

# excelsior



MAGAZINE

THE MAGAZINE  
FOR MEDIEVAL  
ENTHUSIASTS

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BATTLE OF HASTINGS"  
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ROAD"

VOLUME II

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KNIGHT

by

L. P. Pleban

Knowledgeable  
warriors

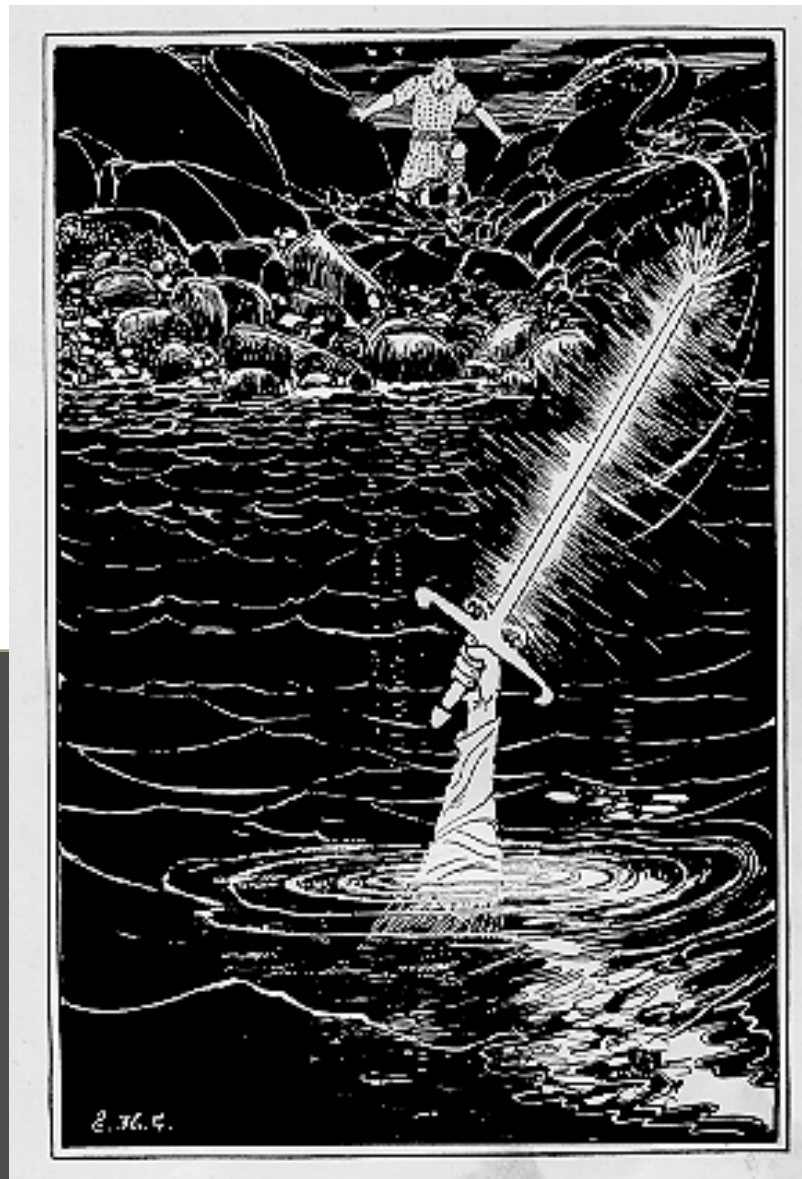
Not amateurs

Interested in

Getting their

Hands dirty

Through battle



“But near here your own sword awaits you: it was made in Avalon by fairy craft, made for you alone until you must return it ere you journey to Avalon yourself. It is called Excalibur, and none may stand against its stroke: and with it you shall bring freedom and peace to Logres. This is the hour appointed when Excalibur shall be placed in your hand-for now you will grasp its hilt in all humility, and draw it only to defend the right.”

-Merlin' from

*King Arthur And His Knights of The Round Table*

by Roger Lancelyn Green

# Writer's Welcome

In Roger Lancelyn Green's *King Arthur and His Knights of the Round Table*, Excalibur was the sword of King Arthur. Its purpose was to aid him in bringing peace and freedom to Logres, his kingdom. When King Arthur fought with Excalibur, no one could stand against him. When he wore the scabbard, he was safe from harm.

Excalibur represents good things like power, strength, and courage. In this magazine, I have tried to represent those same things.

**L. P. Pleban**

**Writer-In-Chief**

## Editor's Note

The stories, articles, letters and poetry included in this edition of *Excalibur Magazine* were written by Luke Pleban, age 11, as part of his homeschool writing curriculum this school year. The curriculum, created and produced by Daniel Schwabauer, was structured with weekly lessons on dvd and a corresponding student workbook. The assignments were designed to be compiled into a magazine format in a theme of the student's choosing. Because Luke was studying the Middle Ages in history this year and reading literature set in the same time period, he chose to create a magazine reflecting medieval times.

