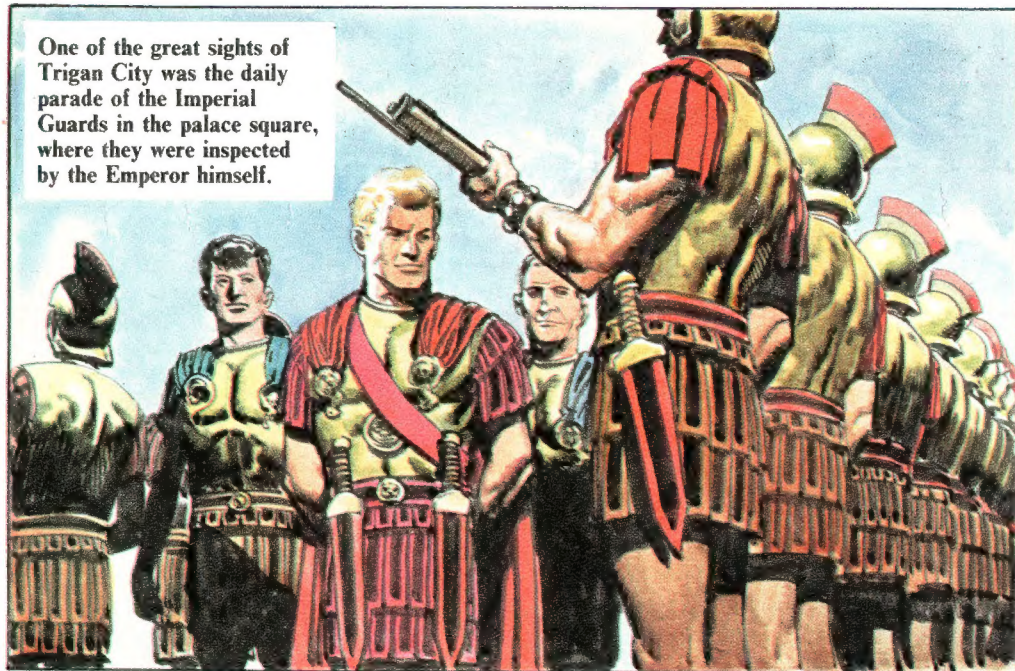


# THE TRIGAN EMPIRE

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.



One of the great sights of Trigan City was the daily parade of the Imperial Guards in the palace square, where they were inspected by the Emperor himself.

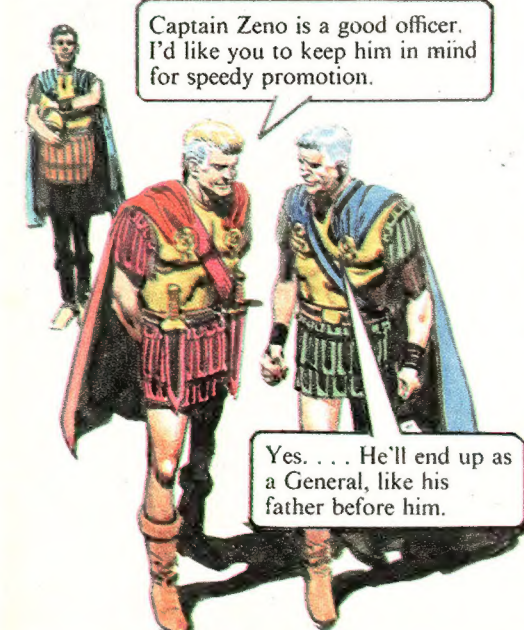


The inspection over, Trigo acknowledged the salute of the guard commander.

I thank you, Imperial Majesty!

My congratulations, Captain, your men do you credit as ever!

Trigo remarked to his brother, Brag . . .



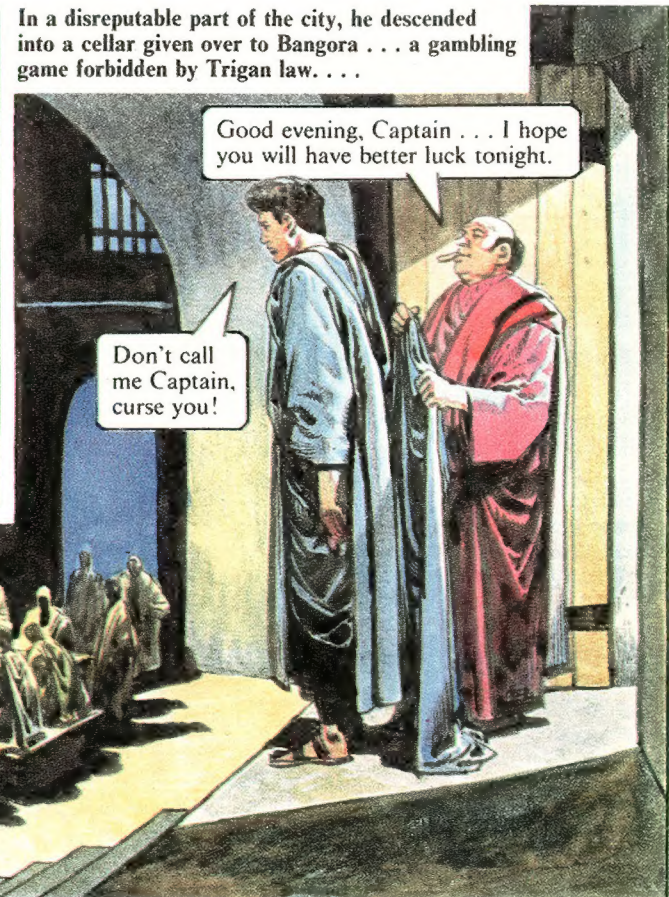
Captain Zeno is a good officer. I'd like you to keep him in mind for speedy promotion.

Yes . . . He'll end up as a General, like his father before him.



That night, when he had finished duty, the efficient Captain Zeno changed into civilian clothes, and left the palace by a back door.

If anyone found out . . . my career would be finished!



Good evening, Captain . . . I hope you will have better luck tonight.

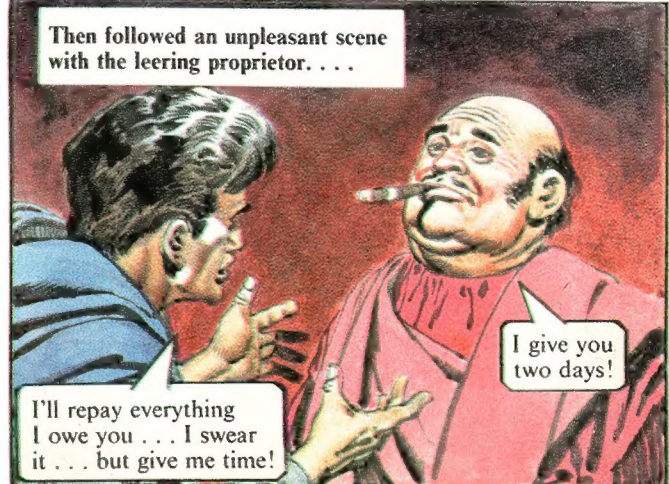
Don't call me Captain, curse you!

Gambling was an obsession with Zeno. He played recklessly that night . . . and . . .



You lose!

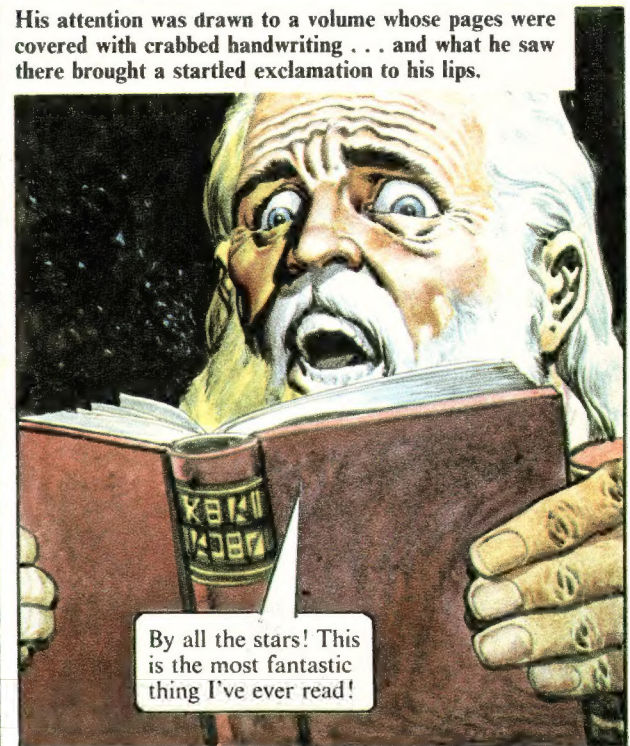
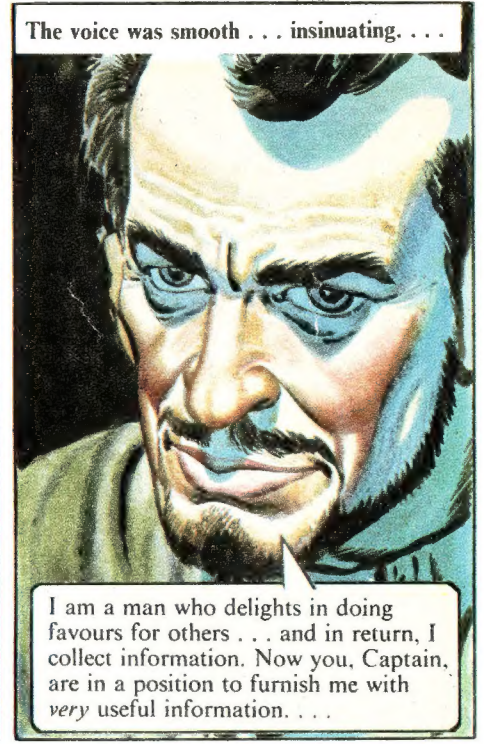
Oh, no . . . NO!



Then followed an unpleasant scene with the leering proprietor . . .

I'll repay everything I owe you . . . I swear it . . . but give me time!

I give you two days!



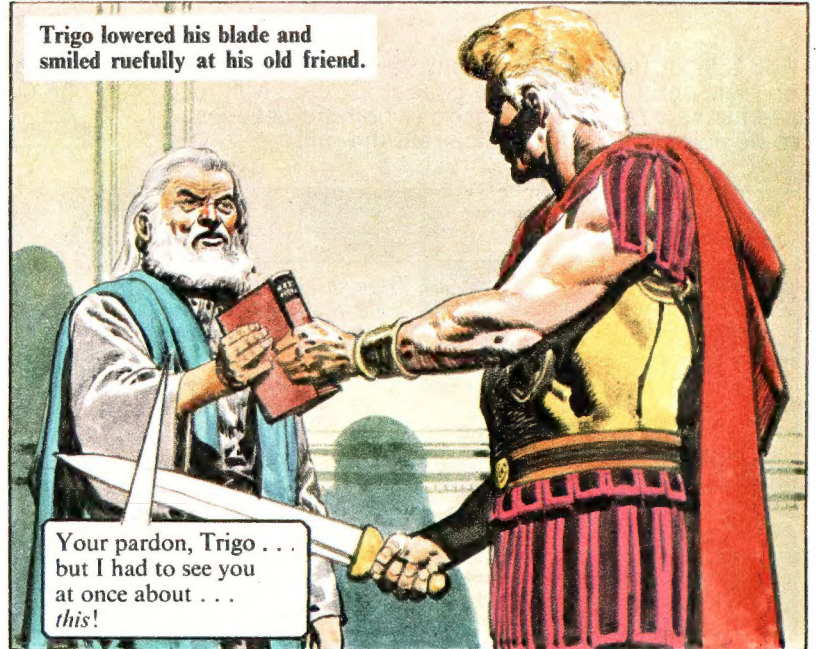
# THE TRIGAN EMPIRE

Old Peric, the wisest man in the Trigan Empire, has discovered an ancient book while shopping in the market. Astounded by its contents, he hurries back to the Imperial Palace to see the Emperor Trigo

The Emperor Trigo was practising sword-play with his nephew Janno, who was on leave from Hericon, when Peric burst into the chamber.



