

How he survived at the royal table

By J B Leftwich

You say you have a story I should write and you think others will be interested in reading about you?

“Yes. Yes, I do. I think so, anyway.”

You were once a knight? What kind of a knight? A Knight of Columbus?

“Oh, no. I’m not even a Catholic. You gotta understand I was a royal knight serving his majesty, the king.”

A royal knight? You served a genuine king? Ever slay any dragons?

“Oh, no. No dragons. There were no dragons in our kingdom. You see, ours was a very small kingdom.

But you did ride a white horse and do battle in full armor.

“No. No, I never rode a white horse, but I used to take care of the royal donkey.”

You took care of him. Like feeding him, I guess.

“I fed him most of the time, but I had other duties, too.”

You were a stable boy?

“That’s not what the king called me. My title was Director of Sanitation and Fertilization. I fertilized the royal garden.”

Were you a knight of the Round Table?

“Well, no. The king couldn’t afford a round table. We were a very small kingdom. We just used the kitchen table. We were famous as Knights of the Kitchen Table. But I had another job”

Tell me about it.

“I wrote the word ‘Rats’ on political campaign posters. In invisible ink.”

Invisible ink? But nobody without highly sophisticated technical equipment could read it.

“Yeah. Well, the king didn’t know that, you see.”

How many knights were there?

“There were five. I was one of five. The others were sons of the king.”

Were they famous knights? Did they fight great battles? Go on any crusades? What were their names?

“They were not famous. Their names were Sir Tainly, Sir Mon, Sir Emony and Sir Bobby. They didn’t crusade. Mostly, they fought among themselves.”

Sir Bobby? Knight Bobby? Surely Knight Bobby was a fighter?

“Well, yes he was. He was the royal soccer coach. Once he lost his temper and threw the royal throne across the soccer field.”

The royal throne? The king’s royal chair?

“Not exactly. It was more like the royal commode. Sir Bobby had a lot of trouble with his temper. He got kicked off the Royal Kitchen Table for grabbing a peasant by the arm.”

What provoked that?

“Not much, I guess. The peasant yelled at him.”
Yelled what?

“Something like, ‘What’s up, Knight?’”

You had a queen, I suppose.

“Yes, we did. A beautiful queen. Her name was Guinna V.”

Guinna the Fifth?

“No. Guinna Vee. But she had an affair with the foreman of the royal garment factory where she worked, and the king booted her out.”

Your queen had a job? The king couldn’t support his own queen?

“We were a very small kingdom.”

What did the Queen Guinna V do at the royal garment factory?

“She was a seamstress. She sewed protest messages on school uniforms.”

Was there enough demand for a seamstress just to sew on protest patches?

“Actually, there wasn’t. We were a small kingdom, you know. She only had two customers during her entire career. But she also was a gifted writer.”

What did she write?

“She wrote messages for the protest patches.”

What were the messages?

“There was only one message on two uniforms. It said: ‘I wish I had a soccer jersey instead of this dumb T-shirt.’”

What did the king think of the protest?

“He was pretty upset about it because it cost him a lot of money in the royal federal court, but Judge Nix Johnson said it was o.k. It worked out for her. The queen got a job home schooling the two protesters.”

And you are the only survivor of this table of knights?

“That is correct. I am the only survivor. All of the others have already said ‘Good night.’”

Well, Sir knight, you have a pretty interesting story here, but what is your name, and how can I verify your data?

“My name is Vivor. Just take my word on the facts.”

You have only one name? Vivor?

“Yes, we were a very poor kingdom.”

In the story, what shall I call you? Knight Vivor?

“No, please don’t.”

What then?

“I prefer: Sir Vivor.”

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