

## The “Lost” Pilgrim

from Chaucer’s *The Canterbury Tales*

Unfortunately, Chaucer died before the completion of his masterpiece, *The Canterbury Tales*.

Historians and scholars have, however, discovered the “**lost Pilgrim**” who had been included in the *General Prologue* but had been lost over the ages. This lost pilgrim is a modern-day character (a funeral director, a computer nerd, a principal—*God forbid!*) You must provide this pilgrim’s section of the *General Prologue* for all posterity.

Of course, the passage must be written in Chaucer’s language. (**Fake it!**) It must also be written in **heroic couplets** (*rhymed, iambic pentameter—10 syllables per line, every 2 lines rhyme*). And, of course, you will want to write with all the joy and gusto of Geoffrey Chaucer himself!

### Requirements:

1. typed, double-spaced, 1” margins
2. 20 lines--no more than one page in length
3. heading must appear in upper-left-hand corner:
  - a. student’s name
  - b. teacher’s name
  - c. date
  - d. class period
4. title center-spaced
5. **DUE:** \_\_\_\_\_

“The Lost Pilgrim” Student Examples:

<p>There was a pretty woman with no fame, Educating teenagers was her game. She works all day awaiting third hour, Where she unleashes her knowledge power. She works the teenagers almost to death, You may see heads lay down to catch a breath. She is very smart, sneaky, quick, and slick-- You might get behind if you became sick. She asks hard questions, challenging your brain, No matter how much it causes you pain. Although kids can be obnoxious and slow, She does her best to help them mature, grow. She helps these teenagers get some knowledge— Getting them ready to take on college. She tries her hardest, even with bad pay, She would never lead a child astray. She likes not people who are rude, greedy— She like to help the good and the needy. She cannot stand the acts of the friar, This woman’s name, of course, is Ms. Dyer.</p>	<p>There once was a man with a great belly, When he laughed, it shook like a bowl of jelly. He had a white beard and flying reindeer, He visits each house at least once a year. Bringing tablets, bicycles, dolls, and toys To all of the good little girls and boys He travelled with pilgrims to St. Beckett’s shrine. They each told their stories to pass the time, He told of a magical place –North Pole Where joy—happiness was their only goal. There were gumdrop trees and ice cream snow-- Sadness and sorrow they did not need show. A marvelous place, full of wonder—smiles, To reach it you must travel many a mile. Elves in green stockings and talking snowmen Were some of the townspeople he mentioned. Yes, indeed, he loved this cold, snowy place Santa Claus he was in honourable grace. He put smiles on the faces of the world— Every man, woman, every boy and girl.</p>
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