

The Canterbury Tales - Your Story

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Course

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THE CANTERBURY TALES - YOUR STORY

Craving to Die

Abstract

Storytelling plays a crucial role in shaping the human collective consciousness.

It is also known as a form of entertainment that reaches out to generations and generations. Stories also teach valuable morals and lessons that once inculcated, can last with us for the rest of our lives. *The Canterbury Tales* by Geoffrey Chaucer is one story that has stayed within the hands of humanity since 1475. The main objective of these tales when written were to entertain the reader. In the following paper, I will tell a story that is slightly related to *The Canterbury Tales*.

Story

There was once a man by the name of Clifton. Clifton's life was skewed with frustrations and he saw little value in living. At age thirty-five, Clifton had no direction or destination. The charming and resplendent Raholia, a woman he was married to for two years, had left him for his best friend and financial supporter David. He could do nothing to bring his lovely wife back due to financial constraints. David, with his wealth, could provide for Raholia. Clifton's family could not help him since they also needed aid financially.

Clifton had many issues to solve but had no power to do so. He desired to kill himself to evade these obstacles. His thoughts were filled with the applicable reasons as to why he should die and every moment he yearned for a proper environment to commit suicide.

One day, as dusk was approaching, Clifton, declared in the realm of his thoughts that he was not going to see the day that followed. He thought of the best way to kill himself. He thought of overdosing on prescription drugs, but he soon introspected that this may fail to take his life away as fast as possible. He concluded that hanging himself

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would be the fastest. The act of hanging oneself requires that one is be alone in a secret place.

It was nearing midnight. Clifton's younger brother, whom he shared a room with, was in deep slumber. The time had come for Clifton to solve his problems. He rose from his bed silently as to not to disturb those sleeping in his family house and crept to the front door. Before exiting, he told himself that it was kind to at least make those remaining in this world comprehend the reason as to why he resolved to commit suicide. He then went to the living room, took a pen and a paper in readiness to write a letter as well as a will.

The letter addressed the frustrations he had gone through and the way he had wished to live. The interesting part in the letter was that he believed that there was life after death. His plan was to start creating wealth in the afterlife, so that when people like David arrived in heaven later than him, Clifton would be a rich man. He would have a chance to retrieve a sense of revenge. He placed the letter on the table in a way that anybody could see it: on the mantle next to the dining table. He then proceeded outside in the starkly cold night.

The wind was roaming like a ominous beast; the sky had no stars, the darkness was so piercing that it appeared bright. The evening before, Clifton had collected a rope and left it near a tree that was in the compound. He could even tell you the number of branches on the tree he was going to hang himself with.

Clifton had put all his affairs in order, even though he saw himself as a worthless individual who had nothing – inside or out. In his mind, no one would miss him except his lovely father who encouraged him at times that one day, circumstances would sway in his favor. However, he determined that his father would miss him for a while, but continue with his life as normal. After all, he had left behind a letter to comfort the family.

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Though he had left no legacy, Clifton was prepared to completely disappear. His body would be found hanging on the mango tree, draped with fresh mangoes that have matured enough to be without green. His family will carry his limp body away and make a funeral arrangement for him. Funeral costs did not worry him, since friends such as David were excellent at bidding one a farewell. They would give out their wealth to ensure their perceived companion is given an honorable passage to the afterlife.

As he approached the place where his termination was to occur, Clifton, though in the darkness, could feel that he was not alone – a minuscule rustling could be heard far off. He stood still and listened attentively for any sign of a stranger amongst the mango trees. There was a great silence for some time. He could not see anyone; neither could he hear the noise that he had heard before.

A battle of deceiving ideas began to swirl in his conscience: whether to go on as planned or retreat until another day. It was now approaching dawn and the mission had not been completed. His conscience could not permit him to retreat - he had to die. Not considering whether there was anybody around or not, Clifton decided to pick the rope where he left it and do away with himself. He found it hard to pull up the rope; he did not recognize that someone was lying on it. His father, who appeared to be on the same mission, was lying down on the rope like a lion after a long hunt. “Clifton! What are you doing here?” his father asked with a shiver.



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