

SOMEWHERE IN
THE PAST/FUTURE.

I WAS
SUMMONED.

TORN
FROM MY
OWN
AGE...

AND CHARGED
WITH A MISSION
OF UTMOST
SECRECY BY
SOMEONE I DARE
NOT REFUSE...

MYSELF.

I STARED INTO THE EYES
OF KING VALIANT, SO LIKE
MINE IN MANY WAYS... BUT
DIFFERENT, HAUNTED. AND
I THOUGHT...

WHAT
WIZARDRY
IS THIS?!

BE SILENT,
WHELP. THERE IS
MUCH FOR YOU
TO HEAR AND
OUR TIME RUNS
SHORT...

NOW.

WHATEVER HE'S DONE, WE CAN UNDO. WE CAN BREAK MING'S MIND CONTROL. WE CAN--

MY COMPATRIOT FLASH HAS THE SOUL OF A WARRIOR. THE HEART OF A LION.

THE HEART OF A LION...

FWOOSH

GUHHH!

FWOOSH

FWOOSH

...AND THE BRAINS OF AN OGRE.

UHH... FLASH, STOP... ZARKOV'S INJURIES CAN'T SUSTAIN...

JIM'S WORSE. THIS PLACE IS POISONING HIM.

WHICH PLACE?

THIS PLACE. THE ENTIRE PLANET!

PLEASE CONTINUE TO STRUGGLE. I WILL CONTINUE TO INCREASE VOLTAGE. HAIL -CRACKLE- MING.

...NO.

CLOCKWORK MACHINES.

MING RELIES TOO HEAVILY ON THEM.

YOU: SAVAGE. YOU ARE TO BE TORTURED TO DEATH.

I POSED A QUERY TO YOU, BARBARIAN--

WHY DO YOU SMILE?



CHAMBER OF
THE EMPRESS
IN THE CITADEL
SANS MERCI.

BREEP BREEP BREEP BREEP BREEP BREEP BREEP BREEP BREEP BREEP

ARE
YOU SAFE,
EMPRESS?

BREEP BREEP

GORDON!

OF COURSE
IT'S FLASH! TOO
DUMB TO KNOW HOW
GOOD HE HAD IT
IN CHAINS.

BUT
EMPRESS--

DAMN HIM!
WE HAVE A LARGER
GAME AT STAKE,
DARYA. SHOULD THE
GALAXY REALIZE
MING IS DEAD...

EMPRESS.

DALE!

PERHAPS
A FLASH
GORDON-
SHAPED
AGITATION WILL
DRAW OUT OUR
TRUE ENEMY.

AH...

*YES.

*ALERT KLYTUS. TELL HIM THE PRISONER FLASH GORDON HAS ESCAPED, IS WREAKING HAVOC AND MUST BE DESTROYED, LEST HE TOPPLE OUR VERY EMPIRE.

"THAT OUGHT TO DO IT."

THESE FACELESS OF MING FALL BENEATH MY BLADE SO SWIFT, I FEAR THEY HAVE NO HUMOR'S FOR BATTLE AT ALL.

SHHH!
YOU'LL SPOIL THE SURPRISE...

HAIL MING!

HAIL MING!

HAIL MING!

HAIL MING!

HAIL MING!

HAIL MING!

HAIL MING!

