

# Transcript

Welcome to Easy Stories in English, the podcast that will take your English from OK to Good, and from Good to Great.

I am Ariel Goodbody, your host for this show. Today's story is for intermediate learners. The name of the story is *Sir Gawain and the Green Knight*. This is parts three and four. You can find a transcript of the episode at [EasyStoriesInEnglish.com/Gawain2](https://EasyStoriesInEnglish.com/Gawain2). That's [EasyStoriesInEnglish.com/Gawain2](https://EasyStoriesInEnglish.com/Gawain2). There, you can also download the episode as a PDF.

I'll just start with a summary of what happened in parts one and two.

In part one of *Sir Gawain and the Green Knight*, the Green Knight came to Camelot and challenged King Arthur to a game. One of his knights must come forward and give him a blow with his axe. If he survives, then in a year's time, the knight must travel to the Green Chapel and receive a blow in return from the Green Knight.

Sir Gawain accepts the challenge and chops off the Green Knight's head. However, the Green Knight survives, and so Gawain will have to come and find him.

In part two, Gawain goes in search of the Green Chapel. His travels take him near Tintagel, the castle where Arthur, and his sister Morgan le Fay, were born. He hears a strange story from an old man about Arthur's father, Uther, which says that Uther used a magic potion to trick Lady Igraine and pretend to be her husband.

After this, Gawain travels north and finds a wonderful castle. There, he meets the lord and lady of the castle, and a young lady who spends her time with an old hag. Gawain asks the lord if he can stay there, as his journey has been long and hard, and the lord invites him to stay over Christmas. The lord tells him that the Green Chapel is nearby, and on New Year's day, he will take Gawain there.

He also makes a deal with Gawain. In the mornings, the lord will go hunting with his men, and Gawain will spend time with the lady of the castle. Afterwards, the lord will give Gawain the spoils of the hunt, and Gawain will give the lord whatever he has won.

OK, I'll just explain some words that are in part three.

**Solely** means only. For example, when you start a job your boss might tell you that you're solely responsible for sweeping the floor. Sounds pretty boring!

**Banter** is when you joke around with your friends, insulting each other but not trying to hurt each other's feelings. Banter is a very important part of British culture. We love to joke about, and it's often how we make and deepen friendships. We even have workplace banter, which stops things from getting too serious.

When you **flatter** someone, you say lots of nice things about them. Usually, flattery is used to get someone to like you. When someone gives you a nice compliment, such as, 'You're such a good writer, Ariel,' you might say, 'Oh, you flatter me!'

**Triumph** means to win. When someone acts **triumphantly**, they are acting like they have just defeated a whole army by themselves.

**Handsome** usually means attractive, but it can also mean 'a lot'. For example, your business might make a handsome profit, or you might win a handsome sum of money.

**Wild boars** are a type of wild pig. Pigs are pink, but boars have thick brown hair and huge teeth called tusks. Boars are very rare in the UK now, and they are quite dangerous.

When you **long for** something, you want it very badly. Usually, we talk about longing for a person, when you are completely in love with them but they don't even notice you.

Personally, I long to be able to eat the right amount of sweets, not so much that I feel sick, which is what usually happens...

**Coarse** means rough. When we talk about a person being coarse, it means they have bad manners and use bad language.

**Prey** is animals that are hunted and killed by other animals. Animals that hunt prey are called predators. For example, mice are the prey of cats.

A **vow** is a very important promise that you make, usually in front of other people. For example, knights vow to be chivalrous and chaste, and to always protect the weak. Doctors vow to never harm their patients.

When clocks move, they make a sound *tick tock*. So we say that clocks **tick**, or that time ticks by.

A **sin** is an action that is considered morally wrong, usually in religion. For example, in Christianity, killing people, stealing and lying are all serious sins. Most people would agree that these things are bad, but a sin is something more serious. The idea is that God judges you for your sins. A person who sins a lot is a sinner.

OK, so listen and enjoy!

