LI'L ABNER — Nothing For The Boys — by AL CAPP

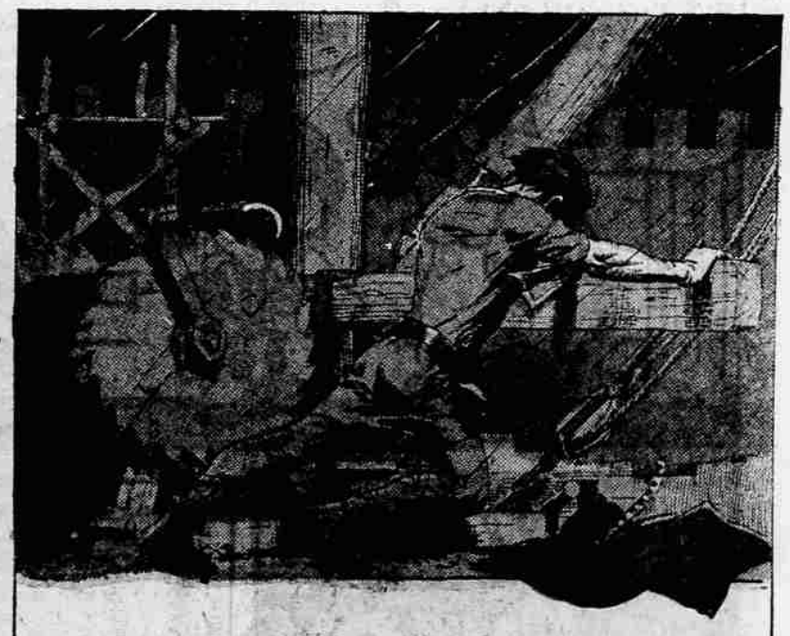
Prince Valiant — In the Days of King Arthur

Written and Illustrated by Harold R Foster

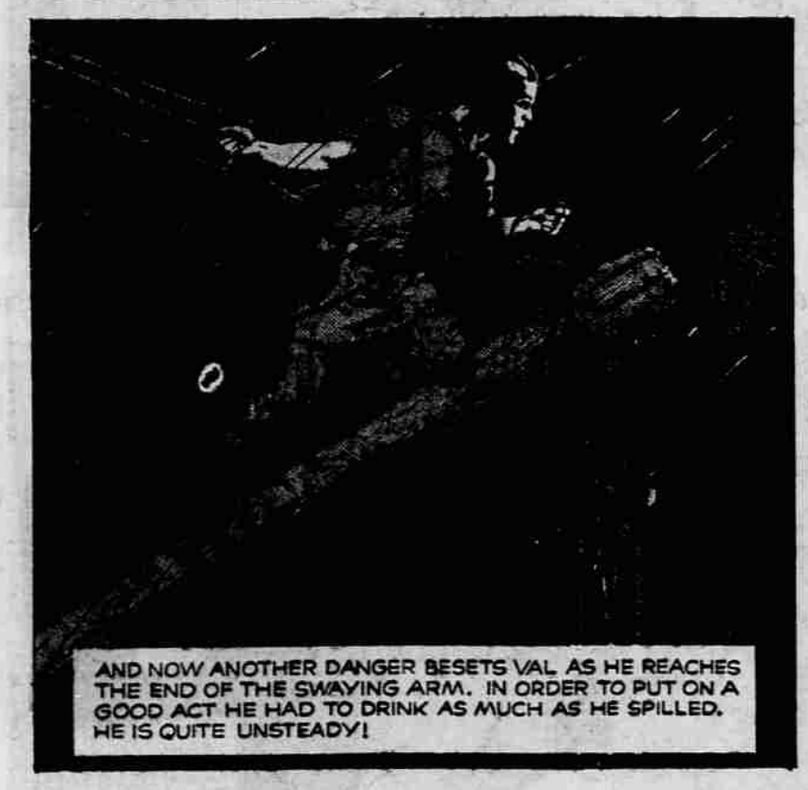
Our Story: THE WIND MOANS ACROSS THE BATTLEMENTS AND RAIN RATTLES AGAINST THE SHUTTERS. AND KING OSWICK'S JONGLEUR BECOMES MORE TIPSY THAN USUAL. THIS WILD NIGHT IS PERFECT FOR SIR GAWAIN'S ESCAPE, IF ONLY PRINCE VALIANT CAN GET AWAY.

HIS "DRUNKEN" NONSENSE ANNOYS THE KING. *"THROW THE SOT OUT IN THE RAIN THAT HE MAY SOBER UP!"* HE SHOUTS.

WIND AND RAIN ARE REFRESHING AFTER THE SMOKE-FILLED DINING HALL. *"THANK YOU, SIRE!"* MURMURS VAL.



THEN HE PUTS FORTH ALL HIS STRENGTH TO SWING THE GREAT CRANE'S ARM TOWARD SIR GAWAIN'S HIGH PRISON.



AND NOW ANOTHER DANGER BESETS VAL AS HE REACHES THE END OF THE SWAYING ARM. IN ORDER TO PUT ON A GOOD ACT HE HAD TO DRINK AS MUCH AS HE SPILLED. HE IS QUITE UNSTEADY!

SIR GAWAIN TAKES THE KEY FROM ITS HIDING PLACE AND LETS HIMSELF OUT. THEN HE LOCKS THE DOOR AGAIN AND FLINGS THE KEY FAR OUT INTO THE DARK MOAT.

VAL GIVES HIM FINAL INSTRUCTIONS AND SLIDES DOWN TO OPERATE THE MACHINERY.

GAWAIN'S NUMBED FINGERS FUMBLE WITH THE KNOTS, AND IF HIS ADVENTURES FROM NOW ON ARE A TRIFLE WEIRD, IT IS BECAUSE VAL PUT TOO MUCH REALISM INTO HIS ACTING!

NEXT WEEK—The Price of Artistry.