ALLEY OOP
BY V.T. HAMLIN
T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
BEHOLD THE SPOILS, OH CALIPH!
AND TH' WRETCHES' WEAPONS!
OH, PAPA, LOOK! THE MAGIC CARPET!
AND THE ACCURSED JUG THAT GOES WITH IT! OH, WELL -- BRING THE RASCALS HERE THAT I MAY PASS JUDGMENT UPON THEM!

MEANWHILE, TO SELECT A FITTING SENTENCE!
AH, I KNOW -- LET THEM BE THROWN TO THE CROCODILES --

-- OR BETTER STILL, HAVE THEM BATHED IN HONEY, THEN STAKED OUT ON A BED OF GIANT ANTS!
NAY, OH PRECIOUS DAUGHTER, THIS ONCE I MUST TEMPER MY JUSTICE WITH MERCY!

DANGED IF THIS REVENLAND OF YOURS AIN'T THE RUGGEDEST PLACE I EVER GOT INTO -- NOW WHERE D'YA RECKON THEY'RE FIXIN' T' TAKE US?
UP TO BE BOILED IN OIL!

AW, YER KIDDIN'!
OKAY, FIVE'LL GET YOU TEN IF I'M OFF THE BEAM!

GULP
HOW'LL YOU HAVE YOUR FIVE?
IN ICE CREAM CONES -- VANILLA!
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