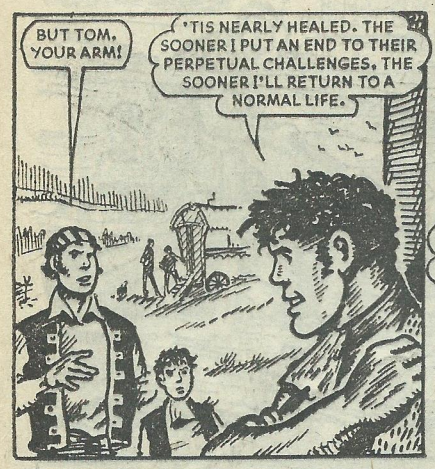
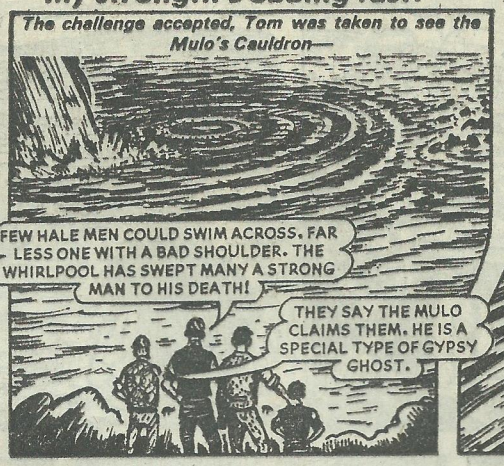
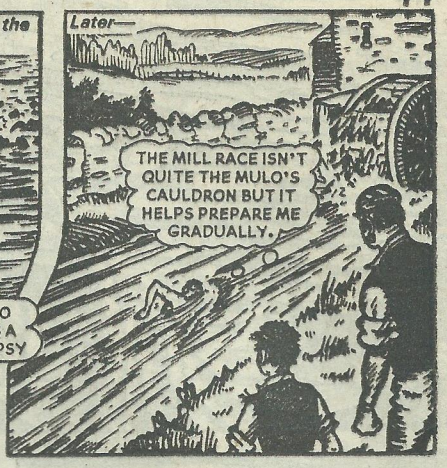
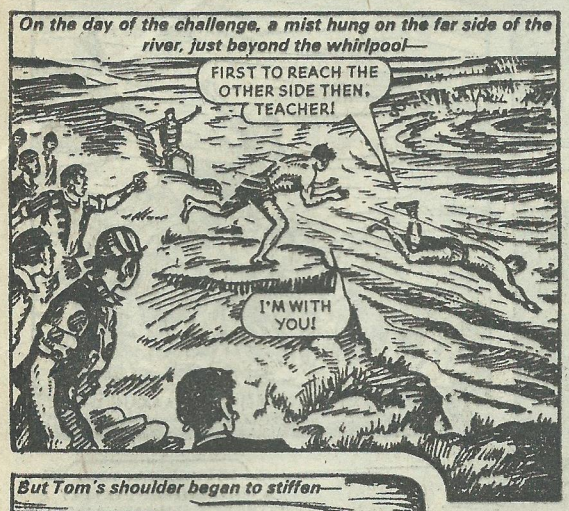

BUT TOM, YOUR ARM!
'TIS NEARLY HEALED. THE SOONER I PUT AN END TO THEIR PERPETUAL CHALLENGES, THE SOONER I'LL RETURN TO A NORMAL LIFE.

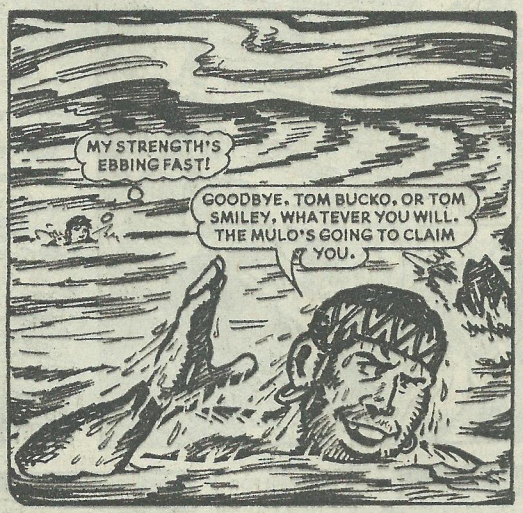

The challenge accepted, Tom was taken to see the Mulo's Cauldron—
FEW HALE MEN COULD SWIM ACROSS. FAR LESS ONE WITH A BAD SHOULDER. THE WHIRLPOOL HAS SWEPT MANY A STRONG MAN TO HIS DEATH!
THEY SAY THE MULO CLAIMS THEM. HE IS A SPECIAL TYPE OF GYPSY GHOST.

