

To **Abbot Anselm of Fulda**  
Keeper of the Chronicle of the Plague Years  
FULDA

17<sup>th</sup> of April, Anno Domini 1348  
In the 21<sup>st</sup> year of Charles IV's Holy Roman Emperorship

My Father in Christ,

There are no bells today. The bell-ringer lies behind the garden wall, bloated and blackened. I have wrapped his hands in linen. He shall not ring again.

At first light, if one dares call it that, I saw the sun rise behind a veil of ash. Not cloud. Not smoke. A shadow, diffused and luminous, but bearing no warmth. The light fell in ribbons like torn vellum, not beams. The sky wept silence.

Four brothers lie in their cells, cold, mouths open like votive cups. Brother Matthaeus gasped, "The sky is being pulled inward." Then he died.

I opened the Psalter and found no comfort in David's songs. I turned to Revelation and found only too much sense. A black horse. A pale rider. Wormwood. Ashes. Silence in heaven for half an hour.

I believe we are living in that silence.

The village is abandoned. The wine spoils in the barrels. Even the bees have gone. The sun used to rise over the cloister wall like Christ over the tomb. Today, it rose like a wound that does not bleed.

The peasants say God has turned His face. I say He has turned His gaze inward. As though even the Almighty has begun to question what He has made.

Abbot, you taught us to copy words to preserve the world. But the words now feel thinner than parchment. The ink dries too fast. The syllables betray their meanings.

Let it be known:

*In the twenty-first year of Emperor Charles IV, as the sun paled and the bells of Fulda fell silent, Brother Anselm, monk of the Rule, wrote upon dust that prayer itself might not die unspoken*

You are receiving this because I do not know where else to send memory.

Hide this scroll beneath the altar. Beneath the bone of Saint Aegidius, if it still shines. Let it say: *the brothers of Fulda prayed as the world collapsed, not in flame, but in silence. And the sky—once filled with angels—turned its face, and would not weep.*

In ashes and adoration,  
**Brother Anselm**  
Order of Saint Benedict  
FULDA