

THUNDA

DEEP IN THE MIST AND FOG OF AFRICA IS A LOST LAND, A LAND REPORTED BY AVIATORS — BUT A COUNTRY UNTOUCHED BY CIVILIZATION, WHERE STRENGTH IS KING, AND THE WEAK DIE OR ARE CONQUERED!

STRANGE TALES HAVE BEEN TOLD OF MASTODONIC MONSTERS THAT ROAM THIS MISTY WORLD, STORIES OF ARMORED GIANTS THAT BATTLE TO THE DEATH IN SWAMPY WATERS AND WHO ROCK THE EARTH ITSELF WITH THE FURY OF THEIR COMBAT! YET NO TALE IS SO STRANGE AS THAT WHICH CONCERNS HIM WHO STROKED THE ANCIENT DRUM OF KALLA THE CRUEL, WHO ROSE BY WIT AND MUSCLE TO THE ALTAR OF HARNN, THE MAN OF THE OUTER WORLD WHO BECAME —

"KING OF THE LOST LANDS"



HIS TALE BEGAN SOME YEARS AGO, WHEN THE SANDS OF THE SAHARA RAN RED WITH THE BLOOD OF ROMMEL'S AFRIKA KORPS, WHEN ALLIED AIRPLANES ROARED OVER THE GORILLA-INFESTED JUNGLES, CARRYING FOOD AND SUPPLIES TO EISENHOWER AND MONTGOMERY.



TWISTING AND TURNING HELPLESSLY, THE BIG SHIP HURTTLES EARTHWARD, TOWARD THE UNKNOWN...



