

A Very Happy Christmas To All "Comet" Readers

# COMET

## A HAPPY FAMILY COMIC 2<sup>D</sup>

No. 127 (New Series)  
Dec. 23, 1950  
EVERY THURSDAY



### POOCHIE

MERRY CHRISTMAS MISTER FOGEY!

BAH!

NO FIRE, NO TURKEY, NO PUD. NOWT IN MY STOCKING AND NO SNOW! WHAT'S CHRISTMAS WITHOUT SNOW?

IT'S A SHAME

I WOULDN'T MIND THE REST, IF ONLY I COULD SEE SNOWFLAKES

IDEA!

A MERRY XMAS

GOOD! HE'S SNOOZING. HE'LL HAVE A LOVELY SURPRISE WHEN HE WAKES UP

COTTON WOOL

O JOY IT'S SNOWING! - AND WHAT DO I SEE? READY MADE SNOWBALLS! YIPPEE!

TEE HEE STONES WITH COTTON WOOL ROUND 'EM

MERRY CHRISLUS CONSTABLE! BOYS WILL BE BOYS, HEH HEH!

NO SNOW?

CHRISTMAS OR NO XMAS - YOU CUMMER, LONGER ME

OH TUT! OUR JAIL'S FULL. TELL YOU WHAT - BLING 'EM IN MY ROOM - I'M GOING TO A PARTY. THERE'S SOME GRUB THERE THEY CAN FINISH OFF

A MERRY XMAS

HEH HEH. DON'T MIND IF I DO, POOCHIE! BEST CHRISTMAS I EVER HAD, THIS IS!

TOFFEES

### SHORTY

THE DEPUTY SHERIFF

WELL, FELLERS, THEY'RE READY FOR THE TIN - BUT WHO'S GOIN' TO DO THE JOB?

LET'S ASK SHORTY! HE'S BEEN FATTENING 'EM UP!

SURE I WILL! GOOD JOB YOU GUYS HAVE GOT A TOUGH, HARD HOMBRE LIKE ME AROUND TO DO YORE DIRTY WORK

QUACK! QUACK! CHUCKLE-SQUEAL! GREAT FUN!

GEE, I'M EXHAUSTED! I GOTTA REST AWHILE

WELL, WHADYA KNOW! THEY'VE BROUGHT MY PIPE AND SLIPPERS!

HIYA, SHORTY! CHRISTMAS FEAST READY?

YEAH, AN' I'VE INVITED TWO FRIENDS. - HOPE YOU DON'T MIND

RECKON CORNED BEEF IS AS GOOD AS FORK AN' DUCK ANY DAY!



# BUNTER'S CHRISTMAS PARTY

A Smashing Story of the Chums of Greyfriars

BY FRANK RICHARDS

## Bunter Drops In!

**B**UZZZZ! The telephone bell rang suddenly from the cabinet in the hall at Wharton Lodge.

It was Christmas Eve and Harry Wharton and Co. were gathered round the crackling log fire. The old oak-panelled hall looked very bright and cheery, with the firelight flickering on the red berries of the holly festooning the walls, all the more so by contrast with the December night without, which had set in dark and windy, with thick snowflakes whirling on the wind and dashing against the windows.

Colonel Wharton had his greatcoat on and was about to go out, regardless of the weather. But at the buzz of the bell he paused and stepped into the telephone cabinet to take the call. A few moments later he emerged and called to his nephew.

"Harry! a phone call for you—from someone named Bunter!" said the colonel.

"Oh!" exclaimed five fellows together. The Famous Five were enjoying the Christmas holidays at Wharton Lodge and had almost forgotten the fat existence of Billy Bunter. Now they were reminded of it.

Colonel Wharton, leaving his nephew to take the call from "someone named Bunter," went out into the December night.

"That fat ass!" said Harry. "That fat frump!" remarked Bob Cherry.

"The esteemed and ridiculous Bunter," said Hurree Janset Ram Singh.

Frank Nugent grinned and Johnny Bull grunted. The Famous Five might have forgotten Billy Bunter, but evidently Billy Bunter had not forgotten them.

"Bother!" said Harry, and he went into the telephone cabinet and picked up the receiver. "Hallo!"

A fat squeak came over the wires. "Is that you, Harry, old chap? I'm speaking from Wimford, only a mile away, old chap! Can't get a taxi for love or money. Ask your uncle to send the car, will you?"

"Oh, my hat!" "I thought I'd give you a look-in for Christmas, old fellow! I knew you'd be glad to see me."

"What put that idea into your head?" "Oh, really, Wharton—"

"Good-bye, Bunter."

"I say, you beast—I mean, old fellow—" Harry Wharton put up the receiver and rejoined his friends round the fire in the hall. That, he supposed, was the end of the matter.

But his supposition was ill founded. A couple of minutes later there was another buzz from the telephone. Wells, the butler, came to take the call, but he, like the old colonel, emerged and called to Harry Wharton.

"For me?" asked Harry. "Yes, sir, from someone named Bunter."

"Oh, my hat!" Harry Wharton went back to the telephone, leaving four fellows grinning round the fire. He breathed hard as he picked up the receiver.

"I say, is that you, Harry, old chap? We seem to have been cut off!" came the fat squeak from afar. "I say, I can't get a taxi here. I've got as far as Wimford and I can't walk the rest. The snow is coming down like anything. Will you get your uncle to send the car? Tell the old donkey to buck up, too—"

"Wha-a-t?" "Tell the old donkey to get a move on. It's frightfully parky here. I can't get to Wharton Lodge unless you send the car."

"Good!" "I tell you I can't walk it in this snow and wind—"

"Glad to hear it." "If you mean that you don't want to see me, Wharton—"

"You've got it!" "He, he, he! I can take a joke, old chap! He, he, he! I say, how long will it be before the car gets here? Will you ask the old fossil to send it at once? I'm only a mile away, old fellow."

"I wish you were nearer. I should like to kick you."

"Beast!"

rotter—I say, dear old fellow—oh, you beast—!"

Once more Harry Wharton put up the receiver and rejoined his grinning friends round the fire. They more than half expected to hear the bell buzz again. But the bell did not buzz. Billy Bunter, apparently, was tired of telephoning.

"**B**EAST!" breathed Billy Bunter.

The fat Owl of Greyfriars rolled out of the telephone box at Wimford station, with his little round eyes gleaming wrath behind his big round spectacles.

It was cold, it was windy, the snow was falling thickly, and Billy Bunter blinked out at a world of white. Not a taxi was to be had—not a lift of any kind—and it was borne in upon Billy Bunter's fat mind that that unspeakable beast Wharton wasn't going to ask his uncle to send the car. It really looked as if Billy Bunter, having taken the train to Wimford, had no resource but to take another train home.

But he couldn't! Bunter had expended his last remnant of cash on his railway ticket and he could not travel home ticketless. He had banked on bumping in at Wharton Lodge. Bunter did not really need a hearty welcome—anything short of being kicked out was satisfactory to Billy Bunter. That was all right, if only he got as far as the Lodge. But a mile of snow and windy December weather separated him from his goal.

"Beast!" groaned Bunter as he surveyed the snowy, windy, chilly landscape through his big spectacles. Walking a mile through it was an awful prospect. Bunter did not like walking a mile under the best conditions. He could not get back to Bunter Villa, and he could not spend Christmastide in Wimford railway station. It was Wharton Lodge or nothing, and he had to walk it.

