



AS BOWLES' PROMPTINGS BECOME MORE URGENT, A DEVILISH GLEAM CROSSES THE FACE OF THE DESPERATE REPORTER...

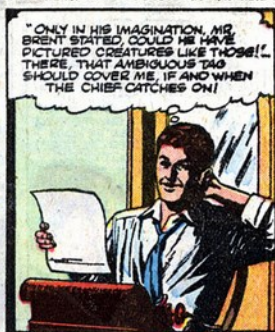


WITH A QUICK GLANCE AT THE ITEM ROGER CRANE INITIALED, BOWLES RACES FOR THE PRESSES...

"AT ELEVEN TWENTY THIS MORNING, MR. HOMER BRENT SAW A FLYING SAUCER LAND! AS HE WAS PLOWING HIS BACK ACRES, THE STRANGE CRAFT CAME TO REST NOT 300 YARDS AWAY! AS WEIRD ANTENNAE CREATURES STARTED FROM THE CRAFT, MR. BRENT RACED FOR HIS FARM..."



CAUGHT UP IN THE FURY OF CREATION, ROGER CRANE GIVES A PURELY PICTORIAL HOAX ALL THE AIR OF DOCUMENTARY AUTHORITY.



UNDER THE WORLDWIDE RELEASE, DOZENS OF PAPERS COPY THE SENSATIONAL BANNER HEADLINE...



MINUTES AFTER THE PAPERS HIT THE STANDS, AN ASTONISHED PUBLIC READS THE INCREDIBLE NEWS...



AND THEN THE CONTAGION OF FEAR SPREADS, AS RUMOR TAKES HOLD...

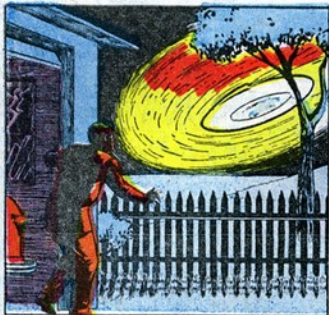


AS MORE AND MORE PAPERS CALL FOR ADDITIONAL FACTS, BOWLES LEARNS THE TRUTH...



AS ROGER CRANE STEPS FROM HIS CAR, HE BECOMES AWARE OF AN UNEARTHLY HUMMING, AND LOOKING SKYWARD, HE GAPES...

THE ALIEN SHIP LANDS! AS THE TRANSFIXED REPORTER WATCHES, A RAMP SLIDES OUT AND DOWN IT, ADVANCE FANTASTIC BEINGS...



BEFORE THE HORRIFIED NEWSMAN CAN RUN, THE CREATURES SWARM ABOUT HIM...



AS THE HOSTILE CREATURES SET UP THEIR COMMAND POST, ROGER CRANE WAITS FOR A CHANCE TO PLACE A CALL...



SURE, CRANE! MY DESK IS PILED HIGH WITH WIRES AND LETTERS! YOUR EYE-WITNESS STORY WAS GREAT SCIENCE FICTION! THEY WANT MORE! I'LL CONNECT YOU WITH MY SECRETARY...GIVE HER THE NEXT EPISODE!



DESPITE CRANE'S PROTESTS THAT HE IS SERIOUS, BOWLES LAUGHINGLY ACCEPTS THE STORY, BUT AT THE BOTTOM ADDS AN EDITOR'S NOTE...



BACK AT HIS HOUSE, ROGER CRANE WATCHES THE MARTIANS CLEVERLY ORGANIZE THEIR CONQUEST...



THAT NIGHT, ROGER CRANE WRITES ANOTHER FEATURE STORY ON THE MARTIANS...



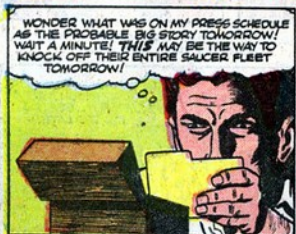
THAT NIGHT THE MARTIANS LET ROGER CRANE GO WITH THEM AS THEY PLANT DELAYED EXPLOSIVES ON THE CROSS-CONTINENTAL TELEPHONE LINES...



AGAIN, ROGER CRANE WRITES HIS DAILY HEADLINE...

AND ONCE AGAIN, HIS CHIEF'S REACTION IS THE SAME...

BUT ONCE AGAIN, HIS PLEAS FALL ON SKEPTICAL EARS AND HE RETURNS HOME, ALONE...



QUICKLY, ROGER CRANE TYPES OUT HIS STORY... HIS FINAL STORY, UNLESS THE MARTIANS TAKE THE BAIT...



THE NEXT MORNING AT PRECISELY ELEVEN, A HUGE FLEET OF MARTIAN SAUCERS FLIES LOW OVER DEAD MAN'S DESERT, BUT NO ONE IS THERE TO SEE THEM...

FOR AT THAT EXACT MOMENT, CRANE KNOWS HIS BIG STORY OF THE DAY IS SCHEDULED TO TAKE PLACE... THE TESTING OF THE GREATEST H-BOMB!

