

MEDIEVAL LEGENDS

Imitation in Writing Series
Book 6

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CONTENTS

Introduction:	4
Instructions:	6
Beowulf	
Beowulf and Grendel	9
Beowulf and the Fire Drake	12
Charlemagne and his Paladins	
Young Roland - Part 1	14
Young Roland - Part 2	17
A Roland for an Oliver	20
The Death of Roland - Part 1	23
The Death of Roland - Part 2	26
How Oliver Fought for France and the Faith	29
Siegfried	
Balmung and Greyfell	32
The Curse of the Gold	35
Fafnir the Dragon	39
In Nibelung Land	42
Siegfried's Arrival in Burgundy	45
Gunther and Brunhild	48
The Death of Siegfried	51
St. George	
St. George and the Dragon	54
King Arthur	
The Miracle of the Sword in the Stone - Part 1	57
The Miracle of the Sword in the Stone - Part 2	60
The Sword Excalibur	63
Sir Gawain's Marriage	66
The Kitchen Knight - Part 1	69
The Kitchen Knight - Part 2	72
The Kitchen Knight - Part 3	75
Suggested Plot Summaries:	79

Imitation In Writing

MEDIEVAL LEGENDS

Background:

We are commanded in Scripture to imitate the Lord Jesus Christ. We are also commanded to imitate those brothers and sisters who, through faith and patience, have inherited the promises. To imitate something or someone means:

- To do or try to do after the manner of; to follow the example of; to copy in action.
- To make or produce a copy or representation of; to copy, reproduce.
- To be, become, or make oneself like; to assume the aspect or semblance of; to simulate.

This God-sanctioned method of learning is an essential tool for educating young people. For example, how is it that we teach a child to perform simple physical skills such as throwing and catching? “Hold your hands **like this**. Step forward as you throw **like this**.” Imitation. How is it that we teach a child how to form his letters correctly? “Hold your pencil **like this**. Look at **this ‘a’**. Trace **this letter**. Now, you try to make an ‘a’ **like this one**.” Imitation. How is it that we teach art? At Logos School students learn how to paint by imitating master painters of the past. “**This** is a good painting. Let’s see if you can **reproduce it**.” Imitation. How is it that music is taught, or reading, or math? Very often the best instruction in any of these areas necessarily includes imitation. Why, when it comes to teaching young people writing, do we educators regularly neglect this effective tool?

Educators in seventeenth century England knew the value of imitation as a tool through which they could teach style, particularly in the area of writing. The primary method of imitation in these English grammar schools was called **Double Translation**. In a double translation the teacher would translate a Latin work into English. The student was to copy this English translation over, paying close attention to every word and its significance. Then the student was to write down the English and Latin together, one above the other, making each language answer to the other. Afterwards the student translated the original Latin to English on his own. This was the first part of the translation. The second part took place ten days afterward when the student was given his final English translation and required to turn it back into good Latin.

Benjamin Franklin wrote of a similar exercise that he employed to educate himself a century later. When he was a young man, he came across a particular piece of writing that he delighted in, *The Spectator*. *The Spectator* is a series of 555 popular essays published in 1711 and 1712. These essays were intended to improve manners and morals, raise the cultural level of the middle-class reader, and popularize serious ideas in science and philosophy. They were written well, the style was excellent, and Franklin wanted to imitate it. Here is Franklin’s method of “double translation” regarding *The*

Spectator:

With that view (imitating this great work) I took some of the papers, and making short hints of the sentiments in each sentence, laid them by a few days, and then, without looking at the book, tried to complete the papers again, by expressing each hinted sentiment at length, and as fully as it had been expressed before, in any suitable words that should occur to me. Then I compared my Spectator with the original, discovered some of my faults, and corrected them.

But he realized that he needed a greater stock of words in order to add variety and clarity of thought to his writing.

Therefore I took some of the tales in the Spectator, and turned them into verse; and, after a time, when I had pretty well forgotten the prose, turned them back again. I also sometimes jumbled my collection of hints into confusion, and after some weeks endeavored to reduce them into the best order, before I began to form the sentences and complete the subject. This was to teach me method in the arrangement of thoughts. By comparing my work with the original, I discovered many faults and corrected them; but I sometimes had the pleasure to fancy that, in particulars of small consequence, I had been fortunate enough to improve the method or the language, and this encouraged me to think that I might in time become to be a tolerable English writer, of which I was extremely ambitious.

