

MORGAN

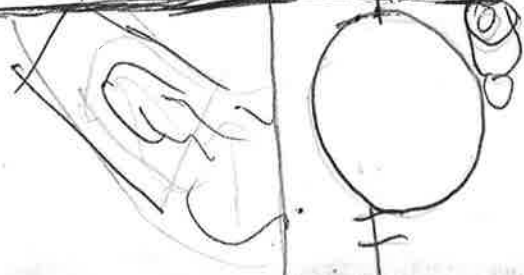
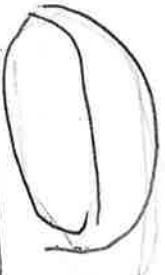
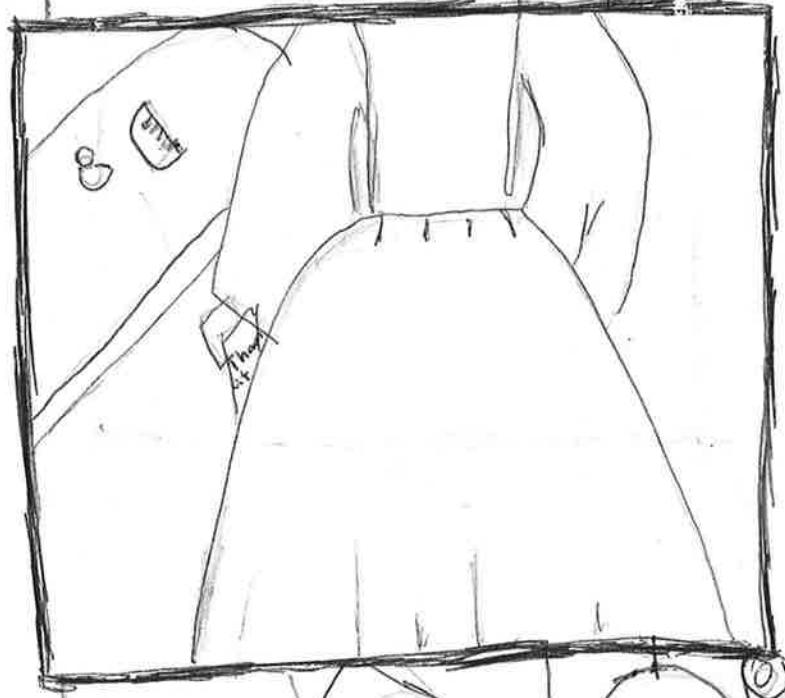
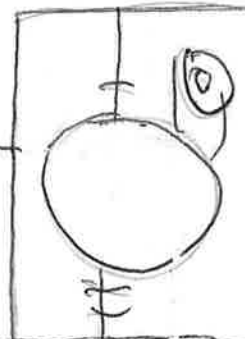
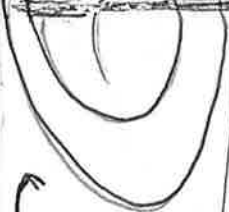
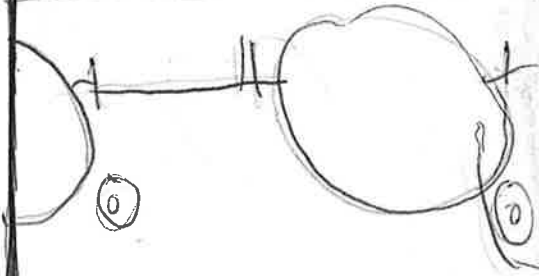
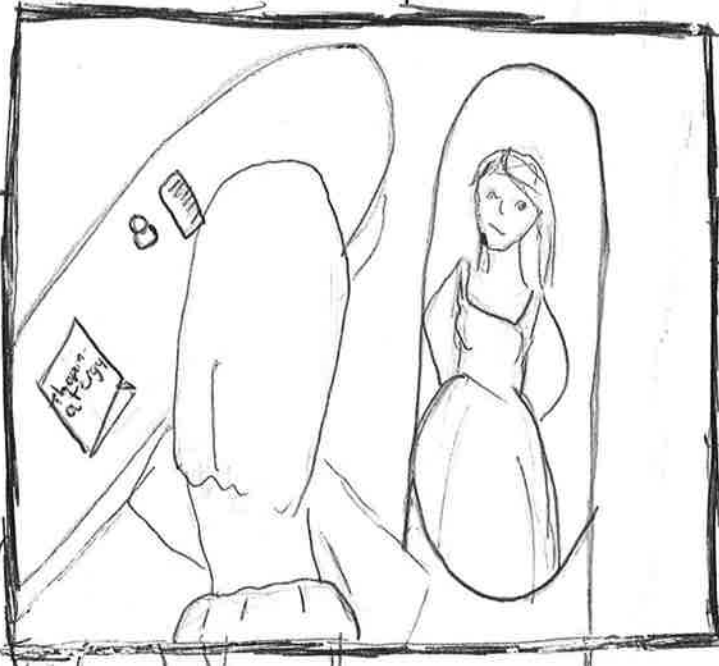
AND MERLIN