The advertisements were a family collaboration. They were so much fun to write that we all got involved. All images were taken from the internet with credits noted.

The magazine formatting was the work of the editor. I used an Apple iWork Pages template to serve as the basic page layout. The body text is set in Post Mediaeval. Heading fonts are Cloister Black. The magazine was printed online using MagCloud.

Thank you for letting us share Luke's work with you. We hope you enjoy the magazine!

**Kerri Pleban,**

**Editor**

I have no greater joy than to hear that my children are walking in the truth. 3 JOHN 1:4



**EXCALIBUR**

**POWER**

**STRENGTH**

**COURAGE**



*The Battle of Hastings*

image: Great Medieval Battles game

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image: www.cinnaminson.com

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# The Old Bull and Bush



Restaurant Review by L.P. Pleban

image: [www.cinnaminson.com](http://www.cinnaminson.com)

*The Old Bull and Bush,  
Where the food is old,  
It makes you angry like a bull, and  
Leaves you running for the bushes.*

I had the dinner special for \$3.99. Now when you buy a meal for \$3.99, you know it's not going to be *that* good, especially when it's the dinner, "special." Now, the meal consisted of a slice of rye bread, a leg of mutton, a flask of ale, and black pudding. The bread was moldy, smelled of garlic, and must have been sliced with a dirty knife. The mutton made me gag at the thought of it, double over at the smell of it, and run to the bathroom at the eating of it. At least the ale

helped me keep most of everything down, even though it left me nauseous for two days.

To top it all off was the black pudding. Now, black pudding is made from milk, animal fat, onions, oatmeal, pork, and blood. I'll just let that sink in...BLOOD in a dessert!?!?! When I saw it, my stomach seemed to run away from me. My first bite tasted like 6 day-old meatloaf with expired mayonnaise. The second bite had a chunk of pork in it (and I hate pork). My throat burned from the pork and metallic taste of blood. I was smarter on the

next bite and pinched my nose, but some of the taste still came seeping through.

When the waitress came to clear the plates, she smiled when she saw my face, and said, "Did you enjoy your meal?"

I am still recovering from this traumatic experience.

-L.P.Pleban



image: <http://fineartamerica.com>

**BATTLE**

by

**L. P. Pleban**

**Battle**

**Cries sound in the**

**Distance followed by the**

**Clash of swords and the cries of the Victor.**

# The True Story of The Battle of Hastings

Saturday, October 14  
1066 A.D.  
Senlac Hill

The front row of Anglo-Saxon foot soldiers locked shields atop Senlac Hill yelling battle cries at the Normans who answered our taunts and insults with jeers. We banged our weapons against our shields as the irritated Normans added the brass horn to the cacophony of sound. Then the Normans sent their archers at us; they let loose volley after volley of arrows. Our front line tensed-our faces grim as we awaited the inevitable attack of enemy forces. Crouching behind my shield, I closed my eyes.

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

My name is Harold the Huscarl. I am a professional soldier and one of the few personal bodyguards of the King of England. It had been announced on the 6th of January, year 1066 of our Lord, that good King Edward the Confessor was dead. The funeral was being held at Westminster Abbey and as the casket was dropped into the

ground, a man by the name of Harold Godwinson announced that he was the rightful heir to the throne. Harold explained that as the King was on his deathbed, he had told Harold that, since he had no children, Harold was the rightful heir to the throne. On that day Harold Godwinson had his coronation ceremony.

Apparently there were two other people who had also claimed that King Edward had



image: Great Medieval Battles game

promised them the throne of England. The first was named Duke William of Normandy. Duke William claimed that King Edward had proclaimed him heir many years earlier.

There was also another claim by a Viking man named Harald Hardrada. His claim was that the previous King of England had promised Hardrada's predecessor the throne; therefore, he should be King of England. The two other claims were furious when they heard that Harold had already become king, so they prepared for war. King Harold knew a battle was ensuing, so we set out for Hastings to wait for William. The days were cold and windy, and I heard many rumors that Duke William was postponing his attack due to the harsh winds.

Meanwhile we got word that the third claim, Harald Hardrada, and his Vikings were attacking Northern England. We hastened to meet them traveling fifty miles a day for four days. When we arrived to meet the Vikings, we attacked them so furiously and with so much speed that they barely had any time to grab their swords. After we defeated the Vikings, we learned that they had been partying for two days prior to our arrival.

During all of this, the winds changed to better sailing conditions and Duke William set out to attack. When

William arrived on the shores of England and found no army, he was both surprised and confused. So instead of fighting an army face-to-face, he began looting and pillaging the surrounding towns. When we got wind of this, we *hastened back to Hastings* to meet the Normans in battle.