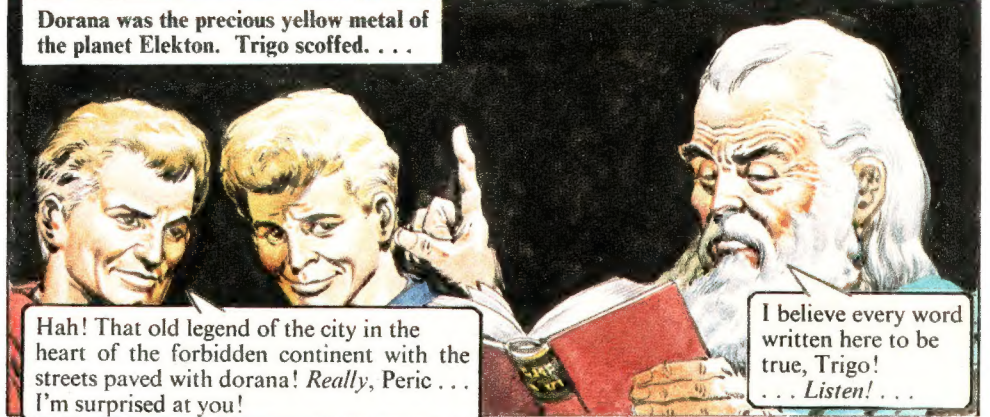
Trigo lowered his blade and smiled ruefully at his old friend.



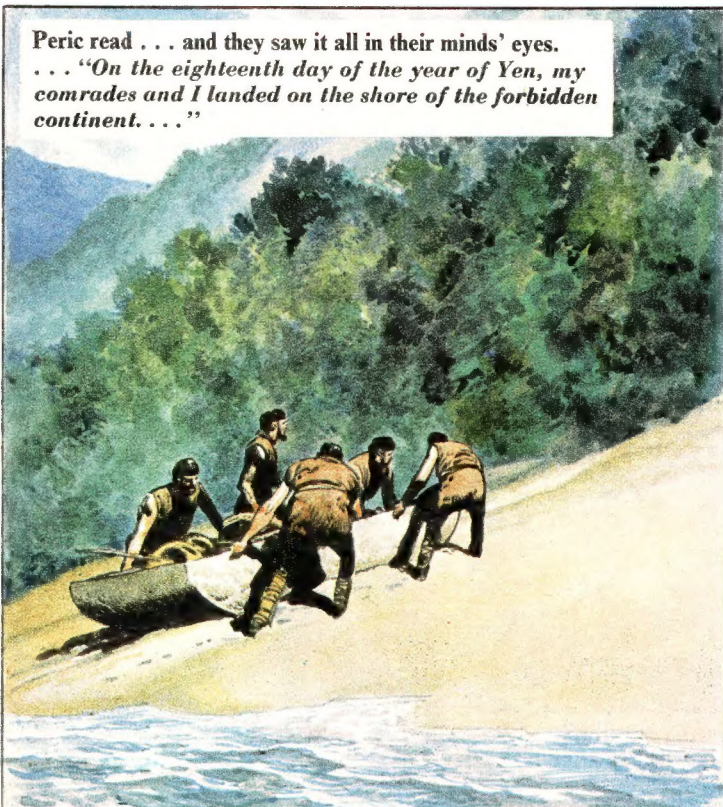
The Emperor thumbed through the musty leaves of the old book which Peric had bought in the market.



Dorana was the precious yellow metal of the planet Elekton. Trigo scoffed. . . .



Peric read . . . and they saw it all in their minds' eyes. . . . "On the eighteenth day of the year of Yen, my comrades and I landed on the shore of the forbidden continent. . . ."



"Three lunar months later, we were deep in the heart of the great continent, travelling through a jungle infested with savage, nightmare creatures. . . ."



"Two of our number perished. At length, with our food nearly gone, we emerged from the jungle and beheld the great mountain range whose peaks seemed to be lost in the sky. . . ."



"Many days of agony brought us to the crest of the mountain, where we fell on our knees, and gazed down in awe and wonder at what we saw beyond. . . ."



The lost city of Dorana!

The Emperor came to a swift decision.

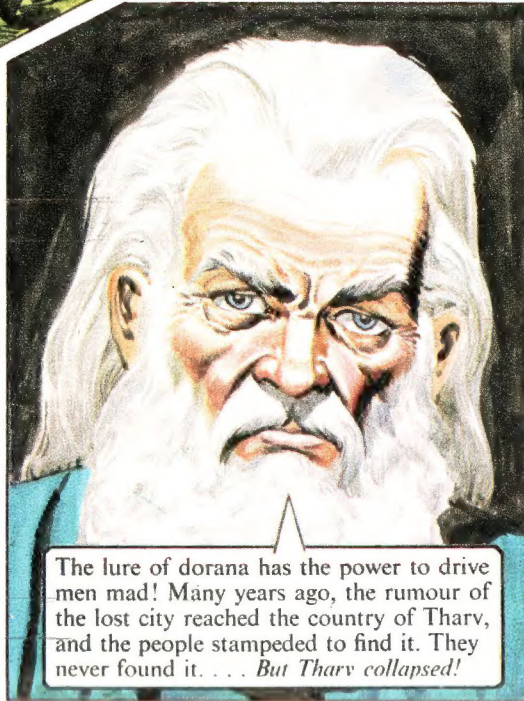
We will mount an expedition, and I will lead it personally! Fly to the forbidden continent and follow the route taken by the ancient Vorgs!



There was more . . . much more . . . and when Peric had finished, Trigo's face was grave.

If this is true, you realise the implications, Peric?

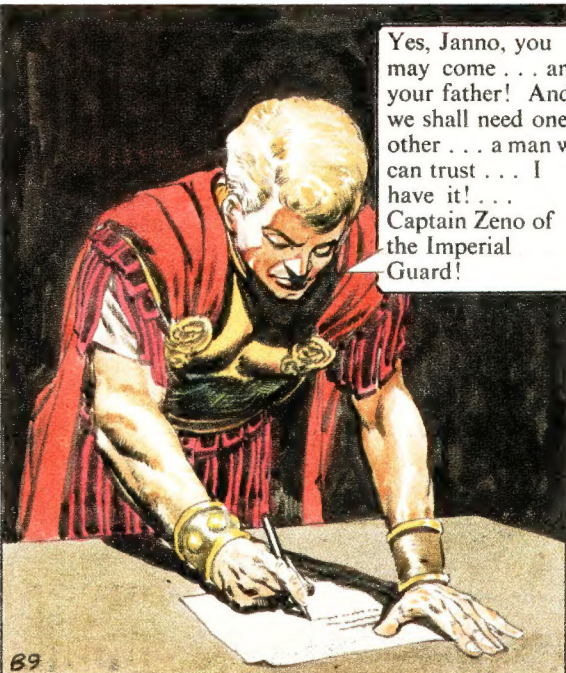
Yes, Trigo! At all costs, this information must be kept secret!



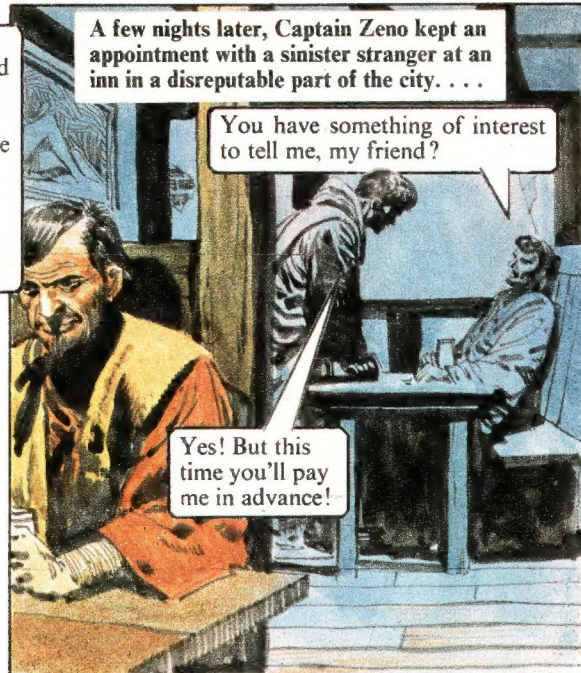
The lure of dorana has the power to drive men mad! Many years ago, the rumour of the lost city reached the country of Thary, and the people stampeded to find it. They never found it. . . . But Thary collapsed!



May I come with you, uncle?



Yes, Janno, you may come . . . and your father! And we shall need one other . . . a man we can trust . . . I have it! . . . Captain Zeno of the Imperial Guard!



A few nights later, Captain Zeno kept an appointment with a sinister stranger at an inn in a disreputable part of the city. . . .

You have something of interest to tell me, my friend?

Yes! But this time you'll pay me in advance!



The stranger tossed a purse of money across the table . . . and then. . . .

The Emperor is leading a secret expedition to the forbidden continent!

By the stars!

# THE TRIGAN EMPIRE

Wise old Peric has stumbled upon an account of a journey made to the lost treasure city of Dorana. The Emperor Trigo is planning to lead a secret expedition along the same route. The treacherous captain Zeno reveals this to a mysterious spy. . .



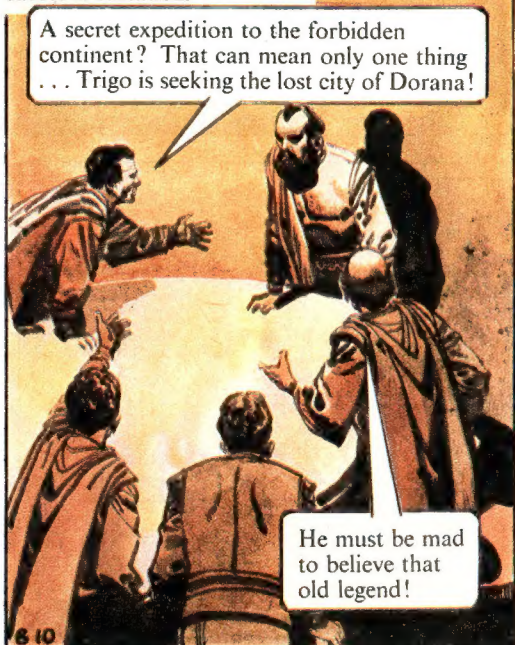
Zeno retraced his steps to the Imperial Palace, his mind in a whirl.



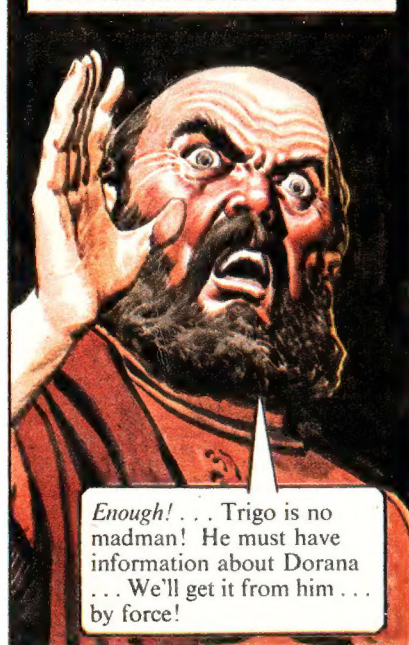
Later that day, the bird swooped low over the capital of Cato . . . a state that was jealous of the mighty power of the Trigan Empire.