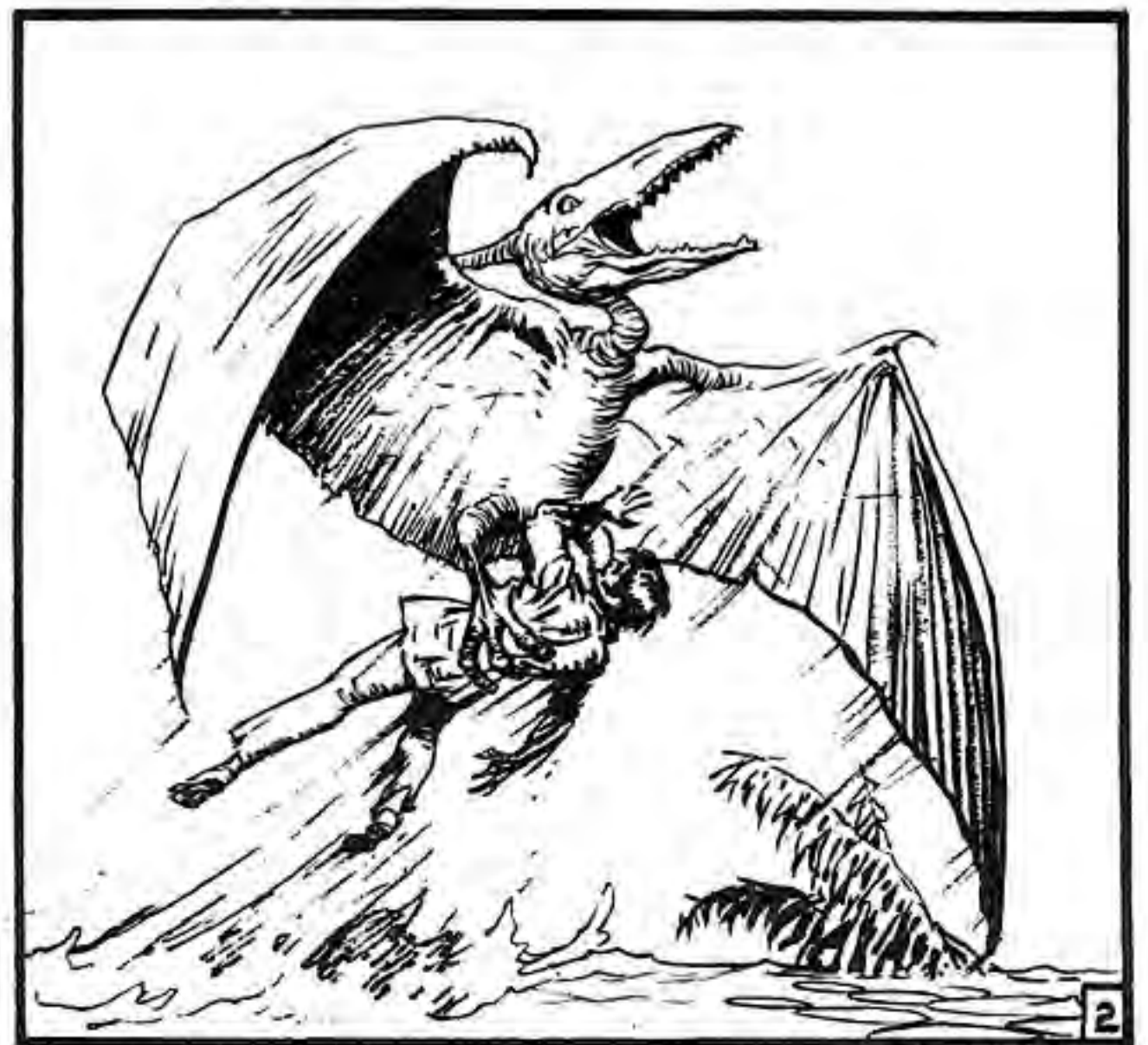
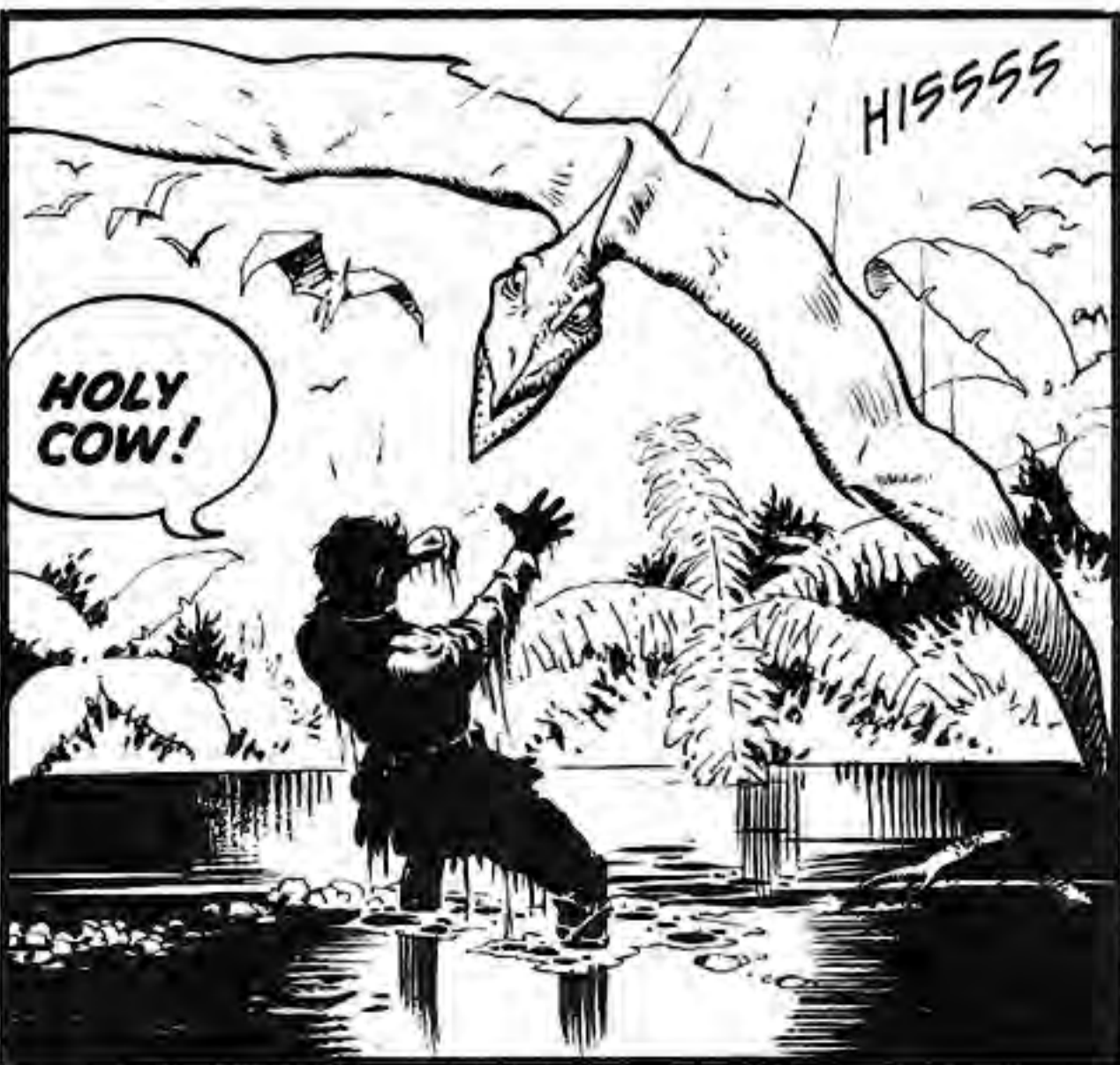
**THE CRASH OF ITS FALL STARTLES THOSE WHO WALK
IN THE MISTS OF THE LOST LANDS...**



