

Many centuries ago, a mighty king, whose name was Arthur, ruled the land. To help him govern Britain and keep peace throughout the land, King Arthur appointed brave, noble men. These men became part of the legendary 'Knights of the Round Table.' The knights were strong and courageous, battling evil men and monsters, helping countrymen and travelling to enchanted lands.

Sir Edmund of Englewood was one such knight. Tall, strong and loyal, he had been an aid to King Arthur since rescuing him from a terrifying ogre, deep in the forest of Camelot. He used his skills as a swordsman, learnt from ancient Asian warriors, to pierce the one eye of the vicious ogre. From that day forward, Arthur was forever thankful to his devoted friend.

Once crisp, autumn morning in the castle of Camelot, Sir Edmund greeted his king as he did everyday. They feasted on bread and jam and then took a walk around the spectacular grounds of the castle.

"Edmund, my good friend," said King Arthur; I have an important job for you. I have heard that the Celts are hiding a special object that holds great powers."

Sir Edmund nodded. "Yes Sire. What is the object?"

"The 'Mystical Pearls of the Ancient Mariner.' The king said in a hushed voice.

Sir Edmund gulped hard. "But Sire, I have heard that no knight or fellow countryman has ever retrieved the pearls. When trying they are attacked by a magical, mysterious being. They seem to just disappear."

"Edmund I need you to retrieve them. The pearls hold a great power that should not be in evil hands, I fear that with them the Celts will revolt and threaten my kingdom," King Arthur said gravely.

"Of course my King. I will seek them and bring them to you. Whatever evils I face, I will do so bravely. Have no fear," said Sir Edmund as he shook Arthur's hand.

Early next morning, Sir Edmund set off, his heart full of bravery but his stomach tied in knots and a lump of fear in his throat. He galloped away from Camelot towards the misty forest. As Sir Edmund reached the edge, the mist began to tickle his noble steed's feet. Its ears pricked up and it let out a scared shudder.

"Easy boy," whispered Sir Edmund as he stroked his neck, "It'll be alright."

The pair trotted on, entering the darkness, approaching the thickening trees with eyes wide. Edmund patted his trusty sword for reassurance as they ventured further. The air around them became colder. He could feel goose bumps appear on his body and his face tensed. He wasn't comfortable in the dark. It made him nervous.

As Sir Edmund and his horse neared a clearing in the towering forest, they heard

a rustle. They both stopped still, dead in their tracks. Edmunds heart beat hard and pounded in his ears. The horses nostrils flared and his eyes grew wide. "Must move on," Edmund told himself as he edged forward nervously. As they travelled nearer to the home of the pearls, Edmund couldn't shake the feeling that he was being watched. The necks on the back of his neck bristled as if someone was looking

over his shoulder. He slowly pulled out his shiny handcrafted sword and held it by his side. He immediately felt calmer. In all his battles, the sword had never let him down. Suddenly it came into view.