

Sir Graham

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An Arthurian legend of epic proportions! Made for English class. hehe.

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The Tale of Sir Graham

It was half past midnight. Sir Graham lay awake, wondering how his father, Sir Galahad, was faring against the great odds posed to him. Sir Mordred, the product of incest between Morgana and King Arthur, had invaded the kingdom of Camelot, and his army was running rampant through all villages within it. Sir Galahad, one of the Knights of the Round Table, had been called into active duty in the battle against him. Galahad was a noble fighter, indeed. After all, he was the son of Sir Lancelot du Lac, the greatest and most powerful knight ever to serve King Arthur. Sir Graham was not very proud that his father was an illegitimate child of the king's wife, Guinevere, and Sir Lancelot. He supposed that he had to accept it, because one can't change his family history, but that didn't mean he had to like it. Graham was only knighted because of his family heritage, anyway.

Only once had he ever killed an enemy, which was when he was called to bring water to Sir Galahad during a battle. He had taken a sword for defense, and one particularly slow enemy had made a move toward him, brandishing a particularly small sword. He didn't survive. Graham was quick and agile. The man was quickly killed and Graham had swiftly delivered the water to Galahad. Sir Graham was now nineteen years of age, and it had been four years since that incident. A year after it, Graham had been knighted. It was a quick ceremony, and not many attended. More people were talking to Galahad during it than paying attention. Graham turned over and sighed. He just couldn't sleep. He didn't have to worry about waking anyone, because while his father was gone, he lived alone.

The next morning, a herald was sent to the house. Knocking on the door, he said, "Open in the name of the illustrious King Arthur!" Graham had just gotten out of bed about ten minutes beforehand, and his hair looked like a windstorm had hit it.

"What is it, sir?" he asked, half-yawning.

"Sir, your father has been injured in battle by one of Mordred's men," said the herald, importantly.

"Oh? I see," said Graham uninterestedly. He'd gotten the same report many times during previous battles.

“Therefore,” continued the herald, “the king has summoned you into battle.”

Graham did a double take. “What was that?”

“The king has summoned you into battle, Sir Graham. Please take a horse and report to the barracks within three hours, and you will be fitted for armor,” said the herald, and he was off.

Graham had practiced before, of course, but that was against a wooden dummy. He wondered why in the world the king would need him with all the other capable knights fighting. He wasn't nervous, however. The blood of Sir Lancelot flowed through his veins. He was born to fight, but he had hardly been given a chance. He excitedly ate his breakfast of bread and dried meat, took a horse from his stable and saddled it, and rode off toward the barracks. It was only an hour's ride. When he rode up to the barracks, Sir Bors, one of the knights, greeted him.

“Good day, Sir Graham. My name is Bors. Your father has told many stories about you.”

“Nothing very interesting, I expect,” said Graham, half-joking.

“Well, based on what your father tells me, you are a great fighter,” said Bors.

“Well, you can't believe everything he says about his own son. He's bound to exaggerate a little bit,” said Graham, sensibly.

“Anyway, we'd better get you off to the armory to get you fitted for armor.”

After he was fitted with a sword, a shield, and armor, he was given a stronger horse, and he rode to the battlefield. The battle was nearly over. Sir Bedivere and the aged but strong Sir Lancelot had killed about 200 men themselves. There were only about 80 remaining. Sir Bors and Sir Graham joined them. The four of them rode forward together. In a few minutes, the remaining men launched a charge against the knights and the army. The first man to arrive was quickly killed after exchanging a few sword blows with Bedivere. Sir Bors's horse trampled the next one. Lancelot killed three men in one sword swing. Graham realized one man was coming toward him with a mace. He quickly reared up his horse, swung backward, and knocked the mace from the man's hand with his sword. He then rushed forward and stabbed the man. After about twenty minutes, there were ten remaining. They retreated hastily.

The next day, all the knights in service were called to a meeting. It was held in Camelot's main audience chamber. As all of the knights were sitting down, Arthur stood up.

“Brothers,” he said, “This was truly a noble victory. But Mordred, our evil son, has not been defeated. Therefore, it is almost certain he will amass an army great enough to break through our defenses and destroy us.”

A murmur of conversation began rippling through the knights.

