MAKE WAY FOR the FAT FURY...

IND.

12¢

ALL-HOWL ISSUE! The FAT FURY in "JUST LIKE MAGIC!" ...and ALLEGA-POOP to YOU!

ALLEGA-POOP!
GATHER YE 'ROUND, READERS! YOU'RE GOING TO MEET SOMEBODY NEW, SOMEBODY AMAZING—BY NAME MAGICAL MOE! AND YOU'RE GOING TO SEE WHAT HAPPENS WHEN M.M. MEETS UP WITH THE FIGHTING FAT FURY—IN THE DEADIEST DUEL EVER SEEN IN THE PAST FIVE MINUTES! GET SET FOR...

The FAT FURY

JUST LIKE MAGIC!

STORY: O'SHEA
ART: WHITNEY

UH-UH—WHEN YOU GET THAT EXPRESSION ON YOUR FACE, I KNOW WHAT'S COMING NEXT.

IT'S THAT SON OF OURS, HERBIE! A LITTLE FAT NOTHING! NEVER DID ANYTHING AND NEVER WILL, BY GEORGE!

BUT WHAT DAD DIDN'T KNOW WAS TAKING PLACE AT THAT VERY MOMENT. FROM THE ROOM ABOVE—AWAY! AWAY-YY!

FAT FURY ON REGULAR PATROL. SEE THAT ALL GOES WELL WITH WORLD.
Oh-oh! Below was his first earth-shaking job for the day...

Wah-hhh!!

Wah-hhh... Glub!!

Now let's look in on a different kind of emergency...

Hand over all the dough in the joint, and make it fast!

Make way for Fat Fury.

Fat Fury, huh? Well, try this!

Undignified.
So shouldn't be total loss...

12 Pows, 6 Socks and 3 Bams Later...

8...9...

10...YEP, ALL HERE.

Don't know what we'd do without you, Fat Fury. One thing's sure... nothing can happen as long as you're on the job!

Oh, no? Don't look now, but something's about to happen! We now take you into Outer Space, where...

Oh, tiddle, tiddle, tiddle...

Only one who can come down outta space like that is the Fat Fury! I'll have you arrested, sure! My name is Joe Jackson!

Ahem! What did you say your name was...?

J-Joe Jackass!
Flash! Authorities are at a loss to explain the strange character who calls himself Magical Moe and seems to have landed out of space itself! Attempts to arrest him have been thwarted by a strange magical power—but now an army detachment has been dispatched with orders to seize him!

Oh, tiddle, tiddle... There he is now!

We're too strong for you, Magical Moe—and we're not going back until there's a surrender, see?

Ho-hummm

Like I said—we're not going back until there's a surrender. So... we surrender!

That's why Magical Moe was interviewed by a conference of world leaders...

But what do you want? Why are you doing all this?

Yeah, what's behind it?

Simple, gentlemen, I've been sent down here by the planet Bibbledorfer to secure Earth's surrender... so we can take over!

(continued on page after next)
WHAT? THEY SEND ONE MAN TO DEFEAT US---?

WHAT MORE DO YOU WANT? YOU'VE ONLY GOT ONE PLANET HERE, RIGHT?

WHEN HE DEPARTED...
WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO?

HOW CAN WE EVER STOP HIM?

I'VE GOT IT---THE FAT FURY! IF ANYONE CAN DO IT, HE CAN!

CALLING FAT FURY! GET MAGICAL MOE... WHO AT THE PRESENT JUST HAPPENS TO BE KNOCKING OUR FLEET SITTY!

AWAY! AWAY-YYY!

DO ME A FAVOR, HUH, BUD? MAKE IT FAR AWAY!

OH, TIDDLE, TIDDLE...

MY MAGIC WILL MAKE IT IMPOSSIBLE FOR YOU TO FLY!

---HEY---IT D-DOESN'T WORK!

I'LL TRY AGAIN. THIS TIME, I'LL MAKE IT IMPOSSIBLE FOR HIM TO FIGHT!
Wrong. Very good fighter. Have all kinds of powers.

Well, how come? Where do you get the powers from?

