



OUR STORY: THE WATCHERS ON THE WALLS OF CAMELOT SEE THE GREAT ARRAY OF SAXON HORSEMEN ON THE PLAINS BELOW AND CALL A WARNING. THEN KING ARTHUR'S KNIGHTS DO JUST AS VAL SAID THEY WOULD, WHEN, WEAK FROM EXHAUSTION, HE ANSWERED THE ENEMY'S QUESTIONS--



THEY MOUNT THEIR HORSES, SEIZE THEIR LONG SPEARS AND GALLOP OUT TO BATTLE.



THE SAXON PLAN IS TO LET THE KNIGHTS PURSUE THEM, FIGHTING JUST ENOUGH TO KEEP THEM OCCUPIED, BUT DRAWING THEM EVER AWAY FROM CAMELOT.



AND VAL, BOUND SECURELY TO A LAME HORSE AND DRESSED AS A SAXON, WOULD BE THE FIRST TO FALL! BUT HE MAKES A LOOP OF HIS REINS, TOSSES THEM OVER HIS HORNED HELMET AND DRAGS IT OFF.



"SIR VALIANT! SIR VALIANT!" VAL CRIES, AND HIS GLOSSY BLACK HAIR STANDS OUT PLAINLY FROM THE BLOND SAXONS. "CUT ME LOOSE, GAWWAIN, AND RIDE TO VICTORY.... I MUST SEEK THE KING!"



UNDER DURESS, VAL HAD REVEALED THE TRUTH, HE MERELY FORGOT TO MENTION THAT KING ARTHUR'S KNIGHTS WERE NOT THE HEAVILY-ARMED, SLOW HORSEMEN OF OLD, BUT LIGHTLY ARMED, SWIFTER AND, BECAUSE THEY ALONE USED STIRRUPS, ABLE TO USE THEIR LONG LANCES WITH DEADLY EFFECT. THE PLANNED RETREAT BECOMES A ROUT!

by Foster

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