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

*Thunk!* An arrow thudded into my shield and I was jolted out of my daydream. I lifted my gaze to the sky and saw arrows flying high over my head as I heard them slam into the hill. The Normans then realized that the arrows weren't doing any harm, so they charged with their foot soldiers. The enemy foot soldiers crumbled against our shield wall. When they realized that their strategy wasn't working, they sent their knights on horseback to attack our barricade. Following the

knights were the archers who could shoot arrows closer to us. The Norman archers fired; their arrows fell like deadly rain.

One arrow struck King Harold above the eye--and many believe that this is how he died--but I can assure you that it was only a *flesh wound*. Just then, it appeared as if some of the Norman forces located at the end of the wall started to retreat. Then the Anglo-Saxons, who had been positioned opposite to these Normans, started to chase them down the hill. The chase created a gap in the wall and the Normans took advantage of the breach.

Three mounted knights charged through the wall. They wanted to kill King Harold. It is my job as a Huscarl to protect the King, so when the knights charged the King, I fought against them valiantly. Sadly, one wounded me and I



image: <http://wallpapersus.com>

### **Good King Godwinson**

stumbled, only to be crushed by the weight of his war horse as the rest of the huscarls were slain. I remained pinned under the weight of that beast, unable to help King Harold as he was struck down by the knights. All the other Anglo-Saxon soldiers either fled or were killed leaving me for dead as I laid on the ground under the crushing weight of the war horse.

Yet, I survived the weight of the beast, perhaps only to tell this true story of The Battle of Hastings and my good king and valiant soldier--

**Harold Godwinson.**



*The Bayeux Tapestry depicting the Battle of Hastings when the huscarls protecting King Harold Godwinson were slain.*

# Letter to the Editor

Dear Editor,

I am a big fan of Excalibur Magazine. I particularly enjoyed your article on medieval weapons last month. I felt that the article really explained the history of the weapons and what they were used for.

I recently visited my great uncle who lives in Hastings, England. While looking around in his attic, I stumbled across a medieval shield. It was painted with a colorful design. My great uncle said it was our family crest. I'm enclosing a picture of the shield. Could you help me understand the meaning of it?

Sincerely,  
Jack Huebert  
age 10



Picture of medieval shield submitted by reader, Jack Huebert

# Letter to Our Reader

Master Huebert,

I have received your letter. I am glad that you enjoy our magazine, *Excalibur*.

What an exciting find for you! I will gladly help you to understand the meaning of the shield you found in your great uncle's attic. The style of the shield is called, chevron; the gold coloring is named or; the red is translated gules; and the silver, or argent colored stars are called mullets. To put it all together, the way you would say all of this would be: "Or, a chevron gules charged with three mullets argent."

Your question has inspired our team so much that we have decided to write an article on heraldry, which is the study of emblazoning arms. We have sent you an advanced copy along with this letter.

Sincerely,  
L. P. Pleban  
Writer-In-Chief, *Excalibur Magazine*

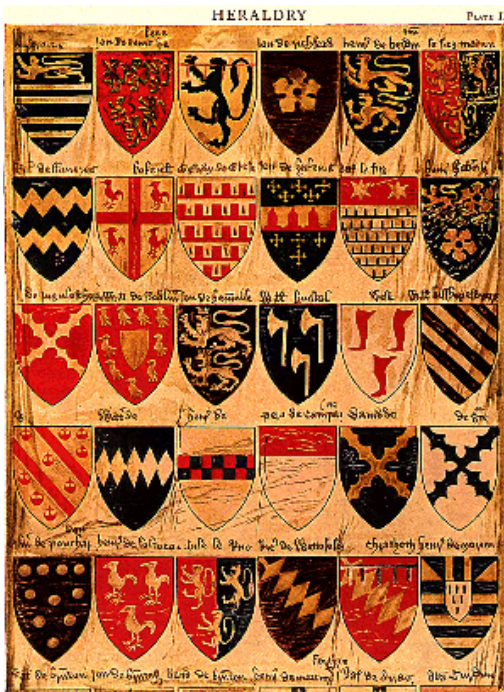


image: [www.medievaltimes.com](http://www.medievaltimes.com)



“IF YOUR NOSE RUNS N’ YOUR  
FEET SMELL . . . YOU’RE BUILT  
UPSIDE DOWN!” -Doc Leonard

OFFICE LOCATED  
IN THE VILLAGE  
SQUARE BETWEEN  
THE OLD BULL  
AND BUSH AND  
BART’S  
BLACKSMITHING

HOURS:  
SUNRISE TO  
SUNDOWN

STILL MAKING  
HOUSE CALLS

“NEVER PUT  
BOTH FEET IN  
YOUR MOUTH AT  
THE SAME TIME,  
BECAUSE YOU  
WON’T HAVE A  
LEG TO STAND  
ON.”