Lollipops. All flavors. Orange for flying, lemon for mighty muscles, strawberry for power to disappear, and so on.

Only flavor I haven’t got is hard-to-get cinnamon. Hard to get.

I see—you can’t defeat your powers because they’re too powerful. And your powers come from lollipops, eh? Thanks for the info! Fury!

Orange—come out!

Orange, melt!

Lemon, let’s see you!

Lemon, let’s not see you anymore!

Now for strawberry...

Strawberry, bust!

And so it went—until the power had been taken away from everyone of the Fat Fury’s lollipops!

Well! Looks like you’re just a 497-pound weakling now. Show you what I mean—
TCH. TCH. BETTER FLY DOWN TO GROUND...

TCH. TCH. CAN'T FLY.

KER-POW!

CRASH!

POWERS TAKEN AWAY FROM EVERY FLAVOR POP I HAD. SUNK. WORLD SUNK.

WHENEVER HERBIE WAS IN REAL TROUBLE, THERE WAS ALWAYS ONE PLACE HE COULD GO TO FOR ADVICE... GRANDPA...

NO GRANDSON OF MINE CAN EVER CONFESS DEFEAT. NO MORE LOLLIPOP-POWER, GO LEARN MAGIC FOR YOURSELF... BEAT MAGICAL MOE AT OWN GAME.

THE DAILY JOURNAL
MAGICAL MOE WRECKS AIR SQUADRON

SPACE MAN USES MAGIC, DESTROYS FORT

MORNING STANDARD
MOE CASTS SPELL, ROUTS REGIMENT

EVENING RKO
MAGICAL MOE AGAIN! HELP!

SO HERBIE DECIDED TO GO TO THE SOURCE OF ALL MAGIC—THE UNKNOWN. BUT WITHOUT POWERS, HOW WAS HE TO GET THERE?

I DUNNO... YOU SURE YOU WANT ME TO DO IT, HERBIE?

WHAM!

UH-HUH. GO AHEAD.
HERBIE, OL' PAL! WE GOT RELAYS OF BIRDS SPACED EVERY TEN MILES UP LIKE YOU SAID!

YEAH... WE'LL PASS YOU FROM ONE BUNCH TO THE OTHER. YOU'LL MAKE IT FINE!

WELCOME!

HERBIE!

UNKNOWN

HERBIE!

ONE SIDE. HERE ON BUSINESS.

IS... IS HE DEAD?

I DUNNO... IT'S KINDA HARD TO TELL WITH HERBIE!

GOOD MORNING, PUPILS. YOU ARE HERE TO BE TAUGHT ALL ELEMENTS OF REAL GONE MAGIC, RIGHT? I AM PROFESSOR FRANKENSTEIN...

...AND NOT ONLY WILL I TEACH THE HECK OUT OF YOU, BUT YOU WILL BE EXPECTED TO PROVE WHAT YOU'VE LEARNED BY THEN DOING THE MAGIC YOURSELVES, SEE?

ALEGAZAM! I NOW CALL ON HERBIE POPNECKER TO PERFORM THE MAGICAL FEAT I HAVE JUST DEMONSTRATED!

ALEGA-POOP!...SAID ALLEGAPOOP. WHERE'S RABBIT?

G'GULP! YOU WERE CALLIN' I?
I will now saw a woman in half...

...and behold! My magic has restored her!

And when it was Herbie's turn to perform this same feat...

Uh... Uh... Allega-Poop.

Can't understand what went wrong...

And when graduation came...

Your diploma... and magic wand...

You! Do you realize you only got 50% in your final exam? Therefore, you get only half a diploma...

...and half a magic wand!

Unknown...
Meanwhile, Magical Moe was still at his dirty work—

Heh-heh...

He's up there—first opportunity try out my new magic.

Allega-poop: Send plane to attack him.

Oh-oh! He'd gotten only 50% in his final exams—for which he'd been awarded half a magic wand! So look at what his magic produced!

Ulpr... Who can fly half a plane? Not a half-pilot, anyway!

Tch-tch. Something wrong. Try again.

Want big cannon. Allega-poop.

