

# THE NEW AVENGERS



OUR STORY BEGINS EARLY ONE MORNING, AT THE CRACK OF DAWN AS JOHN STEED ARRIVES AT PURDEY'S FRONT DOOR...

YOU'RE A HARD TASK-MASTER... YOU KNOW I HATE GETTING UP AT THIS HOUR!

DON'T BLAME ME FOR THE PLANE'S TIME-TABLE... AND BESIDES, WE DO HAVE TO MEET A VERY IMPORTANT PERSON!

LATER, ON THE WAY TO THE AIRPORT...

HONG KONG HARRY... A REAL SHADY DEALER... HONG KONG BRANCH WARNED ME HE WAS COMING...

CAN YOU TELL ME WHO THIS PERSON IS?

NOT READY YET, PURDEY?



## MIDAS SECRET

WHAT'S HE HERE FOR?

THAT'S WHAT WE'RE HERE TO FIND OUT.

HE'S LATE!

HE'S ALWAYS LATE! IT'S A TRICK OF THE TRADE... PUTS PEOPLE OFF THEIR GUARD, YOU SEE...

AH, HERE HE COMES HE'S SO FAT NOW I HARDLY RECOGNISED HIM!



OOH!





STEED!

HARRY! WHO SHOT YOU?



STEED? HE... HE'S LEAKING GOLD DUST!

SO THAT'S WHY HE LOOKED SO BIG... HE'S WEARING A BELT STUFFED WITH GOLD!



CALL AN AMBULANCE!

NO! NO AMBULANCE... TAKE ME IN YOUR CAR, STEED...



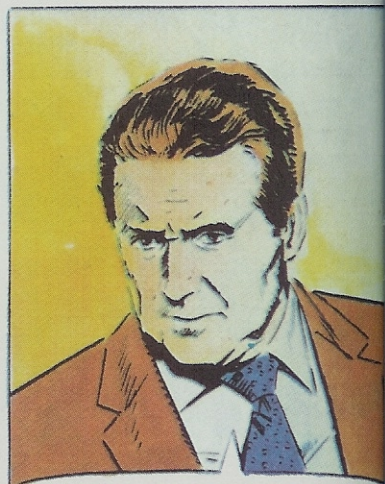
LORD! HOW MUCH IS HERE, HARRY... HALF A MILLION?

I DON'T KNOW... I JUST CARRY THE STUFF...



HAVE IT YOUR WAY. IF WE TURNED YOU LOOSE, THOSE GUNMEN WOULD BE ON YOUR TAIL IN NO TIME!

NO! DON'T DO IT!



YOU'D BE SAFER IN PRISON, HARRY. BEING CHARGED FOR GOLD TRAFFICKING IS LESS SERIOUS THAN A BULLET IN THE BACK!



I ONLY KNOW I'M TO HIRE SOMEONE CALLED MIDAS. THE FEE IS HALF A MILLION!



HANDS UP! HAND THAT MAN OVER TO ME, MR. STEED!

WELL, WELL... IT'S MR. SING... ATTACHÉ TO THE EMBASSY!

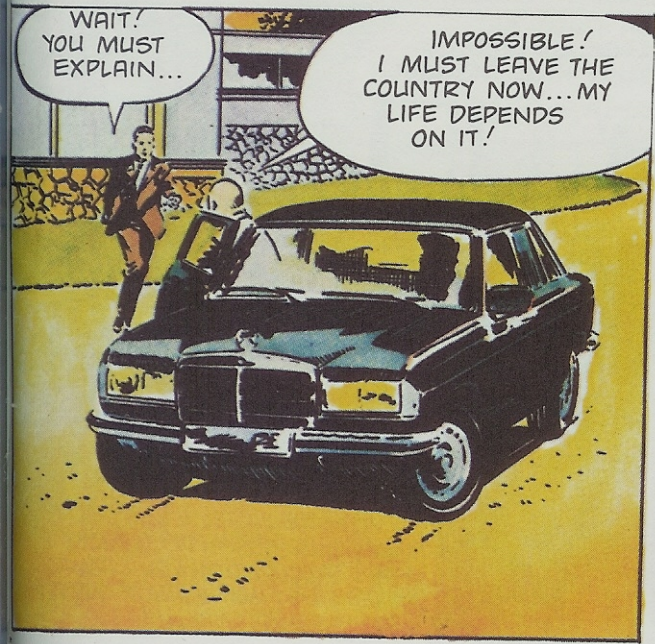




DON'T WORRY, MR. STEED... MY COUNTRY IS NOT INVOLVED IN THE MIDAS OPERATION. HARRY'S LEAVING ON THE FIRST PLANE!