—from  
*The Pleban  
Syndrome:  
My sense-My  
nonsense*  
by Dr. Leonard  
Pleban



drawing by Vincent Van Gogh

## Doc Leonard

Podiatrist

### **The Guy to Meet to Make Happy Feet!**

TAKING CARE OF KNIGHTS’ AND PEASANTS’ FEET ALIKE FOR  
70 YEARS AND COUNTING. . .

# Heraldry

*vert, a lion rampant or*

Those words may seem like mumbo jumbo to us now, but back in the middle ages they meant *a gold lion in profile, standing on his hind legs on a green shield*. This is a blazon, or a description of a shield using heraldic terms.

## What is Heraldry?

Heraldry is the system of identification used for describing and emblazoning coats of arms. Emblazoning means drawing or painting on a shield so that it can be seen very clearly.

## Origins of Heraldry

Although the origins of heraldry date back to ancient times when warriors decorated their shields to represent their army units, it wasn't until the Middle Ages when decorating shields became heraldry. In the Middle Ages, the need to distinguish between knights dressed in full armor led to the creation of heraldry. Heraldry allowed knights to distinguish between friend or foe on the battle field.

In the book *King Arthur and His Knights of the Round Table*, two brothers dressed in full battle armor with no



image: [www.karenswhimsy.com](http://www.karenswhimsy.com)

distinguishing features end up fighting one another and killing each other. If they had had heraldry on their shields, they would have recognized each other and not fought one another.

## The System of Heraldry

The system of heraldry consisted of a few basic rules for emblazoning or decorating a shield. These rules included guidelines for the division of the background, the colors used, the patterns, and the "charges," or objects on the shield. For example, the background of the shield might be divided in half, called a *per pale*, or thirds, called

*per pall*, or quarters, called quarterly, or even with a zig-zag pattern, called chevron.

The rule for colors and metals was, *"metal on color, or color on metal, but not metal on metal or color on color."* The purpose of this rule was to ensure that the shield could be distinguished easily. It would be hard to read a gold shield with a silver lion, as there is not much contrast between the metals. The terms for the colors came from French terms. For colors, *gules* meant

bright red, *azure* meant royal or sky blue, *vert* meant emerald green, *purpure* meant royal purple, and *sable* meant black. For metals, *or* was gold and *argent* was silver. When describing colors, the term "proper" meant shown in the most common colors found in nature. For example, a deer proper would be brown with white antlers.

The charges, or objects on the shield, were mostly animals and geometric shapes. The animals were shown in certain poses. The names for these poses were *rampant*, which meant standing on hind legs; *rampant guardant*, which meant standing on hind legs with face turned toward viewer; *passant*, which meant

walking; *couchant*, which meant lying down; and *sejant*, which meant sitting.

For example, if you saw a blue shield with silver unicorn head, you would blazon it or describe it in heraldic terms as: *azure, a unicorn head argent*. If you saw a brown deer lying down on a red background, you would blazon it as: *gules, a stag couchant proper*.



image: [www.yourchildlearns.com](http://www.yourchildlearns.com)

Heraldry was a great system to distinguish friends and foes on the battlefield using decorated shields. To learn more about heraldry, visit <http://www.internationalheraldry.com>. Another great website where you can design your own medieval shield or play a game about heraldry is <http://www.yourchildlearns.com/heraldry>. Check these great resources out today!