Get it now. Just half of a magician.

You again... and still trying! Won't you ever learn, fat stuff? Now here's the way it should be done!

(Continued on page after next)
MAGIC NO GOOD... GOT NO POWERS... CAN'T STOP MAGICAL MOE. NOTHING LEFT TO SAVE WORLD NOW... SO MIGHT AS WELL DROP IN AT MUSEUM.

ANCIENT ASSYRIAN MUSEUM

ANCIENT ASSYRIAN GOOFUS BIRD

Ugly.

USED TO BE I GOT POWERS FROM THEM... NO MORE. POWERS TAKEN AWAY BY MAGIC. FROM ORANGE, LEMON, STRAWBERRY... ALL MY FINE FLAVORS...

ANCIENT ASSYRIAN LOLLIPOPS

ANCIENT ASSYRIAN WARRIOR

GULP... HARD-TO-GET CINNAMON. ONE FLAVOR MAGICAL MOE NEVER STRIPPED OF POWERS... SO HARD TO GET HE DIDN'T HAVE A SAMPLE TO CAST SPELL ON.

BRING BACK THAT LOLLIPPOP!

WHOLE WORLD ABOUT TO BE LOST, HE WORRIES ABOUT LOLLIPPOP...

LIME HARD-TO-GET CINNAMON
This was the hard-to-get cinnamon... loaded with practically every power...

Away, away-yyy. Make way for the Fat Fury, even fatter, more furious than usual.

Hey, I forgot— I'm magical Moe... I'll turn loose some super-special hocus-pocus on you! He's resisting it, curse him! Enough, stick out chin, please.

You mean... like this? Exactly like that.

Allega-poop.
HAD ENOUGH? CAN SEE NOW YOU CAN'T TAKE OVER EARTH, RIGHT?

WRONG! YOU SEE... THERE'S A HUGE INVASION FLEET FROM THE PLANET BIBLEDORFER HOVERING AT THE EDGE OF SPACE, READY TO STRIKE WHENEVER I ORDER IT!

...SO... I ORDER IT!

HELLO... INVASION FLEET? MAGICAL MOE HERE. COME IN. FLEET... WITH BOMBS BLAZING!

WE READ YOU, MOE OL' BOY! INVASION NOW STARTING!

WHOLE INVASION FLEET. ME. SCARED? NOT FAT FURY.

NEED REINFORCEMENTS... HARD-TO-GET CINNAMON LOLLIPOP FINE MAGIC WAND.

ALLEGA-POOP ON THOSE REINFORCEMENTS.

ALLEGA-POOP!
ALLEGA-POOP!

ALLEGA-POOP!

ALLEGA-POOP!

ALLEGA-POOP is loaded with magic... if you don't believe it, look what's happening...

BAM

BAM

CRASH!
YESSIR... BEST JUNK HAUL I EVER MADE!

ALWAYS LOVED PARADES.

END OF BUSY DAY.

HO-HUM. TIED, GOT TO GET SOME REST... ZZZ-ZZZZ ZZZZZZZ ZZZZZzzzz SNOR-T!

WELL, I'LL BE... MIDDLE OF THE DAY AND JUST LOOK AT HIM!

I'VE HAD IT... HAD IT UP TO HERE! I'M TELLING YOU, I'M NOT GOING TO TAKE IT ANYLONGER!

UH... SOMETHING...?

I'M TELLING YOU, MOM, THAT HERBIE OF OURS IS JUST A LITTLE FAT NOTHING! NEVER DOES ANYTHING AND NEVER WILL!
EXTRA!  EXTRA!

You're crazy like a fruitcake if you don't rush to your newsstand about the middle of December and purchase "Herbie" No. 23, our February issue. Featuring the one-and-only Plump Lump in "Can You Bear It?" What if you do die laughing? You know a better way to go?

Hope you like me as great magician in "Just Like Magic", this issue. Allegra-poop to you and don't answer back. Hate people who answer back. Button lip and concentrate on laughing. Laugh at "Just Like Magic". Roar at "Almost A King". Otherwise, will lose temper and bop with tough lollipop. Further, will double-bop with very tough lollipop unless receive your letter telling me what you thought of stories in this issue. Address letter to "Herbie", 331 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017. Would not advise disliking stories. Leads to fearful mess, involving blood and groans. Okay? Then read letters below. At once.

