

# COMET

## A HAPPY FAMILY COMIC

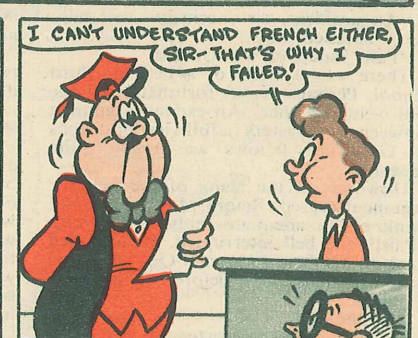
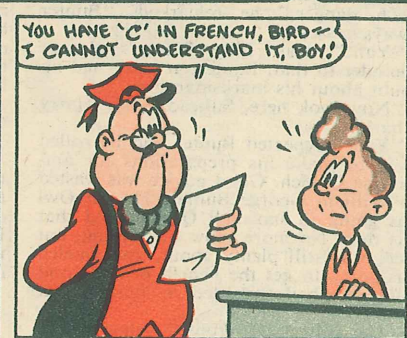
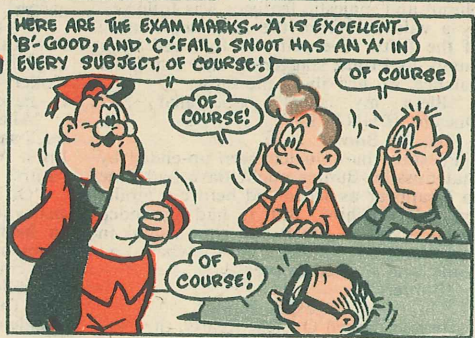
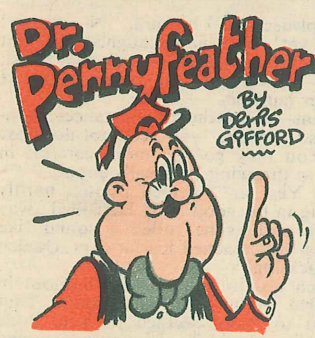
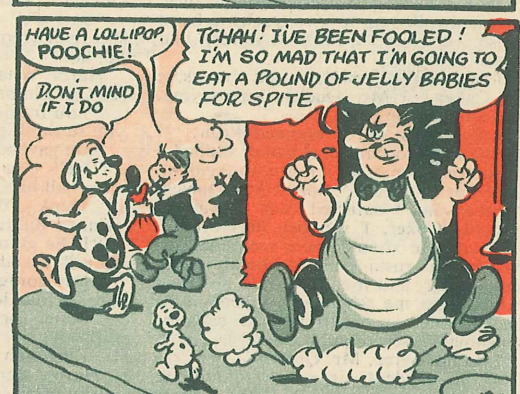
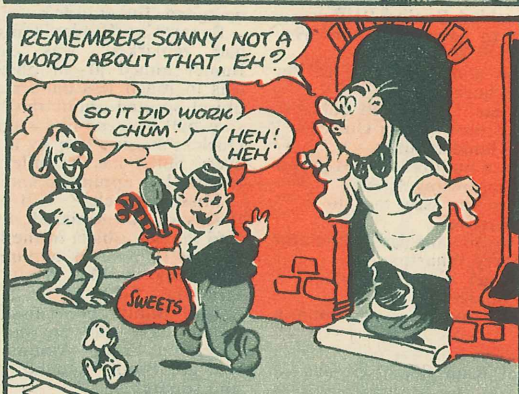
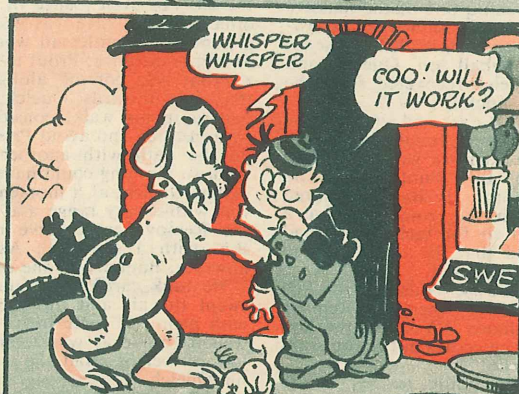
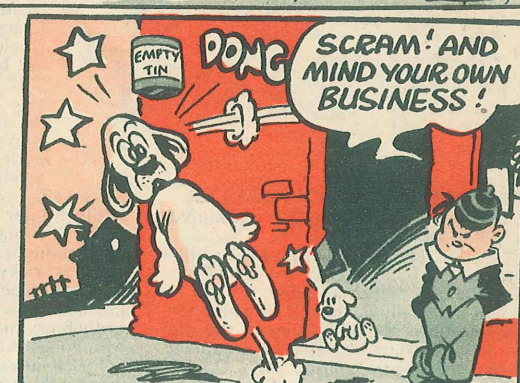
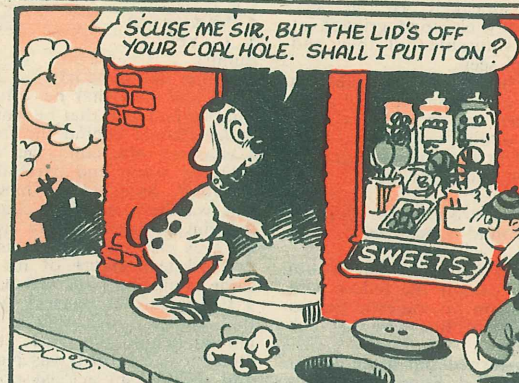
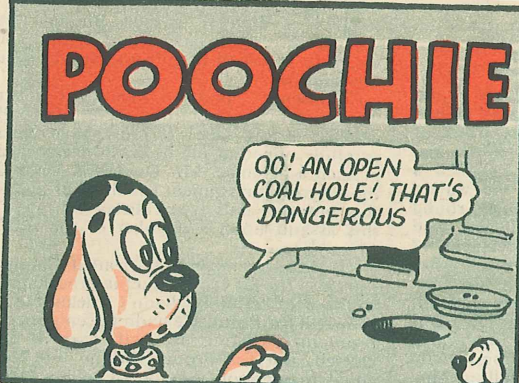
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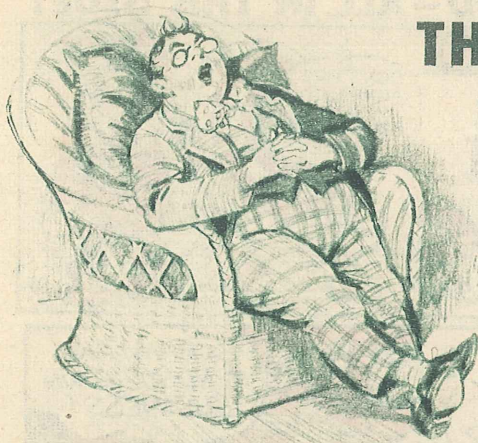
EVERY THURSDAY

DON'T FIRE AGAIN UNTIL I'M SAFE IN FRONT OF THE TARGET!

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# THE AIM OF BILLY BUNTER!

A Smashing Story of the Chums of Greyfriars

BY FRANK RICHARDS

**B**ILLY BUNTER'S fat brow wore a frown in third school that morning. Billy Bunter was indignant, and he was wrathful. Bunter had a hundred lines simply because he had squeaked "He, he, he!" Everybody else had grinned at Quelch's tumble but they had not been seen.

If it had been practicable to give Quelch "one for his nob" in return for those lines Billy Bunter undoubtedly would have jumped at the chance. Suppose a fellow could get Quelch with

a snowball— Billy Bunter's little round eyes gleamed behind his big round spectacles at that happy thought.

It was risky, of course. What would happen if Quelch caught the fellow who landed a snowball on his majestic person hardly bore thinking of. But there was such a thing as strategy.

Quelch always turned out after dinner for a walk in the quad. Suppose a fellow parked himself behind one of the massive old elms and waited for him with a snowball all ready in a fat hand? Suppose he landed that snowball on Quelch and bolted before Quelch recovered from the surprise and the shock?

Bunter thought it over and the more he thought it over the more feasible it seemed. By the time the Remove were dismissed after third school, Billy Bunter's fat mind was quite made up. He had a hundred lines—and Quelch was going to have a snowball. It was tit for tat! Quelch had asked for it, and that for which he had asked he was going to get.

"I say, you fellows," Bunter squeaked to the Famous Five when the Remove came out after dinner. "You keep an eye on Quelch when he comes out if you want a laugh! He, he, he!"

"Eh? Anything going to happen to Quelch?" asked Bob.

"Sort of," chuckled Bunter. "I fancy a snowball's going to happen to him! He, he, he!"

Harry Wharton and Co. gazed at the fat Owl almost in horror.

"You frabjous ass!" exclaimed Bob. "If you're thinking of snowballing Quelch—"

"He gave me a hundred lines—"

"He'll give you a hundred whops if you snowball him, you howling ass."

"Think I'd let him see me do it?" grinned Bunter derisively.

"Is he going to shut his eyes while you do it?" asked Harry Wharton.

"I'm going to get him from behind a tree!" chuckled Bunter.

