

SPACE PATROL

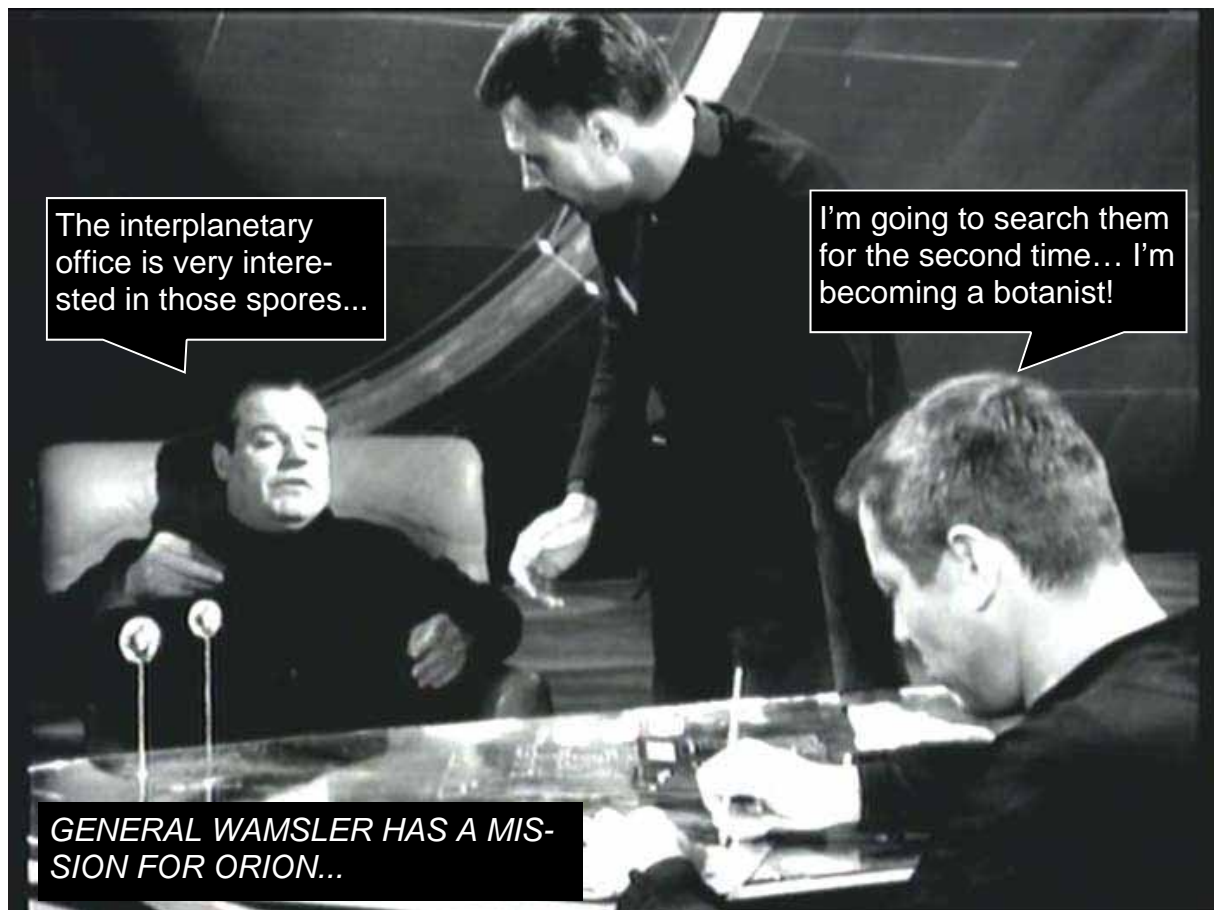
# ORION

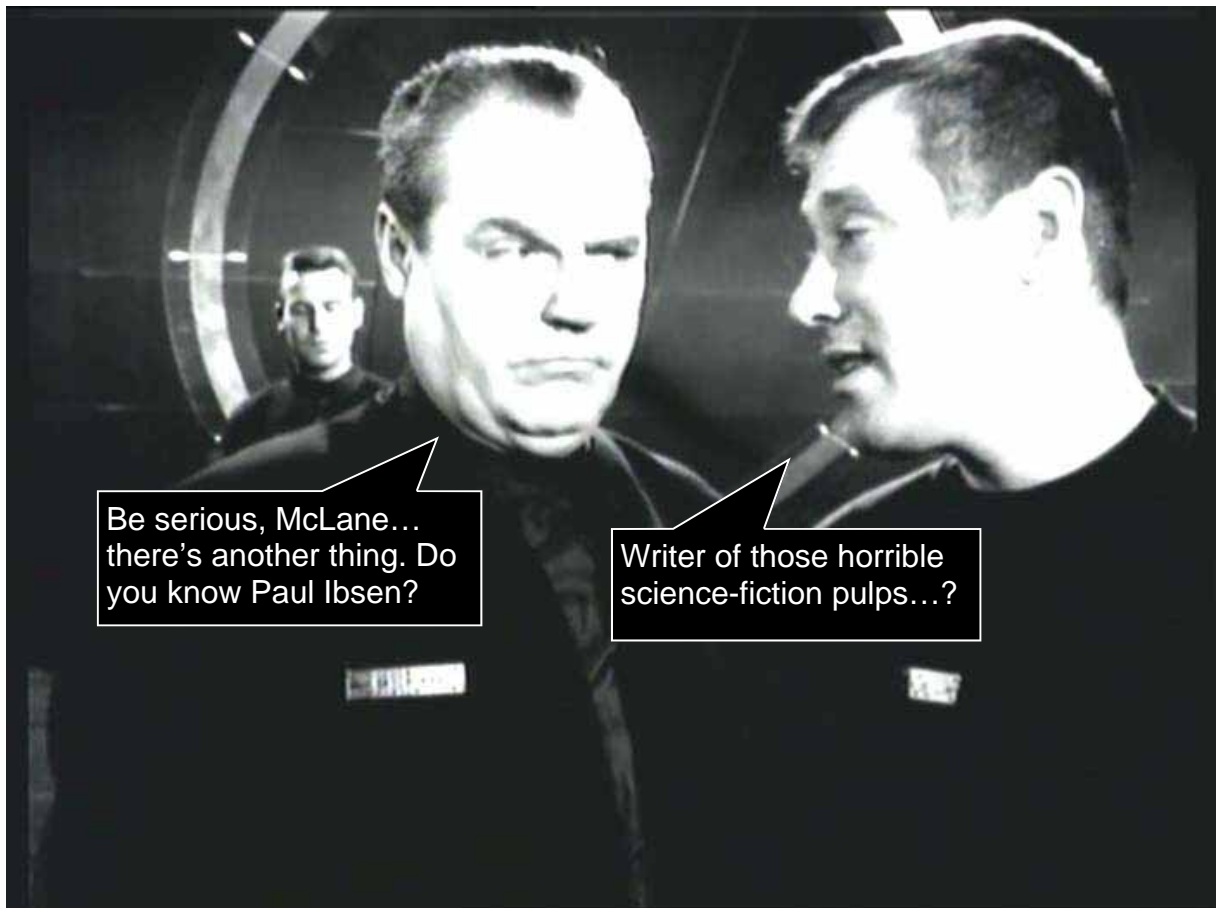
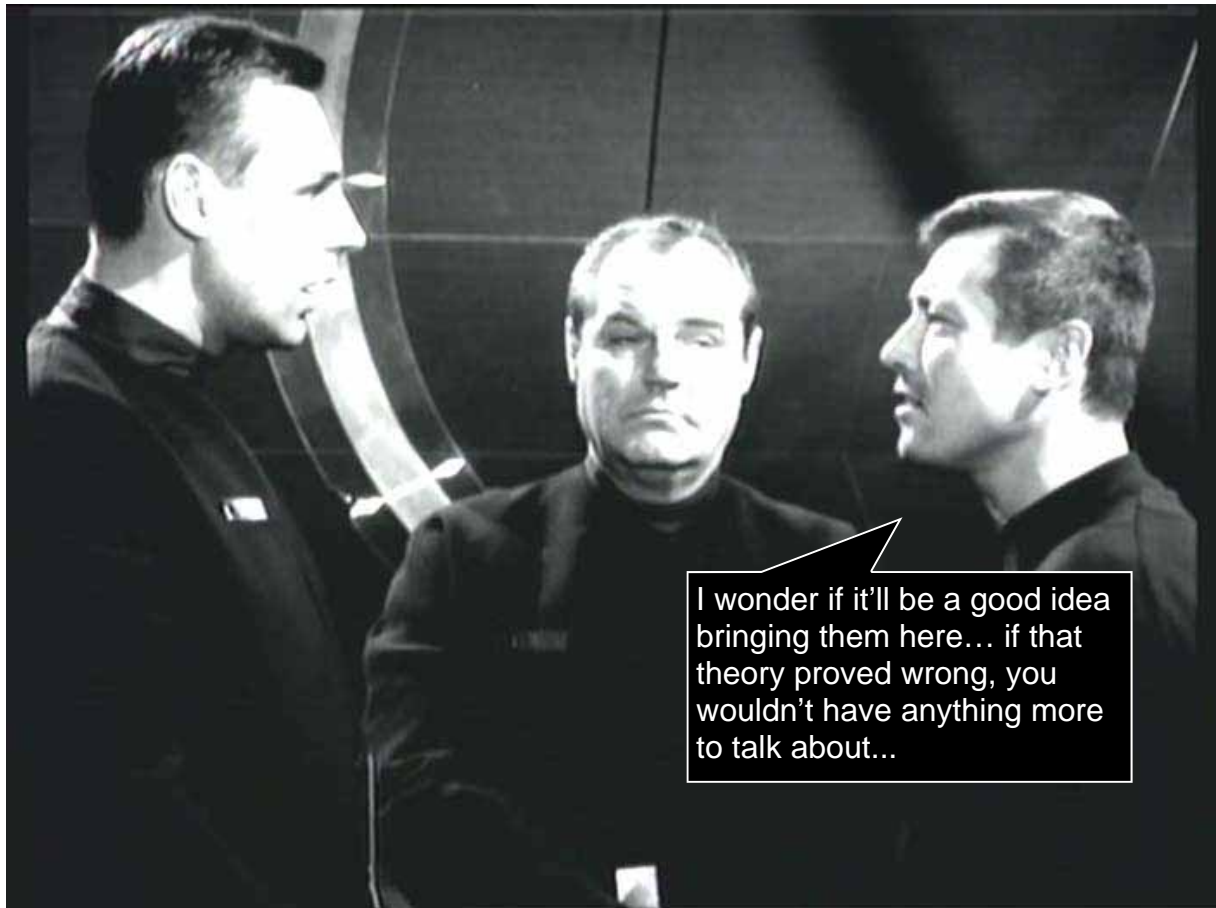
THE SPACE TRAP  
(Die Raumfalle)

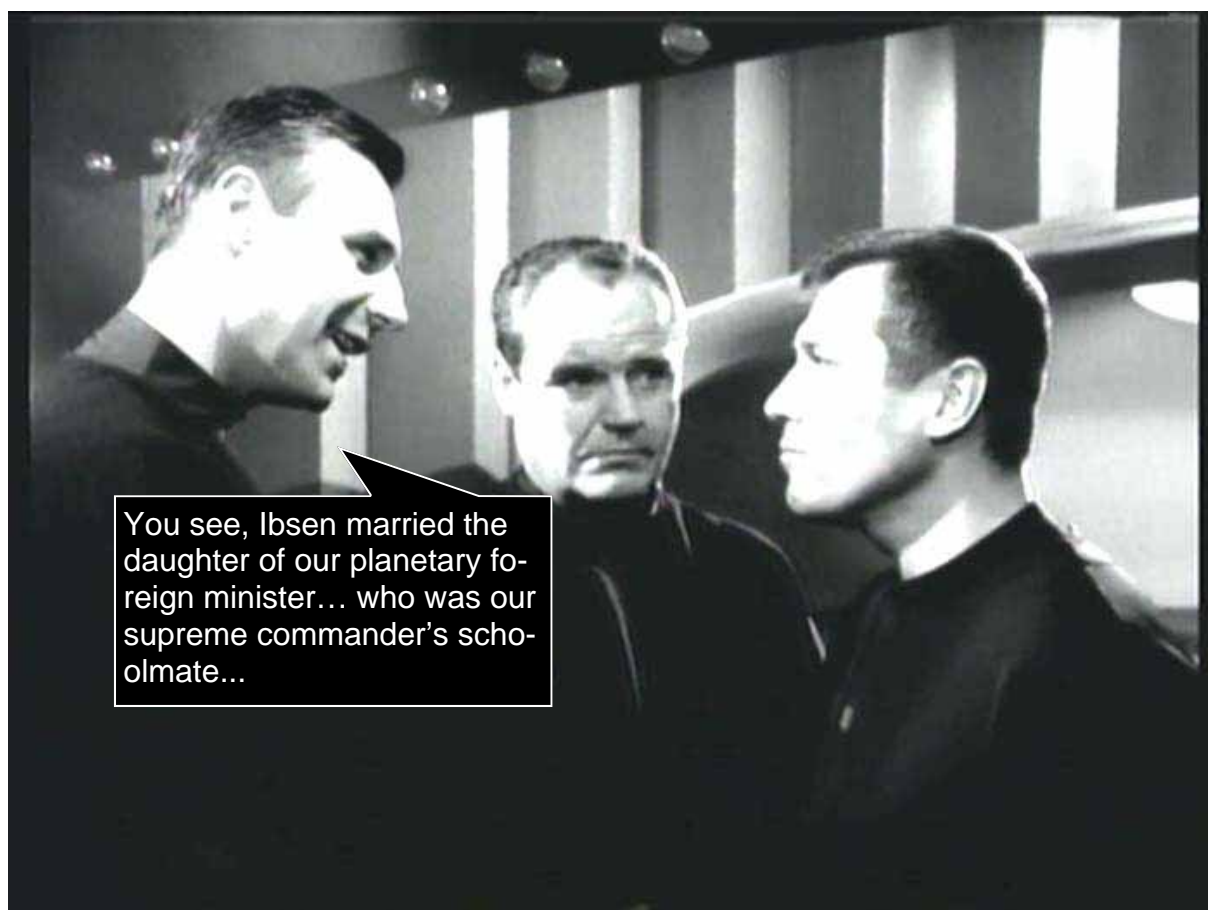
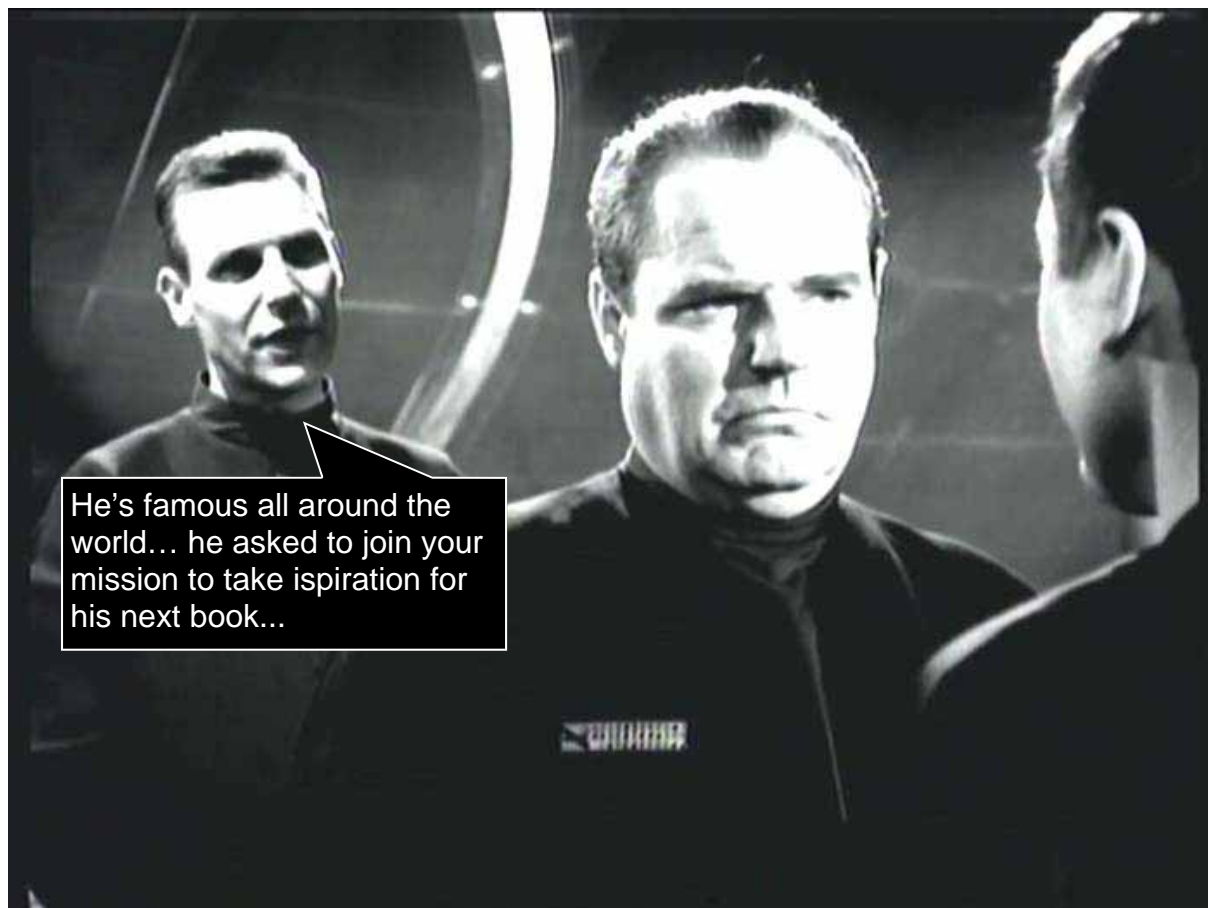


With

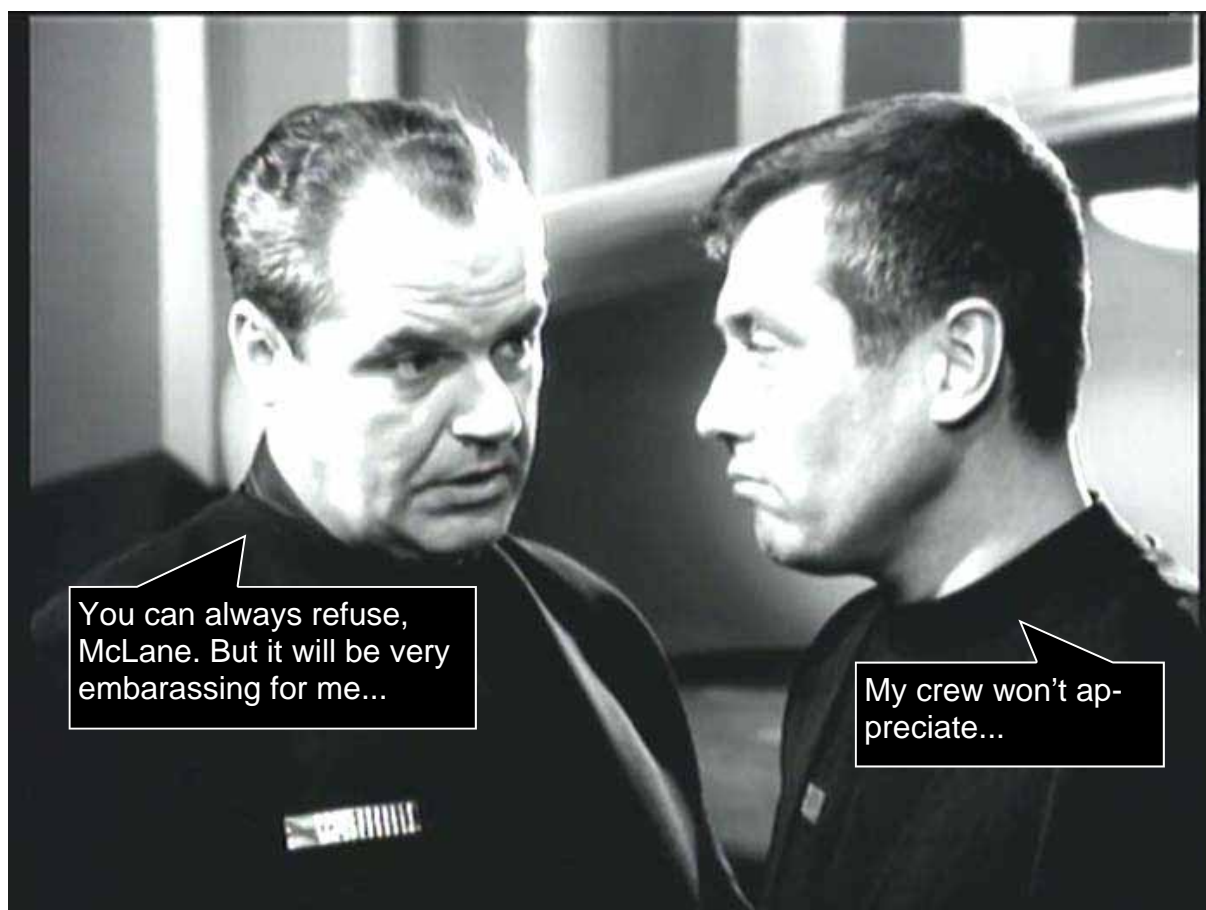
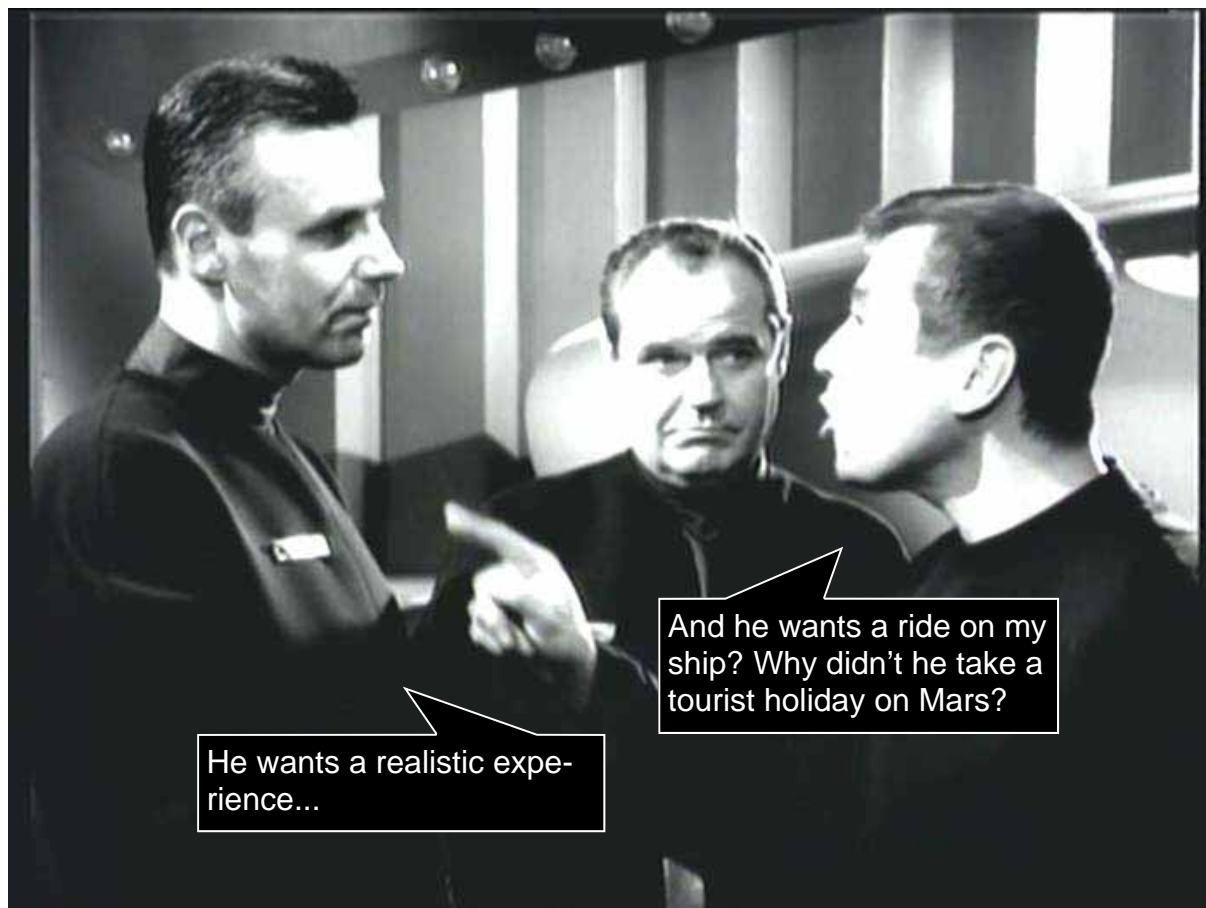
Dietmar Schonherr.....	Com. McLane
Eva Pflug.....	Tamara Jagellovsk
Wolfgang Volz.....	Mario De Monti
Claus Holm.....	Hasso Sigbjornson
F.G. Beckhaus.....	A tan Subashi
Ursula Lillig.....	Helga Legrelle
Benno Sterzenbach.....	Gen. Wamsler
Hans Hepskamp.....	Ministro
Wolfgang Buttner.....	Tourenne
Reinhard Glemnitz.....	Ibsen











*ORION GETS READY FOR LIFT-OFF.*

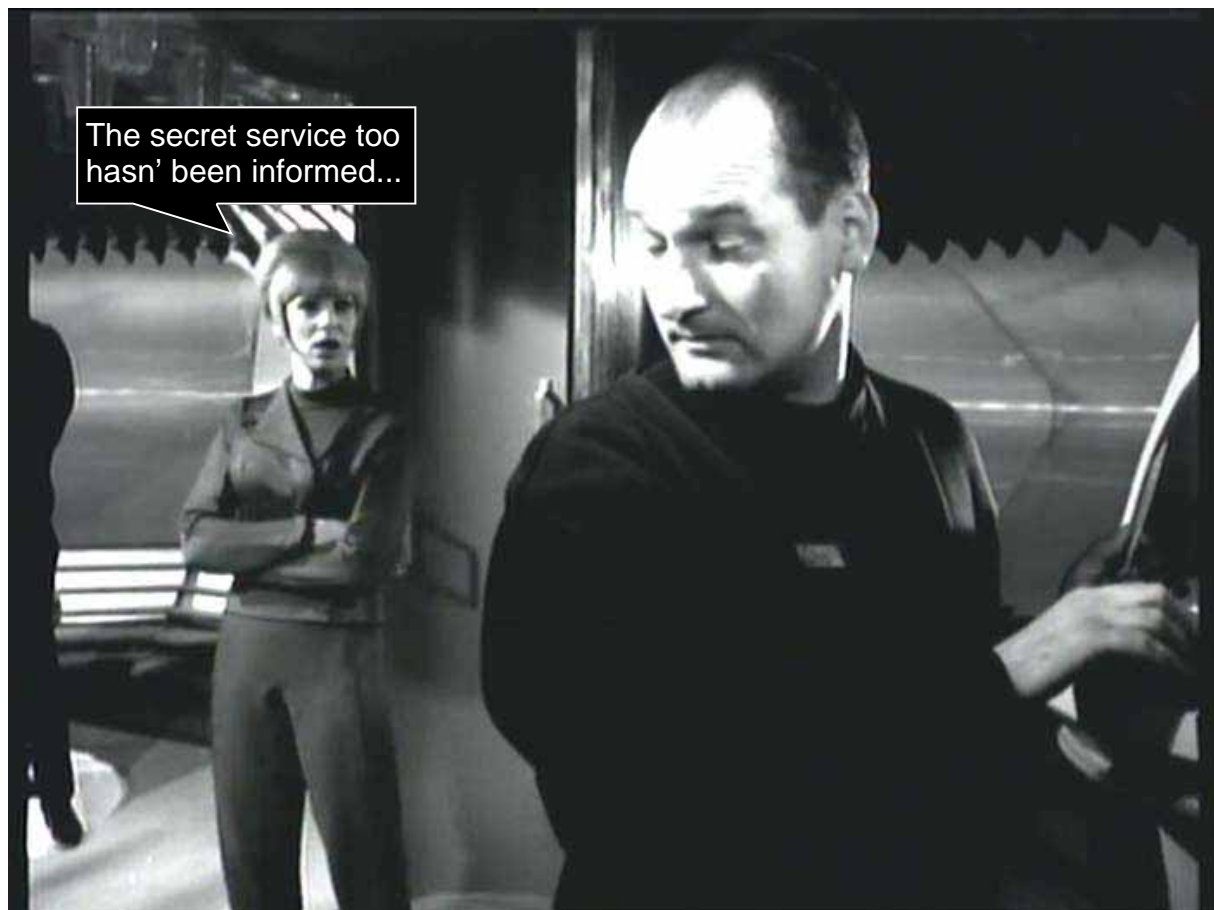
Orion VIII ready for lift-off! Countdown minus 320...



*THE CREW IS GRUMBLING...*

As it wasn't enough, they also send here the universe's greatest boaster...













