

Prince Valiant

IN THE DAYS OF KING ARTHUR
by Harold R. Foster



Our Story: GREY SHAPES LOOM OUT OF THE VEIL OF SWIRLING SNOW AND CREEP TOWARD THE MOUND OF SNOW WHERE PRINCE ARN LIES BURIED.



THEN ANOTHER SHAPE TAKES FORM, AND GARM'S HEAVY SPEAR BRINGS DOWN THE NEAREST WOLF. THE OTHERS FADE AWAY, SILENTLY, AS THEY HAD COME.



AND GARM GIVES A SIGH OF RELIEF AS HE UNCOVERS HIS YOUNG MASTER. ARN IS SLEEPING, AND HIS ROSY CHEEKS ATTEST THAT HE IS WARM. ALL EXCEPT THE TIP OF HIS NOSE... WHICH IS FROZEN.



GARM LEADS THE WAY BACK TO THE SHELTER HE HAD BUILT, CARRYING THE DEER, WHOSE WARM BODY HAD SAVED ARN FROM FREEZING TO DEATH.



WITHIN THE SHELTER IT IS WARM AND ARN'S FROST-BITTEN NOSE THAWS. HE IS ASTONISHED THAT SUCH A SMALL THING CAN HURT SO MUCH!



AND STILL THE BITTER STORM ROARS OVER THE MOUNTAINS, AND THE SNOW BECOMES EVER DEEPER IN THEIR SHELTERED VALLEY. THEY CUT A SUPPLY OF FUEL AGAINST THE TIME WHEN EVEN THE TREES WILL BE COVERED.



NOW THE HUT IS COMPLETELY BURIED, AND STILL IT SNOWS! NIGHT AND DAY ARE AS ONE. TIME SEEMS TO STAND STILL, BUT THE TWO IMPRISONED TRAVELERS ARE NOT IDLE, FOR THERE ARE MANY PREPARATIONS TO MAKE FOR THEIR ATTEMPT TO RETURN HOME.

Hal Foster

NEXT WEEK - The Anxious Hours.