

星期日英语

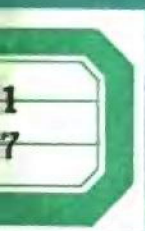
1985·3

ENGLISH ON SUNDAY

中央电视台电视教育节目用书

中央电视台电视教育部编

中国广播电视出版社出版



中央电视台电视教育节目用书

星 期 日 英 语

ENGLISH ON SUNDAY

GF97/15

85—3 (总22)

中央电视台电视教育部编

期限表

请于下列日期前将书还回

[illegible]

星期日英语85—3

〈总第22期〉

**中央电视台电教部编
中国广播电视出版社出版
外文印刷厂印刷**

新华书店北京发行所发行

1985年8月第1版 1985年8月第1次印刷

787×1092毫米 16开 印张4 字数 102(千)字 印数 1—11,000册

统一书号: 9236·052 定价: 0.76元

CONTENTS

PART I

1. The Legend of King Arthur (Episode Five)
亚瑟王 (第五集) (2)
2. The Legend of King Arthur (Episode Six)
亚瑟王 (第六集) (9)
3. The Legend of King Arthur (Episode Seven)
亚瑟王 (第七集) (16)
4. The Legend of King Arthur (Episode Eight)
亚瑟王 (第八集) (24)
5. Answers to The Legend of King Arthur, Issue No.2, 1985
一九八五年第二期《亚瑟王》问题解答 (31)
6. Forum: Interview with Arthur Miller and Ying Ruocheng
座谈会: 访阿瑟·密勒和英若诚 (34)

PART II

1. Fun with Words
文字游戏 (44)
2. Solutions to Fun with Words, Issue No.2, 1985
一九八五年第二期文字游戏解答 (49)
3. Wit or Wisdom?
智者名言 (51)
4. Talent Spot
精萃点滴 (53)
5. News & Views
情况与意见 (55)

PART I

This part of the magazine contains the scripts to some of our English on Sunday programmes, including drama serials, documentaries, feature films and also excerpts from Forum, our monthly interview show.

The scripts are annotated, but instead of giving literal translations of difficult phrases or sentences, only a general explanation of the concepts underlying them will be rendered, so that viewers can work out for themselves the actual meaning of the words concerned. The scripts are followed by questions to test how well you have understood the content of the programmes; answers to these will be provided in each subsequent issue.

THE LEGEND OF KING ARTHUR

Episode Five

(Hermit's cell)

HERMIT: Eleanor.

ELEANOR: How is he?

HERMIT: Oh, he's, er, sleeping peacefully now.

ELEANOR: I've brought this food for him.

HERMIT: Good. I'll start to get something ready.

ELEANOR: How are you, my Lord?

LANCELOT: Better.

ELEANOR: You were wounded by a poisoned arrow. But your fever's gone now.

LANCELOT: Lady, I think I owe my life to you.

ELEANOR: No, rather to this good hermit.

LANCELOT: My thanks to you both. How long have I lain here?

HERMIT: Three days and nights, sir.

LANCELOT: Then I must return to court. Oh

ELEANOR: You cannot . . . Come. Lean on me.

* * *

(Woodland)

ARTHUR: Strange! I seem to know these woods. Yet I can't remember when I was here before.

GAWAIN: It's not the only mystery, my Lord . . . both our horses going lame at the same moment — for no reason that I can see. I feel some evil magic is at work.¹

ARTHUR: You mean, trying to stop us from seeing the Vavasour? I hope you're wrong, Gawain

(Morgan's Lodge)

GAWAIN: Open your door! Open your door in the name of King Arthur. . .

ARTHUR: Is anyone here? . . . Morgan!

MORGAN: You are welcome, brother.

ARTHUR: What brings you here?

MORGAN: It's a dwelling I use when I bring comfort to the sick in these parts.

ARTHUR: Ah! Both our horses have gone lame. We hoped to find fresh ones here.

MORGAN: My servant will look at them.

ARTHUR: Thanks, sister.

MORGAN: He has a way with horses.²

GAWAIN: I'll go with him, Sir.

MORGAN: Come, sit, brother. You are weary. It is well you have come. I wish to speak to you. Arthur, I have heavy news of Lancelot.

ARTHUR: Of Lancelot? Is he unwell?

MORGAN: Only in mind, brother.

