

The Legend of Lou the Great

A long time ago, there lived a brave knight named Lou the Great. Lou had only one son whom he loved dearly. The only thing he loved as much as his son was hunting. The brave knight loved hunting and spent a lot of time with his famous hunting dogs in the hills and forests of the kingdom. Lou's favourite dog was named Gilbert. Gilbert was the finest, biggest, and bravest of all of Lou's dogs.

For many years, Gilbert and Lou hunted side by side. Gilbert always walked around proudly with his head held high and his fur shiny and groomed.



One awful day in the middle of winter, strong winds and cold frosts froze the land for many weeks, and the kingdom was running out of food. Lou the Great decided that he would need to go hunting to bring back some meat for his hungry family. Going out in such weather was always a bad idea, but his family needed food. Worrying for his family's safety while he was out, the knight left Gilbert to guard his only son.

Lou and his group of hunters spent many hours walking through the deep snow. The forest was quiet, the only sound was the crunching of snow under their feet. Lou couldn't give up. He knew that without food, his family would starve. It wasn't much longer until they finally spotted a young deer munching some leaves.



Lou was weak from hunger but he struggled with all his strength to draw back his bow and nock an arrow. He paused. He held his breath and said a silent prayer. Time seemed to slow down and the forest was as quiet as a falling leaf. Suddenly, there was a loud SLAP of the bowstring hitting the wooden bow followed by the thud of the arrow hitting the animal. The entire party let out a cheer, "Hurrah." They could practically taste the delicious meat.

The trip back was full of joy and laughter; even the snow seemed less cold, and some of the younger hunters even threw snowballs at each other. It seemed like nothing could ruin the mood. However, when they arrived at the front door of Lou's home, what they saw was shocking.

There on the front steps was Gilbert, the faithful hound. His mouth was dripping with fresh, red blood. Lou was worried and he felt sick to his stomach. He raced into the house and straight to his young son's bedroom. The baby's cot was empty, and the floor and walls showed signs of a fierce struggle.

Without stopping to think, Lou raced back down to the front porch and his most loyal companion. With tears streaming down his cheeks, he drew his sword but was unable to kill his friend. Despite his sadness, Lou shouted at Gilbert angrily, "Leave here and never return." Gilbert gave his master one final confused look and ran off into the woods, never to be seen again.



Then from the edge of the woods near their home, one of Lou's men cried out, "I've found the boy." Scrambling through the snow, Lou raced to the trees and let out a heart-wrenching cry at what he saw. There in front of him was his son, unharmed except for a few scratches. Next to him was a large dead wolf.

Lou realised that his faithful companion actually protected his son from the wolf instead of harming him. Lou spent the rest of his days searching the woods for his loyal dog, but he was never able to find him. He regretted deeply that he did not think carefully before he acted.