

TRIGAN EMPIRE

The planet Elekton lies in the galaxy of Yarna, and the greatest power on Elekton is the Trigan Empire, ruled over by its founder, the Emperor Trigo.

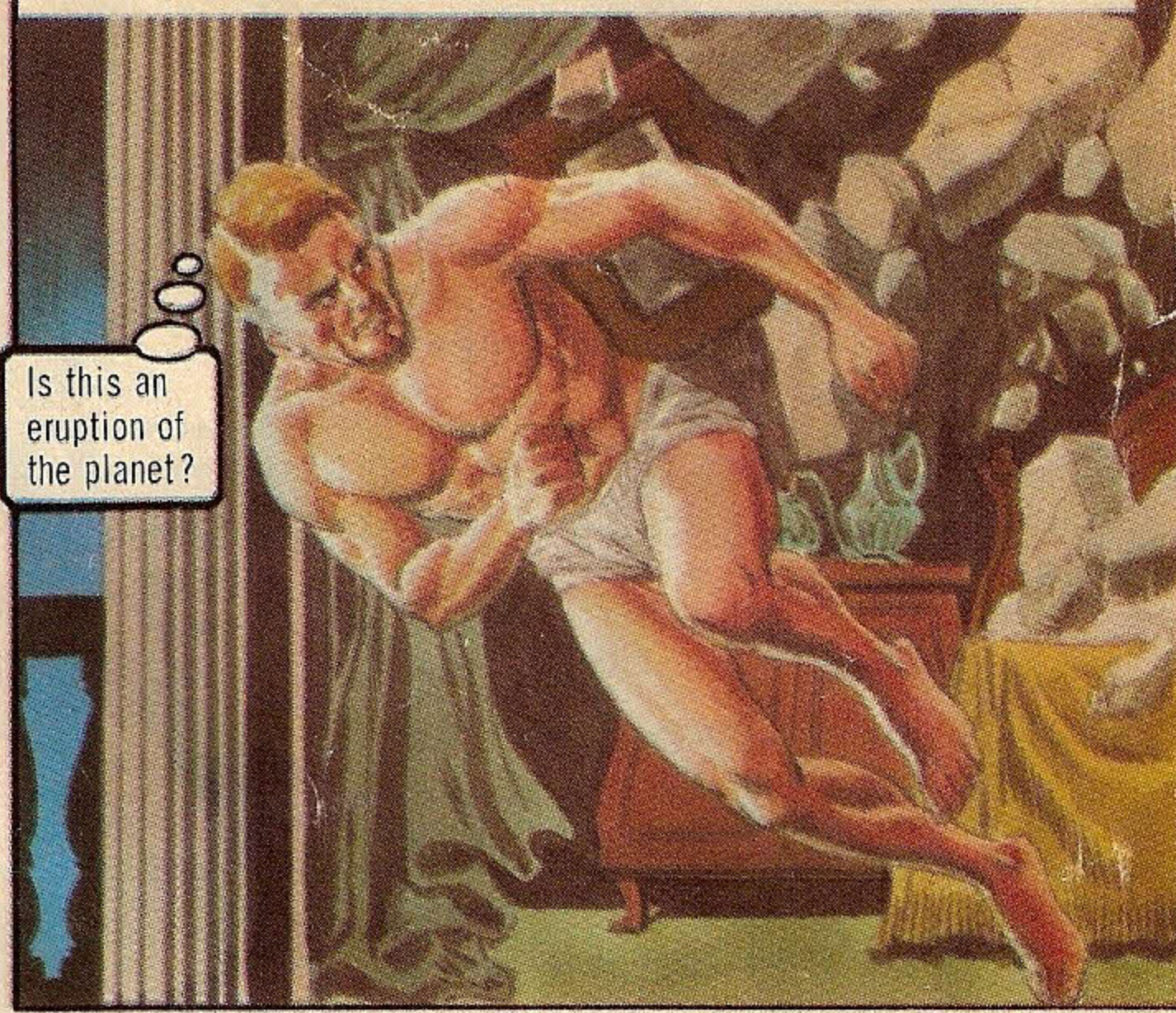
It happened suddenly and without warning. All Elekton was smitten by a surface tremor. Buildings fell in the broad streets of Trigan City.



Aaaaaagh! Everything is coming to an end!

We are doomed!

The Emperor Trigo barely managed to leap from his bed for the safety of the balcony, before the ceiling of his bedchamber fell in!



Is this an eruption of the planet?

Dawn brought the solution to the mystery. Countless millions looked up – to see that the sky above their planet was dominated by a strange new shape!



It is a new world!

It came in the night!

It is a miracle!

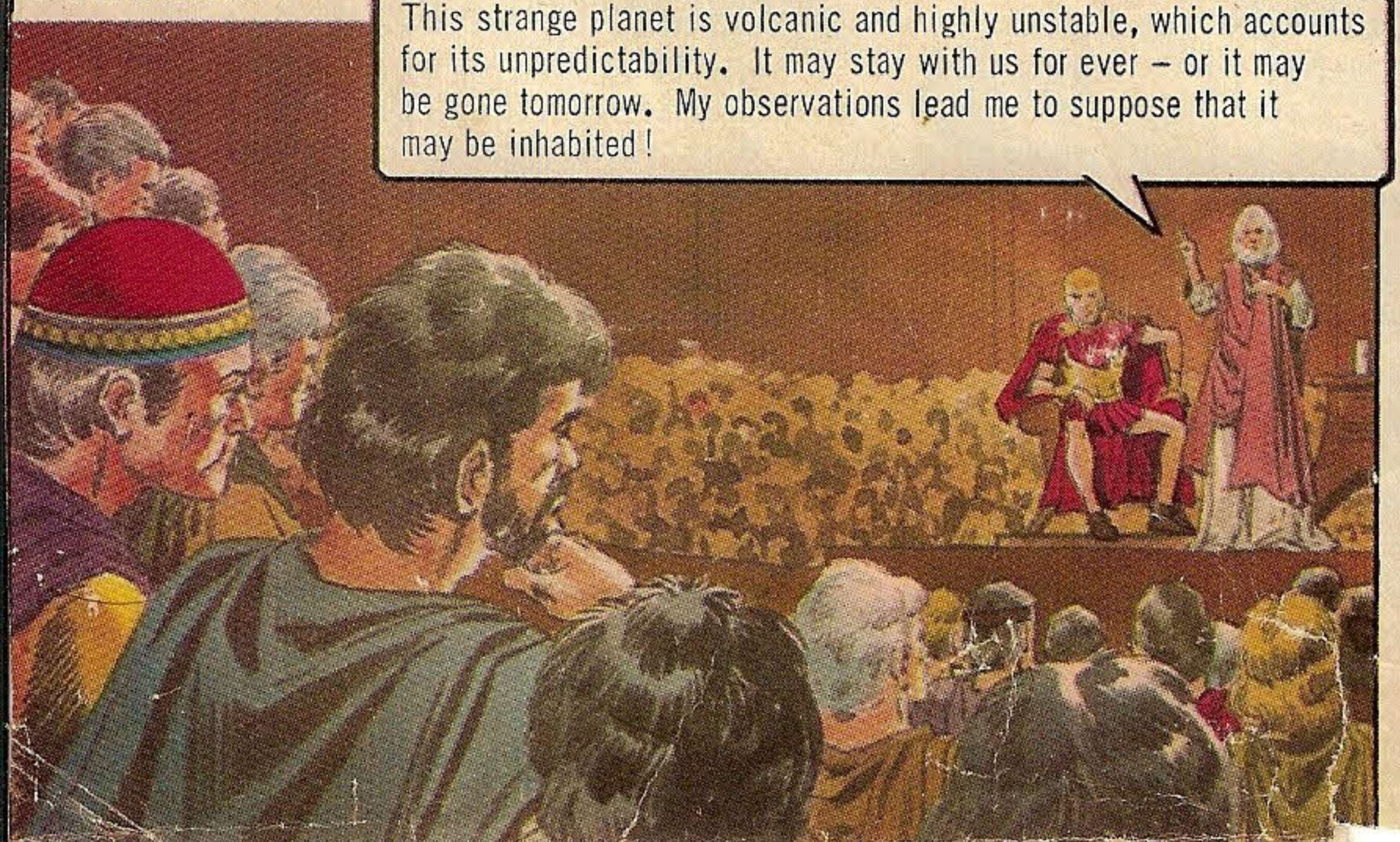
The Emperor reached the palace gardens, where he was joined by members of his household, including the great scientist Peric.



What is it, Peric? What's going on?

It is some sort of disturbance in the upper atmosphere, Imperial Majesty! Something entirely new and unique in my experience!

That same day, Peric addressed the Imperial Council in their ruined chamber.



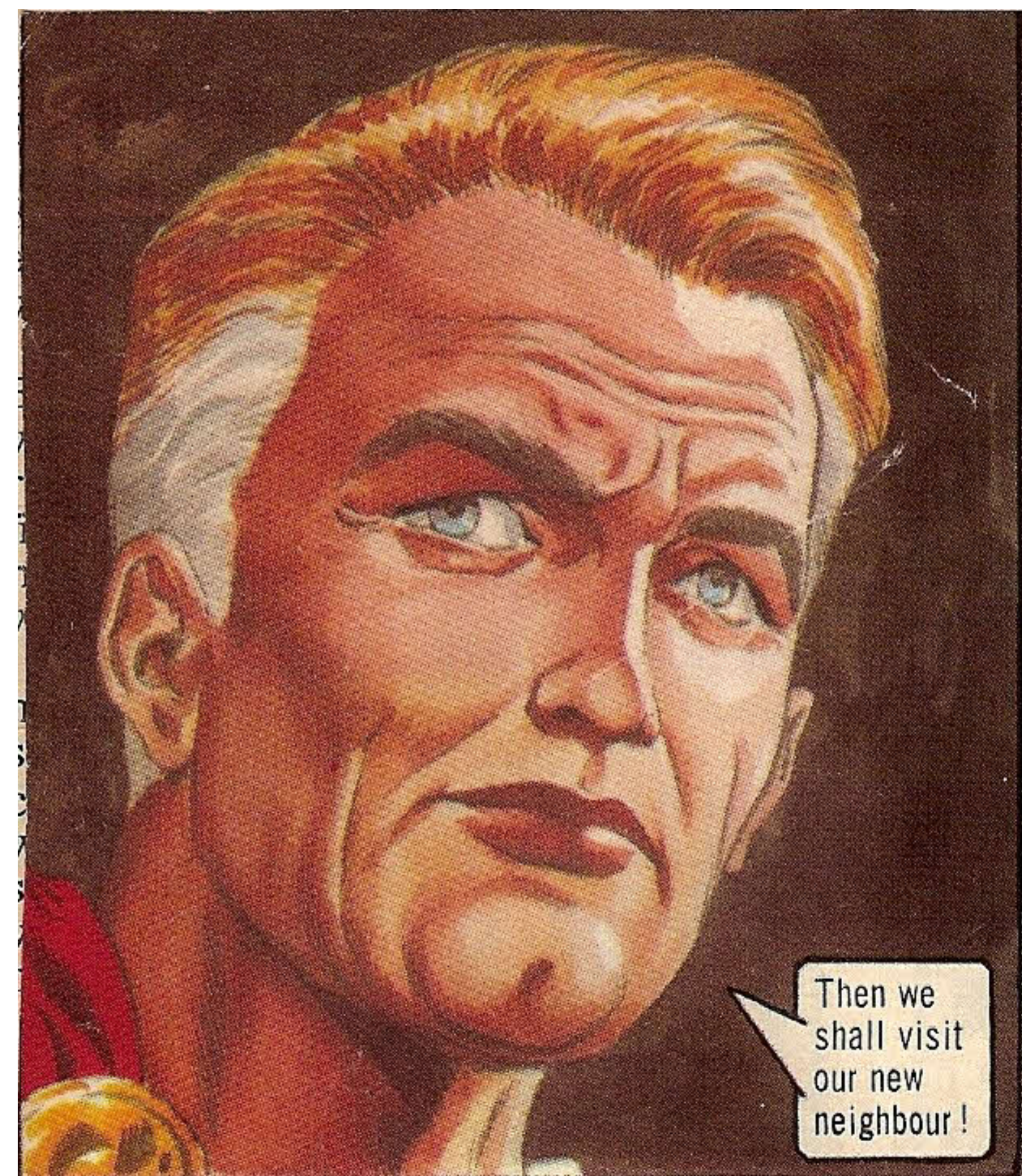
This strange planet is volcanic and highly unstable, which accounts for its unpredictability. It may stay with us for ever – or it may be gone tomorrow. My observations lead me to suppose that it may be inhabited!

The Emperor asked the question that was in every mind...



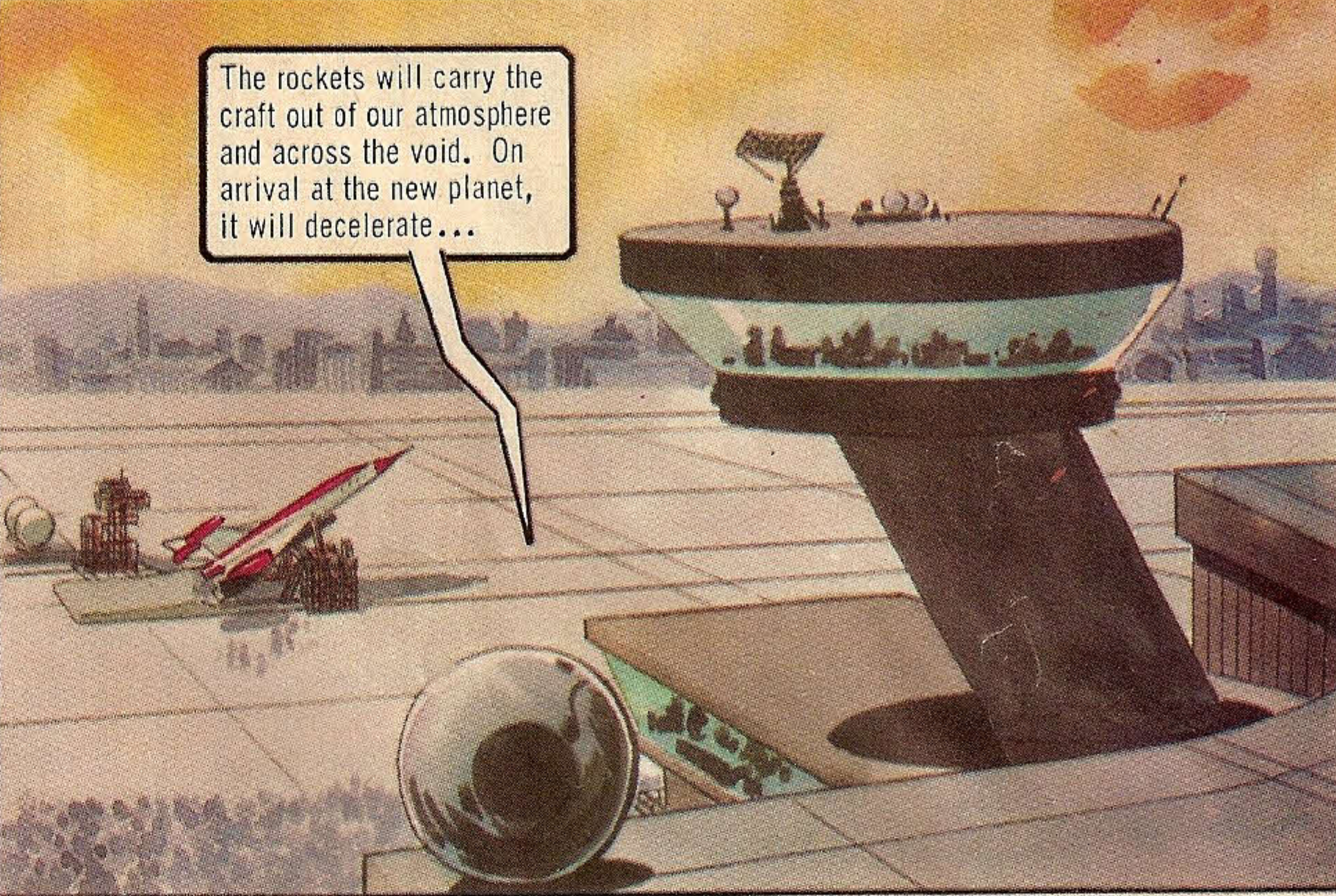
Can this planet be reached by any means in our technology?