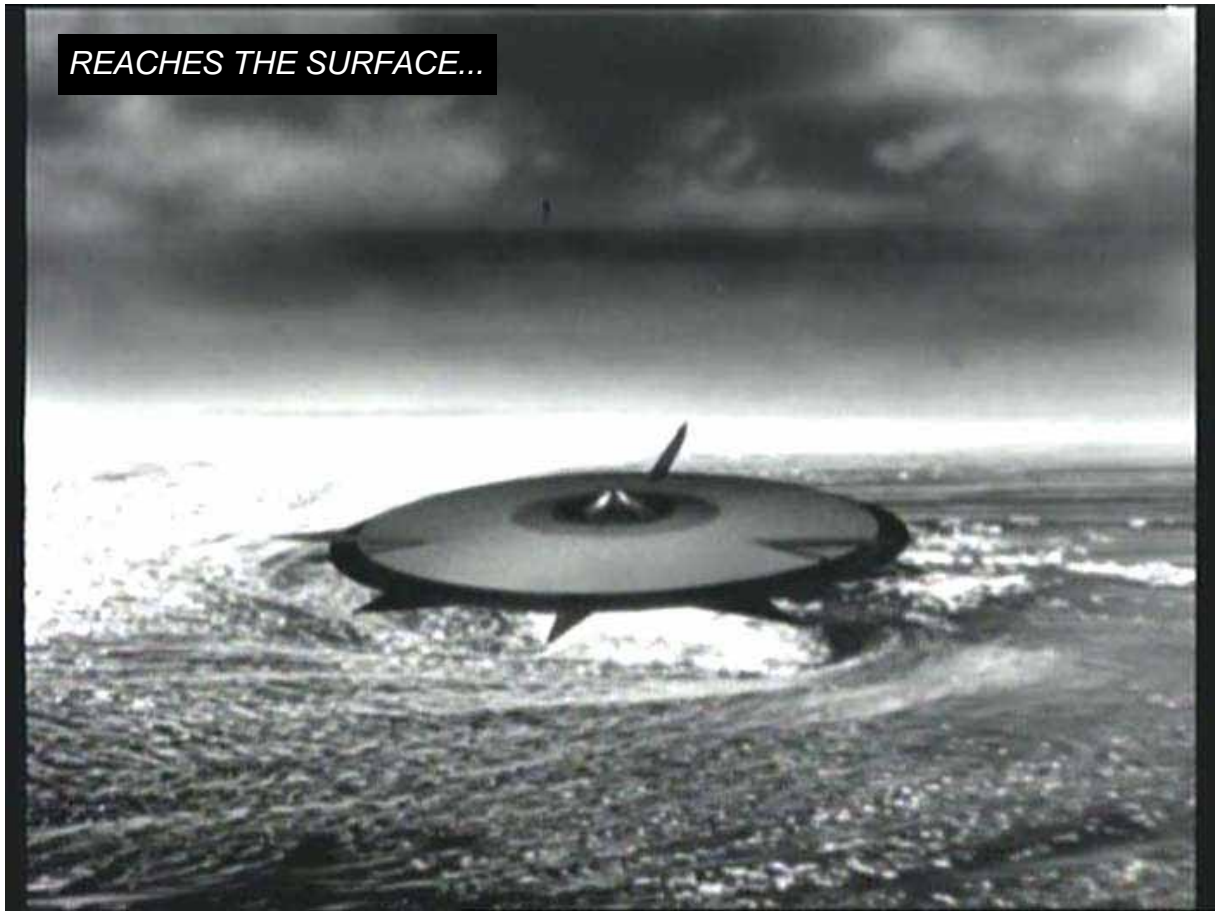
*THE ORION RETRACTS ITS  
LANDING LIFT...*



*CLIMBS FROM THE DEEP OF THE SEA...*



*REACHES THE SURFACE...*



*AND HEADS FOR THE DEEP  
SPACE.*











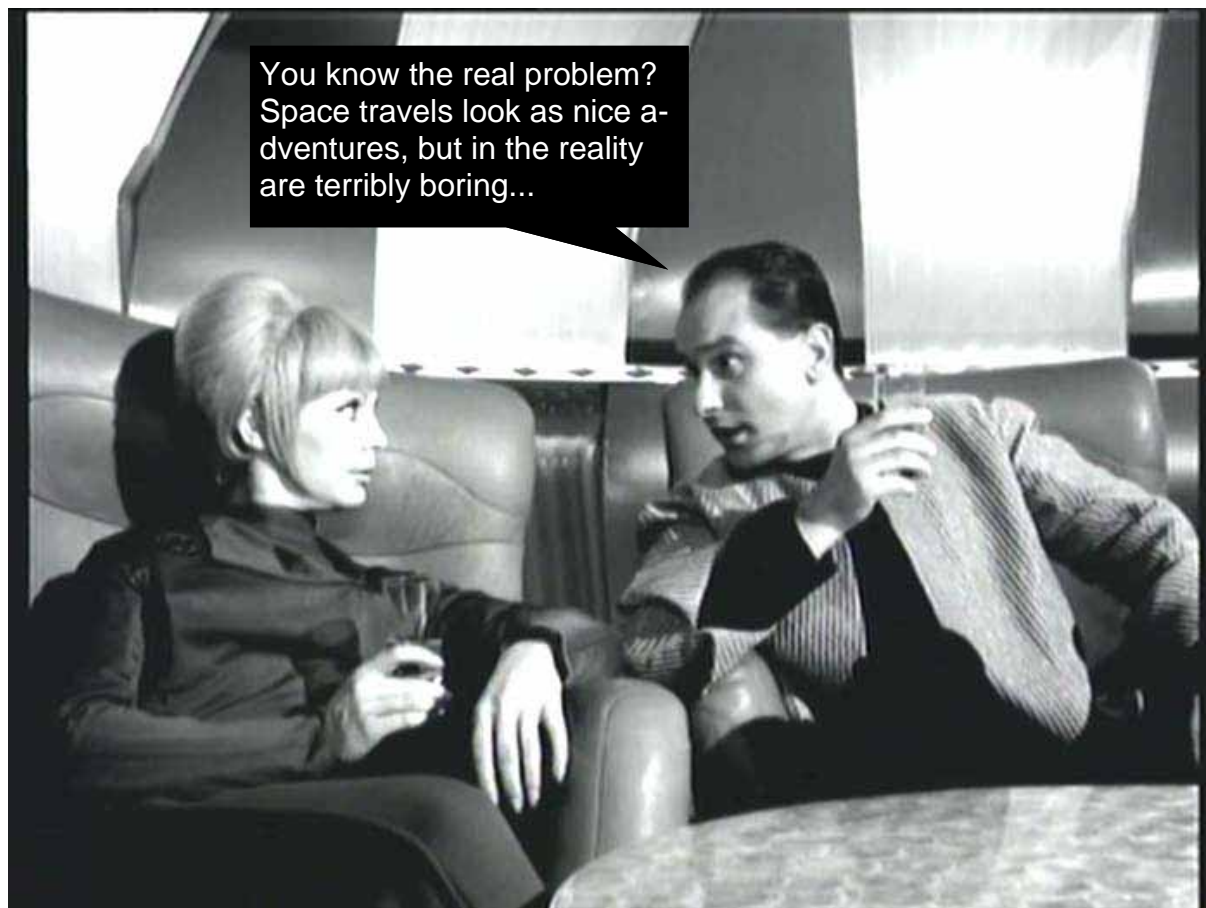
ORION MAKES QUIETLY ITS WAY TO AC-  
COMPLISH THE ASSIGNED MISSION.



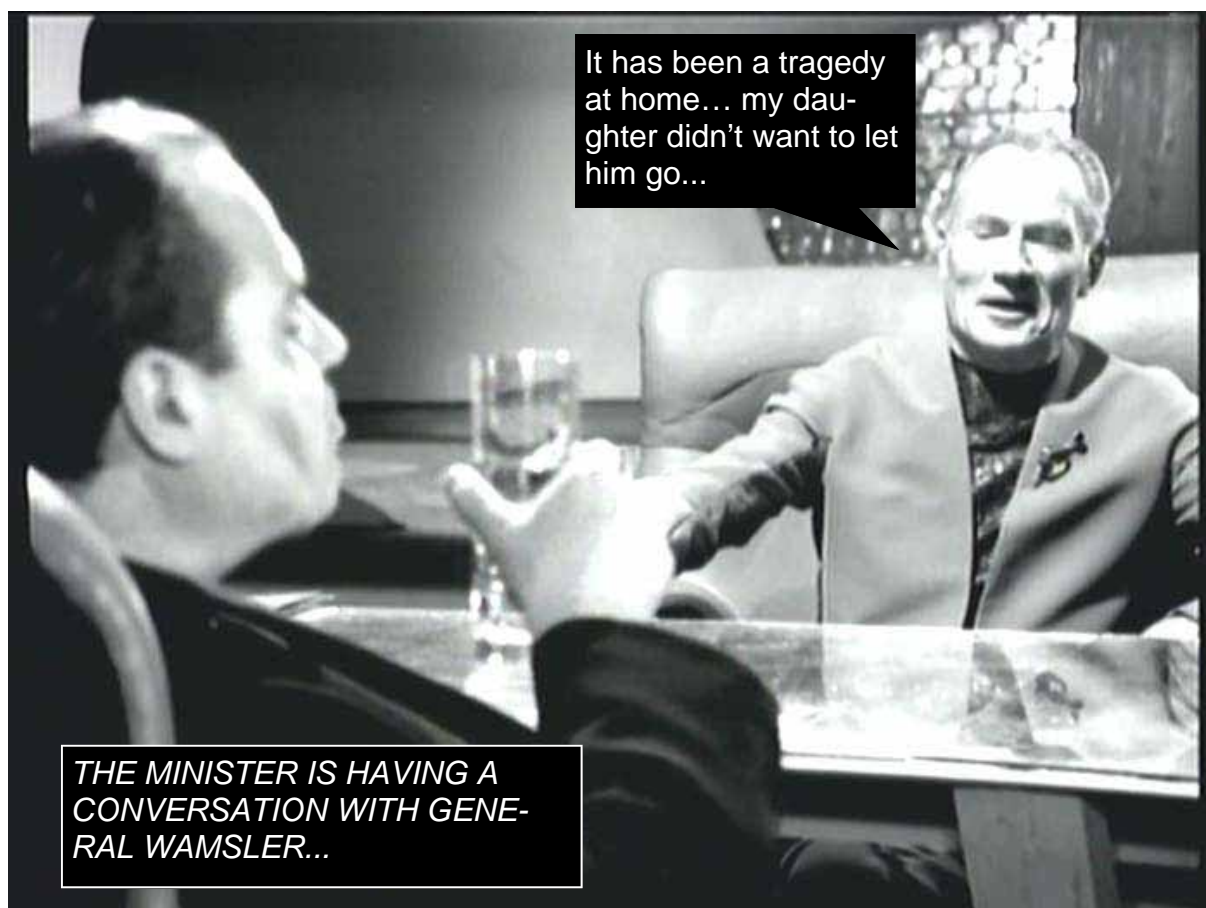
Oh, yes... and also  
very exhausting!

It may be difficult  
writing all those sto-  
ries...

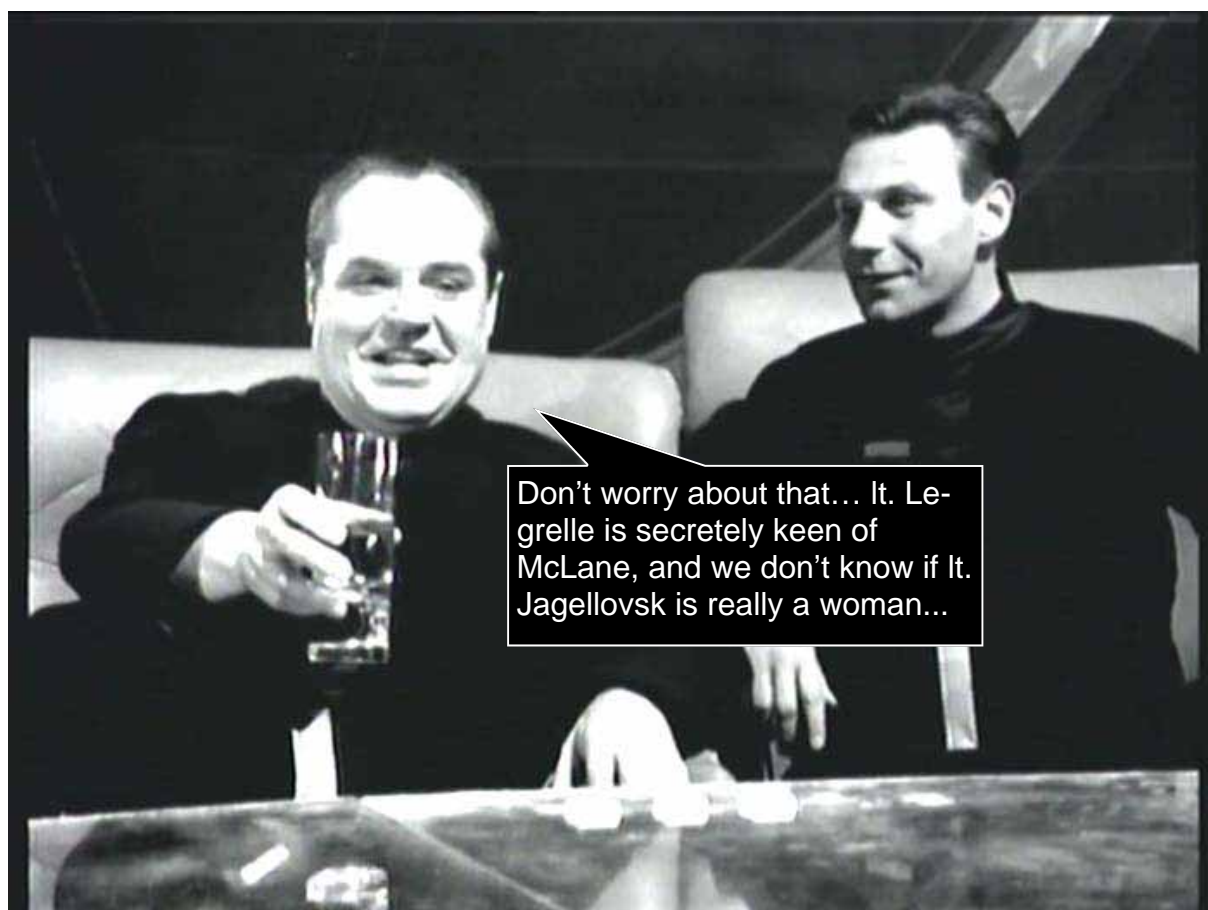
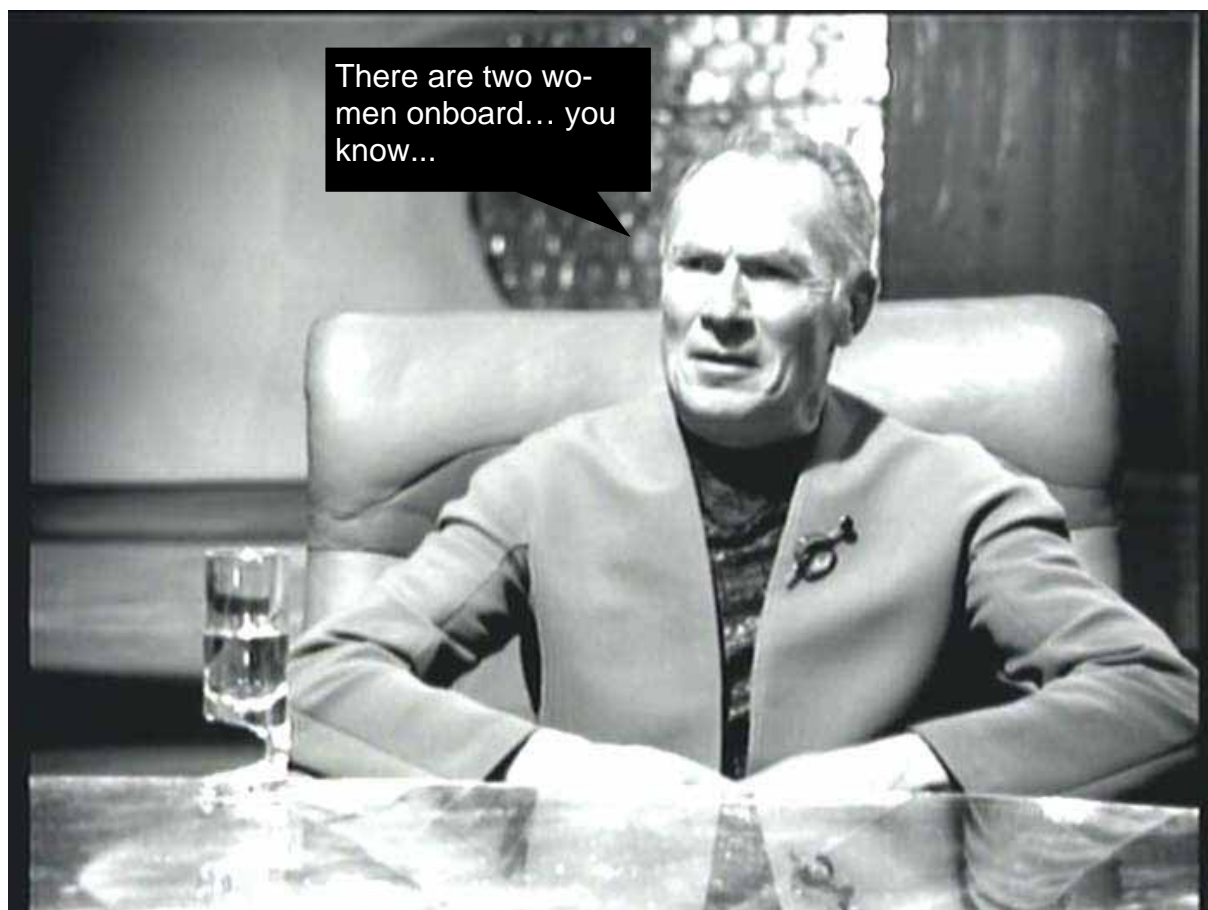


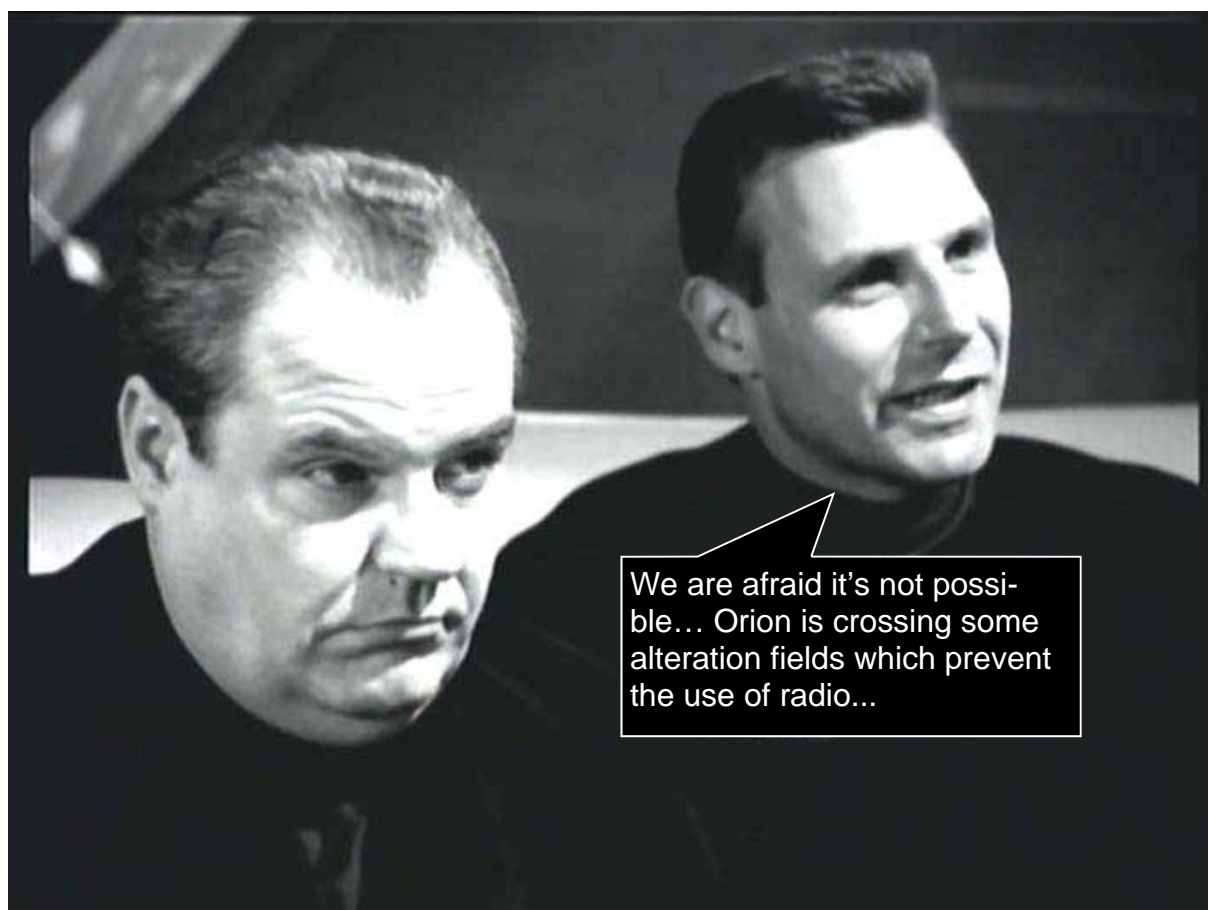
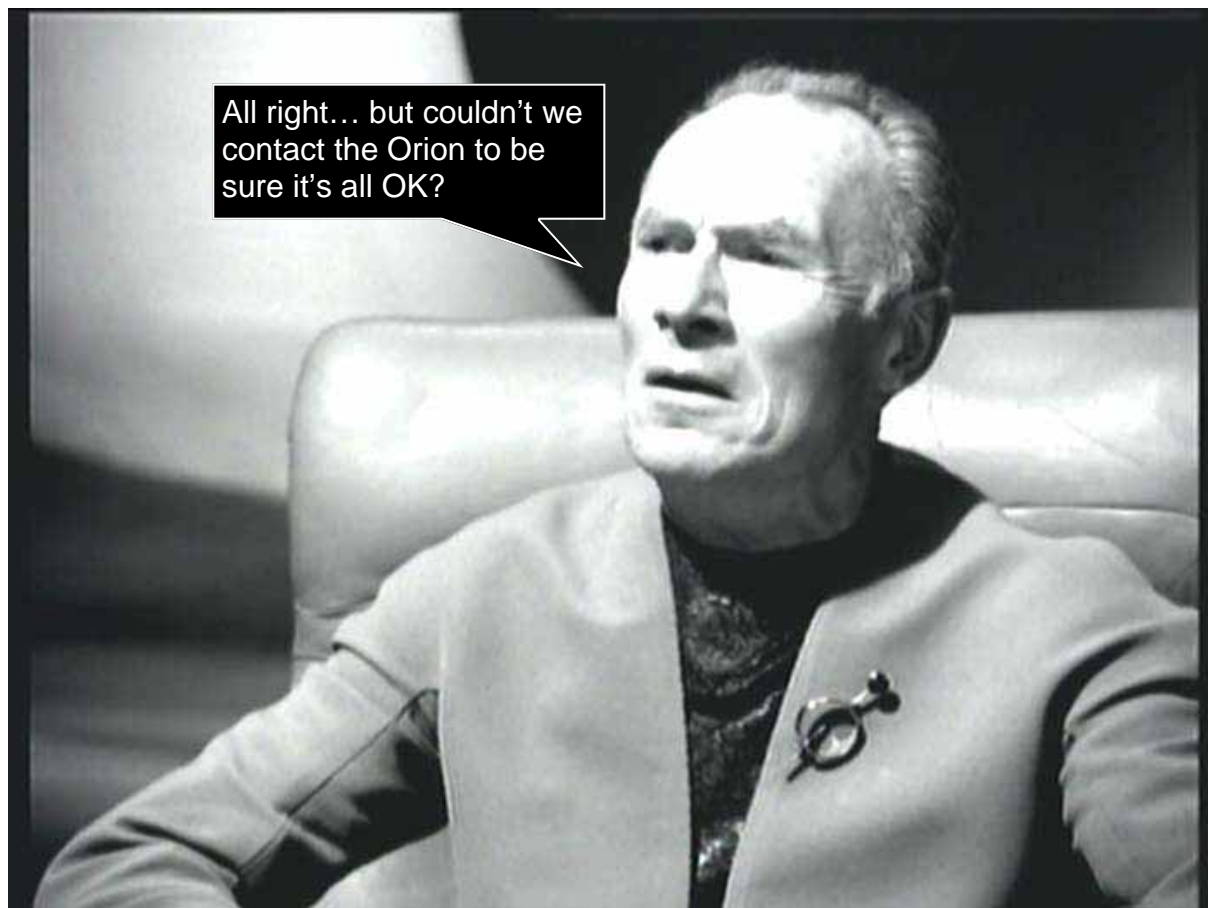
















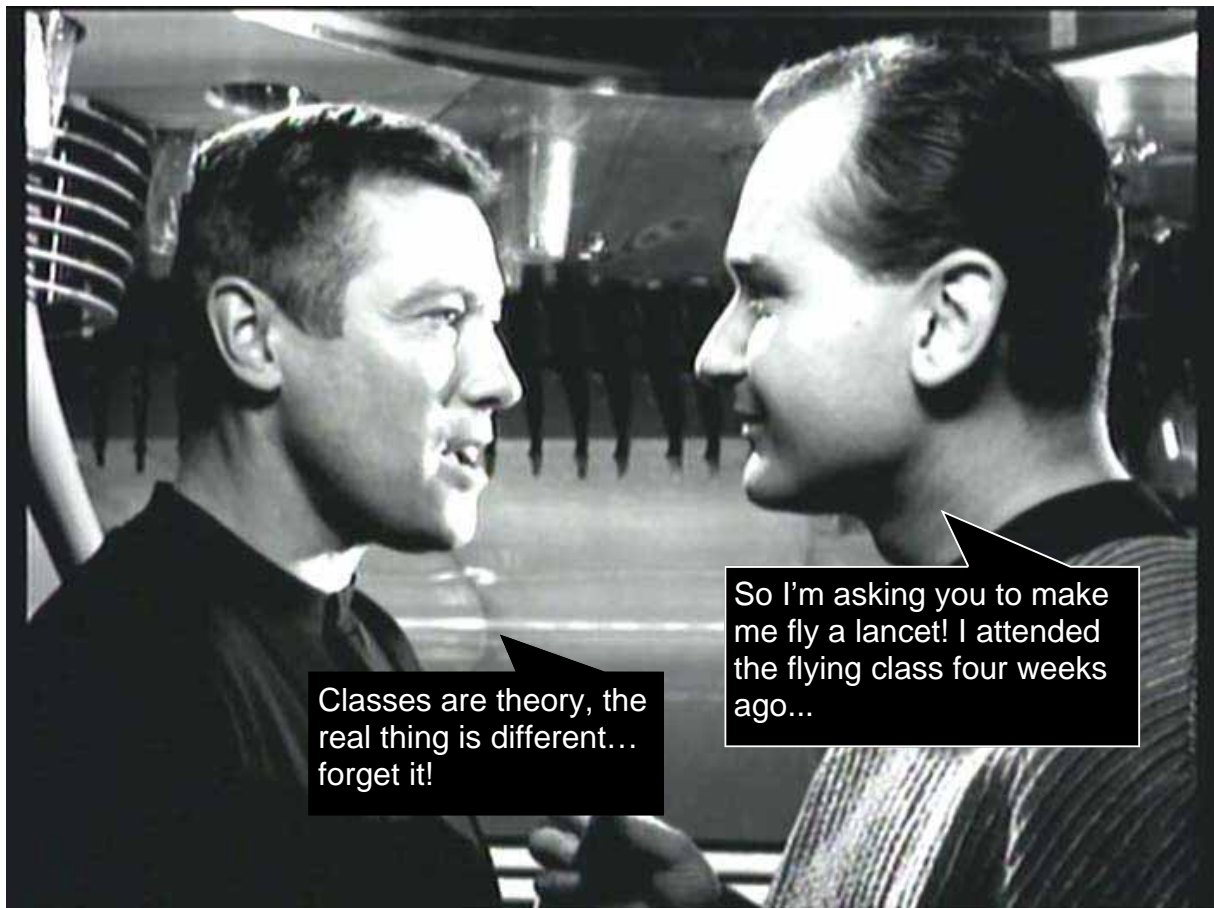
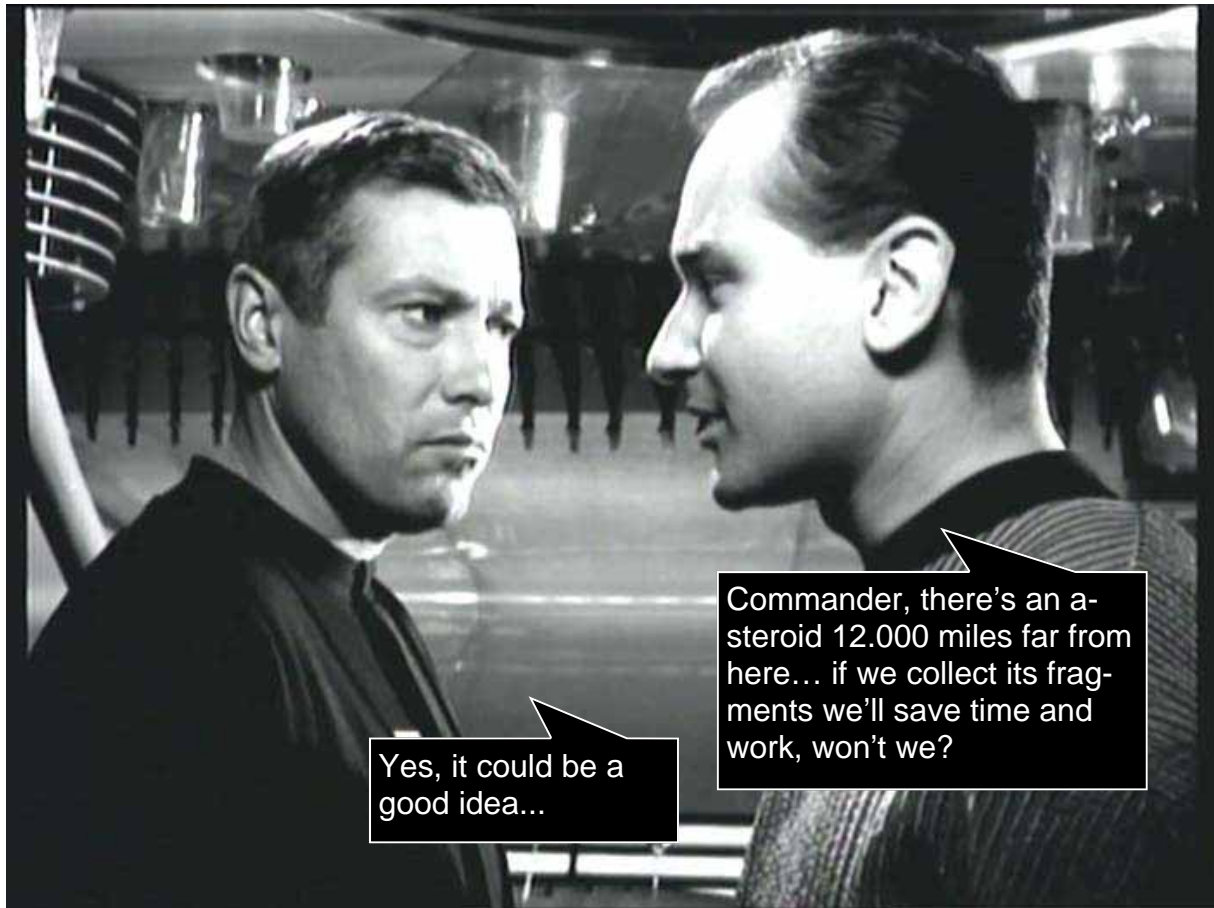
*THE ORION HAS REACHED ITS DESTINATION.*