ARTHUR: Then he must be found and comforted. I have long since forgiven him for his disobedience. I long to have him back with me at court. It is something else? Ah, Gawain told us he loves the girl Eleanor. Well, why should he not? If she is virtuous, as I have heard, then what does her low birth matter? I am happy for Lancelot! Let him bring her to court!

MORGAN: Lancelot loves no young girl. He loves the Queen Guinevere.

ARTHUR: Why, of course he does. He is her champion.

MORGAN: He loves her as a man should love his wife.

ARTHUR: No! Morgan, I will not hear that said.

MORGAN: It grieves me too, brother.

ARTHUR: I will not hear it said because it is not true. D'you think I have not heard this slander before from foolish knights? I will not listen to these lies.

MORGAN: Because you know in your heart that they are true.

ARTHUR: No! I know nothing of the kind!

MORGAN: Look into my eyes, Arthur. There are ways of knowing the truth, of seeing the things that are hidden. You are the King, Arthur. Don't be afraid to see.

ARTHUR: No, I will not believe this thing.

MORGAN: You must do what you think best. Knowledge is power.

ARTHUR: Gawain! Gawain!

MORGAN: My power.³

*

*

*

(Hermit's cell)

ELEANOR: Lancelot. I wish I knew the ways to say these courtly things . . . I fear you'll laugh; you're used to great ladies and queens.

LANCELOT: I will not laugh at you, Eleanor.

ELEANOR: Then . . . oh, I love you, Lancelot. I loved you when I first saw you at my father's house and I made you wear my favour . . . It was like a game then and, now . . . I don't know what it is. It's like a great pain inside me, when I'm with you or away from you. Worse than the worst stomach-ache. There. Now you'll laugh.

LANCELOT: No. Eleanor, you know I serve the Queen.

ELEANOR: I've thought about that, Lancelot. I know you are too high to marry me, but I will be your servant or your slave, or anything, just so that I can be with you and give you my love.

LANCELOT: Eleanor . . . lady . . . You must forget me.

ELEANOR: But you wore my favour.⁴ I thought it meant you loved me. You shouldn't have worn it if you didn't love me!

LANCELOT: Lady, you are right. It was a sin.

ELEANOR: You don't love me at all!

LANCELOT: I cannot love you.

ELEANOR: Then I'll die for love of you.

LANCELOT: No. All this will pass. Believe me. Listen to me. You will find a younger knight more worthy of you. All this will seem like a dream, like your childhood games.

ELEANOR: I am not a child. You called me a lady and wore my favour, and now you mock my love.⁵ Don't mock me when I'm dead, Lancelot.

* * *

(Hall, Camelot)

ARTHUR: I cannot believe this.

BORS: I would not believe it myself, sire, had I not seen it with my own eyes. But, sad as I am to say it, I saw the Queen take the fruit from her own dish . . . I saw her choose Guido de la Porte from all of us present . . . I saw him eat and die.

ARTHUR: My good knights, how could we believe this evil of the Queen? For what should she have against Guido? A harmless melancholy fellow, who lived all his life in the shadow of his famous brother and never gave offence to any man! Well?

MORDRED: Sire, this grieves me, for I think you know I love the Queen truly.

ARTHUR: Aye, Mordred, I know you do.

MORDRED: But I was much in the company of Guido, and he told me he had a thing that worried him that he would tell you, and that that thing concerned the Queen.

ARTHUR: What thing was this?

MORDRED: He was a discreet and honourable knight, sire. He did not tell me. Perhaps you yourself know.

ARTHUR: How should I know? Am I a dream-reader?

MORDRED: Sire, your pardon.

ARTHUR: No, Mordred, rise. You are an honest knight. Sister, you have been silent all this while — what have you to say?

MORGAN: What can I say? I was not at court when these sad events took place, as well you know.

ARTHUR: Leave me knights. I must consider what to do.

(In Morgan's Room)

AGRAVAIN: You deceived us! A trick to expose folly, you said. But now you make us party to murder,⁶ and false accusations of murder! I would not have consented to this. If Queen is condemned, then we are damned!⁷

MORDRED: Why, the truth, man!

MORGAN: Your confession, Agravain?

MORDRED: Why, yes, it was my brother who placed the fruit in the Queen's dish, wasn't it, Aunt?

AGRAVAIN: The gods will damn us all for this.