Undoubtedly, Imperial Majesty! Our present atmosphere craft, suitably modified, could cross the void.



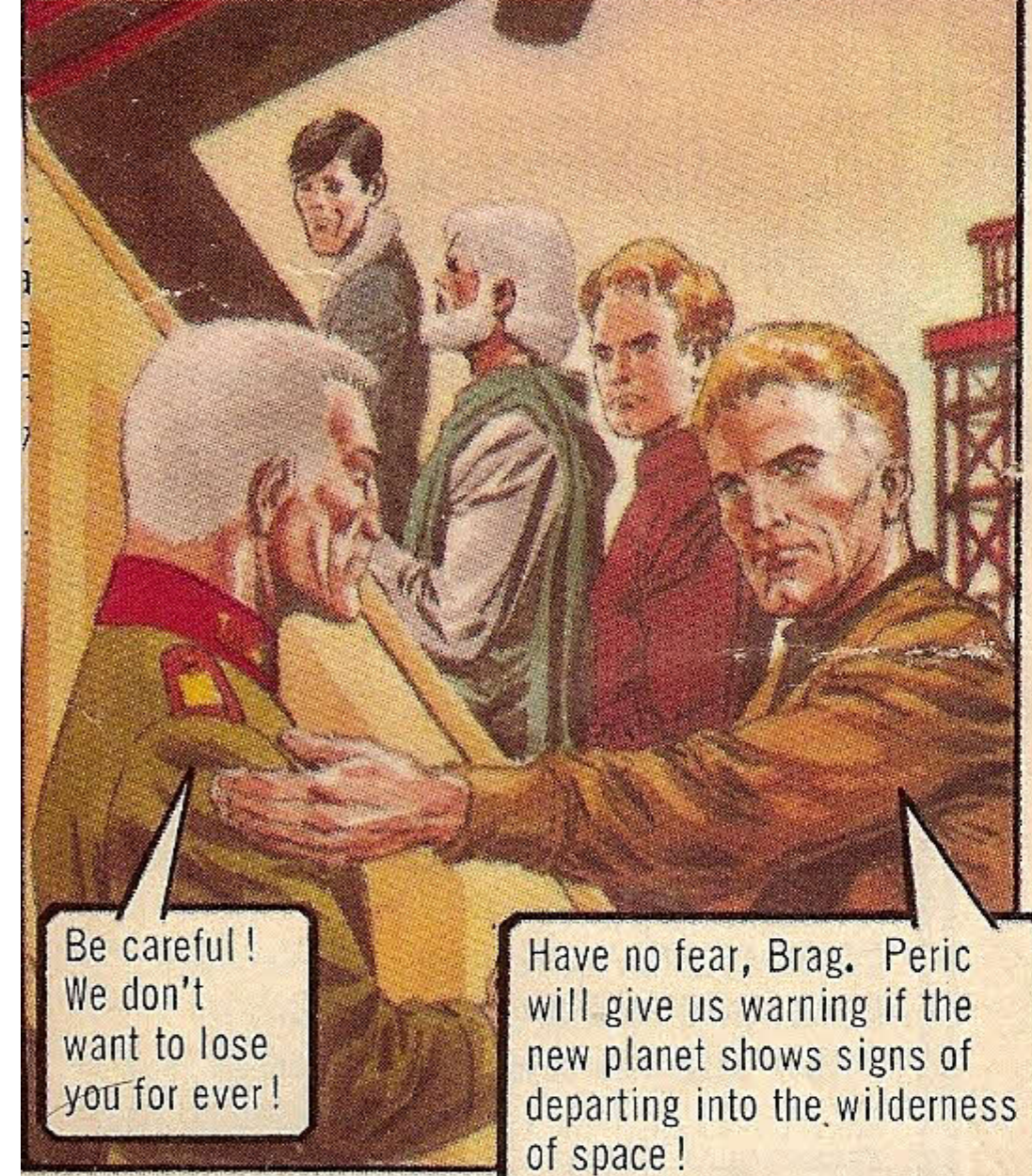
Then we shall visit our new neighbour!

Within a month, a large transporter craft was fitted with booster rockets for the journey through space.



The rockets will carry the craft out of our atmosphere and across the void. On arrival at the new planet, it will decelerate...

The Emperor himself was captain of the great adventure. He left his brother Brag in charge of the empire.



Be careful! We don't want to lose you for ever!

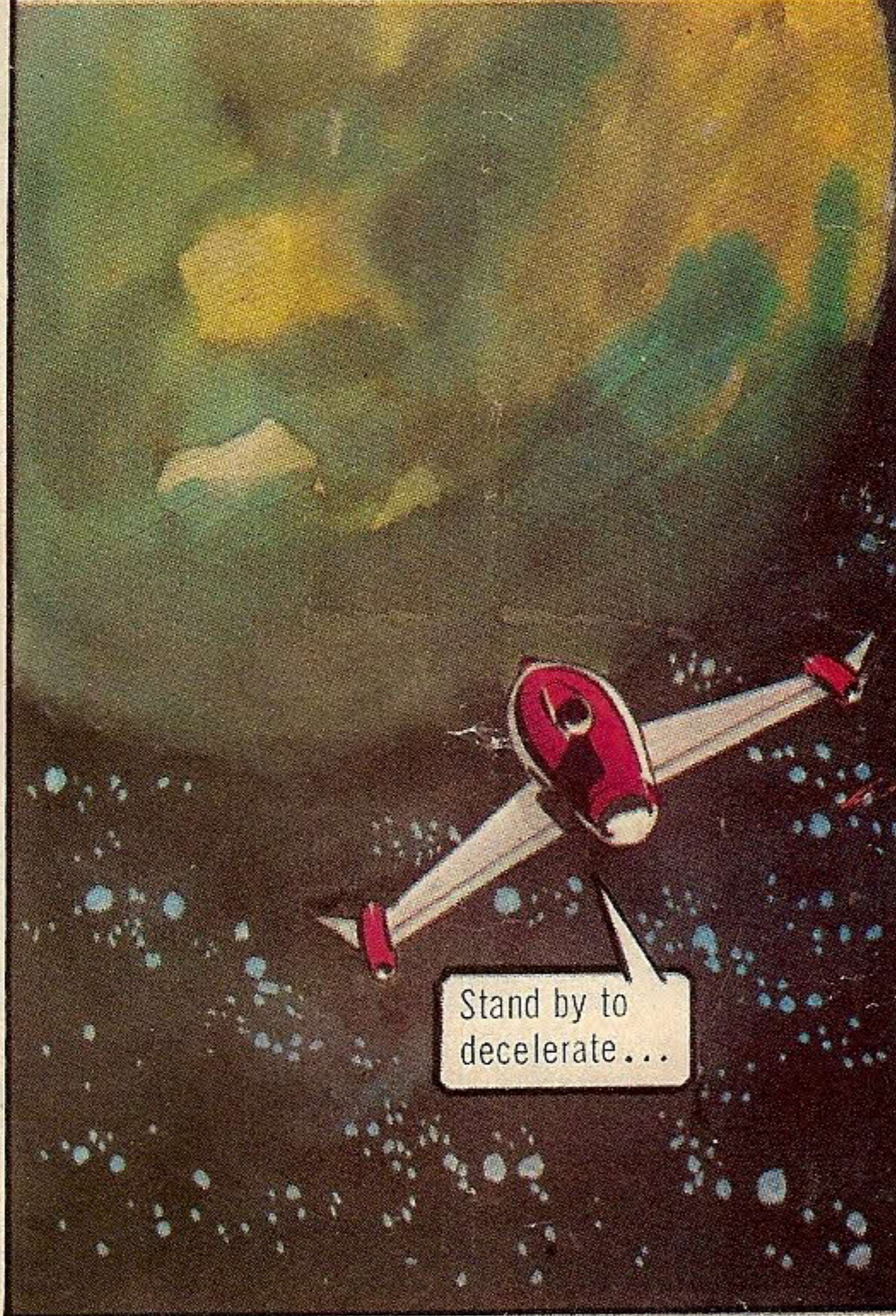
Have no fear, Brag. Peric will give us warning if the new planet shows signs of departing into the wilderness of space!

The great adventure began!



May you come back to us, Brother! For my shoulders are not broad enough to bear your empire!

It was a comparatively short journey. They crossed the void that separated the two planets.



Stand by to decelerate...

And soon they were flying over an alien landscape.



Look out for any signs of habitation!

And then, Trigo and his companions saw... IT!

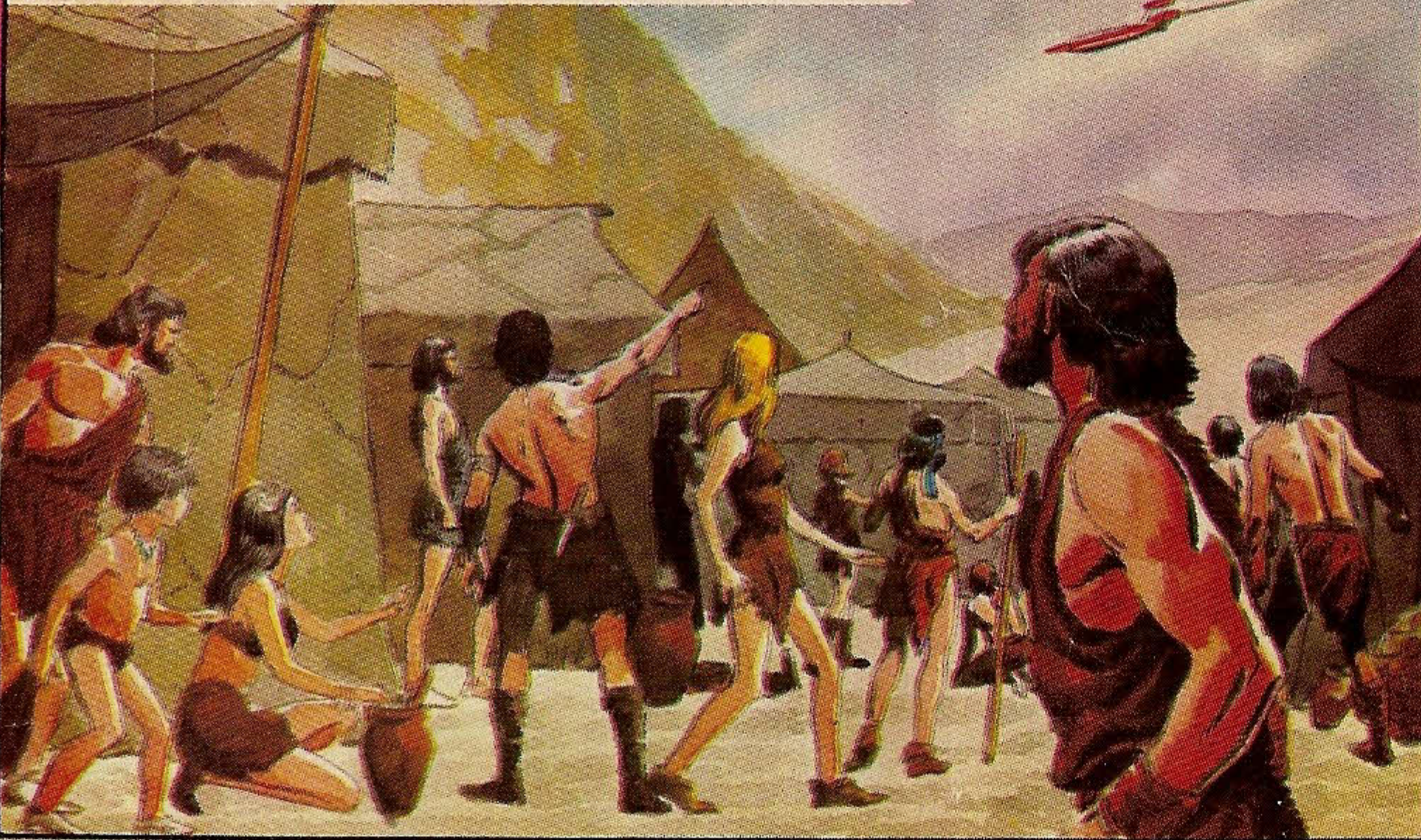


By all the stars! Do you see that?

TRIGAN EMPIRE

Suddenly, without warning, a strange planet has come close to Elekton. The Emperor Trigo and a party of explorers decide to take a space craft to have a closer look at this new world from outer space. At the controls of the space ship is Janno, the Emperor's nephew.

Janno brought the Trigan craft low. And they flew over a vast tented encampment. A multitude of faces were turned to look up at them.



The Emperor and his companions looked down.

Are my eyes deceiving me, or? ...

It's a Vorg encampment! One of the primitive kind you used to see on Elekton!



Trigo ordered Janno to land. They climbed down from their craft.