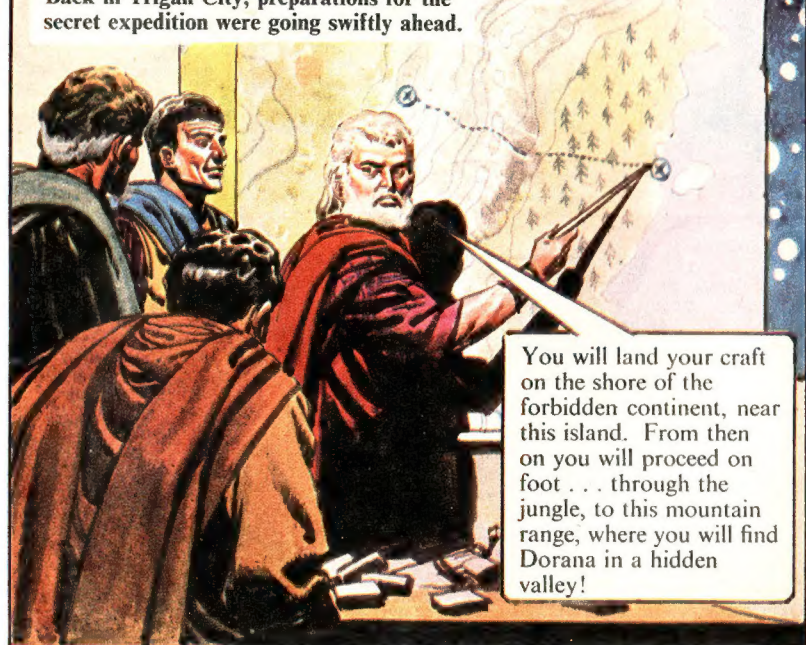
Zeno's treacherous revelation caused a sensation.



The President silenced the turmoil.



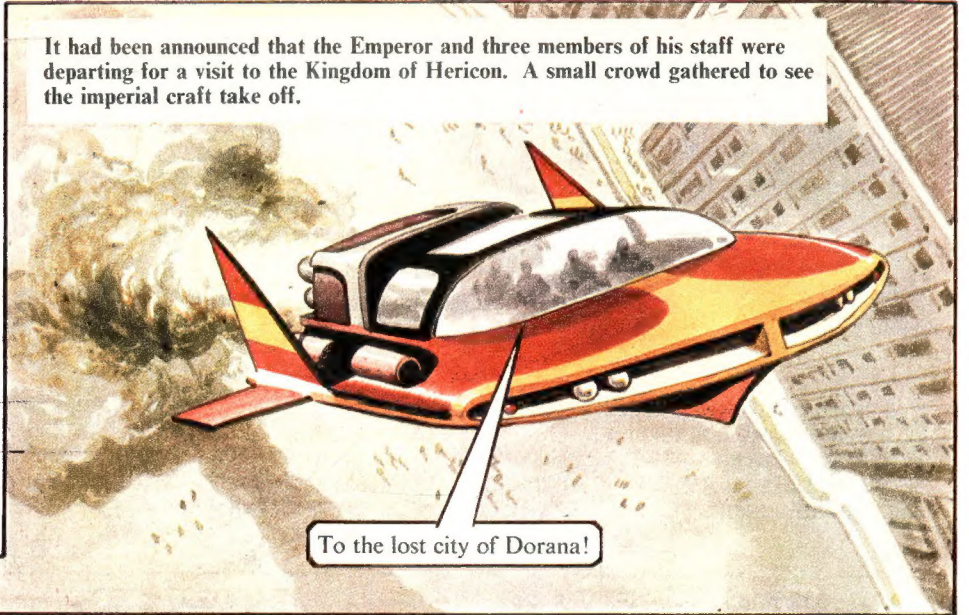
Back in Trigan City, preparations for the secret expedition were going swiftly ahead.





Old Peric added, grimly . . .

The perils will be many. But you will have the advantage over those who trod the route before you, with your firearms and your packs of concentrated food!



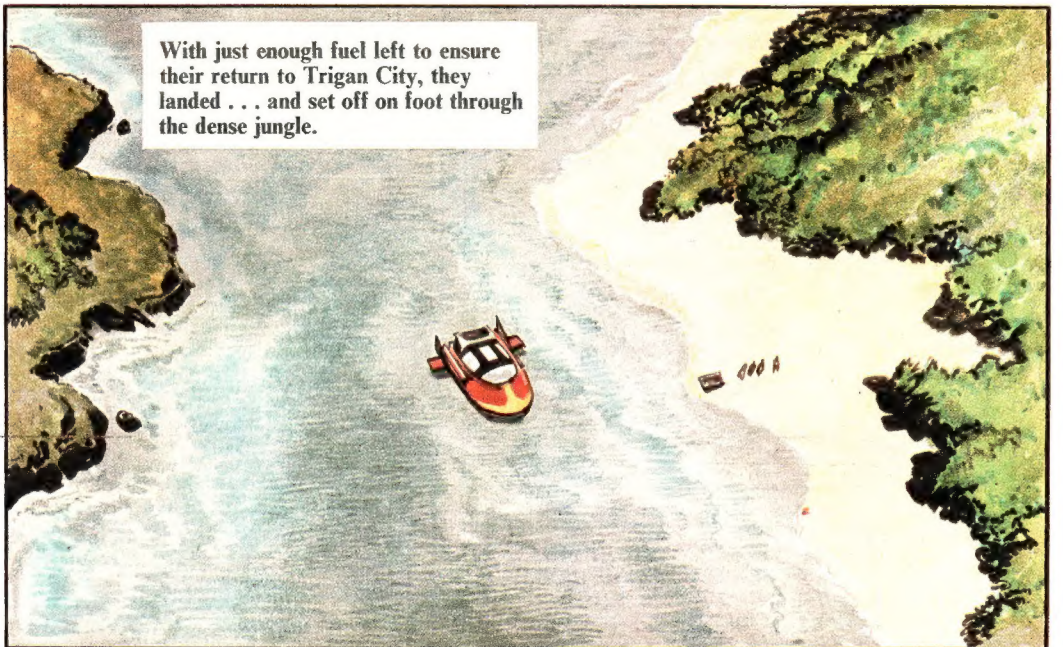
It had been announced that the Emperor and three members of his staff were departing for a visit to the Kingdom of Hericon. A small crowd gathered to see the imperial craft take off.

To the lost city of Dorana!

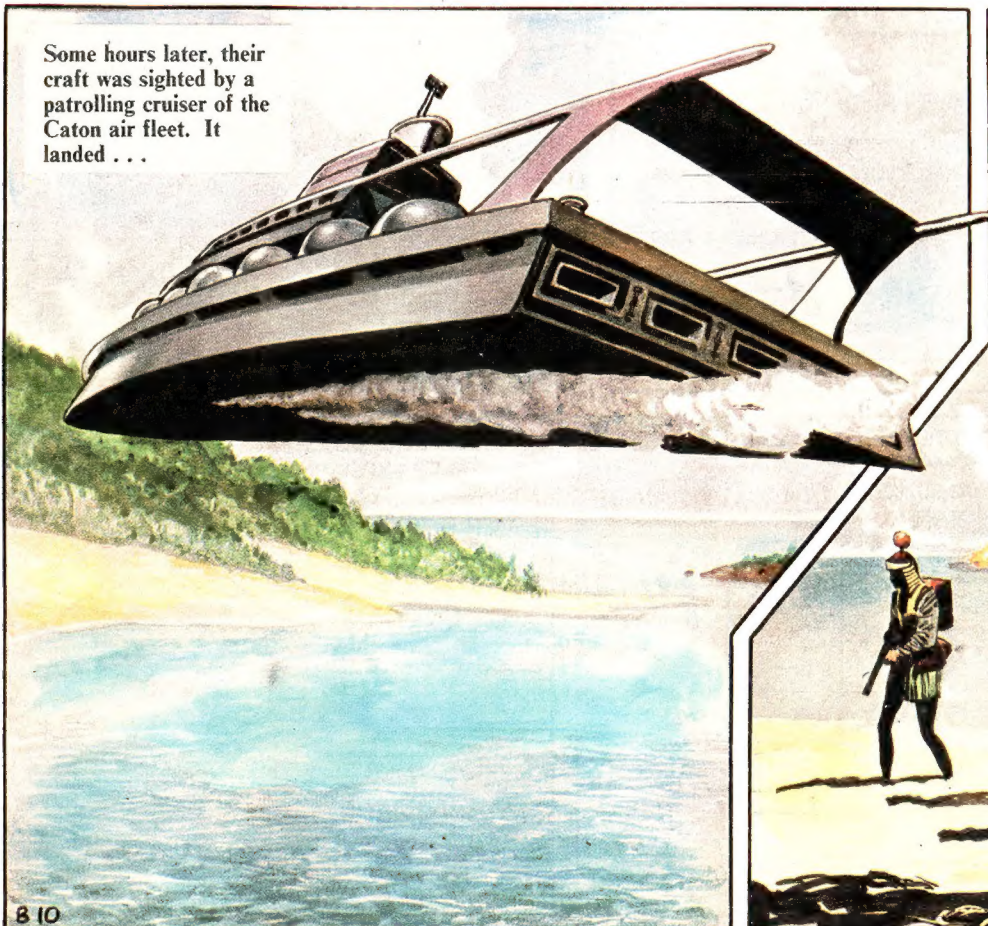
Days later, the four explorers saw the forbidden continent rising out of the sea ahead. A stab of fear struck at Captain Zeno's heart . . .



To all the dangers, I have added one other . . .



With just enough fuel left to ensure their return to Trigan City, they landed . . . and set off on foot through the dense jungle.



Some hours later, their craft was sighted by a patrolling cruiser of the Caton air fleet. It landed . . .



A pall of smoke rose from the imperial craft . . . as a cohort of Caton guards set off in the footsteps of the Trigans!

# THE TRIGAN EMPIRE

The emperor Trigo is leading a secret expedition to the fabulous lost city of Dorana, . . . all unaware that news of the venture has been sold to the hostile state of Cato by a member of the Trigan party, Captain Zeno.



All that day, the Trigans forged on through the fantastic jungle of the forbidden continent.

Tread warily! The undergrowth is teeming with wild life.



And then . . .

The Emperor loosed off a shot at the nightmare creature that lumbered towards them . . .

Trigo! . . . Look!

By the stars! . . .

Scatter for your lives!



The great beast was not alone!

That way! . . . quickly!



They ploughed knee-deep through the muddy river . . . all else forgotten save the need to escape.



AAAAAAAH!

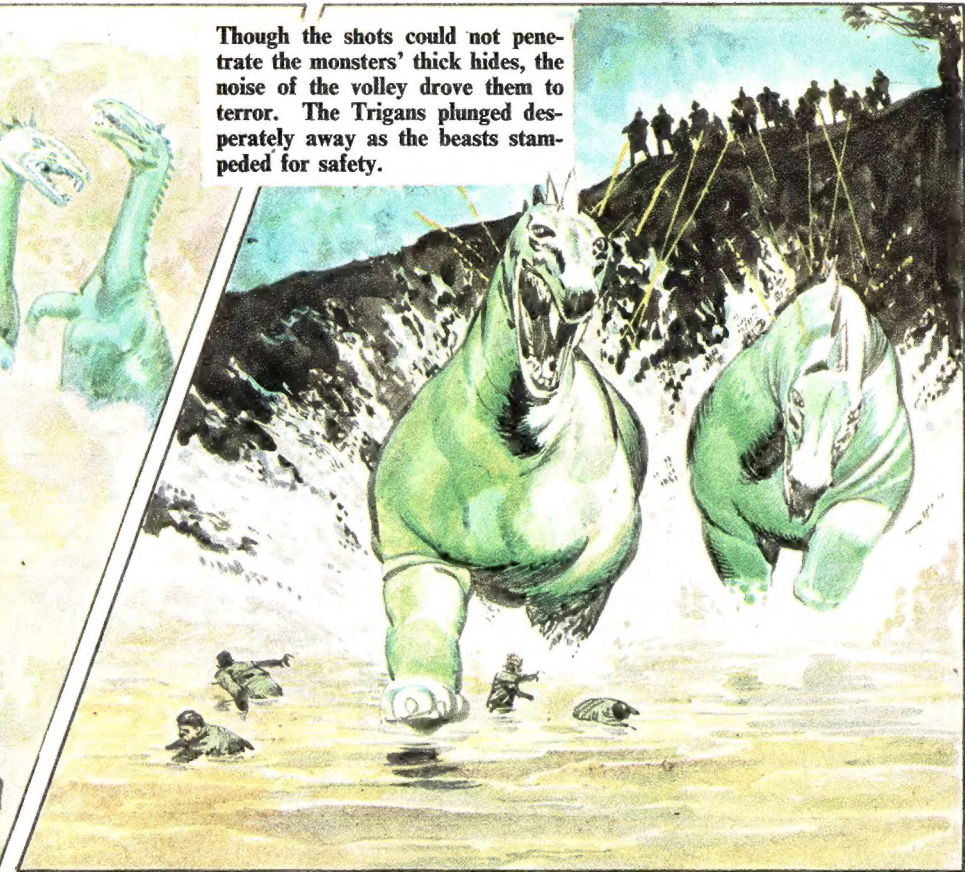
Zeno fell . . . and was dragged away from giant jaws by his Emperor!