"Beast!" said Bunter for the third time. Then he started. He pulled his cap low over his fat face, pushed up his coat collar round his fat ears and plunged into the December weather. He rolled dismally through wind and snow and left Wimford behind and found the snow thicker and the wind sharper on the open country road.

It was a good mile by the road. But there were short cuts across the fields, as Bunter remembered from a summer holiday at Wharton Lodge. He found a gate he knew, and tramped across snowy pasture land, his fat head bent to the wind and grunting breathlessly as he trudged.

But alas for Bunter! He discovered that his last state was worse than his first. In the sunny summer he had followed that path with ease. But it was quite different on a dark December night. Instead of arriving at a gate in a hedge on the lane that ran by the park fence of Wharton Lodge, the fat Owl found himself arriving in a snowy woodland where snow lay banked thick and deep among frosty trees.

"Oh, lor!" mumbled Bunter, blinking at the trees through snow-dimmed spectacles. "Oh, crikey!"

Evidently he had missed his way. Billy Bunter fervently wished himself safe back at Bunter Villa. Even the company of Brother Sammy and Sister Bessie was not so bad as this! But Bunter Villa was ten miles away and Wharton Lodge was his only hope. He rolled on, puffing and blowing, grunting and gasping, till at length he found himself butting into a high snowy hedge in the dimness.

Was it the hedge that bordered Lodge Lane, in which there was a gate somewhere? Bunter didn't know and couldn't tell. He could only hope that it was. He tramped and groped and blinked and trudged along that hedge, hoping to come to a gate. He did not come to a gate, but he came to a wide gap in the hedge, thickly banked with snow. But any escape from the fields was welcome to Billy Bunter by this time and he tramped into the gap, wiped his spectacles and stared out at what lay beyond.



Billy Bunter wishes you all a Merry Christmas with lots of grub!

snow, but he discerned that a steep slope lay before him—the ground sloped abruptly from the hedge to a dim lane. But the slope was very steep and banked with snow, and the hapless fat Owl hesitated to trust himself to it, dreading to go down headlong in a whirlwind of snow.

He stood blinking from the gap, with the wild wind whistling and shrieking about his fat ears. It seemed to him that he could hear something from the darkness below, some sound that was not the wind. He leaned over and peered down through his spectacles, and his foot slipped in the snow.

"Ow!" gasped Bunter as he went. He grabbed at the hedge to save himself—in vain. Down the steep bank, yelling and spluttering, went Bunter, rolling, accompanied by masses of snow dislodged as he rolled.

"**H**ANDS off!" panted Colonel Wharton.

The old military gentleman was taken quite by surprise. He was tramping back to Wharton Lodge by the dark windy lane, thinking chiefly of a lighted hall, a bright fire, and a cheery supper table. No thought of possible footpads lurking in the dark lane entered his mind. But it was the unexpected that was booked to happen. A burly shadowy figure loomed in the gloom by the dark steep bank of the lane. He caught, for a second, the glint of threatening eyes, and the next moment a powerful grasp was on him and he was down on his back in the snow with a knee jammed on his chest, pinning him down.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO YOU ALL

—THE EDITOR

"Hands off!" he panted. "You rascal—!"

"Stow it!" came a low growling voice. "I'll crack your nut as soon as look at you if you lift a 'and."

But the old colonel did lift a hand, and a vigorous one. It was a burly and hefty tramp who pinned him down, but the old military gentleman would have been a match for him on his feet. Pinned down with a knee on his chest, he was at a hopeless disadvantage, but he struggled desperately to throw the ruffian off. For a long minute they rocked in the snow.

"You will 'ave it, will you?" came the savage growl, and a heavy knuckly fist crashed on the old colonel's temple.

He gave a gasping cry and sank back into the snow, dazed by the savage blow. The next moment a thievish hand was groping in his pockets. He still resisted, though feebly, but in a few moments more his pocket-book would have been in the tramp's clutches. But again it was the unexpected that happened.

In that dark and lonely lane on a wild snowy night, it was not likely that there would be any passer-by to give aid. But suddenly, from the high snowy bank at the foot of which they struggled on the earth, something came rolling in almost an avalanche of snow.

It was something extremely heavy and it was something that howled and squeaked as it rolled. It crashed on the footpad as he knelt over his victim, knocking him spinning. The astonished ruffian sprawled headlong in the snow, with the heavy object

wild and breathless squeaks.

Colonel Wharton, freed from his assailant, leaped to his feet. The panting footpad hurled aside the squeaking heavy object from his legs and sprang up—to meet a lashing fist that landed in his eye, followed up by another that crashed on his chin. He went over as if a cannon-ball had hit him, yelling, bounded up and ran, vanishing into the December darkness, evidently having had quite enough of the old colonel now that he was on his feet. And Colonel Wharton stared round to discover who and what it was that had saved him.

**B**ILLY BUNTER yelled.

He just didn't know what was happening.

He knew that he had rolled headlong down that deep steep bank in an avalanche of snow. He dimly realised that he had landed on somebody who had pitched him off with an extremely rough hand. He knew that he was sprawling half suffocated in snow and that he was terrified out of his fat wits. He rolled and sprawled and yelled.

Colonel Wharton bent over him, grasped a fat shoulder, and heaved him to his feet. He peered at him in the deep gloom and recognised the fat schoolboy who had honoured Wharton Lodge with a visit in the summer.

"Bunter!" he exclaimed.

"Oh!" gasped Billy Bunter. He blinked at the colonel through snowy spectacles.

"Oh, crikey! I—I—I fell on somebody—" "You fell on a footpad who was robbing me," said Colonel Wharton. "I am very much obliged to you, Bunter—"

"Eh?"

"You have saved me from a very heavy loss—in another moment or two the rascal would have had my pocket-book."

"Oh!" gasped Bunter. He realised that this was Colonel Wharton.

"But how did you happen to be here and how did you come to fall down that bank?" asked the puzzled colonel.

"Oh!" Billy Bunter tried to gather his scattered wits. "I—I—I was—was coming to Wharton Lodge—only I—I missed the way in the dark—and then I fell down that bank—oh, crikey—"

"It is rather fortunate for me that you did," said Colonel Wharton smiling. "Was it you who telephoned an hour or two ago?"

"Eh? Oh! Yes! You—you see—" "I understand! I conclude, from what you say, that my nephew expects you for Christmas—"

"Oh! Ah! Yes! Exactly!" "He has not mentioned it to me," said Colonel Wharton. "But never mind—I'm on my way home now—come with me."

Billy Bunter was breathless and bumped and bewildered. But he realised that his luck was in as he trotted beside the tall colonel, heading for Wharton Lodge—his little fat legs going like clockwork to keep pace with the old military gentleman's long strides.

"**B**UNTER!"

Bunter!" "Oh, my hat!"

"The esteemed and absurd Bunter!" "That fat frump!"

"What the dickens—"

Harry Wharton and Co. all exclaimed together as Colonel Wharton came in—with a familiar fat figure at his side, and they stared at a familiar fat face and a familiar big pair of spectacles. Billy Bunter gave them a cheery grin.