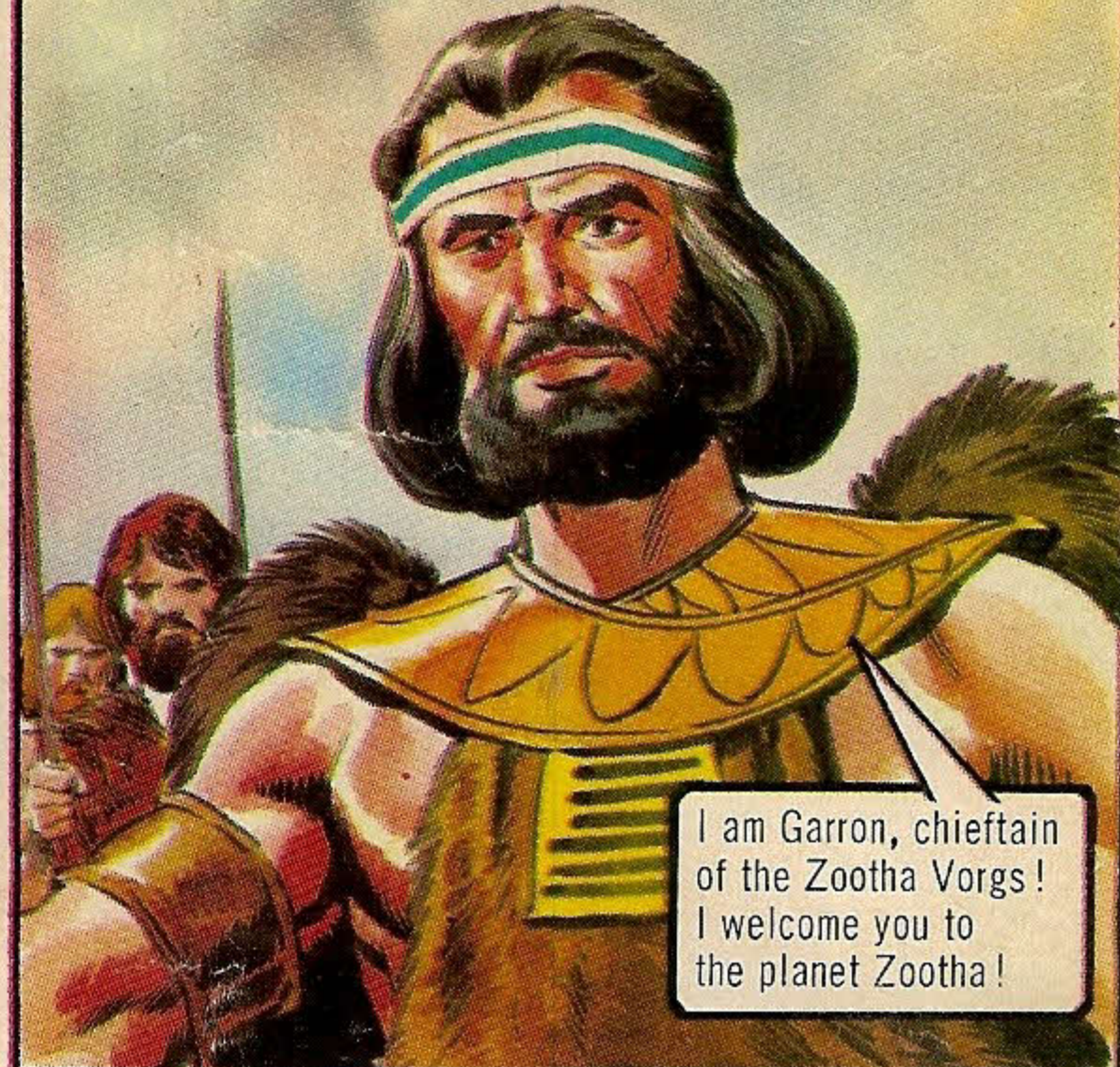
Are they peaceful, Uncle - or shall we have trouble?

Be prepared to start shooting!



Then, to the five Trigans' utter astonishment, they were addressed in the common language of their own planet!

I am Garron, chieftain of the Zootha Vorgs! I welcome you to the planet Zootha!



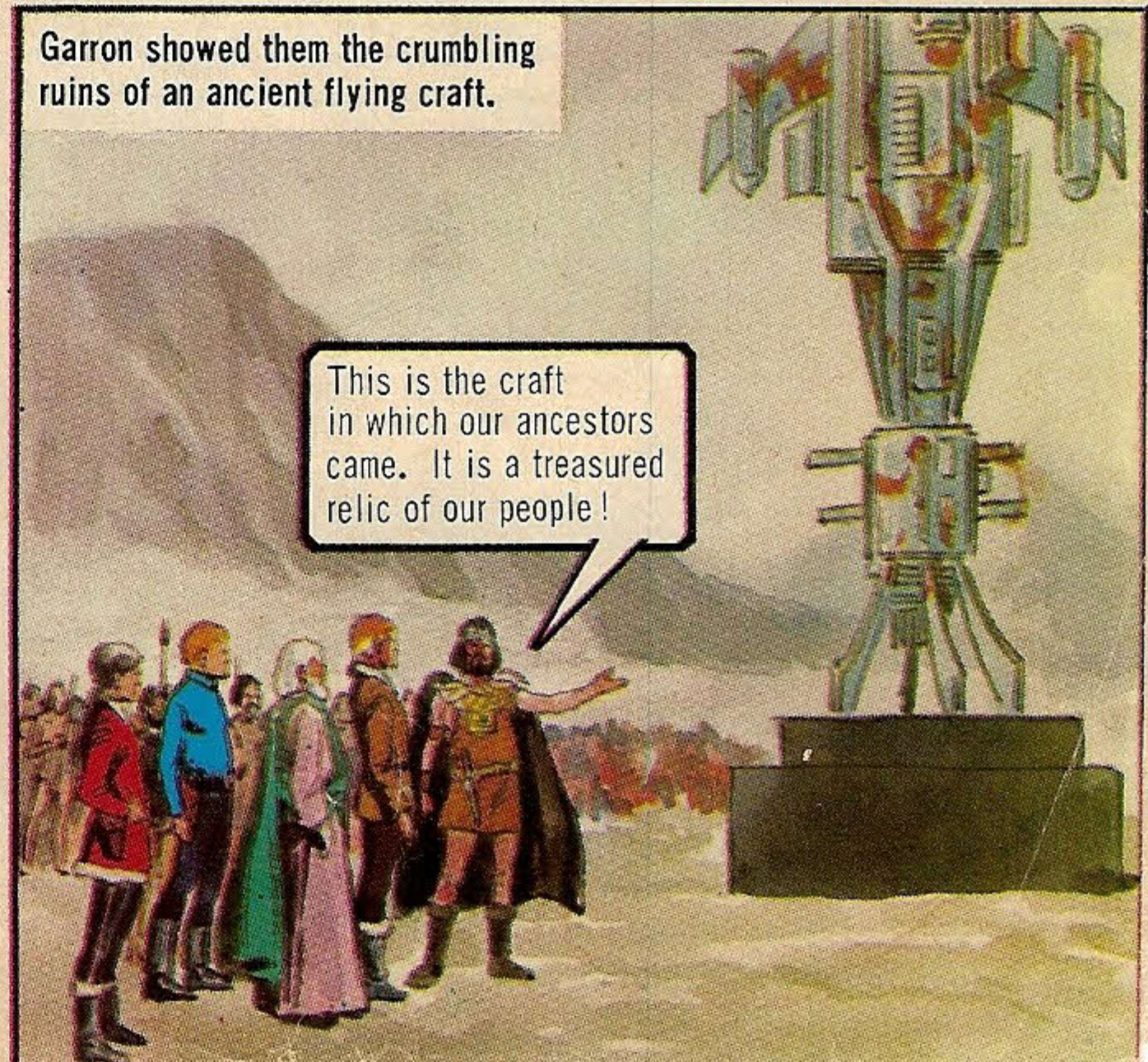
You are one of us ... from Elekton?

That is so! In a time long past, when Zootha last came close to Elekton, some of our people ventured across the wilderness of space to this planet, as you have done!



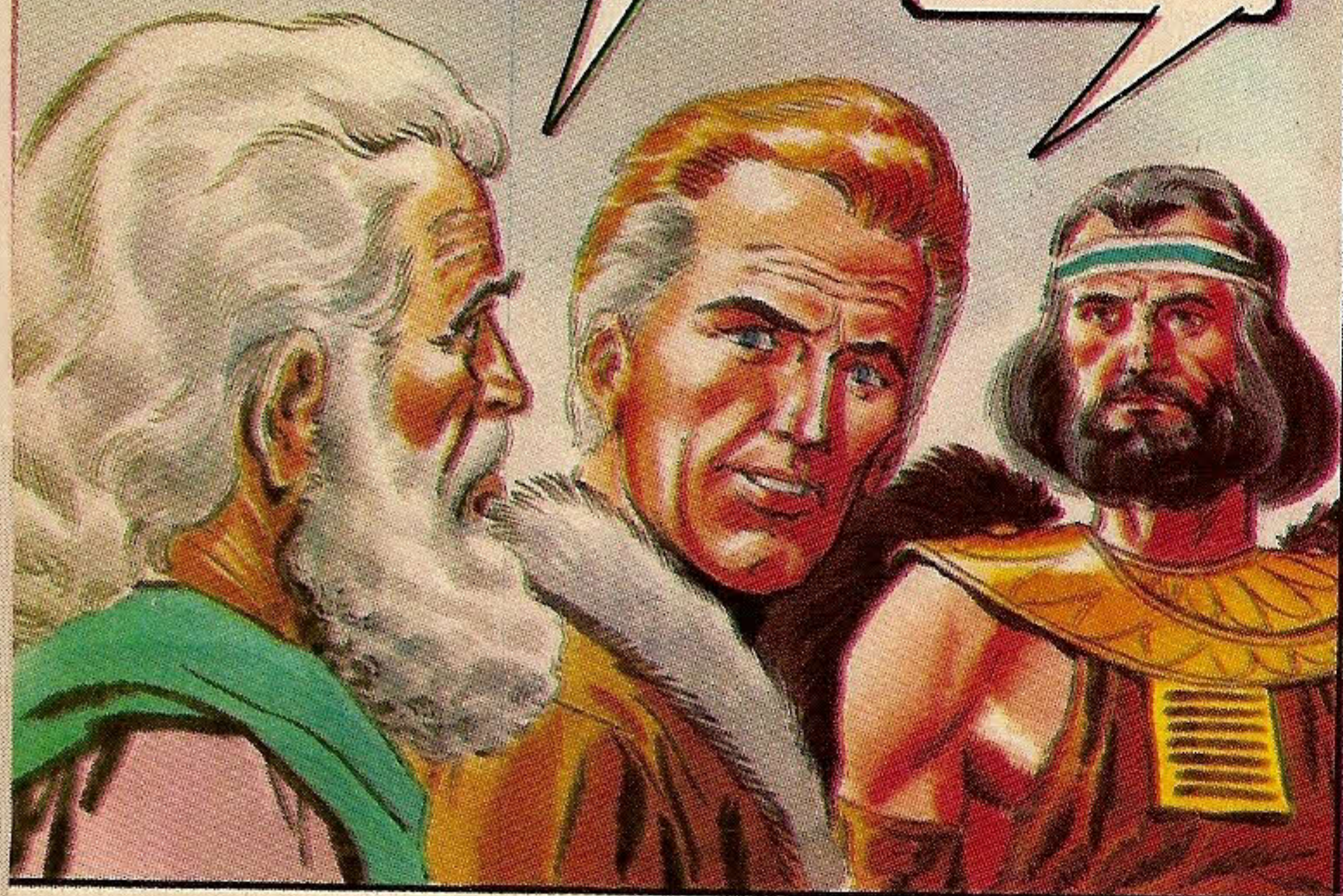
Garron showed them the crumbling ruins of an ancient flying craft.

This is the craft in which our ancestors came. It is a treasured relic of our people!



Of course! Fool that I am – the legend of the Vorgs who went up into a new world in the sky – surely you were told that as a child, Imperial Majesty!

Yes – but – it was always thought to be a fairy tale! But... it really happened in the distant past!



Trigo then explained to Garron how the Trigans were descended from the Vorgs. He introduced himself and his companions.

...and this is Janno, son of my brother Brag.

Ah! And would you be your father's eldest son, Janno?



Janno answered in puzzlement – and saw a strange light in the chieftain's eyes.

Indeed I am, Garron – I am the only son!

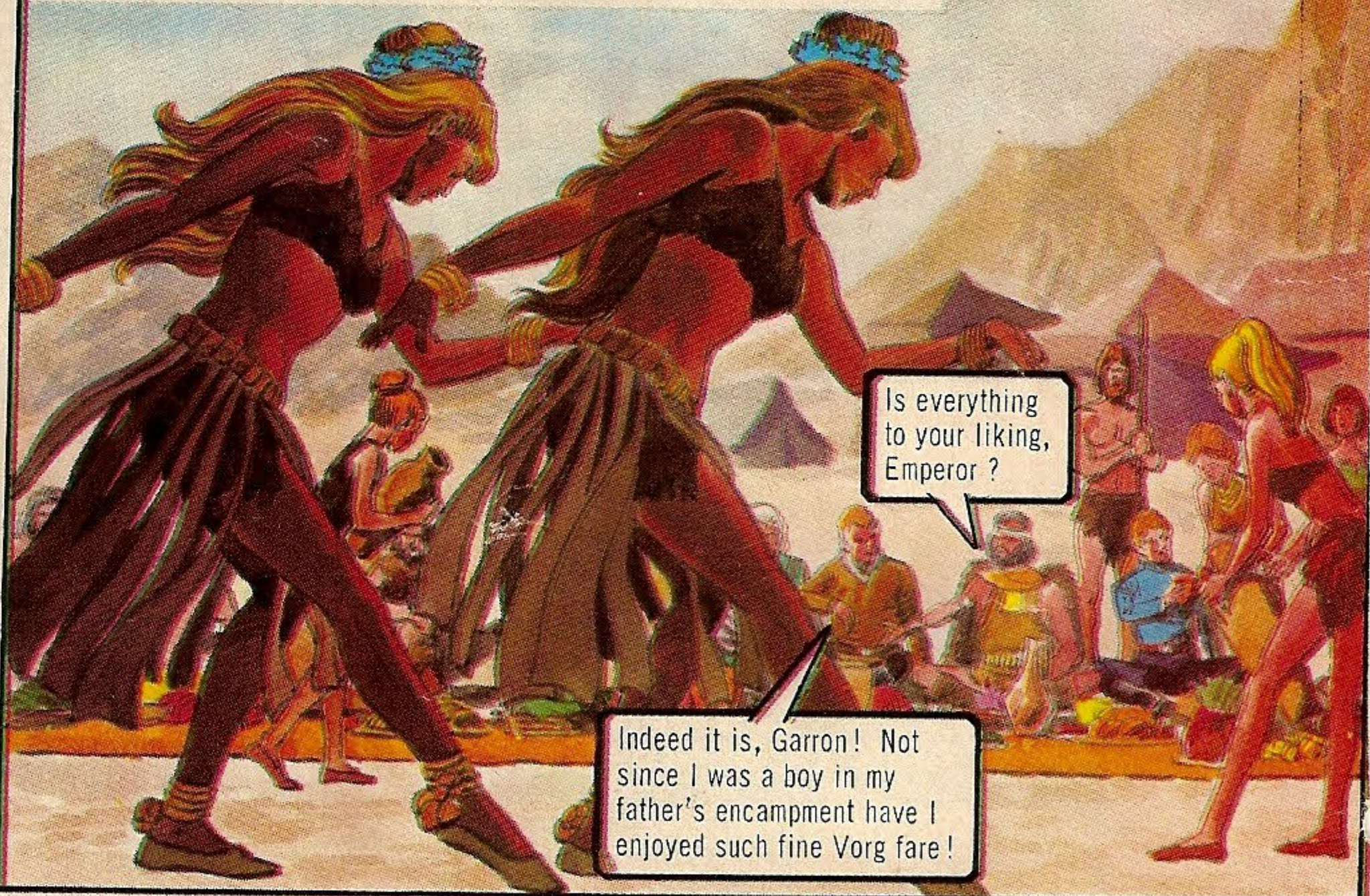
Aaaaah! That is interesting... very interesting!



The incident slipped from Janno's mind during the feasting that followed.

Is everything to your liking, Emperor?