"Dear Herbie:-

Finally one of us fat little nothing, lollipop-bopping people has gotten his own first class magazine! At 21, I thought I would never read another comic ... but then I found this first-class magazine. So all fat peope unite behind our leader—the smart, brave, fat Herbie! Long may his fat wave!

—Ray L. Simpson, 575 E. California, Pasadena, Calif. 91106."

Deserved my own magazine. Not first-class, though. Super first-class. Glad to welcome you into great Fat-Fat-Water-Rat movement. Sweeping nation. Can assure you fat will wave long, but one small warning. Just don't stand in way, Ray.

... "Dear Fat-Fat-Water-Rat Herbie:-

I've been a fan of yours for a long time, but I am disappointed. How come you can be fat and I can't? Just look at all the famous heroes ... Santa Claus, Nero, the Fat Fury, alias Herbie Popnecker! If you are really generous, you'd send me one of those there lollipops—the fat-producing kind! P.S.: I heard that for $1.44, you could get a subscription, Herbie. How long does this last, anyway?

—Tom Williams, 9112 S. Cord Ave., Downey, Calif."

Must be fit to be fat ... honor reserved for very fattest, who become very fatterest, like me. Work on this, Tom ... will forward special lollipop when can prove have earned. $1.44 will produce 12 issues of this great magazine, covering year and half.

"Patman Herbie:-

We are some of your fat admirers. We think you are a big fat slab and a lollipop belly. We also think that when you are eating your lollipops, it looks like you are smoking a cigarette. All of us think you are a little fat chunk and very adorable. We want more Herbie magazines soon!

—Mississippi Hoboes, Route 1, Sauk Rapids, Minn. 56379."

How come Mississippi Hoboes in Minnesota? How fat are you? Am not little fat chunk ... am big fat chunk. Like you say, very adorable. Completely adorable. Sometimes am completely fascinated by me.

... "Dear Herbie:-

I've read everyone of your comics. I think they are the greatest, as well as stupendous and colossal. I like them so much I named my cat after you ... he's so fat he can hardly budge. Why doesn't Shane O'Shea invent a lollipop that will take you to the future? Why don't you tell your dad that you're fat, but not a nothing? P.S.: Please don't bop me with your lollipop!

—Phyllis Leach, 1792 Boston Ave., Bridgeport, Conn."

Nice girl, Phyllis. Knows what's good. Got nice cat, too, with nice name ... "Herbie". Only thing keeps O'Shea from inventing future lollipop is stupidity. Shane, Shane, he's got no brain. Will tell father am not a nothing, but what good? He'll never believe it.

... "Dear Herbie (alias Fatso):

I have seen the (fat) light. I have only three
issues of 'Herbie', but I won't ask you for the ones I've missed, because I know you won't want to spoil us skinny good-for-nothings. You're so good to us already! After all, only kicking out half our teeth—now who could call that mean? By the way, if you can count, how many inches (or should I say miles?) across are you?
—Janice Holm, 4210 Washburn Ave. N., Minneapolis, Minn. 55412

You skinny, Janice? Teh, tch. Too bad. But not everyone can be fine fat folks like me. Can count very well ... but just haven't got enough numbers to measure inches across. However, feel very kindly towards you ... may only kick out one quarter of teeth.

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"Dear Herbie:"

One thing bugs me and that is why don't you take a No. 403-W lollipop that would change you into Mr. America and make you beautiful instead of ugly and fat—like you did to John Alden in the story 'Popnecker The Pilgrim'? About your comic books—they're great! The artwork and plots are great too! A 'Herbie' lover—

Lee Zanotti,
140 Franklin St., Feeding Hills, Mass.

Don't need anything to make me beautiful, Lee—I am already. Could take ugly lollipop and still win beauty prize. By the way, intend to drop in on you shortly. Please practice groans, high-pitched screams and bleeding.

