

TIME OF EVIL

I am starting these lines feeling uneasy for few people would believe testimony consisting of fibs and superstitions. But the roar of that time is still echoing and centuries must pass until its last throb trails away. In spite of my diligence I found out too little as though somebody's mighty hand has long ago wiped out the scribes of those events leaving just chips. No wonder, in the treatises on medieval history not a word is to be mentioned either about them or the strange person whose will weighs heavily upon what has taken place. I copied the remains of papers conscientiously but I ventured to entitle them according to the impressions they left on me.

From the Monk's Papers

It must have been winter. Probably the last carts of the string were coming. Probably they had walked past them into the mud, accompanied by drunkards' curses and metal clinking. Probably the guard at the entrance had stopped them and they had waited long under the wet snow. Then the door opened and they had passed along the narrow corridors and stairs surrounded by soldiers until they had reached the hall.

He was sitting muffled in his cloak, his hair falling over his face. They went down on their knees and waited. Crackle of blazing torches was all that was heard. A lot of time passed before he asked, 'Why are you disturbing my peace?'

Then the mayor stepped ahead and having fallen down his feet whispered,

"Great Waste, the Prince of our dreams! Forgive us this preposterous audacity! We go down our knees and beg you most humbly to have mercy upon us. Hold back your soldiers as they are already fornicating with our women. Take all our possessions but save our honour as you've promised."

“Yes,” he said, “I’ve promised that but if only you would surrender the town without fighting and you accepted it thus proving your lack of honour. So, get away and be grateful that you are still alive.”