

A shriek silenced the air surrounding Newgate; crowds of men, women and children watched entranced –some minds struggled to produce the wholesome and novel experience of matching the slow, agonizing dissection of the tearing man with his shrieks of pain, like a camera struggling to focus its lenses on capturing a blurred imagery – as the executioner proceeds to slice open the abdomen of the squirming man who would perhaps exert the greatest struggle he had in his life: his involuntary strength against his excruciating method of death tugged at the chains bounding his limbs, allowing the cuffs to bite into his limbs, as he tried haplessly to yank free of the slow, searing, electrifying sensation of having been pierced through layers of tissues, fats and muscles just beneath the sternum and then continuing downwards, just enough for a bag of guts to be scooped out. The criminal continued his shrieks and cries until the executioner completed the stage of dissecting his belly.

Time had not isolated that graphic scene for long when men who had realized they had hung onto their breathes for that intensely, satisfying, bloodcurdling moment started to demand the executioner of what next to do.

“Burn that scum’s entrails!”

“Worthless, despicable piece of shit! You could’ve cried harder!” yelled some men, who gathered and hollered their masculinity for a more gruesome performance. Newgate had always been an accessible place,

especially for downcast citizens, to vent their miseries upon persons in worser predicament than theirs.

“Yeah! Make him scream!” echoed the children and some ladies, who had wanted to emulate the bravado portrayed by the men, and those of the men that had come before these strong hearted men. Many had normalized the graphic scene as a hobby, a necessity – a family-friendly entertainment for all. The sword glistened in a mixture of fat globules, blood and tissue under the sun – a sort of grimy, maroon-laced beauty that would be wholly appreciated at the battlefield, or an abattoir.

The criminal looked down onto his own bisected abdomen in horror and disbelief – pale and aghast; cold sweat dripped from the loss of blood and pain – as the executioner carried out a membraned bag filled with entrails.

The crowd fell silent again at the start of the next act as a torch of fire was handed to the executioner. Within a mere split second, the criminal burst into a loud scream, eyes bulging and veins popping as the fire melted the membrane carrying the entrails and started cooking them. As if with too much pain that he climaxed, he shook uncontrollably, foaming in his mouth and his eyes turned to white; he fell unconscious and limp. The air smelt of cooked meat and burning of excrements of the guts yet the crowd roared victoriously and contemptuously at the criminal's tortuous end.

A few yards away, [REDACTED] grimaced at his reluctant partaking in the dramatic execution of criminals as he rode past the block of streets. The unfolding of the events of the execution would present itself vividly across the square with savagery cries for murder, shrieks and screams of the prisoners and the smell of barbecued, putrid guts that laid on the ground as the executioner proceeds to quarter the dead, beheading him first like a pig in the butcher shop before splitting him in the middle thoroughly with the blade – which was often not well sharpened. The avoidable sensations perhaps presented themselves more provocatively to persons, such as [REDACTED], who despised and distanced himself from any inhumane acts of killing and cruelty to anything living. [REDACTED]'s insights into nature – human, animals and environment – and his childhood at the countryside and at the farm, revealed to him the wonders of nature, but also the primal, visceral and cruel side of nature, which persuaded him to deduce that such savagery bloodlust can only come from the rising of the primal nature in beasts that kill and carnivore; thus he deduced that to prevent the uprising of such primal emotions that he so abhorred, he would constraint himself from such “intoxicants” as meat and alcohol, limiting himself to minute portions of them as much as possible so as not to be stirred for bloodlust, to be tempted away from his vocations, due to the vampiric, “blood boiling” nature of overconsumption of the “intoxicants”.

Commented [jt1]: Place that cuts up animals? Grindhouse?

The heart of the city of London was like an amusement park, where the biggest attraction lies in front of Newgate, where the entertainment then descends radially outward, where the clowns on stilts and magicians alike mingled and jostled for coins. Here, the stench and filth of the muddied streets and excrement filled corners and walls were at least as bad as other parts of London – if not more so, as blood, guts and the burning of guts occasionally starred on its streets.

[REDACTED]

Moments before, a couple blocks from where the execution took place, an amalgamation of thunderous, visceral roars could be heard from across the river, amplified by the hazardly constructed domes of coliseums that were a walk away from Shakespeare's theatre. Theatre-goers and the likes from all walks of life were there to gamble, drink and be entertained by bull-baiting, cock-fighting, and the occasional, lavish treat of bear-baiting. Today seemed to be an unfortunate day as roars of a beast, barks and yelping of dogs and cheering of men made it sound as if a battle of species, far greater

Commented [jt2]: Urging, supporting, provoking, prompting

than any fought among men had occurred as adrenaline surged and fell with the rising and falling of roars. The men were eager to taste the glory of battles in the mundane life of obligations as work, wives and social dealings revolved round their world; only to escape them all by the gore, shrieks and scarring of animals would their thirst for bloodlust be regulated outside the unrestricted city walls.

It took [REDACTED] a convenient quarter of an hour for him to ride west toward his new home, where the city gradually grew cleaner as new buildings were built according to better city planning. As he reached his house, he dismounted and tied his horse to the pole and wanting to rapt on the door for the maid to open it, a sweet familiar face appeared to greet him as she opened the door. "Catherine!" cried [REDACTED], delighted to see his charming niece at the door. "Haven't we agreed upon that you shall be here after the house had been tidied and your lodging beautiful and ladylike?" exclaimed [REDACTED]. "Well... I should...but if I did so, I doubt I will be able to surprise my loving uncle!" retorted his niece chirpingly. "Why the Lord blessed my person with such a delight!" beamed [REDACTED]. "Have you eaten? Maybe we should head out for some food..." pondered [REDACTED], wanting to pamper his most beloved niece. "Uncle, come in! Let's not make haste! You must rest! I will get the maid to bring some tea and cookies and we could talk more about the city and your intentions in London." Catherine persuaded

Commented [jt3]: How much better to describe the west of London? Where do people in city keep their horses?

Commented [jt4]: Playfully, teased

Commented [jt5]: We could talk more about the city and your intentions in London

■■■■■. In they went, the lovely home where ■■■■■ would reside for contently for the next few years.

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