

Birth of Storm

When Lord Wagner was younger he used to wander around a lot. His wanderings took him to Africa at one point. One day while walking through the jungle, he met a group of soldiers. He called out a friendly “Hello” then noticed something hanging from a tree, several meters off the ground.

“She’s a weather demon, sentenced to be tortured to death.” A guard said. “We hung her upside down from this tree weeks ago. What do you think ?”

From a distance Lord Wagner thought there might be something special about what was hanging from the tree. The color of the hair and the remnants of the garments gave something away. It was possibly an African princess he surmised. Most likely dead African princess. She was somebody’s daughter he was sure.

He looked closely at the corpse hanging from the tree. It had been severely beaten, perhaps stoned, and cut. There were flies flying around it. Standing quite close to the corpse, I heard the faintest of voices utter about three words from the body of what he thought was a corpse. “my body” then “freedom”. It took him a moment to fathom that this woman was still trying to offer herself for her freedom. The state she was in, her body wasn’t worth anything to anyone anymore. He whispered back to her: “No. A child.”. He wasn’t serious, but he wanted to give her a goal to live for. Her eyes rolled up and she passed out. It was an impossible demand. Unfortunately to her, he wasn’t willing to take a high risk without a high reward.

Turning back to the guard he replied, “I think you guys know how to torture someone well. Is she still alive, it doesn’t look like it, does it ?”

The guard checked her condition. “She dies tomorrow probably.” He stated with an experienced voice. Lord Wagner didn’t doubt it.

The lord queried: “I’ve been in the jungle for weeks, with no woman around. I could use a plaything for a day. Would you mind if I purchase the body from you. I have a gold watch to offer.” He had to be careful to act as though she meant very little to him.

All the guards started laughing at him then. “Is that the best the white-man can get ?” “You’re a fool who wastes your watch. She’s as good as dead already. She won’t last a day. You can have her.”

Lord Wagner carried her body away over his shoulder; off into the jungle.

She died about a year later during childbirth. She had never really recovered very well from her ordeal. They had been travelling together through Africa throughout the year. Lord Wagner forgets what happened to the infant. It was another unfortunate incident of life.

