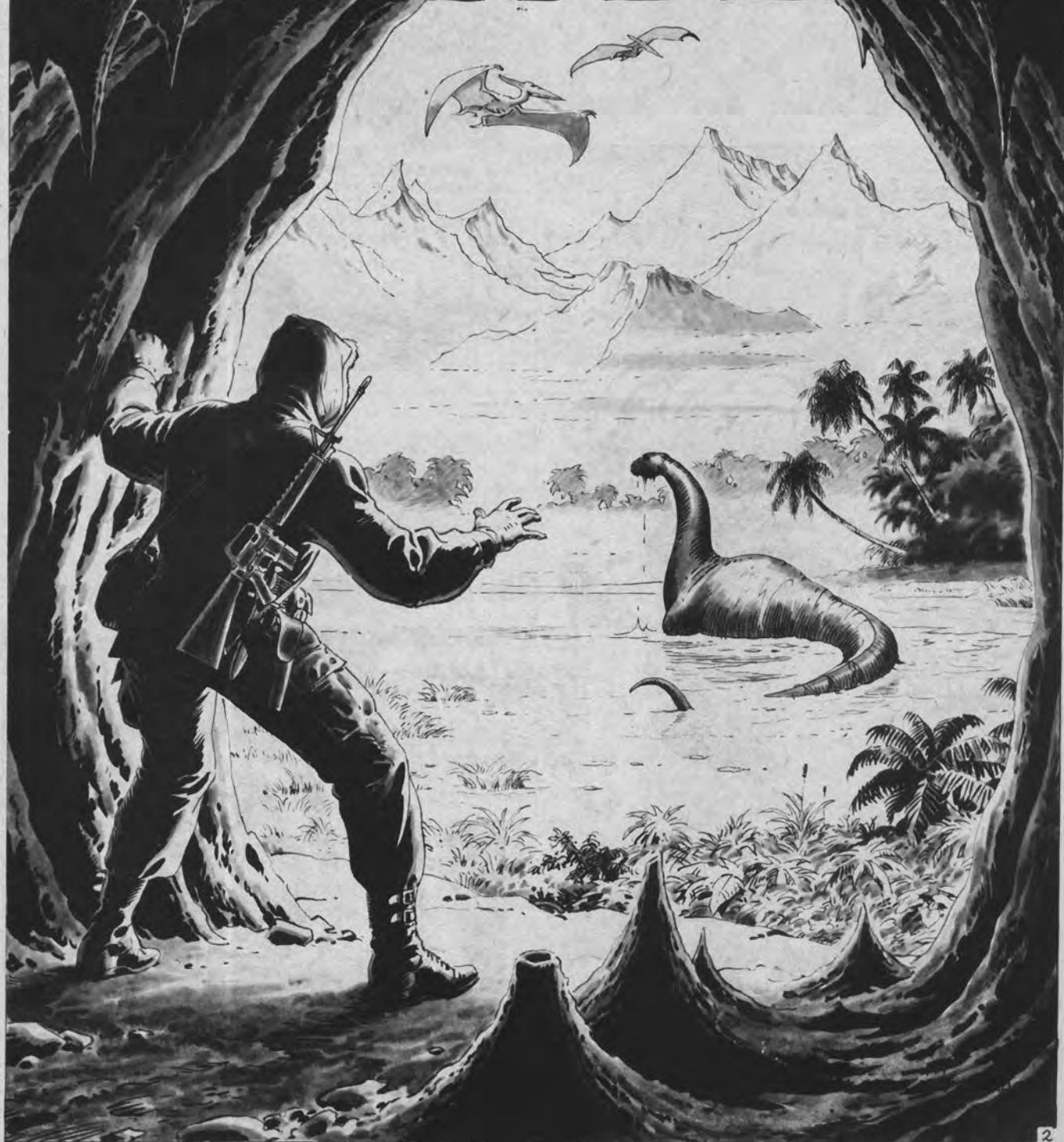


TALES OF THE SAVAGE LAND!

NOW, YOU MOVE THROUGH THE CAVERN DARKNESS TOWARD THE SOURCE OF THAT WARMTH... AND IN DOING SO, STEP THROUGH TIME ITSELF TO EMERGE MUCH LATER IN A LAND UNTOUCHED BY EARTH'S PASSING EONS... A HIDDEN LAND, WARMED BY VOLCANOES, SHROUDED BY MIST... A SAVAGE LAND! A LAND WHERE YOU, CLETE BRANDON, EX-GREEN BERET, EX-MERCENARY SOLDIER, EX-TWENTIETH CENTURY WARRIOR ELITE, ARE MERELY AN...

INTRUDER!



INTRUDER. YOU FEEL IT AS YOU STEP FROM THE CAVE AND BREATHE DEEPLY OF THE DAWN-WORLD AIR.

INTRUDER. YOU SENSE IT AND WELCOME IT. YOU'RE USED TO HOSTILE ENVIRONMENTS.

INTRUDER. VIETNAM. SOUTH AMERICA. EVEN YOUR OWN HOMELAND. YOU'VE BEEN MADE UNWELCOME IN THEM ALL...