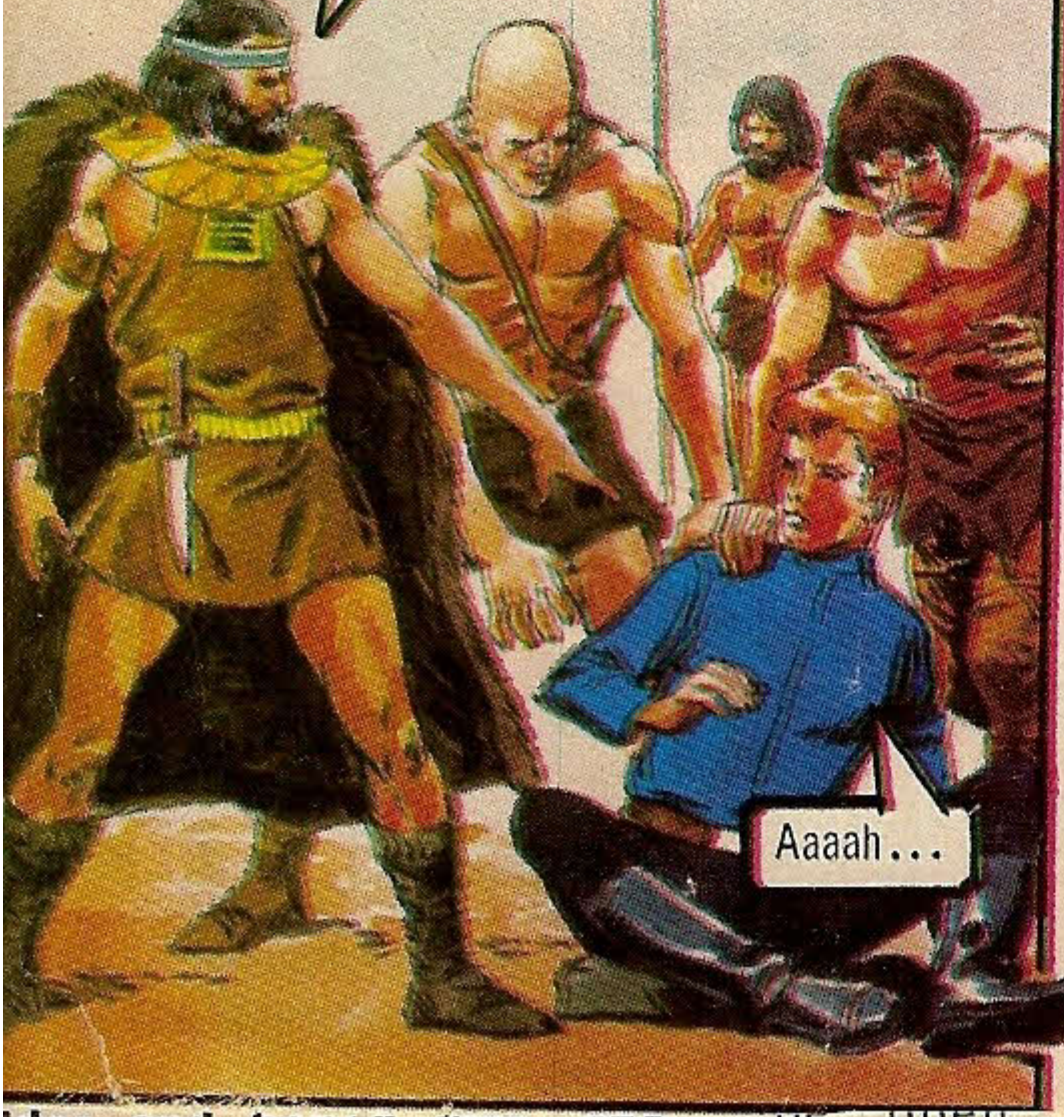
Indeed it is, Garron! Not since I was a boy in my father's encampment have I enjoyed such fine Vorg fare!



As soon as the feast was over... IT HAPPENED!

Now... seize the victim!

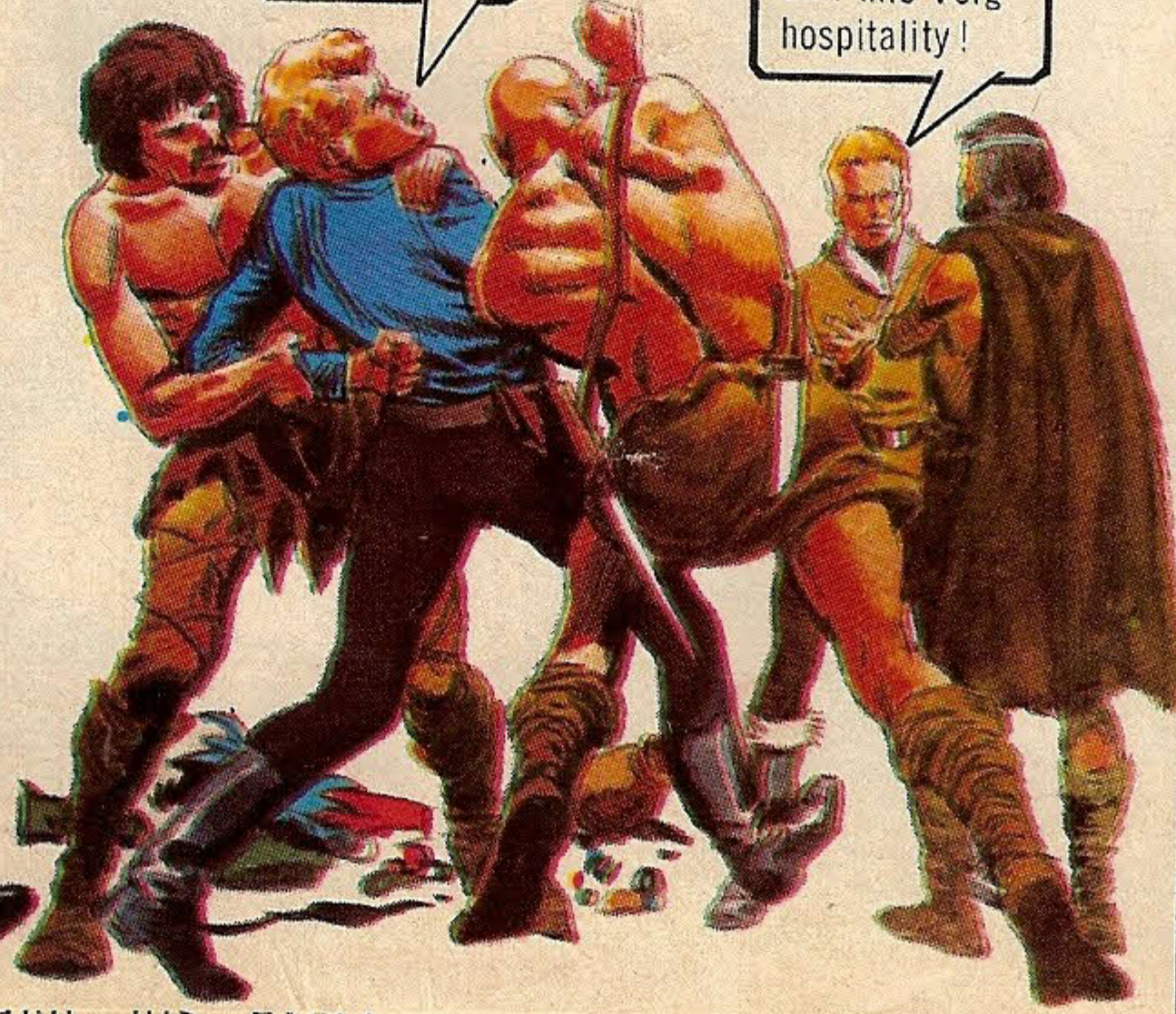
Aaaaah...



Janno was dragged roughly to his feet.

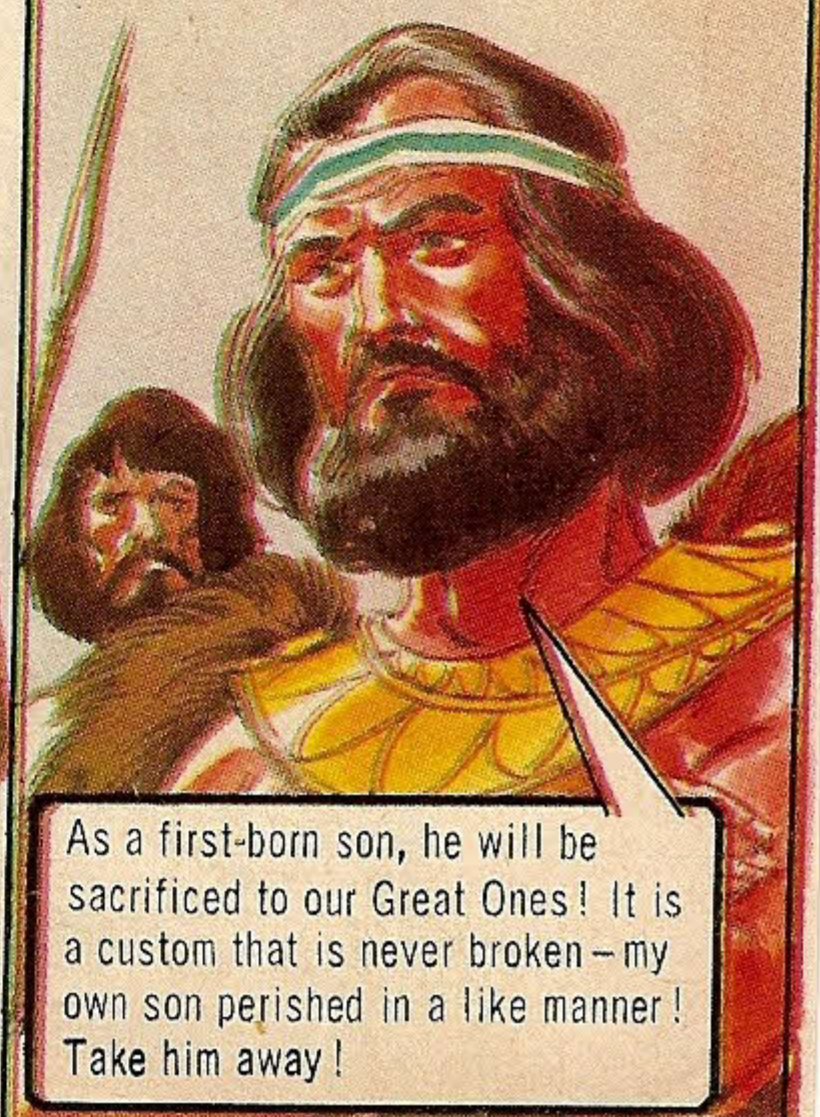
Let me go! Let me go, you demons!

What does it mean? Do you call this Vorg hospitality!



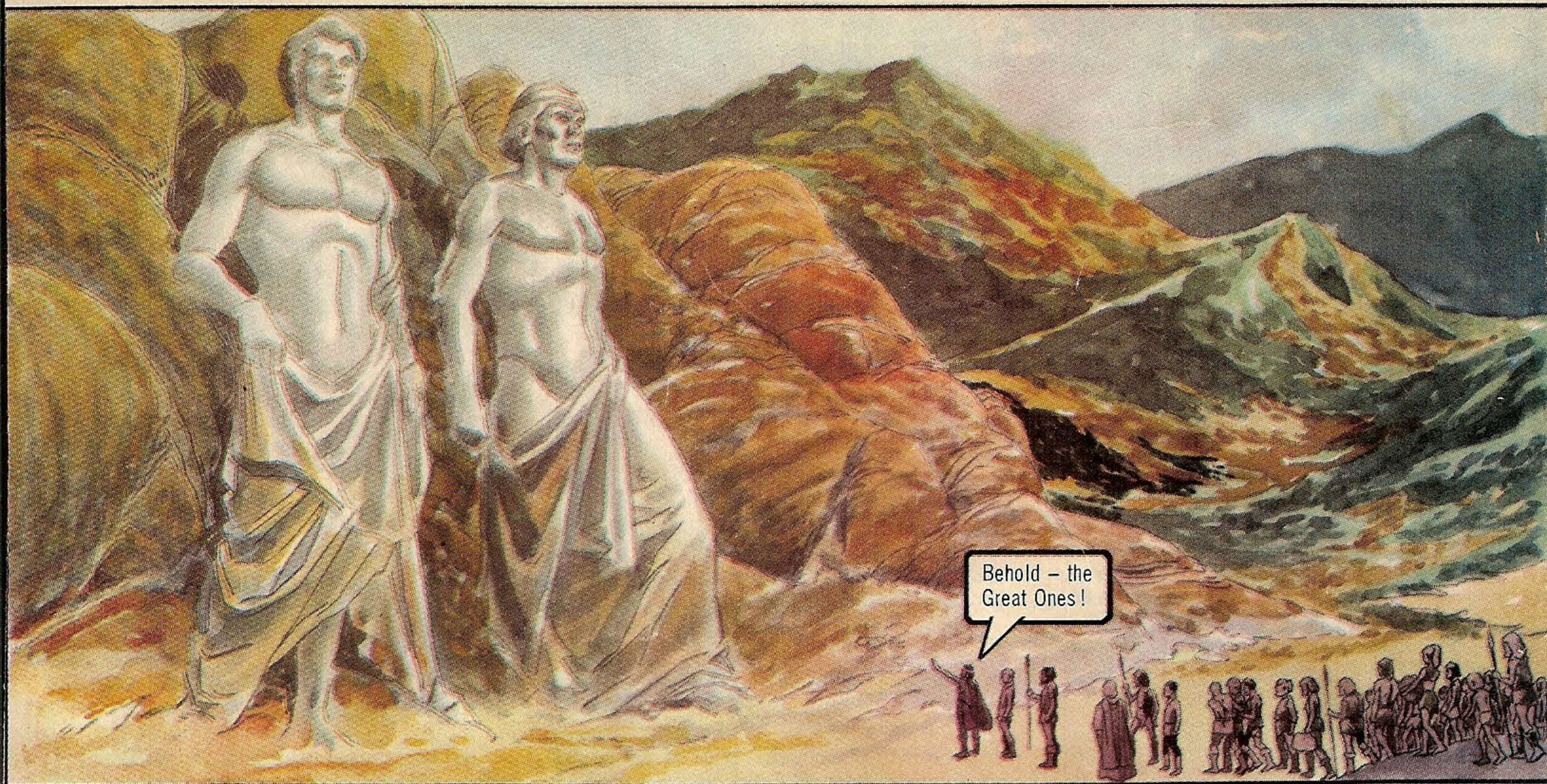
The chieftain replied...

As a first-born son, he will be sacrificed to our Great Ones! It is a custom that is never broken – my own son perished in a like manner! Take him away!