And then . . . a crashing fusillade of shots!

Trigo turned and saw it all . . . a cohort of Caton guards drawn up on the bank.

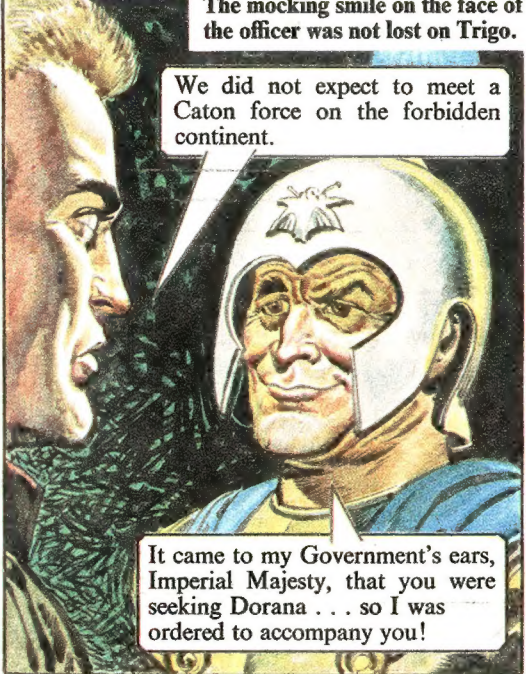
Though the shots could not penetrate the monsters' thick hides, the noise of the volley drove them to terror. The Trigans plunged desperately away as the beasts stampeded for safety.



Continue rapid fire!

The sound of their flight died away. Trigo staggered to his feet and faced the Caton commander.

The mocking smile on the face of the officer was not lost on Trigo.



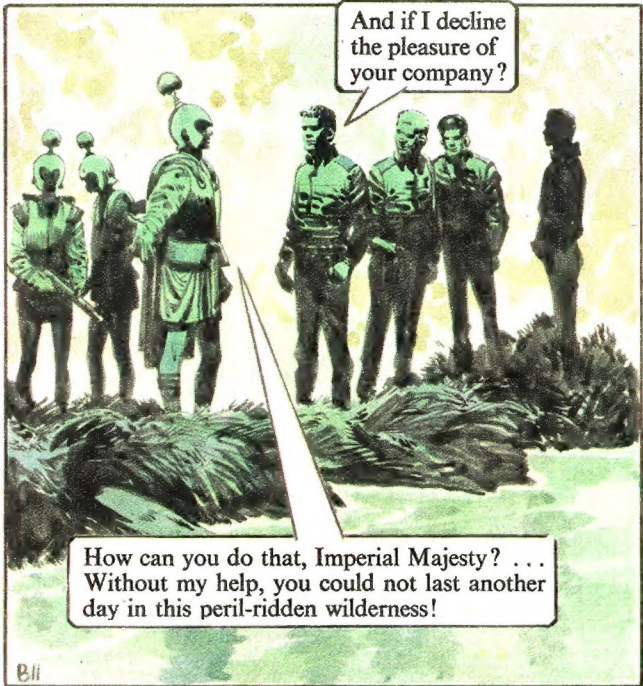
Have I the honour to address his Imperial Majesty, the Emperor of the Trigans?

We did not expect to meet a Caton force on the forbidden continent.

I am Trigo . . . and I thank you for what you have done!

It came to my Government's ears, Imperial Majesty, that you were seeking Dorana . . . so I was ordered to accompany you!

And if I decline the pleasure of your company?



How can you do that, Imperial Majesty? . . . Without my help, you could not last another day in this peril-ridden wilderness!

And so—reluctantly—Trigo and his party were forced to join forces with the Catons.

They have the whip-hand now, brother!



Not quite, Brag! only we know the way to Dorana!

What is your plan, Captain Vassa?

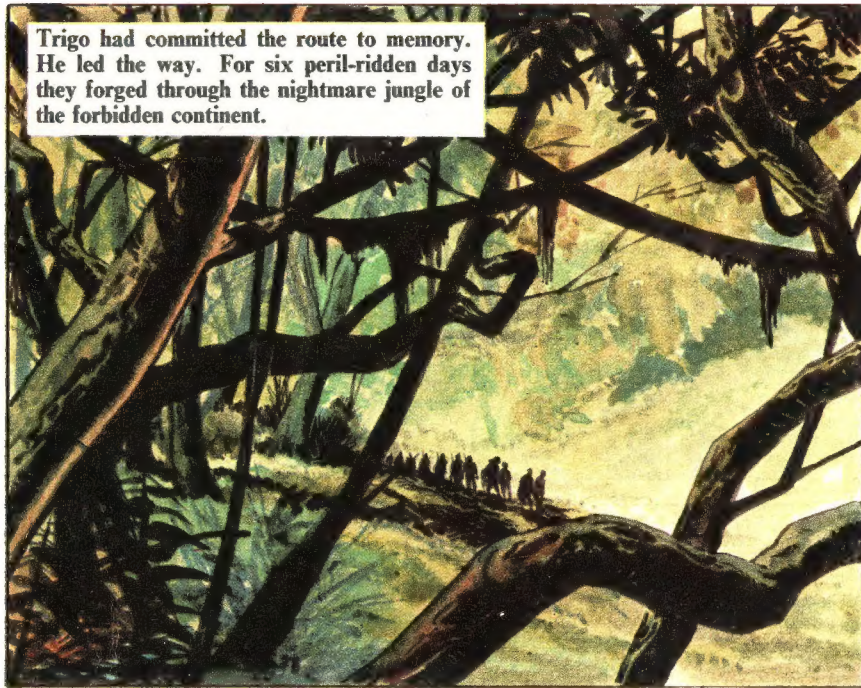


Trigo will lead us to the lost City . . . then he and his men will die!



# THE TRIGAN EMPIRE

While leading an expedition to the lost city of Dorana, the Emperor Trigo and his companions lose their weapons and equipment, and suffer the enforced companionship of a cohort of their Caton enemies . . .



Trigo had committed the route to memory. He led the way. For six peril-ridden days they forged through the nightmare jungle of the forbidden continent.



On the sixth day, during a rest, Vassa, the Caton Commander, went over to Zeno.

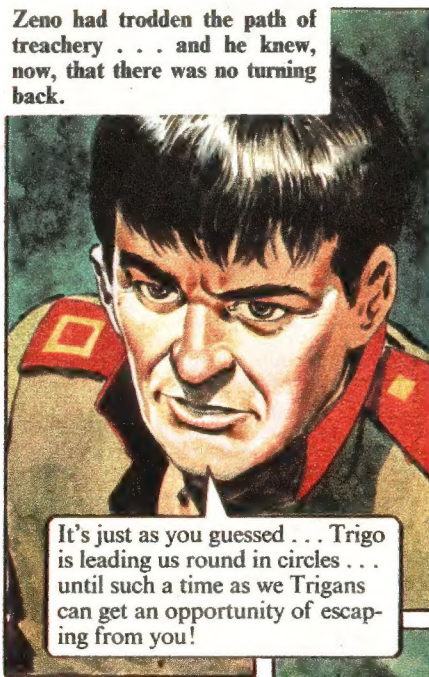
I've come to the conclusion that your precious Emperor has no intention of leading us to Dorana . . . is this true?

Why don't you ask him yourself?



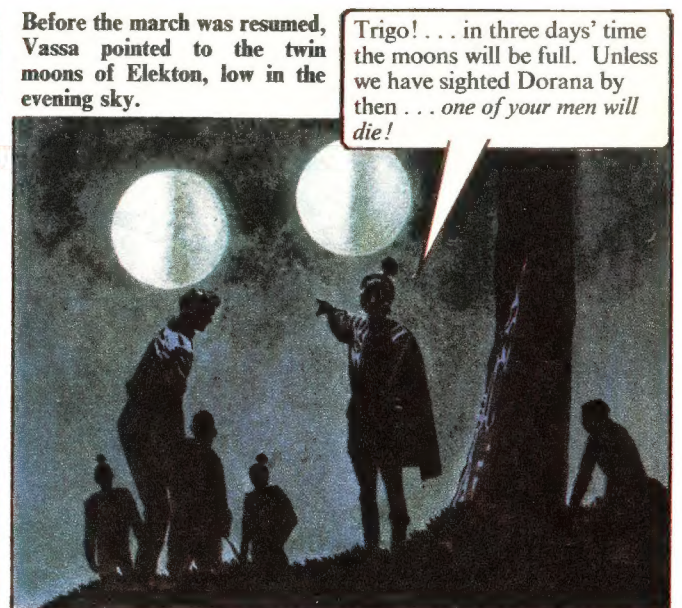
Spare me your insolence, Zeno! I've yet to inform Trigo that it was *you* who sold my government the secret of this expedition . . . when I do, I've no doubt he'll slay you with his own bare hands!

No! Don't betray me to the Emperor! Anything but that!



Zeno had trodden the path of treachery . . . and he knew, now, that there was no turning back.

It's just as you guessed . . . Trigo is leading us round in circles . . . until such a time as we Trigans can get an opportunity of escaping from you!



Before the march was resumed, Vassa pointed to the twin moons of Elekton, low in the evening sky.

Trigo! . . . in three days' time the moons will be full. Unless we have sighted Dorana by then . . . one of your men will die!



. . . And for every waxing and waning of the moons before we reach the lost city, another Trigan will die! . . . I trust that that will encourage you not to linger, *Imperial Majesty!*



Trigo knew that he was beaten! They set off again . . .