## Sir Gawain and the Green Knight

### Part Three

The next morning, the lord of the castle rose early, went to mass and then headed out for the hunt. All the animals ran in fear at the sound of the hunters and their dogs, but the lord and his men did not slow down. They chased the female deer, but let the male deer run free, as there was a law in the land that prohibited killing male deer at this time of year.

Meanwhile, Gawain lay comfortable in bed, and woke up in the late hours of the morning. But he did not rise, enjoying the warmth of the fire and the rays of sun shining on his bed, after the long, cold months of travelling.

The lady of the castle went quietly into the room, opening and closing the door without a sound. She stood there by the entrance, waiting to see if Gawain would move. Although Gawain was awake, he wished to remain in peace and quiet a little longer, so he pretended to be asleep. The lady could not believe this, and went right up to his bed. With a wicked smile, she sat at the end of the bed, trapping his legs beneath her.

After a few minutes, Gawain could see that there was no way out of this. So he pretended to wake up, **yawning** leisurely, and then let out a little 'Oh!' of surprise when he saw her.

*'The wonderful Gawain, awake at last!*

*But you're taken by a trap, a terrible trick!*

*This knight is now mine.'*

Gawain laughed, and spoke.

*'Dear lady, you're as funny as you're sweet.*

*But won't you let this knight get to his feet?*

*I have a face to wash and clothes to change.*

*And the servants have my bed to arrange.'*

The lady smiled her wicked smile again.

*'I've told you, you're trapped!*

*Your loveliness belongs to the lady, as all the doors are locked.*

*The servants are sweeping outside. It's solely us here, sweet.*

*So I'll bar you in bed, and if my banter's not brilliant*

*I'll bargain with my body.'*

*'Your beauty is priceless, so to bargain is to cheat.*

*But please, my dear, let me at least move my feet.'*

*'But your feet are so fine, I refuse to set them free.'*

*'It's an honour, dear lady, to have you flatter me*

*but you're the one with silken hands.*

*Oh, how I'd love to see you stand!*

Their banter continued in this way for quite a while. But the lady refused to leave Gawain.

*'Can it be that a boy with a background in Camelot  
is really so rude, a rider of lies?*

*You say you are chivalrous, you shine like the sun  
but if you were kind, you would call for a kiss.*

*Is that not what knights are known for?'*

*'You've trapped me again, your attacks never miss.*

*So please give this sunshiney knight just one kiss.'*

The lady smiled triumphantly and kissed Gawain's forehead, before finally letting him go.

Gawain got up, washed and got dressed. Then he went to mass and spent the rest of the day with the young lady and the hag. The young lady was eager to please, and made very good conversation, but the old hag still said nothing.

That evening, the lord came home with his spoils: a pile of dead deer.

*'So you see, Sir Gawain, I've struggled and sliced!*

*The deal will be done: these are your deer.*

*And what have you won for me?'*

Gawain took the lord by the head and kissed him.

*'A sunny surprise! I'm sick with excitement.*

*Tell me the tale of taking this kiss.'*

*'Ah, but my lord, those were not the terms of our game!*

*I agreed to exchange gifts, not to tell you from where they came.'*

The lord laughed.

*'You are wise, Gawain, and I wish you well tomorrow.*

*I'll hunt with my heart. The spoils, I hope, will be as handsome as today's.'*

So the house went to dinner, and Gawain ate and drank with the lord and the lady, until he was full of food and joy and could sleep easy.

The next day, the lord went once again to mass, and then off to the hunt. This time, they rode for quite a while without finding anything, but then suddenly they

spotted a **wild boar**. They chased the boar into the woods and up a hill, firing arrows at it. Several arrows hit the boar, but the animal was so strong that it kept running.

Meanwhile, Gawain lay comfortably in bed. Once again, the lady came to visit him, and this time he did not pretend to be asleep, but stayed in bed and waited for her to sit on top of him. Then he wished her good morning.