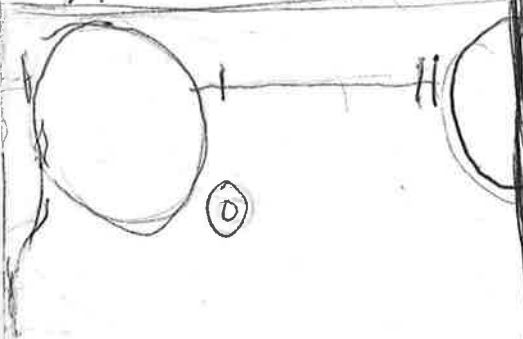
by Pam Watts

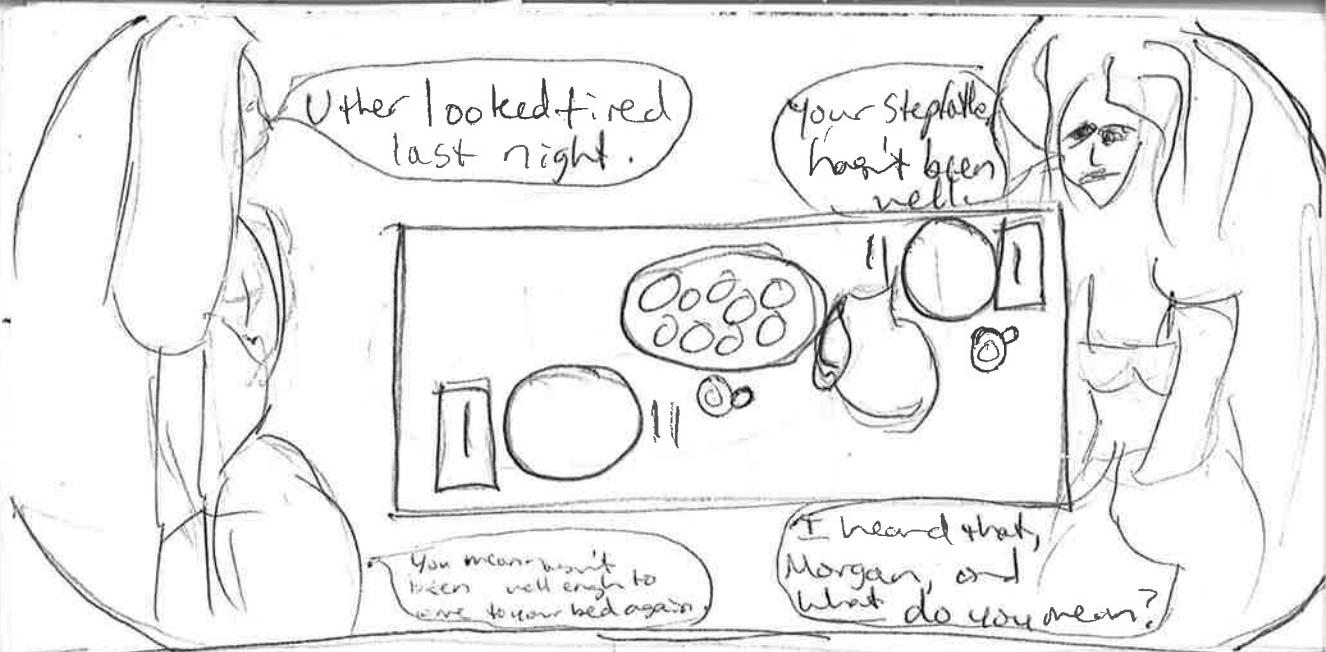


It was to be my last visit to court before taking my vows.  
On my return to the convent, I was to wed my creator, but I was  
troubled.

I knew of one with whom I could speak.

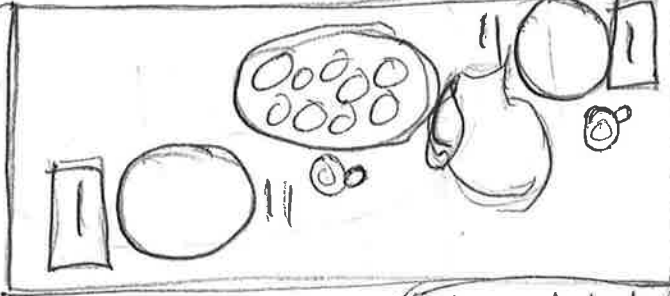






Uther looked tired last night.

Your stepfather hasn't been well.



You mean you've been well enough to come to your bed again.

I heard that, Morgan, and what do you mean?