**WITH A RUSH THAT SHAKES THE WORLD, THE
GIGANTIC LIZARD HURTTLES FORWARD. ITS
GIANT JAWS GAPE WIDE, AND CRUNCH!**



**RAGE FLOODS THE JUNGLE MONSTER! HIS HEAD SWINGS
AND HIS JAWS TIGHTEN! AS A DOG WOULD SHAKE A RAT,
HE SHAKES THE BIG PLANE—AND A LIMP FIGURE DROPS
EARTHWARD...**





ONLY HAVE SEVEN SHOTS IN THIS AUTOMATIC... GOT TO MAKE EACH ONE COUNT!

BLAMM!
BLAMM!



IT'S DEAD - WHATEVER IT IS!



WEAKLY STAGGERING THROUGH THE SWAMP WATERS, ROGER DRUM STRUGGLES TOWARD DRY LAND...

I-I CAN'T SEEM TO THINK... TO REMEMBER WHO OR WHERE I AM... AS IF I WAS JUST BORN... ALMOST LIKE A BABY... AND YET... I KNOW THIS UNIFORM... AND I HAVE A GUN...



LOOMING UP FROM THE JUNGLE GROWTHS, HAIR-MATTED CAVEMEN OF THE PLEISTOCENE ERA BLOCK THE AVIATOR'S PATH!

WHAT IN THE WORLD - ?