*'You've forgotten your goodness, the glory of knights.*

*You're supposed to pray and be blessed with kisses from lovely ladies who **long for** your love.*

*But I've come in and you haven't requested a kiss!*

*I prayed in the morning, and wished for a kiss*

*but I was afraid my desires would miss.*

*If you had said no and our trust was then broken*

*it would have been better to never have spoken.'*

*'But think for a moment, your arms are so thick.*

*Your strength is unstoppable. The answer's so simple.*

*Just take me like treasure, at least you should try.'*

*'Of course I could take what I wanted by force*

*but at the Round Table we consider that **coarse**.*

*I won't lay a hand on you, deal you a threat.*

*I won't steal a gift, ever make you upset.'*

The lady smiled, defeated, and laid a kiss on Gawain's cheek.

*'You've learned of love enough to lead lectures.*

*The strongest shape of chivalry, I'm obsessed with it so.*

*Still I'm stupider than a schoolboy. Won't you share your secrets?'*

*'You flatter me once again, but I detect a lie*

*here you are the teacher, much wiser than I.*

*To be around you is an honour, to banter and play.*

*When I know as much as you, that'll be a sweet day.'*

The lady smiled, kissed Gawain on the forehead, and left. Gawain got up, and once again went to mass and spent the day with the young lady and the hag.

The young lady mentioned she was born in Tintagel, which reminded Gawain of the awful story he'd heard about Uther the Great using a potion to trick Igraine, the mother of Arthur and Morgan le Fay. Lady Igraine died when the girl was young, but she had a strong impression of her. She referred to Igraine as 'the mad lady', and the hag, who was usually so quiet, told her off and said to speak of her with respect. Igraine had been Gawain's grandmother, after all, although this did not seem to be the reason why the old woman was angry. Gawain quickly changed the subject.

That evening, the lord of the castle came in with the wild boar, which was filled with holes from where arrows had struck it.

*'I pray I've not disappointed by picking this **prey**.*

*Your spoils are surely sweeter, great Sir Gawain.'*

Gawain kissed the lord on the cheek and then on the head.

*'Well, well! Your wealth grows wider and wider.*

*If you continue on this track, you'll **triumph** with thousands of treasures.'*

Gawain only smiled, and did not reveal where his wealth had come from.

The next morning, a thick frost hung in the air. The lord went to mass, and rode out with his men. But the cold slowed them down, and all the animals they found ran away. Finally, they spotted a fox, and chased after it. The creature was fast, and they rode for a long time, chasing the animal through trees and bushes.

Meanwhile, Gawain lay in bed, but he did not sleep peacefully. He was having a nightmare about the Green Knight. When the lady came in to wake him, she saw him turning in his bed, an expression of worry on his face. The lady could not bear to see him in such a state, so she took his face and kissed him on the lips to free him from his nightmare.

*'Oh, what a pleasant surprise to awake to you!  
Your jewels are brilliant, and your eyes are, too.  
You shine like the sun and chase away the dark  
and still on my lips I feel your warm mark.'*

They bantered in their usual way, but with the emotions of the nightmare and the warmth of the lady's kiss, Gawain struggled to remain chivalrous. Yet he did not want to betray the lord, who had been so good to him.

The lady seemed to be aware of this, and teased him more than usual.

*'I find I'm full of fear, that you feel for another.  
You've lain with a lover, a lucky young lady.  
Do I deceive myself? Or is it so?  
If you lack a lover, then let yourself go.  
Make love to this lonely lady, who longs for Gawain.  
You're the schoolmaster of sex, so don't feel ashamed.'  
'If you were alone I would take you right now  
but I've love for the lord and I've made knightly **vows.'***

*'Then I'll bargain a bit, make you bring me a gift.  
As a friend, I feel, you owe me a favour of lips.'  
So Gawain kissed the lady's hand in friendship.  
'I'm not satisfied still, want more soup for my supper.  
In not long you'll be leaving. I'll have little to remind me  
of the time that **ticked** away between us. A token  
of your feelings, affection, would be fire for the frosty days.'*

