

Table Analysis of King Arthur and Merlin

No	Sentences	Phonetic Level	Grammatical Level	Semantic Level	Syntactical Level	Interpretation
1.	He was a good man and he was king in the south of Britain.		√			One or more sentence of similar phrases that have same grammatical structure.
2.	Other places were very dangerous at that time, but people did not fight in Uther's country.			√		They have semantic meaning but their denotative meaning cannot be fully understood.
3.	Uther loved a beautiful woman, Igraine, and he wanted to marry her.				√	It is replacing one word class with another without changing the meaning of the message.

4.	‘I will help you. But when you have a child, you will have to give the boy to me.’ ‘I will give him to you,’ said the King.		√			One or more sentence of similar phrases that have same grammatical structure
5.	‘I know that I am going to die,’ King Uther said.				√	It explains character’s feeling.
6.	‘Call the knights to London. Then we will find the new king,’ Merlin told the Archbishop.				√	It acts to support in someone ideas or action.
7.	The sun shone on the sword and it looked very strong.	√				Repeated consonant sound at the beginning indicated as <i>alliteration</i> .
8.	Where did it come from?’ ‘How did it get here?’ ‘Who brought the stone here? We				√	It gives pause of though for the reader understand and then the answer is given

	didn't see anybody. And who put the sword in it?'					immediately.
9.	The knights pulled and pulled	√				A phrase or sentence that repeats an idea in the same words.
10.	Ten knights stayed and watched the stone.		√			One or more sentence of similar phrases that have same grammatical structure.
11.	The strongest and best knight always won.				√	It is replacing one word class with another without changing the meaning of the message. The word 'strong' has same meaning with 'best'.
12.	Arthur climbed down from his horse and went to the stone	√				<i>assonance</i> because there is repeated vowel sound "down, from, stone."

13.	'Where did that sword come from?' Sir Ector asked.				√	It gives pause of thought for the reader to understand and then the answer is given immediately.
14.	It came out as easily as a knife out of butter.			√		This line contains <i>simile</i> because "it" refers to "the sword" compared with "a knife of butter". It means Arthur took the sword very easily.
15.	'I love you very much, but I am not really your father.'			√		It indicates <i>irony</i> . Child and Fowler (2006, p.123) state a mode of discourse that conveys meaning in different forms and opposites called irony. Sir Ector loves Arthur but he is not his biological son. The atmosphere is sad.

						because Arthur know the fact he is not Sir Ector's son.
16.	I will try to be a good king,' said Arthur. 'And I will listen to your words,... Sir Kay, my brother, you will be an important knight and a friend to me.		√			One or more sentence of similar phrases that have same grammatical structure.
17.	Everybody shouted, 'Arthur is our king! Arthur is our king!'	√				It indicates repetition of words.
18.	They were all happy because now they had a kind, good king.				√	It is replacing one word class with another without changing the meaning of the message. The word 'kind' has same meaning with 'good'.
19.	He was strong and he was not afraid.				√	It is replacing one word class with another without changing the meaning of the message. The word 'strong' has same meaning with 'was

						not afraid’.
20.	You will be the best knight and you will be the greatest king. You will live for a very long time.’		√			One or more sentence of similar phrases that have same grammatical structure.
21.	Arthur was a good king, and his knights were brave.		√			One or more sentence of similar phrases that have same grammatical structure.
22.	His country was a quiet place again.			√		They have semantic meaning but their denotative meaning cannot be fully understood.

Table Analysis of Robin Hood and the Monk

No	Sentences	Phonetic Level	Grammatical Level	Semantic Level	Syntactical Level	Interpretation
1.	In Summer when the bushes shine			√		It indicated as <i>symbol</i> . According to Childs and Fowler (2006, p. 232) symbol serves the rational idea as a substitute for logical presentation. “the brushes shine” refers to sunny day of summer which should be happy and cheerful day.

2.	And leave the hills high, And leave the hills high	√				The words indicate <i>repetition</i> , “the hills high” means setting of the story took place has high hills
3.	the birds were singing merrily,			√		The line “birds were singing” indicates <i>personification</i> because it gives animal’s characterization of human. It is impossible for birds to sing.
4.	"Buck up master!" said Little John				√	It acts to support in someone ideas or action.
5.	I'm going into Nottingham today		√			It provides a sense of optimism in the discourse.
6.	"By him that died on the tree there is no happier man than I in the whole of Christendom!" But Robin Hood was in a terrible mood and made no answer.			√		This line show figurative language of <i>metaphor</i> . The character intensified that he is stubborn because he does not care what John advice due of his bad mood.

