Transcription Activity: "Chivalric Parody Activity"

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##### **Identify and post 5 key characteristics of Chivalric literature or culture that you’d like to parody.**

1. Love of Country
2. Strict obedience to the feudal overlord, so long as these duties did not conflict with the duty to God.
3. Generosity in giving
4. Nobility
5. Respect and pity for all weaknesses and steadfastness in defending them. (valour)

##### **Define and post at least 3 key plot points from the story you’ve chosen to parody.**

1. Transformation 3 nights per week.
2. Nobility and relationship with king while transformed.
3. Betrayed by his wife and then revenge.

##### **Define and post the “message” of your spoof. How will your story comment on the story of Gawain/The Werewolf/Robyn/Chivalric literature in general?**

Even though the king is attempting to be chivalrous, generosity isn’t generosity if it is only to oneself.

##### **Key ideas to support the short story.**

* Pink flamingos are royal symbol
* King Artur had assistant Meryn that cursed people into flamingos for 3 nights a week to appease the King’s Greed & Lust
* Flamingo country, for 3 nights a week, the kingdom appreciated the visit of the flamingos every week and celebrated it.
* Wife is transformed and becomes an addition to the king’s side harem.

##### **Write and post your very short story! It can be short but you should include all of the characteristics and plot points noted above. Try to convey your message through your text.**

The story starts with the great king Artur. No, this is not a spelling mistake. Yes, I know Arthur is spelled with an “h.” Artur wished to be like the famed king of Camelot, except he wasn’t the best at spelling… or reading to be honest. So, on the day of his coronation, he declared himself as “King Artur” and from that day forth, everyone was to call him as such.

Anyways, back to this story. So it was a sunny afternoon that Artur was strolling his castle gardens, and as he came to a stop he saw that there was a horde of flamingoes. This pleased him very much and as he paced near this magnificient creatures, all he could think of was how fast his kingdom was growing in the number of tourists that came to see the growing number of flamingoes that graced his grounds.

The clock tower chimed nine and he leisurely walked back to his pink palace to start his day. As he made his way to the great room, he noticed that a portrait was missing from the hallway. “MERYN!” he shouts. And yes, he also named his assistant after the warlock Merlin, but alas, his lack of literary skills caused a name mishap once again. Anyways, Meryn pops out of the blue and immediately sees the problem. “Where is Flamingo #127?”

“It seems as if Flamingo #127 passed away, your Majesty,” answered Merlin.

“Well,” the king said. “It looks as if we will be passing off judgements today. We cannot afford to lose anymore flamingoes for three days a week!”

Meryn bowed as he followed the king. He dreaded this part of his job, but since he must obey his king, he nonetheless followed. The day flew by until the king spotted a family come into the great room. “Come, my people, tell me what ails you today,” he says smiling slowly.

As the family lists their woes to the king, he nods solemnly. His eyes flow over the family of five, the father seems weak, but able. The mother was just bones carrying a baby. Then, there was a girl that seemed of age and behind her was her little brother. “Is there anyway you can help us, my king?” asked the father, coughing into his hands.

“Yes, of course. Anything for my people!” replied the king, smirking when hope spanned the faces of the family. “But unfortunately I do not have the resources to give help to anyone that cannot do anything for me. If you give me your youngest son to serve in my castle, I would gladly give you all I want and more.”

“You… want my baby?” asked the mother holding up her baby boy. The king shook his head and pointed to the little boy behind his sister. “Oh, him. Well, I guess since you’re saving our family with your great generosity, my son should serve the greatest good after God, we can let him serve you, my king.”

“Very well, what you ask for will be done!” shouted the king as he signaled to his guards to take away the boy. “Now, I must carry on with my day.”

The king finished up his day and came to see the boy. Although scared, the boy heard of people serving the king and heard of the great tales of quests. Depending on the quest, the king gave out rewards for its completion. The more quests that were completed the greater the rewards. Hell, even a beggar that fulfilled the king’s wishes eventually became a noble.

