

Arthur and the Sorceress

The peaceful, walled city of Camelot, which stood on the edge of a colossal lake, was situated deep within the heart of a lush, dense forest. Leading this great kingdom was its valiant, gallant monarch: known to its inhabitants as Arthur the Great. His courageousness was renowned throughout the land and he reigned over his people with a fair-minded and honourable hand. The sun always smiled on Camelot, ensuring that their fields were always full of ripe, juicy crops.

Some years before, a malevolent, malignant sorceress had been banished from this tranquil kingdom and sent to live an isolated existence in a desolate, bleak tower on the other side of the woods. As spring commenced, she became all-consumed with hatred for the residents of Camelot and hatched an evil plan.

“If I can’t be happy,” whined the sorceress, “then neither shall the wretched folk of Camelot.”

With rage burning inside her like an inferno, she sent a blizzard of impenetrable snow to destroy the contented community.

Although Arthur was without magical powers, he knew that he must take action to protect his beloved city. Swiftly, he climbed aboard his trusty steed that was tied up outside his castle and galloped in haste to the sorceress’s lair. After a treacherous journey, Arthur’s horse came to a halt as it sensed danger. Ahead,

stood a dimly-lit, sombre-looking tower with menacing stone gargoyles perched on either side of the building. All was still. Silent. Arthur was unable to move since trepidation left him paralysed.

Without warning, something caught his eye. A tenebrous figure was concealed in the shadows: its hideous cackle filled the air. In an instant, a bolt of lightning shot towards the unnerved king. Fortunately, however, Arthur's sword absorbed it. The cackling ceased, but such was the might of the lightning bolt that the ruler wondered if he could truly defeat such power. At once, it appeared in front of him, ready to strike. Without a thought for his own safety, Arthur stood firm, sword in hand and shield raised.

“Be gone foul demon!” he bellowed with a cry that echoed throughout the entire forest.

The villainous, loathsome sorceress – who was no match for the audacious hero – was struck down with one brutal swing. Her lifeless, blood-stained corpse lying on the cold, hard ground.

Almost immediately, the snowstorm lifted and the sun began to radiate over Camelot again, as it had done once before. With a strong sense of pride and accomplishment, Arthur returned to his kingdom and was greeted by rapturous applause from his subjects. Never again did evil darken the doors of Camelot.