						<p>The <i>metaphor</i> ‘by him that died on the tree’ refers to Jesus who died in cross for Christendom.</p> <p>According to Eagleton (2003, p.3) defamiliarization is when people response automatically and mixed to the reality.</p>
7.	"I go to worship, not to war!"		√			It provides a sense of optimism in the discourse.
8.	"Shoot for a penny!" cried Robin Hood.				√	It acts to support in someone ideas or action.
9.	"By my faith!" cried Robin.				√	It is to response someone’s ide.
10.	until Little John grasped him by the shoulder and roared, "Give me my five bob, you flipping little footpad!"	√				When John calls Robin “flipping little footpad” there is repeated consonant sound at the beginning indicated as <i>alliteration</i> .

11.	With the greatest archer in the world?				√	Ask question and proceeding the redeal to answer it.
12.	"If I didn't love you," he said, "I'd hit you—very hard.				√	This shows phycological of Robin Hood to Little John.
13.	"I'm beginning to miss Little John."				√	This shows phycological of Robin Hood to Little John.
14.	and word spread like a forest fire that the black monk had betrayed the outlaw and was now on his way to the king in London.				√	This sentences indicate as <i>Simile</i> because compare “word” with “fire” that everyone already know about “the betrayed of the Monk”.
15.	As it is, you can get some other fool to be your serf."				√	This words indicate <i>Irony</i> because it compares Little John faithfulness to “other fool” to be Robin’s serf. However, Little John has lower status than Robin Hood.
16.	As he slipped in through the gates,				√	“slipped” means he go really fast to the gates. It indicates Robin has

						slim body.
17.	so as soon as he could, he sidled off out of a side door and ran, as fast as his bulk would allow, to the sheriff.				√	This explain the Monk's character that modify the situation and the reader can gets more information by the same repeated words.
18.	Then he armed himself and made off to the church with many a mother's son, well-armed and white-faced, rattling along beside him through the dusty, crowded streets.		√			One or more sentence of similar phrases that have same grammatical structure.
19.	swords in hand, baying for the blood of Robin Hood heedless of the sanctity of the church and the screaming of the women and children.			√		They have semantic meaning but their denotative meaning cannot be fully understood.
20.	Some of them wept and wailed	√				One or more sentence of similar

	and some just sat and stared , but all at once Little John was out of the trees and stood among them.					phrases that have same grammatical structure.
21.	So, faster than the wind , a messenger sped to Sherwood and brought the news to the merry men.			√		Another figurative language is <i>hyperbole</i> . It exaggerates “a messenger” is faster than “the wind”.
22.	"Let up your wailing!" said Little John				√	It acts to support in someone ideas or action.
23.	"For God's sake, you're a gang of outlaws, not a flock of nellies!				√	It acts to support in someone ideas or action.
24.	So stop your puling!				√	It acts to support in someone ideas or action.
25.	"I know him by his wide black hood				√	It acts to support in someone ideas or action.
26.	All of a sudden John reached up	√				Repetition in phrase at begging,

	and caught hold of the monk's hood and pulled him off his horse, heedless that the wretch fell on his head; for Little John was in a terrible mood and he wrenched out his sword and raised it high above his head.					middle or end sentence.
27.	The two yeomen stepped out into the highway, humbly and courteously,	√				This shows <i>alliteration</i> because it repeats the beginning of consonant words “highway, humbly”. Then, <i>assonance</i> because there is repeated vowel sound “humbly, courteously.”
28.	"but have you any news of that flipping little footpad, Robin Hood?	√				This intensified <i>Little John's character</i> . He is tricky because he acts to the Monk and makes him to believe that he also hates Robin Hood. “flipping little footpad” is

						<p><i>imagery</i> of Robin Hood.</p> <p>According to Childs and Fowler (2006, p. 115) argue that is faculty of visualization to promote visual response in the reader. This part to draw out before the falling action.</p>
29.	for Robin Hood leads many a wild fellow in these parts and if they knew you were riding this way, they'd slaughter you like sheep."			√		<p>The figurative language is simile. It compares "the Monk" with "sheep" because he threatened by "wild fellows" of Robin Hood.</p>
30.	the monk and Little John talking and laughing together like old friends,			√		<p>There is <i>simile</i> to compares "the Monk and Little John conversation to "old friends". It shows that they already know well each other.</p>
31.	while Much kept an eye on the little pageboy				√	<p>'kept on eye' represents action by the characters to modify the situation.</p>

32.	Then the monk saw that he would soon be dead and cried and wept for mercy in a loud, shrill voice.				√	This explain the Monk's character that modify the situation and the reader can get more information by the same repeated words.
33.	"He was my master that you have brought to grief," said John				√	It acts to support in someone ideas or action.
34.	That got them into the king's presence, where Little John went down on one knee, crying boldly,	√				figurative language of <i>assonance</i> to show how he is very sad about the letter that he brings to the King.
35.	"God save you, my liege!" and handing him the letter				√	It acts to support in someone ideas or action.
36.	"So might I thrive,				√	It acts to support in someone ideas or action.
37.	"Indeed, yes, well," said the king,				√	It acts to support in someone ideas or action.