"Better forget it, you ass," said Johnny Bull.

"I'll watch it!"

Hurree Jamsset Ram Singh grinned, a dusky grin.

"The esteemed Quelch will not be in much danger," he remarked. "Bunter always misses!"

"Yah!" was Billy Bunter's elegant rejoinder to that. Bunter, at least, had no doubt about his marksmanship.

"Now look here, fathead!" said Harry Wharton.

"Yah!" repeated Bunter and he rolled away to make his preparations for ambushing Quelch. Good advice was wasted on William George Bunter. The fat Owl was going to snowball Quelch, and that was that! No more snow was falling, but there was still plenty about, and Quelch was going to get the benefit of one good solid snowball, kneaded in Bunter's fat hands.

"The silly ass!" grunted Johnny Bull.

"It's about as safe to rag Quelch today as to twist a tiger's tail."

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Here he comes," murmured Bob Cherry.

Mr. Quelch came out of the House for his after-dinner walk in the fresh invigorating winter air. Prout was already out, and Quelch passed within a couple of yards of him. Harry Wharton and Co. were careful not to smile as the two masters encountered. Quelch's gimlet eyes fixed on Prout with an inimical glint in them and a frown corrugated his brow.

Prout gave a shrug of his plump shoulders. Evidently Quelch had not forgotten the incident of the morning and was still

ireful on the subject, while Prout resented what he considered an unfounded complaint against a member of his form. They passed one another with a steely glance and no other sign; and carefully ignored one another while both walked in the quad.

**CRASH!**  
Yell!  
Bump!

Bunter had done it! He had said that he would do it and what he had said that he would do he had done! Parked behind the frosty trunk of a massive old elm, the fat Owl had gathered snow and carefully kneaded a snowball. Snowball in hand, he waited and watched, blinking cautiously round the elm through his big spectacles. And his eyes gleamed behind his spectacles as the tall lean figure of his form master came along the path and passed the tree.

It was safe as houses! Quelch had not the remotest idea that a fat Owl was parked behind that tree; still less that a member of his form was planning so wild and reckless an act as snowballing him. He did not even glance in Billy Bunter's direction at all. He was glancing towards a ponderous gentleman who was walking at a little distance: Prout to wit.

Prout was coming along the path by the elms towards Quelch; and Quelch paused in his walk, considering whether to turn aside and avoid Prout or pass him on the path with another of his steely glances. Nothing could have suited Bunter better. Quelch, at a momentary standstill, was within easy range and few fellows in the Remove could have missed such a shot with a snowball. As it happened, however, Bunter was one of the few!

He took careful aim and his fat hand swept the air and the snowball whizzed with plenty of force in it. Bunter put his weight into that whizz, and Bunter had lots of weight. Had the snowball landed on Quelch as per programme, probably the Remove master would have been up-ended. But it didn't.

Bunter, as Hurree Jamsset Ram Singh had remarked, was cack-handed. If Bunter aimed at an object, that object was in much less danger than any other object spotted about the landscape. That snowball whizzed like a bullet and passed Quelch, missing him by a good yard. But every bullet has its billet, and the same natural law applies to snowballs.

Missing Quelch, with a good margin, that snowball whizzed onward to crash into the first object in the line of fire.

That object was a plump countenance belonging to Mr. Prout, master of the Greyfriars Fifth.

Had Bunter been aiming at Prout he might have hit anything or anybody excepting Prout. Aiming at Quelch, he had got Prout—and he had got him fair and square!

The crash of the snowball on Prout's plump and majestic features was followed by a wild yell from the surprised master of the Fifth. The yell was followed by a bump, as Prout, staggering and losing his balance, sat heavily in the snow.

"Bless my soul!" ejaculated Mr. Quelch. "BUNTER!"

Alas for Bunter!

Possibly, had Quelch been up-ended by that missile, Bunter might have had time to disappear as scheduled before a gimlet eye fell on him. But it had up-ended Prout and the gimlet eye shot round in the direction whence the snowball had come, and spotted Bunter.

"Bunter!"

"Oh, crikey!" gasped Bunter.

He had missed Quelch. Really, that was all to the good, as Quelch had spotted him. But he had floored Prout! Prout was sprawling on his plump back, grunting and spluttering like a grampus. Billy Bunter's fat knees knocked together in terror.

"Bunter! Come here! How dare you, Bunter?" exclaimed Mr. Quelch.

"I—I—I didn't!" gasped Bunter. "I—I wasn't—I—I mean, I—I never—oh, lor! I—I—I never meant—oh, crikey—"

Mr. Prout scrambled up. He spluttered for breath and his face was crimson. Quelch had looked wrathful when he picked himself up after Coker's crash in the morning. But Quelch's wrath, to Prout's,

was as moonlight unto sunlight, as water unto wine. Prout was almost gibbering.

"Boy! Bunter! Young ruffian—snowball—upon my word—I—I—I—I will—" Prout almost choked as he rolled Bunterwards, extending a clutching hand.

Mr. Quelch interposed. "This boy is in my form, Mr. Prout. It is for me to deal with him, if you please," snapped Mr. Quelch.

Prout halted—foaming! "Was it not this boy who hurled the missile that knocked me over, sir?" he bawled.

"It was!" said Mr. Quelch, "but Bunter states that he never meant—"

"Nonsense!" roared Prout.

"I—I—I didn't!" gasped Bunter. "It was an—an—an accident, sir! I—I never meant to snowball Mr. Prout, sir—I never saw him, sir—"

"Nonsense!" boomed Prout. "The act was deliberate—intentional! The snowball crashed in my face! It must have been carefully aimed at me to crash in my face at such a distance. Mr. Quelch, I demand the severest punishment for this outrage—this outrage—this unparalleled outrage—this assault upon a member of the staff, sir—"

"I—I never meant!" wailed Bunter. For once the fat Owl was telling the simple truth. He certainly hadn't meant that snowball for Prout. He hadn't even noticed Prout in the offing. He had meant it for Quelch, not for Prout! But he was not going to mention that detail to his form master. Bunter was not a bright youth, but he was bright enough to keep that dark! "I never meant to hit Mr. Prout, sir—never—I—I just chucked the snowball, sir, and—never meant—"

"Nonsense!" roared Prout. "Mr. Quelch, since this boy is in your form, I demand the most severe punishment—"

Mr. Quelch smiled rather sarcastically. "Nothing of the kind, sir!" he answered.

"What—what?"

"Bunter assures me that it was an accident," said Mr. Quelch calmly. "I accept his statement. Accidents will happen, sir, as you remarked this morning! I cannot punish a boy in my form for an accident, Mr. Prout."

"I have been knocked over by a snowball!" bawled Mr. Prout.

"Accidents will happen, sir—"

"Mr. Quelch!"

"Mr. Prout!"

"Pah!" snorted Prout and he wheeled round and rolled away dabbing at his plump face with a handkerchief.

Quelch stood there smiling at the plump back of Mr. Prout. He was very pleased with himself. In fact, he wouldn't have missed this delightful happening for worlds. To see Mr. Prout stopping a snowball with his face filled him with great glee.

Mr. Quelch was not naturally spiteful, but after the way Mr. Prout had insisted that accidents could not be helped and did not call for punishment, this second accident seemed like justice.

Quelch suddenly remembered that Billy Bunter stood close by, looking glum and fearful. Quelch smiled upon the fat junior—and that puzzled Billy more than ever.

"Bunter," said Mr. Quelch. "Have you done those lines I gave you for laughing at a certain—ahem—accident?"

Billy Bunter swallowed hard, gulped and gasped.

"P—please, sir," he said. "N—no, sir! N—not yet! And I never laughed, sir—not at you getting knocked over by that beast, Coker—I mean—it was funny—but I n—never laughed—"

"Ahem—under the circumstances, Bunter," said Quelch, "you need not do those lines. You may go! Be more careful, in future, in throwing snowballs about."

"Oh! Yes, sir!" gasped Bunter, hardly believing in his good luck. He rolled away in haste and as he rolled a sound like cracking nuts reached his fat ears. Quelch was chuckling.

Quelch was in quite a good humour in the form room that afternoon. That accident to Prout seemed to have done him good. Certainly, he never dreamed how narrow an escape he had had, or for whom that accidental snowball had been intended. And Billy Bunter was not likely to try it on again. His form master was safe from Bunter the snowballer!

Lucky Billy Bunter! Don't miss the fun in next week's smashing Greyfriars story.

You like Frank Richard's Greyfriars stories! You will like his latest book—"JACK OF ALL TRADES", published by Mandeville Publications, price 7s. 6d. It is an exciting story of a happy-go-lucky lad's adventures in many lands.

## BUNTER THE SNOWBALLER

**L**ISTEN to the band!" murmured Bob Cherry. "He, he, he!" squeaked Billy Bunter.

And the other fellows smiled. It was not really a "band" to which the Remove fellows were listening in the old quad at Greyfriars. It was an argument between their form master Mr. Quelch and Prout, the master of the Fifth.

Quelch, his gimlet eyes glinting, looked wrathful, and his sharp voice was a little raised. Prout, plump and ponderous, boomed. Both masters were speaking at once.