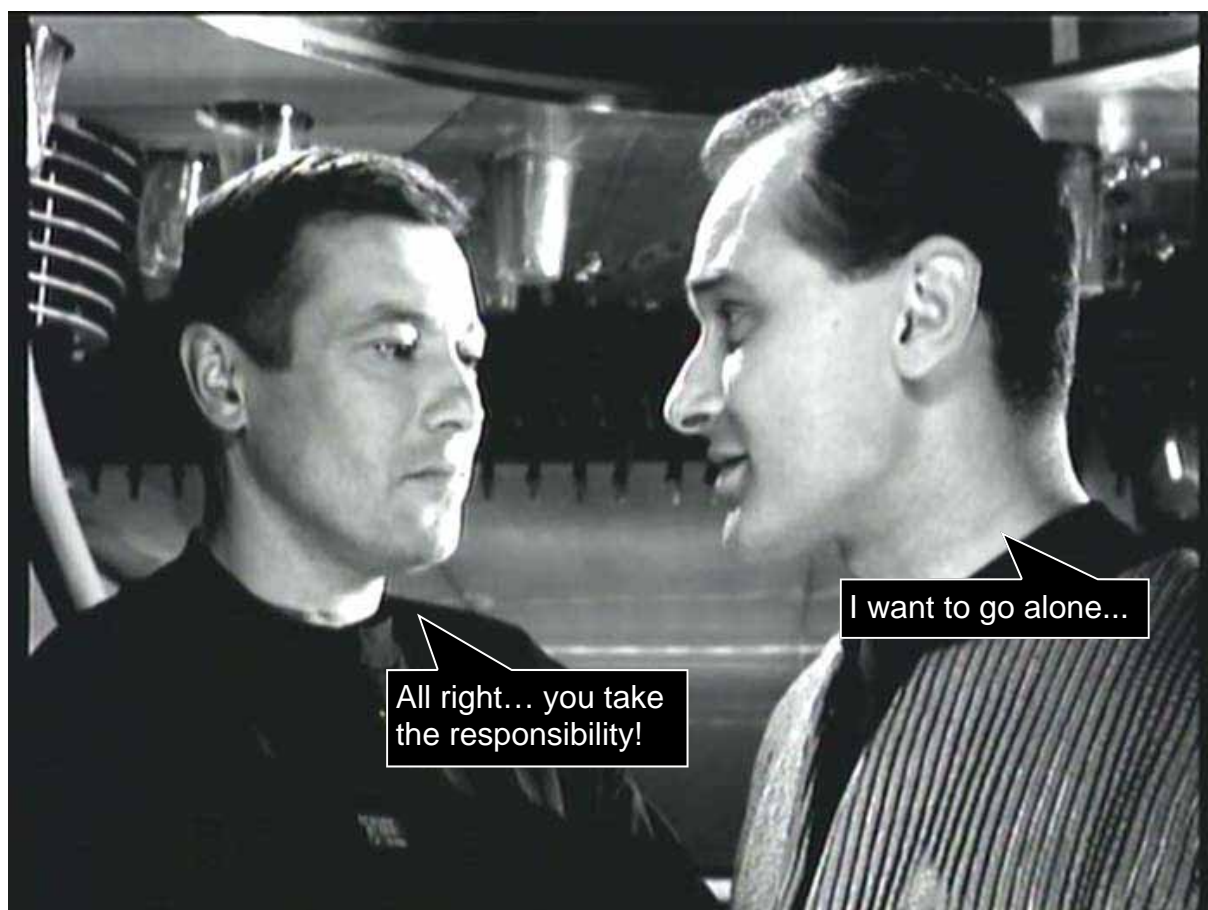
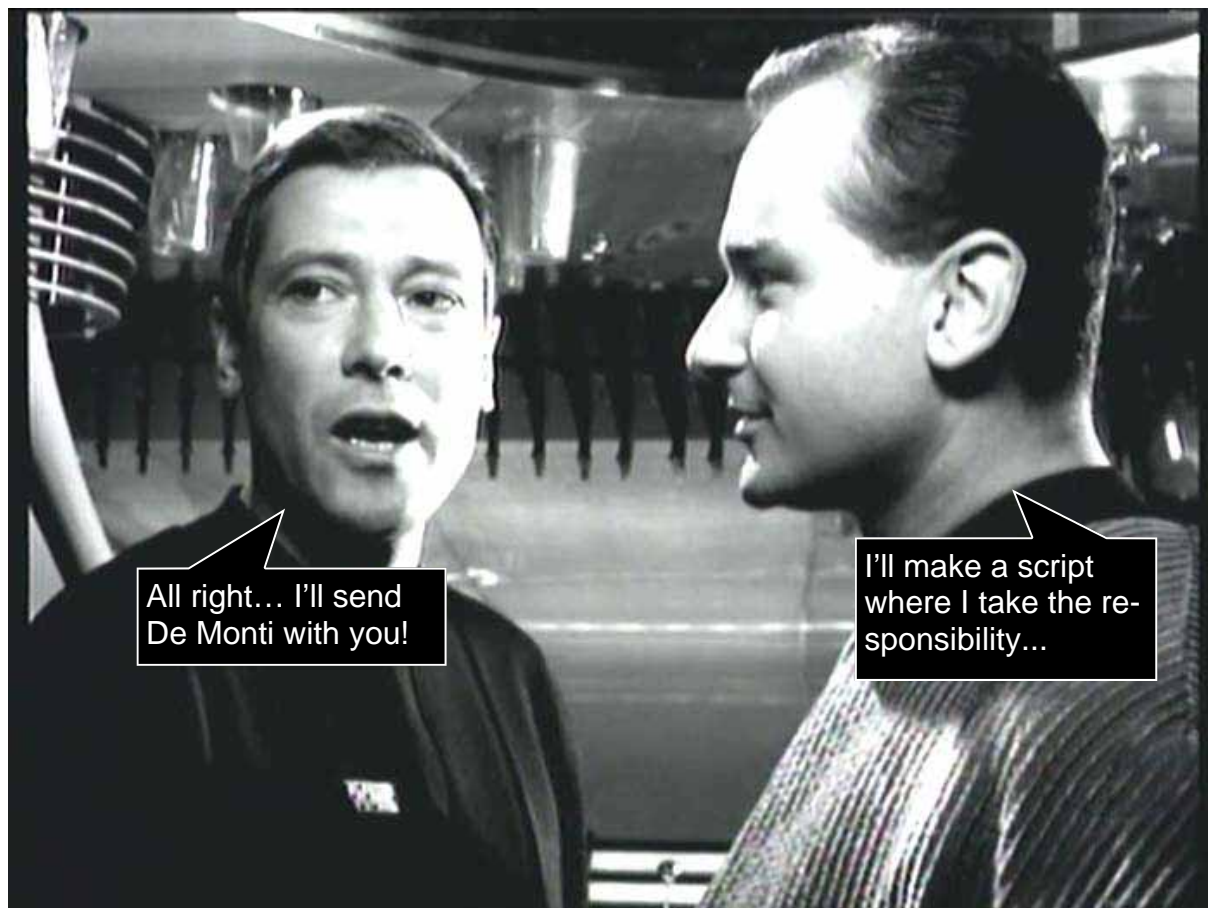


Commander to ship's log.  
The alteration fields don't  
allow us to communicate with  
Earth. We proceed to get  
the spores. Out.

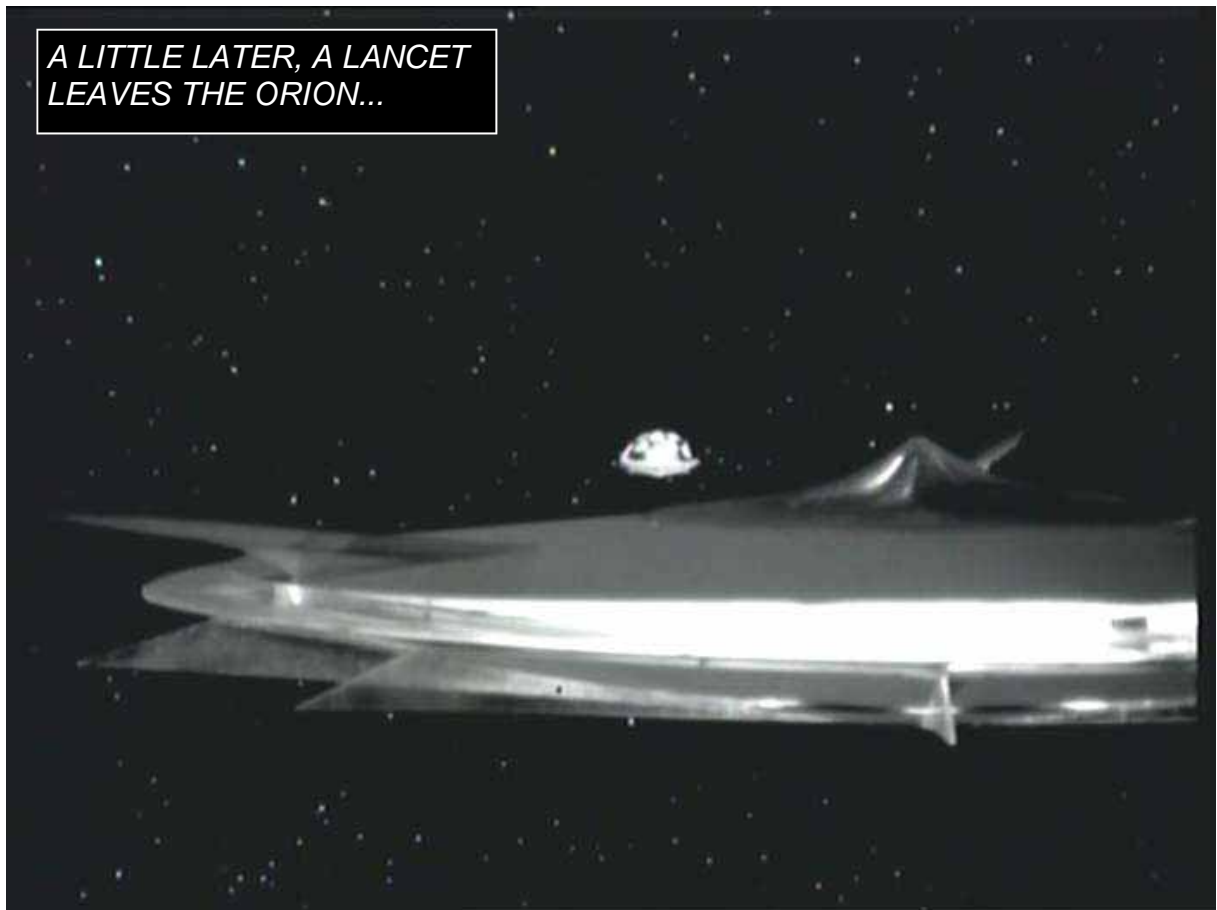








A LITTLE LATER, A LANCET  
LEAVES THE ORION...

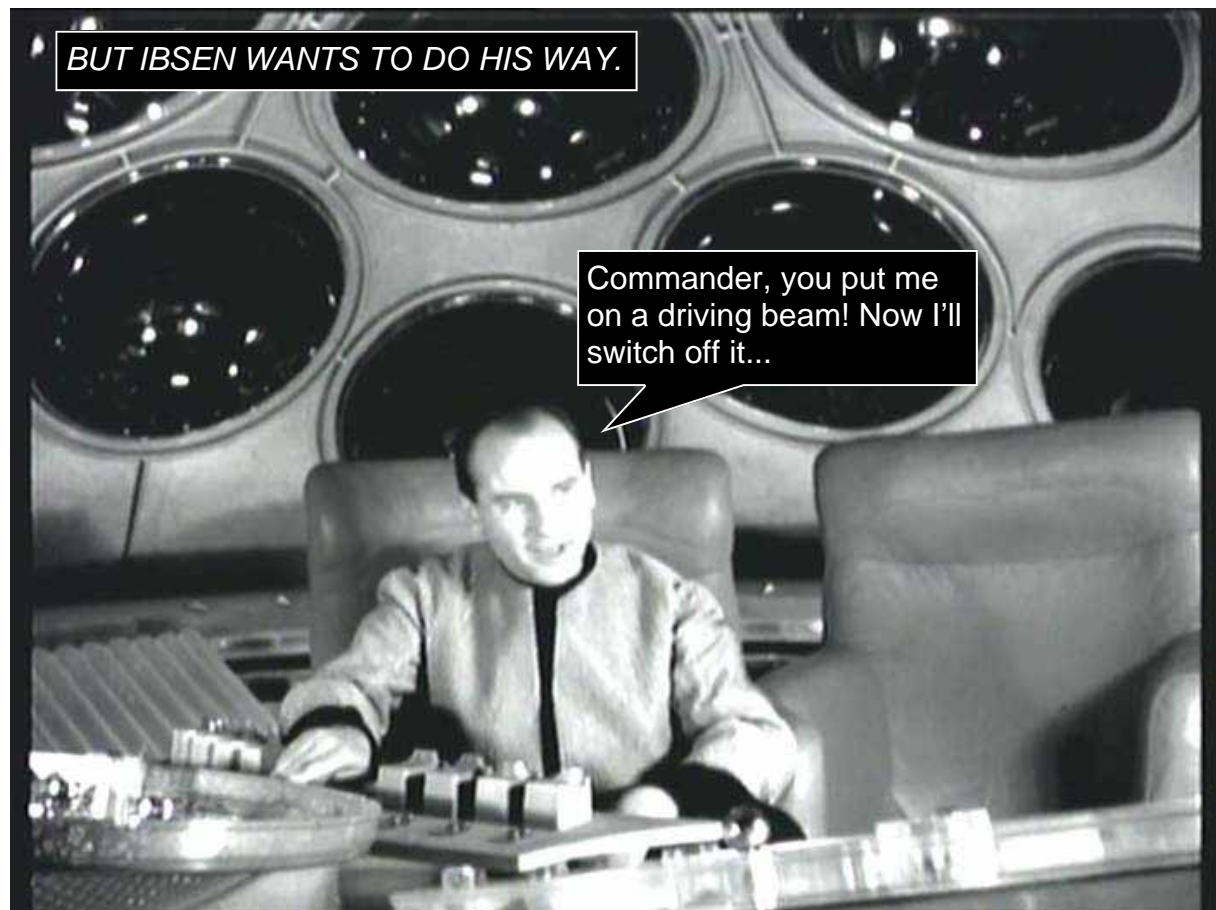


Will it be dangerous?

No, we are keeping him  
on a driving beam...







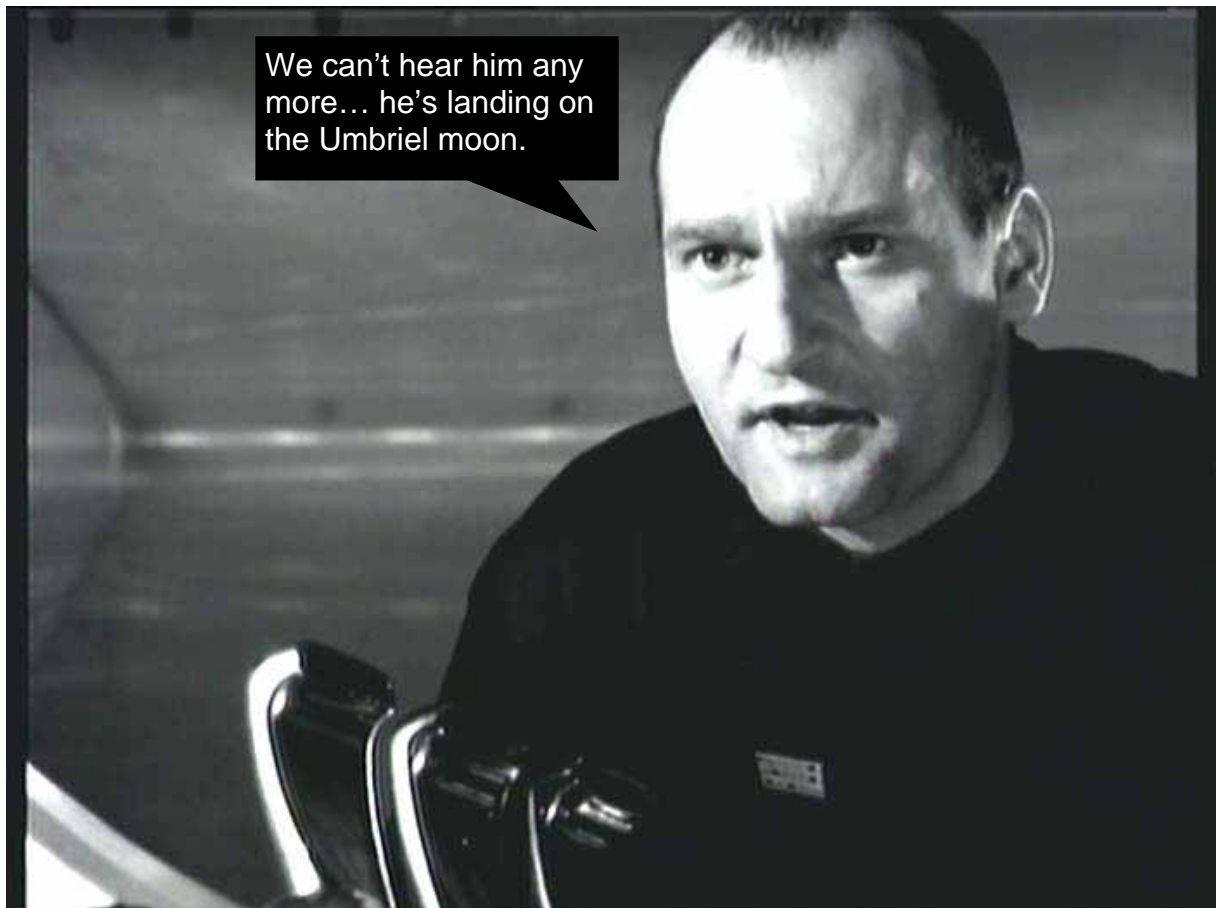


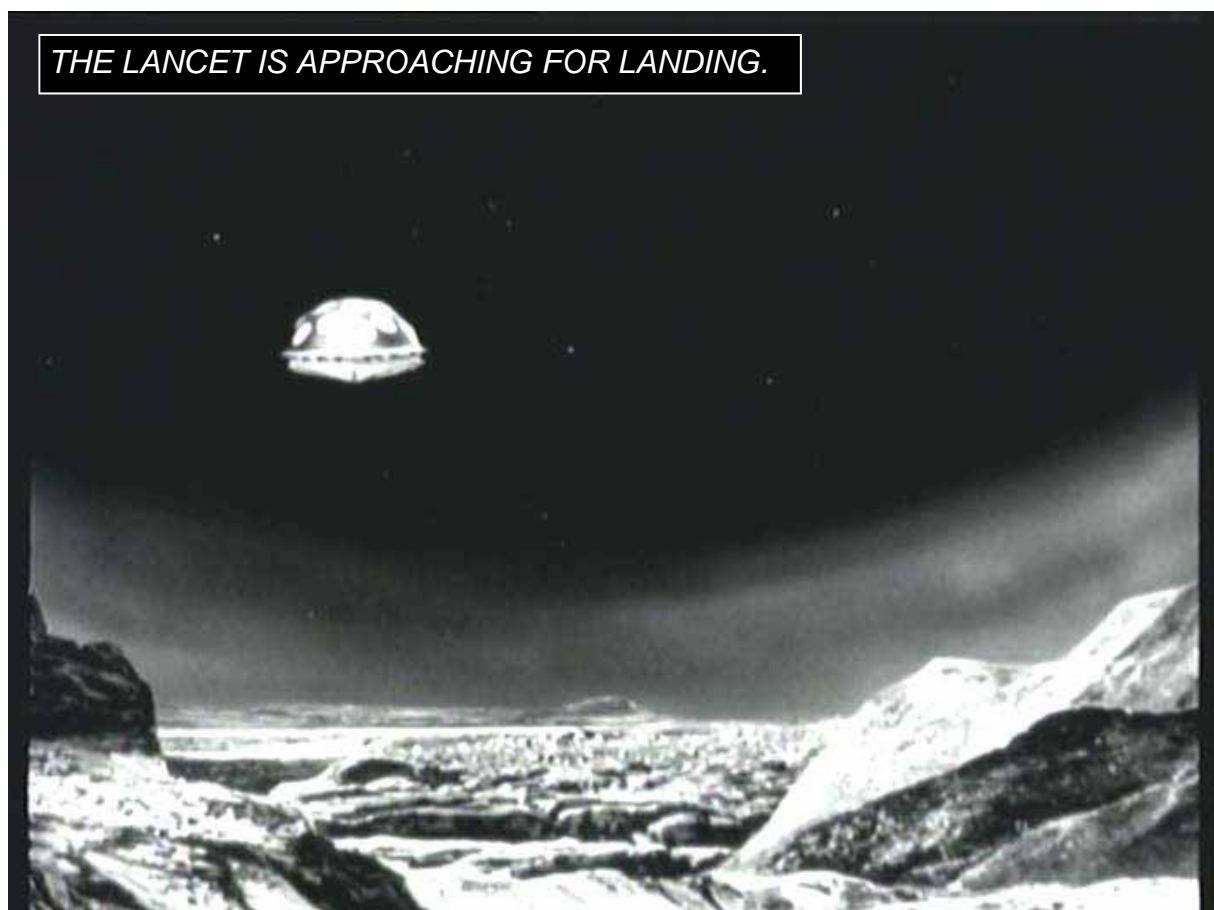
*AND IMMEDIATELY THE LANCET ALTERS  
ITS COURSE.*



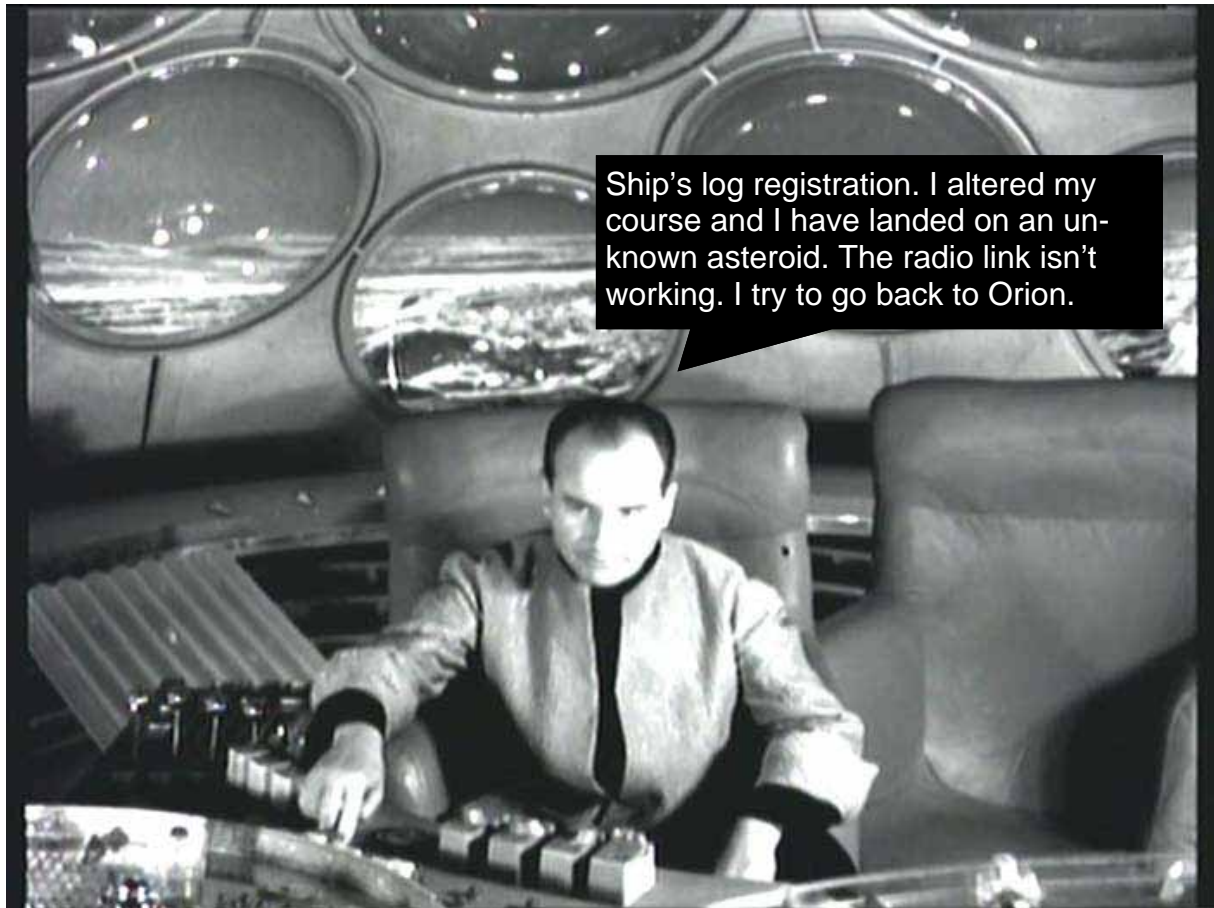
He's heading for the Umbriel  
moon! Ibsen, what are you  
doing? Do you read me?

