

How Sir Percivale came to a recluse and asked counsel, and how she told him that she was his aunt.

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- *From:* "Yukon King" <derdrittemann2003@xxxxxxxxxx>
 - *Date:* 11 Dec 2005 13:42:42 -0800
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Cytyzens Agaynst Lyme Cryme wrote:

NOW saith the tale, that when Sir Launcelot was ridden after Sir Galahad, the which had all these adventures above said, Sir Percivale turned again unto the recluse, where he deemed to have tidings of that knight that Launcelot followed. And so he kneeled at her window, and the recluse opened it and asked Sir Percivale what he would. Madam, he said, I am a knight of King Arthur's court, and my name is Sir Percivale de Galis. When the recluse heard his name she had great joy of him, for mickle she had loved him to-fore any other knight, for she ought to do so, for she was his aunt. And then she commanded the gates to be opened, and there he had all the cheer that she might make him, and all that was in her power was at his commandment.

So on the morn Sir Percivale went to the recluse and asked her if she knew that knight with the white shield. Sir, said she, why would ye wit? Truly, madam, said Sir Percivale, I shall never be well at ease till that I know of that knight's fellowship, and that I may fight with him, for I may not leave him so lightly, for I have the shame yet. Ah, Percivale, said she, would ye fight with him? I see well ye have great will to be slain as your father was, through outrageousness. Madam, said Sir Percivale, it seemeth by your words that ye know me. Yea, said she, I well ought to know you, for I am your aunt, although I be in a priory place. For some called me sometime the Queen of the Waste Lands, and I was called the queen of most riches in the world; and it pleased me never my riches so much as doth my poverty. Then Sir Percivale wept for very pity when that he knew it

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was his aunt. Ah, fair nephew, said she, when heard ye tidings of your mother? Truly, said he, I heard none of her, but I dream of her much in my sleep; and therefore I wot not whether she be dead or alive. Certes, fair nephew, said she, your mother is dead, for after your departing from her she took such a sorrow that anon, after she was confessed, she died. Now, God have mercy on her soul, said Sir Percivale, it sore forthinketh me; but all we must change the life. Now, fair aunt, tell me what is the knight? I deem it be he that bare the red arms on Whitsunday. Wit you well, said she, that this is he, for otherwise ought he not to do, but to go in red arms; and that same knight hath no peer, for he worketh all by miracle, and he shall never be overcome of none earthly man's hand.

• *Follow-Ups:*

- ◆ *Re: How Sir Percivale came to a recluse and asked counsel, and how she told him that she was his aunt.*

◇ *From:* Yukon King

• *References:*

- ◆ *MORE about that "goddamned piece of paper.*

◇ *From:* Cytizens Agaynst Lyme Cryme

- Prev by Date: *Damned Main Stream Media !*

- Next by Date: *And some Monsters here got a good laugh over Kathleen's phone being bugged...*

- Previous by thread: *MORE about that "goddamned piece of paper.*

- Next by thread: *Re: How Sir Percivale came to a recluse and asked counsel, and how she told him that she was his aunt.*

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