*'I'm afraid, my dear lady, I brought nothing of worth  
when I travelled from Camelot across the hard earth.*

*No beautiful token, no wonderful jewels.*

*If only I'd known. I feel such a fool.'*

*'Let the girl be the giver, then, I'll grant you a gift.  
Take this ring as you ride, it's richer than a rose.'*

*'A ring so fine could never be mine.*

*It's more than I ever deserve.'*

*'Too beautiful? Bah! Take my belt, you big boy.*

*It's sewn with green silk, it shines in the sun.'*

*'If it has such a shine, then the belt is too fine.*

*I assure you, I'll remember you, token or not.'*  
*'It shines with a secret, a special surprise.*  
*That old hag in the hall had her hands on it, hear.*  
*When the master had made it, she moved her mouth and magic came out.*  
*She blessed the belt, put in a bonus.*  
*When you wear it, you'll be well, whatever weapon attacks you.*  
*This piece will protect you, I pray you accept it.'*

Gawain remembered his nightmare about the Green Knight, and he knew that he needed the belt. So he let the lady remove it and give it to him.

*'Just one wish I have, when you wear this piece of my wardrobe.*  
*My husband must not hear, it's a secret from him.'*  
*'I shall not speak a word of it*  
*I'll hide the belt beneath my kit.'*

The lady gave Gawain one last kiss on the forehead and said goodbye.

Gawain got up and dressed, hiding the belt beneath his clothes as he had promised. Then he went to mass and confessed his sins to the priest. As he sat with the young lady and the old hag afterwards, he felt like he had met the hag already, some time before he came to the castle. But he could not remember where, and decided the stress of his nightmare must have made his thinking strange.

When the lord returned that evening, Gawain immediately went to him. He kissed him on the lips, the hand and the forehead.

*'My debt is paid, our bargain made.*  
*Those were the spoils I won today.'*  
The lord was surprised.  
*'Strong spoils you've shown me. I can't do the same.*  
*The only thing we found today was this fast little fox.'*  
*'Still I thank you, good friend, for what you have given*  
*I'm ready to go; my sins are forgiven.*  
*The Green Chapel awaits.'*

*'I previously promised I'd guide you to the Green*  
*But tomorrow, my man, I've matters to manage*  
*so my servant, the surest, will steer you to safety.*  
*Though the Chapel is terrible and there none are safe.'*

Gawain thanked the lord and went to say goodbye to all the people of his castle. As he spoke to the young lady, she cried. When he said goodbye to the old hag, she hugged him, which surprised him. She felt his side, and her hand passed over the belt which the lady had given him. The old hag smiled at him, and it made him feel sick.

Gawain's feet did not jump with joy as he headed to bed, as they had done the past few nights. He knew no sweet banter or gifts from the lord awaited him in the morning.

No, now he was finally to face the Green Knight, and most likely, his death.

## END OF PART THREE

OK, I'll just explain some words that are in part four.

**Tact** is a social skill. If you have tact, you are very sensitive about not hurting other people's emotions. Of course, many people are tactless and say things that will hurt others.

When you **dodge** something, you avoid it, you move so that it can't hit you. For example, if someone throws a knife at you, you will probably jump to the side so that you can dodge the knife. If you don't dodge it, it will hit you, and that will hurt!

A **fellow** is a person. For example, if you see someone you don't know at work, you might say, 'Who's this fellow here?' although this is a bit tactless.

When you are usually strong, but are temporarily weak, you **waver**. For example, maybe a couple has been married for thirty years and has never cheated on each other, but the wife meets a very attractive woman and, for a moment, she wavers. She considers cheating on her husband.

When you **flinch**, you make a sudden movement. You flinch when something surprises you, and you are scared or in pain. For example, if your friend jumps out of the dark to scare you, you might flinch. If you touch a very hot pan, you might flinch because it hurts you.

A **nick** is a small cut. If you nick yourself, you are not seriously hurt.

