

## **An Epic Poem: Episode II**

- Alex Kerai & Liam Reilly

The pitter-pattering of coconuts  
Quieted as the steed was reigned,  
All of the town's subjects came out  
To see what had been brought in disdain.

They were surprised, however  
When the sorcerer proclaimed:  
"This man is no foe;  
He deserves none of our shame.  
Instead let us escort him  
To our great King and Queen."  
The townspeople and obliged and took the  
knight  
For none knew what the sorcerer had seen.

Sir Thom was brought to the inn for the night  
And the keeper was kind,  
She gave him food and a quill,  
But paid him no mind.

He began drafting letters to persons unknown,  
Asking for money, food, and words to join his  
own.

He needed to beat the Tyrant –  
The bearded Connor Ryan –  
For Contours would never take over, Not  
even if Sir Thom lay dying.

Sir Higgins woke up the next day,  
Refreshed and renewed,  
He thanked the innkeeper Meredith  
Paying her her dues.

He walked to the lighthouse castle,  
Set in the middle of town,  
And hoped to appeal to the King and Queen,  
Gaining any support that could be found.

As he walked he met the confidants –

Who had the ear of the Queen.  
He asked them to grant him an audience  
For they did not know what he had seen.

Once the three agreed on a time,  
Ms. Shanna and Ms. Caroline  
Ran back to their Mistress  
And he followed their line.

The Knight arrived at the castle  
And greeted the gatekeeper again.  
She led him to the main hall  
Where had to wait for an hour – maybe ten.  
The sorcerer came in with a new discovery  
("I can see everything!" he said)  
While the Bard came in to tell a story,  
Of a knight who was misled.

At last he was granted an audience,  
And Sir Thomas entered the court.  
He was greeted by a Court Jester,  
Who was unlike any other sort.  
As the Jester led him through the court  
Sir Thom barely caught a glimpse  
He believed it was the red hair  
Of the royal Queen and King.

He finally arrived, and approached the throne  
Of King Dan and Queen Grace  
And as he stood before them in his cardigan,  
He prepared to make his case.