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King Arthur's Dream

by Annie Stillwater Gray

This is the story of how a dream changed the course of history. My name is Govinder, and I was the Spirit Guide who watched over King Arthur. Arthur sensed my presence but never knew my name or the many ways I helped him.

As all Spirit Guides do, I met with the Soul who would incarnate as Arthur before he was born. Together we outlined his destiny, though it was up to him to manifest it. My role was as his helper, his Guardian Angel if you will.

Arthur grew to manhood in the days of confusion after the fall of the great Roman Empire. When he was ten years old I brought him a dream that he remembered for the rest of his earth life. Dreams are gifted from Spirit Guides to their human charges in spheres of brightly colored energy. This dream sparkled and shone with iridescent emerald light as I slid it into the sleeping boy's mind. I watched the expression on his face change as he experienced it.

The next morning I hovered close behind Arthur as he raced down the stone stairs taking two steps at a time.

"Father, Father!" the boy cried breathlessly.

"Whoa, son, you gallop to the morning table!"

"I must tell you of this dream!"

"Only after you've eaten something. Have your bread and fruit."

"This is a good dream, a great dream!"

"Very well, Arthur. What has you so excited?"

"I was flying, Father! First I was just above our yard. I could see our dogs, the chickens, the pigs, and the sheep. I could see the horses below me in the pasture. Then I rose higher and higher but I wasn't afraid. I saw the sea to the west and the mountains to the east. Yet still I flew higher until below me was an island, magnificent and emerald green, surrounded

by a sapphire sea. When I looked closer, I saw the land was divided into many pieces.”

“You mean pastures and woodlands,” the boy’s father interrupted.

“No, not at all. These were not natural divisions but looked more like cracks in a broken tile. Then I heard a tone. It must have been a sound from the heavens, for I never heard anything like it before. As the tone rang on, I saw the divisions fade away and the beautiful island become whole. It seemed to glow even brighter as it unified. Father, do you know what this means?”

“I’m afraid I am not a dream interpreter, son. However, I am a hunter, and today I shall attempt to bring home some venison to feed our household.”

At that moment I wished that I could tell the boy the meaning of his dream, but the veil between earth and the spirit world was very thick. At the time there were only a few ways in which Spirit Guides could communicate directly with humans. Dreams were one of these, though rarely were they seen as gifts or messages from Spirit. Arthur sensed he had received this dream for a reason. He felt in his heart that it was important to him, and indeed it was.

In the springtime of his twentieth year, Arthur sat atop a hill overlooking his family’s land. He was dazzled by the deep green color of the new grasses in the morning sun. The emerald color triggered the memory of the dream, and again he recalled the fragmented island.

I hovered above the lad and saw his thoughts. My vantage point gave me a view over the mountainside into the next valley where I spied movement. A band of men dressed in hides proceeded slowly along the creek bed on the valley floor. I could see they carried weapons but they did not appear to be hunting. I flew closer and saw that these were rough men.

At the back of this pack was a lad about Arthur’s age. His Spirit Guide floated close behind him. She radiated a rose-colored light and appeared to be quite gentle, so I approached her.

“Good morning, good lady,” I sent the greeting telepathically. “I am Govinder.”

“Good sir!” she exclaimed as she clutched her heart. “You startled me!”

“My apologies.”

“Are you joining this group, sir?”

“No. My human charge lives in the next valley. He is about the same age as the young man you watch over.”

“Is your lad a warrior?” she asked.

“He is a hunter.”

She turned and looked at the band of men. I examined them too. They were rough, grizzled, and dirty. All were quite hairy with coarse beards except for the boy she protected who had only fuzz on his chin.

“I am Patrice. These men are raiders. They come from the north where another band burned their village. They hold much hatred in their hearts. My charge lost both his parents and his brothers in the battle. There is terrible unrest in this land, Govinder. Your lad will soon learn this.”

I thanked Patrice and returned to Arthur's side, immediately projecting into his mind an image of the approaching band of raiders. The picture did not materialize. Instead he felt his stomach tighten, and an uneasy feeling swept over him. My intention was not to make Arthur ill, but to alert him to the approaching band of men. Here was another instance when I wished I could communicate directly with my charge and explain to him what I had discovered.

