

THERE ARE NO **BUILDINGS** TO OBSTRUCT THE HORIZON, NO FOUL CONTAMINANTS TO MUTE THE CRIMSON FLUSH OF DAWN. THE DAY WILL BE **LONG** AND STEAMY WITH **BROILING**, HUMID HEAT, BUT FOR NOW THE DENIZENS OF THIS BRACKISH LAGOON ARE STILL WRAPPED IN A LETHARGIC **SLEEP** AS HEAVY AS THEIR Ponderous BODIES. ONLY THE BUZZING WHIR OF GIGANTIC **DRAGONFLY** WINGS STIRS THE SILENT AIR...



HIGHER NOW, THE SCARLET **SUN** EMBUES THE AIR WITH OPPRESSIVE **MUGGINESS**... AND A FIRST AWAKENING CREATURE VENTURES FROM HIS **SANCTUARY** WITHIN A HOLLOW LOG. THE HUGE **CROCODILE** SLITHERS ACROSS A FERNED LANDSCAPE TOWARD THE LAGOON AND ITS COOL WATERS...

THE SCALY, KNOTTY-HIDED CROCODILE THINKS ONLY OF COOLING ITSELF... AND AS IT BEGINS TO SLIP INTO THE **SOOTHING WATERS**, IT FAILS TO NOTICE **TARN** AS HE SHAMBLES FROM THE FOREST RECESSES ON MASSIVE, COLUMNAR LEGS...



SPALASSSHHH!

WELCOME TO THE **MESOZOIC** ERA, BEAST BUFFS! GET READY FOR BLOOD AND GORE... AND BEAST OF ALL...


TARN IS HUNGRY, AND HIS HUGE MASS REQUIRES MUCH FOOD. TARN IS A **CARNOSAUR**, A MEAT-EATING DINOSAUR OF THE JURASSIC AGE... BUT **TARN** DOESN'T KNOW THIS. ALL **TARN** KNOWS IS THE IS **HUNGRY**, AND THAT MEAT SWIMS BEFORE HIM. **TARN** LUNGES FOR THAT MEAT, AND THE WATERS OF THE ONCE-SERENE LAGOON **ERUPT** WITH...



ROOOOAAAARRRRRAARRR!
HIIIISSSSSS!



THE CLASH OF LEVIATHANS!



TARN FEELS THE **SPRAY** OF LAGOON WATER CASCADING OVER HIS **THICK** HIDE. HE FEELS THE **WHIPPING SLAP** OF THE CROCODILE'S TAIL AS THEY FRENZIEDLY THRASH ABOUT IN THE **TURBULENCE** OF A DESPERATE DEATH COMBAT...

TARN'S BRAIN IS **SMALL** AND A LONG DISTANCE FROM HIS LEG...IT IS A WHILE BEFORE HE FEELS THE IRRITATING **STING** OF THE CROCODILE'S TEETH. BUT HE DOES NOT GIVE THE SNAPPING JAW'S MUCH THOUGHT... HE IS TOO BUSY FEELING THE **SATISFYING REND** OF FLESH UNDER HIS OWN RAZOR SHARP TEETH...

THE AIR IS FILLED WITH GRUNTS AND HISSES OF **PAIN AND RAGE**. TARN PLANTS A HUGE TALONED FOOT UPON THE CROCODILE'S BACK, THE BETTER TO RIP AT ITS NECK. HE **STAMPS DOWN** ON THE SCALY BACK AND PULLS **UPWARD** WITH HIS TEETH, BURIED IN THE MORE VULNERABLE FLESH OF THE CROCODILE'S NECK...

TARN DOES NOT OFTEN **ENTER** THE WATER. IT IS **FOREIGN** TO HIM, BUT **INSATIABLE HUNGER** DRIVES TARN TO MANY THINGS. STILL, THE WATER UNSETTLES HIM. HE REMOVES THE CROCODILE FROM THE LAGOON, SPRAYING DROPLETS **SPREW** IN ALL DIRECTIONS, AND **SALTY-SWEET BLOOD** TANTALIZES TARN'S PALATE...

THE BLOOD REMINDS TARN OF HIS HUNGER, AND RENEWS HIS EFFORTS. WITH A **WHIPPING SNAP** OF HIS MUSCLED NECK HE SLINGS THE CROCODILE TO THE MUDDY GROUND. THERE IS A MUTED, DULL **CRACK** AND TARN KNOWS HE HAS DONE SOMETHING TO THE CROCODILE. SOON, HE WILL EAT...

THUUD!

TARN DOES NOT CARE IF THE CROCODILE STILL *LIVES*, AS LONG AS IT DOES NOT MOVE, AND DOES NOT TRY TO *CLAMP ITS JAWS* AROUND HIM, HE IS CONTENT, HE TEARS A SECTION OF SUCCULENT *MEAT* FROM THE CROCODILE'S NECK WITH HIS SIX-INCH LONG SLAVERING TEETH...



