

Embittered Extra Scenes

*This scene is supposed to take place on the way to Camelgrance, the day before Britt encounters King Pellinore at the riverbed and invites him to come with. The scene was supposed to show how self centered Lancelot is, and to illustrate how clueless Britt is about the physical shape of the Round Table. I originally planned to include this scene in the book as it has a nice bit of foreshadowing in the last few lines, but by the end of **Embittered** even I would have gladly smashed Lancelot in the head to silence him, so I decided it would be best not to push my readers' patience. Enjoy!*

"When I was eight I killed my first giant," Lancelot said.

"Oh, I'm sure," Britt muttered.

"It was a miraculous event, stunning and shocking for the grown men present. None had expected me to launch myself at the giant, but that is just what I did," Lancelot continued.

Britt stared hard at Merlin's back, willing him to turn around from his place at the front of the line and call for her. She badly needed a savior, and Sir Kay did not seem inclined to rescue Britt from Lancelot's endless supply of stories as the man was actually a decent knight.

"I was armed with nothing but two daggers. I dispatched the giant in a matter of moments, applying the sharp edges of my daggers to his neck."

Britt narrowed her eyes and stared harder at Merlin.

He didn't budge.

"To be fair, it was a small giant. But my feat has not been bested by another man—or child as I was really."

"How surprising," Britt said when she realized Lancelot was expecting a comment of some sort.

"It is, isn't it? I did kill a much larger giant, though, when I first set out with my cousins Lionel and Bors."

Britt's eyes glazed over as Lancelot launched into another story. She relaxed in the saddle, her shoulders slumping, and let her mind wander.

It was important to remember why she endured Lancelot's presence, and dared to venture forth in to Guinevere's domain. It was all for the Round Table.

She hadn't told Merlin, but she was planning to steal the table.

"It must come apart, or it wouldn't be able to fit through a door unless it is the size of a coffee table. I bet we could reassemble it in the hallway and roll it out," Britt mumbled. "We would have to keep rolling it down the road, though. That would get it very dirty..."

"—net couldn't properly hold back a giant of such size, so Lionel and I set out to wrestle it to the ground."

"Who will I allow to sit at the table?" Britt wondered. "It will have to be a limited amount of people, and it *certainly* won't include chatty, flighty foreign princes," Britt said under her breath. "But how will I able to invite Gawain to the Round Table and not him? Hmm..."

"After we killed that giant we discovered it was naught but a *babe*, and its father found us."

"It won't be a problem. He can't plan on staying long. I'll get rid of him before then. He would have to pledge himself to me, and I can't see *that* happening," Britt decided.

"—and I plunged my sword through his heart, killing him in one blow."

“Yep. I’ll see Guinevere in Camelot before I accept an oath of fealty from *him*,” Britt decided.

“What do you think of that, My Lord? Was it not an entertaining battle?” Lancelot finished.

“Oh certainly. Not,” Britt said.

“What tales have you to tell of your strength and valor in battle?”

“Oh. Um.”

“Arthur, come up here for a moment. I need to run over the plan with you,” Merlin called right on cue.

Britt smiled in relief. “I apologize,” she said to Lancelot before nudging Llamrei ahead. “Thank you, Merlin. You are a hero,” Britt said when she reached the handsome wizard.

“Mmhmm. You owe me.”

“Absolutely.”

“And don’t let that young buck fill your head with silly ideas. You **aren’t** going to get a chance to ride off and challenge blackguard knights to battle. EVER. Am I clear?”

“Perfectly.”



This next scene depicts how Merlin, Lancelot, and Gawain got into Camelgrance after it was sealed up and prepped for a siege—with an unknowing Britt inside. I knew how Merlin got inside the castle, but I didn’t include it because I try to keep the story with Britt, seeing things from her point of view. If I stray from her too many spoilers are to be had. But including this scene in the extras seems harmless enough, and it lets you feel a little sympathy for Gawain and Lancelot and what they endured to get inside Camelgrance.

“This isn’t fair, I want to go too,” Ywain complained, straining forward.

“Rescue missions aren’t about what’s fair, boy. It’s about what is *smart*,” King Pellinore said, easily holding Ywain back by grabbing the collar of the young man’s tunic.