38.	They took their leave and, on fresh mounts without even stopping for a cup of tea,			√		The metaphor means they have not time to take a rest.
39.	" Daft buggers, " muttered Little John, then called up				√	It acts to support in someone ideas or action.
40.	"Why are all the gates locked?" "Because Robin Hood is here in prison and his outlaws attack us every day, shooting at our men upon the walls!"				√	It gives pause of thought for the reader understand and then the answer is given immediately.
41.	"So let us in, you gormless noddy!				√	It acts to support in someone ideas or action.
42.	"We'll take him to London tomorrow, with three hundred knights and men-at-arms."			√		It exaggerates the situation and becomes hyperbole.
43.	this one drinks too much— almost			√		It indicates <i>simile</i> because it compares the Gaoler with the

	as much as the sheriff!"					Sheriff who get drunk after drink too much wine. It means “the Gaoler” and “the Sheriff” have drink same amount drink.
44.	when the cock began to crow and the day began to break	√				The line contains figurative language, <i>alliteration</i> . According to Association of Reading International (Figurative Language, 2003) <i>alliteration</i> is repeated consonant sound at the beginning of words.
45.	He wept and wailed and tore out his hair and ground his teeth to splinters.				√	It explains character’s feeling.
46.	But Robin Hood was in merry Sherwood, as light as leaf on tree			√		It indicates as <i>simile</i> to compare “Robin Hood” with “light on leaf tree” which safe and comfortable.

47.	Beg pardon, good father," said Little John				√	It acts to support in someone ideas or action.
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Table Analysis of Little John and Nottingham Fair

No	Sentences	Phonetic Level	Grammatical Level	Semantic Level	Syntactical Level	Interpretation
1.	Autumn had come to the forest and with it the cool winds that brought the clear days.			√		That is <i>metaphor</i> it compares “autumn” and “the cool winds”. The atmosphere is clam and peace because it represented by the beauty of

						nature.
2.	There would be jugglers and singers, dancers and storytellers	√				It indicates <i>assonance</i> because it is identity of vowel sound (Childs and Fowler, 2006, p. 238). “jugglers and singers, dancers and storytellers” will come to merry the fair.
3.	Now Robin Hood was not tempted to go to the fair this year. He had already rubbed the sheriffs nose in his own stupidity by winning the archery contest the year before and had no need to do so again.			√		It indicates <i>metaphor</i> “rubbed the sheriff nose” means “embarrass” him with winning the archery contest.
4.	"If you must go,				√	It acts to support in someone

						ideas or action.
5.	So Little John took off his Lincoln green and dressed himself in scarlet with a deep red jacket and hood to hide his long brown hair and beard and off he went to Nottingham Town.				√	The repeated use of the same conjunction most commonly 'and' and 'or'.
6.	John walked among the booths and the brightly colored tents at the fair.	√				It indicates assonance, the repetition of vowel /o/ to build the rhythm of the sentence.
7.	singing ballads and telling stories, others serving sausages	√				The words 'singing, telling, serving' indicate <i>assonance</i> because it is identity of vowel sound (Childs and Fowler, 2006, p. 238).

8.	fresh baked bread	√				It indicates alliteration because repeated consonant sound at the beginning
9.	John stood almost a head taller than the tallest man, and his shoulders were broader than any there			√		This indicates <i>hyperbole</i> because “a head taller than the tallest man” extravagant something.
10.	Then he went dancing, leaping high and turning in midair, delighting all who watched.	√				Repeated consonant sound at the beginning indicated as <i>alliteration</i> .
11.	everyone declared him a fine man and a great comrade with whom to share a day at the fair.				√	It is replacing one word class with another without changing the meaning of the message. The word ‘fine’ has same meaning with ‘great’.
12.	When John reached the ring,		√			One or more sentence of

	he noticed that no one was fighting.					similar phrases that have same grammatical structure.
13.	trying to bully them into trying their luck against him.	√				A phrase or sentence that repeats an idea in the same words,
14.	"Now is there no man here who will cross staffs with me? No one here who will fight for the love of his lass and prove his courage?"				√	It gives pause of though for the reader understand and then the answer is given immediately.
15.	the men of Nottingham are feeble and weak-kneed when compared to those of us from Lincoln.				√	It is replacing one word class with another without changing the meaning of the message. The word 'feeble' has same meaning with 'weak-kneed'.
16.	Eric smirked and pranced			√		It contains <i>simile</i> , it compares