• • •

"Dear Herbie:"

I've been reading your comics for 3 years. I haven't read a funnier comic book than yours. Would you please tell me where you get all your lollipops so I can become strong and handsome like you? Some people say that you are a 'Little Fat Nothing'. Well, I think you are a 'Little Fat Something'!

David Biggs,
677 Wingate Dr., Sunnyvale, Calif. 94086

There is no funnier comic than "Herbie", David. America lucky to have it, always say. Obtain my lollipops from special plant up in "Unknown". Am grateful for recognition as "Little Fat Something" ... so grateful could tear you to pieces from love and probably will.

• • •

"Dear Herbie:"

Let me give you a little advice. Being a fat person means a short life, so why don't you try to lose that big pot gut of yours? I read in a doctors' annual that for every inch a person's waist exceeds his chest, it takes two years off his life expectancy. From the looks of you, Herbie Popnecker, I doubt that you've got a year left. Oh, you're a great guy and I like your comic, which is the reason I give you the above advice. I want to be able to read 'Herbie' when I'm an old man of 90. I don't wish to make fun of you, my little fat friend, but you are so fat that I doubt that you can even lift a finger to wallop me with your lollipop!

Jim McCarty, Box 713,
Aztex Highway, Aztex, N.M.

Dear Jim McCarty, wish to give you a little advice. Being Jim McCarty means very, very short life if criticize all my lovely fat. Such fine suit ... must be jealous of you. Jealous because I own land by the yard. Well, hear this. Have checked with authorities up in "Unknown". Was told that am not scheduled to depart earthly life until year 2483, because am too fat to be admitted to either Heaven or Hades until then, when enlargements will have been made. To all you skinny people—HA!

• • •

"Dear Herbie:"

I think you should answer our letters better. Because you don't tell us anything. Especially in number 17, when one of your fans wrote in and asked how come everyone knows you in distant places, like up in the stars. You answered 'Why not'? I think that was a very silly answer!

Kimberly Keane,
3575 St. Foy Rd., Quebec, Canada.

Why?

• • •

"Dear Herbie (Fat Fury) Popnecker:"

My little brother and I are two of your greatest fans. We think you're colossal, fat, stupendous, fat and the greatest! We made up a song to cheer you up ... it was suggested by a commercial on television. Here goes: Fat Up—with the tall fat taste of Herbie's Lollipops! The Tall Fat Taste That's Never Been Topped helps turn the thin ones into the Fat Ones! 40, 50, 60 inches—Fat Up! With the Tall Fat Taste of Herbie's Lolli-pops! They're Pops that you can really suck, Pops that you can really back. That American, Fat American Herbie, is tops ... Fat Up!

Harold and Philip Mirwald,
1064 West Main, Visalia, Calif.

Very fine song, Harold and Philip. For another song, composed by yours truly, try this: "Herbie, Herbie ... Yessir, That's My Herbie!"
OF COURSE YOU LOVE OUR PLUMP LUMP—UNLESS YOU REALLY LIKE FRACTURES AND BLOOD TRANSFUSIONS. OKAY, THEN—YOU'LL LOVE THIS STORY, HEART AND YOU'LL LAUGH YOUR HEAD OFF AT

HERBIE IN "ALMOST A KING!"

STORY: ONE HORSE O'SHEA
ART: JANCY McWHITNEY

IT WAS A DAY LIKE ANY OTHER DAY. THE SUN CAME UP...

THE BIRDS SANG...

YES, A DAY LIKE ANY OTHER...

BUT IT WASN'T LIKE THAT ALL OVER THE WORLD! IN EUROPE, FOR INSTANCE... RURITANIA LIES STRAIGHT AHEAD, AND SOON IT WILL BE OURS!

(CONTINUED ON PAGE AFTER NEXT)
An invasion army led by villans Noodlesman...The Squarehead...and the Sheik!

We sweep right in, huh? Heh-heh!

That's not how it's done, Squarehead. First we have a series of conferences with the queen...and deliver an ultimatum!

The news wasn't long in reaching America...a war in Ruritania could touch off all Europe! And there's nothing we can do, because we're involved in Viet Nami right, President Johnson?