"I say, you fellows, here I am," he said breezily. "I had to walk it, as you couldn't send the car, Harry, old chap—rather lucky I did, as it turns out, isn't it, sir?"

"Quite!" said Colonel Wharton. "Harry, my boy, your friend Bunter—"

"My friend Bunter?"

"Yes, your friend unintentionally, but very fortunately, intervened when I was being robbed by a ruffianly footpad—"

"Oh!" gasped Harry.

"I understand that he was on his way here—you did not mention that you were expecting him—but here he is, safe and sound, and I trust will enjoy the Christmas holiday with you," said the colonel genially. "I am much obliged to Bunter. Thank you, Bunter."

"Not at all, sir!" said Bunter airily.

The colonel passed on, leaving Billy Bunter grinning at the Famous Five, and the Famous Five gazing very expressively at Billy Bunter. But an expressive gaze had no more effect on William George Bunter than water on a duck. Billy Bunter had come for Christmas, and that was that!

Billy Bunter seems to be born lucky—sometimes. Don't miss the fun in next week's story.





### Jaspar Grabb's Visitor

"IT'S snowing," said June Watson, looking out of the kitchen window as she washed up the breakfast dishes.

"Is it?" said Tutty the cat, looking up from the saucer of milk which he was drinking. "Then I don't think I'll go out this morning. Snow makes my fur and paws wet."

"Yes, you stay in front of the living-room fire and keep nice and warm and comfy," said June's brother, Jimmy. "There's nothing for you to go out for, but June and I have got to go to school."

"Yes, I'll stay indoors," said Tutty. He spoke in a human voice, for he was no ordinary cat. Far from it, in fact, for 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 quite a lot 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.

"We'll see you at dinner time, then, Tutty," said Jimmy when he and June had finished washing up the dishes and had put their coats on, ready to go to school.

"That's right," said Tutty, settling himself down on the hearthrug in front of the fire. "Unless the weather improves I won't stir from here all morning."

Jimmy and June went off downstairs. They lived with their Uncle Jaspar Grabb, the bad-tempered ironmonger, and they had to go downstairs and through the shop to get to the street.

Jaspar Grabb, a thin, stoop-shouldered man, was opening up the shop as Jimmy and June went through it. He scowled at them and snapped:

"Mind you come back quick at dinner time in case I've got some errands for you to run. Don't ye dare be late, else I'll take the strap to ye!"

"We'll come straight back, Uncle," promised Jimmy.

Most of the other children stayed at school for their dinners. But not Jimmy and June. Jaspar Grabb always made them come home in case he wanted them for something.

The reason why Jimmy and June lived with him was because their own parents were dead. But he was very unkind to them and he was so mean and greedy that he never gave them so much as even a ha'penny to spend on themselves.

Having opened up his shop, Jaspar Grabb rubbed his bony hands to warm them, for it was a very cold morning.

"Some folks would light an oil stove or summat to warm the place, but not me," he muttered. "It'd mean burning oil an' oil costs money. And a ha'penny saved is a ha'penny earned, says me!"

Meanwhile, Tutty was pleasantly dozing on the hearthrug upstairs. He was dreaming of the time when he would be his proper self again and be a prince. Then suddenly a voice said in cat language: "I say!"

Tutty stirred, stretched himself and looked round. Standing watching him was

# JIMMY'S MAGIC CAT!

A Super Story of Fun and Thrills

BY GEORGE E. ROCHESTER

a ginger cat which lived a few houses away in the same street.

"Oh, hallo, Ginger!" said Tutty in cat talk. "Shocking morning, isn't it? But how did you get in?"

"I jumped down off the roof and got in through the scullery window," replied Ginger. "I want to see you."

"Well, here I am," said Tutty. "Listen, there's a strange man in the street," said Ginger seriously. "He's going from door to door asking people if they've seen a black and white cat. Well, you're a black and white cat, so it might be you he's looking for."

"What makes you think that?" asked Tutty.

"Well, it might be," said Ginger. "You haven't lived in this street very long and we other cats don't know an awful lot about you. You might be from anywhere, for all we know, and it might be you that this man is looking for. Anyway, I thought I'd give you the tip."

"And it's very nice of you indeed, Ginger," said Tutty gratefully. "I appreciate it very much. You're a pal. Describe this man to me, will you?"

"Well, he's a very old man," said Ginger. "And he's very badly dressed and he's got a sack on his back. In fact, he's what humans call a tramp. He's got a long, grey beard and nasty, cunning little eyes and a great hooked nose."

"Has he, indeed?" said Tutty thoughtfully. "How big is he?"

"Not very big as humans go," said Ginger. "He's a little old man, nothing

and commenced to go downstairs to the shop. As he did so, however, he suddenly vanished as completely as though he had disappeared into thin air.

For Tutty possessed the magic power of making himself invisible whenever he wished. And the fact that some mysterious old man with a sack and cunning little eyes was searching for a black and white cat made Tutty decide that this was one of the times when it would be very wise of him to make himself invisible.

So, completely invisible, Tutty strolled downstairs and leapt silently up on to a shelf in the shop.

Jaspar Grabb was standing behind his counter. He was serving a small boy with a pound of candles and Tutty noticed that he had his thumb on the scale so as to make the candles seem heavier than they really were and thus cheat the little lad.

"D'you mind wrapping them up, please, mister?" piped the lad when Jaspar Grabb had rattled the money into the till and handed him the candles.

"Do I mind wot?" gasped Jaspar Grabb, as though he had never heard of such a thing. "No, I won't wrap 'em up!" roared he. "Wasting paper wrapping up candles! Wot next, I wonder? Get out o' my shop. G'on, get out afore I kick ye out, ye cheeky little brat!"

He looked so fierce that the little lad scuttled from the shop, clutching his candles and almost bumping into someone who was just coming in. It was the mysterious old man of whom Ginger had warned Tutty!



like so tall as Jaspar Grabb, but fattish."

"And he's going from door to door asking people if they've seen a black and white cat, is he?" said Tutty. "Does he say what he wants the cat for?"

"Yes, he does," replied Ginger. "He says that the cat used to belong to him once and that it's a very dangerous cat and he's going to wring its neck for it when he finds it. That's why I thought I'd better warn you, in case it is you that he's after. Not that I've ever thought you a dangerous cat," went on Ginger hastily. "Quite the opposite, in fact!"

"Thank you," said Tutty.

"And I know what some of these horrid humans are," continued Ginger. "They tell the most awful lies about us and blame us for this and blame us for that. And if this nasty old man really has got it in for you, for some reason or other, he might easily want to wring your neck for you."

"I'll know more about that when I see him," said Tutty. "I might recognise him. But I've never belonged to any nasty old tramp of a man, Ginger, and that's the truth."

"I'm quite sure it is," said Ginger politely.

"And he's coming along the street now, you say?"

"Yes, and if he's going to call on Jaspar Grabb—which I expect he is, seeing he's calling on everybody—then he should be here at any minute," said Ginger.

"Righto, I'll go downstairs and have a look at him," said Tutty. "And thank you again very much for the warning, Ginger. I'll be seeing you!"

With that, Tutty strolled from the room

your wicked temper," he said.

Then, paying no further heed to the frantic ironmonger's screams and yells, he stood looking about him and tugging thoughtfully at his beard.

