

GRAB YOUR RIFLES, RABID READERS, WE'RE GOING ON A **HAUNTING** EXPEDITION INTO TREACHEROUS **TERROR**-ITORY TO SEEK OUT SOME REALLY BIG GAME! YOU'LL NEED ALL YOUR NERVE AS WE PLUNGE INTO THE LAIR OF...

CROFT, THIS IS CRAZY! CHASING AROUND AFTER SOME INDIAN LEGEND!

YOU CAN'T BE SURE WHAT WE'LL FIND, DOUGLAS! NOBODY'S BEEN THIS DEEP INTO THE SWAMP BEFORE... RIGHT, JOHNNY?

SOMEWHERE IN THE DISTANCE CAME THE LOW RUMBLE OF APPROACHING THUNDER; FLASHES OF HEAT LIGHTNING BRIGHTENED THE NIGHT SKY... JOHN KIMA EASED UP ON THE POLE AND LET THE DUGOUT DRIFT IN A BRIEF STRETCH OF CLEAR WATER..ALREADY, HE WAS HAVING REGRETS ABOUT THE EXPEDITION...

NO WHITE MAN, MR. CROFT... FOR CENTURIES MY PEOPLE HAVE MADE THIS AREA THEIR HOME... ISOLATED AND PRIMITIVE!

BUT YOU'RE AN EDUCATED MAN, KIMA... YOU BELIEVE THIS "SWAMP GOD" STUFF?



THE SWAMP GOD!

A HERON SCREECHED AND WINGED SKYWARD THROUGH THE DARKNESS, THEN ONLY THE MEN'S VOICES BROKE THE LAYER OF SILENCE THAT HUNG OVER THE SWAMP... THE SILENCE OF ANTICIPATION... PERHAPS OF THE APPROACHING STORM...

I BELIEVE ANY LEGEND HAS SOME ROOTS IN FACT! SOMETHING VERY REAL AND VERY TERRIBLE, STALKS IN THIS SWAMP!

AND JOHNNY'S FIXED IT SO YOU AND I GET FIRST CRACK AT IT, DOUGLAS!



EAGLES TO ELEPHANTS, I'VE BAGGED THEM ALL, KIMA... NOTHING IN HERE CAN BE *THAT* UNUSUAL!

UNUSUAL ENOUGH TO LEVEL ENTIRE VILLAGES! UNUSUAL ENOUGH THAT GENERATIONS OF MY TRIBE HAVE MADE SACRIFICES TO APPEASE IT! *HUMAN SACRIFICES!*



H-HUMAN SACRIFI--COME OFF IT, KIMA! THIS DAY AND AGE? IF THERE'S MORE THAN AN OVERSIZED ALLIGATOR AROUND, I'LL EAT IT!

THIS SWAMP IS OLD...DEEP... UNTOUCHED BY TIME! PAST AND PRESENT MEAN LITTLE HERE...



I'M OF A PRIMITIVE AND DYING PEOPLE... I'VE TRIED TO CHANGE THEIR WAYS... IT WAS MY HOPE THE TWO OF YOU COULD HELP!

DON'T GET SORE, JOHNNY! DOUGLAS AND I ARE TOP HUNTERS...IF ANYONE CAN NAIL YOUR "SWAMP GOD," WE CAN!



THUNDER RESOUNDED OVERHEAD AND DROPS OF RAIN BEGAN PELTING THE THREE MEN IN THE DUGOUT...

WHAT'S UP? WHY ARE WE STOPPING?

WE CAN GO NO FURTHER...THIS IS THE PLACE OF SACRIFICE, THE KILLING GROUND OF THE SWAMP GOD!





HATE TO
HAVE COME ALL
THIS WAY FOR
NOTH--
WHAT'S THAT,
JOHNNY?

WHEN THE
SWAMP GOD'S
SACRIFICE WAS
PREPARED, A
BLAST FROM
THIS HORN WAS
SAID TO
SUMMON
HIM FORTH...

