



THE NEXT MORNING, PRINCE CHARMING GOT UP
JUST BEFORE SUNRISE, WITH THAT ONE BLACK HEEL
IN HAND, AND HEADED OUT INTO THE CITY
WITHOUT HIS SECURITY DETAIL.
HE KNEW THEY WOULD JUST HINDER HIS SEARCH
FOR THAT MYSTERIOUS WOMAN
HE DANCED WITH AT LAST NIGHT'S ROYAL BALL...
SORTARELLA.



HE WALKED THE STREETS OF THE
CITY FROM EARLY MORNING...



IT WAS ME!

LIE! IT WAS ME!

...TO THE LATE AFTERNOON
BREAKTIME SPOTS AT VARIOUS
COFFEE SHOPS. HE STOPPED AND
ASKED EVERY WOMAN IF SHE WAS
THE ONE HE DANCED WITH AT THE
ROYAL BALL.



WITH NO LUCK OR PROGRESS ALL WEEKEND, FEELING DEFEATED, PRINCE CHARMING HEADED TO A PARK TO REST AND WHIMPER. HE WAS PHYSICALLY, MENTALLY, AND EMOTIONALLY EXHAUSTED.
"I CAN'T EVEN, ANYMORE..." HE STATED.

THEN SUDDENLY...

OUCH!



HE WAS HIT BY SOME
CRUSTY, OLD
BREAD CRUMBS.

SORRY. I'VE GOT BAD AIM.
I WAS A BENCHWARMER.



WHEN HE LOOKED UP TO GIVE THE
BREAD-TOSSING MISCREANT A CRUMB OF HIS
MIND, HE REALIZED IT WAS HER,
THE MYSTERIOUS LADY HE DANCED WITH AT
THE BALL...
SORTARELLA

TO BE CONTINUED...