**Wreck** means to ruin, to destroy. If you plan a great outdoor party but then it rains, your plans are wrecked.

**Bind**, and the past tense is **bound**, means to tie something very tightly so that it doesn't move or fall off. If you have a prisoner and you don't want them to escape, you bind their wrists.

**Decrepit** means old and worn. If you talk about a person being decrepit, it means that they are old and in bad health, but it is a very tactless way to say so.

**Immortal** means that you are not mortal, you cannot die. In stories and legends, gods are often immortal. Some people want to attain immortality, to become immortal so that they never die.

When you **make a mockery** of someone, you do something to make them look very stupid and feel ashamed of themselves. For example, you might pour a bucket of water all over your teacher so that everyone laughs at them. That's making a mockery of them.

When you make a pretend version of something, that is a **sham**. For example, if you are married to a famous person so that they can look happy in the newspapers, but actually the marriage is miserable, that is a sham marriage. If you're famous for your skills at a sport, but secretly you're very bad at that sport, then you are a sham.

**Noble** people are people with very good morals. Traditionally, it was nobles, lords and ladies, who were supposed to act noble. These days, anyone can be noble, but it takes a lot of patience and goodness to be a truly noble person.

When you say that you **owe something to yourself**, it means that you feel you should really do it, as you know it would be good for you. For example, if you've been learning English for years and years, you really owe it to yourself to travel to an



English-speaking country so you can really put your language into practice. Many people owe it to themselves to quit smoking, as it damages their health.

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OK, so listen and enjoy!

## Part Four

It snowed in the night, and Gawain could not sleep. The knight looked out the window, watching the snow fall like jewels. It reminded him of the lady's belt, which she said would protect him from the Green Knight. But could anything stop that monster?

In the morning, Gawain dressed in his armour, hiding the lady's belt beneath, and kissed the pentagram on his shield for luck. He went to mass, said his last prayers, and headed outside while it was still early. The lord's servant accompanied him, and they rode through the snow which still fell gently. They passed through a dark forest, until finally they came to a tall hill. Then the servant turned to him.

*'Advice you won't be wanting, will you?*

*But take this tip; throw it if you think it **tactless**.*

*The Green Knight will knife you to nothing.*

*No deer could **dodge** him; his danger's undoubtable.*

*No boar could beat him; that bargain's broken.*

*No fox could fool him; that **fellow's** fearless.*

*Even Uther would be unable to attack that Devil's offspring.*

*Run away, Sir Gawain, and wish you'd never made war with him.'*

Gawain shook his head.

*'Your words are kind, you speak them with **tact***

*but I could not permit such a cowardly act.*

*I'll go to my death if that is my fate.*

*I've lived a long life. The spoils were great.'*

So the servant showed Gawain the path he must follow, and the knight rode down into the valley. He followed the path, which seemed to lead nowhere, until he saw a great green hill in the distance, by a wild river. As he came closer, he saw that there was a cave inside the hill.

When he looked inside, he knew that this was the Green Chapel. The cave was small, and had a horrible darkness to it.

*'This place is a chapel but not to a god.*

*If I didn't know him, I'd think it were odd*



*but prayers in this room are made out to the Devil.*

*The Green Knight's evil is on another level.'*

As he finished speaking, he heard the sound outside of a horse coming near. Then there was a great cry, which sounded like the earth was tearing itself in two. Gawain went outside, and saw the Green Knight standing on the other side of the field, carrying his huge axe.

*'Well, well, Sir Gawain did not waver in his words!*

*You've come to the Chapel, you've chosen to be killed  
unless you can live through a lick of my lady.'*

The knight touched his axe and laughed. Gawain felt sick.

*'Let's not delay or waver this late.*

*I've confessed all my sins and prepared for this fate.*

*I give my neck and await my destruction.*

*I've followed each one of your wicked instructions.'*

Gawain got to his knees, took off his helmet and revealed his neck. The Green Knight came over and held the axe in the air. Then, with the strength of the Devil himself, he swung the axe down. Just before the axe touched Gawain's neck, he flinched, and the knight stopped the blow before it landed.