MORDRED: Oh, be merry, brother. Put your trust in providence. If God loves our Queen, he will not let her die. We are two poor boys from a far land. We must look after ourselves. Or will you put your neck on the block?⁸

(Hall, Camelot)

MADOR: Arthur! I think you know who I am!

ARTHUR: Mador de la Porte. We have all heard of your great deeds. All the world knows of your fame as a knight dedicated to the arts of war.⁹

MADOR: Then you've heard right.

ARTHUR: Why do you come to my court, Mador?

MADOR: To seek justice. Justice on your Queen, who poisoned my brother. I do not see the woman here. Do you hide her from me, Arthur?

ARTHUR: Let the Queen come in.

GUINEVERE: May I not take my place with you, my Lord?

ARTHUR: It is better thus, Guinevere. This knight has come with certain accusations which I must allow him to make.

GUINEVERE: I am innocent, my Lord, so let him say what he will.

ARTHUR: Speak, Mador.

MADOR: Guinevere, you killed my brother by poison. You killed him treacheoursly in the sight of many present here today. Who will deny this?

GUINEVERE: I will deny it, for God knows my innocence. I do not know how Guido died. . . .

MADOR: Arthur, I've heard this court is faithful to the code of chivalry and justice. Have I heard right, or does this great King make exceptions for his loved ones?

ARTHUR: You are right, Mador. Justice is not justice unless it stands for all.¹⁰

MADOR: Then I demand justice upon your Queen. Death is the proper penalty for murder. If she deny her guilt, then let her prove it by combat. Let her champion step forward, then I will kill him. God will protect the man who fights in a just cause.

GUINEVERE: My Lord, there was one who swore to defend me always. . . but he is not at court. . . and . . . I do not know where he is.

ARTHUR: We are all sinners in the eyes of God, Mador. Will you not use mercy?

MADOR: What mercy did my brother Guido get?

ARTHUR: Mador de la Porte, listen well. Come back to this court in seven days and you shall meet the Queen's champion in combat.

MADOR: I'm satisfied.

* * *

(Bors and Gareth fishing)

BORS: You're a brave fighter, Gareth, but you could be seven foot high, and the Mador would cut you down.

GARETH: I say he would not defeat me.

BORS: Then why don't you challenge him?

GARETH: I fear no man. But I will not fight in an unjust cause. I saw his brother die. Mador is in the right, and God will aid him.

BORS: Yes, I used to believe these things. But in all the fights I've seen, God seems to aid the strongest man.

GARETH: D'you think that Mador could defeat you?

BORS: I don't know. Five years ago, I threw him in a joust. But this man lives for fighting; he thinks of nothing but killing. He's made an art of it.¹¹

* * *

(Hermit's cell)

HERMIT: How have you fared,¹² sir?

LANCELOT: Well, I've walked two hundred paces. I've felt the warm sun on my face. I've drunk cool spring water. I can feel the blood flow in my veins again, but my muscles are still as weak as a woman's. That was a strange wound.

HERMIT: Many a man would have died of it. But you are strong. Be patient; you will have your full power again.

LANCELOT: Hermit. . . .

HERMIT: Sir?

LANCELOT: Eleanor has not returned.

HERMIT: She has . . . gone, sir.

LANCELOT: Where? I must go to her. I fear I have offended her.

HERMIT: Sir, it is too late.

* * *

(Riverside)

GAWAIN: Sire. That is Eleanor. The maid who loved Lancelot.

ARTHUR: What does this wonder mean? Gareth, go to her. Does she yet live?

GARETH: Cold and dead, sire.

GAWAIN: Poor maid.

ARTHUR: (*Reads a letter*) "To all the knights of the Round Table, greetings from the maid of Escalot. If you would know how I died, then know that it was through loving faithfully. I died for the noblest knight in the world, Sir Lancelot du Lac, for though I told him truly of my love, and begged him to have pity on me, he would have no mercy. Know that I am content to die for him, because without his love I do not want to live in this world anymore." You told me Lancelot returned this maiden's love.

GAWAIN: I confess I did, sire, and I ask forgiveness. But I was honestly mistaken: the girl led me to believe this herself, and caused me pain for it. Oh why, why must this lovely girl lie cold and dead? She could have had my love! Mine! Look! Look where she lies! The only woman that ever moved my heart to love! Spurned and left to waste away by Lancelot! Why must every heart be set on Lancelot? A faithless knight who disobeys his king, follows his own will in everything, and now has killed this poor maid by his cruelty.

