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 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! Thinking that the fall had wounded him, I immediately called for the guards to begin scouring the bank. And then, after some dozen minutes of frantic searching, his majesty emerged from the water, crown in hand, 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 more than strange. And the distant look in his eyes as he passed me…

But I will think on this matter no further.

-Iustum Prodigium