

14- Nilsu KÜÇÜKBIÇAKÇI

Sir Mahmut: The Lord of Halay

Chapter One: Woodness

Mahmut was tired of doing all the dirty works given to him. He felt ready to step up from his position as a squire and get promoted as an actual Knight. He also dreamed about getting the hand of the lord's daughter, but that was going to be tough. Knights were supposed to get promoted at the age of 21 if proven worthy, Mahmut was 39 years old and he was still a squire.

“Woodness!” Mahmut screamed and dropped down his bucket on the ground. He was tired of being pushed around. He instantly regretted his action when he saw the landlord in front of him.

“Squire, come over here!” Mahmut bowed his head down and walked towards the lord.

“Yes, my lord.”

“It's time you brawl with our skinniest knight and prove your worth.” Skinniest? Mahmut thought to himself while he stared at the lord pitchkettled. Wasn't he supposed to fight the bulkiest knight? Anyway, he did not care. He needed this promotion to be with the beautiful daughter of the lord.

“Come to the brawl hall in 5.” Mahmut nodded and rushed towards the farm.

The lady would watch so he needed to look good for her. He made his way towards the cow bent his head and let her lick his head. After the cow licked his hair, he slicked it backwards with his hand and keaked in happiness. He looked way more handsome now.

After he was done, he skipped towards the brawl hall, maybe that was not how a knight was supposed to walk but it was okay.

#

Mahmut cracked his neck as he started a staring contest with the other knight. The other knight had shaky legs but Mahmut held his straight and his feet glued on the ground. He raised his sword to strike the knight, before their swords clanked, Mahmut closed his eyes. He waited for the clanking sound but heard nothing. His eyes slowly fluttered open and the first thing he faced was a sword right next to his throat. Mahmut had freaked out and accidentally dropped his sword on the ground before he could hit the knight. That was not good.

The lord shook his head disapprovingly. Not. Good.

“Get out, you CHURL!”

Mahmut raised his head and looked up at the love of his life, her eyes did not even meet his gaze. So, he just turned around and walked out of the door.

His whole life was built around becoming a knight, but seeing how that went so far, Mahmut was crushed. However, he was not going to give up. One day he was going to become a great knight and bamboozle the lady.



Woodness: Madness

Pitchkettled: Puzzled

Keak: Cackle

Churl: Peasant-like

Beauteous: Beautiful