Now the question is; “How can we employ a similar methodology?”

Imitation In Writing

MEDIEVAL LEGENDS

Instructions:

1. READ SILENTLY: Have the students read the legend quietly to themselves, paying close attention to the story line. When they are done, they should underline the vocabulary words and describe the characters. Discuss, by means of questioning, who the characters are in the legend and what took place.

2. STUDENT READS LEGEND: Choose a student to come to the front of the class and read the entire legend while the class follows along. (*Variation: To develop listening and note taking skills try reading the legend to your students without giving them a copy of it.*)

3. ORAL RETELLING: The teacher calls on individual students to retell the legend in their own words. These oral summaries should be short and to the point.

4. VOCABULARY: Call on one student for each of the vocabulary words. That student will read the sentence in which the word is found, providing context, and then define the word for the class. Occasionally the student definition will need to be modified by the teacher so that it is an exact match with the vocabulary word in the legend. One word definitions work well. The idea here is to provide the students with a synonym for each vocabulary word which could be substituted into the sentence without distorting the meaning. Have the students write the definition of each word on the blank provided.

5. OUTLINE THE PLOT: Initially this activity should be guided by the teacher and completed as a class. Providing every other simple sentence or phrase for each scene is helpful for younger students. There is some room for variation in the exact wording of the sentence or phrase. The rules are that each sentence or phrase must be three to four words long and represent a significant chronological event in that scene. From time to time the students will come up with a better sentence or phrase than the one provided in the Suggested Plot Summaries at the back of this book. Use it, by all means.

6. CHARACTERS: At this point the students will list the main characters in the story and write a few descriptive words about each.

7. ADDITIONAL REQUIREMENTS: Discuss any additional requirements and have the students write them on the blanks provided at the bottom of each worksheet. For examples of additional requirements see *EXCELLENCE IN WRITING @ 800-856-5815* (stylistic techniques, dress-ups, sentence openers, etc...) or teach your students figures of speech and require that they use them in their own writing (metaphor, simile, synecdoche, hyperbole, onomatopoeia, rhetorical question, personification, pun, oxymoron, alliteration).

8. PASS IN ORIGINAL LEGEND: Before the students begin rewriting the legend, they must pass the original one in. Some students will want to read through the legend one more time to better understand what the whole thing is all about.

9. WRITE FIRST DRAFT: The students are now ready to rewrite the legend using their outlines to guide them. I allow my students to change the characters and some of the incidentals of the story in their rewrites as long as the plot is identifiable. The exceptionally good writers in the class will thrive off of this opportunity to be innovative. The students who are less comfortable with writing will tend to stick to the same characters and incidentals, which is fine. All of the vocabulary words must be used correctly and underlined in the rewrite. The students should skip lines on the first draft to allow room for editing.

10. PARENTS EDIT: Students take their rewrites home to complete the first draft and then they have their parents edit it. This is most profitable when the parents sit down with the student and edit the legend together. Guidelines for editing can be sent home at the beginning of the year or communicated at "Back to School Night" so that parents know what is expected.

11. FINAL DRAFT: Time in class can be provided for the students to work on the final draft. The students should not skip lines. I allow the students to draw an illuminated letter at the beginning of their story if they like.

12. GRADING: There is a grading sheet included which can be duplicated, cut out, completed, and stapled to each student's rewrite. This will help the teacher to focus on the essential aspects of the composition as he is grading it and will provide specific feedback to the student and parents regarding which areas will need more attention in the future. If you have a different policy for grading writing assignments then simply disregard the grading sheet.