TARN DEVOURS HIS SLAIN FOE HUNGRILY, KNOWING IT IS GOOD TO FILL HIS BELLY, BUT TARN IS *HUNGRY* ALMOST ALL THE TIME, EVEN BEFORE HE HAS FINISHED *FEASTING* ON THE CARCASS OF THE CROCODILE, HE GAZES AT THE SLUGGISH *BRONTOSAURUS* WITH LUSTING EYES...



AT THIS PROMISE OF SUCH A *SUMPTUOUS AND LARGE MEAL*, TARN FORGETS THE CROCODILE... AND RUSHES TOWARD THE *CARELESS BRONTOSAURUS* ON GROUND-SHAKING LEGS...

TARN WATCHES THE HALF-SUBMERGED *BEHEMOTH* AS IT STEADILY MUNCHES ON BULL RUSHES, CONIFERS, AND SWAMP REEDS. HE CANNOT *UNDERSTAND* HOW THE BRONTOSAURUS CAN STAND BEING IN THE AWFUL WATER. HE DOES NOT REALIZE THAT THE *CREATURE* NEEDS THE WATER'S BUOYANCY TO ALLOW ITS 30 TON MASS TO STAND AT ALL, BUT HE DOES REALIZE THAT THE *GIGANTIC REPTILE* HAS VENTURED *TOO CLOSE* TO THE SHORE...



TARN'S FEET ARE *FAST* FOR ONE OF HIS IMMENSE SIZE, BUT HIS BRAIN IS SLOW, HE HAS ALREADY *LEAPED* FOR THE BRONTOSAURUS BEFORE HE REALIZES THAT HIS PREY HAS DUCKED BACK AND SLIPPED INTO THE SECURITY OF DEEPER WATERS. TARN SPLASHES HEAVILY AND FLOUNDERS IN THE HORRIBLE WETNESS...



CONFUSED AND TERRIFIED BY THE **SUFFOCATING LIQUID**, TARN WRENCHES HIS BULK FROM THE LAGOON. HE WILL LET THE BRONTOSAURUS GO THIS TIME. HE WILL RETURN TO THE REST OF HIS KILL...

TARN DOES NOT KNOW THAT SMALLER, **SCAVENGING DINOSAURS** HAVE STOLEN HIS CROCODILE. ALL HE KNOWS IS THAT IT IS **GONE**. HE IS ANGRY. DID HE EAT IT ALL? HE DOES NOT REMEMBER. BUT HE IS STILL HUNGRY AND THE DAY HAS JUST BEGUN...

TARN LEANS BACK, SUPPORTED BY THE **PROP** OF HIS HUGE TAIL. IN THIS ATTITUDE, HE CAN LIFT HIS HEAD **HIGH** TO SURVEY THE REGION AROUND HIM. TARN IS **FEARED** BY THE OTHER DINOSAURS... THEY HAVE ALL TAKEN TO **HIDING**...

SO HE **LEAVES** THE LAGOON, IN PURSUIT OF **OTHER** GAME. TARN DIPS HIS HEAD TOWARDS THE GROUND AND LIFTS HIS TAIL, HOLDING IT OUT STIFFLY BEHIND HIM.

TARN SHAMBLES THROUGH THE **FOREST**, PAST BARREL-TRUNKS OF SPRUCES, HEMLOCKS, LARCHES, CYPRESSES, CEDARS, FIRS, REDWOODS, AND GINKGOS. A FLITTING **SHADOW** ACROSS THE JELLY-GLOBES OF HIS EYES CAUSES HIM TO LOOK UPWARDS, AND HE WONDERS AT THE DELICACY A GLIDING **PTERODACTYL**...

SOON TARN LITERALLY BREAKS INTO A **CLEARING**. WITH HIS MIND FUNNELED ONLY ON **FOOD**, HE **DISREGARDS** THE FORMIDABLE TAIL-SPIKES AND **NEAR-INVULNERABLE** ARMOR-PLATING OF THE PLACID STEGOSAURUS.

HESITANTLY, TARN SIZES UP HIS **OPPONENT**. THE POISED TAIL WITH ITS DOUBLE ROW OF MENACING SPIKES GIVES HIM EPHEMERAL **PAUSE**. HE WONDERS IF HE IS THAT HUNGRY... AND DECIDES... YES...



TARN **LUNGES**, AND CLAMPS HIS POWERFUL JAWS ON THE STEGOSAURUS'S TRIANGULAR BACK PLATES. THE PLATES ARE **HARD**, AND DO NOT TASTE GOOD. HOW IS HE TO **PENETRATE** HIS FOE'S INBUILT DEFENSES? TARN DOESN'T KNOW... BUT HE WILL DO IT OR **PERISH** IN THE BLOOD-SPATTERED ATTEMPT...


