

With the sleekness of a jungle beast, the Prince of Wakanda stalks both the concrete of the city and the undergrowth of the veldt, for when danger lurks he dons the garb of the savage cat from which he gains his name!

STAN LEE PRESENTS: **THE BLACK PANTHER!**

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There have been objects throughout the course of history which have been sought after, fought over, and died for... BUT NEVER WAS THERE SUCH AN OBJECT AS THIS THING OF BURNISHED BRASS!! MYSTERIOUS AND LITTLE KNOWN, IT WAS THE CENTER OF MANY STRANGE AND UNEXPECTED HAPPENINGS!! NOW, THE BLACK PANTHER HAS ANSWERED ITS CALL! WILL HE FALL VICTIM TO...?

# King Solomon's FROG!



YOUR FRIEND DOESN'T SEEM ALARMED BY OUR VISIT! IN FACT, HE'S NOT MOVING AT ALL!

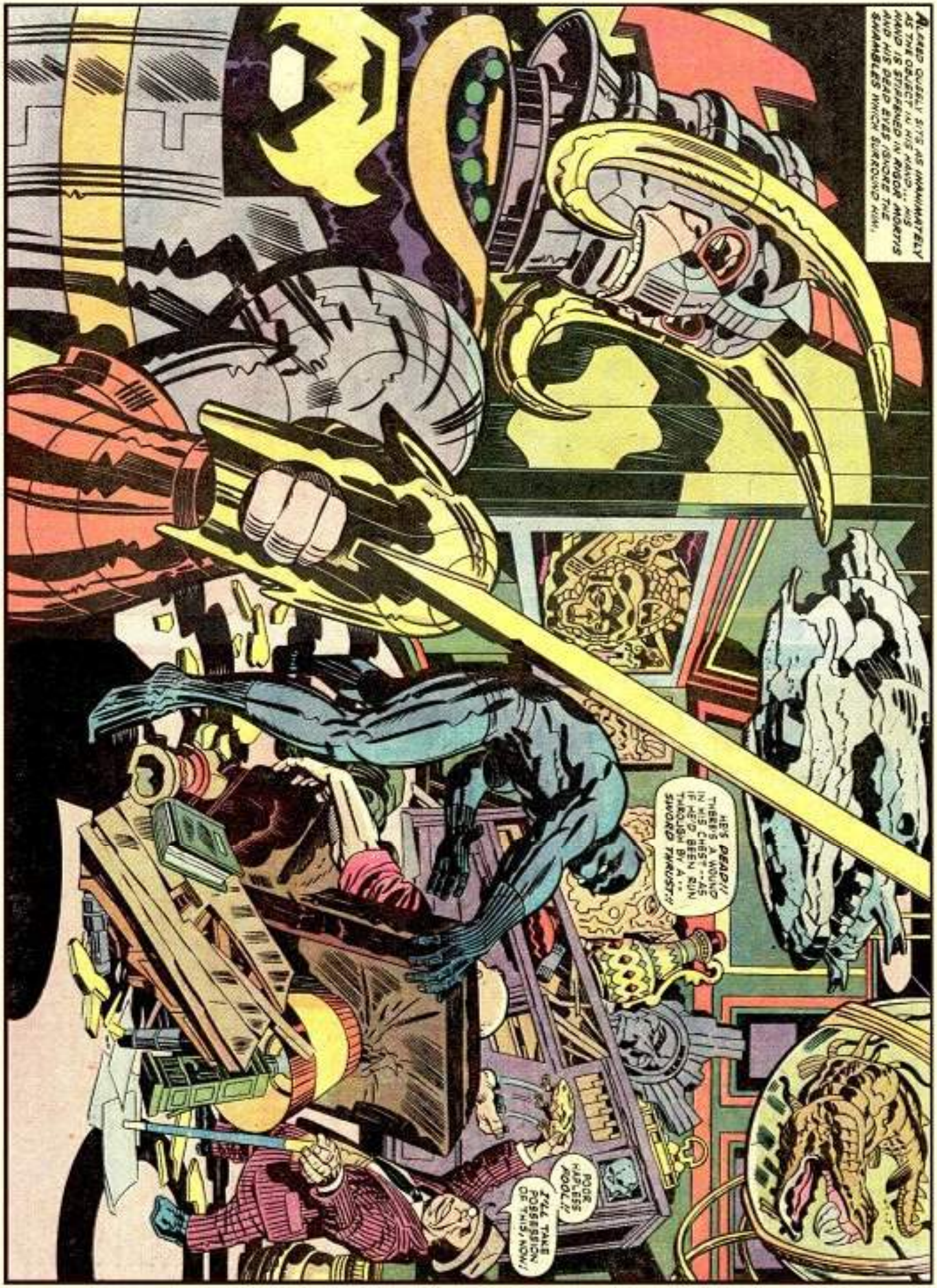
I WAS RIGHT!

