

# LI'L ABNER *When My Whammy Smiles at Me!!* by AL CAPP

**EXTRY!!—SCIENTISTS SAY SUN HAS BIN JOLTED OUTA ORBIT, AN' IS DROPPIN' TOWARDS OITH!!**

**S-SUMPTIN' SUPER-UNNATURAL MUSTA CAUSED IT!!**

**OH—SOBT—HOW RIGHT THEY IS!! IT WAS YORE INTER-PLANETARY WHAMMY, FLEEGLE!!**

**YORE GREATEST TRIUMPH!!— ONLY YO'LL NEVAH KNOW IT, ON ACCOUNT YO' PUTREFIED YORE LI'L SELF SOLID!!**

**ONLY THING A PAL KIN DO FO' YO' NOW, IS TRADE YO' IN FO' A BOX O' SEEGARS!!**

**I'VE BEEN WANTIN' A CIGAR STORE INDIAN— BUT WHY DID THEY MAKE IT SO REPULSIVE?**

**BROOKLYN'S TOO HOT!! AH'M GOIN' BACK HOME, WHAR EVERYONE WILL NO DOUBT BE TERRIBLY GLAD TO SEE ME!!**

**WE IS TERRIBLY GLAD TO SEE YO, JOE BTFSPLK!!**

**AN' NOW—GIT!! YO' LI'L HARD-LUCK BRINGER!!— TWERE PROBL'Y YO' WHUT CAUSED TH' HEAT WAVE!!**

**OH, NO, MA'M— TWERE FLEEGLE!!**

**EVIL-EYE FLEEGLE? TH' MASTER O' TH' WHAMMY? WHUT DID TH' LI'L MESS O' ROTTENNESS DO?**

**JOLTED TH' SUN, WIF HIS INTER-PLANETARY WHAMMY, IS WHUT!!**

**THEN HE GOTTA JOLT IT RIGHT BACK!! AFORE TH' WHOLE WORLD FRIES, LIKE ONE 'BIG PO'K CHOP!!**

**AH HAS SPOKEN!!**

**FO' TH' FUST TIME IN YORE UNDEFEATED LIFE, IT DON'T MAKE NO DIFF'RUNCE WHUT YO' HAS SPOKEN!!— FLEEGLE IS OUTA YORE JURIS-DICK-SHUN— NAMELY DAID!!**

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AL Capp

**TO BE CONTINUED:**

**Prince Valiant**  
IN THE DAYS OF KING ARTHUR  
WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY HAL FOSTER

**Our Story:** PRINCE VALIANT READS THE LETTER DEMANDING RANSOM FOR HIS SON ARN. THEN HE GATHERS ALL AVAILABLE FIGHTING MEN AND, IN A TOWERING RAGE, GOES TO FIND SIEUR ETHWALD'S STRONGHOLD.

ETHWALD GREETES THEM CHEERFULLY. "GOOD DAY, SIR VALIANT. AS YOU VERY WELL KNOW YOU HAVE NOT SUFFICIENT MEN TO STORM THESE WALLS, BUT IF YOU WILL LEAVE YOUR ARMS OUTSIDE, YOU MAY ENTER IN SAFETY TO DISCUSS A MATTER OF BUSINESS."

"YOUR SON, PRINCE ARN, IS A FINE LAD. YOU MUST BE VERY PROUD OF HIM. HE IS WELL WORTH THE TREASURE CHESTS YOU HAVE ABOARD YOUR SHIP," AND ETHWALD LAUGHS PLEASANTLY AND ORDERS REFRESHMENTS.

VAL RETURNS TO THE SHIP. "PAY THE RANSOM AND GET ARN BACK," ADVISES ALETA. "THEN LAY SIEGE BEFORE THE WALLS UNTIL WE CAN SUMMON HELP FROM THE KING." VAL SHAKES HIS HEAD. "THE TREASURE IS IN MY SAFEKEEPING AND IS NOT MINE TO GIVE."

"WELL, THE LEAST YOU CAN DO IS SEND ARN THE MEDICINE FOR HIS COLD," ALETA SNAPS, "EVEN IF HE DOES COMPLAIN IT TASTES LIKE POISON."

AS HE WATCHES ALETA BUSY WITH HER MEDICINE CHEST AN IDEA IS FORMING IN HIS MIND.

AND SOON THEY ARE CONCOCTING A BITTER BUT ALMOST HARMLESS POTION THEY HOPE WILL CURE ETHWALD OF HIS GREED.  
NEXT WEEK: **Sleight-of-Hand**