

# NOBLEMAN'S JOURNAL

\* I tried to use an eclectic writing style to fit in with the medieval vibe, which makes for some weird sounding sentences.

## ENTRY 1

*MARCH 5<sup>TH</sup>, 1121, 7:21 AM*

Ahh, lordy! Beg, may the servants have something well cooking in the kitchen today. I plenty hope it's Peter and his company working on it - if that scumbag Bayard tips so much as a toe towards the stove, why, I'll have to drag in an apothecary! Hah!

The manor hallways are peaceful in morning. I adore the bird songs and the grunting of hardworking servants in the branching rooms. I stroll past a painting by the stairs, commissioned from that old dog Walter Blodfick. Heh, the man's decrepit as a corpse, but least he can paint good. Though, I must say, I don't think my nostrils are that pronounced. Ahh - blather! My fingers are sore from brushwork. Be back after some breakfast.

## ENTRY 2

*MARCH 5<sup>TH</sup>, 1121, 8:35 AM*

It was bloody Bayard. Curse that man and his horrid pseudo-pancakes!

I did dare to take a pleasing (well, perhaps not pleasing. Bayard, that blockhead) breakfast today. Yes, I'm not supposed to eat breakfast so often - the Church is pragmatic about gluttony. But I have a big day ahead! Lord Edwin is trying to get a hand on *my* land - folly! I don't care what that hunk says, the Dewwell line own that field by pure - well, Lord, I don't know... logic! Besides, I need that land, and Edwin sure as heck won't be using it. Been looking to build a second house somewhere so I can bleeding sleep. Haven't had a single peaceful night since the kid was born.

Ed's to drag himself over here sometime soon to solve the dispute. Meanwhile, I've got more business to attend to.

I plop myself in my chair behind my desk. Above hangs another painting of my handsome face. I asked Blodfick to accentuate the jawline a little on this one. I sift through the small stack of letters on my desk, plucking out a random one. I land a sheaf of paper down, dipping a brush in ink. This was what I thought to be a very enjoyable activity.

A lot of nobles think their morning boring. They dislike the politics and the paperwork and the smelly pathetic peasants. I? Why, I wholeheartedly enjoy it. The political struggles, oh,

so delightfully entertaining! The paperwork, such a thrill, writing away the fates of my helpless tenants. And the serfs. Ahh, what better feeling is there than superiority?!

Marriage permission... ah, it's that sick fool that lives down by the river. With Carol?! Why, it would be so very hilarious if I denied them... I shall write back after morning prayers. I smile. I'll roll a die. *God* will decide.

And Gilbert has very politely asked me to lower taxes! Apparently, he only owns four cows and I'm taking 80% of his output.

Eheheh. How foolish! Well, he's young.

I scratch on my paper in eloquent handwriting: 'no.'

Albin needs some land, Louis' wife fell off a cliff – no, I'm not coming to her funeral, I have more doom to bring – Agnes, go away please I don't care about anything you have to say – wait. Wait. BAYARD WANTS A RAISE?? Fired. To the depths with that! And talk to me yourself you lazy socially awkward bastard, you live one floor down from this exact room!

I'll finish off this entry on a good note then, 'cause that charlatan Edwin will be here soon.

## ENTRY 3

*MARCH 5<sup>TH</sup>, 1121, 1:25 PM*

I should have been practicing with my sword and writing some grand poetry earlier, but – well – Edwin's a pestering little goblin! We yelled for two whole hours. The man's threatened to call a local court on the case. I don't like those buggers they have in the juries around here. That one jury – Patrick something – has that evil look in his eyes, and I could swear I saw Roger in the manor on the night I lost a shoe!

Suffice to say I will not be taking him up. He can keep his land. For now.

After dealing with the trash fire that is Lord Edwin's priorities, I needed something to cheer myself up, so I went to the servants quarters and banged on Bayard's door. I told him he was fired, then had Ralf and Richard push him outside. What joy! No more sludge pancakes, lordy.

I performed my usual morning prayer and had a wonderful lunch – prepared by Peter, of course. He made the usual manchet bread. Oh, and, quite cold here in spring, so a warm cup of onion and spice soup was much appreciated. Bet the peasants would love to try some! Oy, they can't even get their hands on onions – they're not grown in the ground, see?

Well, I'm off to go hunting. Bought one the fancy new gadgets the crackpots are selling these days – called crossbows or somethin'. Weird horizontal bow things. Doubt they'll perform better than the pure bows, but I thought I'd give a whirl. I have money – may as well spend it!

## ENTRY 4

MARCH 5<sup>TH</sup>, 1121, 8:30 PM

I'm writing this from my couch with the greyhound barking in the corner. The kid might like it in the house but the racket it makes is frankly not worth satisfaction. I may sentence it to the outdoors sometime soon if I feel up to it.

Back to the point! The hunt was *glorious* today. The huntsman had already had the hart tracked early this morning. We all rode to the biggest tavern there was in my fief – not very large, with how poor these goofing peasants are. And I had to bring the whole pack of greyhounds – very annoying little things.

The party talked briskly – nobody here cared about anyone else! The great ritual of the hunt was far more important than making connections, so we rode off. It was myself and some other noblemen, along with the tracker.

A few of us led the dogs along the hart's trail. Not me, of course. I'd had enough of the hounds. Then began the chase! Oh, the thrill! The panic in fear in those cloven eyes, and the speed of my steed. And then we caught up to the poor little creature – a lovely twelve-tine deer – and I shot it through the chest. I must say, the crossbow does have a bit of a satisfying kick. I may keep it. 'Course, I'd donned a cloth before shooting the hart. Can't have bloodstains on my beautiful clothes.

We had Gaston butcher the deer right there so we could reward the dogs, divided up the rest, and headed back home. A great success! Well, Bennett did somehow manage to fall off his horse and bang his head on a rock, but it's not like he could have done anything with that noggin regardless. He'll be with the surgeon for a few days, and I'll make sure to send him a postcard.

I had a fine dinner. We'd come back far later than usual, so there was no need to deal with the family – a great boon for myself, shall I say! I had a nice slice of that deer's meat, and some savoury biscuit pastry.

I'm going to go take a prayer and go to bed. I shall write more misfortune tomorrow!