

LIL ABNER

Gullible's Travels —

by AL CAPP



Our Story: A CRIMSON SUN IS SETTING TO CLOSE THE DAY UPON WHICH PRINCE VALIANT HAS SACRIFICED HIS HONOR. HE LOOKS BACK ON THE NOISY CAMP AND WONDERS IF THE SEED HE HAS PLANTED WILL BEAR OMINOUS FRUIT.



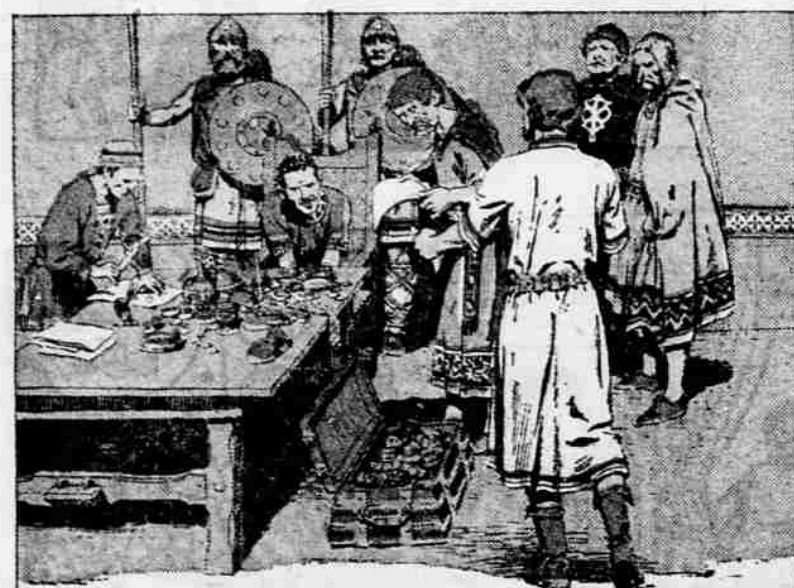
DOWN BY THE SHORE THE NORTH-
MEN ARE REPEATING VAL'S WORDS:-
"WHY RISK DISASTER UNDER A MAD
KING WHEN THE RICHEST PLUNDER
IS RIGHT HERE IN THIS CAMP? MAKE
READY THE SHIPS!"



AND THE IRISH SCOTTI WHISPER:-
"THE NORTHMEN ARE GOING TO
COLLECT THEIR WAGES IN ADVANCE
... WHY NOT US? PREPARE TO SAIL!"



PRINCE VALIANT, ALIAS SIR QUINTUS, RETURNS TO HIS
DOORLESS ROOM, AND THE SPIES TAKE THEIR POSITIONS
OUTSIDE, MAKING IT IMPOSSIBLE FOR ALFRED TO SHAKE HIS
HEAD. BUT ALFRED IS READY:- "YOUR COLD IS GETTING
WORSE, MASTER. YOU MUST KEEP YOUR HEAD COVERED!"



VAL LAYS ASIDE ARMS AND ARMOR AND APPEARS BEFORE
KING OCH. "SIRE, YOUR TAX HAS DONE TWO THINGS. IT
HAS FILLED YOUR EMPTY COFFERS AND IT HAS MADE
YOUR ARMY HUNGRY FOR MORE LOOT. THEY GROW
RESTLESS AND MUST MARCH AT ONCE!"



"I GIVE THE ORDERS, SIR QUINTUS,"
THE SMILING TYRANT REMINDS
HIM. "AND THERE IS A TORTURE
CHAMBER FOR THOSE WHO
PRESUME TOO FAR."



BUT WITHIN THE STRONGHOLD SENTRIES ARE REDOUBLED,
AND VAL PACES THE WALLS. ALL IS QUIET THROUGH THE
LONG NIGHT. THEN, AT THE CHILL HOUR BEFORE DAWN,
ANGRY SHOUTS ARE HEARD. LIGHTS APPEAR, THEN
FLAMES, AND THE WHOLE CAMP BREAKS INTO AN
UPROAR!

NEXT WEEK - To the Rack!