THAT'S QUIBLY IN THE CHAIR! HE'S GOT THE BRASS FROG!!

LETTERED BY MIKE ROYER, COLORED BY DAVE HUNT

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ALREADY QUEBLY SITS AS IMMEDIATELY AS THE OBJECT IN HIS HAND... HIS HAND IS STABBED IN RIGOR MORIS AND HIS DEAD EYES IGNORE THE SWARMLES WHICH SURROUND HIM.



HE'S DEAD!  
THERE'S A WOUND  
IN HIS CHEST...AS  
IF HE'D BEEN RUN  
THROUGH BY A...  
SWORD THRUST!

I'LL TAKE  
POSSESSION  
OF THIS, NOW!

POOR  
WHELP!  
FOOL!



AND SO ENDS THE MISERABLE CAREER OF ALFRED QUEELY-- RECLUSE, COLLECTOR, AND THIEF!

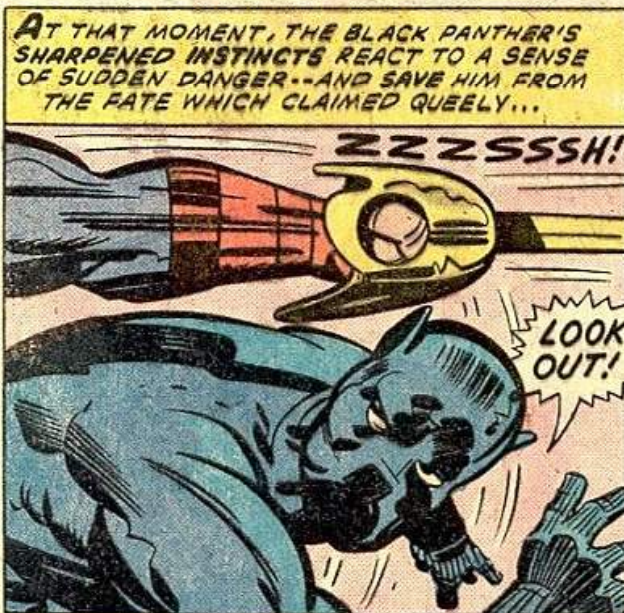
BUT THE VERY OBJECT HE STOLE BECAME THE INSTRUMENT OF HIS DEATH!!

THAT'S SHEER NONSENSE, MISTER LITTLE!



WHOEVER KILLED QUEELY MOVED FASTER THAN THAT FROG EVER WILL. THAT WOUND WAS FRESH! IT MAY HAVE BEEN INFLICTED ONLY MOMENTS BEFORE WE ARRIVED!!

OH, THE FROG DID HIM IN, ALL RIGHT! QUEELY MUST'VE BEEN EXPERIMENTING WITH IT.



AT THAT MOMENT, THE BLACK PANTHER'S SHARPENED INSTINCTS REACT TO A SENSE OF SUDDEN DANGER--AND SAVE HIM FROM THE FATE WHICH CLAIMED QUEELY...

ZZZZSSSH!

LOOK OUT!



A SINEWY SWORD ARM HACKS AWAY IN PURSUIT OF ITS INTENDED TARGET, BUT...

TAKE COVER, MISTER LITTLE! THE KILLER'S STILL WITH US!

KRUNCH!

WHY, SO HE IS!!



THE BLACK PANTHER'S SUPERB AGILITY KEEPS HIM ALIVE UNTIL HE'S IN POSITION TO COUNTER-ATTACK...

PERHAPS QUEELY FELL EASILY TO YOUR BLADE--

THOK!



THEN, WITH COBRA-SPEED, THE BLACK PANTHER STRIKES BACK!

-- BUT YOU WILL FIND THE PANTHER A MOST UNCOOPERATIVE TARGET!



WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT, MISTER LITTLE? I DIDN'T PURSUE THAT MAN BECAUSE I SENSE THAT HIS CAPTURE IS CERTAIN--BECAUSE HE'S A FRIGHTENED *STRANGER* AMONG US.



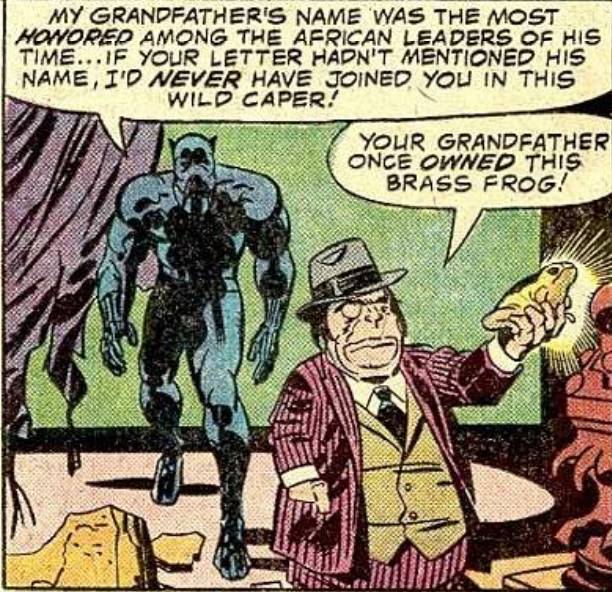
BECAUSE HE'S THE *REAL MCCOY*, MY BOY! A LIVING WARRIOR PLUCKED FROM ANTIQUITY AND *TRANSPLANTED* THIS CENTURY!

