

LIL' ABNER *The Sun is My Undoing* — by **AL CAPP**

GASP!!—THE SECOND STAGE FAILED TO IGNITE!!

IT'S JUST HANGING THERE—IN SPACE!! —SQUARELY OVER SLOBBOVIA!!

IT WILL FOCUS THE SUN'S RAYS ON THAT ONCE ICY LAND, AND INTENSIFY THE HEAT 10,000 PERCENT!!

OUR HOUSES ARE MELTINK!!

SO WHO NIDDS HOUSES IN A CLIMATE LIKE THIS!!

THE SNOW ON THE GROUND IS MELTINK!! SOON, FOR THE FIRST TIME, WE WILL SEE THE GOOD SLOBBOVIAN EARTH!!

BUT—FALLOW TCITIZENS—

IS NO SUCH THINK AS SLOBBOVIAN EARTH!!—SLOBBOVIA IS ALL TSNOW AND HICE—CLINN THROUGH!!

YOU MINN—THAT WHEN ALL THE TSNOW AND HICE IN SLOBBOVIA IS MELTED—WILL BE NO MORE SLOBBOVIA?

NOTCHERLY!!

TRANS-SLOBBOVIAN CABLENIK

TO SECRETARY OF STATE WASHINGTON, D.C.

IS FAULT OF HEW HESS HAY SLOBBOVIA IS DISAPPEARINK. BUT US SLOBBOVIANS NOT DISAPPEARINK.

WE COMINK TO LIVE IN HEW HESS HAY. WE YOUR RESPONSIBILITY, WICE GUYS.

SLOBBOVIAN HAMBASSADOR

8-14

A MILLION SLOBBOVIANS HERE? NO!!—NO!!

WE CAN'T SHOOT THAT MISSILE FRAGMENT OUT OF THE SKY!!

BUT—WE CAN MOVE SLOBBOVIA OUT FROM UNDER IT!!

IS THE CLIMATE NORMAL AGAIN, FELLAS?

YES—SOB!!—IT'S FRIZZINK-LIKE HOLD TIMES!!

SLOBBOVIA IS HITSELF AGAIN—MEANINK—PTU!!—**ONBEARABLE!!**

Prince Valiant

IN THE DAYS OF KING ARTHUR

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY HAROLD R. FOSTER

Our Story: THE SKY DARKENS AND, EXCEPT FOR THE OMINOUS MOANING OF THE WIND, A DEATH-LIKE SILENCE FALLS ON THE FOREST AS PRINCE ARN AND GARM HASTEN TO BUILD THEIR SHELTER.

AS THEY WORK, DARKNESS FALLS AND THE RISING WIND BECOMES A BITTER GALE. THEN THE FIRST SNOWFLAKES COME SLANTING DOWN, BUT THEIR SHELTER IS FINISHED, FIREWOOD STACKED AND A REFLECTOR OF LOGS SENDS WARMTH IN TO THEM.

IN THE FIRST THIN LIGHT OF DAWN THEY AWAKE TO A WORLD OF WHITE. THERE IS NO TIME TO LOSE IF THEY WISH TO CROSS THE BARREN PASS AND REACH THE SHELTER OF THE FOREST ON THE OTHER SIDE ERE NIGHTFALL.

GARM BREAKS TRAIL, PLUNGING AHEAD TIRELESSLY. ARN FOLLOWS, GASPING AND STAGGERING WITH WEARINESS, BUT HE DOES NOT CALL FOR A REST, FOR HE IS THE SON OF PRINCE VALIANT AND MUST SHOW NO WEAKNESS.

AT LAST THEY REACH THE WINDWARD SIDE AND THE TRAVELING IS EASIER, FOR THE ICY WIND THAT FREEZES THEIR DAMP CLOTHING HAS BLOWN THE SNOW FROM THE ROCKS.

AT A TINY OUTFARM THEY SECURE TWO FJORD PONIES TO CARRY THEM THE REST OF THE WAY.

ONCE MORE ARN COMES TO VIKINGSHOLA FROM WHICH HIS GRANDFATHER, KING AGUAR, RULES ALL THULE. SO ENDS THE FIRST LEG OF A JOURNEY THAT WILL SEE A WHOLE YEAR PASS ERE ONCE AGAIN HE RETURNS TO THULE.

NEXT WEEK—At Sea.