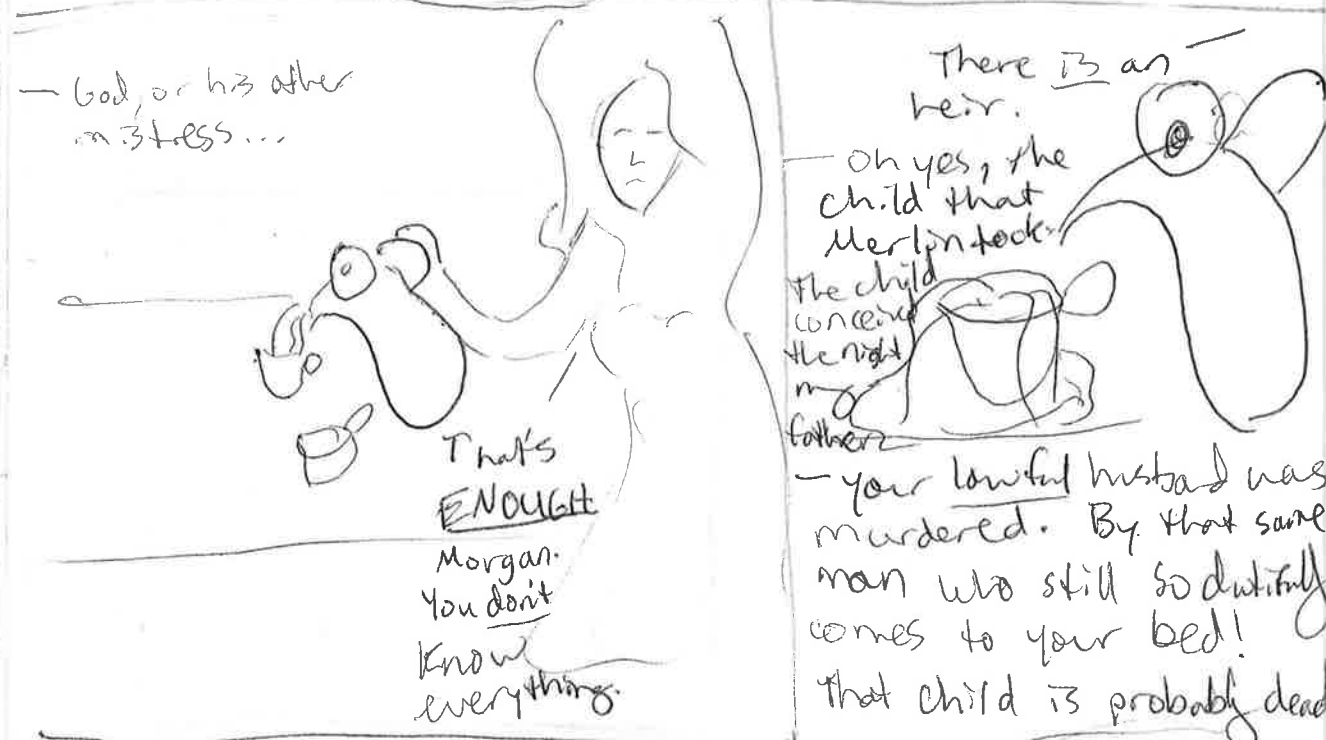


No, my mother.

No, not not.

Well, if he was still using your bed, then why hasn't he been an heir?

Because God doesn't will it.



— God, or his other mistress...

There is an heir.

— Oh yes, the child that Merlin took.