BORS: Gawain! Thou shall not speak slander of my kinsman!

GAWAIN: Shall I not!¹³ I'll speak my heart and fight to prove the truth of it with any petty king who crosses me!

BORS: Fool! What would another death prove? Gawain, you and I must not be enemies. You speak from grief and I forgive you.

ARTHUR: Gawain, nothing can mend this maiden's death, and no one is to blame for it. Make up this quarrel. You and Bors together. See that she is taken with all ceremony to her resting place, for she will be remembered always as a fair and virtuous lady.

* * *

(*In the hall*)

ARTHUR: My Lords, the day of reckoning is but two days from us. It is a shame upon this court that any lady who protests her innocence should lack a champion. Who will defend the honour of the Queen?

MORGAN: Brother, this silence speaks more than words. It fills me with sorrow. Your knights are not cowards, but they dare not speak what is in their hearts, so I must speak for them. It is the opinion of everyone here that Mador has a just quarrel and that God is with him.

ARTHUR: Is this what you believe? Is this what you all believe?

BORS: My Lord, . . . the Queen is innocent. My Lady, until a better man comes than I, it would be my honour to be your champion.

* * *

(*Hall, Camelot*)

MADOR: Arthur. It's noon. I come to fight, not parley.¹⁴ Is your champion come? Or will you give me judgement on your queen?

ARTHUR: Be patient, Mador.

(On seeing Lancelot arrive)

BORS: My Lord, Queen Guinevere. I beg that I may be excused in this contest as your champion. For, Lady, a better man than I has come.

ARTHUR: So be it.¹⁵

(After the fight)

MADOR: Queen Guinevere, I freely withdraw my wrongful accusation and crave your pardon. King Arthur, do with me what you will.

ARTHUR: Rise, Mador. Go from my lands, and live in peace.

Notes

1. some evil magic is at work: 有妖术在作怪。
2. He has a way with horses: 他很会治(病)马。
3. My power: 这里的 power 指上面的 knowledge is power (知识是权力...我的权力)。
4. wear my favour: 戴上我的礼物。
5. you mock my love: 你嘲笑我的爱。
6. make us party to murder: 把我们牵连进去了。
7. If the Queen is condemned, then we are damned: 如果王后被处死,那么,我们也就完了。
8. put your neck on the block: 冒杀身之祸
9. a knight dedicated to the arts of war: 骁勇善战的骑士
10. Justice is not justice unless it stands for all: 只有一律看待才是公正。
11. He's made an art of it: 他把它(指杀人)作为一种技巧。
12. How have you fared: 你感觉怎么样?
13. Shall I not: 这种倒装的否定句有相反的意思, I shall (我是要诽谤...), shall I not 比 I shall not 更加强语气。
14. parley: 谈判
15. So be it: 就那样吧。

(黄建华 注释)

Questions

1. What are the implications of Guido de la Porte's death?
2. Morgan seeks revenge on King Arthur. Yet she does not take direct action against him; instead, she focuses her attention on Guinevere and Lancelot. Why?

(Answers to these questions will be given in the next issue.)

THE LEGEND OF KING ARTHUR

Episode Six

(In Morgan's room)

MORGAN: My father cries out to me from the grave. He asks why his death has not yet been avenged . . . why I have not yet killed Arthur as I so easily could. Even you, my little huntsman, could have done it. But no, Arthur's death is not enough. I want to see him destroyed and everything he stands for.¹ I want to see his name and the names of all the fools who love him struck from the book of life. Be patient, father, till this deeper cut be made . . . Your sleep will be the sweeter for it and it is coming.² The wheel of fate is turning. Arthur's hour of glory will be brief. Soon his world will lie in ruins and the son of Uther Pendragon will go to join his father in Hell.

* * *

(In the hall in Camelot).

ARTHUR: So Mount Sion,³ a mighty host shall gather together, faithful to God. Bright and blithe, they shall know bliss from the four regions of earth's realm, from the uttermost corners of earth's kingdom. All shining angels in unison sounding shall blow their trumpets in a great blast.

GAWAIN: Who dares disturb the knights of the Round Table?

NACIENS: Perhaps a better knight than any of you present.

AGRAVAIN: What? Leave now, old beggar, before I beat you and your boy out of doors.

ARTHUR: Peace. Come forward, old man.

