

LO: To write from different points of view.

Sir Lancelot

I was just feeding my warhorse, Valiant, when a cluster of villagers on the wharf caught my eye. Valiant was munching on his feed so I tied up his reigns and hurried over. The crowd dispersed at my presence and I saw what was causing the trauma. A dame behind me whimpered loudly but I shushed her. A burgher was yelling, his face the colour of beetroot.

“What is the matter sir?” I asked him, holding up a gloved hand.

“Hey you, get that maiden off *my* wharf, she be holdin’ up *my* delivery and it’s costing me a whole lotta dosh!” He panted, kicking one large leather clad foot at the boat’s hull. It was then I saw the words, *The Lady of Shallot*. I took a look at this pompous man before me and smacked him across the face with one hand.

“I smite you with my glove you foolish man.” That got him out of the way, he stepped back, his face turning even redder.

I felt sort of enchanted as I leaned over the wharf’s side the look into the boat. There lay the most beautiful maiden I had ever seen. I tried to seem professional and regal as I knelt beside the boat.

“Fear not good people,” I proclaimed. “She has a lovely face, God in his mercy lend her grace.”

The Dame

I picked up my glass and drank. Then a dreadful racket began down by the wharf began. *Oh dear* I thought, sipping some more red wine. The noise got louder and that alarmed me. My hand shook and I spilt my wine all over my favourite white dress. But I worry not, Christopher loves me dearly and he will buy me a new one. Although the shouts made me curious so I tottered out to the carriage. I felt slightly tipsy as our gold lined carriage pulled away towards the wharf. The shouts were getting loader so we got out. Christopher held my hand as I stepped down, (he’s such a gentleman).

We joined the bustle of gossip and I peered over people’s shoulders to see what was causing the commotion. Suddenly Christopher dropped my hand and his eyes widened. I caught his gaze but he simply glanced at me and withdrew his loving gaze. The crowd parted and I saw what had Christopher so smitten. It was a pale girl with messy hair and chapped lips. Honestly she wasn’t *that* beautiful, compared to me she looked like a slave girl. I looked at Christopher and wondered why I ever loved him.

Sir Lancelot came gliding into the scene. He’s so handsome, I wondered if he was single. The red faced burgher standing by the dead girl waved a fist at him but Lancelot simply waved him away. I snatched another glance at Christopher: I wanted to yell and cry. He was drooling. Ugh. I whimpered but Lancelot shushed me. I don’t

like him so much now. Sir Lancelot's mouth falls open when he saw the ragged girl. He fell on to one armoured knee and said something like,

'She has a lovely face, God in his mercy lend her grace.' Not another one!

Churl

I was just sweepin' up some horse manure from the last delivery when somethink strange started. Me master just started growlin' although I ain't lookin' up cause he growls *alot!*

"Come over 'ere yah useless piece of dung!" He calls me so I hobble over. Me master smacks me over the head in his usual greetin'.

"Get this dead maiden of my wharf you!" He never talks always yells, it be givin me an earache. So I do wat he say and peer into a wooden boat. There are markin's on the hull but I ain't able to read so I don't know wat it says. In the boat is a very pretty lady, with dark hair and a blue dress, she's very pale so I fink she's dead.

Nosy burghers and women crowd around mumblin' somefink I cannot hear. I see me master proddin' at the girl's boat as I rake more dung. Suddenly some rich person's carriage comes cloppin over and splatters me with horse mess and dirt. Great, now I'll be needin' a bath. Stupid rich people.