The child conceived the night my father

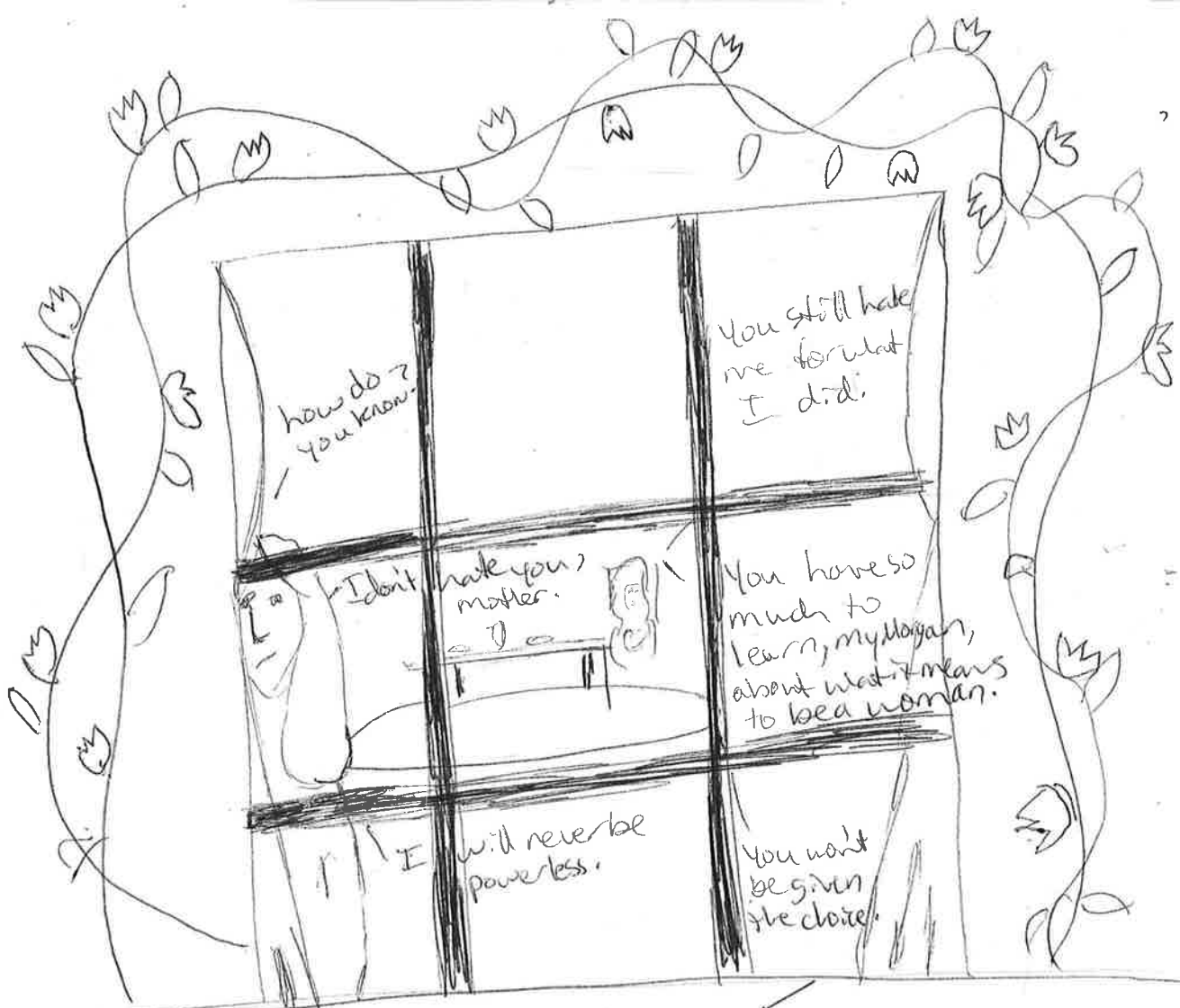
That's ENOUGH

Morgan. You don't know everything.

— your lawful husband was murdered. By that same man who still so dutifully comes to your bed! That child is probably dead

But I knew more than she thought I did.

he's not.



how do you know?

You still hate me for what I did.

I don't hate you, matter.

You have so much to learn, my Morgan, about what it means to be a woman.

I will never be powerless.

You won't be given the choice.

I saw you speaking with our Merlin last night.

So?



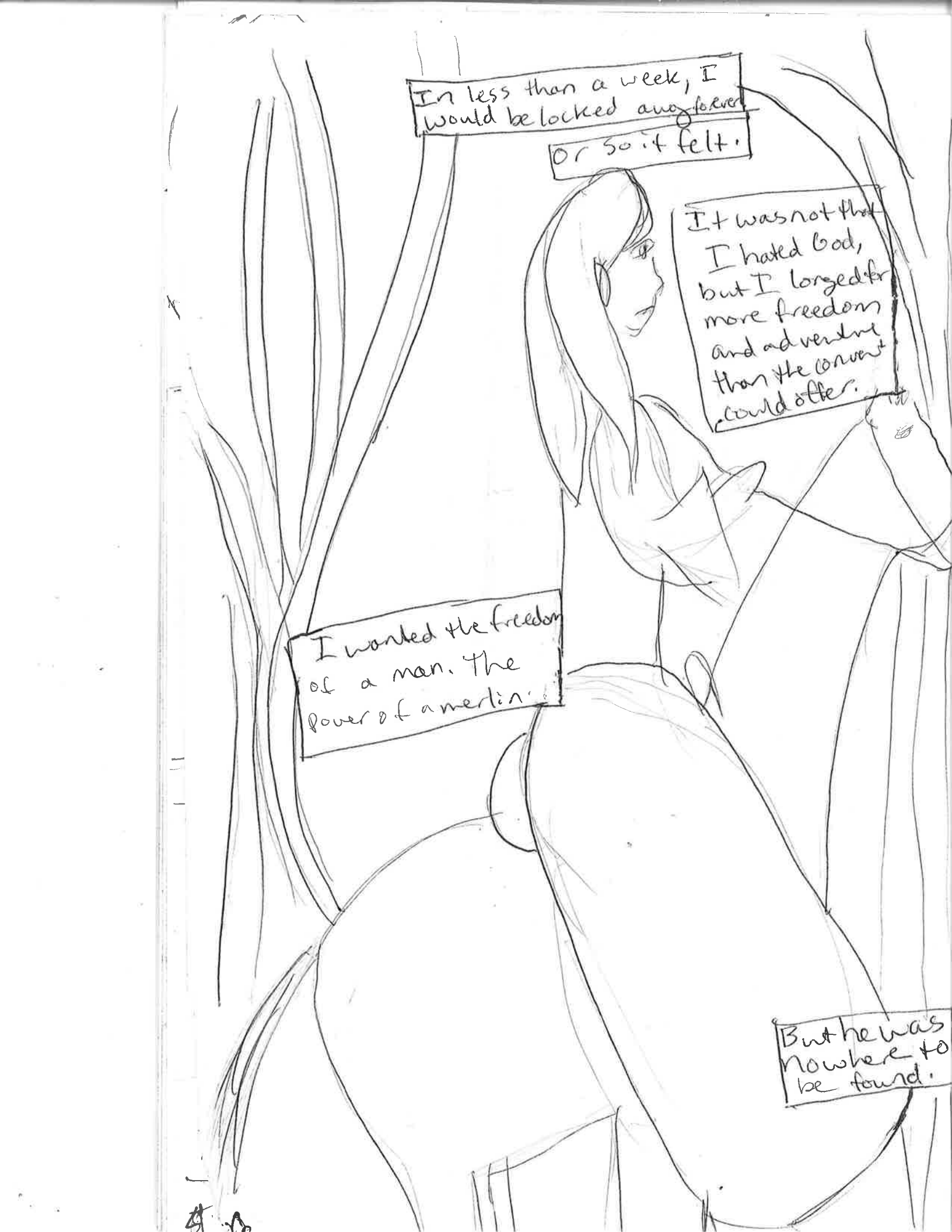
If you want never to find yourself at the mercy of a mad spair, I suggest that you steer clear of him.