WHAT--!??

I APPLAUD YOUR *UNCANNY PERCEPTION!* YOU'RE A TRUE GRANDSON OF *AZZARI!* THE *WISE*--A MOST AMAZING MAN!



MY GRANDFATHER'S NAME WAS THE MOST *HONORED* AMONG THE AFRICAN LEADERS OF HIS TIME...IF YOUR LETTER HADN'T MENTIONED HIS NAME, I'D *NEVER* HAVE JOINED YOU IN THIS WILD CAPER!



YOUR GRANDFATHER ONCE OWNED THIS BRASS FROG!

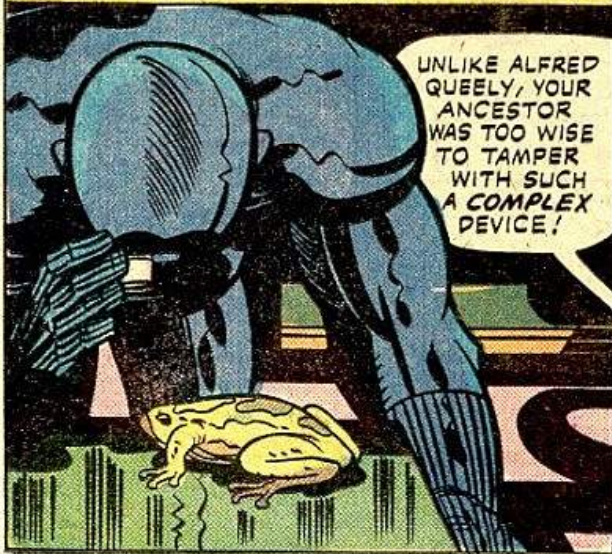
YOU MEAN--!??

I MEAN THAT HE *KNEW* IT TO BE WHAT IT TRULY *IS*--A TIME MACHINE!

HERE! LOOK AT THE FROG THROUGH THIS!



**STUNNED INTO SILENCE, THE BLACK PANTHER USES THE EYE-PIECE TO STUDY THE FROG...**



UNLIKE ALFRED QUEELY, YOUR ANCESTOR WAS TOO WISE TO TAMPER WITH SUCH A *COMPLEX* DEVICE!

**THE STRANGE FORCES AND MINIATURE MECHANISMS THAT POWER THE FROG ARE QUICKLY REVEALED...**



IT'S CERTAINLY *COMPLEX*, I'LL AGREE TO THAT!

AZZARI BURIED THE FROG, BUT IT WAS EXHUMED BY *ANOTHER*--AND THUS CONTINUED ITS CHAIN OF DISASTERS TO THIS DAY!



THOSE WHO TAMPER WITH THE FROG ARE KILLED -- BY WHATEVER SPRINGS FROM THE OPEN DOOR OF TIME!

QUEELY LEARNED THAT -- TOO LATE!

IT'S TOO BAD THAT WE DIDN'T TRACK HIM DOWN BEFORE THIS HAPPENED!



MOMENTS LATER, THE BLACK PANTHER ACCOMPANIES MISTER LITTLE TO A JET-COPTER PARKED NEARBY, AND THEY LEAVE THE AREA...

NOW THAT WE'VE PHONED THE POLICE ABOUT QUEELY, WE'LL BE ON OUR WAY!

I'M NOT SURE THAT I WANT TO GO YOUR WAY.