	around the ring like a rooster					“Eric” with “rooster” and shows that he is strong man.
17.	while all the men of Nottingham avoided his gaze and stared at their feet.				√	It is replacing one word class with another without changing the meaning of the message.
18.	Eric spied John in the crowd and saw that he was head and shoulders above the others.		√			One or more sentence of similar phrases that have same grammatical structure.
19.	"You, the long-legged fellow in scarlet,			√		It describes imagery of Little John.
20.	Are you like the rest of these faint-hearted men of Nottingham, or will you give me a fight?"				√	It gives pause of though for the reader understand and then the answer is given immediately.
21.	it would sing through the air like an arrow as it journeyed			√		It implies simile because it compares “an arrow” fly with

	toward your head					“journey” to somewhere “your head” refers to Eric’s head. It shows that the arrow is fly away very fast.
22.	It's more like a splinter of wood in my hands,			√		It indicates Little John is never scare of Eric. It shows simile because “like a splinter of wood in my hands” implies he can beat Eric as soon as possible.
23.	"Well spoken—for a man soon to be beaten."			√		They have semantic meaning but their denotative meaning cannot be fully understood.
24.	He seemed almost too quick for a man of his size			√		They have semantic meaning but their denotative meaning cannot be fully understood. It has paradox ‘big man’ with

						'quick move'.
25.	"Watch closely, men of Nottingham, as I carve up your hero." Eric moved quickly and struck.				√	it is a powerful tool of syntactic estrangement understatement as a figure of speech
26.	Once, twice, and three times he attacked Little John,	√				'once, twice and three times' indicate <i>assonance</i> because it is identity of vowel sound (Childs and Fowler, 2006, p. 238).
27.	Then almost in a blink of an eye, he backhanded Eric beneath his guard...			√		It indicates hyperbole of Little John's move when he attacks Eric of Linclon.
28.	He rapped Eric on the head once, then twice,...	√				Repeated consonant sound at the beginning indicated as <i>alliteration</i> .

29.	Eric looked as if he'd seen a ghost.			√		They have semantic meaning but their denotative meaning cannot be fully understood.
30.	"What did he say to you when you fell?" one man asked.				√	It gives pause of though for the reader understand and then the answer is given immediately.

Arthur and Merlin

By Deborah Tempest

This very old story begins with Uther, a great king. He was a good man and he was king in the south of Britain. Other places were very dangerous at that time, but people did not fight in Uther's country. Uther loved a beautiful woman, Igraine, and he wanted to marry her. But she did not love him and he was very sad about that. Merlin was a very clever man and he knew a lot of magic. He

could change into an animal or bird. Sometimes, when he used magic, nobody could see him. He also helped people with his magic, and one day he came to King Uther. 'You can marry Igraine,' he said. 'I will help you. But when you have a child, you will have to give the boy to me.' 'I will give him to you,' said the King. He married Igraine and later they had a baby son. They called him Arthur. When Arthur was three days old, a very old man arrived at the door of the King's house. It was Merlin. King Uther took the child in his arms and gave him to Merlin. Merlin took the child away. He gave the boy, Arthur, to a good knight. His name was Sir Ector. So Arthur lived with Sir Ector and his son, Kay, and the two boys were brothers.

A short time after this happened King Uther was very ill. He did not get better. He called for Merlin because he wanted to talk about the future of his country. Merlin came and listened to the King. 'I know that I am going to die,' King Uther said. 'Who will be king after me?' 'Call your knights and great men,' Merlin told the King. 'Tell them, "My son, Arthur, will be the next king!"' King Uther told his people this before he died. But a lot of people wanted to be king, so the knights and great men began to fight. There was no new king for a long time.

When Arthur was a young man. Merlin went to London. He visited the Archbishop, the most important man in the Church. 'Call the knights to London. Then we will find the new king,' Merlin told the Archbishop. The knights came to London.

They met at a large church, and the Archbishop spoke to them. When they came outside, they saw something strange in front of the church. It was a very large stone with a great sword in it. The sun shone on the sword and it looked very strong. The knights were excited, and started to talk about it.

