BONUS 3: Beginnings of three of Chaucer's Canterbury Tales. Name the tales, 10 points each. You have 30 seconds.

A

In th'olde dayes of the Kyng Arthour,
Of which that Britons spoken greet honour,
Ai was this land fulfilled of fayre.
The elf-queen with her joly compagny
Daunced ful ofte in many a grene mede.
This was the olde opinion, as I rede;
I speke of manye hundred yeres ago.
But now kan no man se none elves mo,
For now the grete charite and prayeres
Of lyndours and other hooly freres,
That serchen every lond and every streem,
As thikke as motes in the sonne-beem,
Blessynges halles chambers kicheyres bourses,
Citews burghes castels hye toures,
Thropes bernes shinpeds dyeryes--
This maketh that ther ben no fayeryes.
For ther as wont to walken was an elf,
Ther walketh now the lyndour hymself
In undermeles and in morwenynge,
And seith his matyns and his hooly thynge
As he gooth in his lymnytcioun.
Wommen may go now saufly up and doun.
In every bush or under every tree
Ther is noon oother incubes but he,
And he ne wol doon hem but dishonour.

And so bief it that this kyng Arthour
Haddre in his hous a lusty bachelors,
That on a day cam ridynge fro ryver;
And happed that, alone as he was born,
He saugh a myde walkynge hym biforn,
Of which maybe anon, maugeree his heed,
By verray force, he rafte hir maydened;
For which oppressiou was swich clamour
And swich pursute unto the kyng Arthour,
That damned was this knight as to be deerd,
By course of lawe, and sholde han lost his heed--
Paradventure swich was the statut tho--
But that the queene and other ladies mo
So longe preycen the kyng of grace,
Til he his lyf hym graunted in the place,
And yaf hym to the queene, al at hir wille,
To chese whethier she wolde hym save or spille.

Whilom, as olde stories tellen us,
Ther was a duc that highte Thesuse;
Of Athenyes he was lord and gouverour,
And in his tyme swich a conquerour,
That gretter was ther noon under the sonne.
Ful many a rich contrey hadde he wonne;
With what his wyssdom and his chivalrye,
He conquered at the regne of Femenye,
That whilome was ycleped Scithia,
And weddede the queen Ypolita,
And broghte hir hoorn with hym in his contree
With muchel glorie and greet solemopsyte,
And eek hir yonge suster Emelye,
And thus with victorie and with melodye
Lete I this noble duc to Athenyes ryde,
Ald al his hoost in armes hym biside.

And certes, if it nere to longe to heere,
I wolde have toold yow fully the manere
How women was the regne of Femenye
By Thesuse and by his chivalrye;
And of the grete bataille for the none
Btwizw Athenyes and Amazones;
And how assegued was Ypolita,
The faire, harye queene of Scithia;
And of the festa that was at hir wedyngye,
And of the tempest at hir hoom-comyngye,
But al that thynge I moot as now bercere.
I have, God woot, a large feeld to ere,
And wayke the was the oxen in my plough.
The remenant of the tale is long ynow,
I wol nat leten eck noon of this route;
Lat every felawe telle hir tale aboute,
And lat se now who shal the soper wynee;
And ther I lefte, I wol ayeyn bigynne.

This duc, of whom I make mencioun,
When he was come almost unto the toun,
In al his wele and in his mooste pride,
He was war, as he caste his eye aside,
Where that ther kneled in the heigh weye
A companyne of ladies, twefe and tweye,
Ech after oother, clad in clothes blake;

B

At Trumpyngtoun, nat fer fro Cantebrigge,
Ther gooth a brook, and over that a brigge,
Upon the whiche brook ther stant a melle;
And this is the verray sooth that I yow telle.
A millere was ther dwellynge many a day;
As any pecok he was proud and gay.
Pipen he koude and fishe, and nettes beete,
And tunere coppe, and wel wrastle and sheete;
And by his blys he baar a longe panade,
And of a swerd ful trenchant was the blade.
A joly popperbe baar he in his pouche;
Ther was no man, for peril, dorste hym touche.
A Sheffeld thwitel baar he in his hose.
Round was his face, and camcus was his nose;
As piled as an ape was his skull.
He was a market-betere atte fulle.
Ther dorse no wight hand upon hym legge,
That he ne swoor he sholden anon abegge.
A thiefe he was for sothe of corn and mele,
And that a sly, and usuaut for to stelde.
His name was hoote deynous Symkyn.
A wyf he hadde, ycomen of noble kyn;
The person of the toun hir fader was.
With hire he yaf ful many a panne of bras,
For that Symkyn sholde in his blood allyye.
She was yfostred in a nonynyve;
For Symkyn wolde no wyf, as he sayde
But she were wel ynorissed and a mayde,
To saven his estaat of yomangre,
And she was proud, and peert as is a pye.
A ful fair sighte was it upon hem two;
On halidayes biforn hire wolde he go
With his tyept wound aboute his heed,
And she cam after in a gyte of reed;
And Symkyn hadde hosen of the same.
Ther dorse no wight clepen hire but "dame";
Was noon so hardy that wente by the wyey
That with hire dorste rage or ones pleye,
But if he wolde be slayn of Symkyn
With panade, or with knyf, or boideyn.
For falous folk ben perilous everemo;
Aligate they wolde hire wyvys wenden so.
And eek, for she was somdel smotertich,
**BONUS 5**
Chemicals with methyl groups.
When you hear the name, give the appropriate number, for 5/10/20/30 points.
(No acknowledgment of correctness of answers until you're done.)

<p>| | | |</p>
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>(1)</td>
<td>$\text{H}_3\text{C–SH}$</td>
<td>(2)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(4)</td>
<td>$\text{H}_3\text{C–N≡C–S}$</td>
<td>(5)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(7)</td>
<td>$\text{H}_3\text{C–CH}_3$</td>
<td>(8)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(10)</td>
<td>$\text{H}_3\text{C–CH}_3$</td>
<td>(11)</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

*Vancouver Estival Trivia Open, 2009, FARSIDE team*
BONUS 6
Name these Egyptian deities, for 5/10/20/30 points.
You have 15 seconds.

Vancouver Estival Trivia Open, 2009, FARSIDE team
BONUS 7
Name the painters of these 20th-century works. Ten points each.
You have 15 seconds.

A (1910)
B (1922)
C (1997)

Vancouver Estival Trivia Open, 2009, FARSIDE team