

# A Knight in New York

By Joshua Montreal

## Prologue

### An Oath, A Promise

#### Camelot, 500 AD —

He came by surprise, he attacked as soon as King Arthur left. An evil sorcerer who calls himself Dereptix, Master of Stone and Metal Magic. He had an army of minions made of stone and metal. We were not prepared, nor were we ready for the seemingly endless waves of stone and metal monsters that came. The village of Camelot was in ruins, slowly being eaten away by an ever-growing fire that grew as high as a mountain.

The person who led the charge of Dereptix' army was of his creation. A monster made of the strongest stone found only in the depths of the deepest volcanoes, down where the eldest and most powerful dragons slept. An abomination of creation that follows Dereptix' orders only.

The midnight black, flaming-bright-green-eyed stone beast is named Gargoyle.

Sir Ericson the Third and Joeshia The Red had been in the courtyard when the attack started and thus were able to raise the drawbridge. The archers on top of the wall shot their arrows, crippling the stone and metal beasts. Gargoyle, though, being made entirely of black dragon stone, withstood the attack and was able to outstretch his stone wings and take to the skies. The archers pulled their bowstrings back and took aim. Only the best marksmen were placed on the walls of Camelot, Dereptix knew this fact well. Dereptix raised himself into the sky behind Gargoyle with a sinister smile, “Be ready, archers of the wall, for this may not be the real Gargoyle at all!” The smoke from the fire that burned the village had turned into one giant mass. The archers stood ready, with their eyes on their target. Or so they thought.

When finally given the order to shoot, the archers' arrows flew through the sky like charging horses. But the arrows hit nothing but an illusion, an apparition made of smoke, conjured by The Witch, another servant of Dereptix. The Witch conjured hundreds of smoke clones of Gargoyle, with the real Gargoyle being somewhere in the mass group, and sent these flying toward the archers. The archers once again pulled on their bows and fired a volley of arrows at the army of fake Gargoyles. As each fake Gargoyle was hit by an arrow, it reverted back into smoke. The army of fake Gargoyles was endless, the archers' panic grew each time their arrows flew right through a fake. Panic changed to visible shaking. Visible shaking caused unsteady aim which, in turn, led to the archers' demise. Eventually the wall was overwhelmed with fake Gargoyles. Once a hundred fake Gargoyles were on the wall, The Witch cackled and cast a spell, “Sivarus Kintal!”

The fake Gargoyles reverted back to their smoke form, leaving the archers helpless as the real Gargoyle, close upon them, picked off each one, using the one dark spell Dereptix had taught him, a spell that caused anyone that he said it to, to turn into stone.

Watching from the throne room stood the last line of defense, a knight who wore armour as grey as dragon smoke with a red cape that draped down from his neck to his legs. The knight watched as his fellow brothers of the Round Table were turned to stone. Gargoyle slashed the chains that held up the drawbridge, letting in the stone and metal monsters. The knight unsheathed his sword and raised his

shield, then readied himself in front of the door. The knight could hear the hundreds upon hundreds of footsteps running up the spiral stone staircase. The monsters bashed on the door, their wails of agony and rage growing louder with each hit.

Then all went quiet, the knight still on the defensive, slowly backing away from the door. Then a monstrous roar shook the entire castle and shattered the stained glass windows. The roof was torn off by the jaws of Myrtor, The Undead Dragon, another of Dereptix' allies. With scales as black as Death's robe and eyes as red as blood, Myrtor looked down at the lone knight and blew smoke out of his nose. The stone and metal monsters then bashed through the door and charged the knight.

The knight used his mighty broadsword and slashed through the monsters that surrounded him. Slowly, though, the knight became fatigued because of the never-ending wave. Myrtor took advantage of the knight's exhaustion and began to inhale, creating a giant fireball so hot it became white. The knight looked up and accepted his fate as Myrtor unleashed the devastating attack.

“Levithra Dromda!” The fireball was extinguished by a vortex of water, leaving a mist of steam. Merlin had returned to the castle, had seen the trouble Camelot was in and had descended into the throne room.

Merlin flew to the knight and, just as another threat, one of the metal monsters, was about to slash into the knight's armour, he yelled, “Turatze Rindgarow!”

The knight held still, staring into the metal beast's eyes. “What is this?” the knight asked as he looked around at the metal monsters who now held perfectly still. “Why have they stopped attacking?”

“They didn’t stop,” Merlin said. “We are just moving so fast that they appear to be frozen.” Merlin flew to the door of his study. “Come now, enter,” he said, waving for the knight to come inside. “The spell will last but a few moments.”

The knight refused, “I am to guard the throne.” He gestured with his sword to King Arthur's throne, “Grab what thou needest, great Merlin, I shall take Gargoyle and Myrtor and thou canst—”

“Good knight,” Merlin said in a very regretful voice, “the attackers are not here for the throne and I cannot assist thee in this fight for I am dead.” The knight didn’t know what to say, his shock left him momentarily speechless. Merlin looked up toward the frozen Myrtor. “That girl, Vivian, tricked me into my own demise.” He points to a mountain just on the land's horizon. “My body is now under hundreds of boulders at the top of that mountain.” Merlin looks down at his hand that is slowly becoming transparent. “With my last breath, I cast a necro spell that allowed my soul to remain in this world for a few more moments. Long enough to get back and realize just how badly I’ve doomed Camelot.” Merlin begs the knight to trust him as he slowly starts to fade and time starts to catch up with them.

The knight looked to the throne, then back to Merlin. “What dost thou need of me, advisor of King Arthur?”

Merlin tells the knight to enter his study with haste as the time spell slowly starts to wear off. Merlin's study was filled with magic, creatures and oddities from all around the land, some of which have not even been named yet. “Here,” Merlin said, pointing to a marble podium with a very odd looking book resting upon it. “This is what Dereptix is after!” The knight looked at the book which was embossed with the crest of the Golden Dragon. Its cover is torn, scratched, and its pages grew with green mold popping out of the side. “Don’t be fooled by its appearance,” Merlin said. “The book is encased in an

illusionary spell. Through the eyes of a non-spellcaster, it is just filth, trash! But through the eyes of the next Master Wizard, it is their guide. The book will know who.” The knight goes to grab it, but Merlin stops him. “Be wary, though, for there is also a seal that I have placed upon the book. It prevents the wicked and evil-hearted from even laying a finger on the book, the worse they are, the worse the consequence. But for the pure and good-hearted, something different will happen. They will—”

Before Merlin could say anything else, the room rumbled from the roar of Myrtor. “I never asked thy name,” Merlin said, looking to the knight. “I would like to know it.”

“Roland.”

“I thank thee, Roland. Now there's only one thing left to do.”

“I am with thee, great Merlin.”

“Rokarus Wigra!”

The knight was slowly engulfed in stone, his body movement stiffened as stone rose from the floor and flew at him from the walls, surrounding him. Merlin rests the book in the rising stone and it too was consumed by the stone. “Do not fear, Roland, what I am doing is simply preserving thee and the book. The next Master Wizard will need protection—and believe me, thou wilt be able to protect them for I have enhanced thy strength and thy sword and thy armour—for I fear that if it is not thou then—”

Roland interrupted the anxious wizard, “Merlin, there is no cause for fear. I pledged an oath to the Round Table, to help those who cannot help themselves, and my loyalty to that oath compels me to accept this responsibility.”

Merlin smiled, “Arthur only chose the best. Prevesera!” Roland, whose body and mind have been enhanced by Merlin's spell, is now frozen in time and is only to be awakened by the book when it chooses the next Master Wizard.

(chapter continues)