Monk adventures

Word count: 460

Once upon a time there lived a monk with a dream

“My name is Harold, I’m cooler than I seem

I want to be a wizard and battle mighty foe,

It’s hard when you’re in a monastery with other monks in toe.”

I want to leave where the monks live and travel far and wide

I know God and Angels will be on my side

Maybe I’ll bring a relic to that I can pray to all day

Or may maybe my pet unicorn, I really couldn’t say

I’m tired of my home and all these sacraments

‘Learn the Christian’s rites’ it’s boring I’ll admit.

Maybe I’ll meet a brave knight so stoic

I hear they can be really quite heroic

They each serve a lord who love a royal birth

Lords all own land called fiefs and don’t forget the serfs.

Serfs work the land and are lower than low

They’d love to meet the pope but they really can’t go.

“I’m on my way I left the monastery

I can do anything, even steal a cherry.

I must watch out for foe big and small

The black death killed millions fall to fall”

‘Hello Sir Mike’ I said with a toothy grin

He said ‘give me all your money or I’ll stab you in the shin’

I gave him my money, cherries and all

He stabbed my toe and it fell in a stall

The land that I went to was very far away

It’s a papal state controlled by popes that won’t sway.

The popes control them and the church so dear

With them in charge I really should fear

‘Hey Paul you okay?” I ask with a shudder.

‘I’ve been called a heretic, you heard me no stutter.’

But you’re a knight and fought brave in the mighty crusades

‘I’m back from capturing Jerusalem the holy land but still here I lay’

Anti-Semitism fills us with hate

That’s not real cool and sealed the Jews fate

They believe not in Jesus, our savior so dear

But maybe that’s not too bad, there’s nothing to fear.

I look to the left and look to the right

I see pneumonic plague is everywhere in sight

I have this weird thing on my skin

I’m trying to crap it off in a tin

It smells real bad I think I’m dying

I ask if I’m okay but everyone is lying

I got to Crimea also named Kaffa

All I want to see is my favorite Mufasa

I won’t become a wizard if there is such a thing

But my adventure was great but defeat has its sting

I’m dying now with casting a spell

 I really hope I go to heaven and not a wretched hell.”