



10c



TIM HOLT

as **RED MASK!**

No. 36



TIM HOLT

THIS IS THE TALE OF A SHORT-
AN INL. SHORT THAT BUTTERED
UP CRIME AND CLASHED! AND
WHEN TIM HOLT GOT INVOLVED
HE FORTUNATELY HAD SOME-
THING UP HIS OWN SLEEVE—
THE DISGUISE OF THE FABULOUS
RECKONER—WHICH ENABLED
HIM TO PUT THE COLLAR ON

"THE
RED RIVERS GANG"



THE FIRST NEWS OF THE COMING OF THE OUT-
LAWS INTO THE ARIZONA BORDER COUNTRY NORTH
OF BULLET BURSTS WITH "THE SHOCK OF SURPRISE"





At the T-BACK-BACK SOME DAYS AFTER THE TRAIN ROBBERY -



IN BULLET SOME HOURS LATER, AS CHITO RODE INTO TOWN WITH THE -



TIM HOLT



CAREFULLY TIM GORGED OUT CANTO'S PURCHASES. AFTER AN HOUR OF HUNTING, HE FOUND WHAT HE NEEDED.



NEXT DAY, AS THE SILVER CITY STAGE ROUNDS A CORNER OF SADDLE ROCK...



AND THIS, FROM THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS -



SHERIFF BASS OF BULLET CANYON
PAST THE STAGE IN THE POSSE
HOT ON HIS HEELS.



AS THE ESCORTING LEADS COME
ON IN BULLET.



THE MASTER KEY WILL DO
THE TRICK NOW
TO GET
AROUND
FOR A
"SHOT"

BUT - SOME HOURS LATER
IN BULLET.

THEY GOT CLEAN
AWAY BY RIDING
IN A MOUNTAIN
STREAM! REASON
ABOUT ALL THE
GOOD FOR IS TO
BE THE JAIL
ROOM LIKE I
SEEN SOME
LATELY.



IT'S A
Tough
Break I
won't get
another
stitch
stitch in my
hands again!

A POSSE! WE'RE
RUN INTO A
TRAP!



MENTAL
IT OUT OF
HERE!

WHY! THERE MAY BE A WAY OF
GETTING AWAY! ANOTHER OF THESE
GOOD SHOTS - BY SAYING A LOT
TO THAT CLOTHING STORE AFTER
HOURS! BECAUSE ITS A CATCH
THAT SOMEONE IN THAT STORE
IS TURNING OFF THAT RED BY CLO
BLIND TO
EASY
JOBS...



DON'T MAKE A MOVE,
"HES!" I HAVE YOU
COVERED!





A GIRL!

YOU'RE NOT SETTING OUT ON HERE ALONE! I CAUGHT YOU TRYING TO ROB THE PLACE!



I CAN'T SHOOT A GUN—BUT I CAN'T LET HER SHOOT ME EITHER! GOT TO MAKE A RUN FOR IT!



BUT I WON'T RUN FAST! HERE SHE COMES NOW—PROBABLY GOING TO TELL HER OUTLAW PAL! I BROKE INTO HER STORE!

DROVE INTO THE WILD GALLOP, THE PRETTY SALESLADY, AND RIGHT BEHIND HER CAME DEPUTY SHERIFF TIM HOLT.



HOP ON A ROCK LEAVE 'EM PRESSING DOWNWARD, GRASPING IN SURPRISE.



THOSE OUTLAW ARE THREATENING HER! SHE WASN'T A MEMBER OF THE RED RIVER GANG—WAS SHE?



UNDER THE BRANCHES OF A PINE TREE, TIM HOLT DISAPPEARS, AND IN HIS PLACE—

I'VE GOT TO HELP HER, AND SINCE SHE THINKS TIM HOLT IS A COMMON CROOK—ADAMASKEE WILL BE IN A BETTER POSITION TO DEFEND HER.



AT THAT MOMENT IN THE OUTLAW'S CABIN—

RED ALL THE REST OF THE BOYS WERE HERE, BUT NOW GET INFORMATION OUTTA YOU JUST THE SAME!

WHO ARE YOU?

