

"We have the intruder."



FULL STOP. SOME KIND OF GRID.

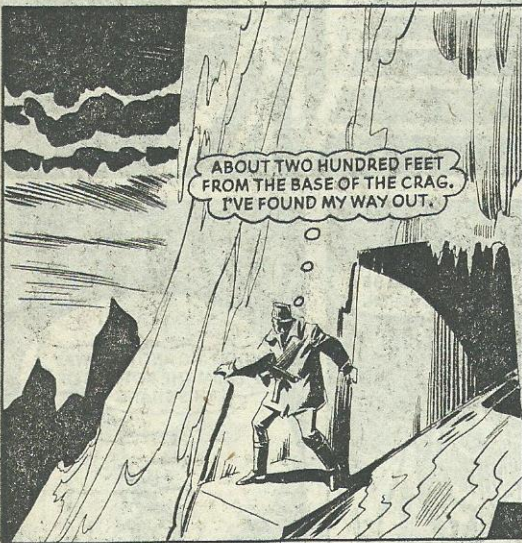


FRESH AIR AND DAYLIGHT AHEAD — IF ONLY I CAN LEVER THIS HIGH ENOUGH TO CRAWL UNDER.



Wade emerged into the open.

A GULLY LEADING OUT INTO THE OPEN.



ABOUT TWO HUNDRED FEET FROM THE BASE OF THE CRAG, I'VE FOUND MY WAY OUT.



Meanwhile Tommy was busy...



EMPTY MAGAZINE. THIS IS WHEN I'M SUPPOSED TO TAKE MY PILL.



RIFLE GRENADE — NO! GAS!



SOME KIND OF NERVE AGENT. I'M — AHH!



WE HAVE THE INTRUDER. YES, ALIVE AS YOU ORDERED.

VIC. 14.6.86-3

What will happen to Tommy Cook? Find out NEXT WEEK.