The uneasy feeling prompted Arthur to return to his family's home which was a large, well-built stone grange. Circling around to the stables, he checked on the horses, in particular his favorite. He had named this big bay mare 'West Wind' because she was as swift as the winds blowing off the sea. She seemed restless, so Arthur tried to calm her, then decided to ride her in the direction his father had gone early that morning.

The trail was muddy from spring rains, so the lad kept a slower pace than he would have liked. I could see from the colors in his energy field that he was still uneasy and worried. I saw his thoughts, an image of his father being injured, then another of his father's horse bleeding. Trying to calm his concerns, I sent a soothing ray of green light into his heart and mind. I watched him take a deep breath and relax a bit.

Arthur met his father and the hunting party as they were returning to the grange. He galloped to his father's side shouting, "Is everyone all right?"

"Fine, son, though the hunting was poor. We managed only one rabbit and one grouse today. Perhaps if you had come along we would have done better."

"I'll hunt with you tomorrow." He smiled, glad his father and the others were unharmed, though the nagging, apprehensive feeling persisted.

That evening after a dinner of rabbit stew, Arthur told his father of his uneasiness. "Something is astir," he began. "I can feel it here." He pointed to his stomach. "I don't know what it is."

"We are well protected in this valley, son," his father assured him.

"It has been peaceful here for many years."

Still, Arthur could not shake the feeling that something was wrong. He lay on his bed looking out at the night sky, noting the spring constellations. "Soon it will be time to plant," he murmured.

I sat at the end of his bed as I did each night. Usually I would put protective light around him and send him love as he slept. This night was different because he lay awake. As his Spirit Guardian, I wished to relieve his anxiety and help him sleep, yet I knew danger was near. I tried surrounding him with golden light to counteract the gray lines of worry and the static encircling his head. Even though I wanted to see if the band of raiders was nearby, I did not want to leave Arthur's side. With my help, the lad finally slept.

Just before first light, I heard sounds coming from beyond the pasture. I rose above the stables and saw that same band of raiders approaching. The men were crouched low as they moved slowly toward the horses.

Because animals can see Spirit Guides, I knew what to do. I moved quickly to the stall that housed West Wind and flew around her at the speed of lightning. She knew I was trying to warn her and reacted by spinning and thumping loudly, then letting out a long, loud whinny.

This woke Arthur. He sat straight up, his heart beating wildly. Rushing out of his room, pulling on his trousers then his

boots as he went, he realized he was making too much noise, so he stopped to listen.

The horses were all restless now. They stomped and whinnied in their stalls. I had returned to Arthur's side and could see that he thought some wolves might be near the stables. Little did he know that those who approached were wolves of a different kind.

He reached for his bow and carefully loaded the longest, sharpest arrows into his quiver. Just as he stepped into the yard, I flashed into his mind an image of his sleeping father, for I knew Arthur would need his help. Instantly jagged gray lines spun in the energy field around his head. This anxiety rose from indecision, for even though he wished to awaken his father, he worried that something might attack the horses if he waited.

The first hint of dawn glowed over the hills as Arthur made his way quietly to the stables. He could see no predators though the horses were still very restless. West Wind rolled her eyes as the young man patted her neck.

Meanwhile I worked with other Spirit Guides to try to rouse the household, especially Arthur's father. Alas, the men were tired from the previous day's hunt and were sleeping soundly. I returned to help Arthur.

I knew the raiders wanted to steal what they could. There are no men more desperate than those who have lost everything. I feared that these men who were driven by hatred might destroy the peaceful home Arthur had known for twenty years.

My courageous charge tucked himself into the front corner of West Wind's stall and watched the doorway of the stable. In an attempt to see the attackers, I hovered above the building. I spied them crouched and fanned in an arc around the courtyard.

The rooster crowed and the raid began. Most of the invaders set about capturing the pigs and sheep. The dogs barked frantically as the scuffle ensued.

Now the household was awake. Several of the men, including Arthur's father, ran from the main dwelling in their night shirts, swords in hand.

My charge had his own troubles. Four of the raiders, including the lad who was Arthur's age, rushed into the stable

to take the horses. One man never made it through the door because he became engaged in a sword fight with the groomsmen. Arthur shot his arrows quickly, one, two, three! He struck one invader in the belly, another in the chest. The young bandit was struck in the thigh. Clutching his wound, he tried to run, but fell just inside the stable door.

