16 September 1601

I must say, today was a little too exciting for my tastes. Early in the afternoon, the royal procession was marching back to the castle after the fountain speech when a strong gust of wind blew past us, whisking his majesty’s crown right off his head! We were above the drawbridge, no less, and could only watch in befuddlement as it tumbled down to the moat below and began to sink.

But quicker than thought, his majesty discarded his robes and jumped into the water from fifty meters above, without a single word! Thinking that the fall had wounded his majesty, I immediately called for the guards to begin scouring the bank. And then, after some dozen minutes of frantic searching, his majesty, crown in hand, emerged from the water, walking unhurriedly up the shore from the moat’s calm surface. With a nod to his flabbergasted guards, he strode up to the drawbridge and crossed it as though nothing had transpired, regressing to his chambers shortly thereafter.

His behavior was strange, to say the least. And the distant look in his eyes as he passed me…

His majesty told me that he was immortal. And now, as I lie awake and listen to the wind howl around the cracks and crevices of the castle walls, I cannot help but wonder – what does it mean, that he is “immortal?” Does he not age like a human? Does he not feel pain like a human, nor breathe like one? I cannot say.

But I will think on this matter no further.

-Iustum Prodigium