TIM HOLT



TIM HOLT





TIM HOLT

BUCKY CHASED ALONG THE RAILROADS TO THE MISSOURI. HE TURNED HIS BACK ON FIST-FIGHT AND GUN-BATTLE, AND FLED LIKE A COYOTE. AND THEN CAME THE DAY WHEN BUCKY'S BACK HUNG TO THE WALL. IT WAS RIGHT FOR GO TO JAIL. WHEN TIM HOLT STEPPED FORWARD TO OFFER BUCKY THE SOLUTION TO HIS TROUBLES AT THE END OF HIS —

“FLIGHT
FROM A FIGHT”



IN A TRAILTOWN SALOON, SOME-
WHERE WEST OF NOWHERE —



MY BOYS — PITCHER IS AGAINST
THE FLYIN' A. BUCKY —

I KNOWABLE BUCKY FOR
THE PITCHER'S SPREAD — BUT
I DAREN'T DRINK 'N' AM RIGHT
WITH MY BUCKY? I JUST
CAN'T.



TIM HOLT



IN THE PANHANDLE COUNTRY OF NORTHERN TEXAS, HE MET ANOTHER JOCKEY, A TWO-BROTHERS...



BUT EVEN THOSE COWBOYS BOSS TO TOWN, THEY TOUGH—IT WAS A WAY OF LIVING OFF HIGH SCHOOL—



ON A RANCH SOME MILES NORTH OF SANTA FE, BUCKY FINE NEW BROTHERS UNTIL THE NIGHT THAT BIG LON BEAUFORT THE RANCH BULLY THROU TO HAVE SOME FUN!



TIM HOLT

WITH A SILENT STRIKE ON HIS LIFE, BUCKY
WALKS AWAY OUT AND RETURNING HIS
ARMING — AND HIS FELLOW REPORT
TURNS FROM HIM, IN SHAME FOR
HIS CONDUCT.



YOU SEEM PLAIN COOL TOWARD ME
BUCKY—BUT I GOT
A FEELING THAT'LL CHANGE
WHEN YOU GET AN
EARLIER NOTICE!

100



TEARING LATENT SPRING. BUCKLE CHARGE W/OUT = 5. INSTANT BOW INTO
BU. 1"

[illegible]

100



IT'S A CORN-BALL BOY! YOU
ARE THE FIRST TO BE KICKED
IN THE ASS-KICKING BOY COUNTRY-
BUT THE FIRST KICK WERE HIS.
EVEN THAT LITTLE!
WE CAN'T MISS!
WE'LL GET HIM!
COUNT
ME OUT.

COUNT
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SOME NIGHTS LATER, CY AND HIS HARBORAGE CREW STOLE THE CRUISING KEYS OF THE SLUSH BOY BEACH AT THE BASE OF THE SLUSH BOSS BOOTH.

As the moderator of the 1978 Nobel Prize, and the director of a major U.S. research center, he has been a leading figure in the field of nuclear physics.



TIM HOLT

NEXT DAY HE DAWN. SLEEPS. TWO MORNING.



"I CAN'T BE IN IT, BUCKY O'HARA! THIS IS HIS KID—SAS. I'VE SEEN IT OFTEN ENOUGH!"

"YOU SPOON WE OUGHT TO PUT A POSSE AND THE HILLS AFTER HIM."



"NO, SHERIFF! LET ME HANDLE THIS AS YOUR DEPUTY, BUT IN A WAY I SEE MY BUCKY O'HARA USED TO BE AN OUTLAW! BUT HE MADE ME A PROMISE ABOUT A YEAR AGO."

AT HIGH NOON, IN A LITTLE EATING PLACE OFF BULLETT'S MAIN STREET—



"THAT YOU'D BUCKY?"

"HMM! WHY SURE IT'S BING! SOME LOVING THEY STOLE IT AND—"



"TIM! TIM HOLT, I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU SINCE—"

"SINCE A POSSE HAD A NOOSE AROUND YOUR NECK AND WERE GOING TO HANG YOU FOR KIDNAPING AND MURDER! YOU KEPT YOUR PROMISE, BUCKY?"



"AND I COULD I FORGET TIM? THE WAY YOU FREIGHTED FOR ME THAT DAY—IN THE FACE OF ALL THOSE MEN!"

"YOU HAVE NO EVIDENCE THAT THIS MAN EITHER BUCKLED THOSE STEERS OR MURDERED HILL DALLIES!"



"THERE THEY GO! THAT WAS A CLOSE CALL, FRIEND!"

