

An Epic Poem: Episode III

- Alex Kerai & Liam Reilly

As the knight stood before them
He made sure to stay calm
He had lost his friends and colleagues
And was prepared to rebound.

“The worst is yet to come
You know not what is ahead,
I am a Knight of the highest regard
I have seen what you all dread.”

He pleaded with the King and Queen
While they shook their heads in rage
“That grey-bearded tyrant Ryan
Would not haul us away!”

They called together their Kingdom,
And told them of Sir Thom.
He was expected to make a speech
And he would educate them all.

The Court Jester directed them to the
Lighthouse
While the gatekeeper held open the gates;
Pierce and Maddy, they led the charge
Of citizens bearing hate.

They entered the Court where the Knight
waited
And they knew he had a story.
“Why did he come to us?” they asked,
As they unloaded their transport lorry.

He asked them all to be seated
And thanked the King and Queen;
“My friends,” he began his rousing speech,
“We are all of the same name.”

Much confusion arose at this proclamation,
But Sir Thom continued on:
“We all take our quills and write the news,

We do not care for the creative kind.

“Connor Ryan has broken that quill
That we all held tight!
He has crushed it into bits as he came in the
night!
He invaded my homeland with his dyed beard
grey
And laid waste to all I had known
And torched everything away.

“My life was not better after the house fire,
All my friends and my family,
My colleagues were burned to ashes
You do not want to live what I have seen.

“He is a tyrant that man, you must understand
And somehow he is allowed to write
How that is even possible
Has he not lost all of his rights?

“We need to stop him before this goes farther
Before he invades the Kingdom of Headlight.
You must aid me in my quest
To dethrone that tyrannous *knight*.”

The people were in upheaval:
“It could have been us!” they exclaimed.
They pleaded with King Dan and Queen
Grace,
“Please, we must help this poor man!”

Then the Jester commanded attention,
With a slight wave of his hand,
“My friends,” he began his oration.
“What is our noble plan?”

Sir Thom turned to answer,
But instead paused and recalled
The consequences of the battle
For his hometown Roma.

The battle was bloody and brutal, he said,

And Sir Thom lost many a good men
But he was still the valiant knight
That would fight till the end.

The bearded tyrant came up to Sir Thom
And he insulted him to his face
“You’re a terrible writer, and compared to
mine
Your beard is a disgrace!”

Sir Thom could not believe the nerve
Of that bearded two-faced cheat.
One day he was like a faun –
Playing his ukulele oh so free –
But now he has devolved into
The White Queen,
Turning to stone his enemy.

And now Sir Thom let that sit.
His story filled up the room.
The people were silent,
For they knew not what to do.

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