Where did it come from?' 'How did it get here?' 'Who brought the stone here? We didn't see anybody. And who put the sword in it?'
On the stone were these words:

ONLY THE KING CAN TAKE THE SWORD FROM THE STONE

Every knight tried to pull the sword out of the stone. Nobody could do it — the sword did not come out. The knights pulled and pulled. But they could not move the sword. 'Our king is not here,' said the Archbishop. 'But I know that we will find him.' Ten knights stayed and watched the stone. The Archbishop invited all the great men in the country to London for a big fight. There were many big fights at that time. People fought on horses with swords in their hands. The strongest and best knight always won. 'Perhaps the new king will come to the fight,' thought the Archbishop. Sir Ector went to the fight with his two sons, Sir Kay and young Arthur. Arthur was now sixteen years old. The young men wanted to fight with the other knights, but Sir Kay did not have a sword. Arthur was a kind young man. He wanted to help. 'There is a sword in a stone outside a church. I saw it on the way here. I will get it and fight with it. Then you can have my sword,' he said to his brother. Arthur left Sir Kay and quickly went to the church. There were no knights outside by the stone because they were at the fight. Arthur climbed down from his horse and went to the stone. He did not read the words on the stone. He took the sword in his hand and pulled. It came out of the stone easily. He ran back to his horse with the sword. Some minutes later he met Sir Kay and Sir Ector again, and he showed them the sword. 'Where did that sword come from?' Sir Ector asked. He knew about the words on the stone. They went back to the place outside the church, and Sir Ector put the sword in the stone again. 'Now pull it out,' he said to Arthur. Arthur pulled it out. It came out as easily as a knife out of butter. Sir Ector saw this and took Arthur's hand. 'You are my king,' he said. Arthur did not understand. What did his father mean? 'Arthur,' Sir

Ector said slowly, 'I love you very much, but I am not really your father. Merlin, the famous man of magic, brought you to me when you were a small child. I took you into my family because he asked me. Now I know that you are the king.'

'I will try to be a good king,' said Arthur. 'And I will listen to your words, because you are my father. Sir Kay, my brother, you will be an important knight and a friend to me.' Then they went to the Archbishop and told him everything. The knights were angry. They did not think that Arthur was really the king. So the Archbishop called all the knights to the stone. Arthur put the sword back into the stone. Every knight tried again to take it out, but it did not move. Then they watched and Arthur pulled it out easily. Everybody shouted, 'Arthur is our king! Arthur is our king!'

Many people came to see Arthur. They were all happy because now they had a kind, good king. He was strong and he was not afraid. Merlin told Arthur the story of his parents. 'Your father was King Uther and your mother was Queen Igraine. When you were a baby, I took you to Avalon, a magic place. You were born with magic in your life. You will be the best knight and you will be the greatest king. You will live for a very long time.'

So King Arthur began a new life. He took his horse and went through the country with his knights. Sometimes they had to fight bad men but they were not afraid. Arthur was a good king, and his knights were brave. His country was a quiet place again.

Robin Hood and the Monk

retold by Michael Dacre

A story from Nottingham

In somer when the shawes be sheyne

And leves be large and long

Hit is full mery in fay re fores te

To here the foulys song

To see the dere draw to the dale

And leve the hilles hee

And shadow hem in the leaves grene

Under the green-wood tree.

In Summer when the bushes shine

And leaves be large and long

It is full merry in fair forest

To hear the birds song

To see the deer draw to the dale

And leave the hills high,

And leave the hills high

And shadow them in the leaves green

It befell one Whitsuntide, early in a May morning, when the sun was up and shining and the birds were singing merrily, that Little John turned to Robin Hood as they stood at the edge of a forest glade.

"Oh what a beautiful morning!" cried Little John.

"By him that died on the tree there is no happier man than I in the whole of Christendom!" But Robin Hood was in a terrible mood and made no answer.

"Buck up master!" said Little John. "Open your eyes to the beauty of this May morning." "Aye, may be," said Robin, "but one thing grieves my heart—that I may not go openly to mass nor matins. It's more than a fortnight since I went to church to seek my Savior. Well, stuff the sheriff and his men! I'm going into Nottingham today to hear mass in Saint Mary's Church and may the might of mild Mary go with me!"

"If I were you," said Much the Miller's Son, "I'd take twelve strong men with you as well as the might of mild Mary. I mean, anyone might have a go at you on your own, but there are not many as would take on twelve." "By my faith!" cried Robin. "I go to worship, not to war! Look, of all my merry men, I'll take none but Little John here and he can carry my bow."

"You can carry your own bow, master," said Little John, "and I'll carry mine—but look, we'd better have some practice before we go. Let's shoot for a penny under the trees here."

"Shoot for a penny!" cried Robin Hood. "With the greatest archer in the world? I'll tell you, Little John, for every penny you put down, I'll hold up three!" And so they started shooting at a stand of saplings on the other side of the glade and such was Robin's mood that morning, he couldn't shoot for toffee and Little John won five shillings from him.

Then a strange quarrel fell between them as they went on their way. Little John insisting he'd won the five shillings and Robin Hood striding ahead, saying, "No!" until Little John grasped him by the shoulder and roared, "Give me my five bob, you flipping little footpad!" whereupon Robin Hood turned on Little John and, jumping up, hit the big man in the mouth. Little John got quite cross and pulled out his sword.