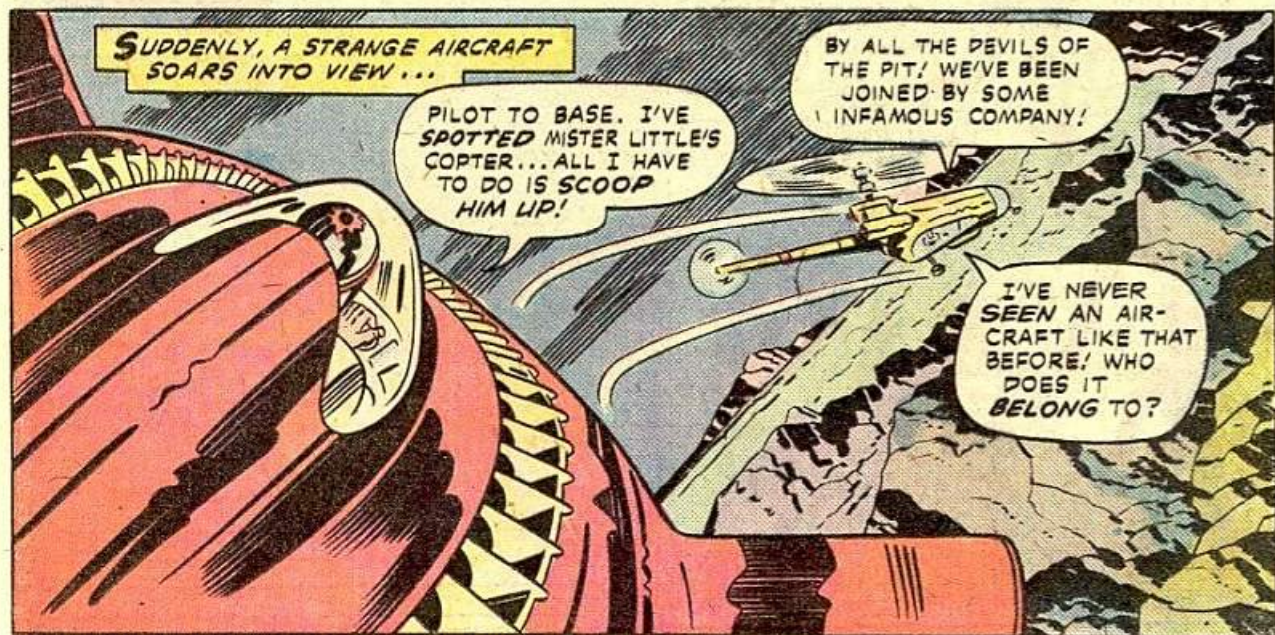
BUT YOU MUST SEE THIS THROUGH, MY FRIEND! I DON'T INTEND TO KEEP THE BRASS FROG. IT MUST BE RETURNED TO ITS ORIGINAL RESTING PLACE -- KING SOLOMON'S BURIAL CHAMBER!!

W-WHAT!? YOU'VE GONE CRAZY, MISTER LITTLE! AN ARMY OF FOOLS HAS DIED FOLLOWING THAT FAIRY TALE!!



YOU MAY AS WELL LOOK FOR CAMELOT -- OR THE LOST AZTEC CITY OF GOLD!!

KING SOLOMON WAS NOT A MYTH. HE LIVED A FABULOUS LIFE -- AND ACCUMULATED FANTASTIC TREASURES! THE BRASS FROG WAS AMONG THEM.



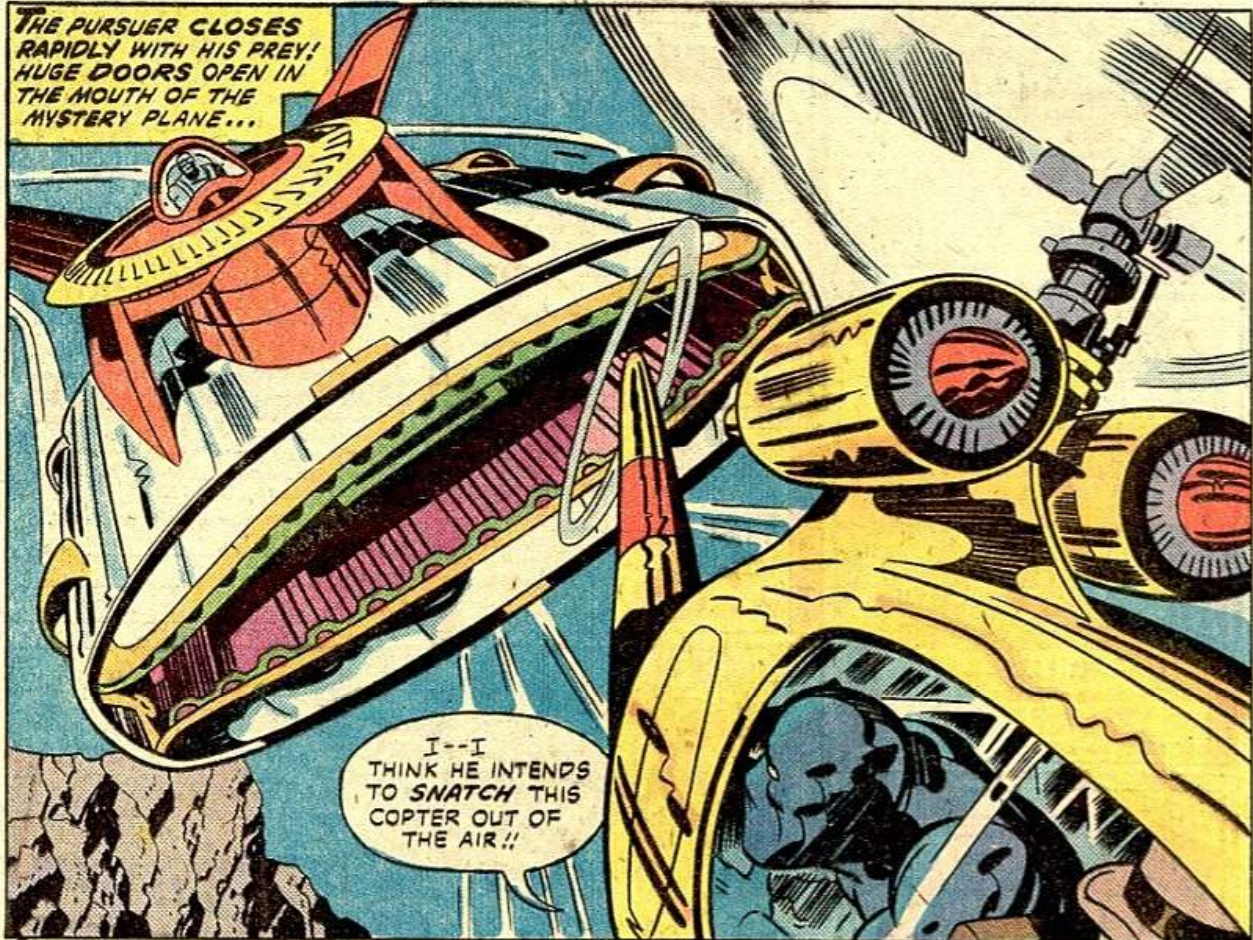
SUDDENLY, A STRANGE AIRCRAFT SOARS INTO VIEW...

