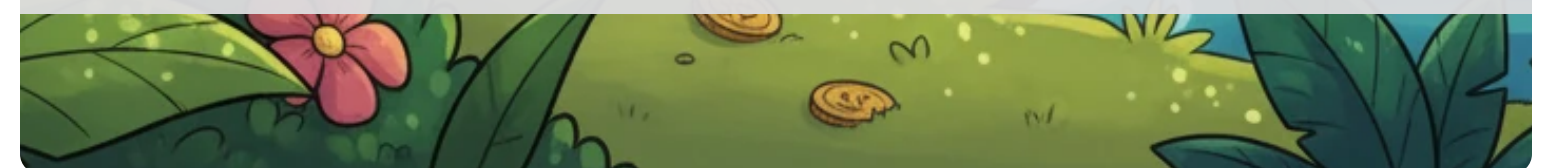# Arthur's Island

feezee kaps

The sea was a mirror, reflecting the clear blue sky. I, Arthur, hummed a little tune as I rowed my small boat, enjoying the peaceful day. The gentle rocking of the waves was almost hypnotic.

Suddenly, the sky turned an angry grey. The wind howled, and the waves rose like mountains. A terrifying thunderstorm raged around me, and I struggled to keep the boat afloat.

The last thing I remember was a blinding flash of lightning. Then, darkness. I felt myself slipping away, the storm a roaring beast in my ears.

I woke up on a sandy beach, the sun warm on my face. My boat was splintered nearby, and I was alone on a strange, unfamiliar island. Where was I?

I ventured into the island's lush interior, the air thick with the scent of unknown flowers. Curious birds chirped overhead as I explored this new world.

Hidden amongst the trees, I found a dark, gaping cave. A shiver ran down my spine, but a sense of adventure urged me forward. I took a deep breath and stepped inside.

The cave was damp and cool, the air heavy with the smell of stone. Deeper inside, I saw it: a sword hilt protruding from a large rock. Strange symbols were etched around it.

KING ARTHUR

Scrawled beneath the sword was a single name: King Arthur. My heart pounded in my chest. Could it be?

Suddenly, a booming voice echoed through the cave, shaking the very ground. "The time has come, young Arthur!" The voice was powerful and ancient.

A beam of light shone down, illuminating the sword. I reached out, my hand trembling, ready to embrace my destiny. This was only the beginning.