"If I didn't love you," he said, "I'd hit you—very hard. As it is, you can get some other fool to be your serf." And he strode back into Sherwood Forest, leaving Robin to go on into Nottingham on his own.

As he slipped in through the gates, he prayed to Mary the Mother of God to bring him safe out again, as well he might, for such was his mood that morning, he refused to wear a disguise; so when he entered Saint Mary's Church and knelt before the altar, everyone saw that it was Robin Hood, with his hair and beard of bright red curls, his hood and hose of Lincoln green, his bow and arrows on his back. Right behind him stood a burly monk with a big head and a black habit and he knew Robin at once; so as soon as he could, he sidled off out of a side door and ran, as fast as his bulk would allow, to the sheriff.

"Bar the gates!" he cried. "That false outlaw Robin Hood is kneeling at mass in Saint Mary's Church. Rise up, sheriff, and take him! He robbed me once of eight hundred pounds and I can never forget it!" "Huh! He's done worse things to me I'll never forget," growled the sheriff, and he rose and gave orders to bar all the gates.

Then he armed himself and made off to the church with many a mother's son, well-armed and white-faced, rattling along beside him through the dusty, crowded streets. In at the church doors they thronged, swords in hand, baying for the blood of Robin Hood, heedless of the sanctity of the church and the screaming of the women and children.

"Oh dear," muttered Robin to an old woman kneeling next to him. "I'm beginning to miss Little John." But he drew his sword, for he would not use his bow in the crowded church, and ran straight to where the sheriff and his men stood thickest. Three times he ran through them, swinging his great sword like a madman and many a mother's son was horribly mutilated that day and six of them died screaming of their wounds that evening; but then his sword broke in two against the stronger steel of the sheriff's helmet, and he was weaponless—so they losed upon him and, because they wanted him alive, they beat him bloody and senseless with the hilts of their swords and threw him into a dark and narrow dungeon deep down under Nottingham castle.

The sheriff received the big-headed monk in the public courtroom and thanked him dryly for giving the outlaw away. "Now go—oh my head!" he said, "and bring this good news to the king, for he alone can decide what to do with Robin Hood." He offered the monk an escort of soldiers but the monk refused, thinking to get all the glory to himself, saying "I'll go alone with only my little pageboy for company and so escape notice."

But Robin Hood had many friends in the town, and word spread like a forest fire that the black monk had betrayed the outlaw and was now on his way to the king in London. So, faster than the wind, a messenger sped to Sherwood and brought the news to the merry men. Then they were not so merry. Some of them wept and wailed and some just sat and stared, but all at once Little John was out of the trees and stood among them.

"Let up your wailing!" said Little John. "For God's sake, you're a gang of outlaws, not a flock of nellies! Robin's been in worse scrapes than this and got away with it. He's served Our Lady many a day, and I trust her not to let him die a wicked death. So stop your puling! I shall take this monk in hand by the might of mild Mary. No, just me and Much will go. The rest of you stay here by the try sting tree and prepare a feast for our return."

Then away ran Much and Little John through the forest, until they came to an old, tumbledown house overlooking the London road. There they hid, Little John keeping watch at a broken window. Soon they heard a clattering of hooves and here came the monk riding over the hill, his great black habit billowing in the wind, his little pageboy riding behind.

"That's the one," said John. "I know him by his wide black hood. It's a shame about the boy, though." The two yeomen stepped out into the highway, humbly and courteously, tugging their forelocks and addressing the monk in friendly tones.

"Beg pardon, good father," said Little John, "but have you any news of that flipping little footpad, Robin Hood? He robbed me of five shillings only this morning, but I hear the good for nothing thief's been taken, thank God." "Ha-hah! He robbed me too," said the monk, "of eight hundred pound and more, but it was I that laid hands on him so you can thank me for it."

"I pray God thank you," said Little John, "and we will when we may—but look, by your leave, we'll go with you for a while, for Robin Hood leads many a wild fellow in these parts and if they knew you were riding this way, they'd slaughter you like sheep."

So as they went on their way, the monk and Little John talking and laughing together like old friends, John held on to the horse's reins, while Much kept an eye on the little pageboy. All of a sudden John reached up and caught hold of the monk's hood and pulled him off his horse, heedless that the wretch fell on his head; for Little John was in a terrible mood and he wrenched out his sword and raised it high above his head. Then the monk saw that he would soon be dead and cried and wept for mercy in a loud, shrill voice. "He was my master that you have brought to grief," said John, "but never shall you tell your tales unto the king."

And John delayed no longer but sliced off the monk's head with one great blow, and Much pulled the little pageboy off the horse and cut off his head too, for fear that he would tell. They buried them both right there, under the moss and the ling and then rode to London on the monk's horse, bearing with them the sheriff's letter. That got them into the king's presence, where Little John went down on one knee, crying boldly, "God save you, my liege!" and handing him the letter.

