I'LL BE DAMNED
OUT ON A LIMB!

WRIGHTSON '70
I WAS BORN WITH THREE ARMS. ALL MY LIFE, I’VE BEEN A FREAK...

...TODAY, I AM A MURDERER...

...I CAME INTO TOWN EARLY THIS MORNING...

...HE STARTED IN RIGHT AWAY. A NEW FACE, OF COURSE...

HEY, YOU’RE NEW HERE, RIGHT? HOW ‘BOUT BUYIN’ GOOD OL’ TOM WILLIS A DRINK?

...BUT ALWAYS THE SAME PERSON.

C’MON, BOY! WHAT’S MATTER? CAN’T CHA TALK?

HEYYYY!

LETGO!!
SOMEONE ALWAYS STARTS TROUBLE... AND TOM WILLIS KEPT THE PATTERN CONSISTENT...

MY GOD!!
LOOK AT HIM.

TH-THREE ARMS!!

BOY, YOU JUST MADE A BIG MISTAKE...

WHY CAN'T PEOPLE TAKE TIME TO UNDERSTAND? WHY MUST THEY ALWAYS JUMP TO CONCLUSIONS, STRIKING OUT TO DESTROY THINGS BEYOND THEIR COMPREHENSION?

THE LAST GUY THAT SHOVED TOM WILLIS AROUND SPENT TWO MONTHS IN A BED AFTERWARDS...

HAH! YOU MOVE RIGHT QUICK... CONSIDERING YOU GOT AN EXTRA ARM TO SLOW YOU DOWN...

ALL MY LIFE, I'VE SEEN IT IN THEIR EYES... THE MINGLING OF FEAR AND HATE...

I SWEAR... YOU LOOK JUST LIKE A TREE STANDIN' THERE - WHAT WITH ALL YER LIMBS. C'MON, BOY, I'M GONNA SHOW YOU WHAT HAPPENS TO FREAKS AROUND HERE...
I'VE NEVER ENCOUNTERED A SINGLE WORD OF KINDNESS... NEVER A FRIENDLY SMILE... ONLY LOOKS OF HORROR AND DISGUST, FEAR, SUSPICION...

...THERE HAD TO BE A BREAKING POINT... I COULDN'T MERELY DEFEAT HIM...

I COULDN'T GIVE HIM A BEATING AND JUST WALK AWAY, KNOWING I'D MEET ANOTHER TOM WILLIS, IN ANOTHER TOWN, ANOTHER DAY...

...I HAD TO Avenge MYSELF, NOT ONLY ON THIS TOM WILLIS, BUT ALL THE OTHERS PAST... I HAD TO PIERCE HIS HEART AND SOUL TO EASE THE WOUNDS IN MINE...
AS I LOOKED DOWN ON THE RESULTS OF MY DEED, I FELT A STRANGE SENSE OF FULFILMENT AND SATISFACTION, NEVER BEFORE EXPERIENCED...

...AS IF IN KILLING TOM WILLIS, I HAD DESTROYED THE CONSUMMATE IN EVIL AND PREJUDICE...

FILTHY MURDERIN' FREAK!

SOMEBODY GRAB 'IM!

...AND NOW, THERE'S NO ESCAPING MY FATE... EVEN THOUGH I RUN I KNOW I'LL SOON HAVE TO STAND AND PAY FOR MY CRIME...

...FOR WHEN THEY REACH ME – MY GANG OF SELF-APPOINTED EXECUTIONERS—I'LL NOT RESIST...
I'LL TAKE MY PUNISHMENT LIKE THE MAN THEY THINK I'M NOT - BUT, THEIR PURPOSE ISN'T ONLY TO PUNISH A MURDERER...

...I MUST DIE BECAUSE I'M A FREAK... BECAUSE I WAS BORN WITH 'ONE TOO MANY'...

...I GUESS THERE'S JUST NO ROOM IN THE WORLD FOR FREAKS...
CHAPTER TWO:
OF A CONTINUING
SERIES BY
Tom Sutton
© 1970
HATCH FREE
AND AIR-
LOCK
OPERATIONAL
MAX.
DON'T
SLAM
THE
DOOR,
I'M
TRYING
tO
STUDY!
MOROONED
ON
THE
MOON,
LEFT
FOR
DEAD...
ALIVE
WITHOUT
AIR...
SEEING
LITTLE
GREEN
MEN...
OH BROTHER!
I AM NOT GREEN!
I'M A DANDY
ORANGE COLOR!
GET A GRIP
ON YOURSELF!
IF
HOUSTON
COULD SEE
THIS, IT'S
A FLOATING
JUNK
PILE!
AS FAR AS
HOUSTON'S CON-
CERNED YOU'RE
DEAD! NOW
STRAIGHTEN OUT
BEFORE YOU LAND
ON YOUR ASS!
PILGRIM, THIS
IS MAX,
PERMISSION
TO BOARD
THROUGH
NUMBER TWO
HATCH!
PILGRIM
IS
VERY
SENSITIVE!
Upon passing through a labyrinth of dimly lit dusty corridors strewn with alien litter of unimaginable origin and purpose, Max leads Weston to...

