



Canterbury Tales Snapchat Stories



Name:

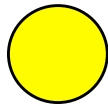
A knight there was, and he a worthy man,
 Who, from the moment that he first began
 To ride about the world, loved chivalry,
 Truth, honour, freedom and all courtesy.
 Full worthy was he in his liege-lord's war,
 And therein had he ridden (none more far)
 As well in Christendom as heathenesse,
 And honoured everywhere for worthiness.
 At Alexandria, he was there;
 He often sat at table in the chair
 Above all nations' knights in Prussia.
 In latvia raided he, and Russia,
 No christened man so oft of his degree.
 In far Granada at the siege was he
 Of Algeciras, and in Belmarie.
 At Ayas was he and at Satalye
 When they were won; and on the Middle Sea
 At many a noble meeting chanced to be.
 Of mortal battles he had fought fifteen,
 And he'd fought for our faith at Tramisene
 Three times in lists, each time slain his foe.
 This self-same worthy knight had been also
 At one time with the lord of Palatye
 Against another heathen in Turkey:
 And always won he sovereign fame for prize
 Though so illustrious, he was very wise
 And bore himself as meekly as a maid.
 He never yet had any vileness said,
 In all his life, to whatsoever white.
 He was a truly perfect, gentle knight.



The Knight's Profile Picture

Username:

Sign:



Added Me

After meeting all the characters, calculate how many want to add your character.

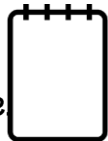


Add Friends

By justifying with character traits, decide which other characters your character would want to be friends with.

Add their names and explanations here:

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My friends

Based on your character's description and occupation, add some modern-day people they would also have as friends.

Add their names/occupations and explanations here:

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Write a character summary including his or her traits and occupation:

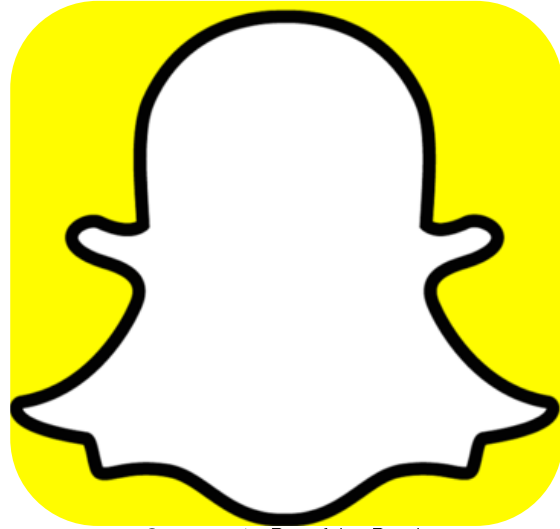


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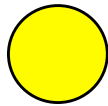
With him there was his son, a youthful squire,
 A lover and a lusty bachelor,
 With locks well curled, as if they'd laid in press.
 Some twenty years of age he was, I guess.
 In stature he was of an average length,
 Wondrously active, aye, and great of strength.
 He'd ridden sometime with the cavalry
 In Flanders, in Artois, and Picardy,
 And borne him well within that little space
 In hope to win thereby his lady's grace.
 Pinked out he was, as if he were a mead,
 All full of fresh-cut flowers white and red.
 Singing he was, or fluting, all the day;
 He was as fresh as is the month of May.
 Short was his gown, sleeves long and wide.
 Well could he sit on horse, and fairly ride.
 He could make songs and words recite,
 Foust and dance and sketch and write.
 So hot he loved that, while night told her tale,
 He slept no more than does a nightingale.
 Courteous he, and humble, willing and able,
 And carved before his father at the table.



The Squire's Profile Picture

Username:

Sign:



Added Me

After meeting all the characters, calculate how many want to add your character.



Add Friends

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Add their names and explanations here:

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My friends

Based on your character's description and occupation, add some modern-day people they would also have as friends.