Right, Vice President Humphrey? We've been asked to send an army, but instead we'll send...Herbie!

They're short-handed in Washington and asked me to drop down and see you, Herbie.

Always glad to see Benjamin Franklin. What's the trouble?

And the invaders may attack Ruritania at any minute. At first, Washington was going to send a flat top, but then they decided to send a fat top instead...on my way. Go fly kite and discover electricity.

Will be practical, first try to get help from England, France.

Well gee, honest, hoibie. We'd like to help ya, but ya know how it is...

That's right, Chum. We need the soldiers for the changing of the guard and all that.

Ah, M'sieu 'Erbie. If it were just for you, it would be a pleasure. But you know how it is...I hate everybody else!

See have to do it myself.
Looks like big doings. See what gives.

Here, Queen of Ruritania... This is the surrender document. Sign it... or else!

Never, don't sign.

Well, well... It's Herbie! Tell me, Plump Lump... Would you dare resist Noodleman?

Guess who, Bulgy-Boy, the Squarehead... Who destroys anyone who stands in his way!

Fat, Fat, Water-Rat! Better come over to our side, or... Or-Rikkk!

Been thinking it over carefully.

...And won't give in.

Then it's to be war!

Look disturbed... Why? Ruritian army loyal to you, isn't it?

Sniff... Yes, but before we go any further, I think you ought to see my army!
WELL?

SEE WHAT YOU MEAN, UP TO ME TO PRODUCE REAL ARMY.

TO START WITH, HERBIE WANTED TO TALK TO ALL LOYAL RURITANIANS, THE FIRST ONE HE SPOKE WITH JUST HAPPENED TO BE A COW...

YOU GOTTA LET US HELP! YOU KNOW HOW MANY COWS THERE ARE IN RURITANIA? Puh-Lenty, Herbie, and All Patriotic! Only thing is, we got no uniforms!

HMMMM... PROBLEM, BUT CAN BE SOLVED, MAGIC.

"ALLEGA-POO!

NOW GET YOUR MEN--UH--COWS INTO UNIFORM, AWAIT ORDERS.

ALL RIGHT, FAR AS GOES, BUT DON'T HAVE ENOUGH OF ARMY YET. LET'S SEE...

HI, CHIEF, HOW MANY CIGAR STORE INDIANS IN KINGDOM?

"ALLEGA-POO!

OKAY, GO TELL ALL OTHERS THEY'RE DRAFTED.

Next stop... The Ruritanian State Museum...

HMMMM...

"ALLEGA-POO!"
All confident, the Invasion Army struck... Is this ever gonna be a cinch!

You are now entering Ruritania, fellas!

But instead of three old men, they met...

Yeah... our spies inform us that the Ruritanian Army is only three old men! Haw-haw!

You were expecting maybe free milk?

Yee-owww!

The cows were reinforced by the Knights...

Hurrah for the Mets!

Have at thee, varlets!

And after that came the cigar store Indians!

Gangway! We want out!

And of course, Herbie got in his innings...

Hate fighting...

And if have to fight...

Ow-owww! Whose idea was this invasion, anyway?

So there you are, Herbie! I'll get you—settle your hash—fix your wagon!

Scrunched!
SIGH!... TELL ME WHEN FINISHED.

OKAY... FINISHED!

MY TURN, THEN.

PEPPER, SALT, MUSTARD, CIDER, VINEGAR.

OOF!

BE PATIENT. WILL LIKE THIS.

MAKE BEAUTIFUL MUSIC TOGETHER.

SQUAWK.

YEE-EEEEK!

OH-Oh... LOOK OUT! HERE COMES THE SQUAREHEAD!

I'LL GET YOU, GREASE-BALL!

EXCUSE 2-SECOND LOLLIPOP BREAK.

GOT FULL POWER NOW, MAKE ROUND-HEADS OUT OF SQUAREHEADS. WATCH.
HA! IT'S STILL SQUARE! GUESS I SHOWED HIM!

HO-HO! I'M STILL GOOD OL SQUAREHEAD!

