

I Am Excalibur by Danny Hatch

I am Excalibur, the only truly innocent character in this whole charade. This is due to me having no human drives, desires, addictions, or vices. My real history began when Nimue, the Lady of the Lake, thrust me out of the water to Merlin and Uther Pendragon. Nothing really happened after that until Uther thrust me into the stone, where I resided for seventeen long years. Once Arthur pulled me out, I remained strong, staying by his side until I was broken, in a rare moment of Arthur displaying a rash attitude. I have never broken. In all of my years as a sword, from the beginning of time to that very moment, with Lancelot's body lying in the river, I have never felt myself break. In all of his confusion, Arthur dropped me into the lake absentmindedly. At this point, I had lost all hope, and was sinking quickly. Suddenly, though, two slimy hands grabbed me, and with a stream of flash and light, I was mended.

I have stayed with Arthur through the chivalry, the success, the hate, and the pain, Even if I could not lend him my strength and my blade, I gave him important encouragement while he was dying.

Except for now.

Now, I lay at the bottom of the lake, discarded, forgotten, gone. I have nothing to comfort me but thoughts of rebirth for both Arthur and myself.

He will be back. I know it.

And so will I.

Invincible by Danny Hatch

Winter turns to spring
And all the church bells ring.
We rider through the day
And we ride through the night,
On our way to kill Modred, son of Morgan le Fay,
And vanquish death to bring new life.
Dark to light,
And day from night,
Courageous we ride
To stop Modred's plight.
Fight or Flight?
We will fight through the night!
We will taste the blood of our enemies.
We will feel untold pain,
And we may all die.
But we will have victory
For infinity on high.

Excalibur

So what's so special about me? I'm just a sword. Not only that, but I'm hardly even used. I like to see some action and battles every once and a while. Instead, Uther just *had* to stick me in that ridiculous boulder for years without even asking me if he could. I had to just stick around until Arthur grew up about twenty years later. I couldn't even get a chance to sleep because of all the people bothering me on about an hourly basis. Once he drew me, I thought I had struck gold. We got to have a really good battle the next day. After that though, I just sat there cramped up in that scabbard most of the time, just barely being able to hear what people were saying. It's not like I'm a pet or anything; I'm a sword. I deserve to know what's going on.

One time, Arthur did use me to fight some knight named Lancelot. He was a really good knight. (I really wish he had tried pulling me out of that stone before Arthur did!!!) He was magnificent in combat. It was a great battle, that is until Arthur decided to go overboard and kill Lancelot. It broke my heart. Literally. I split right where my heart is. It hurt more than you can imagine. Fortunately my old buddy Merlin knew how to heal me. He told that idiot Arthur to throw me in the lake where the Lady of the Lake was. She healed me in about two seconds (about the most wasted two seconds of my life, excluding sitting in the boulder and the scabbard). That was one of the few times I actually got to battle.

I even remember something about defending some Guinevere in battle, but Arthur just told someone else to do it. I could have been used on countless occasions, but Arthur always sent another person to handle the situation. Soon after not getting to fight for Guinevere, Arthur found Lancelot with a lady (You expect me to know who this is? I hadn't been out of that dumb scabbard since fighting Lancelot). Arthur got mad and stabbed me into a stone next to them. I could feel the world ending when he did that. It scared me to death. Fortunately, when the people woke up, the woman pulled me right out of it, taking me with her. I was hoping to get to battle with her, but instead she takes me to a convent and hides me for longer than I was in the stupid stone. I couldn't sleep this time either because her room was right next to the kitchens and the chapel. All I could hear was the clamor in the kitchen mixed with the voices of women praying. Not the best thing to be complaining about, the women praying that is. I was praying that I would be out of there really soon.

One day, finally, she picked me up and started bringing me to the entrance of the convent. I was so sure she was bringing me to Lancelot. It just killed me to see who was getting me. It was Arthur. I was horrified. He wasn't just boring any more, he was really old now too. He seemed very serious. He said that he was going somewhere. He had something he had to settle apparently. I noticed that he was wearing armor, which was a very good sign. I hoped I could have one more battle with him, even if it was a lame one, before he died of a heart attack or something. When we met our destination, I saw that he was with an army and that there was another army across the valley from them. I started to get very excited. What made me even more excited is when Arthur started calling Merlin. I nearly wet my scabbard I was so excited. Arthur changed. He had a much more lively spirit now. He was a completely different person.

