



Our Story: EACH MORNING ALFRED SHAVES HIS MASTER'S BALD SPOTS AND RUBS CHARCOAL INTO HIS STUBBY CHIN, FOR IT WOULD BE UNHEALTHY FOR PRINCE VALIANT TO BE RECOGNIZED IN THIS DUBIOUS LAND OF CORNWALL.



VAL TELLS KING DURWIN THAT ON THE MORROW HE MUST DEPART, TO TRAVEL WESTWARD TELLING OF HIS ADVENTURES IN THE HOLY LAND, TO ENCOURAGE ALL CHRISTIANS TO MAKE THE PILGRIMAGE.



AND SHORTLY THEREAFTER A MESSENGER RIDES WESTWARD. "NOW, WHY SHOULD ONE HONEST HOST WARN ANOTHER OF OUR COMING," MUSES ALFRED, "UNLESS THEY HAVE SOMETHING TO HIDE?"



FAR OUT ON LONELY BODMIN MOOR ALFRED PULLS UP BESIDE VAL, NO LONGER THE CRINGING SERF BUT SQUIRE AND COMPANION. "SO GREAT IS THE GULF BETWEEN NOBLE AND SERF THAT THE MASTERS TALK FREELY IN THE PRESENCE OF THE LOW-BORN, THERE IS LITTLE THE SERVANTS DO NOT KNOW ABOUT, WHAT GOES ON!"



"KING DURWIN WOULD NOT BE A TRAITOR, FOR HIS LANDS LIE NEAREST ARTHUR'S ARMIES, BUT ALL CORNWALL TREMBLES IN FEAR OF THE GROWING POWER OF OCH-SYNWYN, AN EVIL KING FAR TO THE WEST. WITH PROMISES OF PLUNDER HE HAS GATHERED AN ARMY"



THE WANDERING PALMER FINDS READY WELCOME. IT IS PILGRIMS SUCH AS VAL, TELLING OF THE WONDERS OF THE HOLY LAND, WHO WILL ONE DAY LAUNCH THE CRUSADES.



IN THE DISTANCE IS RESTORMEL WHERE LIVES THE SECOND OF THE THREE CORNISH KINGS, BUT ON THE ROAD AHEAD STAND ARMED MEN, WAITING!

NEXT WEEK—The Boaster