



SOME SENSE OF DANGER AROUSES DESIRA FROM HER DEEP SLUMBER, FOR ONE FATEFUL, SLEEP-DRUGGED SECOND, SHE STARES INCREDULOUSLY AT THE ESCAPED PRISONER— THEN HE SLAPS A CHLOROFORM-SOAKED CLOTH OVER THE QUEEN'S MOUTH AND NOSE.



WHEN DESIRA GOES LIMP AND UNCONSCIOUS, BRAZOR SNARLS: "QUICK, PEQUIT— TEAR SOME BEDCLOTHES INTO STRIPS!"

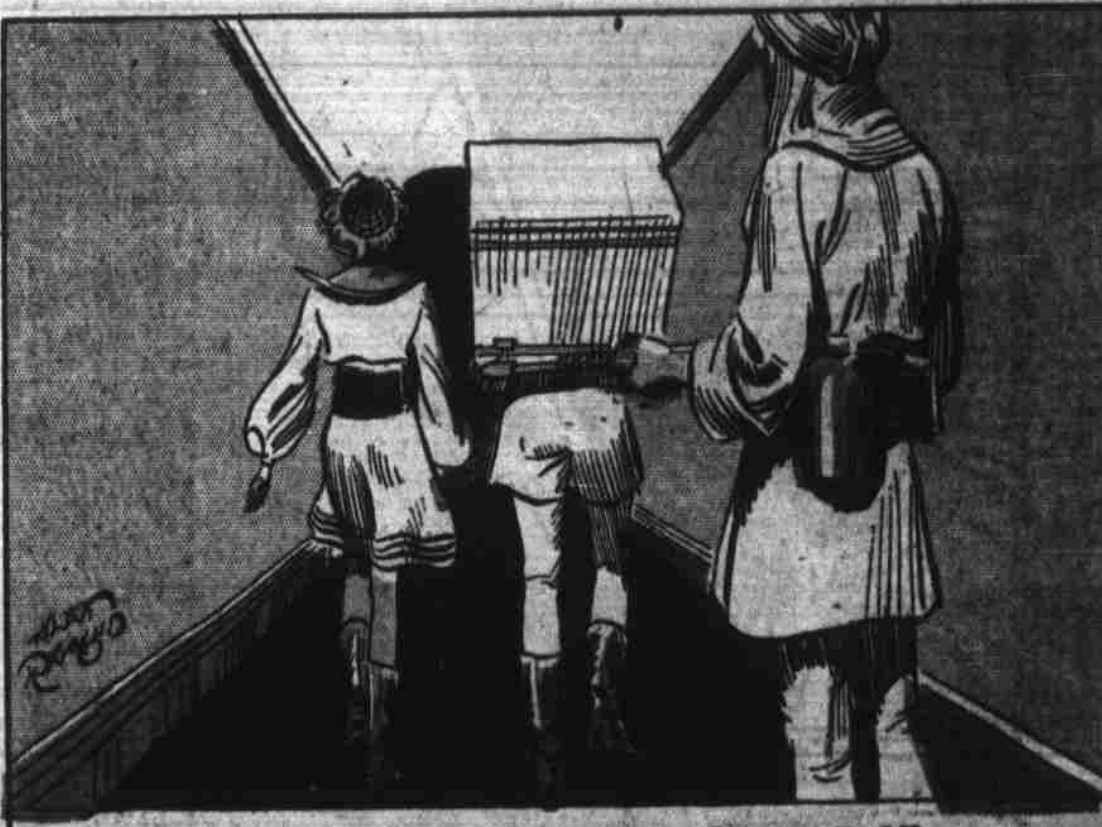


"HAVE YOU KILLED HER?" PEQUIT GASPS. BRAZOR SNAPS: "DON'T BE SO SQUEAMISH! OF COURSE, I HAVEN'T KILLED HER, OR I WOULDN'T BE WASTING TIME TYING HER UP!" ©-49-43.



"REMEMBER, YOU WANT FAME, WEALTH, POWER— PERHAPS A THRONE," BRAZOR REMINDS HIS WEAKENING ALLY—

"YOU HATE DESIRA, YOU WANT TO PUNISH GUNDAR. NOW IS YOUR CHANCE. BLUFF IT OUT, TILL WE'RE SAFELY AWAY! HELP ME PACK OUR LITTLE FRIEND INTO THIS LAUNDRY HAMPER—"



BRAZOR SETS OUT ON THE LAST LAP OF HIS DANGEROUS RACE FOR POWER! "THIS IS A FINE NOTE," HE WHINES, AS HE PASSES A PUZZLED GUARD— "ME, A SOLDIER, CARRYING THE QUEEN'S LAUNDRY!"

NEXT WEEK: RACE FOR TRIUMPH
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