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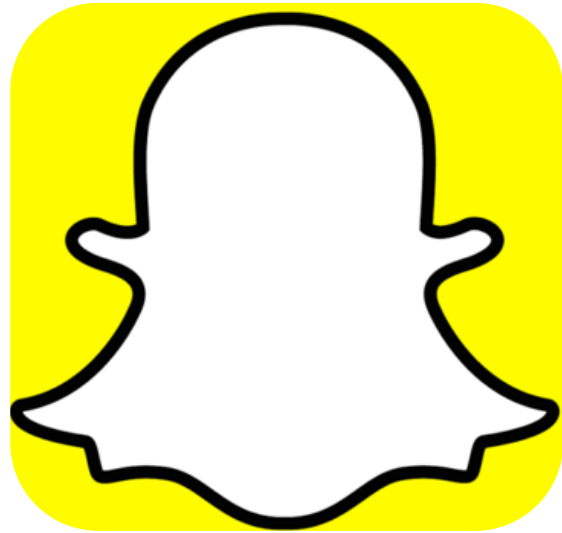


Canterbury Tales Snapchat Stories



Name:

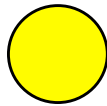
A yeoman had he, nor more servants, no,
 At that time, for he chose to travel so;
 And he was clad in coat and hood of green.
 A sheaf of peacock arrows bright and keen
 Under his belt he bore right carefully
 (Well could he keep his tackle yeomanly:
 His arrows had no draggled feathers low),
 And in his hand he bore a mighty bow.
 A cropped head had he and a sun-browned face.
 Of woodcraft knew he all the useful ways.
 Upon his arm he bore a bracer gay,
 And at one side a sword and buckler, yea,
 And at the other side a dagger bright,
 Well sheathed, sharp as spear point in the light
 On breast a Christopher of silver sheen.
 He bore a horn in baldric all of green;
 A forester he truly was, I guess.



The Yeoman's Profile Picture

Username:

Sign:



Added Me

After meeting all the characters, calculate how many want to add your character.

+ Add Friends



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My friends

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Add their names/occupations and explanations here:

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Write a character summary including his or her traits and occupation:



Canterbury Tales Snapchat Stories



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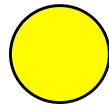
Here was also a nun, a prioress,
 Who, in her smiling, modest was and coy;
 Her greatest oath was but "By Saint Eloy!"
 And she was known as Madam Eglantine.
 Full well she sang the services divine,
 Intoning through her nose, becomingly;
 And fair she spoke her French, and fluently,
 At table she had been well taught withal,
 And never from her lips let morsels fall,
 Nor dipped her fingers deep in sauce, but ate
 With so much care the food upon her plate
 That never driblet fell upon her breast.
 In courtesy she had delight and zest.
 And certainly delighting in good sport,
 She was right pleasant, amiable- in short.
 She was at pains to counterfeit the look
 Of courtliness, and stately manners took,
 And would be held worthy of reverence.
 But, to say something of her moral sense,
 She was so charitable and piteous
 That she would weep if she but saw a mouse
 Caught in a trap, though it were dead or bled.
 For pity ruled her, and her tender heart.
 Right decorous her pleated wimple was;
 Her nose was fine; her eyes were blue as glass;
 Her mouth was small and soft and red;
 But certainly she had a fair forehead;
 Neat was her cloak, as I was well aware.
 Of coral small about her arm she'd bear
 A string of beads and gauzed all with green;
 And therefrom hung a brooch of golden sheen.
 Whereon there was first written a crowned "A,"
 And under, Amor Vincit Omnia.



The Nun's Profile Picture

Username:

Sign:



Added Me

After meeting all the characters, calculate how many want to add your character.



Add Friends

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My friends

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Write a character summary including his or her traits and occupation:

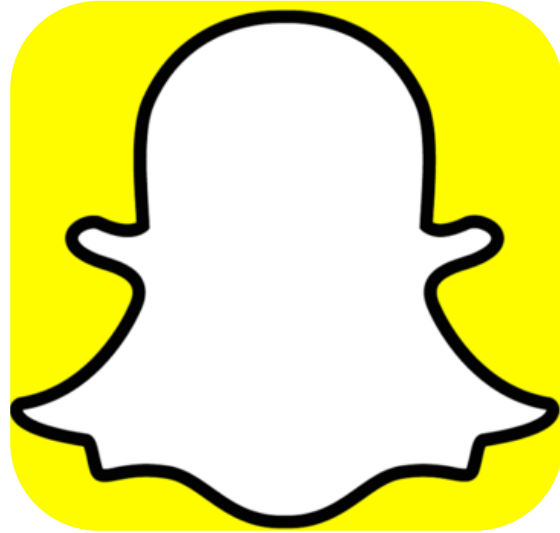


Canterbury Tales Snapchat Stories



Name:

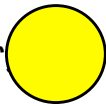
A monk there was, one made for mastery,
 An outrider, who loved his venery;
 A manly man, to be an abbot able.
 Full many a blooded horse had he in stable:
 And when he rode men might his bridle hear
 A-jingling in the whistling wind as clear,
 Aye, and as loud as does the chapel bell
 Where this brave monk was of the cell.
 This said monk let such old things slowly pace
 And followed new-world manners in their place.
 Nor that a monk, when he is cloister-less,
 Is like unto a fish that's waterless;
 That is to say, a monk out of his cloister.
 But this same text he held not worth an oyster
 Therefore he was a rider day and night;
 Greyhounds he had, as swift as bird in flight.
 Since riding and the hunting of the hare
 Were all his love, for no cost would he spare.
 I saw his sleeves were purpled at the hand
 With fur of grey, the finest in the land;
 Also, to fasten hood beneath his chin,
 He had of good wrought gold a curious pin:
 A love-knot in the larger end there was.
 His head was bald and shone like any glass,
 And smooth as one anointed was his face.
 Fat was this lord, he stood in goodly case.
 His bulging eyes he rolled about, and hot
 They gleamed and red, like fire beneath a pot;
 His boots were soft; his horse of great estate.
 Now certainly he was a fine prelate:
 He was not pale as some poor wasted ghost.
 A fat swan loved he best of any roast.
 His palfrey was as brown as is a berry.



The Monk's Profile Picture

Username:

Sign:



Added Me

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Canterbury Tales Snapchat Stories



Name:

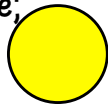
A friar there was, a wanton and a merry,
 A limiter, a very festive man.
 In all the Orders Four is none that can
 Equal his gossip and his fair language.
 He had arranged full many a marriage
 Of women young, and this at his own cost.
 Unto his order he was a noble post.
 Well liked by all and intimate was he
 With franklins everywhere in his country,
 And with the worthy women of the town:
 For at confessing he'd more power in gown.
 He heard confession gently, it was said,
 Gently absolved too, leaving naught of dread.
 He was an easy man to give penance
 When knowing he should gain a good pittance;
 For to a begging friar, money given
 Is sign that any man has been well shriven.
 For if one gave (he dared to boast of this),
 He took the man's repentance not amiss.
 For many a man there is so hard of heart
 He cannot weep however pains may smart.
 Therefore, instead of weeping and of prayer,
 Men should give silver to poor friars all bare
 And certainly he kept a merry note:
 Well could he sing and play upon the rote.
 At balladry he bore the prize away.
 His throat was white as lily of the May;
 Yet strong he was as ever champion.
 In towns he knew the taverns, every one,
 And every good host and each barmaid too-
 Better than begging lepers, these he knew.
 To have sick lepers for acquaintances.
 There is no honest advantageousness
 In dealing with such poverty-stricken curs;
 It's with the rich and with big entrepreneurs.
 And so, wherever profit might arise,
 Courteous he was and humble in men's eyes.
 There was no other man so virtuous.



The Friar's Profile Picture

Username:

Sign:



Added Me

After meeting all the characters, calculate how many want to add your character.



Add Friends

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Add their names and explanations here:

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My friends

Based on your character's description and occupation, add some modern-day people they would also have as friends.

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Write a character summary including his or her traits and occupation:



Canterbury Tales Snapchat Stories



Name:

There was a merchant with forked beard, and girt

In motley gown, and high on horse he sat,

Upon his head a Flemish beaver hat;

His boots were fastened rather elegantly.

His spoke his notions out right pompously,

Stressing the times when he had won, not lost.

He would the sea were held at any cost

Across from Middleburgh to Orwell town.

At money-changing he could make a crown.

This worthy man kept all his wits well set;

There was no one could say he was in debt.

So well he governed all his trade affairs

With bargains, with borrowings, with shares.

Indeed, he was a worthy man withal,

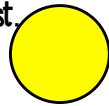
But, sooth to say, his name I can't recall.



The Merchant's Profile Picture

Username:

Sign:



Added Me

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Canterbury Tales Snapchat Stories



Name:

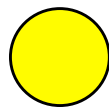
*A clerk from Oxford was with us also,
 Who'd turned to getting knowledge, long ago.
 As meagre was his horse as is a rake,
 Nor he himself too fat, I'll undertake,
 But he looked hollow and went soberly.
 Right threadbare was his overcoat; for he
 Had got him yet no churchly benefice,
 Nor was so worldly as to gain office.
 For he would rather have at his bed's head
 twenty books, all bound in black and red,
 Of Aristotle and his philosophy
 Than rich robes, fiddle, or gay psaltery.
 Yet, and for all he was philosopher,
 He had but little gold within his coffer;
 But all that he might borrow from a friend
 On books and learning he would spend,
 And then he'd pray busily for the souls
 Who gave him wherewithal for schools.
 Of study took he utmost care and heed.
 Not one word spoke he more than was need;
 And that was said in fullest reverence
 And short, quick and full of high good sense.
 Pregnant of moral virtue was his speech;
 Gladly would he learn and gladly teach.*



The Oxford Clerk's Profile Picture

Username:

Sign:



Added Me

After meeting all the characters, calculate how many want to add your character.