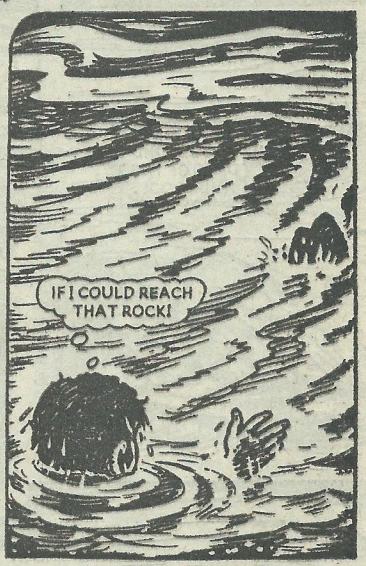

Later—
THE MILL RACE ISN'T QUITE THE MULO'S CAULDRON BUT IT HELPS PREPARE ME GRADUALLY.

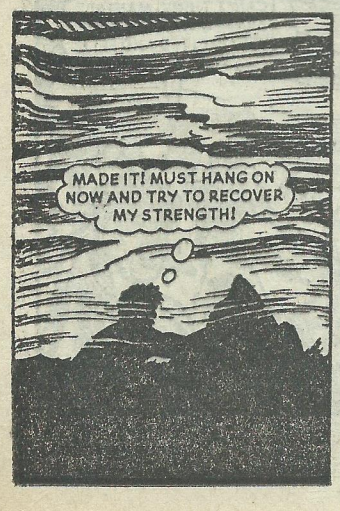

On the day of the challenge, a mist hung on the far side of the river, just beyond the whirlpool—
FIRST TO REACH THE OTHER SIDE THEN, TEACHER!
I'M WITH YOU!

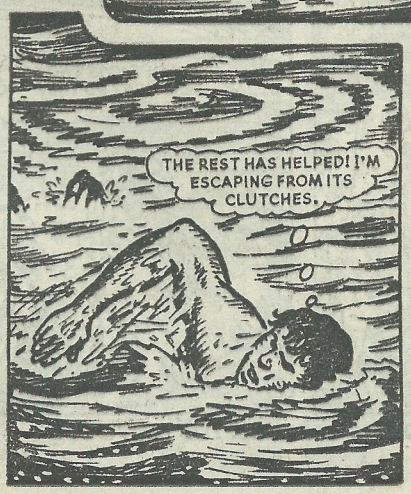
I'M MANAGING TO KEEP UP WITH HIM.

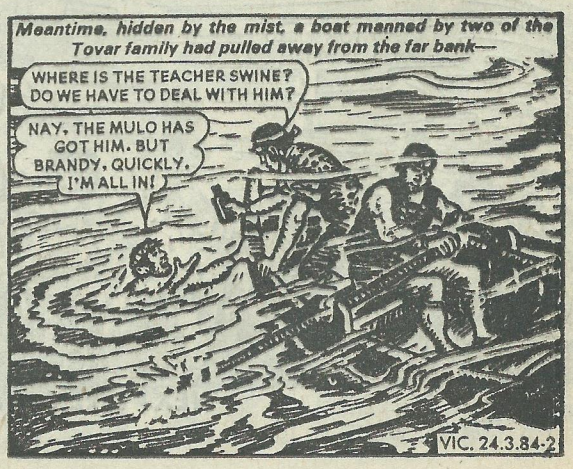
But Tom's shoulder began to stiffen—
NOT SO HAPPY ARE YE NOW?
THE WHIRLPOOL'S PULLING ME IN.


MY STRENGTH'S EBBING FAST!
GOODBYE, TOM BUCKO, OR TOM SMILEY, WHATEVER YOU WILL. THE MULO'S GOING TO CLAIM YOU.


IF I COULD REACH THAT ROCK!


MADE IT! MUST HANG ON NOW AND TRY TO RECOVER MY STRENGTH!


THE REST HAS HELPED! I'M ESCAPING FROM ITS CLUTCHES.


Meantime, hidden by the mist, a boat manned by two of the Tovar family had pulled away from the far bank—
WHERE IS THE TEACHER SWINE? DO WE HAVE TO DEAL WITH HIM?
NAY, THE MULO HAS GOT HIM. BUT BRANDY, QUICKLY. I'M ALL IN!