IT COMES
FROM THERE...
BEYOND THE
TREES!

LOOKS
PEACEFUL
NOW... THIS
RAIN WON'T MAKE
WAITING EASY...




MOMENTARILY, ONLY THE SOUND OF THE
RAIN WAS AUDIBLE IN THE SWAMP, THEN
THE INDIAN GUIDE'S LIPS TOUCHED THE
OLD HORN, FILLING THE NIGHT WITH A LONG
WAIL, ECHOING LIKE THE CRIES OF A WOUND-
ED ANIMAL... TORTURED AND UNEARTHLY!



DOUGLAS!
T-THERE IN THE
BOGS...



...S-SOMETHING'S
STIRRING!



THE SWAMP'S STIFLING AIR WAS RENT BY A HUGE THUNDER-CLAP, QUICKLY FOLLOWED BY THE CRACKLING BRILLIANCE OF LIGHTNING, ETCHING THE AREA IN AN EERIE GLOW!

TYRANNOSAURUS!
KIMA WAS RIGHT...
IT'S SURVIVED TIME!
NURTURED ON
H-HUMAN
SACRIFICE...

OH, MY GOD!



DOUGLAS! IT'S T-TREMENDOUS... WE CAN'T--

THESE RIFLES ARE HI-POWERED ENOUGH TO STOP ANYTHING! FIRE, YOU FOOL! FIRE!



THE GUNS! THEY'RE NOT FIRING! THEY'RE NOT FIRING!---



GNYAHHHHH!!!

OH, LORD... IT'S D-DEVOURING CROFT!

CROFT'S HIDEOUS DYING SCREAMS MINGLED WITH THE SAVAGE SOUNDS OF THE RAMPAGING BEHEMOTH, SENT DOUGLAS THRASHING THROUGH THE MURKY WATER...MUD AND SLIME BELOW CAUGHT AND GRABBED AT HIM, REDUCING HIS MOTION TO THAT OF A MAN IN A DREAM...

KIMA! I THOUGHT THAT T-THING GOT YOU WITH THE DUGOUT!

NO, MR. DOUGLAS... I GOT AWAY AFTER SOUNDING THE HORN.



GOOD THING TOO! YOU MIGHT HAVE ENDED UP LIKE CROFT! BLASTED RIFLES... FINE WEAPONS FOR YEARS! HOW COULD THEY GO WRONG NOW?

NO BULLETS, MR. DOUGLAS... I REMOVED THEM WHEN I LOADED THE DUGOUT!



YOU DID WHAT? I DON'T UNDERSTAND, WHY--KIMA! WHAT'RE YOU DOING?! NO!



AGAIN THE HIDEOUS SOUND OF THE SACRIFICIAL HORN ROSE THROUGH THE SWAMP...

KIMA! WHY? THE THING'LL HEAR IT... GIVE ME A HAND! HELP ME OUT OF HERE! THAT MONSTER'S COMING... PLEASE!!



IT'S AS I SAID, MR. DOUGLAS... WITH YOUR HELP I'M CHANGING THE WAYS OF MY PEOPLE! THEY'LL CEASE DYING OUT FROM SACRIFICES...

HOPELESSLY, DOUGLAS CLAWED AND SCRAPED AT THE MUD AND GRASS OF THE BANK ONLY TO FIND THE MIRE OF THE BOTTOM SLIPPING BENEATH HIS SCRAMBLING FEET... EVEN AS HOT REPTILIAN BREATH SPRAYED OVER HIM, ABOVE HIS OWN SCREAMS, HE COULD HEAR JOHN KIMA'S FADING WORDS...

...SINCE FROM NOW ON, I'M USING OUTSIDERS ONLY!!

HMMMMMM... IT APPEARS DOUGLAS IS MORE SELF-SACRIFICING THAN I THOUGHT! NOW, BEFORE THE SWAMP GOD PUTS THE BITE ON HIM, WHY DON'T YOU NIBBLE AT MY NEXT GOODIE?

