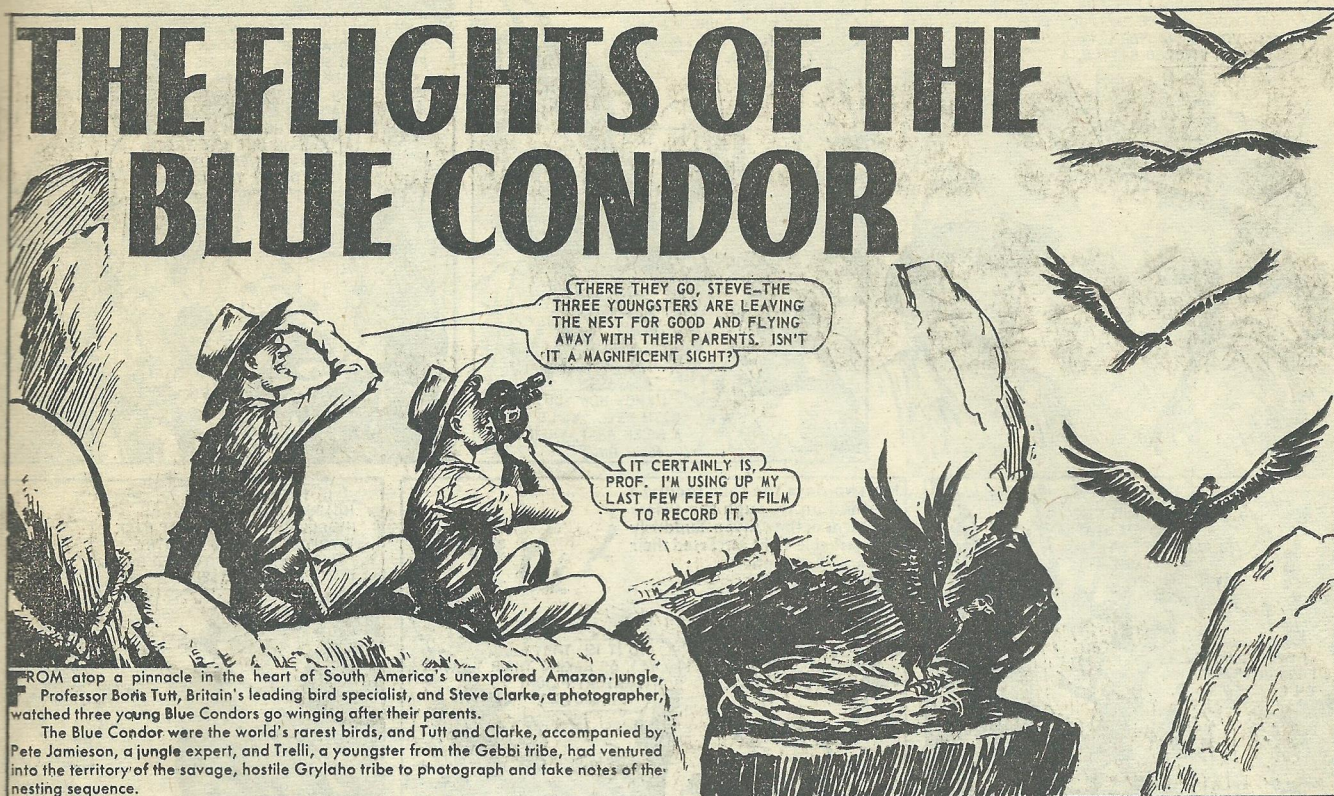


Professor Tutt and his party have completed their mission, but now they have to escape from Grylaho territory—with thirty savage warriors on their trail!

THE FLIGHTS OF THE BLUE CONDOR



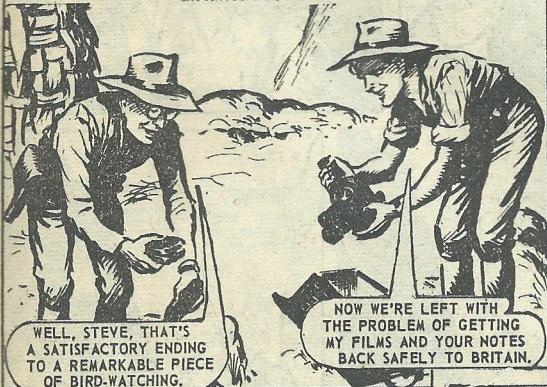
THERE THEY GO, STEVE—THE THREE YOUNGSTERS ARE LEAVING THE NEST FOR GOOD AND FLYING AWAY WITH THEIR PARENTS. ISN'T IT A MAGNIFICENT SIGHT?

IT CERTAINLY IS, PROF. I'M USING UP MY LAST FEW FEET OF FILM TO RECORD IT.