"I KNOW IT! BUT I AM PROUD OF MYSELF! I NEVER BUCKLED THE CATTLE! I DON'T KILL DALLIES! ONLY TROUBLE WITH ME IS—MY TEMPER! IT KEEPS GETTING ME INTO TROUBLE!"



"THEN I WANT YOU TO PROMISE ME NOT TO FIGHT—WITH GUN OR FISTS—FOR THE NEXT YEAR!"

"I PROMISE YOU!"

TIM HOLT

I KNEW THAT PROMISE, TIM—
THOUGH THERE WERE TIMES WHEN
I WAS PLUMB REMOTED! AND FOR
DOING THAT—OO BUCKLEY TRIES
TO IMPLICATE ME IN HIS
LITTLE MUSTING STUNT!



I'M RELEASING YOU FROM
THAT PROMISE, BUCK.
YOU'VE PROVED YOURSELF A
STEADY MAN. YOU'RE MY
DEPUTY—AND HERE YOU
GO OUT TO BRING ME BUCKLEY!



HOLD UP! AS THE SHADOWS
CLOTHED ACROSS THE PEAKS
OF THE MOUNTAIN RANGE...

THE SCENE WITH US
BEFORE US—IT'S JUST
AS DARK AS THE NIGHT!
THE MAN—HE'S CALLED
BUCKLEY. SO THE HERO
WON'T—HE'S TRACKING!
T-THEN
HELL BE
HOLDING
FOR THE
CLUB
WEST OF
RED
BUTTER
—IT'S GO!



ALL RIGHT! THE TWO DEPUTIES RODE AN HOUR AFTER DAWN
AT THE BASE OF THE RED BUTTES.



WE CONTROLLED IN
BUCKLEY!

THAT TIM HOLT HONORED—
AN' BUCKLEY—O-REAR!

I'M TAKING YOU ALIVE, BUCKLEY!
GOOD THAT IS!



LET A CANYONWAT, TIM LEAPS
FROM HIS SADDLE...



BOY! BOY! BOY!—



A FIGHT! KANOO!
I'VE BEEN LOOKING
FOR THIS ONE A REAL LONG
TIME—
WAAHOO!

TIM HOLT

FOR A YEAR, BUCKY OWENS HAS HELD HIMSELF IN CHECK! BUT NOW HE IS FREE TO LET GO—AND HE DOES!



AND AS BUCKY GOES FOR THE PROF, TIM IS RUNNING OFF ON NOODLY WITH A HIGH-CALORIC ONE-TWO THREE!





THE WILD STALLION

THE great roan stallion threw his head high into the wind and sent a whinny trumpeting out across the whirling bunch grass of the prairie. There was danger in this wind that blew down off the steep red sandstone peaks of the Cordillera Run, for the wind carried the smell of—man!

Man to the big roan stallion, Ka'aba, meant death, or what was even worse in his kind, capture and imprisonment behind the wooden fences that men called a corral. Ka'aba had seen other horses caught. He had seen them caught and roped and thrown, to be led away to the corals where a leather contraption was fastened on them tightly. And then one of these men fastened himself to the horse's back, and spurred and spurred him to frenzied bucking and jumping.

Only rarely did one of the horses win such a contest. And when he won, he was not turned free, a victor. He was put aside for the next day and the next until one of the hated man-things succeeded in breaking his spirit. That much Ka'aba had seen from the fringes of the wide Arizona range where he ran free.

Many times had a man-thing chased him. Many times had he heard the barking thunder of the hunk guns they carried, and had seen the swirling loop of a rope aimed for his thickly matted neck that was secured so stiffly now, as he snuffed the breeze.

Ka'aba snorted, and reared his head until the quick red mane leaped and danced. There was no doubt of it! A war—many men—were coming up from the bottom lands toward the grassy plain where he browsed.

The big roan stallion ran easily, lifting his mane and his long stiff shanks free in the distance, he could hear the faint snipe of the cowboy's horses as they hooped thudded into the ground. Ka'aba almost laughed. If these man-things with the leather saddles and their

backs wanted a run, he'd run them—now! they fell to the ground with exhaustion!

For speed of foot, Ka'aba sighted a small group of horses and cattle clustered about an old white stallion. They were all poised, looking his way. Ka'aba sent his necks shuffling out across the grasslands, to warn them. When the white stallion pawed at the ground and reared a challenging reply, Ka'aba veered through the mesquite clumps and came toward him at full gallop.