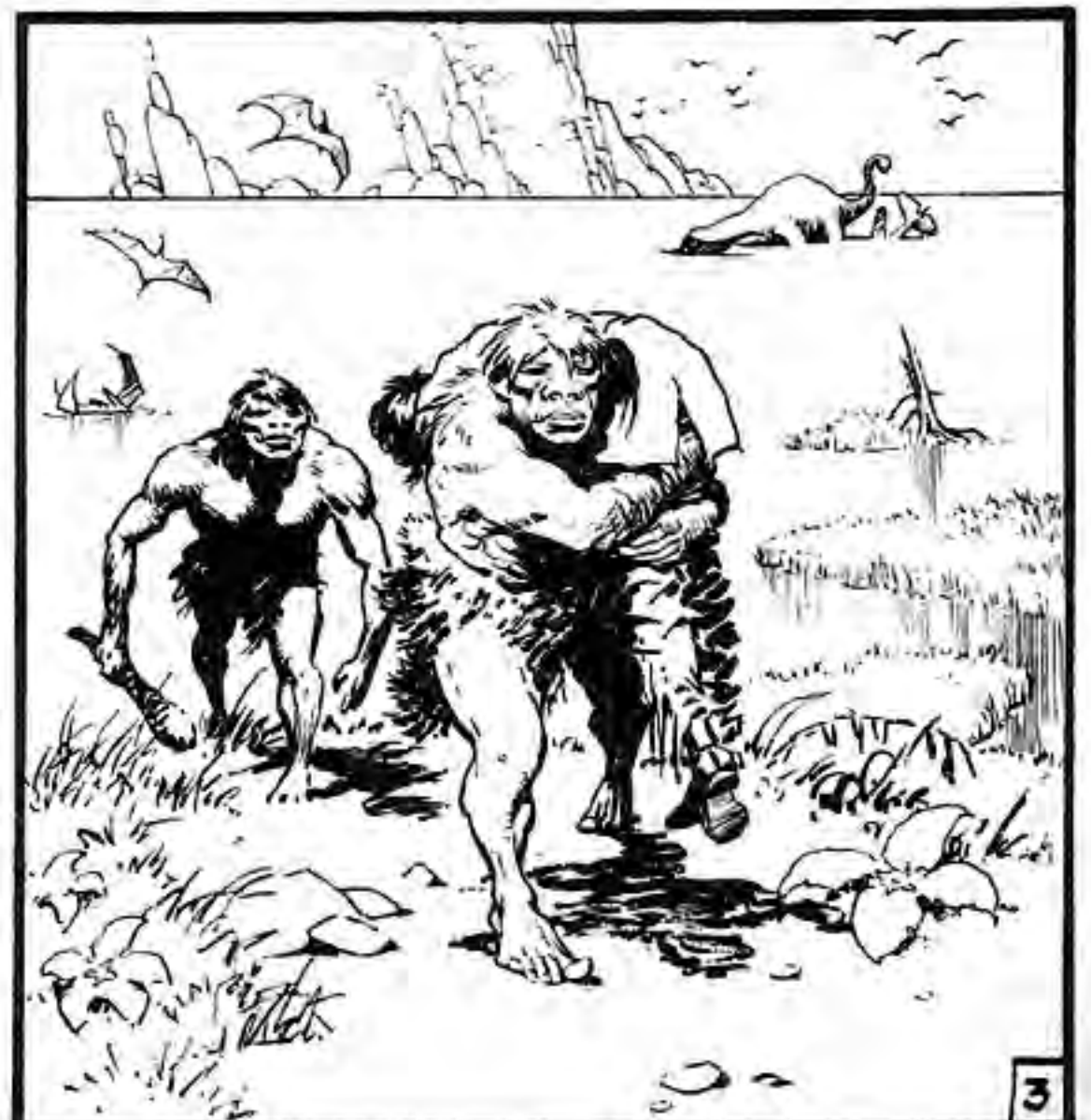


THEY SURE DON'T STAND ON CEREMONY HERE. THEY SEE YOU AND - WHAM! - CHARGE IN TO KILL YOU!



FISTS THUDDING HOME LIKE PISTONS, THE FALLEN AVIATOR FIGHTS BACK... BUT THE FORCE OF NUMBERS OVERWHELMS HIM!

LIKE FIGHTING A PACK OF GORILLAS! TOO STRONG FOR ME! GOING DOWN... BLACKING OUT...







OH-OH! THREE OF THEM! GUESS I COUNTED MY CHICKENS BEFORE THEY'D HATCHED! BUT I'VE A LITTLE SURPRISE OF MY OWN FOR YOU GENTLEMEN...



BLAMM!
BLAMM!

UGHHHH!

AIEEEE!



MOOGO KILL!

YOU'RE WELCOME TO TRY, FELLA —!



IT'S YOU OR ME— AND I LIKE LIFE A LITTLE TOO MUCH TO DO A FADE-OUT NOW!

AIEEEE!



SECONDS LATER...

WHEN THEY FIND YOU THREE... IF THEY EVER DO... MAYBE THEY'LL THINK TWICE ABOUT COMING AFTER ME...



AND SO ROGER DRUM MOVES ON, INTO THE JUNGLES OF THE LOST LANDS, TO LOSE HIMSELF FROM THE SIGHT OF MEN...

MY GUN... ONLY THREE SHOTS LEFT! MUST MAKE MYSELF SOME WEAPONS... LEARN TO USE THEM... THEN MAYBE I CAN STAND UP TO THE TERRORS OF THIS STRANGE WORLD...



SOME MILES AWAY, A FILE OF TALL, CLEAR-EYED MEN MOVE EASILY ALONG A TWISTED PATH LEADING DOWNWARD INTO THE MISTY VALLEY...

THE CAVE PEOPLE ARE AS NUMEROUS AS GNATS ON THE HIDE OF A SABRETOOTH TIGER. IF THERE WERE ONLY SOME WAY WE COULD MAKE THEM FEAR US...

WE ARE AN OLD, DYING RACE, PHA THEY ARE YOUNGER. SOON THEY WILL KILL ALL US VALLEY PEOPLE...



A MAN! BUT—
BUT HE IS NO CAVE-
MAN! HE—HE LOOKS
LIKE ONE OF US!
PERHAPS THERE
ARE MORE
ENEMIES THAT
WE OF SHAREEN
MUST FACE!
SIGH



WE MUST TAKE NO CHANCES! THE
MEN AND WOMEN OF SHAREEN ARE
SO FEW IN NUMBER, WE
DARE NOT BE SEEN BY
OTHER ENEMIES!



ALONE IN THE JUNGLE, ROGER
DRUM SETS TO WORK, CHOOSING
A LEAN SAPLING FOR ITS STRENGTH.

A BOW AND ARROWS—
AND HOURS OF LONG
PRACTICE—WILL
DO THE TRICK!



DAILY HE DRIVES HIMSELF FOR
MILE-LONG RUNS.



THE DAYS FADE
INTO WEEKS, AND
THE WEEKS INTO
MONTHS, AND NOW
ROGER DRUM IS
STRAIGHT AND
POWERFUL, MUSCLES
RIDGING HIS BACK
AND ARMS, HIS
LONG LEGS AND
POWERFUL THIGHS...



WITH A ROPE TWISTED FROM JUNGLE LIANAS, HE SWOOPS
LIKE A DARTING FALCON FROM THE JUNGLE TREES,
SNATCHING ITS PREY FROM THE SABRETOOTH TIGER
ITSELF!

NAY, BROTHER LONG-
FANGS! LET THE
RABBIT RUN A FEW
MORE DAYS!



THROUGH THE SILENCE OF THE MISTY LANDS
—A WOMAN'S SCREAM RINGS LOUD!

A WOMAN—
CRYING IN
FEAR!

Aiiieeee

LESS THAN HALF A MILE AWAY, IN THE HIGH RIDGES OF THE VALLEY, TWO SCORE CAVEMEN FALL ON A LITTLE PARTY OF THE VALLEY PEOPLE...