PILOT TO BASE. I'VE SPOTTED MISTER LITTLE'S COPTER... ALL I HAVE TO DO IS SCOOP HIM UP!

BY ALL THE DEVILS OF THE PIT! WE'VE BEEN JOINED BY SOME INFAMOUS COMPANY!

I'VE NEVER SEEN AN AIRCRAFT LIKE THAT BEFORE! WHO DOES IT BELONG TO?

**THE PURSUER CLOSES RAPIDLY WITH HIS PREY! HUGE DOORS OPEN IN THE MOUTH OF THE MYSTERY PLANE...**



I--I THINK HE INTENDS TO **SNATCH** THIS COPTER OUT OF THE AIR!!



IF WE DON'T PUT SOME FAST MILEAGE BETWEEN US AND THAT TIN SHARK, YOU CAN **POSTPONE** YOUR TRIP TO KING SOLOMON'S TOMB!

HOW ABOUT IT, MISTER LITTLE!?

NEVER FEAR, PANTHER. IN MY DEALINGS WITH **COMPETITORS** I'VE LEARNED TO PREPARE FOR **ANY** CONTINGENCY!

**KLIK!**



**WHEN MISTER LITTLE FLIPS A SWITCH TWO DEADLY MISSILES LEAP FROM THE COPTER'S TAIL AND ROCKET INTO THE OPEN JAWS OF THE FLYING TRAP...**