NACIENS: King Arthur, my name is Naciens, priest in the barren lands.

ARTHUR: Naciens!

NACIENS: This young knight is named Galahad. He is of royal lineage⁴ and I have instructed him since he was a child.

ARTHUR: Come forward, Galahad.

GALAHAD: King Arthur, I come in peace. If you take me into your company of knights, I swear that I shall serve you truly.

ARTHUR: Rise, Galahad. Take your seat with us. Galahad! That seat has remained empty since the first day of the Round Table, till the purest knight of all should come. If any lesser man should sit there, he will plummet straight into the fires of hell.

NACIENS: Have courage, my son. Trust yourself.

AGRAVAIN: My lord, are we to be fooled by this boy's magic? How do we know he's not some trickster who comes to do us harm?

GALAHAD: I do not know you, sir.

AGRAVAIN: Agravain!

GALAHAD: Then, Agravain, you'll know me by my deeds.

ARTHUR: Well spoken, Galahad.

BORS: What wonder was this?

NACIENS: My Lord, it was the Holy Grail.⁵

ARTHUR: Merlin once prophesied to me that the Holy Grail would appear at Camelot. He said that many would seek it, but only one knight here would be worthy to drink from it.

NACIENS: King Arthur, my task here is done. Farewell to you, good sir. I leave this young man in your charge. Farewell, Galahad. God will be with you.

GAWAIN: My Lord, let me go in search of the Grail. I ask this in all humility. I have done many unworthy things in my life; perhaps this quest will cleanse me.

LANCELOT: My Lord, I beg that I too may go on this quest.

BORS: Stay, Lancelot. You've done enough.

LANCELOT: No, cousin, I must go.

BORS: Then, my Lord, I go with him.

GALAHAD: Sire, may I go with them?

ARTHUR: You are young, Galahad. And you come unarmed.

LANCELOT: My Lord, I have a good sword and shield I could lend him.

GALAHAD: I thank you, sir, but the good hermit Naciens told me that I should find my own arms when I had need of them.

ARTHUR: So be it. If you would seek the Grail, journey to the wastelands of King Pelles where the bards⁶ say it is hidden. May God protect you all. Knights, the appearance of this holy cup used at our Lord's last supper⁷ marks the highest hour of the Kingdom of Camelot. Pray that one of these knights will be worthy to drink from it, for the glory of the Round Table.

* * *

(In Morgan's room)

AGRAVAIN: Aunt, that boy is a magician. Why, he has powers even greater than yours.

MORGAN: Silence. You have nothing to fear from Galahad.

AGRAVAIN: Well, I've never . . . I've never seen sorcery like it.

MORGAN: His life will be short.

AGRAVAIN: Tell her. . .

MORGAN: And so will yours be if you do not learn to curb your tongue. We will not waste the time while Lancelot is away from Camelot.

MORDRED: To what end, Aunt? Arthur and Guinevere are more closely bound by love now than ever they were. You made me a promise.

MORGAN: Easy now . . . I made you a promise and that promise will be kept. Some years ago, I planted a seed of doubt in Arthur's mind concerning Lancelot and Guinevere. The time has come to nurture it. . . Now, while Arthur dreams most of his realm of chivalry. Water the seed, Mordred, and you will see it grow.

* * *

(In the countryside)

LANCELOT: Galahad, Galahad! . . .

* * *

(In the hall in Camelot)

MORDRED: Oh, your mind is elsewhere, I think.

GUINEVERE: What do you mean?

MORGAN: Why, with Lancelot, your champion.

GUINEVERE: Pray God that he and all his companions are safe. They've been from Camelot so long.

ARTHUR: Amen to that.

MORDRED: Have you never played this game with Lancelot, my Lady?

GUINEVERE: No.

MORDRED: Then he should teach you on his return. I warrant your champion has nimble fingers. I think you'd rather play with fire.

ARTHUR: Why, what d'you mean, Mordred?

MORDRED: Oh, nothing, sire. An idle thought.

ARTHUR: Yet I would know.

MORDRED: Oh, it's just that as boys in the Orkney, my brother and I used to throw chestnuts into the fire, and when they were roasting hot, we used to lick our fingers. . . thus. . . And grab one from the coals, like that! D'you think you could, my lady?

GUINEVERE: I think I should be burnt.

* * *

(In a ruin)

GALAHAD: What place is this?