Merlin's harmless.

But it was Merlin who was staying clear of me. For two days I had barely glimpsed him.

Morgan, look at me when I speak to you.

he's not, love and I think you're a bit

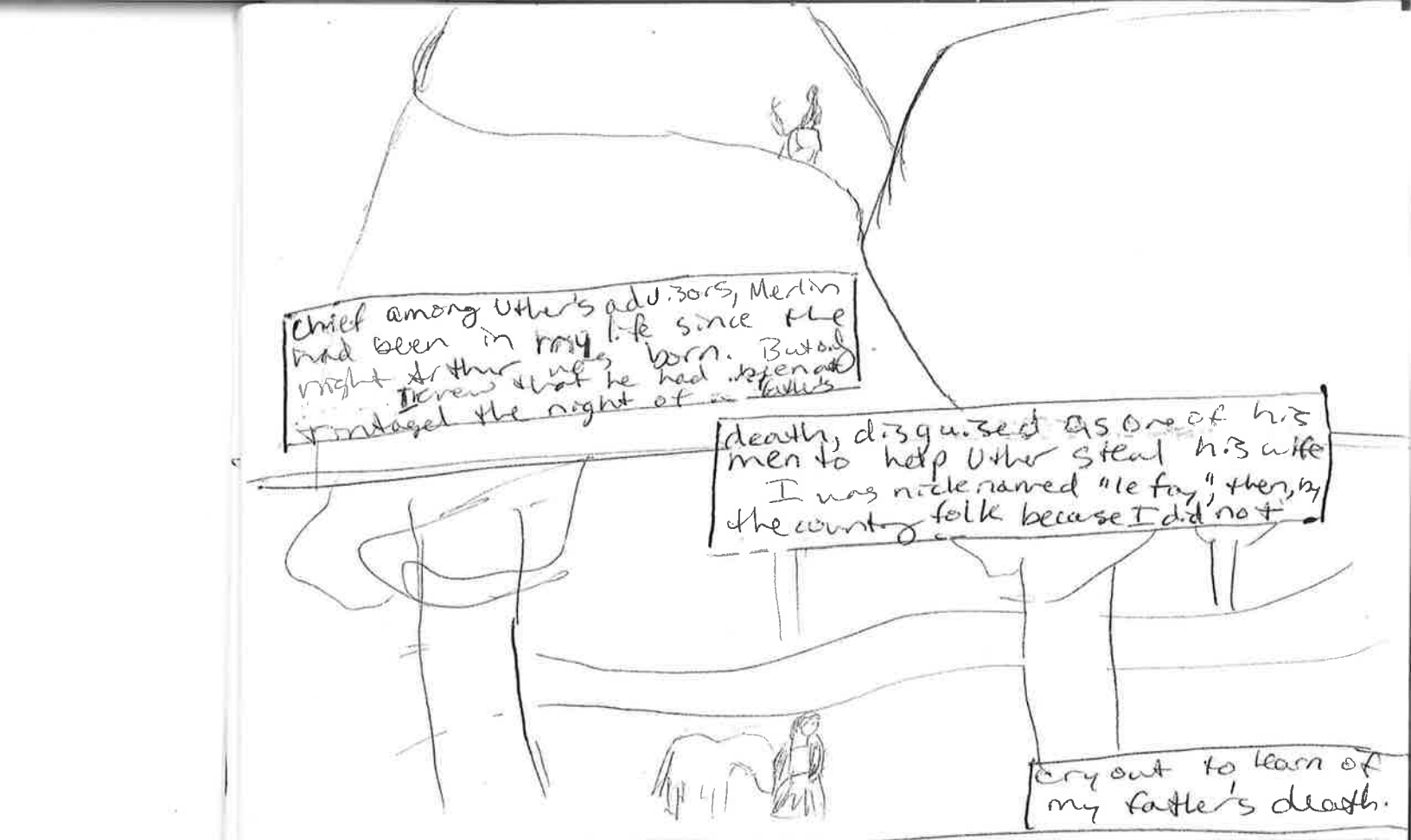


In less than a week, I  
would be locked away forever  
or so it felt.

It was not that  
I hated God,  
but I longed for  
more freedom  
and adventure  
than the convent  
could offer.

I wanted the freedom  
of a man. The  
power of a merlin.

But he was  
nowhere to  
be found.