Add Friends

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Add their names and explanations here:

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My friends

Based on your character's description and occupation, add some modern-day people they would also have as friends.

Add their names/occupations and explanations here:

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Write a character summary including his or her traits and occupation:



Canterbury Tales Snapchat Stories



Name:

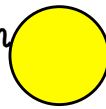
A sergeant of the law, wary and wise,
 Who'd often gone to Paul's walk to advise,
 There was also, compact of excellence.
 Discreet he was, and of great reverence;
 At least he seemed so, his words were so wise.
 Often he sat as justice in assize,
 By patent or commission from the crown;
 Because of learning and his high renown,
 He took large fees and many robes could own
 So great a purchaser was never known.
 All was fee simple to him, in effect,
 Wherefore his claims could never be suspect.
 Nowhere a man so busy of his class,
 yet he seemed much busier than he was.
 All cases and all judgments could he cite
 That from King William's time were apposite.
 And he could draw a contract so explicit
 Not any man could fault therefrom elicit;
 And every statute he'd verbatim quote.
 He rode but badly in a medley coat,
 Belted in a silken sash, with little bars,
 But of his dress no more particulars.



The Sergeant of the Law's Profile Picture

Username:

Sign:



Added Me

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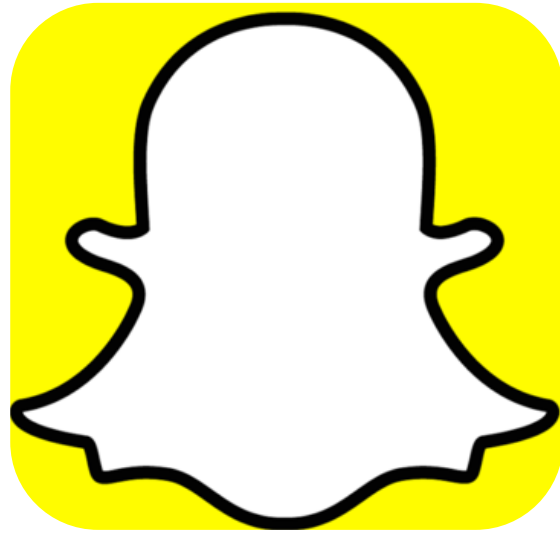


Canterbury Tales Snapchat Stories



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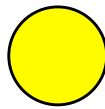
There was a franklin in his company;
 White was his beard as is the white daisy.
 Of sanguine temperament by every sign,
 He loved right well his morning sop in wine.
 Delightful living was the goal he'd won,
 For he was Epicurus' very son,
 That held opinion that a full delight
 Was true felicity, perfect and right.
 A householder, and that a great, was he;
 Saint Julian he was in his own country.
 His bread and ale were always right well done;
 A man with better cellars there was none.
 Baked meat was never wanting in his house,
 Of fish and flesh, and that so plenteous
 It seemed to snow therein both food and drink
 Of every dainty that a man could think.
 According to the season of the year
 He changed his diet and his means of cheer.
 Full many fattened partridge did he mew,
 Many a bream and pike in fish-pond too.
 Woe to his cook, except the sauces were
 Poignant and sharp, and ready all his gear.
 His table, waiting in his hall alway,
 Stood covered through the livelong day.
 At county sessions was he lord and sire,
 And often acted as a knight of shire.
 A dagger and a trinket-bag of silk
 Hung from his girdle, white as morning milk
 He had been sheriff and been auditor;
 And nowhere was a worthier advisor.



The Franklin's Profile Picture

His bread and ale were always right well done; Username:

Sign:



Added Me

After meeting all the characters, calculate how many want to add your character.



Add Friends

By justifying with character traits, decide which other characters your character would want to be friends with.