MEDIEVAL LEGENDS

1 st Draft / Worksheet	10	_____
Handwriting	10	_____
Vocab. Usage	20	_____
Content (style, structure...)	30	_____
Mechanics (spell, punct...)	30	_____
<hr/>		
Total	100	_____

MEDIEVAL LEGENDS

1 st Draft / Worksheet	10	_____
Handwriting	10	_____
Vocab. Usage	20	_____
Content (style, structure...)	30	_____
Mechanics (spell, punct...)	30	_____
<hr/>		
Total	100	_____

MEDIEVAL LEGENDS

1 st Draft / Worksheet	10	_____
Handwriting	10	_____
Vocab. Usage	20	_____
Content (style, structure...)	30	_____
Mechanics (spell, punct...)	30	_____
<hr/>		
Total	100	_____

MEDIEVAL LEGENDS

1 st Draft / Worksheet	10	_____
Handwriting	10	_____
Vocab. Usage	20	_____
Content (style, structure...)	30	_____
Mechanics (spell, punct...)	30	_____
<hr/>		
Total	100	_____

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Content (style, structure...)	30	_____
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<hr/>		
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<hr/>		
Total	100	_____

Beowulf and Grendel

I

Hrothgar, King of Denmark, was a descendant of Odin. As he had amassed much wealth in the course of a long life of warfare, he resolved to devote part of it to the construction of a magnificent hall, called Heorot, where he might feast his retainers and listen to the heroic lays of the scalds during the long winter evenings.

The inauguration of this hall was celebrated by a sumptuous entertainment; and when all the guests had retired, the king's bodyguard, composed of thirty-two dauntless warriors, lay down in the hall to rest. When morning dawned and the servants appeared to remove the couches, they beheld with horror the floor and walls all stained with blood, the only trace of the knights who had gone to rest there in full armor.

Gigantic, blood-stained footsteps, leading directly from the festive hall to the sluggish waters of a deep mountain lake, or fiord, furnished the only clue to their disappearance. They had been made by Grendel, a descendant of the giants, whom a magician had driven out of the country, but who had evidently returned to renew his former depredations.

As Hrothgar was now too old to wield a sword with his former skill, his first impulse was, of course, to offer a princely reward to any man brave enough to free the country of this terrible scourge. As soon as this was known, ten of his doughtiest knights volunteered to camp in the hall on the following night and attack the monster Grendel should he venture to reappear.

But in spite of the valor of these experienced warriors and the efficacy of their oft-tried weapons, they too succumbed. A minstrel, hiding in a dark corner of the hall, was the only one who escaped Grendel's fury, and after shudderingly describing the massacre he had witnessed, he fled in terror to the kingdom of the Geates. There he sang his lays in the presence of Hygelac, the king, and of his nephew Beowulf (the Bee Hunter) and roused their deepest interest by describing the visit of Grendel and the vain but heroic defense of the brave knights. Beowulf, having listened intently, eagerly questioned the scald, and, learning from him that the monster still haunted those regions, impetuously declared his intention to visit Hrothgar's kingdom and show his valor by fighting and, if possible, slaying Grendel.

Although very young, Beowulf was quite distinguished and had already won great honors in a battle against the Swedes. Now he expressed a hope that he might prevail against Grendel and, embarking with fourteen chosen men, he sailed to Denmark, where he was challenged by the coast guard and warmly welcomed as soon as he had made his purpose known.

II

Hrothgar received Beowulf most hospitably but vainly tried to dissuade him from his perilous undertaking. Then, after a sumptuous banquet, where the mead flowed with true northern lavishness, Hrothgar and his suite sadly left the hall Heorot in charge of the brave band of strangers, whom they never expected to see again.

As soon as the king had departed, Beowulf bade his companions lie down and sleep in peace, promising to watch over them, yet laying aside both armor and sword; for he knew that weapons were of no avail against the monster whom he intended to grapple with hand to hand should it really appear.

The warriors had no sooner stretched themselves out upon the benches in the hall than, overcome by the oppressive air as well as by the mead, they sank into a profound sleep. Beowulf alone remained awake, watching for Grendel's coming. In the early morning, when all was very still, the giant appeared, tore asunder the iron bolts and bars which secured the door, and striding into the hall, enveloped in a long, damp mantle of clammy mist, he pounced upon one of the sleepers. He tore him limb from limb, greedily drank his blood, and devoured his flesh, leaving naught but the head, hands, and feet of his unhappy victim. This ghastly repast only whetted the fiend's ravenous appetite, however, so he eagerly stretched out his hands in the darkness to seize and devour another warrior. Imagine his surprise and dismay when he suddenly found his hand caught in so powerful a grasp that all his efforts could not wrench it free!

