

Prince Valiant

IN THE DAYS OF KING ARTHUR
by Harold R. Foster



Our Story: THE GRAND CONCLAVE ASSEMBLES-- THE SENATE, THE COUNCIL OF ELDERS AND THEIR RULER-- TO DISCUSS THE WELFARE OF THE KINGDOM. AND NOT ONE OF THEM CAN THE QUEEN WHOLLY TRUST. "MY FOREFATHERS MADE LAWS THAT WERE JUST AND WISE; WE KNEW PEACE AND PROSPERITY; WHEN DANGER THREATENED, OUR NEIGHBORS CAME TO OUR AID, AS WE DID FOR THEM. IN MY ABSENCE YOU HAVE CHANGED THE LAWS. CHANGE THEM BACK!" SHE RISES, "TREACHERY IS STILL PUNISHABLE BY HANGING AND THE NOISE YOU HEAR IS THAT OF MEN WORKING ON A GALLOW!"



THEN ARISES MILATES, SNEERING, CONFIDENT. "DOES YOUR MAJESTY THREATEN US?" HE ASKS. ALETA LOOKS CALMLY INTO HIS EYES. "YES," SHE SAYS.



MILATES RETURNS TO HIS SEAT, HIS ARROGANCE GONE FOR, FROM THOSE GREAT GRAY EYES HAD SHONE THE SPIRIT OF A LONG LINE OF KINGS ACCUSTOMED TO COMMAND, CERTAIN OF OBEDIENCE, AND HIS GAZE HAD DROPPED.



ONE OF THE ELDERS SPEAKS, WONDERINGLY. "SHE STOOD ALONE AMONG HER DEADLIEST ENEMIES, ARMED ONLY WITH SUPERB COURAGE, A QUEEN!" THEN HE HISSES: "YOU TREACHEROUS CUNNING JACKALS, I GO TO OFFER MY ALLEGIANCE TO MY QUEEN!"



MANY FOLLOW, BUT NOT ENOUGH TO BREAK THE UNITED POWER OF THE WAR PARTY. IT IS PIERRE, SQUIRE TO SIR GAWAIN, WHO GOES SEEKING ADVENTURE IN THE TAVERNS AND STUMBLES ON SOMETHING REALLY IMPORTANT.

NEXT WEEK--The Adventures of Pigott.