

The Saga of

SIR PERCIVAL RIBBIT



A fable for both adults and children

by Donald E. Werve, Jr.

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Released specifically for inclusion into *The World of Wainright: Third Edition* in March, 2007.

Illustrations from Wikipedia.com

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The Saga of Sir Percival Ribbit

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Many years ago, in a British shire known as South Umberland, which is directly and due south of North Umberland--there being no Umberland proper (or improper for that matter), there lived a handsome young knight known far and wide as Sir Percival Ribbit.

Sir Percival was known far and wide as being the perfect model of the chivalrous knight. He spent his days engaged in selfless single combat with deadly dragons and performing in jousting contests to prepare him for this brave pursuit. As darkness fell, he continued with his knightly duties protecting the local citizens and rescuing fair damsels in distress (whether they knew they were actually in distress or not). He was not given to excesses of any sort and was, in fact, respected and well thought of by all.

Throughout his early years of knighthood, Sir Percival dedicated himself to his

proper knightly pursuits and quests. He continued to spend his days engaged in selfless single combat with deadly dragons and performing in jousting contests with other knights to prepare him for this brave pursuit. As darkness fell, he continued with his knightly duties protecting the local citizens and rescuing fair damsels in distress (whether they knew they were actually in distress or not).



But having once observed the twentieth anniversary of his birth (you have to remember that in the middle ages, being beyond your twentieth year you were seen as being middle aged) he decided it was his time to settle down. He met a fair, raven-haired wench and, in the course of due time, they were married. For a time, Sir Percival abandoned his knightly pursuits of protecting the local citizens and rescuing fair damsels in distress (whether they were knew they were actually in distress or not).

Unbeknownst to Sir Percival, his bride held a dark secret. It appears that she was, in addition to being beautiful and talented, a practitioner of the darker arts. *In other words, she was a witch.*

Well, old habits are not easily ignored and each knight of the realm was charged to spend his days engaged in selfless combat with deadly dragons and performing in jousting contests with other knights to prepare him for this brave endeavor. And as darkness fell, he continued on with his knightly quests, protecting the local citizens and rescuing fair damsels in distress (whether they were in distress or not). And his reputation continued to grow.

Until one day when his wife visited with him and said to him, "Percival, I am displeased with your continued pursuit of knightly quests and insist that you refrain from their continuance. If you persist in continuing in these pursuits, I shall be disposed to punish you harshly."

Needless to say, and despite his bravery, Percival was not about to explore her meaning. So, once again, he settled into the duties of the lord of the realm and he and his wife lived peacefully for several months...

But as before, old habits are not easily ignored and each knight of the realm was charged to spend his days engaged in selfless single combat with deadly dragons and performing in jousting contests with other knights to prepare him

for this brave pursuit. And as darkness fell, he continued on with his knightly quests, protecting the local citizens and rescuing fair damsels in distress (whether they were in distress or not). And his reputation continued to grow.

And after several months his wife again visited with him and said to him, "Percival, I am most displeased with your continued pursuit of knightly quests and again insist that you refrain from their continuance. Consider this a final warning. Should you persist in continuing in these pursuits, I shall punish you harshly, nay, severely!"

Percival knew from her words and the tones in which she spoke, that her warning was a promise of most fearsome and dire consequences. And, once again, he settled into the duties of the lord of the realm and he and his wife lived peacefully for nigh onto a year...

Until, as before, the old habits were not easily ignored and he felt that his duties as a knight of the realm charged him to spend his days engaged in selfless single combat with deadly dragons and performing in jousting contests with other knights to prepare him for this brave pursuit. And as darkness fell, he continued on with his knightly quests, protecting the local citizens and rescuing fair damsels in distress (whether they were in distress or not).

His reputation continued to grow.

Until his wife again visited with him and said unto him, "Percival, I am most displeased and saddened with your continued pursuit of knightly quests and have warned you twice that you refrain from their continuance. There can be no third warning."

And with that, she invoked an ancient spell and turned Sir Percival into a greenish-blackish-warty frog! From that day he could only speak his last name ... but this is neither the end nor the moral of the story.

We all know that the frog-prince spell can only be broken when the frog is kissed by a beautiful princess. But Percival has a unique problem.

You see, that is how Sir Percival became a frog to begin with!