Grendel and Beowulf struggled in the darkness, overturning tables and couches, shaking the great hall to its very foundations, and causing the walls to creak and groan under the violence of their furious blows. But

in spite of Grendel's gigantic stature, Beowulf clung so fast to the hand and arm he had grasped that Grendel, making a desperate effort to free himself by a jerk, tore the whole limb out of its socket! Bleeding and mortally wounded, he then beat a hasty retreat to his marshy den, leaving a long, bloody trail behind him.

As for Beowulf, exhausted but triumphant, he stood in the middle of the hall, where his companions crowded around him, gazing in speechless awe at the mighty hand and limb and the clawlike fingers, far harder than steel, which no power had hitherto been able to resist.

At dawn Hrothgar and his subjects also appeared. They heard with wonder a graphic account of the night's adventures and gazed their fill upon the monster's limb, which hung like a trophy from the ceiling of Heorot. After the king had warmly congratulated Beowulf and bestowed upon him many rich gifts, he gave orders to cleanse the hall, to hang it with tapestry, and to prepare a banquet in honor of the conquering hero.

III

When the banquet was ended, Hrothgar escorted his guests to more pleasant sleeping apartments than they had occupied the night before, leaving his own men to guard the hall, where Grendel would never again appear. The warriors, fearing no danger, slept in peace; but in the dead of night the mother of the giant, as gruesome and uncanny a monster as he, glided into the hall, secured the bloody trophy still hanging from the ceiling, and carried it away, together with Aeschere, the king's bosom friend.

When Hrothgar learned this new loss at early dawn, he was overcome with grief; and when Beowulf, attracted by the sound of weeping, appeared at his side, he mournfully told him of his irretrievable loss.

The young hero immediately volunteered to finish his work and avenge Aeschere by seeking and attacking Grendel's mother in her own retreat; but as he knew the perils of this expedition, Beowulf first gave explicit directions for the disposal of his personal property in case he never returned. Then, escorted by the Danes and Geates, he followed the blood track until he came to a cliff overhanging the waters of the mountain pool. There the bloody traces ceased, but Aeschere's gory head was placed aloft as a trophy.

Beowulf gazed down into the deep waters, saw that they also were darkly dyed with the monster's blood, and, after taking leave of Hrothgar, bade his men await his return for two whole days and nights ere they definitely gave him up for lost. He then plunged bravely into the bloody waters, swam about seeking for the monster's retreat, and dived deep. At last, descrying a phosphorescent gleam in the depths, he quickly made his way thither, shrewdly conjecturing that it must be Grendel's hiding place.

A strong current seized Beowulf and swept him irresistibly along into the slimy retreat of Grendel's mother. She clutched him fast, wrestled with him, deprived him of his sword, flung him down, and finally tried to pierce his armor with her trenchant knife. Fortunately, however, the hero's armor was weapon-proof and his muscles were so strong that before she could do him any harm he had freed himself from her grasp. Seizing a large sword hanging upon a projection of rock near by, he dealt her a mighty blow, severing her head from the trunk at a single stroke. The blood pouring out of the cave mingled with the waters without, and turned them to such a lurid hue that Hrothgar and his men sorrowfully departed, leaving the Geates alone to watch for the return of the hero, whom they feared they would never see again.

Beowulf, in the mean while, had rushed to the rear of the cave, where, finding Grendel in the last throes, he cut off his head also. He seized this ghastly trophy and rapidly made his way up through the tainted waters, which the fiery blood of the two monsters had so overheated that his sword melted in its scabbard and naught but the hilt remained.

The Geates were about to depart in sorrow, notwithstanding the orders they had received, when they suddenly beheld their beloved chief safe and sound and bearing the evidences of his success. Then their cries of joy echoed and reechoed from the neighboring hills, and Beowulf was escorted back to Heorot, where he was almost overwhelmed with gifts by the grateful Danes. A few days later Beowulf and his companions returned home, where the story of their adventures and an exhibition of all the treasures they had won formed the principal topics of conversation.

