***Excalibur Opening***

**Plot summary:**

There was a crypt with rows of burial caskets in it. A lady entered and spoke over one of the caskets and the casket cracked open. A hand rose out of the casket.

**Story opening:**

The crypt was cold and dimly lit, and smelt musty, of ancient times. Row by row, through the chamber, stood the burial caskets of people long since dead, knights and their ladies. Cobwebs shivered in a shaft of moonlight piercing the gloom. Then, out of the darkness, came a lady, dark-haired and beautiful, wearing a gown of wine-red. She stood over the burial casket of a knight and began to speak in a strange language, the words flowing from her lips like a dark song. She raised her arm over the casket, her long fingers extended, and her eyes wide and intense. The flow of words grew louder, the lady’s voice grew stronger and more insistent, until almost shrieking, she spoke the name, ‘Uther Pendragon!’. A splitting, cracking noise filled the chamber. A deep crack grew along the length of the tomb, from toe to head, and the solid surface crumbled into dust. From the tomb rose a gloved hand, clad in an iron gauntlet, and as the hand stretched upwards, the fingers moved slowly. The lady smiled.