“But why does Gawain get to go?” Ywain said, pursing his lips at his older cousin.

“Don’t ask questions you don’t want to know the answer to,” Merlin said, the tip of his tongue hanging out of the corner of his mouth as stood on his tip toes and planted a hand on a Camelgrance’s wall.

“But Merlin,” Ywain said.

Sir Kay placed a hand on the younger knight’s shoulder. “It is not wise to speak to a wizard when he is working magic,” he said, nodding at Merlin.

Merlin ignored the comment and squinted up at the brick he was touching. “You will do what I want you to do,” he said to the wall, almost falling into the brush hugging the stone structure.

“Father always said you have to be half mad to work magic,” Ywain said.

“Ywain,” Gawain scolded.

“Alright, lads. Here is the situation. I will be working two sets of simultaneous, powerful spells to get us inside this sorry excuse of a castle. It will take a great deal more of my power than I thought, so I can’t take all three of you like I said I could. One of you will have to remain behind,” Merlin said, brushing his clothes off.

“Gawain and I should go, if that is the case,” Sir Kay said.

“Oh?” Lancelot asked.

“Arthur is our king and our sovereign. You have taken no oaths to aid him, it is only natural that Gawain and I would be the ones to accompany Merlin,” Sir Kay said, bowing slightly to Lancelot.

“I suppose that is true,” Lancelot said with a half smile as he moved to stand with King Pellinore and the still struggling Ywain.

“We thank you for understanding,” Gawain said, mimicking Sir Kay’s bow.

“Right then, we should set off before the guards on the wall realize we’ve been standing out here for quite a while. Kay, Gawain, if you would stand here with me.”

“How will you get us inside?” Sir Kay asked as he stood on Merlin’s left side.

“I did a bit of trickery on the stone wall, so when I activate my spell it will let us walk through it.”

“Brilliant,” King Pellinore praised.

“Thank you,” Merlin smugly said. “The problem is the wretched greenery,”

“Greenery?” Gawain asked.

“Yes. I know how to work a basic transparency spell on rock, live wood is an entirely different dragon to slay. Because I can’t get the wood to let us walk through it, I’ve added a second spell which will shoot us up, letting us hop over the brush and into the wall.”

“Hop? That doesn’t sound too bad,” Gawain said.

“We shall see,” Sir Kay said, not as easily convinced.

“Right, hold on to me. At the count of three the spells will activate. You don’t need to do anything, just stand there and relax. Try not to tense up when we collide with the wall,” Merlin said.

“Collide?” Gawain asked.

“Here we go,” Merlin said, ignoring the younger man’s uneasy tone. “One, two, *three!*” Unfortunately all did not go quite as planned.

Between the count of two and three Lancelot—who previously was relaxed and motionless, burst forward and grabbed hold of Sir Kay. He yanked him backwards—wrenching him off Merlin—before elbowing him in the chest and clinging to Merlin in his place.

Merlin, surprised by the sudden change and unable to stop his spells, accidentally poured a little more power than he meant to in the jump spell. Instead of ‘hopping’ over the bush as Gawain hoped, Merlin, Lancelot, and Gawain rocketed into the air, traveling at least twenty feet up before they zoomed towards the wall.

“Oh dear,” Merlin muttered before he wildly gestured.

The wall hurtled closer. It must be confessed that both knights shut their eyes rather than see the looming structure. Passing through the stone was like walking through a particularly thick bit of fog, but both knights scraped or jostled a body part on a piece of the stone wall that did *not* have Merlin’s magic coating it.

They were flung through the wall, landing on the (thankfully) steady roof of a cottage built against the wall. Merlin landed stiffly on his feet, but both Lancelot and Gawain crashed to the ground, rolling a bit.

“That was good luck. I sent us too high in the air, for a moment I thought we were going to hit the wall instead of pass through it. It’s a good thing I was able to extend the area affected by the spell further up the wall,” Merlin said, smoothing his hair.

“M-my head scraped the rock. I could feel my hair streaming against it,” Lancelot said.