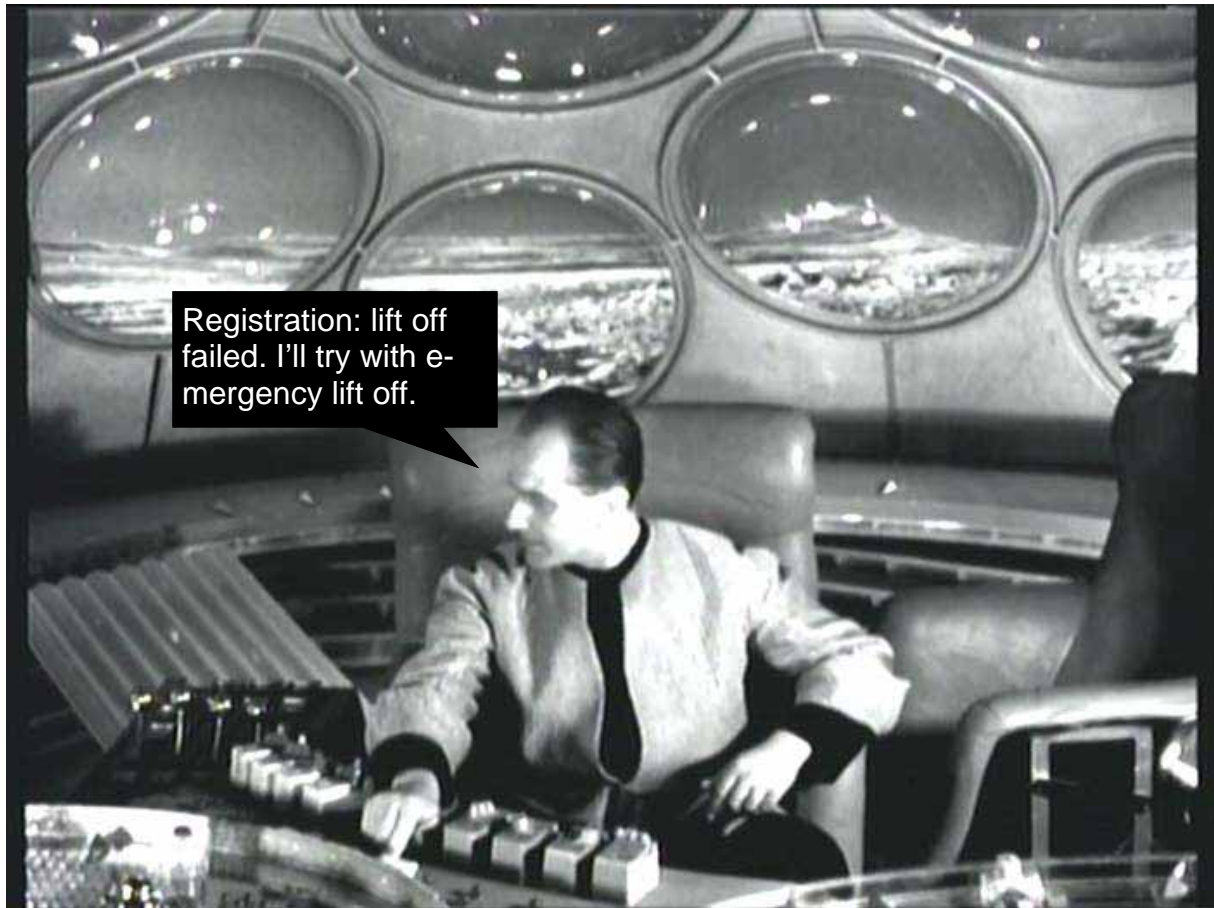




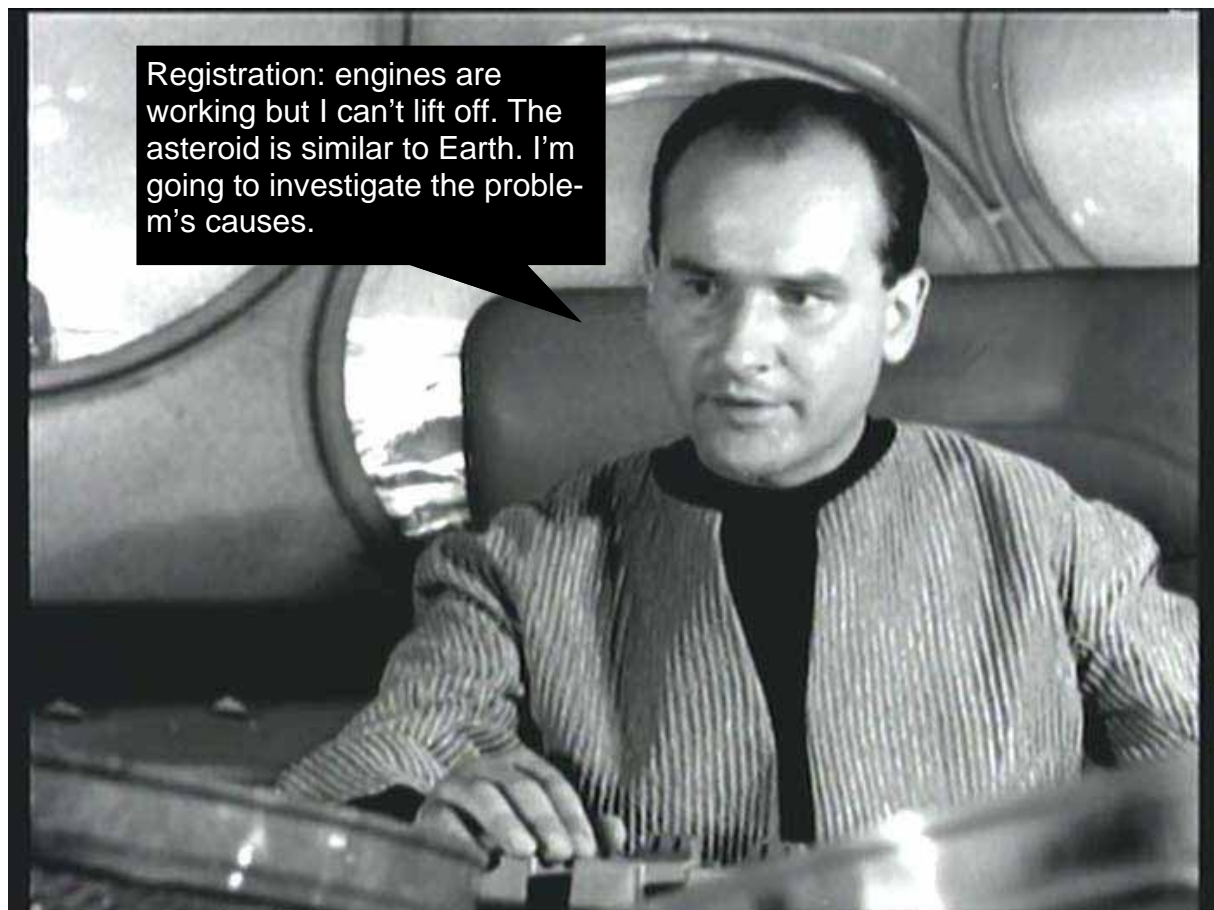






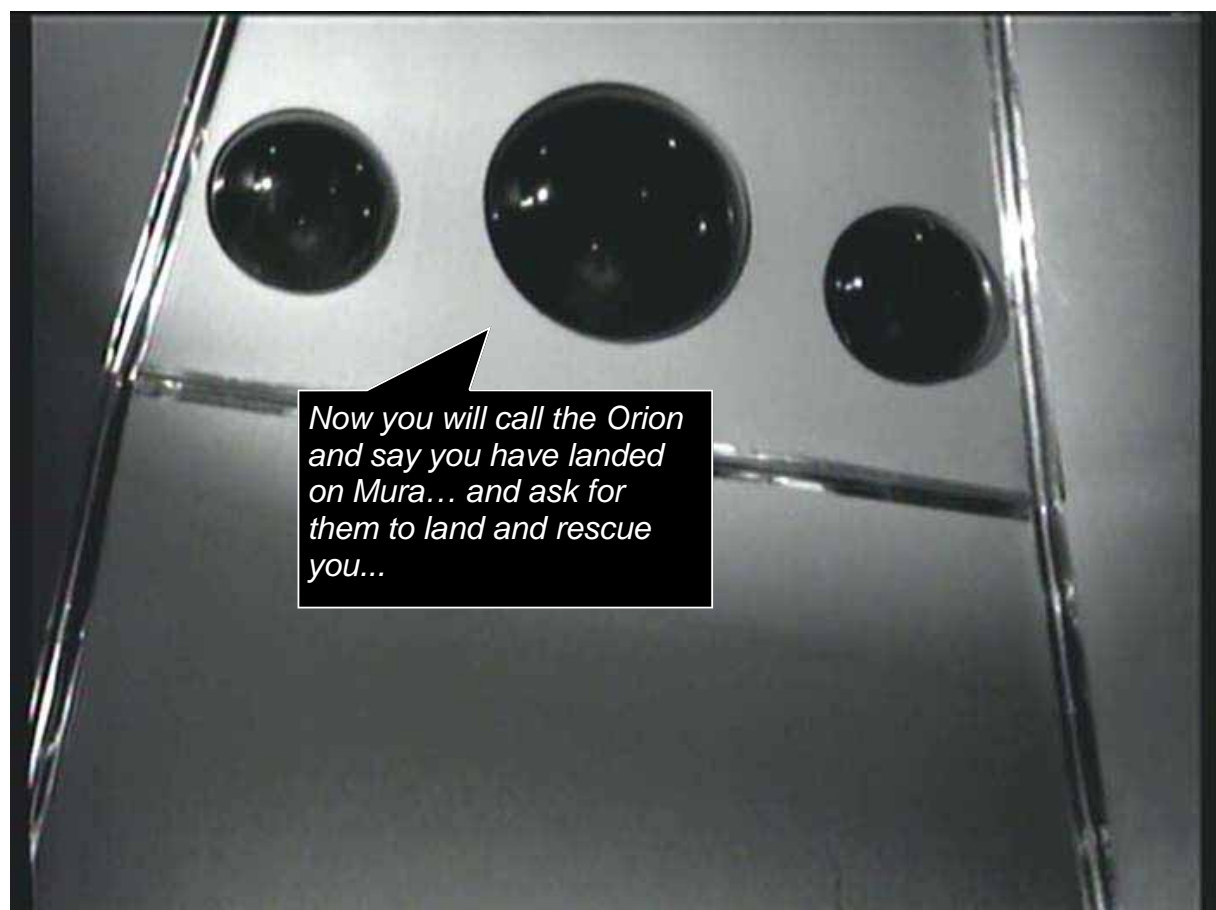
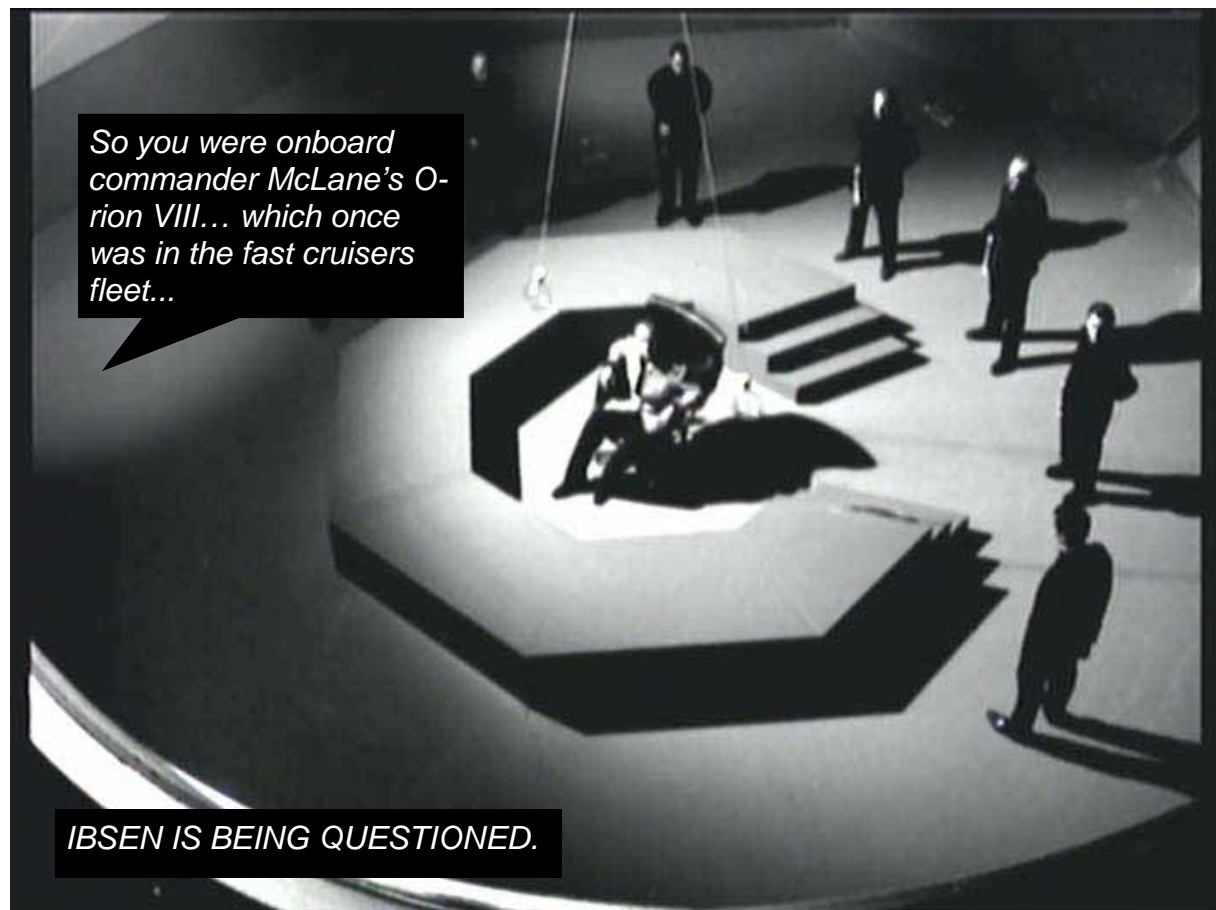


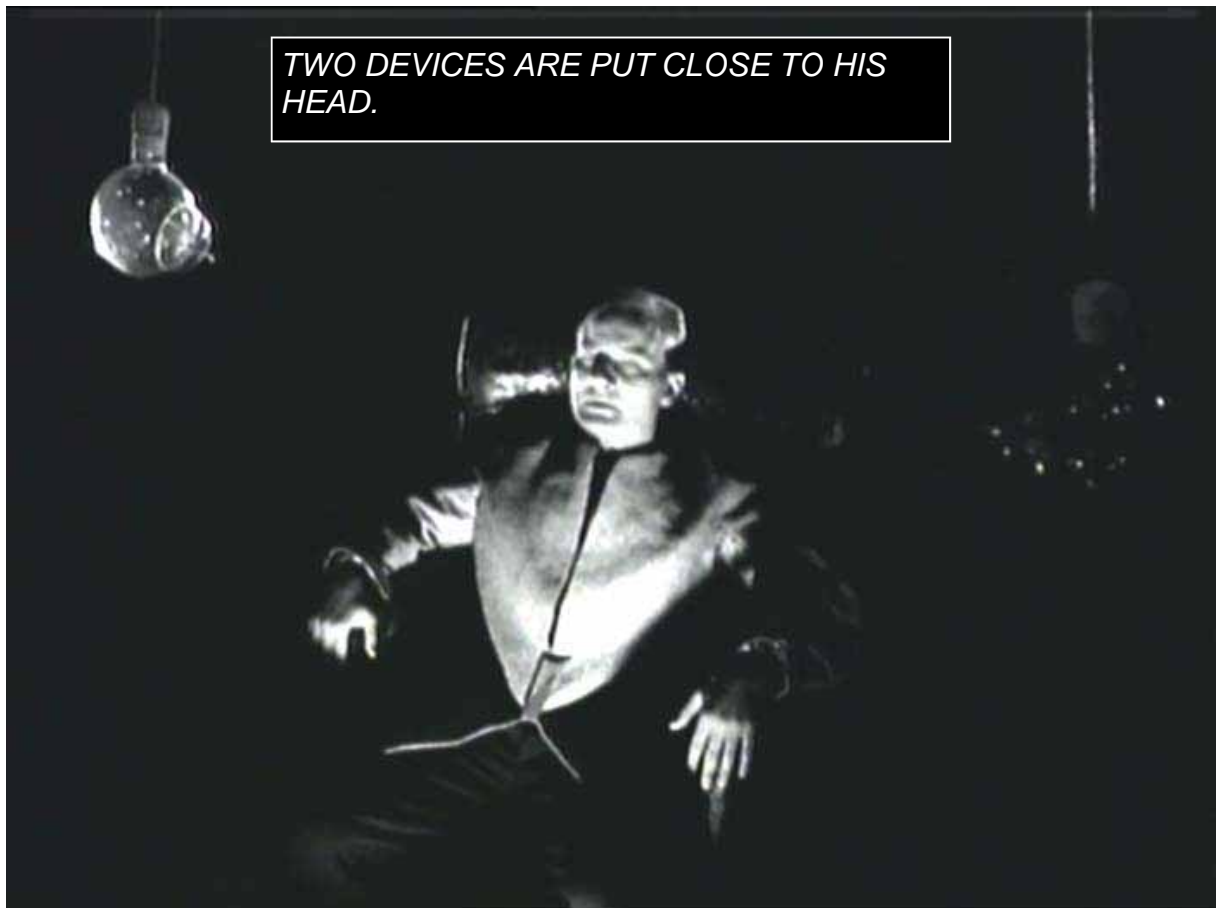
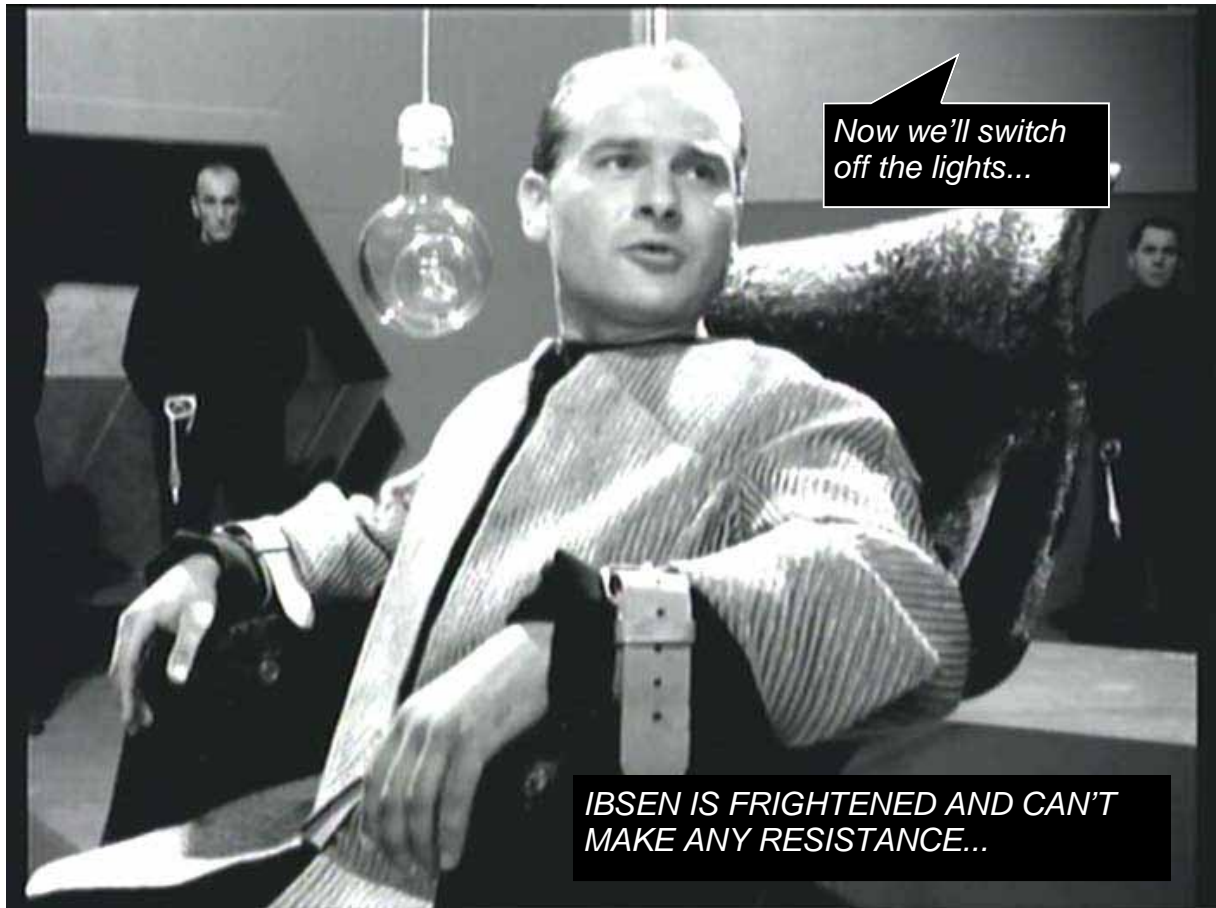




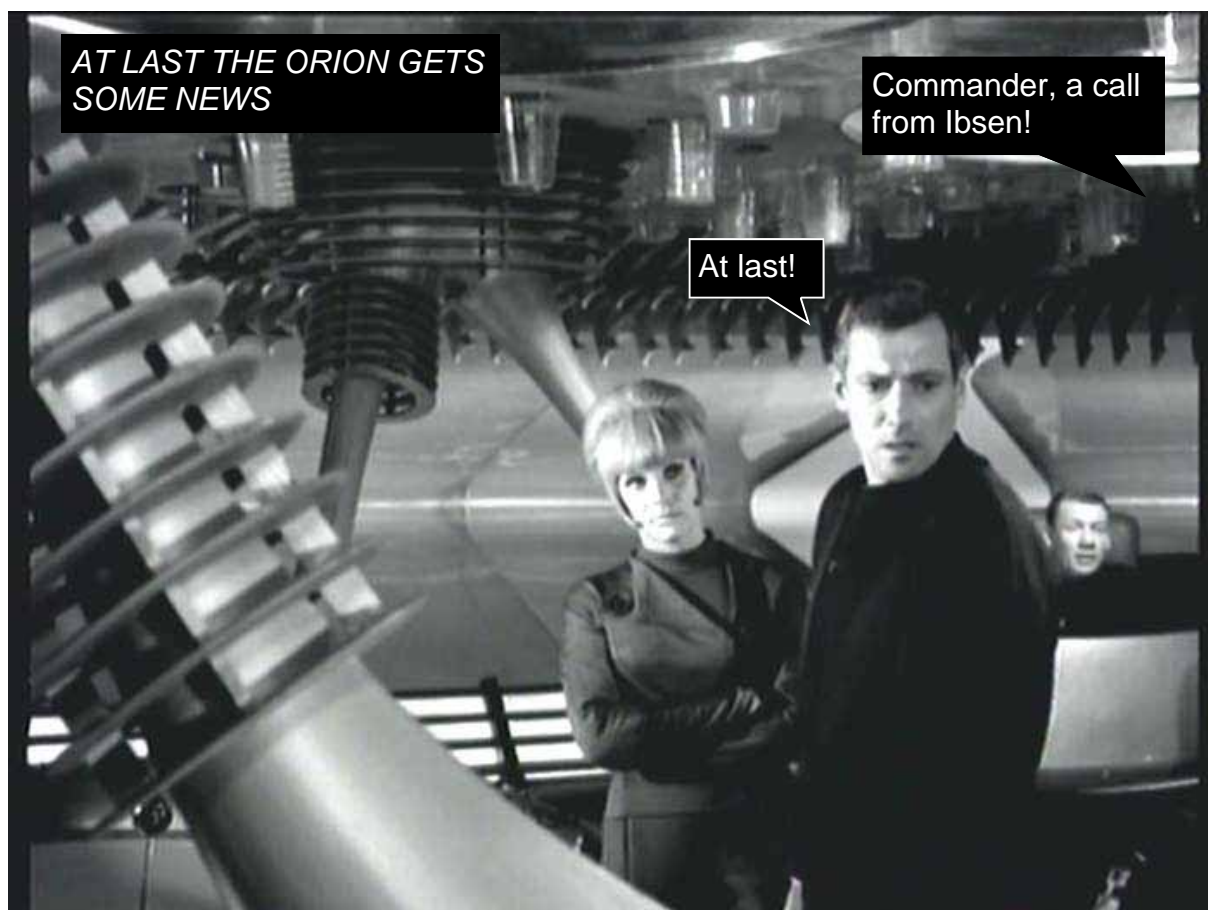






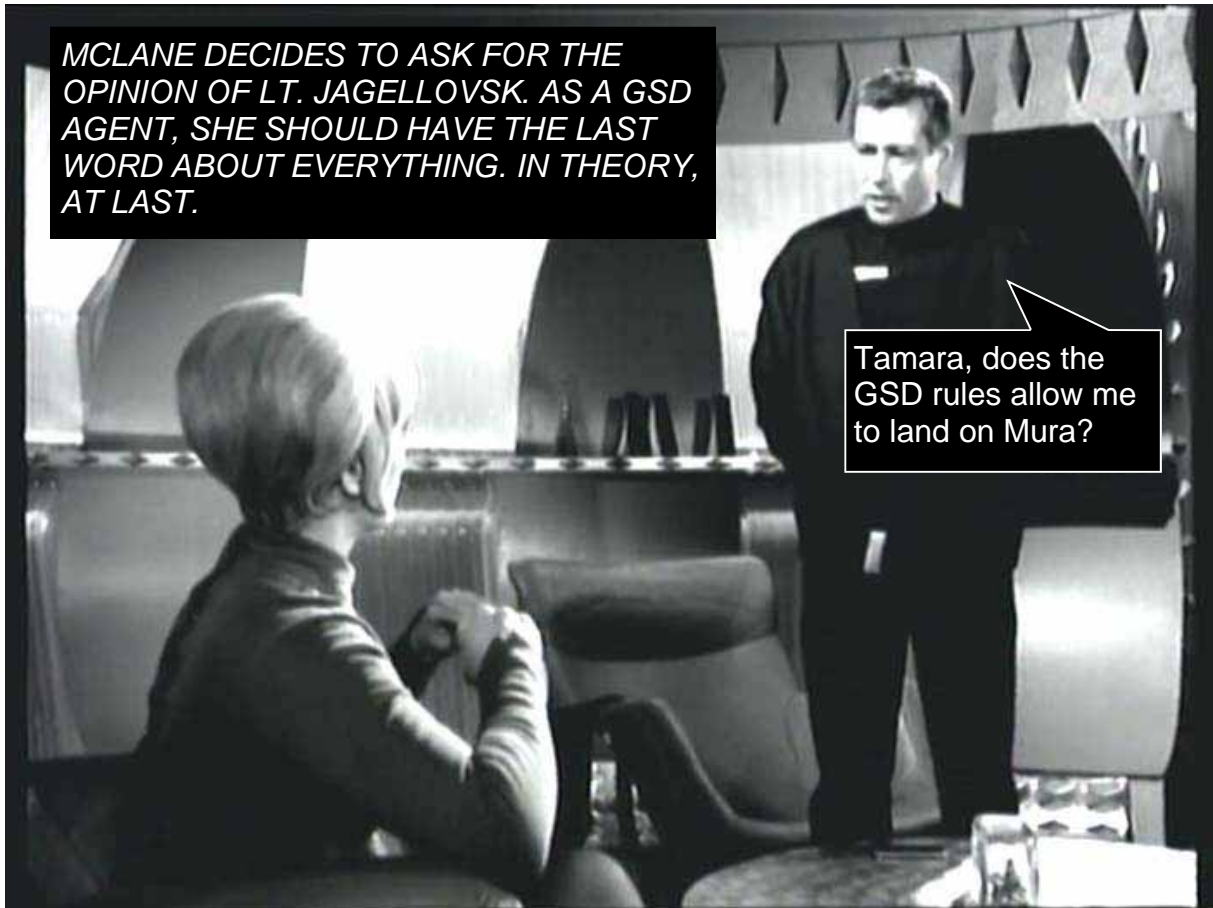








*MCLANE DECIDES TO ASK FOR THE OPINION OF LT. JAGELLOVSK. AS A GSD AGENT, SHE SHOULD HAVE THE LAST WORD ABOUT EVERYTHING. IN THEORY, AT LAST.*

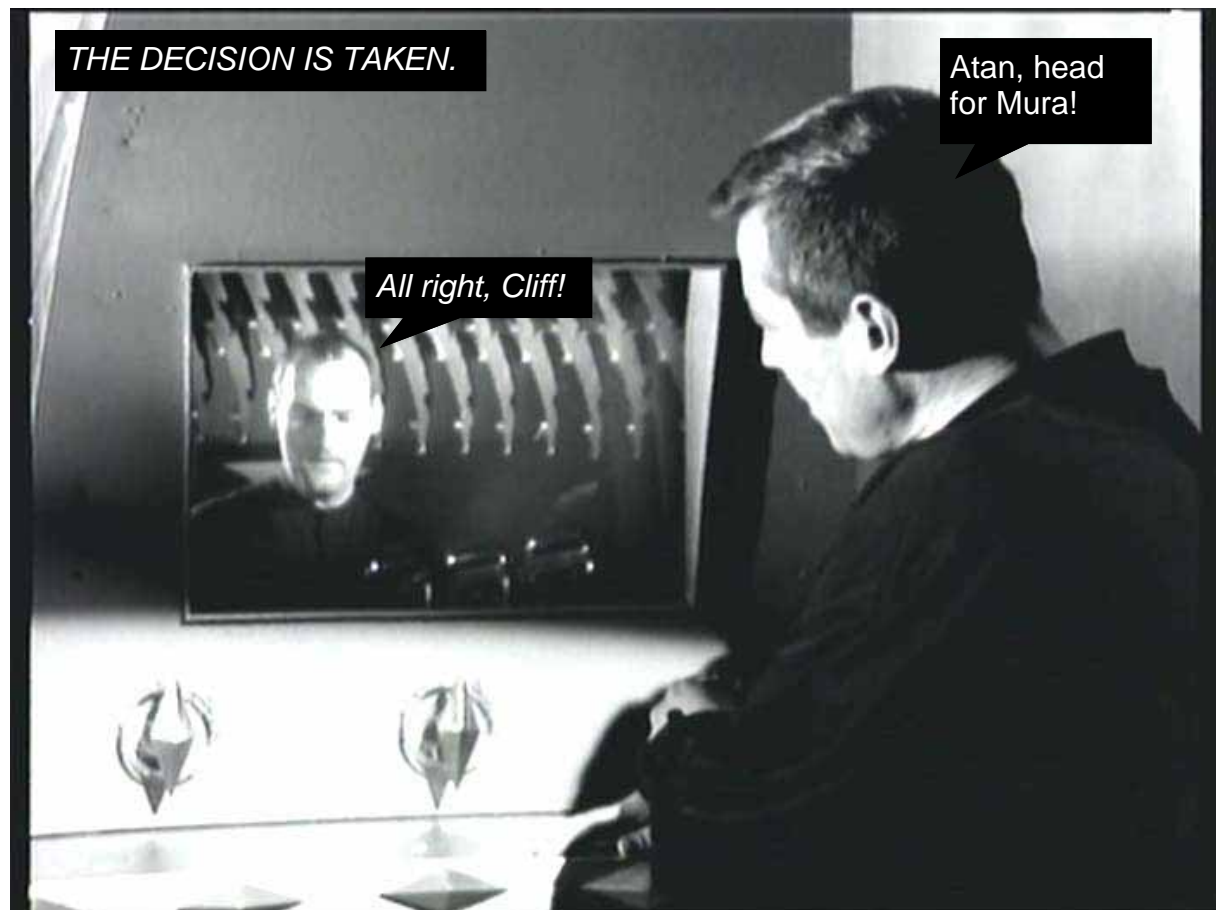


Tamara, does the GSD rules allow me to land on Mura?

No, you couldn't... but if I come back without Ibsen, my chief will strangle me...!









THE ORION IS GOING TO LAND  
ON MURA.



Stop engines! Lower  
the landing lift!