This was no time to fight another stallion over the ownership of a few mares and colts! Man was coming—man, the enemy of all wild things, man who came with his leather contraptions and broke the spirit of wild animals so they could be made to serve him!

It mattered nothing to Ka'aba that an angry man, horses found a degree of happiness. There were lumps of sugar served on a palm, and rubdowns after his, hand rare—but there was no corralling and selling in the over-accused game drive, no snuffing the winds of the world high on a mane run, no galloping all day long without rope or bridle or saddle!

Ka'aba whickered a warning to the white stallion. He did not want to fight, not with these men racing far behind him, coming steadily after him. A young mare threw up her head and stared at him, the wind blowing softly through the white mane that curled over her slim neck. She whickered a greeting, and the white stallion reared high, pawing the air and bellowing his rage at the young newcomer.

The white stallion came for him like an arrow from the bow. Ka'aba sidestepped the wicked white teeth that flashed at his flank. He thrust forward with his own teeth and drew blood, then darted back, as if to give the white stallion a chance to quit while the quitting was good.

But the old horse screamed and leaped for him. They met, rearing high, their hooves flashing in the sunlight. Ka'aba moved with his front hooves and twisted sideways with young agility. The white stallion was a little slower and took a slashing raking from Ka'aba's teeth.

The second wound seemed to madden the big white horse. He reared up and met Ka'aba again—but this time the young red roan did not miss. His sharp hooves slashed against the white stallion's face, cut him and bloodied him and drove him to his knees.

Again Ka'aba reared! Again his hooves slashed down, ripping and tearing! It was the law of the wild, the law of claw and fang the law of kill—or be killed!

The white stallion took the punishment until his face was a red smear. Then he screamed once and ran with the wind, leaving the mares and the colts to Ka'aba.

The roan stallion did not want young mares and foalish colts to slow down his pace. He wanted to be free to race as he had always raced, leading the men who chased him to scars, his canyons or draw and shaking them off in the dust that leaped from his flashing hooves.

And now he found himself saddled with a small band of mares and colts! He turned his displeasure by a snort.

The young mare with the silver mane trotted toward him. Ka'aba watched her come with suspicion in his eyes. She was a lonely thing, graceful and fleet as the wind that touched his mane, but she was a mare, and a mare only slowed him down on a long run. The mare touched his cheek with a velvety nose, and Ka'aba flung his head high.

It was almost as if she had said, "Now we belong to you. Men are coming! It's your job to get us out of here!"

He nickered softly, and the mare began to run, leading the other mares a fast pace. She went high into the first rows of the Rim land, where the dwarf juniper and scrub cedar grew. Here the levelness of the hills broadened out across a windswept grassland that was dotted with sagebrush and mesquite.

Ka'aba followed, making sure that the ungainly young colts kept close to their mothers' heels. He was grateful that even the youngest of them was some months old, for the newborn colts always fall behind on a run like this, fall behind to the without their mothers, for the greater safety of all prevented any from staying behind to tend for them.

Ka'aba lifted his fire red head and sent his call trumpeting out across the hogback ridges and grassy benchlands. In the far distance, the men were coming. They went as silent as an owl, as inexpressible as a

mountain stream in a spring fresh flood.

The men were forcing the play now. They were herding them up into the high peaks where the Rim broke into a dozen small cliffs that fronted the great stone encampment of the Cordillera. Ka'aba had run up there, many moons ago, and knew it for a death trap.

Once the men had the herd high up in those sandstone barriers, the gibbed Lariats would fly, and mares and colts would go down kicking, to be brought into the corral, and saddled and broken.

The blood chilled to ice in the red roan's veins as he thought of that! To have a saddle flung across his back that had never known any pressure but that of the wind as he ran!

Ka'aba screamed his fury and his rage into the canyons and the draws, and the silver-maned mare heard the note of fear in it, and increased her pace.

Now the mares were moving slowly, lifting along the narrow ledges in the mesa top. They went with nostrils flaring in panic, for the men were shooting from far away and the high scream of their bullets as they ricocheted off sandstone outcroppings were like hard whips applied to the mares' backs.

The men were coming steadily, lifting upward into the high ridges. Lariats coiled in their hands, and the scent of their clothing and the smoke of their cigarettes made a pungent mist that terrified the mares. Back and forth on the broken Rim, each of the men they ran seeking a well that was not there.