RELEASE THE GIRL! *SISTA WAHATI!* DO AS I SAY, PEOPLE OF THE CLIFFS — OR I WILL KILL WITH THE SHARP STICKS!

HIM WHO RAN AWAY! INTO THE TREE — KILL HIM!

THE HAIRLESS ONES! **KILL!** KILL THEM ALL!

SAVE THE WOMAN! SHE WILL BE *MINE!*

NO — **MINE!**



HE SLEW THEM — FROM A DISTANCE — JUST WITH *TINY STICKS!*



SHE'S SCARED TO DEATH! CAN'T BLAME HER VERY MUCH. A WILD LAND LIKE THIS IS NO PLACE FOR A *GIRL!*



ROGER DRUM AGAIN TURNS HIS ATTENTION TO THE CAVEMEN, HIS OLD ENEMIES. HIS FLASHING ARROWS FELL ONE AFTER ANOTHER...

COME AND GET 'EM, BOYS! I HAVE PLENTY OF ARROWS FOR ALL OF YOU!



WITH A LOW GROWL IN HIS THROAT, **ROGER DRUM** LEAPS TO MEET THE LAST AND BIGGEST CAVEMAN — WITH *BARE HANDS!*

YOUR KIND MANHANDLED ME WHEN I FIRST LANDED HERE. NOW IT'S *MY* TURN TO SHOW YOU *MY* MUSCLES!



REELING AND PANTING, HIS FISTS LIKE STEEL HAMMERS POUNDING INTO THE CAVEMAN'S RIBS, THE LOST AVIATOR KNOWS THE HOT TASTE OF VICTORY!

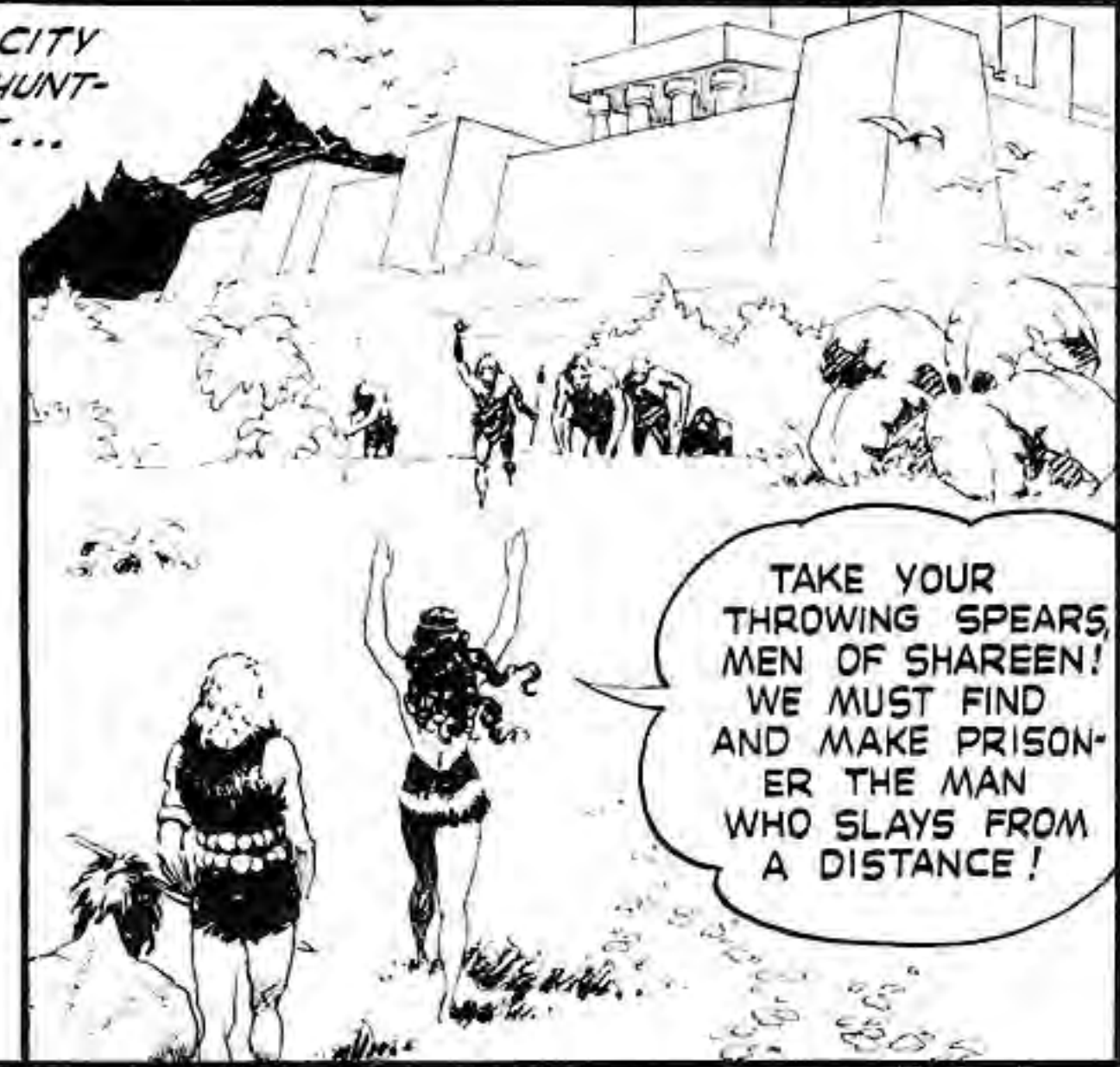
GO BACK AND TELL YOUR KIND THAT I'LL BE HERE — WAITING FOR THEM... ANY TIME THEY WANT TO TASTE THE BITE OF THE SHARP STICKS!



