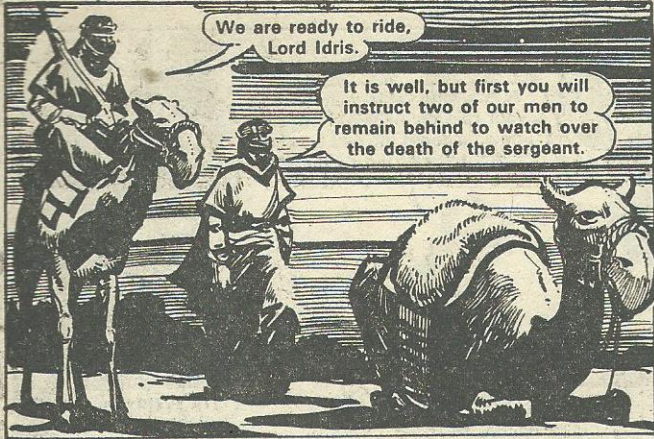


Escape from the pit of snakes!



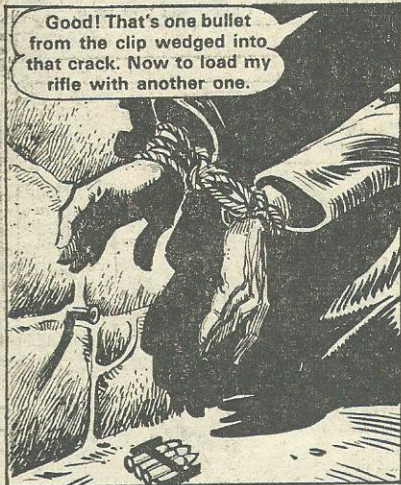
We are ready to ride, Lord Idris.

It is well, but first you will instruct two of our men to remain behind to watch over the death of the sergeant.

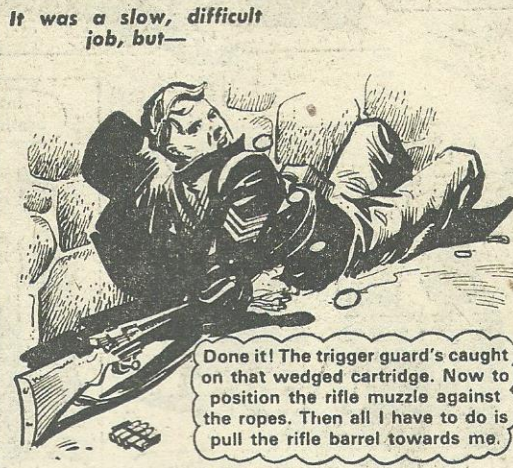


Stark heard the Hamadan depart.

Now try to get out of here. I can only move the tips of my fingers, but it may be enough. Better hurry. These snakes will be waking up soon.



Good! That's one bullet from the clip wedged into that crack. Now to load my rifle with another one.



It was a slow, difficult job, but—

Done it! The trigger guard's caught on that wedged cartridge. Now to position the rifle muzzle against the ropes. Then all I have to do is pull the rifle barrel towards me.



As Jim pulled, the trigger caught against the wedged cartridge and—



Back, you slimy brute. I don't want to waste another cartridge. The three left are reserved for Idris.



Jim leaped up, catching his rifle between the crossbeam and the edge of the pit.

I made it!



Missed! You've lost your chance, you slimy horror



But—

For a dog of an Infidel that was well done. Now return to the pit. It would not please our Lord Idris to have you escape the fate he planned for you!

NEXT WEEK, Stark fights for his life.