A last chance to escape

Jim and Tallal reached the crest—

Behold, Jim Stark! My memory did not play me false.

A rough lava field! We can lose them in there.

Halfway down the slope—

Leap clear—the beast falls under us, Jim Stark. He has used up all his great heart.

Hurry, Tallal. The Hamadan are closing in.

I shall not be long. This friend has broken himself for us. Better a kindly bullet than that he should live on as a cripple.

They run into the lava. We have them trapped. Lord Sarim.

Fool! To ride in among that lava rock would risk breaking the limbs of our camels, while to enter on foot would be like following lions into a thorn thicket.

The Hamadan are leaving. They have given up.

Not yet, Jim Stark. They hang around for a while before going back to face the fury of Idris. We must seek a path of escape through the lava.

The pair plunged into the jumbled maze of the lava field.

One thing I've often wondered about, Tallal. I know the Hoggar dislike the Hamadan, but why should you decide to join us in fighting them?

A simple reason, Jim Stark. Your brothers were slain by the dogs of Idris—so was my family.

The edge of the lava, Jim Stark. Now we must try to find your patrol.

In Jim's absence his patrol of men, formed from the Legion penal battalion, was led by his friend Igor Slubski.

Some sort of signal, Slubski. Could be a Hamadan flashing a dagger-blade.

Blockhead. Since when have those desert wolves used the Morse code? It can only mean Jim Stark!

What news, Jim Stark? Are the Hamadan at Abu Zaid?

Probably, but they'll be gone by the time we get there. It doesn't matter. We know where Idris is going.

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