The king unfolded it and read it and said, "So might I thrive, there is no man in England I longed more to see than you—but where is the monk that should have brought this letter?"

"Ah," said John, "he was killed on the way in an ambush by Robin Hood's men. Only us two got away alive. But his death was worthy of him, I'll swear to that."

"Indeed, yes, well," said the king, "we'll have him buried with due honor in Westminster Abbey." The king then gave Much and Little John twenty pounds a piece, made them yeomen of the crown with livery to boot, and bade them go straight back to the sheriff with sealed orders to bring the famous outlaw alive before the king himself. They took their leave and, on fresh mounts without even stopping for a cup of tea, rode like the wind back to Nottingham, where they found all the gates locked.

John called up to the porter, "Why are all the gates locked?" "Because Robin Hood is here in prison and his outlaws attack us every day, shooting at our men upon the walls!" "Daft buggers," muttered Little John, then called up, "So let us in, you gormless nobby! Don't you recognize the king's livery? We have sealed orders from the king himself concerning Robin Hood!"

The porter hastily let them in, and it wasn't long before they were standing face to face with the sheriff of Nottingham, who doffed his hood as he opened the king's seal and read the letter. Suddenly he said, "Where is the monk who bore my letter?" "Ah," said John, "the king is so fond of him, he's given him a place in Westminster Abbey." That satisfied the sheriff, and that evening he gave them both a slap-up meal, with the best wine and ale in his cellar, during which the sheriff said, "We'll take him to London tomorrow, with three hundred knights and men-at-arms."

And that night, in their quarters, John said to Much, "We can't hope to rescue him tomorrow. We'll have to do it tonight." And as soon as the sheriff was fast asleep, dead drunk as usual on his own wine and ale, the two outlaws made their way openly down into the dungeons. The soldiers on guard recognized the livery of the king and let them through and they came at last to Robin's cell. "Gaoler," whispered Little John, "we have secret orders from the king to slit Robin Hood's throat right now, before he escapes from your incompetent sheriff. You can watch if you like—it'd be something to tell your grandchildren."

But as soon as the gaoler opened the outer door, Little John was upon him and had him pinned to the door by a knife through his throat. John took his keys and opened the inner door and stooped down into the narrow, foul-smelling cell, where they found Robin chained to the wall, lying in filthy, sodden straw. Little John unchained him, and great was their joy at seeing each other, though Robin could not stand. They cleaned him up as best they could and dressed him in the gaoler's clothes and helped him back up the stairs, John grunting, "Change of gaolers— this one drinks too much—almost as much as the sheriff!"

The soldiers roared with laughter and the three outlaws made their way up onto the walls, where they let themselves down by a good strong rope that Much had found in the dungeons; and so they slipped away, in the misty, grey, predawn light, back into the greenwood. And so it was, when the cock began to crow and the day began to break, the sheriff's men found the gaoler dead and Robin Hood gone. Eeeeh, the sheriff was upset. He wept and wailed and tore out his hair and ground his teeth to splinters. "I will never dare come before the king again!" he cried, "for if I do, he will surely hang me!" But when the word came to the king, he said, "Little John fooled the sheriff but, in faith, he fooled me too, else I should have hanged the sheriff. Little John is true to his master and Robin Hood is bound to him for ever but let us speak no more of this, for Little John has fooled us all."

But Robin Hood was in merry Sherwood, as light as leaf on tree; and Little John turned to him and said, "The king has paid me the money you owed me, with interest, God bless him. And I have paid you a good turn for an evil one and brought you back under the greenwood tree. You can pay me when you feel like it. Now fare you well and have a good day." And he turned to go. "Nay, by my truth!" cried Robin Hood. "So shall this never be! I make you the master, here and now, of all my men and me!" "Nay, by my truth!" said Little John. "So shall that never be! Your good fellow and your friend—no other shall I be." Then they embraced and kissed and wept on each other's shoulders; and then they made merry under the fine-spun leaves, feasting on venison pasties with ale and wine and they were glad.

Thus endys the talkyng of the munke,

And Robyn Hode i-wysse.

And God that is ever our own true

Bring vs all to his blisse.

Thus ends the talking of the monk,

And Robin Hood likewise.

And God that is ever our on true king,

Bring us all to his bliss.