The next morning, I got to fight. Arthur had gotten much better at fighting, despite how old he was. I was definitely beginning to grow fond of him after all. The battle was so fun. So much blood, clashes of my fellow swords and other weapons, and shouting. It was heaven. I was even more excited when Lancelot came. I really thought I would get to see the best fight of my life. Instead, I saw him get hit once in the side, and he fell. We ran over to him as fast as we

could (which wasn't very fast considering the armor and that it was a battlefield). Once we got to him, he said how sorry he was for what he did to Arthur. Arthur forgave him for whatever it was he had done. The next thing Arthur and I knew, Lancelot was dead. Arthur teared up and was about to cry when he noticed that there was still a battle going on. I on the other hand swore vengeance for his death. I would kill whoever defeated Lancelot. Just then, Arthur and I turned to see some boy wearing sissy-looking gold armor with a spear. We both knew at once that this boy was the one who killed Lancelot. Arthur seemed to have a much more violent expression than anyone I had seen in my life time, which would be since the beginning of time. The boy then said, "Come, father, let us embrace at last." I was really confused then.

Before I had a chance to ask Arthur about what happened while I was gone, they both charged. The boy's spear caught Arthur before anyone knew what had happened. It hadn't just hit Arthur's armor, it had gone all the way through the front and back of the armor through Arthur's stomach. It was not a good sight to see, that is until I realized that I had experienced this sensation on multiple occasions. I was really disappointed and felt that all hope for anything good was lost when something happened that surprised everyone, even Arthur. Arthur had grabbed the spear and began pulling himself along the spear toward the boy. He then raised me high and stabbed me with all his strength right into the boy's heart. It felt so good, until I remembered that Arthur's stomach was still strung on the spear.

Arthur's only surviving knight then ran over to Arthur. Arthur simply told him to take me and throw me into the lake. I was mad that he didn't even say goodbye to me. That is until I found myself being brought back to Arthur's side. I was denied a farewell three times all because the knight was too scared to throw me. Arthur demanded him to throw me into the water three times before the knight, I think his name was Pansy or Perceval or something, would actually throw me. This tortured me so much, because I had just recently grown fond of Arthur and now I was leaving his side forever. I really wanted to say goodbye to him before I had to leave, but how could I help it? I'm a sword. I can't speak to him. After the third time Arthur told Pansy to throw me, he finally went down to the lake and tossed me. As I was in the air, tossing and turning about, I caught one last glimpse of Arthur before we parted ways forever. He was smiling at me and trying to wave, but he was too weak. He looked so happy lying there. Then I landed in the hand of the Lady of the Lake. She held me up high, saluting Arthur, the King of England and of the Knights of the Round Table. I was then submerged under the water where I could finally rest peacefully.

All the Knights of the Round Table sent out on a quest to find something never found before.

This task was a dangerous one that no one had done and no one knew where to begin.

The quest was to seek the cup, the grail from which our Lord Jesus drank.

This Holy Grail was an important sign to the knights of the time,

It was a symbol of power, truth, wisdom, courage, and especially faith.

Who would find this grail? For he must be a great man,

And a noble and very brave knight.

He would face many dangers,

He would survive all his hardships,

He would surely discover the grail?

Who is this man?

Could it be?

It was Perceval,

But how could he?

Surely he wasn't worthy

Of finding the grail

And holding it in his hand?

But sure enough he had the stuff

To bring back the grail to Arthur.

He succeeded in the quest

Of the noble request

Of the Great King Arthur Pendragon.

Morgana's 1001 Potion Recipes: Deluxe Edition

– by Morgana Le Fay

Nick Joyce

Kings, Knights, and Heroes

Recipe for a King Arthur:

1. 3 tbsp. of bravery.
2. ½ grail of loyalty.
3. 3 tsp. trust.
4. 1 ½ tbsp. mercy.
5. A pinch of pride.
6. 4 grails of forgiveness.
7. 5 tsp. love.
8. ½ tsp. lust.

Instructions:

1. Place the bravery, loyalty, trust, mercy, and love into a bowl.
2. Mix together gently.
3. Quickly beat in the pride.
4. Toss in the lust.
5. Slowly stir in the forgiveness with a fork.
6. Bake at 300°C for 20 minutes.
7. Let cool for 10 minutes.
8. Serve on a *skewer* (preferably sword shaped) with a dill *spear*.

*Note: If you have leftovers, refrigerate wrapped in plastic wrap in a bowl of water until ready for more.