FROM atop a pinnacle in the heart of South America's unexplored Amazon jungle, Professor Boris Tutt, Britain's leading bird specialist, and Steve Clarke, a photographer, watched three young Blue Condors go winging after their parents.

The Blue Condor were the world's rarest birds, and Tutt and Clarke, accompanied by Pete Jamieson, a jungle expert, and Trelli, a youngster from the Gebbi tribe, had ventured into the territory of the savage, hostile Grylaho tribe to photograph and take notes of the nesting sequence.

When the Condor family had disappeared into the distance...

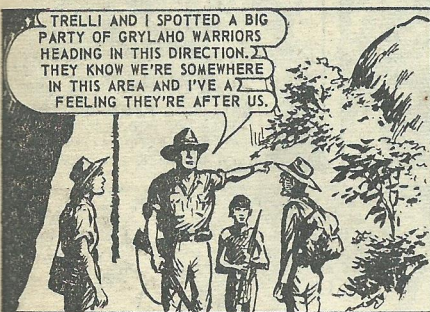


WELL, STEVE, THAT'S A SATISFACTORY ENDING TO A REMARKABLE PIECE OF BIRD-WATCHING.

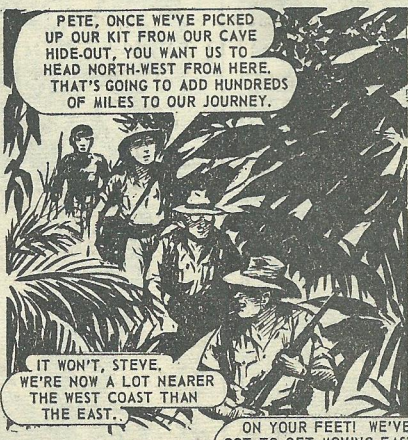
NOW WE'RE LEFT WITH THE PROBLEM OF GETTING MY FILMS AND YOUR NOTES BACK SAFELY TO BRITAIN.



HERE COMES PETE AND TRELLI IN A HURRY. I'VE A FEELING THEY'RE BRINGING BAD NEWS.

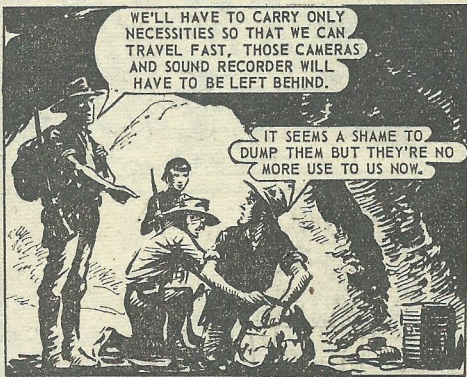


TRELLI AND I SPOTTED A BIG PARTY OF GRYLAHO WARRIORS HEADING IN THIS DIRECTION. THEY KNOW WE'RE SOMEWHERE IN THIS AREA AND I'VE A FEELING THEY'RE AFTER US.



PETE, ONCE WE'VE PICKED UP OUR KIT FROM OUR CAVE HIDE-OUT, YOU WANT US TO HEAD NORTH-WEST FROM HERE. THAT'S GOING TO ADD HUNDREDS OF MILES TO OUR JOURNEY.

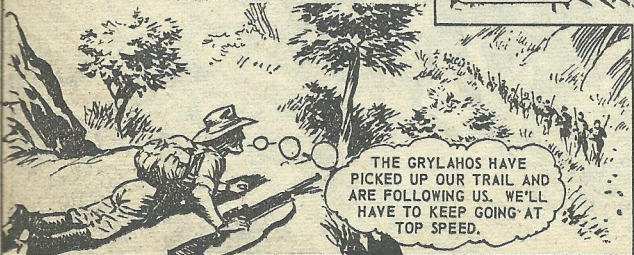
IT WON'T, STEVE. WE'RE NOW A LOT NEARER THE WEST COAST THAN THE EAST.



WE'LL HAVE TO CARRY ONLY NECESSITIES SO THAT WE CAN TRAVEL FAST. THOSE CAMERAS AND SOUND RECORDER WILL HAVE TO BE LEFT BEHIND.

IT SEEMS A SHAME TO DUMP THEM BUT THEY'RE NO MORE USE TO US NOW.

Led by Pete, the quartet hurried off through the mountains heading north-west. Two days later, when Pete checked on their back-trail, his worst fears were confirmed.



THE GRYLAHOS HAVE PICKED UP OUR TRAIL AND ARE FOLLOWING US. WE'LL HAVE TO KEEP GOING AT TOP SPEED.



ON YOUR FEET! WE'VE GOT TO GET MOVING FAST. THERE ARE ABOUT THIRTY GRYLAHO WARRIORS HARD ON OUR HEELS.

WHY DON'T WE LAY AN AMBUSH ON TOP OF THE RIDGE AND PICK THEM OFF?