The king waved Meryn over. “Boy, what you will do now will help save our kingdom from ruin and give it more power. Are you ready?”

The boy nodded eagerly, and as he was nodding, Meryn wiggled his magical fingers and the nodding boy eventually elongated and elongated and grew pinker and pinker until standing in front of the king was a flamingo. “Here,” said the king picking up the flamingo and placing him in Meryn’s trusty hands. “Get his portrait up. Hopefully with one so young I won’t have to replace him for awhile and our kingdom’s coffers will continue to grow .” In his mind he is thinking of an elaborate extension to the pink palace with a pool table and black jack table just because he could. I will deal with God later” he wryly smiled (no pun intended).

The king dusted off his hands and walked into chamber where his best friend was waiting. “Friend! What brings you!” said the king joyfully. “It has been many a day since you have graced me with your presence.”

“My liege,” said his friend falling to his knee and holding his hand over his heart. “I come bearing bad news. My wife has left me and took all my riches.”

“My friend, I will help you enact revenge! Tell me of your woes!” and so, the king listened to his friends problems and set off that very night to find this friend’s wife. So much happens until he finds the wife, and truthfully, none of it matters to this story. All you need to know is that he turns her into… you guessed it: a flamingo.

Now the wife of his friend really had no idea of what hit her (not actually but figuratively) when she woke up as a lovely majestic regal flamingo, but she was missing a couple of feathers… just cause. So, now that the wife got her comeuppance, the king went back to his friend and tearfully told him, “my dear friend, I am sorry to announce that it seems as if she disappeared overnight and I could not find her.” Little did his friend know that the King Artur had been lusting for his latest flamingo addition. After all what would it matter now, ‘a man has got to do what a man’s going to do’ even if it means a little parlez vous with a little romance with your best friend’s former wife.

His friend was disappointed when he heard his wife had disappeared. He went away for three nights only to come back and feast with the king in order to forget that she took all his savings and left him in a lurch. This happens for like… three weeks. On the fourth week, the king goes on his daily walk to the flamingo garden to find that the friend’s wife flamingo’s neck was snapped.

The king, enraged, ordered the guards to search high and low who would dare kill a royal flamingo. He angrily went about his day, and when he went to retire, found his friend holding pink feathers in his room. “YOU!?” shouted the king. He was in disbelief. His friend has destroyed a pink flamingo?

“My friend, I have kept a secret from you and it pains me more that I kept this secret from you as my liege than as my friend. The reason my wife had left me was because she was upset that those three nights I disappear I turn into flamingo. She was angry that I turned into the royal symbol of this kingdom and not something fierce, like a werewolf. She told me that if I could not change into something more ferocious than she would find someone who did. Unfortunately she found a lover that could do both. He could transform into a werewolf and a flamingo and she ran off with him with all my riches.”

The king stared wide eyed at his friend in disbelief. “This cannot be true. How dare someone turn into both a werewolf and a flamingo! I will not stand for it!!!!!!”

The king once again rushed out of his room and ordered for this werewolf to be found. “My friend,” he thought. “I am the most generous king ever as I will present you this werewolf to do with as you please… unless he remains a flamingo for the rest of eternity in which I will add him to my harem of flamingos.”

The search went on and on and on until a werewolf was found and brought before the king. “Change back to your true form!” demanded the king. When the werewolf refused, Meryn, the king’s trusty assistant turned him back for the king. The king then went into a big spiel. This spiel lasted far too long. All we need to know is that it ends and Meryn once again, turns this werewolf/flamingo hybrid into a permanent… yup, flamingo.

The next day, the king’s best friend finds out the lover of his wife was now a flamingo and he went in search of him. Once found, he waited until he himself turned into a flamingo and dueled him to the death.

And so the story goes, the king walks in his garden, finds another dead flamingo, figures the culprit is his best friend and turns him into a permanent flamingo as punishment for killing two flamingos.

The End.