Beowulf & Grendel

Name: _____

I. Vocabulary: Underline the following words in the legend. Define each word and use it in a short sentence below.

- lays: _____
- impetuously: _____
- repast: _____
- phosphorescent: _____
- trenchant: _____

II. Plot: Write a simple sentence or phrase to describe the main actions that take place in each scene.

News of Grendel
1. _____
2. _____
3. _____

A Night in Heorot
1. _____
2. _____
3. _____

Double Revenge
1. _____
2. _____
3. _____

III. Characters: List and briefly describe the main characters in this legend.

IV. Rewrite this legend. Be sure to:

- Include and underline all of the vocabulary words. _____
- Write at least three separate paragraphs. _____
- Include the following additional requirements. _____

Beowulf and the Fire Drake

I

A long reign of comparative peace brought Beowulf to old age. He had naturally lost much of his former vigor and was, therefore, somewhat dismayed when a terrible, fire-breathing dragon took up its abode in the mountains near by, where it gloated over a hoard of glittering gold.

A fugitive slave, having made his way unseen into the monster's den during one of its temporary absences, bore away a great golden cup. On its return the Fire Drake discovered the theft and became so furious that its howling and writhing shook the mountain like an earthquake. When night came on, its rage was still unappeased, and it flew all over the land, vomiting venom and flames, setting houses and crops afire, and causing so much damage that the people were almost beside themselves with terror. Seeing that all their attempts to appease the dragon were utterly fruitless and being afraid to attack it in its lair, they finally implored Beowulf to deliver them as he had delivered the Danes and to slay this oppressor which was even worse than the terrible Grendel.

II

Such an appeal could not be disregarded, and in spite of his advanced years Beowulf donned his armor once more and had a shield made of iron to withstand the flames of the beast. Accompanied by Wiglaf and eleven of his bravest men, he then went out to seek the monster in its lair. At the entrance of the mountain gorge Beowulf bade his followers pause and, advancing alone to the monster's den, he boldly challenged it to come forth and begin the fray. A moment later the mountain shook as the monster rushed out breathing fire and flame, and Beowulf felt the first gust of its hot breath, even through his massive shield.

A desperate struggle followed, in the course of which Beowulf's sword and strength both failed him. The Fire Drake coiled its long, scaly folds about the aged hero and was about to crush him to death when the faithful Wiglaf, perceiving his master's imminent danger, sprang forward and attacked the monster so fiercely as to cause a diversion and make it drop Beowulf to concentrate its attention upon him.

Beowulf, recovering, then drew his dagger and soon put an end to the dragon's life; but even as it breathed its last, the hero sank fainting to the ground. Feeling that his end was near, he warmly thanked Wiglaf for his timely aid, rejoiced in the death of the monster, and bade his faithful follower bring out the concealed treasure and lay it at his feet, that he might feast his eyes upon the glittering gold he had won for his people's use.

III

The mighty treasure was all brought forth to the light of day, and the followers, seeing that all danger was over, crowded round their dying chief. He addressed them affectionately, and, after recapitulating the main events of his career, expressed a desire to be buried in a mighty mound on a projecting headland which could be seen far out at sea and would be called by his name.

These directions were all piously carried out by a mourning people who decked his mound with the gold he had won and erected above it a Bauta, or memorial stone, to show how dearly they had loved their brave king Beowulf, who had died to save them from the fury of the dragon.

Beowulf & the Fire Drake

Name: _____

I. Vocabulary: Underline the following words in the legend. Define each word and use it in a short sentence below.

- abode: _____
- donned: _____
- fray: _____
- imminent: _____
- recapitulating: _____

II. Plot: Write a simple sentence or phrase to describe the main actions that take place in each scene.

Fugitive Burglar
1. _____
2. _____
3. _____

The Fray
1. _____
2. _____
3. _____

A Mighty Mound
1. _____
2. _____
3. _____

III. Characters: List and briefly describe the main characters in this legend.

IV. Rewrite this legend. Be sure to:

- Include and underline all of the vocabulary words. _____
- Write at least three separate paragraphs. _____
- Include the following additional requirements. _____