BACK TO THE ANCIENT RUINS OF THE FORGOTTEN CITY OF SHAREEN GOES PHA AND THE MEN OF HER HUNTING PARTY WHO ARE LEFT...



I WILL GATHER MANY MEN! WE MUST CAPTURE HIM WHO HURLS THE SHARP STICKS THAT KILL!



TAKE YOUR THROWING SPEARS, MEN OF SHAREEN! WE MUST FIND AND MAKE PRISONER THE MAN WHO SLAYS FROM A DISTANCE!

MEANWHILE...



THE CAVE PEOPLE HAVE COME DOWN FROM THE CLIFFS! ALL **MEN!** THEY ARE ON A RAID FOR WEAPONS AND WOMEN!



I'LL WARN THE VALLEY PEOPLE. THEY WILL BE GLAD OF MY WARNING AND BECOME MY FRIENDS!



BUT WHEN AVIATOR AND VALLEY PEOPLE COME FACE TO FACE—

I DON'T KNOW THEIR LANGUAGE... PERHAPS I'LL MAKE THEM UNDERSTAND WITH GESTURES!

THERE IS THE MAN I WANT! CAPTURE HIM—ALIVE AND UNHURT!



THEY AREN'T THROWING THEIR SPEARS, SO THEY DON'T WANT TO KILL ME. I'LL HAVE TO TACKLE THIS PROBLEM FROM A DIFFERENT ANGLE!

WITH A POWERFUL LEAP ROGER DRUM SEEKS REFUGE IN THE TREES. THEN, UNFASTENING HIS GRASS ROPE, HE SENDS IT COILING DOWNWARD—



I'LL SHOW THE CAVE MAN ARMY TO HER. SHE'LL UNDERSTAND, AND CALL OFF HER FIGHTING MEN!



EASY, PRINCESS! DON'T GO OFF YOUR TROLLEY! I DON'T WANT TO HURT YOU...

TROLLEY...? PRINCESS...? I DO NOT UNDERSTAND HIS WORDS!



MAYBE YOU CAN UNDERSTAND THOSE CAVE-MEN, BABY! THEY AREN'T HEADING THIS WAY FOR FUN!

THE PEOPLE OF THE CLIFFS!



I'LL LEAD THEM INTO THE HILLS, AWAY FROM THE VALLEY MEN!

IF ONE OF THOSE CLUBS HIT HIM - THE CLIFF PEOPLE WILL TAKE ME TO THEIR CAVES!



BY TWISTING MOUNTAIN TRAILS, ACROSS STRETCHES OF ANCIENT VOLCANIC STONE, ROGER DRUM LEADS THE PEOPLE OF THE CLIFFS... UNTIL HE BREAKS OUT INTO A CLEARING WHERE AN ANCIENT DRUM GLEAMS BRIGHTLY...

THE DRUM OF KALLA! THAT WHICH SUMMONS UP THE ANCIENT GOD OF EVIL!

DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE SAYING, BABY, BUT I'M GOING TO GIVE THAT THING A BANG - JUST TO SEE WHAT HAPPENS.

MUSCLES CORDING HIS GREAT ARMS, ROGER DRUM SLAMS THE OLD STONE HAMMER HARD AGAINST THE METAL DRUM! THE REVERBERATIONS OF THE MIGHTY BLAST ROAR LIKE THUNDER ACROSS THE HILLS AND VALLEYS OF THE LOST LANDS!



AS THE ECHOES DIE OUT, CAVE PEOPLE AND PHA STARE AT SOMETHING LOOMING GIGANTIC ABOVE ROGER DRUM'S HEAD! THEIR SCREAMS DROWN OUT THE THUNDER OF THE CRASHING DRUM!

