

THERE WAS A KNIGHT WHO TRAVELED WITH US, AND HE WAS QUITE A WORTHY MAN. EVER SINCE HE WAS OLD ENOUGH TO RIDE HE LOVED CHIVALRY, TRUTH AND HONOR, FREEDOM AND COURTESY. HE FOUGHT BRAVELY IN HIS MASTER'S WARS, AND HAD RIDDEN AS FAR AND WIDE AS ANYONE, IN BOTH CIVILIZED AND WILD COUNTRIES, AND HE WAS ALWAYS HONORED FOR HIS VALOR. HE WAS AT ALEXANDRIA WHEN IT WAS CONQUERED, AND IN PRUSSIA HE WAS OFTEN GIVEN THE SEAT OF HONOR ABOVE THE KNIGHTS OF MANY NATIONS. HE HAD SAILED THE MEDITERRANEAN WITH GREAT ARMIES AND FOUGHT IN FIFTEEN BATTLES, INCLUDING THE GREAT VICTORIES IN LITHUANIA, RUSSIA, AND TURKEY, TO NAME A FEW. THREE TIMES RIVALS CHALLENGED HIM TO JOUST, AND THREE RIVALS HE DEFEATED. AND THOUGH HE WAS DESERVING OF MANY HONORS, HE WAS WISE AND MODEST. IN ALL HIS LIFE HE NEVER ONCE SPOKE OF ANYONE WITH VILLAINY. HE WAS A TRUE, PERFECT, GENTLE KNIGHT.



WITH HIM THERE WAS HIS SON, A YOUNG SQUIRE—A GOOD LOOKING AND LUSTY BACHELOR—ABOUT TWENTY YEARS OLD WITH A HEAD FULL OF CURLY HAIR. HE WAS WELL BUILT, AGILE, AND OF GREAT STRENGTH. HE HAD BEEN IN CAVALRY CHARGES IN FLANDERS, ARTOIS, AND PICARDY, AND BORE HIMSELF WELL AND COURAGEOUSLY IN THE CLOSE FIGHT. A USEFUL COMPANION WAS HE TO HIS FATHER. HE RODE HIS HORSE WELL, KNEW HOW TO JOUST, AND SANG SONGS OF HIS OWN COMPOSING. HE COULD DRAW AND WRITE, AND NEEDED NO MORE SLEEP THAN A NIGHTINGALE. COURTEOUS HE WAS, MODEST AND OBEDIENT. WHAT WAS MORE, HE COULD COOK.

A SINGLE YEOMAN TRAVELED WITH THEM, AS THEY WISHED TO TRAVEL LIGHT, AND THIS YEOMAN WAS CLAD IN A HOODED COAT OF GREEN. A SHEAF OF PEACOCK ARROWS—BRIGHT AND KEEN—HE CARRIED ON HIS BELT, AND HE KNEW WELL HOW TO CARE FOR HIS GEAR. HE NEVER LET THE FEATHERS ON HIS ARROWS DROOP, AND IN HIS HAND HE BORE A MIGHTY BOW. HE KEPT HIS HAIR CUT SHORT, AND HIS FACE WAS TANNED FROM LIVING OUTDOORS. HE KNEW WELL THE INTRICACIES OF WOODCRAFT. UPON ONE ARM HE WORE A LEATHER WRISTGUARD, WITH A SWORD AND SHIELD HANGING CLOSE, AND ON THE OTHER SIDE HE WORE A BRIGHT DAGGER, AS SHARP AS THE POINT OF A SPEAR. A SILVER SAINT CHRISTOPHER MEDAL SHONE ON HIS CHEST, AND HE SLUNG A HUNTING HORN ON A GREEN CORD AROUND HIS NECK. THERE WAS NO DOUBT THAT HE WAS A TRUE FORESTER.