Young Roland – Part 1

I

One summer afternoon rather more than eleven hundred years ago, the boy Roland was sitting in the cleft of a broken rock that forms the crest of one of the hills in the neighborhood of Sutri. Above him was the deep blue sky of Italy, on either side of him stretched a dull, uneven plain, broken here and there by wet marshes. A mile or more to the south could be seen the old town with its strong castle. Directly beneath him was the dusty highroad, which, after much winding, was lost to sight in a strip of dusky woodland a league and more to the northward. Along that road King Charlemagne, with the flower of his great army, was hourly expected to pass, marching on his way to the castle of Sutri, where he was to be entertained for a time as a guest; and it was for this reason that the lad sat so still and watched so long in his half-hidden perch on the hilltop.

Now and then the sound of voices from the town or the cries of the soldiers in the garrison came to Roland's ears. There he sat, waiting and wondering and anxiously watching for any sign of the coming host. The fair face of the lad and the long flaxen hair which fell in glistening waves upon his bare shoulders showed his kinship to the hardy races of the North. And there was something in the piercing look of his eye, in the proud curl of his lip, in the haughty turn of his head, which made him seem like a young king among men and which often had caused those who met him to doff the hat in humble courtesy. He was very poorly clad: his head and limbs were bare; and the thin, scant clothing which covered his body was nought but rags and shreds. Yet he bore himself proudly, as one who knew his own worth and who, having a blameless heart, had nothing of which to feel ashamed.

By and by another boy came over the crest of the hill and stood in the cleft of the rock by the side of Roland and with him gazed down the deserted road. He seemed of about the same age as Roland and, like him, was tall and sparely built. His dark hair and overhanging brows, his ruddy face and flashing eyes, betokened an equal kinship with the danger-daring North-folk and the leisure-loving people of the South. He wore the rich dress of a court page and carried himself with a lofty grace such as only those who bear brave hearts can ever show.

"I feared you were not coming, Oliver," said Roland, offering his hand but not once turning his head or taking his eyes from the distant woodland.

"It was indeed hard for me to get leave," answered the other. "But the ladies at the castle are very kind, and here I am."

II

"I think I see them coming now," said Roland. "There is a glimmering of light among the trees, which I think must be the flashing of the sun upon their armor."

He had scarcely finished speaking when the clear notes of a bugle were heard, borne faintly to them on the breeze. Presently the edge of the wood seemed ablaze with the flashing shields and glittering war coats. The boy Roland leaped to his feet. He stood on tiptoe and strained himself eagerly forward; his face beamed with delight; and his eyes sparkled with that strange wild fire which in after-days, in the midst of the battle's din, was wont to strike his foes with terror. Oliver climbed to the highest point of the rock and gazed with an eagerness, half mixed with fear, at the wonderful array of steel-clad warriors who now could be plainly seen issuing from the woodland.

The vanguard of the procession drew rapidly nearer. In front rode four and twenty knights, the heralds of the king, bearing aloft the silken banner of France and the golden eagle of Rome. They were clad in rich armor which glittered like gold in the sunlight; their shields were inlaid with many priceless gems and polished as bright as mirrors; and the sharp points of their long lances flashed around them like the restless gleams of lightning in the van of a summer storm-cloud. They were mounted on milk-white horses trapped with white cloth-of-gold, with gold-red saddles, and housings of bluest silk.

The boy Roland had never seen anything so beautiful or so grand, and he thought that one of these knights must surely be Charlemagne. And as they drew very near to the foot of the hill and he could look down almost upon the heads of the brilliant company, he called to Oliver, and asked,

"Which of these knights is the great Charles? Is it not he who rides nearest the standard-bearer? He, surely, is the noblest warrior of them all; and he rides with a grace which well becomes a king."

But this scene, which filled the mind of Roland with such astonishment, was not altogether new to Oliver.

"No," he answered. "The great king is not one of these. They are but heralds and messengers who ride before to my father's castle to see that everything is in readiness for their master."