EEEEEE!

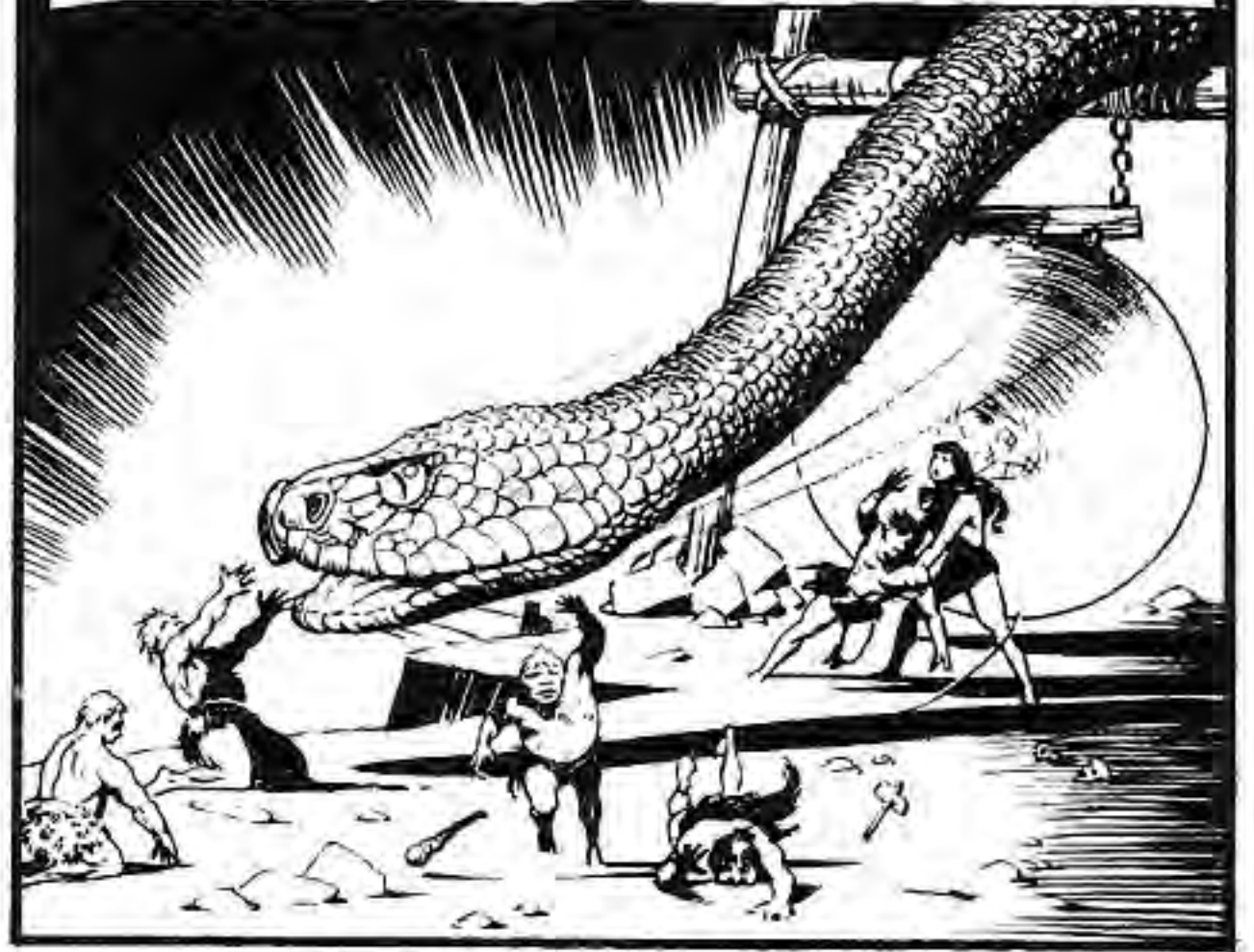
Aiiiee!

A MAD TORRENT OF WEIRD HISSING SWINGS THE AVIATOR AROUND! TOWERING HIGH ABOVE HIM—EMERGING FROM THE LABYRINTHINE DEPTHS OF THE CAVE BEHIND THE DRUM...

A SNAKE—
THE FATHER
OF ALL
SNAKES!