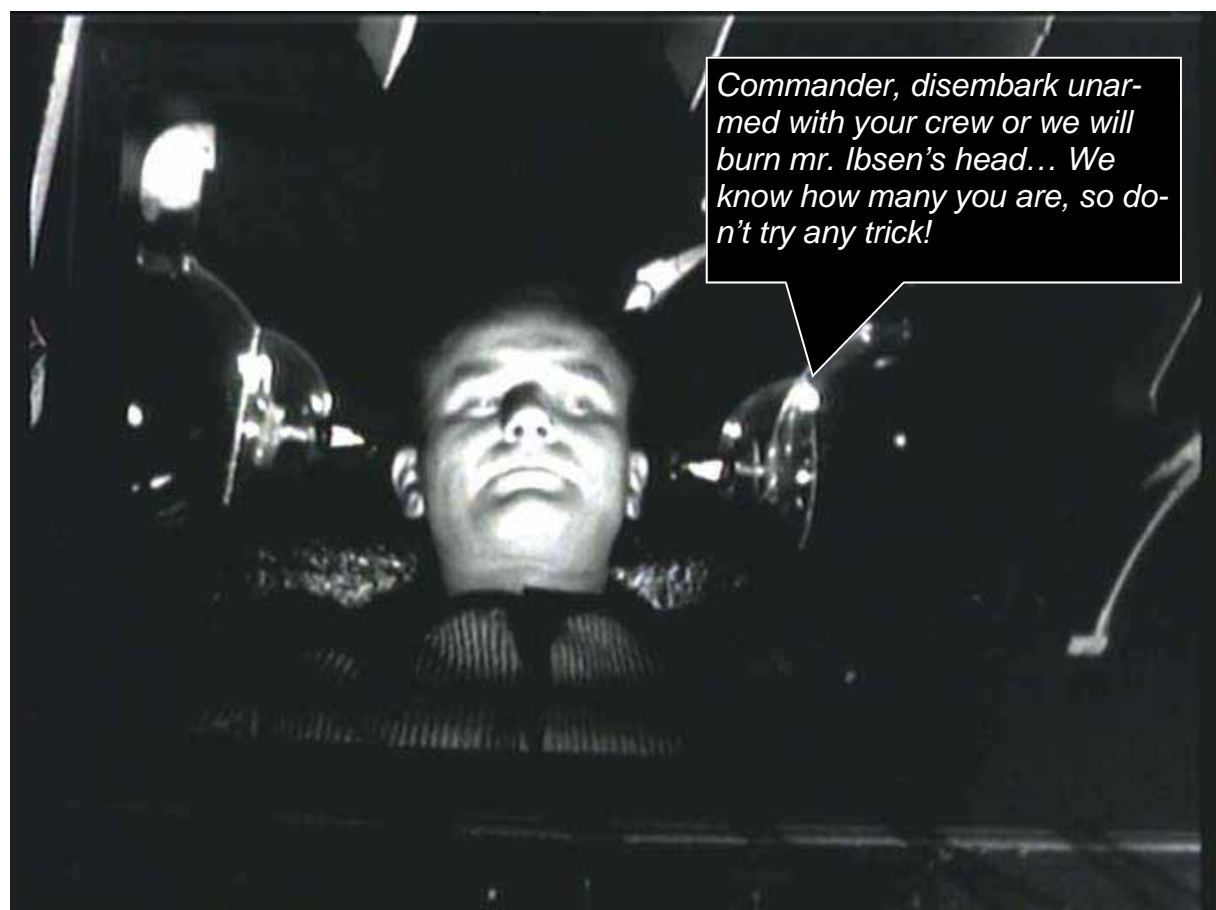
THE CREW IS GETTING READY  
FOR LANDING.



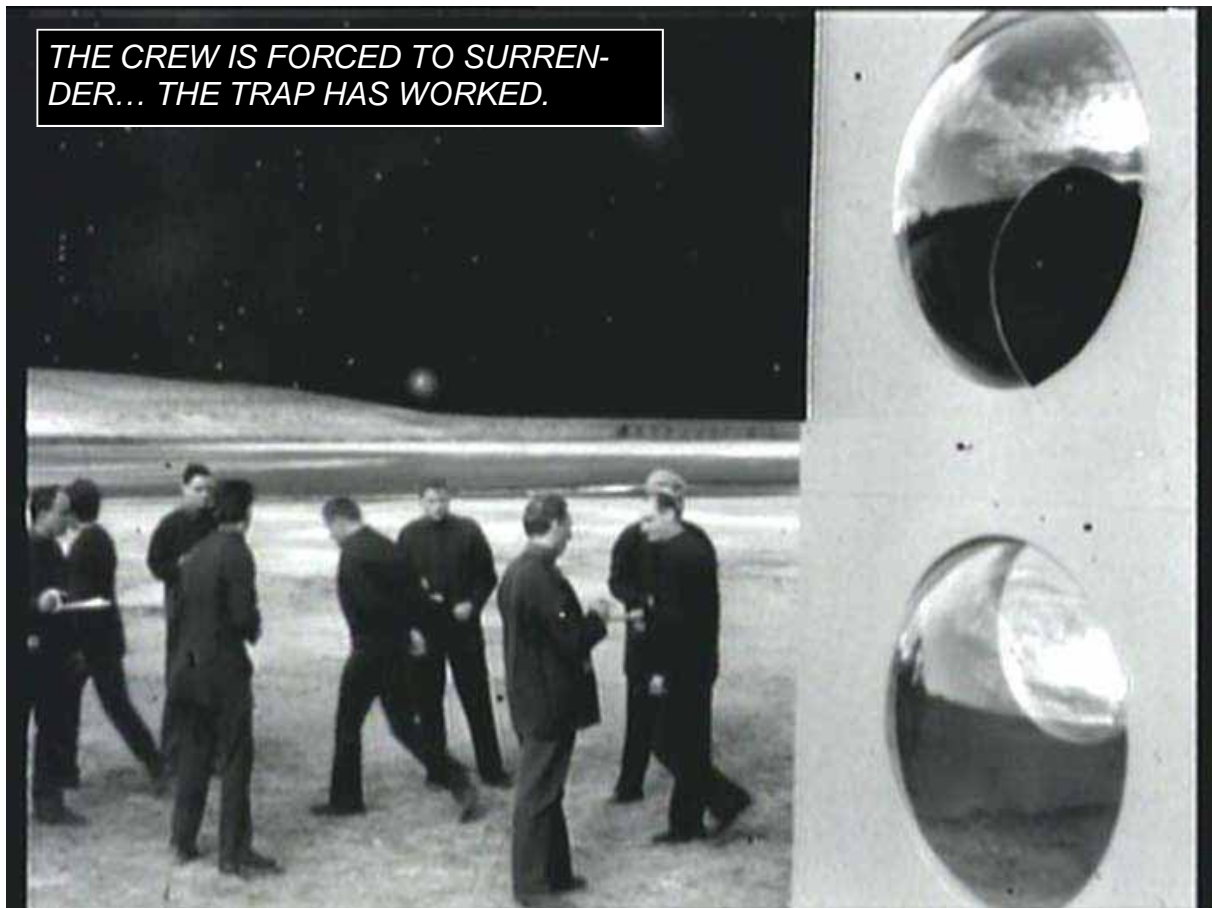
Helga and Atan will stay  
onboard...



Commander, there's a  
call...



*THE CREW IS FORCED TO SURRENDER... THE TRAP HAS WORKED.*



*MEN AND WOMEN ARE SEPARATED IN TWO DIFFERENT CELLS.*

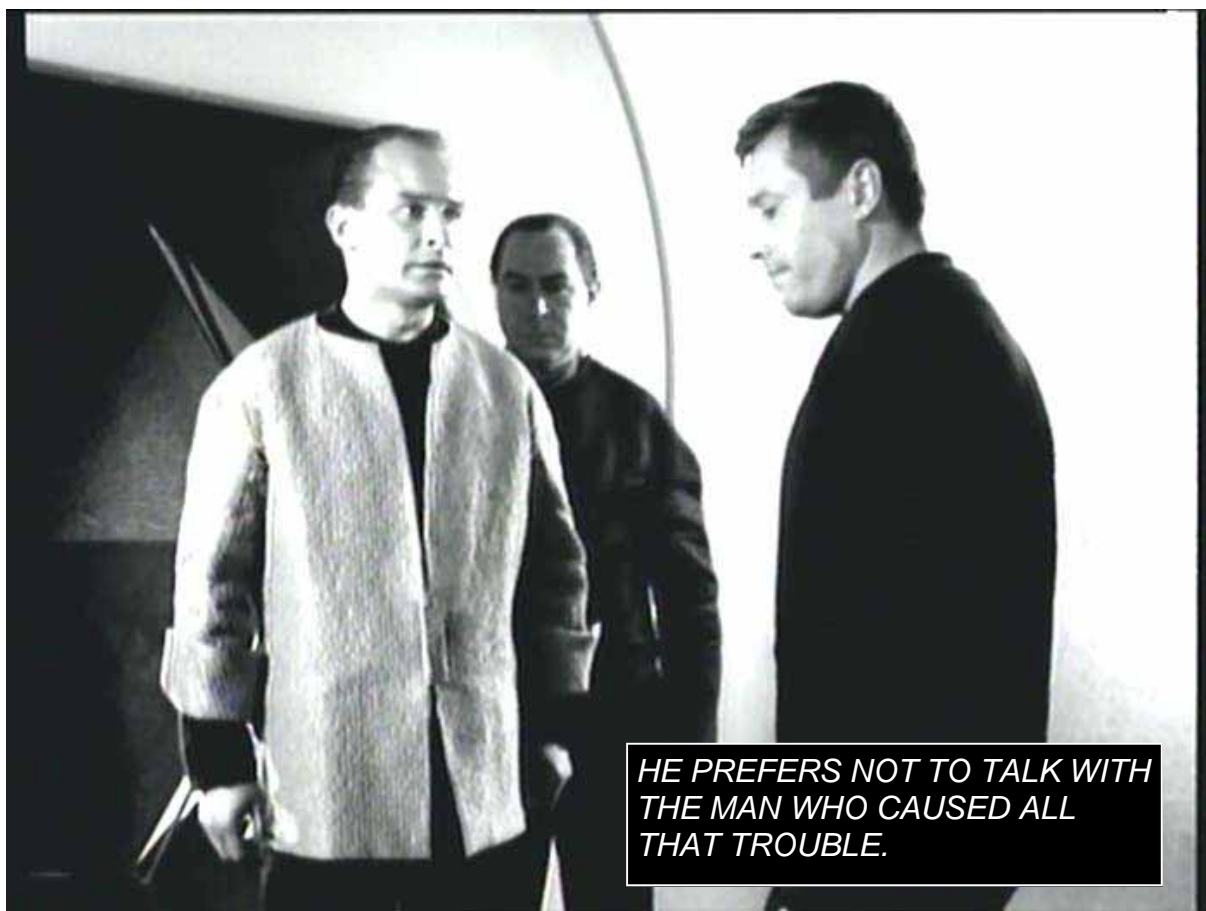


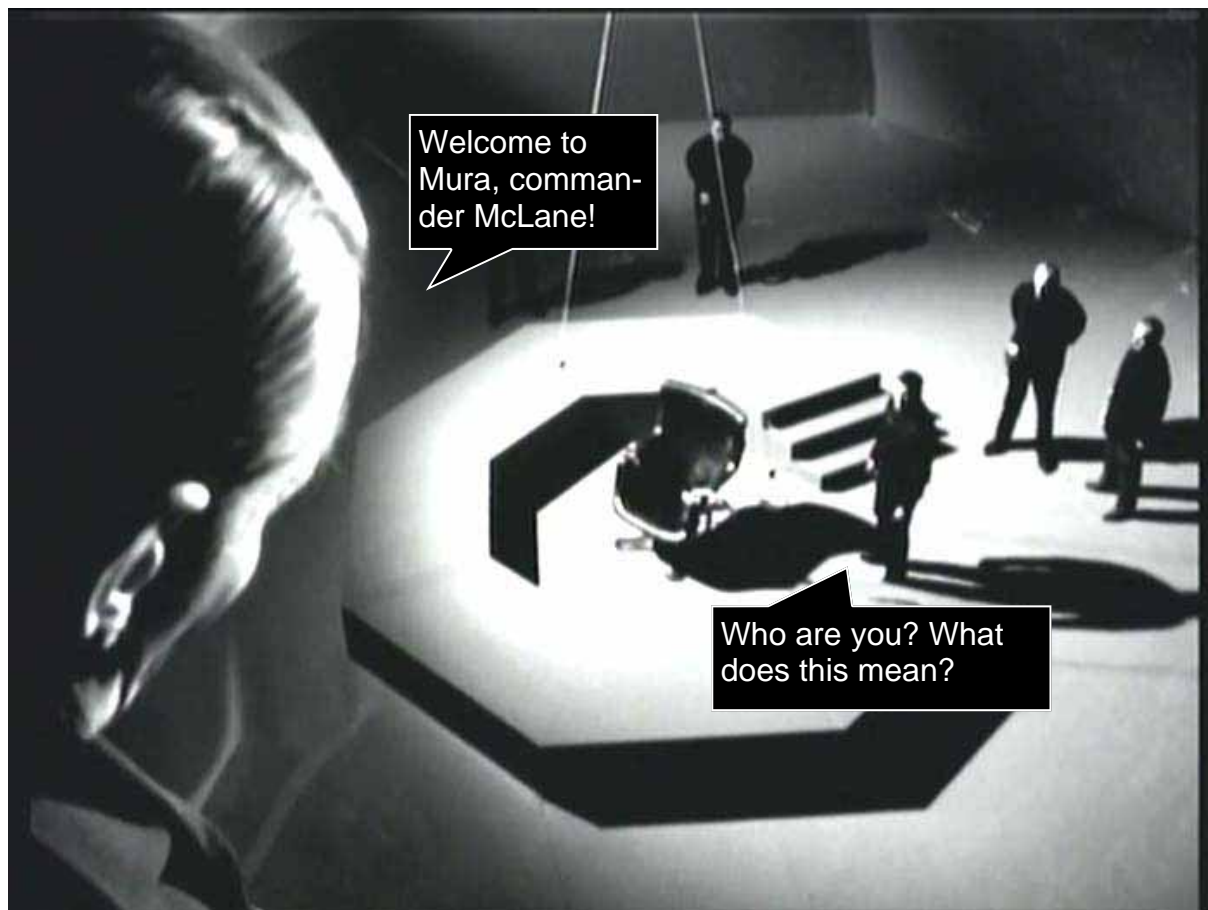


*MCLANE IS TAKEN AWAY.*



*HE PREFERS NOT TO TALK WITH  
THE MAN WHO CAUSED ALL  
THAT TROUBLE.*



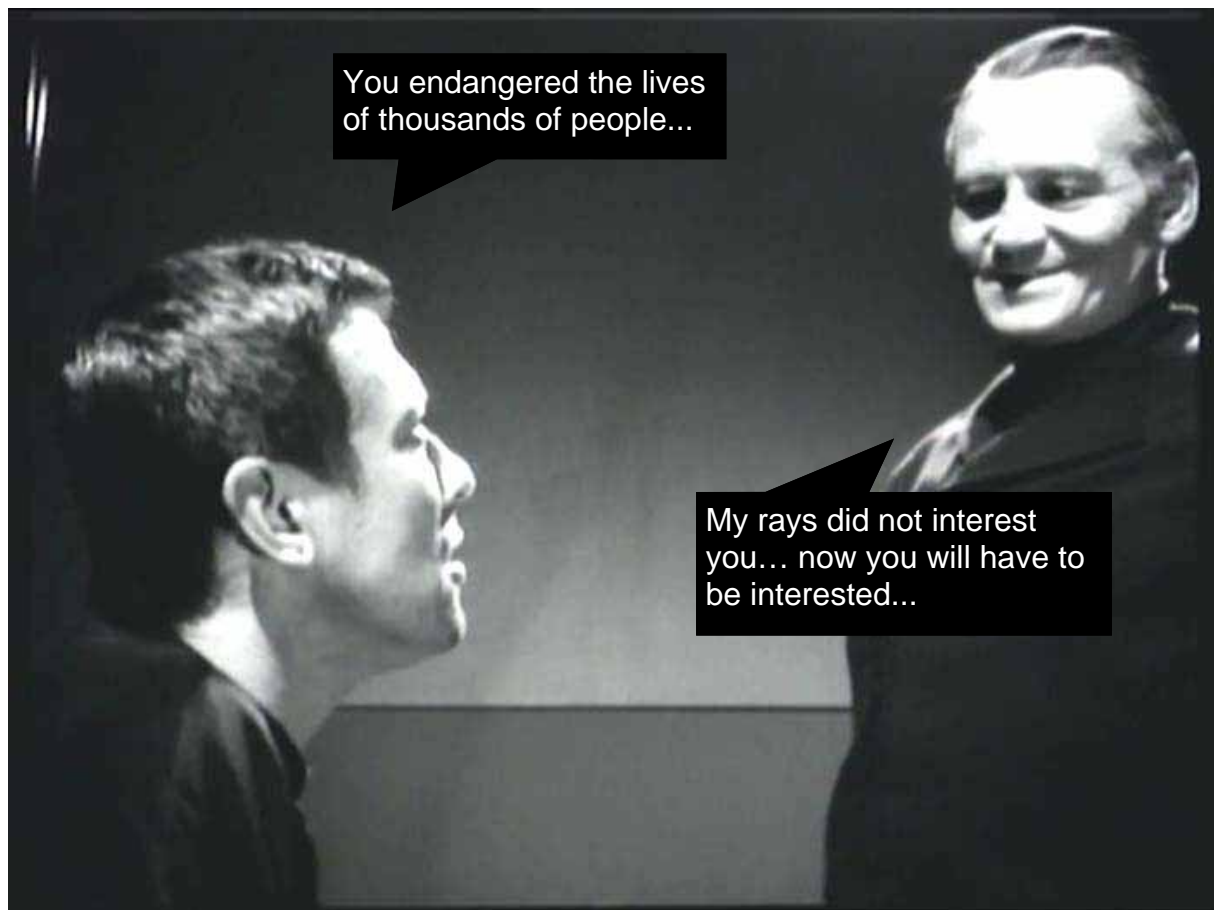












You endangered the lives  
of thousands of people...

My rays did not interest  
you... now you will have to  
be interested...



...because Frogs will  
have them!

You would give that terrible wea-  
pon to Frogs? You are crazy!

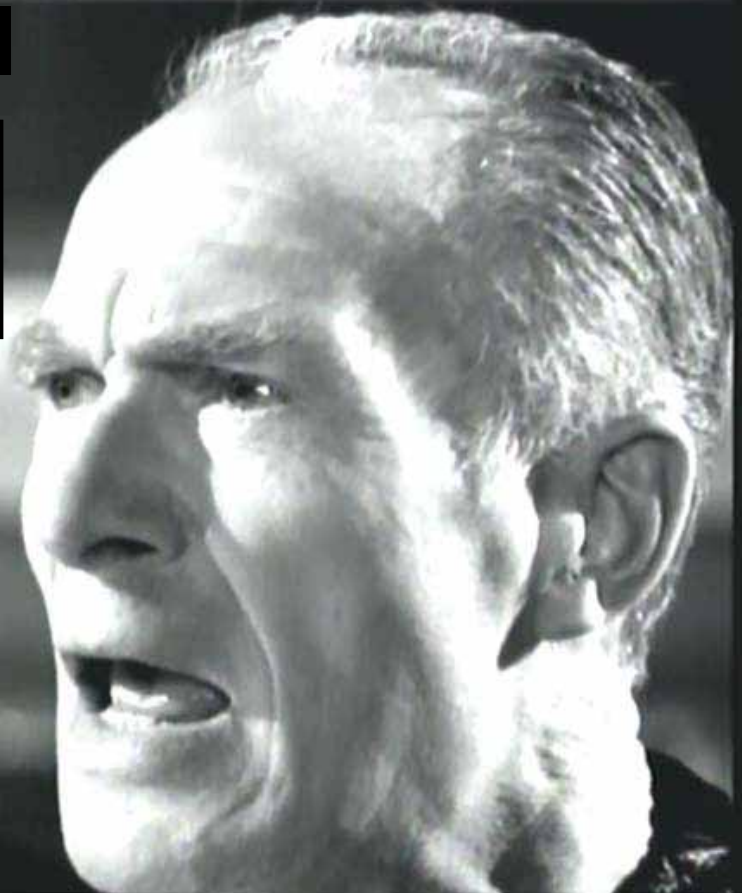


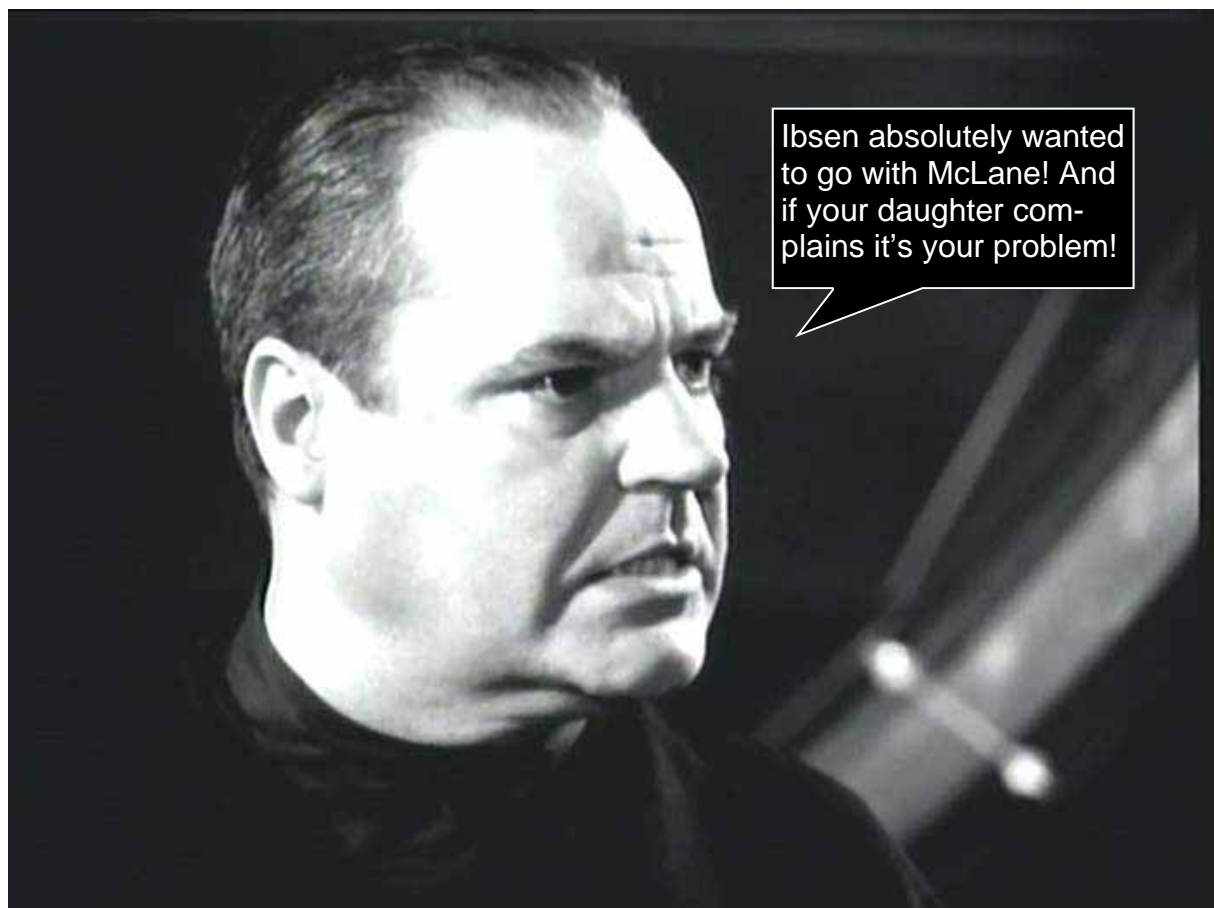
On Earth you are regarded as heroes... so I will have to kill you! You could obstacle me... And nobody must know that I am on the Frogs' side!

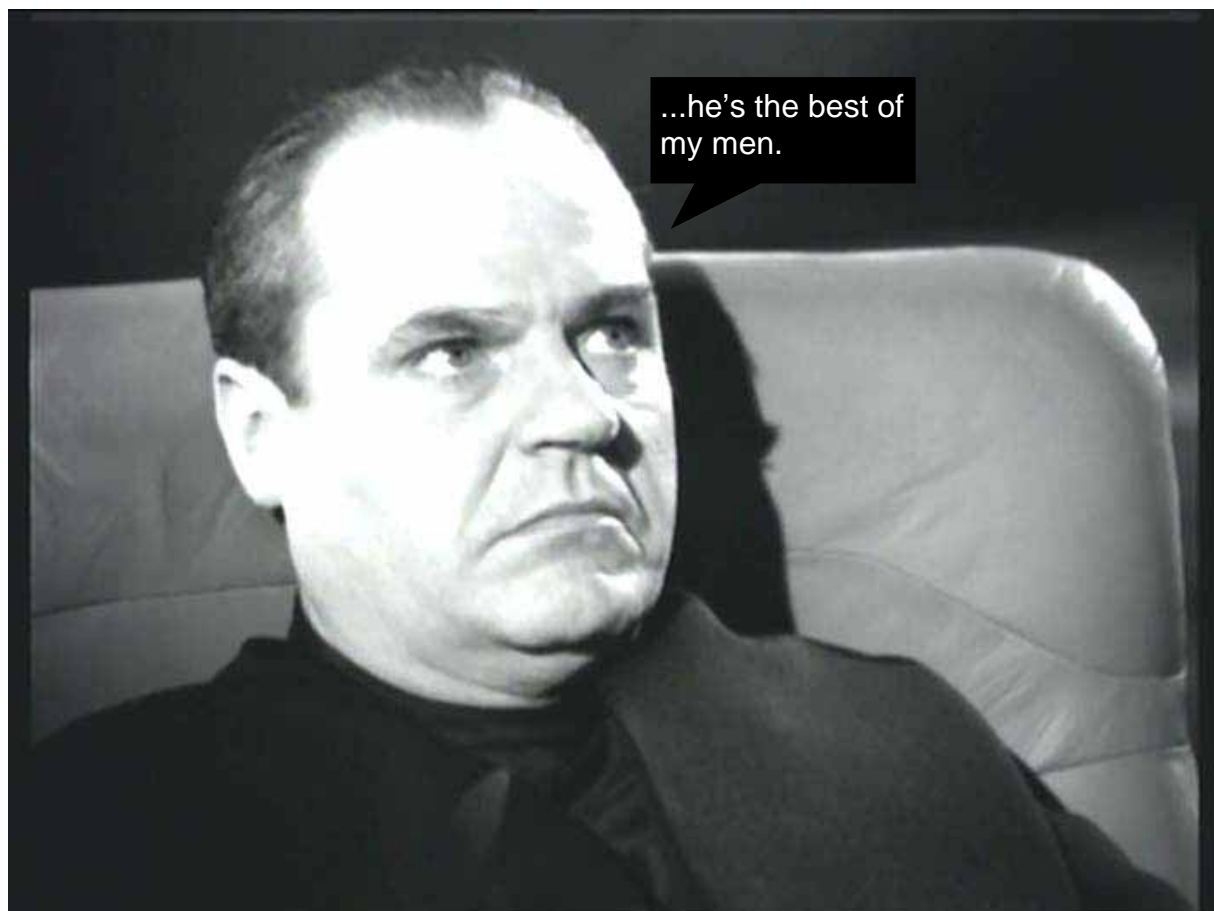
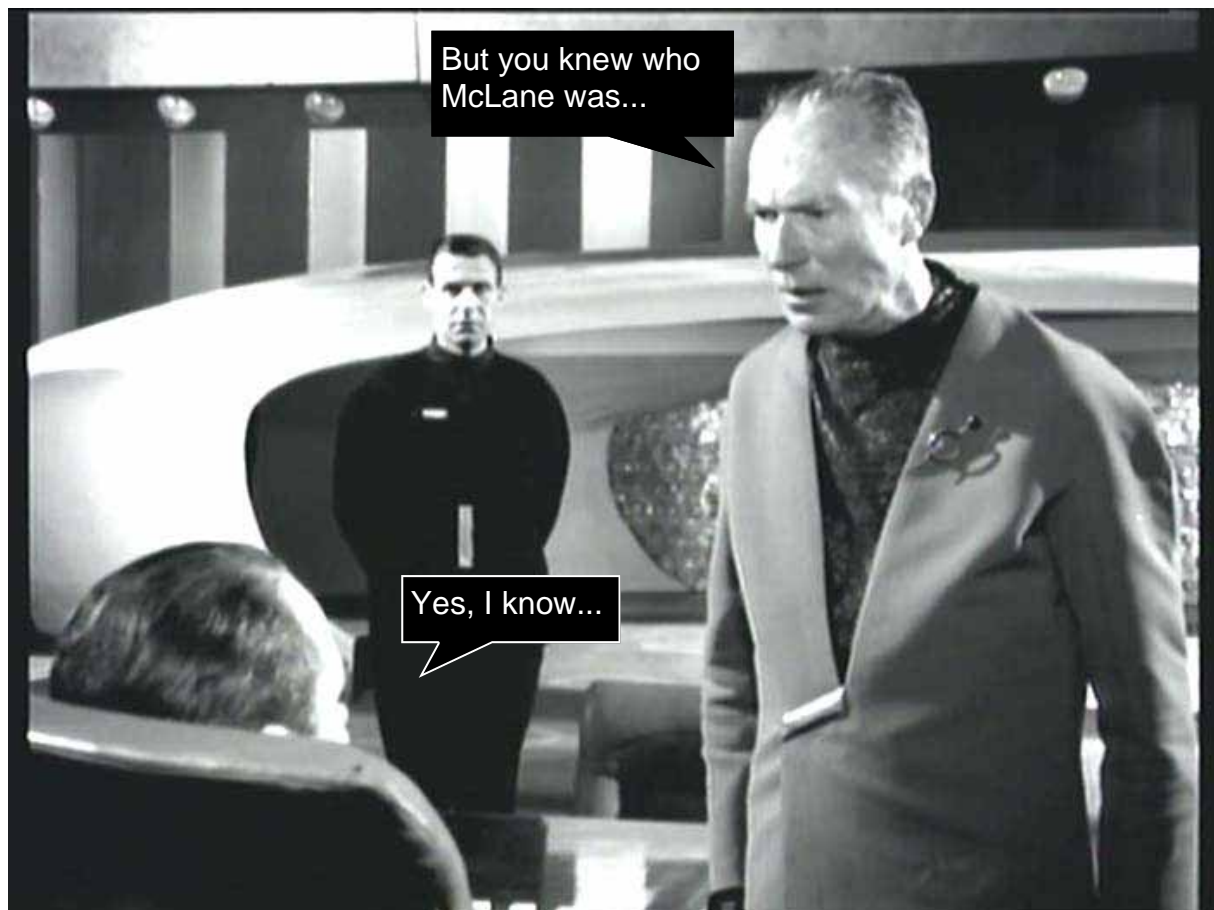


*MEANWHILE, ON EARTH...*

YOU HAVEN'T RECEIVED NEWS FROM ORION IN SIX DAYS? HOW CAN YOU DARE TO SAY THIS, GENERAL?!?