Following the heralds came a body of guards, a thousand men of giant stature and muscles of iron, incased

from head to foot in strongest armor and riding heavy war-steeds trapped with steel. After these came a long line of bishops and abbots and monks and priests, most of them dressed in the garb of their office or profession and riding on the backs of palfreys or of mules.

Then the whole highway and the fields before them seemed filled with steel-coated men, and the horses clothed in steel trappings; and the long lances in the hands of the knights seemed as thick-set as the blades of grass in an autumn meadow. First and foremost in this company was Charlemagne himself, clad in steel from head to foot and riding a horse of the color of steel and the strength of steel. Roland, as soon as he saw him, knew that this must be the king. The noblest knight among his followers seemed but a weak stripling when seen by the side of the matchless Charlemagne.

With wonder, Roland kept his eyes fixed upon the noble figure of Charlemagne; and he did not withdraw his gaze until a sudden turn of the road around the hill toward Sutri hid the company from sight. He did not care to see that part of the host which followed. He had seen the great Charles, and that was all he wished. He beckoned to Oliver; and the two boys climbed down from their well-hidden lookout and started homeward.

By this time the short twilight was fast giving place to darkness. With hasty steps Roland made his way across the fields toward the little cave hollowed out of the rocky hillside that was home. Few were the comforts in this humble dwelling; and but for the kind welcome of his queen-like mother, the Lady Bertha, small would have been the cheer that Roland would have found there.

III

“I have seen him, mother!” he cried, rushing into her arms.

Then the gentle Bertha took the lad’s hand in her own, and the two sat down together and Roland told her of all he had seen that memorable afternoon.

“And now, dear mother,” said he, “the time has come for me to learn the great secret of my life. Today I am twelve years old and have seen Charlemagne; today you have promised to tell me about my kinsfolk and myself.

Then the Lady Bertha drew the lad close to her and told him the story of her own life and his. She told him how she, the spoiled and petted daughter of Pepin, had been brought up at the French court; and how, after her father’s death, she had lived in her brother’s kingly palace at Aix. Then she told how there came to Charlemagne’s court a worthy knight named Milon, a warrior poor and needy but brave and without reproach.

“And when your mother, then the Princess Bertha, saw the gallant Count Milon and heard of his nobleness, she loved him. And your uncle Charlemagne hated him and banished him from France; for he wished to wed his sister to duke Ganelon of Mayence, one of his peers. But, when Milon fled from the king’s court, he went not alone; he took me, the Princess Bertha, with him as his wife. The good Archbishop Turpin had secretly married us and given us his blessing and promised to help us on our way to Italy. When Charlemagne heard how he had been outwitted, he was very angry, and he swore that he would do his uttermost to ruin Count Milon and to bring me back to France. And so, to escape his anger, we dressed ourselves in the guise of beggars and wandered on foot through many countries, begging our bread. At last we came to Sutri, tired and footsore and unable to go any farther. And, when none would take us in we found shelter in this cave to serve as a home until we could soften the anger of Charlemagne and obtain his forgiveness. But soon after you were born, Roland, the Pagan folk crossed the sea and threatened Rome. Then your father, remembering his knightly vows, once more donned his armor; and, taking his lance and his shield, went out to do battle for the king and the church. You know the rest, how he fought bravely and died. All this I have told you often. And now you have learned the story of your birth and your kinship. The blood that flows in your veins is the blood of heroes. You have seen Charlemagne, and today is the turning point in your life. Before the king leaves Sutri he must acknowledge you as his nephew and take you as a page into his court.”

Young Roland – Part 1

Name: _____

I. Vocabulary: Underline the following words in the legend. Define each word and use it in a short sentence below.

- garrison: _____
- flaxen: _____
- vanguard: _____
- palfreys: _____
- donned: _____

II. Plot: Write a simple sentence or phrase to describe the main actions that take place in each scene.

King among Men	Royal Procession	My Kinsfolk & Myself
1. _____	1. _____	1. _____
2. _____	2. _____	2. _____
3. _____	3. _____	3. _____

III. Characters: List and briefly describe the main characters in this legend.

IV. Rewrite this legend. Be sure to:

- Include and underline all of the vocabulary words. _____
- Write at least three separate paragraphs. _____
- Include the following additional requirements. _____

Young Roland - Part 2

I

It was a great day in Sutri. Never since the old Roman days had so brilliant a company of warriors and noble men been seen in that quiet town. In the broad feast hall, Charlemagne and his peers were dining.