SIX POINTED **SPIKES** OF PAIN DRIVE INTO TARN'S THIGH WITH VIOLENT IMPACT. THE THORNY SPIKES DIG DEEPER, DRAWING A GUSHING WELTER OF TARN'S BLOOD. TARN RELEASES THE HARD, BITTER BACK-PLATES AND SHRIEKS **BELLOWS** HIS RAGE THROUGHOUT THE CLEARING...



TARN IS **ANGRY**, AND INSANE WITH EXCRUCIATING **PAIN**. HE WILL NOT LET THE STEGOSAURUS GET AWAY WITH INFLECTING SUCH PAIN UPON HIM. HE LOWERS HIS **HEAD** AND RAMS UNDER THE STEGOSAURUS'S **BELLY**...

THEN TARN THRUSTS HIS HEAD UP **TOPPLING** THE STEGOSAURUS ONTO ITS ARMOR-PLATED BACK, AND TARN IS GLAD TO SEE THE SOFT **UNDERBELLY** OF HIS FOE...





AND ONCE MORE TARN FILLS HIS **GAPING MAW** WITH THE BLOOD, FLESH, AND GUTS OF ANOTHER VANQUISHED FOE. HE WILL BE **CONTENT** NOW... UNTIL HE HAS CONSUMED ALL OF HIS MEAL...

TARN DOES NOT UNDERSTAND HOW THE HUGE **SILVER BEAST** CAN OPEN UP TO DISGORGE THREE OTHER BEASTS. BUT THESE OTHER THREE ARE CLOSER TO TARN'S SIZE. NOW HE **KNOWS** HE WILL NOT LET THEM TAKE HIS KILL...

TARN IS NOT EASILY **DISTRACTED** FROM A MEAL, BUT THE HARSH GLINTING OF **BLINDING** SUNLIGHT UPON A **SILVER OBJECT** IN THE SKY MAKES HIM PAUSE AND CONSIDER THE DESCENDING THING. HE HAS **NEVER** SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT...

THE SILVER THING GROWS **LARGER** AND MORE UNFAMILIAR, AS IT **SETTLES** TOWARD THE GROUND. A HIGH-KEENING **WHINE** EMITS FROM ITS DAZZLING HIDE. TARN IS **DISTURBED**. BUT HE IS READY TO **DEFEND** HIS KILL AGAINST ANYTHING...

WHY THE OVERLORD EVEN **WANTS** TO COLONIZE THIS HOT, MUGGY PLANET, I'LL NEVER KNOW!



TARN DOES NOT LIKE THE **SOUNDS** THE THREE BEASTS MAKE. THEY MIGHT BE **GROWLING** AT HIM, **CHALLENGING** HIM FOR HIS MEAL. TARN WISHES TO SILENCE THE THREE...

OURS IS NOT TO QUESTION, ROGAR. OUR OWN PLANET WILL DIE WITHIN SEVERAL MILLION YEARS. IF OUR RACE IS TO CONTINUE, WE MUST FIND A **SUITABLE** ALTERNATIVE PLANET... AND **ERADICATE** ITS NATIVE SPECIES.

I MERELY QUESTION THE CHOICE OF **THIS** PLANET. IT IS HOT... **TOO HOT** FOR ME...

WE WILL BECOME **ACCOMSTOMED** TO IT. BUT **FIRST** WE MUST DETERMINE THE EFFECTIVENESS OF OUR **WEAPONS** UPON A SAMPLE INHABITANT. IT IS INCONCEIVABLE THAT **ANY** MIND COULD WITHSTAND A SINGLE BLAST FROM OUR WEAPONS. BUT WE MUST ADHERE TO ORDERS...

TARN FEELS A SOFT TINGLE IN HIS HEAD, AND WONDERS WHAT IT IS. IT DOES **NOT PAIN HIM**, BUT MERELY **ANNOYS HIM**...

INCREDIBLE! THE **MIDTAIN** DISCHARGE DOES NOT AFFECT HIM! SUCH A CREATURE MUST POSSESS **VAST MENTAL POWERS**... WE WOULD **NEVER** BE ABLE TO ERADICATE A **PLANETFUL** OF THEM!

PERHAPS WE CAN **EXTERMINATE** THEM WITH **BRUTE FORCE**. **ROGAR**, CONFRONT THE CREATURE IN **COMBAT**!

TARN WATCHES AS ONE OF THE **BEASTS STEPS FORWARD**. HIS HEAD FEELS **NOTHING** AT ALL NOW... AND HE IS READY TO **DEFEND HIS MEAL**...