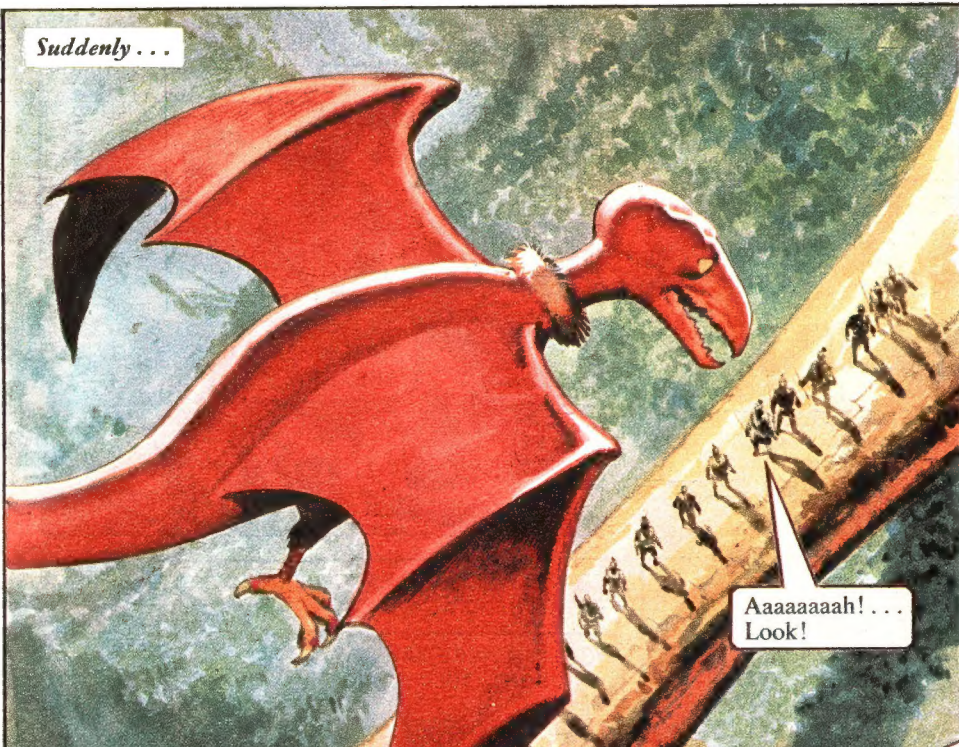
So now we head straight for the lost city . . . can we reach there before the moons are full?

Perhaps . . . with luck!



It was on the following morning that a disastrous incident occurred. The party was crossing a natural bridge over a dizzy gorge . . .

Suddenly...



Aaaaaaaah! ...  
Look!

Scarlet wings flashed in the sunlight, as a cloud of flying monsters dived to the attack



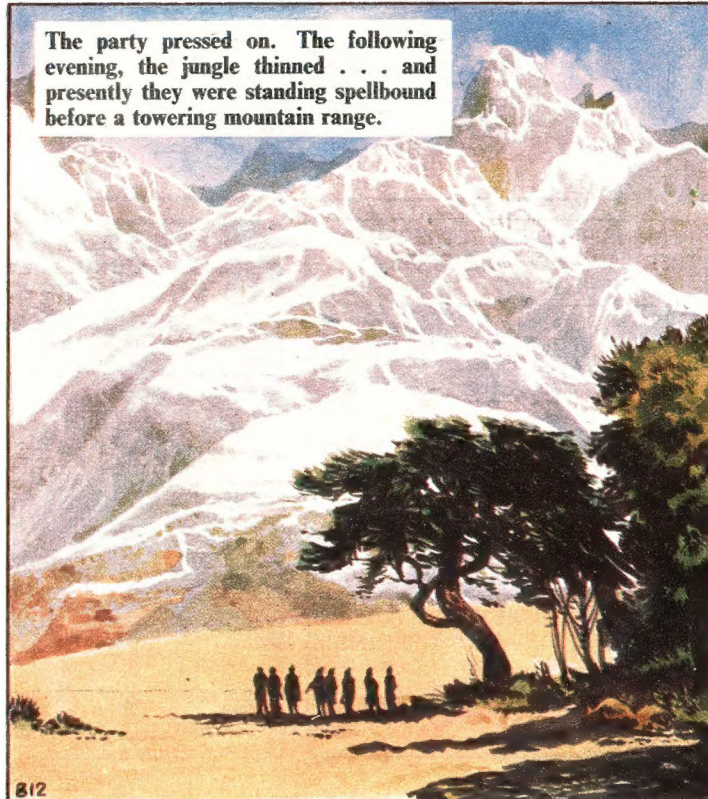
Half of the Caton guards fled back the way they had come . . . and it was they who suffered!

It was soon over. From the shelter of the trees, Trigo and the rest saw the winged terrors fly away.



Half of my men wiped out! But we still outnumber you by more than two to one, Trigo!

The party pressed on. The following evening, the jungle thinned . . . and presently they were standing spellbound before a towering mountain range.



812

Trigo's voice was hushed with awe.

When we stand on that highest crest, we shall look down into a secret valley, and see the lost city of Dorana!



NEXT WEEK: VASSA HAS MURDER IN HIS HEART!

Unarmed, and with a party of their Caton enemies, the Emperor Trigo and his three companions have at last reached the foot of a high mountain range in the heart of the forbidden continent. Beyond the mountains lies the legendary lost City of Dorana . . .

# THE TRIGAN EMPIRE



The Trigans and Catons began the perilous ascent of the sheer mountain wall. They were roped together in groups . . .



After an overnight rest on a high, windswept ledge, they set off again. Half way to the summit, disaster struck . . . one of the Caton groups fell to destruction!

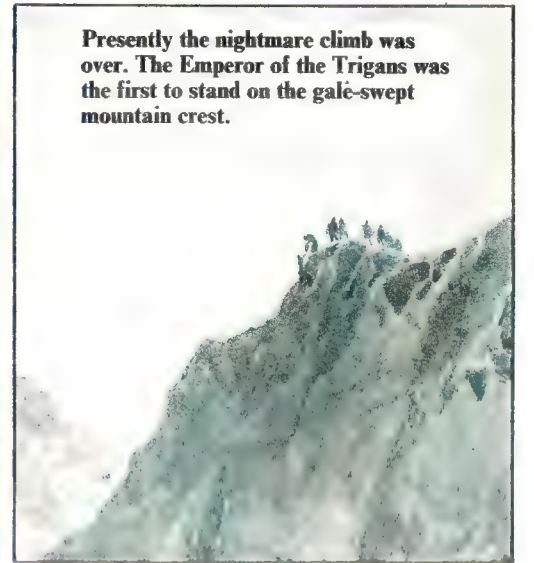
AAAAAAAAGH!



Clinging like insects to the ice-sheathed rock, Trigo and his brother Brag exchanged glances of grim satisfaction.

The odds are lessening . . . now it's six to four!

Yes! . . . but they are armed!



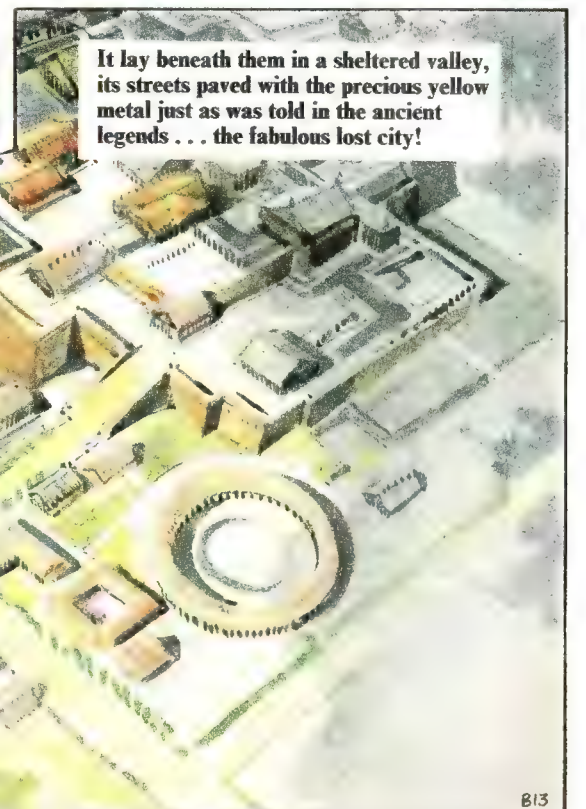
Presently the nightmare climb was over. The Emperor of the Trigans was the first to stand on the gale-swept mountain crest.



The others joined him . . . and then . . .

Dorana!

No one from outside the forbidden continent has gazed upon this in living memory!



It lay beneath them in a sheltered valley, its streets paved with the precious yellow metal just as was told in the ancient legends . . . the fabulous lost city!

Captain Vassa smiled in triumph.

My thanks for leading us here, Imperial Majesty! This day I shall raise the flag of Cato over the city, as a symbol that its vast riches have been taken over by the Caton state!

And then . . .

And now, Imperial Majesty . . . your reward!

Trigo threw himself forward . . . and the deadly projectile burnt the air above his head!

As Vassa fell heavily, Trigo rolled clear . . . and hurled himself into the abyss!

After me, Trigans!

Stop them! . . . Shoot them down!

Next instant, the four Trigans were slithering out of control down the steep snow slope.

Later—much later—Trigo raised his throbbing head. He lay in soft snow, with his companions sprawled all round him.

What now, uncle?

We continue our journey into the city!

Brag had injured his leg, and the others had to carry him the rest of the way. Soon they were passing down an avenue of towering columns that led into the city.

Not a sign of anyone! . . . Is the city deserted, then?

I doubt it! Don't you have the feeling that we are being watched?

And then . . .

Still! . . . or we are dead men!

# THE TRIGAN EMPIRE

After many adventures, the Emperor Trigo and his three companions have at last reached the lost city of Dorana in the heart of the forbidden continent . . . and they are surrounded by armed guards of the city.

The leader of the masked guards pointed, and snarled a harsh order.

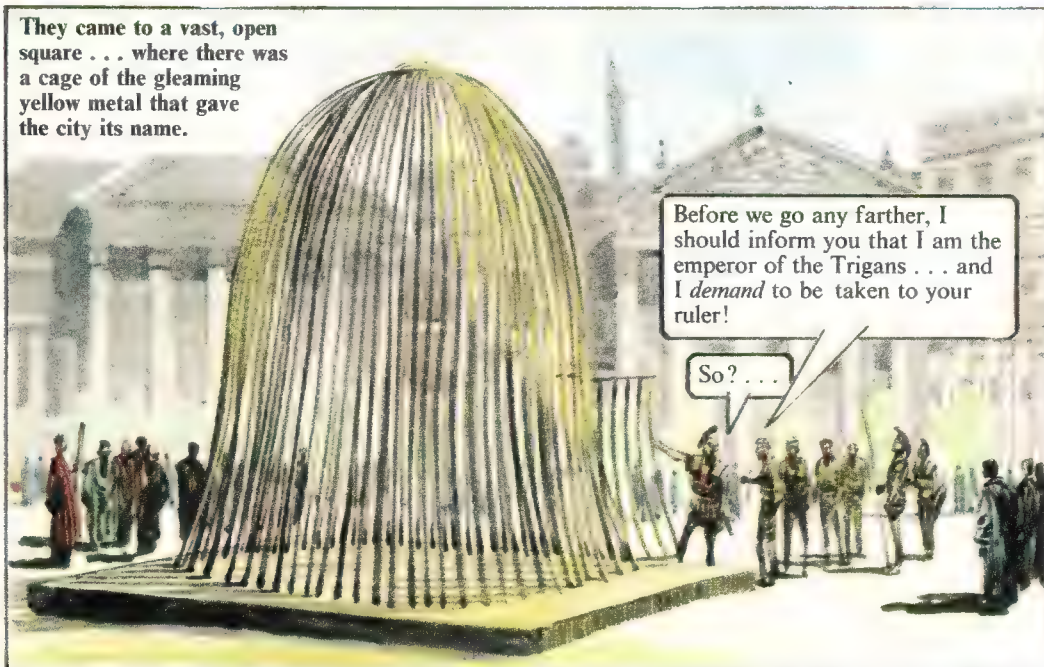


Soon the Trigans were treading the streets of the lost city . . . and the people flocked to stare at them in awe.



Look! Look! Animals from the outer world! Such creatures should be destroyed on sight!

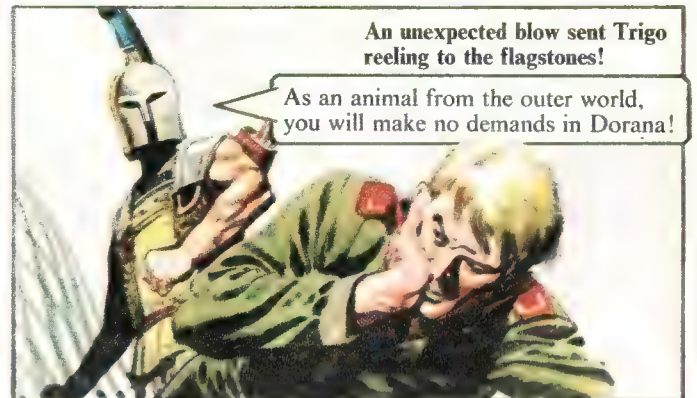
They came to a vast, open square . . . where there was a cage of the gleaming yellow metal that gave the city its name.



