

MARK EATON HAD BEEN ON A HUNTING TRIP IN MONTANA WHEN HE SAW THE MEN WITH THE GEIGER COUNTERS! SO HE EAVESDROPPED, AND THEIR CONVERSATION LED HIM INTO AN UNBELIEVABLY ASTONISHING SITUATION!

# THE MARTIANS!



**A** NOTHER MEMBER OF THE PROSPECTING GROUP JOINED HIS COMRADES...



MARK SATON HAD NO SET PLAN FOR CUTTING IN ON THE PROSPECTOR'S CLAIM! HE KNEW ONLY THAT HE MUST GET A SHARE OF THAT WEALTH...



HE REPEATED OVER AND OVER AS HE RAN, 'BILLIONS! AND GREED LENT WINGS TO HIS FEET! SOON HE WAS RUNNING ACROSS THE DESERTED AIRFIELD...



**T**HERE WAS A SHRILL WHINE THAT MARK EATON FELT IN EVERY FIBER OF HIS BEING... AND THE SUDDEN TAKE-OFF THREW HIM AGAINST UNYIELDING METAL...



**I**N THE BLACK VOID OF UNCONSCIOUSNESS, MARK EATON'S STAGGERED MIND BEGAN SPECULATING...



**W**HEN, AT LAST, HE CAME TO... THERE WAS SILENCE...



**C**AUTIOUSLY, HE SLIPPED OUT OF HIS HIDING PLACE, AND, FINDING THE SHIP DESERTED, MARK MADE HIS WAY INTO THE NIGHT...



**M**ARK EATON FOUND HIS WAY TO A TOWN BY MORNING...



I'LL BE THE RICHEST MAN IN THE WORLD!



YOU'RE THE MARSHAL? I'VE GOT SOMETHING IMPORTANT TO REPORT! WE'VE BEEN INVADED BY MEN FROM ANOTHER PLANET!

THAT'S A SERIOUS CHARGE, MISTER! YOU'RE SURE OF IT?



I'M POSITIVE! I OVERHEARD THEM! THOSE CREATURES HAVE NO RIGHT HERE, AND I THINK WE OUGHT TO ORGANIZE A GROUP OF VIGILANTES AND DRIVE 'EM OFF!

THE LAW SAYS CREATURES FROM OUT OF SPACE MUST SERVE TEN YEARS IN PRISON BEFORE BEING DEPORTED!

HMM... THAT'S A NEW LAW TO ME...

**T**HE MARSHAL IMMEDIATELY ORGANIZED A VIGILANTE COMMITTEE! MARK WAS INCLUDED IN THE GROUP...



OKAY, MEN! REMEMBER! DON'T LET ANY OF THEM ESCAPE!

IF WHAT YOU SAY IS TRUE, MISTER! YOU'LL BE A HERO!

BY TONIGHT, I'LL BE A BILLIONAIRE!

**W**HEN THE VIGILANTES FOUND THEIR QUARRY AND ACCUSED THEM OF BEING FROM ANOTHER PLANET, THE SIX PROSPECTORS WERE HIGHLY INDIGNANT...



WE'RE MARTIANS AND WE'RE PROUD OF IT!

THERE, YOU HAVE IT FROM THEIR OWN LIPS! THESE INVADERS FROM MARS ARE HERE ON EARTH AS SPIES!

**M**ARK EATON WENT COLD AS ALL EYES TURNED ON HIM, GRIM, UNTRUSTING...



EARTH? SO THAT'S WHERE YOU'RE FROM, MISTER! WE'RE ALL MARTIANS HERE... YOU'RE ON MARS!

THE END