**MISSILES!** YOU'RE NOT EXACTLY PLAYING **GAMES**, ARE YOU!?



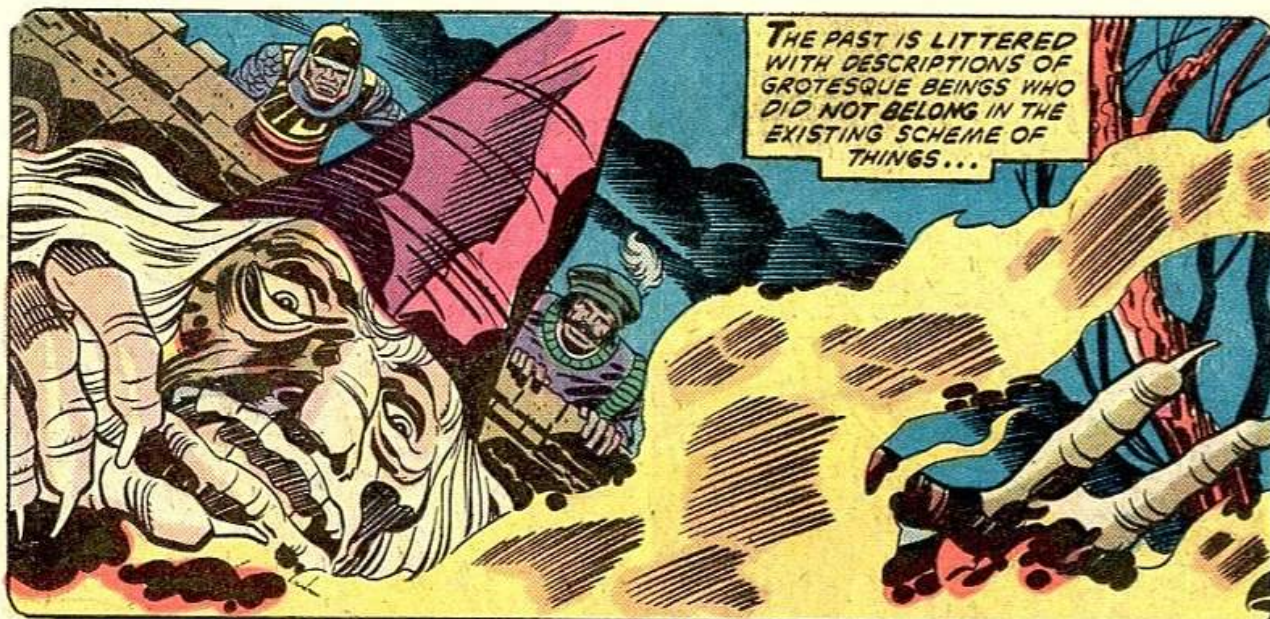


THE MYTHS THAT ROSE FROM THE ENSUING MASSACRE LASTED FOR AGES. BUT TODAY, THE STORY OF ALI BABA AND THE GENIE IS DEEMED FIT ONLY FOR CHILDREN.

**YAAAA!!**  
I-IT'S LEVELLING THE TOWN!

**GROWRRRI!**

**RUN! RUN!**  
THE HIDEOUS THING WILL DESTROY US!!



THE PAST IS LITTERED WITH DESCRIPTIONS OF GROTESQUE BEINGS WHO DID NOT BELONG IN THE EXISTING SCHEME OF THINGS...



ALFRED QUEELY WAS NOT THE FIRST TO EXPERIMENT WITH THE BRASS FROG IN THIS CENTURY! THE PREHISTORIC THING IN LOCH NESS IS AMPLE TESTIMONY TO MAN'S FOOLISH ABSORPTION WITH A TIME MACHINE!

THERE IT IS! GET YOUR CAMERA! QUICKLY!



IT'S A FANTASTIC PREMISE, MISTER LITTLE--AND VERY HARD TO DIGEST! I'VE YET TO SEE THIS BRASS FROG OPERATE!!

RESTRAIN YOUR IMPULSES --OR WE'LL BOTH WIND UP LIKE QUEELY!



THE COPTER SUDDENLY SHOOTS FORWARD AND VANISHES INTO THE DISTANCE BEFORE THE STARTLED ASSASSINS CAN REACT...



T-THEY'RE GONE!

W-WHAT HAPPENED!?

T-THEY TOOK OFF! LIKE A ROCKET!

WOOMMM ZOOM!

MEANWHILE, MILES AHEAD, THE COPTER STREAKS ON AT BLURRING SPEEDS...



YOU CAN SLOW IT DOWN NOW, MISTER LITTLE!! WE'VE DEFINITELY LOST THEM!!

VERY WELL, MY LANDING PAD IS NOT FAR FROM THIS AREA!

SOON AFTER...



WE'RE DESCENDING! YOU CAN'T MEAN THAT YOU'RE LANDING INSIDE THIS! WHY, IT'S NOTHING BUT A LARGE PIT!

A PIT CARVED BY NATURE, LAD! IT'S THE BEST KIND OF COVER!!

AT THE FLOOR OF THE PIT, A LANDING AREA OF IMPRESSIVE DIMENSIONS AND CONSTRUCTION ACCOMODATES THE DESCENDING COPTER...



YOU COLLECTORS HAVE ONE THING IN COMMON--YOU SPEND YOUR LIVES HIDING FROM ONE ANOTHER!

IT'S A RISKY BUSINESS--IF YOU COLLECT OBJECTS LIKE THE BRASS FROG!!

HOLD IT! I-I DETECT ANOTHER PRESENCE HERE. IN FACT, THERE ARE MANY OTHERS.