I watched as the Spirit Guides worked with two of the invaders pierced by Arthur's arrows and observed the Souls of the fallen men lift out of their bodies. The young raider pulled himself out of sight behind a stack of hay.

Arthur immediately became concerned with the battle in the courtyard and ran to the aid of the others in his household, but the fighting had ceased. The invaders were swiftly retreating. One man grabbed a squawking hen. Another tried to catch a pig, but without success. Arthur ran after them, letting loose two more arrows.

I stayed close by the side of my charge for I knew the most difficult time of his life was about to begin. Once he returned to the grange, he found that two of the household staff had been killed and his father had been badly wounded.

As the lad sat by his parent's side, I conversed with the Spirit Guide who watched over Arthur's father. I knew Chec Nau very well, as we had worked together even before Arthur was born.

"A sad day, Chec Nau," I began.

"Or a joyful one, depending on how you view it," replied the Asian Guide.

"He is preparing to pass, then."

"Yes, the old man's body is beyond repair. I think he is ready to free himself from the bonds of earth life."

I looked at Arthur who was holding his father's hand, tears welling in his eyes.

"Arthur." His father spoke with labored breath. "You are in charge. You are now master of the grange."

The young man could not utter a word. I could see the swirling grief in his aura. He hugged his father and sobbed as Chec Nau made a funnel of light at the top of the dying man's head. Only moments later, I witnessed his Soul lifting gently, effortlessly out of his mortally wounded body.

The Soul of Arthur's father was disoriented, as most Souls are when they first leave their earthly bodies. He saw his son weeping on his dead body and tried to touch him. Chec Nau moved directly in front of the newly released Soul.

"You need not worry about your son," said the Guide. "He is strong and well watched over."

I took my cue. "Sir, I am Govinder, Spirit Guide to your son Arthur. I will do all I can to help him."

Chec Nau encircled the Soul of his charge with brilliant white light, and the two of them floated skyward. I hovered over Arthur, raining luminescent golden light upon him. I was glad he could grieve and cry openly. Soon his attention would be needed elsewhere, for his troubles were far from over.

The spring sun had warmed the earth so the burials happened quickly. Arthur's father was laid to rest in the family cemetery which had a view of the sea. For the fallen raiders one grave was dug by the edge of the woods where the farm animals were buried.

I stayed as close as breath to my sad young charge. His heart was broken and he mourned the loss of his father all his waking hours. However, on the morning of the third day after the invasion, the cook came to speak to Arthur. She was a stout woman with a ruddy complexion.

"Excuse me, Sir. Good morning, Sir." She curtsied awkwardly. "May I have a word?"

Arthur did not even look up. "I have no desire for food right now, Margaret."

"Well, Sir, pardon my saying so, you really must eat. You're the master now. But that's not why I've come. There's food disappearing from the larder."

Arthur looked up. "Is it someone from the household?"

The cook shook her head. "I don't think so, Sir. The food has been taken from the storage area in the back, and ... well, Sir, I saw footprints."

Once I heard this, I zoomed up above the grange and surveyed the courtyard. I had been so focused on Arthur and his needs that I had not paid attention to his surroundings. At first all seemed quiet. Then I saw Patrice sitting on the roof of the stables. I flew to her side.

"Greetings, Patrice."

“Govinder, how is your charge?”

“He is grieving the loss of his father. How about the lad you watch over?”

“He has a nasty wound in his left thigh. I have been sending him healing energy and he’s doing better.”

“The cook knows your young man has been taking food. He’ll be discovered soon.”

“Perhaps that is best,” Patrice admitted as she sent a ball of sparkling green light through the roof of the stable to the injured lad below. “He could use clean bandages and a proper meal.”

“I do not know how Arthur will react when your young man is discovered.”

“I understand,” Patrice nodded. “He is angry. But, Govinder, there has been too much bloodshed. Let there be healing now.”

Although I agreed with the gentle Guide, I was not sure how I could prevent the slaying of her charge. I returned to Arthur’s side just as the cook was leaving. He sat at the table with his head buried in his arms.

The groomsman entered and put his hand on Arthur’s shoulder to comfort him. I joined in by showering the bereaved men with radiant pink light.

“Everything in my life has changed,” murmured the lad.

“You have your home and your land,” offered the groomsman. “Your father put you in charge. I’ll do all I can to help you.”

“Margaret says there is a thief on the grounds.”