“Thus, according to this eventuality,” he continued, “we will amass a greater army than England has ever seen. Every able-bodied man in our kingdom, regardless of status, will fight alongside us, and we

will defeat Mordred, the traitor to the crown!"

A cheer rose up from the crowd.

Two months passed. In that time, 7,000 men were recruited for the king. Sir Graham made friends with many of them. He was especially fond of a 20-year-old man named Dirk. The two of them became the best of friends, sharing nearly every interest. In about a month after the meeting, Sir Galahad was up from bed and ready for battle again. He may have been forty-five years old, but he was nimble as ever.

A week later, King Arthur received an ominous letter from Mordred, telling him that he would attack when the Knights of the Round Table would never expect. This prompted Arthur to order increased security in all common areas. The dining hall had a 30-foot iron door with a 250-pound bar added to it., and every knight wore full armor while he ate, which was very tedious indeed. Brick walls enclosed all the farms. During the heightening of the security, Arthur thought to himself, "This will definitely keep out my son."

The next day, all the knights and the rest of the army were out practicing in the open field. Sir Graham was sparring with Sir Lucas, the brother of Sir Bedivere. They were evenly matched, predicting every blow the other would make. While he was practicing, Sir Gawain heard a strange sound, which he had heard before. It was a battle horn. He hesitated for a few seconds, then ran into the castle and told Arthur, "Sir! Mordred and his army are coming!"

"What? Mordred said in his letter that he would come when I didn't expect it! I thought he would attack when we were eating or when our farmers were out planting seeds!" said Arthur.

"Obviously he has fooled you, sir. You heightened our security in common areas, but not on our battlements," mused Gawain.

"We're not prepared! Our knights aren't even in armor!"

"And Mordred is only five hundred yards away," said Gawain.

"Saddle the horses! Tell every man to don their armor!" ordered Arthur.

"Yes sir," said Gawain.

He ran out into the field and shouted at the top of his lungs, "Mordred is coming! Prepare yourselves! Don your armor! Mordred is coming!"

There was a huge frenzy of frantic preparation. Sir Graham had just finished getting his helmet on when he looked over his shoulder and saw how close the men were. One could now clearly see their faces. He then looked over at his comrades, many of which were struggling with their bracers or breastplates. Only about a quarter of them had found their swords. About two minutes later, the battle began. Mordred's army swept through Arthur's with inexplicable ease. In about twenty minutes, 2,000 men were dead. Sir Graham had been wounded in his left leg, but it wasn't so deep that he couldn't continue fighting. He, Bedivere, Lucas, Lancelot, Galahad, and Bors had formed a circle of defense to help them ward off the attackers. Together, they killed nearly 1,000. By this time, Mordred's men had gotten into the castle, and were searching for the throne room. The six knights rushed into the castle to defend the

king, but it was too late. Arthur lay dead, with 500 men around him. Mordred sat in the king's throne, with his crown on.

Sir Graham felt the rage swelling inside him. He rushed forward to attack, and the rest of the knights followed. They killed all the men, but Mordred killed Lucas after Lucas made a too-hasty decision to rush toward the throne and kill Mordred. Graham did not mourn the loss of his dead comrade, but instead challenged Mordred to a duel.

"A duel, boy? Ha! You can't possibly dream of stopping me. This is my kingdom now."

"Mordred," said Graham, "You killed my king and I will now kill you. I believe that's a fair trade."

"Very well, boy, but consider yourself warned." Mordred threw off the king's robe and crown, and drew his sword. The two stared each other down for a moment, and then Mordred made a dash at Graham, who leapt aside. Mordred tried again, but Graham was too young and agile. He dodged again. This game went on for nearly an hour, and by then, Mordred was exhausted.

"Boy," he wheezed, "you...have...to...fight...me."

"Fine, Mordred. You will die now, at this, the time of your own choosing." He then leapt backward and stabbed Mordred through the back. Mordred fell to the floor in a heap. The crowd of surviving knights cheered. Lancelot approached Graham.

"You know, of course, my grandson, that you are now king. You have avenged the death of King Arthur. You must take up Excalibur," he said.

"What?" Graham jumped. The soldiers all prostrated themselves. Graham looked over them. "My subjects," he began, "the enemy of the people is dead! Sadly, however, your king has fallen. We will always remember him as Arthur, the Once and Future King. You may rise."

The men all rose in a cheer. Thus began the reign of King Graham.