IMPOSSIBLE!! THIS PLACE IS IMPOSSIBLE TO FIND--YET, PRINCESS ZANDA MIGHT HAVE THE RESOURCES TO--

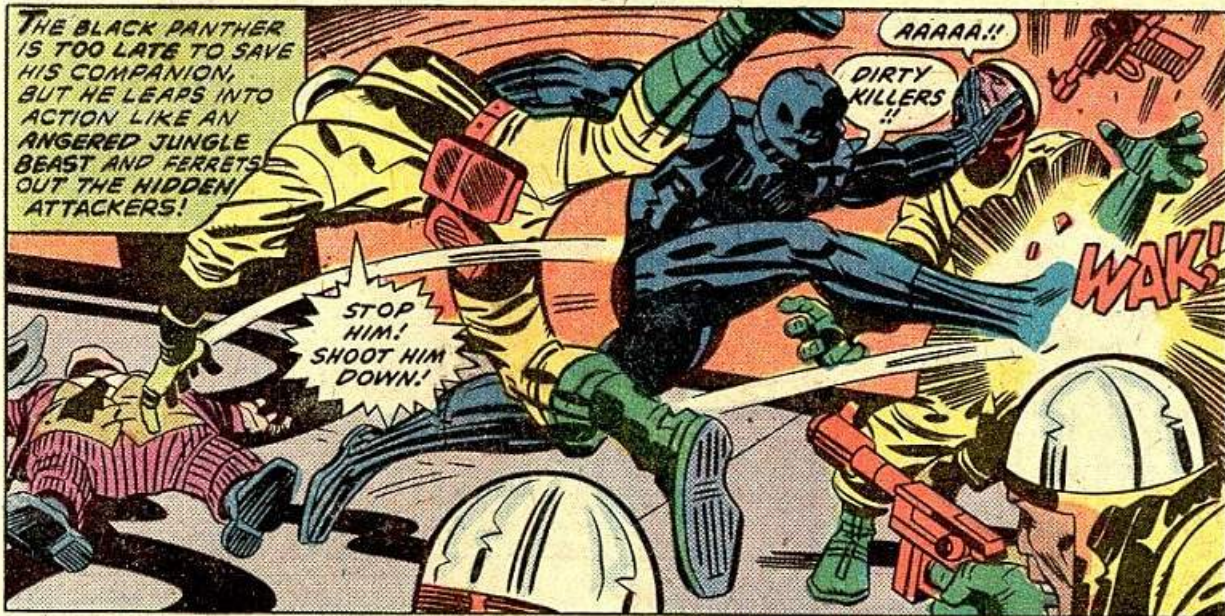
THE FLASH OF GUNFIRE SUDDENLY DECIDES THE ISSUE...



MISTER LITTLE! LOOK OUT!!

BAM!

UGH--!



EVERY NERVE IN THE PANTHER'S BODY BECOMES A CENTER OF PAIN! HE SCREAMS ONCE AND COLLAPSES IN A LIMP HEAP. THEN HIS VICTORIOUS ADVERSARY MAKES HER APPEARANCE...

THIS A DAY OF TRIUMPH, PRINCESS ZANDA! YOU'VE CONQUERED YOUR ENEMIES AND WON THIS COVETED PRIZE!!

THE BRASS FROG IS YOURS!

SERVILE BUFFOON! YOU'RE FORTUNATE THAT I DIDN'T TURN MY NERVE WAVES ON THE LOT OF YOU!

GIVE ME THAT ARTIFACT!

MISTER LITTLE IS DEAD, MISTRESS. SHALL WE FINISH THE BLACK PANTHER AS WELL??

NO, YOU FOOL! THE PRINCESS HAS NEED OF HIM FOR HER PLANS!





AT LAST IT'S *MINE!* THE DOORWAY TO TIME ITSELF --! COMPACT AND SECURE WITHIN THIS *HUMBLE OBJECT!*

BUT IT CANNOT BE CONTROLLED, HIGHNESS! IT'S *DANGEROUS* TO USE!!



SOMEWHERE IN THE TOMB OF KING SOLOMON LIES THE *CONTROL CODE!*

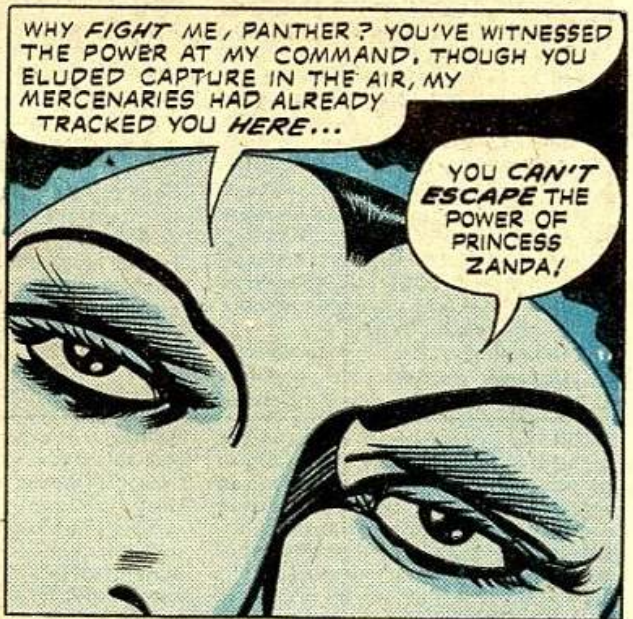
IS IT TRUE THAT THE PANTHER CAN LEAD US TO IT, PRINCESS?



