

The Empress of BELZAR

UNDER THE STRICTEST SECURITY CONDITIONS, AN ENORMOUS EARTHIAN TASK FORCE EMBARKS ON A SECRET MISSION INTO SPACE!

BRETT CROCKETT

B. KRISTEIN

ABOARD ONE OF THE TROOPSHIPS...

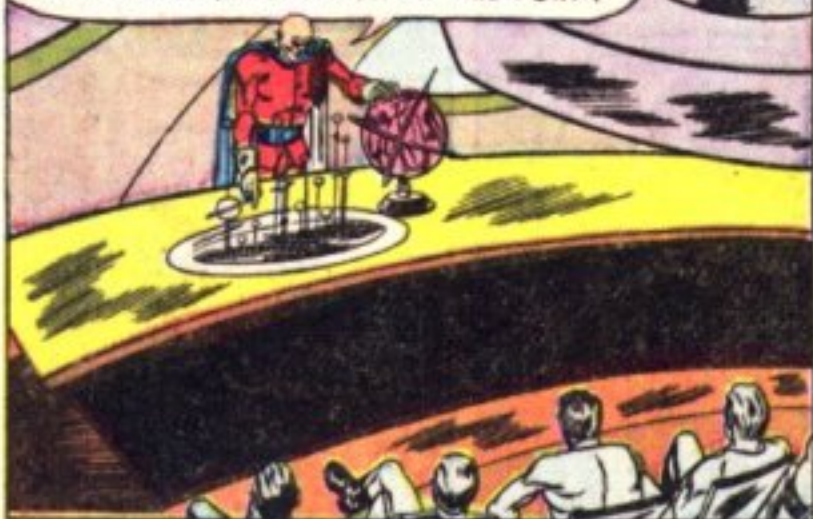
HE'S IN ANY OF YOU SPACE-BUSTERS SICK BAY, CAPTAIN SEE SERGEANT BOLO? I HEARD WE WAS GONNA ASSAULT JUPITER? THAT RIGHT?

I UNDERSTAND YOU HAVE ONE OF MY MEN HERE IN YOUR SICK BAY, NURSE. I'M CAPTAIN BRETT CROCKETT OF THE SPACE-BUSTERS, AND I WANT HIM!

I'M LIEUTENANT APRIL WING OF THE EARTHIAN AIR FLEET, CAPTAIN. IN MY BRANCH OF THE SERVICE, WE ADDRESS EACH OTHER BY OUR CORRECT RANK!



YES, MARS! AS YOU KNOW, THIS INVASION OF MARS IS THE FIRST STEP IN EARTH'S CAMPAIGN TO RESCUE THE PLANETARY SYSTEM FROM ITS CONQUERORS FROM BELZAR. WE ARE NOW AT THIS POINT.



AT 4 HOUR MINUS THREE, SPACE-BUSTERS WILL EMBARK ON LANDING ROCKETS, WHICH WILL PROCEED IN WAVES TO GREEN GLACIER BEACH—HERE, YOU WILL ESTABLISH A BEACHHEAD AND SWEEP FORWARD, UNTIL THE PLANET IS CLEARED OF BELZARIC FORCES!



I SHALL PERSONALLY LEAD THIS ASSAULT FORCE, IN MY OWN LANDING CRAFT!



SIR, ISN'T IT UNUSUAL FOR AN AIR FLEET TASK FORCE COMMANDER TO LEAD A SPACE-BUSTER'S ASSAULT?



I AM A VERY UNUSUAL MAN, CAPTAIN! BE SEATED!

STOP ROCKIN' THE SPACE SHIP, CAPTAIN! IF THE GUY WANTS TO RIDE ALONG, IT'S HIS FUNERAL!



THERE'S SOMETHING STRANGE ABOUT SENSTRAL, BOLO! SOMETHING I DON'T LIKE!



YOU GOT ANYTHING DEFINITE TO GO ON, SKIPPER?

NO, JUST A HUNCH! BUT A MIGHTY STRONG ONE!



IN COMMANDER SENSTRAL'S QUARTERS.

THAT SPACE-BUSTER CAPTAIN'S A
LITTLE TOO SHARP... HMM!

AGENT Y-3-Z CALLING
BELZARIC FIELD QUARTERS
ON MARS! COME IN!



AH, IT'S YOU, SENSTRAL! I'M
TAKING PERSONAL COMMAND OF
THIS OPERATION. TELL ME THE
EARTHIAN PLANS—QUICKLY!



MAJESTY, THE EARTHIAN ASSAULT
FORCE WILL LAND AT GREEN
GLACIER BEACH IN A FEW HOURS!
AND IN A SHORT TIME I SHALL
BE SERVING YOU OPENLY,
INSTEAD OF *IN SECRET*!



IN THE BELLIES OF HUNDREDS OF
TROOPSHIPS, THE SPACE-BUSTERS
GO ABOARD THOUSANDS OF
SMALL LANDING CRAFT ROCKETS...



HOLD ONTO YER LITTLE FUR
HATS, FELLERS -- HERE
WE GO!

LIEUTENANT WING! FANCY
MEETING YOU HERE— AND ON
COMMANDER SENSTRAL'S
PERSONAL LANDING ROCKET!

IT'S A PLEASURE I'D
GLADLY FOREGO,
CAPTAIN!



ALERTED BY SENSTRAL, THE BELZARIC
WELCOMING COMMITTEE IS READY FOR
THE EARTHIAN ASSAULT FORCE!



OUR ASSAULT FORCE IS RUNNING INTO TERRIBLE OPPOSITION! OUR PLANES ARE FALLING LIKE FLIES!

WHAT? SENSTRAL'S UP TO SOMETHING!

JUST AS I THOUGHT!