... BUT YOU
STILL
SURVIVE.

MORE. YOU
THRIVE.

WHATEVER
THIS CRAZY
PLACE IS...

... I CAN
LICK IT!

YOU MOVE FORWARD TO STRIP MEAT FROM THE THING YOU'VE KILLED... THEN HALT.



WHY SETTLE? BOUND TO BE BETTER EATING THAN THIS HERE...

AND NOTHING TO STOP A MAN FROM TAKING ANYTHING HE'S GOOD ENOUGH TO.

NOT LIKE THE STATES. NOT LIKE THOSE LONG, RESTLESS WEEKS AFTER YOU SEPARATED FROM THE ARMY....

HOLD IT, MISTER... HOLD IT RIGHT THERE!



YOU MUST BE CRAZY! THIS IS POSTED LAND. BE NO HUNTIN' HERE EVEN IF IT WERE IN SEASON.

HAND OVER THAT RIFLE... I'M TAKIN' YOU IN.



IT'S ALWAYS SOMETHING, RIGHT, CLETE BRANDON? THEY NEVER LEAVE IT ALONE...



YOU DUMPED THE BODY BENEATH THE ICE OF A NEARBY LAKE AND COVERED YOUR TRACKS.



ONLY THE GENERAL HAD LIED ABOUT BEING ABLE TO SWING THE MILITARY TO HIS SIDE. SO NOW YOU ARE HERE... INTRUDER IN THIS LAND TIME HAS PASSED BY.

INTRUDER. FOR NOW. BUT GIVEN TIME, GIVEN YOUR TRAINING, YOUR ABILITY... WHY NOT CONQUERER?

BY THE TIME THE GAME WARDEN WAS FOUND, YOU WERE ON YOUR WAY TO SOUTH AMERICA, RECRUITED BY THE CIA FOR THE GENERAL'S REVOLUTION.



THEY CHARGE OUT OF THE SWAMP SCREAMING!



AND THERE IS NO NEED TO SPEAK THEIR PRIMITIVE LANGUAGE TO UNDERSTAND THEIR SCREAMS.

YOU'VE VIOLATED THEIR HUNTING GROUND. SUCH VIOLATIONS ARE SETTLED BY BATTLE TO THE DEATH.



YOU WOULDN'T HAVE IT ANY OTHER WAY.

YOUR ATTACKERS ARE VICIOUS, BRUTISH... UNRELENTING IN THEIR FIGHT. AND YOU REVEL IN IT!



YOU LIKE THIS PRIMITIVE LAND, THE TOTAL SAVAGERY OF ITS COMBAT. THIS IS THE WAY MEN SHOULD MAKE WAR...

...NOT LIKE NAM.



SGT. BRANDON! WHAT THE HELL HAVE YOU DONE?!

THOSE NVA **ROCKETS** THAT'VE BEEN CLOBBERING BASE CAMP ARE COMING FROM **ONE** OF THESE VILLAGES IN THE AREA, LIEUTENANT...

THERE'S NO ONE HERE BUT **CIVILIANS**, BRANDON... AND NOT A **TRACE** OF ANY **ROCKETS**!

YES SIR, AND AFTER **TODAY** YOU CAN BE DAMN CERTAIN THERE WON'T **EVER** BE.



BUT THE LIEUTENANT WOULDN'T LEAVE IT **ALONE**, WOULD HE, CLYDE BRANDON? HE **REPORTED** ABOUT THE VILLAGE. IT NEVER BECAME A MY-LAI, BUT WHEN YOUR **HITCH** WAS UP, THEY REFUSED YOUR **RE-ENLISTMENT**.

THAT WAS NAM. THERE ARE NO **LIEUTENANTS** HERE. NO **PHONEY RULES** AND **REGULATIONS** FOR THE WAY YOU **WAGE WAR** OR **LIVE YOUR LIFE**.

AND IF THIS LAND IS A **SAVAGE** ONE IT IS STILL ONE THE **RIGHT MAN** CAN **MASTER**...

THE **CREATURES** THAT **STALK** HERE ARE **HUGE** AND **DEADLY**... BUT **STUPID** AND **PREDICTABLE** AS WELL. IT'S NO **TRICK** TO **STAY DOWNWIND** OF THEM, TO **AVOID** THEM...



...NOT FOR THE **RIGHT MAN**.

NOT UNTIL **DARKNESS**, NOT UNTIL YOU ARE **EATING**, IS THERE **TROUBLE**... THEN, **FRIENDS** OF THOSE YOU **KILLED** **FIND** YOU. YOU **UNDERESTIMATED** THEIR **TRACKING ABILITY**...

THERE IS NO POINT IN **LETTING** IT GO **FURTHER**. NOW, YOU USE **YOUR TRACKING ABILITY**. AND **THREE DAYS LATER**...



...IT COSTS YOUR **LAST CLIP** OF **AMMO** TO **CORRECT** THE **MISTAKE**.



...YOU **FIND** THEIR **VILLAGE**.

AND USING THE
LAST **SOUVENIRS**
OF A FAILED
REVOLUTION, YOU
END THIS WAR
BEGIN OVER
THE KILLING OF
A BIRD IN THE
MOST EFFECTIVE
WAY YOU
KNOW...