"No, the one I seek will not be here," the invisible Tutty heard him mutter. "He cannot be. That wicked wretch in the cage up yonder would not give warmth and comfort to a starving sparrow let alone to a cat. No, he cannot be here, the one I seek. I must search elsewhere."

He turned, and still paying no heed to Jaspar Grabb's howls and bellows, he moved from the shop and was gone.

"Lemme out of here!" screamed Jaspar Grabb, going nearly mad in his cage. "I'll have the law on that scoundrel. It was him wot put me up here. I know it was. Lemme out, I say!" roared he.

As he couldn't see the invisible Tutty and had no idea he was there, and as there was no one else in the shop, he might just as well have saved his breath.

Alf Hopper came striding into the shop, rubbing his hands to keep them warm. Seeing no one behind the counter, he looked around the shop and said aloud: "Now where is the old misery, I wonder?"

Next instant he nearly jumped right out of his skin as the bald-headed parrot screamed at him from the cage:

"If it's me you're talking about, Alf Hopper, I'm up here. Lemme out this instant, d'you hear?"

"Cor, stone the crows!" Alf gasped. "I've—I've never heard a parrot talk as clear as that before!"

"I'm not a parrot!" screamed the frantic ironmonger, nearly choking with fury. "I'm Jaspar Grabb. I've been changed into a parrot by a dirty, nasty old tramp what came into the shop. He must be a gipsy or summat and he's put a spell on me. But don't stand gaping there like a silly sheep!" he roared. "Lemme out of here!"

But Alf Hopper didn't let him out. Instead, he stood there until he had got the whole story from the frantic ironmonger.

"Ho! Ho! Ho! Har! Har! Har!" he guffawed. "If this don't beat the band. Old Jaspar Grabb changed into a parrot. Har! Har! Har! I came in here to buy a file and I'm glad I did. I wouldn't have missed this for anything. Har! Har! Har! I must let my pals have a look at this!"

With that, he hopped up on to a chair and unhooked the cage. Then, deaf to Jaspar Grabb's howls and bellows and still laughing fit to split, he ran from the shop, taking the caged and raging parrot with him and followed by the invisible Tutty.

"STOP!" howled Jaspar Grabb. He kicked up such a frightful din with his howls and yells that an excited crowd started to follow him and Alf Hopper. Then suddenly a policeman barred their way.

"What have you got in that cage?" demanded the copper sternly.

"It's a parrot!" guffawed Mr. Hopper. "And it keeps on saying that it's old Jaspar Grabb, the ironmonger."

"So I am Jaspar Grabb!" screamed the parrot, looking on the very verge of a fit. "Oh my, if only I could get out of here!"

No sooner had he said the words than an amazing thing happened. At least, it was amazing to the copper and to the crowd. For the parrot changed in a flash into Jaspar Grabb and with such force did the ironmonger shoot up to his proper size and shape that he burst the wire cage wide open.

"The spell's ended!" he screamed, capering madly about with excitement and joy. "I'm me proper self again!"

The invisible Tutty had taken pity on him and had used his magic to change him back again to his proper self.

But Jaspar Grabb didn't know that. And he had got such a fright that when he got back home he went straight to bed and there he stayed in fear and trembling for the rest of the day.

He kept Jimmy and June from school to look after the shop for him. And Tutty, who had made himself visible, told them all that had happened. When he had finished, June cried:

"But who was that horrid old man who came into the shop, Tutty?"

Tutty looked at her very gravely.

"It was Ur-huh, the wizard who changed me into a cat," he said. "I recognised him at once, in spite of his disguise. He must be afraid, I think, that I will find the Sacred Scarab of Shendi and become a wizard prince again, so he means to kill me before I find it." Then he added with a chuckle: "But there is one thing he has very likely forgotten. A cat has nine lives."

Will Tutty meet Ur-huh again? More fun in next week's "Comet"!



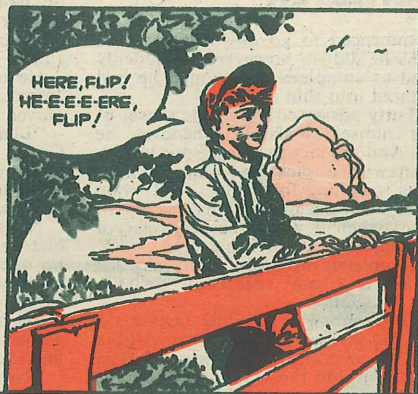


# RUSTY RILEY



Dr. Penny

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. Satan, a bad-tempered horse from a nearby carnival, causes trouble, but pals up with Flip, Rusty's dog. Two showmen, Alamo and Charley, offer to buy Flip for a new act, but Rusty refuses. Alamo and Charley quarrel and separate. And later, Charley steals Flip, and has him clipped like a French poodle to disguise him.



HERE, FLIP!  
HE-E-E-E-ERE,  
FLIP!



HERE, FLIP!  
HERE, FLIP!



COO-IT WAS JOLLY G  
OF YOU TO INVITE M  
FOR CHRISTMAS DI  
SIR?



IT'S NO USE, TEX... HE'S  
GONE!... I'VE BEEN ALL OVER  
THE WHOLE FARM, CALLING  
HIM... HE'S GONE!

NOW HOLD ON,  
LAD... DON'T  
GIVE UP YET



MEANWHILE, CHARLEY GOES SHOPPING--

DID I UNDERSTAND YOU TO  
SAY TEN BOTTLES OF BLACK  
HAIR DYE?... THAT'S AN  
AWFUL LOT, MISTER!

THAT'S WHAT I WANT...  
YOU SEE, I TRAVEL A LOT  
AND I CAN'T ALWAYS GET IT



NOW TO READ THE DIRECTIONS  
AND GET BUSY WITH THIS STUFF



GOOD THING THE LANDLADY HAD  
THIS OLD TUB... IT TAKES LOTS  
OF DYE FOR THIS JOB!

I WISH FOR A NEW  
AIRPLANE, AN' A FIL  
AN' A FOOTBALL, AN



WELL, WHAT ELSE IS  
TO WISH FOR, SIR?



A HALF-HOUR LATER--

YOU MIGHT'VE WARNED ME THAT  
YOU WERE GOING TO SHAKE YOURSELF.  
NOW, YOU CAN DRY OFF HERE...  
AND REMEMBER... YOUR  
NEW NAME IS "INKY"



TWO DAYS LATER, TEX HAS A VISITOR--

HULLO, ALAMO! I THOUGHT YOU  
WENT BACK TO TEXAS AFTER  
YOUR ACT WAS DROPPED FROM  
THE CARNIVAL!

NOT YET--I'LL BE AROUND  
FOR A FEW DAYS, GETTIN' RID  
O' SOME HORSES... BUT I  
CAME TO SEE YOU ABOUT  
RUSTY'S DOG.



YOU MEAN YOU KNOW  
WHERE HE IS? HE'S  
BEEN MISSING A  
WEEK NOW!

I AIN'T SURE, TEX, BUT I HEARD  
THAT CHARLEY IS COMING BACK  
TO THE CARNIVAL WITH A HORSE  
AND DOG ACT!