Only Ka'aba stood with head upflung, rigid, as the men-changs surrounded the herd. Beyond him, across a deep chert, was the tableland of the Cordillera. If he could jump that —

The silver-maned mare rubbed her shoulder to him. Ka'aba turned his head as if to ask a question. The mare nickered softly.

Ka'aba darted swiftly. His hooves struck sparks as they struck the stone of the mesa-top. And then he was away, leaping with a surge of power that was lightning to see! He ran as runs the arrow from the bow, or the bullet from the gun.

One moment he was touching ground, and the next there was empty space beneath his hooves. He leaped, and hung in mid-air, as if suspended, for a long moment. And then he was on the other side, on the Cordillera tableland, uttering his trumpet call!

The mare nickered, and began her run. She made her leap. Her hooves scratched at the very edge of the rim for an instant, and then the momentum of her leap carried her on, to safety.

Side by side, Ka'aba and his mare ran on, to freedom.

THE END

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THE GHOST RIDER

JUST OUTSIDE SILVER CITY STANDS "THE CASTLE"—HUGE, BAMBLING, GLOOMY, AND FORBIDDING—BUILT LONG AGO BY A MAN WHO'E SUDDEN AND UNEXPECTED WEALTH HAD DOTTEN HIM NAD. MANY ARE THE LEGENDS TOLD OF FABULOUS ROOMS AND SECRET PASSAGE IN THE GOOKY MEDIEVAL OLD HOUSE, AND OF THE MYSTERIOUS TENANTS IT HAD HARBORED THROUGH THE YEARS....

THIS IS THE STRANGE STORY OF WHAT HAPPENED WHEN THE GHOST RIDER KEPT A RENDEROUS THERE WITH "THE

MURDERING MEDIUM!"

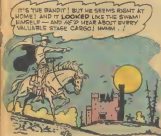


THE BUSH AROUND SILVER CITY HAS FOR MONTHS BEEN TERRIFIED BY AN ELEGANT BANDIT—AND MURDERER. TOUGH AS THE RUTHLESS KILLER CLAIMS HIS PREY—!



HOPE, YUH YELLA COONTS, YUH AMT GONNA GET THIS PAYLOAD IF I KIN PERFECT IT—!





TIM HOLT



—ENTER
THROUGH
A SECOND
FLOOR
WINDOW!



A REGULAR TREASURE HOUSE!
BUT I RECOGNIZE THOSE THINGS—
ALL STOLEN BY THE SILVER CITY
BANDIT— GABBINO! BUT HOW
CAN HE BE IN TWO PLACES AT
ONCE? LET'S INVESTIGATE
FURTHER—



YES, IT'S GABBINO— JUMPING
INTO THE SCENE UNNOTICED—
EXCEPT BY ME! BUT I CAN'T
WAIT ANY LONGER— NOW INTO
THE "THRONE ROOM!"



BEHOLD— A REAL GHOST! A GHOST WHOM
HONEST MEN HAVE NO CAUSE TO FEAR— BUT
WHO HAS TRILLED ONE AMONG YOU— THE
SILVER CITY BANDIT— FROM HIS LATEST
MURDER SCENE! MINUTES AGO TO THIS VERY
ROOM— YOU, SWORN GABBINO! I WANT YOU!



NO— NO, I TELL YOU—
I NEVER LEFT THIS ROOM—
ASK THEM— THEY WERE MY
WINGS THROUGH THE SESSION—
FOR ME!— I SWEAR— TELL
WHO— KEEP HIM AWAY
FROM ME—!

IT'S TRUE,
MR. GHOST—
I'VE HELP HIS
HAND ALL
EVENING,
RIGHT
HERE—

BUT THE GHOST RIDER HAS READ THE
GUY BEHIND GABBINO'S FACE! AND
TRUSTING HIS OWN INTUITION BEYOND
LOGICAL APPEARANCES, HE SEIZES THE
MEDIUM! — WHO TRUSTS AWAY—



NO— SPARE ME—
I'M INNOCENT,
I TELL YOU!

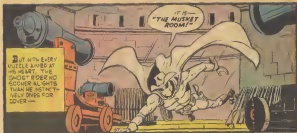
THERE NEVER WAS
SUCH FEAR IN
INNOCENT EYES!



