

Sir Robert of Kennedy Abroad in the Land

On a wind-brushed hill at the edge of a fantasy kingdom, Robert F. Kennedy Jr. rode upward on a white stallion whose mane caught the sun like spun silver. He was clad head to heel in medieval armor—etched with vines and heraldic birds—yet his helm was open, his expression intent and almost monkish, as if he were listening to something only he could hear beneath the clamor.

Below him, the peasants had gathered in a hopeful tide: farmers with dirt still on their hands, bakers dusted in flour, children perched on barrels and stone walls. They cheered as he climbed, their voices ringing against the sky. Bells clanged. Someone waved a sprig of rosemary like a banner. A goose escaped its keeper and flapped indignantly through the crowd.

At the crest, the knight reined in. He did not draw a sword. He did not brandish an axe or level a lance. Instead, he raised high a humble container of Band-Aids, its tin catching the light, a small, improbable relic against the vast blue. The crowd quieted, puzzled—then murmured, then laughed, then cheered again, louder this time, as if recognizing the joke and the promise at once.

Sir Robert, nay, Lord Kennedy lifted the tin higher, arm steady, as though it were a chalice or a relic rescued from a dragon's hoard. "For the small hurts," someone whispered. "For the cuts you don't see," said another. The stallion stamped, approving or impatient, it was hard to tell.

A breeze rolled over the hilltop, tugging at cloaks and banners. The knight nodded once to the people below—not a conqueror's salute, but a healer's vow—and the peasants roared their approval, believing, if only for that bright, absurd moment, that even in an age of iron and mud, someone had remembered to bring the Band-Aids.

Image: Knight of the People with Band-Aids Saves the Day

—RC 2026 with doggerel tale assisted by AI.

