

LIL ABNER

The Bullmoose that Roared — by

AL CAPP



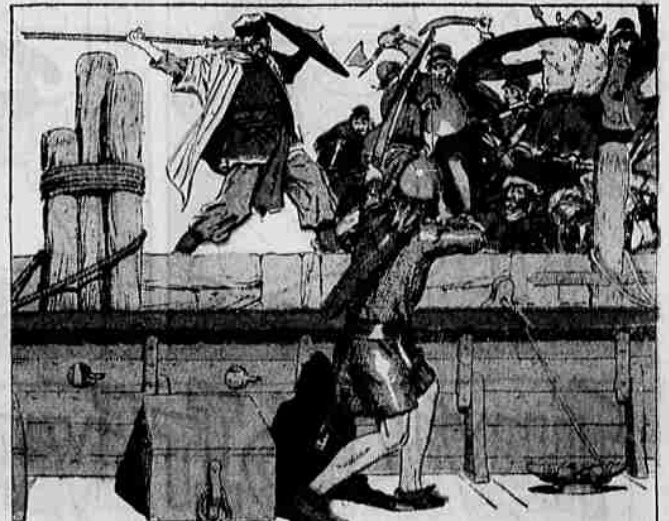
Our Story: A DESERT CHIEFTAIN AND AN UNEMPLOYED PIRATE LOOK DOWN ON BOLTAR'S SHIP WITH GREEDY EYES AND MAKE PLANS.



BOLTAR GOES TO FIND THE GOVERNOR OF THE PORT TO SEEK PERMISSION TO FILL HIS WATER CASKS AT THE TOWN FOUNTAIN.



THE ATTACK ON THE SHIP COMES SWIFTLY, BUT THE VIKINGS ARE NEVER FAR FROM THEIR WEAPONS, AND SPRING EAGERLY UPON THE QUAY.



PRINCE ARN STRINGS HIS BOW. ON THE FRINGE OF THE MELEE A FOE IS TAKING CAREFUL AIM AT A VIKING. ARN'S ARROW GOES HUMMING TO ITS MARK.



WITH A CRY OF RAGE AND PAIN THE MAN GOES DOWN. HE PLUCKS A CRIMSONED ARROW FROM HIS NECK AND GLARES AROUND, TO FIND HIS ASSAILANT.



WITH THAT CALMNESS HE HAS INHERITED FROM HIS FATHER, ARN WAITS UNTIL HIS ENEMY HAS DRAWN HIS ARM BACK AND IS POISED FOR THE THROW. AT THAT INSTANT THE ARROW IS RELEASED.



HE HEARS IT THUD HOME, BUT NOW HIS VIEW IS BLOCKED BY STRUGGLING FIGURES AS THE FIGHT SURGES BACK AND FORTH.



WHEN THE VIKINGS RETURN FROM CHASING THEIR FOES, THEY FIND ARN PALE AND WIDE-EYED WITH HORROR. HAS HE SLAIN A MAN?

NEXT WEEK—Tribute