

EXPEDITION OZOLO



SHOOT, BEST! CUT THE ROPE! IT'LL BE ON US IN SECONDS!

CALM DOWN, DAVIES! I WANT TO MAKE ABSOLUTELY SURE OF THIS SHOT.

CAPTAIN BOB BEST WAS LEADING AN EIGHT-MAN EXPEDITION DOWN THE RIVER OZOLO TO WHERE IT JOINED THE AMAZON. BRETT, ONE OF TWO TEENAGERS IN THE TEAM, HAD STOLEN A SACRED NATIVE CARVING BUT DESPITE ITS RETURN, THREE MEN HAD DIED, KILLED BY A MONSTER SNAKE. NOW ON A ROPE BRIDGE CROSSING A CHASM . . .

DECEIVE THEM, GREAT KADANON. LET THEM BELIEVE THEY TRIUMPH. I, OKALI YOUR SERVANT, KNOW THEY CANNOT DESTROY YOU . . .

SEEMS WE OWE YOU AN APOLOGY, BRETT. THAT THING WAS NOT A FIGMENT OF YOUR IMAGINATION.

Down below —

APOLOGY! THREE MEN HAVE DIED BECAUSE HE STOLE A SACRED CARVING!



YOU ARE SAFE, O GREAT RIVER GOD, RETURNED TO THE CARVING FROM WHICH YOU WERE BORN. NOW WE MAY CONTINUE OUR MISSION OF VENGEANCE!

WE ARE IN JINTATO HEAD-HUNTER COUNTRY, OKALI. THEY WILL DEAL WITH THE WHITE MEN. WE CAN GO BACK.

SACRED KADANON MUST WREAK HIS OWN VENGEANCE. WE MOVE ON . . .

Meanwhile up ahead —

LOOK! ONE OF OUR RAFTS SURVIVED THE WATERFALL. WE'LL BUILD ANOTHER THEN MOVE ON.