Add their names and explanations here:

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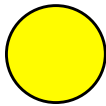
There was a skipper, living far out west;
 For aught I know, he was of Dartmouth town.
 He sadly rode a hackney, in a gown,
 Of thick rough cloth falling to the knee.
 A dagger hanging on a cord had he
 About his neck, and under arm, and down.
 The summer's heat had burned his visage brown;
 And certainly he was a good fellow.
 Many a draught of wine he'd drawn mellow
 Of Bordeaux vintage, while the trader slept.
 Nice conscience was a thing he never kept.
 If that he fought and got the upper hand,
 By water he sent them home to every land.
 But as for craft, to reckon well his tides,
 His currents and the dangerous watersides,
 His harbours, and his moon, his pilotage,
 There was none from Hull to far Carthage.
 Hardy, and wise in all things undertaken,
 many a tempest had his beard been shaken.
 He knew well all the havens, as they were,
 From Gottland to the Cape of Finisterre,
 And every creek in Brittany and Spain;
 His vessel had been christened Madeleine.



The Skipper's Profile Picture

Username:

Sign:



Added Me

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Add Friends

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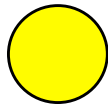
With us there was a doctor of physic;
 In all this world was none like him to pick
 For talk of medicine and surgery;
 For he was grounded in astronomy.
 He often kept a patient from the pall
 By horoscopes and magic natural.
 Well could he tell the fortune ascendant
 Within the houses for his sick patient.
 He knew the cause of every malady,
 Were it of hot or cold, of moist or dry,
 And where engendered, and of what humour;
 He was a very good practitioner.
 The cause known, down to the deepest root,
 Anon he gave to the sick man his boot.
 Ready he was, with his apothecaries,
 To send him drugs and all electuaries;
 By mutual aid much gold they'd always won-
 Their friendship was a thing not new begun.
 Well read was he in Esculapius,
 And Deiscorides, and in Rufus,
 Hippocrates, and Hali, and Galen,
 Serapion, Rhazes, and Avicen,
 Averrhoes, Gilbert, and Constantine,
 Bernard and Gatisden, and Damascene.
 In diet he was measured as could be,
 Including naught of superfluity,
 But nourishing and easy. It's no libel
 To say he read but little in the Bible.
 In blue and scarlet he went clad, withal,
 Lined with a taffeta and with sendal;
 And yet he was right chary of expense;
 He kept the gold he gained from pestilence.
 For gold in physic is a fine cordial,
 And therefore loved he gold exceeding all.



The Doctor's Profile Picture

Username:

Sign:



Added Me

After meeting all the characters, calculate how many want to add your character.

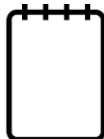


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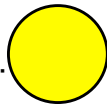
There was a housewife come from Bath, or near,
 Who- sad to say- was deaf in either ear.
 At making cloth she had so great a bent
 She bettered those of Ypres and even of Ghent.
 In all the parish there was not a dame dare stir
 Toward the alter steps in front of her,
 And if one did, indeed, so wroth was she
 It put her out of all her charity.
 Her kerchiefs were of finest weave and ground;
 I dare swear that they weighed a full ten pound
 Which, of a Sunday, she wore on her head.
 Her hose were of the choicest scarlet red,
 Close gartered, and her shoes were new.
 Bold was her face, and fair, and red of hue.
 She'd been respectable throughout her life,
 With five churched husbands bringing joy and strife,
 Not counting other company in youth;
 But thereof there's no need to speak, in truth.
 Three times she'd journeyed to Jerusalem;
 Many a foreign stream she'd had to stem;
 At Rome she'd been, she'd been in Boulogne,
 In Spain at Santiago, and at Cologne.
 She could tell much of wandering the way:
 Gap-toothed was she, it is no lie to say.
 Upon an ambler easily she sat,
 Well wimpled, aye, and over all a hat
 As broad as is a buckler or a targe;
 A rug was tucked around her buttocks large,
 And on her feet a pair of sharpened spurs.
 In company well could she laugh her slurs.
 The remedies of love she knew, perchance,
 For of that art she'd learned the old dance.



The Wife of Bath's Profile Picture

Username:

Sign:



Added Me

After meeting all the characters, calculate how many want to add your character.



+Add Friends

By justifying with character traits, decide which other characters your character would want to be friends with.

Add their names and explanations here:

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My friends

Based on your character's description and occupation, add some modern-day people they would also have as friends.