DO YOU KNOW THE  
TO PUT IN A CHRIS



MAYBE YOU REMEMBER THAT  
CHARLEY WAS CRAZY TO GET  
THAT DOG AFTER HE TAMED  
THAT OUTLAW STALLION--IT'S  
WORTH LOOKIN' INTO, DON'T  
YOU THINK?



I'LL SAY IT IS!  
WHERE CAN I  
FIND HIM?

HE WAS STOPPIN' AT MRS  
SMITH'S LODGING HOUSE  
OUT ON MAIN ST... SHE'D  
KNOW WHERE HE WENT,  
I RECKON!



COME ON, RUSTY! DON'T GET  
YOUR HOPES UP TOO HIGH,  
BUT I'VE GOT A LEAD  
ABOUT FLIP!

HONEST? OH,  
GEE WHIZ! TELL  
ME ABOUT IT!



MRS. SMITH, DID YOU RENT A ROOM  
TO A MAN NAMED "CHARLEY"?  
FROM THE CARNIVAL--AND DID  
HE HAVE A WHITE DOG?

I DID, MISTER... AND HE  
DID HAVE A DOG, WHICH  
IS AGAINST MY RULES...  
I DIDN'T KNOW HE HAD IT  
UNTIL I SAW HIM WHEN HE  
LEFT!

TEETH!  
HA-A  
TILL T  
CAN T  
ACT



ONLY...IT WASN'T A WHITE  
DOG... IN FACT, HE WAS AS  
BLACK AS A DOG CAN BE!

BLACK? OH,  
GOLLY!... THEN  
IT ISN'T FLIP

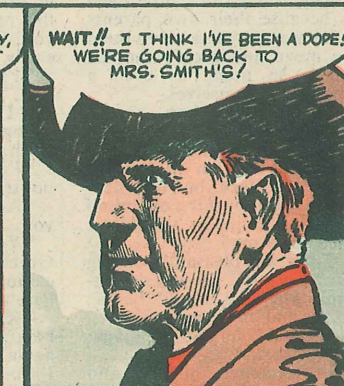
NO, I GUESS NOT...  
WELL, THANK YOU,  
MRS. SMITH... SORRY  
WE TROUBLED YOU!

ALL I CAN SAY IS, IF YOU FIND  
HIM, I WISH HE'D PAY FOR THE  
RUG AND WALLPAPER HE RUINED.  
HEAVEN KNOWS WHAT HE WAS  
DOING TO GET THOSE STAINS ALL  
OVER EVERYTHING!



GEE, I THOUGHT,  
FOR A WHILE, WE'D  
FOUND HIM!

I'M REAL SORRY,  
LAD. I THOUGHT  
SO, TOO!



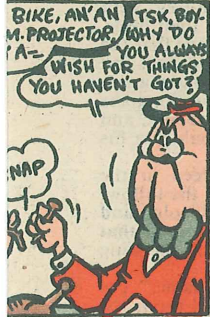
WAIT!! I THINK I'VE BEEN A DOPE!  
WE'RE GOING BACK TO  
MRS. SMITH'S!

I WILL, SIR--PASS  
OF THAT





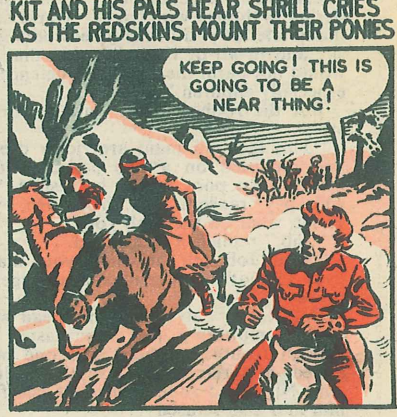
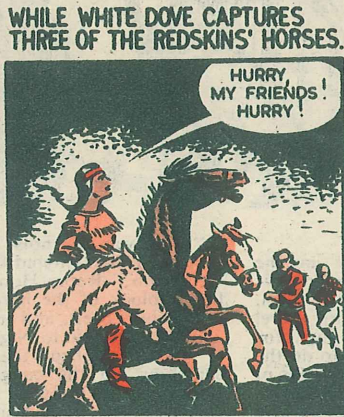
**Feather**  
by DENIS GIFFORD



**Kit Carson**  
and the GOLDEN ARROW



Kit Carson and a young friend, Johnny Scott, are helping White Dove, an Indian girl, 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, an Indian, who gains the Golden Arrow from them, by a trick. Kit and his friends follow him and find his camp in the hills. While White Dove seizes the Indians' horses, Kit and Johnny dash into the camp to fight for the Golden Arrow.





# YOUNG SIR NIGEL

BY REX HARDINGE

**Out of the Frying Pan**  
**THEY** call me Robin Hood!" Young Sir Nigel Wayne stared at the speaker, a scarred-faced man in a shabby suit of Lincoln green, whose followers had captured the young knight and his companions.

He knew that the man was lying. He could not be Robin Hood, for the real Robin was helping Nigel in a desperate attempt to reach King Richard and warn him that Sir Roger Moxton plotted to kill him, and at this very moment was alongside Nigel, also a prisoner. With Joan, the niece of a woodman, they were riding to Lincoln in search of the king, dressed as the children of a country gentleman, with Robin Hood disguised as their servant, when they fell into the hands of this band of scoundrels.

"O-ho, so you are bold Robin of Sherwood?" cried the real Robin, shuddering as though with fright. "I have heard many tales of you in the greenwood, good sir, and in all of them 'tis said that you would not harm the weak and defenceless, especially children."

But the robber leader had a heart of stone.

"This lad and maid are richly dressed and mounted on a fine pony, so their father is no poor man," he rasped. "He will pay ransom for them—Ho, you, varlet, what do they call you?"

"Job," replied Robin Hood.  
 "Well, Job, tell me where your master lives so that I can send and arrange the ransom."

But Robin only shook his head stubbornly, muttering that his master had enough troubles without this one being added, and refused to give the address. And Nigel and Joan took their cue from him and also refused.

"I would die rather than bring more grief to my father!" said Nigel stoutly.

"Me, too," said Joan.

"Well, we'll see if you are so bold when you have been without food and drink for a time," snarled the scarred man. "Take the three of them, bind them, and throw them in the hut. There they stay without food, drink or any attention, until either they tell me where to deliver my terms to their father, or die!"

And in spite of a gallant struggle they were dragged into the woods, to where a rough log hut had been built among the trees. They were then flung down and bound cruelly, so that they could not move hand or foot, and thrown into the hut, the door being slammed on them.

Nigel fell heavily on the hard earth floor, and for a moment was knocked dizzy. When his head cleared he found he was in almost complete darkness, for there were no windows to the hut and the only light came through the crack under the heavy door. He lay still, thinking what a fix he was in.