Before we go any farther, I should inform you that I am the emperor of the Trigans . . . and I demand to be taken to your ruler!

So? . . .

An unexpected blow sent Trigo reeling to the flagstones!



As an animal from the outer world, you will make no demands in Dorana!

They were thrust into the cage. The people pressed forward to jeer at them, and the guards made no attempt to interfere when laughing urchins threw stones at the defenceless prisoners.



They came to steal our precious metal!

Death to the animals from the outer world!

All that long day, the Trigans suffered in the searing sun without food or drink.



They don't regard us as men, but beasts!

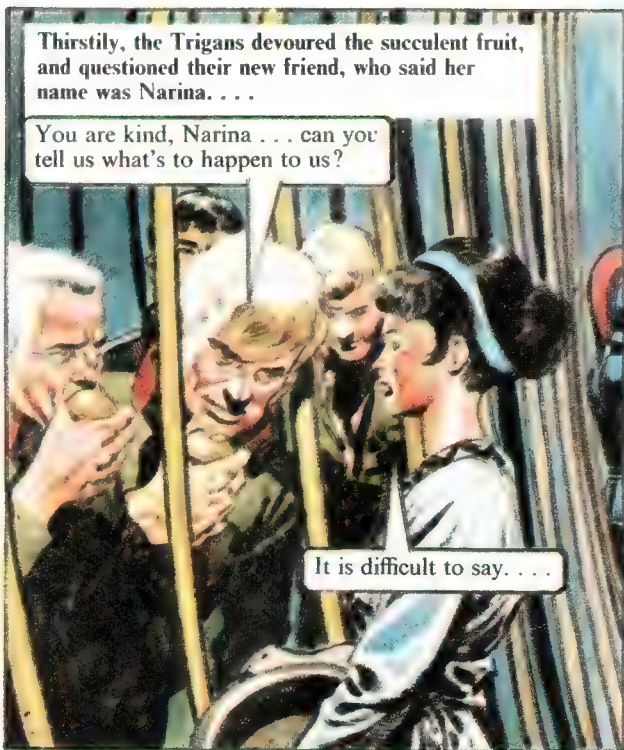
Are they going to keep us in here till we rot?

Towards evening, a young girl came shyly forward.



Can . . . Can I give them fruit? . . . The poor creatures look so wretched.

As you wish, child . . . if you're fool enough to waste your sympathy on them.



Thirstily, the Trigans devoured the succulent fruit, and questioned their new friend, who said her name was Narina. . . .

You are kind, Narina . . . can you tell us what's to happen to us?

It is difficult to say. . . .



As people from the outer world, your fate depends on the will of the queen-goddess . . . if she wishes you to live, you will live . . . if she says die, then you will die!



And then. . . .

Out, animals! . . . You are to be taken into the presence of the Queen-Goddess!



They were marched through the city, to a vast palace that stood on a tree-fringed hilltop . . . where they were met by three white-bearded elders.

Who are these men?

O Priests of the Queen-Goddess, whose radiant beauty has shone over our city since the dawn of time . . . I bring you four creatures from the outer world, so that the Queen-Goddess can decide their fates!

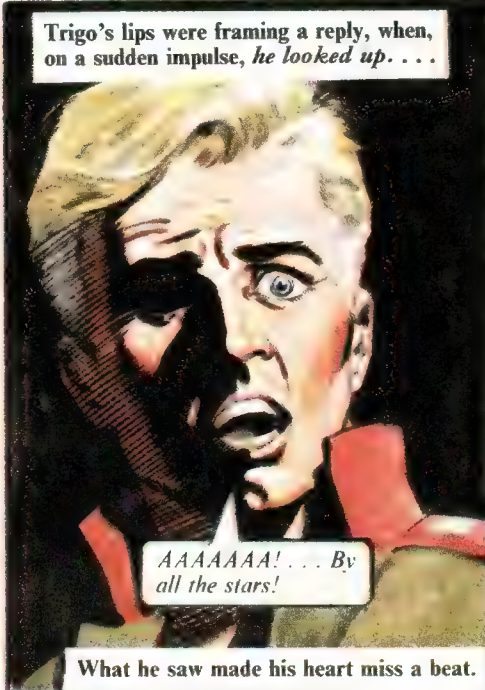
They were given into the charge of the priests, and instructed what to do.

You will advance into the presence of the Queen-Goddess with your heads bowed, and you will keep them bowed! To gaze upon the radiant beauty of the Queen-Goddess is to meet instant death!

They advanced slowly across a vast hall . . . and a clear, thrilling voice greeted them.



Let him who is your leader speak! . . . Who are you?



Trigo's lips were framing a reply, when, on a sudden impulse, he looked up. . . .

AAAAAAA! . . . By all the stars!

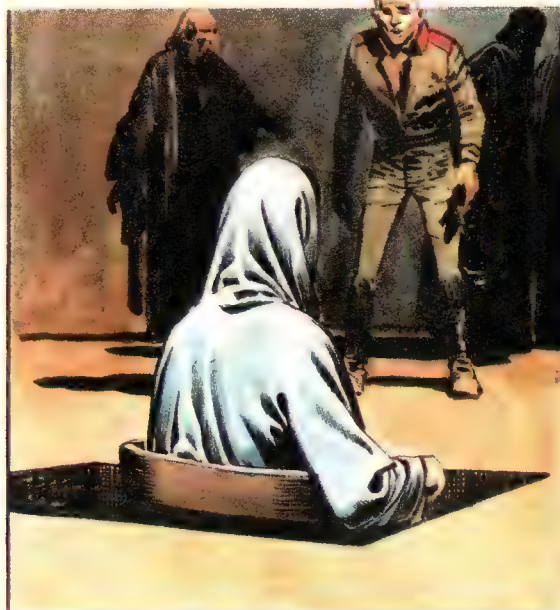
What he saw made his heart miss a beat.

When the Emperor Trigo and his three companions reach the lost City of Dorana in the heart of the forbidden continent, they are taken into the presence of the Queen-Goddess to learn their fates. It means instant death to gaze upon the radiant beauty of the Queen-Goddess . . . but Trigo does just this!

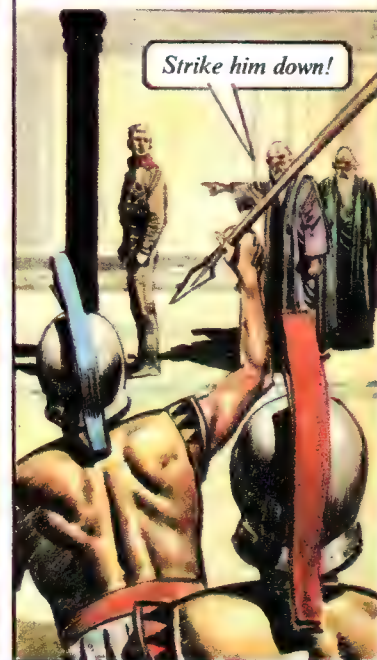
# THE TRIGAN EMPIRE



Trigo was still staring in awe as the figure on the throne sank silently from his sight.



In answer to the priests' cries, guards came running . . . and Trigo turned to meet his fate.



Half-blinded by the choking fumes, the Trigans reeled towards the gash in the wall.



Advancing down one of the broad streets of the city were the Catons whom the Trigans had last seen on the mountain crest. They were firing bombs from their hand-guns.

Keep up the bombardment till the streets are clear!



A party of the City guards advanced to meet the attackers, their long lances out-thrust.



But their tragic, hopeless gallantry was brought to nothing in a withering hail of gunfire.



The suddenness and fury of the attack sparked off a wave of blind panic in the City. The people fled for the safety of the snow slopes beyond.



AAAAAAH! We are doomed! It is the end of the world!

Night was beginning to fall as the handful of Catons raised their country's flag over the lost City.

The Trigans had watched it all from the palace hillcrest.

So! Now the untold wealth of Dorana is theirs!

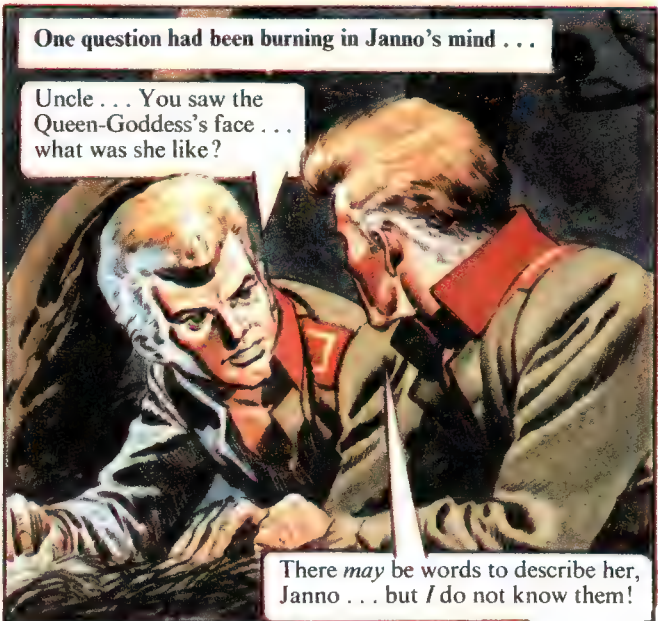
So much for the power of the Queen-Goddess!



One question had been burning in Janno's mind . . .

Uncle . . . You saw the Queen-Goddess's face . . . what was she like?

There may be words to describe her, Janno . . . but I do not know them!





# THE TRIGAN EMPIRE

With the aid of their superior weapons a handful of Caton guards have conquered the lost city of Dorana, in the heart of the forbidden continent...



That night, the Catons found food, and feasted in the Great Hall of the Queen-Goddess's palace.

Comrades! I give you a toast!  
... To the new Caton Empire, which we have founded this day!



Outside, Trigo and his unarmed companions watched and waited.

The curs are making merry after their easy conquest!

Soon they'll sleep, and then we can strike... listen... here's my plan...

The twin moons of the planet Elekton were dipping towards the mountain crests, and day was approaching before the Catons fell asleep over the remains of their feast, leaving one of their number on guard.



And then... Trigo was in the hall!



He hurtled down...

He smashed the guard into a senseless heap... but not before an anguished spasm of the man's finger had discharged the gun!



The shot was Trigo's undoing. Rudely aroused from their stupor by the deafening sound, the remaining Catons reached instinctively for their weapons.

It's Trigo himself! Shoot him down!

Aaaaaah!

The Trigan Emperor backed away down the hall, exchanging shot for shot. . . .



And then . . . a hand on his shoulder . . . an urgent voice in his ear!



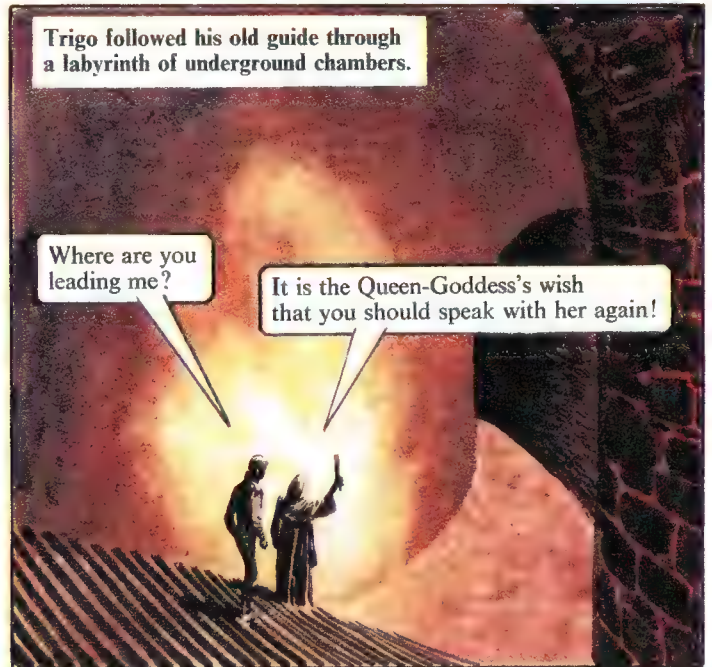
Come!