Add their names/occupations and explanations here:

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Write a character summary including his or her traits and occupation:



Canterbury Tales Snapchat Stories



Name:

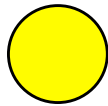
There was a good man of religion, too,
 A country parson, poor, I warrant you;
 But rich he was in holy thought and work.
 He was a learned man also, a clerk,
 Who Christ's own gospel truly sought to preach;
 Devoutly his parishioners would he teach.
 Benign he was and wondrous diligent,
 Patient in adverse times and well content,
 As he was oftentimes proven; always blithe,
 He was right loath to curse to get a tithe,
 But rather would he give, in case of doubt,
 Unto those poor parishioners about,
 Part of his income, even of his goods.
 Enough with little, coloured all his moods.
 Wide was his parish, houses far asunder,
 But never did he fail, for rain or thunder,
 In sickness, or in sin, or any state,
 To visit to the farthest, small and great,
 Going afoot, and in his hand, a stave.
 This fine example to his flock he gave,
 And this figure he added thereunto—
 That, if gold rust, what shall poor iron do?
 For if the priest be foul, in whom we trust,
 What wonder if a layman yield to lust?
 And shame it is, if priest thought for keep,
 A dirty shepherd, shepherding clean sheep.
 Well ought a priest example good to give,
 By his own cleanness, his flock should live.
 He never let his benefice for hire,
 Leaving his flock to flounder in the mire,
 Nor in some brotherhood did he withhold;
 But dwelt at home and kept so well the fold.
 That never wolf make his plans miscarry;
 He was a shepherd and not mercenary.
 And holy though he was, and virtuous,
 To sinners he was not impetuous,
 Nor haughty in his speech, nor too divine,
 But in all teaching prudent and benign.
 To lead folk into Heaven but by stress
 Of good example was his busyness.



The Parson's Profile Picture

Username:

Sign:



Added Me

After meeting all the characters, calculate how many want to add your character.



Add Friends

By justifying with character traits, decide which other characters your character would want to be friends with.

Add their names and explanations here:

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My friends

Based on your character's description and occupation, add some modern-day people they would also have as friends.

Add their names/occupations and explanations here:

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Write a character summary including his or her traits and occupation:



Canterbury Tales Snapchat Stories



Name:

With him there was a plowman, was his brother,
That many a load of dung, and many another
Had scattered, for a good true toiler, he,
living in peace and perfect charity.



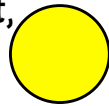
The Plowman's Profile Picture

He loved God most, and that with his whole heart
At all times, though he played or plied his art,

Username:

Sign:

And next, his neighbour, even as himself.



Added Me

After meeting all the characters, calculate how many want to add your character.

He'd thresh and dig, with never thought of pelf,



Add Friends

By justifying with character traits, decide which other characters your character would want to be friends with.

For Christ's own sake, for every poor weight,

Add their names and explanations here:

All without pay, if it lay in his might.

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He paid his taxes, fully, fairly, well,

Both by his own toil and by stuff he'd sell.



My friends

Based on your character's description and occupation, add some modern-day people they would also have as friends.

In a tabard he rode upon a mare.

Add their names/occupations and explanations here:

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Write a character summary including his or her traits and occupation:



Canterbury Tales Snapchat Stories



Name:

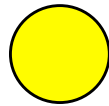
The miller was a stout churl, be it known,
 Hardy and big of brawn and big of bone;
 Which was well proved, for when he went on lam
 At wrestling, never failed he of the ram.
 He was a chunky fellow, broad of build;
 He'd heave a door from hinges if he willed,
 Or break it through, by running, with his head.
 His beard, as any sow or fox, was red,
 And broad it was as if it were a spade.
 Upon the coping of his nose he had
 A wart, and thereon stood a tuft of hairs,
 Red as the bristles in an old sow's ears;
 His nostrils they were black and very wide.
 A sword and buckler bore he by his side.
 His mouth was like a furnace door for size.
 He was a jester and could poetize,
 But mostly all of sin and ribaldries.
 He could steal corn and full charge his fees;
 And yet he had a thumb of gold, begad.
 A white coat and blue hood wore, this lad.
 A bagpipe he could blow well, be it known,
 With that same he brought us out of town.



The Miller's Profile Picture

Username:

Sign:



Added Me

After meeting all the characters, calculate how many want to add your character.



Add Friends

By justifying with character traits, decide which other characters your character would want to be friends with.

Add their names and explanations here:

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My friends

Based on your character's description and occupation, add some modern-day people they would also have as friends.