"And there is no one to ransom me," he thought bitterly, for his parents were dead, his guardian the black Sir Roger Moxton, whose only interest in him was to use him as bait to lure the king to death—

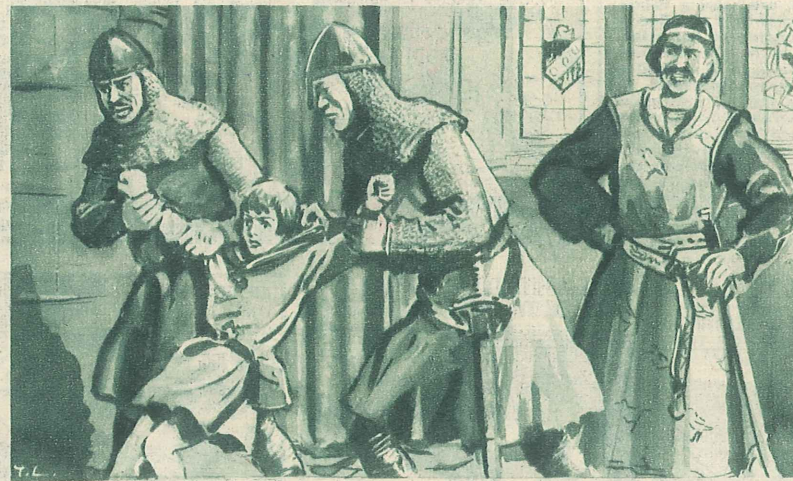
Nigel's thoughts broke off, for he heard a strange struggling sound near to him in the darkness. It was a panting noise, as though somebody gasped for breath and it suddenly ended with a loud sigh.

A moment later something soft brushed up against Nigel, and then Joan's voice whispered:

"The men were not so cruel as their leader. They tried not to be too rough with me, and so the gag in my mouth was not tight. I have spat it out."

Nigel could only grunt in reply. And from out of the darkness came similar sounds, showing that Robin Hood was listening.

"I cannot free my hands," went on Joan, "but, if I can reach your wrists, Nigel, I



have sharp teeth. Roll over."

He obeyed, and in a very short time the girl's teeth found the cords binding his hands and began to pull and tear at them.

Hours seemed to go by, until Nigel almost despaired. It looked as though, for all her courage, Joan was trying to do the impossible. The cords were hard thongs of leather, tied in tight knots, and they bruised and cut her mouth, but she wouldn't give in. The sharp little white teeth tugged desperately; and then, suddenly, Nigel gave a grunt, for he felt the cords loosen. He tugged—and one hand tore itself free!

"Well done, Joan!" he gasped as he dragged the gag from his mouth. "I'll have you loose in a moment."

She didn't answer, for she had sunk back, panting for breath, but when he had freed his hands and legs and reached for the knots binding her, she whispered: "Free Robin Hood first. I can wait."

So Nigel turned his attention to the outlaw and soon had him free of his bonds. Then, together they released Joan.

Outside they could hear the noise of men's voices and they realised that the enemy were gathered by the door. Robin Hood moved about in the darkness, returning at last to whisper that he had been listening at the walls and it seemed that the men had the hut surrounded. But he laughed softly.

"So yon knave would call himself Robin Hood, would he?" he whispered. "I'll give him Robin Hood! Young sir knight, have you the small hunting horn I gave to you?"

"Of course," said Nigel, taking from his belt the little bugle-horn and giving it to the outlaw, who put it to his lips. And then, shrill and clear, rang out three long, echoing blasts.

"Come hither! Come hither! Come hither!" the horn seemed to Nigel to be crying, and he heard the wild notes echoed outside by shouts of startled men.

"Stand back, brave maid—quick, sir knight, you to one side of the door, I to the other," ordered Robin Hood briskly.

"'Tis but a narrow entrance and the only one. When they fling the door open and burst in they must come one at a time, and we shall welcome them—keep them busy until—"

He got no farther, for the door was flung open and light streamed in. Nigel caught a glimpse of men crowding the entrance, but even as Robin had said, only one could squeeze through at a time.

"What was that noise? How—"

A burly man entered the hut.

"Wham!" Robin Hood's great fist was like a block of the hardest wood in his Sherwood Forest, and it landed squarely. "One!" he said to Nigel.

"Two!" replied the young knight, snatching up the cudgel the man had dropped, and bringing it down with all his strength on the head of the next to come through the doorway.

But he was almost too confident. A third man jumped forward through the doorway and made to grab him. But the man tripped and fell, rolling to the ground, with Joan, who had jumped forward like a terrier, clinging to his legs and bringing him down so that Robin could finish him off.

"Three!" she panted, even though most of the breath was knocked out of her.

Neither Nigel nor Robin could do more than cry "well done!" for they were fighting fiercely. Nigel with his cudgel and the outlaw with a sword snatched from a fallen man, they were on each side of the door, striking down the men who tried to force their way into the hut.

Joan rolled out from under her victim and limped across to see what else she could do to help. Then suddenly she paused, listening. From behind the battle in the doorway came what sounded like an echo of Robin Hood's hunting horn. Shrill and sweet in the forest air rang the notes, not of one horn but several!

The bandits heard the horns and hesitated. They seemed filled with terror, and turned to run. But they were not quick enough.

A strange stirring and rustling made itself heard among the trees, the tops of which Joan could see through the doorway were swaying. Then, out of the trees dropped green-coated men. Like magic they came pouring from every thicket, flocking in from all sides—an army in green, carrying great bows and quarter-staves.

And in the forefront Joan recognised Little John, Friar Tuck, and the gay Will Scarlet.

The bandits tried to run, tried to fight, but they had no chance against such fighters as these. Man after man was bowled over like a rabbit until the space outside the hut was filled with Robin Hood's merry men, each sitting comfortably upon a fallen enemy.

"Who are these varlets?" demanded

Will Scarlet, pressing his victim's face deeper into the soft mud under a tree.

"Robin Hood and his merry men," replied Robin, with a brief explanation of what had happened.

"So they are the knaves who have been bringing your name into ill favour in the greenwood by such evil deeds as we would never commit?" growled Little John.

"That is so," said Robin, looking grim. "Little John, you and half the band take these men and tour the countryside far and wide. See that they confess loudly to all that they meet that they have taken the name of Robin Hood in vain. And then deliver them to the sheriff in Nottingham with my compliments, for I heard a short time ago that they robbed a widow and murdered her only son. I leave you to deal with them, John, while I and my young friends proceed on our journey."

So, in a surprisingly short time, Nigel and Joan were back on the palfrey, with Robin Hood riding sedately at their heels, and Nigel found it hard to believe that the latest adventure had really happened. But Joan was so tired, and had so many aches and cuts and bruises that before long she was asleep on the pillion behind him, and he sat very still so that she could use his back for a pillow.

They camped that night deep in the woods and towards evening of the following day came in sight of Lincoln, and Nigel began to thrill to the thought that his mission was nearly over. If the king was indeed at Lincoln—

"Good day to you, good dame," cut Robin Hood's voice across his thoughts, speaking to an old woman gathering wood at the roadside. "Is it true that King Richard is at Lincoln?"

To Nigel's bitter dismay the old woman shook her head. But she added: "He was there, good sir, but a short time back I met travellers on the road who told me His Majesty had ridden into the woods. They did say that he has gone to the hunting lodge over by Greymill Ford, but I do not know why he should go there—and see, the royal standard still flies over Lincoln."

"That doubtless means that the king will return to Lincoln after a day's hunting," said Joan. "Let us go on to the city and wait for him."

But Nigel was impatient. "Let us find our way to this hunting lodge first," he insisted. "Then if the king is not there, we can go on to the city."

So they turned their ponies' heads and followed the directions the old woman gave them to take them to Greymill Ford. On the way along a rough woodland track they met other people, all of whom declared that they also had heard that morning that the king had gone hunting and was now at the hunting lodge.