The Greyfriars quad, in the wintry sun, was gleaming like a white carpet. The December wind from the sea had brought a flurry of snow, and Harry Wharton and Co. had been improving the shining hour by snowballing Coker of the Fifth.

Horace Coker, dodging whizzing snowballs, had slipped in the snow and crashed into Mr. Quelch as he came out of the house. Coker was a heavyweight, and Quelch had fairly spun under the crash. Snowballing ceased instantly as the Remove fellows gazed at their form master sitting in the snow. By the time Quelch had scrambled up, red with wrath, Coker had disappeared from the scene and the juniors had backed to a respectful distance. Prout had rolled up to give Quelch a hand to rise. He found Quelch in a very bad temper.

"That utterly clumsy, stupid, insensate boy Coker—" Mr. Quelch was saying, almost in his top note.

"An accident, sir!" boomed Prout. "I saw the whole occurrence! Coker slipped."

"Such accidents, sir, if it was an accident, ought not to occur!" rapped Mr. Quelch. "Neither am I satisfied that it was an accident! Coker, I suppose, has eyes in his head! He should have seen me, sir, when he was rushing about like an insane elephant, sir, and then he would not have crashed into me when he slipped—if he did slip! Such an occurrence, sir, calls for punishment—severe punishment."

"I do not agree, Mr. Quelch—"

"If this incident, sir, which amounts to an assault upon a member of the staff, is to be passed over—"

"An accident, sir—accidents will happen," boomed Prout.

"Pah!" snapped Mr. Quelch.

There was a clang of a bell for third school. Perhaps it was fortunate that the bell went just then. An excited argument between two masters in full view of dozens of Greyfriars fellows was really quite unseemly.

However, at the clang of the bell the argument ceased. Before Mr. Prout could think of an adequate reply to Quelch's "Pah!" the bell interrupted. Prout rolled away to his form room and Quelch dusted snow from his gown before following his example.

"He, he, he!"

It was rather unfortunate for Billy Bunter that his fat giggles reached his form master's ears.

"Bunter!"

"Oh!" gasped Bunter. "I—I wasn't laughing, sir—I—I didn't think you looked funny when you went over, sir—not at all, sir—I—I wasn't laughing, sir, I—I—I was sneezing, sir—"

"Take a hundred lines, Bunter."

"Oh, lor!"

Quelch's eye glinted over other faces. But every other face was solemn. Nobody was going to laugh under that gimlet eye. Harry Wharton and Co. looked as serious as owls till Mr. Quelch went into the House. After which, they chuckled.

# JIMMY'S MAGIC CAT!

A Super Story of Fun and Thrills

BY GEORGE E. ROCHESTER



## A PRESENT FROM TUTTY

"UNCLE, do you think I can have a pair of football boots?" asked Jimmy Watson.

His uncle, Jaspas Grabb the ironmonger, was standing behind the counter of his shop. He was a bad-tempered man and he fairly glowered at Jimmy, who had just come in from afternoon school with his sister June.

"Can you have a what?" he demanded. "A pair of football boots, please, uncle?" repeated Jimmy.

"Jimmy's been picked to play for the school team to-morrow," explained June proudly. "But he hasn't any football boots. So you will buy him a pair, won't you, uncle?"

"No, I will not!" roared their uncle. "A pair of football boots, indeed? Here's me slaying me fingers to the bone to keep the pair of ye and now ye've got the cheek to stand there and ask me to buy football boots. What next, I wonder?"

Jimmy's and June's parents were dead, which is why they lived with Jaspas Grabb. But far from slaving his fingers to the bone for them, the bad-tempered ironmonger was so mean and greedy that he never gave them so much as a ha'penny to spend on themselves and he was always making them work and run errands.

"Oh, but, uncle, Jimmy's got to have some boots to play football," pleaded June. "He's been picked for the team and the match is tomorrow afternoon—"

"I don't care if he's been picked for twenty teams!" shouted Jaspas Grabb, his spiteful face twisted with rage. "And to-morrow afternoon is Saturday, so he's not going to play football. I've got lots of errands for him and you to run and I'm not going to have him wasting his time playing silly football."

"But he's been picked for the school," began June again.

"I don't care if he's been picked for England, he's not going to play!" yelled their uncle. "Now don't let me hear no more about it, else I'll take me belt to the pair o' ye. Get yourselves upstairs and get me tea ready and be quick about it!"

Seeing there was nothing else for it, Jimmy and June went sadly upstairs to the living rooms above the shop.

"I knew he wouldn't let me have any boots," said Jimmy unhappily, "and now he's stopped me from playing altogether."

They went into the living room where Tutty, the cat, was sitting in front of the fire.

"What's the matter with that old misery of an uncle of yours?" enquired Tutty in a human voice. "I was having such a nice snooze on the hearthrug here when he woke me up bawling and shouting downstairs in his shop. What's upset him now?"

"Jimmy wants some football boots," said June and went on to explain what it was all about.

TUTTY listened with the greatest of interest, for he was no ordinary cat. He was really an Egyptian Prince and he came from a long line of Wizard Princes. But he had been changed into a cat by an old wizard named Ur-huh, who was jealous of him, because Tutty could do any amount of magic himself. And a cat poor Tutty was doomed to remain until he could find a certain mummified Egyptian beetle called the Sacred Scarab of Shendi.

This Scarab was the only thing in the world which possessed the magic powers that would change Tutty from a cat back to his proper self again. But it was lost and Tutty had searched everywhere for it. He was still searching and, while doing so, he was staying with Jimmy and June, who

had befriended him.

Nor was Tutty his real name. He had a whole string of names, all of them very long and very difficult to pronounce. But one of them was Tut-u-kamen, so he was called Tut-tut for short and Tutty for shortest.

"What I can't understand," he said when June had finished explaining about the football boots, "is why Jimmy didn't come and ask me for a pair instead of asking that miserable old skinflint. I could easily give him a pair of jolly good football boots by means of my magic. And," added he, "it will give me very great pleasure indeed to present Jimmy with a pair of football boots."

"That's very, very kind of you, Tutty," said Jimmy, "but I couldn't take them. Uncle would want to know where I had got them from and I couldn't tell him that you had given them to me, because he doesn't know you're a magic cat and can do things like that."

"No, that's quite true," grinned Tutty, sitting stroking his whiskers. "He doesn't know I'm a magic cat. Just you and June know that. All your uncle knows is that I'm a very queer cat and he would love to fling me out of the house altogether, only he daren't."

This was quite true. For, not knowing that Tutty was a magic cat, Jaspas Grabb had tried to fling him out into the street the very first night that Jimmy and June had brought him home with them. But such awful things had happened to Jaspas Grabb that night that, although he couldn't

with excitement, Jimmy snatched up the football boots. And what a marvellous pair they were. They were strong but light and made of the very finest leather and, even as he looked at them, Jimmy knew that he could play some grand games in them.

"Are they really mine?" he asked, as though he couldn't believe it.

"Yes, they're really yours, Jimmy," said Tutty. "And you deserve them. I'll never forget how kind you and June have been to me and I'll always do anything I can for you."

He broke off as he heard a heavy tread coming up the stairs from the shop. Next moment the door was flung open and Jaspas Grabb walked into the room.

"Is the tea ready yet?" cried the ironmonger angrily. "It should be. You've had plenty of time to get it ready. . . ."

Abruptly he broke off and stood glaring at the new pair of football boots which Jimmy was still holding.

"What the—where the—where did you get them boots from, you brat?" he roared, striding swiftly forward and snatching them from Jimmy's hands. "Come on, answer me, will you? Where did you get them from?"

"A—A friend of mine gave them to me, please, uncle," faltered Jimmy.

"What friend?" shouted Jaspas Grabb. Jimmy was silent and Jaspas Grabb caught him a cruel cuff across the ear which sent him staggering.

"What friend gave them to you?" he shouted. "Was it somebody at school?"



Jaspas Grabb didn't want to kick Colonel Chutney—but he did!

swear that Tutty was to blame, he thought he might be and it had frightened him very much indeed.

"Well, now, about these football boots," went on Tutty to Jimmy, as June started to get the tea ready. "I'm going to give you a pair and if your uncle wants to know where you got them you can tell him they were given to you by a friend. And that will be quite true, because I am your friend."

"Yes, I know you are, Tutty," said Jimmy gratefully. "But uncle will be sure to ask me the name of the friend."

"Yes, I suppose he will," agreed Tutty. "Well, then, I'll tell you what. Can you leave the boots at school and only use them while you're there?"

"That's an idea!" put in June, who was laying the table. "You could do that all right, Jimmy. But even if he has some football boots for tomorrow, Tutty," she went on, "it's not going to help him much, because uncle says he is not to play football tomorrow. We've got to run errands, Jimmy and I."

"Rubbish!" cried Tutty. "You're not going to run errands. I'll fix that for you, don't you worry. Jimmy's going to play football and now I'll let him see his new football boots."

He made a queer movement with his right front paw. As he did so, an astonishing thing happened. For there on a chair, right in front of Jimmy, were a pair of brand-new football boots.

His eyes shining and his fingers trembling

"No, it wasn't," said Jimmy.