Add their names/occupations and explanations here:

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Write a character summary including his or her traits and occupation:



Canterbury Tales Snapchat Stories



Name:

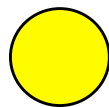
There was a manicle from an inn of court,
 To whom all buyers might quite well resort
 To learn the art of buying food and drink;
 For whether he paid cash or not, I think
 That he so knew the markets, when to buy,
 He never found himself left high and dry.
 Now is it not of God a full fair grace
 That such a vulgar man has wit to pace
 The wisdom of a crowd of learned men?
 Of masters had he more than three times ten,
 Who were in law expert and curious;
 Whereof there were a dozen in that house
 Fit to be stewards of both rent and land
 Of any lord in England who would stand
 Upon his own and live in manner good,
 In honour, debtless found in wood
 Or live as frugally as he might desire;
 These men were able to have helped a shire
 In any case that ever might befall;
 And yet this manicle outguessed them all.



The Manicle's Profile Picture

Username:

Sign:



Added Me

After meeting all the characters, calculate how many want to add your character.



Add Friends

By justifying with character traits, decide which other characters your character would want to be friends with.

Add their names and explanations here:

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My friends

Based on your character's description and occupation, add some modern-day people they would also have as friends.

Add their names/occupations and explanations here:

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Write a character summary including his or her traits and occupation:



Canterbury Tales Snapchat Stories



Name:

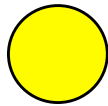
The reeve he was a slender, choleric man
 Who shaved his beard as close as razor can.
 His hair was cut round even with his ears;
 His top was tonsured like a pulpiter's.
 Long were his legs, and they were very lean,
 And like a staff, with no calf to be seen.
 Well could he manage granary and bin;
 No auditor could ever on him win.
 He could foretell, by drought and by the rain,
 The yielding of his seed and of his grain.
 His lord's sheep and his oxen and his dairy,
 His swine and horses, all his stores, his poultry,
 Were wholly in this steward's managing;
 And, by agreement, he'd made reckoning
 Since his young lord of was twenty years;
 Yet no man ever found him in arrears.
 There was no agent, hind, or herd who'd cheat
 But he knew well his cunning and deceit;
 They were afraid of him as of the death.
 His cottage was a good one, on a heath;
 By green trees shaded with this dwelling-place.
 Better than his lord could he purchase.
 Right rich he was in his own private right,
 Seeing he'd pleased his lord, day or night,
 By giving him, or lending, of his goods,
 So got thanked- but yet got coats and hoods.
 In youth he'd learned a good trade, and had been
 A carpenter, as fine as could be seen.
 This steward sat a horse that well could trot,
 And was dapple-grey, and was named Scot.
 A long surcoat of blue did he parade,
 And at his side he bore a rusty blade.
 Of Norfolk was this reeve of whom I tell,
 From near a town that men call Badeswell.
 Bundled he was like friar chin to croup,
 And ever he rode hindmost of our troop.



The Reeve's Profile Picture

Username:

Sign:



Added Me

After meeting all the characters, calculate how many want to add your character.



Add Friends

By justifying with character traits, decide which other characters your character would want to be friends with.

Add their names and explanations here:

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My friends

Based on your character's description and occupation, add some modern-day people they would also have as friends.

Add their names/occupations and explanations here:

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Write a character summary including his or her traits and occupation:



Canterbury Tales Snapchat Stories



Name:

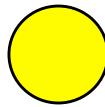
A summoner was with us in that place,
 Who had a fiery-red, cherubic face,
 For rosy cheeks he had; his eyes were narrow
 As hot he was, and lecherous, as a sparrow;
 With black and scabby brows and scanty beard;
 He had a face that little children feared.
 There was no mercury, sulphur, or litharge,
 No borax, ceruse, tartar, could discharge,
 Nor ointment that could cleanse enough, or bite,
 To free him of his boils and pimples white,
 And drinking of strong wine as red as blood.
 Then would talk and shout as madman would.
 When a deal of wine he'd poured within,
 Then would he utter no word save latin.
 Some phrases had he learned, say two or three,
 Which he had garnered out of some decree;
 No wonder, for he'd heard it all the day;
 And all you know right well that even a jay
 Can call out "Wat" as well as can the pope.
 But when, into him you'd grope.
 He was a noble rascal, and a kind;
 A better comrade 'twould be hard to find.
 Why, he would suffer, for a quart of wine,
 Some good fellow to have his concubine.
 And if he chanced upon a good fellow,
 He would instruct him never to have awe,
 In such a case, of the archdeacon's curse,
 Except a man's soul lie within his purse;
 For his purse the man should punished be.
 "The purse-the archdeacon's Hell," said he.
 But well I know he lied in what he said;
 A curse ought every guilty man to dread



The Summoner's Profile Picture

Username:

Sign:



Added Me

After meeting all the characters, calculate how many want to add your character.