Nigel spurred the palfrey on eagerly when the lodge came in sight, for he saw many horses there, and a great bustle of uniformed men-at-arms.

"Ho, there! Who are you? What want you here?" demanded a rough voice, and a mounted knight barred their way.

"I am Sir Nigel Wayne," Nigel declared, straightening himself proudly in the saddle. "I have a message of great importance for His Majesty."

The knight looked at him sharply and asked a few swift questions, which Nigel was able to answer to prove his identity. To his answers he added an explanation of why he must see the king.

"My father, when he died, left me in the care of Sir Roger Moxton of Dale Castle, who, I have discovered, would use me as bait to lure the king to Dale, where he will be set upon and killed," he explained.

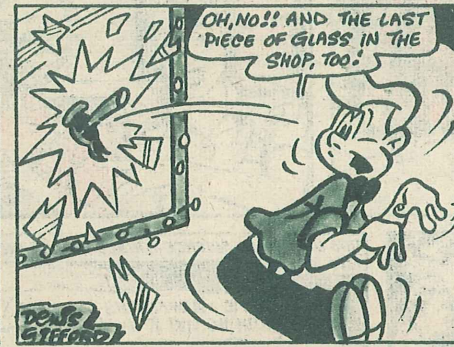
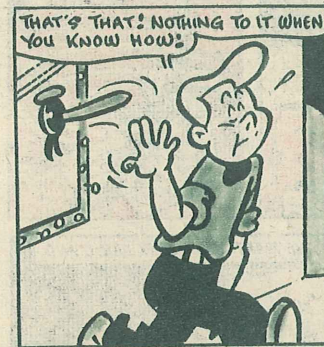
"Your words ring true, lad," decided the knight. "Dismount and come with me. You others—wait here!"

(Continued on opposite page)

## CHUCKLE CORNER







## YOUNG SIR NIGEL

(Continued from opposite page)

Nigel felt dreadfully alone when he obeyed, and he looked back and saw Joan, unusually pale as she watched him, with Robin Hood standing, tall and silent beside her.

"This way," said the knight, waving armed men aside as he led the way into the building; and then, suddenly, he laughed. Nigel jumped back, but too late. The door slammed behind him!

And then he heard the strange knight's laugh echoed by another—and there,

standing waiting for him, laughing—was Sir Roger Moxton!

"So, bold Nigel, you thought yourself clever enough to wreck my plan!" jeered the evil knight. "But I am too old a fox to be outwitted by such as you. I reasoned that, if I spread the word that the king was here, you would turn aside and hasten here, and so I've got you at last—and it only remains to silence you!"

He called to a number of men who sprang forward.

"Take the lad down to the cellar—put him to death!" he ordered.

Nigel is in a fix! Will Joan and Robin be able to help? More of this stirring adventure next week!

## 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

Margaret Nixon, Bramblewood Sanatorium, Holt, Norfolk. Fifteen. Films. Maureen O'Brien, 21 Morcimer Street, Dundee, Angus, Scotland. Twelve. Sport, stamps. Guy Woots, 4 Pound Cottages, Cookham, Berks. Fourteen. Sport. Alan Darley, Main Street, Llanall, near Goole, Yorks. Eleven. Sport, reading. Brian Wood, Rookery Lane, Crosby, Leicester. Twelve. Football. Ann Snow, Esher Place, Esher, Surrey. Fifteen. Swimming, modern music. Mary Armin, 33 Thinford Street, Metal Bridge, Ferryhill, Co. Durham. Thirteen. Netball. Cherry Bacon, Evening Tide, Brockham Camp, Boxhill Road, Tadworth, Surrey. Twelve. Dancing, games. Alan Booth, 95 Ashford Avenue, Hayes, Middlesex. Eleven. Football. John McTigue, 653 Foleshill Road, Coventry. Sixteen. Sport, films. Margaret Voyle, 160 Commercial Street, Aberbargoed, Bargoed, Glam. Fourteen. Films. Mavis Keates, 91 Paddock Lane, Walsall, Staffs. Fourteen. Dancing. Maureen Hurdsfield, 2 Chapel Street, Winclam, near Norwich, Cheshire. Fourteen. Stamps, cycling. Pamela Clark, 139 Den Walk, Mechil, Fifeshire, Scotland. Sixteen. Cycling, films, modern music. Sylvia Cross, 25 Highgate, near Windley Road, Leicester. Fourteen. Films, swimming. Shirley Thomas, 2 Blandy Terrace, Ogmorie Vale, near

Bridgend, Glam., S. Wales. Ten. Painting, drawing, reading. Reginald Barnett, 36 Beulah Hill, Ellery Court, Upper Norwood, London, S.E.19. Seventeen. Films. Angela Sheppard, 170 Southdown Road, Bath. Thirteen. Netball, stamps.

Rodney Holmes, 48 Holroyd Hill, Wibsey, Bradford, Yorks. Nine. Reading. Janet Mealand, 25 Lewisham Grove, Weston-super-Mare, Somerset. Eleven. Dogs, gym. Jolanda Cofolla, 174 Ravenhill Road, Belfast, N. Ireland. Twenty. Films. Maureen Fellows, 321 Walsall Wood Road, Aldridge, Walsall, Staffs. Twelve. Swimming, reading. John Roberts, 322 Hoole Lane, Chester. Twelve. Football, reading. Sylvia Iff, 12 Valliers Wood Road, Sidcup, Kent. Eleven. Dancing, singing.

Kenneth Woodward, 1 Ringcraft Street, Holloway Road, London, N.7. Twelve. Autographs, football. Philip Thompson, 5 Spencer Avenue, Witlesey Road, Stanground Peterborough. Ten. Stamps, fishing. Elizabeth Hamilton, 36 Commercial Road, Strathaven, Lanarkshire, Scotland. Twelve. Needlework. Gerald Parker, 39 Scotland Place, Leamington Spa, Warwickshire. Twelve. Reading. Marian Welch, 6 Woodville Place, Caterham, Surrey. Sixteen. Dancing, reading. Doreen Hearts, 1 Brackenbury Place, Preston, Lancs. Fourteen. Swimming, film stars, dancing.

Ronald Platt, 83 Well Street, Hanley, Stoke-on-Trent. Twelve. Stamps, films, swimming. Barbara Pearson, 56 Sixth Street, Chingola, N. Rhodesia. Thirteen. Film stars, sport, music, songs. Robert Mills, 15 Humphries Terrace, Challa Gardens, Kikenny P.O., S. Australia. Twelve. Sport, swimming, stamps. Margaret Olden, 18 Brynawel Crescent, Treboeth, Swansea, Glam. Thirteen. Music.

## A NEAT PLOT

and Mother fell for it!



12 FREE BADGES entitle you to the Y.R. FOOT-BALLER'S STAR



When you have got the full set—a Complete Soccer Eleven plus a Captain's or Vice-Captain's Badge—send for your Y.R. STAR.



Write on a sheet of paper your name and address and state your favourite position in the team. Enclose it, with the 12 badges, in a box or stout envelope, stamp with a 3d. stamp, and post to Goodall, Backhouse & Co. Ltd., Dept. No. 8, Sovereign Street, LEEDS.



REMEMBER—ALWAYS GIVE THE Y.R. SIGN, it means you're a keen footballer.