Little John and Nottingham Fair

A story from Nottingham retold by Dan Keding

Autumn had come to the forest and with it the cool winds that brought the clear days. The harvest was in, the apples ripe and young and old were getting ready for the long nights and short days of winter. With the fall came the great fair in Nottingham Town that gathered people far and wide to its stalls and entertainment and contests. There would be jugglers and singers, dancers and storytellers, food and drink of all sorts, and contests. The most famous contest would be archery, but also there would be wrestling and quarterstaff, feats of strength and races of both man and beast. Now Robin Hood was not tempted to go to the fair this year. He had already rubbed the sheriff's nose in his own stupidity by winning the archery contest the year before and had no need to do so again. But Little John had other thoughts.

"I have heard that the sheriff has offered such a small prize this year for the archery contest so we would not come to town and claim it for ourselves. I think that I would like to go and test my skill and bring that prize, though small, back to our forest."

"If you must go, John, disguise yourself well for your size and hairy head are well known to the sheriff and his men."

So Little John took off his Lincoln green and dressed himself in scarlet with a deep red jacket and hood to hide his long brown hair and beard and off he went to Nottingham Town. John walked among the booths and the brightly colored tents at the fair. At every turn there was something new to delight the eye, tents filled with music and dancing, others serving ale and sweet cakes, some filled with minstrels singing ballads and telling stories, others serving sausages and fresh baked bread still warm from the oven. John walked among the tents, his great bow and a quiver of arrows slung over his shoulder.

John stood almost a head taller than the tallest man, and his shoulders were broader than any there; many folks cast an eye at his great size, and many a young lady smiled at the handsome youth.

First John stopped to quench his thirst with some brown ale, and he treated all within earshot to a pint. Then he went dancing, leaping high and turning in midair, delighting all who watched. He danced with several young ladies till they could dance no more and everyone declared him a fine man and a great comrade with whom to share a day at the fair. There was a great crowd at the quarterstaff competition, and John made his way there, for he loved to play at the quarterstaff and was known as the master of that martial art. When John reached the ring, he noticed that no one was fighting. Instead, one man was walking up and down and laughing at the men in the crowd, trying to bully them into trying their luck against him. This was Eric of Lincoln, the quarterstaff champion, celebrated in ballad and story for his skill.

"Now is there no man here who will cross staffs with me? No one here who will fight for the love of his lass and prove his courage? I was right to believe that the men of Nottingham are feeble and weak-kneed when compared to those of us from Lincoln." Eric smirked and pranced around the ring like a rooster while all the men of Nottingham avoided his gaze and stared at their feet.

The few who had tried their luck in the ring were nursing sore heads and bruised bodies. Eric spied John in the crowd and saw that he was head and shoulders above the others.

"You, the long-legged fellow in scarlet, are you afraid to cross staffs with me today? Your shoulders are broad, but is your head hard enough to take a blow from my staff? Are you like the rest of these faint-hearted men of Nottingham, or will you give me a fight?" Little John stared at Eric of Lincoln for a moment, but it seemed to last a lifetime.

Finally he spoke. "Yes, I'll give you a match. I wish I had my own good staff here and it would sing through the air like an arrow as it journeyed toward your head, but I'm sure that there's a fine man here who will lend me his own quarterstaff so I can teach you a lesson in humility."

Several men held out their staffs, and John examined each till he found one that came close to his liking. "It's more like a splinter of wood in my hands, but it will do for this fellow." Eric of Lincoln laughed and said, "Well spoken—for a man soon to be beaten." John vaulted the railing that surrounded the ring and landed lightly on his feet. He seemed almost too quick for a man of his size. Each man walked slowly around the other sizing him up and looking for a weakness in his defense.

"Watch closely, men of Nottingham, as I carve up your hero." Eric moved quickly and struck.

Though he was skillful his blow was easily turned aside. Once, twice, and three times he attacked Little John, but the strikes were turned aside first to the left then the right as if John were giving a lesson rather than engaged in a duel. Then almost in a blink of an eye, he backhanded Eric beneath his guard and rapped him on the head, sending him reeling backwards. As Eric stopped to gather his wits, a shout went up from the people of Nottingham. As Eric came back toward the center of the ring, he was more cautious and kept out of John's considerable range.

But the longer they fought the angrier Eric of Lincoln became, and soon he began to strike at John so quickly that it sounded like rain pounding on the roof. But each blow was turned aside, and with each parry Eric became even angrier and more daring till John saw his opening. He rapped Eric on the head once, then twice, then slipping his left hand down the staff, he swung it in a huge arc. It landed on Eric's head, and he crumpled to the ground. John bent down and whispered

something in his ear, and to the cheers of the audience he left the ring, handed the staff back to its owner, and melted into the crowd of fairgoers. Several folk helped Eric to his feet. Eric looked as if he'd seen a ghost.

"What did he say to you when you fell?" one man asked.

"He told me there was no shame in being beaten by Little John."

The people looked for their hero, but he had left his red jacket and hood hanging from a tree and had disappeared into the green woods once more.

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