## THE ORIGINAL UNDER ARMOUR



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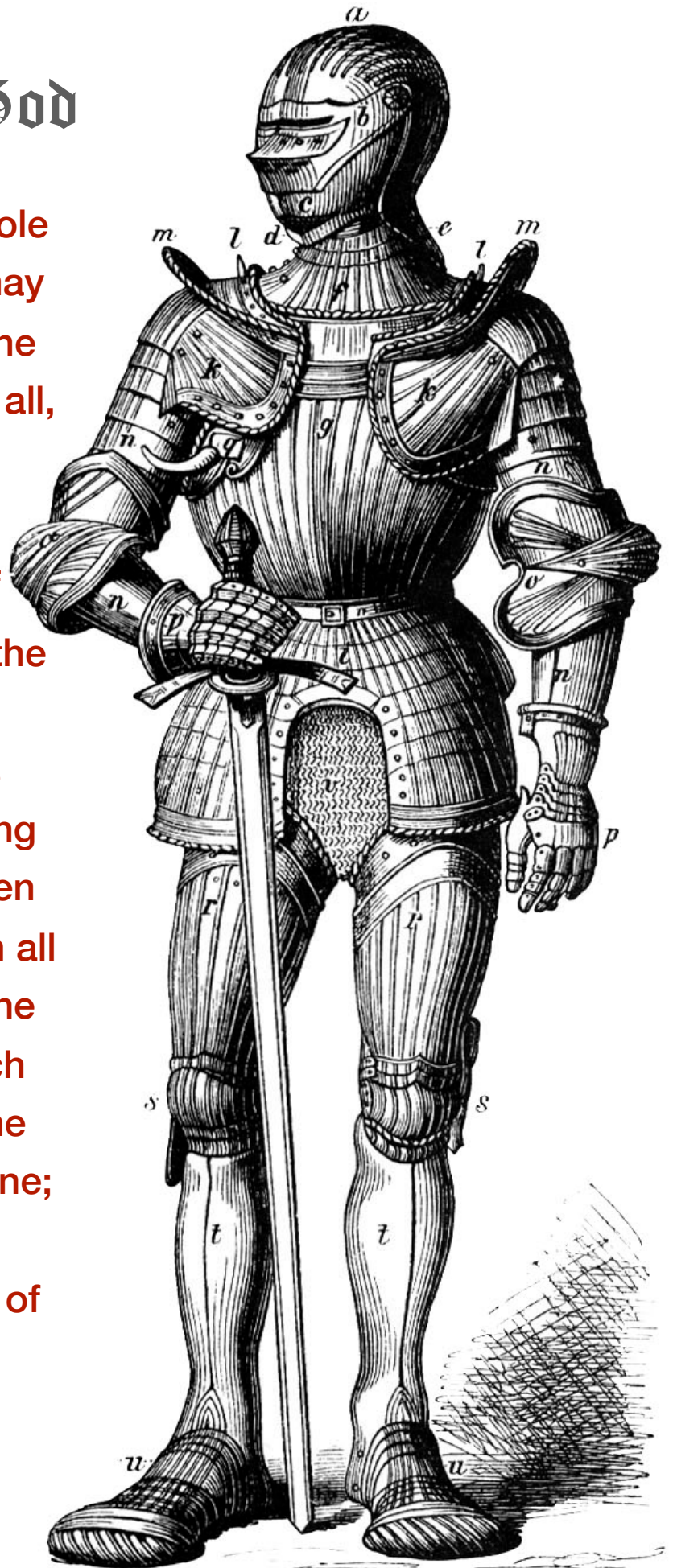
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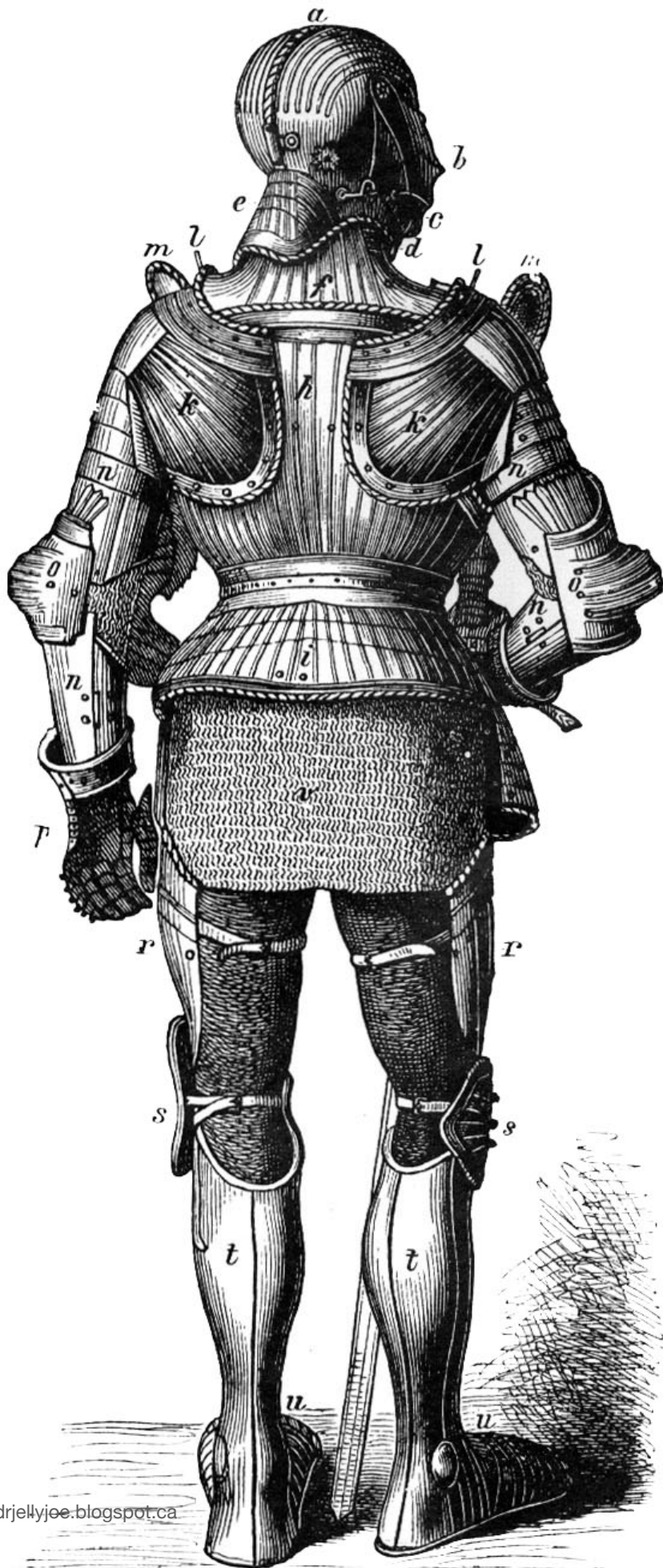
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# The Armor of God