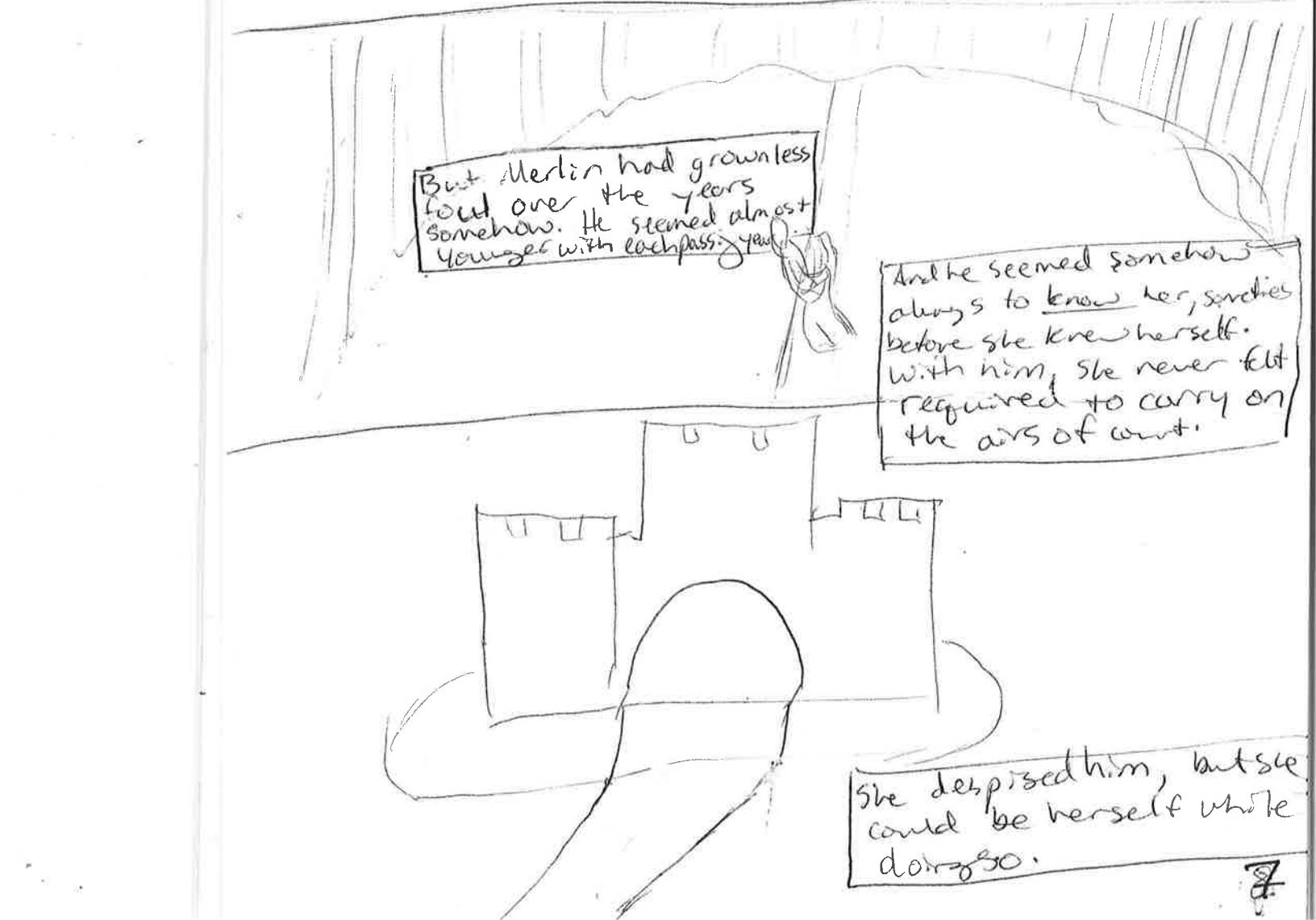
Chief among Uther's advisors, Merlin had been in my life since the night Arthur was born. But when I knew that he had betrayed and betrayed the night of my father's

death, disguised as one of his men to help Uther steal his wife. I was nicknamed "le fay," then, by the country folk because I did not

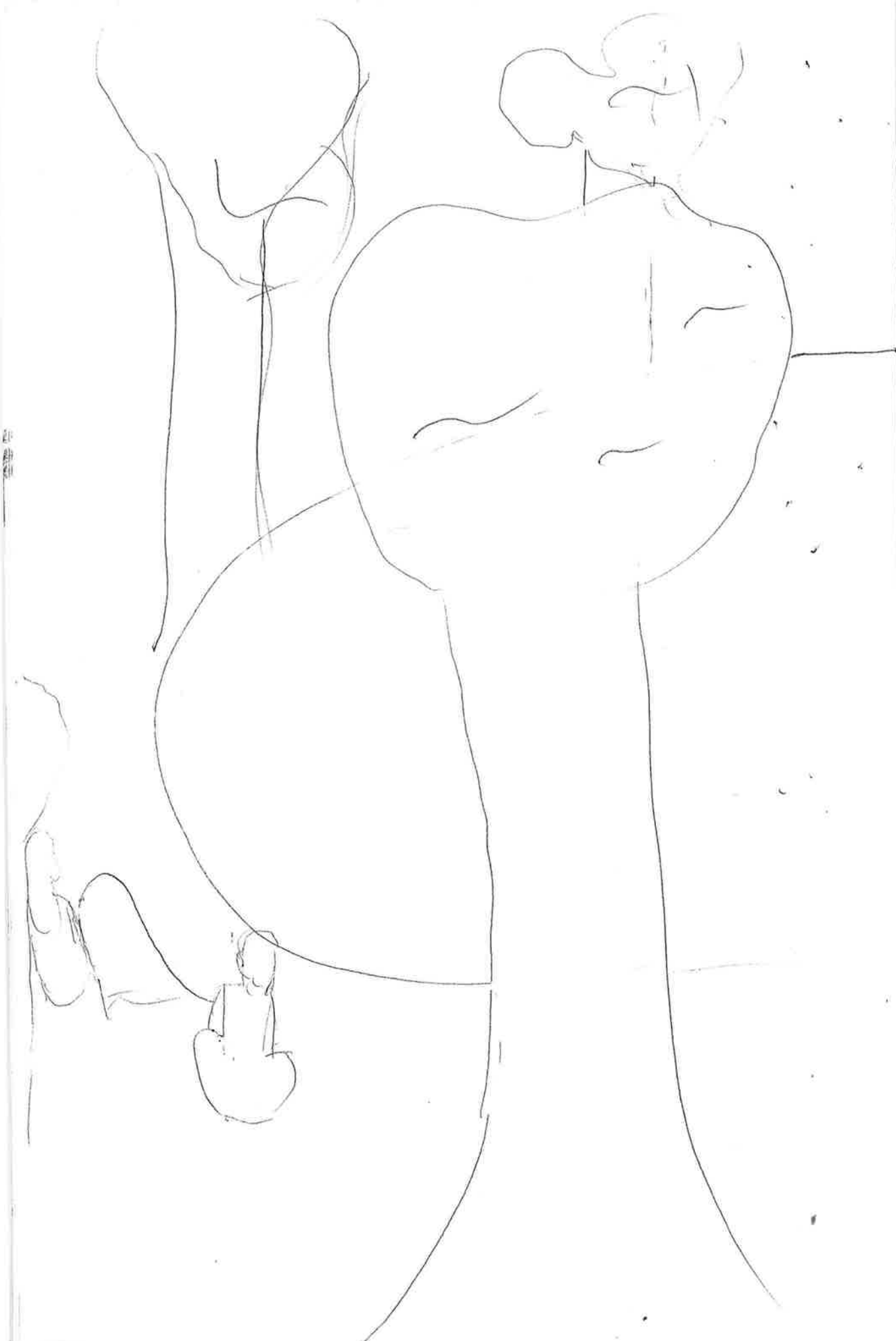
cry out to learn of my father's death.