“Would you like me to take care of it, Sir?”

Arthur looked up. I zoomed right in front of him and sent a burst of magenta light through his solar plexus until brilliance filled his entire aura.

“Thank you, but no. This shall be my first duty as Lord of this grange.” With that Arthur stood. He seemed taller, stronger than before.

“Take this,” said the groomsman.

“My father’s sword.”

“I have cleaned and sharpened it. It is yours now.”

Arthur stepped into the courtyard, sword in hand, just as the morning mists were dispersing. The hazy sun imparted an

eerie glow to his surroundings. He walked slowly around to the entry of the kitchen and the larder where the cook had reported seeing footsteps. There they were, though only the right print was clear. There was a mark where the left foot should have set down.

"He is wounded," Arthur said softly as he followed the trail. Even though the tracks disappeared in the hard pack of the courtyard, he knew where they were leading. He moved quietly toward the stables.

Meanwhile I had joined Patrice who was observing from the roof of the stables. "I fear for my charge," she began. "The hatred has now spread to Arthur's heart."

"Perhaps we can help," I offered. "Let's erect a pyramid of light over the stables. This will be a safe zone where no killing can occur."

"But, Govinder, I've never done anything like that."

"It's easier with several Guides, but why don't we try? It may save your lad. Follow my lead."

Extending my arms skyward, I positioned myself directly above the wounded young man who was hiding in the hay below. Patrice joined me and did the same. We then faced each other and touched fingertips.

"Envision the pyramid," I instructed. "Make it just like the great Pyramid in Egypt, a square base and four equal sides."

As soon as I said this, the energetic structure appeared. Patrice and I could see it, of course, though it was invisible to human eyes. However, Arthur could sense its presence, and when he reached the outer limits of the pyramid of light, he stopped, feeling a deep calm wash over him.

I turned to Patrice. "Let the two of us fill this pyramid with compassion. Then we will have done what we can. It will be up to the two lads."

Arthur stood in the doorway remembering what had transpired there only two days before. There was still blood in the dirt as well as the broken shaft of an arrow. He knew this structure well and guessed correctly that the young thief was hidden in the hay. Straightening up, he took a deep breath and stepped toward the large pile.

"I know you're here!" he shouted. Even though he lowered his voice in order to sound more authoritative, it cracked as young men's voices sometimes do.

There was not a sound.

"I have a sword and I will run it through this pile of hay unless you show yourself!"

Only the twitter of a bird could be heard.

Arthur stepped over to the hay and began flicking bits of it aside with the point of his sword. It wasn't long before he heard a clang. He brushed aside the straw to find a battle shield. Suddenly the shield flew at the lad knocking him over backwards. The wounded invader jumped out of the hay and began to run in a desperate attempt to escape. His wound made him easy to catch, and Arthur grabbed him by the hood of his garment, placing the sword to his throat.

Patrice and I looked at each other. The two young men had stopped just inside the pyramid of light. I sent Arthur the thought, "Look into his eyes."

My charge simultaneously pulled down on the hood and kicked the thief's feet out from under him. Now the wounded lad lay helpless on the ground.

"Go on, kill me!" The ruffian contorted his face. "I have lost everything! Take my life too!"

"You have lost everything!" Arthur retorted. "You and your band of thieves killed my father!" He pressed the point of his sword into the ragged clothing on the lad's chest.

Tears welled in the young raider's eyes as he spit his reply. "My father was killed! My mother and brothers were killed! Our home was burned, our village destroyed!"

Arthur saw desperation and grief in the young man's face, and a wave of compassion swept over him. For an instant he saw himself in the wounded lad's eyes.

"My mother died when I was born," Arthur said quietly. "We are both orphans." He moved the sword away from the injured young man. "I am Arthur. I am now lord of this manor."

"I have no family, no home." The young raider choked on his words.

"You have a name, yes?"

"I am called Gawain."

"Gawain, if I let you live, what will you do?"

The injured ruffian was silent.

“Speak up! I will not have you stealing food or carrying on as you have before!”

“Sir Arthur,” Gawain began quietly, “if you let me live, I will serve you all my days.”

“Up with you then, Gawain.” Arthur extended his hand. “I’ll see that you get a good meal and that your wound is properly tended.”

