

LIL ABNER

For Goodness Snakes !!

by AL CAPP



FORGIVE ME FOR STARING - BUT YOU HAVE THE SAME EXPRESSION IN YOUR EYES AS BERT!!

I H-HAVE?

BERT'S - SOB!! - DEAD NOW - HE WAS MY MOST POISONOUS SNAKE!!

GROANN!! - THAT'S THE STORY OF MY LIFE!! - GIRLS HATE ME, BECAUSE I HAVE SNAKE EYES!!



BUT - I'M AN EX-SNAKE CHARMER!!



I LOVE SNAKES - AND YOU'RE THE ONLY MAN IN THE WORLD WITH GENUINE SNAKE EYES!!



FORGIVE ME FOR SEEMING BOLD - BUT THERE ARE TIMES WHEN A GIRL MUST TAKE MATTERS INTO HER OWN HANDS!! - OH, WOULD YOU ---

WHATEVER IT IS - I WOULD!!



I NEVER THOUGHT I'D FIND A MAN WHO'D FASCINATE ME AS MUCH AS BERT DID!!

AH' NOW THAT AH HAS FOUND LOVE - AH'M GONNA CALL OFF MAH WAR AGIN WIMMEN!!



AH'M GONNA DESIGN A DRESS WIF A BEAUTIFUL SHAPE!! - MEBBE ONE SHAP'D LIKE A VIOLIN!!

HMM - NO!!



HOW 'BOUT ONE SHAPED LIKE A DELICIOUS BUNCH O' GRAPES?

HMM! - NO - BUT YOU'IS GITTIN' WARM - TRY AGAIN!!



WAL - HOW DOES THIS ONE STRIKE YOU? - A DRESS SHAPED LIKE A PO'K CHOP!!

AH LOVES PO'K CHOPS - BUT AH STILL THINKS YOU' KIN DESIGN A DRESS WIF A NICER SHAPE!!



A NICER SHAPE THAN A PO'K CHOP? - AH GIVES UP!!

AH GOT IT!!



HOW 'BOUT DESIGNIN' A DRESS FO' WIMMEN THAT'S SHAPED LIKE A WOOMAN?



NO MODERN DESIGNER HAS EVER THOUGHT OF THAT!! - YOU'RE A GENIUS!!

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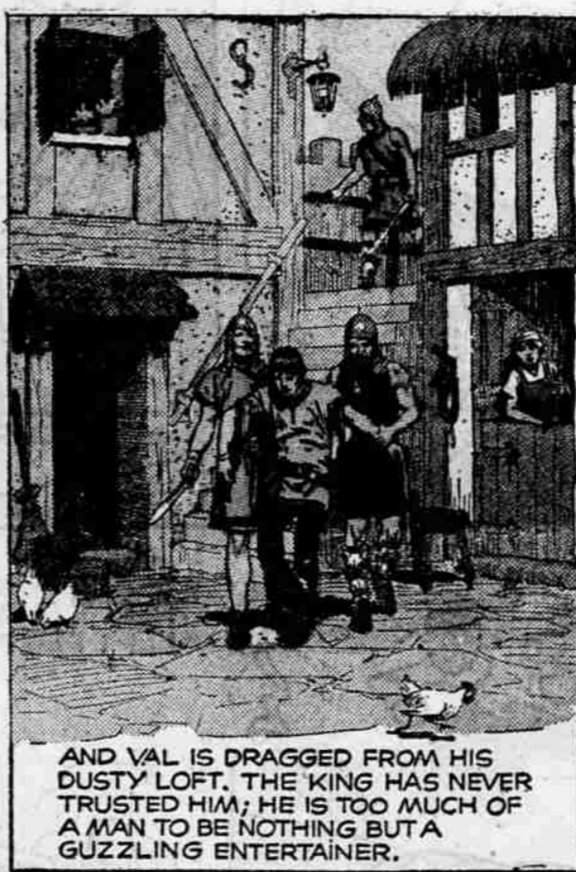
Prince Valiant
IN THE DAYS OF KING ARTHUR
WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY HAROLD R. FOSTER