WE'RE LEAVING THE MAIN BODY! OUR ROCKET MUST BE OFF ITS COURSE!



COMMANDER SENSTRAL! WE'RE OFF OUR COURSE!

FOLLOW YOUR ORDERS, SPACE-BUSTER! I'M IN COMMAND HERE!



YOU'RE NOT IN COMMAND WHEN YOU GO COUNTER TO THE ORDERS OF THE SUPREME COMMAND, SENSTRAL!

WHY, YOU-YOU GLORYBOY!



GRAB THE CONTROLS, SKIPPER - WE'RE CRASHING!



HOLD YOUR FIRE, SOLDIERS OF BELZAR! THE EMPRESS' FRIEND, SENSTRAL, IS ABOARD THE EARTHIAN CRAFT!



WELCOME TO MARS, YOU EARTHLING CURS! YOU ARE NOW IN THE HANDS OF MY CHOSEN COMRADES, THE BELZARIANS, WHO APPRECIATE MY MILITARY GENIUS - AS EARTH DID NOT!





YOURS IS A LOST CAUSE, CAPTAIN! THANKS TO SENSTRAL'S LOYALTY TO US, THE MAIN FORCE OF SPACE-BUSTERS IS BEING SLAUGHTERED ON THE BEACHHEAD! WHY NOT COME OVER TO MY SIDE? I REWARD MY FRIENDS WELL, EH, SENSTRAL?



WE SPACE-BUSTERS ARE *NOT* TRAITORS! WE REMAIN LOYAL TO OUR OWN PLANET, WHICH WILL YET CONQUER YOUR BARBARIC HORDES!





YOU HEARD ME! **DIG!**



I BID ONE SPADE!

WHAP!



APRIL! HEAD FOR THAT TANK!



HURRY!



BOY! THAT VOLLEY I GAVE THE GUARDS SURE TOOK THE FIGHT OUT OF THEM!

LET'S GIVE THE EMPRESS' HEAD-QUARTERS A TWO-GUN SALUTE!



HAS SOMEONE GONE CRAZY? ONE OF OUR TANKS IS ATTACKING HER MAJESTY'S HEADQUARTERS!

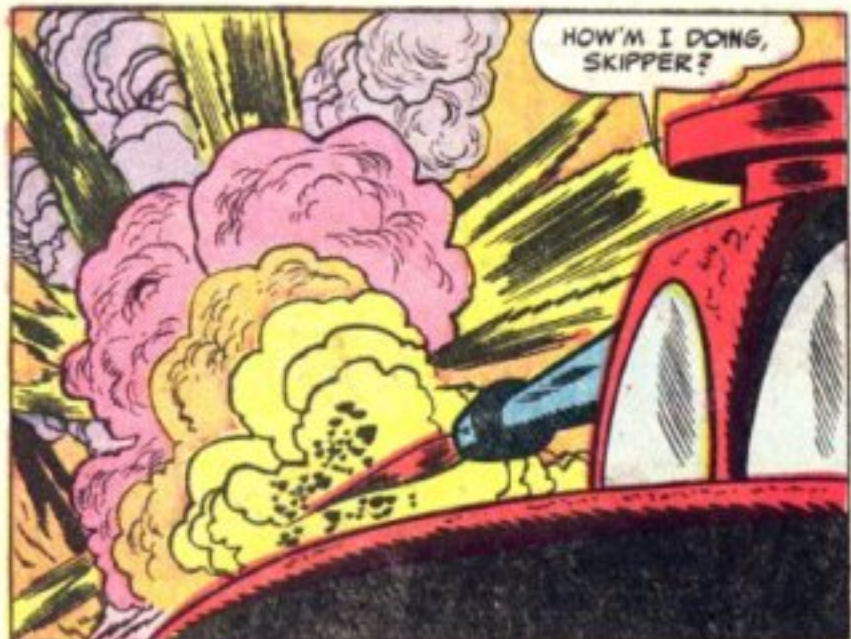


I THINK YOU UNDERRATED THESE SPACE-BUSTERS, SENSTRAL!



THEY'VE GOT AN ATOMIC BAZOOKA! TIME FOR US TO GO BYE-BYE!

LEMME TAKE JUST A FEW CRACKS AT THAT AMMUNITION DUMP, SKUPPER!



HOW'M I DOING,
SKIPPER?



THE **EARTHIAN'S** HAVE INFILTRATED
OUR LINES! RUN FOR YOUR
LIVES!



I'M HIT, SERGEANT!
TAKE OVER!



OUR OWN PEOPLE
ARE SHOOTING
AT US, SERGEANT!
TAP OUT AN SOS
ON YOUR GUNS!

BE QUIET,
BRETT!
YOU'RE LOSING A
LOT OF BLOOD!



LEND A HAND,
SPACE-BUSTERS!
WE'VE GOT TO
GET HIM TO A
HOSPITAL ROCKET
RIGHT AWAY!

BY JUPITER!
AN EARTHLING
GOIL-TYPE,
TOO!



SPLENDID WORK, CAPTAIN CROCKETT! YOU AND YOUR
COMPANIONS DEMORALIZED THE BELZARIANS
SUFFICIENTLY TO ALLOW US TO ESTABLISH OUR
BRIDGEHEAD! FOR A WHILE IT LOOKED AS IF THEY
WERE GOING TO BLAST US RIGHT OFF MARS
AND INTO SPACE!

LATER, ABOARD A HOSPITAL ROCKET OFF MARS...

THIS IS REALLY
LIVIN', EH,
SERGEANT?

LOOK HERE, SKIPPER! HOW
LONG YOU GOING TO STAY
IN THAT SICK BAY? THIS
WAR WITH BELZAR AIN'T
OVER YET! NOT BY A
GALAXY, IT AIN'T!



THE END