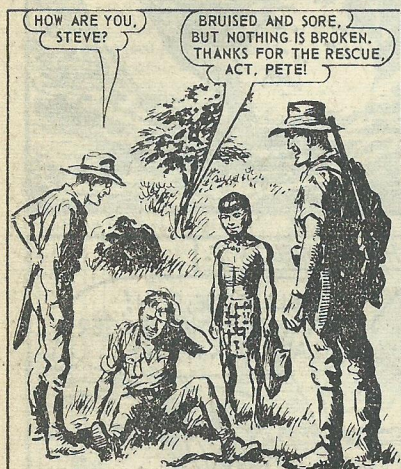


Although the condor was unable to lift Steve's weight, it was able to drag him across the clearing.

IF I DON'T CUT STEVE LOSE SOON, HE'LL BE KILLED WHEN HIS HEAD CRASHES AGAINST ONE OF THESE BOULDERS.



DONE IT!



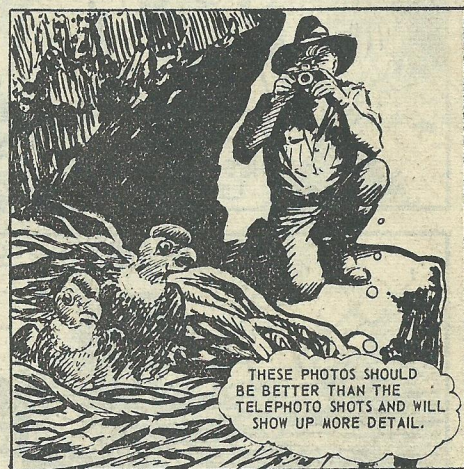
HOW ARE YOU, STEVE?

BRUISED AND SORE, BUT NOTHING IS BROKEN. THANKS FOR THE RESCUE, ACT, PETE!



Several days later.

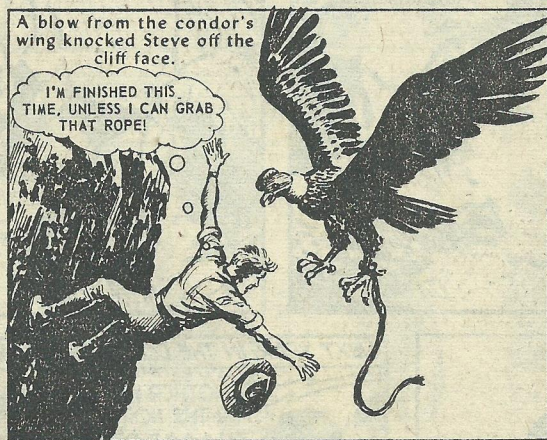
THERE GO THE CONDORS ON THEIR DAILY HUNT FOR FOOD. I THINK I'LL CLIMB UP TO THE NEST FOR SOME CLOSE-UPS OF THE CHICKS.



THESE PHOTOS SHOULD BE BETTER THAN THE TELEPHOTO SHOTS AND WILL SHOW UP MORE DETAIL.



JUST MY LUCK! ONE OF THE CONDORS HAS COME BACK EARLY AND SPOTTED ME!

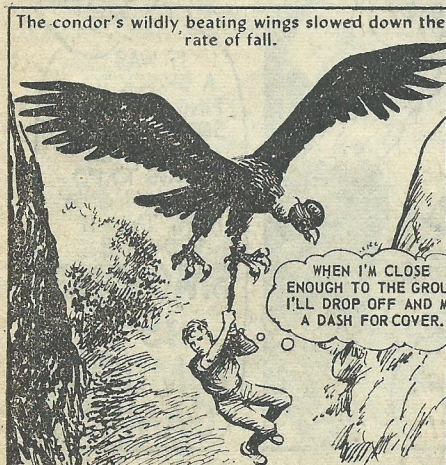


A blow from the condor's wing knocked Steve off the cliff face.

I'M FINISHED THIS TIME, UNLESS I CAN GRAB THAT ROPE!



DONE IT! THE CONDOR CAN'T LIFT MY WEIGHT, BUT AT LEAST IT'LL SLOW MY RATE OF FALL.



The condor's wildly beating wings slowed down the rate of fall.

WHEN I'M CLOSE ENOUGH TO THE GROUND, I'LL DROP OFF AND MAKE A DASH FOR COVER.



THAT ROPE NEARLY KILLED YOU ONCE, BUT IT SAVED YOUR LIFE THAT TIME, STEVE.

IN FUTURE, YOU'LL STICK TO TAKING PHOTOS FROM OUR HIDE. THERE'S ENOUGH DANGER FROM THE GRYLAHOS WITHOUT YOUR RISKING YOUR LIFE LIKE THAT, STEVE.

NEXT TUESDAY—A Condor chick leads Tutt and Steve straight into a Grylaho ambush!