

King Arthurs and Her Knights Drabbles

By K. M. Shea

Ways of Communication

Sometimes Kay struggled to understand Britt Arthurs. Occasionally it was because she referred to things he had no knowledge of.

“Lancelot is like chihuahua crossed with New York City subway system rat,” Britt said, rubbing her apricot colored dog.

Kay blinked. “What?”

“Picture the ugliest, smallest creature you can think of, that would be Lancelot,” Britt said, throwing the beanbag for Cavall.

“Lancelot is neither small nor ugly.”

“You’re missing the point, Kay.”

Britt also used phrases Kay had trouble puzzling through.

“Merlin isn’t happy that you skipped out on court today,” Kay told Britt as the pair stood on the walls of Camelot in the late night hours.

“Haters gonna hate,” Britt said, swinging Excalibur in a practice drill.

“I would think so, My Lord.”

“Oh, sorry. It means spiteful people are going to be mean and spiteful no matter what you do about them.”

“I see.”

“Remind me to explain lolcats to you.”

“*What?*”

But what confused Kay the most, was when Britt suggested things that weren’t physically possible.

“Are you well, My Lord?” Kay asked a brooding Britt.

She was seated at her usual dinner spot on the dias of the feasting hall, nursing a mug of steaming water as she glared at Lancelot. “I’m fine,” she said.

“You still resent Lancelot for his slight against Sir Gawain? Even Sir Gawain has forgiven him,” Kay said.

“I know. That makes me hate him even more. He’s such a jerk. He should put his head up his a—,”

“My Lord, come sing with us!” a jolly Griflet called.

Britt cracked a smile at the young knight but shook her head in rejection.

“I don’t think Lancelot could manage such a feat, My Lord,” Kay said.

“Why not?” Britt asked before sipping her water.

“To begin with his head as inflated as it is, it would never fit.”

Britt spit her hot water out and struggled to laugh and cough at the same time.

“My Lord?” Kay asked.

“There’s no helping it, Kay,” Britt said, pounding her chest to clear it. “I love you best out of all my knights. His head is too big—only you!”

Britt wasn’t always the easiest person for Kay to understand, but that didn’t matter. They managed wonderfully anyway.