I'LL TAKE HIS BAGGAGE... AND A WORD BEFORE WE LEAVE. DESTROY MIDAS, MR. STEED... QUICKLY!



WAIT! YOU MUST EXPLAIN...

IMPOSSIBLE! I MUST LEAVE THE COUNTRY NOW... MY LIFE DEPENDS ON IT!



YOU LOOK WORRIED, STEED... PENNY FOR YOUR THOUGHTS!

THEY'D COST YOU HALF A MILLION!



MIDAS... WASN'T HE THE MYTHICAL KING WHO COULD TURN EVERYTHING TO GOLD?

PRECISELY MY DEAR!



WHO WOULD CALL HIMSELF MIDAS THESE DAYS? A BANKER? A JEWELLER? A MADMAN?

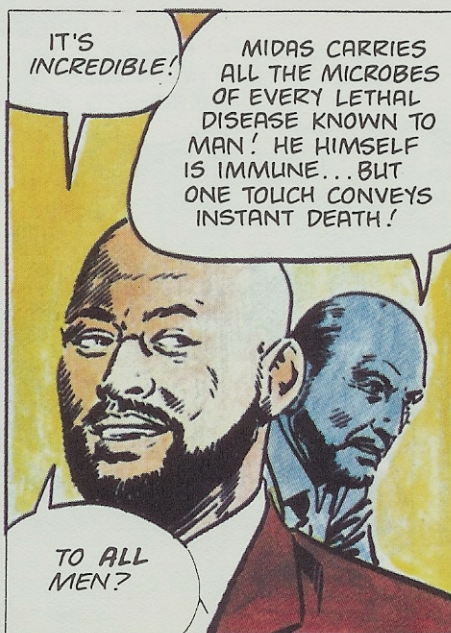
AS OUR FRIENDS RACK THEIR BRAINS OVER THE MIDAS RIDDLE, IN A LONDON SUBURB TROUBLE IS BREWING... FOR THE MADMAN EXISTS... AND HE'S NOT FAR AWAY!



WELL, PROFESSOR TURNER... WHEN CAN I HIRE THE SERVICES OF MIDAS?

PATIENCE, MR. VANN... YOU'RE NOT OUR ONLY CUSTOMER!







MEANWHILE, AT STEED'S PLACE...

WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

TO LOOK UP MAJOR TAYLOR AT CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE — HE KEEPS A FILE OF UNUSUAL CRIMINALS... WEIRDOS, NUTCASES... MIGHT GIVE US A LEAD...



STAY HERE AND WATCH THE HOUSE, PURDEY... AND STAY PUT! NO RUSHING OFF ON YOUR OWN!



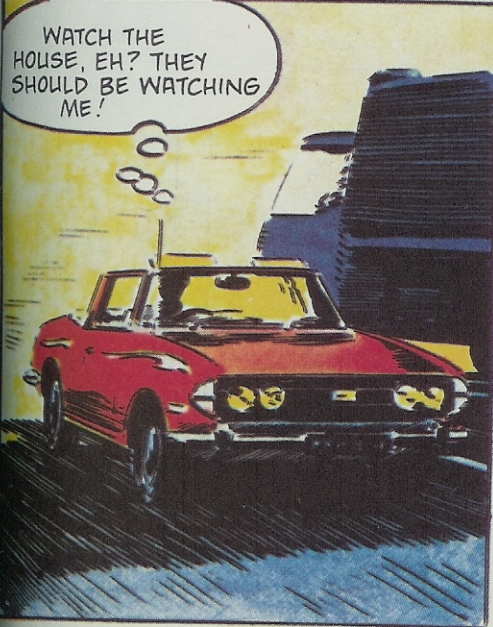
THEY'RE WASTING THEIR TIME. NOW IF I HAD SOMETHING TO SELL, HOW WOULD I CONTACT MY CLIENTS DISCREETLY?



THE SMALL ADS IN THE NEWSPAPER OF COURSE! WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF THAT BEFORE?



AHA! THERE IT IS!... 'CONTACT MIDAS AT 237, ST. PATRICK'S STREET!'



WATCH THE HOUSE, EH? THEY SHOULD BE WATCHING ME!



THIS IS THE PLACE! AND THERE'S A WAY IN!