12:15... AND CALL ME ROUNDHEAD!

BONG!

BONG!

WHAM!

BUT HERBIE WASN'T OUT OF THE WOODS YET... BECAUSE...

I'M THE SHEIK OF ARABY... AND HERBIE BELONGS TO ME!

OH?

HEY, SHEIK... I LOOK! WE GOT US A PASSENGER!

HA! WATCH HIM LOSE HIS HEAD!

D-DON'T! HEE-HEE-HEE...

(CONTINUED ON PAGE AFTER NEXT)
ENOUGH PLAYING THIS FOR REAL.

YOWP! I'M ON MY WAY BACK TO ARABY!

BACK AGAIN, QUEEN OF RURITANIA, WANT TO ANNOUNCE TOTAL VICTORY.

GOOD! NOW IF YOU'LL JUST SIGN ON THE DOTTED LINE....

THERE, YOU JUST WANT MY AUTOGRAPH--?

WHY, NO... JUST YOUR SIGNATURE ON THE MARRIAGE CONTRACT! ACCORDING TO THE LAWS OF RURITANIA, IF SOMEBODY SAVES THE QUEEN'S THRONED FOR HER, SHE'S GOT TO MARRY THAT SOMEBODY!

NOT THAT THAT'S HARD TO DO-- YOU DREAMBOAT, YOU!

SMACK! SMACK!

SWEETY-PIE! MY ADORABLE FAT CUSTARD!

CAN'T GET OUT OF THIS... WOULD CAUSE INTERNATIONAL SCANDAL... QUEEN JILTED, CAN'T LET MY COUNTRY DOWN-- HAVE TO GO AHEAD WITH IT.

BUT MAYBE IF QUEEN GAVE ME UP WOULD BE OKAY. IF IT DIDN'T WANT TO MARRY ME...

BUT WHY? FINE FAT FELLA... CAN'T BLAME HER FOR LOVING ME. BUT SUPPOSE I CHANGED, SO WOULDN'T LOVE ME ANYMORE... BECAME LIKE PEOPLE SHE HATES MOST? LIKE NOODLEMAN...

WANT TO BE PUT IN RACK-- STRETCHED OUT.

THIS YOU WANT? BE MY GUEST, CHUM!

IN THE DUNGEONS BELOW...
MORE. GIVE IT OLD COLLEGE TRY.

GOOD JOB. JUST LIKE NOODLEMAN.

PUFF PANT! IT'S A BEAUTIFUL JOB, IF I HAVE TO SAY SO MYSELF!

COME TO MY ARMS. ROMANTIC STUFF.

WILL THINK I'M NOODLEMAN. WILL HATE ME.

AS IF I DON'T KNOW MY OWN HERBIE!! I HADN'TANTED TO TELL YOU, BUT YOU WERE A LITTLE OVERWEIGHT. NOW YOU'RE IRRESISTIBLE!

SMACK! SMACK!

EXCUSE. BE BACK.

PILE DRIVER. SHOULD DO JOB.

BAM!

BAM!

BAM!

BAM!
Okay, give it all you've got now.

Square Head.

Back again. Uhh... remind you of somebody...?

Uhh-huh...

...my Herbie Schmerbie!

Excuse. Be back.

Costumes.

Make fine sheik.

Look at me... remind you of someone? Now what have you got to say?

Just that I'm a lucky lucky queen...

...and you're my king!

All up with me—nothing works... goose cooked.

Yee-haw! Haw-haw!
Hiya, Valentino! Ho-ho... the freak sheik!

MMM... MMMMM!

Lover! Come to my arms!

Oh, sweetie-pie... I never saw a man like you!

Truer words never spoken.

Wonder what camel would like for wedding present?

Then... back home...

Ruritania saved, Queen Happy, me happy, only one in trouble camel.

Back.

I see that... but tell me, must you always go out by yourself, the way you do? It's not right that you should do things alone all the time!

You are growing up. You know, isn't it about time you found yourself a girlfriend?

!!!

Uh-uh... no girlfriend for me, not unless there's camel around, just in case!

Crash!

The End.