

#### 4- Büşra SATIM

##### A Letter from the Clerk to His Mother

To My Dear Mother,

I am on the way to the shrines of Saint Thomas Beckett. There are a lot of people here whom I have never interacted before: the Friar, the Summoner, the Squire, the Shipman, the Manciple, the Plowman and so on. We met at the Tabard inn in Southwark. The host of the inn proposes a competition of telling tales. I listen to the stories told, you know me, it's my job to listen and think deeply. Everyone's mentality and world-view are different from each other. I am silent during this journey and all the time I am thinking about everything which I see. I am pondering random philosophical questions. The host called on me to share a tale and I shared the story of Patient Griselda of Petrarch. Miller interrupts us to speak and grovel with the Host to be the next to share a tale. Our pilgrimage takes a long time; therefore, the most important thing is to be patient. People around me ignore moral values and they place importance to earthly pleasures. You know, even philosophers today try to obtain gold by transforming base materials into gold and silver. I am not greedy about any earthly things; I have an insatiable desire for knowledge. Contrary to my opinions about material obsessions and worldly appearance, the Merchant who is another pilgrim sees me ridiculous. But I don't care about worldly appearance, I can live with threadbare clothes. But I cannot live without thinking and learning. Here, I can't read books, when I go back, I will buy new books if I borrow money from my friends. I am longing for reading till morning in the library of Oxford. People look down on me, because of my bookishness. It doesn't matter. I am nothing without books. I feel alive while I am reading. By the way, my only fear is that my horse is getting thinner and weaker nowadays. I hope that he will not die.

You know I don't like talking so much, now I will think about the meaning of life and virtues.

Your Dear Philosopher Son