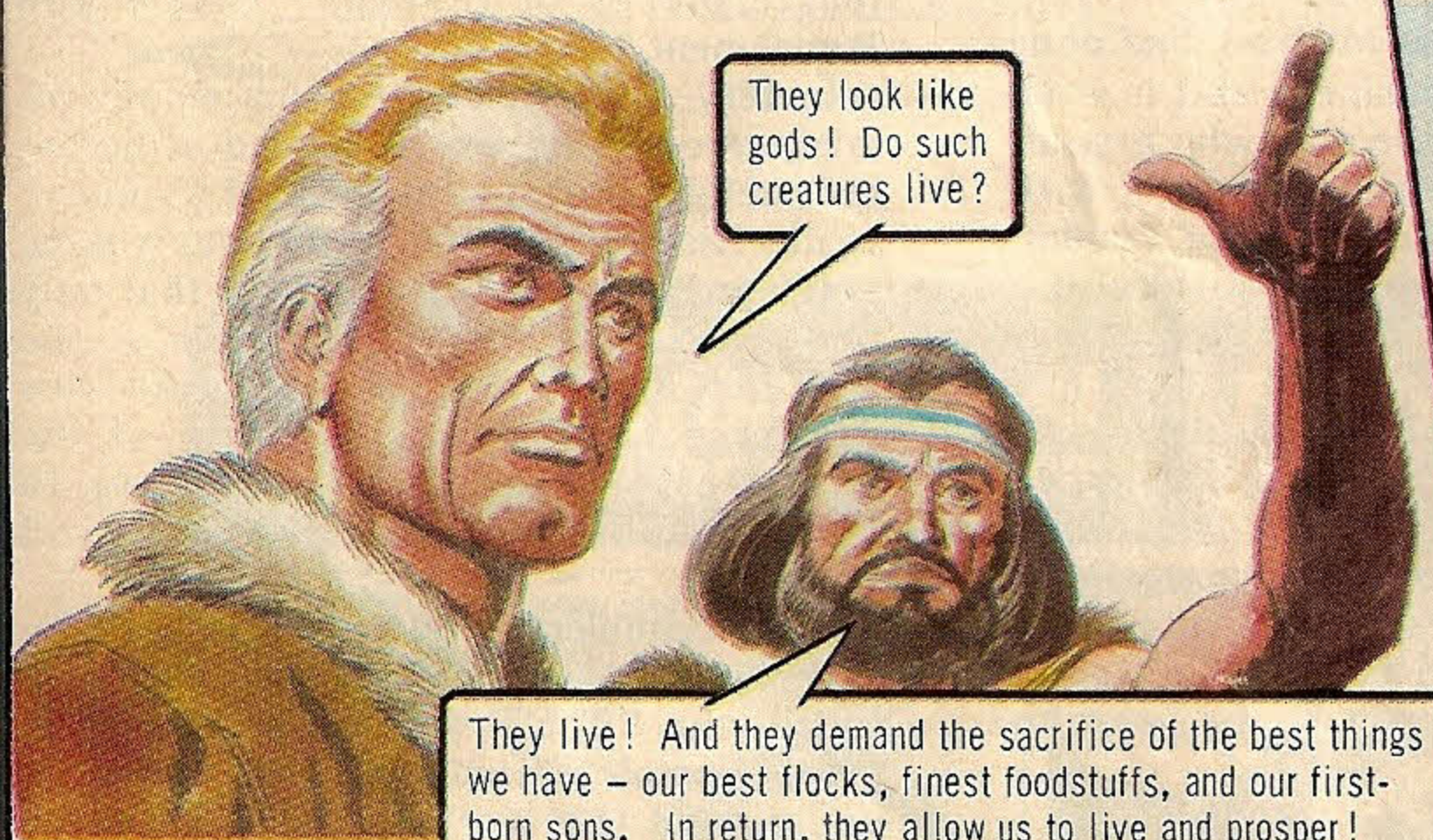


TRIGAN EMPIRE

The Emperor Trigo and his companions have landed on the planet Zootha, where they meet a tribe of Vorgs who are descended from earlier inhabitants of Elekton. The Trigans are well received until Janno, nephew of the Emperor, is imprisoned by Garron, chief of the Vorgs and led to a strange mountain.



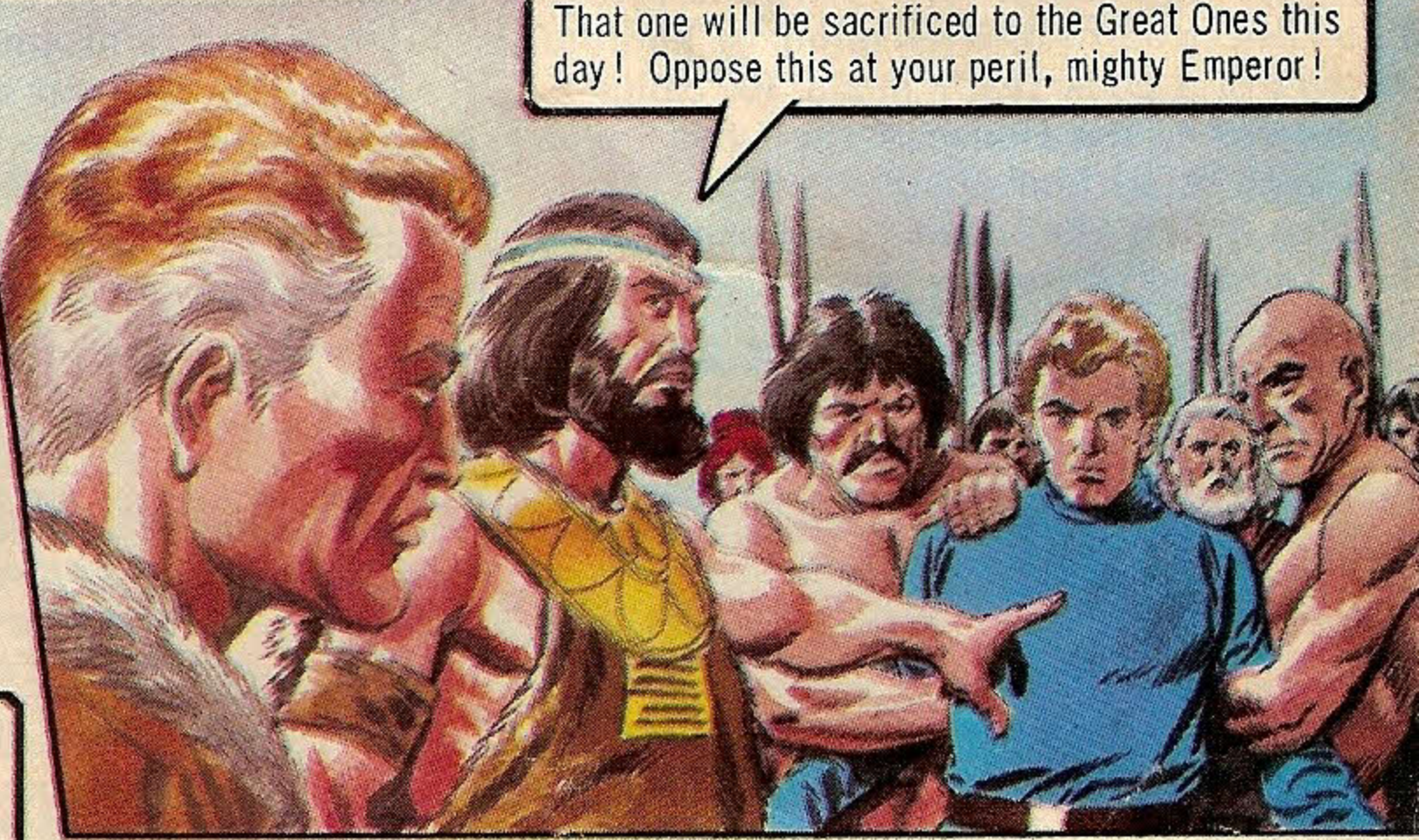
Trigo was deeply impressed.



They look like gods! Do such creatures live?

They live! And they demand the sacrifice of the best things we have - our best flocks, finest foodstuffs, and our first-born sons. In return, they allow us to live and prosper!

Garron pointed to Janno.



That one will be sacrificed to the Great Ones this day! Oppose this at your peril, mighty Emperor!

Janno was brought to a great cavemouth...



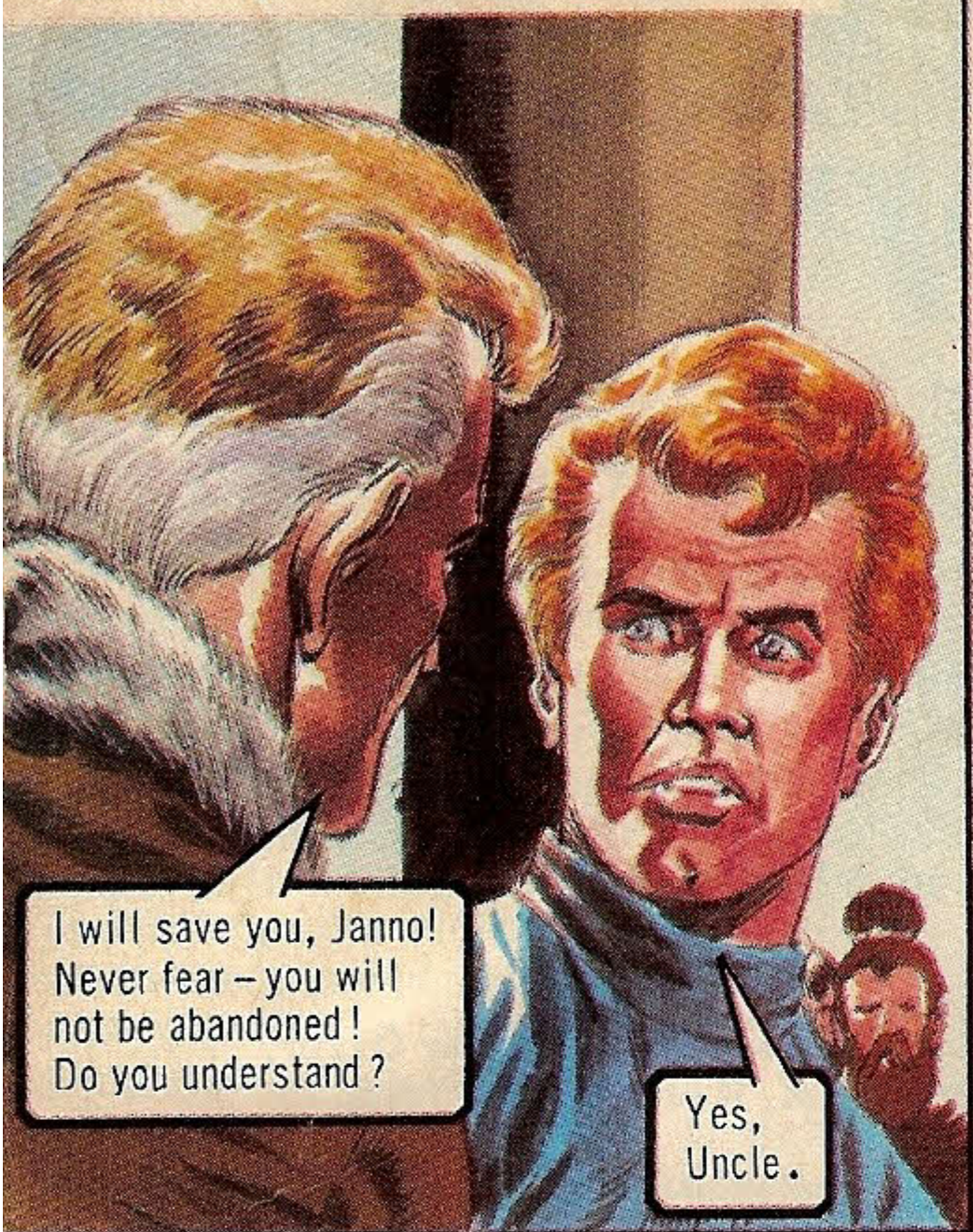
He was tied there...

Soon, noble youth, you will have the honour of perishing at the hands of the Great Ones!



Aaaaah...

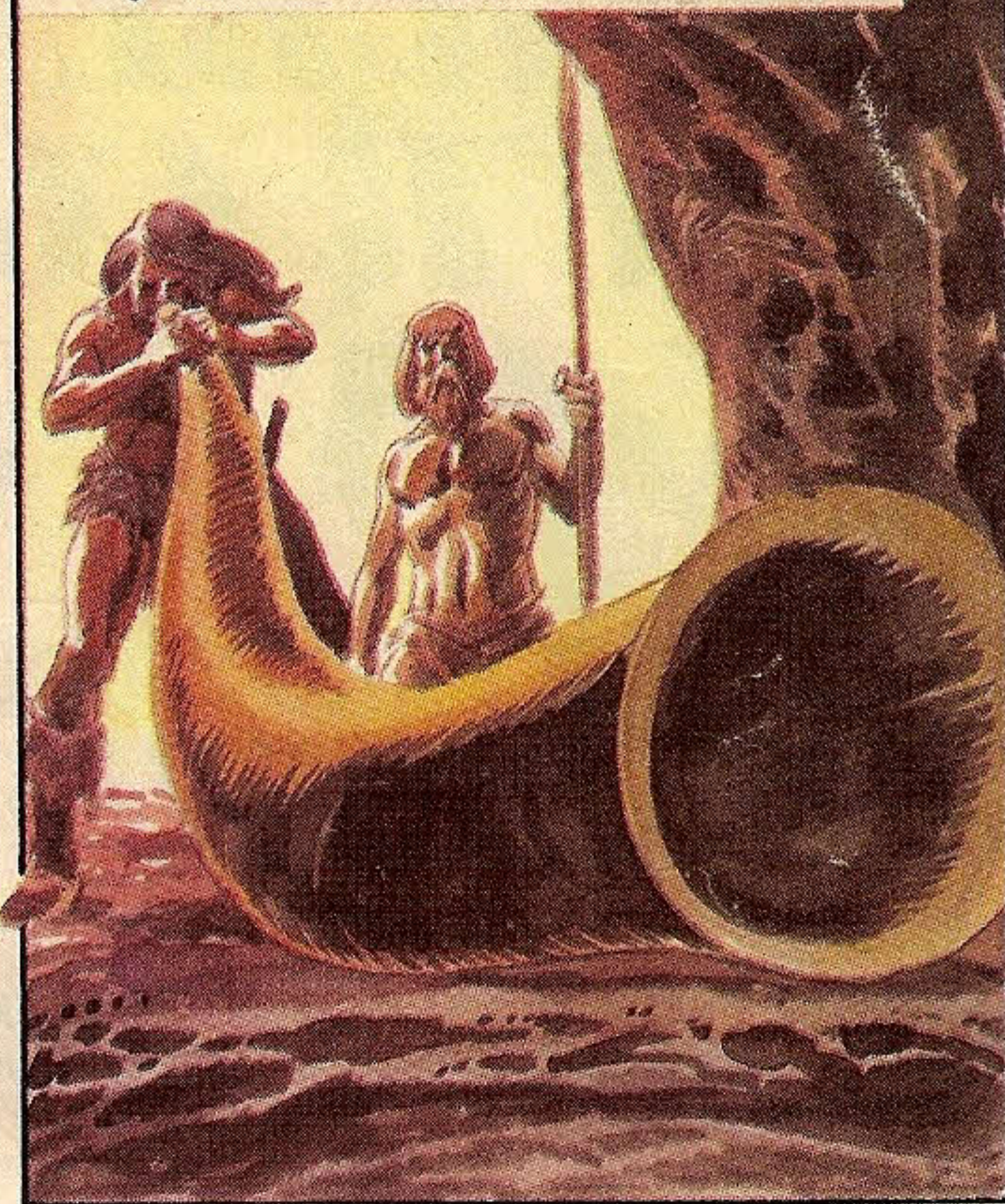
Trigo, on the pretext of saying farewell to his nephew, whispered an assurance in his ear.