LUCKY THE WEATHER'S WARM... THEY'VE LEFT THE WINDOW OPEN!





NOW YOU CAN TELL ME WHY YOU NEED MIDAS' SPECIAL SERVICES...

THE PRINCESS OF BOLTANIA IS IN LONDON, VISITING AN EXHIBITION OF PRICELESS GOLD ANTIQUITIES!



THE PRINCESS' DEATH WOULD SPARK OFF A REVOLUTION IN BOLTANIA... THAT WOULD SUIT MY COUNTRY WELL...

I SEE... ALL IT WOULD NEED IS FOR MIDAS TO MINGLE WITH THE GUESTS... AND OFFER THE PRINCESS HIS HAND!



THERE'S SOMEONE OUTSIDE! STEPHEN! PETER! GET THEM!

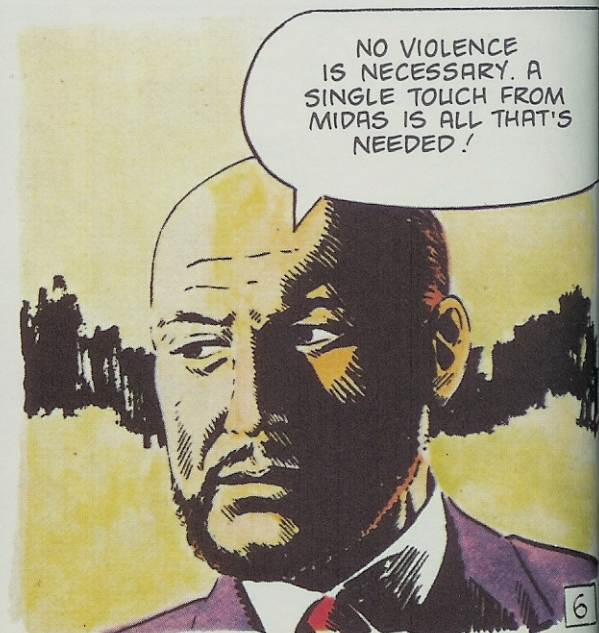


A WOMAN!

STEED'S ASSISTANT... SHE'S DANGEROUS!



I'LL FINISH HER!



NO VIOLENCE IS NECESSARY. A SINGLE TOUCH FROM MIDAS IS ALL THAT'S NEEDED!



COME, MIDAS, THE EXHIBITION OPENS IN AN HOUR...  
OUR MEN ARE IN POSITION... AFTER THE PRINCESS' DEATH THERE'LL BE CHAOS... WE JUST STEP IN AND LIFT THE GOLD...



BACK AT STEED'S HOUSE...  
NOW WE JUST HAVE TO FIND HIM...

TAYLOR CAME LIP TRUMPS, IT SEEMS THERE WAS AN EX-BIOLOGIST NAMED TURNER WITH AN INSATIABLE PASSION FOR GOLD!



PURDEY! WHERE ARE YOU?



LOOK HERE, STEED... THIS ADVERTISEMENT HAS BEEN MARKED...

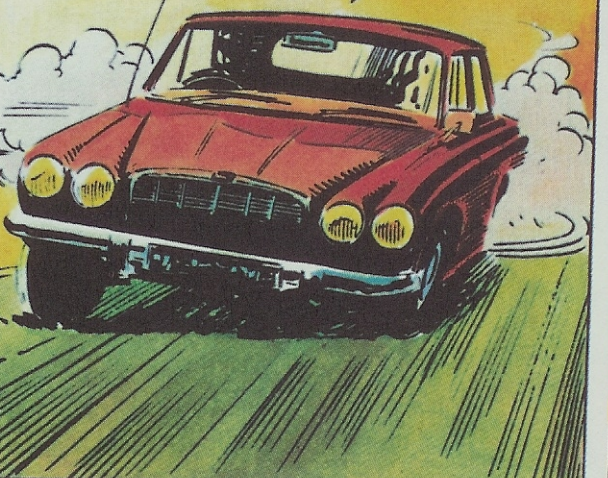
PURDEY'S GOT A LEAD ON MIDAS... SHE MUST HAVE LEFT THE PAPER FOR US TO FIND!

SHE'S GONE AFTER HIM... ALONE!



STEP ON IT, GAMBIT!

I'M DOING WHAT I CAN... IT'S A JAGUAR, NOT CONCORDE!



HURRY! GET ON WITH IT... IN AN HOUR IT'LL BE TOO LATE!



