



Prince Valiant
IN THE DAYS OF KING ARTHUR
by Harold R. Foster

Synopsis: ALETA RETURNS FROM HER RIDE, OVERJOYED TO LEARN THAT PRINCE VALIANT HAS ARRIVED. BRIGHT EYED, SHE SKIPS UP THE STEPS..... BUT THERE ARE NO WELCOMING ARMS TO GREET HER!



VAL TOO HAS JUST RETURNED FROM A PERILOUS AND TRAGIC JOURNEY AND FOUND NO ONE TO GREET HIM. A FEW LONELY HOURS HAVE MADE HIM A BIT SULKY.



BY THE TIME SHE FINDS HIM ALETA'S ARDOR HAS COOLED CONSIDERABLY.... AND HIS MILD "HELLO" DOES NOT HELP MATTERS.



"I HOPE YOU HAD A NICE TRIP," SHE MURMURS, GOING OVER TO THE CLOTHES CLOSET.



"PRAY DO NOT GET UP IF YOU ARE SO TIRED," SHE CONTINUES, SITTING DOWN TO TAKE OFF HER RIDING BOOTS.



"NOT TIRED, JUST BORED," HE BLUSTERS. "AFTER THE ADVENTURES OF THE ROAD, HOME IS A DULL PLACE WITH NO CHILDREN TO PLAY WITH, NO WIFE TO OFFER COMFORT."....



"THEN RIDE OFF ON ANOTHER TRIP. WHY DON'T YOU!" SHE SNAPS, DUSTING OFF HER BOOTS VIGOROUSLY.



VAL LEAPS ANGRILY TO HIS FEET. ALETA STANDS HER GROUND, EVEN MOVES A STEP CLOSER..... CLOSER. VERY DELIBERATELY SHE FLUTTERS HER LONG LASHES AT HIM.



PRINCE ARN RIOTS IN, BREATHLESS AS USUAL, AND STOPS IN HORROR... HIS MOTHER IS BEING CRUSHED TO DEATH!



"SOME DAY, MOMMIE WILL TEASE MY SIRE TOO MUCH AND WILL GET ALL HER BONES BROKEN," HE PROPHECIES DARKLY. "BUT SHE SEEMS TO LIKE IT!" HE MARVELS, FOR HE TOO FINDS THE WAYS OF WOMEN PUZZLING.

NEXT WEEK—The Explorer



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