

American films and fourteenth century chaucer essay sample



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The Knight possesses all the traditional chivalric virtues of courtesy in speech, consideration for others, righteousness, generosity, lawfulness, and loyalty. He also loves truth, honor, freedom, and courtesy. Furthermore he is not only brave and worthy but he is also portrayed as wise. Although the Knight rides on a good horse, he is not showily dressed. He has come straight from his expedition and is still wearing his armor. He wears a simple and coarse sleeveless tunic made out of cotton.

This small detail serves to convey a certain degree of realism to the portrait and also serves to underline the Knight's religious devotion and his eagerness to go on the journey. The Knight's clothing highlights his integrity and honor. Chaucer also describes the Knight's participation in several battles and campaigns. Majority of the Knight's campaigns are religious in nature and are by and large crusades against the heathens. The thunder of gunfire in the absence of light raised him from his sleep. He slowly sat up in vagrant rags and silently woke his starved family. They too sat up and listened to chaos created by the riot outside.

The light from the fire they were stationed around made demonic shadows across their hollow-cheeked faces, but gave off limited heat. The man held his wife in his arms; they rolled over and went to sleep once more. Blazing light pierced through the city like a Uruguayan beast, vanquishing the distant horizon. Once again he was the first to rise. Unraveling himself from the sheets he sat up and looked at the city's remains. Dilapidated buildings, a disintegrating city, and a deteriorating world.. Ever since the event, and the rise of The New Order, the city disappeared to the dogs, and filth that contaminated the streets.

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Shattered glass lay in heaps around the broken buildings, food and water were scarce. There was nothing left. The boy's thoughts drifted back to the great walls that towered over the city. The New Order erected the walls around the city in fear that the animals from the outside would come in or perhaps in fear that the animals from the inside would get out. Tremors had worsened. He knew they had. It had already destroyed the upper city and now they and the few people around them were all that were left. He had known it was coming for some time, coming for them.

Before the event he would preach all day and all night to the masses of people around him. "There will be nothing left; we must leave while we can!" But the robotic crowds did not register him. One day an old man with long, dry, auburn hair in remnants of clothes came up to him. The stranger put his bony hand on the boy's shoulder. "There is no point son," he croaked out. "Humanity is wasted on humans." With that the stranger moved on into the crowd of worthless people. The boy looked up to the old clock ticking away in the middle of the city; the trouble was they were running out of time.

Deaths rank and file became as prominent in the building as the foundation upon which it stood. The disgusting smell lingered in, between and under everything, it was inescapable. The world had been withdrawn of all goodness and was left as a toxic hollow casket. The family had been trying to leave the city for some time, as crime was worsening and it was only a matter of time till they were personally affected. They had no choice but to leave the inner city and to seek refuge in the abandoned outer parts.

Through their travels they passed few people, some of which spoke of a utopia that resided outside of the walls.

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That was their only chance of survival, so they gathered their scarce belongings and continued on their quest. It was perilous and strenuous, especially with a child, but to stop was to die. A few times they had to run from thieves and crooks, but at the mention of a gang they would vanish. The gangs roamed the claustrophobic streets of the city. They had no feuds between ACH other; instead they raped, killed and ate anyone who wandered by. *** “ Do not leave the city for you own safety. ” The crowd clamored around the tall grey megaphone. For your own safety and the safety of others, do not leave. ” People thrashed against the city walls, like caged apes. Fear constricted life from the city. Fear lead to riots. Riots lead to death. Death lead to fear. ‘ Why didn’t we get out when we had the chance? ” the woman whispered. Her baby cried. *** “ Run,” the man gasped. “ RUN! ” The family fled like rats. Their bare and swollen feet thumped against the harsh ere cobble, but they were no match for the beast that roared after them. The women’s feet carrying both her and the young child began to slow down.

The man watched as she fell behind. Fear struck. He could not watch the things he loves most die. He turned, facing the beast. “ Run. ” Her husband calmly spoke. He ran at the beast. It roared at him. Fear lead to death. His greatest compassion was death. That was the last she saw of her love. She ran, child in hand, hatred in heart. She ran. His last words meant nothing now, yet she followed them. They joined the void of nothingness, the void of all things dead. The words echoed in her ears. Run. She did not know for how long she ran. She did not know how far she had come.

There was no need or measure for time in a world like this. It did not slow down or speed up, it just went on and on. As did she. Each step added up to the mixture of pain and grief inside her, but there was no time to grieve. She staggered on like some old beggar with the slight motivation of something better. Something better for her young and innocent child, the only one she had left. Finally she reached the wall. It towered over her. Impenetrable, Impassable, Impossible. She held her child closer to her chest and cried. Tears ran down her already stained cheeks.

She was lost in time. "Come" She turned around to see where the voice was coming from. "Quick before they see you." "Who?" replied the woman. "The New Order." The woman once again clutched her son closer to her heart. She walked towards where the voice was coming from. It was a decrepit pile of cobble with a small hole to the rear. "It's okay." The voice said. She continued. A path appeared underneath her as she made her way through the cramped tunnel. A small spec of light grew gradually as she ascended from the tunnel. It was the outside world. She looked around. Freedom.