

FIVE BULLETS FOR IDRIS THE CRUEL



Tallal's down. His camel has been hit.

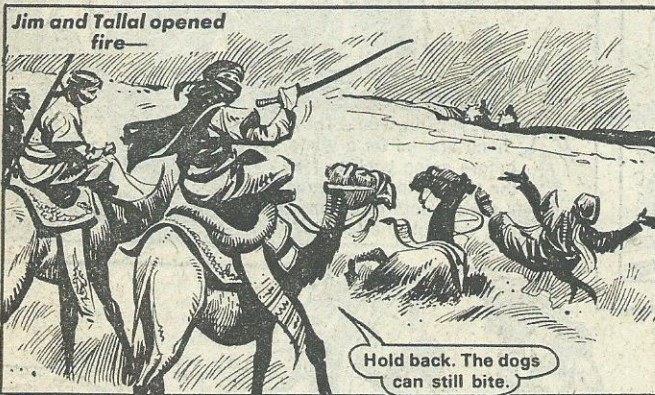
IDRIS THE CRUEL, the leader of the Hamadan tribe of the Tuareg, had murdered the two young brothers of Sergeant Jim Stark of the French Foreign Legion. Stark vowed to kill Idris using a clip of five bullets he found beside his dead brothers.

Stark had stolen into Idris's camp at Abu Zaid with Tallal, the Hoggar, his loyal ally, but they had been spotted and



Leave me, Jim Stark. Save yourself.

That's not the way of it between us, Tallal. But let's discourage those Hamadan before we go on.



Jim and Tallal opened fire—

Hold back. The dogs can still bite.



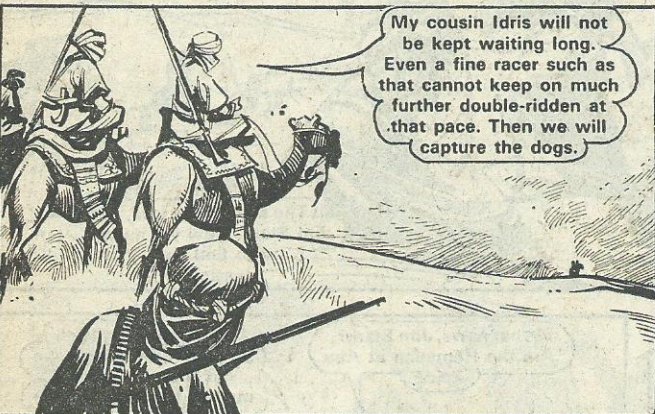
That will hold them for a while. Now mount up behind and we'll try to snatch a little more distance.

Nay, Jim Stark. Better if I have your place. Only a Hoggar can force a camel enough to give us a chance.

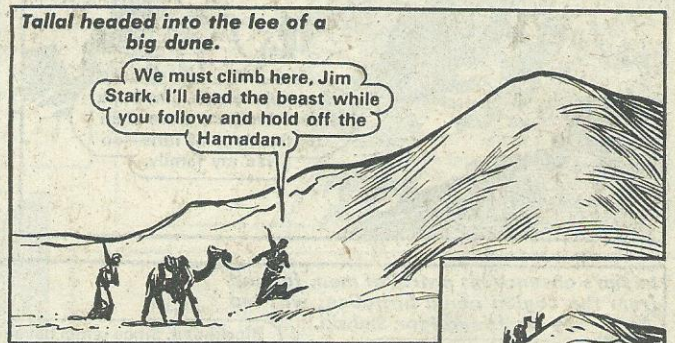


Tallal set a fast pace—

The camel may just last long enough. There is a place ahead where we might escape.



My cousin Idris will not be kept waiting long. Even a fine racer such as that cannot keep on much further double-riden at that pace. Then we will capture the dogs.



Tallal headed into the lee of a big dune.

We must climb here, Jim Stark. I'll lead the beast while you follow and hold off the Hamadan.



Come, little one—come. Show you can have a Tuareg heart even if you were reared among those outcast Hamadan vermin.

Here they come!



They have wearied of running, Lord Sarim. Men always choose a high place for their last stand.

If so, an assault up the steep dune would be too costly for us. We must find another way up. Go search, Aziz.