*'This fellow has flinched, he's filled with fear!*

*The instructions were simple, but you struggle to be still.'*

*'Apologies, Green Knight, I couldn't control it.*

*I held onto bravery but cowardice stole it.*

*So swing once again to make up for the flinch.*

*I won't move my body down to the last inch.'*

So the Green Knight raised the axe again and swung it down. This time, Gawain did not flinch, but still, the knight stopped at the last moment. Gawain grew angry.

*'What games are you playing? Oh, why did you stop?*

*Forget your performance and let the axe drop!'*

The knight did not say anything, only grunted and raised his axe another time. This time, when he brought it down, it did strike Gawain, but the swing was poor. The axe did not strike directly, but instead struck to the side. It nicked Gawain's neck, making a deep, bloody cut, but leaving the man alive.

Immediately Gawain jumped up and put his helmet back on.

*'I've taken your blow, the bargain is past!*

*My death did not come, but I did as you asked.*

*So now I go free with a nick on my neck.*

*I'm sorry, Green Knight, your revenge is wrecked.'*

The Green Knight chuckled. There was something familiar about his voice. Then, as if he had taken a mask off, his face changed. Gawain gasped.

*'I nicked your neck, but it's not a mistake.*

*You recognise me, right? You arrived to me riding.*

*Lord Bertilak's before you, Bertilak de Hautdesert.*

*You lived on my land, laughed with my lady.*

*The swings I just swung each stand for*

*the gifts that I gave you, and the gifts that I gained.  
At the first, you flinched, a feature of fear.  
You love to be alive like lords love their ladies  
but I couldn't quite kill you, as you gave me that kiss.  
The second was the same, I swung but I stopped.  
You broke not the bargain, my blow would not beat you.  
The third time you tricked me, you told me a lie.  
You borrowed a belt, bound it to your body  
but it stayed a secret, you should have supplied it.  
So I struck to the side, to show that you struggled.  
You survived, that's a victory, but you threatened your vows.  
I wanted my wife to make wild Sir Gawain,  
to show all his sins, to send him to shame,  
to see if there's chivalry in Camelot's name.'*

Gawain could not believe it. He pulled off his armour and threw the belt on the ground.

*'I thank you for saving me, though I was wicked.  
I threatened my vows, you're right, I admit it.  
I throw off this belt as I count up my sins.  
It seems, though I lived, de Hautdesert wins.'*  
*'Your sins have been sliced like a sword through a snake.  
That mark on your neck will memories make.'*  
*'This mark is to punish me, but I need to be clean.  
The belt will remind me what I've learned on this Green.  
So I'll wear it forever to show where I've been.  
But tell me, dear knight, how did you survive?  
When I cut off your head, how did you not die?'*  
*'The story is strange. It starts with the sister  
of Arthur, Miss Morgan le Fay, who knows magic.  
She came to the castle looking cold and decrepit.  
She hid herself as a hag; you know who.  
Like a dog, I fear death, so she did me a deal.  
"I'll make you immortal and you'll make a mockery  
of the court of King Arthur. We'll kill all their chivalry.  
Good Guinevere will gasp, and go to her grave.  
The chivalry will be shaken, the sham will be shown."'*  
Gawain was confused.

*'I understand why you would choose immortality  
but what is confusing is Morgan's morality.  
What does she gain from bringing Arthur to shame?  
The man is brother, their blood is the same.'*

But at the word 'blood', Gawain realised something. Morgan's magic hadn't come from nowhere. It had come from her father, who had sired her with a magic potion in

his blood. That meant the awful story Gawain had heard was true. Uther had taken Igraine before her husband Gorlois had died. He had broken his vows.

