



LO: To make predictions

CHAPTER TWO THIS IS CAMELOT?



Jack shivered. He could see his breath in the dim light. Annie was staring out the window. “This is Camelot?” she said.

Jack looked out with her. The tree house had landed in a grove of tall, bare trees. A huge, dark castle loomed against the grey sky. No light shone from its windows. No banners waved from its turrets. Wind whistled through its tall towers, sounding sad and lonely.

“It looks deserted,” said Annie.

“Yeah,” said Jack. “I hope we came to the right place.”

Jack pulled his notebook and pencil out of his pack. He wanted to write a description of the dark castle.

“Hey, I see someone,” said Annie.

Jack looked out of the window again.

A woman was crossing the castle drawbridge. She wore a long cloak and carried a lantern. Her white hair blew in the wind.



“Morgan!” said Annie and Jack together.

They laughed with relief.

Morgan hurried over the frost-covered ground toward the grove of trees. “Annie? Jack? Is that you?” she called.

“Of course! Who’d you think?” shouted Annie. She started down from the tree house. Jack threw his notebook into his backpack. He followed Annie down the rope ladder. When they reached the icy ground, they ran to Morgan and both threw their arms around her.

“I was looking out of a window in the castle and saw a bright flash in the orchard,” said Morgan.

“What are you doing here?”

“You didn’t send the tree house for us?” asked Jack.

“With a Royal Invitation to spend Christmas in Camelot?” asked Annie.

“No!” said Morgan. She sounded alarmed.

“But the invitation was signed with an *M*,” said Jack.

“I don’t understand...,” said Morgan. “We are not celebrating Christmas in Camelot this year.”

“You aren’t?” said Jack.

“Why not?” said Annie.

A look of sadness crossed Morgan’s face. “Do you remember when you visited my library and gave King Arthur the hope and courage to challenge his enemy?” she asked.

“Sure,” said Jack.

“Well, Arthur’s enemy was a man named Mordred,” said Morgan. “After you left, Arthur defeated him, but not before Mordred’s Dark Wizard cast a spell over the whole kingdom. The spell robbed Camelot of all its joy.”

“What? All its *joy*?” whispered Annie.

“Yes,” said Morgan. “For months, Camelot has been without music, without celebration, and without laughter.”

“Oh no,” said Annie.

“What can we do to help?” said Jack.

Morgan smiled sadly. “This time, I don’t think you can do anything,” she said. “But perhaps it will lift Arthur’s spirits to see you both again. Come, let us go inside the castle.”

Morgan held up her lantern and started toward the drawbridge.

Jack and Annie hurried after her. As they walked through the outer courtyard, the frozen grass cracked under their sneakers.

They followed Morgan over the bridge and through a tall gate. There were no signs of life in the castle’s inner courtyard.

“Where is everyone?” Annie whispered to Jack.

“I don’t know,” he whispered back. Jack really wished they’d had a book about Camelot. It might help them understand what was going on.

Morgan led them to a huge archway with two wooden doors. She stopped and looked at them.

“I’m afraid *no* book would help you tonight Jack,” she said. Jack was startled that she had read his thoughts.

“Why not?” asked Annie.

“On all your other journeys, you visited *real* places and *real* times in history,” said Morgan. Camelot is different.”

“How?” said Jack.

“The story of Camelot is a legend,” said Morgan. “A legend is a story that begins in truth. But then imagination takes over. Different people in different times tell the story. They use their imaginations to add new parts. That is how a legend is kept alive.”

“tonight we’ll add *our* part,” said Annie.

“Yes,” said Morgan. “And please, I beg of you” – in the lantern light, she looked very serious – “do not let the story of Camelot end forever. Keep our kingdom alive.”

“Of course we will!” said Annie.

“Good,” said Morgan. “Come then. Let us go into the great hall and see the king.”

Morgan lifted an iron latch and pushed open the heavy doors. Jack and Annie followed her into the dark castle.



Your job is to think about what could happen next. What will the children see when they go through the doors? Who will be there? Please write the next two paragraphs.

Success criteria:

1. Describe the scene inside the castle. Remember we learned that it was dark. Build on simple sentences, so that you are giving description and building a sinister atmosphere!
2. What happens once the children are inside? Can you use dialogue (speech), body language and some action to create a really imaginative scene in the story? Remember to punctuate your writing carefully.