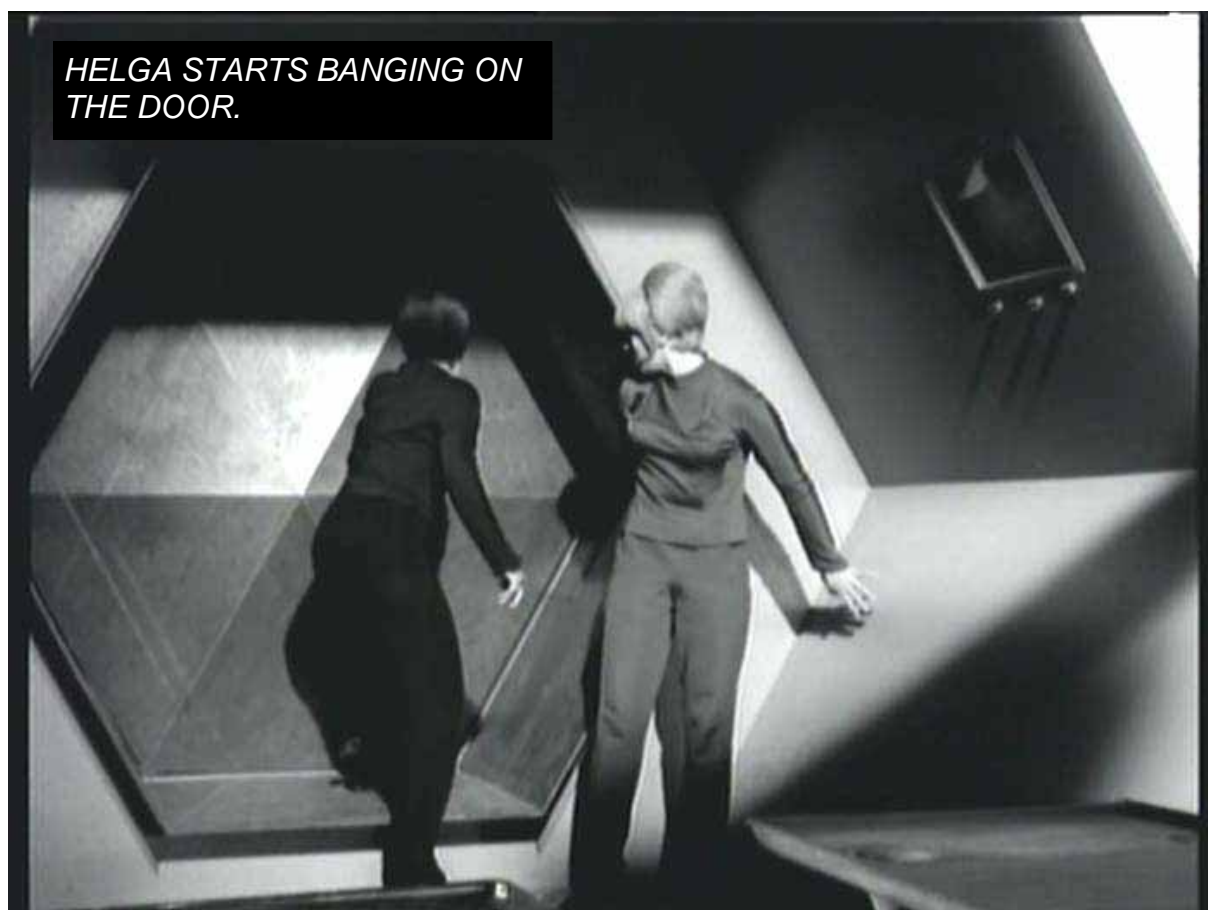
TAMARA AND HELGA THINK  
ABOUT WHAT TO DO.

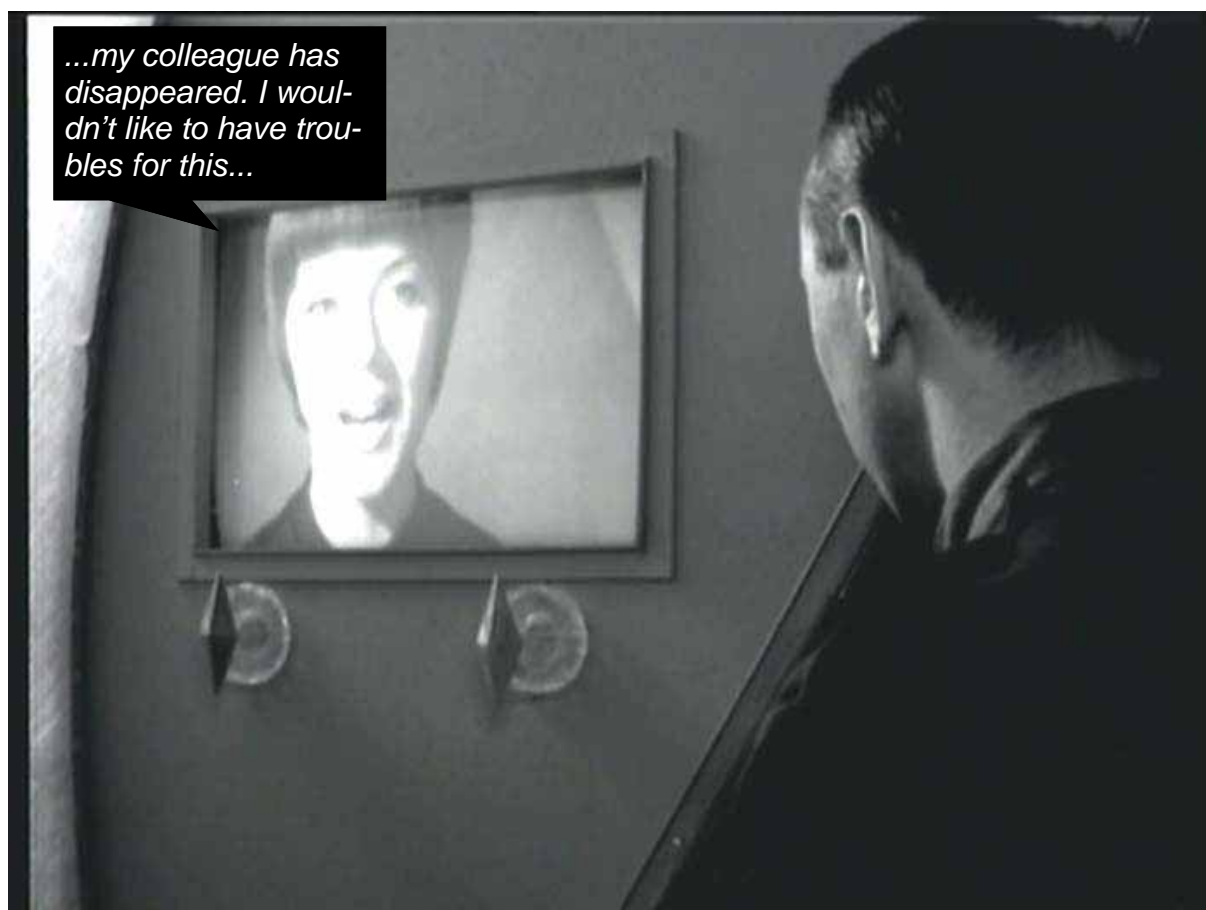
Surely they want  
to escape with  
the Orion...

Don't forget in the prison  
there are no women. You  
noticed how they looked  
at us?



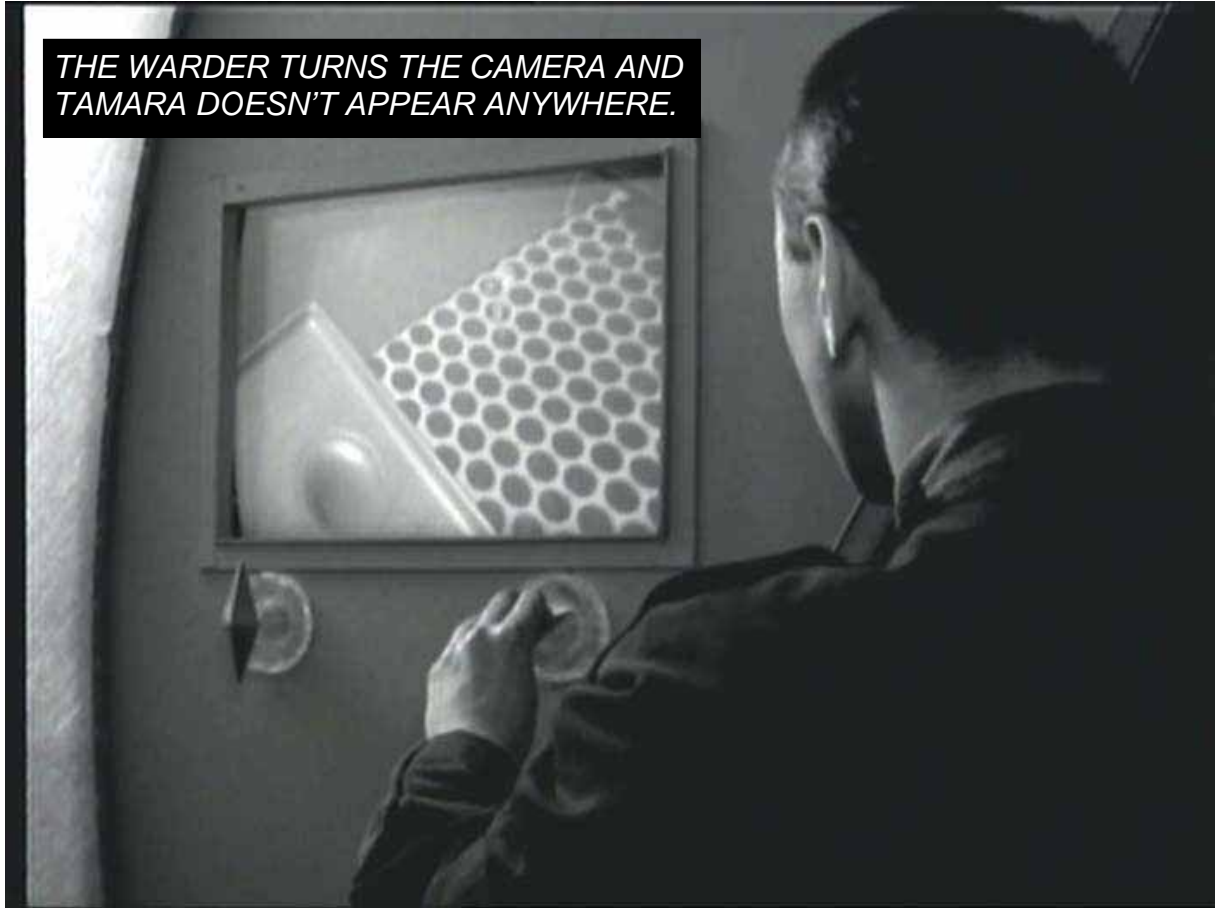
Maybe we could bla-  
ckmail them using the  
Orion...



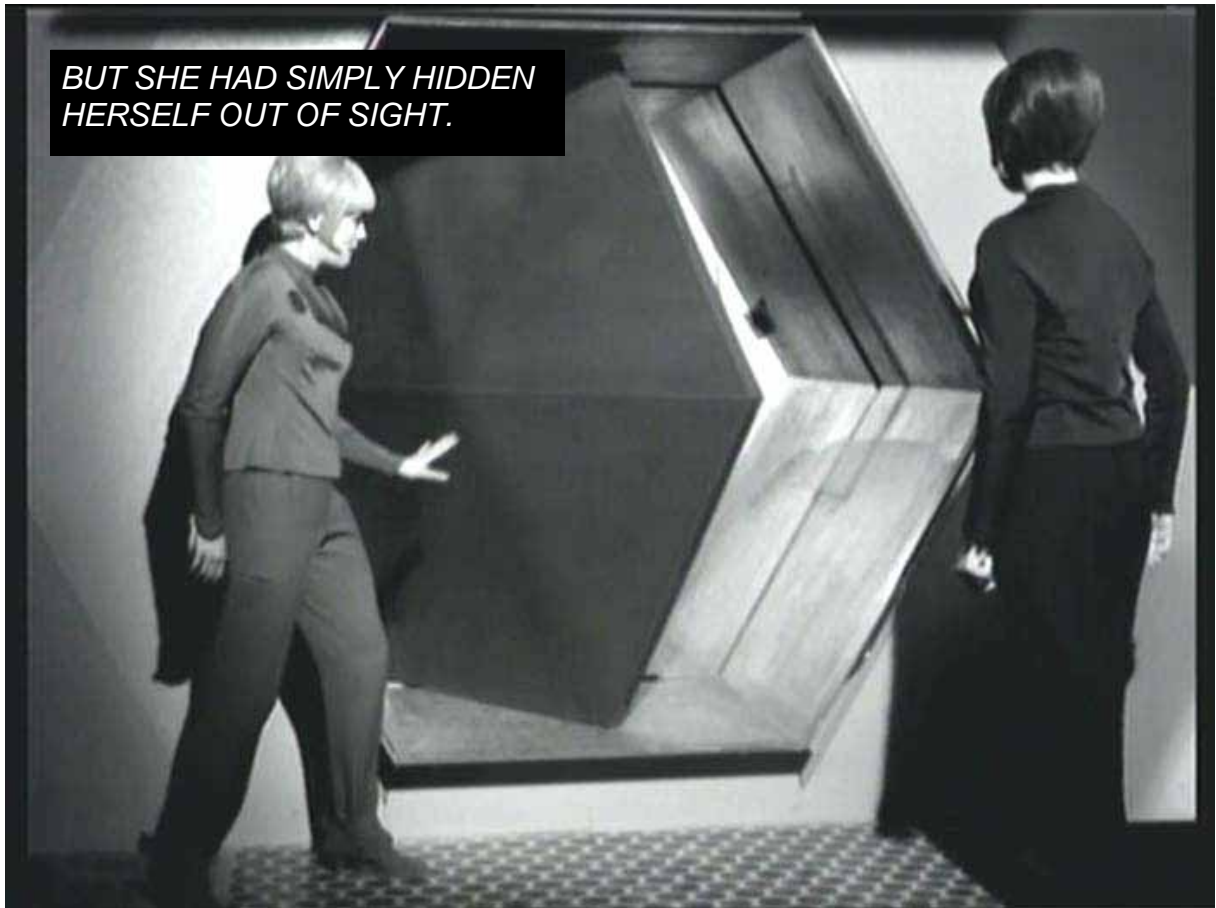




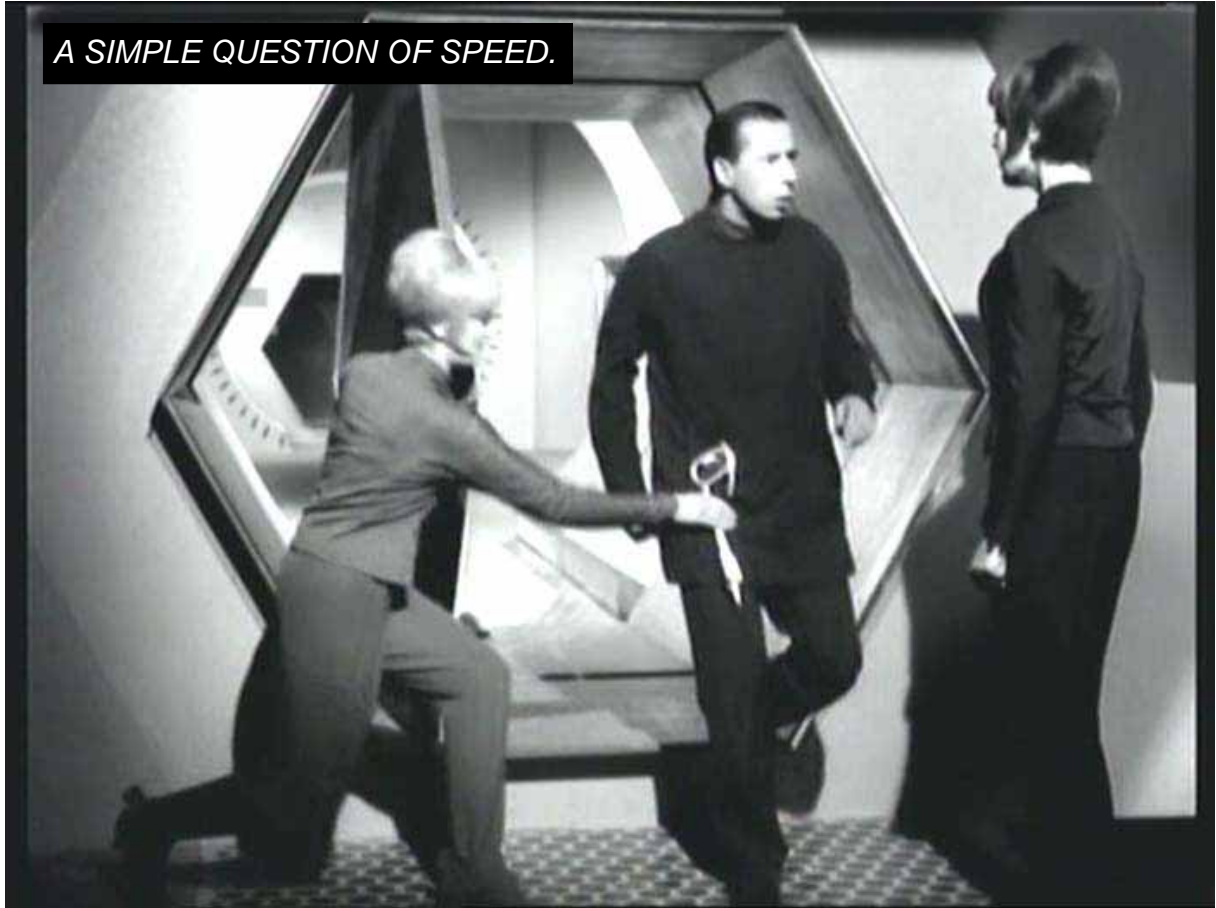
*THE WARDER TURNS THE CAMERA AND  
TAMARA DOESN'T APPEAR ANYWHERE.*



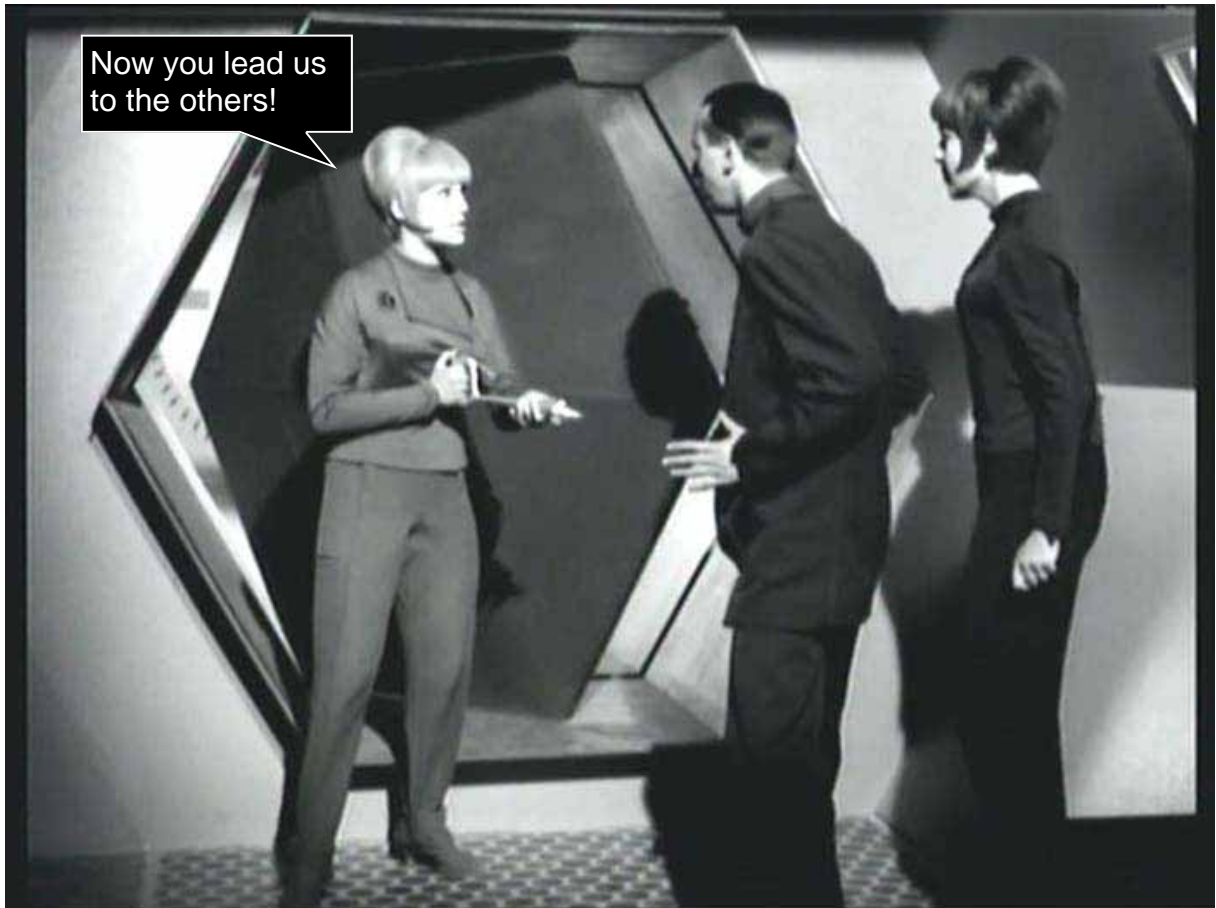
*BUT SHE HAD SIMPLY HIDDEN  
HERSELF OUT OF SIGHT.*



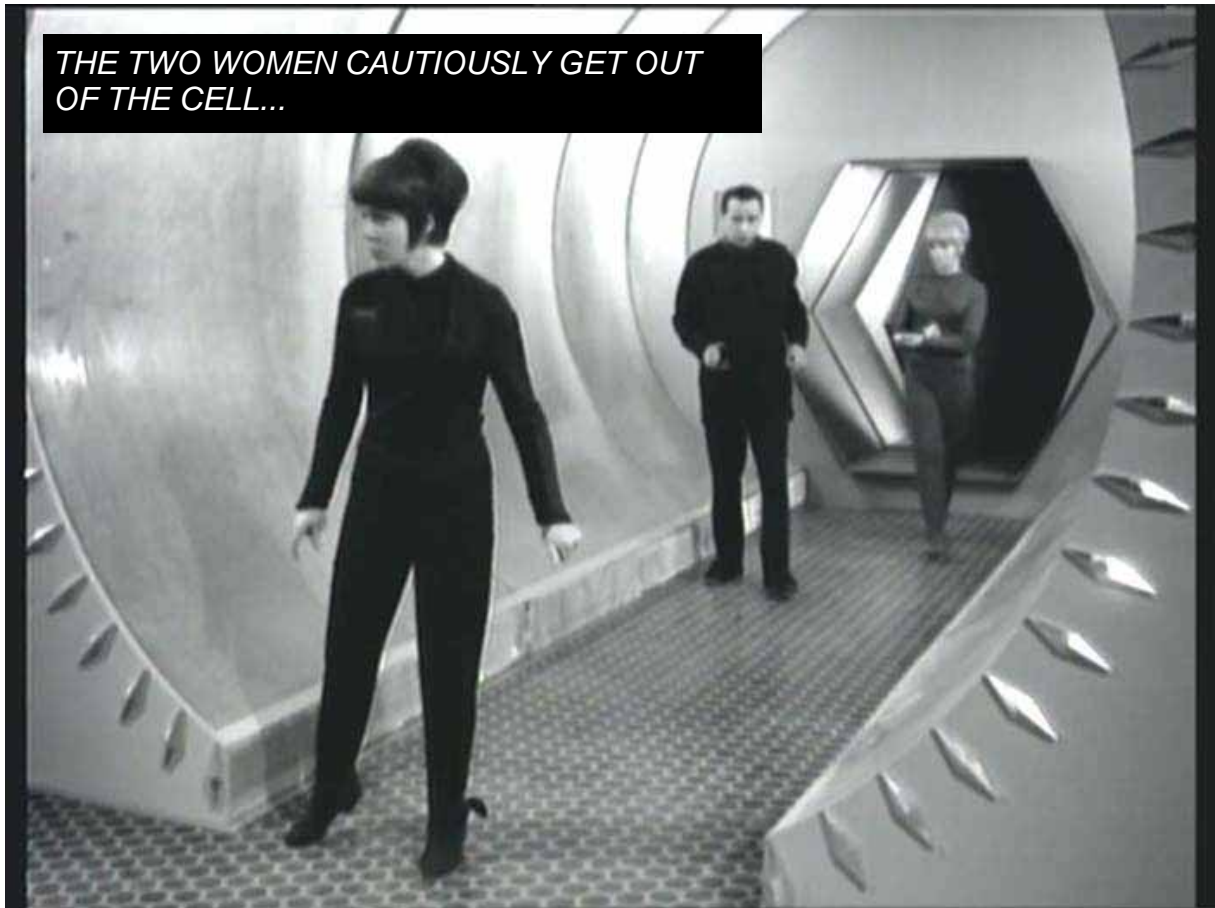
A SIMPLE QUESTION OF SPEED.



Now you lead us  
to the others!



*THE TWO WOMEN CAUTIOUSLY GET OUT  
OF THE CELL...*



Come on,  
boys! Let's go!