*'Understanding is spelt in that stare on your face.  
Yes, Uther the Great took Igraine as Lord Gorlois.  
The noblest of knights can be knocked down to nothing  
by the simplest of sins: desire for sex.  
But I'd heard of the holiness in the halls of Camelot,  
did not like to believe that the lords are all liars.  
I took part in the plan that le Fay had proposed  
but I said, "If the swordsmen are chivalrous,  
if the knights are noble, if the holiness holds,  
then I'll stop my swing, and save him,  
the brave one who brings me his body and bends it.  
Now I see that the chivalry's stronger than in stories.  
It burns not in blood, is not brought out in birth,  
but in tact and good acts, you tell me your worth.  
I thank you, good fellow. You've made le Fay a fool.  
I regret my involvement. She made me her tool.'  
'It is I who should be thanking you  
as you've revealed to me a hidden truth.  
I'll go home and tell Arthur to ride  
to return to his sister's side  
to hear her side of the story  
to put aside Camelot's glory  
to let the scars be healed  
to honour the cross on his shield.  
Goodbye, Green Knight, to Camelot I go.  
How much you've changed me, I'm not sure you'll ever know.'*

And so Gawain left the Green Chapel, and Lord Bertilak returned to his castle. Gawain's journey to Camelot was much faster than his trip there, as he knew the way to go.

When he saw the walls of the castle rising in the distance, his heart was filled with joy. He had longed to return, though he hadn't known it.

The knights of the Round Table heard him coming, and all ran out to greet him. The wound on his neck had healed into a thick scar, and they all demanded to hear the story, so Gawain told them, showing them the belt which he still wore beneath his armour.

When Gawain told them that he planned to wear the belt forever to remind him of his sins, the other knights said they would all have identical belts made and wear them under their armour, as well.

The only two who did not look so happy to see Gawain were Arthur and Guinevere. He explained to them everything with Morgan le Fay, and suggested that Arthur go and see his sister.

Guinevere spoke before Arthur could answer.

*'That woman is wicked! She wanted to kill me.  
It is she who should feel guilty.  
Arthur has nothing to apologise for.'*  
But Arthur shook his head.  
*'Gawain is right, we must put the past behind us  
or else let the darkness blind us.  
I am glad to hear my sister is not dead  
although her heart has clearly bled.  
If Gawain can take an axe to the neck and survive  
then I owe it to myself at least to try.'*

A year and a day later, Arthur and Gawain rode out of Camelot towards the castle of Bertilak de Hautdesert. They had told Bertilak and Morgan le Fay of their coming, but so far, they had not heard word from Arthur's sister. This would be the truest test of the king's chivalry, but what is life without trials?

## THE END

Thank you so much for listening to this story. It was quite an ambitious project for me, and I wasn't sure what people would think of it. So I'd love to hear your comments. Come over to the transcript at [EasyStoriesInEnglish.com/Gawain2](https://EasyStoriesInEnglish.com/Gawain2), go to the comments section at the bottom and let me know what you thought of it.

And also thank you all for being such loyal listeners throughout the year of 2022! It really means a lot to me, given that I took a long break from the podcast. In fact, the podcast now has more listeners than EVER!

And don't worry, I will be continuing into 2023. I'm going to keep doing one episode every two weeks, as this rhythm works really well for me, and allows me to spend more time on each story.

I hope you've enjoyed my work from the past few months. If you have any comments about the podcast, or just want to say 'thank you' or ask me a question, you can send me an email at [Ariel@EasyStoriesInEnglish.com](mailto:Ariel@EasyStoriesInEnglish.com).

Have a fantastic holiday season, and I'll see you on the third of January, 2023!

If you enjoyed the story and want to say thank you, you can buy me a coffee on [Ko-Fi](#). Just go to [EasyStoriesInEnglish.com](https://EasyStoriesInEnglish.com) and click the orange button that says [Buy me a coffee!](#) Or you can write me a nice review on Apple Podcasts, or follow me on [Instagram](#) and [Twitter](#), [@arielgoodbody](#). Thank you for listening, and see you in two weeks!