

Sir Gawain Creative Writing Story: The Knight of Locksguard

In the land of Locksguard there lived a knight.
Esteemed was he on that humble hill.
People regarded him as righteous and reverent
(Saintly is similarly what villagers said.)
But this noble knight was not very nice;
For behind closed bars this baron was bad.
He was not terrible as told in traditional tales
With fiery dragons and demons causing danger.
No, this fellow was foul in a different form,
A scheme seen several times with celebrities.
See, he only helped the homeless and hungry
When the world was watching him closely.
Outside of the public scene, he scoffed
And rebuked the wretched souls on those roads,
Only opting for an ounce of his opulence.
But nobody knew of his noxious behaviour
His lackies lied to keep him aligned
And took care of conspirators who came too close

To him.

This man, best known as Gregor
With sympathy still slim
Was told by his advisor
The town was looking grim.

“Sir, this city has started to sink to the ground.
People are packing and preparing for flight
They don’t have a clue what chaos is occurring
In the precious little land that they love called Locksguard.”

“Well,” noted the knight with a voice so annoyed

“Why don’t they wash their watery eyes

And learn all lives are likely to end.

Now, they’d better stop banging our busy backdoor

Because it is becoming immensely bothersome.”

The advisor, taken aback by his administrator’s attitude

Constructed his next sentence with caution and care

For fear of throwing fuel into a future fire.

“Sir, I think it would help if you thought about this:

A newlyfound killer is causing the crowds

To hide in their homes, lest the sun hit horizon

(For the killer only murders under masks of murk.)

The people are praying for any form of protection
From this ruthless rival who bedevils our roads.”

“And how would I help the Locksguardians here
In my castle of luxuries, crowded with comforts?”

“Master,” started the advisor, “it may make you miserable,
But for the sake of the city I’m certain you will agree.
You must exit the castle and commence your own quest
Without every waiter and watcher to guide you.”

“Alone...”

Then Gregor took a sigh
To stop the counselor’s drone
He made his quick reply;
“Alright, I’ll go. Begone!”