The simple way to make The Perfect Knight

Preheat oven to 450 degrees

Prepare an 8x6 in. pan

INGREDIENTS:

1 tsp. skill

1 cup bravery

$\frac{3}{4}$ cup confidence

Mix well, let set for about 10 minutes and then sprinkle
in some lust, love and just a dash of betrayal

Mix well

Add 2 cups of charm and 2 of loyalty

Pour the mixture in the prepared pan

Let cook for about 60-65 minutes

When you take it out let set for about 20 minutes so it can cool

by Maria Ruiz

The Great Knight Ponders

If only I could be more to her
I wish I had met her before Arthur
I hate this feeling
I haven't even done anything yet and already I feel guilty

Why must I love *her*?
There are so many other women in the world
And yet I fall in love with the Queen
Not only is she Queen but also she is also my friend and King's wife

What shall I do if something does happen?
I cannot let myself lose it
I am the best knight of the Round Table
I cannot let myself fall into the trap of a woman

But this love and longing is like nothing else I have ever felt
It is the feeling that every man dreams of
Every time I see her my heart fills up
And suddenly I am floating on a cloud
Her smile is like looking up to the sun, it's blinding

But then it fades and it is as if it never happened

by Maria Ruiz

Merlin's Narrative

I have seen many things in my time,
The rise and fall of many a nation
The technologic and philosophic leaps,
New kings always seeking to outdo one another
The petty squabbles of men

I have seen the fall of worship in the power of earth
Turning from the seen to the unseen
New cults rise and face persecution
And those that survive receive a new title,
"Religion"

However I failed to see one thing
My own fall

Now here I stand, against my will
Trapped by an evil that I underestimated
I thought to defang the cobra
Not give it venom
But I have failed
She has triumphed and will use the power,
To bring sorrow to the earth
I don't feel remorse
I don't feel sorrow

As I do see something in the future
Something she refuses to recognize
She will fall too. The leaves slowly crackled in the breeze,
As we rode forth through the rows of budding trees
Time seemed to slow to almost a stop
You heard the breath of the horse
The sharp noises in the forest
The stray fox hunting for his meal
You saw the buds falling off the trees
The glint off the armor of the man in front of you
The gentle sway of the grass in the wind
You smelled the fresh smells of the flowers and grass
However there was also a peculiar smell
You clenched your shield tightly
Foreboding.

Recipe for Merlin

So you want a magical/teacher character?
Well it's a piece of cake if you know how.
Take a whole mess of wisdom
Not just knowledge from books but from nature
A pinch of Latin makes for the best spells
Add some magical abilities
Control over nature, time, or space
Any of these will work
Add a handful of brilliant quotes
Can't forget the staff
Bonus points if it has crystals at one end
Bake slowly for many, many years
(The longer the better)
And then serve to the chosen one
Preferably when he is young
That's how you make a Merlin
But remember
The cake is a lie.

Uther's Eulogy

Sir Uther Pendragon
A noble man that united the country
Uther was a great man that brought a large number of knights under him,
He tried to win the hearts of the other knights but he couldn't do it
Until,
He got Excalibur
Then they all fell into line right quick
He was a great man that was very brave and always willing to help out his men
He was generous and also merciful,
However he was a bit rash, and that lead to his downfall
He seemed all too eager to betray a friend to get what he wants
And his men betrayed him first.
Remember him not for that; remember him for bringing all men of this great country
Under his control
And Uther let you embrace your father at last
LONG LIVE Uther Pendragon!

Arthur's Will

To my family I leave my honor
To my country I leave my glory
And the peace I hope it created
To my subjects I leave prosperity
That they may never go hungry
To the earth I leave hatred
That the earth may swallow it
And no man shall see it again
And last to my king
I leave my regret
That I may only die once for him.

Arthur & The West

King Arthur and his knights are similar to the tales of the American West in that they try to bring order to a lawless place. First the stories are similar at the beginning when Arthur becomes king. Arthur and his knights are first challenged for supremacy but they triumph and take over the area. They go around cleaning up the area, accepting jobs, and keeping the peace. Arthur losing Excalibur is also like the west because it warns the hero to be cautious and not get cocky or power crazy, and that often happens in the west. Also like the west once they lose purpose they fall to drinking and sins of the flesh quite quickly.

Vices & Virtues

First the vices, the most prevalent vices in Arthurian Legend are Pride, Envy, Lust, and Anger. Anger and pride are heavily shown when Arthur fights Lancelot and he abuses Excalibur all in the name of preserving his pride and the anger about him losing. Envy is shown when Uther breaks the peace treaty to get Igraine but also when the other knights try attacking Arthur after he pulls the sword from the stone. Lust is of course apparent when Lancelot wants Guinevere and again when Uther wants Igraine.

Now the virtues, the most prevalent vices in Arthurian legend are faith, temperance, fortitude, or courage, and justice. Faith is apparent in the fact that sometimes Arthur holds Excalibur upside down so it forms a cross and also Guinevere and Lancelot both become religious after their betrayal. Temperance is valued among all else; Arthur learns temperance after killing Lancelot. Fortitude or courage, is simple, the Knights of the Round Table optimize courage in all that they do for the kingdom. And last justice, I don't know if we can apply justice in its regular definition. However it is justice when Mordred is conceived the same way Arthur was, it was justice for Mordred to slay his mom, and it was justice for Arthur to kill himself to end Mordred.