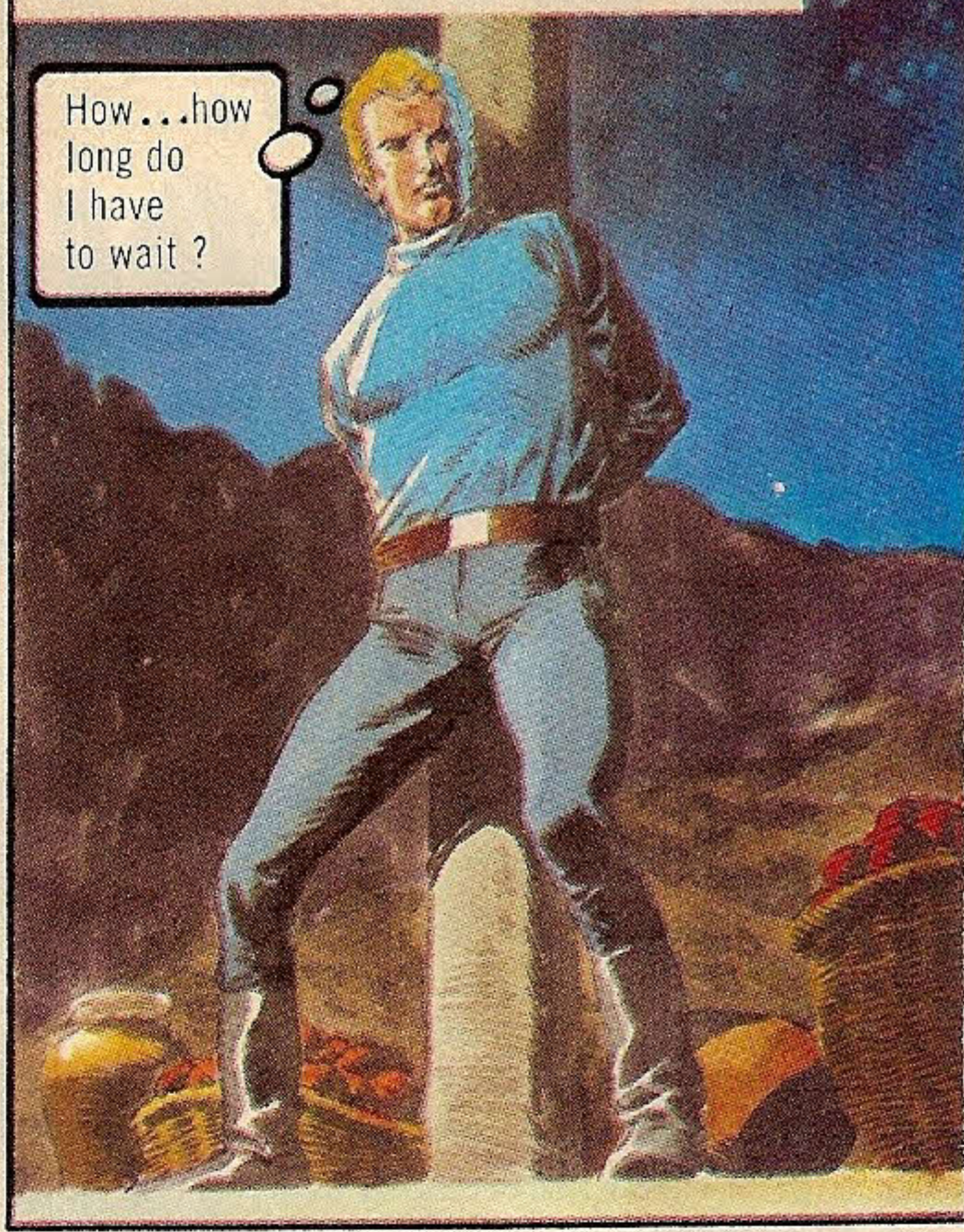
I will save you, Janno! Never fear - you will not be abandoned! Do you understand?

Yes, Uncle.

A mighty horn was sounded. Its mournful note echoed and re-echoed in the deep fastnesses of the great cavern.

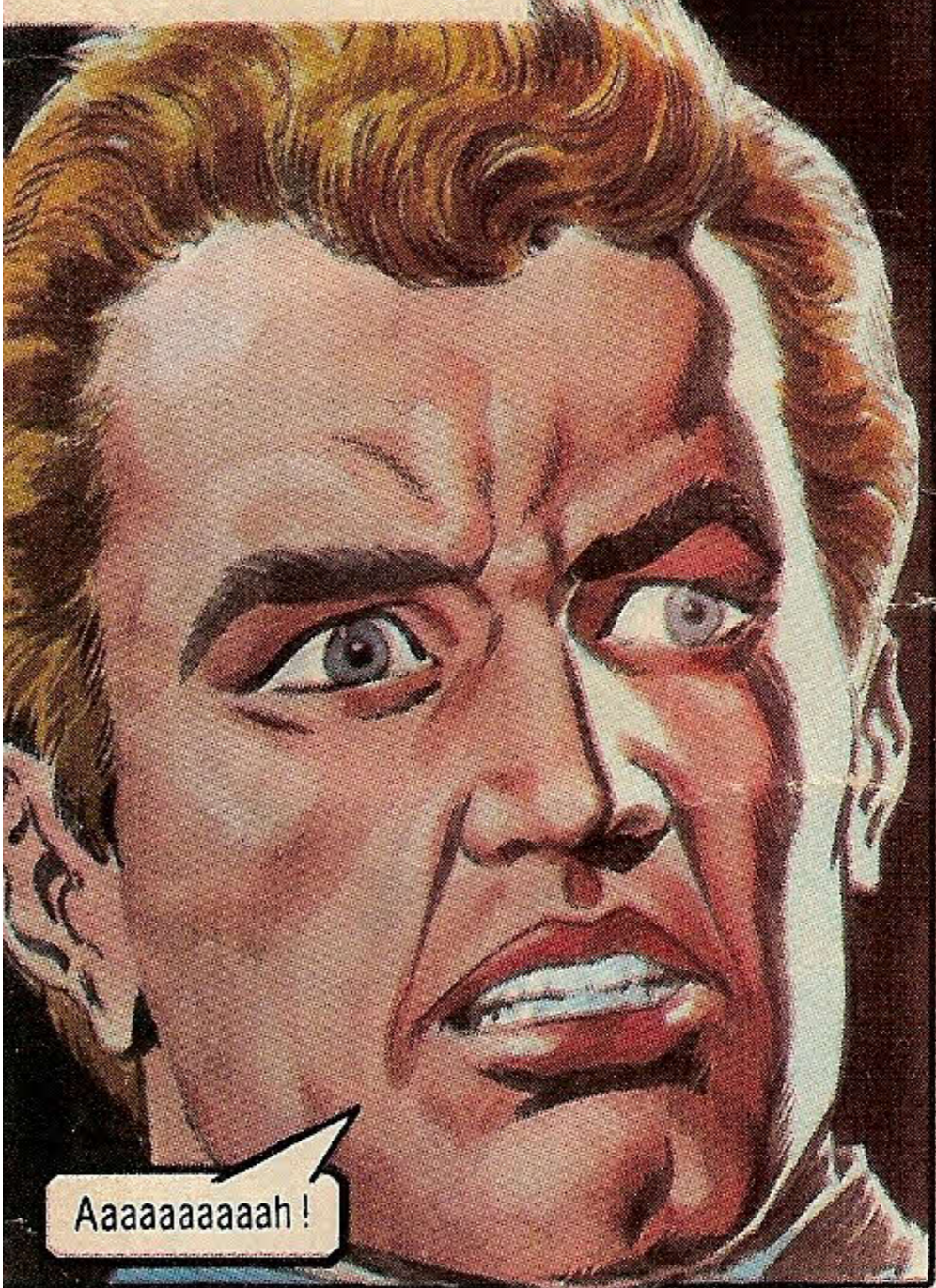


Then Janno was left standing alone, in the growing darkness.



How...how long do I have to wait?

He was not alone for long!



Aaaaaaaaah!

Out of the darkness of the great cavern... THEY came!

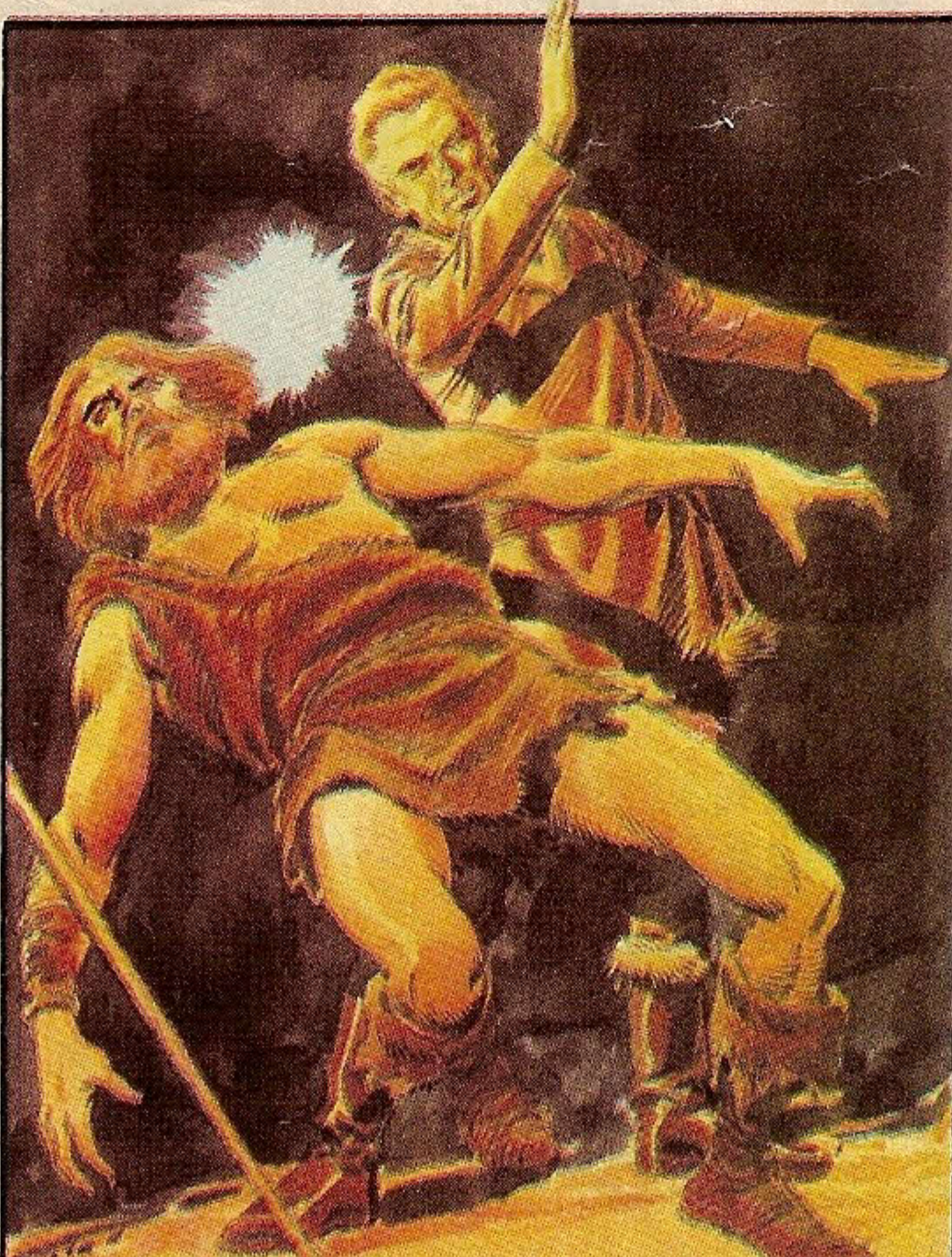


Some distance away, in the Vorg camp, when all was silent, Trigo rose to his feet.



First - to deal with that sentry!

The Trigan Emperor set off to keep his promise.



I hope I am not too late!



TRIGAN EMPIRE

The Emperor Trigo and his companions have landed on the planet Zootha, where Trigo's nephew, Janno, is sacrificed to "The Great Ones," a race of god-like people who are worshipped by the tribe Vorgs who live on Zootha.

Trigo reached the cavemouth.

Gone! Janno has gone!

He gazed up at the stake where his nephew had been tied.

They've taken him! It may be that all I can do now is to exact vengeance!

Entering the vast cavemouth, he saw...

There's light down there!

He descended into the gloom. Presently, the Trigan Emperor was gazing upon a scene that staggered the imagination.

By all the stars! It is a world within a world!

There was a vast underground city, all bathed in a phosphorescent glow that was brighter than daylight.

As Trigo stared in awe, a group of slaves toiled past, guarded by hideous, squat creatures.

At a curt order from their guards, the weary slaves stopped to rest.

If I could get closer and speak to one of those poor wretches...

Presently . . .

Psssssst!

A friend! I've come to help you. But, first, I need some information!

Ah! Who . . . Who are you?

To start with - who are those ugly demons?

They are the Kerds - savage and warlike creatures who serve the Great Ones and keep us Vorg slaves in submission.

Just then, a litter went past. In it lolled a stout and pampered-looking individual.

All hail O Great One!

A Great One? But I have seen statues of the Great Ones - they look like gods!

Countless ages of gluttony and idleness have taken their toll! Now all the Great Ones look like that fat wretch!

At that moment - IT HAPPENED!

Alarm! Alarm! A spy in our midst!

Gaaaaaaah!