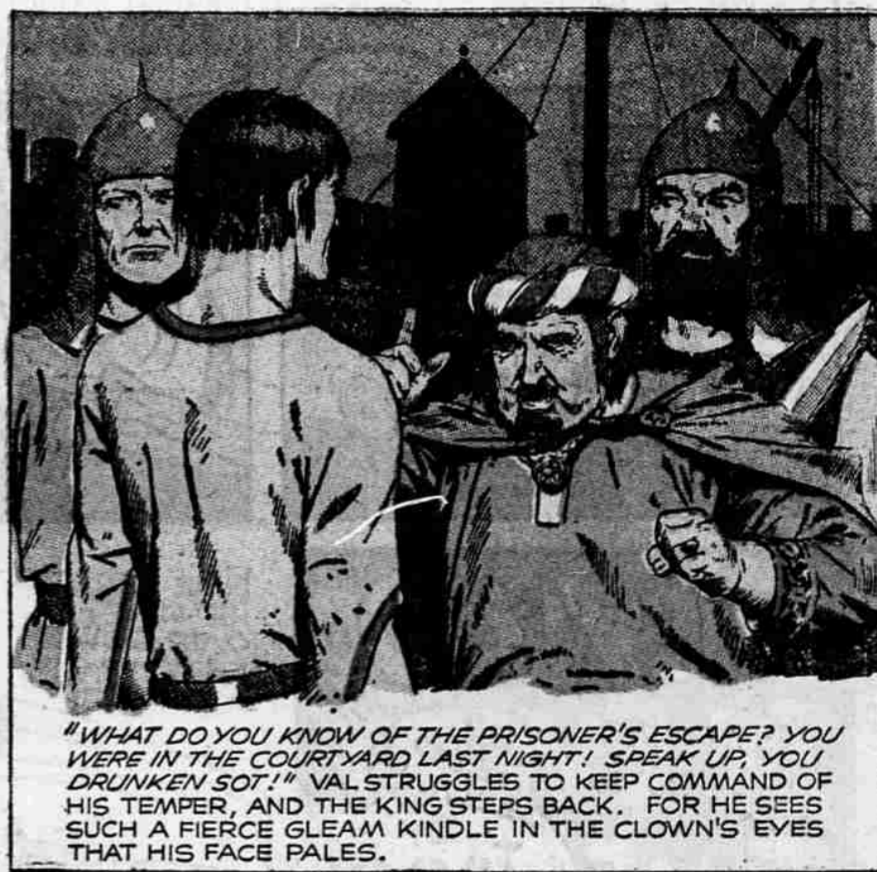
Our Story: PRINCE VALIANT LISTENS TO THE SOUNDS OF THE AWAKENING CASTLE. TWO HOURS GO BY PEACEFULLY, THEN SUDDENLY THE QUIET IS SHATTERED BY A GREAT CONFUSION OF CRIES. "SIR GAWAIN'S ESCAPE HAS BEEN DISCOVERED. NOW MY WIT WILL BE PUT TO THE TEST!"



KING OSWICK IS IN A RAGE; THE TURNKEY IS GIVEN TO THE LASH, THE SENTRIES ON DUTY PUNISHED. "SEARCH THE CASTLE FROM TOWER TO DUNGEON!" HE BELLOWS.



AND VAL IS DRAGGED FROM HIS TRUSTY LOFT. THE KING HAS NEVER DUSTED HIM; HE IS TOO MUCH OF A MAN TO BE NOTHING BUT A GUZZLING ENTERTAINER.



"WHAT DO YOU KNOW OF THE PRISONER'S ESCAPE? YOU WERE IN THE COURTYARD LAST NIGHT! SPEAK UP, YOU DRUNKEN SOT!" VAL STRUGGLES TO KEEP COMMAND OF HIS TEMPER, AND THE KING STEPS BACK. FOR HE SEES SUCH A FIERCE GLEAM KINDLE IN THE CLOWN'S EYES THAT HIS FACE PALES.



"YOU ARE RIGHT, SIRE," ANSWERS VAL EVENLY, "SO TIRSY LAST NIGHT, I NOTICED NOTHING. BUT THIS I DO KNOW... NO PRISONER COULD ESCAPE THIS CASTLE WITHOUT AID, EITHER BY TRAITORS AMONG YOUR PEOPLE, OR..... WITCHCRAFT!"



"WITCHCRAFT?" FALTERS THE KING. "YES, WITCHCRAFT!" REPEATS VAL, NOTING GLEEFULLY THAT THE KING IS THOROUGHLY FRIGHTENED.



"A JONGLEUR LEARNS MANY THINGS DURING HIS TRAVELS. LET ME EXAMINE THE CELL AND I CAN TELL IF MAGIC IS TO BE FEARED."



SIR GAWAIN IS FREE! BUT WITHOUT ARMS OR MOUNT. BRUISED, HUNGRY, WET AND COLD, HE CROUCHES IN HIS HIDING PLACE AND YEARNS FOR HIS NICE COMFORTABLE CELL!

NEXT WEEK - The Invisible Man.