## THE BLASTER!



WITH THE PRIDE OF A COLLECTOR, INGRAM FRAZER STRIDES TO HIS PISTOL CABINET, BUT HIS EYES WIDEN IN BEWILDERMENT AS HE SEES A STRANGE WEAPON AMONG HIS FAMILIAR PISTOLS.









INGRAM FRAZER'S FINGER TIGHTENS ON THE TRIGGER! SUDPENLY, FROM THE MYSTERIOUS PISTOL, A WITHERING BLAST OF RADIANT HEAT

ERUPTS ...





QUICKLY GETTINE RIP OF HIS CALLER, INGRAM FRAZER TAKES THE BLASTER OUTSIDE TO TEST FURTHER ITS INCREDIBLE EFFECT...

LEP'S SEE IF IT CAN POT OF STONE WHAT IT PID TO HORSEHAIR!



GOING TO AN ABANDONED CAR ON A BACK ACRE OF HIS LAND, INGRAM FRAZER AGAIN-TRIGGERS THE STARTLING WEAPON THAT CUTS EFFORTLESSLY THROUGH STEEL...









I WANT A

THOUSAND

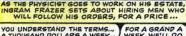






AND BY

PLACING







NO ONE DID! AND WHEN NEVER SAW THE WORLD SEES IT, IT WILL BE TOO LATE! THIS BEFORE!



FINALLY, THE THOUSANDTH BLASTER IS TURNED OUT



YOURS WILL BE THE NO! ETERNAL SATISFACTION OF KNOWING YOU ARMED NO! THE FUTURE RULER OF THE WORLD!

THESE PLANS FOR DUPLICATING THE BLASTER WERE TOO VALUABLE TO RISK AVING THEIR CREATOR FALL INTO OTHER POWER-HUNGRY HANDS!

STILL CAN'T FATHOM HOW THE BLASTER GOT INTO MY LOCKED CABINET, BUT I DON'T CARE! WITH MY THOUSAND ARMED MERCENARIES ALL CARRYING THE BLASTERS NOW, I'M READY TO DICTATE TERMS TO THE



WITH THE SUPREME CONFIDENCE OF COMING TRIUMPH, INGRAM FRAZER WRITES AN ELABORATE ULTIMATUM TO THE UNITED NATIONS, TELLING THE WORLD ORGANIZATION OF THE LETHAL WEAPON HE ALONE HOLDS, AND HOW IT WILL BE USED UNLESS HIS WILL IS OBEYED ...



BUT MILLIONS OF MILES AWAY, TWO MARTIANS LOOK OVER FRAZER'S SHOULDER AND SMILE ...



THE ONLY ONE WHO FOUND A MARTIAN BLASTER!



TEN OTHER **POWER-MAD** MEN ALSO RECEIVED ONE! THEY **ALL** HAVE SECRETLY ARMED PRIVATE FORCES! BETWEEN THEM, THEY'LL WAGE A WAR THAT WILL WIPE OUT THEIR RACE! THEN, WITHOUT RISK, WE CAN CLAIM THE UNPOPULATED THIRD PLANET! FOR SETTLERS FROM OUR OVERCROWDED