Mirth and revelry ruled the hour; and the long, low hall rang with the sound of the harp and the flute and the glad voices of the singers. The great oaken table groaned beneath its weight of good cheer. In the courtyard, around the open door, stood numbers of the poor people of the town, listening to the music, and waiting for the morsels that would be left after the feast. Suddenly a young boy, ragged and barefooted, appeared among them. All stood aside for him, as, with proud step and flashing eyes, he entered the great hall. With the air of a lord he pushed his way through the crowd of attendant knights and squires and walked boldly up to the table. Then, without saying a word, he seized upon a basket of rare fruit and a loaf of bread that had been placed before the king.

"Indeed," said Charlemagne, "that is a bold boy. He will make a brave knight."

But those who stood around were so awed by the lad's proud bearing and by the strange flash of his eyes that they dared not touch him; nor did they think of placing any hindrance in his way until he had seized the golden wine-cup which Charlemagne was on the point of lifting to his lips.

"Stop!" cried the king. "How dare you be so rude!"

But Roland held fast to his prize; and, fearless as a young eagle, he gazed into the face of the king. Charlemagne tried hard to appear angry; but, in spite of himself, a pleasant smile played upon his face, and his eyes twinkled merrily.

"My boy," said he, "the forest is a fitter place than this banquet hall for such as you. You would do better picking nuts from the trees than snatching dishes from the king's table; and the wine which you have taken from my hand is not nearly so good for you as the water in the flowing brook."

"The peasant drinks from the brook," answered Roland proudly; "the slave gathers nuts in the forest. But to my mother belong the best things that your table affords. The choicest game, the rarest fish, the reddest wine are hers."

"Ha!" cried the king. "Your mother must indeed be a noble lady! And I suppose you will tell me that she lives in a lordly castle. How many servants has she? Who is her carver? And who is her cup-bearer? Come, tell us all about it."

"My right hand is her carver," answered Roland, "and my left hand is her cup-bearer."

"And has she soldiers and watchmen, this wonderful mother of yours?"

"Indeed she has. These two arms are her soldiers and these eyes are her watchmen."

"That is a numerous household and a worthy one," answered the king, now very much amused. "But your good mother has strange taste in the matter of livery for her servants. I see they are all bareheaded and barefooted; and their clothing, what there is of it, is made of many colors. How came she to furnish you with a robe so rich and rare?"

"My robe is of my own furnishing," answered Roland. "Eight boys in the village do me homage; and they pay me tribute in cloth. And now, my lord, since you have learned all about my mother and her household, will you not visit her in her castle?"

Before the king could answer, the boy had turned on his heel, and, with the basket of food and the cup of wine in his hands, he fearlessly walked out of the hall. Charlemagne was surprised at the boldness of the lad and delighted with his witty answers.

II

"Let him go," said he. "A braver lad I have never seen; and he well deserves his prize. He will yet become the noblest knight in Christendom."

Then, turning to Duke Namon, he whispered, "Saw you that strange flash in his eye? Was there ever a fairer countenance or a more king-like form? Tell me truly, did he not remind you of someone you have seen elsewhere?"

"He did, my lord," answered Namon. "He reminded me of your worthy father, the great Pepin. He has the same noble features, the same broad brow, the same gray eyes flashing with a strange light. But he reminded me most of your lost sister. The same proud carriage of the head, the same curl of the lip, qualities that we once admired so much in the Lady Bertha, may all be seen in this wonderful boy."

Charlemagne at once ordered a dozen squires to follow the boy secretly to find where he dwelt and then, without harming him, to bring both him and his mother to the castle.

Very anxiously did the fair Bertha in the lonely hermit cell await the return of her son that day. He had left her in the morning, determined to make himself known to Charlemagne. He had promised to be back very soon. But hour after hour had passed by and still the boy did not come. Could it be possible that he had been too rash and had