Add Friends

By justifying with character traits, decide which other characters your character would want to be friends with.

Add their names and explanations here:

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My friends

Based on your character's description and occupation, add some modern-day people they would also have as friends.

Add their names/occupations and explanations here:

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Write a character summary including his or her traits and occupation:



Canterbury Tales Snapchat Stories



Name:

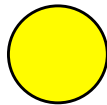
With him there rode a gentle pardoner
 Of Rouncival, his friend and his compeer;
 Straight from the court of Rome had journeyed he.
 loudly he sang "Come hither, love, to me,"
 The summoner joining with a burden round;
 Was never horn of half so great a sound.
 This pardoner had hair as yellow as wax,
 But lank it hung as does a strike of flax;
 In wisps hung down such locks as he'd on head,
 And with them he his shoulders overspread;
 Dishevelled, save for cap, his head all bare.
 As shiny eyes he had as has a hare.
 He had a fine veronica sewed to cap.
 His wallet lay before him in his lap,
 Stuffed full of pardons brought from Rome all hot.
 A voice he had that bleated like a goat.
 No beard had he, his face was bare.
 But in his craft, from Berwick unto Ware,
 Was no such pardoner in any place.
 For in his bag he had a pillowcase
 Which, he said, was Our True lady's veil:
 He said he had a piece of the very sail
 That good Saint Peter, what time he went
 Upon the sea, till Jesus changed his bent.
 But with these relics, when he came upon
 Some simple person, then this paragon:
 In that one day more money stood to gain
 Than the poor dupe in two months could attain.
 And thus, with flattery and suchlike japes,
 He made the person his ape.



The Pardoner's Profile Picture

Username:

Sign:



Added Me

After meeting all the characters, calculate how many want to add your character.

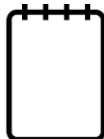


Add Friends

By justifying with character traits, decide which other characters your character would want to be friends with.

Add their names and explanations here:

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My friends

Based on your character's description and occupation, add some modern-day people they would also have as friends.













Add their names/occupations and explanations here:

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Write a character summary including his or her traits and occupation:

Astrology Attributes

What is the character's zodiac sign?

| Symbol | Sign | Birth Date | Traits |
|---|--------------------------------|-----------------------------|---|
|  | Aries (The Ram) | March 21- April 19 | Creative, adaptive, insightful, strong-willed, driven, over-achieving, fiery, passionate, devoted, humorous, but at times impatient. |
|  | Taurus (The Bull) | April 20- May 20 | Strong, willful, stubborn, persistent, understanding, efficient, generous, practical, stable, but at times bull-headed. |
|  | Gemini (The Twins) | May 21- June 20 | Flexible, balanced, adaptable, quick-thinking, dual-natured, affectionate, inspiring, charismatic, supportive, but at times moody. |
|  | Cancer (The Crab) | June 21- July 22 | Family-oriented, traditional, conservative, loyal, sympathetic, emotional, persuasive, but at times withdrawn and crabby. |
|  | Leo (The Lion) | July 23- August 22 | Powerful, exuberant, leader-like, vocal, brave, intuitive, head-strong, willful, loving, passionate, but at times bossy and arrogant |
|  | Virgo (Maiden) | August 23- September 22 | Keen, delightful, talkative, outlandish, charming, inquisitive, self-serving, impatient, free-thinking, but at times short-tempered |
|  | Libra (The Scales) | September 23- October 22 | Balanced, judicial, stable, harmonic, understanding, caring, quite, introverted, persuasive, but at times extremist in thinking |
|  | Scorpio (The Scorpion) | October 23- November 21 | Misunderstood, bold, controlling, confident, unshakeable, focused, observing, withdrawn, determined, but at times argumentative |
|  | Sagittarius (The Centaur) | November 22- December 21 | Philosophical, focused, intense, resilient, free-spirited, but at times scattered and impatient. |
|  | Capricorn (The Goat) | December 22- January 19 | Intelligent, practical, stable, orderly, purposeful, intuitive, but at times resentful and gloomy |
|  | Aquarius (The Water Bearer) | January 20- February 18 | Quiet, goal-driven, honest, loyal, intelligent, easy-going, artistic, poetic, creative, progressive, but at times sloth-like and aloof. |
|  | Pisces (The Fish) | February 19- March 20 | Knowledgeable, humble, honest, unselfish, quiet, gentle, generous, devoted, artistic, compassionate, but at times gullible and fearful |