“That’s what you get for upsetting my calculations,” Merlin said, jamming his hands into the sleeves of his robe.

“Frightening,” was all Gawain could say as he pushed himself up on his knees. He scuttled across the cottage roof, reaching the edge of it.

“It worked out in the end, I suppose. I hadn’t thought of what might be on the other side of the wall. If we were any lower we may not have cleared this cottage. That would have been an uncomfortable realization,” Merlin said, tapping his foot on the straw covered roof.

Gawain released a shaky breath and fell off the side of the roof while Lancelot stayed where he was—most likely paralyzed with fear.

“Good show, all around. So, shall we search for Arthur?” Merlin asked, hopping off the cottage.

Gawain shook his head and tried to stand. Up on the roof air leaked out of Lancelot in a high pitched whistle.

Merlin rolled his eyes. “Really, even Arthur has a better stomach for magic than you two. I will search alone, then. You weaklings recover,” Merlin said before he set off at a brisk walk.

“Uncle Urien is right. Wizards must be h-half mad indeed,” Gawain sputtered once Merlin was out of sight.

“Yes,” Lancelot agreed. “At least half mad.”



*The following scene I actually thought through and planned for while writing **Embittered**, but I didn’t include it because Britt isn’t in it, and as I mentioned before I try to keep my scenes fixed on her. This scene occurs right before Sir Kay escorts Britt out to Duke Maleagent’s camp to challenge him to a joust. It explains why Sir Kay decided Britt’s borrowed horse was an acceptable mount. It was a blast to write, I hope you enjoy it.*

“I thought Arthur would be leaving shortly for his fight with Maleagant,” Lancelot said as Sir Kay led him through the woods.

“He is,” Sir Kay said.

“How can he ride off to his fight without his horse? And aren’t you going with him?” Lancelot asked.

“We will be finished with our task before Gawain is done helping My Lord into his armor.”

“I see. In that case, what are we doing?” Lancelot asked as they entered a small meadow.

“I want to see what kind of charger this borrowed mount is,” Sir Kay said, hefting a lance in one hand and leading the milk white horse Merlin had bargained for in Camelgrance with the other.

“But why?”

“I need to know how well it can joust. My Lord must have a trustworthy steed.”

“But I didn’t think Arthur was going joust? And why would it matter how skilled it is? Any halfwit knight can joust,” Lancelot said.

Sir Kay narrowed his eyes. “That is *King* Arthur to you, and never mind why.”

“I don’t understand,” Lancelot said with a grieved sigh.

“You don’t have to. Just stand right there,” Sir Kay said before swinging up on the horse’s back.

Lancelot shrugged as Sir Kay rode the horse to the far end of the meadow.

Sir Kay wheeled the horse around, lowered the lance, and the mount burst forward in a canter.

Lancelot shifted as Sir Kay and his mount charged across the meadow, their pace increasing rather than decreasing.

“Sir Kay,” Lancelot shouted to his fellow knight. “Sir Kay,” he tried again when the horse and rider still bore down on him.

Kay and the horse were maybe three horse lengths from him before Lancelot realized they weren’t going to stop. “Sir Kay! KAY! What has gotten into you, man?” Lancelot yelled as he started running.

“Kay, **KAY!**” Lancelot said, his voice started to grow a subtle hint of desperation as Sir Kay and the milk white horse chased him across the meadow. “Stop it, turn off, *turn off!* KAY!” Lancelot said, changing his strategy and fleeing to the trees when it became apparent that Kay was going to keep on chasing him.

Sir Kay barely avoided hitting him, and slowed the horse down to a trot, a walk, and then halted it altogether when the trees grew thick again. “Yes, this mount shall serve My Lord well,” he said with great satisfaction.

“If you wanted to test its jousting skills I could have brought my horse and we could have had a practice match. That was dangerous,” Lancelot said, leaning against a tree as he breathed deeply.

“Where would be the fun in that?” Kay asked, cuing the horse forward.

“You weren’t really aiming for me, were you?” Lancelot asked, following behind. “Sir Kay?” he said when silence was his answer.

“The safety of My Lord will always be my priority, Lancelot,” Sir Kay said, disappearing into the trees. “Always.”