Therefore take up the whole armor of God, that you may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand firm. Stand therefore, having fastened on the belt of truth, and having put on the breastplate of righteousness, and, as shoes for your feet, having put on the readiness given by the gospel of peace. In all circumstances take up the shield of faith, with which you can extinguish all the flaming darts of the evil one; and take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God.

-Ephesians 6:13-17





- a* helmet
- b* visor
- c* chin piece
- d* neck piece
- e* neck piece
- f* gorget
- g* breastplate
- h* backplate
- i* tassets
- k* pauldron
- l* epauliere
- m* rander
- n* vambrace
- o* rerebrace
- p* gauntlet
- q* lance rest
- r* cuisse
- s* espauliere
- t* jamb
- u* solleret
- v* chain mail



"The Kitchen," [www.pbm.com/~lindahl/food-art](http://www.pbm.com/~lindahl/food-art)

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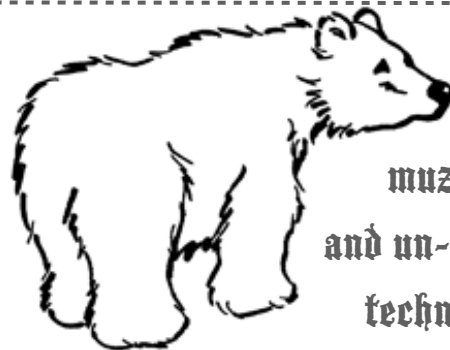


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In the year of our LORD  
thirteen hundred forty, on the 17th day of June

the annual

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Contact the Venice Merchant's Guild to rent your booth today!

# ARTURO

## and the Silk Road

by L. P. Pleban



“Oh, please hurry up  
and write the next  
Arturo adventure!”  
—Nah Ging Mum

“Incredible  
account of a boy  
becoming a man.”  
—Mach O. Man.

“Great historical  
fiction for kids and  
adults alike.”  
—Anonymous



# ARTURO and the Silk Road part 1 of 3

a short story by L.P. Pleban

“I know, I know, I know, Dad! I understand! I can do it by myself,” exclaimed Arturo Sergio as he tried to mount the moving camel. “It’s just like mounting a horse,” he continued as he attempted to jump onto the beast’s back. The camel in response bucked back with it’s hind leg and hit Arturo squarely in his solar plexus. Arturo gave a yelp as he flew backward and landed with a thud.

His father shook his head and sighed, “Look, son, if you had listened to me, that might not have happened.” Arturo groaned in reply. “Come on, or we’ll get left behind.” Arturo slowly stood up, managed two steps, felt his knees buckle and fell to the ground. “Quit messing around, Arturo.”

“Dad, I feel like I’m going to throw up.” Arturo managed a hoarse voice.

His father sighed and ran a concerned hand through his hair. Then he spotted a riderless camel. Yelling, snapping, and clapping, Arturo’s father got the camel’s attention. He then commanded it to sit, which it did. “Come on, son!” He yelled gesturing towards the sitting camel.

Grumbling and stumbling, Arturo slowly made his way to the sitting camel. He put one foot in the stirrup and hoisted himself up; the camel then began walking back towards the caravan. Arturo felt defeated. He had wanted to show his dad that he could do things differently, that it was okay to try new things. Arturo thought his dad was so rooted in tradition that he wouldn’t even consider new ideas. More than that, however, he wanted to show his dad that he was a man.

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Now, Arturo’s father was a merchant who made his living traveling the Silk Road—the quickest route to China—with a caravan of other merchants. Their caravan had just returned from Herat, a city on the Silk Road, where they received their goods from the other part of their relay team. The merchants’ relay teams operated as a handoff from one team to the next. There were three teams. The first team traveled from China, which was where they bought the goods, to Kashgar, where they met the second caravan. The second caravan traveled from Kashgar to Herat. Arturo’s father was part of

the third caravan, who brought the goods from Herat all the way to Byzantium and finally to Venice where he sold them at the annual Merchants’ Fair.