The very heart of Pilgrim... Bert Weston. Meet Damon January, master of the Time-Starship Pilgrim.

He looks dead!

Not dead but something quite like it.

Then you're marooned just as I am.

A foolish assumption, Weston! I am quite capable of removing us to the furtherest and most remote obverse galaxy instantly. My propulsion units are intact, computer-guidance systems functioning perfectly...

What Pilgrims trying to tell you is that she, Pilgrim has no where to go. Damon January is Pilgrim's reason for being, she was created to serve him...

And he is now elsewhere!

And you? What about you?

I am only the companion.
NO! I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT BUT STAY THE HELL AWAY FROM ME!

MY BRAIN MAY NOT BE MUCH BUT NO BUG-EYED MONSTER'S GOING TO CARVE IT OUT OF ME!

WESTON, ALLOW ME A MOMENT TO

WESTON, THE HATCH LOCKED FROM YOUR SIDE, OPEN THE HATCH BEFORE YOU HURT YOURSELF!

YOU'RE CONCERN FOR ME IS TOUCHING!

OUCH!

THE BOTTOM OF THE SHIP IS OPENING!

WE HAVE NO WISH TO HARM YOU, WESTON

MUST BE SOME KIND OF SHUTTLE CRAFT! DARN THING DOESN'T LOOK LIKE IT'S BEEN USED IN YEARS.

(GASP) THOSE AIR PILLS ARE QUITTING ON ME! CHOKER

WHEEZE! GASP! THE BLASTED HATCH IS CLOSING! PILGRIM'S CONTROLLING IT FROM (GASP!) INSIDE!

GOTTA GET THIS THING...

MOVING!!!

AS THE INTENSE STARLIGHT POURS IN...
Hey you kid! You git outta here! This is my flop beat it! Hic!

What're ya doin' here anyway? Hic!

Hey you kid! You little Hic! I'll fix you're a Hic! You—Oh!

He must live here. Must make him understand... but he's drunk!

Answer me kid!

Hell get my books!

My books! Gasp! My dreams!

Broke my bottle! You broke my Hic! Beautiful bottle of dreams! Sob! Hic! Little bastard!

Oh my God! Oh my God! Keep away! Keep!

To be continued
I'm really glad I had this place charted pretty well. Won't have to walk around so much this time.

It was near a plant like that one...

Later...

Jay, I think we ought to stay out here awhile - I really don't feel like strapping in right away!

Okay!

Here, give me your sack. I'll stow 'em in the lockers!

I was right! I was right! I was right!

Jay, m'boy, days of thorns are gone forever!

They're - I don't know what to say!

Hey! What are you doing??

Back in a second!
SORRY, JAY, BUT I REALLY CAN'T TAKE ANY CHANCES ABOUT FINDING OUT WHERE THOSE JEWELS COME FROM.

WE'LL GET BACK TO YOU SHORTLY, ROB. BUT FIRST LET'S FOCUS ON TERRA FIRMA FOR A SPELL AND OBSERVE THE ACTIVITIES OF TWO OF YOUR CUSTOMERS, MR. AND MRS. ARNOLD B. TRELLIS...

THAT REALLY WASN'T A BAD PARTY.

I STILL DON'T SEE HOW SHE EVER GOT TO BE A COUNTESS.

THEIR WINE WAS SUPERB, YOU MUST ADMIT.

WELL ANYWAY I'M GOING STRAIGHT TO BED.

I'LL JOIN YOU AFTER A DRINK, DEAR. WOULD YOU LIKE ONE?

ARE YOU KIDDING — I... ARNOLD! QUICK! HELP!
There must be over thirty stones in these two pouches. I only got five the last time...

And I sure didn't do badly. Thanks again, Jay. Me lad. Tch-tch.

I'm getting close. Better start figuring my re-entry. Look out, Earth. Here comes Rob Dirk!

Rob Dirk! This is an emergency call! We have investigated you...

Won't be long now! There she is, Mother Earth... Who? Someone's trying to contact me?

This is Dirk, 476-J. Come in!

And we know that at this moment you have an illicit cargo of the so-called 'Rainbow Crystals..."

If you attempt to land, your ship will be destroyed. A series of disastrous incidents have been caused by your unregistered jewels...

Which are not jewels at all, but eggs of some unearthly...

The End