*...AND FREE THEIR COLLEA-  
GUES FOR FIRST*



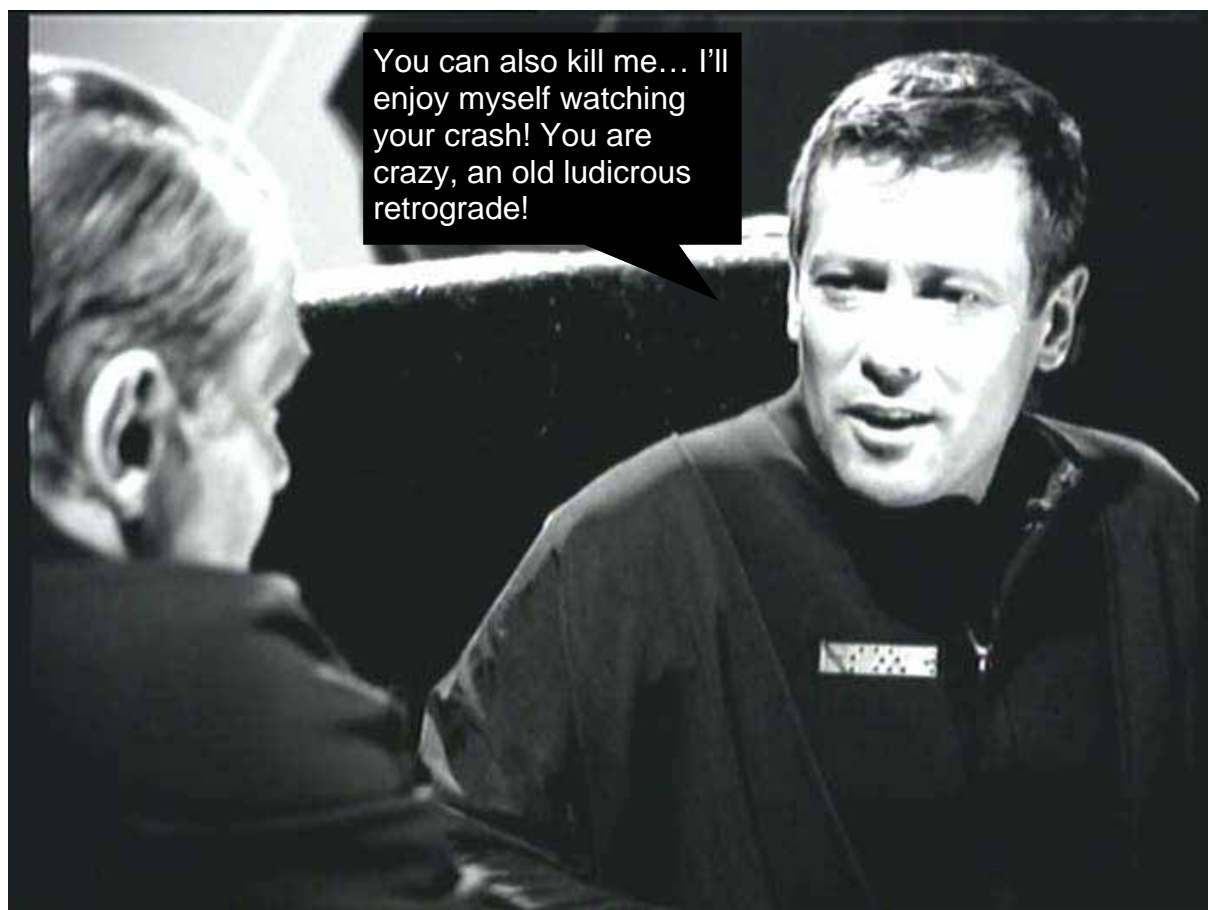


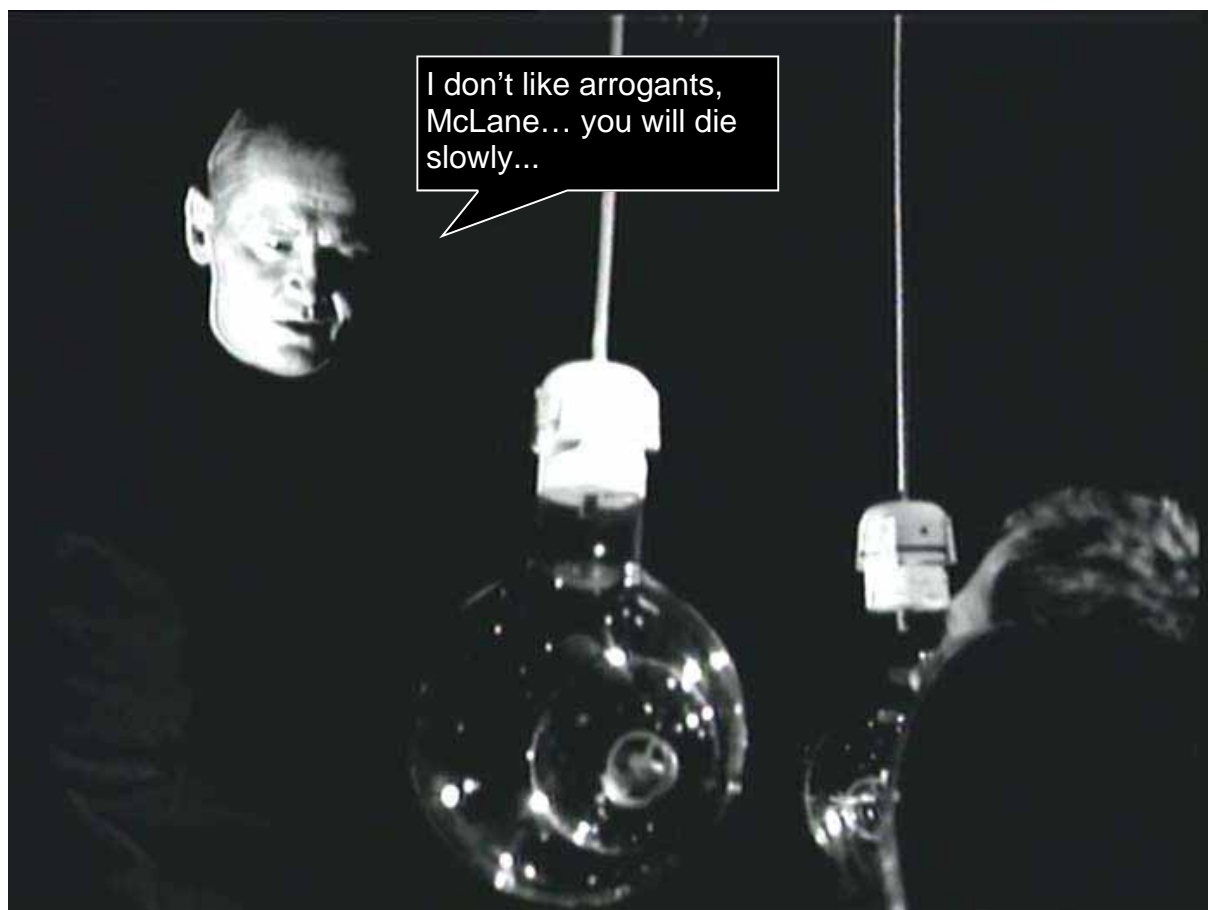


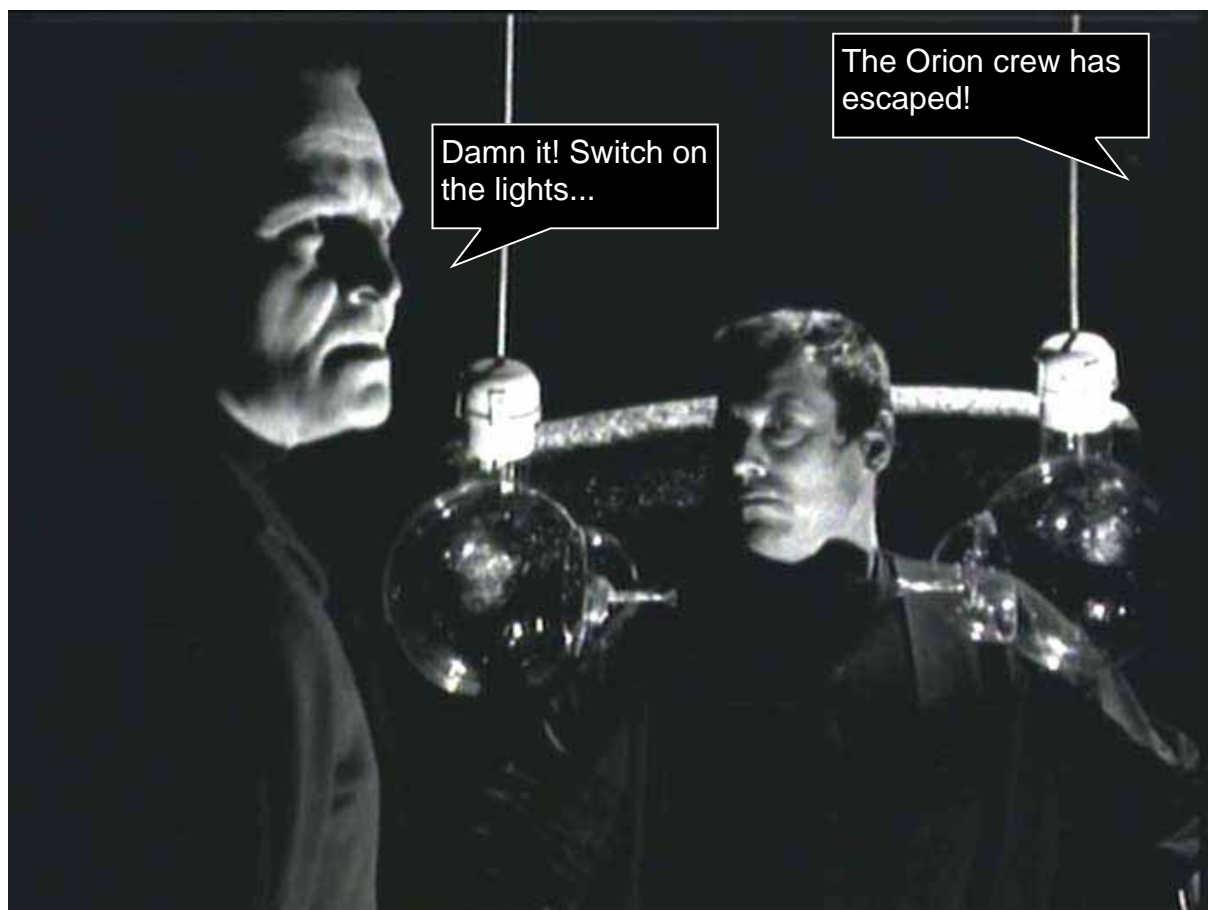




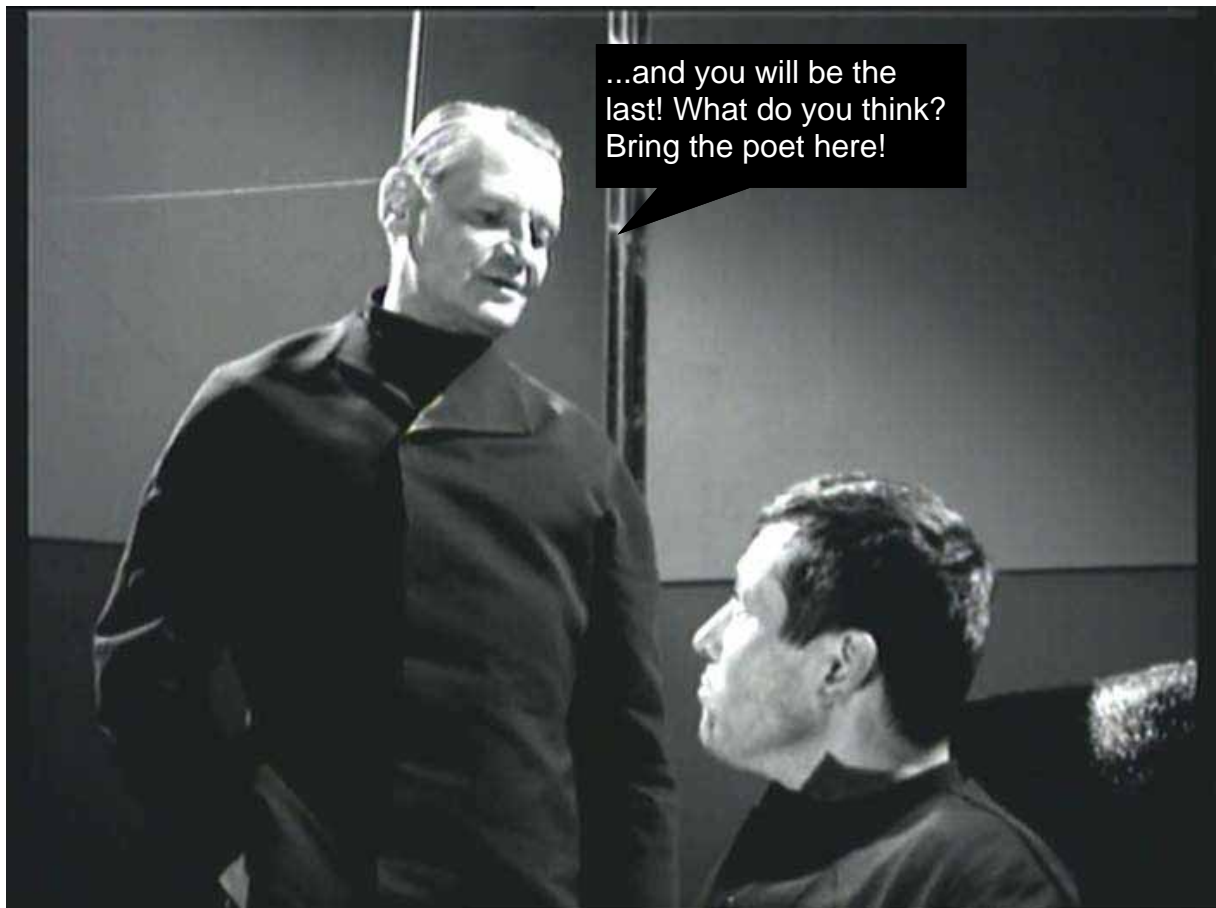
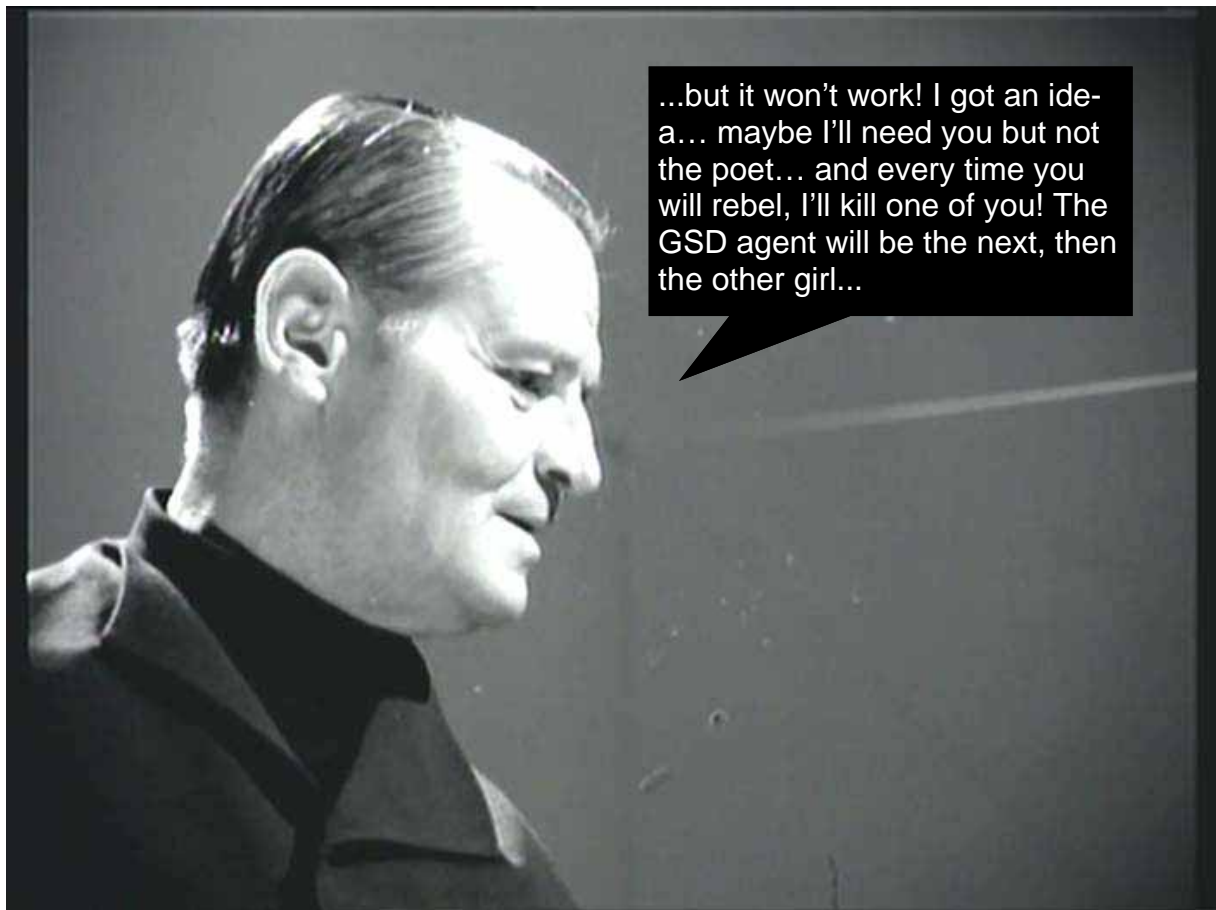








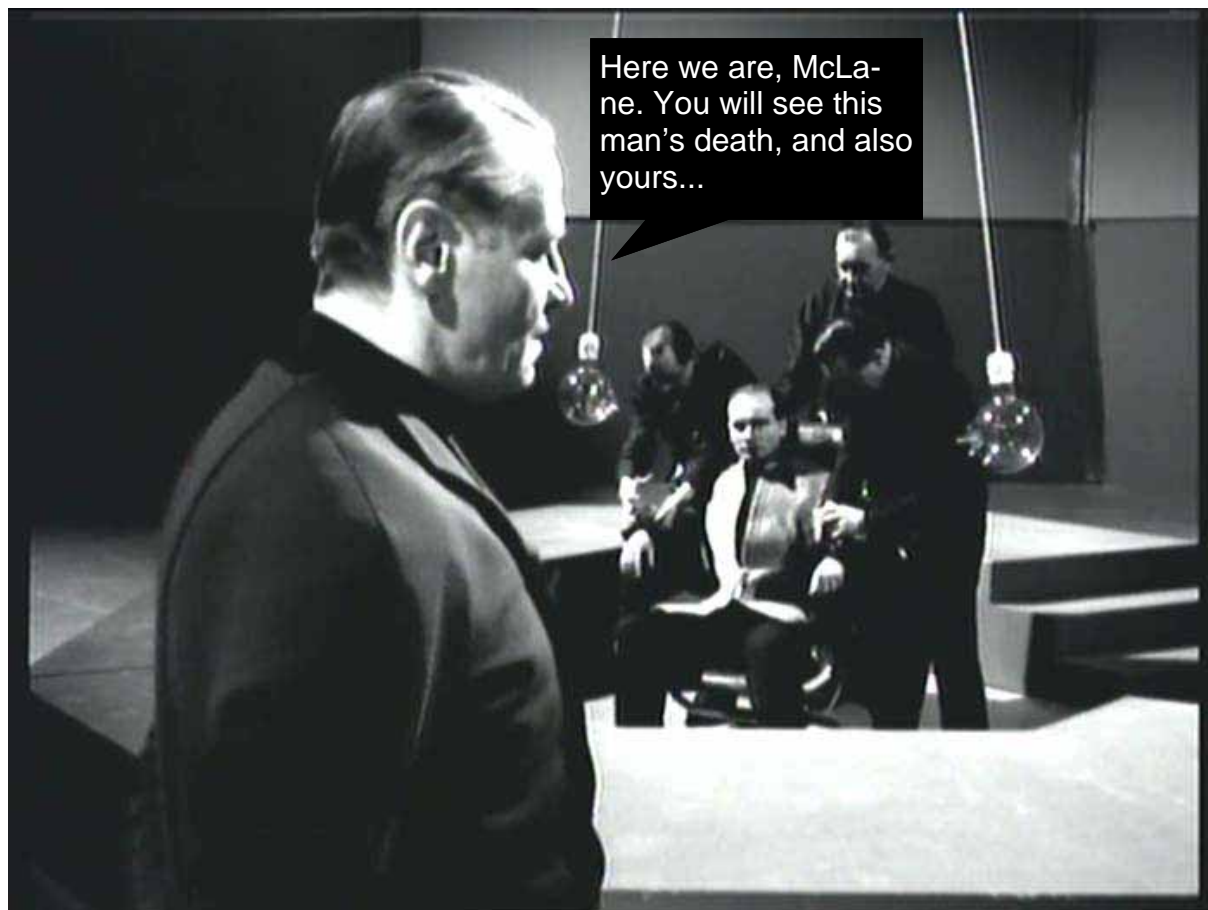


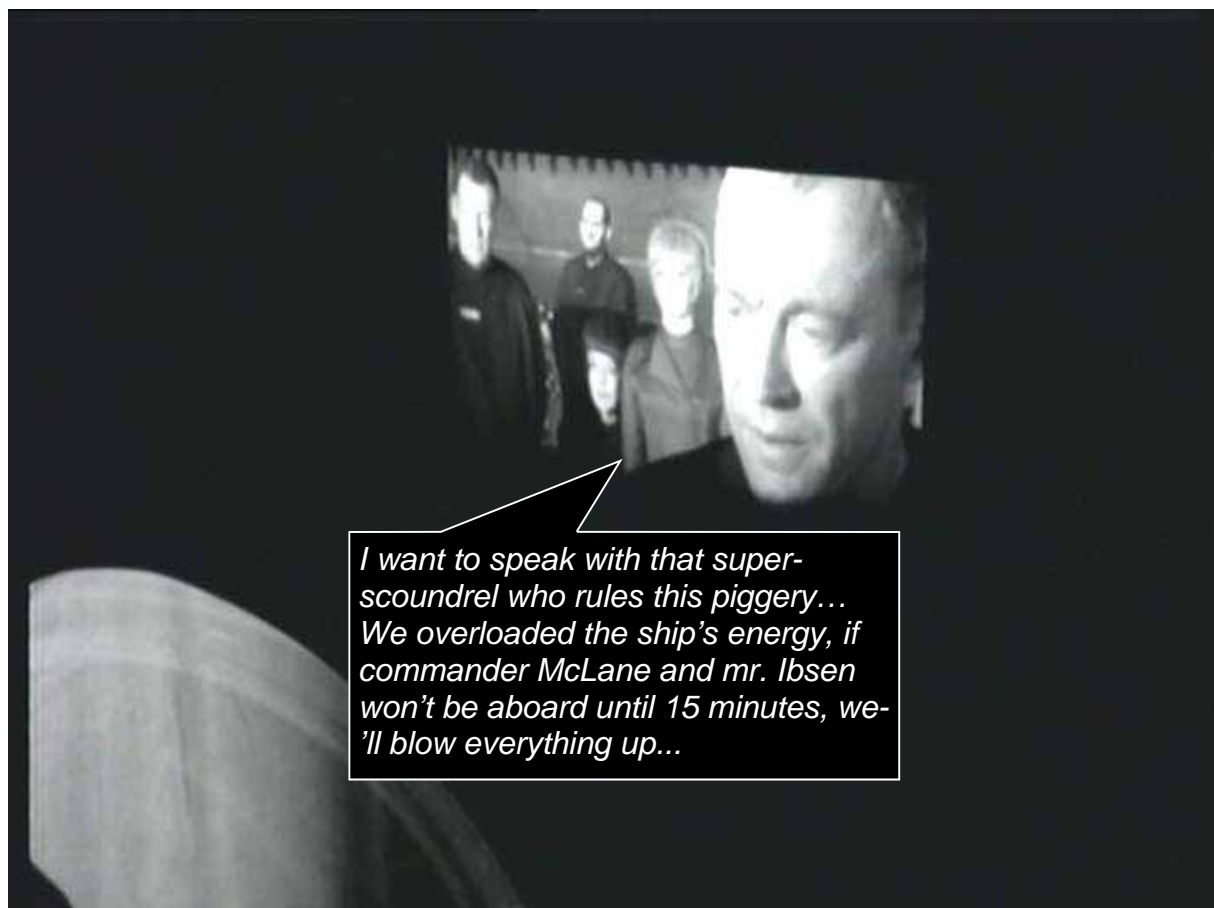


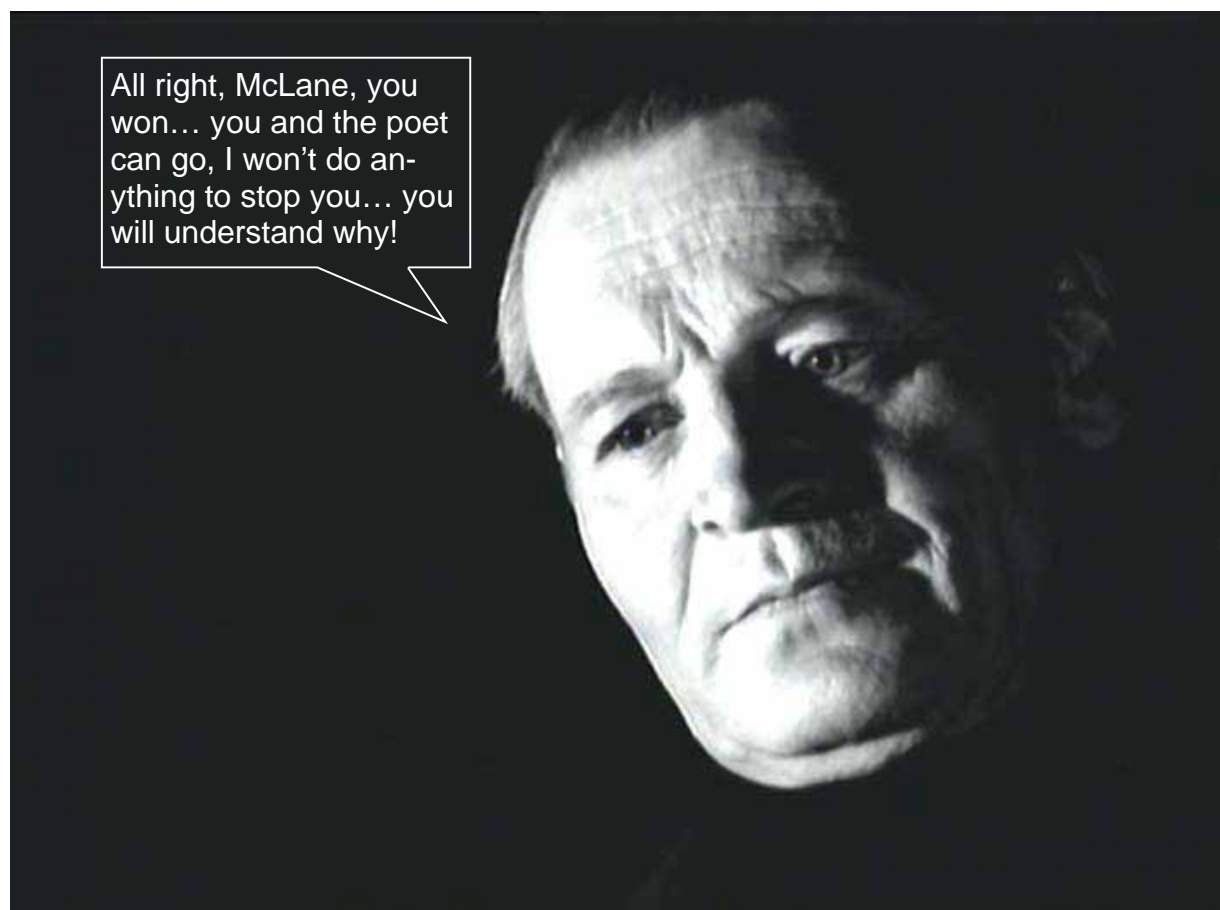
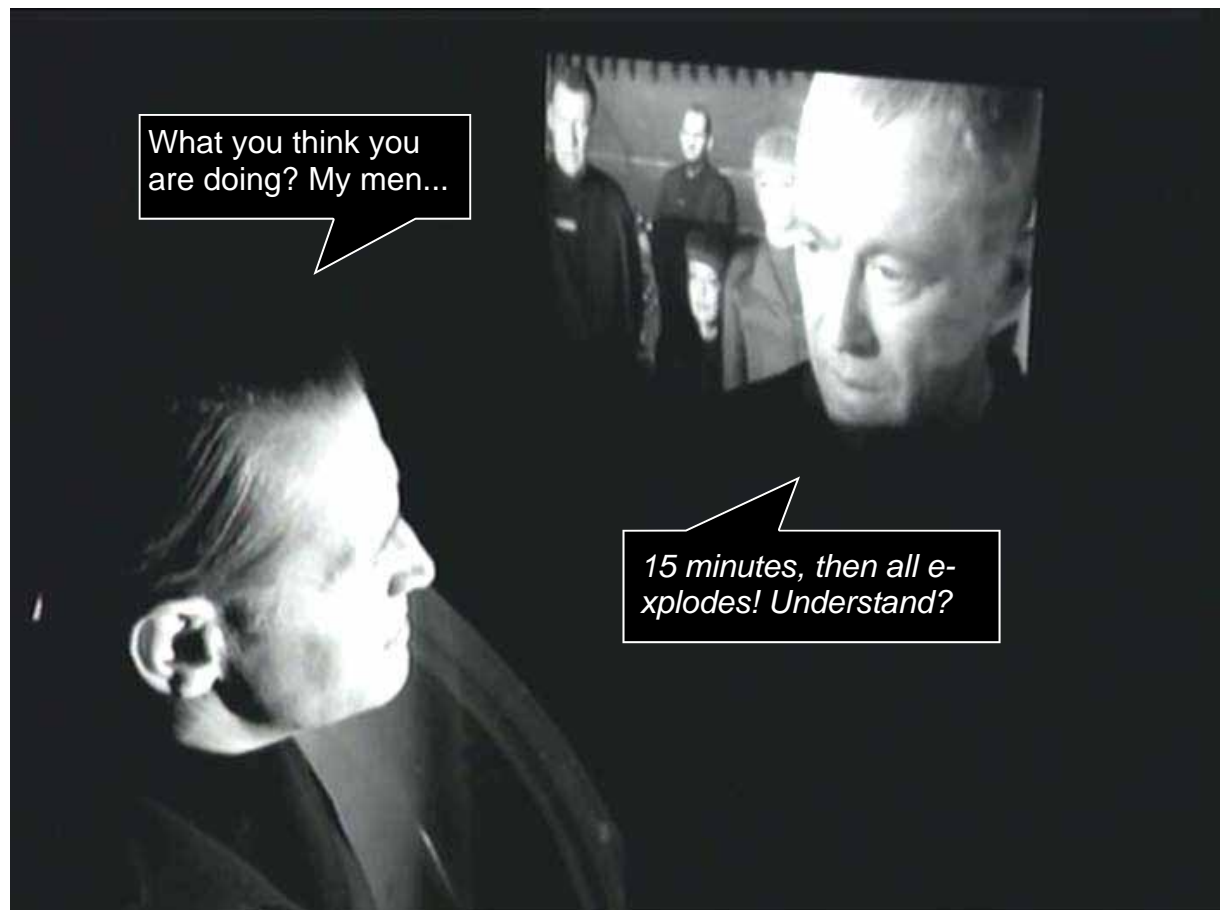