"No, and I'll bet it wasn't!" cried Jaspas Grabb. "You haven't got a friend that would be so daft as to give you a fine, expensive pair of boots like this. I know where you've got 'em from, you thieving little varmint. You've stole 'em!"

"No, he hasn't!" cried June hotly. "How dare you say such a thing? Jimmy's not a thief!"

"How do I know he isn't?" sneered Jaspas Grabb. "No friend of his ever gave him a pair of boots like this. And him having the impudence to come and ask me to buy him a pair when he must have had these hidden away somewhere all the time. By jingo! I'll tan the hide right off'n his miserable little body for him, that's what I'll do!"

June looked at Tutty. But Tutty was sitting on the hearth-rug calmly washing himself and seeming to be taking no notice whatsoever of the row which was going on.

Meanwhile, as he examined the boots, a very crafty grin had appeared on Jaspas Grabb's mean and spiteful face.

"It's a very queer thing," he muttered, "but this very morning Alf Hopper was in me shop and he was talking about buying that lad Bert of his a pair of football boots. He! He! He! I reckon these will just about fit young Bert and I can sell 'em to Alf cheap. I'll go and see him now. I'll catch him at his tea!"

"But they're not your football boots to sell!" cried June, as Jaspas Grabb made towards the door, the boots tucked under

his bony arm. "They're Jimmy's boots!"

"Aye, and I want to know where he got 'em!" snarled Jaspas Grabb. "I reckon he stole 'em and the least said about where he got 'em the better. I'm going to sell 'em, that's what I'm going to do. And you have my tea ready for me by the time I get back, else I'll give ye a taste of the strap!"

With that he was gone, clattering away downstairs to call on Alf Hopper and sell him the football boots for young Bert Hopper.

"Listen, Tutty, you're not going to let uncle get away with that, are you?" cried June.

"Of course not," said Tutty, with a grin. "You didn't think I would, did you? Your uncle is going to be very, very sorry he ever touched those football boots."

IN blissful ignorance of this, however, Jaspas Grabb was hurrying along the street on his bony shanks. He reached Alf Hopper's house and found that gentleman sitting having his tea with Mrs. Hopper and young Bert Hopper. He explained his mission and showed Alf Hopper the boots and said he could have them cheap.

"Aye, they're a very good pair," said Alf Hopper, examining them. "Where did you get them?"

"A gent gave them to my nephew Jimmy, but Jimmy doesn't want them," said Jaspas Grabb. "They don't fit him."

"Righto, try them on, Bert," said Mr. Hopper, handing the boots to his son.

Bert Hopper, a bullet-headed, tough-looking youth, tried the boots on. But no sooner had he got them on and tied the laces than he rushed at Jaspas Grabb and started kicking him fiercely on his bony shins.

"Ow-ww—stoppit—have you gone mad?" yelled Jaspas Grabb, leaping frantically about to avoid the savage kicks. "Stoppit, d you hear—Ow-ww!"

"Yes, stop it, Bert!" roared Alf Hopper, grabbing hold of his son. "What's the idea?"

"I can't help it!" shouted Bert. "It's the boots. There's something the matter with them."

"I knew there must be summat wrong with the boots, if you brought 'em here to sell cheap!" cried Alf Hopper furiously. "Take 'em off, Bert, lad, and Jaspas Grabb can take 'em away with him and the quicker the better."

Bert got the boots off but no sooner had he done so than another most astonishing thing happened. For Jaspas Grabb's boots flew off and the bewitched football boots flew onto his feet.

Next instant he leapt down from the chair on which he was perched.

"What d'you think you're doin'?" screamed Mr. Hopper, rushing at him.

But Jaspas Grabb was already fleeing madly from the house, borne along by the bewitched football boots. Out in the street, with the raging Hopper family in hot pursuit of him, he kicked first an old lady, then an errand boy, then fierce-tempered Colonel Chutney, who was taking a stroll, and lastly a big, burly policeman.

He didn't kick these unfortunate folk because he wanted to. He didn't want to. It was the football boots which were doing the kicking. But, of course, when he kicked the big, fat bobby that was the end for the wretched, terrified Jaspas Grabb.

"Come on along with me!" roared the bobby, grabbing him by the scruff of the neck. "Assaulting the police, that's wot you're going. You'll get seven days for this!"

Jaspas Grabb didn't get seven days. He got fined five pounds instead and it nearly broke his miserly heart to have to part with the money.

But he had got such a fright that for days he crept about in fear and trembling. And one reason why he was so frightened was because June said to him when he got home from the police station that night:

"You know, uncle, Tutty was watching you when you took Jimmy's football boots. I'm not saying that Tutty had anything to do with what happened to you, but I do think he's a very queer cat, don't you?"

"Yes, I do!" groaned Jaspas Grabb. "He is a queer cat!"

And he was so frightened that, there and then, he handed Jimmy back his football boots and told him that he could play football the next afternoon instead of running errands.

"Oh, look, doesn't Tutty look pleased?" cried June mischievously.

"If ever I've seen a cat grin, that cat's grinning now," said Jaspas Grabb.

Tutty looked at Jimmy and winked. There'll be more fun and thrills with Jimmy, June and Tutty in next week's COMET.

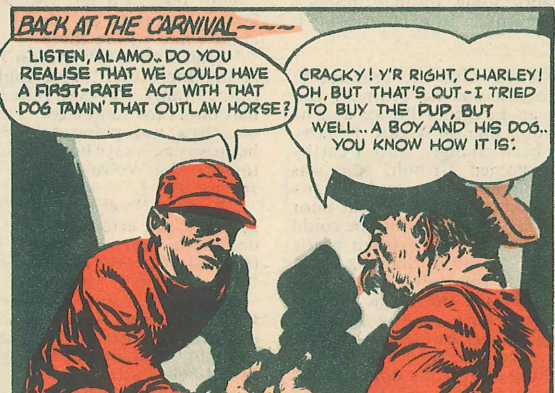
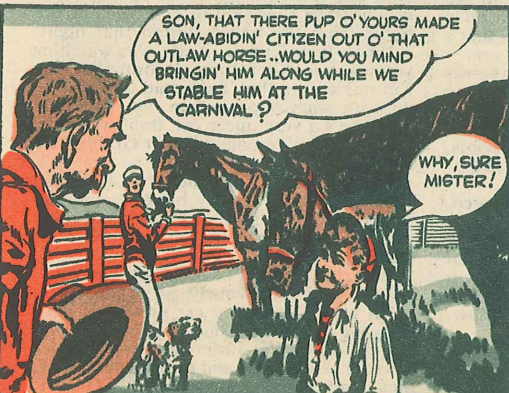
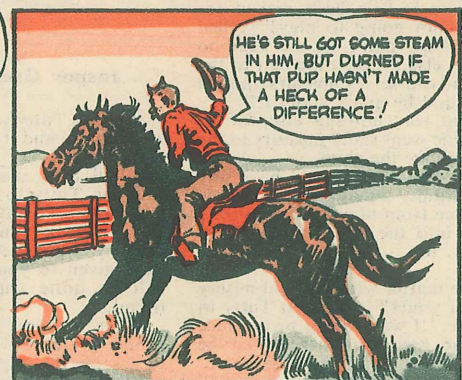
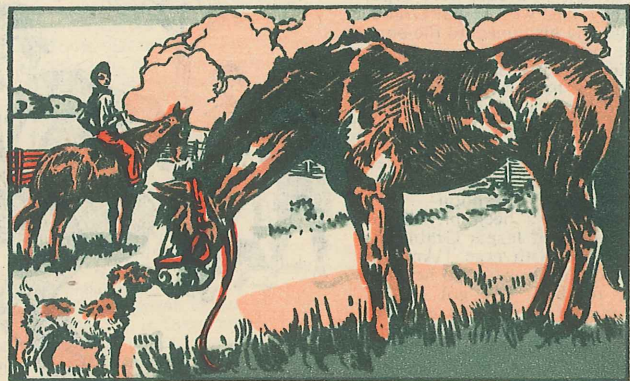
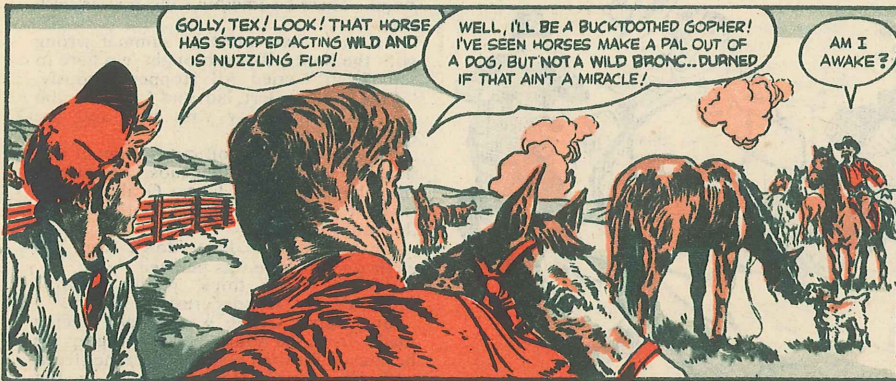
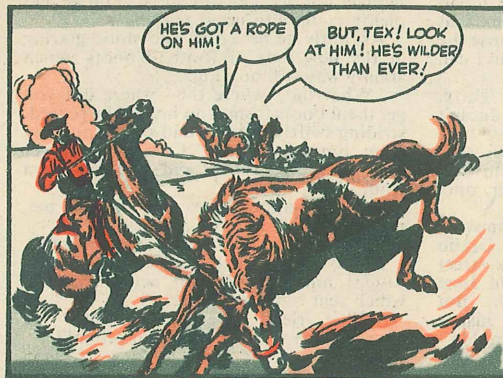
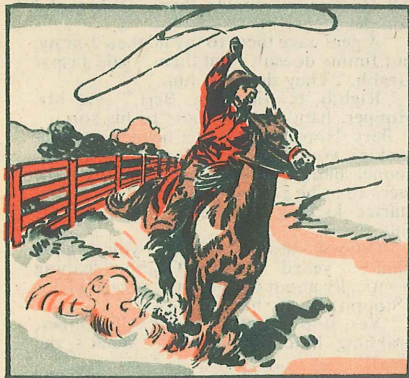