Many merchants used the relay team method. The primary reason for this was that traveling all the way to China on the Silk Road would mean walking four thousand miles. At twenty miles a day by foot, it would take them two hundred days to get to China, not counting the return trip. In addition to cutting down the time of the journey, the relay team system also increased the safety of the merchants. The Silk Road was known for its danger. Bad weather, sudden cliffs, steep mountains, endless deserts, and sandstorms made walking the Silk Road treacherous. Daily challenges included lack of water, risk of sickness, and possible encounters with wolves and other wild animals. But worst of all, bandits—evil men who preyed on helpless people.

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Later in the day, Arturo started to feel better, so he and his father began walking side by side in silence. Suddenly they heard a shout up ahead. “Whats

going on?" Arturo asked his father, intrigued.

"Well, what do you think is going on, son?" his father replied, still irritated from his son's foolishness.

"Dad, you can't answer a question with a question, that's a general rule."

"Then what do you observe, son?"

"You did it again!"

"Just answer the question."

Smiling, Arturo began to guess, "Well, I didn't hear any further shouts." He chewed his lip, "Maybe a dead camel?" His father squinted at the scene ahead. "A snake?" He glanced at his father, who was beginning to look upset. "A stranded person?... Oh just tell me already!"

His father winced, "I wish you didn't have to see this."

A few minutes later they came upon a slaughtered caravan, stripped of anything of value.

Camels and carts had vanished.

People lay dead.

Nothing looked alive.

Arturo stared in horror at the scene, "Who would do this?" He looked at his father, whose only reply was a solemn look. Arturo looked around, "Do you see that?" He asked, gesturing to a lone muscular dog with short hair, a

deep brown coat, and lots of wrinkles. The dog, who looked well cared for, was sitting whimpering by a dead master. Unknown to Arturo, the dog was a Chinese Chongqing dog, which was very protective when it came to its family. His father nodded. Arturo thought for a second, then decided, "I'm going to help that dog." He then reached for the saddle bag on the camel next to them, and drew out a generous piece of bread. After closing the saddle bag he turned and cautiously approached the dog. When he was about two feet from the dog he knelt down and offered the food with his hand. The dog sniffed the bread then took it from his hand very softly. It seemed to Arturo that the dog had been trained not to snap at food. Arturo then hurried back to his father.

About five minutes later Arturo looked back, and to his surprise, noticed that the dog was following them. "Hey!...Hey!" He shouted "Shoo!...Go back!" He didn't really know why he didn't want the dog following them. Maybe he didn't think he was responsible enough to take care of a dog. Or maybe he was worried that they didn't have enough food for the dog and themselves.

"I said go back!" Arturo had stopped now and was standing, hands-on-hips, glaring at the dog. "Those puppy-dog eyes won't break me!" He said, knowing that his efforts were in vain. The dog sat begging while looking slightly away from Arturo, and raising one paw. Then for his grand finale, the dog fell on his back exposing his underbelly, as if he was asking Arturo to rub his stomach. "ARRRGH!" Arturo obliged and stooped down to rub the dog's stomach. A nearby traveler witnessed the scene and chuckled. Arturo turned and began walking back to his father with the dog still following him, acknowledging that he had lost the argument with the dog. Seeing the caravan a good, long way ahead of him Arturo broke out in a worried run. The dog, on the other hand followed happily, tongue flying and tail wagging as he ran behind Arturo.

Arturo's father was worried. He hadn't seen his son for a while, and when he looked back, Arturo was nowhere to be seen. He wanted to go and look for him, but he had to stay with their goods. The profits that Arturo's father would make from the many spices, silk, and fine dish-ware (now known as china) would support his family for

# JOSHUA

1:9

Have I not commanded you? Be strong and courageous. Do not be frightened, and do not be dismayed, for the LORD your God is with you wherever you go.



<http://dragonsdogma.wikia.com>



[www.phoenixandcrow.co](http://www.phoenixandcrow.co)

# THE OLD BULL AND BUSH

"Where the food is old, it makes you angry like a bull, and leaves you running for the bushes."

image: [www.cinnaminson.com](http://www.cinnaminson.com)



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nearly six months. For all he knew, Arturo could be up at the head of the line, talking with the Old Merchant, the oldest person in the caravan, as Arturo had spent a lot of time talking with him over the trip. Arturo's father had hoped that the Old Merchant's influence would change Arturo's rash ways, but so far he had no such luck.

After much running, sweat, and a slight stomach cramp, Arturo finally made it to the back of the caravan. He took in the scene around him: the majestic, snow-topped Zagros Mountains rose in the distance east of him, and the fertile land of Mesopotamia, meaning land between rivers, spread before him. He glanced around the caravan, searching for his father while the dog leaned against his leg. *There!* Arturo spotted a band of purple wrapped around a broad-brimmed, felt hat. His father always wore that hat, for purple was the color of royalty and his father was very proud to have that color on his hat. Arturo's father had received the purple band from a client because he had such a quick delivery.