...TOTAL
ANNIHILATION
OF THE ENEMY.

THEY **COULD** HAVE
LEFT IT ALONE...THAT
SECOND BLUNCH
DIDN'T **HAVE** TO
COME AFTER ME!



IT'S OVER. YOU QUICKLY
FORGET THE SOUND OF
MEN, OF WOMEN AND
CHILDREN, DYING IN
THE NIGHT. YOU LEARNED
TO FORGET SUCH
SOUNDS LONG BEFORE
COMING HERE.

YOU EXPLORE THIS NEW
LAND, AND LET THE
DAYS PASS....

YOU LEARN THAT THE SAVAGE
KINGDOM IS **VAST** AND THAT
YOU'VE SEEN BUT A SMALL
PART OF IT.

YOU LEARN THAT YOU HAVE
DESTROYED A **TRIBE**
IN THAT SMALL PART...



...BUT THAT A **RACE** STILL SURVIVES,
AND STILL SEEKS VENGEANCE!

NO, YOU
MANGY **SWAMP-**
CRAWLER!!



NAKED, VULNERABLE, YOU GRAPPLE WITH THE BRUTE.
YOUR HAND FINDS YOUR BAYONET...



...AND USES IT AGAIN, AND AGAIN.

THERE IS NO TIME TO GLOAT, TO EXULT... THE SHOTS, HIS CRIES, HAVE BROUGHT OTHERS!



THERE IS ONLY TIME TO RETREAT...

LEAVING EVERYTHING BEHIND...

...EVERYTHING BUT THE BAYONET.



IT IS ENOUGH. YOUR TRAINING, YOUR NATURE, IS TO SURVIVE USING WHATEVER TOOLS ARE AT HAND. YOU CAN STILL HUNT...

STILL PROVIDE FOOD, CLOTHING FOR YOURSELF...



... BUT YOU NO LONGER HAVE THE LUXURY OF TIME. YOU CANNOT SPARE A MOMENT TO RELAX, TO ENJOY AN ACT...



... BECAUSE IN THE NEXT MOMENT, YOU MAY HAVE TO FIGHT FOR YOUR LIFE!

THESE MOMENTS COME MORE AND MORE OFTEN, BECOME MORE AND MORE COSTLY. YOU STRIKE BACK...

...BUT ONLY TO BUY MORE TIME TO RUN.



IN THE END, THERE IS ONLY THE RUNNING, THE SURVIVING! DIMLY, YOU THINK THERE MIGHT HAVE ONCE BEEN SOMETHING ELSE, SOME FURTHER PURPOSE...



BUT SUCH THOUGHTS ARE HARD. THERE IS SO LITTLE TIME.

YOU KEEP MOVING, FROM JUNGLE TO HILLS... AWAY FROM THE NORMAL HAUNTS OF THE SWAMP MEN

YOU LIVE WITH THE GNAWING ACHE OF HUNGER, TO SURVIVE, TO RUN, YOU MUST HAVE FOOD...

STILL, YOU KEEP SEARCHING, MOVING ...AND THE ACHE, THE NEED CONTINUES TO GROW.

BUT ALSO AWAY FROM PLENTIFUL GAME, EASILY FOUND FOOD.



...WHAT IS TO BE FOUND IS NEVER ENOUGH.



UNTIL...



...YOU FIND THERE ARE OTHERS IN THE HILLS, OTHERS BESIDES THE SWAMP MEN WHO COME TO HUNT YOU.



... OTHERS WHO HAVE... FOOD.

FOOD. THE WORD SCREAMS IN YOUR MIND, PERHAPS BURSTS FROM YOUR LIPS. THE LEADER OF THE APE TRIBE SHRIEKS A CHALLENGE...

...A CHALLENGE YOU ANSWER.



FANG AND CLAW RIPS AND TEARS AT YOUR BODY. YOU BITE, SCRATCH, POUND GOUGE IN RETURN, CRYING YOUR RAGE, YOUR TERRIBLE HUNGER. AND IN THE END...

...YOUR RAGE, YOUR HUNGRY NEED, IS GREATER THAN THAT OF THE BEAST YOU FIGHT.



YOU STAGGER TO THE DEAD THING THE SIMIANS WERE FEEDING UPON, AND SINK DOWN BESIDE IT, TEARING GREEDILY AT THE RAW, MOIST FLESH WITH YOUR BLOODED HAND...

ONE BY ONE, THE APES JOIN YOU, AS THEY'D JOINED THEIR LEADER BEFORE YOU.



YOU SIT WITH THEM, NO THOUGHT BUT FOR THE MOMENT, FOR THE FEASTING...

BUT IF YOU DID THINK BEYOND THE MOMENT, IF YOU CAN THINK BEYOND THE MOMENT...

...YOU MIGHT REALIZE THAT-- WHILE NOT QUITE THE CONQUEROR YOU FIRST ENVISIONED-- YOU NO LONGER ARE AN INTRUDER...

NOW, AT LAST, CLETE BRANDON... YOU ARE PART OF THE SAVAGE LAND.