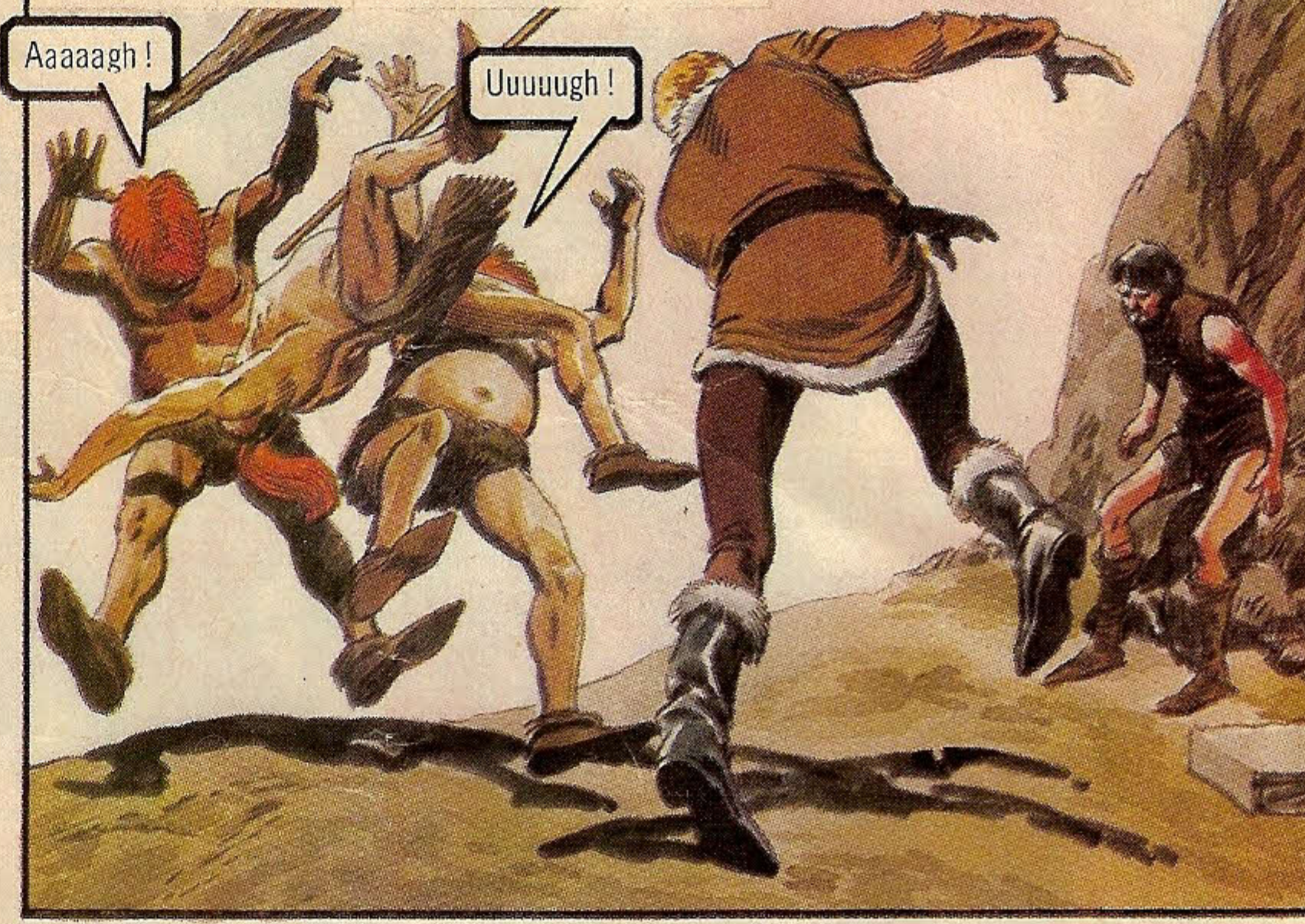
TRIGAN EMPIRE

The Emperor Trigo and his companions have entered the subterranean world of the planet Zootha to rescue Janno who is imprisoned there. Suddenly, Trigo is charged by a squat and ugly Kerd and death seems certain.

An instant before certain destruction, Trigo rolled sideways – and the Kerd's spear shattered against the rock close to the Emperor's head!



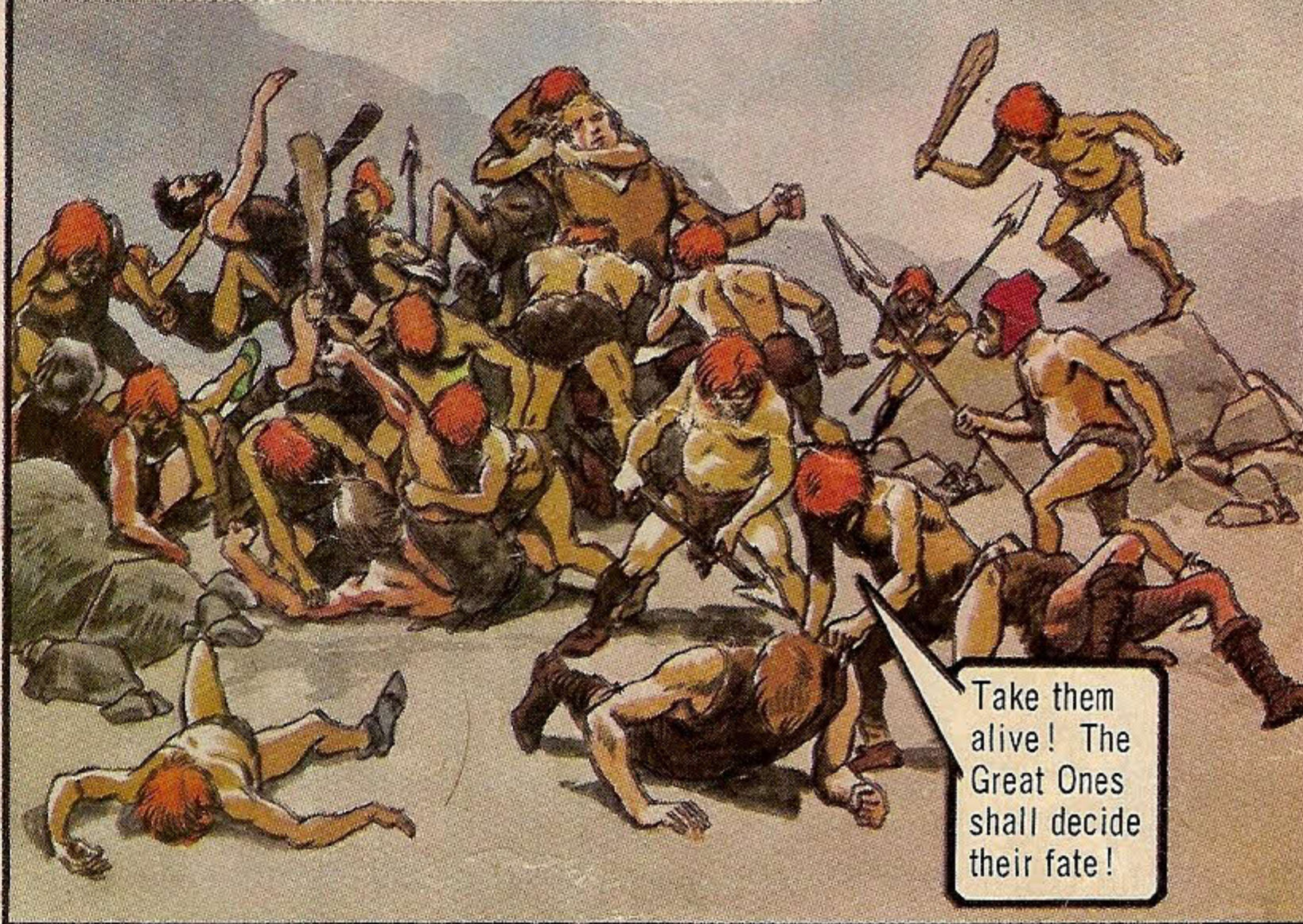
Picking up the small, muscular form, Trigo hurled the Kerd into the faces of his oncoming comrades.



More of the warlike little savages poured into sight. The cry went up from the Vorg slaves . . .



The slaves fought, and Trigo fought with them. But they were overpowered by sheer weight of numbers.



They were dragged to the city, and brought before the stout and pampered creatures who ruled the planet by fear.



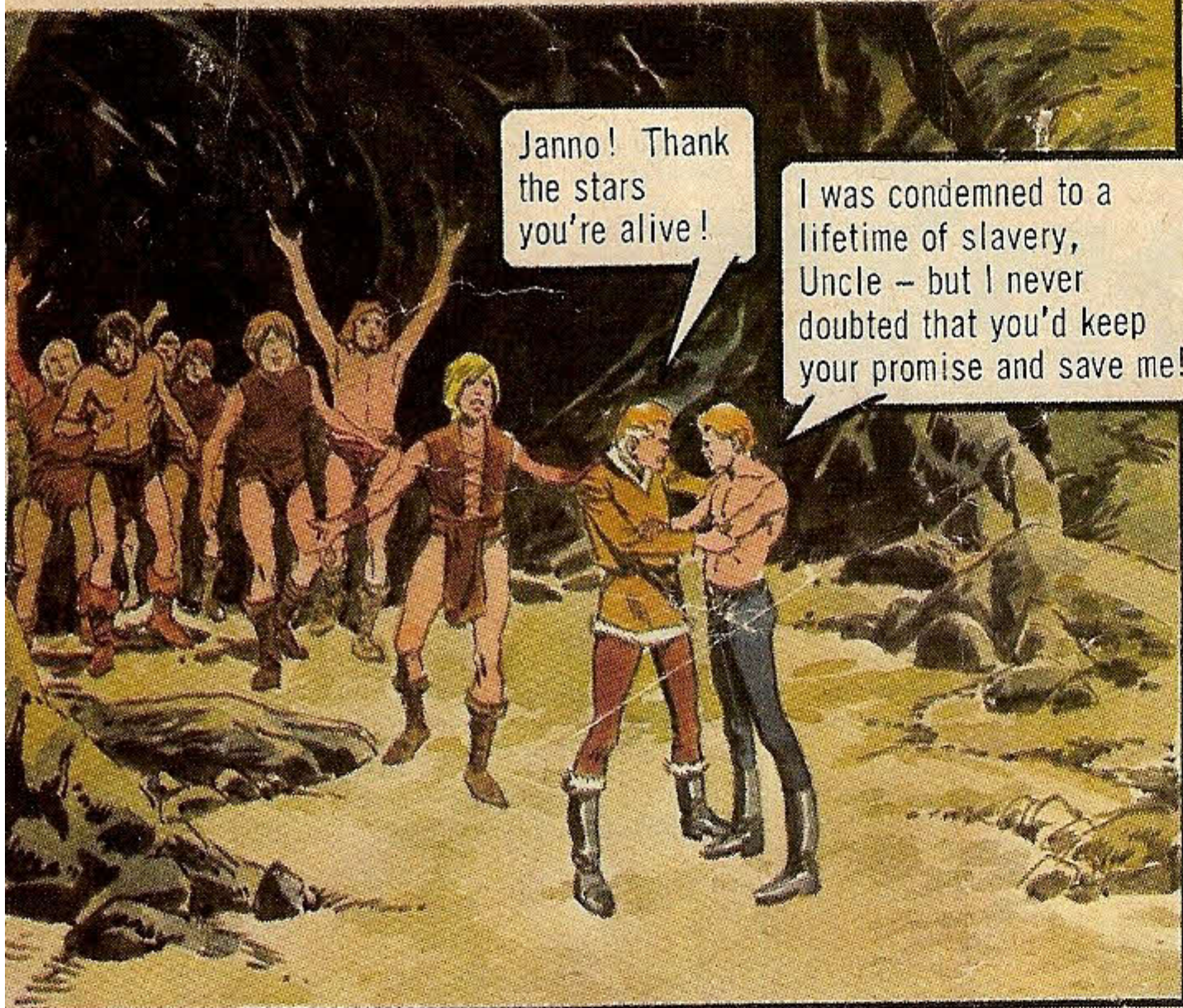
Then – IT HAPPENED! . . .



The ground trembled! A mighty roaring filled the air! The great building collapsed!



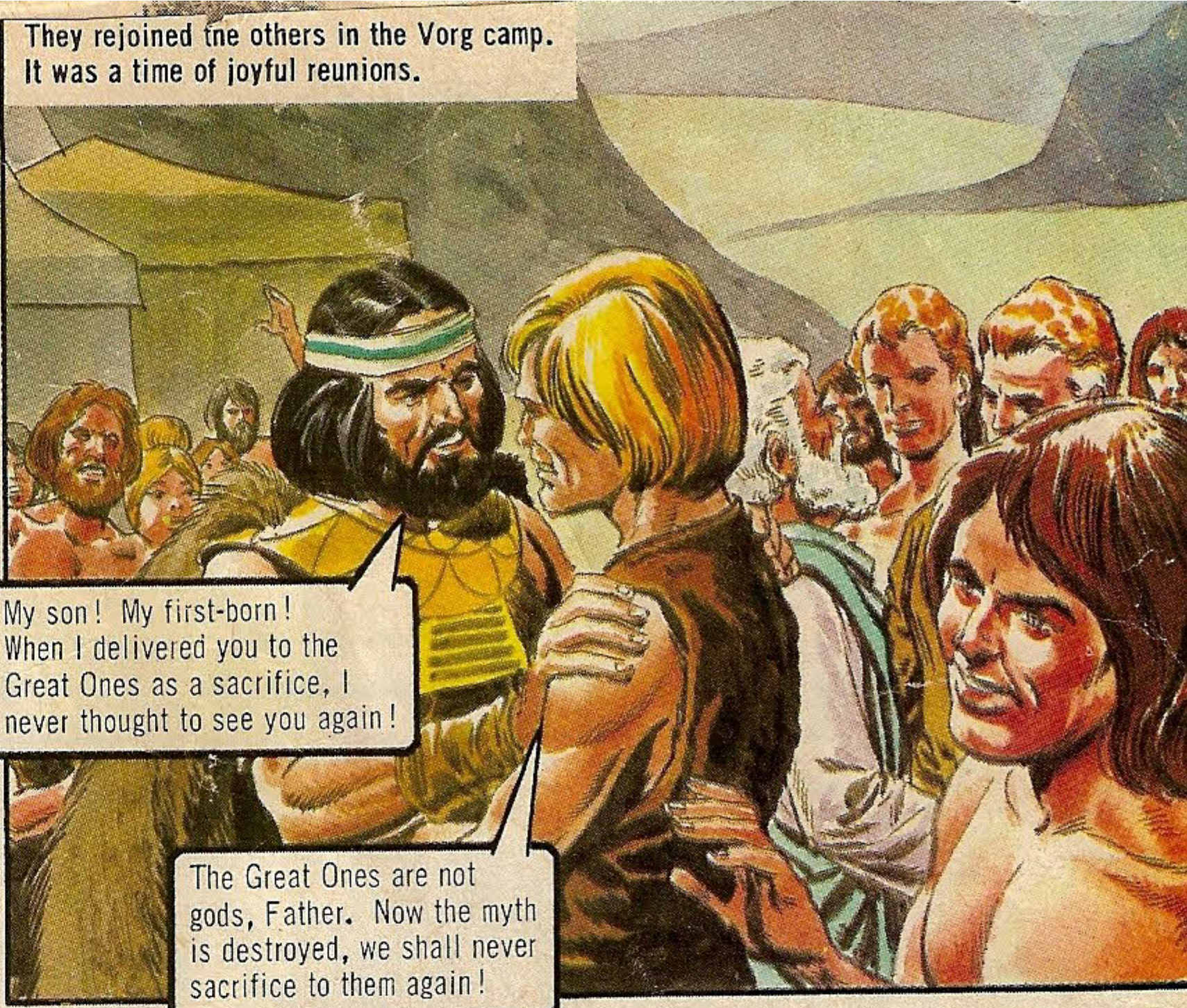
Trigo led the Vorgs through the tunnel and out of the vast cave mouth on to the surface of the planet. Great was the Emperor's joy to find that his nephew was among those whom he had brought out.



Janno! Thank the stars you're alive!

