

# In Virtual Medieval Europe

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I ran along the fields and ditches of the half-timbered towns and villages in virtual medieval Europe.

While witch-hunters apprehended scarecrows with pumpkins for heads and werewolves screamed from the clock towers, I hid in bales of hay.

The roads were empty, only I ran there, deep in busy ecstasy. By pentagrams and floating stones, conjurers called up demons. The mages needed help, but when I spoke to them, they had no use for me.

My friends started a war. Both sides expected to march in the enemy's capital the following day. They divided over worthless gain, while I came too late for the battle.

As punishment, I had to find a man and kill him. I searched for him at the place I knew he liked best. There, everyone dressed just like him, but no one wore his face.

When I finally spotted him, I had stared at him for hours. He was already dead, gleaming on the ground beneath the deep robes of his family.

I had watched him without seeing him, I only saw myself.

