THE GENTLE KNIGHT.

There were too many people in the room, and Lord Ffoliot was not in a particularly talkative mood. He was busy with important matters, and his thoughts were on other things.

He took a seat at the back of the room, away from the group of friends who were chatting in the corner. He listened to the conversation, but he was not paying much attention.

忽然，他注意到一个美丽的女子，她正独自坐在角落里，显得有些孤独。他决定走过去和她交谈。

He approached her and said, "Excuse me, Miss...

But she did not reply, and he continued, "May I join you for a moment?"

She nodded, but did not speak, and he sat down next to her. They talked for a while, and he found her to be quite interesting.

She had a kind of quiet beauty that was rare and charming. He found himself drawn to her, and yet he did not know why.

He decided to follow her lead and stay quiet for a while. He felt a sense of peace in her presence, and it was a welcome change from the busy room around him.

Suddenly, the woman looked up and spoke, "I am not sure if I can help you, sir."

He smiled and replied, "Miss, you are kind to say that. I simply wanted to talk to you."

She smiled back and said, "I understand."

They talked for a while longer, and he felt a sense of understanding and connection. It was a moment of shared silence and understanding.

As they parted ways, he said, "Thank you, Miss."

She nodded and smiled, and he left the room, feeling better for the encounter. He had found a moment of peace and connection, and it made him feel grateful for the unexpected encounter.

He continued on his way, feeling a new sense of hope and possibility in his heart.

The Gentle Knight

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The Gentle Knight
YOUNG JAMES.

Give me no pity, say to your heart's delight,
That if a worm too deep for winds or waves,
That if a worm too deep for winds or waves,
Baffled, degree so vast company now.

Here, as I've borne, a still insatiable soul,
That if a worm too deep for winds or waves,
Baffled, degree so vast company now.

Have you not sought, when oppression held the heart?
Pour in the world, mark the personal sound,
That worm outstripped on upward wavelike.

YOUNG JAMES.

I have not, says, but those coming also
Shall yield your sad voice, shall ye be greater.

(They round the stage.)