The dog started to lick Arturo's hand, then suddenly stopped. Arturo looked down and noticed that the dog had

become very still; his ears were erect, the hair on his back stood up, and his tail shot out like a bamboo shaft. "What's wrong, boy?" Arturo questioned. Arturo heard a low growl escape the dog's clenched jaw.

Arturo's attention was suddenly drawn back to the caravan where a commotion was underway. Shouts and sun-glinting-on-metal caught his attention. Arturo searched frantically for his father. Finally, he spotted the band of purple. "Dad!" Arturo called.

His father found his face. "Son!... Stay back!... Bandits!" "Let me help you!"

His father noticed the strong muscular dog by Arturo's side and immediately felt relieved. *If we get separated at least the dog can protect him*, he reasoned.

"Stay with the dog!" He cupped his hands over his mouth, "Go to Byzantium! Now, run!"

Arturo hesitated, but the dog understood. He grabbed the

boy's pant leg with his jaws and pulled him off the Silk Road. "Hey!" The dog kept pulling. "Okay, boy!" He gave in. "I'm coming!" The dog broke out into a run and Arturo struggled to keep up with the dog. They ran north as the bandits closed in on the caravan.

After about ten minutes of running, Arturo and the dog found a large rock outcropping that was about fifteen feet tall and twenty feet wide. Arturo circled the rock and on the other side found an opening that was about two-thirds of the height and half of the depth. Cautiously, Arturo entered the cave. It was dark and had a slight musty smell, but showed no sign of any other creatures living there. It would have to do for the night.

The dog laid down for a much needed rest while Arturo sat down to think over what had just happened. *Byzantium*. It had been their meeting place in



Map by Kerri Pleban

## THE SILK ROAD

— Arturo's Journey  
- - - The Silk Road Trade Route

case they ever got separated, for his father had a cousin who lived there. They had stayed with him in Byzantium before they started out for Herat. Arturo's father made him keep a stash of emergency money in his purse, enough money for a couple days of food and a boat ride from Tyre to Byzantium. Arturo reached for his purse as he prayed that he hadn't left it in the cart. His hand found the canvas sack and he immediately felt relieved. It was there. He counted his money mechanically, and estimated what he could get with it. The dog looked up as Arturo began muttering to himself. "Okay, I have enough money for the boat ride." He set a handful of coins on the ground, then returned to the few coins left in his other hand. "And..." He fumbled through the coins in his hand, "maybe two days of food for both of us." Arturo leaned his head back and sighed, then scooped up the piles of coins and put them in his purse.

Arturo hugged his knees and shivered. He pulled his cloak down tighter and glanced at the dog, who had started whimpering. *He must be hungry.* Arturo then realized that he hadn't eaten since morning, and the dog probably

only had that piece of bread he had given him. "Here," Arturo reached into a pouch on his belt, and pulled out all the food he had: half a loaf of bread, a hunk of cheese, and some dried meat. The dog stared at it for a second then stood and paced over till he was right on top of Arturo. "Whoa, boy!" he pushed the dog back with one hand and replaced the food in the pouch. "Sit! Sit!" He commanded. Surprisingly, the dog sat. Arturo brought out the bread and his flask of water. Ripping off two pieces, he held out one piece in an outstretched palm. The dog took it gratefully, and they both scarfed down their bread.

He then took his flask of water and squirted a small amount into his hand, and held that out for the dog, which the dog lapped clean. He took a swig of water himself, and then took out the hunk of cheese. Arturo pulled out his knife from a scabbard on his belt, and sliced off a piece for both he and the dog, then re-sheathed the blade. After finishing their cheese, Arturo leaned back and sighed, "That, my friend, was the smallest meal I've ever eaten." The dog looked up at him, slobber foaming on his jowls. "We should probably get some sleep." Arturo suggested, "But first, I

have to wipe that slobber off your face." Using his cloak he wiped the dog's face, successfully managing to soil his coat. "Yuck!" He then rubbed his soiled cloak against the cave wall, the ground, and the dog's back, yet none of these efforts changed the state of the cloak. Exhausted, Arturo gave up and leaned back against the cave wall. The dog snuggled up next to Arturo, who was now breathing heavily, to try to keep warm against the cold night air. Shortly after, all that could be heard from the small cave were the sounds of sleep.

Arturo awoke, shivering. He pulled his cloak close to him, and inched closer to the dog. He felt uneasy, and thought back to his father's last words to him. *Stay with the dog! Go to Byzantium! Now, run!* His father's words buzzed in his ears. He thought over the second command. His father hadn't said, *Meet me at Byzantium*, he had said, *Go to Byzantium*. Did he not expect to survive the attack? Doubt clouded his mind. He *had* to know if his father was alive.

Read Part II of "ARTURO and the Silk Road" in the next issue of *Excalibur Magazine*.

SIR EDWARD'S

# FLYING LESSON(S)\*\*

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