



**Synopsis:** THE FIVE CELTIC KINGS OF CORNWALL HAVE CONSPIRED TO AID THE SAXONS IN THE CONQUEST OF BRITAIN. PRINCE VALIANT, IN THE GARB OF A WANDERING MINSTREL, HAS CREATED SUCH DISTRUST THAT THE SAXONS HAVE PUT ONE KING TO DEATH.



FOR TWO DAYS HE RIDES THE DESOLATE MOOR AND COMES AT LAST TO A PLEASANT VALLEY OF MEADOW AND FARM, AND THERE, ON A HILL-TOP OVERLOOKING THE VALLEY, IS LAUNCESTON CASTLE.



FOR THE NEXT TWO MILES VAL RACES HIS PONY TO ARRIVE IN A CLOUD OF DUST, FOAM-FLECKED AND SPENT. "WAR! WAR!" HE SHOUTS.



HIS CRY BRINGS EVERYONE CROWDING AROUND TO HEAR HIS TIDINGS. "THE SAXONS HAVE TURNED AGAINST US; THEY PILLAGE AND BURN; RESTORMEL HAS ALREADY FALLEN! PREPARE FOR WAR!" HE GASPS.



TWO SAXON CHIEFTAINS ARE WITH THE KING, PLANNING THEIR ALLIANCE, WHEN VAL IS HURRIED IN. "STAND AWAY FROM THOSE SAXONS, SIRE! CALL THE GUARD ERE THEY MURDER YOU! ALREADY HAVE THEY SACKED RESTORMEL AND PUT ITS KING TO DEATH MOST HORRIBLY!"



ANGRY VOICES ARE RAISED AND THE KING, IN SUDDEN PANIC, ORDERS THE SAXONS KILLED. AND WITH THIS DEED VAL'S SCHEME WINS SUCCESS. FOR NOW THE REMAINING KINGS OF CORNWALL MUST FIGHT FOR THEIR LIVES AGAINST THE INVADERS.



AS VAL RIDES AWAY, HE CALLS BACK: "I GO TO JOIN KING ARTHUR. IT IS BETTER TO FIGHT AND DIE A FREE MAN THAN WEAR A SAXON'S CHAINS!" HE IS ANSWERED WITH A CHEER.



A RIDER CLATTERS UP TO TINTAGAL'S GATES...A SHOUT OF WELCOME AND PRINCE VALIANT'S CHEERY LAUGHTER. THE LINES OF WORRY FADE FROM KING ARTHUR'S BROW AND HE SMILES. THAT MERRY LAUGH CAN ONLY MEAN GOOD NEWS!  
NEXT WEEK: *The Coming Storm*



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