# RUSTY RILEY

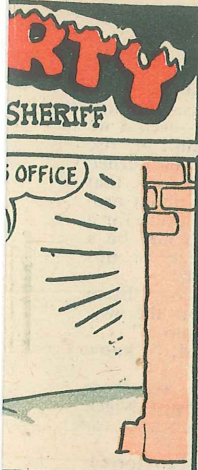


## SHOOTING DEPUTY

Rusty Riley, a British orphan, lives on an American ranch owned by Quentin Miles, who has adopted him. Rusty chums up with Patty, the daughter of Quentin Miles. He has a dog—Flip—and a horse—Hillbilly. Mr. Quentin gives permission for a Carnival to be set up in one of his fields, and they have in the outfit, a bad-tempered, savage horse called Satan, that nobody can tame. Satan gets loose in a field among Mr. Miles's horses and Rusty and Patty go with Tex Purdy, Mr. Miles's trainer, to try and catch him. It is a dangerous job.



Will anything happen to Flip? More of this super story in next week's COMET

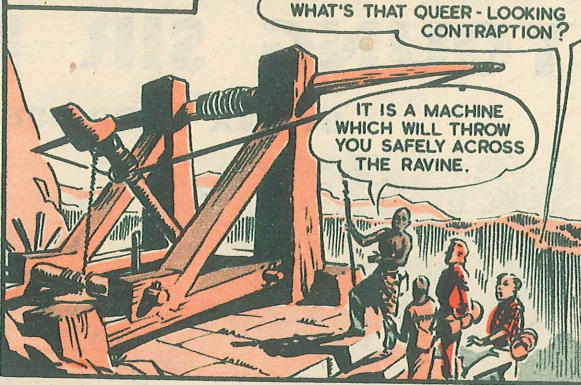


# Kit Carson and the GOLDEN ARROW



Kit Carson and Johnny Scott, are helping White Dove, to find a treasure belonging to her tribe. The secret is in the symbols carved on the head of a Golden Arrow. They are pursued by Hawkeye. The trail brings them to a strange lost city. They meet the Keeper of the Temple. Hawkeye appears and forces Kit to give him the Golden Arrow. But Kit and his friends know the treasure is in the Mountains of Fire. The friendly priest guides them, but they come to a chasm and there seems no way across.

THE HIGH PRIEST LED THE TRAVELLERS ROUND A BEND IN THE TRAIL.



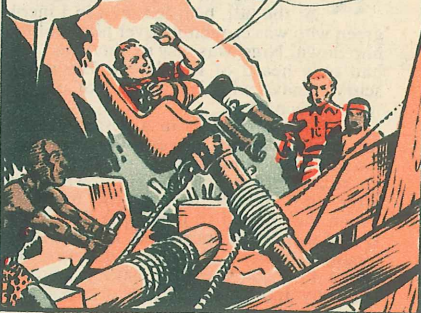
WHAT'S THAT QUEER-LOOKING CONTRAPTION?

IT IS A MACHINE WHICH WILL THROW YOU SAFELY ACROSS THE RAVINE.

JOHNNY CLIMBED FIRST INTO THE SEAT OF THE MACHINE.

YOU MUST TRUST ME, MY YOUNG FRIEND.

I'M READY FIRE AWAY!



HO! OUR XMAS PUD!



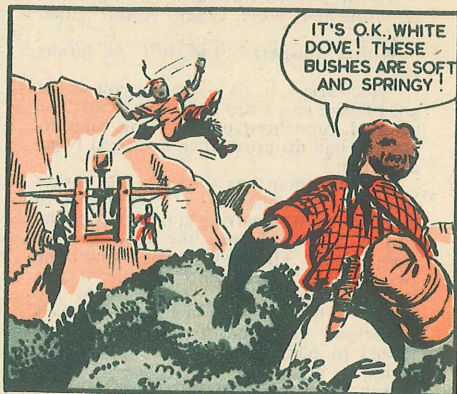
THE HIGH PRIEST RELEASED A LEVER AND JOHNNY WAS FLUNG OUT OVER THE MIGHTY CHASM.



HE LANDED IN A CLUMP OF BUSHES ON THE OTHER SIDE.



GOOD JOB THESE BUSHES ARE SOFT!



IT'S O.K., WHITE DOVE! THESE BUSHES ARE SOFT AND SPRINGY!

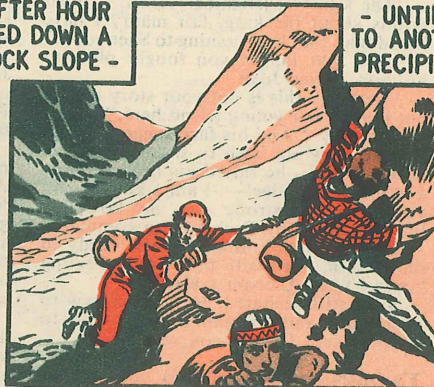
O.K. STICK 'EM UP!



KIT CARSON FOLLOWED, AND THEY PAUSED TO WAVE GOOD-BYE TO THEIR FRIEND BEFORE TAKING THE TRAIL TO THE MOUNTAINS OF FIRE.



FOR HOUR AFTER HOUR THEY CLIMBED DOWN A SLIPPERY ROCK SLOPE -



- UNTIL THEY CAME TO ANOTHER DIZZY PRECIPICE.



PHEW! WHAT A DROP!

THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY DOWN - BY THAT ROPE STAIRCASE.

DROP THAT XMAS PUDDING - PRONTO!



KIT CARSON LED THE WAY DOWN THE SHEER FACE OF THE CLIFF.



SUDDENLY, AS JOHNNY FOLLOWED HIS FRIENDS, THE ROPE, FRAYED AND WEAKENED BY THE WEATHER, SNAPPED UNDER HIS WEIGHT.



WHITE DOVE TRIED VAINLY TO SAVE JOHNNY, BUT HE HURTLED PAST HER, FALLING LIKE A STONE.



# YOUNG SIR NIGEL

BY REX HARDINGE

## AT THE FAIR!

**ROBIN HOOD!**  
Young Sir Nigel Wayne stared at the tall, bearded man in Lincoln green who was crouching over him, holding him down. Nigel was new to Sherwood, and had only heard of this Robin Hood as a scurvy knave who led a band of outlaws in the greenwood.

He felt that he was in a desperate trap, for riding straight towards where he lay hidden in the bushes were men led by his guardian, Sir Roger Moxton, who were after him because he was the bait with which they hoped to lure King Richard to Dale Castle to be murdered. But Nigel had overheard them plotting, and was now trying to reach the king with a warning, aided by Joan, the niece of a woodman, who had helped him escape from the castle.

All this flashed through Nigel's mind as he crouched there. Then Robin Hood moved.

With a whispered "Lie still!" he sprang up.

"Ho, varlets, if 'tis a-hunting you would go, I'll give you a run for your money!" he shouted, snatching up the long quarter-staff he had dropped when he seized Nigel and Joan.

One horseman was almost at the bushes where they lay, but Robin Hood jumped to meet him. With unerring aim he pushed the end of the staff into the loop on the elaborate bit. Then, with great strength, he twisted the horse round so that it was heading another way. Out flashed the staff—"Whack!" it rapped on the horse's haunches, and the frightened animal bolted in panic, with the rider clinging round its neck.

But others, including Sir Roger himself, heard the commotion and turned back. They shouted as they recognised the tall, calm figure in Lincoln green, and their swords flashed. But Robin Hood laughed gaily, standing there to meet their charge, armed only with his staff. But that staff moved so fast that the watching Nigel couldn't keep track of it.

The riders found it impossible to use their swords and cope with their horses. They had to clutch with both hands at the reins, while the horses reared and cavorted, with the outlaw, like some huge green fly whirling round at astonishing speed, poking and whacking, dodging the flailing hooves and the few wild sword-thrusts.