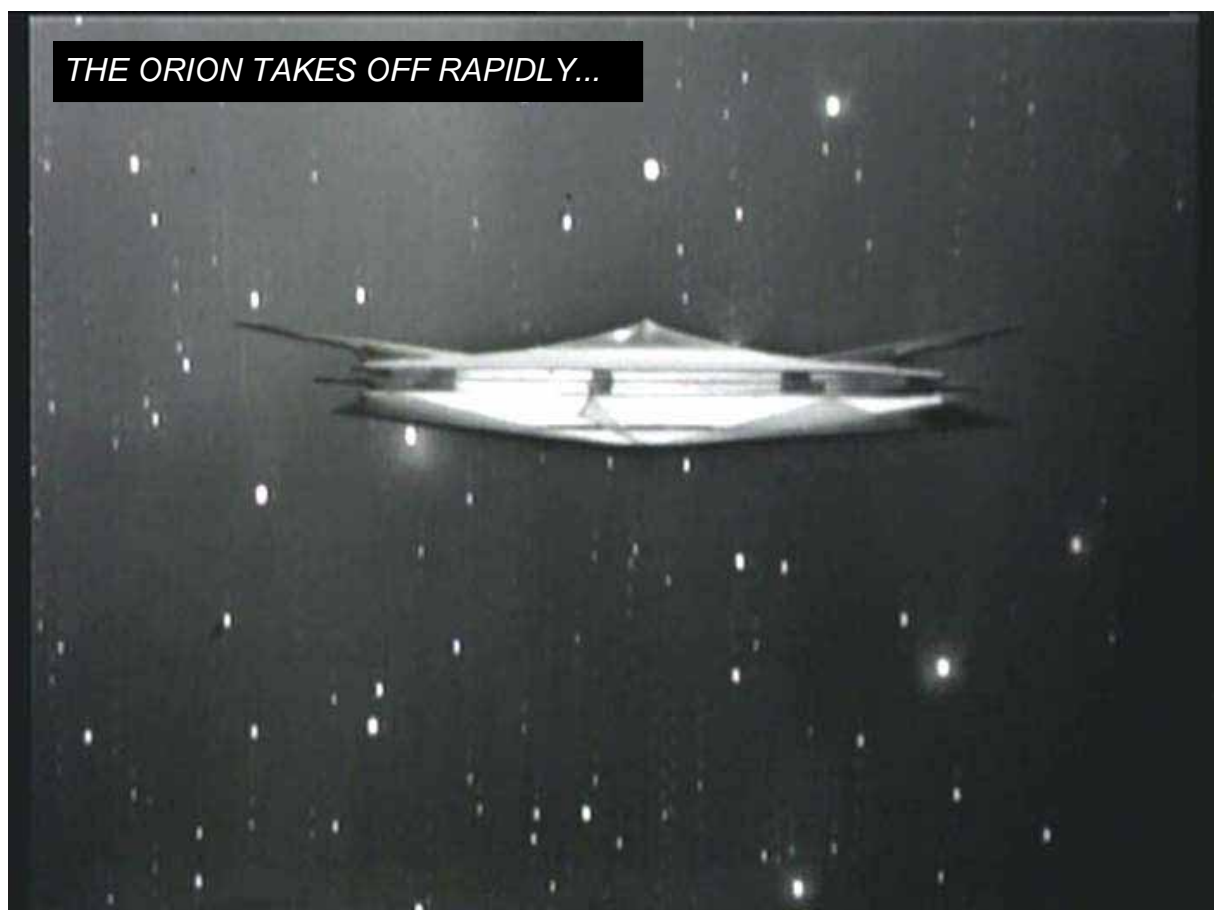






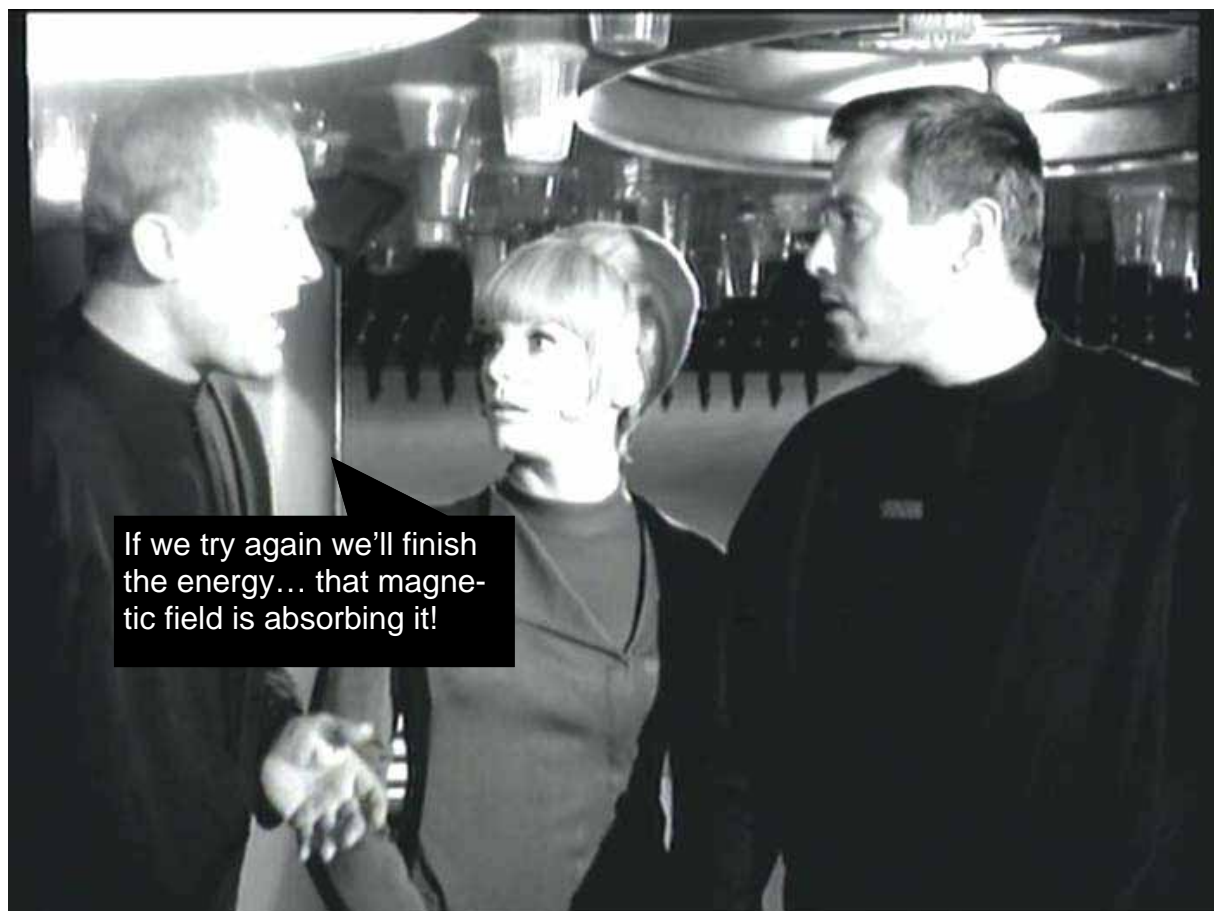












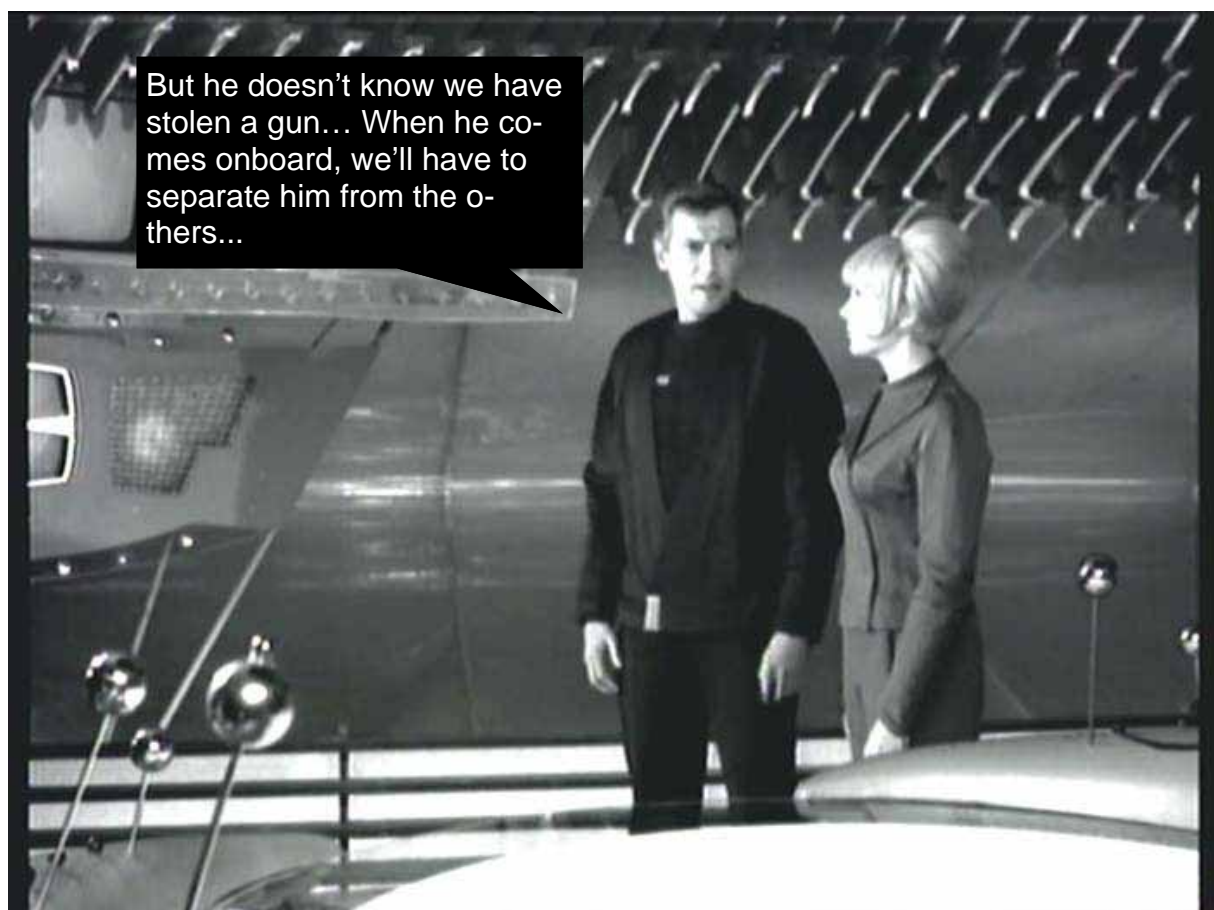


That's why he let us go...

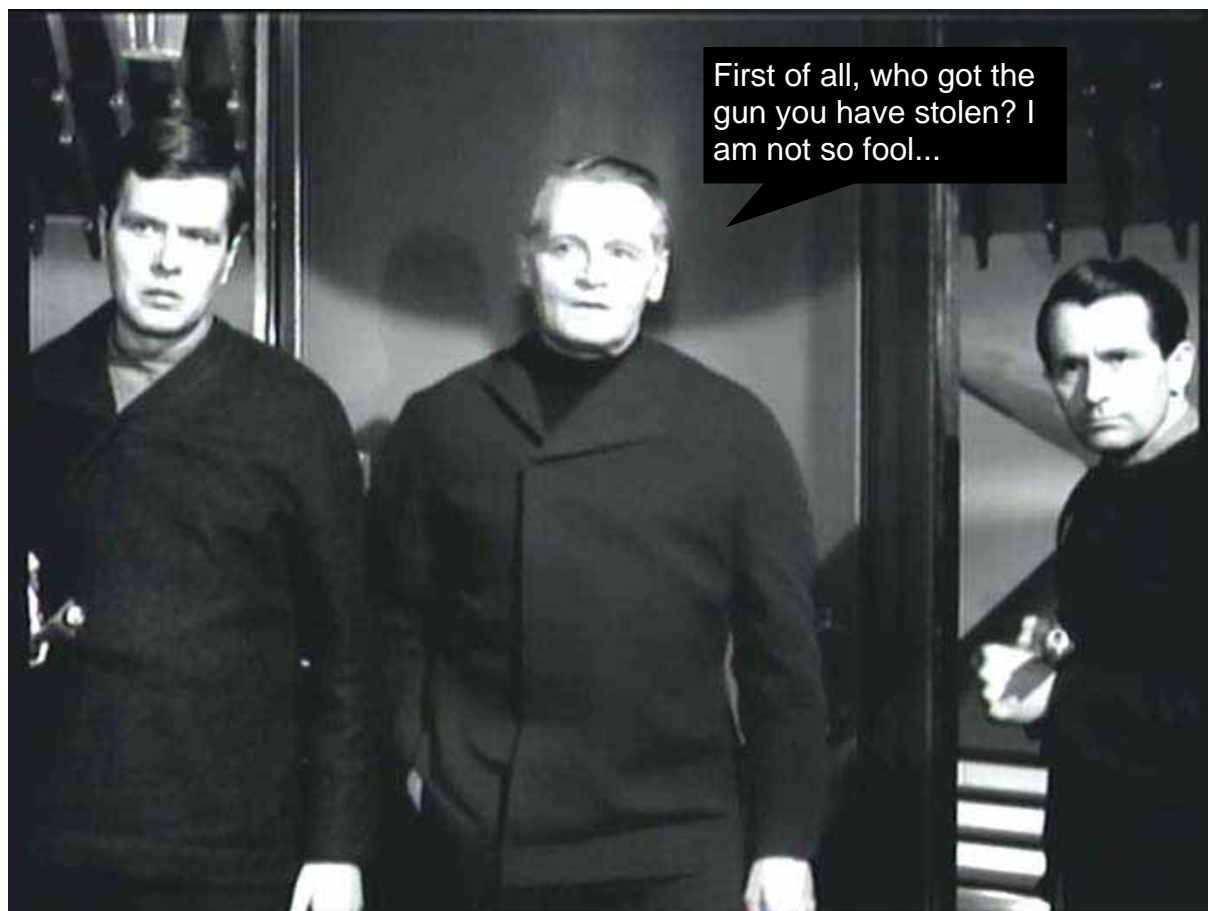
There's a call on screen 3...



*What you think about our magnetic field, McLane? My technicians are not so obsolete... and I could not allow you to blow the Orion!*







MCLANE 'S PLAN HAS ALREADY FAILED.



Very well, now go on with your demonstration...

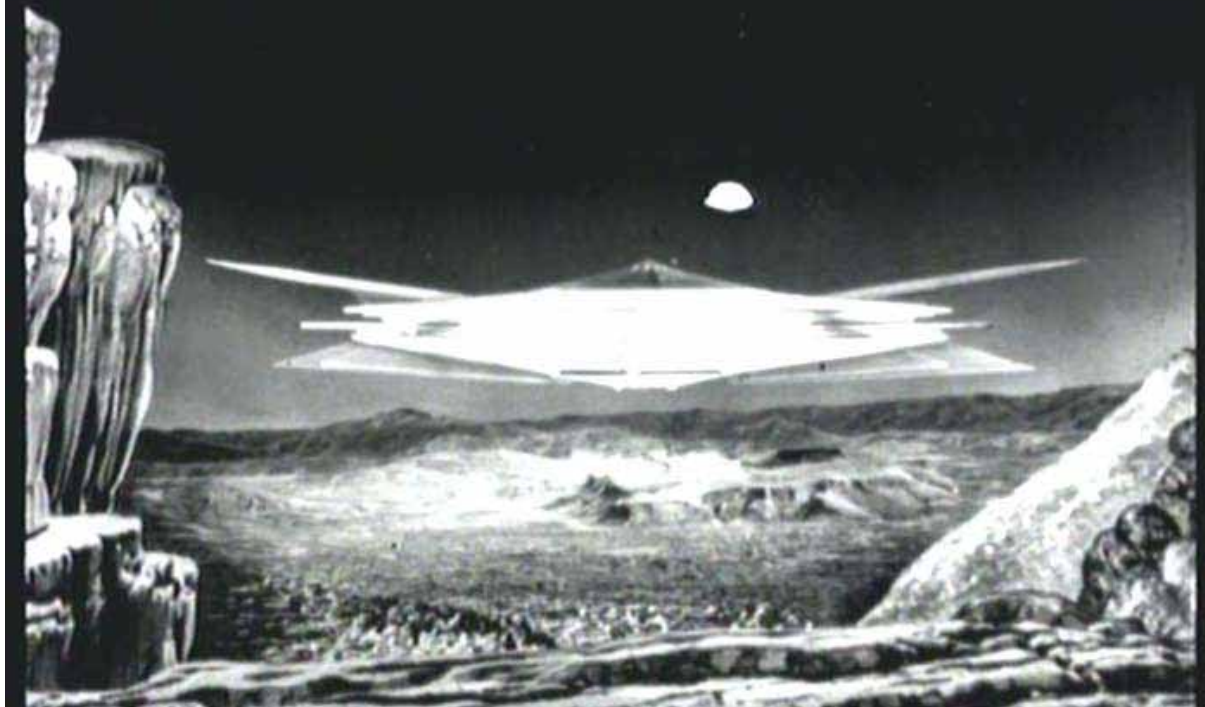


To make you see, we'll have to climb to the limit of the magnetic field... lift off stations!



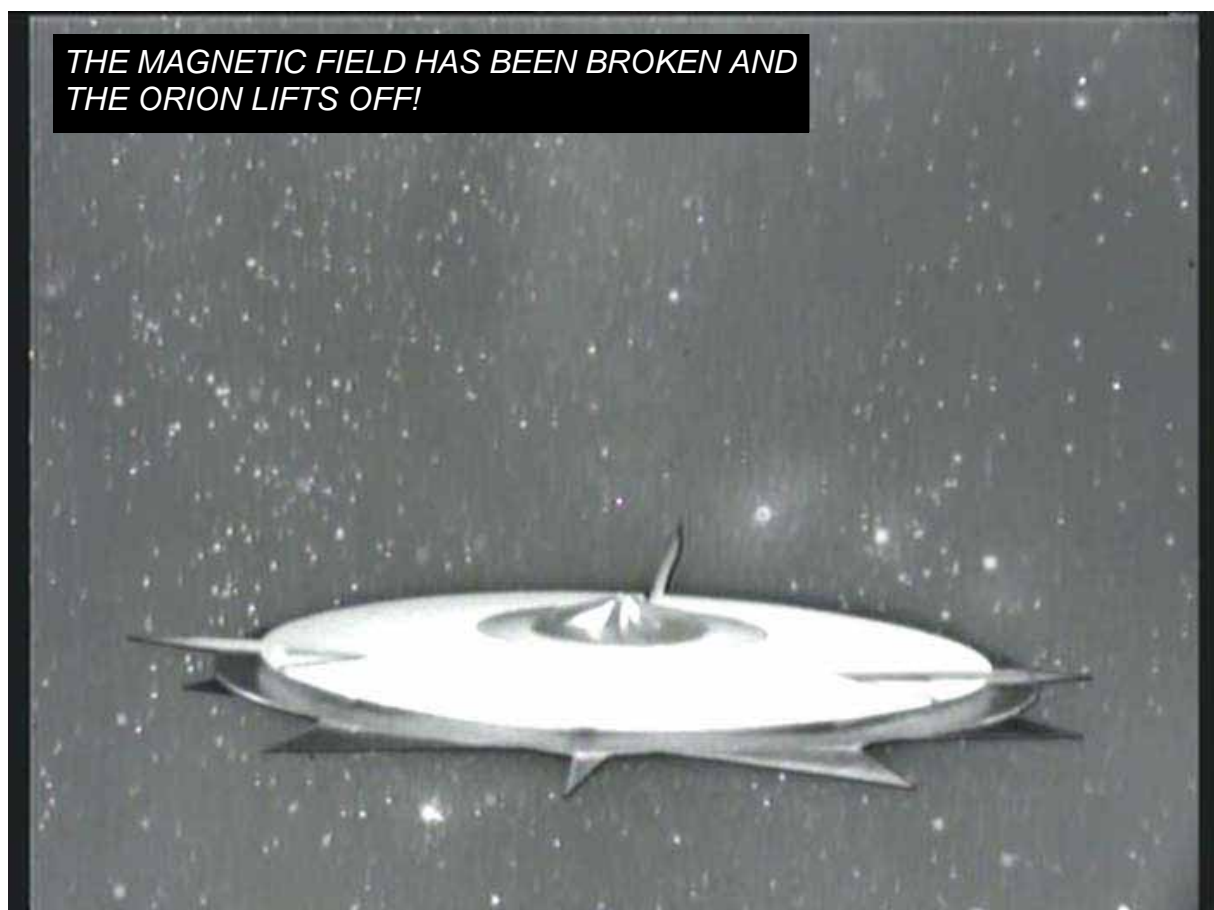


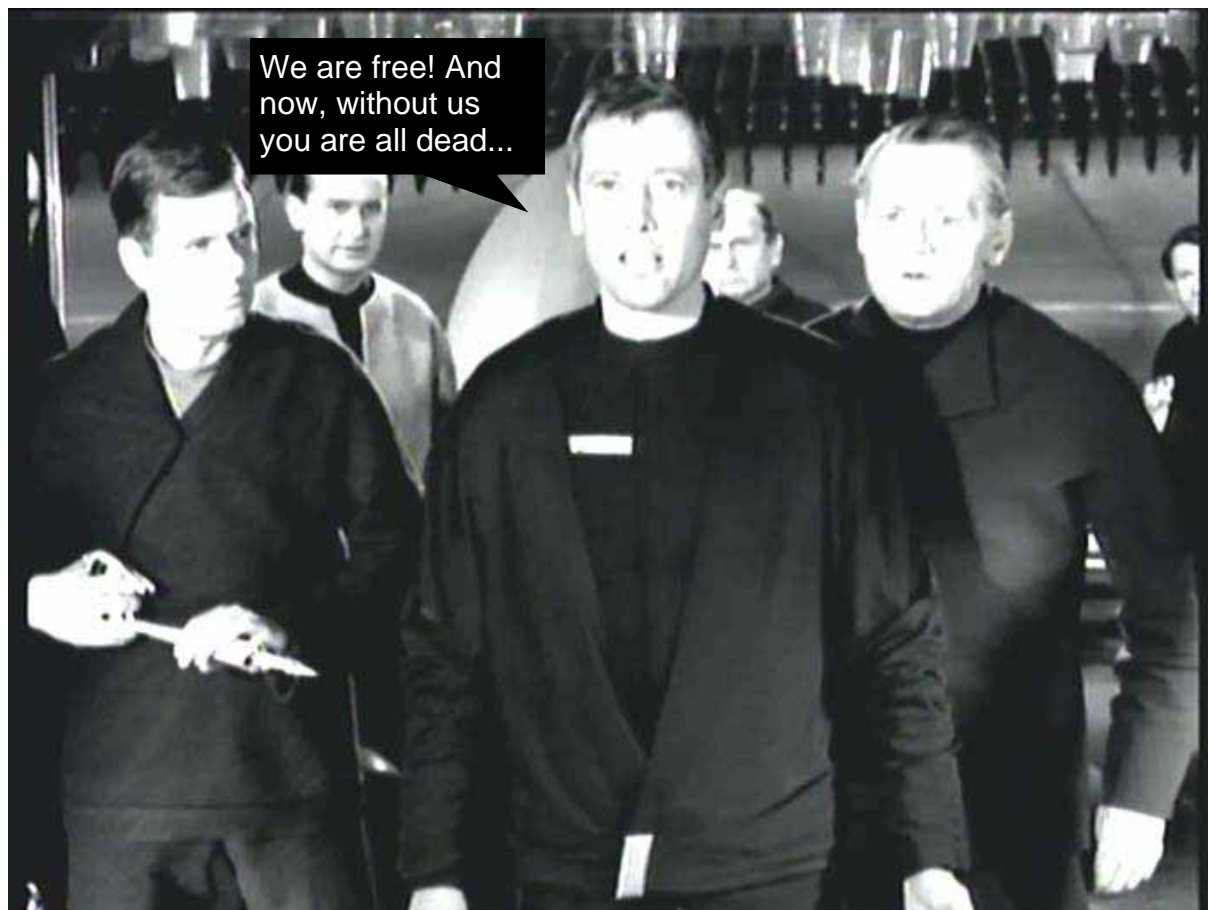
*BUT IT'S A LANCET TO TAKE OFF AT  
MAXIMUM SPEED...*



*...EXPLODING AGAINST THE  
MAGNETIC FIELD!*











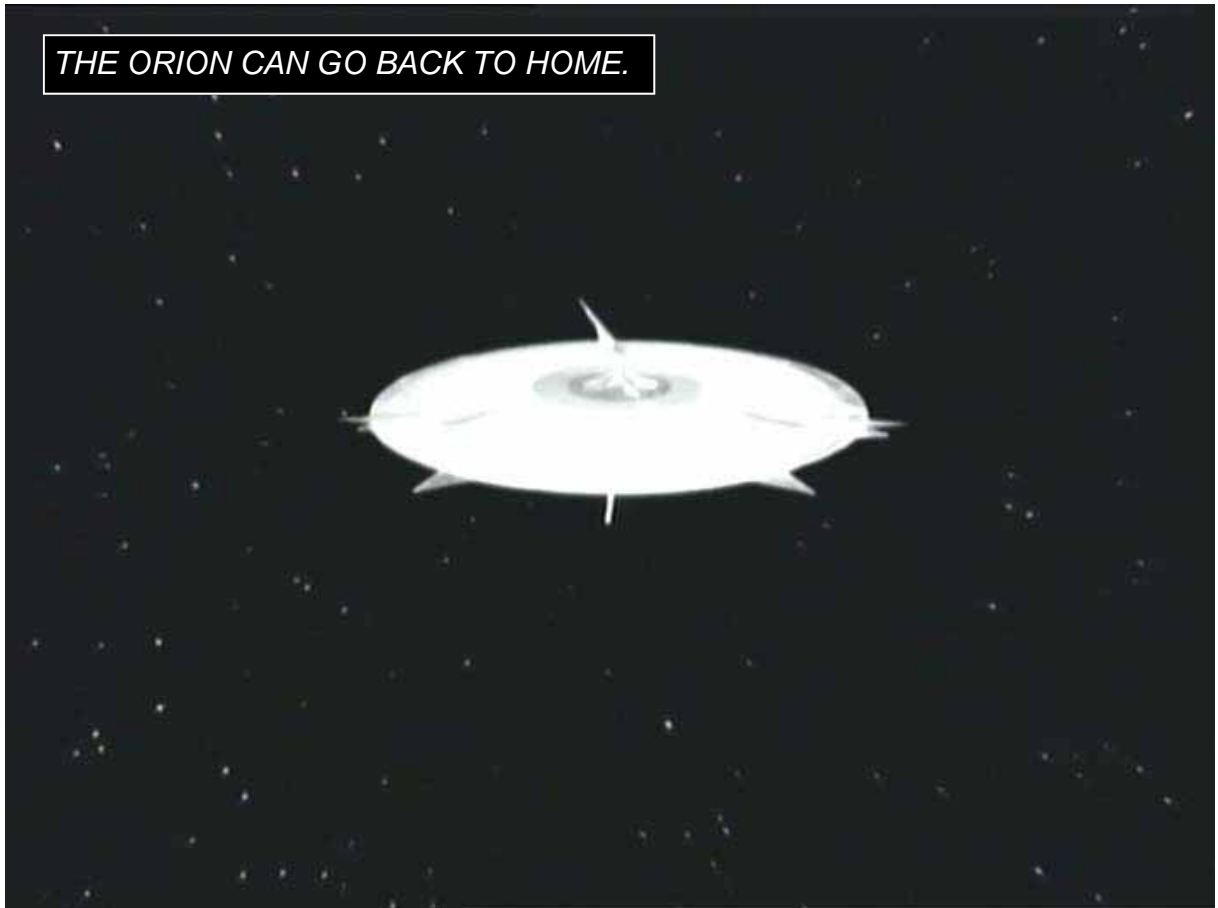
*THE ORION CREW WAS WAITING  
FOR IT.*



*IN ANY PLACE OF THE  
SHIP, TOURENNE'S MEN  
ARE OVERWHELMED!*



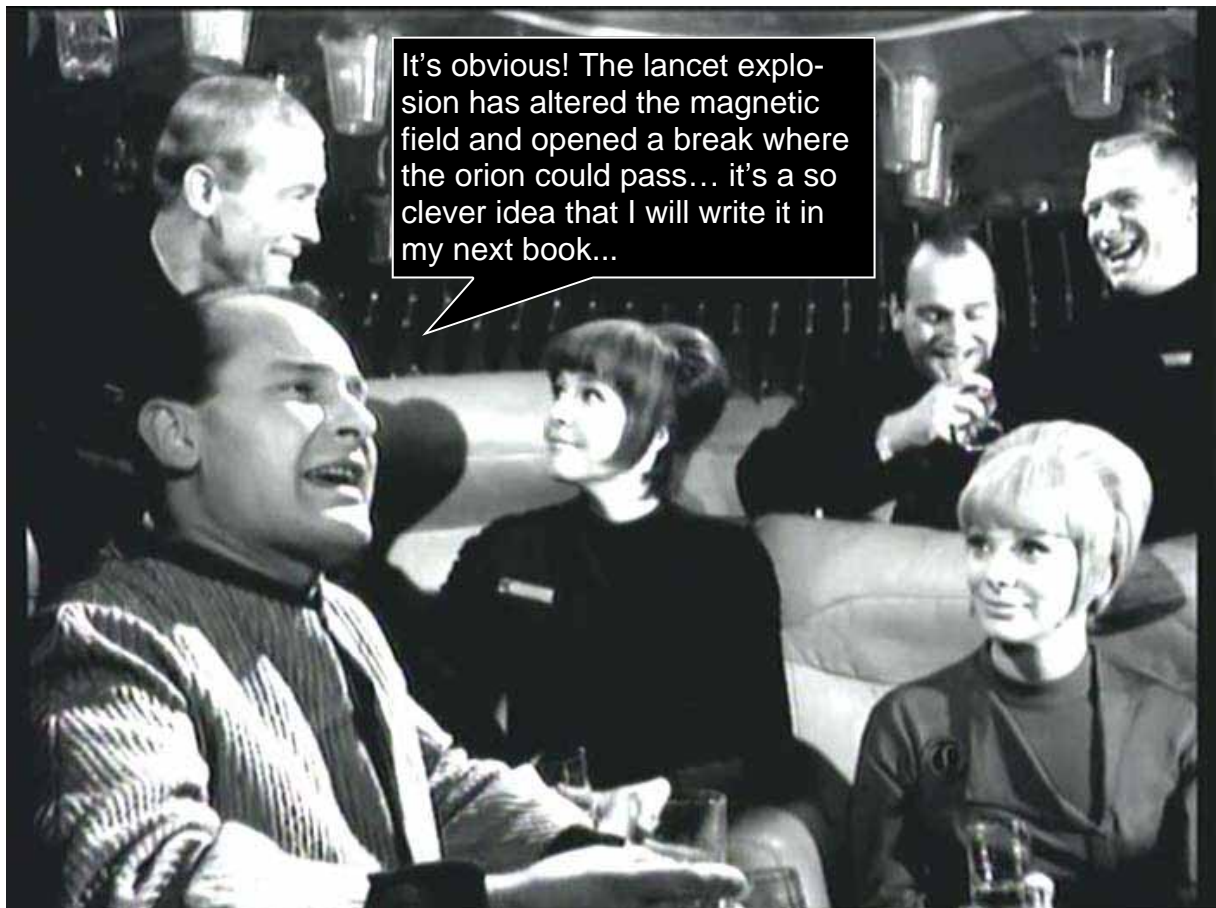
*THE ORION CAN GO BACK TO HOME.*



You needed some time to understand my plan... but if I had explained it better, Tourenne would have understood...









If you will give me  
the royalties...



Of course... since  
now I will write only  
about your adventu-  
res... cheers... hic-  
cup.....