WE CAN MAKE HIM TALK, HIGHNESS! HE'S WEAK-- BUT HE CAN TALK!!

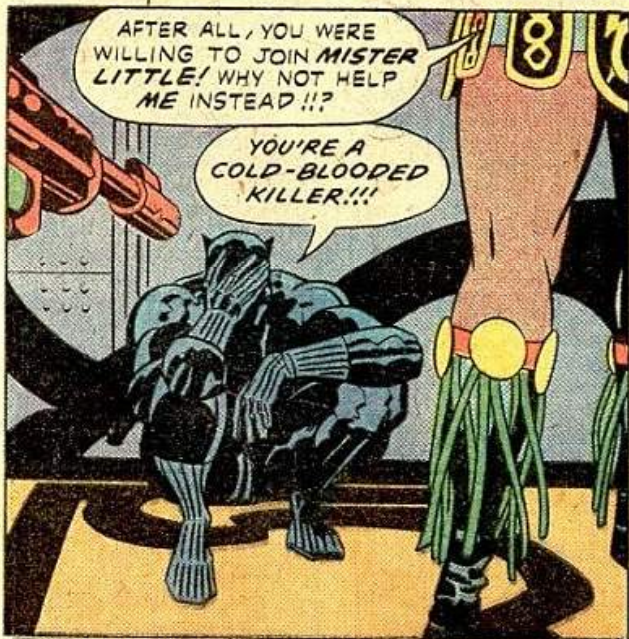
GOT-NOTHING-TO-SAY!! YOU COLLECTORS CAN-GO-TO--

DEFIANCE IS FRUITLESS! IT WILL ONLY EARN YOU ANOTHER JOLT TO YOUR NERVES!



WHY FIGHT ME, PANTHER? YOU'VE WITNESSED THE POWER AT MY COMMAND, THOUGH YOU ELUDED CAPTURE IN THE AIR, MY MERCENARIES HAD ALREADY TRACKED YOU HERE...

YOU CAN'T ESCAPE THE POWER OF PRINCESS ZANDA!



AFTER ALL, YOU WERE WILLING TO JOIN MISTER LITTLE! WHY NOT HELP ME INSTEAD !!?

YOU'RE A COLD-BLOODED KILLER!!!



IDIOT! DO YOU THINK THAT LITTLE'S GOAL WAS ANY DIFFERENT THAN MINE!?

HE WANTED THE CONTROL CODE THAT WILL REGULATE THE FORCES IN THIS ARTIFACT!

ONCE YOU'D FOUND IT, MISTER LITTLE WOULD HAVE KILLED YOU!



NO DEAL, PRINCESS!! FIND ANOTHER TRAVEL GUIDE!!

THE FROG!! HE KICKED THE FROG FROM MY HANDS!

ROK!



KILL THE RASH FOOL!

TRY IT-- AND I'LL SMASH THIS THING!

HE'S SEIZED THE FROG!!

H-HE'LL CARRY OUT HIS THREAT!



HE CAN'T KEEP HIS EYE ON ALL OF US!! PICK HIM OFF WITH A CAREFUL SHOT!!

HE MOVES LIKE A JUNGLE CAT, HIGHNESS, BUT I'LL DO MY BEST!



THE BLACK PANTHER WATCHES AND RETREATS WITH CAUTION-- BUT HE SEES THE RAISED WEAPON TOO LATE!! A SHOT RINGS OUT!!

BAM!

THERE ARE GASPS OF HORROR AS THE BRASS FROG FLIES FROM ITS CAPTOR'S HAND-- BUT IT IS MADE OF STURDY METAL, AND THE IMPACT WITH THE GROUND SERVES ONLY TO ACTIVATE ITS MYSTERIOUS MECHANISM...



RRRRMMMM!!!

A GLARING RADIANCE FILLS THE FIELD OF ACTION-- THE DOORWAY TO TIME HAS OPENED ONCE AGAIN!!! A TALL, VAGUE, MAN-LIKE SHAPE APPEARS--! A PHANTOM FROM... WHERE!??



WHEN THE BLINDING LIGHT FADES, THE TIME THRESHOLD HAS CLOSED... BUT THE BIZARRE BEING WHO HAS STEPPED ACROSS THE CENTURIES NOW STANDS SOLID AND ALONE... FACING CREATURES AS STRANGE TO HIM AS HE IS TO THEM!

WHAT ARE YOU!? SPEAK-- OR DIE!!

HATCH 22

BY THE GREAT LION! THE BRASS FROG'S HIT THE JACKPOT THIS TIME!

IF YOU THINK OUR PAST HAS BEEN STORMY-- WAIT'LL YOU SEE WHAT'S COME FROM THE FUTURE!!

**NEXT!**

DON'T MISS HIM!!

**THE SIX MILLION YEAR MAN!**