ROGAR, **DO THIS**, **ROGAR DO THAT**! IF NOT FOR YOUR **SENIORITY** IN THE FEDERATION, **MINDRAGO**, IT WOULD BE **ME** TELLING **YOU** TO FACE THIS CREATURE IN **COMBAT**...

TARN HAD **NEVER** BEEN ATTACKED LIKE THIS BEFORE. HE DOES NOT COMPREHEND THE **SUBTLE DEXTERITY** OF THE ARMS AND HANDS WHICH ENIRCLE HIS **MASSIVE GIRTH**, RENDERING HIM **HELPLESS**. BUT HE DOES **UNDERSTAND** THAT THIS WILL BE A **FIGHT FINISHED ONLY IN DEATH**...

WELL, THE CREATURE GOES **DOWN** EASILY ENOUGH! PERHAPS THEY **ARE PUSHOVERS**...

TARN STRUGGLES FRANTICALLY, HIS TAIL FLAILS IN ALL DIRECTIONS... UNTIL FINALLY IT **CONNECTS**...

STILL, HE'S CERTAINLY **STRONG ENOUGH**... **UUUUHHNNN!**

WHOCK!

THE BEAST GOES **MOMENTARILY LIMP**, RELEASING TARN. TARN ROLLS TO HIS FEET, **CONFIDENCE** RETURNING AS HE SEES THE **DAZED** CONDITION OF HIS **ALIEN OPPONENT**...

TARN REELS BACK IN **SHOCKED CONFUSION** AS THE CREATURE SOMEHOW **BLUDGEONS** HIM... PAIN IN HIS EYES, BUT TARN IS DETERMINED TO **WIN** THIS FIGHT... AND TO RESUME HIS **EATING**...


TARN SEES THE PAIN THING COMING TOWARD HIS HEAD AGAIN, HE DOES NOT WISH TO ENDURE THE SAME PAIN... SO HE **BITES** THE PAIN THING OFF... AND TASTES **BLOOD**. BUT THE BLOOD TASTES DIFFERENT, TARN DOES NOT CARE... HE IS HUNGRY...




TARN SENSES THE **BATTLE** IS ALMOST FINISHED, HE SENSES THAT HIS ATTACKER IS IN PAIN... AND HE TAKES ADVANTAGE OF IT...

AAAAAHHHHHHH!







ROGAR IS DEAD!
THE CREATURE IS SAVAGE!
SUCH BRUTALITY COMBINED
WITH ITS MENTAL CAPACITIES
IS TOO MUCH FOR US! WE
MUST KEEP SEARCHING FOR
ANOTHER SUITABLE
PLANET...




TARN IS TRIUMPHANT, BUT HE DOES NOT REALIZE HE HAS PREVENTED EARTH FROM BEING SEIZED BY ALIEN INVADERS. HE DOES NOT KNOW THAT HE HAS SAVED THE PLANET... THAT HE HAS STOPPED CREATURES WHO WERE INTENT ON PREVENTING HUMAN LIFE FROM EVER APPEARING ON EARTH. ALL TARN KNOWS IS THAT HE IS TRIUMPHANT... AND HUNGRY...



THE ALIEN BEAST TASTES PECULIAR TO TARN. HE DOES NOT KNOW THAT IT CONTAINS VIRULENT BACTERIA WHICH WILL PROVE LETHAL TO HIM WITHIN THE DAY. IF TARN WERE AWARE OF THIS, PERHAPS HE WOULD REALIZE THE ALIENS WERE REALLY THE ONES TO TRIUMPH... FOR AFTER TARN DIES, SCAVENGERS WILL EAT HIM AND ALSO DIE FROM THE GERMS...



...AND OTHER DINOSAURS WILL EAT THOSE SCAVENGERS, AND ALSO DIE, SPREADING THE GERMS UNTIL ALL DINOSAURS ARE EXTINCT. AND MILLIONS OF EVOLUTIONARY YEARS FROM NOW, THE HUMANS TARN HAS UNWITTINGLY SAVED WILL PONDER THE CAUSE FOR THE MYSTERIOUS MASS DEATH OF THE DINOSAURS...



...AS WILL THEY PONDER THE ORIGIN OF DISEASE AND PLAGUE-CAUSING BACTERIA AND VIRUSES, NEVER REALIZING THAT BEFORE TARN'S ENCOUNTER WITH THE ALIENS, EARTH HAD BEEN A VIRGIN PLANET BEREFT OF DISEASE AND PESTILENCE.



SO HOW DID YOU LIKE MY BITING SATIRE ON THE GODZILLA MOVIES? I'LL BET ROGAR IS ALL TARN UP OVER IT!

BUT TARN DOESN'T CARE ABOUT THIS. ALL TARN CARES ABOUT IS EATING.