Patrice and I looked at each other. She had glee in her eyes as her radiance grew more brilliant. I felt a great sense of satisfaction as I noticed an increase of my own energy, for whenever we Spirit Guides affect positive change, we benefit as much as the humans we help.

Arthur sat across from Gawain as the former raider devoured food enough for two. Grace, the housekeeper who was skilled in the healing arts, stood by. As soon as the injured lad had eaten his fill, she instructed him to remove the smelly tattered skins he wore so she could dress his wound. This was not easy, as the blood had dried adhering the dirty clothing to the gash on his thigh.

“We will have to soak this,” Grace announced as she wet several cloths in a bowl of water.

Gawain looked at Arthur with the hint of a twinkle in his eye. “I’m glad your aim was not better, Sir, or I would not have just enjoyed the finest meal I’ve had in many years.”

“You would be dead along with your thieving kinsmen!” Arthur barked as he stood, shoving back his chair. He began to pace. “You can -- indeed you must repay me for my mercy and generosity.”

“And how may I do that?” Gawain winced as Grace pulled at his bloody clothing.

“Tell me everything, Gawain. I want to know all that you have experienced. Relate to me in detail everything you have seen.”

“Ah yes, Sir. I can do that. My guess is that you have not often left this protected valley.”

“Never mind what I have done!” Arthur tried sounding gruff and authoritative. “I wish to hear your tales, and tell them true!”

“Excuse me, Sir,” Grace interrupted, “but this lad needs rest. This wound has weakened him.”

Arthur sighed. “Very well. One day’s rest. But tell me one thing now. Will your band return here?”

“I don’t know. How many were killed?”

“Five of your men.”

“It depends on who now leads them, though rest assured, they will not return for me.”

Arthur moved closer to the seated lad. “If they do return, are you willing to fight beside me to defend this land?”

Gawain looked him in the eye. “I pledged to serve you, Sir Arthur, and so I will.”

The next morning Arthur was surprised to see that Gawain had risen before him. The young man no longer looked like a ruffian for he had bathed and now wore clean clothing.

“Good morning, Sir Arthur.” Gawain bowed slightly.

“You look better,” Arthur observed. “You have more color in your face.”

“And I am clean,” Gawain chuckled, “for the first time since ...”

A pained look crossed his countenance.

“Since?” Arthur urged him to continue.

“The last bath I had was in my parent’s home. My mother prepared it for me. She’s gone. That’s all gone now.”

Patrice and I closely watched the exchange between the two young men. Spirit Guides are trained to read the energy fields around humans, so as we watched the lads interact we were observing their auras. The instant Gawain recalled the loss of his parents and his home, his energy field darkened and filled with jagged gray lines. Arthur’s aura changed too when he heard Gawain’s words. Spiraling golden light circled in the chest of my charge as compassion flowed.

“You have taught him well,” said Patrice as she nodded towards Arthur.

“I have filled him with the golden light of compassion every night as he slept since he was a child,” I replied. “I’m glad to see him respond this way, especially after his own tragic loss.”

The cook entered with a large bowl of hot porridge. “It’s a damp morning, young sirs. This will start you off well.”

“Thank you, Margaret. Oh, and Margaret ... this is Gawain.”

“Pleased to meet you, Sir Gawain.” The cook curtsied and left.

Arthur laughed aloud when he saw the look of astonishment on Gawain's face.

“She called me Sir!” Gawain gasped. “No one has ever called me Sir!”

“You're clean, well-fed, and you're wearing my clothes,” Arthur remarked, still smiling.

Gawain lowered his head. “Thank you ... not only for sparing my life but also for treating me so kindly.”

“You can begin to repay me now!” Arthur slapped his hand on the table. “Tell me all you have seen.”

Patrice and I hovered above the two young men as Gawain told his tale. We could see the colors change in both their energy fields as the story unfolded. At first Gawain radiated pink and gold light as he talked of his childhood many miles to the north and east. His father raised cattle and was a member of the village council while his mother schooled the children. Tears filled his eyes as he described the beauty of the countryside and the many adventures he and his two brothers had experienced there. Arthur's aura was a rich gold color as he listened intently.

Then the energy changed as Gawain began relating the terrible fate of his family and his village. A crimson flame shot out of his heart as he described the horror of the attack. His energy field became dark with jagged gray and maroon lines circling him while he detailed the death and destruction that ensued.

