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PURSUED! PHIL DUCKS INTO SOME BUSHES, THRUSTS OUT A FOOT...

...AND CLOBBERS HIS ASSAILANT.

COME ON, PHIL! HURRY!...

I—I DON'T KNOW, BUZ.

YOU OKAY?

SEEMS I CAN'T THINK STRAIGHT. ARMS...HANDS... SORT OF GONE TO SLEEP.

GOOD GOSH! YOU'VE TANGLED WITH ONE OF THOSE PLANTS THAT MAKE YOU NUMB!

MY ARMS... LEGS...EVEN MY FACE... SORT OF A TINGLING— LIKE THEY WERE ASLEEP!

THOSE POISONOUS BUSHES YOU GOT INTO! HERE, I'LL CARRY YOU.

WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE, PHIL!... WHUP!... THERE'S A CAR HEADING TOWARD THE GATE!

BETTER GO BACK OVER THE HILL THE WAY WE CAME... CONFOUND IT!... THERE COMES A LIGHT FROM THAT WAY TOO!

I'D BETTER HEAD FOR THE FENCE.

SOON HIS ARMS AND KNEES SEEM TO GROW NUMB. HE DROPS PHIL—

—AND CAN'T PICK HIM UP. THEN BUZ KNOWS HE HAS HAD IT, TOO.

CORNERED! VOICES—SHOUTS— RUNNING FEET—LIGHTS FLASH THRU THE JUNGLE BOTH BEHIND AND IN FRONT OF SAWYER. IN DESPERATION, HE PLUNGES INTO THE JUNGLE.

WHERE THE HECK AM I?

BUZ TRIES TO LIFT HIS NUMB HAND. SOMETHING HOLDS IT DOWN.

OH, HELLO! WHERE'S PHIL? DEAD!

BUZ OPENS HIS EYES. IT'S BROAD DAYLIGHT! ...HE'S ON AN IRON COT... IN A NIPA HUT.

PHIL, DEAD? BUT WHEN? HOW?

LAST NIGHT, YOU BOTH GOT INTO POISON BUSHES, REMEMBER? YOU'RE LUCKY.

TILL FEELING NUMB, HALF-DAZED, BUZ SUDDENLY REMEMBERS IT ALL.

BY THE WAY, WHAT'S YOUR NAME? JOSEPH, BUT NOBODY WILL CALL ME ANYTHING EXCEPT JO-JO.

LOOK, JOSEPH. IF YOU'LL UNLOCK THESE HANDCUFFS AND HELP ME OUT OF HERE, I'LL GIVE YOU BOTH MY CAMERAS.

TOO LATE... I ALREADY HAVE YOUR CAMERAS.

BUT HOW DID YOU GET MY CAMERAS, JOSEPH?

FRANGI PANI GO TO HOTEL. PAY BILL AND EXPLAIN YOU CALLED TO MANILA UNEXPECTEDLY. I PICK UP LUGGAGE AND CAMERAS EASY.

JUST WHAT WILL DR. SEED DO TO ME? WHO KNOWS? PERHAPS WHAT HAPPENED TO OTHER AMERICAN, YCASA.

JUST THEN, TWO MEN WHO LOOK LIKE CHINESE, BUT WHO ARE DRESSED AS MOROS, ENTER THE HUT.

UNLOCK HIS HANDCUFFS, JO-JO.