The Camlann fields lay cold with my men, my knights, my druids, my vassal kings, my brothers. There he stood in front of me, wielding the great-sword Clarent, his army, akin to mine, decimated. The two of us, mortally wounded, draped in blood, bruises and other cuts. The hatred in his eyes was something no-one could ever replicate. My destined end would soon be near.

Excalibur had long since been lost in the midst of battle, somewhere, driven into the skull of his top legionnaire, I hope. I threw down the dull blade I had been fighting with, and replaced it with a lance stuck in the frozen mud.

I steadied myself, then charged towards him with what little might left in me. My offence caught him off guard, he slipped and the lance skewered him all the way through. His godless face paled, the vile Mordred was no more.

