



Aliana followed the woman down the corridor, taking in every detail she could. The cave walls had been covered with elegant, beautiful drawings. Standing side-to-side, eight valiant knights formed a line facing a small army of thirty or more black-armored knights. “What are these drawings?” Aliana asked, fascinated by the ancient art.

“You have searched a long time to know the truth of Camelot and its king, but the truth may not be what you wish it to be,” the woman answered cryptically.

“No disrespect,” Aliana said, glancing back at the woman, “but I have just found out that Dragons, Elves, Nymphs, and Goblins are real. I had to save a legendary knight, escape those crazy Sidhe, and I’ve been told I have to *awaken* one of the most famous men in history. I’ve kinda accepted that everything I thought I knew about Camelot and King Arthur is nothing close to the truth.”

“You have spirit, girl. That is good. You will need every ounce of it *and* all the courage you can muster to do what is needed of you.” The woman looked past Aliana to the drawing on the walls. “This shows the Fae’s account of Arthur and his men during their last battle with the evil Mordrid.” The woman held out her aged hand. Colored sparks of magic burned under her skin before they jumped to life, circling tightly in her palm. The old woman blew a gentle breath. Aliana watched, transfixed

as the magic sailed from her fingers to the drawings, giving them life
before her eyes.

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