DARK KNIGHT: The place of death, and you are not the first to come here. See where they lie. Sniff the blood. Some were armed, some not, some died bravely, some cursing, some screaming. How will you die, knight?

GALAHAD: I bid you let me pass.

DARK KNIGHT: Tell me your name before I kill you.

GALAHAD: My name is Galahad.

DARK KNIGHT: Then it is over.

GALAHAD: What do you mean, sir? These must be the weapons Naciens told me about.

* * *

(In Pelles' Castle)

PELLES: So you have come again, Lancelot. Yes. It is I, King Pelles! I must wait for the coming of the Grail Knight, Lancelot. Until he comes,

I cannot be healed.

GAWAIN: We seek the Grail. Is there any way in which we can help you, old king?

PELLES: I cannot tell. Come, break bread with me until the time comes.

LANCELOT: And your daughter, sir? The lady Elaine?

PELLES: Dead these many years, my son. She died in childbirth.

LANCELOT: And the child?

PELLES: I do not know. But I heard it was a boy. She left before the child was born.

It is the Grail, my Lords. If you would see it, follow, follow hard upon't.

(Before the altar)

GAWAIN: I am not worthy.

LANCELOT: Gawain, Gawain, I am blinded.

GAWAIN: Have courage, Lancelot.

LANCELOT: It is my sin, Gawain.

GAWAIN: Come, come, I am with you.

(In the hall)

GAWAIN: He grows weaker, King Pelles.

PELLES: Be comforted, my brave friend. By this wonder, I know the Grail Knight must be near.

PELLES: You are welcome, King Bors.

GAWAIN: Bors, what's happened, man?

BORS: I fear we shall all meet our deaths in this terrible land. Not two miles from here, I met a knight and challenged him. He spoke not a word, but rode through me as if I . . . as if I was thistledown⁸ Lancelot sleeps?

GAWAIN: He lies close to death.

BORS: What's happened, Gawain? Lancelot, Lancelot, what happened?

GAWAIN: He saw the Grail.

PELLES: Will the Grail Knight never come? He must come soon, or the land will not be shriven.⁹

BORS: What's happening here? . . . Galahad! He was the knight that went through me.

NACIENS: Go forward, my son, and take the cup. Do not be afraid.

GAWAIN: Do not touch it, Galahad.

NACIENS: Now my work is done. I have lived many years beyond the span of mortal men to prepare you for this moment. Drink, Galahad, and release me from my earthly pains.

GALAHAD: Good old man, you have waited longest for my coming. You know I could not come before.

PELLES: May God be praised for this deliverance.¹⁰

GALAHAD: Now I have ended the task for which I was born. I thank God that I was chosen for it. Farewell. My life is accomplished.

* * *

(In Guinevere's bedchamber)

GUINEVERE: Arthur.

ARTHUR: I couldn't sleep. A dream woke me.

GUINEVERE: A bad dream?

ARTHUR: Yes.

GUINEVERE: Then I am glad you did not dream it on a Friday.

ARTHUR: A Friday?

GUINEVERE: Yes, my Lord. It's said that dreams go by opposites unless you dream them on a Friday.¹¹

ARTHUR: Then I'm glad it was not a Friday.

GUINEVERE: What troubles you, my Lord? Please tell me... or don't you trust me? Today you should be happy. In a few days it will be Easter and all your knights will be gathering for the Festival. Why then are you sad?

ARTHUR: I'm haunted by that dream. It is not the first time...

GUINEVERE: Then what is it, my good Lord? Please tell me. What is a wife for but to share her husband's troubles?

ARTHUR: I see the Great Hall at Camelot empty and in ruins. I see the Round Table broken and in many pieces. Everything I have lived for and worked for destroyed.

GUINEVERE: Oh, Arthur, this is nothing but an idle fancy. You must not be tormented by it, for it is so far from the truth that it can never come about.¹² All men — even the strongest — are subject to their darkest fears in the middle of the night. Otherwise they would not be human. You know, I'm glad to hear you confess you have such dreams yourself. Yes. I'm glad. Though I have loved you all these years, I've always been a little afraid of you. Yes, I have. I can confess it now. But you always seemed so far above other men — almost like a god.

* * *

(Some time later)

GUINEVERE: Margaret! Margaret! Come to me quickly! Now! Lancelot has returned... I have an errand for you.