Obediently he stepped in through the secret door—and came face-to-face with one of the priests of the Queen-Goddess.



Follow me!

Trigo followed his old guide through a labyrinth of underground chambers.



Where are you leading me?

It is the Queen-Goddess's wish that you should speak with her again!

Another chamber . . . and then he was standing before a throne.



So! . . . The man who risked his life by daring to look upon my face! We meet a second time!

Trigo's heart beat faster.



Well . . . what are you thinking?

I am thinking that, in all my life, I have never seen a face of such pure and radiant beauty!

The Queen-Goddess of the lost city raised her hands . . . and took off a mask!



I am not what I seem! . . .

With the aid of their superior weapons, a handful of Caton guards have conquered the lost city of Dorana, in the heart of the Forbidden Continent. The Emperor Trigo is face-to-face with the Queen-Goddess of Dorana . . .

# THE TRIGAN EMPIRE



The Queen-Goddess removed the beautiful mask from her face . . . and revealed her true self to the Emperor of the Trigans . . .

By all the stars!



. . . An old, old woman . . . with lines of wisdom scored deeply on her ancient countenance!

Now you know the truth, my friend. The Queen-Goddess is *not* immortal. I am the last of a long line of women to sit upon the throne of Dorana . . . and the time is nearly come when I shall go on the journey of no return . . .

And who, then, will take your place?

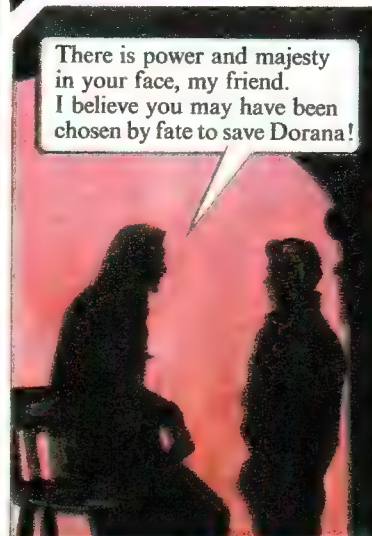
That I still have to decide. But before I die, I must choose a young maiden of great wisdom and beauty, to reign as Queen-Goddess.



A note of despair entered her voice . . .

But now the city has been conquered by the men from the Outer World, and my people are scattered in the mountains . . . perhaps I am to be the last of my line!

Great One . . . why are you telling me all this?



There is power and majesty in your face, my friend. I believe you may have been chosen by fate to save Dorana!



Trigo's reply came without hesitation . . .

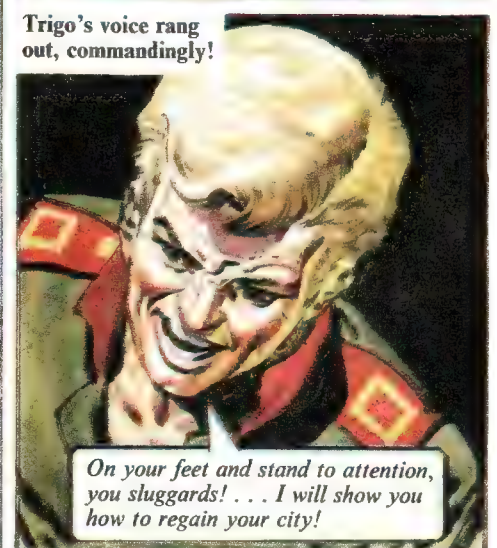
I will save Dorana, Great One . . . or perish in the attempt!



He took his leave of the Queen-Goddess, and the priest led him to a chamber where the handful of survivors of the city guards were binding their wounds in despair.

Dorana is done for!

What use are lances and swords against firearms?



Trigo's voice rang out, commandingly!

On your feet and stand to attention, you sluggards! . . . I will show you how to regain your city!

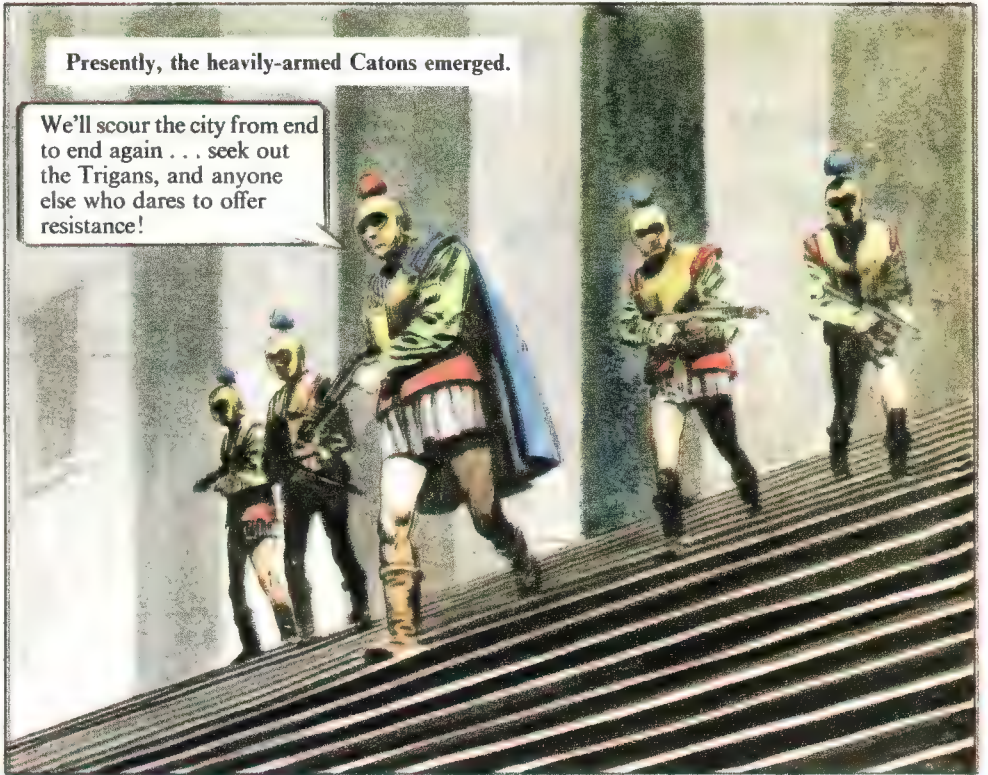


Meanwhile, Trigo's three comrades-in-arms were still hiding near the palace . . . waiting . . .

It's all quiet in there now!

The Emperor must have failed!

He would have perished like an emperor . . . fighting to the last!



Presently, the heavily-armed Catons emerged.

We'll scour the city from end to end again . . . seek out the Trigans, and anyone else who dares to offer resistance!

Captain Vassa was exultant . . . he, an insignificant junior officer, had won an empire for Cato!



Then we must get a message back to Cato, and tell them to send an army to occupy the city! I shall probably be appointed military governor!



Street by street, the brutal Catons searched the desolate city . . . firing at every living thing . . .



And then . . .

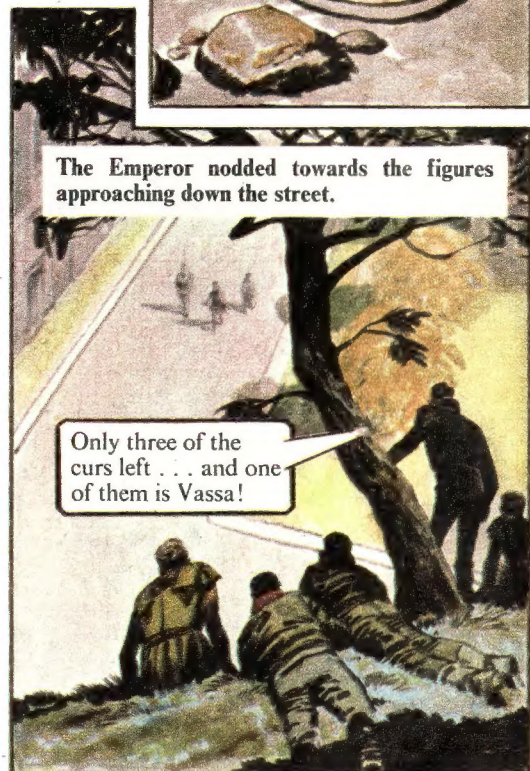
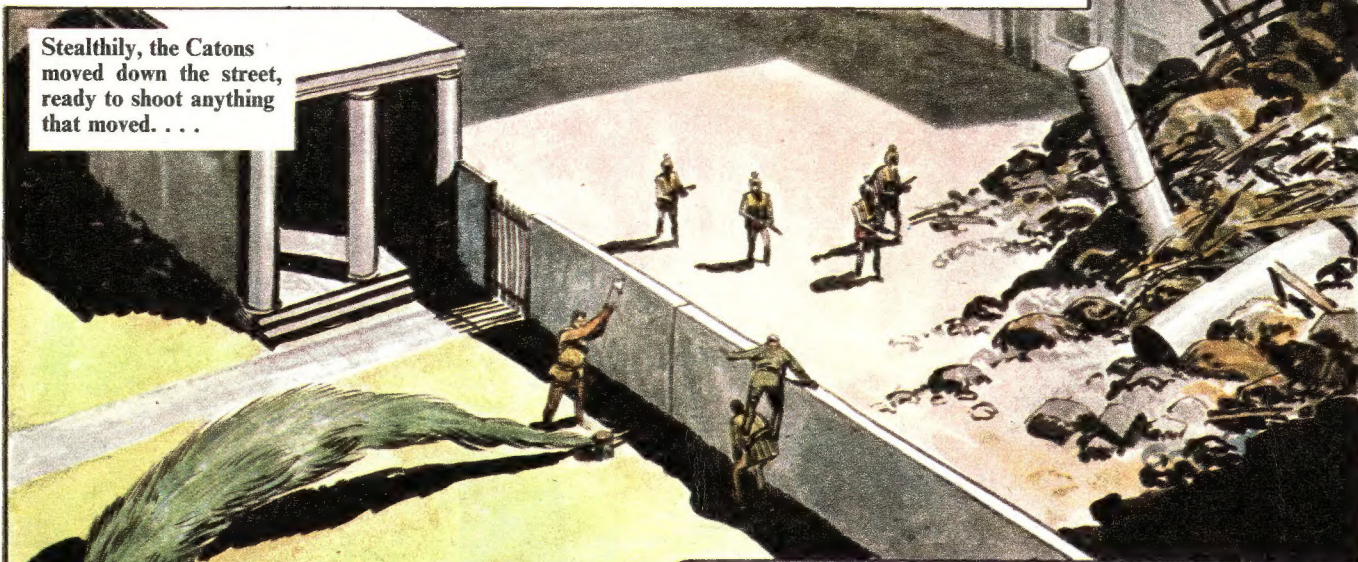
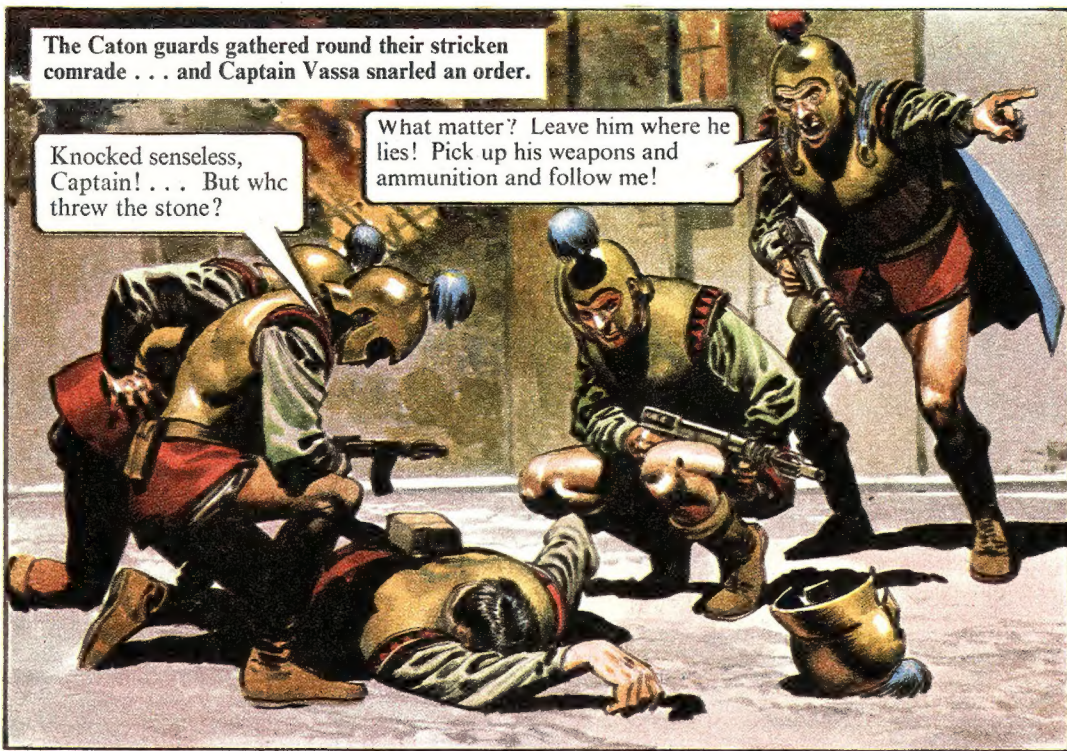