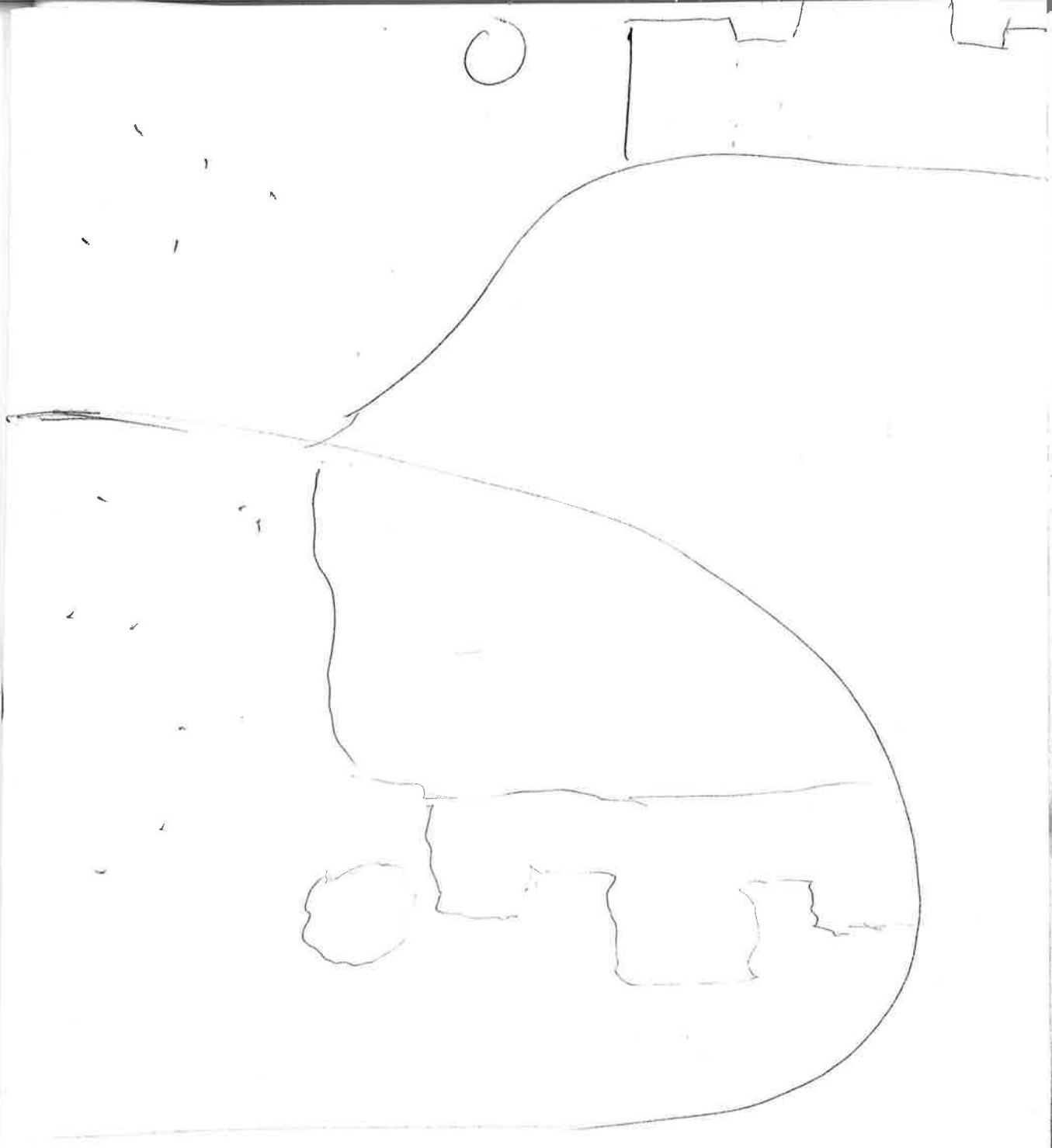
But Merlin had grown less foul over the years somehow. He seemed almost younger with each passing year.

