



**Synopsis:** KING ARTHUR, WARRIOR CHIEFTAIN OF ALL BRITAIN, SENDS PRINCE VALIANT TO RORY MCCOLM, KING OVER ALL THE KINGS OF IRELAND, TO SEEK PEACE BETWEEN THEM WHILE ARTHUR FIGHTS THE SAXONS. THE INSOLENCE OF RORY STRIKES SPARKS FROM VAL'S FIERY TEMPER AND WORDS ARE SPOKEN. HE SEEKS COUNCIL WITH HIS FRIEND BRIAN.



"AS AN ACCEPTED AMBASSADOR, YOU WILL BE LODGED IN THE CASTLE. STAY IN THE CROWDS, FOR YOUR LIFE IS WORTH NOTHING IF YOU ARE FOUND IN A DARK CORRIDOR. HAVE PATIENCE! THE WHEELS OF FATE ARE SPINNING!"



DINNERTIME! AND VAL IS SEATED AT THE LOWEST END OF THE TABLE AMONG THE VASSALS. HE ACCEPTS THIS INSULT AND TAKES HIS HUMBLE PLACE WITH THAT HARD SMILE THAT MEANS DANGER.



THE HOSPITALITY OF THE IRISH KINGS IS TRADITIONAL, BUT SO ARROGANT IS RORY THAT HE DARES BE NIGGARDLY WITH MEAT AND DRINK. EVEN THE POETS AND MINSTRELS GO UNHONORED AND MUCH GRUMBLING IS HEARD AMONG THE THROG.



BUT THERE IS ENOUGH MEAT AND TOO MUCH TO DRINK AT THE KING'S TABLE. "DO I HEAR GRUMBLING OVER A FREE MEAL?" HE SNEERS. "LOOK WHERE SITS KING ARTHUR'S MAN..... AND HE IS NOT COMPLAINING!" AT THIS INSULT TO A FOREIGN AMBASSADOR THERE FALLS A SILENCE AND VAL ARISES, EYES GLITTERING BUT LIPS SMILING.



"I HAVE NOTHING TO COMPLAIN ABOUT, SIRE, FOR THERE ARE MORE KINGLY MANNERS AT MY END OF THE TABLE THAN AT YOURS!"



"FOR THAT YOU WILL DIE!" LIVID WITH RAGE, RORY MCCOLM CAN HARDLY SPEAK. "WOULD I WERE NOT A KING--I WOULD KILL YOU MYSELF!"



"I AM A PRINCE. MY FOREFATHERS WERE KINGS WHILE YOURS WERE STILL TENDING SWINE. FIND SOME OTHER EXCUSE FOR NOT FIGHTING, RORY MCCOLM!"

NEXT WEEK--The Duel.



## Hunting For Something?

Your Best Bet Is Capital Journal Classified—Try It. Ph. 22406

**CAPITAL JOURNAL WANT-ADS**