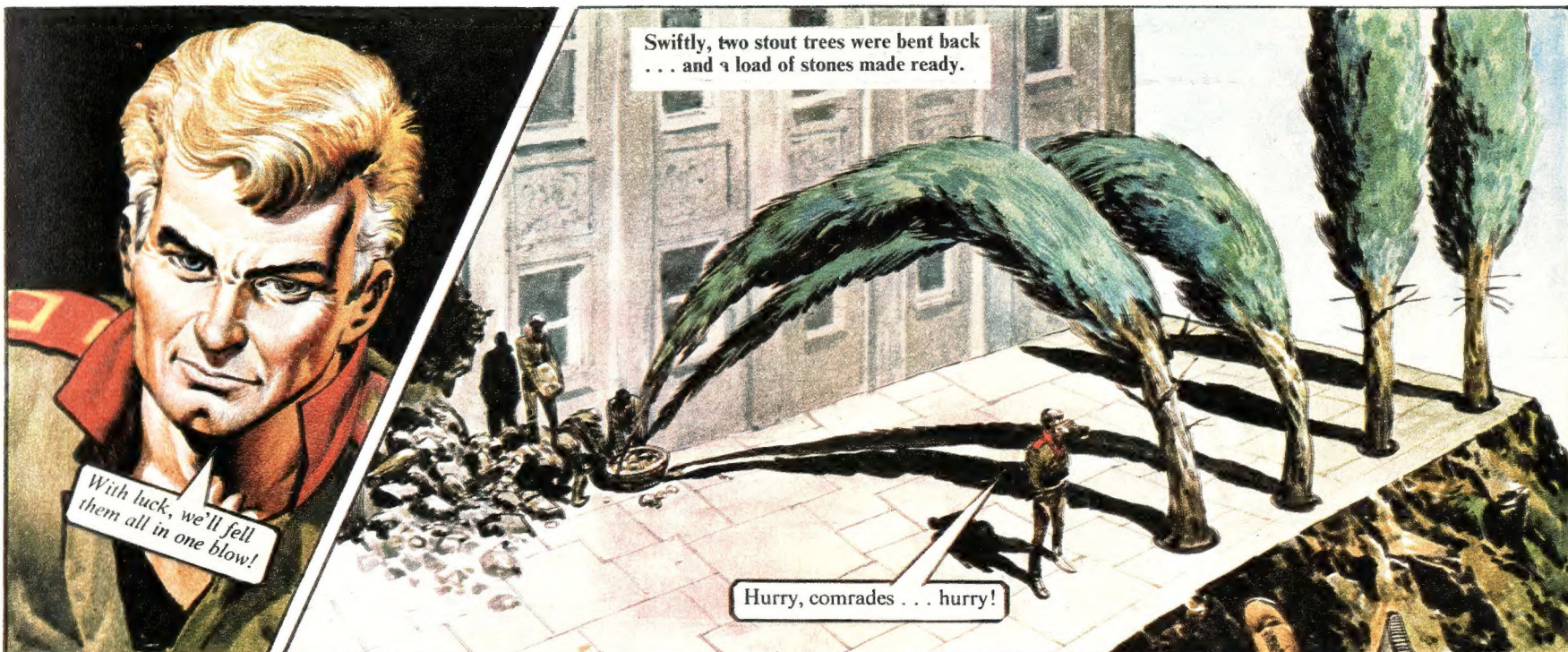
It happened!

Uuuuuh . . .

# THE TRIGAN EMPIRE

With the aid of superior weapons, a handful of Caton guards have conquered the lost city of Dorana in the heart of the Forbidden Continent. The Emperor Trigo has promised to free the city . . . and proceeds to carry out his plan of campaign . . .





Swiftly, two stout trees were bent back . . . and a load of stones made ready.

With luck, we'll fell them all in one blow!

Hurry, comrades . . . hurry!

Moments later . . . Thu-u-unnng! . . . The Catons saw their peril!



Look!

E-E-E-E-E-EEEEEEH!

Captain Vassa threw himself to one side . . . he alone escaped the cascade of flying stones!



He picked himself up . . . and saw the commanding figure of the Emperor of the Trigans!



Put aside your weapons, Captain! Fight me to the death with your bare hands . . . if you have the courage!

Trigo! . . . Curse you!

Vassa accepted the challenge, and strode forward to meet him. Trigo tensed himself for action . . .



We shall see!

Moments from now, the Trigan Empire will be without a ruler!

But there was black treachery in the heart of Captain Vassa!



Despite their superior weapons, the Caton Guards who conquered the lost city of Dorana in the heart of the forbidden continent have been disposed of —one by one—by the Emperor Trigo's ruses. Now only the Caton leader remains. Challenged to fight to the death, bare-handed, by the Trigan Emperor, he carries a hidden weapon. . . .

# THE TRIGAN EMPIRE

Captain Vassa's hand flashed out. . . . *Blam-Blam!* . . . Two bullets scored Trigo's temple, and the Trigan Emperor fell headlong!



Vassa's weapon was aimed for a killing shot at the unconscious form . . . but in that same instant Zeno leapt!



Heh!

Brag and the others were racing down the steps towards the scene . . . they saw Zeno slam into the Caton officer, and winced at the sharp crack of the weapon.



Zeno's saved Trigo! But he's been hit!

True enough . . . Zeno had saved his Emperor's life at great cost to himself. They carried Zeno to the Great Hall of the Queen Goddess.



Yes! The Emperor lives!

I don't give much for poor Zeno's chances!

Some time later, his eyelids flickered open. . . .



Captain Zeno . . . I owe you my life!

Imperial Majesty. . . . Perhaps I have not much time left. . . . I . . . I have a confession to make. . . .

Hoarsely, he whispered the story of his treachery. . . .



It . . . it was I who sold the information about the expedition to our Caton enemies . . . forgive . . . forgive, my emperor. . . .

All is forgiven and forgotten! . . . You have cancelled out your crime, Zeno!

News of the Caton's defeat brought the people of the city flocking back from the shelter of the mountains. With them came the girl Narina, who had befriended the Trigans.



Does he have a chance, Narina?

While he still lives there is always a chance!

Thanks to Narina's care, Zeno survived. Some days later, Trigo was received again by the ancient Queen-Goddess of the lost city.



Trigo! You have saved Dorana . . . and now I can depart with a quiet heart on the journey of no return . . . after I have found my successor.



...ave found a young maiden of your city . . . wise and beautiful . . . who would be a worthy successor to the throne of the eternal Queen-Goddess!

You *have*? . . . Then bring her before me, my friend!



Wonderingly, little Narina was led by Trigo's hand into the presence of the Queen-Goddess of the lost city.

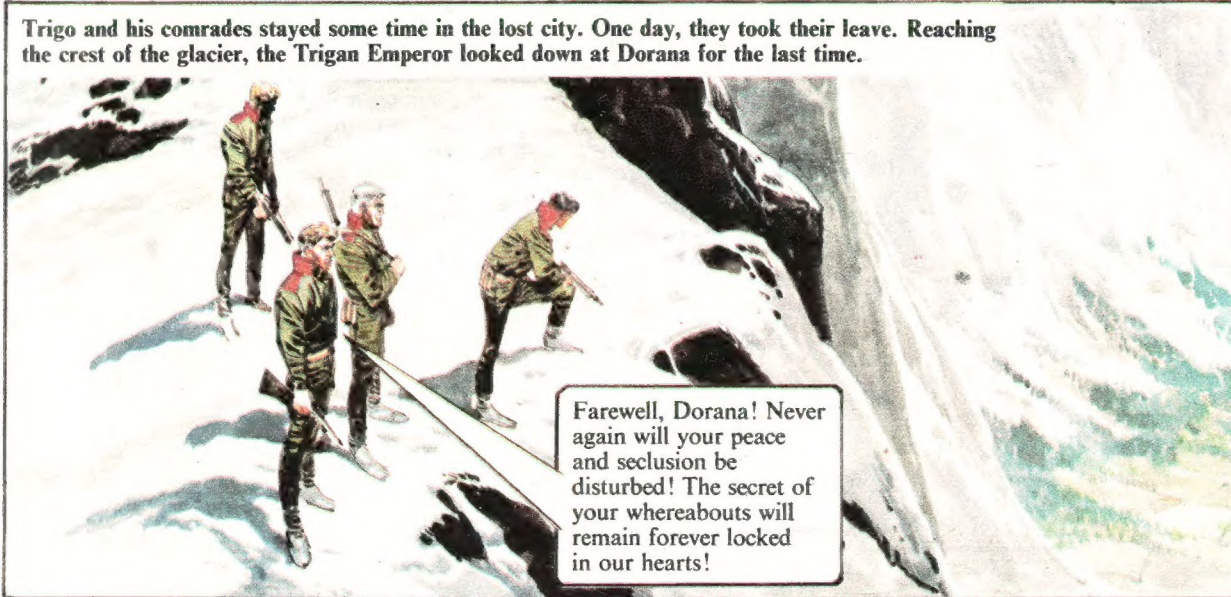
O great one . . . I present Narina!

She is just as you described her, my friend! . . . Now I can die in peace!



I . . . do not understand!

You, little one, are destined to sit upon the throne of the Queen-Goddess!



Trigo and his comrades stayed some time in the lost city. One day, they took their leave. Reaching the crest of the glacier, the Trigan Emperor looked down at Dorana for the last time.

Farewell, Dorana! Never again will your peace and seclusion be disturbed! The secret of your whereabouts will remain forever locked in our hearts!



Aided by the Catons' weapons, the nightmare journey across the Forbidden Continent was completed safely. The day arrived when they stood once more on the shores of the Great Ocean.

What do we do now? Swim back to Trigan?

No! Look!



Far on the horizon, they saw the massive vessels of the Trigan battle fleet.

They must be out searching for us!

Let's light a signal fire.

YAHOO!

The great journey was over.