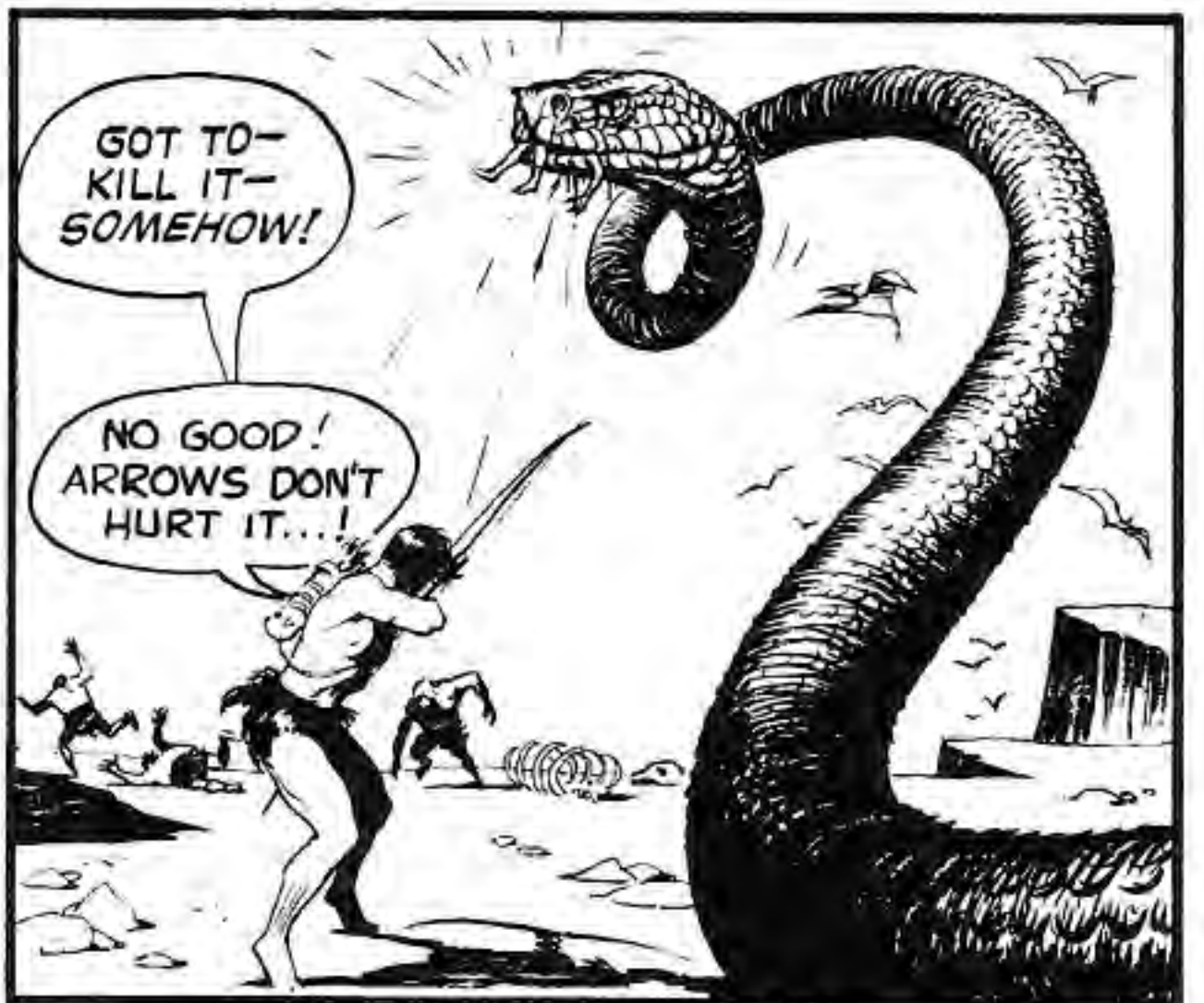


BEFORE THE FEAR-FROZEN CAVE PEOPLE CAN MOVE, THE GIANT HEAD FLASHES DOWNWARD!



GOT TO—
KILL IT—
SOMEHOW!

NO GOOD!
ARROWS DON'T
HURT IT...!



WITH THE SNAKE'S FANGS BEFORE HIS VERY EYES, HIS LAST BULLET REACHES ITS RESTING PLACE—AND WITH A FRIGHTFUL HISS, THE GIGANTIC SERPENT WRITHES IN DEATH...

MY GUN!
GOT THREE
SHOTS
LEFT! MY
ONLY HOPE IS
THAT **ONE**
OF THEM
LODGES
IN ITS
BRAIN!



THUN'DA —
LORD OF THE MAGIC
DRUM! **THUN'DA** —
WHO KILLED THE SNAKE
THAT SURROUNDS THE
WORLD! **THUN'DA**
— KING OF THE
LOST LANDS!



AND SO, ROGER DRUM, WHO IS HENCEFORTH TO BE KNOWN AS **THUN'DA**, COMES AT LAST TO PEACE AND FRIENDSHIP WITH THE QUEEN OF THE VALLEY PEOPLE... AND WITH THE PEOPLE OF THE CAVES...!