"Clang!" A knight received the full weight of the staff across his armoured back. Then another—Sir Roger—roared with rage and pain, for that deadly pole found a gap in his plating and poked him fiercely in the ribs. By sheer speed Robin Hood had men and horses so dazed that they turned to bolt.

Then Nigel gasped, for the man in green slipped on a stone. Just for a moment he was down; but it seemed that that moment was going to be fatal, for Sir Roger had got his horse under control. The knight spun round and rode straight at the outlaw, sword raised for the death blow.

But Nigel sprang up.  
"Ho, Sir Roger!" he shouted. "Methinks 'tis me you are after!"

The wild words worked. They so startled the knight that they made him turned his head, and with all his force Nigel threw a stone straight at the dark, glowering face that was now exposed.

His aim was deadly. The jagged lump of rock hit Sir Roger on the head, caught him off balance and sent him crashing from the saddle.

"Nobly done, lad!" Robin Hood bounded across and grabbed Nigel's arm. "But run!"

He reached for Joan's hand and ran with them into the forest, pulling them along at such a speed that they had no breath left to talk and could only sink gasping to the ground when at last he



stopped.

The outlaw smiled at Nigel gravely and said, "Well, young Sir Knight, good morrow to you. May I present myself?—Robin Hood, always at your service, for you saved my life."

"Nigel," cried Joan, "this is indeed a lucky meeting, for if anybody can aid you to save the king, bold Robin Hood can!"

"The king!" exclaimed Robin. "What is this about the king, fair maid? I have heard tales that he is coming to Sherwood."

"And that knight you fought plots to kill him," cried Joan.

"Methinks this is not your story to tell, but that of our young friend here," Robin said gravely. "And his face suggests to me that he does not wish to share it with an outlaw. But"—he raised his head proudly and looked at Nigel—"I am a king's man, young sir. My strong arm, my bow, my life—all are King Richard's to command. And I have many followers also ready to die for him, men with bold hearts beating beneath their Lincoln green."

Nigel still hesitated. He was so new to Sherwood, and he didn't know who to trust—except Joan of course.

**ROBIN** suddenly put his horn to his lips and sent a strange wild call swirling through the trees. It was answered instantly, first from one side, then from another, call after call, some far away, some quite near, and Nigel stared in amazement as men began to appear. They dropped out of the trees. They came loping down the forest paths. They almost seemed to come out of the ground. And a wilder looking crew he had never seen—stalwart bowmen, bearded and fierce, all in Lincoln green, except for a gay figure in brilliant scarlet, and a fat friar, who had his cassock tucked up and ran as fleetly as any of them.

At a signal from Robin Hood they halted in a great half-circle around the oak, with the exception of the friar, the gay lad in scarlet, and a giant—quite the biggest man Nigel had ever seen—who swaggered up to join their leader.

"Ho, my merry men, meet Sir Nigel Wayne and the fair maid Joan," said Robin and went on to describe the encounter with Sir Roger Moxton's men on the woodland path.

"To this young knight I owe my life," he went on; "and you all know what that means—we serve him to the death! Is that not so?"

"Aye!" came the reply in a great roar.

"And what do we do to the king's enemies?" demanded Robin.

"Destroy them!" roared the huge Little John, raising a clenched fist as big as a leg of mutton.

"Even so," added Will Scarlet, with another wide grin. "There are two possessions of the king's that we fain would hunt always—his enemies and his deer! For killing the former we are praised—for killing the latter we are hanged—if caught!"

While everybody laughed Nigel found Joan whispering in his ear, but it wasn't necessary for her to tell him he could trust Robin Hood. Something about these men had already won him over completely.

He quickly told how, when his father and mother both were lost in a shipwreck on the way back from the Crusades, Sir Roger Moxton of Dale Castle was made his guardian. And how, since Sir Roger showed plainly that he hated him, he had tried to find out why the knight kept him almost like a prisoner at the castle, and so overheard the plot to kill the king.

"They use me as bait to lure King Richard to Dale Castle, for my father was one of his favourite knights, and he has said he will visit there to see me," he explained. "And it is then, when they have him in the castle, that they will kill him. The king must be warned. That is why I have run away from Dale. Joan and I were on our way to Nottingham to find out where the king is, so that I can go to him."

Robin Hood said nothing for a while when Nigel had finished.

"Tis no easy task that lies ahead," he said at last, "for Sir Roger Moxton is but one of many of the king's enemies who plot in these parts. The good Richard is surrounded by them, even among the company that travels with him. This warning must be spoken into the king's own ear and no other. To do that is beyond us, unless we fight our way to him, and in so doing many gallant, innocent men may die, so—"

He turned to Nigel.

"It still rests with you, lad," he said gravely. "Go seek the king, even as you planned—but take heart, for you will not be alone. I give you the solemn word of Robin of Sherwood that we shall be with you. Wherever you travel to carry your warning to the king, we shall be within call, watching, ready to spring to your aid." He took from Will Scarlet a tiny hunting

horn, and put it into Nigel's hands.  
"Blow but one blast on this," he promised, "and we shall be there—even if we are not there before you have time to raise it to your lips. And now"—he turned briskly—"you cannot travel in that knightly garb. Little John, see about providing our friend with suitable attire for a visit to Nottingham Fair. Let him be a woodcutter's son—a fit brother for this fair lass."

"And now, Nigel," he went on, "listen well, while I describe to you the way through the forest to Nottingham—"

"If it please you," Joan said, "I know well the way to Nottingham."

"But the way will be hard, and there will be many dangers," protested Nigel. "Joan, I can't let you take such risks for my sake."

"Nobody is asking you to," she retorted. "I go for the king's sake!"

Nigel flushed at the roar of laughter that rang out from the merry men as the girl tossed her head defiantly.

**JOAN** led him swiftly along little hidden paths that he would never have found. And at last they came out on a main road, and there ahead of them the great castle of Nottingham stood out on the hill above the town.

When they entered the gates and found the famous fair going strong, Nigel almost forgot his dangerous mission, for he had never been to a show like this before.

Joan had been to Nottingham Fair before, and she it was who stopped at an open space where a man was standing with a huge white horse.

"Come on, my bold lads—win a pair of silver buckles for your lady love!" the man was shouting. "Tis but a simple task, for all you needs must do is ride my gentle steed! A pair of silver buckles to he who stays on while I count up to fifty!"

They watched several grinning yokels go up to the quiet old horse and scramble on to its back, only to be thrown immediately.

"Tis a trick," whispered Nigel to Joan. Then he laughed recklessly—"Do you want a pair of silver buckles, Joan?"

"Nigel!" she gasped. "Don't be silly, I haven't any shoes—and—"

But he had already run to the man with the horse, and now he was on the animal's back. She watched fearfully, dreading to see him thrown. But, after one plunge, the horse became quite calm and let him walk it round as he liked.

"There," he said, returning and handing her the buckles the angry man had almost thrown at him. "It was easy. There was a burr under the saddle, so that when anyone sat on it, it pricked the poor nag. All I had to do was pull it out as I mounted—"

He broke off, for a hand snatched out and grasped him by the shoulder.

"Go—methought I knew that face," rasped a harsh voice, as he was spun round, and he found himself looking straight into the cruel eyes of Sir Roger Moxton!

Sir Roger uttered a startled cry as the horse he was leading suddenly reared up, dragging him with it.

"Quick, Nigel!" As Sir Roger was forced to release his hold for a moment, Joan grabbed Nigel's hand and they ran into the crowd.

"What happened?" he gasped. "What made his horse like that?"

"My new silver buckle," she panted. "It has a nice sharp pin—"

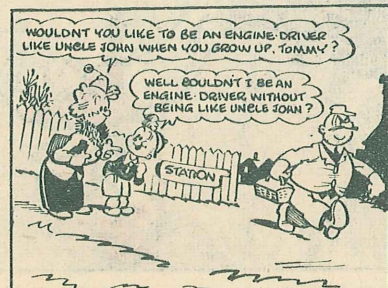
But triumph was short-lived, for they heard Sir Roger shouting—