THE GHOST RIDER, DOUBTING A DEADLY SPRING PROPELLED LUNGE BYONE OF THE GLOUSOME CREATURES, HUNG UPON A CORPHUS, WHICH SHAPS UP SO POWERFULLY THAT -



TIM HOLT



BUT WITH EVERY
UTTERED LAVED AT
HIS HEART, THE
GHOST RIDER NO
SOONER ALIGHTS
THAN HE INSTINCTIVELY
DIPS FOR
COVER—





NOT REALIZING THAT THE GHOST RIDER ESCAPED SIMPLY BY SWIFT ROPE-CLIMBING, SARKING IS NOW SURE THAT HE HAS TO DO WITH A REAL SPIRIT

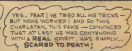


BUT, SUCH A FLASH, EVEN AS THE BALCONY BEGINS TO CRUMBLE UNDER HIM, THE GHOST RIDER IS OFFERS FOR ONE OF THE PROJECTING LIMBS AND RODES EASILY DOWN!





GABBING, FEAR-CRAZED, STEPS BACKWARD TRYING TO ESCAPE THE GHOST RIDER AND PLUMMETS INTO SPACE...



TIM HOLT

When fire sweeps the main street in Big City—where pretty actresses face death by hot lead and hardened thugs mock the law—Tim Holt, cowboy spade, is on his feet to hunt down the desperadoes and killers who act so cool.

WILL LESTER

"TERROR'S THEATRE"



OLD MOOSEHORN IS THE LEAD STEER ON TIM HOLT'S T-BAR-H RANCH. HE'S LORD OF THE RANGE AND BOSS OF HIS HELL.

AND WHEN THE BOLT AND BLACK STAGE FROM CACTUS VALLEY SWINGS ALONG A HIGH TRAIL OVER THE T-BAR-H GRAZELAND OLD MOOSEHORN BUOYS WITH FLURY.





JUST AS THE STONE WAS TO BRIDGE THE GREEN HOUSE AND BAY ANTONIO THE JACQUETTE VARIETY HOUSE AND TURNER MAN, SO BULLET WAS ITS OWN THEATRE - THE MUSICAL - BUILT BY CONTRA-BUTONS FROM TRANSFERENCE AND BRANCHES

ONE MAN DID NOT SHARE THE TOWN'S BAPTIS-FACTION OVER ITS NEW THEATRE - AGED WOOLLEY, OWNER OF THE SALOON, THE CRYSTAL PALACE



TIM HOLT



THE NIGHT BEFORE THE NIGHT
A DANCE FOR THE LADIES
AND THE GENTS FOR THE
GENTS AND THE LADIES FOR THE
LADIES



THE PERFORMANCE IS NOW IN PROGRESS

NO ONE NOTING THAT HERE AND THERE HANGING MEN WERE TAKING
THEIR POSITIONS AND THAT SO IS OTHERS ARE BEING TAKEN AT
THE BAR AT THE REAR OF THE THEATRE





TIM HOLT



TIM HOLT

THE JOY WOODS CATCHES FIRE
BASIL PLAYS LEAP FORWARD,
CAUSING THE HORSE TO BLOW
REDS!

ACES
WOULDN'T HAVE TO
WORRY ABOUT
BUSINESS NOW!

BY MORNING WE'LL
HAVE THE ONLY
SALOON IN TOWN!
HARRY ROSE!



HEY - LOOK!



WITH THE LEAD STREET OF THE TOWN
AT THE HEAD OF HIS HORSE RICHARD
STAMPEDED HIS CATTLE FROM THE
SHIPPING PIER AND THROUGH
BULLLET'S MAIN STREET



MINUTES LATER IN THE ALLEY BEHIND THE BURNING MUSICALE



TIM HOLT

AN EXPERTLY THROWN LAMBS' LOOPS OVER A CORNER OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE, AND SECONDS LATER REDMASK NICKS UP THE SIDE OF THE BUILDING...



THE PLACE IS EMPTY BUT I KNOW THOSE MEN RUN IN HERE WHERE ARE THEY GO?



AFTER AN EXHAUSTIVE SEARCH OF THE BROADWAY ENTRY SALOON, REDMASK PAUSES BEFORE A SECTION OF THE WALL.



MOMENTS LATER



LIGHTNING-LIKE COMMANDS DROP AND —



