

LI'L ABNER *Sunny Side Up!!* by AL CAPP



NOT REALIZIN' HIS "INTERPLANETARY WHAMMY" JOLTED TH' SUN OUTA ORBIT—HE TURNED HIS BITTER LI'L SELF TO STONE, WIF A "REVERSE TRIPLE WHAMMY"!!

FLEEGLE CAUSED THIS INTERPLANETARY MESS, SO HE GOTTA UNCAUSE IT!!

BUT, FUST—YO' GOT TO GO, JOE!!—FUM YO' GOMES ONLY BAD LUCK!!

AH CAIN'T SHOOT A STONE-SOFTENIN' BLAST O' GOODNESS INTO HIM—UNLESS AH KIN LOOK HIM IN TH' EYEBALL!!

-AN' THEY'S INSIDE-OUT!!

ONLY ONE THING KIN MAKE HIM LOOK OUT AT TH' WORLD AGIN—TH' GAL HE LOVES!!

JEST WALK SLOWLY, DEARIE!!

LIKE THIS?

POP!! POP!!

THERE'S HIS EYES!! NOW, AH LET'S LOOSE WIF EV'RY BIT O' GOODNESS IN ME!!—IT'S ENOUGH TO MELT TH' NORTH POLE, OR TURN MOUNT RUSHMORE INTO A HEAP O' TOASTED MARSHMALLOWS!!

?P-HM!!—I'M WARM!!

NOT AS WARM AS YOU'RE GONNA BE, FLEEGLE DEAR—AS SOON AS WE'RE ALONE—

WHAT ABOUT MILTON THE ASTRONAUT?

WHO CARES ABOUT HIM!! HE NEEDS A BILLION-DOLLAR ROCKET TO CONQUER SPACE!!—YOU DONE IT WITH MERELY YOUR EYEBALLS!!

HATES TO INTERRUPT A COUPLA LOVEBIRDS, BUT WILL YO' DO A SWEET OLE LADY A LI'L FAVOR?

NAMELY, BLAST TH' SUN BACK TO WHAR IT BELONGS!!

SOITANLY, MA'M!!

OKAY?

OKAY!!



Our Story: PRINCE VALIANT CLIMBS THE CLIFF TO ETHWALD'S STRONGHOLD TO ARRANGE RANSOM FOR THE RETURN OF HIS SON, ARN, AND HE CARRIES A VIAL OF NAUSEATING CHEMICALS UNDER HIS GREAT CAPE.



WHEN HE STATES HIS MISSION HE IS ADMITTED AND STANDS BEFORE THE TRIUMPHANT ETHWALD.



"THE CLIMB UP THE CLIFF HAS MADE ME THIRSTY," SAYS VAL. HIS HOST ORDERS WINE TO BE SERVED. HE IS IN A JOVIAL MOOD, FOR WILL HE NOT SOON BE RICH?



UNDER COVER OF HIS CLOAK VAL EMPTIES THE VIAL INTO HIS HALF-EMPTY GOBLET.



"ON YONDER KNOLL RANSOM AND HOSTAGE WILL BE EXCHANGED," AND VAL DRAWS ETHWALD'S ATTENTION AWAY LONG ENOUGH FOR HIM TO SWITCH THE GOBLET.



"MUCH AS I ABHOR CRIME I MUST DRINK TO YOUR CLEVERNESS," THEN VAL DRAINS HIS GLASS.



ETHWALD DOES LIKEWISE. A PUZZLED LOOK CROSSES HIS FACE, HIS MOUTH TWISTS IN A GRIMACE; HE GAZES WITH STARING EYES AT THE CRYSTALS ON THE BOTTOM OF HIS GOBLET. "POISON!" HE CRIES.



"YES," ANSWERS VAL PLEASANTLY. "YOU HAVE TWO VERY UNPLEASANT DAYS TO LIVE, BUT QUEEN ALETA, WHO IS SKILLED IN CHEMISTRY, MIGHT GIVE YOU AN ANTIDOTE. AT A PRICE, OF COURSE."

NEXT WEEK—The Cure