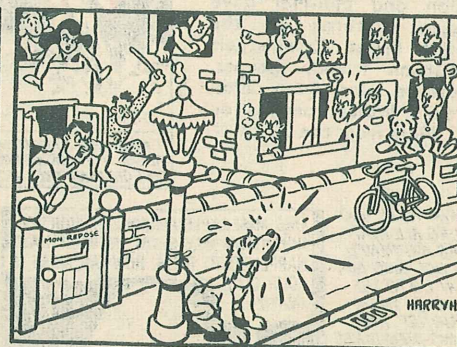
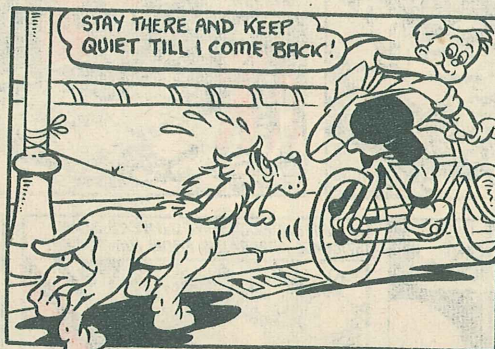
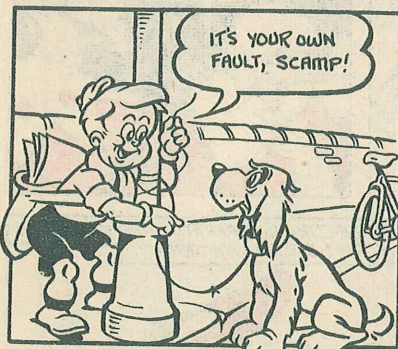
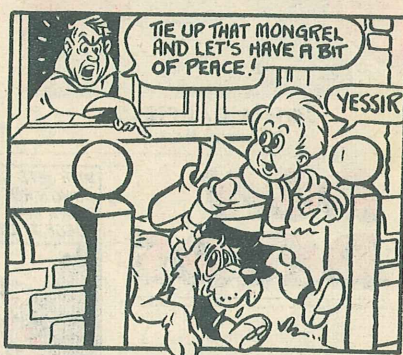
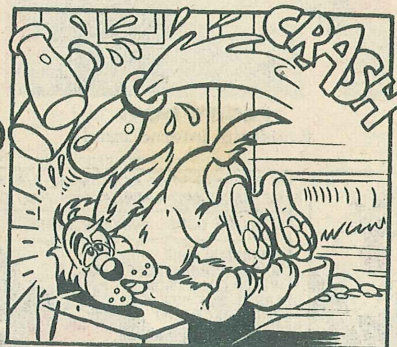
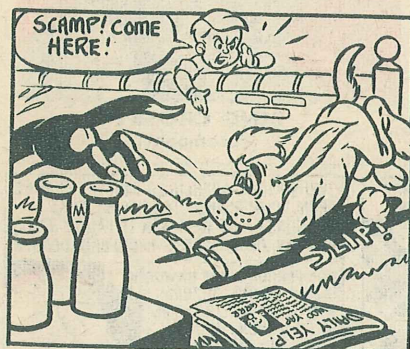
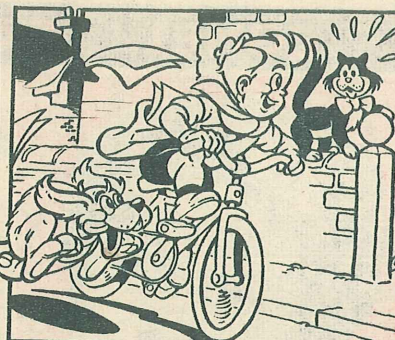
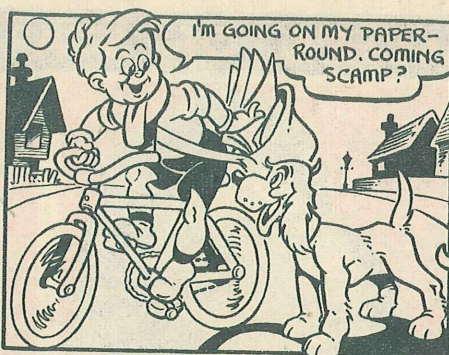
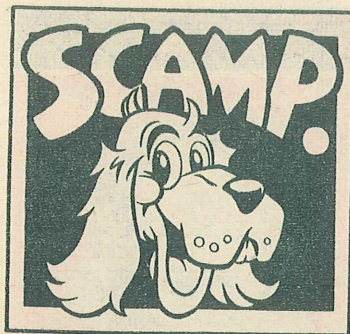
"Thief!—stop thief!—that boy and girl have stolen my purse!"

And on all sides men turned from what they were doing and ran to block the way of escape in all directions.

Can Nigel and Joan escape? Don't miss the thrills in next week's instalment of this stirring story.

## CHUCKLE CORNER





### DO YOU WANT A PEN PAL?

If so, DO NOT SEND YOUR LETTERS TO THE EDITOR, but write direct to one of the readers whose names and addresses, together with age and interests, appear below.

#### CHOOSE YOUR PEN PAL!

##### FROM THIS LIST

Eileen Roberts, 20 Wauan Goch, Nantymoel, Glam., S. Wales. Thirteen. Reading, games. Jean Arrowsmith, Fire Station Quarters, Clifford Street, York. Nine. Swimming, films. Patricia Mills, 26 Fort Street, Wallasey, Cheshire. Seventeen. Dancing, reading. Lillian Hogg, Woodbine Cottage, Frampton-on-Severn, Glos. Thirteen. Films. Elsie Pound, 186 Headgrove, Rushmore, Manchester 14. Sixteen. Tennis, films. Beulah Warner, 26 Halkin Street, Leicester. Thirteen. Films.

Eileen Whitmore, 53 Basset Road, Friar Park, Wednesbury, Staffs. Fourteen. Film stars. Gloria Fox, 12 Red House Road, Ware, Herts. Fourteen. Tennis, swimming. Mary Russel, 139 Wiskart Street, Denniston, Glasgow, E.1. Thirteen. Reading. Margaret Harvey, Low Kanachon Cottage, Argyll, Scotland. Thirteen. Reading. Fred Byrne, 247 Second Street, Trafford Park, Manchester 17. Eleven. Wrestling, swimming. Lucy Gebbie, 54 Chriss Ave., Eddlewood, Hamilton Lanarkshire, Scotland. Twelve. Reading. Jacqueline Starr, "The Ebor," The Crescent, Filey, Yorks. Thirteen. Dancing, swimming. Rita Disberry, 98 The Crescent, Harlington, Hayes, Middlesex. Twelve. Stamps, swimming. Doreen Prentice, 19 Melba Gdns., Tilbury, Essex. Thirteen. Art. Carole Lawrence, 8 Clifton Gardens, Goddard Ave., Hull. Eleven. Film stars. Pearl Myers, 20 The Ropery, Green Lane, Whitby, Yorks. Fourteen. Film stars, swimming. Mary Price, 59 Old Tiverton Road, Exeter, Devon. Thirteen. Art, swimming.

Peter Southon, 15 Upsdell Ave., Palmers Green, London, N. 13. Nine. Sport. Kay Davies, 55 Charles Street, Abestyswg, Rhymney, Monmouthshire. Fourteen. Sport. Audrey Thompson, 165a Priory Road, Hornsey, London, N.8. Thirteen. Films. Anthony Hilton, 40 Rollo Street, Battersea, London, S.W.11. Sixteen. Sport, carpentry. Eileen Hardy, Greylands Nursing Home, 91 Lansdowne Road, Bournemouth, Hants. Sixteen. Cycling, swimming, films. Harold Bennet, N.N.S. Portishead, Bristol, Somerset. Fifteen. Football, stamps. Barbara Moody, "Babsco", Victoria Road, Wilton, nr. Salisbury, Wilts. Fourteen. Sport, music, films. Thelma Vickers, 13 Roseberry Street, Bolton, Lancs. Twelve. Films. Sheila Walker,

"Laurel Villa", Fettercairn, Kincardineshire, Scotland. Fifteen. Dancing. Shirley Beal, 6 Savile Grove, Savile Town, Dewsbury, Yorks. Thirteen. Sport.

Roy Tucker, 158 Abbots Road, London, E.14. Twelve. Football, speedway. Vilma Hacke, 69 Railway Lane, Sutton Bridge, Spalding, Lincs. Fourteen. Sport, films, drama. Margaret Taylor, High Street, Tideswell, nr. Buxton, Derbyshire. Fifteen. Films. Audrey Seymour, 18 Ash Terrace, Murton, Co. Durham, Eleven. Films. Joan Troth, 142 Oxley Moor Road, Wolverhampton, Staffs. Fifteen. Swimming. Nerys Hughes, Cartref, Y Glyn, Bethel Road, Caernarvon, N. Wales. Thirteen. Singing, art.

Freda Nolan, 25 Ravenfield Road, Welwyn Garden City, Herts. Eleven. Swimming. Doreen Hughes, Children's Home, Horncastle, Lincs. Fourteen. Games, singing. Peter West, 571 Liverpool Road, Ialam, Manchester, Lancs. Sixteen. Snooker, dancing, films. Pat Saunders, 32 Darfield Road, Crofton Park, London, S.E.4. Fourteen. Swimming. Doreen Cave, 22 Wilder Avenue, Washington, Co. Durham. Thirteen. Singing, dancing. Julia Taylor, 4 Heriot Mt., Edinburgh 8, Scotland. Thirteen. Swimming, cycling.

Thomas Hardy, 45 Devonshire Street, Newbold Moor, Derbyshire. Fourteen. Films. Ruby Jeffers, Ashfield Hall, Ballickmoylen, Leix, Ireland. Ten. Sport, gardening. Pauline Raynor, 74 Mount Street, Ecdeshill, Bradford, Yorks. Twelve. Stamps, swimming. Barry Cole, 29 Viking Road, Ascomb, Yorks. Eight. Stamps. Maureen Hopkinson, 47 Lighthurst Lane, Chorley, Lancs. Fourteen. Films. Rosemary Mayne, 42 Waterloo Street, Burton-on-Trent, Staffs. Fourteen. Films, swimming.