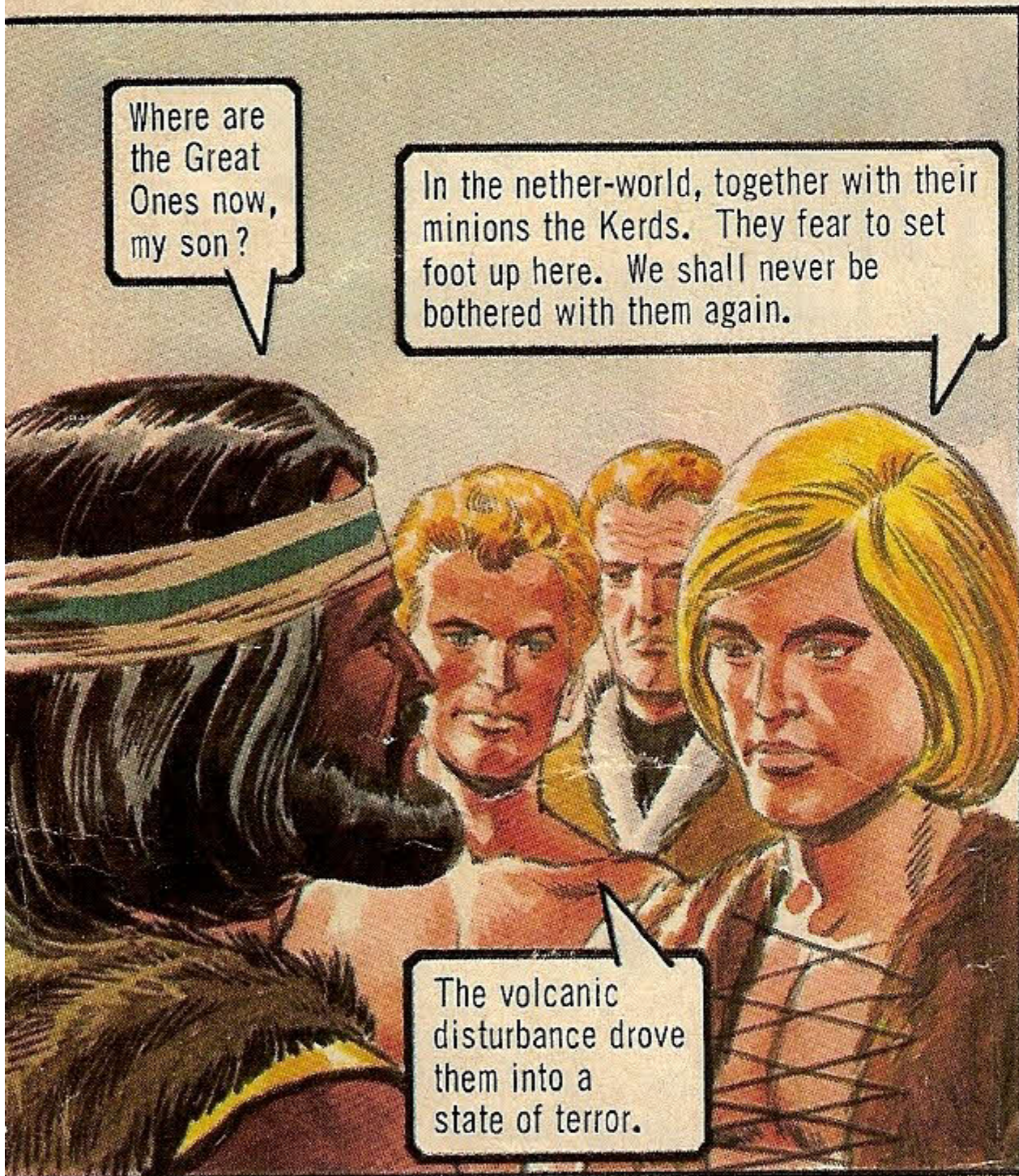
I was condemned to a lifetime of slavery, Uncle - but I never doubted that you'd keep your promise and save me!

They rejoined the others in the Vorg camp. It was a time of joyful reunions.



My son! My first-born! When I delivered you to the Great Ones as a sacrifice, I never thought to see you again!

The Great Ones are not gods, Father. Now the myth is destroyed, we shall never sacrifice to them again!

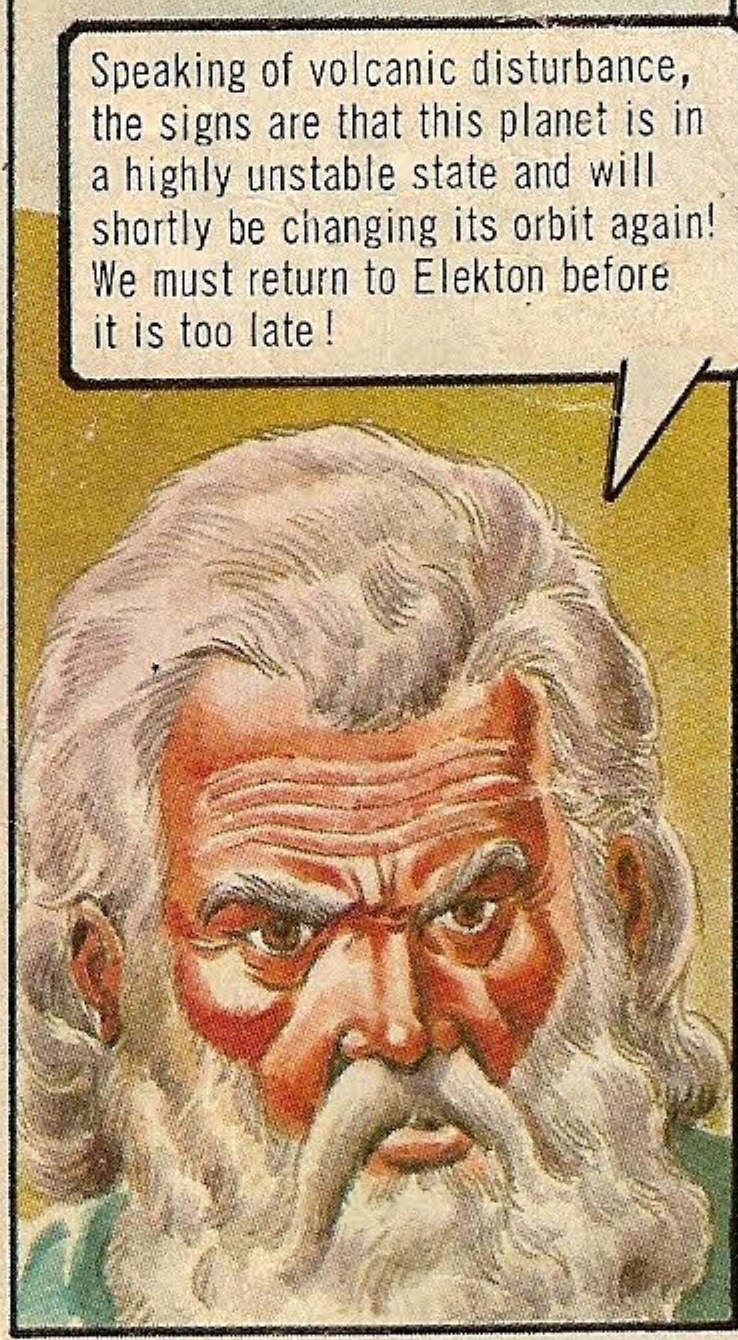


Where are the Great Ones now, my son?

In the nether-world, together with their minions the Kerds. They fear to set foot up here. We shall never be bothered with them again.

The volcanic disturbance drove them into a state of terror.

The great scientist Peric broke in...



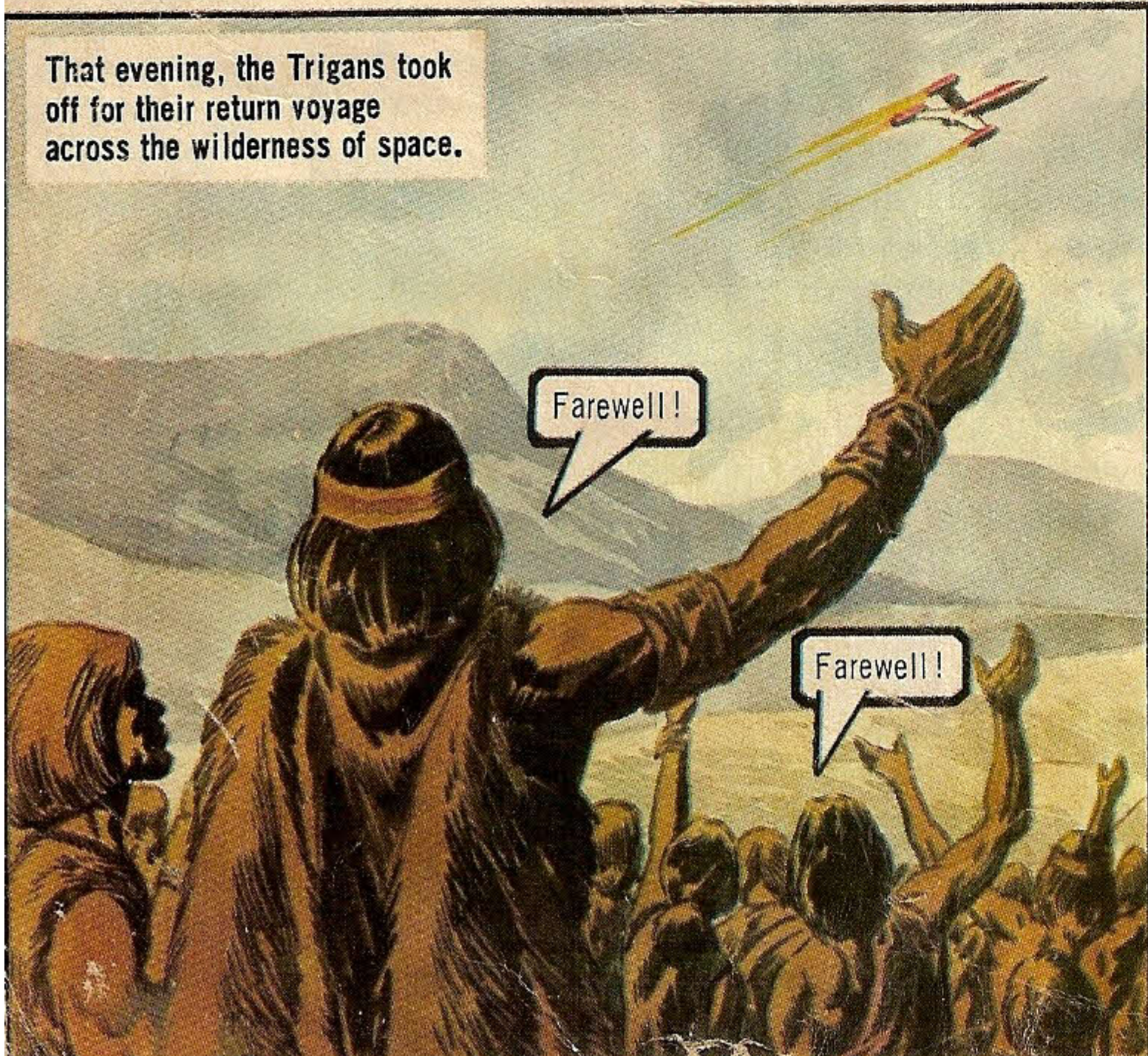
Speaking of volcanic disturbance, the signs are that this planet is in a highly unstable state and will shortly be changing its orbit again! We must return to Elekton before it is too late!

Trigo addressed the chieftain, pointing to the vast bulk of Elekton above them.



Garron! There may be time, yet, to send space-craft to take you and your people to the planet of your forefathers. What do you say?

Zootha is our home, mighty Emperor. Here we will stay. Thanks to you, life will be infinitely sweeter from now on!

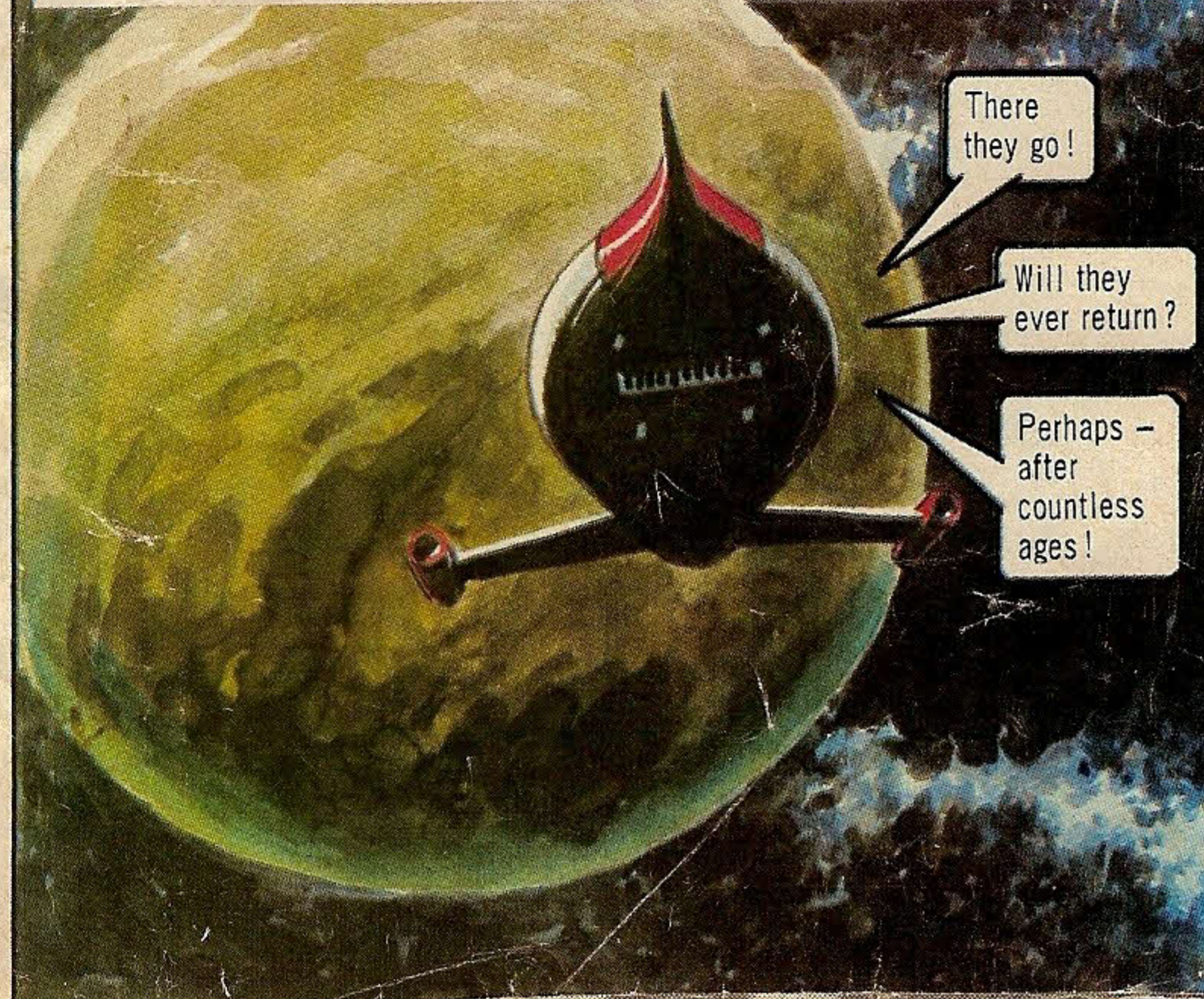


That evening, the Trigans took off for their return voyage across the wilderness of space.

Farewell!

Farewell!

Before they reached their home-planet, they saw Zootha moving off on a new orbit.



There they go!

Will they ever return?

Perhaps - after countless ages!