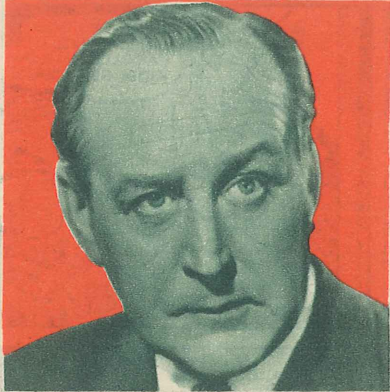
They're not only keen badge collectors, those two. They've also got good taste, knowing that Y.R. Sauce is always worth having. Have you got your Y.R. Star yet? Here's how. Just collect the badges given FREE with every bottle of Y.R. Sauce. For the complete set of 12 we send you the Y.R. Footballer's Star, in shining chromium—plus your favourite position badge. Keen footballers wear both. Swop duplicates only with boys who give the Y.R. Secret Sign. This offer does not apply to Eire.

YR SAUCE made by GOODALL, BACKHOUSE & CO. LTD., LEEDS.





# THE "COMET" GALLERY OF STARS



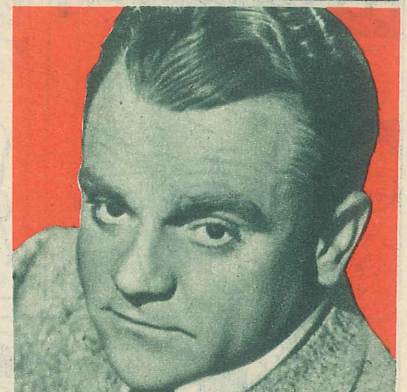
**CECIL PARKER**  
(Rank Organisation)



**RUTH ROMAN**  
(Warner Bros.)



**LIZABETH SCOTT**  
(Paramount)



**JAMES CAGNEY**  
(Warner Bros.)

## DON DEEDS

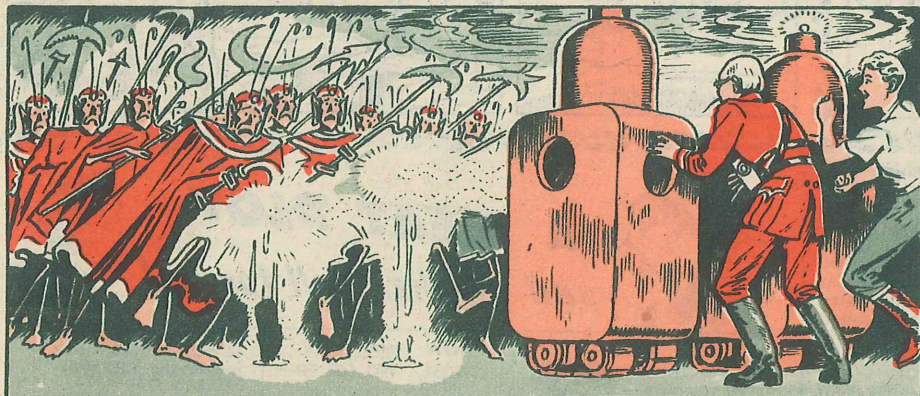
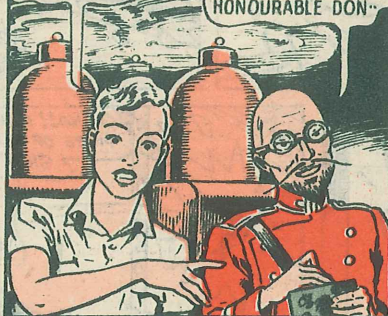
Don Deeds, Mai-Mai and Krim, their Martian friend, enter the temple by a secret passage to rescue Alphas, the Emperor of Mars. Hoo Sung and his iron men lead the way but they come face-to-face with the high priest's armed guards.



CAN YOUR IRON MEN FIGHT THAT LOT, HOO SUNG?

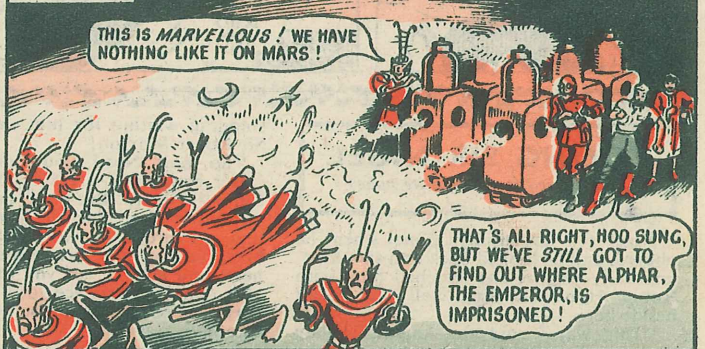
THIS HUMBLE PERSON SUGGEST THERE WILL BE NO NEED TO FIGHT, HONOURABLE DON...

THIS ONE WILL NOW SWITCH ON HIS OWN SECRET RAY WHICH WILL MELT ALL METALS... WATCH!



THIS DISPLAY OF SCIENCE STRIKES TERROR INTO THE MARTIANS... THEY PANIC AND FLEE IN FEAR!

THIS IS MARVELLOUS! WE HAVE NOTHING LIKE IT ON MARS!



THAT'S ALL RIGHT, HOO SUNG, BUT WE STILL GOT TO FIND OUT WHERE ALPHAS, THE EMPEROR, IS IMPRISONED!

THE HIGH PRIEST TRIES TO STOP THE FLIGHT, BUT WHEN HE SEES THE IRON MEN ADVANCING, HE TURNS TO RUN!

LOOK, HOO SUNG! THE HIGH PRIEST!

STOP! STOP! I SAY! ARE YOU COWARDS?



THIS MISERABLE PERSON'S IRON MAN WILL STOP HIM... WE WILL THEN QUESTION HIM... WATCH!

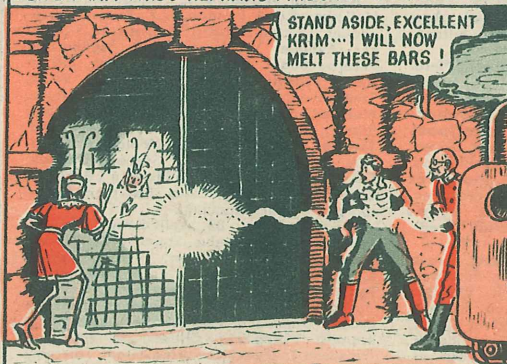


GOT YOU! NOW, WHERE IS ALPHAS?

AND WHERE IS ZORN, THE TRAITOR WHO SEIZED THE THRONE?

DO NOT HARM ME... I WILL SPEAK! ALPHAS IS IN THE STATE DUNGEONS AT THE END OF THIS PASSAGE. ZORN IS REALLY TO BLAME; HE IS IN THE PALACE!

DON'S PARTY FINDS ALPHAS'S PRISON IN THE DUNGEONS



STAND ASIDE, EXCELLENT KRIM... I WILL NOW MELT THESE BARS!

ENTRY IS MADE INTO ALPHAS'S CELL... KRIM! YOU ARE VERY WELCOME... BUT WHO IS YOUR FRIEND?

EMPEROR, IT IS HOO SUNG FROM EARTH!