Salam, hanyım Bourgoigne. Are you ready to go?

Salam, arkadag. Yes, I just need to fasten the girdle. Thank you for the “interesting” number.

Haha - fitting, I thought.

Are you coming to the state dinner, hanyım? We will find a married couple to accompany you.

Ta’r, but I will be joining Ahal Ateyew and his wife.

The Ateyew who gave you your beautiful Akhal-Teke? That is a good plan, hanyım. Üstünlük!

Likewise, arkadag.

You are so lucky!
You have no idea.

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So, Rinaldo. Let’s go for a stroll. Oops, there the president goes again.

Badalga

Ready...

Gadagunggadagunggadagunggadagunggadagung...

Go ... ¥£
...da, da, da dada ...

... on the horse again..

?!???

Aaaand - he's off again.

Can I be of any help, Arkadag?

No!

I'm a poor lonesome cowgirl...
LET'S SEE ... THROUGH THE PASS ... TURN RIGHT, AND 20 KM LATER WE WILL REACH THE FIRST VET CHECK-UP.

HOLIDAY, RINALDO! WE JUST NEED TO RELAX.

ENTIRELY. NO BAD GUYS ...

... NO SHOOTING, NO PROBLEMS!

VRiiinSK

VriiinSK

VRiiinSK

HYBRIS.

THE PATH IS FORKING.

GIVE US ANOTHER CALL?

UP THERE. WE'RE CLOSE NOW. HE SOUNDS SCARED.

PAT! PAT!

VriiinSK

He is answering!
There he is. Ooh, the reins are stuck in the rockside.

Whoah ... steady, you.

That's it. Hush ...

Your rider is gone, and you're hurt. Rinaldo, come here.

This wound wasn't cut by rocks ...

Steady on, horsey. Where is your friend?

I think the rider has been shot. Let's see if the horse can lead us to him.

What the hell was he doing up here?
there!

no pulse.

and here's the explanation.

shot from above by a 7.62 calibre. dead instantly.

I have to report that No. 4 has "left the ride".

which is the closer? back to start or the next vet checkpoint?

... gust of wind. goodbye to the map.
I believe the vet might be our best option, moving carefully here on the edge.

The horse is going left, so we will go right, giving them two targets and making them give one of us up.

I knew it!

“Great holiday, Dorthea.”

“No bad guys, Dorthea.”

“No bullets, Dorthea.”

Hah!

Bloody hell. Now, we are the targets.

“Bang”

BANG

BA-BLAM

BANG

I knew it!
The shower of bullets has ceased, but we're not safe yet.

They will try to locate us again. If we head for open space, we're finished.

We need a place to hide.

Down there?

No. Onwards.

That looks promising.

And now we wait. If we are lucky, the endurance organisers will soon start looking for us.