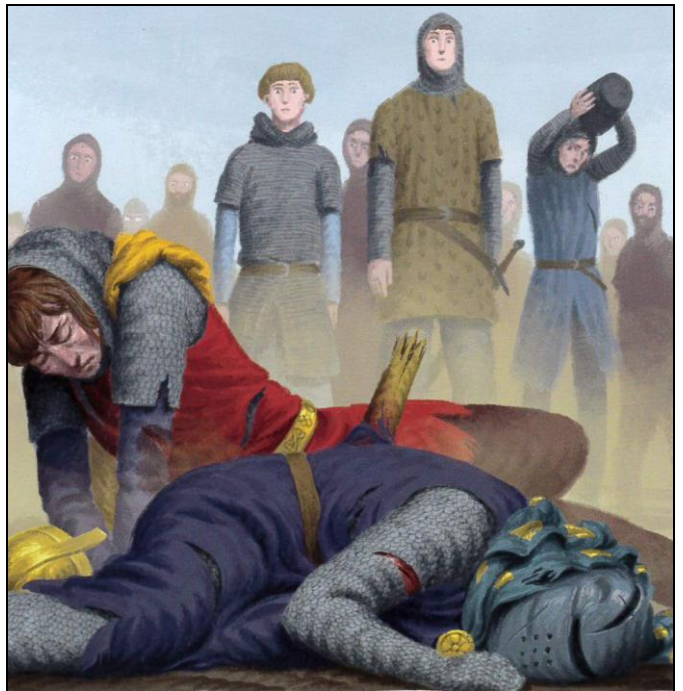My knights are brave and strong. I love all the
members of the Round Table: Lancelot, Gawain,
Galahad… And they love me. Except Mordred.
Listen…





One year, I go to fight in France. One day,
a messenger arrives and says: "Your Majesty!
Come back to England immediately!"
"Why?" I ask.
"Sir Mordred is king now. He has your crown!"
"And Queen Guinevere?" I ask.
"She's fine. She's in the Tower of London."
What a disaster! I hate Mordred!

I go back to England with my army.

But Mordred is ready to fight too with his army.

It's a long, long battle. A lot of knights die*.

What a tragedy!





"Mordred!" I say. "It's your fault! So it's your turn to die!"

I take my lance… and Mordred takes his lance too.

We throw* at the same time. Ouch!

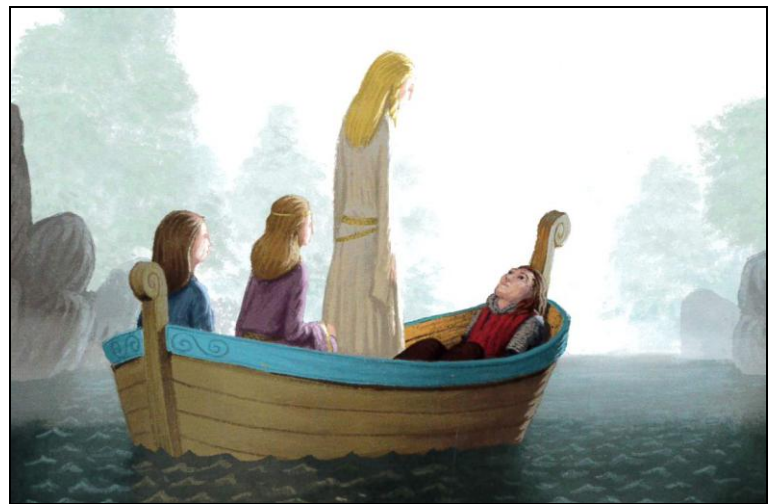Mordred falls on the ground*. He's dead.

And me? I'm on the ground too.

I'm in terrible pain*!

I call my friend Sir Bedivere.

"Bedivere," I say. "Throw Excalibur in this lake.

It's magic. It can save me!"

Sir Bedivere obeys.

Soon, the Lady of the Lake arrives in a boat*.

"Poor Arthur," she says. "I can't help you here.

You're going to die... But come with me to Avalon.

There, maybe my magic powers can help you... "

Bedivere puts me on the boat. We go away.

Adieu England, adieu Merlin and Guinevere...

Adieu my friends!...