Arthur listened to all this calmly. Patrice and I could see compassion flowing from his heart. However, as Gawain described what he had seen after he left his burned village, my charge became more and more agitated. Tiny bursts of red fire popped and sizzled in his aura.

“This is terrible!” Arthur exclaimed interrupting Gawain's story. “You mean to tell me that every town you came upon had been vandalized?”

“Some worse than others. The band of men from my village became little more than thieves picking through what was left. We were nothing compared to those who came before us. You

are fortunate to be living here, protected by the sea and the mountains.”

“You discovered us,” Arthur scowled.

“Our band was desperate. We had found barely enough along the way to sustain us. We had to push on to new territory.”

“From what you say the land all around us has been ravaged. You are just the first to find this peaceful valley. Others will follow.”

“That is a certainty. Many villainous bands roam freely.”

A great gray cloud of gloom formed over Arthur's head as he assimilated this information. Suddenly he rose, walked quickly to a large wooden chest under the east window, and retrieved a scroll. He then used his arm to clear space on the table. Perhaps because he was so perturbed, he used more force than necessary and several items crashed to the floor. The clatter made Gawain jump a little in his seat.

With an intense expression, Arthur unrolled the parchment to reveal a tattered map.

“What is that?” Gawain rose to look at the scroll.

“A map of this land,” answered Arthur. “It was my grandfather's, then my father's. Now it is mine.”

“An old map,” Gawain observed.

“During their reign, the Romans made many maps of the lands they had conquered. This is one. We are here.” Arthur pointed to a bay on the western shore. “From what you tell me, you came from somewhere up here in the north.”

Gawain's eyes grew wide as he stared at the tattered parchment. He hobbled closer, peering intently as he tried to retrace his journey.

“We traveled south and west for weeks,” he finally remarked, “yet it does not look so far on this map.”

Arthur, still agitated, paced as he talked, waving his hand at the scroll. “You mean to tell me that all this land is terrorized by roving bands of thieves and killers? Is there no safe place anywhere?”

“Your grange is the most peaceful place I've come upon.”

“And that has already changed!” Arthur exclaimed as he threw himself into a chair. He held his head in his hands and was silent. However, Patrice and I observed his energy field which

told the story. Anger mixed with grief filled his aura with a dark bloody color. He began to weep quietly. Although he made no sound, we Spirit Guides could tell he was crying, for the outpouring of his emotions slowly cleared his energy field like rain washing clean a muddy horse.

Gawain sat down too, for his injury tired him. The two young men were quiet for a long time. Arthur stared at the floor. Lying there were several items that he had knocked off the table when he unrolled the map. Near his feet was an emerald green tile that had been used under hot kettles and bowls, but now it was shattered into many pieces.

When Arthur spied the broken tile, I seized upon the moment and sent him a vibration, a tone, which he had heard only once before in his life. Patrice followed my lead and joined me, increasing its intensity.

Arthur's heart began to race as he looked at the broken tile, then at the map. We knew he heard the tone in his mind for we saw the expression on his face change from despair to realization. His aura began to brighten. The dull colors faded and brilliant white and gold light began radiating from him.

"What just happened?" Patrice asked.

I replied, "Arthur has just seen his destiny."

My charge stood and walked slowly back and forth past the map on the table and the tile on the floor. This was not restless pacing, but the stride of a young man with a purpose.

"Gawain," Arthur spoke at last. "Would you be willing to help me change this current situation of chaos and unrest?"

"I wish everywhere was as peaceful as this valley."

"Are you willing to join with me to unite this shattered land?"

"That is a big undertaking, Sir Arthur, too big for the two of us."

Arthur's voice rose with enthusiasm. "We will gather others who also want to end the robbing, pillaging, burning, and killing. The people want peace. They yearn for it in their hearts. They will support us. We will encourage people to rebuild, to plant crops, and we will protect the villages from raiders. In fact, we will roust out and break up all the bands that menace this land!"

"If you can do that, you will be crowned King."

“I cannot do this alone. Join me, Sir Gawain. We are the first of a band of brave men who will bring peace and prosperity to this land.”

“I said I will serve you and I will.” Gawain stood, obviously moved by Arthur’s speech. “Your words inspire me. They make me believe that we can accomplish this. But tell me, what led you to this vision?”

Arthur took a deep breath. “It was a dream,” he answered, “a dream I had when I was a boy.”

The End