Marie Thornton, 14 Exchange Street, South Elmsall, Pontefract, Yorks. Thirteen. Sport. Ann Spicer, 79 Yew Avenue, Viewley, Middlesex. Thirteen. Swimming, cycling. Olga Reed, 46 Park Lane Estate, Wednesbury, Staffs. Fourteen. Speedway, cycling. Maureen Baldwin, 25 The Crescent, Streethouse, Pontefract, Yorks. Twelve. Reading. Barry Price, 15 Wenlock Road, Prots Paek, Tewkesbury, Glos. Twelve. Fishing, reading. Stella Smith, 3, Manningham Road, Attercliffe, Sheffield, 9. Twelve. Drawing. John Buck, 23 Robinson Street, Blaydon-on-Tyne, Co. Durham. Twelve. Swimming. Alexander Simpson, Willow Cottage, Bridgend Crescent, Cruden Bay, Aberdeenshire, Scotland. Fourteen. Speedway, football.

### PEN PALS COUPON

"Comet," December 9, 1950



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# THE "COMET" GALLERY OF STARS



**JOHN GARFIELD**  
(Warner Bros.)



**JOAN FONTAINE**  
(Paramount)



**PEGGY DOW**  
(Universal International)



**BING CROSBY**  
(Paramount)

## DON DEEDS

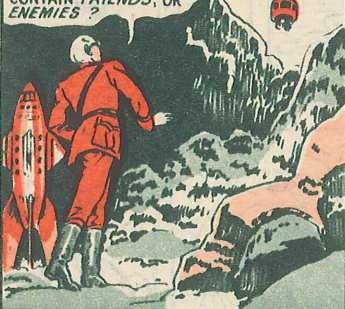
Don and Mai-Mai have been captured by the High Priest, Krim, their Martian friend, escapes, just as Hoo Sung, Mai-Mai's father, arrives on Mars from the Earth.

WITH JETS SPURTING, HOO SUNG'S ROCKET SHIP EASES DOWN INTO THE MARTIAN GORGE, TAIL FIRST...



IT MUST COME DOWN SQUARELY ON THE TAIL FIN IN ORDER THAT IT MAY TAKE OFF AGAIN WHEN NECESSARY

NOW COMES THIS MISERABLE PERSON'S FIRST TEST... DOES THAT MARTIAN AIRCRAFT CONTAIN FRIENDS, OR ENEMIES?



IT HAPPENS TO BE KRIM IN THE AIRCRAFT. HE LANDS AND APPROACHES HOO SUNG BY ALL THE GODS! ANOTHER EARTHLING!



TWO YOUNG EARTHLINGS I BROUGHT HERE FROM YOUR PLANET TAUGHT ME THAT LANGUAGE, BUT WE KNEW IT FAIRLY WELL, ANYWAY, FROM EARTH'S RADIO BROADCASTS.



THIS PERSON IS THE UNWORTHY FATHER OF ONE OF THEM, MAI-MAI... I COME HERE TO FIND THEM. DO YOU KNOW WHERE THEY ARE?

KRIM TELLS HOO SUNG ALL THAT HAS HAPPENED TO DON AND MAI-MAI UP TO THE TIME OF THEIR CAPTURE. HOO SUNG THEN TAKES KRIM INTO HIS SPACE-MACHINE



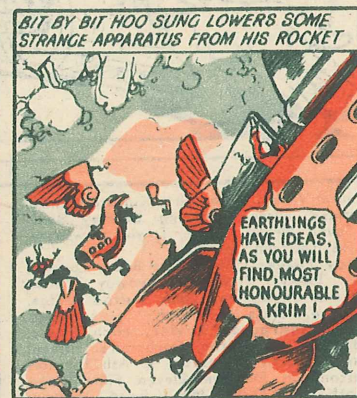
THIS MISERABLE PERSON'S UNWORTHY INVENTION MAY SHOW US WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO THEM. HOW FAR AWAY IS YOUR CITY, INNUL?

SEVEN MARTIAN LEAGUES... ABOUT TEN OF YOUR EARTH MILES...



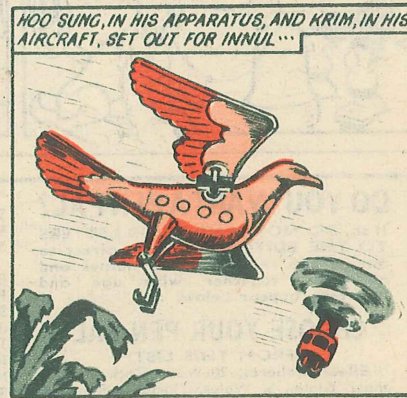
THE CAGES! THEY ARE IN THE CAGES!

WE WILL RESCUE THEM... THIS INSIGNIFICANT PERSON WILL SHOW YOU HOW!



BIT BY BIT HOO SUNG LOWERS SOME STRANGE APPARATUS FROM HIS ROCKET

EARTHLINGS HAVE IDEAS, AS YOU WILL FIND, MOST HONOURABLE KRIM!



HOO SUNG, IN HIS APPARATUS, AND KRIM, IN HIS AIRCRAFT, SET OUT FOR INNUL...



MEANWHILE, DON AND MAI-MAI SUFFER IN THEIR CAGES

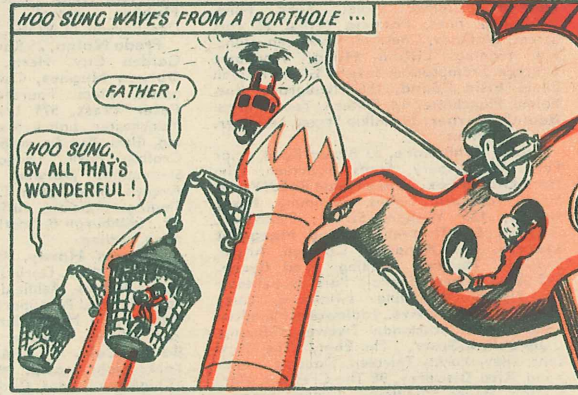
DON'T GIVE IN, MAI-MAI... KRIM WILL THINK UP A WAY TO SAVE US!

I DON'T THINK HE CAN LOOK! ARE THEY VULTURES?



NOT VULTURES, MAI-MAI... ONE SEEMS TO BE A MARTIAN HELICOPTER... I WONDER...!

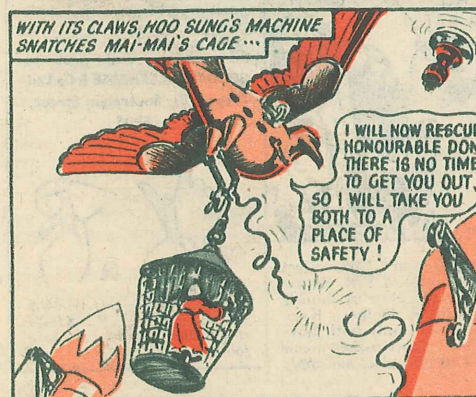
PERHAPS IT IS KRIM, WITH SOME NEW IDEA...



HOO SUNG WAVES FROM A PORTHOLE...

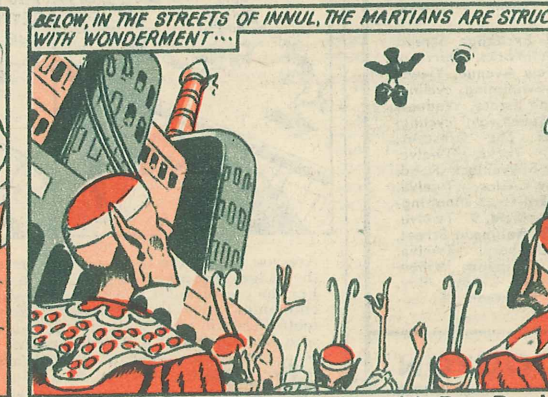
FATHER!

HOO SUNG, BY ALL THAT'S WONDERFUL!

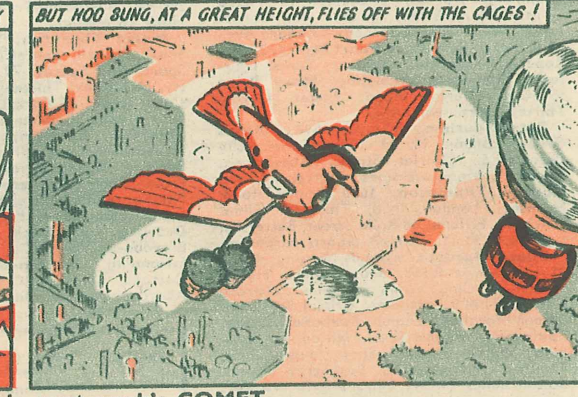


WITH ITS CLAWS, HOO SUNG'S MACHINE SNATCHES MAI-MAI'S CAGE...

I WILL NOW RESCUE HONOURABLE DON... THERE IS NO TIME TO GET YOU OUT, SO I WILL TAKE YOU BOTH TO A PLACE OF SAFETY!



BELOW, IN THE STREETS OF INNUL, THE MARTIANS ARE STRUCK WITH WONDERMENT...



BUT HOO SUNG, AT A GREAT HEIGHT, FLIES OFF WITH THE CAGES!

What will the Martians do now? More thrills with Don Deeds in next week's COMET