



The Peasant's Tale

by

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I have heard exciting news of young King Edward travelling to Corfe Castle this evening to visit his younger brother Ethelred. He will be travelling along the Corfe- Shaftesbury route and with luck I might have the pleasure to catch a short glimpse of his majesty.

Later...

The night has truly been unruly and unexpected. The village has undoubtedly been left in a state of shock and despair, yet I will attempt to recount the events of the evening to the best of my ability from the multiple point of views I have heard.

Earlier this evening young King Edward travelled to Corfe Castle to pay a visit to his younger half-brother Ethelred. He arrived on horseback at dusk as I was on my way home from the fields. The king was accompanied by a small group of men who were all met at the gates of the castle by Ethelred's retainers. I have been informed this was a usual event as it is usual custom that his arrival would have been expected and therefore met with a welcome and accompaniment into the castle, therefore nothing was out of the expected. The events that actually followed however have been enveloped in a sense of secrecy and doubt and the accounts are vague and uncertain. The night unfolded as follows. Whilst King Edward was awaiting entry to the castle on the perimeter of the castle gate, he was generously offered a beverage of mead for his lengthy travels; unknowing it would be his last. Suddenly out of the darkness a concealed figure sprung forward and advanced rapidly towards the King who was unprepared still mounted on his horse. With haste, the figure lifted its armed hand and swiftly stabbed The King repeatedly and mercilessly leaving deep wounds gushing pools of scarlet. Terrified, his horse bolted into the dark woods in a flurry of neighs and whines, dragging the king's dead body behind with it along the ground, never to be seen again.

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There has been some uprising and a magnitude of questions since the king's death. The ruthless culprit behind his murder is still a dark mystery with suspicion falling on his stepmother with intention of wanting her son Ethelred on the throne. Yet no evidence has arisen to support this speculative nor any others that have been circulating and the reasoning and responsible remain unknown. An air of secrecy is enveloping the village around us, turning neighbour upon neighbour in a chain of mistrust. What an unripe age to lose a king so early into his reign, especially under the unexpected evil nature of this occurrence. An unfortunate event indeed. I will conclude this narrative here however; I must go and wash the blade that is hidden under my bed.

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Author's viewpoint

"Before writing I did a bit of research on King Edward the Martyr but because it was so long ago I didn't find much, which meant my story could go anywhere I wanted it to! My favourite part was the twist at the end which I think just made it all a bit more exciting and vague keeping the mystery alive but a bit more unpicked. I've always loved reading and writing. English has always been my best subject and I currently do it now for A level so I'm always up for a writing competition!! Winning this one has definitely given me a boost of confidence. I'll be sure to look out for more opportunities to show my writing skills and practice creative writing and storytelling as I think it's a great skill, and of course always very entertaining."