

LIL ABNER

Green
Light—

by **AL CAPP**



Prince Valiant



Our Story: KING ARTHUR HAS TRIED TO BRING CHRISTIANITY TO BRITAIN WITH GENTLENESS AND LOGIC BACKED UP WITH THE SWORD. BUT NOW HE IS IN FAIR WAY OF STARVING BECAUSE OF THAT FAITH.



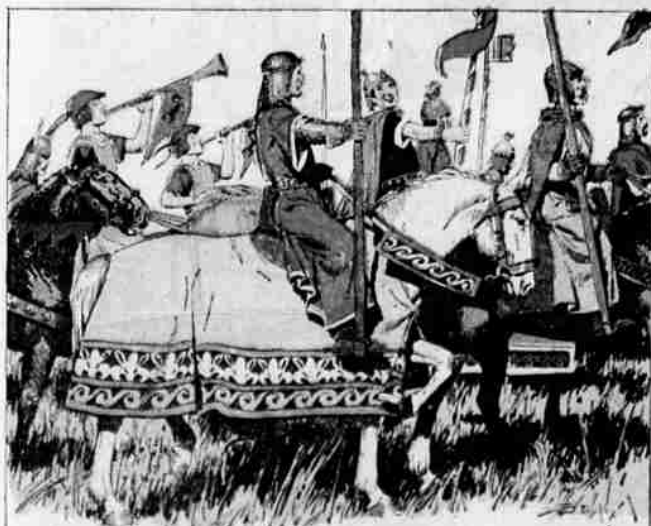
FOR THE KITCHENS, STABLES, ARMORY AND STOREHOUSES ARE EMPTIED AS ALL CROWD AROUND WOJAN TO HEAR HIM PREACH AND LISTEN TO THE THRILLING SOUND OF HIS CLARION VOICE.



VAL IS ABLE TO ENLIST THE HELP OF SEVERAL KNIGHTS, WHO ARE ONLY TOO WILLING TO AID IN THE TAMING OF THE GREAT RED STALLION, SO THEY CAN RECLAIM THEIR OWN HORSES FROM HIS DOMINATION.



THE CORRAL HAS AN ESCAPE WAY WHERE ONLY A MAN CAN SQUEEZE THROUGH, AND THERE STANDS ALETA, AN OATCAKE IN HER OUT-STRETCHED HAND. VAL, IN FULL ARMOR, WHISTLES THE FAMILIAR CALL.



AT THE SIGNAL THE KNIGHTS TROOP BY IN ALL THE PANOPLY OF WAR, LEATHER CREAKING, BITS AND SPURS JINGLING, TRUMPETS SOUNDING.



THE MEMORIES OF A BITTER PAST FADE, FOR THERE BEFORE HIM ARE ALL THE THINGS HE HOLDS MOST DEAR. A GENTLE WOMAN WITH OATCAKES, A COMPANION HE CAN CRY WITH PRIDE, AND BROTHER WAR HORSES ON PARADE.



ONLY FOR AN INSTANT DOES ARVAK TREMBLE, FOR HE CAN FEEL THE FEAR IN THE HEARTS OF THE STABLE BOYS. BUT CALM, CONFIDENT VOICES REASSURE HIM.



FROM THAT WALTHERIA WHERE ALL WAR HORSES GO, A HUNDRED ANCESTORS LOOK DOWN WITH PRIDE AS THEIR DESCENDANT TAKES HIS RIGHTFUL PLACE AT THE HEAD OF THE TROOP, NECK ARCHED AND HOOF BEATING LIKE A DANCER.

NEXT WEEK—Famine