The Canterbury Tales by Geoffrey Chaucer

retold in snippets of 101 words – 35/62

the Franklin's prologue

The old noble Bretons made lays of "diverse aventures" in their first Breton tongue "Which layes with hir instruments they songe" or read for pleasure, and I remember one of them which I shall tell. But, Sirs, because I am an unlearned man, first I beseech you to forgive me my rude speech. I never learned rhetoric. What I speak must be plain and bare. I never slept on Mont Parnassus nor studied Marcus Tullius Cicero. I know no colours other than such as grow in the meadow or men dye or paint. The colours of rhetoric are unknown to me.

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