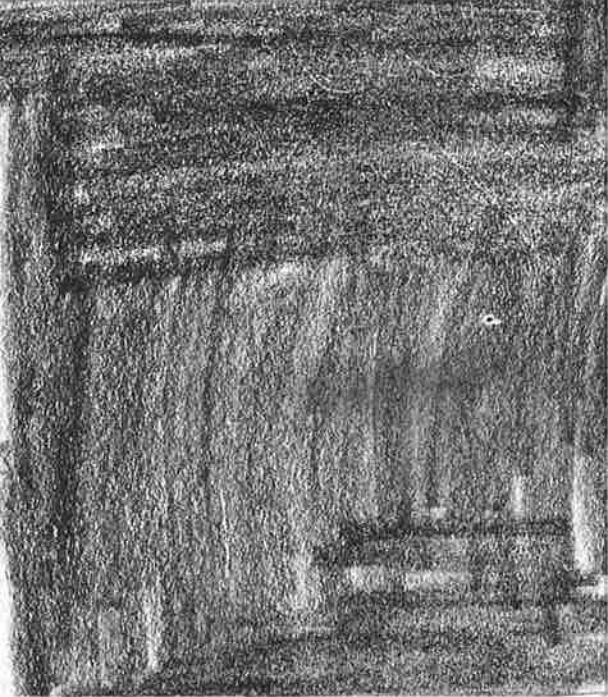
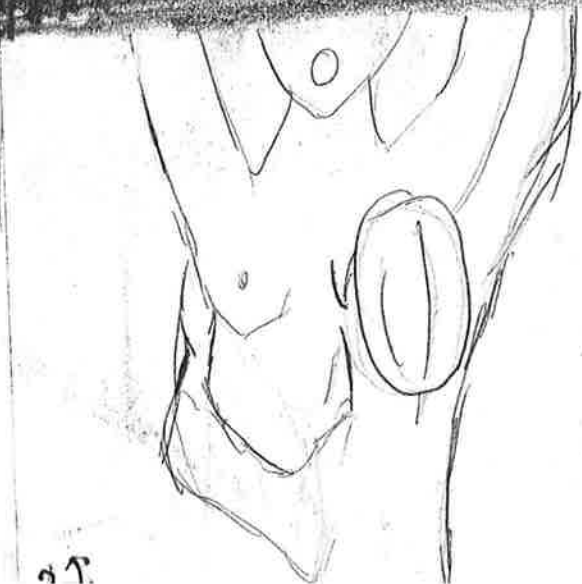
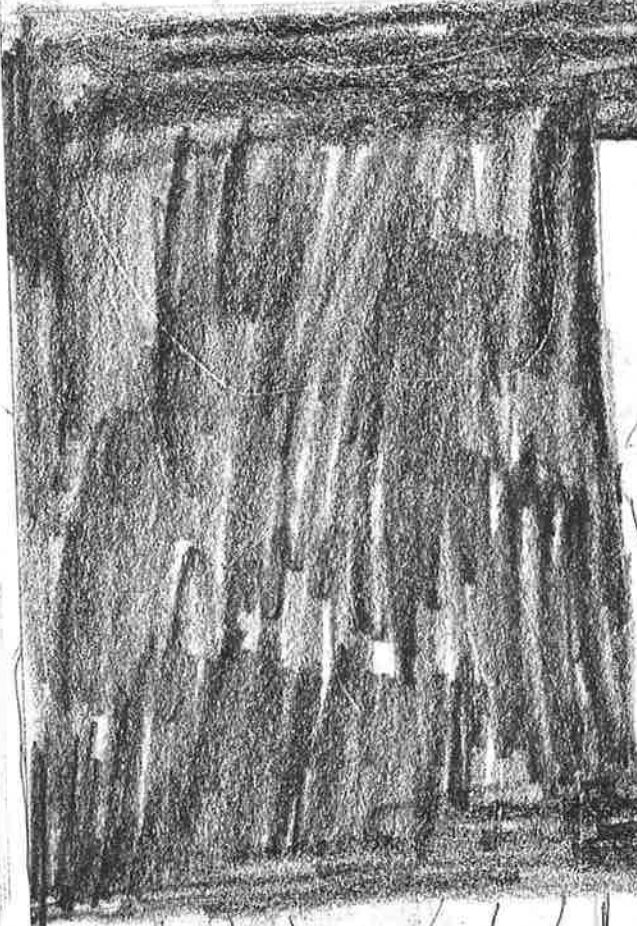
And he seemed somehow always to know her, somehow before she knew herself. With him, she never felt required to carry on the airs of court.



She despised him, but she could be herself while doing so.









I have so  
much to  
learn from  
you, Merlin



I'll Teach  
you, Morgan.

You need only  
have asked.

So my apprenticeship  
began.